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CINNAMON:
Chicago's
Greatest
Groupie!



IN APRIL

PREMIER:
Inside The Music Biz

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Paradise In Pawn

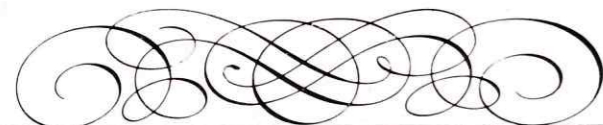
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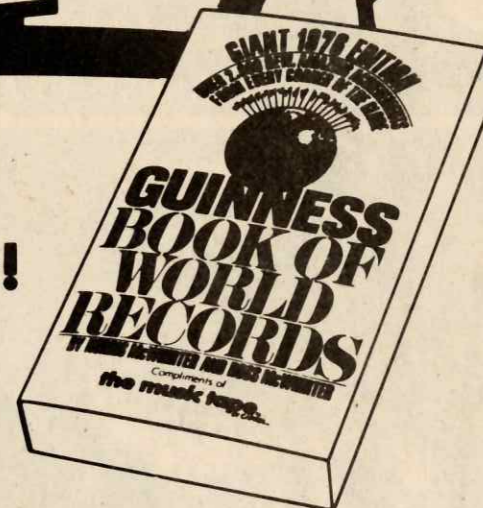
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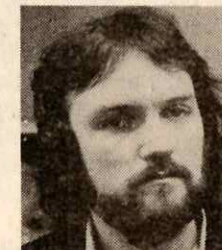
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Cover photo by Tom Styrkowicz

Chicago's Last Groupie

Awaiting an interview with Joe Perry of Aerosmith, I sat alone backstage in my "groupie clothes". Yes, "groupie clothes". When I go to a concert, knowing I may have to deal with bouncers, promoters and managers, I jazz up as snazzy as the best of them. Gets me in, gets me a pass, and just generally gets the job done faster.

I learned that from the woman that this article will eventually be about. Her name is Cinnamon. She does it best.

Back to Aerosmith. Steven Tyler had passed by my picnic table throne several times to nod and smile, but my tape recorder needed batteries and I was busy with that and my list of ideas to throw at Perry. I smiled the first time, and let the others pass: I was a greenhorn then.

Finally Tyler sidled up to have a peek at my Panasonic, I thought. We conversed about batteries and buttons and Memorex awhile—even got into photography somehow, and I thought, "This one has a brain! Even has outside interests—hasn't mentioned a new ax or amp yet!" Green, right?

At last a road manager came to fetch me to Perry's chamber—a shower stall—and I bid Tyler a somewhat fond farewell. Glancing around (I know now that he was on the lookout for his teenybop main squeeze about whom he seems to be quite serious—sorry, girls), he pulled me past the press and behind a pillar. He leaned close, gave me "the look", and in his best bedroom voice murmured, "You *are* going back to the hotel after the show—aren't you?"

"For what?" I asked. I *said* I was green.

His extra wide smile grew even wider. "You *are* going back to the hotel after the show. *Aren't* you?" he repeated. But this time around it sounded less like a question and more like a foregone conclusion.

"I'm done here—I got all the interviews I wanted..." the greenhorn shrugged, true to form.

"See you later," he said with a wink and a twinkle. "I'll get back to you. Do you know where we're staying?"

"I was there already," I nodded. He said "Good. Meet you there," and gave my hand to his road manager. I thought it remarkably chivalrous, this gesture.

After my interview, I related all of the above to Cinnamon. She gave me a maternal pat on the back. The other women there, who were less secure than she is, were not so pleased. And I was beginning to be not so green. I'd trod upon their painted toes: I'd been chosen.



MARC GLASSMAN

Chicago's rock & roll queen

I had finally earned my sequined tube top and boa—I was "one of the girls".

I was not happy. I didn't want to be one of them. Still don't. For one thing, "grouping" is an insult to womanhood, a diehard sexist trap faltering to a halt in the most chauvinistic business of all. Most of the women still at it are leftovers. Their betters married stars, or turned their inventiveness and energy to more self-fullfilling roles, or just plain wised up.

And second of all, of those leftovers, not a one is like Cinnamon. Which is who this article is now going to be about. She is an institution. A mere slip of a wench at 98 lbs—most of it mamaries—she has the eyes of a Keane waif, you know, those little kids in the painting with Bambi eyes. Couple that innocence with a taut satin dress, slit up the sides to show off her long, lean legs, and a boa or Rand fan to rest demurely upon her bountiful bosom and you have every man's wet dream—the kitten with a whip.

Bands from the Raspberries to the Allman brothers have been dreaming of her for years now. She discarded Greg Allman only months before Cher picked him up only to find out the hard way what Cinnamon sensed in a week. "Greg," she says coolly, "is just your average fuck minded Confederate Cassanova with a penchant for giving you the world on a silver platter just so that he can take it away from you later."

"He had me quit my job, called my parents and had them ship all my stuff to Macon, had me leave my old man and my home, and generally disrupted my entire life and made me completely dependent upon him, and then got pissed off at me because I was no longer as independent as I was when he met me. He had to make all the moves that night—I didn't give a shit about Greg Allman aside from his music, which I have always loved. So he jumped through all kinds of hoops to get me to loosen up. And then..."

I perused the pics of her inside the "Nod Is As Good As A Wink" album by the Faces—you can find her at once. She's the caramel colored chick complete with the "censored" black strip across her bared breasts who's grabbing this guy's crotch. Cute shot, actually. Well, maybe you just had to *be* there...

She's always been there. It all began with Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, though. A little late—she was twenty, unlike most. "I had always liked a certain type of guy, and one day I was looking through this magazine and there was this picture of some guy—I didn't know from Neil Young—and I said, "That's the man!" I found out later who he was, and some time later I met

these chicks who told me they got into concerts all the time! Well they promised to take me to meet him when he came."

They took her to meet him, but true to the usual groupie double cross number, *they* got in. The then "too naive for words" young star-fucker-to-be was left outside, at a completely sold out concert, without a ride home or a way in. She took a frantic step inside and grabbed the arm of drummer Johnny Barbata. "I said, 'You don't know me and I don't know you, but you have got to get me in!' He kinda looked at me—thought I was insane—and then he said 'Okay—c'mon in!' Well, I went inside and sat down and just was kind of in *shock!*"

That was only the first shock. Looking for a drink to calm her nerves, she barged into a dressing room by mistake where Her Man Himself sat jamming and chatting with Stephen Stills. Greener than yours truly, she blurted out the immortal teenybop tirade beloved by all rock star veterans who remember the old days when little girls were still sweet and impressionable: "Oh, my God! I've been in love with you for YEARS! I've got all your RECORDS!"

Wincing at it in retrospect, she smirked, "I mean, I was half a step away from 'Can I have your autograph!' Neil just looked at me and said, 'Far out...' But Stills," she frowned at that—he's on her permanent shit list, "said, 'She's crazy! And she's all yours, buddy!' And he left me there alone with Neil. FREAKING OUT!"

She has since learned how to handle stars. It's simple. She hits the backstage scene like a ton of glitter. Indeed it is sometimes hard to tell the star from the star fucker. She always creates her share of fanfare. What's the secret? "I am a real bitch. Everyone else is pretending they are but I am the genuine article. I mean my ego is probably as large as any rock stars—I am truly one of the most conceited bitches I know."

She is no longer entirely alone. The average new-comer is no longer nearly as adorable as she was in her early days. "Girls 14 & 15 now have a regular sex life

—I didn't start until I was twenty! And I don't think they have that 'We're gonna fall in love and move to England' thing. That's fine. The heartbreak and anxiety of getting your hopes up everytime so and so is gonna be back in town, that's...look, a chick on the road is a chick on the road! It's very hard to transcend that image and become anything more to these guys."

"I'm really glad of it, too. It used to really hurt me to see the degradation some girls would put up with just to say they had been with somebody: 'Oh, you wanna use a dead fish on me? Far out!' You don't do that now, buddy. There used to always be someone around stupid enough to work out any sick fantasy they wanted. No more."

She does not feel that grouping is all sex and ego gratification. She also feels that "since it's going to be going on forever—it *has* been going on forever—I hope that the younger ones will be *women* now. If you go there just for another notch on your belt, then you deserve to be put through changes."

"But it can be a social experience. A lot of the time I go there just to party. To hear music for free, to see old friends, to have a good time. In fact, afterwards I usually go out and hit the bars with my friends—picking up someone isn't all that important anymore. I think it was Kiss that said, 'If all you want is music then stay home and listen to our records!' Now and then you just wanna see a show, hang out. For me concerts are what the corner malt shop was to kids in the fifties. And the bands like Queen, Aerosmith, Bowie and the older ones like Zep and the Stones bring people out of the woodwork that I may not have seen."

"So you get to see old friends in the bands, and see a show without some downer freak puking all over you, or getting knocked around when everyone rushes the stage. The competitive days are over. And besides, by now everyone is so intimidated by me..."

"The old bands you know sooo well that you can predict who'll get who, and the younger ones—if you wanna know what they're into, you put the word out and somebody somewhere will know—it's that cut and dried. The excitement is gone..."

That was too depressing. A devilish glint came to her big fat browns, and she snickered, "Ever hear about the time I went on the road with Sergio Mendes and Brazil Whatever-It-Is They're Up To Now?"

Sergio Mendes?! I said a firm "No," and steered her into reciting a list of other bands she had known and travelled with. I recalled her being sent for by the Dobbies, Three Dog Night, Allman, Zep, and some others, but the list got so long and so varied as to be almost mind boggling.

So I asked the million dollar question. "Who was the best lay?"

Without too much hesitation, but some noticeably defensive hems and haws, she said, "Donald Fagen."

"Ugly Donald Fagen?! Steely Dan's Donald Fagen?! After all those people you've..."

"Different strokes," she said, ever so serene, pleased to see me vexed at last.

Different strokes she says. I guess she should know. She's had them all.

Cynthia Dagnal



Cynthia and Cinnamon trade licks

MARC GLASSMAN

Inside The Music Biz



CHARLES SETON

How Mike Gormley sells Mercury Records

Mike Gormley doesn't look a bit like Xaviera Hollander, a fact of which he is justly (if subconsciously) proud. Hell, the beard alone sets things straight from the beginning.

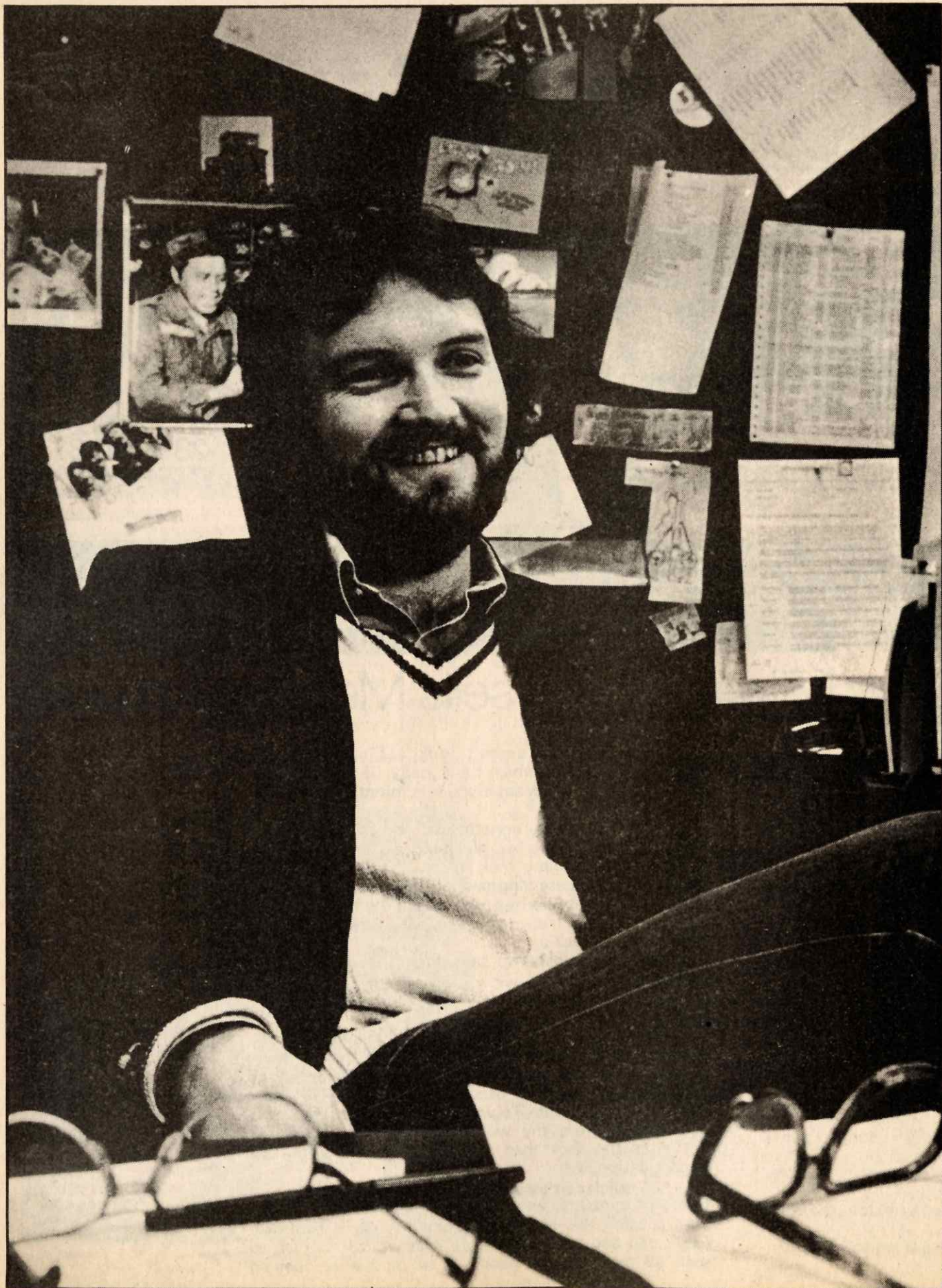
But Gormley is, nonetheless, one of the Happiest Hookers in the music biz, gleefully and successfully enticing innocent young rock 'n' roll writers to say nice things about undeserving and overpaid musicians, with glittering baubles like free records and dinners at French restaurants and trips to exotic, faraway places like Cleveland and Peoria.

Gormley, needles to say, doesn't quite look at it all that way.

"It's the musicians who are the prostitutes," he says. "I'm just the pimp."

Gormley is, among other things, low-keyed, soft-spoken, Canadian-born, happily married and 30 years of age. He is also national publicity director for Phonogram-Mercury Records, otherwise known as The Only Record Company in Town, which isn't strictly true, but screams from the several independent labels will not alter the fact that it's the only one with real impact nationally.

(A quick confession: Mike is also a very close friend of mine and will probably send me a letter bomb after reading this article, but, being a friend, he'll probably call and warn me before it arrives. But I plan to soak all my Mercury handouts in oil before opening



"It's the musicians who are the prostitutes, I'm just the pimp."

them, anyway. Can't be too careful these days.) Gormley's office would be heaven for a voyeur with a good pair of field glasses.

He has a huge picture window which, from the 25th floor of the IBM building, surveys that perfection of dreary gray affectionately known as The West Side and which, LeRoy Brown notwithstanding, is considerably badder than another side of town. Framing this uniformly dull vista on the left are the twin corncocks of the Marina Towers. The 25th floor presents an unobstructed view of nearly every window on the eastern curve of the nearer cob.

Gormley has never been known to take advantage of his lofty vantage point although I suspect he's been tempted on numerous occasions. While he is in some ways typical of those in his profession, Gormley exhibits none of the vice-soaked hedonism associated with the entertainment industry as a whole, and rock 'n' roll in particular.

Gormley's job, like that of most publicity people, consists mostly of keeping people happy. He keeps writers happy by talking nicely to them and providing enticements suitable to their influence on the media (heavy pecking order here, but PR folks pretend it isn't so), and getting them interviews with Big Stars like Randy Bachman and Cledus Maggard. In turn, he keeps the Big Stars (and his corporate superiors) happy by talking nicely to them and producing volumes of newspaper and magazine clips, dealing with the wonders of the star's latest album or current show.

"Once an artist reaches a certain level of success," says Gormley, "all of a sudden he doesn't want his private life to be known. So it becomes a game—the public has to find out and the star has to keep them from finding out, and the PR guy is in the middle. He has to feed the public the information, without telling the star it's going to be fed."

Gormley does all this as well as anyone in the business, which is one reason why he is paid well over \$25,000 a year to do it. Why, one might ask, are his services so valuable?

"The reason for publicity is difficult to put your finger on," he says. "It doesn't directly sell albums. It doesn't put anything on the radio. But it does create images for the company and for the artists."

"The Ohio Players could have all the No. 1 records in the world, but if no one knows who they are or what they do or anything personal about them, a lot of magic is missing. That's why 'Random Notes' is consistently the most popular page in Rolling Stone. People like gossip and they have to have an identification with the artists."

By music industry standards Phonogram is a relatively small pool. The name was formally changed from Mercury Records about a year ago, in a corporate reshuffle dictated by the two European conglomerates that jointly own the holding company that owns Phonogram and Polydor Records. It is not in the same league with CBS or Warners, but it's definitely more impor-

tant than, say, Fantasy, or its sister company, Polydor-MGM. In this context, Gormley is a relatively big fish.

This is a bit surprising, if you consider that he started out as a snotty nosed misfit, kicked out of every high school in Ottawa, a good deal more interested in playing drums with a series of two-bit local rock 'n' roll bands than in learning the manipulations of the English language that would later become his livelihood.

After kicking around for a while as a freelancer in Canada, Gormley landed a job as critic and columnist with the Detroit Free Press by writing a totally fictitious story about Bob Dylan that impressed the editor. Eventually, however, the editor left, and Gormley didn't get along so well with his successors. He departed the paper under less-than-amiable circumstances, only to fall into the PR job with Mercury, replacing Ron Oberman, who left the record company to manage the then-up-and-coming Wilderness Road. That was in March, 1971.

"I had never done publicity before in my life, and I had people working for me who had years of experience," says Gormley. "When I arrived, Paul Nelson was our East Coast representative. Nelson is like a legendary rock journalist—he started the Little Sandy Review and worked with Bob Dylan in a record store in Minneapolis. Nelson gave Rod Stewart every Dylan song he ever recorded."

"So I went through this incredible adjustment when I first came to Chicago. I almost broke down completely. The night of my first day on the job, there was a Uriah Heep press party. No one knew who Uriah Heep was and everything went wrong. I had nothing to do with the party except that it was now my job and therefore my party."

"The band was supposed to play live, but the equipment that showed up was wrong. Heep's manager was one of those classic managers who screams and yells and squashes people every day. He was squashing me, and I didn't know what was going on."

"So for the first six months or so, I was really learning—I haven't the faintest idea how or why they kept me on. I didn't make any real big mistakes, but I don't think I was doing them any good."

In that six months, however, Gormley learned his lessons well. And he has gradually evolved a point of view that might be seen as the archetypal PR agent's philosophy of life:

"Publicity and public relations—in any company, in the steel industry and the record industry and the auto industry—is the first staff to get cut in hard times. It's good to have PR people around, but if something's got to go, they'll go first."

"Ironically, whenever they start letting PR people go, it's the time they need them the most. It's the time they need the company to look good. If they've got financial problems, they shouldn't let that be seen."

It's only rock 'n' roll—and Mike Gormley likes it. And (sigh) with my eyes wide open and not a tear in sight, so do I.

Bruce Meyer



TRIAD photo jam: Bill Quateman meets Kenny Rankin

An old, religious hymn ends with the line "I once was blind, but now I see." Amazingrace, the Chicago club that shares its name with that song, is run by a group of entrepreneurs who in the last two years have taken that lyric to heart and opened their eyes to the reality of the music business: survival takes more than dedication, it takes money.

The highly acclaimed, liquor-les, North Shore music establishment has endured a metamorphosis both physical and philosophical. While located on Northwestern's campus.

Now located in the Main, a recently refurbished shopping mall at Chicago and Main in Evanston, the club grew out of a college student union grill and blossomed into a respected folk music arena run by the Amazingrace Family, a commune of like-minded students. However, as one Grace pointed out, "The commune was an experiment that failed." The family is now a group of friends who operate

Amazingrace, Ltd., an organization those involved with like to call "a collective corporation." In spite of the label so reminiscent of their discarded lifestyle, Amazingrace is a business, and the Gracers do not deny it.

The communal living arrangement is not the only experiment that has failed for the club and its youthful management. Like any new, growing commercial venture, Amazingrace has suffered through periods of ill-chosen direction and fickle customers. It has learned to walk the fine line between financial security and capital collapse. The club still exists near the wire, and continues to vend in new directions to retain its balance. As Benj Kanter, a long-time Gracer, optimistically stated, "We have never been hurt by a mistake to the point of desperation ... We've always been able to adapt."

The uniqueness of 'Grace lies mainly in its seating arrangement and lack of alcohol. Half of the 400 customers at a sold-out show sit on

the carpeted floor directly in front of the stage. The other half find themselves on folding chairs arranged auditorium style in the back of the room and in the balcony. There are no tables or booths since no food or drinks are sold.

Gradually the crowds are wising up to the freedom the club offers them in creating their own experience. (Customers are beginning to arrive with wine in one hand, and a pillow for the floor in the other.) The combination of a lack of waitresses and floor seating creates an atmosphere of relaxation. Although the mood of the club is easy-going and unassuming, there is a primary, steady focus on the stage. The performance is all important. Amazingrace's audience pays for music only, unlike the usual cabaret crowd, and the performers respond to their obvious attentiveness with enthusiasm and warmth. The result is a series of highly intimate concerts.

Amazingrace's ability to adapt and change has been under con-



amazingrace

for love

or money

stant pressure for the last year and a half as the corporation's members search for the bookings, image, and ambience that will keep their business breathing. At first, after the move to the Main, they were tremendously hurt by a lack of food service, but as the club built a reputation and a following, that problem was overcome. (At the old 'Grace home-made, wholesome edibles were a great attraction, and some type of culinary offering remains a possibility.)

The greatest transformation has been in the club's range of bookings. As the Gracers gained business sense, the desires and tastes of their patrons became more im-

CHARLES SETON



Tracy Nelson/Gary Burton: Vocals and vibes

portant in the choice of acts. The club has started to present top-notch jazz acts, and the response has been overwhelmingly favorable. In recent weeks there was as much chance of finding a progressive sax player on stage as a mellow minded singer-song writer.

Amazingrace has also moved away from its earlier position as a showcase for Chicago talent. What was once a core of main acts has become a source of warm-up performers for bigger names.

The club operators have been anxious to broaden the scope of entertainment staged at their establishment. Comedy acts are being used more frequently, a poetry series which has brought in well known writers is gaining momentum, and this spring Saturday afternoons will be used for Children's Theater. In the near future serious plays may appear as a regular evening show. It seems the "collective corporation" is following a classic business strategy. It is attempting to diversify.

This diversity was evident in the choice of acts during a recent period of heavy bookings. The selection of talent in the four week span included the following: Tracy Nelson and Mother Earth, Bill Quateman, Kenny Rankin, and Gary Burton.

Amazingrace has travelled a tremendous distance since its birth in the granola and graffiti era. Although the club's operators have gained business savvy, they feel that they have not compromised their values. Instead, they now talk about those values in corporate terms. As Benj Kanter explains, "We are in the business of providing a product: an evening of entertainment. We have extremely high standards for the quality of that evening. We serve music, and nothing else, so it has to be top-notch."

If you think that sounds like a master chef describing his high-class kitchen standards, you understand the Gracers' concept of their position in the music business.

Miles Hurwitz

Audio Report

by Art and Harold Lassers

How To Choose A Tape Recorder

Our test guest this month is Dave Clark, who is in charge of purchasing and product selection for the Musicraft Chain in the Greater Chicago Land area. Dave studied Business Administration at Quincy College but, more importantly, he has been selling stereo hifi components since he was fifteen years old! He is also in charge of product distribution to the Musicraft chain and this gives him a special insight into customer wants, needs, and preferences.

This report will be a little different from the preceding ones in that we are not going to discuss or test a specific product, but will discuss *how to select a tape recorder*. The assortment of tape recorders on the market is very broad and confusing and there are three separate tape mediums: eight track, cassette, and reel-to-reel.

"What do you say," we asked Dave Clark, "when a customer asks you which of these three types of tape recorders he should consider usnig with his stereo system?"

Let's talk about eight track machines first," he began. "Eight track tape players are used primarily in automobiles. For years, the music industry has tried to provide some sort of music medium for cars. Obviously, record players are a problem since a car, even under the most ideal circumstances, bounces around quite a bit, (though years ago Chrysler Corporation did introduce a car record player and they are still available). It is the eight track system which is the most popular for cars and which works the best."

"The eight track system does have its limitations. It is almost impossible to start a musical selection from the beginning; in most cases, the eight track listener has to settle for starting his music from whatever point in the cartridge he left off last time. If the audiophile choses to record on eight track he will soon learn that it is very difficult—if not impossible—to edit eight track recordings. Theoretically, the sound quality of an eight track *can* be equal to the sound quality of a cassette recording, but

most of the equipment designed to *play* eight track is not comparable to cassette decks, and certainly not comparable to the reel to reel equipment."

"Other difficulties with the eight track system are: one never finds a 'rewind' facility on an eight track tape player, and there is seldom a fast forward facility. When there is a fast forward facility, it doesn't move nearly as fast as the fast forward on a reel to reel or a cassette system. The tape is wound in the cartridge in such a way that the tape surface is constantly sliding against itself. The tape wears much faster because of this. Additionally, the eight track system has more moving parts, and there is more head wear than with other systems."

"Let's sum up eight track this way: if a music enthusiast has eight track stereo in his car, and therefore has accumulated a library of eight track tape cartridges which he wants to listen to in his home, it would make sense for him to have eight track cartridge equipment with his home stereo. However, if he is starting from scratch, if automobile listening is *not* his objective, and if he does not have a library of eight track tapes, then he will certainly want to select from either reel to reel equipment or cassette equipment for his home system."

"Well," we said, "that seems to narrow the choice down to two systems: namely, cassette and reel-to-reel. Which should the listener select?"

"Obviously," Dave continued, "a cassette system is certainly more convenient than a reel-to-reel system. A cassette is actually a miniature reel-to-reel system, but it is enclosed in a protective plastic casing, and the tape is always 'threaded'. It's really hard to beat the ease of function that one gets with a cassette deck."

"It is certainly hard to beat or even equal the value one gets today with a cassette deck. In general, the cassette decks are less expensive than the reel-to-reel decks. Also, more has been done with noise elimination systems—particularly

Dolby—on cassette units than has been done with reel-to-reel equipment."

"Why then," we asked, "would anyone want a reel-to-reel if the cassette has all this convenience combined with all this value?"

"Well," responded Dave, "the reel-to-reel system does offer certain advantages over the cassette. First of all, because the tape is wider and can also run faster, you are able to move more iron particles past the recording head per second in the reel-to-reel system. Since the iron particles carry the magnetic field, the signal to noise ratio of reel-to-reel is better. More important, the dynamic range is *far, far greater*. In recording music with concert hall realism, there will always be very soft passages and very loud passages. The reel-to-reel system, with its great dynamic range, will be able to record the very soft passages with great accuracy, but not go into clipping or distortion when the passages become very loud. This is because the system is moving enough iron particles past the recording head to accept this sound density."

"The next major advantage of the reel-to-reel system is the ease with which one can edit the tape. There are two types of editing. One can edit by backing the tape up to a given spot and then re-recording over that spot, erasing what was there before. One can also edit mechanically, by cutting out certain parts of the tape. In both cases it is necessary that the tape be *transported* to the *exact* spot desired. This is far easier with reel-to-reel systems, as the reels can be moved by hand."

"Are these the only reasons that one might buy a reel-to-reel machine over a cassette?" we asked.

"No, there are other reasons," Dave went on, "but the reason most people buy reel-to-reel is probably the worst possible reason: it's traditional! We make our shoes out of leather and our furniture out of wood, we put ketchup in narrow necked bottles, and if we are 'audiophiles' we want our tape recorders to have separte remov-

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able reels! It is true that one gets higher frequency response and a far better signal to noise ratio with reel-to-reel, but the user might be paying for the elimination of noise that he could not hear anyway, and he might be paying for frequencies that are beyond his audio range. The audio listener may pay extra for this tremendous dynamic range, and then only record radio stations which have a very narrow dynamic range. He may never record material that requires editing!"

"Well, we said, "so much for selection of reel-to-reel versus cassette. Now how about giving us a few tips on what to look for in a tape recorder."

"Sure," Dave said. "There are a number of things to look for in a tape recorder of either type. Make sure that the machine can record at all the speeds you plan to use. If you think you may want to use both 7½ inches and 3¾ inches per second, make sure that it is easy and simple to switch from one speed to the other." (Many machines used to record at 1 7/8 inches per second, this is now passe). The speed change can be either mechanical or electrical. Electrical speed change is better but generally costs more."

"Virtually all systems have capstan drive. Better drive systems use dual capstan drive—one before and one after the tape heads. Some machines have two motors, and some of the better machines have three motors. The three motor decks have a motor to run each of the reels, and a third motor to run the drive system. Decide exactly what you're going to use your tape recorder for, and make sure that the machine's function controls allow you to do that with a minimum of fuss and error."

Check to see if the machine controls the mechanical functions electrically or with mechanical linkages. A machine with electrical solenoid functions will cost you more, but will last longer and is a better machine."

"If you are selecting a cassette machine, the first thing you want to check for is a Dolby noise reduc-

tion system. This is very important. Since the dynamic range of a cassette machine is somewhat limited, it is very important that the recording level be set very accurately. Therefore, peak reading meters are much better than average level reading meters. In the absence of a peak reading meter an L.E.D. (Light Emitting Diode) peak indicator would certainly be a good idea."

"Look for the third head which would be used for monitoring while recording. Also, wow and flutter are more of a problem with cassette units, so pay more attention to the wow and flutter specs on a cassette deck than on a reel machine. Look for a digital counter on both machines. Look for a tape run indicator on all machines."

In closing, we would like to add one point of our own to Dave Clark's advice. We feel strongly that the most important step in the

selection of a tape recorder is the selection of a tape recorder dealer! There are many ways the customer can make a big mistake in selecting the wrong recorder. For example, it is just as big a mistake to buy too much recorder as it is to buy too little recorder. It is so very important to select the correct *dealer* first. He can then help you select the proper tape deck for your needs.

.....

Reggae music — will it ever catch on in the USA? Recent tours by Bob Marley, Toots Hibbert, and Jimmy Cliff have packed people in to clubs across the country, but even these artists have yet to break into medium or larger sized halls. In a select crowd, these performers are wildly popular; to others, particularly non-easterners, neither the names of the performers nor the word reggae itself are recognized. When there were only one or two artists releasing reggae material in the USA, they were fairly certain to reach a minimum audience, but recently there has been an explosion of new releases which threatens to either blow the field wide open or accelerate its decline.

There are basically two kinds of reggae music today — the kind you hear in the streets of Kingston, Jamaica, and the type that emerges from the studios of London and Los Angeles. The situation is pretty similar to that of rhythm and blues in the early 60's: that particular musical renaissance developed several forms of music, one of them called "blue-eyed soul." Recently, musicians as diverse as Jerry Garcia, Loggins and Messina, and Taj Mahal have experimented with reggae songs and the reggae beat — with varying degrees of success. The problem is that you *can* hear the difference between Kingston and Los Angeles or London.

If you doubt it, listen to Jimmy Cliff's most recent album, half of which was recorded in Jamaica, the other in LA. Studio musicians like Jim Keltner may be fine instrumentalists, but they don't sound very Jamaican. They are masters of what the comic strip "Doodles" has called "the reggae feel," but the musical form remains essentially alien to them. The recent flood of reggae releases ranges from well intentioned British pseudo-reggae to pure Jamaican.

Of the two British recordings, G.T. MOORE strikes me as coming much closer to capturing the meaning of reggae music. On both this record and Greyhound's LEAVE THE REGGAE TO US, the approach is to apply the reggae beat and guitar to what are essentially British and American pop songs. Sometimes this works extremely well, as with the version of Dy-

REGGAE RIFFS

BY DR. GANJA

lan's "Knocking on Heaven's 1's Door" offered by G.T. Moore. Jamaican reggae is characterized by resignation and anger, and a song like this Dylan number conveys an emotional state which suits the musical style.

On the other hand, you get such blunders as Greyhound's version of Bobby Darin's "Dream Lover," which sounds like fifty other faceless pop/rock singles, with an added touch of reggae. Greyhound's disc is not valueless; it is good happy-time music, and features a very well-played, semi-authentic instrumental called "Mango Rock." Regardless, it would probably be better if Greyhound had gotten a reggae license before they started making boasts like the title of their album.

G.T. Moore seems to have matters a bit more firmly in control. His album features a strong rhythm section composed of two drummers, a conga player, bassist, and reggae guitar. His album is strong, and his voice well suited to the musical style he has chosen, but he's not playing *real* reggae music.

In between the foreigners trying to play Jamaican music and the Jamaicans playing their own, attempt at fusion can be heard on Byron Lee and the Dragonaires' DISCO REGGAE. In the bars of Jamaica, reggae bands have always played cover versions of American hits — why should it be any different for Van McCoy's "The Hustle?" If it was possible for Toots Hibbert to make a good reggae song out of John Denver's "Country Road," we can expect many more such adaptations, particularly as the less well known Jamaican groups begin to release their music in the USA. Instead of adapting disco music to reggae,

the Dragonaires have merely substituted the reggae beat for the funky rhythms of disco music. The disco orientation of the album is blatantly clear from the opening cut on, sticking closely to the semi-echoplexed sound which reminds one more of Philadelphia than Kingston.

Ultimately, the experiment of combining basically similar and very popular types of music doesn't come off. In "The Hustle," for example, Van McCoy's opening is lifted almost note for note (down to the fervently whispered "Do It's"). If you listen carefully, you can hear the spot where the tape was edited and — like magic — there's the reggae beat. For a reggae album, the musicianship and vocals of DISCO REGGAE are uncommonly smooth, and that may be the key to the album's success. It is definitely the reggae album for the disco fan.

Probably the most interesting, though less influential, is the first American release by the Jamaican group Burning Spear. Their album, MARCUS GARVEY, is a quick lesson in the beliefs of the Rastafarians, religious sect whose believers seek their roots in Africa and attribute divine qualities to Haile Selassie, Lion of Judah and late emperor of Ethiopia. The other important figure to the Rastafarians is Marc Garvey, who was one of the first Americans to call for his people to return to Africa. The reasons for the popularity of Rastafarianism in Jamaica are clear. It is a land of recent slavery, current poverty, and growing repression.

Regardless of the lyrics' frequent mention of Garvey, Ethiopia and slavery, however, the music is the strong point of the album. Two of Bob Marley's Wailers, Family Man Barrett and Touter Harvey help accompany the three vocalists who call themselves Burning Spear. Their sound is even more primitive than the other reggae that has so far emerged from Jamaica. Their rudely discordant harmonies, both in the vocals and brass sections, create the kind of excitement that has long been missing in the rock world. Reggae music is to be felt and experienced, not merely listened to, and Burning Spear comes across better than any of the other new groups. **Bill Crowley**

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Paradise In Pawn

LEAVE ME A LOAN

An Inside View of Chicago Pawnshops

by Fred Rubin

To me, there never was a more shattering, hard hitting, cinema experience than a movie produced about ten years ago called the "Pawnbroker." Starring Rod Steiger, the film portrayed the day to day life of Nate Lazerman, a pawnbroker in the ghetto of New York City. A starkly realistic film, it left me wondering for years to follow about this business of pawning, and exactly what it's all about. I jumped at the chance to take this assignment and hit the streets early one morning with two gold wedding rings in hand ... anxious to investigate this process of loans for items near and dear. My mind still flowing with harsh images of the movie, I took my trade to 47th and Prairie ... the heart of the southside, a landscape of poverty.

Shelly's Loan Company (300 E. 47th St.) is one of four pawn shops on 47th street and one of fifteen left in the city of Chicago. In nineteen sixty eight there were over 56 pawnshops in the Chicago-land area, but many were destroyed or forced out of business due to the devastating effects of the riots following the death of Martin Luther King. Shelly's is fairly typical of most of the Loan companies in Chicago so it turned out to be a good place to start. At the familiar sign of the three globes I ducked off the street into a world of discarded wealth and mass merchandise.

Shelly's is owned by one Sheldon Abrams and operated by an amazingly congenial guy named Shelly Zuchman. Shelly Z has been involved in the pawning world since

he was eight years old and at the age of thirty-seven has been managing the 47th street store since nineteen fifty nine. He knows the business backwards and forwards; has an eagle eye for the value of merchandise; and once the tape began to roll he poured out a wealth of information concerning the ins and outs of pawnshop loans and pawnshop merchandise. The following is some useful information should you need the services of your friendly neighborhood pawnbroker.

The process of pawning is fairly simple. Once you enter the store you bring your item to the back where there is a tellers cage securely protected from any attempts at violence. The man in the booth will ask you how much of a loan you want on the item you are hocking. Pawnbrokers *never* give you an estimate. The question asked is "how much do you want for that item?" This way the pawnbroker has all the leverage. You might say ten dollars ... when in actuality the maximum loan might be fifteen. The pawnbroker rarely sets the price. A dialogue might go like this:

Pawnbroker: How much do you want on those rings?
Customer: Thirty dollars?
Pawnbroker: Nope.
Customer: Twenty-five?
Pawnbroker: Sorry.
Customer: Twenty?
Pawnbroker: Yeah, I can let you have twenty.

The next step is simple. You sign a pawn ticket and get a copy; the broker records the loan; and makes another recording of the loan and the merchandise for police records. In this way the pawnbroker protects himself from receiving stolen merchandise, and can also be instrumental in catching a would-be thief. Contrary to popular rumor, pawned merchandise is rarely stolen merchandise. With your loan in hand, you have several options. You can leave, never to return again, or you can return at a later date and redeem your merchandise at a rate of 3% monthly

interest. The state incidentally sets the limit on interest rates, and also allows you thirteen months to retrieve your possession. Pawners are not allowed to sell pawned merchandise until thirteen months have elapsed on your ticket, but once this period has passed the only way you can redeem your valuable is to buy it back at whatever price the proprietor has set. For example, if you took your twenty dollar loan, you could buy your rings



back one month later for twenty dollars and sixty cents. Pretty reasonable.

Loans are based almost solely on the pawners estimate of what your merchandise is worth, however, exceptions are always made for customers who are known to be reliable in paying back loans, and for customers who are regular and known in the neighborhood. Approximately 75% of Shelly's customers know exactly what kinds of loans to expect and approximately 85% of his clientele redeem their merchandise within the thirteen month period, and usually within a month.

Ironically it is the government which keeps them in business. "If not for welfare, disability, social security and support checks" claims Shelly Zuchman, "we'd be out of business." Therein, incidentally lies the pattern in the pawn business. Towards the middle of the month

people bring in their items to pawn, and towards the beginning of the next month (when the checks arrive) they return to redeem them. At the same time customers make new purchases from the shop. Why? Because Shelly's guarantees a 50% loan on most items purchased from their establishment.

It's important for you to know that pawnshops have changed radically in the past years... and the stereotype image that you might have is not the case at all. The environment, for example is not a grimey, caged in store with musty odors and dusty artifacts. Most are clean, carpeted, well-lit shops with attractive displays and clearly marked prices. Secondly, pawners do not make the majority of their monies off of loans, but rather off of sales. Thirdly, not all people who patronize pawnshops are derelicts or degenerates. Shelly Z in fact has given out loans up to seventy-five hundred dollars, and Uptown City Pawners (now located on Broadway near Devon) is selling a diamond necklace for nine thousand dollars. Fourthly, not all merchandise on sale is old or used or pawned, all pawnshops now carry lines of brand new merchandise. Finally, shop-owners are not weird, greasy little men who typify the Shylock image. Most are young, sharp, and well versed in what they can offer and what they have in stock. Shelly Zuchman, for example took one look at my gold wedding rings and without so much as touching them, remarked, "those are 3½ to 4 penny weight 14 karat gold rings, you probably paid about ninety dollars new for 'em, am I right?" He was right. He was willing to give me fifteen dollars for those, while two other shopowners offered me ten and twelve. I would have taken the money on the spot, but the lovely lady that lent them to me would have boxed my ears.

Now that you're equipped with a first hand knowledge of what to expect and how it all works, these are the kinds of items you can expect to pawn, a few bargains you might look for, and a few tips on what to avoid:

1. New musical instruments in pawn shops are almost all cheapo's ... stay away from them.
2. There are a few bargains to be had on musical instruments sold out of pawn. Every once in a while a Martin guitar, or Fender, or Gibson shows up but they sell quick. Shelly's didn't have any really decent guitars that I saw, Uptown City had an old Gibson classical at a decent price, and Clark Pawners (2626 N. Clark) had some exceptional Gretsch and Guild electrics. Flutes are hot items, they sell like wildfire. Uptown City has a good selection of saxophones and Conn instruments bargain priced, out of hock.
3. T.V.s, stereos, radios, tape decks, typewriters, sewing machines, cameras, and jewelry are all very desirable items to pawn. Bargains can also be found on all these items ... but I suggest you ask for a demonstration before purchase. Jewelry (particularly watches and rings) are very desirable to pawn and bring the highest prices. Pawnbrokers like jewelry because it's easy to store, easy to display, and easy to set a value.
4. Bargains ... well for example Shelly's was selling a Pioneer amp, and a pair of \$350 for \$300 out of pawn: total value about \$650. Most pawnshops can sell you a ¼ Karat diamond ring for \$95-130. I



checked similar rings at Sears for \$250. 35mm cameras are very reasonable. With an influx of all kinds of expensive oriental camera equipment returning from the Viet Nam war, you can find the surplus in the pawn shops.

5. Drawbacks? Well, most of the stuff is used ... so you have to overcome that hang-up. Also, there are no guarantees on quality, or repair. Also, you might buy something that doesn't work quite right. Although most pawnshops will repair merchandise before selling ... be sure and test out any electrical apparatus before buying.
6. Hey kids, a lot of pawnshops sell clothes as well. In the back room at Shelly's, in amongst hundreds of T.V.s and stereos, there are enough suits to stock the New York garment district.
7. Looking to pawn an unusual or strange item? Try Uptown City Pawners on Broadway. Ask for Jake Jacobson, a twenty-two year old whiz kid who traffics in the unusual and has some incredibly high-priced jewelry for sale.

It has been asserted that the sign of the three globes came from the time of the Pharaoh and the first Egyptian money-lenders. Others claim that the three balls were on the crest of an Italian medieval family who were also money lenders. No matter where the symbol originated, pawnbrokers represent the second oldest profession in the world. So if you need a few bucks, or if you're looking for something classically historical to do ... or maybe just bargain hunting ... take a tour of your neighborhood pawnshop ... and remember: "One man's misfortune is another man's gain."

Fred Rubin

PHOTOS BY DIANE PEACHIN

mind games



ACROSS

1. Jan's partner, before Dean.
6. Last name of British singer who trained to be a brick layer or plumber, but now gets by with a little help from his friends.
12. The kind of tide the Righteous Bros. and Roy Hamilton sang about.
15. Herman's real name, or a Ray Charles single in '63.
16. Sang about greed in the film "The Magic Christian."
18. First name of Elton John's producer.
19. Took the Animals' place.
22. Leader of a reggae band.
23. Initials of female sharpshooter in "There's No Business Like Show Business" musical.
24. Heroine of a '68 single by the Turtles.
26. With 65- and 74- across: Georgie Jessel appeared on the J. Geils version of this song.
27. Sign indicating a sold-out concert.
29. "_____ and All of the Night," a hit record in '65.
31. Last name of a former Yardbird guitarist who got his start singing in church choirs.
32. Last name of '50s songstress who often teamed up with Frankie Laine.
33. The kind of touch "Goldfinger" had, in Shirley Bassey's hit.
34. Initials of man who sang "It's All in the Game" in '58.
35. "____ Be There, or Be Around, or Be Doggone" (depending on the song.)
37. Slang for tabulation.
38. Little singer who got her start as Carole King's babysitter.
40. What "Love Potion No. 9" might have come in.

41. An expression of commiseration.
44. First name of rock star who recorded "Short Shorts" with the Royal Teens and wrote "This Diamond Ring" for Gary Lewis and the Playboys.
45. Last name of "Up, Up and Away" songwriter.
46. Spanish word for "faith."
47. Recorded "How Long" in '75.
49. Had their only hit single "Tell Him" in '63.
51. Spanish word for "cold."

This month's prizes are:

- 1st prize** One free record a week for a year from TRIAD'S Choice 33
- 2nd prize** 5 free records from Choice 33
- 3rd prize** 3 free records from Choice 33

Send entire page with completed puzzle to:

TRIAD Mind Games
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Winners chosen by drawing of all correct entries received during current month. Any disputes referred to Top 10's & Trivia of Rock & Roll and Rhythm & Blues by Joe Edwards for final decision. March winners announced on TRIAD Radio at 8:30 P.M. April 7th.

53. An expression of amused skepticism.
54. Maria Muldaur: "____ Old Time."
55. Last name of "Lady Soul."
57. What's in the pipe John Denver and his old lady pass around in "Poems, Prayers and Promises?"
59. Last name of British drummer who once bred chickens for a hobby.
61. Same as 4-down.
62. Initials of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young's one-time manager.

Name

Address

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I pick up TRIAD Magazine at

63. Last name of Chicago folk-rock artist who was formerly a mailman.
65. See 26-across.
68. Opposite of offs.
69. This rightist group burned the Beatles in effigy in response to Lennon's famous remark that the band was "more popular than Jesus".
70. A kind of tree.
72. Henri_____ recorded "The Happy Wandere" in '54.
73. Total up numbers.
74. See 26-across.

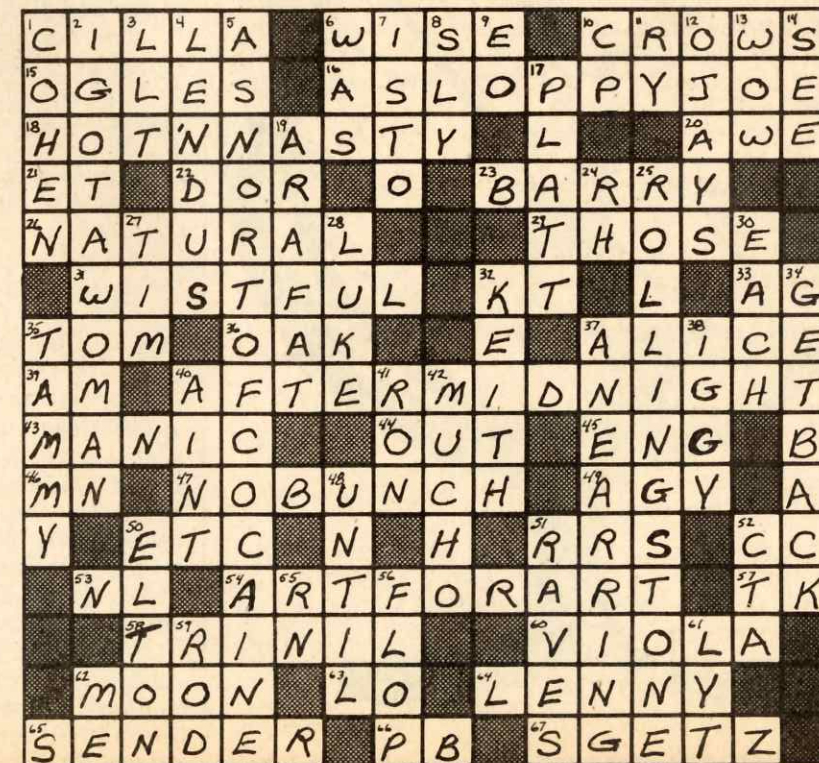
DOWN

1. Their boyfriend was back, in '63.
2. Record label that carried Essex, the Techniques and Ronnie Hawkins and the Hawks.
3. "____ Open," by James Cotton.
4. The kind of crowd the Ramsey Lewis Trio hung out with in '65.
5. Fever Tree's bass player.
7. Initials of the performer whose songs include "Rilly" and "The Snake".
8. The Everly Bros. Wanted to be her clown.
9. Last name of a singer who made the charts with "Mother-in-Law".
10. First initial and last name of white country-gospel singer who loaded 16 tons of No. 9 coal.
11. "____ of Spring," one of I. Stravinsky's greatest hits.
12. Initials of Steve Lawrence's spouse.
13. Answer song to "hound Dog," by Rufus Thomas Jr. in '53.
14. Last name of the leader of the Hi-Toppers, a '50s R&B band.
17. Initials of well-connected singer whose boots were made for walking.
20. Woody's son.

21. A hit single by Johnny and the Hurricanes in '59.
25. Last name of keyboard man for original Butterfield Blues Band.
30. In '65, they sang "The Boy from New York City".
31. Dave Clark Five: "____ and Pieces".
33. First initial and last name of Vanilla Fudge's lead singer.
36. A mad scientist's lair.
39. Connie Francis' last big hit, in '62.
42. A request from Bill Withers.
43. A Warner Bros. heavy-metal band from England—minus the last three letters.
45. _____ Five.
46. Belonging to the lady who sang with Tony Martin in the '50s hit "I Said my Pajamas (and Put On my Prayers)".
48. First name of "Thunder and Lightning" singer.

50. Group that sang "So Much in Love" in '63.
51. Taylor & King: "You've Got a ____."
52. Record label that carried Walter Jackson, Billy Butler and the Chanters, and Major Lance.
56. First initial and last name of former Velvet Underground.
58. Initials of late soul star mentioned in The Doors' "Running Blue" and Arthur Conley's "Sweet Soul Music."
60. A '50s song by Les Paul; also the name of a record label.
64. A compass direction (abbr.).
66. According to Noel Coward, only "dogs and Englishmen go out in the noon-day sun."
67. _____ Mahal.
71. Initials of '60s singer best known for "It's My Party".

Correct Answers for March Mind Games Rock Crossword Puzzle



by Grant Wylie

World and National Forecast

April will contain a wide variety of astrological activity. At the national level, the overall effect will be disruptive. Jupiter opposes Uranus in 5 degrees 25 minutes of Taurus and Scorpio respectively. This major aspect affects virtually all the seasonal figures of the next several months.

A substantial number of reputable astronomers and seismologists recognize the relationship between oppositions to Uranus and earthquakes in the Andes and other mountainous regions. Since the sun and Mercury will also oppose Uranus this month, it's fairly safe to expect Andean earthquakes. At least one of the several quakes (around April 12th, 18th and 25th) will be extremely high on the Richter scale. However, if these shiftings in the earth fail to occur near heavily populated areas there's not likely to be much publicity or news coverage. There will be too many other news items requiring the attention of the news media.

Repeated incidents of bombing and other revolting activities will be carried out in northern Ireland. The I.R.A. may also win some significant political victories.

The Uranus oppositions will bring a period of revolutionary activity to the Soviet Union. Industrial chaos and political turmoil in that nation are virtually guaranteed. This well may be the vague beginning of a movement which will overthrow the Soviet government in the mid 1980s.

The horoscope of the U.S.S.R. has Aquarius rising (ruled by Uranus), and the Sun in Scorpio. Oppositions to Uranus in Scorpio will bring difficulty to this world power. A change in the executive branch of government is not beyond the bounds of possibility. Replacements of high level governmental and party executives are almost sure to take place.

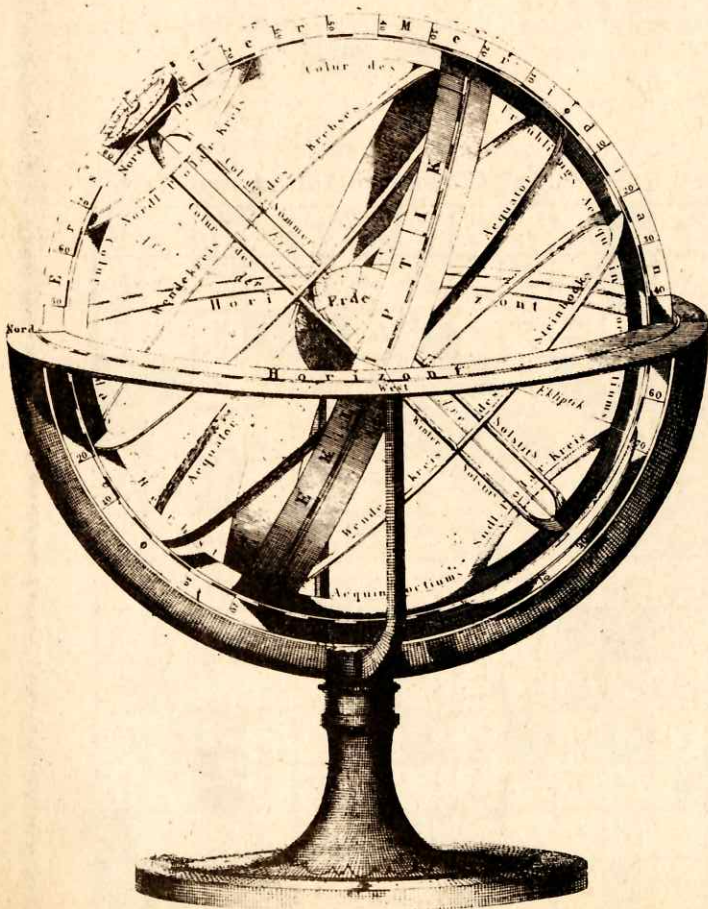
Look for an all out effort to solve severe agricultural problems in Russia. Food shortages could be one of the major causes behind the coming power struggle.

The nation of Hungary may display a significant degree of resentment towards the Soviets.

A significant disaster in the Australian province of Queensland may be in the news.

Confrontations and conflicts in the middle east are almost a certainty. However, the difficulty can be resolved by diplomatic negotiations. In reality, the trouble in that area will accelerate the coming of peace there. Pakistan and Turkey are vulnerable to earthquakes. This may not be evident till the latter part of May. Algeria and Iran are also threatened by earth tremors for an indefinite period.

Here in the U.S. the political campaigning gets under way. Some of the candidates will be eliminated for all practical purposes. The threat of bombing incidents in Washington and other major American cities is strong.



One of our national shrines could be the target for a demonstrative explosion.

The nation's chief executive will present a workable plan for reducing the national budget without hurting the economy. This proposal will be popular among liberals.

However, the more conservative politicians will, to say the least, be critical. A bombing attempt at the White House itself or in the immediate proximity of the President is a distinct possibility.

Competition between the C.I.A. and other separate but similar agencies will receive considerable news coverage. The final outcome of this matter is months in the future. At the end of the affair, organizations of this type will have to confine their efforts to bona fide criminals, rather than honest dissenters.

Danger to the physical well being of the vice president and the nation's Chief Executive continues through April. A confrontation between the Vice President and the President is to be expected. Late April or early May brings a heated debate and severe hostility between the president and Ronald Reagan. Reagan must be the loser in this engagement.

The last few days of April lead us into a period in which "dark horse" candidates and political third parties are assisted. Political underdogs and unknowns will become active. A three month period of political skulduggery starts on April 12th. This could mean another Watergate type incident is going on somewhere. Discovery is not possible until mid-July.

On the good news front: a third long term era of progress in our world's quest for new and better energy sources has now started. Over the years, it will bring us to a point where each household will be able to produce its own energy. The cost will be roughly fifty cents per month. The only real obstacle is finding new jobs for persons left unemployed when the utility companies close down. Obviously, it will take time to surmount this and all the related objections.

Comet West is now speeding out of our solar system. Its direction of travel should carry it through the center of our galaxy. I could write an entire book on its long term effects. It is one of many celestial phenomenae which usher our world into the age of Aquarius.

April's celestial influences exert a disconcerting influence at the personal level. However, they endow each of us with a touch of genius. Consequently, the unexpected events that present themselves can easily be altered to become unanticipated benefits. An innovative approach to all matters is the means by which one can accomplish this "Transmutation of Energies." Let your mind be active and be ready to alter your plans. Observing this simple procedure makes April turn out well.



Forecast for the 12 Signs

Aries

April presents new challenges for Aries. Professional matters are enhanced, despite a lack of communication with job supervisors and executives. Avoid involvement in altercations or disagreements between co-workers. Your present employment situation may have you "in a box." There's a heavy possibility it's not utilizing your full potential.

The solution does not lie in confrontation. Bad communications aspects make a negative reply to all requests likely. Demonstrate your capability and let those in authority take the initiative. Under no circumstances should you place yourself in physical jeopardy.

A new romance might look promising in April's earlier days. However, the relationship is not likely to endure. It's better to stick with those who have proven their worth. Keeping your temper under control thwarts adverse influences to a large degree. Avoid responding to impulse. An uncanny 6th sense will forewarn of danger. Heed it and all will be well.

Taurus

April brings a year of woes to an end as Jupiter makes its entry into Taurus. In addition, a two year long opposition between planet X (ruler of Taurus) and Saturn is rapidly drawing to a conclusion. An improvement in all departments of Taurus' life will soon be obvious. Major changes begin to occur around the eighteenth. A year long trend now allows you to attain goals which were out of reach a short time ago. A change of residence is distinctly possible in April. Marriage and partnerships aspects are heavily accented.

However, it's best to take your time in matters of this nature. You're not quite ready to take any giant steps. Associates may make big promises or offers. It's wise not to commit your finances until these promises are fulfilled. Philosophical questions or legal matters are enhanced after April second.

Gemini

Overwhelming adversity threatens in the first week of April but never manifests itself. You should be able to find time to enjoy your favorite entertainment forms.

The use of various memory aids will overcome a trend towards absent mindedness. Your manual dexterity will be on a very low point until April fourteenth. It's better to let others handle precision work. A confrontation with Virgo threatens around the fourteenth. There is also a threat of damage to your auto. Be careful where you park and observe the rules of good driving.

Professional activities may also require attention. New concepts or developments in your field offer a chance to further your achievements in the second half of April. Contracts or verbal agreements made during this time may be fulfilled beyond your expectations. Avoid earthquake prone areas.

Cancer

Financial pressures ease to a substantial degree. Cancer's romantic outlook is good. A forgotten person may attempt to re-enter your life. Although this can be disconcerting, no real harm will come of it. Make time for leisure activities and expand your social contacts. Your personal charisma reaches a high point in early April. Be prepared to roll with the trend. This could bring more activities than time really allows.

Expect parental difficulties around April 12th. Explaining your position may help. Competitors or rivals may resort to unfair tactics in the middle portion of the month. In the end, the deception will be discovered and you'll come out ahead. Keep your ego under control. Avoid an overly competitive or boisterous attitude. Important persons from far away may cause problems at work. Let them do the talking. They, not you, will seem foolish.

Leo

Neglecting responsibilities for the sake of amusement may allow adverse situations to get out of hand. Leo natives will be prone to extremism. Be prepared to control a wide range of moods. Philosophical disagreements may arise. Educational opportunities are indicated for you. Don't hesitate to take advantage of them. Sudden and unexpected job offers are likely. Changes in supervisors or company policies may be disconcerting.

Nevertheless, you're visited by a touch of genius this month. Put it to good use, and you should be able

to handle the situation. Better working conditions may tempt you to be extravagant or change residence in haste. This could bring difficulties in the distant future. During mid and later April, Leo's health is threatened. Providing yourself with a release for pressures and tensions alleviates the problem.

Virgo

Be willing to adapt your habits and activities to fit unanticipated changes of plans. Virgo natives will be required to deal with inconsistency and circumstantial alterations.

Although the trends are beneficial, they possess an unnerving quality. Romance and social activities will be hit hard by these disconcerting influences. Remain calm and avoid jumping to conclusions. Facts will dispel rumors in the later portion of the month. Minor problems at home or with your parents may cause you to make mistakes at work.

If Virgos pay attention to refining their professional surroundings, a favorable financial trend will find them. Put the unique information and ideas you possess to constructive, creative uses. Make sure the important persons in your life are aware you are doing so. Keep your mind functioning in an objective manner. Stay calm and alert when driving.

Libra

Other people will be receptive to your ideas. Gemini, Cancer and Capricorn natives may aid you in numerous

ways. Expect contact with increasing numbers of people. Your personal magnetism is at a high point in April. It's an excellent time to approach people who are hard to meet. A person who may have caused you to feel rejected can now be approached. If you put your fear aside and contact this individual, the rewards will be bountiful.

April is a time for Libra to rectify past failures. Don't be afraid to seek goals which were previously beyond your reach. In the second half of April you may find self-centered persons trying to over-shadow you. Be unconcerned in this matter, in the end such people will receive their just desserts.

Scorpio

April begins on an even keel, but soon explodes in a flurry of activity. A multitude of aspects to Pluto and Mars brings a wide range of events into the picture. Although professional activities are well expected, a degree of caution is needed. Speaking very specifically, you are becoming a threat to older, well established, persons and institutions. You are moving ahead in many respects.

This has you on a collision course with other members of your profession. They are fighting to stay on top. Be assured they will resort to underhanded methods in defending their position. Be prepared to debate your position in professional matters. Keep your sense of righteous indignation under control. Let the competition be the ones to lose their tempers. Your physical energy levels will be on a high all month. Expect favorable changes in your living conditions.

Sagittarius

April opens on a bizarre note. Sagittarius may be required to alter personal values and a sense of direction. Job requirements are likely to interfere with personal activities. Too many changes of plans and unusual coincidences make it impossible to form effective plans. The only solution is to deal with matters as they arise.

Fortunately, you will possess unusual quickness of mind and wit. Sagittarius should be more than capable of dealing with April's lack of consistency. After April 12th, there could be some long overdue recognition for your abilities. Matters are prone to go awry shortly after you receive compliments from professional superiors. Don't let yourself get carried away. Accidents threaten at work and while driving. Pay strict attention to your surroundings when in any potentially hazardous situation. Despite April's unnerving quality, Sagittarius will have an excellent month.

Capricorn

A difficult trend ends as adverse aspects to Saturn slowly fade away. The attention can be taken from professional turmoil and directed towards personal interests during April's first two weeks. A sharp featured dark person may seem to be competing with you. However, appearances are deceiving. Honest communication with this individual brings cooperation rather than friction.

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Be cautious with and around fire. Personal belongings could be marred by unattended small flames, such as a cigarette lighter. There is also a threat of burns or abrasions of the feet.

Capricorn's constitution strengthens after April 12th. Health problems disappear. After the fourteenth, the spotlight falls on professional activities once again. However, the pressure will not be so great at this time. There is some possibility of a change in the location of your place of employment. Your professional superiors may be hiding severe personal problems. Be patient with them.

Aquarius

Early April enhances the romantic outlook for Aquarius. Relief from pressures and self doubt is forecast. This would be an excellent time to purchase an automobile or electronic equipment. Debts can be collected. Home conditions may be disrupted as you break away from routine. Gifts or windfalls from an unexpected source are a distinct possibility. A prominent person may ask your assistance. A positive response will be rewarded in the not so distant future.

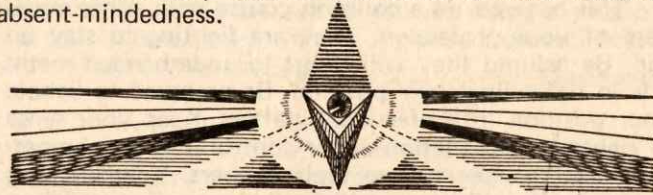
April 11th through 25th is a period of utmost significance for Aquarius. Chaotic influences will assert themselves in home, romantic, professional and social affairs. Expect widespread change in these matters. Decide what is of greatest consequence and devote the majority of your attention to achieving it. Resist the temptation to be extravagant. Amid the

difficulties, you develop a spark of genius. Consequently, you will be more than capable of dealing with adverse situations. When the storm passes on the 26th, you'll be better off than before.

Pisces

A quandry ends. You no longer need wonder what to believe. The facts which eluded you in March become obvious in April. Doubts and fears fade away as you re-discover your own worth. April brings better days as a new and favorable trend of indefinite duration begins. It's time to devote attention to matters you've been forced to neglect. Organize your time as well as possible. This will allow you to take full advantage of your growing popularity. Let yourself become involved in artistic projects.

Someone you hold in high esteem has been long absent. Attempts to renew contact should be successful. A degree of caution is advised in dealing with individuals who seem overly flattering. They have nefarious intent. Make sure your money and personal effects are in a safe place when you are attending social functions or going out. Use memory aids to counteract a trend towards absent-mindedness.



Stage, Page, & Screen

Film notes: Randy Newman will compose the musical score for Robert (Nashville) Altman's film version of E.L. Doctorow's best-selling novel, **Ragtime**. Milos Forman will direct the screen version of the somewhat dated **Hair**. **Robin and Marian**, starring Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn, makes its Chicago premier April 9. **Barry Lyndon**, Stanley Kubrick's \$11 million costume drama, is in box office trouble, doing very slow business throughout the country. Poor reviews haven't helped the epic earn the \$30 million needed to turn a profit. So far, little over \$3 million has been grossed.

Francis Ford (The Godfather) Coppola's **City** magazine has folded. After \$2 million and several editors, the San Francisco weekly was forced to bite the dust.

Cosmic Bookshelf: The long-awaited fourth novel in Roger Zelazny's "Amber" series will be published by Doubleday in June. It will be titled **The Hand of Oberon**.

Ursula K. Leguin's **The Dispossessed** has gone back for a third printing at Avon. Local TV guru Len O'Connor has been travelling around hustling his book, **Clout**, also published by Avon. Joe Heller's **Something Happened** has gone through its eighth printing; two million copies of the Ballantine paperback are now in circulation.

Amid rumors that his celebrated remarriage to Elizabeth Taylor is foundering, Richard Burton has returned to the Broadway stage, playing the lead in Peter Shaffer's psychological study, **Equus**. Ticket prices increased from \$11 to \$15 when he hit the boards.

I don't have time to do a full-fledged review, but if you get a chance to see Robert Flaxman and Daniel Goldman's **A Labor of Love**, please do. The documentary about the making of a porno flick is excellent, and interesting look at the human comedy.

Charles Henri Ford, surrealist poet, novelist, photographer, pain-

ter, and filmmaker, will present "Operation Minotaur" for the Poetry Center at the Museum of Contemporary Art on April 9 at 8:00 p.m. Ford will read from his unusual poetry, accompanied by guitarist Indra of Nepal. The poet will also give the Chicago premier of his film, **Johnnie Minotaur**. General admission is \$3.00.

Chuck Pratt



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**STAN LEE/
CARMINE INFANTINO**
Superman Vs. The Amazing Spider-Man
(DC and Marvel Comics) \$2.00

Every comic book reader has had the fantasy of seeing the superheroes from two different companies meet. If that could only happen, there would be twice the spectacle, twice the excitement, twice as much everything as any other comic-book. So what happens when two smiling middle-aged publishers (Stan Lee and Carmine Infantino) tell us that for two dollars we can have our fantasy fulfilled?

The initial reaction is suspicion and cynicism. And it's a legitimate way of looking at *The Battle of the Century: Superman Vs. The Amazing Spider-Man*. What are these smiling, middle-aged men after? The cynical response is money. (The book has just gone into a second printing, unheard-of for comic books.) So that's what they did: pandered to the secret fantasy of superhero freaks everywhere in order to rake it in.

The book is filled with little bits to reinforce that impression: the crowd-pleasers that show the world of Superman and the world of Spider-Man brushing up against each other. There is a scene

between J. Jonah Jameson and Morgan Edge, our two superheroes' respective bosses, sitting together in a bar; a little cat-fight between Peter Parker's girlfriend and Clark Kent's girlfriend; the teaming up of Spidey and Supe's arch-foes, Dr. Octopus and Lex Luthor; even a full-page of Spider-Man whaling the tar out of Superman, and one of the Man Of Steel doing the same to Ol' Web-Head. It's pretty obvious that these things, not the plot, characterization, or the artwork, are what this book is concerned with. And to its credit, the book doesn't cheat the reader in search of his or her fantasy. It delivers the goods.

Of course, all these considerations don't mean that anybody over 12 should buy the book. Saying that a piece of creative work is a solid commodity is merely a left-handed compliment. Though most people in America, at least, tend to view comics as just that, a commodity, some of us take comic-books seriously. We want comic-books to play with our minds the way records, films, or "real" books do. To us, comics are an investment in fantasy, a payment to the Tambourine-Man for a trip made with pencil, brush, and typewriter, rather than guitar and harmonica. This might be surprising to many people, but comic-books often pay back on that investment very generously.

On that basis, the *Spider-Man-Superman* book is not very rewarding. It's a comic milestone, to be sure, but a milestone is not always a monument. As a story, the book is weak, the old "kidnap the girls and threaten the Earth with destruction" job. There are several plot holes, such as Spider-Man (Peter Parker) blowing his secret identity by referring to Mary Jane Watson as his girl. There is very little, except fighting, going on in the whole book.

On the other hand, there are some genuinely rewarding things about the book. There are a few welcome humorous touches, like Parker asking Kent where the phone booths are, and the ludicrous finale to the Superman-

Spider-Man fight, showing that the two are, in fact, ridiculously mismatched. But most worthy of praise is Ross Andru's stunning art work. His layouts are often enough to give one vertigo, and his figures and pacing of scenes are as crisp and powerful as any good action-film director. Mr. Andru obviously takes his comic-books seriously. If somebody who picks up this book thinks that comics still look like the Superman and Batman comics of the 50's, he's in for a pleasant surprise.

The *Superman-Spider-Man* book could have been much worse. It could also have been much better. And there's the rub: with all the publicity this book is getting, people may think that it's indicative of where comics are right now. In one way, it will help the image of the comic-book, because it's a cut above the utter garbage that most people believe comics to be. But it will also hurt comics, because it gives few hints of the truly outstanding work being done by and for people who believe that comic-books are more than a commodity.

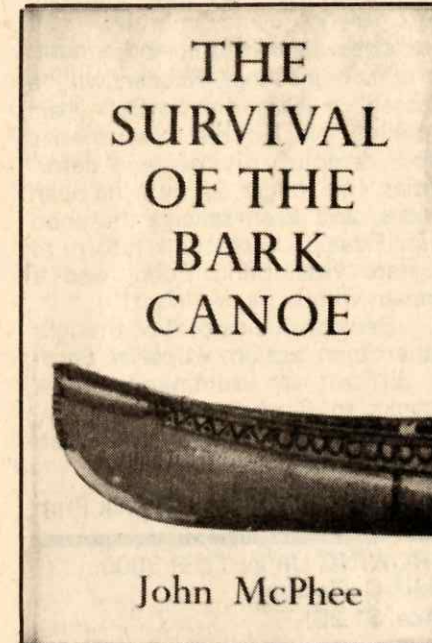
Peter B. Gillis

THE SURVIVAL OF THE BARK CANOE

John McPhee
(Farrar, Straus, Giroux \$7.95)

Most of the young male residents of Greenville, New Hampshire, work in the plastics factory. Henri Vaillancourt does not. Henri's trade is fashioning birch bark, cedar, and hardwood into modern day relics — Indian-style canoes. A close inspection of one of his finished canoes reveals only wooden pegs and root lashings holding it together. No plastic.

The Survival of the Bark Canoe is a homage to this uniquely skilled craftsman, one of the few men alive today dedicated to preserving a vanishing art. It is also a whopping good adventure story about four men's journey through the Maine woods in Henri's canoes, a trip taken by Henri, the author and three others.



McPhee's gliding narrative carries the reader down streams, across portages, and up against strong lake winds. Along the way,

conflicts develop between the five travellers (Henri's leadership is likened to that of a Marine sergeant), but a strong mutual concern for the safety of the canoes and respect for Henri's abilities hold the ranks together.

The final section of the book is entitled "A Portfolio of the Sketches and Models of Edwin Tappan Adney (1868-1950), Henri Vaillancourt's instructor via the written word. Contained here are drawings and descriptions of several styles of canoes from various Indian tribes.

In short, this book has everything, an interesting subject, well-developed characters, powerful prose—and pictures! John McPhee's style is both literary and technical, a combination which fuses as gracefully as the birch bark and cedar wood of an Indian canoe. The resulting document will survive a good long time.

Patty Stubbs

IMPERIAL EARTH
Arthur C. Clarke
(Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich \$7.95)

This is not a novel to read if you expect something to happen. Like much of Clarke's work, *Imperial Earth* is short on events and long on speculation and character development. Not to mention philosophy. What readers are given is a roadmap of the future—the year 2276, to be precise.

The dean of science fiction writers (he has authored some 40 books dealing with space) uses these 300 pages to give all his undergraduates a lesson in tomorrow history. Not many could have done this with success, and Clarke is the only major s/f writer I can think of who could use the 500th birthday of the U.S.A. as the taking-off point for a space opera. He succeeds only because of the mass of believable detail he comes



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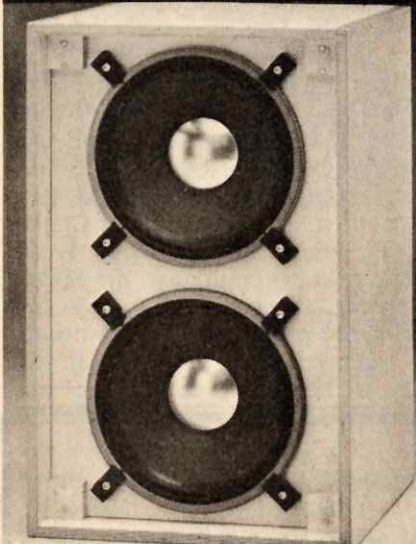
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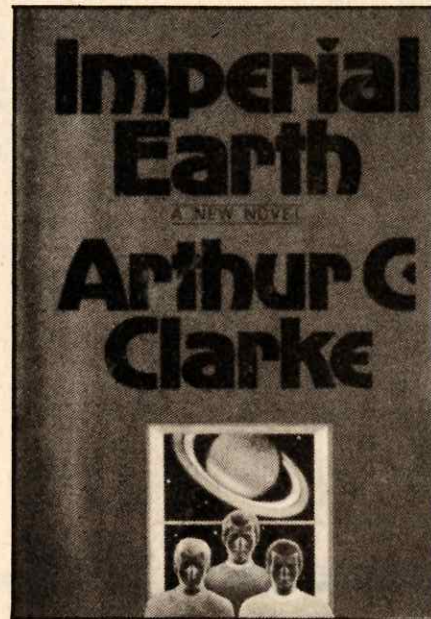
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up with.

Don't expect another *Childhood's End* or even another *2001*, and you won't be disappointed. The way to approach this novel is simply to let the portrait of tomorrow wash over your mind, like the summer sea.



Imperial Earth's slim plot involves a journey from Titan, one of Saturn's moons, to the earth, still the hub of the human universe. The hero is one Duncan Makenzie, the third-generation clone of an ambitious engineer who has managed to turn the hydrogen rich planetoid into a "family" business. Duncan is, in fact, taking the expensive, 20-day spaceship ride to terra so that he can take care of Titan's financial affairs—and bring back a clone of himself.

Duncan's greatest challenge while earthside is becoming accustomed to earth's heavy gravity, six times that of Titan's. His greatest adventure comes in trying to unravel the mystery of what his rival is doing with some ill-gotten gains. Despite the mystery and the fact that someone is killed, there is no real suspense. Just interesting speculation, extrapolated from present science, on the way things might be.

Clarke is unusual among s/f writers in that he possesses considerable optimism for the human

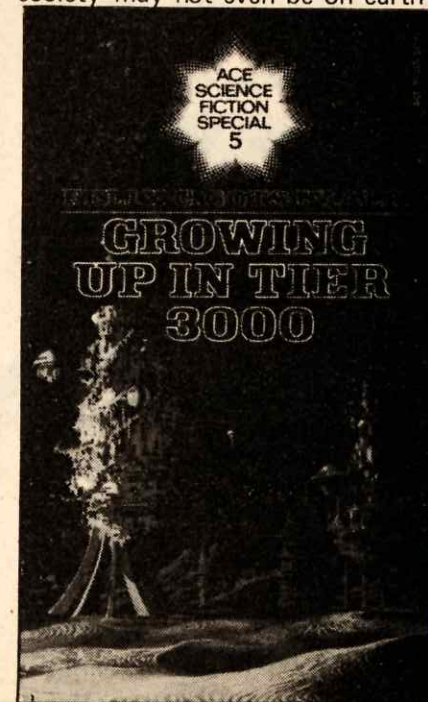
race, and firmly believes that reason, science, and morality will guarantee us a future, and a comfortable one at that. Readers will be pleased to learn that in 300 years mankind will be able to synthesize food, demolish diseases and deformities, live longer, enjoy wide open spaces, and even salvage the good ship *Titanic*. Earth will return to a state resembling Eden, and a woman will be its president!

Because it's a novel of thought rather than action, *Imperial Earth* is difficult to summarize here. Thanks to Clarke's skill with language, it won't be easy to forget. Maybe it will even come true.

Chuck Pratt

GROWING UP IN TIER 3000 Felix C. Gotschalk (Ace, \$1.25)

I've read this trim little (155 pages) novel twice, and I still don't know what to think about it. *Tier 3000* is a future "paradise" which could only have been devised by the Marquis de Sade and Gyro Gearloose, a world where people are half machine and can do just about anything they want for kicks, sexual and otherwise. This hedonistic, homicidal society may not even be on earth—



at least I hope not. The two main characters, Jonas and Carol, are supra-intellectuals who ritualistically kill their parents and then enter a life of spirited fornication. They're only six years old, but everything is perfectly natural. For *Tier 3000*, that is.

Much of the book's fascination lies in the weirdness of Gotschalk's vision, but his facility with language is the true dazzler. Using a combination hard science-Hell's Angels jargon, he skitters the plot along at alarming speed until the last page is finished. Then it's time for a deep breath and several hours of meditation.

What is life, anyway? As Carol puts it, "We don't have any goddam *raison d'être*. We ride awhile on this spinning spheroid, get some kicks, and get zonked. What a stupendous put-on!"

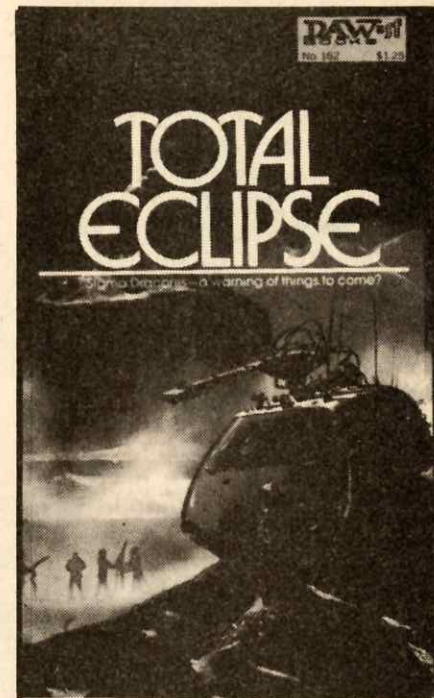
Maybe this book is a put-on, though I doubt it. Gotschalk is an interloper on Samuel R. Delany's

territory, but he examines the grotesque of the future infinitely better.

Chuck Pratt

TOTAL ECLIPSE John Brunner (Daw Books \$1.25)

Not too many years from now, earth's disintegrating civilization is slouching toward collapse. But the discovery of the ruins of an alien society on Sigma Draconis III, 19 light years from earth, provides a flicker of both horror and hope. In the short span of 3,000 years, the Draconians evolved into intelligence and created a civilization more sophisticated than man has achieved in twice that time. But that was 100,000 years ago. The large beetle-like Draconians are now extinct, and man hopes that learning the cause of the Draconian collapse might provide the key to saving the human race.



It's a race against time, however, because earth's strained

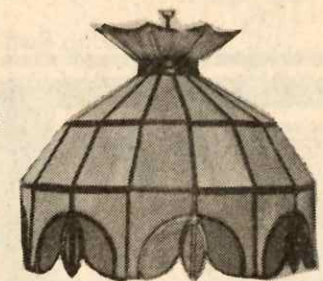
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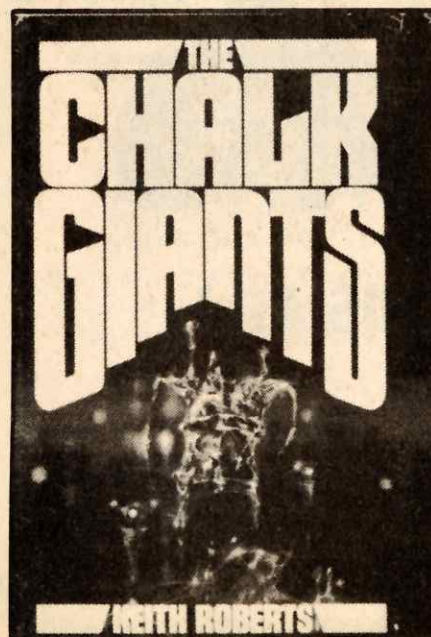
Gothic Glass

710 W. DIVERSEY

resources can only afford to send out one ship every two years to the distant star system. Political turmoil threatens to end even this limited contact. The team of 30 scientists are pessimistic about their chances of recreating Draconian society and the key to its extinction, until the arrival of a group of replacements which includes Ian McCauley. The brilliant talents of the young, introverted archeologist spark some key discoveries and rekindle the enthusiasm of his colleagues, even as McCauley gropes toward self-acceptance.

Brunner provides plenty of science — from paleontology to linguistics — but not as dry-dust lectures. Unlike the quick-cut film technique Brunner tried in his earlier *Stand on Zanzibar*, this time there's a real story. With an interesting cast of highly individualistic, even eccentric scientists working under the ultimate pressure, the excavations and interpretation of data take on the suspense of a good mystery. The interaction of these very real human beings is as important as the job they were sent to do. The secret they learn of the Draconians is as disturbing to them as the questions Brunner raises about man's nature will be to the reader.

Bob Bassi



THE CHALK GIANTS
Keith Roberts
(Berkely/Putnam, \$6.95)

This young English writer has taken as his private turf visions of post-holocaust man. As in his previous novel, *Pavane*, his new book is a mythic recreation of man trying to rebuild society. In *Pavane*, man has progressed to a 19th century technology dominated by an anti-technology Church. Here Roberts goes back to an earlier point — the social evolution of society from primitive tribal groups. He uses the same technique as in *Pavane*: separate but interrelated stories and characters. Again like *Pavane*, the result is brilliant but uneven.

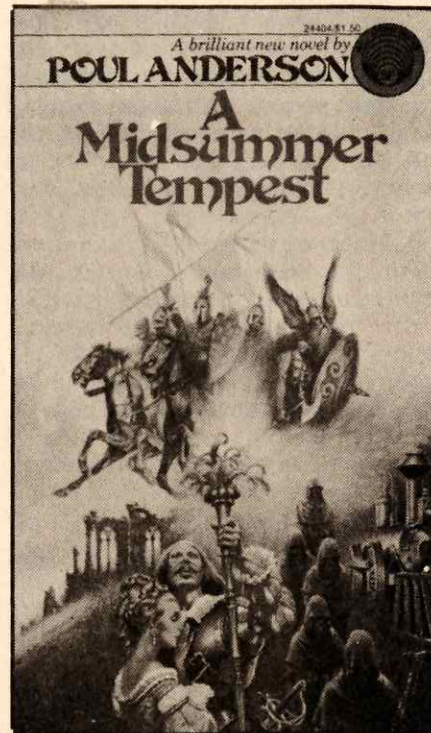
Robert A. Bone

A MIDSUMMER TEMPEST
Poul Anderson
(Ballantine, \$1.50)

The concept of alternate universes has always held great fascination for science fiction writers. With good reason. Once you accept the myriad possibilities of alternate universes, there's sure to be one where your particular fantasy can take place. Few science fiction writers have had more fun with this idea than Poul Anderson, and in *A Midsummer Tempest* he does it again — such stuff as dreams are made on. Imagine a world in which Shakespeare is not a playwright, but the Great Historian. A world in which the hero regrets the early death of Hamlet because the Dane's close ties to England surely would have meant Danish military aid against the Scots usurper, MacBeth. A world in which even D'Artagnan and King Arthur "have their exits and their entrances."

All the alternate universes intersect at one point, an inn called the Old Phoenix. A traveler who finds this inn — and it's never by chance — can rub shoulders with the likes of Sherlock Holmes, Huckleberry Finn, and a lovely, somewhat lascivious lady from Ancient Rome, Claudia Pulcher, perhaps better known as Catullus's Lesbia.

Robert A. Bone



Here Prince Rupert of the Rhine flees after his escape on a steam locomotive from Roundhead imprisonment. He seeks help for the faltering cause of his cousin, King Charles against Cromwell and his puritans, who destroy the environment in the name of God and Progress.

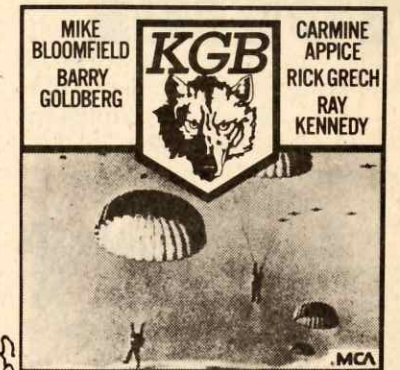
An unusual assortment of allies — Oberon and Titania, Puck, Ariel and Calaban, and, of course, a fair maid — come to aid Rupert in his quest to obtain Prospero's magic staff and book of spells.

Even if this were not marvelous sword-and-sorcery stuff, one line alone is worth the price of admission. How can anyone dislike a book in which the hero — mildly rebuking his companion's claim that their two-man boat is to blame for his inability to hold a steady course — replies, "The fault, brute steersman, lies not in her spars but in thyself."

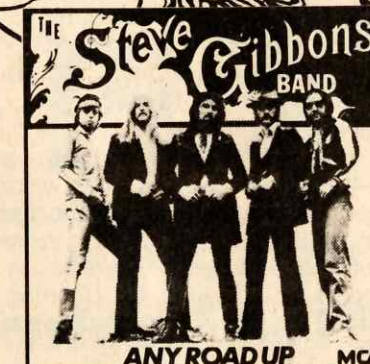
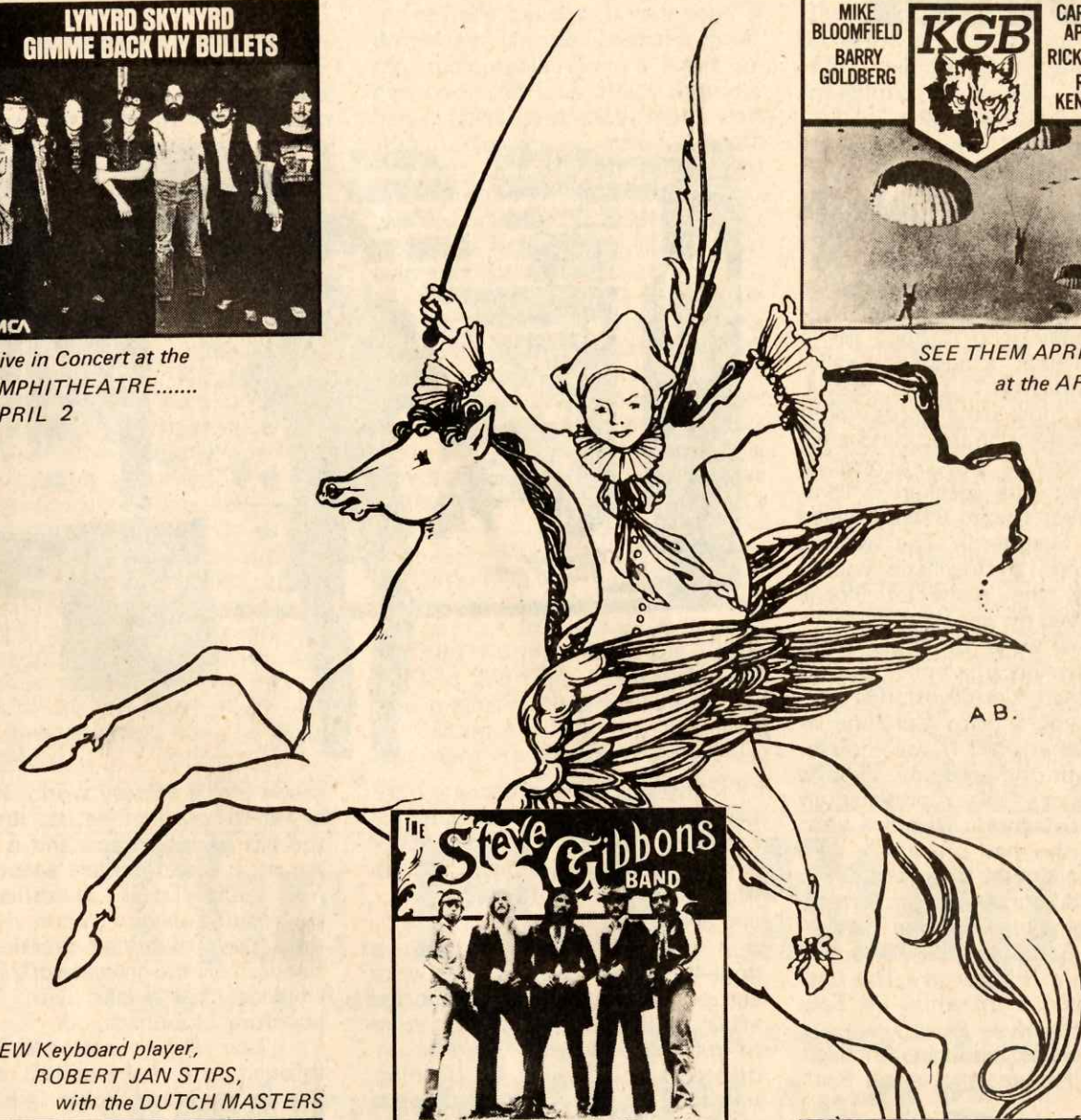
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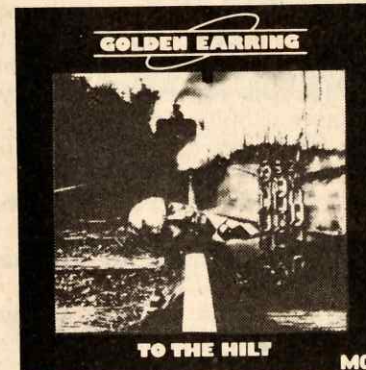


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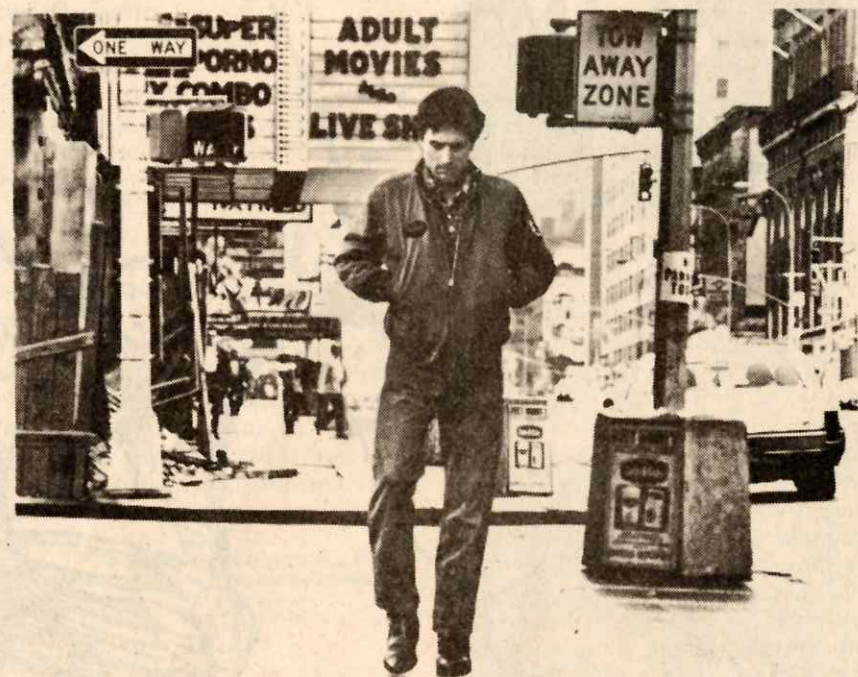
Movies

TAXI DRIVER

A few weeks ago I caught the television premiere of *Cisco Pike*, starring Kris Kristofferson. Released in '72, *Cisco* presented a touching portrayal of a man Kristofferson described in song as "a poet, a prophet, a pusher...a walking contradiction." Little did I know that those same words would be used to describe the title character in a later film, Martin Scorsese's *Taxi Driver*. The speaker: a campaign worker named Betsy (played by Cybil Shepherd). The walking contradiction: an idealistic young cabbie by the name of Travis Bickle, played by Robert de Niro.

In the wake of Oscar night '75, de Niro became hot property. His restrained, yet devastating portrayal of young Vito Corleone in *The Godfather, Part II* was enough to win over the academy (despite Fred Astaire's token presence in the same category). Within a year, de Niro, who had previously won critical acclaim in *Bang the Drum Slowly* and Scorsese's *Mean Streets*, would complete starring assignments for Bertolucci's *1900*, a film adaptation of Fitzgerald's *The Last Tycoon*, and a reteaming in *Taxi Driver* of the *Mean Streets* triumvirate of Scorsese, producers Michael and Julia Phillips, and writer Paul Schrader.

The result is unnerving. Scorsese maintains undaunted objectivity without sacrificing character development. Each character in the film is morally equal, yet morally different. Travis is a good-natured loner who takes on the job as a New York cabbie, because he hasn't been able to sleep lately and he needs to work the long hours. By the nature of his job, Travis sees nearly every imaginable element of New York life without really ever making contact. He keeps a diary in which he records the dehumanizing events of the day: the eggstains on the windshield, the lovestains in the backseat, the silent vigil of an avenging husband. The days pass uneventfully till Travis singles Betsy out from the crowd.



His way of approaching her—barging into the presidential campaign offices of her boss, Charles Palantine (Leonard Harris), impulsively joining the campaign, and eventually taking Betsy to a skin flick on their first date—is none-too-subtle and is met with abrupt rejection. (Their aborted affair is laid to rest with dozens of returned flowers.) Scorsese underscores this feeling by panning, not to Travis, but to his desolate abode.

Once again Travis' life becomes empty, the days passing one into another, until he buys his first "piece," not one gun, but a personal arsenal. As the campaign rolls on he begins building up his body and his marksmanship. In time, he meets another "woman", a pre-pubescent streetwalker named Iris (Jodie Foster), who he tries to liberate. The walking contradiction soon becomes evident: with wholesome Cybil Shepherd, he is brash and tactless; with Iris he is paternal. But Iris, a runaway, is tied to her "man", a streetwise pimp played with heart-warming depth by Harvey Keitel.

As Travis improves his precision as a human weapon, he with-

draws into a fantasy world, writing home to say that he has just met the girl of his dreams and is working as a secret service agent. Panning from Travis' windshield-eye view of New York to a -face view of target practice, the camera lays the groundwork for the violence that peaks with Travis' liberating bloodbath.

Taxi Driver succeeds chiefly through the believability of its characters. Travis Bickle, like James Caan's "gambler", deliberately plunges himself into losing situations. He is good-natured and child-like, yet he becomes a self-styled vigilante Robin Hood and, in the end, an inadvertent hero. De Niro's portrayal lends credence to the incredible plot, and Cybil Shepherd breaks away from her cover girl mold long enough to become a stuffy Betsy.

The world of *Taxi Driver* is one in which nothing is sacred. There are no heroes, no villains. Just city folks. One minute pathetic, the next ironic, the film succeeds more as a character study than a thriller.

Taxi Driver, a 20th Century-Fox release, is now playing at local theatres.

J.J. Quinn

BARRY LYNDON

Barry Lyndon, directed by Stanley Kubrick, is not easy to become effusive about. The most extraordinary part of the film is its photography. John Alcott has provided us with a superior technical achievement in that area, and his achievement is all the more noteworthy because his very able colleagues are consistently cranking out visual treasures.

Unfortunately, other parts of the film do not reach the level of its cinematography. The actors are all puppets under Kubrick's direction. Ryan O'Neal, in the lead role, simply embarrasses us whenever he tries to show emotion. Why Kubrick chose him is a puzzle, as the only quality he possesses is his Irish looks. O'Neal never comes close to projecting the moral rot of his character; even when slumped dead-drunk in a chair he still seems like the bright-eyed boy. O'Neal does not seem capable of playing the range of his character, from sexually inexperienced boy to fallen almost-lord.

Marisa Berenson, although she

has few lines for the major character of Lady Lyndon, is very good at downward glances. Leonard Rossiter, memorable from a short sequence in *2001: A Space Odyssey*, here suffers in a more major role from Kubrick's heavy hand. Rossiter's grimaces in the role of Captain Quin wear thin very quickly. Apparently, Kubrick did not realize a little facial contortions goes a long way.

Patrick Magee, as the Chevalier, a card-playing rogue of crooked fortune, upstages everyone with his beauty marks and diabolical charm. Perhaps because of the character's strong visual identification, and also because he is the con-man-we-would-all-love, Magee seems to suffer less at Kubrick's direction.

The story is a complete morality tale; the bad guy gets it in the end. But he has been "our bad guy" at different times through the film; Kubrick shifts our sympathies to and from Barry and somehow retains our interest in him.

Kubrick made the film as a statement of decadent and diffuse energy — look at all the people

sleeping in chairs throughout the film. But Kubrick himself has hit a point of low energy with this film. Two scenes will show the loss of ability very clearly:

1. The first-fight scene — A standard movie scene which any hack director could handle better than Kubrick does in this movie. Ryan O'Neal defeats a man half-again his size, a man who can never lay a hand on him in the fight. We are supposed to believe that Barry's superior speed and (implied) superior intellect allows him to win. Instead, it's obviously Kubrick's need to have his hero win a victory to symbolize his rising star that allows O'Neal his victory. Here Kubrick is like the Chevalier, stacking the deck and allowing Barry to advance.

2. "The legless-Barry scenes" — Barry ends up the story minus a leg. Now, no matter how dedicated Ryan O'Neal is to Stanley Kubrick, it's doubtful Stanley would have allowed the actor to sacrifice his leg for the good of the picture. So, the question immediately asked when we see O'Neal without his leg is: "Where is it hidden?" Kubrick did

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not show his usual problem-solving acuity, and this bungled technical question detracts from the film's ending.

The man who made *2001* with enormous amounts of realistic detail would not have been so clumsy. The heavy-handed and absurd-looking battle scenes of this film would not have passed muster with the man who made a brilliant study of man and war in *Paths of Glory*.

Kubrick will, of course, survive this film. Maybe returning to budgets of under \$10 million will re-stimulate his vigor and creative energy.

Kubrick's first feature film, *The Killing*, showed more feel for actors, more insight into human beings, and more attention to a strong story than *Barry Lyndon*. It was made on 1/200 of the budget of *Barry Lyndon*. Put down this ponderous, insecure "artistry" and come back to making movies, Mr. Kubrick.

John Sloan

SWEPT AWAY BY AN UNUSUAL DESTINY IN THE BLUE SEA OF AUGUST

Even the title of this film is beautifully evocative, suggesting the extravagant power of fate and nature. Director/scriptwriter Lina Wertmuller, who once worked with Fellini, takes a look at the human universe and concludes that it's a conflict between the sexes, both of which are in thrall to higher forces. In this conflict there is kicking, slapping, biting, haranguing, and lovemaking - all in a sequence so jumbled that in the end one is hard pressed to determine who won. But I'm getting ahead of myself...

The scene for *Swept Away* is Italy, that eternal hotbed of political, religious, and sexual decadence. A rich, beautiful, and quite superficial woman - played superbly by Mariangela Melato, has chartered a yacht for a month of pleasure cruising. She spends her time getting a tan, arguing politics with her husband, complaining about the shortcomings of the proletariat deckhands, and generally antagonizing everyone on board. Despite her running commentary, the lady's own political convictions are never made

clear. Most likely she has none, though communism takes the brunt of her criticism.

Giancarlo Giannini, an actor with wonderfully expressive eyes, plays a rough-hewn deckhand, a male chauvinist who happens to be a party member and, therefore, the prime target of the lady's scorn and verbal abuse.

As fate, and this very predictable plot, would have it, the odd couple go to sea in a dinghy, get lost, and wind up on an uninhabited island. In the beginning, anarchy and argument reign. Life becomes a contest of will and strength. Freed of a society, their social roles of mistress and servant are meaningless. True to the myth, the vengful male becomes dominant. He catches the fish, finds the shelter, and turns the tables by forcing the woman to work for her keep.

The sailor does a lot of rhetorical ranting about taking revenge - on behalf of all workers - for capitalistic exploitation, but it's obvious that the talk is so much chatter, and that he enjoys his brutalization of the woman. (This is where the kicking and slapping comes in.)

Feminists may not like this film because it seems to pay homage to the old myth that women need male domination. After initial protests and pouting, the woman goes along with Giannini's demands and even comes to like what's being

done to her. Push comes to shove, and rape turns to love. It could be that the woman is reacting out of boredom, that she sees the shipwreck as merely an idyll in the social maelstrom, a temporary contact with raw passion.

I'm giving Wertmuller the benefit of the doubt, but it seems to me that it's the woman who eventually wins out, for she succeeds in making the sailor love her and attains a certain equality. When the inevitable rescue ship arrives, it is Giannini who signals to it. When the two return to the real world and their former roles, both are strangely subdued. The barrier is a formidable one.

It is in these last 20 minutes that the film reaches the apex of its power, when both Giannini and Melato are called upon to act out the most difficult conflict, the internal battle.

Technically, the movie is excellent: brilliant color, fine camera work, topnotch acting. It's only flaw, and it isn't a fatal one, is the ambivalence of Wertmuller's philosophy.

Swept Away, a Cinema 5 release, is now playing at the Carnegie.

Chuck Pratt



Theatre

CHICAGO PLAYBILL: APRIL

At the Goodman (443-3800) this month is Obie-award winner Israel Horowitz's *Our Father's Failing*, a drama about a father and his son—who reappears after an estrangement of 26 years. †† Evanston Theatre Co. (869-7378) presents Chicago playwright Tom Sharkey's *Dreams*, which deals with reality levels and identities as a lawyer and an ex-addict dream one another's lives. Opening there later in the month is Chicagoan Frank Shiras' *Like Feelings Tendered*, an exploration of the reaching out of two teen-agers in a mental hospital. †† Victory Gardens (549-5788) adds to its productions Bruce Hickey's *All I Want*, a drama about a fatherless family in the city's Uptown section. †† Barry Street Loft Theatre (271-3119) presents the homosexual drama, *Fortune in Men's Eyes*. †† St. Nicholas Theatre (750-0211) continues the Arthur Miller classic, *A View From the Bridge*, while a fanciful children's show in serial form, *The Adventures of Capt. Marbles & His Acting Squad*, by David Kovacs and Alaric Jans, plays weekend afternoons. Mid-night shows continue at St. Nicholas and the Body Politic (871-3000). †† Wisdom Bridge (743-6442) continues David Beiard's *The Wizard of Id*, an adventure-comedy based on the Johnny Hart comic strip, through mid-month. †† The repressive witchhunts of the McCarthy era are the subject of a drama at Jane Addams Hull House Center (549-1631) in their presentation of *Are You Now or Have You Ever Been...* Eric Bentley adapted the play from actual testimony presented before the House Un-American Activities Committee investigations of artists, writers, educators, and actors.

Richard Tanis



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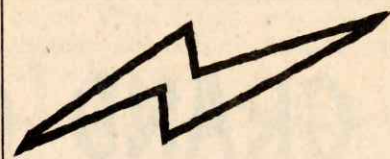
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News Flash

Mostly Edited From Earth News

Are you ready for this? Probably not, but it's here anyway. This month we have the grand prize winners in the "can-you-believe-it?" department. If you feel a little dizzy and disoriented, don't worry, you just need a

ROCK-A-BYE: A North Glen, Colorado man has received permission from the town's zoning office to establish a cemetery for pet rocks. Everett Walters will be allowed to operate the cemetery providing that no embalming is involved. Walter says that for \$2.50, he will bury any pet rock in a simple ceremony. A more glamorous burial—complete with flowers, recorded music and even a wooden marker engraved with the rock's name—will cost \$7. There's only one restriction. Pet Rocks no larger than six inches square will be accepted, because cemetery plots are only ten inches square.

or a

SHIRT-O-GRAM: If you're beginning to tire of your pet rock and mood ring, you might want to check out the latest gift novelty to come out of Southern California—the "Shirt-O-Gram".

In business less than two months, "Shirt-O-Gram" has filled more than 500 orders for customized tee-shirts engraved with personal messages of the sender's creation. The messages are printed inside a label resembling the traditional telegram logo, and the shirts are mailed anywhere in the world.

"Shirt-O-Gram's" founder, 27-year old Chris Engin of North Hollywood, claims that his tee-shirt mail-o-grams can get the sender's message across "all the way up to the White House." Although none have yet been sent to President Ford, some customers have sent "Shirt-O-Grams" to their favorite show business personalities and even disc jockeys.

But don't worry, even if you can't handle it, you can still get away from it all, right in the middle of the city.

POLE RECORD: Nineteen year-old Frank Perkins has set a new world's record for "pole sitting" by perching atop a 50-foot pole at a San Jose, California car dealership for 274 days. Perkins says he'll stay seated through the Fourth of July as a Bicentennial tribute and because "they promised me a car if I did it."

If you have to get out of town quick, you can use

MOTORIZED SPEED BOOTS: Most boots may be made for walking, but Russian scientists have come up with a model designed for leaping. According to the Soviet news agency Tass, Russian engineers have developed diesel-powered boots which can whisk the wearer along at up to 15 miles an hour. Each boot features a miniature engine ignited by heel pressure. According to their designers, the boots allow the wearer to make 100 strides a minute, each 10-feet long and 10-inches off the ground.



And even if you've come to the end of your rope, you're not completely valueless, you can still

WRITE YOURSELF OFF: It's income tax time again, and that means it's time for Americans to dream up novel deductions to keep their tax bills low. One taxpayer wanted to file two joint returns because he had lived with two women simultaneously during the year. Then, there was the aging go-go dancer who tried to take a depreciation credit on her body. Similarly, one woman customer wanted to take an income tax depreciation credit on her husband because, she explained, "He's getting worn out."

Who's making the magic? Big brother.

ONE IN 75: The police business in America has grown so large that it now employs one of every 75 civilian workers. According to security researcher Laurence Gonzales, about 1.7-million Americans were arrested "mistakenly" by public and private police in 1974. The number of false arrests,

Yes, it's that time of the year when there's magic in the air,

FIRST THERE IS NO MOUNTAIN, THEN THERE IS: Secret Underground City Revealed. A little-known and unmapped mountain in the Virginia countryside is actually the site of a thriving, government-run underground city. Mount Weather, as it is known, first received public attention in December, 1974, when a TWA jetliner crashed there. All 92 persons aboard were killed. The mountain—located near Dulles International Airport about 50 miles from Washington—puzzled investigators because it was not marked on any aviation maps.

But now, in its debut issue, Washington Newsworks reveals that Mount Weather is actually the home of a miniature government involved deeply in planning for both international and domestic warfare. Beneath the mountain lies a futuristic city, complete with streets, sidewalks, apartments, office buildings and even a man-made lake.

In case of nuclear attack, the city would become the seat of the federal government—an "alternative capital" and a nerve center for a chain of underground bases throughout the U.S.

But, according to Newsworks reporter Richard Pollack, Mount Weather already is being used for complex, computer-run war games. The games simulate everything from chemical and biological warfare to methods for controlling food riots and labor strikes. A

sophisticate computer system at the facility maintains previously-unrevealed files on more than 100,000 citizens.

Although at least several hundred employees are admitted to the underground town each day, Mount Weather thus far has eluded any effective Congressional control.

After years of excavation and construction, the "back up" capital today includes secret departments of Agriculture, Commerce, HEW, HUD, Interior, Labor, State, Transportation and the Treasury. Each department is headed by a Cabinet-level secretary who is secretly appointed by the president and serves an indefinite term.

In addition to such city-like amenities as private apartments, streets, cafeterias and hospitals, Mount Weather sports its own mass transit system. Small electric cars make shuttle runs through the city. Daily activity, says Pollock, centers around elaborate war games and advanced computer and surveillance technology. The mountain also serves as coordinator for 96 government shelters across the U.S.

At two unprecedented hearings last year, a Senate subcommittee attempted to get some information on the technology used at Mount Weather. But the Senators were rebuffed by the Executive branch. According to Douglas Lea, staff director of the subcommittee, "I don't understand what they're trying to hide out there, but Mount Weather is just closed up to us."

And little brother now too!

SCOUTS SPY ON CRIME: Keeping true to their motto, "Be Prepared," Explorer Scouts in Hollywood, California are taking to local rooftops each night to keep an eye out for criminal activity in high-crime neighborhoods.

The participating boys—and girls—are members of the Law Enforcement Explorers, affiliated with the Los Angeles Police department. They are given eight weeks of training at the LA police academy, and then are assigned in pairs to the look-out posts.

A 17-year-old high school scout, who commands the Hollywood posts, says her group devised the night-watch program "to help the community." She admits that some of her friends "think we're little spies." But, she adds, "We're not."



private citizens lies in the rapid growth of private police companies and security agents.

Gonzales reports that there are now a half-million private police in the U.S., but "no system of legislation to cover them." He charges that, "Unlike public police, who are bound by law to inform you of your rights, private police may proceed without so much as a 'May I.'"

Gonzales adds that many private police are inadequately trained, but routinely engage in "wiretapping, bugging, invasion of privacy, trespassing, theft and impersonating public police."

He notes that if the nation's police business continues to grow at its present rate—about five to six per cent a year—there will be more than 2,250,000 cops in the country by the end of this century.

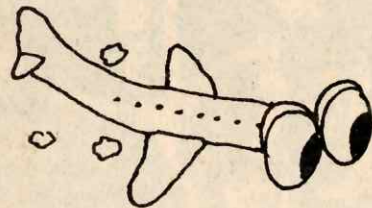


he says, was large enough to populate a city the size of Baltimore. Gonzales, who made a national study of the growing police business for Playboy magazine, notes that the biggest police threat to

Big or little, brother may soon have an

EYE-IN-THE-SKY: The National Aeronautics and Space Administration has revealed that it is testing unmanned seeing-eye aircraft which would transmit photos and other electronic surveillance data to a small "control console" in nearby ground vehicles. The truck-launched mini-planes could cruise at 70 miles-per-hour and fly as low as 300-feet above ground. They could weigh as little as 100 pounds.

According to NASA, the planes could have a variety of uses—not only to the military—but to farmers, meteorologists and state and local police. They could penetrate hurricanes, map forest fires, and possibly be used for crop dusting. They also could assist police in patrolling highways for speeders or stranded motorists, could detect low-flying smugglers at international border crossings, and could patrol nuclear power plants and oil refineries to prevent sabotage.



Is it any wonder that

AMERICANS LACK CONFIDENCE IN JUSTICE: A national inquiry into "middle American" attitudes concerning crime indicates a clear vote of "no confidence" in the present system of justice.

The survey was conducted by the "Hands UP" campaign of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. The campaign polled 600,000 Americans representing some 13,000 women's clubs nationwide.

The inquiry found that 92 per cent of those surveyed are not satisfied with the present operation of the criminal justice system. Eighty-three per cent are suspicious of the accuracy of statistics used by police to report crime, and 75 per cent believe that prisons fail in rehabilitating inmates. Eighty-two per cent also stated that American courts do not provide equal justice for all.

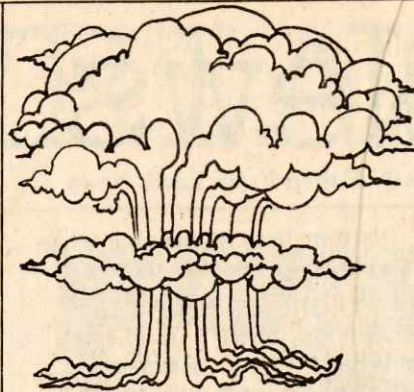
We have some real good news though too. Some real progress is being made even in the energy industry itself to stop the proliferation of nuclear power plants, which are considered by many experts to be more dangerous than atomic bombs.

NUKE RESIGNATIONS: Three management-level employees of General Electric's Nuclear Energy Division who resigned suddenly this week say they each arrived at their decisions independently.

In separate letters of resignation, the three engineers said they have become convinced that nuclear plants are not safe now and that they see no possibility that the plants ever can be made safe enough to justify the risks involved.

(GE, by the way, provided specifications for a nuclear reactor built in India by the Bechtel Corporation in 1960. According to recent reports, that reactor is responsible for the deaths of an undetermined number of workers from over-exposure to radiation.)

The three engineering managers, who had worked at GE's San Jose plant, now say they'll spend the next several months campaigning for the California Nuclear Initiative which would curb the use of nuclear power in the state.



We also have several new pieces of legislation being proposed that could have very beneficial effects if they can be implemented.

BILL TO LIMIT PRESIDENT'S NUKE POWER: California Senator Alan Cranston says he will soon introduce legislation to prevent an American president from taking the country into nuclear war without first consulting other national leaders. The senator said he's deeply concerned about preventing a "berserk president from plunging us into a holocaust."

Cranston explains that he first became concerned about the possibility when former president Nixon brought up the nuclear threat while attempting to stave off impeachment. Nixon reportedly told a group of House Republicans that he could "push a button," and 70-

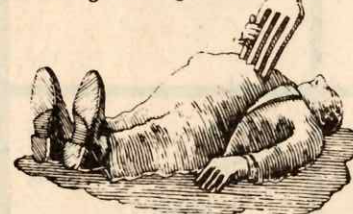
million people would die.

The only exception to Cranston's plan would be in the event that the U.S. came under nuclear attack from another nation.

ACLU PROPOSES LAW TO COUNTER GOVERNMENT LIES:

The national board of the American Civil Liberties Union wants to make it a federal felony for non-elected government officials to knowingly lie to the public. Under draft legislation currently being prepared by ACLU attorneys, the maximum penalty for deceiving the public would be the same as the sentence imposed on persons who falsify their federal income tax returns—two years in prison.

The ACLU says it will push its anti-lie legislation with a national advertising campaign and Congressional lobbying. The ACLU board also is calling for the abolition of all peace-time covert intelligence activity and the appointment of a special prosecutor to monitor federal intelligence agencies.



BAN ON FORCED RETIREMENT?:

For the first time, a Congressional subcommittee is seriously considering proposals to do away with forced retirement for American workers at age 65. Congressman Augustus Hawkins, chairman of the House Equal Opportunities subcommittee, credits changing attitudes, longer life spans and the rise of an "elderly lobby" with making mandatory retirement and "increasingly arbitrary act."

Hawkins, himself 68-years old, and other key Congressional members have told the Christian Science Monitor that it's "only a matter of time" until involuntary retirement is outlawed by Congress.

More than half of America's workers currently hold jobs with a fixed retirement age. And recent studies have shown that at least two-fifths of those within a year of retirement age would prefer to keep on working.

We have one very important victory already won on the civil rights/medical front...and in California, where it is ILLEGAL to cure 25 specific diseases!

VICTORY FOR MIDWIFERY: Three California women, who were arrested for practicing midwifery without a license, have won a legal victory for themselves and the "Birthing-at-Home" movement. A Santa Cruz judge has ruled that an unlicensed midwife who delivers a baby is not practicing medicine without a license.

The three women were arrested last year after two of them allegedly offered to deliver a baby for a pregnant undercover agent. All three are members of the Santa Cruz Birth Clinic, which is trying to bring the practice of "birthing-at-home" back into modern American medical practices.

Through the wonder of technology, you may soon REALLY be able to get away from it all, on the

LASER RAILWAY TO SPACE: A Boston physicist is working on a "railroad train to space" which would operate on a laser-beam track generated by a billion watts of electricity.

In an interview with San Francisco Chronicle science writer David Perlman, physicist Arthur Kantrowitz said his laser railway could transport passengers, freight and building materials to space stations and permanently-manned colonies. Kantrowitz, who is chairman of the Avco-Everett Research Laboratory, noted that the railroad's cars could be as small as Volkswagen mini-buses or as large as earth-moving trucks.

While the cost of lifting rockets into orbit now runs about \$1,000 a pound or more, Kantrowitz says the laser railroad could orbit passengers and freight for about \$30 a pound. The initial cost would be about a billion dollars for the laser and half-a-billion for the electric plant to power it. Asked how soon the space train could begin operating, Kantrowitz replied, "Within ten years after people stopped laughing."

And now, finally, we have the Grand Prize Winner in the "Can you believe it?" Department. While it is widely known that New York is dying, this is the first definite evidence that it is already being embalmed, in a



CATHOUSE FOR DOGS: Sophisticated New Yorkers can now take their sexually frustrated canines to the city's first-ever bordello for doggies. The establishment is called the Cathouse for Dogs, and it opened in Manhattan this month to offer male dogs full sexual satisfaction in a safe, clean environment.

Owner Joey Skaggs says he was inspired to open the cathouse after repeatedly watching the "heartbreaking sight" of his own dog attempting to make love to a pillow or stranger's leg. For a \$50 fee, male dogs visiting the cathouse are offered a sexual experience with a variety of female canines. The female dogs are drugged by a veterinarian to artificially induce heat and are given oral contraceptives to prevent unwanted pregnancy.

The dog's owner, adds Skaggs, may watch the sexual act or remain in a comfortably-appointed lounge where drinks and refreshments are served. Skaggs notes that plans are being finalized to franchise cathouse in other major cities, and that the firm will soon announce the opening of a stud service for female dogs.

AGENT'S "QUOTABLE QUOTE":

In case you have any lingering doubts about the role and power of the Central Intelligence Agency, New Times magazine is reporting a rather frank admission by retired CIA agent David Phillips. Phillips recently was testifying before Senator Abraham Ribicoff's Government Operations Committee when one senator asked about his assignment for the CIA. Responded Phillips, "I was running 20 countries in the world."

?!?!?!?

SAVED BY AN ELECTION LOOPHOLE: A loophole in the federal campaign finance law apparently has saved quite a few political and corporate notables from the courts.

The little-known loophole, which amended the 1972 Federal

Election Campaign Act, retroactively reduced the statute of limitations on campaign violations from five years to three. The amendment was enacted in October, 1974—only months after Congress completed its Watergate inquiry.

Among the alleged beneficiaries was Robert Strauss, now chairman of the Democratic National Committee. According to Pacific News, Strauss accepted two allegedly illegal campaign gifts while he was party treasurer in 1970 and 1972. The gifts from Ashland Oil totalled \$50,000.

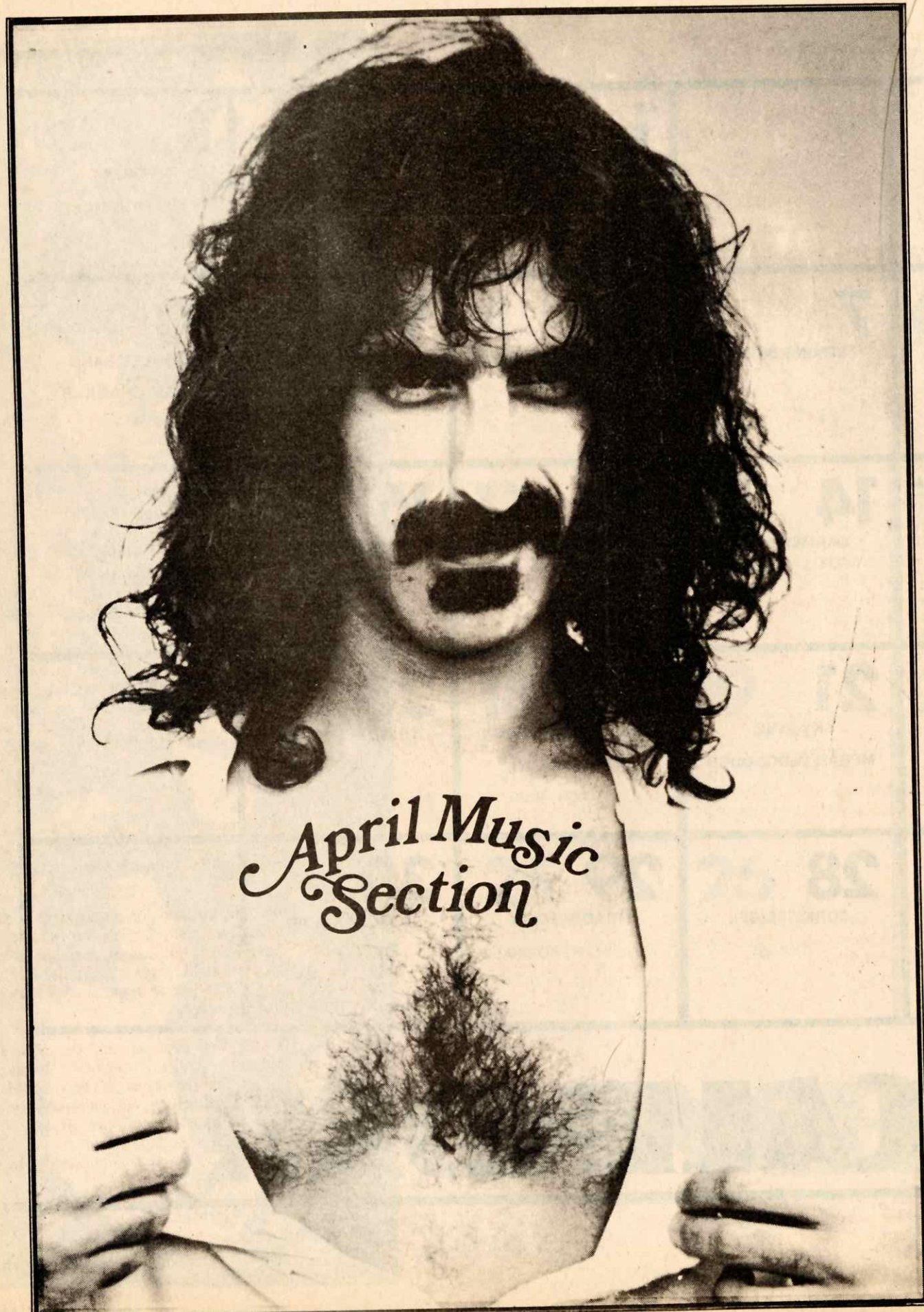
According to the news service, some Democratic members of Congress believe the retroactivity provision was hatched specifically to protect Strauss and other well known Democrats.

The loopholes reportedly foiled an investigation into the 1972 presidential campaign of Arkansas Democrat Wilbur Mills.



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| | | | | 1 570 BAND LEROY HUTSON | 2 HOUNDS SONNY ROLLINS | 3 FOREST MARTIN MULL |
| 4 GAMBLE ROGERS MARTIN MULL | 5 BRECKER BROS. | 6 JEAN LUC PONTY | 7 FLEMING BROWN | 8 BRECKER BROS. | 9 HOMER & JETHRO JEAN-LUC PONTY | 10 DOOLEY BAND RAVI SHANKAR |
| 11 MEGAN McDONOUGH | 12 ROBERT PALMER | 13 JAMES DARREN ROBERT PALMER | 14 CARMEN McRAE | 15 PLAY BY PLAY (PLAY) | 16 MUDDY WATERS GENISIS | 17 GENISIS JIM POST CORKY SEIGEL |
| 18 CARMEN McRAE MUDDY WATERS JIM POST | 19 JIM POST CORKY SEIGEL | 20 LISTEN TO TRIAD | 21 SKY KING MEGAN McDONOUGH | 22 JIMMY WITHERSPOON | 23 TRIAD WXFM 106 | 24 EDDIE HARRIS |
| 25 EPISODE JAMBOREE (PLAY) | 26 STATUES (PLAY) | 27 LISTEN TO TRIAD | 28 CORKY SEIGEL | 29 TRIAD SPECIAL | 30 BILL QUAREMAN OREGON NO EXIT (PLAY) | |

CONCERT CALENDAR



TRIAD Advisor



I'm a fourteen year old freshman girl at Evanston Township High School who is the envy of all her friends. You see, I've got this really groovy 24 year old boyfriend who works for this rock magazine. I really dig him cuz he's always taking me to far-out concerts like Kiss and Queen. Not only that but he's always giving me new albums and other neat stuff like that. Things were, like, unreal between us until last week when he gave me an ultimatum- I'd have to go to bed with him or he'd break up with me. I'm really confused because my friends told me he did that to some girls in the sophomore class last year and also to some guys in the junior class the year before. What do you think I should do? I'm not sure cuz I really dig this guy and the neat stuff that we do, but I also dig my virginity, too.

A.R. Evanston

A Dear A.R.,
Dr. DiPresso does not answer questions concerning his personal life.

Q I (or should I say we) am one half of a rock and roll siamese twin act. We do mostly original compositions with some Stones and Bowie thrown in for balance. I think we have a unique act and have built up quite a following in the Hyde Park area. Here's my problem. My brother has decided to split up the act. He thinks I'm holding him back and wants to try and make it as a single. I say that without me he loses his gimmick and he's nothing. Please tell me something that will convince him to stay in the act.

K.E. Hyde Park

A Dear K.E.,
I'm sorry, but I can't help you. I'm afraid I agree with your better half. After giving your dilemma close study, I found a precedent for your brother's position. There was a rumor floating around about twelve years ago that two of the Famous Gibb Brothers (of the Bee Gees) were originally Siamese Twins connected by their teeth (undoubtedly accounting for the way they sing). So it seems your brother has good reason to split up the act. Unless you two are connected by the arm, which of course would hamper his guitar playing.

Q I feel very foolish writing to you, as most of the problems that you deal with in your column seem very adolescent. However, I'm afraid I've fallen prey to one of those adolescent school-girl crushes. Let me preface this by saying that I know very little about the rock music world, as I'm a classical violinist, and consider myself in all respects a liberated woman. However, this crush has me acting in a manner totally foreign to me. You see, in August of 1973 I met, met, through a mutual friend, this rock musician named Jim Croce. He sang a couple of songs and I must admit, I swooned. He was leaving town that night, but he told me whenever he was in town he always hung out at this club on the North Side. I'm ashamed to say this but I've gone to this Club every night since then, but no Jim. Am I wasting my time, or does he ever frequent this club? T.L. Chicago

A Dear T.L.,
I would say that you were wasting your time, as Jim Croce died in a tragic plane crash in 1973.

Are you tortured by problems such as these: Drugs, sex, parents, or pimples? Has rock and roll ruined your love life, your private life or your night life? Don't despair. Why ask amateurs when you can consult an expert.

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The Triad Advisor
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The best questions will be printed each month in this column.

JAZZ: Once a Month

A Compendium of Critical Comments on Jazz.

By Adele Swins-Turner

Following the post-Christmas drought, the record firms have once again stepped up their frantic race to record, release, and promote new titles, so that they can then remove them from the constantly burgeoning catalogues. Or perhaps such cynicism is a bit out of place; since last report, there has actually been a surprisingly high percentage of success in the large gobs of wax to descend upon the marketplace, highlighted by the latest (and excellent) nine-disc shipment from Arista. These include seven albums on the Arista-Freedom series, and two more on Arista alone: an impressive debut album by the prodigal pianist Hermann Szobel (now just 18, the runt), and a new one from the Brecker Brothers (see below—way below).

New releases from Columbia, ECM and Atlantic are also covered in what follows, and several recordings on the Danish Steeple Chase label have suddenly become available in the Chicago area—we'll get to them in the next report, I should hope. In addition, the continuing wave upon wave of reissued music—it's become bloody tidal—has been unabated. The latest additions are a new set of twofers on the Blue Note Reissue Series (including terrific material from Sonny Rollins, Chick Corea, Herbie Nichols and Wes Montgomery, some of it never before released), and a batch of two-record sets from RCA's Bluebird line (Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw et al., Fats Waller among them). Both series are historically and aesthetically superb.

In club news, the rumors of the failure of the Jazz Showcase appear to have subsided. Joe Segal's coming lineup is tip-top. Over on Lincoln Ave., Ratso's has finished a fabulous March and things look strong for the coming month. Additional rumors, these about the not-so-secret plans of Ratso's manager



NANCY ZOUFAL

Ray Townlye to open his own competitive club to Ratso's, seem to be on the back burner.


Some news from the jazz journalism front as well. The free monthly *Radio Guide* has begun a regular jazz column. First indications are that it will be short and opinionated. The Chicago Tribune has dropped its regular jazz column now that the perpetrator of that column, Harriet Choice, is editing the Sunday arts book. Admittedly, her column was sniveling and pointless, but...no, on second thought, it's best gone. A considerable excision on the part of the Tribune.

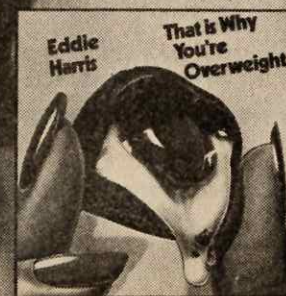
Finally, initial response to last month's first report, cheeky though it may have been, was delightful. Thanks ever so, y'all. Here's this month's bunch, with the Olympic

PRIME CUTS

At the top of the heap is a solo recital from Andrew Hill, on the aforementioned Arista-Freedom series. The title, *Live At Montreux* (Arista AL-1023) tells you how and where. The time was last July. Hill is a gifted pianist whose concerns are well beyond the simple creation of good, conventional music. In the early '60s, at work with Bobby Hutcherson and Eric Dolphy, he was one of those uniquely difficult musicians working at the edge of the jazz mainstream, while still avoiding the "New Thing" avant-garde. He seemed to vanish from the scene, but he's in the midst of a renaissance with some five new releases on three labels since 1974. Here, he concentrates on his own pieces, designed to showcase his metric freedom and rhythmic imagination. This work mixes Hill's typically spastic version of delta blues, a strange and satisfying performance of great depth. 9.3

A Delicious New Assortment of Goodies from Eddie Harris.

On Atlantic Records and Tapes. 



Great depth is achieved as well by Miles Davis in *Agharta* (Columbia PC 33967), a double-album full of the heavily textured rhythms that Davis has affected of late. Each of the four sides averages 24 minutes, and this live concert—recorded in Nippon—is lively and demanding. If you liked Davis' previous *Get Up With It*, you should groove on this concert extension of his studio ideas. Even if you weren't too high on the last one, *Agharta* ought to reach you, owing largely to the presence of reedist Sonny Fortune. On alto, soprano and flute he brings a less outside, more traditionally earthy concept to the mad proceedings, and it must have rubbed off on Davis as well, for he plays with a vitality that's been missing for half a decade. Guitarists Pete Cosey and Reggie Lucas are integral chordists and emotional soloists. Percussionist Mtume is the source and omega for this musical weltanschauung. And on the liner photo, Miles smiles. 9.0

On a different subject altogether, the Sisterhood is powerfully represented by the blues tigress Esther Phillips, a hard-singing lady with a tough, tawdry voice that even cuts through the CTI trash she's been scoring hits with of late. An Atlantic collection of 1967 recordings, released as *Confessin' The Blues* (SD 1680), though, is just what this lady's reputation was needing. Esther sings the blues all the time, whether it's the straight 12-bar variety or in the tone she brings to "I Love Paris" or "Bye Bye Blackbird." On side one she's backed by a 17-piece jazz band featuring alto great Sonny Criss and guitarist Herb Ellis, on the other by Jack Wilson's trio. Her raw, nasal vocal quality and her creative, blues-drenched phrasing are a sure tonic to the rubbish from such as Aretha Franklin and B.B. King, and a saving grace after Esther's own latest. Don't miss this one. 9.0

And, going back still further, we come to the *Revelation* (Blue Note LA-532-H2) of Gerry Mulligan and Lee Konitz. A few years

after baritonist Mulligan and altoist Konitz had helped Miles Davis fashion the Birth of the Cool, they began leading small groups of varying personnel, captured on this Blue Note two-disc reissue. Most of this music glows with the oddly sensual detachment that both saxophonists had mastered at this time with only occasional lapses in imagination. The extremely staid style can become wearing, but that's rare in the hands of Mulligan, Konitz and guests Chet Baker on trumpet, Freddie Green on guitar and saxists Zoot Sims and Allen Eager. This was also one of the early experiments of a piano-less combo, and holds historical significance for that as well. It's mostly a smooth, cool gas. 8.5

STILL MEATY

Newly available in the area are albums on the Caprice label, a Swedish firm with a few jazz recordings. Each year, Swedish jazz fans vote on the group they wish to represent the nation on a government-sponsored album recorded by Caprice, and in 1973 it was the terribly exciting quartet called *Rena Rama* (Caprice CAP 1049, distributed now by HNH Distributors Ltd. of Evanston). *Rena Rama* was half-staffed by pianist Bobo Stenson and bassist Palle Danielsson, both of whom left the band soon after this taping and are now in the Jan Garbarek group. The music is a good indication of an earlier stage of Euro-jazz, which has become quite the thing for hip listeners. It also provides some perplexive moments, notably in Danielsson's plaintive bass moans and saxist Lennart Aberg's probing exclamations. Still, the proceedings do bog down, as if caught between imitation and innovation. But, a minor carp. *Rena Rama* has much to offer. 7.8

David Sancious has much to offer, too. The precocious young keyboardist left Bruce Springsteen's E Street Band just before the p.r. boom—poor chap—but now has his second LP for Epic, *Transformation (The Speed Of Love)*, featuring himself on guitars as well as pianos and synthesizers. Sancious works in

a heavily produced trio format. On side one he and his associates (bass man Gerald Carboy, drummer Ernest Carter) have crafted three unusual and emotional pieces that get better with each listen. They provide a fusion of jazz and more primal rock-and-roll than is the vogue, and it's a happy blend. Yet the side-long title suite on side two is pretentious and arty. One has the feeling Sancious is just revealing the tip of the iceberg. 7.4

I'm afraid, however, that the much-touted German bassist Eberhard Weber's iceberg may already be sinking. His first LP for ECM, *Colours Of Chloe*, was a noble idea in orchestration, carried forth without much variety. In his new effort, *Yellow Fields* (ECM 1066), Weber has whittled things to a quartet that features the expatriate saxophone marvel Charlie Mariano. He, and everyone else (Rainer Bruninghaus on pianos, Jon Christensen on drums) acquit themselves proudly, and Weber's unique acoustic-electric cello-bass—the only one of its kind, I'm told—provides deep, legato textures. But half of Weber's compositions are worthless and boring. And on the other two, catchier tunes, the playing is comparatively lacklustre. It just didn't come together. Pity. Yawn. 6.0

CHUCK

The Brecker Brothers are undeniably funky, and undeniably professional, and undeniably commercial, and—with the release of their second Arista LP, *Back To Back* (AL 4061)—undeniably offensive to listen to. They are, however, undeniably excellent to dance to, and if I still frequented the discos of my youth, I could probably gush on about them. I don't. I can't. The title of the album seems to make all things clear. The previous album was a hit, and now it's time for a "back to back" financial success. But, in the process, the music has been watered down and even further cliched. They've formulized a formula, and if elementary calculus is remembered, that's a derivative. At any rate, such sloshy music and supine

ambitions hardly deserve such involved analogy. 4.2

Then again, the Mahavishnu Orchestra's *Inner Worlds* (Columbia PC 33908) barely deserves a review. After all, it's not even an orchestra at all, but a pared-down quartet aimlessly led by the now religionless John McLaughlin. Everyone, from McLaughlin to drummer Michael Walden and keyboardist Stu Goldberg, gets to play with a synthesizer, and bassist Ralphie Armstrong is unfortunately allowed to sing. He's even worse on vocals than Walden, who also wrote these terribly silly paeons to the Creator that he sings with the conviction of the Bay City Rollers. Perhaps two of the ten tracks are listenable at all, and both abound in electronic noise that could be pleasing to no one but the utility firms. Plug in another device, please. Plug up your ears. *Inner Worlds* has microscopic worth. 3.3

And finally, Cleo Laine's new *Born On A Friday* (RCA LPL - 5113). The woman with the freakish range and hefty timbre here leaves no doubt that she has forsaken her moderate improvisational talents for shlock and show tunes of the most banal ilk. And the large chest-shots of the busty chanteuse, which adorn the jacket, leave just enough to the male population's imagination. In fact I don't know why I brought this record up. 1.0



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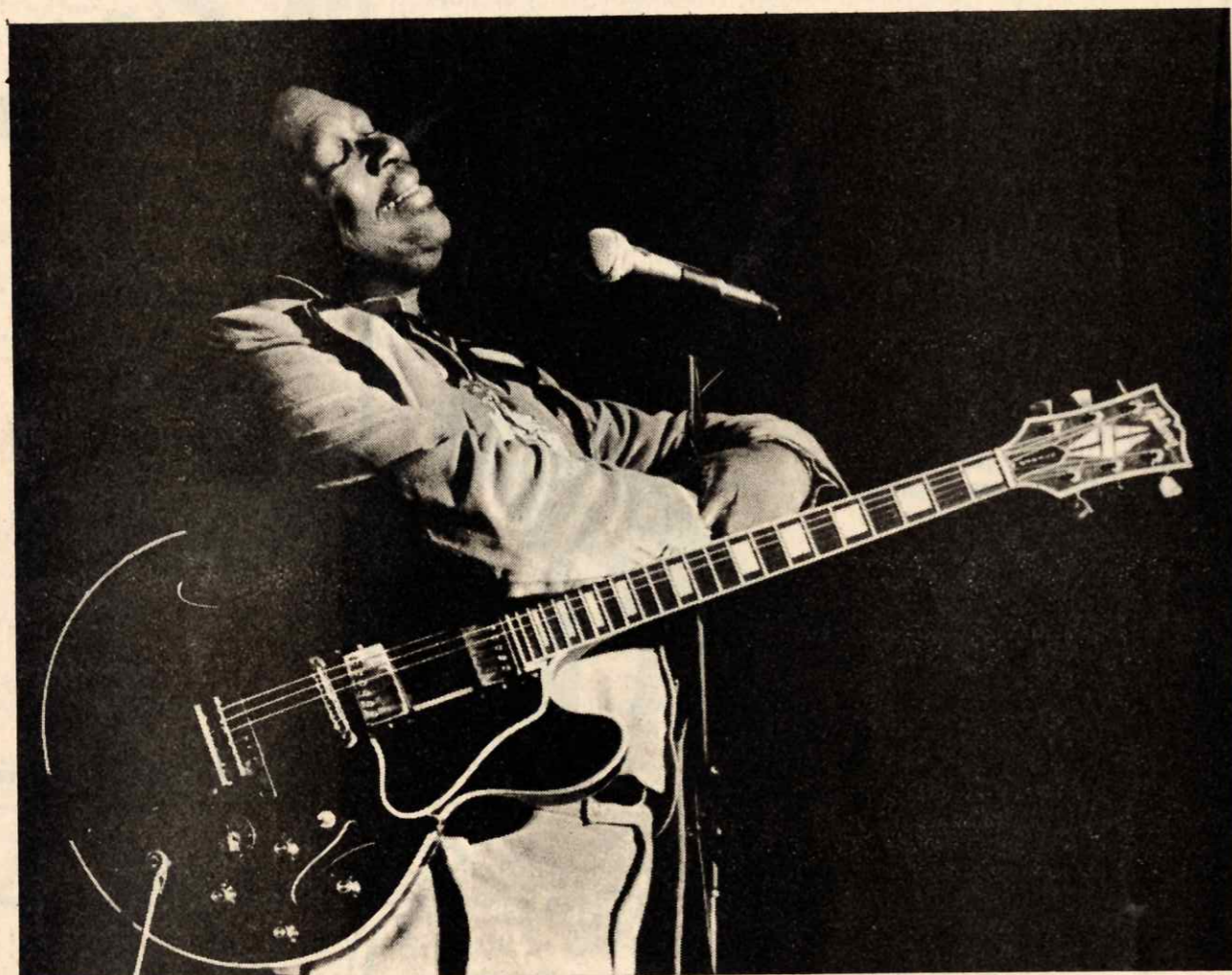
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CHARLES SETON

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B.B. KING Northwestern University

B.B. King sat with a pensive look after his first show at Northwestern University last Valentine's Day. Although he was dead-tired and fighting a cold, he dismissed these factors as excuses in evaluating his performance. "I'm the entertainer; that's what I've been paid to do. This has been my profession for 30 years...I think that I'm a pretty good showman and I think I do my job pretty well."

Yes, he does.

B.B. King and his band presented one of the most powerful musical performances to hit Chicago in recent years. The show added features of jazz and soul to their forerunner, the blues, bringing the audience to several wild, whistling, screaming, standing ovations. The

show exemplifies King's philosophy that "the blues to me is life as it is". His music laughs, cries, sings and loves. The band displays a sense of timing and projection that is reminiscent of the big swing bands of the 30's. King's combination of real emotion and sheer professionalism is probably the best contemporary example of the evolution of blues from rural plantations to urban theatres.

The band rivals the Duke Ellington Orchestra in group precision, and art usually developed through years of playing together. Yet the band as it is now has not been together long. Organist James Tony, bassist Rudy Aikels, drummer John Starks and alto saxophonist Kato Walker III are veritable youngsters, having toured with King for only one year. There are some veterans, though. Milton

Hopkins, who provides rhythm guitar backing, and trumpeter Ed Rowe, who also conducts the group, have played with King for six years. Tenor saxophonist Bobby Forte, the most exciting and relaxed of the backup musicians, is the old-timer of nine years.

The rhythm-and-blues and soul oriented warmup tunes that precede King's entrance show the influence of the new members. "The band plays what they want to when I'm not out there," King said. "It gives them a chance to stretch out." They slipped into a soulful "Blue Monk" to introduce the guitarist. An uptempo "Caldonia" and a medley of "It's My Own Fault" and Willie Nelson's "Night Life" provided the most interesting variations in the program. Despite the traces of other musical influences, the show featured primarily

straight-out, unfiltered blues. It was a welcome change from King's recent albums, which have been weighted down with synthesizer and other added electronics. King said he likes the sound of the electronics, especially what he has heard from other musicians, but he is obviously more at home using his own resources.

"I thought when I finished the last album that I was getting lazy, because I was depending on the wah-wah too much. That's the reason I'm not using it on stage. It sounds so pretty, sounds so good, but it still sounds to me like I'm not doing it. Those guys who use electronics to sustain notes sound good, but I've been doing that with my fingers for 15 years."

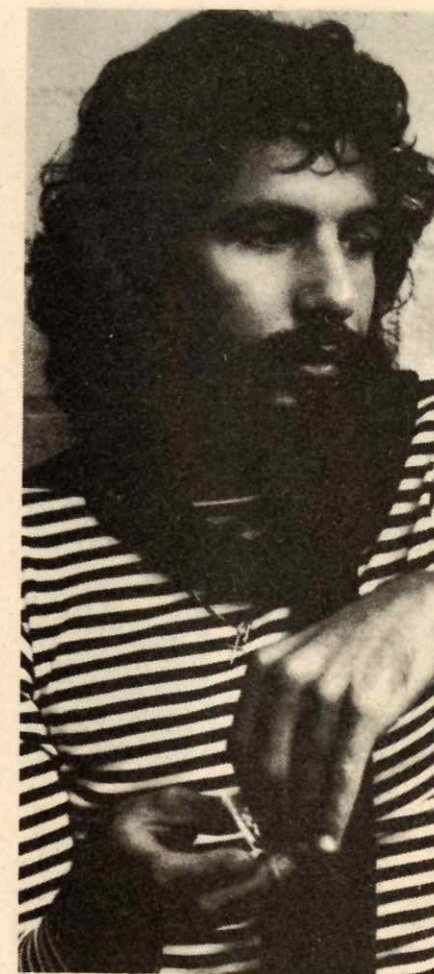
"The undisputed king of the blues," Bobby Forte called him as the guitarist came on stage. "I've never called myself that," King insists. But after seeing him perform, everyone else should.

Bruce Dold

CAT STEVENS Chicago Stadium

It was the Majikat Show at the Stadium on February 16. Before the opening, the audience got a chance to speculate as to what type of production this would be. The only hint was the curtain itself, dark velvet with a Korean tiger emblazoned on its center.

Stevens capitalized on this speculation and anticipation by beginning the show with magic. An illusionist opened with the old disappearing bird, and cat in the box tricks. Of course the cat was Stevens and the audience went wild as he picked up his guitar and played "Moonshadow". He continued playing acoustically with his long-time accompanist Allan Davies until midway through his third song, "Where Do The Children Play," when the curtain rose and the Majikat band was unloosed. The audience sat with their mouths agape, trying to make sense out of the bedazzling colors flashing on the white satin backdrop. All re-



tion and speculation. It seemed that when one theme or motif waned, another was intuitively choreographed into the program. The audience never ceased to wonder what Stevens would play next. Yet, this anticipation only made the performance sweeter. Stevens' mixing of his standard favorites "Tuesday's Dead", "Hard Headed Woman," "How Can I Tell You," "Miles From Nowhere," "Bitter Blue," "Wild World," and "Peace Train," with some of his lesser known compositions, provided a vehicle of remarkable continuity, while raising and answering the question: "Do you think He'll play?" Particularly touching was his rendition of "Father and Son," which he called his epitaph.

As Stevens played, sang, and swayed, his accompaniment was not merely his own band, but the audience too. This relationship and unsolicited participation evidenced some ethereal bond that ran electrically from one person to the next. Along this circuitry, the emotions of love, anger, hurt, fantasy, and freedom ran as highlights of the emotional plethora that is Cat Stevens. The audiences recognized that while many of Stevens songs are ostensibly emotionally infantile, this simplicity reveals a complex form of emotional astuteness.

Stevens played as if he were a man possessed. Yet, as if this were not enough, his technical ingenuity truly added to the mystical motif: This was the magic Cat's eye in the silken backdrop. As it opened, it revealed a circular movie screen where a short was played. The subject of the short was the pleasure that could be derived from a Ban-apple (an exotic fruit too complicated to explain here). This ran while "Whistlestop," an instrumental, was performed on stage. Although reminiscent of old-time cinema, the amalgamation of these audio-visual experiences captivated the audience.

It is music that is the central appeal of Cat Stevens (nee Steven Katz). This versatility, this ability to communicate with people regardless of their sociological or chronological status, is a product of the unique musical blend that makes Stevens one of our most popular contemporaries. It is easy for anyone to be entranced by the warmth and feeling generated by the Cat's own cosmic plane: listen to his music and be captured. In a concert setting, this is somewhat harder to pull off, yet the Cat succeeds.

This success on a concert level is based in the elements of anticipa-

gusto that the audience compelled encore after encore. I'm sure that Stevens would still be playing now had he not become exhausted. Cat Stevens seems to dream more than most people experience, and experience more than most people dream. I'm sure if we scrutinized his lyrics more closely we could learn much from this minstrel with the puckish smile.

Stephen Mander

PETER FRAMPTON Aragon Ballroom

Peter Frampton's new double album of concert performances, *Frampton Comes Alive!*, created high expectations for his recent Aragon appearance. Unfortunately those expectations were never met. I would have been happier spending the time listening to the record. On vinyl the boring songs, weaker vocals, and performances hampered by poor acoustics are edited out, mercifully sparing the buying public further tedium. In concert these elements remain, adding a haze that dims the bright spots in the live production. Often it is the artist's ability to overcome these problems and shine through the musical smog that makes the live performance exciting and unique. For Frampton the haze grew thicker as the night went on.

Frampton popped on stage with a burst of vitality and almost childish exuberance that he retained for the entire hour and a half show. After happily encouraging the audience's cheers and performing a circus strong-man stunt with his stool, the former lead guitarist for Humble Pie played three songs on acoustic, the first two solo, beginning with "All I Want to Be (Is By Your Side)". With the band on stage in full boogie regalia Frampton rocked the Aragon, relying mostly on songs from his live album.

Frampton displayed an enormous amount of high-energy affection for his crowd, thanking them through lyrics and gestures as well as the usual naps between songs. It



is obvious that the guitarist is well aware of his reliance on the cash-carrying public for his success in the music business. But the crowd never really seemed to share in Frampton's exuberance, and except for a few goggled-eyed, garbanzoed groupies in front of the stage, most of the crowd remained seated until the last song. It was definitely an atypical Aragon audience: the only fight I saw was the short-lived skirmish Frampton caused by tossing a tambourine into the crowd. (At any other Aragon show that stunt would have caused a riot beyond the scope of the herd-and-crowd control tactics of Windy City's finest.)

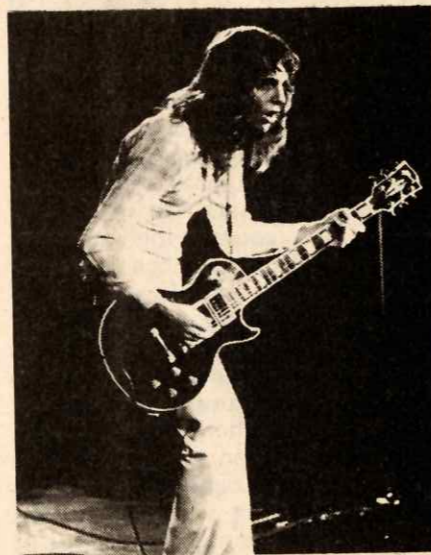
The best songs were "Lines On My Head" and "Do You Feel Like I Do?". Both pieces contain a variety of moods and dynamics that provided Frampton with space to stretch his guitar talent and the crowd with a change of pace. It was these two pieces that best displayed Frampton's versatile vocal style, a combination of Graham Nash's sweet tone and Eric Clapton's blues phrasing. Frampton made excellent use of an electronic gimmick which enables a guitarist

to distort his instrument's sound with his mouth to create speech-like riffs. The device was entertaining because Frampton was smart enough not to abuse it.

The problem with the concert was simply not enough sparkle. Although Frampton's leads dazzled with speed and force, gaining power because of their clear, stinging tone, a concert is more than just solos. The songs themselves were too repetitive to create excitement.

Stanley Sheldon, playing a Fender Fretless bass (an unusual instrument in a rock band) and John Siomos on drums laid an amazingly simplistic foundation for Frampton's handiwork. Initially the simplicity was appealing for its force and ability to overcome the Aragon's acoustical problems, but but by the end of the concert the appeal was replaced by boredom.

One truly surprising element was Frampton's lack of interaction with the rest of his band. At no point did he trade riffs or develop patterns with the other musicians on stage. The staccato guitar leads were simply laid on top of the band's boogie. Even though the flash was blinding at times, Frampton performed more like a kid having a good time playing along with his stereo than a mature musician on stage with a hand-picked band.



Gary Wright provided an interesting, though musically weak warm-up act. The former keyboard player, song-writer for Spooky Tooth now fronts a keyboard band consisting of (himself and two others on eight different instruments ranging from an electric piano to a polyphonic synthesizer. The group also includes a drummer, and two female singers. The most unusual aspect of the concept is the lack of a bass guitar, those duties being taken up by one of the synthesizers. Unfortunately the concept itself was not enough to entertain the near-capacity audience. The music particularly suffered from a lack of adequate fills and solos, which might have off-set the overbearing, droning sound created as the electronic effects rolled into each other. The exception was Wright's single, "Dream Weaver," which contains an accessible melody line and emotional edge missing from the other material he performed.

Miles Hurwitz

BTO Chicago Stadium

Back in 1970 Canada's Assembly line produced Brave Belt, a unique metal machine they thought capable of challenging just about anything Detroit's motorcity atmosphere might design.

After some initial changes involving the usual problem of personnel, Brave Belt became Bachman-Turner Overdrive, a solid rocker with a bouncing back beat and a string of gold hits.

BTO's last tour coincided with the release of "Head On," their latest album that, while containing a few good examples of BTO rock and roll, fails to offer the "hits" necessary for the group's success (since it's the hits that make or break an album). Their recent stopover at the Chicago Stadium offered all the proof needed by any rock machine designer that Randy and Rob Bachman, C.F. Turner, and Blair



The beef-rockers take a bow

Thornton are living in the past.

With the Stadium *not* sold out (an important sign for any group that has previously packed every cattle hall), the group brought the expectant crowd to their tiny tapping feet only a couple of times. These few instances occurred only during the playing of their previous Top-Forty hits "Four Wheel Drive," "Taking Care of Business," "Let it Ride," and "You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet" all caused a clamoring from the crowd, with the usual exploding of fireworks and standing on chairs one expects at concerts these days. But when Randy Bachman introduced "Take It Like a Man" from "Head On" as "...our new hit single!!!" the audience stayed plastered to their metal chairs. It sounded like BTO had blown their transmission and while AAMCO can fix just about anything, this Canadian machine is going to have to make some important decisions before the next model is sneak previewed this Fall.

BTO's main problem is duality. Randy Bachman and C.F. Turner share the singing duties for the group. While both are good singers, their voices come from opposite ends of the vocal spectrum. Randy's is born in the falsetto end and Turner's in the guttural end. Fluttering from one sound to the other is confusing.

Blair Thornton is a good guitarist, but certainly doesn't get much of a chance to rock without Randy butting in. His slide work with his black Les Paul guitar was good during "She's Keeping Time," and his lead licks on "You Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet" and "Four Wheel Drive" were mighty tasty. Maybe next time he'll be given a chance.

Speaking of deserving another chance, one of the backup groups for the BTO machine was Styx, the Chicago based rock group who had a hit with the sweet song "Lady." That will be their only hit judging from their poor Stadium showing. A general lack of stage presence, organization, and just good rock music left me embarrassed for the hometown group. It almost left the group backstage as well simply because the crowd evidenced little interest in seeing a boring encore. It may be a premonition.

Mark Guncheon

BLUE OYSTER CULT Aragon

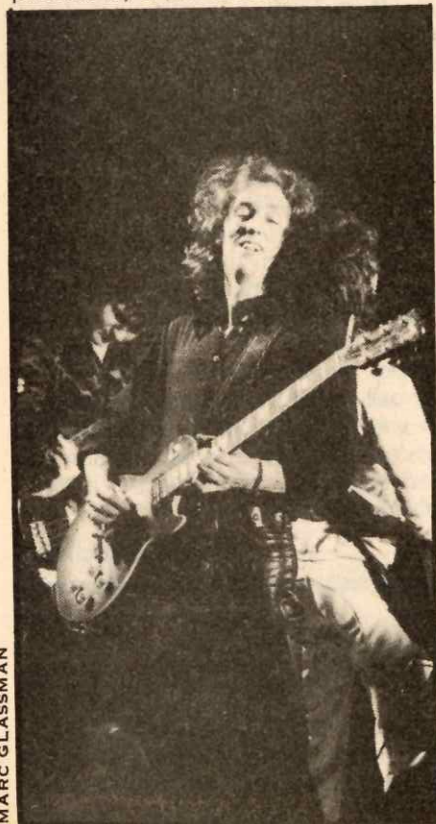
John and Marcia were in love. But they were very young. Too young to love each other as deeply as they did. They had no place to go for privacy—no place of their

own to meet and be lovers together without fear. They lived for rock concerts—nights when they could leave their safe suburban homes and cuddle in the dark, smoke filled corners of the Aragon, to embrace in the blackness, entwined with the abandon that they felt at each other's touch. To yield themselves up to the fires of passion as their bodies locked in...

We interrupt this play by play for a brief concert review. As "John" and "Marcia" sank slowly in the balcony, Blue Oyster Cult was generating a little heat of their own onstage.

Lest we appear too obscure, I shall place music before fashion and discuss their artistic ability first. Then I'm out for blood. On with the business at hand.

The Cult astonished me. Somewhat. Admittedly I awakened and got shakin' long into the show, close to the finale in fact, only after they lunged into "City's A-flame..." and "I Ain't Got You". But over all I was favorably impressed by a few details.



MARC GLASSMAN

The Cult: A Career of Evil

They play, of course, minor key macho music. The deliberately monstrous, crunge stuff designed for thumbing one's nose at Rolling Stone magazine's nominee for rock and roll hierarchy. What it lacks in finesse and inventiveness it makes up for in sheer rowdiness. Admirable, when taken as lightly as it is by BOC. It is not revenge, or even critical acclaim that they seek. Just money and a few laughs. You can't say fairer than that.

Lead guitarist Buck Dharma was a lovely surprise. He supplied several melodic interludes amidst the blitz, stepping to the edge of the stage to lean soulfully to the spotlights, like a midget Clapton.

Far from the frenetic fingerer I expected, he added a touch of pathos and polish to the proceedings, evening the pace effectively enough to keep we snobs engrossed and eager for the next full fledged assault.

That was important; it made BOC a notch better than the average white punk band. Knowledge of pacing and an ability to offset the benumbing effect of heavy metal overkill takes some sophistication, something that most bands of this ilk lack. BOC is at best worth its weight in show biz know-how; no pretensions, just solid if cheap thrills. You can't say fairer, etc.

But speaking of weight, now for the fashion news. BOC is "adorable". That in itself set me chuckling—all those boozers and brawlers in the audience getting all sassy and fired up over a band full of Pooh bears. Charmingly chunky, some. The rest were just too "high school" for words. Eric Bloom's "defiant" poses had to be send ups—he's too well scrubbed for the leather look. Dharma's all-in-white-satin jumpsuit was more akin to baby brother's 'jamies with the feet and trap door than Jagger's form fitting panache. Sex appeal? To child molesters, perhaps.

When they played at rock star stances, grimacing and lunging at each other, it brought to mind a debauched Partridge Family kicking out the jams in front of the playroom mirror while mom is away at the local shopping mall for the

afternoon. The strange finale—a rock and roll troll chorus line—was tremendously comic: this huge killer bomb finish for such a bunch of precious chubby, little munchkins.

But then they understand that. And that's what makes them work so well. BOC understands its own strengths—and its weaknesses. And they never try to overstep either. I kinda liked that. A splendid time was had by all without menace, without profundity; I could go home and watch the Late, Late Show completely unbogged. Perfect.

There. I've taken some of the sting out of the myth of big bad Blue Oyster Cult. We now return you to our scheduled orgy, which was interrupted in progress.

"Oh, John..."
"Oh, Marcia..."

Cynthia Dagnal

THE SWEET/ERIC CARMEN Aragon Ballroom

It wasn't hard to feel a little over the proverbial hill at 21 the night the Sweet came to play. Indeed, to those not sufficiently young at heart, it was a must to avoid, an affront to musical cultivation, a night to spend at home reading.

And yet the thundering herds came to herald the first Chicago appearance of the teen terrorists who in 1973 blew into overnight aggrandizement with the scourging "Little Willy". Ah, one-hit wonders, you were convinced. Some 30 months later, it was Sweet saturation once more with "Ballroom Blitz," a British chart topper nearly three years ago. And you know by reading *Melody Maker* how far behind the English the American youth are. But you were willing to bet it couldn't happen a third time. Before you could place your cards face up, "Fox On The Run" ran rampant. And now "Action" is bubbling under and it looks as though Sweet are here to stay. Love 'em, America, or buy a tape deck.

Figuring you can't beat 'em, maybe like me you ventured to the Aragon half out of distanced curiosity and half because it's rock and roll and you like it.

There they were, set to burn crosses on American stages. *Creem* referred to Sweet as "Hitler youth" and flailed them into the Androgey Hall of Fame. And everyone seems to think of them as a singles band exclusively. But after an arresting opening in "Hellraiser" chased with "Ballroom Blitz," Sweet showed they have it in them to do more than merely threaten the drive-in set to commit gangrape. There were moments of actual musical fire far removed from the tradition of three-chord anagrams.

The singles were all there (save "Little Willy," a wise deletion), but in between, Sweet dispelled the commonly-held notion that they're mindless perpetrators of A-sides straight down the middle. Some of their music bordered on exploratory. Vocalist Brian Conally manned the string-box synthesizer for one number and the results were hauntingly akin to Tangerine Dream.

A highpoint was decidedly "No You Don't", containing the acclaimed Mick Tucker drum solo. Films of Tucker appeared on screens above the stage. Complementing his live trap work were films of tympanies, gongs and other less-than-portable apparatus. Jamming with the projections, Tucker smashed his way into Slingerland nirvana. The first screen stopped, then the real Tucker stopped, and they began trading riffs among themselves (er, himself) and the second screen. It's surprising that it's taken nearly 10 years after Ginger Baker dropped a steaming "Toad" on our emerging rock consciousness for someone to finally put a new twist in percussive soliloquy.

A stirring bit of state-of-the-rock flotsam was the damper Sweet have put on their leather boy image. They announced, low-keyed and informatively, the forthcoming release of *Wink*, expounded stories of how their songs came to be, and thanked Chicago for treating them

so bloody well. Gone was the Suzi Quatro garb in favor of pastel vest suits. But the music remained gilt-edged rock.

An added draw was the appearance of ex-Raspberry Eric Carmen, now fronting what looks to be Cincinnati's answer to the Beach Boys. The Raspberries were as misunderstood as the Sweet in their short-lived halcyon. The critics acclaimed their every hook and pop nuance, heralding the return of unashamed bopperdom to rock. And though the spotlight is on Carmen, sans Msrs. Bryson, McCarl and McBride, the entente has swayed little. Carmen still would have given anything to have been born late '48 in Liverpool, but thousands of fans singing along to "Slow Down" seems ample consolation.

Visually, the Carmen revue looked like a calculated cross between Jimmy Liggins & the Honeydrippers, BTO, Little Richard and Jan & Dean. The bassman wore a letter sweater and stood auspiciously atop Carmen's piano for what was otherwise something less than a chilling crescendo. The madness subsided temporarily while Carmen sang his hit, "All By Myself," at first impression somewhat out of character for him. It's Carmen, his music, alone again naturally, and still calling the shots from Pepperland.

It was a night of classic pop at the Aragon. To paraphrase the old blues, the men don't know but the little girls, they understand.

Cary Baker



up and coming
at amazingrace
MAR 29-30
bill quateman
in solo concert
claudia schmidt

APR 2-4
sonny rollins

APR 9-11
jean-luc ponty

APR 16-19
jim post
corky siegel

APR 21-22
sky king

APR 23-25
eddie harris

APR 30 - MAY 3
oregon

tickets are on sale
in advance

for information dial
fat-city

amazingrace

at the main
845 chicago avenue
in evanston

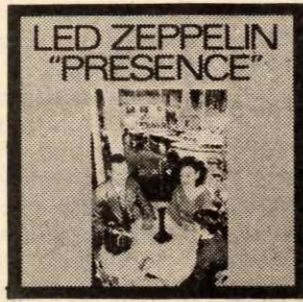
TRIAD's Choice 33



FLORA PURIM
Open Your Eyes
(Milestone)



JEAN LUC PONTY
Aurora
(Atlantic)



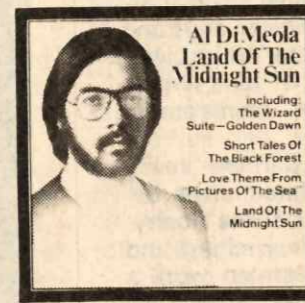
LED ZEPPELIN
Presence
(Swan Song)



WINGS
Speed Of Sound
(Capitol)



ROBIN TROWER
Robin Trower Live
(Chrysalis)



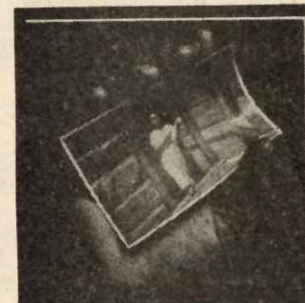
AL DI MEOLA
Kand of the Midnight Sun
(Columbia)



EDDIE HARRIS
That Is Why
(Atlantic)



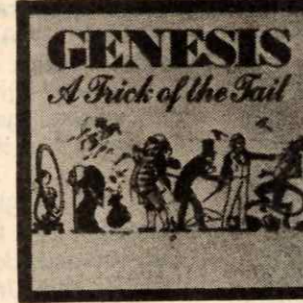
LAURA NYRO
Smile
(Columbia)



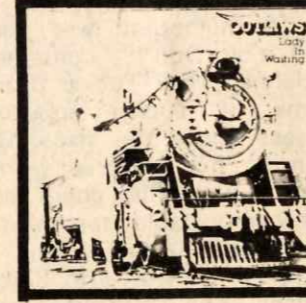
BILLY COBHAM
Life & Times
(Atlantic)



SUPERTRAMP
Crisis. What Crisis?
(A&M)



GENESIS
Trick of the Tail
(Atco)



OUTLAWS
Lady In Waiting
(Arista)



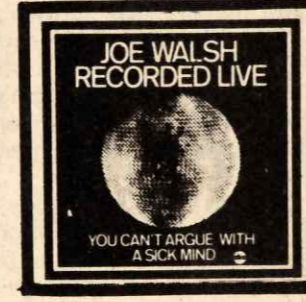
STEVE GIBBONS BAND
Any Road Up
(MCA)



BRECKER BROS.
Back to Back
(Arista)



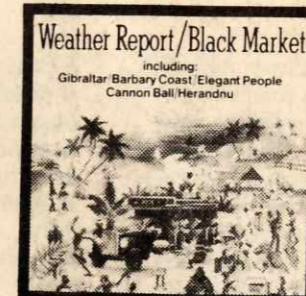
STYX
Equinox
(A&M)



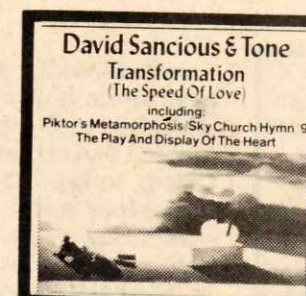
JOE WALSH
Recorded Live
(ABC)



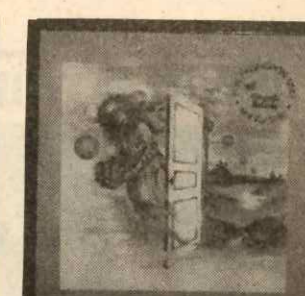
DAVID BOWIE
Station to Station
(RCA)



WEATHER REPORT
Black Market
(Columbia)



DAVID SANCIOUS & TONE
Transformation
(Epic)



STEVE HACKETT
Voyage
(Chrysalis)



EARL SLICK
Slick Band
(Capitol)



PETER FRAMPTON
Frampton Comes Alive
(A&M)



CHICK COREA
The Leprechaun
(Polydor)



JANE III
Jane
(Capitol)



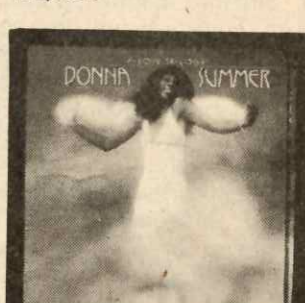
RETURN TO FOREVER
Romantic Warrior
(Columbia)



STARCASTLE
Starcastle
(Epic)



JOURNEY
Look Into The Future
(Columbia)



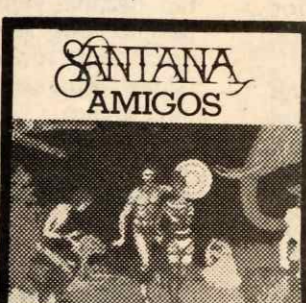
DONNA SUMMER
A Love Trilogy
(Cassablanca)



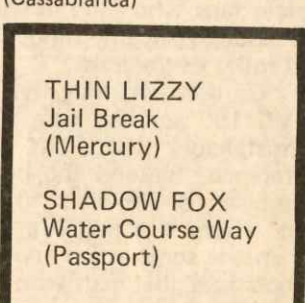
LEE OSKAR
Lee Oskar
(UA)



HEART
Dreamboat Annie
(Mushroom)



SANTANA
Amigos
(Columbia)



THIN LIZZY
Jail Break
(Mercury)

SHADOW FOX
Water Course Way
(Passport)

Records

DAVID BOWIE



STATION TO STATION
RCA

DAVID BOWIE Station To Station (RCA)

Welcome back the Diamond Dog, the eternal chameleon whose persona erupts anew with every album. David Bowie returns this time as *The Man Who Fell to Earth*. A still from the upcoming film in which he makes his cinema debut graces the album cover. From the sounds of *Station To Station*, it seems that he landed on the planet Usrovia in the Korova Milkbar and Discotheque.

Although the album does not offer quite the same monotonous moronics of *Young Americans*, *Station To Station's* patent-leather Disco beat, particularly of the AM hit, "Golden Years", is sure to win him a re-invite to Soul Train, as well as further alienating the classic Bowie fans who pine in vain for the apocalyptically-minded rock and roller of the past.

Of the remaining five songs "TVC 15" and the title cut are unmistakably disco—but with a difference. Beyond the beat are memories of Bowie's futuristic past. There is a lingering reminder in the sonic voice and sound effects that this man who fell to earth was also once known as the space oddity.

The last two reflect the other side of the now ground-bound Bowie. His latest professes idol is, no-so-surprisingly,

Frank Sinatra, another string-bean white boy who made it big with his own sort of soul and whose career and fame have lasted longer than his voice. Hyperbole aside, fame is what makes Bowie run. His own career has had its ups and downs, but as a whole is one of the most amazing promotions of the rock business. In the songs, "Wild is the Wind" and "Word on a Wing," Bowie's voice lacks the depth that the young Sinatra could summon for a love ballad, but even so, they exhibit vocals better than anything since "Alladin Sane". The voice shivers and cracks and cuts like glass at will.

Once upon a time, many albums ago, David Bowie was "The Man Who Sold The World", the freaked-out rocker who abandoned the masses below and headed out on an extraterrestrial sound trip. The music he sent back from Hunky Dory, *Ziggy Stardust*, *Alladin Sane* and *Diamond Dogs* was sometimes obscured when filtered back, but always it was charged with a frantic genius that kept him always one world away from the categorizers and imitators. *Station To Station* is but a studied shadow of the space cadet's spectacular past locked up in the mechanical numbness of Disco, but it is infinitely better than the somnolent *Young Americans*. And lest Bowie is condemned too quickly as Disco sell-out of the decade, remember that this well-combed gentleman was the once and future King of the Glitter Rockers. Wait for the next album.

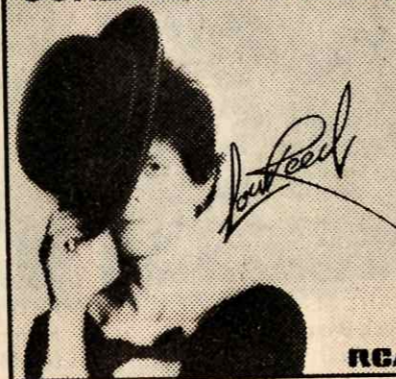
Beth Segal

LOU REED Coney Island Baby (RCA)

Lou Reed looks positively debonair as the soft-focused dreamer on the cover of *Coney*

Island Baby. Gone are the black shades, the blonde wig, and the black leather that have variously occupied his albums. Gone too are the heavy metal kids, (Dick Wagner, Pentti Glan, Prakash John, and Steve Hunter), some of whom Reed borrowed from Alice Cooper for "Sally can't Dance," and all of whom came along with Reed for the 1974 tour.

CONEY ISLAND BABY

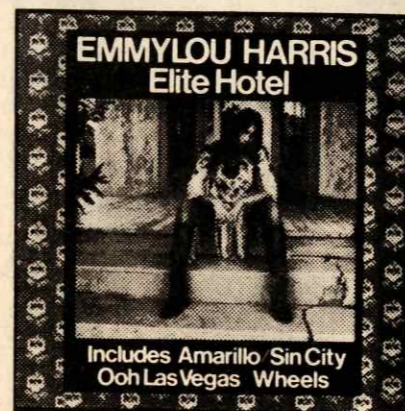


In part, the prophecy holds true. The rampant manic-depressive quality of many of Reed's solo albums (*Lou Reed*, *Berlin*, *Sally Can't Dance*) is toned down, and it is a subdued rock and roll animal that shines through some surprisingly lithe musical choreographs in "nobody's business" and "Crazy Feeling". Even the most vicious cut on the album, "Kicks," a cocktail-party prattle song about the relative merits of murder and orgasm, depends more on synthetic production processes than inherent evil.

But for all the differences of *Coney Island Baby*, the album is still quite safely within the mainstream of his work. Lou Reed's brand of rock and roll is still wrapped up in the myth and mire of New York, where our aging punk hero is still standing on the corner looking for kicks. Love will get you through, The Man says in the title cut, but "just remember that the city is a funny place/something like a

circus or a sewer/and just remember different people have peculiar tastes." Looking more closely at the album cover, you find that the *Coney Island Baby* is wearing midnight blue fingernail polish.

Beth Segal



EMMYLOU HARRIS Elite Hotel (Warner Brothers)

On this, her second solo album, Emmylou Harris duplicates the styling and success that made *Pieces of the Sky* one of the best record performances of 1975. *Elite Hotel* is a masterful blend of "pure," pop, and progressive country music, superbly performed by a vocalist of admirable subtlety and versatility. Emmylou, who achieved her first recognition as backup singer for the late Gram Parsons, moves confidently from the twangy world of Buck Owens ("Together Again") to the more poetic realm of the Beatles ("Here, There, and Everywhere").

Like Linda Ronstadt—who helps out on several cuts—Emmylou is an interpreter of moods and feelings. Unlike Linda, she eschews aggressiveness, using her vocal instrument to register pain and sensitivity rather than raw passion. Ironically, her very vulnerability is her strength, the power that gives life to such songs as Earl Montgomery's "One of These Days" and invests Rodney Crowell's "Till I

Gain Control Again" with emotional poetry.

Impressed by the poignant intelligence of "Boulder to Brimingham" on *Pieces of the Sky*, I had hoped that Emmylou would contribute more of her own compositions to this album, but all she gives us is the zesty "Amarillo," a tune plucked straight from the heart of a Texas roundhouse. The ballad, loosely defined, is her natural vehicle, but Emmylou can rock out when she wants to. "Amarillo," "Feelin' Single, Seein' Double," and a live performance of Hank Williams' "Jambalaya" prove that. She can't burn with the heat of Ms. Ronstadt, but Emmylou smolders most eloquently.

Now that "country" music has become big business, production on most of the albums is often overdone and ultra-lush, but Brian Ahern has done a sensible job here, as he did on *Sky*. He allows us to hear the singer, not just the music, which is performed by such first rate artists as Bernie Leadon, Herb Pederson, and Glen D. Hardin (who all helped on Emmylou's vinyl debut).

For all its excellence, the album is somewhat disappointing. Not because it isn't pleasant to listen to—but because Emmylou and her talented producer have chosen to merely duplicate a brilliant success rather than move to greater heights. *Elite Hotel* is a continuation, not a fulfillment, of the musical promise of Emmylou Harris. Her third album will be the one which defines her standing in the pop music lineup. *Elite Hotel* puts her near the top of the heap, but not quite.

But why all this quibbling? If it takes ten years before record number three, *Elite Hotel* will stand up to the strain.

Chuck Pratt

10CC How Dare You! (Mercury)

From the very early days of pop rock, the songs that formed the bulk of what was heard on the radio were about teenage love. Acne, sunny beaches, hopeful telephone calls, and holding hands were just some of the standard material from the pop lyricist's musical bag.

Now that society has progressed from the relevant sixties to the glittery seventies, music has struggled along (slightly out of step) with the likes of Kiss, Blue Oyster Cult, and (gasp!) the Tubes. Sure, Sedaka's back and all that, but for me, good, solid pop music graces my turntable only in the form of 10cc, Britain's answer to the Beach Boys, Beatles, and other favorites of the early pop recording scene.



10cc's latest effort is *How Dare You*, a pop collection of lovesongs and crazy songs that, though recorded with an amazing and typical effort from Lol Creme, Graham Gouldman, Eric Stewart, and Kevin Godley, lacks a central fiber to hold it together. It's not a concept album and there isn't a "hit single" either.

The proposed hit from the album is "Art for Art's Sake," a song that revels in greediness reminiscent of the earlier classic "Wall Street Shuffle." The lyrics revolve around some fellow's attempts at monetary satisfaction in any shape

Records

or form: "Burn me in Hell as long as it pays!". With Stewart's vocal and piano work and Godley's percussion heard throughout the ever-changing disc. This song flows into "Lazy Ways," a fickle lovesong that can't seem to decide whether or not laziness is a good quality: "You get less done but more out of your days." "Lazy Ways" flourishes flashy guitars, stylized keyboards, and 3 and 4 part harmonies.

My favorite from the LP is the kiddie revolution theme song, "I Wanna Rule the World," that creates a subversive and spoiled brat-like atmosphere with its lyrics. Backed up with three albums of experience, 10cc has learned how to create a feeling or situation totally, with lyrics, music and often-used sound effects. "I'm Mandy Fly Me," a ballad about the ghost of a stewardess who saves the life of a passenger in an airplane crash, be-

gins with a little of "Clockwork Creep," an earlier airplane song by the group that visually and aurally sets the scene.

The remaining songs delve into the areas of mental illness, sexual entertainment, and matrimonial problems. Their best line is: "When the barman said, 'What're you drinking?', I said marriage on the rocks." All the cuts are mixed with entertaining lyrics and a technical expertise that surpasses any album released this year. *How Dare You* is a good album from a great group that might disappoint a hardened 10cc fan only during the first two listenings. After that, look out!

Mark Guncheon

BAD COMPANY
Run With The Pack
(Swan Song)



There are various groups around that people come down on for limiting themselves to good old rock & roll, i.e., three-chord wonders. The fact that their albums sell in the millions and hit singles fly out of them like surprised cave bats, and they prance around the country selling out huge auditoriums seems to mean nought when it

comes time to slaying the group with a REPUTATION. Three-chord rock & roll bands gett razed (by critics) and spat upon as they do the proverbial "let's-laugh-all-the-way-to-the-bank" waltz.

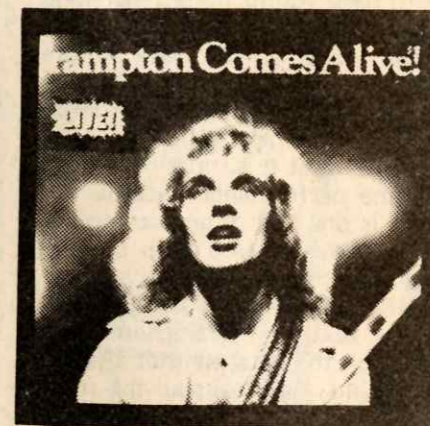
Enter Bad Company. Their first album gave us one of THE rock 'n roll tunes, "Can't Get Enough" plus several others that made us dance (God forbid). They won all the silly polls and made critic's hearts flutter, as even the intellectual ones put Joni down for a minute to tap a toe or two-as long as nobody saw them. Their second album wasn't so bad either. Now Bad Company enters phase two for a rock 'n roll band—The Third Album. This album, called *Run With The Pack* sounds just like albums one and two. Is it bad that they have not progressed musically? No! What did you want them to do. Go from "Can't Get Enough" to "Bandellero"? So what that "Simple Man" will remind you of "Ready For Love," and "Fade Away" sounds like "Don't Let Me Down," and their version of "Youngblood" shouldn't have made it to vinyl? With the latter exception, they are all good tunes. They all rock in their own way, and that's what you expect from these British bad boys. Besides, by the time this review is in print the album will be Top Ten and pissing down on us—so who cares? If you hear "Live For The Music" on the radio and like it, then buy *Run With The Pack*. If you hated *Bad Company*, you'll hate this new stuff. So what's the fuss?

Mike Gormley

PETER FRAMPTON
Peter Frampton Comes Alive
(A&M)

Normally, live albums are not ground-breaking efforts. They tend to re-explore earlier musical territory and refine earlier instrumental technique and lyrical excursions. Yet the newly released double album "Peter Frampton Comes Alive" is both a formidable collect-

ion of the artists repertoire, and an intriguing attempt to reconnoiter new aural realms. In fact, except for audience noise of the beginning and end of the tracks, you would never know that this is a live album.



On this album Frampton comes across as the perfect afternoon rock and roller. His music is

so light and airy that it makes you smile. Frampton also shows that he can get down and lay out rips with the rest of the big leaguers.

Frampton and band members Bob Mayo, Stanley Shelton, and John Siomos explore the realm of progressive acoustic rock. This describes a type of music that is just volatile enough to give it a broad, basic spectrum. Although Frampton is less than a Caruso, he comes off well vocally. As song after song winds by on this double album, Frampton slowly lets the listener into his mind. He masterfully changes from soft and airy to light and heavy right in front of our ears.

The music itself is reminiscent of "Suite Judy Blue Eyes," the Doobie Brothers, and even Roger Daltrey. It exudes a mellowness, an inward tranquility that is well textured, and creates a moving testimony to the vitality of rock and

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roll. The first half is highlighted by a beautiful piano transition leading into "I Wanna Go To The Sun," the last song on side II. This track is really inspirational. The guitar solo that Frampton rips out really serves to climax the song (which it does beautifully), and to set the music that will follow on a higher plateau, so that its peaks can be even higher.

During the rest of the way Frampton shows that he really knows how to "Shine On." This tune, along with his renditions of "Jumping Jack Flash," "Money," "Lines On My Face," and "Do You Feel Like We Do" provide enough intimacy and hard core rock to make an interesting study of this artist's enigmatic and evanescent moods. I particularly liked "Do You Feel Like We Do" and "Shine

On." These two tracks shake the cobwebs off Frampton's Humble Pie roots and allow the band to really take off.

I have found myself listening to this album over and over. Each dosage yields greater satisfaction. Normally, an album of this type has to be discounted in quality because it is recorded live. All I can say is that this must have been one fine performance because this album is one hell of an accomplishment. Those of you who are still convinced that live albums are necessarily lacking in musical subtlety and texture, "Frampton Live" should be the catalyst that changes your mind. He breaks all the rules.

Stephen Mander

LAURA NYRO
Smile
(Columbia)

Laura Nyro, the lost Brooklyn madonna, has reappeared with a new album of images and meditations rolled up in the trappings of the popular song. Silent for several years, burned out after penning such hits (for other people) as "Eli's Coming," "Stoney End," and "Stoned Soul Picnic," Laura went into exile—on the heels of signing a hefty contract with Columbia Records. It was the archtypal

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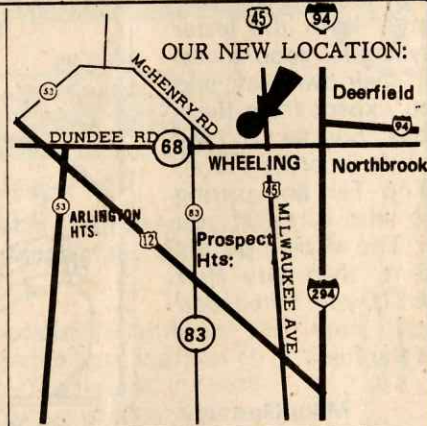
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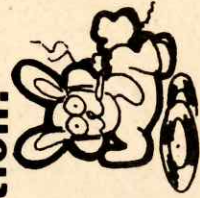
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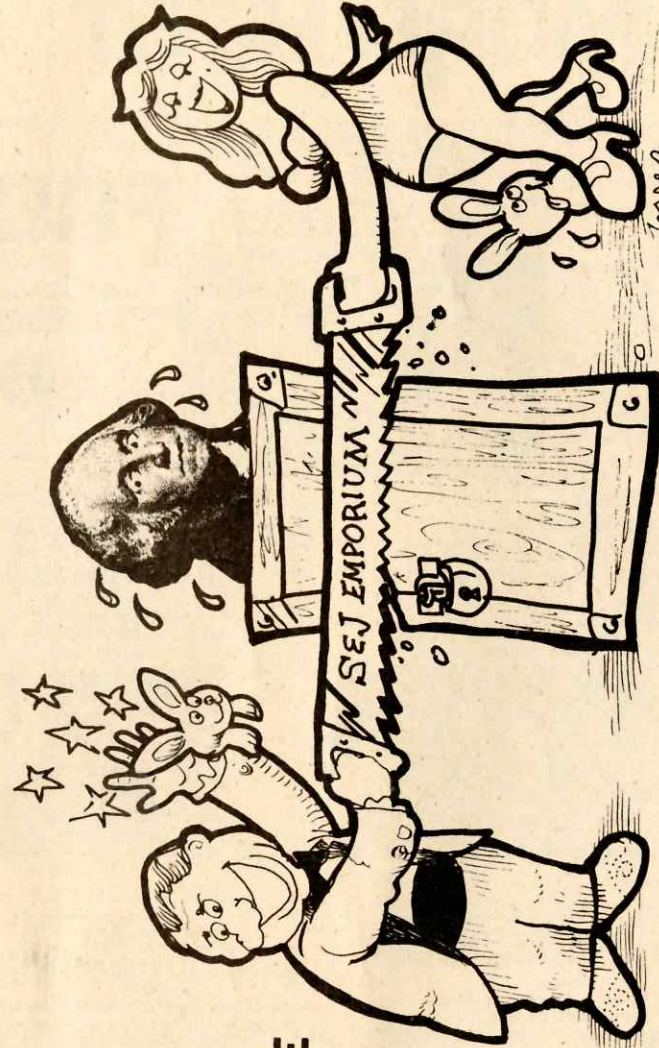
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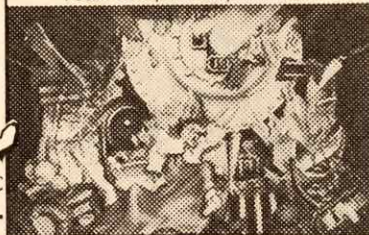
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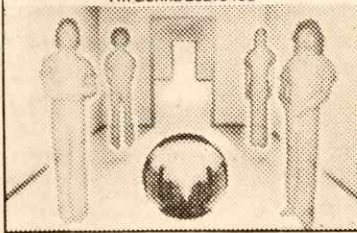
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including:
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Somebody's Gettin' It/You're The Best In The World
Running Out Of Lies



Paul Simon
Still crazy after all these years

including:
50 Ways To Leave Your Lover
My Little Town/Gone At Last
Silent Eyes/Have A Good Time



mover and shaker Clive Davis who brought this dumpy, black-dressed songwriter to the label, and was the guiding spirit behind such intriguing albums as *Eli and the 13th Confession*, *New York Tendaberry*, and *Christmas and the Beads of Sweat*.

Laura Nyro Smile

including:
Stormy Love/Money/The Cat-Song
Sexy Mama/I Am The Blues



Like Joni Mitchell, Laura has a finely-honed lyrical sense and good perception of the necessary tension between words and music. Economy, both lyric and melodic, has been her watchword in the past. Indeed, hearing the lyrics of *Smile* is almost like reading a collection of imagist poems. *Smile's* musical personality, however, seems overburdened and overblown, littered with instrumental interludes and flourishes unnecessary to embellish the songs. These defects must be weeded out by the mind's ear, and, consequently, it is only upon a second or third playing that the album's genius is revealed.

Just as the lyric page opens with a few poems not included on the album, the record opens with a song that's not hers. It's called "Sexy Mama," and if Laura didn't tell us it was by Ray, Goodman, and Robinson, I'd swear it was an outtake from *Eli*. Laura's own "Children of the Junks" follows, a string of dreamy images creating a mood of calm yet nebulous expectation: "children of the junks go by/mama's comin' soon/and the junks are turning in the spring sky." This song introduces and oriental musical mode which will reappear dramatically at album's end in the form of an extended (and boring) instrumental.

"Money" is the vocal decla-

ration of a young hooker's independence, and is *Smile's* most powerful and consistent song: a forceful examination of mortality, with knife-sharp lyrics riding a melody that pulses like blood. "I feel like a pawn/in my own world/I found the system/and I lost the pearl/...my struggle hurt, but it turned me on."

This song is potent enough—musically and lyrically—to save the whole album, though that salvation isn't required. "I Am the Blues," a 3 a.m. meditation on the elusive glories of love and identity, is a tour de force that demonstrates all the shadings of Laura's expressive voice. "Stormy Love" is Carole King with soul, another breezy song of independence. In "The Cat Song" Laura even manages some humor.

She was always heading toward a kind of cabaret jazz styling, and Laura seems to have found it here. *Smile* is not her best effort, but it is an album of several delights and a welcome assurance that one of rock's most talented women isn't lost after all.

Chuck Pratt



LYNYRD SKYNYRD
Gimme Back My Bullets
(Capricorn)

Lynyrd Skynyrd arrived on record in 1975 with *Nuthin' Fancy* and served a hearty portion of Sou-

thern boogie to hungry crowds. With their next release, *Second Helping*, the band cooked up such a complete meal that they were talked about as much as the wide array of super-chefs on Capricorn Records. Somewhere along the way to their third album, *Gimme Back My Bullets*, Lynyrd Skynyrd lost the cookbook and all they offer is warmed-up leftovers.

This is not to say that *Bullets* is an album of bad music. It's just that there is nothing new on it. Each cut sounds like a rip-off of someone else's Confederate rock riff. Skynyrd even slipped into formula hit production for the song, Trust, which uses a hook similar to the one which made "Sweet Home Alabama" such an AM success. The album includes selections from almost every variation of the genre which Skynyrd knows so well. To be influenced by other artists is typical and highly commendable, but one would hope that they could go beyond "Roll Gypsy Roll's" mere mimicry of the Allman Brothers' "Midnight Rider" sound.

On the album cover the band acknowledges their "kinship to the likes of the Marshall Tucker and Charlie Daniels Bands". If this style of music appeals to you, you probably already own some albums by those groups or one of Lynyrd Skynyrd's earlier recordings. If that's the case, there is no need to purchase *Gimme Back My Bullets*. It would only be redundant. Hopefully Lynyrd Skynyrd will relocate their special recipe for their next album.

Miles Hurwitz

ROY WOOD
Mustard
(United Artists)

In view of the wit and energy of Roy Wood's last album, *Introducing Eddy and the Falcons*, Mustard is hardly worth relishing.

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album is still present to an extent. Unfortunately, those fantastic hooks found in "You Got Me Running," "This Is the Story of My Life (Baby)," and about 75 percent of the rest of *Eddy*, only re-emerge on one song here: "Look Thru' the Eyes of a Fool."



The remainder of *Mustard* features a few interesting items. The title song is enjoyably corny, sounding reminiscent of a forties swing radio program.

There is also a reductive pinch of Roy imitating Bette Midler imitating the Andrew Sisters, and a brief instrumental passage that could well fit into a Tom Terrific cartoon segment.

These excursions, however, are brief and engaging only as novelties, always bordering on the edge of tedium. What you are primarily exposed to is a lot of half-hearted vocals over sparse instrumentation. (Wood dispensed with Wizard this time, and opted for a one-man-overdubbed extravaganza instead).

Roy Wood's recent interest has been reactionary music; i.e., infectious melodies, trilly choruses, incessant beats and other dance numbers that allow the participants to rub their body parts together.

Mustard attempts to continue in the nostalgic vein. The sounds are familiar but vapid. The fabulous fifties, forties, etc. also had mediocrity. As Glenn Miller might've said himself, this album just don't cut the mustard.

Art Collins

Phoebe Snow Second Childhood

including:
Cash In/Two Fisted Love/All Over
Sweet Disposition/Pre-Dawn Imagination



PHOEBE SNOW
Second Childhood
(Columbia)

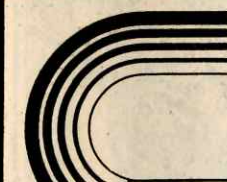
Phoebe Snow could become the Ella Fitzgerald of the 1980's. I really don't know a thing about Ella except Frank, Bing and all the biggies love her and even called her up to say they were sorry she had to file for bankruptcy last month.

Do I think Phoebe is going to go broke? Who knows, but all the big stars will love her and she could become a legend, and she will even sell a whole lot of records for a while, but she's going to bore us. *Second Childhood* is her new album and it doesn't have a "Let The Good Times Roll" on it, which is exactly what is needed; it was so lively and complete a tune that the good feeling it gave you lasted forever. The new album does have a "Poetry Man" on it, in the name of

"Two-fisted Love."

But it looks like *Second Childhood* is losing. (Not in sales, of course, as the LP is stomping right on up the mighty charts). It's losing to Phoebe's first album by a score of two to one, as a matter of fact. There were only two songs on the first LP that had any lasting value—the aforementioned "Poetry Man" and "Let The Good Times Roll." *Second Childhood* has only "Two Fisted Love." Does this mean the next album won't have any memorable cuts, or does it mean I need three more weeks to get into the LP? Probably the former.

Mike Gormley



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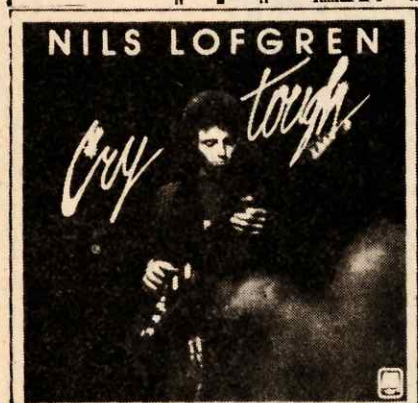
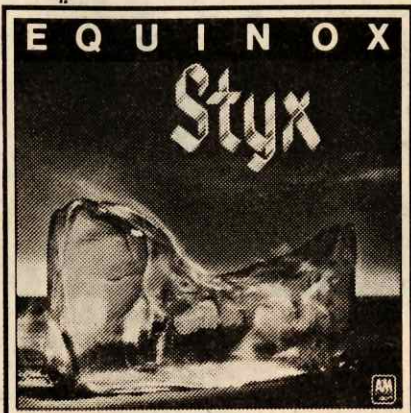
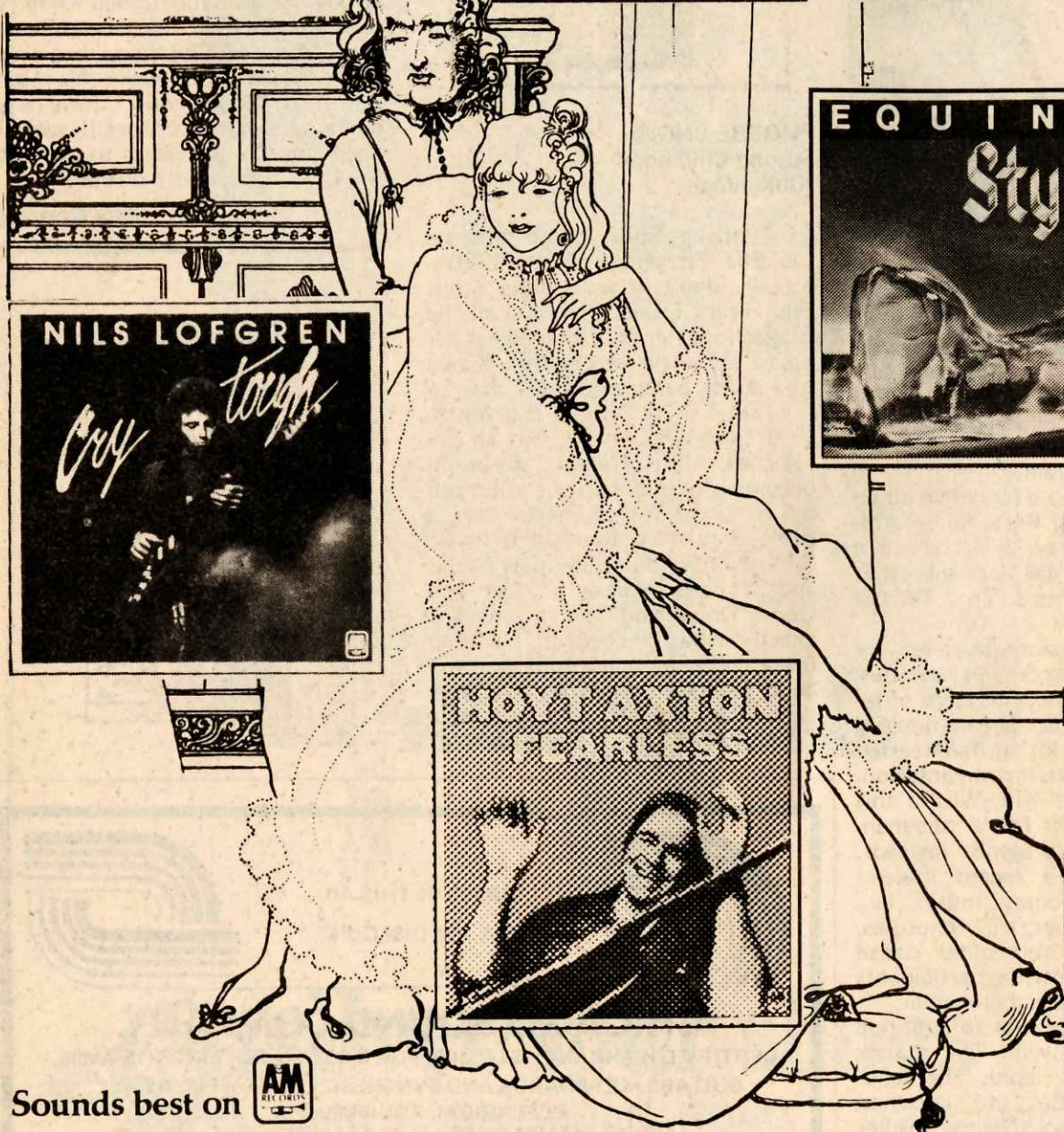
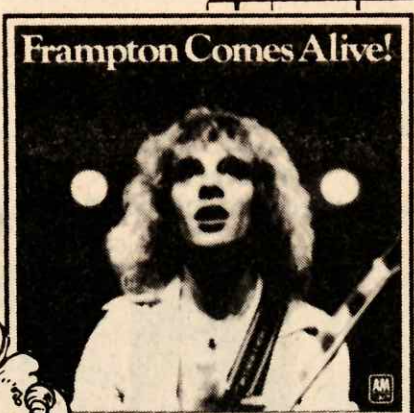


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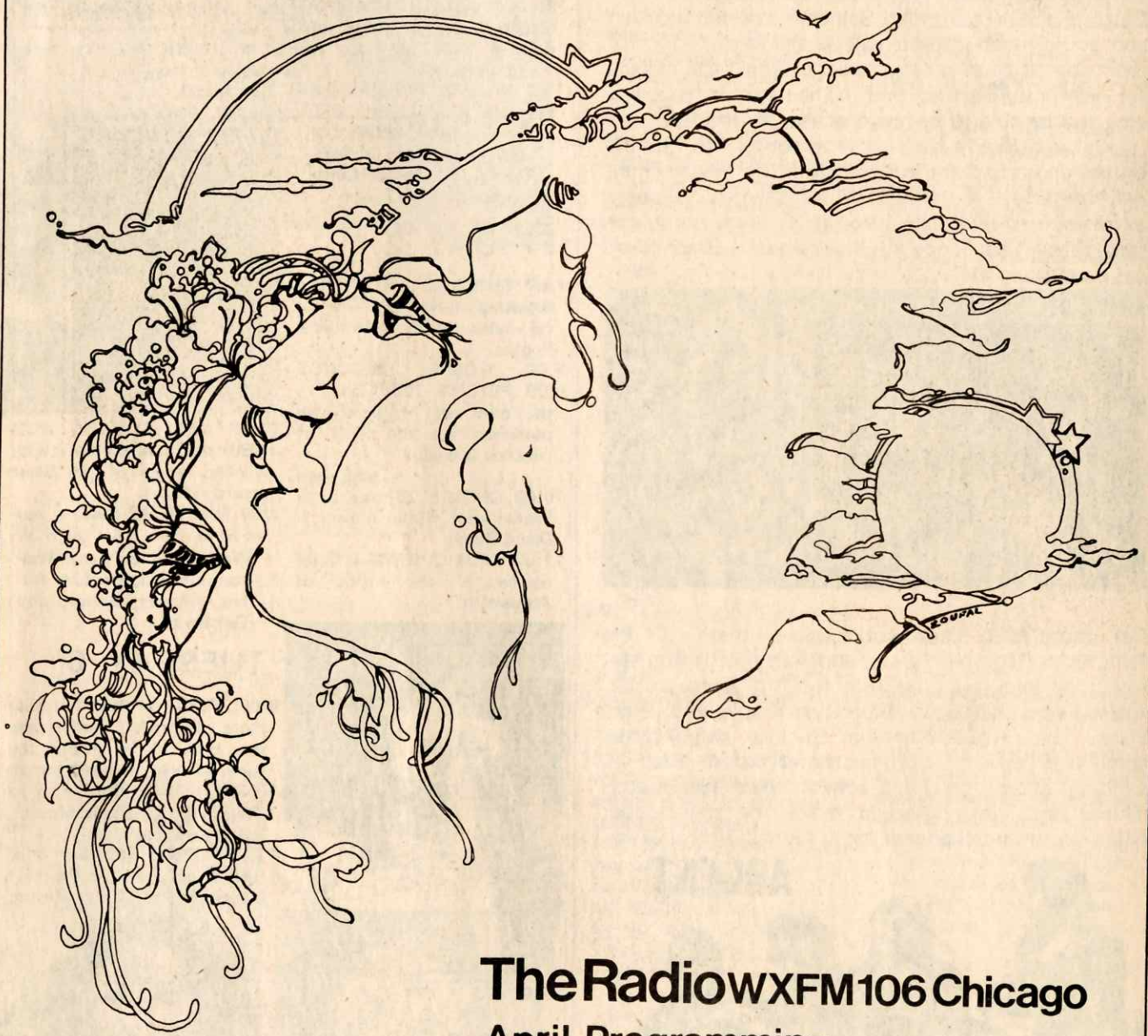
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April Programming

MUSIC NEWS — — — — —

April should be as exciting a month as ever on the airwaves of Triad. A new feature that I'd like to call your attention to is "Inside Triad." In these hour long programs the pages of this magazine will manifest themselves audibly. That is, records that are in the review section will be played, music by the artists whose concerts have been reviewed will be heard, excerpts from the reviews will be read for the benefit of the people who haven't bothered to read them or haven't been able to get a hold of a copy of the magazine. We may occasionally interview some of the writers and find out why they wrote what they did. Clues to the current Mind Games Puzzle will be given and appropriate requests will be answered. This program should be of great interest to avid Triad readers for now anything they find in the pages of the magazine will be able to be heard on the air 'Inside Triad.'

We've worked real hard in selecting this month's groups and artists for our nightly Music News. There will be a few extra-long shows devoted to some extra-popular musicians. You're sure to enjoy our specials on Led Zeppelin, Jimi Hendrix, Grace Slick and Jefferson Starship, Jerry Garcia and Bob Weir.



JIMI

For those who like exotic sounds there will be features on Tomita, Focus, and Vangelis. If you enjoy good old rock and roll, tune in when we air Little Feat, Thin Lizzy, Blue Oyster Cult, and Uriah Heep. The program on Tim Buckley will include some live concert recordings never before aired in Chicago except on Triad several years ago. Pretty Things and Argent should make for some good listening for Anglophiles. Laura Nyro, Lynard Skyn-

ARGENT



THURSDAY 1 MONDAY 5

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106—"To play great music, you must keep your eyes on a distant star." —Yehudi Menuhin
- 9:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Outlaws, Supertramp, Steve Hackett
- 10:00 NEW SOUNDS AND NEW RELEASES-tune in and hear the latest in the world of recorded sounds.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS-a short feature on the music of Little Feat.
- 12:00 INSIDE TRIAD—the artists featured inside this month's issue of Triad are heard on the air.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP-classical music with Ron Ray till 6:30. This morning works by Kodaly, Scriabin, Molleda, Rodrigo, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and Grieg.
- 8:00 FLIGHT 106—"O body swayed to music, O brightening glance, How can we know the dancer from the dance?" William Butler Yeats
- 9:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Heart, Joe Walsh, Shadow Fox
- 10:00 SOUNDS FROM ACROSS THE BIG SWAMP—an hour of imported music brought to you by Stained Glass Eye. Tonight featuring live performance recordings of Atlantis, Santana, and Kraan.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS-a brief review of some of the best of Boz Scaggs.

FRIDAY 2

- 7:00 CHICAGO AND YOU—recorded music and live local talent with your host Pookie.
- 8:00 GOSPEL SERVICE
- 9:00 FLIGHT 106—"Dance is the only art of which we ourselves are the stuff of which it is made." —Ted Shawn
- 10:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Flora Purim, Robin Trower, David Bowie
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS-a brief review of the music of Aerosmith.
- 12:00 NEW SOUNDS AND NEW RELEASES—our twice weekly review of the latest record releases.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP-classical music with Ron RAY till 6:30. Works of Britten, Walton, Chopin, Boehm, Auber, Mozart, Sphor, and Gershwin.



THIN LIZZY

TUESDAY 6

- 9:00 FLIGHT 106—"Nothing more beautiful under the sun than to be under the sun." —Ingeborg Bachman
- 10:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Thin Lizzy, Donna Summer, David Sancious
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS-a brief review of some of the best recordings of Flora Purim.
- 12:00 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE—our weekly all-electric sonic theatre for the ears.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP-classical music with Ron RAY till 6:30. Works by Ravel, Orff, Mozart, Brahms, Dvorak, Mozart, and Schubert.



ard, Boz Scaggs, and Janis Joplin round out the Music News programs for this month. Remember that we're open to your suggestions as to what artists you'd like to hear featured on these programs. So, if you have any ideas for the coming month, make it known by dropping us a card or letter to Triad-Programming Dept., 7428 N. Paulina, Chgo, Ill., 60626. The sooner you respond the better the chances it will get in for the month of May. And if you write let us know what other things you like hearing on Triad or don't like hearing on Triad. Also, let us know a little about yourself. How long have you been listening to Triad? How did you find out about it? What other stations do you listen to? How important is music to you? What is music to you? Those are some suggested questions. Perhaps, you can think of some better ones to answer. I urge everyone who is truly interested in communication to respond because it will make it a lot easier for us to program Triad when we know who we're communicating with.



JANIS



TIM BUCKLEY

- 12:00 ROCK AROUND THE WORLD-interviews, live concert recordings and the latest releases from the wide world of rock.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP-classical music with Ron Ray till 6:30. The works of Casadesus, Satie, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Prokofiev, Britten, Bach, and Vivaldi.
- 10:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Lee Oskar, Heart, Jane III
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS-a brief review of the music of David Sancious.
- 12:00 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE—our all-electric sonic theatre for the ears. (headphones required for proper effect)
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP-classical music with Ron Ray till 6:30. The works of Rachmaninov, Stravinsky, Rimsky-Koriskov, Haydn, Mozart, Dvorak, and Lalo.

WEDNESDAY 7

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106—"We love the things we love for what they are." —Robert Frost
- 9:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Genesis, Brecker Bros., Billy Cobham
- 10:00 CHGO MUSIC SCENE—hear the songs of the people making the local music scene. Tonight with Pentwater, Shadow Fax, and Treeborn.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS-a brief review of the best recordings of Focus.
- 12:00 THE WANG DANG DOODLE BLUES SHOW—with Atomic Mama.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP-classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. Chicago Chamber Orcestra preview with Dieter Kober will be heard. Music of Dvorak, Rachmaninov, Verdi, R. Strauss, Beethoven, Schubert, Paganini, and Casella.
- 8:00 FLIGHT 106—"Music is well said to be the speech of angels." —Carlyle
- 9:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Chick Corea, Star Castle, Ethos
- 10:00 SOUNDS FROM ACROSS THE BIG SWAMP—our weekly imported rock review brought to you by the Stained Glass Eye. This week including new releases from Alex and Jane.



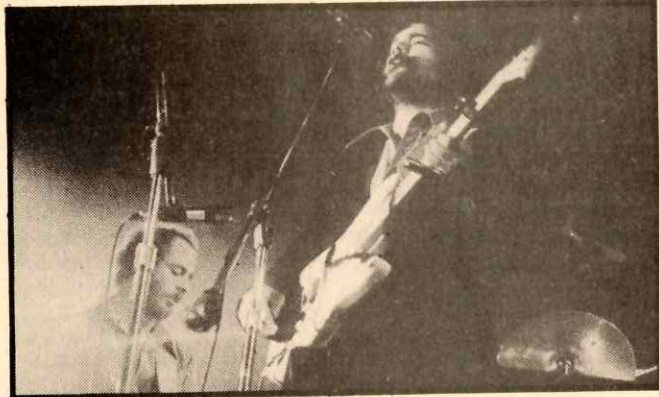
THURSDAY 8

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106—"Earth's the right place for love: I don't know where it's likely to go better." —Robert Frost
- 9:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Earl Slick, Santana, Osamu Kitajima
- 10:00 NEW SOUNDS AND NEW RELEASES—our twice weekly guide to the best in available recordings.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS—a special two hour review of the music of Led Zeppelin.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP-classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. The music of Enescu, Bartok, Doratie, Tchaikovsky, Bruch, Delibes, Mozart, Beethoven, and Brahms.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS—a special hour devoted to the music of Janis Joplin.
- 12:00 NEW SOUNDS AND NEW RELEASES—our twice weekly guide to the best of available new recordings.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP-classical music with Ron Ray till 6:30. The works of R Strauss, De Falla, Liszt, Rossini, Beethoven, Haydn, and Franck.

FRIDAY 9

- 9:00 FLIGHT 106—"Man is the artificer of his own happiness." —Thoreau

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LITTLE FEAT

New to Triad's Chgo Music Scene is a group from Indiana called the Hounds and an album from Shadow Fax called "Watercourse Way." New albums



HOUNDS

included in our Choice 33 this month include Return To Forever's "Romantic Warrior," Paul McCartney's "The Speed of Sound," Thin Lizzy's "Jailbreak," Heart's "Dreamboat Annie," The Earl Slick Band, Santana, Steve Gibbons Band, Outlaws, Pavlov's Dog, and Steve Hackett. A few more will be added before we go to press. Read more here next month and hear more tonight on Triad WXFM 106 on your dial.

STEVE GIBBONS BAND



TUESDAY 13

9:00 FLIGHT 106—"Time will say nothing but I told you so." —Auden

10:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Flora Purim, Laura Nyro, Jane III

11:00 MUSIC NEWS—a brief review of the music of Van Morrison.

12:00 ROCK AROUND THE WORLD—interviews, live concert recordings and the latest releases from the wide world of rock.

1:00 NIGHTCAP—classical music with Ron Ray till 6:30.

The works of Sibelius, Vaughn Williams, Delius, Mendelssohn, Rimsky-Korsikov, Schoenberg, Saint-Saens, Faure, and Moore.

WEDNESDAY 14

8:00 FLIGHT 106—"Where is music going? Nowhere now, eventually, though, it will follow, as it has in the past, wherever a great monster leads it." —Ned Rorem

9:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Thin Lizzy, Nanette Workman, David Bowie

10:00 CHGO MUSIC SCENE—hear the sounds of the people making the local music scene. Tonight with Hounds, Mike Dunbar, and Robin Steele.

11:00 MUSIC NEWS—a special feature on the music of Grace Slick and Jefferson Starship.

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

1:00 NIGHTCAP—classical music with Ron Ray till 6:30.

The works of Khachaturian, Stravinsky, Mozart, Mahler, Schubert, Bizet, Berkeley, and Elgar.

THURSDAY 15

8:00 FLIGHT 106—"There is no truer truth obtainable by Man than that which comes from music." —Browning

9:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Eddie Harris, Brecker Bros., Return To Forever

10:00 NEW SOUNDS AND NEW RELEASES—our twice weekly listeners guide to the best of available recordings.



11:00 MUSIC NEWS—a short review of the music of Laura Nyro.



12:00 INSIDE TRIAD—the music of the artists featured in this month's Triad Magazine.

1:00 NIGHTCAP—classical music with Ron RAY till 6:30.

The works of Copland, Villa-Lobos, Ponce, Tchaikovsky, Bartok, Beethoven, Mahler, Liszt, Mozart, Boccherini, and Chopin.

FRIDAY 16

7:00 CHICAGO AND YOU—recorded music and local talent with your host Pookie.

8:00 GOSPEL SERVICES

9:00 FLIGHT 106—"Music produces like effects on the mind as good medicine on the body." —Mirandola

10:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Robin Trower, Earl Slick, David Sancious

11:00 MUSIC NEWS—a special hour review of some of the best of the Allman Brothers.

12:00 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE—our once a week all electric sonic theatre for the ears.

1:00 NIGHTCAP—classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray.

The works of Britten, Holst, Boccherini, Tartini, Glazounov, Rimsky-Korsikov, Tchaikovsky, Glinka, and Borodin.

MONDAY 19

8:00 FLIGHT 106—"Music is the essence of order, and leads to all that is good, just, and beautiful." —Plato

9:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Lee Oskar, Santana, Shadow Fox



After a number of delays NEKTAR's third U.S. release is out. Called "Recycled," it features Larry "Synergy" Fast playing synthesizer on some of the tracks as well as lending a hand at production. The band is now about ready to embark on a major tour of the U.S. . . . JANE's third album is their first to be released here. It's already a couple of years old and is hardly representative of the band as they sound now. Their fifth LP called "Earth, Air, Wind, Fire" was recently released in Germany. . . . SILVER CONVENTION have their second album out, following closely the release of their lead singer's solo album. DONNA SUMMER has her second disc out called "A Love Trilogy." It's much more polished and sophisticated than her premier LP and should be a big hit with the disco crowd. . . . more disco sounds arriving from Germany soon as RANDY PIE's next single will be strongly disco-oriented. . . . From Italy comes an album called "Contamination" by RDM released here on the Peters Cosmos label. . . . MONTY PYTHON will be appearing live at the City Center in New York from April 14 till May 2. Hard core Python fans may want to make the trip to the Big Apple as it's billed as their only U.S. appearance. . . . More contemporary rock jazz sounds from Australia released here. AYERS ROCK have their second album out; it's called "Beyond." . . . Polish artist NIEMEN will soon have his first U.S. release out. It will be his album "Mourner's Rhapsody" which is already familiar to import buyers. It was recorded in New York and features Michal Urbaniak, Jan Hammer, Rick Laird, and John Abercrombie. . . . Turk-rocker, ALEX, has his third album ready for release. It features guest appearance by drummer and bass player from CAN. When Alex opened a show for

CAN



10:00 SOUNDS FROM ACROSS THE BIG SWAMP—our weekly review of the best in imported rock and jazz brought to you by Stained Glass Eye. This week a review of contemporary rock-jazz sounds from Europe.

11:00 MUSIC NEWS—a short feature on some of the best of Argent.

11:30 NEW SOUNDS AND NEW RELEASES—our twice weekly guide to the most recent record releases.

1:00 NIGHTCAP—classical music with Ron Ray till 6:30.

This works of Miaskovsky, Rachmaninov, Beethoven, Schubert, Richard Strauss, Rubenstein, Renie, and Debussy.

TUESDAY 20

9:00 FLIGHT 106—"Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought." —Shelley

10:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Peter Frampton, Janell, Steve Hackett

11:00 MUSIC NEWS—a brief review of the music of the Pretty Things.

12:00 ROCK AROUND THE WORLD—interviews, live concert tapes, and the latest releases from the world of rock.

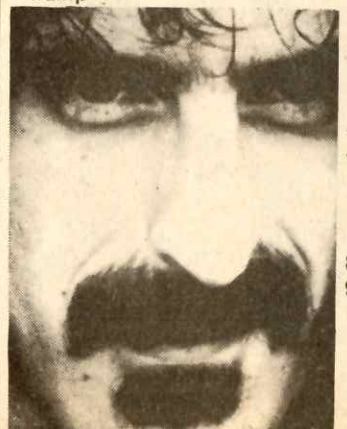
1:00 NIGHTCAP—classical music with Ron Ray till 6:30.

The works of Delius, Beethoven, Berlioz, Chopin, Szymanowski, Mozart, and Stravinsky.

WEDNESDAY 21

8:00 FLIGHT 106—"The web of our life is a mingled yarn, good and ill together." —Shakespeare

9:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Outlaws, Zeppelin, Supertramp



10:00 CHGO MUSIC SCENE—the best sounds from the Midwest. Tonight with Redwood Landing, Rose Hip String Band, and Mariah.

11:00 MUSIC NEWS—a short review of violinist Jean Luc Ponty including work with Frank Zappa, the Mahavishnu Orch., and George Duke.

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

1:00 NIGHTCAP—classical music with Ron Ray till 6:30.

The music of Tippett, Bach, Beethoven, Prokofiev, Wagner, Handel, Mendelssohn, Bruch, Haydn, and Wagner.

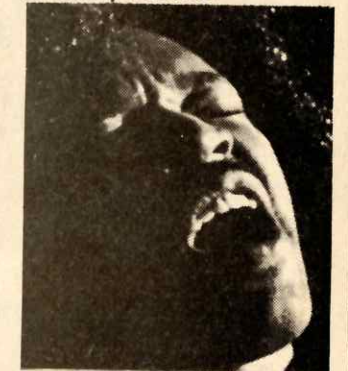
THURSDAY 22

8:00 FLIGHT 106—"The sea is always the same: and yet the sea always changes." Sandburg

9:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Al Di Meola, Joe Walsh, Steve Gibbons

10:00 NEW SOUNDS AND NEW RELEASES—our twice weekly guide to the best in recent record releases.

11:00 MUSIC NEWS—a special two hour review of the music of Jimmy Hendrix.



1:00 NIGHTCAP—classical music with Ron Ray till 6:30.

The works of Prokofiev, Dvorak, Saint-Saens, Schumann, R. Strauss, and Debussy.

FRIDAY 23

7:00 CHICAGO AND YOU—jazz and soul recordings along with live Chicago talent and hosted by Pookie.

8:00 GOSPEL SERVICES

9:00 FLIGHT 106—"When a work of art appears to be in advance of its period, it is really the period that has lagged behind the work of art." —Jean Cocteau

Bad Co. in Munich late last year. Bad Co. were so blown away by his performance that they invited him back on stage with their encore. . . In the Import Bins: "Shamal" by GONG is thier fourth for Virgin and their first without Daevid Allen. More commercial than anything they've done before. "Northern Dream" by Be Bop Deluxe leader, BILL NELSON, an early solo album now being imported due to the rising intrest in BBD. "Highdelberg" by AX GENRICH, ex-lead guitarist of GURU GURU. It includes guests from KRAAN, CLUSTER, HARMONIA, and Mani Nuemier of Guru Guru. "Sagittary" by a Scottish band called BEGGAR'S OPERA. They had an album out here on Verve many years ago. "Chickenfarm" by a group from Germany called ALTONA. It's good hard jazz-rock and should appeal to fans of Passport and related music. More jazz rock, this time from Italy on an album called "Blink" by NOVA. They're the first Euro-band to be signed by Arista. "GASOLIN" a Swedish hard rock band produced by Roy Thomas Baker, who has also produced Queen.



EDDIE HARRIS



10:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Billy Cobham, Genisis, Osamu Kitajima

11:00 MUSIC NEWS-a special review of the music of Jerry Garcia and Bob Weir.



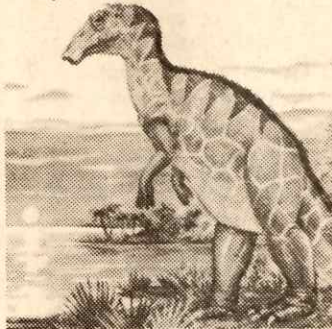
12:00 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE - our weekly all electric entertainment for the earholes. (Headphones required to attain proper effect.)

1:00 NIGHTCAP-classical music with Ron Ray till 6:30. The works of Shostakovich, Vainberg, Wagner, Verdi, Rossini, Mozart, Janacek, Tchaikovsky, Beethoven, and Hummel.

MONDAY 26

8:00 FLIGHT 106-"Talent is that which is in a man's power. Genius is that in whose power a man is."-J R Lowell

9:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Donna Summer, Heart, Styx



10:00 SOUNDS FROM ACROSS THE BIG SWAMP-rock and roll and jazz from Europe brought to you by the Stained Glass Eye. This week presenting some of the best female vocalists.



SAUL

11:00 MUSIC NEWS-a special review of the music of Blue Oyster Cult.



12:00 NEW SOUNDS AND NEW RELEASES-our twice weekly ear-check of the latest records to be released.

1:00 NIGHTCAP-classical music with Ron Ray till 6:30. The works of Kay, Still, Griffes, Schubert, Bartok, Rachmaninov, Lalo, Debussy, Haydn, and Mozart.

TUESDAY 27

9:00 FLIGHT 106-"The significance of man is not in what he attains, but rather in what he longs to attain."-Gibran

10:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Ethos, Lee Oskar, Thin Lizzy

11:00 MUSIC NEWS-a feature review of the music of Chicago Saxophonist and composer, Eddie Harris.

12:00 ROCK AROUND THE WORLD-interviews, live concert recordings and the latest releases from the wide world of rock.

1:00 NIGHTCAP-classical music with Ron Ray till 6:30.

The works of Brahms, Dvorak, Bloch, Tchaikovsky, Shostakovich, Mercadante, Czerny, Britten, and Vaughn Williams.

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WEDNESDAY 28 FRIDAY 30

8:00 FLIGHT 106-"And now here is my secret, a very simple secret: It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye." -De Saint-Exupery

9:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Star Castle, Jean-Luc Ponty, Eddie Harris

10:00 CHGO MUSIC SCENE-hear the sounds of the people making the local scene. Tonight with Bliss, Styx, the Dooley Band, and others.

11:00 MUSIC NEWS-a special review of the music of England's Uriah Heep.

9:00 FLIGHT 106-"Music is to the mind as air is to the body." -Plato

10:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Osamu Kitajima, Ethos, Outlaws

11:00 MUSIC NEWS-a special review of the music of Tim Buckley, including rare live concert recordings.

12:00 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE - Our weekly all electric sonic theatre for the ears presents a special program devoted exclusively to the works of Isao Tomita.

1:00 NIGHTCAP-classical music with Ron Ray till 6:30.

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1:00 NIGHTCAP-classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray.

The works of Shostakovich, Delius, Beethoven, Schumann, Schmidt, Handel, Mozart, and Liszt.

THURSDAY 29

8:00 FLIGHT 106-"All I know about music is that not many people really hear it."

-James Baldwin

9:00 CHOICE 33-tune in to Zepplin, Return To Forever, Steve Gibbons

10:00 NEW SOUNDS AND NEW RELEASES-our twice weekly guide to the latest record releases.

11:00 MUSIC NEWS-a brief review of the music of Thin Lizzy, past and present.

12:00 INSIDE TRIAD-an audio version of some of the contents of this magazine.

1:00 NIGHTCAP-classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. The works of Liszt, Beethoven, Bach, Ravel, Stravinsky, Dvorak, Carulli, and Tartini.



Subterranean Selections

Biasetti's

Like, my sister has always been into archeology ... and she's all the time telling me about these digs she goes on. Digs in Israel, digs in Turkey, digs in Kankakee, all the exotic places. I tell her that I'm a lot like her with this column of mine. Only most of the digs I go to aren't very exotic. Well anyway, I've always had this image of an archeologist digging away in the same spot for say five years. Then suddenly one day he moves aside a pile of dirt and there beneath the surface is a dulled golden artifact. He pulls it out of the sands of history... begins to polish it off ... and miraculously it begins to glow ... golden ... and dazzling. Then the archeologist takes it, and along with his anthropologist buddy they begin to examine it, to inspect it, and to test it. Its outer beauty is nothing compared to its inner beauty. And from this little portion of history they soon discover facts, theories, evidence ... perhaps clues to the existence of an entire civilization. Well, I hope they're hanging on to their seats at the Royal Academy of Science because I have done the same thing. I have discovered a golden man, jazzman, Lonnie Simmons ... and when he digs, you listen. And he knows more about what has gone down in the music world than any man I've ever met. You can find him most nights behind the bar at Biasetti's (1625 W. Irving Park Ave.), behind a gigantic Hammond X66 organ.

Sailor Phil first dragged me into Biasetti's along with "dirty Lenny Brown," and the "Agent." We stopped in purely to chow-down and snarff-up some of the incredible Biasetti's food, but as I sat there waiting for my steak to come (their steaks are great, incidentally) I kept hearing this mellow music wafting in from the bar. Strains of "Take the A Train" and "Satin Doll" would filter thru and set my toes tapping till finally I couldn't stand it any longer. On



the other side of the dining room was the bar and on the other side of the bar was 62 year old Lonnie Simmons. On the surface, just another bar-room balladeer, tossing out tunes and playing requests from "Strangers in the Night" (which Lonnie says is actually a song about the crabs) to Bad Bad Leroy Brown. But underneath the surface there is more to Lonnie Simmons than meets the eye. Although his organ riffs are mellow and complete, his voice as he sings tells of a life of coming up the hard way.

Lonnie Simmons was born in Charleston, South Carolina, the son of the best blacksmith in the city. At the age of twelve he picked up the saxophone and has never put it down. Money was scarce ... so Lonnie paid for lessons by forging cotton bale hooks in his father's shop and selling them to the hands at the docks on Saturdays. To this day Lonnie keeps one of those iron hooks, and points to it with pride. "I worked like Hell when I was coming up, and once I started with my music I didn't ever want to work that hard again."

Lonnie hit the Big Apple at the age of eighteen. He showed up

in New York City with fifty cents in his pocket, a cardboard suitcase filled with his belongings and a sax tucked securely under his arm. He called his sister who was there working for an undertaker ... and she sent a funeral limousine to pick him up. From this bizarre entry into big-city life came one of a most incredible musical career. Gifted with a smile that lights up a room, and a style that makes you feel mellow all over, Lonnie did well for himself. He was a natural performer, and a natural personality. It wasn't long before, through a connection with Amanda Randolph (remember her T.V. kids ... the beautiful lady that played Louise the maid on the Danny Thomas show), he was getting regular musical gigs. His ability on the tenor, alto, and baritone sax was undeniable, and in no time he was playing gigs with the greats: The Fats Waller Orchestra, the Chic Webb Orchestra, the Ella Fitzgerald Orchestra, the house band at the Savoy. The Savoy. Can you dig that? Flip through Lonnie's scrap book and the greats of jazz pass before you. Lonnie with Nat King Cole, Lonnie with Count Basie, Lonnie with Duke Ellington. He

knew 'em all, he jammed with 'em all from Jimmy Dorsey to Billie Holiday.... from Smalls Paradise to the Cotton Club in Harlem.

In 1940, after touring with bands back and forth the United States, Lonnie decided to settle down in Chicago. Winning over Stuff Smith, then the owner of the long gone Garrick Lounge, Lonnie found a year long gig when he organized the house band at the Garrick. The war was on (as you no doubt will recall) and Lonnie was inducted and sent to help organize a band at Pearl Harbor. Well, they played for all the USO shows, and they played for all the navy functions. They also toured the islands playing all the big hotels. It wasn't long before they had a regular weekly radio program on station KAMB Honolulu and the "Hellcats" (as they were called) became the kings of swing in Hawaii.

Back from the service, Lonnie (who was always able to get in good with club owners) got a new gig at the Persian Hotel (64th and Cottage Grove). His best friend Charlie Cole set him up and he fol-

lowed the amazing Earl "Fatha" Hines in the Beige Room of the Persian. At this point, Lonnie was a public institution in Chicago.

From there, he moved on to the famed "black and tan" club DeLisa's on State Street. By then, Lonnie was playing organ almost exclusively. IN between shows they would wheel him out on a platform and for 45 minutes three times a night the customers were treated to the virtuosity of the great Lonnie Simmons. During the DeLisa years, he really began developing his second love, photography.

It is remarkable enough that the man was a giant in jazz. But did he stop there? Hardly a week would go by at DeLisa's when the police would stop by between shows, grab Lonnie and rush him and his camera off to the scene of some crime or another. It wasn't long before he had built a reputation as an ace crime photographer, and soon after he took on photography as a second vocation. To date, his photos have been published in such top flight publications as Jet, Ebony, Cabaret, the Defender and the Pittsburgh Courier.

Well, the rest of Lonnie Simmons is Chicago history. From DeLisa's he moved on to the elegant Yacht Club of the one-time spectacular Edgewater Beach Hotel. Later, while filling in for a friend on a two week gig at Biasetti's, he found a permanent home, and except for the noteworthy food which Biasetti's has to offer, Lonnie Simmons is the main attraction.

There's a book called Swing-Out (A History of the Great Negro Dance Bands) by Gene Ferrett. If you ever get a hold of it, flip through the pages and chances are you'll catch a glimpse of young Lonnie Simmons, sax in hand, up on the bandstand next to Ella or Fats. His smile hasn't changed with the years, nor has his musical skill. His organ music is incomparable, and his sax ... well I nearly cried. I know now how that archeologist must feel when he finds a golden object ... which tells him of a proud, proud past. I discovered Lonnie Simmons ... Chicago's own... a golden man, a jazzman, a great.

Fred Rubin

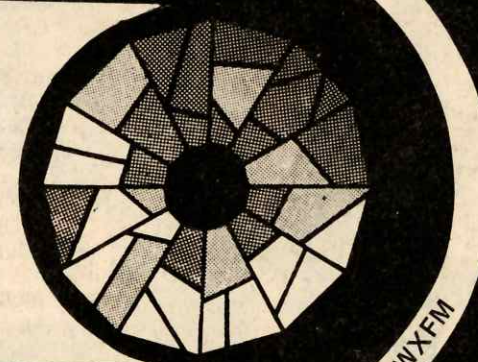
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