

The Magazine / The Radio WXXM 106 Chicago



**Chute**

**Elton Live!**

**Nils Lofgren:  
Rock's  
Premier Punk**

**September 1976**

**ALSO:**

**Disk Digs:**

**Beserkley**

**Serves Up**

**Super Sleaze**

**T.V. or not T.V.**

**Robert Altman's  
History Lesson**

*Freddie Hubbard  
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PC 34166 The sparkling Hubbard virtuosity, the exceptional vocals and the re-uniting with producer Bob James make this album a major event.



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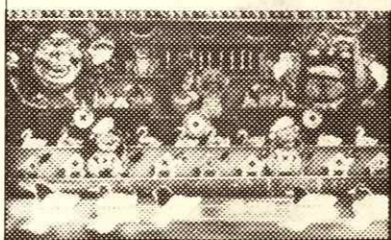


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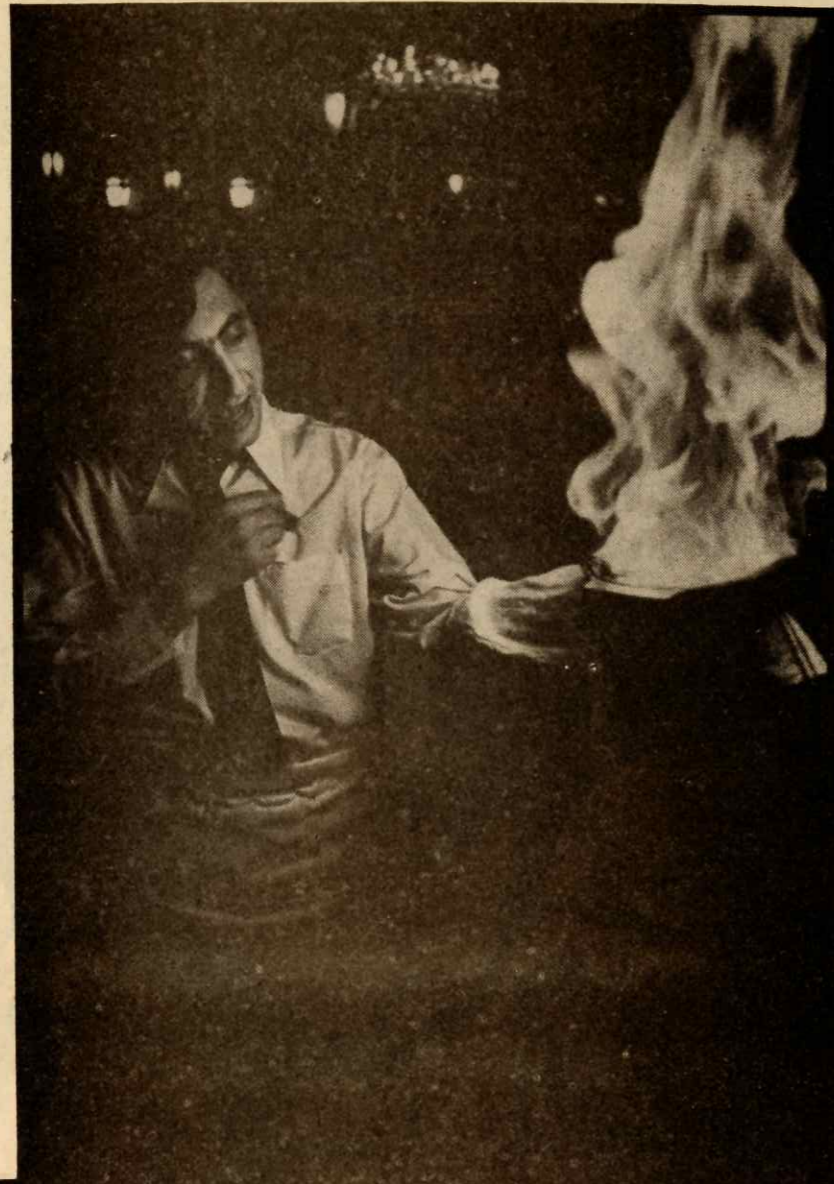
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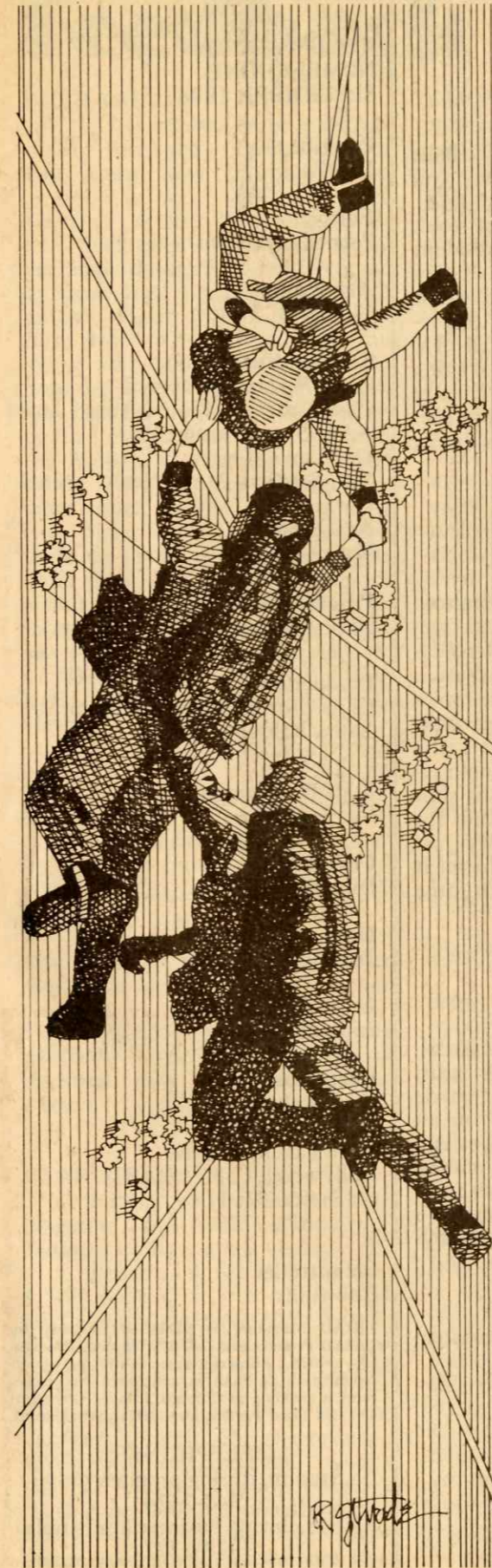
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# TRIAD

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# Editors Page

"The pulsing heart of the naked jungle echoed with savage cries as the circling vultures watched a man sink to the lowest depths of depravity. Eyes dim with rage, hands sweat-soaked and trembling, a three-week growth of beard tangled like the tropical vines overhead, he lurched unsteadily across the clearing, oblivious to the carrion stench, to the . . ."

Whoops! There I go again — got to keep those travel brochures off my desk — soon we'll be inundated with wild iguanas scuttling across The Triad Mansion's third floor lobby, and with the Art Department short on loincloths as it is, some twisted postman will . . .

Ah, but enough of this, — Another bloodstained editor's page is due. The bats are taking a snooze on the Black Sabbath out-takes, the phone is safely dunked in the sink and my eyelids feed like lead-lined 16-track consoles. September is here.

Now for this month's surprises. Fresh from the sawdust pits, Bob Bassi offers a ski-high look at Zen and The Art of Parachuting, or as our intrepid correspondent wearily remarked after his first jump, "The thrill of free-fall and the agony of landing on a gravel driveway." Touche.

Music aficionados — don't feel left out. Bruce Meyer tangoes with Elton John, proving once again that bad taste knows no bounds; famed three-fingered croupier Tyrone Slothrop takes time-out from overseeing the blackjack table at the Herman Goering Casino to profile the Nils Lofgren, rock's pint-sized punk poet; and Cary Baker, still recovering from a three-legged race with Totie Fields, guides us through the past Beserkley, for a revealing look at the country's hottest underground record company.

In the Arts: Film fanatics don't despair. Robert Altman may be a walking commercial sink-hole, but he is not forgotten. Triad

film critic Bill Crowley eyeballs the director that brought you *M\*A\*S\*H* and *Nashville* and finds that all that auteurs is not gold.

Scott Fivelson, our resident humorist (after a strict 30-day diet of sit-coms, soaps and shoot 'em ups), contributes a tongue-in-cheek guide to the fall TV season. He is currently being treated for brain damage at Kildare Memorial Hospital. Keep those cue-cards and call letters coming, Scott . . .

## THE COVER:

A Jon Strauch creation, culled from his voluminous free-fall files. Once a successful roller-skating waiter in the off-season, Jon's talents also include a repertoire of parachute-opening imitations that would send Rich Little back to the minors. Also a commercial shutter-bug, Jon says this shot dates from a session he did for Prince's Spaghetti Farms. We just chopped out the model in the meat sauce kettle, the deformed game show host and — voila!

## NEXT MONTH:

Triad's Massage Parlor Treasure Hunt shifts into high gear, we take a look at rock movie soundtracks that never won an Oscar, hot soul crooner Graham Parker prowls London's smoky pubs and Scott Fivelson, fresh from the La Brea tar pits, takes us for a sleazy, sentimental swim in Hollywood's backyards. Sayonara. . . .

Patrick Goldstein

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# Feedback

DEAR TRIAD,

After reading your magazine for the first time — I just had to let you know how thoroughly impressed I was with Lawrence Keenan's article "Swinging Singles." Such talent for cleverly wording inane thoughts is hard to come by these days. I especially liked his remark about Dianna Ross's picture. How many people do you know who are clever enough to note the direct connection between her musical talent and where her picture is hung, let alone perceptively enough to realize that being subtle about racial difference is passe? Such wit! In case you need any more such learned writers, there are many unemployed people (who have been unemployed for years) who I'm sure would be happy to accept the position. You can reach them by writing in care of Dixon State Hospital. They have some equally interesting views. . .

All too sincerely,  
Debi Lubben

(Ed. replies)

Larry Keenan informs us that he keeps an autographed 8 X 10 glossy of Miss Diana over his bunk bed.

If he's lucky, on a wet, windy night, the pix flies off its morning and lands on his pillow — face up!

P.S. Sorry about your employment problems — we know of several openings over at the American Legion. . .

DEAR TRIAD,

I think you have a very fine magazine and radio station, although I do have a few qualms.

Being a big David Bowie fan, I was pleased to see his greatest hits album, *Changes One Bowie*, featured prominently on the first record review page of your August issue — accompanied, no less, by a fine picture of him. Too bad the caption is insipid and the review a throwaway. Regarding the "Bowie's theme" picture caption, Bowie's hand is no more "connected to the cash register" than any other major, publicly acclaimed rock star. Bowie's changes are healthy

and fun, as they prevent both his musical and public image stagnation. And is critic Peter McDougal kidding when he says that the man who gave us "Suffragette City" and "Rebel Rebel" — "doesn't particularly understand rock"? To someone who lends a less grudging ear than your critic, it is obvious that Bowie puts much thought and time into his clever lyrics and intricately structured melodies. He is truly a one-of-a-kind, completely original genius.

In the future, please don't dismiss such an important artist with a review that doesn't even really talk about the songs, but gets sidetracked by petty bitching. As a final note, my worn needle is tangible proof that Bowie's "badly dated" older songs do indeed stand the test of Time! Please play more Bowie on your station.

Otherwise, keep up the good work!

Sincerely,  
Mike Philadelphia

DEAR TRIAD,

My friends and I are going to make a strong comment about the column Mark Guncheon wrote on Aerosmith.

Aerosmith is one of the top groups in rock 'n' roll, and the Best.

Tyler doesn't screech, he sings. And how would you know about to much reverbial guitar work, did you listen real hard to the albums just make a piss ass comment. Aerosmith hardly uses reverb, ass. They like the faze shifters. And if you probably don't know, Aerosmith *Rocks* is gold.

All of Aerosmith's albums have great guitar work. Perry and Whitford have fantastic skill at making the guitar talk.

Me and my friends want to see this Mark Guncheon dude out over Perry or Whitford. If you can't do better, then keep your shittyass comments in your head. Rock 'n. roll fans love Aerosmith. Us rockers don't need an ass like Mark Guncheon to cut down a group that is fantastic. So keep your trap shut!

(Ed. replies)

"The Wit and Wisdom of

TRIAD reserves the right to duplicate our readers' errors in Feedback.

*Aerosmith Fans," containing the above selection plus many more examples of subtle criticism and wit, will be available this fall, exclusively at your local Turnstyle (for only 95 cents).*

DEAR TRIAD,

Having read your article on Thin Lizzy I've altered my opinion slightly about how much mentality Mr. Phillip Lynott actually possesses. It's obviously worse than I thought. Listening to his lyrics one gets the impression all he wants to do is sound like "Joe Cool." He is a perfect rock star stereotype giving us the same old bogus we hear from hundreds of other groups which have made it up there and don't really deserve it. I don't know why you bothered to interview him Mike G.

I know there are songs on the top forty chart that listeners don't get sick of; "Boys Are Back In Town" by Lizzy is definitely not one of those songs. The reason the song got on the radio is 'cause it's so pitifully simplistic. Three chords being strummed on a Les Paul during the verses over and over. Their song structures are so down to earth the worms can practically grin at them.

I would like to know one thing Mr. Guncheon, why did you in your article say this and this "should lead to bigger and better things for Thin Lizzy"? Just how long do you think they could last singing about barroom brawls and jailbreaks? Thin Lizzy is destined to fall down deep into the hard rock gutter like Kiss did. It's the same old story same old song and dance.

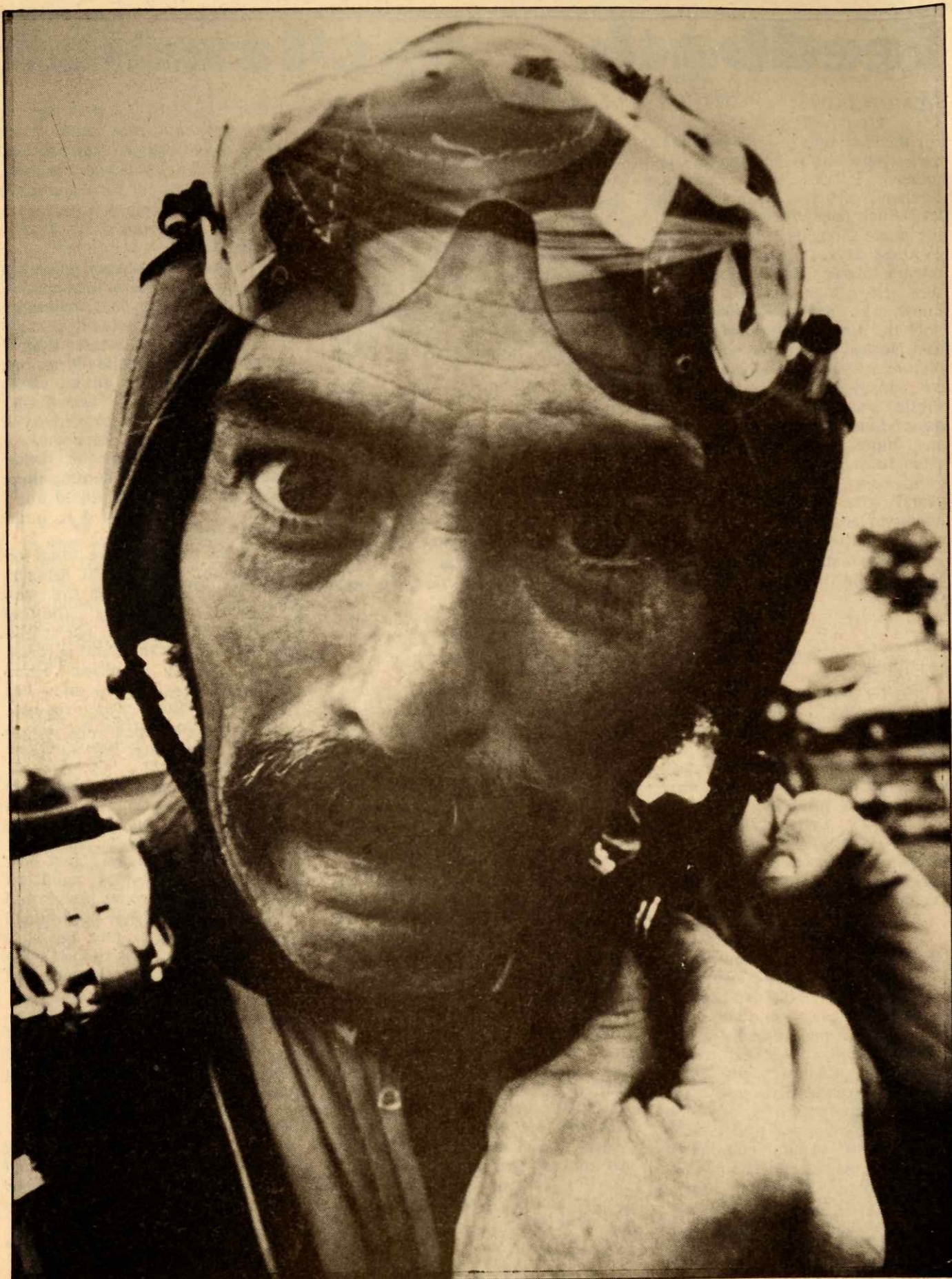
Thank you,  
Lefter

Greater Austin, Chicago  
P.S. — By the way, what is a thin lizzy?

(Ed. replies)

Waylon Jennings has been crooning about barroom brawls and jailbreaks for several decades, so we figure Thin Lizzy has a long way to go.

By the way, a thin lizzy is Totie Fields' little sister.



# CHUTE: A LEAP OF FAITH

one man's parachute

is another man's poison

by ROBERT A. BASSI

Making your first parachute jump is like losing your virginity: it only takes a few moments, but the anticipation can be nerve-racking and the aftermath is pure euphoria.

Jumping out of an airplane is what Kierkegaard, in another context, called "a leap of faith." Faith in the

equipment you're wearing and, more important, faith in your instructors. At the Hinckley Parachute Center, 15 miles West of Aurora on Route 30, such faith is well-grounded.

The center looked just the way the telephone voice described it: "a farm with airplanes," a variety of small



Mary Lou and Bruce Eickelman

aircraft and elegant gliders surrounding the buildings. Inside the main building skydivers repacked their chutes, relived the last jump, and banged on hostile vending machines. A handful of new students tried to look like they belonged. A small boy wandered from group to group trying to interest them in his magic tricks. Max, a giant schnauzer on a long chain, decided that I didn't have an honest face.

The Hinckley Parachute Center's owner is Jim Baron, a bearded, rugged-looking individual who commands instinctive respect. He takes parachuting seriously (and God help students who don't). With 1,200 jumps to his credit, Jim has seen it all. He knows what students are going to do before they do it, and he'll intimidate them if necessary until they get it right. Baron made his first jump 10 years ago, only a week after he took his first ride in an airplane.

"It was something I had always wanted to do. I decided that I'd be damned if I was going to wake up

one morning and find myself an old man who had wasted his life," he said. "So I jumped."

He bought the Hinckley Parachute Center three years ago and since then has introduced thousands of people to sport parachuting. And he's still jumping. He admits that "it's kind of an addiction." Jon Strauch, a two-year veteran of 250 jumps, who boasts of an uncanny ability to recreate the different sounds which parachutes make as they open, is more specific: "Skydivers are addicted to adrenalin." Baron agrees: "If the winter weather is bad enough to keep me from jumping for three or four weeks, I get irritable as hell. Until I can make a jump, I stay totally unfit to live with," he says.

This hasn't discouraged his wife, Louise, a jumper herself, who helps him run the center. Their four children, Max, and an assortment of full and part time employees with such exotic names as Casa Grande George, Bomber, Streak, Pigpen, and Jon complete the Hinckley aerial *menage* into whose hands Jo (my wife) and I were entrusting our lives. This wasn't quite as rash as it may seem.

The most important thing to remember about parachute jumping is that it is safe. Skateboards are dangerous. Watching too much television is dangerous. Parachuting is safe. Accidents ("crash and burn" in the galls-humor jargon of skydivers) are rare and usually attributable to failure to follow accepted safety guidelines.

"Skydivers are often accused of having a death-wish. That's ridiculous," Baron tells his new students. "I have a family. If skydiving was that suicidal, I wouldn't be doing it. You have already completed the most dangerous part of your first jump...the drive out here."

The pre-jump training is scarier than the actual jump. It has to be. While parachuting is 99.99 per cent safe, you nevertheless have to be thoroughly drilled on how to react should that freaky, once-in-a-lifetime emergency happen to you. If you are prone to nail-biting, the nature of these little malfunctions will have you gnawing down to the second knuckle.

There are two basic types of problems: either the parachute opens poorly (a partial malfunction) or it doesn't open at all (a total malfunction). My favorite partial is the "streamer." That's when your chute comes out of its container but fails to inflate. This is much like trying to do a Mary Poppins number with a rolled up umbrella.

Malfunctions are rare. While they are serious, they need not be disastrous. This may seem a ludicrous statement to a non-jumper with visions of me falling with nothing overhead and a lot more of it underneath. I must admit that the classroom discussions of malfunctions made me very nervous. In the abstract they seemed ominous disasters capable of striking anybody at random and me in particular. The suspended harness drills, however, turn them into simple, concrete problems with simple, concrete solutions.

In this phase of practical training, the student climbs into a parachute harness suspended from a wood beam. The instructor calls out a possible malfunction to which the student must respond. When the correct response is to eject the main chute and open the reserve, the student tends toward undignified pratfalls.

Another of the "body-beating" sessions involves learning to leave an aircraft by arching into a stable fall position, a face-to-earth spread eagle. This is learned by

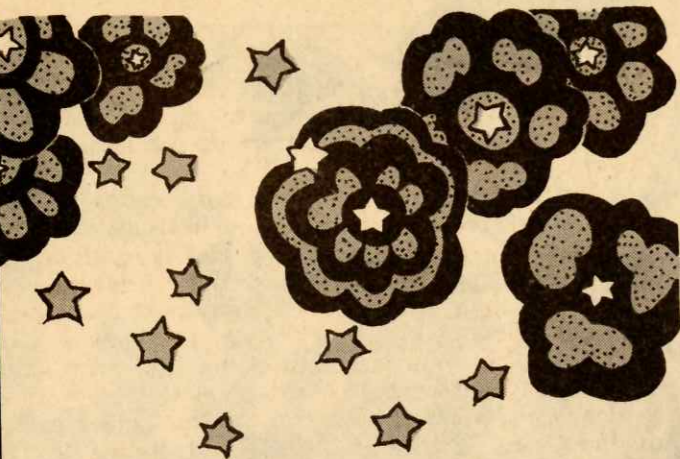


jumping from a mockup of an aircraft door onto a thick foam mattress. Despite my excellent grasp of the theory, I kept landing on my nose. Naturally, Jo made me look bad by doing it perfectly on her second try.

The final and roughest of the body-beating sessions are the PLFs (parachute landing falls) which distribute the impact over one's entire body. Again, non-jumpers tend to exaggerate greatly the force of landing impact. Actually, it's no worse than jumping off a four-foot platform. Of course, the instructors don't make you jump off a four-foot platform...not until later. First you practice your PLFs—forward and back-

ward—on the ground. Then on a two-foot PLF platform. Then on a four-foot PLF platform. PLF training involves rolling one's body over gravel, a marvellous learning incentive to get it right quickly.

Remember in the old war movies how the paratroopers, before jumping, hooked up their parachutes to a line inside the plane? That's a "static line," mandatory for a student's first five jumps, which serves to open the chute for the jumper. If, against all odds, the main chute should fail, the student merely has to eject it, a simple procedure in which he has been thoroughly drilled. This will cause the Stevens Cutaway System to



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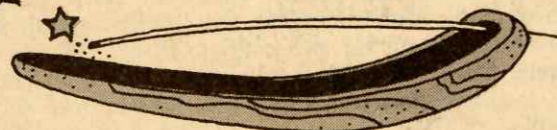
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activate the reserve chute.

Finally, what if the main chute fails to open and the student faints? Or freezes? Don't worry. At 1,000 feet elevation and velocity will trigger the Sentinel Mark 2000, an automatic opening device which deploys the reserve chute. The serious student jumper realizes that these safety factors are there not to lean on but for insurance.

After a full day of training, Jo and I were more or less ready for our first jump. But students are not allowed to jump in winds of more than 10 knots, and an uncooperative afternoon wind had picked up to considerably beyond that point, eliminating any chance of our parachuting that weekend. With mixed emotions we postponed our Maiden Jump.

After a week of brooding, we returned to Hinckley the next Saturday, still wondering if we'd be able to do it.

As someone else who had to bail out once said, let me make one thing perfectly clear. One parachute jump does not a skydiver make. Skydiving refers to the prolonged period of freefall *before* opening the chute. Student jumpers are not permitted to do this at least until their sixth jump...and then only for five seconds. In fact, automatic chute openers are mandatory for the first 25 jumps. It takes at least 50 freefall jumps before one is no longer considered a novice. The attrition rate among students is high, according to Jim Baron, and few keep jumping long enough to get out of the novice class.

Ninety per cent drop out after their first jump. Another five per cent quit after their second or third jump (which many parachutists remember as scarier than their first. After all, on the first jump you don't know what you're getting into. On the next couple of jumps you *do*.) A few more will quit after their first freefall jump (the sixth). A final handful will quit after the first time they reach terminal velocity (maximum speed—176 feet per second or 120 miles per hour) in free fall. If you're still at it after then, you're probably hooked—a jumper for life.

The ultimate for true skydivers is "relative work"—working in freefall relative to other divers. This usually involves two or more skydivers hooking up in mid air. The first jumper (the base) locks arms with the second (the pin). By linking up with these two, other divers can then create a variety of formations. Because skydivers in freefall have a degree of control over their speed, direction, and body orientation, this is possible but tricky. It's also as close as a human being can get to flying.

Skydivers may appear a little flaky on the ground, but in the air they are something else. The relative work they cherish requires concentration, precision, teamwork, and the absence of clowns. As a result, skydivers tend to be extremely safety-conscious and protective of each other. People who throw themselves out of airplanes on a regular basis cannot afford the presence of yahoos, practical jokers, and other varieties of hot dog. Poor behavior in the air leads to harsh words and ass-kicking on the ground.

Twelve hundred jumps later, Jim Baron still considers his first the most memorable. He's right. Every detail of mine is etched permanently into my brain. Just as we were beginning to think that the winds would postpone our jump again, the PA system cut off our retreat: "Joanne and Bob Bassi, suit up." Eventually trial

and error turned up jump suits and high-laced boots (for ankle support on landing) which more or less fit. We were then strapped into our main and reserve parachutes (weight: 46 pounds per person, twice that of the streamlined, rectangular, faster, and more mobile sport chutes used by skydivers). Add helmets, goggles to protect Jo's contact lenses, and an elastic holder for my glasses, and we at last looked ready. With the large main chute on my back and the small reserve on my stomach, I felt like a pregnant turtle.

We were nervous. Anyone who says he wasn't before his first jump is lying or crazy. The first jump is made from a small Cessna 182, normally a four-seater. This one had only one seat—the pilot's. So five people—pilot Jeff Norris, Jo, I, a third jumper, and Jim Baron (a jumpmaster must accompany all student jumpers)—carefully crammed ourselves like anchovies into the remaining space. The takeoff and flight to the 3,000-foot jump altitude is enjoyable. In a small plane you can feel every bump, every maneuver, as though the plane's shell is an extension of your skin.

The jumpmaster determines jumping order and he wanted Jo to go first. She was nervous but cool. I was more nervous for her than for myself. Out the door she went. I couldn't suppress a yell of "Awright!!!" when I saw her chute open into a perfect canopy. The pilot circled while the jumpmaster watched her all the way down. Not till Jim saw her on the ground and on her feet did he start getting me ready for my jump. With Jo safe, it was time for me to confront my own panic.

The most terrifying moment is not the actual jump but the half a minute earlier when the jumpmaster opens the door right next to where you are sitting. The

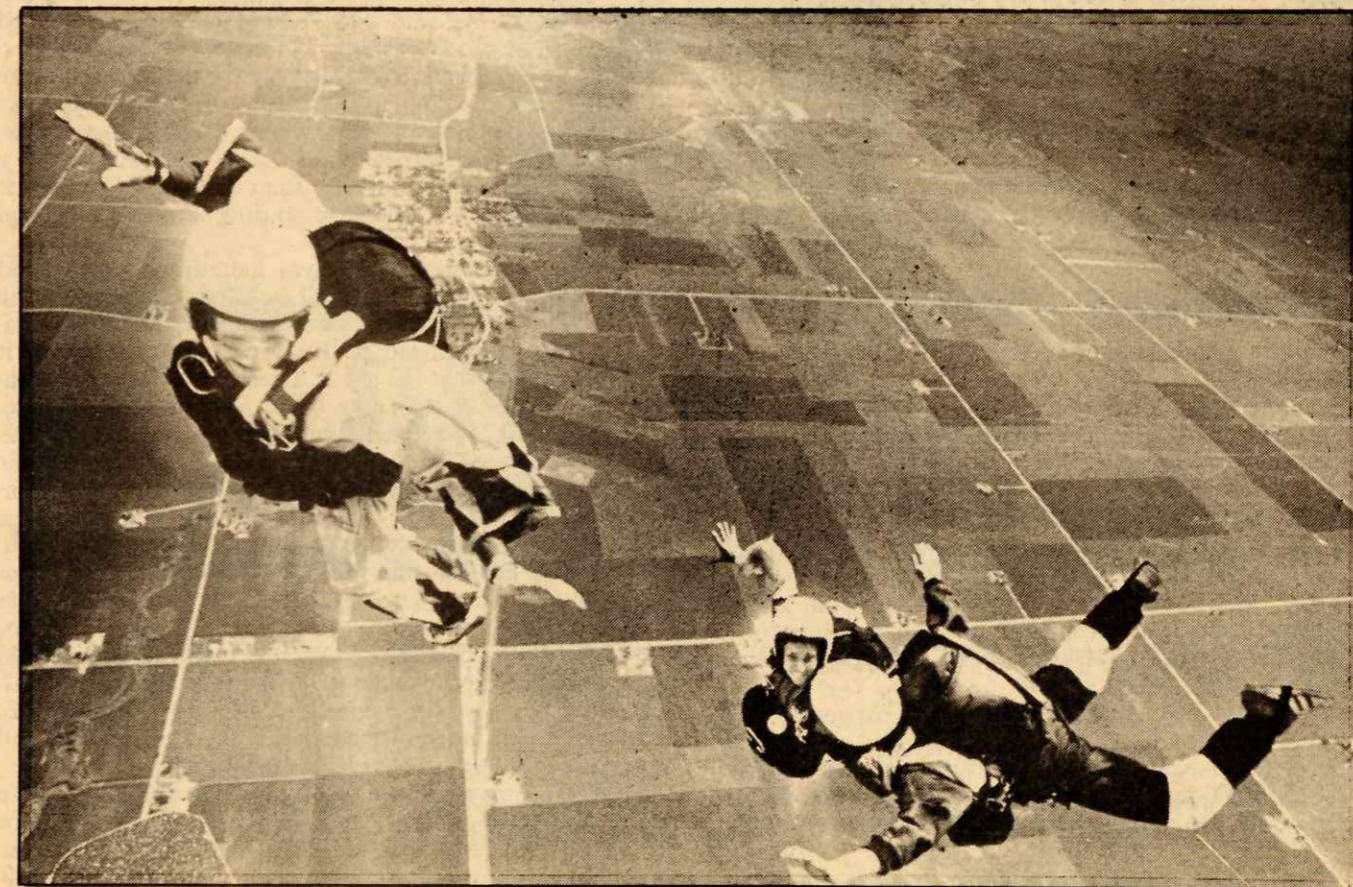
door is hinged on top, and he only has to push it a few inches. The air stream opens it the rest of the way—and keeps it open. You look down at the ground 3,000 feet below and know you're next. If the plumbing is to give out, it's then or never.

Fortunately, that's a very short moment. The jumpmaster attaches the static line and says "get ready." Suddenly you're too busy to think hairy thoughts. Your unbelieving head is watching your legs slide, apparently of their own violation, through the doorway and onto the step. Your right hand grabs the side of the door while your left reaches for the wing strut. You're ready. Intellectually, you know it's still possible to *not* jump, to crawl back into the thin-bodied safety of the Cessna. But your body is responding to the drills. You know you're going to jump. More incredibly, you *want* to.

The jumpmaster gave the command—"go"—and I launched myself from the plane...

Later when Jim Baron filled out my student log sheet, he described my exit arch as "OK." I wouldn't know. I don't even remember if I shouted "ARCH!" let alone whether I did it. I do know that I didn't do the required count: 1,000...2,000...3,000...4,000...5,000. (Sorry Jim.)

Earlier in the plane, my helmet strap wouldn't tighten properly, so Jim pulled it as tight as possible and told me to open my mouth. The end of the strap went between my teeth and Jim told me to bite down hard. The elastic strap holding my glasses wasn't tight enough either. While I jumped, the glasses slid up onto my forehead, while the helmet came down to nearly cover my eyes. The necessity of maintaining a stable fall



position kept me from pushing everything back into place, but that didn't matter. In that brief moment between the jump and the jerk of the deploying parachute, I could only sense—barely suspect—what skydivers must fully know: the ultimate freedom.

There is no sense of falling to freefall. Absolutely none. Although my body was accelerating, I just seemed to hang up there, floating in a sky which belonged to me. I've known flashes of this feeling before: sitting halfway up a forested mountain at dusk; walking on the Athabasca Glacier; trying to ski a run that's a little tougher than I knew I could handle; unearthing a fossil fern that's at least two million years old; listening to the awesome silence of the Badlands where one cannot hear even birds or insects. Always one feels alone yet part of everything.

But never did I feel this more than in that brief second before my parachute deployed. For that moment I was *free*, FREE!—of gravity, of reality, of myself. For that moment I felt a little more than human.

All this takes longer to describe than to experience, and it was racing through my head when I should have been counting to 5,000. A slight jerking sensation accompanied by a heretofore unheard noise (See Strauch for sound effects.) brought me back to reality.

My chute had opened. I was so surprised (and a moment later grateful) to see the large round canopy overhead that I had to stop and think of what I was supposed to do next. When I remembered, it was somewhat embarrassing: check to see if the parachute is all right. Since this is of more than passing interest to a jumper, imagine how pleased I was to see that the parachute was cooperating admirably, taking me down at a leisurely 16 feet per second (compared with 45 feet per second on leaving the airplane).

As I checked the steering lines, I first noticed the total quiet. Floating down through the silent air to the checkered farmland below, one could almost believe in peace on Earth. "Bob's in his heaven—All's right with the world."

Now I could relax, look around, enjoy the scenery, and—*mirabile dictu!*—I was heading straight for the target, a staked out parachute in the middle of the drop zone. All that was necessary for me to land there was to align myself with the 20-foot orange arrow with which the ground controller was guiding me. (The student turns whatever he points the arrow. If the student then succeeds in hitting the target, tradition requires that he buy the controller a case of beer.)

In fact I became so engrossed in trying to maneuver myself to the target that I neglected a quick review of the finer points of terminating a jump. Thus, I felt that my landing was somewhat less elegant than it might have been—and I missed the target by 20 yards anyway. A few minutes later a group who were doing "cross-country" and had jumped almost six miles from the target, began sailing in. Most of them landed closer to the target than I had and two of them—Strauch was one—came down right on it.

Even so, my landing was easy, almost gentle. Non-jumpers tend to exaggerate the impact of landing. Their hyperactive imaginations conjure up strange notions of a six-foot-tall jumper landing with such force that he walks away from it looking like Toulouse-Lautrec. In fact, the actual impact is no greater than if you were to jump from the roof of your car. Since I was able to



get up immediately and since nothing hurt (either then or, more important, the next day), the landing must have been tolerable.

Back in the center, Jo and I got out of our parachutes, jumpsuits, and boots. That's when we realized that we were both soaking wet with perspiration. Perhaps it was the walk back carrying the parachutes. More likely, it was the sudden dissipation of a long day's accumulation of tension. Wow, were we ever untense now. Relaxed to the point of bonelessness and euphoric as a couple of teeny-boppers at their first drive-in movie the two of us couldn't stop smiling and laughing and giggling.

Now I realized that I was incredibly hungry and that a bunch of beer wouldn't be a bad idea either. We had done it. We had successfully made our first parachute jump...and loved it. Looking back, I still find it hard to believe that we did it. It wasn't even that expensive. The total cost of the basic jump training course, and a diploma: \$55. The Hinckley Parachute Center also throws in a book and a poster on skydiving. Each static line jump is \$18, each freefall jump is \$8-\$9.50, depending on altitude. (You can get a package deal, however, on your next four jumps plus one freefall for \$70. Don't sign up for that package, however, until after you decide you like your first jump. Refunds are frowned upon.)

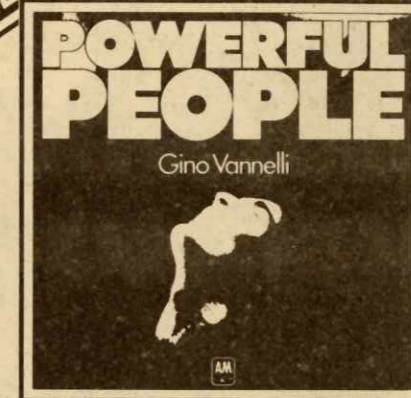
Will I ever become a skydiver? I don't know. To do so would require a certain investment in money, a greater investment in time. Hard to fit into a life already cluttered with more interests than there are dollars and hours.


Will I jump again? Yes. The daily routine seems a little grayer since that jump. Besides, next time I want to get it all right. Not for TRIAD. Not for Jim Baron. For me.

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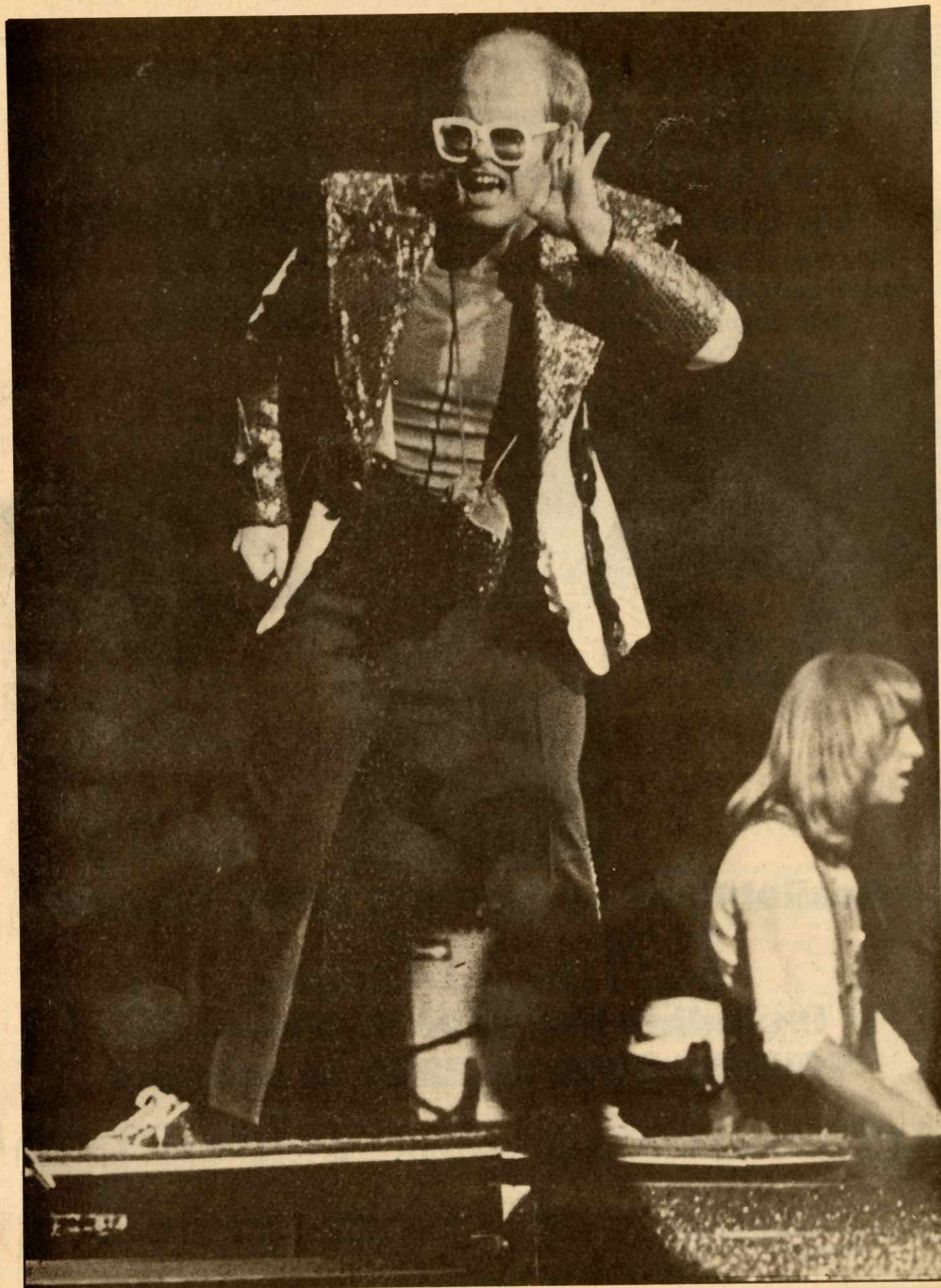
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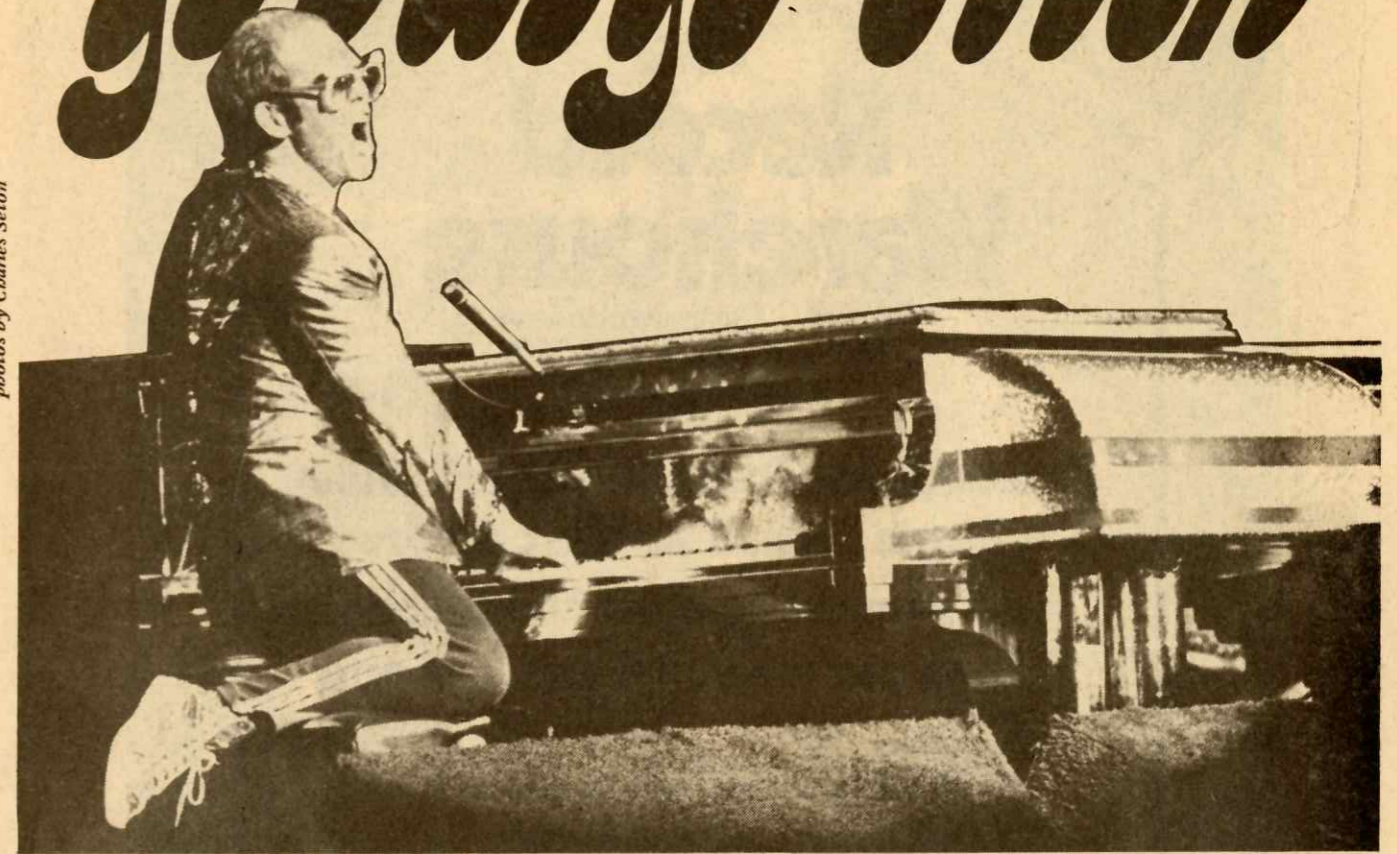
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# goodbye elton

photos by Charles Seton



## *captain fantastic reaches the end of the yellow brick road*

By BRUCE MEYER

And so it came to pass that Captain Fantastic introduced Kiki Dee, halfway through his pleasant, two-dimensional show and something undeniably electric rattled through our communal consciousness and I'm damned if I know why.

But it happened, and Kiki stole the show in the four-minute space of "The Music In Me" and it may be cynical wishful thinking on my part, but I don't think Elton John liked it a bit, because all of a sudden he was only the piano player.

All this would be a lot more comfortable if Kiki Dee didn't look so much like a mousy version of the latter half of the Captain and Tennille; her severe wedgie

haircut and an unfortunate penchant for Bonwit Teller Drab dresses detract badly from an expansive stage presence that readily captivates even so large and strikingly diverse an audience as turned out for the first of four sold-out "Evenings With" her bespectacled mentor and patron.

Kiki provided the night's first and only real excitement, the only time there was a genuine, unchoreographed rush of discovery from the audience. It took Elton until the first of two painfully over-rehearsed "encores"—the tune was "Saturday Nite's Alright for Fighting"—to get any kind of comparable surge out of us and even then I felt so manipulated I couldn't even

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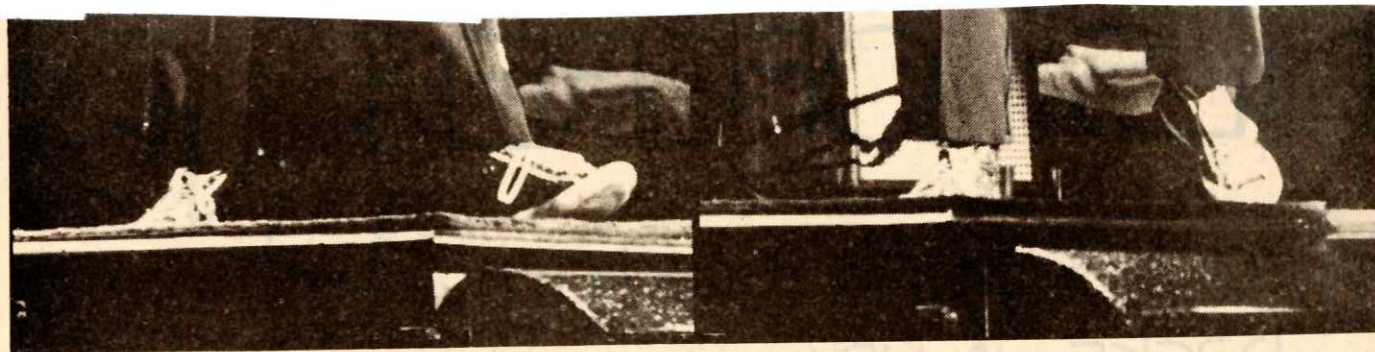
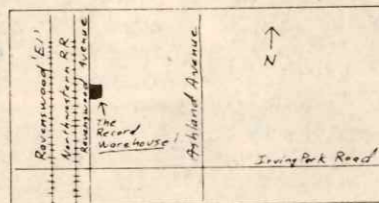
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enjoy it as good, clean fun.

Yet without Kiki's presence, I might have felt somewhat differently. But putting her in the middle of his so-calculated show (I later found out it was a last-minute decision, and the first time this tour she had done it) provided us all with a striking contrast; Kiki yanked genuine emotion out of us, just by singing her song. And later Elton shoved her off the piano bench in an awfully suspicious fashion, even though they both kept smiling.

The band, fronted by Dainy Johnstone and Caleb Quay on guitars, was the best EJ has ever fielded: hot and tight for the rockers, easy and mellow for the bal-

lads, they might have all been transplanted studio superstars for all their musicianship, if it wasn't for the good-natured way they bore up under Elton's self-conscious outrageousness.

As for Elton, and his nearly three-hour show, the only word to use is predictable; clean, crisp, careful and totally (excepting Kiki, of course) without surprises. It was only the second time I'd seen him—the first was in 1971, on his very first tour, when he played the Auditorium—and my desire to see him is now fully satisfied, for at least another five years. But I don't really expect him to be much different in 1981; hell, Liberace's looked and sounded exactly the same since 1958.

# NILS LOFGREN LIVE!

rock's punk prodigy  
backs it up

by Tyrone Slothrop

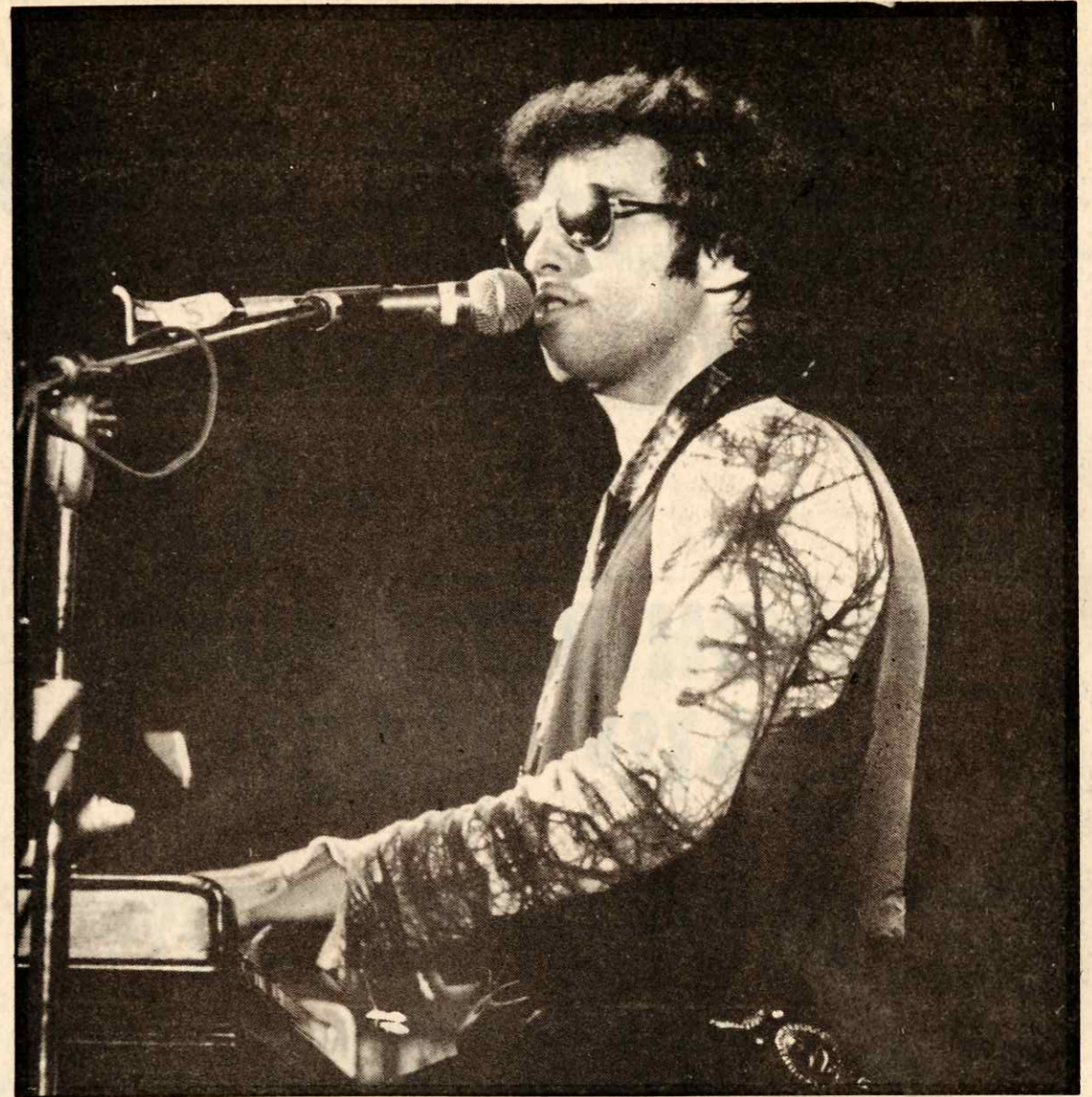
*"Cry Tough - throw that girl on the floor  
Help her up and watch her beg for more  
Cry Tough - pull down your soul  
You just need another shot of rock and roll."*

Call it punk passion or post-teen macho, that's Nils Lofgren sputtering over a guitar solo that sounds like an artillery barrage. Wave after wave of what Ray Davies calls "power chords" (proving that Nils was weaned on "You Really Got Me" like the rest of us) burst over the

audience like a fluorescent 4th of July bombardment, raining octaves and arpeggios across the footlights.

Nils Lofgren, the renegade street urchin of rock and roll, is back — headlining the half-empty Riviera Theatre. A Chi-town native, Nils is excited to be back. He's been on the phone all afternoon with relatives, especially a favorite white-haired aunt who warily stops in to see the evening entertainment.

"Now don't worry," the pint-sized guitarist warns her after lunch. "It'll be pretty loud and there'll



be some crazy kids at the hall, but you'll have a good time."

That night, Nils dedicates "Going Back," the Carole King classic, to her, but the old lady has already thrown away her ear plugs and cautiously made her exit. Once the band set their sound mix, the festivities had really cranked up ("They were so noisy" she sighed) and the balcony began to shake.....

Undeterred by his aunt's hasty retreat and the tepid audience response (only one encore — that may be a local record), Nils adeptly led his five man ensemble through a whirlwind rock show. The highlight — a virtuoso guitar-piano duet between angel eyed Lofgren on the six-string Stratocaster and lewd, leering Baby Face Lofgren on the piano. (Nils flipped on the shades for the piano parts as if in homage to Ray Charles.)

With brother Tommy doubling on keyboards and guitar, the rhythm section provided Nils with a musical anchor sorely missing in his earlier Grin days. (Lofgren had to trot out a trampoline and play lead riffs while executing double flips to get a rise out of the spec-

tators). "Back It Up" and "Rock and Roll Crook" featured periodic splashes of Nils' cannonball guitar gyrations but none of the tunes rivaled the intensity of "Keith Don't Go," Lofgren's ode to Keith Richard.

Like his re-make of "For Your Love" it reminds us of Nils' roots — The Stones and Yardbirds — but also illustrates the performer's feverish devotion to the magic, mystery and irony of rock and roll. The choice of Richard — rock's deathbed-visaged Byronic hero was perfect. "Remember lively Little Richard?" Nils asks about another rock icon in "Mud In Your Eye." Both performers represent the romance and fallen innocence that Nils constantly recalls in his spate of teen-angst ballads like "Can't Get Closer" and "One More Saturday Night."

For Nils, who dropped out of high school at 17, rock is one long carnival ride of "one night stands," "jailbait temptations" and sweet lipped-luscettes who "choke me up." Nils ain't no fool for the city, he's never been caught in a 10th Avenue freeze-out. His milieu is the suburban teen nightmare, unrequited

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rendezvous, after curfew at the bowling alley and roller rink. "Dr. Feelgood, I promised this lady," Nils sings, "If I can't dance, she's gonna break my nose." Lofgren is half homeless waif, half scruffy street-wise punk. A walking teen doppelganger.

Long before Neil Young discovered Lofgren he was ready for rock history. Somewhat of a prodigy on accordion (Nils dominated Chicago's Italian wedding circuit for years) Lofgren switched to guitar at 15, forming Grin less than a year later. (Seeing Jimi Hendrix at Maryland's Ambassador Theatre iced the decision.)

Another early idol - Roy Buchanan, a local legend who dazzled tourists, Congressmen and visiting rock luminaries like Eric Clapton at The Crossways Inn by night while supporting the spouse and six kids as a barber by day, Nils dropped in, not for a shave (it took him a year to grow his first moustache) but for advice and succour. Sixteen year old rock stars were few and far between.

Then Neil Young intervened, inviting Lofgren to California, a visit which earned the kid a spot in Young's musical backdrop, Crazy Horse. Nils played on *After The Gold Rush* ("I stayed up all night learning how to play the piano," he confessed) and Crazy Horse's first disc. Rather than join the group full time, Nils gave Grin another try - saving time to moonlight on Young's disastrous 1973 "Tonight's The Night" tour, where Mr. Soul whined "Welcome to Miami Beach. Everything's cheaper than it looks" as a greeting to the audience and played a stunning variety of out-of tune guitar licks.

Lofgren stuck out the tour, but left the experience less than pleased. He was shocked by Crazy Horse leader Danny Whitten's death as much as Young, but had no intentions of making the road trip a funeral procession. Nils even brought his tramp along - but to

no avail. Young was deep in the throes of a bizarre Edward Cayce Smith musical seance with departed spirits Whitten and roadie Bruce Berry. No one told Neil he was singing whole octaves off-key, especially manager Elliot Roberts who spent less time arranging tour dates than convincing Young that he should re-new the lucrative CSN&Y holding company.

"Let's just say it was all in very bad taste," Nils demurs. "Roberts would always pick the times to confront Neil and badrap the whole trip when the rest of the band was around and that was hardly of benefit to the collective morale of the musicians involved. I mean, I loved Danny Whitten, sure, but Neil's reaction was something else again. I certainly wasn't into trying to raise up any dead spirits."

Well, yes and no. Lofgren's current solo career is, in a way, a tender tribute to ghosts of earlier rock eras. All performers trade re-cycled riffs and lyric concerns, but Nils reminds one of a rock and roll encyclopedia, leafing through pages colored with 60's doo-wap, Hendrix instrumental theatrics and lush Revolver-era Beatle melodies.

To shoot *Cry Tough's* cover photo, Nils trotted over to a local graphics studio, armed with his sleek burgundy guitar prop and a select handful of tunes for the stereo. "I wanted to make it look realistic," he recalled, "so while the photographer snapped away I played along with my faves - The Beatles, The Stones, Free, and Hendrix. It was great fun."

Once a fan, always a fan. But let's be fair. Nils is still pushing 24 and judging by his dazzling duo of solo outings, he's got the chops to make a little rock and roll history himself. Like the song boasts, the sun hasn't set on this boy yet.

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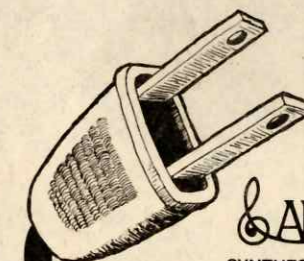


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photo by Charles Seton

# Beserkley

"Home of the Hits"

**THIS BAY AREA  
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WILL...  
BY CARY BAKER**

When the Beserkley label of post-Fillmore San Francisco imparted its first contributions upon the vinyl glut, I'll admit I laughed up my sleeve. They seemed to have gone about everything wrong. First, their purported anti-LP stance (releasing mail-order only 45 RPM singles) seemed hardly appropriate in a market gauged by album unit sales. Furthermore, the initial Beserkley products were too lyrically bizarre or aurally frenetic (or both) to break onto AM. I couldn't imagine what market they were aiming at.

Holding five rather remarkable Beserkley LP's in my hand, I now realize I underestimated their potential. The problem must have been curiosity. Tunes like Jonathan Richman's "(I'm In Love With) The New Teller" were too off-the-wall to be true.

A gradual conversion to the album market was in Matthew King Kaufman's master plan for Beserkley. As manager and producer for Earthquake, Kaufman found that in order to promote his act as he saw fit, he'd have to do it himself. At first, it seemed as if Earthquake, former A&M artists, had committed

the supreme dive by releasing 45's on what appeared a garage/attic operation.

But critics and a small circle of fans went to bat for them. Kaufman decided to narrow his search for a distributing label and ended up signing a pact with Playboy Records. A subsidiary of the Hefner empire, Playboy wasn't exactly a giant in the recording industry, but with a handful of hits by Hamilton, Joe Frank & Reynolds and Mickey Gilley under its belt, looked to have a steady footing.

The Beserkley talent roster boasts what critic Greg Shaw often refers to as "pop consciousness" as its common ground. Beyond that, there's little homogeneous about Earthquake and Jonathan Richman. Richman and the 'Quake are Beserkley's "stars." Additionally, Greg Kihn, the Rubinoos, the Muffdivers and Talking Heads have albums or singles on Beserkley or its subsidiaries, Home Of The Hits and Organ.

If it still sounds to you like a Warholian freak show operating under the collective aegis of a not-too-serious label, you're not too far

off the track. Beserkley is the Mary Hartman of the industry, an overstated burlesque. Beneath its sardonic front though, is a firm turning out a wide variety of intrepid rock music. Earthquake could easily be the rival of Blue Oyster Cult (for the 'Quake, however, not even the summer of '67 was the summer of love, but just as kick-ass as any other). In the Rubinoos (age-wise, the male counterparts of the Runaways), Beserkley had a mid-70's extension of the Buddah bubblegum sound, devoid of the irritant factor.

There are also a few "under the counter" items: "The Saga Of Yukon Pete" by the Son of Pete & the Muffdivers (in reality, members of Earthquake) was Beserkley's stab at the Dirty Dozens, although Son of Pete has reportedly released a *Sousa march* (or variation thereof) as his latest single.

The *Beserkley Chartbusters* anthology attempted to make order from chaos, serving as the long-playing amalgamation of Beserkley patent madness. Appearing on *Chartbusters* (facetiously titled; no Beserkley release has as much as



The Rubinoos

“bubbled under” the charts, much less busted them) are Richman, Earthquake, the Rubinoos and Kihn. Without a doubt, the floor is Richman’s. He maintains a permeating theme that is rarely side-stepped — love anything female. Actually, he has little penchant for surfer girls (he’s from Boston), barflies or one-nighters, only, alas, the marrying type. Highlights are “The New Teller” and “Government Center” (the latter in which he plans a field trip to the “government center” to “make the secretaries feel better when they put the stamp on the letter”).

The other *Chartbusters* cuts

are classics too, notably Earthquake’s “Tall Order For A Short Guy,” and Greg Kihn’s “All The Right Reasons,” which brings to mind Del Shannon in a strictly 70’s milieu. But Richman, heretofore an unknown, stole the show.

Beserkley consequently purchased the masters to Richman’s never-released Warner Brothers LP, produced by ex-Velvet Undergrounder John Cale and scrapped by the Warner echelons. Kaufman added a few cuts and slapped it on his Home Of The Hits label, giving it only minimal promotion. If your appetite was whetted by the *Chartbusters*, *The Modern Lovers* is

a must. The *Modern Lovers* were Richman’s group in the late 60’s/early 70’s. They used to bring their instruments to the parks where euphoric hippies gathered and sing compositions like “I’m Straight” and “She Takes The Pill For Me.” Richman’s deadpan wit went right over his audience’s heads.

Richman admits to still loving his parents and can’t cope with looking at “their 50’s apartment building up against the 70’s sky.” Savor the lyrics of “Pablo Picasso”: “Guys try to pick up girls and get called assholes/This never happened to Pablo Picasso/Girls would turn the color of avocado/When he’d

drive down the streets in his Eldorado/In New York.” A classic, in the same vein as the Stooges’ “Gimme Danger” and Kim Fowley’s “Animal Man.” And he’s in love with the modern world?

A second Richman/*Modern Lovers* album was released simultaneously. Confusingly titled *Jonathan Richman & the Modern Lovers*, the later recording is distinguished by its full-color jacket (Richman looking not unlike Jerry Mathers as the Beaver). Overall, it’s the work of a songwriter who’s satiated his charm. Richman’s genius played out fast. Recorded some years after the aforementioned Cale LP, the newer effort isn’t the fine-tuned tome of neo-romanticism that its predecessor was. With the years, Richman has become something less than an incurable romantic. Songs like “Hey, Little Insect” and “There’s An Abominable Snowman In The Market” are evidence that Richman may have exhausted his love for the modern world. The mass of the songs here are plain dumb.

Richman’s great for the armchair Dr. Demento, but the Beserk-

ley LP that best stands up to repeated listenings is Earthquake’s *Eight-Point-Five*. It’s their first studio album for Beserkley (there are two for A&M, produced by Kaufman) although the same previously offered *Earthquake Live* (Beserkley), a document of their feral live show.

*Eight-Point-Five* should prove satisfying to those for whom *Chartbusters* bore high expectations. The new album finds them back in the hard rock saddle. Common hard rock this ain’t. Their mainstay is still three-chord metal, but the album format gives them an opportunity to run with it. Songs like “Finders Keepers” (already receiving much FM airplay) are based in the Rare Earth/Steppenwolf mold; laced with harmonies, interesting instrumental interplay and an exploratory element, all at no expense to their commercial commitment.

The label’s only true flop is the other new Beserkley album, that by Greg Kihn. Kihn is a competent, if unspectacular songwriter, a fair singer, and probably not a bad 12-string guitarist. But despite backing from members of Earth-

quake and a chance to spread out beyond the scope of his *Chartbusters* contributions. Kihn learns the hard way that freedom’s just another word for nothing left to do. If the intent of the album was to introduce Kihn as a pop composer in the line of Kenny Loggins, they’re way off the track. He doesn’t cut it as a folkie, and can’t be lumped in with the Beserkley bizarros either. A cover of Curtis Mayfield’s “He Will Break Your Heart” (better known as Tony Orlando & Dawn’s “He Don’t Love You”) clinches it.

There we have the Beserkley discography, as it now stands. With a little promotion, Earthquake could be as big as Aerosmith. Jonathan Richman, I’m afraid, is destined to remain an obscure legend (along with Kim Fowley, Wild Man Fischer and the rest). But Beserkley’s future holds great expectations. Watch for the debut by the Talking Heads, one of those raucous CBGB New York bands. I can’t guarantee they’ll ever find another *Modern Lovers*, but they’ll be searching for talent that befits the name — Beserkley, Home Of The Hits.



Earthquake

# RANSOM NOTES

by Scott Fivelson

"No one at any recording company would look at us. We knew we had to change our names, and we had to change our faces, too." Thus began a surprising disclosure made by the leader of Kiss last week when, apparently feeling assured of his group's new-found success, he confessed that, "Look close—we're really **The Association**." More bizarre than any publicity stunt the group has performed so far, the truth of the altogether startling admission left the recording industry stunned.

Marveled the president of Warner Bros. Records: "I'll be damned. I would have sworn that the Association was dead, and I mean that literally. In March of 1972, Warner Bros. hired a Mafia hit-man to liquidate The Association. Their contract still had six years to run, and we didn't feel like absorbing any more losses on those stiffies they were putting out for albums."

Responded the leader of Kiss/Association, Terry Kirkman: "The Association assassination attempt failed, but that night that the stage at the Troubador exploded under our feet gave us an idea. The fireworks, the blood flowing from our mouths, the flames raging through our equipment—it was a natural for a new act. With the help of make-up to obscure our identities, we decided our careers might still have a chance."

Asked how they settled on the name that was to be the keynote of their new image, 34-year-old tenor **Jim Yester** explained: "Once you're whole, you can never really change. The most we ever do with groupies is kiss."

When we talked to cancelled-TV host and country singer **Mac Davis** last week, he seemed completely recovered from his divorce and in a very understanding state of mind, all of this reportedly due to an intense three weeks of therapy at a Mt. Tamalpais clinic. Said Mac: "They helped me to live with the facts. For instance, I found out from a geneologist there that the Campbells have been stealing Davis women for goin' on ninety years. It's sort of a sexual, Freudian-feud thing,

some sort of sick Arkansas tradition. But it doesn't bother me anymore. I know where my head is at."

Meanwhile, rhinestone homebreaker **Glen Campbell** continues to recover from the Aug. 21st attack during which an unidentified masked figure forced his way into a closed recording session at the Capitol studios and fired 18 ounces of bird shot at the 1975 Gammy-winner. Detectives on the case have stated that the shooting was done with an "old 22—the kind you use mostly for hunting squirrels and rabbits, but which is also good for shooting snakes, too."

Doctors report that Campbell's sideburns are still in critical condition and may possibly have to be amputated.

Unidentified Flying Oddballs: Maybe it was just a little too extreme of a tribute to the U.S.'s historic landing on Mars, and maybe it was just the plain truth. Whatever the explanation, **Rick Wakeman** sent the L.A. press jet-propelling back to

their papers when he announced last Thursday, "I am not Rick Wakeman. I am from another planet." Wakeman, whose latest album *No Earthly Connection* has been orbiting the national charts, had been scheduled to hob-nob penthouse-style with an assortment of media people at a lavish party at the Century Plaza. Rock personalities at the party, however, were dismayed to find that they were being served not caviar but plates of green tendrils, and thirsty journalists were disgruntled when offered undrinkable martinis in unbreakable, orb-shaped containers.

Wakeman, attired in velvet cape and hood, fielded questions willingly, but did not always seem to be answering the same question he was asked. What appeared to be his general drift was that he hailed from a small, uncharted planetoid 16,000 light years away, that he had arrived here during his adolescence, and that he had come to Earth to make records. "When my mission is complete," monotoned

Wakeman, "I will return with my disks to the sphere from whence I came."

Although he hinted that the date of his departure is drawing near—maybe even within a few days of the release of his next album—Wakeman purports to have enjoyed the years he spent on Earth and says that he has found "on the average, studio time was cheaper."

"It just didn't work out. We're not happy about it, but Brian's just not comin' back to the band, and I mean, no way." The speaker was **Beach Boy Dennis Wilson**, talking to us on the phone from his home in Hawthorne, California. The news he had to convey was the sad message that brother **Brian Wilson** would never be returning with his old group to the concert stage. "Not as long as I'm alive," sputtered Dennis. "I tell ya, my brother's really blown a fuse. He told us the first thing he wanted to do when he got back with the guys was to put Beach Boy autographed \$1,000 checks inside every new album. Mike (Love) didn't think it would be a bad idea, as long as we raised the price of our albums to a thousand and five dollars. But Brian had to have it his way. 'You're just gonna end up in the bargain bins anyway,' he told us."

When rhythm guitarist-cousin **Al Jardine** broke in on the extension to tell Dennis that a carload of chicks had just arrived, Dennis was reminded of another of the many objections that the group had against re-admitting his brother. "You know, ever since Brian left the group to study LSD he's been really big on gadgets and weird instruments. Well, Brian got so that he was stayin' in so much, he began composing all of his music on the touch-tone phone. We got a good song out of it on 'Good Vibrations,' but man, you can't go on doin' the same stuff forever."

That the times have in some subtle ways changed was obvious after the drummer's next reply. Said Wilson, when asked if the group members still dated only California girls, "Personally, I'm not that particular anymore. Just as long as I'm sure they're girls."



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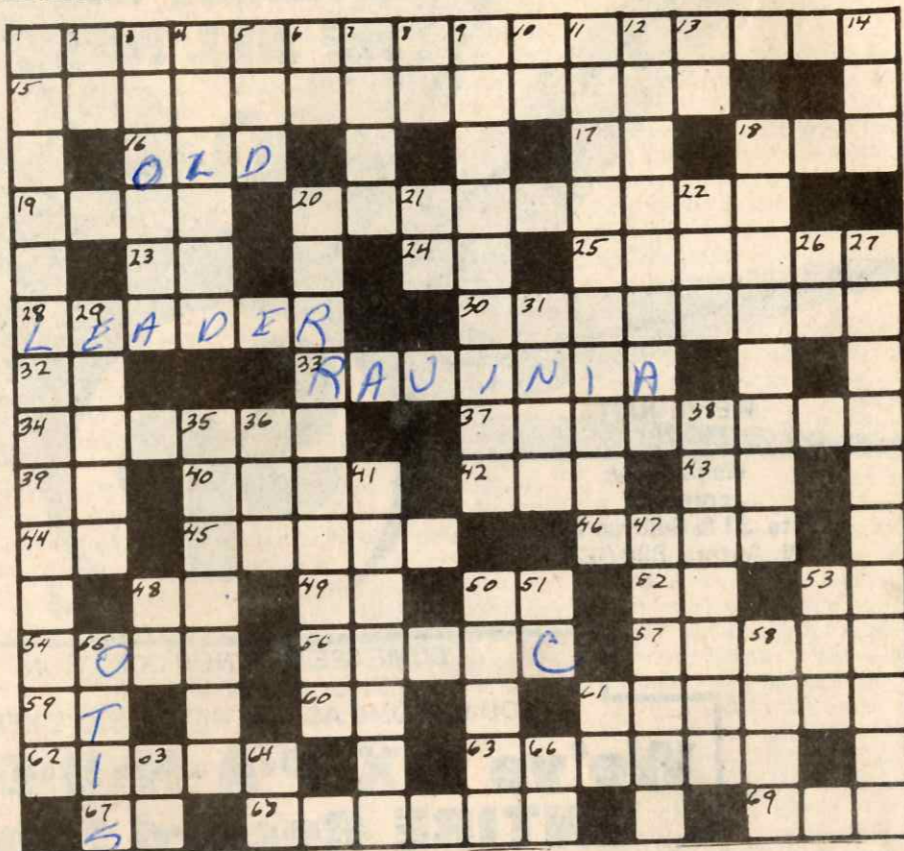
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# Mind Games

## ACROSS

- Unusual shoes featured in a standard rock-n-roll song.
- Barry Mann's civil rights protest that Jay and the Americans turned into a patriotic tune.
- The kind of brown shoe immortalized on the *Hey Jude* album.
- Initials of Benny Goodman's sideman arrested on marijuana charges.
- An age.
- Dylan's wife.
- The gun that Elton sang about.
- "---the Ghetto," a comeback song by Elvis.
- "---Tears Go By."
- Mushy hit tune by the Classics IV.
- "----- of the Pack," quintessential girl-group song.
- Bubble-gum singer with a string of hits from '62 to '70.



- Initials of Italian classical composer known for "The Four Seasons."
- Site of well-known Chicagoland summer music festival.
- Leo Kottke's original record label.
- Chorus in Springsteen's song about Crazy Janey and Wild Billy.
- See 23-across.
- Davies and Charles.
- Comedian Louie.
- Initials of star who recorded "Hitch Hike."
- Henry Webb.
- First name of superstar who got her start in the Continental Baths in NYC.
- Oceans.
- Initials of one of the brothers who did a definitive version of "Twist and Shout."
- The one who's so fine.
- Initials of R&B singer whose first hit was "You Send Me."

This month's prizes are:

- 1st prize One year's free admittance for one to ALL concerts at Amazingrace
- 2nd prize One Tiffany lamp kit courtesy of Gothic Glass Works.
- 3rd prize 3 free records from Choice 33

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. August winners announced on TRIAD radio at 8:30 PM, September 9th. July's Mind Games winners were:

- TOM COX of Deerfield
- STEVE TAIBL of Skokie
- KAREN GREENSTEIN of Chicago

Send entire page with completed puzzle to:

TRIAD Mind Games  
7428 N. Paulina  
Chicago, Ill. 60626

- Initials of one of the Bee Gee brothers.
- Initials of one of the more mysterious Beatles heroines.
- What Jim Morrison calls in on "Soft Parade."
- Member of the band who can now afford to "Take It Easy."
- The kind of camera Paul Simon has.
- Initials of a country singer said to have influenced Presley.

- Initials of one of Shakespeare's title
- The kind of person who has to remember that one man's ceiling is another man's floor.
- Title of a '71 hit by the Five Man Electrical Band.
- Last name of Lee, Tommy, or Jimmy.
- Initials of the Lonely Hearts Club Bandleader.
- Last name of Tex-Mex singer who made it in '75.
- A slippery fish.

## DOWN

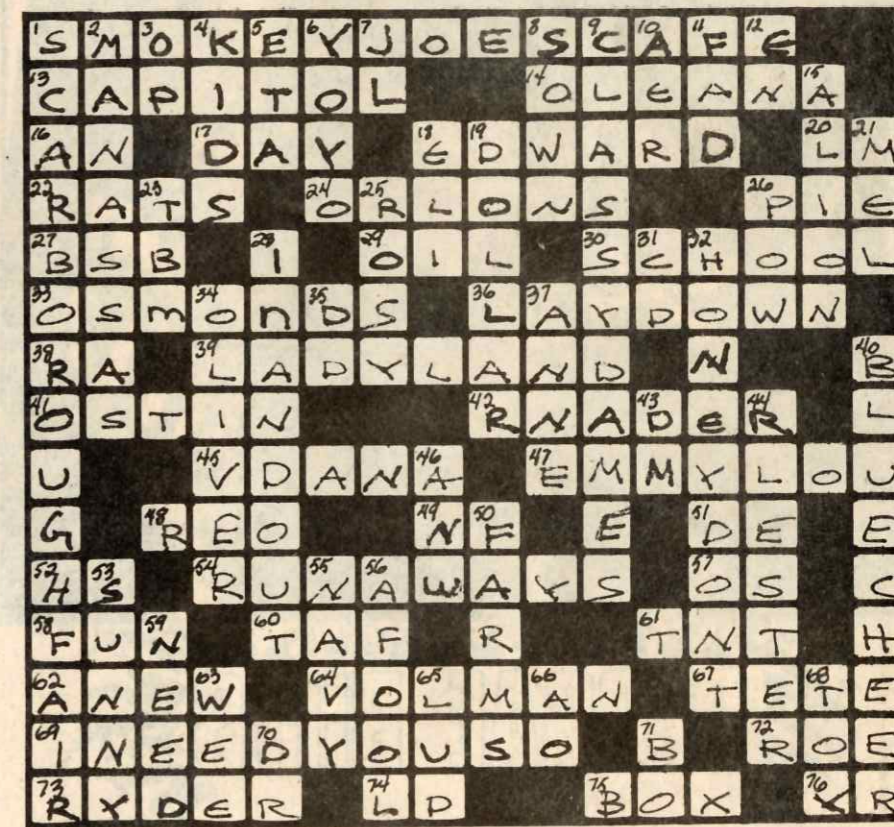
- A violent Doors song about old merchant ships in the doldrums.
- See 23-across.
- Hit by the Shadows of Night in '66.
- Last name of country singer responsible for "Itsy Bitsy Teeny Weeny Yellow Polka Dot Bikini."
- Camouflaged.
- Prefix meaning "in."
- What Keith Carradine is.

- Initials of former photographer who's now a rock star by marriage.
- Last name of Spoonful crooner who has made a "welcome" comeback.
- Initials of song on the Beatles '65 album.
- How high the Byrds were in '66.
- Last name of *Billboard* editor who coined the term "rhythm and blues."
- Initials of Paul Revere and the Raiders member whose nickname was "Guitar."
- Record company that first recorded Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, etc.
- First initial and last name of famous country banjo picker.
- Famous New York dee jay who referred to himself as "the fifth Beatle."
- Fourth note on musical scale.
- Last name of pre-Presley phenomenon most famous for "Cry."

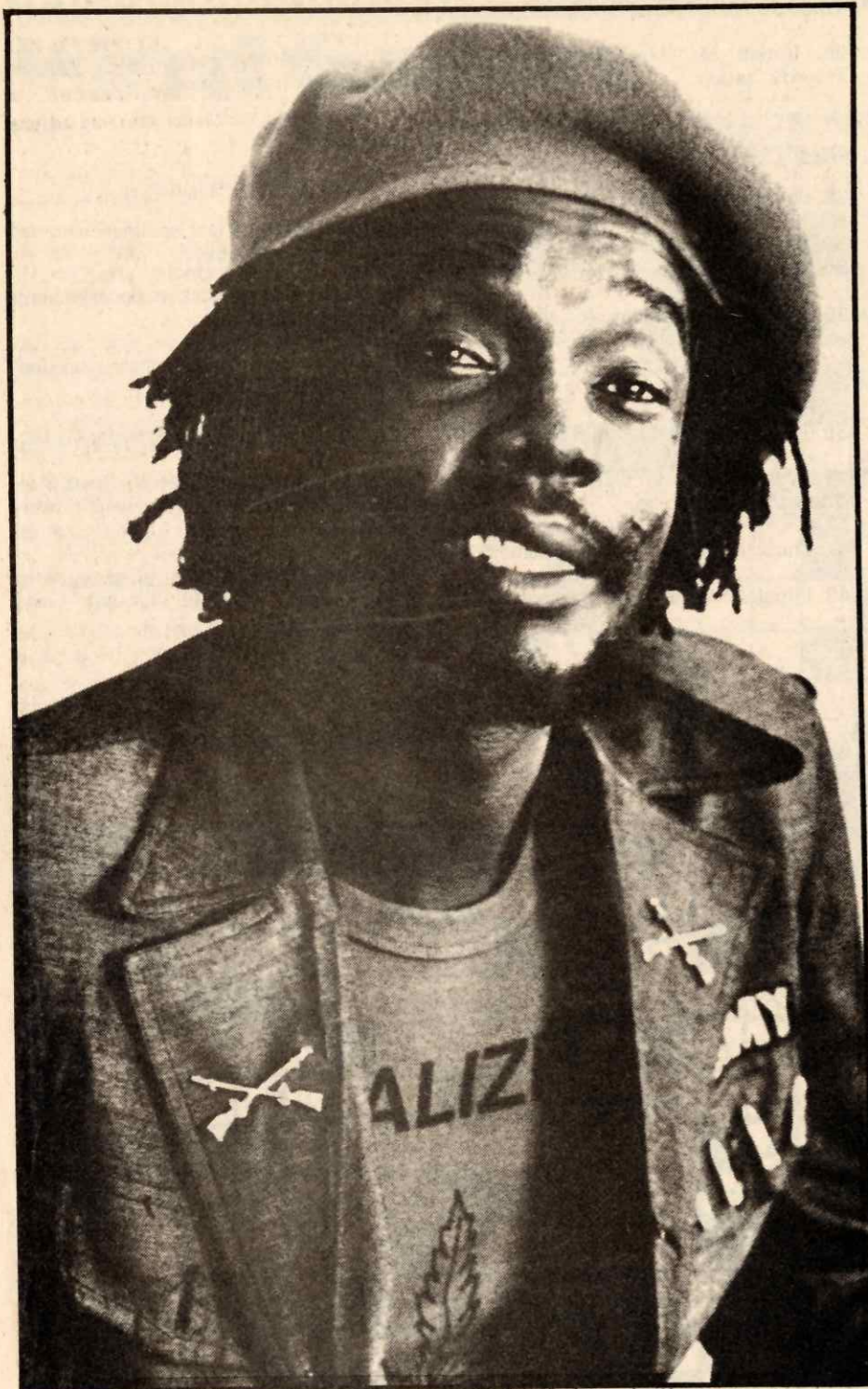
- Initials of "Great American Eagle Tragedy" group.
- "----- Me," a '50s hit by Russ Morgan and the Ames Bros.
- Chubby Checker's real last name.
- "----- You," a Platters hit that Ringo Starr also attempted.
- The man who sings for the lonely, according to Springsteen.
- "Big Mama" Thornton's middle name.
- Title of idealistic Lennon song.
- A song on Arlo Guthrie's *Running Down the Road* album.
- Chubby Checker's real first name.
- Initials of Mary Wells' '64 single.

- Crude British rock band who never made it big in the States.
- Initials of a fat Mama who lost weight and died.
- First name of a Small Face.
- First name of late soulman who sat on the dock of the bay.
- Last name of rock critic who plays guitar for Patti Smith.
- Initials of folk-rock singer who does a lot of Joni Mitchell songs.
- Initials of Manhattan Transfer leader.
- Initials of song in which Scott McKenzie instructed visitors to wear flowers in their hair.
- Initials of Chicago blues guitarist who wrote "Double Trouble" and "Homework."

## Correct Answers for last month's Mind Games Rock Crossword Puzzle







# REGGAE RIFFS

By Dr. Ganja

Dr. Ganja has noticed in the last month that almost every magazine or newspaper worth its salt has at last managed to print some kind of article on reggae. Some have been good, even valuable. Others have been concerned primarily with capitalizing on the drug-related aspects of Jamaican music. One magazine, *High Times*, even devoted most of an issue to reggae in hopes of taking a ride on Bob Marley's tail. Unfortunately, most articles still seem to concentrate mostly on reggae-the-phenomenon rather than reggae-as-music.

Surely the press has been long overdue, but why should they ignore the music itself—especially in a month when three of the strongest albums of reggae music released to date have hit the streets.

The Heptones' *Night Food* has perhaps the most chance of general popularity and the suitability of the album for airplay could not be better. First exposed to the American listener in Island's *This Is Reggae Music Vol. II*, the Heptones open their album with that same cut: "Country Boy." It's a song which reminds Dr. Ganja of *The Harder They Come* with its disdain of the country boy who knows nothing except how to shoot up the town.

That kind of life bears little resemblance to the kind of life that the Heptones sing of in the rest of the songs on the album. For instance, in "Mama Say," the trio sings a lament about the bad news that Mama always had—got no food, a hole in the roof, Daddy left you when you were four. The Heptones sing what they call 'upful music' which alternates between laments like "mama Say" and "Deceivers" and soulful love songs like "Sweet Talkin'" and "Fatty Fatty." The latter song was the Heptones' first hit in Jamaica. Sounding quite a bit similar to the American soul sound of the late 60's, the song is much more than the throwaway that the opening lines suggest: "I need a fat girl, fat girl (fat girl tonight)." Rather it is simply a charming song in the soul vein.

The trio of vocalists led by Leroy Sibbles emulate the sounds of Chicago soul and Motown just as faithfully as they play the music of Jamaica. Listen to the dynamic

version of the Motown hit "Baby I Need Some Lovin'" which the Heps cover. Much funkier this time around, the song is the album's strongest showcase of the vocal talents as well as the prime outlet for the playing of the backing musicians who include Robbie Shakespeare, Chinna Smith and Touter Harvey. If the Heps don't make it with white and black audiences alike, then Dr. Ganja will have to open a shop to clean the wax out of disco-encrusted ears.

The Heptones take reggae in one direction by concentrating on the soul roots. Former Wailer Peter Tosh has released an album, his first solo LP, which straddles the same lines favored by the Wailers in their pre-Natty Dread releases. Rock and reggae mix freely on Tosh's *Legalize It* (Columbia PC 34253).

Tosh has an unsurpassed ability to make his listeners think about the predicaments posed within his songs, all either written by Tosh or co-authored with Marley or former Wailer Bunny Livingston. Widely promoted as the first Wailers album without Bob Marley, the album makes such hype unnecessary. One look at the credits on the album confirm that Marley is the only Wailer missing, but to say that Marley makes the Wailers is an overstatement. In Jamaica, when Tosh and Bunny left the group, there were large scale defections from the Wailers' camp. It is no longer difficult to see why, for *Legalize It* is undoubtedly the finest album the Wailers have produced.

The depth and quality of the writing on the album are astounding; Tosh's voice can be more expressive than almost anyone's. The album's only weak cut is the title track, which seems to be attracting all of the attention. "Legalize It" was just about the hottest single in Jamaica last year, even though the government banned the political song from airplay.

It is not difficult to see why. The song is a chant which promises that if they legalize 'it,' then Tosh will advertise for it. The song has clever lyrics, but the music just doesn't stand up to the rest of the album.

Take Dr. Ganja's two favorite songs on the album. "Till Your Well Runs Dry" is a ballad which demonstrates just how well Tosh can



take a song that the Heptones would turn into a soul variant and inject it with strong reggae. The second song, "Whatcha Gonna Do," is a mixture of question and narrative. The song opens "Mama Mama them hold papa, say them charge him for smokin' ganja, if I never jumped the fence they'd hold me too, so tell me mama whatcha gonna do."

The song, like several others on the album, is a political song of the most effective sort by virtue of its ability to link the actions of the government to the individual life of the listener. This makes Tosh's album a more profound statement than most reggae LPs so far, and that statement goes far beyond his call for legalization. The lyrics are equaled by music which can only be matched by a live performance by the Wailers. This is the album for every Wailers fan who was disappointed by *Rastaman Vibration*. Dr. Ganja's copy is already starting to wear out, because the album stands up to continual listening well musically. If only the vinyl were stronger...

On first listening, Burning Spear's latest does not stand up to their first album. Shorn of the slavery days motif which dominated the first album, *Man in the Hills* (Island ILPS 9412) is an album which occupies the opposite ex-

treme from the literate music heard on Tosh's album. *Man in the Hills*, like the first Spear album, takes upon itself the task of educating the listener to the ways of Rastafarianism. But while the *Marcus Garvey* gave some basic background thoughts on slavery, love and Marcus Garvey, the new album seems to content itself with an attempt to get the people ready for the return to Africa.

The title track refers to the choice the Rastas have made—to hide up in the hills chanting and praising Jah while Babylon falls around them. It is a fitting opening for an album which could be used as a primer in Rasta belief and practice. But the divisions among the Rastas themselves are pointed up when you notice that Burning Spear chants that "we don't want no more war" in the song by that name while Bob Marley can chant that "everywhere is war" until the races shall be equal.

Unfortunately, most non-Jamaicans will have extreme difficulty understanding many of the words sung by Winston Rodney on this LP. Unfortunately, for as the liner notes state, Burning Spear believes in love universal and their music is their way of trying to make that happen. Unfortunately, with only a couple of exceptions, this album will get very little airplay, despite the top-notch instrumental backing which Dr. Ganja has come to expect from Burning Spear.

The group's recent appearance at the Quiet Knight raised a few questions for Dr. Ganja. Why did they only play two songs from this new album? Admittedly, *Man in the Hills* is weaker lyrically and musically than *Marcus Garvey*, but the live performance they gave seemed to squander a chance to familiarize their audience with the new material. Not that there is anything wrong with *Man in the Hills*—it is only disappointing when compared to the record which has already become a reggae classic. A dub version of *Marcus Garvey*, called *Garvey's Ghost*, will be reviewed in next month's column. In the meantime, only the diehard Spear fan should run out and buy the new album.

# JAZZ: Once a Month

by ADELE SWINS-TERNER

Well, we're heading into the beginning of the end. Of the year, that is, and the timing holds wondrous (if predictable) things in store for those who are record-minded. It's absolutely adorable the way a marketing expert's mind works: as the Septober energy begins to suffuse the bucolic suburbs and defuse the carbolic inner cities, it also sets into motion a slow, inexorable juggernaut of record-industry calculating. The releases begin to shower down, monsoon-like, as people start to (hopefully) spend money with a good deal more gay abandon, culminating in a grand and orgiastic *pas de deux*, between you and Rose's, multiplied a hundred-thousandfold around the country. Only four shopping months until Christmas.

All of that—that bloody beatific scenario of capitalist splendor—all of it, of course, is simply Adele's way of pointing out that the summer records drought is just now passing. Most of August passed on by with only a modicum of new jazz albums. And, as befits a month which Joe Segal has decreed to be in celebration of one Charles Christopher "Yardbird" Parker, Jr., a goodly lot of those meager jazz offerings were in celebration of past giants. We're speaking, of course, of re-issues. And speaking of re-issues, the past month saw new releases from each of the four companies involved in the re-packaging process: Verve, Savoy, Prestige-Milestone and Blue Note. Besides those reviewed below, you are strongly urged to examine the Stan Getz (Verve) twofer, as well as those from Thelonious Monk and Jean Luc-Ponty (Blue Note), Kenny Dorham, Thelonious Monk and the revelatory Elmo Hope (Milestone), and the superlative Dizzy Gillespie duple from Savoy.

And there were, after all, some new albums that were really new. The rather exquisite trio date from Pat Metheny (guitarist to Gary Burton) is now available on the domestic ECM pressing, Roulette beefed up their jazz line with discs from Pearl Bailey and Art Blakely (below), Pablo spewed out another half-dozen, Blue Note



unleashed a small slew, including recordings by Carmen McRae (not too bad, considering the change of life), while trumpeter/doctor Eddie Henderson, and a rather strange thing from congaist King Errison showed up on an estranged little label, Westbound. (I only work here.) Indubitably, the month's unreviewed highlight is the next, even better LP from Japanese pianist-composer Toshiko Akiyoshi and her big band: *Tales Of A Courtesan* (RCA). Rumor is that it's not autobiographical.

This month's reviewed highlights are as follows:

## THE CAT'S MEOW

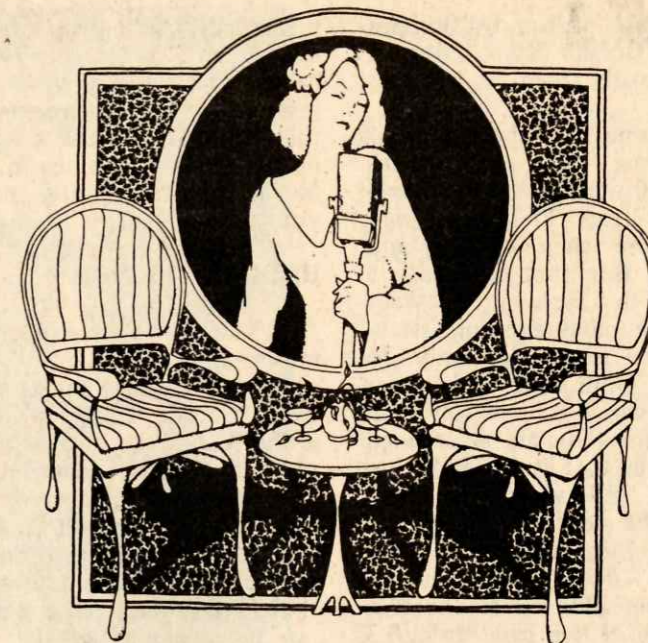
In 1976, owing largely to the 21st Olympiad, Canada has become famed throughout the globe in two of the headiest realms of human endeavor, Sports and Politics. And, if a recent release on the small, Toronto-based Sackville label can attract a spot of attention, you might be able to add Music to the list as well. It's *The Atlantic Suite*, the title track is a glowing, surging, mysterious yet comforting 31-minute depiction of the Big Swamp, and it's courtesy of an unlikely-sounding big band called Nimmons 'n' Nine Plus Six. At the helm is Phil Nimmons, a prolific and enormously talented composer-arranger-clarinetist who can take his place with Toshiko as this season's newly-discovered big band champs.

Nimmons has fashioned four movements that crash vigorously against one's ears, then buoy them about gently and finally culminate in the awesome "Horizons," the most inviting and sensual sea chanty since "Maiden Voyage." Up until this recording, the Nimmons group has been heard almost exclusively over CBC Radio, which is not a recommended method of cracking the charts; but Nimmons has never aimed for commercial success at the expense of his artistic directions. Perhaps things are now at a point where the two may be deemed compatible. At any rate, the seas are awash with the sound of Nimmons. 9.3

Another chap who could never be considered to have "sold out" is pianist Bill Evans, whose lyrical and cerebral influence on an entire pianistic generation—including Chick Corea, Keith Jarrett, Hancock, Chicago's Larry Luchowski and others—is now standard platitude. But, no less true. Evans, from his brief stints with Miles Davis and Charlie Mingus, has attained a certain level of popularity throughout his career, and has frequently exceeded it; he is, all in all, one of the most listenable and yet complex musicians we have. His trio is unexcelled in its conversational format, his performances are always nearly perfect, and he is musically at a point of simultaneous adventure and restraint that few musicians ever reach.

So how did he get there? Well, the latest installment of the Verve Re-issue series provides part of the answer with the re-release of material from Evans' Trio (with Gary Peacock and Paul Motian) and Duo (with Jim Hall) recordings of the mid-'60s. Not shockingly, it's titled *Trio, Duo*. The trio tracks are Evans at his earliest stage of mature development, and the fragile duets with Hall are remarkable for their swing and telepathy. Chuck Mitchell, formerly of Straight No Chaser, which was formerly WNIB, has provided the most insightful notes of the whole Verve series, and he'll tell you everything else you need to know. 8.8

For years, however, Phil Woods has been telling people all they need to know about the alto saxophone, which he plays like a dervish paralyzed from the fingers down. In fact, back in 1956 and '57, when the recordings that make up *Altology* (Prestige) were first laid down, Woods was already an expert in this arcane subject, and he has only gone on to further study and greater glory. The twofer in question features, on one disc, a straight quintet date that included the rarely-heard George Syran on piano and Woods' sympathetic sparring partner, alto saxist Gene Quill; the other record includes a differing rhythm section and adds the



SEPTEMBER	1-2	KRACKER
	3-5	EDDIE HARRIS COLETTE
	6	SWINGSHIFT
	7-9	AL JARREAU COLETTE
	10-13	McCOY TYNER LORETTA HALLOWAY
	15-19	McCOY TYNER LORETTA HALLOWAY
	20	SWINGSHIFT
	21	LORETTA HALLOWAY
	22-26	AHMAD JAMAL LORETTA HALLOWAY
	27	SWINGSHIFT
	28-30	PHAROAH SANDERS LORETTA HALLOWAY

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# RATSO'S

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twin trumpets of Kenny Dorham and young Donald Byrd, faltering almost as badly then as he does now.

The name of the game is Chase, chums, and that means about 90 minutes of altissimo one-upmanship from Phil and Quill, as they were then known—God bless A&R. But that is *hardly* a complaint; in fact, it provides some of the most exciting listening in some time. Not only do Woods and Quill spur each other mercilessly, which is less kinky than it sounds, but they are so attuned to each other that it is nearly impossible to tell when one solo stops and the next begins. In tone and ideas, they were true soul mates, and *Altology* turns out to be a valuable addition to the too-small catalog of *two* rare birds. 8.3

And from Birds to Buds to Barbara Carroll, the most recently revived member of the feminine jazz parthenon. In the early '50s, Barbara was a promising pianist in the Bud Powell mold; promising enough, in fact, to open the doors to the cocktail-lounge circuit, where she languished till marriage, where she languished until now. The record is *Barbara Carroll* (Blue Note), and it is revelatory to those who remember just her background stylings.

Working in a conventional trio setting—showcasing Chuck Domani-co, an elegant and tasty bassist—the lady tosses in whole gobs of unconventional runs, phrases, intervals and voicings, but none of them are out of place. In fact, this set of standards (“Prelude To A Kiss”) and modern poppers (“At Seventeen,” “Feelings”) gradually asserts itself as one of the most charming

piano trios of the year. And, as Barbara Carroll asserts her own musicality—these tunes were recorded just last May—she asserts as well the survival projections of that near-extinct phenomenon, women in jazz. Sisters unite, and swing your asses off. 7.9

#### HIGH ON THE HOG

The concept of unity among minority groups is one that's been current in Chicago music circles for over a decade. Its home, of course, is the AACM, through which many practitioners of Great Black Music have banded together for the purposes of self-support and mutual education. Recently, though, there has been a sizable migration East of those who placed the Windy City on the jazz map of the '60s and '70s, and the AACM stalwarts are receiving praise and press in New York. That's where Lester Bowie was a year ago June when *Rope-A-Dope* was waxed for the small independent Muse label.

Trumpeter Bowie leads brother Joseph (trombone), friends Malachi Favors (bass), Don Moye and Charles Bobo Shaw (drums) and Raymond Cheng (violin) through four demanding and exhausting excursions in freedom that comprise what is almost a great album. The trio track, “Mirage,” is thrilling in its cohesion and in Bowie's striking trumpet ideas, and the “St. Louis Blues (Chicago Style)” is a fine and fun performance. The rest of the album is considerably less together, rather like runny whipped cream dripping down an otherwise lovely sundae. 7.1

The ubiquitous Michael Cuscuna (whose mushy liner notes adorn the previous effort) has written considerably better commentary for an album that attempts less but succeeds more. It's the first album on Roulette from Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers; it's called *Backgammon*, it features one of the ugliest covers imaginable and one of the solidest editions of the definitive mainstream band. With trumpeter Bill Hardman—a veteran from the '50s—and the youthful tenorist David Schnitter, the powerhouse drummer has a front line that can match any in versatility and energy. Schnitter is of special interest, given two solo numbers which he invests with spirit and a virile tone; look for more from him in the future. Pianist Albert Dailey is an underrated original, and he is welcome fare on this album; and Blakey, of course, is one of the most exciting and professional drummers in history. This ground's been plowed before, but the Messengers always manage to turn up a few stones and mine a few new gems. 7.1

It's rather unusual to find several albums that all deserve the same rating—and for such different reasons—but add *Long Tall Dexter* to this month's list. This latest installment of the deservedly heralded Savoy Re-issue Series presents a succession of Gordon's dates of the 1945-47 period, during which he was busily involved in perfecting the first recognizable bebop style on his instrument, the tenor sax. And was he ever! With personnel ranging from pianists Argonne Thornton and Bud Powell to trumpeter Fats Navarro and baritonist Leo Parker, Gordon was busy and in demand, and this collection offers a multi-faceted view of his work at the time. The six-and-a-half foot Dexter was strongly influenced by Lester Young, but traces of Illinois Jacquet were sneaking in, and by the second half of his twofer, he was absorbing the giant contributions of Coleman Hawkins as disseminated by Don Byas. On *Long Tall Dexter*, you can hear it all come together into the style that was the predominant influence on John Coltrane. And by reading the last few lines,

you can see that I've done my homework. 7.1

#### JAWBONE OF AN ASS

Speaking of influence, guitarist Kenny Burrell if often named by modern players as one of the first they hearkened, for his relaxed sense of swing and good-vibes jamming. That's all in the past at this point in time, as the latest Burrell drag-out indicates. It's *Sky Street* (Fantasy), and it's so lightweight it might just get up and fly away. Wish it would, too. Burrell here lives up to the reports that followed in his wake at the recent Newport Festival—his playing has become uncomfortably jagged and melodically mindless, like that of someone who's no longer in control. On *Sky Street*, he also whisks his co-pilots out the window with him. Saxist Jerome Richardson sounds bankrupt for ideas, and the fine West Coast pianist Kirk Lightsey takes off on only a few good licks; the rest of the time he sounds like a crash landing. Burrell has copped the styles of McCoy Tyner through The Sound Of Philly as far as compositions go, and as far as the music goes, *Sky Street* rarely gets off the ground. 4.0

Whereas David T. Walker's horrible collection on Ode Records, *On Love*, would be best off under ground. From its sexist nude cover, shot in soft-focus rose-petals to be “artful,” to its soft-focused music, this collection of overly sweet, over-arranged, and under-musical lust songs is one of the century's great bores. Walker is a respected session man, a guitarist who “plays with the feeling,” but the feeling I've got here is saccharine poisoning. Gene Page and Jerry Peters—the Mutt and Jeff of Muzak-flavored pop music—did most of the arranging, the playing is all from faceless studio names, and *On Love* could easily turn its title into a four-letter word. It's restful, snowy, quieting, soothing, peaceful... Blimey, it's like bloody death in vinyl. Play it at your own funeral. 3.0

If it weren't for RCA Records, Walker's album would rate even lower. RCA has seen fit to is-



sue *Quire* which, the cover tell us, “is a choir vocally recreating instrumental classics” by the likes of Waller, Ellington, Brubeck, Strayhorn, and Garner. Fine, except that *Quire*'s music comes off about as well as they spell. Know what

they've done, this quartet of singers (all alumni of the original Swingle Singers and under the direction of the tasteless Christiane Legrand)? They've imitated, note for note, every last detail of the vintage recordings of classics like “Misty,” John Lewis' “Django,” and Bill Evans' “Waltz For Debby.” No lyrics, just a bunch of la-das, dum-dums, and 50 overdubbing sessions spread out over four months. So there are layers upon layers upon layers, sounding about as spontaneous as an impromptu banquet for 200. In fact, *Quire* was so busy going to all those recording sessions that they forgot to stop and listen to how silly they sound. “Jitterbug Waltz” resembles a Stanislavski group exercise, “A Train” gets derailed, and “Blue Rond A La Turk” could settle the Cyprus question once and for all. I'll say this, though. Issuing a record like *Quire* takes qutzpah. 1.8

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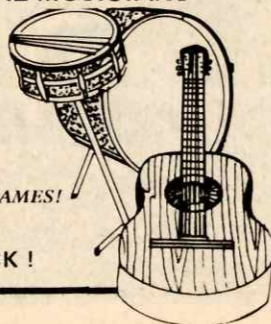
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# SWINGIN' SINGLES

by Lawrence Keenan



This month's column is subtitled "The Revenge of the Brill Building," an approximate paraphrase of the title Neil Diamond planned to use for his *Beautiful Noise* LP. The fact that he chose a classier metaphor is a bit of a pity, since the allusion would have suggested a sense of humor which has been sadly lacking in Diamond's music of the past five years.

You see, the Brill Building was the center of Tin Pan Alley, the pre-rock marketplace of pop songs. The Brill songwriters cranked out the bulk of disposable pop tunes of the 50s 'til rock steamrollered them in the 60s. Not to say that rock did not have its equivalent hit factories for the producer-centered business of that time. Even as late as 1967, the producers of TV's *Monkees* knew who to run to for material. The typical Monkee album featured names like Neil Sedaka, Boyce and Hart, Neil Diamond, and Goffin and (Carole) King. Many had been around as early as the 50s and their values were rooted there. But if any survived as more than names listed parenthetically beneath the titles on dusty 45s, it was because they felt that they could bring their songs to the public without the benefit of an intermediary.

Carole King should have been

the reigning alumni of the neo-Brilliant faction, having helped write songs as diverse as "Pleasant Valley Sunday," "Going Back," and "The Locomotion." However, her early successes, (the phenomenal sales of *Tapestry* aside) forces a reassessment of her style, especially after the flop of her recent "Only Love is Real."

King emerged from retirement with music that had lost little impact. Joni Mitchell's poetics virtually demanded that she one day encounter jazz, similarly King's seemed perfectly suited to the lazy, James Taylor music of the early 70s. Unfortunately both Mitchell and King carried that music to the borders of muzak. Also, King mined her domesticity to the point that she now aims for a more confessional viewpoint, a perspective that is usually only good as a current lover. So whither goest Carole?

Carole's teen-age boyfriend has fared better. Neil Sedaka has gone from putting himself down on *Creature Features* to a string of hits. True, he's annoying, but that has always been his strength, a factor making him harder to ignore. His high voice tended to heighten the emotion of a tune in the manner of Jackie Wilson. Then too,

he has become one of those rare pop artists whose work seems better in retrospect than in the pop moment. As Sedaka's *oeuvre* expands, even "Love in the Shadows" seems less annoying.

His current rocker, "Steppin' Out" is a bit tougher, featuring a medley of background vocals that advertise Sedaka's considerable pop arrangement skills. Sedaka is the first of the old wave to make a full-blown aesthetic revision upon re-entering the rock battleground, perhaps because he came to think so little of his past.

Neil Diamond may be the most disturbing of the neo-Brillians. If there was to be an American equivalent to *Rock On* and *Stardust*, England's grand duet of a rock career, it would have to star Diamond. His early string of hits in the key of E, heavy on the latin feel, were as appealing as they were predictable, from "Cherry Cherry" to "Brother Love" and beyond.

It's hard to believe that the Band's Robbie Robertson produced Diamond's LP and its single "If You Know What I Mean." Here is a song which evokes Andy Williams singing "MacArthur Park" disguised as Bruce Springsteen. If all the radio requests for Diamond's early hits is any indication, it may have

been the slickness which sold him in the first place. That point makes Diamond both the master and a potential victim of the pop process.

Some folks play house (see Keith Carradine's "I'm Easy"), others play Sonny and Cher. Witness Elton John and Kiki Dee's kooky cooing on "Don't Go Breaking My Heart." Lyrically, this is a real nebbish of a song, right up there with the new Seals and Crofts 45. Spritely and shlocky as it is, it's rather hard to believe that this is the same girl who had the music in her — even if it was Elton's.

One of the few bright AM moment's is Starbuck's "Moonlight Feels Right," with its vocal recalling a young Leon Russell. If a trifle too computerized, "Moonlight" does make fine use of strings, with a rising effect before the chorus that's enough to levitate your car. "Moonlight" also deserves some sort of prize for a vibes break that is as unexpected as the kazoo break on "Johnny Gets Angry." Lou Rawls has also returned with "You'll Never Find Another Love." It's nice to hear a real singer on the radio again. Here's hoping he doesn't do this to death like "Dead End Street."

"Some people call him the space cowpie" and to some he's just a Texas turd. Steve Miller's latest is the mercifully brief "Take the Money and Run," which sounds all the world like "Sweet Home Alabama" performed by BTO. The lyrics construct a plot out of the doomed-couple-in-a-hot-rod cinema genre.

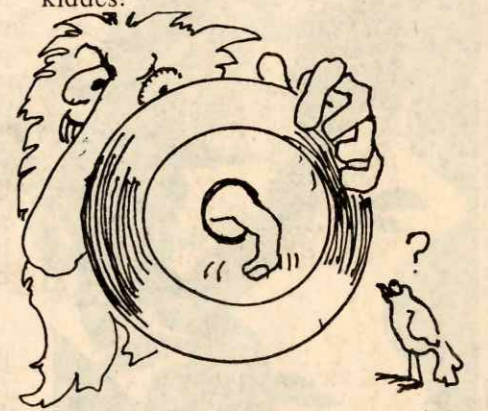
Meanwhile, a dark figure pauses on the stair and cackles, "Riddle me this Batman! When are the Chipmunks not the Chipmunks?" Batman answers, "When they're Queen, you corrupt fiend!" Batman's right again kids, "You're My Best Friend" is hardly as excessive as their other gems (probably only used 56 tracks this time) but that's no excuse. The Brothers Johnson are making noise with their equally gracious "I'll Be Good to You," noise being about all it is. And they played with Quincy Jones! If this is crossover music, it should cross somewhere else — preferably against the light.

**Soul City Symphony Award:** "Tear the Roof off the Sucker" by the Parliaments. Insanity was the rule with their parent group, Funkadelic, but here it sounds more moronic. Fully deserving of the *Dumb Record* award, it's more danceable than dumb so it's here. These fellas and the Ohio Players should have a death march to see who does the soundtrack for the next Steppin Fetchit film.

**Wimp of the Month:** A tie between "Get Closer" by Seals and Crofts and "Today's the Day" by America, thereby proving that wimpdom need not be a consequence of subject matter. S&C squeeze a lot of mileage out of some genuine non-lyrics, thereby showing the hazards of reciprocity. As for America, they started by imitating Neil Young and are moving backwards to the Vogues now. Not bad if your idea of fun is Four Seasons macho-in-mohair suits. Not so for our present-day expatriate wimpos. Yankees go home!

**Dumb Record of the Month:** Although the Brothers Johnson put up a close fight, this month's award goes to Wings' "Let 'Em In." As a followup to "Silly Love Songs," this is like putting out "Dear Prudence" after "Hey Jude." Paul's listless arrangement walks hand in hand with the realization that he thinks this "Auntie Em" stuff is funny. Not very clean for an old man.

Are the Starland Vocal Band really the Archies? Send conspiracy theories to this address. Cowabunga kiddes!



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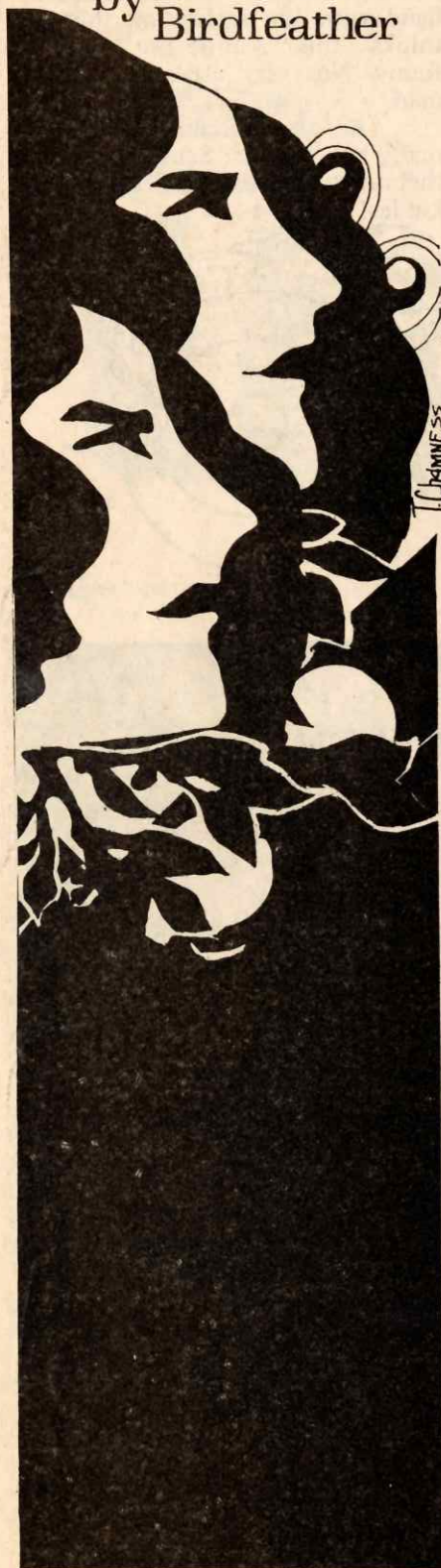
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# HOLLYWOOD GRAPEVINE

by Birdfeather



Dear-oh-dear Chicago Darlings;

Listen to this L.A. Archeology: Saw Roy Rogers (minus Trigger and/or Dale Evans) a coupla weeks back at the Palomino—a local country music club—and it/he was/is truly amazing. I sat not 10 feet away from the living legend while the shortest picker ever was flailing away at a country Fender oblivious to the commotion Roy was causing. Cuz why? Cuz Roy Rogers—believe it or no—looks *exactly* the same as he did twenty years ago!! Not a wrinkle, nary an age spot, barely a paunch, small beady blue eyes crinkling in an all-American face, the perennial good-guy white cowboy hat jaunty on his clean-livin' head. I did approach that cowpoke and ask how he maintained his apparent youth, and I swear, darlings, his answer was, "Just clean livin', ma'am, just clean livin'." Amen.

Did My Eyes Ever Pop, Darlings: When Richard Burton (yes, *that* Richard Burton) showed up at the Roxy (L.A.'s rock nitery) to catch a few numbers of Welsh fellow countrymen Man!! As y'all may not know I *do* work for a semblance of a living—as a press officer (as our Anglo cohorts call P.R.) for Man (among others)—but I nevva' planned that one! Dears, I do wanna' tell ya' that Burton has got the bluest eyes on this dear planet, helped along at the Man gig by his wearing a baby-blue Hawaiian print shirt which just happened to match his famed orbs. Sigh. Seems our Shakespearean friend wanted to hear Welsh spoken (Man obliged), then he was off rather early cuz dear Dickie did have to get up oh-so-early to film *The Exorcist* sequel, *The Heretic*... Sigh again. What blue blue blue eyes...

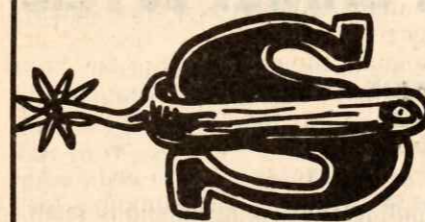
Some Nights Nothing Goes Quite Right: While trying to dine at a posh French restaurant in L.A. gentle singer/songwriter Cat Stevens (who is very tan and a vegetarian) ordered a 3½-minute boiled egg (and a salad). Time passed. Nothing. More time passed. Dining partners producer Ken Scott and manager Jackie Krost inquired as to the whereabouts of all their dinners. The typically haughty restaurateur

said that Ken and Jackie's repast was ready but, "the eggs are holding things up." For an hour and 45 minutes? The hungry trio then split—for another nearby French eatery where the Cat's eggs and steaks for Ken and Jackie were quickly forthcoming. All's well that ends well—eventually.

Other News Of Note: Todd Rundgren at Cherokee Studios cutting, "a coupla vague tracks"; when Todd and Co. showed up to do a gig at L.A.'s newest venue, the Starlight Bowl, teenage girls squealed and attempted to tear his natty black jacket off his back...Beach Boy Mike Love may be (eventually) putting together an arty photo/drawing/B.B. lyric book typifying the California lifestyle .... rumors have Cream reforming with Ginger Baker definitely out of the too-short-lived Baker Gurvitz Army... Italy's P.F.M. may be splitsville—according to reliable sources—cuz Mario, their pouty cute leader's ties to that country's Communist party may preclude touring on behalf of *Chocolate Kings* (on Manticore/Asylum) and, in his opinion, his former cohort's "capitalist band"... Bernie Taupin (Elton's wordsmith) and wife Maxine not especially close these days or nights...is Chicago (da' band) being boycotted in Japan cuz their "Harry Truman" single caused that samuri nation to, as it were, blanch??

Last But Hardly Least: Frank Zappa finally parted company with long-time manager Herbie Cohen whom many of us have told La Zap is not entirely, um, nice. Nothing odd you may assume but the big *but* is sagas of alleged missing equipment, Frank's locked studio (allegedly locked to Frank himself) and the alleged necessity of Frank's lawyer carrying an alleged gun to be able to see Frank's ex-alleged-accountants. One more chapter on the trials and tribulations of rock stardom.

I've just about worn myself out dears, time for another vodka & tonic (not too heavy on the lime), till next month sighs and lovely regards from the Big Orange.

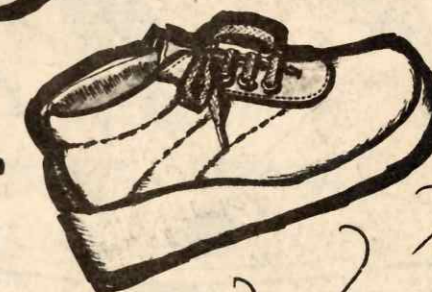
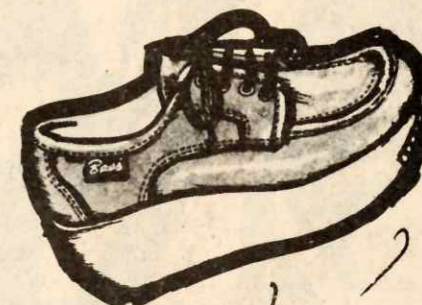
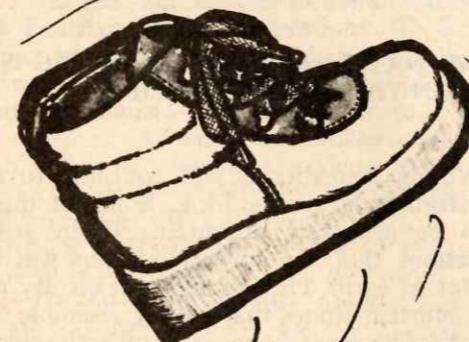
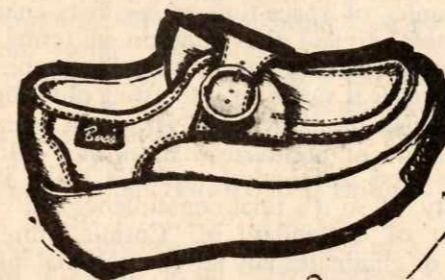


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### IMPOSSIBLE QUESTION ANSWERED

Events surrounding the Viking missions seem to be following my predictions in the July 1976 Triad with a nearly flawless degree of accuracy. The system I employed was of my own design. I'm immeasurably pleased with its results, especially because it answers a previously insolvable question: Does an earth centered horoscope have validity in its relationship to affairs on other planets?

Obviously the answer is yes. Further investigations will reveal the extent of this curious but predictable relationship between interplanetary horoscopes. Preliminary evidence indicates it is substantial. The implications here are monumental. It suggests events on Mars are related to those on earth and vice versa. Unfortunately the mechanics of space-time-mass-gravity-energy relationships which explain the situation in terms of modern cosmological theory are outside the scope of this column. However it raises an interesting philosophical question. "Does the activity of terrestrial society influence the affairs of non-terrestrial culture?" Both scientific theory and astrological evidence make it a distinct possibility. If so it's final consequence must be the development of a standard of "Cosmic Ethics." That minimizes or eliminates any adverse celestial influences among those who share the universe.

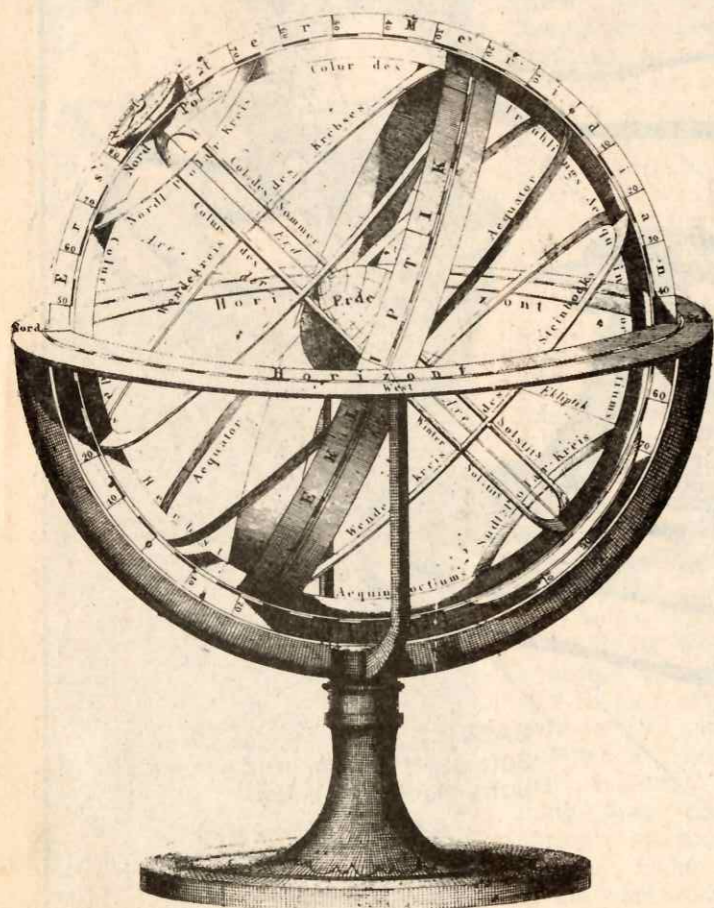
The next twenty-five years will bring the answer to this and numerous other issues.

### WORLD AND NATIONAL FORECASTS: BIG NEWS ON THE SPACE FRONTIER

The Viking Expeditions will continue to relay important information to the J.P.L. Some of the disclosures will be genuinely astounding. There will be strong indications that the ecology of Mars was once similar to that of earth. Photographs will display more markings on Martian stones that closely resemble some form of writing. The general consensus of both scientific and public opinion will be that the red planet once fostered civilization. A substantial minority will disagree. The resulting controversy will not be resolved until late in 1979 when a more sophisticated expedition confirms the origins of the suspected writing. This could include the landing of astronauts.

Although this argument has no immediate solution there should be general agreement that microscopic life forms residing on our planetary neighbor are vastly more advanced than their terrestrial counterparts. There's a serious possibility that a portion of the Martian micro-organisms are harmful or deadly to earth creatures.

Although at present I cannot make a firm prediction in this matter I by no means rule out the likelihood of some animal or even sentient life form performing for Viking's cameras.



### U.F.O.'S GET INTO THE ACT

Meanwhile here on Terra Firma there is a strong likelihood of a dramatic increase in the number of bona fide U.F.O. incidents. An outbreak of abductions similar to those which occurred in 1975 (a total of thirteen now reported) is almost sure to take place. The same humanoid creatures will be behind the kidnappings. However these will not be so traumatic for the abductees as the prior incidents were.

Other significant contacts are probable, involving both dialogue and conflict.

### COSMIC CROOKS AND CRANKS

You don't really need to be an astrologer to predict a rash of "Doomsday Prophecy" space swindles and ectoplasmic extortion. Remember the Comet Pills? Or the schemes to shrink people into six inch midgets so flying saucer pilots could transport them to another world prior to the earth's destruction by the Comet Kohoutec. Every time something extraordinary occurs the cosmic crooks capitalize on the hysteria created by irresponsible statements of cranks and eccentrics.

The best defense against them is the concept of Caveat Emptor (let the buyer beware).

### NO END OF THE WORLD IN SIGHT

More earthquakes in China, Russia and other parts of the Eastern Hemisphere are still a very real danger. Indo-China may also have its share of political and natural catastrophes.

In addition to the threat of earthquakes, India and Pakistan are endangered by flood shortage, epidemic and internal upheaval. Revolution and catastrophe will strike the southern portion of Africa. In the U.S. there will be an increase in the number of air disasters. At least one noteworthy earth tremor, probably more, will be recorded. Fires and explosions will be in the news. Another series of politically motivated bombings will hit a number of U.S. cities. August's epidemics will also lend weight to the claims of those who fall in the crook or crank category.

The epidemic of late July and August is the predictable result of D'Arrest's Comet making its closest approach to the earth. Just as the Swine Flu made its appearance during the transit of Comet West the "Legionnaire Flu" corresponds with the D'Arrest's Comet. Epidemics, floods and earthquakes almost always strike when a comet is near the earth. There is nothing supernatural involved. Consequently it isn't necessary to purchase redemption from anyone. Just avoid places and people who might be unsanitary.

### BIZARRE CRIMES

More abductions and fraud schemes will be making September's headlines. The Securities and Exchange Commission will apprehend several individuals who have unlawfully manipulated the commodities market. We'll also see headlines relating to another mass kidnapping scheme. At least one American



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political official will be abducted by revolutionaries. Other top drawer politicians will be implicated in a conflict of interest matters.

### GENERAL FORECAST

At the individual level September favors communication, invention, and creativity. Expect not just revision of existing conditions but a total departure from previously applied methods. Efforts that ran out of gas can be re-vitalized once old issues are re-examined. September is a month of dynamic action and drastic change.

This principle may be applied to an infinite number of situations.

### FORECAST FOR THE TWELVE SIGNS

#### ARIES

A series of changes has begun. You may enhance your situation by speaking on your own behalf but take utmost care not to speak out of turn. Pay strict attention to details in all matters. This allows unanticipated opportunity to find you. Romantic conditions are greatly enhanced. Be ready to mix business and pleasure.

#### TAURUS

Stay alert for threats to the well being of others at or near your place of employment. Although you are not really in danger there are potentially hazardous conditions prevailing. This may be related to an unexpected offer or the receipt of a financial windfall. Several of your personal goals will be reached ahead of schedule.

#### GEMINI

A critical look at finances accelerates the rate of their improvement. If changes must be made, attend to them yourself rather than trusting others. Keep your plans flexible in the early portion of September. This allows you to capitalize on favorable changes in the nature of professional and personal affairs. Partners or close associates may lose touch with reality after September 6th. A firm reminder to be practical may be met with an emotional response. Nevertheless time will bear out your point of view.

#### CANCER

Points of contention over matters of consequence are resolved in your favor. Although some alteration in the nature of your behavior is required you gain the lion's share of victory. Your constitution may be unusually vulnerable to colds and flu. Avoid exposing yourself to conditions that aggravate the situation.

Keep close watch on your personal belongings. Loss or theft of personal articles is a serious threat.

#### LEO

New home furnishings or changes in the location of your living quarters are likely. Conditions for Leo are a peculiar dichotomy of the old and new. September is an excellent time to search for antique treasures in attics, basement and other out of the way places, but remember the old adage about all that glitters. Beware of those who offer easy money through unethical acts. There will be ample opportunity to earn financial remuneration honestly.

#### VIRGO

Serious adversity may plague those who hold authority over you. A sympathetic, cooperative attitude can prevent their problems from rubbing off on you. Be patient but refuse to let yourself be anyone's "whipping boy" or scape goat. This will cause you to gain admiration. Romantic disappointments end September 10th. This trend reverses itself quickly as you put your anxieties aside and realize that which you fear shall not come to pass.

#### LIBRA

Libra natives may not understand the intrinsic and extrinsic changes they undergo as another side of their personality expresses itself. It's best to take matters on a day to day basis. One of the most unique periods in your sphere of experience is about to get underway. Unexpected offers and opportunities present themselves. Then just short of consummation they seem to fade. Go back over matters and correct discrepancies. These matters come together again in October.

#### SCORPIO

A revision of plans circumvents a threat of adversity. Apply yourself to finding new ways to present your ideas without altering their quality. Look for additional situations but hold on to what you already have. Avoid making hasty decisions. Numerous conditions you hope to create in your life are on the way. Coming out from behind the scenes and making your presence known will accelerate matters. Be patient with those who are not so capable as you.

#### SAGITTARIUS

You'll develop new interests this September, discovering persons, places, and activities that offer relief from the ordinary. Financial and professional activities are well aspected. This brings a change for

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Tutored by veteran engineer and audio consultant Bill Robinette whose long list of credits range from Heil Sound in southern Illinois to Earth, Wind & Fire and Melissa Manchester, the six week course covers every topic common to the understanding and use of highly sophisticated P.A. equipment. Cables, grounding, microphone use and placement, equalisation, passive and electronic crossovers, speakers and enclosures, and a practical live mix are all included.

Said Bill, "We designed the course in such a way that anyone, with or without prior knowledge of sound reinforcement, can join the classes and leave with a comprehensive understanding of today's sound equipment. We start right with the basic principles of sound, moving on until the student can apply all that he has learned to a live mix at the end of the course."

"One of the most important reasons for setting up a class like this is that we are finding more and more customers buying mismatched equipment, or buying certain pieces of equipment for the wrong reasons, and we felt that they should have a course made available to them to prevent this kind of thing. Bad buys only create problems in the long run and can also cost a great deal of money to replace or repair. Sound equipment is becoming so sophisticated nowadays that it is important for people to understand each component's uses and capabilities before they buy it."

"Other persons likely to benefit from the classes are newcomers to the audio world. New groups with sound engineers who are literally learning the ropes as they go can get these guys to come and learn about the equipment they are handling for a very small charge."

For fifty dollars the course is indeed a bargain and hopefully many people will take advantage of the knowledge it offers. Too many bands are suffering from inadequate sound systems as many a clubgoer will agree, (and club owner!). For further information about the course call Bill Robinette at (312) 529-2031 during normal business hours.

the better in your affairs. The activity cycles of Sagittarius are reaching a peak. Make the most of it. Expect calls and visits from those you admire. Persons who have been critical in the past may change their opinion.

## CAPRICORN

Anxieties and tensions are pushed into the background by making the necessary changes in your associations, working conditions, diet, and place of residence. Circumstances conform to a pattern best described as "That which logic dictates to be inevitable may be so unprecedented that the mind cannot accept it." Social activities are favored.

## AQUARIUS

A break with established routine is in order. Be prepared to derive greater happiness from your life. Delays and restrictions are over for the time being. Joint ventures are favored. New and informative reading material may find you. Weigh your words carefully before you utter them. Your associates place greater importance on your opinions than you suspect.

## PISCES

You are beginning to understand the changes in yourself wrought by the past two years. Devote some attention to solidifying your position and cultivating your newly discovered potentials. Expand your vocabulary and reading comprehension. Then write the letters and poems you were previously incapable of producing. Make sure all you do and say leaves nothing to supposition. This circumvents a trend which might otherwise bring false accusations. Take utmost precaution against loss, theft, or damage of personal belongings.

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by Bill Crowley

"Sitting Bull's History Lesson" is an appropriate subtitle for Robert Altman's latest film, known to most as *Buffalo Bill and the Indians*. The box office news on the film indicates a demise rivaled only by that of the American Indians for swiftness of descent to oblivion. Booted out of the best theatres in the US (due to a combined lack of promotion and immediate audience response), the film will be lucky to still be running in the cheapest or most run-down movie houses in the city by the time you read this issue. Which is a pity, since the quality of sound and projection at the best theatres has always been the minimum required to make Altman films work as intended.

The 51-year-old director has created some of the most visually and aurally complex moments in recent American cinema, at the same time allowing brilliant outbursts of improvisational acting from his carefully chosen stock acting company. Regardless, the attempt to emphasize the simultaneous momentary events plays such a large part in the way Altman films either work or do not, that the success of an Altman film rests overwhelmingly on timely good news from the box office.

Three of Altman's earlier films, all reckoned to be at least partially respectable by the critics, died at least as quickly as *Buffalo Bill*. One of them, *The Long Goodbye*, even opened twice, with radically different ad campaigns, but never really proved to be much of a draw. *Images*, for which Susannah York won the actress prize at Cannes, initially had to be shown non-theatrically in Chicago to be seen at all. *Thieves Like Us*, a remake of Nicholas Ray's classic tale of an outlaw couple on the run during the Depression, also drew little attention and vanished. In most cases, a track record like that would indicate that people don't like Altman pictures. Far from being the truth, that supposition denies the existence of the burgeoning herd of Altman fanatics who emerge with each new film's release. It's not that the rest of the folks dislike the films (those who do see them are quite likely to become converts), but mostly people

are afraid of them.

That goes for audience and producer alike. When Dino de Laurentis, money man behind *Buffalo Bill*, finally got to look at the film, he suddenly decided that he had been sold the wrong bill of goods. Then the New York critics decided that they didn't like the film. Since Altman retains the privilege of final cut on all of his films, Dino exercised *his* final cut, and fired Altman from future collaborations. After having made millions by producing films like *3 Days of the Condor*, Dino could afford to take a loss (besides, it looks good at tax time). So no one pushed *Buffalo Bill*, and no one was surprised to see it close so quickly.

Why should *Buffalo Bill* be different from the scores of other films which Hollywood has given up? There's always room in the vault for another dust collector, and out-of-work directors are no unusual commodity these days. At one point or another nearly every major studio/distributor in Hollywood has given up on Robert Altman. Warner Brothers actually gave him two chances, *Countdown*

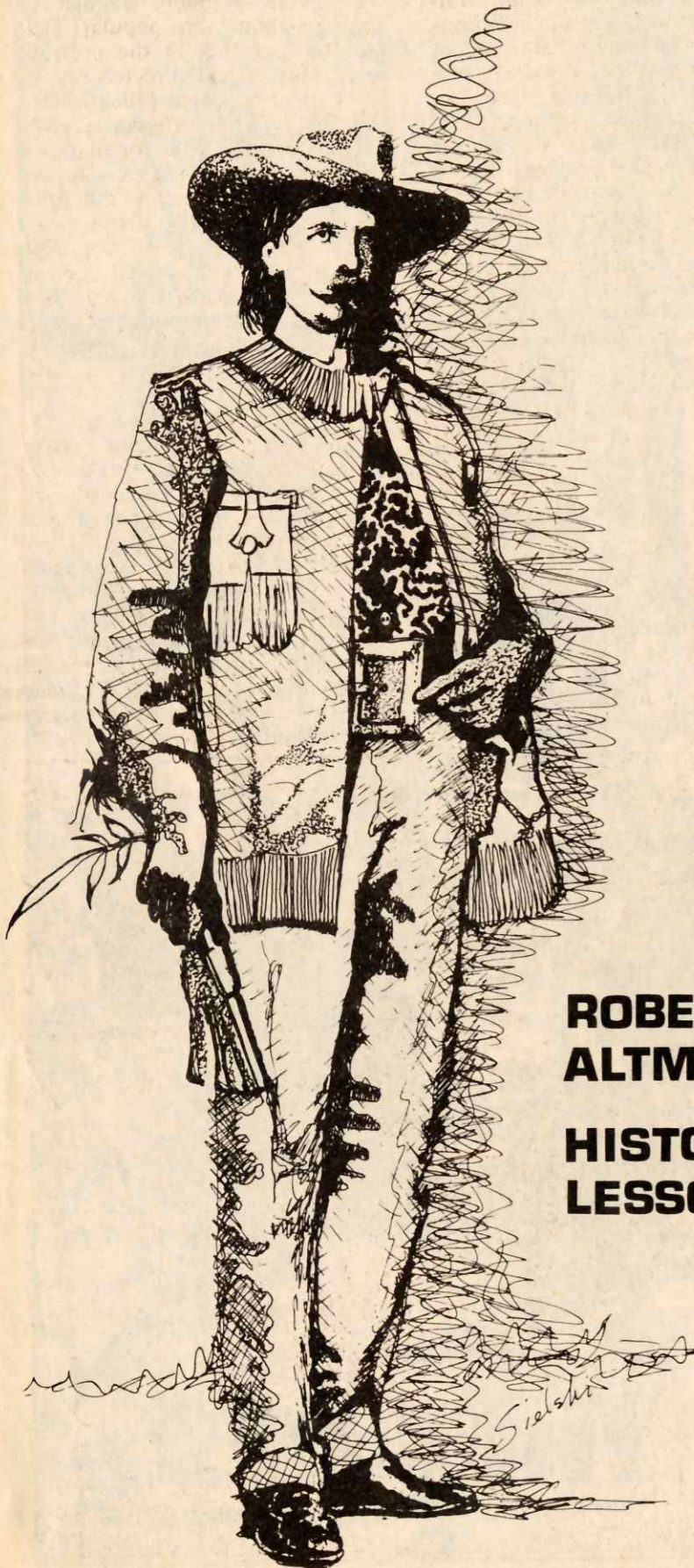
(1968) and *McCabe & Mrs. Miller* (1971). As the story goes, Warner's executives became furious when they got their first taste of Altman's unorthodox sound techniques. All he did was allow two actors to speak at the same time. Failing to realize that Altman was at that point only reviving Howard Hawks' old practice, the execs decided that audiences would never go for a lot of talking at once, that Altman was a madman, or both.

This marked the beginning of Altman's adversary relationship with the money men and the inauspicious debut of the soundtrack experimentation which runs rampant through Altman's later films. (An examination of the effects that a moon trip would have on an astronaut and family, *Countdown* offered a bleakly cynical alternative to the gung-ho patriotism which allowed the space program its heyday in the '60s.)

After making an atmospheric anti-romantic anti-thriller with *That Cold Day in the Park*, another domestic bomb at the box office, Altman returned to Warners to make *McCabe*. The names of the stars

(Warren Beatty and Julie Christie) alone were probably enough to make the film more popular. That and the fact that in the previous year, Altman had directed one of Fox's greatest recent blockbusters, *M\*A\*S\*H*. While Altman received only his director's fee for that classic anti-war comedy, Fox was content to take the money and run—no contract for the director, no percentages. Coming on the heels of that great commercial success, *McCabe* immediately earned the praise of critics around the world. To date, the film is the only one ranked in the masterpiece category.

What made *McCabe* was the combination of talented artists whom Altman quickly won over to his stable. Vilmos Zsigmond, undoubtedly the finest color cinematographer working today, produced images of breathtaking beauty through the use of soft focus filters which infused the story of two hardened capitalists in the Old West with a dreamlike quality. Using a musical track which included songs by Leonard Cohen, a desperate, despairing note was added to



## ROBERT ALTMAN'S HISTORY LESSONS



from "Thieves Like Us"



complement the images. If you could not always see everything in crystal clarity, neither could you hear everything said. But the techniques used to create that soft-focus realism also proved that not every theatre could show an Altman film satisfactorily. When word like that spreads in the industry, the filmmaker becomes the real loser.

Having lost out at Warners, Altman turned from the conventional Hollywood establishment in order to produce an admittedly personal film, *Brewster McCloud*. Released by MGM, *Brewster* was a satirical allegory about a manchild

whose greatest dream is to fly (in the Houston Astrodome) on a pair of homemade wings. Even the *Wall Street Journal* was charmed by the number and variety of pot shots which the film threw against the capitalist establishment. Financed in part by Lou Adler (of *Lovin' Spoonful* fame), *Brewster* marked the establishment of Altman's own Lion's Gate Productions. But *Brewster* proved to be a 60's movie trying to make it with the 70's audiences. While the film looks like it was fun to make, the allegory is not perfect, for Altman consistently refuses to specify meanings. Instead, he presents the viewers

with a world and lets them decide for themselves what it means.

Following *Brewster*, Altman left for Ireland to shoot *Images*, a study of schizophrenia in a lonely woman. Beautifully photographed by Zsigmond, the film was considered by distributors to be too intense and complex for general audiences. Among Altman's films, *Images* certainly ranks as the most European in inspiration, fitting well alongside the metaphysical ponderings of Bergman. Alternating reality with not-reality, the film dazzles the senses while bewildering the intellect. But once again, it was not a breakthrough.

In order to gain Hollywood financing for his next film, Altman turned to the remake of a Depression-era bestseller, *Thieves Like Us*. The most doggedly traditional of Altman's films in the narrative exposition, *Thieves* was the film in which Altman finally learned how to use his actors best. Keith Carradine and Shelley Duvall turned in outstanding performances as the hunted young bank robbers, producing an unsurpassed mixture of youth, maturity and fear. Audiences shrank from the unromantic treatment of the Bonnie and Clyde characters presented by Altman.

Hoping for the best, Altman next turned to an updated Phillip Marlowe, played by Elliot Gould in another novel adaptation, *The Long Goodbye*. By no means a commercial or artistic success, *The Long Goodbye* only succeeding in irking almost every detective fan who saw the film. Elliot Gould was just not Humphrey Bogart, and that alone could have accounted for the film's death. What many people failed to perceive in these two projects for United Artists was that Altman was intentionally subverting the formula for the gangster and detective movies in order to bring the mythic dimensions of the stereo-types back to human size. Taken together, *Thieves* and *Long Goodbye* come close to being a textbook on the methods and techniques practiced by the anti-Hollywood movements.

Altman could not help but come to the realization that many of his viewers were missing the point of his films. Confused by the

similarities to earlier genre films, audiences could hardly believe that Altman was not telling them what to think.

So we come to his two most recent films: *Nashville* and *Buffalo Bill*. Both fly in the face of traditional narrative technique, *Nashville* by virtue of its episodic intertwining of 24 personal stories and *Buffalo Bill* with one of the most confusing dream/fantasy scenes in recent years at the end. What makes both films ultimately unsatisfying is that Altman appears to have given up trying to let audiences decide what's going on. The trappings of his open ended visual style remain, but the subtlety has gone.

Like so many persecuted artists before him, Altman seems to have moved closer to the heavy message, in both cases the bankruptcy of the American Dream, first in the present then in the beginning of the modern era. Altman's biting portrait of Buffalo Bill makes sense in view of his own experiences with showmen whose major aim is to entertain, bilk, and

underestimate artists and audiences. I would hazard a guess that Paul Newman's performance as the scurrilous Bill Cody struck a little too close to home for the producer of the film, de Laurentis. At any rate, Altman seems to have found a possible success in his scheme to serialize both *Nashville* and *Buffalo Bill* for television. An accomplished television director, working at various times on *Combat*, *Whirlybirds*, and *Alfred Hitchcock* series, Altman certainly can understand how to please the home audiences. Time will tell whether his two latest films will be improved by television—odds are they won't. But television offers a secure shelter from the box office pressures that have more than once threatened his career.

Assuming that TV can keep Altman's Lion's Gate Productions solvent, what can we expect from him in the future? How about another comedy for Warners? *Yig Epoxy* will star Peter Falk, Sterling Hayden, and Henry Gibson and will be a black comedy about a think tank which is attempting to find some kind of glue to hold together

a radar device used in ground-to-air warfare. Falk and Hayden will also appear in Altman's version of Kurt Vonnegut's *Breakfast of Champions*. As for the previously announced Altman version of *Ragtime*, don't wait around, because de Laurentis has fired Altman from that project. Another work by E.L. Doctorow, *The Book of Daniel*, is now being prepared for future production. It is the story of the children of the Rosenbergs, accused of being soviet spies in the '50s and executed subsequently. The film will allegedly deal with fear and sacrifice, which can't be entirely alien concepts to Altman after the ups and downs he has had.

What has Altman learned from his own history? A very good lesson for any artist—full speed ahead and damn the torpedoes, even if your own sonar has proven wrong in the past. As he stated in his *Playboy* interview: "I am not careless. I may be irresponsible, I may strive for things and not always succeed, but that's never the result of sloppiness. Maybe it's a lack of judgement."

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# Stage, Page, & Screen

by Charles W. Pratt

Doubleday & Company has officially acquired Dell Books and all the paperback publisher's subsidiary companies. Dell publishes Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., among others.

If you like movies on the tube, then next year could be a banner year. CBS has purchased *Chinatown*, *Death Wish*, *Save the Tiger*, *Badlands*, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, and *Scarecrow*. Not to be outdone, ABC has purchased *Shampoo*, *Taxi Driver*, *The Fortune*, and *Funny Lady*. Look for the network censors to have a field day.

As the tube takes on the movies, the cinema tackles TV, in the form of an allegedly no-holds-barred film called *Network*, directed by Sidney Lumet from a screenplay by Paddy Chayevsky. The stars are Peter Finch, William Holden, Faye Dunaway, and—get this—Cathy Cronkite. (Yes, Walter's daughter.)

Joyce Maynard, author of *Looking Back* and erstwhile girlfriend of J.D. Salinger, is now a reporter for the *New York Times*.

Sword and Sorcery Productions of London has optioned these properties for films: The *Thongor* novels of fantasist Lin Carter; and a number of *Creepy* and *Eerie* stories from the Warren Publishing Company.

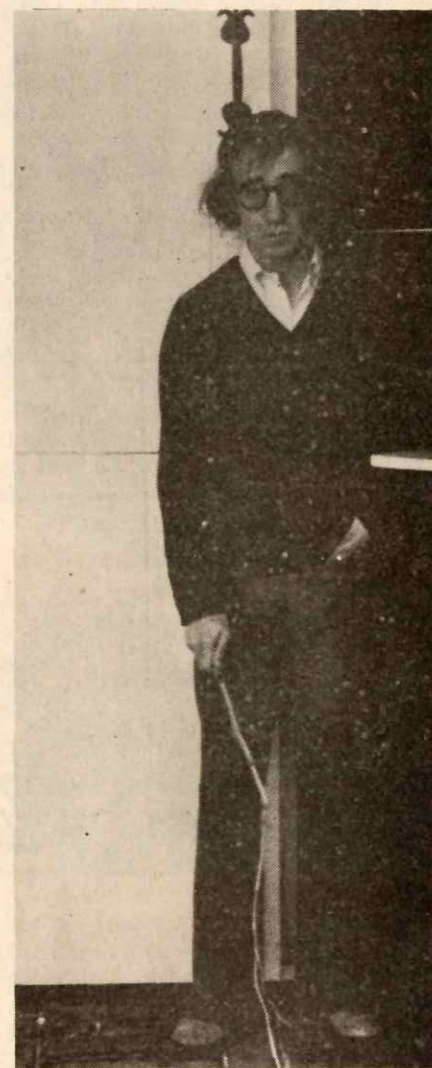
Marlon Brando will play the role of Jor-El in the forthcoming film version of *Superman*. Gene Hackman will be Lex Luthor.

Another science fiction film being filmed now is Steve Spielberg's *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*—about UFOs. It stars Richard Dreyfuss, Francois Truffaut, and newscaster Howard K. Smith playing himself. Jane Fonda, Vanessa Redgrave, and Hal Holbrook will star in *Julia*, a 20th Century-Fox film based on Lillian Hellman's book, *Pentimento*.

Lovely actress Catherine Schell will join Martin Landau and Barbara Bain in the cast of TV's *Space: 1999* next season. Fans of

the show can also purchase a 1977 calendar (from Warner Books) decorated with scenes of Moonbase Alpha, etc. And it's a dollar cheaper than the *Star Trek* calendar.

*The Front*, a film starring Woody Allen and Zero Mostel, will be released next month. It's not a comedy.



This month the *New York Times* changes its format from eight columns to six for news—not so much for looks as to save money on newsprint.

Let's hear it for Agatha Christie! Her publishers never say die, it seems. Dodd, Mead will publish her final novel, *The Sleeping*

*Car Murder* (a Miss Marple mystery) this month. Pocket Books will bring out the paperback of *Curtain*, Hercule Poirot's last case, in October.

By the time you read this, the entire cast of *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* will be back together for the shooting of another season of their lovable soap opera.

According to Jenette Kahn, publisher of D.C. Comics, her company has a few big projects in the hopper. Biggest is a giant-sized magazine featuring Superman and Muhammed Ali. And get this—it has an intergalactic theme. There will also be paperback novelizations of Batman and Wonder Woman stories, published by Warner Books.

Russell Myers has been named Best Humor Strip Cartoonist of the Year by the National Cartoonist Society. Russ is the creator of lovable *Broom-Hilda*.

Starting this month, WSNS, Channel 44, will be showing reruns of those old TV standbys, *Maverick* and *Burns and Allen*.

Ron Christopher has been named new press director for the Goodman Theatre.

The 12th Chicago International Film Festival will be held this year from November 5 - 12. For information, call 644-3400.

Now it can be told! The country is still literate. Last year 356 million hardbound and 798 million paperback books were sold in this country. To the tune of \$4.2 billion.

Pioneer science fiction publishing company, Ace Books, is now a division of Grosset & Dunlap, Inc.

On Tuesday night, September 14th, 9:00 p.m. Chicago time, NBC television (Channel 5) will air the long-awaited Bob Dylan special, entitled *Hard Rain*. Tune in.

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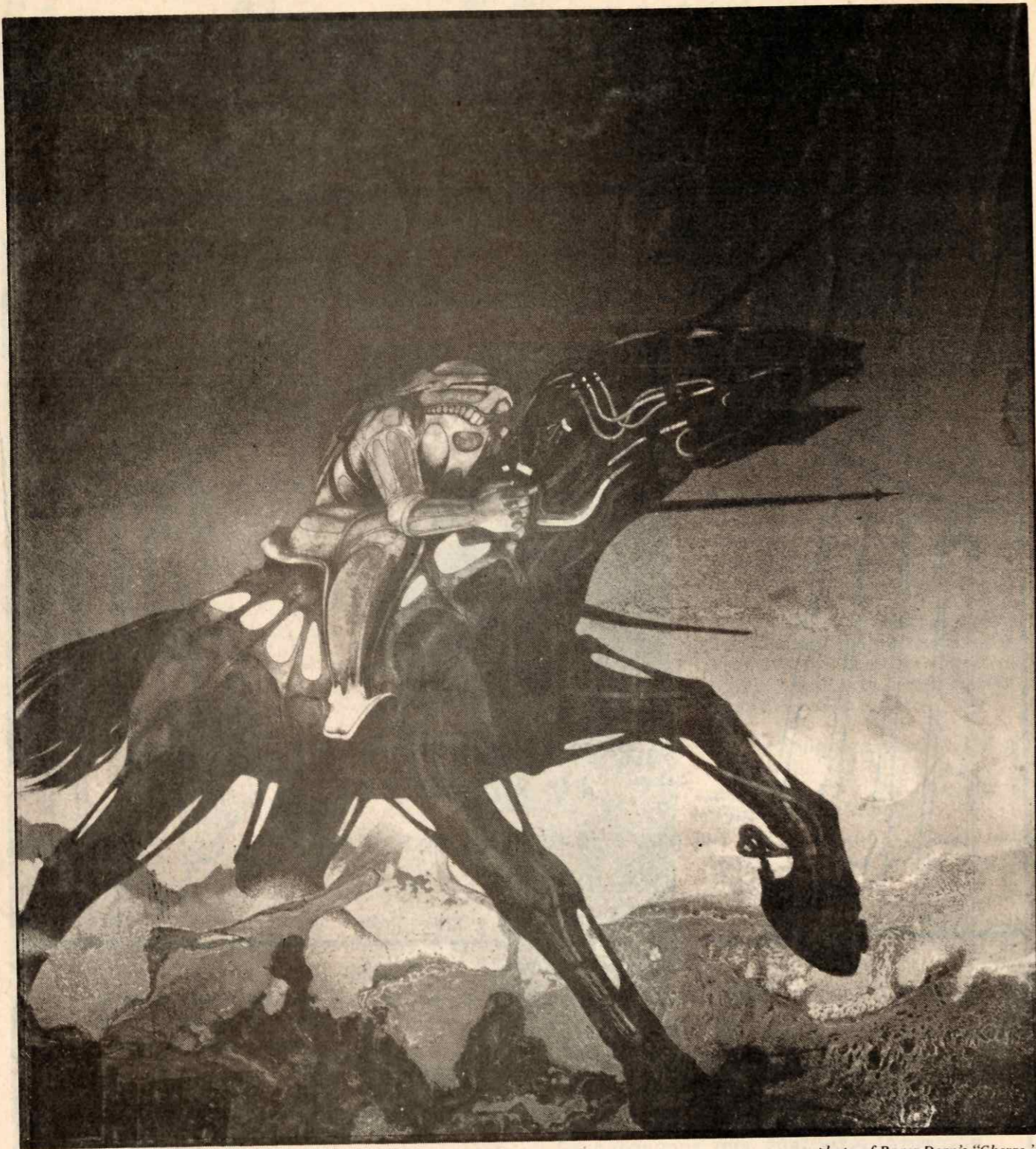


photo of Roger Dean's "Charge."

## VIEWS

by Roger Dean

(text by Dominy Hamilton, Carla Capalbo, and Donald Lehmkuhl)  
(Big O Publishing, Ltd., \$9.95)

Before and after his graduation from the Royal College of Art curriculum in furniture design, Roger Dean encountered the frustrations common to those who engage

in innovative work. Both professors and professionals were intrigued by his unique conceptions, but too often they denied the viability of his visions. His "sea-urchin" chair is a case in point. Entered in a commercial furniture design competition, it was immediately eliminated because it was deemed unfeasible.

There can be little wonder

that Dean submerged himself for several years in the scintillating world of album covers for groups like Osibisa and Yes. The paintings and drawings executed in this arena fill the bulk of *Views* and constitute its major attraction, even though Dean is still deeply concerned with transforming the civilized human landscape.

Though working in a field

dominated by personality cults and pop-op-psychedelia, he did not succumb to its pervasive influence, but developed a universe all his own, a fantasy world that partakes of fairy-tale, surrealism, and science fiction. Tolkienesque citadels and domesticated dragons rub shoulders with a screaming blue demon, bat-winged war-planes, exploding planets, and far-future spaceships. A fire-engine-red elephant with gauzy wings lands in a marsh inhabited by rhino-headed lizards. It is not all as garish as it sounds, and some scenes are rendered in a very tranquil style, pastel and non-inflammatory.

Dean's technique ranges from classic watercolor through a vast array of mixed media, including pencil, ink-line, wax crayon, and aerosol auto-enamels. Often his backgrounds are enamel colors run together in search of the picturesque "happy accident," which he then re-works to enhance the desired image (some of these adventuresome backgrounds are more successful than others), and completes by overlaying a carefully-delineated and colored paper figure.

The separation of figure from ground can thus be quite emphatic, but on occasion this method is employed in such a skillful manner that the difference is unobtrusive: a well-armed paladin charges forth on his bionic horse through mist-shrouded muck, and only close inspection reveals he is not one with the medium of his earth and sky. More often the difference in texture does not matter, and the figures are invariably well-placed, almost always well-integrated with their environments.

Dean is strongly influenced by childhood exposure to the Orient, and many of his works display qualities reminiscent of old Chinese scrolls. He is fond of twisted bonsai growth, haloed sunrise, rising mist, cascading waterfall and jumbled slabrock, as well as outlandish beasts and landscapes of floating dream. Fluted stone reaches upward, like a slender elm, blossoming into a puddingshape, a pigeon-holed "lighthouse" ... or vaulting, in massive walls and columns, into a colossal cavern-fortress, perforated with slotted vents and windows, and guarded by great diamondback serpents that coil among lichen-crusted rocks below. The shards of

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a broken planet drift downward into an alien lake, take root, grow and change like burgeoning yeast, with spiral ramps emerging from their sides. With reference to Roger Dean, the word "organic" takes on the semblance of understatement.

In his latter work, Dean's concern for architecture re-emerges, and the incredible creatures and events are de-emphasized. Mushroom and ovoids remain dominant architectonic elements, infolding with the labyrinthine interior space of an ant hill or hornet's nest. Some of his house designs also suggest the compact arrangement of chambers and vesicles in the human heart. In a way, what Dean is doing is constructing (or imagining) marvellous tree houses without the trees. Though he professed disappointment at his one visit to Disneyland, there is nevertheless more than a touch of Disney whimsicality and sensuousity in Dean's designs ...especially if one recalls the Dis-

ney *Alice* (see pages 50 and 144).

In the works most concerned with created environments or human habitations (however strange), the abstract variation of form and line becomes a more dominant pictorial mode than in those devoted mainly to surreal depiction. Monsters and monstrous machines give way to playful evolutions and evocations. Indeed, much of this latter type is exceedingly picturesque, with tortured trees and tortuous constructions, a sensuous delight to rival the best of Beardsley or Rackham.

Ever playful, Dean is not just playing around; there is a consistent, orderly, well-considered philosophy behind all this Wonderland stuff. When still at the Royal College, "Roger Dean was struck by the extent to which furniture was made to compensate for inadequate architecture." And: "the role of the home is to provide security and privacy. All else follows from this."

science fiction and fantasy illustrators of great merit who have never achieved Dean's commercial success.

For the *cognoscenti*, I need only mention Hannes Bok, who practically starved to death; or Virgil Finlay, who died in relative poverty and great obscurity; or Edd Cartier, who disappeared into the morass of Madison Avenue advertising. Perhaps all this is changing now, indicated by books like Bantam's *Fantastic Art of Frank Frazetta*. And perhaps, simply as a painter, Roger Dean is not in a class with Frazetta. Even so, *Views* is a book to place alongside that Frazetta volume, if only because it fills in much that Frazetta doesn't touch.

Dean's drawing is crisp and clean, a delight of linear design; his coloring is generally sensitive and provocative. His flaws are not glaring, his outright failures rare, his successes broad and lovely. And this book, for anyone with the smallest visionary spark, is a license to dream.

Alex Eisenstein



**DANCING MADNESS**  
 Edited by Abe Peck  
 (Rolling Stone Books, \$5.95)

Le Jardin, New York's discotheque for the hustling elite, commands a steep \$6 cover charge (\$8 on weekends), its dance floor filled night after night. It is there that Disco Queens are crowned, business is talked, and the newest variants on the Hustle are first seen—while Barry White breathes in every ear like an obscene phonecaller turned up to 110 decibels. There, "Bobby DJ," legendary record spinner and Le Jardin's sole concession to spontaneity, performs his well-remunerated task of stocking the floor. From 10 p.m. to nearly dawn, it's Bobby's duty to sort through the mounds of 45's and go full-swing on the brassy ones, those with swooning, orgasmic vocals and plenty of high-hat cymbal. It used to be "rhythm & blues," but now it's just "rhythm."

I took notebook in hand in June of '75 and journeyed from one disco to the next for a local publication. In seven years of reporting, I'd have to call the disco assignment my most disparaging. It was more than merely the mu-

sic—I could tolerate it for all of about 10 minutes before severe nausea set in—it was the attitude of renewed exclusivity. On every aluminum dance floor were post-Woodstock men and women sullenly engaged in a new social order that's shot to hell any quest toward unity and openness through popular music.

Since that assignment, I've mellowed. I now find a small portion of disco music listenable and find myself better equipped to swallow the prevailing "attitude." Although presently in the limelight, discomania has not proven resilient enough to replace the long-endured institutions of the music scene (clubs, coffeehouses, ballrooms). If disco were a majority, Abe Peck's *Dancing Madness* would read as something of the state of arts, which it doesn't. *Dancing Madness* is, however, the most comprehensive guide to the disco subculture available, replete with dance steps, mores, dress and social codes. Essays range from laudatory (Vince Aletti's overview of disco records) to instructional (notably Toots Hibbert on reggae dancing) to sardonic (Ed McCormack's introduction).

Little attempt is made at eval-

uation of disco-as-art. Free of inference, conclusions are left to the reader as he wades through dance step charts, musician bios, dialectic variations on the Hustle, and other elements of the scene. The volume is a valuable resource for both the disco-goer and armchair hustlers interested in discomania as the slice of pop culture it is. For them, *Dancing Madness* will sit well on the shelf beside *Outlaws of America* and *Urban Blues*. (I'm inclined to believe that the book is aimed at the latter contingency.)

Many of the essays that follow those by McCormack and Aletti are of mere tangential interest to the discussion of discomania, but broaden *Dancing Madness* to something of a definitive study of social dance. Marshall Rosenthal offers a history of 20th Century dance, taking it from the Black Bottom to the "Woodstock Sungrope," of which he writes: "By the time we got to Woodstock, dancing was a formless expression of ecstasy instead of a structured sequence of steps." Walk into the B.B.C. and observe that in seven short years, the turnabout has become manifest.

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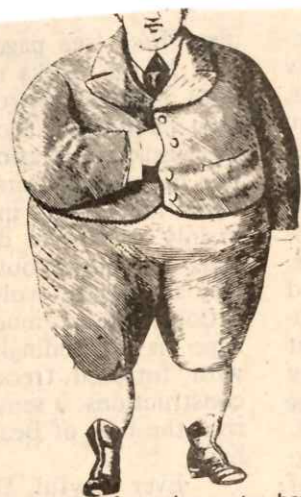
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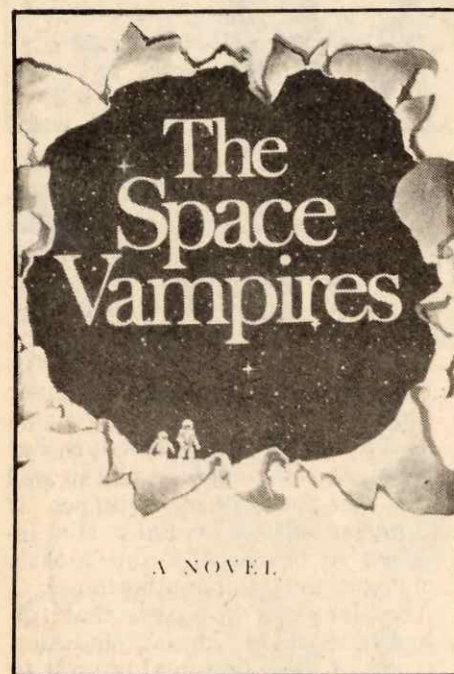
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tems, the disco culture's weakest component is undoubtedly the music itself. Kudos to Herbie Mann, bearer of a huge disco hit last year, who confides, "It bores the shit out of me." Monti Rock III, a/k/a Disco Tex, reveals, "I'll be doing something brand new next year." And yet all too many disco musicians are content with the few creative demands placed on them. None of those interviewed conceded any aversion to the anonymity or low-art criticism that surrounds their music. Just so long as you can dance to it, everything's fine.

*Dancing Madness* is a book about a subculture that can be summed up sufficiently in seven words: "Get Down Tonight," but watch your step.

by Cary Baker



**THE SPACE VAMPIRES**  
by Colin Wilson  
(Random House, \$7.95)

Forget everything you've ever seen in the late night monster movies; put aside your crosses, garlic, wolfsbane, stakes and other paranormal paraphernalia—the simple terrors of a Count Dracula are part of the past as Colin Wilson reveals what vampires *really* are and where they originated.

On a routine asteroid-charting

expedition, the men of *Hermes*, led by Commander Carlson, discover the eighty-kilometre hulk of an ancient spacecraft adrift in space near Jupiter. On board, another discovery: 30 humanoid forms, sealed in glass, but apparently alive. The astronauts bring three of the aliens back to England only to realize, too late, that the beings are vampires, criminal variants of a super-race from the star Rigel. The vampires strike out on a life-draining binge, not the traditional bite-in-the-neck variety, but one which completely depletes a person's vital forces, their human energy. Commander Carlson himself is a near-miss and the experience lends him the insight and resistance necessary to track and trap the galactic murderers.

Wilson blends von Daniken and Van Vogt deftly in his portrayal of beings capable of drawing life from others. Interestingly enough, the trait is not confined to unearthly aliens—"Vampirism is commoner than you think. Why do we eat oysters alive? Why do we boil lobster alive? It's true even when we eat vegetables..."—and it is not necessarily evil. You'll enjoy the development of the "life-force exchange" idea, regardless of the minor structural flaws and unanswered questions.

by Larry Green

**RELATIVES**  
by George Alec Effinger  
(Dell, \$1.25)

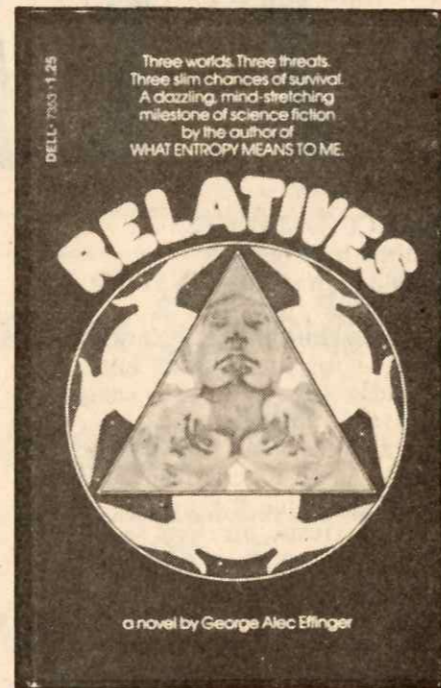
Thorton Wilder, in *The Skin of Our Teeth*, explored a family's interrelationships as they dealt with an insane world, a world where past and present co-existed. George Effinger borrows the idea for his protagonists in a trio of "survival" stories.

*Ernest Weintraub* lives in a New York (pop. 30 million) regulated apartment module, a plastic environment capable of moving with the individual—a twenty-first-or-so century Ford or Chevy. During the day, he is a fourth-class subassembler, installing control knobs on the front panels of electronic testing equipment. He's bored. One day, his work is interrupted by an announcement of the six men who

represent all the governments of the world. The world, it seems, will shortly come to a violent end, and government facilities can save only one person out of every 250, chosen randomly.

*Ernst Weintraub* is a Communist revolutionary in the world where "Jermany" wins World War I. After the war, Ernst is assigned to begin a new life in New York, Ostamerika, corrupting the moral and spiritual fiber of the people. For 13 years, he does a magnificent job—until the Reichstag is burned and the Jermans need a scapegoat for Communist underground activity.

*Ernst Weintraub* is a rather spacy poet/intellectual who talks to himself and seems to remain oblivious to the intrigue of the world around him. His days, spent on a



poem which never quite reaches a written stage, are divided by different liqueurs (suited to the time of day) and various intrusions by street urchins. Finally, driven further into his own solitude, he reviews his life, incident by incident, and realizes "I have never gone anywhere. I have never come from anywhere."

Ernest, Ernst, and Ernst (this gets confusing, which is part of the point) are locked in three personal struggles with the absurd world of which they are a part. They try to provide logical answers for the illo-

gical questions they face as they try merely to survive, each in his own way. In doing it their way, one man becomes part of the world he abhors; another is manipulated by the world he thinks he's manipulating; and the third is overwhelmed by the world he tries so hard to rise above.

All three are losers, normal men who, in the world of the abnormal, cannot provide appropriate responses. But all three, despite their differing responses, share the same thoughts as they finally surrender themselves to the insanity of their world: "It's all for the greater good, I guess. They know what they're doing."

Effinger handles the three stories much the same as a skilled juggler—which causes one problem. The better the juggler, the harder it is to keep track of any specific item being juggled. *Relatives* is a beautiful juggling act—nothing is dropped, but each of the elements loses something in forming the whole.

by Larry Green

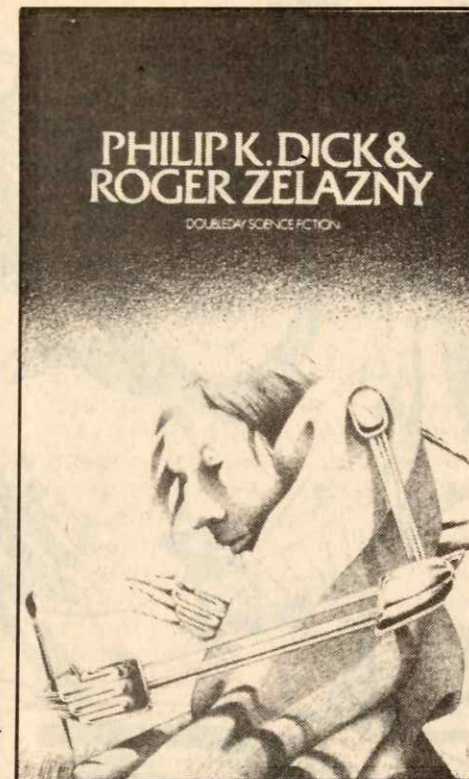
**DEUS IRAE**  
by Philip K. Dick  
and Roger Zelazny  
(Doubleday, \$5.95)

It's the future. The world has been destroyed—almost—and God didn't save it. So, hardly anybody believes in Him anymore, and spiritual allegiance has been transferred to the *Deus Irae*, the God of Wrath. The Deus is the mad scientist who created the biggest bomb of all, guaranteed to solve the earth's overpopulation. His name is Carlton Lufteufel, and he taught people to believe in death.

Tibor McMasters is an armless, legless artist assigned to paint a church mural featuring the D.I. Tibor uses sophisticated aluminum hands and fingers to do his work. However, he can't paint Lufteufel sight unseen, so Tibor has to make the thousand-mile trek from Charlottesville, Utah, to Los Angeles. He and companion Pete Sands have lots of adventures on the way.

Two great science fiction writers don't necessarily make a great book. Author Dick is working on familiar terrain here—a New Wave landscape of alienation. But Zelaz-

Triad September 1976



ny's contribution is difficult to discern. The collaboration starts off slowly, but after page 100 the flights of failed fancy taper off and a serious s/f novel gets started, more or less. Fans of Dick will probably enjoy this book, but those who get their kicks from Zelazny's Amber series may end up confused. But try it anyway.

By the way, the latest installment in the masterful Amber saga has recently been published, also by Doubleday. It's called *The Hand of Oberon*, and seems to wrap everything up. But I doubt it.

by Chuck Pratt

**STARMAKING MACHINERY**  
by Geoffrey Stokes  
(Bobbs-Merrill, \$8.95)

"The only thing worse than selling out," George Frayne (a/k/a Commander Cody) complains near the end of Geoffrey Stokes' revealing expose of the American pop music industry, "is selling out and not getting bought."

*Starmaking Machinery*, which painstakingly follows the progress of a rock album from studio to retail outlets, details not only why the pioneering country-rock bands

"sold out" but what sort of pressures led to their commercial compromises. As a veteran political correspondent and musical enthusiast, Stokes brings a breadth of reportorial expertise to the subject that few rock critics could match.

The result? A startling glimpse at the seamy underbelly of rock music. One could quarrel with Stokes' decision to follow Commander Cody (a stellar, but clearly second-rung rock outfit) but not with his perceptive remarks. The book's strength resides in its dispassionate catalog of both corporate and aesthetic abuses. Stokes' legwork provides what may be the first full-scale indictment of the pop music process.

Record companies rip off artists' royalties, add unsavory, small-print clauses to band contracts, use legal strong-arm tactics to force groups to honor illegal agreements and, worse yet, deliberately sabotage album sales and studio sessions to protect future products.

Groups can take their parent companies to court, but the legal process is arduous, expensive and weighted in the label's favor. Cody's litigation against the ABC/Paramount conglomerate ended with a pyrrhic victory. The band won their contractual release but succumbed to internal squabbles and renewed commercial failure. The group is currently in semi-retirement.

Stokes' groundbreaking effort offers a subtle declaration of war against flagrant recording company abuses. Perhaps it will serve as an incentive for rock journalists to dip their pens in blood, burn their "rave" reviews and stop treating the music business with kid gloves. As Commander Cody and thousands of less fortunate acts have discovered, the recording industry exacts a high price for fame and fortune.

by Patrick Goldstein



Marvel Comics group

# COMICON CHRONICLES

By PETER B. GILLIS

A Comics Convention? (Chicago had one in August.) And those who attend are invariably asked by those who don't: Just what do you do at one of those things? Well, there are four general areas of participation. Three of them can be "done" by any bopper off the street, while the fourth is usually reserved for the person who is heavily into comics. And the Chicago Comics Convention should, I think, be judged a success, because there

was plenty of all four categories to please and delight the participants. What is this mysterious quartet? I'm glad you asked!

The first area of activity is simply Hob-nobbing With The Bigshots—the professionals, the men and women who put the comics together. At this convention were Jenette Kahn, 29-year-old publisher of DC comics, and Stan Lee, ageless publisher of Marvel Comics, as well as artists like Mike

Grell, Tim Conrad, and Mike Vosburg, who work for those mammoth companies, and eccentrics like Harvey Kurtzman, creator of *MAD* and *Little Annie Fanny*, and Dennis Kitchen, Skip Williamson, and Jay Lynch, whose stomping ground is the "underground" of comics. Now, a hob-nobber can follow the stars around, ask them questions, ask for their autograph (if that turns you on), or try to find out what the future holds for the

comics industry. The big news at the Chicago Comicon was Marvel's acquisition of the rights to *Tarzan* and the other Edgar Rice Burroughs characters; the upcoming *Superman vs. Muhammed Ali* book; and the big budget *Superman* movie (with James Caan as Supes); and Stan Lee's plans for an all-new, coffee-table-sized, glossy-paper version of *The Silver Surfer* by him and Jack Kirby, which might turn out to be the ultimate comic-book.

Perhaps the greatest kick at the Comicon, though, was watching Stan Lee perform, handling questions, reminiscing, playing with the audience, and putting on a marvellous show. Jenette and the others are personable, gracious, witty, good folks all, but Stan Lee is practically a one-man *Tonight Show* of the comic book field.

If stars turn you off, you can go to the main floor of the convention and buy, buy, buy. Old and not-so-old comics, of course,



Stan Lee

but other things as well. A large number of Comicon dealers were offering old movie stills (I've never figured out why old movies and comic books are lumped together, but they are). There were purveyors of pulp magazines, sophisticated war games, and a stunning collection of posters and art portfolios, the most notable being Christopher Enterprises' brilliant line of fantasy prints. Money went fast, though: *Howard the Duck No. 1* (all of a year old) was going for five bucks, and if you wanted it, *Superman No. 1* could be had for well over a thousand.

But the convention was also a side-show, a penny arcade. There was a room full of original comics artwork (some of which was auctioned off for charity), from Charles Schulz's *Peanuts* to Jack Kirby's *Thor* to (here we are again) Gene Colan's *Howard the Duck*. Messrs. Grell, Conrad, and Vosburg also showed off their own often mind-blowing work, and fans were treated to some excellent work by a rising star in the field (not-yet-pro-but-soon-we-hope), Frank Fosco.

From there you could go upstairs and gorge yourself on film like *Doc Savage* and *The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad* and *Destroy All Monsters* (a Japanese comedy classic); old TV shows like *The Avengers*, *My Living Doll*, or even *Johnny Jupiter* (don't ask!); and, of course, scores and scores of cartoons. Despite the fact that the Playboy Towers Hotel was not built to accommodate a comics convention with its tiny elevators and small suites—not to mention a setup which forced little kids in Spider Man T-shirts to go through a bar staffed by girls in hot pants—it was a value not to be missed even by the person slightly interested in comic book phenomenology.

Nevertheless, for those people to whom comics are a very important part of their fantasy life and their *being* in general, there was also Area Four: here was a collection of people, all of whom spoke the same language. One could go up to somebody and utter an offhand opinion like, "Gerry Conway isn't good enough to write for Marvel Comics and should go back to DC!" and plunge into an



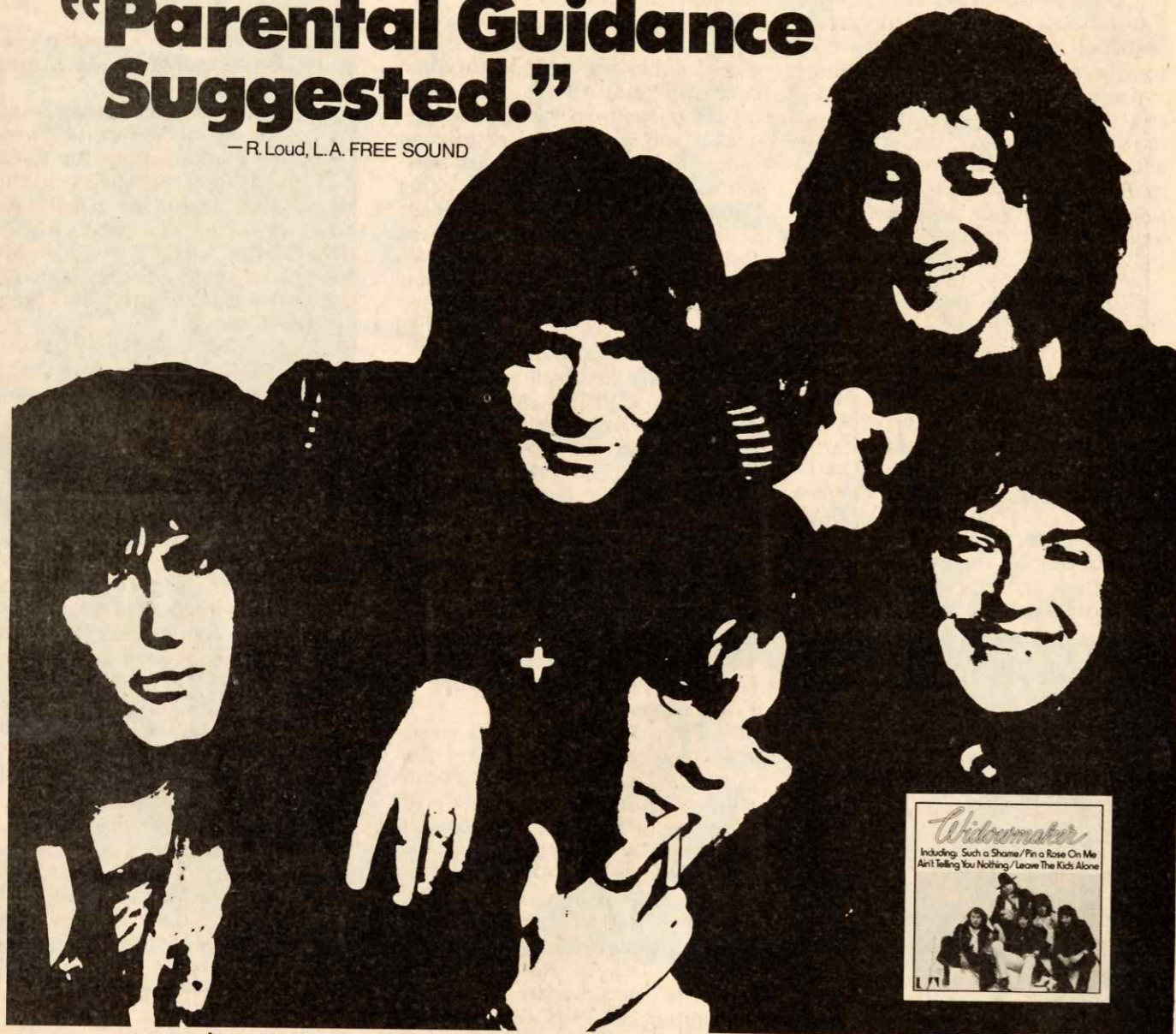
Jenette Kahn

hour-long conversation with a total stranger. Friendships based on comics can be made instantly, arguments flare up like flash fires. And if you happened to be the only kid on your block or in your dorm who was into comics, all of a sudden you could find that you really weren't alone.

That's possibly the nicest thing about a convention like Comicon, and the reason why they keep happening. The 3,000 fans who were part of the Chicago Comicon can thank sponsors Joe Sarno, Larry Charet, and Ross Knight for three fine days of dream-feeding.

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# Movies



**THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW**  
directed by Jim Sharman  
Twentieth Century-Fox

Slink right up, folks, it's another magical mystery tour. This time we travel to Denton, USA, "The Home of Happiness," where Brad Majors and Janet Weiss, our two fresh-faced young betrothed, are out for a drive in the country. Lo and behold, the weather turns

derful world of Dr. Frank-n-Furter. Welcome to *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

For several years in play form, *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* has been a cult darling for those that liked their nostalgia on the kinkier side. Jagger loved it, Bowie was amused, and audiences on both sides of the Atlantic raved at the freaked-out mad scientist and his parody of the ultimate RKO singing/horror movie.

As a film, *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* fulfills its dream, and parody becomes reality. The film synthesizes the most flagrant styles of the 30's and becomes the final statement on that period of Fay Wray, Fred Astaire, Boris Karloff and Busby Berkeley.

But lest we digress too far, let's return to Brad and Janet at the castle, where they have found themselves intruders at the annual convention for expatriots from the planet of Transsexual, in the faraway galaxy, Transylvania. They meet Riff Raff (Richard O'Brien, who also wrote the score and co-wrote the original play), the master's skeletal, hunchbacked servant, Magenta (Patricia Quinn) and Columbia (Little Nell), his vamping tap-fancing lackeys, and finally, Frank-n-Furter himself (Tim Curry, who along with Quinn, Nell and O'Brien, came to the film from the original London cast of the play), the mad scientist with a twist, who is given over to stalking around his castle in six-inch heels and sequinned corsets.

Frank's the sort of queen that makes the whole world his closet. His opening number, "Just a Sweet Transvestite Transylvanian," is one of the best in the show, and he flaunts it to his best advantage, coming on like a cross between Alice Cooper and Lauren Bacall.

Following his introduction, everyone retires up to the lab to see his latest attempt to create the perfect monster. A twist of the dials, a flash of lightning, and Rocky Horror is born. The new baby is a glistening 6'2" blond body builder in gold lame shorts. The crowd in the lab adores him. Frank-n-Furter is beside himself

inclement and the car is debilitated in the storm, so our heroes hoof it to the nearest household to call a mechanic.

The house turns out to be a castle, and the castle's owner happens to be hosting a party for the most bizarre collection of people since Sgt. Pepper's group disbanded. Before long, Brad and Janet find themselves prisoners in the galaxy's first science-fiction transvestite musical. Welcome to the won-



with joy. As the two of them retire to the doctor's purple-padded, candle-lit boudoir, you can see that the two of them will be very, very happy together.

Or will they? Lest too much of the film be revealed, suffice it to say that there's a lot more excitement in store.

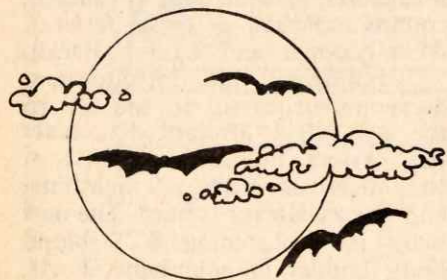
We meet Eddie, one of Frank-n-Furter's earlier creations, who bursts out of his deep-freeze chamber on his chopped-up Harley, looking like a fat Neanderthal Elvis Presley as he belts out his rock-and-roll number. Upon second consideration, he looks *exactly* like Elvis. We also meet Dr. Scott, an old high school teacher of Brad and Janet's, and a long-standing nemesis of the scientist, who also turns out to be Eddie's uncle.

And finally we go to Frank-n-Furter's floor show, a variety special, complete with chorus line, swimming pool sequence, Frank's final torch song, and an ending that even Dino de Laurenti's upcoming blockbuster, his remake of *King Kong*, could never touch.

*The Rocky Horror Picture Show* makes Myra Breckenridge look like a Girl Scout training film, but it is outrageous without the latter film's offensiveness. For all its flutter and strut, the Rocky Horror Show is almost a family film, if yours is the sort of family that doesn't mind a bit of flesh. It has everything that people used to go to movies for: music, stars, glamor, mystery, suspense, pathos, and humor.

Better than any of the recent compilation films from MGM, it brings back to the screen that almost forgotten quality that made movies the institution they are. And, my dears, that's entertainment.

by Beth Segal



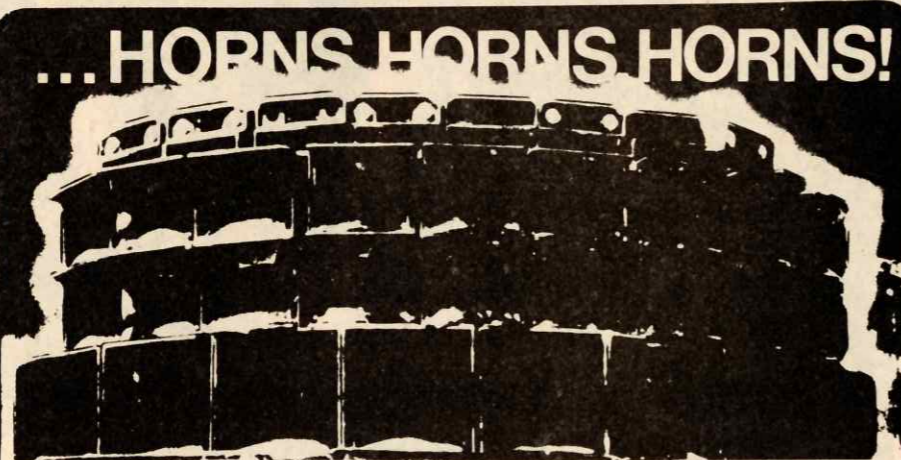
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it jumps along, but only spews clues of the story.

Newton comes to Earth with the purpose of somehow transporting water to his own parched planet. He sets about his business by establishing World Enterprises—a megalomaniacal industry which will make him all the money he needs by overtaking Kodak, IBM, Sony, you name it, with its technological advances in consumer photography and home media systems.

At the same time that it appears Newton is finishing off the fat cats and diamond dogs of New York, he somehow stumbles into love with the classic American tart with a heart of gold, Mary Lou (Candy Clark), in classic Haneyville, New Mexico, where the spaceman has holed up to begin work on getting back home.

His romance does not seal his fate—poor Mary Lou never really has a chance—it's his tinkering with the American economy. The nation must not be threatened with a technological glut that would confuse the naive consumer. A little violence in the right place, and Newton's hold on the market is broken. Somehow, his visit to Earth has become a permanent residence.

Rather mundane sci-fi fare, and all rather irrelevant to the film. Roeg started out in the industry as a brilliant cinematographer with aspirations. He'll probably end that way as well. What is important in his films are the myriad visual pastiches—shifting patterns of faces and bodies and places; arcane images that refuse to stay put, but transmute and reform in endless metamorphoses, images that relay truth and falsehood indiscriminately and irresponsibly.

As for Bowie, the one consistency of the eclectic superstar has always been his insistence that David Bowie is many things, but always and essentially an actor. His concept albums were ideas for films that never happened; his performances are pure theatrical pageant. In the film, Bowie IS Thomas Jerome Newton, nervous, shy, and gawky in his terrestrial guise, momentarily terrifying but ultimately vulnerable in his true form. His film debut betrays almost everything he's done in rock.

by Beth Segal

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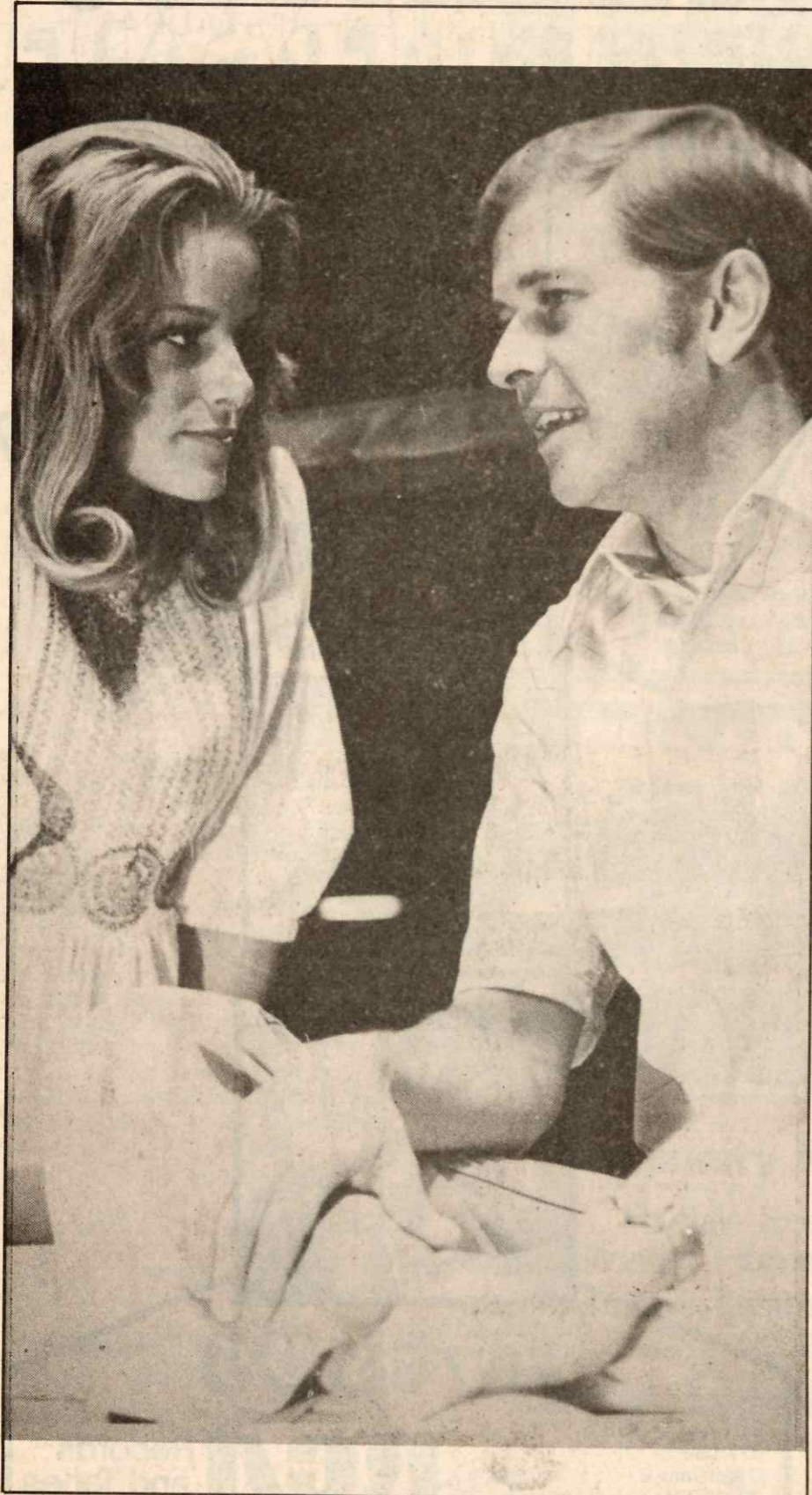
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**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE**  
by Leonard Gershe  
Directed by June Pullinsi  
at Candlelight Dinner Playhouse

Seeing *Butterflies Are Free* at the Candlelight Dinner Playhouse is a unique opportunity to have dinner, see a good show and curb one's homicidal tendencies, all in the same place and in the same evening. More on this later.

Contrary to stereo-types, attending a dinner theatre is not an invasion of hallowed turf signifying comfortable, bourgeois domesticity and breeding. It's really just a nice way to spend an evening. And for what you get, you don't spend all that much money. (Dinner and theatre at Candlelight starts at \$8.95 per person.)

The dinner-playhouse concept was originated by Bill Pullinsi, Jr., his mother June, and his friend Tony D'Angelo in Washington in 1959 while the men were college students. They closed up shop in a Washington ballroom and reopened here as the Candlelight Dinner Playhouse in 1961, several blocks from the present site. An adjoining dinner playhouse, the Forum, was added in 1972.

Doors are open and dinner is served at Candlelight two hours before showtime. Drinks are available at dinner and during intermissions.

The restaurant and playhouse at Candlelight are in one and the same area. Tables, each equipped with an *electric* candlelight, are terraced around the four sides of the small Candlelight stage, which mechanically rises from a basement for the show. Balcony seating is also part of the physical plant. Whereas there's a definite advantage to not having to move from your dinner seat to disturb that sweet, sated equilibrium that comes after a hearty meal, yours truly experienced one of those rare instances of the disadvantages of this set-up. During the first act, a guy at a table immediately below me was making an incredible din stirring his ice cubed drink for 40 seconds straight! The boor couldn't be ignored. After experiencing an

eternity of rattling, I had an overwhelming urge to remove my tie, reach down, and garrote the guy!

The show, which runs through September 26, is given an efficient production. Set in New York City's East Village, *Butterflies Are Free* presents that classic love triangle: boy-girl-meddling mother.

A sensitive, folk-singing blind youth, Don Baker (Al Nuti) has just taken an apartment, fleeing a sheltered existence and the stultifying, suburban smother-mothering provided by Mrs. Baker (Gertrude Berman). His new neighbor is Jill Tanner, a 19 year old divorcee and aspiring actress from L.A., played with the proper amount of spacy earnestness by Laura Ross. The two hit it off immediately. However, complications arise through generation gap games when Don's mother visits, and when a rude, hip, Off-Broadway director (Michael Lloyd) enters the goings-on.

The two difficult roles belong to Nuti and Berman and they're both up to the demands. Nuti carries off the blindness and fresh-faced innocence of his character,

while Berman is able to transcend the early cardboard stereo-type of her character with the three-dimensional warmth, understanding, and humanness required in the third act. Her last scene with Nuti is especially touching and sensitive. A lesser performer would've dissipated into empty, melodramatic sentimentality.

The undemanding set and lighting are as serviceable as they are unspectacular. The show works well in-the-round and everyone understood their role. Director June Pullinsi can chalk up another winner.

Candlelight is located at 5620 S. Harlem Ave., Summit, Ill., just off the Stevenson Expressway. For reservations, ticket information call 458-7373.

Next time I go, though, I'm not wearing a tie.

by Richard C. Tanis

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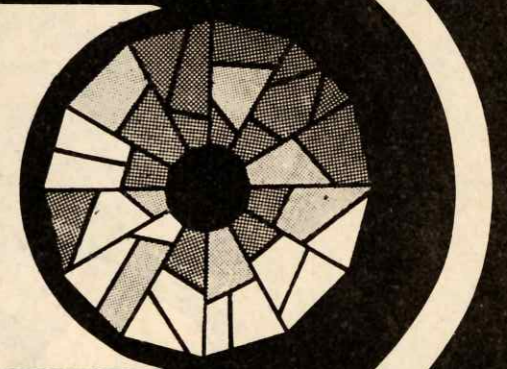
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# THE STAINED GLASS EYE

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WESTCHESTER, ILLINOIS  
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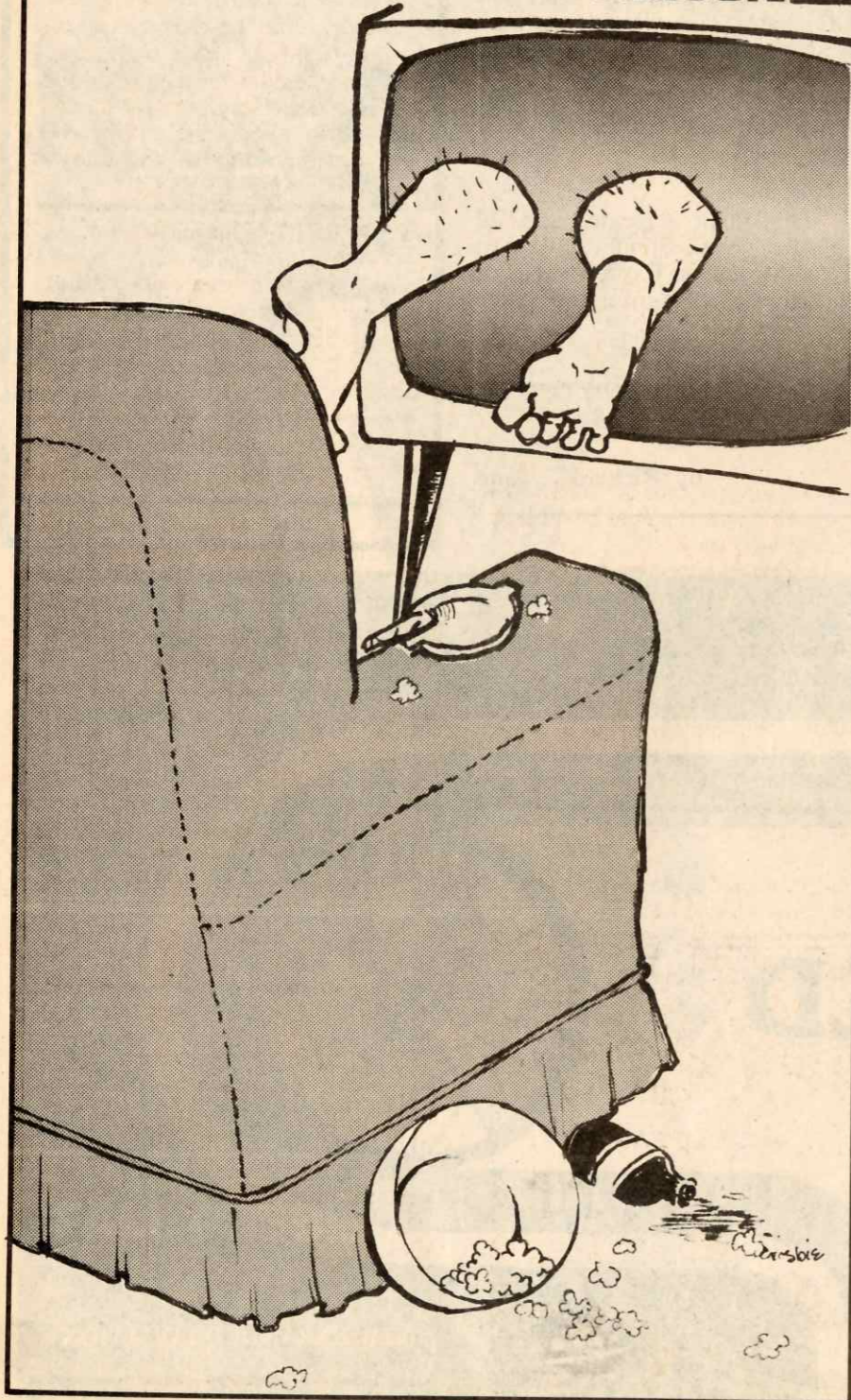


NEW EXPANDED LOCATION

## FALL PREVIEW:

# TV OR NOT TV?

BY FRIEDA ILLION &  
SCOTT FIVELSON



It's unanimous. Executives of every major network have promised that Super-Season '76 will be the most amazing, lucrative, stupendous, profitable, hit-filled fall season in television history. But that's no accident. Beginning immediately after the purge of last year's catastrophes, the industry made a mad scramble to try and find out just what made the new *hits* tick. Said Lyon Sheckels (general manager, NBC): "We tried to get inside the head of an average American viewer, but unfortunately the scalpel slipped (he was struggling too much; we should have used an anesthetic), and we are now facing a mammoth law suit."

Scared off by FCC protests over the high mortality rate in Sheckel's Method, another network went to Stanford University where they submitted the formats of the surviving hit shows to a computerized statistical analysis. RAPE (Reviewing Automaton for Fall Entries) went to work, scanning at super-speed the more than 1.4 billion particles of pertinent plot and character data. The RAPE system was programmed to exactly mirror typical human reactions. Morley Gilders, a CBS vice-president, talks about RAPE: "It was spooky. Maybe once in a while you'd hear a laugh. One time, when it was analyzing *the Waltons*, it began spitting IBM cards all over the room. Another time, when we came back from a coffee break, we found the machine was gone. A multi-million dollar machine gone! We were just about to sound a security alert when it came roaring back into the room with beer and sandwiches. It was about to run a scan on *The Wide World of Sports*."

The third major network, ABC, chose yet another marketing technique for determining their new fall line-up. Admits program director Ione Copeks: "We just steal. We take a good idea one of the other networks has, and we try to put a new twist to it — or at least a new title. So far we've been quite successful."

When you get right down to it, it looks like that's just about what everybody did in this, the new fall season. So here they are. Your new favorite shows. And they're every bit as good . . . as you'd expect.

## SATURDAY NIGHT

### WHO KILLED KENNEDY? — Quiz Show

Each week three new celebrity theorists listen to and decide on evidence forwarded by members of the studio audience on either of the Kennedy assassinations. First week's guest theorists: Frank Gifford, Betty White, and Charles Nelson Reilly.

### ZIPGUN AND COMPANY — Ethnic Comedy

Riproarious laff-riot about some down-and-out dudes who carry out their not-so-innocent transactions on the stairwells of a low-income housing project. In the series' opener, Zipgun shows up at City Hall to protest for better lighting in the project elevators after he accidentally rapes his sister. Zipgun: Clarence Williams III.

### PSEUDO-MEDICS — Medical Drama

In a crowded city hospital, untrained orderlies, dieticians, and security guards, perform emergency operations . . . that no one knows about. With Michael J. Pollard, Sandy Dennis, and Bruce Dern.

## SUNDAY NIGHT

### GENTLE JAWS — Family Adventure

Rodney Allen Rippey as a precocious 8 year-old with an unusual friend — a great white shark. Together the two of them do good deeds in the waters off Martha's Vineyards.

### UNIWORLD — Science Fiction

About a bizarre world of the future in which everything is alike. Rex-21, Rex-22, Rex-23: The Hudson Brothers.

### BUCKSHOT — Family Adventure

After his ex-wife dies in a tragic shooting accident, divorced game warden Buckshot Willoughby (Dar-

rin McGavin) yanks his estranged son out of high school in order to teach him to live off the land. In the first episode, Buckshot takes Nathan to a trout farm. Nathan: David Cassidy.

### THE BORENSTEINS — Musical variety

Just a year ago this adorable musical family was selling hardware in Antioch, Ill. The Borensteins: Jake, Selma, Bucky, Bev, Bernie, and Bubby.

## MONDAY NIGHT

### 4 AGAINST 1 — News

One commentator reads the news while four others shout their opinions. Fahey Flynn, Joel Daley, Bill Frink, Terry Murphy, Harry Reasoner. (Will be aired Monday thru Friday.)

### MCCARTHY DAYS — Comedy-Nostalgia

An affectionate look at the 1950's, as seen through the eyes of a black-listed screenwriter.

### I.P.A.E.S.C. — Cop Show

It stands for Invisible Patrolmen in Apparently Empty Squad Cars, a special task force with a hip new gimmick for faking out wary crimesters. Starring David McCallum and Claude Rains.

### WHIPLASH — Drama

Real-life legal drama about a lawyer who knows he'll never get rich by



being a public defender. Larry (Whiplash) McCain: James Franciscus. (Pilot originally aired under the title, "Follow That Ambulance".)

## TUESDAY NIGHT

### THE BEACHBUM AND THE BABY — Comedy

A do-nothing beachbum with a heart of gold (Beau Bridges) is in for more than he bargained for when he finds a baby on a surfboard and decides to keep it. In the first episode, Hoagie must decide what to do about the bully who keeps kicking sand in the baby's face. Bully: James Caan.

### SPEEDTRAP — Cop Show

Realistic crime drama saluting our boys in blue behind the billboards. A Quinn Martin Production starring Broderick Crawford and Marjoe Gortner.

### NO HARD FEELINGS — Adult Comedy-Soap Opera

Another no-holds-barred Norman Lear production. This one's about the Impotent Ward at a Masters and Johnson-type clinic.

## WEDNESDAY NIGHT

### HUNT 'N' PECKERS — Scandal-Adventure

Lorayne Hunt (Meredith Baxter Bitney) and Sylvia Peckers (Lynda Day George), two daffy "sex-retardies" eager to give their own intimate brand of campaign contributions. Congressman Morley: William Windom.

### RUTGERS AND CHOW — Cop Show

Take Sam Rutgers, an Ivy Leaguer with a Ph.D. in criminology, put him together with Ling Mai Chow, a street-wise Chinese, and you've got the toughest crime fighting team on the beat. They break all the rules, even when they don't have to, and they crack most of their cases in their spare time. Rutgers: Robert Culp. Chow: George Takei.

**RUBE AND DUFFERS** — Cop Show

Take Bingle Rube, a 30 year-old veteran cop who's been on the force since he was 15, put him together with Easley Duffers, a rookie ex-trucker who's going on 50, and you've got the toughest crime fighting team on the beat. They break all the rules, even when they don't have to, and they crack most of their cases on their spare time. Rube: Mac Davis. Duffers: Ernest Borgnine.

**THURSDAY NIGHT**

**WELCOME BACK, BARBARINO** — Comedy Spin-off

It's Vinnie Barbarino, returning for his eighth consecutive year of high school. In the season's opener, the happy-go-lucky illiterate fails a 3rd grade level spelling test and knives the school psychologist. Barbarino: John Travolta.

**FAISAL AND OMAR** - Ethnic Comedy

Broad humor abounds in this series about a couple of lovable, bungling terrorists. This week the irresponsible Arabs try to blow up the Wisconsin State Senate. Faisal: Bill Bixby. Omar: Clint Walker.

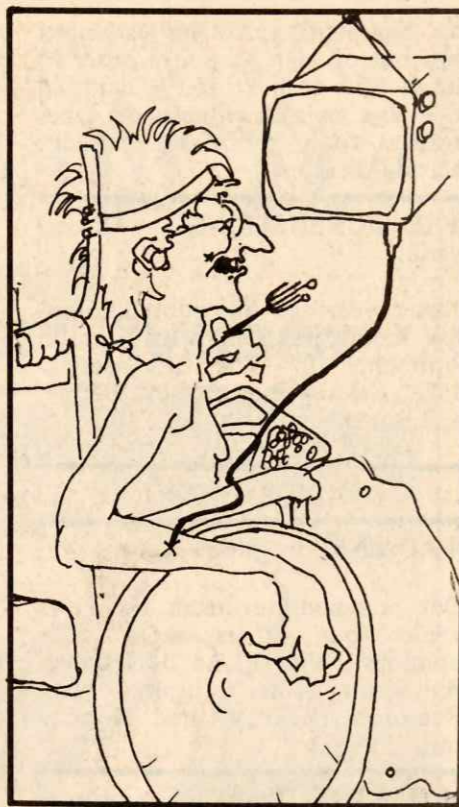
**BAMBI O'KELLY, CADET** — Cop Show

She's Connie Stevens, an exotic dancer working her way through police cadet school. Martin Milner is her no-nonsense instructor, who has trouble keeping his weapon holstered.

**FRIDAY NIGHT**

**R.P. McMURPHY AND BIG NURSE** — Comedy

The zany doings of a lobotomized patient in a nuthouse where even the doctors are crazy. McMurphy: Peter Graves. Big Nurse: Imogene Coca.



**UP BY OUR MOCCASINS** — Ethnic Comedy

If you only have a chance to see one of the new programs this season, don't miss this triumph over racial stereotypes. The series deals with the trials and tribulations of an Indian tribe relocated from a government reservation to a suburban condominium. George Hawk: Sheldon Leonard. Ethel Hawk: Rita Moreno. Activities Director: Don Rickles.

**MORGUE STORY** — Cop Show

No matter who commits the murder, no matter who's the arresting officer, every homicide eventually ends up...as a morgue story. This is the premise of *Blue Knight* author Joseph Wambaugh's newest police anthology series. Each week a different star, and each week a different stiff.

**SPECIALS**

**PERRY COMO IN ANGOLA**

Perry Como in a sparkling variety hour from war-torn Angola. Join-

ing Perry will be special guest star, Raymond Burr. In a sketch, Perry and Raymond play two distraught American ambassadors trying to leave the country. Also, Minnesota Vikings quarterback Fran Tarkenton teams up with Perry for a duet. Featured: the June Taylor Dancers performing on the African veldt in a tribute to driver ants.

**FALA: PORTRAIT OF A PRESIDENT'S DOG**

Hal Holbrook portrays FDR's beloved Scotch terrier, Fala, in this blockbuster one-man show. Academy Award-winner Stirling Silliphant handled the tricky scripting, and Holbrook's make-up is said to be astonishing. Said Holbrook: "The hardest part was wagging my tail."

**THE LAST TANGO IN PARIS**

Though heavily edited, this controversial film will be brought to TV this year for a special not-to-be repeated showing. The film will be aired in two parts. The first ten minutes will be shown at 8:00 on Monday, Oct. 4th, and the other ten minutes will be shown at 8:00 on Tuesday.

**THE NICKEL**

This epic drama, to be televised in eight parts, traces the history of a single nickel, from its minting at the U.S. Treasury in Denver, through all of its subsequent owners. These will include a bum, a child collecting for UNICEF, a millionaire, a parking meter attendant, and a thief. In the last episode, the nickel is dropped into an out-of-order pop machine and lost forever. Bum: Desi Arnaz. Child: Chastity Bono. Millionaire: Jackie Gleason. Attendant: Karen Valentine. Thief: Robert Wagner.

**DAY OF THE SLINKY**

There will be a special Halloween showing of this made-for-TV movie, loosely based on a sentence written by H.G. Wells. In the movie, workers on the Alaskan pipeline uncover a mammoth slinky, encased in ice. When a vindictive Eskimo allows the slinky to thaw, the creature revives and run rampant, climbing

everything in sight. The highlights of the film include the slinky stretching across the Bering Straits and walking down the Russian Steppes. Eskimo: Richard Pryor.

**MASTERPIECE THEATRE: THE LAST RACCOON**

An absurdist thought-play about flapper-laureate of the twenties, F. Scott Fitzgerald. Rather than striving for historical accuracy, the play sees Fitzgerald as an image, a unique *esprit*, and chooses to tell his story via the use of animation, marionettes, and improvised theatre. In one animated sequence, Fitzgerald pawns his raccoon coat in order to buy some typing paper. On the way home he gets the DT's and begins seeing talking dots. In another sequence, the players mime Fitzgerald's encounter with a UFO. The program will be shown in a stereo simulcast with station WXFM (106).

**THE NIGHT THOREAU SPENT AT THE CONRAD HILTON**

Gene Barry portrays Henry David Thoreau in this Hallmark Hall of Fame production of the Tony Award-winning play. After a year of feeding on leaves and roots, a maddened Thoreau flees his lice-infested cottage at Walden Pond and comes to the Conrad Hilton, where the first thing he does is order a big, bloody steak.

**STARING IN AMERICA**

According to producer Andrew Rooney, the American people are spending more time staring than they ever have in the nation's history. In a filmed report, Rooney travels around the country, sometimes to interview, but mostly to observe people staring. "Why do we stare? What are we staring at? What will we be staring at next?" These are some of the questions that Rooney hopes to answer. Rooney also discusses the history of staring in this country and explores the origins of the opinion that staring is impolite.

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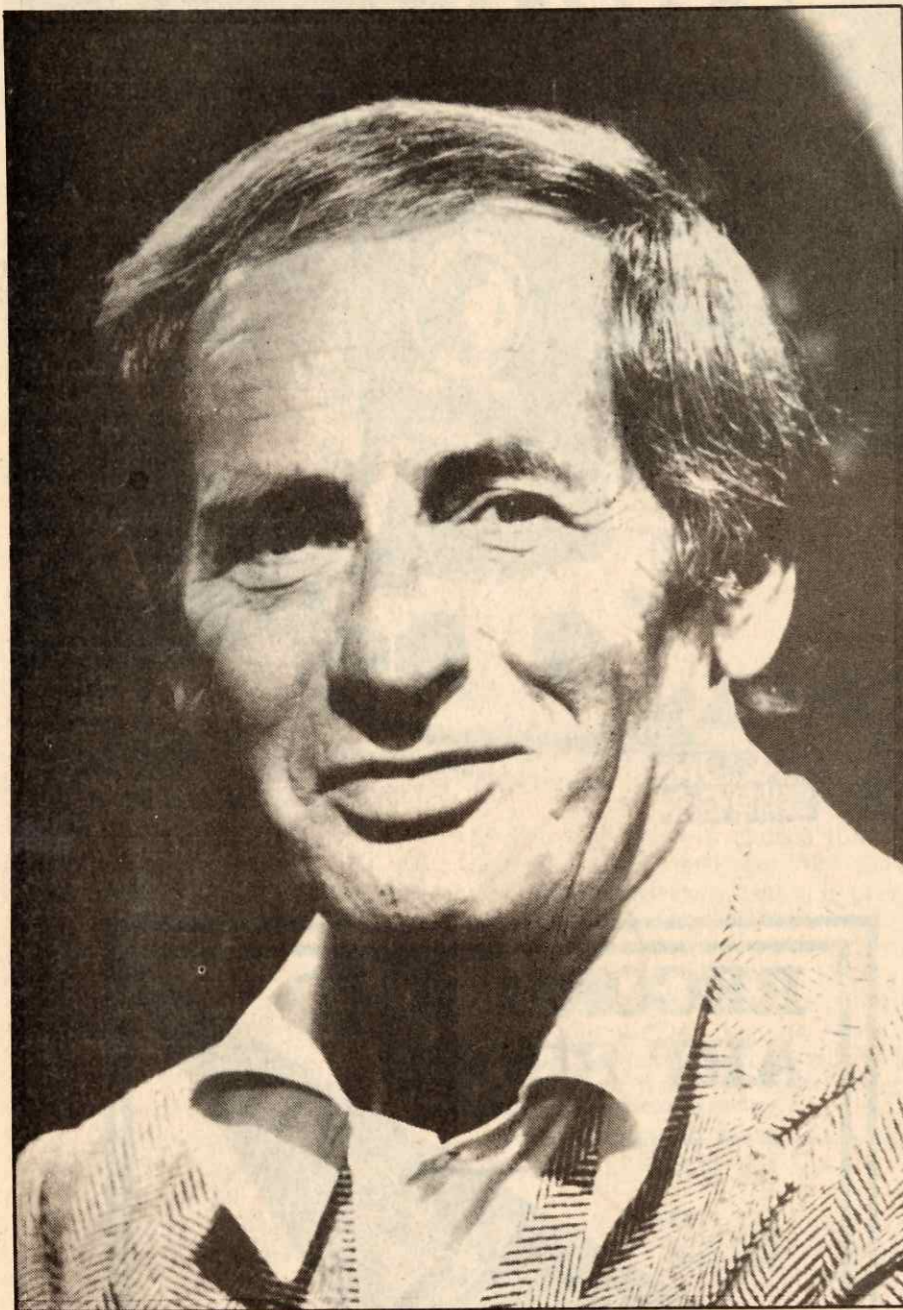
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**All I Want** (*Actor's Company*) — Bruce Hickey's touching urban tragicomedy with music at Victory Gardens, 3730 N. Clark St., Fri.-Sun., \$3.50-\$5D, 549-5788.

**All the Way Home** (*Wisdom Bridge*) — Drama by Tad Mosel is based on James Agee's *A Death in the Family* and explores the impact of the death of a father on a Southern household, at Wisdom Bridge, 1559 W. Howard St., Fri.-Sun., \$5-\$4D, 743-6442.

**Angel, Honey, Baby, Darling, Dear** (*Ath the Drama Shelter*) — new Robert (Kennedy's Children) Patrick comedy, at the Drama Shelter, 2020 N. Halsted, Th.-Sat., \$3.50-\$2.50, 549-6020.

**Billy Budd** (*Magic Circle*) — World premier of Robert Perrey's play (based on Melville's novel) which presents such a complex view of man that, here, Billy is played by a woman, at Magic Circle, Baird Hall, 615 W. Wellington, Th.-Sat., \$4.50-\$3.50D, 929-0542.

**Butterflies Are Free** (*Candlelight*) — Leonard Gershe's comedy involving one of the classic love triangles: boyfriend-girlfriend-meddling mother, 5620 S. Harlem, Summit, Tues.-Sun., dinner/theatre from \$8.95, 458-7373. (See our review.)

**The Collected Works of Billy the Kid** (*St. Nicholas*) — A Wild West tale by poet-playwright Michael Ondaatje, stars William H. Macy, and is directed by local talent, Mike Nussbaum, opens Sept. 16, at St. Nicholas, 2851 Halsted, Th.-Sun., \$5.50-\$3.50D (subscriptions available), 348-8415.

**Gettysburg Address** (*Barry Street Loft*) — New comedy-morality play by Chicagoan William Lederer at the Barry Street Loft Theatre, 656 W. Barry, Fri.-Sun., \$3.50-\$2.50, 271-3119, 525-1084.

**The Importance of Being Earnest** (*Art Theatre Collective*) — modern adaptation of Oscar Wilde's comedy love classic features an all Black cast, 530 W. Fullerton Pkwy., Fri.-Sun., till Sept. 12, \$3D, 281-9681.

**Light Up the Sky** (*Old Town Players*) — Moss Hart's comedy about putting on a show in a small town, performed by the city's oldest continuing community theatre, 1718 N. North Park, Fri.-Sun., \$2.50-\$3.00, 645-0145.

**Midnight Madness** (*Peripetetic Task Force*) — A new play directed by John Ostrander, weekends at midnight at The Body Politic, 2257 N. Lincoln Ave., \$3-\$2D, 871-3000.

**Mind With the Dirty Man** (*Drury Lane/Water Tower*) — Comedy about a "pillar of the community" and his porno-film producing son, stars Joey Bishop and his real-life son, Larry, directed by Geroge Keathley, thru Sept. 12, at Drury Lane at Water Tower Place, 175 East Chestnut, Tues.-Sun., \$6-\$11, dinner/theatre from \$12, 266-0500.

**North By North Wells** (*Second City*) — The 53rd revue by the city's bastion of comedy and improvisation takes its satirical look at the suburbs, teens, sex, psychiatrists and political and social situations at the Second City, 1616 N. Wells St., Tues.-Sun., \$3.75-\$4.75D, Touring Co., Mon nites, \$1.50, DE7-4992.

**Readers Theater** (*Victory Gardens*) — Readings of original scripts, Fridays at midnight beginning in mid-Sept., at Victory Gardens, 3730 N. Clark St., Free, 549-5788.

**Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny** (*Jane Addams Hull House Theatre*) — Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weil's haunting musical about a mythical city where whoring, boozing, violence and self-indulgence is the rule and the only crime is the lack of money, at Jane Addams Hull House, 3212 N. Broadway, \$3.50-\$2.50, Fri.-Sun., 549-1631.

**Strindberg, 2 One Acts** (*Chicago City Theater Co.*) — *The Stronger* and *Creditors*, both plays involving love triangles, at 410 S. Michigan, Sept. 24, 25, 26 previews, \$2; opens Sept. 30, \$3.50-\$3, 663-3618.

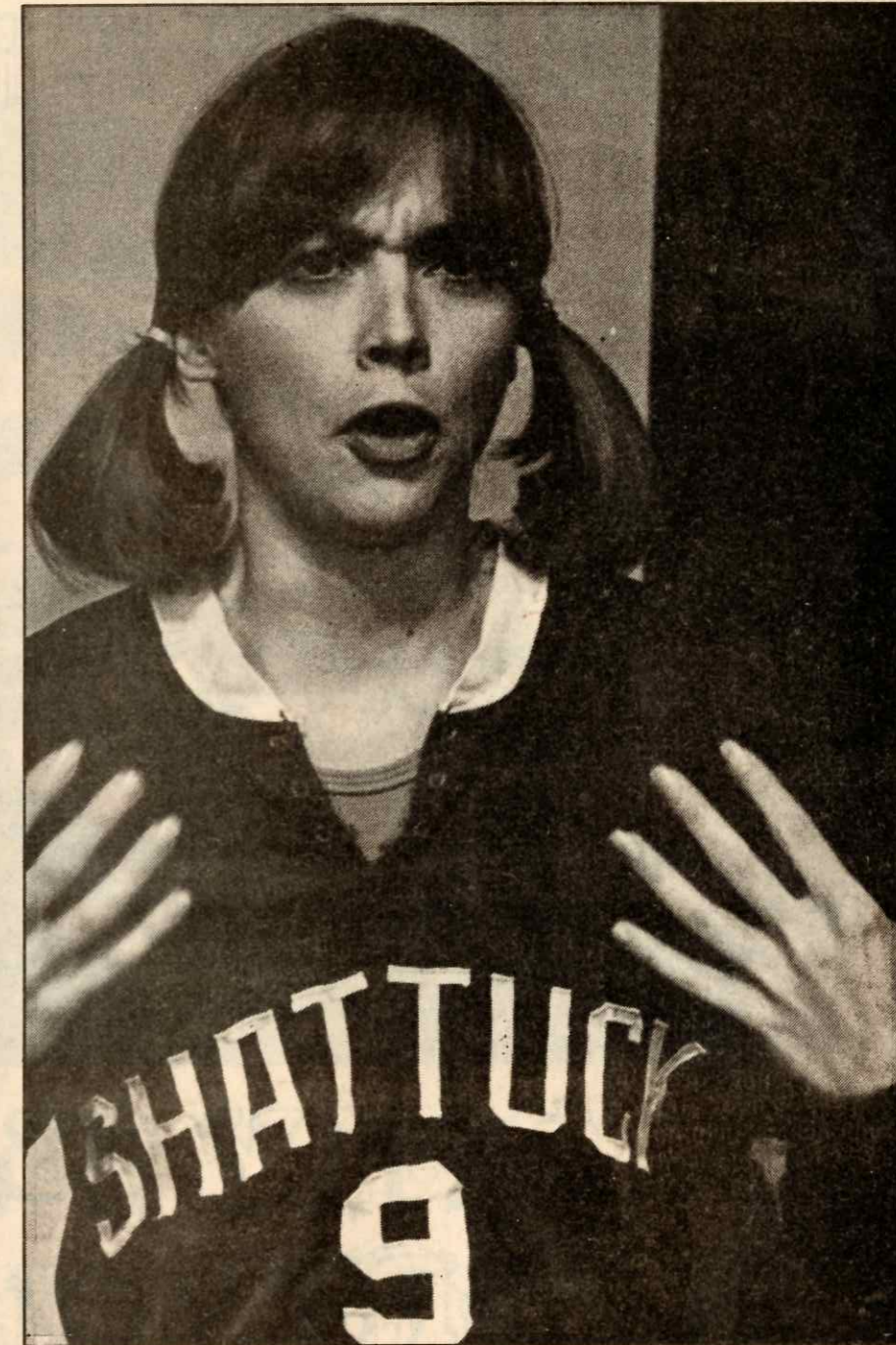
**Switch Bitch** (*Organic*) — Three comedys adapted by Stuart Gordon, William J. Norris, et. al., from stories by Roald Dahl, Leo Lerner Theatre, 4520 N. Beacon, Th.-Sun., \$3.50-\$5D, 271-2436.

**Sylvia Plath** (*Body Politic*) — Theatricalization of the writings of Sylvia Plath, directed by June Pyskacek, at the Body Politic, 2257 N. Lincoln Ave., Fri.-Sun., \$2.50, 871-3000.

**That Championship Season** (*Arlington Park Theatre*) — Jason Miller's Tony Award-winning drama about an annual reunion of a championship H.S. basketball team that played with the Watergate mentality that you must win regardless of how you do it, stars Willian (Cannon) Conrad, 3400 W. Euclid, Arl. Hts., to Sept. 12, Tues.-Sun., \$7.50-\$9, 255-0900.

**The Other Cinderella** (*Chicago Black Ensemble*) — The Cinderella story set in the projects by Jackie Taylor, at the Off-Broadway Theatre, 1429 N. Wells, Fri.-Sun., \$5-\$4D, 787-3784.

**A View From the Bridge** (*St. Nicholas Theatre*) — Revival of St. Nick's stellar production of Arthur Miller's tragic tale of a Brooklyn longshoreman's perverse love, at the Forum Theatre, 5620 S. Harlem, Summit, Wed.-Sun., \$6-\$5, 496-1199.



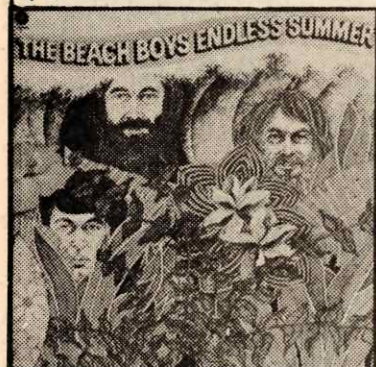
"North by North Wells"

**Volpone** (*Organic Theatre*) — Stuart Gordon directs Ben Jonson's satire of human weakness and avarice as the garrulous Volpone (the Fox) tries to get the best of the greedy, would-be-heirs to his estate, opens Sept. 23, at Victory Gardens, 3730 N. Clark St., Tues.-Sun., \$5.50-\$4.50D (subscriptions available), 549-5788.

**Who's Happy Now?** (*Body Politic*) — Oliver Haily comedy about a young man's sorting it out after a strange upbringing that included his father, his mother, and his father's mistress, at the Body Politic, 2257 N. Lincoln Ave., Fri.-Sun., \$4D, 871-3000.

Information is the best available at presstime. Theatre groups are indicated in paranthesis; "D" indicates discounts for students and senior citizens.

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# Concerts



AEROSMITH/JEFF BECK/  
DERRINGER/STU DAYE GROUP  
Comiskey Park

The leadoff "game" of Windy City's World Series of Rock & Roll was much more than merely a concert. It was more like a Hurculean undertaking on the part of Windy City's young, upwardly-mobile entrepreneurs. A fuck-up, even a diminutive one, and the three monster shows would be cancelled instantly by hizzoner da mayor. Any disorder would set rock 'n' roll back 10 years as the city fathers were con-

cerned.

This was something of a second chance for outdoor rock concerts within city limits. In June of 1971, Sly Stone's notorious practice of not showing up at his concerts brought anarchy in Grant Park. Cars were overturned, innocent would-be spectators assaulted.

Observe, though, the great strides rock has made in the legitimacy department since 1971. Rock is an indulgence for the *nouveaux riches* as well as a new generation of kids, most of whom wouldn't know Woodstock for more than a far-out

Hendrix performance. A generation that probably couldn't identify Dave Dellinger, the *Seed*, WGLD, Mason Profit or the Kinetic Playground.

On July 10th, Comiskey Park was host to 62,000 rockers. That's roughly the population of Waukegan. To control the thundering herds would require the most advanced security in the history of Chicago concertdom.

At Comiskey Park, it was largely a matter of every man for himself. There were no reserved seats. The "press box" over Home Plate sufficiently remote from the stage clear across the stadium in right field. Choice seats? There weren't any. Some were merely worse than others, and from some, the view was nil.

And the sound? Wherever you were, it was distorted. The treble flickered (costing us half of Jeff Beck's leads) and the drums were overmiked. Other than that, commented a well-toasted rocker, the p.a. was infinitely better than that used for the last major Comiskey Park rock concert, the Beatles in 1965.

Stu Daye's band got the concert off to a befittingly rowdy start, climaxed by a rousing cover of "Dirty Water." Although they remained onstage for a mere 20 minutes, their appearance begat widespread resignation to being able to see or hear. "For all I know, those are five mannequins and a record," someone groaned.

After Daye's brief appearance, the 94-plus heat prompted a futile pilgrimage to the concession stand. There, hundreds upon hundreds of people pressed together in slave ship style. Sweaty flesh and lots of it. Following a 20-minute wait, I stole away with two flat Cokes and what I accepted in the best of faith as a hot dog. I returned to my seat to discover that between two buttered bun halves, there was no hot dog to be found.

Derringer was up next, making his first appearance as group leader in Chicago, and premiering a new band that shares his surname. "Sailor" and "Let Me In" from the new LP were greeted with enthusiasm,

but none so much as the finale of "Rock 'n' Roll Hoochie Coo" segued into the Kinks' "You Really Got Me." Called back for an encore, the Derringer gang covered David Bowie's "Rebel Rebel."

By now, the crowd was in a rockin' mood, and it was the task of the Windy City crew to hone them down for the Jeff Beck/Jan Hammer Group set to follow. The intermission was the longest of the day. Steely Dan was piped in over the p.a. to comfortably bridge the gap between rock and jazz. There was little to do while Beck's men set up except people-watch. Even this soon lost its appeal. Temperatures pushed 100. Itchiness began to manifest itself in the form of firecrackers, smoke bombs, intermittent disrobing and buckets of cold water.

Finally, the Jan Hammer Group began to play but their spatial funk was lost to the four winds. Jeff Beck entered the stage at some point (long lapses of muffled treble coupled with the inability to see make it hard to pinpoint precisely when). He played selected

cuts from his two most recent albums, *Blow by Blow* and *Wired*, and when the sound wasn't blown over to motorists on the Dan Ryan, it appeared stunningly orchestral.

From the center field balcony, it seemed as though someone had lit a carton of smoke bombs. "Fuck the fire!" Beck yelled, and kept playing.

Within minutes, it was no longer so easy to ignore. Smoke filled the entire stadium. But the crowd, while a little hot under the collar, retained its composure. WDAI's Rufus Jackson instructed the audience to stay cool while the blaze was extinguished. Bill Veeck later went on record as saying he'd never seen a more well-behaved group of kids.

Beck returned for the second half of his set to a somewhat shaken audience. The sound was again muffled. Displaying his patent contemptuousness, he went from "Led Boots" into the riff from "Train Kept A-Rolling," a song he'd recorded with the Yardbirds in '66, and one the Aerosmith would no doubt use for a rave-up finale. He

didn't stay with it for long, just long enough to speak his mind.

Next up were Aerosmith, once a cult band, now owners of four gold albums and a smash single. Seeing Aerosmith at 4:30 in the afternoon was like seeing Kiss *sans* make-up. There was something vulnerable about it, and vulnerability does not become Aerosmith.

The best thing to do was to sit back and pretend it was WDAI's "Fantasy Park." Chances are, you couldn't see the stage without a pair of opera glasses anyway, and the songs were in almost every case faithful to their albums.

In *Rocks*, Aerosmith seemed to be shedding its Yardbirds blues/punk orientation in favor of a formula that had been brewing over the past few albums. Their best material is still from the first two albums ("One-Way Street," "Lord Of The Thighs," "Walkin' The Dog" all performed).

Most fans filed out during Joey Kramer's drum solo on "Train Kept A-Rolling" and boarded their respective shuttle buses. The concert? It was ok, but I was pretty

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hot and thirsty. I couldn't imagine anyone that had been there wanting to attend the three remaining "games" of the World Series, of which two have been cancelled.

It wasn't the heat, the fire, the lack of concessions, the hassles incurred in parking or the price. What should have been a celebration, a huge party, was as devoid of interaction as a bus station. Windy City has made live rock legitimate but I could have counted the smiles I saw that day on one hand.

Where does live rock go now?  
by Cary Baker

### BEACH BOYS Chicago Stadium

The Beach Boys have probably affected our teenage culture more than any other American music group. With countless surfing, hot rod, and various other California-type hit songs to their credit, the Wilson Brothers and Friends have certainly left their bleached-mark on the 60's generation. Their recent two night stop-over at the Chicago Stadium signaled a newly found audience. Chalk up another generation, the 70's, for the West Coast boys.

My early, formative years were spent enjoying Lou Christie, the Orlons, and later on the Beatles, the Stones and the Beach Boys. The Beatles were daringly new and different. The Stones were tough. But the Beach Boys were, in a word, fun. Thinking back on them now after more than ten fun-in-the-sun years, their songs were simple, lyrically as well as musically. As my downstairs Beach Boys bum stated before the Friday night show, there wasn't anything to the songs except that peculiar feeling of youthful happiness and those unique vocals. They had joked about their falsetto, "Frankie Valli" vocal interpretations (check out "Cassius Love vs. Sonny Wilson" on "Shut Down Vol. II") but rivaled Phil Spector with incredibly fresh and different three and four part harmonies.

The last time I caught the boys was a couple of years ago when their sailing ship entered the Auditorium Theatre for a night of



vocalizing and voter registration plea bargaining. A guy by the name of Nixon was attempting to fix himself up for another four years in Washington. Then the Beach Boys featured their post-Pet Sounds songs. The fun songs were saved for the extended encore. Some musical assistance appeared in the then unknown form of Captain and Tennille. Until that night I had never realized there were so many tanned, blond-haired kids in Chicago. The median age for that fair-haired Midwest audience with West coast visions was probably 27.

Now, four years later, with Nixon in California and with five times as many people for each sold out show, the median age has probably dropped to around 16. As a matter of fact, the Friday night show at the Stadium lacked any noticeably large number of "old" fans. They were there, though, hidden behind the single masted ship with its sail outlined in electric

light bulbs on-stage. The boat offered housing for the backup musicians including a five piece horn section and two or three keyboardists. Downstage, decked out in white sailor's outfits spangled with tiny, sparkling glitter, Carl Wilson, Mike Love, Al Jardine, and Dennis Wilson surfed and sailed through twenty or so of their memorable hits.

"Barbara Ann," "Help Me Rhonda," "Surfer Girl," "Little Deuce Coup," and "Good Vibrations" brought the waiting audience to their sneaker clad feet. This time it was the audience that set my ears a-ringing. Usually this response sends shivers of amazement up my shaking spine. Unfortunately, the sound man over-adjusted the mixing controls to try to overcome the screams, producing awful if sporadic distortion. But it happened often enough to ruin four or five songs.

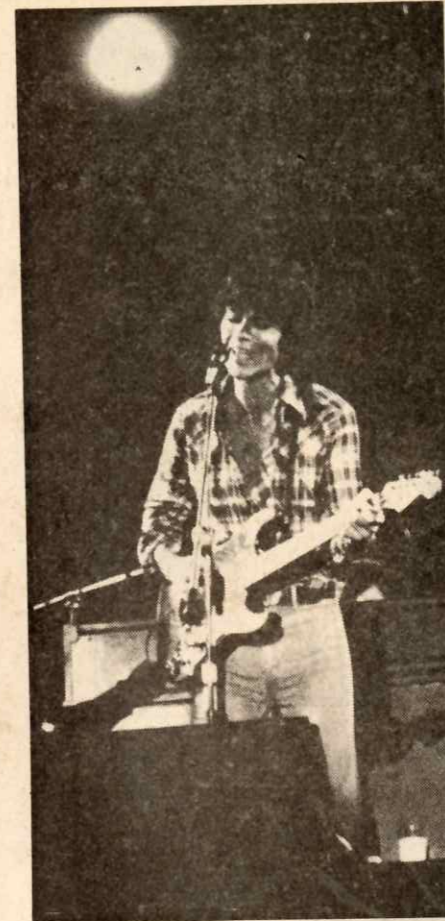
Otherwise, it was a good

show, an exciting one that thrilled the young crowd for an hour and a half. Some new tunes were interspersed with the many old, classic compositions. Carl Wilson and Mike Love shared most of the vocals though drummer Dennis Wilson sang a couple including the audience-dedicated "You Are So Beautiful." With the aforementioned vocal examples, as well as some adequate instrumental backing and an occasional tossing and turning beach ball, the Beach Boys demonstrated the timelessness of their music. Surf's up, again.

by Mark Guncheon

### THE BAND Washington Park

On July 7, a surprisingly small crowd of perhaps 5000 witnessed one of the best three-act rock revues of the summer festival season. The sun was still high at Washington Park race track when Firefall opened the show. At 8:00 p.m. the air was still cool and damp from an afternoon rain and less than 1200



people were scattered through the stands.

Firefall's music evokes Saturday picnics with lots of sunshine and beer. Rather than wanting to get up and dance to them you feel like tossing a frisbee. The crowd was unusually quiet and reserved during most of their set, but the fresh-aired exuberance of their songs and the perfectly matched interplay of Rick Robert's honeyed voice and Jock Bartley's tart guitar picked up the sluggish spectators. (Not to shortchange the guys in the band, since this group does nothing that doesn't appear in the same form on an album also called *Firefall* I had the strange impression that it's the album that's on tour rather than the group, but only time will tell.)

By the time Emmylou Harris appeared the sun had set and the stage had taken on the air of a western roadhouse. Sweet little Emmylou stood uncertainly in front of her high-powered "Hot Band" clutching her huge acoustic guitar. This was a strange group of musicians. The lead guitarist was an Englishman, Albert Lee, who

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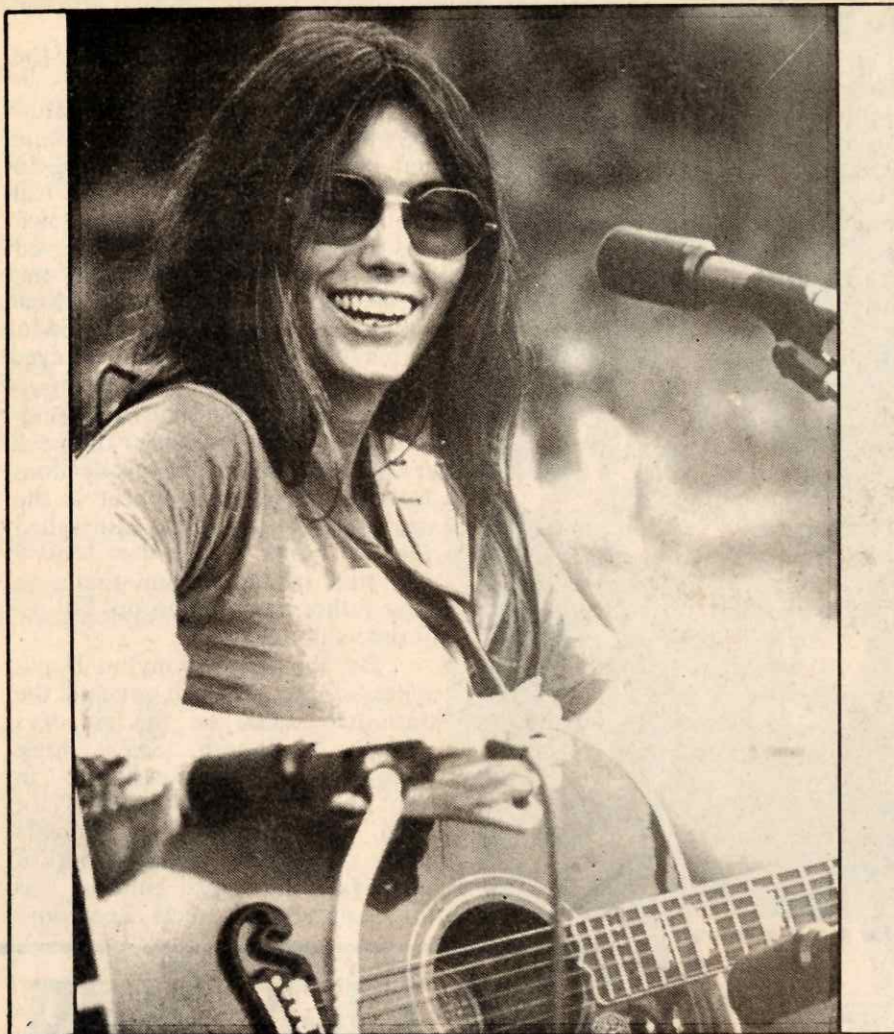
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played dazzlingly fast; Glen D. Hardin on piano was stern, almost fatherly, and everyone else seemed to go straight ahead on his own way. Poor Emmylou was lost in a band she couldn't control. Her voice was strong and full but it had no depth or more than one dimension. But she sang her songs of country sadness and defiance, sometimes pretty, sometimes gritty, but mostly dull.

On their first tour since early 1974, the Band was anything but dull. They presented music of the ages that rocks, rolls, sings, and cries. From the minute the lights came up and they were charging into "Baby Don't Ya Do It" there was all the power and the glory that they can summon up. They stuck to their standard repertoire that has remained substantially unchanged since they began touring years ago, incorporating only two songs from their most recent album, "Ophelia," and "It

Makes No Difference."

Except for this last number, they stayed entirely with fast tempo rockers. Even though these songs are venerable as rock songs go, they sounded new and freshly minted. They keep their songs alive by not letting them become finished pieces before they reach the stage. There are hurried conferences between numbers, Levon or Robbie counts out the tempo, and with only the rough bones of the tune as a guide they let fly.

The Band has evolved a unique sprung rhythm that apparently only they can play. Rick Danko and Levon create an irregular but steady tempo that creates a power and tension that Robbie electrifies with his "mathematical" guitar, while Garth weaves a stately grandeur around it all with his Lowrey organ and synthesizer. Richard Manuel played piano as always, but seems to be taking a lesser role as the years go by.

Yet with all of the electrical instruments the Band seems somehow to be an authentic holdover from America's rural, pre-industrial past. The ideal place to see the Band perform might be in a small church in, say, Minnesota. The harvest would be in and the place would be packed with farmers, carpenters, and their families. A little bit of that vision leaked out onto the stage at Washington Park. Robbie was planted up there wound up to explode. His solo in "King Harvest" carried a fire that made no compromises with anyone. These men seem to be carrying on almost singlehandedly the memory of the kind of life people dreamed about in the sixties, with its nineteenth century American virtues.

In the chaotic organ and synthesizer solo that leads into "Chest Fever" Garth Hudson spewed out church hymns, airplane screeches, exploding balloons of sound, and, never more than a fragment at a time, pieces of "America the Beautiful." After Garth had ended this bit of post-bicentennial patriotism, the rest of the Band poured out some rock and roll that more than shook the rafters. It was a celebration.

by Peter McDougal

#### RENAISSANCE /NILS LOFGREN Riviera Theatre

The Renaissance — Nils Lofgren show at the Riviera Theatre July 21 was frustrating in many ways. The opening act, Renaissance, has a long history as one of England's more popular "classic rock" bands. This of course does not mean classic *rock*, but symphonic-type music played with electrically amplified instruments. Judging from the reaction of the crowds, they've got quite a reputation for this sort of thing. But I'm afraid I just don't see why. They stand straight and stiff on stage, looking deadly serious as they proceed to fill large blocks of time with interminably boring music. Someone should explain to them that classical music is more than a full, lush sound that builds to a crescendo and slowly fades away again.

There seemed to be no

thought given to developing any thematic complexity or variation to the musical content of each piece. Every new phrase was repeated endlessly until it was beaten senseless over the heads of the audience. I overheard people praise the band for being "tight." Well, yes, they certainly did play in time with each other. But it should be pointed out that they're doing the identical set that they brought to the Medium two years ago. And then, "tightness" is not hard to achieve with a drummer who has only two rhythms, fast and slow.

Occasionally stepping out of this quagmire, however, was the bass guitarist, John Camp. His instrument was wired to produce a tone rich in high frequencies and sustainment used by Chris Squire of Yes among others. His bass was in effect the lead instrument throughout the set. It's too bad he's saddled with a band that creates so much vacuous, though "pretty" music. This might not have been hard to take if they hadn't been so

proud of themselves that they felt it necessary to take a 35 minute encore.

Every band is entitled to an encore, but since the Riviera is a union hall with a curfew, these 35 minutes had to be taken from Lofgren's set. Lofgren, who's career is finally beginning to get the momentum it deserves, is a true master of rock and roll. He's the little punk who can make his guitar do and say anything. He's only 25 years old but he enjoys a long apprenticeship playing with Neil Young, Crazy Horse, his own band Grin, and now as a "solo" artist. He's armed with an instantly recognizable guitar style that crackles with electricity, light but deadly. And what's more important, he writes songs that are harmonically and melodically interesting.

The band backing him is first class. Brother Tommy Lofgren plays keyboards and rhythm guitar, Scotty Ball and Mike Zäck play bass and drums, and Bobby Manriquez is second lead guitar. They

create a sound that is strong but flexible. Nils dances and leaps across the stage with the music and isn't above schticks like playing guitar and piano simultaneously. But it's all carried off with such joy and bravado that the enthusiasm is naturally contagious.

But with all this going for him the show was held back most of the night due to what can only be called a terrible mix. Due to the hasty set-up following Renaissance, the sound system was plugged in backwards and it wasn't until the end of the show that it was corrected. In the meantime, Lofgren's lead guitar and the vocals were buried beneath the keyboards and the rhythm section. Much of the power of Lofgren's performance comes from the careful juxtaposition of sudden changes of tempo and dynamic levels. And much of this was lost at the sound board, keeping everyone off balance. But by the last two numbers, "Beggar's Day" and "Back It Up," these problems were solved just as the clock ran out and they were forced to end the set.

Peter McDougal

#### NATALIE COLE Auditorium Theater

A rotten egg by any other name would smell as bad, but a well-known moniker can do a lot for an otherwise mediocre talent. Witness Frank Sinatra Jr. and Chris Jagger, to scrape the bottom of the fame-by-relation barrel.

Natalie Cole was just another famous name in the entertainment ranks until last year, when she began her solo career with a Grammy Award-winning hit album and a couple of top singles. With a second album and another hit, "Sophisticated Lady", it appears that Nat "King" Cole's little girl has come into her own.

And in concert at the Auditorium Theatre, Natalie Cole proved her worth as an artist and entertainer. But before going on to praise Ms. Cole's virtues, let's first deal with who was on first, namely Tavares.

The group amounts to five



disco-soul spirits who bounce non-stop around the stage to the ceaseless refrains of their seemingly endless songs. They included 20-plus minute versions of their hit "It Only Takes a Minute", sound-alike "Shake It Up" and numerous other variations of that same AM success proven ilk.

Tavares is one of the genre of groups that believe if the audience is not actively involved in the music, they must be asleep in their seats. But where Joplin could get the crowd going with a wave of her hand and the Beach Boys can get them up on their seats at the first few chords of "California Girls", all five of the Tavares had to goad and cajole and finally blackmail the crowd — pitting the "ladies" against the "dudes" in a fight for clapping supremacy.

Someday someone will write

that range from hard-core disco to stone-soul ballads.

On record, their skill is showcased in baroque arrangements that at times seem to fight with the singer for supremacy. But onstage, it's all Natalie's show, and she makes the most of it, exuding all the exuberance and confidence of the fast-rising star.

Sometimes alone with the band, sometimes with two back-up singers. Natalie did material mostly from her albums, adding a soul-steeped version of "Que Sera" that Doris Day probably wouldn't recognize as her own theme. She also did one of her father's songs, but made it clear that she was doing it her way. That is, as much her way as anything else in the concert.

Right now, though she sounds marvelous, she sounds like her idols — the classic ladies of soul, Ella Fitzgerald, Nancy Wilson, Sarah Vaughn, sometimes even like Aretha. She adopts their styles beautifully to her music, and can handle their repertoire as well, as demonstrated with an almost classic

On the dance floor, well turned-out couples from late teenage to spreading mid-40s spin steps I enviously suspect are practiced well before the concert. Dancing the guaguanco, women turn men and are themselves tossed lightly and precisely, hands playing a game of constant contact. During the slow ballads (boleros), the couples carress sensuously. The Aragon's ceiling sparkles in starpoints, and clouds pass overhead through the miracle of rear projection. Young males in street clothes, attending stag, stare fixedly at the orchestra, sucking up herb.

The orchestra was hot on an early August night. Led by Johnny Pacheco, a lithe stick figure whose wooden flute rests on his music stand while he struts, points, kicks, and seemingly shovels hot coals under his musicians, the Allstars played as though in a jam session.

At their center was Mongo Santamaria, replacing Ray Barretto this time out. His hands on the congas resound like wood blocks, and his presence was ebullient, providing a spiciness of New Orleans. They were all there.

For an encore, Steve seemingly none the worse for the workout, other than a parched throat — wound it all down with the quiet, almost meditative "Eight Ball Blues."

It's too bad that Goodman, now an Evanston resident, doesn't play more often at places like Amazingrace. He's a natural for them, and he makes each concert a comfort to hear.

by Chuck Pratt

#### BEN SIDRAN Amazingrace

As the song goes, "You gotta be nice to the people on the way up, 'cause you'll meet 'em on the way back down." Ben Sidran, rock/blues/jazz pianist and the singer of those words seems to know a lot about being on "the way up." After a trio of nice outings on Blue Thumb, albums that never went anywhere, Sidran has still not gotten there. In fact, he has barely left Madison (Wis.), partly out of choice. After a change of labels

flanked by a second congaist, and a timbales player. Pappa Lucca sat at the grand piano, filling out the rhythm with chords and laying octave-wide runs under the sections. An electric bass player completed the bottom. There were three trumpeters. Yomo Toro, an intense man, held a tres—a guitar-like instrument with duplicate strings. As he ended a fleet but solidly earth-bound solo, a dancing, cheerleading emcee leapt into the air, crashing repeatedly at Toro's feet.

Lined up behind a row of microphones were the vocalists, undoubtedly most honored guests at this tribute to the late entertainer, Tito Rodriguez. Hector Lavoe, Ishmael Quintana, Cheo Feliciano, Pete "El Conde" Rodriguez, Santos Colon—each has a distinct sound and persona.

Lavoe, immaculate in a three-piece suit and tie after most of his sweating colleagues have stripped to shirtsleeves, was the image of a barrio lawyer, calmly addressing an attentive jury. El Conde was silvery tongued and roguish, black, his hair pomaded. Feliciano, burly, intense, and persuasively romantic, jaw; the thick, venal lips belie a vulnerable mouth and piercing blue eyes, but his surprisingly high-pitched voice supplies the telling characteristic, an impregnable calm and serenity. Dressed in a blue-and-white striped dashiki, he solidifies the image of a tribal holy man who has simply found a very listenable way to pray.

Lateef the musician, though, has imposed a rather seamless web of uniformity across his live performances in recent years. After all, how else can one react to hearing the same tunes, in the same order, for each of his Chicago sets over a period of three years? Yusef opens with his biting, cutting tenor, on a jump-tune styled blues, slashing out typical riffs that are uncharacteristic of his pacifist demeanor. Yusef's tenor playing is mean and hard, derived from the styles of Illinois Jacquet and of

which culminated in a new album (reviewed elsewhere in this issue), which makes great improvements on the old, Ben Sidran hit the road, stopping at Amazingrace.

Though he met with a relatively small audience, Sidran and his four-man band quickly sold

crouched forward burning with some passion. Santos Colon, a distinguished, slightly older man with elegant, understated gestures, sang from a stool, oozing sad-eyed sincerity. Quintana seemed almost glib. One at a time they took the spotlight. The on-deck singers grouped in two's and three's to chant coro behind the main voice.

Despite all the heat generated, the band never seemed to peak. The complex arrangements were realized, not so tightly as in the recording session that preserves the skeleton of the set—available from Fania Records, distributed by Columbia. But the dancing, the splendor of Chicago's Latino community in revelry, the generosity of the musicians was quite enough to convince the unfamiliar they'd witnessed a magic night of music with tropical origins.

by Howard Mandel

ROOMFUL OF IDEAS IN ANY setting, he is a complete delight (check out his wonderful LPs on Muse).

Bassist Bob Cunningham, long with Dizzy Gillespie before joining Yusef some time back, is similarly gifted as an accompanist and gymnastic soloist. The drum work is the domain of Albert Heath, otherwise called Kuumba, the third brother of the extraordinary Heath family; he is a master percussionist and a soloist beyond reproach. Now if only they could shake their leader from his lethargy, the chances of a wholly enjoyable evening would be enhanced. Until then, it's strictly the Kenny Barron Trio—featuring that older, but questionably wiser reed player Bill Evans—whom you should be going out to hear.

by Adele Swins-Terner

the crowd on the good-natured bluesy music that belongs exclusively to himself. More than one listener registered surprise when the piano broke into "I Can Really Feel It," which has become a modest FM hit for Sidran. Trouble is that not many had realized that Sidran is responsible for that

## BURNING SPEAR the Quiet Knight

Burning Spear, regarded by many (including Dr. Ganja) to be the ultimate in authentic reggae bands, made their first Chicago appearance at the Quiet Knight in early August. Hovering over the stage, the ghost of Marcus Garvey managed to possess the trio of vocal harmonists with that sense of history and black culture that makes the tight and discordant harmonies of Burning Spear such unmistakably powerful statements of human loss and aspirations.

The audience also seemed to be enchanted by the band's musical beautification of Garvey, one of the most important black leaders of the twentieth century. The liveliness and response of the crowd once again proved to be one of the key sources of the excitement endemic to reggae—and long absent from live rock. Amidst shouts of "Jah Rastafari!" and general stomping and shaking from the audience, Burning Spear performed a set made up primarily of songs from their first Island LP, *Marcus Garvey*. Most members of the cultist audience were familiar enough with the tunes to be able to sing along. For those unfamiliar with the songs and the Jamaican patois



spoken by Winston Rodney and friends, some difficulty resulted from a sound mix which often favored the instrumentals over the vocals. When the backing band includes bass, reggae guitar, drums, keyboards, sax and trumpet behind three vocalists, an optional mix is essential.

Not that Winston Rodney, leader of the group, has a weak voice—when he starts to wail in a song like "Slavery Days," everyone is immediately overpowered by memories of the days of slavery. Vocalists Rupert Willington and Delroy Hines contribute harmonies which often sound flat to European/American ears; actually their alien sound arises from their faithfulness to African roots music. The chord structures in their brass arrangements add punch to the vocals while furthering the development of those basic roots. Although brass instruments play an important role in most Jamaican reggae arrangements, with Burning Spear they are an indispensable element in the development of a sound quite unlike that of any other reggae band. For many people in the audience, that tone may finally have reached the outer limits of acceptability for the rock sensibility.

Throughout, the live music played by Burning Spear sounded indistinguishable from the studio versions of the same songs. Pay a big compliment to the travelling backing band, since the LP's instrumentals were products of the talents of several of the Wailers and the Maytals. Lead vocalist Winston Rodney repeatedly asked the crowd "How do you feel?" The response was not unexpected, their music poses a pleasurable challenge to the ears of cultist and novice alike.

The message of Burning Spear's music comes from their desire to help people remember their past ("Slavery Days"), humble themselves, and of course, to live good. To the advantage of everyone, the message and the music of Burning Spear are inseparable. Live reggae is stronger than ever in Chicago, but the performance given by Burning Spear gave warning that the reggae rockers will continue to prevail.

By Dr. Ganja

## YUSEF LATEEF Jazz Showcase

Reedman Yusef Lateef is one of those musicians who fits in I'm not sure where. A formidable hard-bopping tenorist out of Detroit in the 1950s—by which time he had already changed his name from Bill Evans, a move than providentially avoided considerable confusion later in the decade—Lateef was also one of the pioneering flutists in the jazz field, and in the '60s he even recorded on oboe. But his style on these slender instruments is worlds removed from his tenor talk, which is virtually unknown to the audience that has made many of his recordings "hits," at least in jazz circles. And despite the seeming schizophrenia between his mainstream sax and modal, sensuous flute *vibrati*, he always packs a full house. From the hunter to the hunted, they all come to see Yusef.

Lateef the man cuts an imposing swath on a listener's field of vision. Bald, the odd shape of his head seems to mirror his lantern jaw; the thick, venal lips belie a vulnerable mouth and piercing blue eyes, but his surprisingly high-pitched voice supplies the telling characteristic, an impregnable calm and serenity. Dressed in a blue-and-white striped dashiki, he solidifies the image of a tribal holy man who has simply found a very listenable way to pray.

Lateef the musician, though, has imposed a rather seamless web of uniformity across his live performances in recent years. After all, how else can one react to hearing the same tunes, in the same order, for each of his Chicago sets over a period of three years? Yusef opens with his biting, cutting tenor, on a jump-tune styled blues, slashing out typical riffs that are uncharacteristic of his pacifist demeanor. Yusef's tenor playing is mean and hard, derived from the styles of Illinois Jacquet and of course Dexter Gordon; and in fact, as a recent re-issue proves, many of his compositions and theoretical tenets in the fab fifties were quite original and even ahead of their time, eventually being adopted by folks like John Coltrane and the Art Ensemble of Chicago. The

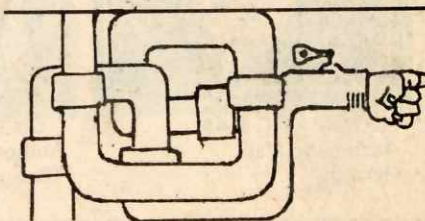
problem, alas, is that Yusef has changed precious little in the intervening 20 years.

Most of the rest of the set is given over to Yusef's flute "playing"; it's actually rather a form of droning exercise, as he lingers over whole notes and the most simplistic of clichéd melodic stuff. Yusef's flute solos, almost always superimposed upon a modally-based, repetitive rhythmic backing, are frightfully interchangeable; worse, they all sound pretty much alike.

So, one listens to his sparkling rhythm section, which has become the only real reason for those with taste to attend Yusef's functions. This group should certainly record and travel on their own, and they would be one of the most exciting trios around. Pianist Kenny Barron—whose recent recording successes have necessitated the addition of a solo piano number to the set—is one of the most exciting mainstream-based keyboardists we have playing today. With a touch and drive reminiscent of Bud Powell, and a roomful of ideas in any setting, he is a complete delight (check out his wonderful LPs on Muse).

Bassist Bob Cunningham, long with Dizzy Gillespie before joining Yusef some time back, is similarly gifted as an accompanist and gymnastic soloist. The drum work is the domain of Albert Heath, otherwise called Kuumba, the third brother of the extraordinary Heath family; he is a master percussionist and a soloist beyond reproach. Now if only they could shake their leader from his lethargy, the chances of a wholly enjoyable evening would be enhanced. Until then, it's strictly the Kenny Barron Trio—featuring that older, but questionably wiser reed player Bill Evans—whom you should be going out to hear.

by Adele Swins-Terner



# TRIAD's Choice 33

THESE ALBUMS CAN BE HEARD NIGHTLY ON TRIAD WXFM 106



P.F.M.  
Chocolate Kings  
(Asylum)



MIKE GREENE  
Midnight Mirage  
(Mercury)



PARIS  
Big Towne 2061  
(Capitol)



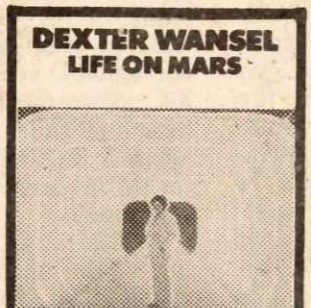
ROY AYERS UBIQUITY  
Everyone Loves the Sunshine  
(Polydor)



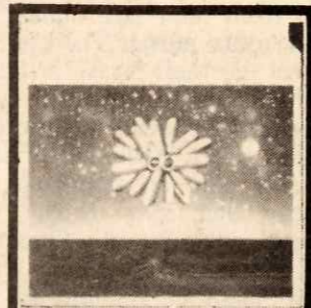
HUMMINGBIRD  
We Can't Go On...  
(A&M)



MICHAEL DINNER  
Tom Thumb the Dreamer  
(Fantasy)



DEXTER WANSEL  
Life on Mars  
(Phil. International)



STOMU YAMASHTA  
Go  
(Island)



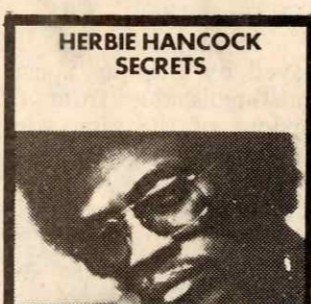
FREDDIE HUBBARD  
Windjammer  
(Columbia)



BUDGIE  
If I Were Britannia...  
(A&M)



SPIRIT  
Farther Along  
(Mercury)



HERBIE HANCOCK  
Secrets  
(Columbia)



AUTOMATIC MAN  
Automatic Man  
(Island)



TONY WILLIAMS  
Million Dollar Legs  
(Columbia)



TRIUMVIRAT  
Old Love Dies Hard  
(Capitol)



APRIL WINE  
The Whole World's Going...  
(London)

# 106 FM



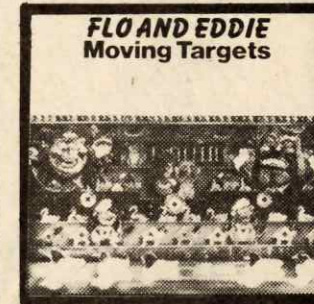
JEFFERSON STARSHIP  
Spitfire  
(Grunt)



GINO VANNELLI  
The Gist Of The Gemini  
(A&M)



GENE HARRIS  
In A Special Way  
(Blue Note)



FLO & EDDIE  
Moving Targets  
(Columbia)



CITY BOY  
City Boy  
(Mercury)



JEFF BECK  
Wired  
(Epic)



REVERBERI  
Timer  
(Pausa)



STEELY DAN  
The Royal Scam  
(ABC)



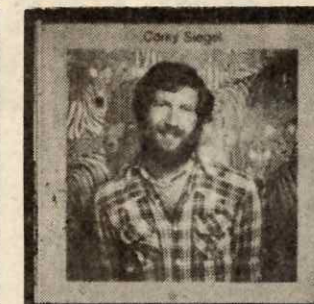
KLAATU  
Klaatu  
(Capitol)



GRAND FUNK RAILROAD  
Good Singin' Good Playin'  
(MCA)



ANGEL  
Helluva Band  
(Casablanca)



CORKY SEIGEL  
(Dharma)



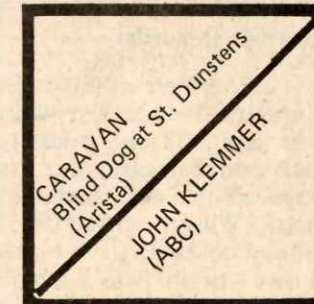
STANLEY CLARKE  
School Days  
(Nemperor)



STEVE MILLER BAND  
Fly Like An Eagle  
(Capitol)

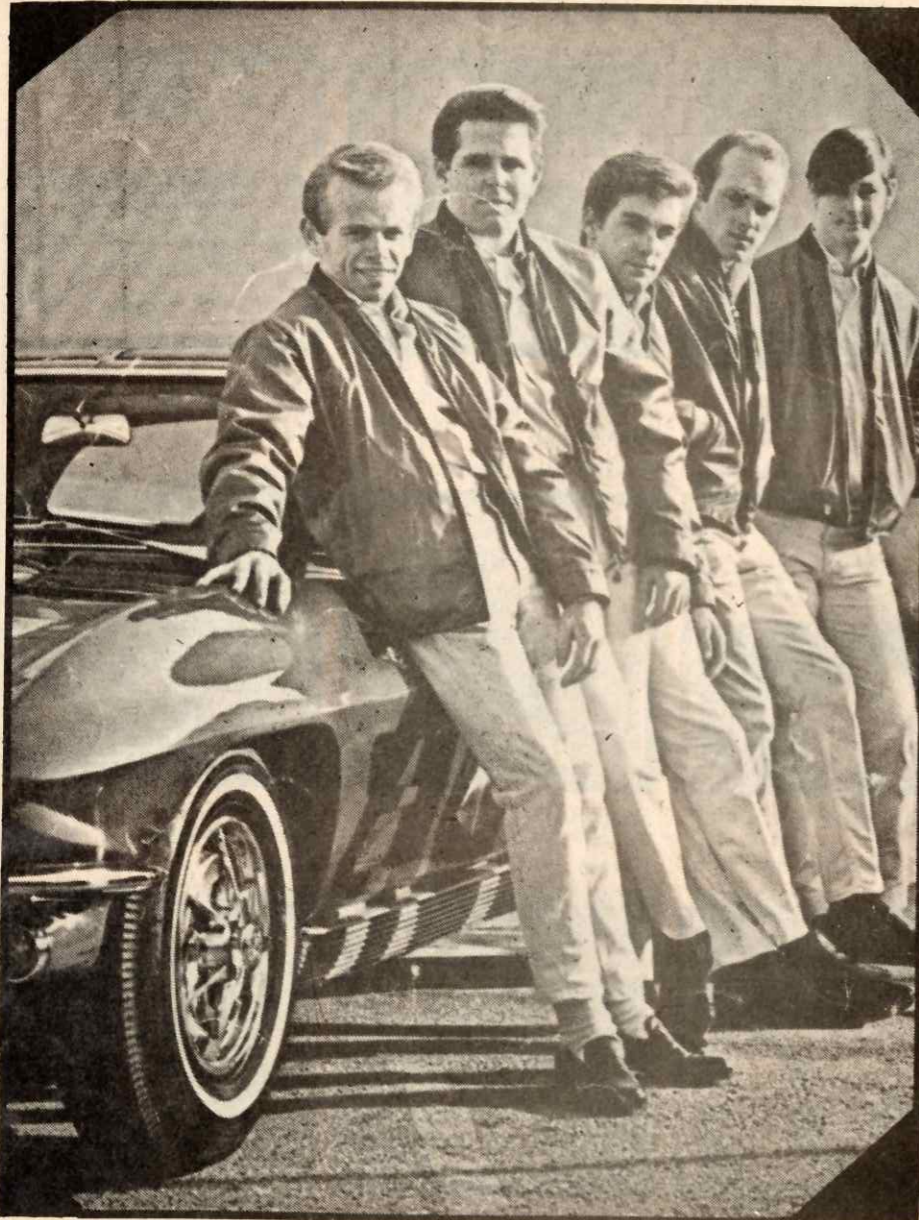


SPIN  
Spin  
(Ariola-America)



CARAVAN  
Blind Dog at St. Dunstons  
(Arista)  
JOHN KLEMMER  
(ABC)

# Records



**BEACH BOYS**  
**15 Big Ones**  
(Brother Records)

The first studio album in 3 years by the greatest white American group in the brief history of rock and roll, and the first Beach Boys album produced entirely by Brian Wilson since 1967's *Wild Honey* outing (it's no hype, reclusive Brian was down at the group's 5th St. studio every day working on this disc), gives off enough casually healthy and radiantly positive vibrations to almost compensate for the unconvincing

performances and the fuzzy concept.

The revitalization of the Beach Boys in the last few years is due almost exclusively to the success of their live show, while their for the most part excellent albums failed to find the audience the Beach Boys persistently hoped for. Their '72 and '73 concerts attempted to force their superb but more serious new music on recalcitrant audiences — saving their hits for the encore and climaxing with a ludicrous attempt at "Jumpin' Jack Flash!"

Today the insecurity that

would have them butcher a Rolling Stones tune has disappeared. Their recent Stadium shows were celebrations of 15 years of Beach Boys magic, and of the brilliance and pervasiveness of Brian Wilson's consciousness, a California teenager's world view that has appealed to teens and post-teens around the world. The show was tight and confident, including most of their hits and six tunes off their new album.

Unfortunately *15 Big Ones* is not nearly as rewarding or high energy as a Beach Boys concert. The idea of covering mostly 50's oldies along with the new material was initially Mike Love's idea but Brian embraced it wholeheartedly. Brother Dennis, who does the drumming throughout most of the album and in concert, never accepted the idea of doing oldies and refused to contribute any of his new songs, some of which will soon be released as singles.

Brother Carl, who assumed leadership of the group after Brian's withdrawal, had to, with this project, step back to make room for Brian's reemergence. Carl, who has written some of the group's strongest recent material ("Feel Flows," "The Trader"), has contributed no new songs for this album, but has taken a major role in preparation for the Beach Boys NBC prime time TV special aired this August.

By and large it is the oldies that seem to drag the album down with the dull weight of nostalgia. The songs are relatively rare, as well as creatively chosen. The songs are fun, but the arrangements are weak. Especially embarrassing is the Goffin-King song "Just Once in My Life," originally one of Phil Spector's finest productions with the Righteous Brothers. Carl and Brian's unsure vocals, coupled with thin instrumentation, sink this one. The song's high point is the rich chords Brian has arranged for the background vocals.

Easily the best of the *15 Big Ones* is Brian's "Back Home," an evocative tale about heading back to the farm for the summer. Brian really lifts the tune with his most spirited vocal. It's not the rich

false alto that gave the early songs a signature, but a gravelly angst-ridden voice coming back to the real world after a long vacation. The background vocals on "Back Home" feature the Beach Boys in prime form as well. Notably this is the only cut written, played and sung entirely by the Beach Boys, and the resulting energy is unmatched by any of the tracks with the considerable ranks of sessionmen!

Certainly the record company is glad Brian is back in the saddle. Peter MacDougal informs me that Brian's name appears on the back cover no less than 69 times!!! But we can all be glad, for *15 Big Ones* is an enjoyable warm-up, hailing the good news that Brian is back. And offering the hope that the *real* Beach Boys will return soon as well!

by Nanker Phelge



**JEFFERSON STARSHIP**  
**Spitfire**  
(Grunt)

The album opens with Gracie's chuckle, and may well end with your yawns or snores. *Spitfire* traces the continued descent of a once skyborn rock band.

Though the vocalists who steered the Starship in its Airplane days are together again, their voices no longer lift in sweet, tense harmony. Now Slick, Balin, and Karter are joined by a choir of non-voices (Freiberg, Sears, Barbata and Chaquico) to sound like rabble shouting innocuous demands across a valley. And the music played by that backup choir seems monochromatic-supportive, but without much interest in itself.

Though there's something sultry Triad September 1976

try and anthemic in "Cruising," it's sad that the once literate trio of acidic intellects who dreamt of galactic adventures settle for the thrill of a freeway. "Dragon" is a bicentennial challenge: "Yankee Doodle Keep It Up"—better polemics in the *Blows Against the Empire* album. Gracie stokes the embers of memory on "Hot Water," her appearance as bitch goddess—a much more convincing role than that on side two, where she discovers love. Doesn't anyone in the band remember that chilling, believable old favorite from *Crown of Creation*, "Triad"?

The beat goes on, but bassist Sears and drummer Barbata don't give the mind, much less the feet, much to bounce along with. Horns, strings and mellotron sweeten the mix occasionally, and the instrumental breaks no longer borrow from Eastern muezzin or build glacial castles in the air. The band steals now from the Rolling Stones and Barry White.

When guitarist Chaquico sparks a little, choking his ax neck tight at the end of "St. Charles," there's a hint of the edge of excitement. The Starship may yet recover. But for all Balin's quavering soulfulness, Kantner's histrionics, and Gracie's now infrequently offered throaty strength, a Starship that doesn't ignite won't spit fire.

By Howard Mandel

**ALICE COOPER**  
**Alice Cooper Goes To Hell**  
(Warner Bros.)

"Lay still Steven, and I'll tell you a bedtime story. A bedtime story that's not for all children. It's a very special story, that only special children will understand." It's the continuing story of Alice, who cavorts on the East Coast with assorted crazies for the amusement of the jaded 18 year old rock and rollers, and who plays golf with the likes of Fred Astaire and Frank Sinatra on the golden Western Coast for his own delight.

And now, Steven, our own dear Alice Cooper goes to Hell. It's another nightmare, Steven, like the one you saw on television last year—remember? The one with the fun-

ny spiders and the strange musicians. Well, they're back again Steven, the musicians, not the spiders.

No, no spiders this time, only sweet Alice accompanied by the now-legendary heavy-metal kids, the Hollywood Vampires on this disk, namely Dick Wagner and Steve Hunter on guitars and whiz pianist/producer Bob Erzin, along with a goodly group of others, including guest star Jim Gordon on drums.

The story starts when Alice dreams he is sent to Hell for being a brat and a living obscenity and for acts of violence on the stage. So down he goes, our rock-age Dante, and before long who does he meet but the Devil.

Now our cocky hero starts to sweat. And sweat he should. Steven...Steven, don't fall asleep, the record has got to get better. The journey's just begun. Where were we? Ah yes, Alice vs. the Devil. For a while it looks like poor Alice is getting the worst of it. And the music to this point sure ain't going to save him. It's pretty wimpy stuff, considering all the power that Alice and the band usually pack way up front.

Our hero and the devil have a conversation with the whole gang chiming in on "Give the Kid a Break." Sounds like Alice may be getting a little of the old self-confidence back. He confesses the whole thing was only an attempt to have a bit of a good time. Fun loving Alice, a/k/a Vince Furnier, a down-home "dirt-talkin' beer-drinkin' woman-chasin' minister's son" just happened to "slap on the make-up and blast out the music" and start a raunch and roll revolution.

For that he's guilty with no regrets. "Guilty" and a couple of songs later, "Wish You Were Here" are prime Alice, particularly the latter in which the band is finally unleashed for a spark-kicking few minutes. In between the two is a gentle little ballad called "Wake Me Gently." You're smiling, Steven, it is an unexpected prettiness from Alice, isn't it?

Well, it's getting late. Let's go on, and back. Back to 1918 when a couple of gentlemen named McCarthy and Carroll wrote a song called "I'm Always Chasing Rain-

bows." I'm not sure why Alice chose the ballad—it's really not all that good. Perhaps he needed some filler and it somehow seemed to fit in. What do you think...Steven?

Sleep well, kid. Alice is through with nightmares. Maybe you can have one of your own.

by Beth Segal

### ROD STEWART A Night on the Town (Warner Brothers)

Say, have you checked out that new TV spectacular hitting the boob tube this Fall? You see, there's this new evening soaper called *A Night on the Town*. It stars Rod Stewart in his first visual/musical attempt. The plot is a bit confusing but just listen to this line-up of co-stars: happy go-lucky guitarist Joe Walsh, bassists Willie Weeks and Duck Dunn, drummers Andy Newmark and the late, great Al Jackson. The Tower of Power Horn Section have returned from their L.A. gigs to help out with a good, solid riff or two. Even motion picture star Britt Ekland adds some of her special glamor to the production. Unfortunately, the producers decided to reach for an older market appeal by adding an Arif Mardin directed string section. It takes away all of the power of the co-stars by adding a sappy, syrupy sound. The technique may have helped the *Sonny and Cher Show*. But for *A Night on the Town* it doesn't cut the cake.

Of course Roddie's always been working against a couple of

problems with all of his shows. Ever since his early days with the "Wide World of Jeff Beck" and the "Rod Stewart/Faces Game Show" (remember guessing which label was going to release which album by which band member?), Stewart has had trouble with his plots, his scenarios.

His big obstacle is that he can't write. That hasn't stopped Starsky and Hutch or Donnie and Marie but it has hurt the gentleman from England. *A Night on the Town* features one show "The First Cut is the Deepest" by Cat Stevens and four more sit-coms by various contemporaries. Unfortunately, that still leaves four big dramas including the title show by the stumbling Stewart. With "I'm leaving all my records and forwarding address, bet you're glad to get me off your chest..." and "The secret is about to unfold upstairs before the night gets old" as examples of his desperate plot attempts, you can see why he relies heavily on his co-stars.

Of the nine segments, the two-parter "The Killing of Georgie" is the most interesting. It involves a young, gay man, his struggles and the eventual success in life, and his unfortunate, seemingly random death. It flows nicely as a drama, taking its theme from the old Lou Reed biography series "Walk on the Wild Side". With a similar feel, the same storytelling style and some good production, "The Killing of Georgie" is the best part of *A Night on the Town*. The other programs struggle with the usual Rock and Roll TV fare everyone's been doing: pretty girls and love stories.

With regards to the ratings,

"A Night on the Town" has a slight chance. But it's not Rod Stewart's best offering. Then again, his voice is a good one for the medium, complete with the rough edges needed for that special sound and feel. Unfortunately, that's gone or maybe on its way out, and with no writing ability to spell the special guests there's not much left to *the Rod Stewart Show*. It could mean trouble for the star. I've heard rumors of another Andy Williams show spreading quickly.

by Mark Guncheon

### BEN SIDRAN Free in America (Arista)



Anyone on a quest for the essential musical form of rock and roll is bound to be stymied, because there ain't no such animal. Rock has always been the great integrater, absorbing one configuration after another. Born with the blues in its heart, folk in its head, and boogie woogie in its feet, it has assimilated any number of musical idioms during its growth. Swing, big band, baroque, ethnic, country and western: all have changed the pulse of protean rock.

The latest stage of evolution seems to be rock's union with jazz. It's been a long time coming, but today's audience has demonstrated a sophistication sufficient enough to enjoy the not-always-melodic rhythms of jazz. Ben Sidran is a case in point. His music is rock invested with all the best jazz qualities — a coolness, a breezy sense of freedom, melodies and vocalizing that tease us into walking on air.

"Feel Your Groove," his album's opening cut, is a good example, commercial enough, no

doubt, for a radio audience, and transitional enough to please those not quite conversant with the language of jazz. (I confess to membership in that group.) "Sunday Kind of Love" — with a dead on target sax solo by Sonny Seals — is a song straight out of the piano bar of your favorite downtown hotel. It's as smoky and sensual as Paris of the Thirties.

Sidran, who produced the album (and recorded it in Chicago's own Paragon Studios), indulges in a percolating example of scat singing on "Let's Make a Deal." Nothing Monty Hall would like, and maybe not Monty Python. He doesn't sing at all on "Beg for It (the Real Thing)" content to play piano to David Newman's crisp saxophone. You can put this tune in your car and drive forever. Another instrumental is "Cuban Connection," boasting more tight keyboard work. "You Talk Too Much" goes back to the ooh la la's of the Fifties for some of its effect. No other lyrics here, just Sonny Seals on sax and some great use of background vocals.

Sidran keeps a close reign on himself (a good sign), measuring out his energy, letting his able assistants — Seals, Newman, Woody Shaw, Phil Upchurch — take the helm, when necessary. *Free in America* is no ego-tripping *tour de force*, but a well-crafted fusion of talents and styles. Sidran is clearly on his way to major stardom.

By the way, I'd like to nominate the title tune for some sort of bicentennial honor. I think it's a candidate for the next national anthem.

by Chuck Pratt

### SIR DOUG AND THE TEXAS TORNADOS Texas Rock for Country Rollers (ABC)

Crack open a can of Pearl and celebrate. After a two-year absence from recording, Doug Sahm has finally come up with an LP to please his old fans from the Sir Douglas Quintet days. Bob Dylan isn't on this album and neither are David Bromberg or the old Creedence Clearwater rhythm section. *Texas Rock for Country Roll-*

*ers* is in many ways a return to the days of "She's About a Mover" and the Tribe Records sound.

Huey P. Meaux, the man who recorded the Quintet's first hits back in 1965, is back producing and a bunch of Doug's old musical buddies are back with them in Texas. Tornados Jack Barber, Atwood Allen, and George Rains have all been on earlier Sahm recordings, but the real surprise is the return of Augie Meyers. Augie is the guy who played the distinctive organ on such Quintet tunes as "Mendocino," "The Rains Came," and, of course, "Mover." He plays a lot of high notes that contrast with Doug's gravelly voice and give the songs their Tex-Mex flavor. He seemed to have disappeared over the past three years, but his work on the old country song "Wolverton Mountain" shows him to be as good as ever.

Sir Doug himself hasn't stagnated over the past two years either. His songs are still extremely personal and down to earth. The oddly titled "Cowboy Peyton Place" finds him falling in love with the steel player's wife and being torn between the two of them. There's a warning on this album, too. Watch out for even your best friends because "You Can't Hide a Redneck Under That Hippy Hair." It's done in Texas blues style and features some funky harp and slide guitar from Harry Hess.

A few other members of the unofficial Northwestern Suburban Sir Douglas Fan Club and myself have waited a year and a half for this record and we're pretty damned pleased with the results. Now all we have to do is get Doug

and Augie and the rest of the Tornados to come to Chicago. The last time I saw Doug he had a page boy haircut and was singing "She's About a Mover" on *Shindig*. I'd like to see him in person with his cowboy hat on.

by Jeff Carlson

### RICK SPRINGFIELD Wait for Night (Chelsea)

It's hard to stop being amazed at the things that record companies put on the covers of albums by largely unknown artists. The cover of Rick Springfield's latest album, *Wait for Night*, shows a seductive looking gangster type sitting in front of the shadows of a winding bannister. On the back, a cream-colored invitation on a black field does nothing more than list the titles of the songs. Other than the fact that several titles sound suspiciously like love songs, the cover gives no indication of the powerful writing and musicianship which waits inside. As a result, *Wait for Night* is an album which won't trap any unsuspecting record buyers.

That's unfortunate, because the songs on Springfield's album contain one of the most effective combinations of soft balladry and hard rock heard on record since Elton John abandoned solid rock for the most lucrative field of pop. The comparison is more deeply rooted in fact than hyperbole. Nigel Olsson and Dee Murray, Elton's original drummer and bassist, form the core of Springfield's rhythm section. If you have any doubts as to their contribution to

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the music that turned Reggie Dwight into a honky cat, go back and listen to "Honky Chateau" again. When you notice your speakers snap, crackle and pop to their percussive rhythms, you'll have a good idea of the crispness of Murray's and Olsson's music and of the recording quality of *Wait for Night*.

Aside from Olsson and Murray, Springfield provides most of the music, playing piano, guitars, and second bass, while singing all leads and many backing vocals. As a result, this album of Springfield originals clearly reflects his own musical ideas. Nonetheless Springfield's vocals and instrumentals are derivative too. Take Chicago's own Bill Quateman, add a few Eric Clapton guitar riffs, filter through Bruce Springsteen, and you get something that sounds a little like *Wait for Night*. Disturbing at first, all of those echoes of other people's music demonstrate that Springfield has learned a lot of lessons from his phonograph over the years. Fortunately for us, he is a skillful editor who has managed

to synthesize much of the quality that keeps rock vital.

Showing an obsession with Hollywood paralleled only by Ray Davies, Springfield's song-character measures most things in terms of the utopian dreams peddled in the movie house. He must have had Davies in mind when he wrote the lyric to "Where's All the Love?" ("that they sing about in all those love songs, that they talk about in all those movies"). "Jessica" opens by comparing a cold-eyed rich bitch to Jean Harlow and continues by sneaking in the opening riff from "Layla" several times. "Old Gangsters Never Die" deals with someone whose life has been warped by seeing too many movies 'where the bad boys are the heroes.'

Springfield present himself with as much movie star appeal as possible, but in songs like "Angel" he proves that his music packs a power punch that could knock over a double stack of Marshall amps. This album is meant to be played loud. An overdubbed, richly produced LP, *Wait for Night* contains songs in which heavy rock power

chords are successfully grafted over Springfield's ballads.

If the lyrics express a world-wise cynicism, they also speak eloquently for humans' need for humans. That becomes most apparent in "One Broken Heart," which offers a finely wrought retort to the heavy metaloid 'kicks is kicks' music of the likes of Black Oak Arkansas or the Runaways. Warning a young girl of the dangers of falling for the lies of smooth strangers, the song poses the intense image of dying broken hearted in the beds of strangers. All the while, Springfield and friends offer a heavy rock barrage of the highest calibre.

Springfield opens his album with a cut that *should* delight the disc jockeys, "Take a Hand," an upbeat rocker, counsels us to turn up the radio, listen to the sweet sweet music, take our baby, hold her in our arms and hear the music go. That sounds like a sound piece of advice, baby or not.

by Bill Crowley

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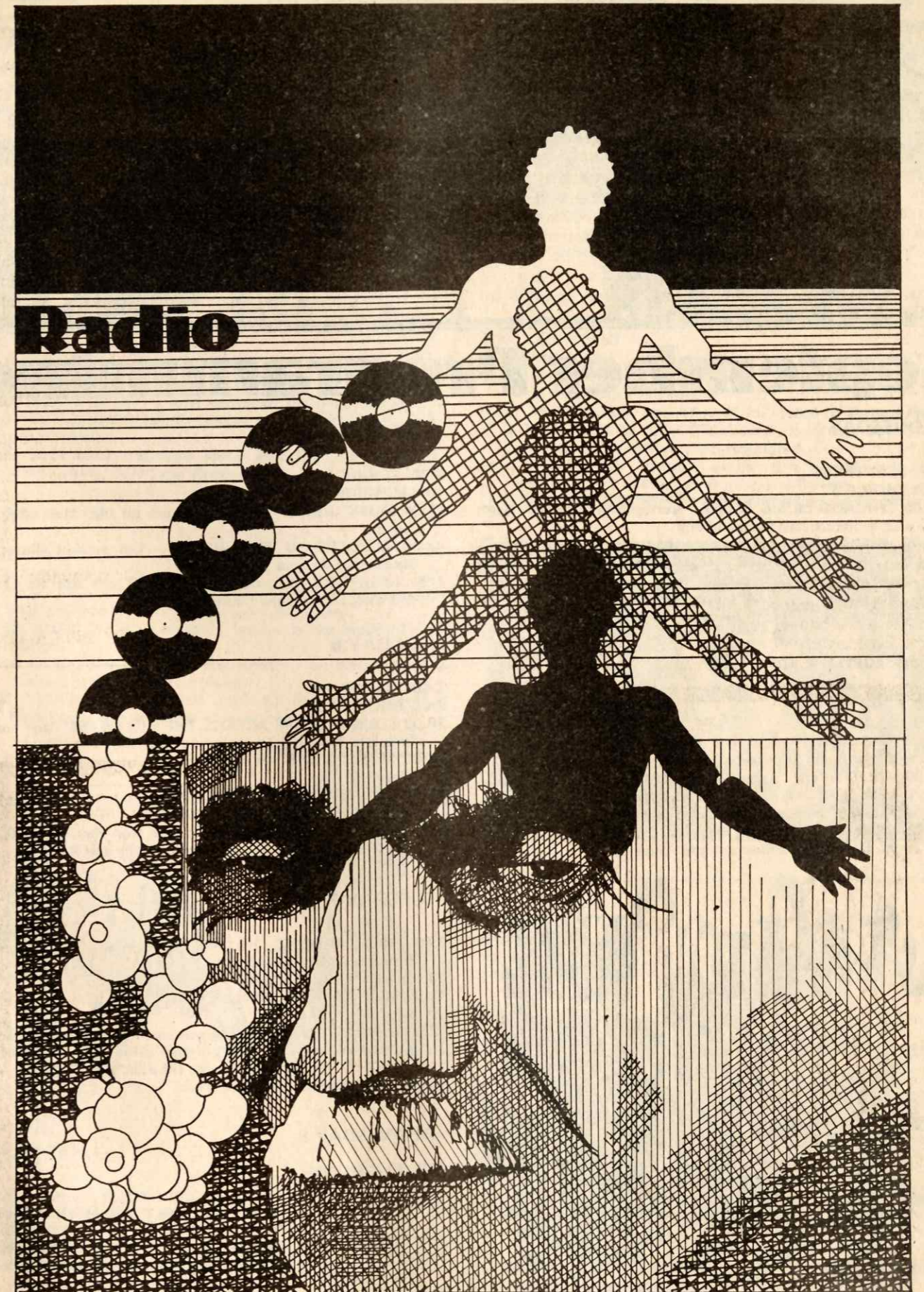
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# September Programming

## WEDNESDAY 1

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 CHICAGO MUSIC SCENE - spotlighting our local talent, such as the Dooley Band and Slip.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a feature on the music of Amon Duul 2.
- 12:00 THE WANG DANG DOODLE BLUES SHOW - with Atomic Mama.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. Hear Tchaikovsky, Lehar, Mozart and Vivaldi.

## THURSDAY 2

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 THE NEW WORLD OF JAZZ - live concert recordings from the Agora in Cleveland.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a special on the music of Fleetwood Mac.
- 12:00 NEW SOUNDS, NEW RELEASES - our twice weekly presentation of the latest in recorded sounds.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. Tonight, Beethoven, Schumann and Poulenc.



## FRIDAY 3

- 9:00 FLIGHT 106
- 10:00 CHOICE 33
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a special feature on the music of Frank Zappa.
- 12:00 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE - our weekly all-electric theatre for the ears.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. Hear Milhaud, Dvorak, and Faure.

## MONDAY 6

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 SOUNDS FROM ACROSS THE BIG SWAMP - an hour of imported rock 'n' jazz, including UFO and Amon Duul.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a special review of the music of John Mayall.
- 12:00 NEW SOUNDS, NEW RELEASES - our twice weekly presentation of the best in recent releases.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music with Ron Ray, till 6:30, tonight including Saint-Saens, Handel, Lully and Raff.

## TUESDAY 7

- 9:00 ROCK AROUND THE WORLD - an hour of entertainment from the wide world of rock.
- 10:00 CHOICE 33 -
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a musical review of the Kinks' past recordings.
- 12:00 INSIDE TRIAD - hear the sounds of the artists featured in the September Triad: Nils Lofgren, Elton John, and others.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray, featuring Dvorak, Mozart and Bach.

## WEDNESDAY 8

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 CHICAGO MUSIC SCENE - hear our local talent, such as Slip, Shadowfax and Pentwater.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - tonight's feature artist is Freddie Hubbard.
- 12:00 THE WANG DANG DOODLE BLUES SHOW - with Atomic Mama
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music with Ron Ray, till 6:30, including Von Weber, Chopin, Doppler and Liszt.

## THURSDAY 9

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 THE NEW WORLD OF JAZZ - live jazz recordings from the Agora Ballroom in Cleveland, in Quad.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a musical introduction to a band called PFM.
- 12:00 NEW SOUNDS, NEW RELEASES - the latest and best in new releases.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. Hear Mendelssohn, Haydn, and Auber.

## FRIDAY 10

- 9:00 FLIGHT 106
- 10:00 CHOICE 33
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a brief review of the music of Santana.
- 12:00 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE - wear headphones for the proper results!
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music with Ron Ray, till 6:30. Hear Ketting, Ravel, and Wieren.

## MONDAY 13

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 SOUNDS FROM ACROSS THE BIG SWAMP - imported rock and jazz from the other side of the swamp.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - tonight's feature is the music of Gary Burton.
- 12:00 NEW SOUNDS, NEW RELEASES - an introduction to the best of the recent recordings.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. Hear Lambert, Foster and Ibert, among others.



## TUESDAY 14

- 9:00 ROCK AROUND THE WORLD - an hour of music from the wide world of Rock.
- 10:00 CHOICE 33
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - hear the music of Country Joe McDonald.
- 12:00 ALAN WATTS SPEAKS - the late philosopher talks on matters of great interest to all.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. Hear Mozart, R. Strauss and Brahms.

## WEDNESDAY 15

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 CHICAGO MUSIC SCENE - spotlighting our local talent, such as Styx and Slip.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a special on the music of Elton John.
- 12:00 THE WANG DANG DOODLE BLUES SHOW - with Atomic Mama.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. Hear Delius, Elgar, and Britten.

## THURSDAY 16

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 THE NEW WORLD OF JAZZ - live concert recordings from the Agora in Cleveland.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a review of the music of Canned Heat.
- 12:00 NEW SOUNDS, NEW RELEASES - our twice weekly presentation of the best in recent recordings.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. Hear the works of Sibelius, Rossini, and Berlioz.



## FRIDAY 17

- 9:00 FLIGHT 106
- 10:00 CHOICE 33
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - an introduction to the music of Stomu Yamashita and Go.
- 12:00 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE - an all-electric theatre for the ears. Wear headphones!
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. Hear the works of Rachmaninov, Bloch and Brahms.

## MONDAY 20

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 SOUNDS FROM ACROSS THE BIG SWAMP - an hour of imported jazz and rock from across the swamp.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a special feature on the music of Fairport Convention.
- 12:00 NEW SOUNDS, NEW RELEASES - an introduction to the best of the recent recordings.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music with Ron Ray till 6:30. Hear Berlioz, Liszt, Delius and Beethoven.



TUESDAY 21

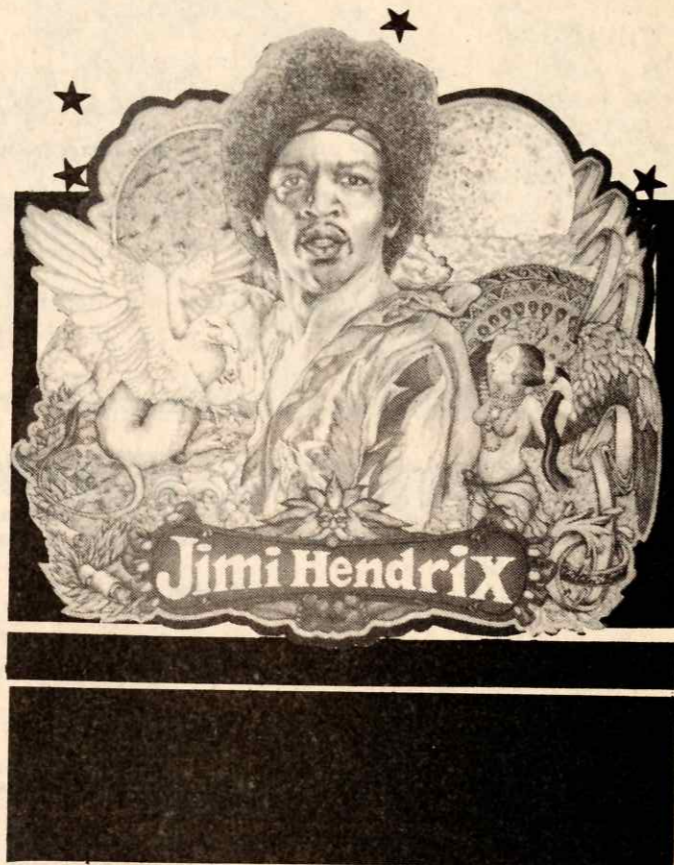
- 9:00 ROCK AROUND THE WORLD - interviews and live recordings from the wide world of Rock.
- 10:00 CHOICE 33
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a feature on the music of Mark-Almond.
- 12:00 INSIDE TRIAD - hear the sounds of the artists inside this month's Triad.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. Hear Brahms, Masse and Bizet.

WEDNESDAY 22

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 CHICAGO MUSIC SCENE - local talent is spotlighted. Hear Slip, Pentwater, and others.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - tonight we feature the music of the Eagles.
- 12:00 THE WANG DANG DOODLE BLUES SHOW - with Atomic Mama.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. Hear the works of Porter, Barber and Mozart.

THURSDAY 23

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 THE NEW WORLD OF JAZZ - an hour-long recording of a recent jazz concert at the Agora in Cleveland.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a feature on the music of Fleetwood Mac.
- 12:00 NEW SOUNDS, NEW RELEASES - an introduction to the best in recent recordings.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. Hear selected works of Liszt, Ravel and Debussy.



FRIDAY 24

- 9:00 FLIGHT 106
- 10:00 CHOICE 33
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a special feature on Jimi Hendrix (including the "Live in Stockholm" concert recording)
- 12:00 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE - an all-electric theatre for the ears
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. Hear works by Elgar, Dvorak and Beethoven.

MONDAY 27

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 SOUNDS FROM ACROSS THE BIG SWAMP - imported jazz 'n' rock from across the swamp.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a musical review of Steve Winwood.
- 12:00 NEW SOUNDS, NEW RELEASES - our twice weekly introduction to the best in recent recordings.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. Hear works by Ravel, Bizet, and Gade.

TUESDAY 28

- 9:00 ROCK AROUND THE WORLD - interviews and recordings from the wide world of Rock.
- 10:00 CHOICE 33
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a feature on the music of Gary Wright.
- 12:00 ALAN WATTS SPEAKS - the late philosopher speaks on matters of great importance.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. Hear works by Wagner, Mahler and Respighi.

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WEDNESDAY 29

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 CHICAGO MUSIC SCENE - spotlighting local musicians, such as Pentwater, and others.
- 12:00 THE WANG DANG DOODLE BLUES SHOW - with Atomic Mama.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. Hear selected works by Mozart, Verdi and Schubert.

THURSDAY 30

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 THE NEW WORLD OF JAZZ - live jazz recordings from the Agora in Cleveland.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a musical tribute to Leo Kottke.
- 12:00 NEW SOUNDS, NEW RELEASES - our twice weekly introduction to the latest recordings.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray. Hear works by Schumann, Wagner and Schoek.



OCTOBER...

FRIDAY 1

- 9:00 FLIGHT 106
- 10:00 CHOICE 33
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - an introduction to a band called Budgie.
- 12:00 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE - an all-electric theatre for the ears.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music with Ron Ray till 6:30.

MONDAY 4

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 SOUNDS FROM ACROSS THE BIG SWAMP - an hour of imported jazz and rock.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - tonight's special is on Jade Warrior.
- 12:00 NEW SOUNDS, NEW RELEASES - a presentation of the best of the recent recordings.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray.

TUESDAY 5

- 9:00 ROCK AROUND THE WORLD - interviews and live recordings from the world of Rock.
- 10:00 CHOICE 33
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a special feature on the music of Stanley Clarke.
- 12:00 INSIDE TRIAD - hear the sound of the artists featured in the October issue of Triad.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray.

WEDNESDAY 6

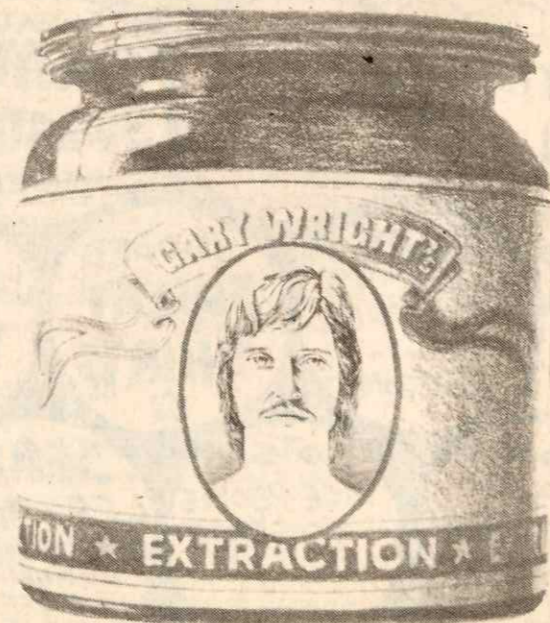
- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 CHICAGO MUSIC SCENE - hear examples of our local talent.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - a special on Kansas (including live concert recordings).
- 12:00 THE WANG DANG DOODLE BLUES SHOW - with Atomic Mama.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray.

THURSDAY 7

- 8:00 FLIGHT 106
- 9:00 CHOICE 33
- 10:00 THE NEW WORLD OF JAZZ - live concert recordings from the Agora in Cleveland, recorded in Quad.
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - featuring the music of Kraan.
- 12:00 NEW SOUNDS, NEW RELEASES - our twice weekly presentation of the latest in recordings.
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music till 6:30 with Ron Ray.

FRIDAY 8

- 9:00 FLIGHT 106
- 10:00 CHOICE 33
- 11:00 MUSIC NEWS - featuring the music of Dave Mason.
- 12:00 ELECTRONIC EXPERIENCE - an all-electric theatre for the ears - wear your headphones!
- 1:00 NIGHTCAP - classical music with Ron Ray, till 6:30.



Music from Broadway is heard nightly from 6-7 on WXFM 106

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1 CABARET with Jill Harworth and Jack Gilford                  | 16 BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR with Avon Long and Josephine Premice |
| 2 GUYS & DOLLS with Robert Alda and Vivian Blaine              | 17 LADY IN THE DARK with Rise Stevens and Adolph Greene      |
| 3 LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE with William Graham and Elmarie Wendell | 20 CHORUS LINE with Priscilla Lopez and Robert LuPone        |
| 6 OH KAY! with David Daniels and Marti Stevens                 | 21 MY FAIR LADY with Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews          |
| 7 FINIAN'S RAINBOW with Fred Astaire and Petula Clark          | 22 CANDIDE with the Original Cast                            |
| 8 THE HAPPY TIME with Robert Goulet and David Wayne            | 23 MINNIE'S BOYS with Shelley Winters                        |
| 9 GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDS with Carol Channing                  | 24 PAINT YOUR WAGON with James Barton and Olga San Juan      |
| 10 CARMEN JONES with Harry Belafonte and Pearl Bailey          | 27 SILK STOCKINGS with Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse         |
| 13 I DO, I DO! with Mary Martin and Robert Preston             | 28 MACK & MABEL with Robert Preston and Bernadette Peters    |
| 14 CAMELOT with Richard Burton and Julie Andrews               | 29 THE WIZ with Tiger Haynes and Stephanie Mills             |
| 15 ROBERTA with Joan Roberts, Jack Cassidy and Kaye Ballard    | 30 A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC with Glynnis Johns and Len Cariou    |



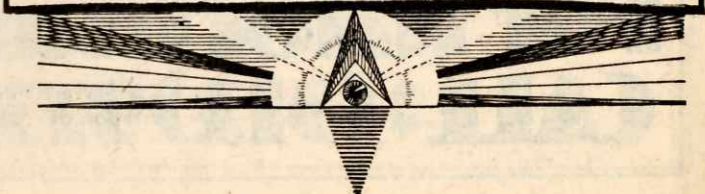
PFM's last album, *Chocolate Kings*, is out here on Asylum sporting, however, a cover very different than the original Italian one. Check Barbara Birdfeather's column in this issue for some more info on PFM. . . . GASOLIN', from Denmark, finally have their first U.S. release on Epic. It contains cuts from several previous LPs and is produced by Roy Thomas Baker, best known for his work with Queen. . . . TRIUMVIRAT is plagued with personnel problems. Their current bass player is leaving the group and it is rumored that he may be replaced by their old bass player. . . . KRAFTWERK's next LP *Europe Endless* will be released sometime in October. They finished mixing it in Los Angeles last month and are currently on a short European concert tour including France, where their last album hit the top of the charts. A U.S. tour is being planned for later in

the year. . . . RANDY PIE were invited by the President of Gabon, West Africa, to play at a concert celebrating that country's independence. The latest single from Randy Pie is a disco-reggae number called "England." . . . Look for these in the import racks: *Activate* is the third album from England's exciting jazz-rock trio, BACKDOOR. The album is the first production effort for ELP's drummer, Carl Palmer. . . . *You Didn't Like It* is a re-issue of an old album by HOT LEGS, the group that later went on to become 10CC.

# MUSIC NEWS

Summer's almost over but we'll still have some Summer themes for you on our nightly Flight 106. Expect to hear several versions of "Summertime" before the season's gone, including Janis Joplin and James Last. School being back in session also gives us a good excuse to do a few thematic shows on school with music by Chuck Berry, Supertramp, Cheech & Chong, and many others that you can think of. In fact, many of our Flight 106 broadcasts will deal with some kind of theme. We invite you to suggest themes that you'd like to hear explored musically. Almost anything you can think about, someone has written a song about; even thinking it- self. Remember that it was the Beatles that sang "Think For Yourself." That's also what we'd like you to do. Think of some good themes that can be the basis for our nightly Flights and send them in with a list of at least a half dozen or so songs that deal with the subject. The ten most original ones that we receive during the month will receive an album of our choice that best compliments the subjects that you have selected. The rest of you will receive a Triad sticker for your efforts as long as the supply lasts. Send your ideas to: Think Triad, 7428 N. Paulina, Chicago, Illinois, 60626.

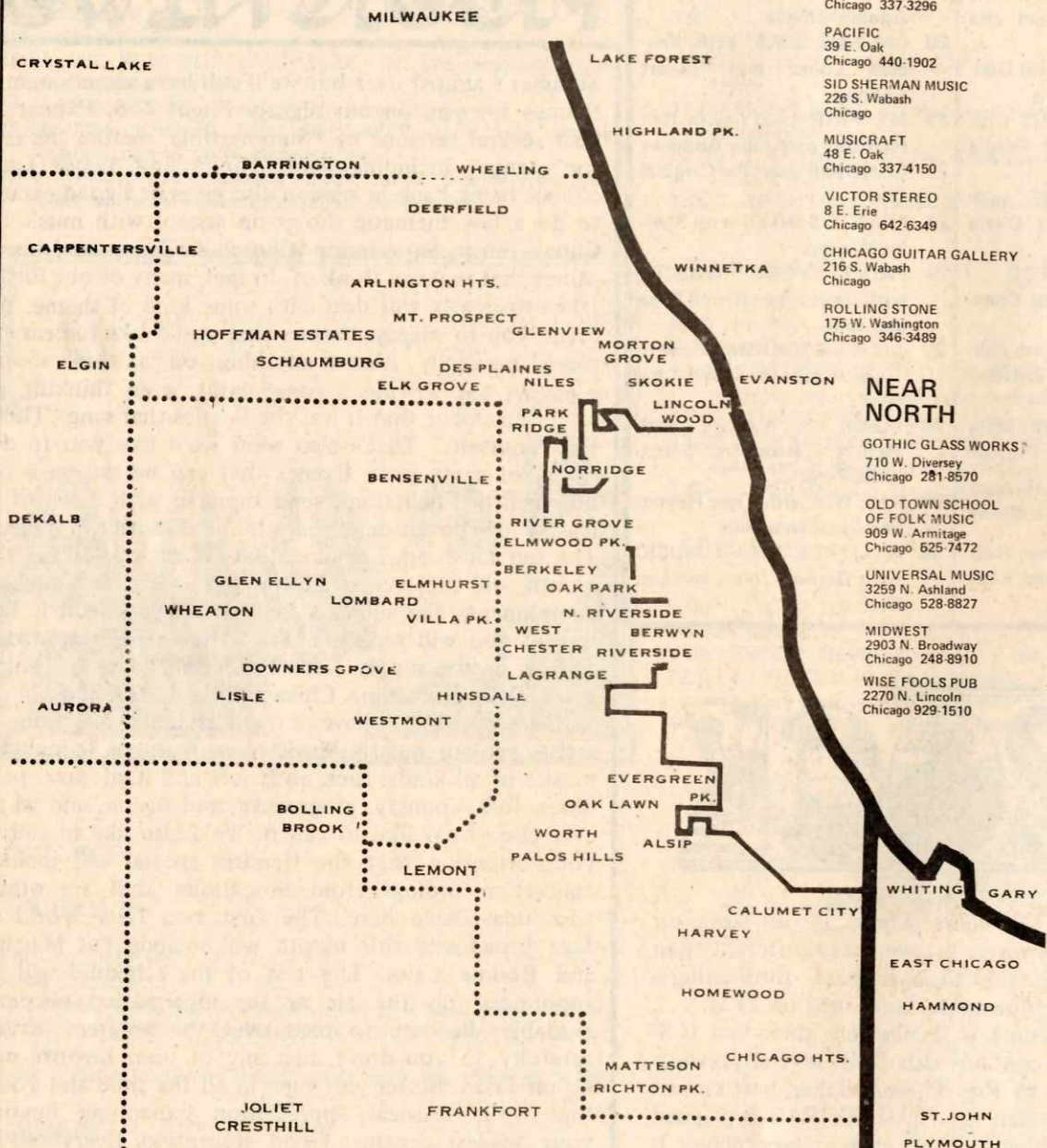
Once again we have an entertaining selection of artists for our nightly Music News features. It includes musics of all kinds, rock both soft and hard, jazz, pop, blues, folk, country, progressive, and fusion, and whatever else you'd like to call it. We'd also like to call to your attention that the Hendrix special will include concert recordings from Stockholm that are otherwise unavailable here. The first two New World of Jazz broadcasts this month will include Pat Martino and Ronnie Laws. The rest of the schedule will be announced on the air as the information becomes available. Be sure to read over the program listings carefully so you don't miss any of your favorite music on Triad. Better yet, tune in all the time and you'll find your musical appreciation expanding beyond your wildest dreams. Good Reception Everybody!!!



# TRIAD

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6306 N. Broadway  
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- SILVER SPUR**  
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Chicago 274-7025
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- RECORD ESTATE**  
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- ST. JOHN**
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- RECORD PEOPLE**  
5258 N. Harlem  
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