

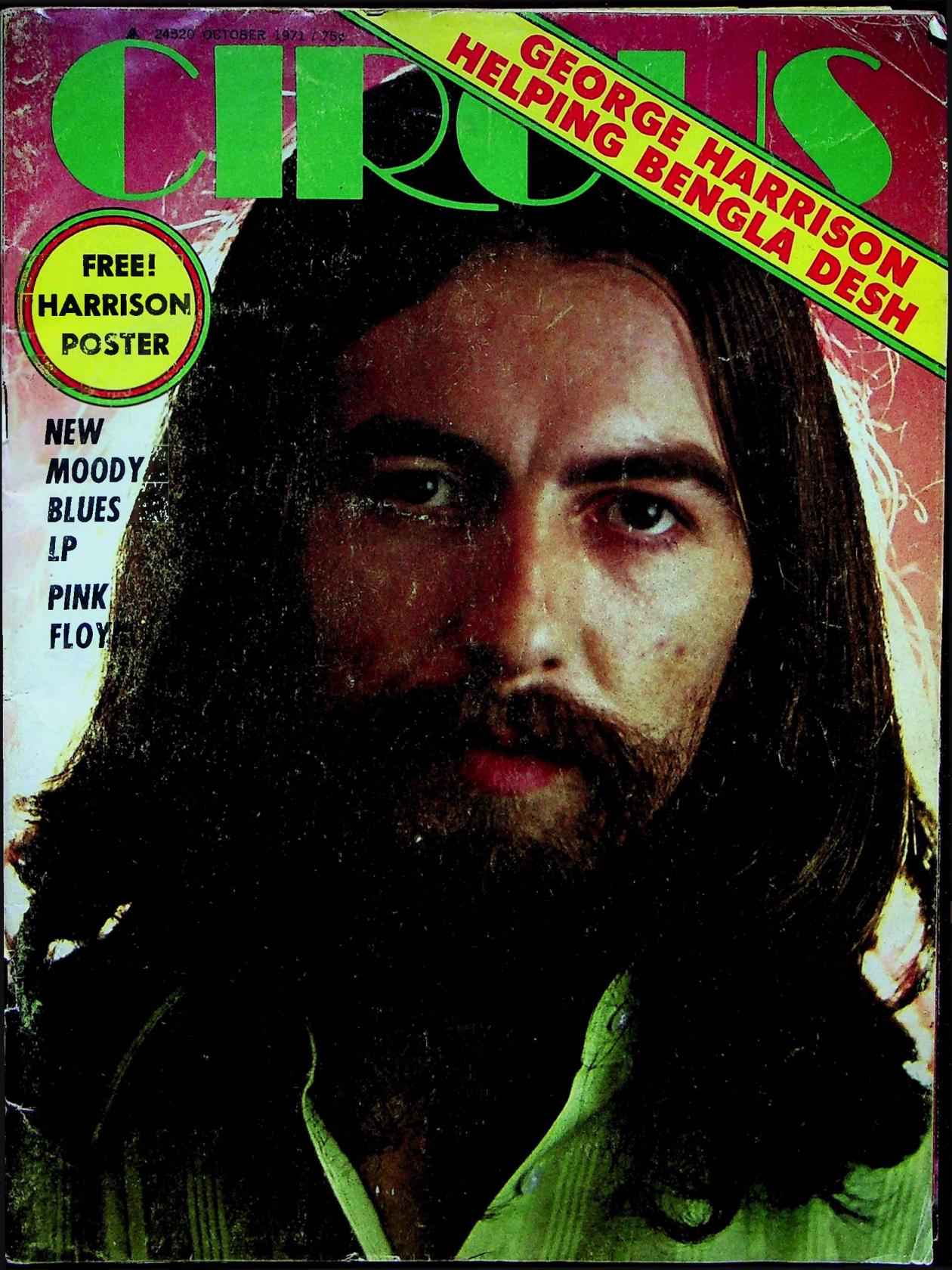
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CIRCUITS

**GEORGE HARRISON
HELPING BENGALA DESH**

**FREE!
HARRISON
POSTER**

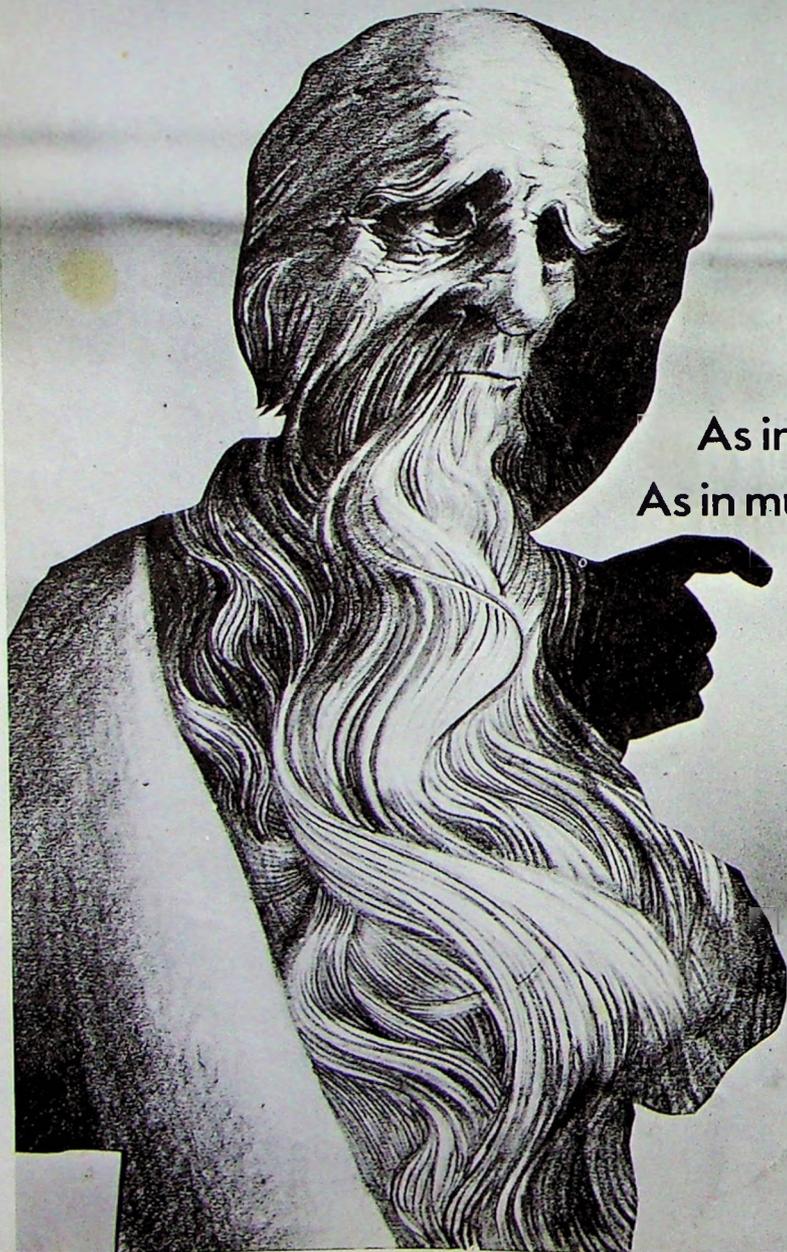
**NEW
MOODY
BLUES
LP
PINK
FLOYD**



The Moody Blues

new album

Every Good Boy Deserves Favour



As in life, so in music
As in music, so in life

THS 5

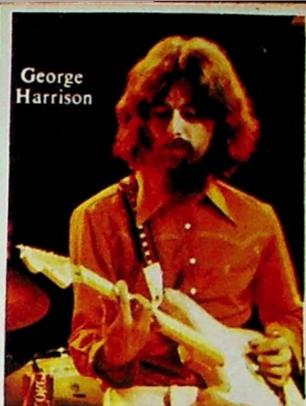


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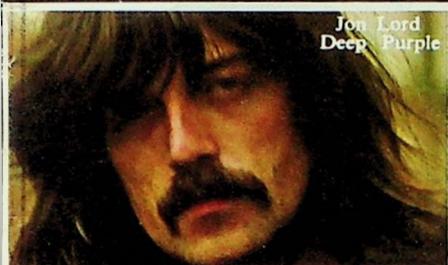
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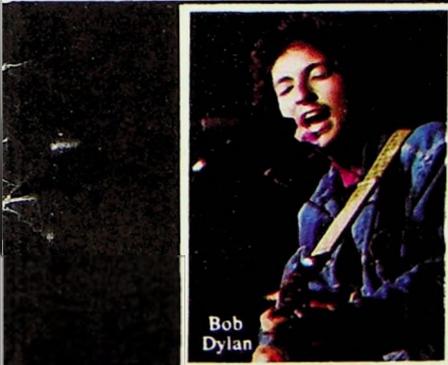
George Harrison



Moody Blues



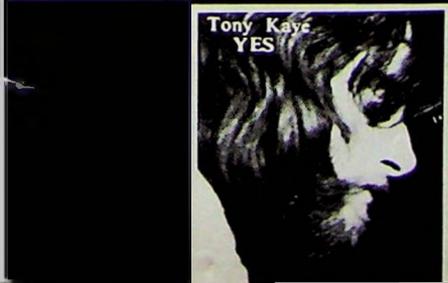
Jon Lord
Deep Purple



Bob Dylan



Carly Simon



Tony Kaye
YES

Vol. 6 No. 1

October 1971

CIRCUS

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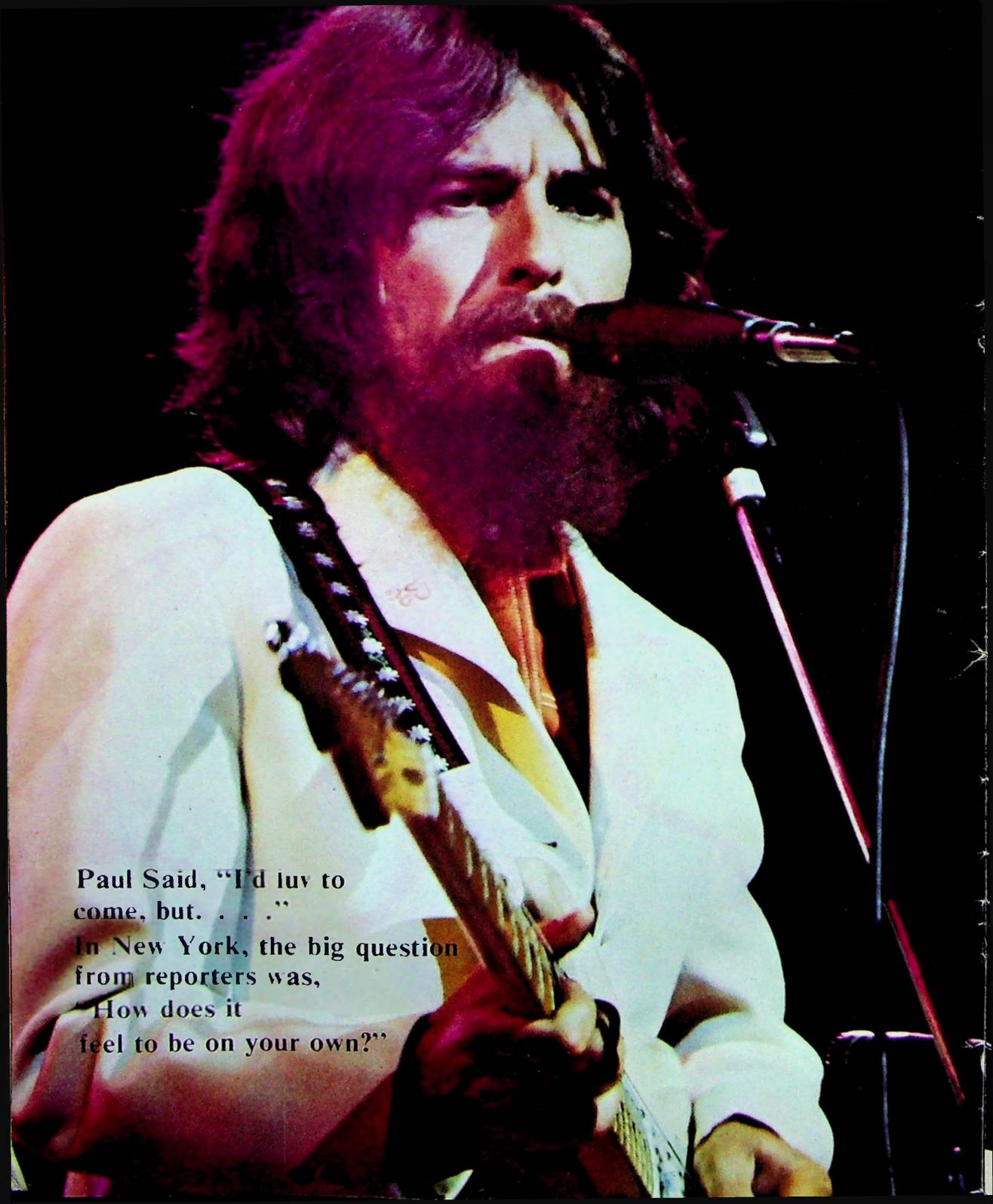
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Publisher: Gerald Rothberg
 Editor: Howard Bloom
 Art Director: Norm Jacobs
 Contributing Editors: Tony Glover, Richard Meltzer, Bud Scoppa
 Advertising Director: Norman Harris
 Assistant to Publisher: Art Ford
 Regional Correspondents: London—Mike Conway-Benton; West Coast—Jacoba Atlas
 Cover Design: Arnold Genkins

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What brought George Harrison, Ringo Starr,
Bob Dylan, Eric Clapton,
and Leon Russell to one Madison Square Garden Stage?





Paul Said, "I'd luv to
come, but. . . ."

In New York, the big question
from reporters was,

"How does it
feel to be on your own?"



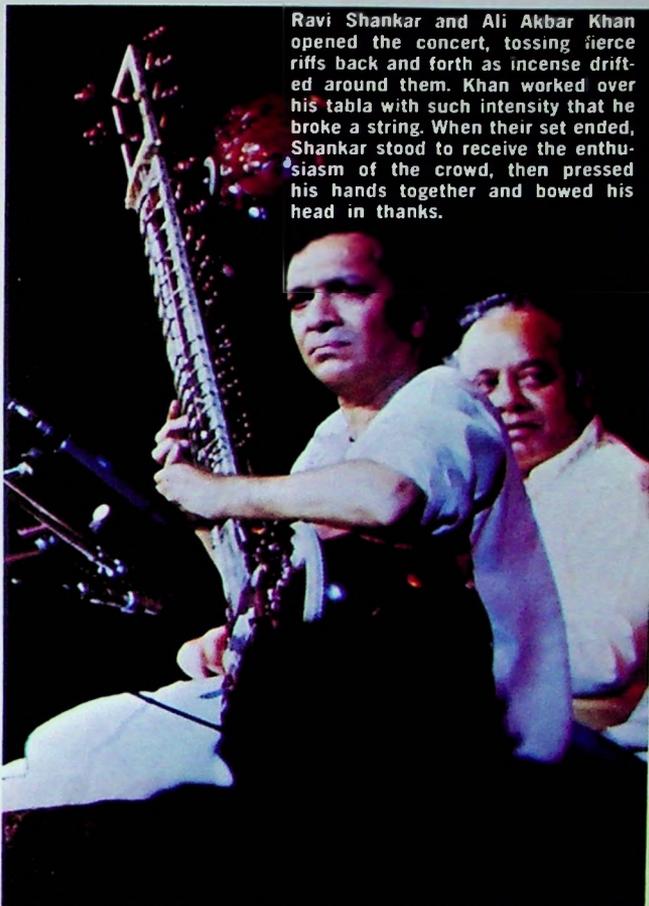


by Howard Bloom

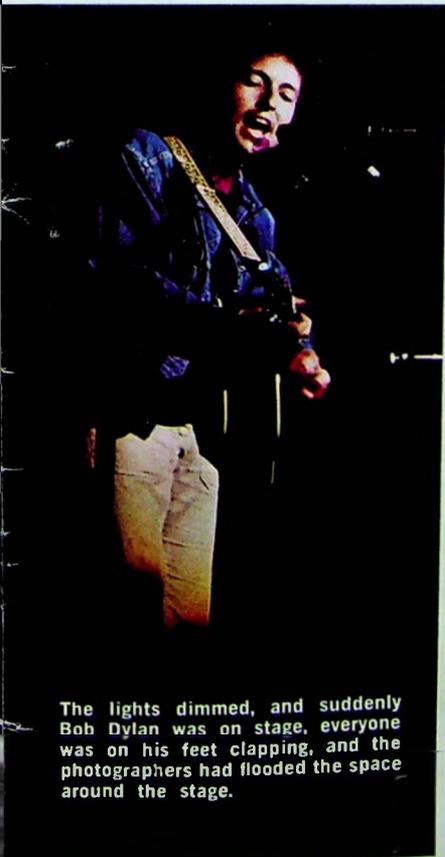
*My friend came to me
Sadness in his eyes
Told me that he wanted help
Before his country dies.*

("Bengla Desh," © Harrisons Music Ltd., 1971)

The friend was Ravi Shankar, the Bengalese musician, world's greatest sitar player, who has been tight with George Harrison for over six years. The country is Bengla Desh (East Pakistan), soaked in the blood of outrageous slaughter. The request for help came as George was cutting a new record in Los Angeles. And the answer was a concert that brought Bob Dylan, Ringo Starr, George Harrison, Eric Clapton, Leon Russell, and many others to Madison Square Garden for a history making session that witnessed such strange combinations as Clapton and Harrison picking guitars while Dylan puffed his harmonica and Ringo slapped a tambourine on his thigh.



KLN Photos



The lights dimmed, and suddenly Bob Dylan was on stage, everyone was on his feet clapping, and the photographers had flooded the space around the stage.



As Dylan played "A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall," Harrison and Leon Russell laced together a melodic background with an occasional un-Dylan-like twist. Later Ringo came up, looking in his black suit like an amiable but shabby priest, and began to tap a tambourine on his thigh. Dylan's set was capped with a standing ovation.

Bengla Desh

George Harrison requested help because the Bengalis are being destroyed by the army of a bloodthirsty, high-tech military against a weaponless population of whom had no wish to be ruled by outsiders. The Bengalis are actually two territories separated from each other as completely as East and Canada by a thousand miles of Indian land. The Bengalis, mostly of the Eastern section, have been stripped of the country's wealth. The West Pakistanis of the West have motivated the government, holding the

Then, to put the Bengalis back in the harness of subjugation, he sent his American-equipped armies to the East (in American Boeing 707's), where they frequently terrorized, tortured, and destroyed everything and everyone in sight. The result is a set of horror stories too sickening to tell. When Bengalese college professors, newsmen, and musicians have returned to their country to look (unsuccessfully) for their families, they have passed one hamlet after another where heaps of murdered villagers lie between the burned out cottages, and only carrion birds picking at a stiff hand or face seem at home.

his superstar stature to generate enthusiasm for the concert. "I had to put myself out front," he declared. "and hope that my friends would come." If he numbers his fans among his friends, he got what he hoped for. The lines began to form at the box office two days before the concert's tickets were to go on sale. Twenty four hours before the official opening of ticket sales, the lines had grown so long that it seemed pointless to keep the box office closed. The windows opened, and within six hours Madison Square Garden was sold out.

George spent weeks telephoning musicians in California, England, and

And the music on BBC, and the only thing but he

But Chip M... willing to donat... Ringo Starr, Eric Clapton were v... very beginning.

George stag... York, where t... zines and telev... tered like raisi... get as much pu... possible. For t... goal was to p... Though it bro... and an album... might bring... George knew t... bly raise enou... in the suffering... portant thing... gla Desh to th... you and me... enough to kee... after the conce... get us to keep...

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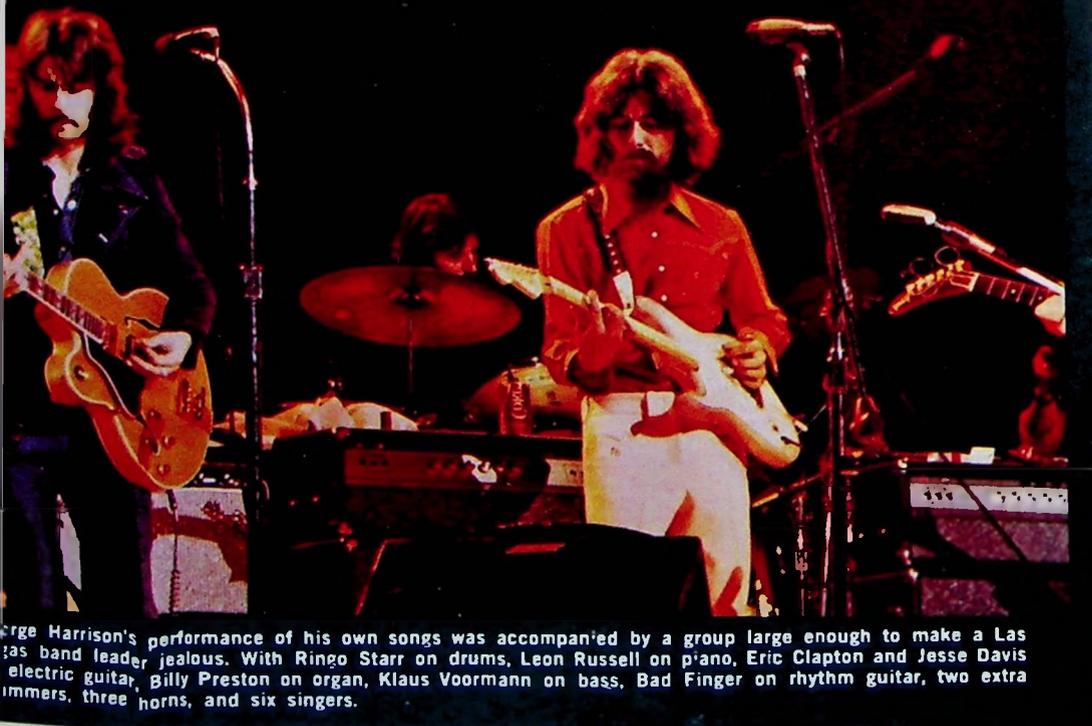
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the hall with hungry applause, the audience brought George and his entourage back for two encores, stamped, shouted, and clapped for more even after half the equipment had been taken down and the lights had sunken hydraulically into the floor.



George Harrison's performance of his own songs was accompanied by a group large enough to make a Las Vegas band leader jealous. With Ringo Starr on drums, Leon Russell on piano, Eric Clapton and Jesse Davis on electric guitar, Billy Preston on organ, Klaus Voormann on bass, Badfinger on rhythm guitar, two extra drummers, three horns, and six singers.

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last December, the West Pakistanis...
allowed a free election. The Ben...
won a majority of seats in the new...
National Assembly, and were deter...
to use those seats to gain some...
dom. This threatened to throw the...
Pakistanis from the saddle of pow...
a threat President Yahya Khan...
did not accept. He cancelled the...
National Assembly.

But Ravi Shankar's request made it obvious that no mind can blow away the cloud that hangs over the Bengalis. No amount of meditation can revive the two hundred and fifty thousand dead or feed the 40,000 new refugees who enter India each day. George responded to Shankar's plea by planning the Madison Square Garden benefit.

At first, the idea of appearing in concert as a solo star "made me shake," George said. But he knew he had to use

Spain only to discover that getting a thing like this together was not at all easy. Leon Russell cancelled two concerts to come, but even then, it wasn't certain he could make it. John Lennon was in the Virgin Islands trying to get custody of Yoko Ono's child and wouldn't commit himself one way or the other. Paul said lethargically, "I'd love to come, but..." Record company executives asked to cooperate said they "didn't want to get involved politically."

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elite press corps George
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waiting notebooks, tape
d film cameras. He spoke
Indian art, and introduced
ian personally. All those

years of meeting the world's media have made their mark. George handled the occasion with the verve of a United Nations diplomat. He really was out to please . . . if it would help his friends the Indian musicians a little

"These people are worth seeing—so don't let them go unnoticed," said George, with a smile, and everyone wrote it down. For the next hour he was boxed in by a cluster of reporters who were using the occasion to ask George all the usual Beatle questions. I didn't hear a lot of his replies because I was deep in conversation with a middleaged Indian lady soloist singer whom George had courteously introduced me to.

Later after George had lunched with Ravi Shankar we resumed our talk.

Except for his incredibly long hair, now pulled back in a band like a riding mistress George looked as eminent as a pop road manager in his blue and white striped shirt, blue denim jacket, velvet trousers, brown boots and orange knitted waistcoat.

He was still exhilarated by seeing Ravi again. "If I could I'd go to India again. In fact if I could choose between going to half a dozen different places and going to India, I'd go there six times.

"You can get such a lot out of that place, once you get past the misery and the flies. All the people there are so dedicated. And that's how everyone should be in their work. You should work for your deity, whether it's Jesus or Buddha or whatever. You can do that even if you're sweeping the streets. You offer your work to your god and you'll do it better." This was again like a hark back to Beatle days, when the Beatles would put across their ideas using everyday parables which their public could identify with!

Despite the 'trendiness' of Indian music which George brought into pop, only to watch it disappear again, it still means a lot to him.

"I've given up playing the sitar," he said. "Only because if you're going to play it properly, you need to give up half your life to it, and there are so many other things I want to do."

But he is as active as ever in promoting the Hare Krishna movement. "Do you know that when the *Hare Krishna* record by the Radha Krishna Temple came out, a man who had stayed locked in his room for twenty years heard it on the radio, and now he has joined the movement.

"It didn't matter to me whether the record was a commercial success or not. The fact is, that it helped one person, and that was what counted for me."

George's sincerity and his quite serious attitude to life and religion is very obvious by the way he has stuck

with his interests.

"Indian music is still with me. I might not write music in Indian forms now, but it's in my system and part of me."

The spiritual aspect has stayed with him too. "I still meditate and I still practice yoga."

George has also soaked up the Eastern spiritual ideas. God can exist in each of us, he feels, for "as a single drop of water has the same qualities as an ocean of water, so has our consciousness the qualities of God's consciousness." But our soul dies and enters life over and over again, and as it passes from body to body, it forgets the mighty ocean of divinity it has come from.

Meditation and "chanting the names of the Lord," as George calls the Hare Krishna chant, bring you back in touch with divinity. "It's pointless to believe in something without proof, and Krishna Consciousness and meditation are methods where you can actually . . . see GOD, and hear him, play with him. It might sound crazy but HE is actually there, actually with you." George wrote in a pamphlet accompanying *The Radha Krishna Temple* album.

Perhaps this is why George The Pop Star disappeared so rapidly once the active Beatles nucleus had split. Certainly he takes no part in the star social scene.

Patti, his wife, was at the Isle of Wight Festival but not George. "I just don't want to know about all that," he said. "I couldn't stand all the noise!"

It's not to say George has lost interest in music. He's just jumped off the current pop turntable. "I don't have much time to listen to records these days. Only if my friends bring them around, or if there's something Patti wants. And anyway if I want records I have to go and buy them from record shops like everyone else."

The fact is that George has become more and more immersed in his own music, or making music with his friends. He's by far the most active musician of the Beatles, and when the group ceased it wasn't long before George was out on the road with Delancy and Bonnie. For the past year he has spent most of his time in the control box rather than in front of the microphone. For Doris Troy, Bill Preston and the Radha Krishna Temple he's been playing the technocrat part of producer. True, only the Krishna Temple choir have had a hit record, but George's enthusiasm doesn't seem to wane when his proteges fail to score.

The day I talked to George he was trying to describe Doris Troy for a press hand out. "Well, she's certainly determined," he said admiringly. "She sits on your shoulders till you do what she wants. She wants to succeed and that's all there is to it."

George always seems more enthusiastic when he's talking about someone other than himself. He told me in detail about Billy Preston and how the Beatles had first met him in their early days in Hamburg, when Billy played in Ray Charles' backing band.

In fact, his years of spiritual exercises seem genuinely to have reduced George's ego. "I know so little about music," he says, and, "I'm just trying to learn to play the guitar." Absurd as these statements sound coming from one of the world's best paid musicians, George means them. He refuses to play with Ravi Shankar because he feels his musical abilities do not merit him the privilege. "If I were competent enough, I'd love to." And he says he did Indian music a disservice by bringing the sitar to the West. "There's been a distortion of Indian music in Western culture, for which I am partly to blame."

So much time has George devoted to making other people's records, "that I've got very behind with my own."

As a consequence, his first solo LP, *All Things Must Pass*, was a three record set. "There were too many tracks for just an ordinary sized album," he said, "but none of the songs were better or worse than any of the others."

"A lot of people thought the Beatles double album should have been just a single one, or two released one after the other. But I didn't want to put one out after another—because I've got so much more to release after that!"

For George to be able to showcase his own music is probably more important to him than anything. One of the Beatles insoluble difficulties toward the end of their recording career together was that they were competing for tracks on their albums. John Lennon once commented: "You had to fight to get your own stuff on the records." This was because each of the Beatles was developing along his own lines, and as that happened they grew further and further apart.

In George's case it was particularly frustrating. He has never been totally accepted as a songwriter, always working in the shadow of Lennon and McCartney. One or two tracks on most of the Beatles' albums were George Harrison compositions, and a fair number of 'B' sides of their singles were songs he wrote. He wrote the score for the film "Wonderwall", and it was much praised—but George never got mass acclaim.

The six million Bengalis who have fled to India are not much better off. Several Indians starve to death each night in the streets of the big cities even during normal times. India has no extra food for people from another country.

unlikely person to approach for help in a situation like this. He and the other three Beatles have been asked to do many concerts for public benefits and turned them all down. George has favored spiritual involvement over political, believing that it is a mistake to become preoccupied with the problems of physical existence. "This impermanent body," he says, "a bag of bones and flesh" is not really "our true self." When problems occur, "a mind can blow those clouds away."

This seemed in the nature of his relationship with the other Beatles. George being the youngest never seemed to get a look in. His personality although it was strong, seemed to be dimmed by John's bluntness and Paul's charm. Ringo always had his own image going for him—the cuddly loveable one—but the public's picture of George was always a little blurred.

Finally he broke through. When the *Abbey Road* LP was released it was George's song "Something" that became the instant hit song. Since then it's been recorded more than fifty times by other singers and orchestras. Shirley Bassey's success with the song has given George immense pleasure.

"They love her in America" he told me, justifiably proud.

The accolade from writing a giant Beatle hit did a lot for George's self-esteem as a songwriter. Now he's able to write new songs without the pressure of competition from the two other Beatle songwriters.

But as the other Beatles who produced solo albums discovered, it wasn't easy managing without your old backing group!

"I had so many hold ups," he said. "I'd go to America just to find backing voices and then it all got so difficult that I ended up doing them myself. It was a drae to begin with singing just one har-

mony on its own, but by the time I'd sung all five parts on tape it worked out very well.

"There always seems so much to do," said George, sounding a bit like the White Rabbit who was always late in *Alice in Wonderland*.

From time to time during the afternoon George was making and taking telephone calls from London and America. And with colleagues who came in and out of his office to talk to him, the conversation always ran along the same lines. It was about musicians for recording, about designs for record sleeves, about photographs and about arrangers for sessions. It was never trifling small talk. But that's George. The straightforward one with no side.

"I don't find it difficult to talk to people. They always want to hear about the Beatles, so you just ride with it. It's just when you have to meet big personality names that it can get hard. Especially in America. When we've met people there I've had to rack my brains for hours for something to say. So often there's just nothing to relate to!"

But in *All Things Must Pass*, the album George likes to do his talking for him, he expressed his relief at not being a part of the Beatles anymore. "You've given me a wah-wah . . . you made me such a big star . . . cheaper than a dime . . . now I don't need no wah-wah's! And I know how sweet life can be." He's Making his own music, and seeing it gain tremendous acceptance. And he's onto a spiritual trip that seems to be changing the whole nature of his life, making it possible for him "to rise above this dealing" so that even at a press conference he can sit in a meditative posture, his hands clasped together and answer questions with such quiet and self-less modesty that one hard-nosed newspaper reporter came away comparing him to a holy man. ■



George and Ravi Shankar face the press.

George Harrison may have seemed an

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JOIN

CIRCUS is putting together a group of readers to feed us their ideas of what's going down in rock taste and rock heads.

The people in the group will get their names printed on the CIRCUS masthead, will visit the editors, and may even receive occasional LP's by groups they've never heard of. All in exchange for answering some questions every now and then.

Interested? Then write us a letter listing your five favorite music-making people or groups and the five subjects you'd like to read about more than anything else in the world. Then put down a paragraph on what a rock magazine ought to be like.

We'll let the people who've made it onto the CIRCUS staff know in about six weeks. Send letter to CIRCUS Staff, 866 United Nations Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017.

The Editors

JIMBO

Even though none of us have gotten over the unfortunate loss of Janis and Jimi, we now must face the passing of Jim Morrison.

We've all had mixed feelings about Morrison and the changes he went through, personally and musically, but I'll never forget the first time I saw him on TV in '67 in black leather singing "Light My Fire." He was at his peak then and we should all set aside thoughts of his "naughty" incidents and remember him as the great singer, poet, and performer he was.

Well, we've lost Jimi, Janis and now "Jimbo". Let's hope we don't lose any more of our great performers.

Deborah Faria
New Bedford, Mass.

WIGGY OVER IGGY

My friends say I'm insane, crazy and a lot of other things, but I'm just out for a wild and fun time. Last year Iggy and the Stooges were on a TV special called "Midsummer Rock" and he did his bit, the peanut butter and all. Well, after watching it I got the idea to do it at a church dance with a combination of the old Who act, that is wrecking our equipment and all. Only a few people knew about it in our town, but not even the first band that played that night at the church knew what we were to do when we came on.

12 CIRCUS

As we were setting up our equipment, some of which wasn't supposed to get smashed, many of our friends started shouting, "We want Iggy," until the whole place was shouting it, about 300 people. We started to play, the music was really loud and distorted, just like the real Stooge rock. After about two minutes of noise, peanut butter and chopmeat smeared all over us and the place, the Priest running the dance told us to stop. We didn't. Instead we started wrecking our equipment; the greasers in the place saw a good chance for a fight and took it. Soon there were about 80 people on the stage smashing everything in sight, including good equipment. It was a full-fledged rumble. The church was destroyed. Cops were all over the place in a few minutes; they never got us luckily. Ever since then I have taken on the nickname Iggy. Do you think I earned it?

Iggy the Second
Valley Stream, New York

THERE'S A SANTA CLAUS

I am writing this letter to everyone, but mainly to Margaret, whose letter was printed in the July issue.

I know this is a hell of a way to start a letter, but I find there is no other way.

Yes, there is a Santa Claus. What I mean by that is, although there are quite a few hypocritical people running around preaching that prejudice is a sin and in turn forbid blacks and Jews from moving into the neighborhood. There are that many more people who realize that love and peace lets us live a hell of a lot longer on this earth than war.

I used to be an active revolutionist in the Abbie Hoffman vein, but then I started thinking. How can we have a peaceful world through a violent revolution? Violence breeds violence.

Now Margaret, if you're reading this, I'm going to clarify this thing about barriers and restrictions imposed upon us by law. In this city, the police are allowing young people to ride along in their vans to see just how the police force works. The city officials have allowed an organization known as Rent-A-Kid to hire out young people to earn some money for themselves. So government can do a hell of a lot of nice things if they try.

I happen to agree with you about their outdated morals. But did you ever stop to think that while all those higher up people condemn us for our "loose morals" they sneak out unbeknown to

their wives and spend the night with a whore.

Freedom of press and speech is also important. About as important as breathing. The DJ you mentioned who got fired after he played "Coming Into Los Angeles" was rehired after the radio station thought about the incident.

All in all Margaret, I enjoyed reading your letter because you had a chance to voice your own opinion. But one thing that bothers me: are you sure that this letter contained *your* opinion and that *you* were influenced by our young society?

Bob Swarmer
Pittsburgh, Pa.

NEEDS HELP

I am writing to you because I need your help. In March, Alice Cooper came here to do a concert and everyone liked him so much we would like him to come back. Could you please tell us what to do? I was thinking about starting a petition, but what would I do after I got all the signatures? I love him to death.

Yvonne Herrera
Springfield, Mass.

Editor's Note: Try approaching the manager of the theater where the original concert was held, and if you could assure him of a full house we're sure he would attempt to bring back the group. Good luck.

WHAT'S THE FUTURE?

I'm writing this letter to find out if the Doors are going to split up now that Jim Morrison passed away. I think the Doors are the greatest group there ever was. They should stay together.

Becky Torres
Killeen, Texas

Editor's Note: A spokesman for Elektra Records said that the Doors will stay together and are in the process of getting new material together. It is still uncertain whether Ray and Robbie will handle the vocal chores or whether they'll seek a new singer. But the circle is unbroken.

BROUGHT TOGETHER

I attended the Grand Funk concert at Shea Stadium and I'd just like to say that they were really fantastic. Their music just brought everyone in the stadium together which is probably because Grand Funk themselves are so together. All I can say is, anyone who says they're no good doesn't know what music is all about. Love ya Mark Farnar.

Eva Gruner
West New York, N.J.

NOISEMAKERS #1

Thankalot for such a great magazine. The last issue had to be the best in my eyes because it featured my favorite group, Jethro Tull, and a lot of others that are certainly worthy of the time and money put into writing about them.

One thing that made me and a lot of other musicians see red was the buildup of Noisemakers #1, Grand Funk Railroad, if Mark Farner weren't an actor and if there wasn't a lot of hype involved, GFR would not be where they are today. They are the most over-rated group today. To Ben, Bob, Rick and Tony in Pico Rivera, California, I'd like to say that they must not know much about playing a guitar, because anyone who *did* know anything about music would not be a GFR fan and would know that Farner is a crummy, simplistic and boring guitarist. His lyric-writing is also simplistic. And I'm sure that Cory Wells (the bag of bones that sings rock better than Mark Farner) or anyone else involved in rock music, is certainly not jealous of the undiluted noise generated by GFR. You four should fall under the title of being groupies due to your going to rock concerts to see a performer's (?) muscles. You miss the whole point of rock music.

To E.S. in Ogden, Utah: It doesn't take any nerve *at all* to knock GFR be-

cause, as stated previously, anyone who knew a thing about music or playing a guitar would know that GFR is not a talented group. And it doesn't (in the case of GFR) take good music to top the *Daily News* poll. It only takes big muscles, an act, groupies, hype, and masses of ignorant non-musicians to vote for such a lousy group.

To David Baker in Long Beach: Apparently you're another who would rather see an actor who calls himself a musician jump around like a madman onstage than go to see a talented rock concert. If you dig seeing people jump around onstage with a crummy musical accompaniment, I suggest you go to a few ballets.

Bob Raines
Warren, Ohio

UP WITH TDG

To the people in your August issue who were putting down Three Dog Night, "Everyone has his own opinion!" Maybe TDN aren't the best group, but no one really knows who is. To my friends and me they are the best group ever. So just don't knock 'em!

J.B.
Detroit, Michigan

A TRIBUTE TO JIM MORRISON

Jim Morrison was always known as a wild performer. He would never let his crowd down. In his songs that he wrote he would always write as he felt. Jimmy did more than write songs; he was also known for being a great poet. He was never afraid to say things about how he felt on certain items when he was asked.

When Jimmy would begin his concerts he would build up his music until he would finally explode right out of the crowd. Others passed in while others passed out from Jimmy's screams, while it felt like Jimmy brought down a couple of beams. But even though the crowd appreciated the Doors, a lot of the old heads didn't understand them. They always tried to stop the music but Jimmy would only stop "When the Music's Over". The Doors, it seemed, were always in trouble and being told to stop their music. The old heads couldn't appreciate the talent of such a "Wild Young Man" expressing himself in his music.

When the Doors stopped playing, the crowd was tired from watching. But that was only a sign that Jimmy was only getting ready to "Light Our Fires".

Jay Donald Neuman
Plymouth, Michigan



MICK ABRAHAMS

Two big names hover over guitarist Mick Abrahams' head, one is that of JETHRO TULL, the other BLODWYN PIG. Mick was a founder-member of both groups, and an ex-member of same. In September, 1970, he left BLODWYN to form his own group, his prior work having given him a good reputation on which to base himself.

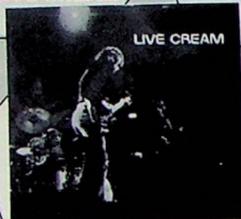
A MUSICAL EVENING WITH THE MICK ABRAHAMS BAND is the first tangible fruit of his new labors. Received with glowingly respectful reviews in the English music press, the album features Mick and a group of respected musicians, whose collective goal is the same as their individual goals.



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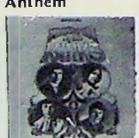
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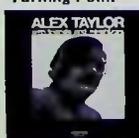
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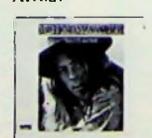
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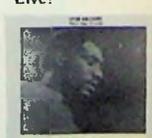
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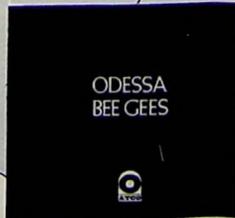
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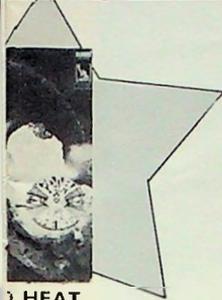
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Allman Brothers live things up.



Stills: trying too hard.

Blood, Sweat & Tears 4—Columbia-KC 30590

One of the problems I found with earlier Blood, Sweat & Tears albums was the lack of original material and the fact that their brass section sounded like a group of studio musicians. But all that has become a thing of the past with the release of their fourth and best album to date.

Of the 12 selections on the LP, ten were written by B.S.&T members with the remaining two penned by Al Kooper and the Isley Brothers. The album material marks a slight but rewarding departure for the group. The departure that I longed to hear.

Side one opens with the remarkable "Go Down Gamblin," just released as a single, and moves gracefully to the Dick Halligan composition, "Cowboys And Indians" which features an unusual ending created by alternating tuba and vocals.

Two Steve Katz numbers, "Valentine's Day," and "For My Lady," are both sensitive and filled with soft woodwind instrumentation, including Lew Soloff's piccolo trumpet passages.

All in all, this latest album effort from B.S.&T proves that the group members are indeed capable of creating their very own music parallel to the sound they have developed as a band. Naturally, instant airplay and soaring sales are expected.

Harmony Row—Jack Bruce—Atco—SD 33-365

It's been some time since *Songs For A Tailor* was released, and I guess everyone was wondering about the future of Jack Bruce. For some months, Bruce played with Tony Williams. Then, Atlantic released a second album, *Things We Like*. It was a jazz LP, and it was awful. Absolutely awful. It got very little airplay and even less support from the label. But alas, the Jack Bruce we have all come to know and love has returned!

"Harmony Row" is a very strange album compared to his first. Chris Spedding and John Marshall accompany Bruce on his latest musical excursion. An excursion you need several listenings to really enjoy.

Whereas "Songs For A Tailor" was a powerful rock experience, *Harmony Row* is a study in strange melodies, exotic lyrics by Pete Brown, and a much softer musical accompaniment. It is, on the whole, a more complex album.

"Escape To The Royal Wood (On Ice)," "You Burned The Tables On Me," "Smiles and Grins," "A Letter Of Thanks," and "Post War," conjure images of the old Bruce, while "There's A Forest," "Folk Song," and "The Consul At Sunset" present a new direction for the artist. As usual, Brown's lyrics are imaginative and obscure—but they always work.

Harmony Row is a welcome relief and an album that should be widely acclaimed by critics and consumers alike. (See "Jack Bruce: Incomplete Necr-

omancer, page 58 for a completely different point of view.)

Relics—Pink Floyd—Harvest—SW (dist. Capitol)

One of the original "space groups," Pink Floyd has released an album equivalent to a greatest hits package. Though they've never had a hit record in America, Pink Floyd has attracted a large underground following, resulting in sold out concerts wherever they have performed.

Included in this new album are the group's two British hits, "Arnold Layne," and "See Emily Play," along with various selections composed for motion pictures.

Selections date back as far as February, 1967—with the most recent track dated July 9, 1969. None of the group's more recent material is included, but since the LP is entitled *Relics*, we kind of expected it! Those interested in getting into Pink Floyd for the very first time might find it advisable to pick up a copy of this album.

(see "Interstellar Thunder from Pink Floyd," page 20.)

Stephen Stills 2—Atlantic—SD 7206

There's no disputing that Atlantic knew what it was doing when Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young were signed. To date, each has had a top 10 solo album with the group as a whole garnering three top ten's. For Steve Stills, this marks the second solo venture, and another disappointment.

It seems that when Stills was with

DEEP PURPLE FIREBALL



Deep Purple clinches its hold on American audiences with Fireball, a powerhouse Warner Bros. album (or you can get the Ampex-Distributed tape).

Buffalo Springfield, the material was a lot stronger. Then, he worked with such brilliant writers as Richie Furay, Jim Messina, and Neil Young. Now, it's all Stills—and the imaginative flow seems to have vanished.

"Love The One You're With" was probably the best track on Stills' first LP, and now, "Change Partners," though far from being a classic, seems to be the most outstanding track on volume two!

"Bluebird Revisited", a landmark in the annals of Buffalo Springfield, is disastorous. The problem being that Stills is trying too hard to complicate basically simple and beautiful songs. Recruiting Eric Clapton, Billy Preston, and a host of other notables assures Stills fine musicianship, but the music can sometimes be better than the songs themselves. Such is the case with *Stephen Stills 2*.

Surf's up—The Beach Boys—Reprise-RS 6453

Don't let the name fool you. The Beach Boys, over the past two years, have come up with some of the finest, most well produced songs in the existence of music. Believe it or not—it's true!

Surf's Up is no exception. From the opening tune, "Don't Go Near The Water," to the closing "Surf's Up," The Beach Boys go to every expense to get the most possible from each song. Brilliant production. Superb harmony. Excellent material. It's all there for the listening.

Even if you don't like the Beach Boys, you owe it to yourself to purchase this album. It could very well grow on you! **The Allman Brothers Band At Fillmore East**—Capricorn-SD 2-802

Slowly but surely, the Allman Brothers are becoming legends in their own time. Acclaimed by many rock superstars including Eric Clapton, the Allmans are rapidly increasing their huge underground following as well as widening their musical scope.

This double LP, recorded live on March 12-13 of this year, features the group at it's best. Duane Allman, one of the most impressive guitarists of the day, adds a new depth to the usual 12 bar blues progressions, while his slide guitaristry is second to none.

Though the album is a two record set, only seven selections are included. "Statesboro Blues" opens side one followed by "Done Somebody Wrong," and the traditional "Stormy Monday." "You Don't Love Me" occupies all of side two, while "Hot 'Lanta," and "In Memory Of Elizabeth Reed" fills the third side. Side four is graced with a 22 minute version of "Whipping Post" which appeared on the group's first album.

In a time when blues is becoming more and more prevalent and boring,

we can rely on the Allman Brothers to liven it up and add to it the contemporary feeling that it so needed.

Shanana—Kama Sutra—KSBS 2034

Prime believers in the adage that "Rock 'N Roll Is Here To Stay," Shanana deliver an impressive package of mixed material indicating a new sound for the group. Side one depicts the Sha-

Shanana: the golden oldies go straight.



Kristofferson: no longer shunned

nana that we have all come to know and love. Beginning with the Coasters classic, "Yakety Yak," and rumbling through seven other oldies but goodies including "Great Balls Of Fire," "Blue Moon," "Tell Laura I Love Her," and "Duke Of Earl" the group comes off as strong as ever and really gets its live audience at Columbia University moving.

The big surprise though, comes after the record is turned over to side two.

Here we are introduced to the Shanana of the future. "Only One Song" opens the side, a recent single that startled everyone. Nobody expected the group to go straight—and more important, nobody expected them to be that good. Also included on side two is "Top Forty," the latest single effort by the group which is novelty oriented while at the same time being a fine song. More impressive is the fact that all six selections were written by Scott Simon, pianist/bassist for the group.

Now that they've expanded their musical direction and proved that they can write, sing and arrange top forty commercial material, Shanana are likely to increase their already massive following. **The Silver Tongued Devil And I**—Kris Kristofferson—Monument A 30679

Contrary to popular belief, there's really no such thing as an overnight success. When an artist finally becomes recognized by his public, it's only after many trying years and thousands of disappointments. Kris Kristofferson, who is by no means a newcomer to the music world, had until recently gone virtually unnoticed. It matters not whether Kristofferson was ahead of his time or the public (as usual) was lagging behind. What matters is that his talents have finally been recognized.

About one year ago, Monument Records released an album entitled simply, *Kris Kristofferson*. The album received very little airplay, and a month later was forgotten. I listened to that album over and over again, appreciating it more with every playing. It was a masterpiece. It was honest. Direct. Poetic. And it was, though shunned by the public, to become a classic album.

But there's a time for everyone. Within six months of the release of Kristofferson's first album, six of the selections from it were released as singles and became number one records. Suddenly, everyone was recording Kristofferson songs—including Janis Joplin. Suddenly, everyone was talking about a new writer that had been on the scene, unrecognized, for years. But "For The Good Times," "Help Me Make It Through The Night," "Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down," "Just The Other Side Of Nowhere," "To Beat The Devil," and "Me And Bobby McGee" must be forgotten. For now, there is a new Kristofferson album!

There is little doubt that *The Silver Tongued Devil And I* will be hailed as a musical landmark. But it isn't fair to praise an artist just because of his past achievements. First, listen to Kristofferson's new album—and then say it is a musical and mark. For it is filled with as much beauty and sincerity as the first. "The Taker," "Billy Dee," and "Loving Her Was Easier (than anything I'll ever do again)" will also probably become Kristofferson classics. And it's only fair—his time has come!

Killers.

A killer album. Its cover is jet black. Inside: such power rock, it dwarfs your other albums.

BLACK SABBATH:
England's best-selling group.
Now. Experience why,

in their new Warners album:

"MASTER OF REALITY."

It's their third gold album, also on Ampex-distributed Warners tapes.

The corner of 8th Street and 6th Avenue in New York is a really god-a-mighty outasite corner as corners go. No not the corner itself, it's a little further down that the action gets good. And the good action is supplied by a newsstand, one of only 4 such newsstands in all of New York to sell the *New Musical Express*.

Well there was this time around December '67 or January '68 when something really exciting occurred on the cover of the *New Musical Express*.

A brand new group got the cover and the group was known as Pink Floyd. Now if that wasn't some kind of a name then my name is Tony Kroell.

And besides their name was their clothes. Everybody was wearing clothes then, but there was something special about their particular choice of garb. One guy had a pair of floral curtains for pants; they weren't really a curtain but they looked just like it. Except that curtains don't have legs. Another guy had some sort of vinyl or plastic or something in the form of a jacket, you could tell it was a jacket because there was a shirt under it. If there wasn't a shirt under it, it would have been a shirt itself. And that was just the point: they were challenging the very concept of *clothing among other things*.

And one of the things was *music*. Everybody was doing weird stuff. But Pink Floyd was *consistent* about their weird whoppers as well as being *serious* about it all.

But there was still—at first—an aura of mere shenanigan attached to their whole routine. It all seemed like psychedelic overstatement. They had a cut called "Interstellar Overdrive." And the album was called *Piper at the Gates Of Dawn*, kind of one of those Procol Harumesque titles so big at the time. Well there was plenty of other overstatement on the album too. There was a touch of the Dave Clark Five in one cut and a touch of some poetry on another. There was a cut called "See Emily Play." "Emily" seemed like a natural, it looked like people were gonna eat it up, literally, right off the record. (Edible records even seemed like a not-that-remote eventuality at the time, such were the times.) But alas it

never got anywhere because people thought the title was actually "See Melanie Play," and even though Melanie wasn't around just yet most people were willing to use their imagination and prophesy Melanie's final arrival.

So that was about it for the first album. People still play it whenever friends and neighbors gather under one roof and the stereo is warmed sufficiently to make possible the hearing of such dandies as "The Gnome," "Chapter 24," "Lucifer Sam" (two years before "Sympathy for the Devil"), "Matilda Mother," "Take Up My Stethoscope and Walk," "The Scarecrow" and "Pow R. Toch." They still play it all right but by now it's scratched. It's scratched a lot more than their second album, *A Saucerful of Secrets*. Which may be *oh so trippy* and all that but it's just a jump of outer space.

It's not *inner* space anymore. Between albums they more or less decided that if anybody was gonna do outer space it was gonna be them. Well the Stones had done "2000 Light Years from Home" and all that but it was more or less a sure thing that the Stones wouldn't be sticking with it forever. So they grabbed it up and took it straight to their heart. (Several years later Jefferson Starship blasted off and—well the universe is big enough for everybody.) Well anyway they knew what the heart of the matter was and so they decided to redirect all the dull space swill getting kicked around at the time and turned it into something a bit more sinister. So they did this thing called "Set the Controls for the Heart of the Sun" which ain't a bad concept at all. I mean if you wanna die by fire instead of ice what's more fiery than the big golden ball in the sky that rises in the East and sets in the West?

But like often things spacewise would get a bit out of hand. So once in a while they'd switch gears and end up just in the general field of science fiction trip-ramas. Or even some zoology anthropology like with that song they have called "Several Species of Small Furry Animals Gathered Together in a Cave and Grooving with a Pict." Then they decided to do an archaeological number and dig up the cuts from their old al-

bums. So they called the new disc of ancient stuff *Relics* (on Capitol).

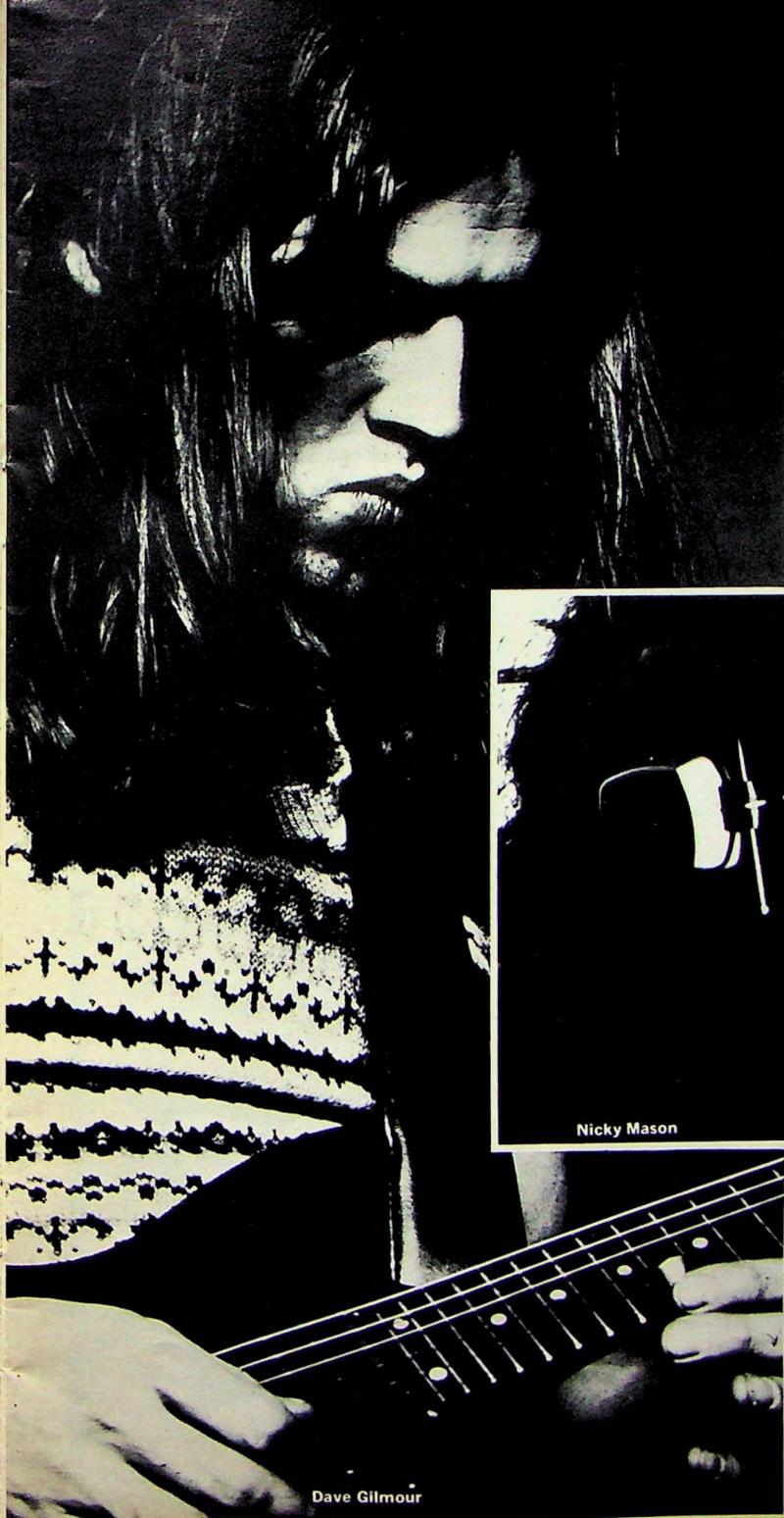
Well that's the story behind the stories in their songs but what about their music? Well there are lots of bird calls and footsteps and flies getting swatted and gongs, electronics, French horns, etc. Plus there's the basic band at the center of the whole thing. Which these days means David Gilmour on lead guitar. That's what it means. And also Nicki Mason on drums and tympani. Okay, and also Rick Wright on organ, harpsichord, piano, cello and harmonium. Is that enough for you? Well there's more, there's Roger Waters on bass and all those electron effects. They're all English and stuff like that and they all play LOUD. When they play live.

They play live in the U.S. every once in a while and in fact the first time they played New York they played the Cheetham the same night Donovan played Lincoln Center. And they don't play loud just to annoy all the silence fans. No



Between the planets
electronic birds pipe at the gates of dawn,
heralding
The Interstellar Thunder of
Pink Floyd

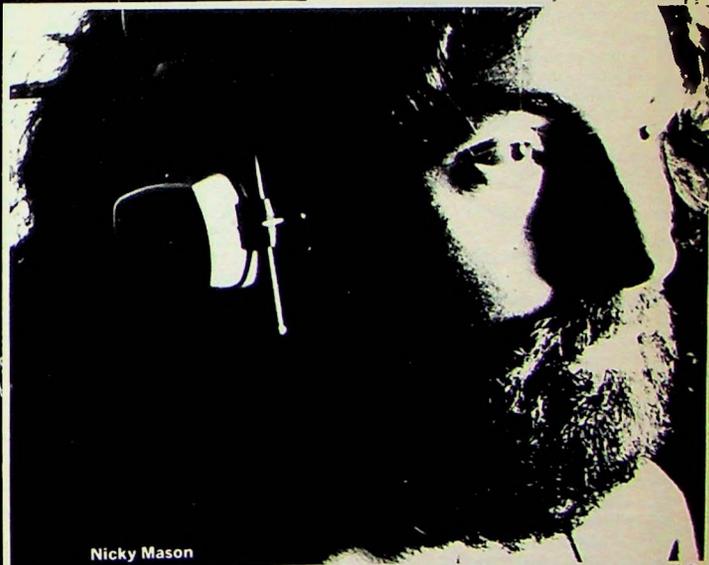
by R. Meltzer



Dave Gilmour

they play loud because—science tells us—you get more overtones that way. And it's not bad loud, it's good loud, *real* good in fact. And it sort of comes off sounding pretty British too, which you can't exactly blame them for sounding. Kind of majestic, real king and queen stuff. Harmonies and stuff like that. And rhythms. And melodies from the world of folk music. And from orchestral music too, like the kind that orchestras played in the old days and still play before select audiences of upper crusters.

Not exactly the same type of audience Alice Cooper performs for but if you listen very carefully to "The Ballad of Dwight Frye" on the *Love It to Death* album you may just notice that parts of it sound exactly the same as Pink Floyd! Other people sound like the Floyd too, Captain Beefheart, the Grateful Dead, Emerson, Lake & Palmer, King Crimson, the latest Miles Davis Group, the Blue Oyster Cult, etc. But not the Soft Machine. And not Buddy Miles. But



Nicky Mason

Pink Floyd sells more albums than Buddy and the Machine put together. Sometimes at least. Like in the battle of *Ummagumma* vs. *Electric Church* you know damn well *Ummagumma's* gonna win in the pocketbook as well as the head. Same goes for *Atom Heart Mother* (they're very big on hearts in case you didn't catch on) vs. *Fourth*. And so it goes.

So when you get down to it the Floyd's just loaded with hieratic powers. One of their ex-members, Syd Barrett, is even in and out of insane asylums so you know they're the real thing. They even record with him and help him out in his difficulty. Plus they're one of the most popular acts on the continent, including Belgium. ●

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BLACK

"This is the end;"
the fire you lit
bleeds with your death.
You took us to the other side
& already you leave us to yet another.
Poet among beasts and confusion —
that time at Saratoga
you came on like Lucifer.
forbidden and provoking.
(A crystal ship)
but I wasn't even scared
just wiser and somehow less guilty;
a member of your caravan.
Your songs and poetry flash
before my weak and torn eyes
& I must think of your death softly —
the violence you taught me
is less violent than death
& the evil that walked
in your gypsy shadow
has gathered for your funeral
in the woods behind the river.

"When the music's over"
so is your sin,
so is your religion
and so is your mission.
The gate is unlocked
and your masters and suicide children
wait in satin jackets to greet you.
A strange queen congratulates you
and dubs you "Jim the Victor."
You ask the whereabouts of your soul
but she knows not of heaven nor hell.
Alone, in the Labyrinth of self
examination you are naked
"waiting for the sun."

"The Soft Parade has now begun."
Black / Jim! Black.
A smooth wet creature
crawls through the rhythmic jungle.
Intrepid snake on stage
dancing wild, singing wicked.
What can you do Black / Jim?

"I am the Lizard King
I can do anything."

Inside the "Morrison Hotel"
the free theatre has put it on the screen:
the whole trip
is a journey through nite-Life.
Black / Jim chained to the blood
of great Barabas. "Absolutely
Live!" A long deep scar.

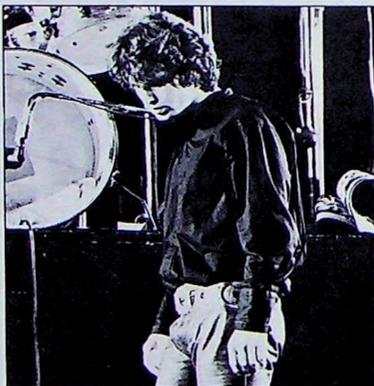
"L.A. Woman" has left the stable.
You have dealt the cards
and rolled the jeweled dice
& made us "Riders of the Storm."
Once it was just flowers and long hair
and we were humiliated and
thought of as weak and unwise.

But now, Black / Jim, we are many.
Tomorrow the sun will turn coward
& the truth of your beliefs
will lead us in your memory.
Soon the village below, the town
of your birth, will be ours
& ruled by your "Lords & New Creat-
ures."

Black / Jim —

"Remember when we were in Af-
rica?"

GREG THOMAS WEINLEIN
Albany, New York 12208



JIMBO

James Douglas Morrison is dead.
The lizard king has gone the way of the
gods.
He has departed from we mortals.
Mortals to whom he permitted en-
trance.
To his kingdom.
To his mind.
To his death.
And then, suddenly a vacuum,
And the door was forever closed.

James Morrison.
Public martyr . . .
Obscenity . . .
Carnival dogs,
And the tears of virgins . . .
God . . .

The lizard king has found asylum.
Morrison, the god, is dead.
The night will no longer burn.
Turn out the light, child.
The music is over.

DEAN HOUSTON
Zanesville, Ohio 43701

TO JAMES D.M.

banshee being raped
a signal blast from
the fragile ship
all sails unfurled
flowing slightly
with love
and power
toward the land
of the green queen mama,
the lizard lover lizard,
where captain anaconda
may ride
the drying tide
until the last scale
is baked
blackened
balanced
and ground to lime powder
a remedy to be mixed
with the ageless rain

MIKE LUNKWICZ
Centralia, Illinois

DAYS OF SIMPLE PLEASURE

It was quite a day
That's now in the past
Don't know anyway
To make that day last

Fishin' in the river
Goin' for a swim
Knowin' it will never
Never be again

Layin' in the shade
That's how life should be
But those days will fade
Leaving only memories

Days of simple pleasure
With nothing more to do
Days of pleasant leisure
Yes, these days are gone too

Gone with maturation
These pleasures aren't the same
It's life's situation
As shortly lived as fame

Days of simple pleasure
With nothing more to do
Are now gone forever
There's nothing we can do

GARY WHITWORTH
Robstown, Texas 78380

TAPE REVERSE SIMULATOR — Lets you control an exponential build-up and fast decay of your guitar or bass signal over a fixed signal range. This capability gives your live playing the weird effect similar to a pre-recorded tape that is played backwards.

ATTACK EQUALIZER — Allows you to suck out and emphasize the BITE you get just when your pick plucks the strings. The attack control, used in conjunction with the tone and booster controls, will give your instrument as much balls as you want, letting you taste and feel each note.

BLACK FINGER — A totally DISTORTION-FREE guitar sustainer that gives pure clean lengthy controlled sustain. This 80db compressor can stretch chords as well as single notes, with an infinite bell-like clarity.



LOW FREQUENCY COMPRESSOR — This ultimate version of the mole is designed exclusively for the professional electric bass player. Its outstanding feature of a HEAVY BASS-SUSTAIN control will make you sound as if you're bowing a stand-up bass fiddle.

BIG MUFF — This finest distortion device is high on sustain and low on distortion. It is designed for the guitarist who wants his axe to sing like a humming bird, with a sweet violin-like sound. The sustain control allows you to optimize long sustain with a hint of harmonic distortion.

HARE-LIP MICROPHONE ECHO — Gives the singer echo effect electronically, and at one tenth the cost of the mechanical tape echo units. In addition to the echo speed and intensity controls, this unit has an adjustable booster to control the increase of regular microphone volume.



All of the units in the above column are housed like the Hare-Lip—with heavy duty stainless steel construction and three controls.



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SCREAMING BIRD A treble booster that will give your instrument the razor sharp cut of a screaming harpsichord whose strings are whipped instead of plucked.

MUFF This funkier distortion device will give you that dirty sound reminiscent of the natural distortion of the tube amps used by the Rhythm and Blues bands of yesteryear.

MOLE The mole bass booster will extract the highs and amplify the subharmonics giving your instrument the depth, resonance and heavy penetration of the foot pedals of a church pipe organ.

EGO This microphone booster is designed for the vocalist whose P.A. system isn't strong enough to cut through the noise generated by the other members of the band. The Ego will match any microphone and up to quadruple the output of your P.A. system.



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BLACK FINGER	69.95 <input type="checkbox"/>	49.95 <input type="checkbox"/>
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MUFF (plug into inst)	18.95 <input type="checkbox"/>	13.75 <input type="checkbox"/>
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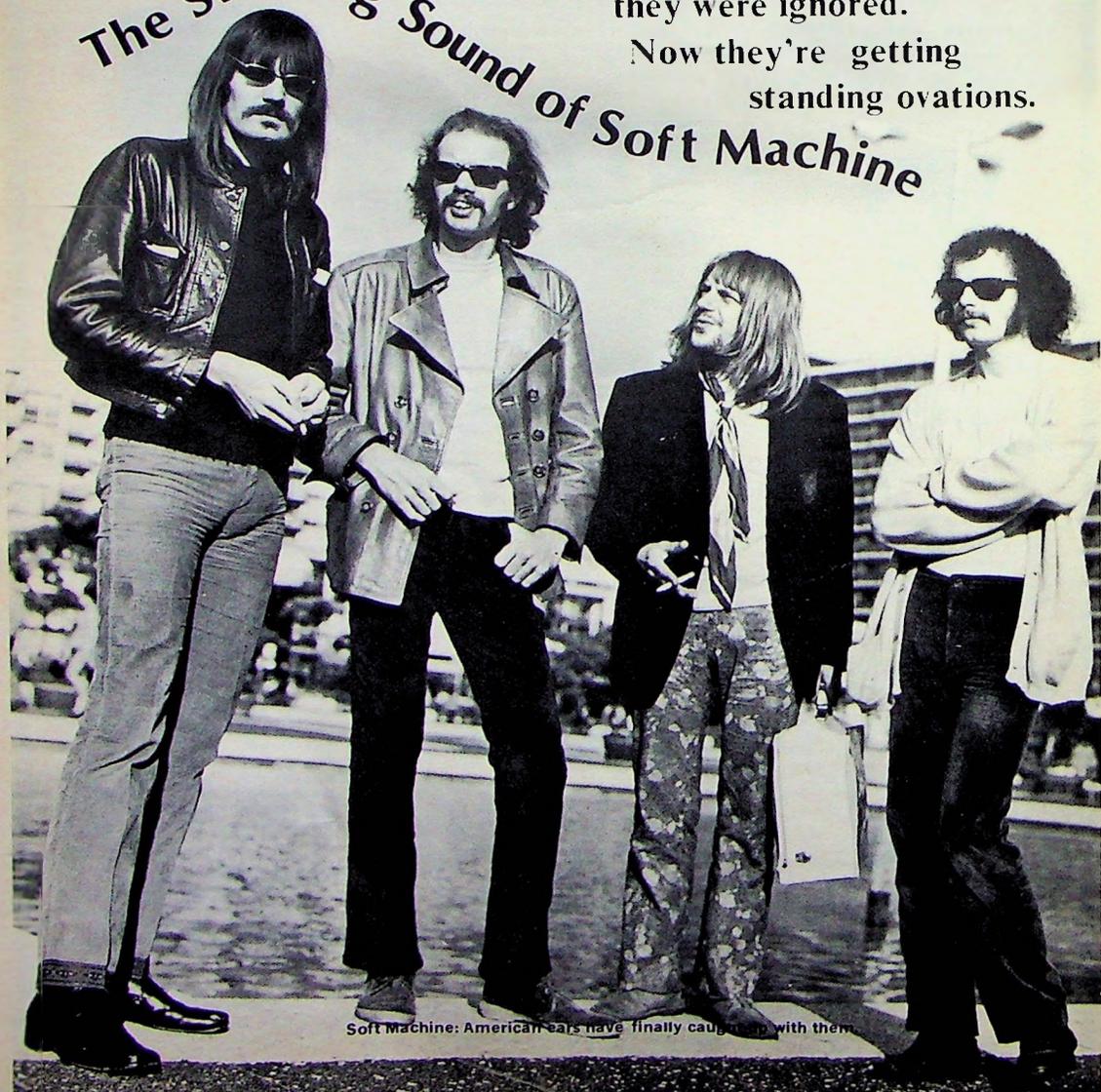
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When they toured the states with Hendrix they were ignored.
Now they're getting standing ovations.

The Swirling Sound of Soft Machine



Soft Machine: American ears have finally caught up with them.

Drummer Robert Wyatt appeared onstage in a suit and tie that was painted on his chest.

Mike Ratledge, voted pop organist of the year in numerous polls, is miles ahead of most.



Soft Machine first visited the United States with Jimi Hendrix, early in 1968. They were playing music as loud and as strange as anything Hendrix was doing, and expected great things, but except for their concert at the Museum of Modern Art, they failed to connect with American audiences. Their second tour came four years and four albums later, and this time both concert audiences and record buyers were ready.

Soft Machine onstage can be perplexing at first, like four separate people into four separate trips. Mike Ratledge bobs, weaves and grimaces behind his organ and electric piano, and drummer Robert Wyatt shakes his blond locks and flails away shirtless behind his set. Bassist Hugh Hopper and saxophonist Elton Dean don't move much at all, ex-

cept to hit wah-wah pedals or switch to a second electric piano. The music is liable to shimmer off in a hundred different directions and then, suddenly, come crashing down all together into one fast, furious riff. It's thick yet melodic, high-energy yet mellow, and the saxes and keyboards blend with the bass and even the drums into a sound that can be very entrancing. Though none of the group's members affect showmanship or use theatrical tricks to build intensity, the power is there; the group received standing ovations in New York this summer.

Acceptance hasn't come easy to Soft Machine. Mike Ratledge, the group's tall, crisply articulate organist, remembers mostly negative crowd reactions during the early days. The group found its first home at London's UFO club, in

1967, with Kevin Ayers on lead guitar. Ayers had visited with author William Burroughs and his friends at the Beat Hotel in Paris, and got the group's name from one of Burroughs' novels. But Ayers left to form his own group after the first Soft Machine album (*Volume One*, Probe Records) appeared, and the band reformed, minus guitar and with Hugh Hopper on bass.

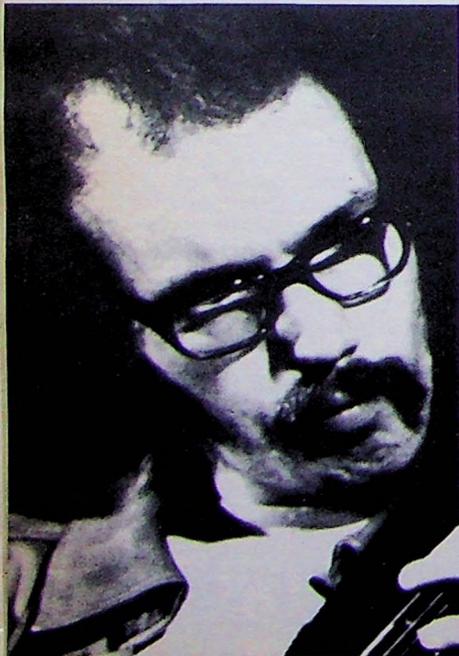
A second album on Probe, *Volume Two*, was more successful than the first, but still failed to gain widespread recognition. The record sounds as fresh today as it did in 1969, and manages to make seventeen cuts sound like two suites. After the densely packed tunes on *Volume Two*, *Soft Machine Third* (Columbia) contains only four songs on its four sides. This is the album, their first for Columbia, that broke the group in





America, aided by rave reviews in virtually all the music papers and heavy promotion from Columbia. *Soft Machine Fourth* continues in the tradition of *Third*, with long compositions, excellent horn work, and well-integrated instrumental pieces that flow along with a kind of cosmic serenity.

The most striking thing about *Third* and *Fourth* is the use of horns, which is miles ahead of most brass/rock groups. While the top horn bands continue to herd their brass in sections, usually with arrangements that would have sounded outdated twenty years ago, *Soft Machine* lets its horns spread out, soloing and improvising simple accompanying parts. Saxophonist Elton Dean, who contributes so much to the excitement and cohesiveness of a *Soft Machine* performance, is joined on records by top English reed and brass men, many of whom gig with Keith Tippett's band. *Soft Machine* tried touring with these extra players, who are very important to the overall sound of the lps, but the financial strain of rehearsing and maintaining a large band was too severe; Elton Dean now handles all the horn parts.



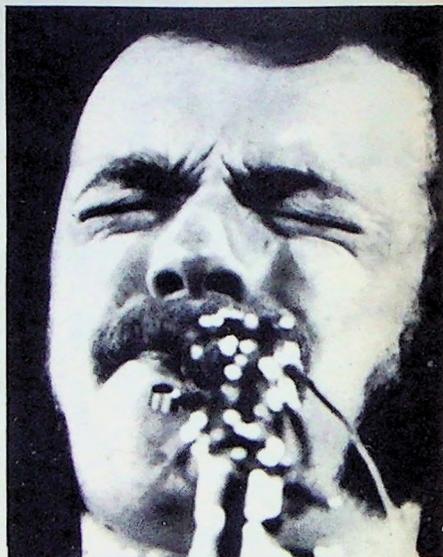
Hugh Hopper on bass. Music never stops running through his mind.

Elton is perhaps the most friendly and open member of the Machine; he'll show you his prized saxella, which looks like one of Roland Kirk's horns, explaining that he's had it fixed up and that they don't make them anymore. Drummer Robert Wyatt seems to have a bent for surrealism; he appeared onstage during the group's first American tour in a suit and tie that was painted onto his bare chest. He is also the band's only vocalist, but, he explains, he doesn't like to sing too much anymore because it interferes with his drumming.

Hugh Hopper, the bassist, is shy and retiring, but music is always running through his mind; he is composing new material constantly, and wrote over half the tunes on *Soft Machine Fourth*. Ratledge, finally, is the most complex personality in the band, as befits a musician who works with two and sometimes three different keyboard instruments. For a picture of where Ratledge is at, listen to his compositions on *Soft Machine Third*, especially "Out-Bloody-Rageous," which features dense overlays of organ, and electric and acoustic piano, forming a rushing, swirling sound that will draw you in. It's easy to see why he was voted pop organist of the year in numerous critics' and readers' polls, since his conception is miles ahead of most rock organists.

Soft Machine's success might not have been possible if Miles Davis and the jazz-oriented rock groups like Chicago hadn't opened the way. But the influences on the group come from stranger sources than just jazz. Mike Ratledge is quick to point out his respect and admiration for players like Cecil Taylor and the late John Coltrane. But he may in the same breath mention Arnold Schoenberg, the modern classical composer, or the modes of medieval music; it is Ratledge's knowledge of so many kinds of music that keeps the *Soft Machine* from sounding like just another electrified jazz group.

The flexibility of the group's approach to working out new tunes is also unique. Some of the music is almost wholly written out, and sometimes the musicians have the almost unheard-of (in rock) gall to refer to their sheet music on stage. Other tunes are almost entirely improvised, made up on the spur of the moment out of a simple opening riff or bass pattern. Compositions are grouped together into continuous sets, since the band prefers to play a complete performance without a break. This makes concert appearances much like the records, with their long, hypnotic in-



Saxophonist Elton Dean wailing out in the ozone. He'll show his prize saxella and explain they don't make them anymore.

strumental jams, and their tightly arranged, contrasting sections of great structural complexity.

After their current American tour, the group plans to return to England, where they have been building a following since their early days at the UFO club. Another album is also planned, along with work in Europe.

Since each member of the band composes music, and since one writer seems to step up in productivity while another slacks off, the flow of new material is seemingly endless. Already, two extremes on *Soft Machine Fourth* have pointed the way toward further poles of development. Mike Ratledge's "Teeth" puts a stand-up bass in the foreground, has several distinct themes, and integrates head-twisting solos by Ratledge and Elton Dean into a very tightly arranged, continually changing, invigorating piece. Dean's "Fletcher's Blemish" is the opposite extreme, an open-ended piece with collective improvisation between trombone, basses, cornet, saxophones, and organ, somewhat on the order of Sun Ra's *Astro-Infinity Arkestra*.

As the *Soft Machine* continues to fuse these new directions with its established mastery of the long instrumental, the music becomes more and more exciting. Watch for *Soft Machine*; it may be the band that will revolutionize rock. ●

by Bob Palmer

Osibisa, A Rhythm from Distant Lands



First the voices of the breeze in the night air, then African and West Indian sounds shake hands.

Just so you don't confuse Osibisa (Decca) with any of the other 500 records that are released every month they say right in the beginning of the first track:

"Osibisa. Criss cross rhythms that explode with happiness. We're going to start off these happy vibes right from the root, and the root is early one morning in the heart of Africa."

With that out of the way you begin to hear the sound of the birds chirping in the trees, the sound of the night air, the rustle of a breeze floating across the sky. Animals calling one to another in a language that people could never understand. (Maybe Tarzan or Jungle Jim could.) Then there's the drums. The rhythms, not like anything you're used to hearing. They come from a different part of your body than the waltz or the cha cha cha. Unlike western forms of musical percussion, you don't perceive these rhythms in your head but with your fibers and nerves. They are natural rhythms with no explanation necessary for enjoyment. The pulsations start at your feet and slowly work their way thru the rest of your body, finally doing strange things to your head. Your attention shifts to the band that has just started playing. It is Osibisa.

Behind the steady background of the pounding, the bells, and all the other assorted percussive effects is the band itself. Robert Bailey from Trinidad plays the electric organ and piano. Magic seems to spark from his fingers as they dance on the keyboards. His musical structures and phrases seem at times to direct the other members of the band, as if a lot of the sound and inspiration comes from him. And still the drums in

the background.

The rhythms pick up speed and intensity as the record moves along. In the last cut on the first side they all become rhythm players and suddenly the rhythm is the soloist instead of the musicians. A very good trick indeed.

The rest of the band is made up of a strange cross section of musical background and styles. Most of them foreign to the ears of American rock and roll heads. Four guys are from Africa and the other three from the magical islands of Grenada, Antigua and Trinidad. The Guys from Nigeria and Ghana take care of the rhythm and horn work (tenor sax, baritone sax, trumpet, flugel horn), while the other guys take care of the electric part of the band (bass guitar, guitar, organ, electric piano). At times the 2 influences from different parts of the world work with each other, at times against each other. One melody against a counter melody. The 2 influences trade places in the spotlight as the music moves along. But the rhythm's constant shifting from the Africans to the islanders are the energy that makes this album so special.

Mick Jagger used to say that it's the singer not the song, and if the singer and the song are one then the music is honest. Osibisa are honest. They scream in an African tongue when the music stops. They holler back and forth across the waves of sound. Their singing is a step away from the normal doo wah doo wahp variety found in most records stores. They do a very impressive sleight of hand by combining voices and emotions into one product and giving that to their audience. They couldn't have played as freely as they did if they we-

ren't totally immersed in the production of this record. Osibisa have come up with one of the freshest sounding albums that's come out this year.

It's a shame that the album is being pushed into the consumer market like it's the successor to Santana's number one spot as the top electric rhythm band. . . . It may be due to the one cut that has found its way onto the hip FM stations. It's the only tune on the whole album with definite lyrics. They change their sound from heavily African to the more recognizable "soulrhythrock" bubble gum method of getting their message across in no uncertain terms. Its called "Think About The People" and was written by Wendell Richardson the guitar player from Antigua. It stresses once more the thoughts that are running thru a lot of people's minds these days:

Think about deception

Think about pollution

Think about radiation

Think about destruction

Think about a revolution

Think about the race relations

Think about a solution

Think about a whole wide world, right now.

Think about the people

They're trying to remind you that the problems aren't solved and no matter how much you may have been taken away by the good time quality of the music, it's important to think about real things sometimes too.

By the end of the album the music softened up my head enough that I was ready for anything. I'm really glad they didn't spoil it by playing something that would have gotten into top forty land.

The Outrageous Mutations of Yes



Yes: mix and match complexity.

From the beginning, Yes has concentrated on creativity. At their first basement rehearsals back in '68, they spent their time tearing apart songs by other groups, and then putting them back together in outrageously mutated forms. One of those songs was the old Fifth Dimension hit, "Carpet Man." After Yes had a go at it, it became, as Bill Bruford put it, "'Carpet Man' as if it were played by the Who . . . it had this ridiculous churning background." As time went on they applied this technique to their own material, and eventually worked out their distinctive style of mix-and-match complexity. Chris Squire described it this way, "I believe in this constant sort of dynamic change . . . The whole thing is having different sections and molding them to form a piece of music in the end, rather than just a continual thing that lasts."

The group first got together in the summer of 1968; at that time, the line-up was John Anderson (vocals), Tony Kaye (keyboards), Bill Bruford (drums), Chris Squire (bass) and Pete Banks (lead guitar). In this form they recorded two albums, *Yes* and *Time and a Word*, and began to build up a reputation for musical excellence in the British "underground." Then, about 18 months ago, Pete Banks left the group, and Steve Howe, a particularly fine guitarist, stepped in and completed the pic-

ture. In this form they recorded a third album, *The Yes Album*, which became a critical and commercial success in England.

One of the factors which has helped in the creation of their style is the diverse backgrounds of the musicians. Bill Bruford is a jazz freak (particularly fond of the scene up at Minton's in the '40's), while Tony Kaye studied classical music at the Royal Academy in London. John Anderson, on the other hand, has no musical training at all. Anderson is, in Bruford's words, ". . . a catalyst . . . a kind of wild scientist-thinker-creator," who comes up with "outrageous ideas," which are worked into musical form by the rest of the group. Some of those ideas have resulted in Yes sounding like a rock 'n' roll orchestra, and occasionally like the Rock National Marching Band, if you can imagine that.

For their next album, the group plans even more diversity. While past work has concentrated on Andersonisms, this time they hope to get "Five different angles on the way five musicians can be used." At worst, it will have to be interesting.

After considering the group's own outlook, Bill Bruford remarked, "There is a kind of ludicrous optimism about the group, that given a matter of time, people will come to hear us and like us." And you know, he's probably right. ●

The Move : In the Spirit of '66

by Ron Ross

When the Beatles more or less left England for the greener fields and \$50,000 one-nighters of our Grand Republic they left behind not only a rock style, but a formula for success in British pop: Give the people what they want, only give it to 'em a little louder, a little tighter, and a little more enthusiastically than they'd ever gotten it before. And as if John and Paul had sprinkled magic beans on their native soil, up sprang hundreds of would-be pop pound millionaires.

Naturally, only the strong survived, and some, like the Who, the Pretty Things, and the Move, continued to play almost exclusively at home, where audiences became fiercely devoted to groups that were loyal to mother England. Now, it seems, the Move was a little too loyal.

Formed by Roy Wood in 1967, with the Who and the Beatles as their ambitious models, the Move were thrown into shape by mastermind producer Denny Cordell, who was at the time turning everything Procol Harum did into gold. They released an album on EMI's Regal Zonophone label which was another trip entirely from their stage act, where they destroyed in workmanlike fashion cars, televisions, and an occasional effigy of Prime Minister Harold Wilson. Tight vocals and even tighter instrumental work graced thirteen cuts, any one of which could have been a hit.

In performance, they were sensational. Calisthenics aside, Trevor Burton, the group's original lead singer, had a bizarre neo-McCartney tenor that drove the teeny-boppers wild, while Roy Wood played piercingly fed-back guitar solos that were as long and convoluted as his almost waist-length teased hair. The Move were also notable for letter-perfect imitations of their original inspirations, ranging from oldies like Eddie Cochran and the Coasters to contemporary American groups such as the Byrds and Moby Grape.

In 1968, Ace Kefford of the platinum blond curls and Scholl's exercise sandals broke down into a nervous jelly, and so, alas, did the Move, who had been doing so well in England that they apparently neglected to remind A & M that their first album should have been released in America while it still had the capacity to rock our souls. Fortunately, A & M repented, and last summer, the Move hit us with *SHAZAM!*!, a virtually unhe-

ralded bonecrusher of a heavy lp. Their single "Brontosaurus" set *Rolling Stone's* resident groupie John Mendelsohn dancing, but practically nobody else, and meanwhile, the Move themselves, hurt by inattention, began to reshuffle with the regularity of a deck of cards.

Thus bringing us up to the supposed Death of Rock season of '71, which if nothing else brightens it, should go down in music history for the Move's newest and most explosive long player, *Looking Up*, compliments of their new label Capitol. No picture of the group this time, only some puzzlingly sepia-toned bald heads, comprising one of the most interesting album covers ever.

And inside, it's terrific. Along with the beautifully pre-historic "Brontosaurus" are six other bouncing ballads on which Roy Wood's slide guitar (not to speak of his oboe, cello, and sitar) figures prominently. New co-Mover Jeff Lynne has contributed "What?" and "Open Up Said the World at the

Door," hybrids (sort of) between the atmosphere of the Moody Blues and Pink Floyd and the bass line of Led Zeppelin.

Bev Bevan's drumming is pulsatingly superior throughout, while the vocals span the raunchy in "When Alice Comes Back to the Farm" to the ethereal in "Open Up." There's never any chance for the heaviness to get blunt, since Wood's string and woodwind arrangements are unpredictably original.

With the demise of Free, all of the British groups left are old established entities like the Stones and Jethro Tull. Only the faces and the Move have really retained the spirit of '66 that made the second wave of British pop such an unexpected pleasure. The Move never got to play Fillmore, and they were born too late for *Shindig* which would have been their natural element, but if enough of us older folks buy *Looking Up*, then maybe the Move will start making singles that our younger brothers and sisters will buy, and then maybe Capitol will produce an album called "Meet the Move," and then, and then. •



Onstage they destroyed cars, televisions, and an occasional effigy of the Prime Minister

Dust: Hard Rock With Power to Spare

Dust is a new trio that has played their share of basement bistros, but that is behind them. Their birth into the bigtime took place a short time ago when their first album was released on Buddah's Kama Sutra label.

Rightly or wrongly Buddah has been tagged with a bubblegum label almost since their inception. Groups like Lemon Pipers and the 1910 Fruitgum Company may have had something to do with that. The Dust LP marks their first real venture into the underground market. Whether Dust can single-handedly change the label's image is debatable, but if any group is powerful enough to do it, that group would be Dust. They play a hard ringing rock and they play it with what amounts almost to a vengeance. And, though it seems hard to believe, there is nothing on their record which Dust can't duplicate in person.

Who is Dust anyway? Three New York boys who have been playing together for three years. Richie Wise, guitarist, vocalist and co-author of most of the band's material. Kenny Aaronson, bass player, steel guitarist and composer of "Loose Goose," a bass-led instrumental (Notice how bass players always write bass songs?). Kenny also plays dobro guitar and electric bottleneck. And Marc Bell, drummer.

"Love Me Hard" and "From A Dry Camel" are probably the most striking cuts on the album. "Hard" works off a throbbing bass to swirl up, up and out achieving an almost hypnotic effect. "Camel," beginning with a J. Arthur

Rank-like gong, uses surrealist images and sudden time changes for a similar result.

"Goin' Easy" gets off to a "Love In Vain" type start and, although it is by far the quietest song on the LP, there is

an underlying intensity to it which gives it added impact. And "Stone Woman," a potential single, gives Richie Wise the chance to show that he is one of the better rock vocalists to emerge this year.

Ed Kelleher



Anxious to break into hard rock, Buddah is sinking a fortune into Dust.

Audience: Harsh Horn, Delicate Guitar

"We strive for originality in every song, removing every cliché. We try not to lose any spontaneity or run the risk of becoming mechanical as a result," explained Howard Werth, a member of Audience. The resulting melodies produced by Brits Keith Gemmel, Tony Connor, Howard Werth and Trevor Williams are an incongruously tasteful fusion of Gemmel's harsh horn playing, solid rock rhythms, and Werth's delicate acoustic guitar.

"Originally, the sound was basically an experiment and it's changed a lot since we first started," admitted Howard.

"The one thing that surprised us was the way the brass and guitar blended so well. It's worked well, probably because we've used brass mainly as a lead instrument. I play an American Baldwin guitar, the only nylon strung guitar of

its kind which can be properly electrified; actually, you have to have a special amp and pick up which comes with the guitar.

"We're still experimenting in using a few electronic things at the moment, and working away from using the echo on sax. There may be a time when we add an electric piano, but that's very much in the air.

"As for getting a stage balance, our roadies have good ears."

On stage Audience has quite an act. Playing a bill with Led Zeppelin at the Lyceum in London, the group went into a frenzied climax which featured a deceptively spastic drum solo by Connor, who sometimes completes his performance by playing without sticks and substituting with his hands, feet, and head! It was that particular show-stealing concert which led to a five year recording contract with Tony Stratton-Smith, who

has a knack for uncovering new sounds, the Nice being one of his biggest finds.

Since that time, Audience has become quite a busy performer. Their first album, released in this country, *House On The Hill* on Elektra, captures the group's distinctive sound to a tee. It features some of their most exciting numbers, including the fascinating title cut, "It Brings A Tear," and their single, "Indian Summer." The album was produced by Gus Dudgeon, who is well known as the guiding light for quite a few musicians, including Elton John.

"We're getting a massive amount of work now," Howard confided. "And will be doing a short tour of Sweden and we hope the States by the end of the year. Things are going well at the moment." Which shows that *another* audience has begun to respond. •

by Ed Naha



originally the sound was an experiment.

Titus Groan Picks Up Where Bloodwin Pig Left Off



New inversions, jazz changes, and strange harmonies.

The people responsible for turning Mungo Jerry loose on the American teenage listening audience last year have another trick up their sleeve. Janus records, a different kind of rock and roll recording company, doesn't have any big time bright light super stars, they just record very good, very new music. They also don't have a lot of big corporation attitudes like C.B.S. records, A.B.C records and R.C.A. records. They're more alert to the possibility of new stuff that maybe isn't what the crowds in the street want. They do however come up with good solid representations of where the music seems to be going in the seventies.

A short time ago, they played their ace. The group is called Titus Groan.

Stuart Cowell: Guitars, Organ, Piano. Tony Priestland: Saxes, Flute, Oboe. John Lee: Bass. Jim Toomey: Drums, and Percussion. They are a well educated, well rehearsed, talented quartet of English rock and roll dropouts who will attract many people that were into Bloodwin Pig before they broke up. King Crimson before they disappeared and Jethro Tull before they went top forty. Their sound reminds me of many really good English groups that have been here and gone away. Its in the way that they play music to take your mind away.

Tony Priestland plays the saxophone and the flute almost the way Traffic used to play. They use a new inversion on a 4 part harmony that has never be-

fore been heard in rock music. They use jazz changes to heighten the sounds and make them flow one into another. The drummer fills every empty space in the music with endless three and four note riffs that somehow keep the whole thing from getting out of hand.

They wrote all of their own music. nice and tight; it sounds like they're no overnight success. Each member of the band seems to be aware of all of the others and what they're playing. There are no superstars. No one hogs the spotlight. The effect is much more convincing than your normal run of the mill rock band. Its well produced zonk music that will get you very high if you give it time to work on you. And the louder you play it the better it works on your head.

On the end of the first side of the album called *Titus Groan* there's a cut called "Its All Up With Us." The group plays real loud and at times each man carries not only a different melody line but a different time signature. It's put together so well that you can hear each voice separately and together. Near the end, before they go into a section with an outrageous electric oboe solo, they throw in the sound of a thunder storm. Really amazed me! Not many people can incorporate natural sounds spontaneously into their music. Sometimes when it happens they call it jazz.

The second side of the record opens up with a number by John Lee called "I Can't Change." They get out there into the thin musical air sounding at times like no one in the group knows what each other is doing. In many places they don't harmonize at all like a rock and roll band should. If you can stand to listen to it you will be rewarded with stuff inside your head that will make you forget all of those plastic sounds that have been floating around the American rock mainline for so long. It's the plastic rock the companies are pushing on the people these days that makes it almost impossible for a good group with no promotion, no publicity and no superstar fame to get a chance to be heard in the big time. Much of the best music that comes around gets shelved in the record stores and radio stations. Program directors say over and over again to their D.J.s "If it ain't selling don't play it." No wonder there aren't many new groups with new and strange sounds that make it. I hope in this case it will be different. Maybe someone will be willing to take a chance with *Titus Groan* and present them to the listening audience on the strength of their sound alone.

There are a thousand or so new groups every year all trying to capture the public's mind and a small percentage of them are as good if not better than the sounds in the top of the charts. *Titus Groan* is such a group. •

by Charlie Frick

After all that's been written, the most unique things said about Kris Kristofferson are still said in his words.



His highest praise is that so many artists have recorded his songs.

Besides Janis Joplin's version, there are now 49 other recordings of "Me And Bobby McGee."

Kristofferson also wrote "Sunday Morning Comin' Down" and "For The Good Times." And "Help Me Make It Through The Night" is now beginning to rival "Bobby McGee" in total recordings.

All four of those songs came from his first Monument album. And the result was more press and publicity than the average musician receives in a lifetime. He's been called "one of the most poetic writers in popular music." And *The Village Voice* said he writes and sings "some of the most beautiful songs around today."

But all that shouldn't drown out the real source: Kristofferson's music. That's what musicians react to.

And now there's a new album. "The Silver Tongued Devil And I."

It's got ten new songs that are as tender and personal as any he's written. Ten new songs that everyone will be singing.

Only this time you can hear Kristofferson sing them first.

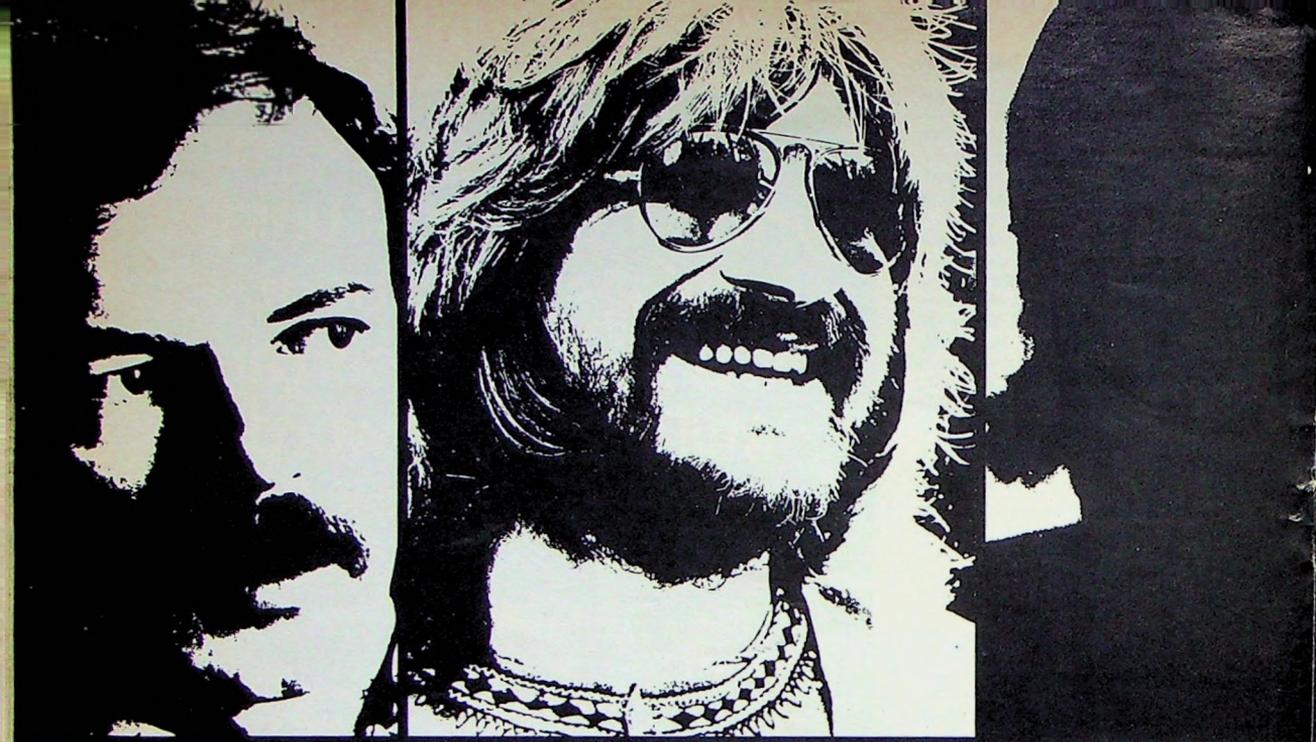
On Monument Records 

**KRIS KRISTOFFERSON
THE SILVER TONGUED
DEVIL AND I**

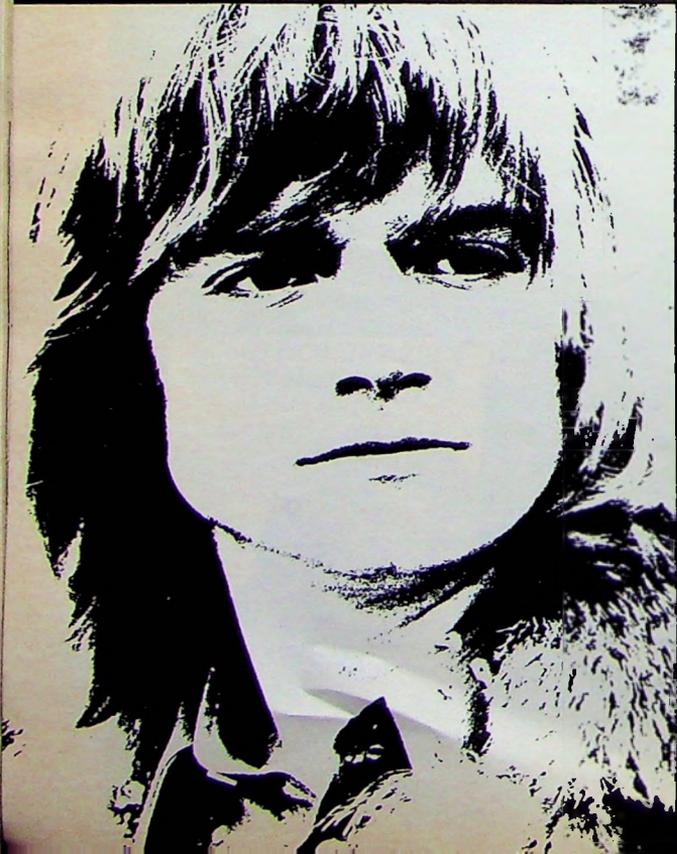
including
Jody And The Kid/Epiphany (Black And Blue)
Loving Her Was Easier
(Than Anything I'll Ever Do Again)
When I Loved Her/The Taker

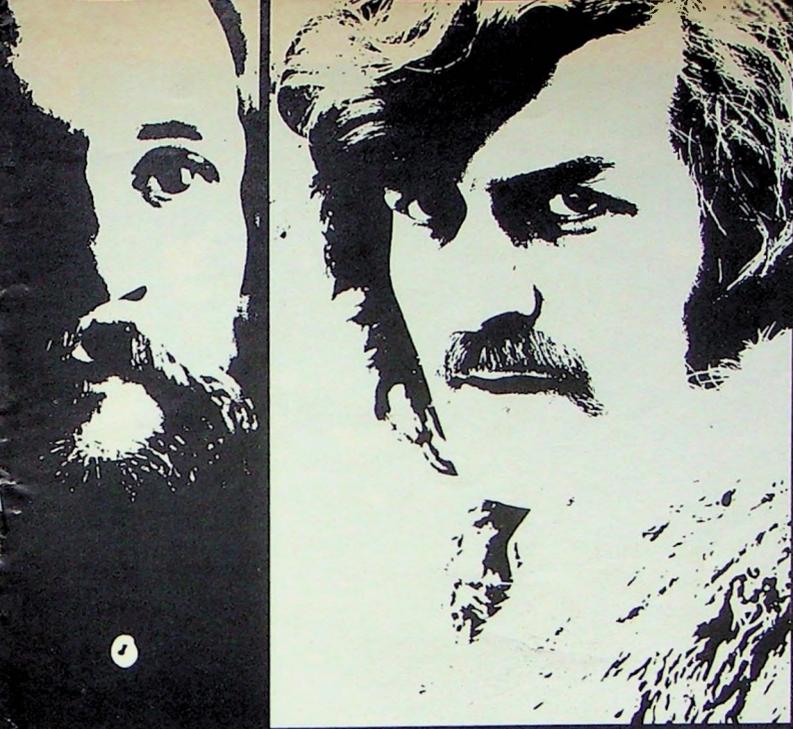


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The Elusive Moody Blues





They sell as many records as Grand Funk
or the Jefferson Airplane.
Why aren't they as famous?

by Penelope Ross



Funny how rumours start. A Moody Blue rumour of recent vintage had the band suddenly taking a serious interest in politics. Politics? A major departure from past attitudes, if true. But not true. What really happened was a ping-pong game in China. Trevor Taylor, a member of the English table tennis team that was invited to play in China, had bought a copy of *To Our Children's Children's Children* in Singapore and took it with him over the border. Once there, he convinced the interpreter to play it for a large group of people. Taylor says they weren't sure about it at first, since Western music is totally unknown there. But eventually the audience began to appreciate what they considered its revolutionary content.

Maybe the content is revolutionary. Certainly, it radically departs from what is normally considered rock. And it's not jazz and it's not pop. Love or loathe it, the Moody Blues create unique music.

Finally it seems that this music is going to get the recognition it deserves. Until last year the group's success was steady, but sluggish. "Nights in White Satin," a single on their first L.P. did extremely well on everybody's charts. Then came a progression of other albums—*In Search of a Lost Chord*, *To Our Children's Children's Children*, *On the Threshold of a Dream*, and *A Question of Balance*. All of them sold well enough at the time of release, but it wasn't until 1970 that the band really broke through. Then in a remarkable spurt that may be a record of some sort, all five of the albums were certified gold by the RIAA in a two month period. And their current L.P. *Every Good Boy Deserves Favour* (distributed by London), began to get heavy airplay on the FM stations at least a month before it came out.

The Moodys aren't really like any other rock group off stage. For one thing, they belong to a second generation of rock, one that has been through the hard times and some of the success once before, and therefore isn't terrifically overwhelmed by what happening to them now. Not that they aren't pleased. Nobody knocks success. But it hasn't sent them on any noticeable star trips. They have taken the money, and not run, just invested it in their own record company.

But then, another odd factor enters into their success. An astonishingly few people know they are famous. Sure, their fans do. They run to buy tickets for every concert they do, and the Moodys' American tours have sent them home very rich indeed. But none of their fans seems to ever tell anyone else. A non-rock freak can be much likelier to have heard of Grand Funk Railroad or Jefferson Airplane. Yet the Moodys

sell just as many records. It's all done so quietly!

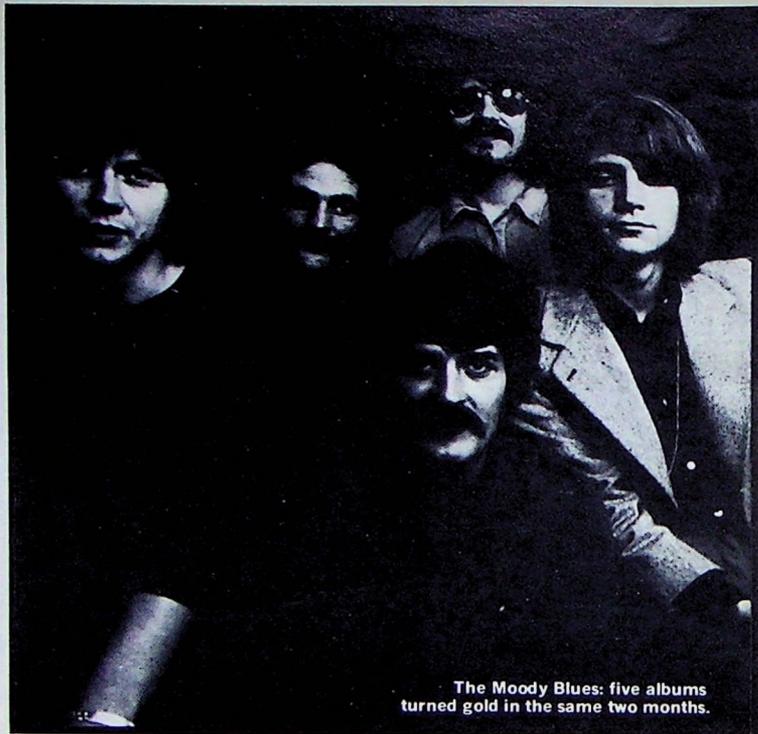
The Moodys don't care for travelling very much. And so they have evolved a way of touring that works brilliantly for them. It would probably work brilliantly for anyone who can be assured of sell-out concerts every time. They come to America for no more than 2 weeks at a time. That is a rule so stringent that it took a lot of pressure to make them stay one extra day in New York last December to attend a party where they were to be presented with four gold records. Sing, play, leave is the way they like it. Three or four annual trips here of that duration let them cover one section of the country at a time with business-like thoroughness that is a model of efficiency. Even at the Isle of Wight Festival last year—veritably in their own back yard, they hired their own launch to take them over so they could be the only group who arrived in the morning, performed in the evening, and left for home without having to stay overnight.

What sends them scurrying back home to Cobham, Surrey (a small town near London) isn't just wives and families, although that counts for a lot with them. It's also their record company, Threshold. Named after "On the Threshold of a Dream," the first LP that made it big. The company was set up to allow them freedom of action, as well as to let them help other groups. To have a record company of one's own seems to be every group's dream, but there are a few disadvantages that this group discovered and had to solve.

One of the factors that made them decide to enter the record sweepstakes as a business was that each of the five band members had some aspect of record company work he liked to do. And Graeme Edge, the drummer, was originally administrator over-all. The others divided amongst themselves the advertising, art work, production and promotion. But it got to be too much. As Graeme said, he became a drummer to get away from sitting behind a desk all day—he started out as a draftsman in an architect's office—and now that he had achieved his ambitions, he was back sitting behind a desk all day. So at the beginning of 1971, they hired Gerry Hoff to administer the company for them.

A tiny empire built on music. That's happened before. Is it time to back-track? Back to what makes the Moody Blues unique in rock and roll.

The Moody Blues were formed with their present membership in 1967. It was based on a previous group that included Mike Pinder, Ray Thomas and Graeme Edge on keyboards, flute and drums, respectively. But that wasn't the real Moody Blues. So much so, that when London Records re-issued their first album last year, the group pro-



The Moody Blues: five albums turned gold in the same two months.

tested vociferously, on the grounds that it was no longer a true representation of their music. The true representation happened with the addition of Justin Hayward on guitar and John Lodge on bass. Angels added to devils (from a purely visual point of view—Justin and John both look like refugees from a particularly genteel English church choir, while Mike, Ray and Graeme all have a dark brooding air about them). Well, wasn't one of their albums called "A Question of Balance?" Yes, and a question of balance is what makes the music.

So there they were in 1967—a new, for all intents and purposes, band with a fairly odd musical line-up. Flute is not your average rock and roll instrument, and there are those who would have thrown any flute-playing band out of the rock category, purely on principle. Add to this, as the group did, a Mellotron, which can simulate the entire string section of an orchestra, and a certain amount of confusion follows. The band has found it necessary to include on their liner notes the fact that what you hear is solely Moody Blues, not augmented by an orchestra.

Moody Blues music has not changed radically in four years. It still relies heavily on lush, orchestral sounds, good harmonies and a decibel level happily this side of the threshold of pain. But that kind of sound was drowned out during their first days which coincided with the big blossoming of Cream, Jimi Hendrix and the Doors. What may have

helped them the most was a return to a gentler, more acoustic type of music.

So now they are superstars. So much so, that at the end of one tour the group complained bitterly about the security. It was too good. So good in fact, that none of the groupies could get backstage to see them. A misery that comes only to the very famous.

But they continue in their standard ways. October will see the Moodys return to the U.S. for another mini-tour. Dates are not yet set, since for the 12 days they have offers of 27 different concerts.

Back to revolution. The most revolutionary man in the group is probably Ray Thomas. Thomas has been an ardent admirer of Timothy Leary, so much so that he wrote a dedication to Leary for "Legend of the Mind." Not exactly political, but as close as the group gets. The others are more involved in their music, and a little bit of mysticism here and there.

One last thing: Justin was once questioned on whether or not the group could be objective about their music, and the answer was no. It seems that for all of them it is difficult to separate the actual sounds from the problems that occurred when they were being made. As a result, by the time they can clearly hear what they have done, they are already past it and on to another form. Which makes it difficult for them to describe their music.

Leave it at unique and beautiful. •

An Interview With Joe McDonald

The world looked west in the Spring of '66, in the form of a self-recorded EP by Country Joe & The Fish. Response ranged from "Whoew!" to "when are they gonna have an album out?" A few months later Vanguard Records answered with Electric Music for the Mind and Body, which contained later recordings of the EP tracks as well as the spectrally moving "Grace." The Fish played the Monterey Pop Festival and on their first tour east brought the West Coast sunshine with them. They quickly became a favorite of trippers, their music epitomized some of the best of what later got labeled "acid-rock." Unlike the Airplane, they never had a hit single, but gained popularity through their spacey appearances at rock festivals and clubs. By the time of the second LP, the strain of road life and internal hassles had begun to show, and shortly after Feel-Like-I'm-Fixin'-to-Die was completed, the band split, with Joe going off to do solo gigs. After several shows where Joe just "sat in" with the Fish (who were working without him) they all got together once more to record Together in 1968. But soon after the group drifted apart again, this time leaving Joe and Barry Melton as the only original members. There were a few tracks already done, and with the help of friends they finished Here We Are Again. A new road band was put together and these are the Fish that toured, appeared in Zachariah, and Gasssss, and recorded C.J. FISH. Not long after it appeared Joe split again from the group, this time for good. He recorded a couple of solo albums in Nashville, Thinking of Woody Guthrie, and Tonight I'm Singing Just For You, appearing at Woodstock along the way, and giving the Fish Cheer new dimensions. He began to go through some personal changes, cutting his hair, getting busted for obscenity etc. By the time Hold On It's Coming was released early this summer, it seemed as if there was a "new" Joe McDonald.

This interview was done over a couple of days in the New York offices of Vanguard Records, after recording sessions for the new album War, War War the poem of Robert W. Service.

Joe wore two-toned shoes, his hair glowed soft red and he looked more continental than freak—but he still is his own man, with his own opin-



Joe wears two-toned shoes, his hair glows a soft red and he looks more continental than freak. But he still is his own man, with his own opinions—which occasionally get outrageous.

by Tony Glover

ions—which occasionally get outrageous.

The interview is gathered from over two hours of conversation; because of space some editing was necessary—but the essence remains. Country Joe is sort of a rarity these days—he's not afraid to speak his own mind. You may not agree with him, but at least you have some idea of where's at.

Q: You recently finished another European tour—where'd you play this trip?

CJ: Denmark, Norway, Germany, France, Belgium and Austria.

Q: What type of material do you use when you're working alone?

CJ: All my stuff, some old songs from the first couple of years with the Fish and a lot of new stuff I'm doing now.

Q: What kind of image do they have of you there? From the Fish, or folksy Country Joe, or Quiet Days In Clichy Joe?

CJ: It seems to be a mixture of Country Joe with the Fish, Woodstock, and the Clichy soundtrack. I have a reputation in Europe cause I've been going there off and on for the past five years. But it was my first time in Norway... and Austria and Belgium.

Q: Any language barriers?

CJ: No—in some places they don't understand English, but it didn't seem to get in the way.

Q: Do you do the Fish Cheer over there?

CJ: Yeah, they all seem to know it, even though they don't know English. And "Fixing-To-Die"—they all seem to know that everywhere I go—mainly because of Woodstock, I guess.

Q: You said earlier you were planning to leave the US permanently?

CJ: I'll come back to the States to work and tour, but I just can't think of anywhere in the States I'd like to live now. I'll be moving to the countryside, outside of London.

Q: You're fed up with the States?

CJ: Well, I'm sick of wall-to-wall hamburger stands—but it's more boredom. I just find the states really boring—and not very civilized. It's like in the entertainment business, you hang around and after awhile you get to see "behind the mirrors." The audience is in front of the mirrors, and you're behind the mirrors—you know what goes on

backstage in order to get the act out. Once you've seen what goes on backstage, out front and onstage, you've seen the whole trip. And that's the way I feel about the States—I've seen the inside and outside of the industry, the inside and the outside of the revolution—and it's just boring.

Q: Have your political views changed?

CJ: They're not any different from what they were before—I'm just a stone humanist. I used to believe that everybody was really good and someday the world would be fit for everybody to live in—but as a practical belief I just don't concern myself with that anymore. I go for myself and my friends—and if somebody gets in the way, well... I try to get 'em out, you know? I believe that the United States is ruled by a bunch of people who are just afraid to make a decision about anything real. They're just stone liberals, which actually means they don't have any balls. The only strong elements I can see in this country right now are minority groups, the women and the children—and the reason all this is happening is because the adult male population doesn't have any balls. They won't say "Okay, you're gonna do this" or "Okay, you're not going to do that"... they just say, "Well, ah... I don't know..." For example, I was on this TV show where they were talking about those FCC regulations about how they're not supposed to play songs concerning drugs. It was going back and forth, and the question was "Does this mean that the FCC will penalize people who play songs about drugs?" And the guy answered, "Well, no—no, that's not exactly it. What we're doing is *suggesting* to the program coordinator that he really listen to the material and decide for himself whether or not it's fit for human ears to hear." The ban only concerns drugs—not violence. That whole thing is just a fear of looking at reality—just because you don't let something go on the radio doesn't mean that it doesn't exist. I can go to Europe and do stuff on television and radio that I could never do in the States—and nobody gets very excited about it, they're sophisticated enough to get behind it. This is just a very juvenile uptight country. What do they think is going to happen—that because someone hears a song like *Codeine* they're going to go out and start taking it? But it's more than that too—do you know the introduction to *The Bad Game* by Hesse? It talks about Germany during the World War, where all the media discussed was nickel-dime issues on and on

and on, forever. It's like Leary and Cleaver sitting in Algiers talking about whether or not you should light the revolution high on acid—that's just got nothing to do with nothing.

Q: Awhile back, you did a lecture series in high schools—what was that like?

CJ: It was colleges and high schools—I did about five or six over a period of a year. The kids were very naive, but interested and responsive to what I had to say. The only thing I really came away knowing was that whatever is happening in high schools and colleges doesn't have much to do with reality—the kids don't get to know what they need to know there. Mainly, I was talking about politics, sex and drugs.

Q: What would you say, for example, about drugs?

CJ: The main thing I found out from using drugs is that drugs get you high—and that's it. If you're trying to get yourself together, to find peace of mind and have a feeling of self identity—then you should stay away from drugs—they're a dead end. I don't take acid anymore, and I don't think anyone should take any heavy psychedelics.

Q: Looking back, do you wish you hadn't taken acid?

CJ: No—but I couldn't have used my time more wisely. It didn't have any bad effects—my genes are okay, I had a healthy baby. I'm not insane, I'm more together than I've ever been, not because I took acid but because I stopped. It was just a phase of maturing I guess and it was very popular at the time. If you were heavy into the scene, it was impossible not to take acid. But as for shooting drugs—if you're gonna shoot drugs, you're out to kill yourself, and that's it—it's pretty cut and dried. Some people want to kill themselves, that's the way they get off—but they better watch out, cause someday they just might.

Q: Is there any possibility of there being any more Fish LP's?

CJ: No, we'll never get together to cut an album but on *Hold On—It's Coming* Greg and Chicken each play drums on a cut—that sort of thing might happen. And there'll be a retrospective Fish album, a double album with some previously released and some non-released stuff on it. And now Barry has a band called Barry Melton and the Fish... but now I'm really into playing by myself, just me and a guitar.

Q: Right after the Fish breakup you cut a couple of albums in Nashville—what was that scene like?

CJ: It was a real flash trip, we were only down there for three days. We'd

planned three days to make the *Tonight I'm Singing Just For You* album, but it was finished in a day and a half—we'd already paid for the time left over, so we decided to make the Guthrie album.

Q: How'd you get on with the Nashville session men? Any cultural problems?

CJ: Sure, there was a lot of stuff but we didn't get into it. They might want to punch you out but they're stone professionals—they'd wait till *after* the session. They'd probably play for Eldridge Cleaver if he came down and paid the session time.

Q: Compared to the tracks for the *Service* LP, the Nashville stuff seems very laid back, uninvolved.

CJ: That was like a vacation for me in Nashville. I deliberately wanted to get away from myself and go somewhere very safe, so I went to Woody Guthrie and Nashville. Just got the notes right and sang 'em, just laid back.

Q: Let's talk about the new album. How'd you think of doing *World War I* poems?

CJ: At the time I first ran across the *Service* poems I was into this intense, morose, down protest trip—I was listening to the Dylan LP with "Masters of War" on it, four or five times a day—and one day after work I went into this used book shop and found this book, *Rhymes Of A Red Cross Man* by Robert Service... this one poem, "The Ballad of Jean Desprez" just blew my mind. A few years later I flashed on a melody for it, and it worked. I used to sing it at coffee houses with this group called the Berkeley String Quartet—it really blew people's heads. Then when I got with the Fish I forgot about it for awhile, but when I started doing it again, Ed Denson, my manager, said I should get a whole collection together. I didn't think it was possible, but I gave it a try, and it all started happening—I found poems and put them to music.

Q: Was *Service* a well known poet during his time?

CJ: He must have been—there were four different editions of his books: 1917, 1918 and 1919. Anyway, I got a collection together and we got clearance to do it from the *Service* estate—two ladies in Europe, who have this lawyer in New York. I got rights to do an album, as long as it was issued by June 30th of 1971.

Q: After all these years, why a deadline like that?

CJ: That's just the deal they made. I'm told the lawyer keeps referring to me as Broadway Joe—I guess he thinks

Country Joe, sporting his continental clothes, sits and chats with Tony Glover

I'm Joe Namath. (laughter)

Q: The last time we talked you were working on a movie about Che—what's happening with that?

CJ: You mean *Que Hacer?*, the one done in Chile? I've written four songs for it. I'll do some more as soon as I see the final work print.

Q: Don't you act in it too?

CJ: I play myself—it's kind of a Brechtian role. I would appear in certain scenes and sing songs about that scene.

Q: Any idea when it'll be out?

CJ: It should be sometime this summer.

Q: I hear you been doing some record producing too.

CJ: I just produced four cuts with a group called Gold, in San Francisco. I'm really happy with those. I like producing, but it's a matter of having time and getting backing—people want you to produce it and pay for the expenses—then they'll see if they like it—and you can waste a lot of time and money doing that.

Q: Not your trip then?

CJ: Not right now. Like I said, I'm really getting off playing now... and I haven't in such a long time that I want to savor every moment of it.

Q: Looking back, is there any one single favorite Fish LP? Or do you like them different ways at different times?

CJ: Yeah, I think that's the case—'cause they all have bummers on them. Like the first album is really groovy—but it's out of tune, it drives me up the wall. The album I like the best was that EP we cut before the first album *That Band* was probably one of the best. High points? I don't really know... "Pat's Song" has some of the best guitar work that Barry ever did, his lead is incredible... and there's some things I really like on *He We Are Again*... hmmm... you know, I was in Chile, doing that movie. I'd been there about two days, and I got a call from the States that Janis had just died. It got very far out... I wound up in this little mining town where they were going to film a political demonstration in the town square. The people who were the main characters hadn't showed up for the scene, but there was this crowd gathered around and they had to kill time—so they had me get up and play. I don't speak more than ten words of Spanish, the people in town didn't speak any English—but I just did my regular set: "Sweet Lorraine," "Who Am I" and so. All of a sudden I did "Janis"—it was like... it was just far out to be in Chile singing Janis... it was just one of

those moments, man.

Q: What did you think when she died?

CJ: I felt bad... my first impulse was that I hadn't done something I was supposed to do, you know? That it was my fault—but it was everybody's fault—'cause everybody let her do it. Everybody said, "Yeah, you're Billie Holliday, sure rock out" and she rocked herself right out. She confused drugs and loves, and that's a fatal mistake—she fell in love with a needle. She loved the needle more than she loved people. I think at the time she killed herself she was at a turning point—like if that hadn't happened, maybe... maybe she'd of been straight, maybe it would've been okay for her. Her fantasies had all been fulfilled, and they left her empty—and so she was starting to get real. Real things were happening to her, she was starting to turn into a real woman. American sexism did her in too, because she didn't look right—she wasn't pretty, she wasn't soft, she wasn't dainty. She was hard and tough, and she was made harder and tougher. She got really bitter... when she was with Big Brother she asked me to write her a song, so I wrote "Janis." But then I realized that they'd never do that song—because it didn't fit her image. She had a beautiful ballad voice... I can't listen to *Pearl*—she blew her voice out, it's all gone, it's all raspy monotone—there's no melodic quality there anymore... it's sad...

Q: What's your definition of success?

CJ: Every time I perform and people dig it, that's success. When you really play it's sort of like balling; when you're getting it on, you're getting it on, and that's the only thing happening just then. When you're not getting it on, you're thinking about what's gonna happen tomorrow... all my energy goes into just playing. When I really master that, when I can really do it good—if people can say "Well, we don't dig it"—then that trip will be over with.

Q: Do you look on your music as a job now?

CJ: I got this song called "Entertainment Is My Business"... that's the way I feel about it. It causes you a lot of pain if you feel any other way. People don't understand you, you don't understand them, you don't understand yourself. People want to be entertained—but it's more than music, everybody has to get off. You've got to go through the changes, a beginning, a middle and an end. I've been messing around for six years now, just get it on sometimes. Now I'm trying to get it on all the time—and it's hard work.



hot wax predictions

Since music tastes and preferences vary, CIRCUS asks FM Programmers to predict what five records will be most likely to top the lists when we appear on the newsstand. Here are our predictions.

Is there an FM ROCK STATION in your area that you feel deserves a listing in CIRCUS? Write Art Ford, Hot Wax, CIRCUS Magazine, 866 UN Plaza, New York, N. Y. 10017 . . . and we'll check it out right away!

WNEW-FM (New York City)

1. BRASS ROCK 1 — Heaven
2. CHARITY BALL — Fanny
3. ANYWAY — The Family
4. IN THE GARDEN — Gypsy
5. EIGHTH DAY — Invictus

WSDM-FM (Chicago)

1. BAREFOOT JERRY — Capitol
2. IN THE GARDEN — Gypsy
3. HARMONY ROW — Jack Bruce
4. THE SILVER TONGUED DEVIL & I —
Kris Kristofferson
5. KINFOLK — Leigh Ashford

KFON-FM (Hollywood)

1. BAREFOOT JERRY — Capitol
2. THE SILVER TONGUED DEVIL & I —
Kris Kristofferson
3. BAREFOOT BOY — Larry Coryell
4. BEAST OF BONZO — Bonzo Dog Band
5. I CAN MAKE IT WITH YOU — Ralfi Pagan

KNAC-FM (Long Beach, California)

1. EIGHTH DAY — Invictus
2. PEACHES — Etta James
3. THE SILVER TONGUED DEVIL & I —
Kris Kristofferson
4. BAREFOOT JERRY — Capitol
5. IN THE GARDEN — Gypsy

WMMS-FM (Cleveland)

1. JOY TO THE WORLD — Hoyt Axton
2. LIVE IN EUROPE — Canned Heat
3. HAPPY BIRTHDAY, RUTHY BABY —
McGuinness Flint
4. ONE FINE MORNING — Lighthouse
5. PEACEFUL WORLD — Rascals

WEBN-FM (Cincinnati)

1. BAREFOOT JERRY — Capitol
2. HAPPY BIRTHDAY, RUTHY BABY —
McGuinness Flint
3. PECULIAR FRIENDS — Ten Wheel Drive
4. P. G. & E. — Columbia
5. THE SILVER TONGUED DEVIL & I —
Kris Kristofferson

WNRZ-FM (Ann Arbor)

1. BAREFOOT BOY — Larry Coryell
2. HOW COME THE SUN — Tom Paxton
3. RIDE THE WIND — Youngbloods
4. IN THE GARDEN — Gypsy
5. HAPPY BIRTHDAY, RUTHY BABY —
McGuinness Flint

KFH-FM (Wichita, Kansas)

1. LIVE — Allman Brothers
2. BAREFOOT JERRY — Capitol
3. BEAST OF BONZO — Bonzo Dog Band
4. TIRED OF BEING ALONE — Al Green
5. IN THE GARDEN — Gypsy

KSAN-FM (San Francisco)

1. BEAST OF BONZO — Bonzo Dog Band
2. BAREFOOT JERRY — Capitol
3. EIGHTH DAY — Invictus
4. PEACHES — Etta James
5. BAREFOOT BOY — Larry Coryell

WVBR-FM (Ithaca)

1. BAREFOOT JERRY — Capitol
2. LIVE — Allman Brothers
3. BOB GIBSON — Capitol
4. THE SILVER TONGUED DEVIL & I —
Kris Kristofferson
5. IN THE GARDEN — Gypsy

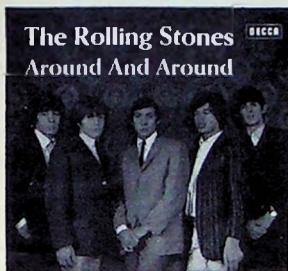
WLOL-FM (Houston)

1. HAPPY BIRTHDAY, RUTHY BABY —
McGuinness Flint
2. LIVE IN EUROPE — Canned Heat
3. THE SILVER TONGUED DEVIL & I —
Kris Kristofferson
4. IN THE GARDEN — Gypsy
5. FROM THE WITCHWOOD — Strawbs

KPRI-FM (San Diego)

1. THE SILVER TONGUED DEVIL & I —
Kris Kristofferson
2. BAREFOOT JERRY — Capitol
3. BEAST OF BONZO — Bonzo Dog Band
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5. BAREFOOT BOY — Larry Coryell

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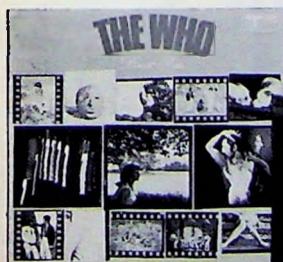
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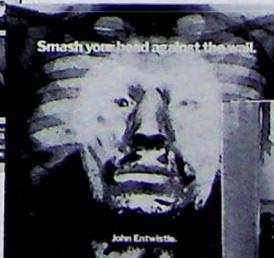
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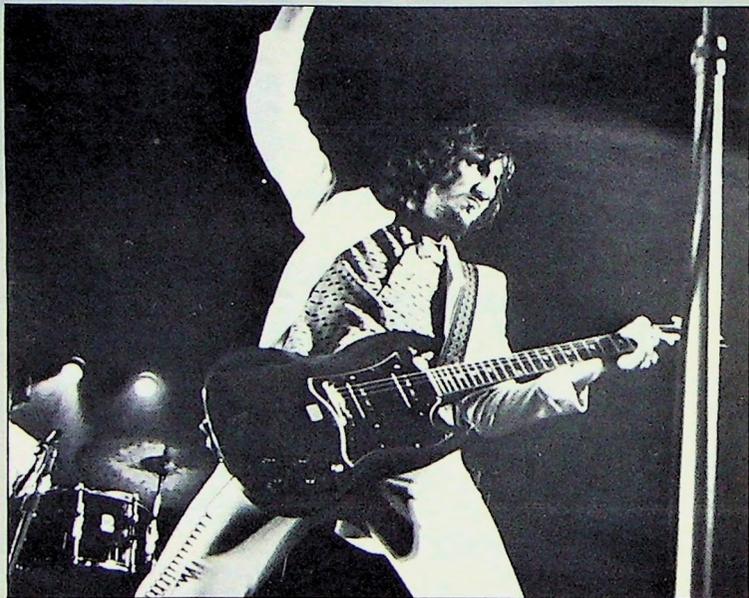
Religious Revival In The Rock Culture

Rock heavies like Peter Townshend and Cat Stevens have committed themselves to a cause. But instead of politics, it's meditation, mysticism and the expansion of the spirit. By Danny Goldberg

No record has had a more dramatic success in the last year than *Jesus Christ Superstar*. It was released in the early fall and instantly attracted the praise of critics, clergy, and fans who enjoyed its new outlook on the bible and the grandiose rock production which included members of eleven British rock groups, an eighty-five piece orchestra, the strings of the City of London, and a moog synthesizer. Now, Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice's classic has sold close to two million albums and it will be dramatized as a Broadway play this fall. In addition filming will shortly begin for a motion picture version of the tale.

It is Rice's lyrics that really distinguished the album as a social phenomenon, and Webber's music and production that delivered it to the mass rock public. The theme of portraying Jesus as a human being rather than a diety obviously touched a resonant chord on a public that for years had lost faith in most established churches but who were still deeply concerned with religion in a personal sense—the search for themselves. And as such, the vast success of *Jesus Christ Superstar*, is merely the first manifestation of a heavy trend toward spiritualism which is developing everywhere, particularly in the rock audience. We've printed a few of the many spontaneous letters that *CIRCUS* has received by recently converted devotees of Jesus. At the same time there are dozens of diverse manifestations of spiritual belief all of which are saying essentially the same things. In many cases, these organizations include prominent rock stars among their supporters. And young people are turning to Jesus communes, organizations, and groups. Jesus newspapers have sprung up as fast as underground newspapers did five or six years ago. But where has all this energy sprung from?

A lot of the Jesus energy comes from kids who got disinterested in drugs. When the Beatles were at their peak with *Rubber Soul*, *Revolver*, and *Sgt. Pepper*, and the Stones were producing *Out of Our Heads*, and *Aftermath*, and Dylan was producing *Highway 61*, and *Blond and Blond*, the dominant interest of their audience centered around drugs. Drugs were the main form of self searching and carried with it tremendous clandestine excitement and spiritual implications. Over the last few years, however, attitudes toward drugs



Townshend: into the silent mystic Meher Baba and the unconquerable power of love.

have changed greatly. Many felt that their drug experiences were a useful phase in their awakening but chose to stop taking them after awhile. Even those who still take drugs have a far less reverent attitude toward them. The classic example of this is the transformation of Richard Alpert now Baba Ram Dass. When he was Alpert he was an associate of Timothy Leary at Harvard, and with Leary introduced LSD to the American public. Two years ago, he travelled to India where he met his guru Maharaj-Ji and he became a yogi. His story is fascinatingly told in his recent book *Be Here Now*, which has become a paperback best-seller at colleges and other places where youth is concentrated.

There are literally dozens of rock stars who have turned, by in large, away from drugs for salvation and are pursuing some form of more traditional self seeking. Ian Anderson of Jethro Tull talked of his feelings about God in the last issue of *CIRCUS* in an interview with Vernon Gibbs, and of course his latest LP, *Aqualung*, is religious in theme. The Who's Peter Townshend has written and spoken at length about his great love for Meher Baba and wrote the lyrics to the Who's hit of last year,

"The Seeker," which crudely documents his spiritual search. Eric Clapton is said to be heavily into Jesus, the Moody Blues' albums have always displayed a certain cosmic feel, and Peter Green lead guitarist of Fleetwood Mac recently quit the band to devote his time more fully to Jesus. Jeremy Spencer, also of Fleetwood Mac recently joined a Jesus cult in Los Angeles. Mick Jagger converted to Catholicism for his recent wedding. Bob Dylan has expressed renewed interest in Judaism and has recently visited Israel, and is said to be considering changing his name back to its original Zimmerman. Cat Stevens is solidly into meditation and frequently talks about it in concert. The Beach Boys continue to be committed to Transcendental Meditation, and George Harrison, perhaps the first rock star to publicly express his spiritual interest, continues to be a leader in this area.

Harrison recently produced an album by the Radha Krishna Temple which is filled with holy chants by devotees of His Divine Grace Sri Srimad 108 Trinandini Goswami A.C. Bhaktivendanta Swami Prabhupada. His followers are often called the Hare Krishna people because they constantly chant the Hare

Krishna mantra, a rendition of which is on the album. The album's liner notes explain: "Krishna consciousness is not merely for renunciates. Krishna realization is practiced as actively by "working" men and women as by full-time devotees. Krishna says in the Bhagavad-gita (3.4.7). "Not by merely abstaining from work can one achieve freedom from reaction, nor by renunciation alone can one attain perfection. On the other hand, he who controls the senses by the mind and engages his active organs in work of devotion without attachment is by far superior." All connections with Krishna, although from apparently different angles, occur in the absolute realm and are therefore equal. Persons of any occupation, nationality, age, religion, etc., can by Krishna consciousness easily award themselves the highest benefits. All this is possible because of yoga called bhakti-yoga. Yoga means "link," or "linking with God." Bhakti is the topmost process in the yoga system and includes, raja, karma, jnana, sankya, mantra, kriya and other yoga methods. Bhakti means devotion and provides the most direct contact between us, finite living entities, and the infinite energy of the Lord."

The Hare Krishna message is thus:

"Throughout the world, massive amounts of capital are disbursed every year on education in an attempt to improve the quality of human beings. But it is uncertain as to whether the desired result is really being achieved. Krishna consciousness is a process of plain living and high thinking which is producing men and women of character. These people show by example that a world, as well as a society based on the highest religious principles and with God at the center, is the way to real peace and happiness. We humbly request you to chant "Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare Hare, Hare Rama Hare Rama, Rama Rama, Hare Hare."

At the center of many religious organizations is meditation. The goal of meditation is to clear the mind of all thoughts enabling us to perceive calmness and eventually enlightenment. Meditation is usually done by the concentration and repetition of a mantra such as the Hare Krishna chant. Almost all spiritual organizations are against drugs, stealing, dishonesty, greed, and waste of sexual energy, and most recommend a vegetarian diet for spiritual as well as health reasons. In addition many yoga centers give instruction in physical yoga exercises which are tremendously healthy as well as conducive to enlightenment. Breathing exercises bring more oxygen into the body and help to calm the mind. These exercises have been scientifically developed over a period of thousands of years.

One of the best books containing exercise instruction and a general spiritual

guidance is Swami Satchidananda's *Integral Hatha Yoga*. Satchidananda came to the United States about five years ago and since that time he has opened up over a dozen ashrams (spiritual centers) in major cities in the country. He also has many followers in other countries. Among his disciples are Peter Max, Laura Nyro, and Felix Cavaliere of the Rascals. Felix has said, "When you make music for Swamis, the vibrations are really fine. Spiritual dedication has completely changed my life."

Meher Baba, the avatar whom Peter Townshend worships has said, "Love is essentially self-communicative. Those who do not have it catch it from those who have it. Those who get love from others cannot be its recipients without giving a response which itself is in the nature of love. True love is unconquerable and irresistible and it goes on gathering power until eventually it transforms everyone whom it touches." He also says, "The majesty of love lies far beyond the reaches of intellect. Only one who has his life up his sleeve dares kiss the threshold of love."

Selflessness is an attribute emphasized by spiritual leaders. John McLaughlin, super guitarist who has played with Eric Clapton, Jack Bruce, Tony Williams, and Miles Davis, is dedicated to Sri Chinmoy, his guru. "I'm not realized yet," he says, "but I'm very lucky to have guidance." He emphasizes the vanquishing of the ego, and he knows that his superb musical talent is a gift of God.

Renunciation is another aspect of most spiritual paths. Ram Dass in *Be Here Now*, explains that one must be free of *desire*. No one in itself is good or evil, the key to it is whether or not it is selfless, and whether it is done with attachment. The purpose of fasting for instance is often to free oneself of the slavery to food. Once freed, it is expected that a moderate healthy diet would be resumed. Spiritual leaders are for the most part agreed that drugs provide only a temporary experience. But the subtleties of each individual's spiritual growth cannot be meaningfully discussed here. The best book available for products of the hip culture, is Ram Dass' *Be Here Now*, which is fine reading for anyone. In the meantime, just by playing the Radha Krishna Temple's album, the blessings of the holy sound are bestowed on you.

Jesus has risen in the minds and souls of thousands of young people across the country. Their new spiritual consciousness has not blinded them to the hypocrisy, materialism, greed, and violence of the society they originally dropped out from. Now however they try to keep God the creator in their minds at all times to help guide them through a meaningful life and bring them to enlightenment. •

Woodstock: A Tin Pan Alley Rip Off

By Abbie Hoffman (author of *Burn This Book*
Excerpts from his epilogue to *Woodstock Nation*,
to be published next month by PocketBooks.

Somewhere deep inside the bowels of the monster born in Bethel also lay the kernel for its destruction. Perhaps it was the egocentric greed of the Rock Empire itself. Maybe it was the strain of cannibalism inherited from our parents and exaggerated when cramped into railroad flats in the slums or on muddy slopes in front of the gargantuan stages. The rapes, the bad acid burns, stealing from each other, they, too, were part of the Woodstock experience, if not the Nation. Smack and speed didn't help. "Shooting up" is more than just a casual expression. It is symbolic of the suicidal death trip, the frustration, the despair. It is another way to bring the apocalypse a little closer.

Janis was the heroine of Woodstock Nation. Bold and sassy, her energy could ignite millions. I saw her perform all over the country. In the funky old Aragon Ballroom in Chicago, in the Fillmore West and East, on TV, backstage where she would line up a row of twenty studs, in the Chelsea Hotel bar and on the street. She used to drop into our place at all sorts of weird hours when we lived around the corner from the Fillmore East. She was the only person I ever saw use a needle. When she popped in a load and pulled out the works, she'd cluck her tongue making a sucking noise and her face would break out into a shit-eatin grin. The very thought of it makes me shiver. You couldn't know Janis without knowing her death was near and you couldn't know the Rock Empire without knowing her death would mean a bundle to

The
Woodstock
consciousness, says
Abbie Hoffman, has
been buried in bread.
Just look at Mick
Jagger and Blood,
Sweat & Tears.

the horde of enterprising vultures who choose to pick at the corpse.

Perhaps if I had stayed through Sunday at the festival I would have experienced Jimi Hendrix. . . . Jimi was the only rock performer I know of who gave bread to anything most of us would call "radical." It's possible that some others gave to projects out in California, especially in the heyday of Haight-Ashbury, but as far as the things I came in contact with, only Jimi gave. Like he laid some bread on us for the Trial in Chicago. Now he's dead too, same as Janis, and the rest of the Rock Empire rolls on. "Just keep pushing the myth forward," yell the makeup men and groupies. And the walls around the stars get higher and electric fences and police dogs guard their mansions.

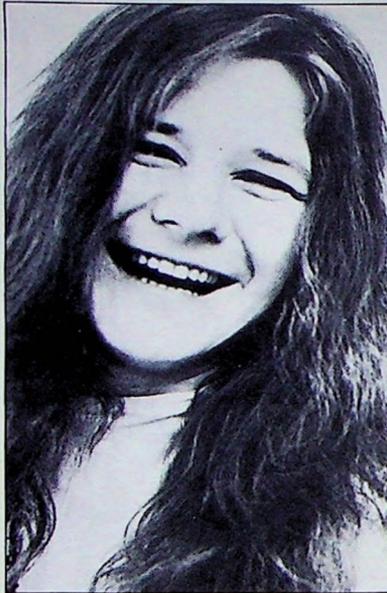
The last time I saw Jimi was just before he performed at a West Village benefit for Tim Leary when Tim was still conning everyone into thinking he loved jail and everything like that while he planned his escape. . . .

We arrived early and camped in a joint across the street with ample view of the arriving limousines with rent-a-chauffeurs and fastidiously feathered rock and dope-dealing aristocrats. The sight of hippies disembarking from Cadillac limousines does not sit well in the belly of a cultural revolutionary.

During the Trial, Anita and I were granted an audience in the court of Mick Jagger I in the dressing room of the Chicago International Amphitheater. When we left the sacred chamber, a stockily built man about forty-eight, in a chauffeur's suit stopped us and smiled. "Abbie, I'm Mick's private chauffeur," he said. "My name's Al." We chatted trial-gossip for a while waiting for the performance to begin and then Al dropped the clunker. "It's really a small world. You know who I chauffeur during the day???" He paused to suck me in real good and lowered the boom. "Judge Julius Hoffman!" That chauffeur in Chicago probably knew more than Buddha.

Anyways, you can see why the line of limousines didn't cheer me up none. We're all sitting around the table bull-shitting and drinking our rootbeer and LSD floats when Blood, Sweat & Tears sitting at the next table leans back and enters the conversation. "Hey, man, guess what? We're bringing our revolution behind the iron curtain next month. Ain't it a gas?" Now the phrase, "behind the iron curtain" doesn't really jive with the phrase "our revolution" and we all lean forward getting curiozier by the minute. "Yeah, man, we're getting \$60,000 to tour Eastern Europe and the CIA is footing the bill." *Our shock is interpreted as admiration and BS & T continue. "That isn't all, we're doing a benefit to establish four scholarship funds for the four students shot." The

She was the only person I ever saw use a needle. When she popped in the load and pulled out the works, she'd cluck her tongue and make a sucking noise.



shock waves begin to jell into a group numbness. Anita breaks the spell. "Doesn't it seem inappropriate to raise money for scholarships in the name of four kids who died trying to close the school?" BS & T is annoyed. In their world, women are not supposed to



The chauffeur bragged that he drove Judge Julius Hoffman by day, and Mick Jagger by night.

speak unless spoken to, never mind question their wisdom. "Listen, honey," chimes BS & T. "in the fall the strike will be over and the school will be back in session. There are some deserving kids that need a chance." At that point I let loose a shower of saliva which caused a lot of shoving and yelling. . . .

Woodstock without any politics, is a shuck. A tin-pan alley rip-off. When they say, "Hey, man, politics is not where it's at," what they are really saying is, "Don't bug me, I wanna keep all my dough and the status quo." Peter Max is Consciousness III, Peter Max loves the planet earth. Peter Max paints designs for bathtowels sold by gas stations across the country that pollute that very planet.

Editor's note: Abbie Hoffman says that "the egocentric greed of the Rock Empire" has killed its sense of social responsibility. Abbie would like to see rock pipers leading the masses down the road to revolution. That was the hope he feels Woodstock inspired. It's not happening, he says, because rock stars have abandoned the Woodstock Nation.

But Abbie is only half right. Rock and the Woodstock spirit have not totally parted company. Among some little known rock people, building a new society has been the goal instead of destroying the old. From a group in New Haven called The Bone has come a coop where people are trying to live together ruled by openness and sharing. And from a commune in Massachusetts where sharing is replacing greed has come a new group called Spirit in Flesh (on Metromedia).

Back among the stars, the suffering of Pakistan's refugees spurred George Harrison and Bob Dylan to come out of seclusion and do a benefit (see page 4). The court's attempt to close down the British underground paper OZ has stimulated John Lennon and Yoko Ono to finance a benefit record (see page 48). The crusade of the spirit has captured the allegiance of people like the Who's Peter Townshend (see page 30). And Pete Seeger, who's never stopped being involved, has put out an album that hits the Viet Nam War (see page 31).

None of this will bring on the new era of good vibes that Woodstock indicated might be coming. And it won't remold society. In fact, the hassles the rock community gave Apple when it tried to put together the Bengla Desh benefit show that a lot of music people are more than willing to turn their backs on human problems. But at least the conscience of a few big rock stars is still alive.

*Sources close to Blood, Sweat and Tears deny this. The East European concert, they say, was done for free, and the C.I.A. had nothing to do with it.

Pete Seeger's "Rainbow Race" by Charlie Frick

The patriarch of American folk music cuts an album of new songs and points a political finger at you and me.

Way back before it was a respected middle class, middle of the road thing to be against the war and for peace, Pete Seeger was helping a new nation become aware of its existence. In his music of the early sixties many found the answers to questions that they had in their minds about their land and their time. Many years before Woodstock was even dreamed of, his stories and songs about what was really going on brought people together. His latest album *Rainbow Race* (Columbia) is what you and I have come to expect from this truly magnificent performer, a work of beauty and of truth. His eloquence is shattering, and the feelings that he can communicate with the inflections in his voice are to be marveled at, but it's really what he's saying that's important. The words of "Last Train to Nuremberg" speak for themselves:

*Do I see Lieutenant Calley
Do I see Capt. Medina
Do I see General Koster
And all his crew.
Do I see President Nixon
Do I see both houses of Congress
Do I see the voters me and you.
Last train to Nuremberg
Last train to Nuremberg
All on board.*

Pretty freaky stuff for a folk singer. Look at the words again, especially the ones that go, "Do I see the voters me and you." Yea, me and you. He turns the next move over to the audience.

Another *Rainbow Race* song is called "Uncle Ho." You know who I mean, Uncle Ho Chi Minh. When he sings stuff like that the people on the right wonder if he's a leftist radical agitator. People under 30 years old wonder if he can be trusted. He wrote a song called "Our Generation" to make sure everyone understood where he was at.

*Our generation wears sandals like the
Vietnamese
Our generation wears long hair
With our clobbered minds we still
wink an eye to say
Meet me, meet me at the bottom of
the stairs.*

Pretty far out stuff from a 52-year-old. He hits home with every one of the other songs on this album too. Yes Pete is no stranger to most of us and his return to the spotlight serves to once again give us a closer look at the world around us.

Even if he didn't play guitar so well and even if he couldn't carry a tune in a bucket he would still rate pretty high on



Pete Seeger: mixing Nixon and Ho Chi Minh with the strains of the guitar.

my list, because he gives the listener, you the audience, a closer look at the world that we're all living in.

There's something else pretty special in this album. In the liner notes he says, "When Arlo and I went to visit Woody (Guthrie) in the hospital we sang a different song than the one they put in the movie." He sings this song on the last cut of the album—a Woody Guthrie song called "The Hobo's Lament." This is a really fine version of a really great song, complete with a handfull of background voices to help him out in the chorus:

*Go to sleep you weary hobo
Let the towns drift slowly by.*

Can't you hear the steel rails humming?

That's the hobo's lullaby.

*I know the police cause you trouble
They cause trouble everywhere
But when you die and go to heaven
There'll be no policeman there.*

To say that Pete is one of the most well respected men with a guitar would be true. To say that he is the patriarchal leader of the American folk music cult can't be proven. To say that when that great up and coming day is there and the lord divides everyone into fools and sages he will fall in line with the rest of the great poets of all time is mere speculation. Pete Seeger, American. •

national scenes

(NOTE: Where we say "concert" instead of giving a location, check your local paper for further information.)

NEW YORK

ALL MONTH

The Elephant — Top names like Odetta, Tim Hardin, John Hammond make this the foremost music showcase (Woodstock) Joyous Lake — Blues & Folk in Organic Mixture (Woodstock) The Millstream — Live Country & Rock (Woodstock)
SEPT. 15-OCT. 3

Kostek's — Five Star Extra (Amherst)
SEPT. 18
Madison Squares Garden — Festival (NYC)
SEPT. 18
Carnegie Hall — MIGHTY SPARROW (NYC)
SEPT. 19
Concert — ALLMAN BROTHERS (NYC)
SEPT. 19
Stonybrook College — WET WILLIE BAND (Stonybrook)
SEPT. 19
Carnegie Hall — LORD KITCHNER (NYC)
SEPT. 20-25
Revolot Lodge — LEON THOMAS (Buffalo)
SEPT. 25
Carnegie Hall — BREAD (NYC)
OCT. 2
Stonybrook College — RITA COOLIDGE (Stonybrook, L. I.)
OCT. 15
Concert — RICK NELSON (NYC)

CALIFORNIA

SEPT. 15-18
Troubadour — KATE TAYLOR (Santa Monica)
SEPT. 15-18
El Matador — OSCAR PETERSON TRIO (San Francisco)
SEPT. 15-19
Whiskey-A-Go-Go — BRONCO (Los Angeles)
SEPT. 17
Concert — DAVE BRUBECK (Monterey)
SEPT. 19
Concert — SARAH VAUGHAN (Monterey)
SEPT. 19
Concert — OSCAR PETERSON (Monterey)
SEPT. 20
Century Plaza Hotel — OSCAR PETERSON TRIO (Los Angeles)
SEPT. 21
Concert — CHAMBERS BROTHERS (Oakland)
SEPT. 21
Troubadour — FAIRPORT CONVENTION (Santa Monica)
SEPT. 21
Whiskey-A-Go-Go — BLACK OAK ARKANSAS (L.A.)
SEPT. 22-26
Whiskey-A-Go-Go — TUCKY BUZZARD (L.A.)
SEPT. 27-OCT. 2
Greek Theater — IKE & TINA TURNER (Los Angeles)
SEPT. 28-OCT. 3
Troubadour — MARK-ALMOND (Santa Monica)
SEPT. 30
Concert — CHAMBERS BROTHERS (Chico)
OCT. 5-10
Troubadour — SEALS & CROFTS (Santa Monica)
OCT. 7
Concert — BURGUNDY STREET SINGERS (Los Angeles)
OCT. 12-15
Lighthouse Cafe — MONGO SANTAMARIA (Hermosa Beach)
OCT. 12-15
Century Plaza Hotel — BURGUNDY STREET SINGERS (L.A.)
OCT. 12-17
Troubadour — JOHN STEWART (Santa Monica)

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

SEPT. 20-25
Cellar Door — JONATHAN EDWARDS (Washington)

SEPT. 20-25
Cellar Door — KATE TAYLOR (Washington)

FLORIDA

SEPT. 15-18
Thunderbird — BURGUNDY STREET SINGERS (Jacksonville)
SEPT. 15-19
Holiday Inn — FROTHINGSLOSH RANDANGO (Lido Beach)
SEPT. 15-25
Hawaiian Village — THE REAL THING (Tampa)
SEPT. 20-OCT. 2
Thunderbird — FOUR ACES (Jacksonville)
SEPT. 20-OCT. 2
Sheik's Lodge — BURGUNDY STREET SINGERS (Orlando)
SEPT. 27-OCT. 15
Pines — THE REAL THING (Indian Harbor Beach)
SEPT. 25-OCT. 11
Newport Resort Hotel — FATS DOMINO (Miami)
OCT. 4
Sheik's — EXECUTIVES (Orlando)
OCT. 8
Concert — IKE & TINA TURNER (Tallahassee)
OCT. 9
Concert — IKE & TINA TURNER (Tampa)
OCT. 14
Concert — THE ASSOCIATION (Orlando)

ILLINOIS

SEPT. 21
Castaways Lodge — ECHO'S LTD. (Calumet City)
SEPT. 22
Niko's Rest — JANET EVANS & THE KINSEY REPORT (Lombard)
SEPT. 23
Concert — THE BROTHERS & SISTERS (Chicago)
SEPT. 26
Concert — WAYNE COCHRAN (Chicago)

INDIANA

SEPT. 15
Hollyoke Club — ECHO'S LTD. (Indianapolis)
SEPT. 18
Concert — B. B. KING (Bloomington)
SEPT. 18
Concert — IKE & TINA TURNER (Notre Dame)
SEPT. 18
Concert — ALEX TAYLOR (Bloomington)
SEPT. 23
Concert — WAYNE COCHRAN (Indianapolis)
OCT. 4-9
Cat's Meow — ECHO'S LTD. (Ft. Wayne)
OCT. 11-15
Roke's Tiki Lodge — ECHO'S LTD. (Kokomo)

MASSACHUSETTS

SEPT. 17
Concert — RICK NELSON (Boston)
SEPT. 28-OCT. 15
King's Row — BROTHER LOVE (Boston)
OCT. 5
Concert — DIXIE FLYERS 6 (Boston)

MICHIGAN

SEPT. 16
Concert — WAYNE COCHRAN (Muskegan)
SEPT. 17
President Mts. Inn — MARLENE (Grand Rapids)
SEPT. 25
Concert — IKE & TINA TURNER (Kalamazoo)
OCT. 8-15
Phelps Lodge — BOBBY BLUE BAND (Detroit)
OCT. 12
Concert — THE BROTHERS & SISTERS (Detroit)

MONTANA

OCT. 2
Concert — CHUCK BERRY (Missoula)

NEBRASKA

SEPT. 15-18
Club 8 Ltd. — THE SKEPTICS (Omaha)
OCT. 11-15
Towhawk Inn — GINO MARTINO (Omaha)

NEW HAMPSHIRE

OCT. 2
Concert — MAIN INGREDIENT (Hanover)

NEW JERSEY

SEPT. 15
Concert — MANDRILL (Union)
SEPT. 16
Concert — THE BROTHERS & SISTERS (Atlantic City)
OCT. 2
Concert — ALLMAN BROTHERS (Long Beach)

OHIO

SEPT. 15
Blue Grass — DIAMONDS (Maple Hts.)
SEPT. 15-OCT. 2
Logan's — EXECUTIVES (Canton)
SEPT. 18
Concert — RITA COOLIDGE (Dayton)
SEPT. 18
Concert — ALLMAN BROTHERS (Dayton)
SEPT. 20-OCT. 2
Blue Grass — FOUR ACES (Maple Hts.)
SEPT. 20
Cherry's — DIAMONDS (Diles)
OCT. 4
Blue Grass — COURT OF APPEAL (Maple Hts.)
OCT. 15
Concert — FOUR SEASONS (Cleveland)

PA.

SEPT. 24
Concert — ALLMAN BROTHERS (Philadelphia)
OCT. 4-23
Sword & Shield — AMERICAN SCENE (York)
OCT. 9
Concert — THE BROTHERS & SISTERS (Chester)
OCT. 10
Concert — THE BROTHERS & SISTERS (Johnstown)

SOUTH CAROLINA

SEPT. 24
Concert — SPIRIT (Columbia)
OCT. 8
Concert — ALEX TAYLOR (Greenville)

TENNESSEE

SEPT. 24
Concert — IKE & TINA TURNER (Johnson City)

TEXAS

SEPT. 17
Concert — IKE & TINA TURNER (Beaumont)
SEPT. 23-OCT. 2
Attic Club — HAPPINESS (Dallas)
OCT. 4-15
King's Club — PAUL GILBERT (Dallas)

WISCONSIN

SEPT. 18
Concert — WAYNE COCHRAN (Lake Geneva)

VIRGINIA

SEPT. 25
Concert — ALLMAN BROTHERS (Charlottesville)
SEPT. 25
Concert — HAMPTON GREASE BAND

WEST VIRGINIA

SEPT. 15-OCT. 2
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<input type="checkbox"/> Around the World with John and Yoko
<input type="checkbox"/> I'm Down
<input type="checkbox"/> I Wanna Hold Your Hand
<input type="checkbox"/> Twist and Shout
<input type="checkbox"/> Ticket to Ride
<input type="checkbox"/> Hey Jude
<input type="checkbox"/> Yellow Submarine
<input type="checkbox"/> Beatles at Hollywood Bowl
<input type="checkbox"/> Beatles Meet Royalty
<input type="checkbox"/> Arrival at the Palace
<input type="checkbox"/> Super 8MM
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<input type="checkbox"/> Best Scene in "Hard Day's Night"
<input type="checkbox"/> Behind Scenes in "Hard Day's Night"
<input type="checkbox"/> Behind Scenes in "Help"
<input type="checkbox"/> I Wanna Be Your Man
<input type="checkbox"/> All My Loving
<input type="checkbox"/> Can't Buy Me Love
<input type="checkbox"/> Dance With Me
<input type="checkbox"/> Tell Me Why
<input type="checkbox"/> She Loves You
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plus this special:
<input type="checkbox"/> Beatles Before Becoming Famous "What I Say"
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our back pages

NEW YORK

Groping Around

Elephant's Memory, the people's band which could not get permission to record a new LP for Metromedia Records, went and did a few tunes on their own and now a new LP is eminent.

Grootna, a new organization who will be on the **Jefferson Airplane's** Grunt Records label, has been seen parading around town. And the International Youth Expo, a mammoth affair which was supposed to showcase nine thousand groups, closely early.



Elephant's Memory forced Metromedia's hand.

Carly Simon flipped the crowd out.



Voices In The Park

At the Schaeffer Festival in Central Park the **Beach Boys** blended voices as well as any a capella street corner choir. **Ike and Tina** demonstrated that they can put on almost the same show every night and rarely get tired. They like to work—just ask them. **Buzzy Linhart** and **Carly Simon** made guest appearances and people flipped out. Linhart, who has been part of the scene in NYC for about three years less than God is

old, is a grand, young, personable yet shy man who sings other writer's tunes, with emphasis on Fred Neal, as a measure of humbleness. He also has a cute, high voice which he uses to make people smile. Linhart, in fact, is a smile maker. Carly Simon is good looking, and a fine person to be with and hear. Besides, when was the last time you saw sam the super star make a surprise appearance—really a surprise?



The Beach Boys blended voices like a capella street corner choir.



Davis: a blistering performance, but the gig lost money.

Miles Davis Wails The Walls Down

Miles Davis was in town—he lives here. "No other place. This is the world," he said one hot evening sitting in front of his Spanish styled town house on the upper West Side. He and the septet burned down the walls at a new theatre, the Beacon. The figures aren't in, but the gig lost money, mainly due to under-exposure and the fact that it was held on a week night. Richard Pryor also showed up and the comedy routines he did were so real it seemed as if he was lying on a psychiatrist's couch.

The Beacon's stage comes up from below the level of the audience. Really effective and mind blowing. There was a slide show and plenty of good vibes. "It is not the Fillmore and never will be," according to Jean Clarke and Helen Rothbaum of Bow Wow productions. These two ladies ain't no dogs either. They are not only bright, but they have the people in mind.



Louis Armstrong: time for the ghouls to move in on the grave.

Selling the Hell Out of Louis

Well, it's time for the ghouls to suck a stream of dollars from the coffin of **Louis Armstrong**. A couple of record companies started a Louis Armstrong month, and are pushing the hell out of their backlogs of Armstrong material. But that's what life in the record biz is all about: music and money.

Grand Funk: Stuffed Pockets

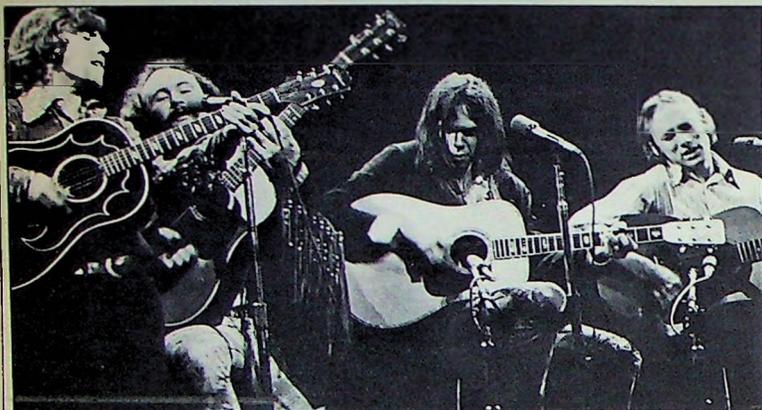


the biggest festival problem is the fuzz.

More on **Grand Funk** at Shea Stadium. Shea was originally going to be a free gig, but the stadium cost 100,000 clams, so Terry Knight decided to make bread by charging the people. I think the final figure was about \$304,000. Anyway, he was really emphatic on telling everyone that they made more than the Beatles. Terry, by the way, made over a million eight last year, according to sources at Capitol Records.

At a recent press conference, Knight discussed Shea and the forces out to kill rock festivals. Police inside festival grounds, he said, don't prevent violence, but provoke it just by being around. He pointed to the Shea performance and to concerts in Detroit, Cleveland, and Osaka, Japan where there were no police inside the stadium and no violence. Then he cited Tokyo, L.A. and Anaheim, where the concert grounds were littered with fuzz and trouble. (Actually, the Shea Stadium affair was policed by a squad of karate instructors in specially marked shirts.) Terry also blamed the

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young: topping the local taste. Elvis: on his way down.



The Public Puts Down Pop

Disc and Music Echo, the pop music weekly, has stuck a tongue depressor down the throat of the British public and discovered that the musical taste buds have shifted from one side of the head to the other. For the last ten

years, most British record buyers have gobbled up "pop" sounds—the sweet top-forty type syrup put out by artists like Elvis Presley and the native Tremeloes. This year the pop sound is about as popular as spinach. When

asked to rank a group of ten artists in order of preference, the people polled put hard and acoustic rock groups as the top six. Here's the whole lineup of ten, from the most popular on down: **Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young; Led Zeppelin; the Who; Elton John; James Taylor; Frank Zappa; Elvis Presley; Cliff Richard; the Tremeloes; and Wild Angels.** Note that pop performers like Presley and the Tremeloes are in the bottom five. When asked if their taste had changed in the last year, 66% answered yes. Sixty percent of those who'd changed said they had abandoned pop. 43% said they'd switched to acoustic sounds like Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young. 32% said they'd turned to writer-singers like James Taylor and Elton John. 29.7% had gone to progressive sounds like Frank Zappa, and 27.2% had switched to Led Zeppelin and Who-style rock. Less than 1% had changed to pop. The poll also showed that the public is disgruntled because the British radio networks have continued to pump out the old syrup and ignore the new sounds.



Al Kooper: In England with his ulcer.

Kooper Gets It Off His Chest

Al Kooper's visits to London give him a chance to unload his (probably legitimate) gripes at the American press. He accuses certain rock papers of perpetually "putting down everything in sight," says that the press shoulders its way between the public and the musicians so that albums don't get heard with an open ear. "The critics can hurt," he says. "I've seen Janis Joplin cry when she's seen what's been written about her." Discussing the possible similarity between cuts on his latest album (cuts like "Nightmare No") and Dylan's music, Kooper points out that some of the pieces were written while he was recording on "New Morning." Kooper wouldn't say much about why he split the States. But whatever the vague "business and personal reasons" are, they've been potent enough to give him an ulcer.

Lennon Does A New Disc

John Lennon's next solo album is now completed and scheduled for release this month. The album **Imagine** was recorded at John's own studio in his Berkshire home, although he took the tapes to New York on a recent visit to add string sections to four tracks. Musicians guesting on the album include George Harrison, Nicky Hopkins, Klaus Voorman, Jim Keltner, King Curtis and Bobby Keyes, who played on the Rolling Stones last single "Brown Sugar."

Side one of the new album contains five tracks which are:—"Imagine", "Crippled Inside", "Jealous Guy", "It's So Hard", "I Don't Wanna Be A Soldier Mamma", while side two contains:—"Give Me Some Truth," "Oh My Love," "How Can You Sleep?," "How?" and "Oh Yoko." The album was produced by John, Yoko and Phil Spector and should be eagerly awaited by all Lennon fans after the success of his last album. Yoko has another album due to be released at the same time as John's. The album is to be called "Fly" and a film made by the two is expected to be shown on television at roughly the same time. Yoko also has a book out on sale entitled **Grapefruit**. Having seen a promotional copy, I found it superbly unconventional and nicely relaxing.

Success Splits Atomic Rooster

Atomic Rooster, whose new album *Death Walks Behind You* was reviewed in last month's issue have split. Members Vincent Crane, John Cann and Paul Hammond have parted company because of musical and personal differences. Crane will continue as Atomic Rooster with new members Peter French, Steve Bolton and Rick Parnell who was the original drummer of the group, while Cann and Hammond will form another group.

Having been with the group a little while ago, I found them happy and together, but since that time the band have had two hit records, which I fear is the main cause for the break up.

Rooster's new line up are now busy rehearsing for their forthcoming American tour.

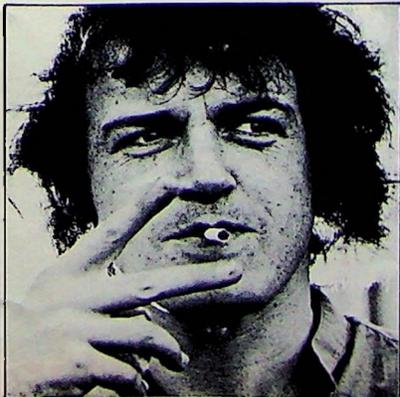


Atomic Rooster: happy till they got a hit.

Cocker Cuts An Album

Joe Cocker, who's been hiding out since December, has finally left seclusion to record a new album. Spurred by a sudden impulse "to have a toot in the studio," Cocker plunked himself down on a floor with Chris Stainton, wrote up a bunch of ideas that had been floating through his mind, got together with Ringo Starr, Stevie Winwood, and Procol Harum's B.J. Wilson, and went back under cover a week later leaving behind him most of the material for a new LP. This wouldn't be the first good Cocker piece to come from a quick outburst of energy "It's High Time We Went" was also a spontaneous "stab at something" (to quote Joe's press agent). Projected British release date for the new monument to Cocker power is October.

Joe Cocker: Six months of seclusion, then Ringo and Winwood join him for "a toot in the studio."



A Roar For Carol King, A Near Riot For Grand Funk

The two biggest musical events of recent note were the **Carole King** concert at the Festival Hall, London, and the **Grand Funk** free concert in Hyde Park. Carole, who is receiving national acclaim through the success of her album "Tapestry," played an hour of some of the nicest music I have ever heard.

The evening began with Jo Mama, an impressive new band who embarked on setting the mood for a nicely loud, relaxing evening, but when Carole appeared the place really came together and gave her one of the most rousing welcome's I have heard in quite some time. Doing things like "You Make Me Feel Like A Natural Woman" and "Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow?", which sent shivers down one's spine just because the way Carole sings them fills everyone present with sheer love, romance and friendship. Words cannot really explain the artistry of Carole King, but if America can offer more talents of Carole's calibre, please have them sent over.

After the intermission, **James Taylor** came on to do his set, which many found to be rather an anti-climax. Although James is undoubtedly a great talent, somehow, we find something lacking in his performance which takes the edge off his music. Nevertheless, Jo Mama, Carole King and James Taylor gave us all a truly memorable evening.

In contrast the free concert at Hyde Park by **Grand Funk** was an afternoon I

personally want to forget. Two British bands, **Head, Hands and Feet** and **Humble Pie** started the afternoon rolling, and it was to my surprise that Humble Pie put out far more volume than Funk. Steve Marriot not only assisted the band in making some excellent music, but handled a slightly heated crowd with words of wisdom to avert what could have been quite a riot. Although Grand Funk have many followers in England, there are many who would prefer to see them derailed. It's not their style or their music, but the attitude the band puts over to their audiences, somehow they become a detonator to the bomb hidden inside the restrained youth of Britain. Fortunately, the afternoon went without too many incidents and by six o'clock, people drifted away peacefully against a slowly sinking bronze sun.

The **Moody Blues** are also due to tour the country to coincide with the release of their latest album **Every Good Boy Deserves A Favour**. Opinion in the British music scene is that this album is an all time great and as elaborate as anything they have produced before. Incorporating that very total cosmic sound the Moody's new album should once again put them at the top of our charts.

Cat Stevens is due to make a tour of the States in October. Cat, who is one of the nicest guys in the business, is also having a new album released soon.

Prudery, Perversion and Apple Power

The story is vague, but it seems Mal Evans, original road manager of the **Beatles**, who still sits like a seed in the Apple core, was strolling about London one day when the mellifluous sounds of a group called the Half Breed reached his quivering ears. Among the members of the group was a singer named Bill Eliot, a lad with the promise of greatness resonating from his vocal chords. Mal made a mental note and marched on. Now sometime later an underground paper in desperate straits came to **John Lennon** and his spouse for assistance. The paper, "**OZ**," mainstay of British subsurface journalism, had been taken to court for corrupting and depraving the minds of the young. Could the Lennon's help "**OZ**" raise some bread for its defense?

No sooner said than done. Mal Evans, remembering that promising voice from the Half Breed, dredged Bill Eliot from the depths of obscurity, signed him for a single, put him in a studio with the staff of "**OZ**," handed them some music composed by John and Yoko, and before you could say, "God Save **OZ**," by Bill Eliot and the Elastic Oz Band," a new 45 had been born. All the proceeds are going to help pay the heavy costs of "**OZ**'s" court fight for survival.

As for "**OZ**" itself and how it got to be a victim of judicial attack. In 1966 it was launched by college student Richard Neville. Within a few months its staff was already cooling its corpuscles in the clinker. The constabulary had spotted obscenity in a cartoon of a topless police lady and the title of a folk music comic strip called "Folk You." Six years have passed, and this time the charge is corrupting the minds of children with portrayals of sexual perversion which the innocents produced themselves. Several months ago, **OZ** turned an issue over to a group of school kids. The students filled it with pictures of schoolmasters masturbating as they fondled their pupils, cartoons of teddy bears and grandmothers doing you-know-what, and statements that the country sucks.

Is it worth saving, you may ask. A horde of authorities scream yes. **Traffic** and **Soft Machine** did benefits for it. The International Times called it, "... the only paper with the guts to print the truth." **The Village Voice** says it's "the No. 1 underground magazine." And a Conservative candidate from Nottingham Central swears it's "the most disgusting publication I have come across in my entire life."

West coast

By Jacoba Atlas

Death and the Topless Meatball

That Festival of Life Celebration in Mississippi turned into more of a catastrophe than anyone expected, with three deaths arising from the "festival." Two were reportedly related to police harrassment and the third was caused by an over-dose of drugs.

There are numerous rumors floating around, with some substantiation, that certain rock festivals in this country, are being put on not to present music, but to sell hard drugs. The amount of narcotics said to be used at the Mississippi Festival was staggering, and certainly the only people making any profit from this kind of situation are big dope dealers.

The Party of the Summer happened at the staid Ambassador Hotel. Warner Bros presented the debut of **Alice Cooper** and celebrated by inviting every freak in town. The cigarette girls were the Cockettes, a San Francisco based theatrical group of female impersonators. The two worst bands in the city provided the music, and a 300 pound plus lady named TV Mama sang, topless yet. The entertainment, however, was the folks. Included in the almost 500 plus attending were **Rod McKuen**, Atlantic's Ahmet Ertegun, Jack Nicholson, Randy Newman and **Gordon Lightfoot**.

Director Haskell Wexler (he did **Medium Cool** and a number of very political documentaries as yet without national distribution) has announced plans to make a biographical movie on the life of Woody Guthrie. Right now he's talking in terms of James Taylor for the title role. Meanwhile, Oklahoma, Woody's home State, has refused to erect a memorial to the singer-composer on the grounds that he was "anti-American." Woody of course, wrote such songs as "This Land Is Your Land," and "Pastures of Plenty." He also walked from one end of the nation to the other, spawning a whole new generation of musicians and becoming a world-wide legend in the process. You don't get any more American than that, but what do they know in Oklahoma.

On the heels of the Mamas and the Papas reforming and signing with Dunhill records, **Mama Cass Eliot** announced she has signed as a solo artist with RCA records, her contract with Dunhill having expired. Lew Merenstein has been signed to produce her first RCA album; Merenstein has produced albums for artists like Van Morrison, Biff Rose and Miriam Makeba.

The City Council of Newport, Rhode



Alice Cooper's Party:
the cigarette girls were boys.

Island voted five to two to revoke the contract of the Newport Folk Foundation, Inc. which means they can't get a license for this year's festival.

Graham Nash has finished producing an album on A&M for his old friends Seemon and Marike two ex-members of The Fool. This album offers an amalgamation of sounds ranging from bass clarinet to piano to bouzouki.

Jefferson Airplane has taken off again after the long wait for Grace Slick's recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Abbie Hoffman announce the birth of their first child, named America. When asked why they named the baby America, Mr. Hoffman replied he "liked the name." He might have added Miss Slick had already taken "god."

Money Tumble

L.A. Woman has just turned gold, making the Doors the first American rock group to cut six million-selling albums in a row. And their album 13, nearly at the million mark already, is about to make it seven.

The New York Supreme Court has the privilege of presiding as Paul and Linda McCartney are sued to the tune of one million dollars for collaborating on the song "Another Day." Apparently togetherness was not in Paul's contract.



Paul and Linda: too much togetherness can land you in court.

Randy Newman is finishing up his new album at the Door's studio off Santa Monica Blvd. in West Hollywood. At the control is Door's engineer Bruce Botnick. Newman's recent live album, at first sent out only to radio stations, has now been packaged for general distribution.

Neil Young is the latest rock musician to enter the movies. He's using his own money and creating his own soundtrack to make a documentary on himself and the last Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young tour.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lennon have again been asked by the San Francisco Film Festival to join in. This year's festival will devote itself, in part, to English films and film-makers. Joseph Losey's film "The Go-Between," with Julie Christie and Alan Bates, will open the festival. Though Losey is American, he lives and works out of London—partly because of the political black list of the early fifties. Warren Beatty is said to be planning a film on the life of John Reed, the American journalist who wrote the revolutionary manifesto **Ten Days That Shook The World**, a book about the opening events of the Russian Revolution which was first published with a glowing forward by none other than V. I. Lenin.

Jethro Tull Shuns Greed

Jethro Tull is still one of the few groups to place its pockets where its mouths are; during their recent Western US tour, no ticket price was over \$5.50, with plenty of seats costing a bare \$2.00. Even so they were able to gross about \$133,977 in just five dates. Which should prove even without greed there's something to take back home to the family.

Carole King's next release will be a "live" album. Rita Coolidge is back in the studios cutting another, "more simple" album. Jimmy Haskell is arranging and conducting for John Stewart's next effort. Billy Preston has signed to A&M records and Warner Bros. is hoping for another post-Apple superstar with Jackie Lomax. Following in the footsteps of you-know-who.

Fats Domino will be the subject of a mini history to be released on the UA label. Fats is reportedly very ill and living in New Orleans.

Buffy Sainte Marie has left Vanguard records. Joni Mitchell and Laura Nyro will be the cream on the new label Asylum, set up by their manager David Geffen. Also signed to the label is Jo Jo Gunn, an excellent outgrowth of the too little known Spirit group.



Jethro Tull: put its pockets where its mouths are.

Blood, Sweat & Tears: juicing up the jailbird's lot.



A Prison Visit for Blood, Sweat & Tears

David Crosby and Graham Nash are talking about going on the road together. Just the two of them, without any bands and without their friends. So far it's just talk, but the date discussed is September.

Terry Knight and Grand Funk Railroad bought two polar bears for the City of New York. The animals cost \$12,000. Mayor Lindsay was reportedly overjoyed.

Atlantic Records picked up the tab for a free concert in Boston. The bill of

fare was John Hammond, Jr., Edgar Winter's White Trash, and Emerson, Lake and Palmer. Reportedly that was not the only action. In the audience were fist fights, and rock throwing contests to say nothing of occasional fights with the cops. Plus the rush to the stage routine for Edgar Winter's enjoyment.

Blood, Sweat and Tears played a benefit at the Chino Institution for Men, a fancy name for a prison here in southern California. The benefit was arranged by the inmates and occurred simultaneously with a "friends and family" picnic. All part of an effort to put some juice into prison life. Larry Goldbatt, Blood, Sweat and Tears manager once spent some time himself within the walls of Chino.

by Mary Diane Schmucker

Keeping It Pure and Healthy

The Hexachlorophene Menace

Cleanliness may be next to godliness, whatever that is, but in the minds of most Americans, being germ-free is what really makes it. Those microscopic varmints are everywhere; and product producers and ad men are there to remind you to kill, kill, kill . . . using, of course, their heaviest weapon, hexachlorophene.

A number of years ago, doctors were the sole users of hexachlorophene soaps, but we soon learned from Ben Casey the importance of the ten minute scrub. At last we knew how to be not only clean but sterile too! And surely, nasty things like acne could never survive on a germ-free face.

After years of prescribing hexachlorophene soap scrubs four times a day to acne patients, most doctors now agree that this skin problem is not caused by dirt and germs but is the result of malfunctioning oil glands. True, bacteria can thrive in more severe cases of cystic acne, but this is hardly the garden variety skin blemish. As for germ over-kill, a dermatologist at a medical conference in Texas reported that the benefits of hexachlorophene were "pure fiction." He added that for the necessary twice-a-day cleaning, "anybody's hand soap is as good as anybody else's hand soap."

In this age of grossly misleading advertising, much of this information is not too surprising but . . . recent medical researchers have shown there may be more than hype in hexachlorophene.

Drug Trade News, a trade paper for those in the pharmaceutical and cosmetic industries, reports that the Environmental Protection Agency presented a very interesting paper at the annual meeting of the American Chemical Society. It appears that hexachlorophene, when externally applied, may be absorbed through the skin and enter the body fluids and tissues.

Think of it! You're probably clean

clear through! These days the big H goes into everything from mouthwash to feminine hygiene spray, not to mention the soap you scrub your face with. With hexachlorophene coming at you from all directions and into every available orifice, one wonders, is it dangerous? The Environmental Protection Agency did comment at a meeting of the Society of Toxicology that it had produced "edema of the white matter of the brain in rats." Further studies are planned. Until then, check labels and avoid products containing this potentially dangerous chemical.

Sugar Can Shake You Up

Hypoglycemia. Nervous? Depressed? Headache and feeling like the old "tired blood" commercial? Probably nothing illustrates the "you are what you eat" cliché better than a condition known as hypoglycemia, a deficiency of glucose in the blood.

There are two main classifications of hypoglycemia (from the Greek "glykos" meaning sweet, and "aima" meaning blood): one that comes after fasting and another that follows a meal. Both occur when the balance of glucose in the blood is upset.

The glucose balance in the blood can be disturbed by a variety of factors: poorly functioning glands; liver dysfunction; emotional stress; and various tumors. But it is most commonly upset by improper diet. Quick energy foods like white sugar are often the culprit. In an hour or two after ingestion, large amounts of carbohydrates or quick energy foods are completely used up, and symptoms of hypoglycemia appear.

A rapid decline of glucose causes sweating, shakiness, trembling, rapid heartbeat, anxiety, weakness, fatigue, and on and on. When these symptoms appear a small high protein meal of meat, soybeans, or dairy products will give relief; however, repeated hypoglycemic episodes may cause long-term effects on personality and lead to nerve damage.

Occasional or repeated attacks can be avoided by eating a low carbohydrate (less than 150 grams daily), high protein diet, and avoiding quick energy foods like candy bars, pastries, and soda. If

symptoms persist, try eating six smaller meals a day instead of the usual three. And if you need a snack, try fruit

Wine Wins Over Geritol

Winos Rejoice! Those who have been drinking wine for medicinal purposes now have a definitive study to back up their claims. Dr. Salvatore Lucia, professor emeritus of medicine at the University of California at San Francisco, coordinated a study of wine performed by physicians, psychiatrists, and nutritionists throughout the U.S. Results of their study . . . Wine does contain iron and Vitamin B. It does stimulate the appetite of the old and/or sick, but can also help the obese to lose weight. It's action on small blood vessels, combined with its ability to remove excess water from the body, and the calming effect it produces make it helpful in treating heart patients. Dry wines can protect diabetics from cardiovascular conditions. It may be assuring to know that when all the water is polluted, the antibiotic qualities of wine (which helps kill typhoid and dysentery) can be put to good use. The medically potent ingredient is not alcohol as many believe, but some 300 other ingredients including phenol compounds and mineral salts. Speaking of potency, the researchers do *not* consider wine an aphrodisiac.

What's In A Name? Not much, but if you're a collector of porno-cosmetic trivia, there's a new one to place alongside your purple, ring shaped Masterbath soap and your bottle of Balls men's cologne . . . it's Nook-Ki, a men's toiletry line from the House of Huntsmen (P.O. Box 295, Anchorage, Alaska). Scents of Jade, Lime, Spice, Lilac, and Glacier Bracer are available in both after shave and ladies' cologne. Get it while you can.

Pass It On. The American Social Health Association reports over half a million persons in the United States are victims of undetected syphilis and need urgent treatment. Could be time for a blood test.

What You See and What You Get. Even the FDA doesn't always know what's in a cosmetic product. Now the Cosmetic, Toiletry and Fragrance Association proposes filing secret product formulae with the government. Virginia Knauer, Special Assistant to the President for Consumer Affairs, considers this an important step but would like to see it go even further . . . no secrets. She feels ingredients should be listed on the label, a practice most natural cosmetic manufacturers have already gotten into. •

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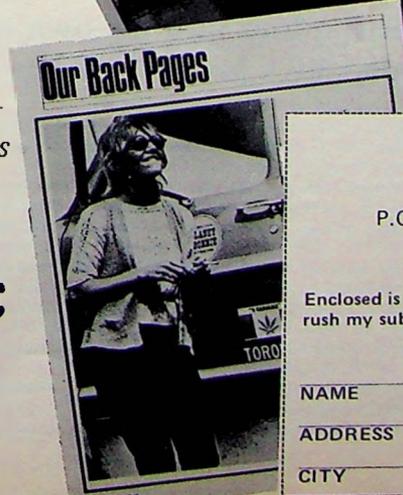


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An Intimate Look At Rod the Mod



His solo albums are lifting him into his own orbit, but Rod Stewart still insists he's just one of the Faces.

If he would let it happen, Rod Stewart could easily become a superstar. He might become one anyway, it now seems, whether he likes it or not.

When the Faces come to tour America, Rod demands that he is one Face in five, that his contribution to the group is no more or no less than the others. Actually, Rod is to the rest of the group what food is to their stomachs and money is to their pockets.

But he persists. "I hope they (the audience) aren't just coming to see me," he recently confided. "We're a band and I want people to realize it's a *band* up there. The other guys in the band are

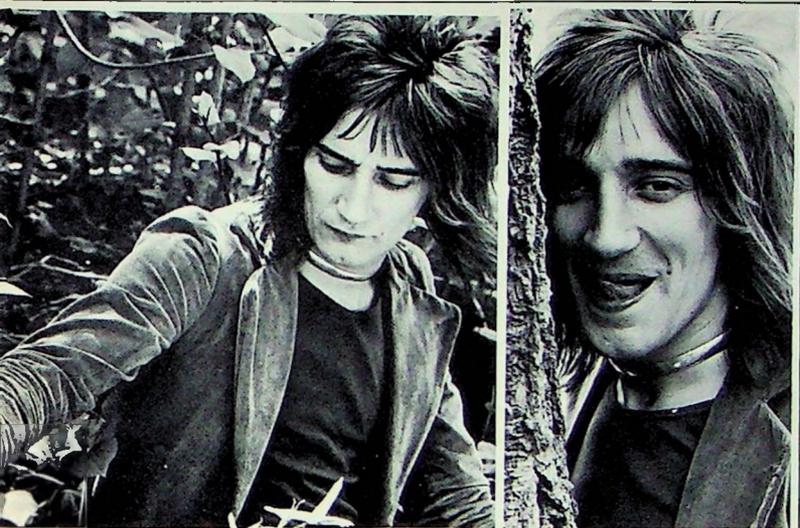
strong in what they do. I wouldn't be in this band if I didn't think they were equally strong."

The fact remains, however, that the success of the Faces is due heavily to Stewart's belated success as a solo artist.

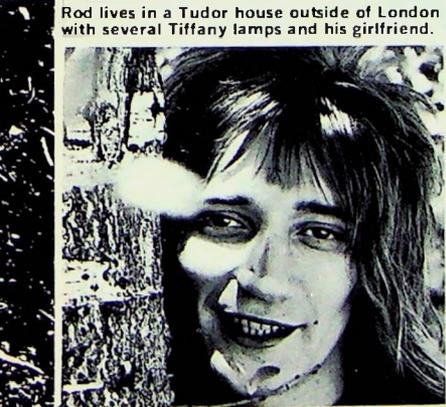
After walking out on Jeff Beck, Rod went to work on a solo LP *The Rod Stewart Album*, (Mercury). Ronnie Wood, his close friend, had been fired by Beck along with Mickey Waller, so Rod put them right back to work on his album. But at that time, Rod's success was unforeseen so bass player turned guitarist Wood went off to join the

Small Faces and Waller found himself doing studio drumming.

For Rod, his album was mostly just an exercise. "I was out to prove myself as a singer more than anything," he recalls. He also felt he needed the security of being in a band. So when Wood invited him down to a rehearsal, Rod decided to join. "I wasn't too impressed," he recalls, but jumped in anyway, mainly because they all got on so well. "I was always very close to the Faces," he said. "I've known them for ages, actually. I always had a weak spot for them in my heart. I was always very close to Ron Wood. I wanted to be in a band with



Rod lives in a Tudor house outside of London with several Tiffany lamps and his girlfriend.



You can have a ball when you make an album on a bottle of brandy.

him. We were going to form our own band, but we're both lazy sorts so we didn't bother. We joined the Small Faces."

Which has worked out very well. Five albums have been issued with Stewart's searing, raspy vocals since that time: three solo efforts and two Faces' albums. The big apple of the bunch, though, is Rod's latest solo LP, *Every Picture Tells A Story*, (Mercury), which will have been certified gold by the time you read this. Mercury is very happy, and so is Warners-Reprise who release the Faces' albums, although neither the first Faces LP, *The First Step*, or the second, *Long Player* have sold quite so well.

If there is a dominant musical theme on *Every Picture* it comes from the zinging mandolins present on three or four

cuts, most prominently on "Mandolin Wind." Rod got the idea to use the mandolin after seeing *Doctor Zhivago* and recruited the mandolin player from Lindisfarne to play it. The best songs on the record are, not surprisingly, the ones which Rod himself wrote. Perhaps most beautiful is "Maggie May" which he wrote three or four years ago but which is sincerely prophetic.

*I suppose I could collect my books
and go on back to school
Or steal my daddy's cue and make a
living out of playing pool
Or find myself a rock and roll band
that needs a helping hand*

The title cut is really the most dynamic. It traces the life of a traveling man. (Rod presumably) through France, Italy

and to the Orient where he falls for a "slit-eyed lady" and is "being merry on the Peking ferry." Rod also does wonderful versions of Tim Hardin's "Reason to Believe," and the Temptations' "I Know I'm Losing You." In addition, there is a Dylan song, "Tomorrow Is Such A Long Time," which Rod never heard Dylan sing. He got it from a Hamilton Camp album. Rod also pays tribute to Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup with "That's All Right, Mama."

And for the listener's delight, Rod has included two surprises. When he flew into New York to give Mercury the tape for the record he insisted that two tracks be left off the liner notes and the label. They were presents, he said. We won't tell you what they are, of course. Not mean, you understand, just don't want to spoil it for you.

Now there is a formula which English groups religiously follow in order to gain acceptance and popularity in America. It entails releasing an album or two and then sweeping across the country like a brushfire, ravaging big and small towns alike until your name is as familiar, and digestible, as Jello. The Faces do this very well. Increasingly, though, the audiences are calling for songs from Rod's solo albums, many from *Gasoline Alley*, Rod's second solo LP. Rod counters this with songs popularized by other artists along with a sprinkling of his solo songs. "Love In Vain," "Baby I'm Amazed," and "It's All Over Now" are usually show stoppers. "Country Comforts," incidentally, was written by Elton John, but Stewart's version is so superior that no one identifies the song with its writer anymore.

The rest of the Faces are by no means detrimental to Rod's performance. Especially Ron Wood who plays a wonderful slide guitar. And Kenny Jones, Ian McLagan, and Ronnie Lane all rise to every occasion, if they are not artists of Stewart's calibre. There are indeed some cuts on *Long Player* which equal the best of what Rod has done singly.

What the rest of the Faces lack, however, is Rod's charisma. They used to call him Rod the Mod and the term still applies. It's one of the reasons he is so fabulous. It's been quite a while since a rock star has influenced fashion and appearance. When the Beatles all grew moustaches, peach fuzz was growing as fast as grass on the upper lips of many a young American male. So it was that when Rod the Mod got his hair cut in layers, short on top, long on the bottom, and started wearing silks and velvets, the move was definitely away from wool and cotton and one length hair-do's.

Rod the Singer is now having the

same impact. His fans are screaming at concerts as he prances majestically around the stage, singing from his gut, shuffling and sliding, dancing and throwing the mike, all a throwback to his soccer playing days. His long, lanky frame glides in and around Ronnie Wood, playing, throwing kisses, jabbing each other and trading off-hand jokes.

"When you come to see us," Rod recently explained, "and we're up there

towns they whisked by the previous times. New York was not on the itinerary, but a source said they might arrange for an added gig here if possible. While in New York, Rod enjoys shopping and on his last trip bought three Tiffany lamps to decorate his new Tudor home outside of London. He lives there with his girlfriend, Sarah Troope. Rod the Mod's wardrobe hasn't been neglected

Rod's climb to success paralleled Van Morrison's story, which was last year's headline grabber in the music industry. Each had been doing fine things, and each had paid his dues in full, yet much fine music had passed through the public's ears before they caught the wind. In Morrison's case it was his lovely *Astral Weeks* and for Rod it was his two albums with Beck and his first two solo albums, in other words, virtually everything he'd done in career as a singer.

Rod's tenure with Beck was an odd one. Beck was definitely the star of the show but he remained obscure on stage. For he had in Stewart a visual show which rivaled Jagger's and, later, Ian Anderson's. But during this period, Stewart's voice was still growing up, becoming more like sandpaper, more throaty, more soulful. That plus the fact that the Beck group swung during the height of the era in which singers in bands dominated by a guitar simply didn't draw a following.

Before teaming up with his longtime friend John Baldry and before playing briefly with Brian Auger, Rod had a band called the Five Dimensions. He had just returned from a vagabond mission through Europe where for one thing he decided that he would turn down all offers to play professional soccer and concentrate on music. One day he ran across Chrissie Shrimpton, sister of model Jean, but more important at the time, girlfriend of Mick Jagger. Chrissie talked of this fabulous band and begged Rod to come and see them. The Stones were just getting their thing together. It was very early in rock and roll history but Rod remembers it well. "They used to have stools. They'd sit there on these stools and play, and that was their big thing."

Rod used to see them all the time, but success and an album beckoned them to meet the world, so Rod moved the Five Dimensions into the same club the Stones had just vacated. Soon disension set in, as some members of Rod's band wanted to do Beatle hits and another wanted to imitate Ray Charles. Rod Stewart wanted to sing "de blooze" as he calls it.

Everyone lived in Richmond around that time. "Everybody came up at the same time five years ago," he recalled. "I just didn't get as famous as Eric Clapton or Stevie Winwood, that's all."

Not in their way he won't. No one will ask him to join their supergroup, for he's got a group he's perfectly happy with. Via his solo contract with Mercury he's got every opportunity to express what he can't with the Faces. In fact, Rod Stewart has got everything a rock star could possibly want going his way, even the freedom to produce his own records. What he doesn't have is the desire to mingle musically with the heavies and destroy himself in the process. ●

Ronnie Finkelstein



"I don't pretend to be a songwriter really," says Rod, who turned down a career in soccer to be a musician.

on the stage having a ball, it's not a put out, we do mean it. We mean to have a ball when we play and we do. Like somebody said to me the other day, 'Boy I was listening to *Gasoline Alley* the other day and I was tripping and it was *unbelievable*.' And I said, 'That's funny. I made the album on a bottle of brandy.'

Rod also noted that "there's a definite lacking of fun in music at the moment. We play our best, you know, we really do, but we like a big grin on our faces when we're playing."

They're all grinning, but Rod is grinning the most. His next album is still hazy in his mind, as are most things, since he tends to change his mind every day. He said recently to a *Rolling Stone* interviewer, "If the Faces make a really good album, that'll change the whole thing. What I'm gonna try to do is separate the two by doing a solo album of really slow things like a nice midnight type album." That remark, made before the release of *Every Picture*, indicates his roving mind, as that LP is a rocker in the truest tradition. The next day or so he wanted an all live album. Then an album of songs like "Only A Hobo." Then he wanted to release the three leftover tracks from *Every Picture* on an EP. So the nature of his next effort, which won't be out until March, is up for speculation.

Meanwhile Rod is touring the States with the Faces, hitting all the small

either as he has six of the suits you see him wearing in the accompanying photos, all in different colors. His favorite restaurant in Fun City is the Cattleman, a steak joint, so it's unlikely he's heavy on the health food stuff. He drinks Brandy and scratch the ice or he'll pull it out with his own fingers. That he's heavy on.

At twenty-five, Rod talks like a producer, knows all the technical aspects of the studio, and places the engineer as the most important man in the studio. "If I had my way," he says, "I'd kill all the producers. I don't think they're worth the money you pay them. I think engineers are most important. Engineers make albums, they really do. If you've got a bad engineer you might as well go back to bed and not even start."

Rod is less confident in his songwriting abilities. "Basically," he confides, "I can write slow songs around the chords of G, C and D and E minor. I don't pretend to be a songwriter really. I try really hard but it takes me about three weeks."

As a producer though he seems ready to handle anything and criticize the most well respected artists for their lack of ability to fit a song to their voice. Of the old Temptations singer, David Ruffin, he says, "I'd love to produce that guy and pick the songs he should sing, because he doesn't know, you know? Tim Hardin sometimes falls down on that too."



Jack Bruce: Incomplete Necromancer

When Felix Pappalardi was producing Jack Bruce, every measure was filled with surprises. Then Bruce went off on his own.

by Eric Van Lustbader



A problem with "Harmony Row."



Felix Pappalardi: did he bring order out of chaos?



Jack Bruce: his new album is missing something.

Events fall into place so easily in retrospect. Like returning to a vast bewildering jigsaw puzzle only to find that the pieces are now clear and meaningful.

Looking back on it then, it seems perfectly obvious that from the time they recorded "Wrapping Paper," back in '66, Cream was a doomed group. But there was no thought of that then. It was just a new group made up of already well known musicians.

Few people here realized how important the group would be. Naturally it caused more of a stir in England because Ginger's former group, the Graham Bond Organisation, was known to practically no one in the States. And few people knew that Jack had been part of Manfred Mann, the "Do Wah Diddy Diddy" group. So it was only Eric's former band, the Yardbirds, that anyone here was aware of.

But England was excited. It was a

time when a new band emerged every few seconds, and the pop press had become somewhat hardnosed about who they were going to call stars; yet even before the first single, "Wrapping Paper," was in the stores, the press was buzzing. Clearly something was afoot: It was Rock's most advanced and inventive quartet—excuse me, trio; I run ahead of myself.

From the first, Cream combined the best and the worst in all rock groups. The inventiveness of the group flowed directly from Jack Bruce's melodies, peculiar rhythms and superb bass lines. Yet each member of the trio maintained an ego of gigantic proportions. And these internal politics were soon to overshadow even the pioneering music the group was playing.

It is possible for a group torn by internal politicking (what group isn't) to stay together. The Who are perfect examples. Their early life together as a group was the most violent imaginable.

Hardly a day would go by without verbal and physical blowups. Yet in the end, they needed each other to keep going and that, I suppose, is part of the difference.

But there was another factor that finally produced Cream's parting. And it was apparent from the first album onward. It was the difference between "I Feel Free" and "Spoonful." Eric, for all his fine technical abilities, was still firmly entrenched in the teachings of his former master, John Mayall. Eric liked (still does) nothing better than to play the Blues, with a capital 'B'. And one would wonder why he left Mayall at all, if his writing wasn't so far from the blues ("Tales of Brave Ulysses" and "Badge," for examples).

No, it was mainly Bruce's songs and the amazing things he did with his bass, that made Cream the alchemical adventurer it turned out to be. For the rock oriented generations, both in England and here, who were used to the

plunkety-plunk bass almost all groups used, Bruce's bass came as a revelation. He constantly created patterns of music that eclipsed the bass spectrum, climbing and wheeling through the webbed spaces Eric and Ginger kept open. It's a talent one's born with, it can't be learned. Only two other bassists use their instruments as completely, and both are American: Felix Pappalardi and Jack Casady.

Late in 1966, Cream met Pappalardi at the Atlantic studios in New York. And that same day they became a quartet. Maybe Cream would have sounded like Grand Funk on record if Felix hadn't become their producer (and, in reality, their musical director and fourth member). Maybe they would've sounded a little better, but they sure as hell wouldn't have sounded as they do on *Disraeli Gears*, *Wheels of Fire*, and *Goodbye*.

It's apparent from *Disraeli*, on that Felix's musical ideas coincided with Jack's as to what musical directions the group should explore, so it's not surprising that Bruce's first solo album should be produced by Felix.

One can hardly talk about Jack Bruce without speaking at length about his almost-full-time lyricist, Pete Brown. A musician in his own right, Brown is already well into his second group, Piblokto! (unless, by the time this reaches print, they've split), after spending a great deal of time and energy forming and breaking up his Battered Ornaments group. His music is very Avant, in that peculiar unmistakable British sense. I don't consider it particularly pleasant to listen to, either, but for some people that doesn't seem to be a criterion for good music.

Yet as a lyricist for Bruce, Brown can be most effective, as in the poignant second verse of "Theme for an Imaginary Western":

*O the dancing and the
singing
O the music when they
played
O the fires that they
started
O the girls with no regret
Sometimes they found it
Sometimes they kept it
Often lost it on the way
Fought each other to
possess it.
Sometimes died in sight
of day*

("Theme for an Imaginary Western"—Bruce-Brown—© 1969 Casserole)

This is the closest that Brown has ever come to writing with any kind of emotion. All too often he revels in a chilling coldness that borders on the evil. And it isn't the excusable, understandable evil that permeates the Stones' "Satanic Majesties" LP for instance. Rather it is evil that stems from a fear of expressing

love for someone else:

*I'm going to funeral dressed in white
I'm going to a nightclub, to sleep
with night,
And I'm not going with you . . .
no . . .*

*Love is no longer a comfort
Fantastic times are forgotten
My heart is hung down with the
saddest rain that I'm feeling*

("Weird of Hermiston"—Bruce-Brown—© 1969 Casserole) What could possibly have happened that made love "no longer a comfort?" That's the most nihilistic of notions and something only Brown could have written. Even when he writes: "You asked me to a meeting/ in a cottage in the snow/ You gave me central heating/ I can't forget the glow" he feels the need to completely destroy the feeling in the next verse: "You asked me to a weekend/ down by the stormy sea/ You took me to a ceremony/ and the sacrifice—was me!" ("Rope Ladder to the Moon"—Bruce-Brown—© 1969 Casserole)

Brown's strength lies in the fact that his abstract cinematic images fit Bruce's more peculiar songs like "He the Richmond." "Never tell your Mother she's out of Tune," and "Smiles and Grins." But it is interesting to note that Bruce's only successful love song, "We're Going Wrong," was written by Jack himself. There was good reason for it. On Jack's second solo LP, *Harmony Row* (Atlantic), there's an exquisite love song melody, "Folk Song." And it calls for only gentle simple lyrics. But Brown has ignored this altogether in writing: "How will I find you, oh my love/ in the darkness of day/ I will look in glass forests/ where electric fish play." ("Folk Song"—Bruce-Brown—© 1971 Casserole) Here, Brown's strange imagery destroys the mood of the melody. Lyricists should know better.

I love Jack; his playing, his singing, his songs. But within that love (possibly because of it), is the sure knowledge that he's an incomplete artist. The superbest of musicians, he is nevertheless locked into the world of the musician, and does not possess the scope of vision either to lead a group or to produce one.

From *Disraeli Gears* through *Songs For A Tailor*, Felix provided this vital function for Jack. Like the majority of musicians (and this is the only area where he is in the majority), Jack has not reached the point where he is aware enough of himself (and confident enough) as a musician to step outside of himself and view his playing within the context of a group, as a producer and arranger must.

It is this fact that makes *Song For A Tailor* successful and *Harmony Row* a failure as a serious work.

*There comes an affair in the tides
of men*

*When you can't go back again
Yes there comes a darkness in the
affairs of light
When you can't hold back the
night.*

("He the Richmond"—Bruce-Brown—© 1969 Casserole)

Felix's production provided the background and middleground against which Jack's musical foreground shone in dazzling colors. The arrangements on "Tailor" are superb, clear and full, with solid background keyboards against which Jack was free to paint his incredible bass lines. On "Tickets To Waterfalls," Jack's bass is mixed so that it, in effect, becomes the lead instrument. And because the bass stands out more easily from a keyboard background than from a guitar base, Chris Spedding's guitar is very subdued until the break when it comes up, in almost the same tone as Jack's high vocals, to continue the duet between voice and bass.

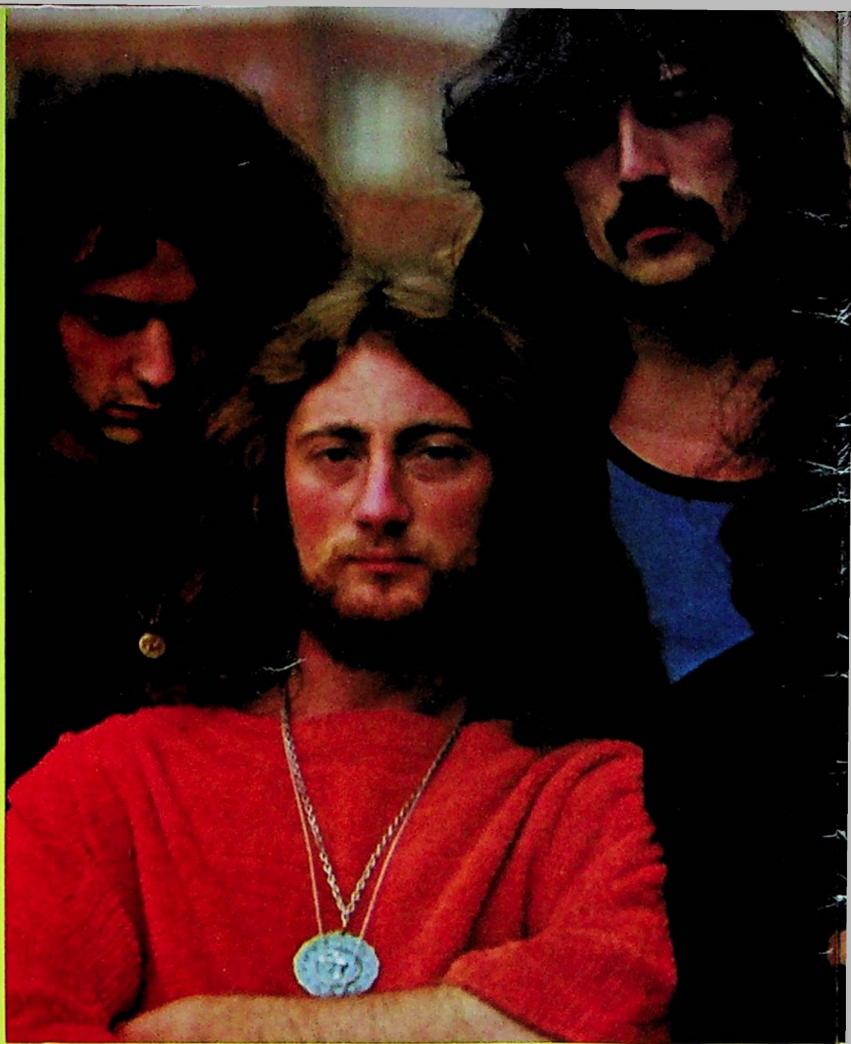
"Rope Ladder To The Moon," recreates, to a great degree, the peculiar dark-lit otherworldly atmosphere of "Wheels of Fire." Again Jack's bass takes the lead, and for the first few bars of the song it's only voice, base and rhythm guitar. No other producer could have gotten such fullness out of those three instruments. That is Felix's genius. He understood Jack perfectly, but more, he understood Jack's music more fully than Jack himself did. And that rarest of qualities, to be simultaneously inside and outside the music is Felix's enormous strength.

If anyone had any doubts as to Felix's role in the creation of Jack's Music, he only has to listen to *Songs For A Tailor* and *Harmony Row* back to back. That deep, ringing quality in the first album, has been lost on the second simply because Jack forfeited Felix as his producer (the other musicians remain essentially the same). Moreover, the arrangements on *Row* are shockingly banal. One of the delights of listening to Jack's songs, when Felix was producing them, was that around every measure lay surprise on surprise, whether it be the contrapuntal horn arrangements on "Never Tell Your Mother She's Out of Tune," or the moving vocal duets with Felix on "To Isengard."

All that's gone on *Harmony Row*. You always know what's coming next; it's predictable. And that is the last thing one could accuse Jack's arrangements of in the past. It's not that *Harmony Row* is a bad album; far from it, because Jack is such an exceptional artist. It's just that it could have been so much better.

Jack's one mistake is thinking that, like Felix, he can be both musician and producer. And having left Felix, he has forgotten the man who brought order out of chaos; the left hand of darkness: light.

photos by Dieter Zilli



Deep Purple: Overcoming the Image Crisis

Deep Purple's career has been a series of mishaps, unfortunate circumstances, meandering directions and poor management. Only now, after almost two and a half years, is the group forming a solid identity. It ain't easy.

"We've had to fight to rebuild our image," said organist Jon Lord as he and the group sat in the sweltering heat of the un-air-conditioned terminal at Kennedy Airport. They were waiting for a flight back to London, after completing a tour of America with the Faces. Touring is the main bout a group must fight to solidify their image. Pull all your punches and hope you get across. "Either like us or love us," cracked Lord.

Surprisingly, said Lord, the group received only a slightly milder reception here than in Europe where the band is enormously popular. "We were able to work as we do in Europe. It was very nice. People seemed to know what we were about," Lord remarked. For their performances, they took the risk of avoiding the

songs America knows them for. This because they are a different group than the Deep Purple who had a smash hit two years back called "Hush," and a follow-up with "Kentucky Woman." Since then the group has changed both personnel and direction, and isn't the least bit anxious to revert back to those days.

For Ian Gillan, vocalist, it was "difficult" to sing the old songs so they simply don't play them.

The turning point for the group musically came when they started

writing their own material. "Once we started writing, things immediately fell together," Lord said.

But, indeed, there were other problems. The greatest crisis in the band's career came when their record company, Tetragrammaton, went out of business. For a full year the group was uncontracted, precious time in the life of a rock and roll band.

In the deal that ensued, Warner Brothers bought out Tetragrammaton and Deep Purple came in the package. "We would up with Warners by



They jolted Europe with a string of hits, but until *Fireball*, Americans were still asking whether they are classical, jazz or rock, American or British.

default," said Lord. But the worst was yet to come.

The first WB album was *Deep Purple and the Royal Philharmonic*, an amalgamation of rock and classical music written by Lord and performed by the rest of the group along with the famed orchestra. "Unfortunately," lamented Gillan, "it was presented as the band's first album, whereas it's not representative of the group at all. It was Jon's project and he simply asked us to play with him."

Now Lord isn't interested in playing

classical music and less interested in integrating it with rock and roll. "It's just incompatible," he says.

Realizing that their image was a non-image, and knowing that many American rock fans didn't even know whether the group was English or American, they set out to rectify the situation, which they felt was growing worse by the hour. *Deep Purple In Rock* was released, the point at which they began writing their own music, yet it met with only moderate success and the tour which accompanied the

record was unsuccessful in establishing the band in this country. In Europe though, a string of hits began to pour forth. So a concentrated effort was made to build the band's image in America, for in Europe they were causing riots.

"A good spot on a good tour" was booked and the group released their latest LP, *Fireball*. It should fare better than anything they've done thus far. "*Fireball* is the right album for us at this time," said Lord. "It's a progression from *Deep Purple In Rock*, a foundation." It's the second step down a new road, a road where each step is costly and if one slips it is difficult to regain footing.

So *Fireball* was a very carefully done album, moody and cosmic in some parts, a country song thrown in, and a hell of a lot of determination. All of the members participate in writing the songs, which is probably the thread which has kept the band from falling apart. Ian Gillan writes most of the words, but the entire group gets the music down. They

produce themselves as well. "There is nobody that can produce us but us," said Lord.

"You should be able to listen to an album from A to Z," Lord continued. "There should be a point of reference, but not necessarily a theme. The country cut on the new LP is a bonus."

"Ritchie (Blackmore, the lead guitarist) started that cut and it was a lot of fun. Besides, Ian (Paice, the drummer) was getting on our nerves so we wanted to do a cut without drums." Ian Gillan added jokingly. Ian, the group's youngest member at twenty-three, blushed and let his horn rims slide down his sweaty nose, then wrinkled it funny like.

The American pressing of *Fireball* also contains a recent hit, "Strange Kind of Woman." The country song is titled "Anyone's Daughter," and is an ode to the money seeking man who falls for all the wrong types with even worse fathers.

Another unsettling situation evolved from the group's first American tour. When the band first formed, it was definitely decided that, "This band is not going to stand still and play." But when they came to America, their manager told them that American audiences don't like it when groups dance and jump around. Stand still he told them.

"People said 'don't jump around' " Ian Paice added with some disdain, "We tailored our act," said Lord, even more angrily.

So now in Ritchie Blackmore, Deep Purple have their version of Jagger/Anderson/Stewart/Page. Blackmore was suffering the most from the heat and the wait to get back home, so when he was asked whether his stage antics are a gimmick, he slowly sat down and said, "I just like to show-off."

Asked if this attracts a teeny-bopper audience in light of the group's renowned musical/classical prestige, Ian Gillan replied, "Our attitude is that we don't care who we play for. We compromise not one little bit. We don't need to prove anything." Not musically, they don't and they don't need to prove that they're valid musicians either. But they do have to

show that they are a distinctive *rock act* whom audiences will remember.

Although Lord has given up playing classical music, he feels stronger about it than ever before. "I need it to relax," he admits. At home he has a mini-moog which he just plays around with. "I don't really have it together to play it onstage and we haven't yet thought about working it into the group."

Ian Gillan's interest is in acting and when the group was in Los Angeles he had to turn down a film offer because of the group's commitments. But last year he was invited to sing the part of Jesus on the *Superstar* album. "I found it quite easy," he recalls. "There was a lot of emotion in it. The people working on it had high hopes but no one anticipated how big a hit it would become. When I got there it was in so many bits and

pieces I had no idea of what it would turn out like as a whole."

Roger Glover, bassist, is working with Paul Buckmaster, who lives just across the street from him, on producing a new, as yet unnamed group. He says he enjoys it and would like to get into it more in the future.

Lord and Blackmore were the founding fathers of Deep Purple and the original intention was just "to find five people who knew of each others' playing and enjoyed it. We started out doing other peoples' songs our way but soon found a need to get heavier," Lord confessed. There was a slight shake-up after their initial hits, and Gillan and bassist Roger Glover were added to the band.

Lord played classical music until he was seventeen. But even when the rock invasion bombarded Britain he avoided playing rock, and fell into

Roger Glover:
slid into Deep Purple from
"the most unorganized band in rock and roll history."



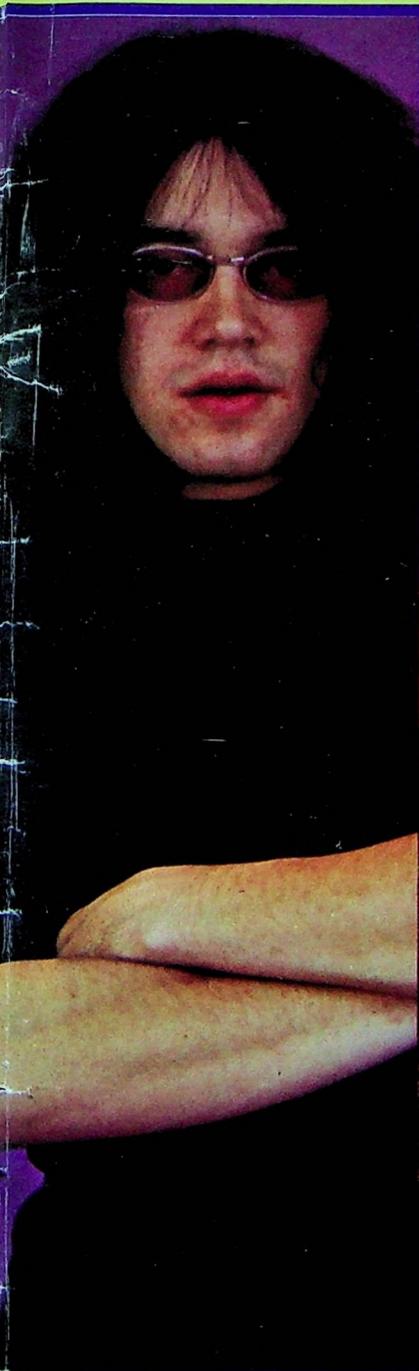
modern jazz. "I turned on to rock," he recalls, "but only as a listener. I never thought I'd play it. I wanted to be an actor but someone offered me a job in a blues band and I grabbed it because of the money."

Soon he began to float among various rock bands until he and Blackmore, a friend from his youth, were hit with the idea for Deep Purple.

Glover and Gillan came by way of Episode Six, "the most unorganized band in rock and roll history." Deep Purple, for them, was a permanent home, a place to write and play their music and a seat in an established band.

On the P.A. system we heard the announcement that the group's flight was loading and the group dashed homeward bound. What they left behind on their tour and record is still undecided. But they are confident.

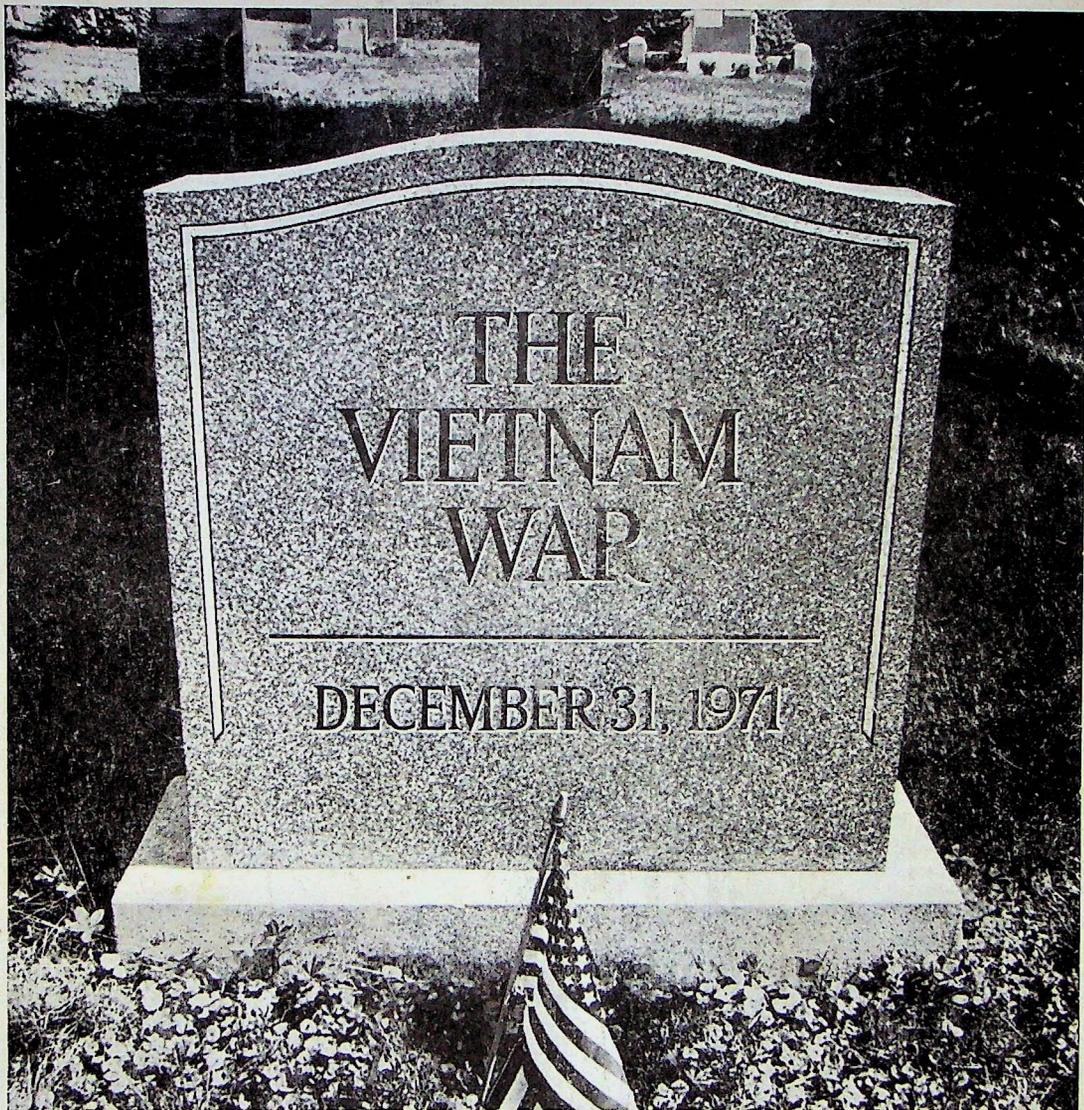
Jon Lord:
his experiments with the Royal
Philharmonic muddled the group's rock image.



Ian Paice: the group's youngest member at 23, blushed and let his horn rims slide down his nose.



Ian Gillan: when he walked into the lead of "Jesus Christ Superstar," the project was still sloshing around in bits and pieces.



may it rest in peace

To: Congressman _____
The House of Representatives, Washington, D.C.

I urge you to vote for any legislation that calls for a complete end to our military involvement in Southeast Asia by December 31, 1971, at the latest.

NAME (please print) _____

ADDRESS _____

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