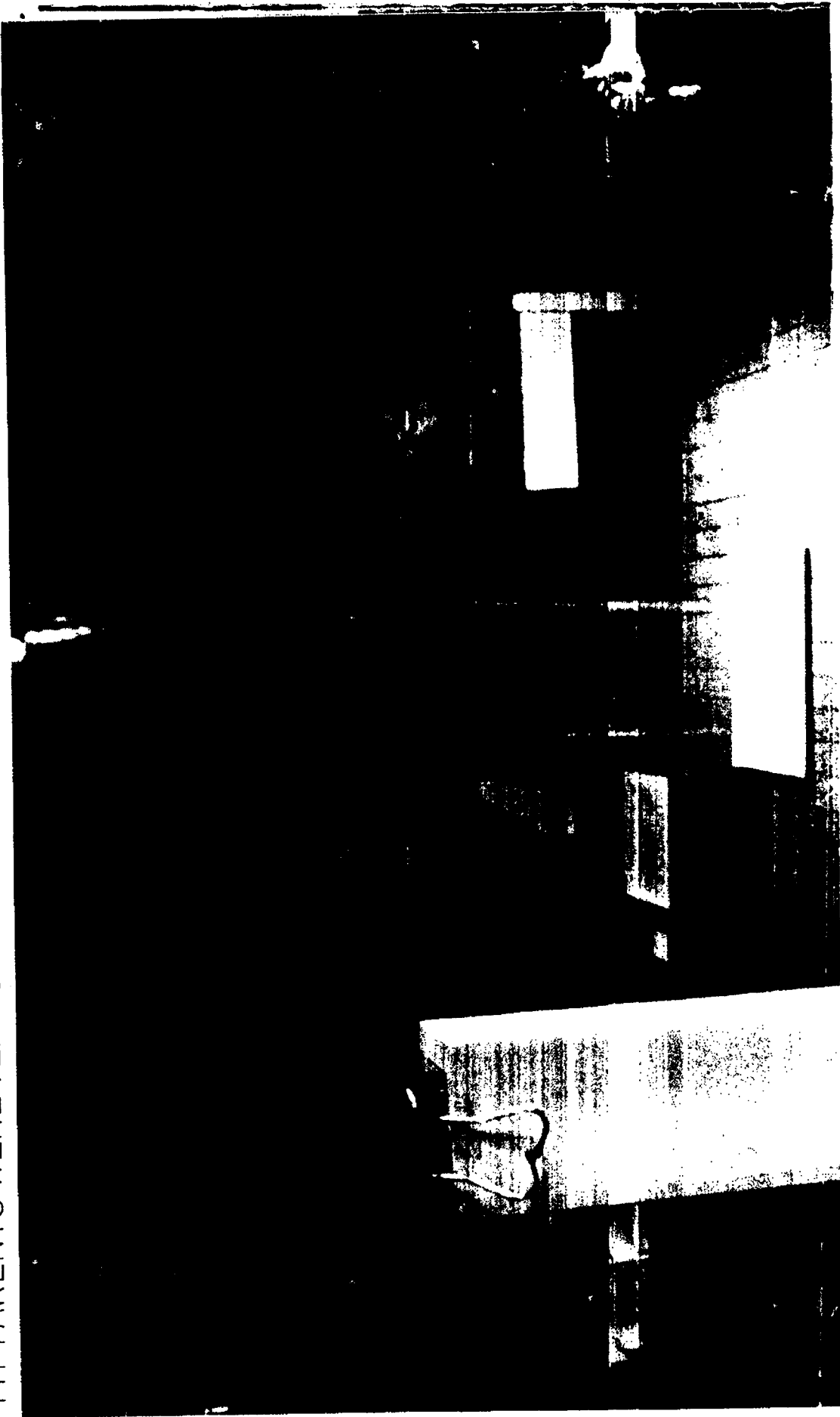
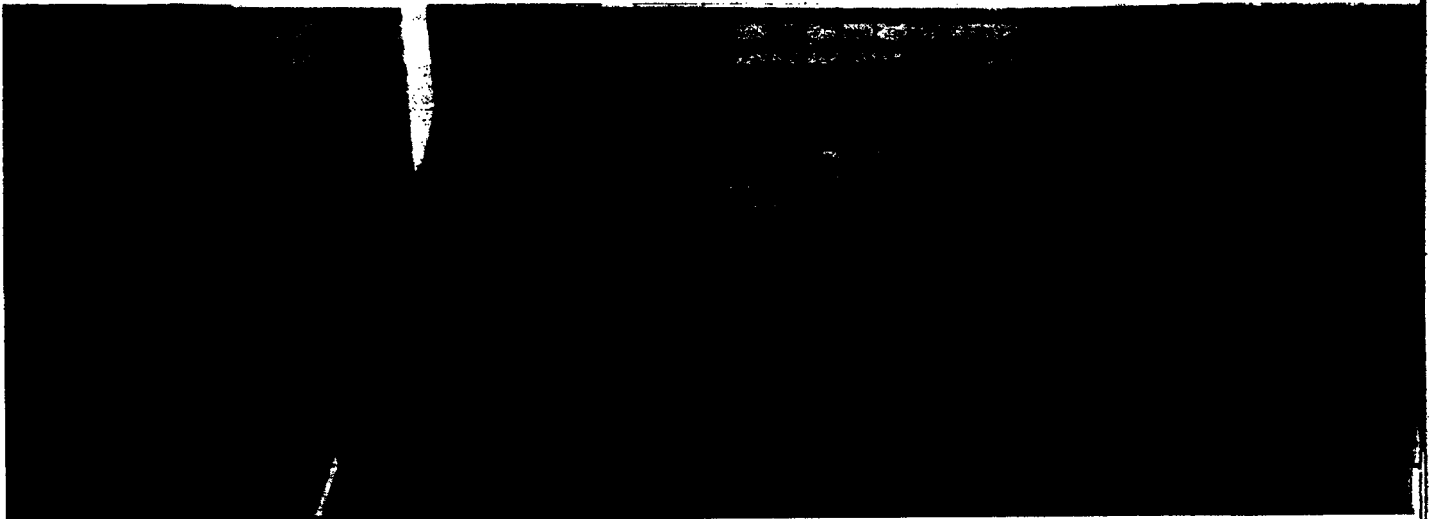


"MY PARENTS WERE VERY CLOSE WITH EACH OTHER, BUT NOT WITH ME. IF I WANTED





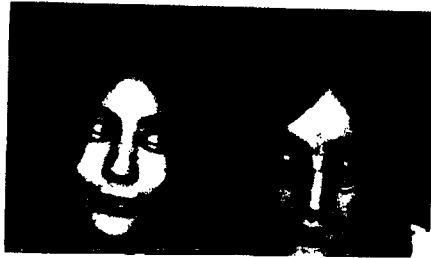
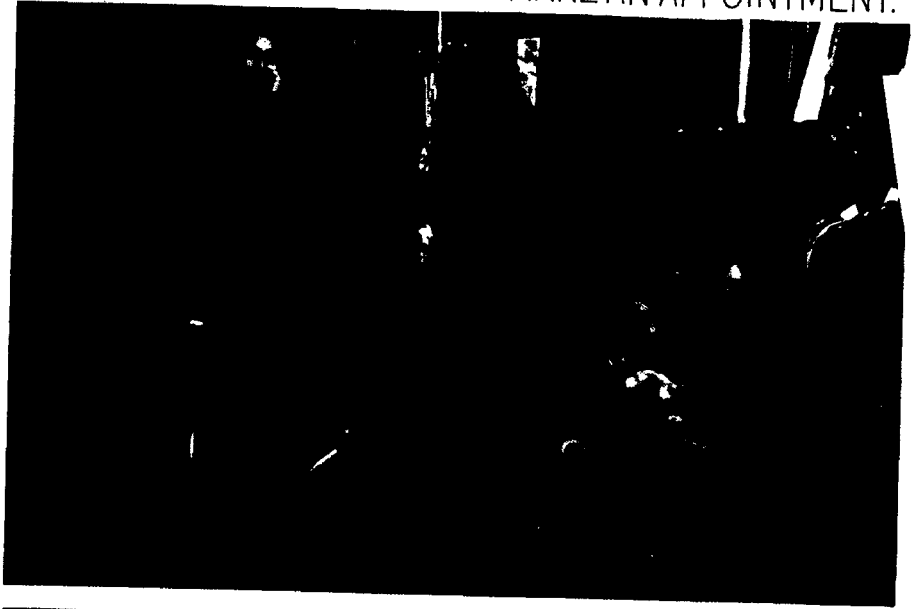
Of Two Virgins, John says at Weybridge (above), "I just thought it would be a nice cover for her to be naked, alone. Then, after we got friendly, it seemed natural for it to be both. I took the photograph meself. I didn't think there'd be such a fuss. I guess the world thinks we're an ugly couple."

YOKO, AS IF DESERTED by the other two witches, stands alone in the kitchen, stirring a pot. She holds her hair back against her bosom and leans forward with a wooden spoon to taste whatever it is she's cooking. It's our third day on the story. Susan and I are both liking John a lot. It's hard not to. He's like a great little kid—guileless, on-the-level and funny. No, not funny; whimsical is a better word. He really has the most inventive, enchanting, childlike, yellows submarine whimsy. He seems to be liking us OK too. "The vibes are good," he has explained. From the start, the silly coincidence that Yoko and Susan and I all went to Sarah Lawrence has appealed to his sense of the absurd. (With him,

that's a big sense.) And he's been making alumnae jokes ever since. Like every time any of us brings up the name of another schoolmate, he'll say, "And what ever happened to Sadie Futz?"

At this point, Susan is digging Yoko more than I am. As a matter of fact, Yoko is giving me a pain. Not for moral reasons. And not that I don't respect her art. I do. Maybe it's not art. But whatever it is, it's creative; she has integrity about it; and, generally, I think far-out art or non-art stretches our awareness and, if nothing else, gives us a better perspective on what's far-in. Besides, it's great just to be silly sometimes, don't you think so? But the thing about Yoko is that when she's being silly, she doesn't think it's silly. Her

TO SEE MY FATHER, I WOULD HAVE TO CALL HIS OFFICE AND MAKE AN APPOINTMENT."



explanation comes: "We are really very difficult people." But she eases up a bit as she continues her cooking and begins to speak about a subject that engrosses her: herself.

I have asked her about her parents. (I vaguely remember from school days that she came from a prominent Tokyo banking family.) "My parents were close with each other," she says, still stirring, "but not with me. My father was very distant. When I was a child, if I wanted to see him, I would have to call his office and make an appointment. And my mother had her own life. She was beautiful and looked very young. She used to say, 'You should be happy that your mother looks so young.' But I wanted a mother who made lunch boxes and didn't wear cosmetics. . . . I was terribly lonely. At school, I was ahead mentally, but I didn't have any friends. . . ."

The story goes on: Yoko's family moved to Scarsdale. She went to Sarah Lawrence and, soon after, married a Japanese violinist. Her parents disapproved of him and cut her off financially, "since he was of the middle class."

The marriage soon ended. Meanwhile, Yoko had rented her own loft in Greenwich Village in New York, and became a kind of darling of the underground art world. Then she married an American, Tony Cox, and they had a baby girl, Kyoko, now five, who lives in the U.S. with her father. (John's son, Julian, is the same age.) Yoko speaks of Kyoko approvingly but distantly. I ask her about being separated from the child, and she says it must be. I ask her if she is not afraid of doing to her child what her parents have done to her. She reminds me that psychologists say that people usually treat their children the way they were treated. Then she tears a head of lettuce apart, washes it and dries it thoroughly.

boyfriend has infinitely more humor about what he does. Also, he's not pushing so hard, and that's not only because he's there. I doubt if he ever pushed. Actually, Yoko is pushy—ambitious is a nicer word—the way 20-year-old actresses are. But she is 34. John, by the way, is 28.

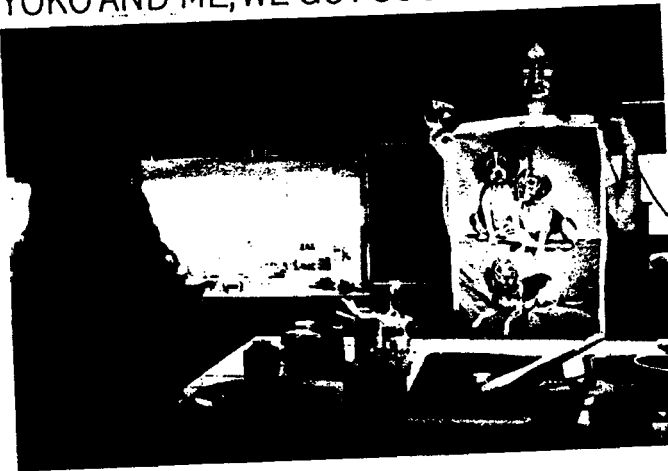
Yoko is bossy too. She is bossy with the people in the Beatles' Apple office, and they resent it. And she is bossy with us. "Say it *this way*," she shrieked once, trying to dictate the story to her specifications. I don't like her. Today, she seems particularly irritable. She has begun the conversation by telling me I spilled some sugar on the tablecloth the previous day and forgot to wipe it off. And a moment later, her

Lennon and Ono boutique-it-up on King's Road (top). "I'm tryin' to keep her ethnic but smart, y'know," says John about his choice of her pants. Above, they're in a white Rolls (his), on their way to the Royal Albert Hall, where they got into a bag (hers) for 30 minutes.

John doesn't see much of the other Beatles these days. Their Apple press secretary gives this report on their lives: "Ringo has a good domestic marriage—stable in the English sense; George's is good, but more swinging; and Paul broke up with Jane Asher after John's marriage cracked."

continued

YOKO AND ME, WE GOT SUCH A KICK OUT OF JUST BEIN' LIKE YOUNG MARRIED KIDS."





That's the kitchen on top; the multi-floored Apple office, at the right. Yoko is asking for some photos of her and John, for autographs. "All the ones now are just Beatle photos," she says, with some irritation. Then John asks for help in getting his love letters back from his wife's lawyers.

A TELEPHONE RINGS and rings and rings. John is having one of his glassy-eyed daydreams (I think that's what they are) and seems not to hear it. But then, suddenly, he's on his feet, charging like a pony. It's a typical Lennon conversation: "Allo. Wot? Wot? On wot? I forgot. Wot was it about? Oh, yeah. OK. Bye." Then he folds back into the yellow sofa as if he never left it. We are nearing the end, and Yoko is still in the kitchen, devising yet another macrobiotic feast, and John has been rambling on about this and that: "... so, as soon as the rock and roll scene hit, I went into that. My goal was to convert all those snobs from

jazz. Then I did the books *In His Own Write* and *A Spaniard in the Works*. I sniffed around the art world. But I thought if this is art, what I saw in school, guys wearing beards 'n' all, I'm not an artist. I was thrown outa college. They had put me in letterin', but I couldn't work neat like that. But the Beatles really started goin' then, anyway. "... At first, I didn't want to get married. Yoko and me, we got such a kick out of just bein' in luv— changin' the food in the larder like young married kids, y' know. But then when we thought the baby was comin', we thought it over. OK, so we're swingin' pop stars. But he'd have enough of a freaky time just bein' our child, now, wouldn't he?" **END**

Two marriages are over, drugs are over, the Weybridge house will soon be over. (The photograph above was taken there.) What's left? "The relationship and our art," says Yoko. "And the relationship is most important. There is nothing so great as total communication— and we have it."

STORIES

actions among the characters is reminiscent of the style of Edgar Rice Burroughs in the first half of the book, perhaps a leftover from *Lord Dunsany*, with an overlay of lay psychoanalysis. Even the characterization of Burton is curiously thin and superficial. I am bothered by the real lack of culture shock experienced by all the characters from different times and places set down on the Riverworld. Farmer limits our view of this reaction to Burton and Alice for the most part, and doesn't entirely convince me even there.

As you can see, I am dissatisfied by almost everything about the book. Yet the total effect is still that of something big, something major. Much of this effect is the result of Farmer's invocation of popular myth, through his characters. This is really what the book is about, the interaction of popular myths and images. And this is why you should get hold of a copy (out soon from Berkeley Books) and read it.

Volume II of the series will feature Mark Twain. I'll be eager to read it.

+ + +

As is my habit, I want to interrupt here in the middle to say that the maddest magazine in the country is *Quark*. It is edited by Marilyn Hacker and Samuel R. Delany and published by Paperback Library about every four months as a regular paperback. Three issues have appeared so far and it is so far out experimental that no one knows quite what to make of it. Which is just fine and as it should be. *Quark* 3, out now, contains a new story by Chip Delany, *Dog in the Fisherman's Net*, which is very good indeed, and a brilliant parody of *Hope Mirrielees Lud in the Mire* (Ballantine Books,

still alive and well. Every one of the stories is quite respectable SF and at least two, "Gothos" by Colin Kapp and "Hawk among the Sparrows" by Dean McLaughlin, are very good. And six of the nine names in the table of contents are totally unknown to me, so the book was a big unknown to me starting out.

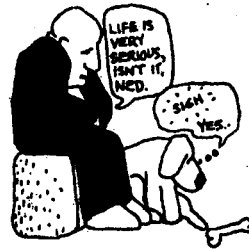
Except for some of the content (a big exception) many of these stories could have been written in the 1940s. "In his name" by Robert Chilton, for instance, reads just like early Heinlein. Analog, as every one knows, never changes (Campbell never changes) and I, for one, am just as happy. Because these stories are pleasant reading and are truly thought-provoking (though written in no more than competent prose in most cases). Just because this isn't the only way to write good SF, i.e., the old way, doesn't mean that the newer styles should monopolize all of our attention. All the younger writers I like and respect for their art, Tom Diech, Joanna Russ and Chip Delany for example, can't prevent me from relaxing with the SF of my youth and enjoying it for its ideas, if not for its writing. And more people still read Analog than any other SF magazine, because it's still the same old forum for Campbellian SF — which is where good SF started.

+ + +

Ivan T. Sanderson's *Invisible Residents* (World Press) is not SF, it is speculation on facts. Yet it belongs in *Thrilling Wonder Stories* because what it's all about is intellectual excitement created by speculative ideas. Sanderson's premise is that there is intelligent life on earth — underwater — and he isn't referring to



JOHN LENNON'S NEXT



DOWN—AND OUT?

As everyone knows, only too well, the use of barbiturates, particularly among teenagers, is at an all-time high this summer.

Barbiturates are "in"—but what are people who use them heavily "in" for? According to "Drugs from A to Z: a Dictionary" by Richard R. Lingeman, there are three types: fast-, intermediate and long-acting. The fast-acting barbiturates, usually Pentothal, are used chiefly as pre-anesthetic drugs in operations. The intermediate types (Seconal, Nembutal, Amytal and Butisol) take longer to act but are metabolized by the liver more slowly; thus their effects take longer to wear off. The long-acting variety remain potent from six to 10 hours. The intermediate types, of course, are the most popular because of the large number produced and prescribed.

Abuse of barbiturates can take many forms. Overdose (as in "sleeping pill suicides") claimed 3000 victims last year. An overdose occurs in most individuals when 1000 milligrams or more are ingested. Barbiturate addiction is far more common. Some authorities claim there are more than one million barbiturate addicts in this country. (Many are the housewives immortalized in the Stones' "Mothers Little Helper," but an increasing number are young kids)

Unlike heroin, barbiturate addicts do not require increased dosage as time

The Justice Dept., hot on the trail of Marxists of all types, has zeroed in on a life-long one — Groucho Marx. A U.S. Attorney in San Francisco, James Browning, says they are studying the idea of prosecuting the last surviving Marx brother for saying, in *FLASH* magazine, "I think the only hope this country has is Nixon's assassination."

Groucho responded to the government's charges by stating: "I deny everything because I never tell the truth. It's dangerous."

authentically experimental mass market magazine that I know of and you should look into it.

+ + +
There was a time, 30 years ago, when *Amazing SF* (now *Analog*) was the most experimental mass market magazine. John W. Campbell still edits it and, after a gap of a couple of years, has just published *Analog #* (Doubleday), the latest in a string of "best from" anthologies. It proves that good old science fiction is

noticeable effects on us.

This kind of book is easy to put down (as another of that flying saucer type of nonsense or whatever) but try taking it seriously. It's a positive gas. I, for one, would prefer to believe that there is intelligent life under the oceans. It makes the world even more interesting. As Sanderson says, you can't prove it isn't there and he can point to some pretty strange things. Great Stuff. Let it unsettle your mind for a while.

separates Sweden from Finland. It is also mentioned in the Norse Saga *The Heimskringla*. Norse penetration of Finland began about the beginning of the Christian era with the first Norse invasion of Estonia (south of Finland) starting c. 800 A.D. In the seventh century the Finns lived in today's northern Finland, the Lapps in Northern Finland . . . Central Finland (Ostro-Bothnia) was a colony of the Black Elves from Sweden who were (according to *The Heimskringla*), originally Saxons. The climate of Ostro-Bothnia was sub-Permian (Permian being heavily ferned; sub-Permian less so) . . . parts of Central Park's ecology is now developing in that direction. *The Kalevala* tells of the Finn's fear and awe at the magical powers of the Ostro-Bothnians living in a land of deep mists!!!

The Mabinogion, the National Epic of Wales, details the history of the South Welsh from c. 550 to 850 A.D. — a period of de-tribalization, domestication and protein decline all over North Western Europe. Insufficient protein led to many diseases and falling powers; so particularly significant was the "war-band chieftain" — a man who still had his vibes. No doubt the 7th century Black Elves in Ostro-Bothnia had a secret weapon in their struggle to keep the area

— musk! The c. 950 English Fairy Tale "The Princess of Colchester" clearly mentions an ointment used to miraculously cure disease . . . Musk, in those days, was obtained by the Teutons by trade with the Lapps; musk coming from the Ural musk ox.

The Ostro-Bothnians, on the other hand, were quite in a separate category . . . metabolically many of them were Black Elves and half-elves (ghouls) suffering from hyperglycemia which would have rendered them impotent save for the fact that musk was available to them. Certainly the importation of musk into Wessex (The foremost Saxon Kingdom of England) would explain the appearance there of a new class of elves — the red ones!

Before 1534 Manhattan was Algonquin and deer and wolves roamed the Bronx. The advance of the Thermal Effect is rapid: In the last three weeks the Central Park woods have begun undergoing many changes — the oaks are dying, partridges have appeared in the woods, also a dragonfly, a lightning bug, a rat, mushrooms. At the same time new hybrid flora and fauna have been noticed: a sycamore-maple, a cross between a rat and a squirrel. We seem to be entering an age of vast ecological enchantment.

Of course, use of downs with alcohol (usually cheap wine) is widespread—and no less dangerous than straight barbiturate use. With moderate drinking, the effects aren't catastrophic; take a few too many long slugs of that wine and, watch out!

As always, there is a danger here in preaching. Obviously barbiturates are vibrantly attractive, in their own way, or millions of kids wouldn't be using them. But then again, there's several hundred thousand junkies in this country too, and who will argue that heroin addiction is cool? The point is that, like smack, barbiturates are easy to get close to, and difficult to get away from. Heavy use of downs (as opposed to casual use) can be horribly self-destructive, addictive, and, as many people (including several rock stars) have discovered, even deadly.

LESLIE BACON SPEAKS



(NOTE: Leslie Bacon, a 19-year-old Underground Press Service worker, spent a month in a Seattle jail after being held in contempt for refusing to answer certain questions about the March 1 bombing of the Capitol in Washington, D.C. She was finally released in June so she could be transported to New York to face indictment for conspiracy to mob a Manhattan bank last December. Here she talks about herself, the antiwar movement and life in these United States)

"I've had letters from people who say they are with me and that they've been trying to understand why I was arrested.

"I tell them I don't know either.

"I was just one of Middle America's children organizing an antiwar demonstration. (note: Mayday) The government is arresting people like me because they're scared—because the country is beginning to listen and react negatively to this war . . .

"People wonder about the movement and they're afraid of it because they don't understand it . . .

"All I ever wanted to do from the beginning was to go up into the hills and grow vegetables. But you can't do that, you know, when your brothers and sisters are getting killed in Vietnam. Working against that war is just my way of trying to stay alive."



DRIVE SAFELY: WHAT TO DO WHEN THE COPS STOP YOU

You are in your car and the cops start to hassle you. They demand ID, push you around a little, threaten to make you talk, and you're scared. And they keep on intimidating you because you don't know the laws, you don't know your rights, and you're not exactly sure what to say to them. You know you don't want to take any shit from them, but how do you get out of the situation? **KNOW YOUR RIGHTS. KNOW THE LAW!**

- Get your driver's license and your car registration ready and get out of the car ready to hand both to the cops. The cops are legally entitled to see both pieces of ID in order to prove the car is not stolen or involved in a crime. They may ask you to sit in the police car with them while they check out your things. You are entitled to have someone go with you as a witness, but you should be polite and go.

- **DON'T THROW DOPE OUT THE WINDOW.** The cops will be looking for that.

- Don't carry more dope than you can eat. The best place to keep it is in your underwear or in your shoe. Do NOT put dope in the glove compartment or under the seat, because those are the first places they will look. Never leave dope or roaches in the ashtray.

- The cops will ask you for your ID. This is why you want to have it ready. They are legally allowed to make you identify yourself, and if you don't they can bust you for refusal to do so.

- The cops will also expect you to account for your presence. Get your story ready, even before you are stopped. Everyone should have the same story, like on the way to a party, just went to see some friends, stopped for something to eat, etc.

- If the cops keep asking you questions or start harrasing you, ask them, 'AM I UNDER ARREST?' If they say yes, ask them the charges. Don't give them time to think up new ones, although they may tack some on later. If the cops say no, and they start to search you, say, 'I DO NOT CONSENT TO A SEARCH.' And it's a good idea if you have witnesses who hear you say that.

- Legally, the cops are always allowed to pat you down for weapons. This means **ONLY THE OUTSIDE** of your clothing. Unless they feel an object that may be a weapon, they cannot look into your pockets—or into a cigarette

"V."

by Vince Aletti

The lead singer, a chunky, fattening black man no longer very young, was dressed in a woman dancer's black velvet leotard with lace and glitter trim, baby blue high boots and an old dress of cream-colored satin under flowery sequined lace worn over his shoulders and pinned at the throat like a cape. His head was shaved (but not recently), leaving irregular, clearly-outlined patches of hair scattered around his skull and a sort of top-knot that tended to bring his head to a point. My favorite, tall and very skinny with beautifully long bare feet, came out in a purple satin wizard costume with matching pointed hat and sunglasses. Another was bare-chested in mass-market red-white-&-blue jeans. This was part of the ParliFunkadelic-ment Thing appearing out of context at a press thing in the Americana's Royal Box. I don't know where they'd be in context except maybe some Peter Brook insane asylum.

The group is a fusion of The Parliament, four vocalists, and Funkadelic, a band with an appropriate name. Used to be, the Parliaments were a doo-wop group with a fine, distinctive sound and an erratic but brilliant output of funky singles (remember "I Wanna Testify"?). A year or two ago, they dropped the plural and all its matching-green-shark-skin-suit connotations and began to exude a disturbing sort of black psychedelia. Disturbing to me at least. What I had loved about the Parliaments was their playful, sophisticated variation on the classic r&b group sound and George Clinton's astonishing lyrics, mixing nursery rhymes and commercial slogans in a crazy melange. A line from "All Your

qualities disappeared or degenerated. I guess that was the idea: degeneration. Attractive aspects were no longer part of the image. It was now hard-core funk, an outrageous black Theater of the Ridiculous.

All this didn't have much to do with music. The Funkadelic albums became long, tedious, crumbling explorations of the severely limited scope of psychedelic funk; Parliament put out one album (on Invictus) that ranged wildly between the simple-minded and the sublime, finally being quite interesting in spite of itself. (For some reason I don't understand, what is essentially one group is split between two labels, Funkadelic concentrating on instrumentals and using their own vocalists on the Westbound label, Parliament a little more restrained, near-classic in comparison, on Invictus.)

But their stage act was the focus and the new attraction-repulsion. It was at least a distraction from the music which never got together, every song ending in a slow disintegration as one instrument after another broke off. Gone is the old vocal harmony and even interaction was at a minimum; it was-as if no one could concentrate on any one thing too long. So mainly it was the costumes and the cutesy attempts at being offensive which of course ended up being either boring or offensive only because they were so dull-witted (like lying on the stage and jerking-off the microphone). If I thought they were truly crazed, that would be one thing; it would be kind of fascinating.

But once you get past simple What-are-they-gonna-do-next interest, the act is too manipulative to be convincing. Fake freaks are a bore. The cute one in wizard

tion to Parliament, and the strong influence of Funkadelic, all these attractive

ably the real him. That's ok; I like pump clothes. But if you found out that Alice

AUDIO/VIDEO

by Rudi Stern

Background Information:

The Gay Activists Alliance has instituted a video workshop. It is barely a month old and has already begun to take a significant direction in terms of the active role it has been and will be playing within the organization. The Workshop is a sub-committee of the larger Culture Committee. The intentions of its founders, as expressed by John Graham, are not only to document marches, 'zaps,' conferences, and forums for internal study purposes but also to create a self-sustaining production facility capable of supplying broadcast and cable outlets. Distribution to other GAA and related organizations is obviously an important part of its aims.

During the recent Gay Pride Week (June 21-27) some of the tapes were shown at the GAA headquarters in New York located at the Firehouse, 99 Wooster Street in SOHO. Randy Wicker who has a regular column in *Gay* showed his tapes of the "zap" at the marriage license bureau as well as the City Hall action against Councilman Cuite. Alan Gleuckman showed his tape of the Albany march and the recent candlelight parade to City Hall Park which was part of the Gay Pride Week schedule. Together with these video documentaries, a 20-minute video drama by John Graham entitled "Easy Does It" was also screened. Graham describes this as "a vignette about a latent homosexual (closet case) and his first real sexual encounter with another boy showing that it is seldom the traumatic gull-ridden and self-recriminating experience and catharsis that it has been so erroneously presented as." Both Graham and Randy

Wicker taped the Christopher Street Liberation Day Parade (Sunday, June 27th) and showed their tapes the evening after the march. They are planning a documentary program resulting from their joint efforts.

Unity Center loaned equipment for the Albany taping and this relationship enabled GAA to set up its own video facilities with the active support and encouragement of Lee Kaminicki. While still somewhat dependent on outside equipment and facilities, the GAA Video Workshop is aiming towards a completely independent production unit.

The GAA Video Workshop is an impressive example of what alternative television can and should be about. Portable, street television can serve any community action group which depends for its growth and development on internal communication and on bridges to the "outside" community. What GAA has put together can serve as a tangible, non-abstract prototype for other groups to learn from.

GAA is involved in liberation. It is a revolutionary action structure which because of this society's ingrained and entrenched taboos is having great impact on the unspoken, unarticulated, unseen fears of middle America. Perhaps more than any other movement activity the shock value of this group's confrontation tactics register indelibly on the consciousness of its oppressors. Video is the logical means for recording this kind of interaction. The marriage license bureau "zap" tape demonstrates this clearly. The planning meetings were recorded and seeing these tapes which deal with the conceptualization can have great impact on those carrying out the action.



- * * If you are under arrest, the cops ARE legally allowed to search your pockets, purse, knap sack etc.
- * * The cops are only supposed to search your car AFTER they have said you are under arrest. But if they see dope or a weapon in the car IN PLAIN VIEW, this gives them legal cause to investigate. Legally, they cannot make passengers get out of the car unless they are under arrest, but if they really want you out they'll find a way. Don't get out until you're ordered to—make sure they say WHY they want you out (whether you're under arrest), but if's best not to refuse flatly.
- * * Don't cooperate by opening the trunk of the car for the cops. You can tell them that you know they are not supposed to search the car unless they bust you (say it politely). You don't want to help open the trunk. They might do something illegal that will hold up in court only because you 'consented' by helping with the search.
- * * DON'T CONFESS TO ANYTHING. They might try to get information out of you by scaring you, saying it will go easier on you if you confess, saying your car was involved in a crime, anything to get you to talk. DON'T TALK. Simply say, 'I have nothing to say until I talk to my lawyer.' Even if you don't have a lawyer already, you are entitled to a free public defender.
- * * The cops may tell you a brief thing about your right to remain silent, etc. They may also try to get you to sign a paper saying that they informed you of your rights. NEVER SIGN ANYTHING. You are not required to, so say that you will not.
- * * REMEMBER EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS. Remember the sequence of events, remember who said what and when, and get a good look at the cops who busted you. GET THEIR BADGE NUMBERS.
- * * Act cool and don't wiseass. The cops will react according to your attitude and how you look, as well as what you did.

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COALITION

Elvin Jones
BST-94361

by John Swenson

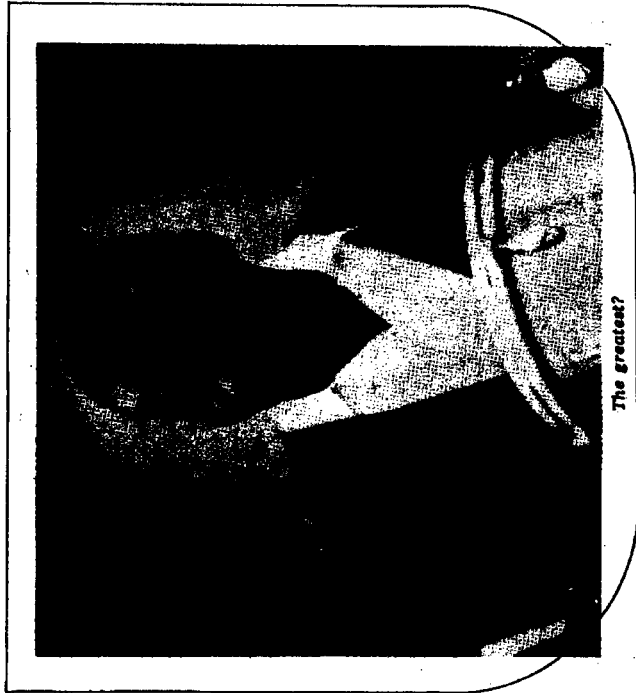
Elvin Jones, Coalition. BST-94361.

This year The Elvin Jones Quintet opened up the Jazz-in-the-Garden series for The Museum of Modern Art with a June 24th gig under the stars. Although a healthy sized crowd was on hand, there was no rush for the inexpensive (\$1.) general admission billets. As a matter of fact much of the audience was the blurry post-cocktail party press, who were treated to a two-in-one press party, scoring one for the MOMA opening and one for the release of the new Elvin Jones album, *Coalition*.

Elvin's group was tremendous; they cooked for nearly two hours without a significant let up, climaxing with a 10-minute solo by Jones himself. Old and middle-aged jazz buffs and freaks alike jumped to their feet at the end of it all. One kid next to me started frothing as he picked out the "Ginger Baker riffs" that Jones was borrowing.

The only thing Jones actually borrowed from Baker was amplification. Like a lot of other jazz musicians, he has found that the rock habit of amplifying the music doesn't seem to hurt much at all. Aside from that, it can be considered a tribute of sorts to Jones that rock fans can find him palatable without Jones having to compromise himself musically. It all comes down to one basic Elvin Jones characteristic—simplicity. The man plays drums with the ease and grace of a dancer, working rhythms in and out to suit himself without stepping beyond the grasp of the simplest of musical tastes. Jones' reliance on creative renderings of basic elements gives his music an accessibility that few others can boast of; the exclamation of the Jones neophyte is most often that he doesn't bullshit around.

The new album provides a good example of his style. Jones sticks from



The greatest?

beautiful collaboration on the tune. A stealthy web of sound emerges from the rippling opening theme, which features Foster heading down the scale while Coleman ascends literally into the first solo passage. Coleman's solo develops into a liberated excursion through the limits of the theme; he finishes honking a beautifully fluent freedom, but Foster cuts right across with a powerful, echoing riff. His sharp, cutting lines bring the tune to a crashing climax until he stops suddenly, leaving the development to float. Little brings his line up gradually, soloing imperceptibly and eventually leading back into that magical lay-back riff which opened the song, the two horns mimicking each other, then the final statement of the theme. The song is a textural masterpiece, leaving you with a rich, mythical satisfaction as it fades out.

Side two opens with a four de force entitled "5-4 thing." It is a well structured piece built around the stammering, eclectic rhythm produced by Jones in conjunction with his conga player, Candido. Candido provides a monolithic rhythmic structure for Jones to work off throughout the album, avoiding the usual afro-cuban conga clichés in favor of a precise rendering of the line signature. Candido keeps his line sparse, and Jones weaves a complex rhythmic web around his simple outline.

On "Ural Stradania" Candido gets a chance to flow free as the cut is given over more to the percussive elements. It opens and closes with a drum orgy, broken up by the wintry theme and the Foster-Coleman solo passage. Aside from the opening cut on the record, this is the most tense, building to an excruciating finale with Jones building incredible rhythmic chains out of Candido's complicated riffs. Again this tense cut is followed by one with an easy, relaxed feeling. Frank Foster's "Simone" closes the album on a satisfying note of finality with its tender, lulling mood. The album ends with a bass-drum-conga solo that frames it in a kind of resounding rhyth-

cusly, flirts, restates the theme and then takes off with the cut to a pulsing climax, playing off the tension inherent in the theme and in Jones' lightly controlled rhythms. Coleman finishes gracefully and Jones picks it back up with a fiery solo passage leading into the final statement of the theme. It's interesting to note that the seemingly casual tambourine riff that runs through the song is actually a complex rhythmic idea that adds to the tune's cohesiveness.

In contrast to the tense brilliance of "Shinjitu" comes the second cut, "Yesterdays," a tender mood piece that floats magnificently. Jones has always been extremely adept at setting a swaying, hypnotic mood, and here he blends the rhythmic section evocatively

giving the casual listener the impression that the album is not too difficult and perhaps even a bit bland. But Jones' simplicity should never be mistaken for laxity. There isn't a stroke on the album without a purpose, for the most casually natural background sounds prove after careful listening to be intricately structured and organically woven components of each piece.

"Shinjitu," the opening cut on the album, opens tensely, with a brittle tambourine-cymbal duet underlying an oriental-sounding double horn passage stated by Frank Foster and George Coleman. Jones solos briefly from the end of the theme until the cut winds down, at which point Wilber Little picks it back up with a 5-4 bass riff that serves as bottom for Frank Foster's exotic bass



I am a poem
I live in a book
open the page
and take a look

His own drawings, stories, and
poetry—the very personal
poetry you've never heard him
sing. Donovan's DRY SONGS AND
SCRIBBLES. Just published, and
at booksellers now.

DOUBLEDAY



Cooper really lived in Sta-Prest Levis and button-down shirts, you'd feel cheated, right? Mastermind-producer George Clinton, the one in the leopard, is the most outrageous but also, I suspect, the most sincerely weird — not as insane as he may want us to believe but insane nonetheless. After a series of calculated, minor, pseudo-offenses (and like I say, ain't easy to get offended any more except by stupidity or meanness) (like their number, "I Call My Baby Pussy" — shortened from the recorded version, "Pussycat" — was offensive 'cause it was the ultimate male chauvinist pig



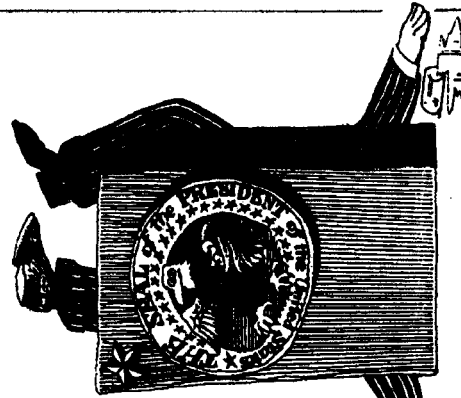
Furbodeller

song but then they probably don't even know what that is), Clinton stripped down to a patterned jock-strap and black socks which were a suitably tacky touch and started running through the audience. Far out. He should at least have the taste to take off his jock strap. For me the only vaguely transcendent moment came when he was running around wildly and picked up a large, curved meat bone from the buffet. After showing it around he put it between his legs and began to jerk it off (a limited visual vocabulary at work here). It was so disgusting it was almost real. Almost. Then he began thrashing the congas with it. Then he scooped up some sort of smelly gravy and began to splatter it around the stage all the time very frantic. Then it was over. I think

would have been booted off the stage. Especially for their sexist songs. But instead everyone was sitting around mildly amused. These niggers are too much. A minstrel show, you dig? Thing is, their show plays on the whole bad nigger role, an up-dated version of the good nigger role but just as oppressive and strait-jacketing. It's more therapeutic and guilt-cleansing for whites to see tough, nasty blacks playing out the super-stud roles they (we) have feared and desired. Middle-class Ebony knee-grows make us uncomfortable; Sweet Sweetback, the stud myth revived as a bofo box office attraction, is nearly as comfortable for whites as it's satisfying for blacks. The exaggerated hustler, bad motherfucker image is reassuring to whites: they can fool themselves either that the blacks are really being themselves at last (that's what they wanted, isn't it?) or that they were right all along (you see, they really are animals). Either way, the black is trapped in another stereotype, one that might immediately give him more ego satisfaction but which is ultimately restricting and probably harder to shake. While white men are finally beginning to break away from the mummy-wrap of the Male Role, black men are allowing themselves to be tied even tighter into it. Le Rot Jones calls all white men faggots and doesn't realize he's siding his and his brothers' own victimization. George Clinton's semi-transvestite drag at least made a move to confound all this tightass role-playing (Me Tarzan You Jane); his actions were another thing. But it has to go much further than that. The Black Stud role is a denial of intelligence, sensitivity and depth; the "Man and a Half" is all cock and Cadillac. Is that much better than the his orn and

POOR RICHARD

According to the Village Voice, "The talk in Washington is that President Nixon has taken more and more to solitary drinking. At a recent meeting . . . observers noted that the President was twitching behind the podium. He also lost his place several times in his prepared text, which is unusual for such an old hand on the speaking circuit."



SPEND 5 TO 20 YEARS IN GREECE, FOR FREE

With the incredibly low airline youth fares being offered now, more young Americans than ever have been visiting Europe this year. Perhaps it would be appropriate here to present a table which lists the penalties for being caught trafficking in drugs abroad, and the number of Americans now in jail in each country for doing just that:

Country	Penalty	Under Detention
France	1 to 5 years	28
Mexico	3 to 10 years	233
Spain	Fines to 6 years	63
Italy	3 to 8 years	27
Sweden	1 to 2 years	19
Greece	5 to 20 years	17
Germany	2 years just for possession	33
Japan	To 2 years	42
Lebanon	3 to 15 years	13
Jamaica	to months but for possession	99

had attempted such a tacky show they dancing feet?

Racing down the halls of the Municipal Building, sound and image, both undeniably actual and un-staged were recorded by the portapak. Entering the offices of the Clerk, a Mr. Katz, the camera partakes of unwrapping a cake, pouring coffee, playing a guitar; the general good vibes of a party in strange and surreal circumstances. The flow of image and sound is dynamic. Slickness or uptight-ness are not in evidence. Its professionalism is its sense of reality, its timing, its truthfulness, its openness. This tape by Randy Wicker is video at its most exciting.

After minimal editing, the tape was shown on the third floor of the Firehouse to a crowded, appreciative audience. The group sees themselves in action, not by way of a two-minute, sarcastic CBS treatment but as reflected by themselves, as experienced by the group which participated. The tape is rich in humor, as for example when the phone in the Bureau's offices are being answered by the GAA inviting people to the party taking place there. The value of such a tape to the group is that they can see their action as a learning experience over which they have control, as opposed to the cultural freak-show treatment which network television would present. From that they could learn nothing except the bitterness of ostracism and misunderstanding. This "Katz zap" has the freshness and excitement which one expects but rarely feels in people's media.

John Graham's video drama deals with the serious complexities of a "closet case." It is a staged, scripted work aiming towards specific, liberating concepts. It is a much more difficult approach to the medium and the moments of spontaneity

neity and reality are achieved with far greater cost. It is also a more dangerous approach because of the inhibiting omnipresent influences of broadcast TV drama. As another facet of this group's efforts, this tape demonstrates the Workshop's wide range of expression and talents.

The City Hall action against Councilman Cuite which involves police confrontation and interviews, and the candlelight parade with its after-images of spiraling light and speeches, are more examples of the group's video repertoire. As a record for the group this kind of archive material will prove invaluable for understanding and evaluating their purposes and for better understanding the means of achieving them.

Here is a group effort which is involved with the political implications of video as a social resource. They are not theorizing about it, speculating as to its possibilities, or imagining "what they could do if"

They are doing and learning by doing and the GAA is gaining by their experience. As a functioning in-house communications unit it reflects the impressive spirit and organizational strength of the GAA as a whole and is serving by its obvious "togetherness" as another visible manifestation of the movement's growing importance and self-confidence. At this stage of its development it is a reflection of pure energy and it will be interesting and instructive to watch the process by which it grows. In this evolution there will be an important example for other groups to learn from. The full value of such a prototype is not as a model to be copied but rather as a structure to be studied and evaluated in terms of fulfilling an organization's particular communication needs.

POISONING THE KIDDIES: A JOB FOR J. EDGAR HOOVER?



From a Washington Post article on J. Edgar Hoover:

unknown admirers; he fears someone might slip him some poisoned food. He detests these delicacies he receives from institutions"

THEY SHOOT HORSE, DON'T THEY?

In a most important undertaking, Turkey and the U.S. have agreed on the total eradication of opium growth in Turkey, starting next year. At the present time Turkish opium accounts for 75 percent of the heroin used illegally in the United States. The poppies are smuggled out of Turkey as morphine and converted to the hard drug mainly at Marseilles, France.

According to the new accord, the U.S. will compensate the Turkish poppy-growers, the farmers receiving double the value of their yearly poppy crop. It is estimated that the U.S. will have to pay about \$10 million annually for the compensation, a small price, indeed, to cut down on the heroin flow.

But (and this is a big but)—many officials have argued that a scarcer drug will only mean a more expensive drug; those who are already on junk will merely have to rob more people to come up with the money for their habit. Others have pointed out that the underworld merchants of narcotics can turn to non-Turkish sources for their imports—like Afghanistan, Pakistan and Southeast Asia. As John Ingersoll, director of the Bureau of Dangerous Drugs, warned: "We cannot expect that success on the part of the Turkish Government will solve our own heroin problem completely."

REGWORDS

**SMASH YOUR HEAD
AGAINST THE WALL**
John Entwistle
Decca 2406005

by John Swenson

It comes as no surprise to long-standing Who fans that John Entwistle's album is a magnificently expansive work. In the complex character interplay that makes up the Who dialectic, Entwistle was always the dark horse who worked in a strange way opposite to the direction of the other members of the group.

From the beginning it was Pete Townshend who provided the group's focus, and his vision found three-dimensional extension through the boisterous antics of Keith Moon, who would demolish his drum sets with auto-destructive relish at the finale of each performance, as well as through the uncompromising punk attitude of Roger Daltrey, who provided Townshend with the arrogant, guttural mouthpiece needed to carry out the intensity of his lyrics. Only Entwistle seemed to want no part of Townshend's vision—he would stand in the shadows at the left of stage offering mute comment on the activities that surrounded him by sticking to his bass and offering only occasional harmonies to the total Who picture.

For Entwistle had ideas of his own, and even though he seemed to prefer to keep them to himself, now and then he would express himself through song. On the *Happy Jack* album Entwistle penned two

to form, said nothing about it until recently. This was no hastily thrown together album; there's a definite progression from beginning to end and a consummate vision that provides a sort of unifying theme.

The album opens with a driving hard rock song, "My Way," based on a mighty Who riff (as a whole this song is reminiscent of "I Can See For Miles," except that it's a lot more dense). Entwistle's vision is consonant with the brutal power of rock and roll; one thing you won't find on this album is a happy Townshend chord (although the guitar work is credited to one Cyrano and the phrasing often sounds Townshendesque). The lyric of the song embodies the heavy handed sadomasochism of rock:

"Now you're always hangin'
'round—You never touch the ground
You made me feel so small—Wish I
was ten feet tall
Gonna bring you down to my size
One of these days I'm gonna make
you fall

Gonna bring you down to my size
Smash your head against the wall"
Ironically enough the cut ends with a "Boris the Spider" riff, reminding you of the thematic similarities of the two songs.

The second song, "Pick Me Up (Big Chicken)," draws influence from the other early Entwistle tunes, "Whiskey Man." The cut opens with a climbing sado-progression, punctuated by horns and a piano (all played by Entwistle). Like "Whiskey Man," this is a drinking song, but hardly one of exuberant joy:

All I'll touch is tea — Alcohol's de-
stroying me

All — I want — to do — is sleep
All — I want — to do — is sleep"

The first two cuts are explosive, but Jerry Shurley's drumming is sparser and bouncier than Moon's hailstorm approach, giving a touch of delicacy to the rhythms. The guitar work here is unquestionably Townshend's (Entwistle denies it but the tone and phrasing are so much similar to what Townshend has been doing lately that I can't believe otherwise).

By way of contrast, the third cut is acoustic. "What Are We Doing Here" is a plaintive, wistful thing unlike other previous Entwistle compositions but still quite fine, as is "What Kind of People Are They," which is louder, but still not characteristic Entwistle. The last cut on side one, however, is Entwistle's most famous song, "Heaven and Hell." This is the number The Who have used during the past two years to open up their act, but here it's done much differently than the Who version. Here we have a lay back approach to the tune, giving it a timeless, floating-in-space feeling capped off by a tremendous echo-plex guitar solo similar to some of Joe Walsh's work on the second James Gang album (further reason to believe that Townshend yields the axe here, for he and Walsh have become good friends, and Townshend has often praised Walsh publicly).

Side two opens with a brilliant little piece entitled "Ted End," whose lyric works as poetry:

"Someone called the other day,
said old Teddy Greaves just passed
away.

They buried him on Saturday they
said it was a lovely way to go —
In his sleep, didn't know a thing.
His wife couldn't go — Her second
husband took her up town to a show.
His sons and daughters emigrated,
said it cost too much to travel home
— Sent a wreath; and a sheet.

the character of the devil, and plays the part far better than Arthur Brown ever did. It's a shattering piece, opening with a Tommy-like solemnity (even using the same chords), until it flips over to a driving pulse of a song with Entwistle singing in his deepest, most ominous voice:

"Who'd drown a cat? Who'd do a
thing like that?

If you would, you're mine!
Who'd shoot a rabbit? A very nasty
habit!

Those who hunt, are mine!
Who'd go to war? Like countless
times before.

Those who war, are mine!
They are mine!

Everybody's mine, at some time.
Everybody's mine!

You'll enjoy your stay, 'till your all
embalmed someday.

Until you are, you're mine!
You're all mine!

As the last chorus fades out, an exploding, enveloping wall of feedback drowns everything out, leaving an echoing silence that pulses for a few seconds, then turns into "No. 28." The overall effect of this massive production number is overwhelming.

After the effects of that excursion, all that's left is the capper, "I Believe in Everything." It amazes me that this is the song released off the album as a single, for it is one of the flattest, least interesting tracks, a sum up, to be sure, but only potent when placed at the end of Entwistle's other observations, for it provides an overall perspective as well as a bit of comic relief. Perhaps the explanation lies with the troubles that The Who have always had with Decca records. Their problems with Decca are long standing, and I for one thought until recently that they might have been over, that is until I called Decca to find out some information about this album. I asked the girl in the publicity department when the John Entwistle album was planned for release.

ENTWISTLE'S ALBUM WAS PLANNED FOR RELEASE IN

of them evoked a dark aspect, and each had brutal lyrics dealing with some sort of physical or psychological violence. "Eoris the Spider" being the grisly account of the messy death of one such insect, and "Whiskey Man" being about the hallucinating alcoholic who, once placed in a sanatorium, no longer could see his "friend" who always appeared whenever he got drunk.

Entwistle's vision was one of black humor, but it was touched with a strange poignance — his songs seemed to have a negative sensitivity to life. What made his vision more powerful, however, was his lack of pretension. Entwistle never dealt with what could be called tragic themes — he avoided generalizations, going instead to particular and insignificant instances for his subjects. In this fashion he developed exactly in opposition to Townshend, who started out dealing with youth, with the exhilarating joy of life itself, and developed his vision to a culminating point with the mythical, symbolic Tommy. Townshend was a classicist, that was where the fascination with his method came about, for rock and classicism just don't seem to mix at first glance. Entwistle, on the other hand, was an absurdist, nearly a dada-ist; he had none of Townshend's aesthetic innocence. Instead he looked at things soberly, with a more modern sensitivity. For this reason Entwistle became a pivotal figure in translating Townshend's work into Who material. It is conceivable that Tommy would have seemed flat had it been purely Townshend's vehicle. Entwistle's contribution to Tommy (two songs — "Fiddle About" and "Uncle Ernie"), however small in number, were so effectively different from Townshend's that they gave a depth to the character and a perspective to the whole work. Townshend admitted that he would have never written the line "there's a lot I could do with a freak," and that's just the point — Townshend couldn't see Tommy the same way that Entwistle could. Both their visions combined served to produce a third dimension in the character.

So Entwistle has gone along all this time, content to play his bass and write an occasional tune — until now. *Smash Your Head Against the Wall* came out suddenly, only because Entwistle, true

pour into my face
Pick me up and lay me somewhere
safe.

Don't stand me up 'til I fall; lean me
up against the wall.
Never touch this demon drink
again.

He's much better off where he is.
Rest in peace, Teddy.
Rest in peace, Teddy.
Next comes the album's production
number "You're Mine — No. 29 (Ex-
ternal youth)." Here Entwistle assumes

so I repeated again, very carefully,
"John Entwistle. You know, the bass
player for The Who."
"Oh," she replied knowingly. "What's
the name of the album?"
"Smash Yer Head Against the Wall."
Without answering, she hung up on me.



GOODBYES

Every time the word of a new death in the family: rock star, friend, acquaintance reaches me, I suffer a bit of their personal agony, and die a little myself. In the case of Jim Morrison, it is more. Because Jim was not only a rock star, but also an acquaintance, and also a friend and more. The sadness of his death is overwhelming. And particularly because for the first time in a long time Jim was happy; happy in Paris, accepting himself and what he had become, what he was, and excited about the films, books and poems he was to create. Two days before his death, a mutual friend spent some time with him in Paris, and sent this report back to me on how he was doing. I print it now as a tribute, to Jim Morrison, rock-star-ideal who refused to stop growing as a human being, and as a poignant lesson into the nature of tragedy.—ed.



like Paris so much is that it's so centrally located, not very far from anywhere, not like L.A. We also went to Corsica, but it rained every day we were there except one and it got to be sorta boring. We are going to London for a few days next week, too."

La Coupole. La Coupole with the works of Picasso, Klee, Modigliani and a hundred other famous artists adorning the pillars that held up the ceiling. Art Deco heaven. Where Scott and Zelda once held court, Jim and Pam entered unrecognized. This is where pretend-princes, models and photographers now reign, no attention here for a former rock-god, now apprentice writer and his lady. But Jim feels the vibes of the Coupole's past and asks me more about its history. He decides "It's really great here but I can't help thinking about how it reminds me of Ratner's in the Village."

Over dinner Jim speaks of how the Doors are going to try to continue on without him and that he has just been offered the lead in "Catch My Soul" with Tina Turner, Joe Frazier and Melanie in L.A. and also a part with Robert Mitchum in the allegorical story of an Alaskan bear hunt in Norman Maller's "Why Are We In Vietnam." "I'm turning down the play, and I don't think I'll do the movie because it'll take up too much time when I could be writing. There's really an odd assortment of

freaks here, it's amazing how crowded this place is. What I am going to do though is have a screening here for some people of my three films—first a documentary of a Doors concert made by some slick, professional film-makers, then another Doors documentary, a much more human, violent look made by the friends I work on films with, sort of how a similar event, a concert can be seen in different contrasting ways, and last I will show my film 'Highway.' S'il vous plait, may we have some chocolate mouses for the ladies, please?"

We finally got back over to the apartment on the Right Bank after passing on the way a student riot in the Saint Michele district. The riots go on every weekend like clockwork, and Jim and Pam said that they had been caught in the middle of one a few weeks before. They both agreed that the riot morbidly fascinated them, then decided against stopping in the riot area. I said goodbye after a most enjoyable day with them and said I was returning, happily, to the States in a few days. Jim was amazed that I was so glad to be going back, saying "I won't be back in L.A. until September at the earliest." It looks like the "Lizard King" has reformed and is seriously attempting to be an American writer in Paris in the romantic tradition of the expatriates of the 20's

A MEMOIR

by Robert Beers

I suppose they waited until they were

Darwin suggested that the species advances in an evolutionary spiral through a system of natural selection;



by Tere Teresba

One could get away with more in France and whatever happened seemed to have something to do with art.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

On a warm Saturday night in June I was sitting in the Cafe de Flore munching on a croissant, halfway listening to the conversation going on between the two young hustlers to my right when I heard a familiar voice call my name. I was surprised and delighted to see the girl with the streaming red hair was Pamela Morrison, followed by an entourage of notorious French hangers-on who quickly disappeared into the bowels of the Flore. She sat down, we exchanged greetings, and she said that she and her husband Jim had been living in Paris since March and were enjoying themselves very much. We made plans to meet the next day at her apartment.

The Morrison apartment is in the Marais on the Right Bank, one of the oldest and most beautiful sections of a city that is almost too beautiful and too grand. It is a few blocks from the Place Bastille, the Metro stops conveniently near, and there are open-air food stalls only a few paces from their door. The apartment situated in this very idyllic location is also most beautiful and grand. Jim said it was a sub-let and mumbled "Can't get anything like this in L.A."

Jim looks better than he has in a while, certainly better than the Miami trial days. He claims to have quit drinking, has lost considerable weight, but the French food has taken its toll, and he still hasn't regained the licorice leather-legged look of the gaunt shadow that prowled L.A. as the "Lizard King." The days of his looking like and being the consummate rock idol are gone forever and he is the first to realize it. He sits in

his spacious, elegant Paris apartment dressed in the most unlikely clothes for a rock star, a button-down collar shirt with a V-neck sweater over it and chino trousers and desert boots. He is clean-shaven and except for the long brown hair framing the soft, child-like face, he could be mistaken for a college senior from Middle America.

Jim proceeds to tell me how he loves Paris even though neither he nor Pamela can speak French, and that he is devoting his time to his serious pursuit of writing. Pam interjects "he wants to be immortalized" and it does seem logical that a writer could achieve that state easier than a rock idol. Jim showed me a handwritten book that he has been working on in Paris and said it is nearly finished and will soon be ready for publication.

We decided that we wanted to go to dinner and I suggested La Coupole (the famous hang-out of the Fitzgeralds and Hemingway etc. during that long-gone literary heyday, which is now the gathering spot of the flossam and jeansam of the international artistic society, with Jean-Paul Sartre the only remnant of its once glorious past). Jim and Pam had never been there. On the way over to the Left Bank, Jim muttered something about "how they threw the blueprint away after they made this city" and told me about the month they spent traveling in Morocco where they were jived out of a hundred dollars immediately upon their arrival by an English-speaking Arab who said he would find them the "best and cheapest hash." Pam had her trusty Super-8 movie camera with her in Morocco and they agreed they got some fabulous footage. Jim said that he was going to incorporate his North African adventures into something that he was planning to write. "One of the reasons I

someone decided the cause of death; no typed rumors circulating. It's hard to be stunned ex post facto, and today there's time to think about King Lizard cut short, misnamed in an era of porno. Last week there was a letter from Paris describing him "lean and vital," with a piece coming up in the Paris Review and a new book almost under his belt. The most precious quantity to an artist is Time.

Time to live

Time to die

Time to laugh

Time to cry

I remember a session at the Fillmore East when the Doors jammed into the wee hours, finally just making it up as they went along. Jim delivered more than a Rock Star or a poet or the two together, moving along with the music, seducing us all into his fantasy. They say that the lions in front of the Fifth Avenue Library roar whenever a virgin walks by; Jim converted that epigram into a style, and look us all back to John Donne's admonition to "seize the day." Taking his cue from those "dirty" Stones, but moving in another direction, he brought us back to some simple realities that had been lost to popular music since the early thirties.

You men eat your dinner

Eat your pork and beans

I eat more chicken than any man in the

scens

Now we're left with a legion of imitation Morrisons: crotch-rattlers in search of stardust OM SHANTI.

There's a story about Brooklyn Frankie walking into the Factory one day and using some heavy persuasion to get several people involved in a game of revolving Russian Roulette: one bullet, six chambers and the last one in might have been a rotten egg, except no one was hurt. Russian roulette's like that; all the chills and only one sixth of the spills. You get odds against dying, with a chance to take a nice long look into the Face of Death, whoever she is. Recently, Russian roulette of one sort or another has become an alternate life-style among some big losers: Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, Brian Jones; you can add a few names out of your own private mythologies. Very Sixties.

The ones that can't make it are weeded out; the strong survive. This tidy little theory holds up very well, and has become the basis for a lot of subsequent thinking, but when it's applied to man it doesn't work. Man's self-destruction syndrome reverses the "survival of the fittest" axiom, turning it into something like the "survival of the less sensitive." The purveyors of Art, of Angst and Ecstasy, seem unsuited for longevity, prone to burning-out either creatively or biologically. Jim Morrison is dead; a media Eros done in by everything he was not.

"Let's swim to the moon-Let's climb through the tide."

Inexorably we become the thing we worship; Morrison's stage presence was Dionysian, ushering us into a pagan sensibility where the senses were exalted, the emotions deflated. At his heels was the awareness that, outside the Bacchanale, a heavier temporal reality lingered. The Doors peaked along with the sensual revolution and the mind drugs: late sixties, early psychedelic. They did a lot to shape the Dr. Feelgood genre of bands that dared you to alither rather than shake.

I was in school in Ohio when I first heard the Doors. Juxtaposed against the early Blues Project and the strong albums of those derivative blues singers who inaugurated what had already become folk-rock, the Doors' total disregard for "eth" music put me off. Their first album remained on the shelf until one night when I got stoned enough just to listen. It was like a trip through the tropics, slow, humid, erotic. After that I was hooked; and later I began to pick up on the lead singer who was later to emerge as a star of the counter-culture. Ballyhooed as a mobile Orgone machine, Morrison was never more genuine than in his early cuts and concerts; the image came later. Then Miami and a couple of weak albums. Then a silent trip across the Atlantic to get it back together, and that's where it all ended; Paris.

I looked at you

you looked at me

and we're on our way

Goodbye, Jim.

Summer Clearance

by Greg Mitchell

REVOLUTION Hedge & Donna (Polydor 24-4683)

This is Hedge & Donna's fifth album since they first graced the *Smothers Brothers* show four years ago. More importantly, it's their first record for Polydor and their first really "electric" side; hence the album's title. Of course, it's not that revolutionary, even for Hedge & Donna. It does, however, finally lay to rest the nagging doubts that H & D couldn't make it without their unintentional "gimmick": their interracial marriage.

Hedge & Donna Capers sing better together than apart. Neither has an especially robust voice, but at least they've finally stopped whispering. They interact beautifully on the exquisite "Aragon Ballroom." "Touch Casts on the Water" moves pretty well, but "Heavy Ways of Moving," typical of the entire album, rocks ever so tentatively. The pair's composing talents are over-taxed, perhaps, but not limited; of their seven originals, at least four, and especially "Nickel a Night," are quite interesting. Unfortunately, a couple cuts are orchestrated to death and in other places, the guitar work of Joe Walsh (of the James Gang) is inexplicably buried. Still, this is an enjoyable, if not memorable, album and a long-awaited, but determined, step forward for a still-evolving duo.

other hand, sounds like it was written for Gary Puckett. The rest of the cuts are either mildly pleasant or just a little bit lifeless.

Lighthouse is probably the least frantic of all the so-called "big bands" around today; about half their material is down-tempo. There's little guitar and a lot of viola in their arrangements, and, in the end, much of the inherent energy in their music is drained by the group's reliance on strings. But no matter—this is the band's first decent album, a comeback effort that certainly augurs well for their future.

HOLY MOSES (RCA ESP-4533)
SPIRIT IN FLESH (Metromedia MD 1041)

I bracket these records because they're both albums of high-energy, elementary, unintellectual rock 'n' roll. They offer little subtlety and absolutely no poetry, and defy multi-level analysis. Yet both are, in their own way, quite interesting.

Holy Moses is the more difficult record, not because of the "heaviness" of its lyrics, nor the intricacy of its musical content (it lacks both), but because it seems like the group doesn't know whether to take itself seriously or not. The band's alternately unbelievably sloppy ("Agadaga Dooley") and remarkably tight ("A Cowboy's Dream"); purposely comic ("The Sad Cafe"—a real knee-slapper) and dead-set serious ("Bazaraza Bound"—a searing jam). Billy Batson wrote all the songs, and sounds not unlike the late Jim Morrison; his drunken vocals make the

FRASER and DEBOLT Columbia C 36381

by Bob Sarlin

This record has been sitting around my house for weeks now, waiting to be properly listened to. When it first arrived I listened to the first cut, but the sounds were so strange and unique that I immediately hid the album for a time when I might give it my full attention. Yesterday that time rolled around, and after two full listenings, I can easily recommend this as one of the two or three best albums I've heard this year. Certainly the most inventive.

Fraser and DeBolt are a man and a woman, but since the record makes no attempt at identifying the two, I won't be able to here. So it's that rare moment in record biz dealings, when only the sounds count because the hype hasn't arrived in the mail yet. And believe me, these sounds count.

This music has some roots in Western songs, more specifically the kind of Western Canadian tunes that Ian and Sylvia came up with a number of years back. But, unlike that duo, Fraser and DeBolt are extensions of that tradition, rather than imitations or revisions. There are also moments when they remind me of the Incredible String Band, but this is probably the result of their reliance on a small ensemble and their own voices, rather than any real musical resemblance. Other than these slight references to the high, weepy sound of Western music and the intimate explorations of the ISB, these songs stand on their own, newborn and unique.

The tunes are carefully arranged statements that seem to be loose, spontaneous events. But after that second listening it becomes clear that this is a precise performance, one in which acoustic guitars, voices and a magnificent fiddle have been coordinated for maximal effect. There is not a loose note on the album and at times



Holy Moses!

pounding surreal stomps, as in "Gypsy Solitaire." There's even a waltz. The songs are filled with individual moments of grace and power, where the strength of the rhythms play against the lyricism of the voices. The best cut on the album, although it's a close choice, is a new version of the Beatles' "Don't Let Me Down," a perfect song for interpretation, with its empty spaces and sparse lyrics. Fraser and DeBolt do it to it, with soaring voices, spoken lines and Gwenther's fiddle wailing like a train whistle gone wild. From the first tentative fiddle strokes to the pleading, intricate harmonies and the howling climaxes, this has got to be the best version of this tune recorded so far. John Lennon would be proud.

I've long found myself attracted to the best of pop lyrics as poetry, and these songs reaffirm my belief that some of the best of our poetry is pouring out of radios and record players rather than out of salons and universities. These lyrics are full of surprises and blessed with an assertive self-control that one would not expect from a rock album.



Donnie & Hodge

SUPA'S JAMBOREE, Supa (Paramount PAS 6069)

Supa's on! Well, almost. As its title would indicate, this album is country funk-styled fun. Richard Supa, the Brooklyn cowboy, offers generally forgettable lyrics and guitar-picking, but sings grittily and seems to be a budding songwriter. Some of his songs go on far too long, and a couple start strong but proceed nowhere ("Talk Through Country Sunshine" fits both descriptions) but half the cuts are unmitigated delights. "Good Ol' Country Bee" is wonderfully infectious. "Li'l Jessie," the best of the lot, is incredibly derivative (see Fogarty, John: "Proud Mary"), but after a few boozey bars, who cares?

For pun's sake, it would be nice if I could call this a "supa" album (in an appropriate Brooklyn accent, of course). Though it's not quite that mighty, as debut albums go it's still above average, and good fun too.

ONE FINE MORNING, Lighthouse (Evolution 30067)

Lighthouse used to be twice as big as Blood, Sweat & Tears—and twice as bad. Now it's a little bit smaller—and a whole lot better. This is the Canadian group's fourth album, but their first on Evolution, and it is, to be sure, a transitional record. Considering their past efforts, it comes none too soon.

Solos are not infrequent throughout *One Fine Morning*, but they're generally kept short, i.e. bearable. Compared to past albums, there's little excess in the arrangements here. "Love of a Woman" refuses to be grounded by the solos it's saddled with. "1849," a delicate, beautiful, even moving pioneer song sustains interest through the group's vocal, not instrumental, work. "Hats Off" was a fine single and makes a finer album cut. "Show Me the Way," on the

funny songs, but detract from the straight ones. With guitarist Teddy Spolens it's positively "Feedback City."

In a full-page BILLBOARD ad, the members of Holy Moses called their group the "best band" around, hopefully, and probably, in jest. They're not that good. But they're good enough. And that's why this confusing album is disappointing. Nonetheless, we'll be hearing from them again, I'm sure, possibly in a finer fashion.

On the other hand, there can be no doubting the intentions of Spirit in Flesh. Its members are undeniably earnest, and a casual reading of their lyrics reveals their purpose ("I got the weight of the world on my shoulders—I got to help it cause it's my home"). The group is just a small part of a 200-member commune in Warwick, Mass. and they obviously believe they've found some down-to-earth truths about God and man they want to transmit musically (like: "The spirit is the guest and the body is the home").

Though their "message" is put forward in good-natured rock 'n roll, some of the lyrics are "preached." Also, the band really isn't much good, the lead singer is obnoxiously frantic and some of the "truths" are embarrassingly banal. ("I live inside a body—it's made of clay") However, a girl chorus occasionally helps put across what could be called "rousing rock," especially on "Blind Leading the Blind." There are several other cuts that could be quite exciting, if put in better hands.

Like the Holy Moses album, this release isn't exactly an artistic success. It is, in reality, a "message" album and though the sermon is oft-times trite, it's delivered so enthusiastically it's impossible to ignore it. Two hundred members strong, Spirit in Flesh is not the best rock 'n roll group around—only the biggest.

starts and finishes together, in a nice economy of the whole affair.

Each song features both guitars, both voices and fiddle, played by Ian Guenther. The guitars are played with forceful strokes, very much like the picking of Artie Traum, and with odd, chilly chords, many of which I can't recall hearing anywhere else. The voices, both of which boast great control and range, take separate paths, only to unite suddenly in harmony, surprising the listener. But the best moments are when the fiddle, which lurks throughout, picks a harmonic and joins the paired voices. All the passion of a screamer rock band couldn't match the intensity of these harmonic seconds.

There are few boundaries in this music. It's likely to take off into a strut, as in "Dance Hall Girls," or to turn to a

lingers the best of what we are: Wise and a bit witty, open and a bit wounded, whole yet a bit torn, simple yet crantly woven. One lyric has been zipping around in my brain since yesterday. It is the chorus of "Walk of the Tennis Players," a tune that takes on the one-eight stand, not the most frequent target of pop lyrics:

"Your love for me is an overnight sensation," Fraser and DeBolt harmonize.

"My love for you is an overnight sensation . . . too."

If you do get a chance to hear this album, listen to it at least twice and be sure to throw the volume all the way up, because some fool must've mastered the record just before his hearing went. Enjoy!



Fraser & DeBolt . . . or vice versa

REGWORDS

**SMASH YOUR HEAD
AGAINST THE WALL**
John Entwistle
Decca 2406005

by **John Swenson**

It comes as no surprise to long-standing Who fans that John Entwistle's album is a magnificently expansive work. In the complex character interplay that makes up the Who dialectic, Entwistle was always the dark horse who worked in a strange way opposite to the direction of the other members of the group.

From the beginning it was Pete Townshend who provided the group's focus, and his vision found three-dimensional extension through the boisterous antics of Keith Moon, who would demolish his drum sets with auto-destructive relish at the finale of each performance, as well as through the uncompromising punk attitude of Roger Daltrey, who provided Townshend with the arrogant, guttural mouthpiece needed to carry out the intensity of his lyrics. Only Entwistle seemed to want no part of Townshend's vision—he would stand in the shadows at the left of stage offering mute comment on the activities that surrounded him by sticking to his bass and offering only occasional harmonies to the total Who picture.

For Entwistle had ideas of his own, and even though he seemed to prefer to keep them to himself, now and then he would express himself through song. On the Happy Jack album Entwistle penned two

to form, said nothing about it until recently. This was no hastily thrown together album; there's a definite progression from beginning to end and a consummate vision that provides a sort of unifying theme.

The album opens with a driving hard rock song, "My Way," based on a mighty Who riff (as a whole this song is reminiscent of "I Can See For Miles," except that it's a lot more dense). Entwistle's vision is consonant with the brutal power of rock and roll; one thing you won't find on this album is a happy Townshend chord (although the guitar work is credited to one Cyrano and the phrasing often sounds Townshendesque). The lyric of the song embodies the heavy handed sado-masochism of rock:

"Now you're always hangin' round—
You never touch the ground
You made me feel so small—
Wish I was ten feet tall

Gonna bring you down to my size
One of these days I'm gonna make you fall

Gonna bring you down to my size
Smash your head against the wall"
Ironically enough the cut ends with a "Boris the Spider" riff, reminding you of the thematic similarities of the two songs.

The second song, "Pick Me Up (Big Chicken)," draws influence from the other early Entwistle tunes, "Whiskey Man." The cut opens with a climbing sado-progression, punctuated by horns and a piano (all played by Entwistle). Like "Whiskey Man," this is a drinking song, but hardly one of exuberant joy: "Gather 'round the bar let's have a

All I'll touch is tea — Alcohol's destroying me
All — I want — to do — is sleep
All — I want — to do — is sleep"

The first two cuts are explosive, but Jerry Shirley's drumming is sparser and bouncier than Moon's ballroom approach, giving a touch of delicacy to the rhythms. The guitar work here is unquestionably Townshend's (Entwistle denies it but the tone and phrasing are so much similar to what Townshend has been doing lately that I can't believe otherwise).

By way of contrast, the third cut is acoustic. "What Are We Doing Here" is a plaintive, wistful thing unlike other previous Entwistle compositions but still quite fine, as is "What Kind of People Are They," which is louder, but still not characteristically Entwistle. The last cut on side one, however, is Entwistle's most famous song, "Heaven and Hell." This is the number The Who have used during the past two years to open up their act, but here it's done much differently than the Who version. Here we have a lay back approach to the tune, giving it a timeless, floating-in-space feeling capped off by a tremendous echo-plex guitar solo similar to some of Joe Walsh's work on the second James Gang album (further reason to believe that Townshend wielded the axe here, for he and Walsh have become good friends, and Townshend has often praised Walsh publicly).

Side two opens with a brilliant little piece entitled "Ted End," whose lyric works as poetry:

"Someone called the other day,
said old Teddy Greeves just passed away.

They buried him on Saturday they said it was a lovely way to go —

In his sleep, didn't know a thing.

His wife couldn't go — Her second husband took her uptown to a show.

His sons and daughters emigrated,
said it cost too much to travel home

— Sent a wreath; and a sheet.

For a to a album that was a

the character of the devil, and plays the part far better than Arthur Brown ever did. It's a shattering piece, opening with a Tommy-like solemnity (even using the same chords), until it flips over to a driving pulse of a song with Entwistle singing in his deepest, most ominous voice:

"Who'd drown a cat? Who'd do a thing like that?

If you would, you're mine!

Who'd shoot a rabbit? A very nasty habit!

Those who hunt, are mine!

Who'd go to war? Like countless times before.

Those who war, are mine!

They are mine!

Everybody's mine, at some time.

Everybody's mine!

You'll enjoy your stay, 'till your all embalm'd someday.

Until you are, you're mine!

You're all mine!

As the last chorus fades out, an exploding, enveloping wall of feedback drowns everything out, leaving an echoing silence that pulses for a few seconds, then turns into "No. 29." The overall effect of this massive production number is over-whelming.

After the effects of that excursion, all that's left is the capper, "I Believe in Everything." It amazes me that this is the song released off the album as a single, for it is one of the flattest, least interesting tracks, a sum up, to be sure, but only potent when placed at the end of Entwistle's other observations, for it provides an overall perspective as well as a bit of comic relief. Perhaps the explanation lies with the troubles that The Who have always had with Decca records. Their problems with Decca are long standing, and I for one thought until recently that they might have been over, that is until I called Decca to find out some information about this album. I asked the girl in the publicity department when the John Entwistle album was planned for release.

"Who?" she queried. I was about to

of them evoked a dark aspect, and each had brutal lyrics dealing with some sort of physical or psychological violence, "Roris the Spider" being the grisly account of the messy death of one such insect, and "Whiskey Man" being about the hallucinating alcoholic who, once placed in a sanatorium, no longer could see his "friend" who always appeared whenever he got drunk.

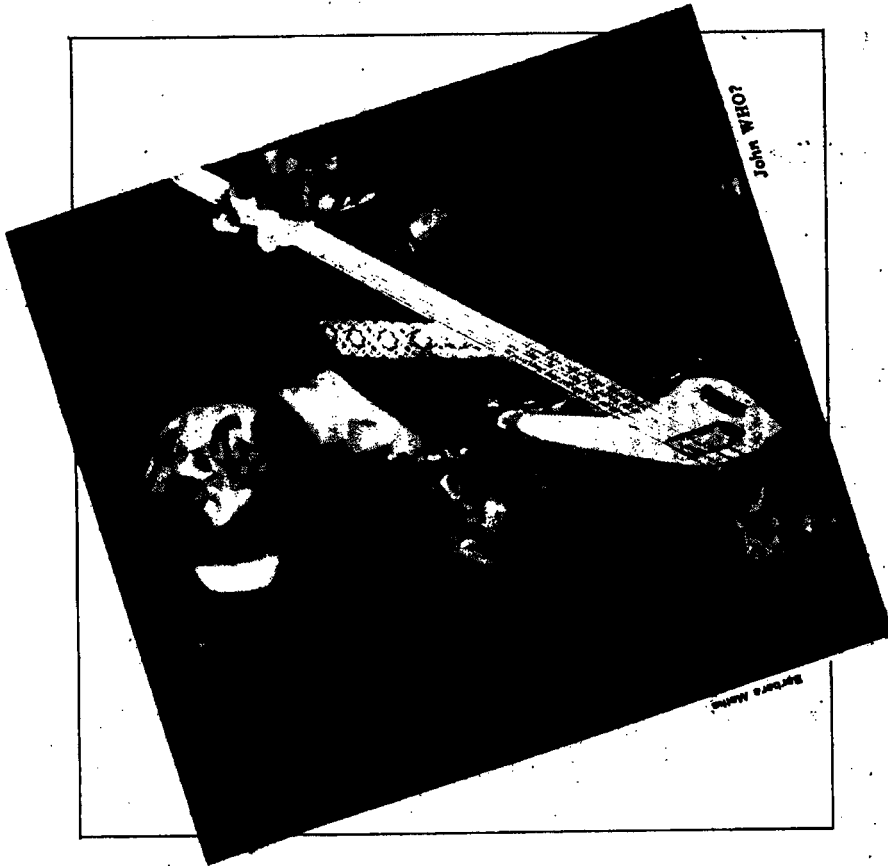
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so I repeated again, very carefully,
"John Entwistle. You know, the bass
player for The Who."
"Oh," she replied knowingly. "What's
the name of the album?"
"Smash Yer Head Against the Wall."
Without answering, she hung up on me.



NO MORE FILLMORE ANYMORE

by Robert Taylor

The impresario is the musician's mouthpiece, his link to the public. It's no coincidence that the phenomenal emergence of Rock parallels the equally phenomenal emergence of Bill Graham as mouthpiece extraordinaire to the Rock movement. People hate Bill Graham, as they have hated promoters before him from Bellasco to Calligula, but without the promoter, there is no show; and without the show, there are no stars. Bill Graham took the Jefferson Airplane out of some high school gym, and brought them to the world, and who gives a damn about his motives?

The musician must seclude himself in order to create, but quixotically, his only success is bestowed by his audience. The concept that "less is more" doesn't work when applied to the music business where the more people you turn on, the better. And I mean better for everybody. What the people need is Beauty, not Molotov cocktails. Taking potshots at Bill Graham is equivalent to smashing your radio instead of spending ten bucks to get it fixed. If you think that Rock musicians want to work for free, for the People, in the Street, think again. "Absolutely Free" Frank Zappa would like some bread to cover his expenses, which are considerable; and you don't break even playing Central Park.

So once again, the quasi-intellectuals

would have their cake and gobble it up too. Let's make everything free: free automobiles; free encyclopedias; and especially free Art. Those dirty freaks don't really need money; aren't they supposed to starve to death in cold-water flats covered with pigeon shit and cockroaches? The idea that artists should work for free has infested creative circles with such paranoia, that those artists who have managed to glean some public attention often end up by pricing themselves out of the market. On a clear day in Soho, you can see all the way to the County Home.

I live a few blocks from the Fillmore East.

Almost from the day it opened I have listened to one so-called revolutionary thinker or another advocating that it be burned, razed and the earth sown with salt or, equally AMERIKAN, that its door be thrown open to the poor starving groovers of the world. Get the picture? The kiddies want to save those two bucks so they can buy Betty Lou a chocolate soda back home in the Bronx. So fuck Bill Graham. He's got lots of money, and so do all those famous people. A half-truth is infinitely more dangerous than a lie. This is planet earth. OK? You put down your money, and you get your ticket. No tickets, no washie.

Good Luck Bill Graham, wherever you are.

Well, the wheels of progress catch up .. the audience expands, the facilities for

NEWPORT BITES THE DUST

by Lois Goldberg



For the past eighteen years, George Wein, impresario and producer has been supplying us with the finest jazz entertainment in the world. Such greats from Billie Holiday, Satch and Sara Vaughan to Miles and Pharoah have appeared at one time or another on Wein's Newport Stage.

The Newport Jazz Festival of 1971 was to include some of the best jazz oriented musicians of our time; Miles Davis, Ornette Coleman, Freddie Hubbard, Dizzy Gillespie, Chase and Aretha Franklin were just a few who were to appear. However, the festival was cancelled for this year and probably permanently. We've never able to see Miles, Aretha, Jimmie Smith, Weather Report or B.B. King because about 200 kids felt it was their obligation to chant **POWER TO THE PEOPLE**, tear down the stage, destroy the piano, lights and sound system, and cause about \$125,000 worth of damage.

The fault of the town was not providing cheap sleeping accommodations, or free food, but they did allow at least 20,000 people ringside seats on the hill surrounding the festival. The city was also wrong not to continue with the music once the kids stormed the gates because there was no danger at that point, but under no circumstances was that any kind of rational for 200 people to mob, and destroy the stage, the musicians' right to play and about 40,000 people's right to listen.

The musicians I talked to (Charles Mingus, Ornette Coleman, Dizzy Gillespie and the members of Air) are mad. Newport was one of the few places in the United States where jazz musicians could receive decent pay, for playing to an appreciative audience. It is an extremely sad state when American musicians now find they can only play to a large audience in Europe. As Captain America said in "Easy Rider," "We Blew It."

GRAND OLE OPRY

Expires in Expansion by Elkin Brown

base it has. More different styles now come under the heading of what we call

travelled. It was just all there. It was Bill Monroe ending his high lonesome

"mother church" of country music is to be torn down, or "relocated" as Bud Wendell, Opry manager puts it. The Grand Ole Opry building, a large old auditorium originally built as a tabernacle for traveling evangelists, has been occupied by WSM Radio for its Grand Ole Opry Shows since 1941. The tradition behind this building has spurred a lot of controversy regarding its sudden obsolescence. In order to get the inside information on the plans for relocation, I talked with Mr. Wendell.

"I know that there has been some controversy regarding this change in location," said Wendell, "but, if you'll take a close look at the history of the Opry, you'll see that this is not the first time changes have had to be made. The first broadcasts of the Opry, starting in 1925, were from WSM's Studio C. The development of a live audience reached the point where a small studio just wouldn't accommodate all those people, so we moved to the War Memorial Auditorium, which also proved too small for the ever-expanding audience, so, in 1941, we moved it to the Ryman Auditorium, where it has been ever since. In 1962, WSM bought the building, and it was renamed simply the "Grand Ole Opry House." Now we are faced once again with the problem of expanding audiences and it has reached the point where this building is no longer suitable.

"The problems we face not only have to do with space but with comfort. There have been numerous complaints from Opry visitors because of lack of air conditioning. We investigated installing air conditioning, but this was ruled out due to the peculiar acoustics of the building. Another problem is the extremely small dressing room space for male performers, and the female performers have to dress in the ladies' room. Most performers agree that it's the worst possible place to do a show.

"Also, with increasing network television exposure a new place is needed because the old building is not suitable at all for taping a network television show. So it all boils down to the fact that when

"We realize that the average Opry visitor travels 450 miles to see the show, and many of them spend the whole weekend, and save for the show itself, or maybe a trip to the Hermitage, there is very little for them to do. In order to cater to these people, we drew up the plans for Opry-land, a complex to surround the new Opry building designed to familiarize and give people more association with the Nashville music business. It's a family-oriented, themed park. It should be interesting and educational, as we plan to have mixed-media programs showing the various influences that have gone to make up modern country-western music."

As respectfully as possible, I asked Wendell if all of this extra dimension might not become gimmicky and detract from the real tradition of the Opry. It's one thing to talk about bathroom and dressing room space, and air conditioning, but man, like this is where Hank Williams got his chops, and Bill Monroe, and Fiddler and Scruggs. Many of the newer Opry performers have complained about the facilities, very often upset about the fact they don't have a place to rehearse. But, you know, it always struck me that the Opry was, if nothing else, spontaneous; you know, people rushing around like mad backstage, trying to get their musical heads together. It may have been a hassle, but it developed some dynamite musicians, those "Nashville Cats" that John Sebastian sang about, who could get into a riff in seconds, and make it all sound like something, even on the spur of the moment. I wonder if the musicians and singers who complain realize that this is perhaps what got them off in the first place. In the rock world it may be called "paying dues," in Nashville it may be called "runnin' like a chicken with his head cut off" but it boils down to the same thing. So in essence, what I was asking Wendell was, wasn't he worried about too much programming destroying the very thing that made country music popular as "the music of the people?"

"No, I don't think so," he said. "The bigger the business becomes the wider

as I said, when you expand the base of the music and the audience you have to expand your facilities."

I then pointed out that the facilities in Nashville had already expanded in many ways, from the modern recording studios (definitely an asset, I think no one would argue with that) to the tinsel and glamor scene of such institutions as the Country Music Hall of Fame, the Wax Museum and Hank Williams Jr.'s Barbecue Pit (which prompted one critic, a songwriter friend of mine to remark, "When are they gonna forget about fried chicken and get back to making music?"). Defensively, Wendell replied that his organization had nothing to do with the Hall of Fame or any of those ventures. I stated that I was not talking about the Opry in particular but the general trend of the Nashville music scene away from spontaneity and toward commercialism and programming, which have their place, but, you know, lest we forget . . .

Time will tell what the New Opry will be like. Mr. Wendell and his planning committee certainly have valid reasons for their decision. I'm not putting down progress, to be sure. Yet I have some rather uncomfortable questions. Is progress measured in quantity, the size of the audience, the number of occupied hours the Opry visitors would have browsing around the souvenir shops and seeing Ernest Tubb's first rhinestone suit? And how commodious does an environment have to be before it becomes sterile. Performers and audiences today may complain about the Opry's lousy bathroom facilities, but remember when the old country boy with his gee-tar would give his right nut to be on the Opry? I do, because I had those feelings myself when I first started listening to it over WSM in about 1961. And I remember the first time I went to see an Opry show. It was hotter than hell, the old wooden church pews turned my ass to patty, but I didn't really think about it. Why? Because the whole scene was magic. It had a certain splendor that couldn't be measured in box-office receipts or how many miles you

practical audience. Times change, of course, and maybe not as many people believe in magic as used to, so maybe Wendell has really psyched out his audience and knows what they want, and maybe there's room for all of it. It seems a shame though, to totally abandon what is more than a structure, but a tradition. I guess, when you think about it, a lot of traditions are based on magic, so there you are.

Perhaps all is not lost to the stone and concrete practicality, as there are some who are protesting this loss of belief in the tradition of the Opry; for example, songwriter Mickey Newbury has recently joined forces with Joan Baez, Buffy St. Marie, and Roger Miller to try to put together benefit concerts to save the Opry. But the real power to decide the Opry's destiny should be in the hands of the people, and perhaps if enough of them get off their asses to let the city of Nashville know they really do believe in magic—

Perhaps this feeling is best expressed by this letter, written by Paul Spahos, an Opry fan from Harlan, Kentucky, published in the *Nashville Tennessean*: "We laughed together, cried together, and clapped together. Ryman Auditorium is saturated with our dreams and our tears . . .

The Grand Ole Opry took many-of us through the depression, the war, and the ascension.

But now what do we have to look forward to? Concrete and glass, another Lincoln Center, country style.

But this is not enough. It cannot replace the heartaches basic to the preservation and growth of country music.

There is only one consolation in the moving of country music from Ryman Auditorium to its new sterile home. As a poet has said, there is a certain beauty in death . . .

It was beautiful while it lasted, but big money and urban renewal gobbled it all up . . .

Institutions are physical manifestations of dreams, and when the dreams die, so do the institutions. As an example, look at America today."

RECWORDS

BLUE

Joni Mitchell

Reprise RS 2038

by Peter Knobler

There are many ways to listen to a Joni Mitchell record: while thinking, while pointedly not thinking; while making love, while alone; while concentrating, while meandering doodling crying smiling sadly or not at all. Her records have been overwhelming to me; each first hearing a major event of the day, if not the week. I learned things about myself from Joni Mitchell records, or learned lovely new phrases for them.

Blue is less than overwhelming, though. It's fine, of course, and far superior to almost all of the music I'd been filling my time with before it came along. But it's no revelation anymore. This time you can hear influences—Joni on herself ("River" is very reminiscent of "The Arrangement," while "Little Green" recalls "Morning Morgantown")—and she's latched onto a rhythmic and tonal pattern which is lovely but close to repetitious ("All I Want" is "Carey" is "California"). Maybe the question is: How long can you listen to Joni Mitchell before being moved to become yourself?

Joni Mitchell, as Joan Baez and Bob Dylan before her and Meanie and Cat Stevens after, is the Me-As-I-Could-Be image once removed to the Sensitive audience. She uses her life as poetry, speaks in concrete terms and describes the ethereal. Her songs are tableaux, sketches of encounters which felt strong while lived but are left generally unanalyzed. Implying everything, giving an outline for one's own associations, one's own perceptions, her songs are as



Blue isn't perfect

are references and influences apparent; she has found a style she likes, it seems, and has stayed with it this past year. Ladies of the Canyon came out over a year ago and was not strikingly dissimilar. In fact, what this record shows more than anything else is that Joni Mitchell has chosen to live the year

from Africa," jets over Las Vegas. That she still finds universals in it is all the more impressive, and heartening.

She's at her best when she's running words together happily: "I want to talk to you, I want to shampoo you, I want to renew you;" "I want to knit you a

you closer to the truly intangible tones of love.

Her voice is in excellent shape. She sings with knowledge and her phrasing seems almost beyond technique. When she's right it just flows, and much of the record seems just to pour out like sweet cider on edge.

...moods swing from love to loss and back, and occasionally I don't believe her. "Little Green" doesn't feel quite right, and "Blue" gets caught saying things the easy way. The music, however, is very fine throughout. There

perhaps in the universals she seems always capable of finding, while the experiences are at the same time intensely personal. It seems to have been an international lite she's been leading—Paris, somewhere where "the wind is in

man he's a singer in the park, he's a walker in the rain, he's a dancer in the dark." She can evoke a closeness that is hard to define; you just know it when you feel it, and if you've known it she brings it closer. It's a rare person who can bring

on by without me, doesn't quite mean it. But that's okay, because she should go her separate way. As I should. As should you. Blue is nice, though, because you know somebody's just around the corner, imperfections and all.

SUMMER SIDE OF LIFE
Gordon Lightfoot
Reprise RS 2037
by Allan Richards

I listen to Gordon Lightfoot expecting the best, and the best I am offered. It is that simple.

Lightfoot's ability as a singer-songsmith has been revered in many small circles of folk fiends. He consistently writes unique songs, interpreting them in a somber, mellow Canadian voice. It's often been said, though, that his music was a bit too hush-mouthed and depressing; and that's possibly true. But there is something happening on *Summer Side of Life* that is so pleasantly different from the strains of his previous recordings. As usual, it's a compilation of varied thoughts. But it shimmers with an alien, beautiful excitement, which up to now has been a sensation absent from many of his works.

The album's transition from tune to tune, and tone to tone, is magnificent. It is indeed a rare record which doesn't have several displeasing songs — even those by our most prized, precious stars. To this new Lightfoot album, I listen all the way through with pleasure.

The eleven tracks are all arranged, produced and organized in a precise, balanced lovely manner. Every song is like a scene within a play, and as the words and music of each successive ballad tip-toe through the mind, there is a constant growth of action and drama. Moods flow frequently, but never strange a setting.

Summer Side of Life is apparently dedicated to country life, both Canadian and American. His heritage is revealed through tales of Ontario, Redwood Hill,

and "the love and maple syrup that go together like the sticking winds of winter." Spiced about these images is the splendid flair of Nashville's finest musicians: Charlie McCoy, Ken Buttrey, Vasser Clements, and Lightfoot's own two side kicks, Red Shea on guitar and Richard Haynes on bass. The mixture of the two country sounds, and the arrangements they've jammed out, adds an enthusiasm in "Cotton Jenny," "Same Old Loveman," and "Redwood Hill," too long missing from his style.

There's another noticeable change in Lightfoot's music which makes this record more endearing. In the past, his writing style has favored the long melodic phrases, with small emphasis on the choral refrain. It is difficult to add punch and drive to that style, for the melody line is much too pretty and needs little accompaniment other than an acoustic guitar and possibly strings. But his songs are now more succinct in verse, and more powerful and lengthy in chorus. He uses vibrant harmonies in his choruses, more detailed instrumentation in his arrangements—including vibes, fiddle, harmonica and French Horn—and allows his bevy of fine musicians to drape their own dynamic musical statements around his songs.

I don't know how Gordon Lightfoot has avoided wide popularity. He certainly is an artist's artist, and he is definitely deserving of the distinction earned by many other folk-country singers such as James Taylor and Neil Young.

In the past, I could understand a person's disliking Lightfoot's serious, lamenting style. He's always been a bit too depressing. Not so anymore. Gordon Lightfoot now rejoices amidst the happier things of life. He has reached his *Summer Side of Life*.



Lightfoot in summer

The Living Theatre, that group of freaks, maniacs, visionaries, those infants terribles who so captured the imagination of those LIVING who saw them, during their last American tour in 1969 or for the 20 years of their existence previous, have been arrested in Brazil. The charges, familiarly enough, are for possession of, and perhaps trafficking in marijuana, that most convenient of all indictments. Over their heads hangs the threat of the charge of subversion; the evidence being their library, containing books by Karl Marx, Mao Tse Tung, Jerry Rubin, among many others. The balance lies in the not-yet-completed translations of Julian Beck's diaries, seized in a raid of his house, and in other Living Theatre poems and writings. They await the final decision on this charge. Meanwhile, the American State Dept. has been reported to have said, when contacted about the matter, "Well, they've broken the law and it's a

purely Brazilian matter. Maybe we can give them some telephone numbers for lawyers."

I have done an interview with three of the "law-breakers," breakers of the law surely, the laws of greed, loneliness, power, slavery, death, hate; breakers of the real laws upon which our so-called just, temporal laws are based. They break these laws openly, with joy, with the happy cooperation of the people they meet in the streets around the world. The Living Theatre is Hope. It offers Love. The people in it do not just speak about, nor just regret things not being different; they work to bring the creative force to each man, to bring him LIFE. This is not subversion; it is holiness.

Do they belong in jail? It is our duty to get them out. -ed.

The How-Are-You-Going-To-Stay Open in the Seventies Cookbook

Part I: The keep-your-fingers-crossed-campaign

Raeanne: Can someone explain to me what is the reason for being for the Living Theatre? Why it began, and why it still continues.

Steve: In 1947, Julian Beck and Judith Malina became very close with Paul Goodman and people like him and then, in that time, in '47, Paul Goodman said that "now we are few and someday we shall be many." And he began to explore at that particular time all the different possibilities of increasing what is called "conscious awareness" and to make people aware that conscious awareness will evolve and we'll be able to view life as a sacred happening. They began to create theatrical forms throughout the period leading up to 1970, and through the last 20 years were able to research and redevelop themselves to find and to continue to understand and study the needs of the people so that they would begin to take part in the 20th century. In 1970, the Living Theatre, after what can be called a successful international tour, were forced by the times we were living in to drop out of the entire game or process that we were involved in in order to research and to study how to do our work and how to ask ourselves what is our work and what is the meaning of work and how can we change the concept of work and make it satisfying and fulfilling in order to do the work of the world which as we say is to increase conscious awareness. These things have always been Living Theatre exercises in decision making and the important thing is that in the 1970's the Living Theatre found itself dividing into two groups, because of a historical necessity to break apart, and to bring energy into different parts of the world; to begin finding techniques and processes that we could use in terms of increasing conscious awareness. In 1970 a part

Raeanne: What does that mean?

Andy: Well, most practically, it means feeding the people and stopping the killing (to start with).

Steve: And understanding the concept of distribution. Man's historic mistake has always been economic, and this thing, distribution, has always been a very vague, very abstract reality in terms of fulfilling man's needs. One of the techniques we're working on is for people to understand other alternatives of distribution.

Andy: And finding out how it could work for all of us on both a small and a large scale.

Steve: Right!

Raeanne: In terms of that, can you explain why you went to Brazil? Does Brazil represent the kind of prototype oppression of the working class that you're talking about?

Andy: Brazil is one of the worst countries in the world. I've heard figures that four people a minute die of hunger . . . more than half the population of the country, which is 100 million, has a monthly income of less than 36 dollars, which is the federal minimum monthly wage in Brazil. Many people earn a hundred and fifty dollars a year and have ten children, and there's nothing to eat because all the land is producing coffee and sugar-cane and pineapple and so on. Two or three big cash crops.

Raeanne: And do you think that this is a general problem throughout the world?

Andy: Yeah, I think this is a general problem throughout the world.

Raeanne: Is this what you think is the whole problem?

Andy: No, this isn't the whole problem.

a group of students, and we would rehearse a piece, and do it collectively in the square, and hope to have the participation, at the end of it, with a few thousand people of that town. I'm saying this is something that we tried; when we got to Brazil, we didn't know we were going to do this. But after being in Brazil for a while, and looking around and talking to the people, we got on to the idea that if we went to a place, studied it, looked at it, and did a piece in the streets, that would tell us something. So we found out that by the experimentation of doing it, we would learn something.

Raeanne: Can you give me an exact example of how your theater works?

Steve: Well, we try, like everybody else tries, to respond to reality, you know. For example, one day, during the carnival in Sao Paulo, the carnival also happens in Sao Paulo, a few of us were walking in the street and we saw like a crowd of fifty people watching a man who was going out on epilepsy. All of a sudden there were fifty people helpless and then there were fifty-three, three of us who were helpless too. But one of us knew something about what perhaps to do during an epileptic fit, and we went over to this man, and people told us not to go over because they believe in Brazil that epilepsy is contagious. But we started to do mouth-to-mouth breathing, massage, and artificial respiration and after a few minutes, we got the guy together, and since we had done this thing we felt very high because we had actually done it, you know, and we decided to make a theater piece out of this by . . . the police came, and we did a thing with the police when the police came and we put him in a car to go to the hospital. The fifty people who remained were thanking us, and thought we were like some hero,

Raeanne: What particularly made you aware of the need to drop out?

Steve: Well, it's like getting high you know. It's like chewing gum that you've been chewing for a long time and the taste is gone and you begin to feel that you've become a part of a closed in-group. And you find that you represent a very small part of the prostitutes for the elite, which is like theater people, bookers, and people like that (R-magazine editors). So we found out that we were beginning this very difficult transition to the real world, and trying to establish ourselves with new groups of people and in order to do this we knew that we could never walk into a theater again. We knew that our work had to be done in the streets and had to be done for free and also very important, to find out how we could live, eat, and do our work and do this without hustling everybody. Because everybody in this world has got to go out there day-by-day and hustle his bread in some form. So recognizing this, and trying to live our lives, we began this process of study, of rediscovering how we could do this; how we could play in the streets, how we could play for the poor people, how we could go into the elementary schools and talk to the people, how we would begin as much experimentation as we could and at the same time, live with the minimum of money, which is what we are always trying to do. And how to find new ways to get it. So this became clear to us and we knew that we had to, as Julian says, fulfill our responsibility to taking our craft and our art, which we had loved so hard and on which we had worked so hard to develop, and give it to the people.

Raeanne: What made you decide that it was going to be the working class that was going to be your target?

Andy: Well, the working class is the class of people who creates the wealth of society, by virtue of whose work we all live privileged lives as management or manipulators of wealth. The people who create the wealth, the industrial workers and the agricultural workers, are the people who have the power because they're the ones who give society its initial impetus. And we know experientially that the Bourgeoisie is not going to make the change because they're too involved with their own material security. And so it is to the people who are going to make that change that we are directing our artistic energies, and our creative talent.

Raeanne: You're talking about a change. What kind of change are you talking about?

Andy: I'm talking about a change which will sweep across the face of humanity and change life for all of us.

one can see throughout history that a lack of real understanding of this problem always led to a certain betrayal of the people by the people.

Raeanne: What is beginning to happen in Brazil?

Andy: Well, Brazil has a history of a master-slave economy, and of a master-slave human-social organization which is prevalent very few other places in the world. Certainly paralleled nowhere else in the New World. The great majority of the very very poor people in Brazil are black or black and Indian or a mixture of the races so that you've got a broad-base of the poorest of the poor people, the ones who really can just keep it together to survive. You've got a social system whereby the master and the slave are involved in a sado-masochistic relationship in which the slave loves to be the slave and the master loves being the master, but the slave is dying because of his oppression.

Raeanne: The Living Theatre went to Brazil because it knew of the situation.

Steve: One of the reasons we went to Brazil is that it was almost a training period in terms of being in a reality where one wants to do his creative work, and, as he knows it's creative work, what he would be doing in a place like Brazil it's almost impossible. So what we were forced to do, was to seek and find a new level of approach. In this situation, we were forced to go somewhere else in our thinking, in our actions, in our relationships and so we felt that this would be very interesting because we felt that how it was in Brazil was how it was going to be in this part of the world in a few years. And we say that our work is built and continually based on the concept of non-violence.

Raeanne: You went to Brazil, sophisticated, having traveled and performed in a lot of the capitals of the world, you went to Brazil to find a very poor reality. How did you, your work, make the transition to become part of the structure of the lives of these people?

Steve: For example, when Judith and Julian got off the airplane, the media was there, and the media said "Why have you come to Brazil?" and they said, "Well, we've come to do theater for the people." You know, and this was played up in all the newspapers, and that's what we proceeded to do. So for example, we were invited to a town, say Rio Claro, in the State of Sao Paulo, and what we did there was we studied the situation, since we had an invitation to perform a piece there and we were students of that.

Raeanne: Who extended you the invitations?

Steve: We got them from the mayors. First through cultural people, and then through the mayors. We found

tendency to do. But what we did was we demonstrated further . . . We did mouth-to-mouth things with them and with ourselves to show that when you see this again anytime you will know that this is what you can do to revive a person. What they got there was an exercise in decision-making. They knew that if they were ever confronted with a similar situation they could respond.

Raeanne: This was an unplanned theater event. What kind of planned theater-events did you do?

Andy: Well, for example, we did a piece with eighty children in a school for their mothers for a Mother's Day play. Which was a very exciting experience, getting up at 7 o'clock in the morning and going to school and doing this number with these kids. Very great experience with these children; they loved us. They just loved us. They just went right out on us.

Raeanne: Can you describe what the play would be about?

Steve: Let's say that all our plays continue to deal with the same thing. This deals with increasing conscious awareness, but to be more specific, there are exercises which have been revealed to us in this century, human exercises which we must continually practice. These exercises always deal with how we can relate better to each other to do the work of the world. How we can be aware of the alienation being upon us again; that we can begin to rewrite the How-you-gonna-stay-open-in-the-Seventies Cookbook.

Andy: And make ourselves into a people . . .

Steve: We have to be aware of this, of how ill-prepared we are, and how we can begin to exist in a certain type of openness contact and creativity with each other no matter what happens.

Raeanne: You're still not describing what you would do specifically.

Steve: For example, the ten males who are in jail now in Belo Horizonte, in order for their survival, and since they are separated in the cells, and since they are in there with another hundred and fifty Brazilian prisoners, what they decided to do was to get permission to do a theatrical piece with the guards and for the other prisoners in the prison.

Raeanne: And the purpose of this was to teach the other prisoners that they could do theater for themselves?

Andy: The purpose was to bring the community of prisoners, who are a community by virtue of their being forced to live together under one roof, to bring the community of prisoners together, to create human solidarity between them. Because jail is a place which, by its very nature, is supposed to create alienation

between one human being and another and between one human being and himself.

Steve: A very important thing. Alex Trochee said years ago: "When the play ends, the murder begins." And this is it, is that all our work, all our life is based on keeping this play; in whatever form it is, whatever you can make out of it, whatever you can do, whatever you can think of, whatever you can experiment with, with anything that can get you to a point where you can be a creative human being in this society, anything that will take you out there and make you soar and allow you to play this fantastic thing that is calling us to play or survive at this point. It's all based on: We must play or the murder begins.

Raeanne: The jail thing I understand because that was under extreme circumstances; people were desperate. But when you did the children's play, what did you do?

Andy: Well, we were invited by the school to come and do a play for Mother's Day with the children. There were all different conceptions of Mother's Day. So we figured out to have all the kids write dreams about their mothers, dreams or poems or compositions. This was as the physical rehearsals were beginning. We had all the children write dreams about their mothers, and we took six of them, and the play is called *Six Dreams About Mother*. We created a dream piece around the text of three children's dreams, and we... Do you want to know what the overall concept of the play was?

Raeanne: What did you do?

Andy: We found in the dream that all of the dreams and compositions were dreams and compositions of adoration for the mother. Adulation of the Mother Figure, and so we constructed the play in three parts: the rite of adoration, the rite of the de-mythification of the mother figure and the rite of liberation of the children. We put it into various physical forms...

Raeanne: What should the end result have been in the minds of the children?

Steve: The end result in the minds of the children is always: that you create a trip for them to take, open up certain doors in their perception, in their feeling which they do not get in school, which their parents do not have the time to give them, which usually they would have to learn much later on. To key off certain mechanisms which lie between the black-and-white of it all. To begin to help us to learn how to deal with this Twentieth Century...

Raeanne: That basically is the purpose of all the plays? Steve & Andy: Right.

goes, they are not equipped or prepared to respond. Now our work is not based on "get your thing together, man, quickly" or "wake-up" but at this point, our thing is trying to slow it down a bit so that we can see what inroads can be made in communication so they can begin to open and begin to exercise their wills as an exercise for them through theatrical interplay with what we can provide with each other. Because we're not saying specifically, do this or do that or that's great or that's terrible; we're trying to create a situation so that something can happen between all of us, a specific experience that is going to get these people launched in some way in any way. Launched in some way of thinking, of changing their perception.

Andy: Into a recognition of their own power?

Steve: Right. It's essential that they recognize their own power. Also people hold on less dearly to their racial, cultural, class myths, as their physical suffering increases. That is, as the people get hungrier, as the people's daily physical torment accelerates, and at tenures, the people hold on less dearly to the old forms because, just in their struggle, in their manipulations to survive, they are constantly having to deal with new forms.

Raeanne: To speak generally, you found that you were, or were not, accepted in the village in which you lived? Andy: We were generally warmly received.

Steve: Because that is also part of the objective. Wherever we must go, part of our preparation and exercise is how to get the people... what we can do, as human beings, to get the people to dig us, so we can dig them and they can dig us so that we can begin to communicate. That's all part of what we can call "Stage One," entering any situation, asking what can you do to make the people dig you at some level.

Andy: It's also a question of finding the technique of what we call "the language of the people." Now when you want to communicate to the people, you... Raeanne: Did you all learn to speak... Steve & Andy: Portuguese.

Andy: When you talk to the people, when you want to find out what language the people speak, the people speak the Language of the People, and the language of the people is that which is most effective in communicating most clearly the deepest sources of their being. The real sources of their humanity which are often crusted with suffering, you know, with scars... Raeanne: You found that you were generally warmly received, yet the Living Theatre got busted and they are

Raeanne: Of general guilt? Andy: Guilt for smoking I guess. Or of being in flagrant possession of marijuana.

Raeanne: So the charges were marijuana? Steve: Yeah, but later they went into the house, and they got hold of our library, which had books by Karl Marx, Mao Tse Tung, Jerry Rubin, Abbie, copies of the Bible because we were preparing this thing called the "Legacy of Cain," hundreds of other books which were part of our research library. Then they began to play this game called subversion. That is, no charges of subversion, but they're still studying the books, and they're still translating personal diaries, and so this charge is sort of hanging.

Raeanne: There's a possibility that they could charge you with subversion?

Steve: There is a possibility, yes.

Raeanne: Do they have to make the charges clear? Steve: In Brazil, unlike America, you are guilty until you are proven innocent. That's the difference. The Brazilian police don't know how to handle the situation. Like all of a sudden, they are getting pressure from certain groups, and they are responding, because that's their role, to function as a cool-out group for the troubles of the establishment.

Raeanne: So you weren't arrested for anything specific, just because of a generalized... Steve: Hysteria.

Raeanne: Hysteria on the part of the leaders of the country or of the town to whom you posed a general threat. They didn't know what... Andy: They really didn't know quite what. Also they thought... there's a big movement in Brazil now to clean up the youth, a movement which is doomed from the beginning by its very nature. They hope to use as an example, a threat and a warning to the youth of Brazil.

Raeanne: To not what?

Andy: To not take the path of creativity in life.

Raeanne: But in their minds to not what?

Andy: To not take the path of creativity in life.

Steve: It's like Dylan's song about Mr. Jones. They don't know what's happening they're trying to find out and that's why they're using this Living Theatre now like a probe. They asked one of the Brazilian Boys why do so many people between the ages of 14 and 25 smoke marijuana. Does it have something to do with society? In other words: In Brazil, it's culturally is or 20 years behind. They don't know what's happening, and this is what they're trying to find out and they're a little

Andy: It was a myth to which they were enslaved.
Raeanne: Right, but in a society like Brazil, there are other myths, aren't there? The religious myths plays?

Andy: Brazil is a myth.
Raeanne: But I mean, they must have others.
Andy: Property, for instance... Tradition, family.
Raeanne: So what about religion, tradition, family etc?
Andy: These things are a sociological phenomenon which represent a world-myth, that the only possible form of human relationship is Master and Slave. This myth that the master and the slave are two instinctual, organic attitudes of man towards his fellow man is the myth which has created war, which has created slavery through love, which has created property, which has created capital and so on and so on and so on. The necessity for this myth to be broken has never been so urgent as it is today.

Raeanne: Why?
Andy: Because the human race is in the process of committing suicide. The despair which has been engendered by the lack of vision of alternative structures among the people who are repressed by the church, by the state, by capital and so on, is devastating the planet. Our theatrical work is to de-mythify this myth and to provide alternative organic life-structures, work-structures, economic structures, sexual structures, social structures, which have been seen as the lights of prophecy over the last six thousand years. But because of the more or less slow progress of technology over the last six thousand years, rapid progress, but slow in terms of human time, have not been able to come to fruition in terms of actual organization.

Raeanne: Did you discover great distrust in the people?
Andy: No, the people had a large trust in us. When they came to recognize the fact that we were other human beings working...

Raeanne: It seems that the people hold on very dearly to their myths, and it seems to me that you came in and said OK we're going to break down your six thousand year myths, we're going to give you a whole new way to think; although they might think that it might be interesting, their resistance might be high because it was going against everything they've been taught for generations.

Steve: It has something to do with how you approach it all and how we can begin to work, what we call now, "in between the black-and-white of it all." In other words, people have always been faced with two extremes, because of these two extremes as far as communication

Pretio with the festival. We did come there. We did rent a house. Two weeks later the director changed his mind about the direction of the festival. They said they saw us, or they heard strange stories about us, but the reason why we could not perform at the festival was never made clear. Since we had paid the rent on the house for a few months, and since we found the city very rich in human resources, we decided to continue our work. We had heard that during the festival, courses were given, and we tried to get in touch with the mayor to see if we could give an acting course. This was to be done in the local square, and we were waiting for this answer. But we had heard after we had been arrested that a certain priest was preaching violent sermons against us because he said we were corrupting the youth of this city. And since the whole idea of getting into the body and long hair is still taboo because of Catholicism in South America, one pressure plus another pressure plus another pressure plus certain fears amongst people of certain groups, finally concocted some insanity which made the police move in some way to cool us out in terms of the information they were getting. Which wasn't real, and so we were busted with our door open. We were leaving our door open as part of an experiment to have people come in, to sort of have an open place when we weren't rehearsing. The police came in with their dogs, and they came in also with their grass because there was no grass in our house. They took the people to jail, the fifteen people who were in the house. They made them sign these documents saying that they were guilty. People were forced, and people were hit.

Raeanne: You mean tortured?
Steve: Well one of the boys, two, received electric shock, one of them on his genitals and...

Raeanne: To make him admit that he had...

Steve: It was a probe, a Pavlovian Probe.

Andy: To see how he reacts. Also because the boy was a black Brazilian, he was immediately treated as dirt.
Steve: For example, one guard had said in Portuguese to another guard, about Jimmy Anderson, who is one of the black boys in our group "how come this Creole didn't get killed in Vietnam?"

Raeanne: What were they trying to find out?

Steve: The people were made to sign a statement saying they were guilty. They were allowed to read it. It was never translated into English for those whose Portuguese was not very good at that time.

Raeanne: Do you know what it was?

Andy: It was a statement of guilt.

Raeanne: So the three of you are fortunately out of Brazil. Steve, you managed to escape, and Mary and Andy, through some kind of peculiar good fortune, you managed to get released on a technicality. What are you going to do now?

Steve: Our work now is to get the rest of the theatre out of jail, and out of Brazil. Including, and this is the hardest part, the Brazilian members of the company who were taken. It's very important that we get help on all levels, anything that anyone can do can help tremendously...

Raeanne: What, for example, could someone who cares who reads this do, specifically?

Steve: It's very important, if anyone happens to be into any bread today, we know bread is tight, to have money for food, for lawyers, and if the people get deported, to fly them out, because I don't think the Brazilian Govt. would pay for it. But immediately, mainly for lawyers. And also, any ideas that you people have in these areas that will help us would be appreciated. Either of these, or both, can be sent to:

The Living Theatre Defense Fund

c - o Beck
800 West End Ave.
New York, N.Y.

Raeanne: Anything to be done directly, in Brazil?
Steve: The best thing, and possibly the potentially most important would be to write to the Brazilian Govt. itself, but very cool, very outside, stressing the artistic contribution of the theatre throughout the world, and the injustice of its imprisonment. These should be sent to either - both:

President Garrastazy Medici
via Col. Octavio Costa
Office of the President for Public Relations
Planalto Palace
Brasilia DF
Brazil

David Hazan
Renato Aragao
D.O. Political and Social Order
Avenida Alfonso Perra
Belo Horizonte
Minas Gerais
Brazil

RE-REVIEWS

A REGURGITATORY BRIEF SAMPLER OF PAST REVIEWS

Brothers, the Flying Burrito: "A very fine, low-key album . . . It feels good to listen to, can help in moments when you need company." (Peter Knobler)

Canned Heat—LIVE IN EUROPE: "A lot of people are going to miss that band." (John Swenson)

Country Joe—HOLD ON IT'S COMING: "Diverse ideas and musical styles . . . Joe telling us nothing is absolute." (Teddy Zeitlin)

Crowbar—BAD MANORS: "Like Canned Heat, Crowbar plays the blues and has fun doing it." (Greg Mitchell)

Heron, Mike—SMILING MEN WITH BAD REPUTATIONS: "Presents the best of his ISB-type music periodically, and delightfully, contrasted with some refreshing hard rock. It's minstrelsy cum soul." (Mitchell)

James Gang—THIRDS: "All the ingredients for a stellar album are present, but they're just not utilized effectively." (Mitchell)

King, Freddie—GETTIN READY: "The two more publicized Kings, B.B. and Albert, have got nothing on Freddie . . ." (Swenson)

Kooper, Al—NEW YORK CITY YOU'RE A WOMAN: "The tone is general madness; the musical nature is lush with a screw loose . . . It works because of the nature of what he's saying." (Knobler)

Matthews, Ian—IF YOU SAW THRO MY EYES: "The record attracts a good part of my attention, but only when I'm in the same somber mood as Matthews." (Allan Richards)

Memphis Slim—BLUE MEMPHIS: "One of the most successful entries in the blues revival sweepstakes." (Swenson)

Mother Earth—BRING ME HOME: "Their first totally satisfying album."



James Gang

Rascals—PEACEFUL WORLD: "One can sense a rare serenity and naturalness. But the importance of the records lies in what is being said . . . Peaceful World does succeed for the most part." (Richards)

Russell, Len—AND THE SHELTER PEOPLE: "Special madness . . . Altogether real and unreal . . . And good." (Knobler)

Sebastian, John—REAL LIVE: "Irritatingly cute and frustratingly unfulfilled." (Patrick Snyder)

Stewart, Rod—EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY: "It yields, more than anything else, boredom." (Snyder)

Sons—FOLLOW YOUR HEART: "The soloing on this album is the clearest, most original I've heard in years." (Swenson)

Taylor, James—MUDSLIDE SLIM: "It's a record that will keep you good company for 265 miles in a rainstorm, and that's good company." (Knobler)

Tuna, Hot—FIRST PULL UP, THEN PULL DOWN: "There'll be no 'White Rabbit' tonight!" (Snyder)

Tull, Jethro—AQUALUNG: " . . . leaves more to the imagination than a repetitive riff." (Richards)

Wray, Link: "An unsensational but wonderfully honest and revealing look at one of rock's forgotten fathers." (Mitchell)

REVOLUTION

**Hedge &
Donna**



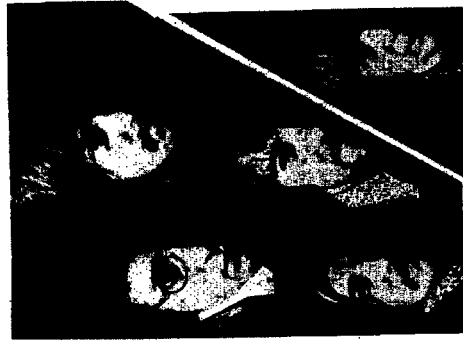
Revolution is a change of mind which changes your life.

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half notes



Trower exits

Procol Harum lost guitarist Robb Trower but gained back organist extraordinaire Matthew Fisher. Trower wants to write more (he's contributed two or three songs to each of the last few Procol albums) and obviously wouldn't have had the chance to do that with Fisher rejoining the group. He's replaced by David Ball. Fisher, with Gary Brooker, gave Procol their early "sound" and the group suffered when he left two years ago, turning to simple hard rock since then. Fisher's re-appearance, then, more than makes up for Trower's disappearance—though it would have been nice to have the old group completely back together.

What kind of music do American astronauts listen to as they are propelled to and from the Moon? If you think it's just Percy Faith and Andy Williams, you're completely out of orbit. The Apollo 15 crew, for example, were piped into the Beatles, the Band, Carly Simon, Frank Sinatra and the Doors. However, the hipness of the program depends a great deal on the individual astronaut. Al Warden, the command module pilot, asked for the Carpenters, Simon & Garfunkel and the "West Point March." Mission commander Dave Scott didn't ask for anything. Maybe he didn't want to get "spaced" out . . . "spaced" out . . .

WORKS-IN-PROGRESS: A new album from Barbra Streisand, again in the rock vein, featuring backing by all-girl quartet, Fanny. Tunes include Carole King's "Where You Lead" . . . A new Kinks album, tentatively titled "Songs I Did for Auntie," which will include several songs Ray Davies wrote for BBC TV. Davies' "Arthur" is being readied for the stage and he's also done a couple of soundtracks . . . A "super" BB King album, featuring back-up by Ringo

THRILLING WONDER

by David G. Hartwell



A friend of mine told me that Philip Jose Farmer's *Your Scattered Bodies Go* (G.P. Putnam) is the most important book of science fiction in 1971 so far, so of course I read it right away and I suppose

Farmer's last novel, *Lord Tyger* (Doubleday, 1970), was good but was gleefully overdone as a parody—satire on Tarran and somewhat confusing for a while. To *Your Scattered Bodies Go* is much better.

Wright's 2nd A&M album with George Harrison and many others . . . a new Nilsson, produced by Richard Perry . . . A Seamon & Marlake album produced by Graham Nash . . . A comeback ip by golden oldie Ray Peterson . . . a new Apple offering by Mary Hopkins . . . Dr. John's "The Sun, the Moon and the Herbs" . . . albums by Dion, Delaney & Bonnie and former Iron Butterflyer Lee Dorsey (not together, of course) . . . "Nigel Olson's Drum Orchestra and Chorus," by Elton John's drummer . . . albums from two whatever-happened-tos: Sam the Sham and P. F. Sloan . . . A comedy record from the "Great American Dream Machine's" great Marshall Efron . . . yet another "rock opera," this time courtesy of Kenny Rogers and the First Edition (titled "Calico") . . . Poco's "From the Inside" (finished) . . . Jefferson Airplane's last for RCA now completed . . . Grateful Dead doing another live lp . . . Jerry Garcia also doing a solo . . . Creedence finally starting another one, but Van Morrison's undecided . . .



The Beach Boys seem to be making more news than anybody these days. The latest bit of BB inside dope explains that "Surf's Up," the legendary song composed by Brian Wilson and Van Dyke Parks five years ago is now being released as a single. "Surf's Up" was the ditty Brian performed with Leonard Bernstein on TV, Lenny calling it one of the great compositions of all time. With that kind of hype surrounding it, Brian decided to let it lie low. Until now.

By the way, "Surf's Up" has nothing to do with surfing. Meanwhile, Mike Love has written a song called "Student Demonstration Time," based (loosely) on the 50's hit, "Riot in Cellblock No. 9." And, finally, Dennis Wilson will be out of action except for singing for three months with a badly injured and he nearly lost after he shattered a window pane while attempting an *exhibition*. The BB have hired a substitute drummer.

SEVERAL BOOKS ALREADY OVER THIS YEAR IN NY that are better in many ways, but unless my memory fails me, all of them have been collections of short stories by single authors: Tom Disch's *Fun With Your New Head* (Doubleday), or J.G. Ballard's *Vermilion Sands* (Berkley Books) or Roger Zelazny's *The Doors of His Face* (Doubleday), to name three.

But Farmer's novel is obviously a major effort from an important writer of SF and it is Volume I of a series of novels.

FAWN CITY

Black-Magic Ecology:

by David Cramer

Double-fawn in the Central Park Rain-Mist or Green-Thorn Snarl

PART VII:

The Sub-Permia

FLASH!! The oaks in Central Park are dying . . . this has happened within the last half month (as of June 30th) — a phenomenally rapid occurrence. Central Park is vastly overwatered (see the preceding six articles in this series), mostly as a result of *The Thermal Effect* which scientists have been warning us about for the last 15 years (The poor workmanship of the Italian-American



NYC Dept. of Water and Sanitation during the building of the South Lawn, Little Lawn, Dale and Great Lawn — c. 1925-36 — contributed to today's problems.) Now termites are killing the oaks.

But while the oaks die, the beech, various berry trees and the palieres vines prosper mightily — the climate of The Greater New York Area is undergoing a vast shift with increasingly heavy rains, and tremendously heavy fungus — beautiful green-black moss, mildews, rots, lichens. The *Katewaite*, the National Epic of Finland, tells of Poljola, or Ostro-Bothnia — the land east of the Bothnian Sea which

to another at several points, using a narrow focus on the hero, the reincarnation of Sir Richard Burton. And it is partly due to the nature of the novel as part of some larger work. The conclusion is open-ended.

Burton, the hero, is surrounded by a cast of interesting characters, including a neanderthal man, the real Alice (for whom Lewis Carroll wrote), Peter Jalrus Frigate (Philip Jose Farmer) and Hermann Goring. Unfortunately, the inter-

REGWORDS:

WEATHER REPORT Columbia C30661

by John Swenson

After many years of struggling for a new identity, "jazz" has broken through to a new mode of musical expression. Miles Davis spearheaded this move with a tremendous spurge of creative energy, culminating with his outstanding group of last year.

The avant garde in jazz learned a few lessons in dynamics and use of electronic amplification from its kid brother, rock, and the result is a kind of space probe music. Davis blazed this trail with power and self assurance; now comes the time for the fruit of this influence to be reaped. Weather Report, although influenced heavily by Davis, provides a contrast to Miles' conception of the new music, for they combine traditional elements with the new format to expand the limits of both and come up with a music whose power to express mood is stretched along with the possibilities of the genre itself.

Weather Report's first album is electronic program music, eight tracks each based on a title-theme that sets the mood of the piece and provides a springboard for creative improvisation. Each member of the group has the gift of eloquent musical expression, and their combined dialectic allows for a compressed story to be spun from the simplest of threads into a magnificent

tapestry of sound: "A soundtrack for your imagination and your head," as Joe Zawinul puts it.

The key to Weather Report's success is the combination of three of the most respected jazz musicians in the world (Wayne Shorter — saxophone, Joe Zawinul — piano, and Miroslav Vitous — bass) with a sophisticated percussive section made up of Alphonse Mouzon (drums) and Alirto Moreira (pure percussion). Shorter has been making great music ever since Birdland was the place to go, and spent several years in the late fifties and early sixties with one of the most impressive Miles Davis groups ever assembled. Zawinul is as noted for his writing ability as he is for his keyboard work, having written classics like "Mercy, Mercy, Mercy" and "In A Silent Way." Here he adds a mystic depth to the group with his compositions "Orange Lady" and "Waterfall." Vitous is the most renowned, young bassist around. Having already made a big name for himself in Europe through his amazing synthesis of styles, he came to America where his talents were even more widely appreciated. He also did a stint with the Miles Davis group at one point, as did Alirto Moreira, who was in Miles' most recent group.

The album opens with a pure, ominous electric sound: "Milky Way," a nuclear womb image, chipping with cool echo on Zawinul's piano and just a peep or two from Shorter's sax, a delicate, sensual flutter of reed. Next comes "Umbrellas," a composite cut sparked with quick city



Joe Zawinul: Mercy, mercy, mercy

rhythms.

A Miroslav Vitous number, "Seventh Arrow," follows with a declamatory opening and lots of percussion leading in to Zawinul's first passage. Shorter starts to trade casually with Zawinul. They climb a scale into a frenzied theme restated from the first, pulled out by Vitous into a perking slagger that everyone gets caught up in. Shorter is suddenly off, chumking out sweet runs with lots of humor and just a touch of laziness. The cut climaxes temporarily, then breaks to the ending, leading into the most beautiful piece on the album, "Orange Lady."

"Morning Lake" opens side two with a dawning feeling underlined with the tweet of bird whistles. Shorter comes in with a 4:30 A.M. riff that sounds like the

end product of twenty years of his life. Waves of sound build this cut to a crescendo finish.

Shorter's two compositions, "Tears" and "Eurydice" close up the album with a very traditional feeling. Shorter going back to his time-tested lines to finish up with a resounding note of finality. "Tears" has Shorter present a dripping sad state of mind, lightened quickly by Mouzon as a vocal line signals new interest. "Eurydice" starts off as the peppiest thing on the album, sounding almost swingish in places. The playful, sauntering along on bass and Shorter carefree opening features Vitous playing with sass. As the cut nears the end it suddenly becomes very lyrically sad, Shorter crying it to the end.

BOOKS

by Jeff Jacks

Linear Thoughts formed while reading a Spatial Mess-Mass titled Timothy Leary-Jail Notes published by Douglas Book Corporation, paper, 154 pages, \$2.95.

Maybe it's intentional. Maybe the problem is some kind of built-in spaced-out McLuhanism on the order of "I write therefore I am a book." Well built-in be damned, that's flimsy carpentry attempting to nail together a thesis which puts Descartes before the horse. And the basic problem in reviewing a Timothy Leary book is that Leary's politics and life style and drug proselytizing constantly interfere with any attempt at a reasoned judgment of the book itself. Particularly when the book is so empty of content as this one.

There are some good things in Jail Notes. Whether they're worth \$2.95

depends I guess on how much bread you've got to spend. It's a "quality paperback" which is another way of saying it's printed in the awkward size that's difficult to steal. But it's printed nicely, and one of the good things about the book is its cover and graphic lay-out.

Another good thing is the introduction by Allen Ginsberg. Only you may have read it before. A reprint of two essays previously published in the *Village Voice* and *Evergreen*. It neatly, briefly delineates the railroading techniques the Feds used to get Leary. Probably anyone interested enough to pick up the book already knows the basic details of the conviction, but with Nixon-Agnew-Mitchell and the rest of that jerky bunch still in action it doesn't hurt to refresh the memory with the story. That the Fed simply overstepped his star nobody questions. Except hopefully maybe the

Supreme Court. Let us add though, did not the Fed do exactly what the Fed was expected to do?

The bulk of the book is made up of notes purportedly written Feb. 25, '70 to May 12, '70, while Leary was being shifted between the Orange County and Chino jails and where he, not so unique as he seems to think but rather like the majority of prisoners in every purportedly free society, was waiting word on his appeal. The phrase "purportedly free society" is the way he would have it. And has it. And has it. And has it. That America's got some changes to make is no big news. That the government has taken a righteously fascist turn is so well known it's a cliché. With all the values of a cliché. Thing of it is nowhere in the book does Leary acknowledge or even hint at the truth that the more freedom a nation, society, commune grants its members the deeper and more difficult becomes each individual's responsibility both for self and for fellows. Instead, he blithely chants Only Hope Is Dope. Never mentioning the drugery of tending test tubes or that the sap from opium poppies is collected by slave labor. Or how cheap it is to seclude people.

I Doubt if these notes as presented were actually written in jail. Probably they were started there, then worked on later. Because they have a curious, linear construction which if not later added would lead to the conclusion that the notes were fashioned to fit a preconceived plan. A most decidedly slanted form of observation.

But what a masterstroke of construction it is. Lo! saints be praised! In one brilliant lit'ry coup he manages to rip off both Dante and Gurdjieff by treating his experience under 8 headings (karma circles?) of Hell. Not that they're the only writers to get ripped. And raped. Sometimes the rips are acknowledged, sometimes not. When they are, a curious additional problem arises. For instance, a certain passage is credited to Matt. XXVI, 24. Granted, various translations exist, but Leary's quote certainly does not match up with my King James.

Ah well, I can't really say what I expected to find by checking out the Christian Bible. Rationality as opposed to Rational is the house rule in this Master's house. By the time I got to Matt. I had already passed his word game analysis of Charles Man Son, who he had apparently convicted in April. Many months before the jury delivered a guilty verdict, three months before Nixon publically said it Leary points out that Manson was an honor graduate from American penal institutions. That Charley also liked his acid is skipped over quickly. Nor does Leary bother to explore or develop the genuine sociological germ in his prison-college analogy. That would require thinking about someone, something other than himself. He just relates Manson to his own suffering and then trips on. And on. Ego-manical wanderings of the type of privileged information usually sobbed out on a psychiatrist's couch. Often embarrassing. Jolly packed with a humor bound to delight all who laugh at freaks. And repeat dead echo repeat all the way. Dope is hope. I am Socrates. I am persecuted. Blacks are better than whites. Until finally the image which comes through is of a man swirling in front of a triptych mirror trying to catch sight of the back of his head. He doesn't so much gap credibility as drown it in a flashing pool of shallow reflections, some of the reflections being downright lies. Every so often he reaches out to touch the glass. His nails scrape the surface in a primal screech which enters the world as his Word.

Let's examine a few reflections. Under the heading CHEMICAL WARFARE we get the following: The destruction of American Indian culture was not accomplished by physical force. The deliberate strategy was psychopharmacological. The specific tactical weapon was alcohol. Just not true. Liquor historically was the white man's private holding. In certain western territories it was a hanging offense to give of sell booze to an Indian. Laws against sale to Indians remained on the books of some states



Robert Alliman



by Greg Mitchell

LOST HOPE

of fitness for *Homo sapiens*. This of course affects sexuality enormously. The biologist Heinz Meng recently simulated, within a large cage, a peregrine falcon environment so this noble species might be able to breed in captivity. (Captivity necessary to keep the female away from ingestions of DDT, which interferes decisively with her hormone production). The simulation was adequate, but only marginally so; the situation was delicate and Meng had to use this wiles; so (San Francisco Chronicle 6-14-71): "during the mating season he would cower away from the cage after feeding when the assertive male wailed and clawed at him as a suspected intruder on the nest. This, he said, helped the tiercal (male falcon) feel more assertive and 'masculine' during this period."

Within the marginal human North American environment the male presently seems more exhausted and fearful than the female. Perhaps the current economic depression works more insidiously on the male nervous system. Women may wish to make autumn a benign Sadie Hawkins season to bring out the "masculinity" of those exhausted uncertain unemployed males. Emphatically not, however, to increase breeding within the crowded cages of our cities!

Way back at solstice time, December '70, Miss Joanne Kyger, meditating the (them) coming yang half of the cycle, wrote in one of her well-known notebooks:

The Male Must Get Through, which is a seed-pun for this year. Intensifications of male demoralization will lead to intensifications of global warfare and other hieridial behavior. The

sexually the sense of strangeness, the incredible excited shy self-consciousness of any rebirth. How to? Well, Peter Warshall reminds us that in Hindu culture, newlyweds, usually very young, spend days exploring in sublime innocent detail the body of the loved one. When they finally fuck, one imagines it to be celestial in its neural depth and exaltation. We can get to that place. Hindu newlyweds, you 12, me 14, you freed of your *Seventeen* magazine coyresses, me freed of my *Playboy* magazine macho. Both of us freed of our *Seventeen-Playboy* sex-object orientation. We "let die" the sophistications those magazines lay on—and we get back to the pristine beginning.

The taboos we lived with prior to the sexual revolution led us to think of the sexual as separate from the spiritual. The perspective of Tantric metaphysics is that each of the seven body chakras is capable of orgasm. Tantrism also contains the concept of *dakini*, those wise women who transmitted spiritual lessons through fucking. Both of these ideas are important for us today. Fucking is a learning experience for both men and women. What is learned is sometimes crucial—for example, how to stay loose and live pleasantly on the edge of consciousness. The knowledges transmitted through fucking are deep because they are neural.

The spiritual and the sexual flow as one desire. In the past few months, by great good luck I broke through the experience of "the third eye" and experience of the chakras located where the two sides of the rib cage meet at the lower center of the chest. In each case the skin seemed to

Bob Hope really doesn't deserve all the criticism he's been getting from people who disagree with his politics — does he? Even his beloved soldiers in Vietnam have been booing him on his last couple Christmas tours, and some of his recent statements (courtesy LIFE magazine) illustrate why:

—"The Vietnam war is a beautiful thing — we paid in a lot of gorgeous American lives, but we're not sorry for it."

—"A lot of people ask me how I feel about the Vietnam conflict. It isn't a war; if it was a war, we wouldn't have this conflict today, the military would have been allowed to take care of it in the right manner."

—"Ladies and Gentlemen, when you hear politicians running on a peace platform, suspect them!"

—"A lot of people are worried about the kids today. I'm not. I'm worried about the kids of tomorrow. What are they going to do for parents?"

—"Mayor Daley is a great man. He did the right thing at the time of the Democratic convention."

—"You see kids up on the Sunset Strip, up there for excitement, smoking this stuff, and 75 per cent or 80 per cent of them have social disease, see? I know an awful lot about this because I'm close to a lot of people in law enforcement agencies."

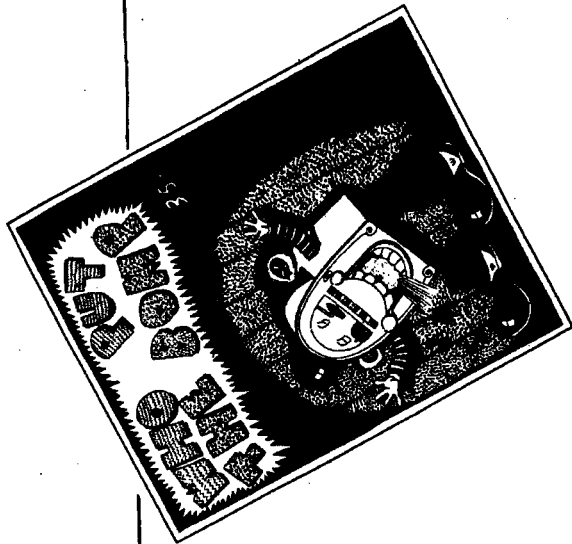
—"You know I can't believe that American kids would bomb a building. . . . they'd have to be doped up, or they have to be led into it, or they have to have companions that are anti everything."

—"I do believe in a Communist conspiracy in this country. Don't you?"



to a woman. "A cunt," I exulted, "What a dapper place to put a cunt. I wonder who will come by?"
 Most urban (and many small-town) environments of North America now have to be classified "marginal" in terms

or destroy.
 Intensifications of female demoralization will lead to intensifications of global warfare and other biocidal behavior. The intact human female does not need to fight or destroy.



OK, that's what gets me my good deed for the day, as far as I'm concerned, because it is just a joy to tell people about the pleasures of life.

A fast getting on the bandwagon late is better than not at all:

I just read my first issue of *Who Put the Bomb* and think its idea of all publications printing names and even more about other pubs is a good idea and, in the case of WPTB, a necessary and great one. The explained notion of WPTB is to dwell in, reveal in, ROCK, especially of the 1980's which Greg Shaw, the editor, feels is an ignored area, (1980 being so close around the corner that maybe most of us feel it is too close for perspective

and sense of personal humor . . . we wore and said what just a few years ago . . .?). The stuff that made us and makes us, here is the address:
 WPTB

64 Taylor Drive
 Fairfax, California 94930
 Subscriptions: 50 cents for one issue; \$1- for 2, or \$5- for 12

Pieces on Buster Brown (oh c'mon now, "Fannie Mae" must be in the Hall of Fame and Quivers in our hearts), discographies of Del Shannon, fair appraisal of what goes on in the rock scene: records, press, people, Now, Then, and In-between, all time set to a heavy 3-4 emphasis.



THEY ALL LOOK THE SAME TO ME

Spotting a 10-year-old youth wearing a T-shirt with the word "Varsity" stamped on it, President Nixon, on the Boardwalk in Atlantic City, shook hands with the youth and told a crowd of several hundred: "Now that's a varsity girl." The crowd shouted back: "That's not a girl, that's a boy."

The President then realized that the girl was really a boy with an Afro. He gulped, then stammered: "I could tell you were a boy from your grip."

BRING YOUR OWN BROOM

The Denver Free University, in its list of course offerings, notes there is a \$10.90 surcharge for course No. 32, "Introduction to Theory and Practice of Witchcraft." The school says the surcharge is "to cover the costs of candles, bats' blood and other items which will be needed for the practice part of class."

FRISBEEES FLYING HIGH

"It's the sport of young people, the alienated youth—the long-haired sport—it's got no establishment ties," Dr. Stencil Johnson, a 38-year-old psychiatrist is a Frisbee master, and he made his feelings known about that "sport" at the International Frisbee Championship, held at Copper Harbor, Mich., July 4th weekend. This year's proceedings were highlighted by a parade, the crowning of a Frisbee queen, and of course, the tournament itself, watched by about 2,000 Frisbee fans.

Forty teams entered this year's competition. The Aces of Wilmette, Ill., who had practiced their tosses several hours a day for a month, mowed down the opposition. Dan Myers, a tool maker, won the distance championship, with a Frisbee toss of 215 feet.

Dr. Johnson, the psychiatrist quoted above, considers himself the sport's official historian. He claims that the plastic disc's name stems from the plates of the Frisbie Baking Co. of Bridgeport, Conn. The colorful airfoils are manufactured by the Wham-O Co. of San Gabriel, Cal., the company which previously gave us the Hula Hoop. Frisbees hasn't quite turned into a national fad, like the Hoop, but it has gained a remarkable following in long-hair circles. Wham-O has sold millions of Frisbees. And the newsletter of the International Frisbee Assn. has 45,000 paid subscribers.

As yet nobody has accused Frisbees of being "plastic."

CRAWDADDY

STAGE

Mourning 'Electra' and 'The Last Analysis' by Henry Edwards

Eugene O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra* and Saul Bellow's *The Last Analysis*, two plays by distinguished American authors, both apply traditional psychology to the problems of the human spirit and use the theatre as a forum for ideas that are larger than life. They command respect and they deserve better productions.

Revived for the first time since 1931 at the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre in Stratford, Connecticut, *Mourning Becomes Electra* is O'Neill's attempt to translate the Agamemnon legend into purely American terms. Once upon a time, people cared about the theatre; they cared about producing a native American drama; they cared about the possibility of producing a modern American tragedy. In order to accomplish this feat, O'Neill has substituted a heady dose of Freudian psychology for the inevitable workings of the Greek concept of fate. In addition, the play is five hours long (it originally took almost seven hours, beginning at four, breaking for dinner, and running until almost midnight), and it requires an audience to concentrate and analyze the complicated relationships of the Mannon family until the Mannons hopefully become an American archetype.

This notion is quite a fanciful one when one considers what the Mannons are up to. Ezra Mannon (*Agamemnon*) has just returned from the Civil War. His unfaithful wife, Christine, (*Clytemnestra*) poisons him in order to marry her lover, Adam (*Aegisthus*). Her children, Lavinia and Orin, (*Electra* and *Orestes*) murder Adam and Christine commits suicide. Orin grieves for his mother, recognizes his incestuous attraction for his sister,



In the final analysis . . .