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CRAWDADDY

FLASH! JOHN LENNON & HOW THE BEATLES REALLY BROKE UP

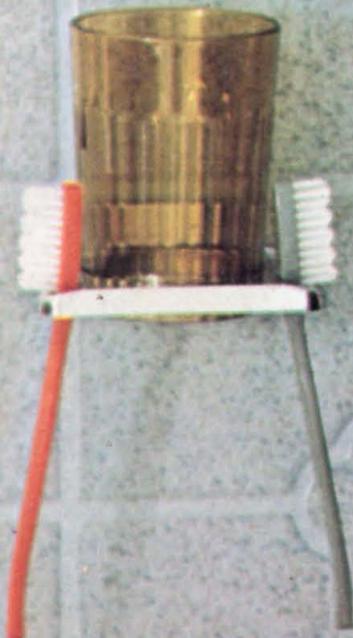
OH CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN!

INSIDE THE NEW "STAR TREK"

**MARY
HARTMAN:
WHAT'S
NEXT?**

SCOOP:
FBI ADMITS
NEW
BUGGING

**DEATH &
VOODOO
IN HAITI**



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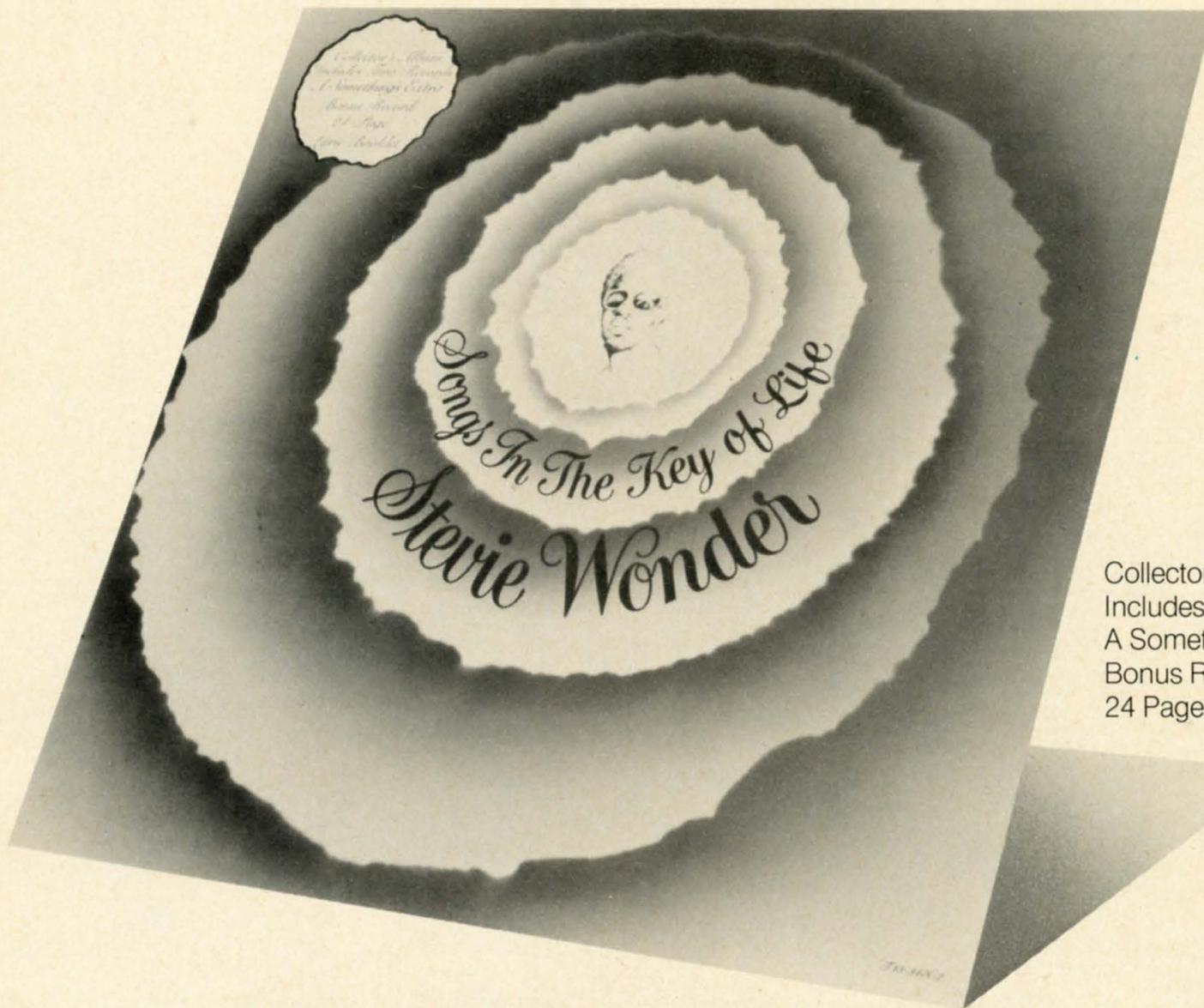


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EDITORIAL

In a remarkable reversal of position, the FBI has admitted for the first time that electronic surveillance of left-wing radicals was employed as late as 1974. (FBI Director Clarence Kelley had insisted in a news conference in July, 1975, that he knew of no electronic surveillance since 1968. Last June he amended that to 1972.)

The revelations were obtained in the opening stages of a federal suit brought against the FBI, Kelley, the U.S. government, U.S. Attorney General Edward Levi and others by Stew Albert, Judy Gumbo Clavir, William Kunstler and Margaret Ratner—all *Crawdaddy* contributors. The four charged that they had been illegally bugged by a homing device which they found attached to Judy Gumbo's car in December, 1975.

Albert says, "We sued the New York State police and the New York City police as well. Everyone denied everything, except the FBI. They answered through the Justice Department and admitted that they had put a homing device on our car—not just on the day we found it but for four days running—and that they had a 'mail cover' on us, which means they took down the addresses of everyone who wrote to us but didn't open the letters. The FBI said there had been no electronic surveillance. We moved to have depositions taken, a legal maneuver so we could question an FBI agent.

"Then a lawyer from the Justice Dept. contacted our lawyer, Michael Ratner, and told him that it had come to their attention that there were two relevant facts they had just uncovered: 1) At an earlier date there had been another homing device attached to our car, in August, 1975, and we had been followed; and, 2) there had been electronic surveillance. A listening device, they said, had been put 'in the home'—those are the exact words—of Gumbo and Albert in 1974, for a few weeks. They said it was no longer operative."

This marks the latest date that FBI electronic surveillance has been admitted to, a full year after the time at which Kelley insisted all such operations had ceased.

Further probing has widened the scope of the FBI's action. A reliable source close to the investigation reports that the

admitted entry did not stop at the simple installation of a listening device but included the photographing of books, letters, address books; a search through the couple's garbage—"a full-fledged burglary." There was no legal permission given to enter Albert's home, no court order.

The original suit was for \$100,000 in damages each, a total of \$400,000. But, Albert says, "We're thinking of raising the ante. There's a big difference between tailing you and totally violating the privacy of your home.

"We moved out to the country to kind of drop out of Big Brother's angle of vision for a while, to get away from the heat. Where we live it's very Edenistic, very pure. It was really a shock to find there'd been a listening device. You kind of figure there's a tap on your phone, and you learn to deal with that. But this was in the house—they could hear everything we said, night and day. There was no privacy on any level, and we didn't know it. It is really, personally shocking."

Albert and Gumbo were not impressed with Director Kelley when they encountered him at the recent Indian trial in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. (See *Crawdaddy*, Nov., '76, for their full account.) "Kelley doesn't know anything," Albert says. "He's a big dope, a front man. This just proves that there are units in the FBI which are not under his control, which do what they please, including breaking and entering.

"I don't think the agents who broke into our home are big dopes. They are after us because in the '60s we were doing things to oppose the war. My CIA files [parts of which Albert recently obtained] show that it's not so much for what we're doing now—we write articles, visit prisoners, Judy teaches. Good stuff—but we got on their list back in the '60s and they don't forget."

More and more, the paranoia of the '60s is being proved the reality of the '70s. One doesn't, of course, expect the FBI to own up to their illegal searches and seizures—which makes one wonder about the meat of their illegal activities if they are occasionally willing in court to throw electronic surveillance as a bone. The concept of total invasion of one's life is immensely scary. Something beyond that is a nightmare that has yet to strike, let alone be woken up from.

We have documented yet another FBI lie. There is no reason to believe, pious FBI assertions notwithstanding, that illegal manipulations are not continuing at this moment. A vigorous law suit is being presented and Stew and Judy will write an account of the entire experience in a later issue of *Crawdaddy*. They have obtained a first revelation; it will most certainly not be the last they will unearth.

—Peter Knobler

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cover photography by
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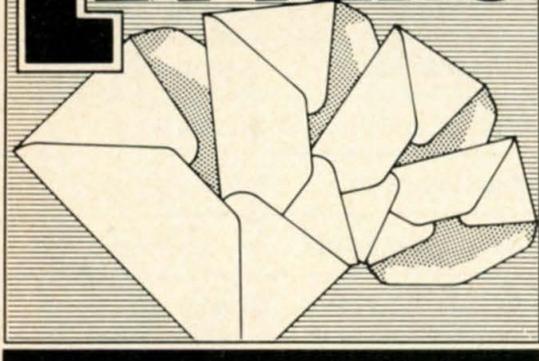
Unfortunately, the credit for last issue's Tom Waits photograph (page 82) was omitted. The photographer was Joel Brodsky.

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Crawdaddy is published monthly by *Crawdaddy Publishing Co., Inc.*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions are available at \$7.95 per year (12 issues), \$14.00 for two years (24 issues), \$19.00 for three years (36 issues); add \$1.00 per year for Canada and \$2.00 per year for all other foreign countries.

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LETTERS



CH-CH-CHERRY PIE

Thank you for the article on the Runaways (Oct., '76). You at least gave them a fighting chance, instead of cutting them down because of their age or values. I come from the East Coast and will take the Runaways over the Ramones any day.

*Dan Dluzeski
Carbondale, Ill.*

Why must you continually cater to the most trendy, esoteric shit around? The Runaways!?! You give Doctorow three pages, and five zit-titted, synthetic suburban sluts get an eight-page cover spread?! Move over, rover, and let Gidget take over!

*B.A. Levy
Brooklyn, N.Y.*

The Runaways sound disgusting. Why don't they just eliminate the pretense of playing music and let the audience come up and gang-bang them? That seems to be their one and only message.

*Amanda Ryan
Los Angeles, Ca.*

Charles Young forgot to mention that little girls' sexual track records and little boys jacking off against a stage do not make up for a complete lack of talent. In the talent category, the Runaways are still virgins.

*Elliott Kappel
Brooklyn, N.Y.*

I was present at a recent Runaways performance in Los Angeles and saw five of these alleged "teenaged boys" jacking off at the foot of the stage. These "boys" appeared to be men in their mid-20s and older. I wondered what would prompt a thinking individual to such a, shall we say, extreme. After the program I followed these "boys." By the time I caught up with them they were in front of the personnel office, where I saw an older man (a greasy John Carradine type) handing these five guys some cash. Understandably, he did not shake hands with them.

Maybe Kim Fowley should let a dog urinate in his face.

*Kenneth Burke
San Francisco, Ca.*

My girlfriend and I went through so much trouble getting fake IDs to get in to see the Runaways, and went crazy! They are fantastic onstage. Their limerics (*sic*) to their songs are very heavy.

*Lorne Kountz
Hoffman Estates, Ill.*

... I would like to meet these girls and gig with them. ...

*Howie Ferguson
Charleston, S.C.*

... Please give me their address. ...

*Faith Adams
Svitland, Md.*

I want to know where I can write the Runaways to get possible glossies of those fine ladies and the possibility of starting a Runaway Fan Club here in solitary. Please forward me the address as soon as possible and keep up the good work.

*John Geppi
State Correctional Institution
at Huntingdon
Huntingdon, Pa.*

YOU'D BETTER LOVE ME . . .

A major article on Gram Parsons (Oct. '76) was long overdue. It's too bad the piece was focused on the so-called "sick" portions of his life rather than his art. Gram should be remembered for more than his excesses—he was of the Hank Williams mold not only for the amounts of shit he consumed but for his major contributions to country music.

*Tom Russell
Mountain View, Ca.*

The Gram Parsons story meant a great deal to me, and so did Gram. I don't imagine there's a more accurate way of telling you how I felt after reading the piece than to say that I'm drunk and listening to "\$1,000 Wedding" as I write this. I suppose it's fitting that Gram died young. He taught me, and hopefully a lot of other people, that death is not romantic or pretty or productive, it's just a stupid waste. The only time I let myself get fucked up like this anymore is when I think about Gram too much and it seems like a good time to grieve. I'll be fine tomorrow.

*Louis Schmellow
Duluth, Minn.*

Thanks for the "Gram Finale," the latest installment in the Hollywood Babylon rock sleepstakes. Didn't think that cunning intro would suck me in, but suddenly couldn't help myself. . . . Now how about a little something on Tim

Buckley, who said Goodbye and Hello so many times his final SEE YA! was the period at the end of a long, strung-out sentence.

*Peter Jastermsky
Bridgeport, Conn.*

I just read your article on Gram Parsons. I'm in one of the pictures, the one that was taken sitting on the porch of Phil Kaufman's house. I'm sitting between Emmylou and N.D. Smart.

The article, I feel, is pretty complete in showing GP's excessiveness during the last four years of his life. It's not a pretty story, but it is the closest to the truth that I've read to date concerning Gram. I first met Gram in Auburndale, Fla., when we were both 15 and rock 'n rollers, and knew him until his death, and both loved and hated him at different times with equal fervor. It breaks my heart to think of how he ended up, but I knew the outcome three years prior to his death, and could do nothing to stop it. I saw GP going to hell in a handbasket in a hurry. It's hard to believe that the slick young kid I once knew ended up destroying himself.

I was in three bands with Gram that could've been successful—the Legends, the International Submarine Band, and the Burritos—and in all three cases I ended up with nothing to show for the time, money and loyalty I invested. Gram was one of the most persuasive people I've ever known; he was great at making you forget the last time he ran out leaving everybody holding the bag. He could throw a player away like he was an old pair of shoes, and run into him again somewhere and make him think he was the latest style.

It's now been three years since he died and a lot of people who loved and cared about Gram as a friend have suffered the frustrations that a premature death can bring. I personally felt powerless to help Gram change his thinking—which is the thing that ultimately killed him. I'm sorry for Gram because he was the product of an illusion he created for himself, which eventually ate him up, one bite at a time. But sorry don't get you a cup of coffee unless you got 27¢ to go with it. It's too bad he didn't live to hear the real thing.

*Jon Corneal
Nashville, Tenn.*

I reckon the thing that concerns me most is that kids will read it and think what Gram did was cool. Especially with the Runaway chickies on the cover. Gack.

One correction: It was more like a year than "less than two months" that I received that post card. Reckon the exaggeration was manifested anger.

The family will have a hard time swallowing this story. We have enough trouble getting along without all this. So

Best Of Leon



ALL THE BEST, FROM LEON.

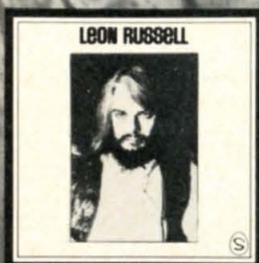
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ROLL AWAY THE STONE
TIGHTROPE
OUT IN THE WOODS
SHOOTOUT ON THE
PLANTATION
STRANGER IN A
STRANGE LAND
HUMMINGBIRD
SONG FOR YOU
LADY BLUE
THIS
MASQUERADE
BLUEBIRD
BACK TO THE
ISLAND

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LEON RUSSELL

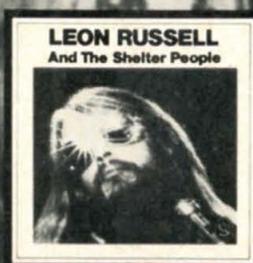


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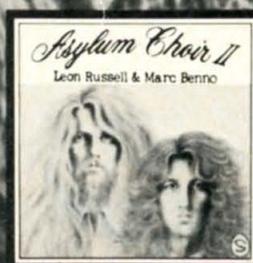
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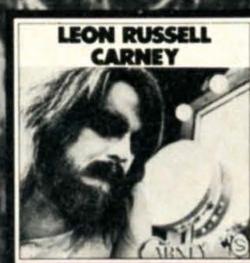
Leon Russell



Leon Russell & The
Shelter People



Asylum Choir II



Carney



Hank Wilson's Back
(Vol. I)



Will O' The Wisp

be it. Maybe it's time we took our heads out of the sand. Liberation!

Well sir, it's gonna be a mighty long time before I stop praying for my brother's precious soul. And hurting.

And you can add that Avis, too, is a spoiled brat.

*Avis Parsons Johnson
Virginia Beach, Va.*

POINT OF ORDER

Kunstler's article on the Rosenberg spy trial was his old-hat rehash of the Communist view of the case—which is, they shouldn't have been caught, and if they were, they should've gotten a medal from the United States as well as

the one they surely got from Moscow. Kunstler, as usual, omits such basic facts as: 1) The Rosenbergs were convicted by a 12-0 unanimous vote of the jury, not by Judge Kaufman; 2) *After* the verdict, Julius Rosenberg's lawyer, Emanuel Bloch, thanked Judge Kaufman for presiding as an American judge should; 3) the appellate opinion upholding the conviction was written by Judge Jerome N. Frank—a founder of the New Deal, and one of the country's great liberal judges.

What is Kunstler's point? That Judge Kaufman thought out the sentencing process before acting? One person he never discussed it with was me—despite

Kunstler's sudden willingness to accept—even as misinterpreted by him—the triple hearsay of a memorandum just because it was in a FBI file. Kunstler always talks about everything but the facts of the case—which fully support the jury's guilty verdict, as liberal lawyer Louis Nizer concluded in his book, *The Implosion Conspiracy*, which Kunstler also forgot to mention.

The Rosenberg sons (now Meeropol) can't be faulted for an emotional appeal to clear their parents—but since they were in a baby carriage when the bomb secrets were stolen, their talk is about as persuasive as the Nixon daughters saying Watergate never happened.

*Roy M. Cohn
New York, N.Y.*

Mr. Kunstler responds:

For a quarter of a century, Mr. Cohn has been trying to explain away the Rosenberg case by relying on the same three irrelevancies: the jury's verdict; Mr. Bloch's post-verdict remarks, and the fact that the late Jerome N. Frank wrote the intermediate appellate opinion. But he never admits that, since at least 1966, an avalanche of new evidence has revealed that the jury was totally misled by the prosecution; that there was no real way for the Rosenbergs to defend themselves, and that there was an ongoing conspiracy among the prosecution, the trial judge, the FBI and the Department of Justice to deny them their rights to due process of law. Moreover, he does not even bother to answer a single point raised by my article, which had nothing to do with the trial but only the unlawful backroom, official maneuvering so vividly demonstrated by the recently released FBI documents. The best he can do is to struggle to exonerate himself by falsely labeling the report in which he is prominently mentioned as "triple hearsay."

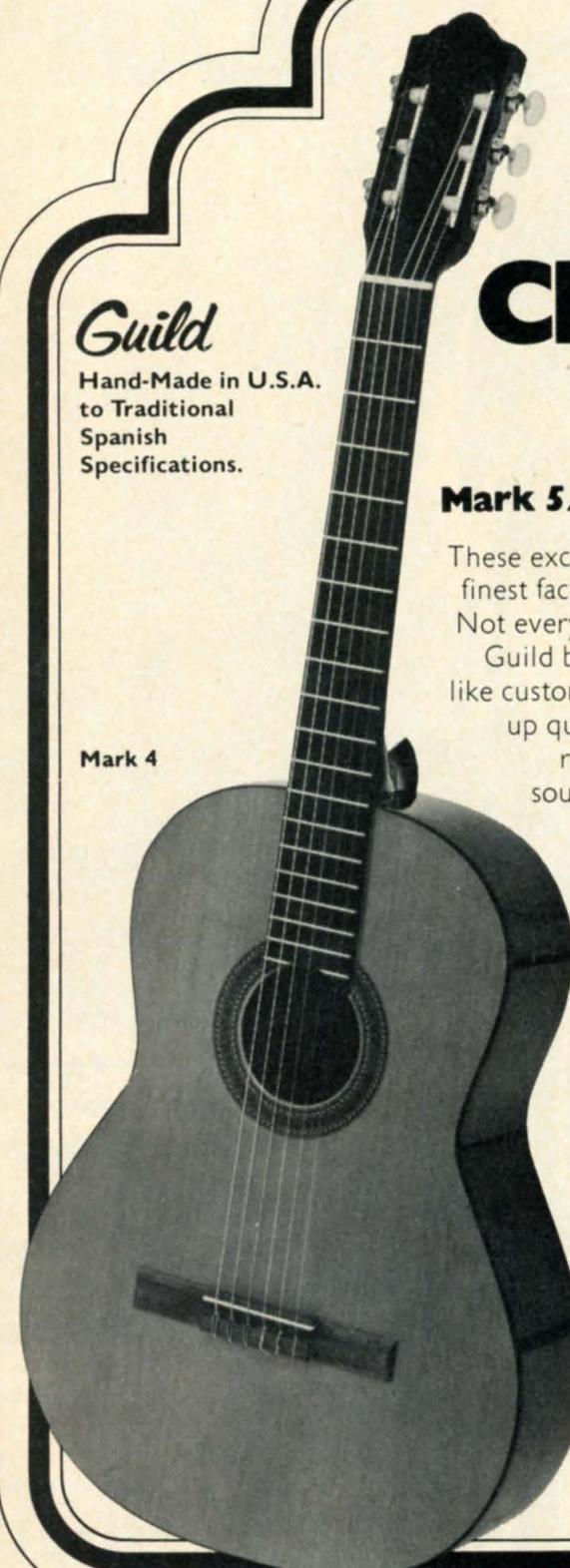
Lastly, I was not concerned with the "talk" of the Meeropols but only with the files of the FBI, which clearly indicate that the trial judge who made all crucial evidentiary rulings and sentenced the Rosenbergs to death was virtually a member of the prosecution staff.

SIMON PURE

What attracted me to *Crawdaddy* was the cover photo of that calm, humble and secretive Carly Simon (Sept. '76). Nancy Naglin artfully uncovered the Taylor family and did a beautiful interview on Carly. Ms. Naglin was like a weekend visitor stopping for a talk. Thank you for showing Carly as the Lady who is as human as I.

*Tom Jenkinson
Dallas, Texas*

For your word in edgewise, write to: Letters, *Crawdaddy*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011.



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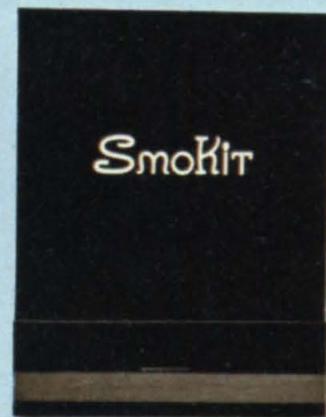
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CRAWDADDY

FEATURES I Want To Mold Your Band

32

Was prideful Paul the cause of it all? Or did Yoko and John dissolve the bond? What is the REAL story behind the breakup of the Beatles?! Six long years after the fact, the Fab Four remain Top 10 material and full-page ads appear in *The New York Times*, pleading for a reunion. Now, one of the men closest to John Lennon during the difficult years provides an exclusive behind-the-scenes look at the Last Cocktail Party.

Anthony Fawcett



Modern Ghost Towns

37

A moving photo essay on broken promises and faded glory in the land of the free-to-leave.



Beaming Down Memory Lane

42

Remember stardate 7304.29? How about stardate 7409.09? Boy, those were the good ol' days, weren't they? If you trekkies have been wondering what Scotty, Bones, Spock and that steely Capt. Kirk have been up to lately, don't ask the Klingons or the United Federation of Planets, 'cause we've got the answer right here.

Ed Naha



Haitian Down the Wind

50

There's trouble brewing in the tropics and you don't even have to *look* for your fair share of abuse. Our correspondent pays a visit to the land of Papa Doc, voodoo and the dreaded Ton-ton macoute to reveal the other side of paradise.

David Black



CROSSROADS

Phoebe's snow job, Barry Tashian's remains, Dean's torrent, Martin's mulling, Mary Kay's placement and Natalie's cole slaw.

18

COLUMNS

The Naked Emperor

Paul Krassner

14

The Shootist

Sarah Adams

16

Campoon '76

The Firesign Theatre

30

Crawdoodah Gazette

Compiled by Greg Mitchell

59

RECORDS

Wonderful Stevie, Patti Smith, CBGB's, Dylan/Band, Mose Allison/Bill Evans and the Guitarzans!

65

PIONEER HAS DEVELOPED A RECEIVER EVEN THE COMPETITION WILL ADMIT IS THE BEST.

One look at the new Pioneer SX-1250, and even the most partisan engineers at Marantz, Kenwood, Sansui or any other receiver company will have to face the facts.

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± 0.2 dB. A figure unsurpassed by the costliest separate preamplifiers.

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high sensitivity with highly effective rejection of spurious signals.

Of course, the Pioneer SX-1250 carries a price tag commensurate with its position at the top. But if you seek perfection you won't mind paying the price.

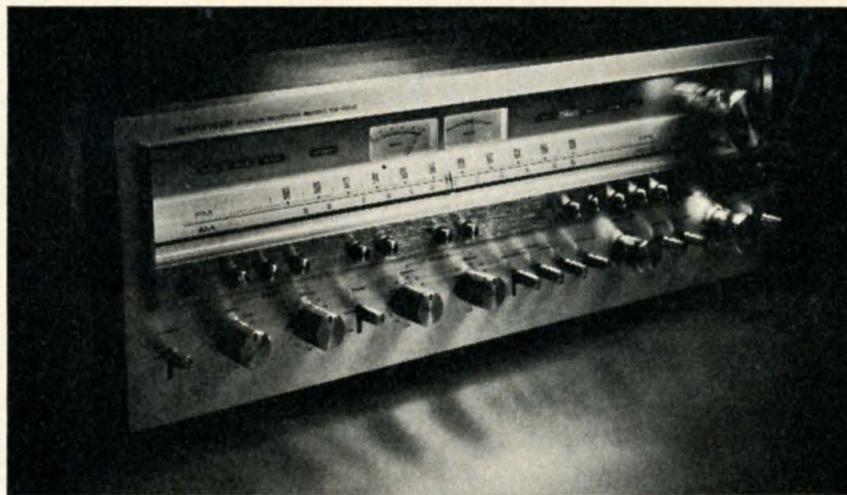
If, on the other hand, you'd mind, look into the new Pioneer

SX-1050 or SX-950. They're rated at 120 and 85 watts, respectively, per channel (under the same conditions as the SX-1250) and their design is very similar. In the case of the SX-1050, virtually identical.

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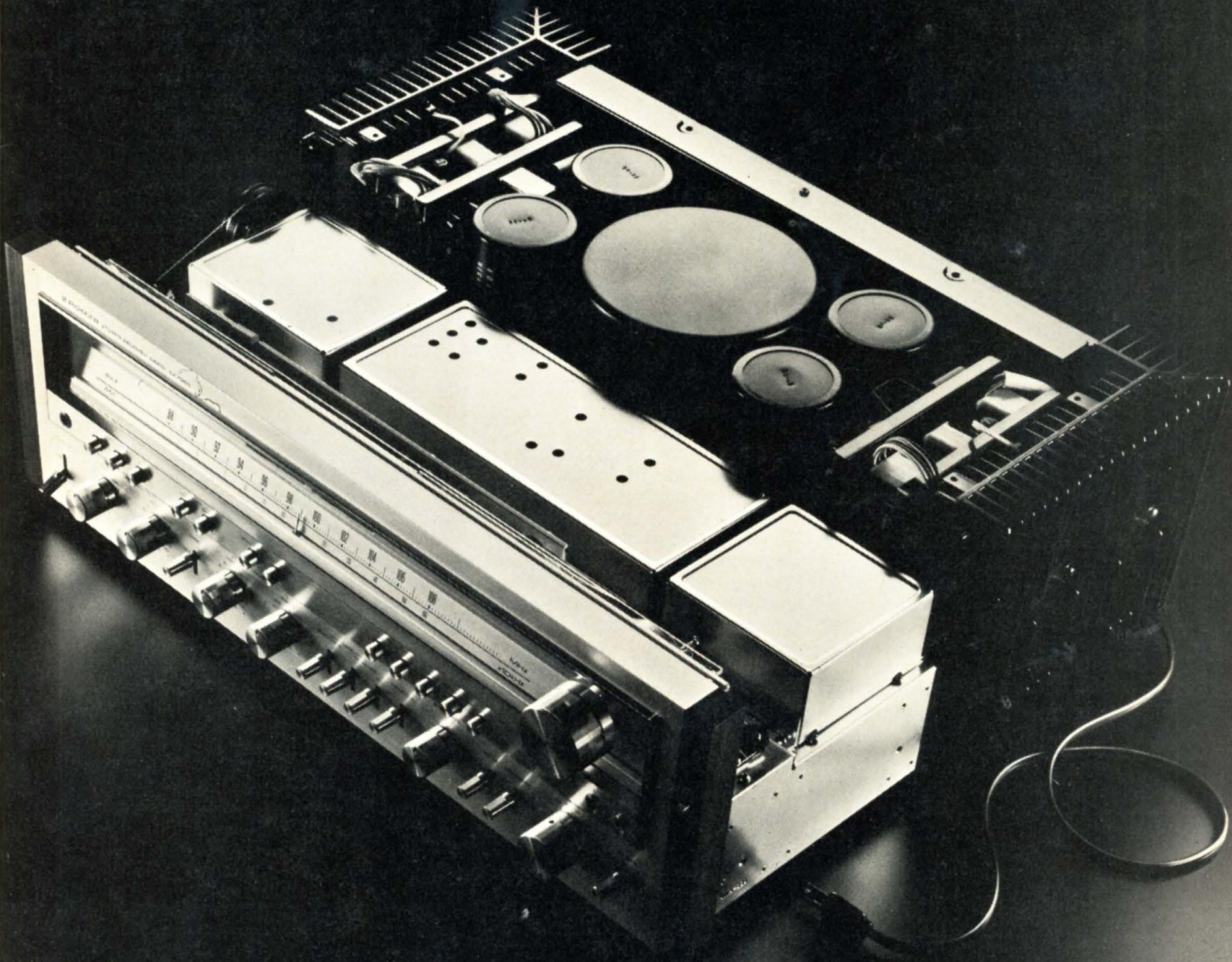
For informational purposes only, the SX-1250 is priced under \$900. The actual resale price will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.



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PHONO OVER- LOAD LEVEL	500 mV	100 mV	210 mV	200 mV
INPUT: PHONO/AUX/MIC	2/1/2	1/1/no	2/1/mixing	1/1/mixing
TAPE MON/DUPL.	2/yes	2/yes	2/yes	2/yes
TONE	Twin Tone: Bass-Bass- Treble-Treble	Bass-Mid- Treble	Bass-Mid- Treble	Bass-Mid- Treble
TONE DEFEAT	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
SPEAKERS	A,B,C	A,B	A,B,C	A,B,C
FM SENSITIVITY (IHF '58)	1.5 μ V	1.8 μ V	1.7 μ V	1.7 μ V
SELECTIVITY	83 dB	80 dB	80 dB	85 dB
CAPTURE RATIO	1.0 dB	1.25 dB	1.3 dB	1.5 dB



THE NAKED EMPEROR

PAUL KRASSNER

We all know by now that law-enforcement agents have infiltrated radical groups and persuaded them to make bombs. Similarly, it's a truism that informers have served a comparable malfunction in the company of dope dealers. But this is the first time a phone phreak provocateur has infiltrated an individual.

That's exactly what someone did to the legendary Captain Crunch. Even as you read these words, he is safely behind bars, trapped inside the government's very own blue box, cursing the cigarette smoke being forced upon him by other prisoners. It is a subtler kind of rape.

Captain Crunch sometimes goes by the alias of John Draper. Male, Caucasian, 33, dark hair, wears eyeglasses. Resembles Clark Kent wired on coke but unable to change into Superman costume because all telephone booths have been equipped with surveillance cameras. He was arrested on April Fool's Day, charged with using a blue box to make \$30 worth of free calls.

"The whole thing is a joke," he told me. "You go up there and you plead guilty, and the judge kind of asks whether you've been promised anything. Of course you *have* been. You still have to say no even though you have been promised."

Perjury is a side effect of plea bargaining. The Captain claims that one Adam Bauman violated the phone phreak code by billing long-distance calls to individuals rather than corporations, got caught, then cooperated with the FBI by entrapping him and snitching his ass off. Bauman had a blue box that was broken and asked Crunch to repair it.

"I told him no, it's illegal, but he kept pestering me," says Crunch. "He would visit and make a nuisance of himself—he imposed on me, ate my food—I was ready to throw him out. To get rid of him I said, 'Leave the box here. I'll see what I can do to fix it.'"

"He came to pick it up a few weeks later, tried it on a phone and it didn't work—the speaker part wasn't right. So I took it to a pay phone he chose. I figured, well, he didn't have time to set this up. But a week previously he had told the FBI to tap three telephones and you'll have your evidence."

It was not a court-ordered wiretap. The Captain's attorney could have gotten the case thrown out of court, but then the FBI

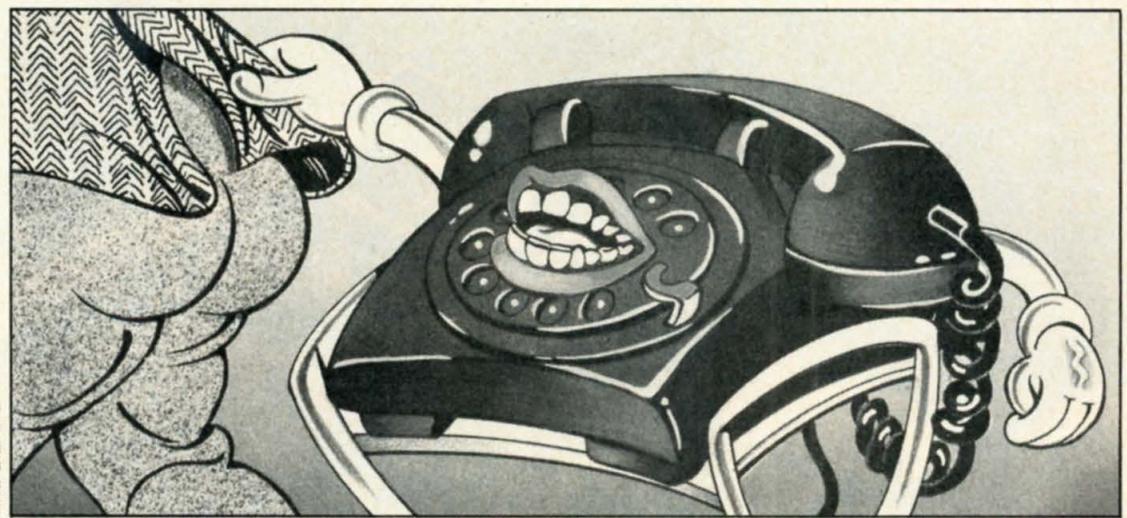
would have used the evidence to revoke Crunch's probation on a previous bust. Reversing the charge, you might say.

They had him over a legal barrel, so they offered him the opportunity to tell what *he* knew. Captain Crunch said okay, but no names.

"There's no room for a snitch in the phone phreak community," he assured me. "All my friends understand what a predicament I'm in. They don't wanna see me go to jail for five years. They'd just as soon see me give a few techniques to the FBI. It's a tiny little sacrifice."

"The techniques can be replaced. I've given the FBI all the information that I had then, but I'm not gonna learn something *new*? I can find it if I want to. If it exists, and if I am interested in finding it, *it will get found*. It's inevitable."

In exchange for a reduction of



sentence to four months, he subjected himself to a half-dozen interviews with a pair of FBI agents in a suite at the Towne House Hotel from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. each day, with time out for lunch—he always selected the most expensive items on the menu—explaining technical details with hand-drawn diagrams.

They wanted to ascertain what he knew about Autovan (a military network independent of the commercial telephone system) and Autoverify (the telephone company's own method of breaking through a busy signal to determine if an actual conversation is in progress).

The latter meant that phone phreaks could now listen in on the FBI, the Pentagon, whoever. In addition, the FBI had been informed that Captain Crunch had a copy of the National Crime Information Center computer operating manual. In their anxiety, they unwittingly gave *him* information.

FBI: "Do you know how to get into our private microwave network?"

Captain Crunch: "Oh, you've got a microwave network?"

They were paranoid about radicals tapping *their* interoffice communication system. The buggers were becoming the buggees!

"In their asking me questions," Captain Crunch admits, "I was able to get a lot of information from *them*, by asking what did

they mean by this or that . . . elaborate a little more and then I can give you some more information. . . . You're asking me something that's too general. . . . I have to get down into more specific details so I can respond."

He claimed that phone phreaks were capable of tying up the entire telephone system as revenge for his prison term, but admitted that this is not their style.

"It's against phone phreak philosophy to use the phone system at all during the heavy Mother's Day or Christmas calling, just because they know phone circuits do get busy. They use them late at night, when they're unused, and there's very little other phone traffic, one or two circuits out of four or five hundred.

"That's when they do their phone-phreaking, late at night, not during the day. They don't want to hurt the telephone

company. It's their playground. Why should they destroy their own playground?"

* * *

Personal note: I see by Letters to the Editor that folks feel they've been ripped off by me, having subscribed to *The Realist* and not received copies. I apologize for the lack of communication. *The Realist* is in a state of suspended animation, due ultimately to government hassling, as a result of which we lost our second-class mailing privileges. It will be reborn in a few months, however.

Also, I expect a future *Crawdaddy* column will deal with the current activities of the White Panther Party, but for the moment I want to plug their Radios for Prisoners program. If you don't know what to give someone for Christmas this year, why not send money to be used for prisoners' radios to the White Panthers at 439 Cole St., San Francisco, CA, 94117.

Finally, I plan to do a column on moments of awakening, and would like to hear from readers on when it was that something happened in their consciousness which drastically changed their lives. Send descriptions of your moments to me at Main P.O. Box 4027, San Francisco, CA, 94101.

And remember, when you're having lunch with FBI agents, always be sure to speak directly into the salt shaker. ■

A · M · B · R · O · S · I · A

SOMEWHERE; I'VE; NEVER; TRAVELLED

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THE SHOOTIST

SARAH ADAMS

There was a time when a clear-cut trend in photographic equipment would have been difficult to discern. That, however, is changing and today it could be summed up in one word—compact.

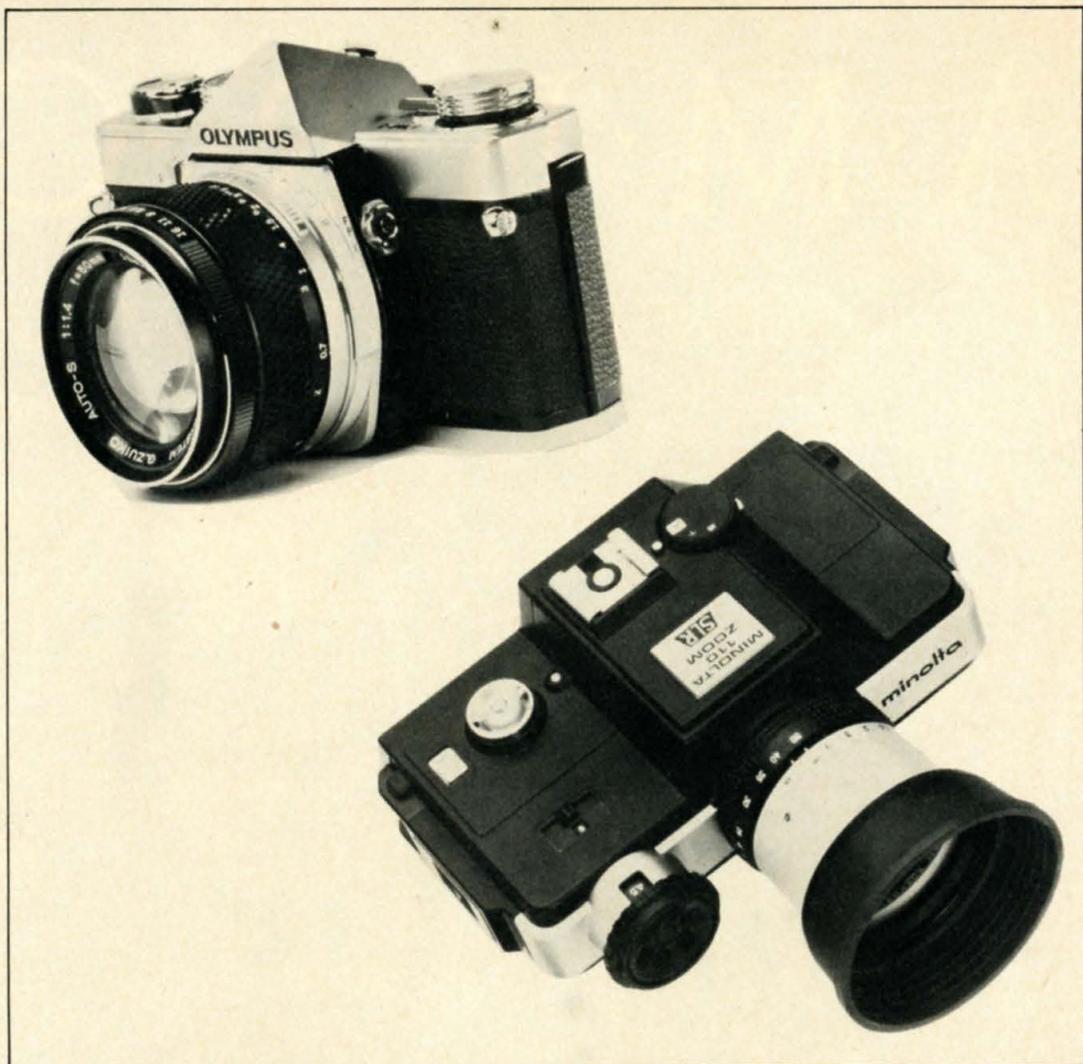
Four years ago the Japanese Olympus Camera Co. brought forth the Olympus OM-1. Like most "new," ideas, it was cheered by some—ridiculed by most. After several months on the market it became evident that this camera was what the public wanted in a single-lens-reflex (SLR). It gave them a wide range of compact lenses (five could be managed in the space available for three lenses from most other manufacturers) and it was reliable enough for the amateur photographer or even the professional who didn't mind replacing this less-expensive camera when it was given greater-than-normal used.

The race was on with Miranda, first across the line with their DX-3. Fujica offered slimmed-down cameras and finally, in 1976, Petri, Konica and Pentax entered, the latter with their smaller-than-OM-series cameras, the ME and MX, recently shown at *photokina* in Cologne, West Germany.

Canon, who has long had some of the most respected cameras in the industry, and a firm that was said to be "industry first, Canon second" in its corporate thinking, knocked a hole in that theory this spring by introducing their very reasonably priced AE-1. This camera had one purpose in life—to capture as much of the auto-exposure camera market as possible with an offering that used state-of-the-art technology and carried a price tag that would make others look like also-rans in comparison. It is lightweight (though not as small as the new-generation compacts), uses the latest in electronic circuit design and employs plastic for certain parts—another trend that is going to become more common.

Canon coupled the AE-1 with an auto-winder that didn't add too much in bulk but added a lot in appeal. In fact, it joined another trend initiated several years ago when Topcon introduced their Super DM, which has been specifically designed with a winder in mind.

A winder is a mini-motor; not as fast (usually running at a maximum of two frames per second) but having about half the bulk of its larger, speedier (and often more robust) compatriots. It is



literally a mechanized thumb and takes the "work" out of advancing film. It is a device that, once used, is hard to leave home.

In lenses it's zoom, close-focusing and compact. Zooms have been around for some time, but have been held in disfavor by those who have had the misfortune of lugging around three to five pounds of glass, brass and aluminum for long periods. New manufacturing techniques have solved some of the problems and the advent of the computer's usage for lens design has helped to formulate smaller, lighter lenses. Along with the more compact designs have come better lenses—they're sharper, and they focus closer; reproduction ratios of 1:3 (1/3 life-size) and 1:5 are attainable on many of these lenses.

Coming closer is the photographer's dream lens—a small wide-angle to telephoto. Nikon now has a 35-to-70mm that can, for some, take the place of a normal, short-telephoto and wide-angle lens. Vivitar has come up with a 24-to-48mm. Canon has for some time had a 35-to-70mm that would focus close, and recently introduced a 28-to-50mm that would focus to about one foot. Independents such as Tamron, Tokina, Sigma and Soligor have added their own close-focusing zooms.

Even in the fixed focal length area there have been some changes and developments. The prestigious firm of Leitz is now redesigning some of its

lenses to be more compact and portable. Leitz, as well as others, has developed new types of optical glasses which permit designs and expectations from lenses that would have been unrealizable a few years ago.

Floating elements are to be expected in many lenses. Lenses are optimized for certain focus settings and or ranges; going beyond them will result in some image degradation. By employing floating elements which move as the lens is focused, the lens has better performance over a greater focusing range and for many this has meant closer focusing.

110 cameras have proliferated, but few have reached the sophistication of the Minolta 110 Zoom SLR—it's the one-and-only SLR 110. Fujica did offer a zoom non-reflex focusing 110, and others have offered cameras with two focal lengths. 110 will continue to grow, but Japan and Germany seem to be taking a wait-and-see attitude.

What is being done with both 110s and compact 35mm cameras is the inclusion of an electronic flash within the camera. Powered by one or two penlight cells, they take up very little space yet present the user with an always-available source of light.

Coming are even better lenses, cameras and accessories—but they're still on drawing boards, in the heads of designers or being debugged in laboratories. So until they come—go out and take pictures with what's here now. ■

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CROSSROADS



SNOW STORM IN CALIFORNIA: PHOEBE UNWRAPS NEW MELODIES

LOS ANGELES—Phoebe Snow comes around to the guitar break on "Mississippi Blues," and Valerie Rose lets out a shriek, right on key. "Sing, baby!" shouts Phoebe, and intensifies the difficult solo, snapping the bass strings for emphasis. The number seems well-rehearsed, but that's doubtful.

Phoebe's backup vocalist is only seven months old—hardly a trouper—yet she has already been a profound influence on her mother. According to Phoebe and husband Phil Kearns, daughter Valerie is the reason why the family recently departed Fort Lee, New Jersey for the warmer, calmer California life.

"This is a climate that's just more ideal for raising babies," declares Phoebe, with an expansive gesture at the bright sunlight coming through the window. "I mean, it was eighteen degrees when we took Valerie home from the hospital, and we had to wrap her in eighteen blankets. I don't want that to happen again. Manhattan is not a good place to grow up."

The three have just moved into an apartment complex set back some fifty yards from a quiet Hollywood street. The living room is still scattered with boxes (mostly records) and Valerie lies on her back on a mattress in the center. Phoebe continues to talk as she picks up the crying baby and holds her tight. It becomes clear that Valerie is given credit for more than just the move out west.

"Before our daughter was born," she explains, "I was wishy-washy. I couldn't make up my mind about anything. Suddenly I was saying, 'I want



"It's cool to be weird-looking in rock 'n roll"

this now, at this time, it's gotta be here; I will not put up with this any other way.' We had to be on our best behavior. You can't fool her," decides Phoebe, stroking her daughter's head. "She's too swift."

These are not casual remarks. Snow puts a lot of stock in her own intuitions, an attitude born out of a strong interest she and her husband have in parapsychology.

"We've seen it demonstrated," Phoebe says. "I mean, I'm from Missouri, isn't that the 'Show-Me State'? I

don't care, I've never said it before, but I'll say it now. I can take something that a person keeps close to his body—jewelry, a wristwatch—I can hold it in my hand, and tell the person things about themselves."

"She's extremely accurate," Phil adds. "Scarily accurate."

The immediate temptation is to yank off a ring and begin the reading, but Phoebe is feeling tired. "It's an extremely energy-draining process," she explains. "You know, energy is really getting to be more and more a reality: solar, nuclear,

others," she reveals, strumming absent-mindedly. "Paul Simon told me to write less words. At first, you know, I got really offended by it, him telling me what to do. But when I thought about it, I decided he was right; I wrote less words."

She continues picking the blues, repeating a riff, and smiles. "Rick Schoenberg always liked that one. He taught me guitar."

Then a look at Phil, who's perched on the edge of a chair. He looks back, as if to say, "Ready whenever you are." Phoebe takes a deep breath and begins singing:

*Smoke on the old songs,
Unwrap the new
It makes a difference
what you do
It's dark in the back
for those who cry
My face is wet but
my glass is dry. . . **

And it's truly a remarkable transformation. All the tension is gone; the music flows. The first song is most striking:

"Drink Up The Melody, Bite The Dust Blues." Certainly a long title, but the melody line is succinct. The accompaniment is bluesy, but with a definite Latin flavor. The chords are complex—Phoebe is an intuitive student of theory, and chooses the notes that provide the best counterpoint to her voice. On the chorus of "Drink Up The Melody," Phil Kearns casually drops in the perfect vocal backing.

His affinity for the tunes is understandable. The couple is doing a lot of writing together now, and Phoebe plays one example that will be included on the new lp: "Fat Chance." The other two tunes Phoebe plays are called "My Faith Is Blind" and "Autobiography," both strong melodies. The suspicion that the singer's voice is a studio phenomenon vanishes quickly; she has drive and presence without once looking up.

Suddenly, she stops and lays the guitar down. Phil picks it up and leans it in a safer place.

Phoebe accepts praise for the songs, and quickly picks up a *Modern Screen* magazine that someone has brought over

"These new songs are gonna be a little different from the

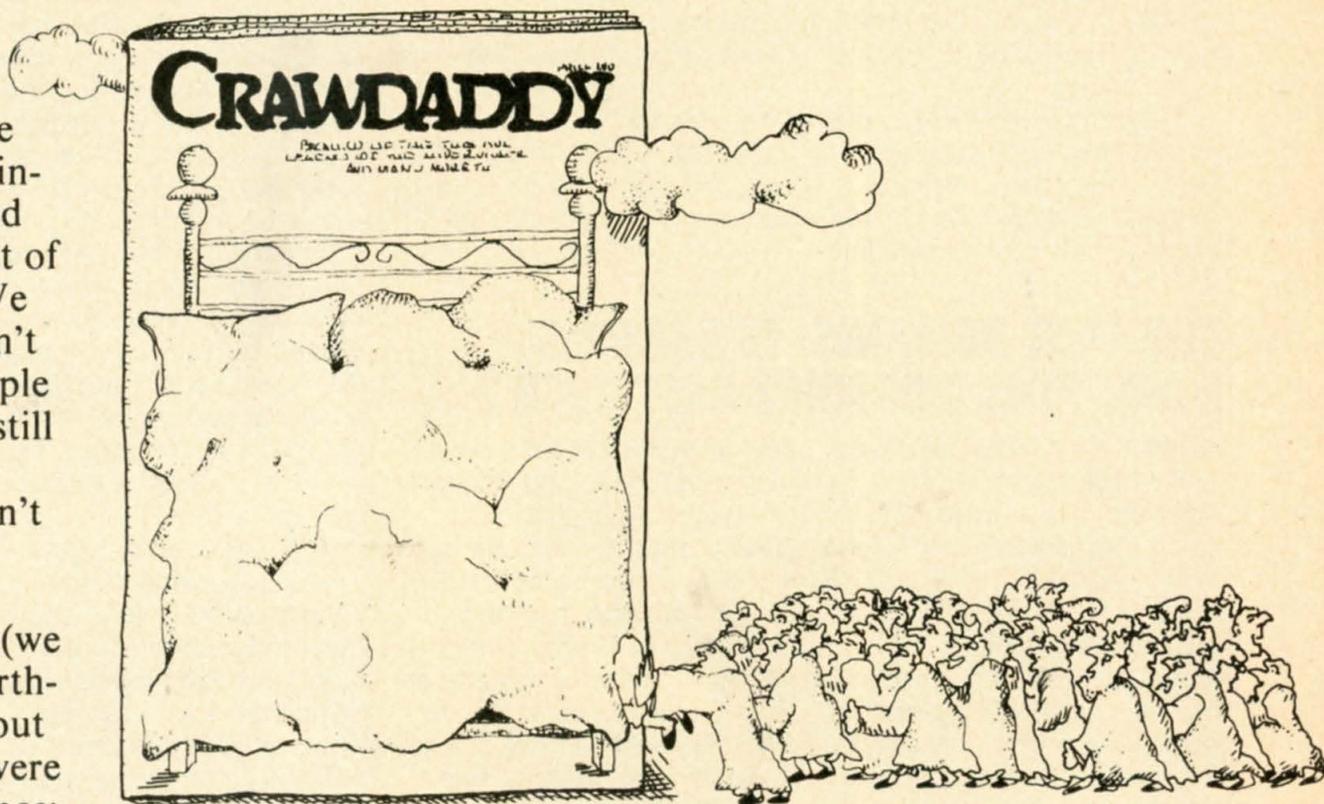
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because it has a story about her. She's looking at the pictures. "You know, I'm mad, they took away my dots. They shouldn't have done that; it's not the way I look."

She chuckles for a moment and listens to Valerie's happy gurgling. "It's cool to be weird-looking and be in rock 'n roll," she concludes.

Once, she says, she used to be self-conscious about her looks, but it seems that feeling has vanished. She tells some funny stories.

"Once I played three nights in this New York club, opening for the Edwin Hawkins Singers. I only did the gig so I could see them for three nights

in a row. This girl came up to me one night as I was leaving the club and grabbed my arm, shined a flashlight in my face, and said, 'Are you black? We just gotta know.'"

Ecstatic with her motherhood and writing passionately as a result, Phoebe's third lp, presently titled *It Looks Like Snow*, looks to be her strongest musical statement thus far. Some of the album's emotional urgency was reflected in a proposed title.

"I think I'm gonna call it *The Driven Snow*," she says with a conspiratorial air. "I'll be in the back seat of this big car, and somebody'll be driving. Get it?"

—John Mankiewicz

THE LAST REMAINS: IS BARRY'S BAND STILL BOSTON'S BEST EVER?

BOSTON—"Why did we get the band back together? Well, Vern brought back my 45 spindle so I could play my Larry Williams records. Chip owed me five bucks. . . ." As easy as that, vocalist and virtuoso guitarist Barry Tashian has reunited the Remains. The songs, the sound, the attack are intact. Like the Zombies—with fangs.

Around Boston, they've never been just "the Remains"—they're the *legendary*

Remains. People here have long memories, long enough to recall a band that disappeared almost a decade ago. Peter Wolf has called the Remains "Boston's best ever." Collectors in Boston constantly escalate the bidding on Epic's lone Remains album. Backstage after a raver of a set at Boston's Workshop, one longtime Remains fan reminisces about a triumphant Hatch Shell concert (1965?), then promises to bring his

"friends" around to any record company that gives Barry "trouble." A DJ from WBCN-FM reminds Barry of their old Boston University dorm, then asks for any new Remains tapes.

Fact is, the Remains coulda been contenders. Ten years ago, they got the opening spot on the Beatles' big American tour. "It was great," Tashian muses, "riding around Hollywood with the Beatles, going up to the Beach Boys' house, visiting the Mamas and the Papas. . . . Our act back then was really primitive, just anything that would happen, but we *had* something. I'd put myself 100% physically into songs, a total effort, like a man scratching a tunnel underground with his bare hands. We blasted into the biggest speakers and amps we could get—I couldn't tune up for years afterwards, it was so loud."

Just after the tour gave the peak-force Remains some national exposure, Epic should have released an lp, but didn't. Instead, Tashian says, "When the tour was over, whatever was supposed to happen didn't come around. My expectations weren't right—I didn't know if afterwards I was gonna be a Beatle, or maybe as prolific a writer as the Beatles—but it didn't happen." A final single, "Don't Look Back," got a little airplay outside New England, and the Remains dissolved. *That* was when Epic released *The Remains*.

Without his band, 21-year-old Barry began a transcontinental drift from his native Westport, Connecticut to Cambridge and California. He got a "musical education" in L.A. with Bobby Keyes, Leon Russell, Jesse Davis and Junior Markham. "We once played 70 nights in a row, five sets a night, for ten dollars a man. On the off nights, we'd go to a different place and play. I grew up in Westport—I'd always liked the Chuck Berry chords, but I never knew what was behind them. Out in L.A. I learned how to play sweetly, how to cook at a simmer rather than blasting all the time."

That gig didn't last, and neither did two other California bands (one, in Mill Val-

ley, also included Fabulous Rhinestone Harvey Brooks and Orleans' John Hall). Tashian was back in Westport when a call came in 1972 to join Gram Parsons in L.A. for his first solo album, *G.P.*

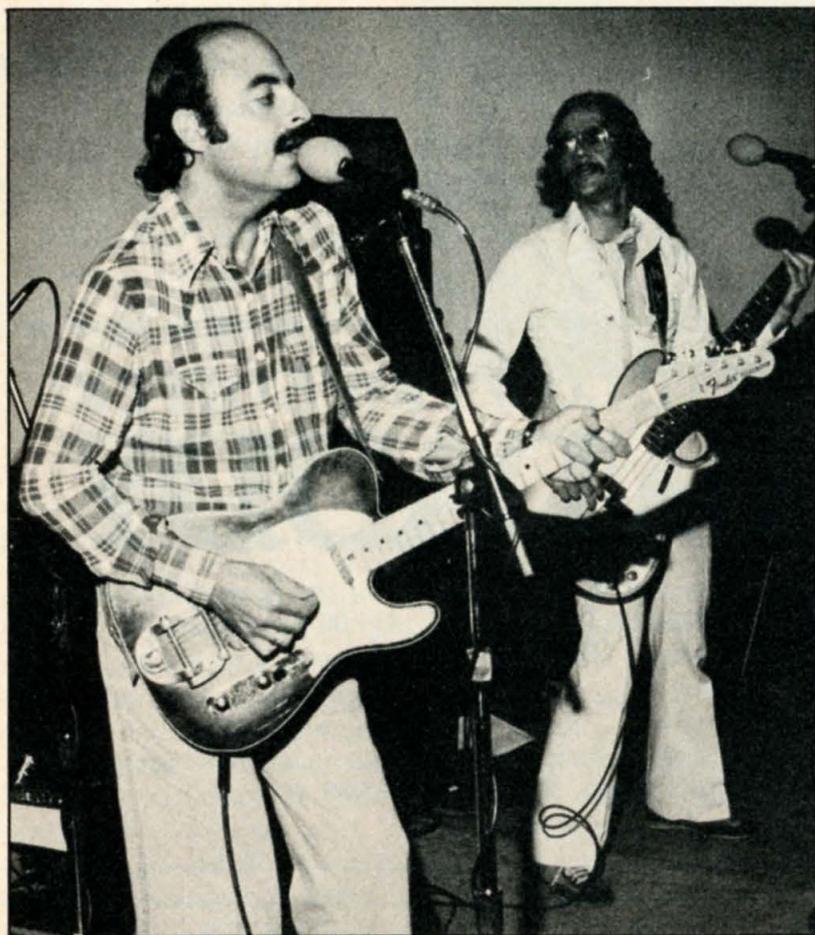
For a while Barry was raking leaves, painting houses, giving an occasional guitar lesson. Still, he says, "I kept looking around for what I could do with my life, and it always came back to music." The first tentative step toward a reborn career was the Schemers, a Westport band playing '50s tunes and a few originals.

Then, last Christmas, rumors started about a possible re-issue of *The Remains*. Barry and his manager sensed the time was right, and decided to re-form the band. They found keyboard man Billy Briggs selling Porsches in Boston; drummer Chip Damiani was tuning pipe organs in New Haven; bassist Vern Miller was teaching in New Jersey. Rehearsing on Sundays, "three times a month since Valentine's Day," they discovered the sound was still there.

When they launch an assaultive set with "Don't Look Back," it all comes back—Barry's spirochete guitar leads and teen-nasal vocals, Damiani's locomotivatin' drums, galloping rhythm from Miller and Briggs. As the set progresses, it becomes obvious again that Barry Tashian is one of rock's finest guitarists, still doing double duty playing all rhythm and leads. Standout new material (between the Remains' classics) includes a hard-charging version of Gram Parsons' "Luxury Liner," and "Baby, I Can't Hide It," a Tashian-Miller song with chopping guitar switchbacks at its core. "Unfinished Business" brings the set to a dynamic close with Barry's screaming slide guitar flameout.

"Today I have more musical control, more vocal control, and we can still give people the old excitement," Tashian declares. "Right now, nobody owes us anything. And I'm having so much fun, I don't care if it ends tomorrow. If it becomes a nostalgia band, I'll quit."

—Jon Pareles

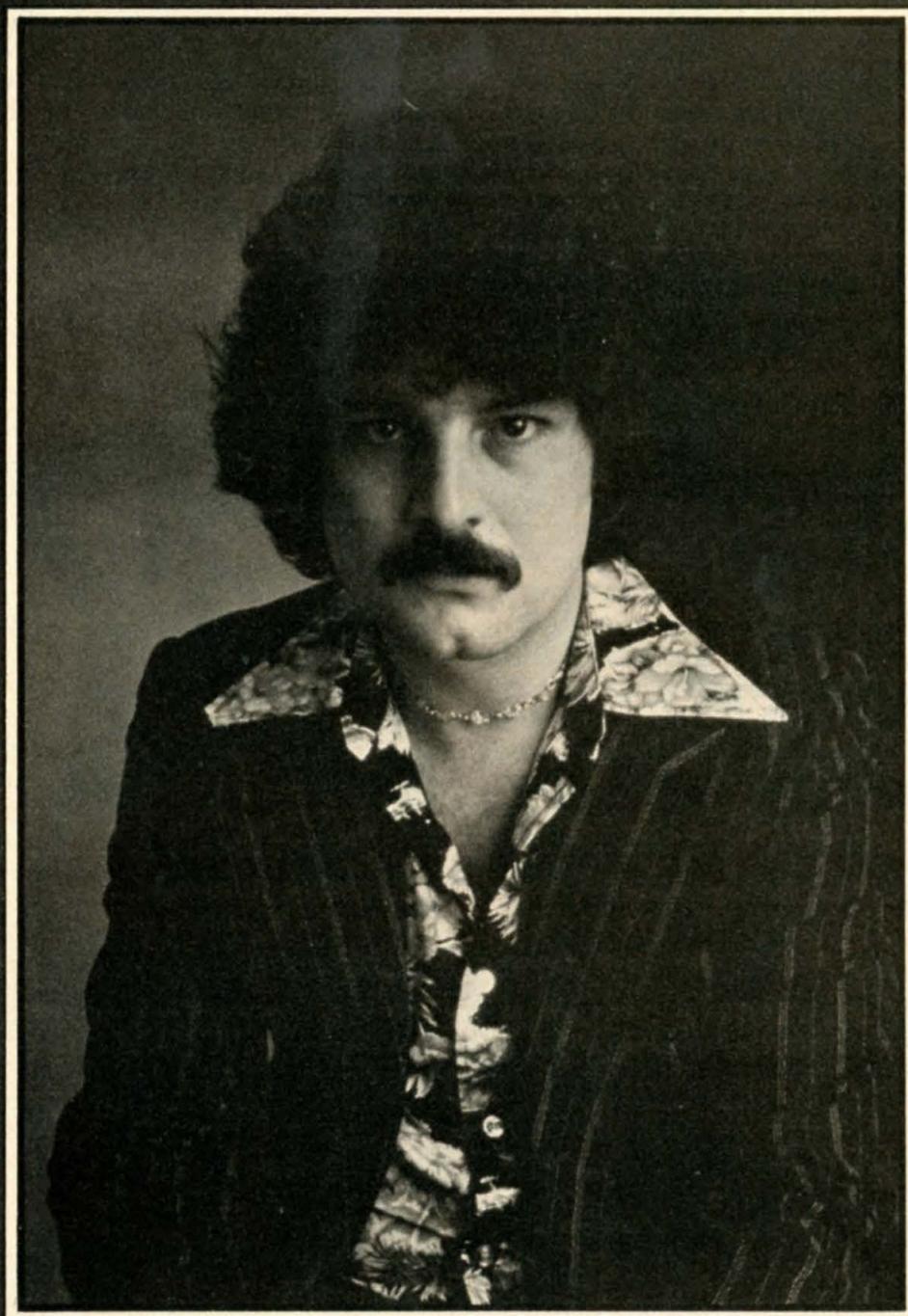


Barry and Vern: Rocking like the Zombies—with fangs

Dan Comly

**“Listening to Burton Cummings
is like seeing an old friend.”**

—Richard Perry



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SOAPROCK

MARTIN MULL, MARTIN MULL: IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM, BEAT SOMEONE ELSE



SHERMAN OAKS, Ca.—It's almost a scientific fact that the continental United States is tilted 30 degrees to the west. Ergo, anybody who isn't tied down eventually rolls to Southern California, there to doze in a Chevy van, or man the intercom at a Jack In The Box, or otherwise insinuate himself into the engine room of Hollywoodism and thus shape mass culture.

In the Land of the Unsettling Sun, all things seem possible; it has become the principal laboratory/stomping grounds for What You'd Rather Be Doing. For example, it was here that television producer Norman Lear became a video savant, delobotomizing the Burbank Mentality with such salty sitcoms as All In The Family, Maude and the new theater of the perturbed—Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman. And it is from here that soft-rock humorist Martin Mull, the almost annoyingly clever conscience of the Pop Life, hopes finally to distinguish himself. For even in the make-believe environs of KTLA-TV, where the clumsy dreams of the good people of Fernwood, USA, are nightly shattered, there still are a few who believe in new beginnings. . . .

If a little-known actress like Mary Kay Place can use a silly soap opera as a springboard to a singing career, why can't

a little-known singer like Martin Mull use his silly songs to achieve the same sudsy star status?

Or, as Mull anxiously puts it, "Do you, will you follow me?"

For nearly ten years, the singer/songwriter in question has been struggling just to get the world to listen to him. While a recording artist with Van-

guard (as lead guitarist in a weird group called Soup) and then Capricorn (four lps with such bizarre titles as *Days of Wine and Neuroses*), Mull was unable to garner more than a cult following. Obviously, most record buyers weren't ready for output like a Christmas single called "Santa Doesn't Cop Out On Dope" or a multi-leveled C&W health food ballad featuring "a trucker who likes to pick up fruit."

Martin Mull was sorely in need of a fresh start and it arrived in the form of a talent scout for the wildly successful *Mary Hartman, etc.*

MARY KAY: IF C&W COMES KNOCKIN'...

LOS ANGELES—The insulated door to KTLA's *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* sound stage opens like the portal of a freezer vault. Inside, a winding corridor of prop walls and wardrobe racks leads to the dressing room of Mary Kay Place, who plays Loretta Haggars—Mary's C&W-singing next door neighbor. Showing an ebullience characteristic of the goodhearted Loretta, Mary Kay invites me into her dressing room with a "Come on in, hon", and sit down." In jeans, a yellow bowling shirt tied at the waist, and without the beehive wig, this native of Tulsa looks nothing like her TV counterpart.

Place, however, shares her character's love of singing. "I have constantly sung my whole life," she says. She got the role of Loretta after Norman Lear had her sing her first composition, "If Communism Comes Knockin' At Your Door, Don't Answer It," on *All In The Family*. Eventually Loretta helped Mary Kay get a record contract with Columbia.

"Baby Boy" is the C&W parody hit single that launched Loretta's career on the show. She might call it, "Just a toe-tappin', knee-slappin', country record, hon'," but record companies saw it as an exploitation hit, and the offers poured in. Lunching on carrot and celery sticks, Place is not the air-head Haggars: her tone of voice is businesslike.



"I made it quite clear to each of the companies that contracted me," she says, "that I did not want to make a novelty album, that I was not in the business of making a joke album." Columbia listened—up to a point.

Although the lp is a straightforward effort on Place's part (containing such country standards as "Setting the Woods On Fire," "The Get Acquainted Waltz" and "Country Baptizer"), the two less-than-serious songs written and popularized by Loretta are the selling points of the new album, entitled *Tonight! At the Capri Lounge*.

"A lot of people know Loretta Haggars, but they don't know Mary Kay Place," she explains. "For people to make that connection, on the first effort I felt that it was okay to do it. The voice is mine, whether I'm in a Loretta wig or an evening gown. What we've done is a professional, musically well-done album. It's not corny or jokey—it's a legitimate country album. It

"I had been out in LA performing my regular music at the Roxy Theater, and Al Burton, who is one of Norman Lear's creative supervisors, came and saw me," explains the blonde, mustachioed Mull, relaxing in his modest new apartment. "He [Burton] suggested I go speak with Norman and so I went and met with him for an hour or so. About four months later, the *Hartman* people called up and said, 'We want you to come read for this part.' And I got it!"

Mull's new role as an actor offers no Loretta Haggars-like opportunities to sell his strange

was my decision to put Loretta on the cover. It was the only intelligent thing to do."

The album is produced by Brian Ahern (Emmylou Harris, Anne Murray) with Harris' Hot Band as the studio musicians, and Dolly Parton, Herb Pedersen, Murray and Harris on background vocals.

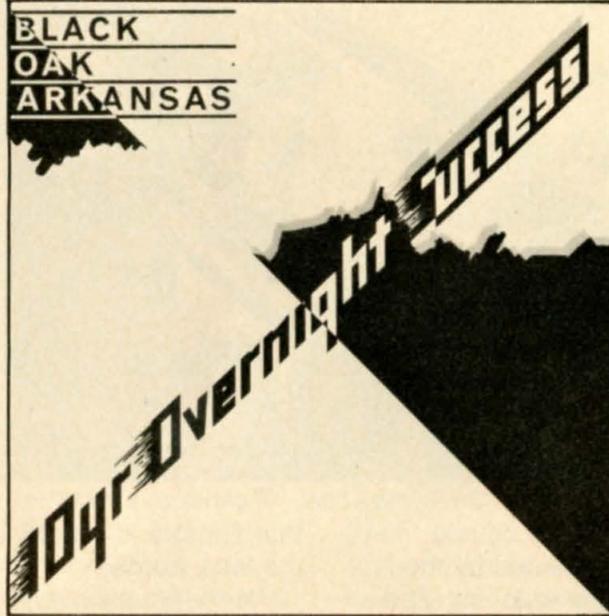
"I was intimidated to death by these people, and had hives the majority of the recording session! They were all just incredible, especially Brian and Emmylou—they were all so patient. It was a great atmosphere for a first album. There was no pressure, except what I created for myself."

To avoid getting "saturated" with just acting, Place balances her career with writing. Before *Mary Hartman*, she co-wrote scripts for nearly three years for *Mary Tyler Moore*, *M*A*S*H*, *Maude* and *Rhoda*, as well as several pilots. Currently she is working on a screenplay. Averting the Loretta Haggars typecasting, she took the role of a '40s singer with Robert DeNiro's band in Martin Scorsese's upcoming film musical, *New York, New York*. She also makes a cameo appearance in the Woody Guthrie film biography, *Bound For Glory*.

A knock at the door and she's across the room to see who's there. Accepting a package from a familiar studio mail boy, Mary Kay/Loretta takes a step back and exclaims, "Lookit you all dressed up in new clothes and everything! You goin' Hollywood on us, hon'?"

—Judson Klinger

BLACK OAK ARKANSAS



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10 YR. OVERNIGHT SUCCESS

Their new Album featuring:
**WHEN THE BAND WAS
SINGIN' "SHAKIN' ALL OVER"**
Produced by John Ryan
and Black Oak Arkansas



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MCA RECORDS

songs to the viewers, but as crack public relations man Garth Gimble he intends to perform with the same conviction he brought to such concert favorites as "Show Me Yours (I'll Show You Mine)."

"He's your Madison Avenue PR type," says Mull, outlining his part. "Garth is never at a loss for words—*never*. His style is very, very high-pressure, and he uses as many dated cliches as possible.

"In the show I'm married to a nurse named Pat and we have a 14-year-old son at military school who wets his bed, so he's being sent home."

Sounds tame for late-night television—but what about those rumors that Garth Gimble is a wife-beater?

"Let's put it this way: I'm not the model husband," rules Mull AKA Gimble. "My wife is almost always quite badly injured; arm in a sling, with bad bruises, fingers in splints, and so on. The general explanation is that she is 'accident prone.'

"However, as of the last episode we've taped, some screams were heard from our



Mull: "Show me yours, I'll show you mine"

house which, of course, can be easily explained by the fact that we were watching *The New Treasure Hunt* and we got very caught up in it.

"That's the reason we screamed, Officer," Gimble/Mull deadpans. "'Honest.'"

There's no hard evidence

that Gimble is roughing up the little woman?

"None whatsoever!" he says, feigning innocent bewilderment. "I can't imagine how anyone could *begin* to think *that* . . ."

On-camera difficulties aside, has Mull's transition from music to melodrama

been a trying one?

"I've done seven shows now and it's going well, but the first day I was so nervous. You see the script with all the revisions the night before and learn it as best as you can. Then you get to the set and it changes all over the place, people adding and subtracting and improvising.

"You're there from nine o'clock in the morning, and by three o'clock that afternoon it's on tape—that's it; there's a rehearsal and a taping, so you only get two pops at it!

"I was talking to Mary Kay Place the other day," Mull confides. "She recently had an opening at the Palomino Club and she was saying she would have given anything not to be out in front of people with just one shot at getting it right. She feels more comfortable in front of the TV cameras. Well, at my first day on the *Hartman* set, I would have given anything to be onstage at a club. I sweated clean through a three-piece suit!"

As far as a television career is concerned, Mull's chance

Unfortunately, you only have room



But fortunately, one kind of Panasonic car stereo can give you several kinds of enjoyment. Because while they all play beautiful FM/AM/FM stereo, they play other things. Like CB. Or 8-track. Or cassettes. Even four-channel.

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CQ-840. Stereo cassette player with FM/AM/FM stereo radio. If you're into cassettes at home, take them along for the ride. This system is so compact, it fits in just about any car. But it has big system features. Like fast forward. A tape ejector switch that turns on the radio automatically. And circuitry that automatically improves FM reception. And more.

to appear on *Mary Hartman* may prove a mixed blessing. This past summer, he signed a contract with NBC that included the possibility of his own series. As a result, Mull had to get special permission to appear in the late-night serial for the required 13 weeks. When that time is up, a renewal could depend on his success in giving NBC what they want.

"NBC gave me money to develop a script for a show," Mull reveals. "I had a couple of ideas, neither of which they liked, apparently. The first was a series called *Frontier Gyno*, about the first gynecologist in the Old West; he comes riding into town with his stirrups sticking straight up. The other show was an idea whereby the Queen of England remarries to an urban ghetto black from the United States. The program would be called *Elizabeth and Andy*."

Careful not to put all his golden eggs in one basket, Mull is completing work on a fifth lp, this one for ABC Records.

"My new album is called

I'm Everyone I've Ever Loved. There's sketches and monologues on it, as well as songs, and I have an awful lot of guest stars. I sing a duet with Melissa Manchester; Alice Playten, Robert Klein and Rob Reiner—you know, Meathead on *All In The Family*—also appear. And Tom Waits is a bartender in one of the skits, besides doing a long piano solo on the title track:

*I'm everyone I've ever loved
All rolled into one
I'm all of the women
I've had in my life
The actress, the waitress,
the nun*

*I'm there when I need me
I'm not when I don't
Just the same as my
sweet Rosa Lee was
And as far as that time
In the bus station goes
I'm everything that he was*

"I've got a new gospel tune on the record called 'Dammit, Jesus Christ, I Missed Church Again!'" Mull adds. "There's a disco song called 'Get Up,

Get Down' which is for crowded discos—it's something you can do right in your chair—and a lovely bossa nova number. And I have a kind of rampant homosexual sea chanty sung by Columbus and his men, simply called 'Men.' If I don't get renewed on *Hartman*, I may support the album with a tour."

mild-mannered Martin?

"I'm a little concerned about that, frankly," he admits, "because my character is so odious and so despicable on so many levels. There are people who don't know that's not real. If you were the rapist on *Adam 12*, they don't think of you as the guy who did a terrific job acting as a rapist—they think of you as a rapist. Some people are crazy enough, if they see you on the street, they'll probably stick you! Everyone on the show keeps assuring me I'm gonna get some torrid mail."

Martin Mull says he is striving to approach the hot-tempered Garth Gimble with an ever-open mind and requests that *Mary Hartman* fans do likewise.

"What my character is really like is in the eye of the beholder, not the 'bedoyer,'" he counsels. "I'm certainly not crazy about him; I'd like to kick him right where it hurts.

"But it's tough to say," Mull allows slyly, "because he is played by one of my favorite people."

—Timothy White

The soap opera can be a most potent burlesque. How will audiences react to Mull when he re-enters the rock world? Does he worry that the public may be hostile toward the aggressive Garth Gimble, rather than laugh along with



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CQ-969. Stereo 8-track tape player with FM/AM/FM stereo radio. You'll hear the tape but you won't see it. Because it slides deep into the radio dial. And when you listen to the radio, a distant/local switch and AFC give you really remarkable reception.

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just slightly ahead of our time.

SKATEBORED!

Jan & Dean fans will be interested to know that Dean O. Torrence recently sent *Crawdaddy* two copies of their new, "updated" single of "Sidewalk Surfin'." Also enclosed was a form letter and a note saying, "Thought you might get a kick outta this letter sent to 400 Top 40 stations from coast to coast":

"Dear Programmers,

"My name is Dean Torrence, formerly of Jan & Dean. I want to make you aware of the newest industry joke, it goes something like this—'If Patty Hearst was on United Artist Records, nobody would have ever found her.'

"Well there are two of us that don't think that joke is very funny. One of those is me, since I have been on United Artists Records for a mighty long time. The other is Patty Hearst, who unfortunately never got the chance to sign with UA. You probably thought the second person was going to be Jan—but luckily for him he doesn't remember he was ever on UA records.

"As you must all be aware, there is a skateboard phenomenon happening from coast to coast. There are a documented 30 million skateboards out there—but UA tells me there is no market for a record about skateboarding! Don't tell UA but skateboards had bigger net profits in 1975 than UA has had in the past three years combined. UA also had the nerve (or ignorance) to suggest that Bahne Skateboards should be happy to give them 1,000 free skateboards to give away for promotion. I asked UA why Bahne should be happy to give them any skateboards at all—UA said that Bahne could most certainly use the advertising. 'Gee,' I said, 'when you're back-ordered 10,000 boards a day, why would you need UA's help?' UA said, 'What?'

"I also have to be quite frank with you and tell you that UA has trouble with the concept of putting records in the stores—and actually the whole record business in general—so don't look to them for support. Especially after they read this letter."



LOS ANGELES— Exclusive! Photographic proof that Ray Charles is a "sight-reader"! The man who gave us such hits as "Swanee River Rock," "Rockhouse II" and "Let The Good Times Roll," reveals his revolutionary Braille technique while recording a new version of Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* with Cleo Laine. The novel remake of the celebrated folk opera was overseen by impresario Norman Granz, who commissioned the special score for Charles.

WORKS IN PROGRESS

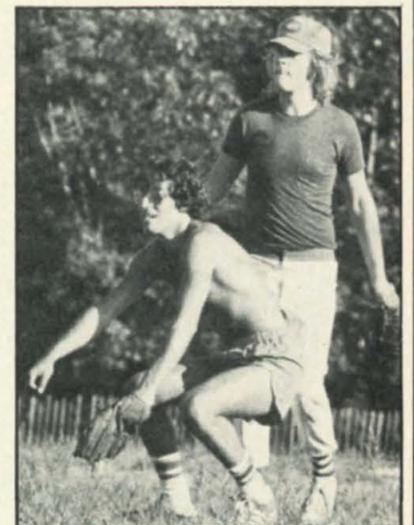
Emmylou Harris finished up *Luxury Liner* with Brian Ahern and the infamous Hot Band . . . **Carol King** spotted working in the hit factory in New York . . . **Felix Cavaliere** finishing production on the **Fred Lipsius** (original BS&T sax man) for Columbia . . . **Stevie Wonder**, never one to rest, spent time at **Sergio Mendes** sessions in L.A. . . . **Natalie Cole**'s third Capitol lp underway . . . **Rufus** at Kendun Recorders, L.A. . . . **Cat Stevens** shopping around Holland for dream studio; Le Studio in Canada also a possibility . . . **Dolly Parton** producing herself in Nashville . . . Although Carlos has fired almost the entire band, the new **Santana** lp said to follow *Amigos* vein. David Rubinson again producing . . . Pugnacious **Boxer** have subtly titled their next (and possibly last) lp *Bloodletting* . . . **Garland Jeffreys** in New York with producer **David Spinozza** and in L.A. with arranger David Paich (Boz's). Set for the sessions, among others, are the ubiquitous **Steven Gadd** and **Huey McCracken** . . . **Walter Egan**, author of "Hearts On Fire" from **Gram Parson's** *Grievous Angel* album, working on a solo lp for U.S. The couple/non-couple of the year, **Stevie Nicks** and **Lindsay Buckingham** are producing. Members of the Hot Band and a certain **Jackson Browne** have helped out . . . Ronnie and Howie Albert are booked solid. This winter they are producing **Wishbone Ash**, **Procol Harum**, **Chris Hillman** and **Head East** . . . **Hank Williams Jr.** in Muscle Shoals with Phil (Dion, Jim Stafford) Gernhart.

CRAW'S DADDIES TROUNCE E STREET KINGS 15-13, 8-3

THE SWAMPS, N.J.—Sparkling defense and timely hitting lifted New York's own *Craw Daddies* to a stunning upset sweep over the power-packed *E Street Kings* in the traditional Dog Day softball double-header recently. In an opening contest marked by the complete inability of *E Street* second baseman Bruce Springsteen to finish the Italian-Irish-Polish joke he insisted on telling every inning—as well as to get on base—the *Craw* pulled away to notch a 15-13 victory. The Dads took the nightcap, 8-3.

Dazzled by *Crawdaddy's* arc ball pitching ("Pitch like a man!" heckled *E Street* shortfielder Miami Steve Van Zandt), the *Kings* succumbed to the power hitting of freelance photographer Peter Cunningham and the fancy fielding of stylish shortstop Peter Knobler and fearless first baseman Jed Davis. It was a titanic defensive struggle, enlivened by the fact that any ball in the air was almost a sure double.

Miami Steve, who changed from doubleknit pinstripes to shorts and a panama hat for the second game, made



Blinded by the defense

the afternoon's greatest sacrifice when, drink in hand, he dove for a line drive up the middle. He dropped both.

Springsteen, who, legend has it, had major league aspirations as a schoolboy, took the loss to heart. It's so hard to be a saint at second base.

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12" TOM
13" TOM
14" TOM
18" CRASH
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NATALIE COLE'S SOPHISTICATED SOUL: ALWAYS SMILIN', ALWAYS SWEET, AND DON'T SAY IT'S R&B

LOS ANGELES—When Natalie Cole isn't smiling she's laughing, and this afternoon is no exception. Today's jubilation is inspired by the tape cassette lying before her on the coffee table in her manager's office. It contains four songs Natalie has written entirely on her own. Three of the tunes, "Your Eyes," "Makin's Of The World" and "Peaceful Living Is Here," will appear on her forthcoming album. The fourth is a country-gospel number called "Lord Have Mercy" that she is offering to either Tanya Tucker or Crystal Gayle.

Two gold albums validate Natalie's success as a singer; acceptance as a songwriter is the challenge she now confronts. Her first taste of the craft came during the sessions for *Natalie*, her second (Capitol) album. Her producers, Marvin Yancy and Chuck Jackson (not the "Any Day Now" Chuck Jackson) brought two incomplete tunes into the studio and she improvised her way through the first, "Not Like Mine." The trio collaborated again on "Sophisticated Lady," but in a more formal manner.

"On 'Sophisticated Lady' I actually sat down and helped them write the last verse," Natalie recalls between swallows of raspberry yogurt. "Y'know the part that goes, 'Everybody knows . . .'? I wrote that! They had so many spaces and I said 'What do you want me to do there?' and they said, 'Anything, whatever you want to do,' so I had to come up with some words. And then the last verse which says, 'She's the kind of person that you'd like to meet, 'cause she's always smilin' and she's always sweet,' I wrote that."

Jackson and Yancy gave Cole writer's credit on both tunes and, more importantly, the confidence to sit down and turn out more by herself. Her new self-authored material



"I used to sing 'Mona Lisa'—it was a disaster"

is pop-flavored and melody-centered with no chance for the disco acceptance that "This Will Be" or "Sophisticated Lady" enjoyed.

"My stuff is not R & B," Natalie says. "It's pretty much more commercial. If I had the talent, I would like to write like either Neil Sedaka or Elton John. Those are my two favorite writers in the whole world besides Stevie Wonder. People like Carole King, Laura Nyro, or Joni Mitchell . . . I'm

really into them. I like their chords. I like their words. I like their whole attitudes about the things that they sing about. One day, if I ever have an album all of my own, it would be that type of music."

When Natalie started pursuing a singing career after her graduation from the University of Massachusetts in 1972, her repertoire lacked any R & B material. Her manager matched her up with Yancy and Jackson, who had

just come off a #1 R & B hit, "Leaving Me," by the Independents, that had failed to cross over to pop. Natalie felt an immediate click and the trio went on to finance their own demo tape, which became the last four tunes on the *Inseparable* album.

"A lot of record companies didn't want to buy the producers, or the material—they wanted to buy *me*, but I wanted to go in as a package," Natalie explains. "'Cause I really thought that Chuck and Marvin could come up with some real dynamite stuff." Four months later, Capitol Records turned out to be the only record company to want all three. Ironically, Capitol was also the label her late father, Nat "King" Cole, recorded for in the '50s and early '60s.

She has resisted requests to record any of her father's hits, though she does include his 1964 success "L-O-V-E" in her concert act.

"I used to sing 'Mona Lisa' too," Natalie confides, "and, in fact, Marvin told me it was my singing of 'Mona Lisa' that sold him on me, but I don't do it anymore. It usually was a disaster. Not the song, just the reaction from the people in the audience. They all started crying and it was hard for me to continue singing when everyone was crying." Apparently the tears affected her too.

Suddenly her attention is distracted by a passing car, whose radio is wailing Natalie's fourth single, "Mister Melody." Having already won two Grammys, Natalie had traveled to Japan where her rendition of "Mister Melody" won her the Grand Prize at the Tokyo Music Festival.

"I think my scattin' on that song is what really won it," Natalie smiles. "It was so unusual because they had never heard of it at all. Y'know, I never won prizes. I never won contests. I used to enter all the crazy things on the radio, sweepstakes and stuff. I was entering my name for days and I never won a damn thing in my life!" She giggles. "And all of a sudden to come up and start winning these things right and left!" She laughs. "Wow."

—Jay Grossman

SIDESTREETS

Eric Carmen's next lp has been retitled *Boats Against the Current*. The cover shot was taken in Clive Davis' NY living room, behind Davis' wife's piano . . . **James Taylor** leaving rustic Martha's Vineyard for his upper east side brownstone . . . **John "Beefcake" Travolta** will star in a film version of Nik Cohn's "Tribal Rights of Saturday Night." The film based on Cohn's *New York* magazine story will be shot in discos around NYC; of course there will be a sound track. Travolta will start work on the film version of *Grease*, also for Robert Stigwood . . . **Ronnie Van Zant's** whiskey days are over now—he's a father. **Lynyrd Skynyrd's** leader has a baby girl, Melody Marie Van Zant . . . More Southern men. **Johnny Sandlin**, a cornerstone of the Capricorn label is suing the Macon company for \$1 million. Sandlin produced **Allman Brothers' lps** *Brothers and Sisters*, *Win, Lose or Draw* among others. He is charging Capricorn with failure to pay royalties . . . **Al "The Rail" Kooper** showed up recently, proudly displaying his autobiography. "Now that I've finished this one I can't wait to get started on Part Two," the modest millionaire confided. The book traces Al's bent, glorious, star-studded career, pausing with Bob Dylan ("a difficult, rude person") and Mick Jagger ("now there's a real gentleman") . . . Seven-year-old Jimi Sundqvist has been ruled the son and legal heir to Jimi Hendrix. The ruling made in a Stockholm court says the child is the son of Hendrix and Eva Sundqvist.

abc debut



Brand X/Unorthodox Behaviour

Phil Collins is lead singer and drummer for Genesis and, without leaving the band, he has joined John Goodsall, Percy Jones, and Robin Lumley to form a continuing experimental studio group. Their first album has been the fastest selling import of the year. Now it's available everywhere. Brand X—you can hear the difference, on Passport Records.



Lyons & Clark/Prisms

Pam Clark and Debbie Lyons make their debut with a beautiful collection of their own songs performed in their own dazzling style. Production is by David Kershenbaum of Joan Baez/Diamond & Rust fame with Henry Lewy at the console. Music that comes in colors, from Shelter.



Stephen Bishop/Careless

Stephen Bishop first came to ABC's attention when two of his songs were included on Art Garfunkel's Breakaway album. Now Garfunkel has joined Steve for his first record, along with Eric Clapton, Chaka Khan, Victor Feldman, John Guerin, and more. The album also features production by Henry Lewy (Joni Mitchell). A brilliant new performer is about to emerge. Hear for yourself, get Careless.



Susie Allanson

Susie Allanson broke into recording by way of Hair and Jesus Christ Superstar, before teaming up with top flight producer Ray Ruff in 1975. She's been working on her first album ever since. Now it's ready—a collection of strong contemporary melodies laced with pure country charm. It's a beautiful beginning to a fantastic future. On ABC.



Eric Idle and Neil Innes/The Rutland Weekend Songbook

Presenting a couple of the people who brought you Monty Python in something else entirely. Several years ago, an appalling governmental blunder wiped England's smallest county, Rutland, off the map. Recognizing the enormous tax benefits of broadcasting from a place which legally didn't exist, Idle and Innes formed Rutland Weekend Television—England's smallest tv station. Now a typical weekend's viewing has been put on record with great difficulty and mostly in the form of music.

AT abc THE NAME OF THE GAME IS
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THE FIRESIGN THEATRE'S CAMPOON '76

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

BICENTENNIAL CAMPOON DINNER: As served at St. Barbara's Ye Pewter Toothe at the mouth of the historic trans-California Route Canal. The Chef: Morris Sugar—the really great, great-grandson of all all-American hero, Nathan Sugar, famed at tea parties for his refined quip at the top of the morning noose, "I regret I have but one lump to take for my country."

INGREDIENTS:

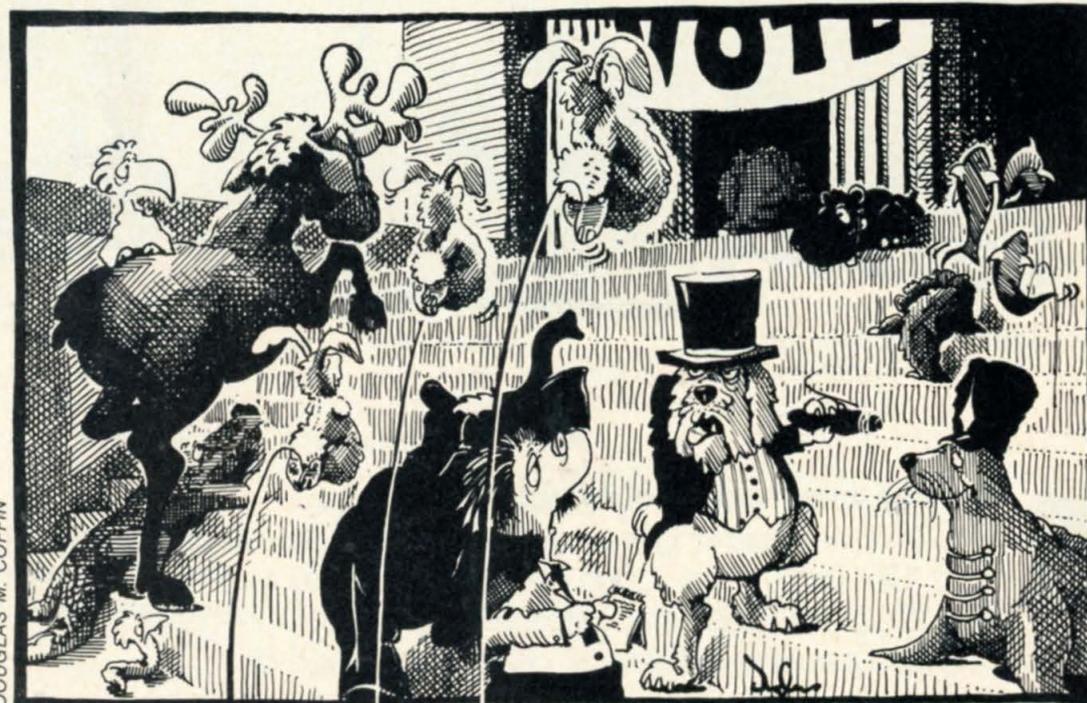
One plump Mandarin who has ducked the Revolution

A Chinese Peoples' pickle in hot water
Lots of predigested leaves from the Red Book

DESCRIPTION: To begin the feast, the maitre d'trots by your table yelling, "Your order is coming, your order is coming!" followed by a waiter in a red coat carrying a Revereware platter of old English horsemeat peppered with melon balls shot through with an old muscatel. Then comes the soup, George Washington's favorite—a thin rum gruel dotted with cherry pits and hemp seeds. One bowl, and you cannot tell if you're lying or standing up. The Entree: Ben Franklin Kabobs—hair balds, Philadelphia mints and cute French tomatoes, skewered on a lightning rod and flash-fried outdoors in a rainstorm. For Dessert: Cheap Dish Melting Pot Pie—New Irish potatoes, sour German krauts, Spanish and Greek olive skins, Scandinavian fishheads, Slavic ox brains, strapping black African molasses and pasty English goose flesh, served with no upper crust in a native Indian corn shell, ground from the flour of our former Utes.

Should this meal prove too "rich" for your taste, we recommend that you get in line for the Welfare Rolls; or try the Candidate's Special. When we ate there, it was "The Toothsome Jimmy Carter,"—a peanut futures and petroleum jelly sandwich, served open or two-faced with a mini soda or a plains Georgia cracker!
"BON APPETIT!—GINSBERG!"

(P & B)



DOUGLAS M. COFFIN

PAPOON WINS AGAIN

Humans, creatures, maxi- and micro-organisms all over the United Snakes once again let it be known that they had their own and one another's best interests in mind at the polls earlier this month, as they flew, ran and slithered in support of George G. Papoon.

Many unidentified two-legged voters wore paper bags on their heads and cast ballots for themselves. Dogs everywhere howled for Papoon, joining a chorus of wolves in a show of militant solidarity.

"We've smelled him, and we know he's one of us," barked Dr. Porter T. Pupp of The Grand Old Dogs Society, interviewed on his way to a dinner and rock-toss.

A rare performance of the Whales-Play was given in the Humboldt Current Auditorium, way up north, providing sufficient energy to enlighten most of the West Coast, south to Orange County. Elsewhere, (actually Elsewhere, Mississippi), a sudden show of force by Killer Bees for Connelrockakissafordadoleafeller was beaten back by Brave Bats, formerly counted for Count Tranquilla but now squarely in Papoon's camp.

In a statement issued from his Wentz-

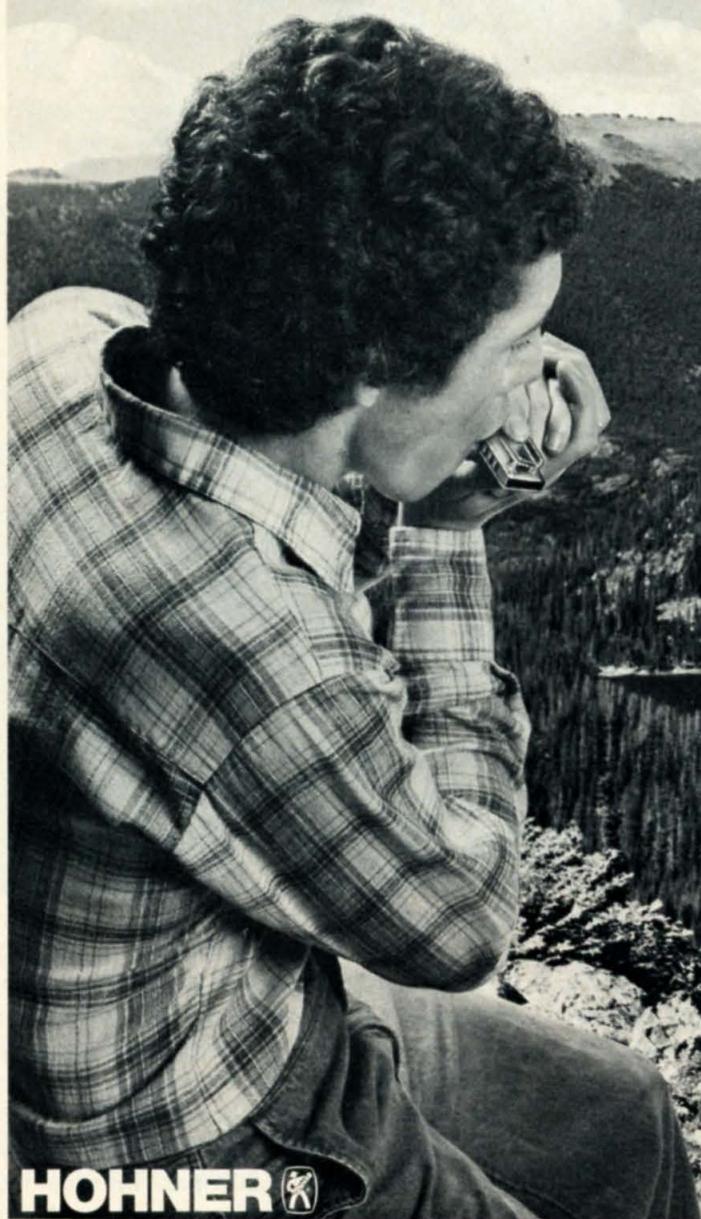
ville home, George Papoon acknowledged his victory, saying: "Dear Friends, once again Natural Surrealism has triumphed over both National Realism and Regional Nastyism! Once again, enough of you have run right along with me to win the Human, not to mention the Universal Race. To Papoonatics in loyal Cocoons all over this great land of "Rs," my gratitude knows no boundaries! Now, I would like to take my sack off and sleep for a while, leaving the rest of the changes up to you. . . ."

So saying, he stepped inside his charming home and shut the door firmly behind him. Meanwhile, Vice President-elect George Leroy Tirebiter celebrated with a costume party at the Raymond Chandler Hotel in the little desert community of Hollywood.

"I needed this job, you know," he said to an interviewer from *Peephole Weekly*, "and I intend to work very hard at it—whatever it is—from now on. Yes, for the next four guaranteed annual years, Americans will be able to keep laughing at politics, knowing that Tirebiter is but a heart-throb away from The Residency!"

(DO)

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Anthony Fawcett, an English art critic, met John Lennon at a London gallery during John and Yoko's first exhibition together. He was invited by John and Yoko to become their art advisor and went on to become their personal assistant, traveling on all of their peace ventures, film and recording sessions from 1968 through 1970. Fawcett was present for many of John and the Beatles' most dramatic scenes and intimate moments. This is an excerpt from his forthcoming book, *John Lennon: One Day at a Time (a personal biography of the '70s)*, Grove Press, \$6.95.

It was John Lennon's basic insecurity about his own creativity that led to Paul McCartney's gradual dominance and the resulting conflict between them. After their touring days, contrary to public image, John's actual role in the Beatles had become very passive. He had retreated away from the other Beatles into his own world. Then, when Yoko appeared, he lost himself in her world, removing himself even further from Paul's conservative aspirations.

After Brian Epstein's death in the summer of 1967, Paul decided that he should keep the group going and come up with new ideas and projects. John was both stunned and scared by Brian's death. "After Brian died we collapsed," John said later. "We broke up then. That was the

They could talk about it forever, but it was too late. John gave Paul his ultimatum....

disintegration. Paul made an attempt to carry on as if Brian hadn't died, by saying, "Now, now boys, we're going to make a record."

The record turned into a film, the disastrous *Magical Mystery Tour*, the Beatles' first failure in the eyes of the critics and the public. As far as John was concerned, the problem was that Paul had come up with a fully developed idea with most of the music already written. John wanted to be in on the conception or, even better, to be the originator himself, as in the old days. But this was impossible because he was too lost in his own world, feeling his own pain. It was a vicious circle.

Paul first thought of the idea for *Magical Mystery Tour* while on a flight home from America in April, 1967. The main reason for an hour-long television film was to appease the fans, who continued to complain that the Beatles had deserted them by refusing to make any more live appearances. The film was to consist of the Beatles themselves plus a few friends, on a bus tour. It would be "magical," since they intended to film

whatever came into their heads as they went along, and "mysterious" in that neither they nor any of their passengers would have the faintest idea of where they were going or what they might do next.

Paul wrote out the basic outline on a scrap of paper, took it to John, and said: "Well, here's a segment. You write a piece for that." Taken aback, John thought: "I've never made a film, what's he mean, write a script?" But he set to work anyway:

Beatles a chance to say no. John, however, looked back on *Magical Mystery* with humor and affection. He told Paul: "I don't regret *Magical Mystery*, I think it was great—I think it'll prove that in the end; I just think that it was a good piece of work and we were fucked up by cameramen. But that's not important 'cause you probably think that it was more fucked up than I do, because you like professionalism, yer know. I enjoyed the

The Day John Lennon Stopped Believing in Beatles

by Anthony Fawcett

c 1976 by Anthony Fawcett



The way they were (with engineer Glyn Johns), approaching the end

"So I ran off and wrote the dream sequence for the fat woman and all the things with the spaghetti and all that."

After the film's two British television screenings at Christmastime, 1967, the public reacted angrily against it and the Beatles. The daily newspapers dismissed it as "blatant rubbish." Paul was bitter about the film's failure. He felt that he had to take the blame for it because it was his idea, even though he had given the other

fish-and-chip quality of *Magical Mystery*—the fact that we went out with a load of freaks and tried to make a film is great, yer know!"

Magical Mystery Tour was the beginning of the end from John's point of view, not just because it hadn't been his idea, but because he felt Paul was taking up all the time in the recording studios and not giving John and the others their fair share. Paul would tell John that since he had

eight or ten songs written they ought to get into the studios right away, which gave John barely a few days to come up with his work.

In September, 1969, when John finally decided to leave the Beatles, he told Paul bluntly: "It was *carte blanche* because you'd come up with a *Magical Mystery Tour*—I didn't write any of that except 'Walrus.' I'd accept it and you'd already have five or six songs, so I'd think, 'Fuck

up during the last three years the group was together. From *Magical Mystery Tour* on, his relationship to the Beatles was a constant strain; half the problem was that he kept everything inside, increasing his own pain and getting more and more depressed. Instead of trying to tell Paul how he felt or stand up for his rights, John virtually gave up and let Paul dominate the recording sessions.

But even before, there had been an

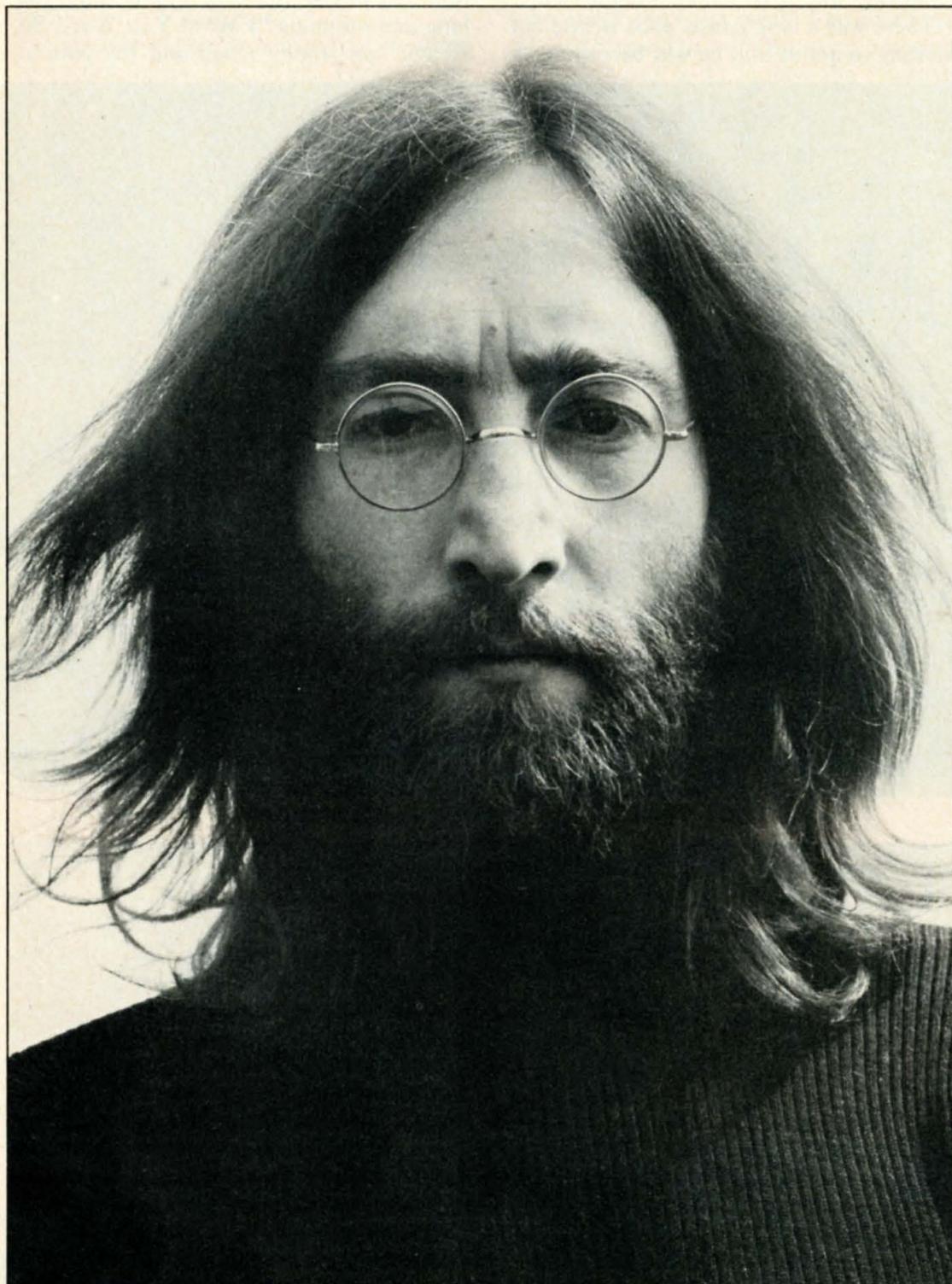
games with you to get space on the album, yer know! I don't want to go through a little maneuvering, or whatever level it's on, to get time. 'Cause there was a time, about three years ago, I gave up fighting for an 'A' side or fighting for time. I just thought, well I'm content to put 'Walrus' on the 'B' side, when I think it's much better, and 'Strawberry Fields,' because I'm content to be on, yer know, and get the cooperation of the group to produce a 'Walrus' and a 'Strawberry Fields' out of all of you.

"I didn't have the energy or the nervous type of thing to push it, yer know, so I relaxed a bit. Nobody else relaxed—you didn't relax in that way—so gradually I was submerging."

Paul, upset and a little taken aback, agreed that he had "come out stronger." But he reminded John that there had been times when he had tried hard to include John's work, only to be dismayed because he was not prepared and had written only one or two songs.

"There was no point in turning 'em out," John said. "I couldn't, didn't have the energy to turn 'em out *and* get 'em on as well."

They could talk about it forever, but it was too late. John had already decided and he gave Paul his ultimatum: "When we get into the studio, I don't care how we do it but I don't want to think about equal time—I just want it known I'm allowed to



David Nutter

By Abbey Road, John was "downright embarrassed" by some of Paul's songs

it, I can't keep up with that.' So I didn't bother, yer know—and I thought I don't really care whether I was on or not; I convinced myself it didn't matter and so, for a period, if you didn't invite me to be on an album *personally*, if you three didn't say, 'Write some more 'cause we like your work,' I wasn't going to fight!"

John's feeling of having to fight to record his songs in the studio, and to get them included on the Beatles' albums, built

ongoing struggle over the Beatles' singles. Paul would invariably push to get *his* song on the 'A' side. This fighting over songs and sides was finally the cause of John's decision to leave. As he told Paul: "If you look back on the Beatles' albums, good or bad or whatever you think of 'em, you'll find that most times if anybody has got extra time it's *you!* For no other reason than you worked it like that. Now when we get into a studio I don't want to go through

"If you three didn't say, 'write some more, we like your work,' I wasn't going to fight."

put four songs on the album, whatever happens! I don't have to say: 'Shall we do it now?' 'cause I think we'll all get fed up in three weeks, or actually the album will be full, 'cause actually we did two of Paul's last week, or one of Ringo's or one of George's, whatever, and well it's too late now—next album. I've discovered how I am, and I've got to stop it, 'cause it does me no good, yer know. I'm always bitter afterwards, and it's nobody's fault except me own."

Wasted words because the Beatles never again went into a recording studio together.

John's music had developed in a totally different direction than Paul's, driving toward the avante-garde and experimental while Paul's was immersed in his nostalgia-oriented "sweetness." I knew that John was downright embarrassed by some of Paul's songs on the last few Beatle albums, and hated being involved with them. He particularly disliked "Maxwell's Silver Hammer" on *Abbey Road* and "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da" on the *White Album*. When he told McCartney this,

Paul admitted that he was "not stuck on them" either but that he had liked the songs when they were originally recorded.

John, Paul and George discussed this problem at Apple in the autumn of 1969, on one of the rare occasions when they got together. John glared at Paul and said, sarcastically: "It seemed mad for us to put a song on an album that nobody really dug, including the guy who wrote it, just because it was going to be popular, 'cause the lp doesn't have to be that. Wouldn't it be better, because we didn't really dig them, yer know, for you to do the songs you dug, and 'Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da' and 'Maxwell' to be given to people who like music like that, yer know, like Mary [Hopkins], or whoever it is needs a song. Why don't you give them to them? The only time we need anything vaguely near that quality is for a single. For an album we could just do only stuff that we really dug."

Also, George's increasing success as a songwriter had made John feel guilty that he and Paul hadn't given George more of a chance earlier, especially on the Beatles' lucrative singles market.

"We always carved the singles up between us," he told Paul. "We have the singles market, they [George and Ringo] don't get anything! I mean we've never offered George 'B' sides; we could have given him a lot of 'B' sides, but because we were two people, you had the 'A' side and I had the 'B' side."

"Well the thing is," Paul answered, without even looking at George who sat a few feet away, "I think that until now, until this year [1969], our songs have been better than George's. Now this year, his songs are at least as good as ours."

George was quick to reply. "Now that's a myth," he said coldly, "'cause I wrote most of this year's songs last year or the year before, anyway. Maybe now I just don't care whether you are going to like them or not, I just do 'em. . . . If I didn't get a break I wouldn't push it, I'd just forget about it. Now—for the last two years, at any rate—I've pushed it a bit more."

"I know what he's saying," said John, "'cause people have said to me you're coming through a lot stronger now than you had."

"I don't particularly seek acclaim," George said. "That's not the thing. It's just to get out whatever is there to make way for whatever else is there. You know, 'cause it's only to get 'em out, and also I might as well make a bit of money, seeing as I'm spending as much as the rest of you, and I don't earn as much as the rest of you!"

Like the others, George was now out on his own musically. "Most of my tunes," he said, "I never had the Beatles backing me."

"Oh! C'mon, George!" John shouted. "We put a lot of work in your songs, even

down to 'Don't Bother Me'; we spent a lot of time doing all that and we grooved—I can remember the riff you were playing. And in the last two years there was a period where you went Indian and we weren't needed!"

"That was only one tune," George said. "On the last album [White Album] I don't think you appeared on any of my songs—I don't mind."

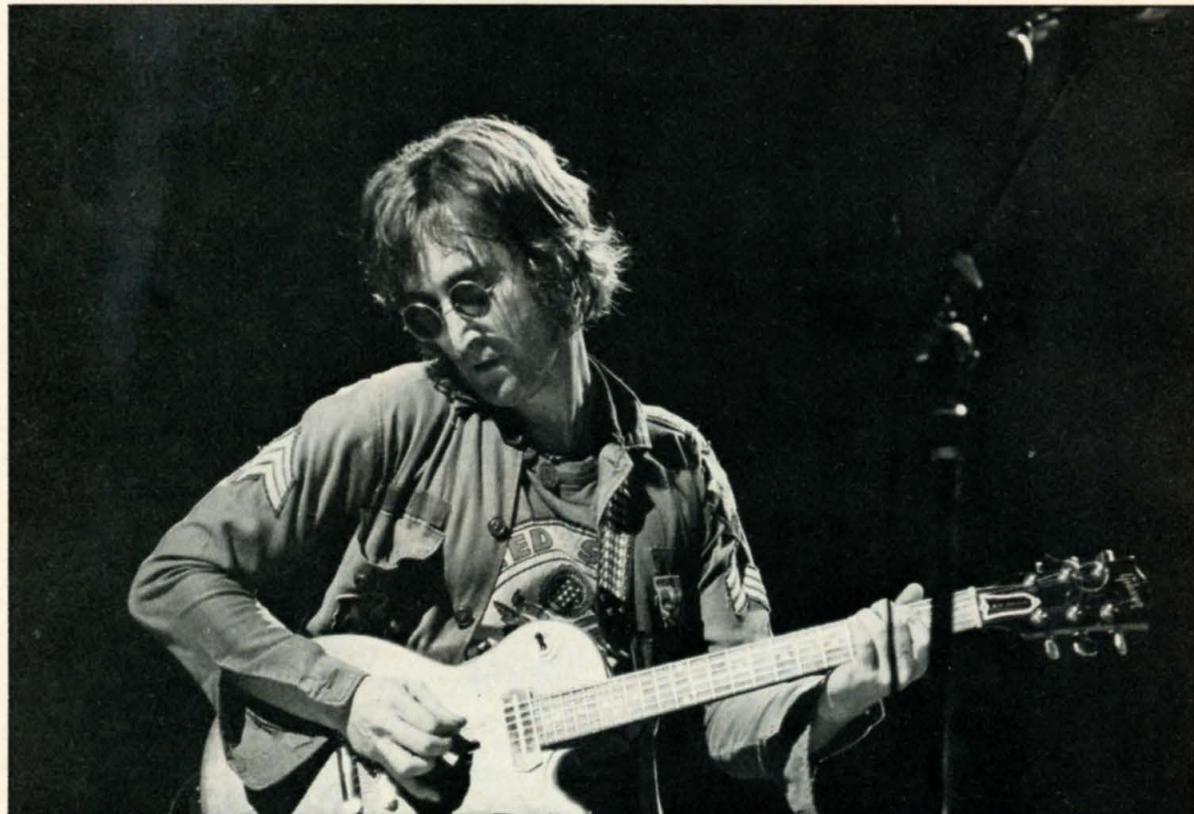
"Well, you had Eric [Clapton], or somebody like that." John sounded hurt.

There was a long pause, each Beatle not wanting to admit that he was becoming an

individual musician. Paul grasped at the remnants of truth and spoke slowly, almost whispering. "When you get in a studio, even on the worst day, I'm still playing bass, Ringo's still drumming, and we're still there you know."

But the drive, the determination, the combined energy and love of the group had gone. Instead of complementing each other they now antagonized each other.

John's mood at this time is clearly reflected in the music he was writing; the long and ominous "I Want You, She's So Heavy" on *Abbey Road* and the painful



"There was always a distance, an aloofness, the conscious acting out of a role"



Yoko merged with the Lennon mold and they became like "one person"

"Cold Turkey." "Cold Turkey" really goes beyond dealing with drug withdrawal to show John's despair over his realization that the Beatles were finished and that he was on his own. It also reveals his hurt and resentment over the abuse Yoko was receiving from everybody, plus his own blocked creativity and musical frustration: "Temperature's rising/Fever is high/Can't see no future/ Can't see no sky/My feet are so heavy/So is my head/I wish I was a baby/I wish I was dead."

John had begun to realize that in order to record songs like "Cold Turkey" the

way he wanted, he had to use musicians who were completely behind *his* trip. The Toronto Rock 'n Roll Revival served to reinforce this idea and pointed the way for the future.

Mid-afternoon on September 12, 1969, in the midst of a hectic schedule of press interviews, a call from Toronto came through to John's office at Apple. At first it seemed like one of the hundreds of harebrained schemes that were offered to John and Yoko every week. I accepted the call and listened to John Brower's proposal that John and Yoko attend the "biggest

ever" Toronto Rock 'n Roll Revival concert the next day to listen to such greats as Little Richard, Chuck Berry and Jerry Lee Lewis. He offered round-trip first class tickets for the couple and six of their friends. John, who was sitting across the desk from me, showed interest in the notes I was taking and stopped in mid-interview to speak to the caller himself. He had hardly said hello before he was agreeing to go—on the condition that he and his band (which did not, at that moment, exist) could play, *live*. Brower was stunned; he had never thought to ask such a thing—after all, none of the Beatles had played live in front of an audience since their last concert in San Francisco, in August, 1966. But . . . of course!

Everything was set in motion pending Brower's call later that day to confirm immigration details. John postponed the remaining interviews and set about organizing what was dubbed the Plastic Ono Band, which would back him the following evening on a stage 3,000 miles away. He shouted to me: "Get me Eric [Clapton] on the phone, and then try to find Klaus [Voormann], he can play bass. And tell Mal [Evans] that he's coming to organize the gear!" For a drummer, John decided on Alan White, a young session drummer who had recently been playing at Apple.

"Cold Turkey" really goes beyond dealing with drug withdrawal to show John's despair over his realization that the Beatles were finished.

It started to dawn on me that this unlikely event might actually occur when eight airline tickets were delivered to Apple, and Brower called back from Toronto to confirm that entry visas had been granted.

The next morning, John was too scared to go. "Send them a telegram to cancel it—and send them a big bunch of white flowers, saying 'Love and peace, John and Yoko,'" he said. Only a last-minute phone call from Clapton saying he was keen to play convinced John to get out of bed. He made a mad dash and just caught the flight.

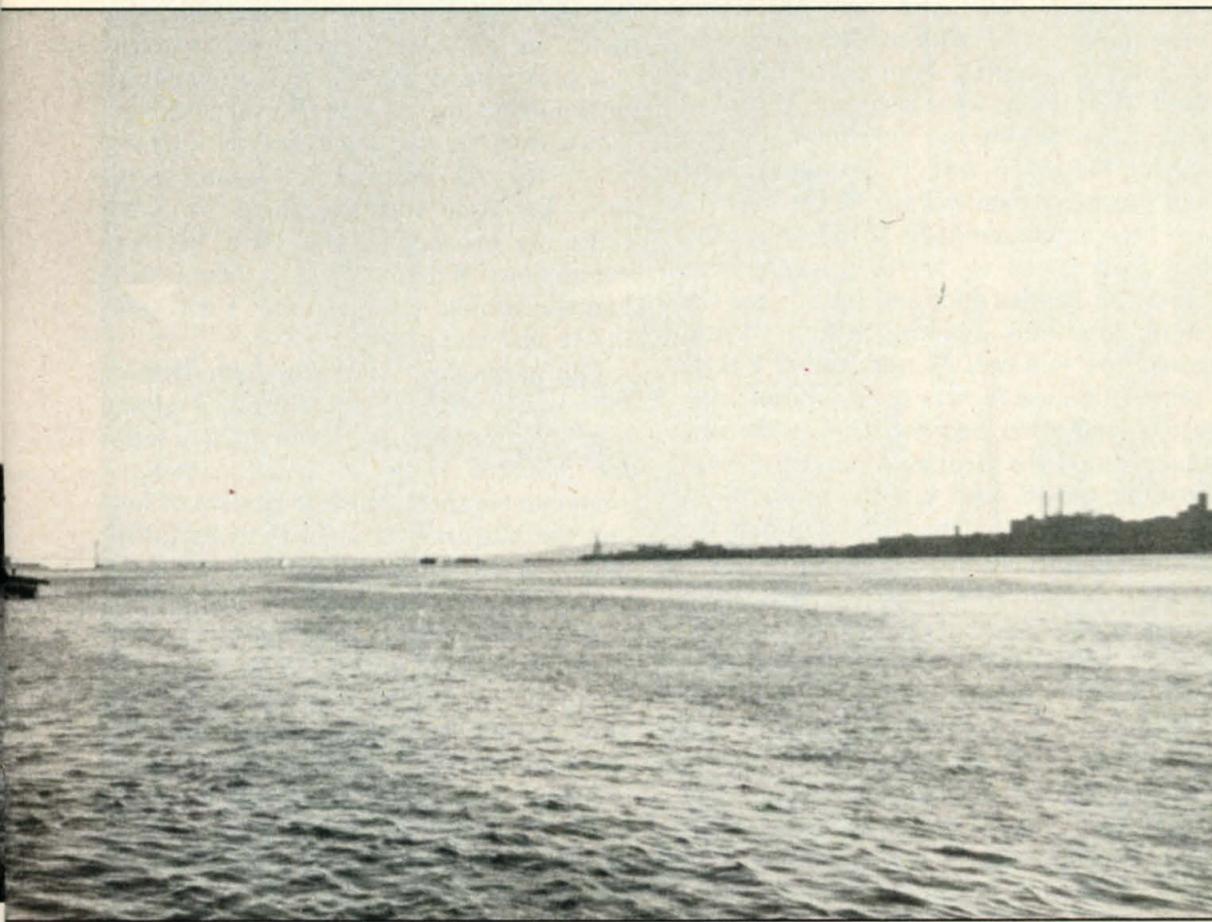
Onboard, John made a halfhearted attempt to rehearse a couple of songs with Eric and Klaus, showing them chords on an old acoustic guitar. But his mind was on heavier things, particularly his decision to leave the Beatles. During the flight he confided this to Eric and Klaus, even discussing ideas about them joining his "new" group.

Meanwhile, a few hours ahead of them across the Atlantic the airwaves over



En route to Toronto, John talked to Clapton about joining his "new" band

David Nutter



Brian Hamill

Canada were crackling with the news of John's imminent arrival. By the time the plane touched down, several hundred fans had gathered to welcome the band, and after clearing immigration everybody ran down the exit tunnel in mock-Beatle fashion to the waiting black limousine.

At the festival grounds, sensing that the surrounding group of reporters, musicians and assorted hangers-on were about to descend on us, John demanded a private room and a small portable amp so that the group could rehearse. The room was miniscule, damp, almost squalid. John was already showing his first signs of nervousness and paranoia at the prospect of being onstage again. While Eric plugged in his guitar and slumped into a corner, John retreated into the men's room, where he threw up violently. The pain in his gut, he said, was unbearable.

But when he appeared onstage he plunged right into "Blue Suede Shoes," and, as the crowd roared its support, the Lennon magic started to flow. John was nervous but it was not noticeable from out front. His long hair flowing onto the shoulders of his white suit, he stalked the stage, goading the group to a powerhouse level through "Money" and "Dizzy Miss Lizzy." The mood intensified as he sang his way through "Yer Blues" and a painful "Cold Turkey." Then the band launched into "Give Peace A Chance." Unable to remember half the words, John mumbled and ad-libbed, but it didn't matter—thousands of people were on their feet, chanting and swaying, singing with him.

"The ridiculous thing was that I didn't know any of the lyrics. When we did 'Money' and 'Dizzy,' I just made up the words as I went along. The band was bashing it out like hell behind me. Yoko came up on stage with us, but she wasn't going to do her bit until we'd done our five songs. Then after 'Money' there was a stop, and I turned to Eric and said, 'What's next?' He just shrugged, so I screamed 'C'mon!' and started into something else. We did 'Yer Blues' because I've done that with Eric before. It blew our minds. Meanwhile, Yoko had whipped offstage to get some lyrics out of her white bag. Then we went into 'Give Peace A Chance,' which was just unbelievable. I was making up the words as we went along. I didn't have a clue!"

The success of the Toronto performance gave John the confidence to play with other musicians who backed not only his music but also his ideas and energy. This pushed him even further away from the Beatles and, in particular, Paul. John was determined now to tell Paul and everyone else that this was it, the Beatles were over.

But it was not an easy decision. John went into a deep depression—he was sick about the idea of leaving the group, but he really had no choice. He knew it would hurt, amputating, as he would have to, a

part of himself. I watched him agonize for days over it—irritable, chain-smoking and impossible to be around; skulking in his bedroom, losing himself in sleep, or drugging himself with television.

Allen Klein, who at that time was probably closer to John than anyone else aside from Yoko, was horrified at the idea of John breaking up the Beatles. Klein persuaded him that the time was wrong to make a public announcement. It would be disastrous for the fragile web of business transactions under way to untangle the Beatles' finances, he said, and would in turn jeopardize John's own future away from the group. Under the weight of Klein's persuasive tactics, John gave in and agreed not to tell anybody, not even Paul.

The pressure, however, grew too great and at the beginning of October, 1969, John had a confrontation with Paul, upstairs at Apple, during a business meeting. I was not present, working in John's office two floors below, but it immediately became clear that momentous events had occurred when John burst into the room, red in the face and fuming with rage. "That's it—it's all over!" he shouted as he sank into the leather chair.

It wasn't easy for me to get all the details from John immediately. Apparently, things had come to a head when Paul had been too forceful. John had exploded, telling Paul it was all over. He was leaving and wanted a "divorce" from the group. Paul couldn't believe what he heard and was badly shaken. He was relieved, though, when John promised to keep his word to Klein and not make the decision public or turn it into a scandal.

Six months passed after that crucial meeting with Paul. And then, out of the blue, in April, '70, after not having spoken to John for months, Paul called him and said: "I'm doing what you and Yoko are doing, I'm putting out an album and I'm leaving the group, *too!*" That was it, short and precise, typically Paul McCartney. In one breath, one sentence, he did what John had been trying to do for a whole year: finish the Beatles once and for all; end the myth. John took it calmly at first. "I said good," he told me. "I was feeling a little strange because *he* was saying it this time, and I said good because he was the one that wanted the Beatles most." But next morning, when John saw the headlines in all the daily papers that Paul had quit the Beatles to put out his own record, he felt a twinge of bitterness. Here was Paul making an "event" out of leaving the group, doing exactly what he had pleaded with John not to do just six months before.

John was confused. Even though he had wanted the break-up so badly, now that it had happened the emotional intensity of the Beatles' end hit him hard. He plunged himself again into the cold, reclusive state that I had come to accept as one of his character traits, having witnessed it happen so many times before—when he

and Yoko had suffered abuse from both friends and the press; the miscarriages; the drug bust; John's fear of performing live, and the burden of the peace effort—the list seemed endless. John's personal crisis thus reached a breaking point, and it was not to be resolved until after Primal Therapy.

Raw Lennon

John, however, did not emerge from the therapy "cured." Although the pain was not taken away, he underwent a significant growth experience that was both rewarding and important: He developed the ability to isolate and feel his own pain. Post-Primal John Lennon was in more pain than before, but now he could channel it and work with it. The immediate result was the writing and recording of a group of unashamedly honest and raw songs. All the years of compressed feelings and denied needs and the violence of wrenching them out of an unreal system were translated intimately into his first solo album, *John Lennon/Plastic Ono Band*, which he recorded in England immediately after coming out of therapy. Brilliantly fused into the songs are his innermost feelings—the bitterness, the hatred and realizations of the past—encapsulated in lyrics so powerful that I can only find parallels in art—in Van Gogh's tortured canvasses where every painful brushstroke speaks from the gut, in Jackson Pollock's frenzied expressionist abstracts. John painted his songs with each word, each note pulled from his inner anguish.

Gradually, as I spent more time around John, I began to know him, to recognize and anticipate his complex behavior. It was difficult, for there was always a distance, an aloofness, the conscious acting out of a role. I noticed this directed not only toward myself but to everyone with whom he came in contact, except of course for Yoko. At times Yoko would merge into the same identical mold as John, reflecting his feelings, his look, his very expressions. When I talked to them I often had the strange sensation that I was talking to just one person.

Out of his love for Yoko, John distilled the essence of their relationship, creating a series of melodic and poignant love songs far removed from his usual catalogue. John can compose music evocative of love and the nurturing that leads to its fulfillment, as easily as he can decipher the hieroglyphics of pain. He has always been a great accommodator of opposites. And it is this capacity to keep in mind two antithetical points of view that gives tautness and unpredictability to his work. He has also been able to capture his own emotions and feelings at the critical moments in his life and relationships. John has this capacity to share his flaws with his public. He is able to reveal to us the tangled chords, registering only the essences of the rock-bottom emotion of John Lennon. ■

FALLEN ARCHES & FADED DREAMS



What is there about decay that delights the eye? There are beautiful travelogue photographs of West Indian palm vistas, Colorado mountains and the rocky Maine shoreline. But it seems that both photographer and viewer are drawn to the stark desolation of the modern ghost town.

There's no sage brush in Atlantic City, N.J., but its time has moved on. Silver Plume, Colo. was a mining town—now, when you catch it from the freeway fast lane, it looks like a movie set. Corbett, N.Y. was a factory village; now, the town itself is literally For Sale. Police in New York City call some parts of the South Bronx "Fort Apache."

And yet there is a captivating beauty in these faded glories. Is it the stillness after frenzy, the life after hope has gone? How can these depths have risen so?

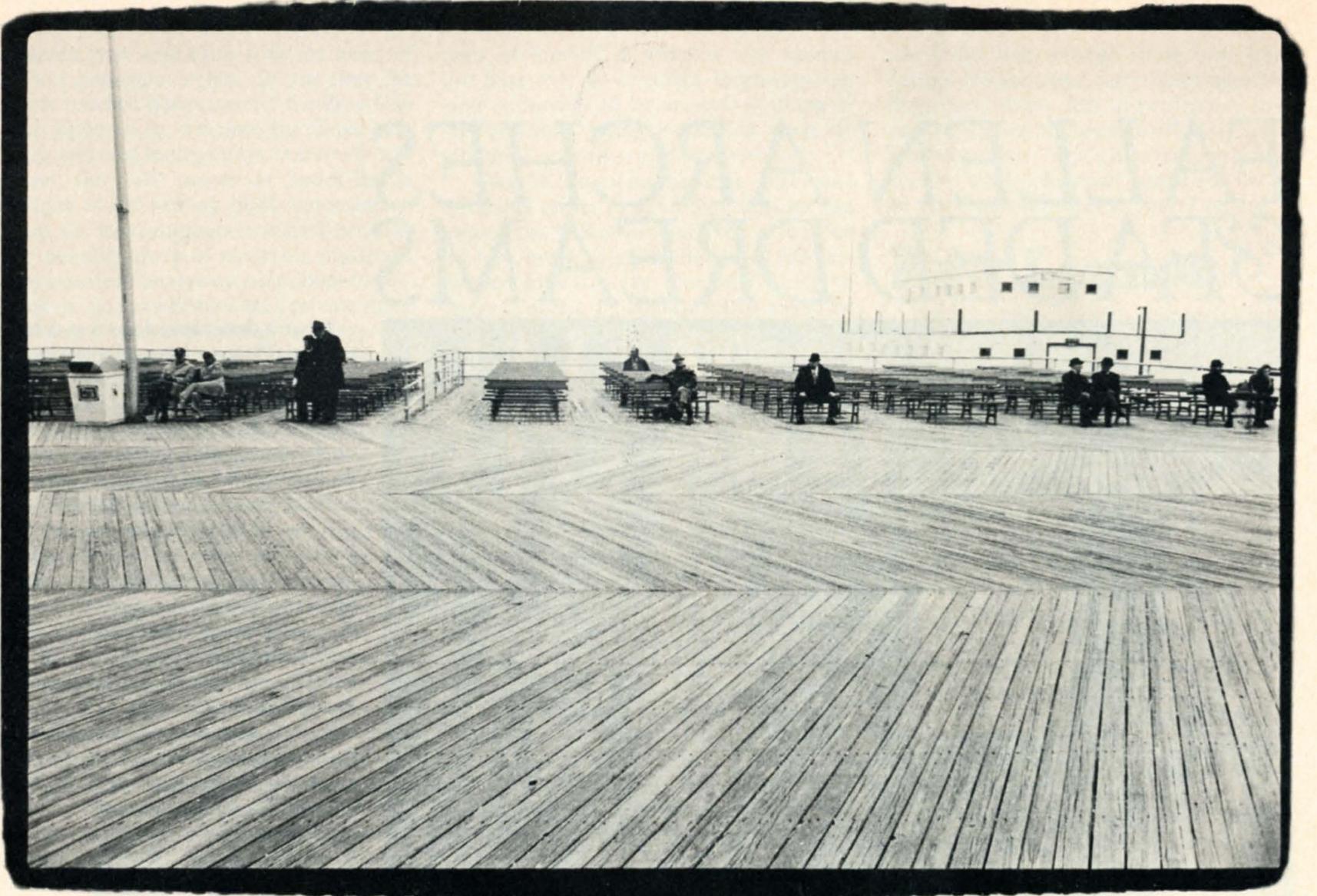


2.

1. New York City,
Peter Cunningham—Nikon F
Tri x, 250, f16

2. Silver Plume, Colorado
Peg Milek—Canon

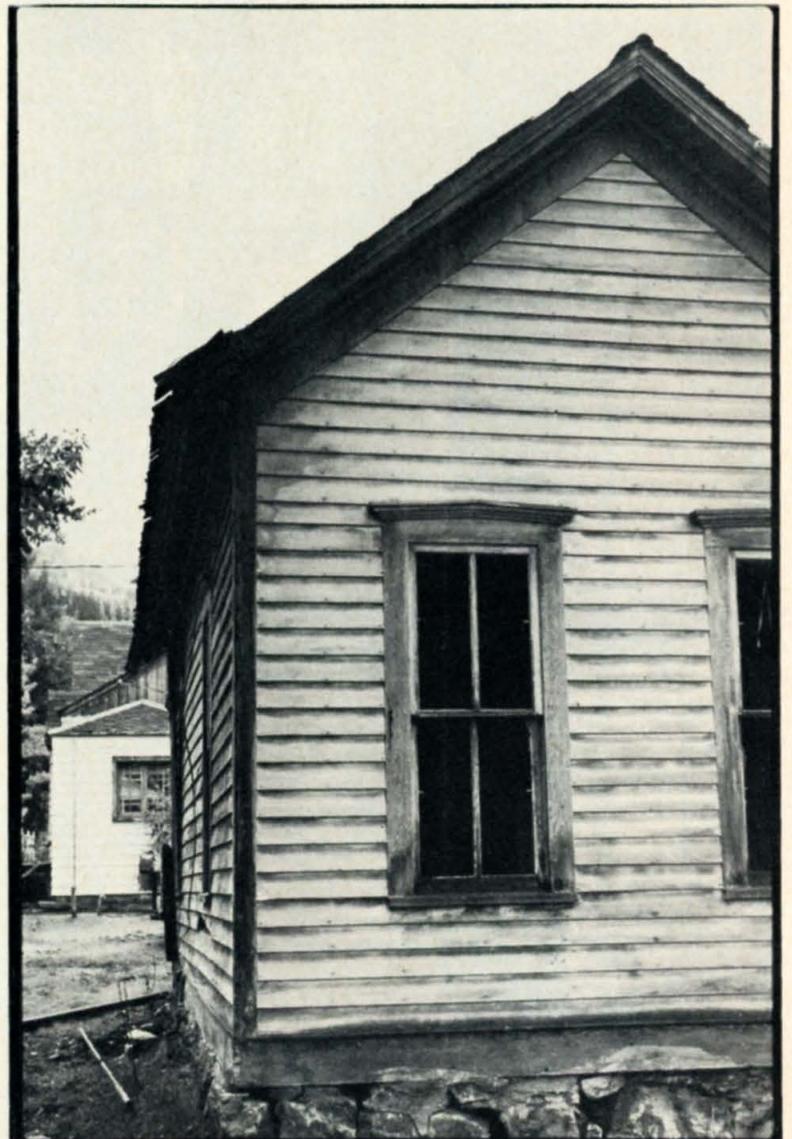
1. Plus x, Yellow Filter, 125, f5.6



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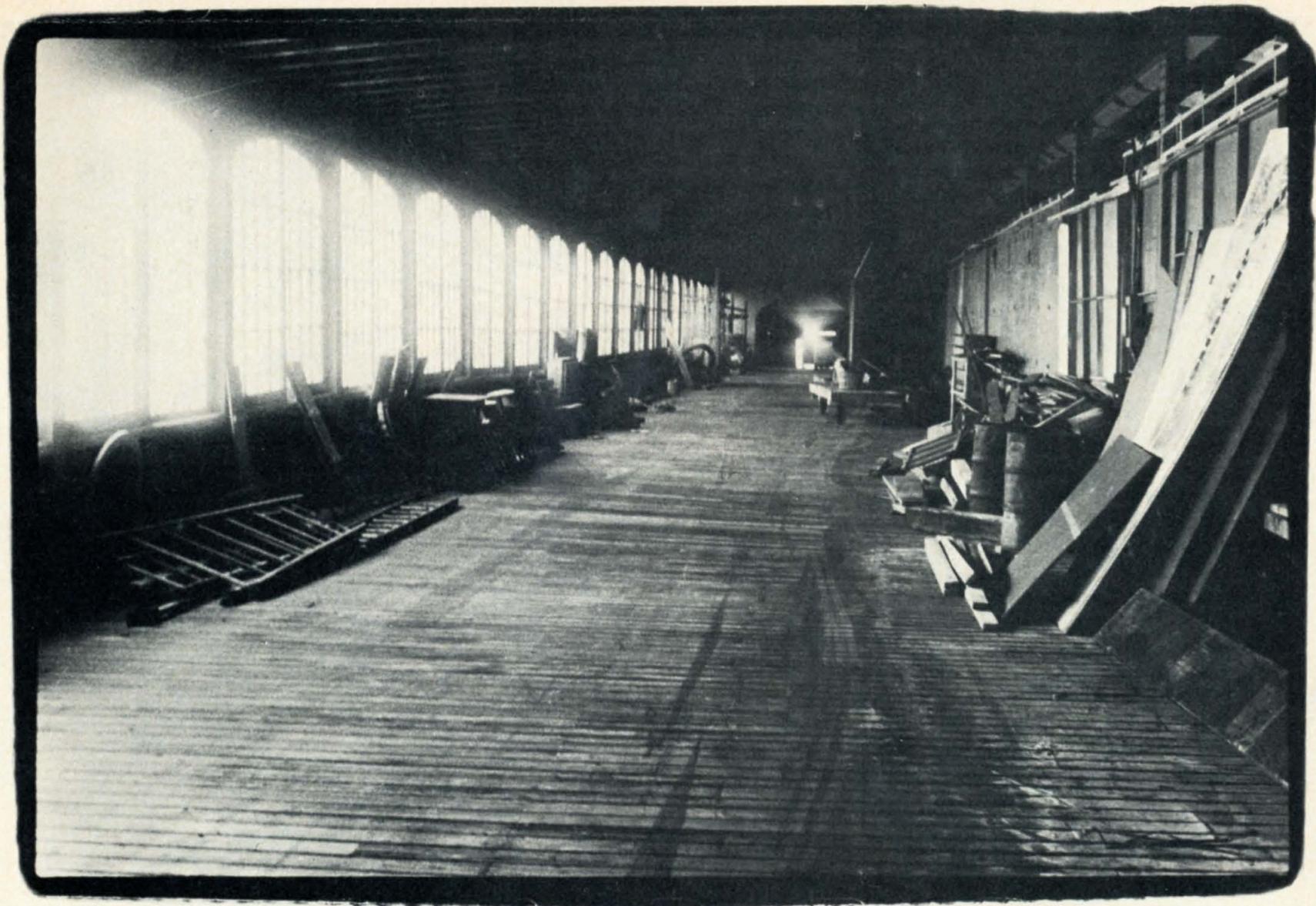


2.



3.

1. Atlantic City, New Jersey
David Cox—Pentax
Illford, 1000, f8
2. Corbett, New York
Thomas Canzani—Pentax
Tri x, 500, f11
3. Silver Plume, Colorado
Peg Milek—Canon
Plus x, Yellow Filter, 125, f5.6



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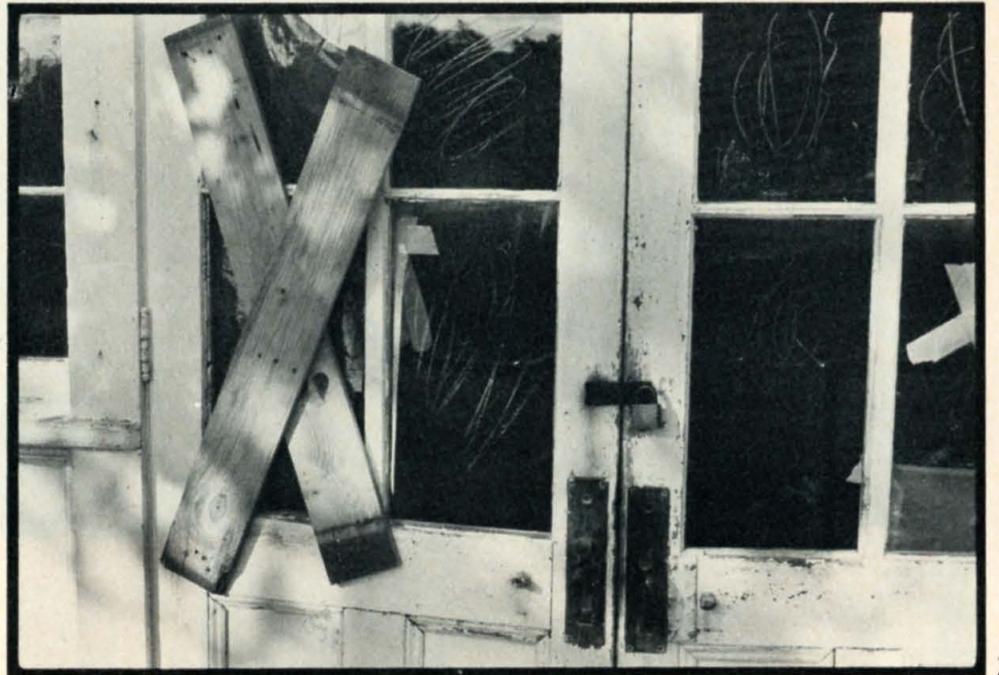
3.

1., 3. Atlantic City, New Jersey
David Cox - Pentax
Ilford, 60, f4, 1000, f8

2. Corbett, New York
Thomas Canzani
Plus x, Pentax-f.11, 250



1.



2.

1., 2. Corbett, New York
Thomas Canzani - Pentax
Tri x, 1000, f5.6, 500, f11

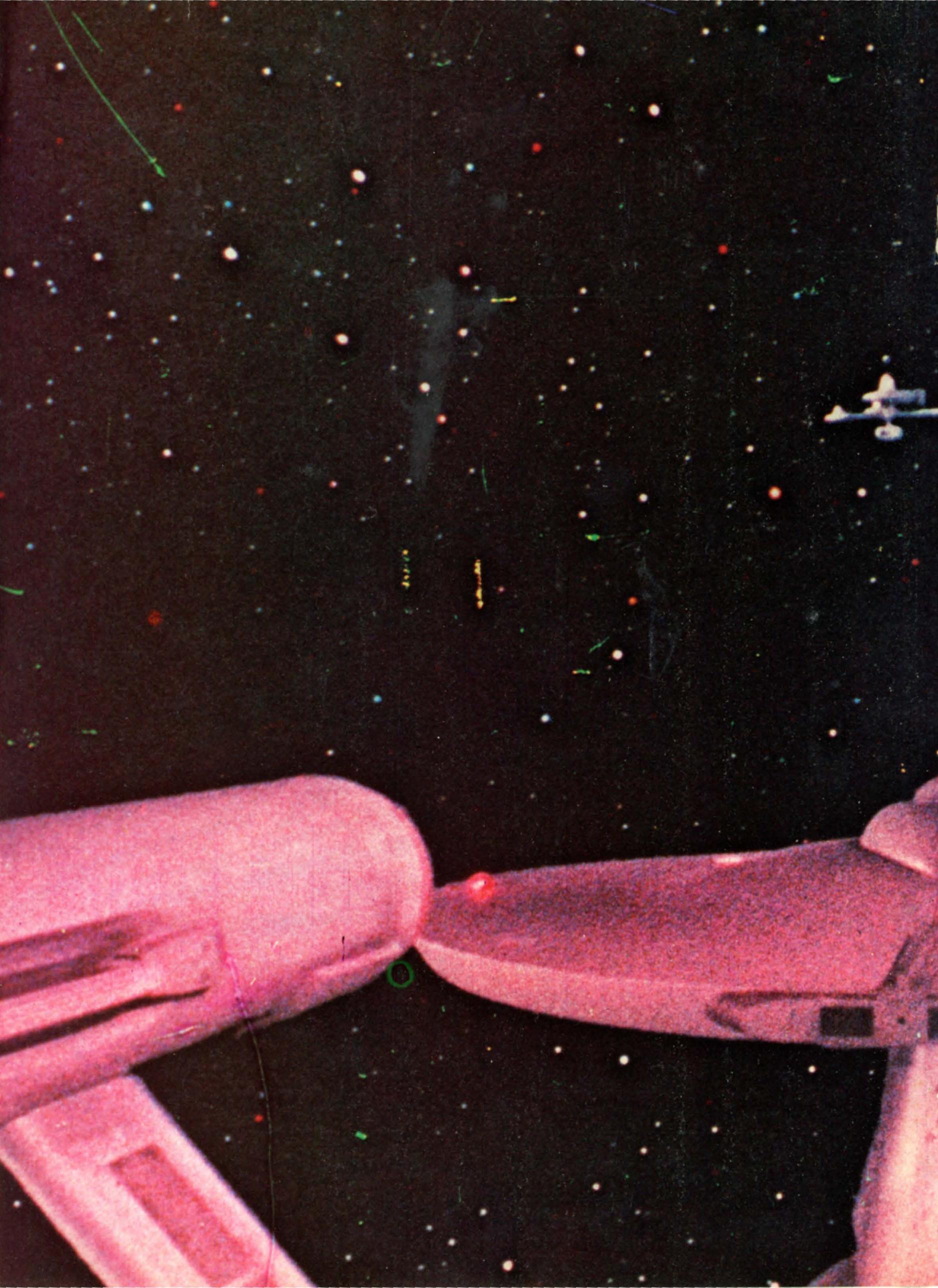


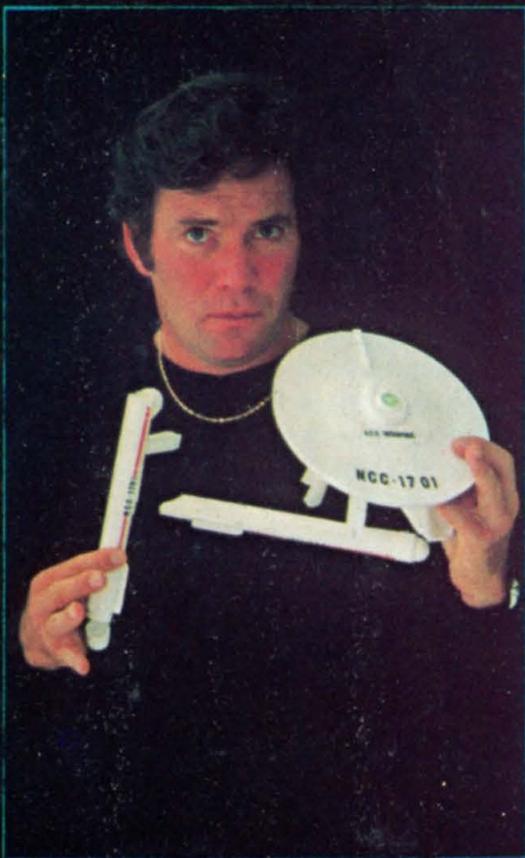
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A View from the Bridge **FREE ENTERPRISE!** Can Star Trek Be Put Back Together?

by Ed Naha

Gene Roddenberry, the man who created *Star Trek*, hardly ever gets upset. And when he does, it's difficult to notice. He doesn't raise his voice; he doesn't gesticulate wildly. When annoyed, he relaxes his massive frame and speaks his mind in a detached, almost monotonous calm. Sitting in his office on the Paramount lot in Hollywood, surrounded by *Star Trek* memorabilia, he slumps behind his desk and talks in hushed, awed tones.

Roddenberry has just returned from the unveiling of America's first space shuttlecraft, a science fiction writer's dream named after Roddenberry's legendary television creation, the *USS Enterprise*. He is still in a state of shock. "Everyone from the cast was there," he recounts. "They rolled out the space shuttle *Enterprise*. The military band marched out and the leader raised his baton. I was waiting for 'Stars and Stripes Forever' or 'America the Beautiful' or something. Instead, they played the 'Star Trek Theme!' Twice! I had this funny feeling in my stomach, you know, like that was going just a little too far."

He flashes a quizzical glance across the room, which is cluttered with evidence of

Star Trek's phenomenal popularity: Hugo Awards (science fiction's highest honor), dozens of portraits based upon the show, snapshots taken at conventions, and magazines devoted to the history of the *Trek* crew. "There we were on the platform," he continues, "feeling like we were all in some kind of time warp. People ask me, 'Aren't you pleased and proud about the space shuttle?' Well, sure. But this morning we were all feeling uncomfortable. There were senators, generals and politicians all around. And the band was playing the '*Star Trek* Theme.' I thought to myself, geez, '*These are the people who are running the country!*'"

The phone buzzes and Roddenberry interrupts his train of thought for a quick chat with a studio executive about the forthcoming *Star Trek* film, a 2001-ish epic planned as THE ultimate *Enterprise* adventure. The conversation is brief, and Gene returns to the shuttlecraft incident. "I must admit that when it was first announced that the shuttle was going to be named after the *Enterprise*, I didn't completely approve. I was afraid that my friends at NASA and the space industry would think that it was a shrewd publicity ploy for the movie. You know, everyone has this stereotyped idea about producers who wear Hawaiian shirts, smoke big cigars and do anything to see a few lines in print. And that's all untrue. It was the *Star Trek* FANS that started all this. They began a letter-writing campaign to the President. I disassociated myself from it completely. I would have preferred the shuttle not bear a military name like the *Constitution* or the *Enterprise*. I would have named it after a famous rocket scientist.

"But a friend of mine told me later that I was just too close to the whole project to see it for what it was. The role of the arts, he said, was changing. The very function of art today is to give people goals, to inspire them." Gene Roddenberry, one of the few orthodox idealists left in the world, is now in familiar territory. "And apparently the *Enterprise* has inspired a lot of people," he chuckles.

"Inspiration" may not entirely do justice to what the *Enterprise* has wrought.

It has been 10 years since the first *Star Trek* episode was televised by NBC. The series' initial run lasted only three seasons, 79 episodes. In its six years of syndication, however, the show has touched the hearts and minds of millions of would-be space explorers of all ages. Today, the *Star Trek* movement resembles an organized religion in terms of size, power and fanaticism.

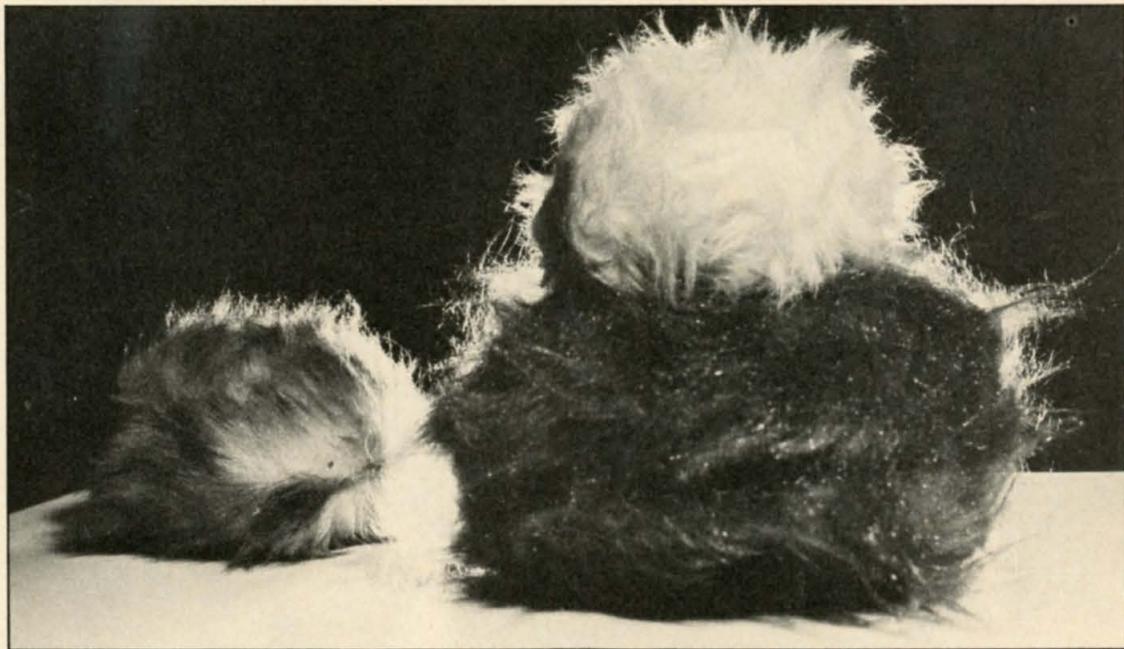
Massive conventions are held across the globe on an almost biweekly basis, attracting hordes of ardent fans, dubbed "trekkies" by the media. These *Enterprise* boosters sometimes shell out as much as

Ed Naha's first book is *Horrors from Screen to Scream* (Avon). *He is producer of the album* *Inside Star Trek* (Columbia).



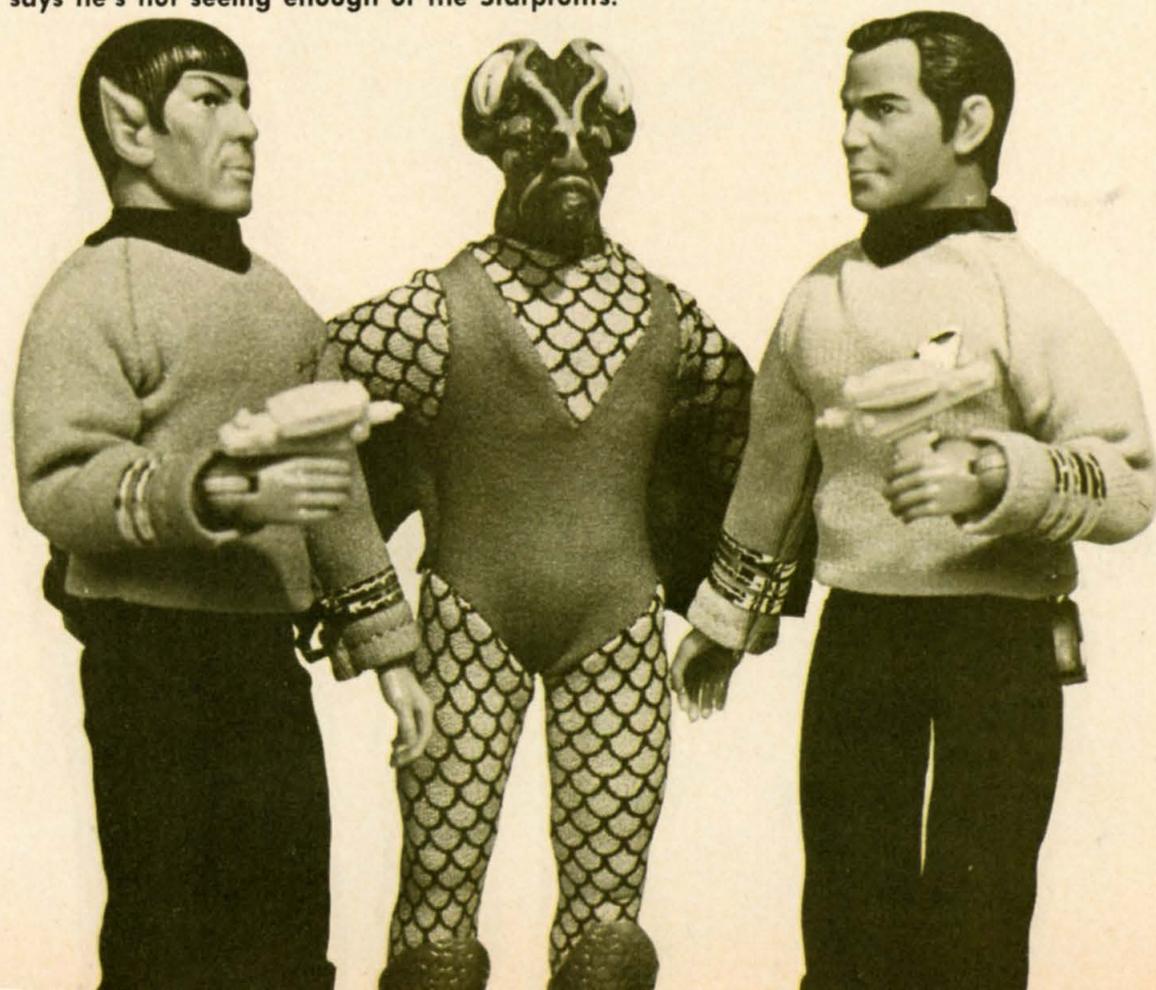
(left) Captain's log: Stardate: 1976, 6:15 —Star Trek clock meets free enterprise. Mission: to boldly sell what no man has sold before. \$19.95.

(below) These furry little parasites are called "Tribbles." They appeared in a famous episode called "The Trouble with Tribbles." The only trouble with these Tribbles is that they cost \$3.



Black and white photography by Maje Waldo

(below) Here's a major reason Leonard Nimoy is suing Paramount. *Star Trek* Action Figures. Note remarkable resemblance of Spock to Nimoy, who says he's not seeing enough of the Starprofits.



\$25 for a two-day smorgasbord of Trekabilia which usually includes big-screen retrospective viewings of key episodes, lectures by the actors who once stalked the *Enterprise's* bridge, and the chance to go totally berserk in maze-like rooms laden with *Star Trek* mementos priced on a scale ranging from reasonable to it's-time-to-mortgage-the-house-mother.

The intense popularity of the show has also spawned an avalanche of *Star Trek* products. Bantam Books has printed tons of paperbacks based on the actual episodes shown during *Trek's* three seasons. Ballantine has countered with a slew of soft-covers based both on behind-the-scenes looks at the show and novelizations of the short-lived *Star Trek* cartoon show episodes. Toy manufacturers also have had a field day, spewing forth action figures of the *Enterprise* crew, models of the show's various space ships, games, walkie-talkies, phaser guns, transporters, *ad nauseum*. Ballantine's *Star Trek Blueprints* have sold more than 400,000 copies at \$5 a shot and their *Fleet Manual* was the hit of last year's Christmas season, topping *The Joy of Sex* in the numero uno spot on the *New York Times* Best Seller List, doing a brisk 450,000 copies in three months.

And all this marketing madness can be traced back to the fertile mind of Gene Roddenberry, an ex-cop, ex-airline pilot and former head writer of *Have Gun Will Travel* who decided to venture into the realm of speculative fiction over a decade ago in order to avoid television censorship. "I felt that I could say what I wanted to say and get away with it in science fiction," he laughs. "I didn't think anyone would catch on. And most of the time, the network didn't."

Roddenberry claims that he hasn't seen a cent of the money raked in on all the *Star Trek* paraphernalia. When the subject is brought up, he just flashes a wistful "chalk it up to experience" smile.

"Popular *Star Trek* series spawns multi-million dollar Paramount feature version!" screamed the headline of a recent issue of *Variety*. At long last, the trekkies' dream, the anxiously awaited film version of *Star Trek*, was finally in the making. Talked about, dreamed about, written about for years, the reunion of the *Star Trek* crew was about to take place. The *Enterprise* would once again glide through the galaxies.

Some *Star Trek* fans, however, are worried that all the fuss may amount to nothing. And, careful checking reveals that at present, the film has two script-writers—but no script.

Currently slated for filming next spring, and release during the '77 Christmas season, the full-length *Star Trek* project is quite a mystery to all concerned—a mystery which has been hovering around the Paramount offices for nearly two years. Its on-again, off-again fluctuation

has become a sort of accepted routine at the studio, although this time, everyone insists it's definitely *on*.

Walter Koenig, the dashing young actor who portrayed Chekov on the show, says optimistically, "The movie is as close to being a reality as possible without actually being done."

Roddenberry, entrenched in his paper-strewn office, insists that the film will happen. It's to be the culmination of his *Star Trek* dream; a dream that, at one time, assumed nightmarish proportions. He freely admits that his own involvement with the studio on the project has involved an almost historic masochism.

"The film has been going on now for 18 months. I moved into this office in May of 1975. The studio thought they'd like a *Star Trek* movie. We debated a long time whether it was to be a two-hour TV film or a movie for theatrical release. I didn't want to do it for television. When the original *Star Trek* ended, Paramount thought it had a real loser on its hands, a stinker. Oh, they'd make a couple of bucks on reruns but they *knew* the show would never amount to much. They destroyed all the sets. Everything. Even Spock's ears."

"I felt that for TV, the limited budget allowed just would not suffice for the rebuilding of the sets and of the *Enterprise*. (The original model is in the Smithsonian in Washington.) It would be the same quality as on the old show and, after all these years, I felt that that wouldn't be good enough. They said, 'Okay, we'll do a theatrical release. Go write a script.'

"I handed them a script and they turned it down. It was too controversial. It talked about concepts like 'Who is God?' The movie then sagged for quite some time. It really got bogged down. I didn't hear anything for over three months. Meanwhile, unknown to me, the executives then in charge were interviewing writers, accepting outlines. I found out about all this quite by accident. None of the outlines were accepted. I think the main reason for all the problems with those scripts rested in the fact that most of the people making the decisions concerning the film knew little or nothing about *Star Trek*. As it turned out later on, several of the principals had never even seen the show."

Koenig, who has gone on to make a living out of teaching, writing and appearing at *Star Trek* conventions, elaborates on the lunacy. "The fact that Gene Roddenberry has sat in his office for two years and has retained his integrity and his dedication to *Star Trek* speaks highly of his character. He was sitting there all that time while Paramount was jerking off. They made him feel like a foreigner at times, cutting him off from his own project. They did everything behind his back. He put up with all of it. I think he's a really good guy."

The struggle to get the *Enterprise* off the launching pad once more has even touched

a nerve with William Shatner who, as the intrepid Capt. Kirk, commander of the starship, was totally nerveless. Shatner is eagerly awaiting the beginnings of the film, and readily admits: "My reaction to Paramount's hesitation about making the movie is one of total bewilderment. Their logic escapes me. Forget art. From sheer economics, stalling the film makes no sense. *Star Trek* could have made money in theaters years ago. There's just no explaining studio thinking. Since the *Star Trek* phenomenon continues to grow, there's still a good reason to make the film today. I do understand why Paramount is rushing the film now. They want to catch on to the coattails of this entire *Star Trek* thing."

Whatever the studio's ulterior motives, Gene Roddenberry is now in the middle of legitimate story conferences and loving it. "I'm not bitter that it's taken so long for Paramount to understand the importance of the film," he says good-naturedly. "Look how long it took the Bank of America to realize the value of computerized checking."

One of the writers initially involved with the *Star Trek* film was Harlan Ellison. As one of science fictiondom's '60s New Wave angry young men and the author of a host of controversial, award-winning works ("Deathbird," "I Have No Mouth, And I Must Scream," "The Beast That Shouted Love At the Heart of the World," "A Boy and His Dog") Ellison has not mellowed over the years, retaining the quixotic feistiness that has characterized most of his writing. He is fairly outspoken about the *Star Trek* film as well. "My mother died this morning," he says when reached at home, "what do you want to know?"

Ellison then recalls the rigors of Trekdom. "My involvement with the film amounted to bullshit," he philosophizes. "It was the kind of bullshit you get from amateurs and independents but you don't expect from a major studio like Paramount. They don't know what they're doing over there. Gene may know but the studio sure doesn't. They called me in on four separate occasions and they never paid me a nickel. I did one complete script that Gene liked. It was rejected."

"We worked on another idea together. We took it up to the executive who was in charge of the film, the head guy who, by the way, has never produced a film in his life. He's an ex-designer—right away you know where *he's* coming from."

"Now the guy is a complete and utter moron. We're showing him the script and he's just read a Von Daniken book about the Aztec calendar and how the Aztec gods were from outer space. He looks at us and says, 'Do you think you can put in something about the Aztecs?' Agggghh. And we're saying, 'Look. This story takes place at the dawn of time. *There weren't any Aztecs then!*' He doesn't flinch. 'How



Funny, you don't look Gornish. . . . This pillar of the Salt Vampire community (above) and your basic Gorn (below) were made from the original series mold by Hollywood special effects man Wah Chang.



A "working model" pistol phaser by NY electronics student Brad Nelson. Includes weird noise, strobe, and 3 setting: "stun," "kill" and "cut in half." \$100.



about one or two? What can you do? These people are *schmucks!*"

Ellison's normal speaking voice is frantic. His agitated frustration with the *Star Trek* project is delivered in terse, to the point statements of fact. His observations on both the *Star Trek* film and the phenomenon in general have not always earned him the love of the more militant trekkies; at one convention, an attendee attempted to show Ellison the error of his ways by rearranging his visage with a pair of post-adolescent fists.

"I'm not connected with the film now in any way, by mutual consent of myself and Paramount," Ellison announces. "I don't think the movie is going to happen. If it does, it will probably be lousy. They've been doing this now for ages. They've had a total of 21 writers working on this. Now they've signed those two guys (Chris Bryant and Allan Scott, two British writers responsible for *Don't Look Now* and *The Girl From Petrovka*) and God knows what *they're* going to do. I mean, it's insanity to get two English writers who write very toney, European scripts to come in and do what is basically an action-adventure movie. I don't know what pompous aesthetics they're going to throw in. All *Star Trek* has ever been is an elaborate shoot 'em up, and confusing it with the *Bhagavad Gita* only muddies its waters. The thing that made some of the TV episodes so unbearable was the pretentiousness."

Koenig sees the final choice of scriptwriters more realistically. "I think the reason Paramount chose these two writers, as opposed to all the ones they rejected, is that these writers are under contract to Paramount. They're also hot. And if they're hot, they must be good—those terms are interchangeable in the industry."

Bill Shatner is relieved that the script is at least in the planning stages. "I don't know anything about the men working on the script," he says, "but I do know Gene Roddenberry and Jerry Eisenberg [of Paramount]. I put my faith in these two men. Jerry has a fine record as a TV producer, and we all know what Gene has done in the past."

And Roddenberry perseveres, quite happy with the way the story line is going. "I'm very excited about some of the ideas they've come up with. The concept that only a science fiction writer can write science fiction motion pictures is ridiculous. Look at me. I came up with *Star Trek* and I was a dramatic writer, I wrote for TV."

In spite of the fact that no one really knows what the finished picture will look like, some of science fiction's biggest guns are putting their faith in both Roddenberry and his entourage, trusting them to deliver unto the general public nothing short of a milestone in science fiction filmdom.

One of *Star Trek's* most fervent fans is Isaac Asimov, the genre's most prolific author (with more than 175 textbooks and novels in print, including *I Robot*, *The Gods Themselves*, *The Foundation Trilogy* and *Asimov's Guide To Science*). "Gene Roddenberry is remarkable," he bubbles, "in that he singlehandedly, over the inertia of the entire television industry, produced what was the first adult science fiction program, the first to engage the viewer's intellect as well as his emotions. It's no wonder that *Star Trek* has created a cult about itself. The first and best of any art form is bound to do so. I therefore look forward to the forthcoming *Star Trek* movie with great anticipation."

Asimov, a professor of biochemistry, adds with puckish humor, "But I tell you, they didn't ask me to do a script and I'm glad they did not. I would have refused. Working for the movies is like working for a headless monster. You never know what will happen next. I prefer books. Writing books, I am my own boss. I know exactly what I am going to do, and it gets done."

Roddenberry is well aware of the *Star Trek* masterpiece expectations. "I'll be glad to finally get started. The film is a very uncomfortable burden. All the actors from the show get pestered about it wherever they go. 'When is it coming out? What's going on?' I get that too and I was never even on camera. The other day I was driving home from work and a motorcycle cop pulled me over to the side of the road. I thought, 'Oh, Christ, here comes a ticket.' He must have recognized my license plates or something because he stuck his head inside my window and asked, 'When's the movie coming out?' Things like that happen all the time."

Paramount's *Star Trek* headquarters consists largely of Gene Roddenberry's office, his reception area and a smaller outer office across the hall. At one time, the entire building was used to house the *Star Trek* TV brass. Things are picking up in the tiny think tank, however, and a steady stream of collaborators files through the modest doors daily.

"I'm very pleased with the way the film is going," Roddenberry beams. "We've just signed Phil Kaufman—who's done many fine films—to direct. Things really began to change around here when the studio shifted its power base and David Picker took charge. He put Jerry Eisenberg in command of the film and Jerry knows how to deal with the front office quite well. Once these men entered the picture, things began to move quite smoothly."

"It's taking more time than usual to come up with a good script because we're faced with some unusual problems. This is not just another movie—this is *Star Trek*. A lot of people in the business have said to me, 'Hey, it should be easy to do the film. Just do an extended TV episode. You've done lots already, just do it again.' Well, I

don't want to do it that way. A movie is different from a TV show in a lot of ways. For one thing, the audience has made an investment in the film. They've shelled out money for the ticket, as well as for parking, babysitters, maybe dinner. They don't want to see a TV show on the screen. They're a captive audience and they want something special.

"It's like getting a book and finding out it's lousy. If you've been given it as a present you figure, gee, since I got it for free, it's no big deal that it's bad. But if you've paid \$8.95 for it, you get a little pissed off.

"With the *Star Trek* script, we have defined personalities and really can't do anything contrary to the behavior patterns we've already established in the past. We're finding out that it's easier to work from scratch in terms of a story line, but because all the details of the film are so well known already it's getting harder and harder to come up with something new. I don't know what we'll finish with at this point but I'm sure it will be a film that has a lot of entertainment value—action, adventure and a little comedy. I want a 2001."

Harlan Ellison doesn't know what the *Star Trek* film will look like either, but he recalls what it almost resembled. "Gene came up with this script about the *Enterprise* meeting God in space. They bump right into him. The head of the studio rejected it out flat—turns out the guy is a real Catholic."

Gene Roddenberry recalls the script in more detail. "The *Enterprise* meets God in space; God is a life form. One of the Vulcans on board, in a very logical way, says, 'If this is your God he's not very impressive. He's got so many psychological problems, he's so insecure. He demands worship every seven days. He goes out and creates faulty humans and then blames them for his own mistakes. He's a pretty poor excuse for a Supreme Being.'"

Walter Koenig has been through a few script changes as well. "At one point, they weren't going to use me in the film because the screenplay called for the beginnings of the *Enterprise* to be shown with everyone in the show being much younger. Since Chekov was very young and very new to the crew to begin with, the character had to be eliminated. I was very disappointed but, before I knew it, there was another script presented.

"This one was ideal. It was later rejected but it was great. It was about the whole crew. It was an adventure that involved everyone. I've since reconciled myself to the fact that if the final script includes Chekov in the cast, I'll be reduced to saying 'Ahead warp factor five, sir' for the entire time I'm on the screen—which is somewhat less than ideal for me as an actor. But, if the fans are made happy by the presence of the entire crew, I don't think I'll consider it a blow to my integrity."

William Shatner understands the dif-

Honest to Supreme Being, this communicator, \$35, was beamed to you by Los Angeles citizen James T. Kirk.



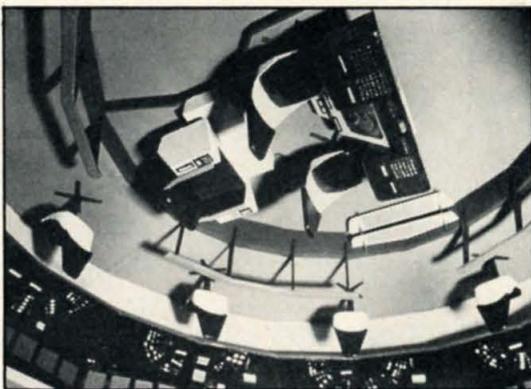
ficulties in coming up with a valid *Star Trek* script but sees the importance as well. "A good story is always hard to come by," he says matter-of-factly. "And with the restrictions you have in dealing within the confines of the *Star Trek* formula, it will be even harder. The final script will have to be really impressive, though, because you'll have to deal with the Trekomaniacs—hey, I just made up a new word!—and the small but growing number of anti-Trek communes. You must realize that there's now another group out there, small but noisy, who have cast their allegiance to *Space 1999*, *The Man Who Fell to Earth* and *Logan's Run*. There's actually a guerilla war going on out there between pro- and anti-Trek factions.

"It's really getting out of hand."

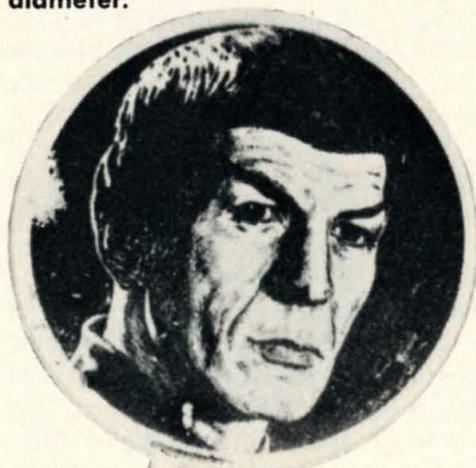
One of the most publicized problems concerning the remaking of *Star Trek* has concerned the re-signing of the original cast. Rumors abound concerning the rivalry between the show's two stars William Shatner (Kirk) and Leonard Nimoy (Mr. Spock). Shatner quickly sweeps these stories aside, saying flatly, "There's no truth to that at all. I love Leonard. He's one of the most sensitive and committed human beings I've ever met. If we disagreed occasionally on the set, it was because we were so concerned about the show. If we squabbled, it was like two brothers squabbling." Since the series' demise, Shatner has kept busy doing numerous films (he is currently working on *Mysteries of the Gods*, a Von Daniken-type exploration of possible life in space, including a bout with exosociology, a new science developed in order to teach earth residents how to greet extraterrestrial visitors). Shatner has also been working on TV shows (a recent CBS drama, *The Tenth Level*, has occasioned talk of an Emmy nomination), personal appearances (a 50-college fall tour) and television commercials.

The rugged actor is 100% behind the *Star Trek* film and wants the world to know it. Watching the familiar face assume a variety of familiar and endearing expressions during the session which yielded *Crawdaddy's* cover photo, it is easy to imagine that Shatner and his alter-ego Kirk are the same person—a concept which Shatner shares. "I'm anxious to play the role again. In the film, the character of Kirk will be a bit different than the character in the show, but there won't be any startling changes because Kirk was basically me. His reactions were essentially mine. No matter how an actor tries to do otherwise, his character gradually assumes his own characteristics. You say the words written for you, but respond as yourself. The new Captain Kirk will be 10 years more experienced than the old Captain Kirk because William Shatner, the actor, is 10 years older."

Shatner seems a totally charming guy



A bridge too far? This balsa wood scale model by A. Aspromatis is 18" in diameter.



It's only logical. With a taste that zips across the universe at warp factor 5, this is a white chocolate Spock Pop. It'll vulcanize you! 50¢.

and is very positive about his involvement with *Star Trek* past and future. "I'm not down on *Star Trek*," he emphasizes. He signs autographs easily, asking kids, "How do you want it?" When a boy answers "William Shatner," the actor smiles. "You got it right, kid." And he still looks, more or less, like Capt. Kirk.

"There are critics of the show who dismiss the characters as being superficial. I don't agree. Kirk was a challenging role. The question was how to portray a man responsible for 430 people on a battleship, facing battles every week, without looking like the weight of the world is dragging him under. He had to be played in a manner wherein he took the grave responsibilities with ease and rose above the somberness of the position, facing danger with a hint of humor. That truth that has just flowed easily from my tongue took me months to figure out."

Although William Shatner is more than ready to don the gear of the United Federation once more, some of his fellow crew members are not. Right now, Leonard Nimoy, the stoic Vulcan Spock, is counted among the missing-in-action on the Paramount lot. Nimoy, who has virtually no comment to make concerning *Star Trek* past, present or future, was one of the original series' big drawing cards. Some observers feel that his absence from the film amounts to space mutiny.

Roddenberry, true to form, doesn't see the *Enterprise* being run aground by the situation. In fact, he predicts the prodigal pair of pointed ears will return to the fold in the near future. "I think that Leonard wants to do this film, but he's in litigation with the studio concerning some monetary problems. I think he wants to do the film but wants to settle his legal problems before he makes a commitment. I don't blame him."

Koenig also believes Nimoy will re-up. "When we were all together for the shuttle presentation, I heard Leonard say some very positive things about the film."

Shatner expresses some very Kirkian logic on the subject. "I don't mind talking about Leonard's problems at all," he says. "Leonard Nimoy has a beef and it's a legitimate one. It's about the merchandizing and it's something that irks me as well. Our faces appear on products all over the country, all over the world, and we've not really been compensated fairly for it. Right now Paramount wants Leonard, and Leonard wants fair recompense. It's only reasonable that Paramount meet his demands. Something has happened here. Someone has made a lot of money from the show and the people who were the show have seen very little of it. I think Leonard is totally in the right."

With the entire cast tentatively reunited, Roddenberry takes time to deny the gossip that Nimoy is holding out because he HATES *Star Trek*, resents his pointed-ear stigma and feels it is below him to do the

motion picture. "I think that whole thing has been blown out of proportion. It happens to every actor who's in a popular TV series. When it ends, they're still identified with it. It didn't happen only to Leonard Nimoy, it happened to Bill Shatner, DeForest Kelley, Jimmy Doohan—everyone. They were the Good Doctor, the Captain, the Man With The Pointed Ears. That only lasted a few years, though. I think they've survived it. Actually, I think it's come full circle; I think the show's popularity and their involvement in it has done a lot for their careers. It's kept them in the public eye."

Shatner agrees on this point. "In a broad scope, I certainly don't resent Capt. Kirk. Taken as part of my career, it was a very successful venture as an acting role. It presented challenges, and I enjoyed that. There have been individual cases where my being identified with the role has amounted to intense harassment, but I certainly don't hate the Capt. Kirk character because of it."

Even in light of Nimoy's calculated absence, Roddenberry is amazed at the smoothness of the casting. "I'm just plain thankful that the studio finally wants the original cast. We fought over that for quite a while. In the beginning they didn't want any part of the old crew. They said that *that* was television and *this* was the movies—you need big names to draw at the box office. I thought, my God, can you imagine that? Richard Burton as Kirk and Robert Redford as Spock? Geez. Somehow word of this potential disaster mysteriously leaked out to our fans and the studio was deluged with irate mail. Their Hollywood superstar period ended not too long after that."

Shatner suppresses a laugh when the all-star cast is mentioned. "Boy, that would have been a disaster. It would have been totally idiotic for the studio not to feature the original cast in the film; idiotic in the sense that the crew is identifiable with the show. It's an instantaneous thing. You see Shatner, you see *Star Trek*; you see Nimoy, you see *Star Trek*. We ARE *Star Trek*. They've settled now for the idea of having a host of big names appear in cameo roles."

At present, Roddenberry tries to ignore the problems of the past and concentrate on the very near future, pulling all the loose ends together for the scheduled spring starting date. "We haven't signed anyone to do the special effects yet," he sighs, "or the sound effects. We're interviewing people now. We're trying to find a good art director as well. I don't know who'll do the music score at this point but I can promise you that we're not going to use any of that stock far-out *beep-beep-beep* stuff. No synthesizers."

If the *Star Trek* film really is made this time around, a lot of skeptics still see the movie missing the boat. The *Star Trek*

phenomenon, they say, will be dead and gone before the widescreen *Enterprise* has a chance to blast off. Among these doubters is Harlan Ellison, who glibly offers: "*Crawdaddy* doing a piece on *Star Trek* is like me doing a piece on Renaissance pottery; it's over. It's dead. The whole convention scene is falling apart. I've been to twelve conventions this year and all of them lost money . . . except for two. How many times can you listen to Jimmy Doohan talk in a phony Scottish accent?"

"My saying something like that isn't because of my dealings with the movie—it's not sour grapes, it's factual. Conventions fell flat on their faces all year. Wait. I can read you a list. In February it was New York; March, Houston; April, Orlando and Boston; June, Tampa and San Jose, with conventions in Toledo, San Francisco and New York getting canceled. The Greatest Show Since Earth in the Chicago Amphitheater had to close because no one showed. The loss was \$230,000. In Toronto, which is virgin territory, they lost \$40,000. All they needed were 5,000 attendees to break even. That's a sign."

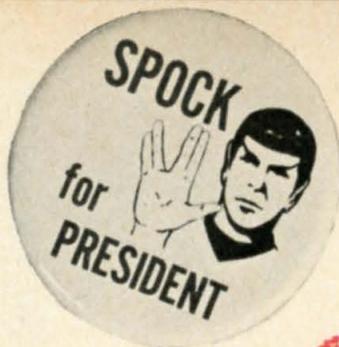
Shatner disagrees. "I don't foresee the *Star Trek* movement dying for quite a while," he says. "There is potential for loss of interest, however, in things like conventions. You can saturate markets with *Star Trek* merchandizing for just so long before you see unwanted results. But the reruns of the show, their popularity is still growing. That indicates to me what the real fans, the TV audiences, are asking for. They want *Star Trek* back. They want a *Star Trek* movie."

Even the most optimistic trekkie, however, concedes that the *Star Trek* path has been tough navigating of late, with merchandizers enraging fans to the point of the Vulcan Death Grip. During the past year, several convention organizers have been taken to court by irate patrons who paid their money and were treated to: (1) a canceled convention, (2) an overcrowded scene of the *Quo Vadis* variety, and (3) a waiting line that never actually entered the convention grounds. In addition, several of the *Star Trek* cast members have been forced to accept IOUs to pay for their appearances at anemically attended gatherings.

Violence has even reared its unexpected head in Federation Territory. At a New York convention last spring, the secretary traveling with Mrs. Gene Roddenberry was brutally beaten in her convention hotel room by a young robber who demanded to know "where the jewels are." William Shatner is forced to admit that, "Although I haven't been physically assaulted, I have been scared to death a few times. I was on stage one night, before 10,000 people, and I saw this *thing* sailing at me. I flinched, thank God, so whatever it was wouldn't hit me in the head. It hit me in the shoulder in-



Touch the hem of his garment. The handmade Science Officer's tunic—just like the one Spock wore—is a steal at \$15. Buttons abound.



TREK RECORD

During one of the considerable lulls in the preparation of the *Star Trek* movie, creator Gene Roddenberry took part in developing one of the most ambitious of the *Star Trek* offshoots. He signed a recording contract and cut a record. The resulting oddity, *Gene Roddenberry: Inside Star Trek* (Columbia), has just been released.

A spoken-word album peppered with music and sound effects culled from the original *Star Trek* show, *Inside* offers science-fiction buffs a chance to learn the hows and whys of *Star Trek* from various horses' mouths. The lips in question belong to Roddenberry, William Shatner, DeForest Kelley (Dr. McCoy), Mark Lenard (as Spock's Vulcan dad, Sarek) and Isaac Asimov. Among the key topics covered are the creation of the Spock character, the reactions of the actors to their roles, the on-set rivalries, the show's battle-scarred final season, and *Star Trek's* actual beginnings decades ago.

Roddenberry is rather stunned that the album is actually completed. (Ever try to get a 19-piece orchestra to sound "more spacy" for a theme song?) "It was an unusual experience," he says dryly. "The record was a question. 'Who are you? What do you believe in? What are some of the aspects of the show that haven't been explored?' It was a very hard thing to do in that it wasn't just an author reading his stuff. It's more than just a talk record; it's an examination of a person. It gets into my head with experiences going back to childhood which led up to the creation of *Star Trek*."

As producer of the album, I am admittedly biased, having spent months in an editing room the size of a broom closet learning how to recreate warp factor five in stereo at one in the morning and *futz*ing with the transporter's pitch right before dinner. I can say, definitely: We sure do have one hell of a transporter hum going for us. — E.N.

stead. It was a pie. For a minute there, I knew how the President feels when someone sets off a firecracker near him."

Many supporters of the *Trek* movement see dire straits ahead if conditions don't improve. And the only hope, at present, for the salvation of Trekkdom rests with the upcoming movie. "The film is going to have to be a good movie," Shatner states. "The releasing of a *Star Trek* film is a calculated gamble but it's one that's worth taking. If the film is a tremendous success, it will start a new wave of reaction and it will lead to other *Star Trek* films, similar to the James Bond series. If the film is marginally successful, it may warrant a new *Star Trek* TV series—a group of 90-minute or two-hour episodes, a mini-series, they call it, like *Columbo*. If the film is a total disaster, then I'm sure you can consider *Star Trek* officially dead. The phenomenon will have reached the Peter Principle, and its logical end, petering out."

Producer Roddenberry, too, has mulled over the possible end of the *Star Trek* craze and concludes, "There's always the danger of it ending as quickly as it started, I suppose. But even if the *Star Trek* phenomenon is totally dead by the time the movie comes out, I want to have produced a film that will be valid at the box office without the benefit of a movement to back it up. I want a film that will be worth its ticket. I want a film that will stand up on its own merits."

And so, at Paramount Studios, one man's labor of love nears completion for the umpteenth and, hopefully, last time. The helter-skelter flight pattern is slowly being programmed once more. The sets are being redesigned. The stars are being wooed and, in the outside world, the *Star Trek* phenomenon is barreling along full steam with new conventions, new toys, new comics—and new fans. Paramount Pictures takes out full-page newspaper ads celebrating both the futuristic film and the christening of the space shuttle. The TV newsreels show footage of the shuttlecraft *Enterprise's* unveiling and the band plays the "*Star Trek* Theme" slightly out of synch.

Walter Koenig, who admittedly once felt a bit estranged from the *Star Trek* movement, stood on the same platform as Roddenberry during the unveiling of the new *Enterprise* and claims that he saw the entire Trekkomania magic crystalize before his eyes. "It was spine-tingling," he shivers. "When they played the theme, it was chilling to think that a TV show has permeated that many strata of society. It is bizarre. But, on the other hand, it's all relative. What is bizarre? Better *Star Trek* influencing society's different levels in a very big way than something else, something like *Kojak*!" ■

Our thanks to Ron Barlow of the Federation Trading Post, 210 East 53rd Street, New York City, for his special assistance in gathering *Star Trek* paraphernalia for this story.



The ultimate Starship—Dreadnaught Class (note 3 space/warp units (pods); *Enterprise* had only 2). Created by Len Suligowski of Brooklyn.





SURVIVING HAITI

"I TOOK A PLUNGE INTO THE
VOODOO DARKNESS, LIKE
EXPLORING A BAD WOUND.."

ARRIVAL

When the crowd parted to let the driver out, I saw where the truck had smashed into the wall, crushing half a dozen people, some of whom had been killed instantly, others who, still caught, waited silently, looking surprised. At the back of the truck a hand protruded, the splayed fingers almost comic, sticking out from where the edge of the van had bashed into the limestone.

"The drivers turn off their ignition coming down hills to save gas," said the American, who had been living in Haiti for three years. "They don't realize it cuts their brakes, too. And the sidewalks are so packed, it doesn't matter where they hit, they're going to kill a lot of people."

The crowd on the sidewalk—girls in 1950s-looking chemises, women carrying handfuls of red, yellow and orange scarfs which streamed from their fists like flames, men balancing on their shoulders like lances the long poles used to prop up their shacks—flowed around the accident, some curious, most unconcerned, a mob that extended all the way down the hill into the center of Port-au-Prince, the daily jammed traffic of the city, everyone shuffling forward as though they were ticket-holders in some endless slow-moving theater line, chests pressing into backs,

BY DAVID BLACK



Eric Meola



a tangle of legs and arms.

I had come to Haiti out of a perverse curiosity. I wanted to examine the poverty and the autocratic Duvalier government with the same ambivalent fascination one brings to exploring a bad wound: You want to look closely and shy away at the same time. I had heard the reports of squalor: rumors that Mama Doc and Baby Doc Duvalier were stockpiling cash in Swiss banks, knowing that soon they would be forced to retire—by threats of revolution—into the pleasurable exile of wealthy dispossessed heads of state. I had heard rumors of Nazi war criminals owning pier-side bars. Of how AID money was spent on building a luxury \$150-a-night hotel.

And I had heard stories about the Tonton macoute, Papa Doc's secret police, who wandered Haiti, dressed in black, ruling through an almost random violence and the natives' superstitious fear of voodoo. When Papa Doc died, Baby Doc (I was told) had replaced his father's secret police with his own, which was a more subtle, but no less sinister, organization. Dread of voodoo is still (I was told) used to control the Haitians; so I decided to plunge into the heart of the mystery and arranged to stay with a voodoo priest, Abraham, in the Carrefour, one of the most densely populated areas in the world—over 16,000 people per square mile. I had come to Haiti to investigate this jammed neighborhood, as though I were peering into our future—a packed world, overpopulated and poor.

All along the walls of the houses people squatted, shoulder to shoulder, haunch to haunch, selling nuts from wide wicker baskets, blackened bananas, pink sweet potatoes, rice, flour, rubber shoes with plastic buckles, lettuce with wilting leaves. Withered lettuce leaves, so slimy with rot that they had been tossed aside, were snatched from the filthy street and eaten by the kids, some almost infants, who roamed the city, thousands of them, weaving through the legs of the adults, who themselves wandered sluggishly along the streets and sidewalks, a crowd so thick that, if you fainted, you would not fall, but would be jostled upright by the mob pressing around you.

"Hey, friend, you speak English?" said a young Haitian, falling into step beside me. one of the guides and pimps that attach themselves to tourists. "I'm a student," he said. "I don't talk to Americans for money. I like to practice my English."

His name was Fritz. Since I would need an English-Creole translator in the Carrefour, I hired him.

"A dollar a day?" I said.

"I told you, I don't do it for money," he said. "Two dollars a day."

David Black's previous assignment was to spend a week on a desert island with a knife and a couple of matches.

We settled on a dollar-fifty; and, after I told him where I was going, he led me down Rue Pavee to the center of town, where we caught a tap-tap, a small gaudily painted pick-up truck used for public transportation. I squeezed in between a woman holding a turkey with its legs tied and a soot-covered man sitting on a sack of charcoal. Fritz forced himself between the two rows of knees and arched over a man who was hunkered on the floor, a white enameled pot filled with a viscous yellow soup between his feet. Every time the tap-tap rattled over a bump on the road, soup splashed out and slid diagonally across the floor toward the back of the truck. As others climbed into the tap-tap, they wove themselves among the bodies as though we were all parts of a living puzzle, like the globes and cubes that snap together impossibly once you have found the key piece. As we jolted along the road, the suffocating closeness in the back of the truck started to nauseate me.

The gasoline smell from the exhaust of the tap-taps, the cars, the camionettes, was overpowering; breathing the fumes was like inhaling steel-wool. The air was so dusty in the oblique light that the city looked like a movie set filmed through a vaselined lens. Women tossed slop-pails into the road. Men spread pencil-sized pieces of charcoal on rags, displaying them for sale, while their kids sifted through ashes, collecting more charcoal bits. One man, unable to find a place to lie down, had looped his arm through a gate, and slept standing up, half-hanging, half-slumped, against the metal grillwork. Pigs grunted, rooting in mounds of old coconut shells, palm fronds, feces, mud, paper, and mango skins with the sucked pulp sticking out like the bristles on a brush. Old women crouched in front of shanties, the full pockets of their aprons hanging between their legs like cows' udders.

Fritz hissed at the driver, the customary way to stop a tap-tap, and we climbed out at the Cric-Crac theater, a huge, ramshackle movie house with brown paper tacked up outside on which the names of the movies had been scrawled in crayon. We wandered down a dirt lane, houses packed so close on each side it looked like each building had been wedged in between its neighbors, pigs and dogs snoozing under almond trees.

In the stream that trickled beside the path, a woman, her skirt billowed up over her hips, was squatting, urinating. Six feet below her, a man, standing ankle-deep in the stream, was bending over, sloshing water on his shaved head. Below him, two women crouched on the bank, scrubbed clothes in the stream, next to another woman who was dipping a plastic pail, collecting drinking water which she poured into a large empty tin lard tub. The area reeked like an outhouse, the stinging ammonia smell of piss and the sweet stench of



photography by David Black

diarrhetic shit.

We turned down a smaller path and stopped a girl leading a goat on a leash to ask which house was Abraham's. In Creole, she said, "The big-shot house, there," gesturing with her chin at a walled-in courtyard and a crumbling concrete building with a new, already crumbling, second floor.

The compound was, compared to many of the other homes in the area, comfortable, because Abraham was a voodoo priest. But the house was nevertheless crowded with people, Abraham's family; and the bedrooms were barracks. In the courtyard, an ancient woman, dressed entirely in black, was grinding something in a wooden mortar with a pestle that looked like it had been carved from a tree root. Two younger women—one, her breasts hanging like heavy shadows inside the unbuttoned front of her dress; the other, her face wrinkled into a smiling squint as though she were staring straight into the sun—were tending a fire in a shallow pit. In front of them, a metal cross was stabbed into the ashes of another dead fire. A small parrot waddled up to me and, turning its head to the side, stared at me, blinking an unnervingly intelligent eye.

Alexandre Abraham, a stout man in khaki shorts with a brass bracelet that said "Abraham" on it, stepped from the house, his arm stiffly outstretched as though, instead of shaking hands with me, he expected us to joust.

"I am sick," he said, wincing as he belched and clutched his belly. "My stomach is sick. You will excuse me."

He spoke a little English and kept waving at his compound, saying, "My house, your house, please." He led me into the long, low shed, across the courtyard, opposite his house, that served as his temple. The ceiling of the main room was covered with dirty ribbons that hung down like the cilia inside the maw of some insectivorous plant. The walls were covered with murals of St. Jacques, on his horse, waving a sword; Baron Samedi, in top hat and tails; Dambala, the snake god; skulls and crossbones; and chalked veves, the symbols used to conjure up the gods. Three



smaller rooms the size of closets opened off the main room, shrines devoted to Rada, Petro, and Grise Montagne, inside of which were altars covered with skulls, bronze crucifixes, empty Cinzano bottles, clay coffee pots, plastic skeletons, candles, gourds, knives, tin cans, empty Coke bottles—objects made sacred by an animistic religion.

Abraham belched and grabbed his gut as we left the temple. "I'm very sick," he said. Abruptly, he bent over, snorting, sucking in air; then, relieved, he straightened, sighing like a punctured tire. "Would you like food?" he asked.

I explained that my stomach was upset from the change in diet and he, still wracked by small spasms in his stomach, said, "Ah, I have a medicine that will cure you right away. I use it too!"

IN THE CARREFOUR

When it rained, the kids ran into the street to stamp in the muddy puddles, splashing themselves and each other. It was nearly midnight and, unable to sleep, I was sitting in the window of my room upstairs at Abraham's house. All evening, people had wandered through the room, to return a chair, to borrow the chamber pot, to peer out the window. In such crowded conditions, even sleep became a public event.

And my stomach was still bothering me. "Be careful what you eat there," I had been told. But Abraham's wife prepared the meals so hospitably, sharing the little they had, I was hesitant to leave anything untasted. *Griot* (pork—half-raw fat, half-burned to cinders), *cabrit* (goat—which tasted like spicy, musty lamb chops), hard-boiled eggs, avocado, tomatoes, rice and black beans, Coca Cola. The ice in the Coke glasses was always speckled with dirt, and I occasionally saw worms, thin as hairs, wriggling in water, which Abraham gulped down unconcernedly.

Every night I had to stumble three or four times to their latrine, a shack behind the house so small, that when I stood in it, I had only half an inch space on either side of my shoulders. The floor and seat were

crusted with dried feces. The few times the chamber pot, making its nightly rounds, landed under my bed, it was too full to use.

Outside, in Abraham's compound, two of the women in his family were chanting. Somewhere down the street, someone was singing. The kids squealed in the rain, and, when the rain stopped, they ran up the street shouting.

I pulled on a shirt and slacks and strolled out into the Carrefour. Lights were still on in most windows. In the doorway of one small bar, two men, surrounded by onlookers, played *Dames*, a variation of checkers. Through the red and orange beads hanging over the windows, I saw the hunched back of a drum player and, beyond his jerking shoulders, people glided into view, dancing the *meringue*, their buttocks moving like greased ball-bearings.

There are no addresses in the Carrefour; it's too crowded, too public. If you don't know where a place is, it's because you don't have to go there. I wandered until I got lost, past dozens of shacks with signs outside: Rex Coiffeur, Hotel, Bourlette—many signs advertising *Bourlette*, the lottery, many lotteries—from Haiti, from Santo Domingo, from Venezuela. For a

**YOU LOOK
CLOSELY AND
SHY AWAY AT
THE SAME TIME.**

few cents, you have a chance to win two dollars, three dollars, ten dollars. Lotteries feed on societies filled with the resigned and the desperate, where they are transformed from games of chance into the machines of fate.

I passed the Club Social Cabaret, a whorehouse surrounded by a fifty-foot wall. When I had asked Fritz where he went to escape from the crowds, he had taken me there. Inside the compound was a cafe, shade trees, an open area where naked children scampered among chickens that were scratching in the hard-packed dirt, a stream, and a long building with many doors that looked like a run-down motel. We had ordered rum Cokes, and, as we drank them, the women slid one by one from their rooms, from the cafe, from the other end of the yard, standing or sitting in a circle around our table, until we were surrounded by a crowd of nearly two dozen women, who watched, waited. Even in these sad refuges, you could not escape the press of bodies.

When I had gone back to the Cafe Social Cabaret later in the week, drunk on the local rum, which felt like ether going down, I had collapsed into a chair; and, because they didn't have coffee, I had

ordered Coke for the caffeine. To one of the girls, I pantomimed my need for water, miming splashing my face. She led me down to the stream, where she slipped off my shirt and slacks and bathed me, pouring water over my head and back with the kind of plastic pitcher used for lemonade—an intimate act which, like all acts in the Carrefour, was public. A woman stood watching us, a bucket of water balanced on her head, which moved rapidly from side to side on her rigid neck as though she were an Indian *Bharatnatyam* dancer. I suppose in the Carrefour even making love often becomes a public act. There is no place where there are not people.

At dawn, I wandered into a camp, where on blackened, burned-looking earth, families with no homes sat around small fires, which glowed very orange in the blue morning light. I had seen this camp and others like it from the tap-taps as I traveled back and forth between Port-au-Prince center and the Carrefour: the hulking, shadowy bodies, faces lit red for a moment in the glow of the fires, looked like the ruined beings in Goya's prints, "The Disasters of War." Among the families, each with their pots and baskets spread in concentric circles around them, skeletal dogs snarled over pieces of dried, sucked-clean bone.

I squatted against a tree to watch the sun rise and slipped from my pocket a mango I had bought the day before. I poked the blade of my pocketknife into the fruit, which resisted at first like animal flesh, and cut around the middle. I twisted the mango until the halves separated and cut a triangular piece from the side that had come free of the pit.

Just as in the Cafe Social Cabaret on the first visit there, one by one, then in twos and threes, people crept away from their fires, toward me, forming an arc in front of me, staring at me as I sucked on the piece of mango. I cut the rest of the fruit in quarters and then, realizing how many people there were, eighths, sixteenths—to cut smaller pieces would be absurd; but no matter how many pieces I gave out, there were still dozens of hands, so thin-wristed, so fragile-looking, reaching. I was terrified and almost sickened by the insistent crowd pressing around me, by the stifling sense of airlessness in the camp. When there was no mango left, I slowly stood. The piece of fruit I had eaten dropped from my lap to the ground and was grabbed by a girl, who pressed it to her mouth and sucked and sucked at the used skin.

HEART OF THE CROWD

One morning toward the end of my stay in the Carrefour, I awoke sweating and shivering. Fritz, as usual, met me in front of the Cric-Crac theater, and, when I told



him I was ill, said, "I'll get you something for it."

We squeezed into a tap-tap and rode twenty minutes into the center of Port-au-Prince. The heat of the packed bodies and the damp ashes smell from the city made me so dizzy that I had to hook my arm around one of the open slats on the side of the tap-tap, like the man I had seen sleeping standing up on my first day in the Carrefour, to keep myself from sagging into the laps of the people huddled next to me.

Getting off the tap-tap in the center of town, we walked through the swarming streets, jumping the open gutters through which waste from the houses spilled into the channels that ran along the curbs. Old men, hunched against the walls, sold Chiclets, watchbands, slabs of bread, and Comme Il Faut cigarettes. In the time I had been in Haiti these men had become, for me, part of the landscape, as inanimate as the pants hung on racks like drying tobacco, the cans of Carnation evaporated milk stacked in pyramids, and the coffins leaning against walls like surfboards. When you can't help such poverty, you must cease to see it as poverty. When you begin to view a crowd, not as a mass of individuals, but as a single organism itself, it becomes less oppressive. Cynicism and selfishness become strategies for creating emotional spaces where there is no space.

Fritz bought a brown paper cone of sugar, examined it, and, picking something out, said, "Not clean. Mice."

He led me to a small shop in a narrow street behind Port-au-Prince's mustard-colored jail. Sitting on a low stool, among flowerpots made from Shell Oil cans, was a woman whose face was all flat planes like a Cubist painting or one of the chiseled mahogany busts you could buy on the streets around the Iron Market. After talking with Fritz, she vanished into a dark back room and reappeared with a tepid cup of herb tea that tasted of cinnamon and mint.

"That'll fix you," said Fritz; and it did. The next day, when I met Fritz to visit the cock fights, my fever seemed down. "I drink it all the time," said Fritz.

The small circular building, a wooden tent, where the cock fights were held, was in the slums behind the Oloffson, a luxurious hotel with a main staircase that bifurcated around a garden like calipers measuring a skull. To reach the cock fights, we had to walk up a narrow path and cross a ravine on a makeshift bridge of logs and stone. People were squeezed into low chairs on tiers around an earth pit, where the fights occurred. Men climbed over each other, waving bills, placing bets, while others sat, their cocks, hooded like hawks, tucked under their arms.

Before the match, one man lifted up each wing of his cock and spit a fine stream of water, rum, and spices into the feathers, after which he held the wings close into the cock's body, irritating the bird, preparing it to fight. When released, the two birds tried to peck each other behind the neck and then flutter up and sink their talons or spurs in. Each time one of the cocks struck, the crowd roared; when the losing cock tried to escape, running around the perimeter of the ring, its head low and pulled into its body, the crowd jeered. The match was finally stopped because the losing bird refused to fight any more. Around its neck were gobbets of blood,

WHEN THE SECRET POLICE COME, YOU ARE ALONE.

each thick drop like a red stud on a collar; the white feathers below the neck were stained.

The owner of the losing cock stepped up to the owner of the winning cock and started waving his arms and arguing. He put his cock in the center of the pit again, pushing it toward the other bird. The front row of bettors and spectators erupted into the pit, shouting and gesticulating, some of them pointing at the owners of the birds, others pointing at the birds which had begun to fight again. More and more people squeezed into the pit, and Fritz and I were carried into the crowd by a wall of bodies behind us.

For a moment, a suffocating nausea started to rise in my chest and my throat, a bitter, metallic taste. And then, abruptly, the claustrophobia that had bothered me all week and had almost sickened me in this crowd, vanished. I stopped fighting against the bodies straining around me and, giving in to feelings of both release and terror, I had an odd sensation of floating, as though on a cresting wave, even taking energy from the people surrounding me, who no longer were arguing, but were talking, joking, laughing. When the crowd dispersed, I had a bizarre sense of sudden

loneliness; and I realized that, if our civilization suffers from extreme overcrowding in the future, it will happen not only because we fail to resist the trends which lead to a densely populated planet, but also because we fail to fight the perverse attractions of such a world.

CODA: AUBELIN JOLICOEUR, BABY DOC'S SECRET POLICE

"You have the heart of a Haitian and the stomach of an American," said Fritz when we said goodbye.

We were crossing the square in front of the Palace. It was twilight, and a bugler was bleating an evening anthem as the Haitian flag was lowered. Fritz froze and turned toward the flagpole. Three cars screeched to a stop; drivers and passengers scrambled out and stood at attention. All over the square people stood, transfixed, staring at the dropping flag. The abrupt cessation of all activity as though a central switch had been clicked, killing all motion; the rigidity which invaded their bodies as they watched the flag ceremony—they betrayed not an amiable patriotism, but terror.

When the evening rite was over, Fritz grabbed my hand to complete the farewell handshake that had been interrupted. I took my satchel up to an apartment I'd borrowed for my last night in Haiti. I showered, shaved and, dressed in fresh clothes, caught a taxi to the Oloffson for dinner, glad to be out of the Carrefour and off the streets. Between the rum punch and coffee, I relaxed, thinking my adventure was over. But, as I left the dining room, I saw Aubelin Jolicoeur, Haiti's minister of tourism, who, when I first arrived, had tried to prevent me from going into the slums. He was sitting at a table in the lounge with his wife and another man, and he called out: "You never came to lunch last Wednesday."

"I was in the Carrefour," I said.

"And when do you leave?" he asked, not smiling, staring out over the verandah.

"Tomorrow morning."

"When will you see the rest of Haiti? This part of Haiti?" He waved at the Oloffson's wicker elegance. "Tell me, what will you have to drink?"

"Nothing," I said. "I'm very tired."

"I'll have my driver take you home." Jolicoeur walked out onto the verandah and called. When he returned to the lounge, he said, "I think he's gone to have supper."

The other man at the table was leaving, and he offered me a ride. I accepted, and he dropped me off at my borrowed apartment. I finished packing and was closing the curtains when a black limousine pulled up to the curb in front of the apartment. A man in black slacks and a short-sleeved



white shirt got out and looked up at my window. There was no one else in the building and, as far as I knew, no one else on either side of the apartment. To the left was an empty lot; to the right, a bookstore and beyond that a beauty parlor.

The square in front of the apartment, which had been so crowded in the daylight, was deserted. I was as sickened by the loneliness as I had been earlier by the packed bodies—although I realized that even on the busiest street in Port-au-Prince, when the secret police come, you are alone.

The man stooped into the car, got out and stared up at my window again, a ritual he repeated half-a-dozen times during the next forty minutes. He opened the trunk of the limousine, closed it, and then, climbing back into the car, drove off. I unlocked the gate to the apartment, started down the dark staircase, and stopped when I saw someone standing outside the second gate at the bottom of the steps, a large man, also in white shirt and black slacks. When he half-turned to lean more comfortably against the gate, I saw his shoulder holster.

Quietly I went back to the apartment and locked the upper gate. I phoned the American Embassy: Was what had happened unusual? The apartment was across from the Presidential Palace; although it was a quarter-mile away. Was the apartment's door perhaps a standard stakeout spot?

The Marine sergeant who answered the phone, a young man named B.K. Portenga, said, "No, I don't think that activity is typical." He would call the night duty officer, he said, Mr. Olmon, head of security for the Embassy.

I made a phone call to my wife, explaining that it seemed as though I might be under surveillance. If I didn't arrive the next day on my flight, I told her, start trying to track me down. I hung up the phone and waited.

Olmon called and told me to wait, to let him know if anything else occurred. He then phoned the Haitian official who was in charge of the secret police to ask if they had any reason to watch me. Was I smuggling drugs? Was I a political adven-

ture?

"The guy denied they were watching you," said Sergeant Portenga a few hours later, "but he sounded vague, strange. Mr. Olmon got the impression something might be up."

After talking to Olmon, I had turned off the air conditioner so I could hear if they were trying to unlock the gate downstairs. The Haitian secret service used large Mercedes limousines like the one which had parked downstairs, but why would they waste their time on me? The Haitian government had become obsessively concerned about bad publicity. During his reign, Papa Doc had tried to discourage tourists, and he had succeeded fairly well; but it was hard to erase the stories of how the Ton-ton macoute used to machine-gun unsympathetic families. But Baby Doc was trying to attract tourists and I was sure the Haitian government was not pleased that I had spent time in the Carrefour, taking photographs of the conditions there.

I could hear the guy downstairs fiddling with the lock, and I called Olmon again. Olmon said he would be right by to pick me up. I couldn't believe what was happening—but I'd had a warning. When I had first arrived, my contact in Port-au-Prince had not been able to find me at the airport; my name had mysteriously vanished from the flight manifest. He had been told that I'd never entered the country; the books showed it. If I'd never entered Haiti, there would be no problem if I never left.

Shortly before Olmon arrived, the man downstairs wandered off toward the gas station across the street.

"Could he have been warned somehow that you were coming by the guy you phoned?" I asked Olmon later on at the Embassy.

"That's possible," Olmon said.

He suggested that they might have intended to seize my notes and expose my film, but added that they were probably only keeping me under surveillance. They may have been watching me since I had arrived in Haiti. Perhaps even Fritz had been watching me for them. It was nothing to be concerned about.

When I said that surveillance didn't



bother me—I might as well go back to the apartment so I could get some sleep—Olmon said, "No, just in case, I think you ought to stay at the Embassy."

After Olmon left, Sergeant Portenga said, "Mr. Olmon's a careful guy. He wouldn't have brought you here unless he thought it might be serious. Usually, when people call up, worried about something like that, he puts them off. Since the bombing last year," he said, "you're only the second unofficial person to spend the night here. Something definitely was going on tonight, and you don't want to take chances. You don't want to end up in a Haitian jail."

The next morning, Olmon telephoned to let me know he had arranged to get me out of Haiti on the first flight leaving for the United States, and he asked if I would keep in the background the Embassy's part in what had occurred the night before.

"It wouldn't help relations between the two countries," he said.

I said I'd try. I didn't want to make anything awkward for him. A few minutes later, he called again; and, because I hadn't been able to assure him I wouldn't mention what he had done, he tried diplomatically to minimize the situation. Nothing, after all, had really happened. There was no proof. Perhaps there was a reasonable explanation.

Sergeant Portenga sent the Embassy driver out to hail a taxi. I tossed my bags on the seat, climbed in, and settled back for an uneventful trip to the airport, half-convinced that my alarm was due to being unused to the innocent habits of a totalitarian state.

In the front seat next to the driver was a thin Haitian with a pencil-thin moustache. He wore a clean, pressed sport shirt and was obviously not another cabdriver. He turned to me.

"You're an American?"

I nodded.

"It's as hot in parts of America as it is here, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"It's as crowded in parts of America as it is here, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"It's as poor in parts of America as it is here, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"It's as dirty in parts of America as it is here, isn't it?"

"Yes." I felt uncomfortable, but the taxi had been flagged down at random. My suspicion was simple paranoia.

As we pulled into the airport, my companion said, "You won't come back to Haiti?"

I murmured something noncommittal, as I backed out of the car. He touched my arm, looked me directly in the eyes, and repeated, slowly . . . "You won't come back to Haiti." ■

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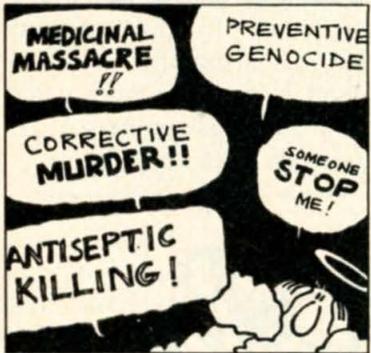
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THE CRAWDOODAH GAZETTE

compiled by Greg Mitchell

"All the news, all the doo-dah day"

No Cents' Whatsoever



DOWN MUSIC

SAN BERNARDINO, Ca. (ZNS)—"I'm speechless," said KCKC radio station owner Douglas Trenner. "What can be said about a listener's loyalty like that?" The listener is (or was) a recently deceased local man who stipulated in his will that a transistor radio should be tuned to KCKC, placed in the coffin and buried with him. The man's family further requested that the station play an hour of soft music during the loved one's funeral.

HOW TO STAY A WAKE

BURLINGTON, Colo. (UPI)—Scraggly-bearded Jim Gernhart, a 99-year-old retired farmer, sat Sunday in a 1920 beer truck next to his gleaming copper casket, smiling and waving to crowds lining the main street watching his funeral procession.

The high school band strutted behind the Model-T Ford, brass trumpets blaring. There were mourners, too, 30 slow-moving antique cars, and about 2,000 spectators.

The tall, gaunt homesteader first startled this eastern Colorado farm town in 1951 when he staged his own funeral because "I didn't have anybody left in my family, and I thought I would have my funeral so I would know how it went."

The funeral was re-enacted a few times more over the



years, but this year organizers went all out in honor of Gernhart's 100th birthday. The event was held two months before Gernhart's centennial November 20 because they felt he might not make it.

Gernhart said he did not authorize anyone to fetch his copper casket from a mausoleum in Goodland, Kan. but

parade organizers, who described him as "sometimes confused" said the funeral was at Gernhart's request and with his blessings.

WATTS UP

STARKE, Fla. (AP)—If you're interested in a job with short hours, uncertain pay and no particular qualifications, Florida is looking for an executioner. Contact Supt. Bobby Leverette of the Florida State Prison. "We've had two applicants but we haven't gotten down to the point where we're recruiting anyone yet," says Leverette. The job involves pushing a button and pulling a lever to generate power in the electric chair. Leverette said the former executioner wore a black hood and was paid \$100 for each execution. Florida has more than 70 inmates on Death Row who are again in jeopardy with the impending and unfortunate return of capital punishment.

CAR SICKNESS: NO LICENSE TO KILL

MIAMI (AP)—The traffic accident was minor and no one was injured. But two passengers in the car involved were killed to keep them from "spilling the beans" about what really happened, police say.

Officers said John H. King Jr., 23, of Miami, and Her-

man Anderson, 30, of Homestead, were afraid the man and woman would tell police that King was driving the car when it wrecked. King had no driver's license, officers said.

"People don't kill people for very intricate reasons down here," said Sgt. George Lucas, a Dade County police spokesman. "Those two men were furiously afraid of the accident." King and Anderson were charged with two counts of first-degree murder in the deaths of James Wilson and Marion Williams.

Under Florida law, driving without a license is a misdemeanor with a maximum penalty of 60 days in jail or \$500

fine. First-degree murder carries a penalty of life in prison or death.

COFFIN OUT OF CONTROL

CLEVELAND, Ohio (ZNS)—Seventeen-year-old Annette Brooks is having a hard time resting in peace. She has been sleeping for the past few weeks on the front porch of her home in a shiny metal coffin.

But Brooks' unusual sleeping habit has finally brought a storm of protests from her neighbors, who picketed outside her home, demanding that the coffin be taken away because "it was scaring the old people." Police were called in this week to clear a traffic jam created by pickets and about 80 onlookers who gathered outside to peer at the defiant young woman. Officers told the crowd that there were no laws against sleeping in a coffin.

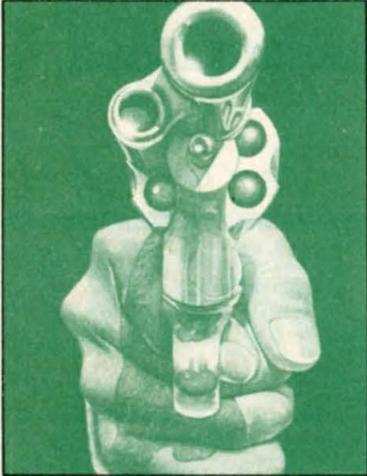
Annette said she planned to spend her nights in the coffin until winter.

GRAVE REVIEW

CUERNAVACA, Mexico (ZNS)—Dr. David Stry of the Villa Vegetarian Health Spa here does not like smoke. He has stipulated in his will that he is to be buried in the non-smoking section of the Spa's cemetery.

DEEP TROUBLE

NEW YORK (ZNS)—A new survey has found that Charles Manson and Linda Lovelace are listed among the Top-50 individuals most admired by



American children in grades five through 12. The odd couple joined such other notables as President Ford, O.J. Simpson and Chris Evert on

the list. A New York psychiatrist, Dr. Mario Rendon, who was hired by the *Ladies Home Journal* to evaluate the findings, was able to find a silver lining. He said that the survey displayed "the diversity of values in the United States as opposed to Russia and China."

Giant, blob-like sponges are growing at an alarming rate on the barrels of radioactive wastes which were dumped near the Farallon Islands on the Pacific Coast. The monster sponges, which have not been previously known to exist, are between three to four feet tall and shaped like vases. The man who discovered them, oceanographer Robert Dyer, has discounted the idea that they may be some kind of bizarre mutation caused by radiation leakage. "It's a nice science fiction idea," Dyer says, "but I would have a hard time justifying it." Dyer says the creatures probably just like smooth barrels.

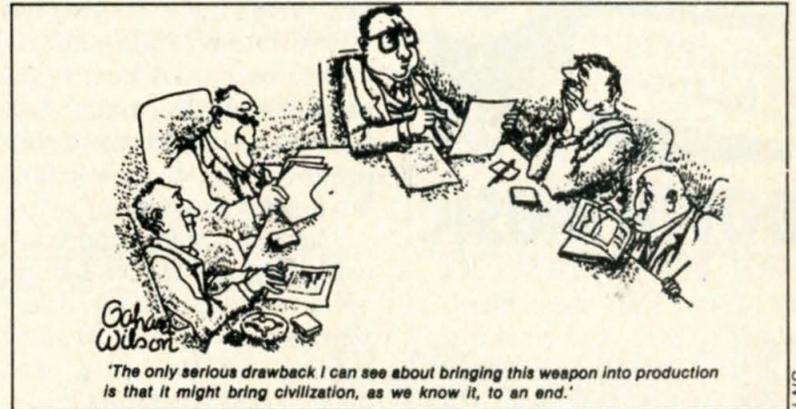
—Zodiac News Service

SEX AND THE SINGLE ARMADILLO

GENEVA, Switzerland (The New York Times)—The World Health Organization's fight against leprosy is being impeded by the refusal of the armadillo, the small animal with a self-grown coat of armor, to breed in captivity. The microbe responsible for leprosy multiplies at an enormous rate in the liver and spleen of the armadillo, who

is "the prize animal in the fight against leprosy," according to Dr. Hubert Sarrarico, chief of the agency's leprosy unit. Scientists have

discovered to their dismay that the armadillo, which is found in South America and as far north as southern U.S. does not take to captivity.



"The only serious drawback I can see about bringing this weapon into production is that it might bring civilization, as we know it, to an end."

LNS

A dentist in Middlesborough, England is administering what he calls "psychedelic anesthesia" through a pair of goggles hooked up to an electric current. When the current is switched on, thousands of tiny, flashing, colored lights suddenly appear on the goggles, simulating a psychedelic trip. Within seven seconds, Dr. Alex McMaster reports, the goggle-wearer suddenly loses the ability to feel almost all pain. The current stimulates the brain to produce alpha waves which produce deep relaxation, and often sleep in the body. McMaster says he has practiced the method on some 150 of his patients, and that over 50% of them needed no anaesthesia.

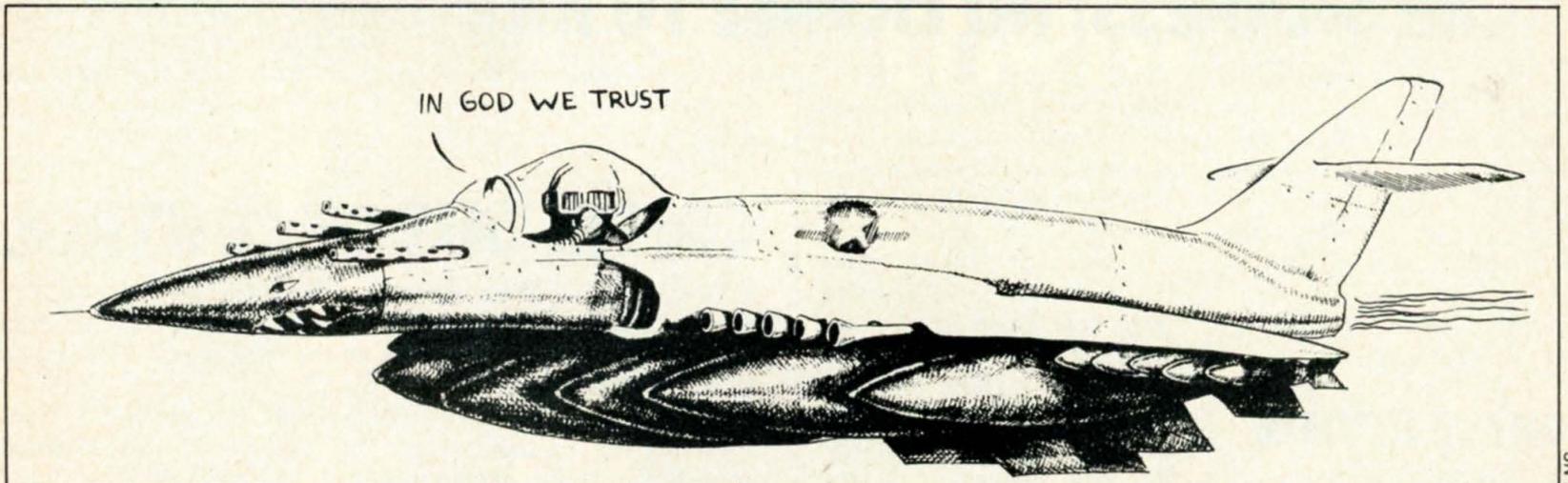
—Zodiac News Service

ONE PILL MAKES YOU LARGER

CLEVELAND (ZNS)—A pair of newlyweds have filed suit against Eastern Airlines, charging that the company ruined their honeymoon by misplacing their birth control

pills. Steven and Judi Schwartz have requested \$25,785 in damages because baggage handlers lost the Bahamas-bound couple's luggage.

PENTAGON HAS A LOT OF NERVE



LNS

NEW YORK (LNS)—The Pentagon is seeking funds to develop a new nerve gas weapon that could usher in an era of "dazzling, unbelievable" chemical warfare, according to University of Pennsylvania biochemist Dr. R.J. Rutman. The device, known as a "binary weapon," would contain two relatively harmless chemicals which form a highly toxic nerve gas when the weapon is fired.

"The binary weapon has been called the 'escalatory weapon par excellence,'" Rutman said. "The only effective response to it is a nuclear weapon or something more exotic." He added that replacing existing stocks of nerve gas cannisters with binary weapons could make nerve gas more politically acceptable by removing the danger of storing and moving an already poisonous gas.

AN ADOLESCENT LOOK AT DEATH ROW

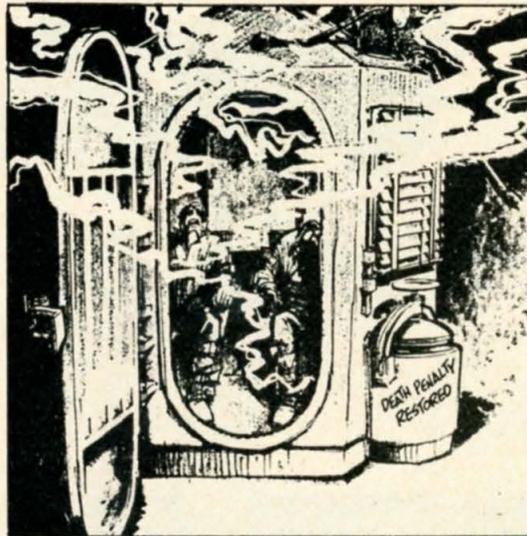
MIAMI (AP)—Day after day, Wallace Mosely sits in Youth Hall, awaiting trial in the fatal stabbing of a 9-year-old boy. Mosely, who could be sentenced to life in prison, is 12 years old.

His mother, an alcoholic, says she believes the boy is being framed. His stepfather, an ex-convict, says he's glad Wally is being tried as an adult, "because if he goes through juvenile court, they'll send him right back here."

Police have quoted Wally as saying he killed 9-year-old Greg Billiter July 31 after the younger boy called him a "bastard" while they were playing in the apartment of a relative of the victim. Police said Wally then dragged the body out of the dingy downtown apartment and dumped it onto the street.

Wally was born in the charity ward of Jackson Hospital in February 1964. The man listed on the birth certificate as Wally's father said later he had been separated from Wally's mother, Phyllis Whitcomb, since 1962 and denied that he fathered Wally.

As Mrs. Whitcomb drifted into alcoholism and worked as a maid at a



motel, Wally grew up in the streets. Sometimes, he went to school.

"He was constantly harassed by the other students," said teacher Joe Metcalf. "As far as I could tell, he didn't have a friend—not one friend. The school is 70% black, nearly 30% Latin, and he was one of about 10 white children.

"The kids called him names relating to his being white and to his mother's drinking," Metcalf said. "He couldn't take

this but he would just yell back at them."

School records show Wally never had a psychological evaluation, nor were school officials ever notified that any outside agency ever evaluated him.

"Wally is like my own kid," said his stepfather, Charles Whitcomb, who served time in prison for armed robbery. "I've always tried to do right by him.

"I want him tried as an adult. I want him off the avenue, away from the pimps and hookers." Phyllis Whitcomb believes her son is innocent. She tells of his bringing home stray, injured dogs and nursing them back to health.

"The first time I saw him after it happened, when they had him in county jail, he said to me, 'Mommy, they're going to kill me when I get out because I know too much.' I think he's covering up for somebody else."

Assistant State Atty. Edward Carhart made the decision to take Wally's case to the grand jury, where an indictment meant trial as an adult. "No, I'm not satisfied he should be tried as an adult," Carhart said. "I'm satisfied that the grand jury reflects the will of the community."

Researchers at Stanford University have programmed a computer to simulate a paranoid human being. The mentally-ill computer has been nicknamed "Parry" because it has the personality of a 28-year-old post office worker who believes he is being hunted by the Mafia. Parry is the creation of Dr. Kenneth Colby, who is attempting to develop a human-like subject whom psychiatry students can experiment with. It was feared that student analysts might do more harm than good to a real live paranoid. When asked questions, Parry inevitably gets around to talking about how the underworld is out to get him because he once beat up a bookie.

—Zodiac News Service

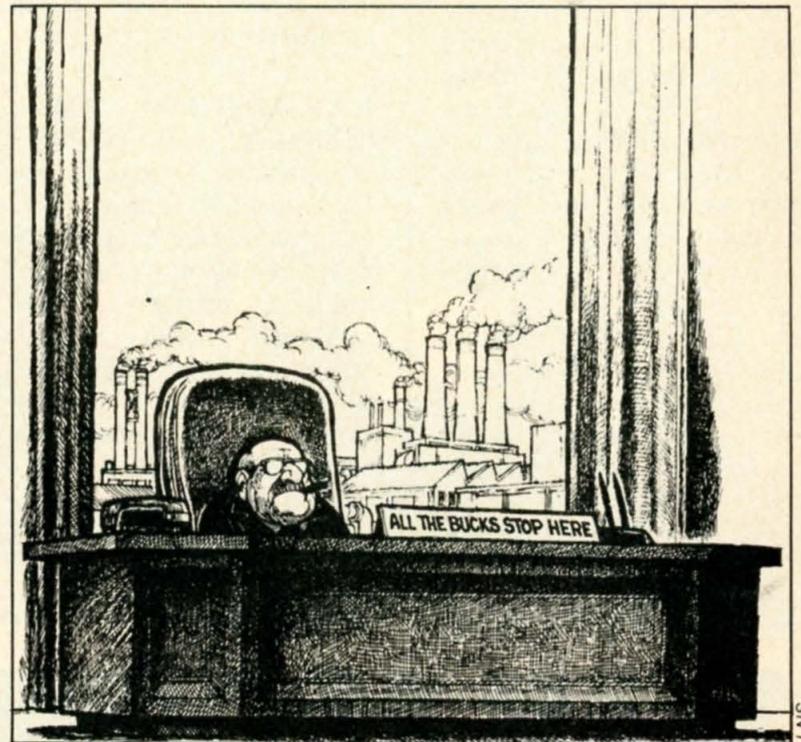
BLOODY MARY TO THE RESCUE

CHESAPEAKE, Va. (UPI)—When pilot Steve Owens tried to land his Cessna Cardinal plane at South Norfolk Airfield after a

CIG HEIL

WASHINGTON (ZNS)—Figures released by the U.S. Agriculture Department indicate that nearly four trillion cigarettes were produced worldwide last year. Although 1975 was one of the slowest growth years ever experienced by the tobacco industry, a record 193 billion packs were produced.

junket with three friends to Tangier Island, he discovered that the hydraulic-fluid tank was dry and the landing gear wouldn't work. A quick-thinking woman passenger remembered seeing Bloody Mary mix and two cans of soft drinks in the plane. She quickly mixed them and poured it all in the tank as the plane circled the field. The landing gear dropped down enough to chance a landing, and Owens brought the plane in safely to the cheers of a small crowd that had watched the hour-long drama from the ground.



GROSS NATIONAL PRODUCT

A new study has found that of all the industrialized nations in the world, the United States maintains one of the most unfair systems of distributing income. The survey conducted by British economist Malcolm Sawyer concludes that the U.S., along with France and Spain, have economic systems in which the gaps between rich and poor are the greatest. In America, the poorest 20% of the households receive only 4.5% of the income. On the other hand, the richest 10% account for 26.6% of the income, and that, Sawyer adds, is underestimated since the rich generally under-report their earnings. The countries rated the fairest in distributing income were The Netherlands, Sweden, Norway and Japan.

SHORT SHOTS SHORT SHOTS SHORT SHOTS

MADISON, Wis. (ZNS)—A pioneer in the study of aging says he has discovered a process which could reverse the aging process. Dr. Johan Bjorksten reports that researchers have found that humans grow old because of what are called "hooks" that tie up genes, causing the cells of the body to function poorly. Bjorksten says science is now discovering enzymes which could dissolve these hooks and partially reverse the aging process. "I'm not interested in gaining five years here and there," Bjorksten says. "I'm shooting for the whole pot—a life expectancy of over 800 years."

PHILADELPHIA (ZNS)—The Procrastinators Club of America has celebrated its "Be Late For Something Day" by putting the whole thing off until next year. President Lew Waas explained that he had intended to mark the day by "doing nothing, but I didn't get around to it." Waas says that the 20-year-old club with over 3000 members hasn't gotten around to electing his successor for the past eight years.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah (ZNS)—Officials in this city, where Rep. Allan Howe was arrested last summer by policewomen posing as hookers, are considering a ban against the use of sex decoys. The action came after Health Director Harry Gibbons proposed a plan that would al-



low the city pound to use female dogs in heat to attract male strays. City Animal Control Director Douglas Sorenson argues the use of "doggie decoys" amounts to entrapment since "the call of the wild is stronger than backyard fencing, screen doors and leashes."

LAKEWOOD, Colo. (ZNS)—A study of police communication systems has found that the arcane "10-4" radio codes used by most law enforcement units are not nearly as efficient as old-fashioned English. According to a Public Safety Department study, a random sample of 200 police calls using the "Code-10 System" resulted in a whopping 113 errors. The same number of calls in which simple English was employed resulted in only 14 errors. As a result, Lake-

wood has abandoned the Code 10 System and so now, instead of reciting "10-95," locals cops now simply say, "we've got this fellow in the back of the van. . . ."

NEW YORK (ZNS)—The man who organized the first round-trip flight reservations to the moon says he has now accepted about 20 reservations for passenger flights to Mars. George Hatten of Variety Travel Agency reports that flights to the red planet will probably be even more popular than the moon because "there's probably life up there." Hatten says he expects the first tourist flight to Mars to take off somewhere around 1985.

BUFFALO, N.Y. (ZNS)—A new survey has discovered that many Americans watch the evening news on televi-

sion because it makes them feel good to know some people are worse off than they are. Dr. Walter Gantz of the State University here says a detailed survey of TV viewers has found that a large percentage don't watch the news to become informed. "One-fourth said they were strongly motivated to watch the news," he said, "because they felt better knowing that others had worse problems than they did."

VENTURA, Ca. (Los Angeles Times)—A funny thing happened to Eleanor Youngston on her waterbed yesterday—she ended up under it. Apparently she was knocked onto the floor by an oversized wave inside the mattress and then the whole thing—all 1700 pounds of it—fell on her, pinning her for several minutes. Fireman finally pulled Mrs. Youngston out from under the bed, gasping but unhurt.

ARES, France (ZNS)—The earth's first landing field for UFOs has been opened here because, as one airport official stated, "the reason that flying saucers have never landed is because there are no airports for them." The UFOport, which features a landing strip and directional lights, will be open 24-hours a day and promises a bonus to the first UFO that lands, making it exempt from paying the normal French landing fees.

IRAN AROUND THE CORNER



WASHINGTON, D.C. (Pacific News Service)—A new Senate report is warning that it may be impossible for the United States to avoid direct participation in any military action involving Iran. The report says that Iran's purchase of nearly \$5 billion in U.S. military equipment and the presence of 24,000 American advisors in Iran virtually guarantees U.S. involvement in that country's future military ventures.

The study, authored by the Senate Subcommittee on Foreign Assistance, also predicts that the number of American ad-

visors will be increased from its present level to 60,000 by 1980. This may guarantee a repeat of incidents such as the assassination of three American technicians in Iran last August. North American Rockwell and two other U.S. concerns are presently developing a computerized network designed to detect political dissidents among the Iranian population. This kind of American involvement is expected to make U.S. advisors the targets of a growing anti-government underground movement in Iran.

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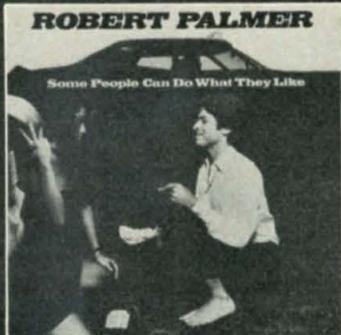
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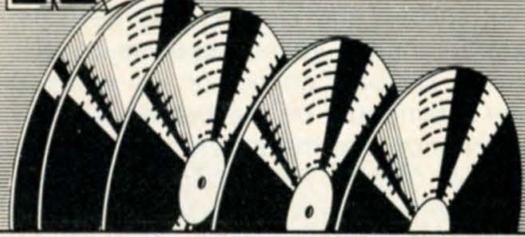
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RECORDS



REV. STEVIE WONDER PRESENTS (FINALLY!)-- PSALMS IN THE KEY OF LIFE

by Jon Pareles

SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE

Stevie Wonder
Tamla (T13-34062)

Hearing Stevie Wonder, you'd think making the Top Ten entails some sort of ethical responsibility. None of your rock star's take-the-gold-record-and-run philosophy; Stevie's pan-demographic appeal gives him a touching concern for his listeners' souls. "For solving the problems of all men, women, little boys and girls/When you feel your life's too hard/Just go have a talk with God." That one-time junior deacon of Detroit's Whitestone Baptist Church, Steveland Morris, would be crazy to pass up this gospel-spreading opportunity. So the folks who buy *Songs in the Key of Life* will get spiritual uplift and a Message along with two lps and a four-song ep. Nothing more pernicious than dancing will issue from this album. Like a peanut-less Jimmy Carter, Stevie stands ready to bring love and trust to all America.

Somehow, Stevie emerges reverent, brave and clean, despite what *Cashbox* calls an "exceptional promotion campaign," which will include—no shit!—the addition of a blind muppet named Stevie on "Sesame Street." I get the feeling that the people Stevie most wants to reach aren't of voting age; he's after the 34,082,000 kids between 5 and 13. For them, he acts like a gentle, sympathetic uncle, giving the kids prize verities inside Crackerjack melodies. "Love's in need of love today/don't delay/send yours in right away." The more earnest his message, the simpler his tune. Just relax, sing along—believe.

One secret of Stevie's communication is his ability to treat everyone as his equal. A truly public figure, he gives off no scent of guile, no sense that he's patronizing. Without any effort at all, he sounds honest—what you hear is what he's got. Stevie addresses the world like a low-key populist preacher, tickling and teaching

the kids ("Black Magic"), confiding in the young women ("Knocks Me Off My Feet"), discussing problems with the menfolk ("Pastime Paradise"), looking back with the elders ("I Was"). It doesn't matter that sometimes he's got a severe case of mushmouth, as he struggles with lines like "What I feel inside I think you should know." Nothing that awkward, that hokey, could be calculated.

Maybe Stevie's the last hippie. Who else could check out the '70s landscape and, in all sincerity, announce that love, God and "living for the future paradise" are the answer? In his naturally-stoned haze, Stevie looks straight at "Village Ghetto Land," asks "would you be happy" there, and wanders on unable to give any more reaction. Confronted with war and pollution, he'll space himself to "Saturn" (aha!—the Sun Ra extraterrestrial connection) where the "air is clean" and living is a "natural high." Far out.

Stevie's hippie outlook carries over to the music. True to the '60s, he's willing to dabble and hope that inspiration out-matches amateurishness. He's not the Duke, Cole Porter, Eddie Palmieri, Bob Marley, Paul Simon or Sly Stone, yet in trying them all he's revitalized (and also cerebralized) R&B. The comparable figure (almost too obviously) is Ray Charles, who made the jazz and rock 'n roll of his era run their own gospel gauntlet. Charles wouldn't have done it without his own firm identity—neither does Stevie.

Wonder is a master musician, less by virtue of virtuosity (harmonica excepted) than in the way he has rethought songcraft. His break with the Motown factory on *Music Of My Mind* was a step of

incalculable importance; the way he reconstituted his own skeletal version of that sound has provided the most enlightening production primer on record. He couldn't have done it without the synthesizer, although he doesn't use it in a particularly innovative way. (The instrument is still a keyboard, employed to "sound like" other instruments. He makes few attempts to exploit the "new sounds" possibilities of the instrument.) Yet Wonder makes the most of his keyboards in ways other musicians are still learning. He is miraculously adept at making a tedious studio-bound process sound spontaneous and zany. All the tiny individual parts carry on a chattering conversation, random as monkeyhouse athletics.

Songs in the Key of Life considerably expands Wonder's arranging palette. The keyboards remain prominent, as do the slip-'n-slide horns that emerged on "Superstition," but on two songs Stevie gives his fingers a rest. "If It's Magic," a hesitant ballad that never mentions the word "love," has a single harp (plucked variety) for accompaniment, except for four bars adding Stevie's harmonica obbligato. (Bad song order here—"If It's Magic" uses the same opening phrase as "I Am Singing," the song it immediately follows.) "Village Ghetto Land" has a strings-only back-up; the short, balanced lines of the song and the nonidiomatic string charts sound oddly reminiscent of someone singing and pumping a harmonium at the same time.

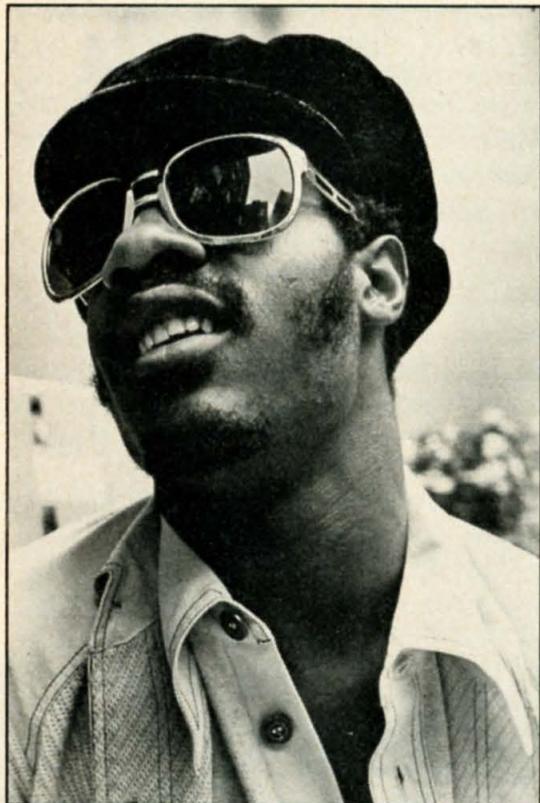
Wonder's amoebic style has engulfed a few new genres since 1974's *Fulfillingness' First Finale*. Reggae, strangely enough, makes its first legit appearance ("Boogie On" doesn't count)



Maybe Stevie is the last hippie

in a tribute to "Sir Duke" and other jazzmen. Gil-Scott Heron's "The Bottle" gets refilled as "Black Man," a didactic all-colors history lesson with a good beat. "Confusion," one of *Life's* two instrumentals, is more than slightly indebted to Return To Forever; it has some heiola and 10/4 for complexity buffs. Most exciting, though, is Stevie's appropriation of salsa in "Another Star." With percolating timbales, guitar and flute, and one of those sing-it-forever la-la hooks, it moves like mad.

Holding it all together, naturally, is that Wondrous melodic sense, the kind that brands a ballad into your gray matter before you're ready. My pet theory is that the Perfect Stevie Wonder Song triggers memory synapses directly with clandestine-chromatic shifts. That's what makes "Summer Soft" my favorite among *Life's* love songs—it modulates upward at least five times. "Knocks Me Off My Feet,"



Wonderama: surely worth the wait

another pick, slips its chromaticism right into the verses.

Less tortuous chord progressions are fully within Stevie's prerogatives. "Ebony Eyes" is a bopping barrelhouser; "Pastime Paradise" is built on a circular four-chord pattern. "Isn't She Lovely" takes "Superstition's" triplet drums to Broadway—you can almost feel the chorus line kicks. The out choruses have more harmonica than Stevie's played in one place since "Fingertips."

Although many of the arrangements and a few of the tunes ("Ordinary Pain," most noticeably) hearken back to Wonder's past, *Songs in the Key of Life* has low proportions of filler, especially for 1¾ hours of music. For more than two years of waiting, Stevie has traded over two full albums of good music. His duty—his Top Ten moral mandate—is our pleasure. ■

CHATEAUBRIAND AND COLLARD GREENS

by Len Lyons

MONTREUX III

Bill Evans
Fantasy (F-9510)

YOUR MIND IS ON VACATION

Mose Allison
Atlantic (SD-1691)

Don't be misled by size: intimate things come in big packages. A piano is as personal an instrument as the guitar, even if you can't sling one over your shoulder and hitchhike to the opposite coast with it. There's no better example of keyboard relativity than Bill Evans and Mose Allison, contemporaneous pianists who readily rally under the jazz banner, revere the classical composers, rarely toy with the electric imitations of their ax, but are in every creative respect dissimilar.

Evans lilts with the heady rhythm of a champagne high. Mose swings down and dirty like grandma on the outhouse door. Evan is delicate, intricate; he concertizes and appears to have prearranged every phrase and voicing (even when he hasn't). Mose uses the piano as roughhewn setting for his vocal probes into an ironic world. The music for "No Matter" (on his new album) was first played in the studio from lyrics that had been scribbled on a scrap of paper and stuffed into his wallet two years earlier. If Evans is uptown, Mose is downhome. They go together like an order of chateaubriand and mustard greens.

Evans' *Montreux III* (because it is his third from that festival) is a duo date with bassist Eddie Gomez, recorded live, according to Fantasy A&R Director Orrin Keepnews, "so it wouldn't be a simple sequel to *Intuition*," which was a studio duo recorded in '74. *Intuition* was a hard act to follow and even the self-critical Evans liked it. "I find myself putting it on at home," he said, "and I rarely play my own albums." Though Evans had emerged in the limelight as early as 1960

EVANS LILTS WITH THE RHYTHM OF A CHAMPAGNE HIGH

with the Miles Davis Quintet, this was another breakthrough.

Evans had once depicted himself as a painstaking architect at the keyboard, building dense, well-ordered structures. He was a draughtsman. He accepted critical adjectives like "pensive" and "reflective." Then his life changed. With a marriage, a new home, his first child (Evan Evans), he suddenly described himself as "happier than I have been," and the rigid walls bent and stretched into the more sensuous, expressive forms of a

Gaudi. The melodic lines became longer, stronger, more definite. If he once painted in pastels, he now used primary colors.

Montreux III (especially side two) is of that caliber, and Gomez, who has been with Evans ten years, deserves equal credit. His bass chimes on top and wails like a tamboura on the bottom with a resonance that makes the occasional Fender Rhodes riffs sound like they've escaped from a music box. In fact, the electric piano work is the only letdown after *Intuition*, for a simple technical reason. The Maestro phaser, which cancels frequencies in a more varied pattern than a normal filter, creates a swirling timbre that gives the Rhodes enough class to survive the natural sound of strings and wood. It added charm to *Intuition* and was missed on *Montreux III*, so in the future, Maestro, if you please. . . .

For Mose, this sort of textbook analysis gets tossed in the back seat of a '55 Chevy with a cracked windshield and buckled fender. He could spit in the eye of a blues scale, if you're thinking of flatted 3rds and 7ths. "I play curved notes, bent notes, and smashed notes," is the way he puts it, and next to Evans' precise touch, that's how they sound—just like the R&B style horn back-up Mose wrote for this session.

Your Mind, in fact, is his first recording in four years in consequence of an understanding he had with Atlantic. ("They didn't do anything for me, and I didn't do anything for them.") Nesuhi Ertegun promised to get behind this one, if Mose gave him something to get behind, so they agreed to give it a one-more-once, make it or break it (the contract, that is).

There are six new tunes on this album, four of them originals. "No Matter" and "What Do You Do After You Ruin Your Life" are Mose at his wry and ambivalent best. One line blows up a pretty balloon. The next one pops it. There's a laugh for every tear. Then sadly, he wraps ponderous lyrics in musical flamboyance on the unabashedly philosophical "Fires of Spring" ("No man can say/he's made the most of life . . . or what comes with dying") and "Perfect Moment" ("One such perfect moment/makes it all worthwhile"). Well, these are preludes to a theme he'll never have time to write, though they'd make magnificent introductions to something (like the complete works of Spinoza). Mose is best when he's biting at his subject, not gumming it to death.

Don't worry about his future with Atlantic, though—he doesn't. "I don't make anything on records, anyway," he claims, "until other people start recording my songs." (The Who, Leon Russell, Bonnie Raitt and John Mayall have obliged him so far.) No, Mose will always be found in the clubs, not on the charts. He is our wandering minstrel (but even he doesn't carry a piano on his back). ■

CHATTY PATTY: PISSIN' IN WAX

by Fred Schruers

RADIO ETHIOPIA

Patti Smith
Arista (AL 4097)

"It took her five years to bank the material that made that album," my skeptical and prescient friend had said, "What's she gonna do for the next one?"

Well—this is not an album you can throw on top of *Horses* and say, "That's what." But I certainly had my hopes up when she opened the record, in "Ask the Angels," with a shut-eyed, shivering croon. I'm not sure if that's really "Quaaludes!" she's hollering, but the way Lenny Kaye is splitting his pants in the break puts you more in mind of amyl nitrate. For a blessed three minutes, I thought that Aerosmith arranger/producer Jack Douglas was just the boy to install the group as punk paladins.

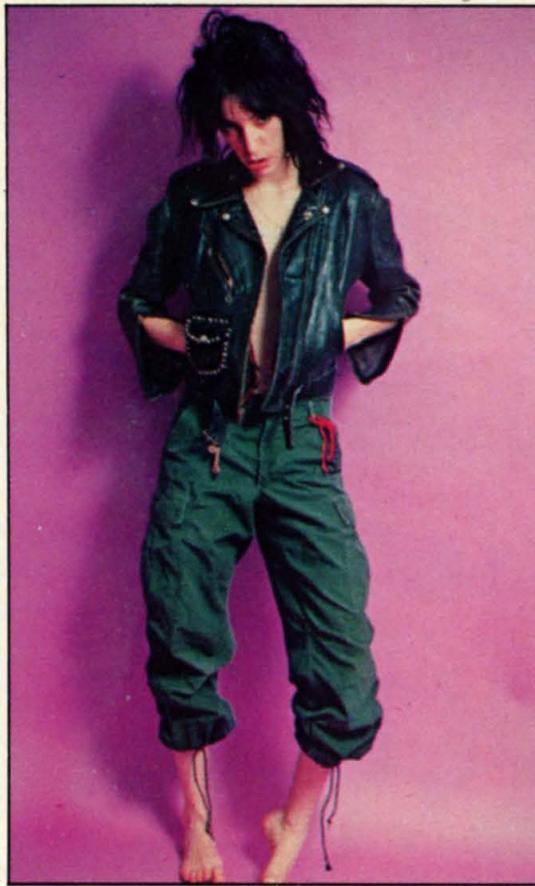
It doesn't take long for those sticky fingers (the opening chords are pure Keef) to turn gangrenous. Though "Ain't It Strange," a hypnotic Roxy tango with choruses that sway like a camel's butt, is inviting, Patti arrogantly swallows most of the words. "Poppies," which follows it, is even more obtuse. This makes the middle of the first side a long wait that is more bus station than Sartre. And Rimbaud, who the first album really could claim as a spiritual progenitor, is lost in mutters.

"Pissing in a River" is a love song, maybe, about fertilizer or a pantheistic God ("My bowels are empty . . . what more can I give you?"). Performed live, it could be terrific, cause Patti trails an echoing guitar and churchy organ into a pouting, whirling climax.

Not unlike Dylan's present phase, Patti's vocalizing on this album is foam-flecked, defiant, running and stumbling away from any accusation of rock 'n roll dilettantism. Such rabidity ain't needed; "Free Money," on the debut album, pummeled nicely under taut control.

Even more than Dylan, the Stones (early and late) are the Bible for Patti, and she's appropriated the self-indulgent rubberlippping and gasping funk that's marked them lately. Not too unlike the Glimmer Twins pounding their chests black and blue, Patti has put her ear to the imaginary ground of Ethiopia—where she and Keith will someday link arms and swap T-shirts with Bob Marley in Rastafari Eden. The circuits of white-on-black idolatry have seldom hummed so loud at such a level of celebrity.

The lazy reggae of "Redondo Beach" on *Horses* seemed ironic, and with the drowning therein twisted the bathetic Judy Records classic, "Endless Sleep," into a perfect vehicle for Patti's teary singing. But "Distant Fingers," a Carib-beanized number she wrote with then-



Patti: swapping t-shirts with Keith

boyfriend and Blue Oyster Cultman Allen Lanier, is oddly vacuous. (It didn't used to be so in performance—when, hearkening to the first widgeting chords, she would twitch and gaze up like a hound-dog watching a flutist.) Now, the Crystals-breathy vocal lacks both warmth and wonder. The band just chucks through the song on the way to "Radio Ethiopia."

And there are not many pockets of Babylon, not even in the ink-dark corridor that is CBGB's, ready for this caterwauling enlightenment. It's a 12-minute feedback venture that starts with a Led Zeppish riff and plunges into a cacophonous, multitracked, elephant-chasing-a-baby-carriage frenzy. Staccato, Stones leadlines move across cymbal showers and the cries of nailed strings as a dazed Patti wanders in to exhort the "people of Ethiopia." A really healthy reed man could blow his way through, but her voice is only a sometime presence in the song.

It's a cut that bespeaks an enthusiasm for breaking and twisting the rock forms that the side's opener, "Pumping (My Heart)," can't quite fulfill.

Still, the problem is not enfeeblement. It's material. What was a fist on *Horses* is now just stiff, waving fingers—except for "Ask the Angels," where she puts her tongue against her lower teeth and belts. She wrote, on the back of *Horses*, of "new risks etched forever in a cold system of wax." The risks on that album included displaying a crazy but cogent openness to emotion—not poppies, quaaludes, and plane trips to paradise. Pissing in a river is one thing; pissing in an ocean is an errand whose pleasures are solitary—and, perhaps, not risky enough to etch on wax. ■

MEANWHILE, DOWNTOWN

by Gene Sculatti

LIVE AT CBGB's

CBGB 315

This eagerly awaited double lp is liable to mean lots of things to a lot of different listeners. Outside of the Ramones album, it's the first glance most of us have had of the New York scene. Unfortunately, if N.Y.C. had to stake its rep as epicenter of the rock renaissance solely on this record, the city would be better off deferring to Boston or Cleveland.

For starters, at least three of the most-touted CBGB bands—Television, Talking Heads, Heartbreakers—aren't represented. Why? For another thing, of the bands present, the two best are either restricted to one cut (Miamis) or allowed to mix brazenly superior and inferior material (Tuff Darts). At best, this 16-cut program is a melange of largely unimpressive, occasionally good but rarely great performances by eight bands who happened to gig CBGB's three days last summer. Impressions:

Manster: Two cuts. "I'm Really Not This Way" sounds like a good idea, but the helium run-through of the Yardbirds' "Over, Under, Sideways, Down" is just plain silly.

Mink DeVille: Three cuts, each of which spins with moderate success in opposing directions. "Let Me Dream If I Want To" is sharp L. Reed mimicry, but the Stones and reggae rips suggest MDV ought to integrate its influences better.

Shirts: Comparisons to Airplane folk-rock are valid. Complex structures, baroque fills, a real knack for over-arranging, i.e., a perfect impression for impressionable record companies.

Tuff Darts: Better than Kiss. "Love of Rock and Roll" is a beaut of an anthem, "Head Over Heels" has all the right chords in place, and "Slash" is too obvious. Terrific lyrics throughout. All the potential to be a great band, but they sound like they need someone with an overview to toughen 'em up.

The Miamis: At 2:20 minutes, "We Deliver" weighs in as the best rock 'n roll on this album. Sounds like they cribbed the title from a liquor store sign; great, unaffected rock with primo piano, premier off-key vocals. I play this several times daily; it's like vitamins. Are they really this good? Sign them up.

Laughing Dogs: Two cuts. "I Need a Million" is melodyless hard rock, while "it Feels Alright" manages sounding like the Beatles, S. Dan and Sopwith Camel in 2:30 minutes.

Sun: An intense power trio here in 1976. Are they kidding?

Granted, *Live at CBGB's* is not all we might have hoped for. The question logically arises: will effective documentation of a scene as fast-moving as New York's ever be possible? ■

BRYAN'S PERFECT JESSE'S EXCELLENT SAMMY'S ... A JOKE

by Ed Naha

LET THE ROUGH SIDE DRAG

Jesse Winchester
Bearsville (BR 6964)

GOODNIGHT MRS. CALABASH

Ian Thomas Band
Chrysalis (CHR 1126)

SAMMY WALKER

Warners (BS 2961)

LET'S STICK TOGETHER

Bryan Ferry
Atlantic (SD 18187)

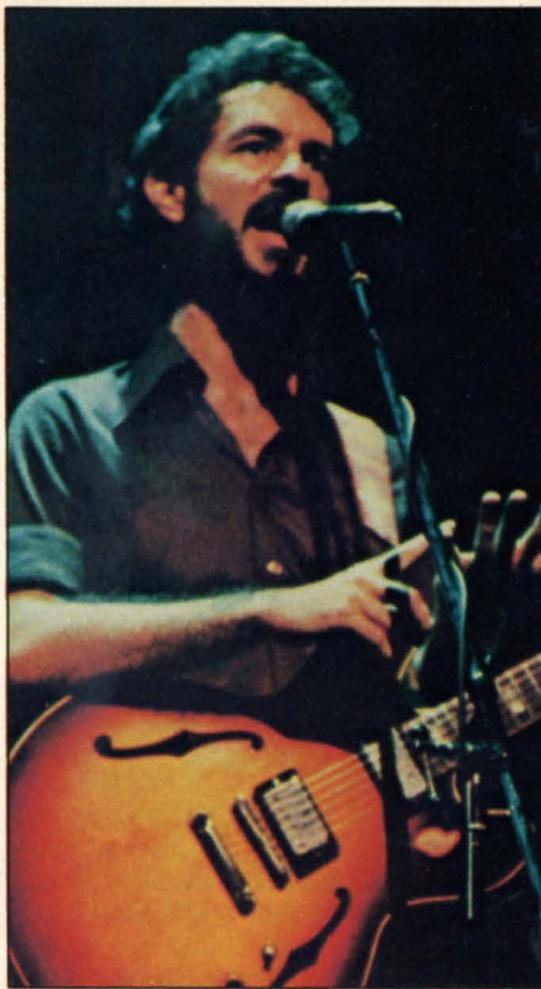
I have always had a tremendously morbid interest in singer/songwriters because I think they are all crazy. In a rock world teeming with nice sounding, riff-oriented, semi-saccharin success stories, singer/songwriters stand naked before the listener, armed only with stark melodies and word-clusters. They know not the banal safety of Orleans' "still dawn" droning hooks or the infectious guitar protection of "Honky Tonk Women." All they have is what's in their heads. And, sometimes, hearing that on record can be pretty scary or just plain dull.

One clever chap who has managed to avoid the gooey pretentiousness usually associated with "rock poetics" while retaining a wallop is lovable Bryan Ferry, Roxy Music's driving force and resident man of a thousand faces. On his third Atlantic solo outing, *Let's Stick Together*, Ferry proves that it is indeed possible to combine witty, sophisticated lyricism and haunting melodies without being produced by Richard Perry.

The album offers a batch of both Ferry-penned tunes (originally done with Roxy) and interpretations of semi-standards. Briefly, the unoriginals are nice but not great. Ferry is a good singer but he's no Don Ho. He's most interesting when performing his own material.

His songs ("Casanova," "Sea Breezes," "2 HB," "Re-make/Re-Model" and "Chance Meeting") are, in a word, perfect. The original Roxy arrangements have been fiddled with and muted, allowing both the lyrics and melodies to shine unbesmirched by rock theatrics. And Ferry's lyrics are something to listen to. With a twitch of his bow tie, he can vault from cynicism to total romantic despair. His "2 HB" is a stunning example of rambling imagery that adds up to a tribute to Humphrey Bogart.

If you get the impression that I place Bryan Ferry at the head of the class of contemporary songwriters, you're indeed correct. The way I figure it, anyone who can sing this sort of stuff while dancing around onstage in a Nazi uniform has got



Jesse Winchester: modern Grampa Walton to be special.

Another very special songwriting talent, more subdued in dress than Ferry, is rustic Jesse Winchester. Jesse is a low-keyed genius when it comes to painting vivid word pictures and a lot more people should be chanting his praises. The problem with Jesse's career dates back to the mid-'60s, when men were men and morons were sleeping in the White House. It was then that Winchester took a stand on the Vietnam war which led to a hasty exodus to Canada. Since it is currently against the law for political exiles to exercise any rights in the United States (like the right to go home and visit your

ANYONE WHO CAN
SING IN A NAZI
UNIFORM HAS GOT
TO BE SPECIAL

mother on her birthday), Jesse has kept a low U.S. profile.

His records, however, make his presence felt stateside in terms of sheer musical power. His newest Bearsville release, *Let the Rough Side Drag*, offers a host of lilting melodies warbled with charm. Winchester's compositions are exercises in straightforward simplicity. No big productions. No transcendental lyrics. Just the facts. Just the feelings. Like a Grampa Walton of rock, Winchester is wise to the ways of the world and wants to let all us younguns in on the trade secrets.

He's downright optimistic in the title tune ("Let the rough side drag/Let the

smooth side show/While you pull that load/Everywhere you go") and he's a wise, fatherly type in "Damned If You Do" ("There's an awful bunch of liars on the street/Who will tell you love's a pointless game to play/If you see one of these liars on the street/Better turn around and run the other way").

Jesse's music is simply ingratiating. He sprinkles friendly advice like it was rainwater and damned if most of it doesn't make a lot of sense. This album contains some of Jesse's best tunes, including the classic "Brand New Tennessee Waltz," which is simply one of the finest songs ever written. Period.

In terms of excellence, what Ferry is to the visually oriented avant-garde rock movement, Jesse Winchester is to the simple art of song weaving.

Moving from master craftsmen to apprentices we have Ian Thomas (Chrysalis) and Sammy Walker (Warners). The Ian Thomas Band's first stateside album, *Goodnight Mrs. Calabash*, is a pleasantly mindless excursion into derivative pop-rock with tons of America—vs.—Son-Of-Bread-isms tossed in for good measure. It's all good-natured fluff, well played and highly spirited. The most daring lyricism present concerns a kidnapped brat ("Where's Mary Jane?/My Mary Jane/Oh, Mary Jane/Mary Jane") in a tune called, oddly enough, "Mary Jane." The nicest bit of instrumentation occurs during the lead riff of "Don't Want To Love You" wherein the lead guitarist steals the opening licks from Thunderclap Newman's "Something In The Air." I have always loved Thunderclap Newman.

Another fella who's pleasant fluff is Sammy Walker, a plaid-shirted working-class hero who sings as if he's swallowed every early Bob Dylan record and now hopes to make a career out of spewing them forth on record a la Linda Blair in *The Exorcist*. This guy has got to be heard to be believed. Taken in the spirit of fun—you know, like rubber chickens, fly-in-the-ice-cube tricks and Shriners—this album is a nice little goof. Taken as seriously as Warners is touting it, one could have problems in the digestive track.

Walker writes pleasant melodies but his lyricism is right out of junior high Rock Poetry 101. While Sammy has the *feel* for words and knows the effect of their *sound*, he hasn't gotten the hang of *definitions* yet. "The shoes were worn out on my feet/The air was stiff with lies," he croons. Now, just try to picture that. While you're at it, how about "I chased him through the shadows as he faded down deep inside my mind." Uh-huh. And someone's left a cake out in the rain, I bet.

Like I said. I like singer/songwriters. I think they're all crazy. When they are good, they are very, very good. When they are bad they are sad cads, mad lads or just fads.

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BOLIN, SLICK, MONTROSE: WELL, YA HEARD ABOUT THE GUITAR STRANGLER?

by Bruce Malamut

PRIVATE EYES

Tommy Bolin
Columbia (PC 34329)

RAZOR SHARP

The Earl Slick Band
Capitol (ST 11570)

JUMP ON IT

Montrose
Warner Bros. (BS 2963)

The electric guitar survives another decade as cultural shaman, phallic porker. Stabs were taken at the throne by such lesser soldiers as the organ, electric piano, sax, synthesizer, even electric violin, but in the end them kids in Toledo still want that Stratocaster, shiney, compact, malicious. And up thru the rungs to stardom, the route taken toward Guitar Heroism has not altered very far either. What Jimmy Page, Jeff Beck and Jimi Hendrix went thru in the '60s Tommy Bolin, Earl Slick and Ronnie Montrose are going through now.

Not to equate these six respective talents. No, far from it. But, after a point, what does it matter that some are 2nd generation. I mean, what's the point in purism when there's so many hot little bastards contending for the throne. It's all just as fun to listen to, and besides who wants to keep reaching into the archives. It makes me feel pessimistic about modern times.

The only one of these guys with STAR written all over him is Tommy Bolin. The first time I heard him was many years ago sitting in Studio A at Electric Lady Studios watching Eddie Kramer produce the second album for a Denver-based unit called Zephyr. There was a guitar track overdub which craned my neck around like a flash of pure adrenochrome. I followed Bolin thru his shortlived gig with Billy Cobham, listening and relistening to the syncopated triplets riff that spearheaded "Quadrant 4" off Cobham's first solo album, *Spectrum*. I am hard-pressed to come up with a more energizing and brilliant *guitar riff* over the whole last decade. Bolin was recommended by Joe Walsh, himself, to fill the slot left empty by his departure from The James Gang. Now, the James was pretty puerile at that point and Bolin did his best to whip their ass within their own limitations. He did the same for Ritchie Blackmore when that particular brand of monster departed Deep Purple. But this was all biding time for Bolin's eventual solo emergence. His first solo album, *Teaser*, hinted at some of the transcendence realized on his new *Private Eyes*. Not only is it hot ax flash, but the players he's chosen are just as high. Check out

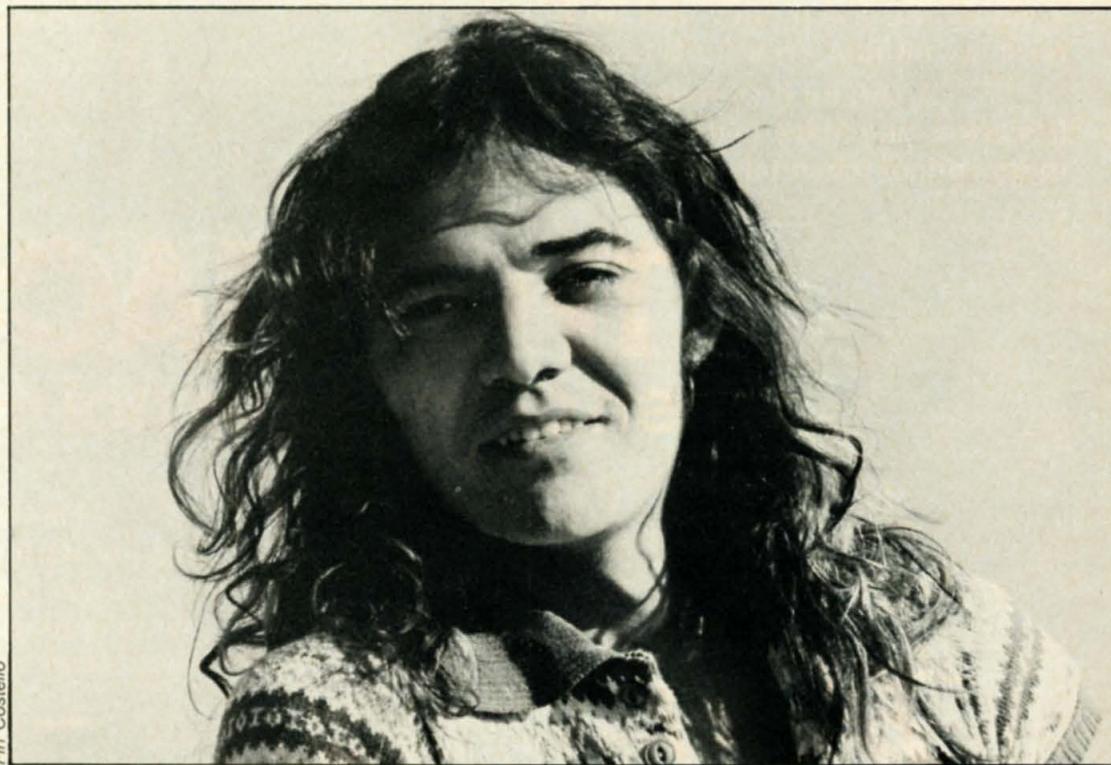
his Oriental/atonal, electrical storms meshing with Norma Jean Bell's (ex-Mothers) ass-kicking alto sax on such progressivist funk classics as "Bustin Out For Rosey" and "Shake the Devil." Bolin's sensibilities are jazz, his phrasing is too staggered and cross-rhythmic to compare him to rock. With Mark Stein (ex-Vanilla Fudge) on organ and one mutha of a muscular rhythm section in Bobbie Hall, Bobby Berge and Reggie McBride, I give *Private Eyes* ten stars for sophistication and eagerly look forward to anything this particular band serves forth in the future.

In contrast to Bolin's forward-looking

melodic too. The chime vamp is mighty double-take and the tune is interrupted into a mellow song segue a la Led Zep.

The same sorta anatomy holds for Ronnie Montrose's band except that Montrose is heavier pros at their particular form of power which is straight-out Zep contention, second only to Aerosmith in the genre.

Ronnie Montrose's chops are far more impressive than Slick's. On his route to Heroism, he stopped along the way with such luminaries as Herbie Hancock, Van Morrison and Edgar Winter. His influence on the latter's Frankenstein-period was particularly notable. *Jump On It* is his



Tommy Bolin: doin' that fonky-jazz thang

style-meld, both Earl Slick, former Bowie stage-stealer, and Ronnie Montrose (ex-Winter Bros. metal giant) have chosen safely-worked flashback paths. While Slick's first album was an undeniable turkey letdown after the sublime dissonances he'd given us on Bowie's *Station to Station*, the new *Razor Sharp* starts to approximate some of this Beck progeny's true potential. It's the sparcity of Free combined with the youthful inertia of mid-period James Gang. "Cheap Shot" contains some great raunch—Slick's atonal chording is perfectly irritating (that's good). "It's All Right" and "Leaving Town" are similarly simple and tough (in sharp contradistinction to Bolin's elegance). If you get past the embarrassingly macho pedomorphism of vocalist Jimmy Mack's lyrics ("Takin' care of business there's a glass stuck in my hand/Doesn't matter what I drink/I'm always in command"), there's some fairly hot power brutality. (And who cares about lyrics in this type of thing anyway? I never heard anyone cry over the lack of philosophical wisdom contained on *Fire & Water* or *Led Zep I* thru *V*.) The album title track, a fine teen anthem, is charging momentum and

fourth solo album and one could call it anything but cordial. It is aggression—unbridled, urgent, dense and throbbing. Far more mature than Slick's style of hard, Montrose is more a combination of Derringer (tune & ax-wise) and Blue Oyster Cult (texture-wise). Ronnie M is truly a superior menacing guitarist (solo on "Crazy For You" & background power-chording like a harpsichord are right up there) and, as tasty power bands are few and far between, ones with class, style, tightness and flair, are a pretty hot commodity. Outside of Aerosmith, Montrose is probably #2 on the American Totem. His guitar cuts across hard rock riffing boundaries into some of the light and some of the jazz, all the time steering clear of safe waters. Montrose takes chances (when his theramin is on alert, look out Lothar!) and where there is high risk there is high return.

As for who gets the Pinto in the Herostakes, your guess is as good as mine. This, only the future knows. Whatever, I give ya even money that GUITAR AS TOTEM will be around in 1987 as it will have been for 30 years prior to that. And that's what I call the substantiation of one culture's folk instrument. ■

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LUMBERJACKS AREN'T SISSIES -- ASK BTO

by Bart Testa

2112

Rush
Mercury (SRM-1-1079)

THE WHOLE WORLD'S GONE CRAZY

April Wine
Aquarius (AQR 510)

THE GIST OF THE GEMINI

Gino Vannelli
A&M (SP 4596)

ECLIPSE

CBS (FS 90340)

BEST OF BTO (SO FAR)

Bachman-Turner Overdrive
Mercury (SRM-1-1101)

"The trouble is that Canadian bands don't have a specific image. If you go by the two most popular bands Canada has produced so far, you'd have to say they look fat. The guys in the Guess Who and Bachman-Turner Overdrive are mostly overweight. Disgusting image."

That's someone named Bruce Appleby talking to music critic Jack Batten on the pages of Canada's favorite culture magazine, *Saturday Night*, and it sums up what insiders imagine to be the Big Problem with Canadian

rock 'n roll. Appleby is a partner, with a woman named Gurteen, in IMAGICIAN, a company bent on turning normal plug-ugly Canadian rock musicians into slender, slick candidates for spreads in *After Dark*. Even though their approach went out of style with early '70s glitter, Appleby and Gurteen are gaining the kind of intra-industry authority that comes with magazine spreads in which their high-gloss mouths hang open.

The average hard-drinking Canadian rock fan will still prefer to spend their nights with a knowledgeable, workmanlike, and very tight band like Cueball instead of being abused and bored by such glamoreens as Carol Pope and her toneless Rough Trade. The fact is that Carol Pope's leather-queen moves have still not got her out of imitation vinyl, even if her "image" is somewhat more "advanced" than Randy Bachman's side-of-beef persona or David Clayton's role as the balding beerhall brawler.

Nevertheless, what Canadian fans think is of little importance to the industry hot-shots who spend the day on the phone to L.A. trying to drum up some export action. Canada is just a "test market," and a controlled one, since the radio stations have to play 30% Canadian content by federal law. April Wine and Rush can take the

whole nation by storm, which they did, and all it means is that they made it through the practice run, and are now ready to move in on Bachman-Turner Overdrive's American turf. Cultural nationalism is a big thing in Canada, but in rock 'n roll it merely signifies a chance to create another kind of export product. So, if most Canadian rock sounds like cynically retreaded American and British rock, without even the dialectical element that has these two feeding off each other, it is because Canadian rock is dictated by marketing strategies.

And that's why you have to give credit to Randy Bachman, the man who actually made his marketing strategy the obsessive subject of his songwriting. Even though BTO's albums are glutted with gruesome filler, sloppily cannibalized from Duane Allman, Lou Reed, Jimi Hendrix, Mott and Lenny Breau, the band's far more concise singles have found their own ideological level with perfect accuracy. If, at 22, you face a lifetime of thumbing rating manuals in the office of some insurance company, a paean to self-employment like "Taking Care of Business" really speaks to you. It also speaks to Randy Bachman's situation as the leader of the band-with-briefcases. And, in the midst of our continental drift towards

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including:
Silver Stallion/We Had It All/Clocks And Spoons
Good Time (Oh, How I'd Move You)
I'll Still Be Loving You



mega-corporate socialism, BTO's family-owned big biz "for export" rock 'n roll is almost a high romanticism, and one in which Randy Bachman has even had his own apotheosis—announcing BTO, like the Beatles, would no longer tour.

Which brings us to the new major threats, Rush, April Wine and Gino Vannelli, all of whom are racing neck-and-neck for a big stateside breakthrough. These are not, by any means, their first albums, but they are whachyacall "mature" efforts at achieving the full and identifiable "sounds" that had them barnstorming across Canada in '76.

Rush's *2112* is a rock-opera equivalent to *Logan's Run*, and about as interesting. Rush don't exactly play rock 'n roll anymore, which may be wise after the slapdash heavy metal of *They Fly By Night*. Rather, they inflict rock-like spasms to punctuate Geddy Lee's mewling recitations of his ponderous Ayn Rand sci-fi prose. Even though Rush have at last graduated from mindless power-trio plodding to technoid forensics, *2112* is still just lousy reruns of third-rate David Bowie.

Very different is April Wine, a tough amalgam of rockers from the straight-ahead school headed up by vocalist Myles Goodwyn, who may very well be his generation's Burton Cummings. Goodwyn can scream bloody murder on key and still handle a ballad as sweetly as milk. Although organized a bit too diligently around a few surefire moves they have evolved over the last five years, April Wine is magnificent at the grand blitz. So much so that their smokebomb theatrics in concert are superfluous. The only problem with this tight and punchy *The Whole World's Gone Crazy* is that the guitars often sound like they were recorded underwater.

Of all the Canadians running around the American landscape this season, Gino Vannelli is the one most touted to become the Big One—presumably on the old showbiz principle that no one has ever lost a penny underestimating the taste of the American public. In the case of Vannelli, though, one can still hope, I hope.

The Gist of the Gemini has to be the most overblown, oily and relentlessly vulgar album ever recorded. Is this the white man's burden—to reek this kind of revenge on poor old Barry White? Basically, what Vannelli does is to treat a vast array of synthesizers like they were a low-budget orchestra laboring through the soundtrack of that great Italian "spear 'n sandal" epic, *Hercules Bites Hephaestus on the Leg*.

Working within his horrific musical context, Vannelli has built a sexual persona that somehow manages a grotesque union of Tony Bennett and

Mark Farner. It was no wonder that his band quit shortly after *Gist* was recorded, even though Vannelli's father threatened to have them "taken care of."

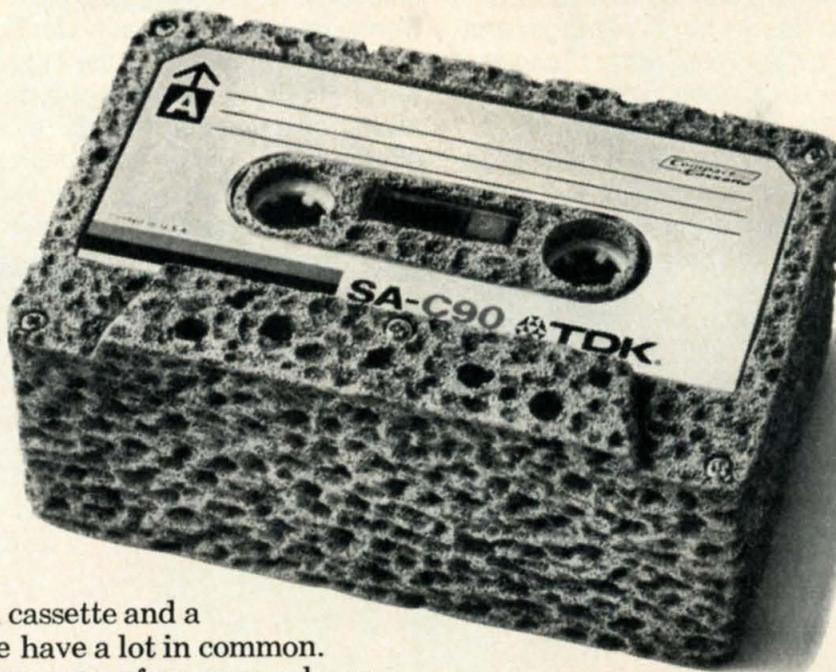
Completely peripheral to these performers are a whole army of French-Canadian groups. These bands, incidentally, sell three times as many records in the single province of Quebec as all the English Canadian bands do in the whole of the rest of the country. Yet French rock 'n roll is one of the better kept secrets of the continent. Harmonium, Les Porches, Michael Pagliaro and many others are major artists among the French Canadians, who are demanding, maniacal rock fans. Most of these French groups are heavily

influenced by Pink Floyd, Procol Harum, King Crimson and more eccentric characters, like John Cale and Kevin Ayers.

Eclipse is no exception. This, their debut album, directs itself toward creating the spacious aural landscaping Floyd is famous for. But there's a difference in that when the vocals come, the French beautifully enhance the poetic, floating sensation. It's very exquisite, and a little sad, but probably closer to what Pink Floyd *et al* strive for in terms of a "poetic" meditation because it hasn't the British bands' bitter ironies.

Eclipse is a great place to start in on a huge corpus of albums in this genre. By the way, French Canadian bands don't even have "image." ■

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SESSION SOLOS: THE TRACKS OF THEIR TEARS

by Alan Goodman

ELEMENTARY

Wah Wah Watson
Columbia (PC 34328)

SOLID

Michael Henderson
Buddah (BDS 5662)

STUFF

Just Sunshine (BS 2968)

WE CAN'T GO ON MEETING LIKE THIS

Hummingbird
A&M (SP4595)

Good session musicians—the really good ones—will leave their inimitable fingerprints on every tune they touch. But with the variety of material these artists of the alias may be called to help produce, the mood may often call for them to work in gloves. Although the best musicians many times deserve most of the credit for the music that results—good as well as bad—the job, by its nature, requires that they shed their identities at the studio door. The high pay that the best of the bunch commands can be one form of compensation for the hours of burger and bubblegum jingles. The session society really kicks when a leader's music is good enough for the hired hands to make it better. A musician's life can be well filled with small, grand moments when the unexpected galvanizes a simple chord chart

into a direct line to the mind.

Careful listeners know their favorites, even when names don't appear on an album jacket. But as is shown by a recent crop of studio standouts, standing on their own feats, surprises can accompany a maiden voyage. Take Wah Wah Watson and his new disc, *Elementary*. Wah Wah supplied the guitar chunkas on most of your favorite Motown records from the late '60s, and worked more extensively only after the company moved to L.A. The biography Columbia Records supplied me lists his credits on four single-spaced pages and includes, in addition to the Motown sessions, albums with Barry White, the Pointer Sisters, Labelle, and the Sylvers' "Boogie Fever."

He began playing with Herbie Hancock on the *Man-Child* album, and receives co-author credit for five of the cuts on Herbie's new lp, *Secrets*. Since Wah Wah coproduced *Elementary*, one could expect him to let loose, soloing to his heart's content. I was expecting something with more of the density—sometimes of molten metal, otherwise of a cool mountain pool—that *Secrets* delivers. But Wah Wah is no soloist, and he wisely confines himself to establishing the nearly hidden, electronic rattling that gave him his name. Sometimes the approach works, but not always. The songs are the length of pop tunes, many of them with soft, soul vocals and a few encourage me to return to this album in the future, but I believe Wah Wah's desire to show us how versatile he is does more harm than good.

Another musician who uses variety more successfully (within the context of pop/soul, that is) is bass player Michael Henderson. His studio work in Detroit, which includes the Supremes, Temps, Tops and Jacksons, probably overlaps considerably with Watson's. He worked for years with Stevie Wonder and Aretha Franklin, and spent the last five years with Miles Davis. But for his first album, *Solid*, Henderson leaves Miles behind and presents an array that recalls his writing for Norman Connors and the Dramatics. He is a fine vocalist, and most of the songs are pleasant, if not always substantial. Best by far is the Pointer Sisters inspired "Make Me Feel Better," but he likewise anchors "You Haven't Made it to the Top" with a grave, yet buoyant, weight. The near-misses are by no means discouraging, for they are decidedly out-numbered.

Stuff, an album by some of the best session men who ever logged hours with the musician's union, contrasts sharply with the other albums here, and with all reports of live dates by the group. The musicians succumb to the ultimate studio problem: *Stuff* is stiff, unrelentingly dull. From Cornell Dupree and Eric Gale (both on guitars), Steve Gadd (drums), Richard Tee (organ), and Gordon Edwards (bass), one expects more than somebody else's basic tracks. I kept waiting to hear what would follow the introduction, but it was all introduction. Even as basics they fail; the groove throughout the album cuts deep, but little grows from the sound. I hate to rake and wring even this much—I respect these guys, and just wish I knew what they were trying to do.

Since I haven't heard Hummingbird's first album on A&M, I don't know what they sounded like B.P.—Before Purdie. But Bernard Purdie is a large measure of why this band works so well. Purdie is an alumnus (along with Dupree and Tee) of Atlantic sessions that date back to Aretha's earliest work, and he is a studio drummer who can work six days a week if he wants to. He supports fine, funky writing by bass player Clive Chaman, guitarist/vocalist Bobby Tench, and pianist Max Middleton, all three former members of The Jeff Beck Group. Guitarist Bernie Holland (from Pure Chance and Georgie Fame) contributes a couple of tunes that bear a striking resemblance to the songs of Full Moon, another band of session players from a few years ago.

But Purdie's attempt at a solo career a while back was less successful. Like many other studio groups that tried to open the door a crack—Full Moon, Dreams, the Section—Purdie's band couldn't last. Maybe he failed because of an excess of opportunity and not enough self-restraint. For studio musicians out in the spotlight with all those chops, the problem may be in learning how to bite. ■



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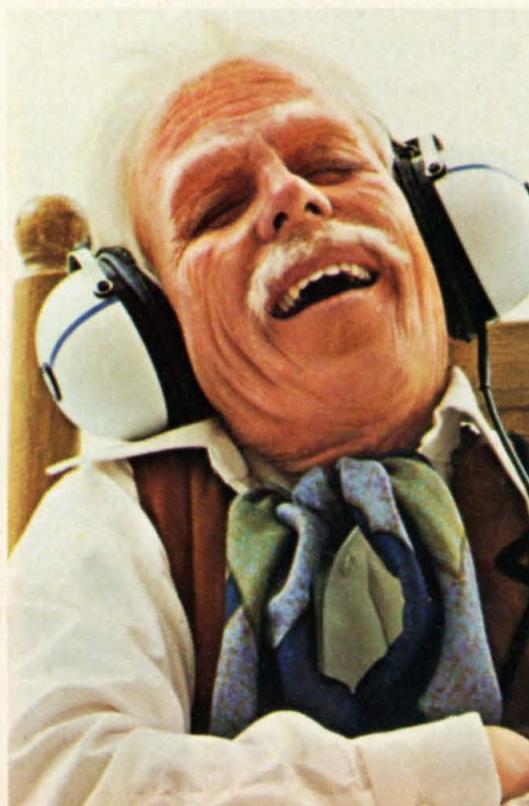
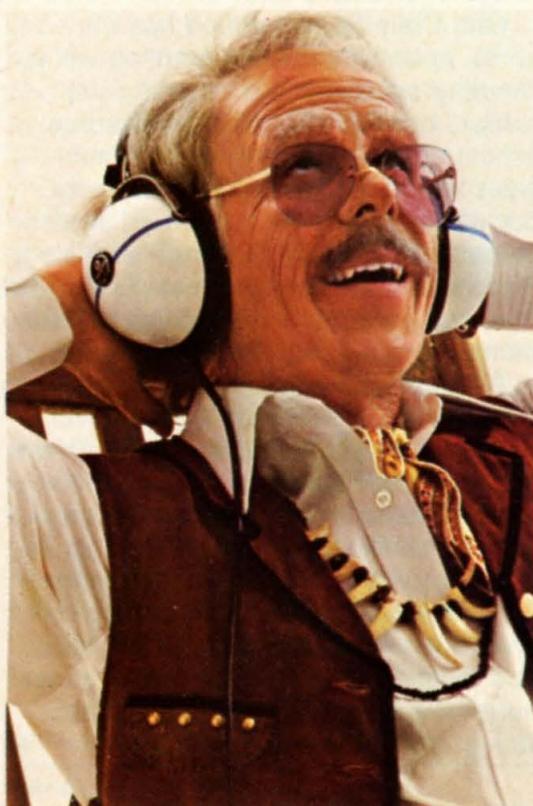
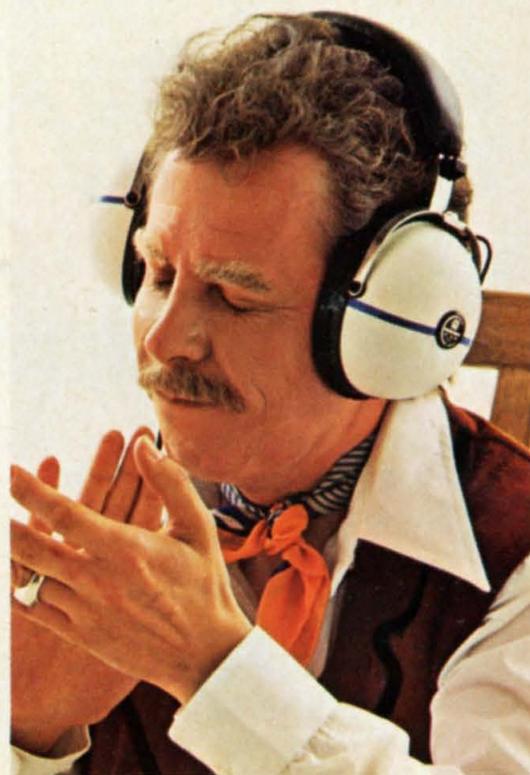
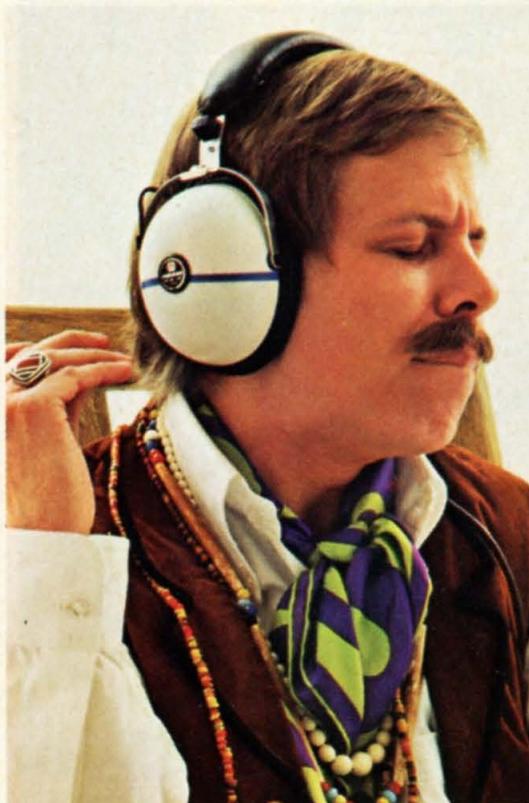
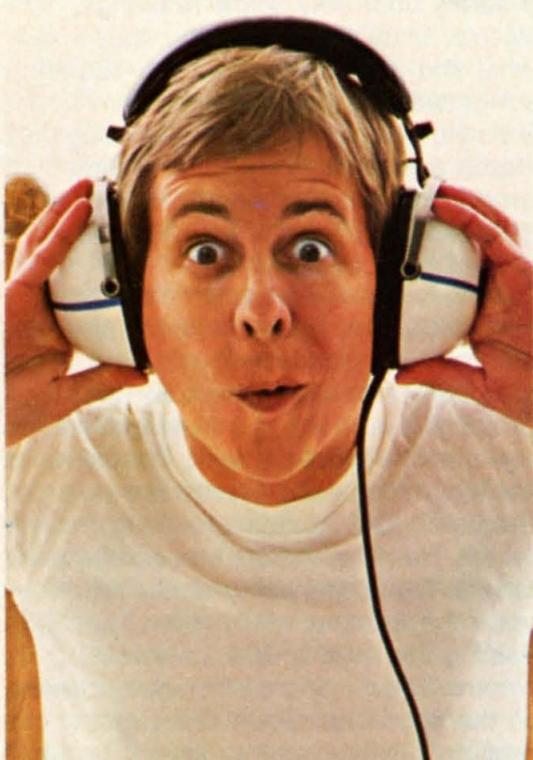
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SINGIN' IN THE SOAPS

by Mike Rogers

TONIGHT! AT THE CAPRI LOUNGE

Loretta Haggars (Mary Kay Place)
Columbia (PC 34353)

While *Tonight! At The Capri Lounge* won't bowl you over, it is a good initial effort. The problem here is that Mary Kay Place (Loretta Haggars on *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*), lacks a distinct musical identity. Her material, informed by Emmylou Harris, Dolly Parton and "Loretta Haggars," makes one wonder if she's singing with too much soap.

Mary Kay's debut album is successful only when she hangs Haggars out to dry. The evangelistic pollyanna shouts it out on "Baby Boy" and "Vitamin L"—songs from the TV show—and "Settin' the Woods On Fire," an old Hank Williams tune. Although these novelties are at first entertaining, they lose their potency after only a few listenings. Wisely, Mary Kay stems the tide, and what she gives us instead are country songs washed in the Brian Ahern-Emmylou Harris machine. By using Harris and her Hot Band, and the production talent of Ahern, Mary Kay gets excellent accompaniment, plus a proven compatible format.

However, because few production alterations have been made, the arrangements sound hand-me-down, and Place too often comes across as a Harris protege. It is in this third-generation role that she functions best. For example, the album's finest moment, the Louvin Brothers' "Get Acquainted Waltz," recalls Harris' previous Louvin interpretations. But if Mary Kay doesn't improve upon the formula, she makes it work, spicing the melody with powerful, emotive vocals. She is similarly appealing on the churning "Good Old Country Baptizin'," which mirrors Harris' upbeat songs in structure and feeling.

Like Dolly Parton, Place has the ability to convey intense emotion without seeming contrived. Vocally they are similar, but Place's fresh, wholesome, almost amateurish manner communicates an added measure of sincerity. For instance, on "All I Can Do," which compares favorably to Parton's version, Place alternates between easy, liquid lines and choppy, recitation-like phrases, winning one's sympathies immediately.

Although Place gutterballs two songs, "Coke and Chips" and "Gold In The Ground," she redeems herself with "Have A Little Talk With Jesus," which faithfully recreates the vigorous, liberating spirit of black gospel.

If Mary Kay Place is appealing on *Tonight! At The Capri Lounge*, she is also protean, changing styles as easily as Officer Dennis Foley changes lovers. But perhaps that's just because she's young and restless. ■

BIRDMAN OF MALAWI

by Rob Patterson

TONY BIRD

Columbia (PC 34324)



Stephanie Chernikowski

Tony Bird may be the first white musical artist to incorporate African rhythms, instrumentation and consciousness into the modern popular form. Yet unlike other musical archivists and expeditionaries (such as Ry Cooder, Van Dyke Parks and Geoff Muldaur), his feel for the style is firsthand. Bird was raised in Malawi, Africa.

As he said, "I wanted to do the album with a more African feel than I did. I felt it was the chance to do something new. I'd loved to have used a pennywhistle much more, but it's very hard to find a pennywhistle player in London." A certain degree of compromise exists; as Bird says, "The album in many ways fails to present me totally—there's a lot of different things going on." But today's loss is the future's promise.

His African heritage and feel are exhibited best on three cuts. "Song of the Long Grass" and "Windows of My Life"—both imbued with a latent African feel and lyrical poetry—range from *almost* African C&W to Jamaican reggae. The African influence is strongest on "Rift Valley," a musical travelogue of Malawi. The song reveals a rhythmic base of rarefied Zulu and Bantu percussive music layered over a variant of South African folk music.

The album's stunner is "Athlone Incident," a true tale of being stranded in a black South African town at night-fall. A chilling African jazz-rock feel underscores Bird's indictment of *apartheid*—"the law that breeds a man of bitter hate."

This is really the first time a comparison of a new artist with Bob Dylan, if taken in context, is appropriate. They share a vocal uniqueness and poetic quality as well as the same producer (Tom Wilson). Dylan grew into a political, social and musical chronicler of America: Tony's immense talents will most likely develop similarly in the African mode, for his "heart will always be there in that Rift Valley land."

ROBBIN PLAYS IT SOFT

by Scott Isler

ROBBIN THOMPSON

Nemperor (NE 440)

Robbin Thompson, a former associate of the late Bruce Springsteen (he was in the Steel Mill Band, remember them?), won this year's American Song Festival contest and was subsequently gobbled up by Nemperor Records. To judge from his debut album, however, Thompson is no Springsteen (let alone Dylan) when it comes to writing; how about Jackson Browne in two dimensions?

It's pretty much idling-tempo all the

way as Robbin's pleasant if undistinguished tenor sings of hitchhiking, love, loneliness and existential boredom. The music ranges from mid-funk to urban country, but always stays safely on the soft shoulder of the proverbial road. "Another Cup of Coffee and a Cigarette" is a loneliness-of-the-long-distance-trucker saga noticeable for its (intentional?) pathos; the narrator's father, also a trucker, is killed in the line of duty. "Another Day, Another Dollar" (a protest of some sort) is, structurally and dynamically, the most interesting song of the lot, displaying the hoarse shout Thompson can rise to when provoked. ■

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CAPSULE REVIEWS

SPIRIT

Earth, Wind, and Fire
Columbia (PC 34241)

Spirit is a brilliant record, an amazing fusion of melodic and harmonic intricacies, lyrics with a decidedly spiritual tone, and beautiful vocals with totally irresistible rhythms. The result is great dance music with some substance behind the funk. Yes, there is an alternative to a bunch of mechanized frauleins phonetically intoning, "GAD OPP END BOOO-GEE!" E, W & F play and sing with such conviction, love and joy, that the guys who crank out the majority of current disco "products" would surely be ashamed of themselves, if they had any shame.

It's hard to single out individual cuts for praise so uniformly excellent is the album. "Getaway," the first single to be released, is a surefire hit, and "Saturday Nite" seems an opt choice for a follow-up. Both are incredibly infectious funk tunes. On the slower side, there's the title tune; a song called "Earth, Wind & Fire"; and "Imagination," one of several tracks featuring Philip Bailey's astounding voice.

The production, by E,W&F leader Maurice White and the late Charles Stepney (to whom the album is dedicated), is among the best I've ever heard. No matter how much is going on—in terms of melodies, counterpoint, string and horn parts, backing vocals, and percussive undercurrents—the sound never seems cluttered. Each part seems to exist on a plane all its own, each an integral part of a rich three-dimensional texture. Stepney was also responsible for most of the beautiful arrangements. He will be sorely missed.

Very simply stated, I haven't stopped smiling since I put this record on. The cosmic thrust of the lyrics is so obviously heartfelt that it never feels contrived or strained. With all their instrumental finesse and sophisticated production, E,W&F have managed to retain an essential innocence in their outlook, and that is what makes their music so unique and fresh. In comparison to the group's already excellent body of work, *Spirit* can be viewed as an album of subtle refinements in production and execution. There is no giant stylistic leap forward from the groove established on *That's the Way of the World* and *Gratitude*, but no such leap was warranted; a groove isn't necessarily the same thing as a rut.

(Gary Lambert)

SCHOOL DAYS

Stanley Clarke
Nemperor (NE 439)

Stanley Clarke is a great bass player even if he is a Scientologist; his involvement in defining Fusion (so-called) Music as a genre has been overwhelming. He is the Fusion bassist. What's more, in a recent *Craw* feature, he asserted that his solo work has avoided the frenetic excesses of jazz-rock. What's most intriguing is that "Life Is a Game," written by head Scientologizer, L. Ron Hubbard, is the only song on *School Days* that don't make it. It is the only "formal" New Electric Music piece here—the old frenzy; and although I acknowledge that mood and atmosphere as part of life, I strongly resent it. Maybe that's the point—you're not supposed to like the NEM. And, as with Existential Modern World Art, that which mirrors life doesn't necessarily make it comfier.

Inversely, I can't help but be spiritually attracted to music like "Desert Song," a sort of devotional quiet trio. Clarke's acoustic Oriental lines softly bed McLaughlin's sterling acoustic work and Milt Holland's landscape of percussion. The total effect sorta pulls the plug on HAL.

"Quiet Afternoon" is a nice little number showcasing Clarke on "piccolo bass guitar with instant flanger" (Kramer invented it for Hendrix a decade ago). Stanley's harmonix on the title track are fantastic—nothing like electric bass! The tune feels far away and sad; so subtle that when Clarke's sharply picked Fender rails against Ray Gomez' screaming guitar, it comes as an unexpected pleasure. "The Dancer" is Africana exotica with Holland doing a conga line in the background. It's all quite colorful, enhanced by Dave Sancious' mini-Moog melodicism.

Tunes like "The Dancer" will outlive all the soloing, no matter how inspired (including Stanley's one excess, the tedious bass exercise on the title track). There's a three-minute corker on Side Two called "Hot Fun" and if this don't make it as a novelty funk single, there is no jazz-rock justice left. All Fusion Music should take it so easy and yet have such a good time . . .

(Bruce Malamut)

CUPID'S ARROW

David Blue
Asylum (7E-1077)

THE YEAR OF THE CAT

Al Stewart
Janus (JXS-7022)

These relatively anonymous singer-songwriter-storytellers have both rendered seven lps, within the folk and rock idioms and both possess savory vocal styles; yet while David Blue is overwrought from romantic obsession and rejection (very Joni Mitchell), Al Stewart

is suspended in limbo between his past and present. Do the Malaise—and both flaunt it well.

Cupid's Arrow for the most part benefits from Barry Goldberg's melodically attractive production and features ace session men (Jesse Ed Davis, David Lindley). Despite its sometimes strained vision, the lp contains some of Blue's best songs; scattered scenarios in Santa Fe, Little Italy, country bars and tenelements. Where the biting production of last year's conceptual *Com'n Back For More* at times conveyed Blue's angry self-resignation (great plot: his woman split to become a Hollywood fag hag), this lp's dreamy instrumentation undercuts the love-lost depression implied by the lyrics (take "Cordelia"). But on the romantically optimistic title track and C&W-spiced "Run, Run, Run," the music and lyrics click nicely. What saves Blue from sappiness—what even gives his optimism a weird edge—is his voice, a cross between Leonard Cohen's mournfulness and Bryan Ferry's detachment.

Although only three of *The Year of the Cat's* nine songs match the emotional resonance of Al Stewart's last lp, *Modern Times*, this weakness is largely masked by Alan Parson's knowledgeable production. The sound is crisp and accessible—call it Fairport Convention-reaches-Abbey Road—and no song exceeds 6:40. One of Stewart's virtues is his ability to juggle his own discontent with historical metaphor. "Lord Grenville" and "On the Border," both about early Spain at war, are interspersed with lyrics that transmit the traumas of being caught between child - and adulthood, familiarity and uncertainty. Though Side Two's artsy songs lack memorable characterizations and settings, and his sweet vocals are a bit arch, *Cat* indicates that Stewart's got his vision together.

(Mitchell Schneider)

BIG TOWNE, 2061

Paris
Capitol (ST-11560)

BOSTON

Epic (PE 34188)

A tale of two cities . . .

A not-so-powerful trio composed of refugees from Fleetwood Mac, Jethro Tull and Todd Rundgren, Paris' second album is centered around Bob Welch's visions of life 85 years in the future. But after listening to this aimless melange of tinny guitar riffs, pseudo-spacy synthesizer swirls and pedestrian drumming capped by echo-laden production to properly capture that "futuristic" feel, the question that comes to mind is whether there will be life in 2061. "Pale Horse, Pale Rider" and "Heart of Stone" retain some semblance of vitality and

melodic cohesion but most of Welch's songs are so listless and unfocused that slapping on The Ramones after *Big Towne* is highly recommended as a counterbalance.

Energy is no problem for Boston, a five-man band masterminded by MIT grad Tom Scholz. Their impressive debut album is insistently up-tempo, with traces of Mountain, Queen, the Doobies and simple fusions of rock and classical themes periodically popping up in the arrangements. From the often mundane lyrics to the psychedelized cover art—I'd lay odds that Scholz is a devout trekkie—the entire album smacks of recycled late '60s hippie consciousness. But that ain't too bad given the chops this band has. Scholz's favorite technique is building songs from a simple acoustic 12-string backing: Brad Delp's high-pitched vocals lead to full-fledged metallic climaxes with shrieking solo and tandem lead guitars supporting massed vocal harmonies. The prime example is the single "More Than A Feeling," moving surely from a Byrds-styled opening to an inordinately catchy chorus out of the Joe Walsh songbook. If they can avoid becoming overly dependent on the acoustic-to-electric approach and start to synthesize their rather transparent debts to other groups into a distinctly individual style, Boston has the potential to become one of the best of the new wave of heavy bands.

(Don Snowden)

THE END OF THE BEGINNING

Richie Havens
A&M (SP 4598)

WISDOM

Ralph Graham
RCA (APL1 1918)

What a thrill to see Richie Havens with teeth! Just to know that his gruelly growl will at last be transmuted into vowels and consonants immediately promises a certain amount of pleasure. Fortunately, Havens has acquired more than bridgework. *The End of the Beginning* marks a point of departure from the endlessly rumbling guitar which was the beacon of his performing style. Havens remains an interpreter of excellent current songs, and now has enlarged his capacities with up to date production.

The End's "Faster Side," illustrates Havens taking greater strides away from the traps of his past. A hot-blooded roster of session players, including Steve Cropper, Booker T. James and Brian and Brenda Russell, encourage Havens to do more than repeatedly shout. Such toughies as Van Morrison's "Wild Night," Steely Dan's "Do it Again" and the Doobie Brothers' "Long Train Running" are molded by Havens' obvious confidence. The Dylan cover, this time, "If

Not for You," is *not* the most memorable tune on a Richie Havens album.

If any move is more challenging than striking an abrupt new direction, it's for a new singer-songwriter to debut with what could be considered a "concept" album. Ralph Graham has been writing and playing his intricate personal message songs for eight years, but *Wisdom* marks his first exposure to a large audience. Convincing listeners to "Feel the Love," "Smile" or "Live for Today," is not an easy thing to do in these cynical times, but Graham may win over skeptics by the most direct

route, the majesty of his voice.

Graham has done a lot of listening in eight years—there's a bit of Marvin Gaye, a taste of Lou Rawls, a shout from Sly and the smoothness of Stevie Wonder. Graham's voice is a compelling meld that's more than it's parts. He sings about emotions—as he sings, his voice takes on that particular emotional trait.

Like Havens, another one of his influences, Graham may gain ready acceptance as one of the few black performers not marketed with specific R&B limitations. (Toby Goldstein)

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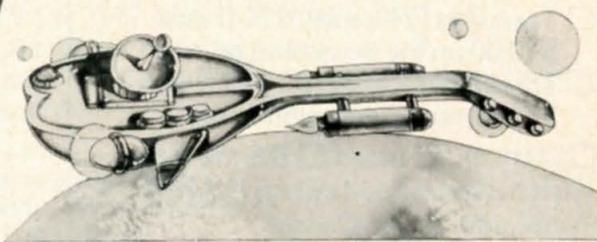


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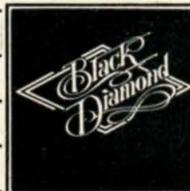
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Ted Nugent
Epic (PE 34121)

No matter how many craniums they may be capable of crushing with a single power chord, the one element separating a classy metal band from the dreck is the ability to swing. Meaning that ability to get the foot tapping and the hips moving in conjunction with the urge to smash your head—or the nearest available head—into the closest wall in lobotomized celebration. Ted Nugent's first Epic album, the one that transformed Detroit's foremost wild man from heartland hero to national star of the heavy guitar, swung like a mother. Even amidst the relentless onslaught of "Motor City Madhouse," Rob Grange's simple walking bass line up the scale at the end of each verse gave the song an entirely different dimension. Coupled with a production job that made the music sound like it was emanating from some violent void, that sense of swing made *Ted Nugent* one of the best heavy metal albums of all time.

Sadly, those qualities are almost totally absent on *Free-For-All*. Most of the tracks sound like out-takes from a West, Bruce & Laing session—fat Leslie dominating the proceedings with his Townshend imitation and Bruce content to lay back in a supporting role. But, ironically enough, the major problem

stems from being able to hear everyone in the band too clearly. Technically, the production is probably an advancement—a much livelier sound with each instrument distinctly separated in the mix—but at the expense of the distant, menacing aura that marked the first lp.

"Writing on the Wall" comes off as an unsuccessful attempt to duplicate "Stranglehold" and the rest of Ted's compositions are generally uninspired and plagued by a leaden rhythm section. "Together," a ballad given a reasonably restrained treatment, hangs together pretty well but only "Dog Eat Dog" and "I Love You So I Told You A Lie," with its direct references to "You Really Got Me" and "The Last Time," measure up to the manic standard of that first album.

(Don Snowden)

THE ROARING SILENCE

Manfred Mann's Earth Band
Warners (BS 2965)

Manfred Mann's Earth Band have attempted two incredibly ballsy cover versions on this, their empty-ninth album. The pair are as unlikely a duo as one could expect—Springsteen's "Blinded by the Light" and the traditional "Road to Babylon." For a group like the Earth Band, who've spent the bulk of their recent output degenerating into jazz-rock foolishness, to try such unlikely targets is

gall enough. For them to come up with unique, successful interpretations of both challenges one's appetite to *believe it or not*.

Thanks to the addition of yet another lead vocalist, Chris Thompson, and lead guitarist, Dave Flett, the Earth Band have pulled themselves away from cacophony and toward harmonic, mystical creations which come closer to the spirit of early Procol Harum than to any other Manfred Mann album.

Mann, himself, has altered his own keyboard playing to the band's new style. A ruffle through of "chopsticks" delicately evolves into an underlying theme in "Blinded by the Light." Springsteen's word jungle is stretched out, forced to calm down and then build in intensity over a seven-minute span. Vocalist Thompson never tries to outrhythm Bruce, preferring to sound each word crisply. The result is a lighter weight, yet enjoyable and certainly creditable version of such dangerous turf.

(Toby Goldstein)

BIG BEAT

Sparks
Col. (PC 34359)

From the cover (photos by Richard Avedon) and the new label (Columbia) all the way through to the music in the grooves, this album represents a consolidation of Sparks' considerable resources. Like Springsteen, Bowie and others

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before them, they have learned over the course of several albums to streamline their sound for optimum effect. *Big Beat* has done away with some of the superfluous baggage that Sparks carried on their previous outings, and Ron Mael, the composer of the group's material, has managed to economize without filtering out all the essential nutrients. Meanwhile, much to the delight of those who have been kept at arm's length from Sparks because of Russell Mael's ultrasonic falsetto (and to the dismay of those who were tickled by his high-register acrobatics), *Big Beat* finds Russell much more down to earth, both in terms of octave and number of words per minute.

Musically, Ron's consistently great song titles ("White Women," "Throw Her Away (And Get A New One)," "Everybody's Stupid") are backed up with good, hard rock 'n roll. Surprisingly straightforward in light of the excessive horns and strings on Sparks' last album, *Indiscreet*.

(Gary Kenton)

LONG MISTY DAYS

Robin Trower
Chrysalis (CHR 1107)

In my book, guitarist Robin Trower can do no wrong. His playing is flawless, his band beyond reproach, his albums cohesive excursions into joyous noise.



Long Misty Days is the latest celebration of rock 'n roll to come from the dynamic Trower trio with Robin's ethereal guitar style paving the way for a free-spirited onslaught of sound. There are no great modifications of the Trower formula of the past on this new release but, then again, it's hard to improve perfection. (I know that sounds pompous, but what the hell, this guy's good.)

The multilayered, droning sound of the Trower crew floats musically from style to style, effectively touching all bases. "Long Misty Days" fulfills the group's commitment to dirge-rock pioneered by "Hannah."

It's no secret Trower's dense guitar-slurping style was inspired by the late Jimi Hendrix. At present, their styles are quite dissimilar, although motivated by the same powerful sense of

freedom. If there is a message to be found on *Long Misty Days*, it lies in the essence of the music, the uniqueness. Robin Trower has finally surpassed his roots.

(Ed Naha)

CROSSWORDS

Larry Hosford
Shelter (SRL-52003)

The concept of this album provides a good excuse for a series of interrelated nouveau-country songs about lu-u-v. Our hero seems to be sitting in a local beer joint doing a crossword puzzle and puzzling over the cross words that have passed between him and his ladyfriend. Daydream-like, the songs reflect his sober meditation ("Why I Spend So Much Time in the Bars"), some drunken flirting ("If I Could Talk as Fast as I Think"), and his rapidly diminishing love affair ("Dirt Me," "She Went Home to Her Momma").

The idea works well enough to make you want to hear the album all the way through, even if some of the songs are only so-so. Hosford has a friendly, distinctive voice, and a clever way with words, almost a country Dan Hicks. His handy little backup band Fly by Night features Ann Hughes, who adds some purty harmonies that pleasantly recall Gram & Emmylou.

(Don Shewey)



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THE SHAPE THEY'RE IN: PLAYING PICK-UP WITH BOB AND THE BAND

by Timothy White

HARD RAIN

Bob Dylan
Columbia (PC 34349)

THE BEST OF THE BAND

The Band
Capitol (ST-11553)

"One day in the afternoon of the world, glum death will come and sit in you, and when you get up to walk, you will be as glum as death, but if you're lucky, this will only make the fun better and the love greater."

—William Saroyan, 1964

Sometimes the best way to take a breather is to let your head swim. Don't strain to block the whole troublesome slide show; just lean back and consider the panoramic flood of thought as it winds itself down.

Taken together, these two albums create the loose, kindly environment that stirs such notions, while contributing

and the latter—if meant to capture the thematic essence of a group that is one of the most perspicacious diviners of our culture since De Tocqueville—doesn't approximate its presumptuous title.

Still there are some vivid and even compelling constructions here.

The souped-up, unwary rendition of "Lay, Lady, Lay" on *Hard Rain* is comically shrill; I picture Dylan & Co. discussing a new way to approach the song, settling on this harsh tack because they enjoy the ragged force of their harmonies as they sideswipe each other. An imploring love ballad on *Nashville Skyline*, it here becomes something irreverent or foolish, or desperate, mocking, callous—take your pick.

As *Hard Rain* clearly demonstrates, the Rolling Thunder Revue was not the most competent of musical aggregations, although they frequently made up for it in originality and sheer verve. But all things considered, the concert documented here was hardly a high point of their extended tour. So why was this show preserved? Probably as a tie-in with the TV show, which was a specific one-shot.

The timing is strictly helter-skelter on "Maggie's Farm" and the drums on

charm of the textures it evinces. To attack this album from a technical standpoint is as fatuous as panning a pickup game of basketball.

My only criticisms of this frozen moment are the misleading solemnity of its title and the fact that this isn't being sold as a budget lp, in much the same way as—excuse the analogy—the Stones' *Jammin' With Edward*.

The plain truth is that Bob Dylan's public errands, however mundane, have become part of the great crazy quilt of our culture; e.g., *Hard Rain* possesses all the relative importance of a snapshot. And for all the high-minded bad-rapping the television special received, I've heard no judgment as astute and reality-based as Al Kooper's: "I'll bet the next day, every kid in Syracuse had a towel on his head."

The meaning is clear—you can't always divorce this music from the audience that reinvents it. And who understands this better than The Band? No songwriter except Dylan has spoken as eloquently as Robbie Robertson of the often-shadowy ties that bind us as a people. He and the rest of The Band have taken our lore, our schemes and our foibles, and distilled them into songs as unerring in their dark vision as are many of the works of Robert Frost and Sherwood Anderson. The power and finely crafted beauty of narratives like "Tears of Rage" and "It Makes No Difference" have been well-delineated elsewhere, but I would like to say that I believe they will endure.

What is perhaps The Band's greatest contribution is their instructive influence on our own life views, encouraging us to pay empathetic attention to human detail.

Their music has resensitized my American perspective, helping me to focus on so many poignant encounters I might otherwise not have regarded so thoughtfully. I hear their songs and I recall vignettes from my childhood, fulcrum experiences, privileged meetings.

Seldom has a group released so many albums (with the exception of *Rock Of Ages*) that have proved as cohesive and uniformly affecting as those of The Band. In this light, it would be tough to single out another record as utterly pointless—even ridiculous—as *The Best*. The only thing that recommends this motley collection is the disingenuous inclusion of a previously unreleased track, the superbly grim "Twilight."

With its upbeat beginning, one expects another "Cripple Creek," but the vocal quickly turns mournful, some subtle organ phrases contributing to the mounting gloom. It's a drunkard's nightmare, if I've ever heard one; a song/scenario that any lonely soul could tailor to fit his own predicament—but *not* the type of music that can be wiped away with a towel. ■



Bearing The Band's cross: ring in the old, wring out the towel

some very specific images of their own. As entertainment, they touch all the bases, being both ingratiating and caustic; burnished and lackluster; sedating and disquieting. As art, they frame the American sense of place with an emotional intensity as incisive as it is reckless.

On the surface, neither *Hard Rain* nor *The Best of The Band* is a very distinguished product. The former is sloppy and offhand in every conceivable way,

"Shelter from the Storm" sound as if they're sitting in six feet of water; still, the shared sense of fun shines through. It's Bob Dylan *live* and—wonder of wonders—there is no grandiose backdrop, no sense of mission, no Event being hatched. Many of the numbers feature tumblersome intros and abrupt endings complete with incredibly corny, tacked-on flourishes. And although the mix boasts all the bottom of a half-empty high school gymnasium, I love the casual

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