



This is Pam Hart, as seen by a computer. Look through her eyes & you'll see computers different, too. Stewart Brand on Spacwar: Page 50.

GRAND JURIES: FAREWELL TO THE FIFTH AMENDMENT

BY TIM FINDLEY

SAN FRANCISCO—He looked like anybody's old geography teacher shuffling up the dirt road on a sharp October morning in the Colorado foothills. He had on a formless sports jacket and tie that marked him as being out of place and was accompanied by the part-time postman and deputy sheriff of the rugged rural mountains behind Walsenberg, Colorado. The people from the commune stopped their chores and came out from the trees to form a silent circle around the two intruders and Rob-

ert Sussman, 29, interrupted his work at chopping wood for the winter and came down the road to meet the man.

"I have a subpoena for you to appear before a federal grand jury in San Francisco," the professorial FBI agent said to Sussman, then turned around and walked down the road.

The subpoena ordered Sussman to appear within four days in San Francisco, transportation and \$36-a-day living expense paid by the government. The half sheet of paper gave no indication of what or who it was about, but Sussman took it stoically, giving his son, Moon, a playful ruck on the head and heading

back to the house to pack.

The same scene was being repeated at a commune in Oregon; in a Public Health Service Hospital in San Juan, Puerto Rico; outside a post office in Eugene; in an electronics firm in Minneapolis; at a Sunset District house in San Francisco.

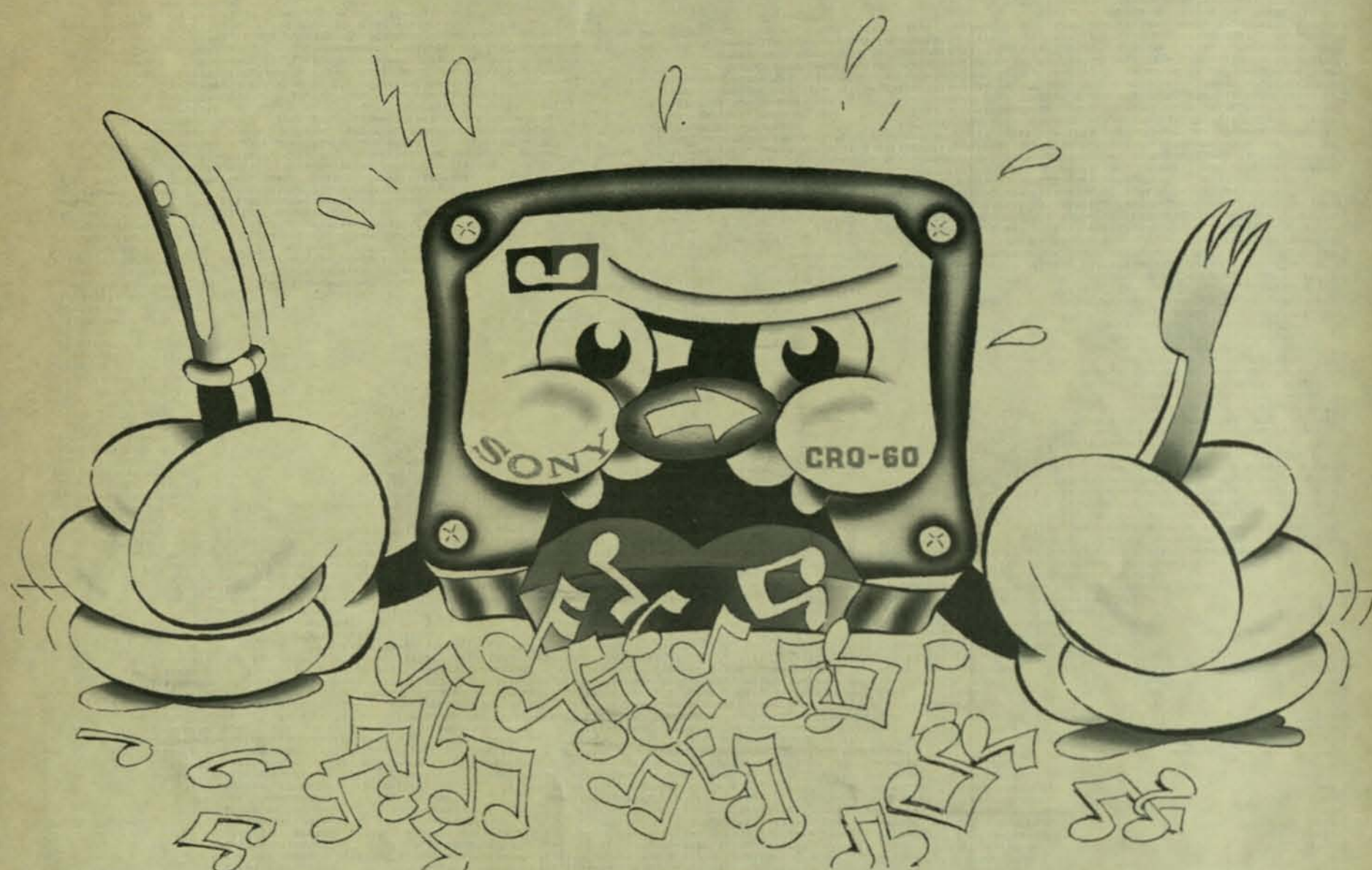
In all, 16 disparate people who had never met each other before were subpoenaed to appear before the latest of the US Justice Department's "special" grand juries convened under the aegis of the Internal Security Division of the Department of Justice. Not even the 23 grand jurors selected from voter regis-

tration rolls in Northern California's Ninth Federal District knew exactly what it was about. That was the private information of US Attorney Guy Goodwin, dapper 45-year-old chief of the elite Special Litigation Section, a sinister-sounding unit dedicated to cracking the underground Left in America.

Grand juries have been a part of the American justice system since before colonial radicals began seriously plotting against the king. Historically, they have been seen as a means of protecting the people from sudden and mali-

—Continued on Page 20

Sony's new chromium dioxide cassette tape is hungrier for high frequencies.



Sony chromium dioxide CRO-60 tape will record up to 50% more volume before you encounter distortion on playback. CRO-60 is hungrier than other tapes for high frequencies.

This means more recorded sound than standard cassette tapes before distortion sets in.

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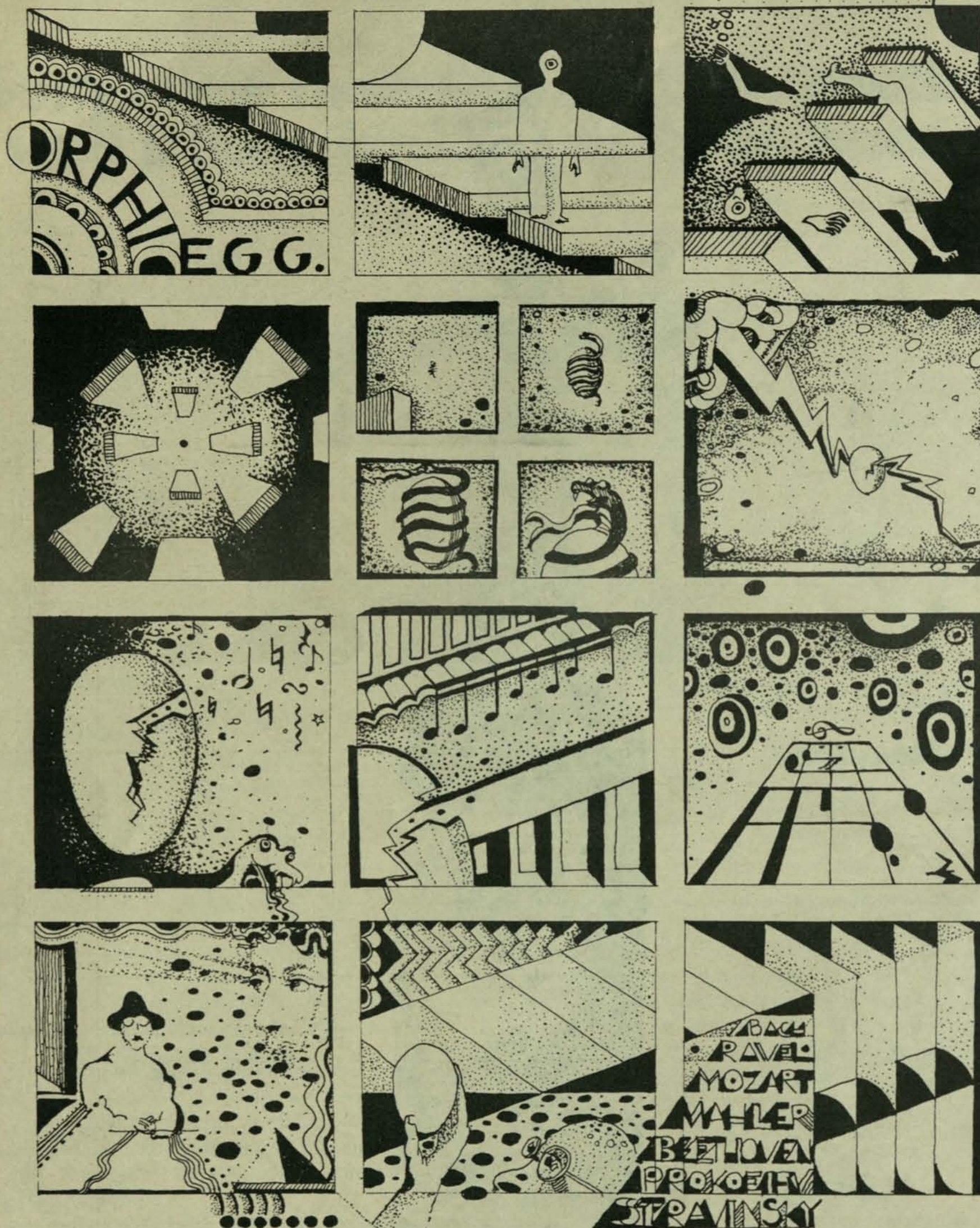
Now if your appetite has been whetted and you're hungry for more information or a demonstration of CRO-60 or any other Sony tapes, get on down to your nearest Sony/Superscope dealer (he's listed in the yellow pages) and get an earful.

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From the Orphic Egg. (A new concept.) It'll crack your head.

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Photograph by Harry Wilson

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

For our fifth anniversary, we present several new departments, a feature lineup of which we are especially proud and a brief look back at what we once were. "Our Back Pages"—excerpts from our first issue, which no matter how timely, we couldn't bring ourselves to title "Five More Years"—is presented in the original format. The layout, the writing and items are strikingly familiar: What later turned out to be Random Notes was then known as "Flashes," and for a brief period appeared as a gossip column by one "John J. Rock." Though many of the names have changed since then, though rock has both "died" and been through a revival in the interim, the original idea has survived remarkably unchanged.

The three leading features of this issue have their roots in our earliest days—though wildly more sophisticated, professional and lengthy. (Ten thousand words, the average length of these articles, is as much as we published in the whole first issue.) For example: "The Saga of the Hippy Mafia" has its beginnings among our earliest concerns, drugs and their vendors. Charlie Perry, who put together "Our Back Pages," points out that Agent Gerritt Van Raam, who busted the Grateful Dead in our first issue, finally made the cover himself, the subject of reporter Joe Eszterhas' first major dope-nark odyssey in our pages.

We are proud to present the work of Stewart Brand, an old friend from the Merry Pranksters/America Needs Indians days before there was a ROLLING STONE. Stewart is the founder/editor of the by-gone Whole Earth Catalog, the other magazine to emerge from the latest San Francisco Bay Area cultural vortex. He dropped by our offices a few months ago to say hello and express an offhand interest in writing: A story idea of ours coincided with a fascination of his in that half-world where the new culture meets

the old, and whole new processes materialize.

"The Resurrection of Carlos Santana" by Ben Fong-Torres, one of the original ROLLING STONE writers (he first appeared in our tenth issue reporting on the famous KMPX strike, also the issue with the first appearance of the Charles Perry byline), is an exceptional piece of journalism. The reporting standards exemplify the approach we have always tried to maintain in our music pieces; that they always be so well-crafted and of such scope to be fascinating and educational to readers who may have only a passing interest in music.

There have been, as you'll see, several changes. In place of the page one index, we have reinstated "Lede News." We have added other new features appropriate to our fortnightly schedule: "World News Roundup," a digest of sometimes useful information accompanied by an editorial cartoon by Ralph Steadman; "Reliable Sources," a guest column which changes hands each issue; and "Random Shots," a page of photographs with its own story in the non-linear vein.

In adding these features, and having departmentalized the music news section, we continue the evolution of ROLLING STONE's general coverage. Change is still the most difficult, and rewarding, process we deal with.

—J. W.

CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

Today when Nixon came to nearby White Plains, the band played among other selections "Puff the Magic Dragon"; which, you may remember, was one of Spiro's famous drug songs! Really!

DOUG WRAY
HARTSDALE, N.Y.

I just want to thank you for giving us Hunter Thompson and his brilliant coverage of the quadrennial butt-fuck, especially that of the Democratic Convention. Along with Germaine Greer's bit

in Harper's, it was the best anywhere. Too bad reality dictated that it could not appear where it was most needed: in the pages of US News & World Report, Time, Barron's, the Wall Street Journal, The L.A. Times, et al.

DAVID BASSETT
ANN ARBOR, MICH.

The review of the new Bonnie Raitt album neglected to mention the dedication. It is a rare one: "This album is dedicated to the people of North Vietnam and the loving memory of a dear friend, Fred McDowell."

B. POLLOCK
TEMPE, ARIZ.

Just a note to thank Judy Sims for her beautiful articles (just finished the one on Bonnie Raitt). She allows people to be human, not simply images. A much needed moment of sanity.

JOHNE WEILER
BERKELEY

David Bowie is beautiful, beautiful, beautiful! The page 38 and 42 photos — Gorgeous! How much would you give to be a ringer for Katherine Hepburn? We shall all have what we want and waited for!

BROOKES DeSOTO
WESTPORT, MO.

I was invited to the David Bowie party in Cleveland (my father's in the music industry). Just as your story said, they weren't letting anybody in. But after a PR man I know talked to the doorman I and my three friends were let in and told to enjoy ourselves.

Quick, this is the part where you go get issue 121 and look on page 40. See those two bodyguards? Well, after absorbing around five C&Cs, we decided to talk to the superstar. No go. My friend Barney said something back to Tony Frost to the extent of "Who are you?" He was nailed, and I was nailed by the tall black fellow and thrown down the stairs. Both bodyguards were about as oiled as we were. We said we would go peacefully. They were having too much fun. Regular fascists.

Who gives a shit if it's bisexual rock, fag-rock, entertaining shock, who gives? But the way they are handling themselves I can only call it Fascist-Promo Rock. You get the idea if you hear what that madman DeFries says: Crazy! They all look like robots — in fact, there were three dudes talking to Bowie that looked exactly like him. It was like a hidden page of 1984: not Big Brother but Big Sell. "I get numb," my ass.

JAMIE COHEN
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Praises, laud and honor have been showered on the great god Peckinpah. I'll go almost as far as "brilliant," but no further. He's just a ballbuster who happens to have enough instinctive insight to make good movies. Praises now to Grover Lewis for not asking the trite question, "Hey Sam, let's talk about Violence!"

But will Sam ever make a movie about a woman?
WILLIAM THORNTON
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Has anyone ever noticed that much of the footage in the famed "psychedelic" dimension-tunnel trip in 2001 is the very same footage — weirdly colored — originally used by Kubrick in the bomber sequences of *Dr. Strangelove*?

HAROLD SCHECHTER
EGERTSVILLE, N.Y.

1) Remember your article on cocaine, August 17th issue.

2) I am a small person of few complaints and fewer pleasures. I like seeing my name in print.

3) The entrepreneur who conned Mr. Pemberton out of that valuable Coca-Cola formula was my great-great uncle, Asa Griggs Candler. Not Chandler; Candler. For most of the history of my mother's family, the Candler's have been misknown as Chandlers. This matters to some people.

4) It doesn't matter to me, I just want to see my letter printed.

LON C. THOMAS, JR.
MUNICH, GERMANY



RANDOM SHOTS

In today's careening, screwball world, how tempting for us in the latent majority to grumble: "Sure, it's easy to be weird when you got the breaks. But I was born straight. Also, I can't afford the clothes." Excuses, dear, excuses! Just look at these photos Annie Leibovitz took during Vice Palace, a special Halloween midnight revue at San Francisco's Palace Theatre, home of the former Cockettes. Except for a couple of stars, most of the people here were members of the audience, humble folks with a closet of silly rags and an occasional bent for sexual improvising. And, well, isn't that what America's all about—the land where any citizen has the opportunity to become... something else?



RANDOM NOTES

We had a chance to yak with Jerry Garcia for a few minutes the other morning at City Hall, where he was waiting for the trial on a three-year-old lawsuit to begin. (The Dead were being sued by Pacific Recorders for about \$125,000; Pacific had given them a discount in exchange for credit on the *Aoxomoxoa* album; the Dead had not given credit, claiming inadequate mixing facilities drove them elsewhere to finish the album.) The suit was later settled for \$14,000.

Anyway, we asked Jerry about all those New York rumors about the band meeting with Dylan, maybe playing and recording with him later. "No," Jerry said. "I think he wants to get out of the music world. He says he doesn't think it's right to go pick on a stage and get paid for it."

"You gotta remember, too, he's in a house now with five kids in it, has no time to write, no solitude." When Dylan showed up at Dead shows in New York, Jerry said, "We just sat around and talked and picked. And with Sir Doug he didn't have to do a Bob Dylan trip. But with us—well, we're on two different coasts, so there's that problem of adjusting to each other's schedules. Anyway, he's into movies."

Couple days later, Garcia was on the witness stand patiently explaining to His Honor the advantages of 16-track recording over eight-track, and how *Aoxomoxoa* was made and mixed. The judge later complimented all the witnesses. Dead manager John McIntire said, "Especially Jerry."

James Taylor and Carly Simon were married on November 3rd at 6:30 PM in her Manhattan apartment by a judge. Present at the ceremony were the bride and groom's mothers, nobody else. James announced the event at his concert that evening at Radio City Music Hall. "It's rather sensational," he told his audience. "I don't know whether to be more nervous about the concert or the marriage." The sensational Carly took a bow with sweet baby after his encore.

First there is a mountain... As an overture to West, Bruce and Laing's sold-out midnight concert at Radio City Music Hall, Columbia Records threw a party for the group in the Rainbow Room, 65 stories high in the NBC Building.

"Oh, I made a big mistake," concert producer Ron Delsener kept repeating. "Did you see that line out there? I should've booked them somewhere else. I think when I suggested them to the Music Hall they thought because of the name that they were getting something like, you know, Crosby, Stills and Nash. They weren't expecting the crowd they got out there now. Those kids could really wreck the place!"

Meanwhile, there were the kids at the party: Todd Rundgren, Johnny Nash, a couple of members of the Band, and Steve Paul, accompanied by Rick Derringer. Steve, of The Scene and of

scenes, stood at the top of the carpeted stairway and proclaimed: "I can always tell where my boys are. There's Johnny [Winter] and there's Edgar [Winter]. And there's another one. Oh, no, that's Bud Praeger."

Praeger, who started Windfall Records with Felix Pappalardi back in the days of Mountain, is more Wayne Cochran than white trash. We asked if we might ask his group a few questions about their formation—say, about the departure of Felix Pappalardi.

"Well, no," he said, friendly enough. "I don't think Leslie would want to talk about Felix any more than Jack would want to talk about Eric. This is not going to be the kind of band that gets interviewed. Their music speaks for itself."

Leslie West is a hard little whale to corner. He keeps making passes by the pastry table for refills, with no end in sight. Finally he slows down enough to engage, with his woman friend, in a game of mock interviews. A man is scooting around with a mike in his hand; when he points it at us, we look at West: "The last time we saw you was in Boston," we pretend to say. "You were a little out of sorts that night with a cold. Feel better tonight?"

"No," he answered: "I got another cold."

"Were you surprised when the tickets sold out in three hours?"

"No. 'Talent will always tell.'"

Jack Bruce, making his entrance to the party, stood at the top of the stairs leading to the dance floor and yelled at the top of his lungs to the gathering, "Get Fucked!"

An hour before the concert we slumped at a table with a man who's been around the scene for a long time, who at least was willing to try to put this whole evening in perspective.

"Oh it's just awful, can you believe it? Did you see what's standing in that line? Animals. I really hate them. They've ruined the world. Rock used to be an elitist art form at one time, and look what it's come to."

The Rolling Stones are planning their lives according to weather reports: During the winter they'll tour warm places like Australia; in the summer they'll visit the States; and in the spring, Europe. Their next album may be recorded in the Bahamas.

Paul and Linda McCartney wrote and recorded the title tune for the next James Bond movie, *Live and Let Die*. So it's come to that.

New York Dolls drummer Billy Murcia died Monday, November 6th in London, following a performance at Imperial College. Billy, 21 and a native of Colombia, died from accidental suffocation. According to manager Marty Thou, Murcia met a young woman at the London Speakeasy that night and went to her flat, where he apparently began to nod out. The girl panicked and poured black

coffee down Murcia's throat, causing suffocation "brought on by exhaustion," as Chelsea police detectives termed it. Billy was dead by the time the ambulance arrived; the Dolls have canceled the rest of their tour and have returned to New York.

Miss Christine, former GTO with Frank Zappa, died November 5th of a heroin overdose. She was visiting with friends in Massachusetts. Miss Christine had been hospitalized in 1971 for back troubles, spent six months in a plaster cast, then devoted 1972 to assembling a portfolio. She was hoping to be a model.

You would have thought it was a party of some sort, with this spread of lox and bagels and raspberry omelettes followed by a gold-record presentation by Capitol Records to the Raspberries for their single, "Go All the Way." But the real reason for the gathering of these four identically-suited musicians in this New York hotel room was to let them talk about how they got dumped off a tour with the Hollies and Danny O'Keefe.

They had worked together in Tennessee, North Carolina, and twice in New York State. Hollies' flack Toby Mamiis says the Cleveland group "were a joke in their suits. They just stunk. The Hollies couldn't carry them." Capitol's Herb Balcan replied for the berries: "We were getting two encores a night and the Hollies couldn't get their audience back."

By the time the bill got to New York City, the Raspberries' management company reported finding their group's contracts not in order and, further, that they'd been dropped.

Raspberries' Eric Carmen slumped in a hotel room chair. "We all feel very down about it," he said. "The Hollies had always been one of our idols, sort of an inspiration to us, and we had looked forward to becoming friends with them—like we did with the Grassroots on our last tour."

Warner Bros. Records set up a tent on a vacant lot on Wilshire Blvd., stocked it with food and champagne and surrounded the tent with an artificial lawn, all a preliminary to the unveiling of Captain Beefheart's self-designed billboard advertising his new album, *Clear Spot*. Mimes, violins and accordion entertained. The day wore on. No Beefheart. Finally local disc jockey Dr. Demento unveiled the sign without Beefheart's presence; the Captain arrived about a half hour later, delayed by his plane from Newfoundland (where he had given a concert in St. John's). "How embarrassing," said the Captain.

Platter chatter: Unless the death of Berry Oakley changes plans, the next Allman Bros. album should be out shortly after Christmas, and it's called *Lightnin' Rod*. Jethro Tull will do their next LP in the south of France; *Passion*

Play won't be out till March... Carlos Santana met and got to be friends with Jagger and Winwood in Holland last week. Watch this space... Buddy Miles has left Mercury and is now recording in L.A. for Columbia; he's at the Record Plant, where the Bee Gees are also booked and busy... San Francisco poet Rod Taylor also sings nice; he'll have an album out on Asylum with backing by Ry Cooder, Russ Kunkel, Jesse Ed Davis, Red Rhodes and plenty others... Changes: Fleetwood Mac is whole again after the departure of Danny Kirwan. Bob Weston joined on lead guitar, along with singer Dave Walker, late of Savoy Brown... Former Colosseum members Dave Greenslade (keyboards) and Tony Reeves (bass) have formed a new group, Greenslade, with Andrew McCulloch from King Crimson and Dave Dawson from the Alan Bown ensemble... Waldorf Salad is a new group of 11- to 13-year-olds, all kids of successful studio musicians. A&M publicity chief Bob Garcia says they've been on their axes "since they were itty bit." Keyboard man Mike Melvoin will produce this L.A. group; Melvoin is also father of one of the Salads... And recently, Donny Osmond's voice is changing; it's dropped an octave...

Mr. Zucchini Goes to Hollywood: Flip Wilson got slapped with three suits in the past two weeks, one concerning paternity with a dancer, the other two concerning comedy material. One suit, done by Flip and Michael Jackson, concerned trick math—how many times will seven go into 28, an old routine published by Flournoy Miller in a book called *Shufflin' Along*. Miller's daughter is suing the Wilson show for \$500,000 for copyright infringement. Said her attorney: "Mrs. Miller offered to sell the material to Flip about a year ago but they refused. Said it wasn't their kind of material!" No comment from Flip or any of his associates. What you've heard is all you get... Over at ABC, Cher didn't show up for a recent taping of her show with Sonny. Seems she took off for San Francisco after a fight—actual hitting and stuff—with Sonny in Las Vegas—over the attentions of a trombone player. A friend later told a Hollywood columnist, "It's absolutely false. Besides, they've kissed and made up." Oh, Right... Don't mess with Bill: In Denver, Bill Withers went to meet a girlfriend (Denise Nichols of Room 222) in her apartment. He spotted a note to her from another admirer and proceeded to beat her up. Denise is not pressing charges...

Anagrams just keep on coming: From Diane Waters in New York: "Donovan (sic): Vd A No No... Jefferson Airplane: JEER IN SLOP FANFARE... Ten Years After: FAR TEENY TEARS... Grassroots: ROAST GROSS... The Greatful (sic): FATE LED RAGE—THUD." That's pretty grate, but Diane missed on Arlo Guthrie: "U RILE HOT RAG." Thud. We suggest, instead: LAUGH RIOTER.

ROLLING STONE

Editor: Jann Wenner
Art Director: Robert Kingsbury
Associate Editors:
Managing Editor: Paul Scanlon; Music Editor: Jon Landau; Copy Editor: Charles Perry; National Affairs: Hunter S. Thompson; Stephen Davis, Joe Eastman, David Felton, Tim Findley, Ben Fong-Torres, Grover Lewis, Judith Sims, Patrick Sullivan.
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Photography: Annie Leibovitz
Editorial Staff: Kathryn Crosby, Stephanie Franklin, Judith Freeman, Sarah Lazin, Assistant Art Director: Rich Silverstein; Production Manager: Cindy Ehrlich; Art Staff: Victoria Jackson, Rosemary Powell, Richard Ramos, Carol Raskin, Mick Stevens, Suzie Vining. Permissions: Barbara Burrower.
Advertising Director: Laurel Gonsalves
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Associate Publisher: Alan Rinzler
Business Manager: Hank Torgirson
Publisher: Lawrence Durocher, Jr.

Main Office: 625 Third Street, San Francisco, CA 94107. Tel. (415) 602-4730. New York: 78 East 50th Street, Tel. (212) 486-9580. Los Angeles: 6006 West Sunset Boulevard, Suite 201, 90028. Tel. (213) 461-3571. London: 25 Newman Street, W1P3HA. Tel. (01) 637-4038.

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Cover Photo: Annie Leibovitz

The Loudon Wainwright III Review.



"Wainwright is the most original talent to have turned up in the 70's."

—LORRAINE ALTERMAN,
THE NEW YORK TIMES



"Wainwright has unquestionably been one of the best songwriters to emerge in the last two years. His biting, austere lyrics are often so precise they actually cause the listener to gasp."

—BOSTON GLOBE

"Wainwright has brought that whimsy and articulateness together into a powerfully balanced songwriting skill. He already is one of the best we have, and his talent seems to be escalating rapidly!"

—DON HECKMAN,
THE NEW YORK TIMES



"A truly unique performer."

—BOSTON HERALD TRAVELER



"Loudon is willing to admit everything. He is a comic genius who has it in him to become the Chaplin of rock."

—STEPHEN HOLDEN,
ROLLING STONE

"Loudon Wainwright's latest on Columbia is a killer."

—THE VILLAGE
VOICE



LOUDON
WAINWRIGHT
III
ALBUM
III
including:
Dead Skunk
Red Guitar
Hornet
Crowd
Smiley
Joe's Cafe
Trilogy
(Circa 1967)

KC 31462*

Hand jives, hysterics, delirious chords, songs from Laura Nyro and Sesame Street and everything else Barbra sang at her first concert in six years.



"Streisand is a star, and on this night, the star," said Ben Fong-Torres in *Rolling Stone* as Barbra soared to heights in front of 18,000 fans in Los Angeles.

Now it's all on her new album, "Live Concert at the Forum." Including her latest hits, "Sweet Inspiration/Where You Lead," "Stoney End," "Sing/Make Your Own Kind of Music," "People" and "My Man," plus the best of Barbra and assorted gardening hints.

"Live Concert at the Forum." Listen and agree: No one lights up a stage like Streisand.



On Columbia Records and Tapes

BY STUART WERBIN

NEW YORK—If you tune in your local ABC-TV station November 24th and December 8th looking for Dick Cavett, you'll be watching instead Alice Cooper, the Allman Brothers Band, Chuck Berry, Curtis Mayfield, Blood, Sweat & Tears, Seals & Crofts, Bo Diddley and Poco.

These programs will be experiments toward the development of new formats for the musical-variety shows that will rotate with the one-week-a-month talk-show turns hosted by Cavett and Jack Paar. The first press release, dated October 30th, stated that taping for the two *In Concert* specials, to be shown during a pre-scheduled Cavett vacation, and taped on November 2nd at Hofstra University, in New York, would be "... the first time in history of television where we have attempted to respect the needs of modern pop-rock acts and have allowed them to work in concert to an audience with the same sound quality and professionalism they demand for their recordings. ... We are hopeful that these two shows will evolve into a weekly 'Fillmore of the Air.' The quote was attributed to the program's executive producer, Don Kirshner.

"The last time I was here, I had a good game—I scored some points," says Donnie Kirshner stepping out of his limo and surveying the new Hofstra University campus, which has all the academic feel of a mine shaft. The last time Donnie was on the campus he came on the rival Seton Hall basketball team bus. Donnie still carries himself like the basketball player he was 15 years ago, his arms a seesaw for dual balance, ready to grab possession of a loose ball or to change dribbling hands low to the ground, diminishing the chance for interception. He also still carries a few extra packs of Chieftos, good for popping in his mouth to ease the tension of the final period, or overtime, which now costs him double-time pay for the full union crew assembled to tape *In Concert*.

Donnie used to want to play with the pros, but the closest he has come has been his recent association with Jerry Lucas of the New York Knicks, and the production of *The Jerry Lucas Super Kids Day Magic Jambooree*, which will be broadcast three hours Friday morning of Thanksgiving. TV production is a relatively new field for him. His success over the past 13 years has been in popular music, as a songwriter of no great consequence, a publisher of countless hits, and most significantly as a developer of talent.

The elevator ride to the 28th floor of the Capitol Industries Building in New York gives you just about enough time to read the list of his incorporated businesses: DON KIRSHNER MUSIC, KIRSHNER RECORDS, KIRSHNER ENTERTAINMENT, KIRSHNER TV, KIRSHNER MUSIC, MINSKY-KIRSHNER MUSIC. The office, with wall to wall to wall spun-gold shag carpets, is plush by anyone's standards. The liquor cabinet looks as if it could sleep two. On his bookshelf, *Managing Growth through Acquisition* sits sandwiched between *The Story of Rock* and *The Beatles Songbook*. There are pictures of Donnie standing next to John Lennon and John Kennedy. A gold single for the Archies' "Jingle Jangle" faces a gold Monkees album. And posters for the numerous movies (*Lawrence of Arabia*, *Born Free*, among others) whose scores he published, and Alan J. Lerner musicals, whose rights he has acquired fill out the remaining wall space.

"These are all the places where the kids work." He's showing off a corridor of offices for the struggling young hit makers, separated by a fully equipped projection room. The atmosphere he has been able to create for "the kids" is something he never had when he and the unknown Bobby Darin started writing together in 1959. And more than he could offer a decade ago when Carole King started working for him at \$50 a week. And yet Donnie is self-conscious—

TV specials:

MONKEES MAN DOES A 'FILLMORE OF THE AIR'



Joshua White & Don Kirshner: "Music is the essence of our culture."

almost defensive—as he guides a tour through the palace. He does not seem all that comfortable amidst his own opulence.

Later that day, Gene, who sang bass with Billy Williams' quartet before coming to work for Donnie, piloted the limo out along the Long Island Expressway. Donnie sat, as usual, in the shotgun seat, and let his life story, philosophy and future plans spill out over 25 miles of expressway.

The beginning: "In 1959, my wife was collecting unemployment. Bobby Darin and I were working on some songs and the guys I kept trying to see were Max and Louis Dreyfus, who started Chappel music and published 'Night and Day' and a lot of Lerner and Loewe and Rodgers and Hart and Gershwin. They wouldn't see me. By the time I got to see them I realized that I could do anything they could do, that I knew as much as they did. I was saying to myself, 'Boy, if I could get behind that desk nobody could stop me.' Bobby and I had our first very minor success with 'Wear My Ring,' which Gene Vincent recorded on the flip side of 'Lotta Lovin,' which was his follow-up to 'Be Bop a Lu La.' It was sort of a pseudo-Elvis thing."

In the years that followed Donnie did more work with Bobby Darin and Neil Sedaka, both of whom he resembles physically (along with a trace of Danny Thomas).

Carole King: "In those days Mitch Miller had a strong position in the business. If he turned down a song you were in trouble. I brought 'Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow' to him and he turned it down. But I wouldn't accept that. I felt it was a terrific song and a sure hit if it was done right. So I gave it to the Shirelles and it became No. One."

The Monkees: "Four kids with almost no musical experience were put together by the show's producers out in California. But they had no music. They called me and said, 'Donnie, we need a miracle.' I flew out there and worked around the clock getting writers like Carole

King and Sedaka and Howard Greenfield and Barry Mann and Neil Diamond and a young kid named Davie Gates, who's now the leader of Bread, to supply material for them. The Beatles had become too removed from people, and yet there was a whole new group of kids out there who needed somebody to sing to them. They needed a group to say: 'I saw your face and now I'm a believer.'"

The Archies: "I wanted to do the same thing with a cartoon series that Ross Bagdasarian had done with the Chipmunks. The Archies were my Alvin, Simon and Theodore. Everything runs in cycles. Simon and Garfunkel are just the Everly Brothers reincarnated. Tom Jones takes everything from Elvis. I wanted my own Alvin, Simon and Theodore. I figured the country was ready for it and 'Sugar Sugar' sold 10 million copies."

Random Philosophy: "I look at songs like real estate. A song is like a building. It's an annuity on which you collect residuals. But I'm in the music business rather than in stocks because I love talent and I love music. It's the essence of our culture."

According to Bob Shanks, who came to ABC from the Public Broadcast System for the purpose of developing projects for the late-night time slot, Kirshner was chosen as executive producer for *In Concert* because his reputation fit the requirements of both the music and television industries. According to Kirshner, "They were looking for somebody who could get the acts." Kirshner got them, and got them to work for scale. He worked on the project for six weeks prior to taping. This necessitated interrupting work on two other series he has been planning with Paramount for the fall of '73. Entitled *The Here After* and *The Boon Town Band and Cattle Company*, they are planned as filmed series with ongoing characters and plots that revolve around music. Both have a scent of the old Monkee business about them. Here After is to be about a rock group that die in a plane crash a la

Richie Valens and Buddy Holly but are allowed to come back to earth with an adequate number of supernatural powers and a guardian angel for a roadie. *Boon Town* is about a "Creedence type" band trying to make it in the old west, which will be extra hard without electricity for their amplifiers.

For the ABC Specials, Kirshner decided that the best gimmick would be no gimmick at all. The acts would be presented in a straight concert format, thus the concept "Fillmore of the Air." At the time of the first press release the concert card looked impressive. Curtis Mayfield had the best-selling album, Chuck Berry had the best-selling single, Alice Cooper was getting bigger every day (even if his campaign for the presidency wasn't scaring Nixon) and, as a most reliable headliner, Kirshner had the Grateful Dead.

Reliable to draw, but not to show. Three days before taping, the Dead dropped out and Kirshner had to start hustling. Two days before taping he had Arlo Guthrie. Then Arlo lost his bass player and had to be scratched. Warner Brothers sent Seals & Crofts as a replacement, and at the 11th hour Donnie managed to get Poco and then the Allmans, with the provision that the latter receive top billing. The hectic last-minute bookings set the tone and pace for the taping that Kirshner, along with on-line producer David Yarnell, director Don Mischner and special effects and creative consultant Josh White (formerly of the Fillmore's Joshua Light Show) would maintain in order to complete the job in one working day.

The Fillmore of the Air concept stuck in my mind through most of the ride out to Hempstead. When the Fillmores and the other original rock halls began to fall like dominoes two years ago, the basic reasons given for turning each club back into a movie theater or warehouse was that the audience had become too large, and the groups were asking for too much money. Now to reach an audience bigger than any hall could hold, bands were willing to play for scale.

Donnie Kirshner was predicting that this experiment would have "great impact, both creative and financial, on the whole music marketplace, including TV and the ABC-FM affiliates who will simulcast in stereo." His only worries were the egos of the artists involved, and the demands of the union crew, none of whom had ever been through an experience like this would turn out to be.

The Allman Brothers—who had performed the last set at Fillmore East—were scheduled to open the Fillmore of the Air. Taping was supposed to start at 11:30 AM. They had been promised an hour to warm up, but by 1:00 PM the crew still on wasn't ready for them. They continued hanging in the commissary between dressing rooms, where coffee and pastries were running out, and beer, canned soda and hero sandwiches were waiting to be opened.

It was well past 2 PM and with only one act completed the production was already hopelessly off schedule. "Well, it looks like we won't be able to do the show," Alice Cooper's manager (and den mother to all the classy platformed Cooper groupers) Shep Gordon was saying, the way one might say, "It looks like rain."

"Yeah, I was promised we would have the stage all to ourselves for five hours," Gordon continued. "I've been working with these guys for three weeks. Their concept of TV is still very conservative. You know they still feel that when the guitar player breaks into a solo you have to shoot his fingers. But we're changing that, we're doing mixed media things, intercutting film as they zoom into Alice's eyes. We're even bringing down a magician to levitate Alice. We don't want to be involved in this unless it's done right. That's why we need five hours." Gordon paused a minute to look over at the monitor where BS&T was

—Continued on Next Page

The album that hits below the Bible belt.



Featuring: I Shall Be Released
Collection Box - Lo and Behold!
Glory Glory Hallelujah

Below and beyond. In his new gig, Marjoe takes the long voyage from evangelic gospel to solid rock. His message is different but he's a spellbinder, all the way.



Manufactured and Distributed by RCA Records

Fillmore of the Air In Cavett's Slot

—Continued from Preceding Page

running into trouble. BS&T were besieged with technical problems not of their own making. These left them facing a restless audience with nothing to do. Steve Katz "sacrificed" himself and, in his own words, "felt like an ass," trying to stall for this college audience, that couldn't remember what it was like not to have long hair, by telling a story of what it was like having long hair at C.W. Post in the early Sixties.

When the cameras were ready to record them they played with more inspiration than they had for a long time. New lead singer Jerry Fisher more than makes up for Thomas.

By now the union rumblings about missed lunch breaks and other violations were bordering on hostility. Don Kirshner was too involved in negotiations with them to know that the ever-calm Shep Gordon was thinking of calling Alice and the band to tell them to go back to sleep and prepare to depart for Europe in the morning.

"These unions are really humorous if you get into them," Gordon was saying. "Last year, when we played the Hollywood Bowl we had it set up for Alice to ride in on a camel. The show steward told us that there would be no trouble if the camel took a shit as long as the shit was cool. Then the prop man could sweep it off. But if the shit smoked it would have to be considered a moving prop and only the moving prop man could handle it. We played it safe and put both guys on the job."

WPLJ disc jockey Zacharie came on stage to introduce Seals & Crofts, and Kirshner and Gordon got together to work out a new deal. A crisis was avoided when Poco agreed to go back to their hotels and return in the early morning hours and do their set last. "We're such nice guys it drives me crazy," Richie Furay said, shaking his head. "We're such good kids that Donnie Kirshner should make cartoons out of us like the Archies. Or maybe if we can't make it back tonight he can get the Archies to do our set."

Poco didn't get to do their set until after 6 AM. Chuck Berry, who usually arrives ten minutes before he's supposed to go on, did so and had to wait three hours. At one point, while he was sitting in a corner, seeming to grow older by the minute, Kirshner's secretary Sandy told him he wouldn't have to wait for more than another half hour. "He just looked at me," Sandy reported back to Kirshner assistant Roger. "He didn't say a word, he just looked at me."

"Well, I just hope he doesn't decide to take a duck-walk out to the airport."

By 2 AM everybody with a reason for staying had settled into the common room to drink the last cans of warm beer and Pathmark soda. One small clatch gathered around Frank Barsalona, president of Premier Talent and dean of American Booking agents. Across the floor, Frank's chauffeur Willy, fresh off the Stones tour, was talking. "Do you know that there are guys all over the country who would get on a plane this instant if they knew Frank was sitting around with nothing to do, just sitting there where anybody can come up and talk to him. There are guys who spend all week looking for Frank, but the mistake is they give up at night. And that's when Frank's around. This is when he lives. He don't sleep. Boy, you wouldn't believe what people have offered me to give them a tip on where they could find Frank at night."

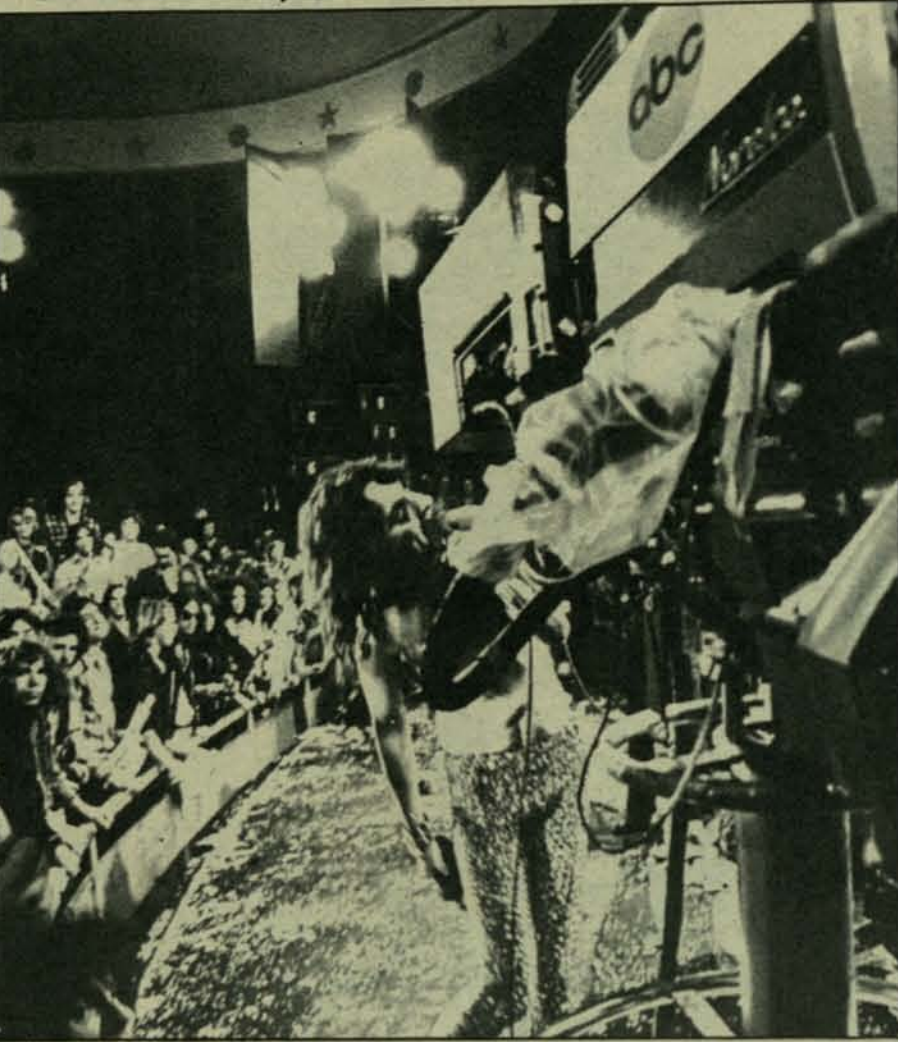
At this point a very haggard Donnie Kirshner passed by Barsalona's base, and very apologetically explained to Frank that he wasn't going to have time to speak to him until he returned from California the following Monday. Willy shook his head. He'd been with Frank for eight years and had never seen that happen before.

Curtis Mayfield spent most of the night in his dressing room repeating the single phrase, "I just can't believe this." At one point he asked where he was, but nobody in his group knew for sure. He finally got to do his 8 PM set at 3 AM.

Alice Cooper's set was delayed time

and again because of a lost plum. That's TV talk for blowing the red color tube in a camera. The Cooper Groupers were forced to wait at the ready to attack Alice on cue for over an hour. "Let's get this straight, girls," they were instructed by the group's booking agent, Johnny Podell. "This is for national TV. Mobbing Alice doesn't mean giving him head in front of the camera."

Had all this been solely for the en-



Cooper on camera: Can't get no head on national TV

tainment of a live audience, it would have been a total disaster, and the campus might have been burned down. But it was for the air. Overtime costs will greatly exceed the planned budget which attempted to stay in the same range as production cost for a Cavett show, but it still has a great chance for success. According to Kirshner, Pepsi, Dodge and Gillette have all shown interest in buying commercial time.

For the groups who participate in televised rock concerts the experience will remain a strange hybrid. The hassles combined the rigors of recording with the added worry of trying to look good. The managers of the groups have the option of working with Don Mischner and Joshua White (who will be credited as Associate Producer) through the post-production editing process, and this is surely a new wrinkle for network television, and a credit to Don Kirshner's foresight.

In fact, overall responsibility for the success or failure of the project rests on Kirshner's athletic shoulders. He's the man who has had to double-dribble between ABC and the bands without having either feel that they've been faked. If this succeeds, Kirshner states, "you'll see a lot of people fighting to get in on it. That's the nature of his business."

Obituary:

Allmans' Berry Oakley Killed

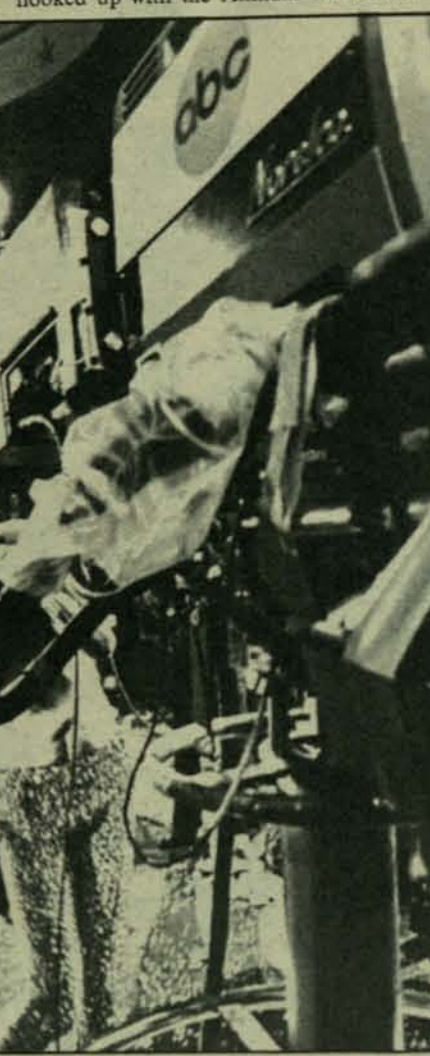
MACON, Ga.—Berry Oakley, the Allman Brothers Band bassist who assumed a partial leadership role and helped keep the band intact after the death of Duane Allman, died November 11th of head injuries suffered when his motorcycle slammed into a Macon city bus.

There were striking similarities in the deaths of the two musicians. Oakley's accident occurred only three blocks from where Allman was killed, also while riding a motorcycle. Oakley's death came just a year and two weeks after Allman's, and both were 24 years old. In the past year Oakley had wrecked two cars in accidents and was a passenger in

another crash.

The band cut short a recent tour—some said because of Oakley's growing lack of dependability and moroseness—but he reportedly was in better spirits in recent weeks, and the group had been recording in Macon. The group was scheduled to appear with the Grateful Dead November 18th & 19th at Houston.

Oakley, a Chicago-born musician who hooked up with the Allmans in Jackson-



ville, Florida, about three and a half years ago, was considered by acquaintances to be a restless sort of person. That was the way he lived. In an interview last year (RS November 21, 1971), he was reflective: "Tourin'—I'm gettin' just a little tired of it, but that's what I been doin' ever since I could do anything on my own. Started playin' gigs eight, nine years ago when I was about 15, and I been more or less livin' on the road ever since..."

One of Oakley's earlier bands was the Shaynes of Chicago. When the Romans (Tommy Roe's old backup band) came into town needing a guitarist, Oakley joined and eventually reached Florida and the meeting with the Allmans.

The recent recording sessions weren't filling all his time, and at the time of his death Oakley was out riding with Kim Payne, the band's equipment manager. They were visiting friends to line them up for a fun and games revue Oakley was organizing for the stage at Macon's Ad Lib Club. It was to be called "The Berry Oakley Jive Ass Revue," featuring the Rowdy Roadies and the Shady Ladies.

Payne was riding his bike a short distance ahead of Oakley. The two had been clowning, pulling in front of cars and that sort of thing, Payne said later. He saw the bus coming at an angle and sped up. He looked back to see that Oakley hadn't made it by. Payne said his first thought was: "Oh my God. Not another one."

Oakley was thrown about 20 yards. His helmet was cracked, but he appeared unhurt, except for a nose-bleed, and regained consciousness by the time police and an ambulance arrived. But he had a fear of hospitals, Payne said, and refused to get in the ambulance. Instead Oakley accepted a ride with a passing motorist, who took him home. A short time later Oakley turned pale and began talking incoherently. Friends had to force him into a car for the dash to the Medical Center of Central Georgia.

He died, apparently of a brain concussion, about 20 minutes after admission to the hospital. Doctors said if he had been rushed to the hospital following the accident, there was little chance he would have lived.

"When Duane was alive he carried the load for the band," said Payne, "but it never affected him that much. When he

died Berry felt that the whole weight had dropped on his shoulders, and he just couldn't carry it. For him it turned out to be a big, long, bad bummer."

Private funeral services for Oakley were held Monday, November 13th in Macon. He is survived by his wife, Linda; a daughter, Brittany and a sister, Candy.

Manager Phil Walden of Capricorn Records said an attempt would be made to find a new bassist for the Allman Brothers Band.

Superconcert:

He Says It'll Be Like Woodstock

LOS ANGELES—The new AM rock station in town (actually it's in Burbank) has announced plans to sponsor a huge "Woodstock-type" concert at the L.A. Coliseum on November 25th with proceeds to go to the financially foundering Free Medical Clinics.

Gary Bookasta, president of KROQ and co-producer of the show with DJ Sam Riddle, says the concert will run at least six hours, beginning about 5:30 in the afternoon. Among artists to appear at the concert are Sly and the Family Stone (confirmed by Sly's office), Chuck Berry, the Eagles, the Four Seasons(1), Elephant's Memory, Merry Clayton, Love, Crazy Horse, Flash Cadillac, Stevie Wonder, Marjoe and Batdorf & Rodney. The big mystery treat, says Bookasta, will be the appearance of two groups put together especially for the concert—one of English "superstars" and one of Texas musicians.

"I recently made a trip to London and negotiated with a number of major acts and worked out an arrangement for a group put together for a film... that is, many of the biggest English musicians in the world, said Bookasta. "It was worked out in principle but not all worked out in detail, so I can't name anyone yet." Bookasta said about 16 people would be in this mysterious group: "Every one of them is a well-known name—each person has been in at least one major group."

The Texas "supergroup" is being put together by another KROQ announcer, Jimmy Rabbit. "He's very close with rock stars," said Bookasta, "particularly those who are in L.A. from Texas. He'll call the group the Topanga Texans maybe; there'll be about eight or ten people in it."

Bookasta hopes the concert will earn \$150,000 for the Free Clinics. The Coliseum holds more than 100,000, ticket prices are \$3, and Bookasta said the station would deduct only direct expenses, like lighting and ticket printing. KROQ will absorb "indirect" costs like the billboards because the concert is an admitted promotion for the station, which is trying to mount a challenge to the AM rocker ratings king, KHJ.

So far, however, Los Angeles is not exactly scrambling for tickets. Even with the heavy saturation of ads on KROQ, plus billboards and newspaper ads, only 3000 tickets had been sold by November 13th, according to various concert promoters and ticket agencies. Also, Marjoe had canceled out, and few people in the music business thought any "supergroup" could be put together by Bookasta, whose background includes ownership of the old Hullabaloo club and managing an AT&T-bankrolled band called the Yellow Payges.

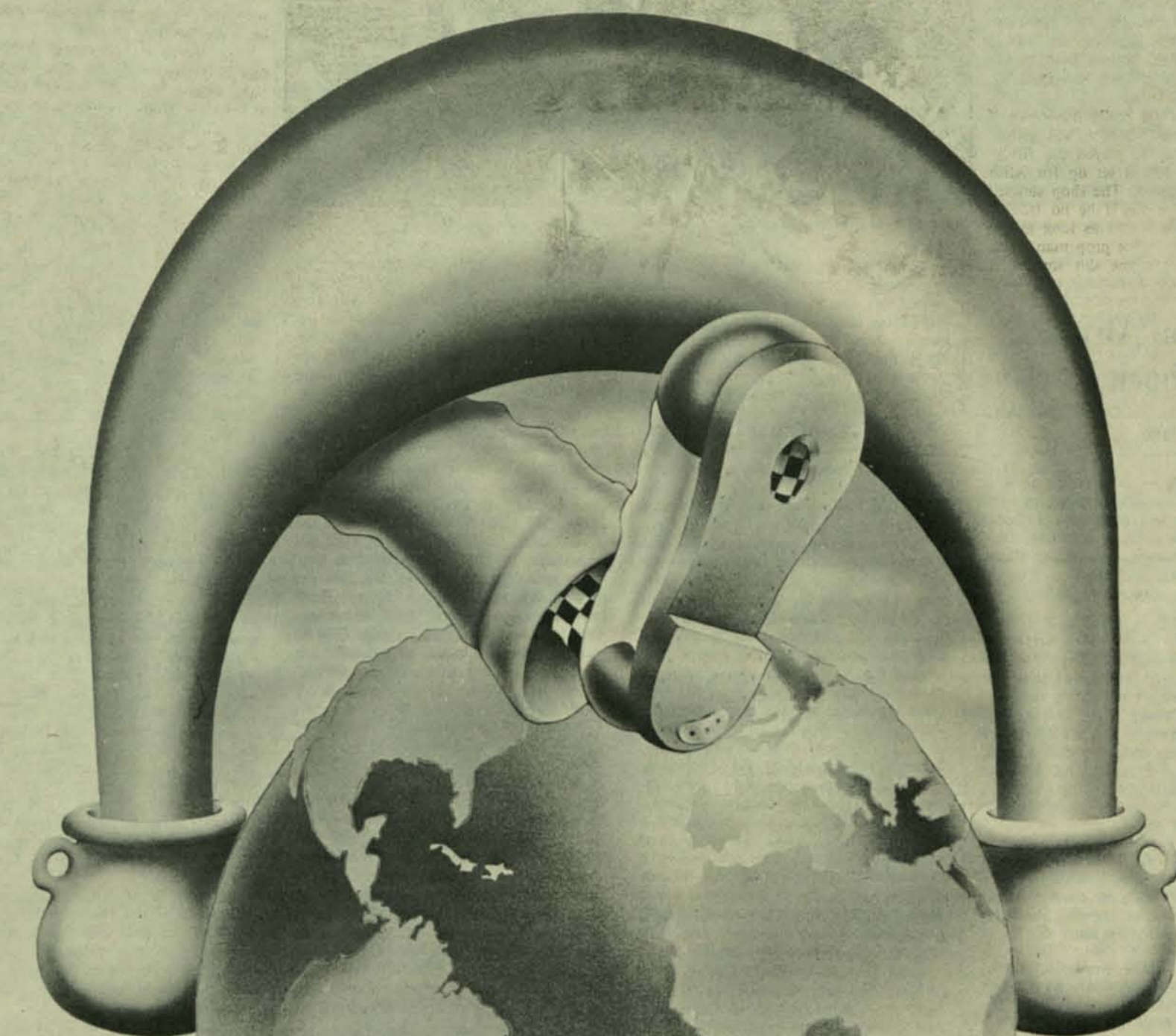
KROQ went on the air on September 2nd and announced its presence with skywriting and an all-star lineup of disc jockeys. Fourteen of the station's personnel are ex-KHJ, including the sales manager, newscaster Jay Paul Huddleston and jocks Charlie Tuna and Jay Stevens.

There's a lot of money behind KROQ, but nobody seems to know just how much. There are 14 owners—businessmen and attorneys mostly—all of them living in Southern California. "We're the only 24-hour AM station owned by an independent group, no chain or conglomerates," said Bookasta.

The "Woodstock-type" concert, Bookasta reckons, is just the first of many such station efforts. "We'll do this regularly, maybe three or four times a year," he said.



EUROPE '72
GRATEFUL DEAD
THREE RECORD SET
RECORDED IN CONCERT



ON WARNER BROS



RECORDS & TAPES



The latest model (Johnny Barbata & David Freiberg edition) Jefferson Airplane: Nash to produce Slick?

The Master's Grunt:

Jefferson Airplane Tries Shock Rock

BY JUDITH SIMS

NEW YORK — At a rainy concert in Gaelic Park, a girl on stage stripped off her blouse and urged the audience to do the same — "It'll stop the rain." Grace Slick shrugged, took off her blouse and nonchalantly sucked on a popsicle while Jefferson Airplane tuned up.

AKRON, Ohio — After their concert at the Rubber Bowl, the Airplane's equipment manager, Chick Casady (older brother to bassist Jack), objected to police who were strong-arming some of the crowd. Casady was beaten and hauled off, whereupon Grace followed to investigate. Grace ended up with a black eye and several bruises, Paul Kantner was thrown to the floor and had his head pounded and the group threatened to sue the city of Akron.

CHICAGO — At the old Auditorium Theatre one of the crowd called to Grace on stage, "Show us your chastity belt." Grace lifted her skirt, showing she wore no belt—and no underpants.

SAN FRANCISCO — Last July and August, Jefferson Airplane were back on the road again—their first major national tour in more than a year. They had a new drummer, Johnny Barbata, and a new male vocalist, David Freiberg, but basically things hadn't changed—they were just a bit exaggerated.

The music was pretty much the same, frequently exciting and sometimes dull, but more and more it seemed as if everyone was trying to drown out everybody else. And at several concerts Grace seemed to have forsaken wit for chatter, sarcasm for shocks.

Back home in San Francisco, the Airplane's Grunt label was smarting from a recent flap with RCA over objectionable lyrics. Grunt was formed a year ago September so its artists would have "total freedom" from the scurvy toads at RCA; then, last July, RCA refused to distribute *Long John Silver* if Paul Kantner didn't alter a line in his song, "The Son of Jesus," deleting references to "bastard son of Jesus" and some sacrilegious balling. The Airplane electronically blurred the offending words and scratched them off the lyric sheet. So much for total freedom. Or, as Jerry Garcia says, Grunt has not kept the Airplane pure. "They're still working for RCA," Garcia said, dismissing Grunt with a shrug.

Grunt was organized with high hopes and ideals. It was decided that all artists would get the same royalty rate and publishing deal and all Grunt artists would share in the corporate profits; there would be a system for giving ten percent of those profits to "some organization." But according to Airplane and Grunt manager Bill Thompson, "that hasn't been worked out yet." The Airplane, obviously the label's reason for existence and its main moneymaker, get 51 percent of Grunt's profits and more free studio time than other artists. Otherwise, all deals are the same.

Thompson was earnest when he said, "If we are successful larger companies will have to give more than they have been." More likely, Grunt will be left in the lurch because the larger companies are paying more and more hard cash advances to lure new groups. The change has to come in the attitude of those new groups; they have to want profit sharing in a small company rather than ready money from the big ones.

"I don't think the large companies know what is good," said Thompson. "They sign as many people as they can. They have a percentage system—sign 100, and maybe three will make it and give their money back. A lot of it is shit. Even if the Airplane makes a mediocre album it's better than 90 percent of what's out. Companies are just pigs; they sign an artist before they're ready; musicians are crushed and don't recover from that major defeat."

In its first year Grunt released seven albums, starting with *Gunfighter* and *Papa John, Bark*, though labeled Grunt, was actually the last album commitment for RCA. Those seven albums have sold more than a million and a half units, but only one of those seven—*Jack Bonus*—had no immediate Airplane association. Bonus' album did not do well.

Kantner said the next Airplane album might be half live, half studio. "There are about eight things recorded in various stages; we'll probably do all new stuff." He said Grace wants Graham Nash to produce her album, for which she's written a few things, and there are some tracks done for a Grace and Paul album. The difficulty seems to be in the ultra-fine lines of distinction between an Airplane or a Grace or a Paul album; they're all practically interchangeable, so there's a diffusion of energy and near-constant recording. Whichever album is scheduled next gets the tracks that are ready. "It's unavoidable because you're dealing with the same people," Jorma Kaukonen said. "I don't write many songs so whatever we happen to be doing at that time, that's where the song goes. I don't have a big choice." Thus, one track on *Long John Silver* was actually a Hot Tuna track, with Sammy Piazz'a on drums.

Grunt has to supply a certain number of Airplane and Airplane-related al-

bums per year, plus a certain number by new artists. The new people, so far, are friends and relatives of the Airplane, which means that Grunt's ability to develop unknown talent is still untested. Scheduled in the near and far future are albums by Grace, Papa John, Jorma and Tom Hobson, Jack Traylor (a songwriter featured on *Sunfighter*), Richmond Talbot and One, a Bolinas, Calif., group that does a strange form of scat singing. It's a fairly fat schedule for a small company, but the problem isn't the number of albums, it's the deadlines. RCA, at the beginning of the Grunt deal, set fairly arbitrary (but not unreasonable) deadlines for each prospective album, but so far not one has been delivered on time. "If we don't make those deadlines," said Grunt national promotion manager Augie Bloom, "our monthly budget allowances are chopped by a percentage as a penalty." (*Long John Silver* was six months late.)

Make no mistake, RCA supports Grunt. "RCA provides advances against the royalties we make," Kantner said. Grunt's expenses are also paid by RCA, said Bloom. So RCA is essentially funding a company that might someday get independent enough to thumb its nose at RCA. Why is RCA doing this? "It would have been a crushing blow if Jefferson Airplane had lived up to what they had been saying," Bloom said vaguely. "RCA stood to lose a good deal of economic and industry prestige."

Thompson, Bloom and Kantner all seemed to feel that neither Grunt nor RCA would be anxious to renew the contract when it comes up in a couple of years.

The biggest blow to RCA-Grunt relations came this year when RCA forced Harry Jenkins to quit his position as RCA-Grunt liaison. They didn't actually fire Jenkins; according to Kantner, Grunt's contract stipulated that Jenkins could not be fired, so instead RCA fired Jenkins' staff.

"They were jealous," Kantner said. Jenkins quit; he had to. "We have our ways of getting back at them karmically," Kantner said with his best threatening smile.

With Jenkins gone the relationship deteriorated into long angry phone calls between Grunt and RCA in general, Kantner and president Rocco Laginestra in particular. "It's like having Nixon for the president of your record company," Kantner said contemptuously. "Rocco said he'd dissolve all the deadlines for the albums and now he's going back on that." Jenkins might have averted the "Song of Jesus" crisis, but since he wasn't around to soothe tempers, Rocco and Kantner had words. Kantner told a San Francisco reporter that Rocco had said to him, "We don't want to censor your songs. What we want to do is change your song. You're the younger generation, you believe in change."

Teeny & proud:

Donnydementia Strikes G. Britain

LONDON — The compere's youthful voice almost split in two as he whipped up the capacity audience at the Rainbow Theater. "The papers call you the 'weenyboppers,'" — whistles — "but I'll tell you what you are . . . you're the new rock generation, that's what you are. So you show them what you think of 'em by really screaming this place down."

The few parents that were among the audience looked bewildered at what was happening to their children, as 3000 or more clog heels stamped on the floor to add a thundering rhythm to the hair-raising screams that filled the air in the warm-up moments before the Osmonds trotted on stage, radiant in white spangled suits, linen-fresh all the way from Salt Lake City.

Six months ago when the Osmonds came to Britain for a charity show, they passed through the country with hardly a sigh or a scream to be heard. But since then the pre-teen pop fans of Britain have found their voice and suddenly it's carnival time.

By chance or otherwise (nobody was saying), Britain's junior boppers have recently had a double ball. Within three hours of each other, the Jackson Five and the Osmonds arrived at Heathrow Airport to the sort of welcome that most people thought was only to be found in the pages of pop history. By 6 AM several hundred youngsters had gathered in the arrival-lounge, and as their numbers were still growing, the Jackson Five strolled out of customs to be hit by a wall of squirming, grasping, screaming boppers. The waiting limousine wasn't stationary for a second longer than necessary but within 30 seconds it was dented and scratched to the tune of £500.

Shortly before the Jackson Five arrived, Elton John had walked through after an overnight flight from the States. He looked puzzled and rather apprehensive for a moment before slipping through with only token mobbing, done perhaps more out of a feeling of kindness than fan fervor.

When the Osmonds touched down just before 10 AM, the roof of the observation deck of the terminal was alive and crawling with youngsters. The Osmonds waved, posed, smiled their way to the cars that whisked them away to the Churchill Hotel in the West End, where, it just so happened, the Jackson Five had just checked in. "We want Donny, we want Donny," chanted the crowd with the unconscious coordination of a football crowd. Seasoned observers, including a former press agent of the Beatles, reckoned that the reception was at least equal to anything the Liverpool boys ever got.

A guard at the hotel claimed excitedly that he'd seen some girls trying to break in the back entrance armed with knives. One nine-year-old attacked a door with a sledgehammer, letting a stream of fans rush in and swarm around the disgruntled guests in the lobby.

Imagine the wave of shock that swept through when, a few days later, while the hotel was still under partial siege, the Daily Mirror, Britain's largest-circulation morning national, announced in a foreboding front-page headline: DONNY'S VOICE IS BREAKING. The scoop continued: "Donny's puppy days are over. He'll be 15 next month, and his voice, quivering with adolescence until now, is deepening daily." Of Donny singing at the Rainbow, the Mirror revealed "half-a-dozen glasses of water were trickled down Donny's tender throat before he performed his No. 1 solo."

By the time the evening papers were out, Prime Minister Heath had announced a wage-price freeze and Donny Osmond was relegated to page five, where his mother, Olive Osmond, issued a terse statement that while Donny's voice was "getting lower" it certainly was not breaking.

But the teeny boom is consistent front-page business in other publications. Along with the sudden popularity of bopper pop have come drastic increases in the sales of the magazines that feed their fantasies. Sales of magazines like *Mirabelle*, *Jackie*, and *Fab-208* have doubled and even tripled in recent months.

The Naked Truth.

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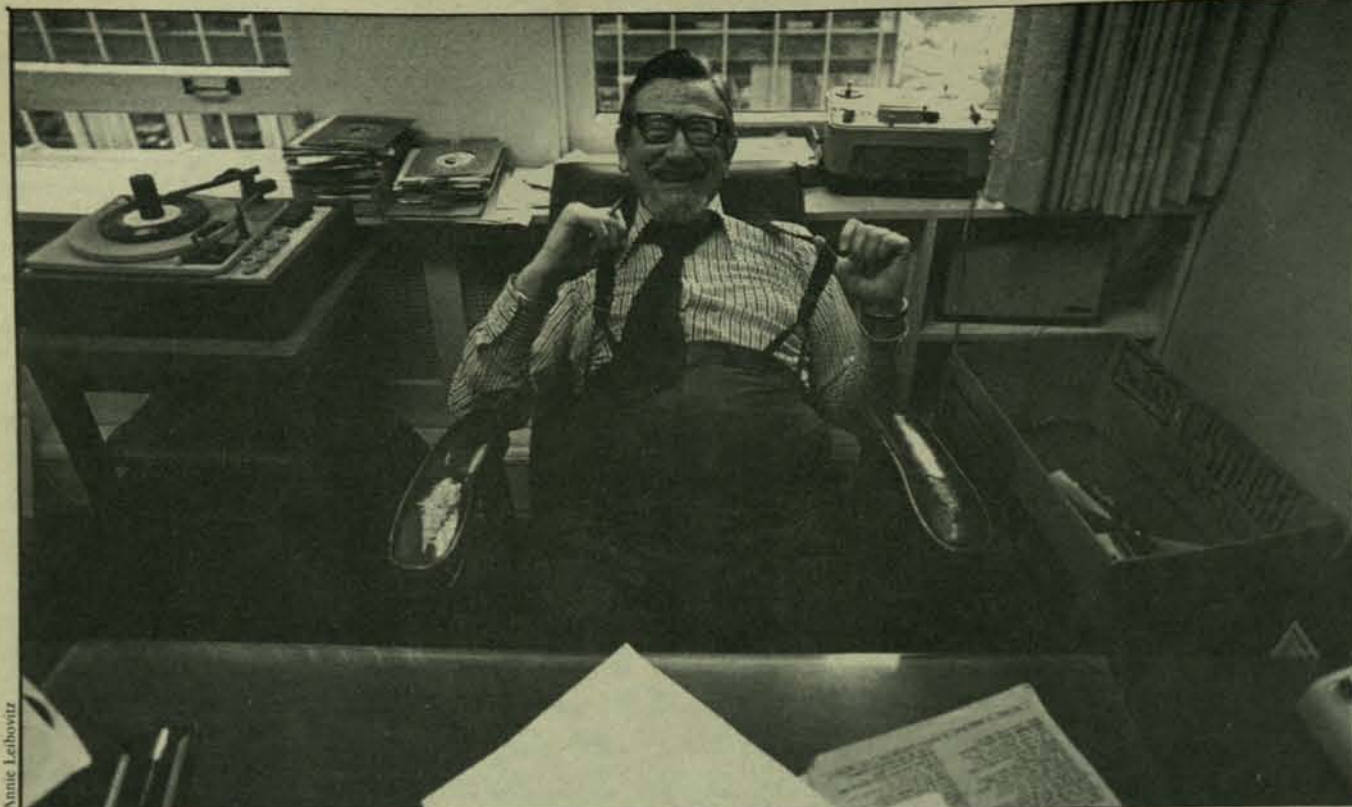
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Bill Gavin: "America's bop-crazy teenagers" against Jack Anderson's ageist slurs

Radio:

Bill Gavin on Top of the Pops

BY BEN FONG-TORRES

SAN FRANCISCO—"Bill Gavin is an incredibly honest man," says Bob Harvey, program director at KQV in Pittsburgh. "I only wonder what he's doing in this business."

"Bill Gavin is a little naive," says Elma Greer, music director at KSFO, San Francisco, "not in terms of business, but when it comes to people. Like the Jack Anderson columns on payola. He's naive enough to think this doesn't go on. He really loves the business, and it's hard for him to believe it's going on unless it's proven."

Bill Gavin has been in radio and music for 40 years now, and at 64, he publishes what remains, after 12 years, "the bible" of the radio/record business: the Gavin Report. More than 400 stations subscribe, for \$160 a year each, and they receive four legal-size sheets of sky-blue paper each week, single-spaced, crammed with reports on "rock," "non-rock," "R&B" and "country" releases, culled from more than 200 correspondents reporting sales and requests. Each week, five records out of the estimated 250 released each week make their way to the Gavin Report's front page—as "Smash of the Week," "Sleeper of the Week," "Hot Shot," "Top Tip," or "Record to Watch." And a summary, "Recommended Playlist" offers a "Top Twenty" and 20 other records "Gaining in Several Markets." Radio stations, trend-followers by and large, use Gavin, usually in combination with competing sheets—the Bob Hamilton and Friends Radio Report or Kal Rudman's Friday Morning Quarterback, and trade magazines, to make up their own playlists.

Gavin, says Elma Greer, is "the most powerful man in the business. Every record company subscribes to it and quotes it; the reports are much faster than those of Billboard or Cashbox. Everybody's copied him, but he originated the thing. He's the only one who's really popular and respected, because it's an honest sheet."

Or, as Julian Breen, program director at KYA put it: "He doesn't hype records." Neither does Hamilton, but Kal Rudman, Breen said, "takes money and he's admitted it"—for an article in the Wall Street Journal.

So when Gavin began challenging muckraking columnist Jack Anderson, the business watched closely.

Anderson charged—in three columns published between March and August—that payola was back in "the gangster-like world" of the pop music business, that "disc jockeys and program directors across the country are provided with free vacations, prostitutes, cash and cars as payoffs for song plugging," and that the bribes are focused on "Top

Forty" lists, thereby duping "America's bop-crazy teen-agers." Later, he added "bootleg drugs" to the list. "The payola scandals of 1959-60," he wrote, "have grown like rank weeds into a drug scandal of the Seventies." Shortly after his column appeared, the FCC asked Anderson for evidence and, in September, announced that hearings were being held, with the Justice Department and the Bureau of Narcotics in on investigations.)

Anderson and Gavin were to have met this spring on the *Merv Griffin Show* shortly after the first column appeared, but Anderson canceled, leaving the grandfatherly Gavin to discuss changes in pop and R&B music.

Now, sitting in his modest office in a downtown skyscraper, where he and his wife Janet do most of the work compiling the Report, Gavin summarized his disbelief: "The air is fouled up," he said, because of Anderson's charges.

"Mr. Anderson," he said, "is an outsider who hasn't taken the trouble to find out about the practical workings of radio. He wrote about buying listings on station charts, which is ludicrous." (Few stations still publish—or even compile—a Top 30 or Top 40 chart as an actual playlist.)

"He said his partner had a 'confidential source in the record business.' He was casting doubts on an entire industry, therefore, without offering any documentation."

"After he wrote his first article, I made a point of asking several knowledgeable people in the business about it, and the indication I got was that in a few places, on a few occasions, yes, but as far as Top 40 in general, comparatively little. There was still a grey area in which promotion men went out of their way to be nice guys, but that would not be considered payola."

Gavin admitted a difficulty in figuring out exactly how much grey exists in the business. "If anybody talks about payola, they won't mention any names or companies."

Gavin, in fact, knows of one recent variation on the theme: "Within the past month, all three trade magazines were showing Number 15 for a record heavily promoted by the label (Gavin wouldn't say which one for publication; it's one of the established majors) and managers of the act. But my reports showed it was being played on only between 13 to 15 out of 100 stations. Then we got a report in Los Angeles, that the buyer for one of the big record stores had called a radio station to say that two busloads of young people had come in to buy the record." It turns out there were jobs being offered this summer on posters around L.A. for kids to go around and buy this record, "to give it bona fide sales," said Gavin. "The buying was being financed by the manager of the artist." (Aside from Gavin's suspicions, the scheme was discovered because the artist in question is white, and so were his paid admirers. But they had been bused to an R&B shop by mistake.)

If Gavin, as Greer says, is being left out of the shadier side of his industry, he maintains an almost law-and-order integrity in his own business. This month he and Janet host the 7th Gavin Radio Program Conference in San Francisco. As in previous years, nearly 1000 persons will attend; as in previous years, Gavin will be offering some nourishing thought-food (keynote speaker: Buckminster Fuller), and, as in previous years, Gavin will gear the conference to radio, not records. "When we started, we were in the shadow of those first payola hearings," he said, "and when we started inviting record people, we had to simply make sure that this wasn't going to be a repeat of those high-falutin' entertainment bashes. So we said 'No promotional entertainment.' 'No hospitality suites.' And it's always come off well."

Bill Gavin is seen by many radio people as more a reporter than a guide. He agrees. "It's not that I personally have any influence," he says, "but the information that I carry has a considerable influence because we can pick up a feeling on a record in one area or another and pass that along to our readers. Then it's up to them to interpret how significant that information is." Music and program directors will judge a record's growth by watching which markets first jump on a record. New York and L.A., Gavin said, are not the consistent hit-breaking centers they used to be.

"You get less feel on new products out of New York, by far, than you get out of Houston. Major markets will give a hit record the longest duration of sales. The smaller the market, the shorter the duration and the faster the turnover on the charts. This is simply because of the total inertia of a large market population. You may have 10,000 people this week that buy the record, but there are still 100,000 out there that are going to sometime, and they keep it moving."

"Each market has its own characteristics. For instance, if I get a Top 40 report out of Detroit, it is not as meaningful to me as if I got the same report out of Minneapolis or Denver or even right here in San Francisco. There are certain other types of records—if Pittsburgh breaks a smooth ballad, I would say this is very significant because that happens quite rarely there. That isn't the kind of a record that the Pittsburgh record-buying public goes for."

Gavin credits the first "Top 40" chart to the Todd Storz chain of stations. As early as 1950, Storz was watching jukebox tabulations. "His New Orleans station is generally credited with being the first station to make weekly checks of retail outlets in their town. They found that their first lists had just about 40 records. So every afternoon they played these 40 records."

Gavin himself was charting popular music even before 1950. Lucky Lager Beer had been sponsoring a music program—*Lucky Dancetime*—in Los Angeles in 1937. It slowly branched out to Seattle and San Francisco, where in the

early Fifties Gavin was programing the competing *Burgie Music Box* of national hits for the NBC station. Lucky Lager hired him away in 1955.

Local record stores had been reporting their own top ten sellers each week to Lucky for a special "Lucky Ten" segment of Saturday night's *Dancetime*. When Gavin took over as programmer, he combined the reports of the 30 different cities for a western region survey—to "increase the accuracy of the overall average."

He began sending his lists out to affiliated stations, showing the weekly Top 60 songs being programmed plus a list of new records scheduled for the next week. Correspondence began with stations throughout the country on a free-flow basis until several stations began asking for programming help. As part of the service, Gavin mimeographed record reports, and when record companies began making inquiries, "I got real stingy right away and said no, if they want that they can pay for it." And he's been in the "bible" business since then.

Gavin began as a musician, playing classical piano, then broke from school-teaching to sing Schubert and Tchaikovsky at the old Fox Theater in San Francisco for \$25 a week. He then got a job with the Western Network's Old Gilmore Circus, where he played and did vocal arrangements. In 1936, he was a radio announcer in Seattle, then moved down the coast to San Francisco to play piano. In 1936, he settled into radio on the west coast, announcing, performing on piano and singing on a CBS station, and writing and producing shows (including the *Burgie Music Box*) for NBC.

Around 1956, Gavin went through a "re-tuning" of his ear, as Elvis and Haley and the Platters joined Hugo Winterhalter and Patti Page on the national charts. Now, he is comfortable with contemporary music—leaning to the softer, countryish, solo pop when he's not relaxing to classical music at home.

But sometimes it does get a little rocky for him. "He was the reason I started my report," says Bob Hamilton, 29, whose three-year-old publication is a brassy outpouring of mod-lib pleas for All That Is Brotherly in the music business, along with record and radio reports (Hamilton covers radio well and with spirit). Hamilton believes Gavin guilty of conservative bias. Gavin, he noted correctly, questioned such songs as the Temptations' "Cloud Nine" and "Acapulco Gold" as pro-dope, and wondered about the taste of such lyrics as those of "Honky Tonk Woman."

"I wanted to see a sheet without this bias," said Hamilton, who worked previously as a promo man for Roulette and as a disc jockey.

Gavin replies, "Any publication has a right to an editorial page... I started out commenting on various records in the drug scene primarily because when it first hit there were many broadcasters who were not aware of the particular vocabulary that was being used. Neither was I, but when I received the information as to what this meant, then I passed it along. I expressed the opinion that the question was not so much one of censorship as it was of evaluating any record in terms of its relationship to a radio station's standing in a community. Not out of fear of losing a license, but out of respect to the advertisers and listeners."

"Gavin has contributed a lot to the industry," said Hamilton, who admits to having the same goal. And much of what Hamilton espouses—for broadcasters to emphasize music, not records, as products, to focus on communicating rather than the business of communications—is summarized by Gavin, as he prepares for his Conference:

"There is this feeling among a number of programmers that there is more to it than just the audience shares and the winning of glory and making their station number one. More and more—with so many radio stations in the field, each of them taking a fairly respectable slice of the audience, and none of them really dominating the shares—it's an object lesson to these people that the day of the great rating giant is over and that to be number one isn't all that important anymore. You can be a good radio man and have a good radio station without necessarily showing up number one in the overall range, and there are other things to be proud of."

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MOTOWN:

Ashford & Simpson:
1st Time in Person

BY VINCE ALETTI

NEW YORK—Nick Ashford and Valerie Simpson had been in a studio at New York's Hit Factory all day now and they were down to finishing touches. It was the final day of sessions on the instrumental tracks for a group of new Ashford-Simpson love songs to be finished next week in L.A. where the vocal tracks would be iced on, like rich strokes of chocolate frosting by Motown's latest Sweetheart team—the ultimate high-level company merger, Marvin Gaye and Diana Ross. Banks of violinists and horn-players came and went while the engineer was rewinding the tape, Ashford was off at one end of the console trying to remember how to make good paper airplanes. When his first model had an effective range of about five inches, Valerie, perched on a stool, joined in the attempt to recapture a momentarily lost art: "It's like this—I think."

She picked up a few pieces of note-paper and began producing her own carefully folded gliders, but all their efforts nose-dove pathetically into a litter of empty paper coffee cups, tape reels and Valerie's elaborately doodled notes. They laughed, shrugged and returned to the work at hand—laying in the bass line on a song called "I've Come to Love You."

Although the studio looked empty beyond the glass-enclosed control room, out there behind a partition was a 16-year-old bass player named Francisco who'd been sitting as if in an isolation booth, practicing quietly. But once he put on his earphones and the engineer flooded them with track upon track of lush music, Francisco glided only a little way and then stumbled to a halt. Valerie stepped out to run it through with him, but after two or three more takes, the stumbling block had only moved further into the song. Valerie stood by the engineer at the control board, dancing slightly, alert to every twist in that single thread of music coming from behind the partition; she and Nick winced every time it got tangled. But there was no tension, only concentration, and when Francisco slid through all his previous obstacles, Valerie turned with a delighted grin and announced, "Prayer changes things."

Francisco emerged and Valerie gave him a quick hug and a few reminders about rehearsal later on that night. The engineer was asking Ashford if they do their own final mixing. "We work with the Motown engineer," Nick said; but it wasn't always that way: "When we first went with the company, they'd be doing all kinds of things." Which he'd rather not go into just now. When everything was packed, they had four boxes of tapes to be carted to L.A. in a few days for the Gaye-Ross sessions.

In between studio dates, Ashford and Simpson were making their concert debut as part of the Soul at the Center series in Lincoln Center's Alice Tully Hall. With the immediate company business completed, they'd set up their first rehearsal for the Center show—including a six-piece rhythm section, eight horns and three background singers—in just a few hours. The concert was only two nights off and the way it looked at the moment, Nick said, "This may be a very spontaneous show."

Although the sell-out concert was finally as spontaneous as a TV special (and was, in fact, repeated with little change for WNET as one of the first Soul productions this season), it did have a special sort of electricity. Aside from an appearance on *Soul* nearly two years ago—when program producer (and, not coincidentally, organizer of the Lincoln Center Soul series) Ellis Haizlip convinced them to take one step out from between the credits parentheses and into the Public Eye—Ashford and Simpson have performed nowhere outside the recording studio or church. So even those people familiar with Valerie's two Motown albums—the second of which was released just days before the

concert—were discovering her as a performer. And Nick Ashford, except for the maybe 25 people who'd heard his Tom Wilson-produced single several years back ("Dead End Kids" b/w Ashford-Simpson's pre-Motown classic "Let's Go Get Stoned"), was totally out of the blue. Yet the audience was more than ready, showering applause with the enthusiasm of an already fanatic cult, and it quickly passed from an

her Me") because "people like to hear what you would have done if you had made the song." Asked why she and Nick didn't put together such an album a long time ago, Valerie responded with a mock leer, "Money. Greed. It's hard to think of yourself when there are established names right there at your disposal. So usually they get the bulk of your material and there's just not enough left. You just have to make up your

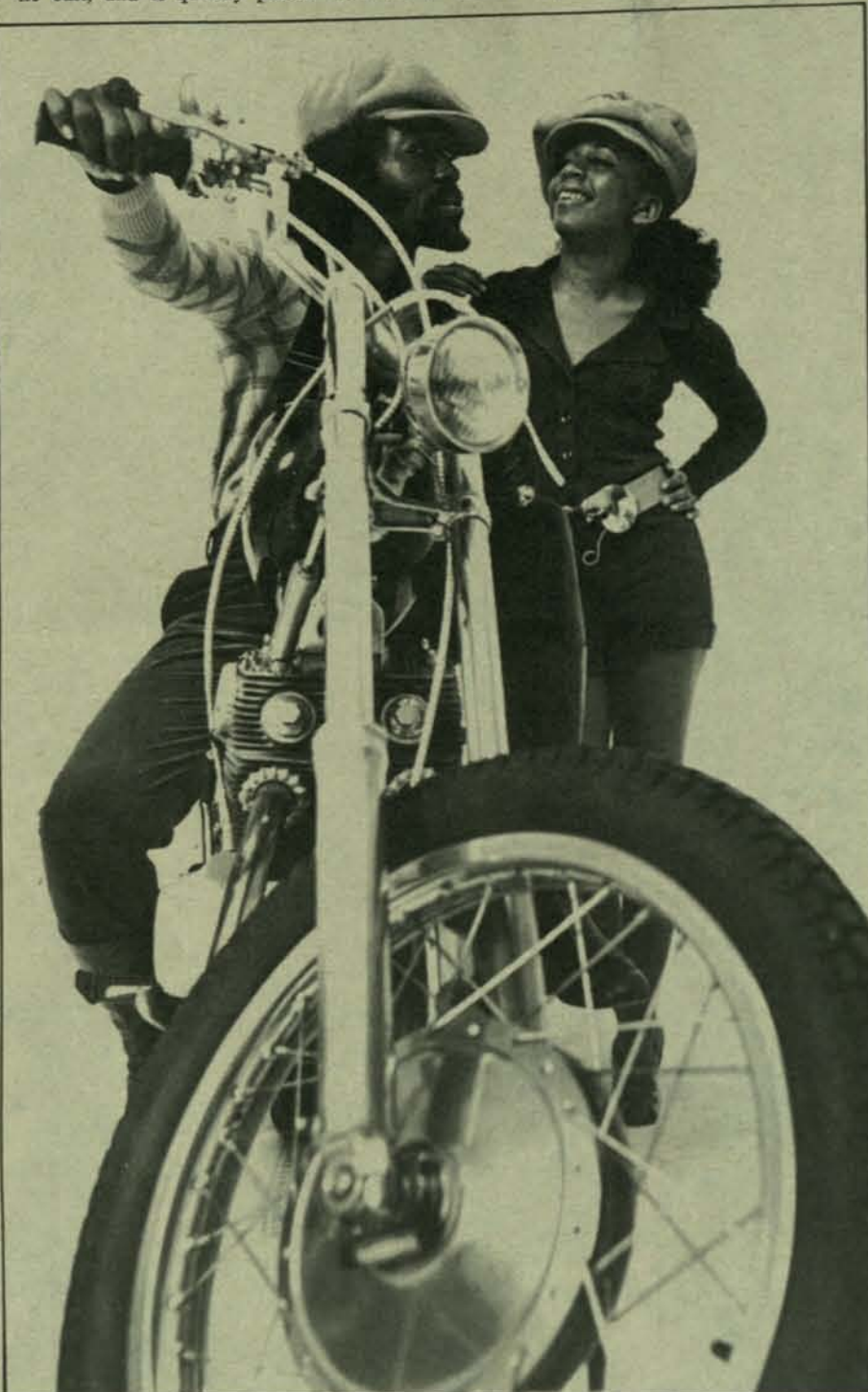
images and things it becomes sort of mechanical; you can't really be creative. It stops the newness that may come over you, stifles it. After you've got what's inside you out, then I think it's easier to adapt it" to Diana Ross or Marvin Gaye or whoever.

Although Nick and Valerie feel the Motown move to L.A. will have little effect on their particular relationship with the company ("We come in and we do our work and then we're back home again, so we don't have that much of a chance to get terribly involved"), they think the move was a positive one. "I think perhaps they may get a stronger togetherness with the pull of all the creative forces there," Ashford suggested. "The old Motown—Detroit—was based in small houses and things—there was such a spirit. And now I know when I went out to California, in the creative department there's that same spirit. . . . I think now it should be even a stronger force than it was. Because a guy once told me when I first went to Motown that they called it a 'Ball of Sensitivity' that they had there. And I felt it; it was. You get a very competitive feeling with the other producers in the things we do when you're together like that. The separation—it was all right but I think it's a stronger force with it all together."

After a brief exchange of rumors about artists who may have left the company in recent months—"Whatcha heard?" Valerie asks, leaning forward eagerly in her chair—Valerie approached the question of the move in another way. "It's a very interesting time," she said. "We were in California about a week or two ago . . . it's funny, when things are bad—and obviously things must be bad—not bad, but the idea that these people have left makes the company feel like *We've got to get on the case . . .* and the pull . . . now the enthusiasm level is so high until everyone feels that they personally have to be the savior."

Whatever the psychic state of Motown Records, it's apparently "a very interesting time" for Nick Ashford and Valerie Simpson as well. Their Lincoln Center concert and the subsequent *Soul* show have begun to project them as performers and not merely names on record jackets. Valerie, with her two albums, is already several steps ahead in this direction, having established a semi-cult audience and a critical following. But neither seem particularly anxious to pursue club or concert dates. Valerie appeared briefly at L.A.'s Troubadour in September, then canceled at the last minute a November date at the Bitter End in New York.

This reluctance may not be their own however: Motown has reportedly been less than encouraging, perhaps feeling that too many personal appearances will keep them from taking care of company homework. Valerie, when asked why she and Nick hadn't been discovered as singers a long time ago, suggested that, even if people liked their voices on demo records, no one had any way of knowing if they had any real flair as singers. "Who knows, we might just stand on the stage like this" (she holds her arms stiffly at her sides) "for an hour, just deadpan. So nobody knows that we think we're Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers." A pause. "The black Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers."



"Nobody knows we think we're the black Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers."

evening of discovery to one of celebration—the most joyous in what was a highly celebratory two weeks at Lincoln Center.

Valerie, looking like a precocious 14-year-old in a filmy dress that seemed to be made of brightly colored crepe paper streamers, and Nick, tall, dark and dashing as hell in some creamy-colored knit, had the crowd swooning and shouting from the moment they swept on stage. Each number of the fast-paced set—even two rather undeveloped solos by Ashford—only strengthened their hand. The show drew from the Ashford-Simpson songbook ("Remember Me," "Ain't No Mountain High Enough," "Genius," "Reach Out and Touch," "Drink the Wine") and, occasionally, other pop sources ("Ooh Child," "We Can Work It Out," "I Wanna Be Where You Are"), but its high point was a gospel song—"Steal Away"—whose inspiration and arrangement had come to Nick Ashford in a dream at age 13. With Ashford in the lead, Simpson at piano and two women—Shirley Reed and Mildred Lewis—as a chorus, the song ripped through an extraordinary series of vocal changes and sent the audience into an uproar.

Since the concert—which was recorded "live" but is as yet unscheduled for release—Nick and Valerie have gone on to record an album together for Motown, completed but held up until early 1973. A project they'd thought about for some time, the record includes their own versions of songs they wrote for others (among them, "You're All I Need to Get By," "Ain't Nothing Like the Real Thing," "Your Precious Love," "Ain't No Mountain High Enough," "Remem-

ber Me") because "people like to hear what you would have done if you had made the song." Asked why she and Nick didn't put together such an album a long time ago, Valerie responded with a mock leer, "Money. Greed. It's hard to think of yourself when there are established names right there at your disposal. So usually they get the bulk of your material and there's just not enough left. You just have to make up your

mind there's something you want to do and put some stuff aside for yourself 'cause otherwise you end up givin' it all away."

Working at Motown since 1967, first as writers, then as writer/producers with Marvin Gaye & Tammi Terrell, Diana Ross, the Supremes, Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, among others, Ashford and Simpson have established themselves as one of the strongest writing and producing teams in the country. Their success gives them a certain amount of freedom within the Motown establishment—as with the Gaye-Ross sessions, they are able to do a lot of work at home in New York and fly out to L.A. only when absolutely necessary—and a detached appreciation of the company's ways and means.

"I'm tryin' to think if there's anything I can complain about," Valerie said with a sly roll of her eyes. "I must say," she continued, her sentence breaking under the weight of an uncertain emphasis and excitement, "they're pretty—I can't really speak for everybody—but really let us do what we want to do." Nick added hesitantly, "I think the only restriction—that I would call a restriction—is like for instance me and Valerie write a tune, and we may hear it on somebody but it doesn't quite go with their image—I think the restriction can sometimes be an image already built."

So when Diana Ross began her solo career, were they trying to build her in any specific way? "Yeah," says Valerie: "Big." But rather than writing Diana Ross songs, Nick says, they just write songs: "We may adapt them to an artist but first we both have to be pleased with them ourselves. If you start dealing with

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10/28	Corral, Calgary, Alberta, Can.	11/23	Kiel Auditorium, St. Louis, Mo.	12/15-16	Academy of Music, New York City
10/29	Gardens, Edmonton, Alberta, Can.	11/25	Hara Arena, Dayton, O.	12/17	Hampton Rhodes Coliseum, Hampton Rhodes, Va.
10/31	Coliseum, Denver, Colo.	11/26	Sports Arena, Toledo, O.		
		11/27	Ford Auditorium, Detroit, Mich.		

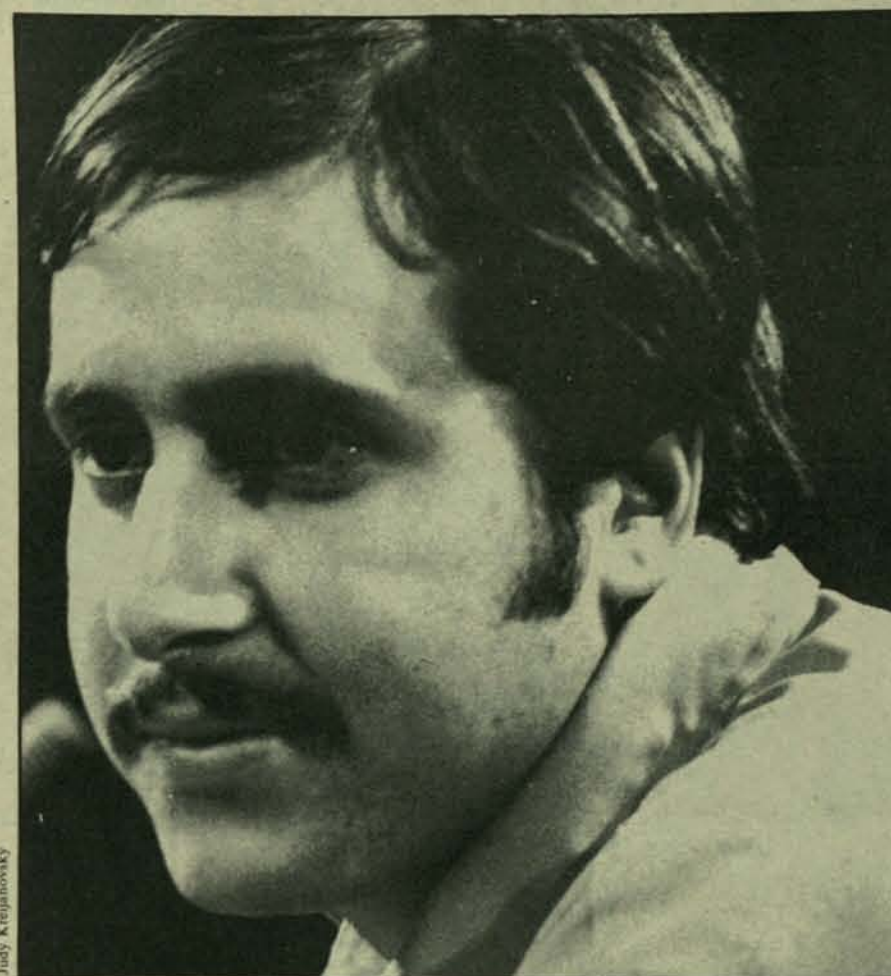
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Howard Berg: Subpoenaed from Minneapolis to be asked about 1038-A Pine Street

Is This Immunity -- or an Ambush?

—Continued from Page One

cious prosecution. The grand jury, a panel of randomly selected ordinary citizens meeting in secret, is charged with weighing evidence to determine whether a crime has been committed and whether there should be indictment against a particular individual. In the federal system, a grand jury is the only means of obtaining a felony indictment. Such grand juries routinely sit in every federal district, hearing cases on income tax evasion, narcotics, trade regulations and on into a grey area of tedious criminal charges.

But, with the passage in 1970 of the Organized Crime Control Act, federal courts were authorized to set up special grand juries in any district where the attorney general or one of his subordinates concludes such a body is "necessary because of criminal activity."

To coordinate this new power, President Nixon chose the Internal Security Division of the Justice Department, a cubbyhole division that was begun in 1954, but went dormant with the demise of Joe McCarthy. The division was given new life under the vigorous guidance of Robert Mardian, conservative-minded Californian and buddy of Attorney General Richard Kleindienst. To Mardian and his division was given the task of sorting through all the laborious files of FBI reports on radical activities in America and finding cases to begin prosecution. The eager Mardian also rounded the Justice Department's Interdivisional Intelligence Unit (IDIU) under his direct control with its maze of computerized and stored pieces of information waiting like fragments in the subversive collage he is to construct.

For the field work, Mardian chose Guy Goodwin, a Kansas City lawyer with a compulsive affection for neatness and prim habits. He is known to stand before a witness in his meticulously preened dark suit with not a hair out of place and stare haughtily down his nose through his half-frame reading glasses to demand, "Tell the grand jury, please, where you were employed during the year 1970, by whom you are employed during the year 1970, how long you have been so employed and the amount of remuneration for your employment during the year 1970..."

As was the case with other Justice Department honchos, Mardian—Colonel Mardian to his Washington friends—left his post earlier this year to join the Committee to Re-Elect the President.

Mardian, who had been an eager Goldwater backer in past years, was replaced in the Internal Security Division by William Olsen, a less well-known but equally right-thinking Republican. By this time, Goodwin was too busy to himself go off campaigning for anything other than the crackdown on radicals.

So carefully organized is Goodwin and so detailed is his assortment of facts, that witnesses have been startled when he would suddenly and smugly refer to them by a nickname familiar only to their friends.

In the last two years, more than 20 grand juries have been used to investigate cases related to politically radical or anti-war activities. The best known among them are those convened over the Pentagon Papers, Daniel Berrigan, and the grilling of Leslie Bacon about the US Capitol bombing. Goodwin has not been present at all of them, but his grand inquisitor style has set the precedent and established the model for other US attorneys working with him.

The Internal Security Division, with Goodwin as its field marshal, has succeeded in stretching out the purpose of the grand jury beyond that of examining evidence on a single crime to becoming an elaborate investigative body with powers not enjoyed by the most fanatic of police agencies in America and with an ultimate threat of imprisonment that spits at the parchment that the First and Fifth Amendments to the US Constitution were written on. In one sense, the new use of grand juries as inquisitors is the grandson of the old House Un-American Activities Committee and the direct descendant of the government's failures in its attempts to prosecute conspiracy charges such as those against the Chicago Eight as a means of hammering down social protest. But perhaps the most alarming aspect of the Justice Department's grand jury tactic is that it has dodged and in effect voided the essence of the American system of checks and balances and individual rights. Grand juries have more power than the old congressional committees and many observers feel the Justice Department may have succeeded in getting around even the Supreme Court. As with the war in Vietnam, the real power in this onslaught lies with the executive and ignores Congress.

The grand juries themselves, no matter how randomly selected or how fairly composed, become as mute observers to the Star Chamber question-

ing of such prosecutors as Goodwin. Although the grand jurors may themselves ask questions, they almost never do, partially because even they are confused about what the government is after. Most often they sit silently listening while the prosecutor slams out his questions. At the end, their decision is usually but a rubber stamp approval of the government's intention.

There are no limits to the number of witnesses who may be called to testify before a grand jury. A prosecutor may subpoena persons almost at whim, or with a vengeance. Nor are there virtually any limits to his questions. The witness is not allowed to have an attorney with him in the room while he is being questioned, nor does he have a right to be told the object of the investigation or even if he himself may be a defendant. He is merely summoned to appear.

One such witness compared the tactic to that of the ancient dunking stool: "If you drowned, you were innocent. If you survived, you were hanged."

Witnesses, it would seem, could take shelter in the Fifth Amendment, which guarantees the right against self-incrimination. Others, particularly members of the press, might call on the First Amendment, guaranteeing the right to free speech.

Yet a grand jury hearing is not a trial, nor even a Congressional investigation. To a witness who declines to answer on grounds of the Fifth Amendment or other rights, the prosecutor responds by hauling the witness into open court to offer him immunity against prosecution. Once granted immunity, the witness must testify or be held in contempt and jailed.

But it is not so simple even as that. For years, the government has been befuddled and frustrated by the protections of the Fifth Amendment. Before becoming Chief Justice of the US Supreme Court, Warren Burger himself called openly for revision of the Fifth Amendment. The Right Wing has consistently damned it as a shield for criminals. With this in mind, Congress organized the National Commission on Reform of the Federal Criminal Laws in 1966 and placed former California Governor Edmund G. Brown at its head. When the commission submitted its report at last in 1970, one key revision recommended was in the current immunity laws. Under their existing statutes, no one could be made to testify against himself unless he were granted absolute immunity against prosecution for anything he might have talked about in his testimony. Brown's commission recommended that this protection, known as transactional immunity, be replaced with what they termed "use immunity." Under this provision, a person given immunity could not be prosecuted on the basis of his specific testimony, but he could be prosecuted for evidence that the Justice Department could show it obtained independently of the coerced testimony.

There was a flurry of protest from informed individuals in Washington, but in 1970, use immunity also became part of the Organized Crime Control Act, and last May, the Supreme Court upheld it as a replacement for the long-standing principle of transactional immunity.

No longer is anyone offered full immunity. Think about the last time you were at or around a protest demonstration. Think about being called to testify about it, under use immunity, before a grand jury building evidence for a conspiracy case such as that in Chicago. Then think about what happened to your rights to free assembly under the First Amendment and your protection against self-incrimination under the Fifth.

Tony Russo was a friend and associate of Daniel Ellsberg at the Rand Corporation in Los Angeles where the Pentagon Papers were allegedly stolen. When Russo was summoned to appear before a grand jury in L.A., in 1971, he refused to testify on grounds of the Fifth Amendment. Government prosecutors, still uncertain of their new "use" immunity, gave Russo full immunity against prosecution. Still he refused to testify. He was cited for contempt and jailed, first in Los Angeles County Jail

and later at Terminal Island. Russo had said all along that he would testify in open court, but not in the super-secrecy of the grand jury. After more than six weeks in prison, most of that time in an isolation cell, Russo and his attorneys argued to Federal Judge Warren J. Ferguson that Russo would testify to the grand jury if he were given a transcript of the grand jury proceedings. Judge Ferguson found it to be an unusual case and agreed with Russo, ordering the former Rand researcher freed from jail on the condition that he would testify and be given a transcript.

Four days before he was to testify, Russo received a legal notice from US Prosecutor David Nissen saying, "The United States of America hereby notifies witness Anthony Russo, Jr. that the Government will respectfully decline to furnish him a copy of the transcript of proceedings of his appearance before the grand jury... on the ground that the order requiring such transcript to be furnished him is unlawful and made without and beyond the authority of the Court."

Nissen also appealed to Judge Ferguson to reverse the order saying, "... if the grand jury is compelled to disclose the nature of its proceedings to the very persons it is investigating, its investigation must necessarily fail..." Judge Ferguson did not agree and upheld his order that Russo be furnished a transcript if he testified.

Not even a federal court could stop the Justice Department, however. Nissen gave up trying to get Russo into the grand jury room as a witness. Instead, he used the same grand jury to indict Russo as a co-conspirator with Ellsberg. Significantly, Ellsberg himself openly admitted to the press on the day he was arrested months before in Boston that he had delivered the so-called Pentagon Papers to the chairman of the US Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

What then, was the government after, and why should Nissen be so insistent on secrecy?

One answer is simply that grand juries have become fishing expeditions for Guy Goodwin and his Special Litigation Section—an effort to piece together little facts that may even seem unrelated to all but the monster computer humming away back at the Interdivisional Intelligence Unit in Washington.

Robert Sussman loaded up what he thought he, his wife and little Moon would need for the trip and shoved the old truck into gear, headed west across the Rockies for San Francisco. He had already contacted people from the National Lawyers Guild who have compiled information on the use and misuse of grand juries and are working on tactics to deal with the federal maneuver.

In San Juan, Dr. Phillip Craven boarded a plane bound for the Bay Area. Howard Berg was concerned about the reaction of his fellow engineers who had seen the FBI agents enter the shop to serve the subpoena, he worried over his job and the meaning of the subpoena as he left Minneapolis.

Goodwin was flying in from Washington, but as the proceedings went on, he would leave the task to his young associate, Robert Dierker, a surprisingly modish attorney with long flowing hair and wide untamed ties that Goodwin would glance at with suspicion.

In order to convene even a special grand jury in a federal district, there must have been some criminal activity committed in that district which the grand jury wishes to investigate. But none of the witnesses are told what the crime was, none of them know what questions they may be asked. Sussman drove west, his mind rolling over the days when he had lived in an urban commune in San Francisco, the people who had come by to crash for a night, the talk in the evenings over the state of the government, the moments of protest in the streets against the War. The faces of people ticking off in his mind, names he could barely remember, names he never knew. People who dropped by one day and were gone the next, people who asked to use the commune as an address to receive mail. And then he thought back to Colorado again, the commune that had taken him out of

—Continued on Next Page



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The Pine Street house: 1038-A is the door to the right. What's it all about?

Fishing Expeditions Against the Left

—Continued from Preceding Page
the mind-muffling pressure of the city and set him free with the environment, away from all of the scratching insanity. Away even from a radio or a newspaper. And he wondered how soon he would be going back and if it could ever again be the same.

"Name," Dierker said in a routine monotone.

"Howard Jonathan Berg."
"Are you the same Howard Jonathan Berg who was subpoenaed before this grand jury?"

"I assume so."

In past grand juries, the questions had sometimes been wildly aimed, seeking incredible detail from a single query. In Tucson, Goodwin had fired off such questions as, "... tell the grand jury what period of time you resided at 2201 Ocean Front Walk, who resided there at the times you lived there, identifying all persons you have seen in or about the premises, and tell the grand jury all of the conversations that were held by you or others in your presence during the time that you were at 2201 Ocean Front Walk..." This time, Dierker at least seemed to have a finer focus. Howard Berg, as would happen with all the other witnesses, was in the grand jury room alone. His attorney waited outside in a corridor. At points, Berg would be allowed to leave the room and take the question he had written down out to his attorney for advice.

"While you were residing at 5214 Farrell Avenue did you meet or speak with a male person named Frank Kline?"

"No."

"Have you ever heard the name Frank Kline and, if so, by whom was it mentioned?"

Now Berg began declining to answer on the grounds that the question indicated use of electronic surveillance, that FBI agents had already questioned him and that the grand jury was being used as a substitute for an FBI investigation, that the question invaded his rights to

privacy. He had already been granted use immunity, but he protested that and insisted still on his Fifth Amendment rights. Dierker pressed on regardless.

"Did you know the name Frank Kline was the alias of a federal fugitive?"

"I have never been so informed."

"... Do you know a female individual named Dolores Smith?"

"No."

"... Do you know Mark Rudd? And, if so, what was the last time you saw, spoke, or wrote to him or when is the last time he saw, spoke or wrote to you?"

"The answer to the first part is no, therefore the rest of the question is inapplicable."

"Did you ever visit the residence at 1038-A Pine Street, San Francisco? ... Specifically, did you visit there between March 1970 and March 1971?"

"No."

"... Has any individual discussed with you their role in the bombing of the Park District sub-station of the San Francisco Police department which occurred in February, 1970?"

"No."

Here at last was the apparent nut of the grand jury probe. One policeman had been killed in the bombing of the Park sub-station more than two years before. No suspects had ever been arrested. Even at the time, however, police and local press did not connect that bombing to the Weather underground. First, there had been no communique claiming credit for the bombing, as was typical of Weatherpeople style. Second, Park station bore no particular role to the defense industry or even police oppression that were the characteristic targets of the Weather underground. It was generally believed even by local police that it had been an isolated bombing. The intensive investigation of it had been going on for more than two years, but no suggestions had surfaced that there were any suspects—even fugitive suspects. Why then, the questions

about Mark Rudd, and the apparent aliases, Frank Kline and Dolores Smith? Dierker had a lapse in secrecy later in the proceedings.

"The person I'm after is Bernadine Doherty," he told an attorney. "She's a clever, brilliant woman and I'm going to get her."

More than a year before, grand juries had been convened in Vermont and Detroit to investigate the New York townhouse explosion in which three Weatherpeople were killed. It netted no arrests. The Weather underground remained a blatant example of the government's frustration. The fabled FBI could not catch the heavies. What was happening now was the compilation of more little fragments for the computer. The witnesses, none of whom were likely to be indicted, were peripheral to what the government really wanted. But the questioning of them also served as a chilling warning to anyone whose life touches the left in the most remote of ways. Each still faced possible prosecution for perjury, contempt or even conspiracy.

To the next two witnesses called, given immunity and questioned, the object became more and more clear.

Dr. Phillip Craven had been on duty at Mission Emergency Hospital the night of the Park station bombing. He treated injured police brought in from the scene. Daniel Rosenberg was a part-time mechanic who worked other hours at the Sierra Club.

"Did you know that Kathy Boudin is also known as Jane Davis?" Dierker questioned.

"Did you ever visit 1038-A Pine Street?"

The mysterious two-story house sandwiched in a neighborhood of aging bay windows and sagging front stoops came up again and again. Each of the witnesses appeared surprised at questions about it. No, they did not remember ever having been there. No, they did not know who lived there. The questions about it focused on a period of time from one month to over a year after the Park station bombing, but its role in the investigation was never explained. The witnesses, who by now met together with National Lawyers Guild attorneys at the Grand Jury Defense office, began questioning each other about it. It remained a mystery and it became a specter—so much so that during the grand jury probe witnesses were "fraid to ever drive near it for fear of being seen and associated with whatever it meant."

"Nobody has ever come here to question me about it," the young Chinese man who has lived at 1038 B Pine for the last four years told ROLLING STONE. "The people who lived there a couple of years ago used to have a lot of meetings, but nobody ever asked about it." The apartment is now occupied by a young Chinese couple. ROLLING STONE also learned, however, that the resident of the apartment at the time was someone named Steven Jaspers. Police and the FBI have that name and believe it to be an alias, but it was not mentioned in questioning before the grand jury.

All three of the first witnesses brought before the San Francisco Grand Jury had refused to answer questions despite the use immunity granted them. Finally, Dierker took them before Federal Judge Robert F. Peckham and demanded they be jailed for contempt.

Virtually the only thing the government cannot get away with in grand jury proceedings short of using a whip is questioning witnesses on the basis of information gained through wiretapping. From the questions, it appeared clear to the three witnesses and their attorneys that someone had been listening on someone's phones. Dierker flatly denied it. Judge Peckham found the defense arguments to be too vague—"all they say is that they heard strange noises on their phones," he said. The three were ordered placed in a "suitable place" until they were ready to testify, that suitable place being most likely the San Francisco County Jail. But Peckham granted a stay to allow attorneys to organize an appeal. The attorneys, in the meantime, petitioned US Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas to grant bail to the witnesses while their appeal was being heard. Douglas referred it to the

full court for a decision.

On November 16th, the full court returned its decision—no bail would be granted, the three were to be jailed, appeal or no appeal. It should be noticed that in this case, the process took more than three weeks. Other reluctant witnesses have been jailed in two days or less.

Under the law, witnesses cited for contempt may be held in jail for the life of the grand jury—or a maximum of 18 months. In normal cases, it would be unlikely that witnesses would serve the full 18 months, since the grand jury term would probably expire before then. But the law allows Internal Security Division Grand Juries to be extended up to 36 months. And even after their 18 month term has expired, witnesses may still not be free. In Tucson, five witnesses refused to answer Goodwin's questions about the purchase of some dynamite that was never used. They were cited for contempt and jailed. Two days after the grand jury's term expired, they were released. Federal marshals met them at the jail door with subpoenas to appear at a new grand jury.

At the heart of the matter, of course, is the question of why people who have nothing to hide should not testify. Aside from the problems of self-incrimination under the limited immunity granted current witnesses, or perjury for the unwary talker, there remains the aching feeling that by testifying one may be unwittingly participating in political repression that seems to sulk in the soul of the Internal Security Division. For all the powers granted it under the Organized Crime Control Act, the grand jury process has seldom been used against the syndicates or the moguls of the mafia. Instead, it has been directed at the Berrigans, the Ellsbergs, the Vietnam Veterans in Florida, the Irish Republican Army support groups in San Francisco, the Weatherpeople, the Mayday collective, the Black Panthers, the Movement in general. And it is clearly only the beginning, for what grand juries are really doing is compiling information for a step by the Justice Department that even now seems like only a paranoid nightmare.

The question the three witnesses in San Francisco consistently refused to answer speaks of how far reaching the process can be.

"... Have you ever discussed with any individual their role in the bombing of any building or their knowledge of the identity of any individual responsible for such bombing?"

A casual conversation, perhaps, a random speculation, and someone else is brought to appear, to provide yet one more fragment for the computer to digest and piece together in who knows what kind of tapestry of fear and intimidation.

"I do not know any members of the Weatherman organization," Dr. Craven told reporters after refusing to testify to the grand jury. "I don't have any knowledge of any explosives. The only thing I know about the Park police station bombing is that I was on duty as a doctor when the injured men were brought in."

"To my knowledge I have never done anything illegal."

He will never be told why the questions about 1038-A Pine street or about Weatherman were asked of him. Some of his associates in San Juan will probably always wonder, as will he.

Robert Sussman had waited for his turn to be called before the grand jury. When the court proceedings delayed it, he returned again to the commune at Redwing. But it was only a short stay, and within two weeks he was driving back again to San Francisco. The first snow was on the ground, and he was not sure he had gathered enough firewood for the winter.

"I began thinking as I drove that I could testify," he said, "but I don't know what fragments they could pull together. Me, you, anybody who lives a life style that allows people through their scene, I don't know. I won't testify, I guess, but I don't know still if the principle is worth 18 months in jail. I used to think I had found a sanctuary. It was an illusion. Now I'm interested in who I'm going to be when this is over."

DUANE ALLMAN an anthology



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To begin with, it is crystal clear that the Eagleton episode took the steam out of McGovern's campaign and, coupled with his apparent waffling on various issues, discouraged enough people so that the energy level was lower than for the primary campaign and at the convention.

But even had that not happened, I suspect McGovern would have lost because the fundamental issue seems to be the successful counterrevolution of conservatives. Economic, ethnic, political and civil libertarian issues, by and large, got whacked. As Jesse Jackson says, "It's not the bus, it's us." Conservation issues were successful.

Fewer people voted than were expected. In fact it was close to a record low proportionately. In other words, nobody was excited. And in addition, many people skipped the top vote altogether and only voted the subsidiary offices and/or measures. The only comfort from that is the fact that it means people actually read and considered the propositions.

Nixon got not only the George but the Henry Wallace vote. Many old line radicals or semi-radicals from the Thirties and Forties and Fifties either copied out and didn't vote at all or else went for Nixon. The reasons were the image McGovern had of being somehow dippy economically and the image Nixon had of somehow being sound. There is a heavy proportion of liberal/radical opinion that went against McGovern on the basis that he was no better than Nixon and on the basis that somehow he could not be trusted to save Israel if and when. And of course, the basic American belief in the sacramental value of hard work somehow was twisted against McGovern and for Nixon.

On the issue of peace, Nixon pulled the greatest public relations caper of the century. It's as simple as that. Not only did he create the illusion that peace was so close that to vote against him would peril it, but he somehow coopted the rhetoric and the program of the liberals and made a virtue out of dealing with Mao and Moscow, an act for which in times past he would have thrown a man out of the State Department.

So what we have to do is to face reality. And the reality is that the values of the Bill of Rights and the Constitution have now got to be defended in every instance and with everyone's maximum effort. The reaction on the part of the outright conservatives and the crypto-conservatives to the literal inter-

George McGovern's campaign was a long and painful identity crisis for him. He inveighed against the war yet gave obeisance to Lyndon Johnson; he stumped for busing in Michigan, which probably cost him the state; he endorsed Louise Day Hicks, the Boston congresswoman who is famous for nothing except her anti-busing rhetoric; he somehow managed to acquire the hyperbolic style of a hollow demagogue. Even though most of his accusations were true, (e.g., "This is the most corrupt administration in American History"), McGovern's character became as blurry as the features in the composite photographs that Life magazine used to make by putting together the faces of five movie stars to form The Handsomest Man in America. Then suddenly, he snapped back into focus. It was on November 2nd just around dusk, to be exact.

Most of the press reported that November 2nd was a bad day for McG, that his nerves were shot from fatigue and his health was failing. Which may have been true, but the man who came down the ramp of the Dakota Queen in Cincinnati that morning looked to me as if he had just spent five months in a magic spa—relaxed, tanned and aglow with happiness. At the time, I thought that he must have just got word of some sensational secret poll, but now I think that something very different had happened to McG. I think that he had decided that he was going to lose so he might as well chuck all the bullshit and say whatever his temper and his conscience dictated. The new freedom picked him up. He started his official day by biting off the head of a student heckler at the U of Cincinnati, and he obviously felt better for it. Then, flying to the next city, he walked back in the plane and told a Newsweek correspondent that his latest story had been a "heap of shit." He was smiling as he said it.

Finally, the Dakota Queen came into Battle Creek airport, landing against a blustery headwind, and McG stepped out into a spectacular blood-orange sunset. He waved from the steps of the plane and the small crowd pressed against the low, wire fence and cheered—all except for one fat little 20-year-old in a blue windbreaker. The windbreaker was decorated with three Nixon buttons, and the fatty for Nixon kept yelling "Four more years!" in a shrill voice that carried on the wind across the yard of Tarmack. McGovern spotted him instantly. He walked down the steps, surrounded by his family, by se-

Timothy Crouse, an associate editor of Rolling Stone, is currently writing a book on the campaign press corps.

PERSPECTIVES: ANY LESSONS FROM THE ELECTION?

By Ralph J. Gleason

pretation of the Constitution's freedoms has been in terms of personal vested interest and reinterpretation. It will take a mighty effort by the ACLU and everyone else to keep this from totally changing the climate of existence here. We will have Supreme Court decisions reversing the trends of decades in the next four years. This will involve freedom of the press, as well as all other free speech issues, and will surely implement the electoral mandate against the whole welfare and assistance to the poor, the disenfranchised and the disabled concept.

We will be lucky to avoid a repetition of the McCarthy era witch hunt (it would be disguised somewhat and deceptively labeled) and it is almost totally certain that TV and radio will become even more timid in dealing with governmental deception and misconduct.

At this point it seems certain that the Kennedy family will have another shot at it with Teddy, and that the conservative strategy will be to make it safe for Agnew. Agnew! And that seems to be the choice. In some deep and mysterious kind of way, the choices get worse and worse as they get more and more polarized.

The bright spot is the fact that the student vote in some areas returned excellent candidates to office and brought in new ones of like character. So it can be done. But to have to build step by step on up from the municipal level is almost more than can be contemplated.

It is conceivable that we shortly will have some kind of peace in Vietnam but it remains highly dubious that we will have what we need, which is peace in all of Southeast Asia. I hope so, but I see no hard evidence that we intend to withdraw from Laos, Cambodia and the rest.

Here in this country, I suspect we will have, if things become worse for the have-nots in our society, no open armed rebellion against the government but a series of outbreaks of one kind or another in all the various sorts of ghettos we have established. And they will be put down with all the weight of the State. Nothing points to a policy of planned reorganization of the priorities and assets of the nation, but everything points to the heaviest kind of reinforcement of the structure of law, order, authority and the sanctity of established attitudes.

Somewhere, sometime, it will break. But not at once. The alignments of the past 30 years have been reformed and, despite the party labels, it is now a political and societal division into conservatives and reactionaries against the liberals and radicals and there are more—as the election has just demonstrated—of the former.

A man whose opinions I have always found to be valid told me the day after the election that what he saw was a mass demonstration of people voting against their own best interests. And if he is right, the answer is education. It must be made the highest priority to seek out and to publicize the truth about the whole governmental construction and to interpret it in terms that make it applicable to everyone. This will be hard, dull and depressing but it really will have to be done. So the theme of four more years will end up being counter to the American folk belief that you can't fight city hall. The exact opposite will have to be the rule. You must fight city hall.

Artists have always been at the picket point of such struggles. As Brendan Behan said, the artist is the natural enemy of the State and his first duty is to overthrow the government. And to the extent that everyman is now part artist, it will involve us all.

Recognition by all the levels of the disenfranchised in this society of their mutual self-interest and the necessity of cooperation is of the highest importance.

God help us all if some nut repeats the pattern of violence which could make Agnew president. We have to guard against that for four years now, and then we have to move together to elect an alternative. Otherwise, well, otherwise, the vision that made and still sustains this country despite its lapses will be forever gone.

RELIABLE SOURCES: THE LAST DAYS OF McGOVERN'S CAMPAIGN

By Timothy Crouse

cret service men and by reporters—and he marched in a straight line to the four-more-years man. When he reached the fence, he leaned over, put his left arm around the man's neck, drew the man towards him, and said in his prairie singsong: "I've got a secret for you: Kiss My Ass."

That was the real George McGovern as surely as the Matthew Brady photo is the real Abe Lincoln. What most of the reporters missed, in their haste to record that a Presidential candidate had uttered a "vulgarity" was the gentleness of the gesture. Notice that McG did not try to humiliate the heckler. He did not demand that the networks and cameramen take the heckler's picture. He did not blow a police whistle and point to him. Instead, it was almost an act of communion, an act that McG thought was private and which would have remained private if it had not been for the high wind and a couple of cool reporters with sharp ears.

The next morning, McG had a joke for a group of clergymen in Grand Rapids, Mich. In view of his indiscretion, he would henceforth disqualify himself from the ministry. But in fact, he was beginning to revive his old ministerial skills. He had finally realized that he was going to be crucified and it brought out the Christian in him.

A couple of days later, people began to show their feelings on the plane. Douglas Kneeland of The N.Y. Times got orders from the home office to write a "winner's piece," just in case McG won. He loathed doing it, but he turned out a fascinating analysis of how G McG, having been "right from the start" about the mood of the country had pulled out a miraculous victory. Kneeland knew that his fairy tale would never run in the paper, so he allowed it to be passed around the plane. It set off a massive flow of tears. The press aides cried, the baggage handlers cried, the speechwriters got lumps in their throats. From then on, the plane was like a flying cortege. The McG people were sad not only because McG

was going to lose, but also because the whole McG community, which they had lived in for almost a year, was about to come apart. In a few days they would be orphans—without a leader, without jobs, and without the crazy lifestyle that they had gotten used to. And the traveling reporters, who like all cynical people were also deeply sentimental, felt terrible for the McG staffers whom they had come to love.

The only person on the plane who was not hopelessly depressed was McG. He walked up the aisles smiling and chatting. He sat in the rear cabin and joked with the reporters who he was convinced had given him the shiv. He was not putting on a good front. He was genuinely serene. After a while, it was all that anybody talked about. McG seemed to be hovering in some space a thousand miles away from politics. Even some of the reporters began to talk in biblical figures of speech. "Are you a John the Baptist?" one of them asked McG.

"I wouldn't want to put it in those terms," McG smiled. "I think we're going to win this campaign."

That night, after the Ohio vote came in and it was clear that McG was going to be buried under a landslide, a terrible numbness set in at the Holiday Inn in Sioux Falls. "It's like jumping into an icy pool," said one reporter, "and coming out with your balls all shriveled up." Everyone who heard him nodded in agreement. The only thing that cut through the numbness was the sharp contrast between McG and Richard Nixon. McG's concession was as hopeful and generous as Nixon's acceptance speech was mean, stingy and winking.

On the flight back to Washington the next day, Frank Mankiewicz passed around a wire from the President. "You and Mrs. McGovern have our very best wishes for a well-deserved rest after what I know must have been a very strenuous and tiring campaign," said the Nixonogram.

"Gracelessness without pressure," said Mankiewicz. "He does better than that for the losing manager in a play-off."

Suddenly McG's voice came on the PA system. He wanted to express his "very great affection and appreciation." "There are moments we're never going to forget," he said, "and I promise never to say to anyone on this plane what I said to that friend along the fence in Battle Creek, Mich. In fact, what we extend to all of you is the kiss of brotherhood, and good-bye until we meet again."

"Class," said the reporter sitting next to me. "That is one of the classiest men I have ever seen."

Election '72 News: The Last Wrapup

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Richard Nixon was re-elected President of the United States on November 7th, defeating Senator George S. McGovern 45,861,690 to 28,402,464. In his first post-election statement, Nixon said he would "end the era of permissiveness in the United States."

In other Election Day news: Colorado voters halted further expenditures of state funds for the 1976 Winter Olympic Games. Construction, transportation, housing and spectator problems would have cost taxpayers an estimated \$35 million.

Delaware voters elected Joseph M. Biden Jr. to the US Senate. Biden, a Democrat and a Wilmington lawyer, celebrated his birthday November 20th, thus attaining the minimum age for a Senator, 30.

John Kerry, 28, formerly a prime mover in the Vietnam Veterans Against the War, lost his bid for a Congressional seat in Massachusetts. "What we lost to," said Kerry, "is the very kind of fear and kinds of things we were running against."

In California voters approved Proposition 20, which creates a state commission to regulate development of California's 1087 miles of coastline. Proposition 18, which would have allowed ironclad controls over depiction of nudity and/or sexual activity in publications, films, records and live performances, was defeated.

The death penalty, abolished earlier this year by decisions of both the California and US Supreme Courts, got a boost for reinstatement with passage of an opinion referendum that will not become law, but which will almost certainly allow death penalty proponents to retrench and try again.

Finally, voters defeated, by a 2-1 margin, Proposition 19, which would have abolished penalties for possession, use and cultivation of cannabis by persons 18 and over. The measure passed by a slim (4000 votes) margin in San Francisco, and initiative organizers said they would begin a campaign for a "home rule" law that would decriminalize marijuana in the city.

In Pitkin County, Colorado, Joe Edwards, a 31-year-old motorcyclist/lawyer and candidate of the "Preservation Party," was elected to one of three seats as a County Commissioner. This was a comeback for Edwards who was defeated in a 1969 race for Mayor of Aspen by a six-vote margin in a campaign managed by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson.

Indians Say Government Files 'Incriminating'

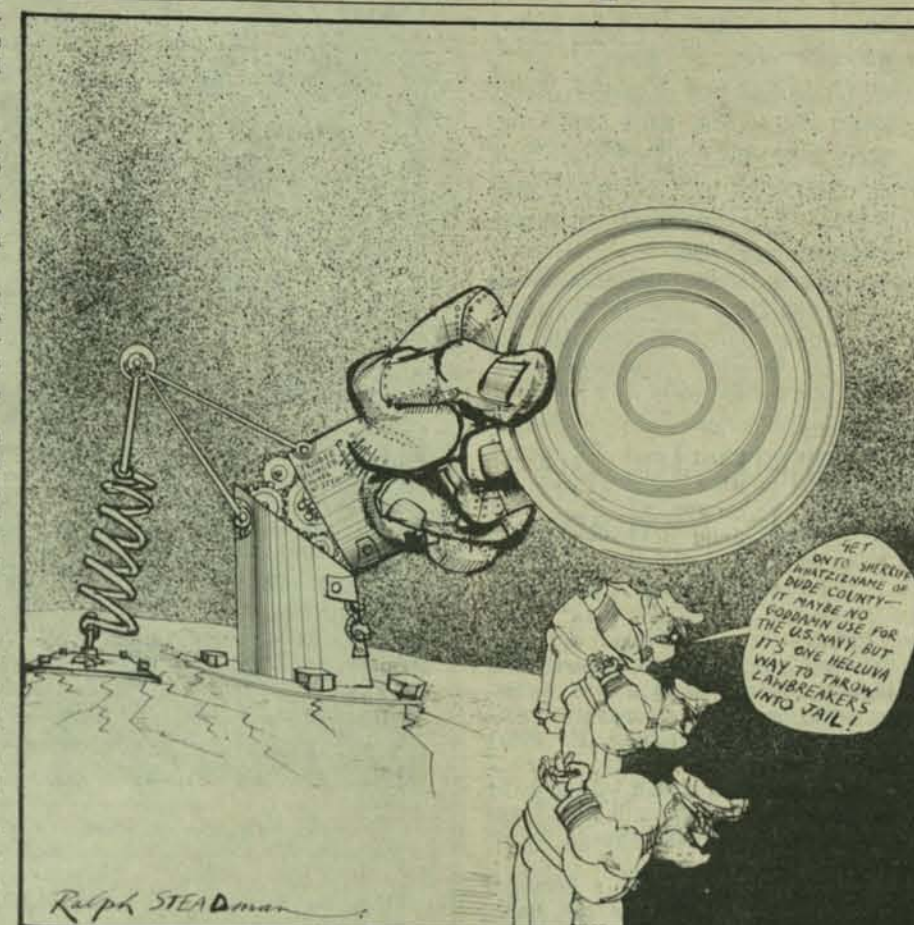
WASHINGTON, D.C.—Traveling by bus and auto in a "Trail of Broken Treaties Caravan," about 500 Indians converged in the capital November 1st for a week-long stay to publicize demands for economic and social benefits due them as the nation's "first citizens." When the Nixon Administration refused to provide housing and food, the Indians, including some women, children and elders, took over the Bureau of Indian Affairs building. BIA employees were given some unexpected days off.

A week later—with the government threatening to call in troops to retake the place—the Indians relinquished the building and carted off two truckloads of documents, some of which, they said, were "incriminating" toward several Congressmen and ex-Senators. Some FBI reports also were discovered. "We have destroyed the BIA," said Dennis Banks, a spokesman for the American Indian Movement.

Indian leaders reportedly reached agreement with White House officials on problems involving treaties, education and economic opportunities. Interior Secretary Rogers B. Morton refused to meet with the Indians during their stay. He described them as a "splinter group of militants . . . not supported by the majority of reservation Indians." At one point, the Indians chased out a man whom DC police later admitted was an undercover agent. The Indians kicked out the agent after handcuffing him with his own set of cuffs.

"All The News That Fits"

World News Roundup



Scandal in USSR— Scientists' LSD Ring

MOSCOW—Scientific workers at the Institute for Natural Compounds in Moscow have been discovered illegally making LSD. Reliable Soviet sources report that at least one person was arrested, others are still under investigation, and one kilogram of drugs, possibly LSD, was found at the institute. If the report about LSD is correct, it would be the first known instance of its presence in this country.

Although it was not disclosed to the public, the incident has reportedly become something of a scandal in the scientific community.

A report on the incident is said to have been circulated to the Institutes of Biology and Chemistry, where it has been read to scientific workers and discussed at staff meetings. These institutes are reportedly being warned to take firm measures to prevent recurrences in their laboratories.

The stiffening of penalties against drug addicts earlier this fall suggested that the use of narcotics may be becoming a more troublesome matter for Soviet authorities. In resort areas along the Black Sea, travelers have said that some drugs are available.

Navy Jettisons Frisbee Caper

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Navy, at a cost of \$375,000, has spent the past four years studying "an air-launched illumination system using a gyroscopically stabilized disc"—more commonly known as a Frisbee.

The tests came to light last month with the publication of a paper entitled "Adaptation of the Frisbee Flight Principle to the Delivery of Special Ordnance." What also came to light was that the expensive experiment didn't work out.

The unclassified report told how Navy scientists stood high atop Hurricane Mesa in Utah launching Frisbees, and sometimes clay pigeons, into the air. Tracking cameras would then monitor the flights from the 1000-foot high cliff. The plastic platters were also subjected to elaborate wind tunnel tests at the Navy Ammunition Depot in Crane, Utah.

Lt. Commander Hugo A. Hardt, who headed the project for the past two years, said ordnance experts used the

Frisbee flight tests to deduce that they could develop a disc-shaped flare that would be launched from airplanes to illuminate a battlefield.

The military currently uses parachute flares that burn three-to-five minutes and cost 50 bucks a shot. Hardt said the Navy hoped the Frisbee-like flare would do the same job—only cheaper.

But scientists, Hardt said, found that burning characteristics made the flares "develop thrust and take off straight up like a rocket." He added that the flares would require "a monstrous and expensive launcher," so he canceled the project last fall after deciding that a new flare was unnecessary.

Defending the \$375,000 expenditure, Hardt said researchers are "always coming along with weird ideas and you never know what you can do with a thing like this. It's possible the data could be used to develop a new type of guide bomb or skip bomb."

Throughout its report the Navy took care to note that Frisbee is "a registered trademark of the Whamo (sic) Manufacturing Co., of San Gabriel, Calif."

Hell's Angels' 'Burying Ground' Found, Cops Say

UKIAH, Calif.—State and county law enforcement officials say they have discovered a "Hell's Angels burying ground" on a Northern California ranch owned by a former member of the band of motorcyclists.

Acting on a tip, sheriff's deputies unearthed the bodies of two men and a woman on the 153-acre ranch owned by George Wethern, 33, and his wife, Helen, 29. The two men turned out to be bikers from Georgia who came west about a year ago to ride with the Angels. The woman, who was shot in the head, remains unidentified.

District Attorney Duncan James of Mendocino County, about 150 miles north of San Francisco, said the discovery, and Wethern's reported willingness to answer questions, ". . . could be the beginning of the end" for the Hell's Angels. Four Angels have been arrested as suspects in the case, and others were being sought.

Wethern and his wife were arrested on narcotics and stolen gun charges, but were granted immunity from prosecution in the case after agreeing to answer questions. Wethern, who quit the club in 1969, and his wife were placed in the same county jail cell. On the night

of November 7th he asked his wife for a couple of pencils to write some letters, but instead jammed the pencils into his eyes. Wethern told officers he was "unnerved and under such pressure he didn't know what he was doing."

In a separate case, four other Angels, including club leader Ralph Barger, are on trial in Oakland on murder charges in connection with the death last spring of a suspected narcotics dealer from Texas.

The Government Vs. An Ace Reporter

DETROIT — Paul Branzburg is what the newspaper trade calls an investigative reporter. Currently a staffer at the Detroit Free Press, Branzburg, 31, has been nominated for two Pulitzer prizes and won, as a reporter for the Louisville (Kentucky) Courier-Journal several state and national reporting prizes.

In Louisville, he developed a reputation for keeping his mouth shut. The results were twofold:

He was able, through careful development of sources, to do a series on drugs that both shocked and enlightened readers. The series included vivid descriptions of junkie life, as well as a short piece about a lab where two Louisville youths made their own hash.

But the second consequence was not quite so satisfying; Branzburg was sentenced Sept. 1st — in absentia — to six months in jail by a Jefferson County (Kentucky) judge for not revealing the source for his hash lab article to a grand jury panel.

Branzburg, along with New York Timesman Earl Caldwell and Boston television reporter Paul Pappas, fell victim to a recent US Supreme Court decision which, at the moment, gives reporters the choice of naming their sources or going to jail for contempt of court.

In addition to the Jefferson County citation, Branzburg may face an additional jail term — this one in Franklin County — for refusing to even appear in a grand jury room to answer questions about an article he wrote on narcotics sales in Frankfort, the state capital.

An oddity of Branzburg's case: Kentucky is one of the few states which has a statute protecting reporters, supposedly, from having to name their sources. The State Court of Appeals, however, ruled that the statute, KRS 421.100, does not apply when a reporter witnesses a criminal act.

So Branzburg's future remains in doubt, pending an appeal of the Supreme Court decision and further developments in his own case. The most recent came Sept. 29th when a Kentucky prosecutor formally asked the governor, Louis B. Nunn, to call on Michigan Governor William Milliken to extradite Branzburg for sentencing.

And Branzburg's former employer, the Louisville Courier-Journal, has for the moment given up. The paper's lawyers petitioned the court to be relieved of the case and Publisher Barry Bingham Jr. wrote Branzburg an apologetic but firm letter stating that the newspaper was not prepared to take any further action in his behalf at the present time.

US Enlists Exotic Weevils In Continuing War on Skag

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The cannabis-sniffing dog—used by nars to intercept pot shipments at airports, post offices and other package terminals—has inspired the US Dept. of Agriculture to begin experiments with beetles.

The USDA is attempting to produce a species of weevil capable of survival in what is known as the Golden Triangle of Southeast Asia—Burma, Thailand and Laos—where acres of opium poppies grow. Morphine from the poppies is used to manufacture heroin, and the Golden Triangle is one of the world's largest sources of the narcotic.

If the poppy-gobbling weevil can be developed, the US will offer it to foreign governments in an effort to cut into the heroin trade at its source. The USDA is also working to develop a poppy-killing fungus, virus or crop spray.

Our Back Pages

Do you remember the Death of Hippie? Apple Boutique? The time Murray the K went off the air? When Jerry Van Raam (see "Nark," Issue 102) busted the Grateful Dead? When Donovan had trouble selling enough tickets? (Hold

on . . .) When Rolling Stone was 25c for 24 pages? Then you remember Rolling Stone Issue No. One, and that's exactly five years ago. Could you go through all these things twice? Try yourself on these excerpts and see.

Mystery Tour

The Beatles finished filming their mysterious tour through Cornwall two weeks ago. They spent last week recording music for the *Mystery Tour* television special at EMI's studios in St. John's Wood. The film will be shown world-wide at Christmas time.

Featured in the *Mystery* special will be a George Harrison composition entitled "Blue Jay Way," written during his stay in San Francisco. It will be the first instrumental ever recorded by the group and the fastest song he ever composed, having been in San Francisco less than six hours.

Sheeps Meadow Pop Festival

A New York Pop Festival is being planned to take place next June in Central Park. According to planner and promoter Sid Bernstein it will be a carbon copy of this year's Festival at Monterey.

It will have a Board of Governors (the only governors yet chosen are members of the Young Rascals, whom Bernstein manages). It will run three days, and hopes to get a representation of East, West Coast and British stars.

The site will be the Park's Sheeps Meadow which can hold between 200,000 and 250,000 spectators. Admission will be one dollar, but Bernstein says there will be plenty of room along the edges for those who can't scratch up the admission price.

"It's going to be a very open and free sort of thing, man," Bernstein said last week. "All the staff will be volunteer. No salaries or fees will be paid."

Blood and Sweat

Blood, Sweat and Tears is the name of Al Kooper's new group. Early this summer Al split from the Blues Project due to musical differences. So now Al and Steve Katz are spilling a little blood and shedding a few tears putting their new "big band" together.

London:

BY NICK JONES

The Who are back in town looking shattered, but thinking straight, after their long, hard American tour. "I Can See for Miles" is released here this week and the rejuvenated, youthful Who sound is going to pin back a few ears. Playing to fresh, enthusiastic US audiences has given the Who a lot of inspiration and a better perspective of themselves. Townshend was knocked out by their Fillmore gig, the standard of the equipment, and the people. He's got a whole lot of new ideas to shake up the increasingly blasé British fans and the group's new album, *The Who Sell Out*, is going to start a lot of new things.

Donovan

Donovan's concert in Denver was canceled. Even when the ticket price was dropped to \$2.50, there weren't enough sales to justify a concert. Maybe it was the Family Dog's heavy

bill on the same weekend: the Doors and Lothar and the Hand People. The latter is Denver's hometown band. They don't know what they missed.

Country Joe Goes Solo: Fish are High and Dry

Country Joe MacDonald has split from his band, the Fish, leaving them high and dry without a lead singer, an arranger or the composer of most of their original material. He didn't dig the gig anymore.

Both Joe and the Fish will go on as single acts. The Fish will not change personnel, only their name to the Incredible Fish.

"Right now, we're like a deranged amoeba," says their manager, Banana Ed Denson, "and our future plans are rather nebulous."

Free Clinic

San Francisco's musicians and artists, in fact just about everyone with the glaring exception of the "city's fathers," have rallied behind the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic's fund drive to reopen their doors by November 1st.

Through a series of benefits held at the Straight Theater, a park in San Jose and the Fillmore Auditorium, close to \$12,000 has been raised toward the goal of \$18,000 needed to insure bare minimal operations for six months.

Salvation

Salvation, formerly the New Salvation Army Banned, shortly begins a new concept in record company promotion tours. Signed by ABC Records, the group will be taking off on a cross-country trip in their painted "Salvation Bus." The vehicle, painted a la Kesey, will stop in dozens of towns on the way from San Francisco to New York to give free concerts in the parks.

Salvation's first single and first album will be released on November 1st, at which point the group will be back East gigging and playing for a peace demonstration.

Alice's Restaurant

Arlo Guthrie (Reprise 6287)

First, take a look at the cover. Seated at a dining table, set with candles, three glasses, cigarettes and three plates for an elegant dinner is Arlo Guthrie. Arlo, incredibly dopey-looking, wearing a black formal derby hat on top of his sloppy long curly hair, is holding a fork and a knife in each hand like a hillbilly, and has no shirt on but for a napkin pasted to his chest.

If you don't dig the cover, then don't listen to the title song of the record, "Alice's Restaurant Massacre," which is 18 minutes long and takes up all of one side. What makes the artist so thoroughly charming on the cover photo is the same unconscious insouciance that makes the song — a type of piece that at this point in musical history would seem to be totally out of date, trite and boring — an unqualified success.



Patti, Cynthia and Maureen in back; Jenny Boyd foreground.

Apple and the Beatles

LONDON

The Beatles, following their new pattern of ever-increasing involvement in the outside world, are putting up money to back a London boutique. The shop, christened Apple, will open in November and will stock clothes designed by Simon, Marije, Josje and Barry, four designers from Amsterdam.

"I don't know how we met them," says Patti Harrison, "they just appeared one day."

Presumably they appeared like wandering medieval tradesmen carrying exotic cloth from the East. In fact their designs look like medieval fancy dress: They use cloth from India, beads from Greece, jewelry and shoes from Morocco, embroideries from secondhand stalls. Anything that is bright, beautiful and exotic gets piled on, creating an effect described by one fashion writer as "gypsies in extra-glorious Technicolor."

Until Apple opens, their clothes are only available to private customers with "very much money." This is one of the reasons for having a shop: "It is wrong that only a few should be able to afford our things," says Simon. "We want to be for everyone."

Death on a Sunny Afternoon

Friday, October 6th, was a perfect and beautiful day in the Haight-Ashbury, the kind of day it was for January's Human Be-In, the same clear, warm and perfumed day which graced the Summer Solstice. Yet the event of a week and a half ago was not an unfettered celebration, but an almost desperate reaffirmation in a troubled time.

The day was set to mark the Death of the Hippie and the Birth of the Free Man. The messianism of a year before, the fervent belief that the new world could be spread to the country, had borne bitter fruit. Instead of freeing the people, the community had, it believed, become trapped by the publicity the messianism had created. Words had become labels, ideas become slogans, art become advertising.

The community seemed in danger of losing its identity and becoming a ghetto for a colonial sub-people called hippies. The pressure of exploiters in the press, the recording and movie industries and business; the constant harassment by the police; the corruption and criminality in the drug trade; the usurping of the forms of the lifestyle by many who knew none of its spirit; and the failure of community effort like the Medical Clinic — all these were depressing signs of the deterioration of a vision.

So in a spontaneous decision of many community leaders it was seen that what was corrupt had to go. There must be purification.

Purification began with a coffin, built to carry stereotyped hippie artifacts, being paraded at a sunrise ceremony in Buena Vista Park. In the morning there was a kneel-in in front of the Psychedelic Shop, which had announced its own demise two days before. The kneelers and others swept up Haight Street and offered Funeral stickers to cars and passersby.

At 1 PM, a small group met in the Panhandle to begin a quick-paced and happy march which circled the heart of the press's "Haight-Ashbury." The coffin, a long grey box plastered with posters and headed with a black cross, was borne aloft, as was a litter on which lay a young man who remained in a death-like trance even though he came close to being tipped off as his bearers struggled up the Frederick Street hill.

At the end, back in the Panhandle, the coffin and litter (without occupant) were ceremonially set aflame, ringed by whooping dancers, who also leapt over the fire, and then doused into muddy ash by a truckload of firemen. While some shouted that the firemen should be allowed to do their own thing, most did their best to harass them by forcing money on them and singing snatches of "Smoke the Bear."

Every moment of the whole proceeding was recorded by the dozens of photographers, reporters and television men.

In fact, there was nothing to show that those who participated (and those were a tiny percentage of the community) felt much about its meaning. There was no weight to the event, no sense of happening. It was just something to do, something to watch that particular Friday.

Inevitably, the papers the next day reported that the "hippies" had declared their own death, but that the "hippies" still lived. It will take more than the funeral to rescue the vision.

Perspectives: Sound Is Without Color

BY RALPH J. GLEASON

Item: Otis Redding dethrones Elvis Presley as top male vocalist in the annual poll of London's Melody Maker.

Item: The British Broadcasting Corporation flies a TV documentary crew to Otis' 300-acre "Big O" Ranch outside Macon, Georgia, to film Redding.

Item: A radio broadcast from the Memphis studios of Stax/Volt featuring Otis, Carla Thomas, the Mar-Keys and Booker T. and the MGs via satellite is carried on the national radio network of France.

Query: Why has there never been any similar broadcast on US TV or radio of Otis Redding (or James Brown or Wilson Pickett or Jackie Wilson or Ray Charles or Chuck Berry or even Nat Cole or Sam Cooke)?

The answer is color.

They are black and in America in the echelons of power which control

these things, color is a handicap.

Sound is without color and if sound sells, it is broadcast on radio via recordings. But national TV in the US has yet to grasp the point that Otis Redding sells more records than Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin, and therefore his audience is greater.

Racial prejudice is a drag but it is also a fact and the fact of prejudice is the reason why the great performers of the early era of rhythm and blues (Otis is really something else, perhaps rock and soul) such as Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Chuck Berry and the rest never had the chance to become the star figures in the country in which they were born that they were immediately seen to be in, for instance, England.

"I had to come to you behind the Rolling Stones and the Beatles," Muddy Waters poignantly told the Stanford University students the first time he appeared at a major college concert.

it magic.

You're a rarity and you're aware of it.

Yes, I'm very aware of this. Yes, the more aware I get the more I can understand how big it is, how big it'll get. It'll be harder to comprehend, that's why I have to go along with it, 'cause it's so vast. To say to somebody that God is everything that lives and that ever has lived and ever will live and you're ever going to touch and see, smell and be everything that is God. Magic is very hard to comprehend. Everyone's on their own, but they're not.

Hendrix and Clapton

BY JON LANDAU

It is only natural that as part of the overall experimentation going on in pop, attempts at using new combinations of instruments would be tried. The earlier pop groups of the new wave, starting with the Beatles, the Animals, the Stones and the Beach Boys, were all four-instrument groups, and tended to influence others in that direction. But from the beginning some American groups have attempted to enlarge this concept.

Over two years ago Paul Butterfield was touring with six instrumentalists and soon after that the Blues Project emerged with five.

The result has been a certain denseness in the music of these expanded ensembles, with the West Coast in particular developing an ornamental sound emphasizing lots of embellishment, and lots of interaction among soloists.

Oddly, in England the trend has been in the other direction. The Who, the current Yardbirds, the Cream and Jimi Hendrix are all three-instrument groups. They represent attempts to tighten the music, to eliminate the superfluous, and they get closer to the mythical nitty-gritty. In some cases they are going so far as to eliminate the distinction between background and foreground sounds.

Band Benefit

A dance for the benefit of the bands will be held this Sunday night at Winterland. Grateful Dead and Big Brother and the Holding Company are heading the show, which includes the Quicksilver Messenger Service, Mother Earth and Blue Cheer.

Procol Harum

Procol Harum's first tour will be in the United States and not in England. Remarkably enough, the group that only a month and a half ago had the Number One record in many parts of the world with "A Whiter Shade of Pale," has only once appeared in a live concert.

The Dead Did Get It: Reporters and Cops

"That's what ya get for dealing the killer weed," laughed state narcotics agent Jerry Van Raam at the 11 members of the Grateful Dead household he and his agents had rounded up into the Dead's kitchen.

The Good Ole Grateful Dead had gotten it. Eight narcotics agents, followed by a dozen reporters and television crews, raided the Dead's house at 710 Ashbury Street on October 2nd. A little after 3:30 in the afternoon, two members of the band, Pigpen and Bob Weir; their two managers, Rock Scully and Danny Rifkin; their equipment manager, Bob Matthews; and six friends had been busted on dope charges.

The cops carried no warrant and broke in the front door even after being denied entry. Danny and Rock weren't in the house, but were yanked from the porch when they came strolling by after the reporters had arrived. As well as members of the band, the police confiscated the files, money and phone books of the band and of the Haight Ashbury Legal Organization, whose offices are in the Dead's house.

While the narcs did their work, a rooting section gathered on the sidewalk across the street from the house and, like a Greek chorus, filled the air with a running commentary on the proceedings.

After six hours in jail, the dastardly 11 were released on bail. On October 23rd, they returned to the Hall of Justice for a preliminary hearing. Their chances look good. In the meantime, they showed up at their bail bondsman's office the cold morning after the arrest, were arraigned in Court

(where Rock was arrested again on the additional charge of maintaining a house where narcotics were used), and had a press conference. Danny opened it with a statement:

"The arrests were made under a law that classifies smoking marijuana with murder, rape and armed robbery as a felony. Yet almost anyone who has ever studied marijuana seriously and objectively has agreed that marijuana is the least harmful chemical used for pleasure and life-enhancement."

"Behind all the myths is the reality. The Grateful Dead are people engaged in constructive, creative effort in the musical field, and this house is where we work as well as our residence. Because the police fear and misinterpret us, our effort is now interrupted as we deal with the consequences of a harassing arrest."

Questions and answers followed, much like a Beatle press conference. In response to "How long did it take you to grow your hair that long, Danny?" Rifkin said, "We've always figured that if we ever held a press conference the first reporter who asked a stupid question would get a cream pie in his face, and you're him."

A huge bowl of whipped cream was ceremoniously produced, to everyone's obvious delight including all the reporters except the one. He cringed and Danny, taking pity, spared him. After the conference was finished, cookies, coffee and cake were served and the predictable jokes made.

Rolling Stone didn't leave. We adjourned to the porch to take a few pictures of one of the most beautiful bands in the world.



Notice the rifle. Pigpen has a big collection.

THE STRANGE CASE OF THE HIPPIE MAFIA

BY JOE ESZTERHAS

"I live for the enforcement of narcotics laws. It used to be in 1961 that if you got a single joint, it made headline news. I'm convinced, and I was at that time, that this was not going to be a passing fad, but that this was going to be a giant sub-culture, and it flat out is."

—Sgt. Neal Purcell, chief of detectives, Laguna Beach Police Department.

They are crouched high in the eucalyptus trees, these hippie-surfer-mafiosi, stolen traffic cop whistles in their mouths, infrared Swiss binoculars to their eyes, on the lookout for The Law. Down in the dense chaparral on the Laguna hills, their German shepherds are ingenious radar devices, diabolically trained to raise yapping hell at the first menacing sniff of enemy gun oil.

Laguna Canyon is their lair, a nearly inaccessible place where they can boil pea-green hash oil and stockload saccharine-sized tabs of Orange Sunshine and X-Mas acid; where their refined Ohaus Triple Beam Scales and Hershey cocoa-cans of Afghan hash are tucked into camouflaged panels alongside gym bags filled with \$100 bills. Their driveways are lined with Land Rovers and Volkswagen campers outfitted with

"dead space" and "trapped" with chop-ped-out wheel wells where Pyrex bottles of the hash oil they call "greasy kid stuff" have been welded into the frame. They rotate their women, holding perverse waterbed orgies, facing each other nude in contorted lotus positions, passing joints and pipes and body fluids until they collapse, narcotized, to expensive Persian-rugged floors. Their women, naturally, are but dope molls, sources only of ass and money, runaways so despised by their parents they are actually paid to stay away from home.

Caves in the area are arsenals of dangerous drugs, crammed with redwood vaults of million-dollar stashes. Tucked among the lush hills are eight-foot tall marijuana plants and clavis purpurea, a ripe LSD fungus that takes a year to culture. There are Vitamin-E bottles in their medicine chests filled with Costa Rican cocaine and Pyrex Labware Instruction Manuals on their dressers. Dope is all around their craftily shack-like homes, although almost impossible to detect—hash inside walnuts, hash oil in shoe polish, butter and pumpkin pies. Sometimes they lick lollipops which are mindfucking candy canes of LSD. The surfboards against their walls have hollowed skags, filled with the finest primo hash available from the Russo-Afghan border.

They wear rings with the single word "LOVE" on them. They carry water pistols, shoulder-holstered sidearms filled with LSD. They operate a "Spy School" in the Adirondacks which trains them to elude even FBI and Interpol capture. They own a roving beat-up school bus which is really a clandestine printing press producing phony passports and Social Security cards. They rent Cadillacs to drive cross-country and wear crew-cut wigs to make their deals. They are "tied into the Mafia and the Weatherman." They have a ruthless upper-echelon which views underlings as "expendable people." They have a Board of Directors chaired from a remote mountaintop in Switzerland. They are experienced enough to know that tin foil triggers secret Customs' liquid crystal detectors and pack their contraband in styrofoam instead. They make millions of dollars a year and are the single biggest source of LSD and hashish in the world.

They are all members of an underground counterculture syndicate, the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, corrupted flower children who once preached the teachings of Jesus Christ, now a cold-blooded family of criminal materialists, a denim Cosa Nostra. Jimi Hendrix was one of their soldiers. Timothy Leary is their Godfather.

That, literally and in detail, is the way the Orange County Grand Jury sees it.

On Sunday, the 6th of August, 1972, the District Attorney of Orange County, Cecil Hicks, a man of weighty political promise in the State of California, announced he had "broken the back" of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. The day before, a task force of 200 narcotics agents made a series of lightning-like predawn arrests, acting on 29 indictments handed down by the Orange County Grand Jury. Most of the arrests took place in Laguna Beach, a picture-postcard resort town and a century-old artists colony, a few miles up the Coast Highway from the Western White House and some 30 miles southwest of Disneyland.

Laguna Beach Police Chief Joseph J. Kelly, the former provost-marshal of the Marine Corp's Pendleton and Quantico bases, known as "Old J.J.," announced that his town was "the biggest receiving and distributing center of narcotics in the world."

Forty persons were arrested in all, although the Grand Jury indicted only 29. Hicks explained the eleven extra arrests as "a bonus." The Grand Jury, the District Attorney laughed, "has more work to do."

Timothy Leary was identified by the District Attorney as "a key figure" of the Brotherhood and was one of those indicted. His bail was set at \$5 million and Hicks said he would demand Leary's extradition from Switzerland. "Leary is personally responsible for destroying more lives than any other human being," Hicks said. "The number of his victims destroyed by drugs and LSD runs literally into the hundreds of thousands."

The investigation, Hicks said, took more than a year, and netted 1.5 million LSD tablets, 2.5 tons of hashish, 30 gallons of "exotic hash oil," \$20,000 in cash, and "innumerable" sets of identification papers. Some of the suspects were arrested at a rundown ranch in Riverside County on barren desert land east of Los Angeles—"Leary's Ranch," Hicks called it—and three suspects were arrested on the Island of Maui in Hawaii.

Money to finance the Brotherhood's "smuggling and dealing" activities, Hicks said, came from a "number of sources and investigators may never be able to pinpoint the actual backers." The smuggling operation, he said, was headed by a "Mr. Big," who "coordinated the traffic." He did not identify Mr. Big, who was still being sought, but referred to the Brotherhood as "the hippie mafia."

On the day after the district attorney's dramatic announcement, through some convenient bureaucratic mixup, Laguna Beach narcotics officer Sgt. Neal Purcell identified the "Mr. Big" whom Cecil Hicks had refused to name. Purcell gave mugshots of Mr. Big to the newspapers. Mr. Big, according to Purcell, was Robert Andrist, 29, a Laguna rug merchant who liked to taunt policemen by smoking cigar-sized joints on the public sidewalks. When Purcell pointed the finger, it caused some bellylaughs among Laguna street people. Sure, Bobby Andrist was indeed Mr. Big: He weighed almost 300 pounds and his nickname was "Fat Bobby."

None of it, of course, made much sense to the taxpaying residents of Laguna Beach, whose sun-reddened eyes were gradually becoming accustomed to the glare of the gothic. They suddenly found themselves, now, on the front page of The New York Times, portraying internationally as some sort of criminal doper's haven. Their own police chief, Old J.J., was saying his little town was more notorious than Marseilles.

It seemed to be "Goony Beach's" season in the red-hot media sun: Just as the Brotherhood headlines ebbed, Laguna made the front page again. In a hospital down on the south side of town, Hopalong Cassidy was dead.

It doesn't look like any Sicilian lair or doper's haven; it is a town rooted in jabberwocky, a page out of *Alice In Wonderland*, worlds away from "the biggest receiving and distributing point of narcotics in the world." Laguna Beach is a village seemingly having little to do with the urban sprawl and freeways which straight jacket the rest of the state. There are no freeways here. As a matter of fact, there are only two roads leading into town—Laguna Canyon Road and the Pacific Coast Highway.

The ocean is protected by a semicircle of hills, and the canyon itself is almost a canyon of caves, its sides from base to 1200 feet cut and bored with fine sandstone rock chiseled by nature.

Hyacinth, tulip, and dwarf citrus dot the hills and free-form gardens. Houses from a bygone age, like the Witches' House on Wave Street, make parts of town look like a time-warped monument to serenity. You get to the Witches' House, for example, by crossing over a wash and find gabled roofs of contrasting heights with mullioned windows. The topmost gable peaks 60 feet from the ground.

Laguna's soul is the ocean, the eight and ten and twelve foot surf. Early in the morning, you can hear seals offshore and watch seagulls dive-bomb the beaches in search of spare food. Sandcastle architects spend long hours constructing ornate Moorish marvels to be shattered by the tide. But it is the surf which is the town's bloodstream, the saltfoam and the rippling which exile tourists onto contemplative rocks.

In the past few years, as the little town found itself in pained metamorphosis, as Tim Leary came and so did the provost-marshal from the Marine Corps, as surfers started hanging at places like the Mystic Arts headshop and the smell of grass and patchouli swept over moon-kissed beaches, strange new visitors strayed to Laguna's shores.

Hard-nosed cops were swinging bigger sticks, sunbleached kids were turning onto heavier drugs, and from the coal-black caves of the Laguna Canyon, green-eyed mountain lions came to the beaches and left karmic clawprints in the sand.

Waves of Death & Dr. Leary

Timothy Leary came to the beaches in the summer of 1968, a kind of psychedelic anti-Christ who had founded his own church and was fleeing a vicious "oldfageism" which had exiled him from the State of New York.

"LSD is a sacrament," he told everyone within earshot in Laguna, "and like every great religion of the past, we seek to find the divinity within and to express this revelation in a life of glorification and worship of God." He called his new church, whose formation he had announced at a press conference at the New York Advertising Club in 1966, The League For Spiritual Discovery.

Leary's every sentence seemed to make headline news and each headline seemed to cause him further problems. He had taught at Harvard, held psychedelic celebrations at the Village Theater in New York and had moved, finally, to a large private estate in the village of Millbrook near Poughkeepsie, New York.

He left Millbrook when police and townspeople started harassing him. He was already facing a possible 30-year prison sentence in Texas and the villagers of Millbrook echoed their town's historian, who wrote a letter to the village newspaper which said: "Leary's attitude will draw drug addicts here and when the money runs out, they will murder, rob and steal to secure funds with which to satisfy their cravings. Then the crime wave will have reached Millbrook." Leary shrugged, closed up the leather, jewelry, pottery, sculpture and carpentry shops on his borrowed estate and left.

He came to Laguna because he liked the town's peaceful and artistic atmosphere and because his new wife, Rosemary, a striking, auburn-haired ex-model, had vacationed on Laguna's

beaches as a teen-ager. As soon as he arrived, of course, he and his wife and his 19-year-old son, John, with hair even longer than his silver-haired father's, were besieged by newsmen and admirers.

News of his League For Spiritual Discovery had spurred dozens of similar cults in all parts of the country. One of these cults was formally born in Laguna Beach on the 26th of October, 1966, just a month after Leary announced the formation of his group in New York, and almost two years before Leary arrived in Laguna Beach. It was called, and incorporated under the laws of the State of California, The Brotherhood of Eternal Love. Its articles of incorporation said:

"The purpose for which this corporation is formed are:

"The specific and primary purposes are to bring the world a greater awareness of God through the teachings of Jesus Christ, Buddha, Ramakrishna, Babaji, Paramahansa Yogananda, Mahatma Gandhi and all true prophets and apostles of God, and to spread the love and wisdom of these great teachers to all men, irrespective of race, color or circumstances.

"The general purposes and powers are to buy, manage, own and hold real and personal property necessary and proper for a place of public worship and carry on educational and charitable work.

"This church recognizes that all obligations are to God, and acknowledges God as its head and all great religious men as the guiding light to faith, love and understanding in all matters.

"Each member shall have the undisturbed right to follow the Word of God according to the dictates of his own conscience under the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit. The following statement of faith, therefore, is not a test, but an expression of the spirit in which this church interprets the Word of God.

"We believe in God, the Father of all mankind in whose love we find purpose and salvation.

"We believe in the brotherhood of man, in the creative quality of the human spirit and in the immortality of the human soul.

"We believe this church to be the earthly instrument of God's will.

"We believe in the sacred right of each individual to commune with God in spirit and in truth as it is empirically revealed to him."

The primary mover behind the Brotherhood of Eternal Love was John Griggs, known to his friends as Farmer John, an intense 26-year-old who shared Leary's beliefs in the psychedelic enlightenment of LSD, grass and hashish. When Timothy Leary and his family arrived in Laguna Beach, Farmer John and the half dozen of his friends who called themselves members of the Brotherhood, treated him as their private heaven-sent prophet.

Leary and his wife and son and Farmer John and his friends spent a lot of time along the beaches, sitting around bonfires and dropping acid, spreading The Word. Since Laguna is a surfer's paradise, there were many young people who heard The Word and turned on.

Leary enjoyed his Laguna stay. He spent long hours in the sun and, as more and more young people adopted alternate life styles, he found himself the guru of the town's burgeoning head colony, a respected elder statesman

wearing bells and beads around his neck who was friendly with everyone, even policemen, and preached Love and Enlightenment to the police chief himself.

Some of the residents, and particularly some of the policemen, were getting nervous. The beaches were filled with longhairs who scared the tourists, a whole Freaktown was building up in the Canyon, and the smell of grass was everywhere. When Leary's war-weary station wagon passed through the center of town, traffic seemed to come to a standstill.

Neal Purcell, a squat, dark-complected man with puffed cheeks and a pencil-thin Gilbert Roland moustache, joined the Laguna Beach Police Department on September 1, 1969. He came from the Newport Beach police force, a town just a few miles from Laguna on the Coast Highway, where he had been assigned to entice and entrap cruising homosexuals hustling the beaches. Purcell was a gung ho, rule-book cop who proselytized among his colleagues about the moral decay of America. He didn't like long hair. He didn't like girls walking around with their tits popping out. He considered marijuana and LSD near the root of a generational corruption. And he could not comprehend why the City of Laguna Beach allowed a man like Timothy Leary to pollute its beaches, infecting the young with that contagious corruption. But while he often voiced these lofty concerns, Neal Purcell was just a beat cop, a rookie on a new police force driving a cruiser and dispensing parking citations.

On the 26th of December, 1968, patrolman Neal Purcell, cruising the Woodland Drive Freaktown area of Laguna Beach, noticed Timothy Leary's station wagon blocking a roadway. He contended that while most people in Laguna knew the station wagon by infamous sight, he didn't know its owner until he checked the man's driver's license. He contended that as he approached the car, Timothy Leary rolled his window down and a cloud of marijuana smoke almost knocked him off his feet. Leary's wife sat next to him and his son, John, was in the back seat.

This, as Neal Purcell would later describe it, is what he saw: "Just prior to my placing him under arrest, I observed John Leary in the back seat on all fours. By that, I mean on his hands and knees, and he was attempting to get over into the front seat, and his father was turning in the seat, trying to push him back, and John kept trying to come over. It reminded me of a dog jumping from the back seat to the front seat, and this continued until the time I approached."

"Now, after I approached and identified myself, John would bring his face up close to the window, make faces at me, bring his hair forward, brush it down in front of his face and then part his hair and peek out with one eyeball and stick his tongue out, making noises with his mouth."

Purcell called for assistance and searched the car.

"If anyone was on his hands and knees like a dog," Leary would say later, "it was Purcell. I thought he was going to lick the floor."

"What did you find?" Leary asked him when the search was over.

Purcell waved two joints in the air.

"Big deal," Leary said.

Leary and his family were charged with possession of marijuana and dan-

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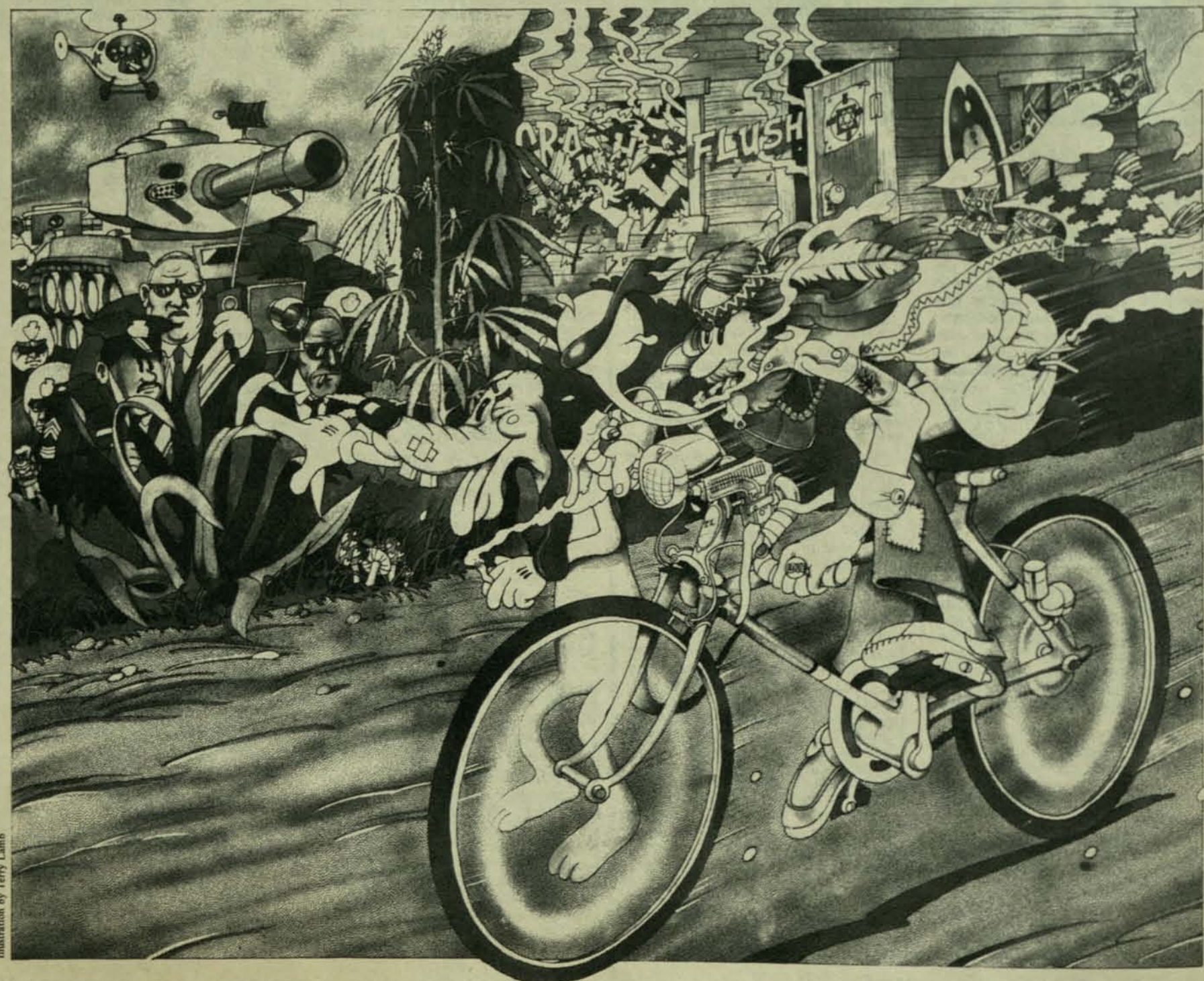


Illustration by Terry Lamb



gerous drugs and released on \$2,500 bond the next day. But Neal Purcell wasn't through yet.

Two days later, once again on routine traffic patrol, Purcell saw Leary's station wagon pull into a motel driveway on South Coast Highway. Purcell parked his cruiser and waited. Leary came out of the motel minutes later with a rectangular package and two friends. Purcell followed them. Driving north of the Coast Highway, he noticed a burning cigarette being passed back and forth in Leary's car. He thought it was marijuana. He noticed, too, that the tail-lights on Leary's station wagon were faulty. He flicked his cherrytop on, wailed his siren, and tried to pull Leary over. Leary kept driving and Purcell finally pulled him over half a mile away. Purcell saw one of Leary's friends flick the butt away. Once again Purcell thought he would be overcome by the cloud of grass coming from the car.

He was getting ready to arrest Leary for the second time in three days when a police sergeant arrived on the scene and gave Neal Purcell a direct command. The command was not to arrest Leary or search the car. Neal Purcell was angry and told some of his friends that the police chief (Kenneth Huck would soon be replaced by the Marine Corps provost-marshal) was "coddling" the Learys.

Timothy Leary had more than a year's wait until his trial. He spent most of that time in Berkeley, but he spent several months at an isolated ranch on a serpentine road in Idylwild, near Riverside, a ranch owned by his friend, Farmer John Griggs, and the Brotherhood of Eternal Love.

It was way back then, in the early months of 1969, that Neal Purcell, the street cop who had busted the famous Dr. Leary, started investigating the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. He started gumshoeing on his own time, in the days when he had no paid business being a detective, but it was an investigation which, almost four years later, would put Neal Purcell on the front page of The New York Times.

At the arid base of the Santa Ana Mountains, four miles south of Highway 74 outside Idylwild, Cal., two miles southeast of the Lake Hemet Grocery Store in the dehydrated village of Mountain Center, a dirt road winds past two padlocked fences to a fallow steppe of land. The land contains a one-story wooden frame ranch house spray-painted light yellow, a mobile home trailer, three 12-foot Navajo canvas tepees, and a jutting wooden tower with a fish-shaped windsock. It is a desolate sun-beaten landscape of cactus, mesquite and caliche.

According to a police informant and former Oregon Deputy Sheriff, The

Brotherhood of Eternal Love purchased this particular acreage "because it is high on a flat area and backed up by mountains on the back side, and the front side of it faces miles of open ground. They picked it for this reason: That they wouldn't be spied on and surveillance would be almost impossible." The wooden tower, the informant said, had a strategic function. "Twenty-four hours a day there would be a man up there watching the road and he'd sound an alarm if anybody came."

The purpose of this land, according to police theory, was to provide Brotherhood of Eternal Love members with a combination lamaseri-rest home-orgy center. It was the place, police believed, where occult Brotherhood initiations were held, where acid converts got their first liberating doses of holy Orange Sunshine. Timothy Leary came with his family to his friend Farmer John Griggs' ranch after his arrest, and Neal Purcell soon noted a tantalizing piece of police "intelligence" in his file, intelligence he was later to convey to a strategy session of narks: "As a matter of showing the close-knitness of the organization, during one party where they all sat around in a circle, they slapped hands and everybody swapped partners. Then everybody held hands in a nude position, astraddle the male counterparts, and had at it. It was approximately at the time that one of the other members was shacking with Rosemary Leary and Leary was shacking with this man's wife. These orgies, sitting in the circle, were quite common."

On the 14th of July, 1969, Dr. Arman Leon Dollinger, Riverside County's pathologist, veteran of more than 6000 autopsies, a skilled body-cavity investigator, was summoned to microscopically examine the beautiful dead body of a 17-year-old girl. She drowned in an opaque pool of water on the Idylwild Ranch. She was Charlene Almeida of Laguna Beach, known to her friends as Dolcino. Timothy Leary tried to give her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

Dr. Dollinger found detrital hemorrhages of the serosal surfaces of the lung, bloody mucous in the air passages and the bronchus. The stomach and bladder were distended by gas but empty—the girl hadn't swallowed anything for the past 24 hours. Dr. Dollinger took two blood samples and both samples showed a "significant amount" of LSD in her bloodstream.

That same afternoon, John Hamilton, a crusty Riverside County homicide detective, drove to the Idylwild Ranch. He spoke for more than an hour to Timothy Leary.

"Leary said he didn't know anything about the girl except that they called her Charlie. He said he'd seen her off and on for some time, first in Laguna

Beach. He said she'd been brought to the ranch about ten days before that by his daughter, Susan, and she'd been living with some of the people in the tepees, but the last few days she'd been sleeping on the ground outside. He said he'd heard some of the children hollering and he came outside and someone had pulled her out of the pond. He tried to revive her and then drove four miles and called us."

Hamilton recounted a surreally insensate conversation with Leary in which Leary, standing near the pond where the girl died, said: "There's nothing wrong with drugs; they do more good than harm."

A few weeks after Charlene Almeida's death, Dr. Dollinger and detective Hamilton rushed to the ranch once again. Farmer John Griggs, the man who had informally founded the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, was dead from an overdose. Moments before he collapsed, he told his wife he had taken too much psilocybin, a drug of the mushroom family. The pathologist discovered that Farmer John, whose two-year-old son had collapsed from a mushroom overdose months earlier, had 108 milligrams of psilocybin in his urine.

With the drug-related deaths of two young people within three weeks, many area residents panicked and so did the dozen inhabitants of the tepees and the ranch. They fled, calling Idylwild a "bad scene."

Leary, still facing his Laguna trial, was charged with contributing to the delinquency of the 17-year-old drowning victim, charged with causing her to lead "an idle, dissolute and immoral life" by "threat, command and persuasion."

Some street people in Laguna said that Farmer John's overdose and the temporary abandonment of the Idylwild Ranch, marked the end of any formally organized Brotherhood of Eternal Love. But Neal Purcell, who would be the star witness at Leary's Laguna trial, didn't believe it. The Brotherhood of Eternal Love, he said vociferously, led by Timothy Leary, was directly responsible for Laguna's problems.

Leary went to trial in October of 1969 and was found guilty of possession of marijuana. The judge sentenced him to six months to ten years and called him "an insidious and detrimental influence on society." The courtroom was packed; older Lagunans cheered. Leary's followers carried palm fronds and yellow jonquils and one kid waved a Bible and yelled: "Behold, there is no law in this court. I have testimony here for this court—the word of God."

"Lord God," the kid screamed, "come down, come down."

In September of 1970, Timothy Leary walked away from the California Men's Colony near San Luis Obispo, scaling a ten-foot chain-link fence. Neal Purcell added another piece of "intelligence" to his file. An informer told him, he said, that the Brotherhood of Eternal Love planned and financed the break.

The Brotherhood had the Weatherman spring him. They paid the Weatherman \$25,000. They were waiting with cars. His clothes were piled into another car by the Weatherman and taken south that day. Leary was taken north under pretty heavy armed guard in another car. The Weatherman were armed and supposedly they would have done you under if you tried to stop them. The passport was waiting, the plane was waiting, and they took him abroad.

By that time, a shuddersome riot had swept into Laguna Beach. Neal Purcell was a traffic cop no longer. He

was a detective and Old J.J., the Marine Corps provost-marshal, was in charge. A councilman was even suggesting that all the Canyon's caves be dynamited "to clear the longhairs out."

And all because of two actions, both of them, symbolically, on national holidays: The Christmas Invasion and the Fourth of July Insurrection.

The Burning of Laguna Beach

In the days before Christmas of 1970, phosphorescent-rainbowed posters circulated in the State of California and as far east as the Alleghenies inviting "all wise beings" to Laguna Beach on Christmas Day "to celebrate the birth of Jesus Christ."

The posters promised a fun-filled nativity, with cosmic light shows and celestial music and advised travelers to "bring musical instruments and plenty of food." The posters were signed: The Brotherhood of Eternal Love.

Police Chief Kenneth Huck, a good-natured moderate who wanted his men to wear navy-blue blazers instead of police uniforms, didn't consider the proposed love-fest too much to worry about. Huck viewed the Brotherhood as a loose-knit, informal group of young people without formal leadership or felonious intent. His biggest worry was a possible paralyzing traffic jam.

But City Councilman Ed Lorr, a bluff, fiery-eyed right-winger, talked about a "shameless orgy" and "left-wing revolutionaries intent on burning our town." Ed Lorr was elected to office thanks to Laguna's political demographics—4,974 Republicans compared to 2,919 Democrats—and was well known for his blow-hard rhetoric. "A woman's place is in the kitchen," Ed Lorr said, "not in politics." And: "Women do not have the nervous system to serve on committees." And: "If we want to get rid of this hippie problem, we ought to go on up to the Canyon and dynamite their caves." And: "You look at one of these longhairs and it reminds you of a gungel in the Capone mob."

Big Ed's attitude reflected the furious crosscurrents of Laguna Beach. Gooneyland, suddenly the gathering place of barefooted hippies and Leary-lovers, was traditionally proud of its artists and its sleepy hollow pace. Ice-cream socials, bridge parties and the American Legion's Potluck Dinner were always well-attended. The Patience Wright Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was still hyperactive. At the same time, long-haired artists like Skip Richardson, a scrimshaw wizard who etched bucolic scenes on whale ivory, found the town a profitable place. The high-school football team, even, was called the Laguna Beach Artists.

But now the town was divided not only by cultural but also by local political issues. Some people felt city council and the city's bigwigs were interested only in suckering more and more tourists, building cyclopean motels, hustling fresh money, and thereby ruining Laguna's treasured tranquillity and uglifying its harmonious vibe. Others like Ed Lorr felt the town was threatened not by new business, but by the long-haired hordes who crowded the beaches, headshops and bars and frightened away too many fat wallets.

When Ed Lorr heard about the Christmas Day love-fest, he thought the hippies were trying to close down his town. Paranoid crowd estimates fevered the bridge-party grapevine—thirty or forty thousand hippies, ads

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in the L.A. Free Press, Laguna as the West Coast Woodstock. When he talked to Chief Huck and the chief didn't seem adequately perturbed, Lorr took his case to the people, telling everyone something had to be done, command decisions had to be made "to save Laguna."

As the kids started trucking to Laguna the rainy week before Christmas, Chief Huck suffered a mysterious "respiratory collapse" and removed himself from authority. There were those who whispered that the council had put too much pressure on the police chief, strong-arming him to take a big-stick stand, and he simply decided it would be wise to duck the line of fire. The council, led by Lorr, sort of deputized itself and called in a posse of policemen from all over the state.

The kids came in record numbers and Chief Huck's worst expectation was confirmed: traffic jammed up all over town. A 50-by-30-foot platform was erected, as well as a helicopter landing pad. It was not a rock festival, although there was some unexciting music, and the fest was highlighted by the appearance of General Hershey Bar, a whey-faced war critic who showed up in military burlesque and distributed pornographic cartoons of Selective Service Director Hershey cornholing Uncle Sam and Uncle Sam cornholing God. Some of the organizers got on horseback to monitor the crowds and, after police roadblocks stopped new visitors, one kid leaped out of a plane and parachuted to the site. There was a lot of grass and a lot of acid, but the hospitals reported no serious casualties. When the festival ended, a crew of kids went back to the site and cleaned it up.

One of the organizers, a serious young woman who has lived in Laguna most of her life, said: "There was no real organization. The Brotherhood was more a vibe than a group. It symbolized love, understanding and dope, and it symbolized freak power in Laguna Beach. So a bunch of us got together and called ourselves members of the Brotherhood and had the posters done. It was that simple."

But even though Christmas Day ended without traumatic damage, Ed Lorr held a New Year's press conference and announced that "hard-core revolutionaries intended to provoke a confrontation between hippies and police, start a riot and burn down the town." Lorr said he was making his statement to allay any feeling that the council had "encouraged the hippies." "This was a drug festival," he said, "attended for the most part by youngsters turned loose by irresponsible parents." "Young people," Lorr said, "were turned into freaks and subjected to degradations of mind and body."

"This council knew in advance that

the city would be invaded by unknown numbers of hippies," Lorr said. "And there was no conceivable way to prevent it. Hard information from our police revealed that SDS members were in town."

The long-haired influx and Lorr's saber-rattling, along with the hovering image of Leary and acid death, freaked the town. The depth of feeling was apparent when the Mystic Arts headshop, a "drug haven" according to Lorr, burned to the ground during a heated council race where three councilmen ran and won on a platform which the editor of the Laguna Daily Pilot characterized as "drive the dirty drug-crazed hippies out of town."

The Brotherhood tried another love-fest the following Easter to bemoan the crucifixion and celebrate the resurrection of Jesus Christ, but the happening, this time in Death Valley, was blocked by rattlesnakes, scorpions, and bone-chilling night-desert cold.

In Laguna Beach, meanwhile, now governed by the 3-2 anti-hippie council majority, City Hall was undergoing an "evacuation." A lot of city officials, uncomfortable with the tactics of witch hunt and police harassment, were leaving town. Police Chief Huck, the Daily Pilot said, left for "an area more receptive to his progressive ideas of law enforcement." So did the city manager, the city attorney, the finance director and the city treasurer.

The council was considering a number of "urgency resolutions" like banning singing in the streets and on the beaches, prohibiting long-haired young people from renting motel rooms. At the same time, the police department initiated a "crackdown on hippie housing" and "hippie loiterers" who dared to stand in one spot on a public sidewalk for more than two minutes.

The crackdown was to climax on the Fourth of July, when the Laguna Beach Police Department, led by Neal Purcell, attacked the residents of Freaktown.

Woodland Drive, out in the Laguna Canyon, is about a mile from the beach and twists into another meandering road called Victory Walk. It consists of four streets in a single-block area, a makeshift colony of some 50 funky and anti-suburban homes, most of them adorned with megalithic peace symbols, grinning Buddhas, and yellowed posters of Timothy Leary and Che Guevara. Laguna Beach's Freaktown butts a hill that rises several hundred feet and is thick with flora, thistle and crag. One of the homes on Woodland comprises three addresses—237, 245, and 247—and is known to police as "The Red House," "The Leary House," and "The Brotherhood Headquarters." Detective Sgt. Neal Purcell sits be-

hind his cluttered desk at the Laguna Beach Police Department, his hair spray-netted and dry-look ducktailed, and talks about Freaktown.

"When I first arrived there, and going through that area for the first time in 1968, I found out quickly that it wasn't the conventional-type setting. When you talk about a one-block area with 50 homes on it, you might think that it's, you know, curbs, sidewalks, gutters, fire-hydrants and so on but that's not true.

"There is one streetlight in that whole area, two paved roads approximately 22 feet wide. Off of this are several paths. The paths are only made of dirt and they are only six feet wide and there are houses on both sides of the paths. The surrounding hills are made up of nothing but deep holes, small caves, heavy vegetation and a lot of other dirt paths.

"Now, where I found that the area was different than the other neighborhoods in Laguna Beach is, I quickly found, for the most part, it was young people who lived there. They openly smoked marijuana out in the streets. They openly sold LSD.

"I would find that trying to surveil the area was almost an impossible task. They had what was known as a bicycle patrol made up of many of these people where they would ride bicycles and carry a police-type whistle, and every time they saw someone who looked like a policeman, they would blow the whistle off and the whistle would be heard throughout the colony there, and after a while it sounded like a bunch of crickets in there with those whistles.

"They also had platforms up in the large trees where I have observed on many occasions people standing, some with binoculars, some without, and they also had whistles.

"They had more dogs in that area than I have ever seen in the normal-type block. I was told this several times: That the dogs were trained to smell the gun oil. I didn't believe this at first, but unless a police officer has a certain odor about them—every time we would go in that area, you might manage to get in there and be in there in five minutes, and all of a sudden a dog would sniff you out and then you would have several dogs on you trying to get you out of the area.

"The setting there, I have watched them many times, the people there smoking dope out in the street. I have also found other peculiar things. On the outside there is a frontage road that runs along parallel to Laguna Canyon Road. The road would line up with individuals sitting in their cars and maybe the driver or one individual in the car would be missing. I would sit back in the shadows and watch a car drive up, one individual getting out, go into the area, and he would come back

in about five minutes, and I have made several arrests, into the hundreds, when the person came back they would put on some type of ego trip that they had to show the dope they had just bought from someone inside, and as they would be showing it to their friends in the car, I would walk up and see the dope and place them under arrest."

On the night of July 4th, 1970, the freaks of Woodland were having a block party. Roman candles and firecrackers were exploding everywhere and a high-decibel rock band served as accompaniment. Some 250 people sat around, danced and smoked joints. Police went into the area, claiming they were responding to "noise complaints," and, using a bullhorn, ordered the celebrants to disperse. A kid yelled: "What about the firecrackers in the other parts of town?" but the party ended and two of the police cruisers left the area.

One cruiser stayed behind. Narcotics detective Neal Purcell sat in his car and watched a kid sitting on a stoop smoke a marijuana cigarette. He arrested him. He spreadeagled the kid against a car, handcuffed and frisked him. It was at this point, Purcell claimed, that "a pack of hippies" attacked him with fists and bottles. Purcell issued a 999 call on his police radio: "May Day, officer needs assistance!" Five police agencies responded: 44 policemen, 23 cruisers and the Costa Mesa police helicopter.

The freak Fourth of July suddenly turned into chaos and madness. Purcell set up an emergency command post and directed the assault. Policemen used billyclubs and mace, chasing some kids through houses and into the canyon, which was brightly klieg-lighted by the chopper.

Seventeen persons were arrested, eight of them on narcotics charges. A Vietnam veteran who had lost an eye in combat was maced at point-blank range. Purcell displayed a loaded German Luger which he said he'd found at the scene. He said three bottles had struck his command cruiser. Another police car suffered \$150 damage.

The ACLU filed a protest and accused the police, singling out Purcell, of brutality and over-reaction. Purcell replied: "Drugs are Laguna's biggest problem and they've been the biggest problem ever since I've gotten here."

The former city manager, James Wheaton, issued a report saying that if Purcell had not made his marijuana arrest, "the party atmosphere would probably have continued." The mayor, issuing a separate report, noted there has been "some over-reaction," and quoted a witness who had watched policemen billyclub a girl and drag her by the hair while another grabbed her boyfriend's ponytail and sprayed mace into his face. Purcell replied: "Taking of prisoners by hair-holding is not uncommon."

Neal Purcell was lauded for his "decisive action" by many residents, particularly by councilman Ed Lorr, and soon became his new police chief's number one gun. Neal Purcell and J.J. Kelly got along just fine. The provost-marshal of Pendleton and Quantico had quite a reputation himself. Old J.J. busted more homosexuals ("fruits") in the Marine Corps than any other cop-commandant and was the first cop in America to train grass-sniffing nark-dogs.

When 53-year-old J.J. Kelly—father of eight, walking caricature of the Irish cop, founder of the U.S. Marine Corps Military Police School—took over as provost-marshal of Laguna Beach, Neal Purcell finally got his "green

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—Continued from Preceding Page

light" to go after the Brotherhood of Eternal Love.

J.J. got Purcell the most modern electrical snooping gadgets available: a video-tape recorder which would immortalize narcotics transactions; a sensitive two-way Japanese listening device which could be hidden on the body and had a four-mile "ear range." J.J. Kelly blustered the week after he took over that he would not "coddle" drug addicts of any variety. A reporter asked him if he had ever smoked grass and the chief scowled that he had not. "When I was in the Marine Corps," he said, "I was trained to detect the smell. I sat in a room where it was smoked for educational purposes. I thought the smell most unpleasant."

He recalled, too, with swelling pride, that while at Pendleton, he had been the liaison with Secret Servicemen guarding Richard Nixon at nearby San Clemente. He had been invited to meet the President at the Western White House and had been photographed with the President on the golf course. The picture, J.J. Kelly explained, was one of his most treasured possessions—though, lamentably, he could not show it to anyone because Richard Nixon was dressed in his golf clothes and photographers were not allowed to snap the President in Arnold Palmer attire.

Weeks after J.J. Kelly took office, Ed Lorr's council majority passed a series of new statutes at the chief's behest. Skateboarding was prohibited; all parade permits were to be personally granted approval by the chief of police; jaywalkers and homosexuals would be vigorously prosecuted.

Shortly afterward, a 16-year-old boy was arrested, frisked, handcuffed and, as his mother watched horrified, taken to jail. The offense? Skateboarding. The skateboard was taken from him and tagged as evidence. Two long-haired 18-year-olds were arrested, handcuffed and jailed for crossing Coast Highway at Cleo Street against the light. They were released the next morning on \$5 bond.

On Labor Day, 1971, Chief Kelly's men, once again led by Neal Purcell, arrested sixteen persons for taking boisterous part in a 50-year-old Laguna tradition, the Walkaround. Each Labor Day in Laguna, the folks mourn the end of summer by walking from bar to bar on the Pacific Coast Highway. This time, when some 100 stagers reached the Orphanage Bar and couldn't get in because the place was too full, eight plainclothesmen came running across the street in flying wedge formation and ordered the piliated walkers to disperse. According to Chief Kelly, his men were attacked by these mourning staggerers. The staggerers claimed police beat them with nightsticks and flashlights. An ex-Marine Captain and Vietnam veteran said he was billyclubbed by three policemen and told "You found out what happens to people who argue with policemen." He said he was pressed face-down onto the redhot hood of a police cruiser with an overheated engine and searched. An officer directing traffic held a can of mace and, as the cars passed, raised the can and sprayed the drivers.

Some Laguna natives were getting just a trifle upset. One man got up at a city council meeting and asked when certain other measures would be adopted. Measures like: Mandatory removal of vocal chords of all resident dogs at birth; prohibition of consumption of alcoholic beverages between consenting adults; immediate construction of permanent police barricades at both roads leading into town.

A local columnist proposed another law—conditional use of permits for the building of sandcastles. "No sandcastle may be built if the shape deviates from the established norm for sandcastle construction. A copy of the norm is on file with the chief of police. No castle may be erected to represent anything resembling a phallic symbol. All offensive castle plans will be destroyed by the chief of police."

But J.J. Kelly's most controversial move was the offensive against homosexuals. He set up a "Gay Squad" in a town with one of the largest gay colonies in the state. Heading it was that veteran gay-hunter from Newport Beach, Neal Purcell. Purcell donned a disguise, practiced the art of the limp wrist and wore tight pants to act the part of a Fifty-ish gay roue enticing tourist gays. He was armed with his new two-way Japanese listening device. He arrested several homosexuals, handcuffing them on the beach for making lewd advances. When gays banded together to protest the harassment, Chief Kelly replied: "I do not condone homosexuality." The crackdown had a cruelly hollow irony: Laguna Beach's newest celebrity-resident was Christine Jorgenson, 46, one of the first Americans to change her sex from male to female.

While Neal Purcell dressed up in his gay disguise at nights, he was still investigating The Brotherhood of Eternal Love by day, cracking down on dopers and collecting brutality charges. Purcell raided a Canyon home armed with a warrant suspecting possession of marijuana and found the homeowner swimming in his pool. The owner claimed that while he was still in the pool, Purcell grabbed a metal pole and beat him over the head, then sprayed him with mace as he tried to get out of the water.

When Neal Purcell was beaten into the surf trying to arrest a Marine smoking a joint on the beach, and landed knee-deep in the water, a lot of gays and dopers were openly delighted.

But Neal Purcell was happy too. The man who had begun investigating the Brotherhood of Eternal Love while still a traffic cop had finally struck pay dirt. He had tried, all these years, to garner other agencies' funds and support. He had failed. "Our toughest job," he'd say later, "was selling everyone, including our supervisors, on the idea that an outfit like the Brotherhood, in barefeet and long hair, could actually exist."

Now he had convinced the Bureau of Narcotics Enforcement, Attorney General Evelle J. Younger's infamous raiders. The Bureau of Narcotics Enforcement had a powerful ally, Orange County District Attorney Cecil Hicks, who recruited cooperation of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs.

The District Attorney of Orange County loved it. The Brotherhood was perfect. He had prosecuted bottomless dancers and porno bookstore owners. He had denounced the Supreme Court, sexual freedom, draft dodgers and the President's Commission on Marijuana.

Now freckle-faced Cecil Hicks, who aspired to be Evelle J. Younger's successor as Attorney General of the State of California, drew a bead on his most custom-tailored target: "The hippie mafia."

In the concluding segment of "The Strange Case of the Hippie Mafia": the investigation shifts to the Middle East; "Mr. Big" lams it to Hawaii; the fighting attorney of Orange County takes on Super Nark; the night of the Big Bust and the strange siege of Disneyland... all in the next issue of this publication.

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Humble Pie with manager Dee Anthony in his New York City apartment.



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The Harman/Kardon 150+ Multichannel receiver can get more out of a single note of music in mono, stereo or quadraphonic than any other receiver at the price.

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room and you have the most advanced music system available.

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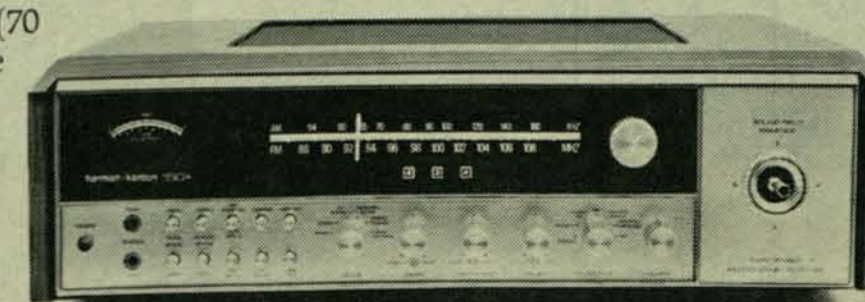
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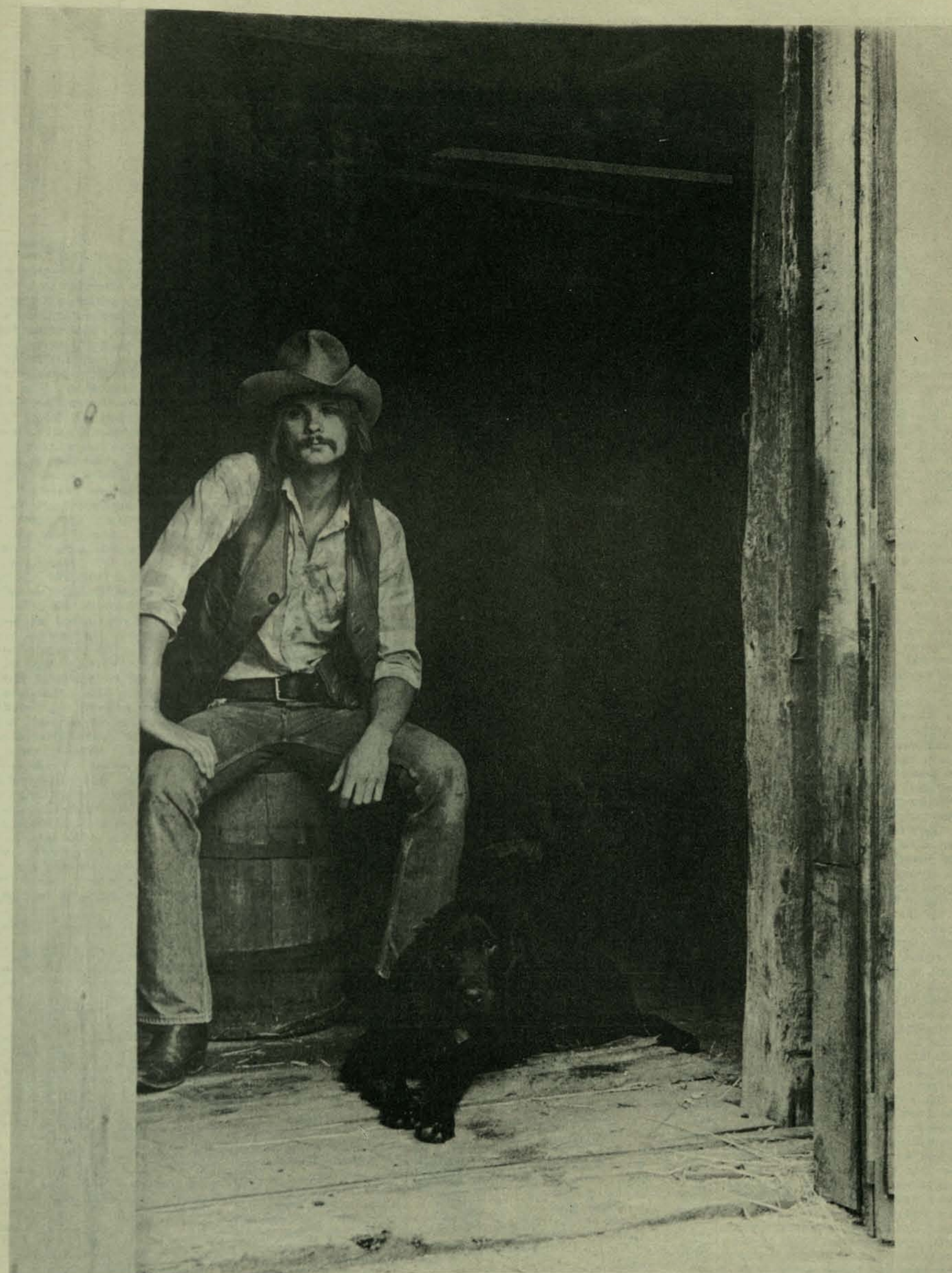


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Gayle McCormick Flesh & Blood

Music is what she's made of Her new album is *Flesh and Blood*.

The first time you heard Gayle McCormick, she was singing lead vocal on "Baby, It's You" with A Group Called Smith. When the group broke up, she went on her own and she's been growing ever since, learning some blues and living rock and roll. Her music has become explosive and powerful. Now there's a lot more of her to hear. Listen to "WEAR YOUR" Gayle McCormick's *Flesh and Blood* is on Decca Records.



Jonathan Edwards' second album is a reflection of his past two years on the road—the first as a struggling, relatively unknown singer, the second as one of the most recognized performing and recording artists of the year. His ups, downs and changes, and some sensitive insights into those things that are real—along with a damn good time—are captured for you on **HONKY-TONK STARDUST COWBOY**



On Atco Records and Tapes

The Resurrection of Santana

by Ben Fong-Torres

I. They'll Smile in Your Face

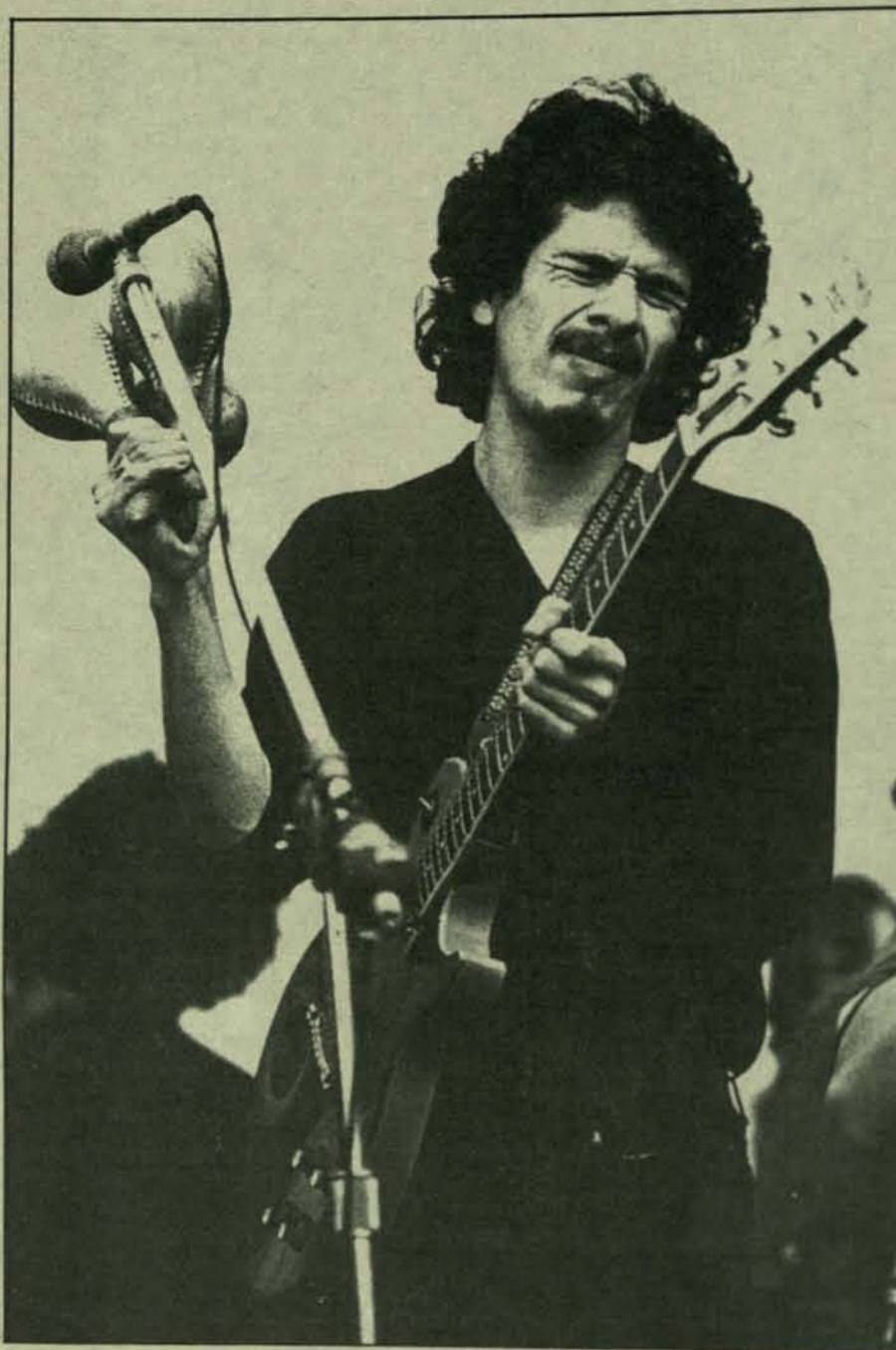
Mingo, the conga player, keeps a pasteless toothbrush in his mouth all through the trip to the restaurant; at the cafe (partly owned by estranged Santana member Gregg Rolie), pint-sized timbales player Chepito spends a good half hour directing offers to groupies at other tables—"Fourteen inches, gringa, fourteen inches"—and hurling spiced cauliflower sprouts at Herbie, the production manager; across the table Tom Koster, who's taken Rolie's place in the group, on keyboards, thrusts out a judo chop-straight left hand: "Lookit this ring. It's been on this finger nine and a half years." He pulls out his wallet, taps it on Chep's arm several times. He wants to show pictures of his baby boy. "Fourteen inches!" Chepito Areas yells over Koster's right shoulder. "I love sex!" he exclaims later. "It's my only problem!" And Carlos, in a booth with Mike Shive (the only other original Santana member left) and new bassist Doug Rauch, has turned away from his salad. He is watching the two young men on the little stage, playing decent banjo and guitar, harmonizing on Beatles and Cat Stevens tunes. Decent music for a sandwich bar in Seattle, Washington, and Carlos Santana almost looks intent.

That's fine. It means that while the rest of the band, and gringas, roll off to see Tower of Power, Carlos will keep his appointment—to talk, to break the silence for the first time since the formation of Santana.

For the first two years of that silence—interrupted, of course, by three gold albums full of speed-paced Latino-based music that went from imitative to innovative—there wasn't that much you would want to know. A bunch of kids taking drugs, flashing blades, from the brown-collared Mission district of San Francisco, making noise and plenty of money. And outside their music, a member would say now and again, Santana had nothing to say.

But in the third year of that silence, the stories began to circulate: dope and other busts; Chepito near death from a brain hemorrhage; the band leaving for a tour without him; disaster, deportation from Peru; the band splitting up—bass player David Brown quit, then fired, now working with his sisters; conga-player Mike Carabello fired; organist and lead vocalist Gregg Rolie split, along with Neal Schon, who'd joined the band after *Abraxas*, to share lead guitar with Carlos; lawyer and accountant—Where's the money?—fired; Carlos turns to Jesus, jams with Buddy Miles, prays together, plays together with Mahavishnu orchestra leader John McLaughlin, hires five new band members, changes musically from "Evil Ways" to Yogananda vibrations, songs of reincarnation in a *Caravan-serai*; dumps communal manager Stan Marcum, who'd dumped Bill Graham two years before; and, finally, just last week, Carlos Santana has cut his hair—from Jesus long to Mission High, Mahavishnu mid...

But now Carlos feels ready to explain himself, to open up, and the old members, old associates are quick to follow. So, in the last two weeks, sad, funny, and sordid tales have been spill-



ed out to me, from inside a hotel room, a lawyer's office, an attorney's visiting room at county jail, a recording studio, a courtroom hallway, a manager's office in a castle-like Marin County house, and Bill Graham's office overlooking the remains of the Fillmore West, the succeeding promoter's To BE ANNOUNCED marquee broken up by missing letters. Dozens of stories about sex and drug habits, money and music problems, personality conflicts and power struggles. And for whatever reason—mostly having to do with maintaining pride and/or possessions, almost none of one person's version of any story agrees with anyone else's, when they get down to who did what to and with whom.

Imagine you're in the heat of summer in the city, in the barrios, and a fierce fight ensues for some reason—say a combination of macho love and mucho money—among the Latinos; the Chicanos and the Puerto Ricans; the Nicaraguans, battling it out with fists and knives. Other browns and whites and blacks join in with chains, guns, brass knuckles. Some parents, a squad of police, and several attorneys try to break in to achieve a peace with honor and take depositions. And there are these four gurus, one to each corner, humming and meditating. All on a flimsy stage set up on a flatbed truck by the Neighborhood Arts Program.

And for theme music for this little party, try the harmonizing O'Jays:

They'll smile in your face
(All the time they try to take your place)
The back-stabbers...

II. Why the Freeway Is So Crowded

We begin with Carlos Santana, here in Seattle with the five-eighths new Santana, in his 26th floor Hilton Hotel room, which he has gone to great lengths to turn into a meditation room. Coltrane on cassette, Spiritual Sky brand coconut incense burning, the only light coming from a tapered white candle near the door, illuminating an oval laminated plaque bearing the likeness of Jesus Christ. In my sacrilegious way, I ask for some light across the room, at the table where we'll talk, and proceed to move the candle. No sooner than I've re-placed the candle, Carlos has dipped into a duffel bag, found another candle, and lit it, to maintain the glow near Jesus.

This is before the haircut, and he still looks like the Carlos Santana you saw grinning at the Fillmore, at Altamont, at Woodstock, and at your local ballroom. He wears a knit shirt, white bellbottoms, is barefoot. Talking, he'll massage his left toe now and then, but mostly he looks off, out the bay window, to the Space Needle in the

distance. On a medallion around his neck he wears the likeness of Sri Chinmoy. He is shopping from among four disciplines: Chinmoy, Paramahansa Yogananda, Swami Satchidananda and the Self-Realization Center. His voice is low, quiet, sometimes almost tearful as he talks about getting the spirit. He has a house in Marin, a German-styled house on the Panoramic Highway that puts Mill Valley up against the forest-like Mount Tamalpais—where he often goes "to relate."

"Larry Coryell stayed over at my house twice, and he went upstairs and he meditated in his room, and he had a picture of Sri Chinmoy, which is Mahavishnu's guru, and I must confess, the first time I saw it, I was really afraid of it. Because I believe in Jesus as being my guru, to a certain extent. When I meditate the voice that I hear seems to come from Him within my real self, because I believe that Christ lives in everybody. Larry showed me Sri Chinmoy, and he showed me where he was coming from, where he was channeling his music. He taught me, not through words or anything, just through him being himself. He'd stay in the house and him fighting himself so he wouldn't eat certain foods, he wouldn't think certain thoughts. And I feel that I started to realize that everybody imitates everybody. So why not imitate the master, and I started reading more about Jesus, and about Paramahansa, which is—they're all windows for us to see the light which is God, and when you imitate those divine people, then it's just a way of you becoming... like a tree, you know. You grow straight to the sun instead of growing crooked and going back to earth."

Did he find himself imitating Jesus Christ?

"I try as much as I can every day. I try to—just to see the best things in people and to have a vast understanding of what God wants us to be instead of what our minds want us to do."

For Carlos, it's a matter of mind opposed to soul. "Mind's music" would be commercial music, on the "Earth Top 40," soul-based music would be in the "Universe Top 40," the most pure, away from the system. With the new band, he says, "When I speak from my soul, they understand. When my mind gets in the way, they walk away."

But how do you explain that to 10,000 kids whose minds and souls are melded together in some kind of alchemical blend of speed, reds, smokes, snorts and other psychedelics and who paid \$5.50 each to hear the good old shit, right off the Earth Top 40. *Fuck Jesus Christ, man, give me Superstar.*

"Through meditating I'm beginning to be a little more confident in knowing which way to channel my energy and what to think of those brothers and sisters who put me in that place—in reality I'm just exactly what they are. Eventually they will come, because most people are like that—you know, monkey see, monkey do. That's why the freeway is so crowded sometimes. Very few people are chosen to make their own way and to influence others. Very few people."

"His phrases kill me, man!" Michael Carabello and Neal Schon laugh it up at the Columbia studios where they're mixing *Attitude*, the album Carabello and many friends have been doing since the first cracks in Santana, a year ago.

"Like 'mopping a floor.'" Schon reminds Carabello. "Remember that lead in... what song was that—it's on the *Abraxas* album. He plays the lead on it and says, 'It sounds like you're mopping the floor.' He comes up with some crazy, you know, the way he puts it, that used to make me laugh all the time."

More laughs to come, but first: Since it's Carlos' changes—and the response to those changes—that are the heart of this rock operetta, let's hear from his father, Jose Santana. Mr. Santana does not speak *Inglés*, but we went to see him anyway, since he works regularly playing violin in a Mariachi band in the Mission District. There, in a tavern called La Terraza, he blends in with two other violins, two trumpets and two guitars. It is a small, dark bar and the decor, aside from boxing posters, consists of a wall painting all along the booths. Mission scenes, a villa at ease at dusk, the trees and the skies glowing from black lights hooked up along La Terraza's ceiling. There is no bandstand, and Jose Santana, in simple Mariachi uniform of bolero jacket, silk shirt and slacks, is planted in front of the painting, answering requests from one booth of customers, playing ballads like "Celito Lindo" and waltzes and merengues, chiming in, sometimes, with the Mexican way of gospel calls: *Eso! Eso!* ("That's it!") or *echale!* ("Put out!")

"Get it on!"

Mr. Santana told his story with warmth to Edgar Sanchez and Gloria Alcazar of El Tecolote, a community tabloid, last spring.

III. 'Papa! It's Carlos On the Radio!'

"We came to this country in the year 1962," he began. "In Mexico we lived in the small town of Autlan, in the state of Jalisco. I have always worked in the music business, and all my sons were born in Mexico. Of my sons, two have turned out to be musicians. These, of course, are Carlos and the smaller Guillermo [Jorge], who plays with the Malibus [who became Malo]."

"Carlos began to play guitar in the year 1961. When Carlos was nine years of age, he studied in a school of music—after he went to the regular primary school every day. In that music school they wanted Carlos to learn to play the clarinet. He did not like the clarinet, so he began to study violin after a short time. But in 1961, when I first came to this country by myself, I bought an electric guitar and amplifier. One year later, when I returned to Mexico, I gave them to Carlos. He became very enthusiastic about the guitar. He played it every time he possibly could. 'Papa, papa, I don't like the violin any more. I like the guitar!' he used to tell me. So it was that he stopped playing violin."

"When the family (wife Josefina, four daughters and three sons) was ready to immigrate, Carlos did not want to come. He said he liked Mexico too much to leave it. So it was that we postponed our trip a few days while we tried to persuade our son to come with us. He did not know what it was like here, so he thought he was not going to like it. Then, all of a sudden, Carlos hid from us. No matter where we looked for him we could not find him. Finally, after having given up on our search, we very dejectedly came to this country."

"Later, my wife and my eldest son

went back to look for him and to persuade him to come here. They could not find him. A few months later, we found out that Carlos was working at a place called El Convoy in Tijuana. This time four of us made the trip to Mexico. We went into the place and grabbed him and brought him with us. We did not force him to come. We convinced him by crying."

"On the trip here, he was mad. He did not even say a single word during the whole trip. Since the day of his arrival, all he did was cry, cry and cry. He was also always mad. Then he locked himself up in his room for a week. During this week he refused to eat."

"When he finally came out, we put him in school. He already knew how to speak English, so he did not have any problems. Within a month he had made many friends. Then he began to do physical exercises and continued to play the guitar..."

"Soon after that, he formed a small band with some of his friends. He also kept studying. After school, he worked downtown in a restaurant. The poor guy used to wash dishes—you know, the kind of jobs they give to youths."

"Then he graduated from Mission. One day, soon after, he told us he was going to stop living with us and get a room by himself. I asked him why, and he said: 'Because I want to see if one day I can do something.' He didn't take anything with him—not even his clothes. For two years we knew nothing about him. Some people now and then told us that they had seen him, and that he seemed to be turning into a hippie. Of course, I felt a little bad about that, because after all—he was my son. You know, we were not rich or anything like that, but at least we had food to eat."

"Then one day one of my sons heard one of Carlos' songs being played on the radio. 'Papa! It's Carlos!' my son excitedly told me as we listened to the song. The radio announcer kept saying 'Santana! Santana! Santana!'

"Then, a few days after gathering information, we found out it really was him. But he did not call us or write. He was living over on Precita Street with a bunch of friends. He had formed a new band. Whatever house they moved into, they were forced to move out, because the neighbors complained of 'too much noise.'"

"Finally they straightened themselves out and began to play at the Fillmore West—you know that place down on Market. But he still would not call us."

"He finally called us one day, a week before he was going to play at the Fillmore West. Over the phone he said: 'Mama, they are going to give me an opportunity to work at a place down there on Market Street.' My wife told him, 'Carlos, I don't know why you like that hippie music.' His reply was: 'Yes, I like it, and I am going to continue playing it until I make a record one day.' 'You're crazy!' his mother told him. He told us one day he was going to make an album 'so I can help you out.' He invited us to go see him."

"They were still not playing too good. You could tell by listening to them. There was a mob of people there. I had never gone to one of those places. We saw a bunch of lights and a lot of strange things in that place. We saw many hippies, too."

"After the show we came home very happy, because during the intermission we spoke to him for the first time in

two years. We asked him to come to our house as soon as he could. When he came to our house the next week, he told us he had some compositions ready for recording."

"My son kept on with his band. Finally one day he came to tell me that he had just signed a five-year contract with Columbia."

"When that long-play came out—since my music is so different from his—I couldn't understand it. But here, my sons and daughters used to say: 'Oh, papa, how beautiful.' They used to put on the record and dance."

"To tell you the truth, I did not even know when one of my son's numbers began or finished. I listened to the record many, many times, to see if it made sense. Now, after having listened to it many more times, I like it."

Are you dissatisfied because your son does not play Mariachi music like you?

"Well, I feel cold because he does not play our music—the music of Mexico. But at the same time I feel warmth because all the youths and some adults like his music."

Have you ever seen your son on television?

"Yes, I have. I saw him on the *Ed Sullivan Show*, and in another program, when they played with the Los Angeles Symphony. The days of those programs, the whole family was here very nervous. We sat very early in the morning in front of the television set waiting for them. We were all praying to God that nothing would go wrong with the television, or with the electricity."

How has your life changed since your son's success?

"When I first came here, only I worked to maintain the family. Now, my son gives me money. I only work at night now. My only pretension is going out to eat once in awhile."

What's in the future, Mr. Santana?

"Well, I wish I didn't have to stop working, because a job is a very necessary thing for adults so they can stay in good health. I am in perfect health, and I feel capable of continuing to work. But it seems that every time I talk to Carlos, he asks me when I am going to stop working, because he wants to become completely in charge of the whole family."

IV. Carlos Santana's TB Blues

While Jose Santana was speaking, Carlos and the band were touring Europe. Later, Carlos would buy his family a comfortable home in Diamond Heights, still close to the Mission District, where they'd lived at 14th and Market Streets, but away from the trolleys, the downtown-bound traffic, and the clatter of rapid transit construction at that corner. Here in the spring of 1971, Carlos was also attempting to take charge of the Santana band. He didn't do it very smoothly, and that European tour was the beginning of the end of what we know to be the original Santana.

What Mr. Santana did not seem to know is that during those two years Carlos was away from home, he'd gone to Tijuana, where he was learning the blues and playing Mexican and pop-rock music, trying to get enough money together to trade in his old \$25 Gibson for a new Stratocaster.

Carlos in Low 10th at Mission High School in '65. Bad grades in '66, but he escaped the hospital and formed the Santana Blues Band.



"In Tijuana, my brother used to work for this place called La Palma where they make tortillas, and the son of the owner had a set of drums, and his name is Danny, and there was this other kid named Gus. We learned together how to play music that was happening at the time, a little bit before the Beatles, but it wasn't really music, it was just mostly distorted music. We would play for parties and weddings and stuff like that."

"I wanted to join this band that was really what was happening at the time. This cat who was influenced a lot by Ray Charles and Little Richard and B.B. King. His name was Xavier. He inspired me to get into my instrument. He didn't really teach me as much as people say. He was sort of stingy. He used to play, and if I was looking where he was playing, he turned the other way, so I wouldn't see the chords he was playing. But it was cool, because when you want to, you achieve."

(Carlos, you see, never meant for Santana to be known as a Mission District or street band. "All through junior high and high school, I didn't hang out with my race, or what you would call my race. Your race is like a fence, you know. I always tend to hang out around with the people who are more soulful—or at least not always thinking about quads and carburetors and chicks and parties. I would always choose people who had something to say about B.B. King or Jimmie Reed or some cats who would start singing in the streets, and so I never really put myself on a fence. I thank God now that my mind was a little more broad."

On various trips to Tijuana, Carlos would pick up and play Jimmy Reed and Howlin' Wolf tunes, along with some R&B. He returned to San Francisco for good in 1966. The streets were swarming with hippies. "I found myself wanting to be part of this new wave," said Carlos. "People turning on and the old Fillmore and Paul Butterfield and Mike Bloomfield and Elvin Bishop—they had a jam one time. I think Butterfield didn't show up—he did show up. He was stoned on acid, looked like he was going through a lot of changes, beautiful changes. But it didn't seem like that band got it together to play, so they just had a jam, and this brother heard me play, so he introduced me to Michael Bloomfield. Michael Bloomfield was kind enough to let me sit in for this jam, and this cat in the audience saw us playing, and he tried to track me down. This was the time I was working in a funky restaur-

Anita Lubliner Photograph

ant. I had that job as a dishwasher, which I wanted to quit really badly, but I was young and I didn't even know how to please my parents. I didn't know I had to please myself first so I could please them."

At this point, Carlos was in his junior year at Mission High School, where he had been doing poorly in all courses except art—he got As in freehand drawing classes, a B in design class, a B in Spanish. He was even asking his art teacher about a college scholarship. He took no music courses.

Carlos hooked up with the kid in the audience—a guitar player named Tom Frazier, and added Danny and Gus as drummer and bass. Tom brings in Gregg Rolie. Also, Carlos knows Mike Carabello, who went to Poly High, where "this hep art teacher" brought in conga players to liven up classes. "I got inspired from seeing them play and then I started hanging around and learned to play," said Carabello. He would name his new group the Santana Blues Band when they gained an audition spot from Graham's assistant, Jim Haynie, in January, 1967, on a bill with Butterfield and Charles Lloyd.

"We were playing songs like 'Mary Ann' by Ray Charles and 'Misty' and 'Taste of Honey,' only with Latin percussion," said Carlos. "To me it still wasn't music. It was just a process of learning, you know."

"We lost Carabello for awhile," said Carlos. Said Mike: "I was just playing 'cause I enjoyed playing. I wasn't really serious. Carlos had TB or something and he went into the hospital, and we

were all waiting for him to get out of the hospital, so I didn't want to go to practice or anything, so I got kicked out of the band."

Carlos had been taken out of Mission High and put into General Hospital after a TB test showed positive on his arm. After two and a half months, Carlos got restless, diagnosed himself OK, and escaped.

"People were dying left and right from TB, and my case wasn't really serious, I know. And I was getting paranoid that I was gonna go, too. A couple of friends came over and brought me some clothes, we visited, and I said 'See you later, you guys.' And I walked them to the elevator, and I just went inside the elevator, changed clothes and walked out. E it I called them the next day and told the doctor that I didn't feel sick at all. And he told me I had to take some medication—every day shots for two and a half years, and I actually—some sort of miracle, or the power of my believing what I believe now, it has gotten away from my system. I went to take an X-ray and it's gone."

Hospitalization cost Santana a job at the Fillmore, but, he said, "Bill gave us another chance. I remember we played with the Who and the Loading Zone (June, 1967). And we were late and Bill Graham was screaming at me and he asked me what kind of fuckin' band we had and this and that, 'cause these other cats were late, just blowing it, putting cologne on themselves and all this shit. Delivering tortillas, so it wasn't music that was really happening, just like a trip for them, but for me it was the only thing that I've really

since I can remember—being out there."

In short order, Carlos got himself a new band, keeping only Gregg Rolie with him. David Brown, who'd gone to public and private school in San Francisco and played bass at night with touring groups like the Four Tops, was walking up Grant Ave., in North Beach, when he heard some music from a small club. He stepped in, sat in, and was approached by Stan Marcus, who would become Santana's manager. Stan also found a Memphis-born conga player named Marcus Malone, and a drummer, Bob "Doc" Livingston, completed the group.

V. The First Licks of Evil Ways

Both David Brown and Carlos Santana credit Malone as a major influence in the band's sound. "We didn't like the music: too repetitious, the way Butterfield or other blues bands were playing," Brown said, "so we got into improvisation and we'd find the drums in there more of the time. Eventually, we just sat back and said let them do their thing. Malone was an influence on 'Jingo,' those Afro songs. The last two years it got more Latin than anything, but that beginning sound was all due to Marcus."

"In North Beach," said Carlos, "almost every day I used to go drink wine, smoke some grass and listen to the conga players and watch the sea and

stuff. Seven conga players trying to get off at the same time. And Stan found Marcus in there. Marcus had pure sound. You could distinguish Marcus from a lot of people."

Santana—they'd cut the name short by now—began to live together and played up and down the California coast and all over the city—at the Matrix, in Golden Gate Park, atop a Peace and Freedom Party bus with the Mime Troupe that went from trans-love San Francisco into Orange County, with Marcus Malone passing the hat at every stop. Offers began streaming in from record companies, and, after five months of negotiating with help from attorney Brian Rohan, Santana signed a Columbia contract.

In mid-'68, Santana also began playing regularly at the Fillmore, bottom of the bill for a benefit for the founding Matrix nightclub; then, at the new Fillmore West, they moved their way up to a top-billing on the December 19th-22nd weekend, a full nine months before their first album would even be released.

Bill Graham is a Latin music aficionado from 'way back, back past New York, to when he visited Havana and heard the Orchestra Riverside, then up to New York and Celia Cruz and Machito. In San Francisco he finds time to go to clubs in North Beach—Andre's on Broadway, Caesar's Latin Club on Green.

For Graham, this ragtag bunch of street kids copping Olaturji was no musical revelation. "What impressed

me is that it was an attempt at fusing rock and Afro and Latino and getting a rhythmic sensuous sound into rock, which I've always thought it lacked in many cases."

Graham warms up to the topic; he smiles like a Mort Sahl eager to begin a discourse on four more years: "What it is," says Graham, "is an earthy street thing when it really gets up-tempo. You want to move and it's physical. I like dancing together. And Latin music—part of Latin music for me always—was I would hold a woman, and I would touch her body, and we would sweat, and it's all of that... very sensual, very sensuous."

Graham continued to hire Santana and soon began to book them elsewhere, through his Shady Management. He gave them a rehearsal hall, convinced them to take on this simple, earth-music Willie Bobo tune called "Evil Ways." Later, he will personally account for Santana being onstage at Woodstock, the only unknown there (besides Sweetwater and Bert Sommer); in the Woodstock film, and on the stage perfectly for their own first album.

But shortly before Woodstock, Santana went through just a few more changes. Marcus Malone was involved, to put it delicately, in manslaughter. Caught in bed, it was alleged; self-defense, he maintained. Nonetheless, he was off to jail, and so it was that Mike Carabello would reenter, in time for the album and the first swell of



The "new" Santana in Seattle (Top panel): Doug Rauch, bass, and Chepito Areas, timbales; Mike Shrieve, drums, and Mingo Lewis, congas and bongos. (Middle):

Chepito on Tom Koster's lap with fourteen inches. Another keyboard man, Rich Kermode, at the left. (Bottom): Armando Peraza. Carlos calls him "the Miles Davis of congas."

success. Also, early on in the studios, after a frustrating attempt to record live in L.A., it is decided that new percussion is needed; Mike Shrieve was found by David Brown at the Fillmore, in another jam, and invited. Carabello remembered a tiny Nicaraguan highly praised for his jazz work throughout South and Central America who migrated to New York, then moved to San Francisco, where he joined a band called the Aliens. Chepito and Carabello had jammed once at the beach; now Jose Areas would add a precise timbale sound, plus supplemental conga work and Santana's first brass.

Now it is the summer of 1969, and Santana plays Fillmore West four times in two months, headlining twice; they are booked to tour with Crosby, Stills and Nash. This, said David Robinson, who tried his hand at producing the first Santana album in early '69, "broke them in the Midwest. There's a tremendous pocket of Latin-American descendants in L.A. and San Francisco, in Miami, in Dallas and in New York. They were happening in those markets. Nothing in the middle. What's in the middle? Seventy percent of your record buyers." The tour and Woodstock broke that first album, said Robinson. Released in September, 1969, it was gold by the end of the year.

"I mean, when it came out, you could not turn on the radio for six weeks without hearing the damn record. In the middle of all that vivid bullshit that was going on with psychedelia

and mandala that was happening in '69, here was the essence, boiled down to drums and percussion and pulse. It was just balls-out music, and that's what people wanted to hear."

While others heard Santana as one neck-wrenching guitar run flying out now and again over a jungal rumble of noise, Robinson—who earlier produced Malo—heard innovation: "Guitar was unknown," he said, "voiced the way it was on Santana. The way they use the keyboard was completely different, almost like a Latin horn section. And there was no brass."

Santana, said Robinson, opened the door for a Latin sound (few bands, however, have succeeded in the three years since "Evil Ways": Malo, with one hit, "Suavecito," El Chicano, another poppish band, with "El Tirado," and, most recently, Azteca, formed by Coke Escovedo, a veteran of 15 years on timbales, blamed by several ex-Santana people for helping break up the group). More important, he said, were "the revolutions they caused" in pop music. "Every Motown band had a conga drum on every single record they put out for a year. Sly Stone started adding Latin percussion. Every jazz group started adding Latin percussion (Luis Gasca, jazz trumpet player who would contribute to Santana's third album, used several Santana members on his album, on Blue Thumb) and all kinds of rock bands were adding conga drums."

—Continued on Next Page

Mike Carabello, who named the Santana Blues Band. A personality clash with Carlos—"He had this thing about what I did, how I ran my life"—led to an ultimatum, and the band fell apart in New York.

VI. 'We Can't All Be Martin Luther Kings'

The money poured in, the mouths stayed shut, and the stories began to leak, sometimes gush out. "You'll hear a million versions about everything," said Luis Gasca. Here are some of them:

Stan Marcum: There were some negative forces that entered Santana's life in the musical aspects . . . that had negative points of view about myself and other people in the band—for their own intents and purposes. There were some people involved in Santana that I feel were just looking to be involved to make some money.

Mike Carabello: In the very end of it, there was cliques goin' on, with Coke Escovedo and Carlos. Coke started kissin' his ass and tellin' him, "Well, your name is Carlos Santana, you shouldn't listen to anyone else. You should be the leader." It went to Carlos' head.

Neal Schon (sitting with Mike): He filled Carlos' head with so much shit and Carlos fell for it.

Carabello: His head got about as big as Humpty Dumpty!

Schon: That's when we was havin' all the trouble in New York, man, when Coke was on the road with us.

Carabello: This was about the time that Chepito got sick, and we didn't know what was gonna happen, if he was gonna die or whatever, so all of us were waiting around. We had a meeting, because Carlos was getting restless just sitting around waiting. He wanted a gig. And I said, "I don't think we should gig, because Chepito's just as much a part of the band as anyone else. I don't think that we should get another person to fill his place and go before an audience and say this is Santana, because we're not." And I said if you're gonna get somebody else, I myself would rather quit than play without Chepito. But only because you're sick and tired of waiting around—and that just showed me a little greed on his part, because he didn't know what to do with his time, when he should have been more concerned about his so-called brother that he always mentions.

Coke Escovedo: I was called by Rico Reyes. (They always had someone do things; they never told you direct.) Chepito had this hemorrhage. They had tried Willie Bobo in Ghana [for the *Soul to Soul* show] and they said he couldn't cut it. I was recording for Cal Tjader at the time, and I joined them for a tour to Europe. Otherwise they would have to cancel. This is at the beginning of 1971. There was an understanding that I was temporary, and I told Stan Marcum there was no hassle with Chepito coming back.

David Rubinson: So Chepito was in the hospital. David Brown had left a while before. He was not physically able to play at that time. He was really smacked out, from what I could tell. Coke was hired and given a large amount of money: Well, man, he got ten grand cash to start. I mean, they took care of him good. So they went on the road. And a lot of political shit went on, and all this bullshit started with Carlos and Coke being bosom buddies against somebody else, and then this one against that one, and then finally it came back with they all had a meeting and Coke wanted to get rid of Marcum and then he got a couple of the guys on his side and . . . Coke made too much trouble. I think he could have done whatever he wanted and taken



over the band because he was a very strong force, a very strong person. But he pushed and pushed, and ultimately it came down to a choice and I think they chose against him. And understandably so.

Coke: I knew there was a tightening of the family when I joined. But I'm a professional, so I thought I'd do the best I can. My effect was with everybody. They were used to playing just the way they liked. On the third album it was my idea to have the Tower of Power horns. I got Luis Gasca on there. Some of them objected to this change. "It should always be the same six cats." I wanted to teach them all I could, and from that, people thought I was speaking into Carlos' ear. Carlos and I got along—we got into a groove, but at no time was I kissing anybody's ass for it. When it got to the point I was unhappy, I left.

Marcum lost his controls when I came into the band. We started finding out things he could have told us. [Escovedo was alluding to the band's severe financial problems.] It got to the point where no one knew what was happening.

In a way I was responsible. But I'm glad. If I brought two good musicians out of a band of six bad ones, I'm glad.

make everybody that was around, bring them together as one body. At that time, I understand that the pulse was happening. But then again there's melodies. Melodies are more universal than anything, you know. Michael [Shrieve, drummer] and I used to go through a lot of types of music. But there's one that has more feeling every time you listen to it; it seems juicier and like fruit. And some music after a while, it's just bone dry, you know.

Gregg Rolie: The reason I quit was that the music was going where I didn't want to go. It would get into religious aspects. Then things got personal.

Mike Carabello: He like had this thing about me, I don't know, all the time, about what I did, the people I hung around with, how I ran my life . . . We could have sat down and talked about keeping the band together and if Carlos or whoever else wanted to go do their trip for a year, fine, but like every now and then still record with the Santana group because a lot of people like it. Everyone thought about that, and I think everyone else would have did it, except for Carlos, and except for the fact that I brought it up, it wasn't a good idea.

Carlos: Carabello wasn't fired, really. I chose—I still don't know deep inside me why I felt so strong about him being out of the band although in a lot of ways I do. I don't like to feel like I'm being taken for granted. I don't like to feel the particular feeling of somebody feeling like they have to kiss my ass. It was our personality clashes, so I told the band—the band was going on the road [Chepito is recovered and back by now], and I said I'm not going unless he's out. The band chose to leave without me for two weeks of concerts.

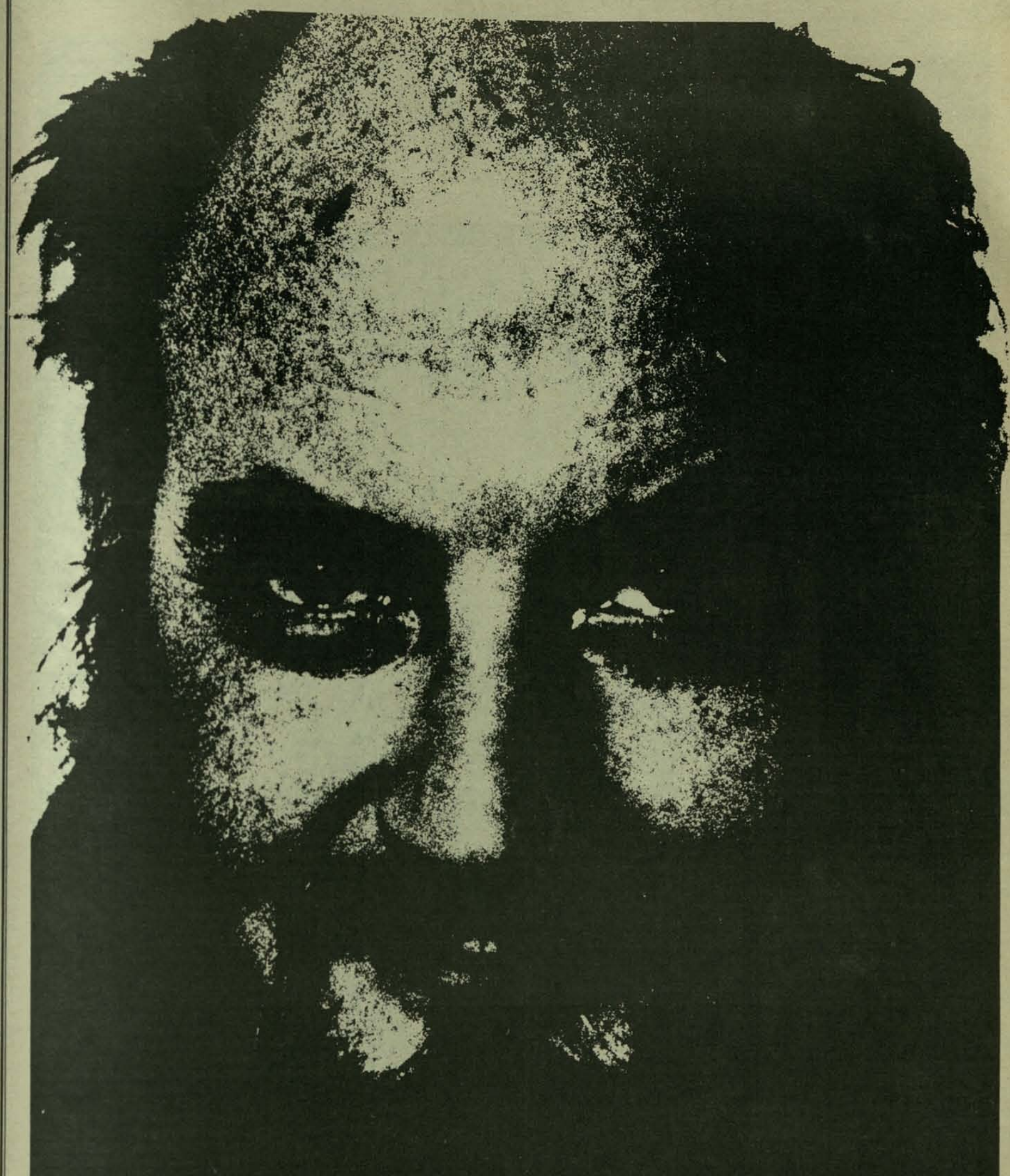
Stan Marcum: We were all in New York, and Barry Imhoff [of FM Productions; he travels with Santana] had talked Ron Estrada [road manager, now managing the new Santana] into getting Carlos, because Carabello said, "Well, look, if everybody is fucked up because Carlos won't play because I'm here, I'll just leave." Well, half the band left. Chepito, myself, David Brown, Carabello.

David Rubinson: Carlos didn't play at the Boston Gardens, and then Stan Marcum flew out to the Felt Forum in New York and pulled three of the guys off the stand and split.

Mike Shrieve: By the time we got to New York, Carlos came back. Stan and Carabello and Chepito—well, all the percussion section except for myself—left New York when we had a whole weekend of concerts to do at the Forum. So we went onstage and played without the percussion section. Three gigs before that, the whole band was there except for Carlos. The reason I went was because we had commitments. I didn't feel it was particularly right on Carlos' part to do what he did, but if he felt that he had to do that, he had to do it.

Carlos: See, I talked to Chepito the night before this, and Chepito's mind was still not well enough, I think, for making his own decisions. I heard from people that he even locked himself in the bathroom 'cause he didn't want to be a part of this. People were influencing him to say that they introduced him to the band so he owed them this and that, you know.

(At this point, Carlos was left with Rolie, Shrieve and Neal Schon. In the audience, a young conga player approached Santana's production manager, Herbie, about jamming. He knew Santana's repertoire, he said. Herbie



Damn Tootin'

Dick Heckstall-Smith is a bearded, balding tenor saxophonist. In the past, he's been noted for involvement with the Graham Bond Organisation, John Mayall's Bluesbreakers and Colosseum. The personnel on his new album, *A Story Ended*, were assembled as Dick's ideal band. They include four ex-Colosseum men plus Graham Bond, Caleb Quaye, Chris Spedding and Gordon Beck. *A Story Ended* is a new beginning on Warner Bros. Records and Tapes.

David Brown, comfortable at County Jail. If Santana hadn't happened, he'd be at the Berkeley Conservatory of Music. Now, he's leading the jail band. Next, a group including two sisters. No superstar Cream attitude for him.

gave the kid \$4 to take a taxi home and fetch his congas. He returned, auditioned, and joined the Santana survivors on stage, even blitzing through a well-deserved solo. That's "Mingo" Lewis. Escovedo was also on hand in New York. Later, Carlos would replace Brown with Doug Rauch, from the Voices of East Harlem, on bass, add Rich Kermode [from Malo] and Tom Kostner [from Gabor Szabo] on keyboards, and hire veteran Latin musician Armando Peraza on congas.

Stan Marcum: That was all really vague about what Carlos was gonna do, other than, "Well, you know, you're fired, and you're fired, and you're fired." And all of a sudden somebody's firing us that's not the boss, because nobody's the boss, and nobody quite understood what was going on.

Was there ever a leader of Santana declared—say, for union purposes?

Marcum: I doubt it.

You wouldn't know?

Marcum: Yeah . . . I think probably Carlos.

Gasca told me Carlos was getting into music, but the others were still mostly interested in dope and balling.

Marcum: Well, I myself feel he took that a little too far. If there's any one God or if there's any one Jesus, we all are. And I don't believe one man can claim that he is.

Did he claim he is?

Marcum: Well, his actions seemed to claim that he would be more so than anyone else. And everybody likes chicks, and everybody likes to have a good time, and everybody likes music. And they all go together. And we're not good all the time. We can't be. Because if we were, I think we'd all be dead like Martin Luther King and John Kennedy. And that's another awareness.

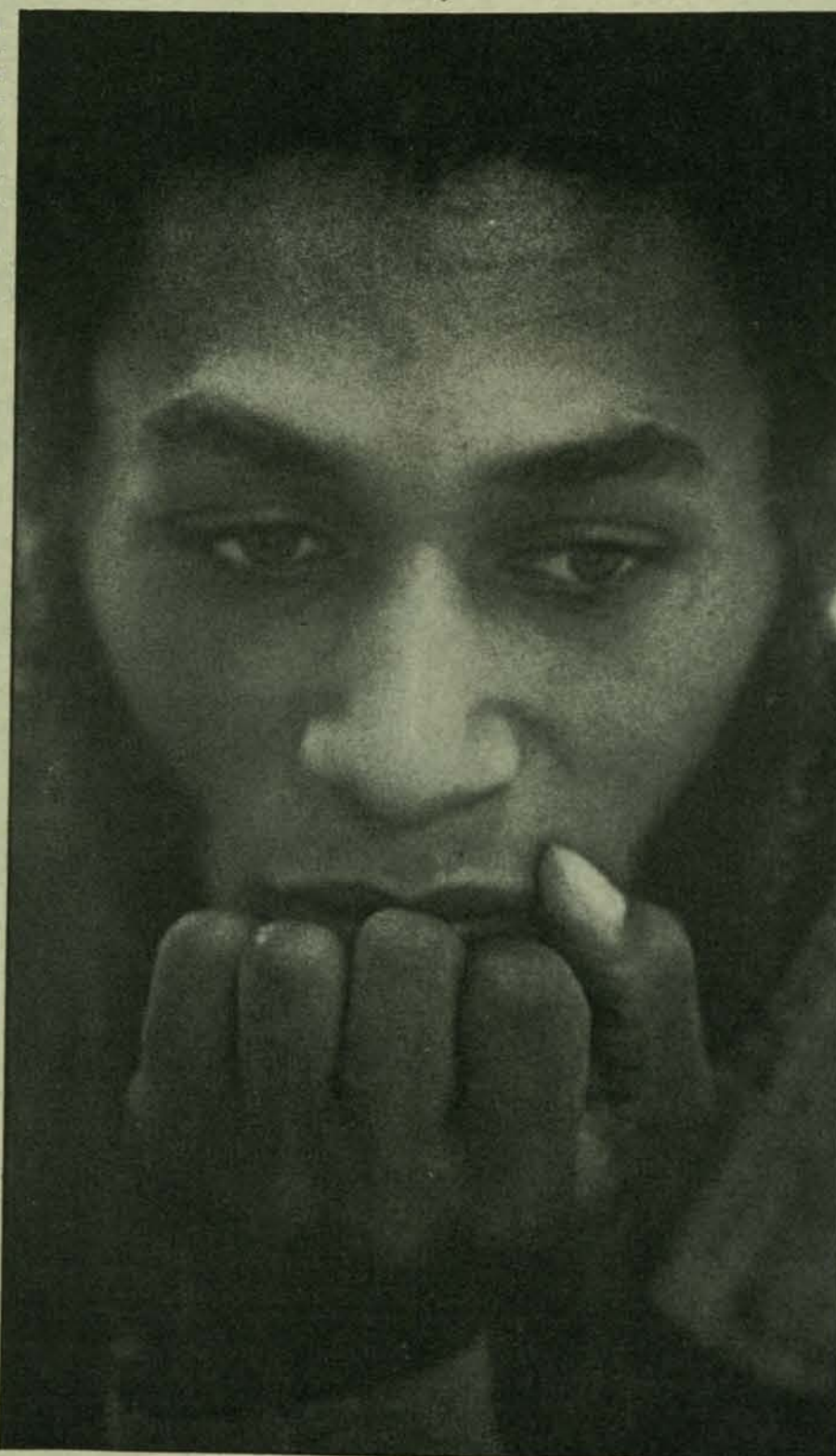
Was all this quite sudden? Could the other members of Santana believe that Carlos, who was just one of the gang . . .

Marcum: No, they couldn't. Nobody still believes it. Truthfully everybody thinks he's a hypocrite. You know, like, "Wow, man, is that all you cats can do is sit around? and smoke dope? and get loaded?" And 15 minutes later . . .

"Wow, man, you got any acid, man?" And some of my conversations with him were: "Carlos, man, what do you want to do, man? Just say it, whatever it is, man, and we'll do it." It was unacceptable and it was very violent and it was loud and a lot of yelling. It was the truth, which was hard to face, I guess.

Carlos: No—on the contrary, I was really straightforward with the band about how I felt about moving on, that I wanted to be for real, not to be cool, and I didn't particularly appreciate it when my brother's coming on to me and trying to show me a song when they couldn't even speak because they were so down, you know. I started to feel weak and resentful towards the band, because I was demanding more, because my soul was demanding more. I thought we were losing—we might have been gaining like a lot of audience—stoned, you know—but I felt that that was not where I wanted to be placed, and I didn't want to stay stale.

I found out just this year why was I so hard to work with sometimes. When I ate meat, I had no patience at all with anybody showing up late. I was just screaming like I was Nixon or something. I would really demand, expect—I didn't have the tolerance and the understanding to know that, man, not everybody's like me, you know. You have to have patience to let time take its course, you know. But I feel that even if I had the patience and the under-



standing that I have now, the band would have eventually dissolved, because what we all are made of, what we all are in our minds. . . .

I know to this day, they think I'm crazy because I used to contradict myself so much. I would demand this, I would say this, and the next time I would be just like—worse than them. Hypocrite, because I wasn't really balanced with consistency to—until I started finding out about meditation. I was strolling through Sausalito in this bookstore at the time, and I saw this book on Paramahansa Yogananda and that's what—it was like a magnet. I just picked it up and took it home and I started reading it and I started understanding.

Carlos Santana is by nature a soft-spoken person, and here he was, at the peak of stardom in a strange country, finding out, through a book, then through new music, that he was just another student. And, surrounded by "brothers" from the streets who were at once forceful, emotional, and simple, he was simply an ineffective teacher. And Santana had no other guiding force. Another commune collapses.

And on its way to the ground, there were the busts: Chepito, hustled away by the authorities at an airport after he

screamed, "Explosives!" at a box while boarding a plane. He said he was talking about a carton of *Abraxas* albums. His attorney showed the court a clipping from *Newsweek*. It called the album "explosive." Case dismissed.

Also last year, two Santana roadies were taken away for possession, David Brown, the bass player, was arrested early one morning after smashing up his Porsche in the rain. The cops found some reds, according to Carabello.

When we talked to Brown last week, it was in the attorneys' visiting room at County Jail (other visitors can see inmates through windows and have to talk over phones), where he was serving 30 days for a second bust. Stan Marcum had said Brown was busted in another person's house, where police found drugs. Brown himself said he was on the streets, got stopped for looking suspicious, "and they found some seeds or something." In his many spare moments, Brown was either in his cell picking at his bass or teaching music to the jail's rock band, a project backed and with funds collected by rock fan/Sheriff Richard Hongisto.

Brown, in work shirt, khaki slacks, and blue sneakers, smiled. "When I'm on the road, I'm in a hotel room studying and reading, you know. And I feel free inside, 'cause that's what it took to get

me to play in the first place. So I don't feel that confined, really."

As for Carlos: "Going to the Fillmore and stuff like that, I developed sort of a thing for LSD and mescaline, mushrooms, stuff like that, because they were expanding my consciousness, expanding my goals. I wanted to try everything, just like a little child. You put him in front of a TV set and he wants to see what this knob does, what this other knob does, you know. Start biting to see what it tastes like. It took me a long time to find out the difference between getting loaded and getting high . . . actually, up till this year. I quit cocaine and stuff like that two years ago. The times when I did it, which was like three times after I quit at different times, I found myself having some bad experiences. Like one time the house I was visiting almost burned down. I just took them as signs for me, to say, 'You can't do that.'"

One more bust: Just a couple of months ago, Carabello was arrested in San Francisco, hauled out of a closet, reportedly nude, with assorted weapons and, as Carlos would put it, TV knobs, at his feet. He was hauled into jail for the night and is now on trial. "It was a set-up. But let's wait till it's finished."

Was it his first bust?

"Mm hm. Other than tickets. And a few Peeping Tom things."

When we first met, backstage at one of the enlightened Santana's triumphant four nights at the Winterland, Carlos held a small bottle of pop wine. That, now, is his only indulgence.

"It's sort of like a basket of fruit, of me marinating myself with beliefs that I have now, this faith, actually, and me waking up in the morning, and me not going to bed with chicks any more, giving myself like true discipline for awhile. I didn't want to make love to one person or three persons in bed any more. I felt that my energy could go farther than that to make love to everybody who's got ears." Carlos said he is down to one "soul sister."

And then there are the lawsuits: Are there any lawsuits, Stan Marcum?

"I don't know of any. [Long pause.] Oh, uh, Barry Imhoff owed Santana a lot of money from some gigs we did with him. And there was some talk about a lawsuit on Bill Graham's part when we split from his company."

Even without any experience doing interviews, Marcum seems to have mastered the art of forgetting things in front of the press. Like the legal battle he is fighting with Coke Escovedo. Coke says he and Carabello wrote "No One to Depend On" while rehearsing for the third album, and that's how the song was credited. Then, he claims, Carlos and Gregg put in claims as part-writers, "and Marcum got on me 'cause he's head of their publishing company." Coke is suing. The stakes, he said, are high: "\$100,000." There are double royalties for a single.

"I'm still grateful for their having me with them," he said, "but if you jive, you suffer the consequences."

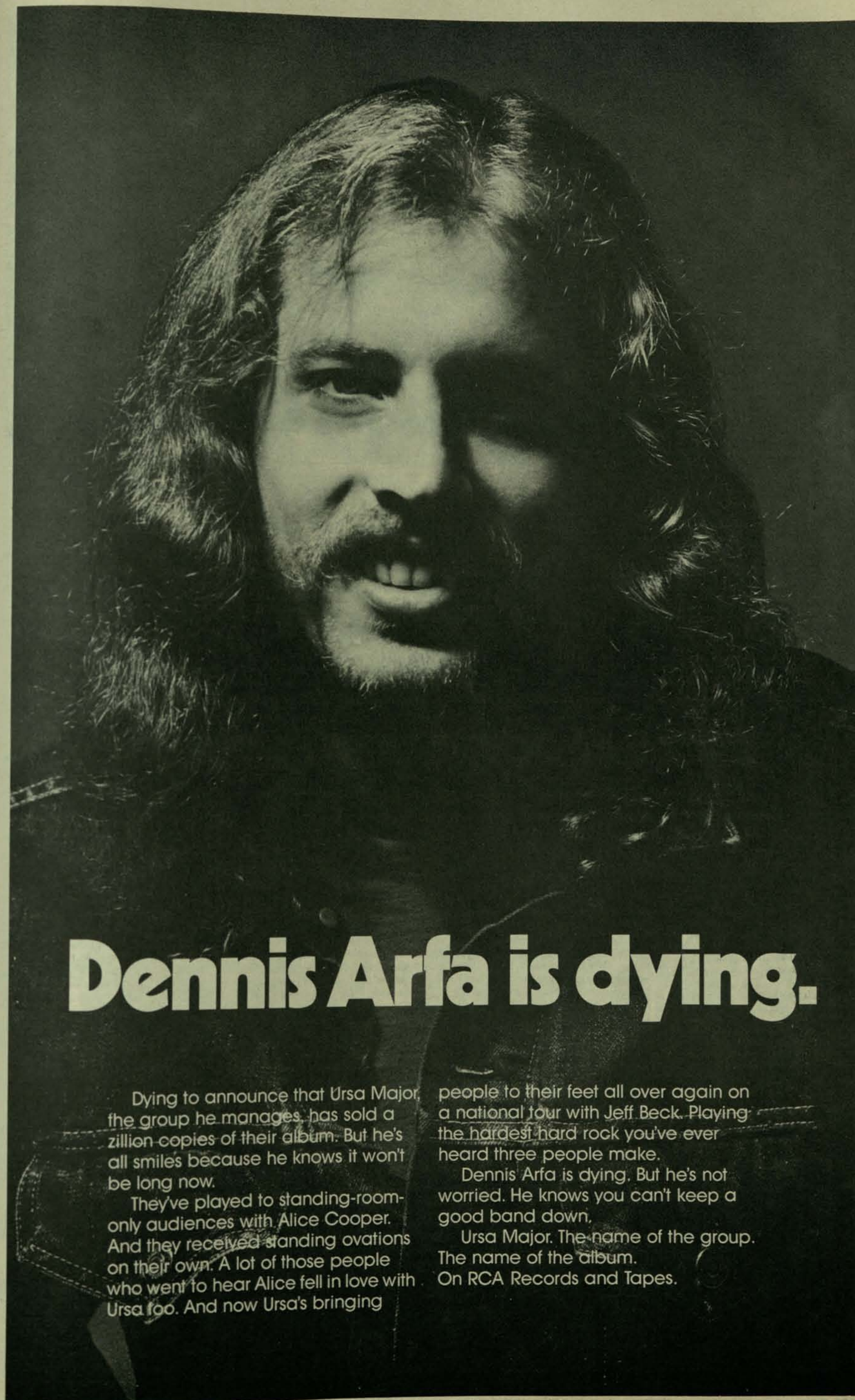
Stan Marcum is also wrong about Bill Graham.

David Rubinson, a vice president at Fillmore Corporation at the time Graham was working for Santana, was clear on the matter: "Bill Graham broke Santana. No one else. Not Clive. Not Columbia. Not Marcum. Not Carlos. Nobody."

This becomes interesting testimony when you meet Stan Marcum.

"He was a barber," Carlos said. "He had a part-time job as a barber, and he

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Dennis Arfa is dying.

Dying to announce that *Ursa Major*, the group he manages, has sold a zillion copies of their album. But he's all smiles because he knows it won't be long now.

They've played to standing-room-only audiences with Alice Cooper. And they received standing ovations on their own. A lot of those people who went to hear Alice fell in love with *Ursa* too. And now *Ursa*'s bringing

people to their feet all over again on a national tour with Jeff Beck. Playing the hardest hard rock you've ever heard three people make.

Dennis Arfa is dying. But he's not worried. He knows you can't keep a good band down.

Ursa Major. The name of the group. The name of the album. On RCA Records and Tapes.

Bill Graham, cowbell nut, at Woodstock. He was either Santana's receptionist or the man who broke the group wide open—Fillmore, Woodstock, Woodstock album, Woodstock movie, 'Ed Sullivan Show.' Anyway, he was dismissed by phone.

introduced me to the drug LSD. He introduced me to a lot of beautiful people. He introduced me to a lot of beautiful times, beautiful moods. He taught me a lot."

Three months ago, the current Santana drummed Marcum out. "We have a partnership," Marcum said. "There was a vote as to whether I was to be manager of whatever was going to happen, and the majority of Santana isn't playing with Carlos right now, and the majority of Santana would've had me as their manager." In short, he was canned. "I resigned. The partnership was formed through brotherhood, you know. I mean, everything was equal. We were all important to each other."

Santana doesn't claim he was ever the "manager," even if he allowed himself to be so credited on the first two albums. "I managed their affairs," he said, "but I can't say, I'm an artist's manager because I'm not, and I don't have a license to be."

So Bill Graham—who'd done the same previously with the Airplane and the Dead—helped manage Santana?

"He never managed," Marcum says. His is a soft face, with voice to match. "What happened was—the reason why we didn't stay with Bill Graham—I was doing everything from my house and we needed some help, and at the time Bill Graham was in our minds as somebody who could help us. He set up an office, and it came down that Bill Graham was just answering my phone calls."

That's all?
"And relayed messages to me."

Other members of Santana (Carlos, Gregg, David and Mike Carabello most vocally) had told me Graham was helpful at the beginning. How was he helpful?

Marcum slunk back in his chair. No reply.

Why would Bill Graham, who was a fairly busy man in 1968, act as a receptionist for you?

Another pause. Then, finally: "He wanted to be involved with the band... because he knew the band was going to make a lot of money."

"It started out like a booking agency, then, 'If you need space we have space here.' I'd say 90 percent of the bookings came from people calling in and asking... Graham claimed that he had such an important role in Santana that he was entitled to ten percent of their earnings the rest of their life. Which was such bullshit. He had no grounds; all he could have done was make threats."

Then why does his FM Productions continue to do booking and promoting for Santana today?

"That's just booking. Like IFA or anything else."

VII. Why Bill Graham Lunged At Mr. Herb Resner

It has been some three years since Bill Graham has spoken at length to this magazine for publication. But for a piece on Santana he invited me to his office, where he works in a tiny, trapezoid-shaped room walled off from his secretary and the outer office by a sheet of glass. He is always in view, and, as an electric sign over the door indicates, ON THE AIR.

Our half-hour appointment stretched into three hours, and by day's end it was obvious that Graham had been almost shattered by the Santana betrayal.



al, that he had been in some kind of love with the band he'd adopted.

"If Stan Marcum says, 'he answered the phone,'" Graham began "it's very sad."

"The Santana situation is so indicative of one of the major problems in rock. I've said it too many times: One of the challenges of life, challenges to your character, is what happens to you when you make it. What happened to Santana? Well, what happened to Stan Marcum? Now, Stan Marcum was a neighborhood boy who was the non-musician, and he became the manager or the roadie. Now Santana came to Bill Graham. 'We would like you to manage our affairs.' Fine. 'And this is the percentage.' I made it very clear to them. I don't ask for 20 percent or 15. Most managers ask for that [Graham got ten]. And I never asked for papers from anyone, never. Because I felt, I'm good and you're good. If we get along, why have a marriage license. I'd rather live together."

"To understand Stan Marcum's situation and his feelings is to ask, well, why isn't Stan Marcum the manager of the group that he made?—number one. Number two is—at one particular point before they left—maybe a year earlier, there was an argument within the group where Stan felt he was strong enough to do it himself, so to speak. We had a meeting in my office at the Fillmore—I wish they were sitting right here—and I knew they were coming in to the office, and I made a list of all the important things that ever happened to Santana—ever—other than the music. Now, the one thing I will always maintain, I am not responsible for their ability. I'm a cowbell nut. I love to hang around Latin music, but the one thing I never take credit for is their music. But at one point—at this meeting that we had in '69 or '70, whatever it was, Stan said something to the effect, 'Well, you know, we want to get more together and do our thing.' I think it was because Stan felt that he was ready to manage the group. And I said, 'Stan, what you're saying is that you are primarily responsible for what's happening to the group?' 'Yes.' And I said, 'I've made a list here of important events—I think it was 17 or 18 different things. Woodstock, Ed Sullivan Show, the tours, how they went to the Fillmore East, the advertising, the PR and whatnot. And one of the important things that I fought with them about and finally they agreed to do: I just wrote down 'Evil Ways,' and I said, 'Now, is there any important point that I left out, Stan?' 'Uh, no.' 'Any member of the group, is there any event or situation that's not on this list that has helped you to become who you are?' 'No.'

"Fine, now Stan, one by one, let's take them. What did you do with Woodstock? And I said, 'Let's stay with that.' I sat with Michael Lang at the restaurant next to the Fillmore till five in the morning—'Bill, what do you think of this group?' Now he had some ideas and I had some ideas. In the exchange for that I asked him for one favor—'put on this group from San Francisco that I think deserves to be heard' and I sold the group."

"I said, 'And when you went there, Stan, I asked you not to sign anything until I got there, and I got there one day later, and because somebody said to you unless you sign this, you can't appear, you almost gave away the rights to the movie. Remember that, Stan?' And I said, 'You signed for \$750.' The deal was, Santana was getting \$1500—I didn't care. I wanted them to go there. The deal with all the other groups was if you were to appear in the film, you would get half again as much. Now for a group that was getting \$20,000, they were getting another \$10,000, which was fine. I said, 'But, Stan, you were getting \$1500, that's \$750, and I'm not going to give you away.' And by the time the film had come out, I knew."

"What happened in the film? Michael Wadleigh was the director, and his partner, Bob Maurice, had a great deal of trouble getting the groups to just see the film. Joe Cocker didn't want to see it. Richie Havens didn't want to see it. The filmmakers came and said, 'Bill, will you please get so-and-so to at least look at the film?' I have fairly good relations with a lot of musicians, and I got X amount of musicians up to their studios on Broadway in New York to view it. And they said, 'Bill, we can't thank you enough.' 'What can we do?' I said, 'I want Santana in the film.' I said, 'Look at the drummer. Look at the solo, and look at this, look at that.' I said, 'Stan, why are they in the middle of the film for 12 minutes? Longer than anybody else—uninterrupted. You?'

"I'm gonna prove to you what I've done, and while I'm doing that, I'm afraid I have to call this man to a test. What has he done? 'Cause you brought up this challenge.' I said, 'Now, the movie is done, and you got \$750. Stan, what happened then?' 'Uh.' 'I'll tell you what happened. I called Warner Brothers and said, 'We're not going to work for \$750.' They said, 'We have a contract.' I said, 'There's a difference between laws and justice. Fuck your law. The law is that piece of paper. You know what justice is? They're gonna be in the middle of that film, and they're stars today, and you guys are going to make millions of dollars. You should come to me like men and

say here's money.' And they said, 'Well, we have a piece of paper.' I went to N.Y., and you can check with Warner Brothers, and I talked with some of the heavies in N.Y. and said, 'Do you know who I am? I'm the manager of the group. You've heard I'm crazy, right?' 'Yeah.' 'Now look, because it's true. Unless we get what's fair—at least close to what's fair, I'm gonna blow up this building. Now you don't have to believe me. Just throw me out of here.' Make a long story short, I got that \$750 with a zero behind it. \$7500. Why? If they didn't respect the ethic of giving me more money, they respected my supposed insanity."

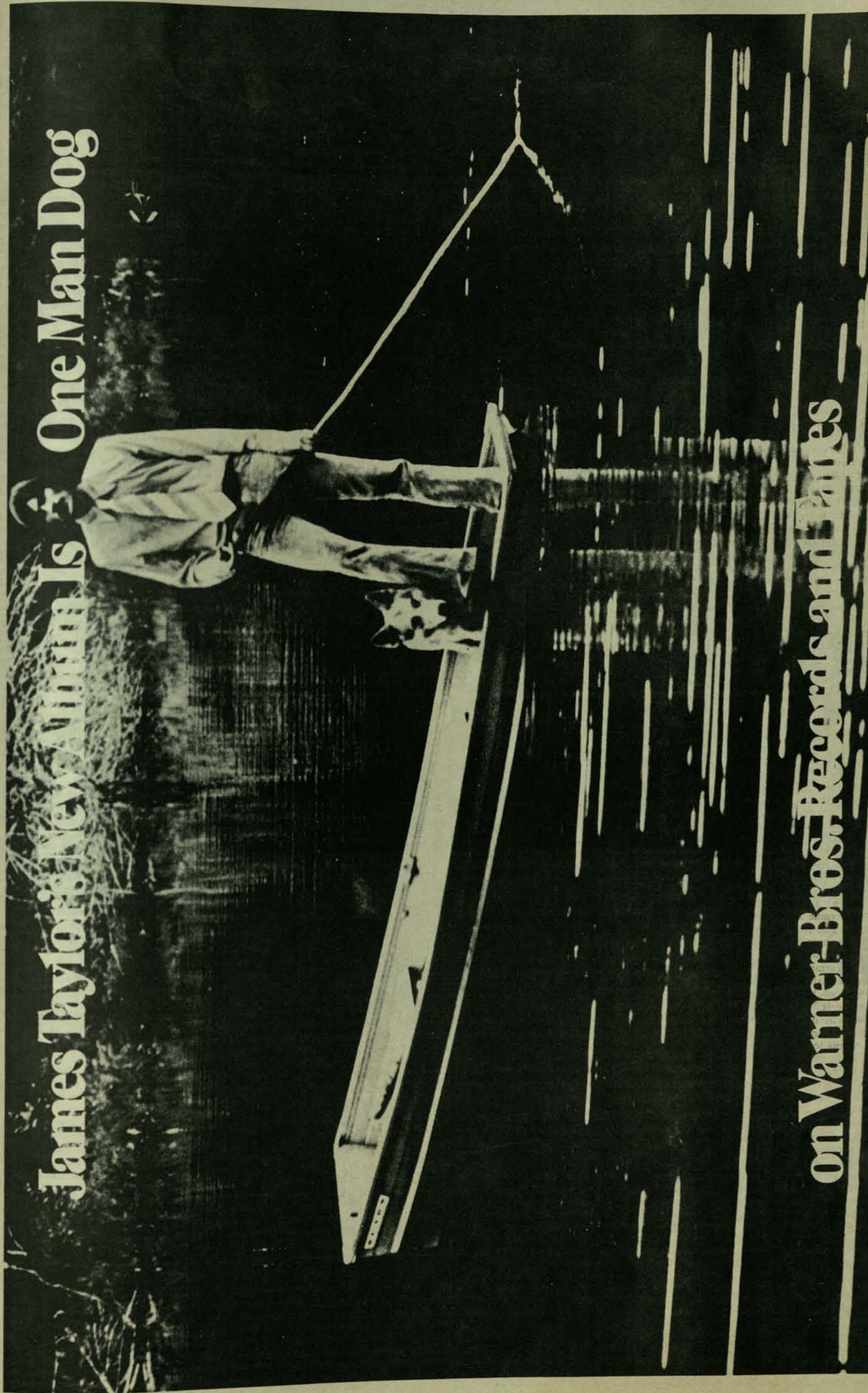
"That's just one. That's not even finished, because Woodstock was the gig, the film and the album. If anybody looked at Woodstock, just Woodstock alone was one out of the 18. And if nothing else, that was worth it, a million dollars. Now the Woodstock album—the film was finished, so the album was gonna get together. It was gonna be the big album. You know what the album came out to be. OK. Ask Clive Davis—there are facts—Clive was disturbed because Atlantic beat him to the punch [Woodstock is on the Atlantic-distributed label, Cotillion]. He was not about to let them have the two big acts: Sly and Santana. Jerry Wexler called. Ahmet Ertegun—'Let's be reasonable. You'll get the next one.' I spoke to Clive. You can not—I wish I had the telegrams here. I have a file here that's precious. If you call Clive Davis and ask him how come Santana ended up there—I haunted this man. He was at a banquet in Atlanta, Georgia. There was a phone call on the dais. He was giving a lecture in Washington, D.C., there was a four-page telegram from me. He was in Florida—there I was. He said, 'I give up.' That's how Santana and Sly end up on the album."

"Woodstock was so important to Santana, because Woodstock took rock from the neighborhoods and put them on Wall Street. And you're gonna say, 'Bill, you've always been outspoken against these things.' True, but I'm the manager. It was my job to expose them as best I could. That was one gig."

For which, Graham said, he was hardly paid. He never received any record royalties or statements, he said, and he had a meeting with Marcum. "I said, 'Stan what about the percentage from this?' And he said, 'You mean to tell me you get ten percent from royalties also? You got paid for Woodstock, didn't you?' I said, 'Fuck. Woodstock, they got \$1500 to play, and what you're saying is that I should only be paid \$150.' He didn't think I should get paid a percentage from the movie, from the \$7500, or from record royalties. And I once said to him, which is a very ugly thing. 'I'll show you what a manager really is. When his client sneezes, he gets ten percent of the snit.' I looked him straight in the face and said, 'According to you, I should be paid ten percent on the gig and nothing else from the gig.' He said, 'That's right.' I said, 'Do you think that's fair?' 'Yeah, man.'

"So I began to realize that he's either very stupid or very ruthless." Back once more to the list: "Stan," Graham was asking, "what did you have to do with Ed Sullivan? I went to New York, walked in, was rejected. I sat in the producer's office for three hours. He was late, finally didn't show up. I went back the next day. I played 'Evil Ways'; he wasn't caught by it. And ask him what I did. I got up, in his office, and I did a choreography of the

James Taylor's New Animals Is One Man Dog



on Warner Bros. Records and Notes

Santana, in the "Evil Ways" days, the first to fuse Latin and rock. "What happens to you when you make it?"

ethnicity of the group." Graham announces his performance with a sharp slap, right hand into left mitt: "Black! Chicano! Nicaraguan! White! A cross section of America or Latin America on your stage!" And I told him what they looked like and he bought it. And I came back and did I say to you, 'Oh, I went to New York?' No. It's not my job to tell you how hard it was for me. But now that you ask me 'What do I do?'—this is what happened to get it."

Finally, the group huddled and came in with the verdict: "We're sorry this came up, let's just go ahead and do the best we can."

But Marcum, said Graham, was still intent on taking over—"He set up his own office and I never went down there." It is not like him to hang out. "But you should ask Stan Marcum how they went about telling Bill Graham he was no longer needed. They had a gig in Tanglewood that I loved so much that I set up for them, with Miles Davis and the Voices of East Harlem. I mean just music, and excitement and warmth, and after the gig I got a trailer for the boys in the back and we were just happy. 'Bill you're the greatest.' Love, love, love. I went back into New York for the next gig and they came out to California. The day after this joyous togetherness, I got a call 3000 miles away from Stan Marcum saying, 'Bill, we decided we want to do our own thing, man, and we're not gonna be with you anymore.' I remember distinctly on the phone—I wish Stan was here right now—I said, 'Stan, regardless of whether it's right or wrong, how dare you call a man 3000 miles away to tell him that you're taking his lover—like a woman saying to her man, hello, honey, this is your wife, Charlotte. I'm in Hawaii with George. How do you do that?' And I said, 'Why couldn't you be man enough to tell me when you get back here for the meeting? Or say something to me at Tanglewood?' 'Well, yesterday everybody was so happy.' I said, 'That's right.' I was extremely disappointed, not because of the money. They owed me a considerable sum of money. They still owe me a considerable sum of money. I was really hurt. And he didn't want to get together. He didn't want to discuss it."

He made his move at a time when the group was gonna break, I mean big. I'm not talking about hundreds of dollars. I'm talking about hundreds and thousands and millions of dollars. At that point, did he ask himself with respect to the group could he handle a multimillion-dollar piece of talent? And if he couldn't, who was he really helping? One of the meetings I had with Stan Marcum afterwards, I said, 'I have to be honest, I don't think you can do it.' And he mentioned a lawyer and an astrologer friend who was going to run it for them, and I said, 'It's only a matter of time. Because some of the people you mention, I think, are of ill repute, and I think they are what you accuse me of being, but they don't know anything about your industry and in the long run they'll hurt you. Now what happened to Stan Marcum is that he dropped Bill Graham and he went with these people, and not two years later... How many times in life do you say to yourself, 'I'm sorry—I was right?'"

Marcum hired an accountant who worked with Santana a year and a half. "The accountant—I won't give you the amount, stole in six figures," said Graham. We asked Marcum about this. "The accountant is in the process of being sued for embezzlement," he said.



"Check out the attorney they went to," said Graham. "Who are these people as opposed to the people I had? And my ten percent covered all book-keeping, all accounting, all tax work. And how much did Bill Graham make from Santana in all those years? Under \$20,000 in commission. Under. What did Stan Marcum pay for the privilege of money being stolen from Santana?"

Marcum couldn't give much of a figure for the attorney, Herb Resner. "We were only with Resner a few months. I had to fire him for misrepresentation. He would make judgments for the band without asking the band. They turned out to be poor judgments. But," Marcum reasoned, "that's irrelevant."

Bill Graham, by the way, says he isn't suing. He did feel he deserved compensation for the jobs he'd booked for Santana up to the day of his dismissal, and he felt he should've gotten a few percent of the band's earnings after August, 1970. Graham says he's received nothing—especially after a meeting at Santana's then-lawyer Herb Resner's office. "And there was this feeling that we deserved absolutely nothing. We got very heated and he started calling me some names and I lunged at him," Graham chuckled.

Stan Marcum insisted that he could recall no meeting where Graham produced a list of Santana milestones. And despite documentation from Graham that he had indeed acted as manager, Marcum still maintained there was no agreement. He's right; in 1968, Graham worked on handshakes; he changed his policy in August, 1970.) As for the Woodstock pay: "I think we made \$7500... or maybe it was \$750."

"What he says and what went down is a bunch of shit."

Marcum was getting testy. We'd gotten along so well together in person; he'd shown off his castle-like house, the patio and pool, the greenhouse, the width and breadth of seven acres of healthy Marin County woods, showed me his 24-track toy in one of a half dozen spare rooms, and convinced me he

deserved it all, after seven years of toil in holiday-and-out motel rooms all over this world. And when his lady, as he still refers to members of that species, pranced in all triumphant because of a reindeer-encrusted flannel shirt she had found in Sausalito, he felt right at home feeling her width and breadth for five minutes before letting her go to the kitchen to make cookies. And now, over the phone, he was getting these suddenly knowledgeable and very petty questions.

"Look," he said, "If Bill Graham wants to look good, let him."

Still, would he agree that the switch from receptionist Bill Graham to his astrologer/attorney/accountant team was a mistake?

"Well... yeah. It was you make one mistake after another to get in the position to make things better. Which is where we are now."

Voted out of his job, Marcum's position, it appears, is high and rather dried up. He talks about being involved in music—"with certain people, on a laid-back basis."

"I've got a lot of creative things in mind in music, and I've also got a lot of living I want to do, and I'm gonna make them work together."

But earlier, he had hinted some kind of association with the remainder of Santana (Rolie, Brown, Schon and Carabello) as one body. Rolie, now working on demo tapes with Bobby Winkelman (ex-of Steve Miller), states flatly: "I'm taking care of myself." Brown, now working with his sisters on the project he's conceived three years ago, says much the same thing. Carabello and Schon are the ones trying hardest to carry on with the sound of Santana at its commercial peak. Their album, in fact, includes contributions from Brown, the old bass, and Rauch the new one, and Mike Shrieve and Carlos Santana as well as Carabello and Schon. And out past South San Francisco, in County Jail, with a few of the suburb's ticky-tack, David Brown said anything could still happen. "The attitude and stuff. Like everybody

thinking that they're gonna come out with a superstar Cream group or something like that. I think that could change with really sittin' down and looking at the thing. We're not just talking about like how I'm gonna feel in a year, but how I'm gonna feel five years from now, you know."

Marcum, Schon and Carabello seem to think that Carlos Santana had surrounded himself with a band of yes men. Well, yes. Shrieve is definitely with Carlos, spiritually; Rauch appears to be getting there, having accompanied Carlos and Armando Peraza to the Mahavishnu sessions in New York; Peraza appears to be an old-timer going along for the ride, getting some dues after years of work in the Afro-Cuban-Latin music scene, and Chepito is in it for the dinero, as Carabello says.

The little half pint of brown sugar is thumping his chest, gesturing with his hands, fourteen more inches, and he is asked by proud husband and father Tom Koster if he likes the *Caravanserai* music.

"They are heavy musicians," he says thickly, "but I don't like the music so much. I write my own music, a lot of Latin and rock, but they don't like it. I stay in the group because I like to stay with what I start." Chepito came to the US—to New York, to join the Latin-jazz scene there—six years ago from Nicaragua. There, at age eight, he first injured his head in a fall onto hard rocky road. "And I never grow up," he said, to explain his five-foot lack of height.

"In the hospital," Koster is saying now, "he screwed all the nurses."

"Yeah," Chepito agrees. "But I don't remember nothin'."

Carlos Santana has hired this band; pays the new members a salary; exacts supreme discipline. Even a system of fines, a la James Brown and Ray Charles, it is said. Carlos will no longer be abused by brothers for his phrases, for trying to take over a band. Carlos, today, is Santana.

And Santana, on its complex new levels, is at this point so solid musically that fewer and fewer people are demanding the old evil ways. The crowds were sparser than expected in a few spots this recent first tour, but there were standing ovations in San Francisco and New York, and encores almost everywhere else.

"You have to give the man credit," Bill Graham says. "He has to live with himself. If he gave in, just to success, just to keep the band going, and if he himself was miserable—well, he's at least being honest, and he's saying the most important person in the world to me is me."

Carlos took a risk few musicians could afford, and fewer, still, would dare to make. He pauses for a moment of prayer before each set; for an encore he'll bring the caravan back to "Jingo" or "Samba Pa Ti" to say thanks for accepting the change.

"The name only dies when a person dies inside. There's a lot of dead people walking around, you know. And they don't have the eyes to see these things."

Carlos is standing up against a hotel room wall this morning in Seattle, his eyes closed as the photographer blitzz-clicks around him. Incense is burning, and on the cassette now is Dionne Warwick. Also on that tape: Aretha Franklin and Nancy Wilson. "Dionne," says Carlos. "She doesn't OD on soul. She carries the melody. And that's hard to do."



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November 5 Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, Los Angeles, California with Dan Hicks
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November 12 The Roanoke-Salem, Civic Center, Salem, Virginia with Poco

November 13-14 Felt Forum New York with Poco
November 18 Fairleigh Dickinson College, Rutherford, New Jersey with Flash
November 25 Coliseum, Los Angeles, California
November 19 Music Hall Boston with Arlo Guthrie

SPACEWAR

Fanatic Life and Symbolic Death Among the Computer Bums
by Stewart Brand

THE FIRST "INTERGALACTIC SPACEWAR OLYMPICS" WILL BE HELD HERE, WEDNESDAY 19 OCTOBER, 2PM HOURS. FIRST PRIZE WILL BE A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "ROLLING STONE". THE GALA EVENT WILL BE REPORTED BY STONE SPORTS REPORTER STEWART BRAND & PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANNIE LIEBOWITZ. (FREE BEER)

READY OR NOT, computers are coming to the people.

That's good news, maybe the best since psychedelics. It's way off the track of the "Computers—Threat or Menace?" school of liberal criticism but surprisingly in line with the romantic fantasies of the forefathers of the science such as Norbert Wiener, Warren McCulloch, J.C.R. Licklider, John von Neumann and Vannevar Bush.

The trend owes its health to an odd array of influences: The youthful fervor and firm dis-Establishmentarianism of the freaks who design computer science; an astonishingly enlightened research program from the very top of the Defense Department; an unexpected market-flanking movement by the manufacturers of small calculating machines, and an irrepressible midnight phenomenon known as Spacewar.

Reliably, at any nighttime moment (i.e. non-business hours) in North America hundreds of computer technicians are effectively out of their bodies, locked in life-or-death space combat computer-projected onto cathode ray tube display screens, for hours at a time, ruining their eyes, numbing their fingers in frenzied mashing of control buttons, joyously slaying their friends and wasting their employers' valuable computer time. Something basic is going on.

Rudimentary Spacewar consists of two humans, two sets of control buttons or joysticks, one TV-like display and one computer. Two spaceships are displayed in motion on the screen, controllable for thrust, yaw, pitch and the firing of torpedoes. Whenever a spaceship and torpedo meet, they disappear in an attractive explosion. That's the original version invented in 1962 at MIT by Steve Russell. (More on him in a moment.)

October, 1972, 8 PM, at Stanford's Artificial Intelligence (AI) Laboratory, moonlit and remote in the foothills above Palo Alto, California. Two dozen of us are jammed in a semi-dark console room just off the main hall containing AI's PDP-10 computer. AI's Head System Programmer and most avid Spacewar nut, Ralph Goring, faces a display screen which says only:

THIS CONSOLE AVAILABLE.
He logs in on the keyboard with his initials: Click clickclickclick click.

L1, REG
CSD FALL PICNIC. SATURDAY 11 AM IN FLOOD PARK...

He interrupts further announcements, including one about the "First Intergalactic Spacewar Olympics" at 8 PM, with: Click ("run") clickclickclick ("Space War Ralph") click ("do it").

R SWR.
WELCOME TO SPACEWAR.

HOW MANY SHIPS? MAXIMUM IS 5.
Stewart Brand, 33, is a graduate of Stanford (biology). From 1968 to 1971 he edited the Whole Earth Catalog.

Click: 5 (Five players. This is for the first familiarization battles in the Spacewar Olympics, initiated by me and sponsored (beer & prizes) by ROLLING STONE. Friends, I won't be able to explain every computer-technical term that comes by. Fortunately you don't need them to get the gist of what's happening.)

KEYBOARD BUTTONS? (ELSE REGULAR). TYPE Y OR N.
"Yes." Click: Y

THE STANDARD GAME IS:

1 CONSOLE, 2 TORPEDO TUBES, (NORMAL) SCORING, NO PARTIAL DAMAGE, NO HYPERSPACE, KILLER SUN, SHIPS START IN STANDARD POSITIONS.

TYPE Y TO GET A STANDARD GAME. Ralph wants other features. "No."

Click: N

HOW MANY SPACE MINES DO YOU WANT?

CHOOSE FROM ZERO TO 4.

Click: 4

PARTIAL DAMAGE?

Click: N

DISPLAY SCORES?

Click: Y

TWO TORPEDO TUBES?

Click: Y

HYPERSPACE?

Click: N

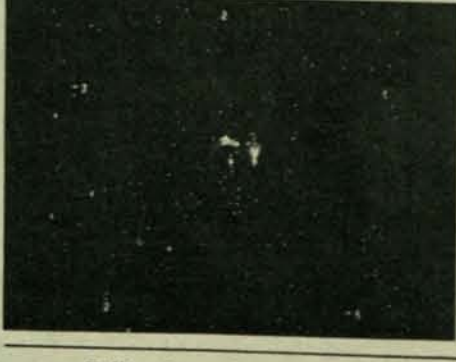
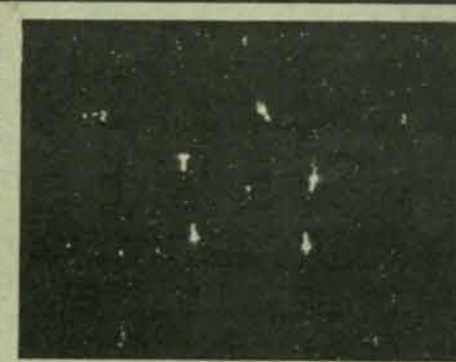
RANDOM STARTING POSITIONS?

Click: Y

Immediately the screen goes dark and then displays: Five different spaceships, each with a dot indicating torpedo tubes are loaded, five scores, each at zero, a convincing starfield, and four space mines orbiting around a central sun, toward which the spaceships are starting to fall at a correctly accelerating rate.

Players seize the five sets of control buttons, find their spaceship persona on the screen, and simultaneously turn and fire toward any nearby still-helpless spaceships, hit the thrust button to initiate orbit before being slurped by the killer sun, and evade or shoot down any incoming enemy torpedoes or orbiting mines. After two torpedoes are fired, each ship has a three-second unarmed "reloading" time. Fired torpedoes last nine seconds and then disappear.

As kills are made the scores start to change. +1 for a successful kill, 1 for being killed, +1 for being lone survivor of a battle. Personalities begin to establish themselves in the maneuvering spaceships: The pilot of the ship called Pointy Fins is a dead shot but panics easily in cross fire. Roundback tries to avoid early dueling and routinely fires two torpedoes "around the universe" (off the screen, so they reappear lethally unexpected from the opposite side). Birdie drives for the sun and a fast orbit, has excellent agility in sensing and facing toward hazard. Funny Fins shouts a lot, singling out individual opponents. Flatback is silent and maintains an uncanny field-sense of the



Falling into orbit around the central point, 'Birdie,' at lower left, defeats 'Funny Fins' in single combat; then attempts flank attack on 'Pointy Fins' (upper right), who has caught 'Roundback' napping & outfought 'Flatback' head to head. As kills are made the displayed numbers keep score.

whole battlesky, impervious to surprise attack.

A game is over when only one or no survivors are displayed. The screen then blanks out, counts down 5-4-3-2-1, and redisplay a new battle with ships at new random positions equidistant from the sun and showing scores accumulative from previous games. A spaceship that is killed early in a battle will reincarnate after 16 seconds and rejoin the fray, so that a single battle may last up to five minutes with a weak player persisting several times in it.

The twenty or so raucous competitors in the Spacewar Olympics quickly organize three events: Five-Player Free-For-All, Team Competition (two against two), and Singles Competition. The executive officer of the AI Project, Les Earnest, who kindly OKed these Olympics and their visibility, is found to have no immediate function and is sent out for beer.

The setting and decor at AI is Modern Mad Scientist—long hallways and cubicles and large windowless rooms, brutal fluorescent light, enormous machines humming and clattering, robots on wheels, scurrying arcane technicians. And, also, posters and announcements against the Vietnam War and Richard Nixon, computer print-out photos of girlfriends, a hallway-long banner SOLVING TODAY'S PROBLEMS TOMORROW, and signs on every door in Tolkien's elvish Feanorian script—the director's office is Imladris, the coffee room The Prancing Pony, the computer room Mordor. There's a lot of hair on those technicians, and nobody seems to be telling them where to scurry.

The games progress. A tape recorder kibitzes on the first round of Team Competition, four ships twisting, converging, evading, exploding:

Where am I? Where am I? Click clickclickclickclick

Agh! Clickclickclick clickclick

Glitch. Clickclick

OK, I won't shoot. Clickclickclick

Good work Tovar. Revenge. Click-click clickclick

Cease fire. Click clickclick.

Ohhhhhh NO! You killed me, Tovar.

I'm sorry. Clickclickclick

Being partners means never having to say you're sorry. Clickclickclick

Get him! Get the mother! Clickclick-clickclickclick

Sacrifice. Clickclick click

Lemme get in orbit. Clickclick

Way to dodge. Click clickclickclick

Awshitt.

Get tough now. Clickclickclick

The other guy was out of torps. I knew it and waited till I got a good shot. Clickclick

A beaut. O lord. Clickclickclick

I shot him but then I slurped. Click-click clickclick

Ooooo!

We win! Tovar and Rem!

Correct. Tovar and Rem won the Team Competition (Rem is how Robert E. Maas is known to the computer and thence to his friends). Bruce Baumgart, who by day builds sensing intelligence into a robot vehicle, won the Free-For-All with a powerhouse performance. And slim Tovar took the Singles.

Meanwhile, your photographer, Annie, was tugged all over the lab to see the hand-eye rig, the number half-tone printer, various spectacular geo-

metric display hacks, computer music programs, the color video image maker... Four intense hours, much frenzy and skilled concerted action, a 15-ring circus in ten different directions, the most bzz-bzz-busy scene I've been around since Merry Prankster Acid Tests... and really it's just a normal night at the AI Project, at any suitably hairy computer research project. Something basic...

These are heads, most of them. Half or more of computer science is heads. But that's not it. The rest of the counterculture is laid low and back these days, showing none of this kind of zeal. What, then?

The Hackers

I'm guessing that Alan Kay at Xerox Research Center (more on them shortly) has a line on it, defining the standard Computer Bum:

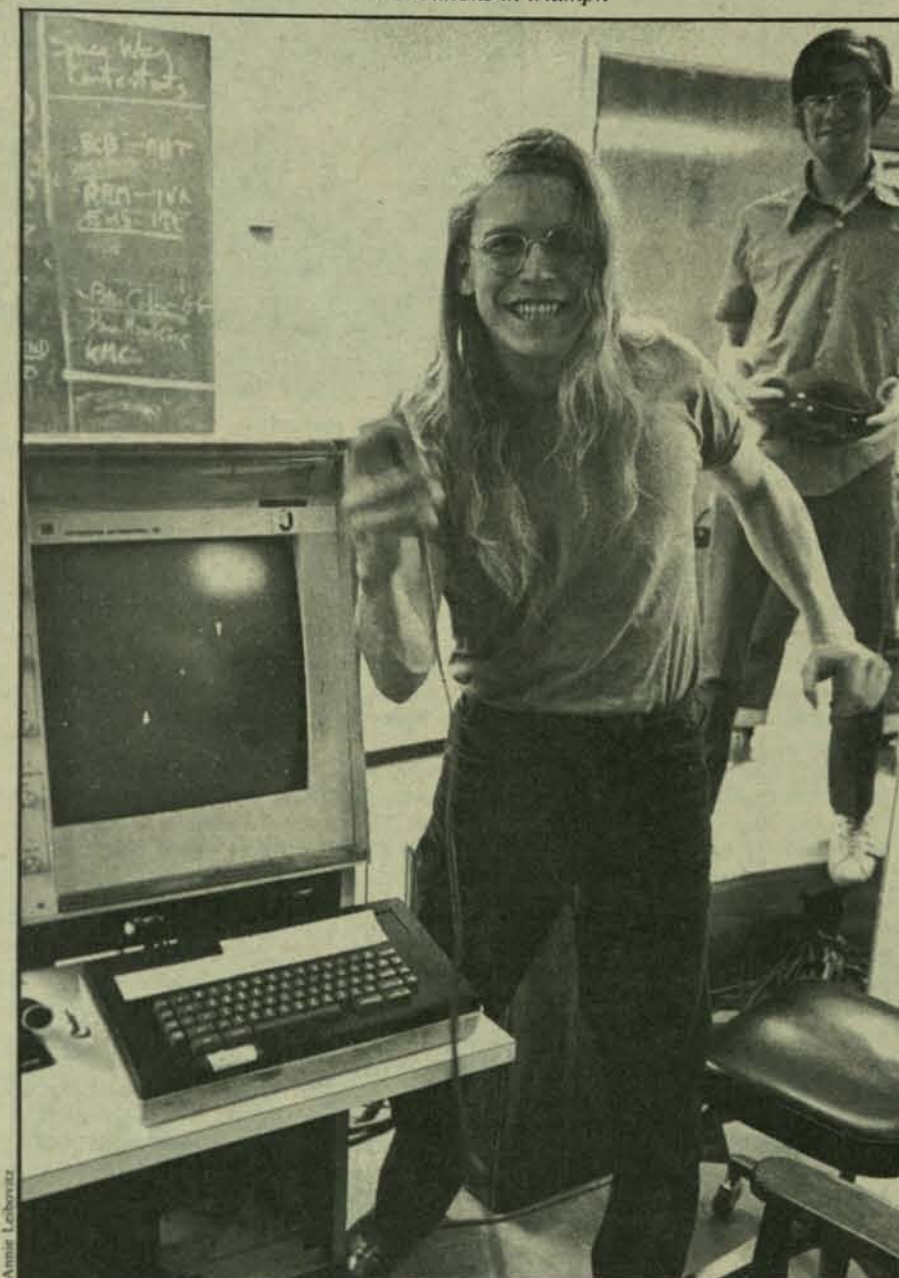
"About as straight as you'd expect hotrodders to look. It's that kind of fanaticism. A true hacker is not a group person. He's a person who loves to stay up all night, he and the machine in a love-hate relationship... They're kids who tended to be brilliant but not very interested in conventional goals. And computing is just a fabulous place for that, because it's a place where you don't have to be a Ph.D. or anything else. It's a place where you can still be an artisan. People are willing to pay you if you're any good at all, and you have plenty of time for screwing around."

The hackers are the technicians of this science—"It's a term of derision and also the ultimate compliment." They are the ones who translate human demands into code that the machines can understand and act on. They are legion. Fanatics with a potent new toy. A mobile new-found elite, with its own apparatus, language and character, its own legends and humor. Those magnificent men with their flying machines, scouting a leading edge of technology which has an odd softness to it; outlaw country, where rules are not decreed or routine so much as the starker demands of what's possible.

A young science travels where the young take it. The wiser computer research directors have learned that not trusting their young programmers with major responsibility can lead immediately to no research. AI is one of perhaps several dozen computer research centers that are flourishing with their young, some of them with no more formal education than they got at the local Free School. I'm talking to Les Earnest, the gent who went for beer. He's tall, swarthy, has a black and white striped beard, looks like a Sufi athlete. He's telling me about what else people build here besides refinements of Spacewar. There's a speech recognition project. There's the hand-eye project, in which the computer is learning to see and visually correct its robot functions. There's work on symbolic computation and grammatical inference. Work with autistic children, "trying to get them to relate to computers first, and then later to people. This seems to be successful in part because many of these children think of themselves as machines. You can encourage them to interact in a game with the machine."

Another window on the interests of

Bruce Baumgart, winner of the Five-Man Free-For-All at the First Intergalactic Spacewar Olympics, brandishing control buttons in triumph



AI and of the hackers is a posted print-out of the file of AI's system programs, some 250 elaborate routines available. Scanning: Hand Eye Monitor... Go Game... DPY Hack Broom Balancing... Comparison Portion of Soup... Retrieves Selected AP News Stories... Display Hack... Mad Doctor... New TV Editor... Fortune Cookie Program... Another Display Hack... Kalah Game... Oh Where, Oh Where Has My Little Job Gone... Paranoid Model... Pruning Program... The Wonderful News Program... Old Spacewar... New Spacewar... Send Everyone a Message... Old Version of Daemon... Tell Everyone the System Is Going Down... Music Compiler Sort Of... New Music Compiler...

A distinction exists between low-rent and high-rent computer research, between preoccupations of support group (hackers) and of research group. The distinction blurs often. Les Earnest: "Sometimes it's hard to tell the difference between recreation and work, happily. We try to judge people not on how much time they waste but on what they accomplish over fairly long periods of time, like a half year to a year." He adds that Spacewar players "are more from the support groups than the research groups. The research groups tend to get their kicks out of research."

Spacewar is low-rent.

Spacewar

Low-rent... but pervasive. Alan Kay: "The game of Spacewar blossoms spontaneously wherever there is a graphics display connected to a computer."

The first opportunity was at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) Electrical Engineering Department back in 1961-1962. The earliest mini-computer, Digital Equipment Corporation's PDP-1, was installed in the kludge room with a cathode ray tube display hooked on. ("Kludge"—any lash-up, often involving chewing gum, paper clips, scotch tape; it works if no one trips over a wire; unadaptable; a working mess.) There it was that Steve Russell and his fellow hackers Alan Kotok, Peter Samson and Dan Edwards introduced Spacewar to the world.

I phoned Russell at the sprawling old fabric mill in Maynard, Massachusetts, where Digital Equipment Corporation manufactures the most popular research and education computers on the market. Russell currently is a researcher for them working on man-machine interface problems—adapting computer nature to fit human nature. Back in 1962 he was a hacker, 23 or so, a math major two years out of Dartmouth working in the brand new field of computer science for John McCarthy at MIT.

His account of the invention of

Spacewar is not only intriguing history, it's the most sophisticated analysis of good game design I've ever run across—elegant work. But that's in retrospect; back then it was just kids staying up all night.

"We had this brand new PDP-1," Steve Russell recalls. "It was the first mini-computer, ridiculously inexpensive for its time. And it was just sitting there. It had a console typewriter that worked right, which was rare, and a paper tape reader and a cathode ray tube display. [There had been CRT displays before, but primarily in the Air Defense System.] Somebody had built some little pattern-generating programs which made interesting patterns like a kaleidoscope. Not a very good demonstration. Here was this display that could do all sorts of good things! So we started talking about it, figuring what would be interesting displays. We decided that probably you could make a two-dimensional maneuvering sort of thing, and decided that naturally the obvious thing to do was space-ships."

Naturally? "I had just finished reading 'Doc' Smith's Lensman series. He was some sort of scientist but he wrote this really dashing brand of science fiction. The details were very good and it had an excellent pace. His heroes had a strong tendency to get pursued by the villain across the galaxy and have to invent their way out of their problem while they were being pursued. That sort of action was the thing that suggested Spacewar. He had some very glowing descriptions of spaceship encounters and space fleet maneuvers."

"Doc" Smith: "The Boise leaped upon the Nevian, every weapon aflame. But, as Costigan had expected, Nevado's vessel was completely ready for any emergency. And, unlike her sister-ship, she was manned by scientists well-versed in the fundamental theory of the weapons with which they fought. Beams, rods and lances of energy flamed and flared; planes and pencils cut, slashed and stabbed; defensive screens glowed redly or flashed suddenly into intensely brilliant, coruscating incandescence. Crimson opacity struggled sullenly against violet curtains of annihilation. Material projectiles and torpedoes were launched under full-beam control; only to be exploded harmlessly in mid-space, to be blasted into nothingness or to disappear innocuously against impenetrable polycyclic screens."

—Triplanetary (1948)
Steve Russell: "By picking a world which people weren't familiar with, we could alter a number of parameters of the world in the interests of making a good game and of making it possible to get it onto a computer. We made a great deal of compromises from some of our original grand plans in order to make it work well."

"One of the important things in Spacewar is the pace. It's relatively fast-paced, and that makes it an interesting game. It seems to be a reasonable compromise between action—pushing buttons—and thought. Thought does help you, and there are some tactical considerations, but just plain fast reflexes also help."

"It was quite interesting to fiddle with the parameters, which of course I

—Continued on Next Page

Project MAC vet Peter Deutsch inside the Xerox building: More than a hacker, in the opinion of a colleague, "although he has some of that style. He's a virtuoso."



had to do to get it to be a really good game. By changing the parameters you could change it anywhere from essentially just random, where it was pure luck, to something where skill and experience counted above everything else. The normal choice is somewhere between those two. With Spacewar an experienced player can beat an amateur for maybe 20 to 50 games and then the amateur begins to win a little."

The pride of any hacker with a new program is its "features." Fresh forms of Spacewar with exotic new features proliferated. As Russell explains it, everything at MIT had priority over Spacewar, but it was an educational computer after all, and developing new programs (of Spacewar) was educational, and then those programs needed testing... The initial game of simply two spaceships and their torpedoes didn't last long.

Gravity was introduced. Then Peter Samson wrote in the staff with a program called "Expensive Planetarium" (MIT's first text display had been called "Expensive Typewriter"). Russell: "Having a background was important to give some idea of range and so on. Our Spacewar did not have gravity affecting the torpedoes—our explanation was that they were photon bombs and that they weren't affected by gravity. Subsequent versions on newer computers have got enough compute time so that they can afford to use gravity for the torpedoes, and that makes it a more interesting game."

And then there came a startling development called Hyperspace—when your situation got desperate you could push both turn buttons at once and go into hyperspace: disappear from the screen for a few seconds and then reappear at a random new position... maybe.

"Hyperspace was in within a month or so," says Russell. "It's a little controversial. Some people deplore it, and it's fairly common to play games without it... It was of course vital to put in problems with hyperspace. You know, when you come back into normal space from hyperspace, there is initially a small energy well which looks amazingly like a star; if a torpedo is shot into that energy well, lo and behold the ship blows up. There is also a certain probability of blowing up as you finally break out of hyperspace. Our explanation was that these were the Mark One hyperfield generators and they hadn't done really a thorough job of testing them—they had rushed them into the fleet. And unfortunately the energies that were being dissipated in the generators at breakout were just barely what they could handle. So the probability of the generator flying apart and completely killing the spaceship was noticeable on the first couple of uses, and after four uses it was only an even chance of surviving hyperspace. So it was something that you could use but it wasn't something that you wanted to use."

"Doc" Smith: "Twenty-odd years before, when the then *Dawnless* and her crew were thrown out of a hyper-spatial tube and into that highly enigmatic Nth space, LaVerne Thorndyke had been Chief Technician. Mentor of Arisia found them, and put into the mind of Sir Austin Cardynge, mathematician extraordinary, the knowledge of how to find the way back to normal space. Thorndyke, working under nerve-shattering difficulties, had been in charge of building the machines which were to enable the vessel to return to her home space. He built them. She returned."

—*Children of the Lens* (1954)

PETER DEUTSCH, now at Xerox Research Center, reminisces about the first Spacewar: "The programming of the thing was a remarkable tour de force, because the machine did not have a multiply or divide. The way that the outline of the spaceship was rotated was by compiling a special-purpose program. Nice programming trick... Spacewar was not an outgrowth of any work on computer graphics, but it may have inspired some of it. That's speculation."

Albert Kuhfeld, writing in July, 1971, *Analog Magazine*, reminisces: "The first few years of Spacewar at MIT were the best. The game was in a rough state, students were working their hearts out improving it, and the faculty was nodding benignly as they watched the students learning computer theory faster and more painlessly than they'd ever seen before... And a background of real-time interactive programming was being built up that anybody in the school could draw on; one of the largest problems in the development of the game was learning how to talk to a computer program and have it answer back."

Within weeks of its invention Spacewar was spreading across the country to other computer research centers, who began adding their own wrinkles.

There was a variation called Minnesota Hyperspace in which you kept your position but became invisible; however if you applied thrust, your rocket flame could be seen... Score-keeping. Space mines. Partial damage—if hit in a fin you could not turn in that direction.

Then "2½-D" Spacewar, played on two consoles. Instead of being God viewing the whole battle, you're a mere pilot with a view out the front of your spaceship and the difficult task of finding your enemy. (Perspective could be compressed so that even though far away the other ship would be large enough to see.)

Adding incentive, MIT introduced an electric shock to go with the explosion of your ship. A promising future is seen for sound effects. And now a few commercial versions of Spacewar—25 cents a game—are appearing in university coffee shops.

Steve Russell still dreams: "Something which I wanted to do is get some interesting sort of fleet action. There are some versions of Spacewar which allow two, three ships, but as far as I know no one has been sufficiently clever to set things up so there are ships with noticeably different characteristics that could fight in interesting combinations."

John Lilly (of dolphin, acid, and bio-computer fame) tells a story that IBM once forbade the playing of Spacewar

by IBM researchers. After a few suddenly uncreative months of joyless research the ban was rescinded. Apparently, frivolous Spacewar had been the medium of important experiments. (In every computer-business story I've ever heard, IBM invariably plays the heavy.)

Les Earnest at AI confirms the moral. For instance, at his lab the ingenious device for handling interactive graphics on the time-shared computer is called "Spacewar Mode" in honor of its origins.

Surprisingly, there have been relatively few Spacewar-like games invented. The most elaborate is a "Snoopy and the Red Baron" game which involves flying your console like a bi-plane. But computer graphics as an area of research has mushroomed. The field is too wide and deep and engrossing for me to report here. It's an art form waiting for artists, a consciousness form waiting for mystics.

All right, one sample: the vision helmet designed by Ivan Sutherland at Harvard. The helmet covers the front of your face with special goggles that are tiny computer-driven TV screens. They present you with a visual space in which you can move. The computer monitors where your head moves and alters what you see accordingly. In the projected reality you can look around, you can look behind you, you can move toward things and through them. You can furthermore change parameters. Your head goes forward a foot and in the vision you soar a hundred yards. Or you can travel in exaggerated relativistic space, so that if you lunge at something it bends away. Become a geometric point; become enormous; live out Olaf Stapledon's *Sir Star Maker*.

ARPA

The letters stand for Advanced Research Projects Agency, one of the rare success stories of Government action. Poetically enough it owes its origin to real spacewar. After Russia's Sputnik humiliated the US in the middle of the Fifties, America came back hard with the Mercury Program, John Glenn and all that, crash-funded through a new agency directly under the Secretary of Defense—ARPA.

When the US space program was moved out of the military to become NASA, ARPA was left with a lot of funding momentum and not much program. Into this vacuum stepped J.C.R. Licklider among others, with the suggestion that since the Defense Department was the world's largest user of computers, it would do well to support large-scale basic research in computer science. It was ARPA's policy in those days that basic research be neither secret nor limited to military purposes, which boded well for exploration in an

information-medium like computers.

So in 1963 a fraction of ARPA's budget, some \$5-8 million, went into a program called IPT, Information Processing Techniques, under the initial direction of Licklider and then of a 26-year-old named Ivan Sutherland. Sutherland, the developer of "Sketchpad" at MIT, gave the agency its bias toward interactive graphics and its commitment to "blue sky mode" research. The next director, Bob Taylor, then 32, doubled IPT's budget (while ARPA's overall budget was shrinking) and administered a five-year golden age in computer research.

The beauty was, that being at the very top of the Defense Establishment, the agency had little Congressional scrutiny and little bureaucratic responsibility, able to take creative chances and protect long-term deep-goal projects. Alan Kay: "90 percent of all good things that I can think of that have been done in computer science have been done funded by that agency. Chances that they would have been funded elsewhere are very low. The basic ARPA idea is that you find good people and you give them a lot of money and then you step back. If they don't do good things in three years they get dropped—where 'good' is very much related to new or interesting."

Legends abound from early ARPA days, full of freedom and weirdness. Here's one of many from Project MAC (Multiple Access Computer) days—Alan Kay: "They had a thing on the PDP-1 called 'The Unknown Glitch' ['Glitch'—a kink, a less-than-fatal but irritating fuck-up]. They used to program the thing either in direct machine code, direct octal, or in DDT. In the early days it was a paper-tape machine. It was painful to assemble stuff, so they never listed out the programs. The programs and stuff just lived in there, just raw seething octal code. And one of the guys wrote a program called 'The Unknown Glitch,' which at random intervals would wake up, print out I AM THE UNKNOWN GLITCH. CATCH ME IF YOU CAN, and then it would relocate itself somewhere else in core memory, set a clock interrupt, and go back to sleep. There was no way to find it."

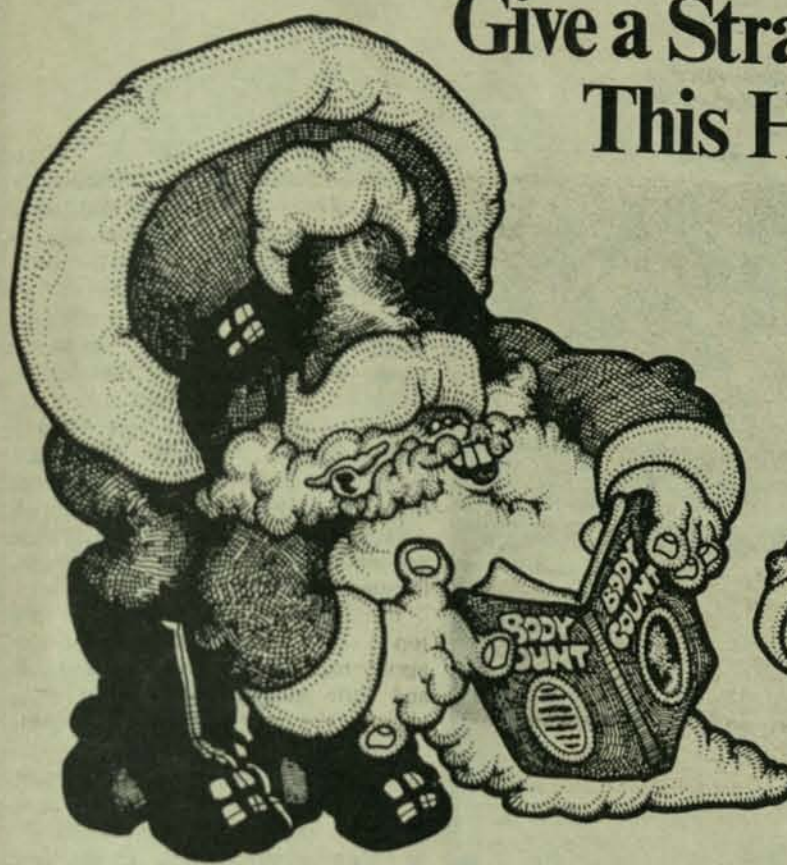
One of the accomplishments of ARPA-funded research during this time was time-sharing. Time-sharing is a routing technique that allows a large number of users to sit down "on-line" with a computer as if each were all alone with it. Naturally, time-sharing was of no interest to computer manufacturers like IBM since it meant drastically more efficient use of their hardware, and they were still a long way from saturating their market with old technology. Only after ARPA had developed time-sharing and its research-center market in the mid-Sixties did the manufacturers adopt the innovation and make it available to the rest of us. There's a political/economic moral in this story somewhere; I think it has to do with the benefits of variant parallel systems.

ARPA is a rare but not completely isolated instance of enlightened government research. For years the Office of Naval Research funded the most outstanding work in pure mathematics without any hope of benefits for war-making. In 1969 the political climate at ARPA changed with the passing into law of the Mansfield Amendment, which required that military-funded research serve only clearly military goals and answer to Congress on the matter. In other words, the Defense Department was forbidden to try to obsolete itself. Bob Taylor departed ARPA.

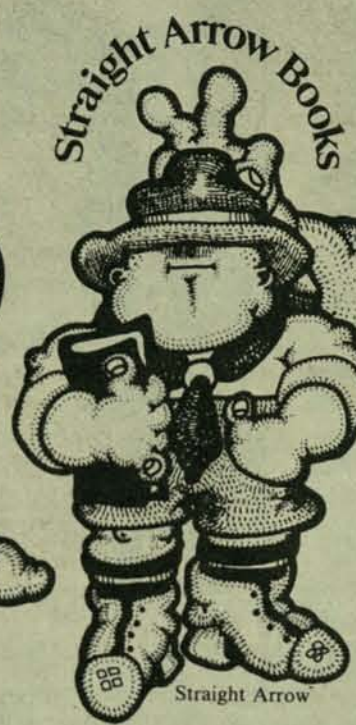
The next (and current) director at ARPA-IPT was Larry Roberts, a bril-

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Immediately below left, chief marble collector Bob Taylor; and right, quiz kid emeritus Alan Kay. Below him, the Dynabook; the pocket calculator; the Bean-Bag Room. Center left, the author draws with the computer.

liant researcher who had developed the first 3-D vision programs. His major project has been getting the ARPA Network up. ("Up" around computers means working, the opposite of "down" or crashed.) The dream for the Net was that researchers at widely separated facilities could share special resources, dip into each other's files, and even work on-line together on design problems too complex to solve alone.

At present some 20 major computer centers are linked on the two-year-old ARPA Net. Traffic on the Net has been very slow, due to delays and difficulties of translation between different computers and divergent projects. Use has recently begun to increase as researchers travel from center to center and want to keep in touch with home base, and as more tantalizing, sharable resources come available. How Net usage will evolve is uncertain. There's a curious mix of theoretical fascination and operational resistance around the scheme. The resistance may have something to do with reluctance about equipping a future Big Brother and his Central Computer. The fascination resides in the thorough rightness of computers as communications instruments, which implies some revolutions.

One popular new feature on the Net is AI's Associated Press service. From anywhere on the Net you can log in and get the news that's coming live over the wire or ask for all the items on a particular subject that have come in during the last 24 hours. Plus a fortune cookie. Project that to household terminals, and so much for newspapers (in present form).

Since huge quantities of information can be computer-digitized and transmitted, music researchers could, for example, swap records over the Net with "essentially perfect fidelity." So much for record stores (in present form).

I asked Alan Kay if Spacewar had been played over the Net. He said it's possible. I asked if there'd been international Spacewar yet, and was told a story. "There's a problem there of sending code groups. When Greenblatt's chess program reigned supreme, they tried to play one of the Russian chess programs. Instead of doing it by mail or using an international phone call they decided to do it by amateur radio. There's this federal statute against transmitting code groups of any kind, including chess moves. It took a long time to straighten that out. There was eventual communication with the Russians through a ham link in Switzerland."

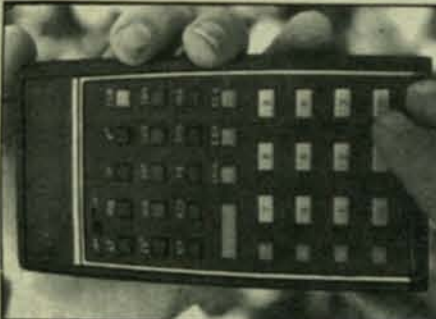
True hackers? Who won?

"Greenblatt's program won. It's called 'MAC Hack 6.' It was a Class C player, and has since been superseded by a couple of other programs." Poor Russia. Do they regret Sputnik and the dialectical forces it unleashed?

The western pole of the US electronics research and manufacturing axis is the San Francisco Peninsula; the eastern end is Boston's Route 128. The tilt of talent is westward.

Xerox Research Center is an idyll, a new building high on an oak-savannah golden foothill in Stanford's industrial park in Palo Alto, California, a blue-skied shimmering threatless landscape. "Every time I think of that place I start to scratch my balls. It makes me nervous," argues dome and solar designer Steve Baer from dusty Albuquerque, recalling that most of the evil he knows has emitted from similar ivory towers.

Alan Kay, 32, child prodigy (National Quiz Kid at ten), former musician and artist, worked with Ivan Suther-



And that is the general bent of research at Xerox, soft, away from hugeness and centrality, toward the small and the personal, toward putting maximum computer power in the hands of every individual who wants it.

In one direction this means the automated office, replacing paper, desk and phone with an interactive console—affording the possibility of doing the whole of city work in a country cottage. The basic medium here is the text manipulation system developed at Doug Engelbart's Augmentation Research Center, which, as Doug puts it, allows you to "fly" formerly unreachable breadths and depths of your information matrix of your knowledge. Ask for item so-and-so from your file; blink, there it is. Make some changes; it's changed. Designate keywords there and there; done. Request a definition of that word; blink, presented. Find a quote from a document in a friend's file; blink, blink, blink, found. Behind that statement add a substatement giving cross-references and cross-access; provided. Add a diagram and two photos; sized and added. Send the entire document to the attention of these people; sent. Plus one on paper to mail to Washington; gzzzap, hardcopy, with an addressed envelope.

That's for grownups. Alan Kay is more interested in us kids. He repudiates the manipulative arrogance of "Computer-Aided Instruction" and serves the dictum of Seymour Papert, "Should the computer program the kid or should the kid program the computer?"

Alan is designing a hand-held stand-alone interactive-graphic computer (about the size, shape and diversity of a Whole Earth Catalog, electric) called "Dynabook." It's mostly high-resolution display screen, with a keyboard on the lower third and various cassette-loading slots, optional hook-up plugs, etc. His colleague Bill English describes the fantasy thus:

"It stores a couple of million characters of text and does all the text handling for you—editing, viewing, scanning, things of that nature. It'll have a graphics capability which'll let you make sketches, make drawings. Alan wants to incorporate music in it so you can use it for composing. It has the Smalltalk language capability which lets people program their own things very easily. We want to interface them with a tinker-toy kind of thing. And of course it plays Spacewar."

The drawing capability is a program that Kay designed called "Paintbrush." Working with a stylus on the display screen, you reach up and select a shape of brush, then move the brush over and pick up a shade of halftone screen you like, then paint with it. If you make a mistake, paint it out with "white." The screen simultaneously displays the image you're working on and a one-third reduction of it, where the dot pattern becomes a shaded halftone.

A Dynabook could link up with other Dynabooks, with library facilities, with the telephone, and it could go and hide where a child hides. Alan is determined to keep the cost below \$500 so that school systems could provide Dynabooks free out of their textbook budgets. If Xerox Corporation decides to go with the concept and expand out of its office equipment rut, the Dynabooks could be available in two or three years, but that's up to Product Development, not Alan or the Research Center.

Peter Deutsch comments: "Processors and memories are getting smaller and cheaper. Five years ago the idea that 'the benefits are less than claim-

land and Dave Evans at Utah, presently a researcher at Xerox. Alan shifts comfortably in his office bean-bag chair and appraises his colleagues. "This is really a frightening group, by far the best I know of as far as talent and creativity. The people here all have track records and are used to dealing lightning with both hands."

Peter Deutsch, bearded and intent, 26, veteran of the early days at Project MAC, has served on every major front in computer science, now has a cubicle near Kay's at Xerox Research Center. Alan remarks on his neighbor, "Peter is in my opinion the world's greatest programmer. He's much more than a hacker, although he has some of that style. He's a virtuoso; his programs have very few mistakes. He has probably more written code running than anybody in the ARPA community."

But Peter doesn't work for ARPA any more. One who does, Smokey, at Stanford Research Institute Augmentation Research Center, tells Peter, "You get just a few more agates in that group and you'll have all the marbles."

—Continued on Next Page

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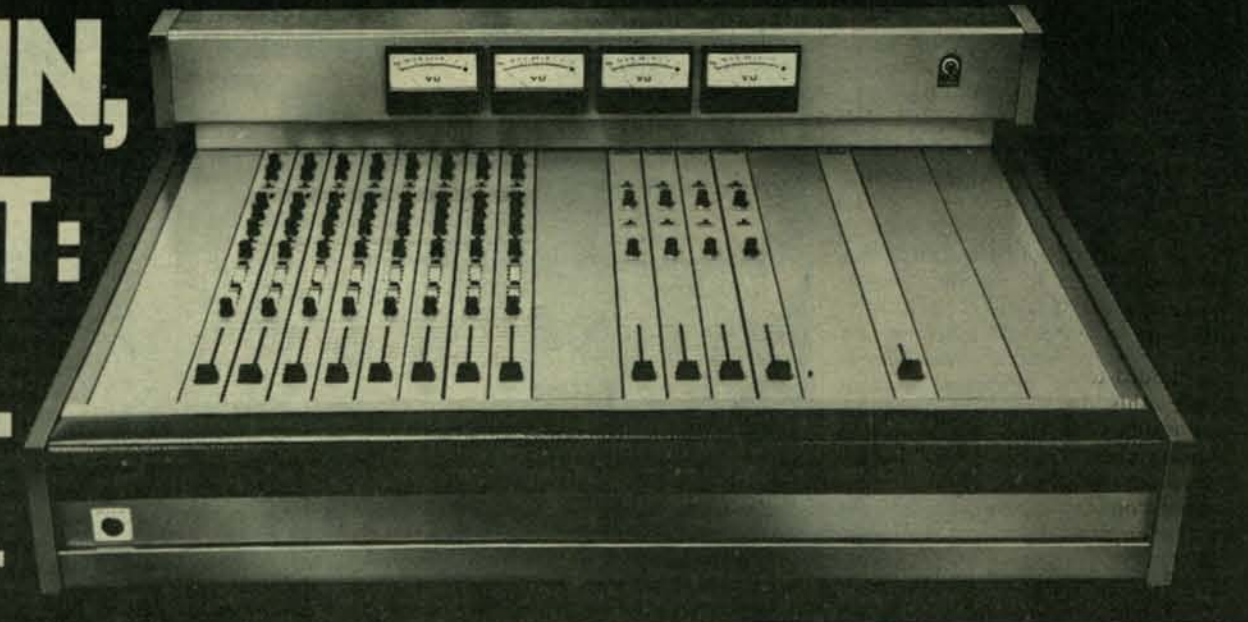
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A couple of Spacewar Olympians enjoy the free beer & an unauthorized TV screen production. Below, Pam Hart with her People's XDS 940: "People want to know about computers—not to use them, necessarily, but how they're used against them."

of a Dynabook would have been absolutely ridiculous. Now it merely seems difficult . . . The emergence of computers into society at large has come from a completely different quarter than you'd expect, namely the small calculating machine manufacturers. The current ultimate step in that direction is the Hewlett-Packard Pocket Calculator. They sell for \$400, and they're essentially a small computer with no program and very little storage. Wang Laboratories makes calculators which are really computers in all but name—they're programmable; they have lots of storage. . . . But still these things only reach thousands of people, not millions. They'll reach millions when computer power becomes like telephone power. . . . I think it's important to bring computing to the people."

Counter-computer

HOW MASS use of computers might go is not even slightly known as yet, except for obvious applications in the schools. One informative place to inquire is among the hackers, particularly at night when they're pursuing their own interests.

One night at a computer center (nameless) I wandered off from the Spacewar game to a clattering print-out machine where a (nameless) young man with a trim beard was scanning columns of entries like, "Pam \$1.59, Bud \$14.75, Annie \$2.66." He was an employee taking advantage of unbusy after hours time on the computer (computers are never turned off) to run his commune accounts.

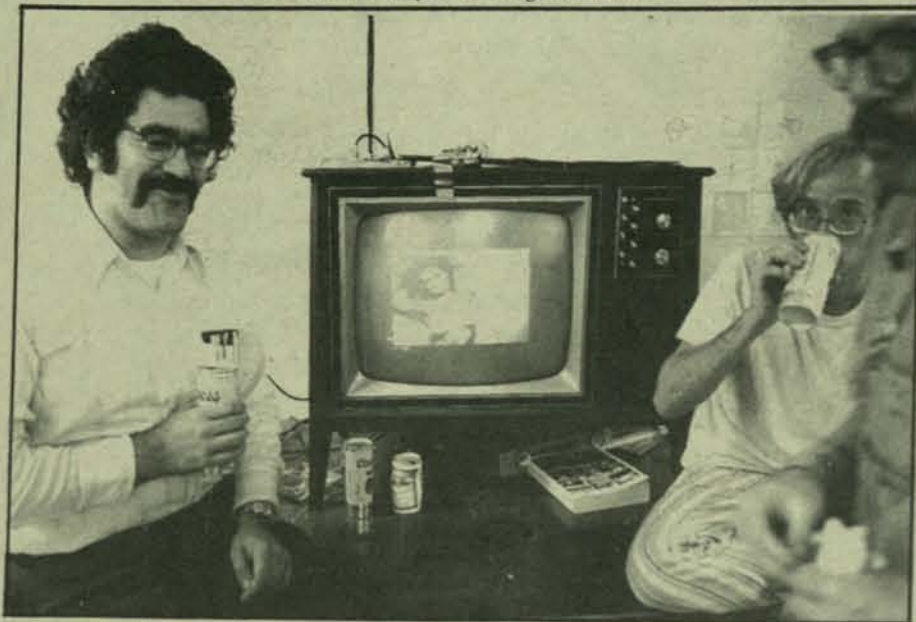
"Money seems to be a very sensitive issue," he explained, "more sensitive than sex, even. People in the house who went on vacation for a week didn't want to be charged for the food during that time and so forth. It was taking me hours and hours every month to figure out people's house bills. Now it takes about a half hour a month. Every week I stick up a list on the refrigerator, and anyone who buys food or anything for the house writes it down on the list. I type all that into the computer, along with the mortgage payment and the phone bills and the gas bill. The House Bill Program goes around and divides up the common charges and adds in all the special charges and figures out exactly who owes who how much. Each person at the end of the month gets a bill plus a complete breakdown of what their money goes to."

That's pretty good. What else goes on around here in moonlight mode?

"A friend of mine has his recording tape library index on the computer. Everyone does their term papers and their theses on it. It'll justify margins, incorporate corrections, handle illustrations, paging, footnotes, headings, indexing. . . . Two years ago when we had the great faculty strike against the War, we rigged up a program that would type out a form letter to all your congressmen and type in your name and address."

"Bruce is working on an astrology program. You put in your birthplace and date, down to the minute, and it gives you all your aspects, your chart. You can get your progress chart too. . . . One of the hackers is building a computer at home out of Army surplus parts, and he's using the facilities here to help his design, because we have this huge battery of computer design programs."

Indeed. Far beyond borrowing some-



one else's computer is having your own computer. Hear now the saga of Pam Hart and Resource One. In 1969 Pam was a computer programmer at Berkeley who found the work "just too disillusioning. Then during the Cambodia Invasion demonstrations in Berkeley a group of us got together and designed a retrieval program for coordinating all of the actions on campus. It was a fairly dead system, but what it did was it brought together people who had never worked together before and started them talking and thinking about how it was actually possible to do something positive with technology, when you define the goals."

Computing power to the people. So began one of the great hustles of modern times. Peter Deutsch is still awed: "Pam could hustle blood from a turnip." She speaks quietly in a hasty, gentle, self-effacing murmur. You have to lean close to hear the lady helping you help her to plant dynamite in the very heart of the Combine.

"Four of us came from Berkeley to Project One and set up in a little office

on the second floor. [Project One is a five-story warehouse in the south-of-Market area of San Francisco. It started in 1970 with a radio announcement: "If you're interested in building a community and cheap space and sharing resources, come to Project One." Within two weeks the building was filled with 200 artists, craftsmen, technicians and ex-professionals, and their families.] We worked on designing a retrieval system so all the switchboards in the City could interact, using a common data base, with all the care taken for privacy and knowing who put stuff in so you could refer back. Hopefully you could generate lists that were updated and be as on-line as possible."

"We found that it just did not work using borrowed time, stolen time, bought time—we couldn't afford it. So about a year later we set about getting surplus. After a couple of months of calling everybody in San Francisco that was related to computers, Transamerica said that they had three XDS 940s in a warehouse [each costing \$300,000 new].

"We negotiated the contract, got a 940 [free], which we refurbished. It arrived last April; we installed it in June. It was probably the fastest machine installation ever. We had it up in three days. We were really fortunate the whole time. We had a lot of people from Berkeley Computer Corporation, that have assisted us in areas where we weren't totally sure of the appropriate thing to do ourselves. Peter Deutsch brought up the operating system."

"Now we're a little more stable economically. We got a foundation grant of \$10,000 last November from Stern. Then we borrowed \$8000 from the Whole Earth Catalog, of which we paid back six. [News to me. This was part of the \$20,000 I had turned over to the mob at the Catalog Demise Party. One Fred Moore finally signed for \$15,000 of it and ran a series of subsequent consensus money decisions, which evidently were susceptible to Pam's soft voice and clear head.] After two years we're right there at the beginning point of actually being able to do the things that we said we wanted to do."

"One of the first things we have to do is have a retrieval system that's general enough that it can handle things like Switchboard referral information, also people who are doing investigative work on corporations, people doing research on foundations, a whole lot of different groups either willing or not willing to share data bases."

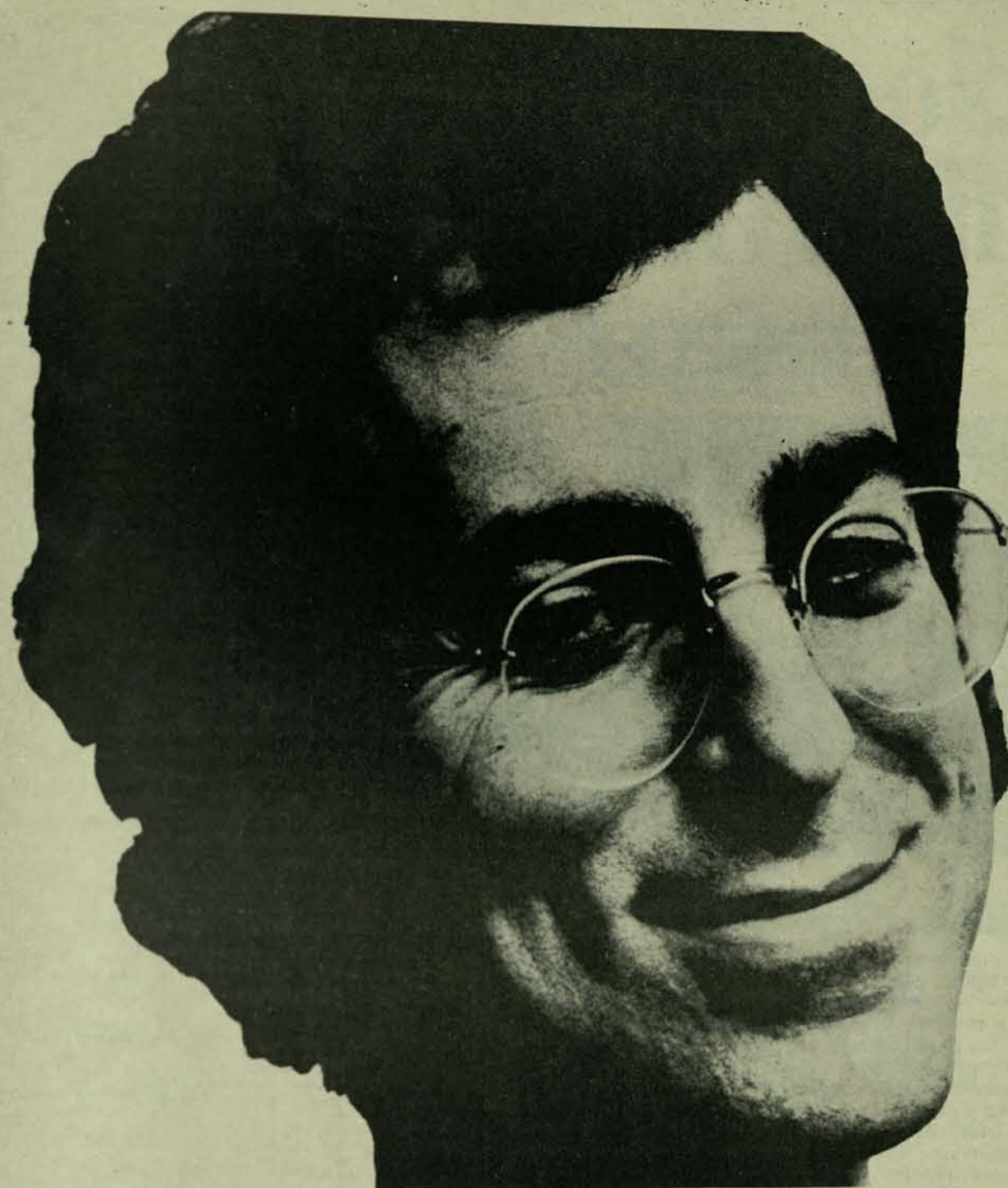
"We're interested in some health care statistical systems. There are a lot of Free Clinics in the city, and they have to do all of their work by hand. We want to incorporate a system doing statistical work for the clinics, charging the Health Centers that have money and not charging the Free Clinics that don't have money."

"A third area is using government-generated tapes like assessor's tapes and census tapes, and start trying to do some analysis of the city. And the education program. The ideas include what Dymax is doing—set up a little recreation center where people could come and play games and hopefully some of them would be learning games. And then I'm interested in doing community education with video tape. People want to know about computers, not how to use them, necessarily, but how they're used against them."

Counter-computer. At present there are ten people in the core group at Resource One ranging in age from 19 to 30 (Pam is 25), with decisions made by consensus.

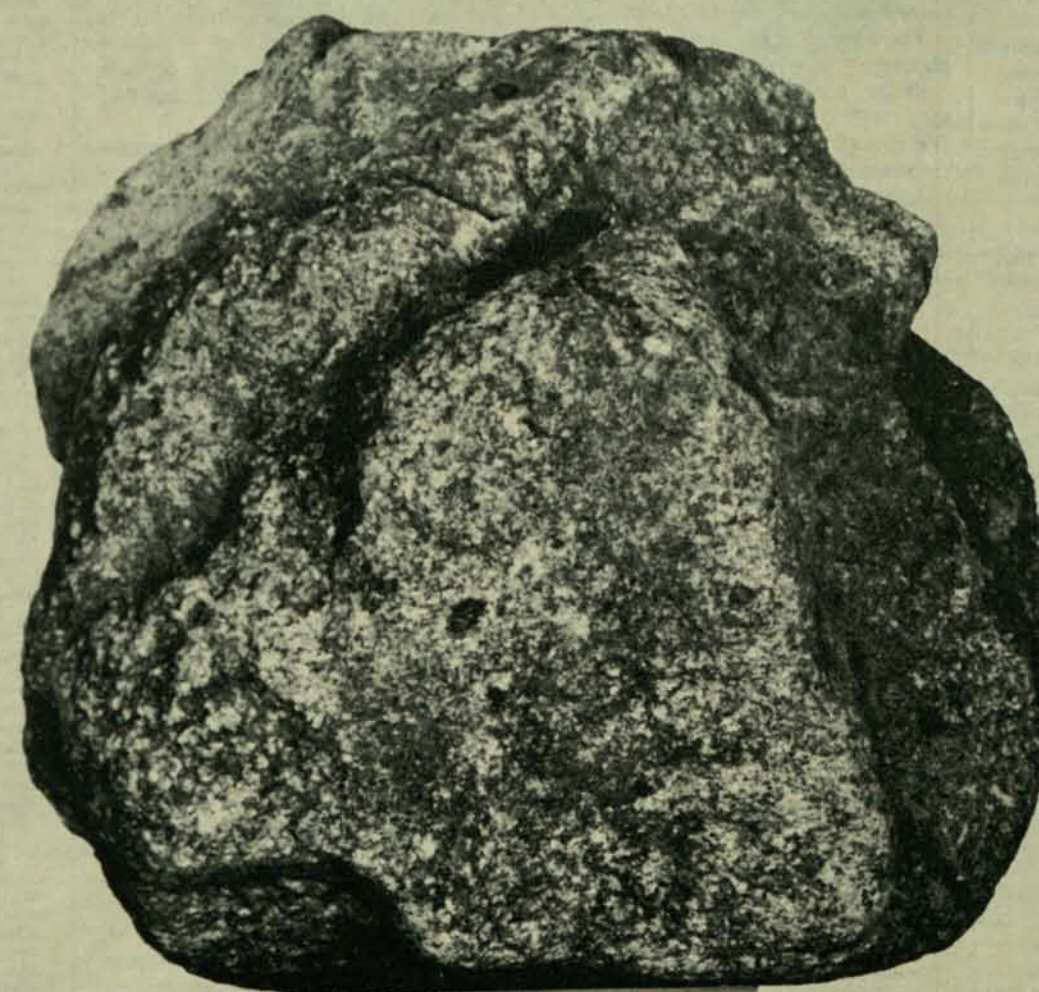
Another scheme in the works involves the people around Steve Beck at the National Center for Experiments in Television a few blocks away. Steve has built the world's first real-time video synthesizer—the video equivalent of the Moogs, Buchlas, and Arps of music synthesis. It's a natural to link up with a computer. The current plan is for Steve and his equipment to move into the basement below Resource One, which should live up the scene—Pam's gang is short on true hacker time-wasting frivolity; they're warm, but rather stodgier than some of the Government-funded folks. Maybe the video link-up will give us some higher levels of Spacewar on the way to exploring new territory entirely. In what directions the computer-use at Resource One evolves should be of interest. If I were a computer manufacturer I'd pay the closest attention and maybe donate some goodies.

John Simon's Journey



After thinking about his second album for more than a year, John Simon one day gathered a highly compatible array of horns and rhythm instruments in a New York City studio. The next three days overflowed with music, enough to provide some 52 minutes worth of goodies for *Journey*, John Simon's second Warner Bros. album. In it he sings of delights and dismays, of King Lear and poems to eat, of humid gloom and the stuff that makes sunny days, accompanying himself all the while on delectable piano. Give John Simon's *Journey* the destination it deserves: your ears.

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Control and Spontaneity

I'M NO manufacturer, but I'm a hungry enough potential user to pretend briefly that I know what I'm talking about and run a trial polemic . . .

Until computers come to the people we will have no real idea of their most natural functions. Up to the present their cost and size has kept them in the province of rich and powerful institutions, who, understandably, have developed them primarily as bookkeeping, sorting and control devices. The computers have been a priceless aid in keeping the lid on top-down organization. They are splendidly impressive as oracles of (programmable) Truth, the lofty voice of unchallengeable authority.

In fact, computers don't know shit. Their special talent in the direction of intelligence is the ability to make elaborate models and fiddle with them, to answer in detail questions that begin "What if . . . ?" In this they parallel (and can help) the acquiring of intelligence by children. But the basic fact of computer use is "Garbage In, Garbage Out"—if you feed the computer nonsense, it will dutifully convert your mistake into insanity-cubed and feed it back to you. Children are different—"Garbage In, Food Out" is common with them. Again, the benefits of variant parallel systems. Computer function is mostly one-track-mind, in which inconsistency is intolerable. The human mind functions on multiple tracks (not all of them accessible); it can tolerate and even thrive on inconsistency.

I suggest that the parallel holds for the overall picture of computer use. Where a few brilliantly stupid computers can wreak havoc, a host of modest computers (and some brilliant ones) serving innumerable individual purposes can be healthful, can repair havoc, feed life. (Likewise, 20 crummy speakers at once will give better sound fidelity than one excellent speaker—try it.)

Spacewar serves Earthpeace. So does any funky playing with computers or any computer-pursuit of your own peculiar goals, and especially any use of computers to offset other computers. It won't be so hard. The price of hardware is coming down fast, and with the new CMOS chips (Complementary Metal Oxide Semiconductor integrated circuits) the energy-drain of major computing drops to flashlight-battery level.

Part of the grotesqueness of American life in these latter days is a subservience to Plan that amounts to panic. What we don't intend *shouldn't* happen. What happens anyway is either blamed on our enemies or baldly ignored. In our arrogance we close our ears to voices not our rational own, we reject the princely gifts of spontaneous generation.

Spacewar as a parable is almost too pat. It was the illegitimate child of the mating of computers and graphic displays. It was part of no one's grand scheme. It served no grand theory. It was the enthusiasm of irresponsible youngsters. It was disreputably competitive. ("You killed me, Tovar!") It was an administrative headache. It was merely delightful.

Yet Spacewar, if anyone cared to notice, was a flawless crystal ball of things to come in computer science and computer use:

1) It was intensely interactive in real time with the computer.



The Resource One crowd: And moving into the basement—the inventor of the world's first real-time video equivalent of a Moog Synthesizer

- 2) It encouraged new programming by the user.
- 3) It bonded human and machine through a responsive broadhand interface of live graphics display.
- 4) It served primarily as a communication device between humans.
- 5) It was a game.
- 6) It functioned best on stand-alone equipment (and disrupted multiple-user equipment).
- 7) It served human interest, not machine. (Spacewar is trivial to a computer.)
- 8) It was delightful.

In those days of batch processing and passive consumerism (data was something you sent to the manufacturer, like color film), Spacewar was heresy, uninvited and unwelcome.

The hackers made Spacewar, not the planners.

When computers become available to everybody, the hackers take over: We are all Computer Bums, all more empowered as individuals and as co-operators. That might enhance things . . . like the richness and rigor of spontaneous creation and of human interaction . . . of sentient interaction.

Appendix I Access to Computers

As Andy Moorer puts it, "Basically all you have to do is read a book on computer programming, and you're an instant computer scientist." Alan Kay insists that most of computer science can be mastered in one year of close attention. That's how young a science it is.

The main thing is getting with computers. If you live near a university or have family in a business that uses computers, you may be able to wangle moonlight time and informal instruction.

If you're in school (college, high school, grade or Free) it shouldn't be too hard to con them into buying some decent equipment—tell them they can use it for school accounts at night. According to Bob Albrecht of Dymax (People's Computer Company), the best school computers are from DEC and H-P: "Both of these companies have made a real commitment. They have qualified educational staffs, they're developing new stuff, they've got credibility." Write to:

• David Ahl, Digital Equipment Corporation, 146 Main St., Maynard, Mass. 01754

• Ed McCracken, Hewlett-Packard, 11000 Wolf Rd., Cupertino, Ca. 95014
DEC has what they call Edu Systems, three families of computers ranging from a single-terminal PDP-8 (\$7K [\$7000]); can handle up to 16 terminals to the big PDP-10 (\$500K). And H-P has their 2000-series, ranging from the 2000E (\$50K) to the 2000C (\$300K).

Some school systems are starting miniature ARPA Nets. Bob Albrecht reports, "Minnesota may become the first state to have a statewide network where every kid will have access to a computer. There are more than 200 schools already tied into the network. And Long Island has a consortium with 40 schools on a PDP-10."

Finally, there are starting to be places where you can step in off the street and compute, and some of these have newsletters, games, etc., that they can send you. Write to:

• Bob Albrecht, People's Computer Center, Box 310, Menlo Park, Ca. 94025 (Publishes a splendid newsletter on recreational and educational uses of computers.)

• Bob Kahn, Lawrence Hall of Science, University of California, Berkeley, Ca. 94720 (16 terminals available at 50 cents an hour. Publishes a newsletter, has some interesting games.)

• Rusty Whitney, Oregon Museum of Science and Industry, 4015 SW Canyon Rd., Portland, Oregon 97221 (Public access computers. Has better software for the PDP-8 than DEC has.)

If you're looking for good computer science in a college, the best is Carnegie-Mellon at Pittsburgh, then Stanford and MIT, with Utah, Cal Tech and Illinois following. The college that exposes more of its students to computer use than anyone is Dartmouth.

II Your Own Spacewar

Though no one has done it yet, Alan Kay is convinced a modest Spacewar could be built cheap: "You can do motion with a couple of integrators. Heathkit has this 16-integrator analogue computer you can build as a kit for 700 bucks or something like that. You have to have two layers of integrators to get an inverse-square law, so you should be able to get gravity and orbits with that one. To make space-ship outlines and explosion patterns you need a few bits of digital memory. Two chips worth of register file should

do it. I think electronics stores may carry the chips.

"The controls for Spacewar are trivial. The simplest way is to go to a radio control store—like for model airplanes—and get the front end of the radio controller, which has two sets of joysticks and the pots and everything else. You can use those as the inputs to the analogue computer. They only cost something like thirty bucks." Once you have the computer, your own or someone else's, you can write your own Spacewar program or start with this one of Kay's:

```
to ship: size
penup, left 180, forward 2 " size, right 90
forward 1 " size, right 90
pendown, forward 4 " size, right 30, forward
2 " size
right 120, forward 2 " size
right 30, forward 4 " size
right 30, forward 2 " size
right 120, forward 2 " size
left 150, forward size * 2 * sqrt 3
left 330, forward size * 2
right 60, forward size * 2
left 330, forward size * 2 * sqrt 3
penup, left 90, forward size, right 90,
forward 2 " size
```

```
and to
to flame: size
penup, left 180, forward 2 * sqrt 3, pendown
triangle size, forward 5 " size
triangle 1.5 " size, forward 5 " size
triangle 2 " size, forward 5 " size
triangle 1 " size, forward 1 " size
etc.
```

```
and to
to flash
etc.
to retro
etc.
to torp
etc.
```

```
to spaceship: pilot thrust steer trigger
use numtorps location (x y) speed direction
repeat
moveship
if trigger and numtorps < 3
then create torpedo speed direction location
torpash self
display ship
pause until clock = time + movelag
end to
```

```
to moveship
make speed be speed * (appscale * thrust)
make direction be direction + (dirscale * steer)
rem 360
make location: x be location: x + (iscale * speed
* cos direction) rem 1024
make location: y be location: y + (iscale * speed
* sin direction) rem 1024
```

```
end to
to display: obj
penup, move to location, turn direction
create obj: size
if thrust > 0 then create flame: size
if thrust < 0 then create retro flame: size
pause until clock = time + framelag
end to
```

```
to torpash: object
find all (create spaceship: s)
if object = s
and /object location: x = s location: x/
< close
and /object location: y = s location: y/
< close
then explode s, explode obj
```

```
end to
to explode: object
penup, move to: object location
flash
finish object
end to
```

```
to torpedo: speed direction location
use thrust 0
bump numtorps
moveship
if not (0 < location: x < 1024 and 0 < location: y
< 1024)
then debump numtorps, finish self
torpash self
display: torp
end to
```

```
to start
repeat ask "how many will be playing?" times
create spaceship ask "pilot's name?"
stick (make an be ask "stick number?") y
stick an x
stick an but
```

```
end repeat
if (make char be ask) = "s" then done
find all (create spaceship: x)
start x
end to
```

```
"start
how many will be playing?
2 pilot's name?
Jimmy stick number?
2 pilot's name?
Bill stick number?
3
```

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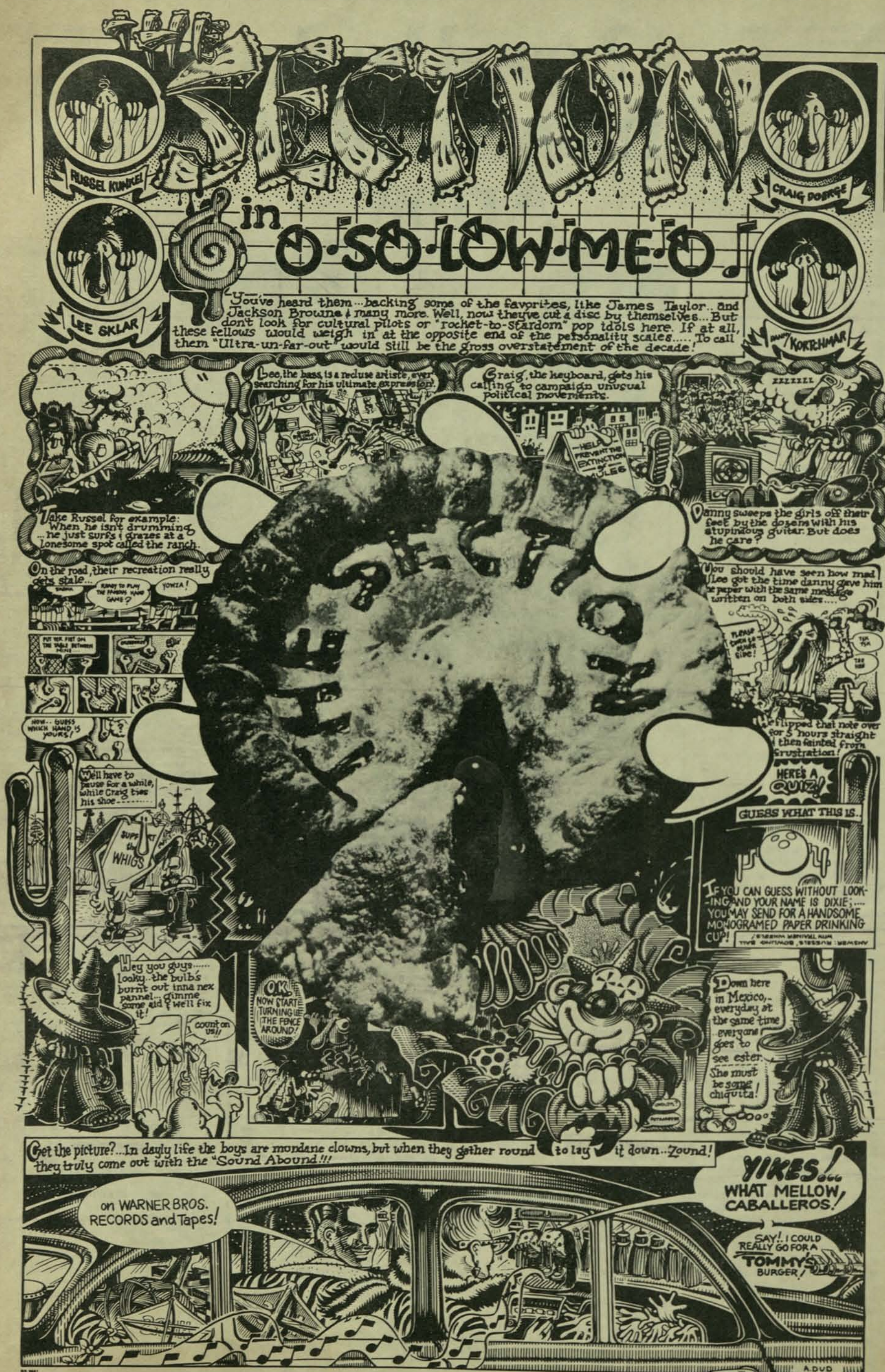
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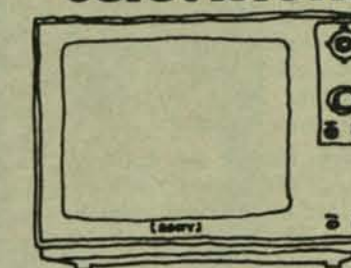
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RECORDS



Miles & Carlos: Music of philosophy and the street

On the Corner
Miles Davis
Columbia KC 31906

Caravanserai
Santana
Columbia 31610

BY RALPH J. GLEASON

The Street's the same in New York or Frisco. It leads to heaven or hell, maybe both, and what comes down around you depends on how you travel just as much as where you're coming from.

In that sense, Miles Davis from St. Louis by way of jazz and Carlos Santana from San Francisco by way of rock have a great deal more in common than either may realize. These are philosophical albums, if one may be permitted to apply that adjective to musical composition and performance. Both albums express a view of life as well as a way of life through the construction of sounds, some improvised and some deliberate and pre-considered. We may never know (and I am not sure it makes a difference) which sounds are which. All that really matters is the music itself.

Miles is a magician. When almost all of his contemporaries not only dismissed rock but R&B as somehow beneath their notice (for which read rival for geetz and gigs), Miles bought Sly Stone records and went to hear Jimi Hendrix. Anybody who doubts this doesn't have to ask Miles. He tells you all about it in his music. It's hard to be bar-by-bar specific about this, but the mood, the coloration, the sound, the particular rhythms juxtaposed against other rhythms from time to time evoke an immediate flash of Sly, as does the low, growling sound (which I suppose must come from one of the arcane rhythmic instruments Miles employs). When the latter appears, it sounds for one brief

second (if you're away from the speaker or the volume is turned down a bit) just like the way Sly's voice sounds on "Spaced Cowboy."

Miles' album plays through almost without a pause even though the tracks are separated by bands. The groove runs quickly across the band or else the music continues into and out of it, I simply can't tell. In any case, the music is laid out there for you as an integral whole, not a series of individual compositions arbitrarily selected and juxtaposed. They fit, like the movement of a long, planned work, and Miles plays them in this manner as well.

Throughout the album, there is extensive use of a variety of rhythmic sounds. Shakers, claves, cowbells, weird and exotic drums, wetted thumbs drawn across tight-skin drumheads, anything traditional or invented which could make a sound that seemed to Miles to fit. Electronics include keyboards, guitar and a device on Miles' horn. Despite the fact that the sound of Miles' trumpet is heard less on this album than perhaps on any of his others, the totality of the music is possibly under even greater control. He wrote all the compositions and, I believe, personally edited and overdubbed or whatever else was done in the studio to produce the multiplex recording in which polyrhythms play such an important part.

In spite of the separation into tracks and the titling of them, I am inclined to think that one will not play excerpts from this album unless Columbia slices a single out of it (which could be the final track, "Mr. Freedom X") because the music goes so well as a whole story. It is so lyrical and rhythmic. Miles' own horn, as well as the soprano saxophone of Carlos Garnett, pro-

duces loving sounds. But the impact of the whole is greater than the sum of any part.

It is music of the streets, as I said, and as such it has the throb of the street as well as the beauty of a rose in Spanish Harlem. It is music which celebrates street life as well as the beauty of life itself, and it brings together (and celebrates the individual beauty of the rhythms of) many different cultures. Even the guitar sounds of David Creamer and the keyboards of Herbie Hancock and Harold I. Williams are utilized in the creation of a lyric feeling and lyric sound without laying them out in linear fashion. This music is more about feelings than notes, as Donald Ayler once remarked.

The use of the amplified sitar (Colin Wolcott) and the variety of rhythm sounds from James Mtume, Badal Roy (tabla), Billy Hart and Jack deJohnette is magnificent. Mike Henderson's bass turns out time after time to be responsible for some of the most elusive sounds on the record. This is music to live with in a variety of moods and circumstances and in listening to it, what comes back depends on the mood and the circumstance as well as on the degree to which the listener is able to open up and hear without a priori conception or assumption.

It is easy to segue from Miles to Santana or vice versa. *Caravanserai*, while it is different from all of Santana's previous work, still has enough of the Santana original sound to provide familiarity. Carlos himself has as individual a sound on guitar as Miles does on trumpet and you hear him singing away on his strings on and off throughout the LP.

But this time, instead of the hard-edged, almost frenetic

stomp of the previous Santana, there is much more emphasis on the romantic, lyrical and celebration-evoking sound; but the Latin excitement is still there. I think Santana is reaching for a spiritual feeling throughout. This feeling is implicit in jazz, though sometimes disguised, but jazz is always positive: To swing is to affirm, as Father Kennard, S.J., once said. Santana affirms herein and speaks directly to the universality of man, both in the sound of the music and in the vocals. The hard, street-edged sound comes in when Armando Peraza (along with Mongo Santamaria, the greatest living Cuban bongo and conga drummer, at least living in this country) appears on, appropriately, "La Fuente del Ritmo," and, to a lesser degree, on "Stoneflower," the Jobim song.

Horns appear only in Hadley Caliman's opening statement and briefly in the back of the last song, "Every Step of the Way." There are no purely Eastern instruments such as tablas or sitars, but the sustained sound and the singing feeling is similar. "Song of the Wind" is, as of this writing, the one which is getting played on the air because of its magnificently soaring lyric line. But the whole album deserves the same kind of attention. To put down, as some critics have, Carlos' conception and sound is to define beauty from a very narrow view; Carlos need never play another note to rank as one of the most satisfyingly beautiful players of his instrument for his work on this album alone.

On almost every track, Jose Chepito Areas plays timbales and blends the razor-edged percussive sound of the small single-head drum into the general rhythmic mix of the bigger ones and the bongos magnificently. The bulk of the

conga drumming is from a fine percussionist, James Mingo Lewis, and Mike Shrieve not only aided in some of the composition of material for the album, but continues to demonstrate that he is gifted with a unique ability to fit the sounds from the standard trap drum set into Latin music without losing its individuality.

Both of these albums, incidentally, are produced in such a way as to derive maximum effect from stereo. They should be listened to on earphones for the best results. There you find your mind blown repeatedly by the sound traversing the speaker line from left to right and reverse for a very unusual effect. Repeatedly, Carlos lays out charming and moving melodic lines as the music swells and climaxes to swell again. Like the Miles LP, it can be played from start to finish and probably should be, because, again, it is a whole composition in performance, with the bands between the tracks almost irrelevant. On "El Fuente del Ritmo," Tom Coster plays a magnificent electric piano solo with Armando coming on up and under him and evolving into furious ensemble rhythm. Neither Miles nor Carlos insists on dominating the album with his own playing. Carlos does not even appear on guitar on "Eternal Caravan of Rein-carnation," playing percussion instead. Gregg Rolie, the organist who wrote some of the music with Shrieve and Santana (Neal Schon, Lewis, Tom Rutley, Douglas Rauch, Jose Chepito Areas also were involved in the compositions of various tracks), performs consistently throughout bringing, along with Carlos' guitar sound, a kind of consistent tone to the music.

I have been playing these LPs back to back for days now with increasing enjoyment. Try it. You'll like it.



Volume 4
Black Sabbath
Warner Bros. BS 2602

BY TOM CLARK

As the Sabs poured into "Wheels of Confusion" like giant gobs of wet cement gushing from the heavens in the never-ending sameness of a taffy-pull performed by mutants, people began pouring into my house. One by one they instantly began digging the Sabs, nodding, heavy dudes one and all. Everyone picked up that old Sab neck-wobble trip where your head sort of rocks back and forth on your neck python-fash, right? Where the organ comes in over the big slow power chords; no it's not an organ, call it a component, yah, straight out of the Middle fucking Ages! Sorta walks right on out. Like some giant prehistoric plant learning how to walk... right over your house... so boogie while you can. But you can't lose that dyno chthonic zoomout riff 'cos it's right there in the middle of the next song, "Tomorrow's Dream," which got us so zonked we felt absolutely heavy. The cat did too. Then on into a foxy sorta Carole King piano folk song or something, whew, "Changes," kind of David Bowie we guessed, hey orchestra right? What? Went its evil way? Ooh. The room got kind of deep and spacey, brown all over, and the notes then sounded sorta white coming out of that... y'know? Like a snowfall? It went on forever. We could dig it. Like we dig chewing gum made out of caulking compound. Right? So then can you conceive of a piercing tone followed by reverberating percussion noises called "FX," huh, that was the next tune, then we got tight with some heavy familiar Sab vibes again, swimming right up there to deep space where nothing hears or talks, right? "Super-naut." My sister had a vision of electronic buffalo ranches on Uranus, so help me. The drum solo in this song did it to her. Also, my watch stopped. But the Sabs didn't. Who needs a watch? I ripped it off my wrist & stomped on it. Slowly. Crunch. Side one groaned to a close, but soon side two followed it, without delay adhering to the walls of the septum—the total "icicles in my brain" riff—right—"Snowblind," no less—climbing those big staircases made out of vanilla fudge, right up into your mind—so feed your nose, hey? God's a Fuzz Tone, right? The Abominable Snowman? Hey. La Fucking Brea! The tar pits was a heavy scene, right? Ask

Freud or Dave Crosby. What a streaming feast of nerve gobble anyhow! But on with the snow, I mean show. Time for a Pez break. Whew. Monster slowness of the unelusive strikes again: "Cornucopia." I about fell out. Ten-ton dogs snarled in the mouth of the volcano. Storms of liquid metal blasted their way into the soap factory. Soaring zoos, etc. Then on to babies' time; breakfast on a sleigh in Hawaii with violins, titled "Laguna Sunrise." All sweet lime stripes across a popsicle spiced with Quaaludes, right. A million artichokes can't be wrong. Dreaming in the sun with their eyes open? Sweet music must end. Grunting, we tumble on into the new dance craze, you guessed it, "St. Vitus Dance." You drive me nervous. Pieces of hair got into my mouth during this one. Same old power saw on Venus move, lovely. "Under the Sun" starts out slow, like dinosaurs yawning, then it speeds up a little. Or does it? I can't tell. Fantastic four-second guitar solo by a gorilla in there somewhere, right—beautiful—gorilla! The Sabs pour it on, man, it's right near the end of the record now and here's a great three-second drum solo by a polar bear, no shit! Put mud in my ears if I lie! I can dig it! Great buncha chords there too, I couldn't chose better myself, whew, we're thudding down toward the ultimate rip chord now. Gotcha. Over and out. Molten rocks hurtling across space imitating the origin of the universe, you dig? Ah, lay those chord slabs on my grave... whew. The Sabs are genius.



Sniper and Other Love Songs
Harry Chapin
Elektra EKS-75042

BY STEPHEN HOLDEN

"I been feeling sorry for myself, but you know I was only lonely, like everybody else." That line, from "Sunday Morning Sunshine," *Sniper's* opening cut, pretty much sums up Harry Chapin's vision of life. No singer/songwriter, not even Rod McKuen, apothecizes romantic self-pity with such shameless vulgarity. Not only does Chapin write about it obsessively, he will, at a moment's notice, trash his own lumpy songs by howling in a voice that is both ear-splitting and off-pitch. The most that I can say for this kind of wretched excess is that it is impossible for one to remain emotionally neutral to it. Chapin has the courage of his convictions, and the sheer insistency with which he advertises his case of emotional diarrhea does carry some energy and invoke some sympathy.

Unfortunately, the enormous success of his first album, *Heads and Tales* (it was on the charts for well over half a year), has had the effect of further exacerbating his worst tendencies. Here, he goes the limit in presuming to project his own maudlin sensibility onto other personae. The album's grotesque nine-and-a-half-minute *piece de resistance*, "Sniper," is an incredibly pretentious sub-musical "epic" based on the notorious Texas tower incident of a few years back. Replete with tricked-up sound effects, interior monologue, flashbacks and pop Freud (it all goes back to Mom, of course), "Sniper" must represent some kind of all-time low in tasteless overproduction. Just as awful is "Better Place to Be," a seven-and-a-half-minute Saroyan-esque barroom soap opera in which Chapin's fictional "common people" wallow mawkishly in shared loneliness (Harry invariably pronounces it "lawwnliness"): "And if you want me to come with you then that's all right with me 'cause I know I'm going nowhere and anywhere's a better place to be." Then there is "Burning Herself," the story of a woman who compulsively scars her body with lighted cigarettes: "Or was it that the pain slicing through her like a knife was easier to take than the emptiness of life?"

No doubt some will find all of this socially meaningful and even personally cathartic. Harry goes to great lengths in trying to evoke a dark, inchoate strain of American life and make it "art." What does him in is his own overweening self-pity, which distorts and demeans his apparently sincere intentions.



All the Young Dudes
Mott the Hoople
Columbia KC 31750

BY BUD SCOPPA

Taking what does not belong to you is a crucial part of the process of creating rock & roll: Exploiting proven riffs, phrases and hooks, then adding a few twists of your own—that's how it works and that's how it's always worked. Only nobody made a big thing about it until Mott the Hoople came along. They've never made any attempt to camouflage the sources of their music; on the contrary, they have glorified the practice of musical thievery. Mott's first album, on which the group introduced its felonious approach with furious, shameless abandon, is a genuine tour de force. The group took the specifics that the Stones used to create their drive and that Procol Harum used to get that thunder and flamboyantly superimposed

ed these over a style that bore every plane and angle to be found in Dylan's "Like a Rolling Stone." And their song choices: Hearing some irreverent English punk doing a startlingly well-executed deadpan Dylan over a surging *Highway 61* instrumental track on an old Sonny and Cher novelty tune is an experience as ironically apt—and as oddly touching—as the whole idea is ironically comic.

And if Mott the Hoople let its high-spirited plays on middle Dylan degenerate into heavy-handed near-obsession over the course of albums two or three, the group made up for it early this year with the rip-roaring *Brain Capers*. There was still a definite Dylanesque aspect in singer Ian Hunter's vocals and in the keyboard-cascade crescendos, but for the first time it was doled out with care rather than with the usual unchecked fury. Just as important, the group regained its sense of humor about itself and about its sources (the pairing of Dylan and the Tijuana Brass was especially nice).

But after four albums, the Hooples still hadn't gained much of an audience: Their label, Atlantic, unloaded them, and morale was so low that there was serious talk of calling it quits. At the critical moment, along came David Bowie, who liked the group very much and wanted to produce its next album. Bowie, who is as smart in the studio as he is flamboyant on stage, endeavored to help Mott tie up its few remaining musical loose ends with a much-needed commercial boost by supplying them with a finely written, brilliantly arranged single, "All the Young Dudes," which seems likely to become Mott's first hit, adding to their image a modicum of trendiness they never would've been able to cultivate on their own.

For the album, producer Bowie has taken thinning shears to Mott's wild, thick sound and given it a smoother, more streamlined shape. On *All the Young Dudes*, you won't find any more of those tracks that build unremittingly to full roars and so remain.

The tracks here are of moderate length, and you can distinctly hear the individual elements throughout each. The first time through, I was surprised to find the group's treatment of the Velvet Underground classic, "Sweet Jane," with its obvious powerhouse potential, subdued to the point of understatement. It doesn't hit you over the head and flail you as you'd expect it to in Mott's hammy hands—it practically beguiles. By using a muted setting as he does here, Bowie lets heretofore unnoticed aspects of the band's approach come to the surface: Hunter is no longer just a clever impersonator—he's turned into a convincing singer, a fact that didn't register earlier because his voice was rarely separable from the group's enveloping sound. Hunter offhandedly strolls his way through "Sweet Jane,"

with more than a trace of mannered Bowie inflection and Lou Reed talky Dylan-ness added to his own thoroughly Dylanized style.

Mick Ralphs, who along with Hunter has been responsible for most of the group's original material, is finally given some space to play his guitar apart from the rest of the group; his usually double-tracked guitar work is one of the album's strongest facets. Ralphs' high, clean backing vocals, juxtaposed with Hunter's crude, personal singing, form a balanced, compelling vocal sound, and Ralphs' lead vocal on his own "Ready for Love" is the best he's ever done.

Fortunately, Bowie has chosen not to tamper with the two most endearing qualities of Mott the Hoople: The group's irreverent, seemingly unconscious punk humor, and the closely related sense of knowing just what to rip off from whom and where to use it. The intro to Hunter's "Jerkin' Crocus" will trick the inattentive into thinking they're hearing the Stones launching into "Brown Sugar" (although it develops into a crisp, appealing song on its own terms, featuring a just-right *whooo-oo-oo* vocal embellishment following Hunter into the choruses, a nice touch the group would never have thought of without Bowie's help). The Stones steal gets your attention, as does the playing off of a Keith Richards-style tense, ringing guitar against a power-chorded Led Zeppelin guitar-bass boom in "One of the Boys." And what Hoople album would be complete without Hunter, back in full Dylan regalia, badmouthing some not-so-sweet young thing ("Mama's Little Jewel," by Hunter and bass player Overend Watts). The new element of sexual ambiguity may be in deference to the producer or in quest of attention, but whatever the reason it's almost as funny to hear this pseudo-Dylan struggle with sexual identity as it is to hear that other one hawking "Golden Protest" on the *National Lampoon* album.

Between the Bowie and Reed tunes, the two bows to the Stones, the latest variation on *Highway 61* and the irresistible "Ready for Love" (there's also the haunting, sad Hunter ballad, "Sea Diver," giving the album a somber, mystic ending), there's an extravagant amount of power-driven, hook-laden rock & roll on *All the Young Dudes*. Bowie deserves plenty of credit for the cleaning and refining, but he had plenty to work with: Now they've got everything, and they're bound to make it on the strength of this record. I just hope they can take what Bowie's given them and move off in a direction of their own, rather than staying in his shadow. I also hope they never get so pleased with themselves that they try to be overtly ambitious or original. When it comes right down to it, you are what you steal, and Mott the Hoople has stolen extremely well.

RECORDS

JESSE WINCHESTER



THIRD DOWN, 110 TO GO

Third Down, 110 To Go
Jesse Winchester
Bearsville BR-2101

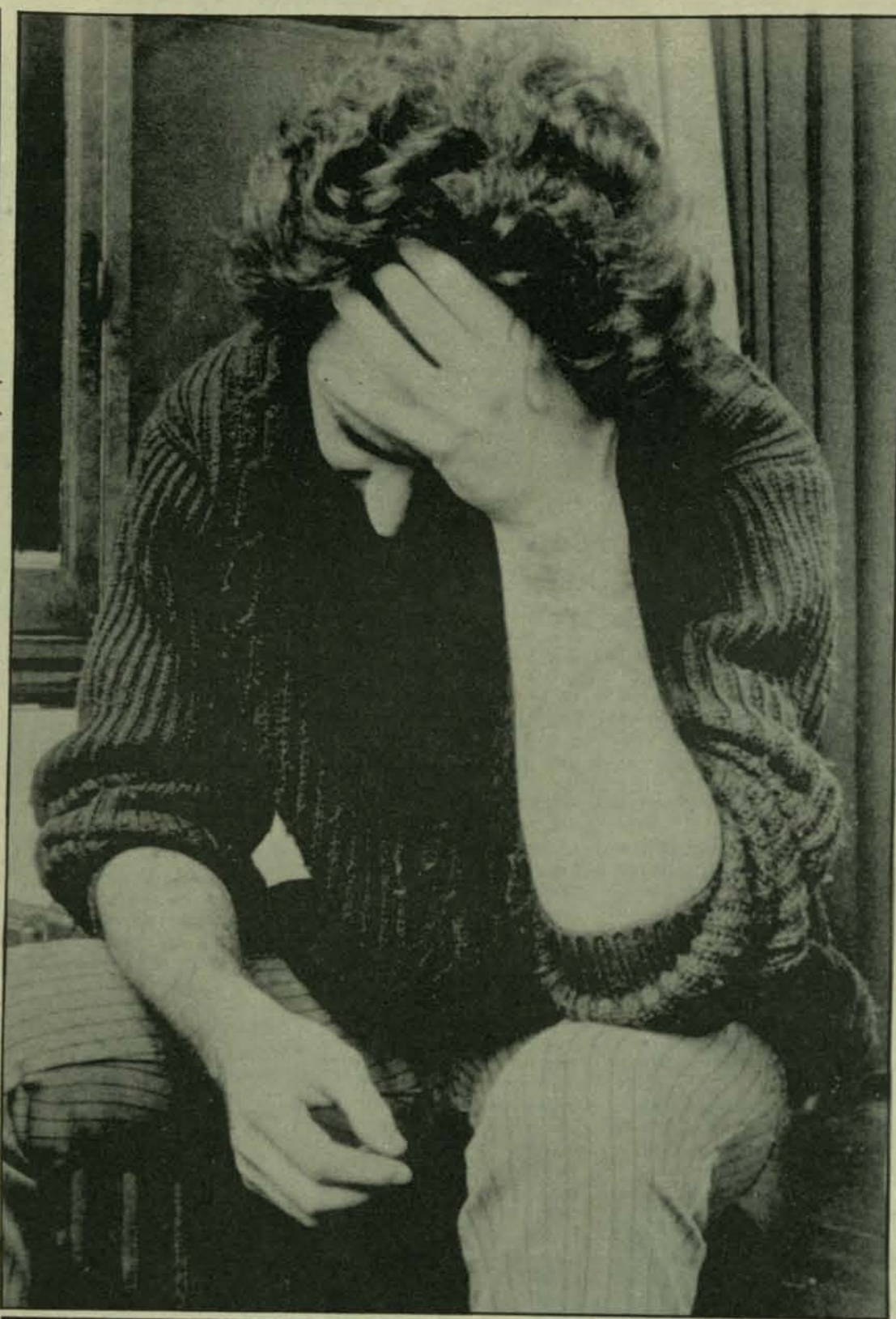
BY STEPHEN DAVIS

In the early spring of 1970, the American public was made aware that living in draft-imposed exile in Quebec was a young singer and poet named Jesse Winchester. He was born in Louisiana, lived most of his life in Memphis and emigrated to Canada in 1967 to avoid being part of the American genocide machine. The story goes that the Band's Robbie Robertson heard a couple of Jesse's tunes and went on to get the man a recording contract and produced his fine first album, the one on Ampex with such songs as "Payday" and "Yankee Lady" and Jesse's gaunt, slightly disturbing but handsome visage staring out at you from four sides of the double sleeve.

Jesse's second album, *Third Down, 110 To Go* comes to us more than two years after the first, and it seems as though the wait was well worthwhile: Were I to let myself go I could ramble on for five or six pages about the low-keyed, gentle genius of the record, how I could feel justified in calling it the best single album of the year even though there are a couple months left, how Jesse cuts almost every other singer/songwriter currently on the boards, about how, like the sluggard I am, I haven't been doing much these days except sitting around drinking wine with my friends and playing *Third Down* over and over for them.

What's going on here is the emergence into full bloom of perhaps the most important voice of our young decade, a poet with the image power of a Dylan or Mitchell, a singer with the strength and range we simply have not heard before from a contemporary, male musician. Each of the 13 selections of this record is a potent yet thoroughly laconic masterpiece, some incisively cutting to the quick of tense situations—like romantic double-dealing, the tight jolt of the realization of first fatherhood, the pulls and vagaries of life under the full moon. I'm borrowing the words of a friend when I say this, but Jesse's new album is the most spiritually refreshing to be heard in a long, long time. I haven't figured out what it is yet, but there's about 10 times more to it than meets the ear.

Literary music, musical literature; both are the same. Rarely do we see a musician with as much control over language as melody. But Winchester's ballads, muted rockers, lullabies and simple mel-



The low-keyed, genius of 'Third Down'

odic vehicles for pithy wisdom are as much to be read as heard. Over the hypnotic hand-clap percussion of the album's first tune, "Isn't That So?" he sings:

Didn't He know what He was doing
Putting eyes into my head
If He didn't want me watching women
He'd a left my eyeballs dead
Isn't that so?
Isn't that so?

And on the delightful "North Star" there are these lines: "Now does the World have a belly button?/I can't get this out of my head/If it turns up in my yard/I'll tickle it so hard/That the whole World will laugh to wake the dead."

Except for a couple of upbeat reminders of Jesse's rock & roll past, most of the tunes are muted, with unobtrusive instrumentation centering on acoustic or soft electric guitar, occasional piano and a timely squad of handclappers. Three of the tunes were produced by Todd Rundgren but none bears the Runt's usually iden-

tifiable stamp. As Jesse now lives in Montreal several of the musicians are French Canadian, and they supply a kind of subliminal funky patois that is indescribable but definitely there.

Other songs: "Do It," a lovely, uncomplicated, relaxed suggestion about taking chances with fate—"If we're treading on thin ice, then we might as well dance"; "Midnight Bus" and "God's Own Jukebox" are both pacing, exciting tunes, the latter the strongest on the LP, about the perfect, slightly drunken mood from which comes the happiest music; "Doo La Lay" and "Lullaby For the First Born" both celebrate what must be the simultaneous joy and bewilderment at the first pangs of new fatherhood. It's funny, but those two tunes seem to be as much lullabies for Jesse as they are for his baby. The latter, "First Born," is gorgeous to the sublime, with Jesse's flute laying down the line of the song and wordless singing that sets Jesse apart from the ranks of modern crooners altogether: "The

Easy Way" is a nice street hustler's ballad and "Glory to the Day" deals with the tremendous pleasure that the dawn gives to those who live at night. Finally "All Your Stories" ends the album on an oddly enigmatic note, a poem to an old fellow Jesse knows, of whom he says, "If you've lit the occasional candle, you're allowed the occasional curse."

I won't go into the love songs because there's nothing to say about them that's not in the hearing. *Third Down, 110 To Go*—the futility implicit in the title is Jesse's way of telling us he's playing under Canadian rules, and it might be easier on him were he at home. That's just a projection but that's what it feels like to me. But it's ironic and somehow fitting that our best writers should do their best work in exile. It seems the psychic and karmic implications of that fact are what we deserve.

Aside from that down thought, this is such a beautiful record, and in listening to it and digesting it you'll be doing yourself a favor.



Boomer's Story
Ry Cooder
Reprise MS 2117

BY BEN GERSON

The phenomenon of the session man-turned-solo artist is one of the current scourges of the music business. But Ry Cooder, session man nonpareil, fortunately defies the pattern. In an interview last year in *Sing Out*, Ry stated, "I [played] with studio people and went through that whole scene. . . . First I was intimidated by it, which is understandable because it was so slick and polished and everybody was so 'right on' all the time and laughing at me for not knowing what a diminished chord was. Then I found out that they were all a bunch of hacks, and who needed to know what they know? It just didn't mean a damn thing."

From the beginning, versatility to the point of invisibility has had no allure for Ry. His limited, intentionally primitive musical approach has been part of an overall stance, and it is this stance which gives Ry, although he writes almost none of his own material, as tangible a personality and outlook as our finest singer-songwriters.

To be precise, Ry's personality is a persona. Having lived for so long in the world of old scratchy records, Ry offers himself as one of its downtrodden, Depression everymen. Ry Cooder and *Into the Purple Valley* introduced us to this affable, bedraggled anti-hero; *Boomer's Story* assures us that within those marvelous limitations Ry sets for himself there is still "available space."

Boomer's Story hasn't the diversity or activity of the first album, but it has the authority of the second and a bit more adventure. Ry's cracked voice is more studied than before; he's turned his liabilities into assets. But the overall tone is casual, homemade, right down to the stark, monochromatic cover. Plainly laid out are the rewards of Ry's siftings through the archives of American folk music.

"Come and gather all around me and listen to my tale of woe," the first in Ry's gallery of life's losers implores. Boomer, like the character in "Good Morning, Mr. Railroad Man," is a hobo. "Boomer's Story" is very Band-like, especially when the vocal harmony enters. It contains Cooder's typically pungent, syncopated interplay of mandolin and electric slide guitar, as well as the bass and piano of Jim Dickinson and the drums of Jim Keltner. "Cherry Ball Blues" is one of the album's three instrumentals; the beautifully blended acoustic and electric slide gui-

Steely Dan

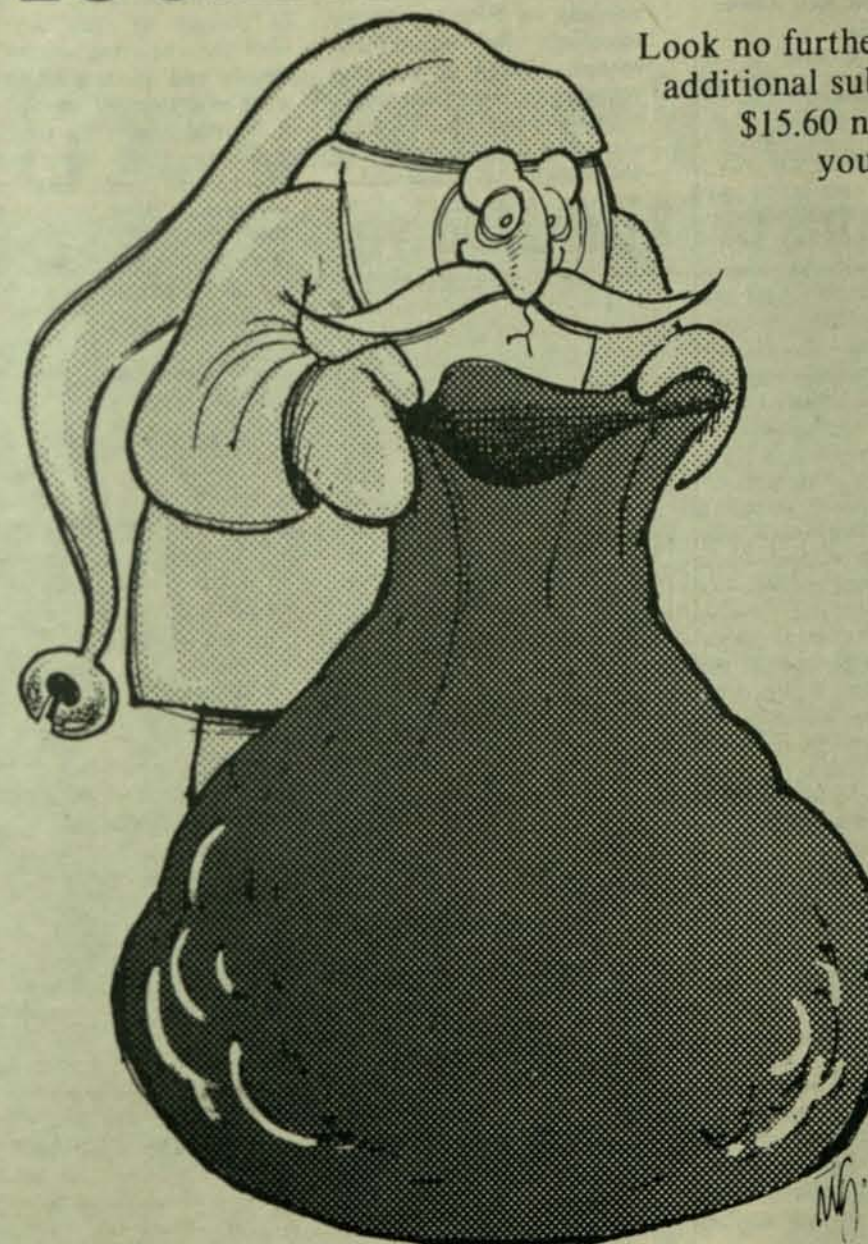
Can't Buy A Thrill

Every new rock group that can play "Louie, Louie" all the way to the end is proclaimed by its record company to be "Dynamite," "Killer"... "not since the Beatles," etc. Steely Dan has a new album out on ABC/Dunhill. They think it's very good, the company thinks it's very good, and so far, a lot of radio stations have agreed by playing cuts from the album. Steely Dan is six guys from New York transplanted, physically at least, to Los Angeles. They don't dress trendy, they aren't particularly pretty, they just play and write fine music. They are currently on a concert tour, catch them if you can and make up your own mind. A lot of superlatives from us isn't going to convince you. Their music will. The album is titled "Can't Buy A Thrill"... We're not so sure.



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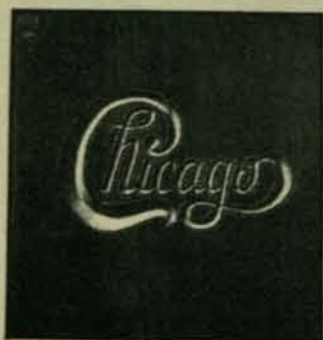
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tar are wittily repetitious. "Crow Black Chicken" and Sleepy John Estes' "A Sweet Mama" include muted trombone. On "Maria Elena" Ry casts his gaze southward. But "Maria Elena" is other than a bit of Hispanic scholarship—for one thing, Ry plays a metal-string guitar—but, with its dulcet violins, it continues the Hollywood motif of *Into the Purple Valley*: You can almost see Rita Hayworth sipping soubresous amid the potted palms.

Ry wisely allows only his guitar to tell the tale of clandestine romance in "Dark End of the Street." The statement here is too full-blown for Ry's croakings, but his guitar, with fantastic attention to dynamics and nuance, speaks eloquently. The following three songs are political. The assurance of "Rally 'Round the Flag" ("The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah/Down with the traitor and up with the star") is belied by Ry's defeated tone. It contrasts with the exuberantly oblivious WW II "Comin' in on a Wing and a Prayer" ("What a show, what a fight/Boy we really hit our target for tonight"). The last album's "F.D.R. in Trinidad," a balmy celebration, is here supplanted by "President Kennedy," a decrepit lament sung by Sleepy John Estes (whose mandolin-playing partner Yank Rachel has been an important influence on Ry). These bits of tattered patriotism only deepen my Election Day doldrums.

That's Boomer's, or Cooder's, story. I wouldn't be surprised if this and the other two he has given us so far mean the same to collectors 30 years from now as the records of Ry's antique heroes do to him today.



Chicago V
Columbia KC 31102

New Blood
Blood, Sweat and Tears
Columbia KC 31780

BY JAMES ISAACS

If Blood, Sweat and Tears was the Hertz of big band jazz-rock in 1969, then Chicago was most assuredly Avis. While BS&T was the trailblazer in the genre, Chicago developed a distinct identity as concerned spokesmen for the "we can get it together" faction of the youth populace.

The Second City men also put together an extremely direct, easily identifiable set of jazz-derived horn section licks which would not cause any trepidation among their millions of fans. As such their albums are certified RIAA gold approximately six months prior to release, despite the fact that their melodies are eminently forgettable and they lack a vocalist who exceeds the level

of commonplace competence. Chicago is now in the position once held by BS&T: rulers of big band rock.

Perhaps it is not quite equitable for me to review Chicago. Scattered hearings of their previous efforts have bored me to the point of perusing the Bayonne, New Jersey shipping reports. Certainly their musicianship is beyond reproach (especially trombonist James Pankow, who is a bitch) and I do not doubt their sincerity vis-a-vis fair play in politics any more than I doubt Fatty Arbuckle's licentiousness.

But Je-sus, they are the penultimate cockeyed optimists. I'd go so far as to dub them the Adlai Stevensons of rock if poor Ad wasn't a loser and Chicago wasn't such a huge winner. I'll spare you any quotations from the lyrics for fear that you might have just eaten.

Their legions must feel somewhat swindled by *Chicago V*. There are no booklets on how to register to vote, no sepiatone poster of a celebrated concert hall and no audible musical advancement, save for "A Hit by Varese," a bracing number in 6/8 with oblique horn voicings. "Varese" opens the set by asking, "can you play free, or in three or agree to attempt to try something new..."

Apparently the answer is "no," as the band lumbers through the bulk of the album like a mastodon with shin splints. I wonder if Chicago devotees would desert the boys if they decided to abandon, or at least alter, their formula and challenge themselves a mile.

Blood, Sweat and Tears was in a creative rut not so long ago, and personally malcontented as well. The difficulties were compounded by the departures of reedman Fred Lipsius, trombonist-pianist Dick Halligan, who arranged and composed much of their book, and David Clayton-Thomas, the singer who transformed BS&T into a household word in 1969.

The band's initial replacement for Clayton-Thomas, Bobby Doyle (who appears on the new record twice on piano), did not work out. Similarly, Joe Henderson was with the group for a few days on tenor sax before deciding that he'd be happier fronting his own quintet or in the studio.

New Blood, then, is the fruit of much sweat and possibly a few tears. It is also distinguished by some of the crispest, most involving and least fragmented work to be recorded under the BS&T aegis.

The group has selected its material wisely, adapting semi-obscure pieces by illustrious folk like Teddy Randazzo, Herbie Hancock, Mann and Weil, Goffin and King and Bob Dylan. It was a perspicacious decision, for example, to open with Dylan's "Down in the Flood," a rousing stomper that is largely unknown to the majority of listeners. Lou Marini's arrangement gives the tune a foundation built upon Clapton's "Crossroads" riff (al-

though it is certainly an older lick), the horns are fat and sassy, and new singer Jerry Fisher shows himself to be a worthy addition. He is a more controlled shouter than Thomas, although he lacks his predecessor's larger-than-life rugged magnetism.

The four-piece horn section plays 13 different instruments, which naturally makes for more variegated ensemble colorations. The horns are spearheaded by trombonist Dave Bargeron, who deftly doubles on tuba for Marini's "Alone."

Two more smart moves by the group were signing up the fine pianist Larry Willis, who I recall from my younger days when I went to the old Five Spot in New York to hear Jackie McLean, and bringing in Swedish lead guitarist Georg Wadenius, who puts Steve Katz in the far more comfortable role of rhythm guitar. As usual, drummer Bobby Colomby (who did a nice production job on the LP) and bassist Jim Fielder are flawless.

New Blood is not without its moments of lassitude ("Velvet" and "Over the Hill") but the overall feeling is one of zestful rejuvenation.



Sonny Rollins' Next Album
Sonny Rollins
Milestone MSP 9042

BY BOB PALMER

My friend Clay stopped by one afternoon. "I was over at the studios rehearsing with the group," he said, "and I ran into Newk. He said he had rented a studio to rehearse. So I kept waiting for his band to show up, but there wasn't any band. He just went into the studio and played by himself for three hours." I asked how he sounded. "Man, he sounded great."

Newk is, of course, Sonny Rollins, the master saxophonist who used to practice under the Brooklyn Bridge late at night and whose periodic "retirements" from music are almost as well-known as his unmatched virtuosity on the tenor. The last time Rollins dropped out of sight was during the mid-Sixties; he was then playing with several musicians from Ornette Coleman's band and blazing new trails in intimate, and relatively unstructured, group improvisation. His return to public appearances this year was for many listeners the major jazz event of the decade. He looked and sounded rested and comfortable. He had gone back to playing blues and standards, was using a solid but low-keyed backup group and was as usual playing like nobody else.

Newk's is truly a classic style in that it channels the player's virtuosity into making

eternal verities seem new. Sonny Rollins' Next Album offers as few surprises and as many rewards as a Bessie Smith reissue. The material ranges from a minor blues to a neo-rock excursion to a calypso to standards like "Sky-lark" and "Poinciana." Despite the creeping modernism of Bob Cranshaw's Fender bass and Rollins' soprano sax, the music has a kind of timeless strength rarely found on or off records these days. It matters not a whit that playing standards and sticking to the chord changes is somewhat unfashionable now. Rollins is the kind of artist who could play "Row Row Row Your Boat" and make it both memorable and unique.

The album's tour de force is "The Everywhere Calypso," a lineal descendant of Rollins' classic "St. Thomas." It's the simplest of calypso tunes, and Newk begins by playing it straight, his phrasing recalling the vocal inflections of calypso singers. Gradually he elaborates his song phrases into more complex but still idiomatic statements; almost before you know it he is simply roaring along, building rumbling cascades of notes that cross over the bar lines and impart new tensions to the steadily chugging rhythm. It's the kind of daring playing that takes absolute confidence and control, and not since Charlie Parker has anyone done it so well.

"Playing in the Yard" is Rollins at his funkiest; in fact, his gut-bucket tone (which occasionally recalls Ben Webster) and his rough, almost snarling lines are much closer to the work of rhythm & blues saxophonists like Big Jay McNeely and King Curtis than anything on Newk's previous recordings. But interestingly enough, a habit of phrasing just slightly behind the beat, in the manner of Lester Young, also crops up. Consciously or not, Rollins has condensed a great deal of the history of the tenor saxophone into this one unpretentious tune. In this vein, "Poinciana" and "Keep Hold of Yourself" might be considered as comments on Coltrane. For a long while during the Fifties Rollins was the influence on the tenor, while Coltrane was a "bright new star" whose work still showed traces of Rollins and Dexter Gordon. One wonders how pervasive Coltrane's influence would have been if Rollins had stayed on the scene, rather than disappearing as he did from records and public view. It is quite probable that Trane, who unlike Rollins always felt the need to air his ideas and who kept evolving and changing, would have had the same kind of meteoric rise, but it is certainly true that Rollins left him a clear field.

It seems ironic that Rollins' first recording on the soprano saxophone, "Poinciana," must inevitably be compared to Coltrane's ground-breaking work on that instrument. It must be said that Rollins has not quite surmounted the soprano's intonation problems. But it is equally apparent that his work on the smaller horn owes more to his tenor style than to any extraneous source. Rollins fa-

vors the instrument's mellow lower register, while Coltrane liked the high, pinched, oboe-like range. Trane liked blazing flurries of trills and harmonics while Rollins plays a note at a time, carefully sculpting his architectural phrases around the silences which are, in his work, as important as the notes. Finally, while Coltrane simplified the chord changes to standards like "My Favorite Things" in order to create a modal, semi-drone feel, Rollins delights in using all of "Poinciana's" chords through his performance. As for "Keep Hold," it is harmonically similar to early-Sixties Trane outings like "Bessie's Blues" and there are occasional rising phrases which bring the Coltrane of that era to mind. But each artist influenced the other, and this similarity should not be construed as a sign of borrowing. Often Rollins sounds like other players simply because his influence has ranged over the last two decades and been so pervasive and inescapable.

The supporting players are not stylists of Rollins' caliber (with the possible exception of drummer Jack DeJohnette), but they take care of business. The interplay between pianist George Cables, bassist Bob Cranshaw (who was along on what is for me Rollins' greatest album, *Our Man in Jazz*) and DeJohnette on "Yard" is marvelous, and the other drummer, David Lee, contributes excellent brushwork and a personal conception of accentuation to the tracks on which he replaces DeJohnette. But Rollins is the dominant force. He is such a clear, conscious player that one can follow his lines of thought as they interact with the recurring cycles of chords and phrases. This is what bebop was all about, and it is not Rollins' fault that the same approach in lesser hands has become mechanical and stereotyped. With Newk at the helm, the quality of the music is all that matters, and *Next Album* is a quality album from beginning to end.

King Kong's Lament

yes i have wrought suffering on the world during my travels. punitive measures mean nothing to me. the maggots love me for my habits. thirty loyal fan clubs, color photos of me, pinups.

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Jackson5 on their own: The cheese & lettuce sandwich makes good

Looking Through the Windows
The Jackson Five
Motown M750L

Got to Be There
Michael Jackson
Motown M747L

Ben
Michael Jackson
Motown M755L

Jermaine
Jermaine Jackson
Motown M752L

BY VINCE ALETTI

I had a dream about the Jackson 5. I was addressing the audience at a luncheon of some sort but all I said when I stood up was that I was hungry. The Jackson 5 were at one of the tables and Tito came up to the podium with a sandwich of American cheese and lettuce on white bread, open-faced on a plate. I told him that rather than eat the sandwich I would preserve it and he asked me if I did that with all my food. Only when it comes from the Jackson 5, I said.

There's nothing particularly appetizing about an American cheese and lettuce sandwich, but the Jackson 5 are the only group left at Motown, and one of the few anywhere, who provide the sort of elemental, unrefined, even faintly silly stuff that made Motown so accessible, so irresistible from the beginning. Not elemental like The Blues, but like a cheeseburger, french fries and a Coke. Or like Wonder bread and a bright yellow square of American cheese—the dietary equivalent of Top 40 radio. Yet the Jackson 5 are far from trashy like, say, the wonderful Archie Bell & the Drells or the Shangri-Las; the age of innocence is gone, there is no more exquisite trash (although Betty Wright has her moments) and J5's boyish brashness has been polished to a fine semi-gloss. But the sophistication they've acquired is remarkably vital and without pretense; I mean

who else could do both "Doctor My Eyes" and "Little Bitty Pretty One" on an album and make them seem not only perfectly natural but actually inspired choices? Clearly the Jackson 5 are not simply the pop phenomenon they once appeared to be; not just the cute boys with 73 pinups in every issue of Right On!; not only the one-dimensional idols of millions (sigh, scream). But they don't pretend to be anything else. So while everyone else is out here in hot pursuit of High Art or merely artiness (both of which seem to be determined, locker-room style, by the length of your album cuts), the J5 are still giving us the Real Thing—not quite the old Motown Sound but as close as you'll come to it these days—the sort of music that is not about extended bass lines or blues tradition or new synthesizer techniques. As Michael said (in "ABC"), "Get up, girl, show me what you can do." And no bullshit: If you can't do it in three minutes you can't do it.

Of the Jackson 5 "product" brought together here, *Looking Through the Windows* is the group's eighth LP. As usual, the album is a fine, creatively varied collection of material—mostly originals this time, but including the two covers mentioned above and one Motown Songbook selection, Ashford-Simpson's "Ain't Nothin' Like the Real Thing." For the first time, however, production has not been completely under the supervision of "The Corporation"—who've been responsible for the J5 sound ever since "I Want You Back"—and Hal Davis, who joined as co-producer with the second LP. Between them, The Corporation and Davis take production credits on seven of the 11 songs, but, presumably to spice things up, a few other producers have been brought in. Executive producer remains The Man himself, Berry Gordy; don't ask

me what he actually does.

Anyway, kids, it's just a fine album, although accepting it as such means accepting the fact that the fevered ecstasy of "I Want You Back" and "ABC" have passed. It's hard to sustain the pitch of explosive youth—Stevie Wonder never made another "Finger-tips"—and, besides, shrillness gets grating. The Jackson 5 have matured, softened and pretty much abandoned grade-school simplicity or any obvious reference to their own youth. (Exceptions: "E-N-E-M-E-M-I-N-E-M-O," one of the brighter, more exuberant songs here, announcing, "Gone are the games of yesterday/now the name of the game is love" and chock-full of references to children's games; and a rather throwaway message song, "Children of the Light"—"We're gonna build a world that is right/We can be the children of light"—whose platitudes crush a flimsy production.) But the group never outpaces its audience or itself and in gaining subtlety, they haven't lost a bit of their punch.

A delightfully sharp-edged "Little Bitty Pretty One" still stands out here. The J5 remakes of rock classics—like their earlier "16 Candles," a tasty "Rockin' Robin" on Michael's first solo album and Jermaine's audacious "Daddy's Home"—have all been done with heavy flash and a certain sense of exaggeration that cuts right to the heart of the song. "Little Bitty" begins with that gorgeous build, all that percussion and handclapping, and gives Jermaine, Jackie and Michael a verse in turn. It's full of energy but... after playing the single constantly for several days, I found it lost nearly all its appeal, simply did not hold up. And I'm at a loss to explain this, since I still think, on an immediate level at least, that it's a very successful song even if I avoid playing it now.

On the whole, side one is much more satisfying. "Ain't Nothin' Like the Real Thing" is lush and gutsy and quickly overcomes its trivial opening. As throughout, the vocals are shared mostly by Michael and Jermaine, setting up a delicious contrast between the one's sharp, aching, still very young voice and the other's warmer, deeper style—together, like a raw diamond set in velvet. "Doctor My Eyes" is outrageous and brilliant, very jumpy and upbeat with frantic vocals that are quite a shock after Jackson Browne but finally win you over. The rock & roll device that has the group filling in with "buh-buh-buh" here and there is so irrelevant to the spirit of the original song that you have to love it. The song's been totally remade in the Jackson 5 image and it works on those terms; but I still don't understand it. "To Know" floats off on a series of clouds but takes firmer shape toward the end to become one of the group's strongest, most convincing love songs.

With the tremendous success of the group, solo albums by individual members were of course inevitable—Jackie and Toriano (Tito) are reportedly forthcoming—how could Motown resist the temptation to produce not just one hot chart album but five of them. If you expected the solo product to be whipped up and pasted together, all pinup and no substance, you've underestimated Motown's devotion to the Jackson 5. Both of Michael's albums, *Got to Be There* and *Ben*, and Jermaine are slick, artful and every bit as good as the regular J5 product, sometimes better. Although The Corporation and Hal Davis are listed as over-all producers for only one of the three albums (Michael's first, released earlier this year), they continue to predominate on all three and, as

above, have set the tone for the other contributing producers. That is, bright, dancey, with special attention to chorus work and dense orchestration but always with an eye to showcasing the lead voice; no matter how dramatic the production, you have the feeling the singer, even little Michael, is riding it and in complete control—quite an illusion to create.

Even the inconsequential songs on Michael's albums have their appeal—yeah, it has something to do with his being a cute, young boy with a sweetly touching voice but he's not just a lovable jukebox baby. After "I Want You Back" nobody should need convincing, but—hand me a cigar—has this kid got talent? Look, anyone who can make me listen to—enjoy even—yet another version of "You've Got a Friend" has got talent. On "Got to Be There," Michael's voice echoes and swirls, whispers and cries out with this unbelievable purity: "Oo-oh what a feeling there'll be/ the moment she says she loves me." It's a weird combination of innocence and utter professionalism, real feeling and careful calculation that's fascinating and finally irresistible. *Got to Be There* also includes a perfect "Rockin' Robin," a slightly overwrought "Ain't No Sunshine" a stylishly revamped "Love Is Here and Now You're Gone" and another of Michael's best cuts, "I Wanna Be Where You Are": a supreme production, with shouting from Michael that equals his early work and a finish that always has me screaming loud enough to alarm the neighbors.

Ben, the cover of which Michael shares rather incongruously with a monstrous, lunging rat, contains a good deal more original material and, while it has nothing as luscious as "Got to Be There" or "I Wanna Be Where You Are,"

—Continued on Next Page

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it's on the whole a much stronger album than the first. The title song is lovely, no doubt, and Michael packs it with a surprising amount of feeling (his delivery of "They don't see you as I do/I wish they would try to" still tears me up) but it's all a little too thick for my tastes. I much prefer "What Goes Around Comes Around," a sort of "Didn't I Blow Your Mind This Time," full of hurt bitterness for the girl he is finally strong enough to renounce—but very danceable. That Michael can carry this combination off so smoothly and passionately (the contradictions!) is a sign of ever-increasing maturity. He also does real well by "My Girl," thanks to a lively arrangement and production job, and turns out an impressive "People Make the World Go Round" (the Stylistics' song with entirely new verses by Thom Bell and Linda Creed). In an album full of nice songs, "We've Got a Good Thing Going" is perhaps the nicest—very sweet and relaxed, Michael deftly conveying the wonder of love with undertones and something more; the Corporation's lyrics are fine: "Every day in every way she makes my motor purr/and I reciprocate, my life I dedicate to lovin' her." Note: "In Our Small Way" is repeated here from the *Got To Be There* album, an unusual move for Motown but you can hardly fault them since the song is one of the better let's-make-the-world-a-little-better tunes and Michael's spoken introduction is quite convincing.

Jermaine's album opens up for a full-length at-the-beach picture, stretched out in the brilliant sunlight, in white pants, bare chest and Big Smile. The record isn't as exciting. Jermaine simply doesn't have the range and assurance of Michael—he's just right on upbeat, bright numbers like "Live It Up," "That's How Love Goes," "I Let Love Pass Me By" and a terrific version of "Take Me in Your Arms (Rock Me for a Little While)" (after the Isley Brothers), but he's out of his depth, sometimes desperately, on other types of songs. "If You Were My Woman" is boring and "I Only Have Eyes for You" keeps slipping in and out of focus. He sounds weak and strained on "Ain't That Peculiar" and quite adrift in Paul Simon's "Homeward Bound" (with his "thoughts escaping") no matter how admirable the selection. So the success of "Daddy's Home" is all the more surprising. The idea of this 17-year-old referring to himself as "Daddy" is touching in itself somehow, but Jermaine sings the song with understated tenderness and an understanding that makes his failures with the other material particularly puzzling. Still, the good songs end up outnumbering the bad (six to four) and give hope that Jermaine will be able to come up with something more sustained next time. I really don't care if he sings selections from *South Pacific* as long as they put another picture on the cover.



Spread the Word
The Persuasions
Capitol ST 1101

BY AARON FUCHS

The Persuasions are both excellent and important, excellent in that they are perhaps the finest rhythm & blues vocal group to have emerged since the Fifties (the Ruffin/Kendricks-led Temptations contend strongly) but they are important in that today they singularly purvey traditional acapella: singing exclusive of instrumental accompaniment. That style is so greatly dependent on commitment that it last prevailed in the early Sixties in reaction to the decadence of the vocal group's function from the forefront of the song (doo-wop) to merely a component part of its overall groove (uptown soul). Even within that highly disciplined context the Persuasions have excelled, ranging from their treatments of the epic "Old Man River" with its broadly gestured grandeur, to Curtis Mayfield's "Gypsy Woman," with its subdued meditative spirituality, to a medley of Sly-influenced Temptations songs, "Tempt Jam," serving as no

less than an anthem of the streets. In sum, their recordings have run the gamut of vocal group expression.

Unfortunately, acceptance of their music by the mass rock-oriented audience has been barely commensurate with the group's worth. Consequently, with their new album *Spread the Word*, the Persuasions have made their first album that is markedly flawed, marred artistically by the smattering of self-righteousness that overcompensation is likely to spawn. It is a concept album whose unifying theme is both religious and secular spirituality, but it suffers from its occasional tendency to self-consciously assess white predispositions.

Previously, Persuasions albums have been conceptually solid, intrinsic to the group's social reality, they served first as reflectors of the urgent, street-corner aesthetic that spawned the vocal groups of the Fifties, and then evolved to purveyors of a more historically-oriented style, with a larger sense of social characterization tracing to the germinal vocal group expressions of the gospel quartet and the work song. The group had even overcome the first indications of pretensions in their last album, *Street Corner Symphony*. Though the group had expanded their already huge frame of reference to include tunes by Dylan and Carole King, enough artists of those seemingly unrelated idioms had produced a considerable body of tunes designed to evoke and emulate a black, gospel-like feeling, so that ultimately, the

Persuasions' selections were empathetic.

In *Spread the Word* however, the group makes dangerous forays outside their turf. Both the beginning and end of the album are enclosed with passages from Dylan's "Three Angels." The lyrics are fraught with Dylanesque imagery which, though relatively tempered, are sufficiently oblique so that the group fails to sound comfortable with them. The album's remaining contents contain the characteristic Persuasions' successes but there are definitely missed marks as well.

"Lean on Me," and "Heaven Help Us All" are typically well-done by lead singer Jerry Lawson. His confidence continues to grow and unlike most contemporary group lead singers who seem to play calculatingly on the loneliness of black (or white) women (or men), Lawson has the exceptional capacity for delivering songs of message and inspiration, with a soul/gospel-like universality of conviction. The group satisfyingly maximizes that strength with "T.A. Thompson," that puts down a hypocritical black preacher, and they achieve similar success with "Hymn No. 9," a devastating R&B song-story of a black soldier who returns from Vietnam a junkie. These songs are the Persuasions at their best, both voice-printing the grass-roots community around them, and moralistically evaluating and suggesting better possibilities in the face of those seamy, harsh realities.

But for their forays into other idioms they content

themselves with being merely recreative. "The Lord's Prayer" is a gospel invocation, vindicated only by the ornate lead vocal of "Sweet Joe" Russel and by "When I Leave These Prison Walls." Jayotis Washington effectively, if only with tongue in cheek, assumes the early Fifties scat/horn inflected style, like that of the Jive Bombers and Deke Watson. "Without a Song" however is lackluster, with Lawson's most earnest efforts paling in the face of the version Ray Charles squeezed every drop of soul from, and similarly, their "Ten Commandments of Love" hasn't a prayer compared to the Moonglows original—a quintessential example of time (mid-Fifties), place (Chicago) and style (super-cool).

The album's closing passage, a reprise of "Three Angels," has bassman Jimmy Hayes exploring "but does anyone hear the music they play, does anyone even try?" It's a terribly ironic note on which to end the album. It succeeds in nothing so much as make the listener urgently hope that the group need not make any more concessions for the success that should so justifiably be theirs.



To Whom It May Concern
Bee Gees
Atco SD7012

BY STEPHEN HOLDEN

"The sweetest music this side of heaven," the epithet misapplied to Guy Lombardo, is the aptest description I can think of to describe the Bee Gees at their best. Beginning with *Odessa*, a minor masterpiece of jewel-encrusted, late-Sixties psychedelia, they have concentrated chiefly on developing a single musical idea, technologizing the standard Top 40 ballad to achieve unprecedented lushness and sonic depth. The result is headphone mood music that makes no demands beyond a superficial emotional surrender to its perfumed atmosphere of pink frosting and glitter. While the richness of production values on the Bee Gees' records has been increasing, the inventiveness of their lyrics has been steadily declining. Nothing they have written since has had the narrative coherence and subtlety of their first hit, "New York Mining Disaster 1941," already five years old.

To Whom It May Concern is even more rapturously sensuous than its predecessor, *Trafalgar*. The brothers Gibb have refined their tremulous vocal style to the point that at times they sound more like reed instruments than singers. The album contains only two flirtations with rock: "Bad Bad Dreams," a creditable imitation of the Beatles' "Day Tripper," and "Road to Alaska," a makeshift nonentity. The Bee Gees have decided, sensibly I think, to concentrate

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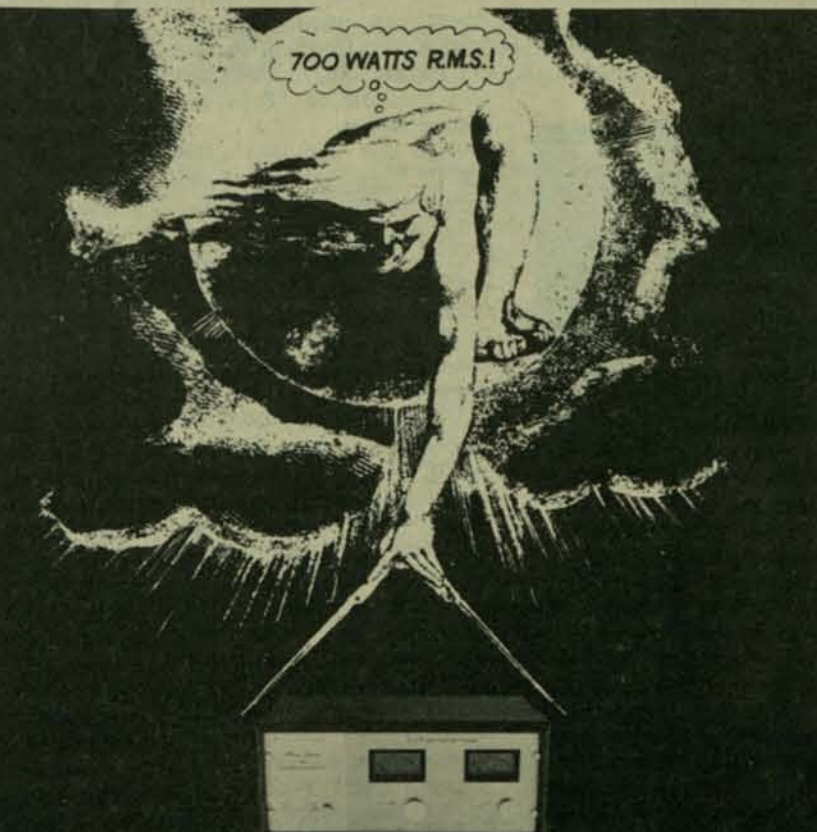
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FILMS

on their one great strength—the writing, singing and production of big ballads, the best of which evoke a grand though momentary pathos. This is a very limited territory of pop music to occupy but the Bee Gees are its masters.

The album's best cut is its opener, the single "Run to Me." The most beautiful ballad they've recorded since "Melody Fair," it has everything going for it: a great tune, supersymphonic production and a strong, simple message: "Run to me whenever you're lonely/Run to me if you need a shoulder/Now and then you need someone older/So darling run to me." The second-best cut, "Alive," is also inspirational in the grand manner: "And I'm alive/And that's all/And I can get up just as fast as I fall/And I can walk and run but I'll never crawl/And in the end it doesn't matter at all." Almost as good are "Never Been Alone," "We Lost the Road," "Sea of Smiling Faces," and "You Know It's For You," the last using a mellotron à la Moody Blues. The album's two poorest cuts, "Paper Mache, Cabbages and Kings" and "Sweet Song of Summer," are its two longest; both are overproduced psychedelic claptrap. The first uses lyric whimsy to make its non-point; in the second, sound overwhelms substance through the gross misuse of a synthesizer and some bogus "tribal" yodeling. These faults won't matter to those who are confirmed Bee Gees freaks. *To Whom It May Concern* should have enough sugar to satiate the most demanding sweet tooth.



Boss Blues Harmonica
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BY TONY GLOVER

Little Walter (Jacobs) was one of the most influential harp players on the Chicago scene, and his contributions still live on strong today. He was one of (if not the) first to amplify the harp: The resulting tonal effects and sheer volume made the instrument fully capable of taking a lead role. Most previous harpmen were singers first, using the harp for accompaniment—but with Walter the harp became his main voice, and his singing, (though fine) came almost as an afterthought.

Walter came to Chicago from Louisiana in his early years, and he cut his first single on a small local label at the age of 17. Soon after he was a regular member of Muddy Waters' pioneer Chicago blues band and worked bars and clubs regularly all over the South Side, as well as appearing on many recordings as a sideman. Muddy's band was creating a style, making it up

as they played it, and the combination of southern roots with city electricity and flash made for some of the best electric blues ever made. Walter's harp was a perfect complement to Muddy's slide guitar: It moaned, cried or snarled and added greatly to the emotional depth of the music.

Walter worked and recorded with Muddy for about five years (1947-52), then struck out on his own with a side called "Junk." It was a good-sized hit, and Walter hired Junior Wells' old band to back him and went on the road—before Muddy did in fact. The four-piece group played union halls, dances and clubs all around the southern circuit and continued cutting records, many of them now classics. In time the styles changed, and Walter's popularity waned. Though he made a brief trip to England as part of a package "blues festival," he never really got the acceptance he deserved, and he was reduced to working as a sideman at the time of his death in Chicago in February, 1968.

In 11 years of recording for Chess-Checker, Walter cut over one hundred sides, with 26 singles released. Many of the earlier ones were good-sized blues "hits," and though the later ones didn't sell as well, they all had Walter's awe-inspiring stamp of musicality and creative ability. There are 24 tracks in this double-volume set; 12 were previously available as *The Best of Little Walter*, one is an accidental repeat from another fine album, *Hate to See You Go*, and the remaining 11 have not been available on LP in this country before.

Sides one and two (*The Best Of* tracks) come from the early days (1952-55). On most of the tracks Walter is backed by his regular band; Louis and David Miles guitars, Freddy Below drums. Four pieces—it's hard to believe that all that music came from only four men.

Check the instrumental "Sad Hours"—it's a slow loping blues, but it's not a jam, everything is right and in its place. Walter was into arrangements and structuring—not to confine, but to get the most out of the music. Cymbals splash at the right point, the guitar and harp licks augment and contrast each other with a master's touch: it's a compact little gem. Walter only rarely used standard blues figures—"Blues With a Feeling" is the closest to cliché runs he comes here—rather he would rehearse and work with his musicians to find new approaches to the blues form. His harp lines almost always surprise you; you expect them to go here, instead they're over there, and it always makes sense. You could compare him with Charlie Parker and it'd be valid; Walter opened the way for jazz-like experimentation, but he never lost his funky soul in technique. His vocals aren't bad either—dig "Last Night," it ranks with the best blues singing. Again, nothing fancy, but it's right.

"Blue Lights," another instrumental, is a work of art, a symphony in itself (but I

never had a symphony get so deep into my head or guts): A mood is set, explored and moved through, and it's a masterpiece! This cut shows off another of Walter's innovations, the use of the big 64-tone chromatic harp in blues (it ain't easy to bend notes off those mother's!). In an interview, Walter claimed he switched between four different harps while recording the piece. Maybe so, there are cats still trying to find some of the notes on there.

"Juke" was Walter's first recorded instrumental, and his version of "Off the Wall" is the one Paul Butterfield recorded some 15 years later. Chromatic harp is used again on "Mean Old World"—dig the spangly fullness it gives to the bare bones of the song.

Sides three and four are mostly from later in Walter's career (generally 1956 and '58), and they're a bit spotty in musical quality. He worked with different backup men (including the same band that backed Sonny Boy Williamson on his early Checker sides), but usually again with only three or four other pieces, often including the standup (!) bass of Willie Dixon.

"Backtrack" is another instrumental, with Otis Spann on piano, one of the most recent cuts included here. The track titled "I Got to Go" on both record label and jacket isn't; actually it's another instrumental called "Roller Coaster," with Bo Diddley on guitar. (It was the flip side of the "Go" single.) It captures the feel of that kind of ride; you can really feel the rushes. But it's too bad the track is repeated here from the previous LP.

There are four other instrumentals included here: "Teenage Beat," "Flying Saucer," "Shake Dancer" and "Thunderbird"—the last is my favorite, from 1954. "Just Your Fool" is a rare example of Walter's unamplified harp—he preferred to record the way he gigged, using the amplifier, but a young engineer at Chess said no, hence this track. There's nothing wrong with it, but it shows just how thoroughly Walter had integrated the amplifier tone into his entire sound—the whole color of the sound is different.

There are several tracks well worth having here, a few so-so (I would've preferred some of the harder-to-find old tracks instead), but Walter when he was lukewarm was still a ways ahead of most cats with full steam. If you dig blues and want to hear where at least part of the style of every harp player in the last 15 years came from, get this set (pick up *Hate to See You Go* [Chess 1535] too—and you'll have about 4/5ths of his work as a leader). Walter made a staggering contribution to blues, most of it is on these three LPs. But don't think it's just ancient history—much of the music here is as alive, vital and moving as anything around today.

Genius is a fucked-over word these days, but Walter was one for sure. What's more, he knows how to get you off.

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie
Directed by Luis Bunuel
Distributed by
20th Century-Fox

BY STUART BYRON

Even as I speak, I am fighting off a sinking feeling—a comfortable one, since I'm sinking into a plush period sofa in the sitting room of a suite in New York's elegant Hotel Pierre—but the feeling nonetheless.

This interview, arranged so hopefully and enthusiastically by harassed press agents at 20th Century-Fox who didn't know quite what they were dealing with, has been positively overwhelmed by impediments. Of sound itself, first of all, because 72-year-old Luis Bunuel, as is no secret, is practically deaf—the Beethoven of the cinema. And of language, since he speaks English semi-fluently but understands it hardly at all when spoken. And so: everything I say has to be (1) translated, (2) simplified, and (3) shouted, sometimes more than once.

Bunuel is unique in movie annals in that he is enjoying his greatest critical and popular prestige as a senior citizen. While his peers on both sides of the Atlantic suffer in voluntary or forced retirement, or make films considered senile or old-fashioned by all but a small coterie of "autists," Bunuel for the first time in his life finds himself a darling of art house audiences and the establishment critics who mirror their taste. And there's been no word of dissent from the "highbrow" scribes: They too join the unanimous throng that the group of pictures Bunuel has made since 1960 is one of the greatest series of works of the century.

Still, his new *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie* had come as a shock, having had no plot or publicity "hook" to encourage anticipation. Born in Spain in 1900, collaborator with Salvador Dali on the classics *Un Chien Andalou* (1928) and *L'Age d'Or* (1930), Bunuel earned his reputation very early for producing anticlerical, surrealist *succes de scandale*. A career as a producer in Republican Spain ended when Franco's forces won in 1939. Bunuel then endured a decade of silence, working as a dubbing expert for Warner Bros. in Paris and as a documentary archivist for the Museum of Modern Art in New York, all the while enjoying only an underground reputation. The "commercial" one has come about very late and very slowly, beginning with the first of his Mexican films in 1947, solidifying with respectable international successes such as *Los Olvidados* (1950), *Robinson Crusoe* (1952), and *El* (1952) and at last exploding with the Cannes grand prize winner *Viridiana* in 1961. Bunuel's reputation as the world's great blasphemer was confirmed and extended in the last decade with such films as 1962's *The Exterminating Angel*, 1967's *Belle de Jour*, and 1970's *Tristana*, among others.

But what was this *Discreet*

Charm? Most expected a minor Bunuel, like the quickly forgotten *The Milky Way* of a few years back. All one knew was that it took place in Paris and had an all-star cast: Fernando Rey (*The French Connection*), Delphine Seyrig (*Last Year at Marienbad*), Stephane Audran (*Le Boucher*) and Bulle Ogier (*La Salamandre*). And even after viewing, it remains indescribable in a few words—and perhaps unexplainable. But its impact was instantaneous and on the following Sunday, for the first time in recent memory, *The New York Times*' critical scoreboard recorded unanimous raves from the city's critics (15 favorable, no mixed, no unfavorable). *The Times*' Vincent Canby called it the one must-see film "in years." Andrew Sarris of the *Village Voice* told everyone it was the best movie in "two or three years." To Norma McLain Sloop of *After Dark*, it was the best in a decade. Critics found themselves reaching back to describe its importance: the best since *Persiana*, since 8½, since 2001, since *Blow-Up*, since Bunuel's own *Belle de Jour*.

My own opinion? I think *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie* the finest film made since Robert Bresson's *Au Hazard*, *Balthazar* of 1966, and one of the ten greatest films in cinema history.

Rey, in the movie, plays the French Ambassador from the fictional South American country of Miranda, but his major activity in life consists of smuggling heroin, an enterprise in which he is joined by Pierre Frankeur—whose wife is Seyrig and whose sister is Ogier—and Jean-Pierre Cassel—whose wife is Audran. The three, then, are businessmen, and Bunuel indicates by his choice of their "product" just what he thinks of the "bourgeoisie"—for it must not be forgotten that in historical terminology bourgeoisie does not mean "middle-class" but "tradesmen," the class of manufacturers and sellers which became the ruling class when it was victorious over the land-owning aristocracy in the French Revolution of 1789 and subsequent civil wars (including our own) in the other major industrial nations. In the West, we are still living in the bourgeoisie era.

The film's "plot" consists of no more than the six main characters gathering together, in different groups and, twice, with others. One episode is an illicit tryst between Rey and Seyrig, another a business conference between the three men; except for these, all involve dinner parties, at homes or in restaurants. In other words, the dinner party in the movie is a metaphor for the state of the world as ruled by the bourgeoisie. Each and every one of these gatherings is interrupted or otherwise ruined—sometimes logically, sometimes absurdly, sometimes surreally. For example, four of the group have arrived at the home of the other two on the wrong date. They go to a restaurant but the manager has just died. The three wo-



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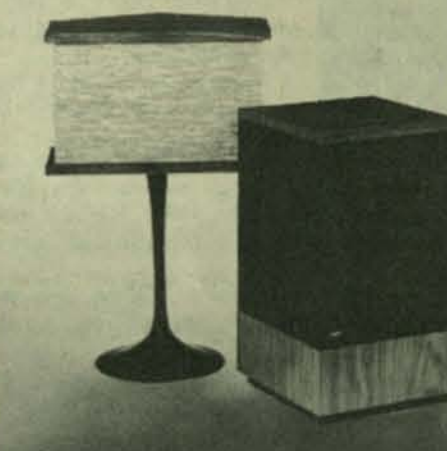
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men are in a tearoom but the kitchen is out of tea, coffee and everything else. A soldier comes over to their table and tells a story of his neurotic childhood. At the home of one couple, a bishop arrives and offers to become their gardener. Another dinner party consisting of all six is interrupted by another soldier who recounts a Baudelairean dream.

What does all this symbolize? In my opinion these interruptions and ruins represent all those events and philosophies which for more than a century have been predicted to cause the downfall of the bourgeoisie. That class, Bunuel shows us, has survived it all—all the wars (the army maneuvers), all the depressions (unavailability of goods like tea and coffee), all of the church reform (the bishop-cum-gardener thinks he's a "worker-priest"), all of the individual acts of personal homicide caused by the class structure (a peasant has killed his mean bourgeois employer, to no ultimate avail), all of the "sexual revolutions" (the scenes of mad lovemaking), and—most of all—the philosophies like Freudianism (the first soldier's story) and existentialism (the second soldier's story). Yes, the bourgeoisie has survived all of these, and, indeed, learned to treat them as nothing but petty annoyances, to maintain its cool, its grace, its... well, its discreet charm.

But towards the middle of the movie the interruptions become so ruinous that they can't be survived but only "resolved"—by turning out to be dreams by one of the three businessmen. These events may—just may—represent real threats; they may herald the next revolution. A dinner party turns out to have occurred on a stage, when the window curtain becomes a stage curtain and rises to a jeering audience ("exposure" of the bourgeoisie by theoreticians, journalists and artists like Bunuel?)—and the group flees in panic. Cassel wakes up; it was a dream. At another party someone has never heard of Rey's country and a duel ensues—a ridiculous war over nothing but national honor (Vietnam?—the kind of meaningless conflict which could cue the revolution?). Frank-ur wakes up; it was a dream. Finally the six, at the film's last dinner party, are interrupted by a bunch of gunmen who kill them all. And Rey wakes up, and it was a dream.

Bunuel is, of course, far more ambiguous and less linear than I've made him sound; indeed, during the second half, the entire group gets arrested for its drug-trafficking and then goes free after political strings are pulled—hardly an event harbingering a revolution. What is more, the identity of the gunmen at the end is deliberately left open. Are they friends of the Mirandian terrorist seen earlier in the film? One with the Maoist student we have seen tortured by the police (the detective who has arrested the six wakes up; it was a dream)? Are they revolutionaries at all? Or just "the Marseilles gang"—the rival group of heroin-traffickers about whom



'Luis will bawl me out for the interviews.'

Rey and his friends are so worried? Will there ever be a revolution? Or just another capitalist realignment designed to keep the bourgeoisie in power—like the formation of the Common Market or the resurgence of Japan?

But Bunuel is not only ambiguous in his plotting and structure, but in his attitude towards his people. *Discreet Charm* is one of the most brutally honest films ever made; maybe only a 72-year-old man could be so honest. Bunuel's people in *Discreet Charm* are dope-dealers and vapid and blind and silly but, damn it, they are charming.

From the very beginning, when Seyrig smiles as she notices evidence that her hosts have not prepared for her arrival at a dinner party, you admire her discreet charm. As you do Audran's delicate fingering of her collar as she inspects her garden, or Rey's "with pleasure" whenever he's asked if he wants a second helping of food. And the style permits Bunuel a balletic use of camera movement and staging: A maid passes a door with a tray exactly when the doorbell rings. Such a thing would look foolish done by any other director; Bunuel makes it the most natural coincidence in the world. And the resultant freedom permits him to present an equality of people and objects which expresses a materialist vision of the universe: a diplomatic pouch, a vase, a doorknob gets as much attention, as much placement as a person. *The Discreet*

Charm of the Bourgeoisie will influence movies for years to come. I should add one thing: It's one of the funniest pictures ever made.

Bunuel had come to New York from his Mexican home just to join his producer in business conferences. But now, with *Discreet Charm* the talk of New York, Bunuel is in great demand by the press. Hubbub and confusion at Fox, until Silberman agrees to utilize his wiles to get the director to grant four interviews, and those four only. It is all very special, very delicate. I am to report first to Silberman at another suite at the Pierre for a briefing on the dos and don'ts of talking with The Great Man.

The relationship between producer and director is at once obvious and touching. Silberman hardly "needs" Bunuel; he made a helluva lot more money with *Ride on the Rain*, the biggest hit of his year in France, than with the two Bunuel films he produced before *Discreet Charm*. But it becomes clear that he sees himself as the son who keeps an aging father busy lest he rot away. Every Bunuel film of the last few years has been his self-announced last. Silberman has the drive and energy of all good producers, but also, I gather, the warmth and understanding to cajole, tease and gently shove Bunuel into continued activity. It is clear he knows his man, and that one must respect his

advice, and, alas, follow his instructions.

"Luis doesn't like interviews. [This is true; Bunuel is probably the least-interviewed of the great directors.] So make it a conversation. He hears better with his right ear, so sit to his right. Can you speak French? A little? Good. Ask the questions in French, or in English and I'll translate. He will respond in French. Do not ask interpretive questions. He dislikes being asked what this means or what that means. He is an instinctive artist. He will bawl me out tonight for these interviews. Remember he is an old man. He gets tired easily. You will need no more than a half-hour, no? I will signal you when I see he is tired, and then you will finish. But he is a kind, joking, generous man. You will love him. Come!"

The Great Man, dressed in a blue turtleneck and gray trousers, is incredibly spry. He could pass for 55. Obviously delighted with the reception the film is receiving, he is a man of constant smiles and giggles. But the sinking feeling begins to overcome me as soon as I enter the suite, largely brought on by a glossing-over quality in the introduction. Words like "press," "journalist," "interview" are not mentioned, and I get a sneaking suspicion that Bunuel has not even known he was to see a stranger until that very moment. The disastrous pattern becomes established immediately. A question which has a specific intention is fol-

lowed by an oversimplified Translation which produces an Answer of small news value.

Question: "How did the film originate?"

Intention: What idea was in your head when you thought of the film?

Translation: "How did the project come about?" (Oversimplification: I'm interested in the artistic, not the commercial, origins.)

Answer: "I have no will. Serge comes to see me. He says make another film. I had an image in mind. All my films start with an image. I just wrote it, never questioning why I was putting in anything. In fact, it was only at the end that I realized that all the people in it were bourgeois. That's how the title came about."

Question: "Are you happy with how the film turned out?"

Intention: Did you realize your intentions? Would you change anything?

Translation: "Are you happy with how the film is being received?"

Answer: "Yes, I'm astonished and surprised that it's a hit. The public is much more visually sophisticated nowadays."

Question: "How did you like working with each of the actors?"

Intention: What were the particular characteristics of each?

Translation: "Do you like actors?"

Answer: "Yes, even the bit actors. I love all actors."

Question: "I am amused by the credit line at the end, 'Sound effects by Luis Bunuel.'"

Intention: Is this an inside joke on his deafness?

Translation: Accurate.

Answer: "There is no background music in the film."

Question: "There are three or four non-sequitur lines in the movie. Lines that seem to be pure nonsense. Like in the love scene between Rey and Seyrig. She suddenly says, 'The scars haven't healed yet.' That's never explained. I love that."

Intention: To discuss the use of such lines.

Translation: "He loves the Rey-Seyrig love scene."

Answer: "Thank you."

Question: "You use the zoom lens a lot in the film."

This one doesn't even get to Bunuel, as Silberman apparently doesn't consider it worthy. "No, not so much zoom, not so much." Next question. And next oversimplification, or worse. And yet, one sees that such a protective relationship is at the heart of the matter. One, ten, a hundred disastrous interviews are as nothing compared to a masterpiece like *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie*, a film that might never have been made had these two men never met. The signal is given. I get up to leave.

Question: "You seem to have a wonderful relationship with Mr. Silberman."

Translation: Accurate.

Answer: "Serge is not just a producer, he is my friend. He is making my life shorter. He is keeping me young."



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BOOKS



**Winning Hearts and Minds
War Poems
by Vietnam Veterans
1st Casualty Press.
116 pp., \$1.95**

BY CHARLES PERRY

Larry Rottmann has traveled halfway around the world with a collection of poems. Summer before last, he read from them while inside the Kremlin, at the city square in Bologna, Italy, and in Norway, England and France.

With thousands of miles of readings logged, Rottmann came back to the US and went out on the road again, trying to get bookstores to stock the 116-page collection. While on the road he traded copies for restaurant meals and for gas for his truck. He encountered an old, sad story: Everybody knows poems never sell, and besides, who ever heard of something called 1st Casualty Press? For eight weeks he slogged through a jungle of hostile bookstore operators and squeamish reviewers. For example: In Concord, Connecticut, the "Cradle of Democracy," the bookstore said it couldn't stock the book because of a blanket policy of not dealing with "small" publishers. The newspaper in Concord then told Rottmann that the only books reviewed in its pages were those recommended by the bookstore.

The book is titled *Winning Hearts and Minds, War Poems by Vietnam Veterans*. It's 109 poems by Larry and one New Jersey high-school student) such as William D. Ehrhart, Sgt. Combat Intelligence, 1st Marine Div. '67-'68, Purple Heart, Navy Combat Action Ribbon:

Eighteen—
And the blood felt like tears
On the blade of my
bayonet;
And youthful dreams lay
dead
Among spent cartridges
and broken bodies
Littering the earth.
After that, there was no
innocence
And there was no future to
believe in.

Six, other Ehrhart poems
are included.
Most of the entries, however, represent the one and only contribution by their authors. Lt. John Stulett con-

tributed a single work, a 41-line piece entitled "Dick Nixon, I Am Lt. John Stulett, U.S. Army, 1st Cav. Div."
... We'll end the war with honor, you say, Dick?
Dying while we stand in line to leave is just like dying for no reason at all. How much longer? Every life's worth more than the death of the second it takes to die! What does it mean?

Stulett wrote the poem February 15, 1971. Less than two months later he was dead. The problems of putting out a book like *Winning Hearts and Minds* are pretty staggering, when your editors are just a couple of members of Vietnam Vets Against the War with no particular publishing industry connections. (Rottmann was president of VVAW from September of '71 until this past April, and another of the editors, Jan Berry, was VVAW's founding president.) To start, you call on the large publishing houses, tell them you are a clearing house for Southeast Asia veterans' writing and get your manuscripts rejected. Then you scrape together a few dollars and print a book yourselves, "everything but the binding," and try to distribute it on your own.

That's when you find out how strong and unyielding is the resistance—still—to hearing the truth about the war in Vietnam. It was first said 2500 years ago: "In war, truth is the first casualty." That's when you run into the bookstore operators with blanket policies and the newspapers that take their cues from the bookstores. "Part of the problem is the image Americans have of poetry—a sissy thing," said Rottmann, "and combined with an anti-war message that opens us to a whole 'Communist-Fruit' smear. This is why, when we list the poets at the end of the book, we identify them by their ranks and awards." Rottmann himself was 1st Lt., 25th Infantry, '67-'68. He was awarded the Bronze Star and a Purple Heart.

Winning Hearts and Minds is "more than a book of poetry," says a Note to the Reader. "It is meant to be used in many other ways than simply to fill a small corner of your bookshelf or to lie like a badge of social conscience on your coffee table. If properly used this volume should be dog-eared within a month. . . .
"Read it aloud to friends and family, at PTA meetings . . . city council meetings, coffee klatches, peace demonstrations . . . read it from soap boxes, speakers' platforms, pulpits and from your own armchair; read it in class, read it to your class . . . read it over the air on radio, on television, over the telephone; read it into the Congressional Record . . . Read some of it everywhere two or more people congregate. Being read aloud is the first function, and quality, of poetry."

No one dares to ask them what they do there after dark,
But the price they give dead veterans
is a statue in the park.

These changeless men in silent chambers have brought us to this fight.
And I'm tired of seeing body bags—
What the hell gives them the right?
It's what they do, not what they say,
that screams out, "It's a lie!"
Too soon their game will be too real,
And we'll be marked to die.

—Star Spangled Banner,
by John Lytle,
Sp4, 1st Inf. Div.
As a writers' clearing house, 1st Casualty handles more than poetry. "We are in contact with 600 serious writers," said Rottmann. "You know one of them—Chuck Olmstead [RS No. 111, Readers' Autobiographies]. We are working on several more books already. My special project is another volume to be called *Post Mortem*, poems and prose about returning to the States from Vietnam."

Scheduled to appear in December is a collection of short stories, *Free Fire Zone*. 1st Casualty continues to solicit material. They welcome inquiries and submissions from writers at P.O. Box 518, Coventry, Conn. 06238. 1st Casualty is a nonprofit operation and revenues are used to finance new publications and for contributions to the American Friends Service Committee Hospital in Quang Ngai, Vietnam, which provides rehabilitation, physical therapy, and artificial limbs and braces for refugees.



Combat in the Erogenous Zone
by Ingrid Bengis
Knopf 260 pp., \$6.95

BY SHEILA WELLER

A new sort of young American woman emerged en masse in the late Sixties: She embraced the ideals of personal accomplishment and sexual freedom. She held to the notion that "experience"—however raunchy or temporarily devastating—would make her worldly and strong. She was fiercely proud of her independence and so designed herself a lifestyle that accentuated it. And then, after maybe four or five or six years of living that way, she discovered one afternoon that "despite the fact that I could live alone for years at a time, support myself in banal as well as curious ways, travel alone all over the world, drive a motorcycle at 70 miles an hour, have sex with whom-ever I chose, I was still capable of sitting by a telephone, unable to think of anything beyond whether or not a man I

loved was going to call and feeling the most common hurt and frustration when he didn't."

So she finally, if uneasily, came to terms with the fact that emotions rarely obey rhetoric; that fashioning a political movement from the condition of heterosex still left a basic human paradox (the need for love/the fear of it) unresolved; that, "as it turns out, we are too real to bear the weight of our own theories."

Ingrid Bengis' collection of autobiographical essays on love, hate and sex speak for this woman whom many of us know all too well. They are uneven writings: rambling, redundant, contradictory; full of questions without answers, retractions, straw-dog scapegoats and anecdotes that only tangentially make a point. Yet it is the very fact that the author is speaking from both sides of her mouth that makes this book so real. There are few things as untidy and unabolishable as sex and love.

Yet dozens of neatly reasoned Women's Liberation sermons have dismissed the absurd, extraordinary fact that here for the first time in history is a political movement (with major, just grievances) that pits against one another the partners in this essential combat/union.

So Ingrid Bengis has decided to forget about logic, consistency and ideology. She writes of how she is as afraid of love as she is in need of it; how she has been comforted by egalitarian lesbianism yet

finds in it the same cruelties and role-playing that poison heterosexuality; how she knows that men and women differ in regard to emotional style and sexual patterns—but hopes that this "knowledge" proves itself a lie. She touts her own rich, vital sexuality . . . and then she tells us that, because she wants tenderness more than physical release, she has remained celibate for long periods of time. She speaks coolly of her relationships with married men . . . but she bristles when construction workers wolf at her, and loathes "understanding" males because they are part of the oppressive system. She insists that all women hate men, but she refuses to call all women her sisters; rather, "Something in me insisted on absorbing everything . . . so, that I wouldn't ever again allow myself to idealize either women or men, so that the reality would be clear to me, even if that reality was revolting."

She hitchhikes all over the world, has dozens of hardening affairs, yet she remains, in part, a willing slave to her childhood dream of fidelity, love and happily-ever-after. She is far too wise to buy the fantasy and much too idealistic to accept the reality. She is stuck and she is fighting not only "the system," but herself. And in describing her condition, she has drawn a remarkably honest portrait of the Bar-barella/Cinderella that we women of the Seventies have become.

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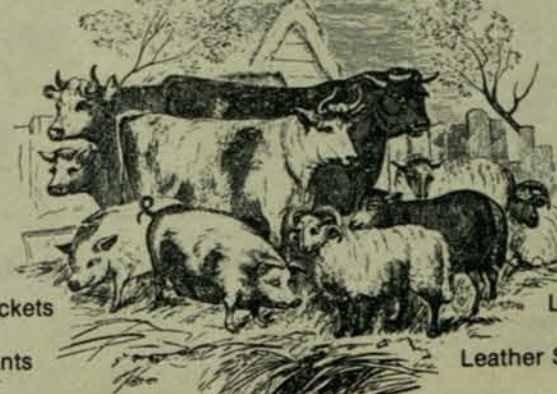
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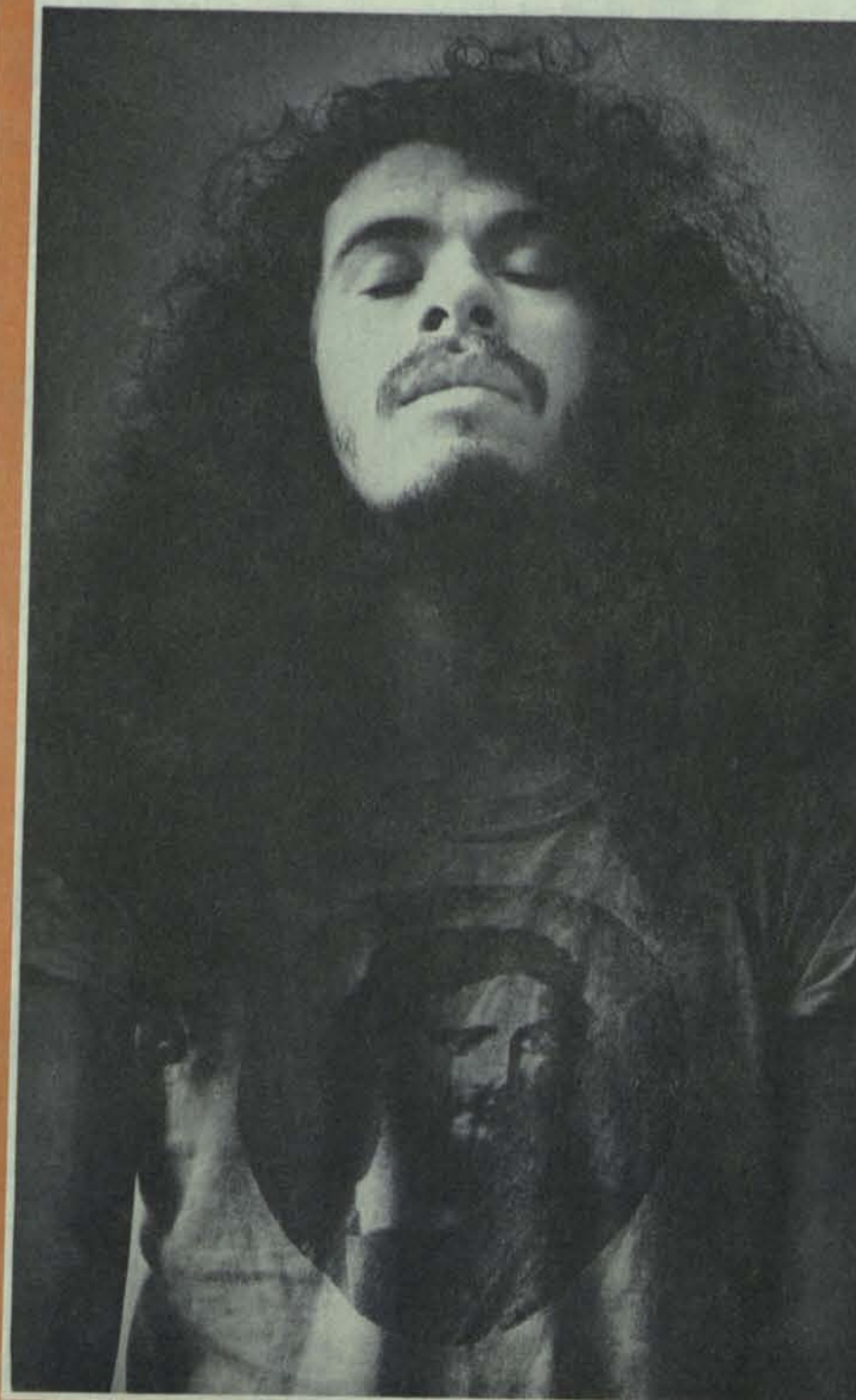
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