



Beatles' 'Sergeant Pepper' Leads European Psychedelic Revolution

by Daniel Reilert

"Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band," the Beatles' latest album, has caused much interest in western Europe, and has made them the spokesmen for the hip movement there. Its huge sale, which brings to 220 million the number of records they have sold in the last five years, has brought the disc to all levels of European life, especially in France, Switzerland, and the Low Countries.

The album's success has brought about two changes. First the Beatles are four of the most respected contemporary musicians, and have made the LP an art; and second, their following continues to grow, and appears to be gaining a mystical, almost religious quality about it.

Musically, the album is a gem. Twelve different songs show twelve styles. The complex and varied scoring was done completely by themselves and George Martin, their producer. Martin told me in London that they are already working on another album, which he had expected, in July, to be completed by December. This however, is highly unlikely due to their pilgrimage to India. Sgt. Pepper, the first "complete album" ever produced, took seven months and cost \$115,000. Its subtle use of electronic effects has reversed the trend toward loud and raucous "psychedelic" music, as more and more artists there are beginning to consider these effects superfluous.

Continued experimentation with LSD and STP (they had given up both since their religious conversion last month) and Eastern philosophy have made them powerful influences in the Continental hip community, one which is harder to identify than ours because its members are more "respectable," and generally maintaining contact with the surrounding community, continuing to study, work, and create as "normal" people. There doesn't appear to be the anti-social cloud which hovers over American hip areas, probably because European youth is much more satisfied with its society than we are with our own.

An element of Beatle music which has been maintained since

their first release of "Love Me Do" five Novembers ago, and is giving some people strange ideas about the group's career is the intense joy which it transmits to many of its listeners. Many young people who I have talked to compare to a religious experience, and muse about the possibility that the Beatles' honest and positive attitude toward life might soon place them at the head of a social and religious movement. They point to three cuts of the album and both sides of their last release as evidence of their unique insight into life.

"Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" is an acid trip to many, but the description does not fit a usual excursion, but rather a total loss of communication with the material world, as in a Lewis Carroll story. It is simply an escape to a carefree place somewhere, and it really matters little if it was induced by drugs or not. I see the LSD initial of the title as merely a poke at the widespread emphasis placed on the drug.

"Within You Without You" is George Harrison's attempt at constructing a Rule of Life, not unlike the Zen rule, praising the existence of life itself as evidence of a divine order.

"A Day in the Life," the al-

bun's epilogue, takes an ironical look at our society today. It is ambiguous, confused, and confusing; just as this society must appear to the unassuming onlooker who can only say "Oh boy" in an excited and bewildered tone.

"All You Need is Love," the A side of their latest release, took 900 hours to produce, and is another ambiguous statement, which has been taken up by almost everyone in Europe.

But their clearest statement comes in "Baby, You're a Rich Man," on the B side. "How does it feel to be one of the beautiful people - now that you've found the key, what are you going to play?" The key, whether acid, music, or love, is what many young people have been searching for. The Beatles have made it easy to be a beautiful person, for anyone who allows himself to fall into the right mood immediately succeeds.

"Baby, You're a Rich Man" and "Within You Without You" are really complementary. Though it is still too early to measure the impact of this year's work, it is likely that many people have joined the Beatles' bandwagon. It will be interesting to follow the course of the school of Transcendental Thought that they hope to establish in London next year.

Oval Theater Is Excellent In 'Spoon River Anthology'

by Hugh Elder

Spoon River Anthology is a virtuoso work for the theatre. It is a collection of short character vignettes in verse, bound together by shadowy themes and the community of Spoon River.

The Oval Theatre, using the garden of the Trinity chapel, brought some eighty of these characters back from the grave to comment on their sins, their dreams, the petty and the great in their lives. Only four players and two musicians were needed for this magic. Nelson Baker, Willis Knickerbocker, Barbara Hart Davitt, and Millt Silvestri, accompanied by singers Lynn Ross

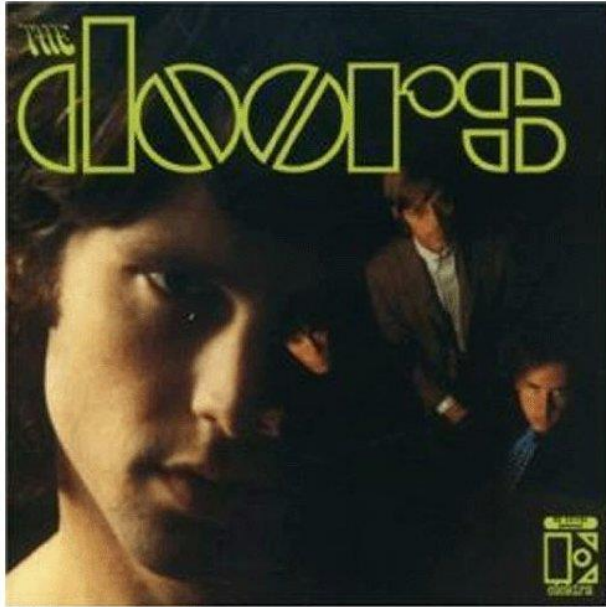
character to create, let alone twenty.

Willis Knickerbocker and Barbara Davitt both turned in fine performances, although at times they seemed to lack the eye for the individual, that Mr. Baker and Mrs. Silvestri possess.

Director Sam Capuano deserves special credit for wisely cutting and adapting Edgar Lee Master's difficult verse for a production so easy to watch. The introduction of songs at various points throughout the show provided a counterpoint and reiteration of theme.

The two singers, whom I am told entered the performance un-

The Trinity Tripod September 26, 1967



People are Strange



'Doors' Slam Audience

by Daniel Reilert

Oakdale Music Fair was the scene of an amazing concert Sunday night. The Doors, Los Angeles' progressive rock group, played a fifty minute program of mind-jarring music, following Hartford's Wild Weeds.

The music tent, three-quarters filled with an audience made up largely of teeny-boppers and weekend hippies, was most sympathetic to the Weeds' moaning and groaning lead singer and blasting background, neither of which was overly impressive.

Although their bassist, who is blind, put on a great demonstration of skill and courage (his jaw was wired because a local tough beat him up yesterday after calling him a queer), the total sound of the group was not overpowering, though loud. They did two Ray Charles classics, 'Georgia on My Mind' and 'Let's Get Stoned', other borrowed songs without distinction, and their own songs, which are nice enough but not memorable, in their own pleasing style.

The Doors were something else entirely. From their first song, 'Soul Kitchen', through the ninth, they smashed, banged, shattered and scowled their way to the innermost senses of all who were willing to listen. Jim Morrison, the lead singer, put on several passionate displays of sexual expression, highlighted by a verbal and physical incantation of his desire for his mother. The lead guitar, Robbie Krieger, played superb bending leads without a pick, creating a variety of elevating effects. But it was Ray Manzarek and John Densmore who made the difference. Densmore played incredibly intense drums, and Manzarek, playing a piano bass with his left hand and organ with his right, powered the group through their performance. Their songs were all well done and biting -- but, as the lights were being adjusted for 'The End', their last song, the crowd, which hadn't been listening too hard to anything other than their two releases, began riding them. The Doors answered with even uglier scowls, and proceeded

to let loose a fifteen minute, shattering and amazing finale, including five minutes of vomiting lights, peak volume, and convulsing and screaming musicians. No one cut the Doors at the end of 'The End,'

Bill Siddons, their manager, complained about abusive and rude Eastern crowds, and of the generally naive attitude which many Americans take about progressive rock. It's too bad the kids screaming for the Weeds' return couldn't sit back and soak up a musical experience.

AAC to Host Five Musical Engagements

by Kenneth Winkler

Featuring programs including an all-Beethoven concert and a performance of the instrumental and vocal works of Renaissance composer Orlando di Lasso, the Fine Arts Department will sponsor a series of concert appearances by five of the world's finest chamber music ensembles. The program, financed partially by a 2-year grant from the Howard and Bush Foundation, will run from October to April in the Goodwin Theatre.

The Philadelphia Woodwind Quartet is to inaugurate the series on October 29 with a selection of works by Mozart, Haydn, Poulenc, and Nielsen. Baird Hastings, lecturer in music, who has traveled throughout Europe and has heard "hundreds of ensembles," considers this group to be undoubtedly the world's greatest woodwind quartet.

The November 19 program will feature the Guarneri String Quartet, the first of three string quartets in the series. This ensemble, which eminent music critic B. H. Haggin believes to be "the ranking string quartet in this country," will offer an all-Beethoven program.

Following on December 17 will be an appearance by the Kohon String Quartet, led by Harold Kohon, new concertmaster of the New York

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The Trinity Tripod
 October 10, 1967



Bee Gees, Country Joe & the Fish, Procol Harum Brighten Rock Picture

by Daniel Reilert

Three recent album releases have aroused quite some interest in music circles, and merit comment.

BEE GEES' 1ST, by the young Australian group, has caused mixed reaction. The album, one of the first to be released without any changes around the world, contains fourteen tracks, all complex and commercial. The album is one of the best produced of the year, and some claim that it is more of a technical than musical work. The songs vary from rocking (in a 1965 Beatle way, as in "In My Own Time") to Gregorian Chant ("Every Christian Lion-hearted Man Will Show You") to slapstick ("Craize Finton Kirk Royal Academy of Arts"). Most of the songs are vaguely worded, with accompanying instrumentation (often with strings and brass) intended to augment the effect of the lyrics.

Some people may ask whether the Bee Gees are putting on something in their songs about death and disorder, but Barry Gibb (group leader and eldest of the three Bee Gee brothers) explains that they are only trying to face common fears, from which many other artists have stayed away. Although some have said the album is a teenybop, pseudo-psychedelic collection, I have to disagree.

Next come Country Joe and the Fish. This San Francisco group

is, as a noted East Coast guitarist told me, a "musical circus", full of fun, noise and acts. There isn't much blend: It's as if there are five lead instruments taking turns enjoying themselves. It can't be judged seriously, but that in itself is refreshing, since too many people are taking too many groups too seriously since Sgt. Pepper came out. One vocal, "Superbird," rips President Johnson apart ("... It's a bird, it's a plane, it's a man insane, it's my president LBJ..."), and others, like "Happiness is a Porpoise Mouth" and "Not So Sweet Martha Lorraine" are grooves. There is also one long and fine instrumental, called "Section 43". A good LP for a complete rock library.

The third album is by Procol Harum. This English group, whose "Whiter Shade of Pale" was the largest-selling single in European history, recorded an entire album of songs this Spring before breaking up. The phenomenal sale of their single reunited the group, which now plans to make an American tour and a movie.

This has to be one of the best pop albums ever made. It blends R&B, blues, and serious music beautifully. They combine organ and piano, producing a full and intoxicating effect, heightened by the continuity of style throughout the album. The lyrics are all as obscure as those of the single, heightening the dreamy, uncertain mood of the suite:

"...Your skin crawls up an octave
 Your teeth have lost their gleam

The peaches smother over
 you into the clotted cream
 And for some unknown reason
 My watch begins to chime
 And though I beg' and plead
 with you,

You say that it's not time..."

The organ is Bach, the mood is religious and, after the instrumental finale, "Repent Walpurgis", it is hard to leave without putting the disc on for another play. This possibly represents the first good bridge between rock and serious music, and many expect this album to have a profound effect on the pop scene.

Experimental Protest Films To Be Shown

PROTEST AND POLITICS, a program of eight short experimental films, will be shown by the College Film Society tomorrow in the McCook Auditorium at 4 p.m. and 9:30 p.m.

The program ranges from social satire (GREAT SOCIETY, directed by Fred Mogubub in 1966) to a wildly animated survey of the pop scene and pop culture in the United States, called POP SHOW.

The Trinity Tripod
November 14, 1967

Peter, Paul and Mary
ALBUM 1700



Mary Attacks Johnson, the Press As Peter Writes, Paul Gives Up

by Daniel Reilert

Those who stayed backstage following the Peter, Paul and Mary Concert last Sunday night at the Bushnell might have been surprised at some of Mary Travers' comments. Her blasting of the Johnson Administration's policy in Viet Nam did not seem like the sweet Mary of old. Nor did her claim that the press had lied about the Washington demonstration of a few weeks ago, and had deliberately acted as a tool of the Establishment in goading the demonstrators into rioting, in order to give the Peace Movement a black eye. On other parts of the dark stage, Paul Stookey, Peter Yarrow and Albert Grossman gave their views on a number of topics, all inevitably connected with what the Beautiful People are calling the 'Bad Scene.'

In the past, folk singers have been expected to chant protests and these songs were easily brushed aside by the overall musical market. But since Barry McGuire's 'Eve of Destruction' hit the charts a few years ago, criticism of our society and its values have entered the programme of

most major artists and groups.

Bob Dylan is still the leader of the 'involved people.' It was his changeover to a rock style which triggered the movement of folk music, into the much bigger pop field, strengthening both. It is now very difficult at times to distinguish between folk and rock artists; as Mary said last week, 'In fifty years people will accept rock instrumentation behind traditional folk songs, because they will clearly see rock and roll is the folk music of today'. And because the rock scene is so strong, it is now very easy to register one's complaints through the music and be sure that it will be heard.

In 'Album 1700', Peter, Paul and Mary's latest offering, there are a number of songs, written mostly by Peter, which shoot down our practices and beliefs. 'I'm in Love with a Big Blue Frog' aims at racial bigotry, while 'The Great Mandella' tells of a society which is obsessed with an idea. As the protester who has fasted for days in his cell perishes, the

mob cries: "We are free now, we can kill now, we can hate now... we're not guilty-he was crazy-and it's been going on for ten thousand years...'

Speaking about the increasingly somber mood of much current music, Grossman (their manager, as well as Dylan's) compared our state of affairs with those in Germany after the collapse of the Weimar Republic, noting two great similarities: An unprecedented hope crumbling in the ruins of social and moral decay, and the inevitably negative reaction of the artists of the times. 'These are bitter times', he added, 'and there is nothing else an honest person can do.'

Meanwhile, in the rear of the conference room, Paul was asked jokingly if he was still trying to change the world. He answered: 'I've given that up now; but I hope that by trying to continually improve myself and give my own life more meaning I can do my share in helping everyone out.'



The Trinity Tripod
December 5, 1967



Stones Explore New World With Mozart and Gershwin

by Dan Reilert

'It's here', proclaims the unsolvable maze in the centerfold of the Rolling Stones' new album. You might see any great art piece of this millenium, a planet, or the New York skyline, flowers, Mt. Palomar's observatory, or any



" rehearsal photo taken by Jac-Bernhardt (left) chats with the

flict of a person who cannot do what is natural without doing what she deems wrong.

Don Barshay plays Rodolpho, Beatrice's cousin, who has entered the country illegally and who draws Catherine's love away from Eddie. His dilemma of loyalty, respect, and love is inextricably divided between Eddie and Catherine.

Director Melvfn Bernhardt has drawn the superb pieces together into a brilliant, cohesive whole that sustains dramatic tension and narrative and demonstrates once again that man is a marvelous, mysterious, and complex

number of other visual goodies sharing the plate with the maze. On the cover is a three-dimensional photo of the Stones, looking like space age gurus, surrounded by flowers, a mosque and Beatles, as well as a sea of cosmic dust (most likely shredded cotton).

'Their Satanic Majesties Request' is a complex, clever and compelling record album. Although it has things in it which remind one of the Fugs, Mothers of Invention, and several serious composers and artists, it is safe to say that there has never been anything like it. It is gripping and moody, and above all beautifully produced, but is definitely pulsatingly Stones.

It is surprising to see the Stones suddenly leave their recorded land of sex and drugs to a new and risky one of social commentary. Perhaps the strangest thing about the album is that it resembles a book: a collection of short stories, projecting a mood mixing Tolkien and science fiction. If 'Sgt. Pepper' was the first unified LP to cover the physical world of today, then this release must be the first original psycho-fantasy of modern man to be issued. It even projects ahead a bit.

The production is a radical departure from their previous recordings, whose stereo has tended to be horrible. The mixing and distribution of tracks is excellent, and most of the work is played on everyday instruments, with a minimum of engineering trickery.

'Sing We All Together' is the opening track. Here the Stones warm up, telling themselves (and implying to us) to "...Open our minds, let the pictures show/And if we close our eyes together/Then we can see where we all come from." Then Mick asks some

friends to visit him in the Citadel, where "...Flags are flying dollar bills/from the heights of concrete hills/You can see the Minotaurs", and "In the streets are many walls/Hear the peasants come and crawl/You can hear their numbers call." Bassist Bill Wyman takes us "In Another Land," drenched in echo. "2000 Man," tells us of the problems of everyday life at the turn of the coming century, which sound strangely familiar. Track five is an instrumental enlargement of the opening track, and is followed by an oscillator duet of "We Wish You A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

The flipside is more unified, and has elements in it smacking strongly of Gershwin, Gilbert and Sullivan, Mozart and Lennon. The music becomes progressively thicker, with heavy orchestration, often projecting a spine-chilling, somber mood, there are times, as in the past, when the Stones overdo things and repeat passages too often. The prevailing mood of the album, along with subtle repetitions of certain themes, makes this issue quite smooth. The drawings and paintings, such as one of Middle Earth on the back of the jacket, complement the recording in creating a sound dream fantasy, though as crude and raunchy as it is at times. It cannot be compared to 'Sgt. Pepper' fairly-the Rolling Stones have been a rhythm and blues group and cannot be expected to produce the kind of balanced and subtle piece the Beatles did. The Stones must overdo a bit to be successful. I would think that this will be received very well if considered in its proper place: a brilliant musical fantasy from the evil and very nice Rolling Stones.

The Trinity Tripod
January 30, 1968



Blues Scene Happening: Electric, Fuzzy, Intense

by D. J. REILERT

Popping in and out of the West Village gave one the opportunity to catch many fine young blues musicians during the vacation. B. B. King was at the A-Go-Go and free-lancers were jobbing everywhere, pacing the streets with the blues guitars they had gotten in return for guitars five times their price at pawn shops on the East Side. Charlie the Chink was playing his oriental octaves and Malcolm his trumpet and all were grooving to the New Blues. Blues is happening, especially city-blues, electric, fuzzy and intense. Since The Blues Project and Butterfield Blues Band released their first albums a few years ago, young guitarists have more and more abandoned commercial styles for the purer blues form. The growth of blues activity is coincidental with increasing interest in folk, country, and r & b.

The leading guitarists in the blues area are probably Eric Clapton, Danny Kalb and Mike Bloomfield (the latter two have treaked out during the school year). Clapton, first guitar of the Yardbirds, left the group as it was approaching international stardom, going to John Mayall's Blues Breakers, then forming Cream with Ginger Baker, perhaps England's premier drummer, and bassist Jack Bruce. Using double-tracking and heavy, common-rock beat, Cream is the most popular of the three major blues groups, since it more closely resembles rock and roll groups in its song layouts and lyrics (which have improved from their first to second issues). 'Fresh Cream' was a spotty album where each member's talents were adequately but not tastefully displayed. Insignificant, teeny-bopper lyrics took much away from the good blues sound the group often attained. 'Disraeli Gears' is far better, with several excellent tracks (especially Sunshine of Your Love), generous image-lyrics, and superb instrumental and vocal blend.

Kalb, long a free-lance guitarist, joined the Blues Project in Spring 1966. The group proved to be a good album seller, but had no luck with forty-fives. Hence, they disbanded in the early Fall, then reformed with Kalb and Al Kooper, the amazing keyboardist, in different bands. The Project released three albums for Verve/Folkways, and their second, 'Projections', remains the best blues-pop synthesis issued. Unfortunately, there was personality trouble within the group and it never retained the high quality it showed in its first year.

Kalb has been called the fastest lead guitarist in the world. This is also held against him by many, who claim he is a "machine", sacrificing style and technique for speed; but he has shown solos which easily match anything done by the other two greats. His best work is in 'Projections'.

Paul Butterfield, the world's best blues harmonica player, sings and plays with distinction in all the Butterfield Blues Band releases for Elektra. Their first album, which featured twelve progressive numbers, is a classic of raw Chicago Blues. Bloomfield, considered to be the best first guitar by American followers (he says Clapton is better) played slide solos which remain the cleanest, most authoritative Chicago work on record. He also played on 'East-West', the second album, sharing first guitar with the then-rhythm guitarist, Elvin Bishop, who has taken over lead since Bloomfield left the group to form the Electric Flag, which he in turn left late last year. Butterfield's new release 'The Resurrection of Pigboy Crabshaw', has been hailed by the blues people. Bloomfield does a fantastic vocal job and the newly added brass section complements the band. Mark Naftalin does some outstanding keyboard work, mostly in a rhythm capacity.

The Blues Breakers' album (London) is also a fine issue. It is but another example of the growing interest in, and quality of, city-blues bands.

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The Trinity Tripod February 6, 1968



Crawdaddy! Concert #1

by D. J. Reilert

New York is dying. The Village Theatre is dead. The last band, the Youngbloods, have run away to the Coast, and the halls are losing attendance. So as the crowds poured into the old Anderson Theatre, renamed the Crawdaddy! (after the national rock magazine), the staff members I talked with before the first concert were happily talking about somehow having saved rock here.

The program featured Jim Kweskin's Jug Band and Country Joe and the Fish, an introductory act by The Soft White Under-Belly, a Long Island group, and a light show throughout. It was really strange to see scores of people, young and old, easily mixing and joking.

But there was an ironic mood about the concert. Perhaps because of the mind-shattering volume and light show, or of the fairyland costumes of the audience, there was a definite feeling of suspended time, a brief interlude of friendliness, an uncommonly happy bubble which would burst upon walking onto the filthy East Village sidewalk.

The Soft White Under-Belly sang of a secret and unrewarding love affair, a fantasy color world and how to dodge the Draft. The leader of the group looked like he was up, whispering and whimpering pathetically into the microphone. Perhaps he acted in this way to draw our attention to the world outside, but the audience was too eager for the following two acts to be too disturbed.

As the projector exploded colorful bubble orgies, Kweskin, his girl and the other Juggers ambled out, joking with the crowd and telling jokes about drugs. They received a great response from them, playing ten numbers, the best being 'I'm A Woman' and 'Kicking the Gong Around.' Kweskin passed time between numbers commenting on the "plastic, fantasy world of television" (the group had just completed a taping for Jonathan Winters' Show in Los Angeles). The audience was taken to an old and forgotten world of crazy instruments and carefree, spontaneous mood. Kweskin at one point asked if it were still raining outside, because he "could never conceive of the rain while playing this music." I felt a bit uneasy,

as if this music really didn't belong—it was too honest, alive and personal to fit this electronic palace. And it was happy, as were the nice people in the seats.

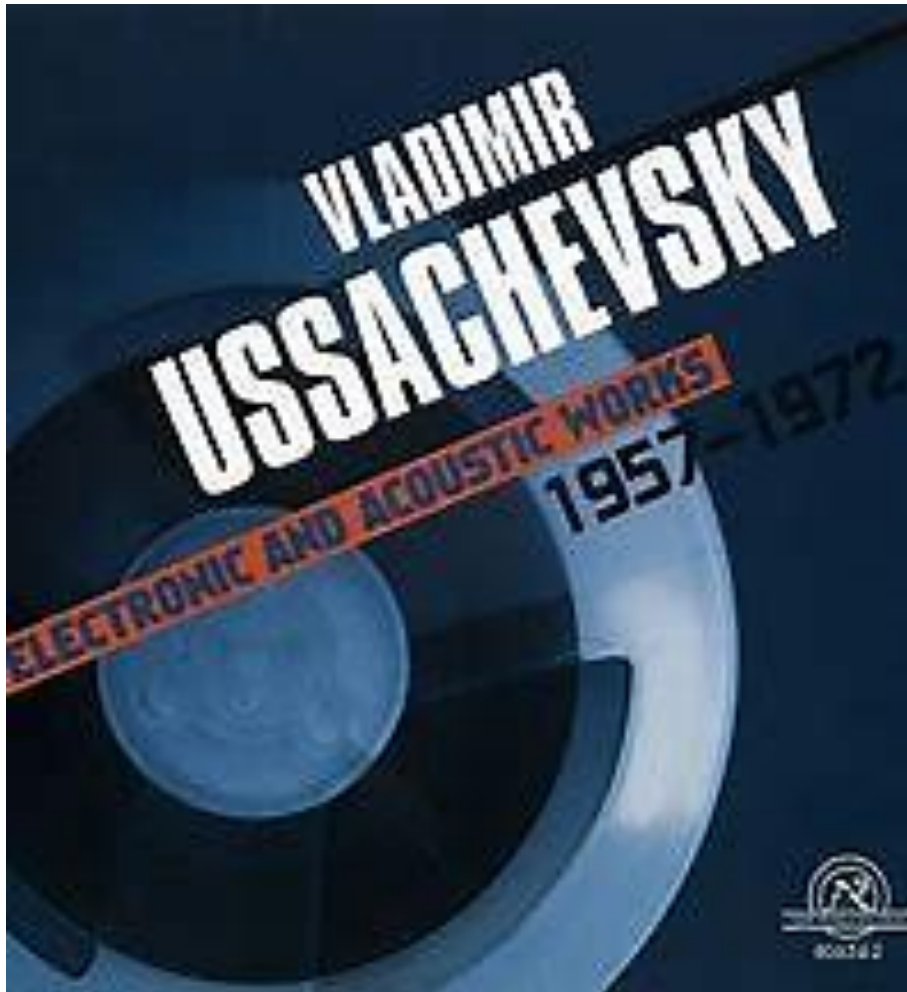
The Arts & Criticism

Then Country Joe led his Fish through an assault of the senses with brilliantly played instruments (including great duets by first guitarists David Cohen and Barry Melton). Joe sang 'Superbird', dedicating it to "that bastard LBJ", then returned for an encore of "Not So Sweet Martha Lorraine", dedicating that to Lady, Lynda and Luci Byrd. The incessant, loud and well-balanced music engulfed the audience; and it was beautiful to hear Joe say hello to David's parents "somewhere out there". Somehow, everyone was involved in the act, in spite of the volume and imposing amplifiers.

Odd again, to see all ages and backgrounds mixing in a "family" atmosphere of sorts. Sad again, because one could feel the bitter whine of the guitars and organ, trying to express a good feeling, but one ultimately destroyed because of a peninsula many miles away. Many joined in as Joe led the 'Fish Cheer' and 'Fixin'-to-Die Rag' ("Be the first one on your block to have your boy brought home in a box"). The performance had the air of a wake, whose participants were waiting for renewed happiness but fearing another death.

When it was over, the Beautiful People filed into the rainy street, each saying how he would come back very soon, because as host Paul Williams (editor of Crawdaddy!) said, "anyone who comes to New York from now on will come here"—here to escape, to play and listen, to make contact with something the black water continually washing down the gutters could not take with it.

The Trinity Tripod
September 20, 1968



Entertains Quad Audience

by Daniel J. Reifert

Funston Garden was the scene of Trinity's first electronic music concert Sunday evening. Eight pre-recorded pieces were played over a mammoth stereophonic system, immersing the Quad in a sea of strange sounds.

Two of the works-- both by Kenneth Gaburo-- were composed for tape alone, the only instrument being an Harmonic Tone Generator. The six pieces which followed combined electronic effects and natural and distorted voices and instruments. "Creation-Prologue" by Ussachevsky, for example, re-

corded a gong, piano, cymbal and kettledrum, as well as pure electronic sounds. "Thema (Omaggio a Joyce)" by Luciano Berio presented the spoken word of his wife in front of an alphabetically-arranged electronic scale. "Gargoyles" by Otto Luering, who will be a visitor to the college Dec. 12-13, was composed for electronic synthesizer and violin. The piece developed with an intricate and subtle interplay of violin and synthesized subject and variations, which progressed in intensity to a fine resolution, Salvatore Martir-

ano's 'Underworld', the final piece, was a brutal barrage of infernal sounds, cries of anguish and laughter, and disquieting rhythm. The last two pieces of the concert seemed to be the easiest for the crowd to identify with, since their layouts were the most consistent of the evening, and there was only one medium through which the music was being played.

Electronic music has grown rapidly in popularity since use of the tape recorder became widespread after the Second World War. Many who prefer traditional music are skeptical of its validity as music, but if art is considered to be an inspired view of life as it is, then this form must certainly be valid in at least this term (although one might argue that today's life is so corrupt that its standards aren't worth serious consideration). Electronic and synthesized music promise to be here as long as our society remains electric.

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The Trinity Tripod September 27, 1968



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Eric Clapton:

'U.S. Scene Better?'

by Daniel J. Reilert

Sitting lazily in a deep easy chair was the man known as the world's greatest blues guitarist. His hair streamed to his shoulders, his offensively bright shirt seemed to reflect all the room's light in the listener's eyes. Fingering a cold drink, he began.

"The scene is so much better here in the states. Everything is really happening here. I mean, in Britain there's hardly any appreciation for REAL musicians. A good act comes out, and its all wow, until they get either progressive or really good, and the public abandons them to go back to another new group. You might say the music appreciation there is half-baked.

"It's just so smashing, the deep interest people over here have in music, in really getting into it. The first thing is what I said before—the public here encourages new things, and supports them. All right, there's a lot of the 'commercial' stuff too, but the fans know where the division lies between serious and money-grubbing rock. In England, it's all one blob. That was great five years ago, when the English sound was vital and new, but there's so little good coming out now, and that's cheapened when thrown in with the top-pop stuff.

"But most important are the musicians. Here, you go to a jam, and if someone knows something you don't, he's more than glad to share it. There's a real sense of community among musicians here, big and small. The parties and other happenings are marvelous. In Britain, everyone guards his little secret. They wouldn't give

you the time, if it were part of a new run. They're afraid to be bested, and it reaches near to hatred of the new-comer. They're all damn jealous of whatever they know, and consequently don't know very much. It's a kind of musical xenophobia. But here, you've got tens of great things going, all working together, all learning, all grooving with the music. The response to Cream here has been so much more honest and enthusiastic.

"When Brian (Epstein) formed Cream, there was a lot of hasseling about just what we could do. There was great pressure to come up with something, new, different; but we just let the proper thing come by itself. Of course, it took months of crying and toying about—there were times when you had to wonder just how these three monsters could get together anyhow.

"...And when we play, it's like a great battle; we fight one another, our instruments are our weapons; but no one falls. An incredible tension builds up, and one loses his identity. We are our instruments... When I play, my mind's up by the rafters, watching, feeling, being picked up by this tide of sound, and carried far, far away from myself."

When you play the blues, you become the Black, the Loser, the Traveler. You are nourished by the pain and oppression and loneliness, and you come to thrive on them; they become your whole existence. Cream's last tour starts in a week, stopping in New Haven on 11th of October. The only tickets left are scalpers'. Get one if you're real enough.

Black Trunk lost in North Campus Area. If found contact Dix Leeson, 278-8860.

Watkinson Library Hours

Saturday: 10 p.m. - 1 p.m.
Tues. 7 p.m. - 12 p.m.
Mon.-Fri. 7 p.m. - 10 p.m.

The Trinity Tripod October 2, 1968



Frumunda

'Noise Passing for Music'

by D.J. Reilert

Another summer has ended, and rock people are back at work, trying to mold something out of the trends and moods which manifested themselves during the past three months.

Last year, America discovered "psychedelic" music, and, inspired by such different sources as Sgt. Pepper and Jimi Hendrix, set out to play freaky music. The winter brought a new, more important trend. Musicians began to take a very hard look at the Roots; folk, country, and blues. Much of summer's undisciplined energy was redirected by groups like Procol Harum, the Fish, Cream, and Buffalo Springfield (whose "Buffalo Springfield Again" - Atco SD 33-226 - remains probably the best compendium of rock music). As the winter progressed, however, one saw a split of the scene into three areas. The first was the so-called commercial area, the 45 market, where records were made primarily to be sold, with little regard for esthetic value. The second was the "New Rock", where musicians worked primarily as artists, admittedly sloppy at times; but this could

be expected in a new "art form".

But the third area is a bastard of the two, and its growth is cheapening the entire movement. Many large companies, and more smaller ones, have been packaging obscure, rather worthless groups, backing them up with lavish publicity campaigns, and passing them off as "important events in the new music", or whatever. Last winter, MGM bought the rights to several Boston acts, most dreadful on a national scale, and created a press lie about the "Boss-town" sound. NEWSWEEK told the nation about this new, vital and, most important, straight bunch of band people around the Hub, and similar stories gave everyone the impression that these groups rivaled those from San Francisco. Then MGM sent the Beacon Street Union across the country. It was a very cruel tour, especially on the Coast, where people know better. Epic spent \$15,000 promoting eight unheard-of groups last winter. Luckily, they still are. Just look at Korvette's rack, and you'll see all kinds of stuff you wouldn't want to listen to, let alone buy. But impressed kids buy them, attracted by the package, or strangeness of the product, and

it's gradually accepted by the public as good.

Then there are the long songs. These are fine when done with some planning and creativity, but when People come out with a full-side atrocity, and a once-impressive group (the Grateful Dead) puts out a sloppy, disjoint, unmusical full-record song, then one must suspect the musical integrity of many groups today. Everyone is very excited by rock's new status as art. Hence, novices have gone about, composing odd symphonies of spotty sound, hoping that some critic or group of people will discover the real meaning and wave wave length of the work (and clue the creators in).

There is simply a lot of noise passing for valid music nowadays. This summer's big thing, blues (which might be discussed later), is making many people yearn for the days when rock was vital, clean and tight. Albums like Dylan and the Byrds' latest, the Beatles' and Stones' latest two singles, Buffalo Springfield's last album, and the huge tide of root blues, both black and white, maintain hope the rock family will eventually clean the rubbish out of its household.

The Trinity Tripod October 15, 1968



Frumunda

The Incredible Shrinking Band

by D.J. Reilert

THE BYRDS were formed by Terry Melcher of CBS in 1965. He took five noted folk and rock & roll people, and tried molding them into a group. The result: the most important and consistent white group (along with the Rascals) in America. Jim McGuinn, who had been banjo player with the Chad Mitchell Trio, became the leader; and the Byrds began the folk-rock thing.

They are incredibly important because folk and country music has come to rock through them (and later, Buffalo Springfield). They single-handedly widened the mainstream of rock three times: (folk, acid, country). Their albums are still the best-played in American rock music, because they brought the subtlety and detail of folk music to electric instruments. And they sang beautifully.

MR. TAMBOURINE MAN (Columbia CS 9172) is one of those "firsts". The title song was the first folk-rock hit, as well as other traditional and Dylan songs. Gene Clark's two classics (Here Without You, I'll Feel A Whole Lot Better) make the album a great A. TURN TURN TURN (CS 9254) has the first traces of country in 'Satisfied Mind', and 'Oh Susannah' (a poor job). This title is beautiful, and is graced by a few good originals ('It Won't Be Wrong', 'The World Turns All Around Her'). Somewhat a sellout to commerciality, the (9.5) FIFTH DIMENSION (CS 9340) saw Melcher gone, and a softer sound come by producer Allen Stanton. They stuck to the roots, excelling on 'Wild Mountain Thyme' and 'John Riley', recorded what might be the best 'Hey Joe'. It did a reverential 'I Comed and Stand at Every Door' and two of their hunting own, 'Eight Miles High' and 'What's Happening?'. 'Eight Miles High' was the first popular drug-content song (although they wrote it while in a plane above London, as merely a description of the view) but the group was driven "underground." Public popularity declined after this song, and the group seemed to more than take it in stride, by concentrating on real interests for their next album, YOUNGER THAN YESTERDAY. THE FIRST "underground album by a name group," (CS 9442). All but one track are their own. 'Thoughts and Words' sounds like a Beatles song. Perfect blend, a minor progression and dreamy singing make

it think and inviting. 'Mind Gardens' is, in my mind, the best raga played by a U. S. group. David Crosby's lyrics sail over us by a brogue, teaching us a moral about over-protection. Dylan's 'My Book Pages' is excellently played, as usual. 'The Girl With No Name' is smooth, comfortable, with superb finger-picking by Jim and David. 'So You Want To Be A Rock and Roll Star' is already famous. 'Have You Seen Her Face' makes you want to smile for a year, and 'Time Between' has a super electric-country sole by McGuinn. 'Renaissance Fair', perhaps the most intricately-picked song on record, is a piece of awesome beauty; and 'Everybody's Been Burned' is exquisite. Its lyrics, in true as life, moan from a melancholy background of twelve-string jazz and folk patterns. "...I know, all too well, how to turn, how to run, how to hide behind a bitter wall of blue; but you die inside if you choose to hide."

Of course, the public didn't buy it. It was too good, too honest and developed, without any candy-coating. Rock people look at it as a guidepost. I say it is the greatest American rock album ever recorded. THE NOTORIOUS BYRD BROTHERS (CS 9575) is psychedelic and extremely nice. The most

tasteful album of that sort made. Produced by Gary Usher, who took over after '5-D'. Just enough gimmickery, just enough tying oneself down to the proper roots. Not too arranged, amazingly arranged, for the strain of doing much of the album with only three (Gene Clark and David Crosby were both gone) showed. But 'Goin' Back' is on it, and it is one of the prettiest songs anywhere. They are looking back at their life stories, trying to make sense out of them. McGuinn

was at the time becoming interested in an eastern religion. His songs take on an "overall view", of an organized world, purpose; and cool observance of the shape of things, is the rule as in 'Draft Morning'. (A-) The latest issue, SWEETHEART OF THE RODEO, (CS 9670) was recorded in Nashville, with several giants of country music helping out. It is a country album, in and out, with only two songs (including 'Nothing Was Delivered by Dylan') smelling of hard rock. The album is allegedly part of the Byrds' new crusade to 'Tell the Truth from now on out'. It's the most obvious return to roots so far, and in their tradition, it's the best of all the country revival albums. (A-)

What keeps the Byrds so good

is their sincerity in whatever they undertake, and their willingness to take on recognized musical forms, fitting their individual styles to these forms, rather than pretending that they are all-powerful enough to dictate new standards of style. They have always showed immense respect for the good in the old, and have consequently remained fresh and engaging. They are one of the few sets who can "drown" the listener with their sound, even at low volume.

Now, only McGuinn and Chris Hillman, the bassist and songwriter, are left of the original five. 'The Incredible Shrinking Band' has had many who have tried to make it (Steve Stills is one). But the original members have no peers at their art. They are already part of the folk-tradition.

The few good groups about now have made it through either blues or their own material and sounds. No one has dared, save the Byrds and Buffalo Springfield, tackle the vast jungle of hope, pain, love, hate and idealism known as American folk music. The Byrds did so in spirit. Their unparalleled success makes the slow dissolution so regrettable. Byrds music hits the heart, because it came thence. They will be remembered for a long, long time.

Cliburn's Rachmaninoff Opens Symphony

by Dean Walker

Columbus Day 1968 marked the twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Hartford Symphony Orchestra. Special features included a concentrated if shortened program with pianist Van Cliburn to perk up ears and interest, and a postlude, a lavish Capital reception. The Leonore Overture, number 3, by Beethoven began the evening. Ostensibly a revised overture to his only opera Fidelio, its primary theme, representing the heroine, never appears in the opera. The overture is not really part of Fidelio. However, in production it is often played before the final triumphant scene. A more involved statement of Florestan's prison song occurs in the beginning, and there is the trumpet call that can hark back to the opera. These details help explain the development of the work, but its mood is importantly different. It

is more intense and unified and deserves to be considered by itself. Because voices and words are not used Beethoven's fiery idealism is heightened. Music Director Arthur Winograd's interpretation with its emphasis on orchestral drama combined with the increased technical aspects to present musical ideals more powerful than the humanistic Romanticism of the opera, I was surprised and pleased, here, by the orchestra's sharp presentation.

The Schumann Fourth Symphony poses problems. It is full of delightful, lyrical themes treated in contrasting rhythmic patterns, the sections sometimes juxtaposed roughly. There is a kind of whimsy and good natural yet elegant simplicity that is both disarming and baffling. The composition reminded me of song forms strangely

blown-up and disconcerting on an orchestral level. Schumann's spirit is certainly present, but I wonder if he didn't express himself more brilliantly and succinctly in his piano work.

My difficulties with the music were heightened by the performance. The strings dominated the orchestra and they may dominate Schumann. However, as in the past, I have a residual impression that I'm not getting a totally faithful performance of the music.

It is easy to write of the Rachmaninoff Second Piano Concerto and Van Cliburn's performance of it if you haven't heard it. I had engaged in such sophistry before Saturday evening. Cliburn has been playing the work for a long time but not without result.

His manner gives a clue to the kind of perfection he aims for. Without physical expression he

The Trinity Tripod October 29, 1968



Frumunda

Donovan Review

by D.J. Reilert

A soft blue light descended upon the platform, slightly elevated above stage level. There was remarkably little pre-performance talk. Most simply sat, smiling softly in anticipation. The house lights being down, the blues settled over the participants, silently radiating as much light as their many faces.

There are few like Donovan. In an age of turmoil and noisy change, he is tranquil and silent. While many search for leaders he needs none, for he draws on the resources of life, which cannot be extinguished or assassinated. He has been around. He is the author of the banana craze. He has been up on meditation. But he has come through it with a personal beauty which few others can claim. Mia Farrow may be nicer than she was before she flew off to India, but makes this change her own affair.

Donovan doesn't. His presence can be felt, yet he forces nothing on his audience. There is no theology, yet there is an ever-growing number of followers. Many critics flail away at his gentleness ("He must be some damn queer."). And yet one cannot see him without being affected.

One is not awed by Donovan as with Dylan, Otis Redding, the Beatles or Stones, or Aretha. You can feel the distance between you and them—they are all very special and removed from the rest of us, separated in their happiness and pain by greatness. But as with Peter, Paul and Mary, you feel close to him. If happiness could be measured, the scale would have risen close to its peak last night. It wasn't frenzied or ecstatic, but merely the sweet feeling that there was a friend up there, who had been through it all, and yet still took the trouble to be with his people in mind.

In the beginning it was said that he was a poor copy of Dylan. The "Critics" granted him a few pats on the back for 'Catch the Wind' and 'Colours', but ignored a number of songs that became folk and underground standards. ('Why Do You Treat Me Like You Do' and 'Hey Gyp' to name two.) It took his Epic albums, with a touch of Dylan's third stage and many drug allusions, to get him some recognition. On these first two albums, 'Sunshine Superman' and 'Mellow Yellow', there is stuff which just isn't very good Donovan stuff that smacks of a sellout to commerciality. And then there was the stage of being very mystical and strange.

He has now emerged as the leader of the Gentle People. Again labelled as a follower of the hippie craze, he went on his way, composing and recording magnificently simple and beautiful songs. But he still turned off many by appearing on stage with a full complement of attendants and chimneys of incense.

Yesterday was hopefully the real and permanent Donovan. No incense, not even accompaniment. The flowers which I had carried onto the stage during intermission at the Bushnell at the plea of several weeping teen-aged girls were taken off before the start of the second half. It was Donovan, alone with his guitar, flute and harmonium.

He sang most of his recent singles. "Jennifer Juniper" was so nice. "Hurdy Gurdy Man" was tough (with him mimicking the electric guitar parts). And he sang children's songs. It is an amazing feeling to be turned on at a concert by the performer alone, and to turn about and see many adults, in complete scattered throughout the audience, appearing to be likewise affected. His jokes hit their points: hypocrisy, meanness and lack of understanding. But here was no George Wallace or Billy Graham (sorry for their being men-

tioned together), but one who delivered a communion to a loving congregation.

He played a fifteen-minute, Indo-Scottish raga, droning away on his harmonium with a constant D chord, fitting a half-dozen songs to the chord. He recited a lovers' poem, playing flute between verses. He strummed 'Hey Jude' and followed up with a laughing chorus of 'We love Paul'. And his own work was spellbinding; showing complete control of his right hand, he played counter-rhythms and faultless flat-and-finger-picking. The tremolo on his voice, which everyone has presumed was created in the studio, was there, all his own. Donovan played for two hours. He did virtually all of his better-known songs, whether they had been recorded with or without full instrumentation. He played quite alone on stage, no backup, no bassist. Yet he was not at all alone. Donovan achieved something that few performers can: he united two dozen hundred people in a mood of love. You knew it by hearing the eerie echo of a thousand voices humming along with the boy on stage, spontaneous and respectful applause at the start and finish of each song, and the good feeling everywhere. One must wonder what this land might be like if more people were touched by those beautiful folk, and an air of love and fellowship existed beyond the confines of an occasional concert hall. Hartford was made a little better Saturday night.

The Arts & Criticism

Inconsistent Pinter's 'Hon'

by Jay S.

"Well, He's been upstairs with your wife for two hours and he hasn't gone the whole hog. I'd say your wife was a tease, wouldn't you?"

Comedy?

A Ph.D. watches along with his father and his brother as his wife makes love to another brother on the living room couch.

Aburdity?

Harold Pinter's play of family estrangement and alienation, "The Homecoming", transforms the shocking into the mundane and the real into the absurd.

"The Homecoming" is the current production of the University of Connecticut's department of theater at the Storrs campus, running until Nov. 2 at the Jorgensen Theater.

The play concerns a lower middle class London family that consists of an aging father, Max, played by Ron Smith, his ineffective brother, Sam, played by Wally Skiba, and Max's sons, Lenny the pimp and Joey the would-be prize fighter, played by F. Kenneth Baldwin and Robert Bennett. The eldest son, Teddy (John Ellis) returns from university life in America with his new wife, Ruth, played by Irene Shortall, for a "homecoming" visit that ends with his becoming a whore.

Pinter does not believe in plot, and the characters and their actions seem to be ripped from some

The Trinity Tripod
November 5, 1968



Virgil Thomson and Baird Hastings

Sunday Concert Displays 'Feeling'

by D.J. Reilert

Goodwin Theatre was the scene of the final event of Parents' Weekend Sunday, as Baird Hastings led members of the Trinity College Orchestra and College Band in an afternoon concert.

The performance was noteworthy for a number of reasons. For the first time, the orchestra played without any professional accompaniment. Usually, a number of them help out, but as Mr. Hastings noted, the group, although "it still has a long way to go, can now play mighty well by itself." He noted how difficult it is for most small liberal arts institutions to assemble an outstanding group, but that "we're getting there."

The crowd of several score faculty, students and parents witnessed the tongue-in-cheek world premiere of the 'Queen Elizabeth Waltz', arranged by Mr. Hastings. 'Louisiana Story: Chorale', the seventh piece performed, was written by Virgil Thomson, a good friend of the College, and Visiting Professor here last year. In honor of Charles Gounod's one-hundred and fiftieth birthday, the ensemble played his 'March' from Faust. The Arts Center complemented the performance with a fine exhibit of paintings and displays in the lobby cases which complemented the music performed.

The Orchestra seems to have come a long way in the past few years under the direction of Mr.

Hastings. Aside from becoming musically self-sufficient this year, it is beginning a series of open concert rehearsals with students from the Hartford area. Eight are planned, to be held on Sunday afternoons, the first being in two weeks.

As for the performance, the group played three pieces with additional strings, then played alone for the remaining seven on the program. I felt they sounded better without the strings, as if the musicians were encouraged to produce more with fewer numbers. Although there occasionally was lack of cohesion between groups of performers, one got the impression that the group played a varied assortment of works very well and with more than a small share of feeling and sensitivity. Norman Aprill played a fine oboe solo, and the four instrumentalists playing the 'Waltz' did it with good humor. James Hook's 'Sarabande and Allegro' were especially well played. Mr. Hastings' arrangement of Stravinsky's 'Serenade from Pulcinella' (ins. Maccine, Picasso) appeared to have been slowed up somewhat by hesitant entrances. So much for criticisms of a rock musician. The fifty minute program was an enjoyable one, and appears to have been a bright beginning of a successful year for the College Orchestra.

The Trinity Tripod

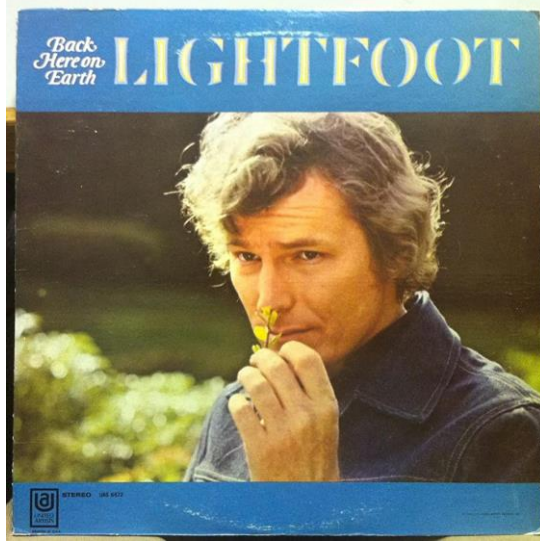
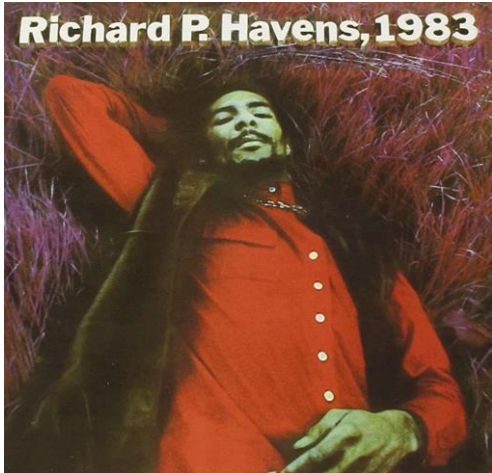
November 8, 1968

- *Frumunda*
- **Big Brother**
- **Big Brother and the Holding Company will roll into Hartford next Thursday evening, 14 November [1968], at the Bushnell. As they plan to disband in a few weeks, this will be your last chance to see the group called by many the best in white blues in America. Janis Joplin will be wailing away, and that alone should be worth the modest prices. Seats are running low....you can still find good seats. Then you'll be able to judge their merits for yourselves and scream at me some more.**



Big Brother and the Holding Company 11/21/1968

The Trinity Tripod January 21, 1969



Traffic



Frumunda

Reviews of 'Touted' Albums

by D.J. Reilert

Well, the New Year is here, and it's time to take a look at some of the more touted albums of the past few months. This will be the first of several sets of reviews which will cover the entire rock field, to be found on this exciting page in the weeks to come.

MGM was nice enough to send three offerings from Verve/Forecast. They are COLWELL-WINFIELD BLUES BAND (FTS-3056): This looks like another group trying to cash in on the blues revival. The album is neither bad, no especially good, but something to impress your friends with if they marvel at an assemblage of obscure, rather nice, but average groups. The tracks are generally drawn out and repetitious, singing unconvincing, and there is too much stress on Bill Colwell's mediocre blues guitar. The brass layers are mixed well, unlike the overall recording, which convinces one the guitar and rest of the band were playing in separate closets. (C plus)

STREET (FTS-3057): Here we go again. Uninspired, average group. Unlike Colwell-Winfield, this record is adorned with all sorts of little vocal and instrumental froops and extra layers which add little to the album's appeal. They have a female lead singer, and remind one alternately of H.P. Lovecraft, We Five and Jefferson Airplane (Takes Off period). The failure of the album is best shown in 'What's Strange Town' ("... All the people have no faces/All the streets they have no names/All the houses have no numbers/And the children play no games...") These lines are believable enough, except they are surrounded by six minutes of street sounds, meant to make these profound lines more effective, but in reality make them more affected. (C)

RICHARD P. HAVENS, 1983 (FTS 8047-2): Hooray. A honey of a two-record set. With his taste and understatement, Richie weaves beautiful arrangements around thoughtful singing. Of four Beatle songs, I especially liked 'Strawberry Fields Forever'. He is remarkable in his selection of subtle, very human material, and in its successful delivery. This is a poised and consistent work. Of his own songs, 'What More Can I Say John' and 'The Parable of Ramon', stand out. Hopefully, his fame will spread beyond a few scattered areas of the continent with his release. (A minus)

FLY ME TO THE MOON (Bobby Nomack, UA 24014): A nice enough album, Nomack's group plays a set of covers, which are tasteful and pleasant. Nothing to smash your record shop's door in for. (C)

BACK HERE ONEARTH (Gordon Lightfoot, UAS 6672): A very pretty set. All songs are written by

Light-foot, and there are several which should be covered many times. One band, 'Bitter Green', has been released as a single, another in a growing list of releases on the pop market by folk artists. His lyrics show a grip of the realities of life as it is today, told through personal stories. Instrumentation is simple yet full; the total effect is very comforting and thought-provoking. (A minus - B plus)

THE NEW MIX (UAS 6678) is a lot of old sounds, but not nearly as pretentious as Street. Mix' sound is thick, full with bassy guitars, somewhat reminiscent of the Byrds. A promising group, if they improve material and production. (C plus)

TRAFFIC (UAS 6676) is one of last year's best. More blues-oriented than their first ('Mr. Fantasy'), it shows an excellent variety of sounds and moods. Winwood stands out, as usual, in spite of this the now-defunct group shows much better balance than most, demonstrated by the writing credits. 'You Can All Join In' takes a

children's tune and turns it into a lesson in race. 'Don't be Sad' features a groovy, blue vocal by Dave Mason. Arrangements, by the group, and production, by Jimmy Miller, are suzer. (A)

RHINOCEROS (Elektra EKS - 74030) sounds vaguely like The Band and Moby Grape. It is very heavy, and good. John Finley and Al Gerber's vocals are rough but moving; and selection, though not too varied, is consistent and pleasing. 'Apricot Brandy' is a fine instrumental, and 'You're My Girl' has received quite a bit of air play as a soul side. Catch the slow and sad 'Same Old Way' and 'That Time of the Year'. (B plus)

HAVE A MARIJUANA (David Peel and the Lower East Side-Elektra 74032) This album is really terrible if judged by any serious standards, but that's really impossible, because this is just an album of sheer audacity. The music (?) stinks -- the bassist is always playing a wrong note -- but it's obvious that they don't really give a damn, so why should we. Buy it (Continued on page 3)

Brutal 'Faces' Explores Alienation in Middle Class

by Warren Kalbacher

"Faces" is a very disturbing film. At least that's what all the critics say. Perhaps the controversy stems from the fact that it has nothing good to say about the middle class. But then "Harper Valley P.T.A." was no paean to the Protestant Ethic either.

What's most upsetting about "Faces" is that it cannot be readily classified. Not manufactured in the usual Hollywood sense, it is the longtime project of actor/director John Cassavetes. The star of Rosemary's Baby, scripted and directed "Faces" over a period of four years, using his own funds and casting friends in the various roles. Cassavetes even used his own house as a major set. Thus "Faces" must surely rank as the greatest home movie of all time.

Cassavetes has chosen to confront the audience with the problems of a middle class, middle-aged marriage. "Confront" is the apt word. "Faces" is the apt title. The camera is unrelenting. Noses are very prominent in this film. The photography achieves competence through its very incompetence. Shake and blur substitute the cinema verite of the suburb.

The press release blurbs that "Faces" was a "labor of love" for everyone involved in its production. After lunching recently with one of the actors, Seymour Cassel,

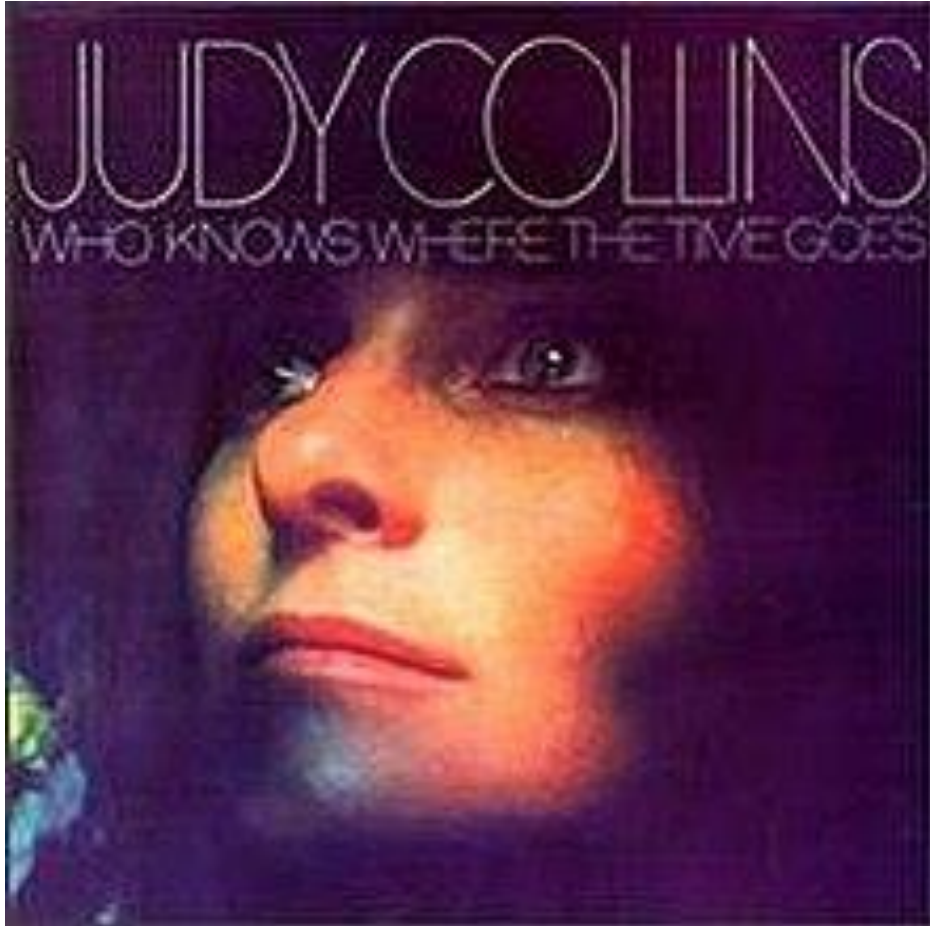
this reviewer is convinced of that claim. Cassel noted the care with which Cassavetes worked and his consideration of the cast, as opposed to the large commercial studios. A point well taken, as both cast and crew drew no salary (They will now receive a percentage of the gross). In return Cassavetes obtained uniformly fine performances.

There are no stars in the usual sense of the word. Of course, a few roles must naturally be larger. Cassel stressed, however, that director Cassavetes regarded all the actors as equally important. He noted that when a certain number of "takes" were necessary to obtain the desired results, Cassavetes would order them, without regard to finance or "who" was playing that particular scene.

John Marley and Lynn Carlin are excellent as the "burnt-out" couple. It is hard to believe that Miss Carlin has no acting experience whatsoever. Gena Rowlands positively "is" the modern motel type who "gets hung" on businessman Marley. Cassel's role is particularly interesting. He plays a sort of Pied Piper of pleasure to a clique of suburban housewives (Miss Carlin included). This sequence makes for some of the most amusing, and pathetic, moments of the film. (Continued on page 5)

The Trinity Tripod
January 21, 1969

Continued



'Frumunda' Surges On...

(Continued from page 2)

for a laff.

WHEATSTRAW SUITE (The Dillard's, Elektra 74035) Wow. Great singing, nice songs, appropriate background -- just about the finest "urban bluegrass" you could ask for. Most songs are originals, all have the group's distinctive stamp on them. Silly and sad, wingy and sweet, it rates an A minus.

WHO KNOWS WHERE THE TIME

GOES (Judy Collins, Elektra 74033) Judy's changed style again, but the recording is very appealing in its country-rock way once you get used to it. Backed by an excellent assemblage of studio men, she sings things written mostly by others, but her performances are excellent. It is one of the few recordings to have a truly good blend of folk, rock and country styles. (A minus)

'Frumunda' on the Road

The Trinity Tripod
January 21, 1969 Continued

Miami POP FESTIVAL
AT GULFSTREAM PARK

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|---|--|---|
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| JOHN FELDMAN ROCKERY JOE AND THE 2000 RUFFY SAINTS MAJOR STUCK BERRY THE IMPERIAL MACHINE JOHN Mc PINK'S ELECTRICITY BOGALU 2 AND THE M.G.'S DINO VOLANTE FLEETWOOD MAC THE BLUES TRIBE | THE TURTLES JEK AND MONA THE MARCHANTS CHARLES LLOYD SQUATTER SUEDE DEPARTURES THE WHITEBELLS BAND | JOHN FELDMAN CAROL KERRY THE TURTLES JEK AND MONA THE MARCHANTS CHARLES LLOYD SQUATTER SUEDE DEPARTURES THE WHITEBELLS BAND |

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Miami Pop Festival
December 28-30, 1968

(Ed. Note: *TRIPOD* rock critic D.J. Reilert makes his first attempt to bring 'Frumunda' to the editorial pages.)

Ninety thousand people congregated at Hallandale, Florida, late last December to witness a huge gathering of rock groups and people. The artists, executives and hangers-on came from all over the country, as did the kids.

Having hitchhiked from Seattle, a fourteen year-old girl was sit-

Mead Lecture...

(Continued from page 1)

students of Japanese economic affairs but also those who are generally concerned with problems of economic development. Japan provides a classical case of an underdeveloped country which during a



William Lockwood

relatively short period, modernized itself and raised substantially the standard of living of the people. This example deserves to be studied in detail by the statesmen and scholars of countries still underdeveloped and Professor Lockwood has furnished an ample opportunity for such a study."

by D.J. Reilert

ting on the plush lawn of Gulfstream Park, just outside the gate which kept her a thousand yards from what she had come over three thousand miles to see.

She was not alone. Hundreds of lost, broke, and bewildered teenyboppers, lured south for Christmas vacation by inviting ads, lolled aimlessly about the maze of cheap, overpriced motels, gas stations and fruit stands called Sunny Florida, looking for something to do. There was little sympathy from owners; but the two proverbial enemies of hips, townies and police, went out of their way to help the strangers out.

The Seminole Indian reservation had been made available to campers, and was cluttered with cars, cycles, campfires, crabs and cannabis to warrant complaints from the usually complacent Indians.

Spending the night presented one with a fantastic show of youth at its freest, and, if you wanted to add some color to your picture, there was always plenty of free stuff being passed around. However most people on the site neither viewed nor took part in the show, but remained quietly in their sleeping bags til dawn...

The Pop Festival was a great financial success. At seven dollars a head, the friendly norther production company offset the \$300,000 outlay it had made. There was little trouble within, although there were clearly hundreds of people turning on. The corporation had hired off-duty police to look official and turn the other way. Everybody knew what might happen if there were large-scale attempts at arrest. The Life photographer I hung around with knew the major magazines utterly ignored the festival, since it would probably be peaceful, but gave odd men walkie-talkies with which they were suppose to summon the local news bureaus should anything riotous develop. Early on the third day, one of the photographers had been

approached by an eleven-year-old girl who offered to spend a night with him for the price of a ticket. All sorts of others were selling themselves in one way or another, or exposing their true character by refusing to give anything personal.

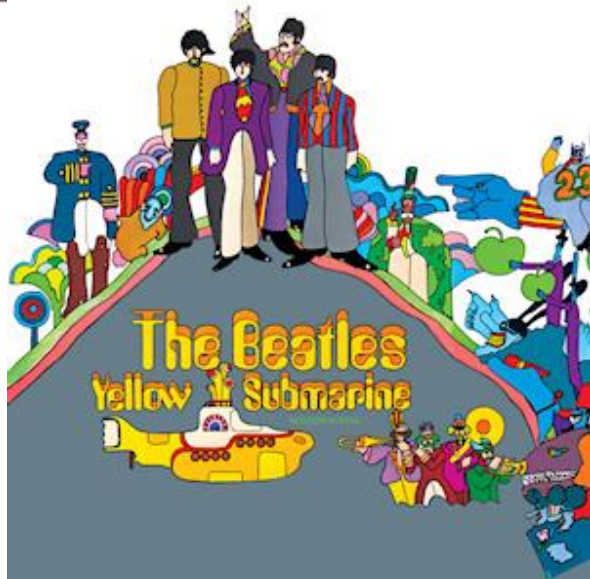
What struck most people, though, was that it had been such a friendly place. Hell's Angels, straighties and hippies, all sorts of ethnic groups (usually at odds in southern Florida), and young and old mixed in an atmosphere oddly loose and tolerant. There were, to be sure, a good number of abuses of privilege; but these hadn't been developed in a vacuum and were due in good part to the fear and ignorance of a lot of locals and stingy businessmen who couldn't do a gesture for a few, in spite of the fortune they were soaking the majority of visitors for.

By suspending law a bit, good will was immeasurably developed. The police thought the kids were great, and this feeling was returned for once. A bit of trust had gone a long way. And, in predictable fashion, no one from our magazines was there.

Senate Elections

Petitions for election to the Senate are due by January 24, and elections will be held on January 28-29. February 5-6 is the date for election of Senate president. The vote for other offices will take place February 9. Petitions require the signature of ten members of the candidate's class.

The Trinity Tripod
January 28, 1969



Frumunda

More of Industry's Offerings Criticized

by D.J. Reilert

Being too baffled to do anything very creative this weekend, we will continue with our merry album reviews. ELVIS (RCA, LPM 4088) has a soundtrack from last month's TV special. It's a nice piece of nostalgia to have around, though its merit otherwise isn't outstanding. Presley sings some of his old hits with his amazing Throat, and has some dull speaking parts. (B minus)

THE LOADING ZONE (RCA, LSP 9959) isn't new, but has gone virtually unnoticed, and deserves some attention, even if belated. It's pretty plastic soul (says one noted campus art authority), but is consistent and makes friends easily. Linda Tillery is a fine mama on lead vocal, and her Berkeley back-ups lay down all the cliches you'd ever want to hear. 'No More Tears' is a really fine tune. (B minus)

BROTHERHOOD (RCA, LSP-4092) are a bunch of ex-Raiders, and they sound it. An overly commercial album, which will make you smile here and there (when you recognize a familiar figure). One has to doubt their intensity. At least you may hear an awesome assemblage of instruments used to heighten this or that mood. (C plus)

SYNTHESIS (Cryan Shames, Columbia CS 9719) is surprisingly nice. Really decent arrangements make most of the bands good listening. Guess they've matured. Hogey Carmichel's 'Baltimore Oriole' is one where they have really good feel. (B)

SOLDE (Jose Feliciano, RCA LSP-4045) is a good collection of good Feliciano. Still somewhat of a specialty, his way is difficult for some to get comfortable with. Singles 'Hitchcock Railway', 'My World Is Empty Without You' and

'Hey Baby' are included. His guitar is excellent, singing and production of high quality. (B-B plus)

THE ELECTRIC FLAG (Columbia CS 9714) Somewhat of a disappointment in selection of material. But scoring is great in the rhythm section, and Buddy Miles' drumming and vocals are outstanding. 'Sunny' is representative

of the calibre of the issue, with a good vocal, balance and tightness there, but overarranged and getting tedious. We miss you, Mike Bloomfield. (B)

BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS (Columbia CD 9720) We don't really miss you, Al Kooper. Really nice album, once you get used to its switching between jazz horns

and rock necks. Vocals are better than on album one, but material isn't as good. It is so weak in some places to sound a bit contrived. The makings of an excellent two-way group. 'God Bless The Child' is a must. (B)

FROM THE BEGINNING (B.B. King, Kent KST-533) A limited, two record collection of tracks by the Boy. You may note the repetition of chord pattern, but that's his way. There are almost eighty minutes of things like 'Troubles, Troubles, Troubles', 'Everyday, I Have The Blues' and 'Sweet Little Angel'.

THE FAMILY THAT PLAYS TOGETHER (Spirit Ode Z12 44014) Best of the bunch. Randy California's 'Darlin' I' and 'I Got a Line On You' are something else, especially the latter, which is the best single of the winter. Superb variety and consistent material (by California and Jay Ferguson). The guitar work is very, very tasteful, singing good, lyrics appropriate. Rates close to an A.

YELLOW SUBMARINE (Beatles Apple/Capitol SW 153) Although there are several great bands, the album is lacking as a whole. George Martin's pieces on side two are nice but not terribly distinguished. The title and 'All You Need is Love' have been on LPs before. 'Hey Bulldog' is the best of the new four songs. Harrison's two are cloudy, gentle, comfy, but may have gone too far in those directions. 'All Together Now' is a dandy children's song. But it's not really an album. A minus by virtue of the vocals.

Aretha Franklin will be at the New Haven Arena this Friday evening. And in Hartford on 13 February will be Canned Heat, the Turtles and Spirit. A R for now.



Are these men laughing? See next week's "Frumunda."

The Trinity Tripod February 4, 1969

Frumunda

New Groups Reviewed

by D.J. Reilert

Two new groups are emerging from the depths of the rock underground. Produced by Good Music, a branch of the IPC Art Group, their first titles are bound to make a dent in the industry when they are released later this spring. Although recording is still going on for one of the groups, and packaging is in process for both, IPC has given me some information regarding their projects. (They are still considered top secret).

The Atomic Bookcase was organized last fall as the result of a freak accident. The four-man band, hailing from all over the nation, shows its best on 'A Volume of Sound' (Stax STX-560,5). The album includes their first single, soon to be released, called 'You Shaved Me For Another'. Their soulful sound is augmented from time to time by a black chorus and brass section, recruited from Brigham Young University, which two of the group attend.

Organist Rocks Needleman is the small, tough man with lightning hands. From Boston, he got his nickname from the WBZ hero of a few years back. "When I play my organ, all I see is rocks," says the erstwhile fellow, who knows how to supply the band's punch.

The bassist is Cherub. Baby-faced and brilliant, his runs continually surprise the listener for their sheer audacity. His laugh is a constant delight; one critic compared it to the "cry of a gelded seal." Cherub sings background, and has a bonus lead on 'It Was Bound to Happen'.

Johnny "Guitar" Federal is the drummer. Johnny plays drums on account of that freak accident. An Easterner enamored of the Wasatch Mountains, he often can be seen composing poetry in Salt Lake City's Reservoir Park. He is the neat man of the group, and cleans up the motel rooms where the Bookcase stays, as they are invariably made filthy by the group's odd habits.

Lead guitarist and songwriter is Sunny Nice. He is as friendly as his name, but has a volcanic temper. His screams on the record are astounding. His songs, indeed strange, blend Kafka, Camus, Booker T, Washington and Long-fellow. He wears a huge shawl over his head on Sundays, in accordance with a religious custom.

Rocky has an extraordinary knife hand, and tore Johnny's drums apart at their last recording session with one of the six switch blades that he carries around with him at all times. In spite of this, the group gets along extremely well and shares virtually everything it gets (IPC has not per-



(David Bailey photo)

Atomic Bookcase up against the wall. Standing from left: Johnny "Guitar" Federal, Sunny Nice, and Rocks Needleman. Foreground: Cherub.

mitted the men to go on tour until the album is finished, so they have to share to survive).

The group makes extensive use of its musical capacity. Nice plays seventeen instruments, and does two bands on the album where he plays all the layers. 'Between the Sheets' and 'Con't Cover Up' Johnny plays lute behind a recitation by Rocks on 'Overdue'. Their music is powerful, and the addition of brass helps add excitement. What is refreshing about the Bookcase is its ability to know when to overtrack and add special effects. Not many groups can put on extra layers without blowing the entire recording. From tapes I heard in New York, the album deserves an A minus, a rare high for a first effort. Catch Sunny's moaning, writhing guitar solo on 'Pay the Fine'.

The Toilet is another story. They are still in recording, and IPC considers them top secret, but I got a chance to hear a few things. Their pungent sound stands out on 'All Stopped Up Over You' the lead song on their first album which will be called 'The Toilet Bowls You Over'. It has been learned that the group will be banned from several radio stations, based on a decision made BEFORE release (a first in the industry, I suppose).

They asked me to write one of the bands, called 'Unrolling', and it is reminiscent of Buffalo Springfield's 'Special Care', the Band, and Rhinoceros. They are also reportedly doing a rare cover of 'Wipe Out'. Toilet comes from Long Island, and has five members: two guitars, bass, keyboards and

(Continued on page 6)

Frumunda...

(Continued from page 2)

drums. There are occasionally an additional three members, two singers who join the group because

they are friends, and a great black pianist from Hempstead, who does an amazing jam with the lead guitarist and organist on the album.

Little more can be said about the album, except that it will be out by May, and will have about fifty minutes of recording time on it. And when it does come out, you can bet it will raise quite a big stink.

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The Trinity Tripod
February 11, 1969

Frumunda

Rock Critic Attends 'Gathering'

by D. J. Reilert)

I climbed in from the fire escape, three stories above the garbage-strewn street. Derek and Pete were sitting on the window ledge, looking out at the old cobblestones and seemingly-as-old shops, most of them with broken windows, none with patrons. Paul was pouring over his magazine, trying to make sense of the jumble of notes on his desk. Willy lay on the one piece of furniture in the cavernous apartment, (a decrepit, roaring twenties armchair), tuned his axe and cursed. Three SDS people had come in, leaving their van in the street. George wandered from room to room, looking very comfortable and curious. In fact, we were all waiting for Eric to show.

The back room, graced with a dozen posters and a mammoth stereo set, was humming with six huge amps. How they got there

was beyond anyone's reasoning, but they were to be used, and we took every step to do just that.

Eric appeared, and we got started. Warming up with 'Goin' Down Slow' one could see his left hand beginning to steeak up and down the neck of his red baby. She laughed, moaned, screamed and sighed; he made no move, save his hands and face, dark and contorted with sweat and dust. Willy moved his massive frame around the drums, a black streak within white clothes, machine-gunning beats that knocked everyone watching dead. Mark was playing a lonely lead riff on organ, and John and I, on bass and second guitar, filled in.

Song followed song, hours elapsed, and we broke for some eats. The fifteen people in the room sat down together, munching

block. Then we smoked or played alone in corners. Nobody spoke—nobody had to. Then someone asked if we shouldn't do a Big Brother song, and everyone laughed. A short list was made up, a local church bell chimed midnight. Some of Willy's friends rolled in and demanded soul. John told them to go screw and handed one, Jack, a guitar. By now, eight or nine were playing, mostly three-chord songs, and the visitors were singing and sounding like the Sweet Inspirations.

Three o'clock came and some left, some slept. Eric, John and I went into a corner. Switching off, we tugged at every root of rock and pulled each out with raw resolve. It wasn't easy. George said I rusted a metal can with my perspiration. The singing and play-

(Continued on Page 9)



Frumunda

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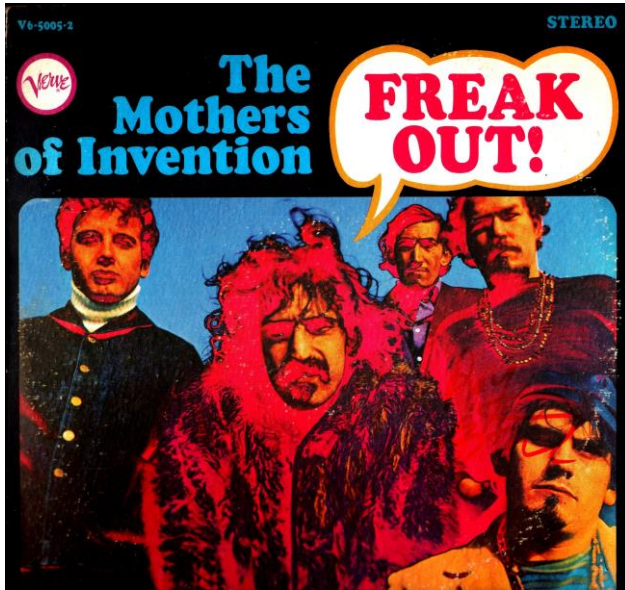
ing became a sweet, tortuous obsession. What came out drew us, and all those who had stayed awake together. Everyone was smiling, gently tapping their legs with tense, excited hands to the drumless beat; tears rolled down several faces. We three were united, and saw only the music. Once in a while one of us looked up and gave another a frantic smile which said More. We were alone, but very together.

Five arrived; albums and talk followed. Most of us had come off the road; I was the only student. We were passing through, drawn together by the good will and family feeling that characterizes those who have really made it. While the kids in the suburbs showed off their big amps and the few fancy leads they learned from

an LP, others, surrounded by grime and silence, played things simple enough to master in one's first week on guitar. Yet the combination of instruments, people and part was something that the others could not produce. And we smiled on, half of peace and gratitude for the music we could love, and half of pity (and some sad contempt) for those who, in spite of all their "latest news", didn't know what was, really going on.

Spirit, Canned Heat and the Turtles are here at the Bushnell in two days, this Thursday evening. The sophisticated Hartford audience has not been buying tickets, so there are a lot of very decent seats still left. They run at something like three-fifty to five-fifty. Blow some coin and see some good groups. This doesn't happen very often in Hartford.

The Trinity Tripod
February 18, 1969



Frumunda

Current Rock Sounds

by D.J. Reilert

The Mothers were in Morning-side Heights the other night. Preceded by a pseudo-cool but too-Columbian - for - my - country - bumpkin - taste group called Meat (pretty risqué, n'est-cepas?), they shuffled on stage for an hour-long assault on one's patience.

Now, Frank Zappa is a genius. He plays many things, and there are a lot of people who swear he's the best guitarist anywhere. He zaps around the neck with the weirdest jazz chords you'd ever wanna hear, and his leads are very fast and blend beautifully with the other instruments. I've been saying all along that 'We're Only In It For The Money' was the best album of last year, so I can't be accused of outright hating this eleven man bofflesome delicatessen.

But it was a drag. Frank came out, gave everyone the finger, which made all the up-tight straight-arrows and suburban - through - junior - year - revolutionaries giggle proudly, and told them to make the "shortest, highest noise you can whenever you see this sign". From thence, the orchestra was geared into action, each musician doing his thing (at Zappa's command) for about twenty minutes. Some cat in the balcony began yelling "Hey Frank, you're outa sight", which he neatly timed at five-minute intervals for the rest of the concert. The audience chipped in with their yelps every now and again, smiling that smile of satisfying participation.

Zappa is really into his own thing. Zappa is really cool and groovy. Zappa is angry and carried away with himself, capable of writing and arranging brilliant music, and then going too far. He makes connections between the rock scene and politics, implying (along with many of us) that the former is most realistically reflecting the real mood of the times, and that it should throw its weight into the sphere of the latter. But, with the exception of 'Money', his albums have been at times funny, at times well-written and superlative in getting an idea across, but usually tedious, too cool, and out of touch with what's happening now.

The Mothers of Invention are an example of an act which is technically superior, potentially creative, but who is so involved with its mission that it is unable to relate it to the general social crisis that it will have a healthy impact on its listeners.

Spirit, the Turtles and Canned Heat showed up at Bushnell Thursday. Spirit has been ignored for over a year. Their second album (given an A a few weeks back) is finally making waves on the national charts. They were the most impressive musically, al-

though they didn't go through physical (Turtles) or musical (Canned Heat) acrobatics, which were initially impressive but boring in the long run, and not indicative of much more than stamina.

(Continued on page 6)



Chip Keyes (left), Betty Paine, and Jesters will present the play, dire March 3.

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Frumunda

(Continued from page 2)

Spirit is blending jazz with rock. Without much brass but a hearty, spooky piano augmented by heavy bass, the styles cross again and again, finally resolving in dreamy instrumental passages. Spirit has real musicians, knows how to color and blend, and mixes very well.

The Turtles put on a dumb stage act, but their singing and playing were adequate. Vocals are very strong, but instruments lack any originality whatsoever. One Turtle said to Ed Cassidy, Spirit drummer: "Hey, we'd really like to get together with you, and really learn how to play. We do shit. You guys are really into something; we could really learn from each other."

Canned Heat is nice, aloof, and enthusiastic. They play well, especially when melody takes off, but it gets tiring to hear the Boogie for over a half-hour. Have pity, man! After three hours of amplified notes, ya get tired of a bass solo past five minutes, no matter how loud it is.

But after these little peeves, all three groups were nice, and Hartford was treated to an excellent show. More power to WDRC. A.R. for now, friends.

The Trinity Tripod

February 25, 1969



Frumunda

Epitaph for a Blues Singer

by D.J. Reilert

They found Skit dead yesterday, sitting on the same porch he'd occupied since he was relocated out of the city by a federal project. The folk in town got up a collection for his funeral; even the whites, who had quietly tried to ignore him while he was alive, added a bit to the defrayment in the hands of John G., the local two-faced civic leader.

He had grown up on the Delta, where he was left fatherless at birth. His mama died when he was eight. Sent to live with his

drunken, crazed uncle, he ran away from "home", winding up with his maternal grandparents. Grandpa had two axes in the corner; one had a handle, the other nine strings. Little Skip lazed afternoons away (he worked mornings, wasn't allowed in the region's schools because of his culah) by playing songs he had learned at work and from his grandfather.

At fifteen, he got it into his head to learn something, and enrolled in a correspondence course in the area. He worked, too, but somehow managed to keep playing the guitar. A few years passed, and he got a job in what would become the Dust Bowl. When it all happened, he wondered around lost with dozens of other farmers, waiting for something to happen, too ambitious and hurt to go home. He wrote letters to his relatives, telling them that he had somehow gotten out of the Bowl without losing too badly, that he'd gotten jobs here and there, and that was sure a lot better off than most.

But, as he went to bed night after night on an empty belly, he grabbed the old guitar from its worn sack and moaned the blues of his days. He sang of his lost jobs, his loneliness, his lack of a woman. When he finally found one, he "gave her everything ah ever had" and tried to build something solid after twenty-five years of chaos.

The outcome's an old song. Years later, after having lived in the city for thirty years, he retired back to his small town, and sang timeless songs to unchanging people. They loved him, because he was beautiful and innocent, sang songs to make the lily-white towns-daughters weep, the old men reflect in their accustomed limited way, and supplied what every small town needed...

When the turbulent sixties came, his songs lost some of their serenity. Though he still sang of this or that woman or job, the Man began to creep into his stories, and the younger people of both races made him a symbol of exploitation. His case wasn't at all unique; but it filled a need to, on one hand, say that it was in its

immediate context, but representative of thousands upon thousands of similar stories around the country.

With his new importance, he got more praise but less help. Enthusiasts hardly had the money to give him a steady job. The old-timers resented his popularity and what he stood for (although he really wanted no part of that...he just went along with the tide). So there were few odd jobs, and fewer friendly peers. He felt kindly toward the younger ones, but they had nothing in common with him... talking with him brought out the confusion in his mind as to just why they followed him. "They jes' dunno what we'all gone through, but they b'lieve they do anyways..."

Old Skip got more and more lonely, more and more feared and suspected by the townies, more and more honored by the young. He finally died in utter poverty and heartbreak a few months ago, sitting on the porch of his run-down house, the one which once stood proud "befo' dem darkies moved in". Before the bigots in town were challenged to pass a test of understanding and decency. They failed, and his guitar, sitting in its ironic place of honor in the village hall, is his only testament. Now everyone says that's too bad; goes home, and watches a racial documentary on CBS. Then they gather in the stores the next morning and my oh my at them troubles in those big, bad cities.


Go to hell if you don't think blues are honest.

At College

On Sunday afternoon March 9 at 2:30 p.m. The Department of Fine Arts of the College will present a recital by two young musicians - Paula Sylvester and Samuel Sanders - both prizewinners. Held in the Goodwin Theatre of the Austin Arts Center, this concert (the fifth of six events in this year's series) is offered with the assistance of the National Arts Foundation.

Miss Sylvester student of soloist with such famous musicians as Newell Jenkins, Jorge Mester, and Anthony Newman is a flutist with an enviable reputation at the age of 25. She has a repertoire ranging from Tele-mann, Bach, Mozart, Schubert, to Debussy, Prokofieff, Dutilleux. It may be noted that this beauteous musician, who plays a Powell flute, is married to a young cellist whose recent New York appearances also earned critical praise.

On the program for March 9 at the College are compositions by Georges Hue, Philippe Gaubert, Vincent Persichetti, Francis Poulenc - all important French and American composers of this century. Tickets free to the College community are available at the Austin Arts Center, from the Music Secretary, until March 7.



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The Trinity Tripod March 7, 1969

Frumunda

Critic Identifies 'Billy James'

by D.J. Reilert

Does Billy James exist?

Every Thursday night, if you turned on WRTC-FM at one in the morning, you could hear his voice between selections from an avalanche of all sorts of contemporary music. Campus freaks go around, mumbling about the amazing things that happen on this show, and how the cat sometimes stays on the air until after breakfast. But check the campus directory, and you won't find a William James anywhere.

Now that your curiosity has been aroused, it is safe to divulge his real identity. Billy James is Bill Rosser, who explains that it's sometimes too difficult to get his real last name out when he's working under Thursday night conditions; James came to mind first, and is really easy to spit out.

Next question is: Why the big fuss over an all-night radio show? Well, it's about time somebody freaked out on the air here at staid old Trin. Last semester, the rock scene had been as bad (or so it seemed) as the days when it was said that President Jacobs had prevented the Animals from appearing on campus because of their name, image, and so on. Rosser decided to do something about it during December, and started his thing, which has continued to grow: "...I'll probably go on till noon this week..."

There is a growing amount of

rock played on our fair station, but the afternoon show is WPOP style, and Andy Mitchell and Pete Brinckerhoff's show are surveyish (musical, not top-forty). Rosser just plays his stuff. "I usually start out in the middle, then get really heavy. After a few hours I lighten up, and finish up getting heavier... but, if I'm down, the music keeps getting lighter, and I finish the show with things like Judy Collins..." Last week, he superimposed two songs which followed roughly the same outline, and freaked out a number of late-night listeners. That isn't the first time. A furious taxi driver called in a few weeks ago, saying "... Just what the hell are you trying to pull off?..." but the response is usually very good. As might be expected with this campus, most of his calls come from out-of-college. He gets a few from Springfield per show, and somehow received one from Buffalo last month.

Rosser began promoting groups at home in Columbus while still in school, and was managing one of that city's three big clubs (The Upper Deck) by his last year. He then hired groups to play there, and one of them, Sir Timothy and the Royals, became central Ohio's third biggest group. They later changed personnel a bit and became the Ohio Express. He had

been pretty disappointed in the amount of so-called progressive rock on the air here, and his show is an example, along with Mitchell's, and Brinckerhoff's, of what there should be more of.

A few of us, Rosser and myself included, are discussing plans to bring good, national acts to the College next year, when there will hopefully be a much larger arena than there has been in the past. I'd suggest you'd listen closer to WRTC, and give its people some encouragement, since what we're doing here has potentially much more creativity than the UofH station, which appears to be caught up in a bit of big-time commercialism. I'll post a rock schedule here when we start school again, and would appreciate it if you'd let all involved know how you feel about putting more good rock on the air.

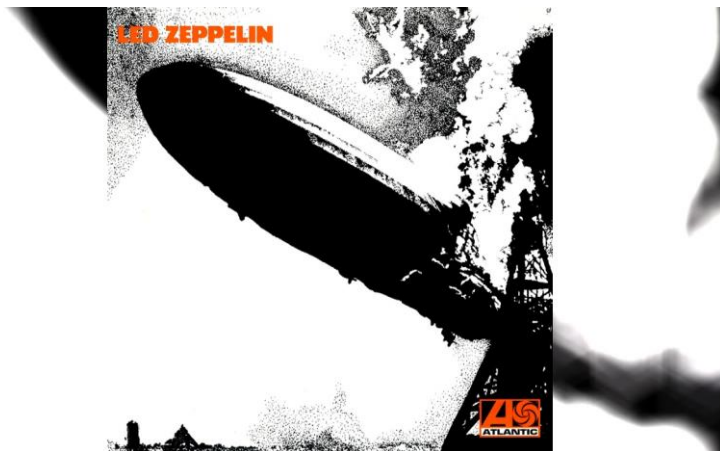
LED ZEPPELIN is an album you should get, if you like heavy fuzzy sound and lightning guitar. Jimmy Page (former lead guitarist of the last Yardbirds) is aided by electronics, but is unquestionably one of the fastest soloists around. The four-man group, powered by the unbelievably strong and penetrating voice of Robert Plant, presents a good, good first package. Some tracks are hazy, and give the listener the impres-

(Continued on Page 3)

Frumunda

(Continued from page 2)

sion that echo was used too much, and to cover up gaps. But the group has a definite total sound, and demonstrates knowledge of its instruments and variety in the material. Plant goes through some shuddersome vocal acrobatics at the end of Willie Dixon's 'You Shook Me Babe', but fronts nicely on deep guitar during 'Babe I'm Gonna Leave You'. It is definitely worth a listen; Led Zeppelin is the best new group of the winter, and could produce an awesome album next time around if it cleans up its recordings. (Atlantic SD 8216...A minus)



The Trinity Tripod
April 15, 1969



Frumunda

Steppenwolf Reviewed

by D.J. Reilert

Where is Steppenwolf at? The group, in Hartford last Thursday, didn't seem overly involved with its music, to say the least. Speaking with people who had seen them on the Philadelphia and Boston legs of their concert tour brought the same impression. And Mike Tell's tour sold out consistently, but the crowds were apparently composed more of followers than freaks. One must ask if Steppenwolf isn't giving in to commercial considerations. They've been dangerously close to the thin line dividing

creative rock from pop, but were always able to meet this possible conflict of directions by producing extremely tight music. Their third album, 'At Your Birthday Party' (Dunhill DSX 50053) is again well balanced, but when measured against their first two efforts, one must wonder if they're not settling too comfortably in the money groove. I find few songs on the album memorable. All are admittedly enough, nice, but too many stop there.

Perhaps the reason for this un-

happiness was the thought that Steppenwolf would become the undisputed best group in the country, with the folding of the original Byrds, Buffalo, and Moby Grape.

They did their thing really well on albums one and two, better than any creative group in the States outside of the Band. The problem is that they have not progressed in this third release. They do sound like the Band in places on side two, but that and a few good songs aren't enough to rate them as highly as before. On the plus side are 'Lovely Meter', a tune which is the prettiest song they have recorded; 'It's Never Too Late', 'Jupiter Child', 'She'll Be Better', a short but inconspicuous instrumental called 'Cat Killer', the single 'Rock Me', and the Bandy 'God Fearing Man' (where Kay can't match the band's Richard Manuel's vocals).

If this album represents a ven-

(Continued on Page 3)

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—Bob Salmaggi, WINS Radio

Steppenwolf (Continued from Page 2)

ture in new direction for Steppenwolf, it is too disorganized and uninspired. (B to B plus)

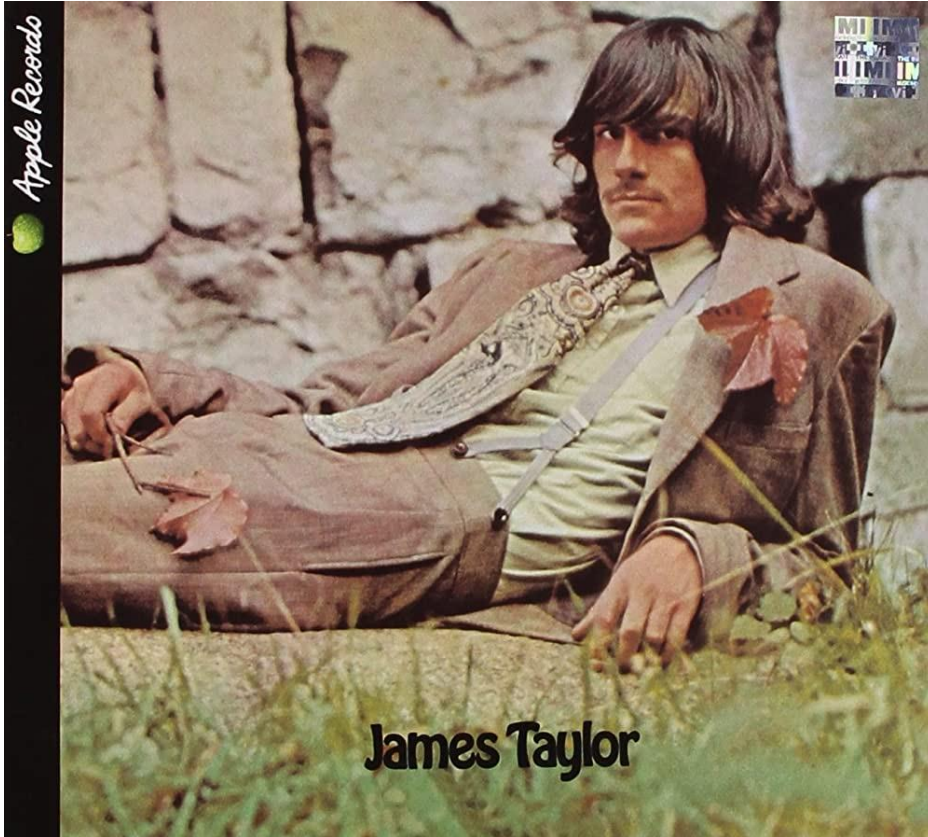
John Kay lately remarked that the group is still a happy blues alternative. This is indeed a rewarding quality of the bunch, but it wasn't overly in evidence at Bushnell. They weren't mean; just hassled, probably by this sometimes ridiculous city, in the form of the HoJos which wouldn't serve them liquor without a majority card (which they, not being residents of this state, couldn't possibly have had). But they gave a very bored performance, and didn't make much of an effort to play very creatively or well. Goldy McJohn did want to "get the hell out of this damned city," and this may also be understood by the hopping audience and might help explain the performance.

All excuses aside, they should have been far better, especially bassist Nick St. Nicholas, whose troops could hardly be distin-

gushed from the general din, and who did very little in pushing the sound ahead. Kay was very nice to the audience, but there was otherwise very little rapport. Perhaps Steppenwolf needs only a rest. At any rate, they are being abandoned by many freaks for selling out. That sort of phrase is just so much bullshit, but it is indicative of a decline in their popularity among the underground and musicians. Suppose it will now be a decision between ever more money and more musical respect.

The Damn Yankees put on a much better show than they had when Big Brother was in last autumn. The selling out of seats promises more rock concerts coming from Mike Tell's promotion group, which did the area well by offering Steppenwolf for viewing (with WPOP). There should be much more musical activity in the area; the people certainly can support it, and we hope Tell will bring more Coast acts here in the future.

The Trinity Tripod
April 22, 1969



Frumunda

A First Look at James Taylor, And a Rock Festival on the Quad

by D.J. Reilert

James Taylor was at the Unicorn in Boston this past week. His crowds weren't overwhelmingly large; he is not well known outside of a few circles. But this presence was strongly felt by the faithful who braved the crazy Boston weather to see him.

Sitting atop an old stool with his steel-stringed ax, Taylor played songs from his first album (James Taylor, Apple SKAO 3352), as well as a handful of country and folk songs. He has complete control over his hands, and appears to be doing the work of two guitarists as he plays melody and rhythm parts simultaneously.

Taylor is from Chapel Hill, and his music is influenced by Carolina country sounds, as well as traditional folk and light rock. One notices a resemblance to Feliciano in both vocal and instrumental style. While not a spectacular performer, he readily engages the audience and can quietly turn a listener into a fanatical fan. His songs have lovely themes, filled with sunshine and rain, seasons and nature. One might feel they are a bit corny, but there is so little pretense in his delivery that the simple beauty of these ideas affects the open listener.

One song, 'Knocking Around the Unicorn' is about a stay he had at an institution three years ago, and is both humorous and enlightening. Other numbers show extensive use of jazz chording and fine, immaculate orchestral arrangements. On his album, eleven of twelve cuts are original, the twelfth, 'Circle Around the Sun', a beautiful adaptation of several traditional songs.

He has been traveling about the states for six months, playing odd concerts here and there, watching album sales go up ever so slowly. It is doubtful that the album will ever register very high on the charts; but Taylor is important in that he is the first person to have made a demo, gone to London to peddle it after having done the work in America, and sold the product to Apple. This is, hopefully, the first in a long list of performers who will have made it without going through the musical mill.

His album is indeed a good first effort. It will not overwhelm you, but, if you let it sink in a little bit, it is something you'll want to keep with you for a long time. (B plus)

The Unicorn is one of several places in Boston that is worth a

visit. The atmosphere is low-key, lighting dim, the place apparently in a state of change (it is located in the old Psychedelic Supermarket, 590 Commonwealth Ave.) Coming there this week will be Dave Van Ronk, and on the following week, John Mayall and friends. Coffee-house beverages are served (a bit too steeply priced for my taste), and the cover is three dollars.

Blood, Sweat and Tears will be appearing at the Bushnell next Thursday, May 1. Led by David Clayton-Thomas and a renowned horn section, they have received tremendous orations on their most recent tour. The group's second album was best-selling for several weeks, and has been praised for its blend of jazz and rock. Tickets are still around.

Anyone interested in participating in the 'First Annual Frumunda Sit-In Anniversary Rock Festival' should get in touch with me at Box 845 or somewhere around campus. It would be nice to have it this Thursday (a year after the great min-event), but, as we probably won't be able to get people together so quickly, we will be more than glad to wait a while, maybe a weekend or two.

The Trinity Tripod
April 29, 1969



Frumunda

Some Good, Bad, and Indifferent Issues

by D.J. Reilert

Now that all those record companies which sent me albums are wondering what happened to them, I think it's time to give you some reviews:

APPLE: POST CARD, Mary Hopkin (ST-3351) A somewhat disappointing album. Includes 'Those Were The Days' and several Donovan songs ('Lord of the Reedy River', 'Pebble and the Man', and 'Voyage of the Moon'), as well as a selection of other writers. A pleasant enough record, it becomes the last cut is "There's No Business Like Show Business". Makes one wonder. (B minus-B)

UNDER THE JASMIN TREE, Modern Jazz Quartet (ST-3351) Wow. Something to really get into. Read the liner notes, notice how long they've been around and largely unnoticed, and dig Apple for giving them some real publicity as powerful and compelling instruments. Come in with an open mind, and they'll blow it, on any track. (A minus-A)

RCA: GRAZIN', Friends of Distinction (LSP-4149) A sound that reminds one of the Fifth Dimension. Very easy to get friendly with quickly. Led by the vocal cover of 'Grazin in the Grass', the four Friends go through all sorts of vocal acrobatics in eleven well-done, tasteful cuts. Listen to Laurie Nyro's 'Eli's Comin' and

catch the vocal. (A minus-B plus)

ELEPHANT MOUNTAIN, The Youngbloods (LSP-4150) Three-man Bloods have come out with a hodge-podge. The hodge (instrumental things with drums, bass, and piano or guitar) are o.k., but really unnecessary on an effort which comes out only once a year. But the podge (vocals) are outasight. 'Darkness Darkness' uses country violins and a Jorma-like break around Jesse Colin Young's high, sensitive voice. 'Ride the Wind' is very much a Tim Hardin thing, and good. But the gem is 'Sunlight', a ballad which Paul would probably love to sing. (B plus-A minus)

CAPITOL: HAPPY TRAILS, Quicksilver Messenger Service (ST-120) I'm sorry, but this album really isn't good, in spite of its coolness. I find it tedious, unimaginative, and just far too long for what it offers. Side One (with the 'Who Do You Love' opus) shouldn't be. Side Two is better. Quicksilver is made up of really nice guys, and they help out in S.F. by being generous to a fault, but you can't like an album on those grounds alone.

WINGS OF A MAN, Danny McCulloch (ST-174) An ex-Animal, McCulloch has put out a solid, unpretentious album. All the material (save Traffic's 'No Face, No Name,

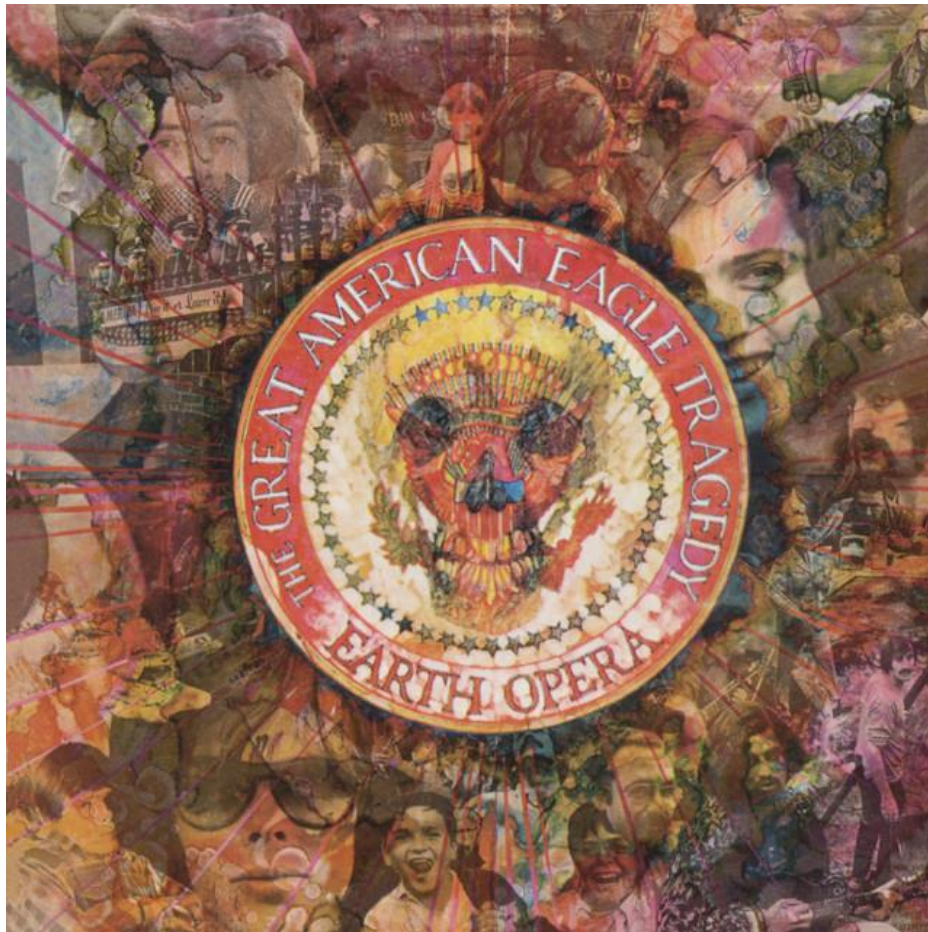
No Number') is his own, and it is nicely composed by him and Vic Briggs (B)

THE SERFS (SKAO-207) Pretty strong first effort, on the strength (Continued on Page 3)



The Trinity Tripod
April 29, 1969

continued



Frumunda

(Continued from Page 2)

of their mixing of rock and jazz. Heavy but innocuous cover of 'Like A Rolling Stone', and several strong originals by Lane Tietgen and friends. Interesting ensemble of guitar/bass, keyboard, conga, drums, vibes, sax, and trumpet/trombone/flugelhorn. (B)

BOTH SIDES OF PEOPLE, (ST-151) Nothing to rave about, but more consistent and better developed than album one. Some country influence, and not as teeny-bop as one might think. 'Hey Sweetheart', in fact, is very good, sounding Creamy on guitar and Doug Ingley vocally. (B minus-B)

ELEKTRA: GLAD I'M IN THE BAND, Lonnie Mack (EKS-74040) Mack is back, in a fair album. His guitar still drips of Magnatone tremolo, and his vocals strangely combine Cincinnati and Memphis, but the horn arrangements are good, and the songs solid. One big disappointment, though, is the cover of Memphis, which doesn't approach the single, although it is structurally an exact copy. (B)

LORD BUCKLEY (EKS-74047) Lord Buckley is a hip legend, and this re-release of recordings originally made in 1951 show you why. It is revealing to hear the slang used even now in something done eighteen years ago. Sounds boring at times, but so do Little Richard and Rosemary Clooney (and Buckley is a lot more involving than Miss Clooney). His famous recitation of 'The Nazz',

a story of Christ, is here, as well as his Gettysburg Address, 'The Hip Gahn', an amazing and irreverent thing on Gandhi, 'Jonah and the Whale', Marc Antony's Funeral Oration, and a thing on Nero. A great collector's item.

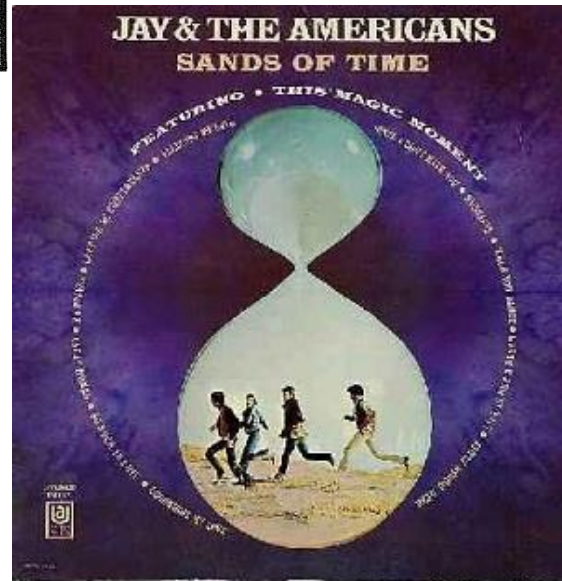
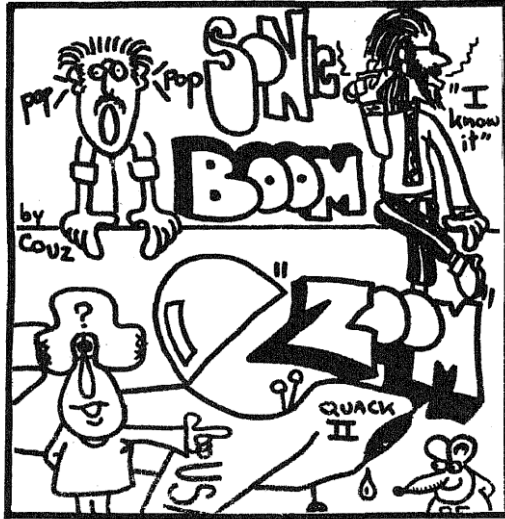
HAPPY SAD, Tim Buckley (EKS-74045) Tim the Magus chants six magical rhymes on this new offering, backed by guitar, conga, acoustic bass, and vibes. It is very hard to compare and criticize Buckley. He is so into his own sad, fleeting world that he creates his own standards. Although not as pleasing as his second (Goodbye and Hello), still a fine album.

RUNNING JUMPING STANDING STILL, Spider Koerner and Willie Murphy (EKS-74041) Why oh why did they go electric? John's voice still stands out, and Willie's gruff good-nature is there, but the AC just doesn't seem to belong most of the time. The title song is good, and there is evidence of good blues feeling all over the place, but it lacks consistency, and care. Spider's blues are usually carefree, of course, but they're also carefully done. Seems they've achieved great freedom here, but they've paid in overall quality. (B at best)

THE GREAT AMERICAN EAGLE TRAGEDY, Earth Opera (EKS-74038) An excellent album, highlighted by the Tragedy, an anti-war song of almost eleven minutes. Earth Opera is well practised musically, and the light tenor of composer Peter Rowan gives their sound a cultured quality. Very well played and arranged. 'Sanctuary From the Law' is recklessly fast (A minus

The Trinity Tripod
May 6, 1969

FRUMUNDA:



More Albums for You Nice People

by D.J. Reilert

WE REMEMBER OTIS, Up-setters with Jimmy Wess (ABC, ABCS-651) A good album of covers of soul tracks originally done by Otis Redding and others. Besides a medley that you might hear any uptown group play, some old things from way back are done well, like 'Tossin' and Turnin' and 'Don't Be Cruel'. Otis' songs do seem to be missing something; but that's more than understandable. I liked their 'Don't Mess With Cupid' best of his songs. (7.5)

CLICK, Click Horning (ABCS-677) Produced by Tom Wilson, it should have been much better. Lyrics are trite, music unmemorable, just something that makes you wonder why ABC doesn't save its money for another B.B. King album. Tracking isn't very integrated, mixing is too distinct for a gruff voice like Hornings'. He appears to be a folk artist, but his stuff is embellished with all sorts of instrumentation which only make the record incongruous. (5.5)

TRICYCLE (ABCS-674) I don't think there is much worse than a poor bubble-gum album. You've got one here. Done by the kings Kase-

netz-Katz, this is really bad. Instrumentation and arranging are terrible, mixing mediocre playing with awful kiddie froops. Some titles are: 'Mr. Henry's Lollipop Shop', 'Lemonade Parade', 'Mary Had A Little Man', 'Yumberry Park'. There is also a cover (heavy, baby) of 'Simon Says'. I really dig nice and good children's music; but I'd hate my kids to be exposed to this trash. (2)

SATURN RINGS, Michelle (ABCS-684) Pretty album by a girl with a pleasant voice, singing songs of all strains. Many different styles are represented here, through clever arrangements by producer Mike Deasy (and Mike Melvine) 'Fallen Angel' might be the outstanding track. (6.5)

TIME CHANGES, Ford Theatre (ABCS-681) The story of Clifford Smothergill in his quest to find meaning in life. Hmm. It's really enjoyable if taken lightly. The group, together for many years, has the sound of an early-sixties wop rock clink in places; but it's fun in a low-key way. They are good performers, and, in their format of a two-act play, put the listener at ease. There is no pressure to dig a higher meaning. Well done, though a little too separated (something which seems to plague ABC and RCA recordings). (8)

SANDS OF TIME, Jay and the Americans (Ua, UAS 6671) Downing an album like this is attacking a sacred cow. Mineola Jay and his boys do twelve moldy goldies in souped-up sixties fashion. A palatable album, though one might ask why they wanted to do it. (If you had seen Jay hanging around the Picture Lounge in Williston Park, Long Island way back when, you might know why.) You'll buy it if you're one of the many who save bobby sox in bottom drawers. 'This Magic Moment' is on it. (7.5)

AS THEY ARE, Tee and Cara (UAS 6683) Two high-school kids

from New York, who write, sing and play guitar, have produced a listenable first effort. Most of the material is their own, added to 'I've Got Plenty of Nothing' and 'A Hard Day's Night'. Some people are raving about this album. I'd prefer to think they should be outstanding performers in a bit, if they develop. (7)

Other things on United Artists: HEAVIES (UAS 6691) is a re-release of early Spencer Davis stuff, with Winwood in lead. An item if you dig the Original Al Kooper. Songs are like the other Davis beat blues; and OUT OF THE FRYING PAN (UAS 6695) shows studio organist Wynder K. Frog off in a number of covers. Good background music. His cut of 'Tequila' has been played in N.Y. a lot. Pretty good thing. Both rate 7 and a smile.

FORTY BLUE FINGERS FRESHLY PACKED AND READY TO SERVE, Chicken Shack (Epic BN 26414) Lead, piano (played by girl Christine Perfect), bass and drums. Good thing. Solid blues, not overpowering, but very engaging. Christine does a fine vocal on 'When The Train Comes Back'. Their sound is better practised than most new blues groups, and they don't blast the hell out of you to catch attention, nor bore in trying to impress with virtuosity. (8.5)

ENGLISH ROSE, Fleetwood Mac (BN 26446) A big, big letdown. Though outstanding live, Mac comes off very weakly on this record. There are only two kinds of songs herein; they seem to have laid them out in alternating positions (Now that you wonder what that means, listen to it yourself.) Peter Green's guitar work is very disappointing, much more poorly developed than on Mayall's tracks. Easily bores. Better luck next time. (6)

Artt Merger

ger of a department with another school with no trial period is an act of irresponsibility by the administration. I would hope that their decisions are not so mercurial in the matter of firing teachers and forgetting past service.

When it's all thought out, I can only wonder if it wasn't better in the old days with inadequate facilities, when things were thought out slowly and carefully, and there was some feeling of logic and stability in the air.

The Trinity Tripod
May 6, 1969

continued



KAK, (BN 26429) seems pre-tentious at first, but it's really o.k. Very commercial, though not terribly important. Good rock guitarist and balance, with very standard arrangements. Singing steady too. 'Everything's Changing' is getting air play here and there, though 'Disbelievin' is a better track. 'I've Got Time' reminds of Moby Grape '67. Very well done jacket, too. (7)

SOUL '69, Aretha Franklin (Atlantic SD 8212) Aretha has left Memphis and the Roots for good here, lending herself more to traditional jazz and blues. Though somewhat disappointed that she isn't singing the raw, explosive material she did when she came to Atlantic, one is satisfied listening to side one, upon realizing that she does the new stuff beautifully. This album has to confirm her as the best and most versatile female blues singer of the decade. She might stay away from white country songs, as 'Gentle on My Mind' and 'Elusive Butterfly' are weaker than her blues tracks. A wonderful voice. (9)



BALL, Iron Butterfly (Atco, SD 33-280) is solid and very much in the same bag as the other two. The Butterfly is definitely not overly endowed musically, but their sound is unique, and they do their thing very well. They have emerged as the top pop (simple) group in the U.S., and it's probably deserved, because they're consistent and strong in their own way. Not as good as In-a-gadda-da-vida, but good to have when a beautiful sixteen-year-old bops in. (8.5)

Note - numerical rating resembles Trinity's. A seven (or B minus) means it's worth something to somebody. Nine is really good, ten exceptional, and eleven (A) happens about five times a year in rock.

The Trinity Tripod
May 14, 1969

Frumunda

Getting Better All The Time?

by Daniel J. Reilert

About twenty minutes before the Berry-Byrds concert, I was summoned to supply speakers for the Byrds' vocals, because the Trinidads' system was feared to be insufficient. Last minute, you say? All worked out in the end, so the matter may well be put off until a crisis can't be resolved by a visiting act's bringing its own sound equipment.

This potentially disastrous situation, which might have resulted in the Byrds' refusal to play, is but one which plagues those who overextend themselves to bring some sort of decent entertainment to a largely unappreciative campus. The operating budget given Jack Luxemburg and Board of Governors this school year was \$9600, not much when one realizes the cost of the two acts Saturday night, including commission, was about \$6300. Magic? No, just some damned good juggling and planning by Jack.

With the new arena, things should theoretically be better. However, there has been the threat of no cut for entertainment on the senate budget. If this happens, it would be but another example of Trinity blowing a good thing before it got started. In a school where students still cringe at a "second best" image, a good lineup at a party weekend isn't as unimportant as it may seem. Luxemburg has worked a miracle this year with the money he had, and if the new Entertainment Committee has something to work with, we can avoid Baby Hueys and groups that died five years ago in the future. Most students are sick of poor planning of weekends, and are quick to lay the blame on the Board of Governors. The fault is with the general attitude of those above, who are reluctant to either extend more funds for entertainment, but are at best reluctant to have students work out their own concert arrangements.

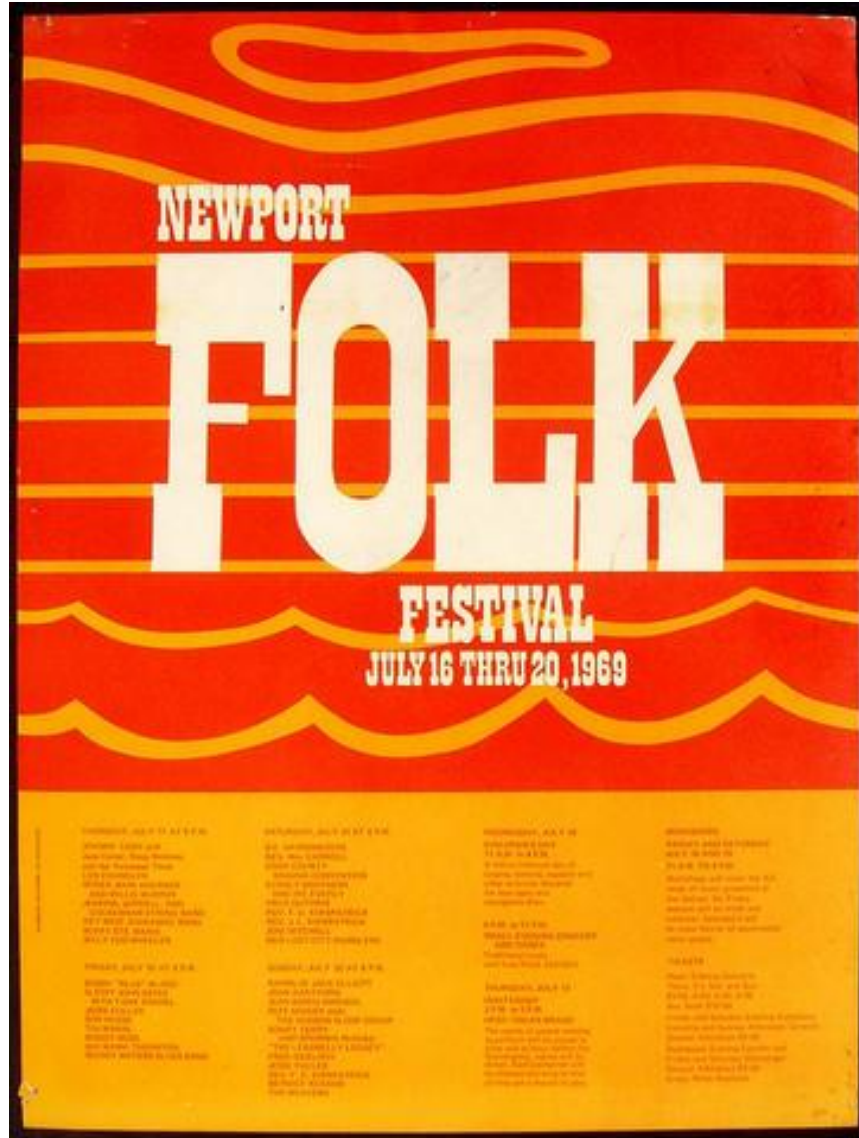
Someone is going to have to decide one way or another. If a college committee cannot be endowed with enough funds to make adequate arrangements for the students (and that includes purchasing permanent, dependable sound equipment), then several of us are prepared to establish a private corporation which will supply the students with services withheld it by the powers that be, whether student or otherwise. With the utter



Newport Festival Crowd

The Trinity Tripod
May 14, 1969

continued



neglect of independents in favor of an athletic center bound only to maintain the social inequity if present policies of granting use of facilities is continued, it is imperative that the College encourage all-college activities that can serve everyone. Allowing big weekends to be big for everyone would be a giant step in the right direction.

Newport's Folk Festival will be held from Wednesday, July 16 to Sunday, 20. The Thursday concert will show Johnny Cash, June Carter, Spider Koerner and Willie Murphy, Billy Edd Wheeler, Buffy Ste. Marie, and more. Friday will show blues: Taj Mahal, Champion Jack Dupree, Sun House, Buddy Moss, Muddy Waters, Jesse Fuller, Mabel Hillery, Sleepy John Estes with Yank Rachel, and

others. Saturday: Everly Brothers, Ike Everly, Arlo Guthrie, the Incredible String Band, Joni Mitchell, the New Lost City Ramblers, and a gospel show. There will be secondary concerts at Rogers High School Friday and Saturday, the first of fiddlers from several states and countries, hosted by Theodore Bikel, the second of bluegrass, led by Bill Monroe. The Sunday afternoon Young Talent concert will present James Taylor, Pentangle, Van Morrison, Steve Young, Frank Proffitt, Jr., John Allen Cameron, Jerry Jeff Walker, and any other new people they come across between now and then. It closes Sunday evening with a show consisting of a concert half (with John Hartford, Pete Seeger and the Hudson Sloop Group, Ramblin' (Continued on page 3)

Frumunda

(Continued from page 2)

Jack Elliott, Jean-Bosco Mwenda, and Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee), and a finale called 'The Leadbelly Legacy' with many of Leadbelly's classics performed by festival stars. Tickets bought before June 1 are reduced 20%, and a block of tickets for the entire festival purchased by that date saves 40%. I'll be around with more details, or you can write to Festival Productions, 33 Riverside Drive, New York 10023, and note the Folk Festival. Have a good summer, friends.

The Trinity Tripod
September 16, 1969

American Blues Exchange



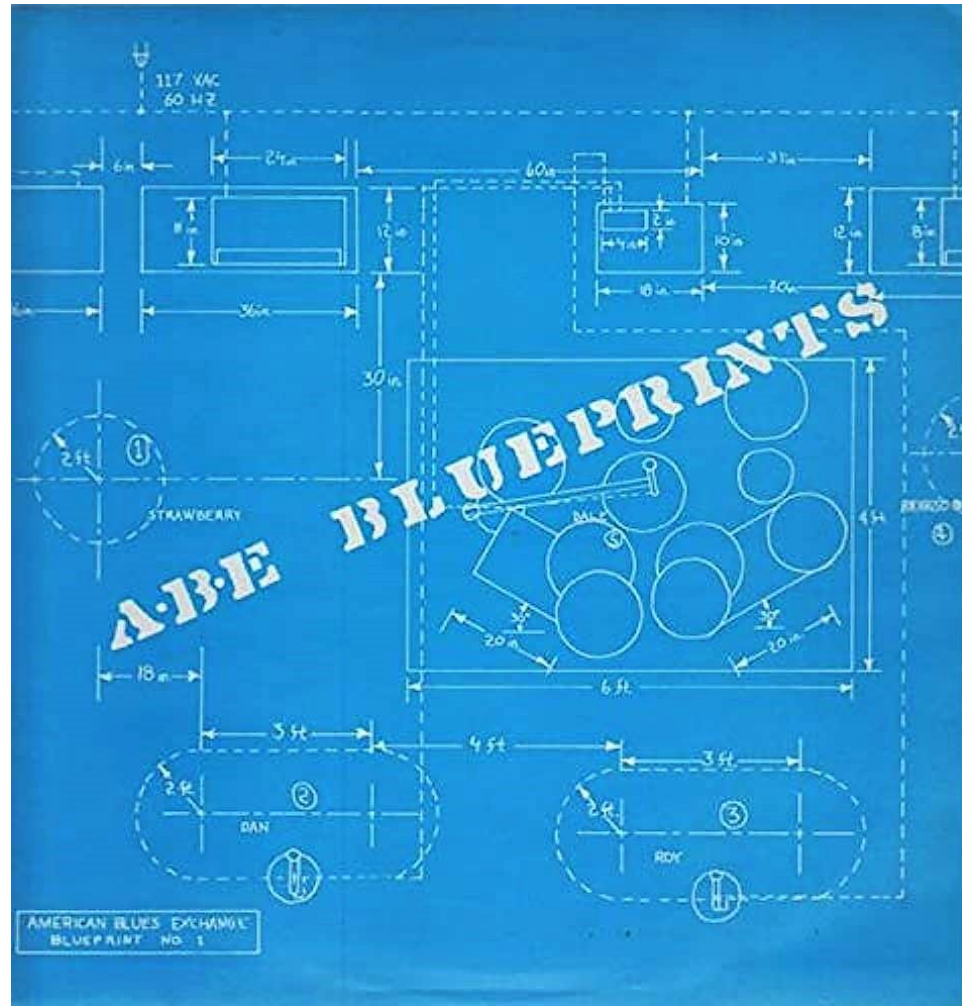
Photo: Grover W. Grogan

Hartford, Connecticut - 1969



The AMERICAN BLUES EXCHANGE as it played for this past Sunday's service in the Chapel Garden. ABE will record an album this week of songs prepared during the summer with sometime producer Danni Reilert. They are, from left, Peter Hartman, Dale Reed, Dan Mixer, Roy Dudley and Roger Briggs.

The Trinity Tripod September 16, 1969



American Blues Exchange

AMERICAN BLUES EXCHANGE
BLUEPRINT NO. 1

SIDE ONE

On Solitude
H. DUDLEY 3:32

Call From Blues
H. DUDLEY 4:00

Remember Thing
D. MIXTER 2:28

The Coker
P. HARTMAN AND
D. MIXTER 3:17

Burlington Letter
H. DUDLEY 4:28

Roger Briggs — first guitar
Dale Reed — percussion, harmony
Roy Daulty — vocals, harmonica, tambourine, cowbell
Dan Mixer — second guitar, recorder, harmony
Peter Hartman — bass guitar

SIDE TWO

Old to the Least Legs of John Bone
H. BRIGGS AND
H. MELHUN 3:22

Big Miss Revenge
H. BRIGGS 4:30

The Cross Saw Confesses
H. DUDLEY 4:00

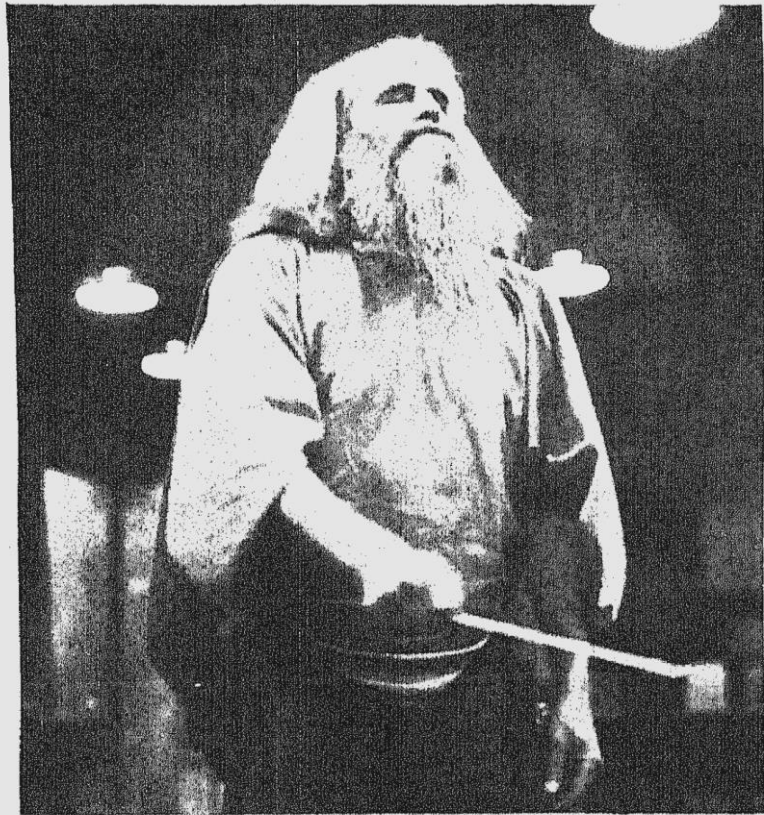
App Child
H. DUDLEY 3:24

Double leads in *On Solitude* and *The Coker* by Roger and Dan. Order of solos in *Call From Blues*: Roger, Dan. Solo by Dan in *Burlington Letter*. Order of solos in *App Child*: Roger, Peter, Dale, Roy, Dan.

Engineered by Dick Booth and Doug Clark.
All songs copyright 1969 by author.
Special thanks to Nancy Taylor, Dick Booth, Michael Seifert,
Ronald McDonald, and D. J. Reifert.

VOID RECORDS VOID16

The Trinity Tripod September 30, 1969



MOONDOG, blind musician whose Columbia Masterworks album has just been released among widespread acclaim.

Frumunda

Album Time Is Again Upon Us

by D.J. Reilert

The long awaited Frumunda Album Review Trip is here again, fans, with more biased opinions on new and not so new releases. Although one Mr. C, from a certain village's voice has made off with our exclusive rating system, we bring it back with renewed autumnal vigor and a clearer than ever grading system.

A happens about eight times a year. A minus is exceptional, but missing something. The B's are good. B minus will go for a good cover album or a rough but for some vague reason important issue. Don't buy an album rated below there, unless you have a taste for the bizarre (we'll let you know when that can be sated), putrid or mediocre. C's are for run-of-the-millers, with C minus getting into Awful Country (a mediocre album that's worse). An album really has to deserve an F to get one. Even 'Tricycle', the worst album that came in last year, got some sort of a D.

I like country rock, Memphis and Muscle Shoals, Nice Rock and understatement. Also a sense for the blatant for its own sake when it is offensive and boffesome. And gospel and spookiness. Coolness for its own sake and tongue-in-cheekness that gets caught in throat are downs. With that, it is time to begin:

JOSHUA FOX (Tetragrammaton, T-125) This four-man group makes use of just about everything that's become popular in rock during the past two years -- country, blues, etc., fusing songs of different styles into single pieces, something they do well; it gets annoying after awhile (you'd like to hear a one-piece song). But consistent and played well. (B minus).

RARE STAMPS (Johnny Taylor, Stax STS-2012) 'Who's Making Love' is here, but the album as a whole is average to weak (C) but Taylor's 'The Johnny Taylor Philosophy Continues' (STS 2023) is real tight, real nice with good, clean recordings. He does 'Testify', 'It's Your Thing' and 'Games People Play', but the cream lies among the other seven tracks.

RUNNING IN THE SUMMER NIGHT (Mecki Mark Men, Lime-light LS 86068) Presumably a top Scandinavian group, this album is boring. Sounds like a Jimi Hendrix lead and vocal with a Germanic accent on front of a wall of Iron

Butterfly noise. After the third track, everything begins sounding the same. (C for trying).

THE STOOGES (Elektra, EKS 74051) is really an awful album, but it's produced by John Cale (of Velvet Underground fame), and it consequently becomes heavy, belligerent and zooms up the grading scale for its sheer audacity. Christgau calls it "stupid rock"; songs like 'I Wanna Be Your Dog' make him a genius. (C plus).

MY LABORS (Nick Gravenites, Columbia CS 9899) The Flag's former singer leads a bunch of friends, one side at the Fillmore West, the other in the studio. On hand are Bloomfield (for a change) and Naftalin. The material is mediocre, and delivery just fair, in an unconvincing way now that the big, tight Flag isn't behind him. (C plus)

YOU NEVER KNOW WHO YOUR FRIENDS ARE (Al Kooper, Columbia CS 9856) Overproduced, over-arranged, trite, poorly sung, some ridiculous lyrics, redeemed by only a decent backup staff. The word is still that Big Al is about the best backup rock keyboard player, but man, he is murder on leading. This cat is dangerous in a studio. (C minus).

WHAT THAT IS! (Screamin' Jay Hawkins, Philips PHS 600-319) Producer Milan Melvin dug Jay out of a corner coffin in Chicago, and here is the result: a worthy time machiner, dedicated to President Nixon, "whose efforts to recapture the era of the early 50's do not go unnoticed," this gets Moldy Goldy B. But it is, in all honesty, reminiscent of the recording-studio-in-a-closet days. But it's droll and harmless. 'I Put A Spell on You' is not on this record.

BREAD (Elektra EKS-74044) is a session of three L.A. studio cats, heavily influenced by the LA-Country thing. So this album sounds like a neat hodge-podge of Buffalo and Youngbloods. Nice harmonies and tasteful playing. However, Bread lacks punch; and the songs don't seem to have a personality of their own. Incredibly flat and clean recording. David Gates, James Griffin, Robb Royer. (B).

TRULY FINE CITIZEN (Moby Grape, Columbia CS 9912). A final disappointment. What was once a torrid, happy American group has now been watered down to oblivion.

The fourth album is but a shadow of the second and a ghost of the great first. Done in Nashville again, it is consistently weak, in slow, country and rock cuts. (C for old times' sake.)

WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS (Steve Cropper, Volt VOS 6006) Cropper led, arranged and produced this instrumental issue, helped out by a number of Memphis studio folk. Tracks are covers of ones predominately done at Stax-Atlantic. He plays his usual precise lead; one might say that this work is too ordered. But it's fine to listen to. Rates a B minus.

THE FLOCK (Columbia CS 9911) is a very good album. This seven-man group makes good use of Jerry Goodman's violin, which stands out all over. Arrangements are fine, as is the stuff. The Kinks' 'Tired of Waiting' is here. Dig 'Truth' with parallel violin and guitar, and Fred Glickstein's good vocal. Flock's been getting up notices at their late shows. Good, CTA-style horns. (B plus).

BOY MEETS GIRL (William Bell, Eddie Floyd, Cleotha Staples, Mavis Staples, Pervis Staples, Johnnie Taylor, Carla Thomas; Stax STS 2-2024) Wow. Beautiful two-record set of best of Memphis. Twenty-two tracks recorded in Memphis, Detroit and Muscle Shoals. Goodest on all fronts. If you buy one Stax album this year, get this one.

MOONDOG (Columbia MS 7335) is a blind, legendary musician who learned several instruments and composes scores in braille, plotting the entire work out at one time. I really got into this CBS Masterworks' release (produced by wonder boy J. W. Guericco: Chicago Transit, Illinois Speed Press, Buckingham, Blood Sweat and Tears), and think anyone who appreciates good things will, too. Copious notes by the man himself are provided in a rare, cohesive Unipak, and I'm too tired to describe it any further. Excellent. Good night.

Give Blood

The Trinity Tripod October 14, 1969



JOHN LENNON lays on background layer of "Hello Goodbye" in 1967. The Beatles were the first act to make creative over dubbing a regular recording procedure, in 1963, since become standard in the industry.

Frumunda

Two Very Nice Bands

by D.J. Reilert

Occasionally we have the good fortune to receive an outstanding A-type album. It is a fine week indeed when we hear two new ones. October began well with the release of the second and third no-reservations A's of 1969.

Abbey Road is the most together thing the Beatles have done in over two years. It's the first together rock album they've done in three (since Revolver, which I'll always swear is the #1 rock album ever). Their twelfth collection of songs falls short of previous efforts only in lyrical content: several songs are caught between serious and silly-good-time-rock (and therefore excusable) words. This renders them just very, very good, rather than a customary perfect. On the other hand, it's safe to say that this is the best produced rock album ever issued. Period. The six separate songs on side one are individually treated, and each easily stands out by itself. John gets back to His Style Vocal on 'Come Together', Paul screams his way superbly during 'Oh! Darling' (No, Mr. Cohen, John does not sing that song ... even you have to give McCartney credit for something.), and 'Something' is a gem, though a little overdone. The other tracks on the side create their own total environment, and can't be taken apart. 'I Want You' is not a blues, but as their first American album quoted Lennon, 'It's just our music.'

Side two is one of those dozen or so immortal sides. It brings out their still-unequaled skill at pop synthesis, and in a reprise of 'You Never Give Me Your Money', they outdo everything the Who did on 'Tommy'. There are little things here and there that I don't really like, but again, they're so well integrated into the side's development that one can't really argue with them. The last series (of Golden Slumbers, Carry That Weight and The End) is as yet unmatched for a nice finale. The finest Series, I think, is 'Honey'.

Here again, Paul shows he is the best all-around figure in rock today. The album, with the exception of three songs, was done by him. His bass lines are unparalleled by anyone for variety, imagination and feel. And his vocals are outstanding, as usual. (Catch two consecutive vocals: Maxwell's Silver Hammer and Oh! Darling.) George plays guitar again, and there are some of us who still think that he is outstanding on grounds of taste and technique. Then there are those who still swear he can out Clapton and anyone else, when he feels like it. Soaring tremolos on 'The End'. You can't fool me. Ringo's drum-

ming's real fine, and John, although rather hidden, can still stand up to anyone else on rhythm. So there. A, all reservations being engulfed in the general goodness of the album.

Then there's The Band. We saw them at The Brooklyn Academy Opera House last Saturday, part of a three-week experimental program of benefit concerts and movies which some nice people in that borough are hoping to expand into a regular thing. Michael David, the director, has been worrying about people shying away because the shows are ten subway minutes into the good Kingsly borough. I must admit that it was the first time I ever felt that a blonde lady friend walking beside me wasn't an asset, as dark shadows moved in and out of alleys, following my tweed and her cape and custom-made red hat. The Joy of Cooking, from Berkeley, began the show. They are a five-piece group with a superfluous bongo and tambourine player, a boring drummer, and sort-of proficient others: guitarist-singer, electric piano-guitar, and bass. The reminded me of Youngbloods and early Jefferson Airplane watered down an ocean. The audience liked them, for some strange reason. (Waiting for the Band, I suppose.) Alan Ginsberg read some "Poetry," which had the texture of fresh vomit, the pungency of overnight feces and the warmth of a gutter on a summer's day. He threw a few nice lines in here and there, but he really impresses me as nothing less or more than an asshole. A religious person should barf at his debauchery of Eastern chants.

Finally, the Band. They are beautiful. They are together, tight, serene, and totally real. Organ work was especially outstanding, and the vocals, Helms' especially, were unique and above reproach. They have been together so long that they play and sing everything as one. There was a noticeable barrier between them and the audience; they seem to play more for themselves than others, and the result is a sacred setting which draws the entire house toward the stage. The Band, their second album, is our third happy A, and it earns it by telling simple stories of simple folk and times. Done in a cabana on the West Coast (it was too cold at Big Pink) with families around, the album is a homemade, (Robertson engineered it with producer Simon) tight-knit affair. We won't even talk about the contents now. Buy it. There are two great American groups. Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young have good company.

The Trinity Tripod
October 14, 1969



The Band

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Gasoline 1969 - 1970



DJ Reilert '70,
KA Kubicek '72,
JT Koehler '72,
JB Moses '72

The Trinity Tripod October 12, 1971 Postscript

Outerspace began with the formation in the fall of 1968 of Gasoline. Joining Robinson on harmonica, Koehler on bass, and Moses on guitar, were Compton Maddux, vocals, Andy Mitchel, drums, and Aram Telallian, '70, organ. The group, according to Koehler, did primarily heavy, Chicago-style blues and Jimi Hendrix songs.

In the '69-'70 year, Gasoline underwent many changes. Mitchell left and was replaced by Kubicek. Van Alford joined on piano and Dan Reilert on rhythm guitar. In addition, Maddux played flute and Robinson played clarinet. This gave them an opportunity to do more improvisation, an important aspect of Outerspace today.

As Koehler commented, however, "Gasoline burst into flames and disintegrated in May of 1970." He attributed this to there being "too many of us, all leading the group in different directions." At the same time, Reilert, Telallian, and Alford all graduated.

Finally, in the fall of 1970, The Outerspace Blues Band was formed. The group changed its name this summer to The Outerspace Band because they were no longer doing blues predominantly.



M Moloshok '74