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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1971  
8:00 P.M.

"Denver Orchestra Attains Quintessential  
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Salt Lake Tribune.

Piano Soloist: JOAO-CARLOS MARTINS  
"He has brilliance, drive, and force, and a  
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New York Times.

**PROGRAM**  
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Orchestra  
TCHAIKOVSKY: "Manfred" Symphony, Op. 58

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# Thoughts

BY  
STEVEN D. SMITH

The movie of life; the motel shot, the after-the-gig pickin's that often take off where a good night left off, and end up better than anything you could hear in concert, or maybe even in the studio. Those natural little places between friends who cross paths while on the road.

Delaney & Bonnie have attempted to capture the motel shot as honestly as possible in the studio, and with old friends like Dave Mason, Gram Parsons, Carl Rale, Jim Keltner, and Leon Russell—real friends, and not just games, their efforts are highly successful.

Take a listen, if you get a chance, to the free and easy music on "Motel Shot," (Atlantic; SD33358) or even better, catch them in concert tomorrow night at Mac Court along with Barry Melton & the Fish. Tickets cost \$3.50 and the doors open at 8. A Butterfly Production with tickets available at the Craftsmen Center, Sun Shop, Crystalship, Sherwood Forest, New Moon Imports, and the EMU main desk.

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Although it's a drag that the AM media monsters do their best to desecrate anything of depth which they chance to bump into, it is a hopeful thought that all those masses are doing their gigs with music like Cat Stevens' running through their heads. Who knows . . . maybe they'll even stop to listen to the words.

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Aside from being nurtured in jug band music, John Sebastian had a healthy dose of 1950's rock 'n' roll bred into his system. His new album, "The Four Of Us," (Reprise MS 2041) offers many of the classic rock 'n' roll gestures as expressed after all the changes which leave us in 1971. Then there's that streak of Sebastian which reminds me of Jimmy Webb. That way he has of making you feel happy about the little things that happen to him, because they happen to you too. That's what makes him so real.

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"Happy Birthday, Ruthy Baby," (Capitol ST-794) the second album by McGuinness-Flint, offers a lot of growth from their first release, and a number of good-time moments which don't take much to enjoy. The title song is a funky down-home number about the day-to-day routine, and its direct approach creates a spontaneity that gets right in there where the smiles are wide.

Nicky Hopkins plays on half of the twelve cuts, with it all produced by the reputable Glyn Johns.

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If you work along the assumption that the world we live in has developed into an illogical system which can only be regarded as insanity if you try to handle it in a rational manner, then Firesign Theatre has expanded the only healthy alternative. That is, by reacting to and operating in a manner considered insane to those within the system.

That's society's double-negative for you: The illogical system recognizes only that which is illogical, hence logic and reasoning are regarded as in-

correct and not recognized. So Firesign Theatre exaggerates the system's concept of insanity, thereby laying down some of the most logical, to-the-point comments about where man is at, and just how many billions of miles away the system is.

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If you believe in such a thing as an intellectual songwriter in rock, then Cat Stevens joins the likes of Paul Simon and John Lennon for that honor.

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Gus Dudgeon, production mind behind Elton John, has turned out a fine collection of material by the English quartet, Audience.

Although at first glance their first album, "The House On The Hill," (Elektra EKS-74100) may appear to be racuous, uncontrolled eclecticism, concentration brings out some well-produced, long-standing rock 'n' roll riffs with quite a bit of horizon-expanding, free-form woodwind work from Keith Gemmill.

The title song breaks midway into a drum solo that might be the entrance to the bewitched house, and the stark sax work, including single and double echo, could easily be the expectant suspense of going from room to room in a dark, haunted house. The return to the original melody and story lines is forceful, descending on the guilty intruder with the condemnation of its warning.

No matter how imaginative Dudgeon is with nearly all material he elaborates on, he still impresses me most with his handling of songs with energy and life—the essence of get-it-on rock 'n' roll. For graphic example, "Nancy" from "House On The Hill," and tunes like "Ballad of A Well-Known Gun" and "Son Of Your Father" from "Tumbleweed Connection."

Happily, undiluted by the sonic drain of Grand Funk-Black Sabbath-James Gang rock 'n' roll energy, (which was spawned honorably by the Who and The Yardbirds, and bastardized by the likes of Steppenwolf, Led Zeppelin, and Ten Years After) Audience maintains an honestly fresh handly on some of the best-know rock 'n' roll gestures. Check "You're Not Smilin'" and the more recent chart-successful posture "Indian Summer" takes.

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In Ralph McTell's new album, "Your Well-Meaning Brought Me Here," (Paramount PAS 6015) we have another treat from Dudgeon. Yet despite a valiant effort on the part of Dudgeon's imagination, McTell's songs seem aborted, with the urgency to tell the story often crowding out many fine possibilities for the melodies to roam.

McTell, a veteran busker of the London streets, builds his folk ballads to many solid choruses or jumping off points for instrumental experimentation, only to return to another round of melody and the next verse. As a result, the listener is let down abruptly after being built up for the expected climax.

Bright spots on the album are "Old Brown Dog," and "Claudia," with Dudgeon's pet studio guitarist, Caleb Quaye, turning in some fine lead licks.

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I speak of Quaye because of a song on Elton John's first album, "Empty Sky," (he has been with Elton John on all four of his studio records) which leads me to believe that he is the third best guitarist with a wah-wah in the world. The song is called "Sails," and he makes that wah-wah talk.

Second best with a wah-wah has to be Stills, who can make his sing, as evidenced on "Think I'll Go Back Home," from his first solo album. Holding the crown, of course, is Hendrix, who got three-part harmony out of his wah-wah on many occasions.

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The truly great artist thrives on originality and discovers those magic moments of melody which lie camouflaged before the eye of the imitator.

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Marvin, Welch & Farrar, perhaps the grossest example of under-promotion in the record industry in recent months, is best described as an English equivalent to Bread. The reason being that these dudes have paid their dues and they've got the studio production tricks which come with making one commercial hit after another wired.

Their experience consists of backing Cliff Richard, always one of the Top Three male vocalists in England for the past ten years. And they've been with him all along. But now they are on their own as Marvin, Welch & Farrar, with a debut record of the same name (Capitol ST-760) out since last June.

If Capitol ever gets its corporate ass in gear and pulls just one of the three or four sure AM hits out of this LP, these three will take off, and it could be a pleasant flight.

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Saw the James Gang at the Salem Armory a couple of weeks ago. I thought they were too loud, too heavy, and the typical Salem Armory crowd of "hip" high-schoolers just plain too much.

As for what the James Gang is up to, Dale Peters, of the one-ton bass, recounted: "We've been on tour almost constantly for the past two years. This Christmas we're going to take a vacation."

Hopefully, the rest will mellow some of their ideas for the next, their fifth album. Joe Walsh, who physically makes up for a third of the group, but creatively accounts for about three-fourths of their output, said last March that he was working on a solo album, and that should be out by January, if not sooner.

He said at that time if he could do anything he wanted, he would like to play rhythm guitar for Neil Young. Cat Stevens and Elton John were also mentioned as listening favorites. Perhaps those influences will overshadow the volume and weight ruts Walsh seems to be getting stuck in with the James Gang.

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For the first time in well over a year, Creedence is going on tour. They will be in Portland this Friday, October 22, at the Memorial Coliseum. Concert starts at 8 with advance tickets costing \$4.50, up until Friday when they go up to \$5.50. Tickets available at the usual Coliseum outlets.

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