

reviews

Off the top of a 5-point scale

If impressions set the stage, then I was sure the concert was going to follow the same morbid fate of others. There were no people stacking garbage cans outside of the EMU, trying to gain access to the terrace and thereby assuring themselves illicit entry. The usual crowd of gate-huddlers and listen-to-music-freebees was missing. All that wished to enter, with appropriate admission, found excellent seating: not a bad seat in the house!

So, with this lack of enthusiasm on behalf of the masses for the scheduled billing of the evening apparent, we reposed ourselves in the small metal chairs which we could have done without, and awaited the entertainment.

Ah, here we go. The first group of the evening to take the stage called themselves Coal. This local six man group ranged somewhere between the Jackson 5 and Isaac Hayes as far as the style of music. They immediately set out to liven up the ballroom and, much to my enjoyment, succeeded admirably. One song worth mention was titled Groove-maker. At this point the group began to jell and put it together. I set an arbitrary scale for rating the songs between 1 and 5; Coal succeeded in keeping the tempo well above three. People began to rock back and forth, became more informal, relaxed, and were just about ready to get into a partying mood. Now, it wasn't so much the ballroom as a big house party. The band broke into *If you're gonna use me, use me up*; there wasn't a body unmoved nor a foot untapped. To use colloquial expressions, "They got down!" and "Rocked out!"

The musicians were adequate and put forth a good sound. If Larry Davis would learn to play something other than the tambourine, such as organ or piano, this group might put it all together. He does have a fine voice and really became a standout in many of their selections. They have several releases; one particularly fine one, *Sapphire*, which should be a big hit with AM radio. I would go so far as to say it was their best song of the evening. All in all, they did a fine job and should look forward to well-deserved success.

Then, the surprise of the night. Announced as the Grover Washington Junior Quartet, I couldn't for the life of me figure out what was a Junior Quartet? Oh, Jr. is his name. Within the first forty bars of music I knew we were all in for a big treat. My five-point scale lost all meaning as the group had surpassed fifty before the third song had ended.

It was easy to see that Grover Washington reached out and swept the audience to new heights of euphoria. The audience replied their approval many times during a song with bursts of applause and whistles. This man had expertise that just wouldn't quit. If you were a jazz buff, you might have compared his technique and his individual concept of melodic playing to John Coltrane; his fire and personal approach to the horn of Joe Henderson; or his distinct sound and fine arrangements to another great contemporary figure like Oliver Nelson.

But, you didn't need to be a buff to enjoy the fantastic sound. This group played the best notes to hit this campus in a long, long time. Their rendition of *Ain't no sunshine* was much better than the album cut. It should be noted that the group he travels with is not the same he records with, however there is no appreciable loss of talent. Each member of this quartet is an excellent musician in his own right. Put them together and what you get is an evening of entertainment you won't soon forget, provided you had foresight or foreknowledge of this very capable performer. If you missed this one, consider yourself one down on the social scale, and six down on what's happening.

Grover Washington Jr., comes over better in concert than on record. He has a warm personal style that becomes all too sterile when recorded; a kind of spontaneity that you get only with a live performance. You can talk about his excellent trills and outstanding breath control, but however you word it, it still comes out fantastic.

This was jazz at its best and the show of a lifetime.

P.S. A good album to pick-up on: Grover Washington Jr.: *Inner City Blues*

Gary L. Cole

Disappointing Doobies

Doobie Brothers fans flocked to the Salem Armory Friay night to soak in their hero's music. For their sake, I hope they got their money's worth; I'm not sure that I did.

I considered myself lucky in just making the gig by the seat of my pants (literally, I lost a good portion of the rear end of my jeans getting out of the car.) by arriving twenty minutes late. Soon I would have second thoughts about my luck.

When I got into the place Steely Dan was laying down some pretty fair music but there were some people that were sitting down on the floor. Usually, this is a bad sign.

Things got better when they rolled into a number of their next album, called the "Boston Rag." The next four songs after that (one of which is "Dirty Work," I believe) sounded similar to the "Rag," with all of the group members harmonizing excellently.

A good rendition of their hit "Do It Again" ended their portion of the show.

Good, solid rock and roll here. Nothing spectacular, but very enjoyable for the eye to watch and the ear for listening.

The Doobie Brothers turned in the same type of performance but it might be wise to end it at nothing spectacular.

The Doobies dissappointed me. There was nothing really wrong with the way they played, but there was nothing really right

about it either. Too bad, everyone was expecting much more than the Doobies gave.

They did seven numbers but they really didn't start cookin' until the fifth one ("Jesus I Just Alright"). They followed it up right with the hard rock and roll sound of "Disciple."

Honorable mentions go to "Listen To The Music," "Rockin' Down The Hiway," and a cut off their next LP, "As Clear As The Driving Sun."

After their set Tom Johnston and Pat Simmons, lead and rhythm guitars respectively, told me that the group is now doing its own type of varying set. Apparently their type of set is very short as the concert was over by 10:30 p.m.

Johnston and Simmons write most of the Doobies music and are not on a Jesus trip as a lot of people are inclined to believe.

Johnston explained, "The Jesus thing just happened to come into a couple of pieces of music that we wrote."

The music performed by the Doobie Brothers reminded me a bit of the old James Gang. That's fine, but like the James Gang concert that I saw, it was too damn short and not dynamic enough (music wise, not show wise). At \$4.50, a shot I call it a pretty expensive concert.

Jim Worlein

THE UNIVERSITY FILM SOCIETY

presents

a study of the emancipation of a human being from a sterile and futile existence—how a protest strike changes forever the life of a primitive girl in a Tunisian mining village.

Jean-Louis Bertucelli's Ramparts of Clay

"one of the most sophisticated protest films ever made." — TIME

and a short

The Perfection of Matter

a 20-minute look at the roots of modern science—alchemy, as it is still practiced in North Africa, where science flourished during Europe's Dark Ages.

SUN., Feb. 4, 7:00 and 9:15
UNIVERSITY THEATRE

Memberships available at the door

(Non-members admitted for \$1.00 at 6:50 and 9:05)

Barrister's

10% Discount

on anything

in the

Coffee Shop

with student ID

★ ★ ★ ★

Rap's World Famous

Singapore Slings \$1.25

Dudley Floodpuddlers .75c

1769 Franklin Blvd.

NUC PRESENTS

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 2.

HIGH SCHOOL

Directed by Frederick Wiseman. A biting critical analysis of American education. "It is wicked, brilliant documentary about life in a lower-middle-class secondary school. It should get badly more exposure." - *Life Magazine* "Horror! Horror! Here is the evil of banality. What's solemn is made silly, what's silly is made solemn." - *Newsweek*. "Scene after scene builds to a powerful cumulative effect - not of anger, but of immense sadness and futility." *New Republic*.

Also,

HIGH SCHOOL RISING

a short. 180 PLC. 7:00 and 9:00 P.M.