

albums

"To the World"
Rudy Romero
Tumbleweed Records
Copyright 1972

And speaking of clandestine operations, our old friend Rudy Romero has released a mellow-type rock LP that no one seems to know anything about. Sadly, the album's most outstanding feature is one you'll notice before you even get the thing on the old turntable: it's pressed on pure white vinyl. Very snazzy, and it's just got to have some symbolic significance. But ponder it no further; I am about to urge you never to get this disc as far as the door of the record shop, much less out of its jacket.

Rudy Romero's "To the World" album is music to study calculus by, or better yet, music to go to sleep by. Let one who knows tell you — the soporific effects of this one are such that the biggies in the tranquilizer business are liable to sit up and take note.

Enough rambling. On to the music. The first two cuts on side one are — well, they kind of slip my mind right at the moment. Anyhow, the third cut does stand out. Lyrics like these stick with you whether you like it or not:

You don't ever have to feel that way.
Don't let anybody make you pay.
Well, you better check yourself.
Don't depend on anybody else
To put you in the mood.

Nothing like original and inspirational words to help you make it through the day. It has been asserted that the words in rock music do not exist as a part of the art, that it is simply a tradition to put words with your music, and that, therefore, people are picayune to complain about a song's words being didactic trash or even total nonsense. If you're one of these music-is-only-to-wiggle-to people, then you and I may have some serious arguing to do. But, some other time.

The above excerpt is, I think, a representative sampling of Romero's lyrics, so I'll not annoy you with further examples, except to say that the title song is the last cut on the album. The reason for this, I submit, is the same as the reason that pitchers always used to bat last.

Romero's music is apparently borrowed from varied sources. Why he chose the bad points of each of his borrowees is a question I'll have to ask him next time we meet. The slow vocal arrangements are vaguely reminiscent of James Taylor, but without James' fine lyrics or his sensitivity or his good back-up musicians. The hard rock selections like "Doin' the Right Thing" sound more than a little like Steppenwolf, but the transition from the mellow sounds of most of the other cuts is never quite made. It's hard rock without the hard. The violin intro in the song "To the World" is soap opera-ish enough to make Neil Young's outlandish string work on "Harvest" look good. It is the closing bars of this title song, though, that really titillate my musical curiosity. From a slow, bittersweet song about the world and our place in it, we slide into a conclusion a la Herb Alpert: a gala, brassy affair which suggests, perhaps, that we should be sad and introspective in a festive sort of way. Huh?

Hank Itkin

"The Pointer Sisters"
The Pointer Sisters
Blue Thumb Records
Copyright 1973

Care to take a pleasant stroll down music's memory lane? In 42 minutes and 21 seconds? That's how long it takes to listen to both sides of the Pointer Sisters' premier album.

These four "foxy" sisters — Anita, Bonnie, June and Ruth — transcend the time boundaries of jazz-singing on this superb album: a fine amalgamation of jazz singing from the late 1920s to the present day, coupled with the advantages (and conveniences) of modern production and instrumental techniques and innovations. There's a little bit of something for everybody on this album, from "scat" to soul, from barbershop to "bee bop doo wee."

books

"Go Hire Yourself an Employer"
Richard K. Irish
Copyright 1973

If you're graduating soon, here is a book that can tell you:

— How being able to solve the *London Times* crossword in two hours can help you get a job (you state that you have been "commended by many supervisors for accurate recollection of miscellaneous facts").

— Why you should make a prospective employer define your new title (a "hydraulic mechanic" is probably being hired to fix com-modes).

— What kind of answers a woman applying for a "judgment job" should give to typical chauvinist questions (Q: Why did an attractive girl like you major in archaeology? A: I wanted to study the decline and fall of twenty-three male-dominated civilizations. Q: What does your husband do for a living? A: What does your wife do for hers? Q: Do you know you are the sexiest chick I've interviewed in two months? A: Do you know you are grayning at the temples?).

— Where a high-paying job is necessary and where it isn't (Toby Tyler did the right thing working for the circus for nothing; in New York City, a \$30,000 a year job is a must).

The who, what, where, why and how of job hunting is outlined by Richard Irish in a very readable book. A cliché phrase like "urbane, light and witty" does seem to describe the book. But I must hasten to add "useful and informative."

Irish seems to have a good perspective of the situation — the unemployed situation, that is. Although he himself is a personnel director now, he has been in the shoes of the unemployed and talks from their point of view. And, thank God, in this day of too few jobs for too many trained people, Irish quickly brushes aside the too often repeated idea that the ability to get a job is merely a matter of "being in the right place at the right time." He most certainly admits to there being an element (a large element) of luck in finding the right job, but Lady Luck can be helped along.

The voicing is reminiscent of the older styles like that of the Andrews Sisters (anybody remember them?) and the pulsating harmony of King Pleasure and Lamberts-Hendricks-Ross, the latter beautifully illustrated on the album in "Cloudburst" (side one, second cut), "Jada" (side one, third cut) and "Naked Foot" (side two, fourth cut). The lyrics of this "word jazz" are based on the instrumental jazz solo.

The sisters demonstrate the consummate skill of using voices instrumentally on "Jada" and "Cloudburst" and especially in their "scat" version of "That's How I Feel" (side two, first cut), originally written and performed by the (Jazz) Crusaders.

"Yes We Can Can" (side one, first cut) and "River Boulevard" (side one, fourth cut), old sounds updated with the soulful beat of the 1970s, help to successfully strip away any anachronistic labels which nostalgia detractors may care to post on this album.

The musical accompaniment, like the singing, is as close to perfection as human error (or the lack of it) permits. Pay special attention to the "funky" piano of Tom Salisbury and (on "Old Songs") Norman Lansberg who doubles as the vocal arranger on the album. The "Hoo Doo Rhythm Devils," backing the sisters in the 1950s rendition of "Wang Dang Doodle" (last cut on side two) perform creditably.

The Pointer Sisters demonstrate their writing and arranging talents in their own "Sugar" (side two, second cut) and in "Jada" which they co-authored and arranged.

Together, in this meticulous molding of sounds, it can adamantly be contended that, "They definitely be jammin'!"

For those not interested in jazz singing, take note: excellence in any form is excellence nonetheless. The singing of the Pointer Sisters is excellent, the music is excellent, and the arrangements are excellent. In short, the album is excellent.

"The Pointer Sisters" was produced by David Rubinson & Friends, Inc., with personal management by Adam's Dad Management Company. Exactly how much of a hand The Almighty had in this goes unmentioned, but for nostalgia buffs, jazz freaks, and music maniacs, the Pointer Sisters are most definitely a gotsend.

Author's note: The Pointer Sisters will appear on the summer premier of "The Helen Reddy Show" at 8 p.m. today on KVAL-TV, channel 13.

Gregory "D.C." Gudger

"Anthology"
Quicksilver (Quicksilver Messenger Service)
Capitol SVBB 11165
Copyright 1973

It seems like quite a while since I have heard anything from the group that used to be one of the standbys of the sound that shook the entire music industry, the "San Francisco sound." But never fear, it doesn't matter if the group is still together or not, the money men who control the music will keep you going until the last pennies are squeezed from every last pocket and there is no longer any interest in the group at all.

Capitol Records has released a double album, "Anthology," a compilation of some of Quicksilver's best material culled from previous albums from the past six years. I can't really complain that much about "greatest hits" albums. True, for the avid Quicksilver fan, the album contains nothing new, but for many people it will be an opportunity to listen to some fine music from a band that has maintained a degree of excellence that few other bands have been able to do in the last several years.

Getting down to basics, the album contains 16 cuts, the earliest having been recorded in late 1967 and the latest recorded in October of 1971. To fully appreciate the album, you must understand a little bit of the history of the band. Quicksilver was one of the original bands that popularized the music that came from the Bay Area in the late 60's. Although they have always maintained a strong following, Quicksilver never had the appeal of the charisma of the Grateful Dead or the Airplane. Maybe it was good for us that Quicksilver never really

became a household word. They never tried to break into the Top 40, instead they concentrated on producing music that can only be considered today as a classic example of a short period in the history of rock and roll.

I remember reading a review of one of the first Quicksilver albums. The reviewer was indignant that the album contained only six cuts. It didn't really matter whether the six were all great, he felt slighted that he didn't get to listen to what he considered a full complement of material. Thank god, we have gotten away from the assumption that albums are to contain six tunes on each side, none being more than two-and-a-half minutes in length.

There are so many fine cuts on this album that it would be hard to list them all, so I will only cover a few, a few that happen to be my favorites.

The album opens with the original members of Quicksilver and the original sound that is so representative of the time and the area that the band came from. "Pride of Man" is the first cut. It's a good way to start the album, an old Hamilton Camp tune that has been done by several groups, but none better than the Quicksilver version. It's clean and concise and features the fine guitar work of John Cipollina.

It is really interesting to listen to the changes in style and sound that the group goes through during the short span that this record covers. The two biggest and most distinctive sound changes involved pianist extraordinaire and sometimes Rolling Stone Nicky Hopkins and vocalist Dino Valenti. When Hopkins began to sit in with the group the change was indeed radical. With Hopkins, Quicksilver loses some of the loose jamming effect that they had and instead picked up a smooth, flowing quality. Hopkins' influence on the band is first felt on "Edward, The Mad Shirt Grinder." Written by Hopkins, the tune opens with a good piano lead and, again, some outstanding guitar work by Cipollina. Quicksilver has always seemed to me to be more important instrumentally than lyrically. More emphasis was placed on the instrumental sound than the words.

Getting to Valenti, I have found probably my two favorite Quicksilver numbers, "Fresh Air" and "What About Me." Both were written by Jesse Oris Farrow and both sound quite similar, but, damn it, they're nice. Valenti's voice is very distinctive, not very smooth, but not rough either. It's a good combination, and he takes advantage on both of these tunes. He has the ability to kind of soar and grab you at the same time and take you along with him.

In addition to the numbers that have been mentioned, the album contains 13 tunes that are well worth listening to.

"Anthology" is a fine example of a history of a group that may not have left as big a mark on music as other groups but was, in its time, one of the very best.

My only complaint with the album is the way Capitol packaged it. Black cover with "Quicksilver" emblazoned in silver—real original. Not only does the cover lack any imagination, but the inside is totally lacking in any information about the band. Seems to me that if this is to be considered a "greatest hits" album they could have spent a little time and effort and given the listener a little more than just the title of the song and the length it runs. Oh well I guess it doesn't matter as long as it sells records. Other than that, I don't think you can go wrong purchasing this album.

Bruce Micklus

"The Age of Television — A Chronicle of the First 25 Years"
Narrated by Milton Berle and Hugh Downs
Warner Brothers
Copyright 1972

Do you like Milton Berle?

How about Hugh Downs or Arlene Francis?

Well then, friend, this album is for you! Besides the narration provided by Berle, Downs and Francis, you will be treated to such historic stars of the silver tube as Howdy Doody, Art Linkletter, President Johnson, and the entire cast of the Ding Dong School as they learn by rote for whom the bell tolls. All of which is to say that "The Age of Television" attempts, in the short space of one record, to detail and describe the first 25 years of the television age. You might think

And, if you've been living on abundant food rations through your years of college, and you're convinced the living could be better and that "anything's worth a try," give this book a try. (Borrow it if you can't afford it.)

Rita Thomas

"O Jerusalem!"
Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre
Pocket Books, 1973
745 pages

A lot of books have been written about the founding of Israel, and with 1973 marking the 25th year of the country's existence, there will probably be many more.

It's unfortunate that "O Jerusalem!" isn't one of the better ones. It's unfortunate, because Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre have a rare ability to make history come alive in their non-fiction books. "Is Paris Burning?" is proof of that. But "O Jerusalem!" their latest effort at collaboration, falls short of their potential.

"O Jerusalem!" suffers from being too ambitious, from trying to cover too much territory. It starts out in November 1947, with the United Nations' decision to partition Palestine into two parts — Jewish and Arab. It follows the consequences of this decision — the withdrawal of the British, the power politics among both Jews and Arabs, and the seemingly endless bloodshed — to the end of the "War for Independence" in July 1948, when an uneasy peace once again settled over Israel.

The period of time involved is not that long, but it covers some of the most action-packed days in recent history, and Collins and Lapierre approach it awkwardly. They attempt to repeat their technique, so successful in "Is Paris Burning?," of telling the story by focusing on the individuals involved — not only the famous, but the average people involved in the struggle for independence.

But in "O Jerusalem!" they attempt to draw in so many in-

dividuals that this technique backfires, leaving the reader struggling through a bewildering number of names and places, and frequently losing the overall thread of the story among them.

"O Jerusalem!" does have its good points, however. One of the strongest is again Collins' and Lapierre's ability to portray both sides of an emotion-filled struggle without taking sides. Both Arabs and Jews are shown to be sympathetic human beings — two different and yet similar peoples condemned to fight each other for the small piece of land both claimed as their ancestral home.

And at least one historical character emerges clearly from the mass of details Collins and Lapierre include in their book. She is Golda Meir, the woman that David Ben Gurion once called the "best man in my cabinet."

Cynthia Spinelli

What is on the album is a hodge-podge of representative shows, from a Lucky Strike Hit Parade jingle to the Apollo 15 touchdown on the moon. None of it is in order, and game shows are freely mixed with the Oswald assassination. This juxtaposition is bothersome at first, but on a second listening the effect comes across as highly symbolic of the chaos — and power — which television is capable of creating in the mind of the viewer. Like the album, television can and does move instantly from a vice-presidential attack upon the networks to the sweet innocence of the Ding Dong School kids.

What saves the album from total ruin (unless of course you enjoy Milton Berle) is some tight and imaginative editing. One sequence uses the click of the channel selector to present a rapid-fire presentation of familiar oldies.

Someday, an album will be produced which will allow the listener to truly hear a representation of television's early years — in chronological order please!

But, till then, kids, it's Uncle Miltie and the Texaco Star Theater.

George Buddy

"Diamond Girl"
Seals and Crofts
Warner Brothers
Copyright 1973

Seals and Crofts have a higher cause than simple music.

Their lyrics sometimes seem so abysmally obscure that they're unintelligible — it's just that for some songs, you just have to have the key for the code.

And for other songs, the understanding of their higher cause helps to place the reference for the lyrical, ideological dreaming.

That cause, that code, is the Baha'i faith.

Take, for example, the song "Nine Houses."

Nine houses that faith built

And all of us, all of us abuse them

The Nine Houses? The proposed Nine Baha'i Houses of Worship scattered world-wide — fairly obvious with a basic knowledge of the faith.

That code goes further, however, into the Baha'i philosophy of living, giving and growing together in unity. It is a thread that runs through most of their songs, rather blatantly religious or touchingly personal.

We'll have children of the Kingdom
They won't be torn by war, nor will they
Kill or hate or hesitate to love . . . justice
(Seals singing about his Black wife, Ruby Jean)
In the dazzling light uniting black and white
You are the rich brown earth
And I'm the flowers that grow

It is that thread of the unity of man, the unity of races, and perhaps the eventual unification of nations that pervades, touching perhaps all their lyrics.

And, perhaps, touching their music. It seems to have a style for everyone, a versatility and a range of instrumentation and voices that blends softly from folk to hard rock to country to easy listening.

With this album Seals and Crofts have seemed to break out of a rut they followed through their first four albums — the predominance of the harsh, twangy sounds of Seals' guitar and Crofts' mandolin scarcely mitigated by their equally nasal vocal tones. While it sounded interesting, it also became monotonous.

The guitar and mandolin duel frequently in this album, also. But as they have matured as musicians, Seals' and Crofts' ability to utilize other styles has made this into an album that, like the Baha'i faith, has something for everybody — if you're into that something.

The title track "Diamond Girl" warms the heart of any person

concerned with sweet, uncomplicated, simple love songs. And, "Ruby Jean and Billie Lee" weaves the singers' love and commitment for both their wives and the Baha'i morality with customary soft, tight harmony.

Seals and Crofts resurrected two oldies, one an amusing little ditty about a cowpoke on the run, the other an early 60's-style inanity that would have been more peaceful, and perhaps would have sounded better, if left to rot in the graveyard of the group's antiquities.

The most striking aspect of the album is the versatility of the musicians — a versatility that makes this an album almost anyone can enjoy.

Scott Spittal

"Living in the Material World"
George Harrison
Apple Records SMAS 3410
Copyright 1973

Any album with a title like this is bound to be music with a message. And George Harrison's latest release is just that.

Harrison's message is simple. Belief in the Lord Sri Krishna will help you to eventually escape from "the material world." While you're here, however, faith in Krishna can help to make the world a better place.

This message is found over and over again in the songs in this album. It is also visually portrayed in the design of the record jacket, which has drawings from the Bhagavad-Gita inside, and on the record itself. One side of the label features the symbol of Sri Krishna; the other has the symbol of the material world, an expensive, deluxe automobile.

Clearly, Harrison is deeply involved in his religion, and the lyrics ring sincere, if a bit overstated at times. If you're into the Krishna movement at all, and want the guidelines of the religion spelled out, this album is definitely for you.

"Living in the Material World" has other merits besides its religious message, however. Musically, it is excellent. Harrison's music tends to flow continuously around and through your head, so if you aren't particularly concerned with escaping from the material world, you can just listen and absorb the sounds.

Harrison is joined by an impressive array of musicians, including Nicky Hopkins, Ringo Starr, Jim Horn and John Barham, who plays string instruments. And there is Harrison's guitar, which shapes each song distinctively.

The title song is a bouncy number which without the lyrics, might belong to the Osmond Brothers. In it, Harrison comments on, among other things, the history of the Beatles:

Met them all here in the material world
John and Paul here in the material world
Though we started out quite poor
We got "Richie" on a tour
Got caught up in the material world

The breakup of the Beatles was probably the inspiration for the only song on the album that doesn't reflect Harrison's hope for love, peace and faith. A sense of bitterness and weariness comes through when he sings:

You serve me and I'll serve you
Swing your partners, all get screwed
Bring your lawyer and I'll bring mine
Get together, we could have a bad time
We're gonna play the sue me, sue you blues

The album also includes two beautiful, simple love songs — "Who Can See It" and "That is All" — and a bit of philosophy, Harrison-style, in "Be Here Now." Then there is "Give Me Love (Give Me Peace on Earth)," which has been picked up and overplayed by top-40 radio stations. But it still remains a catchy, sing-along tune, with Harrison's religious beliefs again clearly expressed.

You may or may not agree with George Harrison, but no matter what your religious inclinations are, "Living in the Material World" is just a good sounding, well put together record.

Cynthia Spinelli

dividuals that this technique backfires, leaving the reader struggling through a bewildering number of names and places, and frequently losing the overall thread of the story among them.

"O Jerusalem!" does have its good points, however. One of the strongest is again Collins' and Lapierre's ability to portray both sides of an emotion-filled struggle without taking sides.

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Cynthia Spinelli

"Out of Discontent: Visions of the Contemporary University"
Craig R. Eisendath and Thomas J. Cottle
(Photographs by Laurence Fink)
Schenkman Publishing Company (Cambridge, Mass.)
Copyright 1972

The time has come for retrospection. Books examining the four years of revolution on this country's campuses are rolling off the presses. Sociologists, political scientists and educators themselves are taking a part in analyzing the situation. "Out of Discontent" is another book of "looking back." Unfortunately, it's hard to tell exactly what the authors are looking back on.

The book is well-written for the most part and presents some interesting theories as it looks at the American university with a psychological theme in mind. However, Eisendath and Cottle attended college in the '50s. They use the viewpoint of the '50s to examine the period of the '60s. This inconsistency alone is enough to muddle their well thought-out theories. Added to this problem is the fact that the pictorial essay included seems to portray the '70s, when "non-violence" once again had become the key tactic. One begins to get the

impression that the incidents at Columbia and Kent State never took place.

The book is valuable (if it can be read with an acceptance of its weakness in not recognizing the more bitter aspects of campus discontent) in its handling of some previously ignored aspects of the university. For example, a major theme of the book is the psychological transition students must make when they go from family to university. It is suggested by the authors that we, the students, don't really leave home, but take all the rituals of family with us and force them upon the new environment. This is reminiscent of a theory we've all heard before — that the period of adolescence is prolonged in American youth by the four years of college. My own reluctance to accept such a theory had to be altered somewhat by the evidence the authors present. They don't quite carry it off, however, to the point of making the theory a lot more believable. And again, the fact that the authors could be talking of students anywhere in a 25-year period causes confusion in the reader's mind in trying to weigh the theory.

Perhaps one of the most valuable parts of the book (no sarcasm intended) is the extensive bibliography the authors have included. Education or sociology majors would probably find it extremely useful.

Laurence Fink's photography is only fair and tends to be rather trite in its subject matter.

Had Eisendath and Cottle managed to zero in on a particular period of time, whether it be the '50s, the early '60s, or the late '60s and the '70s, they could probably have done an excellent job of analyzing that period with their unusual psychological approach. As it is, the disorientation between the authors' viewpoints and experiences, the time period being referred to, and the accompanying photographs, is enough to reduce their collection of interesting theories, set forth in a well-written essay, to nothing more than mediocrity.

Rita Thomas