

proves that these guys are not fooling around.

Side Four has no applause on it. What could the guys have been doing wrong?

Alice Cooper's "live" album, recorded during his last tour, was meant to sum up his career thus far. That it could be done, and in under 40 minutes, tells more about Alice than I could. After completing the vocal overdubs (What? Him, too?) on this album, Cooper went to the hospital to dry himself out.

The playing, by Dick Wagner, Steve Hunter, Penti Glan and Prakash John, is superb heavy rock and roll. Cooper's songs are a matter of taste: for mine, "I'm Eighteen" and "School's Out" are among rock's greatest anthems, but stuff like "I Love the Dead" (and no, he's not talking about Jerry Garcia), "Is It My Body," and "Sick Things," are pretty silly after the first time through.

The entire album sounds as fine as a fan could want and should be pretty definitive. Oh, yes, the two ballads "You and Me" and "Only Women Bleed" are here, too.

People may kid about Sammy Davis Jr., but even his detractors must admit that he puts on a hell of a show. Singing, dancing, impressions — they're all here. Plus Sam's own inimitable patter between the numbers, not to mention the clanking of heavy jewelry. Included are such all time favorites as "Talk to the Animals," "Mr. Bojangles" (your heart will cry during this one, Sammy packs so much emotion into it), "I Gotta Be Me," "What Kind of Fool Am I," "Baretta's Theme," and of course the jubilant "Candy Man." If you buy this album, you can toss out all of the rest of your Sammy Davis Jr. albums, that's for sure. A beautiful man. A great entertainer.

He's so good, in fact, that with a little clown makeup, he could go on the road with Kiss. Then he'd be making some real money.

Lynne Manor

Piper: Can't Wait (A&M)

Rex: Where Do We Go from Here (CBS)

DADADADA, and aren't you glad you took your Benzedrine this morning? In recent years, chunka-chunka dynorock stylisms and pretty-boy vocal infatuations have typified the current crop of heavy-metal piledriver ensembles, and Piper and Rex (along with Cheap Trick, Detective, Starz, most of the New Wave neurotics, and a host of other megadeath axe victims) rush right along with amphetamine urgency and contemporary claptrap lyrical invocations, a slew of new toys in the attic to tide you over until Aerosmith (reigning guitar gods and standard-bearers of the syndrome) get around to releasing their next sonic sensation. I must admit to a certain partiality to this type of electroshock mindrot, but how many Steven Tyler clones can rock 'n' roll cope with?

At least one more, according to Rex Smith, method frontman and androgynous sex stud for (how's this for modesty?) Rex, latest in a long life of misguided Rolling Stones survivors; it's only rock and roll, but we fake it, make it, yes we do. *Where Do We Go from Here* is basically the same old song and dance that's been recycled from 12 x 5 since the invention of feedback, which makes the album as bad as any punk posturing or as good as *Rocks*, depending on your musical inclinations and/or blood toxication. Nothing mindshattering here, just a bunch of I-IV-V Jimmy Page progressions, castration shrieks, and token slow songs for the teen queens to swoon over, but I'm not complaining (yet).

In the same league as Rex, but higher in

the proficiency standings, is Piper, another Boston (the town) be-bop outfit complete with three, count 'em, 3 guitarists, Mick Jagger's alter-ego at the mike, and enough curly hair for a busload of Peter Framptons. Their second LP, *Can't Wait*, maintains the warp-drive ferocity so essential to the genre, while churning out plentiful helpings of blatant Boston (the group) bombast and teenage paranoia for the Ted Nugent terrorists in your neighborhood. Songs like "Little Miss Intent," "Bad Boy," and "Blues for the Common Man" would sound fine on any (insert distorto-rock band of your choice) album, while Billy Squier screams, struts, and serenades as well as anyone. Unconditionally guaranteed, and not one safety pin in sight. Get it before it gets you.

If your idea of an entertaining evening at home is curling up with your horoscope while listening to *Rumours*, then these albums are definitely not for you. But, if you're one of those quazy Quaalude queaters who gets off on blasting old Deep Purple records at decibel levels that give your pet rock a headache, grab one of these, take twenty sopors at fifteen-minute intervals, and let it rock. It may not be Nirvana, but it sure beats disco, the dishes or Dan Fogelberg. Proceed at your own risk.

Chris Clark
University of Colorado

Urbie Green

Señor Blues: (CTI)

Art Farmer

Something You Got (CTI)

Tying these albums together is their simultaneous release and the fact that both "leaders" are backed by Dave Matthews' small-sounding big band. Many of the things that people don't like about CTI albums are missing: no vocal choruses, Joe Beck, no soul-disco, no Bob James, and there is little over-extension of the arrangements, and only one obvious inclusion of a song ("I'm in You," on the Green album) for pure commercial reasons.

CTI's virtues happily remain. The music is nicely recorded, respectfully packaged, and certainly pleasant to listen to. The only people likely to be offended by the music here are those who believe that jazz is, by nature, wildly experimental.

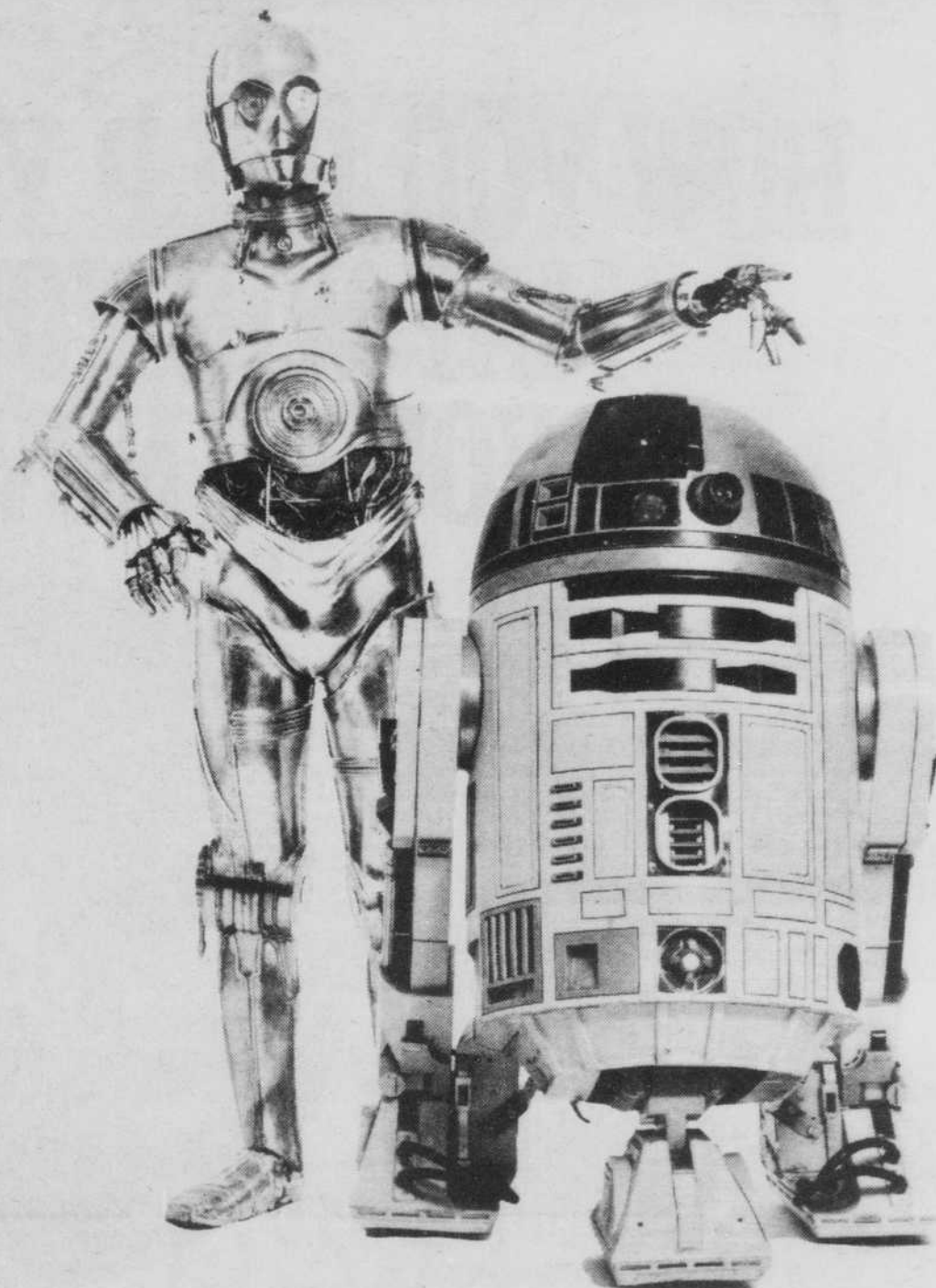
Both albums mix pop material, jazz standards, and Matthews' originals in a particularly challenging variety; whoever selected the material deserves commendation in both cases. Matthews' charts, often reflecting a Gil Evans influence, are likewise imaginative.

Songs on Green's album include Chick Corea's "Captain Marvel," Charles Mingus's "Ysabel's Table Dance," Horace Silver's "Señor Blues," Stevie Wonder's "I Wish," Billy Preston's "You Are So Beautiful," and the above-mentioned Peter Frampton tune. Farmer plays Chris Kenner's "Something You Got," Corea's "Spain," Clifford Brown's "Sandu," plus a couple of new titles.

Band personnel is largely the same for both albums, with super guitarist John Scofield replaced by also-fine Hiram Bullock on Farmer's set. Not unexpectedly, trombonist Green and trumpeter Farmer get most of the solo space, but several of the other musicians do get some licks in, notably Grover Washington, Jr. and Frank Vicari on Green's album, and Yusef Lateef on Farmer's.

Though cynics might say that CTI's albums generally qualify as elevator music, the very least that can be said about these two is that they take that elevator music to a higher level.

Del Porter



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