

LP₁

Zebop
Devadip Carlos Santana
1981 Columbia Records

To give Santana his due, he is a monster of a guitarist, and works with a great bunch of sidemen.

But *Zebop* is more than a little disappointing. The album has its bright spots here and there, but it is flawed by several unexciting and undeveloped songs — and a couple that are downright bad.

The album opens with a decent rendition of Cat Steven's "Changes." The words to the song inadvertently sum up the difficulty with the album: *And we all know it's better / Yesterday has passed / So let's all start the living / For the one that's going to last.*

One of the problems with this optimistic refrain is that, as far as the album is concerned, it's not true. Santana was putting out better music yesterday than

he is today.

There was a time when Santana would take charge of a song, when the music would expand and soar to his wailing sustains, and crash into an intense groove on his cue.

On *Zebop*, Santana has it all bass backwards. The material doesn't conform to Santana, Santana conforms to the material. Here his guitar playing, which should be the blood and guts of the music, is squeezed into the tune in the form of "solos."

He makes up for this, in part, with five short instrumental numbers. "Primera Invasion" is like old Santana, with Devadip Carlos cruising over a solid Latin groove. "Tales of Kiliman-garo" sets down a mood that is mysterious and laid back. And "American Gypsy" is another strong instrumental.

Santana does a fine job on the old love ballad, "I Love You Much Too Much," by utilizing

one of his best techniques, the sustained note. "Hannible" is a decent exploratory tune, but it is too short to achieve very much or to explore very far.

Granted, the instrumental tunes are fine — Santana is falling back on what he does best. But waiting for these short moments of inspiration is like watching T.V. for the commercials: You have to sit through the shows.

In this case the shows are the songs, and what a mixed bunch they are! One thing is consistent, though: the lyrics are incredibly insipid. Santana might have spared himself some embarrassment by not having them printed on the sleeve.

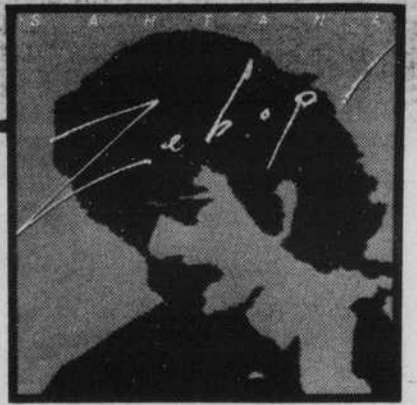
"Brightest Star" is a good rock-soul ballad, and Alexander Ligertwood is a fine, gutsy singer. But check out the last stanza: *Girl... oh, yeah... oh... Come back... won't you come back / Please, oh, please, please, / Please, please / Pretty*

pretty pretty pretty please / I need your love, oh, baby, yeah.

On "The Sensitive Kind" we encounter the same problem. Here is a nice slow minor blues with strong singing by Ligertwood. But the message of the song is dumb. It can be roughly paraphrased, "She's a gentle little thing, so treat her with kid gloves and it'll pay off eventually."

"E Papa Re" is a song of unexplored potential. The object is to transport the listener to a thick, steamy jungle where the natives are chanting and doing a frenzied dance. The music is passable, but it is really little more than semi-dated funk, and since it doesn't come close to working up the excitement that it's supposed to, the whole idea ends up being kind of silly.

"Searching," "Over and Over" and "Winning" are abysmal songs. They throw together so many mediocre rock cliches that one of them might be bad



enough to make the top forty. It's a crime for someone of Santana's stature to be playing that kind of crap.

Save your money and wait for the next one. Santana can, and I hope will, do better than this in the future.

— Matthew Taylor

Folk Festival comes alive

The 11th Annual Willamette Valley Folk Festival comes alive on campus for three days of folk music, folk dancing, various workshops and just good feelings. The night before the festival on May 28 you can catch folk music and dance films at 8 p.m. in 150 Geology — for free!

May 29 Small Change, old-time music, opens the first day of the festival at noon on the main stage on the East Lawn. At the Beer Garden, Boden and Zanetto, play 1920s jazz. And at 8 p.m. Dewey Balfa and Marc Savoy from Louisiana play Cajun dancing music in the EMU Ballroom.

May 30 the Ragtime Millionaires take to the stage in the opening act at 11:30 a.m. Throughout the day fiddlers and pickers and yodelers and others entertain.

May 31 Lip Service, Western swing at its best, opens the final day of the festival at 11:30 a.m. on the main stage.

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SPECIAL ENGAGEMENTS BEGIN MAY AND JUNE

Okay, guys, this is a straight one. As we near the final days of the 1980-81 **Thursday Revue**, and after all the copy-editor "hellos" and "good-byes," I would like to welcome Myrrh Sagrada to the official "tie-it-up" position of **TR** copy-editor. C. Hanson (See Hanson?) split for the other coast to find a *real* job; Brett went to Portland to slosh drinks; and Kirk, well, we don't really know what happened to him. Kirk took off on a bike to escape from this lovely college town, and we've not heard a word since (rumor has it, though, that he is in Eugene once again). Also, in this space of straight thanks: **THANKS**, WAVE—who-gives-me-the-pages. Finally, thank you, Sandy and all your ingenuity. Ahh, creativity. Remember all stuff to go in the **TR** must be in my staff box by Thursday at 5 p.m. the week before publication.

One last gratuitous note: Thank you, Doug for sitting with Shanti; Phil, for the *rushing stream fisherwoman*; and Sally, for the roses — just a couple out of 24 dozen (equals 288). Sniff, your editor-friend, Erzzi.

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