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cardinal MONDAY magazine



LOOKING BACK AT BOB DYLAN

BY LARRY SLOMAN

What can you say about Bob Dylan? I was going to be an accountant until I heard *Highway 61 Revisited*. The State St. Gourmet tells me he was going to be a lawyer until he heard *Bringing It All Back Home*. And who knows how many people moved to the country after *Nashville Skyline*?

But there were always those who scoffed. Take my old man for instance. I remember one night back in the winter of '65 when he came to pick me up at a Dylan concert in White Plains, N.Y., wandered right up to the stage, and just stood there and stared at ol' Bobby.

On the way home in the car I flipped out. "What was he wearing? What did he look like up close?" My father just leaned over to me and said, "What are you making such a big fuss for over that skinny guy? He looks like a shipping clerk." I couldn't argue.

But we still sought sustenance from that man's music, we still put Dylan on to ease the pain when it got too rough. (And for those of us who still get a little moist in the eye when that favorite cut on *Blonde on Blonde* rolls around, we humbly offer "The Rainman", printed below. To our knowledge this song has never been published before as Dylan deleted it from that historic

album. One man's garbage is another man's gold.)

But we sort of lot Dylan after *Blonde on Blonde* (as if he was ever ours to lose!) He became a recluse in Woodstock, pausing in public just long enough to release the still- enigmatic John Wesley Harding. And somehow that hurt—that he wasn't singing about what we were doing. While we were marching against that vile, filthy war, Dylan was hanging out with Peggy Day, throwing his tickets out the window, and crooning about that Blue Moon.

But maybe he had lost touch, maybe being a "star" had cut Dylan off from those sources of raw experience that propelled him up those golden stairs. Perhaps you sometimes need a little guy tugging at your sleeve, leering "Schmuck, you're not so hot!"

A.J. Weberman, self-appointed Dylanologist and ecology freak (he picks up garbage) is that little guy.

Weberman started off small, teaching a course on Dylan at some free school in Manhattan. And as Dylan withdrew from the public's eye, Weberman rushed in. He denounced Dylan for "selling out", he threw a birthday party for 500 in front of Dylan's secret N.Y. pad and then challenged Bobby to come

out and face the music.

He even went so far as to take his class on a field trip, rummaging through Dylan's garbage. And did that piss Bob off. He collared Weberman, drew him aside and lectured to him for a couple of hours. But these little guys ain't so dumb, they're tough.

A.J. came right back by making that casual chat into a full-fledged interview. Imagine: putting words into Dylan's mouth and then planning to send them out to every underground paper in America!! The nerve!!!

Well Dylan flipped out and called up Weberman. They talked for two and a half hours, that cold day in January of this year. Dylan kept trying to polish up that nasty image and Weberman kept egging him on with quick jabs, "You're a pig", "You can't write anymore". Then Bob moved to the body, "No, you're a pig." "I can't believe you, Weberman". It went on and on.

What follows scattered throughout this music issue are little excerpts from that historic phone call, many of which have never seen the light of newsprint. Enjoy them, for it's not often that we get a chance to hear those semi-Socratic dialogues between the sleeve-pullers and those who get pulled. Let's pick up the extension phone and listen in—

The Rainman (1966)

The rainman comes with this magic wand
But the judge says Mona can't have no fun
And the walls collide, Mona cries
And the rainman leaves in the wolfman's disguise.
Ohhhh

I wanna be your love, I wanna be your man
I wanna be your lover, I don't wanna be hers I
wanna be yours

Well the undertaker in his midnight suit
Says to the madman "Ain't you cute"
Well the madman he gets up on a shelf
And says "You ain't so bad yourself"
Ohhhhhh

I wanna be your lover, I wanna be your man
I wanna be your lover, I don't wanna be hers I
wanna be yours

Well jumping Judy couldn't go no higher
She got bullets in her eyes and they fire
Rasputin he's so dignified
He touched the back of her head and he died
Ohhhhhh

I wanna be your love, I wanna be your man
I wanna be your lover, I don't wanna be hers I
wanna be yours

Well Phaedra with her looking-glass
She lays up on the grass
She gets all messed up and then she faints
That's 'cause she's so obvious and you ain't
Ohhhhhh

I wanna be your lover baby, I wanna be your man
I wanna be your lover baby, I don't wanna be hers I
wanna be yours

Bob Dylan

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**hey al,
this is
bob..**

Dylan: What do you think of Tim Leary?

A.J.: I think he's a great revolutionary, a mystical hero of Woodstock Nation. What do you think?

Dylan: I don't follow politics.

A.J.: How come I find newspapers in your garbage?

Dylan: It's not my garbage. We mix all the garbage together.

Dylan: I never said "Don't expose me" in New Morning. What's

that?

A.J.: Backwards. Backwards, you know, you play a part of it...

Dylan: And it says, "Don't expose me?"

A.J.: Yeah.

Dylan: Oh, f--k, man. Jesus. Shit, Why don't you play an Andy Williams album backwards and see what it says.

A.J.: I played your whole record backwards and it only makes sense in two places—where it says "If Mars invades us" only

when you slur the words: "Ain't no reason to go into town," and that says "Don't expose me" backwards. You know that as well as I do cause you put it there.

Dylan: (in absolute anguish) Oh, oh...OK, go ahead man.

DYLAN: You got this whole thing on tape.

A.J.: Not all of it—just some.

Dylan: You got this whole thing on tape. I can't believe you Weberman—I just can't believe you...You're gonna play this for your class. I ain't never gonna call you again, never again.

A.J.: You're a f--king revolutionary. You don't use your influence to save lives. You're a punk and me and the Dylan Liberation Front are gonna do a number on you—we got some shit planned that's gonna blow your mind. Everyone in rock with a political consciousness is gonna come down on you...Roger McQuinn just put you down.

Dylan: Where?

A.J.: In Creem. By saying you love, only to find an anthropologist under the bed with a tape recorder.

Like most revivals, the new interest in Old-Time music is measured in a few new records and books and musicians, and unless an act of Hillbilly Heaven somehow causes the country to revert to the rural 1920's, Old-Time music will never be big again. A few attractive universals such as a pretty girl sitting in the shade, or a cornlicker still tucked away in the Blue Ridge will keep the music alive, especially when performed live, with kindness and audacity.

Bluegrass is not an improvement on Old-Time music any more than classical music is an improvement on baroque. Comparatively few real rural types listen to bluegrass anymore, but the festivals have grown unbelievably these past few years. It is hard to predict how great the revival will be when it hits its peak, but at present, most grass fans still have to look to the day when they can turn on the radio and get satisfaction.

The gods of Bluegrass, Bill Monroe, Ralph Stanley, and Lester Flatt, have hardly been chipped by the new abstract-sounding Bluegrass groups. This music started in the thirties, reached its zenith around 1950, and crystallized with its founders still on top of it. It

wrote "Ballad of Easy Ride" even though you told him not to.

Dylan: You just say "f--k him," you don't have to say I'm going to get him.

A.J.: You said you're gonna get these people—you said it about five times.

Dylan: OK—just add "F--k him" to it.

A.J.: (laughs)

Dylan: You can even add it again.

A.J.: OK—a couple of f--k-yous in it. This is the underground press.

Dylan: They'll never get out of it.

Dylan: I'm not about to play concerts at this time.

A.J.: I don't blame you, man—you don't wanna be part of the scene—all sorts of terrible things may happen in that hour.

Dylan: I mean, what for? Why should I go play for 20,000 people? I been there before. You should have been at the Isle of Wight. I'd like to see how much you'd be talking if you were at the Isle of Wight.

A.J.: (continued on page 7)

A.J.: The Isle of Wight was a capitalist rip-off. I'm not talking about that kind of a scene.

Dylan: Were you at Woodstock?

A.J.: No.

Dylan: You never seen those kind of things.

A.J.: I'm talking about a benefit in Madison Square Garden—something like that.

Dylan: (pause) Go on, let's finish the article.

Dylan: I didn't say that.

A.J.: Yep, you did. You said, "You're not gonna get into my life." I said, "Why?" You said, "If you do I might gain a soul."

Dylan: I don't understand that, do you?

A.J.: I don't know. It can be looked at in a number of ways.

Dylan: Yeah, well why don't you take it out of your article and look at it in a number of ways and roll it around a while, and when you know what it means why don't you tell me and then let's see whether it's worth putting in an article.

(continued on page 7)

may have been that truck driver who was six days on the road, for the music is now getting so slick and urban that it can scarcely be called country. We are a prosperous nation now, and not many people identify with the old homestead.

Country people have always been ridiculed by the city slickers, so the music has tried to accommodate their desire to be more cosmopolitan. City and country are one now, and the music shows it. Glen Campbell's supermarket orchestra with its Lawrence Welkian strings has chased the last of the chickens from the porch, has become almost standard in the tape-decked sportscars that replaced the family pick-up, and has washed out the color from the face of popular country music.

Old time

Early Rural String Bands RCA Vintage series. Various artists of the twenties and thirties. Some beautiful cuts and some too corny to play in company.

Charlie Poole and the North Carolina Ramblers Country. One of the greatest string bands. Choice.

Back Home in the Blue Ridge (continued on page 8)

OH ME, OH MY, LOVE THAT COUNTRY...



By GREGORY ROBERTS

If there is something great in this country underneath its gobbling industries, it would be American folk traditions. From the cotton mills to the coal mines to the great highways, all that ever remains of worth are the stories and song. I want to talk about three kinds of songs: Old Time, Bluegrass, and Country and Western.

The old-time string bands are what country people listened to up to about the late 1930's. Old time music is flexible enough to sometimes start an audience dancing and singing and rabble-rousing, something which Bluegrass and Country and Western almost never do, but these last sell more records than Old-

Time does.

Starting with the folk revival about ten years ago, college intellectuals and folklorists have been keeping old-time music alive, but usually in a jar. Country people have at times resented these scholarly efforts to understand their music, just as old Black men may get angry when students mess with so personal a thing as the blues.

Folklorists have been accused of damaging fragile butterflies that would have been happier left out of the jar. These unhappy circumstances not only appear in folklore but in all phases of academia. Many are the Indians who have nestled down to make

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The gods of Bluegrass, Bill Monroe, Ralph Stanley, and Lester Flatt, have hardly been chipped by the new abstract-sounding Bluegrass groups. This music started in the thirties, reached its zenith around 1950, and crystallized with its founders still on top of it. It

will always be that way. Since back in the forties and fifties, and the lonesome songs of Roy Acuff, Ernest Tubb, and Hank Williams, country and western music has had some great moments. When Johnny Cash cut "Folsom Prison Blues" in 1956, it was one of the few times the whole country, people of all types, agreed that a certain piece of art was good. It was also the year that the term "country" got fuzzy because Elvis Presley was a country boy who was playing a new kind of sound.

Even though old-style country and western, say Ernest Tubb Grand Ol' Opry style was at its peak around then, the year 1953 may have been the most important year for the genre. It was the year of the death of Hank Williams, the greatest country singer and writer who ever existed.

Many college people will not touch Williams or Ray Price or Porter Wagoner with a stick, which shows how people who think they possess broad outlooks will not recognize art until the New York critics say it is alright.

As for the real country people, whom we must look to to decide the status of today's music, they have been distracted by false idols. The last great American folk character

may have been that truck driver who was six days on the road, for the music is now getting so slick and urban that it can scarcely be called country. We are a prosperous nation now, and not many people identify with the old homestead.

Country people have always been ridiculed by the city slickers, so the music has tried to accommodate their desire to be more cosmopolitan. City and country are one now, and the music shows it. Glen Campbell's supermarket orchestra with its Lawrence Welkian strings has chased the last of the chickens from the porch, has become almost standard in the tape-decked sportscars that replaced the family pick-up, and has washed out the color from the face of popular country music.

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Back Home in the Blue Ridge (continued on page 8)

STRICTLY FOR THE BYRDS

By DANNIS PEARY

mer, Mike Clark, and ex-mandolinist Chris Hillman, the bass player. Together, the original Byrds were for me the most talented pop group ever assembled.

It was eight months between the time the Byrds formed and the final recording of "Tambourine Man." During this time The Byrds perfected their arrangements. Their early use of a two-part harmony gave way to the beautifully constructed McGuinn-Crosby-B. Clark triple harmonies.

The addition of their trademark bell-ringing background sound (created by McGuinn's high guitar notes and G. Clark's tambourine) gave the Byrds their distinctive sound. No group has been able to match the early Byrds for blending vocals with instruments. The Byrds were perfection.

WHAT WAS particularly engaging to their fans but offensive to about everyone else was their ironic tongue-and-cheek humor. I can remember the time McGuinn spent ten minutes using an incredibly low voice invented on the spot to explain to some gullible disk jockey the meaning of "Mr. Tambourine Man."

And I can remember when another disk jockey asked what song they were about to play. They told him "The Times They are a-changing." The jockey introduced that song only to hear "Turn, Turn, Turn" played back at him. It is safe to say that The Byrds were never very popular. It is true that "Mr. Tambourine Man" sold a million records and "Turn, Turn, Turn" did even better. But even so

the general public felt uncomfortable with them.

The original antagonists were those people who felt The Byrds had no right to electrify Dylan. It didn't matter to those "purists" that Dylan himself approved of their arrangement of his songs, that he too was caught up in the Byrds rock-rock revolution.

THEY continued to electrify Dylan songs and even went so far as to electrify Stephen Foster's "Oh Susannah." People began to drift away but The Byrds refused to be intimidated.

But it was more than turning folk into rock that turned people away from the Byrds.

Unlike other groups, the Byrds refused to hide their disrespect for their audiences. For a concert I witnessed in Atlantic City, Mike Clark walked on stage barefoot, glasses on top of his head, and wearing an horrendous orange beachshirt. Then McGuinn walked in and told everyone that "it's really rotten being here."

Nevertheless David Crosby Nevertheless The Byrds played a magnificent set, despite David Crosby continually throwing back into the audience debris that was being hurled at him. At the end McGuinn announced "Eight Miles High," "the song that ruined us."

They played what was the best live number I have ever seen with the Hillman-McGuinn exchanges unbelievable. Then they walked off without a word. There was no applause—you knew they were good.

THE BYRDS lost touch with the pop audience. Single after single flopped. One of them "So You

Want to Be a Rock and Roll Star" complete with screaming fans seems indicative of their dismay at the time. They almost tried acid-rock for awhile (and "Eight Miles High" may have been the first and best psychedelic hit) but seemed to like joke songs such as "Mr. Spaceman" better.

With The Notorious Byrd Brothers album the direction they were heading became clear as the Byrds popularized country-western music for the non-country audience. (It was on the Byrd Brothers album cover that David Crosby left to be replaced by a horse.)

Chris Hillman put away his bass and took out his mandolin,

McGuinn had a revelation and changed his name from Jim to Roger which confused everyone, and country-guitarist Gram Parsons joined the Byrds.

Accompanied by the best country studio musicians in the country including Clarence White, they put together the finest country-western album of the decade, Sweetheart of the Rodeo. Enthusiasm was high as they went to Nashville's Grand Ol' Opry. There too nobody liked them much, they were so, so, good.

AFTER SWEETHEART the Byrds began to suffer personnel difficulties. A fight over touring South Africa caused Gram Parsons (continued on page 8)

Editor for this issue of the Cardinal Monday Magazine is Larry Sloman, co-founder of the New York underground paper, News Project, and former captain of the Queens College Ice Hockey team. Now a graduate student in Sociology at the University, he is involved in a study of the underground press, the basis of a forthcoming book. Larry is currently batting .325 with 45 RBI's.

Assisting Sloman is Tim Onosko on graphics, layout and beer. The State Street Gourmet stopped eating long enough to do some typing. And the regular members of the Cardinal fine arts staff wrote and wrote and wrote.

The Daily Cardinal

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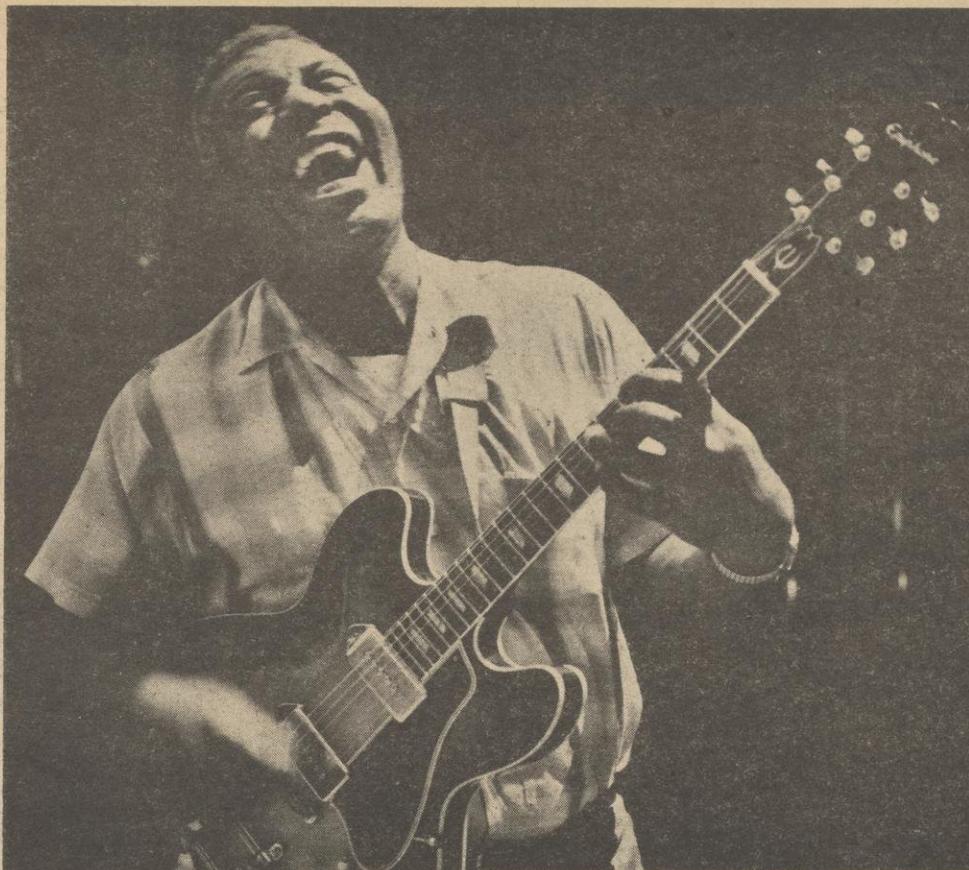
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HOWLIN' WOLF: A TRIBUTE

By STEVE MERTZ

In 1965, when "modern rock" was still young and exciting and fun to listen to, there was a 60 minute show every Wednesday night on ABC called *Shindig*, which to this date is still probably the greatest rock 'n roll circus ever conceived by the Wall Street network TV mind.

Like the time they had Howlin' Wolf, arranged by the Rolling Stones. The Stones were the No. 2 group in the world then, but were pushing hard for No. 1. They came on and did a few songs, then there were some commercials, then just Mick and Brian came out.

Mick did the talking. We'd like to present someone who's had a great bit of influence on us, he said, and he introduced Wolf. But it was hard to hear the intro since all the girls in the audience were still screaming, as was the custom in those days.

Finally, small, delicate Brian stepped up to the mike and in a very unpop starish, unforgettable cockney accent, snapped: "And we'd thank you to all just shut up and listen!"

Then the Wolf and his band came out and did "Smokestack Lightning." And I was suddenly a blues freak...

THE HOWLIN' WOLF, of course, had been around long, long before *Shindig* or The Stones or white middle America ever heard of him.

A major creative force in the development of modern electric blues, from which rock itself emerged, Howlin' Wolf by 1965 is a veteran of more than 30 years in the blues business, with a long line of blues and R&B hits to his credit and a strong following both in the black night clubs of Chicago, as well as the rural South.

Wolf was born Chester Burnett in 1910 in Aberdeen, Mississippi, a small farming community about 160 miles south of Memphis, in the blues-drenched Mississippi Delta region. Chester was large for his age, so before he'd reached his teens he was putting in a full 10-13 hours a day in the cotton fields of Young and Mara's Plantation near Ruleville, where his family had moved.

Weekends he'd spend hanging around the rough, dangerous "juke joints" that dotted the area, which catered to the field workers, or at the less risky community fish fries every Friday night, and soon became acquainted with the clique of blues singers and musicians in the area who performed at these parties and clubs.

THE MOST POPULAR of these bluesmen, Charley Patton from nearby Dockery's Plantation, became Burnett's first major influence. Chester used to follow Charley through the streets and from club to club, pestering and bothering him to teach Burnett his songs and guitar positions.

Wolf's guitar playing technique today at age sixty-one is rather limited, and he rarely plays in concert. When he does, though (usually bottleneck style, on a song like "Red Rooster"), those plantation days and Patton's influence are easily traceable.

One of his more popular songs, "Spoonful," is also derived from a Patton number of the same name. During the same period in the early 1930's Wolf met the harmonica wizard, Sonny Boy Williamson, who was courting Chester's sister. Sonny Boy, who taught Chester the harmonica, is today perhaps the most traceable influence in Wolf's music.

Within a short time, Chester felt proficient enough on the guitar and harp to give up plantation life and become a full time musician. He teamed with Sonny Boy and Robert Johnson, another prominent Delta bluesman, and during the next few years the trio toured extensively throughout the South, with Wolf playing guitar and harp simultaneously, using a harmonica rack around his neck.

With the nation's entrance into the war in 1941, Wolf enlisted in the Army, and when he was discharged in late 1945, he discovered a changed world waiting for him! Settling again in Mississippi, he found few of his old friends and little audience for his music. The active blues scene had shifted in his absence, reflecting America's great wartime urbanization. Memphis was now the hub, the pulse of the blues world, and at that time outranked even Chicago as a seemingly bottomless well of untapped blues talent.

Wolf didn't take long to heed the call. He'd tried farming again, but by 1948 was settled in Memphis with his brother-in-law, Sonny Boy Williamson, and was an active participant in that wide open town's young, vibrant "Beale Street" music scene.

Beale Street, relatively quiet nowdays, was as touch as they come in the late '40s, and a whole generation of bluesmen came of age playing its gambling dens, whorehouses and taverns; men like B.B. King, Junior Parker, Bobby Bland, Rufus Thomas, James Cotton...and of course Howlin' Wolf.

WOLF WAS soon fronting one of the tightest little blues bands around, and eventually came to the notice of Sam Phillips, a white man who owned Sun Records, and who recorded blues on the Modern label.

The ambitious Phillips was a little too industrious for even his own good, and was soon leasing the Modern tapes to other companies as well, most notably the newly formed Chess Record Company of Chicago, also run by two brothers, Leonard and Phil Chess.

The result was that much of Howlin' Wolf's early material began mysteriously appearing around the country on different labels simultaneously, as with his first big R&B hit, "How Many More Years."

WOLF HIT CHICAGO in 1952, and on the strength of his already established reputation in the South, soon became a top club and recording attraction.

His ideas and recordings during this period—firmly rooted in the older, brooding Mississippi rural tradition, yet with a modern, electric intensity reflecting brutally the hectic life of his newfound urban audience—played a major role in the shaping and defining of a style that was to become known as Chicago Blues.

A typical Howlin' Wolf performance is something to behold. The band usually comes out first to warm up. Wolf's current backing group is an all-star congregation in the truest sense, featuring Eddie Shaw on tenor sax, Hubert Sumlin, a monster guitarist who's been with Wolf for 18 years, and Sunnyland Slim on piano.

The band runs through a few numbers, maybe Shaw or Slim doing a vocal or two, and then it's time for The Man...And there he is. The Wolf. Running, bumping, grinding, laughing, doing his famous "Wolf Crwrl," and blowing the hell out of his harps.

MISSISSIPPI FRED McDOWELL

By DAVID CHANDLER

Quite a few people are under the impression that the hard grained Mississippi Delta blues died with Robert Johnson in the mid-Thirties, everything after that being a somewhat extended wake. These self-appointed coroners have the certificates all filled out under "cause of death": electricity, the migration to the city, the collapse of the rural social structure, the failure of younger men to step into the shoes of the older masters, and the radio's annihilation of the need for home-grown entertainment.

Just when things get settled in everyone's minds though, here comes Fred McDowell: he is alive and well and he also plays the guitar and sings the Delta blues with all the originality and mastery of the long gone old-timers.

From the first, McDowell was part of the rural "greenhouse" from which Delta blues sprang. He was born in the middle of the first decade of the century (he does not know the exact year) in the town of Rossville, Tennessee. Today he jokes, "I should've been called 'Tennessee' Fred, instead of 'Mississippi!'" but it is as "Mississippi" Fred McDowell that he's always been known.

The famous nickname isn't that far wrong because while still a boy McDowell moved to the Delta country and began to "pick-up" the guitar. At the frequent Saturday night house parties his uncle would take Fred aside and show him some "bottleneck" guitar; the wailing notes caught the youth's fancy and he began to play with a medicine bottle on his finger to slide over the guitar strings, using it as a movable fret to produce the best-known Delta sound. It is a technique used by Charlie Patton, Son House in his early years, Robert Johnson and most other Mississippi born or influenced artists. Later, the more sophisticated country artists and the city men who used the slide substituted a piece of metal tubing for the medicine bottle, but McDowell still does it the way he was taught, with the bottle. The difference in sound quality between the two types of slides is well worth hearing.

When he had gotten his own guitar style off the ground, McDowell began to play for friends and parties as well as for himself. But then, he laid the guitar down and did not touch it for over eight years. Such intervals without playing are common among the country bluesmen, especially those involved with settling down, struggling to make a living, getting married, and being subjected to the powerful and implacably hostile (to the blues) fundamentalist church common among rural blacks. The guitar becomes at best extraneous under those circumstances and at worst it is an incarnation of evil at

WOLF IS 61 now. He's been at it a long time. He knows what he's doing, and there's hardly another bluesman alive who can touch him. His songs do not simply begin and end. A song is done differently each time, the words rearranged, the ideas reshaped, until they're not songs at all, but living, immediate stream of consciousness poems from deep in a man's soul, delivered to anyone who cares to dig them and draw from them.

...There's only one Howlin' Wolf.

Steve Mertz is the regular blues reviewer for *Kaleidoscope*.

any cost to be avoided. Bluesmen in those days weren't models of stability and sobriety.

Nonetheless, the attraction for the blues didn't leave Fred McDowell—he still had the blues and needed to express them. At the time (as for most of his life) he was working as a share-cropper. Fred was paid \$25.00 a month and saw little of that because a whole list of "fees" was paid before he was.

McDowell says he understood clearly what was being done to him, but knew it was the same anywhere. It's no wonder that he picked up the guitar again and this time he did not stop.

So it was in 1959 when that semi-mythical folklorist Alan Lomax wandered into Fred's part of Mississippi and heard him play. Lomax knew he had a major talent and recorded Fred McDowell for the Southern Folk Heritage Series on Atlantic Records. The recording spread the fame of this "new" Delta bluesman and Fred began to accept a few dates outside of his home in Como.

Fortunately for this traditional artist belatedly coming to the notice of the 20th century, McDowell acquired a friend and guide in the person of Chris Strachwitz, who devoted much time to helping him successfully make the adjustment. Later Strachwitz recorded Fred on his Arhoolie label. Despite consistently strong recordings on other labels, the Lomax and the Arhoolie sides are still generally acknowledged to be Fred's best.

In the mid Sixties, McDowell became "Mississippi" Fred McDowell and acquired a booking agent and manager—Dick Waterman, who has stayed a close friend ever since and brought him to an ever widening audience. Fred now has as much work as he desires, has recorded frequently, and is more and more appreciated as one of the finest country bluesmen of any time, besides being one of the handful still active. He has made national folk and blues festivals (including Newport and Ann Arbor) and has also toured Europe very successfully.

Fred McDowell has managed a unique fusion of the traditional and 20th century and lost none of his health, happiness or artistry along the way. He is still an integral part of a functioning rural world in Como, Mississippi, spending some ten to eleven months of the year at home by choice. There he attends church with his wife Annie Mae (they have recorded a fine gospel record with the "Hunter's Chapel Singers" of Como on the Testament label), works around the house and plays for friends, neighbors and parties as he always has. He listens to music avidly and particularly digs B.B. King and Lightnin' Hopkins; he also spends a great deal of time both at home and on the road showing his techniques to young guitarists because he believes strongly in passing on his music to others.

Most of all, McDowell is at home in his native South. The changes made there in the past few years have made him particularly proud while the strong roots that sustain him remain intact. He feels good because his music continues to grow and change along with his homeland and the strength that was always there shows no signs of failing.

Mississippi Fred McDowell is alive and well. See him soon at the Union and you'll agree.

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STEREONUCLEOSIS

By MICHAEL REDMOND

So! You want to move into the upper classes of the campus community. You want to improve your status with your friends. You want to support Nixon's new economic policies. So! You want a new stereo system. But, you don't want just any system. You want the best (for the money)—something to impress your friends (or depress your neighbors).

Alright, let's go shopping. So, first, buy (or borrow) a Stereo Hi-Fi Directory. This magazine has many, but not all, of the quality brand names available in the U.S. listed.

Take your directory and read the parts on what to look for and what specifications (specs) mean in stereo equipment.

The next step is to dream. Allow yourself an easy \$6,000 and look for those units with the best specs. (It's not suggested you believe these specs. They are given by the manufacturers.)

**CROWN DC300
"LAB STANDARD"
POWER AMP**

CONTINUOUS (RMS) output (8 ohms) 190. Always use RMS ratings into 8 ohms. 25 Watts is enough for most dorms or small apartments. 190 Watts is enough to fill a small auditorium.

Response (frequency) 0-20,000 Hz plus or minus .1dB. If you're really good you can maybe hear from 30-18,000 Hz. Use that figure for minimum response acceptable. Plus or minus .1dB says the response is really the figures given. Plus or minus 3dB says there is fair variation in the figures given. Get close to plus or minus 1dB.

Distortion 1% or 1% of what's coming out of the amp isn't the same as what's going in. This

figure is very good. 1% is just tolerable. Price \$685.00. That's just for the power amplifier.

JVC 5011

STEREO PREAMPLIFIER

For driving the power amplifier. Tone controls 7 segment 2 channel. I think there should be a minimum of three tone controls: Low tone, Mid tone, and High tone. This unit has 7 tone controls per channel. Response 10-100,000 Hz plus or minus .5dB. Sensitivity 3mv Magnetic Cartridge. Be certain that any preamp-amp (especially less expensive units) have magnetic cartridge input sensitivities of at least 10mv. Otherwise, a second preamp must be purchased. Output Voltage 3 Volts. This is enough to drive most power amplifiers. Minimum should be 1.25V. Price \$699.95. Now you have a controllable amp.

Revox A76 Stereo FM Tuner. Though not very useful around Madison, this tuner, with a suitable antenna, could pick up cities more than 100 miles away.

FM Tuner only. You can't accidentally sicken yourself with AM.

Sensitivity luv. This figure is very good but apparently not determinant of overall quality of a tuner. 3uv is getting rather poor.

Capture Ratio 1dB. This figure is very good and should be strived for. 2dB is acceptable.

Selectivity and Rejection Figures are not given in this magazine but should be found for your tuner. High selectivity (80dB) is best in crowded areas (Madison). 50dB is acceptable. Rejection figures range from 50-100dB. The higher this figure, the better. Price \$495.00. Now you have a "receiver" (tuner plus amplifier). You can buy a complete receiver with tuner and amps in one package. Prices range from

\$150 for a cheap unit to \$600 for a good unit. But, for a great system, I think components must be separate.

Speaker Systems. Speakers are things most people are confused about, including myself. However, given dreaming, I prefer electrostatic or exponential horn speakers.

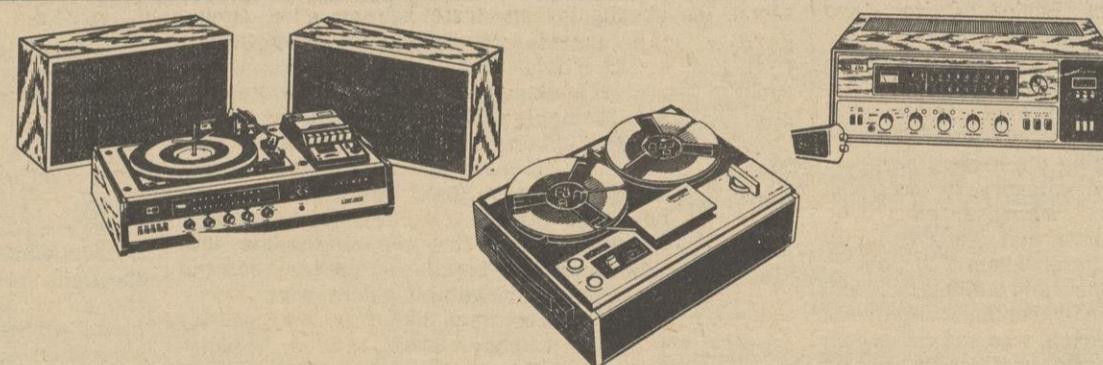
BUT LET'S QUIT this fantasizing. When you've dream a complete stereo system (less records, tapes and a wall plug) which can destroy your ears in the privacy of your own head. And you've only spent \$4,500-6,000. You can now take your \$150 to the stereo shops, buy some cheap trash and think about what you dreamed you had.

A word on cheap trash. Almost all stereo equipment is made to look beautiful and well built on the outside. What counts, however, is on the inside. Sometime, ask to see the inside of an inexpensive receiver and then try to believe it works better than a \$2.95 transistor radio.

There are methods to assure you have good equipment. First, be certain it has a warranty or guarantee with a provision to return the equipment (preferably at no personal expense) for repairs.

Next, make sure the unit has complete specs (demand them—but don't believe them), schematic diagrams and trouble-shooting information. You should also work out trial periods with the shop to be certain the equipment sounds as good at home as it does in the shop.

Lastly, listen to the equipment. Then, get an objective listener and see what he thinks. To buy stereo equipment takes a lot of money. Make sure, make certain it's worth it!



THE AUDIO SCENE

Ever hear about Crazy Art? Crazy Art works the audio scene at Forbes-Meagher downtown and what he doesn't know about stereo equipment . . . forget it, it's just not worth knowing.

Good old Crazy has gathered around him the best sound stuff available . . . Marantz, Fisher, JVC, KLH, Dual, Sony and Panasonic. What a line up! Something for everybody in every price range. Here's just one example:

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You see . . . Art is not so crazy after all. Stop in and ask for Crazy. He just loves to talk about stereo. If sometime you don't understand him . . . don't feel bad, neither do we.

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THE ELECTRICAL CONDUCTOR

By D.M. CLARKE

Daniell Revenaugh made his debut at the age of fourteen playing Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 1 with the Louisville, Kentucky Symphony. In 1950, at the age of sixteen, he went to California to become a pupil of Egon Petri, who had been a pupil of Ferruccio Busoni, one of the last of the Romantic composers.

Revenaugh studied with Petri until the latter's death in 1964; by then he had been bitten by the Busoni bug. He had also decided that he wanted to be a conductor.

Jobs for unknown young conductors are not plentiful, but in 1967 Revenaugh made his recording debut with a two-disc set for EMI in England, conducting Busoni's monumental piano concerto, with the Royal Philharmonic and pianist John Ogden. The following year the set hit Billboard's list of best-selling classical records, kicking off a Romantic revival which has not yet run its course.

Revenaugh was interviewed at the Memorial Union during a visit to Madison promoting the Electric Symphony Orchestra, of which he is General Artistic and Administrative Director.

CARDINAL: Tell us about the Electric Symphony Orchestra.

REVENAUGH: We're trying to spread culture around, and get

people involved in it. Especially we want to reach people who aren't getting exposed to anything except rock. That's why we're working with Frank Zappa. Most of the creative people around nowadays are in rock. Have you heard Zappa's new album, "Two Hundred Motels"?

CARDINAL: Yeah. It's not very far-out compared to contemporary serious music.

REVENAUGH: It's pretty far out when you consider that it's a rock-and-roller who's doing it. Next July I'm going to be doing concerts with Zappa and the Royal Philharmonic.

CARDINAL: Why do you call your organization an "electric" orchestra?

REVENAUGH: We're developing techniques for amplifying all the instruments. The people want their music loud, so that's what we're going to give them.

CARDINAL: Won't the purists scream bloody murder?

REVENAUGH: Maybe. But I've been in the hall where Beethoven's Fifth was first performed, and it's a lot smaller than today's halls. Beethoven was considered outrageously loud. Nowadays the halls are huge, and they're made of concrete instead of wood...that's why the science of acoustics is all screwed up. You know, string quartets used to be performed in

people's dining rooms, not in

concert halls. They're a lot louder that way. For that matter, they're not building halls at all any more; they're building shopping centers. We've got an idea for a tailor with sides that come down; we'll give 'em concerts right in the shopping center parking lot. Combine drama, dance, everything. Sort of a cross between a Turkish bazaar and Bergman's Seventh Seal.

CARDINAL: Won't this be terribly expensive? Part of the trouble that symphony orchestras have now is that they're too expensive to operate.

REVENAUGH: We're going to synthesize the sound of a whole section with one instrument. Thirty men will sound like ninety. We have a mixing console which in our organization will be an instrument, rather than a device used to mix down a recording.

CARDINAL: The Musician's Union will complain about putting musicians out of work.

REVENAUGH: We're trying to soft-pedal that part of it, because that's the naive sort of response we get. We're trying to make jobs for musicians where there aren't any now, not put conventional orchestras out of work.

CARDINAL: Haven't some electric string quartet recordings already been made? It seems to me I recall reading some reviews of them.

REVENAUGH: That was a primitive state of development,

just the beginning.

CARDINAL: What are you doing in Madison? Did you go to school here?

REVENAUGH: No. I'm just making some initial meetings here, trying to get people interested. I spent a lot of time at Gunnar Johansen's.

CARDINAL: You conducted a Romantic program here in 1965 with Johansen. Is he involved in the Electric Symphony Orchestra?

REVENAUGH: No, not directly, but he's very sympathetic to our aims. Besides recording all the Busoni piano music, you know, he tried to get a program started with artists-in-residence in high schools all over Wisconsin, and got nowhere. I run around trying to charge people up all the time, and I go to Johansen to get myself recharged. He's sort of the Big Battery.

CARDINAL: Do you have any immediate plans for recording more Romantic music?

REVENAUGH: I've made up a program for a bunch of records, including a symphony by Louis Spohr—fantastic orchestral sound—Rubinstein's "Ocean" symphony, which was one of the most-played works by the Boston Symphony during the nineteenth century...but EMI can't seem to make up its mind.

CARDINAL: The Busoni set made money, didn't it?

REVENAUGH: Not only that, it won a prize in Germany, and was nominated for a Grammy. But record companies are so damn conservative...EMI has made money, with Romantic music, but they're still afraid to invest money in it.

CARDINAL: What's next on your agenda?

REVENAUGH: I'm going to Chicago to meet with people from Hair and J.C. Superstar. They're interested in the college market. They need our equipment and we need their money.

CARDINAL: You've already got your equipment?

REVENAUGH: Yes. Companies like Vega, Altec Lansing, and CMI are building the stuff we need. They can see the possibilities of it.

CARDINAL: Do you spend most of your time traveling around?

REVENAUGH: All of it. On trains and boats. I'm scared to death of planes.

CARDINAL: There aren't many trains any more.

REVENAUGH: That's why I'm driving a rented car.

With that, cherubic Daniell Revenaugh,—part musician, part promotor, climbed into his red hard-top and drove off on his quest to get people involved.

By STEPHEN GROARK

STOCKHAUSEN & COMPANY

Modern music, like all the other arts, seems to be moving in several directions seeking new forms of expression. One such direction is the search for new systems to replace the old tonal systems, exemplified here in the music of Boulez, Carter, and Xenakis. Another direction could be considered as less systematized attempts to stretch the traditional limitations of voices and musical instruments. Penderecki and Ligeti being the leaders here.

A third category is electronic music, represented by Stockhausen and Xenakis. Only one person of whom I am aware has designed and built his own non-electronic instruments, and that is Harry Partch, who has created an entire ensemble of percussion and string instruments.

What follows is a brief and incomplete listing of where to begin listening and learning about new music. Included are fourteen modern musicians, four of these important theorists, one widely acknowledged mentor, and nine others in alphabetical order, with just a brief sampling of what is available. Many of these records are budget-priced (Mace, Nonesuch, Turnabout and Victrola) or semi-budget (Candide, Heliodor).

BOULEZ: most important conductor of, and spokesman for, new music. Several volumes of theoretical writings. *Le Marteau Sans Maitre*, exciting cantata for soprano and chamber group

(Turnabout TV340815, Boulez conducting). *Pli Selon Pli*, mammoth orchestral work (Columbia, M-30296 Boulez conducting).

CAGE: Several controversial weird books. Most of his music seems too chaotic for my taste. *Sonatas and Interludes for Prepared Piano* (CRI, 199) is earlier, more accessible music. More recent works are available on several labels, including Nonesuch.

XENAKIS: As mathematician and architect, he worked with Le Corbusier for several years. Now applies high-level mathematical theories to composition, which surprisingly results in dramatic music sometimes. *Electro-Acoustic Music* (Nonesuch H71246). *Medea* and other pieces (Candide CS1049). A good introduction to modern music is Nonesuch H-71201 on album he shares with Penderecki.

STOCKHAUSEN: He may or may not be what Stravinsky may or may not have been in the first part of the century. First to fully exploit the possibilities of electronic music. *Gruppen* and *Carre*, two non-electronic pieces for multiple orchestras and choruses (DGG 137002).

HYMNEN: 2-record structured work based on national anthems and freaky electronic distortions of them (DGG 139 421/22). He has been recorded extensively, on DGG and on some budget labels.

MESSIAEN: Teacher for three of the above, and everybody's

spiritual inspiration. French mystic, beautiful sounds. *Oiseaux Exotiques* and other pieces for piano and orchestra from his bird sound period (Candide CE 31002).

ET Expecto... gigantic brass and percussion piece, a mystical steamroller (Columbia, MS7356, Boulez conducting).

BERIO: I don't know as much about him as I should. *Sinfonia* is a great, funny, Joycean type work; one movement has passages of Samuel Beckett being read over orchestral Mahler, a sacrilege if there ever was one (Columbia MS 7268, Swingle Singers, Berio conducting).

ELLIOT CARTER: This may be part of an Emperor's New Clothes syndrome. His later music is supposedly the most sophisticated music being written, but what I mostly hear is beautiful, delicate, but unrelated sounds. His early work is a different story, however, and I highly recommend *Sonatas*, one of them for flute, oboe, cello and harpsichord (Nonesuch H 71234). An example of the fascinating, but to me mystifying later work is the *Double Concerto* and *Variations for Orchestra* (Candide CE 31009).

FOSS: As conductor of the Buffalo Philharmonic, he has performed a lot of good contemporary music, including his own. *Baroque Variations* is a modern orchestral reworking of themes by Handel, Scarlatti and Bach, the last a crazy thing including trashcans

(continued from page 3)

A.J.: Oh, you don't stand behind anything you say.

Dylan: Sure I do—sure I do.

A.J.: You don't stand behind your old songs though, that's for sure.

Dylan: You know I'm gonna do an article about you. I think I'm gonna write a song about you, too. **A.J.:** Well, I can use the publicity. **Dylan:** Yeah, well, That's one reason why I wouldn't, but I got a good song though if I ever want to do one.

A.J.: What's it called?

Dylan: It's called "Pig."

A.J.: I'm a pig, eh?

A.J.: Oh, bullshit—you're the one who's a pig.

Dylan: Not at all, not at all, man. Not at all. I got the song—I'll sing

and electric guitar (Nonesuch H 71202). *Time Cycle*, a series of haunting orchestral songs with improvised interludes by Foss and others (Columbia MS 6280).

LIGETI: His is the weird choral music in 2001, most of it from the *Requiem* (Heliodor 254901). Two exciting organ works, similar to the choral music, plus two other pieces, are available. (Candide CE 31009).

LUTOSLAWSKI: Older composer, perhaps unique in his ability to pick up on techniques of such as Ligeti and Penderecki, while retaining a firm Bartokish, folkish element in his work. One of my favorite composers. *Trois Poemes*, probably his most modern work, especially in terms of vocal technique, for chorus and orchestra, and *String Quartet*, advanced Bartok (Mace MX9104, a budget label, but this record is a bargain at any price).

Concerto for Orchestra, firm post-Bartok tradition and delightful, and the moving *Funeral Music* for string orchestra (Phillips PHS 900-159). Vocal and instrumental chamber works, folk-dancy and lovely (Candide CE 31035).

HARRY PARTCH: All of his recorded music is played on a collection of instruments he built himself. Really hypnotic sounding music, uniquely rhythmic and melodic. Without having heard it, I would recommend his latest recording, *Delusions of the Fury* (Columbia, M2 30576, 2 records). Most of his work was recorded for

it for you...Well, I don't have it finished actually, but, eh...

A.J.: You're just a capitalist...You know, instead of producing cars or guns, you produce records—music.

Dylan: Hey man, that's something, though.

A.J.: It's something, man, but lately it's nothing. Not only do you keep the money, but the lyrics themselves have no redeeming value. In fact, they're reactionary. All this shit is hitting the fan—and you're sitting there singing, "It looks like nothing but rain."

Dylan: That's a good song, man. **A.J.:** What are you, a Weatherman?

Dylan: Your phone's not tapped

CRI and much of that is probably out of print. If you are getting your first record by him, make sure it has lots of pictures of his instruments. Besides being great musical instruments, they have won sculpture awards.

PENDERECKI: Certainly the most dramatic, forceful contemporary around. His music is punctuated by shrieks, screams, oars and moans. His major work is probably the *St. Luke Passion*. I am familiar with the performance on Victrola VICS 6015, but I have been told that the one on Philips PHS-2-901 is better. Plus the Philips recording contains the *Threnody*, a piece you would never believe was written for string orchestra from listening to it.

RUGGLES: Does not properly belong here. A contemporary of Charles Ives, he has had no Bernstein to revive him. His lifetime output totals about seven works, each one of them wrought to perfection over a number of years. *Men and Mountains* (At a 1931 performance of this, Ives stood up in a boozing audience and said "Stop being such a God-damned sissy! Why can't you stand up before fine strong music like this and use your ears like a man!") Turnabout TV-S 34398. *Sun-treader* (DGG 2530048).

WUORINEN: I have never listened to him, but probably should. He is mentioned because his *Time's Encomium* won a Nobel Prize for music (Nonesuch H-71225).

The government—they love you. They love you. I'm surprised Nixon didn't call you instead of Johnny Cash to do that show.

Dylan: (laughs) I am too, man.

Dylan: You tap phones, you go through garbage like a pig. You do a lot of things that aren't on the up and up.

A.J.: What did I do with it? I may have gone through your garbage, man, but I didn't sell it to Life.

Dylan: You think Life's gonna buy my garbage?

A.J.: I'm not a pig.

Dylan: Of course you're a pig.

A.J.: I'm just doing my thing.

Dylan: You're a pig mentality—shit, man, if I was a lad

(Continued on Page 19)

hey al,
this is
bob..

JASSS

By PAUL AUERBACH

COMBO: U.S.A.: EIGHT LIVES

IN JAZZ, By Rudi Blesh

Chilton Book Company: \$6.95

LOUIS ARMSTRONG, By Hughes

Panassie

Charles Scribner's Sons: \$6.95

Jazz. Old jazz. Have you ever

met a Fletcher Henderson freak, a King Oliver nut? They're kind of

like the people who hoard Bach recordings—lonely, secret

romantics, expending their passion

on beautiful, dead music. But the traditional jazz fan has not even the reinforcement, the quiet martyr of the Bach person who knows he dwells in the realm of great art. Nobody cares very much about old jazz.

But the special magic of the old jazz, the music before bop, is precisely in its mood of unselfconsciousness, near innocence, and creation of joy of the moment. The Western world hasn't seen its like since Josef Haydn.

The old jazz musician will deliver his message wrapped in the most tawdry of clothing, and somehow try to surmount the bounds.

COMBO: U.S.A.

We have two books on old jazz by old men. *Combo: U.S.A.*, the first of these is by the 72 year-old Rudi Blesh and is a series of eight biographical sketches. I sat in on Blesh's class at Queens College a few years ago. He's very authoritative. His *Shining Trumpets and They All Played Ragtime* are standard works. He saw the Original Dixieland Jass Band in 1919.

The nice thing about his book is that you know it's not written by somebody who sat down with a stack of records and decided to write some "musical analysis." In his own words "I don't pretend to be objective about all this. I'm subjective as hell. These are the people who brought me joy. These are the people I love. I knew most of them. I wish I had known them all."

I wanted to love this book, and I don't. Part of the problem is the writing style, which is a bit thick at times—there are consecutive references, for instance, to the "noble" trumpet, the "sweet-voiced" clarinet, and the "husky" baritone sax.

There are other problems. The chapters on Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday and Sidney Bechet are based largely around quotations from their published "autobiographies." The authenticity of *Swing That Music* (on Louis) and *Lady Sings the Blues* (on Billie) are considered highly questionable.

Since the book is relatively thin on analysis, its main interest is a source of short sketches of the lives of Bechet, Jack Teagarden, Lester Young, Charlie Christian and Eubie Blake. Also included is a chapter on, of all people, Gene Krupa—a nice guy, but not in the same class as the others as a musician, which Blesh admits in not so many words.

These are great American musicians. The records in Blesh's discography at the back of his book document their achievement well. For those who want biographically oriented books on jazz, my first recommendations remain *Hear Me Talkin' To Ya* edited by Nat Shapiro and Nat Hentoff, and *Jazzmen*, edited by Frank Ramsey, Jr. and Charles Edward Smith.

ARMSTRONG

Panassie's biography, Armstrong is, of course, very timely. Panassie himself is a major figure in the history of jazz, having been the first to write about the music as a serious art form in the early 30's. He is also infamous as the victim of Eddie Condon's remark "Do we tell him how to stomp on a grape?" when the Frenchman came to the U.S. to conduct a recording session.

The book on the whole is a disappointment. The personal portrait is intimate and loving. If it fails to really probe beneath the

mysterious mask Armstrong wore, I prefer this rather touching description to armchair psychoanalysis. All the people who really understood Armstrong are dead anyway.

The really weak point of the book is the musical analysis. If Panassie's level of writing was contained in a book on some American "classical" composer like Aaron Copland, it would be labeled "for younger readers." The truly harmful part of the analysis is the tendency, much like that of the French film auteurs, to praise all the works of the master. There is no doubt to anyone but a fanatic that Armstrong's later work, for all its great moments, was often overwhelmed by commercialism.

To the non-fanatic, the non-believer, I implore that you go out and buy *The Genius of Louis Armstrong 1923-33 Vol I* being sold by Columbia at a special low price. This is the most important American musical document of the century and incredibly gorgeous and vital listening.

By the way, I said that all those who really understood Armstrong are dead. The late Lil Hardin, Armstrong's second wife (of four) has left a posthumous biography, soon to be published. Now that should be something.

Screen Gems

JOHN MONTGOMERY

Nov. 1—*The Hour of the Furnaces* (1970)—The development of a revolutionary cinema in South America has begun in recent years. *The Hour of the Furnaces* is from Argentina and is a very recent example of this new world of cinema, a four and one half hour film in three parts. Part I, entitled "Notes and Testimonies on Neocolonialism, Violence and Liberation," is to be shown tonight. Parts II and III are to be shown next Monday. The film is intended "to serve as an educational tool for the mobilization of the Argentine masses" and Part I attempts to analyze and dissect the present day Argentine society. The film was banned in Argentina and has been called by its director, Fernando Solanas, "an essay on violence and liberation written specifically for the screen." Pres House, 731 State St., 7 and 9 p.m.

Nov. 1—*The Lusty Men* (1952)—When Dennis Hopper panicked after showing the rushes of his new film, *The Last Movie*, to a hostile, unimpressed audience in Madison last spring, he called in an unemployed anarchic 61 year-old Hollywood director named Nicholas Ray to help doctor the film and guide the editing.

Ray, who once had been responsible for such superb Hollywood films as *Rebel Without a Cause*, has been kept from directing movies since 1963. The

word is that he is an unreliable as he is talented and that he likes mescaline too much for an old man.

The Lusty Men, the second film in the Union's series of obscure superior Westerns, is from Ray's more productive 50's period. It is considered the best film about rodeos ever made. *The New York Times* said, "This is a vivid and pungent drama. The muscular and dusty flavor of this grinding transient world is what stamps the picture with riveting authenticity so memorably spread out before us by Ray". Union Stiftskeller, 8 p.m. only.

BYRDS

(continued from page 3) sons to leave the group and to take Hillman with him. Later M. Clark joined Hillman with the Flying Burrito Brothers.

Today, only McGuinn of the original Byrds remains along with the name. But that's enough, for his arrangements have kept the group at high standards. McGuinn currently shares his lead guitar duties with brilliant Clarence White. The drummer is Gene Parsons, and the base player is excellent writer-singer Skip Battin. The new Byrds may be the ugliest group on record. They are once again, of course, the most talented and also the most versatile of groups.

They play country music, do old folk-rock medleys, adapt Dylan to all sorts of styles (and in fact adapt everyone better than anyone else), dabble in jazz, write funny space songs, play hard rock, do gospel music, and continue to have at least one fantastic song an album in which the words are jarbled (probably intentionally) beyond recognition.

As performers, they have eased up; McGuinn is even friendly. They now play to the audience, but we can have faith that audiences till don't like them. Witness their Madison concert last year when the local group was more popular. That's to be expected. The Byrds were only meant for those few, lucky people.

LOVE THAT COUNTRY

(continued from page 3) Country. New recordings by ancient southern trio.

Chicken Reel—Curly Ray Cline Rebel. A new fiddling record of old-time classics. Incredible warmth. Highly recommended for listeners who have not yet reached the fanatical stage.

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Bluegrass Alliance. Newer trends in the genre, the most talked-about new bluegrass group.

Country and Western

The Very Best of Hank Williams. One of the many fine albums of the only undisputed genius in the country field.

Tracks and Trains Hank Snow RCA. Good examples of earlier country and western.

Roy Acuff Songs of the Smoky Mountains. Contains some of the great traditional classics of Country Western.

Merle Haggard Mama Tried. Newer trends, but not so new as to be supermarket music.

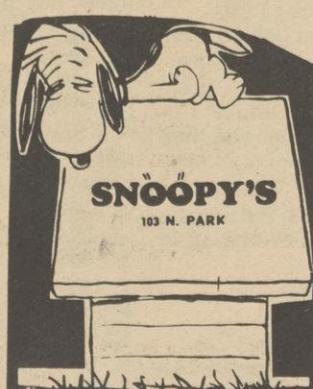
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BATHTUB VINYL

THE BOOTLEGERS SPEAK



By JIM KORENTZ

Modern day bootlegging isn't quite as serious an operation as the ruthless bootlegging that went on in Chicago during the Roaring Twenties. But today's practice rivals its former counterpart in the area of competition where most illegal record manufacturers will do anything to make a buck.

"It's very competitive—a very cutthroat business," explained Johnny B. Goode, who along with partner Bobby McGee run Sugar Magnolia Records, one of the most successful bootleg operations in the East and Midwest. "There are hundreds of different labels. We try to maintain some sort of product quality standard and keep a good product."

"One guy from New York picks up other people's bootlegs, makes his own copies, sells them, and makes a profit," Goode continued. "He reprocessed our first bootleg, whose quality was disappointingly poor, and put it in his own jacket. He's just interested in making a profit."

THE MAKING OF A bootleg album is a fairly simple procedure. After securing the tapes of a concert, the bootlegger edits them, and takes them to a record presser. The presser manufactures the record and provides a label and

jacket for a cost ranging from 33 cents to a dollar per album.

"At the moment we have the facilities to make bootlegs for anyone for less than a dollar," Goode pointed out. "We'll record it, press it, and design the jacket for anyone who has the capital. Recording is the most fun, especially sneaking in the equipment."

Goode and McGee have had their greatest financial success with their latest bootleg, "Ain't It Crazy," a recording of the Grateful Dead in concert live at the Fillmore East. "The sound quality of the album is superb as far as bootlegs go," Goode insisted. "It's legitimate album quality."

After discussing the Dead with McGee and Goode for awhile, it's apparent why they're so satisfied with their latest release.

"IT'S NOT ordinary music," McGee stressed. "It's spiritualistic and cosmic. The Dead are a real together group."

Both McGee and Goode are very sincere about producing good recordings and sympathize with groups who have been victimized by poorly recorded bootlegs. "Many of the artists are really concerned about the quality of their recordings," Goode said. "We feel that keeping the integrity

of the artist is what's important. It keeps me up nights."

The toughest part of the bootlegging process according to McGee is the task of distributing the records to stores, individuals, and at concerts.

"THERE'S no way of telling how they'll sell," McGee explained. "There are so many variables—a new Dead album, a Dead concert in town, or how many Dead freaks are around. We order in bulk of 500 as we need them."

The reputedly biggest bootlegger in the country is Rubber Dubber, a huge operation which was just the victim of a police bust, having their equipment and record stock confiscated.

"They ran it like a legitimate business," Goode said. "They sent things on consignment, gave the artists royalties, and sent bills. Before they were busted they dealt in thousands of records."

Despite their apparent financial success, McGee and Goode's goal is to form a legitimate record company. It may never be realized. A change in the federal laws regarding bootleggers and a stiffening in police enforcement have made it much tougher for bootleggers to earn their livelihood.

"It's getting more risky because bootleg laws will soon be similar to counterfeiting laws (taping the original album and selling it as the original for a lower price)," McGee sighed. "Police are cracking down on bootleg markets and a lot of stores won't touch them. The whole business will probably collapse in a few months. Sugar Magnolia records is probably finished."

ED DURKIN—Firefighter

I like anything that's lively, don't care if it's country and western, rock or even marches. One of my favorites now is "Put Your Hand in the Hand." I got such a terrible voice myself that all I can do is listen.

QUESTION OF THE DAY

"What kind of music do you like?

Two dollars goes to R. Milhouse Nixon, 1600 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D.C., for submitting today's clever and provocative question.



BILL DYKE—Mayor

Well, it depends on the day, Larry. Today is Monday, so I like country and western because its the music of the people. I like Floyd Cramer, Chet Atkins, Johnny Cash. As for Bob Dylan, he's not the man of the people that Johnny Cash is.



SNOWBALL—Man about town

I like that classical music, you know Bach, Beethoven, those guys. I dig Rimsky-Korsokoff. Go down to that music store on State Street and ask them to play you the composers. They'll know what you mean.



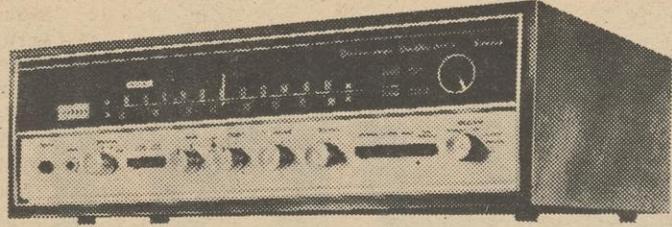
W.T. BANDY—Ex-landlord and restauranteur.

I certainly don't like the loud crap that you hips are always playing. I go for that schmaltzy Gershwinian pro-Establishment music, that's what I dig.

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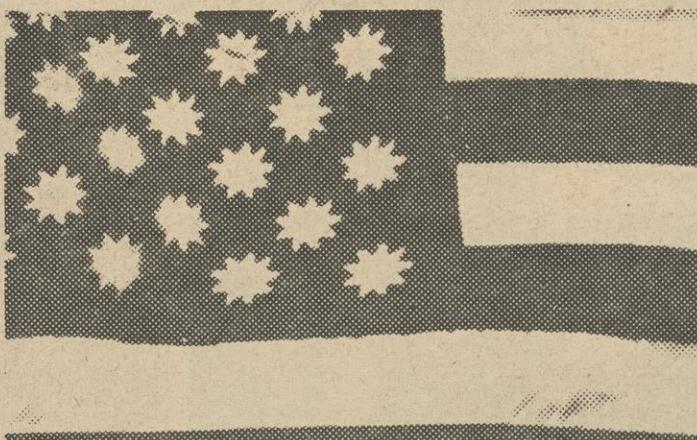
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AMERIKAN BANDSTAND

By LARRY SLOMAN

Since music has become a tremendously profitable venture for corporate capitalism, there has been a flood of new releases that threaten to drive a person to distraction. This column will be an attempt to aide the conscientious consumer in wading through all those discs, discarding the dreck (about 60%) and picking up on the bizarre, unexpected or unheralded finds by a system of rating records.

To simplify matters, each album will receive a rating of from one to one hundred. (familiar?) The final rating will represent a total appraisal of the record, including engineering, surface noise, album design, and state of consciousness when heard. In the event of a tie, the judges decision will be final. Spelling counts.

JOHN LENNON—IMAGINE
APPLE SW3379
A 93, because you can march to it.
This album is the piece de

resistance from the most controversial, if not talented of the Fab Four. In terms of sound, it is a vast improvement over **John Lennon** (Apple SQ3372) which sounded like it was recorded inside an orgone box.

The primal screamsongs are replaced by lilting Odes-to-Ono, an amazing putdown of Paul "Dead in the Head" McCartney, and one of the best rock songs of the decade, "Gimmie Some Truth."

The Spector production is once again superb, highlighted by some of the most tasteful string arrangements to be found on a rock album. Conspicuous by its absence is any indication of a political ideology from the richest communist in the world, but any man who in two years can go from the Maharishi to Mao can't be all bad (or good).

In the middle of a review
In the middle of a review I call
your name
Oh John

YOKO ONO—FLY APPLE SBD-
b3380

A 64—Only to be used in cases of
accidental poisoning

Step right up, folks, why for only \$1.95 (after you've laid out about five beans for this double-set) you can buy Yoko's fruity book so's that you can listen to, read and gaze at (poster enclosed) that Fab Jap while you munch on the soon-to-be-marketed John and Yoko Peace Chips. And if you get bored at home there's always the ol' cinema where Yoko's Fly will soon be screened.

Talk about the greening of the avant-garde, I haven't seen such a snow job since Marcel Duchamp signed that urinal and sold it for mucho bread. This album is also a real pisser. It starts off good, with Yoko doing some 'dynamite' (OK, competent) '50ish rock. And there's even some ballads on the second side, "Mrs. Lennon" a case in point. But by side four and "Fly", Yoko's graphic schreches become a reenactment of high frequency puking. She's her own best critic. The closest I can come to describing what she sounds like on this cut is a cast-
rated humpback whale.

This stuff is supposed to be farout but it seems to me that Patti Waters did it all better on her five-year old ESP Discs which puts Yoko in a stable position at the derriere of the avant-garde.

On the way to the bank
On the way to the bank I call
your name
Oh Yoko

GRATEFUL DEAD—Warner 2WS
1935

A 75. You can hardly dance to it.
I'd be grateful to if I was getting

all those royalties from albums, T-shirts, concerts, Deadrolling papers, etc. I've heard of a cult of personality, but this is getting so bad that last week a young girl walked into Victor Music and reverently inquired when the final album of the Workingman's Dead—American Beauty trilogy would be released. The Wagner albums rolled over in their bins.

Don't get me wrong, I like the Dead, especially the last two studio albums, but I think they're getting a mite too complacent. This two-record live set has its moments, most notably "Bertha" and "Playing in the Band", two new Dead compositions, but there's also a lot of flab.

The obligatory Merle Haggard song suffers; Kreutzmann's long drum solo bores me, and even good ol' Pigpen doesn't get it on with his "Big Boss Man". Of course the fact that some of this music sounds so uninspired can be due to the horribly oppressive condition of most rooms, especially Howie Stein's Manhattan Center where some of the music was recorded before a sweaty-packed-to-the-gills-would-you-please-get-your-elbow-out-of-my-face-blindly-appreciative throng.

At any rate, I think that the Dead aren't as comfortable playing the endless jams that they were once famous for, and I'm waiting eagerly for the upcoming studio album. There's nothing as unsatisfying as an uncompleted trilogy.

NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE—Columbia C30888
A 95, or six notches on the old pistol.

I think this is the best debut album since the Door's legendary effort.

The New Riders, who've been touring with the Dead for the last year or so, play real nice country and western-inspired folky-rock with an unstudied naturalness. Marmaduke (John Dawson), the dude with the Stetson, also writes some of the finest tunes this side of the Mason-Dixon line, especially "Lost Lonely Eagle".

If you go down by the bend of the river

You'll find a few changes going on there

Cause the people who live by the bend of the river

Have forgotten their dreams and they've cut off their hair,
which also features three-part harmony and Guru Garcia's twangy pedal steel.

There's a song here for everyone: groupies, bandits, dope-runners, and even Wobblies. From production to artwork, this is an amazingly tight album that gets better on every playing. Ride on, Sagers!

SHORT BITS

Much thanks to B.D. at Victor Music and Randy-puss at N.M.C. Records for the review album...Also, starting soon on WMFM (104.1 on the dial) the FCC Show every Tuesday nite from midnite to 3 a.m. with your amiable hosts John Tuschen and yours truly....After a cosmic fourth album, watch for solo albums from Rick Danko and Robbie Robertson of the Band.....Also in the offing is the debut disc from R&B Libby Titus (who is also Mrs. Levon Helm)....And due next month, the historic Bengla Desh Benefit Concert at Madison Square Garden with Messrs. Harrison, Starr, Russell, Clapton etc. and featuring none other than the Big D doing "Hard Rain", "Takes a Train to Cry," "Tambourine Man," and an absolutely incredible definitive "Just Like a Woman"....And, finally, next weekend in Madison, the amazing Mr. Pharoah Sanders will be blowing his sax at the Union Theater. Circle Nov. 6th on your calenders.

RUSSELL MIDDLESTADT —Judge

You guys always misquote me, so write this down. I prefer music of the romantic era such as Beethoven and Rachmaninoff. I especially like the Tijuana Brass.

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JUG-BAND MUSIC

By DIX BRUCE

Jug Band music, like most folk art forms, is difficult to trace, define, and categorize. It has roots in blues, jazz, and mountain music, borrowing elements here and there to produce its distinct sound.

The first Jug Bands sprung up in the large cities of the South in the early 1900's. The groups usually formed around one central musician and filled out the sound with harmonicas, washboards, and jugs.

THE INSTRUMENTS of the Jug Band musicians were quite simply their environments. Anything around that was capable of making a sound was used. Stove pipes, tin cans, and wine bottles were not unusual.

The musicians didn't make much money playing in the street, but some enjoyed enormous local popularity and were even recorded.

One of the first Jug Band musicians was Gus Cannon,

renowned as a banjo player. Around himself he gathered some of the most creative and obscure people in the music business. Together the band wrote, recorded, and performed as Cannon's Jug Stompers. Many of the Stomper's songs became standard jug, blues, and folk numbers.

Following in the footsteps of Gus Cannon and the Stompers were Will Shade and Charlie Burse of the Memphis Jug Band. The Memphis Jug Band recorded Cannon's "Stealin'" and is famous for Shade and Burse's vocal and jug-kazoo harmonies.

MANY OTHER groups arose subsequently and faded rapidly without trace. Recordings of the Cannon Jug Stompers and the Memphis Jug Band can still be found among re-issues and folk-blues collections.

Jug Band music fell into virtual obscurity after the 1920's until the folk revivals of the 1960's. With renewed interest in folk music, the

old "race records" on which the jug bands had recorded were dug up and imitated.

The two most important of the revival jug bands were the Even Dozen Jug Band and The Jim Kueskin Jug Band.

The Kueskin Band and the Even Dozen Band were quite similar. Material and delivery were basically the same.

HOWEVER, JIM Kueskin and his friends Bruno Wolf, Geoff Mauldau, and later Maria D'Amato of the Even Dozen Jug Band got together an act that was considerably more successful than Even Dozen on record and in concert.

With resurgent interest among the youth culture in bluegrass and country music, jug band music may enjoy renewed popularity in the music world. Jug bands are beginning to appear again and music stores see kazoo selling like hot cakes.



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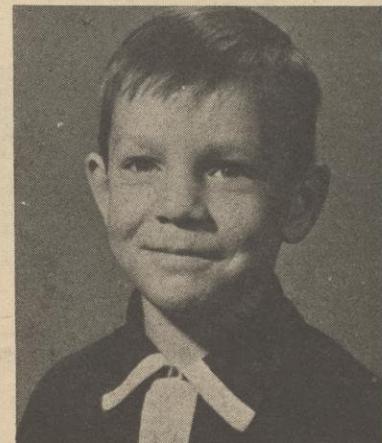
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Elvis

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By CHRIS MORRIS

This is the complete history of the Hillbilly Cat, the definitive portrait of the King of Rock 'n Roll, the man who almost single-handedly changed American music and helped create an American life-style.

The biography, written in straightforward magazine prose by Jerry Hopkins, begins slowly, covering Elvis' humdrum existence in a poverty-low shotgun shack in Tupelo, Mississippi. The most interesting point made in the early chapters is that the charismatic superstar of rock 'n roll was Mr. Joe Average Eight-Ball in his childhood and high school days. Thus the beginning of a legend, straight out of Horatio Alger: the fellow nobody remembers goes on to make it big.

After some humorous sketches of the beginning of Elvis' musical career (teachers wept as the dewy-eyed young Presley sang at the high school show), the book moves on to discuss his discovery by unwilling messiah Sam Phillips of Memphis' Sun Records.

Sun, originally a tiny Memphis label devoted entirely to the blues (Howlin' Wolf and B.B. King recorded early sides for Phillips), became, after Presley's discovery, the leading purveyor of the sound known as "rockabilly."

ELVIS' FIRST single, a remake of Arthur Crudup's "That's All Right Mama," initiated the sound that Phillips had been searching for all along: a white vocalist singing with the accents, phrasing and power of black blues. Presley's success with this technique opened the door for other Sun rock 'n roll artists; Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Johnny Cash and Roy Orbison.

Hopkins' biography proceeds to destroy the legend of Elvis' overnight success. Elvis' disks were only regional hits at first.

R&B stations refused to air the records, and white country DJ's felt that Elvis sounded "too much like a nigger" to get any airplay. This was the beginning of the rock 'n roll station.

Elvis hit the road in order to start his climb to success. Much of this phase of the biography is a list of backbreaking tours of the South, from movie house to radio station. Elvis didn't fire up the audiences until Johnny Cash and Carl Perkins told Elvis one night that he had to wiggle to get the hayseed's attention. The rest is history.

It is at this point in the Presley story that Colonel Tom Parker enters the picture. This oddball combination of Machiavelli, sideshow barker, and cornpone, Elvis' PR man and business manager, is proven to be the one man responsible for lifting Presley out of regional popularity to sit him on top of the national charts. It was the Colonel who engineered Elvis' move from the minuscule Sun label to RCA and pulled off the network television coups that thrust Elvis the Pelvis into the public arena.

A CHAPTER aptly entitled "Hysteria" covers the insanity that possessed America as the King shot to the top. Elvis appearing from the waist up on Ed Sullivan; Elvis in tuxedo with Hound Dog on Steve Allen; Elvis being mauled by frantic teenagers; Elvis records, charms, teeshirts, ID bracelets, bubblegum cards. One relives his own youth in these pages, as the teens once again shake with passion and parents twitch with horror under the onslaught of rock 'n roll disease.

Then . . . tragedy. Elvis entered the army. The fans went into shock. He survived his two-year hitch and returned, his star a bit dimmer.

Elvis' post-army days are a horror. The King is seen wasting away in his various mansions, alone except for his Memphis chums, condemned to eight years of fluffy, mindless movies and inferior tunes (remember "Do the Clam"?). The Beatles enter the

scene in 1963, and the British invasion, coupled with drastically falling record sales, seemed to intone the death knell for the Hillbilly Cat.

Beginning in 1968, however, was the amazing series of events that reestablished Elvis Presley in the top flight of the entertainment business. First came his carefully plotted and produced NBC television special (who can forget Elvis, looking positively lewd in black leather, crooning "Blue Christmas" to those squealing housewives and fan club members?).

THEN, AS THE CROWN to his career, came his record-breaking stay at the International Hotel in Las Vegas, where the gambling dens were shaken by the power of rock 'n roll. The matrons sweated, the stud players boogied, and the reporters bopped out of their shoes.

Presley, through it all, is depicted as a humble country boy, by turns inquisitive, violent, generous and petty, a completely devoted son and a wildcat lover-boy. Through all the contradictions comes a nervous, energetic, larger-than-life entertainer.

Hopkins' biography, though at times unevenly written, shys away from the penny-ante sociologizing so popular in rock writing today. He merely tells a wonderfully detailed story of fans, flacks, starlets, and the king of the boppers, the man who created the revolution of rock 'n roll that persists today.

When you read Elvis you find out a lot about where you come from.

Chris Morris, University senior and member of the Cardinal fine arts staff, also writes articles on pop culture and music for The Bugle American.

JOHN TUSCHEN—the local poet
I like jazz because there's no words. Hate words, never use 'em.

State Street Gourmet: "I listen to the Velvet Underground."

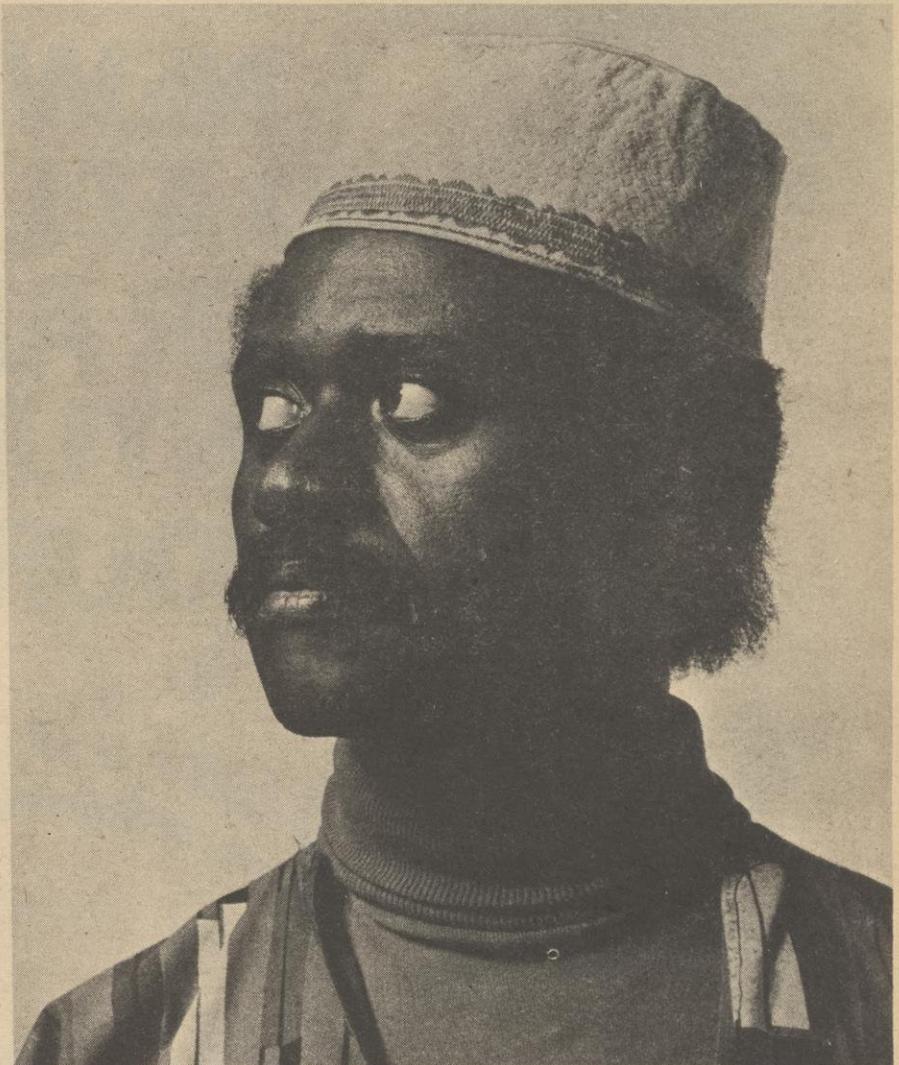
IN CONCERT

PHAROAH SANDERS

"Sanders is a man of large spiritual reservoir. He's trying to allow his spiritual self to be his guide. He's dealing, among other things, in energy, in integrity, in essences."

—JOHN COLTRANE

Jazz saxophonist Pharoah Sanders appears in concert at the Wisconsin Union Theatre on Saturday, November 6th, at 8 p.m. Pharoah's engagement is sponsored by the Afro-American Center. Tickets are on sale at the Wisconsin Union Box Office for \$3.25 and \$4.00.



If more information is desired, call Charlotte Wilhite at 263-1790.



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Ishmael Reed

"I suppose it would mean something different to
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Kurt Vonnegut Jr.

"Fair exchange, as the old saw goes, is never robbery."

Iceberg Slim

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"The lambs are crying for you,
The lambs are dying..."



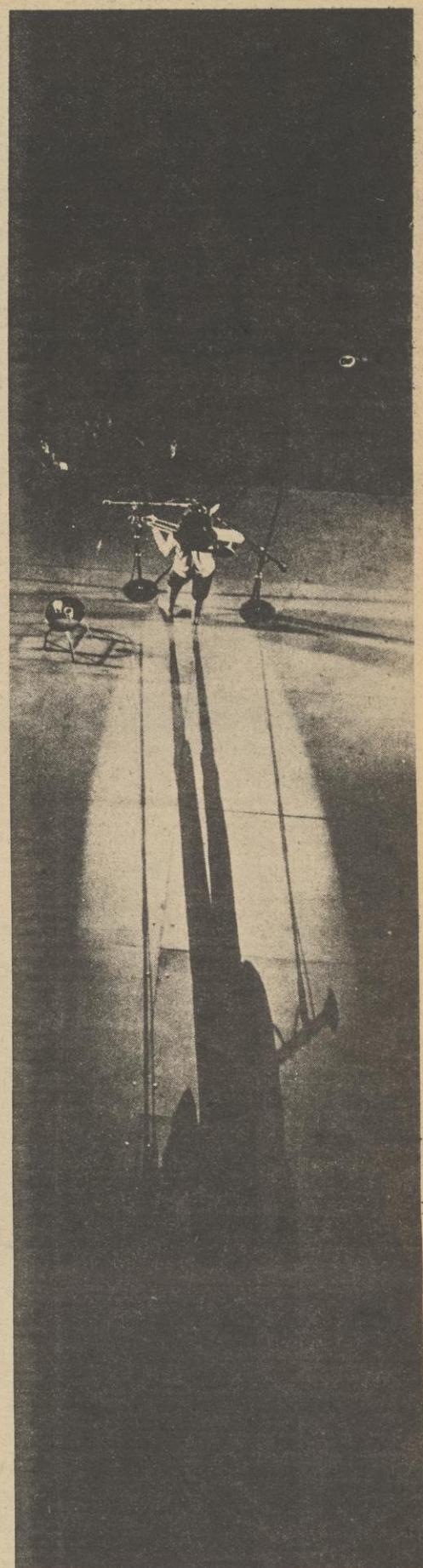
She's a mother now, and a bit more mellow, and even 10 long years on the road haven't dimmed her unique vision.

Joan Baez was her usual radiant self before a Fieldhouse crowd of 12,000 last Tuesday evening. One of the evening's highlights was her "personal and political plea" to Dylan, asking him to "come back."

Shades of A.J. Weberman!



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DR. FRED SILVERS—Psychiatric instructor and University Hospital staffman

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ONE ROOMMATE needed to share large 3 bedroom house with four at 506 S. Brooks St., four blocks from Vilas Zoo. \$65 plus utilities. Lease 'til June 1st. We don't smoke cigarettes. — 6x2

NEED one-two people, male or female, for house near Vilas Park. Coed house of four, mainly grads; own bedroom \$75. 256-0788. — 6x2

GIRL NEEDED to share apt. on West Doty \$65.00/mo. 255-7040. — 6x3

HELP NEED girl share room, apt. 150 W. Gorham Apt. 2. 255-4791. — 6x3

1 GIRL NEEDS another to share apt. Call Mary at 255-3995 or 262-5748. — 6x4

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WANTED one male student in three man modern apartment separate kitchen large living room one block from Engineering campus. Available immediately phone 255-8510. — 6x4

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MONTANA HELENA-Missoula area can leave Nov. 20 Moreen. 255-3972. — 3x1

RIDER(s) wanted share driving, expenses to N.Y. call Matt 231-1626. — 3x1

IOWA CITY-October 29 share expenses, Jay and Steve 255-9961. — 3x1

RIDE NEEDED to Green Bay on Friday. Call Dave: 231-2740. — 3x1

S.F. share driving expenses good conversation, leave anytime. Paul 255-6494. — 3x2

NEEDED ride to N.Y.; Nov. 2 810 E. Gorham Vicki #4. — 3x2

RIDE TO WATERTOOL, Iowa Fri., Nov. 19. Mary, 251-4155. — 3x2

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WHOEVER STOLE guitar from 522 Seller: please return, \$50 reward. Will not prosecute 262-8411 please! — 6x4

LOST: jacket with glasses at Baez concert. Have yours. 256-0135. — 3x1

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THINK POOL is for men only? Women free, couples 1/2 price Mon. & Thur. Action Billiards. — xxx

FOUND: wire rim glasses last week Union lost & found. — 3x2

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10 AM

2:30 PM



(continued from page 7)

growing up I'd have to look out for you. I would keep my eyes open for you—I'd be sure whatever street I went down I'd have to go on the other side of the street when you came down, man. You might as well wear a badge.

A.J.: I'm not gonna take it seriously coming from someone who writes songs like you do.

Dylan: Hey, man, who writes better songs than I do? Name somebody.

A.J.: I could name you a lot of guys.

Dylan: You know you can't

A.J.: Creedence Clearwater.

Dylan: Oh, bullshit.

A.J.: Gordon Lightfoot.

Dylan: He's alright.

A.J.: John Lennon.

Dylan: Never.

A.J.: George Harrison.

Dylan: Maybe.

GENE RAFFERTY—C.C. Rider
I like country-rock, it's good listening music, you know, music for just kind of sitting around. It's got a message to it, especially the stuff by Mason Profitt. I don't like Merle Haggard much, he's a little bit corny.



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A.J.: I'm getting some buttons printed, man.

Dylan: What does it say on the buttons?

A.J.: "Free Bob Dylan."

Dylan: That's far-out, man. I'm having some made up for you, too.

A.J.: What—"Off A.J. Weberman?"

Dylan: No, "A.J. the Pig"—no, just "PIG" with a picture of you on it.

A.J.: Where you gonna get the picture of me?

Dylan: We're gonna take it off an underground newspaper.

A.J.: Well, you don't have my permission to use that picture.

Dylan: You don't have my permission to do any of this shit.

Dylan: It'll be good for you.

A.J.: What?

Dylan: Having your picture with "PIG" written on it.

A.J.: I'm not a pig. I don't see how you can call me a pig. I fight pigs, man.

Dylan: You fight to go through my garbage.

DIONNE WARWICK

UW

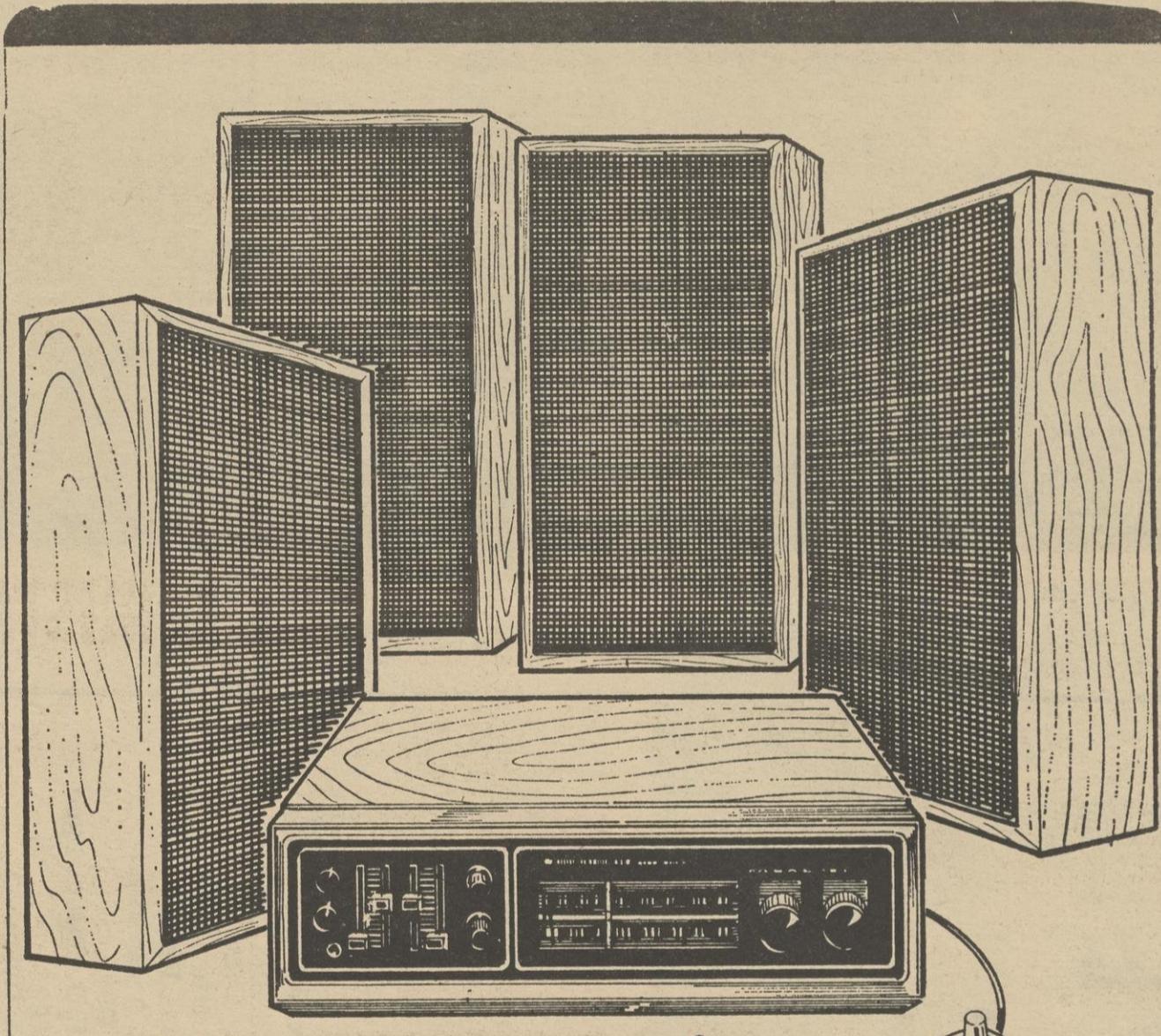
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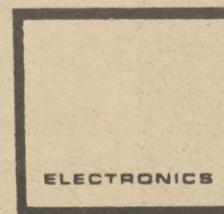
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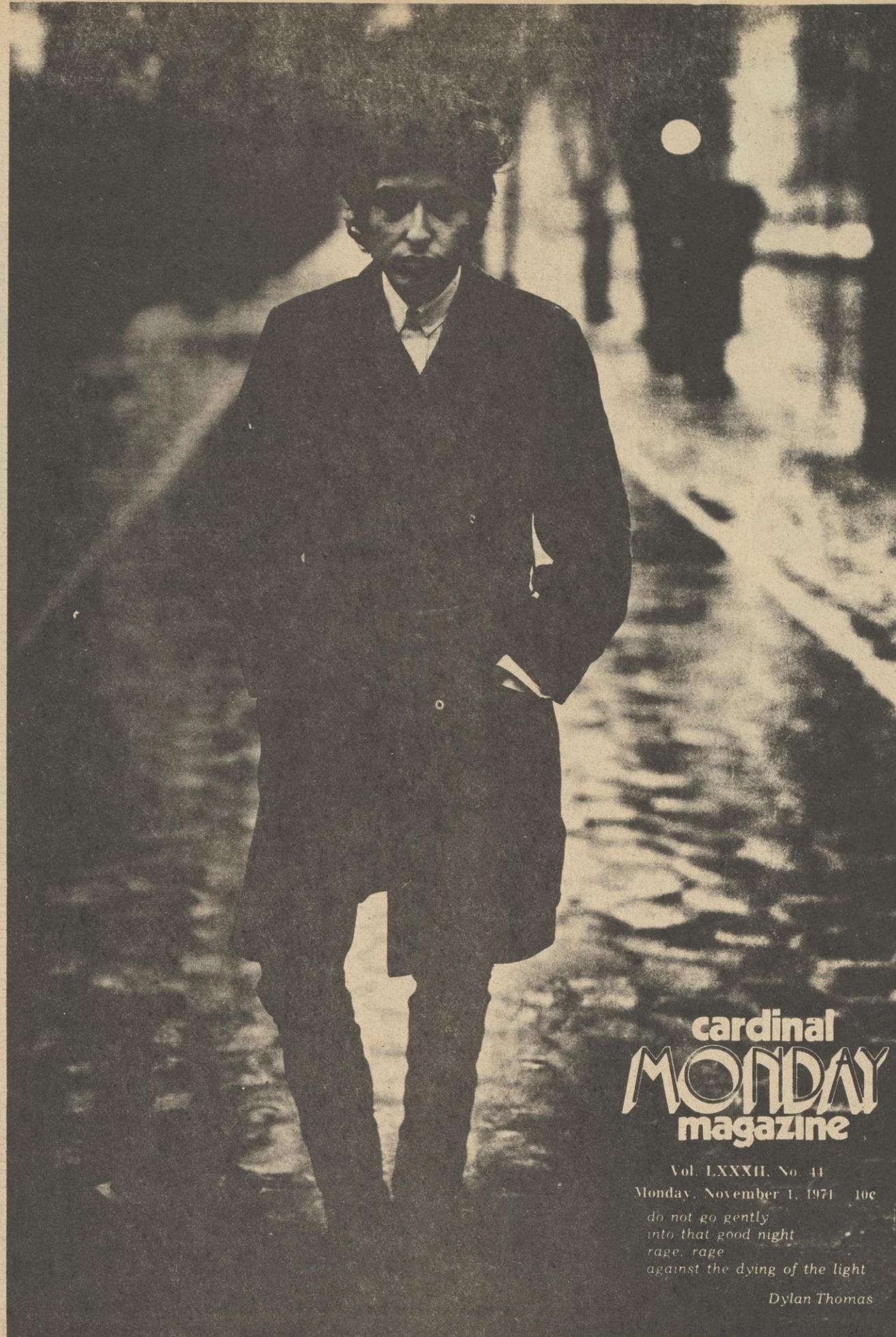
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White Trash
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Ian & Sylvia
Soft Machine
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Don Ellis

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Byrds
Bob Dylan
John Hammond
Leonard Cohen

on Columbia and Epic Records
 and Tapes



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MONDAY
magazine

Vol. LXXXII, No. 44

Monday, November 1, 1971 10¢

do not go gently
into that good night
rage, rage
against the dying of the light

Dylan Thomas