

The Blue Bus

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is



Wizard!

Yale Holiday Issue

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Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, as the case may be, and welcome to the second edition of the Blue Bus, a long-awaited event, to say the least. This is our gala holiday issue, though you wouldn't have guessed it from the price. It covers all holidays between Thanksgiving and Easter, including, unfortunately, Tet. So much for the commercial. Now

ring you with cally, in our lent(T.I.C.) ere we heard the Pirate's rded a new ep You Home, o don't know t, but I'm Miss Helen r own reac- unds reasonable.



we can get down to serious business, like tales of our adventures since last issue. Ty-never-ending search for fresh and interesting we stumbled south to Hobart's Landing, Florida, Miss Anita Owens as she entertained over lunch Cove. For those of you who know her, she re-Grand Ole Opry hit, "If It Takes a Bottle to I'll Buy You One Tonight." For those of you her, she still recorded a new Grand Ole Opry not about to type that title again. The opinion Barnes, the proprietress of the Cove, sums up KATE tion: "She can flat play that piano." That

The other half of the editorial staff found itself one evening in the Alexandria Roller Rink. Luckily, he also found an average Roller Rink-size crowd plus Blood, Sweat, and Tears(minus one Al Kooper, but that can be explained later). It's sufficient to say that not a single person left, though they had all forgotten their skates. Now that you're interested, we may as well say a word about the ubiquity of Al Kooper(whatever that means). He's accomplished what only a few people in history have been able to do(and, then, as now, only when the writer couldn't think of a more original phrase): seems to be in more than one place at one time. He count him involved indispensably three separate albums released not more than a month ago. Not to mention Super Session or his Blood, Sweat, and Tears work. As soon as he learns to walk on water, he'll be eligible for the Legion of Super Heroes.

Back to work. We hope you've heard the Kasenetz-Katz Super Circus' one and only(we hope) release, "Bubble-Gum Music." It would be a classic put-on, but they seem to be disgustingly serious. It's a living, if that's the way you approach music. That's not to say, however, that all work should have a message: if that were the case, much of what is generally acknowledged as "great" music, particularly outside of the modern popular field, would be damnable. Still, since the main concern of the Blue Bus lies within that field, a more relevant case should be offered. True soul music or authentic blues (if you can discern a difference) are the perfect existence of both modes is creative expression free of didacticism, overt or otherwise, inherent in "Herb Lubiano Music." A virtuoso performance in especially music, is dependent on much more technical skill. "Soul" is the familiar and obedient, and, though the term is overused, it will suffice here. The point is, at any rate, that aesthetic value is too often disregarded in favor of intense interpretation. Naturally, there is a point somewhere between simple enjoyment, technical or intellectual appreciation, and emotional involvement at which one would derive most from any form of art. Equally as naturally, no one can find that point.



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We've wandered far enough. It's time to get back to simpler things. To begin with, have you ever heard of Bill Haley and the Comets? If not, go and ask some one, they're anything but unknown. If you have the photograph, Bill Haley is the fat one next to the prone saxman. Does that sound ridiculous? Well, then, think about a man playing guitar between his legs or with his teeth. Showmanship is great in an act, but Jimi Hendrix is going to look pretty absurd in a few years. That's just a thought. Of course, Hendrix is technically excellent and has done some "great things." For instance, "Fire," though it is the "Louie, Louie" of the form, has a lot in its favor. Better still is



"Zee Zee Child" from Electric Ladyland. If you haven't heard it, get on it. It's even better than "Fire." Honest.

As long as we're talking about funky(?) people, we'll throw in something from the coast. What's happening(pick one) around/with/ to Janis Joplin? Well, between trips to the bank, the Voice is trying to find a new backup group. Seems that Big Brother couldn't satisfy her desire for, in her own words, "new directions and all that shit." At the last word, she was still trying.

Were you aware that Stanford University has an official prohibition on sexual intercourse between unmarried students, under penalty of expulsion? That bit of trivia was added mainly to move smoothly into our next subject: the "Liberation" of the W&M coed(whether she likes it or not). Although some action has finally been taken on the autumn petitions, there exists the worrisome possibility that interest will falter, and with it progress. As the Flat Hat Teleclectic beat us to saying, Penn students made their influence effective in a six-day sit-in staged against the erection of a new Science Center. All it took to win their demands was perseverance and participation. The moral is obvious, so we'll confuse it by using a Latin proverb borrowed from John Birch: persevera, per severa.

We won't translate that proverb, but it does occur to us that it applies just as well to any change or improvement(they're not synonymous in every case, you know) at the College of William and Mary or anywhere else. That thought will allow us to say an idealistic word against disgusted would-be transfers. That is, leaving doesn't do a damn thing for this school, and it's probably little better where you're headed. William and Mary is small enough that a small, concerned, and(to be embarrassingly pretentious) dedicated group can accomplish a great deal, provided it is also competent and wise enough to win popular acceptance. Then again, as you're most likely thinking, it's really none of our business. Probably true, but we hope you're thinking.

Now that we're practically finished, weren't you impressed by all the names and quotes and trivial notes we were able to include? You'll see more in the rest of the issue, but if you're not impressed it doesn't bother us a bit, because we don't give a damn about what books you've read or plays you've seen or people you know or who your cousin's roommate used to be. Some call that the Name Game. We don't call it anything, and we hope we're not too guilty of playing it for the sake of a good impression. As no one ever said until now, a good impression isn't worth the paper it's typed on, and you're lucky to get that.

DJ
- Gates

THE BLUE BUS

is a semi-literary magazine published occasionally by its intrepid co-editors, Ernie Gates and Doug Green.

The Head Writer (when he feels like it) is Daniel J. Coakley.

The Blue Bus has no permanent artistic staff, but would dearly love to have one. In the interim, we appreciate the efforts of Misses Kate Owens, Paige Reid, and Beverly Sauer. The cover illustration was copped from Leonardo da Vinci (who still lives) and revised by your humble editors.

Thanks to the Flat Hat for the typing machine, and to various people whom we're not allowed to mention for various things which we're not allowed to name.

The whole production was choreographed by Zeplin Dai.

I ambled out in the drowsy dawn rain
More than nineteen hours from you
Escaping from the insomniac,
rattle-clack train
To the suckling sun's breaking through.

I traveled wearily to my battle's fringe
Befuddled by the din of obligations,
When all my good was impinged
By the carnage and mutilations.

Wandering through the jungle maze
Chilly in the new warmth of the sun
I spied a man lying naked in the haze--
I raised my gun.

Please don't ask why you won't see me
again except through sod.
In your late and lonely nights
you will know, my son,
What it is to be a god
And not have one.

--Wayne Richardson

Living the Blues

A musical form such as the blues is a basically restrictive one—how is the modern group to be creative within its highly traditionalist bounds? Many groups such as the Cream are strongly blues-oriented, yet do not operate primarily within the blues context.

Of modern white groups, one that has most successfully preserved the authentic blues atmosphere, yet infused their recordings with a spirit and personality all their own, is Canned Heat. The band is composed of Bob "Bear" or "Big Fat" Hite, vocals; Henry "Sunflower" Vestine, lead guitar; Al "Blind Owl" Wilson, rhythm guitar, harp, and vocals; Larry "Mojo" Taylor, bass; and Fito de la Parra, drums. Of Canned Heat's albums on Liberty, the first contained largely traditionalist performances, the second was highly original and a mild success. Their most recent release, a two-record set called "Living the Blues" is a gigantic seller, and is also one of the year's best and most important recordings.

The first cut, "Pony Blues," opens with soft, restrained guitar picking into which the driving rhythm is suddenly interjected. The effect is very much as suggested by the title. Hite's strong vocals come across to good effect. "My Mistake," a Wilson song, follows. It emphasizes his unique falsetto vocals and the rhythmic lead parts that characterize his songs. "Sandy's Blues" is a Hite song about his woman in Cleveland, and his vocal mannerisms, "It's the Blues now," "I want you all to stand up and put your hands on the woman that you love," etc., could easily be overdone if used with less taste, but Hite makes them an integral part of the slightly archaic atmosphere of the song. The atmosphere is reinforced with an excellent horn arrangement. Next is "Going up the Country," another Wilson song and a recent single. This cut provides the best illustration in the album of creative innovation within the context of a blues form. Traditionalist songs would never use a flute as a lead instrument, but Wilson pulls off his solos with ease

and naturalness. "Walking By Myself" is a Jimmie Rodgers country song which the Heat has converted into a blues, distinguished by fine strong lead harp work and a swinging vocal by Hite. The last cut on side one, "Boogie Music," is the band's excursion into rhythm and blues, with another good horn arrangement (by Dr. John the Night Tripper) and a soulful bass line. This cut provides an example of Canned Heat's humor, which no band except the Mothers can match. The track closes with a recitation of the virtues of boogie music, "an essential factor in the life of all," and "the right comprehension and right application thereof;" and ends with a scratchy bit of oldtime violin and acoustic guitar boogie.

Side two opens with an incendiary version of the Blind Lemon Jefferson song, "One Kind Favor." Hite's raunchy vocal is combined with Vestine's extremely hairy lead to produce an outstanding performance marred only by an uninteresting rhythm guitar. "Parthenogenesis" is nineteen minutes' worth of (mainly) instrumental exploratory short improvisational blues-oriented largely original pieces that range from a harmonica raga to a "solo" with five overdubbed guitars.

Sides three and four are entirely taken up by a forty-minute "Refried Boogie," a live version of the "Fried Hockey Boogie" on their second album. Each member of the band gets to solo, and suffice it to say that the recording reaches peaks, especially in Vestine's solo, which match any waxed thus far.

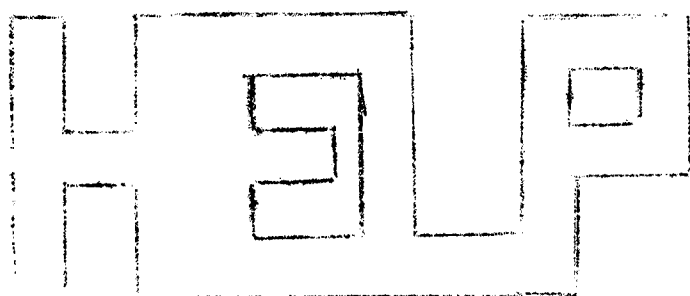
(continued)

Colin Turnbull
is the
world's foremost
authority on
PYGMIES

← curly Joe →

The Blue Bus
Disparately
Proud

A major problem facing all rock bands who try to be creative and produce records of artistic merit is that, in trying to explore the many facets of music (i.e., the blues, folk music, country and western, etc.), they develop a style of no real depth and containing little group "personality." (The Beatles are often guilty of shallowness, for example, but their strong personality rarely fails to give some interest to their work.)



Canned Heat has avoided this all too common pitfall by choosing to restrict themselves to one form, the blues. However, they have not restricted themselves within that form. An attempt to play merely Chicago style or Delta style blues would be pointless, as these forms have already been more than adequately covered by the masters of past generations. The band has instead chosen to present in a unified package, with great technical skill, soul, and enthusiasm, a broad collection of sounds classifiable only under the generic term blues. The blues in the album range from jazz to sharecropper's laments to R&B. And it all comes out Canned Heat. A group personality is probably impossible to define, but if any group has it, Canned Heat does.

After all, you wouldn't expect two dynamic, crusading editors who are striving urgently to obtain a decent average to devote their whole time to the thing, would you?

Canned Heat has not attempted to cut the masters. What they have done is molded an all too often inaccessible musical genre, the blues, into the rock form familiar to most modern listeners, and have done it with such skill and finesse that the transition is smooth, in fact, hardly noticeable. The blues have always been a major influence upon rock, and listening to Canned Heat can only increase the listener's enjoyment and appreciation of both forms.

Actually, we're not all that bad off, but we would appreciate a bit of help now and then. We could use anyone with a modicum of talent in the fields of literature, music, and/or art (even typing, a graphic art to us). This person and/or persons must be utterly servile, willing to take orders (esp. deli runs), and, in certain cases, simply willing. (To work as hard as we do, of course.)

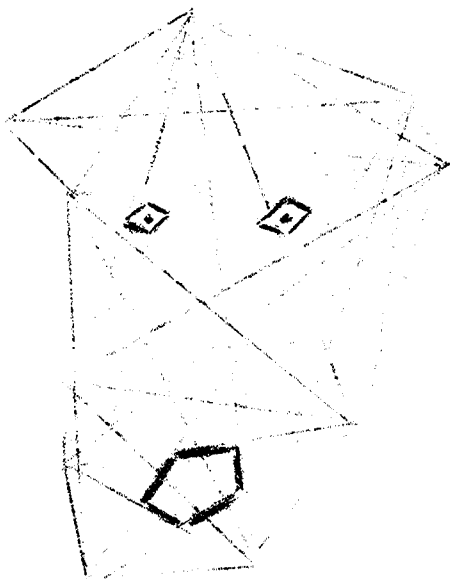
Living the Blues is a masterpiece of modern interpretation of a difficult area of music. As such, it is one of the most significant recordings of 1968, and is worth the notice of anyone with a serious interest in expanding his musical horizons. If you don't want your horizons expanded, you can still do the boogie.

Even if you don't want to join the staff, you can always contribute. Contributions should be in approximately the same fields as those above. (Gifts of money will be freely and disgustingly mercenarily accepted.)

There must be willing talent somewhere at W&M, but our doors haven't exactly been broken down since last issue. Maybe it's because we forgot to include our address. Our editorial office and executive suite is A-23 of Taliaferro (up the stairs and to the right), and our Post Office Box is 2647.

We're waiting. Get moving.





Bulled eyes could not hear
The melancholy of mindless minstrels
Playing senseless tunes,
Morbid songs of vile despair.

Vague buildings loomed, doomed
Those insode to an end, once bitter,
Which now was scarcely felt.

Nor did lusty Venus stir
In hearts which were so fresh.

.....

Drink, drink and be merry,
Tomorrow's mourning greets you soon.
If you get a wee bit hairy,
We'll fix what's broken, too.

Lapping waves laugh at Man--
His efforts, his existence and "plan."
They hiss and crash with wrath and spite,
But send soft suds scampering
Up damp sand.

These frail things recede as they come
So that life and death are almost one.
Back into their mother's womb they slip,
Who sits with infinite power and peace.
Eternal bliss.

Man too does thrust and fall,
Tossed by tempestuous seas
Who give him life, then snatch it back,
In an instant of being
He lives, dies.

Thus also he strives--for what?
All efforts are doomed to failure,
Knowing nothing of his origin
And less of destiny--
Absurd one.

Faces shine with hot moisture.
Satisfaction oozes into weary limbs.

The cool stillness of night grazes flustered cheeks
Sucking in damp leaves and wetly-shining asphalt, deeply.

STEPHEN
MAPP

Patterns of red bricks fall neatly
Into place under my feet, and
Stiff leaves crumple, crisply.

All feeling is lost, all meaning
Un-needed; love does not reach
And its security is stagnant.

Tentacles of solid black
Against vague grey, groping.
I am alone, unmoving.

BEGGAR'S BANQUET

Nearly two months of legal battles over the proposed cover could not keep the Rolling Stones' Beggar's Banquet from earning a place in the top ten albums of 1968. The album marks a return from the extravagant "total effect" of Their Satanic Majesties Request to a patented style of rhythm and blues which only the Stones can produce. If their bluesy sound has not excited you in the past, don't expect to be stoned by this album. Dedicated Stones fans, however, will tell you that it is their best ever. It is the Stones in their finest form, wailing and pulsating the lusty blues that made them famous.


A most pleasant surprise on the album is the emergence of Keith Richard as a very talented guitarist. Richard's versatile style ranges from a Claptonic wailing, through Keith's own rock-blues style, to an outstanding imitation of the old Negro country-blues picking, chording, and even bottle-necking.

The album, nevertheless, is Jagger's from beginning to end. His performances on "No Expectations," "Sympathy for the Devil," "Salt of the Earth," and "Stray Cat Blues" are godly. The Beggar's Banquet Jagger is the Jagger of the past, the Jagger of "Tell Me," "That's How Strong My Love Is," and "Cry to Me." The rest of the group provides an exceptional musical accompaniment, but remains well in back of their leader throughout the performance.

The highlight of the album, and one of the best Stones songs ever, is "Stray Cat Blues." The lyrics were never lustier ("There'll be a feast if you just come upstairs;" "Bet your Momma don't know you can bite like that"), and the driving beat leaves no doubt about Mick's subject. If that's all you're after, don't miss "Parachute Woman." In their previously released single, "Street-Fighting Man," Charlie Watts' firing drums carry a clear call for violent youth revolution. The two composition gems of the collection are "Jigsaw Puzzle" and "Sympathy for the Devil," a pair of narrations by Jagger. Bill

Now take note: the story's charm
Is the child Rebecca, not the farm.
+--+--+--+--+
Infant in a cage of glass;
Is that like Walden, too?

(started at bottom)




Wyman's work on bass is outstanding on both cuts, while Nicky Hopkins' presence on piano adds a new wavelength to the Stones' spectrum.

With a number of groups trying to find the right combination of country-blues and rock, it seems only natural that the Rolling Stones should be the first to succeed. One evening at their Banquet should convince the most skeptical listener that no group will ever replace the Stones as pop bluesmen.

Heading the selection of blues is "No Expectations." The song is pure Jagger. Need we say more? Also in the country-blues style are "Dear Doctor," "Prodigal Son," and "Factory Girl." In each of these the Stones display their good, homesy, country style and deserve repeated listening.

Excluding the composite album, High Tide and Green Grass (Big Hits), this is the Stones' best performance to date. Watts' drumming is now better than just adequate, Brian Jones shines on guitar and harmonica work, me-lancholy Bill Wyman provides exceptional bass. Keith Richard develops one of the most versatile guitar styles in the business, and Mick Jagger has never sounded so much like Mick Jagger.




To put it simply, if the Stones ever did one song that you liked, buy Beggar's Banquet: you'll find one better.

--WILFRED V. DYLAN*

*Wilfred is really Frank Roach, but the name has some clever symbolic meaning which no one other than the writer could decipher.

SHORT POEMS & THINGS
(The writer wishes to remain anonymous.)

Here observe pedantic youth:
In one ear and out its mouth.
(continued at top)





freaky cover, there are no pictures of the Cream dressed as necrophiliacs or vegetarians. There isn't even an enclosed foldout sheet with lyrics, fan photos, and weird pictures. Perhaps part of the reason that the album is so appealing is this complete lack of pretension. Another reason is that the Cream had taken one more step towards the recognition of studio recording as a separate art form (a path started, so the critics say, by Sgt. Pepper). The live record is vastly different from the studio recording, and in concert the Cream chooses to do mostly basic blues numbers and their own funkier songs.

Still, in the last analysis, the choosing of any one particular album as "the best" remains a purely subjective, personal judgment. When the overall excellences of the album have been noted, this writer can say that if he had to take only one album with him to Outer Mongolia or Kansas, Wheels of Fire would be his choice.

So. Cream has broken up. They have left one memento behind in the form of Goodbye, released last month. This album contains three live cuts and three studio cuts. The live cuts, virtually completing the recordings of Cream's concert repertoire, are "I'm So Glad," from Fresh Cream, and "Politician" and "Sitting On Top Of the World" from Wheels of Fire. Since the live performances are in all three cases done as well as the studio cut, little need be repeated about their quality. The three new numbers are called "Badge" (Clapton), "Doing that Scrapyard Thing" (Bruce), and "What a Bringdown" (Baker), and they are strange. They don't sound quite like the Cream of old. The reason seems to be that on each cut, piano, organ, or mello-tron have been brought into equal prominence with guitar, bass, and drums. It would seem possible that Cream has been influenced by the music from Big Pink. (A note for you trivia collectors: L'Angelo Misterioso--whoever he is, though this is not his first appearance on record--playing rhythm guitar on "Badge," became the only outsider other than Pappalardi to perform on a Cream record.) In the end, though Goodbye is much more an encore than a finale, the songs are worth your attention.

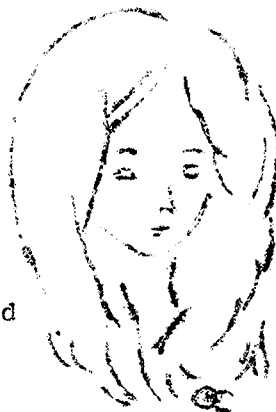
To summarize all the preceding: Cream were the titans of "mainstream", "Progressive" "rock" (if those terms can be defined, which is doubtful). They were not principally an experimental group, and, although blues-based, they were not trying to carve a reputation as the 'ne plus ultra of blues,' as one unperceptive critic recently wrote. All that anyone can say with certainty is that the Cream tried to create good music, and that they did.

Clapton has gone back to blues jamming with his friends, Bruce is at home writing music as always, and Baker, having turned down many offers to become heads of large corporations, is "resting." Perhaps someday they will get back together and record again. In the meantime, they will be missed. "For it's music that is Cream!"

Good morning Ann
Today is born
And I am leaving
My soul in hand
To mend my plastic world torn
To find myself ungrieving.

Good afternoon Ann
The sun is high
And I am gone
To count the tragedy of sand
To free myself and fly
To live my poem.

Good evening Ann
The day is old
And I am alone.
The Sisyphean day I ran
Toward dreams untold
Toward fields unsown.



Good morning Ann
Yesterday is dead
And I am a child
As the new day I am
Unbound by things past said
Fresh and Undefined.

Goodnight Ann
I have returned again
To lie with you
Without pretense or golden bands
To touch your love and then
To know myself through you.

→ Wayne Richardson

REVOLUTION!

CARL
NELSON

Revolution? Student riots? Ask anyone who was there and you will find out that it was a party. The mass media do such a tremendous job of convincing the public that fiery revolutionaries have been poisoning the apple pie and inducing mass defecation on motherhood that even radical student leaders come to believe it. Not incidentally, it is a much greater boost to the ego to participate in "civil disobedience" or "confrontation" than a tribal orgy. Take, for example, the case of William and Mary's Great Women's Rights Confrontation (hereafter referred to as GWRC).

We assembled by moonlight, and were soon confronted with the spectacle of creosote-soaked toilet tissue rolls burning brightly at the ends of long poles. The torch girls, handpicked, I suppose, for their traditionally tumescent American breasts, spaced themselves in a semi-circle around the crowd with their backs to the Campus Center. One of the leaders, dressed in a tunic made from a semi-dirty white sheet and heavily made-up to suggest double standard virginity, began to read from the WDA handbook, and offer snide comments on the value of the rules. You know: 'we can fuck just as easily at three in the afternoon' sort of stuff.

Everyone laughed merrily with her; and winked at the crowd of police gathering on Jamestown Road. With the evening's intellectual pretensions out of the way, the rules of the coming festivities were explained to the mass. Oh, lovely! A torchlight parade down to Phi Bete field and a bonfire. And then, if the feeling is right, the girls' dorms will be rushed, and a great spiritual movement will cause all of them to liberate themselves. They are just as likely to run naked in the streets, I said to myself. But, caught up in the sheer fun of it all, we marched down Jamestown Road with an honor guard of torches and police front and rear.

Now that we have set the general mood of the demonstration as it actually was, let's look in on one of the student leaders: Natty Bumppo. Bumppo, a junior from the great mid-west, is an almost-WASP from an affluent family and was spoiled as a

child. During the demonstration, Bumppo was caught up in the party spirit. He got to exhaust himself yelling through the portable P.A. He got to stand in the background with other leaders gossiping about the effectiveness of each's crowd control methods. He even got into one of the girls' dorms, but slunk back out when he saw a campus cop standing inside on the stairs, reminding himself no doubt that his value was greater as a leader. All in all, Bumppo found that he had had a good time.

Two days later, however, the student newspaper comes out with 'COEDS BREAK CURFEW RULES' splashed across the front page. Bumppo latches on to it, reading further that "student organizers of Wednesday's protest and other interested students met last night in the Sit'n'Bull room to plan further 'resistance.'" "Hot damn," he thinks. "I'm a student organizer. The resistance finally came to William and Mary. And ME, Natty Bumppo, I was there to lead it."

Revolution? Student riots? They and Natty Bumppo would soon go away if they were ignored. Always absurd, and, oddly enough, often theatrical, movements and causes never fare well when juxtaposed with the status quo. But when written down, when stabilized and given permanence by one or more forms of mass media, any cause gains the first requisite to success: legitimacy.

What, then, makes a radical student leader successful? Much depends on certain preconditions that must be present if a cause or group is to be successful in bringing about change. A favorable student press is needed. Groundswell for change among at least a sizeable minority of the student body is also necessary. The radical leader himself must of course be vocal. But most important to the success of his movement is his ability to manage the type of situation outlined above. If he appears, as does Bumppo, as ridiculous as the movement as a whole; so much the better. The closer the participants in a demonstration feel to their leader, the greater are its chances of success.

(Carl Nelson is a young, spoiled, almost-WASP and part-time campus radical.)



CREAM

The culmination of the career of the Cream was the release of Wheels of Fire during the summer of 1968. The record quickly jumped onto the best-seller charts and garnered its certificate for one million dollars' worth of business. By almost all standards, the record was a financial and an artistic success, and indeed, may be the very best record ever made by any group. This is, of course, a somewhat audacious statement, and to verify it we shall, instead of covering the album track by track, take an overall look at the elements which make it such a monster.

First of all, of course, is the peerless musicianship. People constantly argue about whether Clapton, Bruce, and Baker are the best on guitar, bass, and drums respectively, but there is no doubt that they rank near the top by any standards. Whether one prefers, say, Hendrix to Clapton becomes a matter of subjective judgement.

There is no group, however, as together as the Cream. "Spoonful" on the live record is the best example. (Note: Wheels of Fire is a two-record set. The first, recorded in the studio, contains nine songs, seven of them original. The second was recorded live in concert and contains four songs.) For seventeen minutes, Cream holds forth on Willie Dixon's blues. The virtuosity is dazzling, but the song never becomes a mere display of instrumental pyrotechnics. Clapton, Bruce, and Baker are in complete rapport, constantly accenting and counterpointing each other. The same tightness is present throughout the entire album.

Next we come to the songs themselves. Whether any person likes a particular song, is, of course, a matter of personal taste. But the various cuts show a great deal of musical inventiveness, surely as much as the Beatles or most of the so-called "experimental" groups have ever displayed. For instance, on "Deserted Cities of the Heart," as producer Felix Pappalardi puts it, "Cream is going like a house afire," and suddenly the song breaks into a viola and cello duet accompanied by Baker's jazz drumming in 3/4 over implied 4/4 time. (Note: Do not overestimate the author's musical knowledge. Pappalardi mentioned the time signatures.)

A point that is often overlooked but must be mentioned is the Cream's extremely tasteful use of outside instrumentation, all played by the Cream or Pappalardi. As examples, the chimes in "Those Were the Days" (no relation to, and a much better song than, Mary Hopkin's) impart a semi-religious feeling, nicely accentuating the lyric. Trumpet, tonette, and recorder lend a medieval air to "Pressed Rat and Warthog," perfectly fitting Ginger Baker's English-accented recitation.

As to lyrics, it is much more difficult to differentiate between "good" and "bad" lyrics than it is to categorize music. Cream's lyrics seem to fall into two distinct categories: the "down-home" lyrics similar to those in the blues songs they perform, such as "Politician"; and the imagist lyrics found on most of their original songs, such as "White Room," "As You Said," and "Deserted Cities of the Heart." An analysis of the lyrics is beyond the scope of this article, but suffice it to say that they are at least always adequate, and sometimes downright poetic.

Finally, the vocals. Jack Bruce is the lead vocalist on all but two cuts, and he has a fine, versatile voice, suitable for both ballads and numbers like "Spoonful," which require a strong, rough vocalization. Clapton sings "Crossroads," and does a capable job. Baker's recitation, already mentioned, on "Pressed Rat and Warthog" adds a great deal to the mood of the song.

After examining all these disparate elements, it is still difficult to say just why Wheels of Fire is so important. There are no "thematic" cuts to give the album unity, and the cuts don't even run into each other. Although the album has a very

Wayne Richardson

I am a cloudy afternoon
That should not be cold so soon.

When moody metaphors collapsed in verse
Opaque in the terse
Sirrus-shrouded sun
Of time elapsed,
Autumn recalled complacently things begun
In all spring's innocence and naiveté.

Giggly things, full of play
Frolicking fantasies exuding confidence.



Then glancing at the ochre land
Where green corn and young berries used to stand;
Smiling uneasily at the anticipated snows
That will soon immure the fertile farrows;
Chagrined by the profound ripe fruits
Passed aloof
By the impetuosity of youth.

They can never be regained.
Constrained to futility and there remain
With no one to accept what they had to give
They lie alone in fields untilled.

Well lived
But unfulfilled.

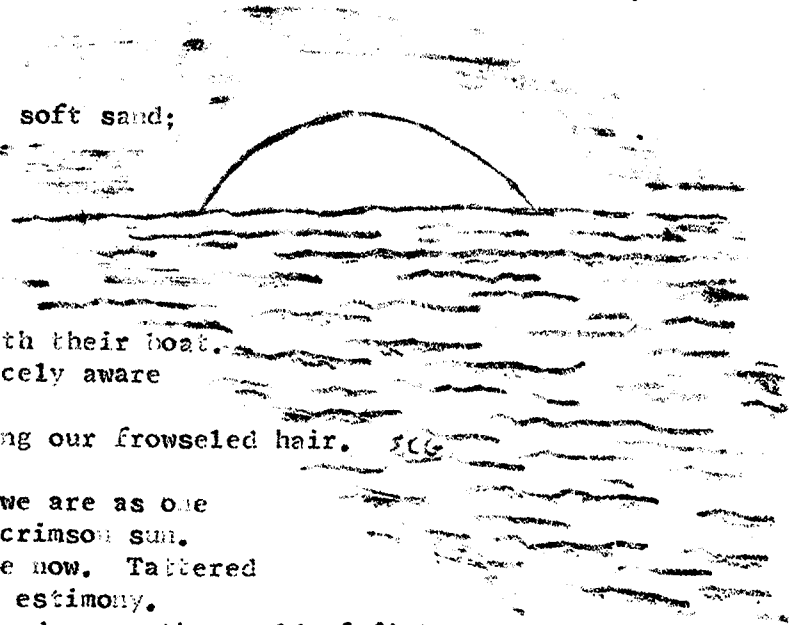
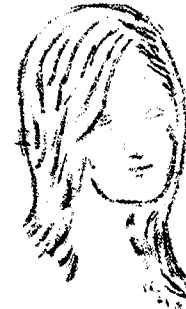
pleasantly warm summer night.
ided by a silver disc of light,
r unclad feet crunch through the moist, soft sand;
pants wet to the knee
the gurgling, frothily capricious sea
at storms the land,
t overwhelmed, tactically retires.

Quiet, hand in hand we float
And pass two weathered fishers with their boat.
Immersed in ourselves we are scarcely aware
Of their flickering fire
And the salty wind that plays among our frowseled hair.

Returning along the shore we are as one
In union, god-like as the crimson sun.
The silent fishers are gone now. Tattered
Ashes comprise their only estimony.
Yet soon we must again intrude upon the world of fishers, and shattered
Relinquish our perfect harmony.

Gracefully the Monet morning
Leaves its cumulus covers
And hovers
Spritely in its dawning.

And by the sleeping ash
You smile awake and with a yawn
Rebutton your sash
And are gone.



Mother Superior

A strange and troubling face haunts the record industry of today. Since 1966 it has been accused of contributing to the moral decay of America by releasing five albums to the public. One description of this person says, "His personality is so repellent that it's best he stay away...for the sake of impressionable young minds who might not be prepared to cope with him."

Above all this, however, Frank Zappa has influenced every recording studio in pop music with his inventive techniques of sound mixing (or mutilating, if you prefer). In two numbers from his first album with the Mothers of Invention Zappa founded the sound collage of pop music. "Help, I'm a Rock" is the cry of an innocent young being who yearns first to be a policeman and then the mayor of the city. With three movements and a definite inner structure the cut could be called a sonata for piano, drums and voice. The flip side of the record is an unfinished ballet titled "The Return of the Son of Monster Magnet," divided into two movements, "Ritual Dance of the Child-Killers" and "Nullus Pretii" (translates "No Commercial Potential," a comment made by a record executive upon first hearing the Mothers). "Monster Magnet" is a true collage of unconnected sounds sustaining the same percussion rhythm throughout except for a short trio where the

Zappa has not commissioned techniques for sound reproduction. What's got into it he wants the listener to say, "If we can get people to do this, then we will have success." His collection of musical history. In "Brown Shoes on a Sunday" he says "I'm a plastic robot for a world that doesn't care."

The song goes on to comment on the sexual mores of society, comparing a businessman's reaction to his dreams about his secretaries and the adventures of his thirteen-year-old daughter.

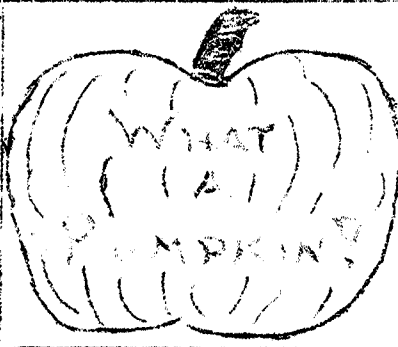
The career of Zappa with the Mothers of Invention has reached its high point to date with the album We're Only In It For the Money. The cover is a play on the cover of Sgt. Pepper and the inside on the world of phony hippies in California. Zappa's true philosophy comes through clearer than ever, namely that the parents are to blame for the very actions of the young people they condemn. The hippie whose "hair is getting good in the back" is a "victim of lies you (the older generation) believe." There is the mother who sits at home and drinks while her daughter is being killed by the cops in the park. Then there is the punk who's going "to the love-in to sit and play my bongos in the dirt." Zappa sets a brilliant trap for the listener in "What's the Ugliest Part of Your Body?" when he concedes the expectation of a bold obscenity only to answer the question with "your mind."

The music in these albums is among the most original being written today. Zappa uses classical piano obligato and unimaginable amplified shrieks to highlight the message of the songs. No one in pop music, and perhaps not even Schönberg, can handle abrupt changes in tempo, rhythm, or key as effectively as Zappa. In an occasional orchestral interlude he exhibits the control of a wide range of instruments befitting a composer of the first rank.

Zappa's one album without the Mothers, (although a few of them are in the chorus along with Eric Clapton of the Cream and others,) is a commissioned ballet that in Zappa's own words "probably didn't make it." Lumpy Gravy, totally Zappa's creation with him conducting the Abnuceals Emuuka Electric Symphony Orchestra (& Chorus), is a sprawling mass of disorientant music and inane commentary. The album opens and closes with cretin instrumentals backed by redundant trombone harmony. All is perfect. The inanity of the music sets the ideal mood for the paranoid conversations of the characters.

After all, the only way to understand Zappa is to listen to him, and many people are not willing to weather the cacophonous blurbs and sarcastic insults so common in the music. Let Zappa speak for himself; he is the only one who can. "Unbind your mind/There is no time/To lick your stamps/And paste them in/Discorperate/And we'll begin."

Cover: Leonardo / (Miles) / Gates; (p. 12) Gibson



himself, however, to invent new questions. He asks one question, "Suz, what's your question?" To him it is rhetorical, ask himself this question. Zappa to just start asking some questions. "Suz, what's your question?"

and lyrical satire is unparalleled. "Don't Make It" from his second album Uncle Meat urges ironically to "be a

FRANK ZAPPA