

NEW YORK (cont'd from page 36)

Lake & Palmer. Nick Graham left Rooster also. In his stead came **Paul Hammond**, a powerful drummer indeed. Rather than replacing the bassist, Crane wisely saw that he needed strength in other areas and found **John Cann**, a superb guitarist and singer.

And so Atomic Rooster was reborn. Everything seemed to jell at once. Vincent seemed more together and, in Cann, he had found the perfect guitarist to complement his keyboard work. Because the simple fact is that Cann plays the electric guitar like Vincent plays the organ. Heavy textural riffs behind minor key changes predominate his work. And he's integrated his instrument so well with Vincent's that the two seem much of the time, like extensions of each other, reinforcing, and thus increasing, the deep harmonics each create.

Rooster's second album (although the first with the new lineup) was released in England some four months ago to quite strong reaction from both the consumer and critic estates. And with reason. It's very good. All the tracks were written either by Vincent or John and some really stand out. Among those is "Tomorrow Night," melodically strong and simple, that, after months of hard work, became a top ten single in England. On "7 Streets," a Cann number, Crane achieves a cathedral-like sound to slowly build the opening riff that will be repeated throughout the tune, before the tempo increases with Crane playing fast sharp notes around John's speeding guitar figures. Midway through, the structure of the song is expanded to allow a fiery duet between the two. "Death Walks Behind You," begins with soft echoey bass notes from the piano for two measures or so until they're joined by tentative drops of honey from the instrument's upper register along with bass notes from the organ played so that they sound like they're coming from a bowed double bass. Here in the opening, Cann uses his guitar like a percussion instrument to provide an unusual accent to each measure. The song opens onto a musical landscape that seems to rush by on one side and crawl by on the other.

For the most part the album reaches the musical heights that it does because of the fiercely creative musical ideas that Crane and Cann throw at each other while playing. Like **Leslie West** and **Felix Pappalardi** of **Mountain**, this duo continually feed and delight each other in musical terms. Throughout, Paul Hammond's percussion work is deep-throated. This is due mainly to the fact that his figures are played, for the most part, on tom toms and bass drums. He handles and, sometimes helps guide, the group's polyrhythmic material with consistent aplomb and a knowledge of the part he plays within the group's structure.

Rooster has just signed with Elektra Records for release in the States. As with every other act on their roster, Jac Holtzman and the people at the label are giving Rooster their most specific attention, from remodeling the cover to deciding whether some tracks should be remixed for better overall sound. The end result looks to be the latest in a long line of Elektra's major finds.

eric van lustbader

HALLYWOOD (cont'd from page 36)

Somebody Want To Be Wanted?" The **Partridge Family** asks; lamenting dead-end street relationships and reassuring us that we are all alike, in as much as we are all alone. (No comfort there).

Bobby Sherman says, "I have 'Cried Like A Baby' in the darkness of my room. Nobody there to hold my trembling hand..." (Don't feel bad, Bobby, according to The Partridge Family, we're all in the same boat. Some of us even cry with the lights on, in broad daylight, in crowds, on city streets and in foxhole trenches).

Moving away from the hardships of the "bubble gum" set, we find an abandoned **Sammi Smith**, and... "All I'm taking is your time, 'Help Me Make It Through The Night.' I don't care what's right or wrong, and I won't try to understand. Let the devil take tomorrow. Lord, tonight I need a friend. Yesterday is dead and gone and tomorrow's out of sight, and it's sad to be alone. 'Help Me Make It Through The Night.' I don't want to be alone, 'Help Me Make It Through The Night.'"... Painfully familiar sentiments? This song reminds me of one morning not so long ago, at 6 a.m., when I was awakened from a deep sleep by an earthquake. I was sure I was going to die and the only thought that flashed through my mind was—I'm not afraid of death, but, why am I alone? So, I went back to sleep, to escape the confusion and loneliness. Later that day, when my friends and I compared notes on "Where were you when the earthquake shook?", I discovered to my amazement that a majority of my friends felt that same abject pain of loneliness and alienation.

Certainly an earthquake is a highly concentrated and dramatic event to use to point out the desperation inside each of us. You don't need an earthquake to make the point. Just listen to the lyrics of more current hits. The same hopelessness is conveyed in "No Love At All"/**B. J. Thomas**, "Don't Change On Me"/**Ray Charles**. "You're All I Need To Get By"/**Aretha Franklin**, "One Toke Over The Line"/**Brewer & Shipley** (Oops! How did this one get past our drug reformationists?) And maybe I'm reaching, but... **Glen Campbell's** "Dream Baby" makes me wonder if those "... sweet dreams the whole day through..." come from love for another human being or are they the hand rolled variety?

Perhaps the most poignant reflection of ourselves is exemplified in **Neil Diamond's** "I Am, I Said"... "Well, I'm New York City born and raised, but now days are lost between two shores. L.A.'s fine but it ain't home, New York's home, but it ain't mine no more. 'I Am, I Said', to no one there, and no one heard at all, not even the chair. I am, I cry. I am, said I. And I am lost and I can't even say why... I got an emptiness deep inside and I tried but it won't let me go. And I'm not a man who likes to swear, but I never cared for the sound of being alone..."

The gist is roots, baby, roots... a home base... security... a sense of belonging... a sense of worth... a starting point. Got any clues as to who you are... what you are... why you're here?

We are so alienated, it's as if each of us is living in our own private ghost town. The hollow emptiness is musically echoed back to us 24 hours a day via our stereos and radios. And the pop charts continue to mirror these lonely images, reminding us, "The fault dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings," **Wm. Shakespeare, Julius Caesar, Act 1, Scene 2.**

In the meantime, **Mac Davis, Bobby Goldsboro, me and God** are "Watching **Scotty Grow**"... into what???

mimi greenberg

WEST COAST GIRL OF THE WEEK—

About three years ago manager **Bob Fitzpatrick** uncorked a group known as **C. K. Strong** with guitarist **Jeff Kewley** and an incredibly enchanting and endowed young miss named **Lynn Carey** fronting the fivesome. Our eyes, obviously, got stuffed in our ears, for we found ourselves suggesting that "Carey, is, at least, the equal of **Janis Joplin**" and the group "might very well be one of the major chart acts of '69." As the world never lets us forget, they weren't. After one Epic (but not epic) lp the fivesome disbanded with Carey drifting off to the Hollywood Hills, woodshedding while planning another "superstar" assault. Now she's teamed with **Neil Merryweather** (formerly with **Capitol** and **Kent** labels) on **RCA** and their debut album is titled "Vacuum Cleaner," a hard rock-bluesy **Sonny and Cher-ish** excursion. Miss Carey's caroling is imposing—even if she looked like **Ack-Ack**. We'll stick to our guns—heralding her as a major talent. And one of these years she's going to deliver us from total embarrassment by demonstrating it on records.



SOUND TRACKS—Neil Diamond's "I Am... I Said" topped 300,000 first week in release. It's an almost certain Grammy nominee for '72... **Nelson Riddle**, cutting an lp with **Frank Sinatra, Jr.** here this week, will be conducting for the Motion Picture Relief Fund's 50th Anniversary Gala at the Ahmanson on June 13th... **Jim Pewter**, former g.m. of **Forever Records**, an oldies line (purchased by **Mercury Records**) has formed another, **United States of America**—initial production is a 24 original rock hit lp... **Badfinger** kicks off a twenty city concert tour in the U.S. with two west coast appearances April 2 at the **Santa Monica Civic** and April 3 at the **Pasadena Civic**. Tour is being booked by **Arthur Howes Ltd.** of London in association with **American Talent International**...

CHICAGO — **Buddah** and **Curtom Records** hosted a press party to end all, as a tribute to **The Impressions** and **Curtis Mayfield**. Affair, in the Grand Ballroom of the **Sherman House Hotel**, was attended by some 350 guests, including label's **Neil Bogart, Cecil Holmes, Ron Weisner** and **Joe Fields** who flew in from the diskery's New York office for the big occasion; **Jack Hakim** from the midwest office; **Curtom prexy Eddie Thomas**, and **Marv Stuart**, personal manager of the guests of honor. Just prior to the bash **The Impressions** had completed a week's engagement at the **Apollo Theater** in New York and **Mayfield** was wrapping up his second solo album, at **RCA studios** here, for release later this month. Highlight of the evening was a superb performance by both acts. **The Impressions** did a number of their very familiar hit tune (including the latest **Ain't Got Time**) and **Curtis** performed several new pieces, some of which will be incorporated into his forthcoming album. "Don't Worry (If There's A Hell Below)", **Mayfield's** first hit as a solo performer, was the closing number done by **Curtis**, who was joined by **The Impressions**, and ultimately the entire assemblage of guests, all rising, clapping, swaying aong and having one heck of a time!... **Tony Bennett**, whose "Love Story" album is reportedly starting to happen, will be in **Chicago** April 13 for a two week engagement in the **Empire Room**... **The Syndrome** closed its doors last Friday, following the **James Taylor** concert. **Dick Gassen**, of **22nd Century Productions**, who had re-opened the room in January, is scouting around town for another location. As of now, however, he'll continue booking into the **Auditorium and Opera House**... **Decca's** branch manager **Tony Ignoffo** says the **Neil Diamond** newie "I Am I Said" (**Uni**) and **Elton John's** "Friends" (**Uni**) are two of his biggest items of the week. **Tony** also mentioned that he's had several calls from churches in the area requesting material from the **Superstar** album.



COLUMBIA'S WEST COAST STUDIO OPENING—March 3rd saw the gala festivities thrown to herald the opening of **Columbia Records'** new San Francisco recording studios located at 829 Folsom. Shown at the celebration are (TOP, l to r) **Clive Davis**, president of **Columbia Records** with **Cal Roberts**, label v.p. of recording operations; **Mike Bloomfield** congratulating **Davis**. BOTTOM (l to r) **Epic's Little John group**, in performance, who were the first to record an entire album (just released) at the S.F. studios; posing for the camera: **Boz Scaggs**, **Little John** leader **Mike Hart**, and **Davis**.