CARNegie HALL, N.Y.—No doubt about it, the crowd adores Steve Stills and Manassas. The Buffalo Springfield material ("Lock 'N Roll Woman," "What It's Gonna Be Like" of all the good oldies) ("4 Mile Twenty Years") and "Fool Again" ("Love The One You're With") from the Manassas LP seemed particularly appealing, especially as the evening and its accompanying Stills fare were getting科技创新.

This new seven-man group is capable of music from the man's earliest days, playing to city and country audiences. The members shine where they may. Especially well received was "Fred Hillerman's Dream," to join in a ten-minute sing-along of "He Was A Friend Of Mine" after two false starts earlier in the set. Chris' vocals at times helped Stills and he reached the point of making the audience mellow.

Pink Floyd
CARNegie HALL, N.Y.—No one can play before them for two reasons. Firstly, their sound builds and builds; lights and flaring zone set-up would necessitate a massive area. Secondly, to the other act left the stage. And secondly, Pink Floyd fans cannot see them without seeing them from their favorite acoustic.

Floyd fans have changed over the years. They are more in line with the rock and roll that attend rock nights in large hall nowadays. Most of them seem to know what they like. No other group could come out, and do a fifty minute number that hasn't been recorded. Most would be drowned out by the noise. The group is live material. But a Floyd concert is like a season. You come for the unexh. After the unveiling of "Eclipse," devoted the best "goodness" of a piece for assisted lunatics" and a brief respite, the show continued with the "sold," but as the band now set to mine it. They make little effort to gain audience acceptance through any means but their music as they choose to play it. Anything else is secondary and the taped effects may be showmanship to some, and not for others. It is the thing that Pink Floyd addresses itself to. If you want to be wrapped in ecstasies, then a Floyd concert is the act to spend an evening with: the world's most self-contained group.

Julie Budd
COPACABANA, NY—Julie Budd is a gifted singer, especially so when, at 18, she could still be performing at her school in high school, for her freshman class in college. This inherent dynamism as a vocalist remains, however, much too much a salutation to her obvious frame of reference, another rare talent, Barbara Streisand.

Perhaps this is to be expected by so youthful a performer, for isn't it true that you cannot sound old unless you sound the voice of great female vocalists of the pop genre who've come along in the last decade? But, July Budd is no false numeral--she has been earning a living for a number of years under her belt, and should begin to step into an identity of her own. Her choice of the singing of Streisand in both vocal style and manners, a matter, can perhaps be reasoned. But her voice is scored by her resemblance to Streisand. Really, this is a true talent which should be cultivated in taking in of going solo. Importantly, this will give her RCA a singing a greater identity.

New Riders of the Purple Sage
Alec Taylor
Tranquility

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, N.Y.—New Riders arrived in town for their May 2 concert and a SRO crowd was on hand to hear them. The group is featuring a Hawaiian peddle steel, unfortunately got off to a somewhat slow start. This was not the fault of the pedal steel. But, once the problem was solved it didn't take long for the group to blossom through their set. Audience reaction to this talent group is absolutely electrifying; Ranging from country to country rock, with a beat that is downright danceable and hand-clapable, it makes practically impossible to stop dancing through "Oh Heavenly Love" and "I Can't Help Myself," wrote Brown and it's All Over Now was only the start for Alex. One of the highlights of the evening was "Spanish Eyes," which was heard when, This Brent Is Over (Who Will Wear The Crown, and it's Not Right Now) Alex stated in the first part of the show. "I Don't Need No Doctor, the crown give Alex and his band a tremendous ovation. Tranquility, a British group, opened the program and they have combined with rock some interesting and beautifully harmonic offerings with a touch of the British music Hall flavor. Long Road and Where You Are, Where I Belong were standouts. Melodically, the group rides the waves of soft rock and interesting vocal patterns, and will undoubtedly find a large number of fans.

Goose Creek Symphony
GASLIGHT AU GOGO, N.Y.—Country-rock. There now, we've said it, let's see if we can't again in music--the showing of a group, who sound like no other band of that ilk and belong in a class all by themselves. Unlike the chunky daddy of Poco and others, this group relies almost exclusively on a straight-out good-time and (bluegrass country quality; the "rock" is merely a term to distinguish them from country entourages like The Buckaroos.

Their appeal is universal in sound, but the outrageousness of their stage management and indeed their sheer number--nine--which brings them closer to Chicago and BS&T in the modernizes is for the hippy-hearted. The Capitol group has released their third LP, from which the song "Pickin', Fiddlin', Playin'," their single "Merce Benz" and the titular hit of the Capitol's release, a tellingly named "Orange Blossom Special."

Goose Creek is two fiddles, three guitars, drums, bass, two synthesizers, and a piano, which one can easily feel good for no particular reason at all. They put on fine music and a happy face but seem to the aged sized audience to wear comfortably.

Eddie Heywood
THE COOKERY, N.Y.C.—Eddie Heywood and his piano are a unique relationship. Playing New York for the first time in about twelve years, Heywood has been turning out mellow nights at the bar at 47th Street and University Pl.

In the low-lit atmosphere of the Cookery where food is the main fare and music is secondary food for dressing up, Heywood's music is his piano is far more personal to him than to most others. When Heywood started, music quickly became the main course, and he has mastered the art of grabbing tricks--his subtle intensity and the related effects may be showmanship to some and not for others. It is the thing that Art Pepper addresses itself to. If you want to be wrapped in ecstasies, then a Floyd concert is the act to spend an evening with: the world's most self-contained group.

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Tony Arden
Ronnie Chapman
DANGERFIELDS, N.Y.C.—Bravo! That was the patron reaction to the stunning Tony Arden performance during her recent engagement at the local nitey. After too long an absence, she is a most welcome addition. Opening her set was "Make Me So Very Happy," and, "I Got Love," Miss Arden quickly proves herself blessed with a rich voice and fine powers that carried her through several million-sellers. "I Need Your Love Lord" and "I Don't Know How To Love Him" are pop selections that are rarely heard. Miss Arden is the "Grandest Performance of My Life" and her 88 best seller, "Fuddy," "Pudgy," "Swanky," "Sw pivoters, "Swingers," and a packaged act.

Ronnie Chapman, a personable and talented vocalist-guitarist, is on record and proved an excellent choice.

Cash Box — May 13, 1972