



JOE JACKSON  
I'm the Man (A&M)

With this, his second album, Joe Jackson consolidates his position as one of the major talents to emerge in the last couple of years. More by coincidence than by design, Jackson finds himself neatly sandwiched between the floss of Retro-Nouveau bands like the Knack and the more esoteric or adventurous New Wave artists, many of whom are still not considered safe enough for radio play. *I'm the Man* doesn't offer many obviously catchy cuts on a par with, say, "Sunday Papers" or "Is She Really Going out with Him?" but it delivers—in Jackson's disarmingly pleasant way—the angst and conviction that unite the work of today's best British artists, Graham Parker and Elvis Costello included.

One reason for Jackson's sudden popularity is that he comes off as a Real Person, with all the awkwardness and insecurity left in. Jackson also has a keen ear for musical coloration, such as the use of the Melodica, which echoes the work of reggae 'dub' masters like Augustus Pablo and King Tubby. This may be Jackson's greatest gift, to make reggae palatable to an audience reared almost solely on rock.

James Anger

STEVE FORBERT  
Jackrabbit Slim (Nemperor)

A young, charismatic singer-songwriter wearing an aluminum harmonica rack and strumming an acoustic guitar, Steve Forbert's late 1978 debut album, *Alive on Arrival*, triggered an outbreak of delusional hysteria known as New Dylanitis. It's a disease similar to New Rolling Stonitis, but somehow more cruel. Forbert's album abounded with charm, but *Jackrabbit*

*Slim* is an inauspicious follow-up. The singer's voice, a broken, slightly sandpapered tenor, is about the only interesting element in an undistinguished package. The lyrics are sheer goo, the back-up is a muddle of styles ranging from Urban Folk Glossy to Pseudo-Jazz. John Simon's production credit comes as a shock; his solo albums and *Music from Big Pink* seem now like lucky shots in the dark. *Jackrabbit Slim* isn't bad enough to bury the hopes tagged to Steve Forbert, but it is an inconsistent and unfocused album.

Chris Morris

STEVIE WONDER  
Stevie Wonder's Journey  
Through the Secret Life of  
Plants (Tajima)

From the heavily embossed, Brailed and flower-scented fold-out cover to the twenty meandering selections stretching out over 84 minutes plus, Wonder elevates what is essentially mood music to a soft-focus epiphany of good vibes. Far from being a mix of strong material and filler, this album is almost entirely filler: electronic noodlings, avant-classic Japanese choral pieces, sound-effect strolls through rain forests, languid harmonica playing and a sort of terminal reflectiveness. *Secret Life of Plants* is the logical extension of crashing surf and singing whale albums. Alpha wave music to put us in touch with our vegetable pals. Wonder pulls it off with aplomb and a complete lack of self-consciousness. He's the kind of musician, and doubtless the kind of person, one wouldn't mind spending 84 minutes in a steaming jungle with. In fact, this set sounds as if it might have been written for plants: hothouse Muzak to help your garden grow.

Davin Seay

TOM PETTY  
Damn the Torpedoes (MCA)

They treat him like dirt. They drive him bankrupt and crazy, too. They probably tried to steal his flying V guitar. They ring his doorbell in the middle of the night and run behind the hedge. But Tom Petty survives.

*Damn the Torpedoes* is Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers' "Buckle Down Winssocki." Most of the songs are about alienation, rejection and mistreatment, tried and true rock themes. But the ring of twelve-string guitars and Petty's cocky tone announce that the problems won't crack him like an egg. *Damn the Torpedoes* is pure jumping up and down music, filled with precise guitar work and tight melodies, sung with rare passion. Ultimately it's an optimistic album as well. Petty and his band prove they're full of enough fire to overcome anything, even torpedoes.

John Liebrand

Reggae is music  
made by  
Jamaicans with  
strange hairstyles  
who sit around  
& smoke giant  
spliffs  
of potent ganja

BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS  
Survival (Island)

Some people think reggae is just this oddly seductive, rhythmically compelling music made by Jamaicans with strange hairstyles who sit

around and smoke giant spliffs of potent ganja all day in the warm tropical sun. These people are in for a surprise. *Survival's* cover is a montage-collage featuring flags of independent African nations interrupted by the stowage plan of a slave ship. Marley is talking directly about black survival, identity and unity, all intertwined with the African heritage of blacks.

Though the current Wailers are slick and deliberate compared to the fiery, rebellious earlier crew, they're every bit as effective in creating reggae's characteristic hypnotic sway. A horn section adds a welcome fullness and the Barrett Brothers re-assert their position as a premier rhythm section. Most important, Marley's singing is passionately committed and convincing.

Though "So Much Trouble in the World" and "One Drop" and the title track are stand-out songs, the album's most telling moment comes when Marley deals with the politically motivated attempt on his life in "Ambush in the Night." Over a chunky, clavinet-dominated chorus, he sings: "Ambush in the night/All guns aiming at me/Ambush in the night/They opened fire on me." I can't remember the last time I heard a lyric that makes its point with such chilling simplicity.

Don Snowden

JEFFERSON STARSHIP  
Freedom at Point Zero (Gruet)

If anything, the current Starship is more a new band than the Starship of 1974. Lead guitarist Craig Chaquico is more in control of his faculties than ever before, and his new-found writing talents are challenging Kantner as the band's dominant motifs. Bassist Pete Sears has also emerged to write and act an onstage presence. Aynsley Dunbar on drums is a magnificent improvement over the pissed-off pretensions of John Barbata. Mickey Thomas is in the strange position of replacing both Grace Slick (a victim of the bottle) and Marty Balin (a victim of the universe). On the surface he's a perfect choice, capable of imitating both Balin's high swirls and Slick's graceful arpeggios, but his voice soon sounds derivative, particularly of the vocals of that loathsome Melmac band, Toto. The best thing about the old Airplane was its blessedly anarchic sound. At moments they could be a real slob band. Thomas is too clean, too smooth. In a way, he takes a lot of fun out of the old Starship sound.

Merrill Shindler

AEROSMITH  
Night in the Ruts (Columbia)

The American "equivalent" of Zep, Aerosmith, has been showing signs of age lately, with an overbearing studio effort, *Draw the Line*, and a purposely trashy live set, *Live Bootlegs*. Now comes *Night in the Ruts* where, except for a smattering of diversity, Aerosmith lives up to the dismal promise of the title.

To be sure, *Ruts* is a marked improvement over their two most recent efforts. Aerosmith sticks to their patented roar, crafted into neat four-minute slices. The guitars still punch out of the speakers, the beat is solid and Stephen Tyler's growling is as gritty as ever. But nothing sounds significantly different from past

works. "No Surprise" (another perfect title) is lifted from the debut Aero LP, and Tyler's vocals on "Chiquita" echo "Sweet Inspiration." Horns are added for a Latino feel, but they're mere frills on a basic hard rock track.

Some Zeppelin licks are copped in "Three Mile Smile," there's a Yardbirds cover, "Reefer Headed Woman" is a lame essay at blues. (Sure they've paid dues... You know what the insurance premium is on their Lear jet?) Though *Ruts* isn't really a bad album, the creative stagnation it reveals may be why guitarist Joe Perry just exited from the group.

Jeff Silberman

This trial symbolizes  
a clash between old  
and new values.

THE ODYSSEY THEATRE  
ENSEMBLE  
The Chicago Conspiracy Trial  
(Capitol)

The Chicago Conspiracy Trial, "A theatrical arrangement of the original trial transcripts by Ron Sossi and Frank Condon," had been a runaway success at the Odyssey Theatre in Los Angeles for several months before record producer Nick Venet hit upon the idea of making a two-record set of the play.

The trial of the Chicago Eight (which began in September 1969) is still being studied and debated by historians, politicians and lawyers after a decade on the books. As effectively as the Sacco and Vanzetti or Rosenberg cases, the trial has come to symbolize the clash between old and new values, between revolution and repression. The defendants used the occasion of their trial to stage a kind of expanded public theatre, recognizing that their every speech and gesture was magnified and disseminated on the evening news, reaching more people than all their previous demonstrations combined. As defendant Jerry Rubin, about to be sentenced to five years' imprisonment, told Judge Julius Hoffman, "Julius, you radicalized more young people than we ever could. You are the country's top Yipie."

Mark Leviton

SHOES  
Present Tense (Elektra)

*Present Tense* is Shoes' first full-fledged industry release, preceded by two home-made and thinly distributed albums, *One in Versailles* and *Black Vinyl Shoes*, the latter made from demo tapes at the insistence of early followers and strong enough to win the group a reported \$330,000 label deal.

Though better engineered, *Present Tense* is a continuation of *Black Shoes'* gentle sound, characterized by an unusual contrast between buzzing guitars and smooth, breathy voices. Love-torn heroes, the Shoes are constantly mistreated by heartless girls throughout *Present Tense's* delicate songs. These bittersweet songs, despite their brush with wimpy romantic vulnerability, present a superior strain of pop-rock.

Vicki Arkoff



## All This Jazz

JOHNNY GRIFFIN  
Bush Dance (Galaxy)

After successful tours of duty with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers and Thelonious Monk's quartet in the late Fifties, Johnny Griffin, a fast and furious tenor saxist, split for the Continent in 1961. Only last year did he return stateside to tour and record. *Bush*, his second date for Galaxy, is another superlative demonstration of Griffin's amazingly charismatic saxophonics. He uses the basic vehicles—blues, jazz classics, salty ballads—and makes them bristle with life and feeling. Dizzy Gillespie's "A Night in Tunisia" is reworked, opening with an Afro-Cuban point of view that abruptly shifts to a blazing double time. Griffin's technique here is astoundingly precise, unequivocally swinging, while guitarist George Freeman adds twangy, loose lines and pianist Cedar Walton, an unsung jazz giant, executes spectacular, intricate ideas as if there were absolutely nothing to it. The title track has a quasi-rock beat, but all-acoustic instrumentation retains the jazz ambience. Two blues are explored, one of them Griffin's melodic "The Jamfs Are Coming" and the emotional "Since I Fell for You." *Bush Dance* is music to engage the imagination and get the body moving.

Zan Stewart

DON CHERRY, DEWEY REDMAN,  
CHARLIE HADEN, ED BLACKWELL  
Old and New Dreams (ECM)

The "old dreams" here are formidable to contemplate. These four musicians have played in many contexts, each gaining well-deserved respect for mastery of his instrument (trumpet, tenor, bass and drums, respectively) and for importance to the avant-garde of the Sixties and Seventies. But it is their work, in various combinations, with one man—Ornette Coleman—that has most colored their own musical sensibilities.

Today, Coleman alternates between stripped-down modal R&B, personal seclusion and cosmic invisibility—one hesitates to imagine the nature of his dreams. But his spirit is very much in the foreground here. There are two of his songs, among them the famous "Lonely Woman," played brilliantly, softly, intensely, and with plenty of long, slow, incredibly rich bass lines. The rest of the tracks include a

sprightly, remarkably consonant Cherry original called "Guinea," a Redman exotic called "Orbit of La-Ba" and Haden's "Song for the Whales," which is appropriately hard-blowing after the composer finishes his bowed whale-song imitations. (Haden has always been the John Lennon of the group.) The precision and oneness with which the group plays is admirable, if not surprising. What is surprising is how warm and well-rounded Cherry and Redman sound, and how gentle and dream-like much of the music feels.

Morley Jones

AIR  
Air Lore (Arista Novus)

In their sixth album, Air become folklorists for the black musical tradition while staying true to their instincts for improvising. Compositions by Scott Joplin and Jellyroll Morton are reconsidered, played not as museum relics, but in new ways that expand their melodic and rhythmic strengths.

Joplin's "The Ragtime Dance" glides from a reverent interpretation into a steepchase tempo, then slows to a peristaltic strain. Henry Threadgill's alto sax tone is acerbic and Steve McCall's drum solo is a multi-leveled work of art. I suspect Joplin would have been awed.

Fred Hopkins' warm bass tones hold a blue, dirge-like tone throughout Morton's "Buddy Bolden Blues" (named for the early king of New Orleans trumpet players) while Threadgill's tenor sax takes some gnarly twists and turns as the group eases out of the theme and into the improv. A Threadgill original, "Paille Street," is the only non-

repertory selection. It's a haunting, evocative flute melody that is neither in the ragtime nor New Orleans idiom, yet shows the continuity in the successive evolution of jazz movements.

Kirk Silisbee

CANNONBALL ADDERLY  
What I Mean (Milestone)  
WES MONTGOMERY  
Groove Brothers (Milestone)  
THELONIOUS MONK  
The Riverside Trios (Milestone)

Bless Orrin Keepnews, head of A&R for Fantasy/Galaxy in Berkeley. A true jazz fan, he continually reissues gems from his Riverside (the great jazz label of the mid-Fifties to early Sixties) vaults on the Milestone Two-Fer series, and these value-priced sets are always good, often superb, generally the best music-per-dollar proposition on the market. Like Cannonball's *What*, a pair of 1961 dates. One half is in partnership with Bill Evans, and the pianist's light, gliding touch is an ideal foil for the robust, romantic altoist. Having worked together with Miles Davis in the late Fifties, the pair evoke a familiarity that constant musical companions achieve. Evans contributes some charming tunes, like the sailing "Waltz for Debby," and brings out a jaunty, pretty side that Cannon too rarely presented. The darker, more propulsive pianistics of Wynton Kelly turn the second set into a steamy, driving groove that is more typical of the late alto man. Here brother Nat Adderly on trumpet and vibist Victor Feldman add color to biting performances of Feldman's "New Delhi," a somber, misty piece; "Star Eyes," and Monk's two-chord opus, "Well, You Needn't."

Guitarist Wes Montgomery was, like Adderly, part of a musical family and *Groove* is Wes, brothers bassist Monk and pianist-vibist Buddy, plus drummers, joyfully at work. Here there is a happy, at-home presence, much like hearing a hot quartet at your local corner bar. The discs are a first-rate collection of tunes custom-made for blowing. Wes is in front where he belongs and we again delight in hearing his silky yet visceral sound, his calling-card parallel octaves (later copied by George Benson), his sublime melodic acuity. No slight to the brothers: Buddy is a very adept, moving pianist and Monk's bass is full and supportive. Among the selections are a finger-

...we again delight  
in  
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visceral sound...

snapping reading of Duke Pearson's "Jeannine," a similarly spiffy take of Irving Berlin's "Remember" and Carl Perkins' "Grooveyard," a title which is an apt description for this volume.

The first major artist signed to Riverside in 1955 was Thelonious Monk, Keepnews having purchased his contract from Prestige for around \$186; *Trios*, cut in 1955 and '56, are his first two dates for the label. Keepnews thought it best to have Monk playing other people's material rather than his own obtuse, angular tunes, so one disc is all-Elington (the maestro's music a particular favorite of Monk's) and the

other is a gathering of standards. Monk revels in it all, displaying his peek-a-boo left hand, wily right-hand phrasings, extended harmonies and ever-present sense of humor. As Charlie Parker once commented, "The Monk runs deep." Oscar Pettiford, after Jimmy Blanton the father of modern bass playing, and Kenny Clarke and Art Blakey, equally fundamental to jazz drumming, are the superb rhythm cohorts. In two words, classic recordings.

Zan Stewart

CHARLES MINGUS  
Mingus at Antioch (Atlantic)

Mingus, in his playing and his compositions, was alternately exuberant, rascally, ironic, pungent, mellifluous, magisterial. He sought out musicians who more than just played; they had to be storytellers, instrumentalists who spoke to each other and the audience musically. This 1960 "live" date is superior. It is loaded with spontaneous one-on-one situations, packed with moments of bust-out swing, church-like shouting, quiet introspection. Eric Dolphy, on alto and bass clarinet, proves again that he was a bluesplayer at heart, wrenching out soulful, screaming solos on "Weds. Night Prayer Meeting" and "Better Get Hit in Yo' Soul." Texas tenorman Booker Ervin, with only handclaps to support him, out-sermonizes any oratory from the pulpit. Statements of depth are delivered by trumpeter Ted Curson, especially during his duet with Mingus on "What Love?" and Bud Powell scatters a few shooting stars on "I'll Remember April." Full-hearted music.

Zan Stewart

## Heart Breaks

(Continued from page 9)

joined in the early Seventies. Ann first, then Nancy. They achieved a near-cult following in Seattle largely, according to Curtis, "by doing Led Zeppelin covers better than Led Zeppelin."

But Annie Wilson had more ambition than playing the female Robert Plant for the next forty years. She'd been writing original material, for one thing. "We moved up to Vancouver where there was more of an open market," she says, cradling an untolled-toy poodle on her lap. "There we were able to get a recording contract with Mushroom Records. *Dreamboat Annie* was first released only in Canada. And it really didn't begin to sell in the United States for quite awhile." Much of the year was spent exiled in interior Canada, packed in a van and driving 400 miles a day from, according to Ann, "one hockey game-concert to another." Once, just outside of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, they struck a moose. Near his jaw. "The van won that one," she recalls. "And the moose. Well, he had to walk off and die." But within a year, *Dreamboat Annie* really started to move. First in Canada, then in border towns and Detroit; finally it caught fire in Oregon and Washington. Within months its singles, "Magic Man" and "Crazy on You," had become as ubiquitous on USA radio as McDonald's jingles.

Next, however, was the much-

ballyhooed falling out with Mushroom Records and the disastrous album *Magazine*, an abortive tossoff handed to Mushroom when the band determined to break their contract and seek other management. "It was a terrible album," Curtis remembers, "Mushroom didn't really have enough material to complete it, so they were hiring background singers right out of the local Aquarius Tavern or someplace."

But that's all water over the bridge.

Oh, you know, it's just like they all say, "the lovely and demure Nancy waves a hand in the air. I'm just a shy little wispy person. Just a tiny slip of a creature. No thoughts of my own, nothing to say." A writer of short stories in the Donald Barthelme-meets-Dr. Seuss vein, Nancy is the less dramatic of the two Wilson sisters. She was a mildly introverted and retiring high school student at a time when Ann, clothed in costumes of red and black, would return to the family home zonked out of her gourd on acid and speed, barely able to fake enough straightness to avoid a one-way ticket to the booby hatch.

Nancy scoops the black poodle up with one slender hand. The dog has just peed on the newspapers like a good little puppy—instead of on Kaye Smith Recording Studio's expensive rug. On a television screen behind us, Iranian thugs, hoodlums and patriots curse infidel Jimmy Carter. Leese, Fossen and Derosier pore over a Nike running shoe poster/catalog they've spread out on the floor. "Those were the days," Ann

remembers, referring to her acid queen phase. "But no more. Now I'm just a normal working stiff. No red-hot mama and no Helen Reddy." Down the hall, someone snaps on a tape from their album-to-be and I ask if she's worried about its being late.

"It's not late," Nancy says, "it's just...tardy."

"Yeah," Ann affirms, "we've got almost all the compositions complete and almost half the tracks done. I'm not too worried. We're disciplined. But," she makes a face, "if it's not out by Valentine's Day, we're late—for sure." What about the song "Break," is that a happy little message to Roger Fisher or what?

"No," Ann shakes her head. "I'm not that petty. It's more about a condition than it is about a single man. I went straight from my father's table to be with a man. I've always been with a man. And now it feels so good just to be by myself for awhile." The sound of this concept apparently delights her just to hear herself say it aloud, and she chats briefly about the future, cataloguing a veritable cornucopia of new boyfriend possibilities, hunks spied in grocery stores, banks, gas stations, crowds, department stores, passed on highways, you name it.

What about male groupies?

She laughs. "We've got good security, so it's no problem." Heart is the first band from the Northwest United States to make it really big since the halcyon days of the Kingsmen, the Wailers, and Paul Revere and the Raiders, and the band has shown no interest in picking up stakes to move to L.A. or New

York. "This is home," Ann says. "All our friends and family are here, and besides, it's a great place to live." Their recording facilities in Seattle are likewise excellent. Kaye Smith Studios has also handled the likes of Steve Miller, Elton John, and Johnny Mathis.

"What, pray tell, I ask, 'lies in the future?'"

"The new album will be a lot more rock and roll," Ann says. "I think we're going to steer away from the ballads for awhile. People want to start dancing to good old loud rock and roll again. I think."

What happens after the next album?

"Well," Ann sighs, "we'll all continue to work, putting out an album every nine months to a year. Nancy and I are very lucky. We've got a lot of support from our families—without any God-talk or anything—and are in pretty good control of our lives. Enough to care, enough not to care; I can get things out of my mind when I have to. We've also got a great organization around us. People we can trust." Kelly Curtis, for one, has been with the band since he was a kid. Literally. He was an original Heart roadie and is now an important officer, so to speak, in the Heart corporate structure. "A lot of groups can't handle both their art and their business. They think business is beneath them, that it should be some manager's worry." She looks out the window. "A lot of them end up on the street. We're gonna survive and grow. Heart is nowhere near as good or as big as I think we can be. You watch."



# ON TOUR

Madness  
Whiskey A Go Go, Los Angeles

A heavy, heavy monster method  
A fine Madness

There's a surprising musical revival going on in England: a group of interrelated, integrated bands — the Specials, Madness, the Selector, Dexy's Midnight Runners — are resuscitating the sounds of ska, Jamaica's frenzied up-tempo predecessor of reggae, a steamy Caribbean rereading of the classic New Orleans R&B of the Fifties.

America got its first look at the ska phenomenon with the arrival of Madness, whose quick five-city American tour followed on the heels of their thirty-city adventure in England with the Specials and the Selector. From the first raucous exhortation of Madness' front man and master blaster Chas Smash — "HEY YOU! DON'T WATCH DOT! WATCH DIS!" — to the last churning chords of their instrumental "One Step Beyond," Madness conquered the ordinarily jaded Los Angeles audience with their refreshing, unrestrained sound.

Madness' material is admittedly slight, particularly compared to the sharp politi-

cal commentary of the Specials. The songs cover such frivolous subject matter as underwear thievery, but, as rock 'n' roll keeps proving, it ain't necessarily what you say, but how you say. Madness plays with a crude ferocity that compulsively entertains. The pulsating blasts of keyboard player Mike Barson, guitarist Chris Foreman and honking sax man Lee "Kix" Thompson could bring the paralyzed to their feet.

Madness is also one of the most kinetic stage acts in recent memory. The band's "nutty sound" is meant for dancing, and, as if to provide a suitable example, the seven band members (and their peripatetic roadie Chalky) flip, flop and fly around the stage in a whirlwind of perpetual motion. The visual focus of the group is Chas Smash, a lean, beshaded, porkpie-hatted apparition who jerks and bops around the stage in a hipster's variation of the *petit mal seizure*. At one juncture, during the group's inspired instrumental take-off on "Swan Lake," Chas and Chalky engaged in a bizarre ska minuet and head-butting contest at center stage.

The February release by Sire of the band's stiff album and a projected major U.S. tour in March should do much to spread the new gospel of ska on these shores.

Chris Morris

over it." Mull not only gets away with snotty, withering condescension; it is expected of him.

In fact, there was a point in the show where Mull simply discarded whatever structure he may have had and invited the crowd to shout at will. And shout the would-be comedians did — only to be summarily and sarcastically disposed of by the man in the easy chair. It was a very funny few minutes, demonstrating what a truly graceful creature a professional comedian can be.

But it also left a nagging doubt about Mull's humanity quotient. Isn't he having any fun at all behind that sardonic sneer? Why does he project the feeling that this is just another crowd, just another night? There was just this feeling — nothing more — that he couldn't wait to get back to Malibu and balance his checkbook.

Mull's show was preceded by a trio known as the Rick and Ruby Show; they concentrated on musical parodies of everyone from Johnny Cash to the Ohio Players and KC and the Sunshine Band. The accuracy of their sarcasm was awesome.

Craig Zerouni

Vladimir Horowitz  
Academy of Music, Philadelphia

A circus atmosphere precedes any concert appearance by Vladimir Horowitz. The legend, the tales of his eccentricities, the long waiting lines for tickets (to say nothing about the fears of ticket-holders that the concert may be called off at the last moment, which happened here three times in two years), all threaten to overwhelm the very reason all that fuss is made over him in the first place: Vladimir

Horowitz gets sounds out of his wonderful, meticulously tuned Steinway that mere mortals can barely imagine.

His academy program was carefully chosen to show off the best aspects of his pianistic ability. The opening Clementi sonata, for example, was a slight piece of music made interesting by Horowitz' use of elegant coloristic effects and delicate fingerwork. That was followed by a Schumann group — the rare Opus 111 *Fantasiestücke* and a pair of *Nachtstücke*. Schumann was one of the most romantic of composers, and Horowitz has always identified closely with this passionate music with its many shifts of mood.

Chopin straddled the intermission. Before intermission came the only "basic repertoire" piece on the program, the G Minor Ballade. I think even Horowitz fans must be getting tired of it by now, but not in this unusually expressive rendition. After intermission came a Nocturne and a Mazurka, in which Horowitz made the piano sing as if he were a vocal master instead of a keyboard wizard.

Then, with barely a pause for breath, he launched into Rachmaninoff's Second Sonata. Hardly anyone plays this sonata, for a good, sound logical reason: hardly anyone can. Rachmaninoff wrote it for a pianist (namely himself) to whom technical difficulties were simply irrelevant, and it also helps if the performer has an understanding of Rachmaninoff's peculiar brand of Russian melancholy. Since Rachmaninoff's death, Horowitz has come closest; here he strained the Steinway to its limits in producing orchestral sonorities and thunderous climaxes, contrasted with lyrical passages of sad and majestic beauty. This was transcendental pianism and ecstatic music-making.

Sol Louis Siegel

Robert Bly  
Ballantine Hall, Indiana  
University, Bloomington, Indiana

During the late Sixties Robert Bly acquired a type of notoriety unlike that of most contemporary poets when he organized a series of readings against the Vietnam War and published a lot of angry poetry ("The Teeth Mother Naked at Last" being the most famous). I was curious; how would Bly sound as the Seventies come to a close — a poetic William Sloane Coffin, still? Would he debut a new poem, "The Nuclear Industry Naked at Last"? In fact, Bly is simply a better poet now than he was ten years ago. Heavily influenced by Oriental poetry, by his many translations of Asian poets, from which he read also, Bly speaks now of creating moments in his poetry when his inner, human consciousness merges with some other, outer consciousness. Confusing? Not after you've heard him read.

A friend who had seen Bly in Chicago told me he might do things like read each poem two or three times, or take his shoes off in the middle of the reading. Sure enough, Bly began by saying, "You really have to hear a poem twice to get all of it. The first time's like flying over in an airplane." Then he glanced around and had someone dim most of the lighting: "You can't read poetry with all the lights on." Five minutes later, off came the shoes: "You can't read poetry with your shoes on."

Accompanying himself at times on a dulcimer, one time donning a mask and reciting in the voice of an old hag, Bly varied the mood and tempo of the performance with such dexterity that he held his audience captive for over two hours. Still an outspoken social critic, Bly spoke between poems of various dangers to society ranging from war to television. Only once, though, did his anger surface, when he denounced President Carter's action freezing Iranian assets.

We didn't want to hear about Iran. We were seeking, and had for a time found, refuge from a frustrating world in the cadences of Bly's artistry.

Craig Mindrum

## Shostakovich: Surviving Stalin

Dmitri Shostakovich was and remains the most important figure in the history of Soviet music. The last great composer in the traditional symphonic form, he compiled one of the major bodies of work in this century, including fifteen symphonies, an equal number of string quartets, a number of concertos, chamber works, vocal and choral pieces, operas and other compositions, many of which remain in the active performing repertoire. A child of the revolution, educated under Bolshevik rule, Shostakovich became a world-famous composer while still in his early twenties, suffered through and survived the purges of the Stalin era, and continued to produce major works until his death in 1975.

Now we have a different, darker side to Shostakovich's story, from Shostakovich himself. In his last years he dictated his memories to the young musicologist Solomon Volkov, who arranged them into coherent chapters to which Shostakovich affixed his signature. These have been published as *Testimony: The Memoirs of Dmitri Shostakovich* (Harper & Row, \$15.00), a unique oral history of an era of which we still know too little.

Shostakovich gives us a picture of creative life in the Soviet Union that is truly frightening. He rose to prominence at the very time that Stalin ascended to supreme political power; Stalin knew little about music, or any other art form, but he did know that it could be a powerful tool in the control of popular feeling, and he did his best to keep it under his thumb. In the "Great Terror" of the Thirties, musicians, poets, painters, and artists of the stage and the cinema were among the many who simply disappeared into the Gulag. They were quickly supplanted by talentless hacks who were all too willing to hew to the party line and write simple, boring paeans to the glory of Lenin and Stalin. Shostakovich himself came under personal attack twice, in 1936 and 1948; these attacks did not come despite his world fame, as has been popularly thought, but because of it. Stalin was insanely jealous of any Soviet who gained prominence comparable to his own, and the hacks jumped at the opportunity to raise their own stock by bringing down someone who made them look bad. During the worst years, Shostakovich was able to live only because Stalin paradoxically decided that only Shostakovich was qualified to score the Stalin-glorifying film epics commissioned from the Soviet film industry.

But Shostakovich has more to tell us, much more. From him we learn of the terror of living in a nation in which one could disappear forever at any time. We learn of the folk cultures that Stalin destroyed and replaced with frauds that glorified the Revolution. We learn of the plagiarism that is a way of life in Soviet music. More important, we learn about the people Shostakovich knew — Meyerhold, Tukhachevsky, Glazunov, Khachatryan, Akhmatova and many others, many of them forgotten because they were destroyed by Stalin. It is here, in giving names and faces to some of these victims, that Shostakovich does perhaps his greatest service, for he helps to document an age when the keeping of books, diaries and photographs could be fatal, an age for which the only written history was that approved by the State.

The Soviet copyright agency, understandably enough, has condemned the publication of *Testimony*, claiming it to be a fraud, but there are too many good lines and anecdotes for that. More important, the voice of the narrator is too close to the musical voice of the composer of some of the greatest works of this century — works now revealed to be "tombstones" for the "mountains of corpses," the victims with no known burial place.

Sol Louis Siegel

## Working Class Hero

Gunter Wallraff, author of *The Undesirable Journalist* (The Overlook Press, \$10.00), is a West German investigative journalist whose proddings of corporate and state fascism have made him a hero of that country's working class. While most of us see the violence done humans by military, economic and corporate systems and then do our personal best to get out of the bad weather, Wallraff infiltrates the systems — which are always hungry for more toadies and stoolies — then spies and lies his way through until he can record damning evidence. Abbie Hoffman, writing in *Mother Jones*, linked Wallraff to Hunter Thompson, but Thompson is a whack-off by comparison.

Chapter One, "The Coup Merchants," finds him posing as the rep of a powerful German who wishes to give arms and aid to right-wing terrorists in Portugal. After bracing his way through contacts with local-level organizers and functionaries, Wallraff lures General Antonio Ribeiro de Spínola, former Portuguese President and current head of an armed and dangerous right wing organization, into a bogus meeting. In minutes, Spínola is telling the journalist, and a man posing as President of a secret German political faction, how they should smuggle in arms ("We are mainly interested in highly sophisticated automatic weapons") to help him "annihilate" members of the rival Communist Party. Everyone knows Fascists play rough; Wallraff breaks into their games nonetheless, taunts them into revelations and then sneaks out with a report. In Chapter Two he successfully applies for work with the German government as a paid informer on left-wing students. How does he find the Political Commissariat and begin the

game? It's simple. There is the only office door in the Police Headquarters building with its nameplate removed.

Through ten chapters, *The Undesirable Journalist* mixes the grim with the ludicrous. Posing as a senior official in a totally fictitious government bureau ("Civil Defence Board of the Federal Ministry of the Interior"), he tricks industrial managers into spelling out their in-progress plans to drill illegally-armed troops for use against strikers. After that story broke, Wallraff was unsuccessfully brought to trial for "false impersonation and unauthorized use of title."

Wallraff's book, which no journalist, journalism student or student of social dynamics should miss, shows that the systems have structural cracks, and that controlled, methodical rage can drive wedges into them. Wallraff didn't stumble across these fascinating, angry stories. He made them happen.

Byron Laursen

## Laughter Cures

For those with the remotest intention to read a book on holistic medicine, Norman Cousins' *Anatomy of an Illness* (Norton, \$9.95) is an odds-on bet. Former *Saturday Review* editor and presently senior lecturer in humanities at UCLA Medical School, Cousins is here concerned with demonstrating the truth of some vintage Milton: "The mind...in itself can make a heaven of hell, and a hell of heaven."

The book centers on Cousins' account of his recovery from ankylosis spondylitis, a rheumatic disease with no known cure resulting in characteristic immobility of the spinal column. If we are to believe Cousins (oh, let's), his recovery hinged on guffawing at old *Candid Camera* films, massive intravenous doses of Vitamin C, and a move to a hotel ("A hospital is no place for a person who is seriously ill"). The account overcomes a vaguely embarrassing testimonial tone to divulge the fascinating reasoning behind such self-prescription.

Cousins explores the placebo response, the doctor as placebo, and the ethical catch-22 involved in placebo testing: the doctor can tell the truth and ruin the placebo's effectiveness or lie and put a doctor-patient relationship based on trust

in jeopardy. Along the way there are documented cases of placebo success so...bizarre that Ripley might have goggled in disbelief. Cousins' point is that psychogenic medicine has come of age — "miracle cures" as legitimate subjects.

Granted that Cousins' illness lies in that ephemeral area where treatment is still more art than science, it might seem surprising to read him in defense of the scientific method. Squared in Lewis (*Lives of a Cell*) Thomas' territory, Cousins maintains that the problem with medical "science" is that it isn't scientific enough. Still, he bemoans the traditional lack of comprehensive nutrition courses in medical schools and complains that today's M.D.s are "beautifully trained but poorly educated."

If all this sounds like something to be discussed at a low-proof cocktail party, it's not. It's an eloquent plea for holistic medicine (which treats the mind and body as a single entity) and medical science to get together, for a little compassion and warmth on the part of the M.D., for a little participation, laughter, and will on the part of the patient. Fair enough?

Terry Gloe

## Hemingway, Ashberry & Lux

"All poetry is difficult to read," Robert Browning once said.

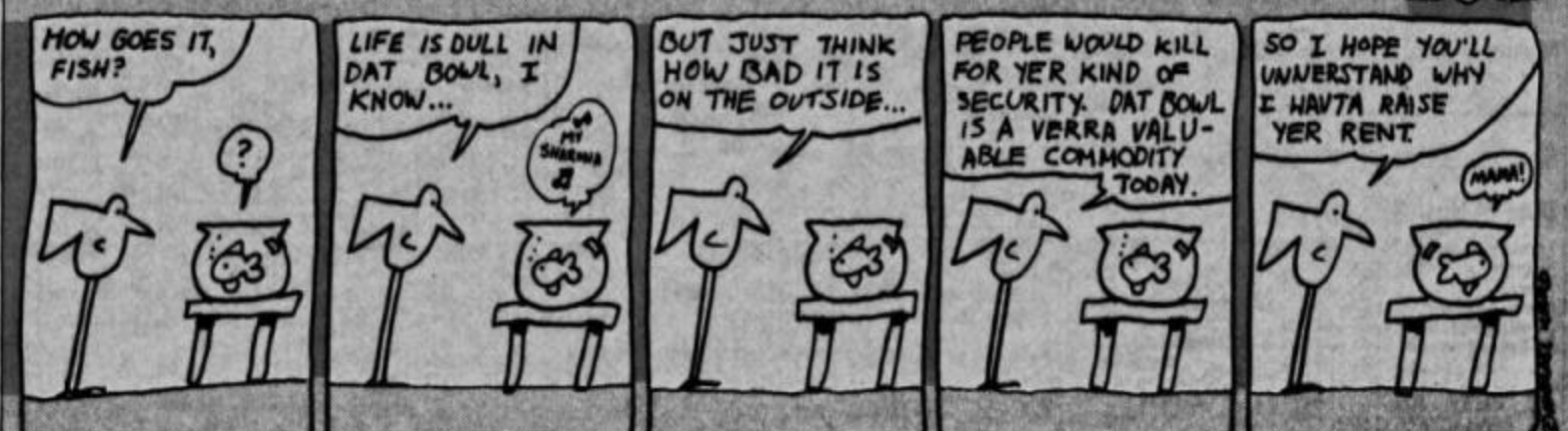
Indeed it is. But some for different reasons than others.

Three new volumes of verse — which have nothing else in common except that each was written by a 20th-century American male — are, each in its own way, pretty rough going.

*Sunday* by Thomas Lux (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95) is a tough one simply because it doesn't give us very much to hold onto — no dissonant insights; none of the poet's thick, twisted thinking; not even much rich language. It's just too plain — and it is not the deviously plain language of, say, Mark Strand (the kind that turns the commonplace in upon itself), it is the plain language of a young man's ingenuousness — language like "When I was barely human nobody loved me./Ditto the other way around."

There are nice moments, such as the elegy for a dead friend which begins "A message from a secretary tells me first/the heavy clock you were/in your mother's lap/had stopped. Later I learn who/stopped it: you..." But most of Lux's aperçues and thin musings offer little to slow us down as we walk through them, much less anything for us to dig for. All the secrets are too near the surface.

That could never be said of John Ashberry, whose volume *As We Know* (Pen-



Bo/b



Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers  
Masonic Temple, Detroit

Rock concert antics often seem to work in the live situation but seem hackneyed afterwards. Tom Petty's jivey Detroit appearance proved no exception. Nevertheless, the new-found maturity in his *Damn the Torpedoes* LP is also becoming apparent in Petty's live shows.

Despite the obvious Bruce Springsteen and former Byrd Roger McGuinn influences — over which too much ink has already been shed — Petty manages to be a fresh, if not exactly original, voice in rock. Although he is emphatically not a part of the new wave, Petty brings rock toward its basics, musically; lyrically, the Petty of *Damn the Torpedoes* is striking out into new areas. This is due no doubt to his recent legal hassles (again, a Springsteen parallel).

It is hard to believe that the Petty of old could write songs like "Even the Losers" and "Refugee" and sing them with such conviction. On these songs, clearly the high points, Petty managed to transcend the limitations of his voice to deliver a stronger statement than just the pain of adolescent love. His new songs strike a responsive chord with all those who feel embattled by fate.

Though marred by grandstanding, the live performance was a showcase for Tom Petty the singing songwriter. One concertgoer not terribly familiar with Petty remarked "I didn't know he had so many good songs."

Oddly enough, his older material also seemed to improve in the live setting. Perhaps Petty's voice can finally convey the emotions that were always within him.

Walt Turowski

Martin Mull/The Rick and Ruby Show  
Santa Barbara

Martin Mull is a very funny man. Few, if any, performers will ask an audience if they like country music, and then respond to the scattered applause with, "You'll get