

## Award Time

"A time to be born, a time to die..." A year of artistic stagnation and rejuvenation. That was the year 1972 on record. Who is dying? The Airplane? Jethro Tull? The Grateful Dead? Paul McCartney (finally)? Of course it depends on who you ask. Stagnation was a more frequently used term. Do all Elton John albums really sound the same? How many times can Rod Stewart use the same tune? These were the burning questions of the past year.

But let's not paint it too black. There were bright new faces, to replace each of the casualties. A number of artists "arrived" this year, finally receiving the acclaim they deserve after years of paying dues. Setal and Crofts, David Bromberg, Randy Newman and Bette Midler are only a few examples.

Well enough introductory garbage — lets get down to the business at hand, the 1st Annual (ta-da) Griffin Awards for the best and worst on record in 1972. The envelope, please... and the first award for... Best Solo Effort goes to Paul Simon for **Paul Simon** one of the first bright spots of the year. Paul had some real stiff competition with all those "sensitive artists" breathing down his neck. Joni Mitchell places second and Harry Chapin and Don McLean get to sweep up all the ripped open envelopes after this is all over.

For the best Rock'n'Roll album of the year, the award goes to **Blue Oyster Cult**, a much ballyhooed new band who put out a virtually flawless first album. The Stones' **Exile on Main Street** was somewhat uneven but gets the number two spot with J. Geils **Full House** close behind.

For best jazz album, Weather Report's **I Sing The Body Electric** and The Mahavishnu Orchestra's **Inner Mounting Flame** are in a dead heat. Both bands are extensions of Miles Davis groundbreaking work and each successfully took a big step into the twilight zone of the avant-garde, this past year.

For best album by a black artist, the awards go to Aretha Franklin for **Amazing Grace** and to Curtis

Mayfield for the soundtrack to **Superfly**. Diana Ross also gets a hand for her Billie Holiday interpretations on **Lady Sings The Blues** soundtrack. Impressive.

In the still thriving field of country rock, Loggins and Messina's debut lp, **Sittin' In** deserves an award for topnotch material and spirited harmonizing. So to Kenny and Jim goes the Griffin Pickin and a 'Grinnin' award, for the best "good time" music of the year.

The prize for best live rock album goes to the band we've all come to expect such quality from, The Band for their superior **Rock of Ages**. The boys from Big Pink aided by some classy horn charts by Allen Toussaint pulled off a rarity with this live two record set, one of the few that doesn't let down somewhere in the middle of side two or bore your ass off with endless jamming.

Most of the candidates for "best new artists" award have been around for some time but are only beginning to hit their prime. Bluesy Bonnie Raitt gets the nod over the fast up and coming "Divine Miss M," Bette Midler, but look out by this time next year! John Prine, Randy Newman and David Bromberg... are all also expanding beyond their former cult followings, with excellent albums by each. The first two are justifiably touted for their outstanding lyrics and Bromberg is a guitar virtuoso that must be heard to be believed. All three are excellent song stylists even if they're not terrifically good singers.

Here are some of the more dubious awards: "Best Underground Artist Award"—to Bob Dylan who's so far under that one might tend to think he's buried alive.

"Artistic Restraint Award" — to Chicago for finally lowering itself to only put out a one record set this time around.

The "Out of the Closets and into the Studio award" goes to David Bowie but don't think he hasn't got some stiff competition: Lou Reed, Alice Cooper, Marc Bolan, Edgar Winter and so on. Jesus.

"Best Performance by a Band in Exploitation of It's Audience award." When Chicago didn't show up with an eight record set, we were thrown into confusion. Subsequent deliberation resulted in the prize being awarded either to the Stones for the

umpteenth repackaging of their big hits or to Neil Young for an inferior mishmash like **Journey Through The Past**.

The "Bottom of the Barrel Award to a Record Company in the Field of Exploitation of a Dead Guitarist" goes to Reprise records for their fourth post-mortem of Jimi Hendrix. And they may not be there yet, folks, for there's certain to be a soundtrack album for the Hendrix Memorial film due out this spring.

"The God-Really-Is-Everywhere Award" goes to Eric "God" Clapton or to whomever is responsible for getting "Layla" on four different albums this year.

"The Most Overly Hyped Lp Award" goes to Ode Records for the London Chorus and Symphony versus the Superstars version of Tommy. This largely unsuccessful (musically, not financially) Lp set collapses under the weight of its own lofty intentions. If you want good symphony cum rock, try Procol Harum's very fine **Live With The Edmonton Symphony Orchestra**.

"The Relevant Today Irrelevant Tomorrow Award" goes to John and Yoko for **Sometime in New York City**.

The "Phoenix Award" Winners are the Allman Brothers for their acclaimed **Eat A Peach**, and Santana which reorganized to put out one of the best works of the year **Caravanserai**.

The "Award for the Most Purposeful Elimination of a Lead Singer to a Good Effect" goes to Blood, Sweat and Tears whose **New Blood** is probably their best since **Child Is Father To The Man**. War places second with **All Day Music**.

And finally, the award for most inventive cover art (and remember here that inventive does not mean classy) goes to the Jefferson Airplane for their stash box cover on **Long John Silver**, to Alice Cooper for their school desk cover on **School's Out** and to Neil Young, the booby prize once again, for his innovative cover on **Journey Through The Past** which doesn't even feature a pocket to put the record into!

O.K. Don and Harry, you can start sweeping up now. 1973 has already begun.

# Joni Mitchell's new album no step forward

## "She remains peaceful"

By Michael Pikus

1972 was a good year for American Rock music and specifically folk-rock and its variants. The year started out with Paul Simon's reappearance as a polished folk-rock artist. Jackson Browne, The Eagles, John Denver, The Band, as well as many lesser known groups and artists from the same label also came out in fine form. Among the "well-knowns", however, Joni Mitchell again has come to the forefront through her "For the Roses" effort. Ah—sometime, just too beautiful. Joni emerged from the plains of Canada four years ago, and in that time has never ceased to enrich the American music scene. Joni has become as American (in terms of her music) as duck, duck, goose, Orestes Brownson and all the other overly trite cliches which come to mind. Or has American music become Joni-Mitchell-ized? That really doesn't matter, however—Joni is so easy to love as an artist and a person, as revealed through her art.

You pick up "For the Roses." You know it's a Joni Mitchell album. You know you love Joni. You know you're biased. The cover is beautiful. She sits there, draped in forest green velvet, and boots. She sits in a forest, at the edge of a cliff, overlooking a bay. Beautiful. Peaceful. You turn it over. Hm! Good people helping her out. James Burton, Steve Stills, Graham Nash, Henry Lewy, engineers. You feel it might be a little more commercial than her previous outings. You open it—Hm! You pull the record out, turn on the old victrola, perk up the old ears!

"Banquet" is the first tune. In it Joni drives at you with her haunting piano introductions, her lyrics go soul-deep. In "Banquet" she slashes out at the social problems confronting us. Perhaps you feel that this is passe, don't—Joni sees hope. She looks to the banquet of the American Dream and sees people left out. "Who let the greedy in/Who left the needy out." "Cold Blue Steel and Sweet Fire" is the second band. It relates a very personal experience of Joni's. Agan, a haunting melody and lyric, truly Joni. In it we are hit with Joni's side-men in the form of very tasteful woodwind and reed background. The super hip, outside, uptight, phonicness of certain elements of the bar scene are explored, criticized in "Barandgrill." Joni doesn't condemn it, she lets it hang there as amusement, where cares can superficially be thrown away, but are instead only inflated through that superficiality. "Lesson in Survival" and "Let the Wind Carry Me" are presented as a medley. "Survival" is basically simple musically, complex and personal lyrically. She's lost a love through intimidation and mourns that loss through beautiful images of water, and approaches at the surreal, but doesn't reach it. It drifts into "Wind" which catches Joni as a little

teenager in Canada. She Rock n' Rolls to her parents' annoyance. She becomes frustrated. You fall in love with her, the prairie girl, pigtails and all at 15. "For the Roses" finishes off side one. She relates the "business" of music. The heartbreak, hypocrisy and trivialities. The broken dreams lost to the promoters, the "natural" beauty of talent devoured by enterprise.

So far Joni hasn't gone commercial—not too much! Side two starts with a personal stab at the past, exerting her freedom of being. She knows the past can't be forgotten, but you have to spring ahead from that boulder "Like a mama lion." "Electricity" is a cultured commentary on the technology of relationships, which this century has introduced. It's difficult to cope with. "You Turn Me On, I'm A Radio" is the commercialism we've been expecting—but it turns out to be beautiful, not overly done. Musically it's pleasantly country-rock, a throwback to a few years ago. In it she figures out her man, his problems, his hang-ups. She gives him free wheeling, she doesn't want "static" and boredom. She knows his tricks but loves him just the same. Sly old Joni! She's learned a lot. "Blonde in the Bleachers" is a fun tune, which seems to be written about Stephen

Little and his encounter with a groupie. It has a still Rock to it, and it's enjoyable. "Woman of Heart and Mind" again shows Joni's sensitivity to love. She seems lonely, confused. She doesn't know where her heart lies. She comes through as sort of a motherhood image, which isn't expected. She's doing a lot of searching, and it hurts. She's finding out about herself, she's growing and we're experiencing it. The last and longest song is "Judgement of the Moon and Stars (Ludwig's Tune)". It sounds much like "My Old Man" from the "Blue" album. Here she explores the solitary path of the creative artist and how he (or she) can be misunderstood. She says to exert power: "Shake Your Fist at Lightning/Roar Like A Forest Fire." Creativity is power, solitude is strength. Combined they are beauty and fulfillment. Joni's frustrated here, maybe even disappointed. She's exerting her power.

Taken as a whole this album is really no great step forward, but is a bit more commercial than her previous efforts. Her lyrics stay complex and personal. Her music becomes a step more complex, a bit more driving. She remains peaceful. She's a pleasant bit of security in a sea of Grand Funks and Black Sabbaths. You still see hope in contemporary popular music in her. You love her.

## New counselor at Canisius...

# Carol Martin shares her thoughts

By Kevin Gergencella

Carol Martin is a new counselor at the Student Counseling Center at Canisius. Her ideas about counseling correspond well with an approach investigated in the book **I'm O.K., You're O.K.**, written by Thomas Harris.

Ms. Martin said, "I believe that as a counselor I should cause a helpful growth in the individual who has a problem, to inter-relate with the person. I would separate my own personality and be aware of it, so that I would allow the personality of the one I'm helping to grow. I want the person to be different than I am, I want he or she to have complete maneuverability — in this way I can help them as much as possible."

Her counseling then is approached in a relaxed manner, promoting an absence of tensions and providing someone who has a problem with an easy means of discussing it.

Ms. Martin also said that there is actually nothing to fear about counseling unless one fears a

better realization of oneself. To admit that one has a problem and to seek help is actually the first great step in changing what we don't like about ourselves.

Ms. Martin is sponsoring workshops designed specifically with her "fresh start" theme in the format. These workshops, starting February, would last for seven weeks with meetings every Friday. There will also be many other workshops on the way (for which there is an ad in this paper.) These free workshops are open to anyone.

A workshop is where a group of individuals work collectively towards rehabilitation. Contrasted to group therapy, the workshop does not let the group try

to solve each others' problems but places more responsibility on the counselor, who would work separately with each person in the group. The workshop then promotes more efficient problem-solving. Her opinion of group therapy is that "Group Therapy" has its applications, but I'm not trying to be mod or hip or anything..." What she is trying to do is help someone out. That is also why you'll see Miss Martin at many of the school activities and functions. "I want to be available and approachable," she said, "not just at my job at my desk."

Carol Martin is a native of Buffalo and studied here at SUNYAB with graduate work done there and at the University of Wisconsin at Madison. Contact Miss Martin at the Student Counseling Center for more details on the Workshop, at her office or in Doctor Hurley's office on Thursdays in Frisch Hall nine to midnight.