

Rocknsoul

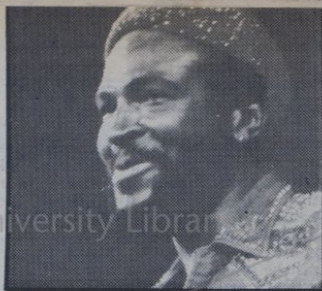
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check out the two tracks produced in London, "You Never Cry Like A Lover" and "You Get The Best Of My Love." Truly soulful stuff, which augurs well for the entire country-rock field, which otherwise ought to be plowed under and left fallow for the next seventeen years.

White Motorwn's on the mind, mark ye well the Marvin Gaye anthology, another in a series of excellent Motown re-releases. Six sides of Marvellous Marvin, guaranteed to nostalgify you. Back to the days of Cascade Plunge leadouts with "Stu' orn Kind of Fellow," of late-night John R. boogie on "Baby Don't You Do It," of gorgeous duets with soul princesses like Mary Wells, Kim Weston and Tammi Terrell... there's the haunting definitive version of "I Heard It Through The Grapevine" as well as the post-Sly relevance of "What's Going On." An incredible string of hits, under the auspices of some of the greatest pop music producers ever, sung by the man Smokey Robinson calls "one of the real struggle stories of Motown." If you've a dram of soul in your blood, you gotta have this album.

Hard Labor is the name of Three Dog Night's latest album, and that's exactly what it takes to listen to it all the way through without upchucking all over your cosmic cowboy shirt.

Plus, now, there's a new Steely Dan album, earnestly recommended to those concerned about the welfare of American rock. Beset as the Top Ten Charts are by domestic knish-brains like John Denver and Sealsandcrofts and foreign denz like McCartney and The John, many have



Gaye is good

decried the absence of innovative home brew. Thus, Pretzel Logic by Steely Dan to refute decriers. Ain't much boogie here, folks, and the backbeat is sinuously twisted around shimmering if ambiguous lyrics. The electric piano stays upfront, Latin percussion lurks close behind the vocals, and if you don't believe Jeff Baxter's one of the most interesting guitarists around, check out his work on Duke Ellington's "East St. Louis Toodle-oo." The sum of the music is ideal for flashing into and out of major metropolitan centers with, preferably on a large expressway. Put your ear to the ground in Central Park at midnight sometime and you'll likely hear just such sounds as these.

What's left at the end of this review? There's a scribbled reminder to listen some more to the Eagles album, and a lot of clever if obscene gynecological epigrams left over from the Three Dog Night synopsis. That's plenty nuff column inches for this time around.

Joni: Low-keyed class

By BETH JOST

C-W Entertainment Editor

"I want to knit you a sweater
I want to write you a love letter
I want to make you feel better
I want to make you feel free"

Which is exactly what Joni Mitchell succeeded in doing Saturday night in Atlanta's Omni.

Her back-up group from Court and Spark, the L.A. Express, accompanied her on the tour and inconspicuously stayed in the background where they belonged. Enhancing the material, but not distracting from the lady whom the fairly large crowd had gathered to see, they performed their duty.

After a short set alone, Joni joined them and the roses onstage to open with "This Flight Tonight" from Blue. Very poised (could one imagine her any other way?), but just "stoking the star-maker machinery" again. "I shouldn't have got on this flight tonight..." Yet there she was, and even taking the time to chat with someone on the first row. Next in was "I'm a Radio" from For the Roses, followed by a number from her new Court and Spark,

by which time the audience was ready and eager to knit her as many sweaters as she could want.

Male voices repeatedly yelled out to her, and she gave the impression that she would've indeed talked to them if it'd been possible. I'm glad she sang instead.

Her first set, done in jeans, was casual and not nearly long enough. She left you wanting much more, and when she returned shimmering in red and class, she gave it. The majority of the numbers were from her last three albums, but songs from some of her older lp's received the loudest ovations. "Clouds" was a nice surprise. So was "For Free." But "nice" isn't a superlative, is it? The entire concert was low-keyed, warm, friendly. Nice. Special.

Joni Mitchell is a romantic to be understood, not idolized. But that's what a male friend told me about Dylan. At the concert Saturday, my friend said, "I haven't been this excited since I lost my virginity." Then Joni sang "The Last Time I Saw Richard" for the encore and I didn't have anything left to say.

"All good dreamers pass this way some day." Bring on some pretty lies. I don't have anything else to say.

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Uneasy rider to ride in

There are a lot of buttons being worn these days: "I participated in sex week." What is a nice country like you doing in a place like this, 'McGovern in 72.'" "Nobody drowned at Watergate." "Stand up for Alabama." "Nixon now more than ever." There is one more and it will be prominently displayed at the Rave Up this year, April 19 and 20, that says simply "Support Southern Music." Why? Because Southern music is rapidly becoming the music that is getting people excited about music. From the Macon Boogie to the Brothers to the Atlanta Southern Rock and Roll of Mose Jones (who will also be at the Rave Up) that is the music that is happening and people are listening to.

One of the main proponents of Southern Music is Charlie Daniels, who will be appearing at the Rave Up this year. Daniels was at the Rave Up last year and since then he has had a bonified top forty hit: "Uneasy Rider."

Daniels is one of the most respected names in Nashville. The people he has played with looks like a Who's Who of music: Bob Dylan, George Harrison, Ringo Starr, Al Kooper, Doug Kershaw and others. This is the classic story of a session man who decided that he wanted to form a band of his own. And you will have your chance to see Fat, Funky (all 300+ pounds of him) Daniels at the UP Spring Rave Up Saturday night at 7:15 at the Coliseum. And it is all free!

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