(Continued from page 5) but they make it very difficult to return to the theme. The Beatles were probably the first to assert truly inventive melody in rock—and also among the first in rock to finally frustrate the classicists—but lately several important regroupings have caused a revival of interest in melody. Notable among these is the Blind Faith whose first album is remarkable for the lyrical quality of its instrumental passages. Perhaps the word "lyrical" is the key to Jethro Tull. Certainly any group whose material depends so heavily upon and integrates so well with the flute eventually winds up letting the flute have its say. Anderson has a way of playing that particular instrument and talking or humming at the same time which turns the listener's mouth up in a smile of amusement. "Bouree" is this album's "Flute Thing," and manages to condense into a minute flute rendition. The thriller is that the flute is so well integrated into the band that the balance between truly top quality performers is very difficult to achieve. A reasonable temptation would be to essay a full-blown comparison between Jethro Tull and the Blues Project, but the parallel would really be invalid. The BP was what it was advertised to be—good ol' blues, and the band has that rare ability to disarm any criticism with a particular style, perhaps because the role result is too lacking of breath. The general spirit of the group is most effective in such cuts as "Fat Man," in which some superb balalaika riffs shock the listener into complete attention... whilst the balalaika deftly proceeds along well-defined blues lines, with the vocal (Anderson) and the drums (Bunker) are exploring distinctly raga-like pathways. Reasonably, "Fat Man" is backed by a good string section, conducted by Dave Palmer. "Jeffrey Goes to Leicester Squares," while Examples of some of the instrumental qualities of the group seems to be the rare ability to end- lessly combine and recombine different patterns—rock, blues, jazz, madrigal, raga— and produce not cacaphony but distinctly alive and lyrical statements of sweet life.

Mountain

In their debut album Mountain (Windfall 4500), Leslie West and company begins by trying to do too many things at once and ends by doing none of them well. The most prominent mistake is an attempt to make a rock album with a symphony orchestra. He doesn't make it. His vocals are ill-suited to the pace of the music. His treatment of this is an attempt to out-Capton Clapton, but he is no Eric Clapton and resembles Todd Rundgren, lots of Naz. Don't worry if you never heard the group; you're better out.

In "Better Watch Out!", the third cut, West's problems appear most prominently. There is no attempt to make a rock album which confuses furthor parts and creates a muddy distorted whirl, of noise rather than music. This is the interest in big bands is the Al Kooper Big Band—an organization of about 25 musicians under the direction of Charlie Calello.

You Never Really Know Who Your Friends Are: the first output of this large organization. A searching type of album, it is sometimes good, sometimes terrible. It sticks its finger in many different kinds of music; much of it is eminently forgettable. "First Time Around" and "Blue's Part One" are both in conception, although the latter recovers enough to contain something. "Too Busy Thinking 'bout My Baby" sounds like misplaced Motown. There are some good spots. The title song is interesting. "Anna Lee" and "What Let You Down" are also fairly interesting although not totally so. Nothing is profound, but there is a reasonable amount to enjoy.

What is Al Kooper up to these days? Maybe listening to his new album You Never Know Your Friends Are with a little bit of thought could explain. This will come out as a defense perhaps one of the two (with Jeff Beck) who is more enter-tainment. It is hoped that my membership in the league of refuge music critics will not be revoked. So, here's my explanation. After the Blues Project broke up for whatever were the real reasons, Kooper formed B.S.T., a kind of blues, rock, and symphonic group. There are some good spots. The most prominent mistake is an attempt to make a rock album with a symphony orchestra. He doesn't make it. His vocals are ill-suited to the pace of the music. His treatment of this is an attempt to out-Capton Clapton, but he is no Eric Clapton and resembles Todd Rundgren, lots of Naz. Don't worry if you never heard the group; you're better out.

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By Bruce Laird
If you enjoyed the east coast theater should be absorbing, unchat-
ter, and relevant, then you have an experience and it will fulfill the basic framework of "How to Make a Woman" took shape. With the performance still in a state of evolution the cast will continue in her experiments with new ideas. Their ability is nothing that one group of artists so obviously enjoying and controlling material that they can afford to be casual about it. As a result, the whole experience is hiliarious— it's real. The working ingenuity of the cast is unimpeachable, with score effects, and in their whole experience it is truly excellent and above all good. There are few real props, and something as innocent as a mirror, a fan, and a table well first as a dren and then as a stage. All is organized so convincingly that the audience cannot help but be swept into this fascinating and delightful one of the Creation of the Archer people.