The Jefferson Airplane concert at Boston's Music Hall last Wednesday was a bit more than surprising, and in more than one way. Rain—hailed Grace Slick is perhaps infamous for her well—sharpened ability to small audience rapport, and it was not without a little grossly expecta-
tion that the audience watched the curtain part. They had just been treated to an exceedingly
jaunted mischievous host of a genre of music. The album review, which this reviewer
fished me that I would not hear again.

The Airplanes are all in a pool of saltly color and looking something like a band of Angels: their voices reverberating among the amplifiers, ragged into tiny bits.

Despite the tempo of many of their opening songs, it seemed "just another album,"
their new album, the group began slowly. Neither the audience was prepared for some.
were very much into the music, the audience possibly wanted them to need time to adjust to McKay's striking light show, and the Airplane's usual rhythmic swing, made the audience forget they
are famous for. In any case, all fracture between audience and group very quickly dissolved, and the recorded audience helped to create the kind of feeling which the Airplane
obviously creates well with their listeners. After some obscure remark of Slick's about her boyfriend
(see inside of the Polarite album) which was received with
hostility, she interrupted the following: "It must be your first night in the U.S. and they are telling you
they're voning in the aisles because it will be too much."

None of the selections played were styled in their original form. There is no wass—wah
dead at the After Bathing At
Barretts album, so all of the songs modified.
Grace's voice

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