Tom Rush: good, but not up to expectations

Merrimack County — Tom Rush (Vol' umbo) is interesting to note the way Tom Rush and his music have changed over the years. Back in the early mid-sixties when the Beatles, the Dave Clark Five, Gerry and the Pacemakers, and the whole Liverpool sound were making their first ap- pearance, Tom Rush was already a well established fixture in and around Cam- bridge, hanging out with the likes of Jesse Colin Young at the Club 47 (now the Passion) and singing blues and ballads on Prestige records. From there, it was on into the heart of the folk era on Elektra, as Tom proceeded to build up the loyal following that made him the New England face he is still. Then a step to Columbia, and his conversion through his own doing, or the label's, to being a rock star.

Culminating with Tom Rush's latest, Merrimack County, his most rocking little record yet, ironically despite his self imposed exile of the past year in New Hampshire to regain his "folk roots." The image of the car that is obvious just from the cover, with Mr. Rush sitting there with his shoulder length blond hair, rose colored shades, all amidst this psychedelic sort of background, looking cool and hipper than thou. And from his concert earlier in April, with little Tommy Rush fronting an electronic band, he seems to have made that some jump that brought jeers and insults to Dylan one night at Newport, as he strode on stage with his electric Fender in hand. But perhaps people learned from that reactionary dis- play in Rhode Island that a change was not necessarily for the worse. The new Dylan was unceremoniously accepted, even if by a different crowd in some respects. And so goes Tom Rush.

In a departure from the previous two Columbia albums, Tom Rush and Wrong End of the Rainbow, Merrimack County has more rocking material than any other disc due to the lack of good, unknown writers at the moment (either they're become known, or they sing their own songs), and Tom has been pressed into writing more himself. With the music, there are two songs on this latest disc is Canadian Bob Car- penter's, on the haunting, dirge-like "Gypsy Boy" and weaker, more up- tempo "Roll Away the Grey." Jack, on "Gypsy Boy" and weaker, more

B. W. Stevenson is	31.71.7

It is clearly the catchy "hit" off the album, done by the band of the same name. It is clearly the catchy "hit." off the record, done in a loosely Latin-ish name. It is clearly the catchy "hit." off the record, done in a loosely Latin-ish

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or "One Fine Electric Number." But "Wind In the Necks" and "Mink Julip" start the disc off

Also rather ironically, it is the rock 'n' roll number that fail. "Kids These Days" and "Nick and Judy" smooch the disc off dismally, and "Gone Down River" ends it on a similar foot. But between, there is one fine electric number, and two beauti- ful acoustic tunes. "Merrimack Country" is a top-notch album by any standards applied to most artists. But the high quality of Tom Rush's previous efforts make the latest almost second-class. Which by no means is an accurate statement, as the record is a very good total endeavor. The situation is just that in the case of Tom Rush, his work can only be discussed in levels of "goodness." Which, in the long run, is (blind off) the best defense of Mr. Rush and his albums. Tom Rush

B. W. Stevenson (RCA)

On the album jacket, B. W. Stevenson, Stevenson himself claims that all he's done is "hitlike, write songs and sing." However, it is apparent from his songs and those of others that he chooses to sing that he hasn't found too much satisfaction in hitching around and singing. Stevenson has an unusual voice, al- though at times he sounds somewhat like a polished Alex Taylor. He writes pleasant songs, although the songs repeat again and again how lonely he is. In only one instance does he seem even mildly happy, and in that case ("Highway One"), the happiness is contingent on a woman that he asks to ramble around with him. On the whole, the album is a relief for the simple reason that it is well arranged and that Stevenson's voice is never overpowered by overproduction. A few rough spots in production exist but they are sparse and barely noticeable. Perhaps my favorite is "Texas Morn- ing." It is perfect as far as arranging and nice touches are concerned. Mickey Raphael plays a haunting harmonica back-up in this song. Background vocals are handled well by Kirby Appling and Ed Shank, but Stevenson gives it always in the center of the circle. His back-up people simply and effectively back up his work.

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Tom Rush

"Save a Little Time for Love" is Stevenson's plea for brotherhood. It is filled with religious overtones. Stevenson suggests that the listener enjoy the music and then he can perhaps believe the words.

Overall, the album was a pleasant surprise to those that look over the down to listen to B.W. Stevenson before. The album is a fine first album, but I was disturbed to learn of Stevenson's penchant for "the Jesus rock" band as the name might sug- gest. As constants, they're four dudes from Scotland who have decided to nest their collective musical eggs in the Led Zeppelin/Pack Horse/Van Morrison mold. The album starts out with a fast break, "Watchdog Woman," "Dear John," "Empty Heart," and a killer-rock smasheros in a row. Sadly, the rest of the album is pretty poor. Diana McCaffrey, lead singer, is the anticipated turn between Moseissent Stewart and Plant, and is often close to coming down on "We Can Do Better" by Mann and Edson. His style of guitar, electric blues haven't slipped and slipped into "in" the neck as much since Blue Oyster Cult left the scene. They had stuck with the rave-up studd for a while, but now a version of "Morning Dew" starts out different, but ends up pretty awful. Nazareth has been touring America with Deep Purple; I guess they do a pretty far worse tour, but based on the strength of this album, I doubt that they steal the show too often. And when you can't steal the show than Deep Purple, Naz baby, you got a long, long way to go.

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Nazareth: still quite a ways to go

 Nazareth — Nazareth (Warner Bros.)

I can't, Nazareth is still quite a ways to go, I can't, a Jesus-rock band by the name might sug- gest. As constants, they're four dudes from Scotland who have decided to nest their collective musical eggs in the Led Zeppelin/Pack Horse/Van Morrison mold. The album starts out with a fast break, "Watchdog Woman," "Dear John," "Empty Heart," and a killer-rock smasheros in a row. Sadly, the rest of the album is pretty poor. Diana McCaffrey, lead singer, is the anticipated turn between Moseissent Stewart and Plant, and is often close to coming down on "We Can Do Better" by Mann and Edson. His style of guitar, electric blues haven't slipped and slipped into "in" the neck as much since Blue Oyster Cult left the scene. They had stuck with the rave-up studd for a while, but now a version of "Morning Dew" starts out different, but ends up pretty awful. Nazareth has been touring America with Deep Purple; I guess they do a pretty far worse tour, but based on the strength of this album, I doubt that they steal the show too often. And when you can't steal the show than Deep Purple, Naz baby, you got a long, long way to go.

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May 2, 1972
11:30 a.m.
Lecture Hall 9150

Technology and Culture Seminar

Science and Responsibility

Professor Salvador E. Lara
Institute of Philosophy
Moderator:
Respondent:
Joseph Weizenbaum,
Electrical Engineering, MIT
Robert W. Mann,
Mechanical Engineering, MIT

Full dinner with user
Continued breakfast
Complimentary open bar
Complimentary breakfast

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