Four new records gain mixed reviews

By David B. Kover


Immediately following the Doobies' best album ever, this record could be expected to be a disappointment, and indeed it is. Last year's Taking It to the Streets was the group's coup de grâce — combining their traditional catchy pop tunes with some new guitar work Jeff 'Skunk' Baxter, lead guitarist, was responsible for the band's finally being able to sound like talented musicians. Unfortunately on Levin' On the Fault Line, that newly developed talent goes to waste on some second-rate songs.

Several of the cuts are little more than "It Keeps You Running" with new lyrics. That staccato 4:4 beat was effective the first time it was used, but it gets to be overbearing after a while. Off the songs with their own tunes, one of the best is the simple "Little Darling:" if you've heard that then you can figure out how dreary the rest of the record is.

It's too bad the Doobies didn't put a little more time and thought into Levin' On the Fault Line — they've showed us before what they can do with good songs, but with this material they're just plainly boring.

Boats against the Current — Eric Carmen on Arista Records.

You've probably heard what they say about Eric Carmen: he was great with the Raspberries but now that he's gone solo, he's stuck with the Beach Boys; he's a pretty good songwriter but can't sing without his voice crackling. Carmen happens to be a fairly talented musician who isn't particularly concerned about critics who want to bury him.

His premiere solo album, released in early September, was an artistic and financial success; this second venture is almost as good.

There are no tunes as well composed and orchestrated as "All by Myself," which features a brief Mantovani-like piano solo. However, Carmen's piano is not totally silent, most notably adorning the tag end of "Runaway," the album's last cut.

The performance is consistently smooth throughout, characteristic of the pleasant style established on his first album. There are a couple of places where Carmen's rasp overcomes his life, and these detract from the overall result as much as does the Beach Boys-like "She Did It," which will probably be an AM single.

Ignoring these few rough spots, Boats Against the Current is much more consistent than Carmen's first release. From the melodic title song to the heartfelt "Runaway," it is a fine followup to his highly touted first album.

Dance Band on the Titanic — Harry Chapin on Elektra Records.

I'm not sure why Harry Chapin decided to fill two records with the material on this release. Not that it's bad — it's just pretty bland.

Chapin has had occasional flashes of brilliance in the past. "Taxi" is probably his best known song, among his AM radio hits, "Cadillac and W.O.L.D." However, nothing on this set is particularly brilliant, although the title song and the closing reprise are rather catchy.

Most of the album is just plain dull, although pleasantly sounding. The music is well-written and well-performed throughout, but when stretched out over four sides it starts to get tedious.

French Kiss — Robert Welch on Capitol Records.

Bob Welch was the lead vocalist and bass guitarist for Fleetwood Mac a few years back, but since his departure (before his best known song; among his AM radio hits, "Taxi" is probably his best known song, among his AM radio hits, "Cadillac and W.O.L.D." However, nothing on this set is particularly brilliant, although the title song and the closing reprise are rather catchy.

Many of the other songs are in a similar vein, some a little more hard-driving, including "Outskirts" which has been getting a lot of airplay lately.

French Kiss is a line nostalgia for old-time Fleetwood Mac Franks who miss the likes of Welch and Danny Keane. However, it is also a reasonably good rock 'n' roll recordin.

Wellesley show mocks Harvard

(Continued from page 4)

"Wendy Wellesley," and all the "free time" (the catalog says they're "supposed to have.

Justin, after spending the night with Matina, followed her down to breakfast. When asked where he was from, Justin predicted he'd have a job, delievery boy, and "I'm a Harvard Man," a line which brought down the house.

At the rehearsals, Matina led the entire music cast offstage, one by one. Justin also tried to play the field but got nailed by the "Wendy Wellesley." Cara Evans (Laura McCuml), who called him a chaustiastic knob and retorted, "Kindly please get lost, and, quashing Roberts Frost, 'I've promises to keep, and miles to go before I sleep, — with anyone!" Justin sneered back, "Wellesley bitch!"

The comic climax of the show came at a subsequent rehearsal. Matina presented each of her "playthings" with an MIT thursday star-rating T-shirt. Poor Al B. Worthmore received one star, while the remaining male cast was given two — except for Justin who was given four. Al then sang a weak "Lone Star Lament.

At the final rehearsal, Matina and Justin were nowhere to be found. Al B. Worthmore was quickly cast as Justin's role. But who would take over for Matina? Timid Harla was proposed and rejected. She suddenly burst into the rehearsal, Wel- singles style (wearing a sexy black outfit complete with net stockings, boots, and a wig). The production went on as planned.

The show grossed $15 million (give or take 37 cents). Everyone was happy, and the sets were "Outskirts" which has been getting a lot of airplay lately.

French Kiss is a line nostalgia for old-time Fleetwood Mac Franks who miss the likes of Welch and Danny Keane. However, it is also a reasonably good rock 'n' roll recordin.

The show grossed $15 million (give or take 37 cents). Everyone was happy, and the sets were endless. Simply put, the audience that filled the 810 capacity auditorium was a blast. Over 810 had less than three weeks to put together a show whose script and music were written in only five days.

The music was poppy, and alive although the singing was often weak. The sets were simple that what was one expect with 37 cents! The choreography was poor, and the dancing was often bad, although this was apparently intentional at times.

The lighting cues were good, white, while the sound projection and quality were erratic. The audience in the yard had to strain to see and hear.

The audience was generally rough, and a great support developed between the audience and the cast. The crowd-clapping oneliners were endless. Simply put, the evening was a blast, and if you were there, you should "Count Your Lucky Stars."