

# BUDDY

FREE

THE MUSIC MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1974

*The  
Bob  
Dylan  
Story*



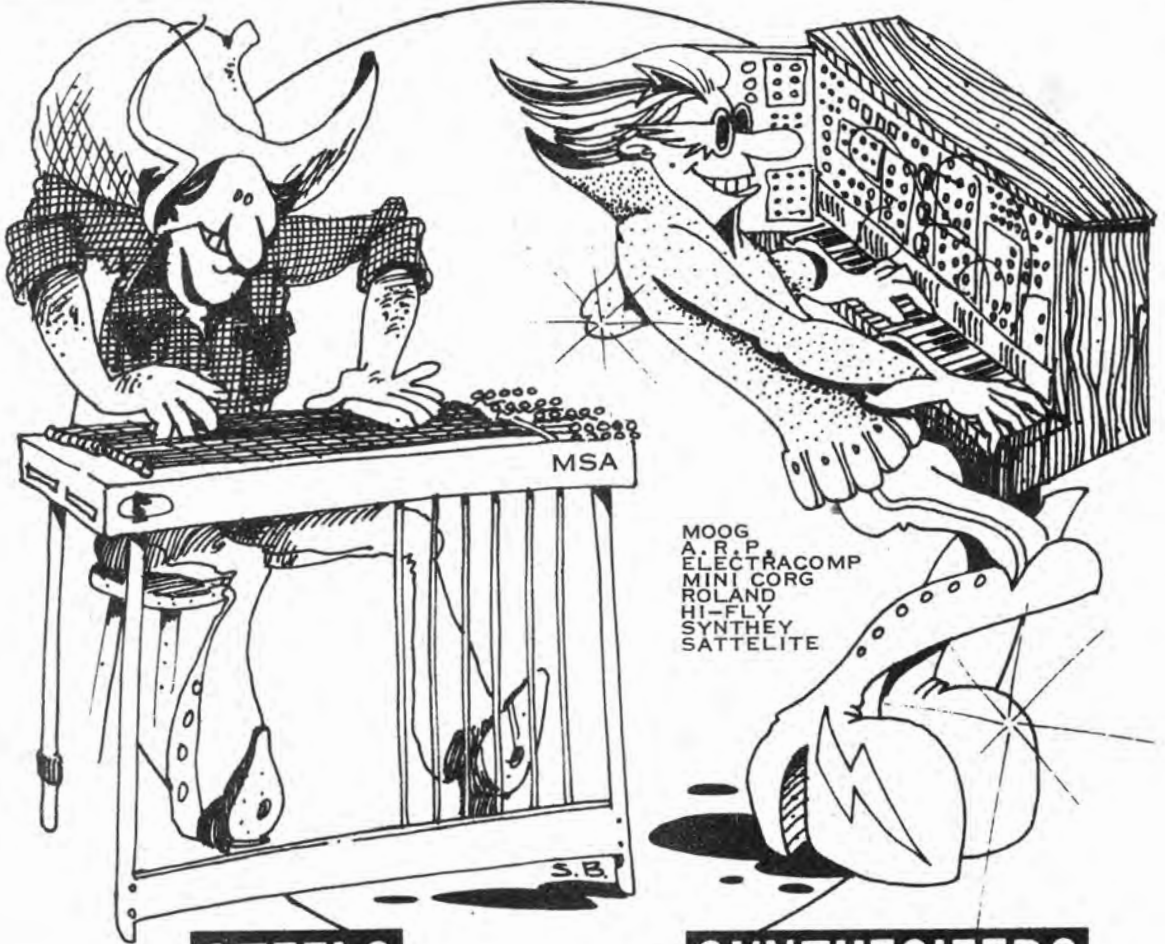
Plus Kinky Friedman  
All Star  Issue

PLUS BUD BUSCHARDT'S NOSTALGIA, RECORD AND FILM REVIEWS,  
AND A COMPLETE CALENDAR FOR JANUARY

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January, 1974  
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## SIDDHARTHA DOES NOTHING

By John Michael.

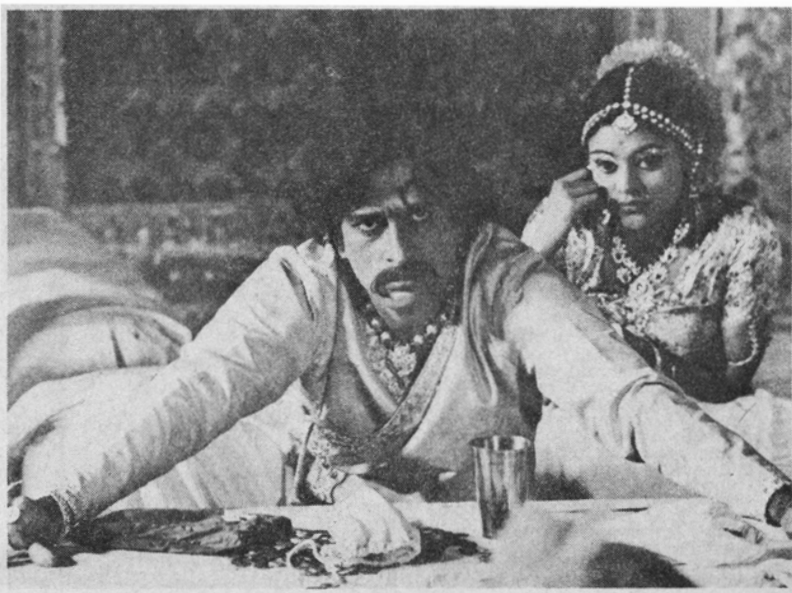
"Siddhartha does nothing; he waits, he thinks, he fasts. . ." Thus wrote Hermann Hesse many years ago. He might as well have been writing the epitaph of the movie they would make of his novel. There is something terribly incongruous about an American audience munching on our popcorn, sipping our Pepsis, and watching a movie about a man trying to find himself through a life of austerity. Perhaps the incongruity could have been eliminated had the movie never been made in the American language to begin with. God knows, the language is the only inauthentic thing about the movie. The actors are all Indian, it was all filmed in India, real Indian monks sing real Indian chants. The movie is supraauthentic right down to the real Indian mosquito eggs breeding in the real Indian swamp waters.

Maybe the real Siddhartha could look down at the murky waters of the river and see the ongoing cycle of life, but we American audiences are not prepared for such symbolism. And so we wait, and we think. We take another handful of popcorn, but nothing happens. Siddhartha does nothing. Had Siddhartha stayed with Kamala and lived in her pleasure garden for the rest of his life, had Siddhartha stuck with Kamaswami and become a successful enough merchant to build another Taj Mahal, then Siddhartha would have done something. Had he remained with the Samanas and really learned to smoke hashish with perfection, mastered the art of hallucinating, and discovered how to walk on water, then Siddhartha would have done something.

But of course Siddhartha doesn't do any of these interesting things. He doesn't even have a torrid affair with his friend Govinda which would have at least made for good pornography. Hesse buffs, forgive the blasphemy. No, Siddhartha does none of these things in the novel nor in the movie. But there is a big difference between the word and the screen. In the novel Siddhartha did *something*. It was something the movie industry has never learned to capture on screen. Popcorn and religion have never mixed well. The spiritual quest of man has never made the transition from life to screen without getting in the journey. And if the film industry has never learned to cope with Christian beatitude, how the hell can it cope with Hindu nirvana? It can't. And that's the tragedy of *Siddhartha*. It's a real tragedy because Hermann Hesse put out a damn good novel.

Siddhartha's quest for peace could have struck a right chord with a people preoccupied with Vietnam. Siddhartha's quest for truth could have struck a right chord with a people preoccupied with Watergate. But in a world of disposable prosecutors and instant de-existing of recorded facts, we are offered not a man, but a cliché. Siddhartha, it appears, like our contemporary law and

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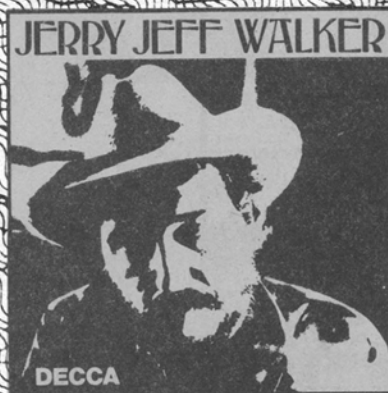






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### The Beach Boys BEACH BOYS LIVE IN CONCERT Brother/Reprise Records

As has become comparatively standard for this time of year, I was sitting up with two freshly-warmed toddies when a very dear and very old (older than anyone save Mel Brooks) friend of mine dropped in.

Literally.

I believe you've already met Santa Claus, and he had arrived while making his regular Christmas rounds. As usual, he was tired and cold, and he welcomed the toddy he has come to expect.

As is equally usual, we sat and rapped for a little while. The man does a heckuva job for someone in his one thousand, nine hundred and seventy-third year. Noah was only six hundred or so when he built the ark, so you begin to understand. Santa deserves a coffee (or whatever) break. I asked after Mrs. Claus and the elves, and received the standard answer . . . "they're fine." Naturally, Santa didn't have to ask about me. He knows what I've been doing.

At any rate, Santa was kind of down. The commercialization of Christmas had been getting to him slowly anyway, but for some reason it really hit home this year. Santa doesn't like to be used any more than the next fellow.

When all this came out in the conversation, I was speechless for a moment. It seemed sort of empty for me to apologize for my society, and I don't think it would really have done too much good. But a sudden flash on how to cheer the old boy up came to me from the wild blue. I slapped on my copy of the new live Beach Boys album. With the first strains of "Sail On, Sailor", he broke into his first full smile of the visit. By the end of the side, a few "Ho Ho Ho's even crept out.

Needless to say, Santa couldn't stay to listen to the whole thing (It's two records), but his step was much lighter as he went out the chimney, and there was a genuine twinkle in his eyes before he made with the finger-at-the-side-of-the-nose bit. A little later, I heard the strongest "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a Good Night!" in years.

You know, I'll bet Brian Wilson got everything he asked for.

— Bear

### Rick Derringer ALL AMERICAN BOY Blue Sky Records

"We filled round what was called the backtown for a bit, scaring old vecks and cheenas that were crossing the roads and zigzagging after cats and that. Then we took the road west. There wasn't much traffic about, so I kept pushing the old noga through the floorboards near, and the Durango '95 ate up the road like spaghetti."

For those of you who saw the movie *A Clockwork Orange* or read the book by Anthony Burgess or (as in my case) did

The Beach Boys.





# BOB DYLAN!

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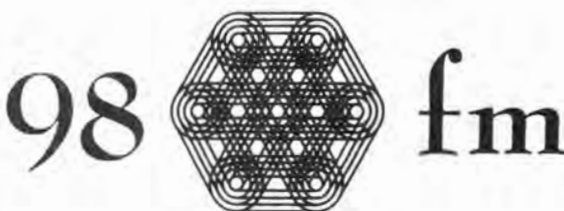
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Dave Thomas



Weekends

both, this scene in which Alex and his three droogs have stolen a sports car and are tearing holy hell out of the roads will probably bring back a few unpleasant memories. And for me the most unpleasant memory of the entire movie was the crap music Kubrick used as background. Now don't get me wrong, Beethoven is great, some of it, but for a movie trying to depict the total violence of a young man born and raised in a totally violent world, Beethoven I felt was slightly less than satisfactory. If I had been in charge of the music for that movie, I would have used Rick Derringer's "Rock and Roll Hoochie Koo" for the sportscar scene. I would have had the son of a bitch playing full volume as the psychotic Alex made his harrowing turns, pushing the roadster to its maximum speed in his ultra-violent rampage through the countryside.

That song does something strange to my adrenalin gland. The music starts and I'm caught up in a St. Vidas dance or a delirious tarantella. I'm spun around my room on moccasins, my feet doing the traditional rain dance as my head bobs, my shoulders squirm and my hands made alarming motions in the air.

The first time I heard that song, I asked myself, "now where have I heard that before?" Investigation revealed that the song first appeared on an old Johnny Winter album called *Johnny Winter And*, but Johnny didn't write it as I first assumed -- Rick did. He also produced the album and wrote many of the songs besides doing a concert tour with Johnny in which he did lead guitar solos -- a tough thing to do next to Johnny Winter unless you're really good. Rick Derringer is good as his first solo album on Blue Sky shows.

Derringer is now 26. He started his career by forming a group called The McCoy's when he was fifteen. I remember way back about 1965 some bubble gum thing called "Hang On Sloopy" which I positively loathed, but had I known the writer (Derringer) was only eighteen when it was released, I might have given it more attention. Rick was also the guiding light behind all the other McCoy biggies, most notably "Fever" and "Come On Let's Go". Late in the sixties Rick did two psychedelic albums but they were fiascos commercially even though they were praised by critics. In '69 the McCoy's became the backup band for Winter. After quitting The McCoy's and playing around with Johnny for awhile, Rick joined Edgar's White Trash and toured with them for seven months. When White Trash busted up, Rick produced Edgar's most recent album *They Only Come Out At Night*. Now Derringer is busy doing sit-in guitar for Alice Cooper, he's on *Killer*, *School's Out* and *Muscle of Love*, and writing and producing his own albums of which *All American Boy* is his first.

Despite a few bombers written apparently to just consume album space, there is enough good solid ma-



terial to warrant adding *All American Boy* to your record library. File under "PRODIGY".

— Jim Slaughter

The Siegel-Schwall Band  
953 WEST  
RCA Records

If you're the type of person who likes to sip suds and listen to good downhome blooze in small out of the way dives, then *953 West* by The Siegel-Schwall Band will probably be right up your alley. The music isn't just your typical Anglosized blues product put out by the likes of J. Geils and John Mayall; it is the authentic thing — the kind of blues Lightnin' Hopkins and Jimmy Reed used to play in dark, smoke conjected honky tonks decades ago. The group captures the flavor so well that if you close your eyes you can almost see the old, scarred upright piano crowned with two or three empty beer mugs and the lean, sleeve gartered, cigar smokin' black pianist plying his long fingers to the greasy ivories while some sweaty babe eases her G-string down another notch.

As an ardent fan of groups like Emerson, Lake and Palmer, King Crimson, and The Who, The Siegel-Schwall Band are a little alien to me, but I like what they've got to offer. *953 West* is cool eazy listnin' all the way, and in this age of sonic explosions and LSD inspired caterwauling, it comes as a welcome change of pace. Back to the basics and all that.

The group is comprized of four members, Corky Siegel on harmonica and piano, Jim Schwall on guitar, Rollow Radford (bass) and Sheldon Ira Plotkin on drums and assorted percussion. The album is a follow up to their first L.P. last year called *Sleepy Hollow*. The pace of the songs range from the slow sexy shuffles of "Reed Zone" (after Jimmy Reed?) and "When I've Been Drinkin'" to the faster piano impros of "Old Time Shimmy" and "Blow Out The Candle" which sound like background for a chorus line try-out in the same dive where Billy Holiday got her first crack at show biz.

"I'd Like To Spend Some Time Alone With You", the first song on the heads side is my favorite because of the funky piano intro. My only gripe is that they didn't extend it long enough; the drums come pounding in after only a few bars spoiling the purity of the sound. The piece is punctuated throughout by some really nice Siegel piano and Schwall bottle neckin' guitar. The vocals, done by Corky Siegel, are reminiscent of Jim Morrison's blues efforts on Morrison Hotel.

"Traitor From Decatur" is pure 1920's Rudy Vallee. Siegel even gives his vocals the quality of being sung through a megaphone.

I could go on for another couple of pages, but I think the poem on the backside of the jacket sums up the music in much fewer words:

Cont. on page 22

BIG



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### By Bellicose Bullfeather

Now that the Hectic holiday season is over we can all look back and reflect on it an all the resolutions we won't be keeping. One of the nicest things to happen during the holiday season was the benefit night that **Adobe Flats** had for the **Thelma Bishop Sublett Foster Home**. Over \$800 was raised for the home, which takes care of "hard to place" children, most of them retarded, of all races. The beer was donated by the breweries, the labor was donated by the employees, and even the bands donated their time. It was a nice day all the way around.....

The **NORML** benefit at **Gertie's** was a big success too, especially the half-drag/half-straight fashion show coordinated by the **L.A. Flash**. The **Werewolves** and **Diamond Lil** both donated their services and both were excellent, despite the fact that **Wolf Bucky Ballard** totaled his amp. The club has another **NORML** benefit scheduled for January 27. Be there... ..**57 Doors** got out of all their hassles with their landlord, who had sent armed men out to the club to evict them, and two days later the club even beat the Liquor Control Board in court. Talk about luck, *nobody* beats the **L.C.B....O!** Bullfeather caught **Danny Epps** at the 57 and must tell you that if you have a chance to see this young writer/singer,

don't blow it. He's reel gud.....

**Jack Caldwell** has been chosen talen coordinator for the Second Annual **March of Dimes Marathon Dance** to be held Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, at the **Villa Inn Convention Center** (2 miles west of **Texas Stadium**) in **Irving**. There'll be a lot of good local talen playing and maybe **Jerry Jeff Walker**, if he can work it into his busy schedule of drinking and wenching..... **America's** version of "Muskrat Love" might finally bring **Willis Alan Ramsey** the recognition he deserves. He wrote the song and sings it himself on his fantastic **Shelter** album along with many others just as good. (And if you ask me his version is better than the **Liberty Boys'**).



Fashion Show?

Photographer **Gary Bishop** has been commissioned to do two more album covers, this time for **Steve Miller** and **Melissa Manchester**.....Speaking of Mr. Miller, you'll be one up on your roommate if you know the schedule of songs he'll be singing on **Don Kirshner's Rock Concert** on Jan. 7: "Living in the USA", "Space Cowboy", "Mary Lu", "Sha ba da du ma ma ma" (shades of **Bud Buschardt's** trivia quiz this month), "Gangster of Love", "The Joker", "Come Into My Kitchen", "Seasons", and "Fly Like An Eagle".....

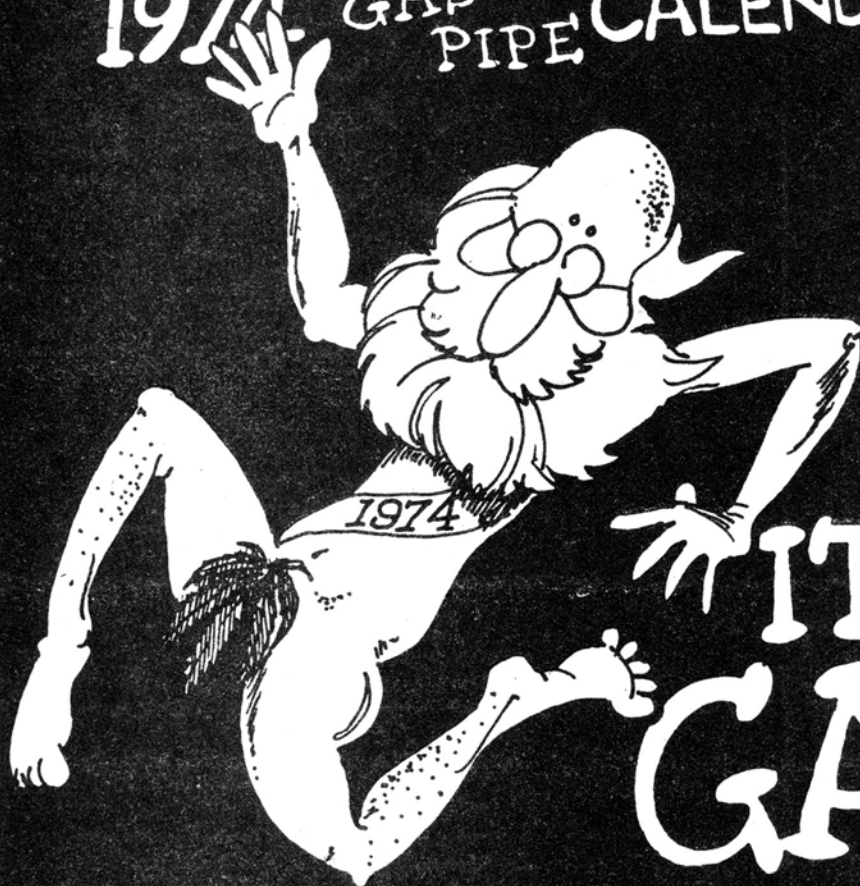
The last time **Bob Dylan** played a concert in this area he stayed at one of those sleazy motels on **Harry Hines Boulevard**. I wonder if he'll stay there this time.....**Tony Caterine**, former boss of the **Loser's Club**, has been indicted on a credit card scam.....

**Stoney Burns** won six free drinks at **Mother Blue's** and **Paxton Mills' Rock 'n' Roll** night (to be held every Monday) by identifying some mouldy oldies. But he couldn't drink them because he's getting an ulcer. (He says it's because Bullfeather never makes his deadlines, but you know how publishers are.) **Paul "Country" Overman** also bested **Janice Korkames** in a beer drinking contest, thereby becoming the **Bobby Riggs of Brew**, that same night.....Have you noticed that the **Marilyn Monroe** craze is disappearing as fast as it sprung up?.....

With band names like **Texas, Nevada, Chicago**, etc., I'm surprised on one has used the name **Rock Island**. Seems like a natural.....



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# The Bob Dylan Story

Folk music, acid rock, country. Dylan was in the vanguard of each. He was the spokesman for a generation. What changes will he bring now?

By Jim Slaughter

Just the other day, I mentioned the upcoming Dylan concert to a friend I work with down at the Ervay Salvage Co. He turned incredulous eyes on me and said, "You're kidding," with astonishment. He couldn't believe it. A real honest-to-God Bob Dylan concert right here in the metroplex! He then asked me where I had heard about the concert. I told him I hadn't heard it anywhere, but that I had seen the announcement in the last issue of BUDDY. Where could tickets be obtained was his next question (he's a fanatical Dylan fan) I told him I hadn't the slightest idea, but tickets were only available through the mail to the tune of about eight dollars a head. A day or two later I heard a short commercial on KZEW advertising the Dylan event. They gave an address somewhere in Fort Worth to order tickets but by the time I located a pen I had forgotten it. However, by now tickets are sold out anyway.

Why does anyone listen to Bob Dylan? Have you ever asked yourself that question? What makes him have the appeal that he does? Musically he has no great ability — countless groups and single performers boast far greater talent, he's not a particularly good

looking fellow, and his voice sounds something like a piano string somewhere in the middle C range that is constantly being tightened and relaxed. As a matter of fact, when his first big single "Like A Rolling Stone" first came out back in 1965, I thought it was intended as a satire of the popular English rock craze led by the Beatles. I was just as astounded as my friend at work when I found out that the song

---

Bob Dylan and The Band will be appearing in concert at Tarrant County Convention Center on January 25, 1974

---

was not only meant to be taken seriously but that it was actually selling in the millions! I remained adamant in my keen antipathy to his singularly twangy, grunting sound until an English professor of mine told me "one doesn't listen to Dylan for his music; one listens to his words." His words eh? I thought. I quickly rushed out and purchased a couple of albums and gave them the old listen to, but I had discovered Dylan too late. By that time, he was practically a different person with a different message. His real image as the valiant minstrel roaming the country like a

beggar with his basket of compassion and understanding for the poor downtrodden lower classes had been bequeathed to his less competent successors. What then had happened to this voice of freedom, this skinny, curly-haired heretic of Mr. Comfortable Middle Class Values? The answer was simple. Dylan was a big boy then, his desire to rebel, to crusade against the inequities of a world content with its hypocrisies and injustices had faded into an oblivion created by the very things he was so loquacious in denouncing during his mid sixties golden age — affluence.

If you're a movie goer, you've probably seen him in that atrocious celuloïd monstrosity, *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid* in which he played the part of a shy, meditative derelict who didn't have much to say other than "Beans", "Beets", "Beans" in monotonous succession. The character Dylan portrayed in that movie resembles the character he's been presenting to his public for the past few years, on those rare occasions he has chosen to do so. Except that he hasn't been saying beans; he's been saying *beings* — human beings, because he's realized that the super-charged political atmosphere of the sixties has been calmed by a revived interest in personal security, financial success, and conformity to long-accepted traditions. The old Bob Dylan went down the drain along with SDS, NSA, and LSD. His audience was no longer interested in hearing about the countries endless fiascos and peccadillos because of a growing frustration over the inefficacy of protest.

No matter how hard one yelled and screamed, no matter how important the issues being vociferated, there were always too many Mayor Daley's to quell the demonstrator's indignation with their blue-coated tough boys. People finally said "what the hell!" — better to remain quiet and whole than speak out and go around minus an eye or tooth or in the case of the four

1963.





Kent State victims minus a life! The establishment finally won. They had the strong arms, the guns and most important the influence and the money. The hips and yips had to finally concede to their victims and struggle to regain a standing in society while the gettin' was good. The recent paranoid over the baby boom was also responsible for the freaks letting their flag down. It just seemed that if they continued playing revolutionary, they would lose their chances for the half-way decent jobs to the tidal waves of hungry, greedy newcomers pouring out of the woodwork each year.

Now everybody sits on his ass in front of his color T.V. (bought on credit of course) pensively dreaming about all his lost idealism and good causes. No one drops acid anymore for fear of it affecting his ability to cope with the increasing complexities of warding off the demon hunger. The seventies are going to be fairly boring in comparison to the sixties, but that's because the two teams are merely taking a breather on the benches. The eighties will probably make the sixties look like a fireworks demonstration next to an atom bomb test blast.

Dylan speaks now about the joys of being alive, of making love, and taking quiet walks down shady country paths; all of which are very nice

his act by obtaining both. The results — a success comparable to both the Beatles and the Stones.

The the young Dylan, the prospect of ever achieving even a fraction of the popularity he received in the sixties was so remote that he hardly dared dream of it. Born into a family whose total energies were focused almost exclusively on keeping at bay the threatening spectre of poverty, he early learned the lessons of hardship which he later taught in his folk and folk rock sermons. The name printed on his baby tag in a hospital in Duluth, Minnesota, on May 24, 1941, was Robert Allen Zimmerman, but this was changed to Dylan late in 1959 as a symbol of his rejection of the values his parents represented. When Dylan was six his family moved to Hibbing, Minn., an iron mining town close to the Canadian border. This town, comprized mostly of immigrant families, was primarily a catholic community. Dylan, a Jew, also learned at an early age what it meant to be an outcast, to be one of the minorities.

His introduction to music came at eight with his first flimsy attempts to understand the mysteries of the piano. With no formal training he bent his mind to the task of learning chords and scales. The rest was whatever his imagination could produce. Not long

and deep gut messages of the songs. Dylan was also into black music at the time. As an interesting sidelight to this obsessive interest, Dylan borrowed his father's car one day so that he could travel to Minneapolis to talk to the meager number of black musicians who performed in a few of that city's ranker dives.

### Rock 'n' Roll Influence

When *Blackboard Jungle* was released in 1955 heralding the advent of a new music called Rock 'n' Roll with a group featured in that movie called Bill Haley and the Comets, Dylan was convinced, that a new age was about to erupt in which old traditional values were to be seriously challenged. "Hey, that's our music," he cried enthusiastically to a friend "That's written for us."

It was because of the devotion of millions of dissatisfied teenagers like Dylan that early rock super stars like Elvis Presley and Little Richard were able to sell records in unprecedented quantities. Little Richard sold 32 million records during the first years of rock heydays. Dylan quickly began incorporating this new style into his growing musical repertoire and used it in his first appearances before live audiences while still in high school.

The character of a movie actor named James Dean also helped shaped the image of the popular folk singer who was later to emerge as Bob Dylan. Dean who was branded as a hood by the older generation held a dazzling attraction for Dylan because he was one of the few actors who really lived out the life style he portrayed on the screen. Regaled in the uniform of the fifties rock cult, black motor cycle jacket, boots and tight fitting blue jeans, Dean became the ideal of all that Dylan secretly wanted to be — tough, independent, and shrewd. His devotion to the Dean image went so far as to him buying his own jacket and motorcycle, but the skinny, Jewish youth was hardly impressive in his new role. Even though he later abandoned the Dean look to perfect his own, many of the Dean characteristics remained with Dylan, most notably, Dean's credo of rebellion.

Dylan's awareness of social injustice in the United States was sharpened during his Dean period when he read all the novels of John Steinbeck. His favorites were *Tortilla Flat* and *The Grapes of Wrath*.

In 1959 he entered the University of Minnesota on a state scholarship. He began the semester with short hair, pressed pants, striped button down shirts, tweed sports jackets and a Sammy pledge pin, but his ambitions to succeed in the music sphere inevitably drew him to a section of town on the fringe of the campus called Dinkytown which was kind of an East Village for its day, populated with artists, writers, and radical social reformers. Here he rented a cheap apartment with money sent from home and the few dollars he was able to earn playing in a coffee house, and let his hair grow long. He abandoned the clean



1965.

and pleasant to listen to, but hardly the same cut of meat early Dylan fans were used to getting. You may ask, who the early Dylan was, at this point, if your association with the artist has been confined to his electric albums which started in 1965 much to the astonishment and horror of his acoustic following who felt that he had sold his soul to the company for his share of the big money floating on the crest of the wave of mania created by the wake of the Beatles. And they were right. But who could blame him? The big craze was amplification. All you needed back then was long hair and an electric guitar and you were assured success. Dylan promptly cleaned up

after he began experimenting with the harmonica and a Sears Roebuck guitar both of which he tackled without benefit of instruction. Somehow, with his ingenuity he rigged up a wire device by which he could attach his harmonica around his neck enabling him to blow and strum at the same time. His invention became quite a fad in later years with such competitors as Donovan and Tom Sanky.

Not surprisingly because of his working class background, one of Dylan's earliest musical heroes was Hank Williams. The young Zimmerman was impressed by this country star that he bought every one of his records, absorbing to heart the musical style



1968.

cut dress of the fraternity-sorority world and pulled on blue jeans and work shirts instead. While laboring under the burden of debt, Dylan was introduced to the autobiography of legendary folksinger Woody Guthrie, and became obsessed with him. He played his records endlessly and memorized many of the songs, spicing them somewhat with Dylan's own emerging folk style. His renditions of Guthrie became the rage of the Sinky town coffeehouse because of his almost uncanny ability to interpret the suffering and off-the-cuff philosophy of a man who lived every bit of the life he wrote about.

### New York Folk Scene

In 1960, the twenty year-old folk singer now calling himself Dylan left Minnesota for New York because it was the nucleus of the American music industry and because he had heard Woody Guthrie was confined in a hospital near New Jersey. Dylan found Guthrie and the two spent a pleasant day playing songs for each other.

On Sept. 26, 1961, Robert Shelton, folk music critic for the New York Times, heard Dylan play in a Village Club. He was very impressed. It was because of his write up that Columbia records signed a contract with Dylan. His first album appeared in Feb. 1962.

A couple of months later Dylan wrote what some consider his greatest song "Blowin' in the Wind." It became a hit and Peter, Paul and Mary began using the song on their tours.

On April 12, 1963, Dylan gave his first important concert at New York's impressive Town Hall. His success after that concert was assured. He had become almost a national hero overnight because he was singing the words young people wanted to hear. Revolts were beginning to raise their ugly heads on campus as students protested the so-called rightness of systems that had been traditionally unquestioned by post-depression survivors. The threats of nuclear holocaust were becoming a reality with the Bay of Pigs episode. The painful struggle for civil rights was being brought to the attention of the public with the James Meredith scenario in Mississippi. Youth were begin-

ning to wonder if America was really the beautiful ideal their minds had been stamped with in elementary and high schools. The kids were growing up. They were realizing that America wasn't just a selection of the new prom queen and a cheeseburger cut the onions down at the local Burger palace. Suddenly there were more important issues and the young wanted a messiah to show them the truth. Dylan was elected to that exalted office.

### Electric Rock Period

Dylan's true folk period, however ended on November 22, 1963, with the assassination of President Kennedy. There were two reasons for this. Number one, Dylan actually feared for his life. It seemed possible that there might be a bullet waiting for him someplace since many of his messages were clearly unpopular with certain factions and number two Dylan was beginning to realize the ineffectiveness of his protest songs. No matter how much he ranted and poured heaps of derision upon the country's elders, his words fell on deaf ears. Youth cared but their efforts to change things were consistently squashed by the establishment. Dylan turned instead to mysticism and drugs. His new image was confirmed in 1965 when he put away the old acoustic guitar and began blasting his audiences' ears with electrical rock. He lost the respect of much of his old following but he created a newer more energetic audience.

Dylan went to England, met the Beatles and turned them on to grass. It was probably Dylan who was more responsible for the release of *Sargeant Pepper* than the Beatles themselves. However, despite Dylan's popularity and wealth, he was an unhappy man. Publicity and the constant pressures of deadlines and concert tours were mostly responsible for his frustration. Dylan, the artist, needed privacy and solitude to work. He needed unlimited freedom of time and complete release from responsibility to function, both as a man and a song writer. He found that release on July 29, 1966, with a much publicized motorcycle accident. This ended what could be called his

acid rock stage. When he came out of hiding on January, 1968, to do a concert, his image had changed once again. Now Dylan was into country and blues as three albums, *John Wesley Harding* (1968), *Nashville Skyline* (1969) and *New Morning* (1970) manifested. He was also doing acoustical folk again, but his style was more subdued than that of his earlier albums.

### In Semi-Retirement

Since 1970 Dylan hasn't been seen around much. His only important public appearances to my knowledge were at the Isle of Wright festival in 1970 and the concert for Bangla Desh in New York in 1971. After that he just more or less dropped out of sight except for his bit feature in *Pat Garrett* which substantiated his role as a hell of a folk singer, and folk singer only. But Dylan knows he's no actor. He probably just accepted the part to give himself something to do with all his free time. But apparently his part in the movie wasn't satisfying enough, because he announced recently that he would be making a tour, his first in eight years, with the Band. He announced a tour with the Band back in 1969 too, but nothing ever came of it. This time though, he seems to be serious. There is a tour and it will be with the Band, the same group that toured with him in 1965. The tour will be recorded for a Dylan/Band album of all new material, on his own label, Ashes and Sand, to be distributed by Elektra/Asylum. Dylan's contract with Columbia records expired last Jan. but a new album has just been released. It will be interesting to see the direction his music has taken this time. See you at Tarrant County Convention Center, if anyone has an extra pair of tickets they will let me have reasonably. The number to call is 526-6049.



1972



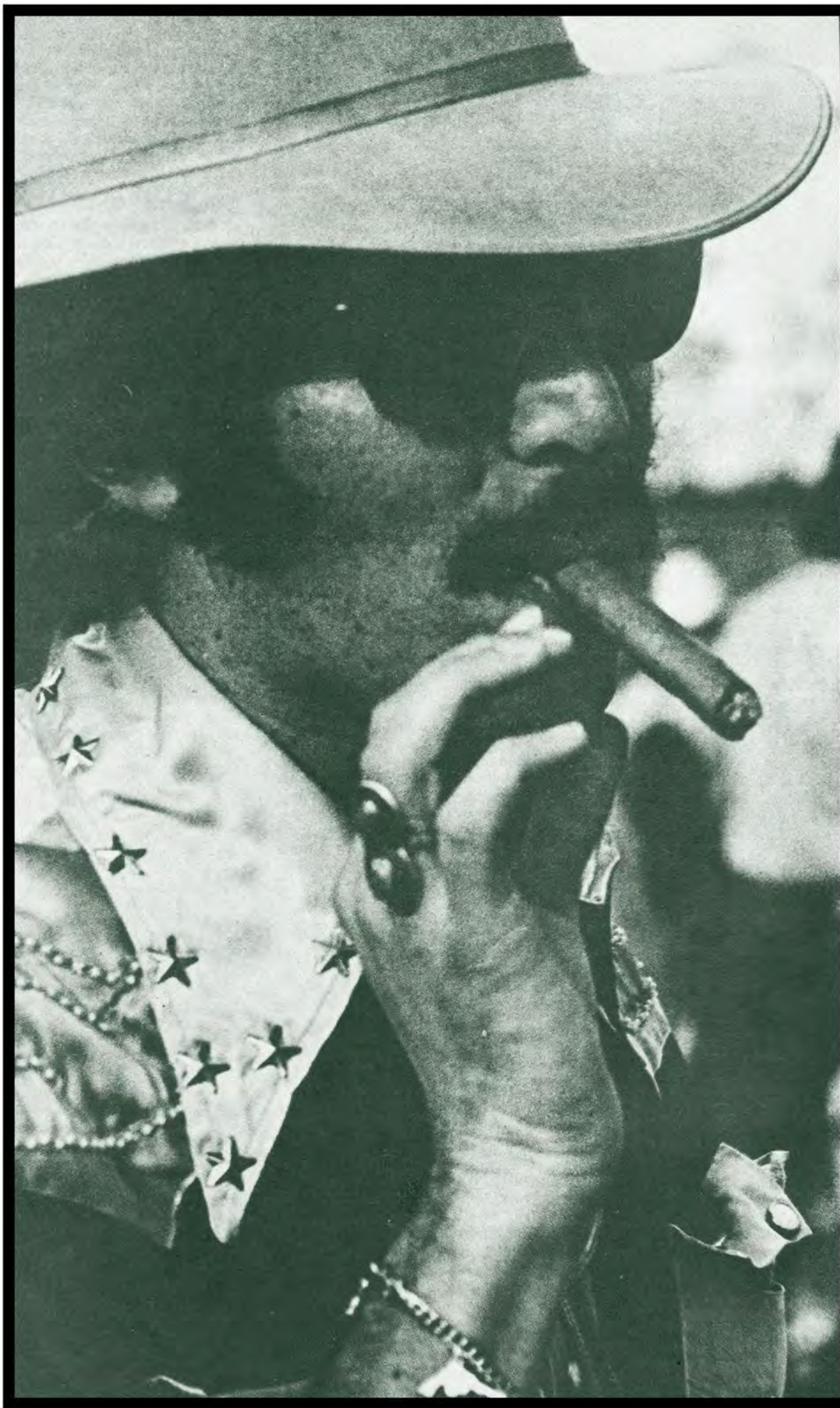


Photo by Jesus Carrillo.

## BUDDY INTERVIEW

By Laurel Ornish

*(ED. NOTE: Twenty-nine year-old Kinky Friedman is sort of a microcosm of American paradox. And as a result his music, which he describes as "uptown country with a conscience," appeals to audiences from the Grand Ole Opry to Grossinger's. He has managed to cash in on his confluence of culture to turn himself into a comedic cosmic cowboy, a Jewish jive artist, and a basically fine country rocker . . . but it's country with class.*

*(America still doesn't know what to think of him. But Laurel Ornish, who did the following interview originally for KZEW, found him to be a Texas hill country picker at heart and a sincere artist with a clear perspective of what show biz is all about.)*

**Buddy:** Just what are you doing back here after that little Western Place mishap?

**Kinky:** Well, I think third time's a charm. I've been here twice, and

(Kinky's manager, Arnold Shelby, interrupts at this point.)

**Arnold:** Did you ask her for her press pass?

**Kinky:** (SKV) We're on the look out for A-rabs around here.

**Buddy:** But what is it, then? Does it take away from what you're trying to do? Are people more into the gimmick aspect, rather than taking your music seriously?

**Kinky:** I don't think the Jewish thing is even part of the act. I have a few Jewish songs. Jewish people that are really looking for stuff can find it any place they look for it, like political people try to find political nuances in everything in the world. My total stage personality is a total Texas bullet-head." That's what I am.

(Belches loudly into the microphone)

**Buddy:** May I quote you on that?

**Kinky:** Laurel, I certainly don't object to being misunderstood by anybody. Most people I admire in the

# KINKY

both times have been totally unpleasant, in almost every aspect. This time, we're looking forward to an even more repellant stage performance. Actually, every time I've been in Dallas something unpleasant has occurred, dating back to the assassination of the President, by Donny Osmond.

**Buddy:** What's a nice Jewish boy like you doing in a place like this?

**Kinky:** (In his put-on shit-kicker voice, which will hereby be referred to as "SKV", to distinguish from a straighter response. Ah, the drawbacks of print media!) Well, ah get asked that now and then. (straight again): To me, Laurel, being Jewish has very little to do with what I am, at all. Maybe it has to do with what I am, (sarcastically) but it's what I am as a human being that counts. As a person . . .

**Buddy:** What are you as a person?

**Kinky:** I happen to be a very empty person, that's all. I'm just vapid, I have no essence, no substance.

**Buddy:** It's what up front that counts.

**Kinky:** (SKV) That's raht, man. Gotta goddam twelve-inch penis.

world have been grossly misunderstood.

You know, we deal in many casinos . . . more than just the casino of music.

**Buddy:** Do you find it different playing to the Grand Ole Opry audience than at Grossinger's or Vassar?

**Kinky:** The Grand Ole Opry audience — that's Mr. and Mrs. Back Porch. You know where they're at, and it's pleasant to play for an audience like that. I enjoy it. I don't try to shock 'em out of their skulls or do anything weird . . . we just do our act. So far we've gone over very well in the Opry. We've been invited back several times. We've even been on the Gospel Show there one time, which was quite outstanding. I think that most people in Dallas feel that there's something wiggy about this city. I can't exactly say what it is. I don't know . . . it's like Jack Ruby epitomizes what I'm talking about as the cross between the Texas and the Jew. He was the original Texas Jewboy, you see.

**Buddy:** Lenny Bruce said that, also.

**Kinky:** Is that right?

Kinky Friedman and his Texas Jewboys will be performing on New Year's Eve at Dallas' Market Hall along with Leon Russell and Willie Nelson.



**Buddy:** He's got an entire routine about Jack Ruby, saying similar things.

**Kinky:** (SKV) Well, now, goddam, I'm more genius than I thought I was.

**Buddy:** Speaking of that . . . a lot of people, especially Texans who are familiar with both of you, use your name and Lenny Bruce's in the same sentence sometimes. Does Lenny Bruce mean anything to you?

**Kinky:** I like Lenny Bruce. And I like Hank Williams. And I like Anne Frank. Those are my three favorites. Mahatma Gandhi is right up there, too. And Shawn Phillips.

**Buddy:** What is this I read about you and Dinah Shore?

**Kinky:** (SKV) Wall, I wuz hopin' you wouldn't ask me that. We're tryin' to keep it under wraps. I don't want ole Burt to get hold of me, now. (straight again) She came to a show in Los Angeles at the Troubador and was really very, very nice. She wrote us a very nice letter. We got really panned in the *Hollywood Reporter*, or something. Horrible review. So I read the review on stage that night. It was a pretty humorous evening all around. But Dinah wrote a nice letter saying not to be depressed about it, that everybody gets panned once in a while, that it's yesterday's papers and don't worry about it. We wrote Dinah back, and I think we'll either be doing one of her morning TV shows, or we'll have her on our second album singing, which I'd really like to do. (SKV) Ah think she's a fine woe-man, a fine 'merkun woe-man.

**Buddy:** When is the second album coming out?

**Kinky:** It should be out probably this spring.

**Buddy:** What sort of things are going to be on it? Do you know yet?

**Kinky:** It's going to be a cosmic rock sort of an album. We're getting away from the country area for this one. I think it will be entitled "To be Young, Gifted, and Bourgeois."

**Buddy:** Do you think America can stand another Cosmic Cowboy?

**Kinky:** (SKV) Laurel, that's an excellent question, raht there. (straight) I can hardly tolerate *one*, myself. Of course, Bob Dylan was the original cosmic cowboy. How's the interview going so far?

**Buddy:** Average.

Where did you start playing . . . was it at the old summer camp? (Kinky's parents run Echo Hill, which is a summer vacation camp in the Hill Country.)

**Kinky:** I played at camp, near Kerrville. I did campfire singing and stuff like that . . . songs for children. I'm very fond of children, actually. That's what I like about the world, is children. We're doing a children's concert at N.Y.U. in New York to benefit progressive education, along with Dobie Gray. That should be a really hell of a fine show. I'm looking forward to that one. I don't like people as much as I like children, at all.



I'm just saying that a person who is a dullard, but happens to play the guitar very well, should not be interviewed. And people shouldn't listen to what he says about other matters. What Mark Spitz has to say about raising children doesn't mean shit, you see. All he knows is the butterfly stroke. . . .

**Buddy:** How about your music? Do you like that?

**Kinky:** Yeah I take some comfort in my music. I enjoy playing music, with a hillbilly band. Traveling with a band . . . that is a real pleasure. It's hard to explain why that would be fun, though. It is hard to explain to people. Because it is tedious — being on the road — especially as much as we have lately . . . playing for all these different kinds of people, being in all these lonely towns and shit that you don't know anybody in. But there's something to that style if you get into the spirit of it that's very exciting. It brings me back a long ways to country music, or vaudeville. You know, these adolescent rock musicians don't really do that.

**Buddy:** When you were little, did you want to grow up and be a country music star? Have you grown up?

**Kinky:** Good question! I've always played country music. And I've always liked country music.

**Buddy:** Who in particular?

**Kinky:** I always liked Hank Williams . . . Jelly Roll Morton. Who else did I like? Slim Whitman was a big fave of mine . . . (SKV) Jimmie Rodgers, the Singing Brakeman was another one. I think that country music, and Texas music, is going to become *the* thing. That's my prediction. I could be wrong, but I see the signs now in New York, and other areas that we've been. (SKV) Ah thank it's gonna sweep the country, in 1974.

**Buddy:** And you're going to be there with it, huh?

**Kinky:** We're going to be in the vanguard. If we ain't on the Vanguard, we'll be in it.

**Buddy:** Are you planning to stay with that label? It seems that it's a label where people usually get started, then move on to bigger and better things.

**Kinky:** Yes, it does. (SKV) That's an unreasonable question, Laurel. Ah can't answer that one, on the grounds that it may tend to intimidate me. (straight) I don't know, I'd say the odds are probably leaning away from it, but you never know what's going to happen with it. I have a phalanx of lawyers working on it right now. I don't deal with it personally at all. I'm too concerned with being a tortured "artiste."

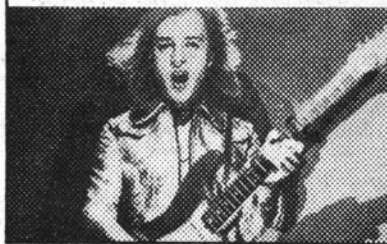
I'm not saying I'm Mahatma Gandhi, or Lenny Bruce, or anybody like that. Anybody can take the tissue of horse-shit that is every other fucking act in this country seriously . . . how they can seriously talk about the "troubador of the current age," Shawn Phillips, or B.W., or Michael Murphey, or any of these characters. These guys are musicians, man. Musicians are stupid. Most of them are. Very few of them are very bright. That's what they are . . . they're stupid. They like amplifiers and guitars and they read "Variety" and "Billboard," they're into that . . . all of them. Otherwise they wouldn't be musicians. So it's very complex. I've noticed that about people who are in-





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to music who don't have a lot of other interests. The smartest one, and the most intelligent one, and the only one who has anything going currently, besides myself, is Alice Cooper. In my opinion.

**Buddy:** Don't you find yourself getting caught up in it, too? Don't you categorize yourself as one of those stupid musicians without any outside activities?

**Kinky:** Occasionally I lapse into that area, but . . . I'm just saying that a person who is a dullard, but happens to play the guitar very well, should not be interviewed. And people shouldn't listen to what he says about other matters. What Mark Spitz has to say about raising children doesn't mean shit, you see. All he knows is the butterfly stroke, you know?

Other acts I enjoy, because of the person behind the act, are people such as Willie Nelson or Waylon Jennings — two that I enjoy a lot. Because each has integrity as an act, over a period of time. In the short time we've been around as a band, which has been six months, maybe, as a band . . . It's very hard to tell — what the hell, we're not Bob Wills, right? So are we a novelty, are we kind of a thing that flashed on the scene? Whenever we do well, or whenever we gain some kind of strong notoriety for something, there are always people who question whether we're deserving of it because we haven't been around for ten years prior to that. But we don't intend to kick around for ten years like that . . . *we're kind of on a different wavelength from some of the acts.* We're not into a hippie-laid back kind of thing. We're kind of an uptown country act. We're country with a *conscience*. And if we are inconsistent, if I am inconsistent with myself, or with my music, or what I say, or my sincerity, or anything else . . . that's good. I dig that. You know why? Because it means that I'm complex, and it means that I'm human, more importantly. And fuck anybody else.

**Buddy:** Tell me, how do you think we should end the Mideast War?

**Kinky:** (SKV) Wall, now, and I'd like to drop a damn A-B-C bomb on those A-rabs, I can tell ya that. (straight) I don't know . . . I really wanted to go over there, damn it. Had we the money we would have gone over there. Leonard Cohen went over there. We should have been there. We're going to do a benefit for Israel in New York in Madison Square Garden and that's going to be a really wiggly show. We've talked about doing a kind of Jewish Woodstock. I mentioned it in L.A. to Bob Dylan, who came to one of our shows there. We're co-ordinating it very secretly. I can't reveal anything else about it, except that almost everybody is Jewish, and doesn't reveal that they're Jewish. A lot of them don't know they're Jewish, you see.

Laurel, I've tried to be as honest with you as I can. Not pulling any clever witticisms or any bullshit like

that, or any stage patter.

**Buddy:** You needn't be defensive.

**Kinky:** I'm trying to be *offensive*. You better ask the next question.

**Buddy:** What's it like to spend your birthday talking to me?

**Kinky:** You're the bright spot in the whole area. Actually, just because you're a woman doesn't make you that cool, you know? I frankly am not partial to women as women. I don't believe in being involved with a woman unless you're sexually involved. That's all. That's my feeling about it. And I like a woman to have *character*.

**Buddy:** Do you consider yourself a sexist? Are you proud of the award the National Organization for Women gave you (for the anti-feminist song "Get Your Biscuits in the Oven and your Buns in the Bed")?

**Kinky:** I covet any award I receive. (SKV) Ah I liked it enormously. I thought it was reel nahs. (straight) Yeah, I'm not a sexist . . . I love certain women. I've loved nine women in my life, at least.

**Buddy:** Do you think people take you too seriously. Was their award a put-on?

**Kinky:** They take me too seriously about the wrong things, and too lightly about the right things. But when the day comes that they take me seriously about the right things, and lightly about the wrong things . . . there will be no need for Kinky Friedman any more, right? 'Cause I will have disappeared. And the world will be at peace. If the guru (Maharaj-ji) can't do it, then I've got to do it. (SKV) Ah I like that damn goo-roo, and I think he's doin' reel gud.

**Buddy:** Do people hassle you on stage . . . heckle you?

**Kinky:** No, we don't get a lot of that. The only thing I can't handle is an articulate Jewish heckler, which we occasionally run into. Bullet-heads and rednecks are no problem. Frankly, I enjoy hecklers, because our act is like a Living Theater thing . . . it's the give-and-take. It's kind of a Judy Garland experience we have with an audience. I'd much rather play for that kind of an audience than a quiet bunch of mild-mannered lamas, or something like that out there.

**Buddy:** What exactly is your side of what happened at the Western Place?

**Kinky:** I've got nothing against the Western Place. It's as much our fault as it was theirs. It's just that certain things shouldn't be compromised, even if they're wrong, you know? Even if they're unpleasant. There's not enough unpleasantness in the world today. There's not enough hatred, or enough ignorance . . . I think. There's too much ecology . . . and bicycles.

**Buddy:** What was the best experience you had on stage?

**Kinky:** Oh, there are so many . . . where can I begin? The time I set foot on the Grand Ole Opry Stage . . . the same stage, as "the first full-blooded Jew on the Grand Ole Opry" — that's how I was introduced, on the Gospel Show there, by Brother Snow . . . Hank Snow's son.

**Buddy:** How did they react to you . . . did they know how? Was it like talking to their nigger neighbor, or what?

**Kinky:** Whenever some people take you lightly, other people are going to take you heavy. That's what happens. Some people laugh, or take the act lightly, or walk out, or something. Because of that, some people are wont to take the act even heavier than it is. In truth, it's just a travelling musical vaudeville act, sort of.

**Buddy:** Do you think it creates barriers that ordinarily wouldn't be there if you were just, say, a musician, or weren't billed that way?

**Kinky:** Quite possibly. I tell you, I haven't really thought about it. I sort of see myself as a Mosaic, not as a Glen Campbell, or a Dean Martin-type. All I do is reflect . . . sort of a cerebral Alice Cooper kind of a thing. All I am is honest with myself. If I wake up pissed off at the audience that night, then I come on stage pissed off at them. Most people hate the audience, you know. Most performers — Judy Garland herself — said she didn't feel the same sincerity singing "Over the Rainbow" every night. Got pretty tedious after a while.

**Buddy:** How do you deal with it?

**Kinky:** I just don't have that song in my repertoire, that's all.

**Buddy:** I set him up for that one.

**Kinky:** How do I deal with it? The act changes . . . we're constantly in motion. Kinetic energy all the time. The whole thing is really evolving right now, it's defining itself. A lot of people consider the act pop. And a lot consider it country. We don't know what the hell we are. It's a schizophrenic telegram . . . we're being pulled in many directions at once, my mind is fragmenting . . . but at the same time, it's sharpening.

**Buddy:** Are you going through an identity crisis . . . is that what you're trying to tell me, Kinky?

**Kinky:** (SKV) Ahm searchin' for mahself. That's raht — an identity crisis.

**Buddy:** Who is the real Kinky Friedman?

**Kinky:** Well, we know this: When I know this, then all American youth will be able to stop their fucking blithering wandering around . . . their search for meaning, also. Not that I'm their leader, or that I'm following them. But it's all part of the same thing. We don't know who the hell we are. That's why you have all these . . . oh, I don't want to get into the religious casino right now. I think we've done enough with the political casino, or whatever one we were in.

I like people, basically. And I'm very glad to be here in Dallas this evening. And I'm happy to be back. (SKV) We're gonna trah to behave, now. If we can.

**Buddy:** How do you, or can you, see yourself a couple of years from now?

**Kinky:** I see myself as the amphetamine of the masses. The Big Bennie on the highway of sleep.

Cont. on page 30





Well, just who did put the bomp in the bomp-shi-bomp?

By Bud Buschardt

Back in the days when I was doing the oldies gig for TGIFriday's, two young ladies came up one night and asked for my help in solving a minor musical argument. Their question was, in "He's So Fine", are the Chiffons singing "doo-lang, doo-lang, doo-lang" or "goo-lang, goo-lang, goo-lang"? After studying the record quite carefully at 78 and 33 rpms, we came to the cop-out conclusion that the Chiffons were alternating the above

mentioned phrases in their No. 1 hit from 1963.

A few days later while in the WFAA Productions office, I muttered those immortal words "goo-lang, doo-lang" and Barbara (the mouth) had an immediate reply of "dip-shi-dip-shi-dip, rama-lama-ding-dong". She, of course, was quoting Barry Mann who asked 1961's musical question "Who Put The Bomp?" (in the bomp-shi-bomp)!

Well that started it all. Everytime one of those minor office crisis oc-

curred, to ease the tension Barbara and I would start shouting musical nonsense phrases. (Our award for the most humorous went to the late Frankie Lymon who came up with "oodilly pop-a-cow, pop-a-cow, pop-a-cow-cow" in his 1956 record "I Promise To Remember".) Some of our favorite shouting-match phrases are listed in column "A". Can you find their song title owners in column "B"? (Not responsible for absolute accuracy in spelling.)

A

- \_\_\_\_\_ 1. Wop bop a loop-a-lop a loop bam-boom
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2. Oo-ee-oo-ah-ah, ting tang, walla walla bing bang
- \_\_\_\_\_ 3. Hey, doo matta, doo matta doo matta, doo-duh
- \_\_\_\_\_ 4. Nah/nah-nah-nah-nah, nah-nah-nah-nah, nah-nah,-nah, nah, nah nah nah nah nah
- \_\_\_\_\_ 5. Yip yip yip yip yip yip yip yip boom, shoddy wah dah shoddy wah dah wah
- \_\_\_\_\_ 6. Shoo-doop 'n' shoo bee doo shoo-doop 'n' shoo bee doo
- \_\_\_\_\_ 7. Uhm uh uh uhm uhp uhp uhp uhm uh uh uhm uhp-up uh oh
- \_\_\_\_\_ 8. Lil little lil little lit (yeah)
- \_\_\_\_\_ 9. Duke-a-duke-a-duke
- \_\_\_\_\_ 10. Gong-gong-gong gong-gaga-gong gong gong

B

- a. *In The Still Of The Nite*
- b. *Pretty Little Angel Eyes and also Little Girl of Mine*
- c. *Duke Of Earl*
- d. *Tutti Frutti*
- e. *Why Do Fools Fall In Love*
- f. *Witch Doctor*
- g. *Land of 1000 Dances*
- h. *I'm Blue*
- i. *Little Bitty Pretty One*
- j. *Get A Job*

If you enjoy music trivia and nostalgia, I think you'll enjoy *hearing* some of the things I've written about in past issues of *Buddy*. I hope you will join me Saturday nights at Midnight on WFAA Musicradio for two hours of nostalgic nothings and fun. I'll be glad to answer your questions on moldy-oldies. Write to me c/o WFAA, Communications Center,

Dallas, 75202.

February 3, 1974 is the 15th anniversary of the first major rock music tragedy - the air crash which took the lives of Ritchie Valens, Big Bopper, and Buddy Holly . . . for whom this mag was named. In the next issue, this column will feature a rare interview with Buddy Holly which was taped from a TV show in 1958. On a more

local level, this writer has already spent over 40 hours researching, writing, and scripting a 2-hour radio special devoted to Holly, Valens, and Bopper. The production is taking a lot more time than expected. Should the special be completed in time for reviewing before deadline, it will be aired in Dallas on February 3, most likely on WFAA. Stay tuned.

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**RECORD REVIEWS**  
Cont. from page 9

*Standing in the doorway  
of 953 West, —  
The afternoon Sounds  
And the Shadows,  
The reflections —  
And the Momentary Silences  
All Press one into  
A Motionless Observer,  
No thoughts or feelings  
Disturb the Anesthetic  
Of this reality.*

— Jim Slaughter

**J. Geils Band  
LADIES INVITED**  
Atlantic Records

Last Spring I spent a miserable hour in line out front of the Majestic Theatre to see a group I had just been introduced to a week before on the In Concert program. The band had made such an impact on me that I promised myself to see them live should they ever come to Dallas. The following Friday I dropped in at the Preston Ticket Agency to buy seats for the upcoming Alice Cooper concert. While I was going over the list of schedules, a name appeared magically right above the

posting for Alice's Sado-Snake Revue. J. Geils — J. Geils Band! Sorry, Alice, I apologized as I made a drastic shift in plans.

The next night I was standing out front of the Majestic at 7:00 sharp with a date. The date kept complaining about the nasty weather. I was very chilly and drizzly and her hair kept doing frizzy loop-the-loops, you see. Finally, after being suffocated by the heat and stinch of packed-in humanity under the shelter of the marquee for half an hour, the doors opened and we were carried in on a veritable tidal wave of howling, long haired, gum smacking, fag smoking adolescents. I vividly recall the screams for mercy as unfortunates were literally trampled to death in the mad rush for good seats. I lost my date in all the confusion, but found her a little later huddled in a corner over by the concessions with a crazed look of terror in her eyes. I placed a comforting arm around her quivering shoulders as I escorted her into the auditorium. It was her first rock concert.

The long wait outside had been bad enough, but when the back up group, some English glitter crap called Tranquility, came out and gave everyone a sonic enema with their syrupy sweet

The J. Geils Band.





twiddle dees and frilly ejaculations, I wondered if seeing J. Geils was worth it. Finally, they were gone, thank God, and the long wait was at its end. The date kept complaining about Tranquility's tinselled decadence all the way up to the lights dimming out all over the auditorium in readiness for The Boston Bad Boys. There was an explosion of clapping and whistling as ghostly figures moved into the pale blue lighting of the stage. Then a deep ominous silence as pulses quickened and breathing all but stopped. I could feel the nerve-shattering tenseness pervading the audience like a palpable presence. Then the first deafening chord was sounded, blasting the quiet to smithierines, followed quickly by another and another like the warming up of some monstrous locomotive as a spotlight zeroed in on a wild looking creature sprinting on tiptoes across the stage screaming, "Well, some people look at the eyes!"

For those of you who saw this concert or the more recent one at Memorial last Sept., the name J. Geils should be synonymous with energy - atomic energy. Even if the closest you've been to seeing this group perform live has been watching a tape on the In Concert show, you should still have a fairly good idea of the kind of electrifying rapport these boys establish with an audience. I've never been to a concert where I saw more audience participation. When you go see the J. Geils Band you may as well leave your free will outside the theatre because it won't do you a bit of good inside. They're going to have you under a spell from the moment they start to play. If you try to resist their commands, severe neural conflicts will develop causing you all kinds of anxiety. Even your humble reviewer who is noted for his stoical attitude at rock concerts was up foot stompin' and hand clappin' right along with everybody else.

The J. Geils Band personifies the American Dream for millions of glassy eyed rock addicts - lotza moolah, flashy clothes, racy livin', endless copulation, booze, dope, fame. Since the band knows that no matter what they do, the audience is going to be focussed exclusively on singer Peter Wolf, the group has made him a living symbol of that dream. They gave him a sparkling dollar sign which Wolf sports blantly on his chest, and a rubber guitar which he wobbles around like a grotesque penis. The fact that Wolf holds and strokes the neck at loin level further enhances the illusion.

Peter Wolf, a scarecrow thin, grubby bearded devotee of old rockers like John Lee Hooker and Sam Cook looks and performs like he would be easily capable of chug-a-luggin' a pint of Southern Comfort while fighting his way out of a chair-swinging, mirror-crashing bar room brawl just as a warm up to laying every whore in an L.A. massage parlor. He struts out on stage looking like he's going to kill somebody, traipsing back and forth like a

Cont. on page 28

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# GARBAGE ROCK N ROLL

- december 29    zoo concert, deep purple—10:00 pm
- december 31    allman brothers and marshall tucker band—10:00 pm
- january 5        zoo concert, jack bruce and friends—10:00 pm
- january 7        in concert, seals and crofts—11:00 pm
- january 19      zoo concert, faces, rory gallagher—10:00 pm
- january 24      bob dylan story—6:00 pm to 12 midnight





# EVENTS THRU JAN

## CONCERTS

**Leon Russell, Willie Nelson, Kinky Friedman and the Texas Jewboys,** Dec. 31, Market Hall, Dallas. Tickets \$10.



**Leon Russell.**

**Bob Dylan, The Band,** Jan. 25, Tarrant County Convention Center. Sorry tickets have been sold out now for some time.

**Chicago,** Feb. 1 (tentative—location not known at press time).

## CLUBS

**Abbey Inn,** 720 Medallion Center, 369-2179. Open 11:30 am to 2 am. Everything 1/2 price on Sundays. N.Y. Eve Gladstone and Mouse and the traps. (\$5 per)  
 Jan 2-6 Mouse and the Traps  
 9-13 Gladstone  
 16-20 Mouse and the Traps  
 23-27 Gladstone  
 And Alex Neely every Tuesday.

**Adobe Flats,** 4422 Lemmon, 526-2080. Open 11 am daily (Sun 1pm) until 2 am. Music starts around sundown and the bands are consistantly fine. Mixed drinks and beer. \$1 cover on weekends, 50 cents on week nights. Tequilla is the house drink as you might expect.

N.Y. Eve The Night Crawlers (\$5 per, free chmpne)  
 Jan 1-7 Gangster  
 8-14 Second Wind  
 15-20 Gamble

**Annex,** 3407 Kings Rd., 521-7680. Live Music nightly. 50 cent cover on weekends, \$1.00 for N.Y. eve.

**Boogers,** 3400 Kings Rd., 526-9491. Open daily, beer and wine only. Tues. all the beer you can drink for \$3 men, \$1 women. 50 cent cover on Friday and Sat nights for T.T. Taylor and the Rice Paddy Raiders.

**Bo's Place,** 3311 Oak Lawn. One of the oldest bars in the Oak Lawn area. Beer and wine only. Street people like Bo's, it likes them.

**Cisco Kid,** 5400 Lemmon, 526-0826. Open 10 am-2 am. Happy hour (2 for 1) 4:30-7. Sat morn happy hour 7 to noon with Bloody Marys going for \$.50 a hit. Johnny Dodd and the Boogie Band on New Years Eve.

**Crazy Horse,** 1629 Eagle Drive, Denton, 397-1931. Membership only. Laid back atmosphere, live acoustic and soft rock music. Cover according to band. Great nachos.

**Daddios,** Commerce St in downtown Ft. Worth, 332-0752. \$.50 cover for the legendary Robert Ealy and his Five Careless Lovers (Patoski's favorites) on Mondays and Jazz nights on Wednesdays.

**Electric Circus,** 6400 Gaston, 827-4291. Discotheque with DJ, drummer and dandy dance floor. Cover varies.

**Ethyl's,** 3605 McKinney, 522-8900. Bluegrass on Tuesdays, jam on Sun. Beer and wine only.

**Everybody's Talking,** 5300 Camp Bowie, Ft. Worth, 731-8055. Cover varies.  
 Jan. 2-6 Second Wind  
 7-9 Sunset Harmony Boys  
 10-16 Virginia Breeze  
 14-15 Black Horse



**Michael Murphey.**

**Fifty-Seven Doors,** 4001 Cedar Springs, 521-6530. Mostly hip country, but Herbie Hancock is coming in February and Mimi Farina was there last month.

N.Y. Eve Michael Murphey  
 Jan 8-12 Billy Joe Shaver  
 14-19 Ronnie Milsap and Vince Matthews  
 28-31 Michael Murphey and Bill & Bonnie Hearne

**Final Exam,** 1621 W. Hickory, Denton, 387-9646. Membership only, beer and mixed drinks. Try the Tequilla Surtise.

**Garage,** 600 Houston St., Fort Worth, 332-3844. Cover \$1.00 week, \$1.50 weekends.

N.Y.-Jan5 McKool  
 7-12 LoDella  
 14-19 LoDella  
 21-26 New Savvy  
 28-Feb 2 New Savvy.

**Gemini's Eye,** corner of Jefferson and Great Southwest Parkway in Grand Prairie, 263-8475. Texas plays on New Years Eve. G.E. has a great sound system, huge dance floor, nice management and good vibes. Only place of its kind in the mid-cities area.



**Werewolves.**

**Gertie's,** 3911 Lemmon, 528-3842. Cover varies with attraction. On New Year's Eve they'll have the Werewolves, Krakerjack, Power, and Memorial. And they'll have a benefit for NORML on January 27, all the beer you can drink for \$3.00 and all proceeds go to legalize freedom.

**Head North,** 2814 Azle Avenue, Ft. Worth. Live bands every week. Beer, wine and dancing. 17 game machinés. \$1.25 pitchers.

**The Hop,** 2905 W. Berry Street near TCU in Ft. Worth. 624-0539. Live music on Wed and Sat, currently featuring bluesman Robert Ealey and his Five Careless Lovers on Wed. Call for other bands, they don't book too far ahead. The food's good, try the 'nana pud'n.

**J. Alfred's,** 4217 Oak Lawn, 526-9222. Good jukebox, crowded every night, nice folks. Sandwiches. No cover except on New Year's Eve when its \$1.50 for the Silver City Somethings from Austin.

**James Comedy,** 5417 Greenville Ave. across from Old Town, 369-6202. Live music nightly, mostly "cover" groups as befits a singles bar of which this is one of the leaders. Cover charge.



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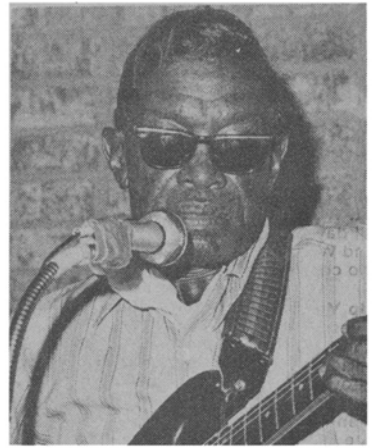
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**Lightnin' Hopkins.**

**Mother Blue's**, 3717 Rawlins, 521-3842. You never can tell what visiting musician will sit in or drop by at Ma Blue's. Its the best listening club in town. Cover varies with attraction and also gets you in at Gertie's. On New Years Eve Lightnin' Hopkins will be in the Blues Room and the Stone Brothers in the Back Room.

**Nutcracker**, 6500 Camp Bowie, Ft. Worth, 731-8764. Live music all week. Cover \$1.00 weekdays, \$1.50 Fri, \$2.00 Sat.

**The Other Place**, 3039 N. Northwest Highway, 358-5511. Open 1 pm-2 am, Happy hour 4-8 pm.  
Nw Y. Eve Monopoly, L.T.D.  
Jan 1-6 Monopoly  
7-13 Ernie Terrell and the Heavyweights  
14 Cal Roberts

**Panther Hall**, 600 S. Collard St., Ft. Worth, 536-2891. This is Ft. Worth's legendary country music palace, now featuring rock bands every Friday night.  
Dec. 29 Johnny Bush  
N.Y. Eve Cow Smith and Jeanie Sheppard  
Jan 26 Waylon Jennings  
Feb. 2 Sammi Smith  
Feb. 23 Johnny Rodriguez

**Place Across the Street**, Greenville and Lovers Lane, 691-0141.  
NY-Jan 6 The Big Beats  
7-20 Monopoly LTD  
21-31 Rock Gardin

**The Quiet Man**, 3210 Knox St., 526-9115. Bluegrass band on Thurs night. Local people appearing nightly, like Si Ross, George Potter, Rex Johnson and Smedley.

**Ritz Pub**, 2621 McKinney, 824-9491. Open noon to 2 am daily. 50-cents cover for band.  
Dec. 28 2nd Anniversary Party  
N.Y. Eve Summerfield, \$5 couple, free champagne, favors  
Jan 2-5 Texas Weather  
9-12 Summerfield  
16-19 Ray Wylie Hubbard  
23-26 Texas Weather  
30-Feb 2 Summerfield

**Rubaiyat**, 4207 Maple, 526-9134. America's oldest folk club. Cover usually not over \$2.00.  
N.Y. Eve Silver City Saddle  
Tramps  
Jan 1-5 Ewing St. Times  
8-12 Navarro  
18-19 Kenneth Threadgill  
22-26 Alex Harver  
29-Feb 2 Don Crawford

**Silver Eagle Mining Co.**, 3121 Inwood Rd., 357-1911. Open 4 pm-2 am daily, free popcorn. 50-cents cover also gets you into the Annex. Keese will be playing on New Years Eve.

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**Stonleigh P.**, 2926 Maple, 741-0824. Classical, jazz, soft rock and camp on the jukebox. Food and drinks. Photographers and film people like to drink here, like Gary Bishop and Jim Beshears, also a few crazies like Kitch. 11:30 to 2 am.

**Showdown II**, 4907 Camp Bowie, Ft. Worth. Happy hour 2-7 and all day Sun. Ladies' nights on Mon and Wed—free draw beer after 7. No cover.

**Up Your Alley**, 5645 Yale, 368-9598. Tues-Sat featuring Bowlee, Wilson and Kindrick. Closed Mon. Cover varies (whatever the traffic will allow).

**Veneton Room**, Ross and Akard in the Fairmont Hotel. The "class" room of Dallas. Dining and dancing. Jerry Gray is musical director. Cover from \$5.00 up to the sky.  
 Jan 1-9 Vic Damone  
 10-23 Marlene Dietrich  
 24-29 Frankie Laine

**Village Tavern**, 714 Medallion, 368-9107. Live bands exc Sun. Open 11-2 am. Sandwiches. Cover \$1.50 Fri and Sat.  
 N.Y. Eve Talk of the Town  
 Jan 7-19 Quest  
 21-31 Tim and Bill

**Western Place**, 6651 Skillman, 341-7100; "Nashville's Sound with Dallas' Style", reservations helpful for:  
 N.Y. Eve Bobby Smith and his Country Blues  
 Jan 16-17 Johnny Paycheck

**Winners Circle**, 3211 W. Northwest Hwy, 357-9621. Open 11 am-2 am daily. No cover. Music Tues-Sat.



Al Green.

## AUDIO/VIDEO

### TELEVISION

**Jan. 4, Midnight Special**, 12 pm, Ch. 5, "Best in '73" (film clips). Jim Croce, Dr. Hook, Edward Bear, Doby Gray, Al Green, Gladys Knight & the Pips, Loggins and Messina, Curtis Mayfield, O.Jays, Billy Paul, Billy Preston, Charlie Rich, Spinners, Stories, Eric Welsburg and Deliverance, Edgar Winter.

**Jan. 4, Don Kirshner's Rock Concert**, Midnight, Ch. 11. Isley Brothers, Poco, Mahavishnu Orchestra, Billy Joel.

**Jan. 7, In Concert**, 11 pm, Ch 8. Seals and Crofts, Jesse Colin Young, Walter Heath, Eddie Kendrick. (Stereo sound on KZEW 98fm)

**Jan. 18, Don Kirshner's Rock Concert**, 12 pm, Ch 11. Starring

Steve Miller (9 songs) and Raspberries (6 songs).

### RADIO

**Zoo Concerts**, KZEW 98 fm:  
 Dec 29 Deep Purple (BBC) 10 pm  
 Dec 31 Allman Brothers and the Marshall Tucker Band, 10pm  
 Jan. 5 Jack Bruce and friends (BBC), 10 pm  
 Jan 7 "In Concert", 11 pm  
 Jan 19 Faces, Rory Gallagher (BBC), 10 pm  
 Jan. 24 Bob Dylan Story, 6pm to midnight



Rory Gallagher

### KZEW Sunday Programs:

5:15-6:30 am "Heaven is in Your Mind", Brother John  
 6:30-7:00 Integral Yoga  
 7:00-7:40 Black America  
 7:40-8:30 Alan Watts Lectures  
 8:30-10:00 Heaven is in Your Mind  
 10:00-12:00 Marty Lowy Telephone talk show

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Sam Deckard—drums. 271-7105.

Experienced female vocalist needs good working band. Rock, blues, jazz. No amateurs, please. 274-9679.

Charlie Bob "Cool Breeze" Kitch seeking established psychedelic blue grass Satanic polka band. Doubles on pudding trick with duck. 352-9646.

Need drummer to play jazz and originals. 893-0994 or 892-6692. ask for Craig or Gene.

Bass & keyboard players needed to complete group. Must be sincere and willing to practice. 231-9510.

Drummer needs a band. Experienced. Open to virtually anything. Mike. 339-8444.

Horn section available for rock group. 2—4 horns. Have charts, experience and, of course, are good. This is your group's chance to have a horn section on a silver platter. Danny, 234-4483.

James Lee. Organ. 325-5180.

Lead, bass & organ/piano wanted for established recording group playing everything from C&W, Top 40, blues, heavy to bubblegum. Career-minded only. Call Kenny, 352-1865.

Musicians Unclassifieds are provided free as a service to the north Texas musical community. They are intended to help musicians get together with each other and find gigs. We do not accept ads for people trying to buy or sell instruments. Address all insertions to:  
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## RECORDS

Cont. from page 23

caged animal holding the entire weight of a mike stand in one hand while blowing out hot beer breath through thick round lips that have probably accommodated the mouths of enough whiskey bottles to fill up the Fillmore East. There's one thing that Wolf does during "I Can't Do My Homework Anymore," that fascinates me. It's where he squat hops like a cartoon monkey on the floor while extending his right arm toward J. Geils and holding his nose with his left hand as if making an olfactory observation on the strange whines issuing from Geils' guitar. At one point Wolf tells his audience there are two kinds of rock people — Crazies and Lazies. He immediately settles the question of which classification the group falls in by declaring, "We got six Crazies right up here on stage," as if we didn't know already.

None of the band's members can boast any exceptional musical ability, but they are all competent and tight. *Ladies Invited*, their newest release on Atlantic is a typical J. Geils album but with a little more sophistication and a little less gusto than their



others. It is by no means a disappointing L.P. for hard J. Geils fans, but most of the songs either sound like rehashes of their earlier stuff or variations on other artist's material.

One of the more notable efforts on the album is "Did You No Wrong" which starts out with a DC5 Bits and Pieces stomp that quickly moves into one of the niftiest little bass runs I've ever heard. The song gyrates through the traditional C7/F7 schtick with the piano taking prominence until somewhere about the middle they break into a totally unexpected transition chock full of bluesy Chicago chords. The organ even manages to produce a tolerable simulation of the horn sound.

But my favorite is the very last one on the album, a soft five minute piece called, "Chimes." It is probably the most original thing they've ever put together. "Chimes" is about being stoned in a lonely hotel room late at night. The streets are deserted and possibly wet from a cold Autumn shower. Neons flash eerily in the puddles. A train rumbles by far away. No one out except corpse-like pushers prowling the cavernous alleys for victims. But all of the victims are inside like the man in the hotel room who sits staring out the window. Suddenly the chorus comes ringing in, "I hear the chimes" on top of four organ chords that really suggest the sound of doleful bells. The song is especially meaningful to me because I went through much the same sort of thing in Shreveport several years ago. Long empty nights and sky high walks through the ancient streets listening to the incessant pealing of church bells. It's a beautiful song. J. Geils really surprised me with his guitar work, a kind of dreamy Pink Floydian psychedelia that speaks well for his versatility. So far the appeal for me of the J. Geils Band has been with their live appearances, but if they continue with more things like "Chimes" then I'll be rushing to the music stores as eagerly as I have to their concerts.

- Jim Slaughter

#### FILM REVIEW

Cont from page 4

order man, has misspoke himself.

A few hints on films to see if you are not totally convinced that the media distorts the truth beyond recognition: to understand *Siddhartha* see *Zacharia*, to understand Nixon see *Paper Moon*, and to understand yourself try *O Lucky Man*.

- John Michael

**SIDDHARTHA** is scheduled to start January 16 at the Fine Arts Theater in Dallas and the TCU in Ft. Worth.

#### QUIZ ANSWERS

Cont from page 21

- |      |       |
|------|-------|
| 1. d | 6. a  |
| 2. f | 7. i  |
| 3. e | 8. b  |
| 4. g | 9. c  |
| 5. j | 10. h |

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# KINKY

Cont. from page 20

**Arnold Shelby:** Ask him what he wrote his Doctoral thesis in.

**Buddy:** What did you write your Doctoral thesis in?

**Kinky:** Well... ok, I gotta tell you... it was a monograph of the Flathead Indians of Montana. No, actually I never got a Doctorate. I never even got my Masters Degree.

**Buddy:** But you got your b.s. degree.

**Kinky:** That's right. You see, I got my Bachelor's in "Plan II", which is an advanced liberal arts program at the University of Texas. Unlike most country performers, I did not get my Master's.

But it's hard... it's a handicap to be a country performer when you've got a college degree, you know? When you're from an upper-middle class Jewish background... how the hell can you be cool and romantic and hip if you weren't part of a group of Okies going to California or an Arkansas dirt farmer or something like that?? I'm serious about that. It held me back. Hell, Jack London ran away from home when he was about ten years old. I had a very supportive background, my parents were very understanding... and that basically impedes your development in this area, as a country artist.

**Buddy:** How did you go from campfires, though, to where you are today? What happened in-between? Somebody didn't just see you at Echo Hill...

**Kinky:** I leapt from relative obscurity (SKV) raht into the goddam national ahball! (straight) No, I don't even remember... The group was formed like the Monkees, you know? We did the album and then we brought the group together afterwards, in highly contrived fashion. As it turned out... it's not the fact that we're the tightest band in the world or the best band, musically, or anything like that. Or that we wear hippie clothes or country clothes on stage... it's that we have a certain feel, an attitude. And that we have a soulful touch about our material and the way we come across to an audience that is unique amongst country groups and rock groups today, and this is what we're ridin' on.

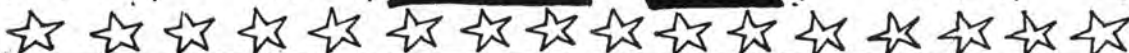
**Buddy:** What do your parents think now? Are they still supportive?

**Kinky:** They were run over last week by a Bookmobile in Austin, Texas. No, actually, the Jewish community sees it in an entirely different aspect. Did you know we're on page two of the *National Jewish Post and Opinion* this week? It's a very nice story. It says we raise the old classic questions, you know, of who the hell you are. It makes everybody stop and think about it for a minute. I was quoted in there as saying "Judaism, like some other religions, has room for change and conflict." That's all. It has a lot of space for rent, because there's a lot of people moving out.



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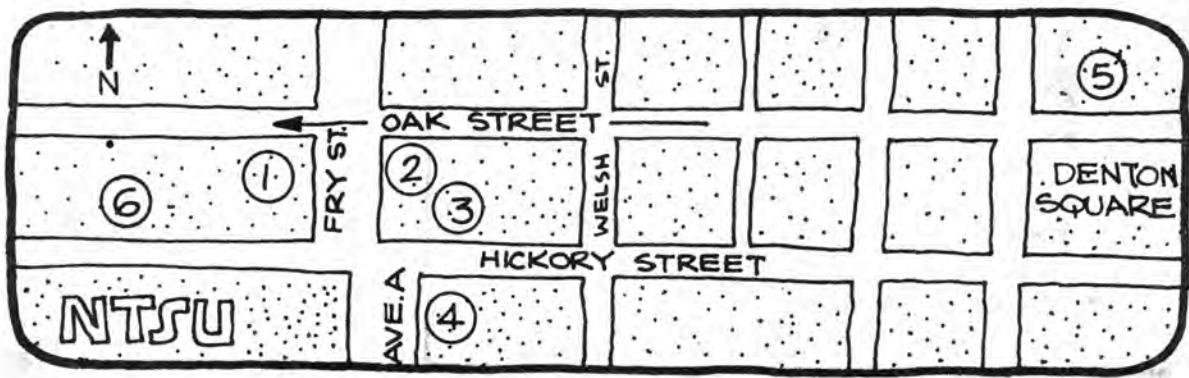
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