

33982-062IND

THE BRIAN WILSON
INTERVIEW: "IT'S SCARY!"

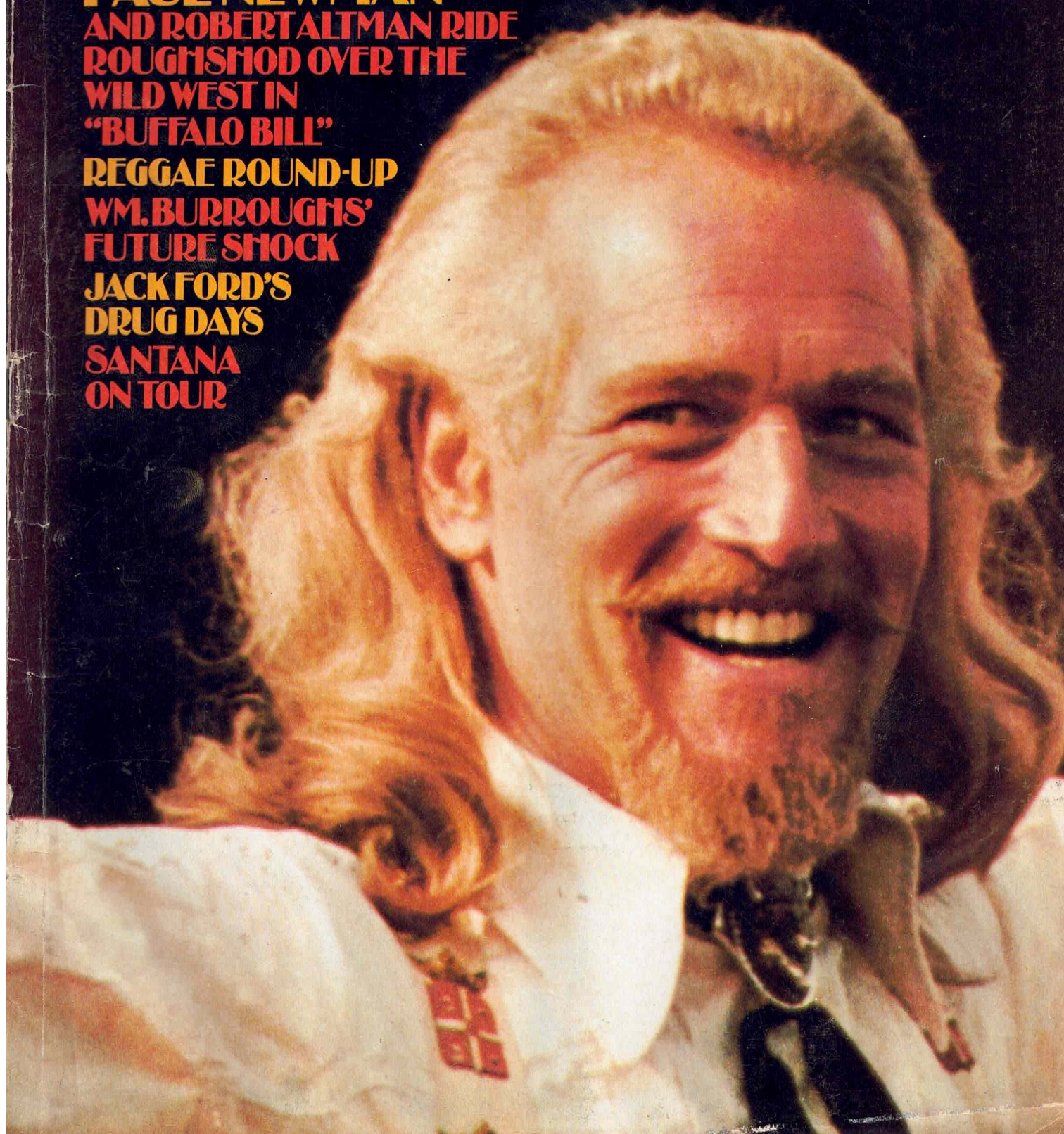
U.K. 45p
JULY 1976 \$1.00

CRAWDADDY

PAUL NEWMAN
AND ROBERT ALTMAN RIDE
ROUGHSHOD OVER THE
WILD WEST IN
"BUFFALO BILL"

REGGAE ROUND-UP
WM. BURROUGHS'
FUTURE SHOCK

JACK FORD'S
DRUG DAYS
SANTANA
ON TOUR





CRAWDADDY

Features

When Legends Die:
Buffalo Bob &
the Indians
34



Democratic director Robert Altman follows up his *Nashville* extravaganza with a movie that may do to Paul Newman what *Last Tango* did for Brando. Geraldine Chaplin, E.L. Doctorow, Burt Lancaster, Harvey Keitel, Will Sampson and a host of other Cowboys & Indians improvise like crazy but collide head-on with history. "Like Sitting Bull," says Altman, "we'll probably be slaughtered."

Jim Trombetta

Brian Wilson Part II:
Escaping from
The Endless Bummer
42



For the first time—at home with the lonely lifeguard of the Beach Boys. After a ride around Deadman's Curve, Brian ushers us inside the Big Wall to shoot some hoops, take a ride on the Shoot-the-Chute and talk about being "out of it." The final word on *Smile*. The first word on the new oldies album. Plus: more mystery and intrigue. *The Marilyn Wilson Story*. Will Warner Bros. let him make a solo album? Does he care? "Boy! Where is my memory? Now *what* was I thinking of?"

Timothy White

Three
Nightmare
Visions
55



What's going to happen when shit, smack and the CIA *really* hit the fan. Read at your own risk.

William S. Burroughs

Crossroads
Brand new Orleans,
a double Dip of
Santana, Dion's
latest comeback
and America's
bicentennial plans.
18



Columns

The Naked Emperor	Paul Krassner	12
AudiOhm	W. Arkin Kanner	14
Campoos '76	The Firesign Theatre	31
Crawdoodah Gazette	compiled by Greg Mitchell	
Jack Ford on the Pot	Bruce Margolius	
Patty Hearst on the Ropes	William Kunstler	59

Records

Marley, Toots &
Big Youth, Zep,
Weather Report,
Cocker, Crotch-Rock
and the Return of
the Grievous Angel

65

'intuitive' vs. the 'cognitive', and 'attack' vs. 'escape' and so on. I took the thoughts I came up with in the essays and turned them into the title song; the rest of the songs were written or positioned with the first in mind."

Another thing Orleans kept in mind was the necessity for a single. Back when their last album was completed, the group wanted "Dance With Me" to be their first 45 off it, but Asylum disagreed, choosing instead, "Let There Be Music." But when it met with a lukewarm reception, "Dance With Me" was trotted out, sold a healthy 750,000 copies and boosted the album's lagging sales. The group feels the lp lost a lot of momentum in the marketplace as a result of that early indiscretion; this time they're determined to select a suitable single right from the git-go.

The prime contenders are the R&B-tinged "Spring Fever," written by Larry Hoppen and Marilyn Mason, which features a sax solo by Michael Brecker, and a J&J Hall effort entitled "Still The One."

"I'm prejudiced," says Johanna with a laugh, "but I think that 'Still The One,' is the best bet, because it's a love song with a melody that's immediately accessible. You hum it the first time you hear it—even your mother would like it!"

"For the last four years, all this band has done is play and record, with practically no time off," John rules, "and if this album is a commercial and critical success, the biggest dividend would be a boost in confidence and self-esteem."

"Just for one second, all of us would like to feel we made a great record the public can really appreciate. We'll be getting a push on it from the record company that we might not get again and we want to make sure we hold up our end of the bargain. Our eyes are wide open, and if it really happens this time, we want to pinch ourselves and know it's not a dream."

—Timothy White

THE ICE CREAM MAN COMETH

LACROSSE, WISC.—"Everything OK with the Dip?"

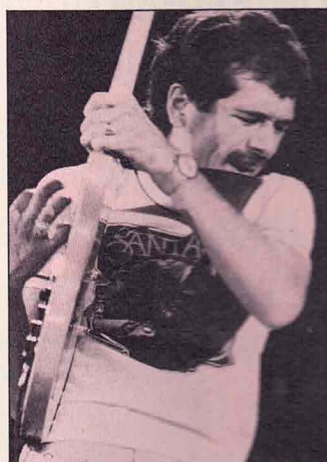
The New Santana Band's road manager, Arnie Pustilnik, is inquiring after Devadip Carlos Santana's comfort. He stands wearily at the front desk of a Holiday Inn which could be anywhere in the country but happens to sit here in LaCrosse. Ray Etzler, Santana's personal road manager, bodyguard, amateur psychologist, traveling general practitioner and, most of all, friend, is calm. The flight in from Fargo, North Dakota had been rough and the band is finally sleeping soundly.

Etzler is using his moments of silence to read a *Rolling Stone* cover story written at the beginning of Santana's tour, when they were playing with a new percussionist, Francisco Aguabella. "That's what you get for putting the cart before the horse," he sighs as he reads the glowing reports of how well the new percussionist was working out. Francisco Aguabella had been fired after three dates. "He just didn't fit in," Etzler explains. "We'd originally wanted a timbales player so Ndugu [Leon Chandler] didn't have to double on drums and timbales, and Armando Peraza wasn't feeling well at the beginning of the tour, so we hired Francisco even though he was more of a conga player. But he turned out not to be the timbales player we needed, the band sounded too busy, so he had to go."

Etzler confirms that the band has changed its evil ways. "They never really party," he explains, rather bemusedly. "None of them smoke, or even drink that much. A few of them may get laid more than the others, but that's as far as it goes. Their pace is just too demanding—it takes great concentration to be able to play the kind of music they want to make. Ndugu said something half in jest in an interview about feeling that your playing isn't affected if you have too much sex the night before, but it's true that you don't have the energy to play

as well if you expend too much of it partying. . . ."

Etzler knew Santana before his conversion into a disciple of Sri Chinmoy, and maintains that the psychic alteration has been good for the band leader. "I'm a practicing cynic," he admits. "I'll be the one to say 'Let's throw him in the pool to see if he can walk on water, then I'll believe.' But Carlos



Carlos: soon to be stoned?

has been changed for the better as a result of his guru. If he lost patience with a person he used to say 'Cancel him!' just like that. Now he's more open. Sometimes he'll be really blown out on a tour and he'll take a couple of days off, go see the guru, and come back all energized."

"Whatever the reason, this group is better now than they've ever been since I've known them. The most talented people are always the most insecure, and Carlos has had his share of self-doubts. I think a big turning point for him was the Eric Clapton tour. Clapton openly praised his playing, which really brought him out because he's always admired Clapton and McLaughlin, thought they were better than him. Carlos is soloing with a lot more confidence now, mixing his ideas well—'Samba Pa Ti' used to be pretty much what all his solos sounded like, but he's really matured as a musician as well as a person."

Santana has assembled a band which once again promises to redefine his musical

limits. *Amigos*, the tenth Santana album, incorporates all the facets of the group's best moments, combining the soulful dance rhythms of their earliest days with the playing sophistication they subsequently developed. Two holdovers from the last band provide a solid foundation: Tom Coster, an extraordinary keyboardist whose influence on the new record is even more pervasive than Santana's, and Armando Peraza, recognized in many circles as the greatest conga player in the world (his collaboration with Mongo Santamaria created the kind of musical

THE BAND IS
GOING TO FALL
IF WE DON'T
HAVE A GOAL...
I COULD
GIVE MUSIC UP
AND BE A GOOD
DISHWASHER

energy which originally inspired the Santana band).

Drummer Ndugu Leon Chandler is the band's prime mover, not just through his intense playing and influence on *Amigos* but as a counterforce to Santana's personality. He lives to this day in the black Los Angeles ghetto of Watts, and came to Santana from a stint with Miles Davis. He is tough, wary and survival-oriented, a striking contrast to Devadip's spirituality. The band's two newest members were brought in through Chandler—bassist Byron Miller from the Roy Ayers band, and singer Greg Walker, an old acquaintance from Watts. This is the band whose grueling tour schedule will take them to virtually every American major concert area by the year's end, and on the road with the Rolling Stones.

Another generally acknowledged reason for the band's renaissance is the active management role as-

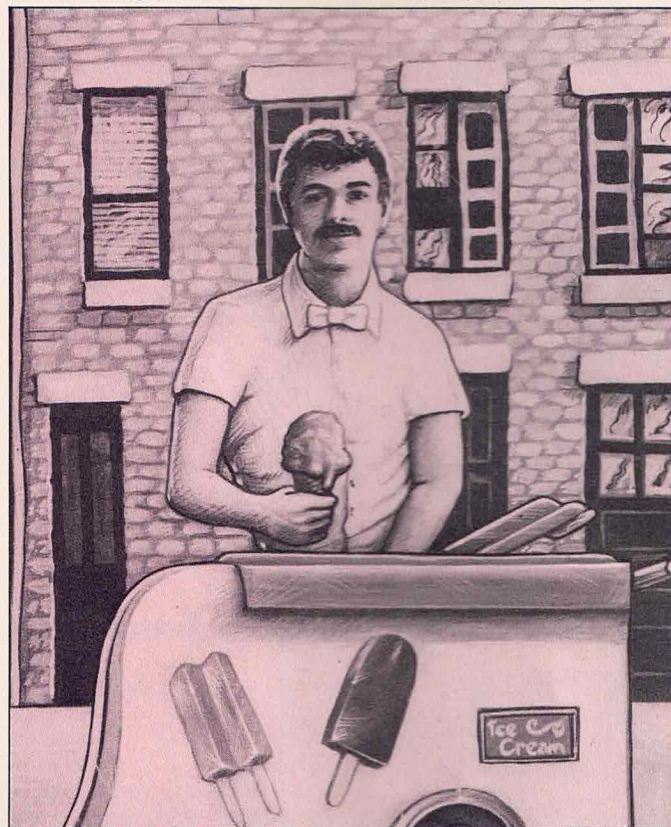
sumed by Bill Graham. "Graham really got Columbia to jump through hoops," Etzler beams, and the results are obvious. *Amigos* promises to be the largest-selling Santana album, and Graham was instrumental in setting up the Rolling Stones dates. But there's a subtle by-product of this relationship—Graham had felt that the band wasn't communicating to their audience, that Devadip's devotional interest and the band's general sophistication were not what "the people" wanted to hear from Santana. So there's this touchy area about commerciality. Nobody's really sure how to explain it, but everybody agrees that *Amigos* is the answer, whether or not it's the "music of the streets" it's been advertised as. The obvious discrepancy is that street music is far from devotional. "What do you see on the streets?" Ndugu asks. "People partying, people getting down and having a good time. There's a liquor store on every corner, and the church is never far away either."

Ndugu, Walker and Miller form a clique within the band that keeps their energy high and their attitude lighthearted. They have little use for Sri Chinmoy. They're happy with *Amigos*, but have their reservations. Some of Walker's vocals were edited out without him knowing it, and he wishes the band would better utilize his vocal potential.

Tom Coster, Devadip's conceptual partner and closest friend in the band, has his own evaluation of their commercial dilemma. "The musician's growth is greater than the listener's," he reasons, "so we must be careful not to go too far over their heads. But the basic criticism is that we are too jazz-oriented, but music is moving in that direction anyway, which benefits jazz-era people like us. I enjoy playing some of the more simple things I'm required to do, and when I solo I do get a chance to get out there, so I'm pleased at what I'm able to do within our structure."

Much of the structure is supported by Devadip Carlos

Santana's embrace of Sri Chinmoy. Santana's devotion has slammed head-on into rock 'n roll cynicism and, more than any proclivity toward jazz, probably has brought on his recent decline in popularity. But he sincerely believes it helps him live the kind of life he wants. "In '69 when Larry Coryell told me about meditation, I didn't wanna hear about it. I was into snakeskin boots and smoking pot."



The young Carlos had a lot to prove. "My father had been a musician so I was exposed to music early, but I never thought of playing in a band until I was angry enough. I worked in Tic Tocks in San Francisco, I was a dishwasher there, and I was very angry because I was doing my job so well that they fired the other guy who was working with me and I had to do the work of two. Then one night I saw the Grateful Dead pull up to the Fillmore in limousines and I said to myself, 'If they can do it, I can do it.'" Together with a bunch of friends, Carlos formed a blues band, and when they ran into a conga player who

introduced them to fiery Latin songs like "Jingo" and "Soul Sacrifice" the band developed their own sound.

After accomplishing what he set out to do, Carlos was still unhappy. "I used to get angry a lot, so I got my way a lot. I remember feeling that I always wanted to be in someone's arms. It was because of me that the original band broke up—I wasn't inspiring enough to keep myself and my friends

plains, "you can always be thrown out. But realization is an eternal palace. We have to change otherwise we are nothing. Having gold records on my wall means nothing. The reality of what I am is an instrument of God. I want progress, not success. Though music is my life I could give it up and be a good dishwasher—even music, as beautiful as it is, is a creation, not a creator. I find myself looking to transcend myself—if not, if music becomes self-aggrandizement, I'll leave because I'll eventually suffer from it."

Devadip's spiritual quest didn't keep him from striving for musical goals. Just as he'd wanted to prove he could do what the Grateful Dead could do before, now he wanted to match the accomplishments of the Mahavishnu Orchestra and Weather Report. This raised technical problems for a self-taught musician. He accomplished what he'd set out to do as a band leader on *Welcome*, but deemphasized his playing in doing so. "I didn't play as much guitar on *Welcome*," he recalls, "because I'd begun to doubt my technical ability. The one piece on the record that I did play with Mahavishnu, 'Flame/Sky,' was based on a riff from a Chick Corea song ['To Whom It May Concern'] on a Tony Williams album. But I realize now you don't have to be a scientist with a degree from Berklee School of Music to play well. I can't read music and some people can. To me it means nothing, though—technique can bind you."

Santana says the band's good-natured razzing doesn't bother him. "I like to have fun, joy is sincerity. I don't want to be somebody who can't take a joke, so when they call me Ice Cream Man because I wear white, I can laugh with them." In fact, Carlos says he often feels more at home with his band than he does with other Chinmoy disciples. "It's hard to explain, but I don't have that much in common with them. Also, in their simpleness they

progressing. I got into drugs. Things really got out of hand when it ended up that one individual in the band was supplying heavy drugs. I was doing drugs too but my soul was never possessed by the big one. For kids out of high school it was like hide and seek at first. But then, like anything, you do it every day and you get bored."

Carlos became a disciple of Sri Chinmoy after being introduced by Mahavishnu John McLaughlin. The guru told Carlos his true name was Devadip—"the eye, the lamp and the light of the supreme." His music took on a different attitude. "Experience is a rented house," he ex-

can sometimes take advantage of you. They will say, 'I know Devadip, he will play at this benefit for us,' when I'm already contracted to play somewhere else that night." He suggests that a similar feeling may have been the cause for Mahavishnu's recent falling out with the ways of the Chinmoy disciples.

"I can't stand people being holier than thou," he asserts, and returns to his relationship with his band. "Some people in the band are very young mentally but mature musically. It takes longer to get a point across to a young man or an old man. I don't want the music to sound like invocations because I don't want to put people to sleep. People come to a concert to be uplifted. I've yet to sit down with this band and say where we are going, let's do it and get on with our business. The band is going to fall if we don't have a goal to aspire to, like Tarzan reaching for another vine to carry him forward. Earth, Wind and Fire has that oneness.

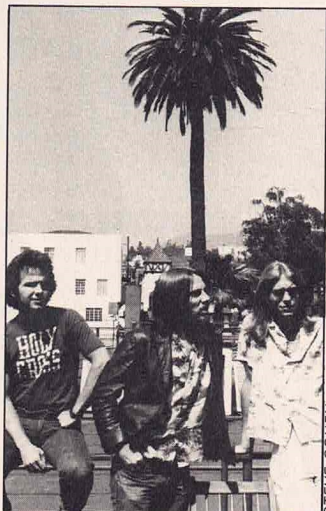
"On the last night of our European tour we were really hot because we were going home, and after a month on the road your last gig will burn because everything has built up to that point. Mick Jagger had come to see the show and really liked what he heard. He came back to the dressing room and told us it was the most exciting he'd ever seen the band. So Bill arranged to have us play with the Rolling Stones this summer.

"I'm looking forward to playing with the Stones because I've been thinking a lot about what their audience wants from their shows and am ready to meet that. The feeling is like the lions and gladiators in the Roman Coliseum—not the actual destruction of lions eating people, but that same feeling of power and awesome majesty. We will be ready to meet this challenge." He smiles at the thought of blowing out a Rolling Stones crowd. "It could be very interesting."

—John Swenson

AMERICA: STARS AND TRIPE FOREVER

LOS ANGELES—I hear America talking. "It's a bummer," says Gerry Beckley of this non-power trio (though they will be adding a drummer and a "keyboard whiz" to "flesh out the sound"), referring to the fate of a song he'd written



America: "Watership" aground

on their new album, *Hideaway*, called "Watership Down." It was a gesture toward a soundtrack for the movie of that book, but the film company never gave America the nod.

"They should use it," in-

sists Gerry. "Yeah," Dewey Bunnell cuts in quickly, "it's a ballady thing, and just tries to get the feel of the book, which is sorta outdoorsy..." (like Caribou Studios in Colorado, where the album was cut). The guys were unhappy because they thought they had their hands on "the animated story of this decade." (You didn't think they were going to dress actors in rabbit suits, like Harvey?) "All it needs," Gerry says, salting his own wounds, "is a similar vibe to *Yellow Submarine*, ditto for the score." That would be enough to dispose of the Bakshi *Heavy Traffic* kind of concept, for, as Gerry points out, "a buncha porn animation is not gonna make Thanksgiving television!"

Hewing to the strait and narrow middle-of-the-road for safety first was a major theme in the conversation. "Whatever happened to the underground, huh?" Dewey asks. Though they once opened for Pink Floyd ("They were real fine," Gerry quips, "if you wanna hear a cash register for thirty minutes"), America has only rarely been tempted into realms of experimentation. Dewey did production on their *Hat Trick* album, which actually included a ten-minute cut, but "subsequently the album didn't go, and now we stick with George Martin."

So what if the guys played

West Point in cadet uniforms? These 22-year-olds were service brats anyway, and sprang directly from high school in England, where their dads were stationed, into AM stardom. They kept it clean, sticking with acoustic stuff, steering clear of the skin-heads with their piss rock and reggae. Dewey remembers: "I was in Carpenter's Park in England. It's an American housing area and there was always skin-head trouble. You know, you kinda go 'shit' whenever you have to go down the tube [subway]. I always wanted to take the train but there was the chance I'd get beat up." To be in England and call your band America is as much to make yourselves exotic as patriotic. America admits that, being overseas, they missed the impact of the changes that hit this country in the late '60s. "We had to read about it."

Got any themes running through *Hideaway*?" one wonders.

"Not lyrically," Gerry says. "We never do, really, lyrically. Thematically, though, the title track is done in two parts. It ends each side. It's a nice instrumental that kinda ties it together. We don't generally write on a given topic, or subject, or concept at all. We're three different writers, after all."

These guys aren't about to be buffaloed into any false displays of introspection or heavy thought. Finally, one of the publicists on the scene hands us a copy of the band's new label, an illustration of a tree segment, rings exposed. Symbolism in the New Rock? "Oh, yeah, count the rings," Gerry laughs. "Actually, we cut the record right into the tree and these are gonna be grooves. A day in the life... of a tree." A chart of the top 100 singles is passed to him and he exclaims joyously, "Hey! We're right underneath the Bay City Rollers!"

Dewey leans over and confides, "It's always great to come into the office and find out that you're number 77 in Venezuela."

—Jim Trombetta

Side Streets

Don't feel so bad about not being allowed to see the infamous Robert Frank underground film-portrait of the Rolling Stones. "Cocksucker Blues." We screened it recently and it's boring—worse than that, not even shocking!... Reprise and RCA failed to make Ray Davies and the Kinks stars—now it's Clive Davis and Arista's turn. . . . The walls of sound fell in on the physically-ailing Phil Spector last month. Warners dropped his Spector Records. Peerless Phil is now label-shopping. . . . C. W. McCall has C.B.'d his way onto the giant screen. United Artists is making a movie of the ol' rubber duck titled "Convoy!" . . . The Tubes banned in the South! The mayor of Charleston, N.C., saw the Tubes in Pennsylvania and declared they violated laws against "live nudity, obscenity and general lewdness". . . . The Recording Association of America says that 480 million records were sold last year, costing 1.5 billion dollars. . . . NORML has assembled an lp of pot-related jazz songs called "Reefer Songs." Hits are "Reefer Man," and "Marijuana Brown". . . . San Francisco has offered to pay Smokey Robinson \$20,000 as a settlement for a false arrest in 1968. . . . The Pointer Sisters are featured in "Car Wash," a movie also starring George Carlin and Richard Pryor. . . . Rik Grech (ex-Family, Blind Faith, KGB) has formed what he calls his "Gram Parsons-type band" called "Rik Grech's SDM" that will feature Claire Hamill as lead vocalist. . . .