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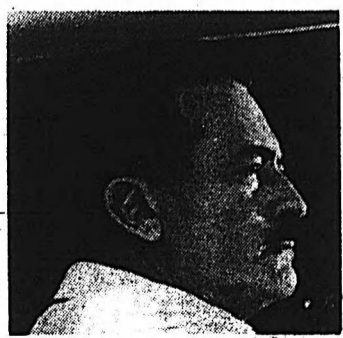
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# SOBRO



## **Boston:** deserving of "bosstown" hype

Interview by Warren Kurtz, p. 17



**THE BOYS FROM BRAZIL:** most compelling  
and thoroughly entertaining (p.25)

Livingston Taylor: not "new and improved,"  
just still damn good (p.18)



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# LIVE IN CONCERT

## WEATHER REPORT Music Hall November 8

Weather Report is special. They don't come around often, but when they do it's really more than a concert — it's an event. Bringing with them only a drummer, Peter Erskine, Joe Zawinul, Wayne Shorter and Jaco Pastorius presented an evening of musical complexities while still keeping the true spirit of jazz intact. Improvisation was a main key that night, drawing mostly on melodies from BLACK MARKET, HEAVY WEATHER and the new MR. GONE.

The night's set began with the title tune from BLACK MARKET. Extensions of tunes were long and wondrous; each tune that they did made further known the fact of how great a virtuoso each of the players were at their own instruments. Zawinul had many solo spots throughout the night, creating small orchestras with his pianos and synthesizers. A particular unaccompanied solo utilized taped effects which simulated a rocket blastoff; it rumbled the

entire auditorium and spewed white smoke everywhere.

Wayne Shorter's sax solo was glorious in that it was him alone, without electronic effects. Shorter's playing contains so much emotion that he doesn't need anything electric to prove himself. He's an unbelievable musician and his playing lends fact to that statement.

Jaco's solo was mostly a lot of good clean fun. He drummed on the bass, slid all over the bass, and even pushed the bass to its fretless limits. His unique sound has made him a favorite among polls from critics and listeners alike.

Peter Erskine did a drum solo, near the end of the set. While I feel most drum solos are boring, this one added a little bit while the lights played on his drums according to which one he hit.

While the whole band was onstage, they did such mellow things as "A remark You Made," while pushing out such up-tempo tunes as "River People," "Teen Town," and their "hit," "Birdland." I really enjoyed the show for its music, musicians and professionalism.

I'm sorry if you unfortunately missed it.

Bill Camarata

## TALKING HEADS Oberlin College November 11

One of the first things that strikes me about the Talking Heads, as they take the stage, is their appearance. From a way back, they all look rather normal, bordering on "clean cut." Closer scrutiny however, reveals that these are actually four tiny people, with heads that look like they were screwed on at random to four loose bodies... they don't actually match and someone more sentimental than myself might go so far as to call them, well, cute; like those little dolls whose heads are attached with springs so they just bob around.

For the second time in a year, the Talking Heads have bypassed Cleveland for the collegiate atmosphere of Oberlin's Finney Chapel, a nice, antiquated piece of architecture with fine resonance and good visibility from all over.

The opening act this time was a little less than average magician whose name escapes me. He said that there are good magicians and lousy magicians and went on to explain that he was "good and lousy." It was an accurate description.

The musical portion of the show began slowly with "The Big Country," the closing song from the Talking Heads' recent album, MORE SONGS ABOUT BUILDINGS AND FOOD. "The Big Country"

was a poor choice to open with, since it is both long and slow. This seemed to set the pace, as the first five or six songs were adequate, but anemic.

The band began breaking the ice with "The Girls Want To Be With The Girls" and "Stay Hungry," from the newer album before slipping back to the earlier tunes like "The Book I Read" and an excellent "Love Goes To A Building On Fire," which captures much more of the fire live than in its recorded form.

While MORE SONGS ABOUT BUILDINGS AND FOOD is one of the most interesting and innovative albums this year, it was the inspired performances of the older material that carried much of the show. The entire new album was covered during the course of the show, but many of the songs lacked inspiration and confidence. It seemed as if Jerry Harrison left out some of his important backing vocal parts, so much of the new material lacked dimension.

After the band became revved enough, guitarist / vocalist David Byrne began a dance step that reminded me of a drunk trying to keep his balance on the deck of the Titanic. Bassist Tina Weymouth was engaged in a nervous looking twitch that looked as if her clothes were too tight.

"Psycho Killer," probably the Talking Heads' most well known song, signaled the end of the set with a forceful, extended guitar interplay between Byrne and Harrison. Two encores later, one of which was a terribly slow "Take Me To The River," they called it a night.

Despite a slightly flawed performance, the Talking Heads reaffirmed the fact that they are certainly one of America's most interesting bands.

Gary Lupico

## BLONDIE, TRAVIS & SHOOK Music Hall Little Theatre November 11

It's been two years since Blondie played Cleveland, then as an unknown band with one remarkable album, opening for Iggy Pop at the Agora. This time they were an unknown band with three remarkable albums, playing to an even smaller audience at Music Hall's intimate Little Theatre. Accustomed to headlining sold-out, Coliseum-type arena in Europe and the Far East, I wouldn't have been surprised if Blondie had taken one look at Saturday night's meager (less than 600) gathering, laughed and walked off-stage.

Well, yes, I guess I would have been surprised, knowing that Blondie's tenacious determination to gain acceptance in their native country



Ian Hunter, Mick Ronson and Meat Loaf got together for an impromptu jam last Monday at the Agora.

## THE BOYZZ, IRON CITY HOUSEROCKERS The Agora November 13

The original plan for The Boyzz concert was for the "special surprise guests" to go unannounced until the show was already in progress. As could be expected, the word coolly leaked out that Ian Hunter, Mick Ronson and Meat Loaf happened to be in town and they just might appear on the Agora stage the same night. Consequently, the Agora was "Sardine Can City" for a show that hardly deserved it, with the exception of the performances by the "surprise guests."

The Boyzz from Illinois are an enthusiastic bunch but they lack the diversity and originality to set themselves apart from other power chord "yeah, let's rock 'n' roll" type bands.

will one day overcome the apparent national radio conspiracy to keep them a secret (but more of that later). Suffice it to say that Blondie are true professionals, and they didn't make this small but dedicated handful of fans pay for others' mistreatment.

Whether angry at Blondie's lack of local support or just plain ornery, the minicrowd took on the character of a lynch mob when exposed to Travis & Shook's strange amalgam of semi-acoustic music and semi-humor. Some of their more bizarre stuff ("I Enjoy Being A Girl") was enough to momentarily keep the hounds at bay through sheer fascination, but pairing a duo that play unamplified guitar and electric bass with the likes of Blondie is akin to Peter, Paul & Mary opening for the Tubes.

To the unannounced, Blondie must look like a decadent lounge band. Sleek, sultry, sexy Debbie Harry constantly coaxed the eye, dressed beguilingly in a skin-tight, short, black dress, black tights and black knee boots. The rest of the band look like they used to be hooked on heroin, but got bored with it. How Harry's pouty "sex kitten" persona combines with the band's manic

Throughout the show, The Boyzz became increasingly nondescript, with the exception of their singles, "Wake It Up, Shake It Up" and "Too Wild To Tame." I also liked "City Girl" due to The Boyzz' wise use of keyboards and horns rather than their typical guitar leads; their cover of "Around And Around" was also noteworthy.

The uncontested highlight of the evening was when Hunter and Ronson took the stage and that's what most folks were there to see anyway. Hunter did the new "Standing In My Light," while Ronson's solo stab at the mike was not quite as hot. All was rectified when the two joined forces on "One Of The Boys"—from nowhere in the Agora could the excellence of this tune be missed. To top it off, everybody's favorite hulk, Meat Loaf, surfaced to do "A

Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On." With the help of Karla DiVito (meat Loaf's touring right-hand girl) and Ellen Foley (who sings on Meat Loaf's record and is currently working on an album produced by Hunter / Ronson), the whole "surprise guest" scenario was tight and ultimately entertaining—those few short minutes justified the videotaping that night.

The Iron City Houserockers are a pleasant blues-oriented outfit with a lead vocalist comparable to Tom Petty. Their opening "Route 66" was well executed, but at this point they are one of many bands that sound best in a small bar. I enjoyed their set, but I don't think they're quite ready for such large, rather un intimate exposure.

Chris Anjesky

melodies is one of the great enigmas of our age, but I'd rather just listen to it that try to explain it. Whatever it is, it works.

Blondie plunged from one frantic number into the next. Whew! Action is what this band is all about, from the frenetic "I'm On E," to the intense "Detroit 442," to the infectious "One Way Or Another." Their set lasted just over an hour, but packed more wallop than other shows lasting twice as long. By the time of their encore ("Bang A Gong"), they'd covered over 20 songs, each bringing the psyched audience a step closer to blissful frenzy.

New members Frank Infante (guitar) and Nigel Harrison (bass) undeniably contribute to Blondie as a pop powerhouse, but lack a strong stage presence. Only Harry and drummer Clem Burke, in fact, display a physical agitation equal to the pace of their music. Debbie Harry dances and jerks around the stage like a puppet on speed, beckoning, pouting and chiding; her peroxidized bangs thrown over her eyes English Sheepdog style. She's a font of energy, a great poser, and the center of the show.

I couldn't help but feel, though, that the concert deserved a larger hall. Originally scheduled to do two shows that night, Blondie couldn't even sell out one. Why? If this band is so good, how come nobody knows it?

One brief incident that night gives the answer in a nutshell. "How are they treating us here?" asked Debbie Harry. Came a voice from the crowd: "No air-play!"

In my opinion, Blondie is the most underrated and maligned group on the current scene. For some unfathomable reason, local radio stations seem to be avoiding them like the plague. Particularly curious is WMMS's part in co-sponsoring this concert while giving the band practically no exposure on the air.

When will local radio wake up to Blondie's incredible and diverse talent? If you're a fan of the band, let the stations know how you feel. Cleveland sadly seems to be transforming from a receptive, ahead-of-its-time breeding ground for tomorrow's stars—like Blondie—to a "me too" city of musical stagnation.

Dave Voelker

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