

# Jethro Dull

By JOHN GREGORY

I. "I don't think the typical rock fan is smart enough to know he's being dumped on...Most of these kids wouldn't know music if it came up and bit them on the ass."—Frank Zappa.

The Plattsburgh student is a pansy. He lets Food Service dub their pigeon bones "drum-mettes" and place five of them on his plate, and he accepts the "fact" that he is being fed. And he gives every concert a standing ovation.

I've seen so many good concerts lately that I feared my powers of perception were being eroded. It really hurt to give Peace Parade that great review. Then Judy Collins, then Sebastian and the Byrds. Thank God Jethro Tull came along. I can once again join that spiteful minority that didn't say "Oh, Wow!" And right when my popularity was rising. Now I can correct that ascent.

Much of what Tull did was "dumping on," because this was the last night before going home to England. I was really sorry that Clive Bunker messed up his drum solo for he is indeed a very good drummer. How unfortunate that his most simple maneuvers were the ones that drew strong praises from a stoned audience. (I've never seen so many stoned people. Oh, wow!) Still, those undumped moments were skillful.

Oh yes. One other good thing. Ian Anderson is terrifying. He's an expert at messing up your head, and he had a lot of messed up heads to work with. When he moves, he is a picture of the music. It's too bad that the group doesn't make music.

Two more places where the audience went wild—at the long, repetitive, single-chord ending to "Nothing is Easy," and during the succeeding "My God" flute solo, which was not only a total dump, but was also a practice session of some sort. Still, even in his better moments, Ian Anderson is to Herbie Mann as Glen Campbell is to John Sebastian (no attack on Campbell necessarily intended.). His reputation is a tribute to Warner Bros. extensive promotion. The flute solo was ten minutes of noise of the purest sort. It broke into guitar work reminiscent of the worst of Blue Cheer.

The piano solo drew warm response also, but this was basically a crude version of chopsticks. Seriously, it was quite sterile. Most of the music and all of the lyrics in this concert were sterile. Even the light crew came up with a blunder. As Anderson entered the piano solo for the first time, a light came on him, and then **the spotlight was moved from the piano to the flute.** The light remained on the piano on Anderson's second entry.

The bass player was amazing, performing selections from the Rick Grech Songbook as he stumbled deceptively in search of something to "say." The organ was steady all the way, starting off copied, and then repeating itself.

Following the messed up, but sometimes skillful drum solo, Anderson came leaping beautifully to the stage to finish "Dharma for One" and draw the traditional PISOF (Plattsburgh Idiots Standing Ovation Finale). This made way for an encore, giving the lead guitarist a chance to experiment with themes on

Volume One of "How to Play Guitar." This was such an astounding display of inept garbage (i.e., ersatz shit) that many were led to the door in utter disbelief. Personally, it reminded me of the time I was sucked into buying Early Steppenwolf, and I tried listening to "The Pusher."

Let me just say that Ian Anderson looked like an idiot trying to play that acoustic guitar but maybe he was pumping here, too. Either way, it should be resented. Let me also say this, and you can quote me: "This was the worst concert I have ever attended in my entire life. I have never seen such incompetent musicians, nor such a retarded audience so incapable of distinguishing music from noise. I have seen shoddy concerts before, but NOT ONE EVER BLEW LIKE THIS ONE BLEW."

II. I suppose I should comment on Eastern.

I didn't expect much from Eastern, and I didn't get it either. They performed a very unmixed bag of music. I was appalled by the playing of "Honky Tonk Women," "by Joe Cocker." If ever a cut was butchered in the first place, it was that particular version of HTW.

"Make Me Smile" was the most interesting number in that **everyone** did a bad job. The lead singer could take some lessons from Charlie Allen. The organist put a lot into his performance, but has been listening to too much Santana and just enough Question Mark and the Mysterians.

And never, never do "Dance to the Music" in a situation like this. This inane performance was combined with "I Want to Take You Higher," and resulted in a public abortion.

I'm being harsh on the group because of the situation in which they played. I choose to ignore the fact that they are an amateur group. This was a professional concert, and they will only become professional by developing a style and some original songs (if that be their intent). They're the local band, and I wouldn't have been surprised to hear "Louie, Louie."

One more thing, I liked the bass player. His foundation was extremely strong, and far exceeded that of Jethro Tull in quality.

III. The usual 10-minute intermission was the usual half-hour in length. And we were told about some stupid fire regulation that said we needed an aisle. I imagine that if there was a fire, we would have been requested to form a line down the aisle to leave. Perhaps single file.

On the way out, I got the usual comments from the Tull fans—like "It had better be a good review" and "Shape up this time" and "Oh, wow, pretty heavy." You—fools! This was the worst concert I have ever seen, plus you got dumped on. Musicianship in this concert was totally lacking. Sure, it was good for the head. So what. If this group went for the jazz crowd, they would die in two days. (And we have people bringing in classical and rock, why not jazz? Why not Miles Davis?) Noise, noise, noise. Take me to the city. I hate you, P-burgh pansies. It's all so, so obvious, and still you go "Oh, wow." It bit you on the ass, and you didn't flinch.