

well sung. But *Evil on Your Mind* is the best track on the record. Her performance is very funny here. She portrays a wife who knows her husband has "evil on (his) mind." He has been bringing her candy and flowers, has suggested that she take a long trip to visit her sister out West, and knows that he dreams of having hours run their fingers through his curly hair. Skeeter's rejoinder to all this is a growling "dream on, Baby."

I'd like to hear her do more material in this vein. Also, the next time she goes down to the farm to renew her acquaintance with the livestock, I think it would be wise to have her maid hold her jewelry—at least while the pictures are being taken. P. R.

Ⓢ Ⓜ DOODLETOWN PIPERS: *Here Come the Doodletown Pipers*. Doodletown Pipers (vocal group); orchestra, George Wilkins cond. *A Hard Day's Night*; *Blowin'*



JANIS IAN

*That rare phenomenon, an original*

*in the Wind*; *Roger Miller Medley*; and seven others. EPIC BN 26222 \$4.79, LN 24222 \$3.79.

Performance: **Monotonous**  
Recording: **Bland**  
Stereo Quality: **Adequate**

Ho-hum. This tedious-sounding group of ten men and ten women in floppy sweaters and sun-lamp smiles is the poor man's New Christy Minstrels, and listening to all ten bands of their singing on this release is easily this year's most forgettable oddball experience. They *ooo-ooo-ooo* and *doop-doop-doop* their way through everything from the Beatles to the Lara theme from *Dr. Zhivago* with the same gimmick: the men take the chorus while the girls doodle, then the girls sing while the fellas doodle. The fact that it all sounds more like the wind howling than music doesn't seem to bother anybody. On television, where they are appearing with alarming regularity these days, you can always turn down the volume. But all those *ooos* coming out of two speakers in stereo—who needs it? R. R.

Ⓢ Ⓜ ASTRUD GILBERTO/WALTER WANDERLEY: *A Certain Smile, a Certain Sadness*. Astrud Gilberto (vocals), Walter Wanderley Trio. *A Certain Smile, a Certain Sadness*; *Call Me*; *Nega*; and seven

others. VERVE V6 8673 \$4.79, V 8673 \$3.79.

Performance: **Okay**  
Recording: **Good**  
Stereo Quality: **Okay**

The liner notes on this disc read, in part, as follows: "Listen to the bass rhythm. Does it sound familiar? You've been listening to it all your life . . . it's your own heartbeat." Ever ready to indulge in research, I obligingly put the record on the turntable, turned the bass way up, and listened to see if it were true. It is. Hearing this record with this in mind is also a very spooky experience. Maximum effect is achieved on *Call Me*—with Astrud Gilberto whining away in the background like the Mad Doctor's sinister anesthetist, it could make a good passage in a musical based on *Donovan's Brain*. Or it might make a nice sadistic party game with hypochondriacs you know. (Tell them to keep their eyes shut and then slowly sneak the speed up to 45 . . . then 78 . . . whoopee!)

Aside from its coronary beat, I didn't find much of interest here. Astrud Gilberto is not, to my way of thinking, so much a singer as a sound. At times that sound is very pleasant, particularly when she is singing in Portuguese. But in English her odd accent and sing-song delivery effectively mangle any lyric's sense. *Wanderley* is good, I guess, but organ players in pop music irresistibly summon up a *recherche du temps perdu* chez roller rink for me. P. R.

#### RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

Ⓢ Ⓜ JANIS IAN: *Janis Ian*. Janis Ian (vocals, guitar, organ, harpsichord, siren, tambourine); Artie Butler (harpsichord, piano, organ); Vinnie Bell, Al Gorgoni, and Sal de Troio (guitars); Joe Mack (bass); Artie Kaplan (flute); Buddy Saltzman (drums). *Hair of Spun Gold*; *I'll Give You a Stone If You'll Throw It*; *Society's Child*; and eight others. VERVE/FOLKWAYS FTS 3017 \$4.79, FT 3017 \$3.79.

Performance: **Impressively original**  
Recording: **Very good**  
Stereo Quality: **Excellent**

This bristlingly independent fifteen-year-old girl first became widely known when her single recording of *Society's Child*, the tale of an interracial love affair ended by parental and social pressure, was banned by some radio stations. Now, in her first album, she reveals compositional and performing talents that should assure her a remarkable career. As a writer, Miss Ian falls into none of the easy and fashionable protest or psychedelic bags. Her lyrics tell of the generation gap, of her fantasies, of an unloved child, of a prostitute, in imagery and cadences that are her own. Acutely perceptive, often sardonic, and yet still open to tenderness, she makes one look forward to her work at twenty and twenty-five. Her singing is firm and resilient, although occasionally there is a touch of a whine in her voice. The backgrounds by Artie Kaplan and Miss Ian are sensitively and imaginatively varied to suit the widely different contexts of her songs. I am not saying that each of these compositions is a perdurable gem, but there is so much real talent at playful work in the album that one gratefully salutes the arrival of that rare phenomenon, an original. N. H.

(Continued on next page)



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