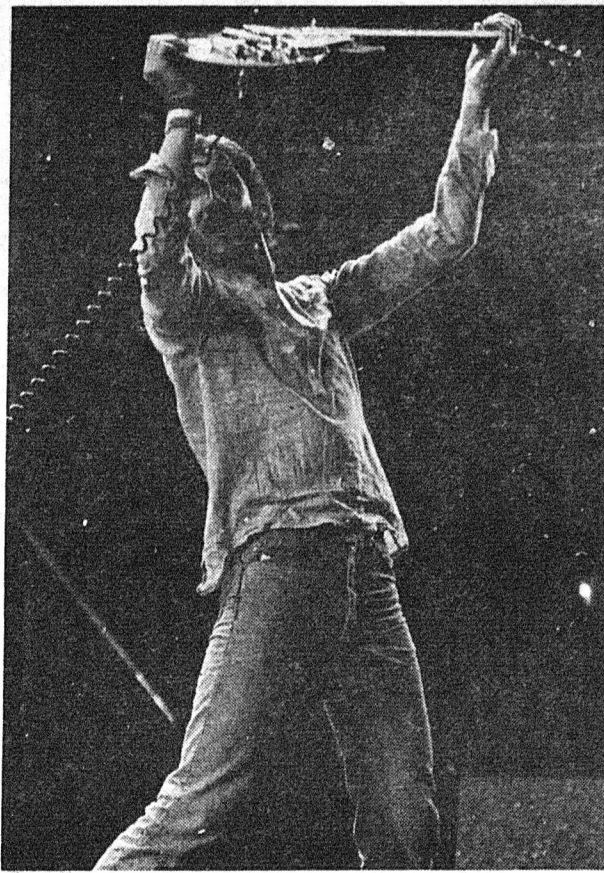
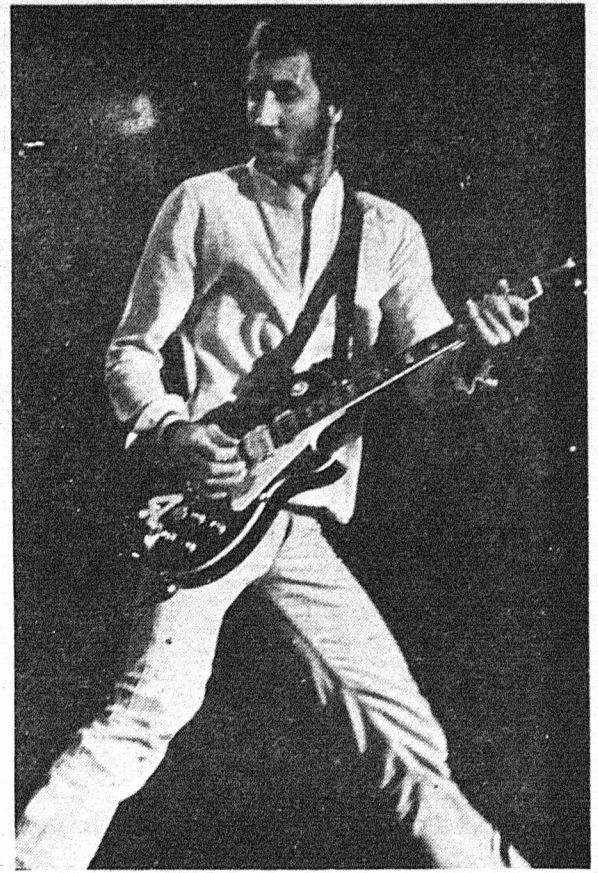


Pete hits the beat



Pete in heat



Look ma, no feet.

photo Rod Allan

Another case of WHODUNIT

by Dave Garrett

The Who's first hit record, their opening number is probably the best description of a Who concert. "I Can't Explain" is the story of a fellow that is madly in love but doesn't understand, that is he can't explain.

Try to explain why an audience of grown up young men and women would go into absolute hysteria when the band leaps onstage and Townshend thunders into those opening chords. I don't understand.

Maybe the Who are special because we grew up with them, and they represent all the things growing up is all about; rebellion, frustration, power, fantasy, and loud music. And we matured with the Who. As the seventies became cynical the Who voiced this in songs like *Won't Get Fooled Again*.

But more than anything else the Who are what rock 'n roll is all about. To those of us nurtured on the loud, wall of amplifier sound of the sixties, the Who represent the finest.

At the very least a Who concert produces fascination in its audience. ("Hmm, look at the guitarist, looks like a windmill... why is that drummer standing on his drums?") At best it produces obsession.

Who fans are uniquely obsessive. Few groups produce fans that will fly, drive, hitch-hike or whatever, hundreds of miles to see them perform. Once there, they always rush right to the front and spend the whole time either jumping up and down with excitement or standing glued to the spot, mouth open in awe. That is the Who onstage. Not just any band, but the WHO!

Maybe that is why everytime they appear, nice tame audiences go beserk with joy. Maybe that is why when Daltry whirls his microphone around like a helicopter, or Townshend leaps five feet into the air tearing off several chords at the same time the faithful, by the thousands, roar their approval.

Add this obsession to brilliant showmanship, and you have a concert high, the likes of which you will never experience again (at least until the Who return). When I speak of showmanship I mean things like the climax of *Tommy*, when the lasers turn on during *See Mee, Feel Mee*, and the spotlights are aimed at the audience and it is

nearly too much to take in all at once. That is hysteria.

But they are not done yet. *Summertime Blues*, *My Generation*, and *Won't Get Fooled Again* are yet to come.

The last two numbers expose the Who for it's major short coming in 1976. They are a band

of the sixties and times have changed. When they exploded at Monterey in 1967 with *My Generation* they gave a decade a theme song. When they played here, nearly ten years later, it was part of the ritual of a Who concert. The song still contained all of the searing energy of the

original, but the feel was completely different; particularly when Townshend led the band through a playing of the song that was more blues than rock. Perhaps it was a new version of an old *Won't Get Fooled Again*.

But I'll never forget two things. Those opening chords

screaming, *I Can't Explain*, and the final moment when *Won't Get Fooled Again* threatened to turn into 1967. There was Pete Townshend flying through the air just at those last crashing notes, his guitar held high by the neck, and you find yourself thinking: What if he should smash it?

What if there were a list?

A list that said:
**Our finest actors
 weren't allowed to act.
 Our best writers
 weren't allowed to write.
 Our funniest comedians
 weren't allowed to make
 us laugh.**

**What would it be like if
 there were such a list?
 It would be like America in 1953.**



© Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. 1976

COLUMBIA PICTURES PRESENTS A MARTIN RITT • JACK ROLLINS • CHARLES H. JOFFE PRODUCTION

WOODY ALLEN AS "THE FRONT"

WITH **ZERO MOSTEL** **HERSCHEL BERNARDI**

MICHAEL MURPHY, ANDREA MARCOVICCI • WRITTEN BY WALTER BERNSTEIN

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER CHARLES H. JOFFE • PRODUCED & DIRECTED BY MARTIN RITT • A PERSKY-BRIGHT/DEVON FEATURE

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
 SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR PRE-TEENAGERS

OPENING FRI, OCT. 29 — CAPILANO CINEMA

Columbia
 Pictures