

Hawk's Nest souled-out by Detroit group

By STEVE GELLER

PARLIAFUNKADELICMENT THANG. There are 10 of them. Although nine originally hail from New Jersey and one from Philadelphia, they have made the grade in Detroit and after being in the spotlight there for about three years they are now beginning to command the attention of the musically-inclined members of the 'now' generation all over North America.

These Black musicians are actually an amalgam of two groups — The Parliaments (remember I Wanna Testify from the summer of '67) and The Funkadelics.

The Parliaments make up the vocal part of the ensemble while the instrumentation is handled by the five Funkadelics. Last Saturday this entourage launched a powerful musical assault based on love, peace, freedom and soul power on the Hawk's Nest.

They were impressive and unpredictable. They drifted on stage and held the audience's attention just by their constant movement and unusual attire.

One wore only a pair of dye-blotched long underwear; another was wearing an Indian headdress, leather loin-cloth embroidered with white cloth and colored beads and similar breastplates; one was wearing a bright purple jumpsuit with a diamond-shaped hole cut in the chest and with bright lime green material stretched from the sleeves to the waist so that when he raised his arms he looked like a giant butterfly. The rest of the group wore an



assortment of panama hats, civil war vests, capes and Afro robes.

Then they proceeded to deliver one of the most powerful concerts Toronto has witnessed in a long time. Complete with Temptation-like syncopated dancing, the Parliaments delivered the funkier lyrics imaginable:

*"If you will suck my soul,
I will lick your funky emotions..."*

while the Funkadelics more than adequately accompanied the constant stage turbulence.

They were more than just soul advocates, for just as the white man took the Black man's blues to interpret the best way he could, the Funkadelics were taking the white man's rock 'n' roll music and adding to it their own soul inflections.

The fact that they are exempt from the draft (some obscure classification) and therefore from the threat of being carted away to the Vietnam War, gives them a feeling of being performers with a message and a hope.

"Being free gives us inspiration that comes out in our music. We want everyone to be free. We just want to do our thing. We've always been doin' our thing and now people really dig it. We're gonna be bigger than the Beatles because they've already done their thing and we're just starting ours."

If you missed this young chaotic group "do their thing" last week, be sure to catch them the next time the Hawk's Nest is brave enough to bring them into town.

Parliafunkadelicment Thang is that—funky

By TERRY KELLY

George Clinton was leader of a soul group called The Parliaments. They had a big hit called Testify.

Three years ago he realized that "when we got on stage everybody was just like us, we was just like everybody else." So he started something new. Contract difficulties prevented a complete re-naming of the group but what he formed, the PARLIAFUNKADELICMENT THANG, or the Funkadelics played the Hawk's Nest last Saturday night.

It isn't the old smooth Parliament sound now, but a hoped-for-something new, psychedelic soul with funk. George says "Funky means funky" and it's in their jerking frenetic act. As soon as the five

singers have made their entrance, George talks.

"If you will suck my soul I will tongue your emotions, I will put a yard of tongue in your mind." While he's talking and moaning, the other singers dance, in robes, in a purple jump suit with yellow wings.

A squat high-buttocked singer in long underwear splotted with red florescent paint takes the other mike. He isn't smooth like the other dancers and moans and yeas accompaniment to George.

Clinton didn't leap naked into the audience as he did in Detroit two weeks ago, that's only "when they're REALLY with us and everything's goin' good." The Hawk's Nest audience didn't seem to be

with them that way except for a few Black kids to the right of the stage.

I wasn't with them. I liked the first set with the band, lots of grate and wa wa guitar with fast Afro rhythms. The five singers and the band can really build to an excitement and burst but there was too much waiting, too much chanting and stalling.

It seemed rhythmic monotonous sex, not unpleasant but just a thrust to be painful and just being an act. Maybe if you're really stoned and stupid they could take you but the whispering Shhhhhh into the mike and the chanting didn't really work and they didn't really need that much of it.

In Detroit they kept the pitch up; the act was shorter. The Hawk's Nest audience

were carried and pulled by them but just as they would be carried and pulled by any group. The tension and dullness like a dance at a technical school with guys trying to be tough only capable of group orgiastic violence. No long term evil but only the vicious moment.

When George said "I'm gonna be nasty," they didn't seem to know what it meant and didn't seem to care.

The PARLIAFUNKADELICMENT THANG have a record coming out here in about a week called "I got a thing, You got a thing, Everybody's got a thing." It is apparently in the top 10 in Detroit. The group is good and can be exciting but they didn't quite make it Saturday night. They weren't even "nasty" with their "Music for Mother."

Good, bad and ugly

Grand Funk

Originally called Grand Funk Railroad, this trio probably holds the success story of the year within their music. The group is a product of hundreds of thousands of people who dug them at most of the 1969 summer pop festivals. So successful have they been that they are releasing their second album, "Grand Funk", Cap(Capitol SKAO-406) after being together for only a few months.

Their format is that of hard acid rock with definite traditional and contemporary blues inflections typified by a constant musical drive.

The steady bass work with lead guitar deviance kept to definite but subtle variations and fine drumming make the tightness and coherence of Grand Funk evident. They are always in control of their music and keep all their material on an even, high qualitative level. Never does one musician overpower another.

The ability of Grand Funk to transform foreign material into their style becomes obvious as the group launches a nine-and-a-half minute barrage of Inside Looking Out, a song written and recorded by the original Animals.

When it first came out, the piece was a record industry bomb, because the ideas in it were too wide-ranging to make for an adhesive piece of work. Grand Funk have, however, evened out this cut while retaining its basic drive in a manner which makes it fit in perfectly with their other material. Overall rating: B. —S.G.

Blues Magoos

Born out of Detroit, the Blues Magoos topped the charts in 1966 with We Ain't Got Nothing Yet and their follow-up single, Pipedream. Their light psychedelic blues were catchy enough to provide two successful LPs, Psychedelic Lollipop and Electric Comic Book, before the group suddenly dropped out of sight.

After a few personnel changes, the Blues Magoos have returned with an album, Never Going Back to

Georgia (ABCS 697), which forsakes their previous sound somewhat, changing it from its psychedelic nature to that of a light soul blues with distinct jazz overtones which are most evident in Gettin' Off.

The album does not compare with the former sound of the Detroit group. The instrumentals are largely repetitious, invoking a dull boring mood while the vocal work is executed without feeling and, in many cases, without talent, varying from guttural moans to forced shouts.

The most disappointing cut on the album is Broke Down Piece of Man, a song that certainly does not compare to the 1967 Sam and Dave version.

Instrumentally and vocally monotonous, Never Going Back To Georgia sounds as if each track is joined to the next in a merger of dullness. Overall rating: D. —S.G.

Yanoska

Mike Yanoska, who got his musical start at The Troubadour in Los Angeles, is still relatively unheard of in Canada.

His style is a combination of traditional folk arrangements with light rock lyrics and instrumental adaptations. His songs display a warm sensitive person in tune with today's happenings, yet retaining the sincere unsophistication of his origin in rustic Kentucky.

Borrowing a little vocal influence from Dylan and emotional creativity from Hardin, Yanoska (Epic BN 26506) evokes a light mood filled with the beauty and naivety of a young spring morning. His material is simple although not always straightforward and has definite indications of country weight.

Occasionally accompanied by a background chorus, Yanoska uses these voices to complement the freshness of his own voice and composition.

The only flaws in the album arise because of poor production on some tracks. When not accompanying himself, the required backup sounds are taped in, resulting in a very two-dimensional, plastic atmosphere. Overall rating: B. —S.G.

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