Warwick. Sounds as if she was his favorite, which is only fair, since the writers of all those incredibly dull plays on this subject have seemed intent on making a pet of Anne Bol-eyn—or at least that was always my impression before I either walked out, turned off the television, stopped reading, or fell asleep. Maybe...maybe Rick has a thing for Cathy Howard...umm? Well, that, too, has possibilities. How about a concept album on the vicissitudes of being in love with a girl who lost her head—in the Tower of London?

They're right. They're absolutely right. There'll always be an England. N.C.

**DIONNE WARWICKE: Just Being Myself**

Dionne Warwick (vocals), orchestra. You're Gonna Need Me, Come Buck, You Are the Heart of Me, and five others. WARNER BROS. BS 2658 $5.98.

**Performance:** "...one more time"

Recording: Starshine

Alluring, sexually vital, and distinctive as ever, Dionne Warwick demonstrates that she hasn't merely found her groove but of late is digging herself into a rut. The title "Just Being Myself" sums it up accurately—that is, if you take into account that being herself always seems to mean being one in a group of three. Until now it's been primarily a Bacharach-David-Warwick world for her. That collaboration has been an unqualified commercial success and more often than not an artistic one. This new album is another tripartite effort with Brian Holland and Lamont Dozier writing all but two of the songs, functioning as producers, and recording it at the Holland-Dozier Studios in Detroit.

Warwick is indisputably the star. so much so that her material has been written and arranged as a latticework of vehicles rather than as independent entities. She sounds in her usual great shape, but after two or three tracks "it begins to seem you've heard that song before" as the album wilts into a series of star curtain calls, eventually becoming over-rehearsed reprises. A singer of Warwick's proved talent ought to feel secure enough by now to take more chances. At the moment she is still frozen into the pattern of her past successes. The production, arranging, and backing are elegant and super-professional but also slightly glacial.

**WILDERNESS ROAD: Sold for Prevention of Disease Only.** Wilderness Road (vocals and instrumentals). Put of Gold; Rock Garden; A.M.A.; The Gospel; Reno; Bored; Long Winter; The Authentic British Blues. REPRISE MS 2125 $5.98, © MS 2125 $6.98. © M5 2125 $6.98.

**Performance:** Good

Recording: Good

Back to the problem of the comedy-rock record: it's doubtful it can be done successfully unless somebody revises the form or invents a stable one. So far, comedy-rock practitioners either parody specific songs or write comedy/satire lyrics and set them to rock musical form. (Sha Na Na, who burlesque a Sullivan-type song, backed by a Baroque string quartet: "Play the blues? We are the blues! The boys in the ensemble have really paid their dues." A quick dissolve to the middle of the concert (now with guitars and drums) where the singer swivels a twelve-bar lyric of compelling idiocy and then announces "I'm gonna talk to you!" It's so incredibly accurate it makes you wince. But the brightest gem on this album is yet to come. Someone attempts to take a solo on harmonica. "Oh, my lips!"

Good as it is, this one cut doesn't justify the album, most of which is okay but not what it could have been. Wilderness Road appears to be trying to straddle the line between performing satire and just playing music (Long Winter, for instance, is a standard rock/country song). They'll have to opt for one or the other, and I certainly hope it's satire they finally decide on.

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