

AN EVENING WITH ALPERT

Herb Alpert returned to Toronto on August 23rd., slim, boyish and beautiful. He bounced on to the stage, dazzling in yellow shirt, green jacket and vest, blue trousers and white desert boots. A success before he blew his first thrilling note, he faced the largest house ever to have been drawn to the Maple Leaf Gardens.

How does he draw them, this Pied Piper of modern Times? What is his magic? The answer is - he is the fountain of youth and with youth comes happiness. He has a happy sound that makes us all young and gay.

With a few exceptions this show was a repeat of the one he did last August 18, 19 & 20 at the O'Keefe Centre, complete with similar gags and stage business. Herb's a little more polished than he was the, graduating from Bar Mitzvah M.C. to summer resort recreation director. He even threw in one chorus of "Canada", the Bobby Gimby hit (which he attributed to Bobby Gimbley) saying he'd heard it for the first time on the radio in Winnipeg last week and might use it in a future album.

His group's sound was not quite clear cut perfection we've come to know from their

records but it was a thrilling, exciting, wonderful sound anyway and the audience loved it and begged for more. He gave it to them - tune after tune. Each one we thought would be the last, delightfully wasn't. He went on till after 11 P.M.

This man really cares about his arts - his trumpet playing, his arranging and his precise and demanding leadership. He is an innovator who has successfully combined Dixieland with the Latin American rhythms. He comes through the way he does because he loves his music and he makes his group and his audience share his emotion.

The group in general is very good; the only annoying influence is Bob Edmondson the trombonist, who also doubles (badly) as a comic but comes off as someone's kid brother. He should stick to the trombone which he plays well and leave the role of court jester to those who can carry it off.

On the other hand almost too little attention is given to Tonni Kalash who has the demanding job of matching Alpert on the trumpet note for note in such intricate routines as their "Zorba The Greek" and makes it look effortless.

Nevertheless, it could have been an almost perfect evening. Unfortunately, Alpert



HERB ALPERT

chose as his warm-up group Bill and Boyd, two guitarists-singers from New Zealand who, while showing glimpses of the potential of Swann and Flanders, never really got very far off the ground. They sang in Maori and English and their high spot was a song called "My Boomerang Won't Come Back". They were nice looking, clean cut kids but almost devoid of the personality necessary to hold an audience of what appeared to be around the 18,000 mark.

Alpert would have done better if he could have shared his evening with his August 1966 warm-up group - Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66, who were both visually and audially, a delight.

The New Zealand boys couldn't have received a better break than appearing with Alpert. It is too bad they were not able to do more with it.

The one other imperfection had nothing to do with Alpert. It was caused by the inconsiderate photo enthusiasts who spent much of their evening looking through the lense of a camera and flashing bulbs in our eyes. One would think that the least the management of the Gardens could do is restrict this annoyance to the first half hour of the show.

FRANCES K. SMOKLER

WHO PICKS THE HITS????

PART FOUR of a series

Many people in the music industry have complained about the lack of consideration radio stations give to domestic product. Being as there is always two sides to a story, RPM has asked one of Toronto's top radio personalities, TOM FULTON, to supply our readers with an inside on some of the problems faced by radio stations and their on-air staff.

by TOM FULTON

It may come as a shock to the sober-minded Canadian product pushers that the mini-monsters who control Canada's pop-rock industry aren't even old enough to vote. Now that startling generalisation can mean one of only two things. (1). The voting age should be lowered. (2). The qualifications of the people controlling the industry should be raised.

Before you lose your cool, read me out.

Out of all the radio stations in Canada, how many are in major markets? Damn few, right? So that leaves the bulk of Canadian radio out in the sticks, (you should pardon the expression.) And rural radio always has one rock show and.....don't stop me now, I'm really rolling.....that one rock show is always done by a broadcasting neophyte who is always underpaid but loves the business so much he'd work for nothing, and whose one main aim is to make the "big-time" and be a star and make a triumphant home-coming amid a ticker tape parade before he's 21. Sure I'm exaggerating. But think about it. If you're both knowledgeable and honest you'll have to agree that the majority of rural pop-pickers in Canada are immature, impressionable, glory-seeking, wet-behind-the-ears kids. I and all my contemporaries were once in the aforementioned category. (In fact some of us never left it, but that's another tale.)

Getting back to these kids, it's up to them to choose the "pop-rock" music that gets aired in their area. And unless the listener has access to another radio market he's stuck with the local version of the hits of the day. And face facts, Bunky, the local version of the hits of the day is bound to be a warmed over list from the American trades and/or the kids' favourite "big-time" radio station. When the punk pop-programmer does rely on his own taste the record is liable to be so bad that the management will ask him to take it off the air.

And about the only time a Canadian-



produced record will receive any airplay is if it's by a local group or artist, (in which case it's probably a rotten sound), or if the nearest major market rocker is playing it, (in which case it still could be a rotten sound.)

Very seldom will one of these pastoral pop pickers consider a disc beyond their ken, and so the local flavour of the "hits" remains a behind the times, warmed over, second rate, inferior version of the American pop parade, with a few pathetic local efforts thrown in.

I'm fully aware that most record companies localize most of their Canadian pop-rock tunes in order to achieve the most profit from the least expense. Most Canadian record companies don't believe in promotion but that's another story. The result is that the rural DJ's just do not receive all the Canadian records that they should. And if they don't have them, how can they play them? And if they don't play them, how can the listeners buy them? And if nobody will buy them, why should record bars stock them? And if the record bars won't stock them, why should they be made in the first place?

From my last argument it may appear that I'm letting the small-town programmers off the hook. Well I'm not. It's up to them to make themselves aware of what's happening in the rest of Canada. It's up to them to bug the record distributors and manufacturers. And it's up to them to make contacts at other radio stations across Canada to see what other areas are doing and playing.

There exists in Canada an excellent vehicle for the promotion of National Canadian Hits. A vehicle that offers information to and about the far flung Canadian music industry. I, personally, am interested in industry activities from Victoria to Halifax. I'm willing to listen to any record from any artist in Canada. I wonder if the rural DJs can say the same thing?

And by the way, that excellent vehicle for promoting National Canadian Hits is what you're reading right now. R.P.M!

NUMBER TWO IS TWO....ER

Toronto: CKFH, the newest in teen listening came out of the recent rating battle smelling like a rose. Their overall standing has them out of the cellar and up with the winners, the first time in their history.

While most were striving for the No. 1 spot (which is almost impossible to take away from CFRB), CKFH was content to rest on their "We're number two radio" theme, and that must have been their secret.

Tom "The Big Kahuna" Fulton made a very impressive showing with his late afternoon slot (3 to 7 PM) which would indicate that he is taking over the afternoon teenage listening audience as well as appealing to the going home for supper crowd.

Big "G" Walters has the late night hours boxed in, for the teenager and young blues sophisticates, that is. In view of the strong following that Walters has gathered, it is expected that his 10 PM to 1 AM slot will be advanced by a couple of hours.

Don Daynard (6 to 10 AM) and Don O'Neil (10 AM to 3 PM) both showed well.

NEEDED BANDS AND SINGERS

WHO HAVEN'T YET
TURNED PRO
AND
ARE NOT
PRESENTLY WORKING

CONTACT:

GARY DEAN PROMOTIONS
2813 EGLINTON AVE. EAST
SCARBOROUGH, ONTARIO
Telephone: 266-6370

Johnny Mathis is back where he belongs. On Columbia

The best-seller champ returns to the scene of his biggest triumphs. With this sensational single he gives the first taste of great hits to come.

"Don't Talk to Me"

Written by Bert Kaempfert

c/w "Misty Roses" 44266



Win a
YARD
of
45s

YOU CAN
WIN
OVER
500
45s

SEE
PAGE
SIX