

Talent In Action

ALICE COOPER

Academy of Music, New York

Balloons arrive, lightening the air with escaping cartoon captions, while to the inside the Who ram "The Kids Are Alright" through the PA system. Armoured banks

of amplifiers mark time, swell and drone—the energy level has been set — and an Alice Cooper audience agrees that the time is now. Can you feel it? Answering the call, Alice Cooper's coming out now, but wait. A row of camera lights crack out in blinding sunlight to

sec, leaving only blind spots, hallucinations, for the pried wide-eyed. That will teach them better. But to the experienced, it's clear that the movie has already begun to roll on another Alice Cooper blitz.

Back at the front, raging over tomorrow's headlines, shaking his cage, Alice Cooper turns "Killer." Then gentleman. "Now if you want to be my lover, you got to take me home. I'm a long long way from paradise, and I'm still on my own." Lean, almost leaning inside out, seedy, beery Cooper jumps up and down like Errol Flynn, putting his blade to the chest of that amphetamine audience, cutting them clearly through the pituitary by way of the appendix. You're thinking and giving off steam, frying in the fat of your mind, and they call it fun.

Diamonds of the hardest rock, dazzle the eye of the ear. "Be My Lover," their latest Warner Bros. hit, "Halo of Flies," "It's My Body," "Killer." In the crush, the band burns together until smoke from their stormings drifts out from the stage, across a mystic moor, and through the audience. Until for freedom, Cooper has axe murdered a baby, for justice, hung in the gallows, and for love, come back in top hat. He's eating the snake, now he's bleeding, now he's hammering on your members with your mind. If you survive this kind of entertainment, you're in good shape.

ED OCHS

TOMORROW

By ED OCHS

The Alice Cooper Get Well Card

Alice Cooper licks the television picture with his eyes and washes it down with a cold Budweiser. Along with the words and other radioactivity, they are recorded, refrigerated, circuited and keyed on the computer. Now Ralph Cramden is laying the coup de mouth on Alice. Oh-h-h! squirms Alice in dazed delight. He caves further into the wicker chair, though he never quite sits in it, stored sideways like a questionable question mark in the dark. But wait. That weird, searing, dusky light seems to be talking to him, educating him, recharging his batteries as he basks there in the electric field of the television, among the neutrons and electrons. It is the only light in the room, and it is Alice's moon and crystal, focus and brain. When the refueling was over, and after he had gotten a good buzz, he gobbled some cheese, like Sam has planned, to weigh him down. Alice conveniently put his head back in the socket, and Sam sighed, relieved. What more can Alice's manager do? Get well, Alice. Look up. Alice looked up. "You wouldn't happen to have any mascara?" he asked anybody. No, or whatever, but Sam did manage to locate a black marker pen. On his upper lip portents of a shave were growing up darkly through his makeup, a decaying tooth greased his grin. His lips hung there like a puppet's pelvis, and he hung there. Without feathers. Chickens. Hammers.

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"It's breaking. Really. "Eighteen." Everywhere. Yeah. A regional breakout in Detroit. No. 103 in Billboard. Nationwide. Yes, amazing to say the least. Yeah, unbelievable. A lot of people seem to be digging Alice." There was something electric in the air, a sizzling flow between Sam and Alice. It's br-r-reaking! The phone was ringing. Sounds like we've got a hit on our hands. They were wrong. They laughed. Alice began to worry. "One more station," Sam cheered. He heard "Eighteen" hitting the felt turntable in a radio station in San Francisco. The phone rang again. Alice was cooped up in front of the TV screen, wondering anxiously at the phone, what the voice at the other end was saying. He guessed furiously at Sam's words, fretting whether they were answers or questions. Whether it's a hit and whether the gypsy lied, whether there was another way in or out for a child lost forever in Macy's. A computer? Poetry? Prayer? But the television didn't answer, and the call was for someone who was not there.

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