

King Crimson Makes Rock Turn Red

NEW YORK — King Crimson, royal relative and fellow heavy to Deep Purple, outweighed Joe Cocker and Reprise's Fleetwood Mac 10 tons to two, Nov. 21 at Fillmore East, when the new Atlantic group clashed ear-splitting volume with well-integrated jazz, yielding a symphonic explosion that made listening compulsory, if not hazardous.

A heavy recipe from the

cookbook of the late, great Cream, King Crimson can only be described as a monumental heavy with the majesty—and tragedy—of Hell. Greg Lake, who snaps a cathartic bass guitar to the fore of the music, also sings lead like a hoody choir boy. But with all volume controls wide open, both his bass line and voice resound like thunder in the night. Lake and his drama command the group in the fierce tradition of Jack Bruce, and like Cream's non-member Pete Brown, King Crimson performs the sung poems and Gothic texts of Peter Sinfield, whose foreboding poetry darkens the doomsday visions of the group's holocaustic blasts. In their irreverence and chaos, there is also pseudo-religious exaltation that the British group heightens with its rock interpretations of cosmic jazz.

King Crimson drove home the point of their musical philosophy with the volume turned up so high on their amplifiers that, had they been electric blankets, they would have all broiled to death. Not to mention third degree burns in the audience. The group's immense, towering force field, electrified by the energy of their almost frightening intensity, either pinned down patrons or drove them out. Volume is the total affirmation of their music just as no volume is the negation of rock, so threatening the sound barrier is part of their act of harnessing the hell of machines—in this case, amplifiers—gone berserk. Ian McDonald on keyboards, Bob Fripp, a sit-down guitarist, and Michael Giles on drums added flames to the big fire, which reached its peak on "Court of the Crimson King," a heavy, heady masterwork that should make hard rock nuts forget about Iron Butterfly and their "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" epic. The presence of King Crimson—and it will be very hard to miss them—have made hard rock a little harder.

Fleetwood Mac, the well-known British rock 'n' blues group, featured the lead drumming of long, tall Mick Fleet-

wood and the lead guitar of Peter Green. The group lays down a mean, thick beat that tends to become monotonous. Coupled with the long lack of melodic changes and redeeming performing color, Fleetwood Mac is, unfortunately, only a tight, precision unit of dedicated musicians. Only Jeremy Spencer's too few freakouts on his rock 'n' roll blues guitar pepped up the show.

Joe Cocker, on the other hand, is a name beginning to describe a cult. A brilliant advertising campaign by A&M Records, plus Cocker's rip-roaring soul charades are priming him for the kind of popularity enjoyed by his femme counterpart, Janis Joplin. In his latest

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