

The Top of Pop

By LILLIAN ROXON

I HAD INTENDED to devote all this column to T. Rex and Marc Bolan and their triumphant concert at Carnegie Hall last Sunday night. But I think, truly devoted Bolan fan that I am, that I'd better wait a while, because somehow the whole evening was jinxed, and if you didn't know what a huge star Bolan is and is going to be, you might not have guessed that night.

For one thing, the sound was dreadful. For another, Marc, who is shrewd and clever and a superb assessor of people and situations, still has not fully "tuned out," as he would be put it, the needs of American audiences. When he does, and he's coming back in May, watch out.

One thing he does need is a younger and more real audience than those sleazy imitation Cockettes of both sexes who flocked to what they were convinced was going to be the trendy event of the year—just because Marc wears a little glitter on his face.

There were two glorious moments—

one, when Bolan threw tiny tambourines out into the audience and their constant jingling became part of the rest of the night's instrumental accompaniment, and two, when Marc sang sexually explicit lyrics you never heard on his records. You could actually hear people asking each other in amazement if they'd heard right.

Otherwise, well, all I can tell you, if you were at the concert or read the reviews, was that it was not a typical Bolan night, and that's not how he got to the number one spot in England.

I'd rather refer you to Rolling Stone magazine's excellent background story on him in the current issue and leave my story for a happier time.

As far as show business goes, you see, Marc had some stiff competition this week. I mean, how do you compete with the spectacle of A. J. Weberman and Phil Spector slugging it out in the plush offices of Bertie's boss Alben Klein? Klein, sitting at an antique desk

Marc Him Well

shaped like half a doughnut, was supposed to be holding a press conference, announcing he was suing journalist Peter McCabe and various people over a story in New York magazine.

And just to show what a week for news it has been, I want to say that up at the St. Moritz after Joni Mitchell's concert it was Instant Troubadour.

In other words, a total invasion of those Los Angeles music giants that frequent that famous club—the legendary Dave Geffen, who gave us not only Joni, but Laura Nyro, Crosby Stills and Company and Jackson Browne; the super-beautiful Elliott Roberts, longtime manager of Joni and CSNY; Neil Young himself; David Blue, Jackson Browne, who puts James Taylor to shame with his comic good looks; Eric Anderson, another beauty, and filmmaker George Rubine.

Also there, in addition to Bernie Taupin and wife and Canadian singer Murray McLachlan, who came all the

way from Toronto with manager Bernie Finkelstein to see his friend Joni, was every big-time music writer you can think of, including Rolling Stone New York editor Tim Ferris, who never goes anywhere on principle. I tell you, it was quite a night.

Joni, of course, was radiant, more radiant than I have ever seen her before, after her move from Laurel Canyon, which was starting to get her down, to an isolated farm near Vancouver. She was in wonderful voice, and she got more cries of "Joni, you're beautiful" than ever before, not to mention long-stemmed roses and impetuous kisses from male admirers who crowded the space near the stage.

Her new songs are as good as her old ones, and I don't think anyone there will ever forget the way the evening ended with "The Circle Game" and with all her friends on stage singing along with her and the audience. Beautiful, beautiful. See you at David Cassidy.