

to harmonize on "Fun Fun Fun." Other delights were the choral conclusion of "God Only Knows" and the "Be My Baby" intro for "Don't Worry Baby," probably the best ballad Brian Wilson ever wrote.

Good Times expects me to write something about the concert, and I'm afraid that anything I send them would be more a rave-on testimonial than a review. Can't help it. Each time I've seen the Beach Boys over the past four years they've gotten more proficient as a live band, and more entertaining. They love performing, and they are returned with an affectionate response that is a joy to be a part of. Thirteen years on, they remain the best pop group America has ever produced, still riding the crest of a perfect wave. Wish you could've been there.

Mitch

Poco Felt Forum

By Mitchell Schneider

After Poco's uneasy transition to a foursome, it was simply exhilarating to witness a performance at the Felt Forum that bubbled with their bright-eyed, country innocence.

The exclusive harmonies of Tim Schmit, Paul Cotton, and George Grantham were intact, beautifully laced with their country-rock neon, especially on "Sagebrush Serenade" from their new album. In their delivery of "I Guess You Made It" and "Ride the Country," they captured the magic of their old days, and with the audience always on their feet swaying to Poco's inherent musical bounce, the Poco Party had resumed. Even though I missed Richie Furay's vocal vitality on "Good Feeling To Know" and his charismatic stage presence, Poco's total togetherness—musically, vocally, and visually—quickly squelched any sense of nostalgia.

The concert was surely Rusty Young's instrumental showcase, as most of the evening's songs were filled with his fast-slidin' dobro licks and celestial pedal steel runs. The encore, "A Right Along," was highlighted by Rusty's own musical invention,

the bear, a slide guitar type instrument that enables him to give off the clarity of Duane Allman with the controlled raunchiness of Johnny Winter. The audience, well, they ate up every minute of the show.

Elton John Montreal Forum

By Bill Mann

MONTREAL—Even the local promoter (Donald K. Donald), no stranger to either superlatives or hyperbole, was beside himself. "The greatest entertainment spectacle I've ever presented," he gasped. "This is the one they'll talk about for TWO YEARS!"

Well, Elton John's jam-packed Montreal Forum concert was certainly a new high both in excitement and crowd-noise level, and when R. Dwight walked on stage looking like Queen Elizabeth I dressed in aluminum foil, they went berserk! As the title of a movie recently put it, "That's Entertainment!" And as far as entertainment value goes, John's show had to be rated a success.

Unfortunately, Elton's show travels in the, er, drag of good music, which it isn't especially. Most of John's songs are cynical and cyclical pop cliches which elicited mostly a knee-jerk response during their opening chords; few of them were performed that well by an already gravel-throated John.

"Funeral For A Friend" opened, of course, a pointlessly long song staged solely for dramatic impact. On "Take Me to the Pilot," John's hypocrisy showed best. "Take me to the...!" he yelled out four times with pseudo-emotion on the intro; then he sang the song, which he himself recently described as "stupid," with the best phony intensity he could muster. Needless to say, they ate it up.

Only one trouble: the star system giveth, but it also taketh away, and Elton, being the show-biz creature he is, should understand this.

The best thing about going to an Elton John concert is you get the feeling that sooner or later Elton's audience is going to outgrow him.