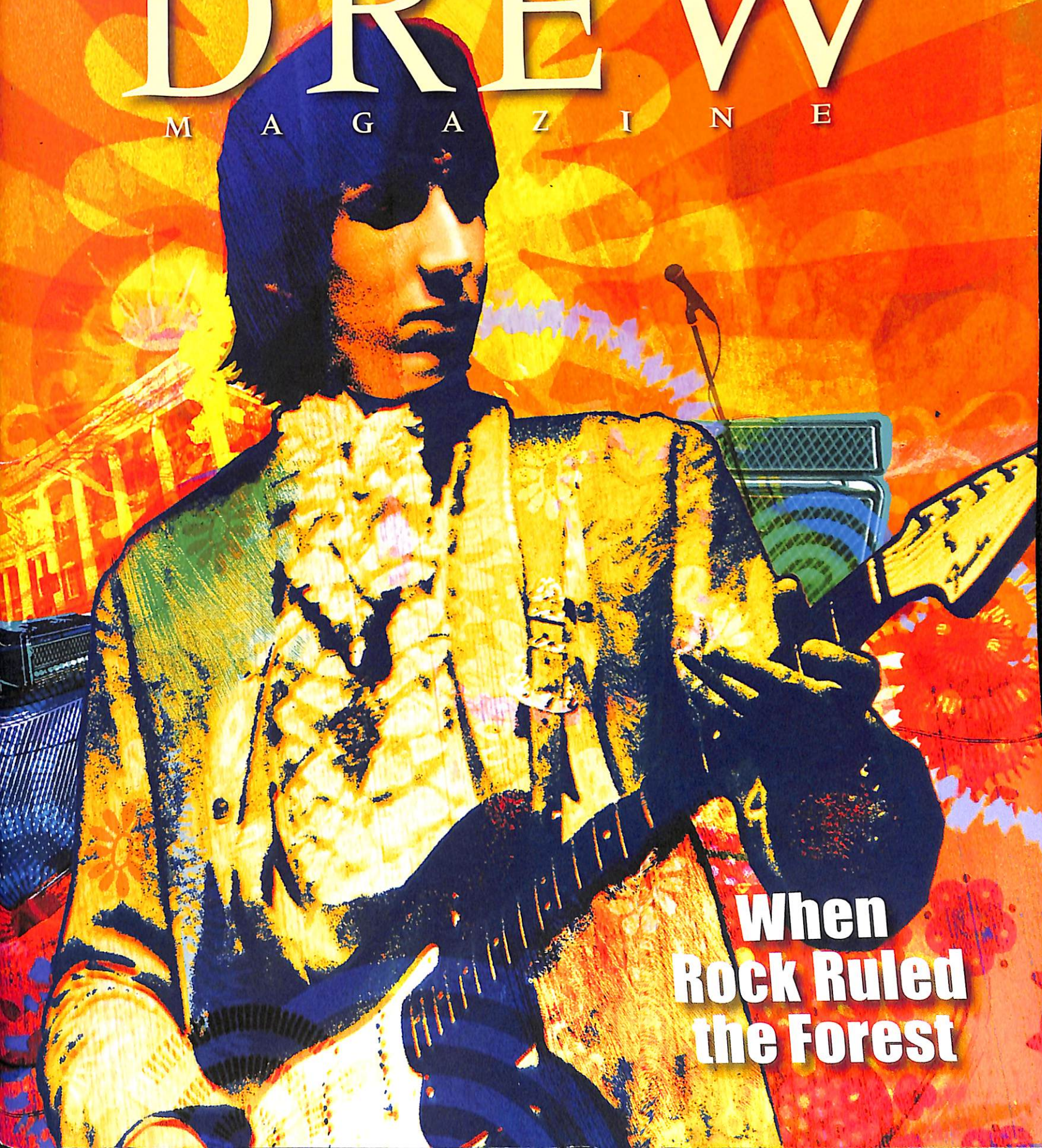


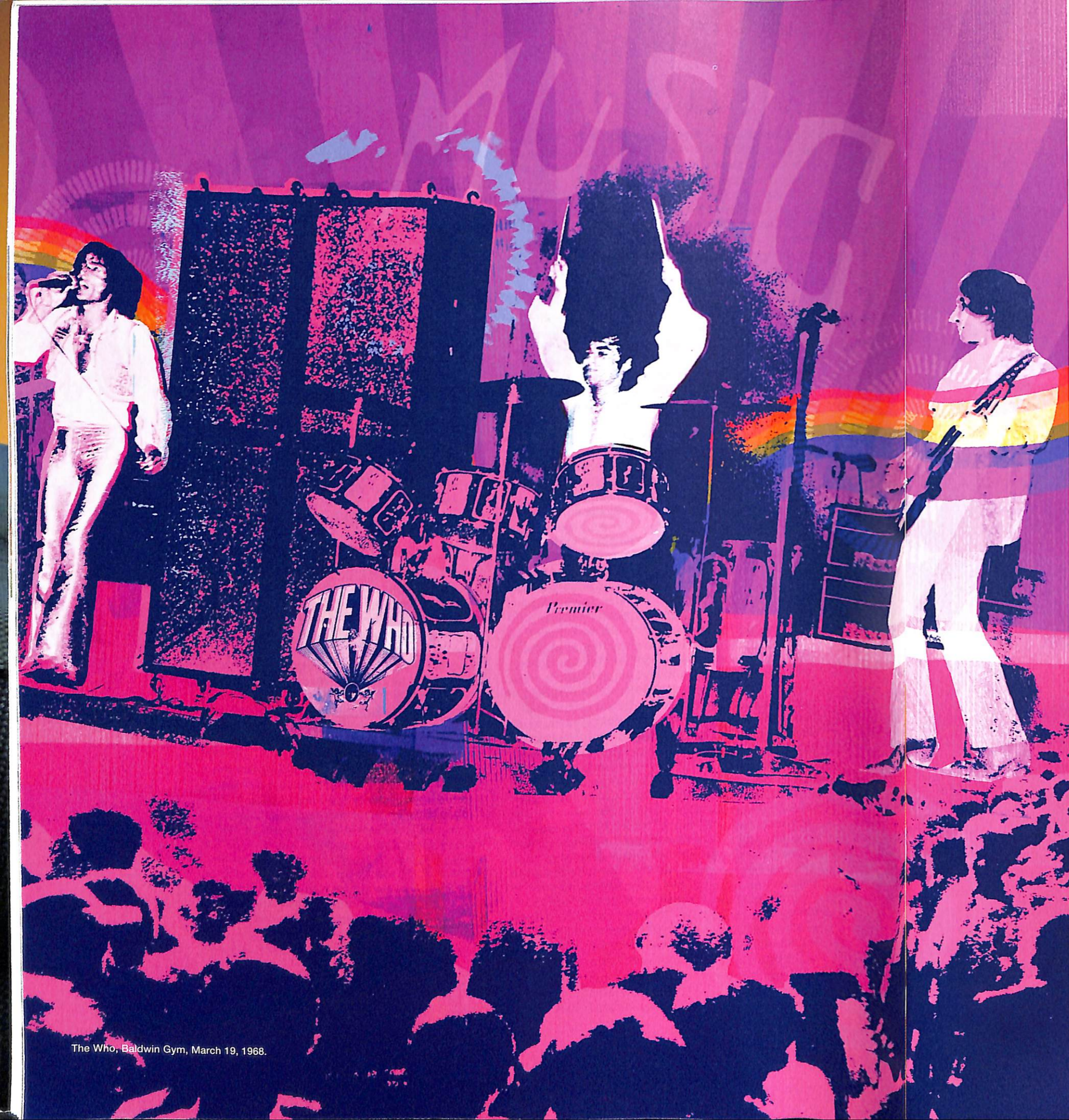
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DREW

M A G A Z I N E



**When
Rock Ruled
the Forest**



The Who, Baldwin Gym, March 19, 1968.

Illustration by Tim Marrs; photograph for The Acorn, University Archives

WHEN ROCK Ruled

**The Who. The Lovin' Spoonful.
Jefferson Airplane. Iron Butterfly.**

Four decades ago, Drew made an improbable appearance on the stage of a cultural revolution. We asked alumni from the peace-and-love generation to reminisce about their favorite rock concerts in the Forest.



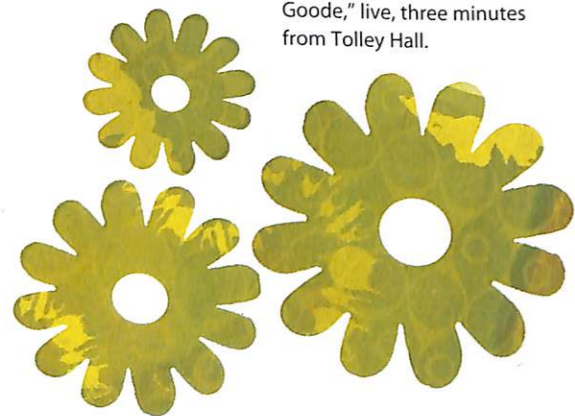


The first concert I saw at Drew, days after I arrived in the fall of 1966, featured Chad and Jeremy, a likable folk duo

from the lightweight division of the British Invasion. When I told one of my rhythm-and-blues friends the show was only so-so, he replied, "What made you think it would be even that good?"

Today, I remember it more charitably, and not because "Summer Song" had unexpected resonance. No, it was the opening act to a part of Drew the college catalog never mentioned: A century after its founding, this quiet Methodist seminary was about to become a heavily trafficked outpost on the 1960s rock 'n' roll highway.

On a Saturday night in 1969, for a couple of bucks, you could see **Blood, Sweat and Tears**, **Chuck Berry** and **Rhinoceros** in Baldwin Gymnasium. OK, David Clayton-Thomas, the lead singer of BS&T, bailed out of the late show with a sore throat, and Rhinoceros remains better known as a large mammal. But Chuck Berry, when he still had all his voice, sang "Johnny B. Goode," live, three minutes from Tolley Hall.



While rock concerts were not unusual by 1966, they were still moderately subversive. Our parents did not pay the \$1,800 annual Drew tuition so **Jefferson Airplane** could remind us that the dormouse said to "feed your head."

By modern standards, the whole operation was primitive. Rows of folding chairs were set up in the gym, whose acoustics sounded like a subway tunnel at rush hour. The speakers and amps, by today's standards, would embarrass a sixth grader.

Didn't matter. In March of 1968, **The Who** played that stage, unleashing a 45-minute blitzkrieg of sound. The gym, which seated 1,500, was half-full. The social committee was criticized for overpricing the tickets at \$4.50. It was a great show.

Students did all the work, for nothing, and there were rough patches. **Iron Butterfly** didn't go on until nearly midnight, meaning "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" ended around lunchtime.

Frank Zappa, ever the contrarian, made sarcastic remarks about the teeny-bops in the audience and then got into their faces by playing a set of wildly eclectic improvisations. The crowd shifted in its folding chairs, then started muttering, then left. So did Zappa. My friend Robert Hancock, maybe the only improv fan in the house, went backstage and told him, "You were right." About the teens, he meant. Zappa just shrugged.

My favorite band, the **Lovin' Spoonful**, played Drew just before finals in May 1967. I wanted the best show ever. It was good. It wasn't great. They played for two hours, which was about their entire repertoire, but it lacked the transcendent spark of their best live work.



Livingston '70



Rita Coolidge (1972)

Turned out guitarist Zal Yanovsky wasn't speaking to drummer Joe Butler and had decided to leave the band. Sometimes just believing in the magic doesn't set you free. That's rock 'n' roll.

The diciest moment came in the fall of 1967, when the chairman of the social committee and three friends promoted a **Four Tops** show by doing a song-and-dance in the cafeteria. In blackface.

Bad idea.

But the real Tops were terrific. So were **The Who**, the **Airplane**, the **Rascals**, the **Animals**. Eight artists who played Drew back then were later enshrined in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame.

Nine if you count **Bob Dylan**, who finally played Drew on April 13, 1996. The times they had a-changed by then, but I went back, and I'm glad I did. He was even better than Chad and Jeremy. **David Hinckley C'70**

University Archives. Facing page: Grace Slick photo, George Bauman for The Acorn, and Jethro Tull, both Archives. Zappa photo, Loren Bliss for The Acorn, courtesy David Hinckley C'70

As social chairman of the college in 1972-73, I remember Drew's rock concerts

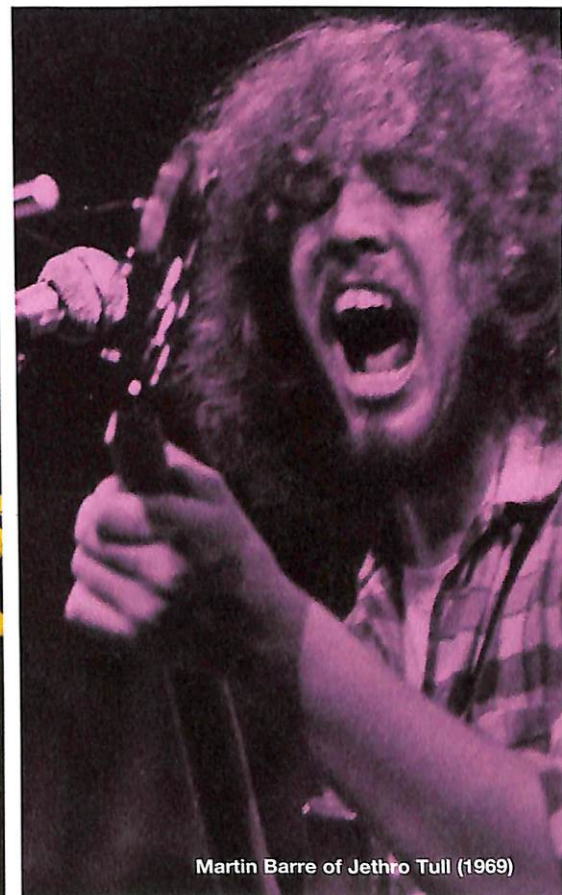
with fondness. Live shows on campus by artists such as **Mountain** and **Van Morrison**, both in 1970, were invigorating, implausibly inexpensive at \$5 a ticket and always a little raucous. The concerts conveyed not only the great passion of the performers but also American culture in the midst of change. And they conferred on Drew a kind of worldliness for a small college in a suburban town. Today, whenever I hear **The Who** belt out "Who Are You," I always think of Drew and smile. **Frank J. Carnabuci C'73**



Grace Slick of Jefferson Airplane (1968)



Frank Zappa (1969)



Martin Barre of Jethro Tull (1969)

A fleeting but staggering memory of Drew and the whole rock'n'roll

thing was a **Mountain** concert in the gym on a Saturday night in 1970 and an address by Strom Thurmond the following afternoon. Yikes! Now, there's an education. **Margo Davis C'72**



Iron Butterfly (1968)



Billy Preston (1972)

You need to understand what it meant to be social chairman in the '60s.

In theory, one was chair of the social committee. In practice, one was Hugo Chavez.

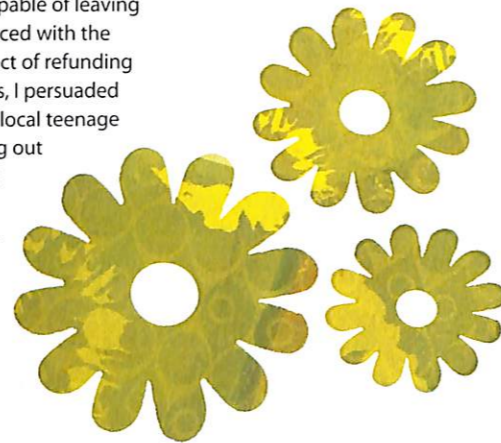
The first show I organized was **The Who**. We paid the band \$4,000 for a 45-minute set. With other costs, the concert's budget ran to \$5,500. Believe it or not, the show lost money, about \$1,500. The concert, however, was an artistic success. I recall the energy of the group's performance, in particular the drummer Keith Moon, as well as their harmonies. They wore white Sgt. Pepper outfits, and I believe Pete Townshend smashed a guitar at the close. Drew was fortunate to have the group. It was like buying shares of Microsoft in 1985.

On the night of the **Iron Butterfly** show, one of the band members miscalculated his LSD dose and was incapable of leaving his motel room. Faced with the unpleasant prospect of refunding hundreds of tickets, I persuaded the opening act, a local teenage blues band, to drag out their set. And then play another set. And then another. Still no Butterfly.

band member. I huddled in the Baldwin Gym locker room while the audience stomped on bleachers, thundering their discontent. People pelted me with objects and boos when I went out to announce each delay. At last, at 11:30 p.m., the delinquent band member arrived. The group did their psychedelic thing and finished with a ripping version of "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida," replete with smoke bombs.

In September 1968, I booked my favorite group, **Jefferson Airplane**. Both shows sold out. I invited my parents (Lawrence Welk fans), who were nonplussed by the strange music. My dad congratulated me afterwards with the observation that it was the first time in seven years that he heard anything in his right ear.

Greg Granquist C'71



University Archives. Facing page: left to right, Golden photo, Liz Bowers for The Acorn; courtesy Bob Gainey, courtesy Steve Freeman, courtesy Jim Hala

The Boys in the Band

Plenty of Drew faculty and staff create music, from jazz to bluegrass to rhythm and blues. Four of them indulged us with their favorite concert memories—on and off campus.



Jonathan Golden

Assistant Professor of Religion

Guitarist in bands with students and with Drew faculty and staff

Last fall, on October 6, we organized a benefit for victims of Hurricane Katrina and got a New Orleans band, Papa Grows Funk, to come play at The Space. That evening, the New Orleans Saints were on Monday Night Football and there was a TV adjacent to the stage. These guys are huge Saints fans, and they couldn't keep their eyes off the game. Every time the Saints would score, they would, on a dime, go right into a couple stanzas of "When the Saints Go Marching In," and then, on a dime again, go right back into the song they were playing.



Bob Gainey

Manager, Media Services/Instructional Technology Services

Drummer in The Booglerizers, an acoustic blues and ragtime band

My most memorable concert was the first one I ever saw: June 1972, I was 10 years old, I went to Madison Square Garden to see Elvis Presley. We had nosebleed seats. The lights went down, and the music came up. (I found out later it was the theme to *2001: A Space Odyssey*.) The drummer, on a double bass drum, started kicking in on the drums, and then came the horns, the strings. Then out comes this one guy, in a cape, and he goes to every part of the stage. Then he heads for the mike and starts singing. It was amazing. I think he started by singing "That's All Right, Mama." There were no pyrotechnics, no huge screens. It was just him singing. Ten years later, I bought the eight-track of one of the shows he did at the Garden that week.



Steve Freeman

Admissions officer and Class of 1970 alumnus

Bass player in a jazz band with Drew faculty and staff

My favorite concert was one that I put on several weeks after I started at Drew in 1965. It was a jazz show, a quartet. I was the oldest, 18. The other guys were 16, and they were fantastic players. I was eager to bring these guys up and play in Great Hall. The leader of the group—a bass player—ultimately went to Juilliard, and the keyboard player was just precocious; he's still playing professionally. We played old jazz standards, Irving Berlin, ballads and sambas. It was just a swinging quartet. I had never seen any response on campus like that until the big rock 'n' roll bands came in.



Jim Hala

Professor of English, Director of Humanities Program

Drummer in Allamuchy Sheik, a folk and blues group

In the fall of 1992, when I was the director of Drew's London Semester, I took the students to the Barbican Concert Hall in London for a Mahler symphony. There was a student sitting next to me who had never been to a classical concert. Five minutes into it, she turned to me with her eyes absolutely huge and glowing and said, "It's just wonderful." And that was one of the greatest memories I've ever had at Drew. It was one of those moments that make you glad you're a teacher.

For a list of Drew concerts from 1966 to 1984, visit drewmagazine.com.

Special thanks to David Hinckley C'70, Jeff King C'72 and Masato Okinaka in the Drew University Archives for loaning photographs and posters.