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BLACK CREEK: Why in the bluegrass

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Midwich Cuckoo has Black Creek, that passel of their own hybrid of rock and bluegrass, variously called "new-country."

ripe for pseudo-music, of innocent trendies like the bluegrass class, as a song "one of their kind." But Black Creek of fine musicians who do exactly what

their anarchistic spirits tell them to do with it.

For example, the traditional Cripple Creek comes out with enough electric crackle to shortcircuit a purist at 50 yards, but the unbiased will notice that the triple solo — a break on banjo by Dave Pearce, a wild streak of mandolin by Frank Barth and a windup on electric violin by Marc Haines — betrays nothing but the finest musicianship.

Particularly outstanding is Pearce's Simonized banjo, which reflects enough light to read by and produces enough music to make you want to put them in a bigger room — which they richly deserve, after four years of attracting a steady following in clubs like Breugel's and The Chimney. (The group's strongest feature, though, is not musical at all. It's showman Marc Haines' nonstop monologue, a wacky mixture of pop philosophy and self-put-down. "Life is basically boring," he intones, shaking an ample mass of blond hair. "That's why they have war, pestilence, TV and Black Creek.")

With which they launch into an outrageous version of Laura Nyro's And When I

BLUEGRASS TORONTO STAR

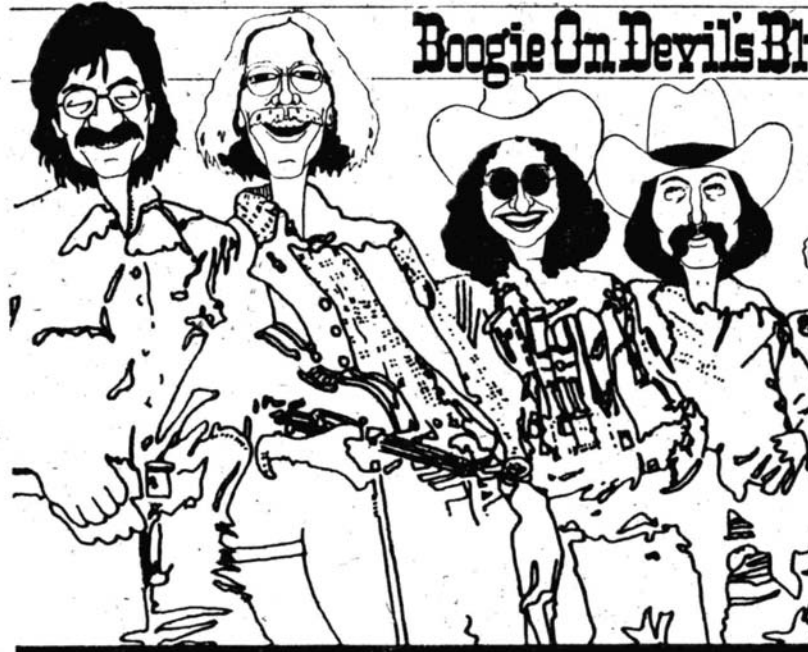
dy tavern for the high- sound of Black the most accomplished ds ever to come out of Traditional bluegrass g these boys restrict their sound has ele- gtime and swing, and ceable. The high level and the group's friendly stage manner are two Their Orange Blossom ll keep you high all

BLACK CREEK

You'll hear a little bit of everything if you pop to Midwich Cuckoo this Sunday. Hear these folks.

Night L

BLUEGRASS/NEWGRASS
MIDWICH CUCKOO. Black Creek city-country music from a to band, Black Creek, (Sunday, Robbie Rox.) Hotel, 240 Jarvis St. 363-9



Black Creek: that passel of city kids who play their own hybrid of rock

Die, in which they transform themselves into the "Mormon Tabernacle Trio."

They've had good words for their own music, which included fairly presentable songs like Flying Down to Reno, and a raunchy number called The Pig Farmer's Wife and the Fertilizer Salesman, but they're not about to set the world afire as songwriters. What keeps the fans coming back (about half the house were camp followers) is the combination of highjinks and fine music-making. With a couple of

successful singles to their long overdue for a stint on the concert circuit.

Meanwhile, "we're making music," says back his hair and head the urbanites some re After all, Black Creek enough, even though middle of Downsview a good ol' boy would be gin' a banjo beside it.