



Opinion by Deb Gray

Then there was John Kay, robed in rock-god splendor. The Mick Jagger macho personified.

Beside him, Bobby Cochran with the Rapunzel-length locks, Goldie McJohn with the sequined costume, and all the rest are nothing.

For John Kay is Steppenwolf.

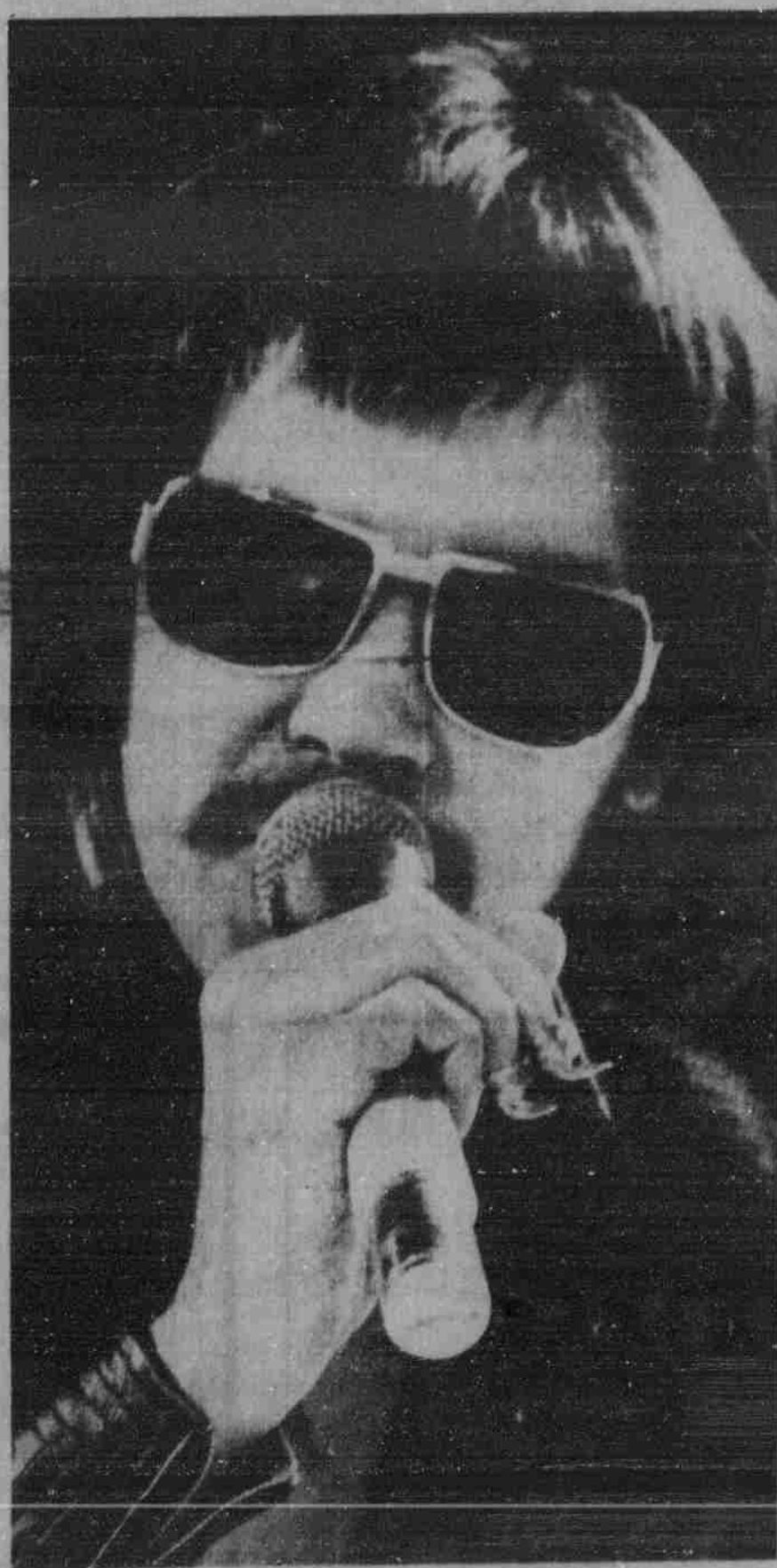
The five-member hard-rock band performed before an audience of about 3,500 persons Monday night in Pershing Municipal Auditorium. They sang their old hits, reviving nostalgia for a bygone era. The era of "easy riding," Kent State and bomb-the-ROTC-building fervor.

The revolution is over. And without the revolution, Steppenwolf's music lacks direction. No new material matches the ferocity of "Born to Be Wild" or the antiestablishment vehemence of "Monster."

The predominantly high school-aged crowd that clutched toward the stage were too young to remember Eugene McCarthy, the draft and the 1968 Democratic convention. They were not part of the era which pumped the lifeblood into Steppenwolf's existence. They could not fully appreciate the spirit of the music.

But they didn't care. For Monday night, a rock musician stood above them, sneering mystery and brutality into their Clearasil-splattered lives.

And to them, rock musicians are gods.



photos by
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