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The Shakin' Street Gazette, Volume 1

The Shakin' Street Gazette

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Strait

18 OCTOBER, 1973

Introducing—

The Shakin' Street Gazette





The Revival Of Teenage Music - It's About Time

Part I

"Yeah, you got that somethin'
I think you'll understand,
When I feel that somethin'
I wanna hold your hand."

-guess who!

The innocence and simplicity of the four lines above just about sums up the essence of Teenage music. Singers have been relating the joys, problems and frustrations of being teenage way before the Beatles, but never before had that area been personalized on such a massive popularity scale as the Liverpool 4. John and Paul didn't just read lyrics, the listener felt more than once that they were singing of their *own* problems. And who can't relate to the four lines above?

Teenage music on the one hand,

draws from 3 closely related yet distinct music styles: rock 'n' roll, rock (not as basic) and pop (not as electric/gritty). It was the music that was the thrust of these statements. Sometimes light and airy, at other times abrasive and rockin', there was a strongly energetic feeling in the music that helped to make light of the adolescent situation.

And what situations they were: Teenage music, on the other hand, draws from the trials, tribulations, joys, sorrows, frustrations, problems, and general feelings about being teenage. Things like falling in love, falling in sex, parent hassles, school hassles, timely complaints like getting grounded, losing a fight, fear of growing up and lots of others. It was the combination of the

music and relevant teenage lyrics that made the 60's pop/rock consciousness so important in terms of commercial success and massive popularity.

The time is so right for a resurgence in Teenage music that it has thrown a bad light on the past rock generation. That group, now well into college, has monopolized rock for so long that it had no choice than to become stagnant. As that generation grew into adulthood, so did the music, until the preoccupation with teenage themes had all but disappeared. All that rock was involved with was religion, drugs, marriage and even *philosophy*. What novacaine. And the music itself grew out of its concise form. Bigger is better! If you liked this song for 3 minutes, of course you'll like it for 2½ hours! Hey, Jimi, what was your longest guitar solo? I dunno, Jerry, I think it was 45 minutes. Ah, I got you beat, mine was 16 days, and some damn critic had the gall to say I only got good in the last five minutes.

And on and on and on and on. . .

Rock reached new lows of boredom. And with rock trying to satisfy many age groups, it strained itself almost beyond repair. It's way past time for this music to return to the kids, as it did when this college audience was young.

Something Charlie Gillette wrote (in *Sounds of the City*, still the finest book on rock 'n' roll ever written) about the late 50's ironically applies today: As rock ran its course, the industry, with typical sleight of hand, killed off the music but kept the name, so that virtually all popular music was branded rock.

This had its effect on cursed radio stations, who, in trying to appeal to the largest audience, stripped their charts of any adolescent guts, thereby further destroying Teenage music. There's nothing wrong with groups trying to play

ON THE CORNER

It's hard to be original in Buffalo. And that ain't sayin' much about the competition. It's just that no one will let you.

Yeah, you know what I'm talkin' about. When you follow the crowd, you're ignored as part of the crowd. When you attempt to be different, you're slapped down with a simple "No one'll understand it."

So until you help us in deciding what you want, we'll give you these:

We'll give you features. We'll give you interviews. We'll give you detailed reviews of albums by rockers with wide appeal, avoiding any needless praise or insults, unless they especially deserve it. We'll give you shorter reviews of albums that, while not always being world-shattering events, deserve a bit of attention. We'll give you singles reviews, because, even though this audience doesn't necessarily buy singles, it does listen to the radio and that seems reason enough. We'll give you concert round-ups. We'll avoid any Ralph

Gleason-ism (editorial comment) unless a situation cries out for it. We'll inform, entertain and surprise you. Promise.

This is essentially a *Rock* magazine, but bear with us should we ever step out of our boundaries.

As far as our policy: we respect determination, drive and honesty in rock music. Plain and simple.

About writers: Andrew Cutler is a former Asst. Music Editor of *Undercurrent* and former *Record* and *Strait* reviewer. Michael Sajecki is former Editor of *Leevz* and former *Strait* reviewer. Michael Sajecki is former Editor of *Leevz* and former *Strait* reviewer. Michael Hudnut is a former *Spectrum* reviewer and has written for *Zoo World*. Dan Bender is a former *Strait* reviewer. Dave Meinzer handles the logos and is a former *Strait* reviewer. Gary Sperrazza is a former Gary Sperrazza.

So we don't plan on being 'original.' We're just gonna do it the way it shoulda been done in the first way. And if that's originall, well. . .

by the rules, except many of them don't realize the rules have changed. I suggest you pick up a copy of *Billboard* and notice how the MOR charts (easy listening for older radio listeners) almost match the Top 40 "rock" charts song for song. Interesting?

So, to an extent, some are right in thinking rock was dead; it committed suicide. The knife drawn by the old stand-bys predictably disappointing with sub-standard material. The knife stuck in by these now-n'iddle aged musicians still holding on to their waning popularity by living on past glories. The knife twisted in by self-indulgent, spoiled "rockers" living in their Beverly Hills home or French chateaus, and driving their Lincolns to their sold-out concert to sing of the joys of "truckin'" down the road penniless or expressing frustration of "no satisfaction" when he can get more than his fill of sex with hardly no effort. I mean, who're you kidding? You'll all be needing dentures and hairpieces soon.

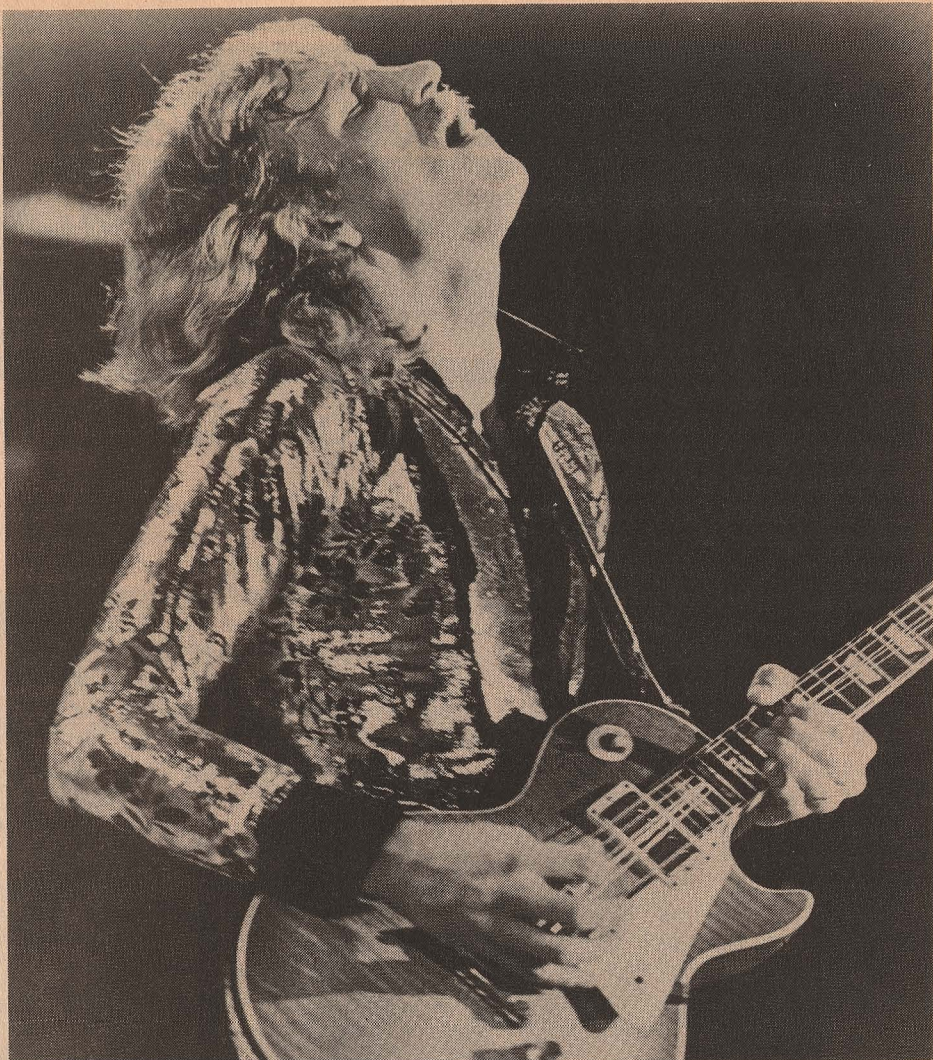
Feeding off past glories is unforgivable. You're not babies anymore.

Well, slowly but surely, there has been a trend developing concerning a rekindling of interest in pop consciousness/Teenage music in the 70's. A whole new generation has been weaned on the Beatles and the 60's, as the Beatles were with Berry and the 50's. These new bands have matured enough musically to land contracts with companies and their recent releases have showed a strong return to the happy feelings almost given up for lost in 70's popular music.

There's hope.

— GARY SPERRAZZA

Next: the Groups



"The James Gang is gone, I still play with my dong, Rocky Mountain Way-eee," da-DA-Da-da, "and it's getting fatter." the self-abusing Joe Walsh, currently stroking his way to success with his exciting album, *The Smoker You Drink*, will be at Kleinhans with his group *Barnstorm* Oct. 21 (courtesy of Festival

East). Guesting will be Robin Trower, ex-*Procol Harum* guitarist with his new group. Tickets are \$6, \$5, \$4 sold at all Festival ticket outlets, including *Man II* and *Pantastick* stores. *Shakin' Street Gazette* recommends this as a fine rock concert. See you there!

"I can't stand still 'cause you got me goin'
Your slacks are low and your hips are showin'
I dig you girl as you're standin' there,
Your low-cut slacks and your long black hair
I want you goin' round with no one else,
Cause when I'm with you, I can't control myself"

-The Troggs
Dick James Music, Inc. (BMI)

"They told you in school about freedom,
But when you try to be free, they never let ya'
They say it's easy, nothin' to it,
And now the Army's out to getcha
I'm sick and tired of payin' these dues
And I'm finally getting hip to the American ruse"

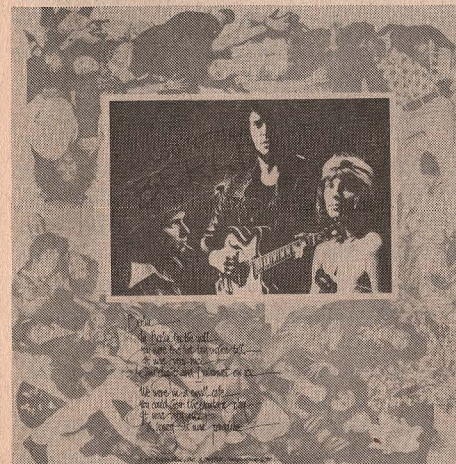
-The MC5
Motor City-Cotillion (BMI)

Long Players



Remember last fall when no one would wanna meet these three in a dark alley? You'd get glam-cooties. We're still not too sure about the first two but Lou

Reed (right) has finally lived up to all the hype about him, with his fantabulous new album, *Berlin*. Note Lon Chaney Jr. (background) gawking at his idol.



left their impression on Lou Reed. He has rechanneled his realities and unrealities, the grotesque has a message to deliver.

There are no negatives attached to the fact that this is a concept album. It is not so rigid so as to strangle the listener. There is much room to breathe; much room for individual interpretation. Each song exists by itself as well as an entity.

Lou Reed has set up tremendous pinnacles for himself to reach on this album. The musicianship on the album is excellent as is to be expected with such back up people as Jack Bruce, Ansley Dunsbar, Bob Ezrin, Steve Hunter, Blue Weaver, B.J. Wilson and Steve Winwood to name a few. One never forgets however, that this is Lou Reed's show. There are no boring solos, no showing off. The musicians do what Lou Reed tells them to do.

The music weaves beautifully and intrinsically with Reed's lyrics which are thought-provoking to say the least, and oftentimes poetic. Reed also employs his special effects to a tee. Crying babies, children crying, mommy, haunting voices. These all present another level of meaning to *Berlin*.

The songs themselves are straight-paced rockers, or slower paced accoustic efforts with orchestration added.

Lou Reed himself is a punk-hero, a

rock troubador. He relates his tale of a love affair, strikingly surreal, as suggested by the cover of the album strewn with bodies postured in orgy fashion, or war-dead.

The booklet of lyrics also contains photographs of a love affair which never existed. Plastic roses, photographs, broken bottles, blood-stained sheets; Reed's world of unreal love. The rise and fall of the male protagonist is depicted by hard rock. The fall of the female is characterized by slower-paced, haunting accoustics.

Berlin, a song of times gone by, a small cafe a depressing piano piece which breaks into *Lady Day*, the triumphant entry of Caroline, a walker of the streets, a germanic queen who enters the bars to the tune of a triumphant strutting piano melody. *Men of Good Fortune*, featuring the primal, necessary drum beats of Ansley Dunsbar coupled with Reed's message of life and death, "Men of poor beginnings want what they have and to get it they'll die..." also very necessary. *Caroline Says I* is a pleasant rock paced effort which places female domination over male... "Caroline says that I'm just a toy..." Lou Reed's answer, a visual, drug suggestive trip. *How do You Think it Feels* another hard rocker with Lou Reed at his punkish finest. "Come here baby..." Coupled with *Oh Jim*, faintly suggestive of the Lizard King's tragic departure, we have a reversal in domination, male over female, or the shape of things to come.

Lou Reed, in his off-key vocals, often times Dylanesque type narrations, is suggesting that a love affair or involvement, is principally a question of domination, no romanticism.

Side two, a slower paced quieter movement, epitomizes the departure of Caroline, if she ever really existed. *Caroline Says II*, a reversal of roles, Caroline being beaten by her "boyfriend." She is ready to die. *The Kids*, featuring some nice acoustic guitar by Lou Reed, and some tasty lead by Steve Hunter, is another downward plunge for Caroline as her child is taken from her because of her "evil ways." The song ends with a baby crying, children screaming - mommy - this is the most urgent message in the world. Frightened children grow up to be frightened adults.

The Bed, a surrealistic death complete with images of sex, candles and slashing of wrists along with the haunting chorus of "Oh what a feeling..."

The album's finale *Sad Song*, equals

Lou Reed *Berlin* (RCA)

Ghastly Screams, disjointed piano bars, German beer drinking songs, laughter: this is Lou Reed's *Berlin*. Lou Reed is shocking us with these sounds, the first to be heard on the album. He dares us to continue listening, and when we do, Lou Reed's baited trap has been snapped by his listeners.

Berlin, the title tune of the album, sets the theme for Reed's most significant contribution to the music world to date. Gone are the surreal efforts of the Velvet Underground, along with the glitter of *Transformer*. However, these times have

the volume level of Side I, the music suggestive of "When you wish upon a star..." a fantasy? A love affair that never existed? A condemnation of Caroline, even after her death, complete domination by the male. Some tasty guitar work is featured on this bizarre ending piece.

Without attempting to endanger myself with superlatives, Lou Reed has presented us with a masterpiece.

It works on all levels, musically, lyrically, thematically. Another Sgt. Pepper's? Who knows. Another Tommy? Not quite. But *Berlin* is definitely worth listening to. It just might be one of the most significant albums of the year.

-Michael Sajecki



Roy Wood: "Whaddya mean, you no like-a my rai-cords?"

the Move had a two week holiday) to 1972.

Boulders is a showcase for Roy's amazingly numerous talents. On it, he not only played electric guitar, bass, piano, drums, french horn, acoustic guitar, lead and all background vocals, cello, clarinet, tenor and baritone saxophones, banjo, sitar, string bass, oboe, recorders and percussion, he composed, arranged and produced the whole thing, and even designed the sleeve and did the front cover painting. *Boulders* is, without a doubt, the SOLO-est solo album ever made.

The songs are those that were not used, for lack of space, in the Move's already recorded works (*The Move*, *Shazam*, *Looking On*, *Message from the Country* and singles too numerous to mention here). So Roy thought he'd record them himself. The material ranges from country to rock, with a little jazz, rock 'n' roll, and blues sprinkled in, and offers insight to the workings of Roy's mind then in relation to his accomplishments now. Above being a collection of highly enjoyable tunes, *Boulders* is like listening to a series of hit singles.

Side one opens with a reflective slow guitar prelude and a contrasting smash as the first tune, "Song of Praise," blasts forth. "Praise" catches Wood in a quite different light as it is a happy folk-rock tune not unlike those sung at folk sermons on Sunday. The chorus is a joy, with Roy's over-dubbed falsetto background vocals adding to the happy feelings contained.

"Wake Up" is more in the older Move style, with percussion being that of a hand slapping in water. Woody finally gets down to business in "Rock Down Low," a lusty rocker with calculated breaks and solos.

"Nancy Sing Me A Song," another Move flashback and "Dear Elaine," a sentimental ballad and current single doing just fine on the English charts, round out the side.

Side two is without doubt the more exciting of the sides. Here, we find a lot concerning Roy's roots, Wizzard is predated and he even manages to get a little crazy, to boot.

"All the Way Over the Hill/Irish Loafer" is a tight rockin' tune with a surprisingly accurate impersonation of the Beach Boys singing background vocals. "Miss Clarke and the Comptuer" is the sad story of a computer who falls in love with a secretary. The computer sings the song, pleading to the engineers not to take its' heart away. Roy's guitar, mandolin and sitar accompaniment gives the song a child-like fairytale aura and as the computer slowly dies, so does the song, to be replaced by a touching reprise, giving mock tribute to the lost love.

Roy struts his stuff in "When Grandma Plays the Banjo," a hi-energy country stomper, giving it a rodeo feel, with his story of Grandma, who shut down all the local cowboys with her fine banjo playing. Short solos abound with thunderous applause after each (Imagine Wood, alone in the studio at 3 am, over-dubbing all this applause and characterizations).

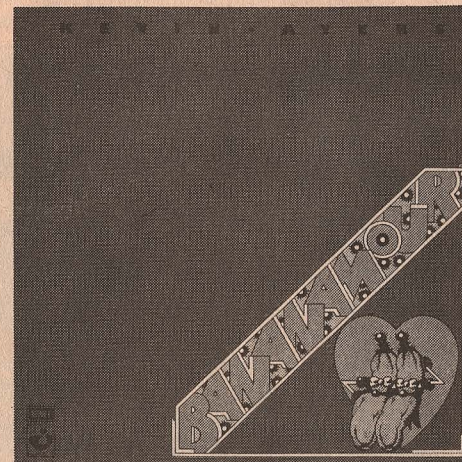
The final segment is a rock medley: "Rockin' Shoes," "She's Too Good for Me" (a perfect Everly Bros. impersonation here) and "Locomotive," pre-dating Wizzard back to '71, without the characteristic intense, echo-y production that adorns *Wizzard's Brew*. "Locomotive" brings the whole album together, a finer rocker could not be found anywhere.

If rock 'n' roll is primarily a spirit, then *Boulders* is a rock 'n' roll album. Subtle teasers abound in each song (horn lines at the end of "Locomotive" match those in the middle of "Meet Me at the Jailhouse" in *Wizzard's Brew*, ELO references in "Rock Down Low" and "Irish Loafer," subtle background vocal impersonations), and Roy has used this awareness and grasp of the spirit as a lacing for all of the tunes on *Boulders*.

While not resembling the creative electric rock of the Move, the experimental ELO, or the worldly excesses of Wizzard (a problem with trying to be too much all at one time), *Boulders* stands alone in its own sphere as a bonafide masterpiece.

-Gary Sperrazza

PS: The Move/ELO/Wizzard Appreciation Society is still going strong, changing its format to a fanzine published 6 times a year. Please address all inquiries to: Jack Springer, MELOW Society 1422 Northland Ave., Lakewood, Ohio 44107 and if you mention that this reviewer sent you, it'll be appreciated. -G.S.



Kevin Ayers

BANANAMOUR-KEVIN AYERS (Sire)

Kevin Ayers is rather enigmatic; the great minds of psychiatry might find something definitely wrong with his preoccupation with bananas. The inside cover is a picture of two longhaired evening-jacketed men playing a game of chess in a posh club with the chessmen being pieces of bananas. Ayers has said in recent interviews that his banana fetish stems not only from the obvious sexual connotations but also from the absurdity of the fruit (ie. the world's oldest joke-the man slipping on a banana peel; banana smiles, etc.).

Aside from Ayers' banana idolotry, there is his music. Having founded the Soft Machine, he left after two albums and S.M. progressed from pop-rock to straight ahead jazz. Ayers recorded several solo albums, never released here, probably because the people upstairs don't feel he's hit material. His voice is deep and not terribly melodious but in context with the songs he sings it works out well. On *Bananamour*, he is aided by, among others, Archie Leggett on bass and

vocals (of Ayers' touring group 747) and the standard studio brass section used by many British groups: Howie Carey (tenor sax), Dave Caswell (trumpet) and Lyle Jenkins (baritone sax).

The foremost cut is probably "Shouting in A Bucket Blues," a hymn to solitude and misanthropy featuring Steve Hillage playing a perfect fast, clean and tight guitar solo at the end. "Decadence" is a long hypnotic no with lyrics denouncing the current state of pop music and its' followers: "Watch her out there on display/ Dancing in her sleepy way/ While all her visions start to play/ On the icicles of our decay." Is it any wonder Ayers is bitter?

"Oh Wot A Dream" is a catchy l'il tune with some intriguing makeshift percussion. "Don't Let It Get You Down" is a pure piece of rock didacticism.

This is an album, though not always rock, will certainly appeal to rock fans of all types. Frankly, it's refreshingly good, and if you have a fiver to blow and you gotta buy an LP, pick it up. You'll be pleasingly surprised.

Andy Cutler



Rafferty

CAN I HAVE MY MONEY BACK-GERRY RAFFERTY (Blue Thumb)

Gerry Rafferty is not as obscure a name as you might imagine at first. If you recall Stealer's Wheel, the widely acclaimed soft/hard rock band with somewhat popish appeal, then you've heard of Gerry Rafferty. Stealer's Wheel, the group who have risen and fallen, risen and fallen etc. disbanded and regrouped, disbanded and regrouped etc. at least five times in the space of six months.



Whaddya doin' Nov. 3? Wanna find out what Led Zep and Muddy Waters have in common? UUAB proudly presents Muddy Waters and guest Hound Dog Taylor in Clark Gym at 8 pm. Tickets are \$3-students, \$4-nonstudents and night of concert. Purchase at Buff State and UB ticket offices.

Gerry Rafferty recorded his solo album after leaving the Humblebums, formed Stealer's Wheel, split, then returned to the group just in time to see Stealer's Wheel dissolve for good.

Never fear Wheeler fans, as I have already mentioned, Rafferty was one of the main men of the group. The other begin Joe Egan. They were the singer/songwriters of the group, and for all practical purposes, these two were Stealer's Wheel. Both are on Rafferty's album.

Can I Have My Money Back? is a record which will appeal to many tastes. The album is so well produced and arranged, that even though this album is far from being significant in the music world, it will do well.

Rafferty gives us a good deal of diversity in his efforts, and offers us shorter songs as not to offend or bore anyone. If there is a tune on the album you don't particularly care for, don't worry. It will be over in a couple of minutes. Slightly reminiscent of the battle plans of the Beatles.

Aside from Rafferty and Egan, along with a token appearance by ex-Wheel Rab Noakes, there are no known musicians on the album. They are a competent bunch, however, and at times they're pretty damn good. But the primary focus is on catchy melodies, rich harmonies and



"Hi, I'm Frank Zappa, and this is my new band, the Mothers. This time they're real mothers. On Nov. 21, Festival East presents Me, Me, Me with the legendary Taj Mahal 8 pm at the Aud. Tickets are

\$6, \$5, \$4 and you can purchase them at all Festival ticket outlets, including Man II and Pantastik stores. So give yourself a thrill by coming, hear?"

Rafferty.

Just imagine a voice that can sound like Paul Simon at times, John Lennon, and McCartney at others. That's Rafferty.

His songs have a popish flavor, which means that they'd do well on A.M. That's all it means. Rafferty's rock songs are rock songs without the excesses of hype and roll rock groups.

One is constantly comparing Rafferty's soft rockers such as *Half a Chance*, *Make You Break You* or *New Street Blues* with Beatle's efforts before Sgt. Pepper such as *Revolver*. Nothing wrong with this.

Rafferty also offers us a few country-rock tunes such as *Didn't I*, *Can I Have My Money Back?* and *One Drink Down*. These songs are better than tolerable, if you like fiddles and that sort of thing. If you don't, well they're all very short and well interspersed with the rest of Rafferty's tunes.

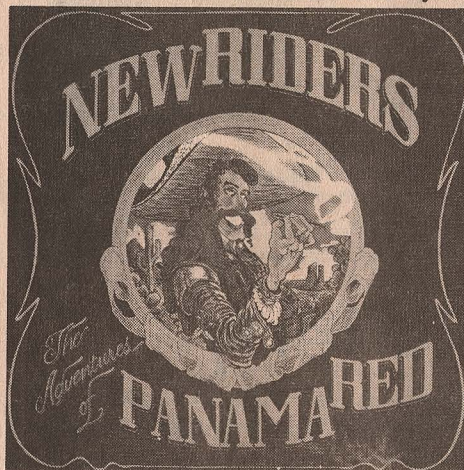
Then there are highly sophisticated melodies, or outstanding cuts such as *Mr. Universe* with some clever lyrics, *To Each And Everyone* complete with Harmonium and harpsichord and *Half a Chance* employing two separate melodies woven together.

Rafferty's lyrics are honest. They're not brilliant, but they're not pretentious. In *Where I Belong* Rafferty sings: "I hope that I'm winning the Race..." Whether

Jerry Rafferty is winning is still to be determined, but one thing is certain, if you enjoyed Stealer's Wheel, you'll enjoy Rafferty.

I must warn you however, that there are no clapping percussives on Rafferty's album, so if that's all you're into folks, forget it.

-Michael Sajecki



New Riders

PANAMA RED-NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE (Columbia)

Midway through the title cut of *Panama Red*, the electric cowboys of San Francisco sing: "Everybody's actin' lazy/ Fallin' out and hangin' 'round/ Nobody feels like workin'/ Panama Red is back in

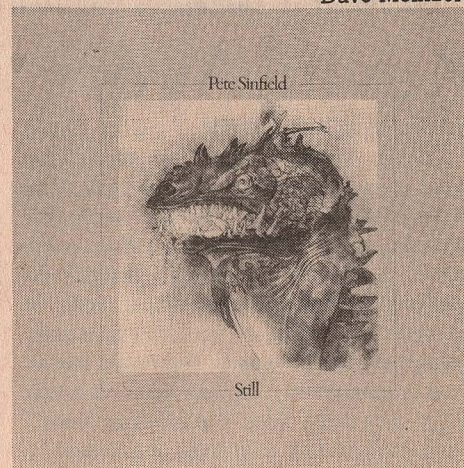
town." Seems like have been smoking it or have caught the fever, because this album lacked a lot of the punch that made their past efforts so much fun. They've even hired the Memphis Horns to fill in some of the gaps.

Still, they've chosen some good material. There are a couple of P. Rowan songs, including "Lonesome L.A. Cowboy," a companion piece to it (?-Ed.), a classical western tune (??-Ed.) "L.A. Lady," and a song by Grateful Dead lyricist Robert Hunter (???-Ed.), which comes off sounding very Dead-like (!!!!-Ed.).

Unfortunately, there are only two songs from the genius of the group, Jim Dawson, but his touch can be heard on several others, especially the little gem stuck in at the end, "Cement, Clay and Glass." Here his voice blends nicely with that of guest Buffy St. Marie, and with the softly wailing horns (The horns, a noble experiment, don't always work, but they're OK here.).

As a whole, the album lacks the rich production that made their last one, *Gypsy Cowboy*, so atmospheric, but the New Riders have given us another pretty record jacket and most importantly, a worthwhile album. Next, please.

-Dave Meinzer



Pete Sinfield

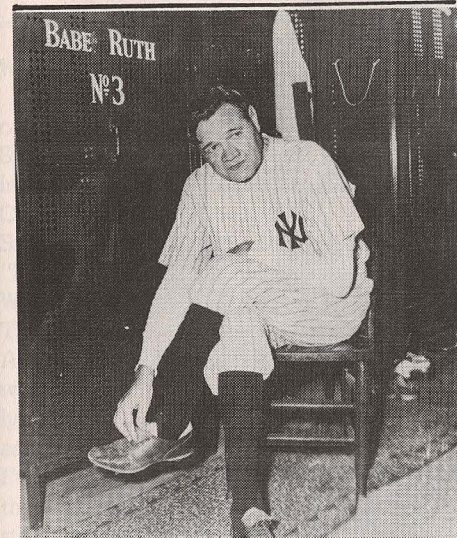
STILL-PETE SINFIELD (Manticore/Atlantic)

This album may sound a little Too King Crimson-ish for some people's comfort, but in actuality is a triumph for Pete Sinfield. You may recall Sinfield as the author of the dreamy, escapist sometimes insane lyrics for King Crimson. This is his first venture as a solo artist/vocalist and he's greatly aided by ex-Crimsonites Greg Lake and Mel Collins, Collins' flute and saxes taking care of the space left by the exclusion of

continuous electric lead guitar by Lake. Although Sinfield doesn't have the greatest voice in the world, his words and arrangements take care of his inadequacy as a lead singer.

The album opens with "The Song of the Sea Goat," a flowing melodic song based loosely on a theme by Vivaldi. Here pianist Keith Tippett excels with a liquid tinkling sound that escapes all barriers of classification.

"Will It Be You" is as country as Sinfield dares to go and he ends up sounding like Ringo Starr. "Wholefood Boogie" could well be the sister of Crimson's "Cat Food." With a rollicking sax section, it rocks and rolls but still remains in Sinfield's musical vein.



"Now what the hell does 'I need to suck the breasts of time and freeze her milk in ink' mean, Peter? And I wish you'd stop wearing my shoes."

The title cut features Greg Lake on joint lead vocals and it is where Sinfield's mediocre voice is most painfully pointed out. "Envelopes of Yesterday" sounds frighteningly like Roxy Music which is understandable in light of their discovery by Sinfield (he produced their first album). Again the lyrics are poetic and rambling: "I need to suck the breasts of time and freeze her milk in ink."

The masterpiece of the album is "The Night People," another excursion into the 'real world' as seen through the eyes of a poet. Here the full traditional horn section is utilized in an interesting arrangement by Mel Collins.

Although some many find fault with Sinfield's vocals, they're the least important part of the album, as almost anyone could sing or speak the lyrics and

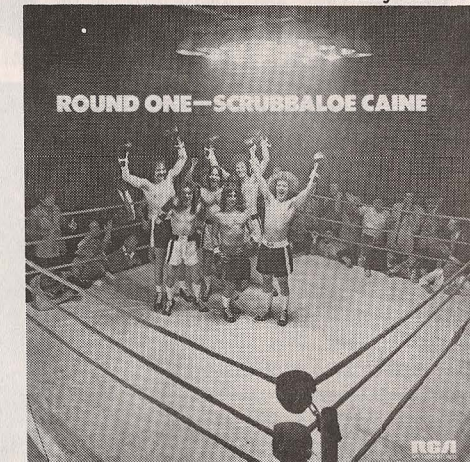


David Bromberg, upon hearing the news that he'd be playing another concert: "Farr-out, but how come they keep putting me on the bill with blind guys?" Oct. 28, UUAB presents Doc Watson and David Bromberg for 2 shows (7:30 & 10

pm) in Clark Gym. Tickets are \$3-students, \$4-loafers like the one pictured above and \$4-night of concert. Purchase them at Buff State and UB ticket offices.

still get the same amount of profundity. With Pete Sinfield we are concerned with, as with Dylan, primarily a poet and that's what this album is: a collection of poetry in the largest sense of the word.

-Andy Cutler



Scrubbaloe

ROUND ONE-SCRUBBALOE CAINE (RCA)

From the friendly giant on our northern border comes Scrubbaloe Caine, one of the finest bands to emerge from Canada in awhile. It's probably not accidental that traces of the Guess Who pop up now and again because not only are the GW the deans of Canadian rock, Scrubbaloe contains Jim Kale, formerly the GW's bassist.

Though all the material is original

excepting Lieber and Stoller's "Trouble," most of the cuts bear obvious traces of influence. "Crazy 'bout A Blues Guitar" starts out sounding like Steve Stills meets Steppenwolf and features some very Jimmy Page-ish licks. Further along in their obsession with guitars and blues comes "Do I Love You (Does a Guitar Play the Blues?)." Judging by the title, the uninitiated might dismiss the cut as just another stupid novelty cut, but on first listen, this image is destroyed as the song is a tight competent rocker that gets right to the point and stays there.

"Edmonton Rain" is the obvious Top 40 cut and has some tasty piano that could make Elton John run for cover. "Trouble" is the album's gutsiest rocker, highlighted by Paul Dean's Beck-influenced punk guitarwork.

Producer David Kershenbaum has done a splendid job of recording the band, keeping the bass bottom-heavy, the drums snappy, the guitars forceful, and the vocals dominant. Scrubbaloe would do well to stay with him for their next album, as he contributes as much to their sound as any member.

Scrubbaloe Caine are going to send a lot of the current rock 'n' rollers back under their rocks cringing in embarrassment in that, in one album, they've done more for Canadian rock than the whole lot of other bands combined. Physically speaking, *Round One* is a knockout. Rock 'n' rave.

-Andy Cutler and Gary Sperrazza

Cold Cuts

CHRIS JAGGER
(Asylum)

Otherwise titled, everyone's got to get into the act, brother Chris offers us a selection of tunes, some showing tremendous potential, others wallowing in a brassy lake of quicksand. Mick makes a cameo appearance on one track with Carly Simon, other than that, it's Chris' show. Whether Chris Jagger falls into the offensive, brassy pitfalls of the Rolling Stones, or he continues to write good tunes which he has already shown potential for, remains to be seen. One big negative insofar as Chris Jagger is concerned, he will be connected with his satanic counter-part for all his life although Chris' voice is much stronger and actually easier to listen to. Too bad he couldn't have had a name like Chris Lennon, or something obscure like that.

PRETTY MUCH YOUR STANDARD RANCH STASH
MICHAEL NESMITH
(RCA)

It's sad that, while receiving a lot of attention in the country world, Nesmith has yet to be accepted in the rock world. I guess his association with the Monkees did more to hurt him than if he surfaced from nowhere as a solo artist. This is his sixth album since the Monkees (three with the First National Band) and it follows in the tracks of the first five as a fine, fine album of country rock. His humor is still infectious and the music will stand longer than most other sleazos now making record charts a farce. Recommended.

BY THE WAY
FRUMPY
(Billingsgate)

There is a certain uniformity of sound in all Billingsgate releases (the German band central label for the U.S.), which could lead one to fantasize that maybe all these records are being put out by the same individuals under different guises. Well, no matter...if Lucifer's Friend is Germany's Uriah Heep and Neu is Germany's King Crimson, then Frumpy is Germany's Grand Funk. Since all are good albums, plan your buying with the above comparisons in mind.

BLUE SKY
BARRY GREENFIELD
(RCA)

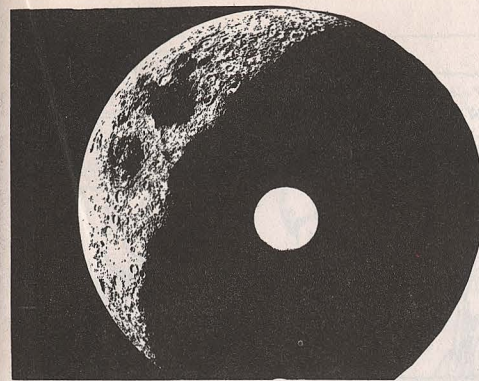
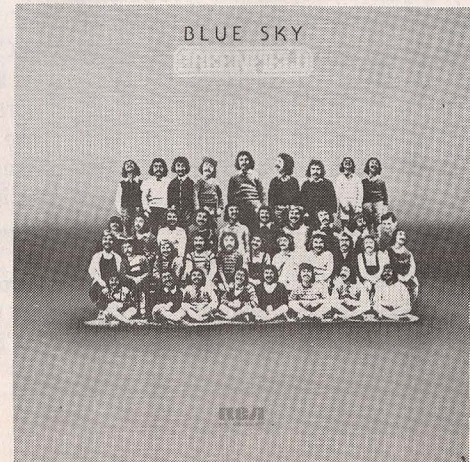
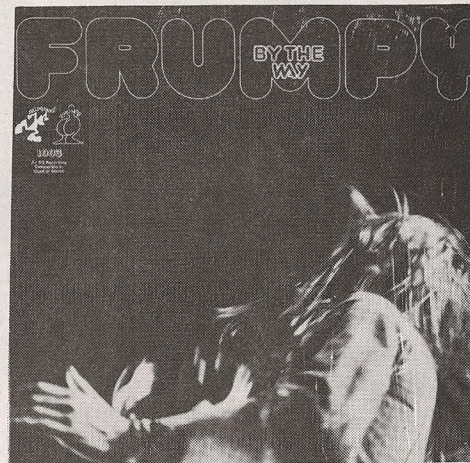
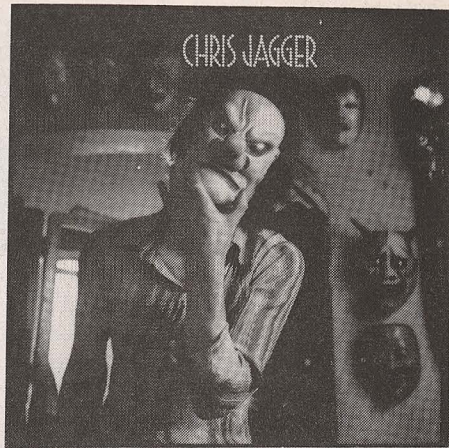
Another in our series of gas-pumpers-turned-rockers. This guy is Barry Greenfield, one of the 1300 singer/songwriters who debut each month out of the Loggins and Messina school of folk and country/folk/rock. As usual, he needs session men. As usual, it's the CBS House Band (probably ousted the same time as Clive), y'know: Larry Carlton, Russ Kunkel, Joe Osborn, Milt Holland, Larry Knechtel, etc. The House Band is proficient, but not too inventive and hence end up backing all these jerks who can't do anything else but sing and beat around the bush. At one point, what's-his-name sings: "Suicide is so easy at times like these." With all the excitement generated on this album, who needs a bottle of sleeping pills?

BROWN SUGAR
CLYDIE KING
(Chelsea/RCA)

This is such a disappointment it hurts to talk about it. Aside from being an accomplished vocalist along with her stint with the Blackberries backing up Humble Pie, she is quite an attractive young lady, but here she's reduced to a poor man's Diana Ross doing dredged-up soul tunes hardly worthy of her and even her sexy voice can't save this album from the bargain bins in two months time.

953 WEST
SIEGAL-SCHWALL BAND
(Wooden Nickel/RCA)

Blues purists beware. S-S Band has been around awhile and cut many records, but they've failed to attract much attention. This fact is painfully realized with 953 West. Utilizing different facets of De Blooz (country blues, Chicago blues, Delta blues, etc.), S-S Band present an album that is fair background music for anything, but is too boring and noncommittal for real enjoyment, and proves to be just another thorn in the side of any devoted Blues follower.



SINGLES

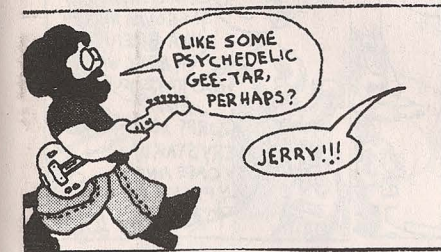
Lil' Sprouts

- Gary Sperrazza!

Wig Wam Bam-Sweet (Bell)

While Bell continues to avoid the issue of releasing "Hellraiser" as the next Sweet single (I think you got the message in the Sweet review 2 issues ago), this Chapman/Chinn tune, taken from the Sweet album, will easily do. Closer to "L'il Willy" than "Blockbuster," "Wig Wam Bam" is to the Sweet what "You Talk Sunshine I Breathe Fire" was to the Amboy Dukes. A fine hi-energy rocker with those luscious Sweet harmonies, lyrics dealing with Hiawatha's sexual activities down by the silver stream. As I've said before, the Sweet are masters at the art of the 45 and the Sweet album is still the best thing I've heard in the 70's. What more can I say? By the way Bell, don't keep us waiting long for "Ballroom Blitz!"

Here Comes Sunshine-Grateful Dead
(Grateful Dead Records)



Happiness is Just Around the Bend-Brian Auger's Oblivion Express (RCA)

With a heavy push from Papa Record Co., I can safely predict that this could turn into a powerful quality hit in the Easy Listening charts. The "Rock" charts, well, maybe trouble, but then again, Deodato made it there. A very relaxed rhythm, a la the aforementioned group and Steely Dan's "Do It Again,"

provides the background for Brian's moog whining, snappy electric piano and organ, and strikingly pretty melody. I love it, and it could do Auger's long and productive career a world of good.

Here Comes Sunshine-Grateful Dead
(Grateful Dead Records)

I'll (yawn) try one more time. This is the first from G.D. Records, their own label. Jerry discovers a far-out 5 second lick, so, in true Dead form, they lengthen it out to 4 min. 37 seconds (Be thankful, in the Dead's younger days, this song could've been the new dead album. "Sunshine" would insult any music style if I attributed it to one, so to avoid stepping on anyone's taste, I'll say that it's...typical Dead, and I've already devoted too much space to it. Flip is "Let Me Sing your Blues Away" with Lame Quote of the Week: "Only two things in the world I love, that's rock and roll and my turtledove." Yugh.

Pick Up the Pieces-Hudson and Ford (A&M)

When the Strawbs split recently, Richard Hudson and John Ford struck out on their own and Cousins reformed the Strawbs. "Pieces" is a fine electric folk-rock that is currently high on the British charts and should do well here.

My Music-Loggins and Messina
(Columbia)

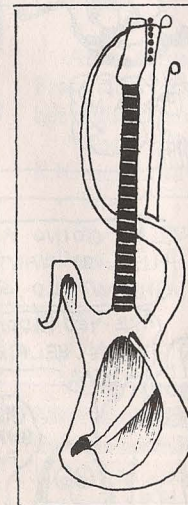
"God knows that I love my music, Ain't no one gonna change my tune," sing L&M. And the tune hasn't changed: sub in the words to "Your Mama Can't Dance" and what you get is a carbon copy follow-up to their preview hit.

Smokin' in the Boys Room-Brownsville Station (Big Tree)

"Sittin' in the classroom, thinking it's a drag, listening to the teacher just ain't my bag, Noon bells ring, you know that's my cue, I'm gonna meet the boys and head over to Smoking in the Boys Room." Brownsville Station have captured what is essentially a ritual of High School kids. Backed by a fine rockin' boogie rhythm, this band, very much involved with the punkier styles of the new Teenage music, may finally get the hit they so well deserve with this rocker.

Rock On-David Essex (Columbia)

We played it at 33 and it sounded like War. We played it at 78 and it sounded like "Rock Steady." We played it at 45 and we can't understand what a white English kid is doing trying to sound like something out of Dakar Records' catalogue, but it was number 3 on the British charts, and we're baffled at the way hits are made there, anyway.



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