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The Shakin' Street Gazette, Volume 2

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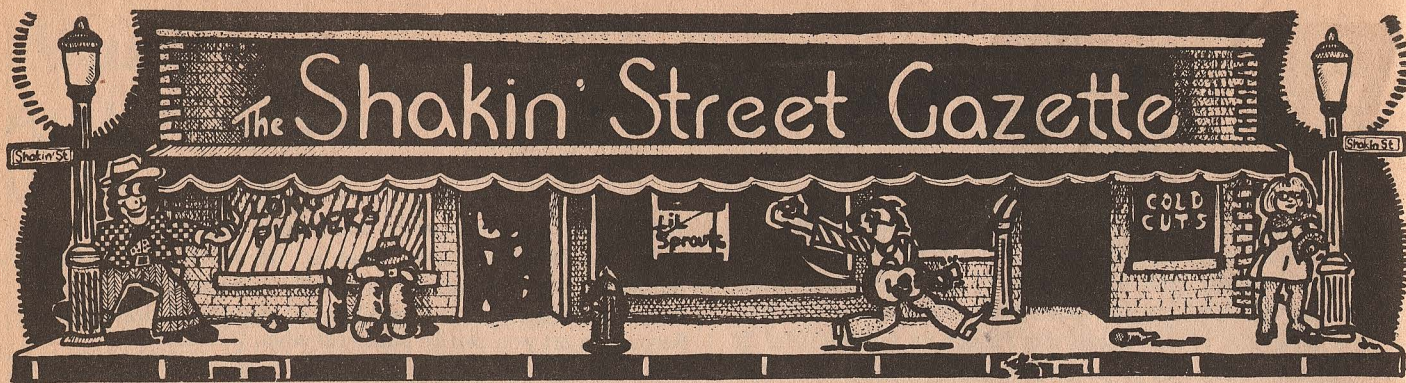
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Teenage Music in the 70's: Part 2!!

"Checkin' out the halls, makin' sure the coast is clear,
Lookin' in the stalls, Nah, there ain't nobody here,
Well, my buddy Fang and me and Paul,
To get caught would surely be the death of us all
Smokin' in the Boys Room

-GARY SPERRAZZA!

They put me to work in the school bookstore,
Check-out counter and I got bored,
The teacher was lookin' for me all around,
Two hours later, you know where I was found
Smokin' in the Boys Room
Smokin' in the Boys Room

Now teacher, don't you fill me up with your rules,
Cause everybody knows that smokin' ain't allowed in school"

-Brownsville Station
Big Leaf Music (ASCAP)

With the ending of one stage is always left a few pieces from which a new stage emerges. So it is with the new Teenage music: a return to the art of the single. Structurally, the attention is focused on its' tightness and conciseness, infectious melody, crisp harmonies, and a sharp eye on production. Being a combination of a resurgence in pop consciousness and the punk-rock of the 60's, Teenage music breaks up into four styles or approaches:

- 1) Concentrate on the rocking aspects of the 60's, and fuse it with the 70's (Slade, Sweet, Aerosmith, Brownsville Station, etc.)
- 2) Just out-and-out copy it (Badfinger, Raspberries, Blue Ash, etc.)
- 3) Poke fun at it (Wackers, Big Star, etc.)
- 4) Concentrate on the softer/pop aspects of the 60's and fuse it with the 70's (Blue, Curt Boetcher, David Beaver)

Note: Some of those listed do not always perform in just the style they're accredited, but at times combine it with the other styles. These are general listings.

On one end, we have two British groups: The Sweet and Slade. It's hardly possible to ever say enough about the Sweet in terms of their effectiveness. They've mastered the single, their 4-part harmonies are delightful, the music is as snappy and heavy as they come. They don't even need albums, The Sweet simply have no use for them. They churn out a fine string of singles and then when there's enough, Bell Records puts them all together and releases it as an album. That's class. Because the Sweet have been discussed at length previously, we'll move on.

Slade have finally made the big move by switching labels from Polydor to Warners. Manager Chas Chandler (ex-Animals) may not see the mass idol following in England recur here, because Slade's policy of demanding the audience up and moving follows too closely on the heels of the "boogie"-rock era now fading in America. Other than that, Slade's singles formula seems to follow this: Noddy Holder's incredible voice bellowing out some distinctively teenage lyrics, strong rhythm with heavy off-beat drumming, piercing guitar, and



Talk about androgeny in rock. Above are the fabulous Sweet, of dubious parentage, with four well-dressed gentlemen.

over-dubbed clapping and chants. The recent Warners release, *Sladest*, is suggested: it's an up to date "best-of" collection hopefully introducing Slade the right way to the States.

To say that the aforementioned groups are popular in England is an understatement (The Sweet's current "Ballroom Blitz" went from No. 15 to No. 1 within two weeks of release, Slade's "Squeeze Me Pleeze Me" debuted in the British Top 30 as No. 1). In America, the heavier teenage bands don't have it so easy.

Consider Brownsville Station: their flair for predicting styles before they happen always result in BS being left out when the style becomes popular. BS did an album of 50's revival music on Warners, later the 50's revival came in, BS were unmentioned. BS did a boogie album, boogie became the rage, BS were ignored. Now with their latest release, *Yeah* (Big Tree), they've brought out the teenage punk style they've always had in



If the guy on the right would've consulted an optometrist, he wouldn't have to put arrows on his clothes to show us where it's at, as if we cared. As for the other two, look at it this way, at least it keeps them off the streets.

them.

Guess what's gonna happen?

Brownsville Station are pure raunch 'n' roll. The music is hard, bloozy rock, each tune concise and to the point. They're punks, without much sense of where they are in the music 'scheme of things,' and put them on a stage and they don't leave without making you happy. And with the limitations of a 3-piece band being so restrictive, that's quite an accomplishment.

Their sole album recorded on the incredibly large Columbia complex, Aerosmith's problem is that they are literally ignored by most, because it's not too known that Aerosmith even exists. I'll let Dann DeWitt's review in *CREEM* Magazine speak for me, since it was *that* review that made me run out and get the album:

"Not only do they have archetypal locker-room sneers and kid-next-door dimensionality; they ain't got moustaches... I like this band because they seem to be true to themselves; there's no imitation country or superhip posturing or frosted hair, just a few pimples and a full LP of screaming, metallic, creative rock and roll. Their format is out of the classic mold: two guitars, bass, drums, a vocalist... but what they do out of this structure is a fucking pleasure... Make some trouble for yourself and get this album. They've played in my



The most-asked question of the week is why Joe Perry always makes a puss when a picture of Aerosmith is taken. No matter, we're glad to see "Dream On" climbing up the charts, and Aerosmith will prove, within the next six months, to be one of the more important bands of the 70's.

neighborhood and they're still alive, so what are you waiting for?"

Amen.

Moving on down the line, to bands whose spirit is clearly lodged in, and hence end up copying, the 60's are Badfinger, the Raspberries and Blue Ash.

Badfinger (Apple Rec.), still not delivering their come-back album as promised for much too long, are best remembered for their incredible Beatle-takes a few years back. Singles like "Baby Blue," "Day After Day," "No Matter What," while not getting too many originality points, served as a contrived reminder of the past, and injected a little excitement back into radio. Same goes for Raspberries (Capitol) who are a little too clean and polished for my tastes. Yeesh, Eric Carmen could have come out of any Buffalo high school.

If the success of the previous two bands are hints to any companies, there's no reason why Blue Ash (Mercury Rec.) shouldn't be right up there with them. Generating recall to the early Who, Beatles and Byrds, Blue Ash's first album *No More No Less* is a fine link of the 60's to now, a blast from the past. Although I like them, the final jump from 'like' to 'WOW' is not there. I don't know, all three bands are too "nice" and a bit too formulated in their approach to Teenage music: they take it too seriously.

Take rock 'n' roll too seriously and it's not rock 'n' roll anymore. See?

"So you think I've got an evil mind, well I'll tell you, honey



Hi there!... Nah, don't get excited, I'm still dead, but me and the boys figured this is a good enough way to attract your attention to the fact that some friends of mine, the Marshall Tucker Band, will be with Mike Bloomfield at the Century Theatre Nov. 15 at 8 pm (sponsored by Buff State's SUB).



Remember when you were in high school and four guys would come up to you and the one on the left would say: "My friend says you called me a prick." If you said "Yeah, I did" they'd kill you. If you said "No, I didn't," they'd say "What, you callin' me a liar?" and you'd get killed anyway. Note Dave Hill on the right who looks like he's ready to bite your ear off.

And I don't know why, I just don't know why,

So you think my singing's out of time, well it makes me money,
And I don't know why, I just don't know why anymore

So come on feel the noise, Girls grab the boys

And get wild, wild, wild."

-Slade
Yellow Dog Music (ASCAP)

Long Players

BILLY PRESTON



Billy Preston

EVERYBODY LIKES SOME KIND OF MUSIC

BILLY PRESTON (A&M)

Billy Preston rode to fame on the crest of the wave created by the Beatles. Toward the end of their career, the Beatles used Preston's keyboard talents, most notably on *Get Back*. Subsequently this led to his being known as the "fifth Beatle" and a solo album on Apple, *That's the Way God Planned It*, produced by George Harrison. Unfortunately this album never made it and Preston disappeared only to resurface a few years later with his debut album for A&M, *I Wrote A Simple Song* and then catapulted into nationwide attention with the bizarre single "Outa Space" which was followed by "Will It Go Round In Circles." Now Billy Preston is recognized for his keyboard genius and it really is about time. With *Everybody Likes Some Kind of Music*, Preston displays the diversity of styles he can assume alongside with his virtuosity and some very slick horn and string arrangements by Paul Riser and Clarence McDonald.

Side One open with the title cut, a short intro number which is followed by a strong keyboard rocker, "You're So Unique." The next two cuts, "How Long

Has The Train Been Gone" and "My Soul Is A Witness" are in the gospel vein, the former a fifties nightclub crooner, the latter a traditional gospel footstomper in the style recently adopted by Leon Russell and Delaney and Bonnie. "Sunday Morning" is a strange combination of Beatles and bluegrass with banjo played by Dennis Coates.

A reprise of the title song starts Side two rolling and "Space Race," the current single, immediately follows with its Arp buzzing alongside a clavinet, piano and organ, all played by Preston. Whew. (Whaddya mean, "Whew?" So what?-Ed.) And as if that isn't enough, he also plays bass throughout the album. Talk about your complete musician. (Yeah, let's talk about Roy Wood-Ed.)

Also on this side is Dylan's "It's Alright Ma, I'm Only Bleeding" which is not very impressive since the only one able to do justice to Dylan is Dylan himself. (Check out Manfred Mann's covers, they're good, too.-Ed.) On *That's The Way*, Preston covered another Dylan composition, "She Belongs to Me" which was ineffectual as well. It seems he might have learned something from the non-success of the LP as a whole but then again, now he's more established and we all know the ability of established artists to wax bad songs for sheer monetary gain.

Closing the album is "Minuet for Me," Preston's attempt at the classics. The keyboard parts are done well but the strings just seem to mock the overall concept of it and if there's one thing a modern composer/ pianist just doesn't do, it's treat the classics lightly.

The album might lack the significant material to become one of the most important albums of our time but it's merely an exercise in self-indulgent expertise. Preston shows that he can play and play he does. He might even prove to be one of the masters of keyboards for the 70's, let's hope he's give the chance.

-Andrew Cutler



Tubular Bells

TUBULAR BELLS - Mick Oldfield (Virgin/Atlantic)

It is most difficult to speak of an intense listening experience. How does one put sounds into words? The same problems one might find when trying to describe the type of music that the Mahavishnu Orchestra plays, are again encountered when one speaks of Mick Oldfield's *Tubular Bells*.

Oldfield presents us with a concept album here. The concept being that simplicity breeds complexity. *Tubular Bells* is designed to be a single piece, an instrumental portrayal of musical moods and experiences. Mick plays all the instruments himself ala Roy Wood; a total listing of every instrument that appears on the album would only waste space: -guitars, keyboards, percussives and of course, the tubular bells themselves. There is no danger of self-indulgence or boring solos on this album. Oldfield doesn't play every instrument well, but well enough for his own purposes.

It all begins with a simple piano melody, then the tinkling of a glockenspiel; bass and organ round out this initial mood, a mood executed with the lightness of a tear drop, the musical compression of an instant's emotion.

A guitar enters here with an alternate melody; a melody which moves simultaneously with the first. The listener can choose to concentrate on whichever melody he prefers. Both are equally distinguishable.

The piece has lulled us into a Siddarthian mood of meditation, we can close our eyes and see stars, planets, and galaxies; we can hear the ocean funneling in our ears.

But then a speed jolts us, destroys this initial mood, and creates a new direction for the piece. Oldfield is conscious of rock-electricity, it is employed most tastefully and methodically in his presentation.

Oldfield's lightning quick transitions from piano to mandolin to electric guitar are all valid, each instrument adds a new dimension to the piece, a new direction to be pursued. The instruments seem to play themselves. The instruments are characters in *Tubular Bells*, they are Oldfield's accompanying musicians.

Percussion is not used on this record to lay the base of the sound. Yet *Tubular Bells* is not pointless free form. This is one of the paradoxes of the record. One which Oldfield convinces us not to dwell in.

The initial piano melody is ever present; haunting us, introducing gentle mandolin, explosions, musical explosions, of a triumphant, jolting nature.

And then bass coupled with fuzz guitar, Oldfield's only condescension to giving his piece a stifling unity, becomes the central focus, the dominant theme which brings side one to a close. With the bass and fuzz guitars humming, the Master of Ceremonies, Viv Stanshall introduces Oldfield's cast of characters, his instruments, one by one. This is the closest that Oldfield comes to self-indulgence. Side one flows to an end with a beautiful choral treatment of the bass-line coupled with a lilting acoustic ending.

The instant in which we flip the record over, reinforces the transition from side one to side two. For although *Tubular Bells* is designed as an entity; it is not realized. There are certain recurrences of style and mood, but side two is moving in a direction of its own.

A gentle, mandolin-type guitar melody, with piano accompanying, sets the focus for side two, as the serenity of gentle acoustics helps us to visualize gondolas floating down the water streets of Venice; or a waterfall dripping slowly as molasses into a great river. The music is as imaginative as you want to visualize it.

A little Scottish flavor enters the scene, as butterscotch guitar and tympani helps us to visualize the pride and strength of the old, scottish clans. Oldfield plays a bagpipe-sounding guitar (?) as the drums begin to pulsate.

Perhaps the single flaw of the album is the grunts and howls heard at this point on side two. Whether these grunts reflect distaste, pain or condescension is all

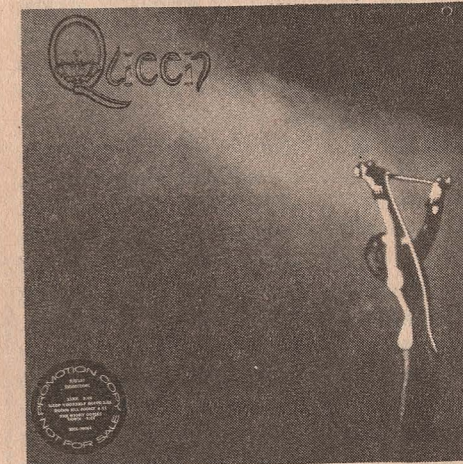
relatively ambiguous. Even if we could interpret them, they still sound offensive.

Side two ends rather anti-climatically in retrospect of side one. The music seems to float away; a ball of energy, of many moods, floating off into the canyons, under the sea and into the obscurity of the overwhelming thrust of nature.

A purposeless, little sailor jig, which I refuse to consider as a part of the piece, ends the record, perhaps Oldfield's little soft-shoe off of the scene.

It is not important as to who Mick Oldfield is, but what he has presented us with. *Tubular Bells* is an intense listening experience that you can't boogie to. If you don't want to concentrate or listen closely, don't buy this record. But if you give Oldfield a chance, you are giving yourself a chance to experience your imagination through that media known as *Tubular Bells*.

-Michael Sajecki



Queen

QUEEN (Elektra)

In this day and age of rockdom, there are those groups which have attained that measure of excess, the jaded gold and platinum record, and these fat cats wallow in their successes, producing records which are not only inferior to their own standards, but also offensive to the ears of the listening public.

Then, there are those third generation rockers, who by permutations, cross-mutations and combinations, hope to capture enough of the best elements of the legendary figures of the rock world, so as to sound as appealing as possible to the listener. Ideally, they will also come upon a style of their own, something to identify them. Enter Queen.

Queen is a squad of newcomers to the rock world. Freddie Mercury - vocals and



Like authentic rock 'n' roll? Like to have a good time? Like to get your ears blasted? Well then, go see Alice Cooper in the Aud on New Years Eve. But in the meantime, Festival East is presenting The Doobie Bros. with Billy Joel at Kleinhans Nov. 14 at 7 pm. Tickets are \$6, \$5, \$4 at the same places we tell you all the time.



Gordon Lightfoot (above) modeling the authentic K-Tel Canadian Folkie Outfit. Includes: blue workshirt, faded jeans, genuine suede cowboy boots, boxer shorts, a Martin D-28 guitar (with extra E strings), and instructions on developing your own scruffy beard. Those interested in seeing the outfit modeled will be pleased to note that Festival East is presenting said folkie Nov. 11 at 8 pm in Kleinhans Music Hall (the best from the west and the most in the east, to say the least). Tickets are \$6, \$5, \$4 at all Festival ticket outlets.



Here's Muddy Waters again. He's still crying and singing the blues. And you know why? Because you didn't buy a ticket for his concert yet. The night he's here is a very special one. And you know why? It's A Night of Genuine Chicago Blues, that's why. Shakin' St. will be there full-force, and Clapton, Beck and Page might sneak in to get a few more guitar tips. So when UUAB says they proudly present, they do mean they proudly present: Muddy Waters, Hound Dog Taylor, and the Houserockers on Nov. 3 in Clark Gym. Tickets are \$3 - students, \$4 - nonstudents and night of performance. You can get them at Buff State and UB ticket offices. What more do you want us to do, take you there ourselves?

piano; Brian May - guitar, piano and vocals; Deacon John - Bass; Roger Meddows Taylor - percussion and vocals, these musicians are young, fresh and naive, naive insofar as they show us their influences a bit too vividly.

This is not to say that Queen are carbon-copies of anyone; one can detect moments of originality and spontaneity all through the record. Everyone is influenced by everyone else in rock and roll. The degree of success with which a group disguises their influences is what marks their appeal. In this respect, Queen's future is a little uncertain.

Queen is basically a tight, competent outfit which can rock with the best of them, and can compare with the heavy metal circuses in degree of volume.

The album starts out with a real foot stomper. "Keep Yourself Alive," a hard, driving rocker, a good time melody with some ecstatic guitar work, a pulsating drum beat, crisp, strong vocals and just to make things proper, prim and professional, a bit of phase out recording.

This tune, coupled with the next, "Doing All Right," marks the real talents and diversities of Queen. This second number starts out a bit slower, with piano and acoustic guitar, a Jon Andersonish sounding vocal, and Hollies' harmony. The power of this tune lies in its ability to make the transition from slow to fast tastefully, from gentle acoustic to electric explosives. Moods and melodies are beautifully interwoven here.

As the album continues however, one hears a collection of rockers which are competently executed and reasonably enjoyable. Except one begins to play the "guess who that sounds like" game from here on in.

The next number, "Great King Rat," is a definite Black Sabbath influenced rocker, except not as snail-paced as the above mentioned. The same type of Ozzie Osbourne echoing vocals and a little Ritchie Blackmore wah-wah guitaring added just for good measure.

"My Fairy King" is enjoyable insofar as the delicate piano work and well executed harmonies are concerned; but is rather mediocre when one hears the Lucifer's Friend (who aren't the most original group around either) screeches, and tendency towards over-amplification.

We can go right down the line now. "Liar" is a refreshing beginning to side two, which shows a good deal of potential but also a good deal of outside influences. Phase out drumming, glittering guitar work, light Yes-type vocals and harmonies, Santana-type percussives coupled with a little mambo vocal chant. This is all very nice but it is also a bit too excessive. There might be too much going on here.

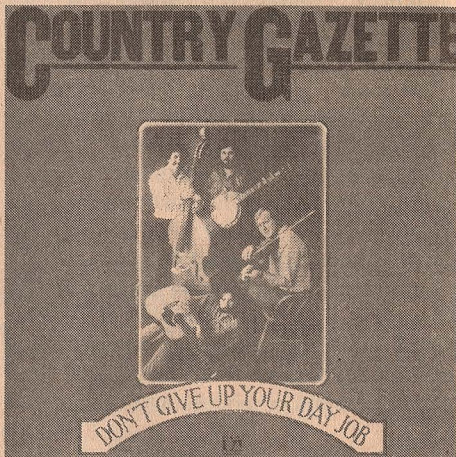
For all practical purposes, "Jesus," the last cut on the album, once again reinforces Queen's potential for a style of their own which is not quite defined yet. There is an acoustic guitar riff, handled in classical guitar "breaks" fashion, coupled with excellent vocal harmonies, but in the middle of the tune, we find a senseless, electric freak out, which almost destroys anything good intended here.

Queen is a pleasant listening experience which should figure to play prominently on the charts with a little exposure, even in their embryonic stages. It is not quite certain whether Queen are individual enough to step out of the electric bedlam of many of today's noise rockers. They possess the electric brawn of Black Sabbath and the delicate, tasteful brains of Yes. If Queen can fuse these two influences into a sound of their

own, they will be a force to be reckoned with.

All said and done, Queen is still a most impressive debut album.

-Michael Sajecki



Gazette

DON T GIVE UP YOUR DAY JOB—
COUNTRY GAZETTE (United Artists)

(Sung to the tune of 'The Grand Ole Opry Song,')

Come all you music lovers, sit down and get all set.

I'll tell you 'bout some fellers called the Country Gazette.

Their number two edition is finally on the stand,

And you'll never hear a finer four man blue grass band.

Well there's guitars and fiddles,
Al Munde and his banjo too.

Kenny Wertz singin' out them good ole 'Lonesome Blues'.

Flatt and Scruggs number 'bout the pretty girl 'Down the Road'.

One listen to their playin' and i know that you'll be sold.

Firs t there's Kenny Wertz on guitar,he's really been around.

And he can play most Nashville Darlin's right in to the ground.

Alan Munde on banjo, his fingers they just prance.

And when Roger Bush thumps the bass, you all just gotta dance.

But best of all is Byron Berline, a fiddlin' away.

And where he gets those mandolin licks from I really cannot say.

He's accompanied most every one from Dylan's moaning tones,
To the Byrds, ole Arlo, Bill Monroe, and the good ole Rolling Stones.

They've got alittle help from some friends with lots of feel.

Leland Sklar plays bass guitar and Al Perkins plays the steel.

Dear departed Clarence White adds some fine guitar.

(You'll always be one of the best, no matter where you are.)

They've chosen some fine numbers, with lots of breaks and fills.

'Teach Your Children' by Gram Nash, and one from Stephen Stills.

'Winterwood' from Don McLean, and E. J. 's 'Honky Cat'.

(They must have taken lessons from Earl Scruggs and Lester Flatt.)

Well there's guitars and fiddles,
Al Munde and his banjo too.

Kenny Wertz singin' out them good ole 'Lonesome Blues'.

Flatt and Scruggs number bout the pretty girl 'Down the Road'.

One listen to their playin' and I know that you'll be sold.

-David Meinzer



Sam Ervin

SENATOR SAM AT HOME
SENATOR SAM J. ERVIN, JR.
(Columbia)

There have been stacks of record albums, comic and otherwise, released as a result of Watergate hearings. Many have biting jabs thrown with righteous indignation at public figures. Others have sick, meaningless jokes which make fun of (instead of finding humor in, there is a

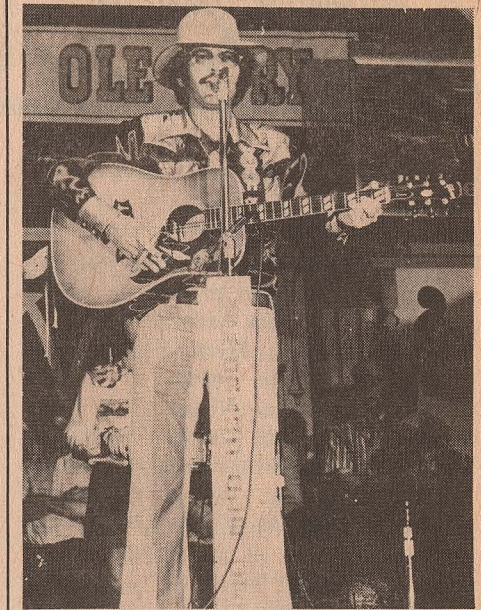
difference) one of the most tragic political disasters in our history. Then there are those that are so topical, they are already outdated. *Senator Sam At Home* will never be outdated and though it may not ever be as popular or sell as many copies as, for example David Frye's album, it will probably out last them all.

Sam Ervin is of course the North Carolina Senator who gained national fame when he began heading the Congressional Committee investigating the Watergate Conspiracy. He displayed his southern-style wit and wisdom often while cross-examining (and lecturing) witnesses at the nationally televised hearings; and he uses the album to do the same, (and make a little money in the process).

Ervin uses funny stories (some are parables, others, *Hee Haw* rejects), personal comments on things like marriage and friendship, and recitations of poems, (the old stand by Rudyard Kipling's "If"), and song lyrics with simple background music added. The songs chosen range from "Bridge Over Troubled Water" to the beautiful old hymn, "The Old Rugged Cross." All are delivered in Ervin's charming southern drawl. There is, however, nothing unusual or unexpected, and Ervin does not even go near any issue that might be in the least bit controversial; nothing on Watergate or any politics for that matter, nothing on racial problems or prejudice, just tried-and-true all-American timeless commentary.

Is Sam Ervin for real? Yes, he probably is, but he's also pretty dull.

-David Meinzer



We forget who said it, but Kinky Freidman is to country music what Lenny Bruce was to comedy. We think that's sufficient enough to announce that UUAB is presenting Kinky and his Texas Jewboys in the Fillmore Rm. at 8 pm on Nov. 16. While we're on the subject, the night before (15) Steve Goodman will make the stage warm for him. Now, here's the hard part: both shows are \$1 (hear that, only a dallah), but if you'd like to go to both you can purchase a ticket for both shows for \$1.75. Understand? Whew. If you still don't, argue it out with the people at the Buff State and Norton ticket offices. But don't bug us, OK? We're still recovering form our announcement that Bowie would be coming Dec. 8, 1972.



Alright everybody, get off my back. They're here. They're here. And you can thank the Buff State SUB for it. Dec. 1, GENESIS will do their best to amuse,

entertain and captivate you at 8 pm in the Gym and if you're not there, Peter Gabriel will foxtrot all over your face.

Cold Cuts

NOW HEAR THIS

Hanson
(Manticore/Atlantic)

A bunch of studio musicians trying to make it big. Hanson present us with a pseudo-soulful rock sound which is pleasant enough to listen to, but lacking the intensity to make a lasting impression. Junior Hanson, a Billy Preston and Keef Hartley graduate, guitars with Hendrix in mind, but where Hendrix's guitar weeps, Hanson's screeches. Jean Roussel, 21 year old keyboard wizard of Cat Stevens fame, adds the same type of ineffectual moog-electric piano tokenism that is ruining the Cat's sound. Although Conrad Isadore on drums and Clive Chaman (ex-Terry Reid and Jeff Beck Group, respectively) on bass give the group an excellent rhythm section, it's not enough to make Hanson a distinguishable element in rock. It seems one should expect more from the Manticore label, the new home of ELP.

EARLY ALLMAN

Allman Joys
(Dial/Mercury)

Well, the record moguls are at it again, releasing old tapes from the depths of their crypts in order to make a fast buck, but this particular album is considerably better than most of its' genre. The Allman Joys were, you guessed it, Duane and Gregg, pre-Hourglass and pre-Allman Bros. Band, aided by some other guys who obviously never made it. Only one real standout here: "Gotta Get Away" is a fine punk-rocker of mid 60's vintage that could've been big nation-wide. Produced by John D. Loudermilk (author of the ever-popular "Tobacco Road"), this album is for Allman fanatics only but don't pay more than \$2.99 for it.

HIGH ROLLERS AND OTHER FINE LADIES

Jambalaya
(A&M)

Any band that chooses the title of a Hank Williams song can't be all bad and this debut album illustrates the above statement. Jambalaya is a tight five piece

rock and roll band that shows many influences of the Faces, from Billy Steeles' Ron Wood-like slide to Charles Ray's Kenny Jones-like steady beat. The only trouble is singer Pete MacIan's inability to front the band like Stewart. Nevertheless, "Angry Tiger," "Lovin' You" and "She's A Driver" prove to be Face-like and extremely likeable.

FIVE AND DIME

-David Ackles
(Columbia)

If you have a tendency toward Leonard Cohen and his stylistic individuality, perhaps you'll enjoy David Ackles' album, Five & Dime. Actually if you can picture a cross betwixt Tom Paxton and Leonard Cohen, you'll have Ackles down to a tee. The piano has dominance throughout the album, (I wonder if it's because it's the instrument Dave plays?) which comes through crisply, honkey tonkly, thirty-ish and at times just plain mellow. D.T. Ackles Five and Dime is a day dreamy, listening album, one of those that you break out during a lothargic trance, strictly for listening pleasure. It's nice and will most likely wear well on you if given a fair chance. So relax, have a daydream.

BLOWN AWAY

Christopher Cloud
(Chelsea/RCA)

Another album of unknowns, this time hyperkinetic rock, rock, rock, instead of the singer/songwriter sleeping pill syndrome. Obviously these guys don't want the average consumer to know who they are, hence the clouds covering their faces on front and back cover. This is pure amphetamine music for those who just gotta move. Witness the up-tempo punkiness of "Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah" which is enough to make Walt Disney rise from the grave feet jerking spasmodically and fingers snapping wildly. But who wants a half-rotted corpse dancing down the street? Wait until they get a good producer.

U.F.O.

Ron Davies
(A&M)

The deluxe musical experience with the masochist in mind. Ron Davies' only

claim to fame, other than this malfunctioning saucer, is "It Ain't Easy" which has been done by everyone else, only better than his anemic version. The CBS House Band, which has been getting around (as usual-Ed.) helps poor old Ron make a bigger mess of this project than he originally intended. You name it, he does it bad. Monumental over-orchestration, offensive brass, a chorus with at times drums out Ronnie boy (Thank God for small miracles), all help this record to become the totally forgettable listening experience. Ron Davies is an unidentified object, and he's better off that way. If it flies, use it as a Frisbee.

CHRONICLES

Booker T. and Priscilla Jones
(A&M)

This disc is enough to make any fan of the old MG's break down and cry. After more than a decade of hits, why Booker T. has to resort to this sappy lovey-dovey shit is a mystery to me. No rockers and that's a fact, I would even be glad to hear "Mo', Mo', and Still Mo' Onions" rather than this dreck.

JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL
(Original Soundtrack) - Neil Diamond
(Columbia)

A Christmas recipe: The Perfect Present.

Ingredients:

- 1 highly touted romantic bestseller (Jonathan Livingston Seagull)
- 1 pop singer with fans of all ages and talent to boot. (Neil Diamond)
- 135 musicians and singers.
- 13 technicians (producers, engineers, etc.)
- 7 top rate packaging designers and artists.

Singer writes orchestra type music for motion picture sound track based on best seller; mix with musicians, singers and technicians; package in an elaborate jacket with lyrics, fancy typography, soft focus color photos, and an embossed booklet cover; release 8 to 10 weeks before Christmas and shortly before corresponding movie (if said movie ever gets out). Then sit back and watch the dough roll in.

ONE YEAR

Colin Blunstone
(Epic) (re-released)

Spawns one good cut - "She Loves The Way They Love The Way He Loves How You Love The Way I Love Him" (?!?!@&%\$+†-Ed.) and that's only

because he's backed up by Argent. The rest of the album is pure poop including Tim Hardin's "Misty Roses" and Mike D'Abo's "Warm My Bed." Listen to this before your annual visit to the dentist and you'll feel no pain.

YAQUI

(Playboy Records)

Read Yuch. Over the past year, Playboy has released over 50 of the worst insults to music that I'm surprised they haven't gotten around to releasing a Barbi Benton solo album. Now, everyone is complaining about a vinyl shortage. Bitch, bitch, bitch. I propose there is a brain shortage in the Artist & Repertoire departments of many record companies, cuz if Playboy was concerned about e-col-o-gee, they would stop wasting what little vinyl is left or else steal Grand Funk from Capitol. Penthouse, Oui, Gallery, don't get no ideas, OK?

LOVIN' FEELING

Phil Upchurch

(Blue Thumb)

This man is the studio musician's studio musician. His name can be found on millions of R&B albums from Curtis Mayfield to B.B. King. Originally a bassist, Upchurch now makes the git-box his axe and does a fine job of transition.

His Wes-Montgomery-influenced picking is quite nice, but who needs it when you can have the real thing? These days, guitarists are a dime-a-dozen and Upchurch should keep that in mind next time he solos.

THE LAST ILLUSION

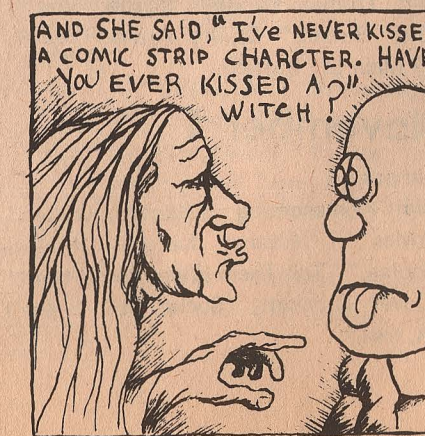
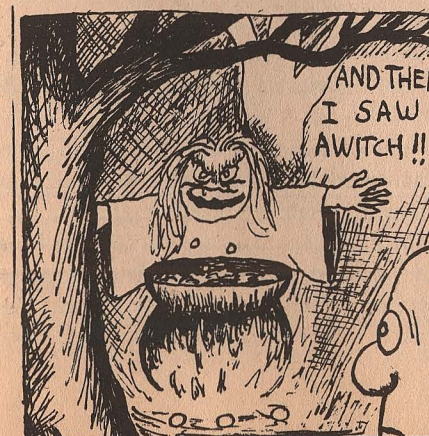
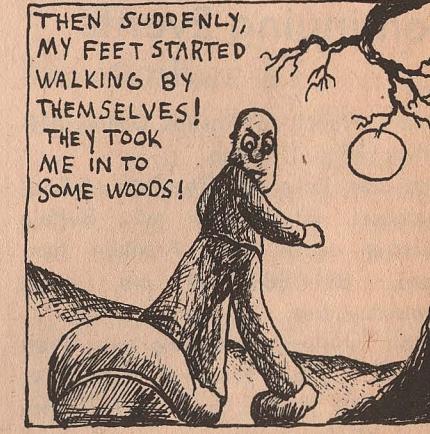
J.F. Murphy

(Columbia)

This ain't gonna be easy, but here goes. Have you ever heard anyone play jazz, rock, and bar boogie on the same album? Well these guys do it, even though jazz is their strong point, but you don't find that out till the second side of the album. The first side is bull shit which is just indescribably wierd. J.F. Murphy plays piano, melotron and lead vocals, while all the time being backed by a bass, a guitar, drums, a sax, and assorted horn arrangements. Over all the album is just O.K., nothing outrageous really. As a matter of opinion, I'd rather wait to hear their next album, cuz it'll probably be much better. "Last Illusion" seems like it was just thrown together, except for side two. Give them time to collect the feedback, and then they'll have something.

Guess who's coming →

ROOT



"I wanna kill, I wannathrill
I carry snod-grass for a pot of gold
I've been in prime-time, I'm out of my mind
But I keep recording for that disc of gold
And I've got a cold"

"I've been to Hoboken, I've had my nose broken
Spitin the ocean for that disc of gold
I've been to Nashville, I snort with Steve Stills
I think Dave Crosby is a son of a bitch
But he's getting rich"

"I'm from Ontario, I've been to Buffalo
I've found phrenario in a joint of gold
I've had some lucky breaks, my gobddam back aches
But I keep recording for that disc of gold
And I've got a cold"

-George Gerdes
1972 Old Void Music

