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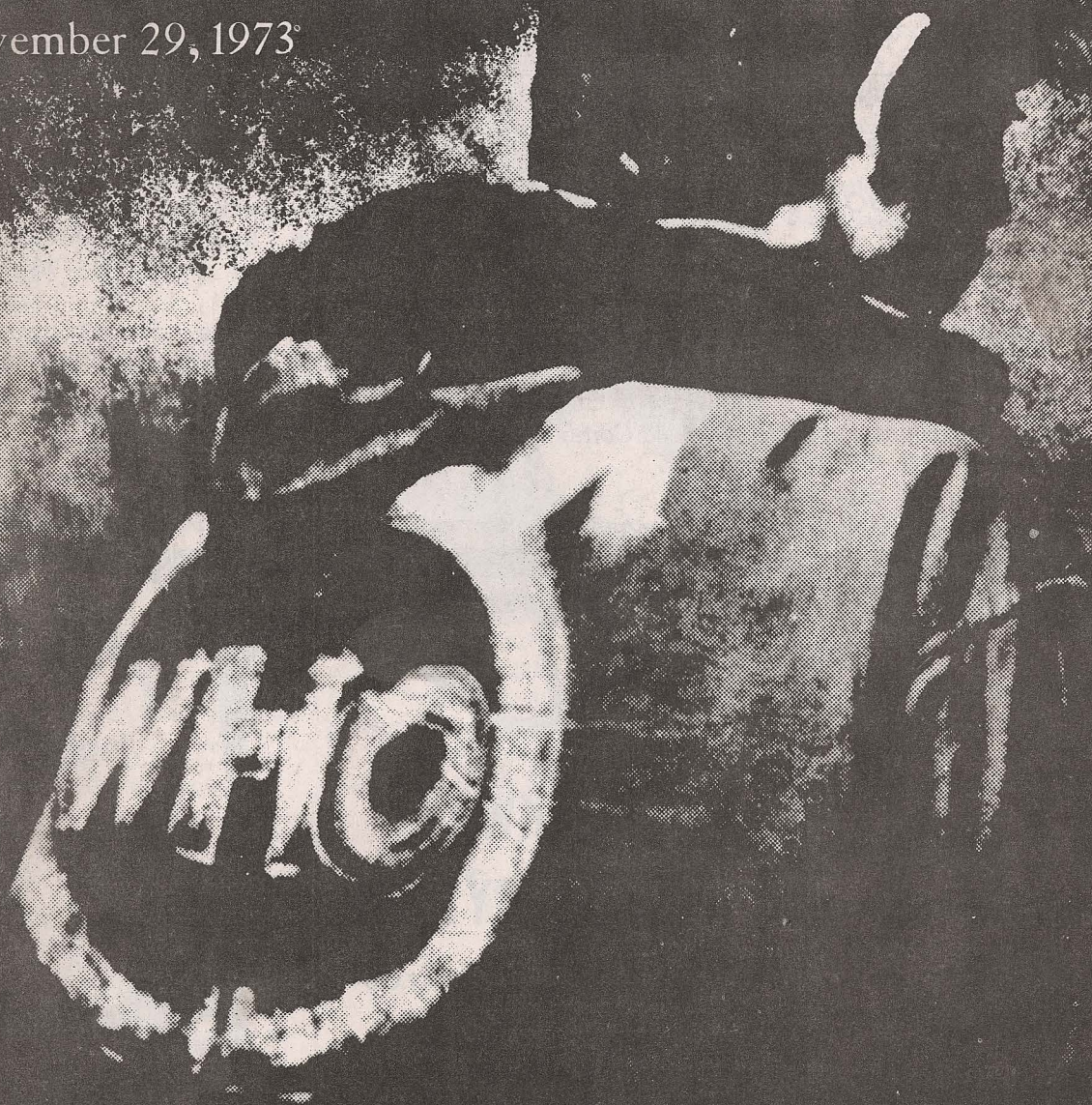
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Strait

November 29, 1973°



**Quadrophenia:
The Past is the Future**

SHAKIN' STREET GAZETTE



'Where all the kidz wanna do is keep on Rockin''

Volume One, Number Four

The Who Makin' Waves: The Past is the Future

Peter Townshend, the innovative perfectionist of rock music, and the whiz-kid of those punkish mongrels known as the Who, has composed and conducted a piece of music called *Quadrophenia*.

Townshend has all the intuition of a showman, as well as the cold, seemingly sterile expertise of a master producer. As the laid back extrovert of the Who, he has guided their successes ecstatically and carefully. As the undisputed creator of the Who's music and lyrics, it is through his eyes that the story of *Quadrophenia* is handed to us as revelation.

Townshend, in the early years, was able to write some very tightly arranged and effectively expressive songs for singles. Hits like "My Generation," "Substitute," "Can't Explain," "The Kids are All Right," "Happy Jack," and "I Can See For Miles" had tunes which caught the ear quickly and had enough nervous energy to keep the hyper active kids of the middle and late 60's interested.

But he perfected this so quickly that he needed something bigger to sink his musical teeth into. On the Who's second album, at the time that the Beatles were inventing the concept album (Sergeant

Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band), Townshend was experimenting with what he called a "mini-rock opera" (A Quick one while he's away) and later, on their first attempt at a concept album, "The Who Sell Out," he had an extended cut with several themes called "Rael."



"Tommy," the first full length rock opera, soon followed.

"Tommy," while being a unique musical expression, surpassed even what Townshend conceived it and it led the Who to question whether the artistic pinnacle of Tommy could ever be

approached, let alone to be toppled by those hard rockers who could see for miles and miles but maybe not far enough.

The group, swallowed by the outrageous proportions that "Rock Opera" came to symbolize, sensed that the only follow-up that they could present was a live album. "Live At Leeds" presented them as a tight, theatrical rock band with their feet firmly planted in the Rock and Roll of the later 50's. Their studio efforts were mainly confined to individual experimentation.

With "Who's Next," Townshend was again experimenting. Several cuts displayed his synthesizer work, attempts ranging from an ever present drone to orchestral background (best exemplified on "You Won't Get Fooled Again"). Included on the album, also significantly, was "The Song Is Over" the remnants of an abortive attempt at a second rock opera.

After *Who's Next* however, the desire to be heralded as rock and roll innovators became apparent as the distance between the group and the recording studio loomed ever more enormous. Townshend's statement that a group effort would take time, much more time

than even he realized, was the rationale behind individual solo efforts, which were always interesting but never as satisfying as the Who in entity.

"Quadrophenia," the latest Who effort, presents this entity. "Quadrophenia" is the story of Jimmy, a mod-kid in mid-sixties London. He does all the things that mods did. He chases rockers, smashes windows, takes pills, picks up birds, and goes to see the Who in concert. He is also seeing a psychiatrist who says he is a schizophrenic.

From another angle, *Quadrophenia* is also the story of the Who; what they are today fused with what they were at one time. This very fusion is the concept of *Quadrophenia*.

The vision of *Quadrophenia* is one that took Peter Townshend two years to realize, and for the Who to mature towards. Townshend offers us a surface level plot, the teen angel embedded in his own confusion. Perhaps the deaf, dumb and blind kid revisited. But there is that other level of involvement, which Townshend and his compatriots struggle with, a progressivism which returns the Who to their past, their roots perhaps. It is this conflict of past and present image, what they stand for, which makes *Quadrophenia* so enticing. Each of the four dominant themes of *Quadrophenia*, presents a personality of the Who, Daltry, Entwistle, Moon and Townshend himself. They ask each other why they are doing what they must do. Why they symbolize what they must symbolize.

The *Quadrophenia* booklet which comes with the album is illustrative of a fusion between these two plots, as Jimmy floats through the streets of London. But ever present are pictures, advertisements, and symbolic tokenisms of the Who, who are ever present in Jimmy's saga, just as jimmy is a crucial symbol of entity in the story of the Who. This fusion, a seeming diversion of interests, is actually enlightening insofar as Townshend's message is concerned as the series of pictures, graphic spaces of time, illustrate.

The piece itself opens with a rush of water and crashing, breaking waves; snatches of music and singing are heard embedded in the sound, presenting us with the four themes which make up *Quadrophenia*: "Helpless Dancer," "Is It Me," "Bell Boy" and "Love Reign O'er Me." Each theme reflects a member of the Who, and each represents a part of Jimmy's character.

The noise ends, and a massive guitar chord is sounded as they break into "The



"Yeesh, thank God I don't have to do this 9 to 5 anymore...."

Real Me" an earnest, hard rock song expressing Jimmy's plea to the doctor, preacher, and his mother, all of whom say they want to help him. It is a plea for them to see the "real him."

The next cut is a beautiful instrumental, repeating the four themes. They are played with an orchestral synthesizer/horn background, superbly dramatic drumming from Keith Moon, and some uncharacteristically melodic lead guitar from Townshend.

"Cut My Hair" follows with a soft pretty verse and pulsating nervous chorus, one representing the pseudo quietude of Jimmy's home life, the other the excitement of being out with fellow mods. He feels uncomfortable in both roles however, and the cut ends with a radio newscaster reporting a gang fight as the morning kettle comes to a boil.

Side one ends with "The Punk Meets the Godfather," described as "A mini opera with real characters and plot." The Godfather exhorts himself, the star of the show, the great hero. The Punk cuts him down by exposing him for what he is, a product of the people and a facetious fraud. This is another urgent rocker and it beautifully combines Roger Daltrey's strong vocal with Townshend's biting lyrics. This number purposefully eludes the surface level plot of Jimmy the mod, and concerns itself with two ambiguous characters, the punk and the godfather. On careful examination of the lyrics, one can see that both of these characters are Townshend, an introspective process called schizophrenia. Townshend the one-time punk, is now the fat cat godfather of rock and he knows it. He comes to wonder who controls who; does generation motivate spokesman or vice-versa? In the song Townshend is "the guy in the sky flying high flashing eyes

..." but he is also the same man who can only stutter my generation in his confusion rather than accusingly as he did in the past.

Side two begins with "I'm one (at least)" a number which reasserts Jimmy's as well as Townshend's uniqueness as an individual in space and time. It begins as a soft song which later swings into a full rock sound. This pattern of a song of confusion of identity followed by a song of reassertion of personality is a constant on this album and reoccurs again and again.

This number is followed by "The Dirty Jobs," one of the standouts on the album. John Entwistle's growling bass works with a pleasant guitar/synthesizer intro, and then carries a throbbing violent arrangement of a song about being put down, pushed round and screwed with menial dirty work and drudgery. This one ends with carnival sounds as Jimmy quits his job as a dustman after seeing people who had been doing it for years and are stuck with low pay and garbage.

Roger's theme (Helpless Dancer) follows. This is Jimmy's evaluation of life at this point and the very struggle for it by every one. With a very simple piano/horn arrangement, Daltry begins the vocal for the first two lines. He is however disguised, replaced or mimed as the voices that follow take on, strikingly, characteristics of the other members of the Who. Not always vocally reminiscent of their counterpart, but lyrically each member of the Who is done to a tee, best exemplified by Keith Moon's line "If you complain, you disappear, just like the lesbians and queers." Remember Moon is blatant; not subtle, eccentric (remember Uncle Ernie). The lyrics, written by Townshend, fit Moon's personality. Townshend also creates Roger's dilemma,

and has Roger point his finger accusingly at Townshend. Daltrey is the voice of the Who, their personality, their ego, their extroverted puppet. He is in many ways a helpless dancer, doing what a rock stud lead singer should and has to do; and singing the lyrics which don't belong to him as an individual. A small part of the beginning of "The Kids Are All Right" punctuates the song followed by Roger (Jimmy) singing, "is it me for a moment?" He then turns and questions his own evaluation in "Is It In My Head," a track which features some interesting guitar with a synthesizer induced astral sound. Side two closes with "I've Had Enough," another beautifully arranged number with traces of Pete's theme and a curious banjo-percussion sound. A lyrically morbid little chant is featured as a chorus, "I've had enough of living, I've had enough of dying, I've had enough of smiling, I've had enough of crying," sets the stage for the shape of things to come. Townshend begins to become abstract in theme on sides three and four as he personally identifies with the much abused Jimmy, and character and creator both seek peace in being and nothingness.

Realizing that he is going nowhere, Jimmy decides that he's had enough of living with the dancehalls, pills and street fights.

Side three, however, finds Jimmy still searching for love, a love which has lost all sense of personification. "5:15" is a bouncy rocker about wandering around high on pills and spending a day in a railroad carriage just thinking. He winds up on the beach trying to face things. He's been thrown out by his parents, and has become a full time, roaming mod. Verses and musical themes from "I've had enough" are repeated but this time he is enjoying his life-style instead of spurning it. Still on the beach, Jimmy becomes soothed by his isolation, and lack of direction; "nothing is planned by the sea and the sand" and "Drowned," another fine rocker with horn breaks, he imagines himself as part of the sea.

Jimmy returns to the city and gets a job as a bell hop. "Bell Boy" is Keith's theme and is another stand out cut. Keith is Peter's choice to personify the typical English mod, struggling in a world of menial reality, and questioning his idolatry of such pagan demi-gods as the Who; "I don't suppose you would remember me, but I used to follow you back in sixty three." The chorus of "Bell Boy" is spoken in a rough heavy English

accent, Moon himself. This lyrical depiction of the working class hero is Moon's cup of tea as he re-echoes the punk's flauntingly justified accusations at the godfather (Townshend) "Ain't you the guy who used to set the paces, riding up in front of a hundred faces..." Again, all of the instruments, including synthesizers and horns, combine for a fine arrangement.

The last side opens with more rushing waves leading into the orchestral sound and splashing cymbals of "Dr. Jimmy." This aggressive song is interspersed with pieces of John's theme, "Is It Me?", which represents a romantic side of this complex character. "Dr. Jimmy and Mr. Jim" is slightly reminiscent of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," an early Entwistle tune. Entwistle is the introverted, laid back



"Hey, c'mere you little . . ."

bass player of the Who, a part which has been stereo-typed grotesquely in most rock groups today. And yet, here we have an individual who is quite forward, daring, fighting scared. But mostly he is angry. Angry at being voiceless within the band, angry at being motionless on stage. "Dr. Jimmy and Mr. Jim, When I'm pilled you don't notice him, he only comes out when I drink my gin." This repressive, schizoid personality is one that Townshend places on Entwistle; be it true or untrue.

This tune leads right into "The Rock," an instrumental where the four basic themes are given a reprise. Jimmy, still searching, has gone to the rock, a small off shore island, and because he is drunk, he has let the boat drift off. Each theme is repeated: the bouncy, russianesque Roger's theme, the dramatically thundering Keith's theme, the soft, splashing John's theme, and the vividly

pleading Peter's theme. They are then combined to form one of Townshend's most beautifully complex compositions. And it begins to rain.

As it rains, an echoing, pulsating synthesizer lays the groundwork for the gracefully picturesque final number, "Love Reign O'er Me" (Pete's theme). Although Townshend's vision seems to be one of a romantic vein, his last stanza casts a shadow of uncertainty to the meaning of love.

"On the dry and dusty road.

The nights we spent apart alone.

I need to get back home to cool cool rain.

The nights are hot and black as ink,

I can't sleep and I lay and I think,

Oh God, I need a drink of cool, cool

rain."

The theme of Townshend's composition seems to be included in these lyrics:

"You were under the impression.

That when you were walking forward

You'd end up further onward

But things ain't quite that simple"

Townshend and the Who have had to dig deeply into their past to examine what they stand for now versus what they stood for in the past. Has success changed their direction? This is a question left unanswered as Jimmy, in the Quadrophonia booklet walks off into the shore line and simply disappears. The Who have returned to their roots musically; it took them two years worth of solo projects to really examine themselves as individuals and as components of an orchestral/rock unit.

But then again, it is worth mentioning that Townshend has mastered the whole project called "Quadrophonia." He has created, both lyrically and musically, the tensions and revelations of the surface level story of Jimmy. But more significantly, Townshend has created the antagonisms of the other three members of the Who and has directed these antagonisms against himself. Either this is the ego-mania of keeping his colleagues voiceless to keep them from out shining him; or it is the schizophrenia of a man who is so confused by his image of himself on stage/off stage, that he has written a concept album with two levels which try to drown out each other. At any rate, they say that all genuises are mad, or all madmen are geniuses. The music world needs a few more personalities like Townshend's. Be it madness or genius.

-Michael Sajecki and David Meinzer

Long Players



Alice Cooper

MUSCLE OF LOVE

Alice Cooper

(Warners)

Well, Alice is rich.

So he's releasing his older album. Y'know, the one he recorded 35 miles off the coast of Zanzibar Jan. 72 to be the follow-up to *Killer*. When they tried to ship it to the States, it was intercepted by the U.S. Coast Guard who then relayed it to the Navy. The Government has been hush-hush about *Muscle* but now that Alice is rich, he bribed a few key officials into breaking into the safes and getting the album out. It had to be released as packaged, there was no time to design a cover. This is why the album comes in a cardboard box with grease stains and enclosed is an Alice bookcover (no doubt a rough sketchy idea to be used for what was to be the next album, *School's Out*). Before the album was returned to Alice's hands, they tried various means of getting the album, one (depicted on the inner sleeve) shows the band, disguised as sailors, trying to infiltrate a sailor's off-duty hangout hoping to get info. . .

Well, not really. But you get the idea. Maybe Alice doesn't. Lissen Alice, we were overjoyed when you said: "It's very much of a back-to-the-roots album. Musically, I think this is our best album. It's not complicated in any sense and there's not a lot of theatricality on it. It's very basic rock and roll throughout. We recorded it live in the studio. That way it doesn't have that real clean clinical

sound." Nice try, Alice. It's no *Killer* but even you can't top your own masterpieces, you just create new ones. *Muscle* is too slick to be a return to the roots, if *Killer* is the "roots" you indicated. Even though you used Jack Richardson (producer of Poco, Guess Who) instead of Bob Ezrin (who just finished producing Lou's *Berlin*), nothing's changed. But that's OK cuz *Muscle* is great and Alice, you haven't disappointed us yet.

For such an attempt at simplicity, it's surprising that Alice has experimented so much on this 'un. Side One is quite a "Let's try this, Let's try that" foray. The opener, "Big Apple Dreaming," isn't as striking as most of the previous album's openers. None of the bone-crushing attacking of "Under My Wheels" or "School's Out;" none of the melodramatic sentimentality of "Hello Hurray." Just a middle-tempo rocker with great escalations of power. "Never Been Sold Before" settles into the Alice tradition of "riff-rock with a difference" and satisfies anyone's power-craving, even though the horn section (yes, I think this is what they call progressive rock) does get a bit unnerving at times. "Hard Hearted Alice" is a dreamy contradiction to the album's main thrust (ha, ha-Ed.), fitting into *Muscle* the way "Changes" did to *Black Sabbath IV*. Alice even sings this one softly until the tune drifts into a sleazy flow with Neal Smith's great cymbal shakes and Dennis Dunaway's bass accenting the suppressed energy. Side One's closer, "Crazy Little Child," rocks in a Dixieland vein a la the Kinks vaudeville parodies in live performance.

Side Two opens with two classic Alice rockers; the title tune is a tickling powerhouse and "Working Up A Sweat" is a boogie (Alice boogie-ing?) with Alice singing of the problems of "flaming" love in a motel room:

"Dante's flamed Inferno was a trip to Hell and back,

But you and a bottle in a cheap hotel screams pyromaniac.

Bandages come off today, really feeling sick

The hardest part: explaining all those blisters on my . . . nose."

"The Man With The Golden Gun" further explores the Peter Gunn soundtrack effect started on "Unfinished Sweet" (from *Billion Dollar Babies*) and spotlights guest vocalist Liza Mennelli's spooky wailings. "Teenage Lament '74" is almost like the Ballad of Alice featuring Ronnie Spector, the Pointer Sisters, LaBelle and again, Liza. The album's closer, "Woman Machine," will scare you with its muddy closing narrative and electronic noises; as always, this is where Alice excels.

So here's Alice, stretching out again when he thinks he's returning to his roots. A special note is the increasing use of keyboards and horns and, well, anything that will further enhance the effects the band is creating. Vocally, he's trying to lose himself in the group sound again but those special only-Alice-could-write-them lyrics always shine.

The *Muscle of Love* concept (sailors and sex, running rampant, etc.) does not leave much room for a complete show to be build around. So, as I hope you'll see, when Alice stages his New Years Eve party here at the Aud (courtesy Festival East, natch), it will be a recreation of the Billion Dollar Babies show last spring. Tunes from *Muscle* will be incorporated into the show and whether you went before or have simply heard about it, it's



Look, we'd like to see something like this happen New Years Eve too. You've probably heard lots of rumors that aren't necessarily true. Like the one about ticket prices being outrageous, or that you have to be 18 to get in, or that the (pick any combination) Moody Blues, the Who, Deep Purple and Black Sabbath will be there with Alice also. Everbody would like you to believe these rumors so you'll shell out your \$\$\$ for Alice Cooper New Years Eve Party at the Aud right here in Buffalo. Well, the only thing that's true right now is the back-off band is Z.Z. Topp and ticket prices will not be outrageous and that, from Alice, all you can expect is surprises. In the meantime, indulge your fantasies with the cute couple above. Tickets go on sale Monday.



"OK, you all know who I am or you wouldn't be reading this snotrag. Just because that Judy Collins character is gonna be at Kleinhans the same night as me, don't think it's gonna steal my thunder. Dec. 8, UUAB presents me... Lou Reed, the purveyor of the New Rock (I didn't make that up. Someone really said that about me.) and Mr. Hotshot himself at the Century Theatre. Tickets are; \$4-studnuts \$5-others, \$5.50 and \$4.50-night of show, and are available at UB and Buff State ticket outlets. And if Shakin' Street's caption writer makes me look like an idiot, I'll personally break him with my bare hands." Yeah, sure Lou. We'll meet you after the show and no whips and chains this time.



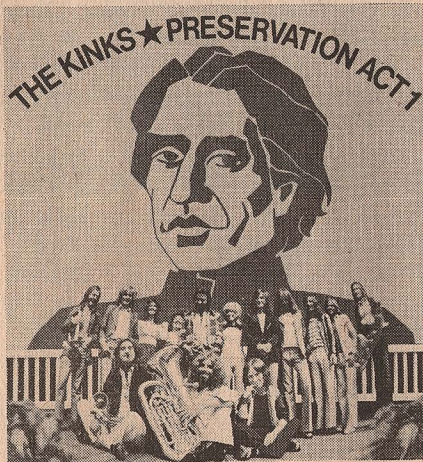
"What? Lou Reed actually said those things about me. It doesn't bother me that we're in Buffalo the same night. I think I'll send him a flower and my personally autographed picture of Steve Stills. Maybe I'll do my newest song that night: "I Got A Knuckle Sandwich for Domenique Sanson"... " Dec. 8, Festival East presents Judy Collins at Kleinhans. Tickets are available at all usual Festival outlets and cost \$6 and \$5 for the main floor and \$5 and \$4 for the balcony.

a special affair you won't want to miss. I was given the pleasure of attending the opening show last February in Rochester and honestly, it's the most extravagant and magnificent show in the rock world and possibly the whole of show biz.

Back to the album: what seems like a very petty bitch now is that although *Muscle* is not mediocre or unsatisfying, it lacks the most effective aspect of Alice's music - that it grabs you by the balls first time out. But that's OK cuz when you get down to business with the album, there's nothing crucially wrong at all. On *Killer*, Alice was naturally raunchy. On *Muscle*, it's an obvious attempt to be raunchy and that's what runs through your mind at first listen. On *Quadrephenia*, the Who got back to their roots too but they needed a whole concept to finalize their return (See Michael Sajecki and Dave Meinzer's Who feature in this ish). So, the difference between the two is that Alice announced his intentions which doesn't really jive with Alice's policy of surprising.

You win again, Alice. Just keep on shocking us and all us masos will be happy.

-Gary Sperrazza!



The Kinks

PRESERVATION ACT I

The Kinks
(RCA)

Ray Davies is more an actor than a musician; that is, he's a troupier on top of his witty and intelligent lyricism and theatric vocal delivery. He's an isle of melodrama in a sea of freak shows. That's the reason the Kinks are still kicking after ten or more years in the limelight. *Preservation Act I* follows in the tradition of the Kink's last four LP's (*Arthur*, *Lola* vs. *Powerman*, *Muswell Hillbillies*,

Everybody's in Showbiz), the non-concept album. Each song can stand alone but taken together complement each other to form a finished picture of the album's theme: here, it's the destruction of the people's lives by crooked politicians, evil Capitalists and MONEY. Each song is sung by a different character all played by Ray with the additional help of a chorus.

Side one opens with the Chorus as the townspeople of the Village Green (the name should sound familiar to Kinkophiles) awakening to their daily routine and, of course, idyllic dreams. As the village slowly resumes life, the Tramp enters singing "Sweet Lady Genevieve," his past love whom he did wrong. The Tramp serves as narrator of sorts, introducing himself here and popping up later to introduce others. "There's A Change in the Weather" is sung by the working class man, the middle class man and the upper class man. It deals with the coming storm of discontent and destruction that many feel is coming but the three gents end on an optimistic note hoping that the clouds obscuring their lives will blow away. Enter the Tramp with "Where Are They Now," a reach into the near past, setting the stage for Johnny Thunder blasting out with "One Of The Survivors," a strong rocker and my favorite on the album. Johnny Thunder is all the old rockers who are still out there somewhere trying to re-ignite the old sparks.

The Vicar opens side two with "Cricket," a comic argument for that game as a true British institution and favored by God. In "Money And Corruption," the townspeople start to rise up against the rich and corrupt and they find their Lenin in Mr. Black. The next character to appear is the ultra-evil Flash who is religion in Cash and whose main ambition is to buy out the town and level it. The Tramp delivers his final soliloquy with "Sitting In The Midday Sun," an ode to vagrancy and just taking life easy and as it comes. Evil seems to win out finally as Flash and his cronies gloat in their den singing "Demolition" and how they're going to take over the town to satisfy their greed for money.

Ray doesn't sound too hopeful for humanity's fate (this is the first part of a two-part musical Ray has written, don't forget, so there's more to come-Ed.) and his socialist tendencies stand out. His ability for singing overshadows this fact and just hearing his voice almost blots out

the lyrics. The band is second to Ray and serves to thrust him further into a solo spot. Too bad but let's wait for the rest.

-Andy Cutler



Rory Gallagher

TATTOO

Rory Gallagher
(Polydor)

Anyone who has been within hearing range of my ramblings in the past five years has heard of Rory Gallagher. Where all my other fave raves faded away to be replaced by new ones, Rory is one of the few rockers who hasn't gone the way of age, money or anything that puts a middle age gut on the fat-cat rockers still going in 1973. Rory is still as fresh and strong as he was in 1968/69 and each one of his albums up to now have reinforced that statement.

Rory, the Irish cowboy, had his beginnings in a group called Taste, one of the most underrated heavy blooz-rock bands from the UK ever. Four albums done (*Taste*, *On The Boards*, *Live Taste*, *Live at the Isle of Wight*), he got solo itchings and surfaced with his own band called Rory Gallagher. For all purposes, Taste might as well have been 'Rory Gallagher' too since Rory wrote, arranged, sang, played guitar, y'know, was the band's resident Superman. This present band has had four albums also (*Rory Gallagher*, *Deuce*, *Live*, *Blueprint*) and this new one, *Tattoo*, carries on in the high standards Rory has set for his albums with delightfulness.

Gallagher is based in the blues but does he have rock 'n' roll fever! He makes every one of his songs sizzle on the turntable. Aside from being one of the most impressive guitarists I've ever heard, his flair for production and songwriting make *Tattoo* shine like a diamond.

The rockers on *Tattoo* are plentiful: a

foot-tapping "Tattoo'd Lady," a Sixties-ish punk-rockin' "Cradle Rock," a scorching "Living Like A Trucker," a boogie-in'"Sleep On A Clothes Line," a jazzy "They Don't Make Them Like You Anymore" and the album's closer, "Admit It."

Of the slower tunes, Rory flashes his roots without losing his own distinct personality. "Who's That Coming," starts with Rory playing slide acoustic, he sets up a repeating riff, switches to electric and the band (a remarkably tight one consisting of Gerry McAvoy on bass, Lou Martin playing the best blues/honkytonk piano in the whole rock field and Rod D'Ath on drums) crashes in behind him. "A Million Miles Away" is the album's prettiest tune (somewhat in his older style), a Gallagher classic of liquor, loneliness and lost love. On "20:20 Vision," an acoustic blues number, you can hear him stifling his laughter as he sings "She can make my Grandpa feel like he's six years old."

It's things like the laughter in "20:20 Vision," the inspired screams he utters just before beginning a solo; these bursts of shy but happy enthusiasm draw one closer to the album. He works his skinny little ass off for every song and the effort he puts into the songs pushes the rest of the band to perform at their peak.

Although it's senseless that his music still hasn't gained a wide circle of recognition, it really doesn't seem to matter to him. He refuses to release singles or trade in his faded jeans and work shirt and he's just as happy to play in bars as he is to headline a concert. He doesn't have star fever but, like I said, he's got the you-know-what fever and although Rory Gallagher won't change the world, he sure is nice to have around.

-Gary Sperrazza!



This is what rock 'n' roll fever does for Rory. It can do the same for you. Just send \$5.98. . .



J. Geils Band

LADIES INVITED

The J. Geils Band
(Atlantic)

The J. Geils Band is to the Seventies what the Butterfield Blues Band was to the Sixties. Actually, J. Geils is a sort of continuation of what Butterfield started: bringing blues to a mostly middle class white audience. Without first hearing Butterfield or his English counterparts like Cyril Davies, Alexis Korner and John Mayall, what would have turned these people on to Little Walter, Shakey Horton and the like and eventually onto the blues boom of the late Sixties? The J. Geils Band is not a booze band in the strict sense of the word, they variate their music with traces of bastard blues both Yank and Limey style and 50's R&B. Pete Wolf, lead singer, claims to have an extensive collection of rhythm and blues and this fact explains the reason for some of the stuff on *Ladies Invited*, their fifth LP.

"Did You No Wrong" starts out the album with a very poppish feel; Seth Justman alternates on vibes and piano. "Diddyboppin' " is a typical funkier, you know its Saturday morning and Dick Clark asks some insipid fourteen year-olds to rate a song and they give it a 75 or so cuz 'you can dance to it.' Big deal. Ever since J. Geils started blowing groups like Yes off concert stages, they've been losing their force and strength. (Eh, we don't need any nasty letters. Andy is referring to the Yes/J. Geils concert in Buffalo February 28, 1972 where J. Geils really did do just that-Ed.) The first two LP's were killers, monuments to explosive music but *Full House* couldn't capture the experience of J. Geils live and *Bloodshot's* only high points were "Southside Shuffle," the second part of

"Give It To Me," and the red plastic it was pressed on. The saving grace here is "No Doubt About It," where J. Geils puts forth the ultimate in Clapton imitations. This song could very well have been cut at the fabled Clapton-Powerhouse sessions. At this point, the J. Geils Band can't afford to be caught with their collective pants down and if this album ain't self-abuse, they haven't reached puberty yet.

-Andy Cutler



Would somebody please tell us who we are and what we're doin' here?



This was to be the cover of the new Ringo album. This caption was to be the review. Too bad.



John Belushi and Chevy Chase, stars of the original off-Broadway hit National Lampoon LEMMINGS, greet each other in a scene from the show. Both Belushi and Chase are appearing in the touring

concert version of LEMMINGS along with other members of the original cast and such performers as Zal Yanovsky, formerly of the "Lovin' Spoonful" and Nate Herman, formerly of "Wilderness

Road." Dec. 15, SUB presents Lemmings at the Century Theatre, 8 pm. Tickets are \$5, \$4, \$3 for students and \$5.50, \$4.50, \$3.50 for others and are available at UB and Buff State ticket offices.

Cold Cuts

WHITE CHOCOLATE (RCA)

Go out of your way for once and get this album. The emergence of all these great new groups is such a relief to tired ears and probably the note best typifying rock in 1973. White Chocolate is not one of "those" groups, y'know, a bunch of white creeps thinking to flaunt the stereotyped sexuality of the black man by gyrating their hips and yelling "funky" or "get it on" underscored by off-beat drumming and a wall of aggravating horn accompaniment. Then again, White Chocolate aren't Americans imitating a British band doing soul a la "Brother Louie" (without Michael Brown, Stories have degenerated into a gaggle of faggoid, pseudo-English creeps). What White Chocolate is, is an American teenage-y amphetamine power guitar-bass-drums rock rush of heaven! Whatever blackness may be interpreted by their music is no doubt the work of the excellent Andre and Maxayn Lewis (who have two fine albums under the group name Maxayn on Capricorn) and they've used their keyboard and vocal work, respectively, to help White Chocolate achieve the degree of emotion and rhythmic tightness they were looking for. It's much the same approach that the J. Geils Band takes but the music here isn't as steeped in tradition (See Andy Cutler's review of the new J. Geils album in this ish). Same approach as Hendrix (who they sometimes remind me of) but no flaunting necessary. White Chocolate are new, exciting and best of all, they've got a distinctive style with their debut album, quite a task. If you're a rocker and enjoy a tight polished group, don't wait until Easter to get White Chocolate.

SERPENT IS RISING

Styx
(Wooden Nickel/RCA)

This group has a problem. It's their third album (a crucial one for any group) and Styx have still to decide whether they want to play "chuga-chuga" rock or art-rock. Rather than combine the two into a solid driving force, the two styles exist rather disjointedly. If you've ever put on Yes right after listening to Three Dog Night then Styx is for you. Slick production but all in all a spotty album.

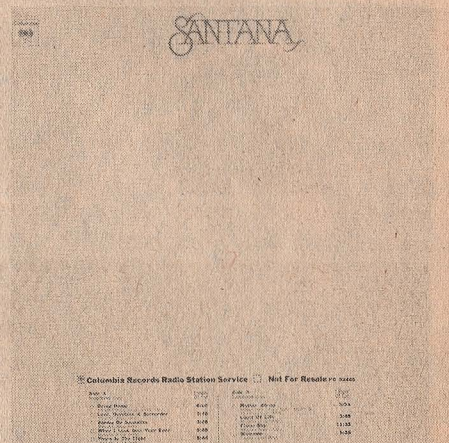
WELCOME Santana (Columbia)

The release of a new Santana album is usually not enough to get me to my neighborhood Cavages store, especially when I'm doing something significant like watching an old Ronald Coleman movie on TV. As a matter of fact, I didn't even buy Caravanserai (yes, with its gorgeous cover, complete with camels and exotic sun). I ended up receiving it in a trade. Anyway, it's always neat to see what gimmick the latin leprechaun has to offer us on his newest album. On Caravanserai, he opened up with an eerie saxophone and acoustic bass. His newest album, "Welcome," is just as musically revolutionary. Carlos has now become completely Mahavishnized. You can tell because the album is completely white and has all sorts of exotic writing on it. The only trouble is, with the band's new female vocalist (Wendy Haas) and the almost non-existent Latin percussion complete with the usual wind effects, the end product sounds like John McLaughlin jamming with Brazil 66 - not enough of the old Santana we heard on "Abraxas."

HOURLASS

(United Artists)

Another chapter in the true story of the Allman Bros. Hourglass is the missing link between Allman Joys and The Allman Bros. Band. This re-released double set is the two illfated albums Hourglass recorded for Liberty which became UA in 1971. The stuff here is not indicative of the Bros. in the least and it seems as if Duane had yet to master those bone-chilling (ha, ha-Ed.) slide licks. The first album is a beefed-up experimental atrocity, the potential of the material smothered by an excess of horns and back-up vocalists. The second album (originally titled Power of Love), is an improvement, but still lacking that certain spark to insure its success. The best cut on both albums is "Going Nowhere" penned by Gregg and featuring Duane on Yardbird-style fuzz guitar. If you think this might be a great lost Allman collection, forget it. Read the liner notes, they'll tell you all you need to know. It's the Hourglass with a couple of 'nobodies' named Allman.



HOURLASS

