

State University of New York College at Buffalo - Buffalo State College

## Digital Commons at Buffalo State

---

Shakin Street Gazette, Student Music Magazine    Buffalo State Archives: History of the College

---

12-15-1973

### The Shakin' Street Gazette, Volume 5

The Shakin' Street Gazette

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.buffalostate.edu/shakinstreet>



Part of the [History Commons](#)

---

#### Recommended Citation

"The Shakin' Street Gazette, Volume 5." Shakin Street Gazette, Student Music Magazine. Archives & Special Collections Department, E. H. Butler Library, SUNY Buffalo State.  
<https://digitalcommons.buffalostate.edu/shakinstreet/5>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Buffalo State Archives: History of the College at Digital Commons at Buffalo State. It has been accepted for inclusion in Shakin Street Gazette, Student Music Magazine by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons at Buffalo State. For more information, please contact [digitalcommons@buffalostate.edu](mailto:digitalcommons@buffalostate.edu).





Where all the Kidz wanna do is Rock

bye-bye

Volume One - Number Five

## Shakin Street Self Indulgence Issue

### SELF-INDULGENCE

Bowie did it. Bryan Ferry did it. Elton John did it. Climax Blues Band did it. Wishbone Ash did it. Focus did it. Clapton has been doing it for years. Neil Young did it. Peter Panks did it. Wet Willie did it. John Lennon did it. Paul McCartney did it. George Harrison did it. Ian Anderson did it. The Dead . . . well, you know about them. Marc Bolan did it. Self-indulgence is giving to one's own desires to excess and it's a part of rock as sweat, good times, electricity and sex, sex, sex.

Probably the worst example of self-indulgence is right here.

The Shakin' St. staff (Sperrazza, Cutler, Sajecki, Meinzer), along with various other frustrated rock stars, giving in to one of their fondest desires: listing their very own Top 10 albums for 1973, top singles and whatever else they feel like giving in to. Ask them and they'll tell you they're acknowledging their love and respect for the stars by imitating them. But we know what they're really doing.

Shocking.

### GARY SPERRAZZA!

#### ALBUMS:

- 1) The Sweet (Bell)
- 2) Mott-Mott The Hoople (Columbia)
- 3) Tyranny & Mutation-Blue Oyster Cult (Columbia)
- 4) A Wizard, A True Star-Todd Rundgren (Bearsville)
- 5) Split Ends-Move (United Artists)
- 6) Boulders-Roy Wood (United Artists)
- 7) Wizzard's Brew-Roy Wood's Wizzard (United Artists)
- 8) About Us-Stories (Kama Sutra)
- 9) 10 C.C. (UK/London)
- 10) Aerosmith (Columbia)

#### SINGLES:

- 1) Rubber Bullets-10 C.C.
- 2) See My Baby Jive-Wizzard
- 3) Avenging Annie-Andy Pratt

SONG OF THE YEAR: Hellraiser-The Sweet

CONCERT OF THE YEAR: Mott the Hoople (Oct. 17)

ROCKWRITER OF THE YEAR: Greg Shaw, Michael Sajecki

MAN OF THE YEAR: Todd Rundgren

MOVIE TO END ALL MOVIES: Sisters (American International Pictures)

BRIGHTEST HOPES AND BEST NEW GROUPS: The Sweet, 10C.C., Aerosmith, White Chocolate, Montrose, Blue and all Shakin' St. readers

DEATH AWARD: Jim Croce, Eric Clapton

THE "GET DOWN AND GET WITH IT OR GET LOST" AWARD: to all those left that I didn't mention



### MICHAEL SAJECKI:

#### ALBUMS:

- 1) Tubular Bells-Mick Oldfield (Virgin/Atlantic)
- 2) Quadrophenia-The Who (MCA)
- 3) Berlin-Lou Reed (RCA)
- 4) Six Wives of Henry VIII-Rick Wakeman (A & M)
- 5) Dark Side of the Moon-Pink Floyd (Harvest/Capital)
- 6) Tyranny and Mutation-Blue Oyster Cult (Columbia)
- 7) Mott-Mott the Hoople (Columbia)
- 8) Stealer's Wheel-Stealer's Wheel (A & M)
- 9) Grand Hotel-Procul Harum (Chrysalis/Warners)
- 10) TIE Larks Tongue in Aspic-King Crimson  
Desperado-The Eagles

Honorable Mention - The Smoker You Drink, The Player You Get-Joe Walsh (ABC)

#### SINGLES:

- 1) Everybody's Agreed that Everything Will Turn Out Fine-Stealer's Wheel
- 2) Rocky Mountain Way-Joe Walsh
- 3) Tequila Sunrise-The Eagles

#### Special Awards:

1. Milk Dud of the Year - Cat Stevens - "Foreigner"
2. Redundant comeback of the Year - Chicago - "Chicago VI"
3. Goodyear Blimp award - Carole King - "Fantasy"
4. Intoxicated spirit award - Goerge Harrison - "Living in the Material World"

### ANDY CUTLER:

#### ALBUMS:

- 1) A Wizard, A True Star-Todd Rundgren (Bearsville)
- 2) Old Soldiers Never Die-Heads, Hands and Feet (Atco)
- 3) Overnite Sensation-Mothers (Discreet/Warners)
- 4) Boulders-Roy Wood (United Artists)
- 5) Tyranny and Mutation-Blue Oyster Cult (Columbia)
- 6) Mott-Mott the Hoople (Columbia)
- 7) Paris 1919-John Cale (Reprise)
- 8) Tattoo-Rory Gallagher (Polydor)
- 9) Quadrophenia-Who (MCA)
- 10) Great Lost Kinks Album-Kinks (Reprise)

#### SINGLES:

- 1) See My Baby Jive-Wizzard
- 2) On of the Survivors-Kinks
- 3) Keep On Truckin'-Eddie Kendricks

BEST MOVIE: O Lucky Man - directed by Lindsay Anderson; starring Malcolm McDowell, music by Alan Price.

BEST NEW GROUPS: Aerosmith, Scrubbaloe Caine, White Chocolate, 10C.C.

DECAPTIATION AWARD FOR CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY: N.Y. Dolls



5. Truck Driver in Drag award - Elton John - "?" (take your pick-ed.)
6. The Ram it up your ass award - Deep Purple - "Made in Japan"
7. Preachy nose-picker award - Carlos Santana and John McLaughlin - "Love Devotion and Surrender"
8. The most aptly phrased album title award - The Bee Gees - "Life in a Tin Can"
9. Stratovarious Award (for having the nerve to exist) - Uriah Heep
10. Hush Puppy of the Year - Art Garfunkel - "Angel Clare"
11. Cheshire Cat award - Neil Young - "Time Fades Away" Bye Neil
- EXTRA - Music to pop pop-corn by award - The Rolling Stones - "Angie"



This is Andy's Passport photo. No wonder they won't let him out of the country.

THE FIRST ANNUAL "IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT OFF YOUR FAT ASS AND GOT BACK TO SOME GOOD MUSIC: Steve Miller, for The Joker

THE "HOW COME YOUVE GOTTEN SO GODDAM LAME LATELY" AWARD: all the former Beatles, Booker T., Ian Anderson, Eric Clapton, Rod Stewart and Jeff Beck

ROCKWRITER OF THE YEAR: Gary Sperrazza



## DAVE MEINZER:

### ALBUMS:

- 1) Last of the Brooklyn Cowboys-Arlo Guthrie (Warners)
- 2) Last Train to Hicksville-Dan Hicks and his Hot Licks (Blue Thumb)
- 3) Don't Cry Now-Linda Ronstadt (Elektra/Asylum)
- 4) Comin' Right At You-Asleep at the Wheel (United Artists)
- 5) Hank Wilson's Back-Leon Russell (Shelter)
- 6) Quadrophonia-Who (MCA)
- 7) Roger McGuinn (Columbia)
- 8) Full Circle-Byrds (Elektra/Asylum)
- 9) Playin' Favorites-Don McLean (United Artists)
- 10) Don't Quit Your Day Job-Country Gazette (United Artists)

BEST NEW GROUP: Asleep at the Wheel

BEST VOCALIST: Linda Ronstadt

BOOK OF THE YEAR: *Writings and Drawings by Bob Dylan*

## JOE FERNBACHER:

### ALBUMS

(in no particular order of importance)

Mott-Mott the Hoople (Columbia)  
Sweet (Bell)  
New York Dolls (Mercury)  
A Wizard A True Star-Todd Rundgren (Bearsville)  
Rock On-David Essex (Columbia)  
Paris 1919-John Cale (Warners)  
Tyranny and Mutation-Blue Oyster Cult (Columbia)  
Preservation Act One-Kinks (RCA) (for centimental reeasons only—sigh, pant, huff)  
Brownsville Station-Oh Yeah (Big Tree/Bell) ('cause Cubee is so ugly—like John Lennon on drano for a month. . .)  
"ol' blue eyes is back" Frank Sinatra (Warners) (anybody who was born in Hoboken,did da do in the show biz for almost fifty years should be on everyone's top ten list, even if the lp stinkoids—for the fan listen to Frankie Laine—Kingpin of the Nashville Mafia—huh)

Bubbling Under:  
Harper's Bourbon—an' Old Crow hallucinations.

The rest of the year sucked, and I probably would've sliced my eyelids off, but I'm as apathetic as the rest of you mushrooms out der in O-mind Meccaverse. . . 'member 1974: Year of the Smooth Shit.

Hemrrhoid of the Year: Lou Reed, Lou Reed, Lou Reed, subway train eats oid cause oid is just zip in the lip and still likes Judy Garland—how drool.

Unconscious Award of the Year: goes to the bass player from the New York Dolls, Arthur cause he's a living example of rock 'n' roll power at its finest—besides his old lady, whose just as O as he is, cut off his thumb because he wouldn't take her sumwhere over the rainbow

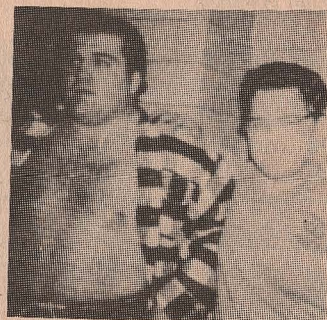


REVIVAL SONG OF THE YEAR: Hank Williams' "Jambalaya"

MOST LAMENTED CASUALTY OF THE "CREATIVE ENERGY" CRISIS: Loggins and Messina

ROCKWRITER OF THE YEAR: Andy Cutler

DEATH AWARD: Clarence White, Gram Parsons, Jim Croce, Dan Hicks & Pals, *Shakin' Street Gazette*.



The Joeseeph Goebbell's Award: goes to Sandy Pearlman for his work with the Blue Oyster Cult  
Man of the Year: Juen Millington  
Woman of the Year: Wayne County  
Enviroment of the Year: Jackson Heights  
Year of the Year: 1986—buzzzzz click

Special Awards section:

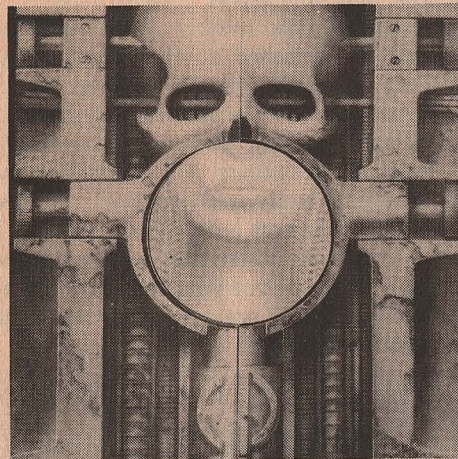
Jim Thrope wah-hoo award: goes to dat fat red face what made an ass of herself on the Academy Awards show—just so's she could show her custard in playboy—boooooooooooooo, remember Troy New York—cause no-one else will, not even the Trojans.

Meltzer Sports Award of the Year: goes to Pedro Morales cause he should be eliminated, and the only way your gonna do it is to make him more famous . . . spike da spik . . .

Noddy Holder Award: Goes to Noddy Holder cause he's ugly and Slade ain't ever gonna make it in the States cuz they can' spel rite:

(Joe is Music Ed. of the Spectrum, co-editor of Punk Magazine and writer for the Buffalo New Times, Zoo World and Creem. With such hotshot credentials, ladies, his are the shorts you'd want to milk-Ed.)

# Long Players



## ELP

BRAIN SALAD SURGERY  
Emerson, Lake and Palmer  
(Manticore/Atlantic)

Like I always say, you hear one ELP disc and you've heard 'em all. Keith Emerson is a fine organist, probably one of the best to emerge in the Sixties, but now he's so preoccupied with playing with his synthesizers, one cannot expect from ELP the eclectic joy we came to expect from him when he led the Nice (Note: the Nice have re-formed without Emerson. Lee Jackson and Brian Davison have gotten back together, with a different organist named Patrick Moraz and the new band is called Refugee. Album due in February-Ed.). Even then he was into shock rock, what with his fabled tap dance on the keys of his organ and making love to it like Hendrix made love to his guitar. Their unorthodox mixture of the classics, rock and blues endeared them to few so their cult following was all the more enthusiastic and fanatic.

Few had heard of Keith Emerson when ELP's first disc came out but it swiftly became a must for the 'with it' crowd to have in his or her collection. It was a good album, full of original ideas and it explored territory that had been wilderness up to then. The only trouble with what ELP have done since then is that it all sounds the same: Carl Palmer beating holy hell out of the World's Largest Drum Kit, Greg Lake's

over-fuzzed bass and dramatic vocals, Emerson playing with his custom made synthesizer much like a child obsessed with some new toy. Now don't get upset with that last simile, I admit Emerson is as good as anybody's going to get, but for crissakes, I'm bored with the whole approach.

*Brain Salad Surgery* is typical ELP: high-energy trivia. It seems that this is just another chapter in the continuing saga of what the modern composer, Emerson, is into lately. The album opens with "Jerusalem," a mild unassuming song about the Second Coming (or the first depending on which church's dogma you want to believe) of the Messiah, this time to "England's green and pleasant land." Next comes Alberto Ginastera's "Toccata," a great example of Emerson's egocentric overindulgence of electronic keyboard devices. This one goes nowhere fast, faster than anyone would expect. "Still You Turn Me On" will probably be their next single. It's a pleasant inoffensive song, the type Lake sings best. "Benny the Bouncer" tries to be a honky-tonker but it's too mechanical to be real and Pete Sinfield's shallow, vapid lyrics make it all the more distasteful. Sinfield's collaboration is very evident on this album and his lyrics for "Benny" don't reflect the poetry that can be found in any of his previous work (Solo album: *Still*, and various King Crimson LP's).

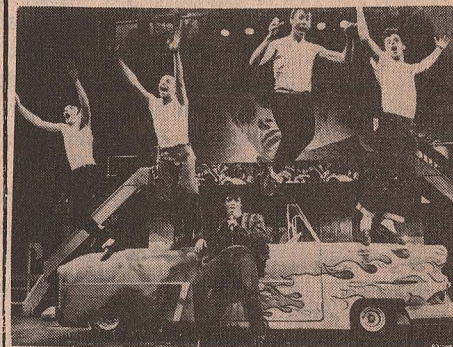
"Karn Evil 9," divided into three impressions, takes up the rest of the album. "Impression One, Part One" ends side one with some tasty organ licks and continues onto side two. The theme of this piece seems to have been based on the malevolent carnival in Ray Bradbury's "Something Wicked This Way Comes." "Impression Two" is an instrumental opening with Emerson, a la Brubeck, on piano and turns into a Caribbean "Dance Macabre" with Emerson's synthesizer capturing the sound and feel of steel drums. This part is the best and most inventive track on the album as Emerson heavily relies on piano, something he doesn't often do these days. "Impression Three" ends the album, Emerson's fingers flying wildly, matching Palmer's flurried drumbeats.

Sometimes it seems that there's a limit to the inventiveness one can reap from electronic keyboard devices. Synthesizers have been touted to be the instrument of the future, but haven't we heard just too much too soon? Ever since they made their appearance on the contemporary scene, they've been used and misused into banality. Emerson may be the keyboard genius of our time, but his obsession with futuristic electronics cannot appeal to the masses. This may sound reactionary but how do you think your parents felt the first time they heard an electric guitar? If *Brain Salad Surgery* is an example of what rock is becoming, I'll take Chuck Berry anyway.

-Andy Cutler

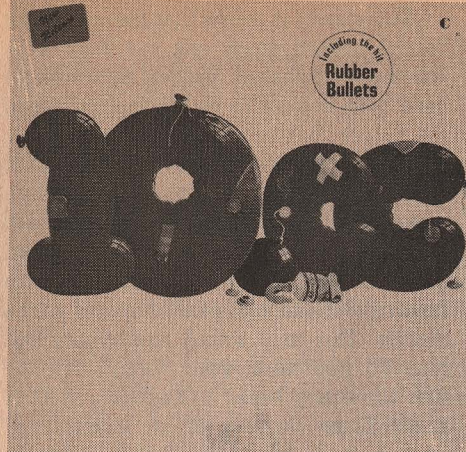


Alice has nothing to say this ish, so he asked us to print him in a pose befitting his noble stature. Shakin' St. readers know full well that Alice picked Buffalo as the last date of his Billion Dollar Babies Holiday Tour and the Aud is the No. 1 place to be New Year's Eve as Alice Cooper and Z.Z. Topp introduce you to 1974. Tickets are \$6, all reserved seats, and can be purchased at all Festival East outlets.



"I wanna be your dog." Well, not really, but everybody knows where Iggy Pop gets his inspiration from, all of which has nothing to do with the fact that Festival East will be presenting the musical parody Grease at Kleinhans Jan. 10 at 8 pm. Tickets are \$6.50, \$5.50 and \$4.50 and are available at all Festival ticket outlets.





## 10 CC

10 CC  
(London Records)

Well, we hear a lot these days about good time rock and roll you know, the whole nostalgia bag. Everybody's been trying to cash in on what they believe the "old time - good time beat" was; and all it usually adds up to is to dig up some old Chuck Berry numbers and throw a bit of tinsel on them. And what do you got? Instant rip-off. The kids run for cover and hope to find satisfaction listening to the American Graffiti soundtrack and The Best of the Beach Boys. Sheesh! Where is that long awaited sound that would take nostalgia and make it sound progressive?

Fear not, over aged pubies and high school dropouts. 10 CC is here. Who? Why that mythological gorgon of musical ability (he's starting to get into verbal masturbation. Come back to earth, Mike-Ed.)

10 CC are basically concerned with taking bits and pieces of the past, dusting them off, and putting them all together with a few "progressive-type ideas of their own. they don't worry about whether they sound authentic. They're having a good time, and they want their audience to do the same.

Just in case you're curious, 10 CC are Eric Stewart, Kevin Godley, Lol Creme and Graham Gouldman. They are no new comers to the music world, having written a bevy of hits for a number of pop groups. Two of the above mentioned musicians were involved with the group, Hotlegs, whose single, "Neandrethal Man" placed number one on charts all over the country.

But 10 CC's sound is not neandrethal. Their production is slick and this becomes more evident each time you listen to the album.

Their songs are concerned with surfing, teen-angels, a conversation on the telephone with a sixteen year old sweetie, building up your muscles, high school proms, etc., you know, all the things that made being a teen-ager an orgasmic experience. And whether 10 CC are poking fun at our memories or are in dead earnest isn't important. The songs are all still there, waiting for you to get involved.

Side one starts out with "Johnny Don't Do It," an old sixties type ballad about a teen angel who met his end on a motorcycle. For those of you who may be foaming at the mouth already, there's a tiny bit of moog thrown in for diversity as well as some tasteful

heavy lead guitar. The seriousness with which 10 CC approach this mock-epic is evidenced by their lyrics. "Now Johnny's with the angels, the angels in the sky, I wonder if he thinks of us, as he goes riding by . . ."

"Sand in my Face" is a little rock paced ditty dealing with the old Charles Atlas "Dynamic Tension" advertisements seen in comic books and magazines for generations. The little 97 lb. weakling on the beach held in awe of a cat who is "200 lbs. of surf board Hercules." Once again we have some moog thrown in, sounding much like a high pitched electric guitar as well as a dobro guitar sounding much like a slide guitar.

"Donna" is an early 60ish cornish love ballad about a fascination with what must be a sixteen year old nymphite. The telephone conversation interspersed within the song is aided by a telephone ringing. A squeaky, high pitched vocal, countered by a manic lead guitar as 10 CC once again poke fun at a teen-age institution. "Oh Donna, you made me stand up, you made me sit down Donna . . ."

"The Dean and I," one of 10 CC's hit singles in England, opens up with a slow "Hum Drum Days" chant and then breaks into a good time, rock and roll tempo. You can swear you hear the Beach Boys singing in the background, as the superb instrumentalization keeps the song from becoming a simple trifle.

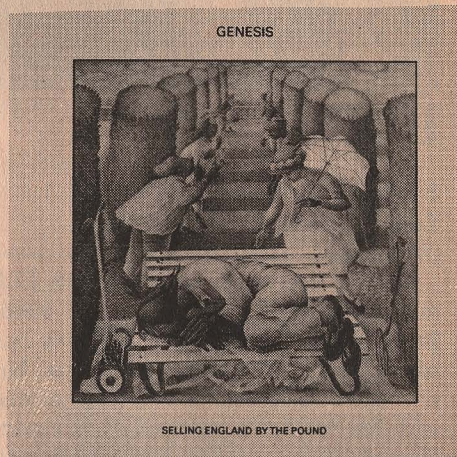
It keeps going like this all throughout the album, superb production, better than average musicianship, inventive song writing etc. plus a playful fascination with what rock and roll was, how it affected us, and how seriously it should be taken. Their current number one single (in England), "Rubber Bullets," is also

included on the album, and in terms of production, inventiveness and musicianship, it is as well done as anything else on the album.

To listen to "Rubber Bullets" is to really know what a pop single is all about. It's an infectious sound and it gets better each time you hear it.

10 CC are terribly slick, with no negatives attached to their terminology. They are party music, because they're aggressive and seemingly non-sensical thematically. But when one listens closely to 10 CC's impressive debut album, he hears how really well produced and how excellent they are musically.

You make discoveries each time you listen to them, but you have a good time doing it. 10 CC are progressive nostalgia, if you know what I mean.



## Genesis

SELLING ENGLAND BY THE POUND  
Genesis  
(Charisma/Atlantic)

It seems strange that I feel I have to introduce this group called Genesis to you, the reading public. Genesis have been around for quite some time now, producing albums abounding in musical genius one after the other. The cultists know this. With Genesis' tour of the states and their remarkable new album, "Selling England by the Pound," it seems that their time has come and Genesis will attain the recognition they have always deserved.

There has always been a tension within the group insofar as what the dominant force or thrust of their sound should be. There is the heart throb of Genesis, the Emerson/Lake and Palmer trio type set up of Phil Collins on drums, Tony Banks on keyboards and Michael Rutherford on bass. Together, these three

present one separate vein of Genesis.

Then there is Steve Hackett on guitars. He is a focus all of his own as he keeps the above-mentioned trio honest; his is a conflicting force as well as a fusing force within Genesis.

And finally, there is Peter Gabriel, lead singer and flautist. Gabriel, who is the extroverted dramatist, the Roman Centurian, the Flower, the aged child, the English gentleman and various other guises. His is the egotistical, wistful, playfulness that establishes an awesome response from his audiences as a necessity in maintaining that Genesis is indeed a spectacle.

The conflict within the group has always been to achieve a balance of sound between the musicians and Gabriel himself. This subtle imbalance was evidenced on Genesis' earlier albums, "Trespass," "Nursery Chymes," and "Foxtrot." Although these albums are still masterful productions, their latest presents a true collaboration, a fusion of musical directions.

"Selling England by the Pound" is the most diverse album ever conceived by the group as they seem to be shunning their focus upon mini-dramas or conceptual arrangements and are more concerned with their total sound. The first arrangement on side one is called "Dancing With the Moonlit Knight." It begins as a slower ballad with acoustic guitar and piano blending for this effect. Gabriel presents himself with emotion, tension and diversity as he sings with the music rather than in competition with it. One of the amazing elements of Genesis, as evidenced by this arrangement is the subtlety and non-chalance with which Genesis makes transitions of sound, tempo and mood. The pace is speeded up as triumphant crescendos of instrumentalization and vocalization interwoven with quick tempoed assaultive collages of electricity featuring maniac lead guitaring fused with keyboard wizardry and a steady beat. It all ends as it begins. Banks on Mellotron and Hackett on acoustic guitar fuse for a lilting mood effect which lets the arrangement end itself.

"I know what I Like (In Your Wardrobe)" utilizes Gabriel as the leading force in the presentation of a chorus line of an infectious nature, as he drunkenly sings, "I know what I like, and I like what I know . . ." He scat sings along with an intoxicating percussion effect, as the bass guitar hums and he moog enters as a 2nd lead guitar. The arrangement ends with

the same percussion effort combined with Gabriel on flute to give the number a little Jamaican flavor.

"Firth of Fifth" follows and begins with some classical oriented piano work. The power trio of Banks, Collins, and Rutherford get to work. Once again, there is great diversity of keyboard wizardry evident on the part of Tony Banks who is every bit as good as other mentors such as Rick Wakeman and Keith Emerson. The arrangement also features Steve Hackett with a well executed guitar solo and a flute solo from Gabriel producing a rather hypnotic effect.

Side one ends with a shorter slower paced acoustic ballad called *More Fool Me*. Sung by drummer Phil Collins, it presents itself as being a beautifully lilting mood piece as Gabriel adds vocal harmony and Steve Hackett offers an inspired acoustic guitar effort.

"The Battle of Epping Forest" opens up side two and begins with a drum-beat march with flute added to give it a true battle flavor. This arrangement presents itself as one of Gabriel's mini-dramas as he plays charades at being a Reverend, a gang leader (Mick the Prick no less) and a couple of other roles. Some tasty moog work adds to the infectious quality of the chorus line. Gabriel once again sings with a great deal of diversity. The arrangement also features Steve Hackett on a moog guitar, producing an electrical dripping effect.

"After the Ordeal" is a short instrumental, featuring some good piano work but the arrangement is really a vehicle for some well executed acoustic and electric guitar soloing by Steve Hackett.

"The Cinema Show" is best remembered at the concert here at Buff State by Peter Gabriel's introductory notes, graphical pantomimes of Romeo and Juliet. Once again this arrangement begins with piano and acoustic guitar fused together to produce a ballad-type effect. But, as usual and very convincingly, the tempo picks up a tiny bit. Then guitar and flute protrude to provide a gentle-moodish effect. The Band enters again as the moog becomes the focus for an intoxicating little rumba beat. And the transitions for this arrangement, as well as the others, seem endless.

"Aisle of Plenty" is a short accompanying piece to "Cinema Show" and ends the album with the band fading into the "deadly night -shade" and Gabriel crying over the price of English ribs of



To answer your question: "Who am I and What am I doing Here" - Lemmings Saturday Night.

beef.

Genesis are a group of excellent musicians. Each could be a super-star with his own band if he chooses to. Yet they remain together to produce a homogenous sound, a fusion of brilliance with Gabriel as that element of theatricity which makes their stage show quite unique; an experience of the senses. Genesis are a group with a future as well as a past.

Mike Sajecki



## Dylan

DYLAN  
Bob Dylan  
(CBS)

Thyfact that the third cut on this album, "Sarah Jane," is obviously a song about Dylan's wife, but no composer is credited (the publisher is listed as pending) may be an indication of just how quickly this package was put together in the wake of Dylan's planned return to the concert stage. Yet if it is an original Dylan, it's the only one among the nine tracks.

All of the cuts appear to be taken from the hundreds of hours of recording Dylan did for her *Self Portrait* and *New Morning* albums, and might be as recent as his single "George Jackson" (in '71) or later. They all feature a full electric



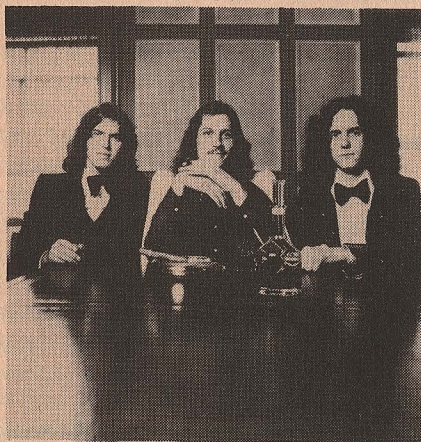
urban-country band and a female chorus. The arrangements are loose, but professional.

"Lily of the West," the opening track, is a fine old ballad with a driving arrangement and some of Dylan's patented harmonica playing. "Can't Help Falling in Love" is also an old ballad and is followed by "Sarah Jane" which has a happy time love song sound, a la *Nashville Skyline*. The side ends with an almost emotional version of Pete LaFarge's "Ballad of Ira Hayes."

It was reported when *New Morning* was released that one of the things left off was a version of "Mr. Bojangles." This seems to be it, leading off side two; and you can see why it was left off. Like the album in general, it is interesting but weak. The cut features an organ part strikingly similar to Procol Harum's "Whiter Shade of Pale" (Procul's sound had its roots in Dylan's *Highway 61 Revisited* and *Blond on Blond* albums). The next cut, "Mary Ann," is very unspecial but the next two are really fun to listen to. Joni Mitchell's "Big Yellow Taxi" ("pave paradise, put up a parking lot") is still an effective song, and "Fool Such As I" is probably the tightest cut on the album with a real jumping arrangement. He closes with a tune from the coffee house days, "Spanish Is A Lovin' Toun."

This album holds together surprisingly well, but if this is the best they could dig out of the vaults maybe they better leave them shut. The music for *Pat Garret* and *Billy the Kid* was nice but it was only background music. Let's hope the Band can get Bobby back on the track, because he seems to be almost as lost as "Mr. Jones."

Dave Meinzer



Since we feel bad that everyone is going to ignore them, Shakin' St. gives a plug for the group picture above. Who sez we ignore bad talent?

# Cold Cuts

## BETWEEN NOTHINGNESS AND ETERNITY

Mahavishnu Orchestra Live (Columbia)

And what is exactly between nothingness and eternity? Why, self-indulgence of course. Otherwise known as the Mahavishnu Orchestra. This album was not only recorded in Central Park, but it sounds as if the arrangements were all written there too, on the spot. Not wanting to fall back on the musical redundancies of "Birds of Fire," McLaughlin is set upon creating new ones. There is a slim line of difference between assaultive rock-jazz and useless jamming. The Maha Orchestra are existent in the latter on this album. Too bad.

There are only three arrangements on the album which is actually a blessing in disguise. "Trilogy" is the first which features sophisticated noise and bird whistles. The next is "Sister Andrea" which was penned by Jan Hammer. It's a hell of a lot better than "Trilogy" because it is shorter. It features useless moog sound effects. Side two is one composition called "Dream," which is what you do while listening to this album. Is "Between Nothingness and Eternity" boring? Only Sir Chinmoy, McLaughlin's spiritual sap-sucker knows for sure.

"Barren of events,  
Rich in Pretensions  
My earthly life."

## MONTROSE (Warners)

To attract your attention, Montrose is the name of the group starring Ronnie Montrose, who has played with Boz Scaggs, Van Morrison's *St. Dominic's Preview* and *Tupelo Money* albums and the current Edgar Winter group. If I can fall into the current state of Rolling Stone's psychoanalytical reviews, this kid is a great guitarist and personality who suffers from an inferiority complex. So he masks it with being rough 'n' tough with a put-on ego bigger than life. When Edgar Winter played here last fall, no one knew who the little punk guitarist was, whose enthusiasm was simply startling, but it was damn sure this kid was out to make a name for himself. He practiced

those rock-hard licks, racked up credits by playing with the celebrities above, hot his own band together, hit a prestigious record company, lured an excellent producer to help him (Ted Templeman, whose done Capt. Beefheart, Little Feat, Harper's Bizarre) and voila! A rock and roll success story. This album is a straight-ahead loud 'n' proud rocker that'll shake your bone. Now all he needs are some fans.

## ROCK ON David Essex (Columbia)

David Essex is known to the British audience through his performance in *Godspell* and his No. 3 hit single ("Rock On," reviewed in Shakin' St. No. 1) and his newest single ("Lamplight"). He's known to Americans through his lead role in *That'll Be The Day*, an amusing parody of British life in the early 60's. In said movie, Essex plays a boy caught between a quiet normal life and the adventurous life of rock 'n' roll. In the movie, rock 'n' roll wins but on this album, it loses. Not to say it's bad; the album doesn't rock out, true, but there is a quiet sensuality on all the selections. David can sing well when he want but the most effective cuts are those on which he parodies himself: "Rock On" and "Streetfight" reveal more than a hint of African rhythm with an eerie coating. "On and On" and Paul Simon's "For Emily" have an overplayed sense of drama that is surprisingly endearing after a few listens. Essex at times reminds one of Andy Pratt; each uses subtlety to its fullest and Essex's material (controlled by mentor Jeff Wayne) catches up and makes you a captive fan with repeated listenings, much like Pratt's. Only Essex has the advantage of having a 'star' face and appeal, and both rightly deserve attention.

## THUNDERMUG STRIKES Thundermug (Epic/Columbia)

We were hoping that Thundermug along with Scrubbaloe Caine, Mahogany Rush and Pagliaro, would signal a Canadian invasion of sorts into the American rock scene. Sure, they've got some disadvantages: they come from

London, Ontario (too close to be real stars) and they're ugly! I mean *really* ugly! One guy's beard dropped down to his neck, another guy is fat and looks like a "security" man the band asked in when the real guy didn't show up, another guy has a sunken chin. That leaves 25% and that's how much of the album rates. This 25% is really really good 'n' different even though the old Cactus sounds like they stepped in when the band couldn't make it. The driving beat and heavy chording of "Africa," released as a single a while back, is enough to make anyone drive into a building, it's that good. "Mickey Mouse Club" is a quick hipshake which sounds like a commercial played on a 1968 progressive rock station. "Victoria Muse" is a short instrumental with four guitars intertwining excellently. The best cut is "Orbit," a great pop/rocker with enthusiasm that leaps out of your speakers and saves the gutsy vocals and tight but not-too-original music of Thundermug from dying a natural death. Unless they get a little stricter and more choosy with their material, they're going to get left behind. Strike one.

## JUMPIN' THE GUNNE Jo Jo Gunne (Elektra/Asylum)

Surprise! Jo Jo don't need any advance notices. Their third album is here and I really couldn't see how 1974 rock could get along without 'em. Veterans are already familiar with Jay Ferguson, ex-Spirit and a prime talent for capturing everything good rock is all about. On this newie, he's again penned all the tunes and has signed his California flash and traditional grossness that's so much a part of rock 'n' roll with the help (once again) of producer Bill Szymczyk, a more perceptive rock producer would be hard to find. All are fine cuts but worth special mention are: "I Wanna Love You," "Getaway," "Monkey Music" and "High School Drool." Sure, they can't cut it as a live band (awfully inconsiderate of the audience, y'see), but when you can get hi-energy, thickly textured rock mania like this and their two pervious LPeez, *Bite Down Hard* and *Jo Jo Gunne*, only the lonely can complain.

## AQUASOW Elliott Murphy (Polydor)

This album picks up where *Blonde on Blonde* left off; it's the type of stuff

Dylan might have done if he hadn't screwed himself on that motorcycle. I believe this album has created a minor sensation in some circles and it's no surprise. With his literate lyrics and non-voice coupled with a Columbia type band circa 1966, Murphy succeeds admirably in his first effort. The best cuts are "Last of the rock Stars" about Hendrix, "Marilyn" about Monroe sung like Lou Reed singing like Dylan and "White Middle Class Blues," the typical Johnny-won't-eat-his-favorite-dinner-cuz-he's-so-JUNKED-up-he's-seeing-snakes. Murphy has a great future in music and as long as he plays like Dylan and Lou, people are going to like him, no matter what.

## APOTHECARY (Paramount)

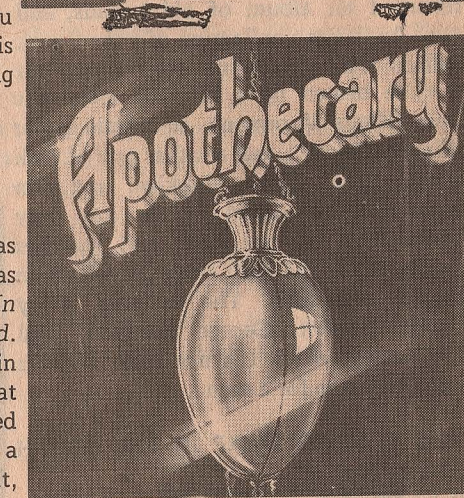
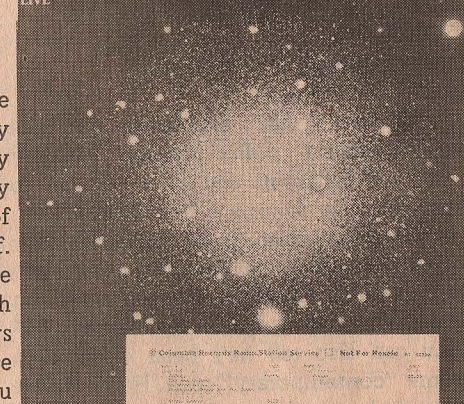
Not too much to say bout these Detroiters except they totally misrepresent their city. Instrumentally they're OK but their incessant slightly off-key group harmonies remind one of CSN&Y, a nauseating thought in itself. According to the liner notes, they have two drummers but it's hard to tell with the muddled production job. These guys sure as hell don't have much of a future in the music biz and it's a pity. Can you imagine telling all your friends that you band just cut an album and then play this for 'em? Talk about embarrassing situations.

## ATOMIC ROOSTER IV Atomic Rooster (Elektra/Asylum)

The first Atomic Rooster album was called *Atomic Rooster*. The second was *Death Walks Behind You*. Third, *In Hearing of . . .* Fourth, *Made in England*. Recently, a "best-of" album was issued in England called *Assortment*. Notice that the sixth Atomic Rooster is called *Atomic Rooster IV*. Now look . . . if a group can't get their own albums straight, whaddya gonna do? Or maybe it's a subtle warning cuz this album sounds like all the other Atomic Rooster albums and all the Atomic Rooster albums sound like everything else anyway. Occasionally, keyboard and Mr. Atomic Rooster himself Vincent Crane shows moments of genius in his song construction but the genius doesn't surface when really needed or else he wouldn't have lost Carl Palmer to ELP (he played on AT No. 1). Or John Cann and Paul Hammond (both played on AT Nos. 2 and 3) to form Hard Stuff (a not bad power trio who have two



Between Nothingness  
& Eternity  
MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA  
LIVE



DAVID ESSEX  
rock on



albums, *Hard Stuff* and *Bolex Dementia*). We're waiting for Steve Bolton (he played on AT No. 4) to surface with a new band since he just left this one. Instead, Crane ends up being the stepping stone for everybody else to say they came from, even Chris Farlowe the Welsh teddybear vocalist of the early 60's British R&B fame attempting his eighteenth comeback. Crane seems to be the only one who can put up with his obnoxious caterwauling. As for the music, you've heard this kind of vapid British half-rock before and if you haven't, pick up their second (*Death Walks Behind You*) and see for yourself that you haven't missed anything.

#### SOLITARE

Andy Williams  
(CBS)

As the music progresses and the multi-million dollar record industry grows, it gets more and more difficult to pigeon hole or type even a single album, let alone an artist. Andy Williams' latest album is a good example. His vocal style shows quite obviously that he is still an easy listening, pop/variety singer. But you can also tell he's been listening to some "contemporary" rock. Harry Nilson recorded an album of old ballads, and now Andy has a collection of "new" rock ballads. His strings are still there, but they're beefed up a bit with electronic bass (Klaus Voorman), electronic guitar (Jimmy Calvert), and another pair of rock studio men, Nicky Hopkins, and Jim Keltner. The sound, while not very imaginative, is not bad, and matches pretty much the stuff done by television studio orchestras. The material is by Stevie Wonder, George Harrison, Paul McCartney, et al. It's not rock, but it's one small step for a man. . .

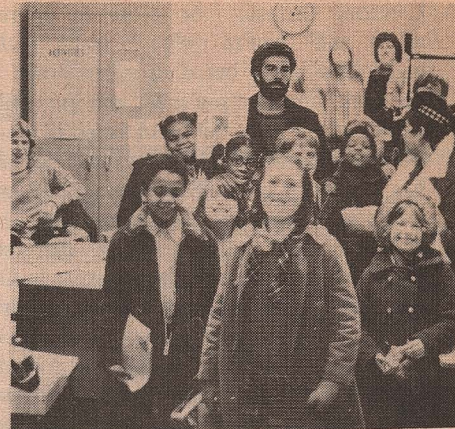
#### THE FASTEST HARP IN THE SOUTH

Charlie McCoy  
(CBS)

Now here's a guy that knows about album credits. Each of the thirty or so musicians who contributed to this mainly instrument album are listed on the jacket and can be heard on the 11 tracks. Many of the same musicians that joined Leon Russell on *Hank Wilson's Back* are here (compare the arrangements of "Rollin' in My Sweet Baby's Arms"), but Charlie McCoy's harmonica is featured and demonstrates why he is one of the most respected (and employed) Nashville musicians around.



*Shakin' Street Fans storm the office.*



*Photos by Janet Czombel*



*Metal mania strikes! Hawkwind gets the Sonic Attack award for their 2-record*

*Space Ritual (United Artists).*



*Puzzle: Find the hidden Move poster and wonder what a noted rock star is doing*

*with girls young enough to be his daughters. Hint: it's not Helen Reddy.*