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The Shakin' Street Gazette, Volume 7

The Shakin' Street Gazette

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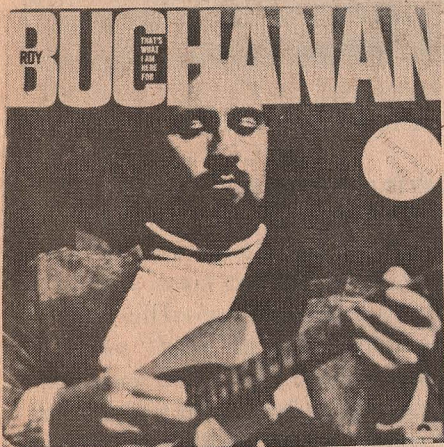
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Where all the Kidz wanna do is just keep on rockin' and rollin' and reelin' with the feelin'

Vol. 1, No. 7.

The End Of Andy Cutler?



THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR
Roy Buchanan
(Polydor)

I used to work in a little music store in a small town in Southern Pennsylvania. Not too much ever happened and no one ever expected too much to happen. I was lucky I had the job, being a transient of sorts. One day as I was passing thru town on my way north, I happened to see the "Help Wanted" sign in the window and being a fair guitarist with some musical knowledge, I was hired on the spot.

Every small town has a hangout, some places it's a cafe or a gas station but here it was the music store, the only one in a 150 mile radius. So in the towns where the kids hung out at cafes or gas stations, they'd love food or cars, the kids in this particular town were music crazy. Every afternoon when the junior high and high school let out and on Saturday afternoons, they'd all be down, their patch jeans, Frye boots and plaid worksheets.

There was a running argument on who was the best guitarist alive today. Some would say Jeff Beck; others would say

Eric Clapton; still others would go with Alvin Lee. Invariably I was always treated as the supreme source of information and I always gave them the same answer to their question: the greatest guitar player of all time was either dead or hadn't been born yet and we probably would never know or hear this semi-mythical individual. I also added that probably the best guitarist I had ever heard was Frank Zappa, but he was not the "greatest" as he relied on electronic distortion devices (as they all did) and the Greatest Guitar Player of All Time would not need any devices at all on account of his incredible talent. Anyway the arguments always went on alongwithlife in that small town and the months passed and the seasons changed.

The day it happened started out as Saturdays always did. After about noon, the punks and the freaks came down to drink bottomless Cokes, smoke miles of cigarettes and continue their fruitless search for the Ultimate Guitarist. I was trying to read a trade magazine when the bells above the door tinkled the entrance of a customer. In walked this guy. I'd never seen before, who looked like he could have been the father or at least older brother of any of these kids. He couldn't have been younger than 30 and looked so ordinary, it was painful when he asked to see our very best guitar. I thought that he was kidding, I mean this dude didn't want *that* model and I asked if he was sure he wanted the best.

Before going further, I have to tell you about this guy's eyes. On the surface, they looked as everyday plain 'n' ordinary as everything about him, but on closer look, WOW! There was a fearful gleam of passion and almost demonic spark in those eyes and I knew the minute I saw them, this dude was no average Joe.

Well, he just looked at me with those

eyes peeling through my skull and paralyzing my frontal lobes and said in a low voice, "Plug it in." That's all he said and I just about killed myself getting over to the demonstration amp. Plugging it in, I tested it briefly myself and made sure all was working correctly. Carefully, I handed it to him.

None of the kids had opened their mouths, they had said nothing and only stared in awe as if struck dumb by this guy's presence. Now, most of these guys were wiseacres and would have definitely said something to this presumptuous dude, but they were as amazed at this guy as I was.

I then ventured to ask him if he wanted a wah-wah pedal or some other device to test the axe's capabilities. Well, he just gave me another look, not menacing or evil, but one that seemed to say "You should know better."

Then he started to play.

Play is not the word for what he did. Starting off slow, he coerced the screaming voices of eagles from that lowly instrument. Working his way from the piercing beginning, he began to peel the reluctant notes off the guitar, moaning and screeching, hurling them high in the air, hitting the ceiling and cascading them on our heads like cats and dogs in a violent storm. It was as if a new man had picked up that axe and transformed it into a vehicle for some forgotten Gods. None of us present will soon forget it. His hands blurred in their flight along the neck, suddenly stopped and the effect was like running long and hard and suddenly stopping. My senses reeled and I thought I was somewhere else. I was staring so dumbfoundedly, I felt as if my chin had sunk to my waist and my tongue was mopping the floor. It seemed hours before anyone could speak, but it couldn't have been more than a minute. So then the guy walks up to the

counter with a Chesire cat smile on his face and says "I'll take it. How much?" Well, hell, after that demonstration, I just couldn't take his money so, summoning all my strength I managed to croak out a few words saying in effect "It's yours man, gratis." He said thanks and walked out leaving us like so many zombies. We all knew that things would be different from now on; we knew we had finally witnessed The Greatest Guitarist to Ever Live.

About 2 or 3 years later, I was waiting for a bus in Topeka, Kansas, of all places. While I waited, I sat down at one of those Rent-A-TV's, the kind you put a quarter in and get to watch for a half-hour or so. Well, I'll tell you, there isn't much on the Tube in Topeka, but they do have a Public TV station there and I just happened on it by chance. All of a sudden those very same artery-hardening riffs jumped out at me and I instantly recognized them as the very same that had mesmerized me in that little town in Pennsylvania years before. Here he was, shrunk to three inches by that video wizard, but still the same giant among guitarists. I watched it until it was over, unable to perform even the simplest of bodily functions. Right as he finished some creep jumped on stage and screamed "AWRIGHT LADEEZ AND GENTUHLMEN LES HEAR IT FER THE UNBELIEVABLE ROY BUCHANAN." So that's who he was (and is)!

Well, I tell you; I searched every record store from coast to coast for months until they finally released his first album. I cried myself to sleep every night until I got his second album and my friends almost committed me while awaiting his third and newest, *That's What I'm Here For*. But still I'm not satisfied. I've just eaten 25 hits of seconal and if they don't release another one soon, they're going to have one dead hombre on their han. . . .

-Andy Cutler

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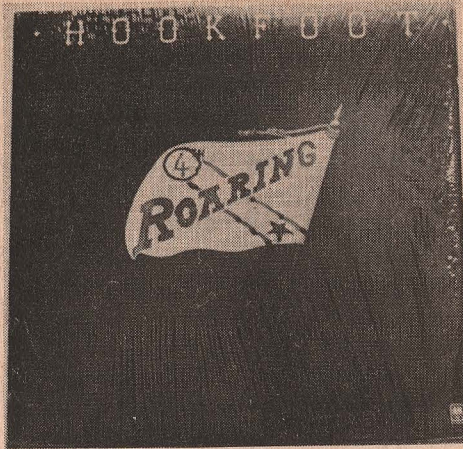
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Hookfoot

ROARIN'
Hookfoot
(A&M)

A rockwriter's exasperation: I don't know what's wrong with these guys. They have such potential. Good God, a whole new area of creative quality in rock music. Maybe they're too lazy or maybe I'm wrong or maybe they're just too damn busy.

A rockwriter's faxsheet: Hookfoot as a whole backed Elton John up to his *Honky Chateau* album. Caleb Quaye has played guitar on so many albums, it's enough to boggle the mind: Pete Townshend, Lou Reed, Nilsson, Al Kooper, Mike Hugg, Bill Quateman, Philip Goodhand-Tait, Shawn Phillips, John Kongos, Ralph McTell, Dick Heckstall-Smith, Mick Grabham, Tony Hazzard, Nigel Olssen, Bernie Taupin, David Elliot . . . and many more.

A rockwriter's explanation: Now all this wouldn't make a peaches 'bit 'o' difference if Caleb wasn't not only the most distinctive guitarist this side of Rory Gallagher, but the most creative and imaginative guitar player around. He baits, lures and attacks each song with the fury of a tornado. His playing has character, razzle-dazzle and a flashy speed that is unmatched by the heavyweight guitarists. Because of his decreasing participation in Hookfoot lately, this may account for the drop in fire of their last two albums.

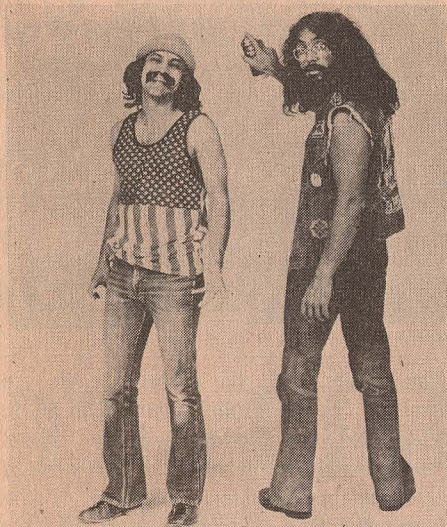
A rockwriter's biased history: 1971 marked the release of *Hookfoot*, a stunning debut. With Caleb Quaye (guitar, keyboards), Ian Duck (guitars, harp), Roger Pope (drums) and the first bassist, Dave Glover, *Hookfoot's* strength was in the careful interplay between guitars, between piano and guitar and all with the steadfast rhythm team of Glover and Pope. The rockers great, the slower



Hey, lovers, rally the forces cuz here's a concert battle that beats the Lou Reed/Judy Collins and Eddie Kendricks/Billy Preston battles of previous issues. Here's a Battle of the Bands between two bands who ain't got no bands. Feb. 22, UUAB presents Proctor and Bergman (from the Firesign Theatre, who have a new LP out, by the way) in the Fillmore Room at 8:30 PM. Tickets are \$2-students, \$2.50-loafers and the opening act will be Charles Octet and Firedog. Who are these merry madmen up against? Well, we listened to the oppositions albums, followed their advice and . . . duh . . . we just can't seem to remember. . .



Aw . . . why's he still singing the blues? If you had a buddy like Steve Miller who went out of his way to get you on all the TV rock shows and then jammed with you so that everyone could sit up and take notice, you'd be in like Flynn. This time, we'll play Steve Miller and announce that UUAB will present the James Cotton Blues Band and Luthar Allison in the UB Gym Feb. 23 at 8:30 PM. Tickets are \$2.50 for students and \$3 for non-students and night of performance and if you want, you can get tickets for both this show and the Feb. 22 Proctor and Bergman show combined for a meager \$4. How UUAB figures there are actually people whose tastes are so diverse that they'd like both shows, Oh well we jus' walks 'em likes they talks 'em, else ya lose that Shakin' St. beat.



Cheech and Chong will be at the Century Theatre Feb. 22, courtesy Harvy and Corky Productions and Purchase Radio. Tickets are \$6,\$5,\$4 and are on sale at all Purchase Radio, Festival Ticket Office and D'Amico's.



Jackson Browne and Linda Ronstadt are at the Canisius College Student Center, February 17 at 9 PM. Tickets are \$4 - general admission, \$2 - with ID and are available at the Canisius Ticket Office.



Yeah, you guys laugh now but wait until you see our review.

things beautiful - especially "Coombe Gallows" - all in all, a good solid album. 1972 marked the group's second LP, *Good Times A' Comin'*, easily their best LP. Here the band rocked with enthusiasm unmatched by others and the guitar interplay, especially on the title tune was one of the more exciting bits of rock mania. 1973 saw the third LP *Communications*: a new bassist (Freddy Gandy) and sheer laziness on the group's part. Rather than taking a complete tune and adding to it all the little extra touches and frills that made Hookfoot so special, they seemed satisfied to let everything out as it stood, even some boring jamming. Ian Duck (who does 75% of the group's vocal chores) had a hard time controlling his cracking voice, sounding at times as if his throat was filled with snot (maybe he had a cold). Caleb's guitarist and songwriting contributions were below par, except maybe for the beautiful "The Love That You Save" and the introspective "And Nothing Changes," but the latter's snoozy tempo although conducive to the lyrical content, left you sittin' and sleepin'.

A rockwriter stops avoiding the issue: So here's the 1971 we've all waited for and although the rumour floated about a live Hookfoot album, Caleb's stuff-strutting will have to wait again. *Roarin'* is all studio and the songwriting is 55% Duck and 45% Quaye.

The Quaye tunes are usually the more personal, with music thoughtfully constructed to fit the themes. "There's The Chance" works the best. It's a snappy acoustic number that wonders about "the next generation of rock and roll children." "Tradin' Riffs" is dedicated to Mylon LeFevre (don't ask me why) and the riff is that most associated with Injun-rock bands - tight, funky, clean with a good harp solo by Duck. "Three Days Out" is about touring trouble and serves as a follow-up to "Flying in the U.S.A." on the *Good Times* LP ("My watch was three days out of date/Now how am I supposed to relate?").

Ian Duck always seemed dwarfed by Caleb but some words to his favor are even though his contributions are nothing to climb the Empire State Building over, his songs are always dependable (as opposed to predictable). Since Duck's and Quaye's styles are so similar, this explains why they complement each other so nicely. His best tune was the mysteriously beautiful "Movies" on the first LP and while none of Duck's contributions to *Roarin'* in context

(Always in context - Rockwriters Rule No. 1) will make the wait a little easier. It has its moments of brilliance and in this case, some is really better than none. The best part about this Hookfoot slump is that, in the interim, the band has refined themselves into real pros, tight as a sonofabitch and when they decide to get down and get with it, this British foursome will flash their way to the top. No question about it. And they won't do it by following any trend, as one of the most beautiful ladies in this school said: it should be the reverse.

-Gary Sperrazza!



Strawbs

HERO AND HEROINE
Strawbs
(A&M)

There is a propensity of disharmony insofar as the value of so called "art rock" bands is concerned. It is this very labeling which has destroyed the spontaneity and creativity of groups which are determined to become an establishment in this genre. For example, Procul Harum were smothered by their monicker of "avant garde," and now they can only cling to their type-cast mold of classical rock. Their future growth seems highly questionable.

The Strawbs have been around for quite some time now, but their real impact has yet to be felt. The band has been labeled "art rock" by critics who have little else to say about them or anything else. The Strawbs have been plagued by many personnel changes, ever since their inception. They have harbored talented musicians; given them a chance to develop in a band format, and have bid them adieu when these musicians felt they had outgrown the band. As a result of this type of individual maturity, the Strawbs lost keyboard wizard Rick Wakeman to the ever progressive Yes, and

the talented song writing duo of Hudson and Ford split in another direction.

And yet despite these and other losses, The Strawbs have yet to produce an album which hasn't been excellent in terms of cohesiveness, diversity and tasteful, musical fusions. Their latest album, *Hero and Heroine*, is a further tribute to the group's endurance, or rather to the musical adaptivity of the band's leader and remaining forefather, David Cousins. It is his savvy and dexterity which has been ever present and ever dominant in the band's career, and has probably been the cause of a few of the personnel losses the band has entailed.

Aside from David Cousins on guitars and vocals, and David Lambert who debuted on The Strawbs last album, *Bursting at the Seams*, also on guitars and vocals, the band has been completely renovated. John Hawken, late of Renaissance, is on keyboards. Ex-Stealers Wheel, Rod Coombes plays drums, and ex-sessionman Chas Cronk plays bass.

Hero and Heroine exhibits The Strawbs rather distinct personality and their ability to perform as a solid unit as few others do. Aside from Cousins who handles most of the vocals with an unusual charm and versatility, there are no real standout individual performances by anyone else in the band. There is just the right amount of everything in each composition, as The Strawbs have never lent themselves to excessives, be it heavy metal, traditional folk or sheer hokiness.

"The Autumnal Suite" which begins the album does not come off as being pretentious or overbearing. The first part of the suite, an instrumental entitled "Heroines Theme," displays a dirge-like quality, a slow, deliberate composition which builds in electric power and intensity as it progresses, exhibiting the medieval elegance of the suite's purpose. It is immediately followed by "Deep Summer's Sleep," a more delicate, narrative ballad which offsets the awesome beginning of the suite. There is just the right amount of mellotron present, as John Hawken is content to blend with the sound rather than to become a focal point. The third part of the suite, "The Winter Long," is an extension of David Cousins' hymnal/litany fascinations, and displays all the elegance and regality of a Gregorian chant.

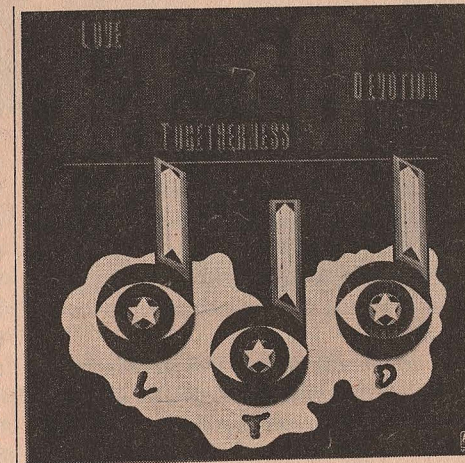
Whether The Strawbs are dealing in folk/rock ballads, such as "Lay a Little Light On Me," "Out in the Cold," and "Sad Young Man," or bouncy, exuberant rock paced numbers such as "Just Love,"

and "Round and Round," there is always the right amount of electricity to keep their tunes alive, but just the right amount of delicacy and regality to distinguish them from most of their "art rock" brethren, and to keep them from being overdone.

Another standout cut worth noting is the title cut of the album, "Hero and Heroine," a pompous, exaltive number, sparked with electrical jig-like interspersions, and spitting, calloused, infectious vocal gymnastics by David Cousins.

The Strawbs are a fresh, innovative experience whose existence is still a bit too premature to make them an established cult in the art/rock field. They, along with Genesis, are the only "progressive" bands still capable of growth, exuberance and experimentalization. With a little luck, The Strawbs just might remain intact in time for their next outing, and they may have even more to offer us.

-Michael Sajecki



L. T. D.

L.T.D.
(A&M)

A&M Records has just released a new group on wax dubbed L.T.D. (Love, Togetherness & Devotion). Here is a group of ten musicians and one vocalist. Also the vocalist is the only female in the group and she sounds a lot like Jessica Cleaves did in the beginning of her stint with the Friends of Distinction. Speaking of the Friends of Distinction (F of D), there are two former members of the F of D Band in L.T.D. and five former members of Sam & Dave's Band ("Hold On I'm Coming," "When Somthing's Wrong With My Baby").

Into the album, this group has very good sound on the first side; cuts like "To The Bone," "Elegant Love" (where incidentally, they sound much like Donny



A&M has a better idea with L.T.D.

& Roberta) and success. On side two "Whatcha Wanna Do," "I Told You I'd Be Back" and "Lucky Day" will be the side to make or break this album. The first two move with funky, funky groove. And on the last one "Lucky Day" they go straight to *St. John's Baptist*, and have a good time in church. With a mixture of gospel and blues, Jeffery Osbone gets down so much like him you'd swear it was Donny Hathaway. In the middle of the tune it picks up tempo and it turns from easy listening to easy dancing.

Here's a group (as I said, before I got off into that) that with a little bit of cash and time has the potential of a real Lucky Day.

Check the album out. And I guarantee if you can't get down, give it to me. I'll take as many as I can get. Later. In a duece.

Signing Out,
Dr. Corn M.D.S. (Masterful Doctor of Soul)



Thurs., Feb. 14, Festival East presents Dave Mason and the everlovin' Strawbs at Kleinhans, 8 PM. Tickets are \$6, \$5, \$4 and are available at all the Festival outlets you've come to know and love (specially that Lisa).



Soft Machine

SOFT MACHINE 7 (Columbia)

Alright students: Before we discuss the newest chapter of Soft Machine, *Soft Machine 7*, let's begin with a brief review of the history of Soft Machine and their contribution to Western Culture. You'll recall that in the beginning (circa 1969), there were a handful of British rock groups gaining some notoriety as "experimental," experimental in the sense that they were using instrumental combinations foreign to the guitar rhythm and blues oriented sound so prevalent then (as well as now).

Syd Barrett and Pink Floyd opened up their Pandora's Box of sound effects (natural and artificial). Viv Stanshall and the Bonzo's gave us the Spike Jones/Goon Show kind of slapstick humor in their music, complete with washboards and tubas. Then there was Soft Machine, and their brand of Dada-rock.

Basically a keyboard-oriented group, Soft Machine's guru-in-residence, Kevin Ayers, was preoccupied much more with East Asian music than with the blues and R & B currents coming from the USA. But after the first Soft Machine LP, he left the group and after two albums on ABC that sold very poorly in the States, the group moved to Columbia, changed their format to more reflect organist Mike Ratledge's interest in Miles Davis and Herbie Hancock's electric bands than Kevin Ayers' dada-eclecticism.

Soft Machine 3 was four long pieces - each a melange of reed-keyboard effects. The music in these four pieces was rather like a flood with currents of electric reed instruments flowing around and through currents of electric piano and organ - with no specific focus or direction or unity - just rushing to all the low ground. Of the four pieces, only "Out Bloody Rageous"

seemed to develop and conclude itself in a satisfying way.

Soft Machine 4 was better. The suite "virtually" contained discreet solos by the horn players with some material backwards-by-tape-reversal in the last section. "Teeth" also contained solos that were focused and quite good, especially by Elton Dean on alto sax and saxello.

Soft Machine 5 represented the group at its zenith. The music became structurally simpler and rhythmically more potent as the five-piece horn section was reduced to one man Elton Dean and the drumstool was taken over by John Marshall. Marshall was the drummer Jack Bruce used on *Harmony Row* (now there is a great record). Bruce's own rhythmic concept is so unique and wierd that only an exceptional drummer could measure up to it. Marshall did.

On *Soft Machine 6* and the new *Soft Machine 7*, the group (still a quartet) seems to have fallen back to an unfocused, poorly directed format that can most charitably be described as "program music" - that is, play Riff A for x minutes, Riff B for y minutes, etc. etc. and link all these little riff blocks together into a "suite." Enough for two sides and you have an honest to goodness LP that's good towards your contract and \$\$\$\$success. Well, as Rex Reed would say: "I like the book a lot better." And as Miles Davis would say: "Is this really necessary?". And as I would say: "the record is all riff and no warmth, no love, no soul."

If you must have a Soft Machine record, get *Number 5*. If you've already got them all, I guess there's no stopping you but if you take that \$5.00 and buy Miles Davis' *Kind of Blue* or T. Monk's *Pure Monk* - just for the hell of it - you'll see.

-Fred Eyre



BLACK SABBATH told the *James Gang* to tell you to tell *Festival East* to tell *Shakin' St.* to tell me to tell you to announce that all of us will be at the *Aud. Feb. 20* Ticket prices are \$6, \$5 and \$4.50 and are on sale at all *Festival outlets*.



Hoyt Axton

LIFE MACHINE Hoyt Axton (A&M)

Hoyt Axton? Isn't that the hippy neighborhood in San Francisco? No? He's a ... oh yea! He writes songs like "Lightning Bar Blues" and "Joy to the World" that people like Arlo Guthrie and Three Dog Night sing. Sure ... I 'member now.

He sings them himself too. At least that's what it says in the 17th column of the neat chart that comes on the back of his new album: Vocal-Hoyt. ... Hoyt. ... Hoyt. ... Yea, he sings them all at least once. That must be his voice that sounds so much like Mac Davis. And you know who else sings? Well, there's a whole bunch of 'em. Folks like Merry Clayton, Bob Lind, and Flo and Eddie. But the best of all is Linda Ronstadt (sigh) on "When the Morning Comes" (row 5 on the handy chart). She sings her half of the duet real good. So does another golden throated chick, Renee Armand (rows 7, 10 and 11).

There's a bunch of neat people playin' instruments too. A lot of those CBS House Band guys contribute their expertise, including Milt Holland on what the chart describes as "Melody Maker with brushes" (column 8, row 7). Dad-gum, that's what it sounds like he's playin', (probably for about a hundred bucks an hour, too). Red "Top of the World" Rhodes plays steel guitar (column 7, rows 7, 10, and 11), and Doug Dillard - oops - Douglas Dillard plays banjo (column 11, rows 4 and 8).

The songs are neat too. Hoyt and his pals do some old standards just to keep things rockin' steady (sort of). "Maybelline," "Geronimo's Cadillac" and "That's All Right" ... oh eat yer pipes out Rod Stewart! But Hoyt wrote most of the songs himself. Songs like "Boney

Fingers" ("Work your fingers to the bone and what do you get? ... Boney fingers.") and "Pet Parade," a song that Captain Kangaroo might be interested in as long as he can overlook raunchy lines like, "All of the pets and all of their brothers/ dance in the streets and loved one another." Whew!

Man ... this album is FAROUT! The chart is neat, the songs are neat, and Linda Ronstadt sings on it. How can it miss? It's really neat; you better go get yourself a copy before they're all gone.

Dusty Myles



16 AND SAVAGED Silverhead (MCA)

Poontang: teenage poontang, the kind ya get when ya listen to the Troggs doin' "Gonna Make You a.k.a I Can't Control Myself" or better yet the kind of sleaze ya get in pornathons like "Teenage Fantasies" - quite a movie quite a record-well, not really, but the cover makes it all so freeking worthwhile that you hardly even notice the music. All you gotta do is go out to your favorite drugstore and get a large economy-sized jar of vasoline (Planters Peanut Oil, ifin your a true afficienado- kitty kitty brains ifin your a warpoid) grip the sausage and do a stickey wet all over the cover ... mmmmmmmmmmmoooooo-onnnnaaa I I I wanna live next door to ya!!!

Sex-muzak is okay except you can't in-out to it-why? because it's usually so distracting that all you wanna do is dance instead of lance-hotcha.

16 and Savaged might've been a great album about four years ago when a few tinges of innocence were still flourishing-in the context of this here present-day time-warp it's not necessary.

Ohh, the titles of the songs show promise. They lead you to anticipate a musical debauchery based on the principal of anti-sex, the Orwellian vision

of man as monofuck-waa dat a man or waa dat a lady, don't matter so long as they's liberated, wuzzza wuzzza. Common any record that sports a title like "More Than Your Mouth Can Hold" ain't about Annette Funicello and surfin'. No its about a mans-eye view of come tongue ala Meltzer n' Japanese ladies-pud pudding, and there is certainly no reason a man should deny his own sexual being for the sake of a phantom wish for liberation. We're all slaves and we'll never be free, so as soon as you get around to believing that you'll be ok and I'll be okay.

"Cartoon Princess" threw me off at

first because I thought someone finally had written an homage to Wonder Woman-actually it turns out to be a totally cynical picture of women as balloon brains, which they certainly ain't because they've been running this planet since the first male Trilobite tried to bite the chitin of his lady Trilobite.

16 and Savaged is the titletoon and it won't make anybody sit up and take notice because ya can't understand any of the lyrics. Overly produced.

Ifin ya wanna know more steal the record and play it for yourself-you'll see I'm right.

-Joe Fernbacher



Look, Buff State's SUB were here first. And they can't help if every other concert promoter in the cosmos decided to book concerts around Sunday, Feb. 24. On that night, LYNRYD SKYNYRD and DUKE WILLIAMS AND THE EXTREMES will hold a Dance Concert in the New Gym. LYNRYD SKYNYRD

have their debut LP out already and are comprised of seven of the toughest musicians the South has recently given to rock and roll. Those who would accuse us of blasphemy can see for themselves. Tickets are \$2.50 with ID, \$3.50 for others and are on sale at UB and Buff State ticket offices.





WINDFALL
Rick Nelson
(MCA)

The jacket of Rick Nelson's newest album, *Windfall*, says a lot about the music inside. It's handsomely made with a smooth, slick, shiny finish, and an even dozen well done full color photographs inside and out. However, it has a very personal feel to it despite the slickness, because every word, from the name of the album and artist, to the song lyrics, and even the copyright information, are all hand written (by Kristin Nelson). The music inside is much the same: slick and very professional, but with a personal feel.

Rick Nelson and The Stone Canyon Band have their own brand of the popular country/rock sound. They sometimes resemble Eagles both in the thinking behind the arrangements and in the tight-harmony vocals. (The Eagles' Randy Meisner was one of Rick's back-up men when he made his debut as a country/rock artist several years ago.) The band will change to fit the song, one moment playing soft and smooth acoustic oriented country, the next using fuzz or wah-wah electric guitar with a strong rock beat. The material is nearly all original, written by Rick or guitarist Dennis Larden, both of whom display considerable talent. The music has an unexpected depth both in sound and content which sort of creeps up on you as you listen, partly because Rick's vocals often sound a little self-conscious, but you can tell that underneath he is a very confident singer.

The result of all this is a very attractive album from an appealing artist (I have it on good authority that Rick is cute). It also proves that Rick Nelson has risen completely above his TV son role to a position of respectability and hopefully recognition in the music world.

— Dave Meinzer

Cold Cuts

SOLAR FIRE

Manfred Mann's Earth Band
(Polydor)

Hey, now this is a real slick item, as Polydor's answer to Black Sabbath burst engines and kick up a real storm. This time around, Mighty Manfred takes no chances; as he and his Earth Band present us with Mahavishnuized melodies, cosmic lyrics, and synthesized tinklings that will send chills up your toes. The Might Quinn and his boys borrow freely from their rock band brethern; tokenistic chick singers ala Pink Floyd, Pluto the Dog ala Hawkwind, and electric toothbrush ala Edgar Winter (which really ain't so bad, considering Manfred and Edgar flunked Keith Emerson school at just about the same time). But its all quite silly. The lyrics are silly, ala yes: The song titles are pretentious, ala everybody. And the best thing about it, is that this is some type of a concept album and it doesn't work. Which makes this the greatest rock satire album of all time. The band are a damn fine bunch, capable of a whole lot more than this, even though the album is still worth a few listens anyways. If Manfred Mann could produce, super solar, heavy metal pop singles, he'd be a real smash. But then again, if he did, we wouldn't be able to try tongue twisters like "Saturn, Lord of the Ring, Mercury the Winged Messenger." Move over Sabbath. Move over Hawkwind. You got company.

HOME THOUGHTS

Clifford Ward
(Charisma/Atlantic)

Funny . . . those English Kidz. At the same time as good rockers by the Sweet, Slade, Suzi Quatro are topping the charts, along comes a No. 2 hit in Clifford Ward's "Gaye," a syrupy ballad with the power of a wet noodle and the freshness of mouldy cherry cheesecake. Oh well, we'd be the last ones to complain; it's this kind of constant change that makes the British pop scene so endearing to us (and the lack of it in the States so frustrating). "Gaye" and the follow-up single, "Wherewithal" are included here on this schoolteacher - turned - musicmaker's debut, called *Home Thoughts*. The music is soft English folk that hasn't any impact whatsoever: Ward seems to be running away rather than coming at you with his lullabies. Sure it's pretty but zzzzzzzzzzzzz. . .

KINGS OF OBLIVION

Pink Fairies
(Polydor)

With a background out of the English psychedelic scene (circa 1967-68), there came to be a band that has grown through that era to 1974, in the interim picking up and losing band members from such diverse sources as the Deviants, Pretty Things, UFO, T.Rex, Tomorrow and the Move. The Pink Fairies are one of the few English bands left unscathed since Americans ravaged the country starting 10 years ago (which includes just about everything). Their newest album, *Kings of Oblivion*, sees the group as a three-piece: veterans "Sandy" Sanderson (Basso profundo) and Russell Hunter (demon drummer) and newcomer Larry Wallis (Big Guitar). When you hear titles like "City Kids," "I Wish I Was A Girl," "When's The Fun Begin," "Street Urchin" and you're told the music is primal freak-out, loud, offensive, lewd, outrageous, degenerate rock and roll in the grand ole British Heavy Metal Flash tradition and not only is it great, it's listenable, I suspect I already lost half the readers (May I interest you in a Size 7 . . .) and the other half (love ya' all) probably have *Kings of Oblivion* by now.

NINE

Fairport Convention
A&M)

The only thing this line-up has in common with the original Fairport is the name. The last original member, Simon Nicol, departed after *Babbacombe Lee is Dead* (Encore-Ed.) in 1972. Although Fairport is not as interesting as their counterparts, Lindisfarne, they are instrumentally superb and fine traditionalists. Dave Swarbrick's mandolin and violin stylings stand out, the former on "Big William," the latter on "Bring 'em Down" and "The Brilliancy Medley and Cherokee Shuffle." "To Althea From Prison" is a bluesy lament, the lyrics born from the writings of the Davallier Post, Richard Lovelace, while in Prison in 1642. Fairport's music is English traditional and its very easy to see how Bluegrass developed from this in the isolated hills of Appalachia. For folk devotees, Fairport Convention is a fine study in roots.

MOSE NOSE KNOWS!

Mose Jones
(Sounds of the South/MCA)

Not entirely predictable, but to an extent, this is common everyday Southern rock and roll. They don't know their limitations and Producer Al Kooper (who is partly responsible for every act on his label, S.O.T.S.) has them hacking their way through pop, soul and even quasi-Allman material. Not too much excitement, although guitarist Jimmy O'Neil manages to sound like Burton Cummings on "Home." The title cut, an instrumental, sparks slightly but as for the rest of the LP: No-Doz is cheaper.

WAY DOWN YONDER

The Charlie Daniels Band
(Kama Sutra/Buddah)

You might remember Charlie Daniels from his mildly amusing hit single "Uneasy Rider." Don't let that discourage you from buying this album. These guys are dyed-in-the-woll Southern rockers in the Allman Bros. tradition and even if the rest of The Bros. should suddenly leave this vale of tears, Charlie and Band are ready, more than willing, and quite able to fill their allotted spot in rock and roll. Just by looking at the simulated bottle of Jack Daniels on the cover, you know these guys are rockin' ravers. Drink 'nuff 'o' that stuff and you'll want to do anything. Jesus, I know that for a fact. "Whiskey" attests to this, as they gall their way thru an Allman ripoff but hell, it's good! Check out this album and if you like sourmash and fried chicken Charlie Daniels is for you.

RHAPSODY IN WHITE

Love Unlimited Orchestra
(29th Century)

Well Barry White has done it again. He has succeeded in conducting and arranging the Love Unlimited Orchestra into sheer repetition. If you heard Barry White do *I've Got So Much To Give*, or *Stone Gon'* and definitely "Love's Theme" (which incidently was released on a previous album, and appears again here) you have heard *Rhapsody in White*. And the strange thing about it is he is making much money. One good thing I can say though he uses well-known musicians to repeat himself; musicians such as David T. Walker, Wha Wha Melvin, Wilton Felder, and Bobby Porter. One parting remark, if indeed imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, Barry White must be totally captivated by a certain Bald headed man from Memphis Tenn. Later.

MOMENT OF MADNESS

Mike Vernon
(Sire)

I guess anybody who produces a lot of talented bands harbors a secret desire for stardom for himself. Vernon, long the Scion of Blue Horizon Records, the label many Limey Bloozoids got their start on, is such a person. Awhile ago, Blue Horizon/Sire put out an anthology of some of their better acts and lo and behold, one cut was by ole Mike himself. This may or may not have been a test cut for this album to see if he could make it as a solo artist. The song wasn't too bad and this album isn't either. Helping the LP immensely are the musicians, Ric Lee and Leo Lyons of Ten Years After, Andy Sylvester (ex-Blodwyn Pig) now with Savoy Brown, Mitch Mitchell, Bruce Rowland of the Grease Band, Paul Butler and Pete Wingfield of Jelly Bread, etc., etc. Vernon also produced the album and he really knows what he's doing. I mean, who wants to blow their solo career with a lousy production job? If he continues with more albums of this caliber, who knows? Mike Vernon just might be a star in his own right yet.

BREAKIN UP IS EASY

James Griffin
(Polydor)

It sure is, when you listen to this gumball. For all practical purposes, this is Bread's latest album, what with all the ex-Bread boys doing sessions for James. (All except David Gates, whose making cruddy extravaganzas of his own.) Why even Peter Yarrow look-alike, Robb Royer showed up to produce this bombastic achievement. To make matters worse, the C.B.S. house band elite showed up to help in this endeavor, and we all know what that means. It's the same basic Bread album formula, musky, overproduced ballads, mixed in with crusty, cream cheezy rockers, performed to a tee by James Griffin, whose getting to look more like Michael Parks every day. (Why, he hasn't shaved in pert near a week or so.) Now even though anyone who writes lyrics like "I'll love you till the cows come home" can't be all bad, Jimmy should use his talents for more important things, like doing session work for the local high school Godspell production.

