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The Shakin' Street Gazette, Volume 8

The Shakin' Street Gazette

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Where all the kidz wanna do is arock'n'arole....

Volume one, number eight

On the corner

Yeah, there's been troubles.

First there was the usual process of working my way into the staff roster. Then presenting a magazine-like concept to an editor who was - thank God - sympathetic. And then there were space hassles - 6 pages to 10 to 8 to 10 to 9, etc., etc. Then, in December, an editorial election, a shake-up in line-up, and Shakin' St. was out on its ass.

A new semester: somehow working our way back into Strait on an on-again, off-again basis. A constant fight to prove there was an audience for a popular music journal that was entertaining and informative at the same time.

We finally realized that this was gonna have to stop. The delicate position of Shakin' St. was eating its way into the staff causing a lot of quitting, arguing and above all, speculating about the possibility of Shakin' St. as a separate entity. Aside from the political hassles up on the Union's infamous Third Floor, it became kind of obvious that for the type of magazine Shakin' St. was, it was going to take a lot more than 8 pages to cover the whole spectrum of contemporary music.

And today (Tuesday) was the day: Publications Board voted on the acceptance of Shakin' St. as a separate publication, partly funded by the activity tax that you're plunking down every year.

And we won!

Not because I had friends up here (now *that's* funny) or because of political maneuvering or because the Shakin' St. staff are such mesmerizing speakers. It was because of you. You came in droves, the meeting room was completely packed! Packed with students who figured they knew a good thing when they saw it and showed to the Pub Board voters that they wanted Shakin' St. as a separate entity so that we may explore

fully those areas that we could only touch in the limited space of 8 pages.

Thank you (sniff. . .)!

Shakin' St. will now continue as 8 pages in Strait for the remainder of this semester. With the beginning of the new school year, Shakin' St. will be an independent bi-weekly publication. This is good for us and you because we've got about five more issues under the wing of Strait to refine our styles, experiment, and most importantly, to plan. We've acknowledged your support and in return, we plan to make Shakin' St. the best rock 'n' roll magazine that you'll ever see in or out of this city.

Wait: before you jump up. The magazine will be a rock 'n' roll magazine, yes, but we refer to an *attitude*. Yes, we'll continue to give you the best coverage of rock 'n' roll, the kind of music that's experiencing a degrading death because of the vinyl shortage and increasingly tight playlists. But rock 'n' roll is essentially an attitude, a lifestyle that glazes all the various types of pop music. And since rock 'n' roll has always been teenage music, we'll continue to keep tabs on any trend in teenage music because it is there, we feel, that any real substantial influence and mania will surface.

For this issue: well, since I'm my own worst critic, I realize that you've been pelted with a lot of record reviews lately. Shakin' St. No. 6 & 7 were completely reviews because with the long semester break, we were swamped with new releases. And since one of our functions is to keep you up-to-date with new releases, it took priority over any special features we had planned. It would be ideal if we could cover every single album released from each 2 week period that we publish, but it takes an awful lot of catching up. More important, I think they read as being more than reviews of the 2 oz. of plastic the music was stamped on. The continuity and side-comments were the same and the subjects touched on in the reviews were so much more than the silly records.

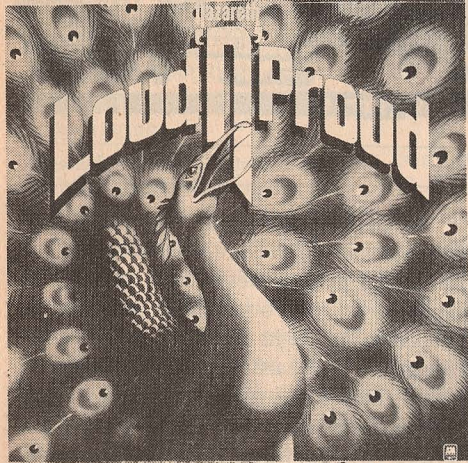
So be patient. With this and maybe the next issue, we are wrapping up our catching-up process and since the majority of our time was spent preparing to fight for our lives in the recent Pub Board meeting, we know you'll understand and continue to come up to talk and write those beautiful letters (to: 35 Knox Ave., Buffalo, N.Y. 14216).

Future issues may well contain: reviews of Humble Pie's *Thunderbox* by Humble Pie's Steve Marriott. Features on the new wave of "spaced-out" soul; the evolution of heavy-metal; the evolution of what we term "cloud-rock;" a study of British R&B centering around Coliseum; a feature to bring you up-to-date on the state of Teenage Music; a special on Todd Rundgren including his newest 2-record set; a report on concert promotion in Buffalo and the dirt that goes with it; a continued series on radio in Buffalo including a story on the only rock 'n' roll station in Buffalo (yes, we do have one!): a feature on Genesis (you've requested it, you get it - to borrow an asshole phrase from an asshole source); a fiction special on Rock Concert vs. Midnight Special vs. In Concert; and yes, even our own tokenistic feature on German rock and sci-fi bands.

Rather than close with any dramatics, let me be the first to spread the story about a Rock 'n' Roll writing symposium to take place in April at UB. It's still tentative, but since Shakin' St. will be making a full-fledged effort to cultivate a pop music writing scene in Buffalo (how else do you expect a good Buffalo music scene?), this meeting of national writers and local writers will get full coverage in Shakin' St. and we'll keep you posted here and in my own "Caged Onstage" column in the Record. Now if I could just get the Buffalo New Times Concert Column guy to stop using my name. . .

Go down rockin'
-Gary Sperrazza, Ed.

Long Players



Nazareth

LOUD N PROUD

Nazareth

(A&M)

When the popular, hard-driving Deep Purple decided to disband with reorganizational intent, their rough and tough bassist, Roger Glover, decided it was about time to try his hand at producing fresh talent. It is no coincidence that when Glover turned his attentions towards a band of Welshmen known as Nazareth, they began to rock with blistering intensity, and they took England by storm with their hit single, "Broken Down Angel."

Nazareth are no new commodity. They had recorded two albums for Warner Bros., without much said of them. It was not until their third album, when they switched labels to A&M, and produced *Razmanaz* under the guidance of Roger Glover, that people began to take notice. Their latest album, *Loud N Proud*, while not as thrustful as *Razmanaz*, is still capable of kicking up some hard and heavy dust.

The band, comprised of singer Dan McCafferty, bassist Peter Agnew, drummer Darrel Sweet and guitarist Manuel Charlton, are essentially a hard rocking unit who have the same working man's band appeal as do Slade. In accordance with this image, there is nothing artsy or pretentious about their sound, or their rock and roll mentality. And as you may have already guessed, Nazareth equal, if not surpass, the drive, volume and rocking intensity of Deep Purple, without

being hampered by the super-star attitude. They dedicate themselves to a formula of group-penned, heavy metal, retro-active rockers, interspersed with renditions of other artists' material, performed in the same rock vein. On *Loud N Proud*, strangely enough, their voracious, electric appetites settle upon the material of Joni Mitchell, Bob Dylan and Lowell George of Little Feat fame.

As side one begins, and the group breaks into "Go Down Fighting," it occurs to the listener that much of what rock and roll is, at its essential best, is pure, unbridled electricity unleashed at the listener, rather than to him. Rock bands such as Slade and Nazareth play at their listener, rather than to or for him. But it is this pompous vulgarity, coupled with the electricity that these rockers channel and infuse into our systems, which makes rock and roll such a vibrant force in today's society. Nazareth happen to be amongst the chosen few who are capable of driving the energy into us, and with "Go Down Fighting," as guitars screech and wail, and the bass line quickens the heart a few beats, and the drums centralize this whole effort, we hear Nazareth at their finest moment of maniac tempo and thrust. The number, lyrically and attitude wise, is one which does not propel our thoughts, but this is not what is intended. It's basically a fight song, a song which can quickly become the national anthem of working-class mentalities everywhere (including this scuzzy flea-bag himself). It is also capable of climbing the British pop charts, as the English kids, in all their fickleness, are much more apt to accept new bands dealing with the basic essentials of hard n heavy rock much quicker than their American counterparts. Consequently, Nazareth have yet to make a sizeable dent on our shores.

The beat is never lost, the primal urgency of purpose is maintained, and on "Not Fakin It," the next tune, Nazareth give us another gutsy rock-a-thon with no wasted energy or boring, time consuming solos complete with riff repetitions. This particular tune, as is evidenced by some catchy, mad-cap lyrics, presents an extension of a rock mentality, a culture of space-in time being affected by the now generation. "Jack the Ripper was a

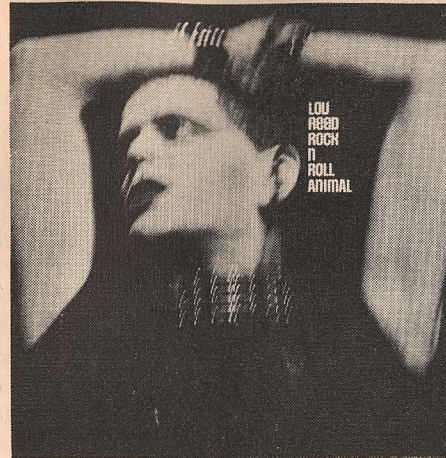
cool stalker, but his birds no longer fly, James Joyce was a mudslinger, Jesus Christ was a forgiver. Me I'm just a rock and roll singer." McCafferty belts out the vocal, with maniac intent, and guitarists Pete Agnew and Manuel Charlton tease and thrust us with melodic voltage while drummer Darrel Sweet pounds away savagely, with blinding-speed intensity.

"Turn On Your Receiver" is a bit more melodic than most of the tunes penned by Nazareth, but it's still an A-1 rocker, with a sound that could be best described as Slade meets the Beatles, as McCafferty delivers a vocal sounding like Paul McCartney with razor-blades tickling his throat. "Teenage Nervous Breakdown" is a tune Nazareth borrowed from Lowell George of Little Feat fame, another talented, underrated band of a somewhat different texture. Nazareth interpret this tune by pounding it, and fashioning it into their own image and likeness of blazing grease-lightning, and give us another anthem, a drinking tune in the fine tradition of "19th Nervous Breakdown" and "Eighteen." "Teenage Nervous Breakdown" is another number which has the potential to break the pop-charts, and AM listeners will be quite fortunate if it does.

The group round out the album with another rocker, "Freewheeler," a tune of Deep Purple "Fireball" thrust, "Child In The Sun," a folk-rock attempt which is really harmless and inoffensive, but only goes to prove that the band should stick to their forte. The remaining two cuts on the album are renditions of "This Flight Tonight" by Joni Mitchell and "The Ballad of Hollis Brown" by Bob Dylan. What Nazareth do to Mister Mitchell is a beautiful bastardization of lovely, lilting lyrics fused with their own special brand of "noyze." Turns out that the lady is quite a rocker when Nazareth finish with her tune, or finish her, whatever your particular prejudice may be. And what they do to Ms. Dylan's tune is to give it a tense, Black Sabbath droning, electric back drop which, as it turns out, blend well with the mounting depression and tension of Dylan's lines.

Nazareth are a band who promise you nothing else but, and you can sing along with me this time, hard driving rock and roll. They're a fun bunch, who probably won't appeal to art music lovers (who needs those Yesoids anyways) but they're primarily concerned with entertaining you, and if this is what you're after pick up *Loud N Proud* as well as *Razmanaz* and rock on. (Sheesh!)

~Michaelangelo Sajecki



Lou Reed

ROCK 'N' ROLL ANIMAL

Lou Reed

(RCA)

There's a rumor going around saying they've captured the animal.

But how could this possibly be? What chains could hold this Transformer? What hands could pull him from underground? This latest album traps, at least for the moment, the animal whose savage grace is unmatched and whose progression of character with each album is astounding. The animal is Lou Reed, the cage is his natural habitat, the Academy of Music in New York.

Lou out of a New York upbringing: dirty, busy, street-hustling, heavy drug scene. Formation of the Velvet Underground with John Cale: a semi-avant garde gritty rock band amassing a wide N.Y. following through their keen translation of the kinetic effects of drugs on the body and mind. The band's association with Andy Warhol (he designed their first 2 LP covers) and front-girl named Nico, made them THE band to see. The obvious hang-out readily identified with the band by Max's Kansas City, the kind of sleaze bar where you take your life in your hands when you walk into the john.

The animal ends a semi-retirement through the growing affection by, and talent, of Mr. David Bowie. A solo album recorded with various English side-musicians follows. The animal opens various Bowie appearances in England.

The animal comes back to America.

A second solo LP, *Transformer*, follows, produced by Bowie. Who would have thought that "Walk on The Wild Side," a vinyl vindictum about the decadent City combined with sexual confusion, would become a top 40 hit? Reassurance of the rock 'n' roll spirit in

the minds of the young. The animal is tagged a fag, making him a box-office freak attraction (hot on the heels of America's budding interest in Bowie and doubts of their own sexuality). The animal puts together a touring band of high-schoolers, dubbed the Tots.

From *Transformer* to *Berlin*, back to the streets. This time, the downfall of the drug scene. With support by people like Jack Bruce, Aynsley Dunbar and Stevie Winwood, the animal traces his mistress through confused sexual relation, the adoption of speed, the loss of a family and inevitable suicide.

Probably disgusted by the lack of recognition and/or praise of *Berlin*, the animal tosses aside any conceptual framework he had planned to present live and puts together what could be the best rock 'n' roll band in the land in terms of freshness, power and musical interplay. Two dubiously named musicians, Prakash John and Pentti Glan on bass and drums, respectively. Ray Colcord on organ. Two lead guitarists: Dick Wagner fresh from his sessions on Alice Cooper albums and the mainstay of what was reported to be the next big supergroup (not a dime-a-dozen phrase in those days), Ursa Major. Before that, he initially surfaced in Frost, a Detroit band. Speaking of that fabled city, the second guitarist, Steve Hunter, also played on Alice sessions and had a stint in Mitch Ryder's Detroit, who cut a mean version of Lou Reed's own "Rock and Roll." Now (whew!), to the album:

With a finely toned sense of drama, the band plays the intro: Steve Hunter wrote this instrumental that dips and swirls with rock fanaticism. Wagner and Hunter trade off lead licks and the band chugs along with spunk. Suddenly, when the build-up becomes unbearable, the smoke clears and the opening riff to "Sweet Jane" begins.

Out walks the animal amidst wild cheers. He slinks out cool and confident, surveys the crowd. He's dressed in solid black, haircut real short making his ears stick out like a chimp's. And the eyes: deep sunken pits with a decade of hangovers and the mark of a swollen, mean animal that spits out his lyrics one minute and declares them the next.

Ah, sweet jane. A Velvet Underground classic. Mott's done it. Brownsville Station's done it. Even with Mott's stunning arrangement or Brownsville's punkiness, none dare come close to the animal's original and the band here comes close to matching the subtle grace of the beat, supplying macho energy to



Deep Purple anxiously awaiting critical reaction to their new LP, *Burn?* Deep Purple not caring too much now that they're loaded? Deep Purple at the Aud March 5 at 8 PM with Savoy Brown and Tucky Buzzard. This Concerts East production costs \$6.50, \$6.00 or \$5.50 and tickets are available at all Sattler's record stores.



Hi, this is Alice. Just sittin' around, Fat and lazy after my Holiday Tour. Hope you liked our show New Year's Eve. My manager, Shep Gordon asked me to remind you that he also manages Anne Murray, y'know, the Snowbird, "House at Pooh Corner," "Love Song," etc. And she'll be at Kleinhans March 10, courtesy Theatre Series. Tickets are on sale at all Hengerer's, Norton Union ticket offices and Festival tickets. As for me, well, I'm putting together a stage show, pushing my new single ("Muscle of Love") and drinkin' Bud. What else is there to do?

substitute for the removed context of its initial appearance.

A tender and relaxed guitar line signals the start of another Velvet's classic, "Heroin." The animal, reassured by applause, moves his way to the mike and snarls in his casual monotone:

"I don't know just where I'm going,
But I'm going to try for the Kingdom
if I can

'Cause it makes me feel like I'm a man
When I put a spike into my vein
(spoken with a scary drawl that sends
chills up the spine)

Then, I tell ya', things aren't quite the
same

When I'm rushin' on my run
And I feel just like Jesus' son
And I guess I just don't know
I guess I just don't know"

The song is a series of barrage-like buildups that stop when you feel like tearing your hair out and return once again to the tender guitar line only to begin the roller-coaster-ride buildup again. Effective, a real body-scorcher, and the animal's periodic snickering teases and scares the listener. The band - well this band is quite probably the best rock and roll unit ever to back any performer. They're so good - technically, instrumentally, emotionally - that the animal has a hard time keeping up. He no longer plays guitar on stage and when he isn't in command of the audience through his vocal passages, the band runs rampant, a powerhouse of pent-up aggression, frustration, enthusiasm and energy.

"White Light/White Heat" next. A slicing opening riff and the band sets into a hard-rockin' groove backdropping the story of a speed rush, appropriately acted out by the animal. Not only in the lyrical content but in the animal's movements: quick, spastic jerks, a calloused hand quickly reaching up to spank the inside of the animal's elbow. "Lady Day" is excerpted from Lou Reed's *Berlin* and is given the extra punch live that the band can so adequately supply.

The expected encore is a national anthem of sorts: "Rock and Roll" from the Velvet's *Loaded* album. The animal is lured and manipulated by the band into an inspired treatment of a set of lyrics that says more about rock 'n' roll than any 5 random bands combined:

"Jenny said when she was five years
old

There's nothin' happenin' at all
Everytime she turned on the radio
There was nothin' goin' down at all
Then one day she turned on a New
York station

And she couldn't believe what she
heard at all

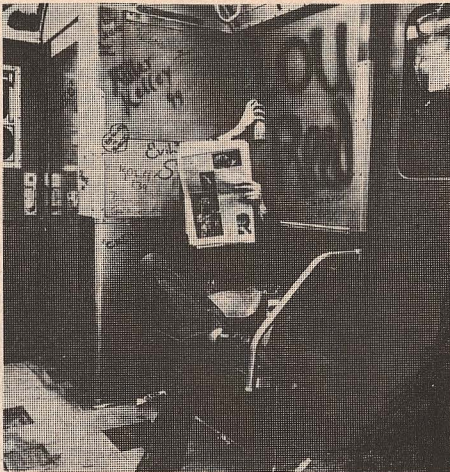
She started dancin' to that fine, fine
music

Y'know, her life was saved by rock
and roll"

"Hey, rock and roll," he declares. The
animal as King uttering the words like a
formal decree, an order from the pit deep
inside the soul rising up and enveloping
the body, forcing it to move, to respond
with the primal instinct that rock and roll
animals all over the world prey upon.

"Despite all the amputations,
You could listen to that rock and roll
station
And it was alright"

The animal knows there's no one in
the audience who can't relate to this, the
constant oppression by the non-rockers,
the shame and guilt resulting, the feeling
of belonging and optimism in knowing
that you're one in a billion collective
followers and converts. You're not alone.



The animal makes his mark.

The band goes haywire here, building
a complete piledriver of sound. There's a
break in the music, Wagner phases his
guitar and sets up a quick rolling rhythm,
the band slowly eases its way back in nd
works up to a completely frantic pace
knocking the brains and bodies of the
audience. Then, the unforgivable: the
band shucks the animal aside, strutting
their stuff at an unbelievable pace. The
animal moves aside for the band, makes a
last attempt at control, realizes that he is
not the only rock 'n' roll animal on stage
that night, looks out at the audience a
last time, acknowledges the crowd and
stalks away.

Rock and Roll Animal. Still strong.

-Gary Sperrazza and Ron Camacho



Man

BACK INTO THE FUTURE
Man
(United Artists)

What is rock coming to? What a
selection of answers to that question the
avid listener has coming to him/her. On
one hand there's the creepy '40's
nostalgia regression of Bette Midler
(which is mislabeled in the first place cuz
it isn't even rock to begin with, as much
as the companies would like us to
believe). On another, you have Hawkwind
taking off for distant planets (it's too bad
they're too stupid to carry it across
completely even though they're,
comparatively, the best of the genre).
Then there's Slade, the Sweet, etc.
glamming around that's a throwback to
the days of grating 3 chord riffs in come
guy's garage (the basis for this sound is
the 1963-65 pop sound of the Who,
Kinks, Beatles, etc.) Don't forget about
them ole blooze 'n' booze crowd,
crowding each other from one end of
Macon to the other.

Slugging its way from the grimy world
of coal comes the Welsh brand of rock
and roll and it could be the best thing to
hit these shores in a long time. Man is the
premier band in this area and their second
US release, *Back into the Future*, shows
why. Man needs few gimmicks in order to
rock through well, even four sides come
off well which doesn't happen often. Two
sides were recorded live in the pubs they
sprang from and two in the studio
capturing the and from both views.

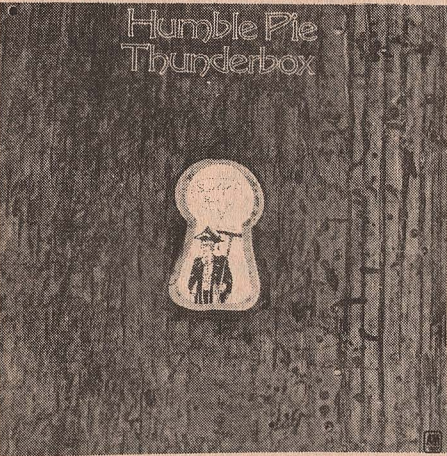
Of the studio songs, "Just for You" is
the most representative of Man's style,
featuring the keyboard wizardry of Phil
Ryan. The vocals are well done also, not
the harsh atypical screamings abundant
lately, but melodious harmonies. "Don't
Go Away" is an example of this as it
explodes into a lush vocal laden ending.

"It Ain't Their Fight" and "Never Say
Nups to Nepalese" shows the precise
interaction of guitarist Mickey Jones and
Tweke Lewis (a former Man who recently
replaced Clive John), Lewis forming
the rhythmical outline and Jones flying in
and out creating sounds both original and
intense.

The live sides, consisting of just three
songs ("Sospan Fach," "C'mon" and
"Jam Up Jelly Tight") show Man using
simple rock and roll forms, like no one
else. Drummer Terry Williams and bassist
Will Youatt stay pretty much in the
background but don't fail to support the
rest of the band. "C'mon" is a 19 minute
explosion having as much impact live as it
did in its studio version on Man's previous
album, *Be Good to Yourself at Least
Once a Day*. The ultimate live rock and
roll performance ever is "Jam Up Jelly
Tight," 20 minutes of pure excitement.
Tweke opens it up with some funk
chording and Mickey and Phil take over
with lead and keyboards respectively,
combined in a coalition that goes straight
up the amphetamine scale and never
comes down. In a time when sloppy live
recordings are the rule, it's great to hear a
band that lives up to the expectations of
its studio work.

Man should give ole rock and roll that
much needed shot in the arm and after
six months of limbo (*Back Into the
Future* was released in Sept. 1973 in the
UK), they're once again on our shores.
Up with Wales, United Artists and reelers
and rockers for cultivating a solid rock
form that would be ignored out of its
own locale otherwise.

-Andy Cutler



Humble Pie

THUNDERBOX
Humble Pie
(A&M)

Friday, March 24, 1972: 10,000
people rockin' and reelin' with the feelin'.

Onstage is Humble Pie, who, by this time,
have worked their set into a feverish
pitch. Jerry Shirley slammin' those skins.
Greg Ridley pounding his bass so hard,
straining the muscles of his tall frame.
Then - new addition David Clempson,
exhibiting his affection with the wa-wa
slidin' those crisp licks out with style.
And stage right, a little punk wailer
drenched with sweat, Mr. Rock and Roll
Fever himself: Steve Marriot, combining
his gift of the most powerful rock voice
this side of the soul shouters he loves so
much with his electric jolt half-faints
everytime he stabs out a chord on his
guitar. And they were loud, so loud that
our party - right in front of Marriot and
the P.A. - had sirens in our ears for days
after. And we loved it.

Having reviewed the last four Pie
albums for various publications around
town, the Pie story is cemented in my
mind. Without going into lengthy
explanations that accompanied those
former reviews, a short round-up here
should suffice.

The first five Pie albums were with
Peter Frampton (from the Herd, a
mid-60's British pop group). Pete
contributed the delicate, finely-crafted
melodies that balanced so well with
Marriot's rockin' nature. Marriot himself
wrote some beautiful ballads, proving the
band as masters of both the hot and the
soft. When Dee Anthony took over
management duties for the band (around
Rock On), he encouraged the band to
stick with the hard rockin' style.
Frampton, who apparently relished the
delicate balance, grew dissatisfied with
the band's new direction and left to
persue his predictably excellent solo
career (two LP's: *Wind of Change* and
Frampton's Camel). The Pie recruited a
new lead guitarist, Dave Clempson from
the disbanded Coliseum. Three albums
later (*Smokin'*, *Eat It* and this new one),
Thunderbox lies as their most basic
album to date.

Since Frampton left, the band's
songwriting talent had grown a bit lazy.
It's too bad because it's not as if Marriot
and Ridley couldn't carry the original
tunes themselves. They just seem to be
happy knocking out covers and enjoying
themselves. Ann Peeble's "I Can't Stand
the Rain" and "99 Pounds," Arthur
Alexander's "Anna" (covered by the
early Beatles), Dobie Gray's "Drift
Away," the Staple Singer's "Oh
La-De-Da," Chuck Berry's "No Money
Down," "Groovin' with Jesus," all
exhibit Marriot's strong love of soul and
R&B and it's only his expressive vocal
style that stops me from concluding that



-Finally, a rock and roll show. Although
this picture is a year or two old, nothing
has changed the firepower of Humble Pie.
They'll be here (without the Blackberries)
March 13 at 8 PM in the Aud, courtesy
Festival East. Also appearing are Spooky
Tooth and Montrose. Spooky has lost
Mike Harrison and his replacement is
Mike Patto from the group Patto.
Montrose is the group name and name of
their lead guitarist, Ronnie Montrose
(pictured on top) who has played with
Van Morrison and Edgar Winter, is the
best new American guitarist to be thrust
into the spotlight so far this year and the
band is a powerhouse. Tickets are \$6, \$5
and \$4.50 and are available at all Festival
ticket offices.

Thunderbox is simply a re-hashing of the
basic ideas set down in *Smokin'* and *Eat
It*.

But it's close.

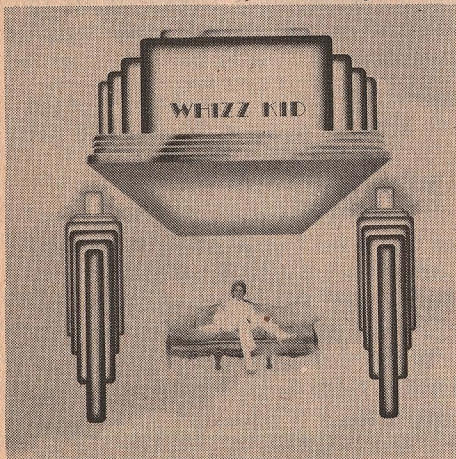
If you want a good dancing album,
then this is the logical choice. But to buy
it otherwise: well, you've heard it all
before. Even the scarce originals are
simple and basic: if you like the riff,
you'll like the song, which is why my
particular favorites are "Don't Worry, Be
Happy" (Peter Townshend's guru, Meher
Baba, is the man for this phrase) and the
title tune. Each of them are repeating
riffs with Marriot wailing, the distinctive
but aggravating organ and harp style is
used more frequently. The Blackberries,
the black female threesome that
supported vocally on past tours, have
scattered appearances on the album, but
they won't be with them on this current

tour (which will stop in Buffalo March 13, with Spooky Tooth and what promises to be the incredible Montrose).

A small note: Where's Greg Ridley's contributions? Aside from a vocal spotlight on "Drift Away," he's hardly there. If Ridley has a solo LP planned (as reported months ago), then he must be saving his stuff for it. I've been advocating for years that he write and sing more; it's a refreshing balancer from Marriot once in a while.

I won't fall into the Critic's Trap by making a big thing out of the very subtle strains that Marriot's voice may be losing its incredible grip. I don't want his voice to change, I'm sure he doesn't either, and it doesn't matter anyway. The Pie have always belted out their rock and roll straight and if you don't like it right away, it probably won't grow on you. They're blatant and good timey and it's hard not to love their good nature. Marriot still remains the only rock and roll *entertainer* around and that does not refer to any pansy-assed guitar posturing. I speak of the incredible rapport he has with the crowd, the out and out wailing that seems to take every molecule of air from his lungs and he keeps coming back! His endurance is unbelievable and the energy gushing out of the band as a whole always feeds itself into the audience, turning their live shows into a rip-roarin' party. When you pick up *Thunderbox*, buy it with the knowledge that this is a clear celebration of their live performance and take it upon yourself to decide whether the lack of visual impact is strong enough to make *Thunderbox* a winner or a loser.

-Gary Sperrazza!



Werner

WHIZZ KID
David Werner
(RCA)

The promotional hype that will be

attributed to David Werner will equal, if not surpass, that which was bestowed upon a similar Polydor artist, Elliot Murphy. Werner will be, as was Murphy, a top-notch critics' choice. Some of these same critics have already credited Werner with digesting the glitter rock (David Bowie, Lou Reed, Iggy Pop, etc.) scene as well as the British pop scene, and having Americanized the above proceedings into a highly individual, stylized, unique, pot-pourri of musical sounds. As justifiable as David Werner's image may be, this type of hype is not.

Actually, David Werner is a twenty-one year old baby doll from Pittsburgh, who tries his best to look like a British pop star, and to sound like the toughest little razor blade the glitter rock genre has ever experienced. On his debut album, *Whizz Kid*, David Werner emulates such personalities as Roger Daltrey, David Bowie, Ian Hunter and Lou Reed vocally and stylistically. But in essence, Werner's true compatriots are David Essex and Rick Springfield.

Yes, David Werner is a pop star whose real style and image is an unknown commodity to himself. It is this very naivete which makes David Werner a pleasant listening experience, and which lends a charm to the songs on the album.

There is no assemblage of top-notch name musicians to lend a hand to the Whizz Kid. What we have here are a group of unknowns, musicians whose talents stretch as far as David Werner's musical mimes extend themselves. But what is there to appreciate about this idolatrous little imp?

It is very true that Werner has digested the glitter rock circuit, and has studied all its attributes. He breathes the essence of rock and roll with every word he utters, and every vocal inflection he attempts. The item of most interest however, is the irony that Werner is a second generation representative of a glitter rock scene which is quickly dying. What Werner is so desperately trying to emulate about the glitter genre, is what most listeners are so readily no longer taking notice of. Luckily, the good points surrounding Werner and his sound do not stem from his admiration of David Bowie.

The album starts out with a one-riff guitar rocker, "One More Wild Guitar" and no matter whether this number is to emulate a Marc Bolan tune or not, it comes off as being a parody. We hear Werner sounding like Roger Daltrey at times, and like David Bowie at others. The musicianship is up to par, with crisp solid tom-toms and effective underplayed guitar. The true adolescence of the

Whizz Kid is to be detected within the lyrics, as he sings of being a rock superstar. The lyrics would be pretentious, blatant has-beens, if it wasn't for the fact that Werner is merely twenty-one, immature and not quite assured of his mimes.

On "Whizz Kid," the next number, the rock beat is maintained, the guitars throb menacingly and Werner once again emulates his idols vocally and stylistically. Once again, the futility of lyrical subject matter, as well as the familiarity with David Bowie and cohorts,



Before, I was eating Twinkies and reading Ms., now I'm a rock star.

makes David Werner stand naked, the glitter stripped away from him, and his real essence yet to be discerned.

Aside from the rockers, Werner presents us with soft, rock-influenced ballads which are usually over-produced, seemingly schmaltzy, and once again, a bit naive. With the next number, "The Lady In Waiting," we hear Werner sing of his lady love in a squeaky, high pitched voice, deciding upon whether he will be a lover or a rock star in all likelihood. And although these lyrics aren't exactly Ian Hunter at his finest, the vocal presentation is not tarnished by years of rock and roll "sensibilities," and the whole number, presented by Werner, is a bit more honest than "You're sixteen, you're beautiful, and you're mine."

The obvious highlight of the album, "The Ballad of Trixie Silver," is David Werner's attempt at constructing a rock n roll classic; Werner attempting to become a legend before he becomes a star. And as Werner sings, "she rides a rocking horse, well and she rocks of course, she's a killer on the scene . . . She sings hey, you look a lot like a cowboy . . ." he spills his pubescent blood and guts on vinyl. Trixie Silver is every bit as vital as Lou Reed singing "Sweet Jane" and just as potent. The only difference being the immaturity of Werner's style and presentation. And to add another dimension to Trixie, Werner sings it in a cutesy, sniveling

fashion to reaffirm his non-chalance at being a rocking horse winner.

The first side ends with another of Werner's ballads, "It's a Little Bit Sad" which is handled quite humorously, because it seems as if Werner is quite apologetic, and a bit surprised at himself for having spat razor blades on the previous number, what with Trix and cowboys and all, so he gives us another believable ballad.

David Werner, with *Whizz Kid*, has established himself as a rock star, but not for the reasons that you will read of elsewhere. A good production job, capable musicianship, numbers that make it for all the wrong reasons, and an unknowing talent for parodying all that is repetitious about rock and glitter; all these "basic essentials will make Werner a significant contribution to the 74 rock explosion. As long as Werner maintains his naivete, he will go a very long way.

-Michael Sajecki

*Our mascot, Rockin' Ron sez:
"The fight's over".*



ynn Anderson, Johnny Cash, Tanya Tucker

COUNTRY CHART BUSTERS (Vols. II, III, IV, V)
(Columbia)

Columbia has assembled five volumes of "chart busters" by various country artists on their label. They're a great sampler of contemporary country music (as found on TV's "Music Country U.S.A.") and if you look hard enough, you'll find one or two real classics in the collection.

I don't have Volume I, so we'll start with II.

Volume II opens with a real classic, Tammy Wynette singing "D-I-V-O-R-C-E." None of the rest reaches the level of Tammy's tear-jerker, but it's great to hear Tanya Tucker belt out "Love's the Answer," and Freddy Weller does a good job on "Roadrunner." I would have preferred the original Loggins and Messina recording of "Listen to a Country Song," but Lynn Anderson's cover will do, even though the somewhat uninspired musicians almost kill the arrangement lifted directly from L&M's version. Johnny Cash and the Earl Scruggs Revue also provide some decent numbers.

Volume III has some of the best, and

some of the worst of the collection. Side one is almost a total wash out except for the opening cut "A Perfect Match" which is a fine Lynn Anderson/Conway Twitty duet (so how come Conway's not credited on the jacket?). The only other decent cut is another good Tanya Tucker number, "Jamestown Ferry." Side two is great, once you get past Ray Price's slushy song, and into some fine songs from George Jones, Charley Rich, David Houston, and Tammy Wynette.

Volume IV opens with another classic, Charlie McCoy's version of "Orange Blossom Special." You haven't heard the harmonica really played until you've heard Charlie do this familiar fiddle tune. He's legitimate virtuoso, and this is a great cut. Elsewhere on the album, you'll find George Jones, and a duet with him and his wife, Tammy Wynette, along with two fine numbers from Johnny Cash, and his brother Tommy. Stonewall Jackson even takes "You and Me and a Dog Names Boo" and makes a respectable song out of it.

Volume V is the most solidly good of the bunch. Except for one cut (a Sonny James number which I hate) it's all good.

Lynn Anderson comes through again with a fine version of a Joe South song, "Fool Me," and Charlie Rich's "Nice 'n' Easy" is nice 'n' easy. Some of the best guitar playing in the collection can be found on numbers by David Houston and Freddy Weller. The rest of the cuts feature underrated Johnny Paycheck and some of the best female country vocalists; Tammy Wynette, Jody Miller, Connie Smith, and Barbara Mandrell.

You can learn a lot from this collection. All of these were at one time or another hit singles, which proves that people who buy country singles are sometimes as mindless as those who buy pop singles.

Though the Country Chart Busters is at times a little spotty, it provides a good look at what's happening today in country music. It also proves once again something that a lot of people have been saying for years. Guitars, especially steel guitars, were made for country music; orchestras weren't. So get your bleeding strings off my country records and give me guitars, guitars, guitars!

-Dave Meinzer

Cold Cuts

L.A. EXPRESS

Tom Scott
(Ode/A&M)

Ode records has a definite winner on its hands with horn and windwood artist Tom Scott & the L.A. Express. Scott utilizes very good talent on this album. For example: Joe Sample (of Jazz Crusaders fame) on keyboards, Larry Carlton: guitar, John Guerin: percussionist, and Max bennett on bass.

There is no one cut on this album to spotlight as the best, for they are all perfectly blended compositions. Another point for Scott and the L.A. Express is that they use their own material. All compositions excluding one, "Dahomey Dance" (which was written by the master, John Coltrane) were a combined effort if not totally composed by one member of the group. If you like smooth, light and easy listening jazz, be sure you check this one out. If only for the sake of showing your peers that you do have some class. Later. In a duece.

ICEWATER

Leo Kottke
(Capitol)

Here it is, the third offering from Leo Kottke, that ever powerful guitarist that makes an acoustic guitar sound like a rainbow of never ending notes. Kottke is a master of heavy metal acoustic guitar and contrasting styles between his fingers and his lips. Here is a man and an album that is strange to the ears that are accustomed to sweet mouthed middle of the road folk singers that utilize finger picking like beginners and sing like they think they should. What makes Leo Kottke and *Ice Water* interesting is its highly individual attack at acoustic music. Leo is both traditional in his approach and revolutionary in his technique. As some of his promo material puts it, he may be the first acoustic hard rocker. Analogies are always good examples department; so here's one for ya: Leo Kottke plays like Jimmy Page. Listen to *Black Mountain Side* or *White Summer* by Jimmy Page and then listen to Leo Kottke's *A Good Egg*, and you will see the relationship. Yes, Leo Kottke is heavy. His guitar work flows like an

ocean while his voice skims over the top like a two ton barge. Leo's voice is deep and full and usually acts as an antagonist to his protagonistic playing on guitar. Energy is the name of the game and Leo puts it out on the first level, unamplified. *Ice Water* is more of a group effort than his last two albums. The additional personnel intensify the rhythms that Leo sets up on his six and twelve string guitars making this album very strong. If you're tired of weak-kneed romantics and soft minded traditionalists, Leo Kottke's brand of folk music may be for you.

LUMUMBA

(A&M)

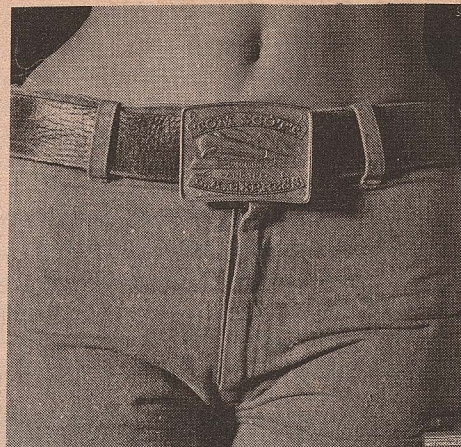
A&M records wants to take you on a little trip across the great Atlantic (or Pacific, which ever you prefer, although the Atlantic is closer) to the dark continent with an African group called Lumumba. This group made up of 5 native brothers (4 from Ghana & 1 from Trinidad) tend to remind me of Osibisa. Also 3 American musicians render their services. Our friend David T. Walker: guitar, George Bohanon: various bass instruments and oddly enough a young lady who uses her hand very well, Bobbye Hall: congas. There are two cuts on this album which caught my ear. One is "Love is 50/50" and the other is "Sing With the Birds." Personally I wouldn't purchase this album for my enjoyment. But if it's something you're into ... well ... git down. Later. In a duece.

EUPHRATES RIVER

Main Ingredient
(RCA)

The Main Ingredient have another hit album on the charts. It's entitled "Euphrates River." The Main Ingredient is comprised of a group of 3 young men from the N.Y.C. area, who have received a gift of perfect harmony within themselves.

Each cut on the album is very nice, beautiful listening music. The standouts on this album are a Brian Auger tune called "Happiness is Just Around the Bend," a Stevie Wonder piece, "Don't



You Worry About a Thing," and a Seals and Croft number entitled "Summer Breeze," made famous by none other than the Isley Bros. Even though these are the standouts, the local radio stations "tend to bend" towards the cut "Don't Wanna Be Lonely."

The Main Ingredient has been dubbed as the smoothest group vocally on the scene today. Yours truly did a performance at Fredonia State College as the warm up group with the Main Ingredient and I'm totally convinced this accusation is 100% true. They are the most professional group around. To see them live is to witness perfection. The Main Ingredient, Tony, Lou and lead singer Cuba are at the top, and even though this album is not as smokin' as their last "Aphrodisiac" it in itself is a hit.

Later. In a duece.
Signing Out,
Dr. Corn M.D.S.
(Masterful Doctor of Soul)

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