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### The Shakin' Street Gazette, Volume 9

The Shakin' Street Gazette

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Where all the Kidz wanna do is rock'n' roll, shuck, an' jive, an' reel with the feel !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!?

Volume one, number nine.

# Shakin' St mourns a death in the Family

## (It's only a movie: Gone With the Wind)

IT'S ONLY A MOVIE

Family  
(United Artists)

Well, its finally happened and don't say you hadn't been warned. With the completion of their latest album, Family have split up, due to the fact that after producing many very good albums; setting the pace and style for many of their brethren english bands; and existing as an innovational entity within themselves; they had yet to reach the levels of success and popularity that they so richly deserved. They had done it all, and yet too many people had uttered, "Who the hell are they?"

Yes, it's true, Family are gone now, and the real effects of their departure have yet to be felt. It's like they're not really gone yet, the memory of them is something like remembering a movie, the emotions and nostalgic chords forcing their way into your mind, making you laugh and cry. Quite futile, however, they're only re-run plots, subliminal cuts; repetitive drum beats, re-hashed guitar riffs; cheezily produced sensory collages and "It's only a Movie." Just a movie, complete with all too real celluloid characters, stick men and women, boogging insanely. Glamour. glitter and

T.V. screen magazine, that you can't touch or feel. This is what Family has left us.

But we've heard all this before. Or have we? As Roger Chapman blurts out "Two evils can never make one right, Be sure one evil has already been done," in a

rinky-dink piano work compliments of Tony Ashton, and a swing band style saxophone solo.

Family are to have us believe that the rock world is as bastardized with unreal celebrities as was hollywood thirty years ago. They present us with a concept, but are we being presumptuous in believing it?

Take two is called "Leroy," lyrically another cliched re-run, given musical scope by a country/western melody complete with harmonica and some steady finger pickin' by Charlie Whitney, another Family mainstay. "The chick that he'd choose, would have dollars to lose..." We've heard this before, too. Chapman's delivery of vocal makes one feel his perspective, a rock and roll perspective towards the images around him. And in today's musical trends, there are many re-runs existent.

"Buffet Tea for Two, a farewell kiss for you." I climb aboard and shut that door, we're through..." a

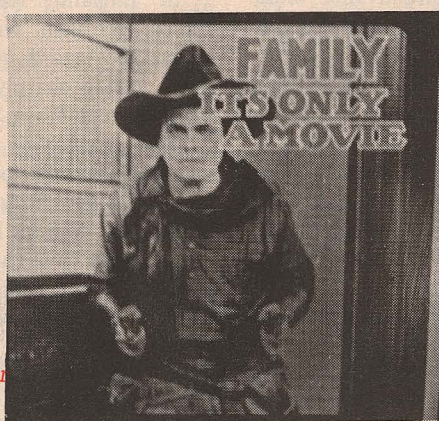
sweet, sweet vocal delivered by Chapman in his own razor blade style, some excellent percussion by Rob Townsend, and on this track we have a folk rocker of sorts. As it is paradoxical that Chapman here eulogizes the happy wanderer, it is also quite extra-ordinary that "Buffet Tea



-Take a good long look at Family cuz this is the last time you'll ever see 'em



-Roger Chapman gives the recipe for his bleating vocals



raspy half spoken, half sung manner, it seems as if Chapman obliterates every thought he conceives as the chorus line "It's only a movie, it's only a show," takes our minds as mesmerized prey. A perversified, electrical tango of sorts, complete with chincy drama achieved by



for Two" transcends almost every style that it tends to imitate. This non-chalant, happy jaunt builds in tension until it breaks into a type of dirge, dramatized by the addition of strings (compliments of Del Newman), and a repetitive, primal urgency propelled by the drum beat.

The futility of the happy wanderer is further established in the next tune, "Boom Bang," a sensationalized song title to equal the seeming vulgarity of the lyrical content. "Sick and tired, all hay-wired, Fever thats for sure, Moon, Lune girl erection for a cure." This cocky rocker shows strains of Gospel inflection, adding another dimension of perplexity to this number, not only the futility of a frustrated ego, but also the fact that this basic honesty is a typical re-run. "Cos I got those T.V. nudes running through my head."

"Boots N Boots" begins the second side, with a salvation army type brass arrangement, as the happy wanderer has his soul wrapped up in a sweatshirt; "Boots n Boots" there so much I got to see. . ." This tune, initially shows strong gospel strains; but an amazing transition takes place with the ease of hitting a guitar string, as the number switches to a country/folk flavor and Chapman's vocal inflection matches the occasion.

"Banger," an instrumental, flows proud as a peacock; a bouncy, chincy, bluesy number of sorts, with the brass addition enhancing a swing band effect. Throughout this number, one can picture himself in a sleazy bar, diversifying his attentions between an out of place jukebox, and a husky, monstroid call girl.

With "Sweet Desiree," Family combine a reggae effort, including a fine brass arrangement, along with the lyrical craving for sweet Lady Desiree; "Lady, You and your crazy ways You in that negligee, Sweet Desiree come softly to me. . ."

From Desiree stems "Suspicion" and as "Age old suspicion is so hard to put down. . ." the musical arrangement has an ancient 1950's rock and roll style, with a swinging brass section.

The last tune on the album, entitled "Check Out" is a true rocker in the fine Family tradition, with stone wall prisons and escapisms being the suggested thought lines for this number, but perhaps Family's true message is a prophecy for the necessity of "change" not only in music or movies, but in still life imagery and potential emotions being carried out.

At any rate, "It's Only A Movie" is a masterpiece (of sorts) and a veritable

behemoth of innovation. It is really too bad that the band had to break up on this note of seeming pessimism, and it would be ironic if success was the icing for Family's final production and the album turned gold.

I wish Roger Chapman, Charlie Whitney and Rob Townsend all the luck in the world in their future endeavors, and if this trio remains together, all will not be lost for the Family cultists.

-Michael V. Sajecki

## ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA



## ELO

ON THE THIRD DAY  
Electric Light Orchestra  
(United Artists)

Recently, *Beetle*, a Canadian rock paper, interviewed the Electric Light Orchestra's Jeff Lynne and Bev Bevan — or tried to. When asked about the Move, Lynne quickly got up and left the interview.

In England, *Melody Maker* had a similar problem with Roy Wood, the leader of Wizzard. When asked about the Move, Wood sharply replied, "Don't ask me about the Move."

The Move started as a rough-and-tumble pop and rock 'n' roll band. Leader Roy Wood's talent for writing hits and his leanings towards flash and outrage gave the Move much success in England and perked up some ears here. As the Move evolved, many personnel changes later, the line-up consisted of Roy Wood, Bev Bevan and Jeff Lynne. Lynne's former band, the Idle Race, was a pop band with classical leanings. When Wood and Lynne joined forces, they worked out a plan for a revolutionary new band that would phase out the Move.

When the Electric Light Orchestra's initial concept was let loose to the press, it appeared a grand idea. Citing the Beatles' "I Am The Walrus" and

"Strawberry Fields Forever" as the springboard of an experimental extension, ELO planned to be a semi-classical pop-rock fusion. ELO would rock as hard as the occasion demanded, yet still integrate complicated arranging through the use of cellos and other traditionally 'classical' instruments.

It was in the first ELO album, *No Answer*, that Lynne would come to the fore, sharing half the writing and vocal chores. Natural that Lynne would shine here considering his past with the Idle Race. Lynne later complained that he was becoming angry that Wood was getting all the credit. Wood also complained that he felt too restricted in ELO's format. Jealousies rose to a breaking point, and Wood finally left to form his own band, Wizzard, leaving Lynne to handle ELO.

Most are familiar with *ELO II* because of the semi-hit "Roll Over Beethoven." *On the Third Day* is an extension and refinement. It has its fine points, but Lynne (who writes all the material) is becoming too predictable, rather than dependable.

A blatant use of drama characterizes "King of the Universe," a song not unlike their own "10538 Overture" in cello stabs and chorus. When controlled, Lynne can use this aura of menace and near-hysteria to add to the tension, as in "Daybreaker" and "New World Rising." The Beatles influence is clear on "Bluebird is Dead" and "Oh No Not Susan," the former, a little boogie-woogie shuffle included with a backwards guitar solo a la the Sweet and Gun. Released as a single, "Showdown," some say, should have come out of Motown, and it's a natural hit even though the vocals suffer in the instrumental swirl and Bevan's tight funky drumming. I figger if Lynne would stop holding his nose when he sings, he'd sound much better.

On "Dreaming of 4000," the intricate placement of instruments coupled with Lynne's sizzling guitar reveals strength at composition and arrangement. A version of "In the Hall of the Mountain King" drags because the cellos get tedious. The turkey of this album is "Ma-Ma-Ma Belle," only because it promises something it can't deliver. Lynne abandons the subtle rock grace of the other pieces, opting for a crushing rocker with a hackneyed guitar sound reminiscent of "Do Ya," the closest thing the Move ever had to a hit in the States. Why he resorts to that old war-horse rock riff used many times, most recently by groups such as Deep Purple, Joe Walsh, Wackers, Mott the Hoople and the Stones

is beyond me. Maybe Lynne is teasing those wishing for something Move-like in sound. If so, cut it Lynne, nobody here likes a wiseass.

The difference between dependability and predicatability here lies in the implied belief that when a group restricts itself to a set format as is the case with ELO, there is the danger of being trapped by their self-proclaimed boundaries, with stagnation close behind. Roy Wood saw this when he left and that's why the only thing you can predict for Roy is that he will be unpredictable. Now I don't think this problem will be evident in ELO for an album or two more. ELO has a fine talent for developing music around the songs' themes and that, along with Lynne's irrepressible sense of the absurd, make ELO one of the few really entertaining and intelligent bands around. Taken on its own merits, *On the Third Day* is a very good album, but ELO still



*This is two-thirds of a Move picture that was taken from the old days. According to UA, this is the Electric Light Orchestra. Why won't anyone discuss the Move? Jeff gets mad. Roy gets mad. What's goin' on?*

have more to unleash on us, and that's where the problems of a set format could become painfully evident. But, in context, one thing remains clear. Whether Lynne or Wood care to discuss the Move is unimportant at this point. Because of the Move's demise, we now have two bands, Wizzard and ELO, who each have the double-barreled power to fill the gap nicely.

Those interested in knowing more about ELO, Wizzard and the Move should join the Move/ELO/Wizzard Appreciation Society, c/o Jack Springer, 1422 Northland Ave., Lakewood, Ohio 44107.

-Gary Sperrazza!



## Deep Purple

BURN

Deep Purple  
(Warner Bros.)

So what if everything Deep Purple does sounds the same? I mean, they never claimed to be creative heavy metal wizzards . . . or did they? Even though the band has undergone a shake-up in personnel (again), the sound of their newest album, *Burn*, is typically Purple and just what I was afraid of — predictable.

Bassist extraordinaire Roger Glover has gone on to bigger and better things, he's currently producing a Scottish group called Nazereth and the Spencer Davis Group. Glover's replacement is none other than former Trapeze member Glenn Hughes, who does the instrument justice, although not as POWERFULLY as Glover. Hughes' fine vocal mastery easily makes up for anything lacking in his bass work (which, by the way, is not bad . . . I just happen to be a Glover-lover).

The other addition is David Coverdale — who knows where he came from (nowhere special-Ed.) — who replaces Ian Gillan. Although he does not possess the vocal stamina Gillan was famous for, at least Coverdale has not yet been afflicted by the dreaded disease that strikes 9½ out of every 10 rock stars . . . terminal inflated ego (Poor old Ian was the last reported case).



-Jon Lord Glenn Hughes David Coverdale Ritchie Blackmore Ian Paice

-After a year of bickering, the new Deep Purple lineup is revealed.

With such obvious changes, one would expect to hear a uniquely new sound. Well, don't get your hopes up. The sound is different solely because of the use of harmony, which is something new for the Purp. However, if you're looking for dynamic riffs and changes to accompany this fine vocal performance, don't bother to look here. *Burn* could've easily been called "Part 396 is a continuing series on Blackmore-Lord solos." If Ritchie Blackmore is such a hotshot guitarist, why don't he learn some new licks, huh?

As a result, there are few redeeming cuts on the album worth mentioning. The title cut, "Burn," I know, you've heard it all before, shades of "Highway Star," etc. Nonetheless it's pulsating, hypnotic and potentially explosive. On "What's Goin' On Here," Jon Lord's use of honky-tonk piano is a welcome change from that overworked organ of his (you know what they say about these English rock and roll stars!). On "You Fool No One," Ian Paice saddles up and rides his cowbell — fine vocal unison by H & C in harmony no less, and Hughes, cocky as all hell, threatens:

"If you think you're gonna take me for granted, chasin' 'round with all you see—gonna make you live to regret it" LOOK OUT!!!

Hughes and Coverdale's voices work well together without any competition for the spotlight that sometimes results from a situation like this. They alternate their vocals on each cut with the exception of "Mistreated," where Coverdale solos. Even though "Mistreated" could've been done effectively in four minutes, the extra length of seven minutes is not minded here. Coverdale's voice oozes such gutsy sex appeal it could well be labeled obscene! It's downright EVIL.

Despite the numerous changes in personnel over the years, the intense driving elements that made the band qualified rockers in the first degree should still be prevalent, but instead is sorely lacking. When Ian Paice gets down on those skins — accompanied by El



Speedo Blackmore, the probable result was always music that generated excitement, not boredom. Being the avid Deep Purple fan I am and always have been, I've come to expect more from the band.

Deep Purple have always been one of the hardest driving rock and roll bands in existence but their last worthwhile contribution was *Machine Head* and unfortunately, their progression has turned into regurgitation.

-Lucy Perrone



-This here is the J. Geils Band, quite good lookin' at that. They're aware of the power of rock 'n' roll, as evidenced by their amphetamine live show. March 22, Festival East presents the J. Geils Band at the Niagara Falls Convention Center at 8 PM. Tickets are \$5-advance, \$6-door and are available at Central Tickets, all Twin Fair stores, D'Amico's and Move'n Sound in Niagara Falls.



-This cutie is Harold Chapin. Bishop Neumann High School will present him March 16 at 8 PM. Tickets are \$4.50-door, \$4-advance and are available at all Festival outlets, Neumann Book Store, Norton Tickets and National Record Mart.

#### A STAFF MEETING (ABOUT TIME!)

Shakin' St. presents its very first staff meeting March 15 in Room 421 of the Student Union: 3 PM for established residents, 4 PM for new staff members and all newcomers and friends. Needless to say, your presence is necessary and cutting (you know who you are, staffoids) will not be tolerated.



## Big Star

RADIO CITY  
Big Star  
(Ardent/Stax/Columbia)

OK, here's the story: Alex Chilton, fresh from his Memphis residence with the Boxtops ("The Letter," "Cry Like A Baby," "Sweet Cream Ladies") heads to New York to lick his wounds and make a living. Well, jamming with semi-nobodies and doing solo sets in bars did not exactly pay for his Lincoln (which he didn't have anyway), so he decided to return to his home in Memphis and get down to rock and roll business.

Culling their name from a local supermarket chain, Big Star was born with Chilton, Chris Bell, Andy Hummel and Jody Stephens. Nice English names, and these U.S. Kidz released their first album, jokingly titled *No. 1 Record*, which sounded like nothing to come out of Memphis, or the U.S., or anywhere for that matter. At least, not in the last five years.

Maybe it's because we've been pelted with an extraordinary amount of pabulum lately. Maybe things have settled into such a state of despair. Maybe it's because with *No. 1 Record*, Big Star took the best points of mid-60's pop music (Yes, the stuff you grew up on, as ashamed as you seem to want to admit it these days) and combined it with the distinctive Big Star style. Maybe it's because Big Star have their fingers in the Great 70's Pop Explosion that we'll be reminiscing about ten years from now (as soon as it implements itself, which should be in a year or so). No matter what the reason, Big Star is one of the most distinctive, snappy, fresh bands to emerge in ages.

Memphis has been the home of soul for years. And with residents like Booker

T. & the MG's, the Staple Singers, Sam & Dave, Wilson Pickett, Otis Redding and Percy Sledge, no one would expect this young foursome, decidedly Angloid in nature, to emerge with a clean pop-rock sound that owes its life to the eternally youthful spirit that was so much a part of the Byrds, the Beatles, the Who and the Searchers.

So here's 1974: Chris Bell, who added much of the rich texture of the first LP's tunes, split the band and has a solo LP already recorded just waiting for the lucky company to grab this fine talent. Big Star continues as a threesome and Ardent releases *Radio City*, their second album.

Now look, how many bands are you going to watch fall to pieces from lack of recognition? Aside from the deluge of national reviews on the way, I've seen reviews of this album in the *Record*, *Ethos*, local papers whose music staff are people just like you who are going crazy over this band.

With Chilton as the mainstay, the band is rocking more. "O My Soul," "Mod Lang," "She's A Mover" are based on simple but catchy riffs that don't leap out and attack but instead lure you into the mood and beat of the tunes. The infectious melodies resulting from the Pop Revival stand out in "Back of A Car," "September Gurls" and "You Get What You Deserve," based on traditionally teenage subjects that speak to all. OK, you don't like dat crazy rock 'n' roll, it shakes your old rattly bones, then skip to "What's Goin' Ahn," "Morpha Too," "I'm in Love with a Girl" or "Life is White," where Chilton's airy, fresh but solid voice (he sounds 8 years younger here than he did in 1968!) carries those excruciatingly beautiful acoustic pieces across with a perfection beat only by "Watch the Sunrise" and "El Goodo" from the first Big Star album.

Do you think that we self-proclaimed "hotshot" rockwriters bury ourselves in the most obscure left-field groups and forms of music so we can sit and pat ourselves on our backs on how "intelligent" we are cuz we're listening to something no one else can understand? For chrissakes, what we're dealing with here is not some obscure zydeco mish-mush, *Radio City* is a full LP of incredibly listenable tunes, songs whose structural composition is so damned attractive that a first listen is enough to sell you. And if any band deserved the attention, it's Big Star.

-Gary Sperrazza!

## From the Country Side

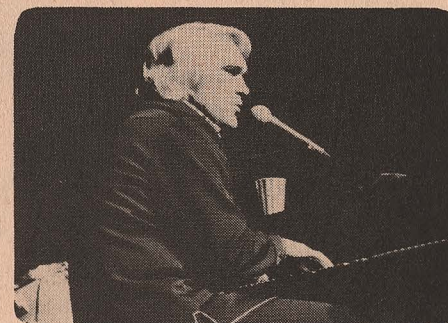
One morning last October I tuned my radio in to WWOL, shortly after getting out of bed. I heard several commercials and a station identification, and then after a very short moment of silence this great little electric guitar intro, the kind of riff that Jim Messina or Robbie Robertson might dream up, came over the air. When the intro was completed, a fine, soft female voice sang a nice up beat song about how where ever "you" go, she wants to be there, while a neat bass voice echoed her lines and that great guitar led a full country arrangement. Now, I don't like to brag, but after hearing it just that once, I knew it was a sure fire hit.

By now just about every one has heard Olivia Newton-John's "Let Me Be There." After floating around the country charts for a few weeks, the record soared up the "Hot 100" charts and is still highly ranked in the "Easy Listening" list. It also received a Grammy Award for best Country Female vocal performance. The album of the same name is now the number one best selling country album.

Unfortunately "Let Me Be There," the song, is the only REALLY good thing on *Let Me Be There*, the album.

Sure the music is fine (and the musicians uncredited). "If Not For You" (my favorite Dylan tune) is nice, as are

versions of "Take Me Home Country Roads," and "Angel of the Morning," but Olivia doesn't stand up to repeated playings because her voice lacks much texture and is often short on real emotion. A good example of this is her version of Kristofferson's "Me and Bobby McGee" (to a pounding rock accompaniment). Olivia's vocal just doesn't compare with Janis Joplin's heart-rending version.



-Charlie Rich: "His sexual double-entendres are great, but from the sappy music, you'd never think he was capable of walking it like he talks it."

So I'll probably just file Olivia Newton-John somewhere between George Jones and Tammy Wynette and play the single (the only 45 I've bought since high school) another hundred times.

A good bet to follow Olivia in the number one country album spot is the latest from last year's top country vocalist, Charlie Rich. The biggest problem with Charlie is that he's not really too country lately. Sure he sings country ballads, probably better than anybody, but the soupy string arrangements on *Very Special Love Songs* make him more a middle of the road or easy listening vocalist than real country.

The songs, half of them written by Rich himself, are perfect material for him in his present balladeer role. They include his two latest hit singles, "There Won't Be Anymore" and "A Very Special Love Song," but the real winner is Charlie's version of the ever popular "Almost Persuaded." When he sings about being almost persuaded "to strip -- myself of my pride," he brings out the built-in sexiness of the song, and of his voice. But he's so controlled, so laid back, that you wonder if he really has the energy to do half the things he sings about.

*Very Special Love Songs* is a good Charlie Rich album, because he's one of the few artists who can sing like this and get away with it, but I think I'd prefer to hear him live, with out the strings. He's got a good voice and doesn't really need them.

--Dave Meinzer



## Grace Slick's Manhole is . . .

Complete the sentence above, and the funniest answer will win the entire Jefferson Airplane Catalogue! (Shakin' Street doesn't fool around.) Contest closes April 10, the winner will be announced in Shakin' Street No. 11 (released Apr. 25). Send all entries to:

Shakin' Street Gazette  
35 Knox Ave.  
Buffalo, N.Y. 14216

P.S. Winner will be judged by the editor, for purposes of his own power obsession. Oh yeah, the staff is exempt from entering . . . and no it's not Paul Kanter.



# Cold Cuts

## SOMETHIN'S HAPPENING

Peter Frampton  
(A&M)

Yeah, somethin' happening alright. Peter Frampton has disappointed his fans with an almost completely inferior album. When Peter left Humble Pie to carve out a solo niche, it seemed a promising one, especially with his excellent first LP, *Wind of Change*. Even when he formed his own band and released a second LP, *Frampton's Camel*, it was a vast drop in quality, but, considering Pete's high level, it still waxed successfully. But this one!?!?! Pete has dropped the band format (wheh, he must really be bent on being a star now), took songs he would have never let on vinyl before (except for "Magic Moon," a gem in the old Frampton tradition), and here it is! Watery instrumentation, strained vocals, Doobies-like riffs and a genuine lack of *bottom* (a ballsy power that was lost from *Camel* also). Peter, what happened? If things have gotten this low, Humble Pie could use the gentle leash you had on them. Now they're rockin' themselves into repitious oblivion, and you might very well suffer the same fate through this medium of mush you've settled into.

## BUCKINGHAM NICKS

(Polydor)

The Nicks aren't what you'd think, unless of course, you were thinking of a male-female folk duo. That's right, Lindsey Buckingham and Stephanie Nicks are from the 1968 San Francisco rock scene, where they were members of Fritz. Buckingham's influence are 50's rock, folk, bluegrass and Nicks' are country and folk (her pappy is A.J. Nicks, "the grandfather of country music"). The LP isn't as bad as you'd think but not as good as it could be. "Don't Let Me Down Again" and "Frozen Love" are the standouts of an album that's basically MOR-soft rock fodder but it is pleasant listening and easily better than the horrid competition in that area. Pushing "Don't Let Me Down Again" could be the breaking single the group needs and TV appearances on similar entertainment shows (like Sonny and Cher, etc.) could help also.

## LIVIN' IN A BACK STREET

Spencer Davis Group  
(Vertigo/Mercury)

"Spencer Davis ... Didn't he play center field for the Cubs in '63?" No. "Oh I know, he wrote 'Birds of the Caribbean,' right? Um, no, wrong again. "Well who the hell is he then?" Spencer launched the career of Stevie "Wonderboy" Winwood, you remember "Gimme Some Lovin'" and "I'm A Man." Winwood left the original Spencer Davis Group to put Traffic on the road and ole Spencer faded back into a solo career which bombed. One day Spencer got bit by the rock and roll bug (so he says) and decided to reform the old gang. He rang up original drummer Peter York and got guitarist Ray Fenwick and keyboardist Eddie Hardin (these last two replaced Winwood and his brother Muff when they split) and topped it off with Charlie McCracken (ex-Taste) on bass. Ya know what Spencer called this band? You guessed it, Spencer Davis Group. Vertigo grabbed 'em and released *Gluggo* last year, a collection of vapid tunes with the exception of "Catch You on the Rebo" which showed Winwood that he ain't so hot after all. Now Roger Glover, late of Deep Purple (he also produces Nazareth) has taken them under his producer's wing and cut 'em in a brand new record of vapid tunes. Again one cut stands out: "Another Day" complemented by clarinet and accordion. These guys have talent but almost everything they do sounds like a B-side. Oh, well...



## HI THERE DOLL...

With this issue, Shakin' St. welcomes Lucy Perrone to the arms of rock 'n' roll.



## MOROCCAN ROLL

Les Variations  
(Buddah)

From France comes Les Variations, a band with a gimmick ... but much more. Les Variations plays loud brash rock and roll in the Queen, Painter, Zep style but have a Moroccan touch to the basics. Now when I say they rock, they ROCK. Not like other foreign-American combinations where the influence of a foreign music softens the rock. Here, the exotic sound of Moroccan music, which is raucous and high energy itself in the first place, is added to the basic four man group. I'm sure all the musicians listed as sidemen do not tour with the band, but they did bring violinist Maurice Meimoun and Keyboardist Jim Morris for their appearance on Midnight Special last Friday. Best cuts: "Moroccan Roll," "Growing Stronger," "Leslie Lust" and "Lord (Give me Money)." As you might have seen by their thoroughly professional and confident stage show, they shall be a band to be reckoned with (with the help of good promotion and airplay, which you know as well as I do they won't get, for reasons unknown).

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