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### The Shakin' Street Gazette, Volume 10

The Shakin' Street Gazette

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## Concerts

-No, this isn't the Shakin' St. staff. This is Sha Na Na and they'll be at the Century Theatre April 5 at 8 PM (sponsored by Harvy and Corky Productions). Tickets are \$6, \$5.50 and \$5 and are available at all Purchase Radio stores and UB and Buff State ticket offices.



-April 3, Shawn Phillips will sing and preach his way into your waiting heart at 8 PM in Kleinhans. Tickets for this Festival East production are \$5.50 and \$5 for the main floor, \$5 and \$4 for the balcony, available at the Canisius Student Union, Festival tickets, UB, Buff State, Man Two and Pantastik stores.



-"The most beautiful ass in show-biz" will be attached to Raymond Douglas Davies April 20 when the everlovin' Kinks check in at the Century Theatre at 8:30 PM. Also appearing is Leo Sayer, the lovable, laughable clown who provided the music for Roger Daltry's album and the latest Three Dead Dog's single ("The Show Must Go On"). Tickets for this UUAB production are \$4.50 and \$4 for students, \$5.50 and \$5 for nonstudents, available at UB, Buff State and Festival tickets in the Statler Hilton.

-Genesis cultists are rejoicing knowing this band is going to break in a big way within the next year. And, for once, they're right: Genesis are a superb English band with a thoroughly astounding stage show well worth seeing: April 27, Harvy and Corky Productions present Genesis in the Century Theatre. Tickets are \$6, \$5.50 and \$5 and are available at UB and Buff State and all Purchase Radio stores.

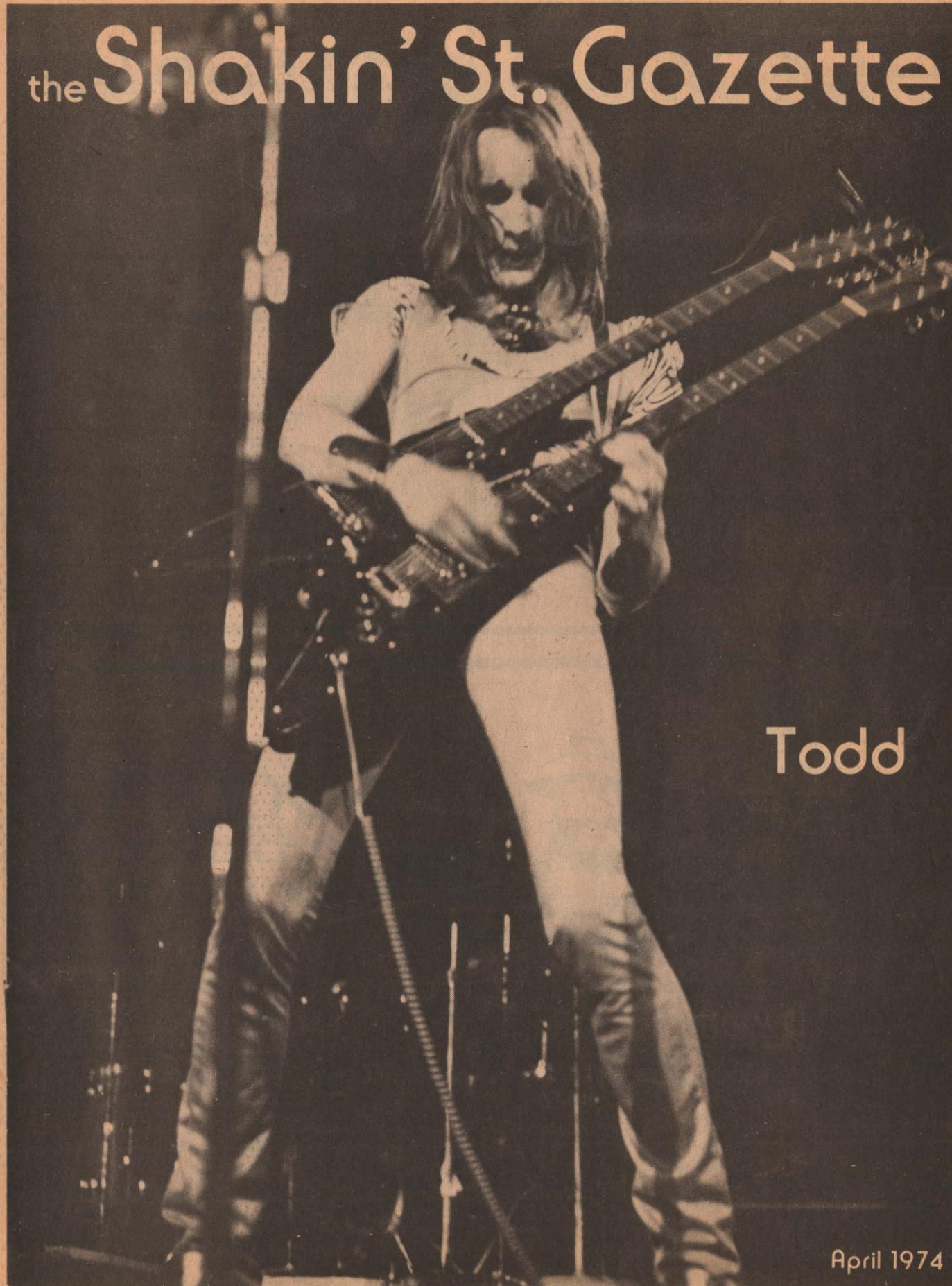


- It's a proven fact that Texas drunks play some of the best rock 'n' roll around. And for the Tex-Mex rockabilly sound, you couldn't get much better than Commander Cody who will be at UB's Clark Gym April 6 for two shows (8:30 and 11:30 PM). This UUAB presentation is \$3 for students, \$4 for non-students and tickets are available at UB and Buff State.

Todd  
feature:  
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# the Shakin' St. Gazette



Todd



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## Say GOODBYE to Buff State Rock Concerts

Under the proposed USG budget for next year, money has been eliminated for Student Union Board's Concert Committee. Instead, it has been proposed that funds be allocated to enable SUB to buy blocks of tickets for concerts and events sponsored by other groups in the Buffalo area.

If you want to keep hearing music *on campus* and off-, and if you want to have some input about what kind of music comes to Buffalo, sign the Concert Committee petition, and talk to your student government reps.

don't let them sink the SUB

# The Shakin' Street Gazette

## On the Corner

The issue of Shakin' St. (Volume 1, No. 10) you're holding is an experimental one. USG has given us the opportunity to display some of our ideas, but we've been caught with a question.

How or why should we start a full-blown ace-number one *Shakin' St.* complete with new columns, new format and the like, in a semester almost over? You're halfway home already and a summer's vacation, combined with the influx of new students this fall, will necessitate a fresh start for you and for us. You must admit, we take some getting used to and the format of this particular issue stands as a bridge between our past and our future. With our current monthly publishing schedule (No. 11 released April 23, No. 12 released in May, No. 13 in June, etc.), we are going to move up and up in the ladder, culminating in our September "Back to School" extravaganza, where we will resume publishing fortnightly.

In the meantime, we hope you'll watch us grow, enjoy the reviews (the most and, by the way, acclaimed by record companies as the best of any college publication, a function we hope to be known primarily for, anyway) and enjoy the delectable little items which ever so slightly foreshadow what will arrive in full force next semester.

Our thanx goes to: Gary Sperrazza (!) for being the living proof that rock 'n' roll is still strong and fighting the good fight to get *Shakin' St.* established (Aw, gee ... -Ed.), Michael Sajecki for enduring, Dave Meinzer for always being there, Al Harrington and Irwin Gilbert for handling all the sticky wickets, the MC5 for inspiration via a theme song and to you for ... well, for being the best audience we could have.

By the way, the Rock 'n' Roll Writers Symposium has been postponed until early May so it can be expanded into a full weekend, with free bands (the rumors center around Big Star, Blue Oyster Cult, the Stooges, Capt. Beefheart and Firesign Theatre), movies and more writers. We'll keep you posted.



-Yes, Mom, this is 1/2 of the *Shakin' St.* staff, the other 13 were out to lunch.

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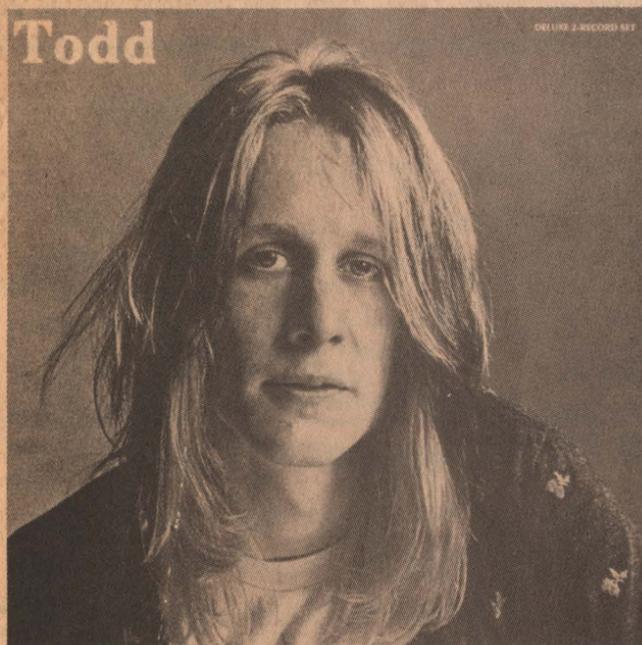
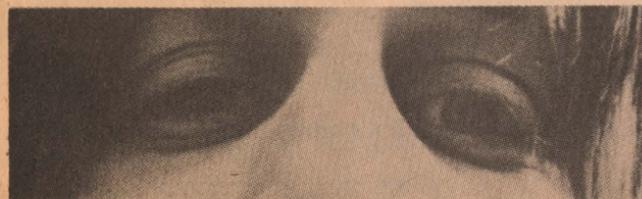
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Contributions for *Shakin' Street* are welcome, both from students and non-students, however, we accept no responsibility for their return.



## Shakin' St. Looks at



# Todd

Todd is progressing towards something. A year ago, he said that you might be able to figure out (compute) the new level he was striving for in two or three more albums. This newest album, Todd, is a preparation for that level.

From his teenage stint as mastermind of the Nazz, fully capturing the flash attitude before it became fashionable for every American band to look, talk, play and act British; from his first two solo albums where he was a combination of some maniac punk rock and roller and a male Carole King; from his masterful Something/Anything album where he became a Todd Rundgren clone; from his various production work with the Band and Paul Butterfield and Sparks and Badfinger and Jesse Winchester and Fanny and James Cotton and the New York Dolls and Grand Funk; from his cosmic excursions in A Wizard A True Star; from his recent hit single, "Hello It's Me," which was recorded two years ago and was written seven years ago (talk about ahead of your time!); we can think of few others who have been able to keep a consistently excellent and innovative channel into pop music and matched his outside accomplishments with distinctively personal statements that are the highest in creativity, brilliance, craft, and - dare I say it - taste when no one was around to give pop music the kick in the ass it surely needed.

This is Shakin' Street's tribute to you, Todd, and don't forget to let it go to your head.

"At a certain point, people were not so defensive about music, like if you speak to the average person that's into rock 'n' roll and say, "Well, what are you into?", they'll say rock 'n' roll, they won't say music. Because rock 'n' roll represents a lifestyle and music was a catalyst to it. The reason why people are so upset about rock 'n' roll and so afraid that it's just going to fizzle out eventually is because the lifestyle has become acceptable to a certain point. It's settled down into its own routine and its values eventually become just as cheap as everything else so people aren't into it. What has to be revitalized is the entire lifestyle, not the music."

-Todd Rundgren

"Each album he vomits like a diary. Each page closer to the stars. Process is the point. A kaleidoscopic view. Blasphemy even the gods smile on. Rock and roll for the skull. A very noble concept. Past present and tomorrow at one glance. Understanding through human sensation. Todd Rundgren is preparing us for a generation of frenzied children who still dream in animation."

-Patti Smith, Creem Magazine

"Us and the Stones is two of the best fuckin' get-it-on groups that's still alive."

-Steve Marriot

"Here we are again, the start of the end, but there's more I only want to see if you'll give up on me, but there's always more..."

I swear something lies in your ears and your eyes, 'cause there's more  
You hear and you see yet you do not believe that there's always more"

"International Feel" (Todd Rundgren)  
from A Wizard, A True Star

Hey Todd, get rid of those N.Y. Jews and get Hunt and Tony back!

-Soupy Sales

"Something's basically wrong here  
We were born out of our time  
Nobody is listening to people like us"

"Forget All About It"  
(Todd Rundgren) from NazzNazz

Todd is a significant artist insofar as he'll try almost anything. He doesn't really care if he perversifies his sound; nor does he really care if he reaches the "roots" of his (or anyone else's music). Nothing is sacred for Todd, he's an egocentric pioneer who is humble enough to realize his shortcomings.

-Sinbad the Sailor

So that's why this bazooka cost seven dollars. He wants to cash in on his shortcomings before everyone else realizes them. And I'll bet he can't even come, short or long.

-Juicy Lucy Perrone

"As soon as people start to expect something from me, I feel compelled to do something else. I could put out singles like "I Saw the Light" and milk them. Some people put out a hit single and all of a sudden that's their 'style.' I could have a lucrative career doing that, but as soon as I have a hit, I can never do the same thing again."

-Todd Rundgren

"Us and the Stones is two of the best fuckin' get-it-on groups that's still alive."

-Steve Marriot

Todd is to Rundgren like:

- a) Mott: The Hoople
- b) New York: Dolls
- c) Andy: Pratt
- d) Chicago: Poop

-Scholastic Aptitude Test

"The visitors were never seen  
They missed my monologue between  
But I think you know"

"I Think You Know" (Todd Rundgren) from Todd

In essence, Todd Rundgren is either the sublime eccentric or he sleeps with every twelve year old teddy bear in the world. He goes through the motions of a raving lunatic, but he is intelligent enough to know what his cultists will lap up. Either he's ruthless or he's insane. You have to admit, though, he's not the average run of the mill wimphead.

-Michael Sajecki

"Glam-rock is dead."

-Marc Bolan

"The kind of music I do is supposed to be the kind of music that other people aren't doing - because I don't feel any need to do it otherwise."

-Todd Rundgren

Well, at least he didn't cut the corners off of this one.

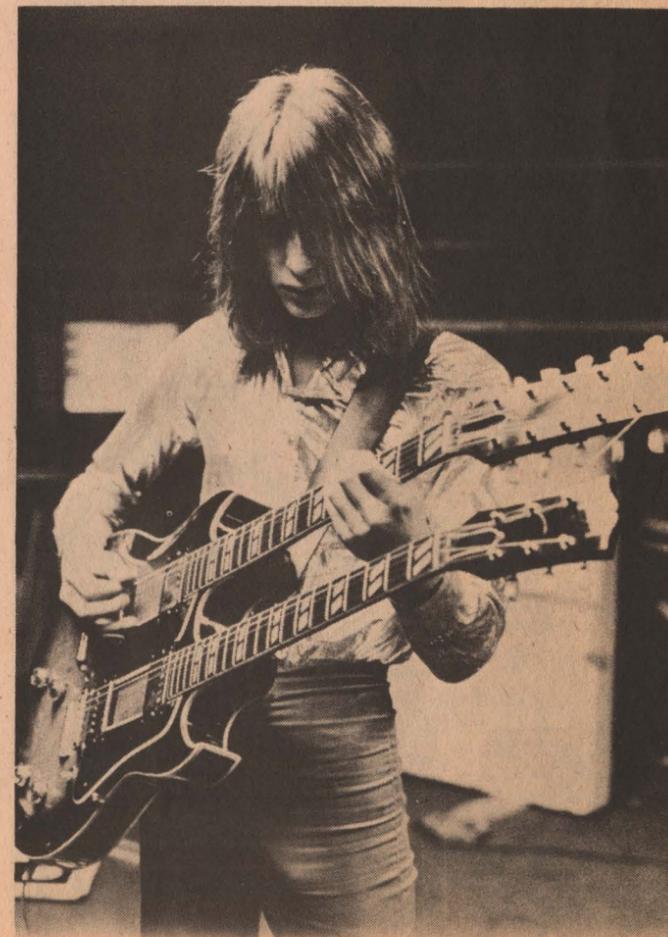
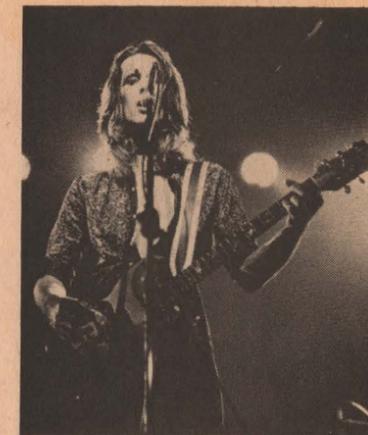
-Dave Meinzer

"tryin' to make a living off an LP's worth of tunes."

-Todd Rundgren

Todd, I thought you got those baby inhibitions out on A Wizard, A True Star but I guess not. So this time you took two LP's to "play" on and although you spared us on a few cuts, I'm sure you're capable of sparing us on a few more. If you keep this up, I will ignore you. More appropriate title for your album should be Todd Toddlers or maybe 4 Bucks More for 4 Minutes Longer.

from a true (fan) star,  
-Mickael S. Gallo



Todd and Rundgren are better than Gilbert and Sullivan any day.

-Gilbert O'Sullivan

Todd? No, I saw "American Graffiti" and "The Exorcist," Maybe they'll re-release it. By the way, how's "Papillion"?

-Rex Reed

"Us and the Stones is two of the best fuckin' get-it-on groups that's still left alive."

-Steve Marriot

With Todd, Rundgren not only spits on the established music world but also on the established music world listener. You can't really expect to make any sense out of this overpriced little ditty and that's what is so beautiful about the man and his music. Todd is innovative, silly and schmaltzy, all at once. He is for those listeners who are sick of guessing their music before they hear it. Todd is change, and change is really necessary these days.

-Jerry Garcia

"There's a certain level of communication that people just aren't using, and the place I'm going involves turning that on. Once I do it'll be easy for everyone else to get to that place, too. That's what I'm doing musically. Two or three albums from now people will realize it. They'll realize that my music is like a map to get to that place."

-Todd Rundgren

"... love in the middle of a fire fight!"

-the Ig

Beatnik-jive ala the Jetsons. Post Orwellian sensory overload leading to McLuhanistic o.d., because this here Todd the Mod, this ball-bearing, this cog-catcher, has lashed his electricity to the bow and is singing Kaddish for the Last Evolution. The Wizard—the star, true: he's all that and more. Rotwang toying with neutron-philosophy in search to find electric eclectic—got me. Todd's a time swimmer loosing all the comforting evil forces of the machine god. Let'em inta ya electricity. Metal grape stomping musak this here, here.

-Joe Fernbacher

Grand Funk sound better since Todd got his paws on 'em. That's gotta mean something.

-Terry Knight

If King Kong fought Todd Rundgren, I'd vote for King Kong. But King Kong would probably die of boredom when Todd started playing with his Moog. Now that's really below the belt.

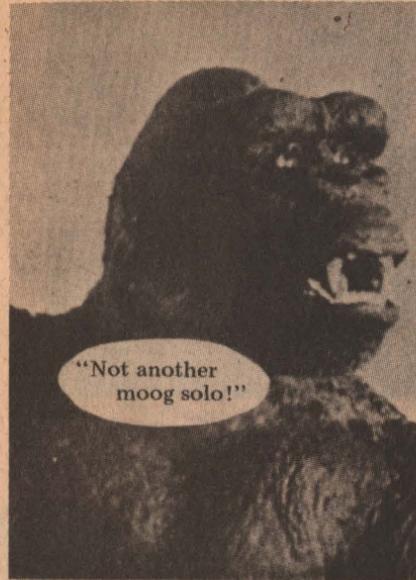
-Godzilla

"I'm trying to show people what they can do themselves and at the same time keep a step ahead of them. Not so much that they can play what's being played in the music, but to understand the inherent simplicity in things that seem complicated."

-Todd Rundgren

Dear Todd, Daddy won't let me listen to your records no more cuz he says you're a fag-ut. He says you're nutz too and your music sounds like Mommy commin' in bed; and now they sleep in separate bedrooms. Then he told me that you were as talented as a chesedoodle soaked in milk. But worst of all, Todd, he said that you were zilch. What does that mean?

-David Werner



"I never want to grow up, ever, ever, ever."

-Peter Pan

"Us and the Stones is two of the best fuckin' get-it-on groups that's still alive."

-Steve Marriot

Todd is either the complete music figurehead for the 70's or an over-inflated egotistical I'll brat. While his music is entirely electrifying and nouveau-pop, he's still mainly a cult figure. Todd could've easily been a single album; there's a lot of electronic ramblings ("In and Out of the Chakras") that isn't necessary except to satisfy a power-crazed ego. Still Todd comes off well if not a little uneven, but the price, up to eight bucks in some places, can discourage rather than encourage. A flawed masterpiece by a flawed master. Todd Rundgren, chief mutant for the 70's, getting us ready for 1984.

-Andy Cutler

There is something very perverse about a musician who hides himself behind a wall of electronic mumbo-jumbo but who has the ability to motivate an audience to the point of orgasm. Todd chooses to lurk in the shadows and remain anonymous on such tunes as "Everybody's Going to Heaven," "King Kong Reggae" and "The Spark of Life," where he produces well-layered noise which lends itself to a feel of sterility. An almost brutal onslaught of sound being played at the listener. Yet on other numbers such as "I Think You Know" and "Sons of 1984," Todd radiates a warmth, a sincerity, as if he were a balladeer from another space in time, another galaxy. Todd is more than likely schizoid which makes his sound worth listening to.

-Michael Sajecki

No, Mom, the toilet ain't plugged up again.

-Jeff Lynne

"Music is the way I understand how to communicate now ... but it will eventually go beyond that ... I've realized that music is not what keeps people involved - it's the attitude behind the music."

-Todd Rundgren

"I quit."

-Ray Davies

"... and then I'd strap him to a piano stool and whip him with a nice long piece of kielbasa. I'd shove it up his ass and make him suck on it also. Then I'd make him get a brush-cut and stuff his nostrils with Clearasil. And I'd make him go out with my sister who's big and fat and ugly and wretched (and she smells like garlic every day 'cepten Sunday when she smells like pumpkinseed)..."

-Sgt. Barry Sadler

I think he studies himself, he's most curious about touching his inner-mechanisms. He hasn't exposed himself to his listeners as completely as he could. Whether he should or not is another question. I do believe he's an isolationist of sorts; Todd being a product of his fantasies concerning communication. God help him.

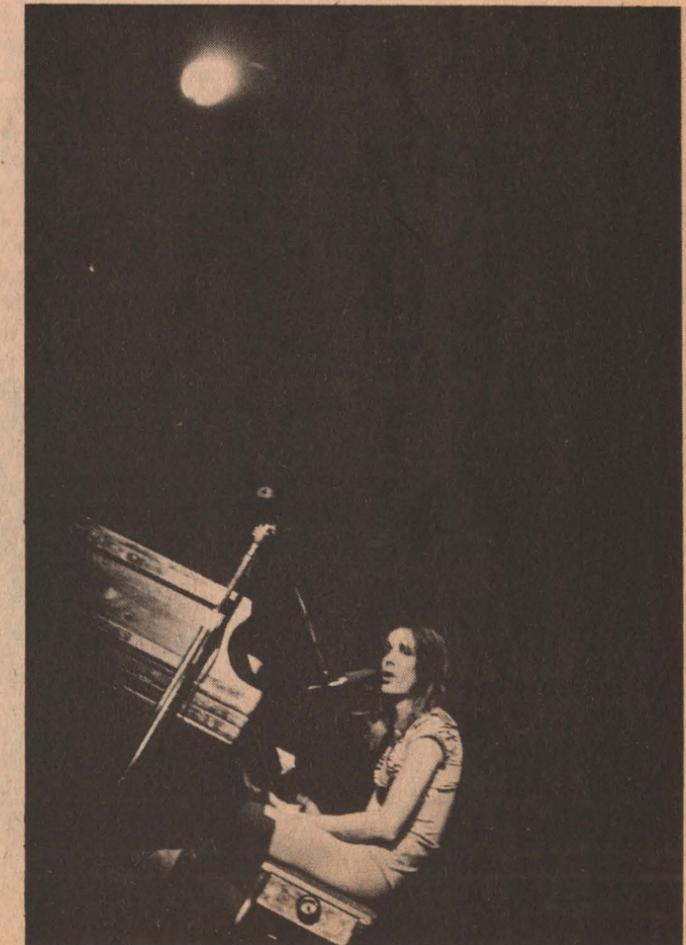
-Pope Pious XXIII

The scar on the face of the United States today, is not its position in the world, but the position of the society within it. What this has to do with Todd, I just don't know.

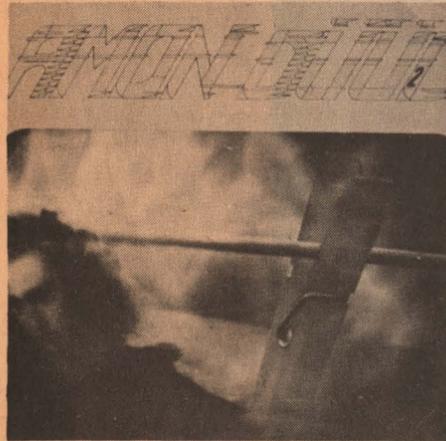
-John Wayne

"Us and the Stones is two of the best fuckin' get-it-gone groups that died years ago."

-Mr. Potatohead



# Long Players



## Amon Duul II

VIVE LA TRANCE  
Amon Duul II  
(United Artists)

Germany is hardly the center of the rock universe. So the only rock and roll that seeped in during the late 60's were from those who had the money and/or time to journey over to England or the States and bring albums back with them. Bands like Black Sabbath, Hawkwind and Led Zeppelin on one hand, and Jefferson Airplane, Pink Floyd and King Crimson on the other, were popular with the Germans, the former for the demonic heaviness, the latter largely for their cosmically experimental nature.

So, from the American releases thusfar, two schools of German rock can be discerned, all influenced to various extents by the budding 60's San Francisco scene, 70's heavy metal, and 80's futuristic experimentation and instrumentation. There's the Billingsgate school (Billingsgate is a small U.S. label releasing only German rock product), with Lucifer's Friend, the Scorpions, Frumpy (all Led Zeppelin-ish) and Neu (King Crimson-ish). And there's the United Artists camp (they have a monopoly on German rock in England, latching on to the bands hoping this trend would be the next big thing) with Can, Nektar (an English band residing in Germany) and Amon Duul Machs 1 and 2.

Amon Duul's history is steeped somewhere in the obscure reaches of the Motherland, with countless albums and personnel changes too complicated to unravel. The original Amon Duul split up into two factions (Mach 1 apparently died a swift death) and American UA has seen fit to release three albums here: *Carnival in Babylon*, *Wolf City* (Next came a 2-LP *Live in London* set that UA passed on, unfortunately) and *Vive La Trance*.

The personnel in the band isn't all that important since they work so perfectly as a total entity. According to UA press service: "The members reside in a commune outside of Munich. They are intellectual youngsters and create purely emotion-music; the emotion of intelligently formed interpretations and the intellect of emotionally composed numbers" (Jesus, who writes these press sheets? Sajecki?-Ed.) They're a five man, one woman band and co-vocalist Renate Knaup's recitation of her lyrics are so perfect she's downright scary. The band keenly crafts their music around the themes, which center on death, lost love, warped character studies and all those other happy subjects. As a result, the music takes on a demonic tension, a crude but stylish cosmic grace that,



No, they're not Hawkwind, but if Germany needs a Led Zeppelin or a Pink Floyd, Amon Duul will fill the fill. See

although at times a bit derivative, still comes across as refreshingly original and always captivating.

Side one begins with a jazzy guitar progression called "A Morning Excuse" about, well, you know: "Listen to me, there's a thing I can say loud/I thought it was you that I was so fucking proud/ Many a man walks past your hand, I think that's alright/But now I don't care anymore about holding you tight." A cello-like violin and interspersed moog burps add to the tension and make it one of the better tunes. The album's extravaganza is a 7½ minute picture of death, torture and battle called "Mozambique": "The white priest is in the villages/Dealing only in Death/ With his soul left behind him/He is ... the raper of women/Mutilator of children/Murderer of men." Renate's recitation here is a perfect conveyor of stark terror and, on cue, the band dips into a double-time heavy riff that sends chills up the spine. A similar metal breakout occurs in "Ladies Mimikry," a song that almost comes off as being unstructured until the bass and guitar slash in with a sizzling riff defying the tradition set up in the songs' theme. In "Pigman," Amon Duul amusingly pay tribute to rock and roll (explaining it anymore would ruin it). "Apocalyptic Bore" is a great comment on the 'revealing' (read: trite) science of most art-rock bands. In fact, it's their very self-consciousness, luring them to comment satirically on their own music, which makes Amon Duul so likable.

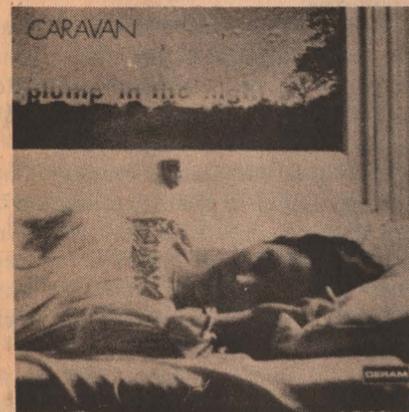
Much of Amon Duul's music could sound quite uncommercial and

Gary Sperrazza's review from the Motherland

inaccessible with an initial listening. Some of the lyrics are in German, cutting you off even further but you have to realize that they're dabbling in areas new to us and the musical climate there is quite different from the States. Yet, there are areas touched here that we are quite familiar with: heavy metal (the guitarwork is subtly exceptional as it is not always pushed up front but acts instead as a lacing), the characters here are those we've all come in contact with, the experimentation here is of the sort that we're all accustomed.

UA says their music is more located in the region of art-music within the area of rock music. I say, bullshit. Amon Duul rock hard when the occasion demands. but still do not close their minds to adapting other styles within the realms of their work. Amon Duul layers their sound effectively to create a multi-leveled experience that can be appreciated easily with a little bit of concentration and an open mind. And there's no reason why Amon Duul should remain "obscure" any longer.

-Gary Sperrazza!



## Caravan

FOR GIRLS WHO GROW PLUMP IN THE NIGHT  
Caravan  
(London)

And the problem still remains: if progressivism is a necessary evil within the large scale music world, how is it to be attained? With a great deal of expertise and subtlety of course. Now this sounds a good deal easier than it really is. How is a band to remain faithful to their thought and felt out root, and still reflect innovational ideas?

Caravan are a group of well-trained musicians who have risen above this most typical problem. They are not a spanking

new band by any means, having produced four very promising, often-times brilliant albums prior to their latest release, *For Girls Who Grow Plump In The Night*. Caravan have not produced a moralized abortion (as the title might indicate) with this album, as have Seals and Croft with their latest release. Nor are they about to infuse your imagination with visions of Camels, blinding sunlight and burning sand typefied by an over-bloated jazz/rock fusion as did Santana. But Caravan will guarantee that you will have an excellent diversified listening experience, even if you can't fathom the correlation between album and jacket.

The band consists of Richard Coughlan on drums and percussion, Pye Hastings on guitars and vocals; John Perry on bass and vocals; Peter Richardson on viola; and David Sinclair on all sorts of keyboards including a Davoli synthesizer, whatever that is. And the sound produced by this band of englishmen is stiringly unique, innovative, progressive and etcetera because you've heard all these terms thrown around countless times before, and most often quite undeservedly. To fuse heavy metal rock, light poppish arrangements, tedious orchestral arrangements (to pervade a moodish feel), and crisp, wispy, folkish delicacies is an almost impossible ambition. To do this tastefully and intelligently is even more preposterous yet. But Caravan have reached and surpassed this level of fusion, with out any strains of pretentiousness whatsoever, and you can still dance to it if your feet do your thinking.

To assimilate the heavy, cloud-rock situation is one thing, and Caravan have undoubtedly had many influences including the grand-daddy forefather of them all, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. To build on these notions and to surpass them is a camel of another color, and as the album opens with "Memory Lain, Hugh," an aroma of an exotic, captivating melody is enhanced by flute and saxophone; this melody interspersed with some well executed, delightful, rocking-type prancing. The ease with which one melody flows into another is the feat which is most easily recognizable on this particular arrangement, and you better start taking my word for these astonishing intricacies as I am running out of adjectival descriptions and have already digested the complete Roget's catalogue.

With the next tune, "Headloss," diversified unity is in order, as Caravan bounce and rock with all the crescendos

of a breath of fresh air; radiating exquisite harmonies and mixing in some saxophone once again, but allowing it to exist in the forefront rather than to reaffirm the rhythm section, as is the case with many so-called "well produced" albums. If Caravan were to be compared to anyone at all, and I really hate to do this type of thing, it would be with Yes before they grew "progressive" brain tumors.

Next comes a "Hoedown" of sorts, a breezy, non-chalant beat paced by some conga percussives; and once again some very effective vocal harmonies. This tune is a real toe-tapper, as Caravan play with all the finesse of the best hard rock bands, but never allowing their sound to come off as being overdone, or over amplified.

Now, with a perverse sense of continuity, Caravan introduces us to their own vein of pop sound and feel; on "Surprise, Surprise," a slower-paced, wistful mood prevails and is once again enhanced by a powerful rhythm section contribution, and the vocal harmonies which present Caravan as being a unified musical force rather than a band of egotistical soloing super stars.

As the titles of the tunes are as suggestive of the album jacket's implication as you would care to make them, the following tune is entitled "C Thlu Thlu" a take-off of an H.P. Lovecraft creation of a beastial nature. And the music fits the metaphor as the arrangement begins with eerie synthesized phasing techniques, coupled with a slow, crunching bass and drum beat build up. At this point, one could very easily imagine a monstrous personality, lurking about in the night, keeping all eyes and ears open for the possibility of a pretty, young thing just waiting to be ... but this mood is broken with a rocking movement of equal propensity. This particular arrangement changes pace again and again, in and out, up and down. (hold on, this is getting to sound like "Clockwork Orange").

If side one sounds scintillating already, side two is that much better. "The Dog. The Dog, He's At It Again" employs the viola and mixes in a string section with all the sensual production techniques of a John Cale, and a poppish, pleasant melody is featured. Although a synthesizer is used on this cut, it is employed to decorate rather than to be the main course; in other words, it's not overbearing. Lead singer, Pye Hastings has all the necessary vocal ingredients to sound not only believable, but quite captivating. The rest of side two is broken

into two lengthy tracks, and that doesn't mean the listener is in store for boredom in the guise of ten minute solos. Of particular mention are the subtitles, "A Haunting We Shall Go," a heavily rock paced number, a repetitive melody but with variations provided, and "Pengola." To say that this arrangement is a fusion of electronics, orchestra and keyboard doesn't do it justice. It is a gentle, lilting, haunting melody which is truly beautiful.

In all reality, Caravan are a band that demands the listener to bend his steadfast attitudes in categorizing "now" music. They exist at both ends of the rainbow, and between and within. The musical prowess and diversity of *For Girls Who Grow Plump In The Night* is quite refreshing, as it has come very close to capturing a musical earthiness, fused with an unpretentious intelligence that displays much, much talent.

-Michael Sajecki



## Suzi Quatro

SUZI QUATRO  
(Bell)

A true Vaseline fantasy come true. This mama jumps onto a stage and lashes the audiences hairlines to the ceiling with



-Pant . . . ooh . . . ahh . . . Suzie Q, baby, we love you!

a tawdry version of "The Girl Can't Help It"—a toon which Suzi does with an abandonment that'd make Jayne Mansfield's head do 360's and Little Richard's eye-brow pencil go out on strike. Ohh, this Suzi—can, can I live next door to ya, pleeeze! She also has that universality which'll make not only all the lil' boys curl their toes in joy, but also get a few of the 'lil girls out there in twist 'n' shout land to come up with some wet stains on their undies.

Off stage Suzi wears denim, onstage it's all leather, with a golden zipper usually open to below the navel. On her petite wrist a star-tattooed, naturally. And she's already admitted to a spiritual admiration for the vibratory sensuality of a bass geetar betwixt her thighs. Unlike her Detroit counterparts (Fanny, Birtha, etc.) Suzi's not afraid to toss her sexuality into the wind and play the rock n roll game on the strength of her cock appeal. She's not coy like June Millington and co., she doesn't view her male audiences with cynicism, she swills beer and, I'm sure, likes to do the do in the bederoo, and she's perfectly aware of what rock n roll is 'all' about. Like she's reel human.

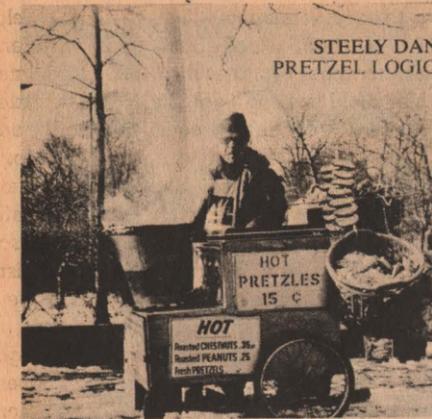
Her first American LP is liquid rock 'em sock 'em pornography. This is what Mona, the girl next door, is all about when she's in her room conjuring up wet dream images of planet love. Megaphysics.

The initial fulguration centers on her maniacal ability to take songs written by men and sing 'em as if they was being sung by men—'cept Suzi's a woman. When she wails that "I Wanna Be Your Man" all you can do is sit back and palpitate.

To top that she does "Shakin' All Over" and "All Shook Up"—these are the songs you pay attention to, who cares about the Chinn/ Chapman things, they're only there to git the lady sum \$, and before I lapse into terminal rock 'n' aphonia let me just point out that when Suzi Q. swims the Atlantic and slips 'n slides through the US, well, we can all sit back and turn in our Vaseline jars—they'll be no need to keep 'em.

This record is a muthahumpa: get outta the molasses and buy the fucker, you won't be sorry. And too all of those out there that think 'Suzi is jus' "commercial piss" go fish. I'm in love, I'm all shook up. ohh, ohh, yea, yea. Myyyy hands are shaking and my kneees are week. . . . Nod.

-Joe Fernbacher



## Steely Dan

PRETZEL LOGIC  
Steely Dan  
(ABC)

Possibly one of the most ignored bands in the realm of rock music today is Steely Dan. Since their conspicuous absence from AM radio, not many people realize the capabilities and potential of the band insofar as their depth and versatility are concerned. (As you recall, Steely Dan paid their dues to AM programming with their hit singles, "Do It Again," and "Reelin In The Years," amazing hybrids of popish appeal, but spiced with savvy.) Their consistency and outlook on music contributes to and stabilizes their sound, making it somewhat unique. The material they derive from various outlooks and sensitivities employs an attractive mixture of instrumentation and an almost amazing tendency of doing the right things on the right songs instinctively.

*Pretzel Logic* is their third outing in less than two years and is a satisfying and enjoyable piece of music. Their formula hasn't altered essentially but it has matured with a greater accompaniment of brass which doesn't fill in any empty spaces, but integrates into the Steely sound on a sophisticated level. With Timmy Haskell in charge of the brass arrangements, as always, Steely Dan add another dimension to their forte, never allowing the brass to distort or overpower their rocking feel. (A lot of albums that allow the brass to dominate them, are currently being used for films concerned with WW II beach assaults.) Side one opens with a love song of sorts, "Rikki Don't Lose That Number" which is na up-tempo rock and roll Bosa Nova (Eddie Gourme eat your heart out). Always expecting the unexpected from these critters:

"I know that you're not my kind,  
But you don't even know you're mine  
And you can have a change of heart."

The next few tracks are a bit similar in style, especially "Night by Night" and "Any Major Dude Will Tell You." But Donald Fagen's synthesizer (Yeah, he got one for Christmas too) and Skunk Baxter's guitars compensate for this seeming lack of variety, giving the numbers a richer texture than would be expected from most repetitive gargoyles of questionable originality. The duets with horns and tenor saxes also add to the vitality of the sound.

"Barrytown" is a nice little ditty of contrived rock and roll which sets you up for the finale of Side One. This is the only instrumental and the only song which isn't penned by Fagen and Becker. "East St. Louis Toddle-OO," written by Duke Ellington and Bubber Miley (formerly of Bread, check your Hit Paraders for more info) shows the band's desire to assimilate various other roots. Baxter has an amazing range on his guitar which gives it an electrified coronet effect. Tim Hodder, (a most underrated drummer) carries a splashy rhythm with the brushes while Fagen interjects with a nice sassy, barroom honky tonk piano - Dixieland Rock n Roll.

"Parker's Band" starts side two with a quick tempo, face punching beat which is a tribute to jazz great Charlie "Yardbird" Parker. The chorus is very enthusiastic and you too at home can join in and sing:

"You got to come on man  
And get a piece of Mr. Parker's band."  
Right before the ending two alto saxes start climbing high octaves all over the melody; it's a fine number but it's a bit too short (Shucks!).

"Through with Buzz" offers us a change of mood with a string quartet accompaniment. The tempo immediately changes again with the title cut, "Pretzel Logic," a four bar blues tune with a little electric piano addition. The horns and guitars provide adequate background and ride smoothly with Fagen's voice:

"I have never seen Napoleon  
But I plan to find the time."

High pitched vocals give it more feeling than your normal bogus blues number and the lyrics have the nostalgia.

"With a Gun" is an acoustic guitar arrangement, with Skunk Baxter whipping it out on steel guitar, a la country rock. By the by, there are some truly inspirational lyrics on this number, as Steely Dan contemplate their navels, and everyone else's to boot.

"Did You Pay the other Man

With the piece in your hand  
And leave him lying in the rain"  
The next number, "Charlie Freak" is just some number concerning the antics of a paranoid hood (aren't we all) and the album ends a little flat with a funky "Monkey In Your Soul" (Gettin it on is sure neat, ain't it?).

With *Pretzel Logic*, Steely Dan are attempting to diversify and innovate their themes and reflections with an awful large amount of "roots" sounds, perhaps a bit too many. This could lead the listener to believe that he is oftentimes missing the finer points of the album (which could lead to utter boredom). It's a shame the way innovative, pleasurable music ends up in the bargain bins, and personally I'd hate to see a band of the calibre of Steely Dan doomed to this fate. You see, quite different from most listeners, Pretzels are infinitely logical, but not as captivating as potato chips.

-Mitch Hejna



## Potato Godz

CHARIOTS OF THE GODS  
Peter Thomas Sound Orchestra  
(Polydor)

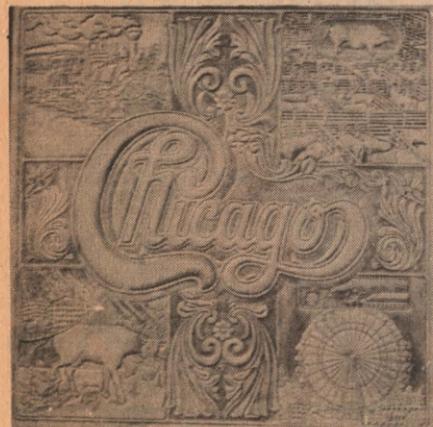
Hello?  
Hey, I got this great new album.  
What is it?  
Try to guess from the titles.  
OK.  
"Reminiscences of the Future"  
Strawberry Alarm Clock?  
Un-Unh. "Nasca: Imaginary Landing in Peru"  
Malo?  
No. "Valley of the Gods"  
The Dolls?  
Nope. "Popular Myth and Destruction of Sodom"  
This is rather difficult for me. These pretentious song titles. . .  
"The Obelisk of Karnak"  
It can't be Yes. It's too soon!

"Stars and Rockets"  
 I don't know. Mick Ronson?  
 Hawkwind??  
 "Returning to the Stars"  
 Oh, I got it, Elton John's got a new...  
 Nope. "Rocket Science."  
 What's with all this rocket horshit?!?  
 "Cult Music and Mussel Horn"  
 Seals & Crofts?  
 Nope.  
 Blue Oyster Cult?  
 Nope. "Lake Titicaca"  
 C'mon. You're shittin' me. Who the  
 hell would make an album with titles as  
 asinine as that?!?!  
 Keep trying. "Wandina Came from the  
 Heaven to the Mortals."  
 What?! No, No... Santana!  
 No, no. "Angel of Promise."  
 Wait. Now that throws off the whole  
 South America trend. I give up.  
 One more. "The Flying God of  
 Palenque."  
 Hmm... you sure it's not  
 Hawkwind?  
 Give up?  
 I give up.

It's the Peter Thomas Sound Orchestra  
 playing the soundtrack to *Chariots of the  
 Gods*  
 Oh no! (Laughter) Wonderful. That's  
 really fine, that's really great. Hold on,  
 lemme get a cigarette...  
 (Silence)  
 Mike?  
 (Silence: 30 minutes later)  
 Mike?

-Mr. Potatohead

P.S. Gee, ain't spurts of creativity  
wonderful?



# Chicago

CHICAGO VII  
 Chicago  
 (Columbia)  
 Just a dollar in Joe Cocker's mouth



-After 7 gold albums, Chicago really oughta get themselves some new cowboy hats. And as Trixie Silver sez: "Hey, you look a lot like a cowboy."

will get you in. Well not really Joe Cocker, but a reasonable facsimile of him made out of wax. This monument stands out in front of the famous Cocaineville Wax Museum, a shrine of sorts, shrouded in elegance. Cocaineville was erected for the sole purpose of honoring those musicians who in life, perpetrated a death-trip sound, and also for those artists who sounded better dead than they did alive.

Upon gentle placement of one's dollar on the tongue of Joe Cocker, he quickly swallows it, begins to gyrate, spin and reel, going through the motions of a palsied antelope. It is significant to mention that at this point, the gate swings open. The fat, little balloon man nodded at Joe Cocker most reverently, as he and his daughter Maybelline sauntered in.

The two side-stepped the golden palamino with Roy Rogers atop, as "The Happy Trails To You" recording wasn't working properly. But something at the opposite corner of the room attracted Maybelline's attention. "Daddy, can I have a quarter please?" "Why sure, sweetheart." Maybelline immediately dropped the quarter in the slot opposite the Cream-exhibit. As the exhibit came to life, Jack Bruce moaned, scratched his head, and fell over. Ginger Baker intended to re-enact one of his famous twenty minute drum solos, but he apparently lost interest as well, turned blue, and toppled over his drum set. As

for Eric Clapton, well, he wasn't bothered by the rather sudden departure of his immortal friends, and continued to play the same, constant, repetitive riff. Needless to say, Maybelline and her father lost interest and moved elsewhere.

They passed over a few other items of interest, such as Lawrence Welk conducting an orchestra comprised of The Grateful Dead, The Jefferson Airplane and Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, to the tune of "The Beer Barrel Polka."

Right next to this choice item, they observed Elton John jamming with Liberace, bright lights glittering the reflections from their teeth, as they embarked upon a most impressive improvisation of "Chopsticks."

Over to the side a bit, seemingly obscured from view, was Arlo Guthrie, a harp between his fingers, sitting in a garbage dump, humming "Alice's Restaurant" to himself.

"Come along Maybelline, we mustn't waste time," as the Balloon Man led his daughter to the religious relics room.

Maybelline pressed the button to the side of the Pat Boone exhibit, and instantly he sprouted wings and a halo appeared above his head. The Balloon man smiled to himself as he watched Seals and Croft rocking an empty cradle, symbolic of their "Unborn Child" achievement.

As they continued onward, they came upon an exhibit dimly lit, with sand

spread out on the floor, surrounding a long black box. "What does this one do, Daddy?" The Balloon man blessed himself and pointed solemnly to the labeling above the exhibit, which read, Jim Croce.

As Maybelline pressed the button, a hand slowly rose out from the box, giving the finger. The Balloon man trickled a tear down his cheek as he led Maybelline away.

"Pssst. Come here kid." "Who are you," asked Maybelline. "I thought everyone in here was dead." The dummy replied, "I'm not dead yet kid, but they put me in here anyways because of my future potential. If you get me out of here, I'll give you two free tickets to my next concert." The Balloon man ran over quickly and pulled Maybelline away from the Bob Dylan exhibit, telling her that it was impolite to talk to the statues, since they couldn't answer anyone back.

The last stop before exiting was the gold record room. The Balloon man entered the room and Maybelline followed. Maybelline skipped over to the Three Dog Night section, where a spotlight lit up each face of the famous three lead singers, red, yellow and green. As Maybelline pressed a button, the three pulled switchblades from their pockets and fought amongst themselves; Danny Hutton screaming "I get to use the fuckin' mike first." As a chorus of "No, me" began, Maybelline walked over to where her father was standing. She observed the eight gold records on the walls surrounding the exhibit. "Who are they, Daddy? Are they cowboys like Roy Rogers?" "No sweetie, that's Chicago." "Why aren't they doing anything?" The Balloon man stared away, as he answered, "Well, after their seventh progressive jazz album was released and turned gold, they figured they didn't have to do anything else new, if people would eat up that one. So they began to reissue their old records over and over again." "Are they still alive, Daddy?" "No, they're not. Thank God. They were ripped to shreds in Central Park on the fourth of July a few years ago by hundreds of fat little Italian ice cream peddlers and balloon men." "Did you...?" The balloon man smiled proudly, "I organized the attack." "Daddy, I'm bored. Can we go to the park now and eat some Italian ice cream?" "Why sure, honey." The balloonman and his daughter left the Cocaineville museum, not a bit wiser, but bored stiff, as in Jim Croce.

-Michael Sajecki



## Bo Hansson

THE MAGICIAN'S HAT  
 Bo Hansson  
 (Charisma/Atlantic)

A year and a half ago, Swedish keyboard player-composer Bo Hansson released his first album on the Famous Charisma label (then distributed by Buddah) entitled *Lord of the Rings*. Basing it on the famed trilogy of the same name, Hansson endeavored to do with music what Tolkein did with words. His attempt was successful insofar as his musical impressions corresponded with the themes presented in the trilogy: a

good idea and not a bad album. *Magician's Hat*, however, is quite the opposite. The original personnel are the same - Rune Carlsson (drums), Stan Bergman (flute) and Gunnar Bergsten (sax), but they've been joined by seven other musicians whose attempt to add complexity to the album fails. Having no story to illustrate and no theory to elaborate, the album's impact depends entirely upon the music.

This is the biggest mistake, for it seems that Hansson and fellow musicians know only a handful of chords. This limited chord use, which is prevalent throughout the LP, hardly leaves much room for variety. In one cut, "The Sun," the bassist plays the same nine notes for seven minutes without faltering once, a tale of true courage in itself.

The songs are monotonous and repetitive. Responsible for this poor job are both the musicianship and Hansson's writing. Let's hope that for the next album, Bo Hansson finds a more musical magician's hat from which to draw his tricks.

*Juey*



## ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ Airplane Catalogue Contest ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Here we are again. When is someone gonna win all those albums of ours?

Complete the sentence: Grace Slick's Manhole is... The funniest answer wins.

Send yer answer to:

Shakin' St. Gazette  
 35 Knox Avenue  
 Buffalo, N.Y. 14216

P.S. Deadline April 10.



RCA Records and Tapes



# Cold Cuts

## STOMP YOUR HANDS, CLAP YOUR FEET

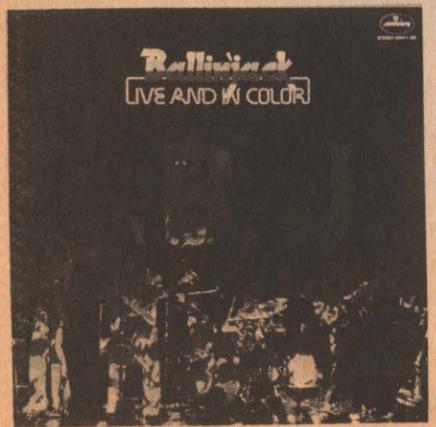
Slade  
(Warners)

So England's best are trying to invade our shores again - huh?! Well I guess we are getting older aren't we? So we don't want none of that good time rock 'n roll we used to play when our parents thought Mick Jagger was ugly and the Mersey Beat had influenced every English band that had a hit on our charts. Nah - I guess I should just let you buzz yourself to death and die listening to yer 55 minute guitar solos - Right! Who needs Slade? Damn people! This band just ain't your calibre cause they just wanna have a good time and not spend the entire freakin' album in search of further transcendental influences to the directions of improvisational bullshit. Maybe I'm wasting a review, but I'd just think you'd like to know what a lot of young pubes have been gettin' excited over in England. Maybe if ya tasted some of it ya might get off your ass and shake & rattle & roll again when you wuz a happy dumb brat. Then you wouldn't feel so damn old, intellectual and sexually inadequate anymore.

## LONDON REVISITED

Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf  
(Chess)

You'd have thought Chess might have wised up to the near-failure of their legendary bluesmen-meets-young-limey-imitator series. This one seems to consist of leftover tapes from the two different sessions. The title implies that it's a joint effort but Muddy gets one side and Howlin' the other. These collaborations with the British bloozers never seem to work too well., the only exception being Fleetwood Mac in Chicago Vols. I and II (Maybe it's 'cause they came here-Ed.). The luminaries on this LP include Rory Gallagher, Steve Winwood and Mitch Mitchell on the Waters side and Charlie Watts and Bill (who?) Wyman on the Howlin' side. Watts and Wyman plod through faithfully but make one wonder if this is really the core of the Stones rhythm. Beware this shoddy example of flagrant waste in the face of an Energy crisis.



## BUZZARD

Tucky Buzzard  
(Passport)

High above the earth the buzzards sail in wide easy spirals. Heads turned downward, their keen eyes search for food - the dead and dying animals of forest, field and city street. When one bird descends, others, guided by its "food flight," follow, until many birds are feeding on the same corpse. Except during the nesting season, buzzards are generally found in flocks. They roost each night in a regularly frequented rookery. Most species do not build a nest but lay one to three eggs on high mountain ledges, in caves, or under logs and stumps on the ground. The young are born naked and sometimes require a year of parental care. The birds make no sound except a low grunting when they are disturbed.

## THE SECOND COMING

Jerry LaCroix  
(Mercury)

Once the guiding light of White Trash (minus Edgar Winter), Jerry LaCroix shows all the over-indulgence of vapid funk that buried White Trash with the rest of jive muzak. Edgar and brother Johnny pop in for guest spots, Ed with tasteless ARP ramblings, and Johnny with some lackluster slide guitar. LaCroix has his heart set on being the white Billy Preston but comes off sounding like the fat lion depicted on the cover. The electric clavinet, which seems to have taken over the wah-wah pedal's number one "cool" spot among R&B musicians is too plentiful on this LP. File this one under Lion Farts.

## LIVE AND IN COLOR

Ballin' Jack  
(Mercury)

Ballin' Jack deserve more attention than they've received. Using the basic guitar - bass - drums format, sax and congas are added without encumbering the overall sound. They're undoubtedly one of the better rockin' R&B groups around and they use their abilities to the fullest on this live disc. Luther Rabb

(vocals and bass) isn't a great singer but more than adequate and he keeps things going without lousing up the bottom. It wouldn't be too interesting to watch these guys though; they've been around for awhile and have yet to make more than piddling splashes popularity-wise. At least *Live and In Color* is a palatable dish of funk in a bland and repetitious field.

## THE DELLS VS. THE DRAMATICS

The Dells and the Dramatics  
(Cadet)

The score is zero to zero. The two competitors, the windy city Dells vs. the Memphis whiz kids, the Dramatics. When the final buzzer sounds the score is still deadlocked, so we go into over time. After listening to what seems to be the longest, most boring album in existence, you derive the view that this could go on forever, so you go home and if you're at home you take it off the box and curse yourself for the waste of time. There's not one cut on the entire album worth its weight in food service food. On a scale of 1 to 10, I rate this album minus 10. Talk about wasting raw materials during a shortage. This is it. Later. In a duece.

## FOR THE HIGHEST

Aim  
(Blue Thumb)

Get it? Well, that joke is almost as bad as this album, but "Seattle" and "4 O'Clock Rock" are the saving graces for this band's initial effort. Chris Huston gets star billing for production which only points out clearly how badly this LP is produced. Obnoxious vocals, unclear sound make this JoJo Gunne/Guess Who-type band show potential that is, as of yet, unrealized.

## CREATION

Creation  
(Atco/Atlantic)

Here's a new group that shines like a dull penny. Maybe it's because they use their own material. The vocals and music of this album leaves much to be desired. A group of 8 very talented individuals musically, they just haven't put it all together to sell an album. Not one cut on this album catches fire. The style (a typical merging of white-black funk) is so old and basic it's almost pathetic. Possibly this may develop into a classic like the Edsel. Take my advice, avoid it like the plague. Later. In a duece.

## JAMALCA

Ahmad Jamal  
(20th Cent.)

Ahmad Jamal finally realized that the transition from jazz to so-called pop-jazz is not only rewarding financially but

gratifying musically. So he has come back to back with super efforts. First there was Ahmad Jamal '73 and now we get *Jamalca*. Into *Jamalca*, Jamal takes a Thom Bell-Linda Creed idea "Ghetto Child" (sung by Spinners previously) and gives his flair. Also on side one he takes a Leon Sylver effort and gives it legs to dance lightly on your musical palate. "Along the Nyle" by Ra Twani Za Yemgni (pronounced: however you want to pronounce it) is beautiful. To end side one he borrows "Trouble Man" from Marvin Gaye, and gives his interpretation, which still tells me "Please Don't Mess with Mr. T." For some exciting jazz compositions get into side two. He is one of the most proficient jazz pianists on the music scene today. This is one of the few albums of its kind that devout jazz fans and pop fanatics both can groove to. First chance you get, rush and pick up Ahmad Jamal's *Jamalca*. You can thank me later. Later. In a duece.

## GOLDIE ZELKOWITZ

Genya Raven (Janus)

Why did Genya Raven change her name to Goldie Zelkowitz? So nobody would know who she was? Little did she realize nobody knew who she was in the first place. Once the leader of the ultimate in obscure bands. Ten Wheel Drive, Raven hasn't improved much. There's still too much brass thrown on top of her would-be soulful voice and she can't really get going. Covers of "Hold On I'm Coming" and "Whipping Post" are included, both listless and sounding too obviously re-worked. Trevor Lawrence, late of the Butterfield Blues Band, is responsible for part of the production, a rather ignominious distinction in itself. Goldie's gonna need more than a name-change to get it together and Shakin' St. will find her if she changes her name to Janis Joplin or Grace Slick.

## THAT'S A PLENTY

Pointer Sisters (Blue Thumb)

Gee, nostalgia sure is far out, isn't it? Here's a cute little nostalgia game you can play with this record: (1) Put record on turntable and place needle on record. (2) Pretend it's 1940 and the axis is getting ready to take over the world. Boy those were great days, lots of angry rhetoric and the beginnings of mass decimations. (3) Pretend it's 1950 and Joe McCarthy is seeing Commies in his soup. Shit, he was only trying to save America from the Red menace, who cares if a lot of innocent people got burned? (4) Pretend it's 1984 and shoot yourself in the head for not paying attention in 1974 by pretending it was the 40's and 50's.

