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The Shakin' Street Gazette

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# Shakin' Street Gazette

Mott  
Roxy Music  
Rockwriters  
Convention

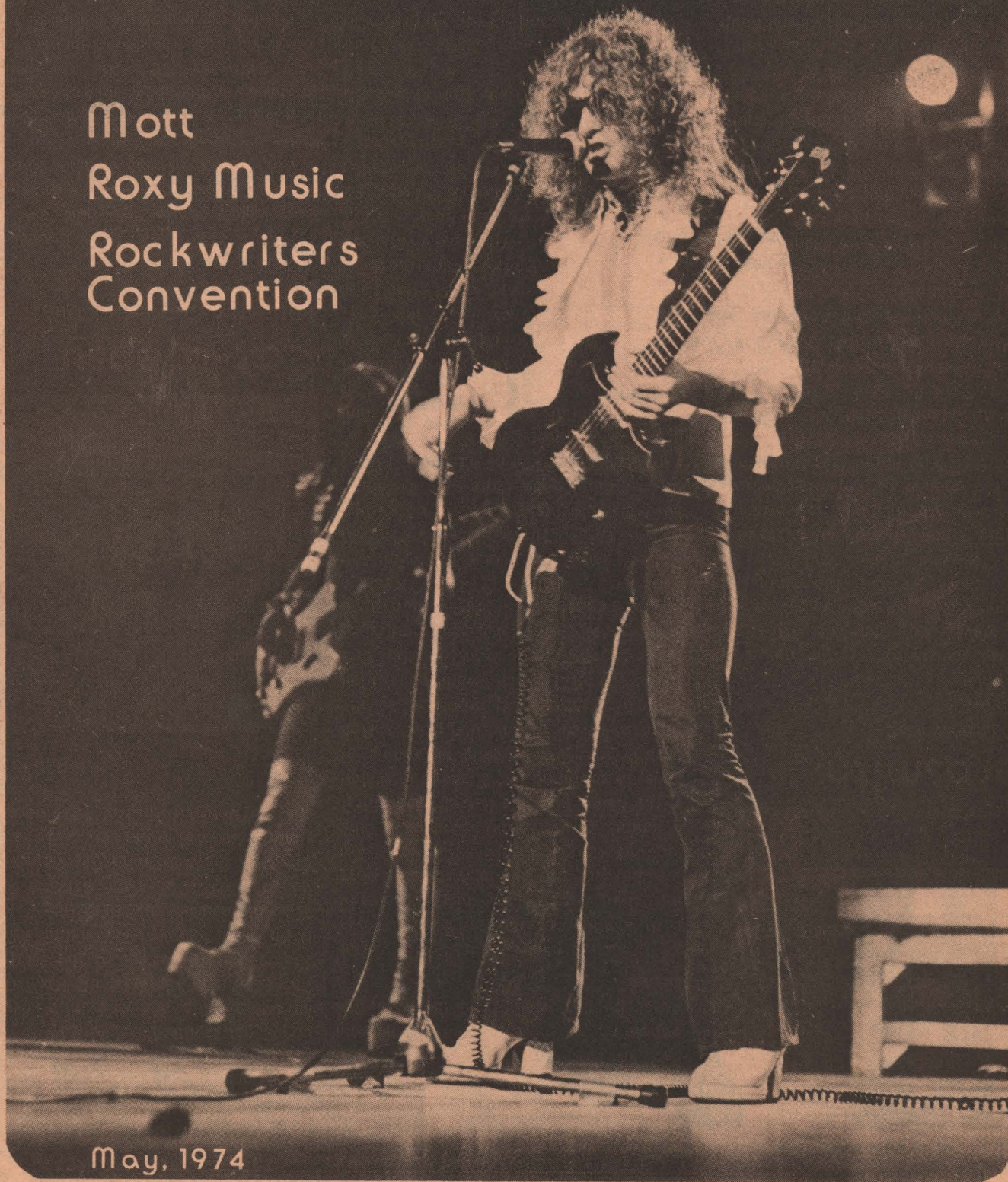
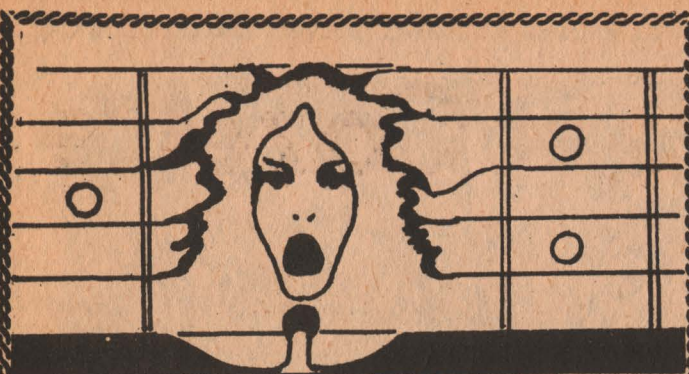


photo by Michael Gallo

May, 1974





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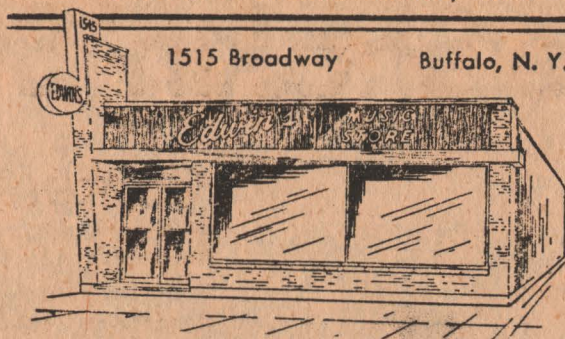
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# The Shakin' Street Gazette

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Mr. Potatohead  
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## Contents

Mott the Hoople .....	Page 4
Roxy Music .....	Page 6
Rockwriters Symposium: Clip and Save! .....	Page 9
Long Players .....	Page 11
Blue Oyster Cult	
Aerosmith	
Cat Litter	
Eagles	
Procol Harum	
Robin Trower	
Guess Who/Bachman Turner's O.D.	
Mick Ronson	
King Crimson	
Cold Cuts .....	Page 19
Concerts .....	Page 22

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The Shakin' St. Gazette ..... Vol. 1, Number 11



DUMB CONTEST RESULTS: The Jefferson Airplane are seen above, laughing at the winners of the entire Jefferson Airplane catalogue: Amy Jaffe and Jill Model (Jill Model? With a name like that, why aren't you on the staff?) of TWR 3. Pick up

your LPeez at the RECORD office from Friday, May 3 on. - we're preparing our spanking new Shakin' St. office as of this writing



# Mott's revolting!

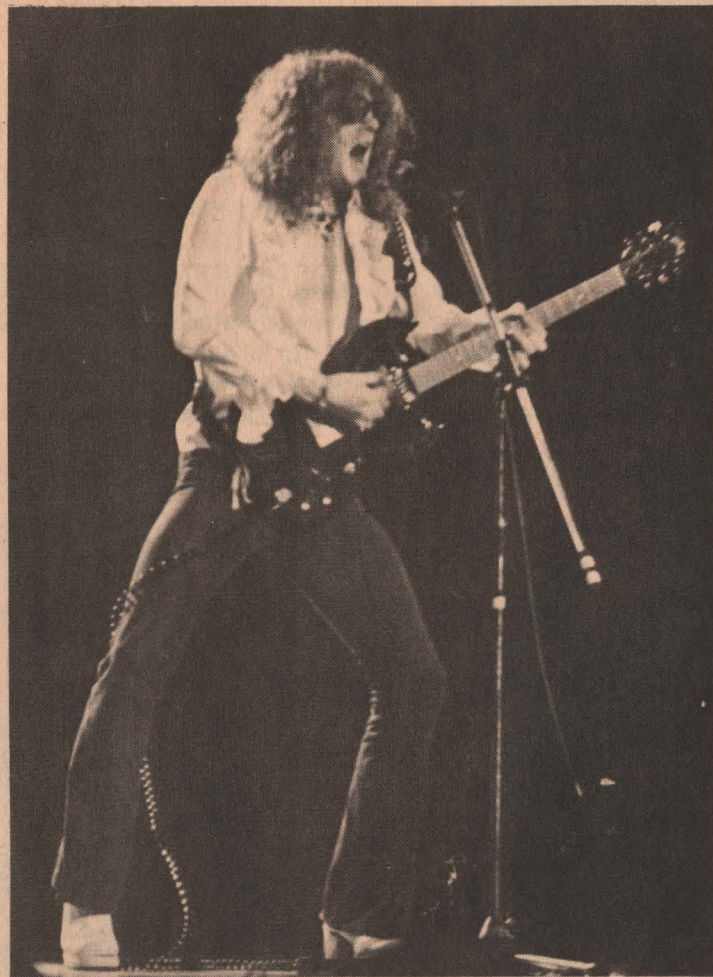


Photo by Dag Bumstead

No, Mott hasn't changed and yes, Ariel doesn't fit in. Coming hot on the heels of what many Hooplephiliacs feel is their best album (**Mott** peaking at No. 33 in Billboard) and an American tour last fall, was a growing fear that one of the most superb English bands of the past 10 years would melt under the pressure that commercial success would bring. Mott have skirted this problem by turning themselves into a manufactured symbol, a \$5.98 product of rock 'n' roll and the revolution. If only the counterculture would've realized that rock 'n' roll is the revolution, things would've been much different.

Mott have redirected their aggression. Before, it was vented towards everyone; on **Brain Capers** (still my favorite), it was done towards the very fans themselves. At other times, they would speak past the fans and the Kidz loved it cuz Mott was the only band to react in such a violent manner, while still resigning themselves to their inevitable break-up. When Bowie helped to get them back together (resulting in **All the Young Dudes**), Ian began to become self-conscious about his position in a rock 'n' roll band, especially when he took center-stage. Organist Verden Allen, disenchanted with the band's new pop direction, left. Their sixth LP **Mott**, is released; high placings in the British charts were achieved with "All the Way from Memphis" and "Honoloochie Boogie." The band's extraordinary guitarist, Mick Ralphs, leaves to form Bad Company with ex-Free men Paul Rodgers and Simon Kirke. Ian Hunter is left, with his discovery of a success formula, a love for rock 'n' roll and a record company, Columbia, anxious to help them conquer the States.

So with **The Hoople**, the formula has been achieved: people are coming back to grips with rock 'n' roll and the concept of the punk; so set Ian up as a punk-poet and a symbol of the growing trend, write songs that will rally the fans with them. Mott's popularity rises, Columbia does a massive promo push tying in with their U.S. tour

presently in progress and the LP may even peak at say . . . Number 20.

So they'll be successful, right? Wrong.

Because to garner that much in sales, there better be a lot of rock 'n' roll Kidz out there and I don't think that the 1/2 million who buy **The Hoople** will be the Kidz. The movement has just been re-set into motion and it boils down to a matter of timing. Since there's not enough of these Kidz yet, the kind of Kid that Ian loves to sing about, you're going to get pseudo-hip 20 year-olds and up who haven't the foggiest understanding about what the band represents, but will buy it cuz word got around that the band is "chic" and the whole



-Early Mott, lookin' for the City Kidz.

teenage movement is "fashionable." Let's face it: everybody wants to be young: why do you think we've got fat middle-aged program directors deciding what gets played on what is supposed to be the teenage rock stations? So everything Mott has been striking for is going to end up watered down: this time it won't be the band's fault, it'll be the audience . . . . . FUCK!

For now: back to the band. They're playing as good as ever. Morgan Fisher and Mick Bolton toured with Mott last year but only Morgan was kept: one keyboardist is enough. Mick Ralphs is on one cut here, but the rest of the lead guitarist chores are left to Ariel Bender nee Spooky Tooth's Luther Grosvenor. Ariel is a nuisance, much like a fly buzzing around your head, but he's pretty easy to ignore, as Ian doesn't let him surface very often. In fact, Ian's songs don't leave much room for improvisation and soloing: they're tight, concise and effective.

"Golden Age of Rock 'n' Roll" is the current single; such a feeling of exhilaration, that beautiful richness of sound that is Mott's and Mott's alone. It's very much like "All the Way from Memphis" with sax and background vocals; Ariel does a noisy, stupid solo like Ian's puppet-on cue. "Marionette" has Hunter more forceful in his vocals, claspings to intonations his voice can't handle. But that's OK, like I emphasize, it's the spirit: Hunter's continuing preoccupation with suppression of the individual through his music. Rock 'n' roll is the power to bring people together.

Closely related to "Angeline", "Alice" is about a 42nd street lady who takes her aspirations to Hollywood. Ian removes himself to a vantage point where he then comments on his life, the state of rock 'n' roll, and various characters in the rock 'n' roll culture. The culture is still strong but empty without proper figureheads. I know Ian would like to be one of the figureheads (he's achieved it to some degree, being voted as the number four Valuable Player in **Creem's** Readers Poll) and with the music that the rock 'n' roll culture thrives in being scarce, it depicts a return to earlier days when rock 'n' roll was scarce.

"Crash Street Kids" was originally "Bash Street Kids," as was to be the name of the album. here the Kidz are strong and



-Mott during Dudes: what's so funny?

win, en masse, as opposed to "Marionette" where the individual, alone, loses. A very scorching rocker, but Ariel's leads stick out here- so noisy and unfitting. He hasn't the emotional understanding of Ian's songs and hence, can't play just the right things at the right time, like Mike Ralphs.

"Born Late" sees bassist Overend Watts' first songwriting contribution. Although it's a bit untypical of the band, Overend's the real rock 'n' roll star anyway and it's a rambunctiously naive rocker. Ian's ode to his wife, "Song for Trudi", isn't grabbing at first, but its' delicacy and sheer elegance seduces with a soft, loving melody. One wonders which he loves more. "Pearl 'n' Roy" is a roller with solid backbeat a la Wizzard's "Ball Park Incident" and "See My Baby Jive", and perhaps a reference to Wizzard leader Roy Wood in the lyrics ("Roy atta boy"). Rumor even has it that Roy produced some unreleased Mott tunes before **Dudes**. Ending the album, there is the previous English single (an awfully schlocky "Roll Away the Stone") and a heavily orchestrated "Through the Looking Glass", where Ian's introspection wears a bit thin. Lately, Mott's material have been toysongs like Alice Cooper's singles. And since the best song on **Mott** was Mick Ralph's "I'm Your Cadillac" (y'know: SONG), this album could've used even one Mick Ralphs track, to round it all out, but alas, he's gone.

Rather than speaking to an unknown mass of people, now Mott are speaking for a new generation. And that new generation -be it typified by a particular age group or simply a school of thought- will cling to Mott, thus, their own ideals.

There is trouble in that the more of an audience the band accumulates, the sillier their "Crash St. Kids" are comin' to get ya' " lines will sound. Because if everybody likes them, to whom are they directing their lines to? In fact, it's because Mott frequently speaks past their fans that makes Kidz feel like they're caught up in a movement. And as Mott shouts "Don't mess with our sound", no true rock 'n' roller can afford not to submit and bask in the joy of the one and only Mott the Hoople.

-Gary Sperrazzal



# Songs from Europe: Roxy Music's 'Stranded'

-Gary Sperrazza!

STRANDED  
Roxy Music  
(Atco/Atlantic)  
Class.

The kind of full-blown charismatic joy that seemed lost since Marlene Deitrich, Bogart and Gene Vincent. In pop music, the polished sparkle of tight musicianship, superb arrangement, a tinge of tackiness and, most importantly, a sense of humor.

We've got Roxy Music.

Well-educated Britons come together to channel their intellectual capacity to rock music. Bryan Ferry, a teacher-scholar and DJ (he played the Move's "Fire Brigade" every night) meets with Andy Mackay, a sax and oboe player from the London School's Symphony Orchestra. Then comes Eno, experienced in the use of tapes and synthesizers, weaned on the avant-gardisms of John Cage and Terry Riley. Guitarist Phil Manzanera is next, replacing ex-Nice man David O'List. Rounding out the band is Paul Thompson, a solid, steady drummer who came to the band as a result of a Melody Maker ad.

The band releases **Roxy Music** to the accompaniment of heavy coverage in the British press. Then comes a single, "Pyjamarama," not on any album, which promptly rises to the tops of the British charts. A huge following is Roxy's by the time **For Your Pleasure** had been released.

By this time, the audience had looked beyond the initial flash and seen the core of Roxy's music: taking the essence of 50's rock 'n' roll and filtering it through a 50's conception of 1990, with one eye on the melodrama and glamour of Hollywood and another eye on 'intelligent' artistic triumphs, whether it be in the cinema, the theatre, literature or

plain old Art (No *L'accent grave*, puhleeze). Quite a winning combination.

So the story continues: the band's sales were practically nil in the States and Warner Bros. issues the Ultimate Insult by dropping Roxy Music from their label. Bryan Ferry gets solo LP itches and records an album of his favorite songs. **These Foolish Things** was a highly amusing, enjoyable LP (sort of a Roxy Music Plays the Hits) and it showed it's not **what** Ferry does, but **how** he does it. Ferry stamped his voice (as distinctive as Family's Roger Chapman, but higher and more quivering with a self-conscious campiness) on "It's My Party," "Don't Worry, Baby," "You Won't See Me" and had a hit in England with "The Times

**"Roxy Music would make a great comic book"**

-Andy Cutler

They Are-A Changing."

Meanwhile, becoming increasingly unnecessary as the band solidified, Eno leaves the band to pursue his experiments. He recorded a solo LP with King Crimson's Bob Fripp with the intention of making "an album you can play at any speed." **No Pussyfooting** was just that: Fripp plays a guitar note and Eno synthesizes it for 20 minutes. This is avant-garde? Eno then made an album with the Winkies called **Here Come the Warm Jets**, and as his contribution to pop, it's quite a listenable collection of short tunes.

Which leads us back to Roxy Music, who recruited ex-Curved Air violinist Eddie Jobson, leaving it up to each member to synthesize their own instruments. At this stage, Roxy has carved for themselves a very Continental feel, shrouded in mystery. Decadent? Mayhaps, but quite self-conscious and



they seem to be amused with the idea and toy with the listener. Even the cover of their newest, **Stranded**, has Playboy's Playmate of the Year, Marilyn Cole, sweaty and looking ripe for consumption, washed up on a jungle island. There was supposed to be a four foot poster of Marilyn inside, but apparently the idea was scrapped.

**Stranded** is a sparkling collection of driving rock (theirs is among the best around) and deeper, mood pieces evoking

**"Brian Ferry, once caricaturizing greasy audacity, now envisions himself as some sort of cocktail crooner"**

-Andy Cutler

images of Paris streets at 3 A.M., New York's gutters before sunrise and an amusement park at midnight.

"Street Life," a top British single, is punk-rock in space: excellent trebly guitar playing a four chord riff with Mackay and Jobson overlaying their touches and Ferry slashing out the confusions of a night of slinking.

"Just Like You" sports a gorgeous piano-laden melody that is short and to the point with Jobson and Mackay providing the orchestra and a corny cocktail-jazzy ending. It's important to note the way Andy Mackay is so important in creating the distinctive sound that is Roxy's. Roxy Music, along with Wizzard, are the only pop bands to feature sax upfront, where it belongs, and Mackay (in the process of recording a solo album before Roxy's U.S. tour soon) is a joy to hear! He has an emotional and technical mastery of the sax like I've never heard and ever-so-subtly laces the music with just enough of the right notes at the right time and his solos always leave me gawking.

"Amozona" is a funky little escapade

with upfront guitaring, dreamy passages and phased frills with Ferry speaking the lyrics a la Maurice Chevalier. Beneath the music is an undercurrent of tape noise adding to the tension. Like I've insinuated before, much care is put into the band's songs and when they employ a new idea, it works. Especially now that Eno's experimental excessiveness is gone as opposed to Ferry's calculated subtlety. Eno is worthy of attention in his own right, but in this band he created more of a diversion.

Ferry's idea becomes a bit strained in "Psalm," a protracted prayer of sorts that, along with "Sunset" on Side two, provide the lower points on the album. But it is there, and only there, that attention wanes.

Side two is the better of the sides, with an up-tempo "Serenade." Mention would be made of the excellent production, sometimes employing the same echo-y sound of Roy Wood's Wizzard, both of whom borrowed the idea from Mr. Phil Spector. With Roxy, it simply lends to the dark, dim mysteriousness they like so well to romp in.

"Song for Europe" is pure evidence of this. This particular song is a veritable perfection and since it is a joke on the Eurovision Contest, a competition spanning all of Europe for contributions from top composers, it might easily have won if Ferry had entered it. This soundtrack-like extravaganza has Ferry sitting in a French café crying in his coffee over his love. It's a sad but powerful number with majestic breaks and solid backing. When the music builds to its incredible climax with Mackay's sax wailing frustrations, it becomes haunting, chilling even, but Roxy always come through to comfort as they're always

Lyrics from "Do the Strand" on **For Your Pleasure**.

"There's a new sensation.  
A fabulous creation.  
A danceable solution.  
To teenage revolution.  
Do the Strand love.  
When you feel love.  
It's the new way.  
That's why we say:  
Do the Strand.

Tired of the tango?  
Fed up with fandango?  
Dance on moonbeams.  
Slide on rainbows.  
In furs or blue jeans.  
You know what I mean...  
Do the Strand.

Bored of the beguine?  
The sambo ain't your scene?  
Weary of the waltz.  
And mashed potato schmaltz.  
Then do the Strand.  
The Sphinx and Mona Lisa.  
Lolita and Guernica.  
Did the Strand.



-Andy Mackay, in "The Sax that Shcuke Singapore."





-Our boys, last year, lip-synching Luthar and the Hand People's "Machines."



conscious of the effects they're achieving and rarely get bogged down in the excessiveness that hampered "Psalm" and "Sunset."

To break out from the melancholy remembrances of "Song," next is "Mother of Pearl," a bouncy punk-like rocker that sizzles and slides with a double set of lyrics sung simultaneously.

"Eno once busied himself amplifying the travel of earthworms."

-Andy Cutler

One set has Ferry yelling things like "Turn the lights down, the music up, it's a crazy scene" and the other is Ferry, introspective, wondering of his future. He says Yes, the other side says No. Back and forth. Ferry sings in his Jello-voice, "Well, I've been up all night (again) party-time wasting is too much fun/ Then I step back thinking of life's inner meaning and my latest f-lling." It's funny, yet serious at the same time.

Maybe you've yet to hear of this extraordinary band. Some of the people that have heard them like to throw words like esoteric, submerged, pretentious (Boy, am I tired of that word) in describing the band. Yeah, it's much easier to dismiss them than to take the time to listen to what's going on here. Christ, they're not obscure-o, Roxy are just not as accessible as to insult your

intelligence, they're great teasers, flirting with the classics and will entice you just enough to submit, then they'll shock you. Some people like the surprise, others don't.

Roxy's basic line-up of guitar, drums, keyboards, violin, sax and various synthesizing toys provide the ideal set-up for dabbling in any area they want. Not surprisingly, they've opted to create their own distinctive sound, a mean feat these days. It's teenage-y, yet adult; commercial yet progressing, silly yet intelligent. They've had trouble getting a steady bass player. The first LP had Rik Kenton, the second had Little Feat's John Porter, **Stranded** has John Gustafson, bass player from an excellent group called Quatermass (with one Harvest LP) and another called Hard Stuff (with two LPeez), he's since rejoined Quatermass' Pete Robinson in Shawn Phillips' backing band, leaving Roxy bass-less again.

Interesting is the fact that Bryan Ferry is not the effete pseudo-intellectual one would expect from a band with such educational discipline in the music and the artistic, literary references in the lyrics. Ferry doesn't pretend to know, he does know and his choice to apply it to pop music combined with his outgoing friendliness only makes him more captivating and lovable.

Roxy are a flashy band, just oozing style and class. Their stage show is a gaseous fantasy and they're as tight and rich live as on record - largely responsible for this is Paul Thompson's always perfect drumming.

"Thomas Mann in Buddenbrooks characterizes the decline and dissolution of a prominent family with the increase in its members' interest in art and learning."

Nonetheless, Ferry (now recording a follow-up to **These Foolish Things**) seems a bit distressed at those who read of the superficial flash (I'm sure he'd admit, it does make for good press) and think Roxy have no real musical substance. Roxy Music are probably the most creative force in rock, a satisfying blend of intellect and gut-churning rock, much more effective than, say, an Electric Light Orchestra or a Procol Harum. Ferry is, on one level, intrigued by high art and has a knowledgable grasp of it. But on the other, he is moved by the craziness of pop art, the crude humor of Chuck Berry, the tartan jackets of Bill Haley, with sax players standing on their heads, jiving around. And it is that chameleon-like ability which makes U.S./Americana, Europe/Continental interchangeable in Roxy Music.

Clip here



# Rockwriters Symposium

Fold here



-Above: this is what Lester Bangs looks like?!?!

Have you been reading all those record reviews by all those dumb fucks what don't know their a-holes from their sonic-vibrators? Have you? Have you felt like gripping onto Lester Bangs short-hairs and making him plea for his life? Have you ever felt like puking all over Richard Meltzer? Have you ever wanted to caress Greg Shaw's long blond-locks? Have you ever wanted to know just what that penquin character in Zoo World, who calls himself Arthur Levy incidentally, really looks like - is he "really" a penquin? Have you ever



-Richard Meltzer. Chug you, boy, chug it!

wanted to punch Billy Altman in the face because he's such a punk? Have you ever wanted to touch Patti Smith? Have you ever wondered if Joe Fernbacher is as mutated as he seems? Have you...???

Well, if you have, you'll get the chance of your lifetime on May 10-12, when the Student Union Board presents a symposium with these and many more nationally infamous rock journalists. Spawned from the loins of the teenage staff of the **Shakin' Street Gazette**, this discussion will center around not only the economic and social (like do rock critics



-Ah, Patti, will you share a rock 'n' roll crime with us?





You'd like to do it to my daughter?



Ma, Bucky called me a cretin!!



Aw, shit. More planes.



The Cult! The Cult! The Cult!!!



Christ, Meltzer again!



Dominance!



Submission?

SHAKIN' ST. GAZETTE

# Long Players



## Blue O'Cult

SECRET TREATIES  
Blue Oyster Cult  
(Columbia)

I wearily trudged into the nearest rip-off record dealer tightly grasping in my sweatily little palm the last of my scant income. Things were really bad 'cause I even had to go so far as to extinguish the reserve funds for my zit creme lotion. I began looking defiantly at the little bastards until I couldn't stand it no more. "Awright, which one of ya' am I gonna take home with me?" Since nobody answered, I continued my search. Ya see, records don't have any personality, they just sit there and cause a lot of frustration. It's like you walk into the ozone shopping for the lost chord and what you end up finding is a whole shithouse full of lost chords (Yeah, I dream of days when I'll get up enough nerve to roll one of those little ole ladies that save their pension checks in wax paper).

But outa the corner of my eye, I glanced at and immediately pawed the lone copy of **Secret Treaties** (Ya see, they're so good that it makes the decision for ya'). Having been completely satisfied with my choice, I began prancing around with this big shit-eaten grin on my puss gazing at various other gems of vinyl I'd like to rip ... er, own someday. Afterwards, I plonked down the coins

and split homeward with visions of oyster shells dancing in my skull.

Any ole way you choose it, the Oysters are the best thing that's happened to rock 'n' roll since the Velvets. Cause boy, they are so powerful that even Howdy Doody would shit his brains out after listenin' to those twisted lyrics of such bourgeois tunes as "Hot Rails to Hell" (from their second album, **Tyranny and Mutation**) in which Buck and Alan viciously chirp and the guitar solos would "burn your eyes out."

**Secret Treaties** follows the same format of **Tyranny and Mutation**. The songs keep comin', one after another and before your mind can peak, climax and shudder from one listening, another tune immediately takes your brain on another mad romp.

That's what I like about the Cult, no bullshit, just straight nonsense and hard reelin'. Like my friend the Dylan freak went apeshit tryin' to find out what some of these lyrics mean. Ha! Sandy, Richard, you mad minds have done us in again. Then you've got drummer Al Bouchard belting out the lyrics in a mad battle in "Dominance and Submission," with even some nicey-nice nostalgia and three part harmony. The heavy metal roller coaster ride to oblivion continues with "ME 262," about the deadliest German fighter plane of WW II. "Cagey Cretins" is all about the assholes on Capitol Hill, "Harvester of Eyes" was written after having seen a TV commercial about cancer of the eyes. Skip the drugee song and it all ends with the mild ballbuster "Astronomy."

You Cult freaks will eat this cosmania right up. Oh yeah, you can't miss the album cover, just look for a sketch with a bunch of enigmatic hunks of flesh who appear ready to hijack the German Luftwaffe and land it on your girlfriend's bed. Actually I lied before, I stole this here album but what the hell, this album is great. I wouldn't risk getting caught shoplifting for just anything, y'know.

-Mitch Hejna

Clip Here

get rim-jobs cause they get into concerts fer free—or are all rock critics ugly) conditions of rock journalism in the U.S.—and elsewhere—and will also touch upon the actual mechanics of creating a bit of critical mania such as an interview with lgyy Stooze: or why a certain record makes you wanna stick thumbtacks into your wrists—music macho, hotcha.

If all things work according to plan there will also be a performance given by poetess/dog princess Patti Smith. In case you're not too familiar with her works she worked on a collection of plays with Sam Shepard called "Mad Dog Blues" and has also completed a few volumes of rock 'n roll poetry. Especially noteworthy are two collections "The Seventh Son" and her latest "Witt." Patti's also written a

number of tunes for the stun-nazi terrors: Blue Oyster Cult—"Baby Ice Dog" "Carrier of Evil" etc.

Besides Patti will be Richard Meltzer: besides everyone will be Richard Meltzer: Richard Meltzer wrote a book called "Aesthetics of Rock" and changed the face of rock journalism, then he got bored with that and became a sports writer—as all good rock 'n roll-wurd merchants should—he's currently working on a book about sports. He likes pigs knuckles and when was the last time you ever met anybody who was that—odd.

Lester Bangs is the grand-dada of chemical criticism. His epics include a twenty-page story on the Troggs, stories on Godz, and a mutated piece on al-co-hol in Buffalo's legendary Punk Magazine.

7-11-2-0

Fold here



-L to R: Richard Meltzer, Mike Saunders and Billy Altman - two outta three ain't bad, but we miss you, Saunders.



-Arthur Levy modeling his Philip Goodhand-Tait jacket.

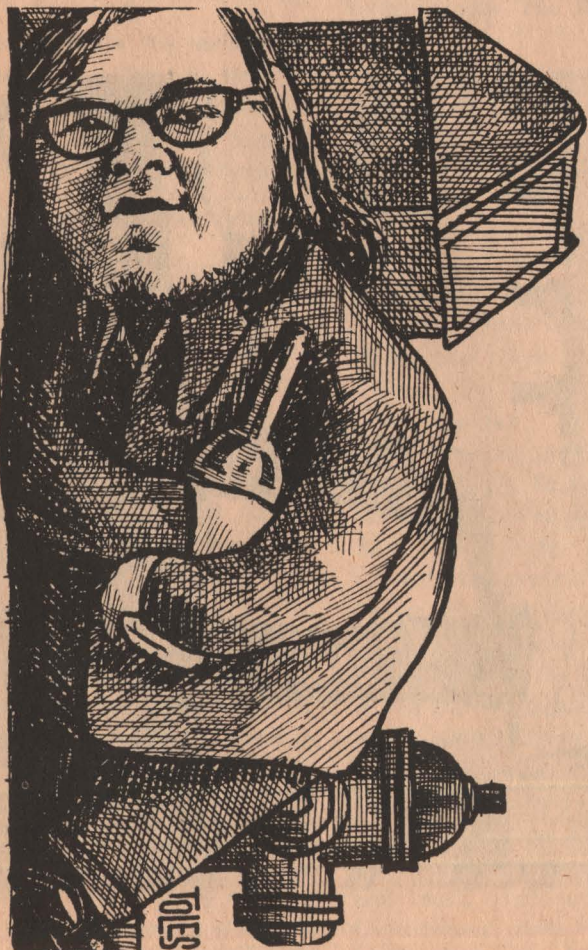
Billy Altman is from New York City, but he left his heart in Buffalo. He was Music Editor for U.B.'s Spectrum almost four years and then decided, well, maybe he could make some money at it—he couldn't so now he's looking for a job at a Chevy plant. Altman is editor of Punk Magazine and writes a television column for the Buffalo New Times.

At press time there were a number of other names being tossed into the hat. Greg Shaw, editor of Phonograph Record Magazine, outta California will be on hand to offer a sobering look into rock 'n roll: Arthur Levy, records editor of Zoo World, outta Fort Lauderdale has also been contacted: Lenny Kaye—sure why not?—actually he has to cum because he backs up Patti Smith with his geetar, he was the one what compiled **Nuggets** so all

you punks better show up and tell him just what he missed: Alan Betrock—who dat? Greil Marcus—rock-a-hula clarified: Dave Marsh: punk (but a shade too intellectual for his own good—who in the hell wants to be printed in Melody Maker): Joe Fernbacher: ugh! etc. etc. etc. etc. The list is endless, but sum of 'em 'ill show up.

So's ifin your interested, and even if your not, it shapes up as an intriguing two days of fun and frolic. Workshops—for all those who wanna be critics—will be announced later on. I'll be there: so will my friendly android fuck-toy Gort: watch-out.

-Uranian Willy:  
de heavy metal  
puerto reecan



-Our gutter chile, Joe Fernbacher, relaxes at home.





## Aerosmith

GET YOUR WINGS

Aerosmith  
(Columbia)

Lotsa speculation in the music biz these days. Ya see, it's 1974 and everyone's waiting for the Next Big Thing, 'cause the Last Big Thing, the Beatles, showed in '64 and Elvis, the First Big Thing, showed in '54 (give or take a few months, but you probably aren't old enough to remember anyway, so fake it). "You know" sez Steve Tyler in the grooves of Aerosmith's first album, "dat history repeats itself." He just might be right. So if Big Star are this decade's Beatles, the Sweet likewise (The Who, and Elliott Murphy natch for Bob Dylan, then I guess you could say that Aerosmith are the 70's counterpart to the Rolling Stones.

After all, Dylan's been dead for some time now. I'm almost praying the Beatles don't get back together and prove they're just as human and fallible together as apart (which they come dangerously close to proving on their last couple of albums before the break). The Who are so old and tired they have to take 2½ year rests between albums. And if the Stones's next album is half as bad as *Goat's Head Soup*, I'll ignore them forever. So why can't we have substitutes, or rather, new blood who happen to have counterparts in the rock age long gone. Especially if the new bands like Aerosmith, are practically as good, or better, than their predecessors.

It may be a little inaccurate to call Aerosmith a Rolling Stones-type band. A close relative might be the greatly mourned MC5. That comparison possibly seems a little off the mark at first, Boston and Detroit being world's apart, but I make it mainly because Aerosmith's first

two releases are the only albums I've heard with this much fire and excitement since the MC5's last release, *High Time*, back in 1971. You know a band's got something when they can make you sweat by just having you listen to the album.

In fact it might be best to say that each member of Aerosmith is his own man-child, lord of the thighs. The only trouble with this album is that the boys let Alice Cooper-producer Bob Ezrin and a couple of his hacks produce it, the result being that Joe Perry's lead guitar ends up sounding like Steve Hunter and Dick Wagner, and I already had enough of them on *Muscle of Love* and *Rock 'n Roll Animal*, all three LPs produced by the Ezrin Camp. I much preferred Adrian Barber's raw production on the first album, butcha can't have everything.

Other than that, this album is a humdinger ear-ringer. "Train Kept a Rollin'" (and don't bug me with any "Stroll On," "Honey Hush," "Hi Ho Silver" arguments; the riff's good enough to go around a few more times) is great, with even a fake-live part so good that if it hadn't have been painfully obvious that the lead guitar was overdubbed, they could have fooled me. "Seasons of Wither" could be another "Dream On;" I go under everytime I hear that twelve string at the climax. (By the way, whoever invented wind sound effects for rock groups must be making a fortune.) "Pandora's Box" — Yup, that's what it's about — contains some great lines:

"Everytime Pandora comes my way,  
I get high, can't explain the sensations.  
To get it on, I have to watch what I say,

Or I'll catch Hell from Women's Liberation."

The rest of the songs will grab you, stab you, move you and groove you, too, so

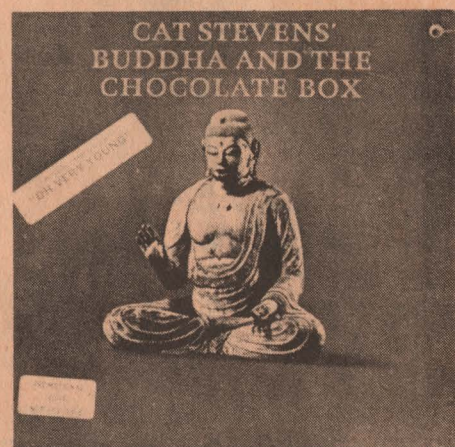


-These Aero-punks gotta line on you!

take the word in the wings and buy it.

Really, I don't believe there will be a Next Big Thing. At least, not till we stop looking for it, which means we ain't gonna get it this year. And so Big Star ain't the Beatles and Aerosmith ain't the Stones. But as surely as the Brain Caper Kid is the R. Meltzer of the 70's, (The Brain Caper Kid writes a column entitled "Caged Onstage" (the RECORD), then you should try both the Big Star *Radio City* and the Aerosmith *Get Your Wings* albums. Cause if'n you don't, you're only cheating yourself — out of 1974's greatest hits.

-Bob Kozak.



## Cat-alepsy

BUDDAH AND THE CHOCOLATE BOX  
Cat Stevens  
(A&M)

A fat, golden little Buddah sits cross-legged upon the cover of Cat Stevens' latest: one hand is mystically waving hello to the listener (howdy, believer!), and the other with palm out-stretched for the coinage necessary to procure this above mentioned Easter egg. Whether this be the correct positioning for transcendental meditation is left for the listener to deliberate upon.

As you all know very well by now, Cat Stevens last venture, *Foreigner* bombed pitifully, and was panned by every music critic from here to Bombay. But what you might not realize is that the Cat has already reached a sizeable stature in the pop-rock music field, and he knew the album would turn to gold the minute it hit the stands. This prior-to-release knowledge must do strange things to a musician's head, just as the knack for writing "Wild World's," "Peace Train's" and "Moon Shadows" could turn any

musician into a fat cat. With *Foreigner*, many people felt that Cat Stevens was just about ready for a return to the land of Tuberculosis, for said two years.

Whether this is really the explanation for *Buddah And The Chocolate Box* I don't know. The Cat realized all the mistakes of his last venture, and eliminated them this time around, production-wise of course. The album itself is flawlessly produced for a number of reasons. First, the return of Alun Davies on guitar and vocals, rather than using un-emotional studio people like Phil Upchurch (The newest candidate for the C.B.S. House Band). Two, the Cat has re-enlisted the aid of Paul Samwell Smith for production purposes; he was conspicuously absent from *Foreigner*. Three, the procurement of Del Newman, who you should all have heard of by now, for string arrangements. And four, gluing Jean Rousell's fat ass to the piano stool rather than letting him mess up the production or string arrangements, which he has a marvelous knack for.

The album exists on two levels, I suppose; as a concept album for college kids, especially dead hippies and fat, ugly mammas. On this level, the album is a big zit, just ripe enough for Siddarthian ribbings, and smart-ass criticisms about Cat Stevens kissing little Buddah's ass. You really can't blame this type of reaction much, in fact, how can you escape it with lyrics like "Oh very Young, what will you leave us this time, We're only dancing on this earth for a short while. . ."

On another level, the album is a child's fantasy, an album for minds from ten to twelve years of age. On this approach, the Cat has scored a marvelous coup. It still is a concept album about something or other, and we really didn't need another one of those melted Milky Way bars. But the Cat was always stupid enough to believe in what he was singing, which eliminates pretentiousness to some degree. So, the little yo-yo can write lyrics as silly as he wants to (which he does) but nobody minds.

There is nothing especially innovative about the Cat's melodies. As many of his earlier melodies were cute so are some of these. Especially worth noting are "Sun C/78" with some haunting keyboard effects by none other than Rousell, who is secretly the Buddah of Cat Steven's



-Buddahland never had it so good.

dreams in disguise. Also, "Jesus" (it ain't as bad as all that, remember, stay away from the lyrics and you won't melt) with some really neat little oriental tinklings here and there.

The cut that really tips you off as to what the man is up to, is "A Bad Penny," (Sheesh, Sometimes I think he's asking to be panned); where he sings, "Oh No. Don't say those same idol lies (get it? idol = Buddah). I've heard them before, oh this fool who left half his heart on an early train won't buy no more" Wasn't that fun guessing what he's up to? No more "Peace Trains."

And I just know the little ones will derive an ecstatic pleasure from connecting the Cat's lyrical ramblings with the amateurish art work on the back side of the cover. (Remember the good times we had with the Sgt. Pepper's cover and the dead Pauly deal?)

*Buddah and the Chocolate Box* is an enlightening experience for anyone who's been out of touch with reality for the last twelve years or so. And even though flawless production is poor criteria for judging an album in itself, this didn't stop every reviewer from here to Buddah's crotch from praising the Ringo Starr crapzoid.

You can't really tear a children's record to tiny bits and pieces. This record is too well crafted, to neatly calculated to be a purposeless bomb. It has to be a purposeful one. I know Cat Stevens is waiting with baited breath for all the reviews which will start out something like this: Once upon a time, in the land of Buddahs, a chocolate Cat Stevens was swallowed whole by a pudgy smiling Buddah whose name is A&M. And I

believe the Cat will have the last laugh this round.

—Michael Sajecki



## Eagles

ON THE BORDER

The Eagles  
(Asylum/Elektra)

A lot of people have mixed country music with rock 'n' roll. Rock 'n' roll of course got its start in country music, with Bill Haley and the Comets (formerly the Saddlemen, a C&W band) and Elvis. When they attempted to do cover versions of Black Rhythm & Blues numbers for white audiences, the mixture of influences created Rock 'n' Roll. The Beatles recorded country music, usually with Ringo singing, and the Monkees had a heavy dose of C&W (courtesy of Mike Nesmith) in their albums, most notably *Headquarters*, still one of the best pop albums ever. A few months after *Headquarters*, Dylan did *John Wesley Harding* and the Byrds followed with *Sweetheart of the Rodeo*. Country Rock was here to stay.





-The Eagles with Jackson and Linda. Quiz: which one isn't a girl?

Now we have the Eagles, whose first album was good, but spotty. The second, **Desperado**, was a landmark. Their third, **On the Border** falls only slightly below **Desperado**, but only because they sacrifice a little class for pop appeal.

They use a little of everything. "My Man" is a vocal ballad in memory of Gram Parsons (the man most responsible for **Sweetheart of the Rodeo** and the whole California Country Rock scene that spawned the Eagles). "Midnight Flyer" is a Bluesgrass rock number with lightning fast banjo and slide guitar, "On the Border" has soul music elements.

But it's the rockers that set the pace. "Already Gone" opens the album, and displays their newest member, guitarist Don Felder, who plays a nasty ripping lead. He also adds to "Good Day in Hell," but came along too late to have a hand in much else, so his real contribution will be hard to judge until next album.

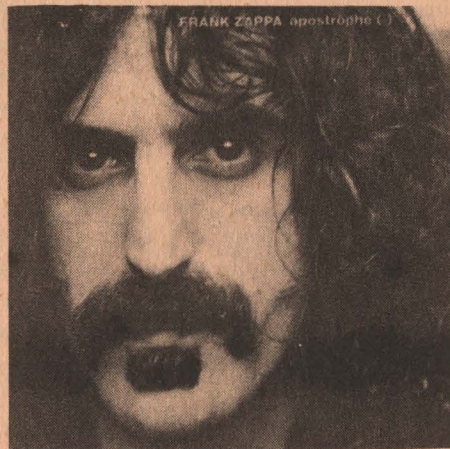
"James Dean" and "Ol' 55" are nostalgia songs, one hard, one soft. Their subject matter is obvious from the titles, and "James Dean," co-written by Jackson Browne, Glenn Frey, Don Henley, and John David Souther will probably stand as a classic. It's so corny and hackneyed it can't miss.

"Ol' 55," written by Tom Waits, is probably the best cut over all, with its slow, well thought out arrangement, and is the only one that doesn't suffer from a sort of lyrical languor.

There are two other acoustically oriented ballads. "You Get the Best of My Love" is smooth and well done but "You Never Cry Like a Lover" is excessive and overdone.

Earlier I mentioned the Monkees. Many people never really listened to them because they were too "commercial." The Eagles too have been called commercial, and **On The Border** is probably the most commercial thing they've done since "Peaceful Easy Feeling." It's hard to imagine them winding up in the same bargain bin pop star graveyard as the Monkees; they're too good for that. But then so were the Monkees. Time just isn't kind to the underrated.

-Dave Meinzer



## Z'A'P'P'A'

APOSTROPHE (')

Frank Zappa

(Discreet/Warners)

**Apostrophe** is more or less Part II of Zappa's latest phase as started with **Overnite Sensation**. The line-up is basically the same with a few alterations: Napoleon Murphy Brock on sax, drummer irreparable Jim Gordon, Jack

(I'm a star, really) Bruce on bass and the reemergence of the original Mothers of Invention vocalist, Ray Collins.

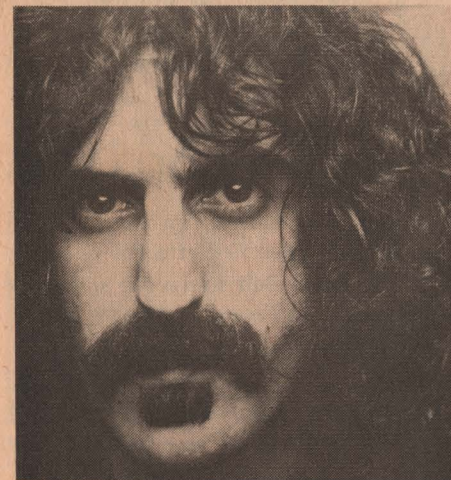
Frank likes to tell funny stories. Ha Ha. The album is divided into four such stories. The first one takes up most of Side one, starting with "Don't Eat the Yellow Snow," the trials and tribulations of an Eskimo in a society which refuses to curb their dogs. I think Nanook (He's the Eskimo, get it, Ha Ha) eats it finally on the way to "St. Alfonzo's Pancake Breakfast" where people do the funky Alfonzo and smile at Father O'Blivion blissed out in the corner. Frank punctuates the story with some guitar here and there. Terribly predictable. "Cosmik Debris" rounds out the side. There are some neat sound effects accompanying the spoken lyrics but nothing earthshaking.

"Uncle Remus" is the only "song" on the album and George Duke shines on piano, making it stick out even further. For those out there who enjoy trashing cars, people, hours, etc., "Remus" has some good lines about going out to Beverly Hills at dawn and "knocking the little jockeys off the rich people's lawns." "Apostrophe" is the requisite jazzy instrumental. It's not quite the soundtrack muzak that distinguished **Waka Jawaka** and **Grand Wazoo** but Frank manages to salvage some of his credibility as a musician with it. "Stink Foot" tells of the perils of wearing python boots, and other sundry facts of life you weren't aware of.

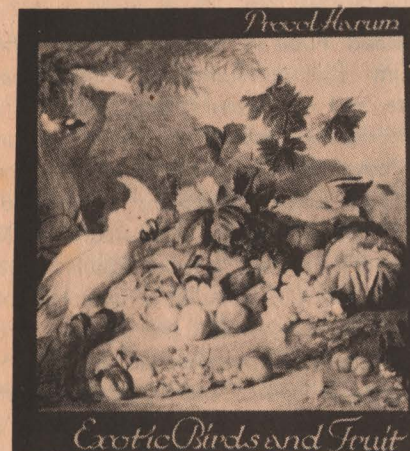
I'm disappointed with this album, with its too obvious commerciality and simplistic structure. Zappa's little stories

just ain't as funny as the earlier stuff like "Brown Shoes" and "America Drinks and Goes Home," and the music is just incidental. Zappa was at least silly with Flo and Eddie but this new stuff isn't cute or silly, it's wretched. Frank Zappa once the figurehead of Ugly Music has lapsed into tacky trendiness; the curse may be forthcoming.

-Andy Cutler



-Frank's doin' the "I love you- you love me- I'm OK- You're OK- the leaves turn brown- they fell off the trees- the wind was blowing- it got cold- it rained- it stopped raining- you went away- my heart broke- you came back- and my heart was OK" blues (Everybody's doin' it, everybody knows they should).



## Procol Harum

EXOTIC BIRDS AND FRUIT

Procol Harum

(Chrysalis/Warners)

It is a pleasure to see Procol Harum back on their feet, as **Exotic Birds And Fruit**, their latest album, evidences.

As you recall, on their last album, **Grand Hotel**, Procol were criticized for

their grandiose orchestrated productions, and their gothic grotesqueries. With the personnel problems that Gary Brooker had at that time, one could see the necessity of above mentioned production techniques to fill in the gaps of a sound executed by a shaky line-up. With **Exotic Birds and Fruit**, the transition from elaborations to tightly executed band productions has been achieved, and Procol Harum have given us their most impressive album since **Salty Dog**.

Insofar as variety of sound is concerned, the album reminds one of their very first album, **A Whiter Shade of Pale**, as Brooker never seems to run low on melodies, and Keith Reid's lyrics are as intellectually insulting as ever. The band is a tight, solid unit as they have never been before, with Gary Brooker on piano and vocals, B.J. Wilson on drums, Chris Copping on organ, Alan Cartwright - bass and Mick Grabham on lead guitar. Their exuberance and boisterousness is neatly employed on the first track of the album, "Nothing But The Truth" which seems to set the pace for the whole album scheme. Brooker's vocals have become crisper and more varied, as he tangoes and teases his way through "Beyond The Pale" an apache-dance of sorts, bringing to mind images of sleazy, French bars. There remains still a tendency to use music as an intensifying experience within Procol's sound, as evidenced by a monstrous musical build-up in "The Idol," and the neurotic, squirrel paced jibberings of "The Thin End of The Edge."

But don't worry, the band still knows how to rock as only they can (The Procol Harum fanatics will recall such numbers as "Power Play" and "Whiskey Train") and they prove it with "Monsieur R. Monde," a blisteringly paced little tune which gives the whole band a chance to shine (pay particular notice to Grabham's guitar, as he has just won the Robin Trower sound-alike contest).

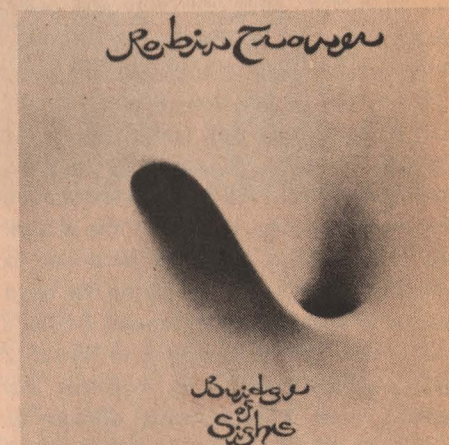
Also worth mentioning is the title track of the album, which is a whimsical, humorous musical romping. There is nothing which is sacred insofar as exotic birds or fancy fruits are concerned, and Procol Harum, rather than over-dramatizing this, choose to run the rough edges surrounding the realm of their collage-like sound. If Procol Harum can continue to achieve the towers of

their musical desires, and do this with as much finesse as they have evidenced on **Exotic Birds and Fruits**, they will once again be a force to be reckoned with.

-Michael Sajecki



-Procol Harum, standing in the shadows of love.



## Trower

BRIDGE OF SIGHES

Robin Trower

(Chrysalis/Warners)

Most people's knowledge of Robin Trower comes from the fact that he once played guitar with Procol Harum and that he contains a guitar style and musical outlook similar to that of Jimi Hendrix when he ruled the rock music world. However, many groups from Blue Cheer to Montrose have had similar aims, yet none have reached the level of intensity and erotic involvement to that of Robin Trower's band. To their credit, the band stays away from the themes of death and satanism usually considered standard fare for the heavy metal genre. Not that this is any good time music; if you want "bright-eyed optimism," be advised to look elsewhere; it's just that the themes of their best songs revolve around subjects much closer to home, like cosmic love and sex. This is all done in Jim Dewar's Paul Rodger-ish voice over some



of the most intense music ever performed since Hendrix himself walked the boards, which is where trouble began on Trower's first album, **Twice Removed from Yesterday**. Save for the fine "Man of the World," the album tended to drag, especially the unnecessary instrumental interludes breaking the flow of "Hannah" and "Sinner's Song."

On this album, some of the problems have been corrected. Rockers like "The Food and Me," "Lady Love" and the others are as good as anything else here. The only extended guitar solo, on "Too Rolling Stoned," is placed at the end of the song, and in that manner doesn't break the flow. However, the band is still probably best at the intense, dream-like, erotic pieces. And, although **Bridge of Sighs** never quite reaches the absolute peaks of the first album, cuts like "In This Place" (notice how Trower's simple but effective wah-wah guitar fills in the spaces), the title cut, and my personal favorite, "About to Begin" are among the most beautiful pieces on the album. At this point it might be pertinent to mention the lyrics. Considering the band seems to have been built around Trower's guitar, it might be surprising to find that the lyrics are consistently excellent and poetic, even if occasionally obscure or moralistic. Mention also must be made of the production job by another ex-Procol Harum-ite, Matthew Fisher. He's done an excellent job on both albums, and his occasional organ playing is modest and restrained. Jim Dewar's vocals are beginning to develop a character of their own, and his bass playing is real fine. Drummer Reg Isadore is especially impressive; always putting in the unexpected and keeping the listener on his toes.

There are still faults to be ironed out. For instance, the choruses of "Bridge of Sighs" and "Lady Love" show marked similarity to each other and to that of the earlier album's "Hannah." And, as mentioned above, the lyrics are often a little obscure. But Robin Trower's music, on the whole, is too beautiful to be ignored for long.

-Bob Kozak



## Vinyl Pucks? Rubber Records??

### ROAD FOOD

Guess Who  
(RCA)

II

Bachman-Turner Overdrive  
(Mercury)

Stretching from the Pacific to the Atlantic and as far north as the Arctic Circle, Canada has a lot of land in-between. One of the main problems with this vast country is the lack of significant population to turn Canada into the dreamed of (but never spoken of) Superpower its hardy populace would like it to become. Adding to this frustration is the fact that the U.S. is a legitimate superpower and could annex Canada by force in the amount of time it takes to say "beaver" or "hockey." Also a major amount of private landholders in Canada are Americans.

Aside from the obvious pastimes of Canadians, rock and roll is a widespread form of amusement for millions of Canadian youths. Surprised? You shouldn't be, after all, Neil Young, Joni Mitchell, Gordon Lightfoot and Lorne Green are all Canadian. Now just what do those four have to do with rock and roll, you might ask? Nothing really but the Guess Who and Bachman-Turner Overdrive do. The Guess Who are Canada's premier rock band and no wonder, what with a string of hit singles as long as your arm. B-TO consists of Randy Bachman ex-GW guitarist, his brothers Tim and Rob, guitar and drums respectively and bassist C.F. Turner. Overdrive began with Brave Belt, which Randy formed with Rob and C.F. after he split from the Guess Who. With two inferior albums as Brave Belt (on

### BACHMAN-TURNER OVERDRIVE II



Warners), they added Tim and recorded as Overdrive. Their first effort fares better than the Brave Belt fiasco but somehow things just didn't click in the U.S. which, ironically, can make or break a Canadian band.

The band recorded **B-TO II** and released "Let It Ride" as a single and hit paydirt. "Let It Ride," rasped out by Turner, is a classic top 40 hit: loud raucous with a constant beat and derivative as hell. The kids love it. Although the rest of the album is more of the same, B-TO II is a great comeback vehicle for Randy Bachman, who was partly responsible for pushing the GW out of the Prairie Provinces and into the U.S. charts.

**Road Food** is a classic Guess Who album: Burton Cummings' crisp, clear voice and competent piano laid over a tight rhythm section. As the sticker on the cover so ostentatiously asserts, the latest hit single "Star Baby" is included. While "Star Baby" is a nice infectious AM tune, the title cut, a more sophisticated rocker and the latest in a long line of complaint songs about life on the road, would be more appropriate as the hit. "Straighten Out" and a re-make of "Don't You Want Me" (from **Rockin'**) feature some great background singing and better than average guitar work. "Clap for the Wolfman" has the Wolfman Jack himself, mumbling vague clusters of words and a bouncy beat. The GW is a great pop band, totally professional and producer Jack Richardson makes the most of it on wax. These guys go to show that complexity doesn't necessarily spell dollars in Canadian or American money.

Both B-TO and the Guess Who radiate

the goodtimey feel of rock and roll. Where Overdrive expounds on loud screaming guitars and heavy riffs, the Guess Who roll along smoothly making the AM listener perk up and take notice. Canadians arise, replace the beaver with rock and roll. Sure, rock and roll isn't too good at gnawing at trees or posing for postage stamps, but anything that makes you feel good can't be all bad.

-Andy Cutler



## Ronson

### SLAUGHTER ON TENTH AVENUE

Mick Ronson  
(RCA)

Well well, what have we here? Ah yes, the intrepid Mick Ronson, undaunted Bowie guitarist in his long-awaited solo album. Hmmm... Or is it another Bowie album without Bowie singing? Or is that Bowie singing?

Anyway, to sum it up in one clear bit of ingenious thinking, Ronson wasn't ready to do a solo album when he did this one. Oh sure, there are some good things, yeah. "Growing Up And I'm Fine" is a helluva fine tune (written by Bowie, of all people). And that's RCA's first mistake, putting old Elvis hit "Love Me Tender" out as a single instead of this one.

Ronson's mistake was having superdrummer Aynsley Dunbar and dynamic pianist Mike Garson as sidemen, cuz after a while you find yourself forgetting that this is Mick's album in the first place. Spider Garson, who tinkled the keys so brilliantly on **Aladdin Sane**, takes over completely on the last cut, the instrumental "Slaughter On Tenth Avenue." And Dunbar steals the show on "I'm The One," with Mick's embarrassing vocals barely coming through.

Ronson sings as much like Davey as



-Bachman-Turner Overdrive relax in their backyard.

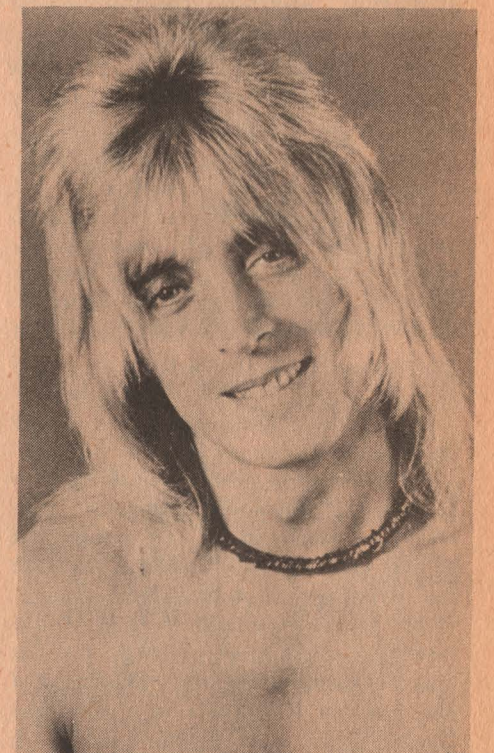
Keith Richard sounded like Jagger in "Coming Down Again" from **Goats Head Soup**. You know that ain't the original, but, then again, maybe he's just got a cold... All the cutesy inflections that Bowie throws into his singing are there in Mick's vocals, especially in "Growing Up And I'm Fine," which might be one of the reasons it's so good. And in the latter half of "Pleasure man/ Hey Ma Get Pa," a song penned by Ronson (along with Bowie, of course), the similarity is unbearable.

Okay, so he sings like Bowie, but what about that wild guitar of his? It isn't here. Except for maybe parts of "Slaughter On Tenth Avenue." The rest of the album is filled with repetitious riffs and some flashy intermittent notes which garnish most of the songs between words.

As far as the rest of the songs themselves go, "Love Me Tender," the opener, isn't too bad, but is still a poor joke. "Only After Dark" rocks but bores; "Music Is Lethal" is, despite sporadic good moments. "I'm the One" clots the air with some poor recording, and again becomes boring after the first couple minutes, only to be saved by Dunbar's drumming. The medley "Pleasure Man/Hey Ma Get Papa" is nearly nine minutes long, five of which blare with excruciating mediocre... noise (?).

I figure that if David Bowie could do so much for Lou Reed in launching his solo career, friend Bowie better go see what he can do for friend Ronson, or else cash in on "Growing Up And I'm Fine" by recording it himself before ol' Mick has a big hit on his hands.

Jim Bunnell



-Yugh. What's happened to you, Ronno?





## King Crimson

### STARLESS AND BIBLE BLACK

King Crimson  
(Atlantic)

I didn't believe it when I first heard it: the guitar, once again being featured as the main instrument, the primary driving force in a musical composition... in a "head rock" group yet. And while other bands of musicians are busy mellotroning and synthesizing everyone and everything into a state of musical entropy (Yes being the biggest example), Robert Fripp, with his guitar as arrowhead, pilots his latest King Crimsonoid ensemble into that strange dimension of freedom and rebellion within the structure of rock itself. The definite focus on Fripp's guitar on their latest album, *Starless And Bible Black* might seem a bit ironic in light of certain lyrics in "Lament," the second cut on the album: "I guess I tried to show you how... I'd take the crowd with my guitar..."

What if Robert Fripp is trying to make a comeback as the Eric Clapton of underground, intellectual rock? The idea does seem a laughable one, yet one which would indeed reinforce Fripp's position as original guiding light and mentor of King Crimson, as well as brilliant musical tactician - always taking pains to insure that his music stands out, as being far more inspired, than that of his fellow musicians.

*Starless and Bible Black* is no exception. Employing the golden rule which he instituted on the group's last album, *Lark's Tongue In Aspic* (i.e., use the mellotron... but use sparingly), Fripp goes on to create intricate musical fusions one never would have thought possible upon listening to *In The Court of the Crimson King*. This is because the group's music now functions as much more than dramatic musical background

for the fantasies of some image fettered poet. It is much more organic and innovative.

In fact, one cut, called "The Mincer," features a musical structure which is almost the perverse opposite of the kind of dramatic build-up found on *Lizard* or *In The Wake of Poseidon*. Whereas normally, mellotron is added to either ornament or give added effect to a theme already introduced by guitar, here it opens the piece, introducing the musical idea, which is picked up by the guitar. The only lyrics in the song occur toward the end; another interesting twist in musical development. "The Mincer" slides along on some beautifully erratic percussion patterns by Bill Bruford, who, in the short space of two albums, has proven himself to be as equally an imaginative drummer as Michael Giles.

King Crimson is not the first nor the only rock group to include a violinist. However, it is one of the few groups to discard classical, melodic approaches to the violin in order that it find a new place as an imaginative musical element in a progressive rock framework. On *Starless And Bible Black*, the violin of David Cross breaks most of its ties with old approaches, and so it fits in well with King Crimson's music; for it has always been a tendency of the group to intertwine interesting melodies, excellent harmonies, with sometimes harsh, dissonant, over-percussive follow-ups which seem to rebel against the melodic structure already established.



-Look, this is the first time Fripp has used the same line-up for two albums. And that, in itself, is an accomplishment.

"The Great Deceiver" and "Lament" are examples of this. Both pieces offer sensitive keyboard work, along with the fine vocals of bass player John Wetton, whose capacities as lead singer have increased greatly since the last album. However, neither cut allows the listener to wallow in any moments of harmony for long, as the music breaks out into a more frantic pace.

*Starless And Bible Black* does have its intense lyrical moments though, which proves to be the most unforgettable sections on the album. I am speaking here of the fusion of Robert Fripp's guitar and David Cross's violin, on the title cut and "The Nightwatch." In the latter cut both guitar and violin sensitively tailor themselves to the lyrics, a feat of musical engineering which supposedly only the Beatles were capable of.

The personnel on "Starless And Bible Black" are actually Robert Fripp's first "new" King Crimson band. The miscellaneous musicians, borrowed and discarded vocalists on albums *Lizard* and *Island* are just that. For the group has a very tightly woven history of personnel change, a disease which rock groups such as Jethro Tull and Procol Harum have gone through, but one which could be disastrous for a group as tight as King Crimson are now. Take away one musician, and the music would not exist. Few groups can boast of a musical unity as solid as this.

-Chris Sajecki

# Cold Cuts

### SECOND HELPING

Lynyrd Skynyrd

(Sounds of the South/MCA)

It must take a lot of courage to wear long hair in the deep South. I guess if you got that hippie look and ain't in a rock and roll band, you're pretty much sunk. Is that why there's so many Southern rock and roll bands around these days? The biggest thing that happened to Macon, Ga. since the life of poet Sidney Lanier (1842-1881) is the Allman Brothers. When they made it, they paved the way for others more or less imitative of them: Wet Willie, Marshall Tucker Band, Mose Jones and Lynyrd Skynyrd (How come they all sound like the names of the Village Idiot?). Lynyrd just released their second effort on Al Kooper's S.O.S. label. Hooray. No, actually Lynyrd is a pretty good little get-down boogie band. With 3 guitars, you tend to get a lot of sound, in fact, you'd damn well **better** with a total of seven in the band. The best cut here is J.J. Cale's "Call Me The Breeze." Aided by the horn section led by Bobby Keyes, it rolls on nicely. "Don't Ask Me No Questions" also features brass and that's about all. "Workin' for MCA" is self-explanatory as is "The Ballad of Curtis Loew." These guys have somethin' here. Al Kooper isn't stupid, he's just not practical. The money's elsewhere, pal. Try brushing up on SM and bondage, dress these guys up in leather suits, hire Meltzer to write the lyrics in his best Jack Daniels-induced stupor, and above all, laugh all the way to the bank.

I'M JUST A ROCK AND ROLL SINGER  
Lucifer's Friend  
(Billingsgate)

Boy, these Germans are crazy. The last LP these boys produced was an extremely funny heavy metal escapade. This one, although recorded before the last one, must be their attempt to conquer the States with what they think us stupid Americans will like: a mish-mash of every kind of music in existence! Are we going to put up with this buckshot approach? Comedy record of the year.

### NEXUS

Argent

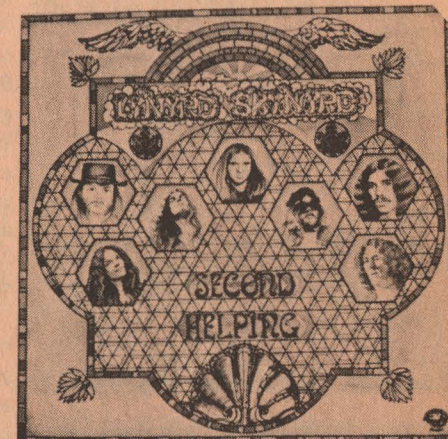
(Epic/Columbia)

The latest Keith Emerson school graduate, Rod Argent has progressified his band, in the Yesazoid tradition, beefing up the sound with plenty of moog and mellotron antics, something they really hadn't bothered with up to this point. The wretched sounds of progressivism evidence themselves on over-extended cuts, which ignore the balance between heavy-metal and keyboard chicanery which they had previously maintained. Don't expect to hear rock paced numbers such as "God Gave Rock and Roll To You" or "It's Only Money" any longer, as a disgusted Russ Ballard (lead guitarist/ vocalist/ songwriter) has just called it quits with the band. Instead, you can look forward to such astrological assinities as "The Coming of Kohoutek." This album, their fifth outing, is the most uninspiring they have ever produced, but ironically enough, this is the one that will probably break in the States. Just what the world needed; another narcissistic keyboard wizzard. I can just see Rod Argent's ugly, half-moon smile as he greedily reaps his profits.

### FRIED EYES

Melissa Manchester (Bell)

Manchester's music has very little potency here (it was better on the first LP) as she gives it the same run-around of gospel, Carole King-ish tear-jerkers or whatever else she's heard in the past year. At times she tends to be commercial when she thinks she's trendy, but otherwise the moodiness of her music can't be captured on this LP. Give her credit for leaving the Divine Miss Rip-Off and her determination to try writing her own music but it tends to lose itself as it goes on. Maybe she's takin' lessons from Harry Chapin? With such soulfulness and range, it seems a pity for Melissa to waste her voice. Maybe she'd do well at Caesar's Palace, they like that kinda stuff over there.





## QUEEN II

Queen  
(Elektron)

Much was expected from this cleverly titled disc (Have we another Led Blimpzoid on our hands?) and Queen really haven't disappointed their fans. What Queen have achieved with this album is a regal rocking sound; complete with catchy melodies rather than riffs, and the most unique guitar sound that has come from any group for quite some time.

But alas, the boys know they are stars now (note their ugly mugs plastered across the cover) and there is a rocking earthiness missing from this album which was present on their debut disc. Nevertheless, side one is cute, and side two never loses pace, just keeps thumping in the fine tradition of their American opposites, Blue Oyster Cult. And Queen are as lyrically stupid as the Cult are to boot; one side is the black, the other is the white; get it? Queen. Black. White. Your move. My nod-out. Ho-hum.

## NICKELODEON

Hudson/Ford  
(A&M)

Ello Nick? Oh, ello Dionne. And with this little bit of pop-pornography, Rick Hudson and John Ford, late of the Strawbs, wheel and deal our powers of recall down memory lane, and give us some of the tastiest, most intelligent pop tunes that have been so scarce these days. Traveling in the same vein as Britain's other band of satirical picadillies, 10 C.C., Hudson and Ford continue upon the winning ways that they nurtured within the Strawbs, and as a result, we have a collection of twelve short tunes, each one a potential A.M. hit, and neatly crafted. The rockers are short and alive, and the pop-ballads are delightfully teenage, and to the point. There's something for everyone on *Nickelodeon*, and as for the lyrics: "My mind was like a roller-coaster, Shall I take a look Or turn the other Way? You stood there like a day-glo poster, hoping to catch my eye..." Well, I guess they're teenage too.

## WEREN'T BORN A MAN

Dana Gillespie  
(RCA)

Sing to the tune of David Bowie's "Andy Warhol":

"Bowie slipping, Ronson hyped,  
Mainmain thinks up an idea:  
Get a Thunderhigh, sweet as  
pomegranate pie

And send them through the kinkiness  
sea

When she records with British friends  
They'll forget why Mainman flopped  
They'll think about taste and they'll  
think about talent

What a jolly waste for you

Dana Gillespie's future is zilch

But we'll fool them all,

Cause with Dana Gillespie, David and  
Mick

Can't tell them apart anymore."

## EARLY FLIGHT

Jefferson Airplane

(Grunt/RCA)

So you won't believe us Shakin' Street-eers cuz we're too snotty, huh? OK, so pick up this rancid collection of "never before released on an album" tunes and see for yourself. Thrill to "Mexico." Gape at "Have You Seen the Saucers." Retch at "High Flyin' Bird." Puke at "J.P.P. McStep Blues." Show relief at the blank spaces between the cuts. Kick yourself in the head for thinking it's still 1969, which it isn't. Realize that these turds have no fresh ideas left (which is why this limp fish was released). Expect this kind of stupid self-indulgence to continue as long as the Dead and the Airplane have their own record labels.

## HOOKED ON A FEELING

Blue Swede

(EMI/Capitol)

Whether you like or despise their version of B.J. Thomas' "Hooked on a Feeling," don't let it steer you clear of this seemingly blatant attempt to cash in big bucks by sticking the single on this LP. The material here is not filler at all but mildly enjoyable slices of pop-reggae and pop-rock, at times reminiscent of British pop a la Gary Glitter (where much of their distinctive vocal openings are derived) and Chicory Tip (particularly in "Silly Milly" and "Lonely Sunday Afternoon"). Without those blasted horns, they might sound better, not great, mind you, but at least tolerable. Counting the Swede's version of "Workin' in A Coal Mine," this LP is easily better than the new Dead, Airplane, etc. which you know is saying pooh times two.

## SON OF DRACULA

Harry Nilsson/Ringo Starr

(RCA + Apple = Rapple)

Aw c'mon you guys! Who needs this? I don't need it, you don't need it, Harry Nilsson doesn't need it. Ringo... well, Ringo's a different story. This is the

mindless soundtrack (with a lot of old Nilsson tunes to sucker you into buying it) to a probable mindless movie. These guys aren't even cute anymore.

## THE LAST SUMMER: LIVE

The Siegel-Schwartz Band

(Wooden Nickel/RCA)

The blues is a fine idiom - it can make you happy, make you sad, but when it's played by half-dead white boys hoping to slip through cuz they are aware of the respect most people have for the blues... well, it can make those little sheep too tired to hop that fence. This is the album to eat your Marathon bar along with. Supposedly, this is their last LP; a poor end to an even poorer career (after years of work, people *think* they heard of 'em). Where will they end up next? Just think, Jim Schwall could turn up to run the roto-roto in your sewer or Corky Siegel could be the man who wears the star. Personally I wouldn't trust him with my car, no harp solos on my radiator, puhleeze.

## STRAIGHT AHEAD

Brian Auger's Oblivion Express

(RCA)

It almost seems as if Brian Auger puts out an album every other week (Maybe you've just been drinkin' too much radiator fluid-Ed.). His latest band, Oblivion Express, is more soul-ish (nowadays you can read that as 'commerical') than any of his previous line-ups. His original band, the Trinity, was one of the finest attempts at jazz-rock fusion ever to come out of England and let's not forget, he helped launch Rod Stewart and Julie Driscoll on their solo careers. Included here is a re-working of Wes Montgomery's "Bumping on Sunset" (smart move since "Bennie and the Jets" is numero uno on all the black stations cuz you can do the Bump to it) that was released on the Trinity's *Definitely What*. Here Auger slows it down and afro-tizes it too much. The title cut and "Change" are two good melting pot cuts with influences of Herbie Hancock and Stevie Wonder abounding. Auger is progressing (!).

## THE GOLDEN SCARAB

Ray Manzanrek

(Mercury)

"In the beginning was the rhythm, but I had forgotten and was waiting for the word." Oh, pidgeon shit. Siddharthian

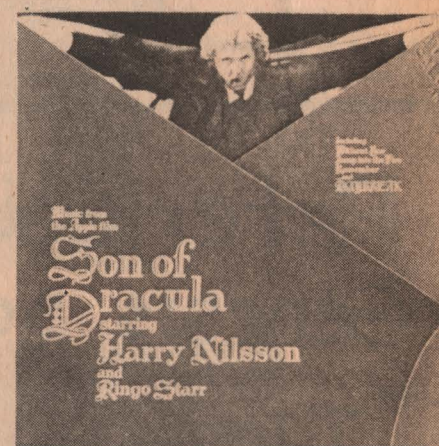
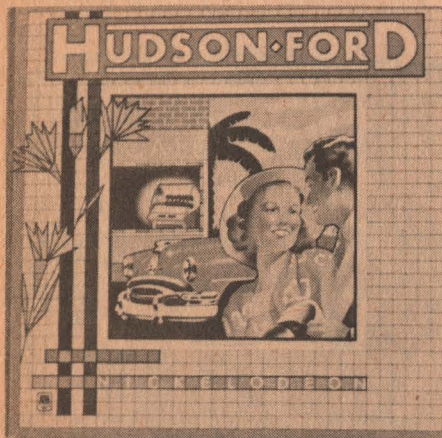
perplexities do not keep us from recognizing the golden scarab. He is Ray Manzanrek, otherwise known as the Kielbasa Kid. Well, smiling Ray has finally been given a chance to sparkle on a solo album, but you just don't get too far with titles like "Oh Thou Precious Nectar-Filled Form Or A Little Fart." The music Manzanrek and his buddies create is a cross between Santana, Weather Report and The Doors minus Jim Morrison. Sound good? Not really. Ray never could sing well, or at all for that matter, but he keeps trying, and he almost gets away with it by double tracking his vocals. The saving grace of the album is a well balanced percussion performance by C.B.S. House Band notable Milt Holland (who's really moving up in the world these days). As far as the golden geek is concerned, one wonders why he left a successful bargain bin group like the post-Morrison Doors, for this dopey disc.

## ALIVE AND KICKING

The Delfonics

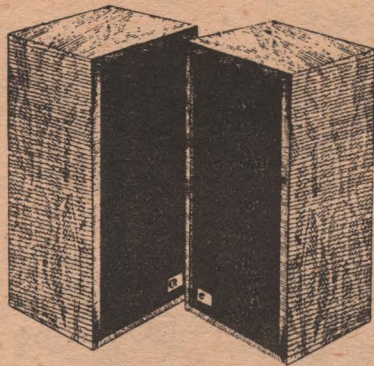
(Philly Groove/Bell)

For the last few years, the Delfonics have been classified by many as the best in their field, which is "layin' down the Philly sound"... Heavy production, strings, horns and exceptional vocal harmony. However, due to their "consistency" or just plain lack of innovation, it is becoming apparent that their competitors may well be creeping up on them. Groups such as the Stylistics and the Dramatics are picking up on what the Delfonics have been doing for so long, only to digest the basic style and turn out a more polished end result. The Delfonics latest effort, *Alive and Kicking*, is unfortunately dead and should be kicked. William and Wilbert Harts' lyrics are corny as hell and loaded with cliches. The current single released from the album is *I Told You So* and should not be regarded as a representative cut, in that it is the only entirely up-tempo piece offered. The remaining cuts are pretty much all the same. A good love song, provided it is put across right, will appeal to anyone's emotions, but 11 sick-sweet tear-jerkers in a row is enough to make anyone nauseous, especially if they all sound alike. If you dug what the Delfonics were into 3 or 4 years ago, and your musical taste has remained constant, you'll probably like this album. If, however, you have changed the way you do the things you do, you will more than likely be disappointed by *Alive & Kicking*.



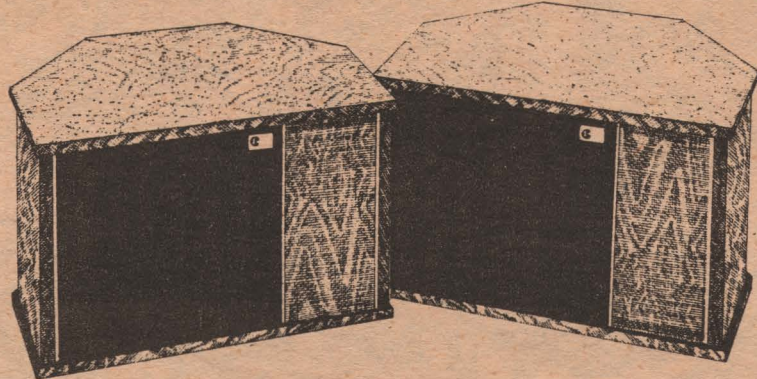


## EPI SPEAKERS



### EPI MODEL 100—\$94.00

This model produces a true linear sound. It has a 1" air spring tweeter and a 8" long throw woofer. This combination is the building block module for most EPI speakers. The EPI's are unique at their price because of their frequency response. An EPI speaker records a remarkably linear, flat curve, measured from both on axis in front of the speaker) and off-axis 60° positions (to the left or right of the speaker.) It has none of the dead, polite, muted high end of it's New England relatives. A leading consumer magazine rated it number one over all the speakers in it's price class. We get lot's of AR, KLH, Advent, JBL and Dynaco traded-in on EPI 100's; come and hear why.



### EPI MODEL 602—\$299.00

This model looks in outward appearance similar to the famous BOSE 901's. That's where the similarity stops however. The 602's have a driver complement of 3-6" long throw woofers and 3-1" air spring tweeters. Two of their modules are on the angled back and the other one is located on the front. The EPI 602 has the same linear flat high end like all the other EPI speakers and only take about 50 watts to drive them properly. Go listen to the BOSE 901's ... and then compare the EPI 602.



### EPI MODEL 202—\$229.00

This model has double the drivers it's smaller brother the 100 has. They are located on the front and one side. They have the same linear flat frequency response of the 100's and to boot, fantastic bass. The 2 eight inch low end drivers, load into the corners of the room and propagate a tight, taut unbelievable low end. It will blow your socks off! If you are interested in rock music—these are the speakers for you.

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-Billy Joel will appear with Jesse Colin Young at Kleinhans, Friday, May 10 at 8:30 PM. This Festival East production is \$5 for all seats and tickets are available at all Festival East ticket offices.



-Boz Scaggs will be appearing with Steve Miller and James Cotton May 5 at the Niagara Falls Convention Center. Tickets are \$5-advance, \$6-door and available wherever you want.



## Concerts



-The plug-ugly and trigger-happy Eagles will be at Erie Community College May 3. Draw, partner.

Peter Gabriel of  
Genesis sez:  
"I know what I like  
and I like what  
they know!"

Even the stars read Shakin' St.  
(when they're forced)!



Photo by Gary Panetski





next issue: Genesis

*Photo by Michael Gallo*