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The Shakin' Street Gazette

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# Shakin' Street

Vol. 1, No. 12

Gazette

June, 1974

A black and white photograph of David Bowie performing on stage. He is wearing a patterned jacket and has his arms outstretched. A microphone is visible in the foreground.

## Bowie

Move

Derringer

Genesis

BOC



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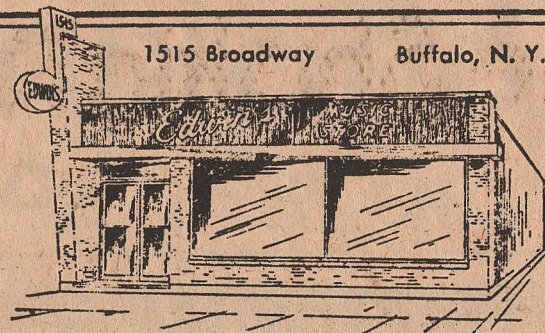
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# The Shakin' Street Gazette

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

The Shakin' St. Gazette.....Vol. 1, No. 12

# Bowie Bowie Bowie

## Another Contest!!!

OK, you've been heard to cry out "What's Shakin' Street ever done for me, huh?" OK, here's your chance to scoop up all the Bowie albums on RCA. This includes *Space Oddity*, *Man Who Sold the World*, *Hunky Dory*, *Ziggy Stardust*, *Alladin Sane*, *Pin-ups* and his newest, *Diamond Dogs* (OK, so the first one isn't included but who wants to hear David Bowie Sings Anthony Newley, anyhoo?).

How to win, simple! Nobody likes a lover who cheats (except at cards and Blind Man's Bluff), right? What we'd like to know is: WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU FOUND OUT THAT YOUR GIRLFRIEND/BOYFRIEND WERE CHEATING ON YOU ... WITH DAVID BOWIE?

Your answer can be of any length and will be judged, by the Shakin' St. Rebel Rousers, on the basis of originality, penmanship, lucidity and, most of all, wit (Ha, Ha). Contest closes August 31 and the winner will be announced in our first September issue. Mail all hot reactions to:

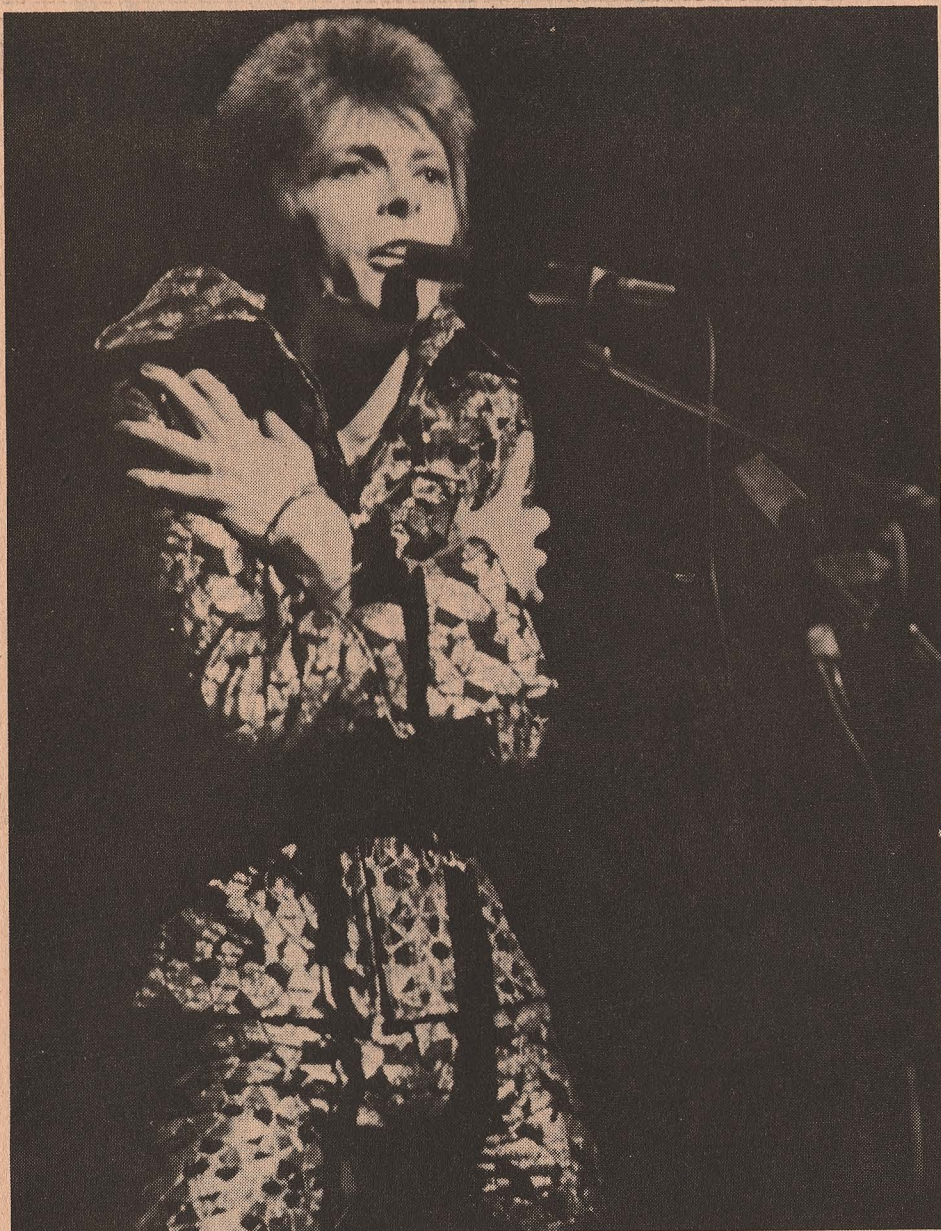
The Shakin' Street Gazette  
35 Knox Avenue  
Buffalo, N.Y. 14216

P.S. Offer void to occupants of *Shakin' Street*, disc jockeys and all other jerks who get free albums. Remember, the difference between free albums and store-bought albums is that, in the latter, you TRY to like them.

P.P.S. Roy Wood is the King of Rock 'n' Roll!







Bowie (the prefix David being dropped to coincide with the bow-wow imagery) in this latest bit of vinyl do-da, proves once again that despite his irksome, if not occasionally fugacious, glitter-encrusted-carrot-topped-ectomorphic-sonic-hebephrenia, he's still got a few tinges of genuine epicene edacity hanging about inside his skull just waiting to loose itself on the suspecting pubic public. And dat he do. Jus' loose an enravished earlobe onto **Diamond Dogs**, Bow-wow-Bowie's best effort to date.

Despite his current abulic tendencies Bowie has leaped outta feigned retirement and not only gone back out on tour—I wonder if his chronic demophobia has eased any—but has also decided to let loose his talent juice and show all the skeptics that he truly is the genius, he

obviously thinks he is, a genius whose inner artist confusion has taken him from the frontrunner position of the glam-movement to the Eblis of a rapidly developing Dorian Grey Max Factor five 'n dime counterculture . . . wuzza.

**Diamond Dogs** is complex, no doubt about that. It's got an incredible amount of inbred texture. Bowie also manages to drege up a goodly amount of lyrical razamatazz, which makes it all the more delicious to suck on. He even goes so far as to actually read—yup READ—some of his poetic teriyaki, and that's the pause that refreshes. His opening statement about "glazed mutant eyes" and "peoploids" is laced with an aplomb seldom seen in his earlier work.

Mick Ronson's not on the lp. Some might say that's good, some may clap

hands to ears and pooh-pooh David's Orson Wellian proclivities, still others, like myself, couldn't care less because they were never too ensorcelled with Ronson's particularly endemic sense of sonic dishelvement. In the long run it doesn't make any difference if Ronson's geetar lighter fluid isn't on the lp. S'matter a fact the lp works better without all those annoying, boring, generally hebetudinous ax-ramblings.

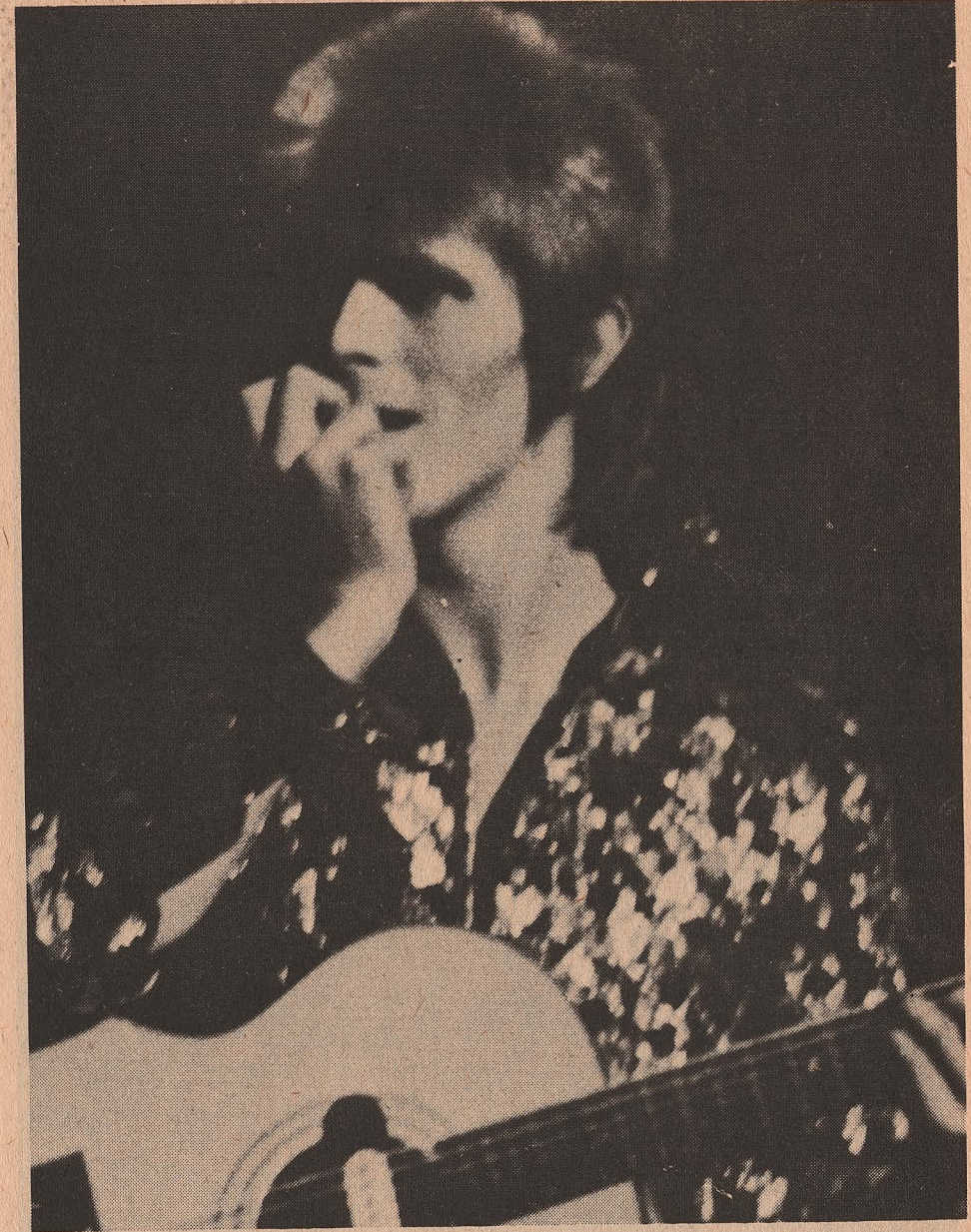
It really wouldn't bode well if any "real" music got in the way of Bowie's conceptual lyricism—this time anyhow. **Diamond Dogs** is Bowie walking up to the ensanguined fire hydrants of the future and taking a nice doggie pee-pee. It's a song about stumps, dog science, and just what the Brave New World may be all about. As a song it toys with bordering

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on sheer brummagen gimmickry and out-and-out sterile brilliance. Again, it's all a matter of self-contained textures brought to the peak of decibilib incoherence, but molded and shaped by fleeting lyrical glances which say one thing one time and another, another time. Contradiction and confusion make a nice framework for Bow-wow Bowie's fractiously hedonic heebie-jeebie madness. Next time it might be nice if David Dog tosses some rock-on vastitude to accompany his visine-caked images of doom and destruction.

The only two songs to really keep an eye on are "Rebel, Rebel" and a fashionably redone "1984." Why? Well, first off, "Rebel, Rebel" is the single—the LP version being the same as the limy version and the limy version being



considerably different than the American version which starts out ignobly enough with the bleat: "HOT TRAMP" . . . now that's a little hard to take even for the commercial oriented encephalitis lethargica genuinely associated with AM radio in the blunderbus USA—and it's just fine for what it's supposed to accomplish: soundness of generic establishment eclecticism, an all dat do-wah. Secondly, "1984" is gonna be the next BIG BIG BIG Bowie hit. Why? Because it's got dat ole' syncopated redimm and lots 'n lots of Big Bro. paranoia, but it ain't really paranoia because Big Bro. and 1984 happened in 1954 and nobody noticed, or even carried, because they was much too bizze "Do-wahhing" down da street waiting on the nuclear a-Bomb to cause that ultimo-fulguration of wakeless nod.

"1984" is a song to be reckoned with. It's pivotal. And dat's all I's gonna tell's ya. . .

**Diamond Dogs**—I still like the title a whole bunch and the cover of the record is the single most inspirational piece of artwork of the decade and that includes any of the Da'i doodling—is a good album despite it's many inconsistencies (and what would life be if it weren't full of all those delicious inconsistencies?) and it does bolster my ever waning faith that the new Messiah ain't already OD'ed on life, and is jus' a little on the collective nod waitin' on us to make the fuurst move. Bishop to Bowie's rock 4. check:

**-Joe Fernbacher**



# GENESIS

It's odd (and fortunate) that Genesis haven't fallen into the void of gimmickry that has engulfed other rock bands who have tried to combine a visual presence with a musical presence onstage. But instead, Genesis have put together the most awesome stage act ever produced, a sophisticated blend of theatre with overpowering rock. And with that, they have become one of the leaders of Seventies rock, which might well take a swift turn under their direction.

Onstage the members of Genesis themselves display the many moods their music can encompass. Far left is Steve Hackett, who sits idly throughout the concert while his guitar swoops and slashes, conveying the labyrinthine context of Genesis' music.

Standing atop his Mr. Bassman Pedals and lugging a double-necked Gibson is Michael Rutherford, whose occasional twelve-string guitar and electric sitar add to the band's versatility. It is Rutherford who maintains Genesis' mysterious bass pulse all during the evening's set.

Nearing the right side of the stage, surrounded by a virtual cage of cymbals and microphones, is Phil Collins, drummer extraordinaire. Relying more on intricate drum work than out-and-out pounding makes Collins one of the premiere men in the business today, and his background vocals help build Genesis' sometimes choral-like interims.

To Collins' left is keyboardist Tony Banks, whose mournful mellotron erects the band's wall of sound, and whose running organ lines leap above Genesis' subtle excitement.

And in the center is the reknowned Peter Gabriel, painted actor laureate who develops each character onstage with his poignant vocals and myriad of masks and costumes. He can be more frightening than Alice Cooper, more camp than Bowie, more repugnant than Jagger; and throughout the concert paints a picture of each song for the audience, using his perceptive mime and characterized singing to catch the very essence of Genesis' music.

That is the actual key to their growing success and apparent mastery, their music. Banks' mellotron and Gabriel's flute interweave softly, only to erupt suddenly into a pulsating beat, harnessing Hackett's guitar and Banks' organ. The

music can surround the listener in dreamy haze, build up to an excruciating peak, and then abruptly drop, catching him on his way down with another soft interlude of flute and acoustic guitar.

And now, as Genesis have begun their new American tour in the mid-west, they bring with them more credits than ever before: two previous American tours, both successful; a short but excellent coast-to-coast appearance on NBC's Midnight Special last January; an also short but detailed article in Rolling Stone last month; and their first U.S. chart-hitting album, **Selling England By The Pound** (reviewed in Shakin' St. No. 5).

The birth of Genesis is like right out of the storybooks: four young Charterhouse school chums got together in 1966 to write songs. Soon a demo tape was made and sent off to the local hotshots. The four, Gabriel and Banks, who were off-and-on musicians, and Rutherford and Tony Phillips, both late of a band called Anon, were finally noticed by Jonathon King, who listened to their tape and became "mildly excited," and, after the traditional rounds, signed them to a contract with Decca.

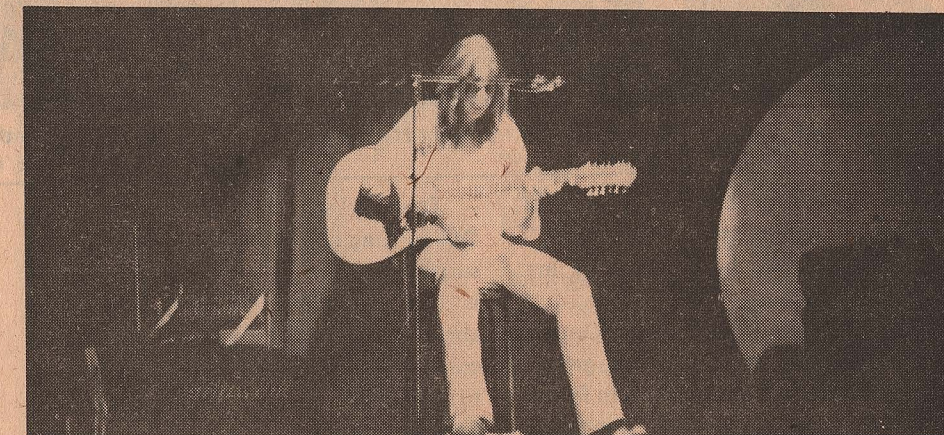
A fifth friend, Chris Stewart, who had played drums for the songwriting foursome, quickly withdrew his interest, and was just as quickly replaced by John Silver as the band headed for the recording studio. The result was three singles, "The Silent Sun," released in late 1967, and "Winter's Tale" and "Where The Sour Turns To Sweet," both released in 1968. All three received little notice, mainly because they sounded too much like the Moody Blues.

Nevertheless, the newly christened Genesis (by King, who came up with the name supposedly through an inspiration) finished their first album, which came out in late '68, entitled **From Genesis to Revelation**. An incoherent collage of thirteen short songs, the album did nothing to boost the morals of both Genesis and Decca, who promptly ousted the boys after a couple of painful months.

Genesis then began shopping for another record company, as well as another drummer to replace John Silver, who decided to continue his schooling at

an American university.

Picked up by Charisma Records, the band, with new man John Mayhew, developed some new material which they tried out in their first public appearance at Brunel University in Uxbridge in November of 1969. Their acceptance proved faintly comforting, and the new material went into their next album, **Trespass**. Released in September of 1970, **Trespass** was Genesis' first big step toward their music today. Instead of short pieces running into each other, the album contained six songs, but the overall balance of **Trespass** was remarkable. The schmaltz orchestra arrangements were replaced by Tony Banks' mellotron, the songs' lyrics were more down-to-earth, and for the first time Gabriel's vocals began to match the texture of the music.



Bassist Mike Rutherford lip-synchs on . . . acoustic guitar?

And from **Trespass** came Genesis' first genuine classic, "The Knife." Made into a single a year later, "The Knife" escaped altogether the flowing sound that Genesis had bound themselves to, but instead pounded and smashed with only an occasional flute/organ interlude.

But despite the virtuoso performing and clear magnitude of the album, it still failed to bring Genesis any strong recognition. It was this fact that perhaps started the unsettling that followed the band. Tony Phillips left in a storm, followed by John Mayhew, leaving Genesis minus a guitar player and yet another drummer. For three months they remained a four-piece band, following the acquisition of Phil Collins, ex-Flaming Youth. Then, after seeing his ad in Melody Maker, Gabriel phoned up Steve Hackett, and once again Genesis were intact. But more importantly, they now became a five-man songwriting team, with

Collins and Hackett both experienced composers.

The new Genesis came to light in September of 1971, with the release of **Nursery Cryme**. More changes became apparent, with the mood of impending doom that enswathed **Trespass** long gone, replaced with wry humor and Olde English class. Two more Genesis classics came from **Nursery Cryme**. "The Musical Box" was the ten-minute tale of a little boy's bearded spirit returning to haunt his murdering sister, who chopped off his head with a croquet mallet. And the roaring "Return of the Giant Hogweed" told of giant plants devouring people and shouting "heracleum mantegazziani!" as they avenge their mistreatment (sounds like something Gary Sperrazza would close a letter with).

**Nursery Cryme** served as the band's calling card in England, where rave reviews spread their popularity into Belgium and France. Genesis continued their now increasingly successful concert stops throughout the U.K., but talk of any touring in the States was all but nonexistent, with their music still leveled in obscurity in the U.S.

October of 1972 came and with it the band's next album, **Foxtrot**. Still believed by many to be Genesis' best album, **Foxtrot** carried on the richness so apparent in **Nursery Cryme**, with the twenty-minute long "Supper's Ready," a seven part extravaganza overshadowed by another **Foxtrot** piece, "Get 'Em Out by Friday."

Telling of the future in store, and Genetic Control's proclamation that "... people will be shorter in height, so they can fit twice an amny in the same building site," the song wielded more



## GENESIS DISCOGRAPHY:

Singles: "The Silent Sun"  
 "Winter's Tale"  
 "Where The Sour Turns To Sweet"  
 "The Knife, Parts 1 & 2"  
 Charisma CB-152  
 "Happy The Man/Seven Stones" Charisma CB-181  
 "I Know What I Like/Twilight

Albums: From Genesis To Revelation, Decca SKL-4990  
 Trespass, ABC Impulse AS-9205 (US), Charisma CAS-1020 (UK), reissue ABC Impulse ABCX-816 (US)  
 Nursery Cryme, Charisma CAS-1052 (distributed by Buddah)

Foxtrot, Charisma CAS-1058  
 Genesis Live, Charisma CLASS-1 (UK)  
 Selling England By The Pound, Charisma CAS-1074 (Charisma is now distributed by Atlantic)  
 EP's: Excerpts from Nursery Cryme, with picture sleeve and liner notes (Charisma/Buddah)



-When he's not arguing the virtues of progressivism with staffoid Michael Sajecki...



-Pete Gabriel still finds time to read the Big Boffo's only rock 'n' roll gazette!

subtle strength than its social commentary predecessor, "The Knife," and it has become the grandest of the Genesis classics.

That December Genesis arrived in the U.S. along with their support group, fellow Charisma act String Driven Thing, for their first American tour. The newly created theatre-rock act went over well, the music even better, but exhausted from airline mixups and sound problems, Genesis flew back to England at the end of the tour hoping for better luck next time.

Next time was four months later, in April of 1973. Accompanied by veteran singer Sandy Denny as opening act, Genesis brought much the same repertoire to the expanded U.S. tour. Boosted by growing record sales and word-of-mouth promotion, the tour went spectacularly, including a sellout at New York's Philharmonic Hall.

While the band worked on new things in the studio, Charisma released **Genesis Live** in July in the U.K., but surprisingly not in America. Topping **Foxtrot** on the British charts, **Live** represented little of a Genesis concert, but did include fine versions of "Get 'Em Out By Friday," "The Knife," and "The Return Of The Giant Hogweed."

Then October marked the release of **Selling England By The Pound**, which surprisingly (or, hell, not so surprisingly) is still on Billboard's Top LP's chart above the 100 mark. The release coincided with a big tour of England, highlighted by sellouts in Oxford, Southampton, Portsmouth, and two successive nights at the Rainbow Theatre in London.

Now all we can do is wait for what comes next, good or bad. Even in a band of such sophistication there exists egos and differences in opinion. "We go on stage and do a bad gig," says Gabriel, "and everyone says it is the most brilliant thing they have ever seen in their life. The time comes when you believe they are right. We should be cautious about that."

The main thing keeping Genesis above a loss of drive, amazingly, is the difference between each member of the band. While Gabriel may want to become Fellini and overhaul their act into something glammy, Tony Banks would curb this by his part in the show. "We've tried never to compromise and we're not going to now. I take music seriously and we want more people to listen to us," Banks has said. "I was irritated by the fox's head that Peter used, and didn't think it was justifiable. But now I'm

getting more excited about the visual aspect."

It's the opposing forces of each man in the band that fit together to create the spectrum Genesis performs in. Steve Hackett remains more down-to-earth than the others, while Mike Rutherford is outgoing. "Actually, I wanted to be a pro golfer. I take clubs with me wherever we go," he says. And as Phil Collins is more intent on studying other drummers' techniques, Tony may spend hours at the piano improvising.

The only real problem with this comes when writing is involved. "There are two main ways we get material together," says Banks. "One of us might write a complete offering and the group arranges it. This doesn't often happen. Otherwise we all work together on a ten-second idea and then develop it. Each member takes a part in the writing."

So now, as they work their way east on this, their third U.S. tour, Genesis brings with them much more than their reknowned theatre-rock, but the combined forces of five different men, resulting in the most incredible, fanciful work to hit rock music yet. And they've only just begun (la la).

-Jim Bunnell

And the pattern continues: to rock music cultists, the real excitement and spotlights do not always lie with the finished product, the hit single. It is what goes on behind the scenes that provides much of the fascination.

Witness some past hotshot hitmakers. Two years ago, David Bowie was the Ace Supreme, producing and encouraging the likes of Lou Reed, Mott the Hoople and The Stooges. Then there was, and still is, Todd Rundgren, producing and encouraging bands like Sparks, the Dolls and Grand Funk. In England, there's Mike Chapman and Nicky Chinn, giving their lift to the Sweet, Suzi Quatro and Mud. In soul, there's Thom Bell for the Spinners and Stylistics; Gamble/Huff for the O'Jays, Billy Paul and MFSB; Barry White for Love Unlimited, Brock and Gloria Scott.

Examples of those whose contributions to pop is irreplaceable. These are the boys who comprise the backbone of what your car radio spews out year round. For recent contributions to American pop/rock on the radio, no one accomplishes like Rick Derringer.

Derringer (whose real name is Zehringer) struck up a close relationship with Johnny and Edgar Winter, jamming with them in a New York club called the Scene, owned by the Winter Brothers' manager Steve Paul. Coming from the McCoys, Derringer had always had a keen understanding of teenage rock. It is my theory that it was Derringer who convinced both of the Winters to consider rock 'n' roll as the perfect means for flashing their wares.

From there, Derringer moved like a tornado, guitar on and producing **Johnny Winter And, Live, Still Alive and Well, Saints and Sinners, Edgar Winter's White Trash, Roadwork, They Only Come Out at Night and Shock Treatment**. Besides leading the McCoys and producing their last two albums (recently repackaged by Mercury in a two-record set called **Outside Stuff**, a fine set worth buying), Derringer has produced the Osmond's "Flower Music" and guitar on Steely Dan's "Do It Again" and "Reelin' in the Years," Richie Havens' **1984**, Todd Rundgren's **Something/Anything** and Alice Cooper's **Killer, School's Out and Muscle of Love**. Quite surprising, and an amazing track record. He's been responsible for the sale of ten million records!!!

October 29, 1973 was the release date for Rick's first, long-awaited solo album.

## Rick Derringer A Little Bit A' Sleaaze

-Gary Sperrazza!



-Derringer trying to trip Edgar Winter, who's still wondering where the love-ins are.

As far back as three years ago, there were articles in magazines like **Circus** announcing its impending release, showing Rick in leopard-skin jump suits looking older than he does now. But it took until last fall for **All American Boy**, the first release from Steve Paul's Columbia-distributed Blue Sky label.

The album is a tour de force through the life of an ex-teenager, with a happy, healthy undercurrent of teenage lust. Its strong point is, of course, the rockers, of which there are many. "Rock and Roll Hoochie Koo," although being the umpteenth recorded version, stands as the best version (well, he **did** write it) and was a smash hit this spring. The second single release, "Teenage Love Affair," is

probably more deserving of hit status, although it doesn't look like it's being as well-received. God knows why not; it's a fast, bouncy rocker with all the elements of a hit-conciseness, a superb hook, quicky mouth synthesizer solo and lyrics about an ex-teenager who discovers "an instant cosmic need for a teenage love affair." There's also "Uncomplicated" and "Slide On Over, Slinky" which should by all means be the next single. It's the missing link follow-up to the McCoys' "Hang On Sloopy." With a supreme riff that sends shivers up the spine, its melodramatic weeping background guitar underlines Rick's sexy humor: "A little bit 'a' sleaze is what I need."

Two creative instrumentals are here, just sizzling with nervous energy. "Joy Ride" and "Time Warp." As a balancer, there's Rick's version of his own "Cheap Tequila," a Rascals-flavored "It's Raining," and four drenching ballads. It's with these ballads that Rick shows any weakness, with those goddam violins butting in. Look, everybody: violins and rock 'n' roll sound so unnatural together that it takes a tremendous amount of discretion to know when to use them. When in doubt, for Chrissakes, stop using them as filler, leave the damn orchestra to Mancini, please?

Aside from this, co-producers Derringer and Bill Szymczyk (who also works with J. Geils and Jo Jo Gunne) have done a near-flawless job of giving the sheer sound of **All American Boy** a crystal-clear sparkle. Guitars are multi-tracked for a solid wall effect, songs segue into each other with perfect precision, instruments are slipped in so subtly you hardly notice and it still sounds good and raw. No phasing or tape loops or rigamortale, just good solid rock 'n' roll.

Derringer is the personification of the Ultimate Teenager. Without compromise, he's retained his unique direction, striking successfully on his own. Add to it the fact that he's the pivot for Johnny and Edgar Winter, setting up his own kingdom in New York. Rick Derringer has had more rock 'n' roll experience in the past ten years than most musicians have in a lifetime. **All American Boy** is destined to become one of those great undiscovered classic albums, watch as the time slips away. And, for future potential... he's a slender twenty six-teen.

All this is to say that Rick Derringer is a true leader of American rock? Sure.



-Carl Wayne and Rick Price meet their match in a double-page spread from RAVES, an old British pop magazine.

# MOVE

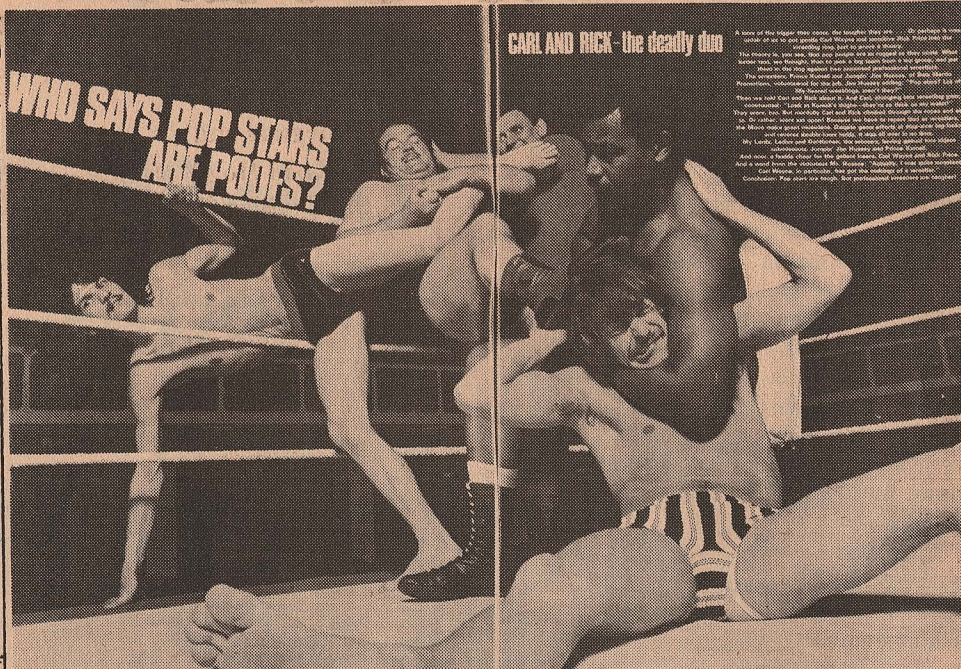
# MOVE

## THE BEST OF THE MOVE (A&M)

Lastly, there was **Split Ends** (UA). Before that, **Message from the Country** (Capitol). Before that, **Looking On** (Capitol). Before that, **Shazam**. Before that, is now. Initially to be called **Some of the Move's Real Good Stuff** (if ace promo man Richard Pachter had anything to do with it), this two-set brings together the Move's first real album (never released here) and a superb collection of singles from the Move's debut single, "Night of Fear" to the drenching heaviness of "Brontosaurus." With all these albums mentioned above, you'll have the complete Move history, not counting the live Move LP which is selling for \$50 in some places!

Act now for this amazing offer and you'll get . . . the odor of "Flowers in the Rain," the relief of "Fire Brigade," the colors of "Yellow Rainbow," the godliness of "Walk Upon the Water," the rumblings of "I Can Hear the Grass Grow," the ? of "Something," the ride of "Omnibus," the satisfaction of "Wild Tiger Woman," the will of "Blackberry Way," the direction of "Curly," the prediction of "This Time Tomorrow," the jolt of "Lightning Never Strikes Twice," the ulcers of "Disturbance," the genius of Roy Wood, the loss of "\$5.47 from your wallet" and even me, Luigi Prima.

We know that critics' bands never make it, but they do, when's the last time you got laid? All it takes is one listen.



Roy Wood is the King of Rock 'n' Roll.

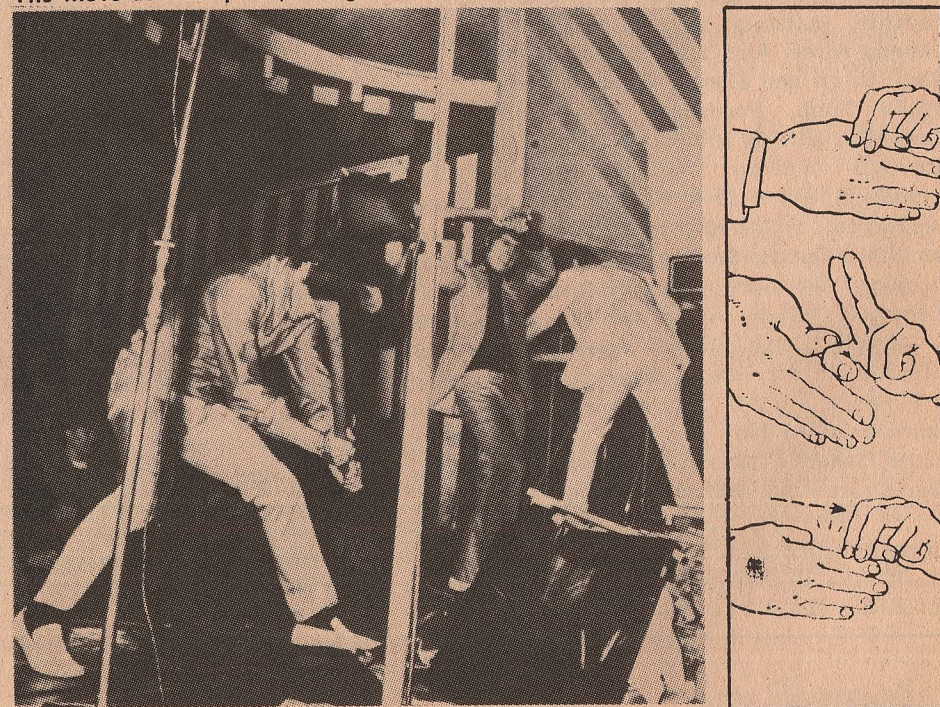
Surrounding this missive are photos from the period **The Best of the Move** captures so well. Enjoy.

Listen to your gumbadi. These rai-cords ah for evedybody. . .

-Louis Preema

P.S. Write the Move/ELO/Wizzard Society c/o Jack Springer; 1422 Northland Ave.; Lakewood, Ohio 44107 for a happier life.

The Move at fever pitch, rating the new TV shows.



# From the Country Side

Yes, Kris Kristofferson continues "in spite of anything except riflefire." His latest album *Spooky Lady's Sideshow* (Columbia) demonstrates that Kris's marriage to Rita Coolidge hasn't blocked his unique view of life or sugarcoated his presentation as much as some people thought after hearing Kris & Rita's *Full Moon*.

*Spooky Lady's Sideshow's* hangs together by the loose theme of the seedy side of showbiz and the sideshow/carnival idea adds to the texture. The opening tune "Same Old Song" is about makin' it to the top with a little band, and wondering if it was really worth it. "Broken Freedom Song" is an anthem of sorts, and "Shandy (The Perfect Disguise)" has one of the best Kristofferson choruses since the "walkin' contradiction, partly truth and partly fiction" . . .

"Cause nightmares are somebody's daydreams

Daydreams are somebody's lies  
Lies ain't no harder than telling the truth

Truth is the perfect disguise"

"I May Smoke Too Much," a seven year old song, is included with a hot little horn arrangement, but the unusual cuts come on side two where we find two songs co-written by Kris and Bob Newirth (one of Dylan's roadies back in the "Blowin' in the Wind" days) and Roger McGuinn.

One of these, "Rock and Roll Time," shows a lot of Kristofferson, but the other, "Rescue Mission," is a bit of a paradox. Here we find Kris Kristofferson, the realist, say-what-you-mean, tell-it-like-it-is song writer singing a group of word tricks, anacronisms, and literary/historical references, all tied together in a sort of *Ancient Mariner* narrative. It's all just a little too Dylanesque for Kristofferson, but he gets away with it (and in a sense says "it ain't really my song") by letting Newirth sing half the verses.

But altogether *Spooky Lady's Sideshow* is intelligent, entertaining, and a lot more of what most people consider to be "the real Kris Kristofferson" than we've heard in a long time. Probably the worst reviews of this album you'll read are the gag reviews on the back of the jacket.

Arlo Guthrie, who has slowed down to one album a year (I wish a few other artists would follow his example) has released his 1974 Reprise album, *Arlo Guthrie*. (one of the pre-release working titles was *I'll Have That Pickle Now*; is Arlo getting old?). While it's not as cohesive as last year's *Last of the Brooklyn Cowboys*, *Arlo Guthrie* is a typical Guthrie mixture of original songs and tunes from "traditional" sources (like Jimmie Rogers and Pappa Woody

Kris Kristofferson,

Arlo Guthrie,

Bluegrass and

Lester "Road Hog" Moran  
and the Cadillac Cowboys



"I'll have that pickle now."

Guthrie) presented with the help of the usual group of California studio musicians (Ry Cooder, Jesse Ed Davis, Byron Berline, etc).

The new stuff (seven new Arlo songs) are generally good. "Won't Be Long" is a great "be home soon" song and the cut is beautifully arranged with Buddy Emmons, the king of the steel guitar, adding to and crystalizing the outdoorsy atmosphere. "Presidential Rag" is more or less what you'd expect - a Watergate song - but approaches things a little more seriously than we're used to hearing Guthrie. "Hard Times" is more topical, a foot stomping bluegrass "got no money - got no care" song. (Yes even Arlo feels inflation).

"Me and My Goose," a fine and very funny concert tune, comes across a little stilted here, with a chamber music sound. In the same respect there is a liberal use of orchestral accompaniment on several of the cuts which tends to press their feeling. The steel guitar and harmonica on "Won't Be Long" are much more effective than any of the orchestral arrangements.

The oddest of the new songs is "Children of Abraham" a sort of modern day spiritual, drawing its style from nearly every song ever sung by a Christianized Negro slave, but aimed at a few things that have happened in the "Holyland" since then. (Guthrie, like Bob Dylan Zimmerman and Ramblin' Jack Elliot Adnopo, is Jewish.)

The non-originals include a great off-beat happy version of Jimmie Rogers "When the Cactus Is in Bloom" complete with fiddles and accordion and Sons of the Pioneers harmonies. Arlo does two of his father's songs, "Bling Blang" which brings back memories of Captain Kangaroo (he used to play a recording of this song while he and Mr. Green Jeans built a cardboard house), and "Deportee." Unfortunately, where his

rhythmic arrangement of "Bling Blang" matches the song's feeling nicely, Arlo misses with "Deportee" and adds strings to what should be a quiet, stark, and very sad song. The same thing happens to "Go Down Moses," another Biblical spiritual, which with the orchestra and the Southern California Community Choir, is somewhat overblown, considering the other material on the album.

Some old recordings (about a year and a half old) by a batch of California Country Rock musicians was released recently by Warner Brothers, titled *Muleskinner - a Potpourri of Bluegrass Jam*. The album features a five man band led by Peter Rowan who plays guitar and does most of the vocals. Rowan of course is from the late 60's band Earth Opera, and a later Jazz-Rock-Country fusion band Seatrain. David Grisman, also from Earth Opera, plays mandolin, and Richard Green, who has played with everyone from Bill Monroe to the Bluesproject and Seatrain, plays fiddle. Banjo is handled by Bill Keith. Clarence White, the ex-Byrd who was killed by a drunk driver last summer (the album is dedicated to him) plays lead and sings a nasal harmony that is positively bluegrass. The material ranges froma rocking "Blue and Lonesome" to fairly standard versions of "Roanoke" and "Soldiers Joy" with a few originals like Rowan's "Blue Mule" thrown in. It's not a great album, but it is entertaining and has "historical significance" because it brings these talented people together and is one of the last things Clarence White did. It's a must for collectors.

Also for collectors, but of a slightly different nature, is a thing called *Lester "Road Hog" Morgan and the Cadillac Cowboys, Live at the Johnny Mack Brown High School*. Lester and the boys have unusual talent. Somehow they manage to do everything wrong. Side one is the concert, in which they destroy such classics as "Hey Joe," "Sixteen Tons," and "Wildwood Flower," while Lester exhibits unusual rapport with his audience uttering such lines as "Can you hear me? TEST! TEST!" Things pick up momentarily when lead guitarist "Wichita" leaves the stage for some unspecified business, but he doesn't stay too long. Side Two is a Radio program (courtesy of WEAK Radio) and an audition tape Lester did for Mercury Records, who are responsible for this mess.

Lester and the Cowboys are of course the Statler Brothers, and it's all in fun, and in the liner notes the Brothers offer some interesting uses for the album, including (as a last resort) listening to it once. But they warn: "If you find yourself enjoying this album, take two aspirin and go to bed."

-Dave Meinzer



# Long Players

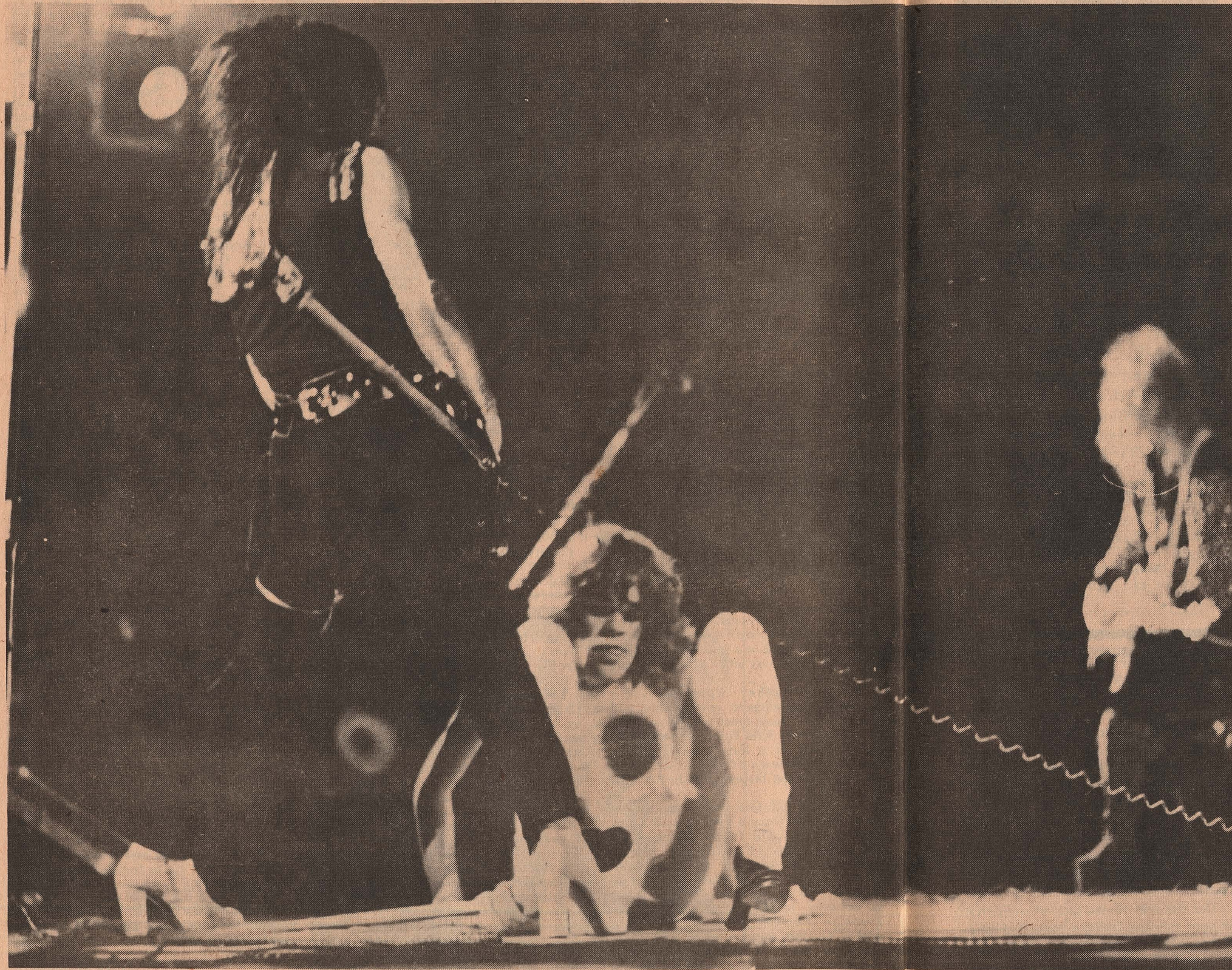


photo by Michael Gallo

## Playtime for the Dolls, Son of Maha, Kinks, Edgar Winter, Sutherland Bros. & Quiver



### Dollies(N.Y.)

TOO MUCH TOO SOON  
New York Dolls  
(Mercury)

The dolls burst on the scene in a blaze of protomorphic transsexual aplomb which was so slick, so vaseline fast, that it left everyone slackjawed, awed. That first LP was good. Real teenage rectal-mucous stuff . . . it kinda left you in the throes of impending fornication horripilation . . . it was male dysmenorrhea . . . it was achromic sonic devolution . . . it was so rock hard that it went nova, and slipped on into anaphrodisia . . . moolah gay . . . coin-operated hiney-rimmers . . . they were that and much more. That was until Arthur "Killer" Kane had his finger chopped off by an irate girlfriend, that's when the group became legend and when you become legend you lose all kinds of rock 'n' roll efficiency. You become culturally inutile, fractious for the sake of public image, invasive on pure hype, not on pure punknacity, which was how they started out. But now, they're just as rock-on sterile as Ronnie Howard.

Like the record says, "Too Much, Too Soon" . . . ain't it the truth. First off, the New Yawk punk eclectic couldn't survive the smart-ass punk eclectic of Philly, so's they dump the Wizard, the True Star, to go off in other directions. So they pick up George "Shadow" Morton . . . another legend, jeez, if you'd produced the Shangri-La's and the Vanilla Fudge, you'd be legendary too. Ahaha, what irony. What contradiction. The master

pod-twirler for the ultimo-girl group, the man who produced Mary Weiss screaming out "MAMA" on "Can't Go Home Any More" is now producing the frontrunning glitter-glam katzenjammer kids. Yuk, yuk, yuk. Too bad it doesn't work.

Why? It's all a matter of textured densities. That first LP with the Wizard, a True Star's sense of proper sonic-wait, was just a master piece of pudendum palpitating, homoconcupiscence, and just plain kick-in-the-television rock 'n' roll. Horray fer Philadelphia. That lp had enough "textured density" to slice your orbs in two. But ole' Shadow, well, his production is much too sensitive. It lacks a noble sense of concrete. It's frilly. You can actually "hear" Jo Hansen's voice "ugh," you can hear the limits on the two Johnny Guitars, you can hear "Killer" Kane's unconciousness, it's all too vast, there's too much room for the Dolls to get lost in, and that's the trouble with this LP.

Another factor which is prevelant in the yawn of this record is the lack of material. On that first record you had what just might've been the most original songs of this rock 'n' era.

A modus operunda amongst certain critical circles: mainly R. Meltzer, is to judge a record's worth by the second cut. Scoff, tee-hee, and otherwise be sceptical. BUT IT WORKS!!! Eg. Second cut on the first Dollie thang was "Looking For A Kiss" — it sets the mood for the rest of the songs that follow. It is a compendium of licks, production moves, and lyrical attitudes, and it's good. It carries the required weight. To extend the idea a bit further . . . the second cut on side-two of the first Dolls lp was also pivotal, therefore the lp hadda be a little out-a-da-ordinary.

Now, on **Too Much, Too Soon** the second cut is "Stranded in the Jungle"—the single, which went nowhere fast—and the song is nothing more than the Dolls, mocking a group doing exactly what the Dolls are doing. It's much to scattered to make any kind of real sense. So it can't possibly carry the weight of the lp. It doesn't. A simple experiment: play "Stranded in the Jungle" as the last cut on side-one and have 'J There's Gonna Be A Showdown" as the lead-off cut,



with "Babylon" as the second, and a vital cut. The rest of the LP works a lot better when this is done. But it still comes nowhere near the first.

There's also a lot of difference between extolling the joys of monster-humping as they did in "Frankenstein" and the kinds of messages in "Human Being." "Bad Detective" is cute, but comes nowhere near "Vietnamese Baby;" "Personality Crisis" is totally unequalled; and so is "Trash." The lyrical material on **Too Much, Too Soon** is just as scattered as the production, hence...

Yet, the thing which makes it all seem so futile is the fact that we've lost what might've been the best of the "New Wave" bands; and there just might not be anything to take their place. The Dolls were the cyclical link between the sixties and the eighties, and they blew it—what punks.

What makes it even more futile is the fact that this LP is accessible to more people, more potential Frankensteins, than the first LP, and because of that will continue to rocket these Dollies to gops and gops of green semen moolah, fame, Fortune and death. Oh, well, what can a poor (?) do, 'cept play fer a rock 'n' roll band...

-Joe Fernbacher



## God Bless You

APOCALYPSE

Mahavishnu Orchestra  
w/ London Symphony Orchestra  
(Columbia)

While surrounded in his cloud of ego disguised as spiritualism, John McLaughlin succeeded in recording five albums with the Mahavishnu Orchestra and another with fellow Sri Chimnoy devotee Carlos Santana, all of which bear little resemblance to this LP. And as **Birds of Fire** remains their best, with their last

# An Autographed Beer Can

Dear Ray,

I just finished listening to your new album, Preservation Act II, and I must say I really like it.

I was really surprised when I saw you perform at the Century theatre here in Buffalo several weeks ago, because you had girls in the band. But when I saw who one of them was, boy was I happy. Ever since I bought my first Dan Hick & his Hot Licks album and heard her sing "I'm an old Cowhand", I've been a fan of Mary Ann Price. The song she solos on in Preservation Act II is just beautiful. That one and the duet "Nothing Lasts Forever" are two of my favorite all-time Kink songs.

You guys (especially you, Ray) have always had a lot of appeal to girls. In fact when I was developing the photos I took at the concert, one of your fans was waiting breathlessly to see how they turned out, and when she saw them, she wanted as many pictures of "Ray-(sigh)" as I could print. Now with Mary Ann and Pamela, us guys have something

to go ape over. (That chick is BEAUTIFUL!!!)



I've always been impressed by your ability to take varying musical elements and make them fit your style and your songs. When Dave plays slide guitar, it fits; when you use the great horn section, it fits. Orchestras? Sure! But when you use strings they strengthen the songs arrangement in stead of disapating it into ether real nothingness. I'm glad to see you continuing this on Preservation Act II.

The story is really neat. It also seems very English. Sort of in the same way that The Clockwork Orange and The Prisoner are English.

The main character, Flash, wow what a cad! But Mr. Black is really scary.

effort as a five-man band, **Between Nothingness and Eternity**, their worst, **Apocalypse** floats in limbo, somewhere in between.

The new 11-piece Mahavishnu Orchestra is a mere expansion of the original, though the music - all McLaughlin's - remains much the same. Jan Hammer's maniacal keyboards have been replaced by the more passive fingers of Gayle Moran; Jerry Goodman's spot is augmented by two violinists (Stephen Kinker, who bows out on the album to Zappa refugee Jean-Luc Ponty, and Carol Shive on second violin), a viola (Marsha Westbrook), and a cello (another white-clad Chimnoy disciple, Phil Hirschi). Also new is a horn section,

absent from the album, consisting of Steve Frankovitch and Bob Knapp on flute, piccolo, trumpet, and flugelhorn.

Rick Laird, who turned out to be the spokesman during the band's rows last January, is replaced by 17-year-old Ralphe Armstrong on bass, who looks more like an NFL fullback. And, in perhaps the most major sound change of all, hot-and-heavy drummer Billy Cobham's spot was taken by mellow Chimnoy follower Michael Walden, whose percussion is all but lost throughout the album.

The aforementioned lack of similarity between this and previous MahaOrchestra albums is subtle, for there still remains the long improvisational passages that so

The music is really cool. It's really neat the way you use that "Salvation Row" riff to begin all of the announcements. (The announcements are sometimes a little distracting, and I don't think you really needed them, but I guess there ok 'cause they help tell the story.)

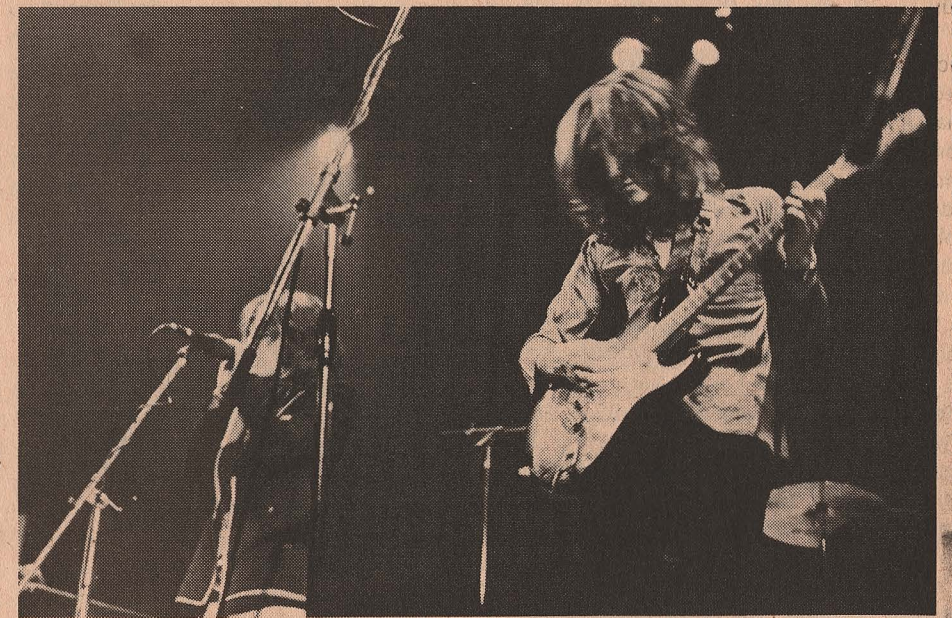
"Money Talks" is a real rocker, and "Shepherds of the Nation" is really strange! It's almost a Gregorian chant! (Poor Gregory.)

"Scum of the Earth" is great, especially when the chorus comes in. Ditto for "Second-Hand Car Spiv" which is a real working class anthem. "He's Evil" is pretty spooky, and "Mirror of Love" would be a good song to try and pull apart and interpret a hundred different ways.

Ray, you are a ham, and a sneak. It's not bad enough that the whole thing seems to have snatches of David Bowie parody in it, but you've added other touches of British pop parodys. "Nobody Gives" smacks of Electric Light Orchestra fiddles, and "Oh Where Oh Where is Love?" ends like a who song. And that wah wah guitar on "Flash's Confession" sounds like a poke at Eric "Cream" Clapton. "Flash's Dream (the Final Elbow)" is probably the funniest thing I've heard in months. Talk

about hams - "Who dares to wake me from my slumber?" - Come on Ray!

Side Four (these 2 record sets are gonna break me, Ray; I'm just glad I'm not a Chicago fan) is my favorite side. "Nothing Lasts Forever" with you and Mary Ann, then "Artificial Man" - holy oranges - that's spooky! Then comes Mary Ann's song "Scrapheap City" with its great ricky-tick sound. Finally you close it out with the theme song, "Salvation Row".



Really exciting, but I still don't like Mr. Black.

I haven't got much more to say except keep up the good work, and oh yea - the cover was neat (especially the chick in the green sweater). Also tell Mary Ann (Gertie?) I said "Hi" and (almost forgot) Ann (she's the girl with the pictures) says "I love you Ray!"

yer pal,  
Dave Meinzer

scarred some of McLaughlin's tunes (and I use the term loosely). There is no more interaction between guitar, violin and keyboards; very little between McLaughlin and Ponty. And with the mainstay of the pieces being the London Symphony, the Mahavishnu himself must, for the first time in years, take a back seat to the proceedings.

**Apocalypse** contains five pieces, all of which could have easily run together had they forgotten to add empty track between them. "Power of Love," the opener on Side One, is the shortest piece, running about 5 minutes long. This is head music, a fantastically beautiful melody, showing that McLaughlin's prowess lies in writing rather than

improvising. "Power Of Love" is a relatively simple piece, with violins flowing amid the Mahavishnu's acoustic guitar.

A moment of silence follows, and then rises the long ringing of cymbals, the characteristic Cobham beginning. Immediately the London Symphony's string basses develop the rhythm, a syncopated progression a la "Hope" from **Birds of Fire**. This is the Symphony's spotlight, the beginning of "Vision Is A Naked Sword." The brasses rise atop the string basses, producing a much more full sound than the M.O. could have then or even now. Soon (much too soon), McLaughlin enters with his twelve-string axe, the same blanketed strumming. He

and the Symphony interchange, with his lead guitar above the violins.

In what could be called the second movement of "Vision Is A Naked Sword," the band and orchestra switch off, with Armstrong's bass the only prevailing lead until McLaughlin takes off on his first improvisation—a soft, funky passage flanked by Ponty's echoing violin. After the first couple of minutes the improvising loses its clarity, but McLaughlin nevertheless resumes for over five minutes. At last the Symphony enter again with the same thrust, salvaging the piece from total annihilation.

"Smile Of The Beyond" again flows as "Power Of Love," this time supplemented by Gayle Moran's lead



vocal. The band remains silent until well into the song, with the emergence of Moran's electric piano for the first time, plus the vocals of Shive, Hirschi, Armstrong, Walden, Moran, and even the Mahavishnu himself (you can't pick him out; I'm surprised he didn't solo). McLaughlin's lead guitar mars the vocals somewhat, with the voices mixed back into the orchestra. Everything fades down to Moran and Symphony again, producing a beautifully textured finish.

Side Two is three-quarters shit, with the shortcomings of Side One seeming to grow hideously over the edge and onto the other side. "Wings Of Karma" and "Hymn To Him" (nother catchy title) make up the side, with the former the only listenable cut.

Beginning with a slightly majestic short build-up and flash, "Wings Of Karma" is all but dominated by the London Symphony, before Moran's keyboards again appear with, at last, some reasonably good drumming from Michael Walden. This time the Mahavishnu's improvising is backed up by the Symphony, and together they mesh into a brilliant sound, along with Ponty's violin. The improvisation is nice and short, dropping back to allow the Symphony to begin again.

"Wings Of Karma" ends before you realize it, even before you want it to, and the soft, almost incoherent beginning of "Hymn To Him" creeps into its place. By now the mellow McLaughlin lead guitar is mediocre, and Ponty's subdued help is trivial. Soon it seems as though you're listening to Dicky Betts and the Macon Symphony Orchestra, and the 19½-minute piece begins to drag endlessly, despite the rapid tempo and some generally fine work by Ralphe Armstrong on bass guitar. Walden's drums become New Year's Eve noise-makers, and suddenly, oh Jesus! they're starting it all over again.

The senselessness of "Hymn To Him" defaces **Apocalypse**, an otherwise coherent, enjoyable album. Though the main man of this whole operation, Mahavishnu John McLaughlin, often acts as his own deterrent, it is chiefly the London Symphony and Mahavishnu Orchestra members' Gayle Moran and, in the end, Ralphe Armstrong and Michael Walden who bring this lp off the ground.

Also worth noting are Michael Tilson Thomas, the young conductor of the London Symphony on the album, as well as conductor of the Buffalo Philharmonic and Beatle-genius George Martin, whose

production was probably the saving grace for **Apocalypse**.

Although the new Mahavishnu Orchestra is clearly a rank or two below the original, John McLaughlin still has something to play with, which is probably his only present concern. And while I've given up my role as spectator to his pathwandering (on the road to Nirvana, of course), I am going to keep an eye on his new band, particularly those who I mentioned. If they can withstand his autocracy and even penetrate it, McLaughlin and crew might just rise again. Or, who knows? McLaughlin could take David Carridine's place and recite things like "I veil my face of truth with golden hues, and see the serpent night and python day," while wapping guys with his double-axe. Mahakungfu Orchestra?

-Jim Bunnell



## Joh-um-Edgar

SHOCK TREATMENT  
The Edgar Winter Group  
(Epic/Columbia)

Let's face it: why do they call this the Edgar Winter Group?

Albinos are no novelty anymore; looking inhuman is fashionable these days. It's not because Edgar dominates the group, he's always been pretty democratic. Besides, he only wrote four of the eleven songs on **Shock Treatment**. The bulk of the writing chores is on bassist Dan Hartmen, who brings out the teenage-y elements that Edgar likes to bury in his electronic garglings and stale boogie-funk riffs. Too bad.

What else? Production on **Shock Treatment** is courtesy of Rick Derringer, without whom both Johnny and Edgar would be up shit's creek. Rick has filled in the guitarist slot since street-punk Ronnie Montrose left to form his own heavy-metal outfit, called Montrose.

Besides reinjecting his adolescent insanity into the Winter Brothers via production and guitarwork, he has been busy himself, with his long awaited solo album (**All American Boy**) and two hit singles ("Rock and Roll Hoochie Koo," "Teenage Love Affair").

Another question surfaces here: is this what Edgar **really** wants to do? It's pretty obvious that Dan Hartman has the clearer idea of teenage pop, as his songs are the highlights. Besides penning the bulk of the album, Hartman also has lead vocals on his songs, rendering Edgar even more worthless.

The album literally explodes with a stompin' chaotic rocker called "Some Kinda Animal;" Derringer flailing licks left and right and Hartman growling out the lyrics. "Sundown" bursts with vitality, a beautiful and powerful ballad with Hartman playing rhythm guitar, acoustic guitar and castinets, even. "Rock and Roll Woman" and "Easy Street" are in the vein of **They Only Come Out at Night**. Here, Hartman seems to have compromised with Edgar's taste, hence they're his weakest songs. But he bounces back with a bone-rattlin' Led Zeppelin-ish "Queen of My Dreams" and the snappy "Maybe Some Day You'll Call My Name." Last and best of all is Hartman's "River's Risin'," which brings together all the aspects of what Edgar Winter should be doing: injecting the **rhythm** of rhythm and blues back into teenage pop/rock. What a great single for summer driving this would be!!

So, we've got three forces at work here:

1) Edgar Winter - if he really is happy since he went p-o-p, why is he writing such trash (yes, like the white)? "Miracle of Love" is a blatant Stevie Wonder rip-off. "Do Like Me" is flaccid boogie-funk. "Animal" is a lot of synthesizer noise, big deal, my blind grandmother has a moog and an arp, too. His one good song here is "Someone Take My Heart Away" but I don't know what he's cryin' about since his wife is from Buffalo and everybody knows the best women are from the Big Boffo.

2) Rick Derringer - he's smart enough to stay out of the Big Upheaval. His production here is, as always, just right and his guitarwork is swift, clean and strong.

3) Daniel Hartman - a reall teenage dream, up and coming songwriter, kid rocker.

So it comes to this: the only reason this is still called the Edgar Winter Group

is the NAME. Y'know, that magical combination of letters that make the record buyer grab it up long after a musician's well of talent has gone dry.

If Edgar wants to boogie down for the rest of his life, he's not going to find an audience with the kids. I'm down on him simply because he evidently does not belong, that's all. Let him form a new band, let Hartman keep the same group name (now that would be interesting. . .) with Derringer at the controls. This way, Steve Paul will have four talents under his management: E. Winter, J. Winter, Derringer and Hartman. As a whole, there's too much good music being produced by this stable to submerge the new talent.

Let's see what happens.

-Gary Sperrazza!



## Ducks Deluxe

DUCKS DELUXE  
(RCA)

From the pubs of England and Wales they come, weaned on the music of early rock 'n' roll, playing for pittance and sweat till all hours of the morning. Bands like Brinsley Schwarz, Kilburn and the High Roads, Wally Hot Stuff and the Legion of Charlies, Chili and the Red Hot Peppers, Bees Make Honey, Hatfield and the North and 747 (ex-Soft Machine Kevin Ayers' back-up group). Even a whole clique has formed with the Welsh rock of Man and close compadres Help Yourself (whose members have gone their own ways, some to poppa group Man) and offshoot groups like the Flying Aces (headed by ex-Man guitarist Martin Ace) and Iceberg (originally the backing group for ex-Man guitarist Deke Leonard until Leonard rejoined Man). Somewhere in this whole hodge-podge fits Ducks Deluxe, the only group so far to release a consistently satisfying album in a concise, singles-like format.

Ducks Deluxe is Sean Tyla (rhythm

guitar), Martin Belmont (lead guitar), Nick Garvey (bass) and Tim Roper (drums). Last year United Artists, who have a monopoly on pub rock outside of this group, released a special two-record set of 10-inch discs with an assortment of pub rock bands who played at Man's Christmas party. It was called **Christmas at the Patti**, and among the various bands present (including ace producer/composer Dave Edmunds) was Ducks Deluxe, whose tunes seemed uninspired and lacked punch. With this, their debut album on RCA, the band has done the tighten-up, the juicin'-up, and the revvin'-up and the results are ace supreme.

Rock 'n' roll: You betcha. With a band whose influences range from the Velvet Underground to the Beatles to Dylan to Creedence, mixed with a healthy dose of Chuck Berry and Eddie Cochran, you can expect a thin line between channeled eclecticism and tedious retreding. Ducks Deluxe get closer to the former with each listening, because their approach to rock 'n' roll is similar to the very bands they are reminiscent of.

The band's main strength lies in their rockers. Clean, tight, with a strong punch: "Don't Mind Rockin' Tonite;" "Hearts on My Sleeve;" Strong Velvets influence a la "Sweet Jane" in "Fireball" (released as a single); the Beatles-ish "Please Please Please" (the next single); "It's All Over Now;" even a Dylan take-off in "West Texas Truckin' Board."

On "Daddy Put the Bomp," Sean Tyla's voice is a perfect sensual vehicle for this tale of a po' boy's bayou core-thrust. Reminding one of both David Essex and Fleetwood Mac, it dips and slides with a subtle rock 'n' roll riff that sends chills up the spine. Contrast this with the album's weakest cut, "Too Hot To Handle," where Tyla's vocals dominate the proceedings with a loss of the style maintained on earlier cuts. My advice, to avoid the hit-or-miss vocals of Tyla, is to use Garvey more often, whose vocals ("Please Please Please," "Nervous Breakdown") are more dependable.

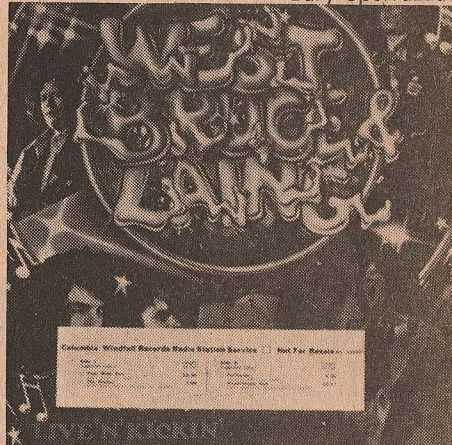
Also worth mentioning is "Falling For That Woman," a slow bluesy tune a la Van Morrison, employing a production and arrangement technique combining the recent Memphis sound used by producer Willie Mitchell on Al Green with the 60's Memphis sound explored by Steve Cropper. Horns are tastefully included with an oh-so-lovely tenor sax pushed upfront. Lastly, my favorite cuts,

"Coast to Coast" and "Nervous Breakdown" are so good the Dolls could've done them and people would have taken notice; the only difference between the two bands on this cut is the make-up but so what?

Producer Dave Bloxham has done a fine job, but for what Ducks Deluxe are as a rock 'n' roll of this calibre, I can think of no better producer than Dave Edmunds. More concessions are made to p-o-p on Side one whereas Side two leans toward punky rhythm and blues, but it's all rock 'n' roll and boy, do I love it.

Ducks Deluxe furthers the returning concept of the pretty pop star and the ugly rock 'n' roller because these guys are Ugly. And mean. And distant. And possessed with the finest rock 'n' roll spirit since John Fogerty retreated to the hills. **Ducks Deluxe** is a bruiser just right for your cruiser.

-Gary Sperrazza!



## Belch!

LIVE AND KICKIN'  
West, Bruce & Laing  
(Columbia)

Leslie West ain't as heavy as Lesley Gore or Leslie Nielson, and true he is one of rock-on's only functional rolly-pollies and true he's also an ex-Vagrant and true he's a chunky geetar player and there ain't many of those—Burl Ives used to play geetar, so did Theo Bikel—in these lean days of anti-carbohydrate consciousness. But this here **Live and Kickin'** record is a muthagreasier. It's anti-protein rock-on all the way. It's a grande buffet of density, it's so heavy it even transcends heavy metal and warps right on into spud-rock—spuds being the single most fattening thing in this universe. Spuds 'n gravy 'n hot fudge sundae's fer dessert—very organic this here piece of polyvinyl chloride. . .



This latest from the dynamic trio of West, Bruce & Laing (is it true that he's really the illegitimate son of good ole' departed R.D.) is one of those monuments to the crud vs. crude didactic. It's also one of the best 'live' lp's ever recorded—you'd say that too ifin you was a rotunder whose feet haven't been seen in twenty-six years—and the reason it is, is simply because it refuses to compromise and become skinny and economical. Like every song is brimming over with waste and excess—ohh, it's beautiful jus' like all those old Vanilla Fudge LP's: and it's just as thud-effective as any of those nova-rockers like Stray, Sir Lord Baltimore, and Dust.

There are only four cuts on this waxeroo so's a cut by cut analysis is simple-easy and double-plus funs.

They lead off with a twelve-minute jelly-stomper which serves as a contradictory ode to the skinny-butts of Jagger and richards. "Play With Fire" (a song dedicated to the LA police department and Pretty Boy Patti, the new Dillinger, the new Clyde Barrow—cum to us pretty, pretty) is what "Gimmie Shelter" by Grand Funk; "Eight Miles High" by Golden Earring; and "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" by Iron Butterfly are all about. Art vs. rock-on purity. This here song is so heavy it's worse than lead slag. Put it on the Edison machine and it'll tear bits of pink off yo' vermilion labia and leave ya shoutin' fer mo' mo' . . . a sonic Vic Tanny exercise.

Next is a song what goes along with all the political namby-pamby in Washington and the woes of the Prez, and old Cream toon: "Politician. . ." need I say more.

After this we take a Soft Weave glimpse into the world of sonic surgery—just like in "Star Trek." Doctor songs, like car songs, like slippery squishy in-out songs, like DOPE songs, have an important place in rock-on. Jeez, just let your encephalon back-scan on such katzenjammer ejecta as "I Don't Need No Doctor," "Doctor, Doctor" by Blue Cheer; "Dr. My Eyes" by Jackson Brownie; and what about Dr. John, and Doctor Hook; and Dr. Kildare and Dr. Zorba (the first friz-freek) and what about Dr. Watson—how presumptuous. And if you think dems was hookay den ya's gonna have to let a tentacle or two loose on "Doctor" done up West, Bruce & Laing (is he really the idiot bastard son of R.D.) 'cause it'll blast your genitals right into musical orbit.

"Powerhouse" reminds me a lot of those great s-f celluloids like "The

Magnetic Monster" and "Metropolis" and . . . Godzilla movies. Nuff said.

So's this rekord is pure, sure tubsville, real obese. Personally, after devouring this piece of plastic do-do I gained twelve pounds—rating, 3,335 calories/groove. Belch/fart/emesis. . .

-Joe Fernbacher  
(height 5' 11" weight: 300 lbs. beat that Albert Grossman . . . and remember FREE BABY HUEY—the world's only fat political priznor. . .)



## Pop Arrows

### DREAM KID

The Sutherland Brothers and Quiver (Island)

One of the nicest memories of the later British Invasion 1973-style, was the Sutherland Brothers and Quiver's "I Don't Want to Love You (But You Got Me Anyway)," the first real fruit of the merger between the singing and composing Sutherland Brothers, and Quiver, a band that needed better vocals and original material. And now with **Dream Kid**, the new band's first full album together, the merger seems to be working out better than anyone suspected. For this is an excellent piece of mainstream rock.

The Sutherland Brothers, Iain and Gavin, are vocally reminiscent of the Hollies and Everly Brothers, with touches of Dyian at times. Both write excellent if



-The Sutherland Brothers and Quiver

unspectacular pop songs, with Iain being the more prolific. Gavin makes up for this with "Lonely Love," the second half of a two part composition, and a very pretty piece of abstract impressionism.

The opening cut, "You and Me," is the closest the band gets to sounding like they did on "I Don't Want to Love You," and that's not very close. The song sets the tone for the rest of the album: fine interplay between keyboard and guitar over a clean rhythm section. The mood is more subdued than last year's single, but is not less effective. "Bluesy World" contains quite a happy sounding melody in contrast to its title and lyrics. Probably the most exciting song on the album is "Champion the Underdog," which features great build up and release of tension. Tim Renwick, who plays excellently and imaginatively through out, has an excellent solo here that begins at a scream and slowly falls back into the song.

Every album has filler cuts, but here they're not so much bad as they are misguided. "Flying Down to Rio" (chord progression courtesy of Dylan's "She Belongs to Me") and "Bad Loser" both sound thin but they get better with each listening. The only real throwaway is "Maker" which attempts to sound sinister and Dylanish but only comes out sounding silly and wordy.

Probably the classiest part of this album is two original song medleys, Gavin's previously mentioned "Seagull/Lonely Love," and Iain's "Rolling Away/Rocky Road/Saved by the Angel." The individual songs are usually fragmentary by themselves but the changes in lyrical and musical mood, flowing towards a single end, can be quite exhilarating if done correctly. Probably the best and most exciting example of this was Todd Rundgren's "Baby Let's Swing" medley on the **Runt** album. Iain's medley is structured quite similarly to Todd's, and is almost as exciting. A very sharp way to end an extremely promising album.

-Bob Kozak

# Cold Cuts

### WHITE LADY

Badger (Epic/Columbia)

(excerpted from the Worthless Bands Manual, published by Shakin' Street Raps, Inc.) . . . Step one: Get some guy who recently left a name band to form his own band. Example: "Originally formed by ex-Yesoid Tony Kaye, Badger released their first LP, **One Live Bager**, on "Atlantic." Step two: The group breaks up. Step three: The group reforms with a different lineup. Example: "Later, Kaye was joined by Kim Gardner (bass) and Roy Dyke (drums), abandoning Tony Ashton when he joined Family." Note that it's best to keep it in the family; new group members from other worthless bands. Example: "On vocals came Jackie Lomax, part time pop star and would-be love god, and guitarist Paul Pilnik from Stealer's Wheel. Step four: Mach II of the band signs with a new label, making it harder for the fan to keep up. Example: "Well, the music on **White Lady**, their second album, is marred by Allen Toussaint who produced the living daylights out of it (too much brass and baying females). One song manages to fight through the sludge, "A Dream of You," but the rest are meaningless mediocrities plainly attesting to the fact that Lomax can't sing." Step five: the group breaks up **again**. Example: "Seemingly, it doesn't matter cuz according to Melody Maker, this bevy of badgers broke up anyway. But if there's a rule here, there will be a Badger Mach III. Beware." Step six . . .

### ROCK AND ROLL QUEEN

Mott the Hoople (Atlantic)

No, it's not quite the "best of Mott," that would take at least a five-record set, n'est-ce pas? But Atlantic, noticing the crash-kid success of our rock 'n' roll boys since their switch to Columbia, has elected to release this collection, which has been out on Island (Mott's old UK label) in England for three years. From the first four Mott LPeez comes "Rock and Roll Queen" and "You Really Got Me" (**Mott the Hoople**); "Thunderbuck Ram" and "Walkin' With a Mountain" (**Mad Shadows**); the live "Keep a Knockin'" (**Wildlife**); "Death May Be Your Santa Claus" and "The Wheel of the Quivering Meat Conception" (**Brain**

**Capers**). Only one unreleased cut here with "Midnight Lady," a Hunter/Ralphs rocker which was probably the flip side of one of their singels. Listening to these cuts out of context loses some of the intimacy contained in their original placing, but what the hell, put it on at a party and no one will notice the difference. Excellent rock 'n' roll from a superb group.

### JOURNEY

Arthur Brown's Kingdom Come (Passport/Famous)

Arthur's kingdom has come and gone. He shoulda stuck with the pyro theatrics instead of this cozmik bulldiddy. The songs buildup for twenty minutes, you know, doop-doop-doop real slow for about five minutes. Then it's doop-doop-doop-DOOP for five more. Who's got the time for this nonsense?

### REMEMBER THE FUTURE

Nektar (Passport/Famous)

Boring transplanted futuro quasi Welsh Britisher-in-Germany nonsense. Hey you guys, leave the space shots to Hawkwind, one spacey racenik band is enough.

### HENRY COW/HENRY COW

Virgin

"I was just relaxin' out in the pasture (I just finished a heavy milkin' session-HOTCHA!) Chewin' the cud and thinkin up a title for muh new fangled ice cream. All of a sudden these guys came around an shouted: "Yo we're Henry Cow!" an started playin this music. Well they didn't look like nobody from my side of the family and the stuff they were playin' made muh cud-chewin' go off-rhythm. It's a good thing muh boyfriend Fernando The Bull came by and stabbed the shit outa them with his huge torso-like horns. But they had the last laugh cause by mistake I ate one of the demos they left out in the field. An' now the doctor says I'll never milk again. BOO!HOO! Poor Elsie, Bordens will have to go on without you. Henry Cow is now being sought for Injustice to Animals With Their Music by the SPCA.

### SENSE OF DIRECTION

Climax Blues Band (Sire/Famous)

In which Climax lose their sense of direction, treading on their past material







to make a murky stew of blooz, jazz and rock. Anti-climactic at best although "Nogales" and "Amerita" (can't these guys speak English?-Ed.) tend to be less boring than the rest of the cuts. Shit, I'm sick to the gills of gettin these goddamn records with only two good cuts. C'mon you bastards, get it together. Famous and Sire are bent on making you stars in the "progressive" market and your music is suffering for it.

#### VAGABONDS OF THE WESTERN WORLD

Thin Lizzy  
(London)

AWRIGHT AWREADY! So Thin Lizzy are nothin' but a limey Z.Z. Top. I don't give a shit what these asshole editors say but three songs on this here LP are ass-kickin', piss-lickin' GOOD! "The Rocker" is pure energy, about the heaviest excursion into metalmania since Blue Cheer (How can you believe this crazy man?-Ed.). Like Z.Z. Topp, Thin Lizzy sounds a lot like the futuristic psychedelia of T.S. McPhee's Groundhogs, and that's gotta be a big plus. "Mama Nature Said" and "Gonna Creep Up on You" are the other two flareups but the remainder goes limp pretty quickly. Still, the three gooduns are worth the price of the album. Close your eyes and (nod out.-Ed.) take off.

#### TURN OF THE CARDS

Renaissance  
(Sire/Famous)

This album amost dies under the weight of the group's ambitions. They are excellent musicians and arrangers and the album is interesting in a subdued Yes-like semi-classical vein. But the sheer force of the music only barely wins out over the cold, almost sterile quality of the production and playing. Rate Annie Haslam's voice as turn-on of the week, but like the music, she comes dangerously close to sounding too stark and emotionally vapid. The best song here, "I Think of You," comes off because it, unlike the other cuts on the album, is a song (as in "pop song") instead of attempting to be a "piece" of music (as in a "classical piece"). This album is ultimately a winner, but the score is awfully close.

#### NOT JUST ANOTHER BUNCH OF PRETTY FACES (BUT A LOT MORE OF THE SAME OLD SHIT)

Linda Lewis  
(Capitol)

Well, side one hits off with this little pop/soul ditty called "In The Winter Of Your Mind," and at this point I was optimistic. Too bad, cause after that it

was the usual bullshit. Drummer Cliff Davies, wrote all "da bloos" and Dick Morrissey wrote all dis watered down soul and jazz funk. MFSPGDBSTPO it ain't. Side two has just as much to offer - nuthin'. Morrissey keeps playin' around with these triple dubbed alto fills that sound the same on every track. Oh yeah, the biggest joke on this here LP is called "I Believe In Rock & Roll." Tsk, tsk, tsk, whatta buncha liars!

#### HEARTSTRINGS

Linda Lewis  
(Reprise/Warners)

Ah, such a voice. Not that I especially like female vocalists, but Linda Lewis knocks me out every time. She combines reggae with Motown for a reeeeeee good solid sound. At times you could swear Michael Jackson was singing. "Rock A Doodle Doo," "Fathoms Deep" and "I'm in Love Again" are chartbusters for sure if Reprise wanted to launch Linda from the car speakers of America. Well produced by Jim Cregan, late of Family, mourned by all, near and far.

#### INSANE ASYLUM

Kathi McDonald  
(Capitol)

Spawned by her stint in Joe Cocker's infamous Mad Dogs' troupe, Kathi McDonald is still trying to make a living out of rock and roll. She's got a pretty fair voice, but the thing that really makes the vinyl jump is the line-up of sidemen: Ronnie Montrose (love that boy!), Nils Lofgren, John Cipollina, Pete Sears and some other S.F. dudes who never sounded better. Good treatments of Martha and the Vandellas' "Heat Wave" and Eddie Cochran's "Something Else." What taste this girl has! A pleasant but not great disc.

#### LIKE AN OLD FASHIONED WALTZ

Sandy Denny  
(Island)

The singer-songwriter craze, both male and female divisions, seems to be dying down of late. But there are still some unfortunate souls left reeling in the wake, who scream at the mere thought of someone attempting to sing his or her songs with only the slightest hint of rock backing. But Sandy Denny deserves a better fate than that. She sings exquisitely, writes some beautiful songs, has received excellent back up from her friends in the English folk-rock scene (she recently rejoined Fairport Convention), and even the string arrangements rarely get in the way. The only clinkers are two non-original songs which come out sounding shmaltzy and old-timey. Otherwise, this is an intelligently beautiful album.

#### MEDIA PUSH

Quacky Duck and his Barnyard Friends  
(Warners)

They couldn't keep these boys down on the farm, but at least their debut album is balanced. Half not-too-good, and half unlistenable. At least it's not as bad as the album cover; Geez, you'd think Warners was trying to scare away perspective buyers. At best, the album itself is a strange mixture of Seals and Crofts, Doobie Brothers, Commander Cody, etc., with some barnyard attempts at humor and occasionally some flat singing (to keep us awake?). That's at best, which means the rest is even worse, which means you should ignore it. At least until they start selling it in brown paper bags, like Terry Knight once claimed his company would do with their records. Then, at least, you wouldn't have to look at the cover as you passed by the album in your local record store.

#### KEEP ON SMILIN'

Wet Willie  
(Capricorn/Warners)

A gigantic letdown. After three LPeez of good Southern funk that put them only second to the Allman's in popularity, they've gone soul, straight and clear. The only two close to their old style, "Soul Jones" and "In Our Hearts" are too plodding and repetitious to live up to one's expectations. Poor. Poor. Poor. Some one please slap their hands and make them stop.

#### SPOILED ROTTEN

Left End  
(Polydor)

Ain't heard much from around Cleveland these days. Left End, a group they've spawned, is one hell of a noise machine. These dudes are s'posed to have enough gimmicks to put Barnum & Bailey outa business. That's OK at least the music on this album is good cuz its ROCK N' ROLL. Most of the tunes like "Loser," "Bad Talkin' Lady" and "Spoiled Rotten" carry heavy machine gun guitar riff openings. The high pitchin' background screeches work it out with the belchin' pubic vocal chords of Dennis T. Menass (Selansky Ha, Ha). I just hope that in the promising future they get their asses in gear and dump those damn gimmicks. Ya don't need none of that shit for an image. All ya gotta do is play mean, bad-ass kickin' sweat.

#### LONG LONG WAY

Ian Thomas  
(Chess/Janus)

In which Mr. "Painted Ladies"

himself goes a "long, long way" back to Mott the Hoople's **Wildlife** to cull material for his new album. The vocal similarity between Thomas and ex-Mott guitarist Mick Ralphs (now with Paul Rodger's Bad Company) is painfully evident seeing as Ralphs (get this!) plays electric guitar on **Long Long Way**. I listened to the whole album (a feat in itself) and I heard an electric guitar a combined time of about 25 seconds. This Canadian wimp pulls the only class move of his worthless musical career and he doesn't even use him!!! AAARGH!!

#### ZEPHYR NATIONAL

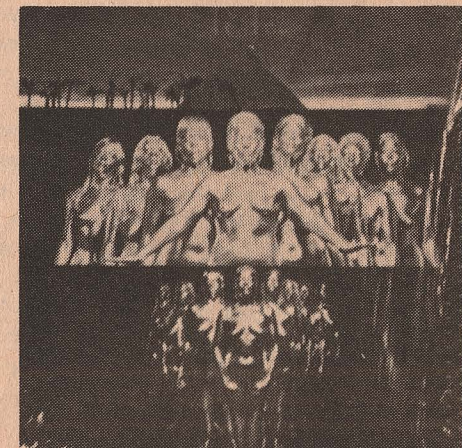
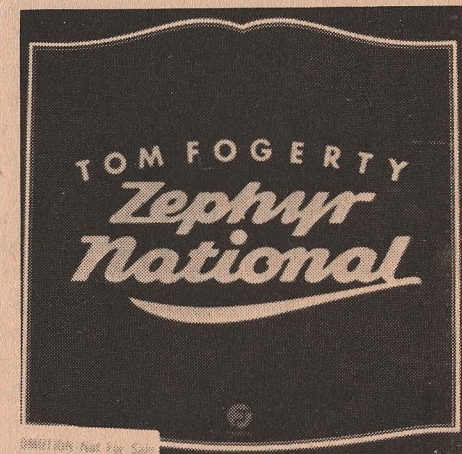
Tom Fogarty  
(Fantasy)

It's a well known fact that Tom Fogarty used to be the rhythm guitarist with Creedence Clearwater Revival (probably one of the easiest jobs in rock music) while brother John did the singing, songwriting, and lead guitar playing, not to mention production and arranging. Comparisons between Tom's solo career and Creedence, therefore, are inevitable. The CCR rhythm section (Stu Cook and Doug Clifford) is intact here, and John even plays some guitar. Tom sings a lot like John, also, though his voice is weaker, but his lyrics are painfully trite and unnecessary and the music lacks that certain spark of excitement that the best of CCR's work contained. Some pleasant attempts at reggae and one nice attempt at that old rocking Creedence sound ("Mystic Isle Avalon"), but there just isn't much to this album.

#### ISIS

(Buddah)

Sperrazza is a crafty ole S.O.B. Isis is a quite feminist eight girl group and he thought that I would rip 'em apart and get the blame, instead of him, for bein' one o' them shovan-eestos or whatever they call 'em. Wrong. Isis is alright - considering (I'm not 100% liberated from the ancient male code of dealing with women) I can't believe it's as good as it is, y'know what I mean? This must say something for producer Shadow Morton or a whole slew of studio musicians. One last dig in this over-ambiguous "critique," the cover shows the band painted silver and NUDE, NUDE, NUDE!!! Shit, they ain't even good lookin'. Pretty much on the dyko side - take that N.O.W.!! Ouch, eat me ... Pow! ... S.O.M.F., honey...







## Concerts

Here we sit. Our mind's one. Here we sit. Off in the distance a low rumbling squirts through the ground like some gigantic groundhog tunnelling his way into February. A fulguration - bzzzzzzzz. Here we sit. Over in the Nuclear Canteena, the one next to Concrete Slab No. 4, the one just outside of Nova Beach—where the encephalon beings showed up last week and turned half the beach to ebony glass: the band was playin' and the Machine sighed and went pant, pant—wish I could do-wah, like all da rest a da...

### ENIWETOK PHASE ONE...

I'm sittin' here countin' my radiation burns and what happens? Well, I'll tell ya what happens. They slid down from the ceiling with machines strapped on their backs, plugged into the Main Circuit Review Board Quasa 12 and began the first Annual Mutants Relief Fund Stump-Stomper... a Nova slumber party for the members of the Hiroshima Burn Treatment Center... hey, these guys are good. What they called? BOC. What's a BOC? Oh, Blue Oyster Cult. I used to sup on Blue Oysters over on the Mainland afore it become the maimed-land. I think I remember reading sumthan 'bout these white-leatheroids back in an old crusty, moldy issue of *Shakin' Street Gazette*—it went something like:

"Well, folks this Friday at 8:00 p.m. in Buffalo's Century Theater, that all-time sonic-wipe-out-android-band: Blue Oyster Cult will be wailing away in search of cosmic-nod. The Cult formerly known as the Soft White Underbelly, will be performing stellar selections from their past LP *Secret Treaties*—including Patti Smith's Baudelaire-encrusted "Careers of Evil" and R. Meltzer's Krishnoid epic, "Cagey Cretins." Other highlights will be:

Can someone please tell me why a five-guitar solo is so, so concupiscence (as in fucking): so low-down male oriented, so none female, so damn effective on the pudendum as well as the homo-crotch??? Ifin ya can, well, mister you're a better man than I...

Anyway, the Cult under the philosophical tutelege of Sandy Pearlman will be lashing away, and otherwise enravishing, your earlobes with so many concret-musical-Bonzai-Pipeline's that it'll take your eyebrows and cement them to the ceiling in an apoplexi of rock-on plague germ."

And it went on and on, real out moded kinds of phraseologies and what not. So's I sit here. Waiting. For what? Don't really know for sure.

### ENIWETOK PHASE TWO:

I'm over on Nova Beach this time conversing with an



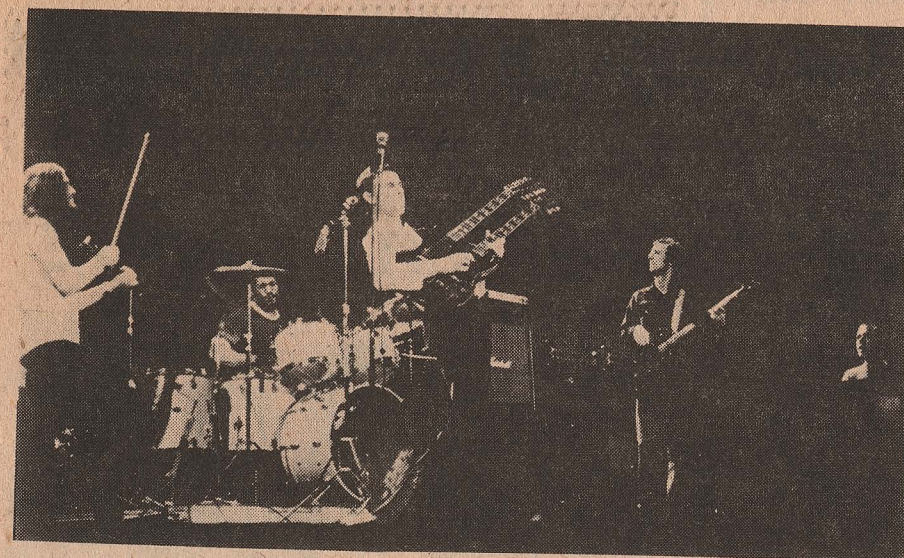
-Eric Bloom, a divining rod for the fires of Hell.



-Golden Earring

ancient encephalon-creature and it goes something like this:

"Once upon a time there was long-haired friz dude what called hisself Jesus— or Hay-su, ifin you was of the Puerto Rican extraction— and he hailed from a burn-place called Nazareth. That's why they called him Jesus—or Hay-su— of Nazareth excepting that there ain't no dude in the group "Nazareth" called Jesus, or Hay-su, so's what's that mean? I'll tell ya. Along with BOC, this Thursday at Buffalo's Century Theater, Nazareth sans Hay-su will be walking upon the rock 'n roll waters and laying waste to your soul with feats of electronic, sonic, presciently, prosaic even, prepotency, that'll leave your orbs agag with plunka, plunka power. These dudes are gud. Already this show is shaping up as the loudest event of the year. The decibilib Eve of Destruction that the Big Boffo has needed since the day ONE. But why am I rappin'



-The New New Mahavishnu Orchestra East. Tickets are \$4.50-advance, \$5.50-day of concert, available at all Festival outlets. himself will be at the Century Theatre June 29 at 8 P.M., sponsored by Festival

-The Cult: "ready to land on your girlfriend's bed."

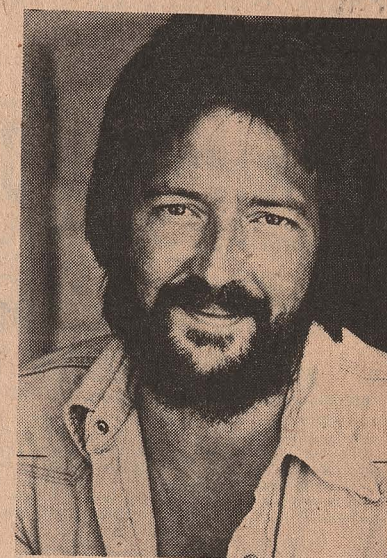


my wurdz on an insignificant little dayglow encephalon as you?"

"Why, 'cause I's cool man and I's can grope your wurdz and slip and on into the nod with the best of 'em—so eat labia crank-twirler..."

### ENIWETOK PHASE THREE:

Meanwhile, over at Terminal Club they was a reelin' and a ROCKIN' to the warp-on sounds of Golden Earring—a buncha time travelling space gypsies whose latest hit, "Radar Love" is a great fave-rave down in Bunker No. 77 where all the boys from electronics hang out. After their engagement at the Terminal Club they'll be whisked away on the earliest BOC and Nazareth—sans Hay-su—now won't that be a Nebulous Gas as opposed to a Classical Gas and nowhere near



-Ole Happy Face (Peach Flavor) up there is trying to tell us that Festival East is presenting Eric Clapton, the Band and Ross at Rich Stadium, July 6 at 6 P.M. Tickets are \$7-advance, \$8-day of show available at all Festival outlets. Only it's the same old words...



-Why is everybody so happy? The James Gang is just bursting to tell you they'll be at Rich Stadium with the J. Geils Band and Emerson, Lake and Palmer, July 26 at 6 P.M. Tickets are \$7-advance, \$8-day of show and are available at all Festival outlets.

Dimensional Shuttle and beam-in on Buffalo's Century Theater, where they will be sharing destructionist chores with the passing of Natural Gas.

So here we sit. Waiting. Can the sun really melt your skin and make it weep and cry like an old widow lady sucking on the radiation charred remains of her ex-Hubbe Wobbie? Can BOC, Golden Earring and Nazareth melt Buffalo, New Yawk? Is the Pope...? Who knows? Who cares? Ifin ya's wanna see what i's been talking about for the past few minutes then jus' hop your local shuttle and be at the Century Theater on Friday. I'll be there. I'll be the one with the nine arms and cat 'O nine tails. Whip on, lbro'. Whip on...

-Uranian Willy the Heavy Metal Wop



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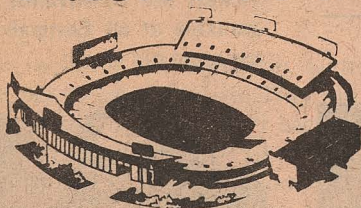
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Audio Centers in Batavia, Orchard Park & Olean

# Blue Oyster Cult Nazareth Golden Earring



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