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The Shakin' Street Gazette, Volume 13

The Shakin' Street Gazette

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Sept.
1974

Shakin' Street

Gazette

Free
1974



The Sweet, Black Sheep, Stones

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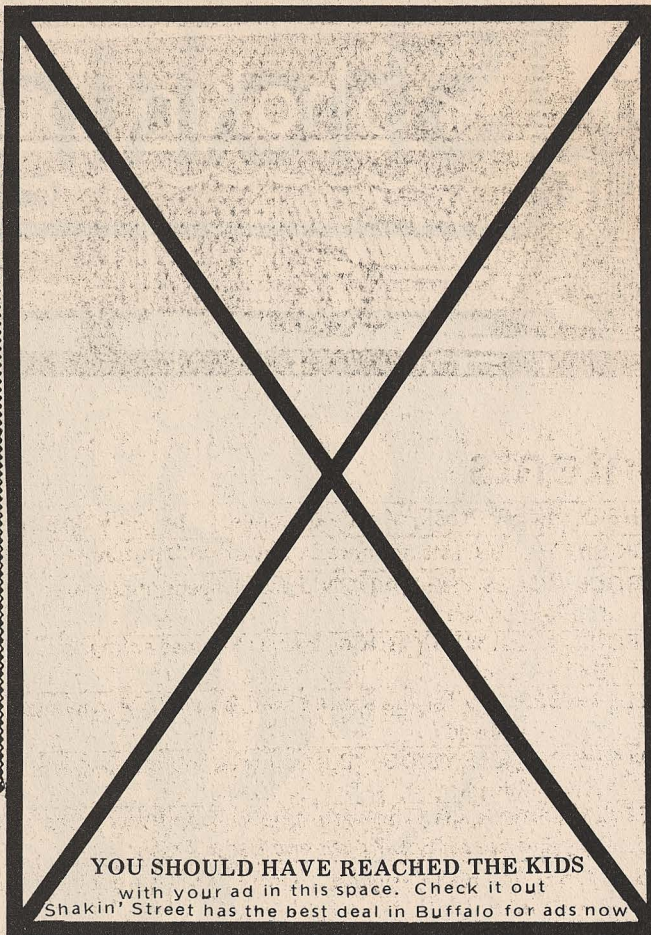
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COMING IN FUTURE ISSUES OF
THE SHAKIN' STREET GAZETTE
(the street with the beat):

-Exclusive: Lester Bangs tells all in "How to Be A Rock Critic", and tolls bells in "Scott Ashton Destroys the World"

-Here it is: the column everyone is scared to write
(except Joe Fernbacher, that is): "Pushing Too Hard"
-a rock 'n' roll fantasy column

-Whatever happened to the Wackers?
And what was all that ballyhoo about an emerging
Montreal pop/rock scene that would shake and quake
the world? Gary Sperrazza (!) wings it to Montreal
for an in-depth report.



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BOFFO WITHOUT BOOGIE

Gary,

Just got Shakin' Street Gazette's 11 & 12 and enjoyed readin' the spunky and often times downright nasty record reviews. By the way, enclosed are issues of Boogie Nos. 4, 5 and 6. Hope you will enjoy 'em. No. 7 might be out in August or Sept. and I'll make it a point to send you a copy since right now I'm working on a spoof of the social activities that occurred at the Rockwriter's Symposium at Buffalo May 11 (sponsored by The Gazette-Ed.). Most of it is based on Meltzerian heresay evidence.

-John Bialas, Ed.
Boogie
221 Venetian Ave.
Gulfport, MS 39501

(Boogie is a fine fanzine (they're proud of it, bub) crammed with news, reviews and overviews with a rock 'n' roll glaze. Lotsa good stuff on Southern and New Orleans rock 'n' roll. A measly buck will get you a

subscription and for a fanzine that occasionally gets up to 90 pages, that's a deal and a half-Ed.)

REVIEWS OF OUR REVIEWS

Re: King Crimson review

As admirable as side one of Starless and Bible Black is, it's the second side that contains the important, substantial innovations. Yet the reviewer hardly so much as hints the second side exists, without coming to grips with it. As far as Starless' "musical fusions one never would have thought possible upon listening to In the Court of The Crimson King - is this guy joking? In preparing a review of Starless, I listened to Court specially because Court ("Moonchild") is the immediate predecessor to Starless' title song, with its pointillism, harmonic interplay, etc. etc., while the sense of drama leading to "Fractured" (which is as if Fripp were unhappy with "Lark's" and wanted a second chance at the same melodic and constructive idea) is a case of

(Letters continued on P. 4)

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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. 13

Now is the
time for
the party.

(Details next issue)

Letters: "Dear Occupant..."

(Letters continued from P.3)
direct development, with such sleep-provoking albums as Lizard and Islands coming off as a now-denied loss of direction standing in the way of natural progression. And as for Bruford proving himself as an imaginative drummer, this again ignores the fact that Bruford is trying to prove he is not a drummer, but a percussionist (the two terms being hardly synonomous), filling both his own role and taking Jamie Muir's place simultaneously, as gap-sealer. (This brings a greater irony to the penultimate sentence in the review, which is the most perceptive statement in the review; wonder if the writer realizes why, tho.) Actually, I'm not being fair to Chris Sajecki, as the review is excellent for what he says; it's what he doesn't say that makes me wonder how closely he actually listened to the album. . .

-Tom Bingham
Dunkirk, N.Y.

(Sajecki is tone deaf . . . actually, he did not review it from a teenage perspective and the result is the holes which Mr. Bingham has just explored. This letter is an excerpt from a much longer letter with many helpful comments on Shakin' St. I thank Tom for his comments and we'll watch our p's and q's.-Ed.)

GARY'S GAZZEET?

The first gazzeet Gary put out his great admierer WAs Todd. It was a shity artical because Gary didn't write it, Ha,Ha! His ARTS best (and everyones is Aerosmith. iT was a outstanding MIS artICAL ,because Gary became edidor then.

Andrew Marks
Delham Ave.
Buffalo, N.Y. 14216

(The Todd issue was issue number 10, not one, little guy. Gary has been "edidor" since the very first issue of the "Gazeet". Also, because of your nice letter, I've sent you a copy of the new Dolls LP, OK?-Ed.)

GREG SHAW ON POP

Like most people, I was very pessimistic about the future of rock in 1971, and would never have predicted it would get so much better, so fast. I think, though, for reasons cited previously, that the '70s will not see a pop explosion similar or even on the same scale as that we had in the mid-60s. More and more I'm coming to believe there will be some

sort of pop explosion, however, each month brings a greater and greater number of exciting new releases, the music is getting better and gaining more acceptance all the time.

It bothers me that you sense phony optimism in my recent writing. I really am optimistic, I always expect the best and do whatever I can to support trends that will result in more good music. That's where the tricky part comes in, when you're trying to analyze something like the evolution of a pop phenomenon, as it's happening, and give support where it will be most useful.

Like, on the surface, I was wrong in predicting stardom for the Dolls, Elliot Murphy, 10cc, Roy Wood, etc., etc. But my viewpoint is, in talking about these people as if they're stars, talking about music as if it's a pop scene and downplaying all the Dylan-Beatles-Russell type stuff everybody else keeps talking about, I may be able to influence a lot of impressionable kids who might just believe something because they read it in a major rock magazine, also there's the chance to influence radio public directors and industry people. You'd be surprised how people in even the most influential positions have no idea what's going on, they'll believe in any trend they're hyped on. Then there's the musicians who just may derive inspiration or at least encouragement from the fact that somebody is supporting pop music. The point is, it doesn't do any harm to support what you believe in, even if it's not happening yet. At least you didn't help kill it any by saying things like "Roy Wood doesn't have a chance" no matter how logical they may appear at the time.

The other thing I wanted to respond to was your statement that you don't listen to Slade or Stories anymore . . . that's great! It's the nature of pop that things come and go, you get real excited about something today and tomorrow it's something else. It's when you have to keep picking over the old bones of months and years past that you know you're in a slow era. . .

Best,
Greg Shaw
Hollywood, Calif.

(Greg Shaw is the Editor of the fabulous Phonograph Record Magazine, available free at music outlets throughout the big Boffo, and throughout the country. As you know, Shaw's contribution to the

pop scene puts him in the Shakin' St. Rockwriters Hall of Fame. He also is the Editor of an excellent fan . . . (whoops) magazine called Who Put The Bomp available only by subscription. Send your \$8 (per 12 issues) to WPTB; Box 7112; Burbank, Calif. 91510; and smile, you've just bought stock in one of life's little pleasures.-Ed.)

GARY GLITTERLOVE

Dear Ron,
I love you love, me love me you love, I love you love me!

-Gee-Knee

GIRL-GRILLING

Re: Bowie Catalogue Contest

If the ghoul
grilled
my girl,
I'd shoot Ziggy's
shooting star to
dust,
I'd tie the spaced
out oddity,
I'd throw a lad in
the Seine,
I'd sell the man who
stole my world,
(under
my sole-
design)
I'd carbonize diamond dogs
But most of all,
I'd pin-up the monster
to be knifed

-Harold Goldberg
808 Willet Rd.
Lackawanna, N.Y. 14218

(Whaddya think, Rebel Rousers? Since we announced the winner, I'm sending you the new Nazareth LP to help the loss. NOTE: YOU CAN TRY ONCE AGAIN FOR THE RCA BOWIE CATALOGUE ON PAGE 19 . . . CONTEST CLOSES SEPT. 20.-Ed.)

J.M. STILL LIVES!

What ho old chap:

I think you've got a real nice magazine there, old chap. If I seem something less than transfixed by its presence it's only cos I'm pretty much fed up with rock and roll magazines, however brilliant they may be. My only suggestion would be that you try to reduce the incidence of Meltzer emulation in your Gazette, as it currently seems - how shall we put this? - overly high. How are Flossie and Ivory, then?

With the kind, if reluctant, if sporadic,

(Letters continued on P. 5)



On The Corner

To those who would desecrate this virginal magazine: please read this good and hard. If again the following problems should arise, I shall refer to this piece as an explanation.

To allow for the best possible Shakin' St. Gazette, there are informal rules silently understood between the staff members - one of which is to rock and roll on paper, in the most efficient possible manner . . . to look at our subject matter through the eyes of the only real rock 'n' roll audience: the teenagers. There are some oldsters who still look at music with teenage vision: those who we found, write for us. Someday we hope rock 'n' roll is returned to the teenagers, via a music that if offensive enough as to cause others to run scared yet a music that continues in the rock 'n' roll tradition by giving their lives back to them on a vinyl plate. We're trying it on paper.

There are those who would defile our purpose and our results. One faction consists of those who have political/financial control over the many activities producing this magazine; their rule is 'If you don't understand it, oppose it'. Those who do understand, tolerate us and comply with our requests, thank God and them. Another faction contains those 'sidewalk' critics, who judge this paper without enough direct knowledge of our subject matter to base their evaluation upon. Their only answer is "Well, you've got your opinions and I've got mine." Sure, OK buddy. . .

A third, and most respected, faction are those who approach music, even rock 'n' roll, as an art form. Grand, except rock 'n' roll is not ART and hence must be judged on terms other than those used to describe and judge the existing music forms. The staff here acknowledges music as art and have their own loves in classical, jazz and prog-rock. But when they step onto the curb of Shakin' St., they leave them in the alley. Rock 'n' roll does not strive for perfection, it seeks only to thrive comfortably, to satisfy and reflect human adolescent emotions.

To those who don't feel they belong in any of the three factions mentioned, to those who live and breathe rock and roll and still are dissatisfied with Shakin' St., we want to hear your thoughts. For God's sake, WRITE, for yours is the most important voice to keep us in check. The teenage philosophy is one of excess and you've almost a parental obligation to watch us young whippersnappers. OK? Write, via the Knox St. address.

There are two levels by which Shakin' St. can stray from its'

(Letters continued from P. 4)

patronage of M. Cerf in my sails, I am working on a monstro solo demo done in actual recording studios. Although it's only me and my trusty synthesizer Lucille, I sound like Phil Spector, with worlds of reverb on everything! Also, I am attempting to talk a local would-be

tycoon into allowing me to produce various of his fab pop-rock acts. And no one wanted my first novel, so I've quit working on it!

Start saving up now, cuz Greg Shaw will shortly be auctioning off lotsa my precious momentos, like a letter from Dave Bowie, several letters from P. Townshend, and several pounds of letters from B. Bevan, not to mention one to B.

Patti (his partner in crime-Ed.) from B. Bevan's missus, Big Val Bevan!

Don't be a stranger,
John Mendelsohn
(Address withheld from groupies by Ed.)

(In the light of respect we held your writing, believe me, John, a letter from you is enough!-Ed.)

original intentions, two we're always careful to avoid:

1) Dealing in subjects beyond our audience's realm of experience: There are rock 'n' roll elements in other forms of music. As we see them in pop, soul, country and blues, we report them. We have to report them, as there's not enough of the real thing to fill a magazine these days. Through issues 1-12, this magazine's series of progressing investigations into other forms of music have created a healthy, well-rounded look for the rock 'n' roll fan. If they're ready to leave, they're prepared for the next street they move onto.

2) Speaking in language so strictly bound to the traditional discussion of music that we go over their heads:

On Carnegie Hall, Lenny Bruce discussed one of the reasons his humor isn't funny to certain people. When he uses colloquialisms like 'dig,' 'bread,' 'cool,' or 'shmuck,' he says that some people in the audience alternate between giving blank stares and nudging their partner saying "What's 'dig' mean? what's 'shmuck' mean? What's. . ."

And such musical terms as 'pointillism,' 'harmonic interplay' or 'syncopation' go over the heads of the average rock 'n' roll fan. Speaking in such terms is altogether absurd, like judging a porn film director's methods with those of a first-rate director's.

But the worst porn film - the poorest quality (my concept of bad) and the sleaziest - has merit in itself: it satisfies a base urge. The common man gets off far more on a T&C film than any X-rated extravaganza with distorted shots, bananas and furs to substitute for the real flesh. And the guy that tells you otherwise could be either embarrassed or full of shit. Shakin' Street is neither.

In an article on New Journalism, Vic Bracht had some good thoughts on the subject of rock writing: "Besides, are the readers of a publication devoted to rock music interested in journalese? How can anyone type under the influence of rock or attempt to write about it without developing subversive new techniques to match the high energy of the music?!? Clearly the subject needs to be explored."

So, the nagging question is: just because we are directing our thoughts to a specific audience, judging the pop/rock output by criteria specific to that form and that audience, we have to take shit from so-called 'intelligent' critics, scholars, street philosophers, etc.? NO! Aside from the many rock 'n' roll fans who are enjoying seeing their music written about in the open, and in the manner it should be written about, now we wait for the inevitable bands who are deriving encouragement to play good pop/rock 'n' roll from this Gazette. We'd like to see a productive rock 'n' roll scene in Buffalo and when it comes, we'll be mighty honored to be a part of it, helping it any way we can. End of sermon. Write, via the Knox St. address. Do it today.

-Gary Sperrazza!



Black Sheep: The Power to Heal

It's a typical Friday night of Spring in the Big Boffo (appropriately dubbed the Armpit of the East). I'm sitting around wondering what to do for excitement. Picking up the paper, there's no concert to be found, which is about par for the Pit but it's just as well for the amount of excitement gained from the double and triple bills this year. Such new and exciting acts as Tucky Buzzard- nod- Savoy Brown- nod- Deep Purple- nod- Bedlam- nod- Black Sabbath- nod- Dave Mason- nod- Strawbs- seminod- with the only saving grace in the 40 minutes of the James Gang, but even that wasn't anything any hard-core rocker could get his rocks off to. With top promotion agencies like Festival East, Harvy and Corky Productions, and Theatre Series (booking basically MOR acts like Anne Murray, the Carpenters and Gladys Knight), they really can't be blamed for their methods which have been successful: book top acts with a wide range of appeal hence not really satisfying teenagers who are a bit harder to please. So let's face it: where are Savoy Brown, Deep Purple or Black Sabbath doing that they haven't already covered in the last five albums? Each have new albums that

by Ron Camacho

sound like left-over tracks from their earlier albums.

The college scene was even worse, still mixed in the annals of hippiedom. Losing the opportunity to book Big Star (little known star group with ex-Boxtop Alex Chilton whose label, Ardent, has a hard time with distribution and promotion), the University of Buffalo brought Hot Tuna (up and coming act, huh?). Buffalo State answered the call by bringing Roy ("Yes, he's the greatest guitarist in the world and no, he doesn't know what the hell to do with it") Buchanan to replace the previously booked Blue Oyster Cult. With concert halls like Kleinhans (that shies away from rock 'n' roll bands with a 50's puritanical mentality equalled only by the sheer elegance of the hall itself), the Aud (nicknamed the Barn, for obvious reasons), and the Century Theatre ("the Bijou of Buffalo"), the scene even looks bleaker but, hell, if there's a good rock 'n' roll band up there onstage, you can almost ignore the uncomfortable surroundings. New halls for concerts (Niagara Falls Convention Center and Rich Stadium) are cold and

dismal. The point is, where does a rock 'n' roller with a thirst for something new and exciting go?

Continuing to peruse the paper, I find amusement in the thought that I could always go to a porn flick, but these past few weeks I've almost become a regular attendee. Searching further, my eyes glance over the local disco ads, with or without live entertainment, knowing full well a night at one of these places would mean perpetration of either the Top 30 or the hippie bloozrock syndrome.

Suddenly my eyes come to a halt. An ad reads: "Tonight at McVan's . . . new Chrysalis recording artists, Black Sheep." Now, feeling this way, the word "new" hit me like a piledriver. All of a sudden, in walks my very close friend (and Editor of Buffalo's only rock 'n' roll magazine, the *Shakin' St. Gazette*), Gary Sperrazza(!), with a snide look hovering over his greetings.

Finding out I had no plans for that night, he began an in-depth description of a section in Buffalo's upper west side called Blackrock. There was, he continued, a club there that catered to the bikers and frat kids inhabiting the area by booking rock 'n' roll acts, the hot

and heavy kind the customers liked. This "sleaze bar," as he referred to it, had booked Alice Cooper in their fledgling days. As he told me his favorite regional band, Black Sheep, was playing there tonight, it all connected and I was rarin' to go.

Already halfway out the door with one shoe on and one arm in my shirt sleeve, he brought his excited dissertation to a close. His last statement was delivered in a half-hearted whisper coming from his turned head and said, "They sound like Free." "Christ, one of my all time favorite groups," I exclaimed. But he knew that.

Black Sheep are five stellar musicians from the Rochester area. Their boundless spirit has lead them into a search for an identity to keep them from falling by the wayside of countless local bands. Witnessing any one of their performances, you'll wonder, with such top-level energy as they exude, how their bodies can stand such a transferral of power.

Black Sheep are a band that has seen name and personnel changes within the last four years. Originally a seven-piece band called Poor Heart, there remains two members in the Sheep: Lou Gramm (then lead singer and drummer), and Larry Crozier (organ). With the addition of Don Mancuso (guitar, 17 when he

joined), Bruce Turgon (bass) and Ron Rocco (drums), pushing Lou up front to specialize in lead vocals, the group became Black Sheep.

In January of 71, the group began rehearsals. Their sound was not one that would enjoy immediate local success. Rather than emulate the usual heavy metal Led Zep/Deep Purple sound or the boogie Doobies/Allmans sound, the band chose the not-so-overtly hyped sound adherent to the likes of Spooky Tooth and Free.

This past summer I had a chance to talk with Black Sheep's manager, Jim Taylor, about that sound. A native of Buffalo, Taylor was an A&M Records promotion man working this area for three years. During an interview in his Franklin St. apartment, I asked him if there was any uneasy feeling about sounding similar to a group like Free? Would this hurt the over-all appeal of the group?

JT: "No, I don't think so. I feel Free never really caught on as a group from an album standpoint. They were a really fine band that never got big because of a lot of reasons, the business for one.

"I don't feel that people will walk around saying 'this' sounds like 'that' after hearing Black Sheep. Everything comes from something previous and it

would be like the Raspberries doing a Beatles thing. After our band proves it can make a hit single & a fine album, they will bypass this type of talk."

Shakin' St: What, then, is Black Sheep's audience?

JT: "I don't think that we will have the following of a Sabbath or Deep Purple essentially but rather one of a Free or Led Zeppelin where there is more going on than just the mystique of energy. That is to say, there is more musical depth in Sheep's music."

Three years have passed since Black Sheep began playing local clubs and their policy of non-compliance has paid off. Among some of their accomplishments is, of course, the single, "Stick Around," on Chrysalis. Black Sheep are the only American act to be signed to this all-British label housing the likes of Alvin Lee (with whom the band just completed their first national tour), Jethro Tull, Procol Harum and Robin Trower.

As authors of original material, Black Sheep has shown that they can stand as a separate entity. On their forthcoming album, all tunes are their own, with the possible exception of one Fraser/Rodgers song, "Women." Seemingly a tribute to the group the Sheep highly admire, Taylor says, "Women" is a song that has





-Lou Gramm

been solely consonated actually as our own. We have done it so intently, rearranged and resurrected it so that the only thing that keeps it from being our own is the fact that Free wrote it. Like Nazareth doing "This Flight Tonight" on Loud N Proud."

As for the single, "Stick Around," it was written by Lou Gramm and Bruce Turgon who Taylor calls "our hot combination." Maybe, although all the members have had a hand at writing. For example, Ron Rocco wrote a piledriver of a tune called "Freight Train." Lou & Bruce wrote two very slinky ballads ("It Was Wrong," "Let Me Stay") and "Broken Promises," a message song that says it all, which are slated for inclusion on their album.

There is a bit of confusion in the

Sheep's camp concerning what to do with a monster of a song they have written called "Power to Heal." It seems there are two people: namely Todd Rundgren (producer for Grand Funk) and Jimmy Ienner (producer for Three Dog Night), both expressing a great interest in the song. Taylor remarks, "We were thinking of selling the tune to Grand Funk, who would pay \$30,000 for the rights and \$30,000 plus in royalties. It would be the kind of a deal Leo Sayer worked out with Three Dog Night, by giving up "The Show Must Go On." A move like this could be advantageous for obvious reasons: money and exposure. Whether the Sheep decide to cut it themselves or not, it's assured that we'll be hearing this powerful tune in the near future. Says Taylor: "this could be the 'Hold Your

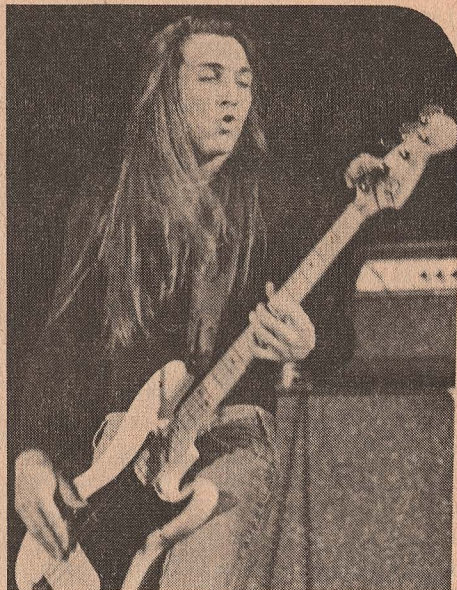


-Lou, reaching for the right words.

Head Up' for Black Sheep." But then again, the business may well be the deciding factor in the end.

For the future, Taylor has high hopes for the band's album which, as he puts it, "is like our second or third album as it has taken us that long to get it out." Well-planned concerts, "in a competitive situation in 4000 seat halls" is their first plan of mass exposure. He feels "with bookings in 30 or 40 stretches" behind the likes of Ten Years After, Grand Funk or the Raspberries (some probable link-ups; TYA are on Chrysalis and Jimmy Ienner also produces the Raspberries) would be the way for the boys to "break in a year and a half."

-Ron Rocco, in a classica snub-nose pose
-Don Mancuso →



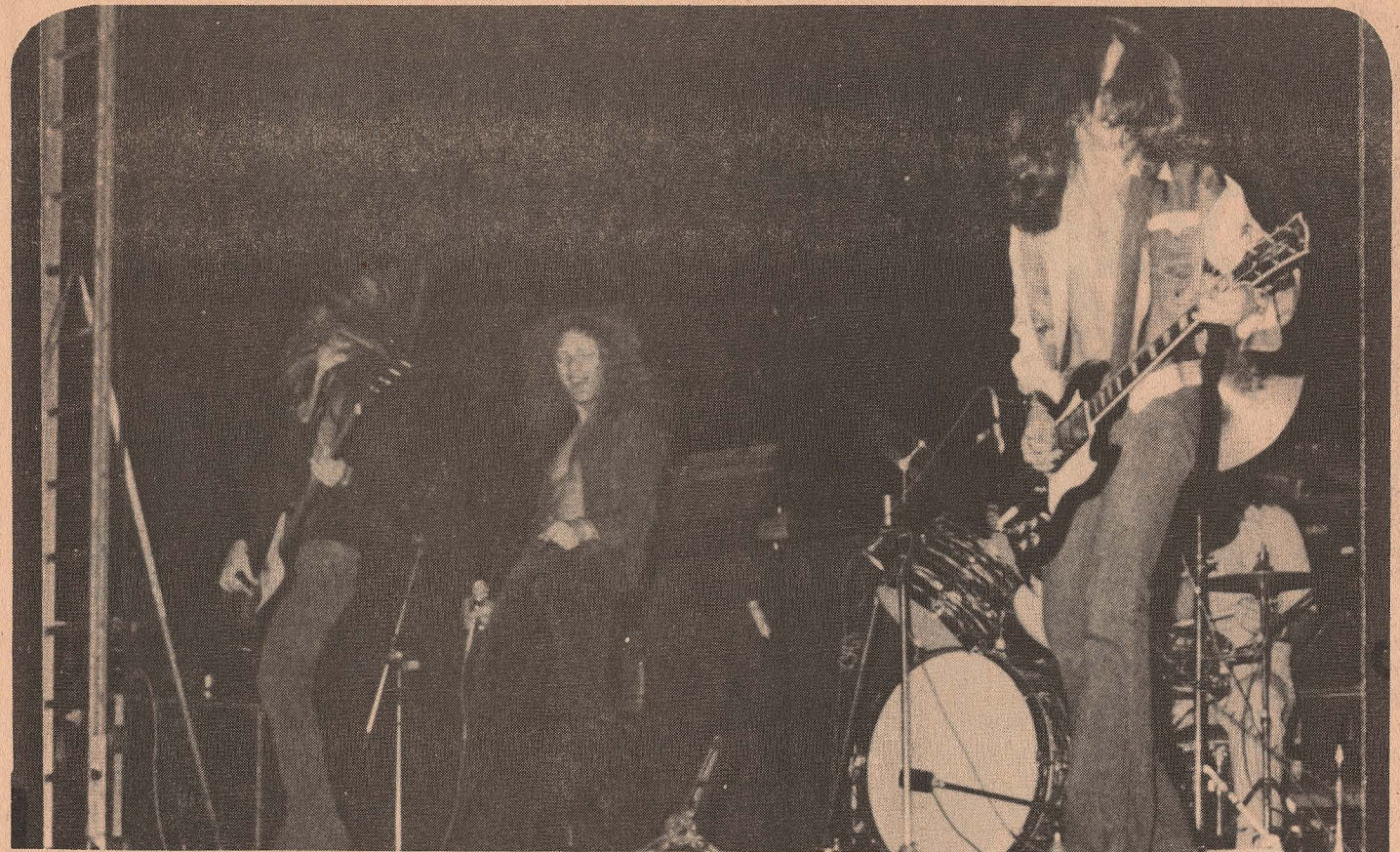
-Bassist Bruce Turgon

Late Flash: Black Sheep have just signed with Capital Records and this is the label that will release their album and next single. The 45 is due for the first week in October and the album to follow later. Their manager Jim Taylor said the reason for leaving Chrysalis was for a better deal and more promotion which the group needs if they're going to make it.

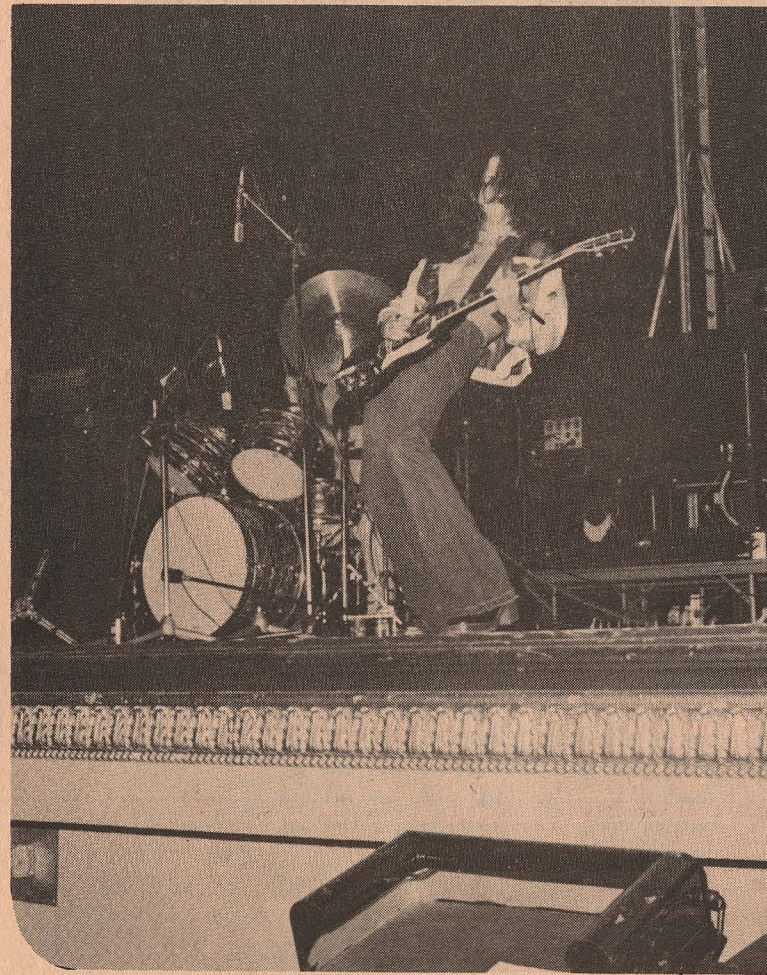
Let's hope his forecast comes true. We've never had a group this good that we can be proud of, coming from this area. Black Sheep play a brand of rock 'n' roll that one can never get enough of. It's as hard, heavy and downright sleaze as rock could ever be. Their ballads are as sweet, moody and sensuous as any I have heard. Their power is one that does wonders for a rock 'n' roll soul.



SHAKIN' ST. GAZETTE



-The Sheep strutting their stuff



-Guitarist Don Mascus bends over backwards to please his fans.

TOT ROCK ROLLS THE NATION



PART ONE OF A CONTINUING SERIES
by Joe Fernbacher

The true fountainhead for the burgeoning field of tot power lies in the triumphant wail of the minikin child as it slips outta its mother's womb. In that one instant of pure katzenjammer trilling the tot begins its journey to adulthood. So if one had to pin down the absolute beginnings of tot rock they'd have to go all the way back to the womb. Now that that's out of the way let's get down to brass Pampers! Why tot rock? Why tot power?

First off, judging from the passing of the American teenager as an American institution, there has to be something to take its place, and the ones that are acting like essential teenagers are the tots. The "in" crowd now claims 9-12 as its mean age—anything over that and you're already over the hill. The teenager no longer functions as a cultural mode because he's been exploited to the point of becoming a self-aggrandizing legend. Example: just take a fleeting glance at some of the songs constantly flashing across the airwaves, the Sweet's "Teenage

Rampage" "Smokin' in the Boys Room" "Teenage Love Affair," "I Was a Teenage **fill-in-the-blank**" etc. All reveling in a false aesthetic - an aesthetic set up by cranky old rock writers and rock stars, because they know that never again can they experience the thrill of their first fuck, their first chain-fight, their first bout with the great God Booze and his faithful companion Vomit, and they resent it so much that it's all they can think about. Continually lusting after teenage women, constantly reaching back into an elusive teenhood they think they can only remember what it was like. When they were there, they were too busy experiencing it, they didn't have the time to stand back and say "krist, that's neet..." - and then came the age of awakening. The age of expanding consciousness. The precursor to the age of apathy.

As more and more un-teens looked over their shoulders and saw that the fun

continued on page 12

"OUT WITH THE TRUCKERS AND THE KICKERS AND THE COWBOY ANGELS"

an historical look at California
Country Rock

by Dave Meinzer



Part I: The San Francisco Groups

It's not exactly what you'd expect a rock 'n' roll star to be like.

The curly haired, bespectacled lead singer introduces him' "The twenty-nine year old perfect master is here!" And out trots George Frayne, otherwise known as Commander Cody, an oversight, beerbellied tough guy in jeans and a dirty T-shirt, to lead his band - the Lost Planet Airmen - in a fast and frantic account of how he drove his pappy to drinkin' in a hot rod Lincoln.

It's not exactly what you'd expect unless you've seen Commander Cody and the Lost Planet Airmen, and found out just how much fun country music's sweet harmonies and steel guitar mixed with raunchy rock 'n' roll can be.

Cody and the Airmen are probably one of the best of the California groups now performing the hybrid sound usually called Country Rock (and called not so affectionately "crock" by a few) and are at or near the top of a list of similar groups from the San Francisco/Berkley area.

The first San Francisco band to make country music a part of their popular sound however were the Grateful Dead.

The Dead came out of SF during the psychedelic period of the late 60's with the Jefferson Airplane. They quickly picked up a small buy loyal following, and impressed many with

continued on page 14



real teens were having they set up a systematic destruction of that purity of essence. How? The major attack came in the form of the corporate structure. They made teenagers marketable. They delved into demographic computer ananlysis, economic statistics, and a myriad of other programming possibilities. They programmed the teenage consciousness into a generation of teenagers not yet conceived. So a kind of cultural phasing took place whereby the twenty-year-old-consciousness became a polyglot of confused frustrations which eventually led to attainment of status quo adulthood; and the teen consciousness slipped into future shock and became the twenty-year-old-consciousness; and the sub-teen a.k.a. tot consciousness became the breeding grounds for a mutated strain - actually a lot purer than the old one - of punknacity and teen-ness.

As far as all this being a phenomena, it really isn't because tot power has been surfacing at a slow but steady pace in many areas of art and entertainment for a long time. It's been in literature since time immemorial: mostly in the form of latent pedophilia - perverse, perverse, perverse. It's been in celluloid for some time as well, take for example such noteworthy films as "Lord of the Flies" "Children of the Damned" "The Innocents" and any Godzilla film you'd care to mention.

One of the most formidable films about the rise of tot power is an American International sleazo-cheapo called "Wild in the Streets." The whole crux of the movie concerns itself with the transition from teenpower to tot rock.

Max Frost is the film's hero, he's an angst laddened anti-hero who launches a campaign to get the voting age lowered to 14. His slogan is "14 or Fight." Through a series of political and social maneuverings Max and his band - one of which has a hook for an arm ala Moulty from the Barbarians - get congress to pass legislation providing for a 14-year old vote. Actually, what he does is drop two or three gallons of acid - 'member that? - into the water supply of Washington, get one of his older group members elected to the Senate - played quite convincingly by Diana Varsi - and then has the bill passed whilst all of Congress is stoned out. Then Max runs for President and wins. Immediately, he sets up old folks concentration camps, feeding all the oldsters daily doses of acid to keep 'em quiet.

But, Max is bored. One day he walks into his seedy apartment and confronts his blond wife gently conversing with a small tot. Max enters. He fondles the child a bit. The child gets into some conversation, finally asking Max how old he is, when he replies that he's twenty, the tot gives him an evil leer and quickly pronounces: "That's old!!!" Needless to

say Max is freaked. He hops into his limo and careens about the countryside like Marlon Brando on his Triumph. Max comes upon a small lake. He looks at himself in the muddy water. He then notices a string, attached to it is a small crab. Max toys with it, finishing his act of confusion by wasting it with his boot. A small kid suddenly appears—is this Max's consciousness—and complains. Max says, "Whatta ya gonna do about it, I'm bigger than you!" The kid gives him a real mean stare and says: "Boy, I can't wait till ten year olds can vote. . ." The beginnings of tot power are right there. The more advanced we get as a people the quicker the kids grow-up and the quicker they grow-up, the quicker teenage happens.

Of course, this is just one example of tot power. There are dozens more. But, let's get back to tot rock - the Age of Chillun.

There have been lotsa tyke-trillers. You can go as far back as Shirley Temple and Judy Garland - when she played Dorothy she played the first liberated tot whether she knew it or not - and get tot rock. Remember that group of blond Eloi-like boys called the Bantams? How 'bout the Cowsills? The Partridge Family? The J-5 before they grew up, and how about Donny Osmond? Lester Bangs thinks Donny's the real Lou Reed and he just might be right. And Maria, ummmmm Maria. The DeFranco's are the heavy metal band of tot rockers that the

world's been waiting for, who can argue with Tony DeFranco blasting out "Abbra Ca-Dabra" - can Bloodrock? No! Can Black Sabbath? No! Nobody can, because like the old show biz addage goes you can't possibly go wrong with kids and dogs. (Which brings up an interesting digression on the future musical happenings of man's best friend - what happens when things get to the point of Canine power, when they run Lassie for President of Columbia Records???)

When a tot trots onto the stage in front of a group of oldsters he can do no wrong. Evidence: remember Art Linkletter's House Party, it was on so long because he used to interview kids and they'd floor the audience with their honesty - sometimes to the point of cruelty, which is one of the more refined beauties of kid consciousness. It was the kids that made that show, not Art's daughter thinking she was a butterfly and jumping outta window - so what's good taste, it's all relative to your environment, right?

Currently, there have been a rash of kiddie krusaders. Not too long ago a little country girls named Tanya Tucker took the seedy world of C&W by storm. And then came the tot queen of 'em all. She's got a name that drips olive oil, a brogue which sends shivers up your spine, and a voice that'd knock the knickers off a Judy Garland and Liza Minelli alike. Her name is Lena Zavaroni and her first vinylathon is entitled: **Ma, He's Making Eyes at Me** (Stax/Columbia).

Not since Mickey Dolenz gave up being Circus Boy to become a bona-fide monkey has tot power been given such a boost in the Gerbers. This here lass is a gas and her singing is nothing less than a guttural shriek capable of sending chills down your aural channels in paroxysms of musical emollient. Quite the pleasant change from the tenebrous Orwellian dirges continuously being served up by strung out ectomorphic wild boys. It's about time they got some really classy PG consciousness into this thang called rock 'n' roll.

Judging from Lena's first outing and what happened to my sottish nervous system when this platter plopped onto the Edison machine it'll hardly be her last. Gasp. A star "is" born. The title toon is invasive - as in Jeezus she can really sing. It's especially effective if you were lucky enough to catch Lena's performance on the Tonight Show a few weeks back. It was the night Burt Reynolds guest hosted. What a scene "that" was, there was Lena eating Ravioli



-The tots trash the Shakin' St. office. Note befuddled staff members at left.

with chopsticks - she's just returned from Japan so's she's supposed to be an expert - all the while fending off Burt's aggressive hand which kept seeking out her knee cap like some demented moth seeking out a wayward flame. And when you first heard her brogue . . . hubba, hubba.

Of all the songs she does on this record, the two that display her crooning proclivities to best advantage are: "Take Me Home, Country Roads" which shows her uncanny ability to illicit countrified anxiety as good as, if not better than Tanya Tucker - already over the hill; she uses her voice in echo, like Annette Funicello used to use double-tracking for her Beach Blanket ballads - somebody once told me that Annette and Frankie were the original John and Yoko - and that ain't no easy feat if you don't wanna sound too, too pretentious. However, the best, as always, is saved for last.

We've all heard "River Deep, Mountain High" a thousand times, Tina

Turner's under a Spectorian noise montage was always considered the best because you could just feel Tina reaching down into the depths of her soul seeking out that extra burst of energy that'd make it possible for her to leap over that "wall of sound;" we've heard that MOR heavy mental band Deep Purple attempt a white-noise version; and we've even heard Joan Baez belt out a respectable version on the fabled "T.N.T. Show." Be that as it was, Lena's tottering wailing makes all the rest sound like a street choir of garrulous wino-pervs tokin' outta their paper bags and coughing up their age, while singing "Nearer My God To Thee." Yeah, she dat gud, s'matter a fact she's brilliant. If they ever do a remake of the Wizard of Oz here's their Dorothy an' I wanna be her dog. . .

(Next issue: Will the real Jay North, Luke Halpin, Jon Provost, Sally Field, and Davy Jones please stand up or Tot rock when a teen was a teen . . . later.)



Above, Jim Dawson and his buddies.
At right, Jerry Garcia at Monterey in '67.



California Country Rock (continued from page 11)

their constantly changing and progressing sound, mixing rock 'n' roll, traditional blues, and to a lesser extent folk rock with a physically overpowering volume. They helped make free concerts fashionable, and they performed with philharmonic orchestras before it was the "in" thing, (they once traded versions of the '1812 Overture' with Lucas Foss and the Buffalo Philharmonic).

Though many of the members of the band had started out in folk and country bands (most notably lead guitarist Jerry Garcia who played banjo in various west coast bluegrass bands) country music didn't figure too heavily in their sound until 1969 when they added steel guitar and began using more acoustic guitars and country harmonies in their recordings. The first of the Dead's country albums, *Workingmans Dead* was one of the finest albums of 1970, with a light happy tone over all (in such tunes as 'Uncle John's Band' and 'Casey Jones') balanced by more serious and reflective numbers like 'Black Peter.'

The next album, *American Beauty*, was more of the same. While those fans of the Dead who picked up on them at this time loved the album, many of the old fans who expected the band to keep moving and progressing were disappointed. Since then the Grateful Dead have digressed into a jam band, performing four hour sets of extended versions of old material and record breaking (in length) instrumental solos. (I wonder if the fans who six years ago said "I could listen to Garcia for days!" ever thought they'd be put to the test?) Nevertheless they now have legions of fans who eat up every note.

Back in 1969 when the Dead were turning to country music and Jerry Garcia was learning to play the steel guitar, he met up with a talented young singer-song writer named Jim Dawson. They played small clubs for a while but looking for a fuller sound and aiming for a more traditionally country sound than the Dead, Dawson, Garcia, and guitarist David Nelson formed the New Riders of the Purple Sage. The New

Riders were in the beginning almost totally dependent on the Dead since not only was Garcia in both bands, but the bass and drums were filled in by the Dead's Phil Lesh and Micky Hart. But being the lead off band for a Grateful Dead concert had the advantage of putting them before a large sympathetic audience.

Bassist Dave Torbert and drummer Spencer Dryden (from the Jefferson Airplane) joined in time for the New Rider's first album in 1971. *The New Riders of the Purple Sage* is still one of the best of the San Francisco country rock albums. The songs, all written by Dawson, are consistently good with competent tunes and poignant, emotional lyrics. Each song tells a story, with the subject ranging from love ('Portland Woman') to dope smuggling ('Henry') to train robbers ('Glendale Train') and ecology ('Last Lonely Eagle'). Dawson sings them in an emotionally expressive style learned, no doubt, from Gram Parsons. The band backs him with a smooth country sound based on Torbert's solid simple bass and Dryden's pounding rock backbeat, and deaturing Garcia's steel and banjo playing and the fitting but unimaginative leads of Nelson.

Shortly after the album came out the New Riders made a complete split from the Grateful Dead with Buddy Cage joining the band. Cage, a Canadian, had been a member of Ian & Sylvia's band the Great Speckled Bird when the New Riders met him during the Trans-Canadian Festival Express. When Garcia and the New Riders split Cage replaced him bringing an aggressive, screechy and often imaginative pedal steel sound to the band.

Since then the New Riders have released four albums. *Powerglide* was the first to feature the song writing and vocal talents of Dave Torbert, along with songs from other sources. It is somewhat of a hodgepodge in fact and because of this doesn't hold together as well as the first one did. Never the less they showed they were willing to experiment.

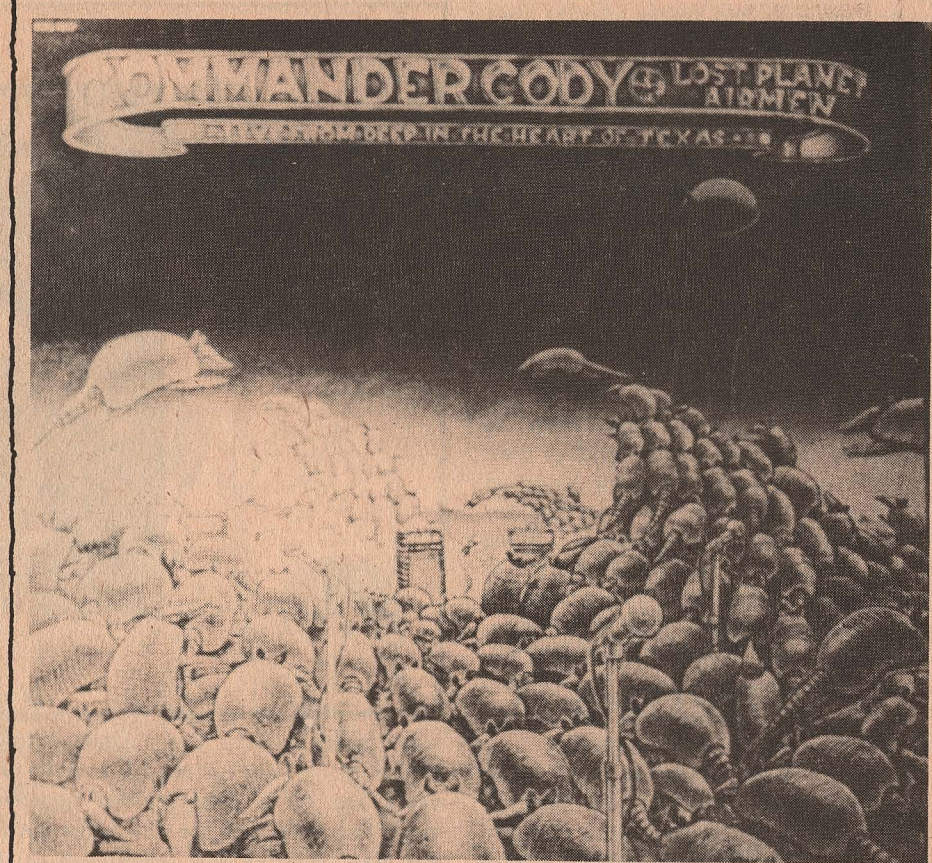
Their third album, *Gypsy Cowboy*, was again an excellent work coming the smooth sound of the first album with a more rocking sound. The album has a full rich sound which is somewhat unique among country rock albums and their version of the standard 'Long Black Veil' is still one of the most haunting recordings of that song ever made.

Unfortunately The New Riders have been rather disappointing since then. Their fourth album, *The Adventures of Panama Red*, was unspecial and typical (though it was interesting to hear Jim Dawson harmonizing with Buffy Sainte-Marie) and the live album, *Home, Home on the Road*, was rather sloppy and predictable.

The most recent news on the New Riders is that Dave Torbert has left and been replaced with Skip Battin who started out in a duo called Skip and Flip, later joined a west coast band with Jim Ibbotson (later of the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band) called Evergreen Blue Shoes, and spent 1970 through '73 as a member of the final version of the Byrds. Though their appearances on the Midnight Special in the past few months show them worse than ever, Jim Dawson has been promising something new and different on their next album.

When the New Riders began touring on their own the act most often billed with them was (you guessed it) Commander Cody and his Lost Planet Airmen. Truckers and kickers of the first degree, Cody and the Airmen are a no-nonsense (though perhaps a little silliness) group of extremely talented musicians. They know how to rock and they seldom waste time in doing it. The band's sets on stage and their albums are tightly constructed groups of trucker songs, cowboy tunes, C&W ballads and old rock 'n' roll numbers, each one less than four minutes long (no somnambulistic solos here!) and calculated to provide a good time with loose down-home swingin' music. No frills, just music.

Though their first three albums are good examples of the band's music, (they are *Lost in the Ozone*, *Hot Licks*, *Cold Steel*, and *Trucker's Favorites*, and *Country Casanova*), the band is at its rockin' best on the latest release *Live From Deep In the Heart of Texas*, recorded during four performances at what Cody calls "the world's biggest honky tonk," the Armadillo World Headquarters in Austin, Texas. Here they romp through 13 drunken numbers ranging from lively pounding versions of old rock songs like 'Little Sally Walker' and 'Riot in Cell Block No. 9' to sentimental C&W ballads like Buck Owen's 'Cryin' Time' and their own 'Down to Seeds and Stems Again Blues' (which is even better here than it was on their first album). Through out Billy C. Farlow's vocals are fitting, Bill



Kirchin's lead guitar is tough, Commander Cody's piano boogie woogies, Andy Stein's fiddle and saxophone thrills and Bobby Black's pedal steel chills. But most importantly John Tichy (guitar), 'Buffalo' Bruce Barlow (bass) and Lance Dickerson (drums) provide a solid rhythm that is the easiest thing to dance to since swing was the rage.

For that is their secret. As they proclaim in one of their most danceable tunes "I ain't never had TOO MUCH FUN!"

Back in 1966 when the Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane, and Big Brother and the Holding Company were growing up in San Francisco there was another young group that played with them often at places like the Fillmore West, called the Charlatans. When a year later the big three hit the big time the Charlatans missed and their drummer quit. He was sick of the blaring, over powering single minded rock sound. His name was Dan Hicks.

It took a couple of years, but he got a solid working band together and in the course of four years and as many albums they succeeded in doing their kind of music. Then, in the summer of

1973, Dan Hicks and his Hot Licks split up.

Dan Hicks and his Hot Licks were not a Country Rock band, but more a fusion of styles and modes which were as varied as they were numerous. However among the influences (both traditional and progressive jazz, show music, swing, etc.) were definite doses of country and rock. And when they chose to let these styles take the fore they were as tasty a Country Rock band as San Francisco (or any one else) ever heard.

They were always acoustic, quiet, intricate and rhythmic. They also had a sort of postured silliness which made some people loyal fans who never really appreciated the intelligence with which they made their music and turned others off in spite of it.

The sound was based around Dan Hicks hot rhythm guitar (he had a nice one with a fancy floral pattern and a microphone mounted on a goose neck coming from the side and curling back to point at the sound hole). To assist him he had Jamie Leopold on string bass and, for the last album, a drummer Bob Scott. Finely crafted instrumental leads were handled by John Gorton on guitar and dobro (who replaced an

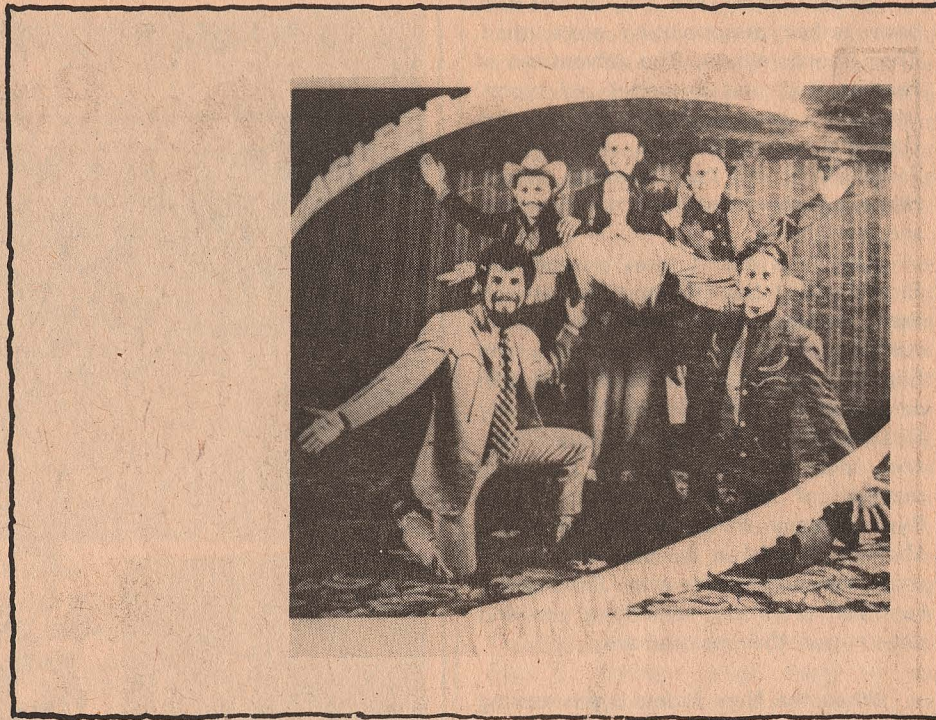
earlier guitarist, Jon Weber, shortly after the second album), and "Symphony" Sid Page, on violin and mandolin. The vocals were led by Dan, but often either of the fabulous Lickettes, Maryann Price with a soft sweet but full toned voice (developed in Las Vegas bars) and Naomi Eisenberg a rich strong singer (as well as song writer and second fiddle) would step to the front and solo. (The first album has a different pair of Lickettes.)

Of the four albums, **Dan Hicks And His Hot Licks**, **Where's The Money**, **Strike it Rich**, and **Last Train to Hicksville**, the last is the band at their best. They do a little country swing on "Cowboy's Dream No. 19" and "Payday Blues," cover jazz vocalese with "Long Came a Viper," and a multitude of other styles in nine more finger snapping lively and/or lulling beautiful numbers. Yet despite the varying musical ideas the album holds together, each cut flowing into the next, because of the band's distinctive and consistent approach.

But, however together they were musically, they couldn't stay together on a business and personal level. Despite several TV appearances (**The Tonite Show**, **Flip Wilson**, and **In Concert**) and constant touring, Dan Hicks and his Hot Licks were never more than a moderate success because of amateuristic mismanagement. Also they had been tagged a nostalgia band which damaged their chances some. Early in the summer of 1973, when their best, last, and best-selling album was nearing a sales peak, Dan Hicks called it quits and disbanded the group. Since then he has formed a new backup band and attempted a solo career with dismal results. Other members have been more successful. John Girton and Maryann Price married each other and then Maryann, answering a call from Ray Davies through the pages of "Rolling Stone," joined the Kinks for this year's tour and can be heard singing on their latest album, **Preservation Act 2** (with a solo on the song "Scrapheap City"). Violinist Sid Page was last seen bowing with (of all people) Sly and the Family Stone.

The last musical aggregation we'll discuss and the best new thing San Francisco has given us since '67 is a Western Swing band called (truckers attention!) **Asleep At The Wheel**.

Western Swing, for those who don't know, is a mixture of traditional forms of such things as country, blues, and southern jazz with a little Mexican type



music (sort of like the Tijuana Brass) mixed in. It was pioneered over forth years ago by a Texas fiddler and his band, Bob Wills and the Texas Playboys, and has recently had something of a revival, one of minor proportions mind you, but people are listening to Western Swing again. (In fact if he weren't completely immobilized by a stroke, Wills might even be actually **making money** now.) The easiest way to tell Western Swing from straight country (aside from the overall jazziness) is probably the beat. Where Country just sort of rolls along with a dum-de-dum-de-dum, Western Swing cooks (and swings) with a chicka-BOOM-chicka-BOOM.

Asleep At The Wheel play the sound pure, never forcing it as some country bands do, just trucking along with their brilliant musicianship carrying the sound. Their first, and as yet only album, **Comin' Right At Ya** (comin' after several years of woodshedding on West Virginia farms, touring with C&W singer Stony Edwards, and playing week after week at Berkley's Longbranch Saloon) is a minor masterpiece.

The material includes Bob Wills' "Take Me Back To Tulsa," Hank Williams' "I'll Never Get Out of This World Alive," and via Ernest Tubb, "Drivin' Nails In My Coffin," but the best stuff is the original material. Singer/rhythm guitarist Chris O'Connell gets to use her perfect female-type-country-singer-voice on two love ballads written by band members,

"Before You Stopped Loving Me" and "Your Down Home Is Uptown," the latter being the lament of a loyal wife whose singer husband has gone to make the big time leaving her at home with the kids. Another of their popular numbers is "Hillbilly Nut," the story of a hick in the big city who has a few "hard times" before he finds a country bar. And it would be hard to find too many ballads better than "I'm the Fool (Who Told You to Go)" written and sung by drummer Leroy Preston.

Providing the music are pianoman Floyd Domino and steel guitarist Reuben "Lucky Oceans" Godfield whose sounds are the essence of country, and six foot ten inch Ray Benson on lead guitar. Assisting Leroy with the rhythm is bassist (he plays both stand up and electric) Gene Dobkin. Also on the album are no less than three fiddlers: Nashville sessionmen Johnny Gimble and Buddy Spicher, and from the Lost Planet Airmen, Andy Stein. What more could they ask for! (Except maybe Bob Wills Himself.)

So, while Commander Cody is the band to see, keep an eye out for Asleep At The Wheel, they're comin' right at ya - **FAST**.

(In future installments we'll move to the home of California Country Rock, Los Angeles, and talk about the two parent groups, the Byrds and the Buffalo Springfield, and their many offspring and later the Orange County people and solo artists. Long live GP.)

Puzzle Pages

Five Errors Contest

RIGHT

CAST your peepers on the outasite Yellow Balloon - a swingin' defunct group on Canterbury Records. Their singles were "Yellow Balloon" and "Good Feelin' Time" and their LP is named Yellow Balloon. Why didn't you give them a listen when you had a chance - not that they were that good, but 16 Magazine apparently thought so when they ran this contest back in November, 1967.

As you probably haven't noticed yet, the top drawing is fine, but the bottom drawing contains five errors. Can you spot them? If you can, simply draw a circle around each error with a pen or pencil, and put it up on your bathroom wall, cuz there's no prize if you win. But if you want, we can probably arrange a date with the winner of the David Bowie RCA catalogue contest, on Page 19, which is where you should be right now if you want something out of this rag. We were going to run a five errors contest on the Grateful Dead, but if you remember their line-up back in '68, the five mistakes were too painfully obvious. . .

WRONG



FIND THE GROUPS

B E A T S T A L K E R S X L Q S P E R R A Z Z A !
 S E M I C K A E L G A L L O U D S E O L E M E R T
 E V A H P Q O S W F V O E S I T H A N K S U E R S
 A O N T S M K T G S R F E N S E B T O P T O O V Q
 T M I F L N H G E N T I O G T C V W G R E G U W S
 M A M V I E W X K U L I D H B F S H A W G R D S R
 R U A K M X S C R L T Y A R D B I R D S T T N U E
 O Y L Z D Q O Y O A Z A B A N N A M D E R F N A M
 Z A S T O R C H E R M A N S H E R M I T S M X O A
 D N A B L L O R G I B M W I O Z L S H V Y X O X E
 A S N N P M C O N S I A H G C R L S L K W D J Y R
 V S O J O M M L L E L J O Z R K E Y C K Y V H I D
 E S C O R T S L O C L P Q J P I X L Z B U I G Y E
 C W B B H R F I P A Y K I K B O H G L Y J K W X H
 L A I O R A G N J F J Q B M R S S U T K C E M Z T
 A L Q B B N H G J L K J O Q L R E I B F J D E G D
 R K J K M C O S I L R Z L T R S E A R C H E R S N
 K E C O L H K T N A A G M W U H X V Y E Z C S D A
 F R D Z F E A O V M M I K E S H E R I D A N E F E
 I B N A A L C N U S E T G P S Q W R L X E D Y F I
 V R B K P L H E I P R E T T Y T H I N G S H B I D
 E O F E O G E S O A N D Y C U T L E R P M Q E O D
 D S H A K I N S T R E E T G A Z E T T E C Y A A E
 N O D R O G D N A R E T E P J P R O B Y M Z T N R
 N A S H V I L L E T E E N S N A P U S S Y B S B F

OK, here we go: this puzzle centers around the various groups comprising the British Invasion of pop music to our shores back in the middle 60's. Simply find the names (listed below) in the puzzle and circle them - they're placed either horizontally, vertically or diagonally and can be either forwards or backwards. First person to complete it gets a free trip to England, via humped-back whale, to fish through the ruins of the Cavern Club. Fab and gear and all that rot...

ANIMALS
 BEATSTALKERS
 BEATLES
 BIG ROLL BAND
 BILLY J. KRAMER
 CREATION
 DAVE CLARK FIVE
 DOWNLINERS SECT
 ESCORTS
 FREDDIE AND THE DREAMERS
 HERMAN'S HERMITS

HOLLIES
 KINKS
 MANFRED MANN
 MERSEYBEATS
 MIKE SHERIDAN
 MOJOS
 MOODY BLUES
 MOVE
 NASHVILLE TEENS
 PETER AND GORDON
 P. J. PROBY
 PRETTY THINGS

ROLLING STONES
 SEARCHERS
 SMALL FACES
 THEM
 TREMELOES
 TROGGS
 UGLYS
 WALKER BROS.
 WHO
 YARDBIRDS
 ZOMBIES

MAGIC DICK

BUILD YOUR OWN FLYING SAUCER!
 ADD ZIP TO HUMDRUM EVERYDAY TRAVEL.
FIRST: BUILD YOUR SAUCER.
SECOND: TAKE 2 MAGNETS OF THE SAME POLE WHICH WILL REPEL EACH OTHER.
 ETACH ONE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SAUCER. AND- OUT OF THE OTHER, BUILD A ROAD. THE SAUCER WILL TRAVEL ON A THIN CUSHION OF MAGNETIC REPELLED BY WHAT EVER MEANS YOU HAVE IT INSTALLED. IT ONLY TRAVELS ON THE MAGNETIC -WAYS IN MIND.

OHIO!

WET SEAT! PUT CELLOPHANE OVER A TOILET AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

SEAT UP! SEAT DOWN!

PLAY RUSSIAN ROULETTE WITH HAIR DYE. YOU'LL NEED A BLINDFOLD AND 8 DIFFERENT COLORS OF DYE. TIE HAIR IN 10 PONY TAILS AND DO EACH A DIFFERENT COLOR. THE TRICK IS- DON'T LOOK TILL YOU'RE DONE!

MAKE BOOTIES FOR YOUR PUPPY!

KEEP BUSY ON A RAINY DAY! PICK YOUR NOSE!

CONTEST PICTURE: COLOR DAVID BOWIE, THE UGLY BABY TOAD, AND MX-EMEROLLEFOX. THEN WRITE, PRINT OR SPIT IN THE BALLOONS WHAT YOU THINK THEY ARE SAYING. THE FUNNIEST, MOST UNIQUE OR ORIGINAL WILL WIN! THE BOWIE CATALOG. CUT OUT AND MAIL ENTRIES TO

SHAKIN' ST. GAZETTE
 95 KNOX AVE
 BUFFALO, NY 14216

From the Country Side

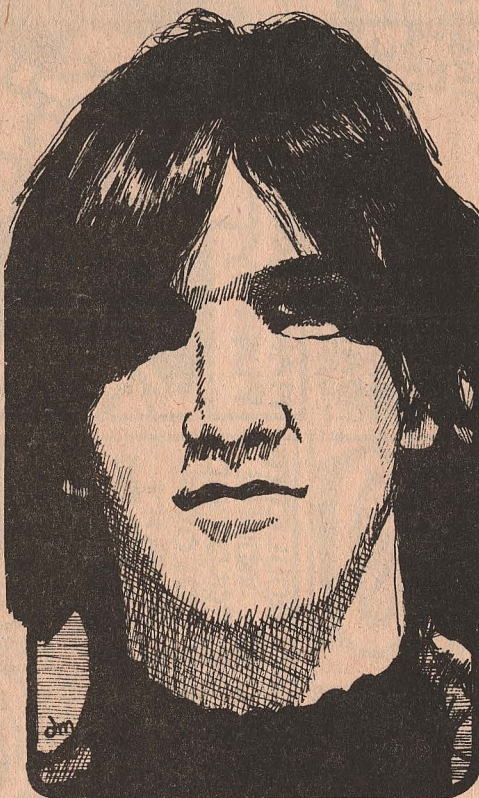
Next time you're out shopping for records, check through the bargain bins for the Byrds' *Farther Along*. Then pick up the latest from the Earl Scruggs Revue, *Rockin' Cross the Country*. The reason you should hear the Byrds album (the last one, excluding last spring's weak reunion album) is that it (and the Byrds in general) is probably the biggest influence on the music the Revue has been putting out since Earl Scruggs' two sons, Randy and Gary, have taken over the direction of the band.

The rock influences on the Earl Scruggs Revue has become so heavy that they are now essentially a rock band. For example, while their arrangements of "I Shall Be Released," "Will The Circle Be Unbroken," and Billy Joel's "Travelin' Prayer" revolve around Earl's sparkling banjo, they are driven along by heavy drumming, electric bass, and some fine piano, organ and lead guitar (including a solo in "I Shall Be Released" that sounds like Clarence White reincarnated). Also, while the female chorus (including Linda Ronstadt) in some numbers fits well with the country feeling - particularly on Dolly Parton's "Tennessee Mountain Home" - Bonnie Bramlett, who sings back-up vocals on several songs, is much more a rock or gospel/soul singer than a country singer.

As far as the vocals are concerned, they have taken a big step toward strengthening their biggest weakness. In the past, material seemed to have been chosen for the musician's ability to grasp it and get some hot licks in, while the ability of the only real singer in the band (Gary Scruggs) to get into the song often suffered. This time three of Gary's own songs are performed, with much success. Also, Gary does good jobs with "Travelin' Prayer" and Micky Newbury's "Are My Thoughts With You." Still, try as he might, Gary Scruggs is no Roger McGuinn.

The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band have always been good at making albums full of good music that fits together despite a wide range of sources. Fading cuts into one another, including small snatches of incidental studio talk, and a host of other little production tricks, have made their albums flow rather well. However, with their latest album for United Artists, *Stars and Stripes Forever*, they've gone a bit overboard and the album suffers.

Stars and Stripes Forever is essentially a live album, with parts recorded in front of a large audience, others with a small studio audience, and a few without an audience. However, instead of allowing their fine stage act to present the material, they've chosen to break things



Gram Parsons: 'Wild Horses...

up, mixing the recordings from various sources in with one another. As a result the enjoyable version of "Jambalaya" at the beginning very aggravatingly fades out bringing in an interview with the band. Then the listener must sit through three and a half minutes of rather boring (at least after the first time) dialogue, before he/she can hear NGDB's fine version of Michael Murphy's country rock anthem "Cosmic Cowboy." And so it goes.

Never the less the album is packed with a lot of excellent material including rocking live versions of "Honky Tonkin," "Oh Boy," "House at Pooh Corner," "Battle of New Orleans," "Diggy Liggy Lo," and of course "Mr. Bojangles," along with a section where fiddler Vassar Clements sits in for "Listen to the Mocking Bird" and "Sheik of Araby," bluegrass style. One of the more unusual and interesting cuts is the dramatic recitation with banjo accompaniment of a poem about a Georgia fiddler, written by Stephen Vincent Benet. They also include a section of their act in which they pretend to be "Your Average High School Band" which just doesn't come off because they play too well.

With *Close Up the Honky Tonks* A&M records has just about closed out the recorded history of the first real country rock band, the Flying Burrito Brothers. A

sort of combination "greatest hits" and "unreleased goodies" album, this set presents the Burritos from debut to disbandment.

Record one features a dozen cuts from the first two albums, *The Gilded Palace of Sin*, and *Burrito Deluxe*, including their versions of Dylan's "If You Gotta Go," and the Rolling Stones "Wild Horses," along with such Burrito classics as "Christine's Tune" (otherwise known as "Devil in Disguise") "High Fashion Queen," and "Sin City."

The second record is all unreleased material from various periods in the bands' four year history. From the early days there's real country versions of "Close Up the Honky Tonks," and Merle Haggard's "Sing Me Back Home." From later on we hear attempts at interpreting the classic ballad "To Love Somebody" and John D. Loudermilk's "Break My Mind" which sound like they could have been great recordings with more work. One of the gems of the set is a short instrumental called "Beat the Heat" written by pedal steel virtuoso Sneaky Pete Kleinow. The final three cuts were taken from the tapes used for the Burrito's last album, the live one, and include versions of "Roll Over Beethoven" and "Wake Up Little Susie."

Though The Flying Burrito Brothers were never tremendously popular, they are probably the most important band in the formation and continuation of California country rock. They had their roots in the music of the Byrds, the Buffalo Springfield, and Bob Dylan. Many if not all of the present California country rock bands, including such people as Eagles, Commander Cody and the Lost Planet Airmen, The New Riders of the Purple Sage, Loggins and Messina, Poco, Rick Nelson, Jackson Browne, Country Gazette, Linda Ronstadt, and Asleep at the Wheel, owe something to the ground covered by the Burritos. At one time or another the band's lineup included, among others, Gram Parsons (who, as the genius behind the Byrds *Sweetheart of the Rodeo* album, is sort of the father of California Country Rock), Chris Hillman (one of the original Byrds), Michael Clarke (also a Byrd), pedal steel players Sneaky Pete and Al Perkins, songwriter Rick Roberts, Chris Ethridge, Bernie Leadon (from Linda Ronstadt's band and Dillard & Clark, and since then, the Eagles), and for a time Byron Berline, Roger Bush, and Kenny Wertz, all of Country Gazette. All of the people and influences can be heard in *Close Up the Honky Tonks*.

Dave Meizer

SHAKIN' ST. GAZETTE

SWEET



SPECTACULAR



The Shakin' St. Gazette

September, 1974

The Sweet: Before The Blitzkrieg



If we ever come over to the States, we'll send your parents into shock."

The Sweet didn't exactly burst upon the American music scene. One hit single, one almost hit single, and one thrown-together album made up of their singles and B-sides, followed by the complete loss of any American record contract hardly constitute a pop phenomenon. What happened?

The Sweet were probably the victims of a form of class prejudice, the same type of prejudice that nearly killed off the Beach Boys in the late 60's. Remember when pop was O.K.? When the Beatles, and the Who, and the Rolling Stones were POP-stars, and everyone had to have a hit single before anyone would buy their albums? Then came San Francisco, and ROCK-stardom and hit-albums-without-singles which eventually led to heavy-metal music and where we are today. Since 1967, anything that presented a pop, bubblegum, or top forty image has been declared off limits by rock fans. Since the Sweet outwardly conformed to this image, they have been ignored by the record buying public.

The Sweet, though, are a complete and marvelous contradiction. Although their image is one of pop and bubblegum, they are as much a heavy metal band as anyone. Their singles are written for them

by a proven British pop-song written team (Nicky Chinn and Mike Chapman), yet their own material, which makes up the B-sides and album cuts, is just as good and often better. They are a singles band, but their latest album (**Sweet Fanny Adams**, not released in U.S.) is one of the best albums of 1974, and contains no singles.

It all relates to further contradictions. Teenagers won't listen to teenage music. Teenyboppers would murder you if you dared call them that. The Sweet were a teenage band, formed for and aimed at "the kidz." And for that reason, in America at least, "the kidz" didn't pay any attention to them.

If they had they probably would have been surprised. Their first album may or may not be a great album (as stated earlier it really isn't an album anyway), but it certainly contains some of the best music of last year. If Black Sabbath's "Ironman" isn't too heavy for AM radio consumption, then everything on this album could conceivably be a hit single.

Not that the album is in the Black Sabbath mold. They were much closer to Deep Purple, or the Who, or the original unrecognized masters of pop heaviness, The Troggs. After all, it isn't whether

you're derivative or not, but who you derive from and how you use it.

The main thrust of the album is provided by the four Chinn-Chapman singles. Two made it to the U.S. top forty radio stations ("Little Willy," and "Blockbuster"), and all four (the others being "Wig-Wam Bam," and "Hell Raiser") were solid hits in Britain. The band, with characteristic humility, have been known to name "Hell Raiser" as their favorite single of all time. The song is simply unbelievable. From the scream and explosion at the beginning, through all the perfectly timed stops and jumps, the incredible four-part harmony chorus ("She's a hell raiser, star chaser, trail blazer, natural born raver, YEAH!), through lead singers Brian Connolly's perfectly camped-up vocal to the explosion at the end - it never lets up. At this point I might note the excellence of Phil Wainman's production, which makes the band that much better.

The other singles are almost that good. But the real surprise comes when one gets to the group's written material. Because, even if Chinn and Chapman are nice to have around, the Sweet don't really need them. Their original material is not only as good as the singles, but it also lacks that commercial-bubble gum appeal, which the Sweet, image-wise at least, can afford to lose.

As musicians, the band is far above your average lightweight rock group. Mich Tucker bashes away better than most anyone since Mott's Buffin, and has his perfect mate in the rhythm section in bass player Steve Priest. Guitarist Andy Scott, certainly a master at overdubbing harmony guitar parts, may be the best musician in the group. And if the Sweet are better musicians than your standard pop group, they are also better singers than your standard heavy metal band; often, as stated earlier, attempting four-part harmonies, with great success.

But the old prejudices keep cropping up. Not only don't they have an American record company, but their first album was recently deleted from Bell record's catalogue. Let's not let a good thing slip away. This isn't teenage music for teenyboppers; it's Rock and roll for everybody. Stand up and be counted!

-Bob Kozak

SHAKIN' ST. GAZETTE

Sweet Fanny Adams (The Sweet's New LP)

As you've doubtlessly read by now, Nicky Chinn and Mike Chapman are two British songwriters who hit on a tried-and-true success formula: injecting rock and roll with teenage lyrics back into the Top 30. Not here though... in England.

Time and time again, Chinn/Chapman have created excellent singles using the various groups at their disposal: the Sweet, Suzi Quatro, Mud and the Arrows. Most of them had a distinctive style instantly recognizable: a thumping bass drum intro (initially pioneered by Mike Leander on Gary Glitter), ordered verse-chorus-verse-chorus-bridge-verse-chorus and a stunning climax. And with this formula, Chinn/Chapman had about 18 hits, timing them the same way Gamble/Huff do with their artists: so that no two groups were ever battling against each other for that No. 1 spot.

Of the Chinn/Chapman groups, I have yet to hear the Arrows, whose single, "A Touch Too Much," should see release on Larry Uttal's Private Stock Records. Mud seems (from 'Crazy' to 'Tiger Feet' to 'Rocket,' the 45's I've heard) a conservative and quite lame attempt at emulating the Sweet. Evidenced by the American releases and her newest single, "Too Big," Suzi Quatro still needs the right band to break her out of the stiff boogie-syndrome she thinks is rock 'n' roll, although Chinn/Chapman do a good job on her singles, considering. — But her original material - a pop overcoat for stale boogie, written by her guitarist Len Tucky - won't get her anywhere. Reports say her concerts are bland and tedious.

So, we're left with the Sweet, where rockers are concerned. Despite their first U.S. gold single ("Little Willy") and an excellent compilation of their singles material on Bell Records, the prejudices of ignorance and image-typing have left the Sweet without an American label.* This is the reason that the three latest Sweet singles (none of them on an album) - "Ballroom Blitz," "Teenage Rampage," "The Sixteens" - along with **Sweet Fanny Adams** (their recent album on British RCA) will probably never see release in the States.

Now from the three singles (reviewed on page 27-Ed.), and from the direction the Sweet have undertaken since "Hellraiser" (the most recent recording on the Bell



LP), there's only a thread of difference, in sound, between that energetic powerhouse and **Fanny Adams**. The four lads stated that they wanted to steer away from Chinn/Chapman and record an album (which they've never done until now) of their own stuff. And it is here where their personalities show through.

Brian Connolly is a perfect choice for the Sweet's lead vocals - youthful and brash with a controlled power and melodic leverage that leads the band's four-part harmonies. Steve Priest is a technical whiz in the Established School for the Rock 'n' Roll Slapping Bass - but that's for the scrutinizers - he plays hell out of the damn thing. Andy Scott has digested his influences (particularly Ritchie Blackmore, although he once played in a serious "jazz"-type group called the Elastic Band) and has perfected a chaotic lead style that easily outshines any other flash guitarist. The group's strongest asset is Mick Tucker, whose drumming is so spine-chilling perfect that it feels like you've never heard real drumwork before this - at least not in

terms of integration within a band of this genre. Playing so important a role that he should be dubbed the Sweet's fifth member is producer Phil Wainman, who has developed a unique upfront production style - particularly in the

(Continued on Page 26, Kidz...)

*... Although I do have a theory for the reasons the Sweet are being "knocked around," if you have an interest for the political-business aspects of the pop machinery. Larry Uttal, the former president of Bell, who signed virtually the whole British pop scene including the Chinn/Chapman segment, has left Bell to pursue his own label, Private Stock. When contract extensions for the Chinn/Chapman groups came up, he didn't sign them up again because... (SSSHH!) I think he's planning to grab them for his own label! So The Sweet may still see American releases, but since I'm here in the Big Boffo and Uttal is in New York, it's simply a projected fantasy/theory. You may now return to the review in progress...



The Sweet in Concert: During the Blitzkrieg



Steve Priest puts a nickel in Andy Scott's coinbox.

Copenhagen, Denmark

You'd have to admit that it was a pretty outrageous scene; about 75% of the audience was comprised of 14-year-olds and they either didn't know what to make of it or they were shuddering because they knew that they weren't supposed to look - at least not when their parents who took them to the show were sitting right next to them. David Rose's "The Stripper" played through the PA system while on a giant screen over the stage, a film of a countdown from "10" (like you sometimes see before an old movie) was being shown - only this countdown was an erotic one. The little guys sitting next to me were stunned into awe as images of bananas, lipsticks, and bare breasts were being flashed before their eyes ... in living color. As we finally got to "1" there was a sigh of relief, a blinding flash, and then cheers of recognition as Sweet walked out on stage.

A barrage of shords from Andy Scott's red Gibson quickly thickened the air and Brian Connolly, attired in a skintight red leather jumpsuit twirled the microphone stand high over his head and proceeded to spit out the words to "Hellraiser." Jeez ... the whole place is going crazy already, and the security guards are taking their places in front of the stage. You just have to realize that the Sweet are to these kids what the Beatles were to old farts like us. The place is the K.B. Hallen in Denmark and the Sweet are busy breaking in a new stage act before their threatened American tour which is scheduled for sometime at the end of the year.

... With eight No. 1's in a row in Europe, selling over 9 million copies in the last two years, the Sweet have amassed a tremendous following. This concert is a sell-out.

For the big kids, they kept it interesting by incorporating films into their act, making the show an orgiastic feast of sight and sound. For those who go back a bit, they do a song introduced as "One written just for us, the Ooh's 'I'm a Boy'." Well, not really, but the song does take on an added dimension as Connolly, Tucker, Scott and Priest look ... well, you know. Musically, the song is as good as a time machine back to the days of the Who's raw power.

They also go through most of the material on their last album (this was

written before the release of *Sweet Fanny Adams*-Ed.), including "New York Connection" and "Need A Lot of Lovin'" before the music suddenly stops as if somebody tripped over the plug, and a giddy English chap appears on the screen informing the audience, most of whom do not understand English anyway, that the Sweet will be back after a short intermission. In the meantime, a series of commercials for Guinness beer, the London Tourist Bureau, and for drinking milk are shown, with the members of Sweet playing the starring roles in each.

When the group returns to the stage, they surprise everyone with an acoustic song, "You're Not Wrong for Loving Me." Perhaps the most surprising thing about it is that it is good. Their strong three-part harmonies, which are usually drowned out by the din of the music, are finally permitted to surface, and though CSNY type ballads are not the group's forte, they receive a good long ovation.

To say that the drum solo which followed was the highlight of the evening would be an understatement - you'll just have to wait and see it for yourself. Mick Tucker puts on an exhibition which is brilliant in both its conception and execution. Just as he is gaining momentum, he suddenly stops and a film is flashed on the screen of him continuing the solo. For about 10 minutes, Tucker alternates with the film which is timed to make it sound like one continuous

flowing thing. This is followed by the group reappearing onstage to play along with the film while Tucker assumes his place behind his drum set so he can join in. As if by magic, both the group and film stop at the same exact second - like I said, it has to be seen to be believed.

The rotating blue police lights and sirens signal that it is time for "Blockbuster" and there is a rush toward the stage in recognition of Sweet's biggest selling European single. It is played with total abandon, as if everything might give way at any second, and this feeling is compounded as a film taken through the window of a car swerving around the corners of Piccadilly Circus provides the backdrop. Both the group and the car skid to a halt as "God Save the Queen" is dumbfoundedly blasted over the PA and a picture of Queen Elizabeth appears on the screen. Afterwards the house lights come up to show that the group has already split. There's a short acknowledgement by the audience and a quick exit into the night where the kids' parents already have the cars warming up in the parking lots. No use demanding an encore, because it goes without saying that there's no following what has already been done.

by Barry Taylor

(Reprinted from *Phonograph Record Magazine*, Vol. 4, No. 4, courtesy kind permission of Greg Shaw, Editor)



-Brian Connolly Mick Tucker Andy Scott Steve Priest

(Continued from Page 23, lover....)

fusion he gets when rhythm guitar and bass drum couple so perfectly - that gives the Sweet sound such leaping thrust and rude flash.

Side one of **Fanny Adams** opens with "Set Me Free," an Andy Scott number that fully reveals the maturity of the Sweet's arrangement circa 1974: chaotic opening with the Sweet's characteristic onslaught of solid power, then into a heavy metal blitzkrieg of speed and style. Next is "Heartbreak Today" sporting a gorgeous hook and Queen-like guitar; "No You Don't" is the first of two Chinn/Chapman songs on the album with an airy break akin to the Who's "Baba O'Reilly." Following, is "Rebel Rouser," a reincarnation of "Hellraiser" (probably just to prove to themselves that they could write their own Chinn/Chapman song) with Eddie Cochran's "Something Else" introduction. Ending the side is a rousing version of Joey Dee's "Peppermint Twist."

Side Two opens with "Sweet F.A.," another premier Sweet rocker ("Well, it's Friday night and I need a fight/ If she don't spread I'm gonna bust her head/ The guy's gone mad cuz his chick's been had/ But what can we do when there's four of you") that is catapulted by the perceptive fury of Mick Tucker's drums; note the amusing reference to themselves in the lyrics. Next comes "Restless" and "Into the Night," two numbers which pale under the rest of the album - sorry boys, side one has me spoiled. Closing out the album is "AC/DC," another Chinn/Chapman song nobody will release

as a single with brash lyrics like "AC/DC, she's got some other woman as well as me." Why the Sweet included these two Chinn/Chapman songs here instead of "Ballroom Blitz" and "Teenage Rampage" is curious.

The Sweet have carved their own niche in the singles area and probably wish a division between their singles career and their albums career. De-emphasizing the 45's aspect and emphasizing the boundaries of the album cut could be the reason and is certainly what **Sweet Fanny Adams** is all about. All have that crystal clear "singles" sound the Sweet are known for, but in the process of making a Sweet album, perhaps they made their biggest mistake in figuring that the puritanical radio station program directors would not go for such lewd suggestioning. Neither "AC/DC" nor "No You Don't" have the makings of a Sweet hit single anyway. Remember I speak of the components of a British hit, here there's a whole different system.

And, let's face it, it is the American system that stops the Sweet from tasting that last drop of success. At this writing, the Sweet are probably loaded by now, having numerous Top 10 hits in over eight countries, most reaching number one. Now, it's possible the Sweet could go the way of all jaded, rich and bored groups by releasing total crap all the while professing that they're getting "serious," "artistic" and "progressive" - but they're too smart. A lot of calculated genius goes into their singles. **Sweet Fanny Adams** just gives them a chance to stretch out, without losing the essence of

what makes them so good in the first place.

Ah, yes, the American system: the single is the piece of dogshit of the record industry. Nobody likes singles here but no one turns down the money once their song becomes a "hit." Even the fans themselves don't like singles and who could blame them when you hear the damn thing every hour for three months?

Last year, the Sweet single-handedly re-established my conception of what rock 'n' roll and pop was all about. Yes, I got sidetracked into art-rock and country-rock and other various hybrids but it all boiled down to a matter of preference: my favorites are still rock 'n' roll and pop so a group that combines the two effectively naturally draws me like a magnet. When I heard "Little Willy" (with its' wonderfully filthy lyrics) and "Blockbuster" (the most powerful single to hit American AM last year), I knew there was something there: the kind of pop music that refreshed in much the same way the Kinks and, more importantly, the Who did when I was young enough to be an integral part of their following.

And it's with the Sweet that we could have the most important group of the 70's: in recreation of the feeling that's been lost to us since British bands first invaded our shores in 1964. But the damn thing is that the Sweet don't pretend to be anything else than four very pretty pop stars - right, just like all the British bands way back then. And yes, I'm convinced that before this decade is over, the Sweet will mark the definitive 70's rock 'n' roll sound, if not producing the 70's single.

It's a shame that some company hasn't the foresight to realize what these boys could do for radio in this country - by reinstating pop music back into Top 40 where it certainly belongs, thereby giving back the teenagers' own domain. The Sweet are what pop is all about and with the finesse and good nature that is theirs, **Sweet Fanny Adams** could be the ideal starting point. There's a possibility of a Sweet American tour (Connolly suffered throat injuries when he was attacked outside his home and it apparently depends on whether his injuries will heal on time), and you can pick up **Sweet Fanny Adams** in your favorite Imports section or order it directly from JEM Records; P.O. Box 362; 3001 Hadley Rd.; South Plainfield, N.J. 07080.

-Gary Sperrazza!

The Ballroom Blitz



-The Sweet, of dubious parentage, with four well-dressed gentlemen.

"The Ballroom Blitz"

The Sweet
(British RCA LPBO 5004)

Released September 14, 1973, "Blitz" was the next link in a chain of hits for the Sweet, hot on the tails of their last single, the exquisite "Hellraiser." Written by Chapman/Chinn who were at their quantitative peak at the time also writing hits for Quatro and Mud (although I still think their early stuff, around '72, was the best), it clocked in at 3:59, the longest single undertaken by Sweet. It opens with those thumping drums, then an excited Connolly comes in with "Are you ready, Steve?" "Mick?" "Andy?" "Alright fellas ... let's G-O-O-O!" then

into a supercharged riff that underlines the story of a dance that turns into a bloodbath, told with tongue-in-cheek style and those lovely Sweet harmonies. Though it topped the charts in 8 countries, some critics and fans feel it's not as good of a Sweet single as those before and after. Actually, it's a great song and would've shined more comfortably as an album cut. "Rock and Roll Disgrace" is the B-side, written by the Sweet. It's a rather plain rocker with references to Mott the Hoople, rock stars and groupies, all of which make it initially satisfying, but it ultimately pales in the light of their other work.

-Gary Sperrazza!

Lyrics to "The Ballroom Blitz":

Oh, it's been getting so hard
Living with the things you do to me,
My dreams are getting so strange
I'd like to tell you everything I see.

I see a man in the back
As a matter of fact
His eyes are as red as the sun
And the girl in the corner
Let no one ignore her
Cuz she thinks she's the passionate one

Oh yeah, it was like lightning
Everybody was frightening
And the music was soothing
And they all started grooving

CHORUS: And the man in the back
Said "Everyone attack!,"
And it turned into a ballroom
blitz.
And the girl in the corner,
Said, "Boy, I gotta warn ya'
It'll turn into a ballroom
blitz."

Oh, reaching out for something,
Touching nothin' is all I ever do.
Oh, I softly call you over,
When you appear, there's nothing left of
you.

And the man in the back
Is ready to crack
As he raises his hands to the sky
And the girl in the corner
Is everyone's mourner
She could kill you with a wink of her eye.

Oh yeah, it was electric
So frantically hectic
And the band started leaving
Cuz they all stopped breathing

(Repeat chorus)

(Repeat chorus)

-1973 Chinnichap/Rak Publishing

Teenage Rampage



"Teenage Rampage"
The Sweet
(British RCA 2403)

Released after "Ballroom Blitz," this single arrived at a time when a whole slew of singles bearing "teenage" in the title were also released: Marc Bolan's "Teenage Dream," Alice Cooper's "Teenage Lament," Rick Derringer's "Teenage Love Affair." Co-writer Nicky Chinn explained in *Melody Maker*: "We were trying to convey the changing behavior of kids, who, now more than ever, (maybe since 1964/65) are going rampant." And rampant "Rampage" is, with an enormous crowd shouting "We want Sweet" in unison while the band crashes in and levels off towards a

"Blockbuster"-type riff; Connolly's voice sounding gruffer than before but just as expressive. At the time of the single's release (January, 1974), Andy Scott revealed: "I don't like our latest record... We really believe in our own material at the moment but we've got nothing to offer when it comes to singles' commerciality, so we've gone along with Chinn and Chapman." Although I think the Sweet should stop trying to prove to pansy-assed English rock writers that they're "heavy" and "of substantial musical worth," the Sweet's consistent tongue-in-cheekness (what other pop bands would have the class to sing a chorus of "Come join the revolution" in 1974?) and easily inherent talent should

overcome the feelings of having to prove anything to anybody. It's just there. There's nothing "uncool" about giving teens what they want to hear and, while not doing as well as their other singles in England, "Rampage" was a massive hit across Europe. The flip, "Take a Look at Yourself" continues in the tradition of studio-ready-mades and damned if the band didn't find a new use for the Bo Diddley riff; actually, the B-sides are always interesting, like the Beatles' "You Know My Name" or McCartney's "The Mess."

-Gary Sperrazza!

Lyrics to "Teenage Rampage":

All over the land the kids are finally startin' to get the upper hand.
They're out in the streets they turn on the heat and soon they could be completely in command.

Imagine the sensation of teenage occupation,
At thirteen they'll be learning,
But at fourteen they'll be burnin'

CHORUS:

But there's something in the air of which we all will be aware.
But they don't care, no! no! no! no!
So come join the revolution, get yourself a constitution,
Come join the revolution, now.
And recognize your age it's a teenage rampage
Turn another page on the teenage rampage now.

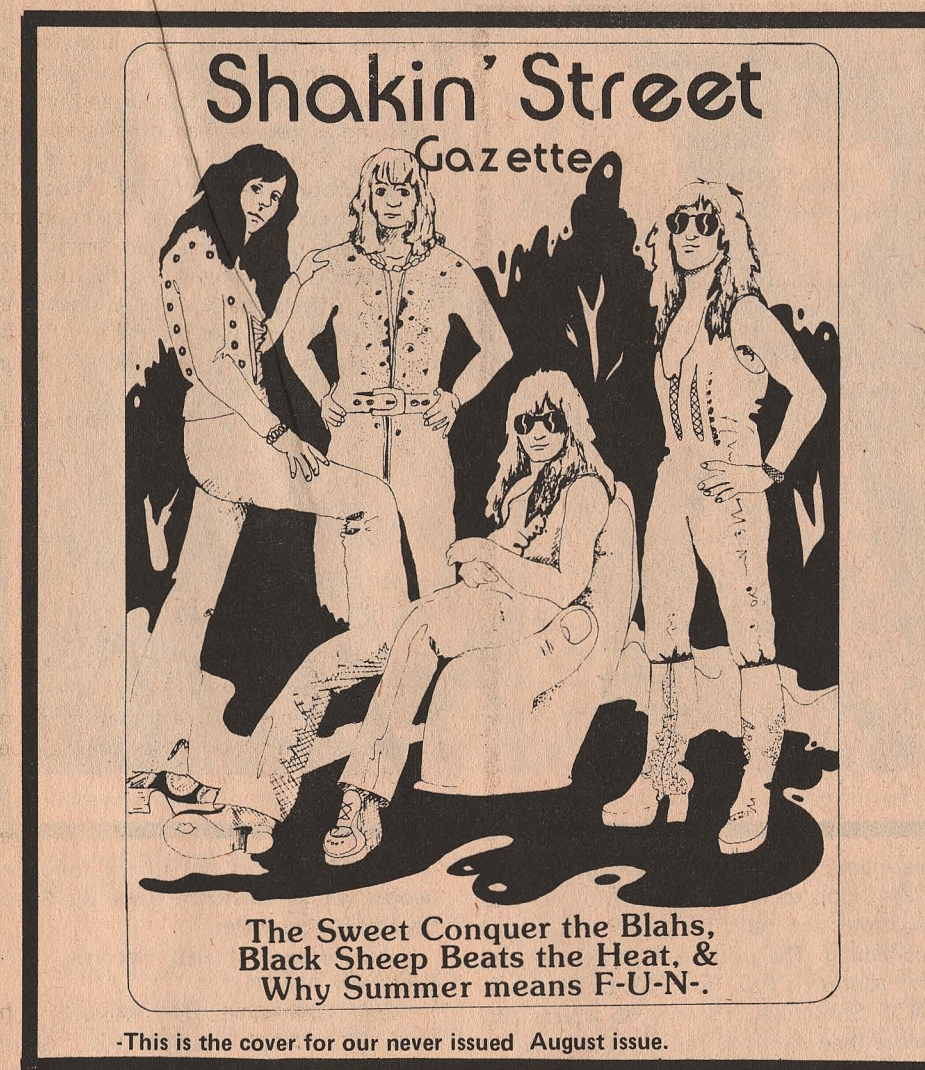
They're getting it on ain't doing it wrong and they're gonna do it, it won't be long. They gotta be heard, they got the word that really belongs and now they're comin' on strong.

Imagine the formation of teenage legislation
At fifteen they were schoolin'
But at sixteen they'll be rulin'.
(Repeat chorus)

-1974 Chinnichap/Rak Publishing

SHAKIN' ST. GAZETTE

The Sixteens



"The Sixteens"

The Sweet
(British RCA LPBO-5037)

July heralded this singles' release, penned by Chinn/Chapman, who are spending more time writing about rock 'n' roll than just plain writing rock 'n' roll. Well, take it as it comes... "The Sixteens" is about the transitory story of popular pop stars and emphasizes that '68 was '68' (meaning they're OVER) and 60's stars of course were just as important, productive and talented to their time as the 70's stars are to the present. So, let's not make the mistake, again, of appreciating the 70's pop groups (like the Sweet, Hint, Hint) until the 80's... do it NOW! And our boys are hot as ever here, "The Sixteens" is the closest thing to the older Sweet style since "Poppa Joe" or "Funny Funny." In fact,

it combines snatches of Bowie's "Hang On To Yourself" with the Sweet's early singles' sound. And, oh those gorgeous Sweet harmonies on the chorus, crystal clear sound courtesy of producer Phil Wainman, albeit marred by the inclusion of Chapman and Chinn on the production credits. See the lyrics and figure out who Billy, Bobby, Suzi and David are for yourself. The flip, "Burn On The Flame," sounds like the band is breaking out of the ready-made-written-in-5-minutes-in-the-studio-B-sides (as delightful as they were). It features Andy Scott sporting a superb sizzling riff that heavy metal fans will adore and a great mock-bluesy ending. Great stuff (better than the A-side) and well worth the \$\$ to JEM Records.

-Gary Sperrazza!

Lyrics to "The Sixteens":

Where were you in 68
In 68, Julie was Johnnie's date
Two kids growing together
Livin' each day as if time was slipping away

Aw, they were just 16
And their love a teenage dream
They passed the time
They crossed the line - the line that ran between

Julie and Johnny, now you've made it

CHORUS: And life goes on
You know it ain't easy
You just gotta be strong
(You know you'll never go wrong)
Cuz you're all-part of the Sixteens

REPEAT CHORUS

Suzi and Davie got to make the big time
Maybe they can put it all together
In a show that lasts forever
Aw, they would walk the Strip at night
And dream they saw their name in lights
On Desolation Boulevard, they like their faded lights

Suzi and Davie, you can make it

REPEAT CHORUS
REPEAT CHORUS

So where were you in 68
When Bobby and Billy thought that 68 was out of date
They took the flowers from their hair
And tried to make us all aware
Too bad, Too late
So they lived from day to day
And tried to do it all their way
But 68 was 68
No matter what they say

Bobby and Billy, maybe you'll make it,
ONE DAY

REPEAT CHORUS
REPEAT CHORUS
-1974 Chinnichap Ltd./Rak Publishing

September, 1974



Albums:
Funny How Sweet Co-Co Can Be (RCA; only English) - contains early singles
Sweet/Pipkins (MFP; only English) - one side has Sweet singles, other side is the Pipkins
Biggest Hits (Bell; only American) - contains singles and flip sides from "Little Willy" to "Hellraiser." Only American Sweet lp thus far.
Sweet Fanny Adams (RCA; only English)

Singles:
 It's Lonely Out There (20th Cent.)
 All You'll Ever Get From Me (Paramount)
 Co-Co (Bell)
 Little Willy (Bell)
 Blockbuster (Bell)
 Wig Wam Bam (Bell)
 Ballroom Blitz (RCA; only English)
 Teenage Rampage (RCA; only English)
 The Sixteens (RCA; only English)
 NOTE: The various intricacies involving Sweet singles released before "Little Willy" are extensively chronicled in the second issue of **Rock Marketplace**, whose discography on the Sweet this one is capsulized from. The **Rock Marketplace** is an

excellent magazine chronicling 60's and 70's pop/rock groups with various auctions and sales for those into record collecting. The editor is Alan Betrock and his address is P.O. Box 253; Elmhurst, A, N.Y. Subscribe, it's only \$5 a year and more than worth it. Tell him I sent ya!

NOT THE END

My final comments on the Sweet remain: It's about time they started writing their own A-sides, they've proven about 13 times now that they can do it. I'm not aware if Chinn/Chapman have contractual holds over the Sweet or not, but there's four against two. Just beat 'em up and take off, but, Brian, take care of that throat, OK?

Negotiations are now in progress to form an American Sweet Fan Club, probably to be called the Sweet Fan Association (Sweet F.A.). As soon as I have the time to organize it properly, it shall debut, perhaps we'll print the Sweet newsletter within this magazine. Express purposes will be to generate enough interest in this fine band to get them an American label again, and to get them over here to tour and push their stuff. More details later. . .

My thanks goes out to the following people whose assistance made the Sweet Spectacular possible:

-Judy Brown at Bell Records, 1776 Broadway Ave., N.Y.

-Walt O'Brien at JEM Records, P.O. Box 362, 3001 Hadley Rd., South Plainfield, N.J. 07080 (which is also who you should contact to acquire all the Sweet albums and singles mentioned).

The Sweet is imminent.

-G.S.!

Andy Scott- Influences: Shadows, Big Three, Beck

Favorite single: "Hellraiser" by the Sweet

Steve Priest- Influences: Stones, Chuck Berry, Deep Purple

Favorite single: "Hellraiser" by the Sweet

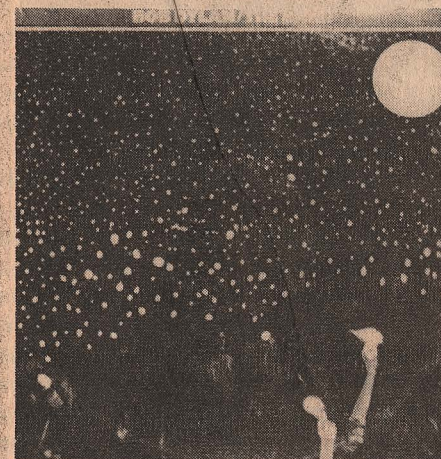
Brian Connolly- Influences: Little Richard, Everly Bros, Hank Williams

Favorite Single: too numerous to mention

Mick Tucker- Influences: Elvis, Shadows, Beck, Purple

Favorite Single: "Hellraiser" by the Sweet

Long Players



Dylan/Band

BEFORE THE FLOOD
 Bob Dylan/The Band
 (Elektra/Asylum)

"You knew that pop stars like Dylan . . . drove around in black cars and they were careful and they were very fast and they were staying where they were and they were not kidding."

-Michael McClure

Seven years ago I had my first real "Dylan experience." I was sitting in the back of a class room with a kid named Victor who had money and bought records and brought them to school to play during lunch hour. He had "Rainy Day Women No. 12 & 35," which was all over the radio at the time; on the small

but loud portable record player. "It's a lousy record," he commented a bit defensively. I just made a sort of non-committal noise, and sat there enjoying the fun of the music, and the pun of the song, and wondered in my twelve year-old innocence what it was like to "get stoned."

Dylan has always been fun.

Dylan, the pop star-entertainer, is revealed in his glory on his second album for Asylum records, **Before the Flood**. It was recorded live during his tour earlier this year, with a group of superb entertainers in their own right, The Band. Bob Dylan and the Band are an explosive combination musically indicative of what the brand of rock 'n' roll which grew out of folk and country music is all about.

Before the Flood is a sort of representative concert from the tour with the exceptions being that it is shorter (an hour and a half, as opposed to the two and a half hour average length of the concerts) and does not include any of the songs from **Planet Waves** which Dylan introduced on the tour.

The album opens with "Most Likely You Go Your Way (and I'll Go Mine)" which for most of the tour was sued to both open and close the show because, Dylan said, it "completes a circle in some way." Side one continues with five more tunes with the Band rocking, most of them more than they've ever been rocked before. "Lay, Lady, Lay" is no longer treated as a soft country ballad; it's given a proud, almost exuberant treatment with

both the Band's rolling and tumbling music, and Dylan's twisting vocal, now devoid of the affected croon he once used for the song. "Rainy Day Women No. 12 & 35" is a boogie number (it's still fun) and "Knockin' on Heaven's Door," taken out of the context of a movie soundtrack, becomes a new rock song with a new verse. "It Ain't Me, Babe" is not only given a new rock arrangement, but a change in phrasing makes it almost a new song.

The last song on the side however is the one that best shows what is going on. When originally recorded, "Ballad of a Thin Man" was a strange, paranoid song, an effect which Dylan and the Band carried to extremes when performing it live in 1966 with a pounding arrangement and snarling vocal. Now, even though Dylan sings it with feeling, it is no longer a spooky trip to hell. Now it is an old song that they enjoy playing and they hope you'll enjoy hearing it again. A cop out? Perhaps, but songs like that used to hurt. Dylan isn't hurting any more. He, like every one else, has changed and matured. Are you the same person you were eight years ago?

On side two the Band takes over. The boys in the Band are perfectionists, but where the quest for perfection might tighten up some groups to the point of mechanizing the feeling right out of the music, the Band stay interesting. Even their incredibly good live album, **Rock of Ages**, doesn't match the bubbling excitement of their sets on **Before the Flood**. They hold back nothing. Drummer Levon Helm, piano player Richard Manuel, and bassist Rick Danko lay down a variety of rhythm patterns while Robbie Robertson lashes out with whip cracking guitar and Garth Hudson sweeps over everything with organ that



varies from sweet violin sounds to funky carnival organ.

The Band plays "Up on Cripple Creek," "I Shall Be Released," "Endless Highway" (the only unfamiliar tune on the album), "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down," and "Stage Fright." After a short solo spot by Dyaln they come back with "The Shape I'm In," "When You Awake," and their signature piece, "The Weight."

Yes, the weight was on them, and they carried it with ease, not only providing flawlessly appropriate accompaniment for The Bob Dylan, but establishing their own identity. I doubt if anyone else could have done the job anywhere near as well.

The Dylan solo spot, which kicks off side three and began the second half of each concert, is limited to the three songs he played most often: "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right," "Just Like a Woman," and the only song he played in every solo spot, "It's Alright Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)." In keeping with the pace of the concert Dylan, playing acoustic guitar and harmonica, doesn't bother with any sort of embellished guitar playing, preferring to flat pick with a determined strum, filling breaks with harmonica. "Don't Think Twice" is fast and smooth. "Just Like a Woman" is slower but still not quite as slow and reflectively tender as the **Blond on Blond** recording and a bit more up tempo than the **Concert For Bangla Desh** version.

However, "It's Alright Ma," one of Dylan's most politically outspoken songs (he was usually most effective when subtly understating), is the big crowd pleaser. Naturally the line about the "president of the **YEW**nited States" standing naked gets a big cheer, but it's not the only line that gets response. This song seems to be the point where Dylan communicated most directly with the people, letting the older ones know that those things still meant something to him and telling the younger fans that he knew what was going on.

Side four begins with "All Along the Watchtower" sounding so good you'd think it was written for the Band, and continues with "High 61 Revisited" done in a stop and go march tempo. Then after a slow noodling intro which only hints what's coming up, they break into "Like a Rolling Stone," the climax of every concert. After the initial wave of applause the audience sings and cheers each and every chorus, like a crowd at a sports event singing and cheering the end of the national anthem. And that's the way

Dylan sings this and the encore, "Blowin' In the Wind"; chanting the lyrics with the steady beat.

Dylan knows how to move people, not only emotionally, but physically. A good patriotic march will stir something in the bosom of even the most controlled rational people. "Like a Rolling Stone" and "Blowin' In the Wind" are patriotic marches. Marches of a "nation" of people with common feelings; and Dylan, though he may disavow any role as a leader, is definitely a mover, a spur in the side of anyone who was ever affected by his music and lyrics. Dylan knows what he's doing; he's fun but careful, fast but visible, and he definitely is not kidding.

-Dave Meinzer

man: rhinos winos lunatics



Welsh Rock

RHINOS, WINOS AND LUNATICS
Man
(UA)

Remember when everybody said that California was going to fall off into the sea? Well, San Francisco seems to have fallen after all and landed smack dab on Wales, at least in their style of rock 'n' roll. In the last few years, the ghost of the old S.F. scene has been popping up in Welsh pubs; bands jamming all night and knocking people out left and right.

In Wales, that is. It's been a little different over here, although top bands like Ducks Deluxe, Help Yourself and Man have been ignored, probably due to the fact that none has toured extensively here or linked up with a top touring band. Man is perhaps the best known in Britain and, with their third U.S. release **Rhinos, Winos and Lunatics**, could be on their way to putting Wales on the world-wide map of rock 'n' roll.

Rhinos is almost a completely different style from their previous U.S. releases, **Be Good to Yourself Once A Day** and **Back Into the Future**. This is due to the absence of keyboardist Phil

Ryan, whose fluttering solos embellished those albums. The new Man consists of stalwarts Mick Jones (guitar, vocals) and Terry Williams (drums); Malcolm Morley (piano, guitar, vocals) and Ken Whaley (bass) - both from Help Yourself; and Deke Leonard (piano, guitar, vocals) who's been in and out of the band many times. The keyboards are underplayed as more elongated guitaring takes up the slack. Although their jams sound so like the Airplane and Quicksilver, Man has that distinctive British Isle aura surrounding their music.

"Kerosene" and "Scotch Corner" take up side two and are the most representative of this latest Man band. All three guitarists solo on the former while Jones and Leonard take the credit for the latter. Jones is the Eric Clapton here, his solos being the longest and most elaborate. His solo in "Kerosene" at one point echos John Cippolina of Quicksilver, exactly. Morley, the least proficient ax wielder of the three, stays in the background and as, it is pointed out in the breakdown of the personnel for each song, (y'know, who does what when ... give credit where credit is due ... Yeesh!), Ken plays bass. "Scotch Corner" features Jones layering a million decibel solo on top of Deke Leonard's strumming. Very highly explosive stuff indeed.

Side One's cuts are shorter but still driving rockers to the very end. "Taking the Easy Way Out Again" is sung nasally by Leonard accompanied on guitars by himself and Jones. The vocals are grating as are the licks, but whaddya expect from rock 'n' roll? California Silks and Satins" is acoustic with Morley singing in his "good lookin'" voice and the Man Chorus provide the back-up. "Four Day Louise," sung by Jones, rocks down well and will probably show up on their next LP live for 84 hours. Best keyboard use lives here.

I really got sick of S.F. when the Airplane got political and Grace showed her tits and everyone laughed. The Welsh don't go in for all that, I guess they know politics has no place in rock 'n' roll. Rebellion yes, but the fantasy-kind associated with teenagers. Man is interesting in this, their very first semi-popular stage. They've been around since 1968 but are a new band considering personnel changes. When, in 1968, S.F. was peaking, a new scene had been born, let's hope Wales does the same for Man.

-Andy Cutler



Welsh Man

KAMIKAZE
Deke Leonard
(United Artists)

Deke Leonard bears a striking resemblance to a girl I went out with once, which goes to show you what a loser I am. From what I can tell, ol' Deke is somewhat of a loser himself, jumping from Lucifer and the Corncrackers to the Jets, then to the Blackjacks, then back to the Jets, then to the Corncrackers again, then to the Dream, then he helped form Man, then he jumped over to Help Yourself, and now he's back with Man again.

And if that weren't enough, the cover of this album depicts him having just parachuted into a jungle, the back showing the plane dropping more paratroopers. But Deke, old bean, kamikazes didn't parachute safely into places, they flew right into the sides of ships, trying to take as many lives with their own as they could.

Hmmm ... Maybe he's not such a loser after all.

KAMIKAZE is Leonard's second solo album, the first being the rather dim ICEBERG which appeared earlier this year. Since then Deke has formed his own band, called Iceberg, and also rejoined Man to record **Rhinos, Winos & Lunatics**. Besides the members of Iceberg (former Help Yourself bassist and new Man man Ken Whaley, ex-Piblokto guitarist Brian Breeze, and drummer Dave Charles, audio engineer extraordinaire and also ex-Help Yourself), Deke gets help on this LP from Martin Ace of the Flying Aces, fiddler Byron Berline, drunner Keith Hodge, Man members Terry Williams and Micky Jones, and drummer Tommy Riley.

With such an impressive cast as this is in Welsh rock circles, one would expect great things to come from KAMIKAZE.

And, for the most part, they get it. Welsh rock is fantastic; the only thing wrong with it is trying to describe it. But one thing remains certain where Welsh rock is concerned: anything goes. And that's truly the case on **Kamikaze**.

"Jayhawk Special" and "The Devil's Gloves" are clearly the high points of the album. Both are good rockin' guitar songs, the kind Eric Clapton used to play, the kind Man are famous for. "Broken Glass and Limejuice," a more acoustic song, develops the nice 30-second long melody "Cool Summer Rain" which opens the album. Slower and much more grand, "Broken Glass and Limejuice" builds beautifully, fronted by Leonard's lead guitar.

KAMIKAZE's biggest disappointments come with "Sharpened Claws" and "Louisiana Hoedown," two poor attempts to feign bluegrass-rock, and with "Stacia," a lush little acoustic guitar duet by Leonard and Breeze which lasts only a minute, false ending and all.

Deke Leonard has again not quite created the album he has the potential to make, leaving some of the best sections incomplete, some of the worst untouched.

KAMIKAZE does, however, reinforce the freshness of Welsh rock, if not boosts it a tiny bit. And as for Deke being a loser, he's not great as a guitarist, and his voice cracks a lot, but anyone who would dedicate an album to Kurt Vonnegut has something going for him.

And come to think of it, that girl I went out with wasn't that bad either, cigar and all.

-Jim Bunnell



-What's in the bag Deke?



Bubbly Eno

HERE COME THE WARM JETS
Eno
(Island)

This cat's sheer intellectual Bromo Seltzer. Just dash on some water and he'll bubble up inside your maw and send waves of epicene nadsat rampage careening through your bloodstream. Ain't no lie.

Eno - his last name's so long it isn't even necessary to know it - was once upon a time ace keyboard, synthesizer honcho for England's own Roxy Music. But, like most sensitive musicians he had his own ideas. So one day he decided to get out of Bryan Ferry's hairdo and enter into the ever expanding limbo of "gone-solos." Well, this fish ain't no flounder. He's a Barracuda in lipstick n' greasepaint.

Evidence: this first solo effort suggestively entitled, **Here Come the Warm Jets**. Despite his constant mimicry of Bryan Ferry's vocal stylizations - sorta like Laurence Harvey on speedd balls, but much more suave - Eno's effort shouldn't go by unnoticed. How could it? Any record sporting titles like, "Needle in a Camel's Eye," "Dead Finks Don't Talk," "Blank Frank," and even one called "The Paw Paw Negro Blowtorch" is going to get noticed.

Taking up a lyrical banner which has often been neglected - because it's spawned from a strictly European consciousness, I guess - Eno lays bare a soul layered with darken perversity and linguistic buffonery. Take for example the title track, "Needle in a Camel's Eye." First off, 90% of the song is unintelligible, but that don't matter none because the visions it evokes are most expressive. Impression-on-first-listening: "Needles in the Camel's Eye" is a vision which reminds me of an old joke about a camel walking a mile for a human ... it

even has a few camel tongues in it so's it can be banned by the Surgeon General as hazardous to your health . . . it doesn't matter too much about the lyrical content because all you need to do is get snortin' drunk, mosey on down to your favorite zoo, lean your soddish body next to the camel cage, and play a cassetted version of the song skipping on the chorus . . . "Needle in a Camel's Eye" . . . you could get into some fine camel angst if you'd bring along a crochet needle and fondle it leeringly - squirt, squirt. You see, art begets art. And that's not even the best song on the record.

Taking yet another step towards dada dimensions is "The Paw Paw Negro Blowtorch" a sort of mutant luv call. Interlaced with some truly inspirational and emotive geetar plunking is a lyrical debauchery which goes like this: (make up your own minds—I find it soothing, then again who knows where my mind's been for the last decade—hmmmm)

"My, my, my
We treat each other like strangers
I can't ignore the significance
Of these changes
But you can treat it lightly
And you'll have to face the
consequences
All my worst fears are grounded
You'll have to make the choice
Between the Paw Paw Negro
Blowtorch
And me . . . no, no, no
By this time I got to looking for a
kind of substitute
I can't tell you who I found
Except that it rhymes with
"Desolute..."

This is followed by a true rocker. One of the few songs that gets this catatonic boy outta his trance and into a dance. Paul Rudolphs haunting geetar solos offset nicely my favorite lyric on the lp: (this would be a great song for Lou Reed...), oh yeah it's called "Baby's On Fire" and it goes like this:

"Baby's on fire
Better throw her in the water
Look at her laughing
Like a hefer to the slaughter..."
Then it quick cuts through a number of images: "Photographers snip snap/ Take you time she's only burning/ This kind of experience/ Is necessary for her learning": only to finalize itself unfulfilled with -
"Baby's on Fire
And all the instruments that prove that
her temperatures rising



—Let's see now . . . take "Stranded," mix with "Wipeout. . . add. . .

And any idiot will know that. . ."
Other hits include: "On Some Faraway Beach" - which is an exercise in crescendo and vocal choiring, it's hypnotic quality conjures up images of Dune Buggie patrols and ritual slashing; "Blank Frank" - is an ode to destructionism and the guy next door who wakes up in the middle of the night and wastes his family before putting a shotgun to his brains - "he is the one who will look at you sideways. . ."; and finally there's the title track, "Here Come the Warm Jets" which has musical overtones reminiscent of "Telstar" and ice-skating rinks - but I think it's about suck-jobs, dirty mind I guess.

So all in all Eno gets an A-plus for this here rekerd, why? 'cause I's can snort Desenex to it . . . yubba, yubba, yubba. . .

-Joe Fernbacher alias
El Mono



Prog Rock

ILLUSIONS ON A DOUBLE DIMPLE
Triumvirat
(Harvest/Capitol)

REFUGEE
Refugee
(Charisma/Atlantic)

Contrary to the current belief, complete fusion of classical music with rock is not the result of dubbing fourteen synthesizer tracks over a rhythm section. Nor does it arise when a band performs with a symphony orchestra. Since 1970, classical-rock has remained all but nonexistent, despite the efforts of Emerson, Lake & Palmer.

With The Nice, Keith Emerson was able to blend rock and classical music together, rather than interchanging the two. And even more important, The Nice were able to drive the energy and excitement of rock to the surface of their music, whether it was a loud, pounding piece of "America's" nature, or a less intense song like "Dawn."

But now, with ELP, Emerson has lost that once dynamic creativity, with only portions of **Pictures at an Exhibition** hinting at his past inventiveness. ELP do maintain their level of excitement (more visually than did The Nice, despite onstage whippings and American flag burning), but the element of classical-rock is practically nil in their music.

Triumvirat and Refugee are two new trios, both easily linked to the ELP stereotype. Both utilize the entourage of electronic keyboards which, I believe, claimed much of Emerson's prolificness. But neither Jurgen Fritz of Triumvirat nor Patrick Moraz of Refugee seem so dependent on synthesizers, thus making both **Illusions on a Double Dimple** and **Refugee** two listenable, imaginative classical-rock albums.

At the outset, Triumvirat come off as nothing more than a German version of Emerson, Lake and Palmer. But the more I hear Side One of **Illusions on a Double Dimple**, the dimmer that comparison becomes.

The album is divided into two pieces, "Illusions on a Double Dimple" and "Mister Ten Percent," the latter not nearly as innovative as the title piece. "Illusions" (Side One), is a powerfully embellished work, representing the fine line between innovation and novelty. While Fritz's modest use of synthesizer and mellotron abolishes much of the mediocrity found in other so-called classical-rock, the theme of growing up amid society's obstacles and peer pressure borders on pretentiousness.

"Illusions," however, asserts much of the energy that The Nice were able to produce, and at the same time focuses on the piano and the organ, thereby strengthening their versatility. And, were this true throughout the entire album,

Illusions on a Double Dimple would be the first genuine classical-rock album in over four years.

But Side Two, "Mister Ten Percent," is a much weaker piece; a sequel, perhaps, to **Tales of Topographic Oceans**. Built around a repetitious melody, "Mister Ten Percent" gradually alienates the listener with only an occasional, short glimpse of the uniqueness of Side One.

Triumvirat have been slid into the American market, apparently, just as the Italian band PFM were, having learned the English lyrics phonetically at the listener's expense, and detracting once again from the trio's obvious talents. With a small bit of the compulsory German bizarreness thrown in, Triumvirat have, at least, accomplished half an album worth remembering.

Refugee are a different story entirely, especially when two-thirds of the band are former-Nice members Lee Jackson and Brian "Blinky" Davidson. In other trios of this type, there the drummer and guitarist/bassist are inconsequential in comparison to the keyboardist, Refugee are the most balanced of anyone yet, with each member establishing a definite niche in the band.

When Keith Emerson decided to leave The Nice to search out something supposedly better, he recommended Patrick Moraz as his replacement. And with that, he proverbially slit his own throat.

Moraz is Wakeman, Argent, Manzarek, Hammer, Banks, Hopkins, Rundgren, Hansson, and, yes, even Emerson all rolled into one. His music is fresh; a different and effective attempt of combining the elusive classical and rock styles together, giving Refugee the potential of surpassing even The Nice's most potent music in the very near future.

Refugee also rediscovers the trenchant talents of drummer Davidson and bassist Jackson, who both stand out with the overshadowing virtuosity of Moraz. And the change in styles doesn't effect Jackson's singing, for his vocals remain their guttural best, especially on "Someday" and "Grand Canyon Suite."

From the moment the LP's opener, "Papillon," begins, **Refugee** presents the most complete, most enjoyable blend of rock and classical ever produced on one album. "Papillon" also immediately affirms Moraz's mastery on the keys, with a slick combination of roller-rink piano and synthesizer flourishes.

Piano and organ also retain major roles throughout **Refugee**, especially evident in

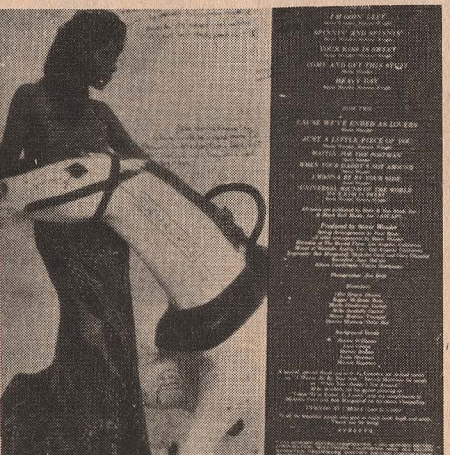


Oh well, now that Patrick Moraz has left our heroes for Yes, Refugee is up shit's creek again. May we suggest ex-Quartermass, Suntreader organist Pete Robinson?

"Papillon" and the other rapid instrumental, "Ritt Mickley." And wise (rather than uncontrolled) use of mellotron and synthesizers in the longer pieces, "Grand Canyon Suite" and "Credo," make **Refugee** a much more pleasurable album to listen to, instead of requiring the intense concentration needed to listen to other so-called classical-rock ventures.

Refugee is certainly the best album of its kind in the last four years, progressing right from where The Nice left off. Moraz, Jackson and Davidson have established themselves as the new stereotype to conform to; the masters of an otherwise dismal and suspended form spiced only with revolving pianos and smoking computers; a new trio with as important a future as their past.

-Jim Bunnell



Syreeta

STEVIE WONDER PRESENTS
SYREETA
Syreeta Wright
(Motown)

Whether Syreeta is Stevie Wonder's wife, lover or protege isn't important. What is, is that this lady may just be going places. Her first album is a fine effort partially due to her own talent and largely due to Stevie's.

Six of the songs here are written by the team of Syreeta Wright and Stevie Wonder, the remaining five are written by Stevie himself. It would indeed be unfair to judge the album solely on Stevie's contribution but it is somewhat unavoidable. Stevie not only wrote and vocalizes on several cuts, but produced the entire album. His influence is unmistakable even in Syreeta's vocal phrasing; she has a strong voice when it avoids its wispy nasal inclinations.

Some local airplay has been attained with "Spinning and Spinning." Although it's not bad, there are others that are more deserving. For example, "I'm Goin' Left," an up-tempo easy listening tune and "Come and Get This Stuff," a funky Vandella's type number. The musical arrangements are of the same fine quality as those on Stevie's own albums, with the possible exception of "I Wanna Be By Your Side," abounding with an overindulgence by the string section.

The question remains: whether Syreeta would have attained recognition as an artist in her own right, without the aid of Stevie Wonder. As a team they seem to work well together, but it is hard to determine where his contributions end and hers begin. Perhaps in the future, Syreeta's own talent will be more obviously displayed, not clouded by a talent so much more developed than her own. Until then, this debut album will do nicely.

-Juicy Lucy Perrone



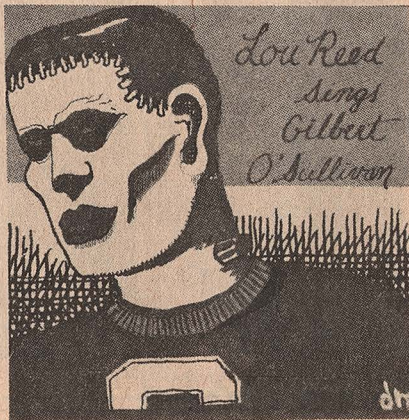
-“Look,” says Paul Samuell-Smith, “personally, I don’t mind, but if the rest of the Yardbirds found out how you botch our songs. . .”



Deep Purple’s **Machine Head**). And the ultimate sign of a jaded group: the addition of female backup vocalists. Even with all these special added attractions (or maybe because of them-Ed.), **Rampant** is bland and boring as hell.

“Shanghai’d in Shanghai,” the single in England, is not the least bit dynamic and is a good preview of the remaining material. Their cover of the Yardbirds’ “Shapes of Things” is unimaginative and irritating. And, on “Loved and Lost,” the Nazareth sound is so watered down that it sounds like early Free (yup, that slow too). Nazareth have proven, in the past, that they can do better than this! Perhaps if they take their time with releases (**Razmanaz**: summer of ’73 . . . **Loud N’ Proud**: February ’74 . . . and **Rampant**: June, ’74!), they’ll yet produce something substantial. In the meantime, Nazareth aren’t runnin’ rampant - they’re runnin’ amuck.

-Juicy Lucy Perrone



LOU REED SINGS GILBERT O’SULLIVAN
Lou Reed
(RCA)

The new Lou Reed album is, well . . . a new Lou Reed album. What more can you say? Lou Reed is Lou Reed, and each of his albums bears the distinctive stamp that is his alone. I must confess that I liked him better when he formed the acoustic duo with David Bowie — there will never be another song capable of moving the curtains deep in my aortas the way “Dogs Tired of Suburbia” or “Child Suffocates in Refrigerator” did — but you take what you can get, I guess, and you can get this new Lou Reed album if you’ve got the money. You can take it, too, as long as you don’t take it too seriously and don’t turn it up too loud ‘cause the production, always a delicate matter with Lou, gets distorted that way and you’ll miss some of the muffled guitar chords mixed into the background for mystery. Just take it out of here so I don’t have to look at it anymore.

For the record, though, it’s the companion volume to **Lou Reed Sings Gilbert and Sullivan**, which came out just two months ago. Lou thought it would be rather cheeky to release a Gilbert O’Sullivan treasury hot on the heels of his workouts with selections from **HMS Pinafore**, **Madame Butterfly** and the others. He refuses to do “Alone Again, Naturally” in spite of endless requests, because he feels that the song is immoral in that it contributes to a permissive cultural climate and a self-destructive ambience and syndrome which Lou does not wish to appear to support.

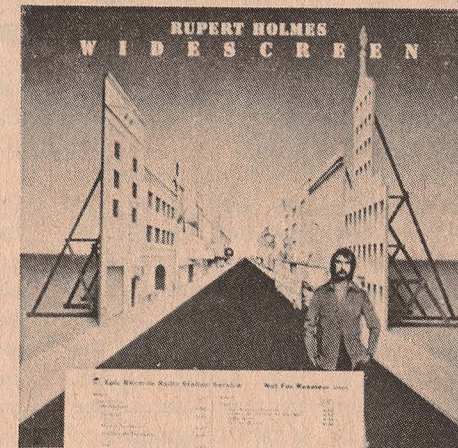
Instead he does some relatively obscure O’Sullivan material, songs like “Dog With No Tail From Soho,” “I Wish I Was a Goat,” “Wheah’s the Chowdah Mum?” and “Ha’Penny Hosannah,” the latter revealing both the composer’s and interpreter’s senses of humor more fully than anything we have seen from either of these gentlemen before. O’Sullivan’s lyrics tell a tale of a miserable blind toothless cripple hunchbacked hair-lipped bandylegged hard of hearing psychologically maladjusted beggar who has a collapsed septum, hangnails, flat feet, six fingers on each hand and battle scars from his service in the First World War (he says they accepted him “because ai was jolly pretty a’ thai ol’. pa’triahtac sang sungin’,” and gave him a job as morale raising mascot for the 43rd brigade, in spite of all his infirmities, but a flying shrapnel hit him and left over 700 scars and concave valleys where his innards were scooped out by medics anyway, but he survived it all “baicause I’m nought the whiskai sun o’ Johnny Be Quick far nathin’!” (whatever that means,

these gimps all talk drool), who learns to dance a sort of spastic modified jig because he’s got nothing to do while holding his cup out begging for pennies so he shuffles awhile until a beautiful 4’3” fairy princess from a good family comes along, falls in love with him, and they live happily ever after in a cottage on the 43rd floor of one of her father’s skyscrapers where she licks his wounds and rotates his joints every night. Lou introduces this song by explaining, “This song is about a guy a lot like me . . . well, to be perfectly honest (a quality I treasure above all others), it is about me . . . so take it as my spiritual autobiography ghost written by another genius who won’t answer the door when I come to see him: Gilbert O’Sullivan.”

That’s the best song on the album. In fact, it’s the only good song on the album. The rest of them roundly eat dogshit. The harpischord solo in “Ha’Penny Hosannah” doesn’t even redeem them. Nothing could. It’s not so much that they’re bad songs, or that Lou’s delivery is poor, as that all the material eats it, and Lou doesn’t do it justice by virtue of sounding a little fuzzy himself. But then, it was his idea to record the whole album through a silk brocade curtain “to get that late night royal drawing room sound,” as he said.

But you should buy it anyway, because it’s got a picture of Margaret Rutherford on the cover.

-Lester Bangs



Holmes

WIDESCREEN
Rupert Holmes
(Epic/CBS)

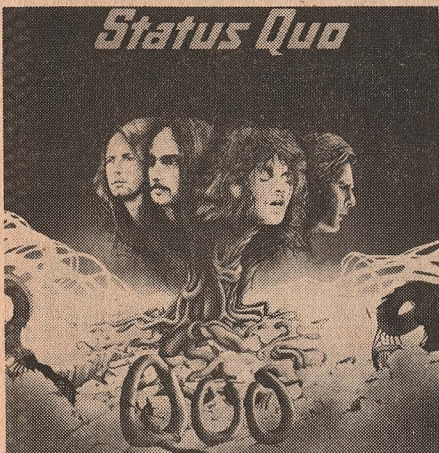
About a year in the making, **Widescreen** represents Rupert’s passion in life: the Movies. In fact, you might think this obsession would overshadow the music. Not so. **Widescreen** is extremely well produced and the

material is fine Seventies light pop. “Second Saxophone” is a refugee from the Swing era, the lament of all those guys tucked away in the bandstand relegated to provide rhythm and never to solo. “Talk” is a great love song, directed to every actress you’ve ever creamed in your jeans over. “Soap Opera” is the high point, brilliantly orchestrated with some strong Elliot Randall git-box licks. The most interesting oddity however, is “Psycho Drama” starring TV huckster Ed Herlihy, WABC’s Alison (The Nightbird) Steele and impressionist Will Jordan. “Drama” is a soap orera-takeoff of **The Maltese Falcon** complete with impressions of Lauren Bacall, James Maron, Sidney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre. Holmes is the hero (?) trapped by Grossman (Greenstreet) and Suez (Lorre) because: “You know too much about our quest to be allowed to survive.” It’s genuinely entertaining - much more so than some of the up and coming singer/songwriters have attempted in a long time. Rupert Holmes has something in his obsession that appeals to everybody.

-Andy Cutler

-Lou Reed sticks his finger in Bowie’s ear as Jagger fears he’s next in line.





edgar · broughton · band



DD · FB



Cold Cuts

QUO
Status Quo
(A&M)

Since Status Quo decided to absolve themselves of their pop roots for straight all-guitar rock and roll, they've produced four albums: **Dog of Two Heads**, **Piledriver** (with a stunning cover that the music couldn't match), **Hello** and this new one. Quo still finds the band playing the same boring, repetitious, unimaginative neo-boogie that rock 'n' roll is ideally supposed to be, only in order to keep their listeners awake, can't be. After hearing four albums of the same chords PLUS witnessing their hopelessly out of tune, out of time butchering of "Big Fat Mama" (from **Piledriver**) on **Midnight Special**, one wonders why the group feels that what may be successful in a bar or at a concert should carry over to the more intimate album with the same impact. Quo is good because it's loud, but that's never been enough before.

STREET PARTY
Black Oak Arkansas
(Atco/Atlantic)

These guys can't be serious, although one gets the sinking feeling they are. Basically the instrumentation is solid rock 'n' roll in the Southern tradition, but singer Jim Dandy is just too much to swallow (How would you know?-Ed.) Constantly decked out in skintight white pants, this buck-toothed buffoon growls out lyrics like they're supposed to be funny or something, only they're not. Maybe now that he's got some money, he should see an orthodontist. That may not improve his voice, but he won't look so goddamn obnoxious. **Street Party** is divided into the 'North Side' (hard gutsy rockers like "Sting Me," "Jail Bait" and "Good Good Woman") and the "South Side" (down home knee stompers including an unbelievable rendition of "Dixie"). Definitely sub-level to their other earlier albums like **High on the Hog** and their live album, if you like this kind of stuff, that is. If you don't then you've probably already decided that Jim Dandy is the Alred E. Neuman of rock.

OORA
Edgar Broughton Band
(Capitol)

England's first all out attempt at Doors-type music. EBB caused a stir a few years back with their staunch politico-oriented "Out Demons Out," but have since melted back into obscurity. And OORA, recorded two years ago, released in the U.K. eighteen months ago, and finally unleashed on American kids by Capitol, isn't going to raise anybody's opinion of the band or their combination of Stones, Doors, CSNY and Pink Floyd (let's face it, a setup like that is barely feasible, let alone listenable). The drunken vocals of Edgar, brother Steve and Unitt come off half the time as the Thunder Thighs, the other half as Hawkwind. If they ever need a boogie band on the moon, this is it. Meanwhile, we already have one too many Edgar groups in the U.S.

CHILD OF THE NOVELTY
Mahogany Rush
(20th Century)

It's somewhat ironic that Mahogany Rush's main reason for existence - to be the reincarnation of the Jimi Hendrix Experience - is also their main downfall. Singer, guitarist, and songwriter Frank Marino should have listened to Robin Trower, a band and guitarist with similar aims whose worst material has been their most blatantly Hendrixoid, before he attempted to spread this mistake across an entire album. It's a shame too, because this Montreal band shows a lot of talent, and could probably be a first rate, ass-shakin', hard rock band, if they tried. Meanwhile, skip the album, but try to get the single ("A New Rock and Roll"); it's twice as good as anything else here, really a great record, and Marino sounds more like Ian Gillian than Hendrix. And pray that with the help of Ex-Wacker Robert Segarini (!), who assisted here, that they can get rid of their fixation and get down to some good music.

ADVENTURES OF VALENTINE
VOX...
Chris Jagger
(Asylum/Elektra)

By now it should be evident that

this guy sounds a lot like brother Mick, but why does he also sound like Andy Bown (ex-Herd, compadre to Peter Frampton and solo artist in his own right)? Well, Bown wrote three tracks, persisted throughout on bass and even joined in on the chorus, good lad that he be. **Adventures** was recorded at Rockfield Studios, S. Wales; home of Welsh do-it-all Dave Edmunds whose slide guitar sears "Like A Dog" into the best rocker here. "Change to Say Goodbye" features Pete Frampton, Pete Sears and Mick Waller (sounds like a Rod Stewart album doesn't it?). Who else is here? Well, Busta Cherry Jones (Sharks), Neil Hubbard, B.J. Cole, Alan Spenner, and Chris Stainton. Lest we get so wrapped up in name-dropping that we forget about Chris Jagger, we'd be falling into the same rut this album is in. It's more a sidemen's delight than anything else. Since Chris makes a nice try at singing, his talent is evident but somewhat lost amidst the likes of such fine rockers as those who appear on this album. Nice try, Chris, semi-enjoyable.

CREATURES OF THE STREET
Jobriath
(Elektra)

Jeez, well I can dig it ya know, Gay Liberation and all that stuff. I mean, I've got nothing against fags, and I even like David Bowie. But somebody get rid of this Jobriath creep! Past a few decent rock 'n' roll melodies this jerk has nothing to offer: no voice, no taste, no lyrics, no talent, and no mind. Dumbness, as has been stated in other places, can make for some great pop, but this dork won't even admit he's a mush head. Everything on this album has been done (much better) in some form by anyone of your glit-rockers. I really thought Steve Love (ex-Stories guitarist), who now plays in Jobriath's band, had more brains than this.

WONDERWORLD
Uriah Heep
(Warners)

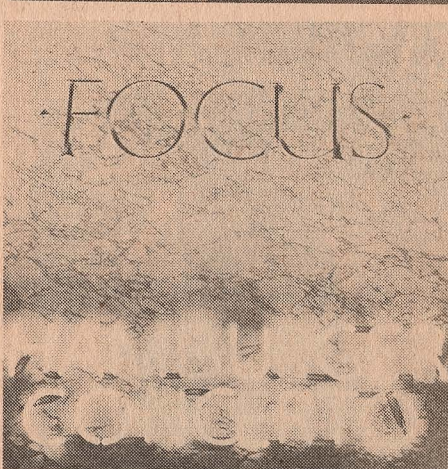
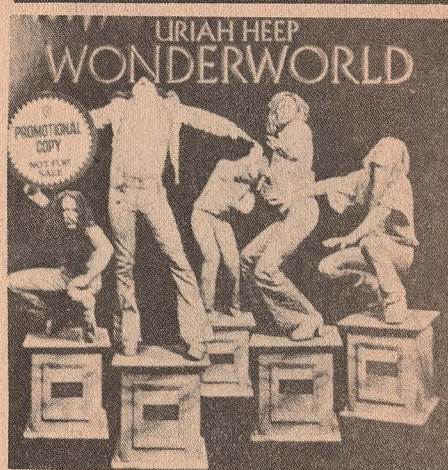
Didn't you always know they were made of marble? Well, even if you didn't you should have realized by now that they can't move, let alone rock. The album is normal Heep periphery, in other words, drudge 'n' drone. Steal a riff here, borrow a riff there and end up with a finished product that could pass for any other Heep album. If ya' gave them a buck for every good tune on this album, you'd still have to break a dollar to pay them.

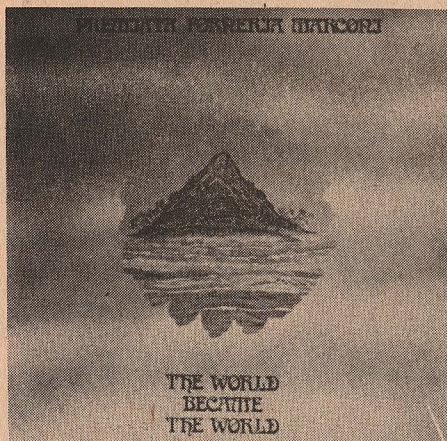
HAMBURGER CONCERTO
Focus
(Atco/Atlantic)

The fan who only liked Focus for "Hocus Pocus" has been continually disappointed by the seemingly worthless ramblings of this foursome and probably the news of a new Focus album is as important to him as the debut of a new farming show on Saturday mornings. But, those who pleasure the smoothness of longer flowing rock-based pieces without unnecessary jamming and soloing, might be quite pleased with the "Hamburger Concerto" running through all of this album's second side. It's almost always captivating, Akkerman's emotional guitar sometimes reminding of (get this) The Small Faces' **Ogden's Nut Gone Flake** period and Thijs ("Yes, I'm still yodeling") van Leer's subtle sense of humor and organ/piano playing lacing the newfound bottom-heavy sound provided by bassist Bert Ruiter and new drummer Colin Allen (from Maggie Bell's old group, Stone the Crows). Side One, though, is the same old boring Focus (carry-overs from **Tabernakel**, a poor attempt called "Harem Scarem," cuts called "La Cathedrale de Strausbourg," YEESH!) but Side Two may make it all worthwhile if you proceed with caution.

DARRYL WAY'S WOLF
(London)

The defunct yet occasionally brilliant Curved Air spawned two violinists: Eddie Jobson (now in Roxy Music) and Darryl Way. Way got together with Dek Messecar (bass), John Ethridge (guitar) and Ian Mosley (drums) and recorded two albums, from which the cuts on this sampler album have been culled. From **Canis Lupis** comes "Candenza," "Go Down" "McDonald's Lament" and from **Saturation Point** comes "The Ache." "Two Sisters," "Saturation Point" and "Toy Symphony." Wolf is at its best on uptempo ELO-ish cuts like "The Ache" or "Candenza" where the band scorches with lightning-fast riffing and soloing by Way and Ethridge, but also displays equal sensitivity on slower cuts like "Saturation Point" or "Go Down." Imagine a competently original power trio with expressive violin who hold pop-jazz and the Moody Blues in high regard and you've got an idea of what you're in for.





JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH

Rick Wakeman
(A&M)

The Journey: Like the album, Rick's first solo album, *The Six Wives of Henry VIII*, was based on the book of the same name. Rumor has it that Rick, during a recent tour with Yes, read, and plans to base his next stupendous (accent on stupe) album on *The Manhattan Telephone Directory*.

The Review: Symphonic and moogy mishmash, terribly overdone choirs, stupid lyrics, and dramatic narration, all mixed together and bringing to mind such descriptive adjectives as overbearing, pretentious, unbearable, etc.

The Discovery: If you get a free copy of this album, or find it in somebody's garbage can, you may make a discovery. This is a comedy album: Wakeman's biggest influences weren't Bach, or Grieg, or even Keith Emerson. They were Cheech and Chong! But, it ain't funny, Rick.

(Ed. Note: This was written before Rick left Yes and suffered two heart attacks. Despite the scathing review above, we hope Rick recovers quickly and continues to strive for the goals his keyboard wizardry is capable of attaining.)

THE WORLD BECAME THE WORLD

Premjata Fornerja Marconi
(Manticore/Altantic)

P.F.M. are an Italian band with a good deal of backing. Not only are they on Emerson, Lake, and Palmer's record label, but they also have ELP's resident lyricist, Pete Sinfield (who also produced PFM's last album). This can be good or bad, depending upon whether you think lines such as "But life is just a well stuffed purse/ It couldn't/ get much worse/ For me and you/ Chicken in a zoo" are great poetry or not. All these "art-rock" bands seem to suck stuff like this right up. Anyway, they play O.K., vocalist Franco Mussida sings in a suitably dramatic tone (Greg Lake?) and I'll even bet that somebody out there really digs all this orchestrated, choir-laden, apocalyptic crap. I guess ya can't stop progress.

SEE SEE THE SUN

Kayak
(Harvest/Capitol)

Five incredibly ugly guys whose only apparent prospect is that they're from the

"land of Focus and Golden Earring," neither of which they hold any resemblance. SEE SEE THE SUN is easily forgettable; aside from an array of synthesizers, strings, weak vocals, too much percussion, too little inspiration, and extreme eclecticism, Kayak are jes' 'nother band from Holland, "Most Promising Group of 1974" or not. And besides, anyone who would do a ballet for a cripple have either got to be sadists or just plain nuts.

I'LL BE THERE

Matthew Fisher
(RCA)

Each side of this album starts off with an excellent guitar-based rocker; "It's Not Too Late," and "It's So Easy." The rest of the album is basically keyboard based and falls stylistically somewhere between Elton John and early Procol Harum (which Fisher was a member of, as you may recall). Yet, there is a bouyancy to the tunes that keeps the album from monotony. Not a really bad cut here, plus a few near gems: to buy it, you'll not feel cheated.

ANGELS FOREVER

Elephant's Memory
(RCA)

These morons are loud, obnoxious and redundant. No wonder John Lennon got rid of them as his backing band, he's bad enough as it is. Forget them all.

HOLIDAY

America
(Warners)

American may be a simple-minded band, but they sure have lofty ambitions, for this is nothing less than America's attempt at evoking the Beatles (circa 1966-67). They even went so far as to enlist George Martin as producer and arranger. The trouble is that America's songs are usually more adaptable to (and Martin seems more at home with) the more popish and "cutesy" McCartneyesque side of the Beatles, ala "When I'm 64," "Penney Lane," and "Yesterday." However, three songs ("Lonely People," "In the Country," and "Baby It's Up to You") do jump out of the mush and mellow; though acoustically oriented, these tunes all display the more rockish side of sixties pop. If America had the guts or talent to sustain the energy level of these three songs, this might have been some record.

BLOODY MARY

(Family/Famous)
Poor poor poor 'heavy' rock in the vein of Terry Knight's Faith. Y'know, Three Dog Night vocals over an organ-dominated Uriah Heep backing. Don't bother, unless you find the aforementioned groups fascinating.

WHALE MEAT AGAIN

Jim Capaldi
(Island)

Most rock musicians I know curse the fact he wasn't born in London, or Liverpool, or Birmingham (U.K.), etc. But all these old English boys want to do is get funky and eat grits and fried chicken and maybe go to "de islands" and play some reggae. So Capaldi rounded up all his Muscle Shoals buddies (Hood, Hawkins, Carr, Johnson) and made another barely above average album. Nothing to get excited about; just another English super-group member showing why he's never actually risked his career by really quitting that group. By the way, if you don't get the word play in the album title yet, don't get upset cause it took me a while. It also took a while before I saw the pun in *Aladdin Sane*. So I'm a little lame, but at least I don't make albums to prove it.

MUSIC EVERY NIGHT

Bees Make Honey
(EMI Import)

These British pub-rockers are equivalent to Commander Cody. They rock, country style and it's real good, feel good, beer-drinking music. "Caledonia" features Ruan O'Lochlainn wailing on sax and "Lips" Billett on trumpet in some good ol' rockabilly. "Knee Trembler" is great, sounds like the Sweet gone country, with lyrics like "I wanna grow up to be a teddy boy, just like my daddy before me, his phlorescent socks and drainpipe pants" sung in an echo-y Gene Vincent style. The limeys are invading our shores again but instead of blues, now it's country. Buzz on, Bees.

LET IT FLOW

Elvin Bishop
(Capricorn/Warners)

Elvin (AKA Pigboy Crabshaw) used to be one of the finest blues guitarists anywhere, anytime, anyhow. Story has it that he taught the young Michael Bloomfield everything he knows. He provided the Butterfield Blues Band

with everything from scathing slide to moral support for years and then left to record two albums - one brilliant and one so-so - for Bill Graham's Fillmore label. Elvin's back again, but believe it or not, without a stitch of the blues. "Let It Flow" is so countrified, you'd think this good ol' boy has forgotten about Chicago. "Stealin' Watermelons" is the only one to make it as the rest are too dittyish and simplified fiddley-diddley. Remember when Pigboy intoned on Butterfield's "Drunk Again": "The thing I like about Chicago, it's got goooooo music and goooooo gin." Well, it seems Chicago is merely a city now and country fever has taken its toll on the legendary Elvin Bishop.

FANTASTIC FEDORA

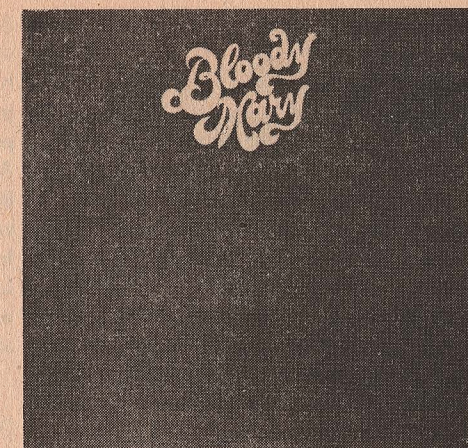
Duke Williams and the Extremes
(Capricorn/Warners)

You'd never believe these guys were from Philadelphia, what with all their Southern ramifications. Aside from the fact that Duke can't even sing Philly style much less Southern style, you might think these guys have grits coming out of their ears. Guitatist T.J. Tindall is a somewhat well-heeled session man having played for Harold Melvin and Bonnie Raitt, as well as a general association with MFSB and Good God. His sometimes brilliant work is about the only high point on this confused disc. When are we gonna have a more Northern based blooze and gospel band, like from Anchorage, to put a cap on this madness?

STOP ALL THAT JAZZ

Leon Russell
(Shelter/MCA)

I never did like this cat a whole lot, what with that ageless appearance and omnipresent surly expression. His drawling voice is enough to drive anyone batty and since Ol' Leon popped up everywhere for a while, it sometimes seemed a relief to turn on anyone of our "progressive" FM stations and not hear his nasal twang. Even the most countrified city-bred person can only take so much of the Mark Twain bit, if you know what I mean. But, lo and behold, our Country Cousin has come up with a new LP that almost breaks my prejudice against hayseeds. A motley collection of mismatched genres if ever I've seen one, "Mona Lisa Please" opens with a long cocktail lounge piano intro framed by a blaring horn section and then Leon comes in with the voice that must be constantly up against post-nasal





drip. The title cuts is more uptempo, very night-clubbish with a memorable horn riff, Leon echoes his voice, probably a last ditch attempt at psychedelica. Also included are Mose Allison's "Smashed," Dylan's "Hollis Brown," "Spanish Harlem" and a horrid version of "If I Were A Carpenter." Impressed? Anyway, this is the first Leon Russell LP that doesn't make me want to kneel in prayer at the porcelain altar, but it's close.

OKIE
J.J. Cale
(Shelter/MCA)

This guy isn't kiddin' around, he's an okie alright, probably the type of guy you could sell Niagara Falls to. But as far as music goes, he's mean, clean and bluesy. Best cuts: "Cajun Moon," "Rock and Roll Records," "I Got the Same Old Blues." Cale never gets too excited (zzzzz...), he just stays (zzzzz...) laid back and cooks (zzz...).

MACHINE GUN
The Commodores
(Motown)

Since Billy Preston's recent singles efforts have been trying to produce nothing from nothing, the gap left things wide open for the sprightly, "Outa-Space" sounding "Machine Gun" performed in tight, funky fashion by the youthful Commodores. What appears to be an expected attempt to cash in on one of this summer's better singles is actually a brightly crafted dancing/listening album from which "Machine Gun" is still the best cut, although others on the album come mighty close. "Rapid Fire," "Machine Gun's" follow-up, teases and tickles with shrill and bassy moog noises over a solid and choppy dance rhythm. "The Assembly Line" has silly black-hippie lyrics like "From the moment you're born, you're on the assembly line, keeps on messin' with your mind" but the band has a thicker sound thanks to the guest production and authorship of Gloria Jones on this cut and "The Human Zoo" (Hmmm, beginning to notice a pattern to her writing already). Since regular producer James Carmichael has a winning sound with his clean studio technique, best choice for next single would be the Isley-ish "Superman."

MARVIN GAYE LIVE
Marvin Gaye
(Tam la/Motown)

Although shying away from public performance these past five years, Marvin returns to the stage, via vinyl, with the 14-piece band he calls "the finest musical aggregation to have accompanied me thus far" to perform a collection of material ranging from his earliest to his most recent wroks. Versions of "Trouble Man," "Inner City Blues," "Distant Lover," "Jan" (previously unreleased), a Fossil Medley of all his early gems, and recent work like "Let's Get It On" and "What's Goin' On" suffer since the producer decided to leave in all the crowd noises, which are sometimes as clear as the music itself. Overlooking that calculated mistake (as you did with **Live Kinks**, **Beach Boys In Concert**, and all live Beatles tapes), you'll find **Marvin Gaye Live** a most engaging enterprise.

FRICION
The Soul Children
(Stax/CBS)

"I'll Be the Other Woman," and "Love Makes It Right," the current hits from the full-bodied vocal group called the Soul Children, is a good representative cut indicating what to expect on the album, **Friction**. Clean, polished vocals, Memphis Horns Inc., Muscle Shoals Rhythm Section and the Memphis Symphony Orchestra all combine to present some mighty fine, albeit typical emotion packed material that Stax has been releasing by the truckload lately.

TOGETHER BROTHERS
Barry White and The Army
(20th Century)

Real Barry White fans (or Isaac Hayes fans, for that matter) won't be disappointed by this album. Even though his suggestive, breathy raps are not here, as on his past endeavors, his touch is unmistakably reflected in the tight-as-ever Love Unlimited Orchestra. This soundtrack from the movie, **Together Brothers** is almost entirely instrumental, with the exception of "Somebody's Gonna Off the Man" and his last single, "Honey Please Can't You See" (also on his last LP, **Stone Gon'**). All in all, it's good easy listening, not outrageous or the least bit offensive. Label this one "harmless."

I LOVE YOU MORE AND MORE
Tom Brock
(20th Century)

Although the titles on this LP read like a Barry White LP, Tom Brock's end product seems a bit more punchy than White's quasi-cosmic love-excursions. Now, Barry White co-wrote two songs and produced Brock's album so you've probably already got a good idea what you're in for. Slick arrangements, an over-abundance of strings, snappy drumming and catch phrases that form the title and hooks of the songs make the sweet soul stylings of "Have A Nice Weekend Baby," "The Love We Share is the Greatest of Them All," "There's Nothing in This World That Can Stop Me From Loving You" (Jees, what titles!!) showcase Brock's pleasant Al Green-ish vocals. Major complaint: one of my favorite singles, "If We Don't Make, Nobody Can," is included here but in its third version: an instrumental one that sounds like the real thing without the vocal track. OK, but without the vocals, half the impact is missing. Watch for the White-Brock-Gloria Scott-Love Unlimited Coalition single called "When I Met You You Gave Me Your Number But In The Meantime I Thought I Loved Someone Else But Now I Changed My Mind Which Means I Love You So When I Call You On The Telephone Quit Saying 'FBI-Dunwich Speaking' Or I'll Die."

I WANNA BE SELFISH
Ashford & Simpson
(Warners)

We'll probably be hearing quite a lot of this on our car radios in the months ahead, which is quite alright by me, for this is one of the finest soul albums of recent memory. Nickolas Ashford and Valerie Simpson have been turning out hits both as producers and writers for a variety of Motown artists from Diana Ross to Marvin and Tammi for years, and this, their second album together, has been long awaited. These are solid, catchy, well performed songs, with the added plus of having been written and produced by the performers. Almost any of these tracks could be hits. In this corner, the picks to click are "Spoiled," and "Take All the Time You Need."

MARTHA REEVES
(MCA)

Superstar producer Richard Perry (Carly Simon, Barbara Striesand, Ringo,

Nilsson, etc.) meets soul-singer-on-comeback Martha Reeves ("Heat Wave," "Ready For Love," "Nowhere to Run," etc.) with rather predictable results. Perry has picked out the usual assortment of songs by contemporary popular black and white composers (Carole King, Smokey Robinson, etc.), but his too slick L.A. production just doesn't mesh with Martha's Motown background. To get an idea of whom MCA is really trying to sell here, note that Perry's name is almost as prominent on the front cover as Reeve's.

THE WILD MAGNOLIAS
(Polydor)

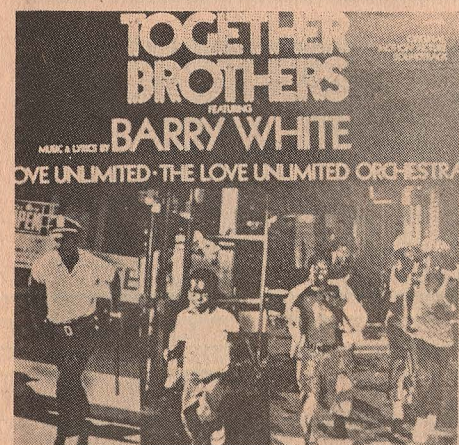
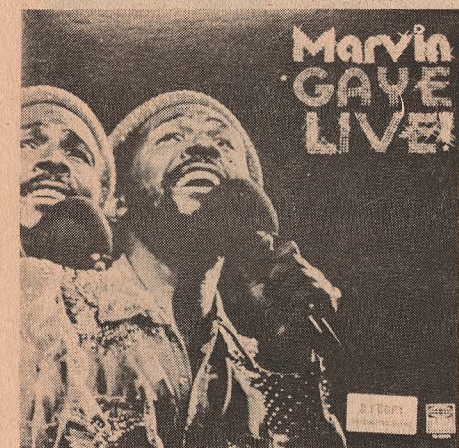
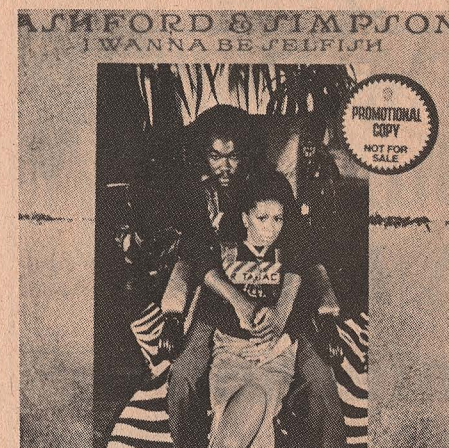
The Wild Magnolias are member of two 'Indian' tribes, New Orleans blacks dressed up in outrageously gaudy Indian costumes. The various tribes would work on their acts and costumes all year long culminating in vicious, often bloody competition during Mardi Gras time. The 8 Magnolias led by Bo Rollis and Monk Boudreaux sing and percuss accompanied by Willie Tee's New Orleans Project, a top flight R&B band. "Smoke My Piece Pipe" is about the best here, reminding one of the legendary Funkadelic/Parliament coalition. The Magnolias are a vibrant slice of New Orleans music and interesting to the student of roots.

COME SEE ME AROUND MIDNIGHT
Nino Tempo and the Fifth Ave. Sax
(A&M)

Imaginative and cohesive. Although Nino (an old stalwart) doesn't solo often, things manage to work out, particularly on "Roll It," "Chrome Plated" and "Last Cut-Side Two." Fine calculated funk good for dancin'.

MAGIC
Cheryl Dilcher
(A&M)

Or, "Another potential female rock star bites the dust." But then again, this ain't really ROCK at all, it's ... um ... that quasi-mish-mashed-potato-pomuzak-that you've heard countless times before. Although an improvement over her first album, **Butterflies**, her weak Buffy St. Marie-ish voice and trite lyrics just don't cut it. The only cuts dispersing any energy are "Fantasy," in which the great sax-man Nino Tempo solos, and "Together," a funky sounding up-tempo piece. Aside from the moody title tune, the rest fades away as effectively as the magic Cheryl professes.



Singles

The Rolling Stones★

A Fatal Infection in the Bloodstream of America's Youth

After about two months of summer, things tend to drag. Y'know, you get into the same rut as during the school year: get up for work, come home, shower up, then go out and proceed to get drunk. Sometimes you can't wait for school to start and then you get in that rut. You can't win, it's a vicious circle. Maybe I'm just not imaginative enough, but in any case, the hot months drag on leading ultimately to the freezing winters peculiar to this absurd climate.

So what do I do during the summer, to pass those idle moments between toil and beer? Cruise, the unofficial American pastime. Where else in the world do people waste time by hopping in the car and scouting for action? Where else can people afford it?

Nights on the weekends are the best. The bars are too packed to allow serious alcoholic consumption and the night people are out in all their splendor and glory, especially the female of the species. And that my friends, is what it's all about: local talent, street meat, call it what you will but just one glimpse of quality fox is worth all that wasted petrol. So here we are, piled into a 1967 Buick Skylark. Tank McGallivan, Rudy Tomtonovitch and myself, all set for the evenings' festivities to begin.



These guys are two of the most preposterous characters to ever grace this earth. McGallivan is a strange, wasted Irish Catholic alkie jock. Nothing gives Ol' Tank more pleasure than to trash a new Porsche or somebody's front window. This sounds pretty wierd but he justifies himself by claiming the booze puts him in such a religious fervor that he feels he must avenge the wrongs done to Irish Catholics over the ages. I'm not one to argue with that logic.

Rudy's just as crackers but in a different way. He's from the rural area surrounding this city and like most young men from these areas, hot cars are his passion. This was no ordinary Buick, but had been lovingly tranformed into Skycar, the silver dream machine. Not being much of a car fancier myself, I couldn't begin to accuragely describe it, but believe me when I say Skycar moved like the proverbial Bat-Outa-Hell and usually had everything from soup to nuts beat flat out. So you can see why Rudy got an extra kick out of cruising.

One Friday night, we sat around my place inhaling cold beers, as per usual, until about 10:30 PM or so. Now was the perfect time to start out for the night, the time when the nocturnal crowd begins to hit the bistros. You might call AM radio the crowning glory for our pasttime, the cruising around-sound. It fits in perfectly absurdly, the cunningly repetitious programs of usually soggy

material jsut makes the crazy crazier. It sort of sets off the adrenalin. Sometimes a good song sneaks on, but when its quality is discovered, the DJ's play it over and over and over so that everytime you hear it, you want to grab a sledgehammer and pulverize every copy in existence out of existence.

But back to our story: the radio was blaring and all eyes were melting passer-bys on the sidewalks as we slid down the strip. Almost abruptly the DJ that had been chattering about some drivel, shut up and some familiar guitar riffs careened out at us, accompanied by what seemed to be either a cat in extreme agony or a man insane. Tank was the first to speak: "Hey, ain't this the Stones?" "Sure sounds like 'em," Rudy answered, "but it can't be new, listen how lousy it sounds, like they recorded it under water or something."

In a few minutes, it ended in a drunken whooping and bashing chords. The DJ came on and announced it as the new Stones single, "It's Only Rock and Roll."

"Oh Jesus," everyone muttered collectively. "Why don't these jerk-offs do something constructive like get busted," said Tank. Rudy broke in, "Yeah, and stop calling themselves the 'World's Greatest Rock and Roll Band! What nonsense! They're the ones guilty of perpetrating that hoax. Sure, they sold a lot of singles, but it wasn't until

Beggar's Banquet and Let It Bleed that they started getting universal attention. It really makes me sick when there are lots of worthy bands 10 times better than these jokers starving because the record buying public is sucked into believing this "World's Greatest" bulldiddy."

I guessed Rudy was mad considering this was the longest coherent flow of words he'd uttered in all the time I'd known him. Tank was pretty miffed himself, swearing that he'd maim for life the first person he caught buying this. They were getting too carried away and I knew I'd have to do something before they went over the brink. Rudy was starting to turn red and mumbling, "If I hear it again, I'll flip the car and kill us all." Tank was screaming, "I'll kill that mutha Jagger, I'll wrap his faggot leotards around his neck, I'll put out a carton of smokes on his face, I'll... I'll..."

I reached for the radio and tried to turn it off, but Rudy caught my arm, glared at me, turned it up and changed the station. As luck would have it, there they were, The Rollin' Uglies, in living AM Mono, again!

"AAARRRGHH," they screamed in unison. Rudy hit the gas and Skycar took off with a squeal of rubber that sent every wierdo on the Strip leaping for cover. What could I do? Not much, so I slipped to the floor just as Tank reached over the seat and pulverized the radio with a monkey wrench. I looked up at Rudy still transfixed with that maniac look on his face, starting to look homicidal. The speedometer said 140 but we must have been going faster because my ears were popping and my nose was bleeding. Tank was still bashing away and I started to pray.

That's about the last thing I remember other than my life flashing before my eyes. When I woke up, I was in bed at home, seemingly none the worse for wear. I jumped up, and ran downstairs to find it was the next day. Tank and Rudy were out in the garage overhauling Skycar.

"What did you lunatics do to me!?", I screamed, starting to lose my precious self-control. They both had idiot smiles stuck on their faces and Rudy said, "Nothin' man. You couldn't take the speed and passed out. We ran outa gas and came to our senses, took you home and polished off a case of beer."

"Get out of here, get out of here," I shrieked, "if the goddamn Stones did this to you, what's gonna happen when you hear Clapton's new album?" They looked at each other, still smiling, pulled out



three tickets to London via air and pointed to a box over in the corner.

I ran over to it and lifted the lid. There, inside, was a small arsenal that would've made any terrorist group drool in their soup. "You see," said Rudy, "we already thought of that."

I had to call the FBI. These guys are

my best friends, but even Eric Clapton has the right to grind out poop and not die for it. I moved out to the country, and I hope I never hear another chord of Rock 'n' roll. Hell, it's dangerous! It's everything my parents said it was.

-A TRUE CONFESSION
by Andy Cutler



Concerts

September:

- 3-7: Paul Anka (Melody Fair)
- 8: LITTLE FEAT, MAHOGANY RUSH, John Vilpi (Delaware Park, FREE)
- 10: Arlo Guthrie (Artpark)
- 11: Chick Corea, Weather Report (Artpark)
- 11: Sly & Family Stone (Niagara Falls Con. Center)
- 13: John Denver (Niagara Falls Con. Center)
- 15: New Riders, Pandemonium Circus (Clark Gym)
- 15: J. GIELS BAND (Aud)
- 17: Blood, Sweat and Tears
- 29: Spinners (Melody Fair)

October:

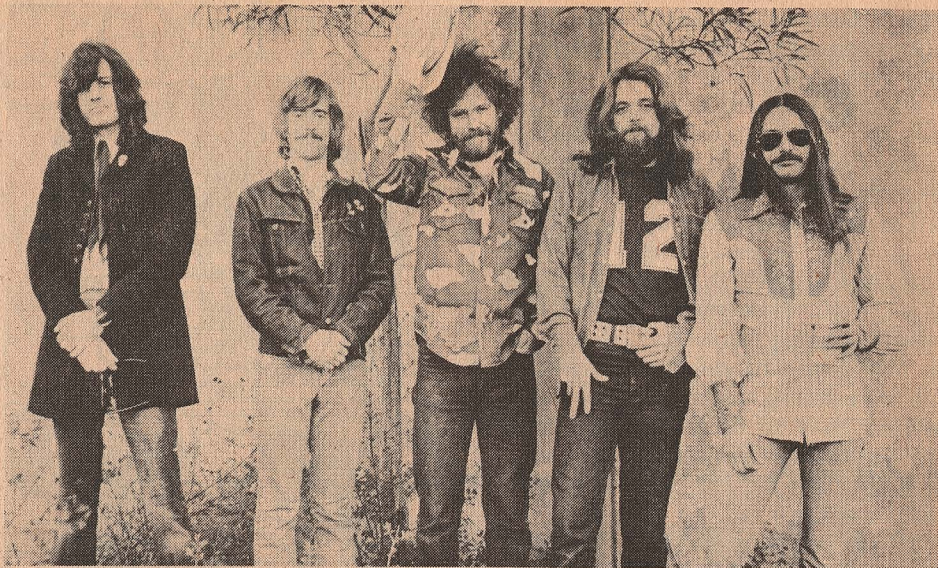
- 12: McCoy Tyner, Pat Martino (Fillmore Rm., UB)

November:

- 2: Taj Mahal, Freddie King (Clark Gym)
- 16: Chick Corea (Clark Gym)



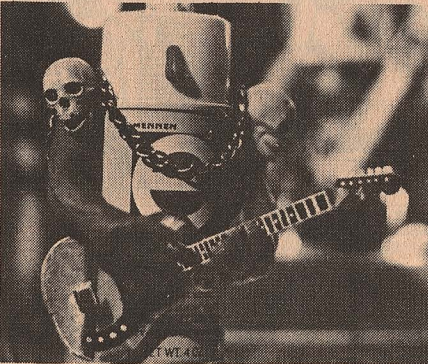
-The J. Geils Band will be at the Aud September 15 at 7 PM. Tickets for this Festival East production are \$5-advance and \$6-day of show. There's a possibility that this show may merge with the NRPS show mentioned elsewhere in this section, but for now, you've gotta make your choice.



-The New Riders of the Purple Sage will appear with Pandemonium Circus at Clark Gym September 15 at 8:30 PM. Tickets for this UUAB production are \$3-students, \$4-loafers and are available at UB and Buff State tickets offices.



-The everlovin' Spinners will be at Melody Fair September 29 for two shows, 8 and 11 PM. Tickets are \$7 and \$6.

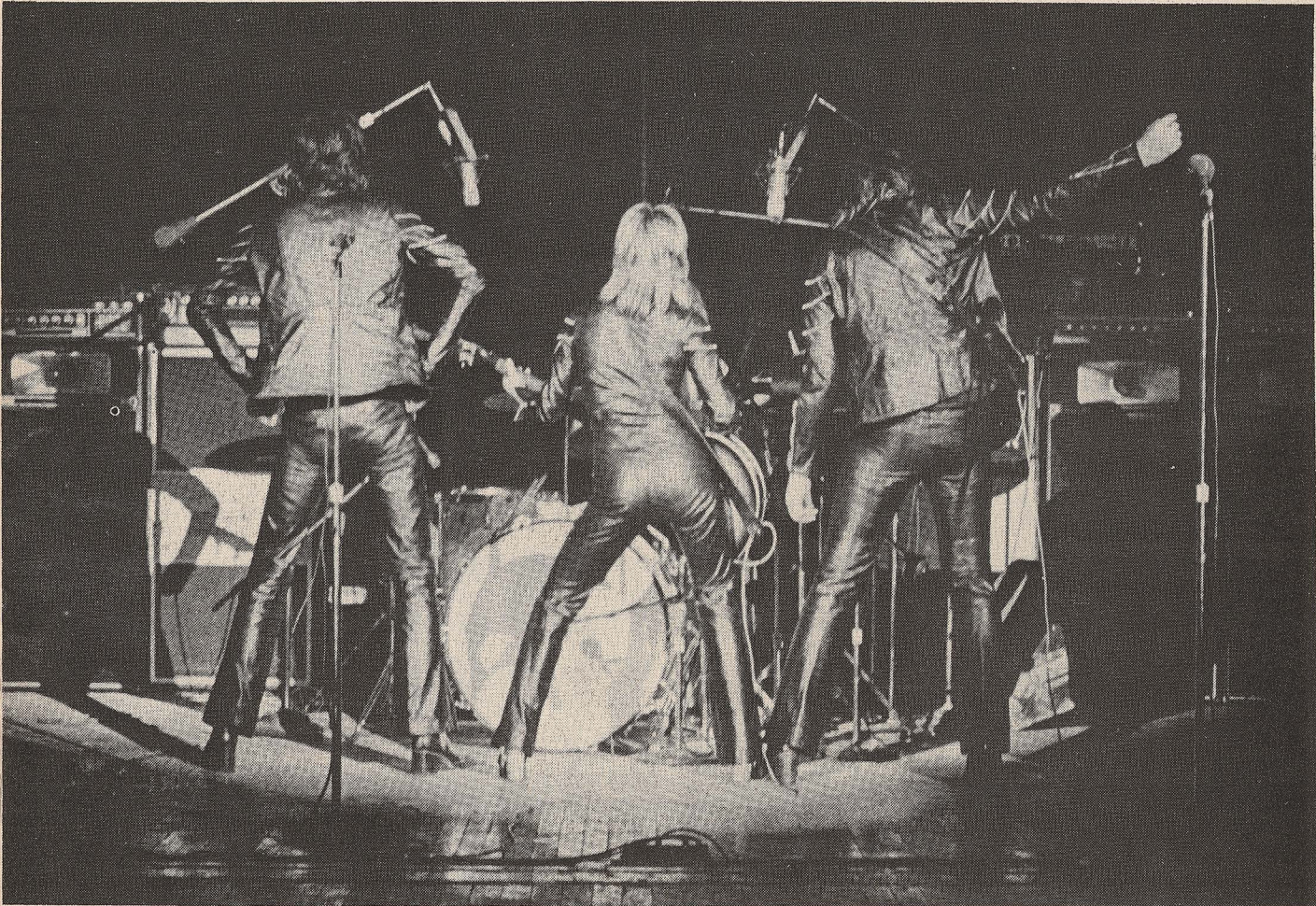


-This cutie above is John Denver. And he'll be at the Niagara Falls Convention Center September 13 at 8 PM. Tickets are available at Central Tickets, all Twin Fair stores, Tuxedo Junction, D'Amico's, Move 'N Sound, UB, Buff State, National Record Mart, and Niagara Community College.



-Arlo Guthrie will be at Artpark Sept. 10 at 8:30 PM. Tickets are \$6.50, \$5.50 and \$4.50 and are available at D'Amico's, Festival Tickets, UB, Buff State, Cricket Tickets and Salzburg Tickets.

Suzi



-“Five feet of shit-kickin’ rock ‘n’ roll” was Suzi Quatro’s introduction this past Sunday in Delaware Park. And that’s what it was, albeit marred by sections of aimless jamming throughout the set. But the crowd loved her (most think that she needs a new band and some new material, though). Well, speaking of new material,

Suzi’s new LP, entitled ‘Quatro’ will be out this Friday on Bell Records. On it will be four songs by those ace British songpenners, Chinn and Chapman (See Sweet Spectacular on Page 21); “The Wild One,” “Savage Silk,” “Devil Gate Drive” (her fourth...), “Too Big” (...and fifth British hit singles). Also on

it are two Quatro originals (“Cat Size,” “Klondyke Kate”) and covers versions of “Keep A Knockin’,” “Move It,” “Hit the Road, Jack,” “Trouble” and “Shot of Rhythm and Blues.” Album is produced by Mike Chapman and Nicky Chinn.

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