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The Shakin' Street Gazette

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The  
**Shakin' Street Gazette**

October 1, 1974

No. 14 Free

**Frank  
Zappa**



**'Mhuman  
getsmablues**

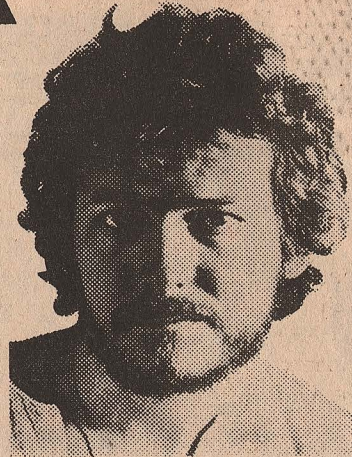
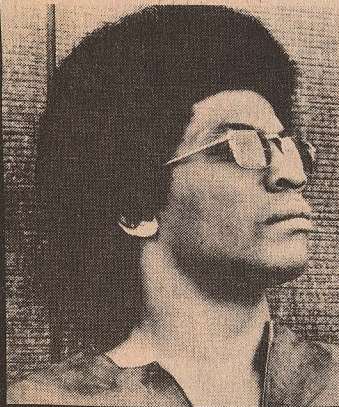
**The Story of Bizarre/Straight Records**



FESTIVAL EAST  
PRESENTS

# HERBIE HANCOCK AND MINNIE RIPERTON

WED. OCT. 9th-8 P.M.  
KLEINHANS MUSIC HALL  
MAIN FLOOR: \$6 & \$5—BALCONY: \$5 & \$4



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7 & 10:30 P.M.

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Main Floor Balcony  
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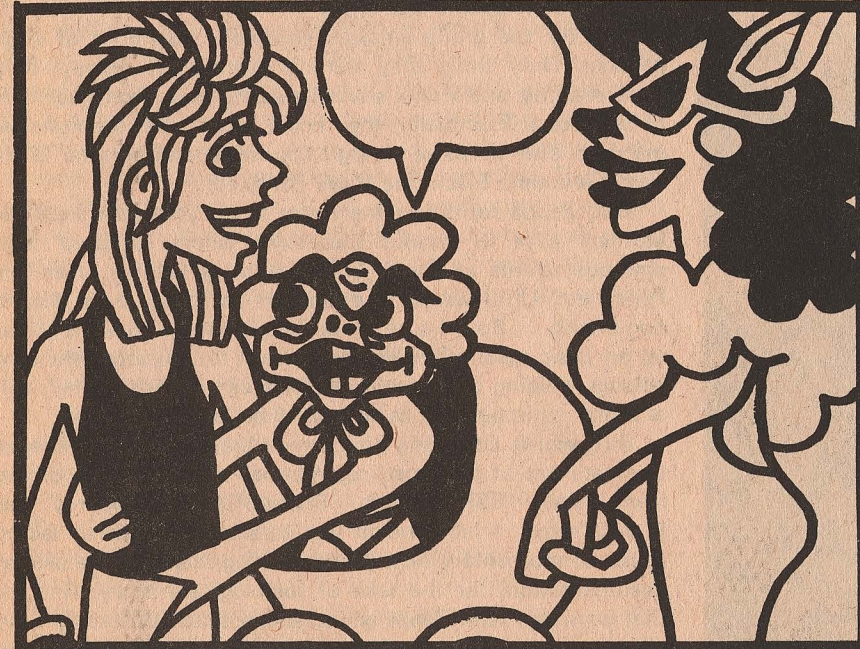
# BLACK SHEEP



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## Bowie Contest Results



Well kids, we have ourselves a bonafide winner, although we can't possibly run the winning entry. Reason being that it was decked out in soporific color with glitter and jewels in abundance; in the word balloons were covers of well-known lesbian porno magazines and a priceless comment by Mx. Emerolled Fox (pictured above) ... you'd have to see it to bee-leeve it but you can't (unless you look closely on our office door). The winner(s) is DG/SM, 2107 West River Rd., Grand Island NY 14072, the entire Bowie catalogue on RCA will arrive at his/her/its humble abode quicker than you can say "Wham Bam Thank You M'am." To all those who entered: a Shakin' Street thanx! Boy, some str-ange people read this magazine...

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The opinions expressed within the Gazette do not necessarily reflect the editorial policy ... so don't bug us because we're not responsible. No portion of this magazine may be reprinted in any manner without the express consent of the Editor.

Now is the  
time for  
the party.



# 'M HUMAN GETS ME BLUES



The Story of  
Bizarre/Straight Records

by Joe Fernbacher

'Fu Man Captain relaxes under the nose he ain't no hamburger

Between late 1968 and late 1969 dozens of independent record labels were rising from the ashes of the psychedelic evolution, or dévolution, depending entirely on one's sense of greasy history. It was a time when normality was bust and whatever happened to cross your mind became the password for existence.

The San Francisco music scene was swarming across the country on the underground railroad and laying waste to the waxy ear channels of concrete hardened city-criminals, groups like the Grateful Dead (blech), Janis Joplin and Big Brother, Quicksilver, etc. (if you wanna know any more names call up Ralph Gleason collect and he'll name at least a thousand—the old fart's still trying to sell that baby-puke) and there was even an underground to augment the underground, a musical cadre which bred on the entertaining aspects of intellectual paranoia and utter confusion.

Paramount amongst these mini-mutant masters was a band of maniacs called the Mothers of Invention. A constantly straining musical aggregation, or aggravation, which ran tantivy into the brick wall of established norms. Led by ace-cynic-cyanide-snide Frank Zappa, the Mothers became the foremost leaders of the under- the- underground counter-kulture.

They surfaced only on occasions like when they were asked to play on the Steve Allen Show. A true moment in the history of rockaroo. There sits Steverino reading the lyrics from "Hungry Freaks Daddy" tinkling his bell, tooting his horn, all the while espousing the musical completeness of Zappa and the Mothers. Zappa comes out and talks, real smart, very intelligent, a true spokesman for the race of hippydom. Then the Mothers play and blow away the entire studio. They scared a lot of people that night.

Quickly the group amassed enormous quantities of vinyl product. Only thing they weren't making any money, they were starving, and Frank started stealing ideas from members of the group. Eventually, they broke apart, like the proverbial marriage dish in some foreign countries, and became Little Feat, Geronimo Black, the Magic Band, etc.

But, Zappa continued the vision of his youth and kept the Mothers alive in various mutations which sprouted such ominous talents as Flo & Eddie, Aynsley Dunbar, Jean-Luc Ponty etc. Until we see the Mothers of today—pure diluted dog breath. . . Boy, I sure think Zappa oughta stick his geetar up his basic nasal retentive and go back to Lancaster where he belongs, chiding the tumbleweeds instead of insisting he's still as funny, or important, as he used to be, because he ain't. . .

But, whilst collecting his current brain-waves he managed to create one of the most inspirational independent recording labels since ESP records. Bizzare/Straight Records was Frankie's toy, a label which was totally dedicated to taking artists of momentary note and capturing them for the sake of documentation, for the sake of sociological history. And for that we owe Frank Zappa an incredible debt. His foresight, no matter how badly it was obscured by his continued insistence on taking these performers and producing them as if he were them instead of them being them, it was Zappa's version of what he thought they should sound like, not their vision of what they should sound like. No matter, Frank and his aptitude for collecting the essentials of freakdom, were important, are important, because nobody gave a spit-on-a-shine.

Throughout Bizarre/Straight's short, but fruitful career (the only reason they lasted longer than any of the other

independent labels was the simple fact, that Herb Cohen, Frank's financial honcho, sold the distribution rights to Bizzare/Straight to the ever-important Warner Bros. label.

Besides producing one or two good Mothers lps on his label (my personal favorite, still, being *Crusin' with Rueben and the Jets*, one of the most complex-simple records ever made, if you don't believe me just listen to the off-beat bass drum note which strains through a song called "Jelly Roll Gumdrops. . .") Frank literally went out onto the streets of Hollywood to find such murky neomorphs as Wild Man Fischer; Alice Cooper; Capt. Beefheart; and the G.T.O.'s (perhaps his most important discovery in terms of sociological history).

Most of these groups, and people, had records out which have gone virtually unnoticed and can still be found moulding away in dusty bargain bins for prices varying from \$1.99 to \$.39. These albums are important, they should be had for the sake of time- capsule- cultural- backtracking. They're also pretty good. Some are exercises in incoherency, others exhilarating glimpses into a fourth dimension of surreality. . . dada, musical cubism; and sometimes sheer nonsense for the sake of sheer nonsense. Is everybody in? The stories about to begin:

No doubt the crowning achievement of Bizzare/Straight records was *Trout Mask Replica* by a soft-spoken absurdist genius called Capt. Beefheart. Beefheart had just come off a number of musically vivacious, financially disastrous outings with labels like Kama Sutra, and Blue Thumb, when he latched onto an old hombre from his hometown, Frank Zappa. Zappa and Beefheart spent many a dusty night jamming in the local bistros. Later, when Frank talked Don (aka Capt.) into recording yet another record, the Capt. sat down and jammed out all the songs for the session in something like two hours. With the help of his Magic Band, Zoot Horn Rollo, Rockette Morton, the Mascara Snake (Don's brother who was totally burned out by "thousands" of acid trips, which eventually led to Capt. to taking a hard line stance against drug abuse) and Antennae Jimmy Semens, he went into the studio and taught his band each of the looney toons to be recorded. The results is one of the finest records of the era, a monument to abstract lyricism, convoluted musical phrasings, and general all round mayhem. It was on "Trout Mask Replica" where the Capt. showed he's probably one of the finest poets of the century.

How can you argue with:

"I saw yuh dancin' in yer x-ray gingham dress  
I knew you were under duress  
I new you under yer dress  
Just keep comin' Jesus  
Yer the best dressed  
You look dandy in the sky but you don't scare me  
Cause I got you here in my eye  
In this lifetime you got 'mhumangetsmeblues  
With yer jaw hangin' slack in yer hair's curlin'  
Like an ole navy fold stickin' in the sunset  
The way you were dancin' I knew  
you'd never come back  
You were strainin't keep yer  
Old black cracked patent shoes  
In this life time you got m'humangetsmeblues. . ."

. . . and that's not even one of his better efforts. Others include, "Frownland" "The Dust Blows Foreward 'n The Dust Blows Back" "Dachau Blues" and how's 'bout ole "Ella Guru" interlaced with such antics as "Veteran's Day Poppie" and "The Old Fart was Smart" and the Rocky Jones blues jam on



-'Larry kills his mom . . . rock-on!!!

"China Pig" all rounded out like a nice shoulder of slaughtered lobster (the Capt.'s favorite fish-dish) with the supreme Beefheartism called, "Neon Meate Dream of an Octafish. . ." (Try this one on fer size all yo's aspiring poets. . .)

'Lucid tenacles test 'n sleeved  
'N joined 'n jointed jade pointed  
Diamond back patterns  
Neon Meate Dream of an octafish  
Artifact on rose petals  
'N flesh petals 'n pots  
Lack 'n feat 'n tubes tubs bulbs  
'N jest incest injust in feast incest  
'N specks 'n speckled speckled  
Speckled speculation  
Fedlocks waddlin' feasts  
Archaic faces frenzy  
Ceramic fists artificial deceased. . ."

Since the auspicious mega-lump of *Trout Mask Replica* has slipped into a vinyl slipstream, the Capt. has stayed with Warner Bros. and released many more such masterpieces. *The Spotlight Kid* and *Clear Spot* — the Capt. slickest outing yet, produced by Ted Templemen, and sporting such classics as "Big Eyed Beans From Venus" "Too Much Time" and "Crazy Little Thing" this record has paved the way for the Captain's





Is this Zappa's new band, The Real Mothers?



PROMOTION - Not For Sale

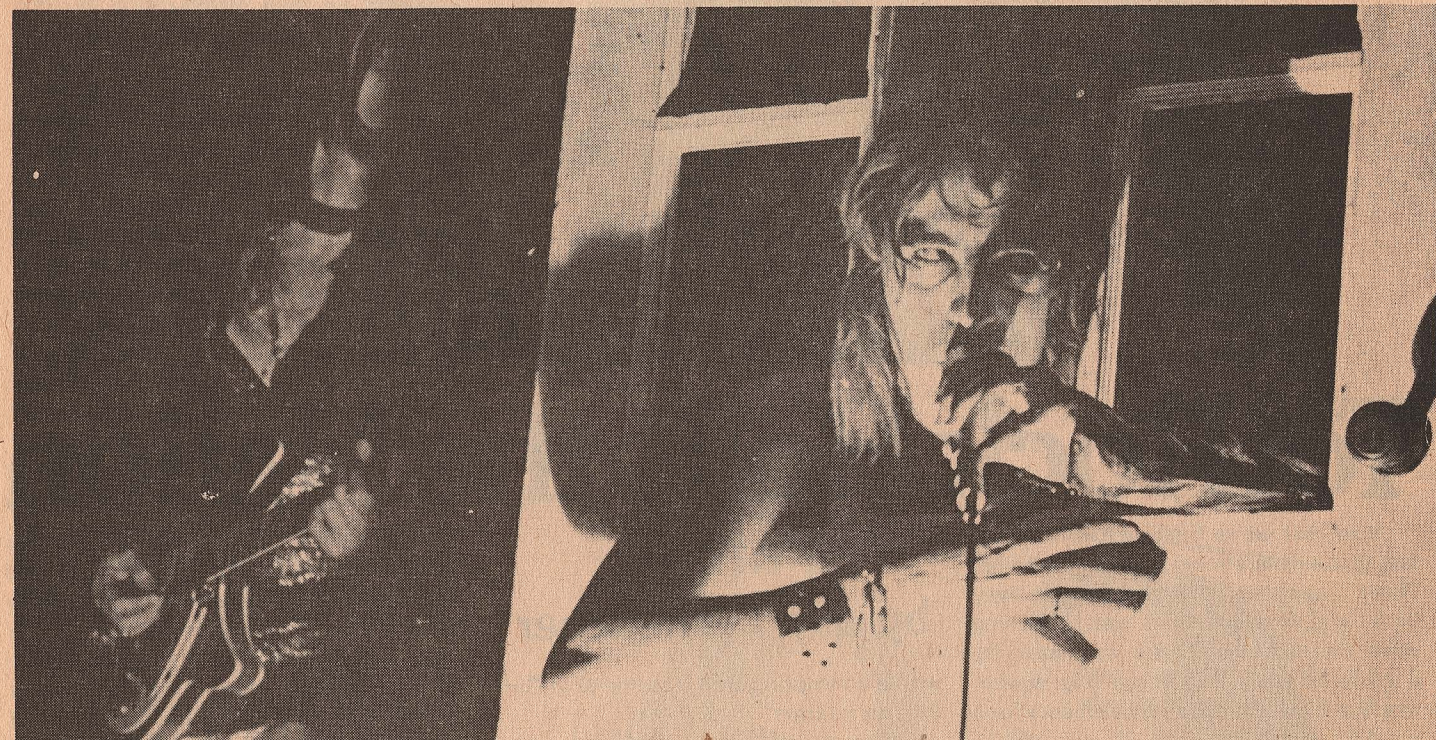
invasion of the common consciousness. His latest release, *Unconditionally Guaranteed* (Mercury) hailing Don's philosophy of "Love over Gold" shows him on the front cover clutching at handfuls of greasy greenbacks. Inside, the record is light, hard to get into, but eventually brilliant. Don, you're not getting older you're just getting a shade more "distempered grey."

That's one of the artists given a boost by Zappa and Bizzare. Another was a band of Detroit cultural d.p.'s going under the title of Alice Cooper. At that time Alice was sporting blond locks and spreading tales that he was really the reincarnation of a witch which had gotten herself burned at the stake during the heyday of Witch Hunting. The band was loosely knit and prone to extravagant jams in which Alice would bring out a portable window, give his evil stare, and wash the audience with an overwhelming sense of impending destruction.

I first met Alice the week Bizzare released their first Lp, *Pretties for You* and all we talked about was the absurdity of the rackjobbers insistence on putting a white strip of tape over an exposed pair of fem-panties on the cover, and the direction in which he wanted to go with the band "We wanna get into more electronic music..." "Pretties for You" is one of the

forgotten Cooper creepers. It presents a now highly polished performer in a raw, more natural state, his voice wasn't smooth, the band made mistakes, they had no sense of cohesion, and they scared the piss outta a lot people. Side One of the record is relatively calm: the opening cut is entitled "Titanic Overture" and is to "Nearer My God to Thee" as Hendrix was to the "Star Spangled Banner." A lot of Lizt (no pun) ish organ grinding playing dirges for the mute green trances of the slowly drowning. All that in a minute/nine seconds. "Sing Low, Sweet Cherrio" begins with a low acoustic guitar only to be drowned out by the pulsing in-out rhythmic meanderings of the band and Alice's incoherent lyrical tribute to drunken suicide. At times they sound like a cross between the West Coast Pop Art Experimental Band and Ornette Coleman on a bad night. "Today Mueller" is simply an android Fandango, conjuring images of clean looking humanoids sitting in a dark cafe sipping sludge and staring at a computer. The side rounds out with a five minute opus called, "Fields of Regret"—this is where the first strains of the "Black JuJu" theme begin and that's all you need to know.

Flip it over and you find out why these guys became as big as they did. It's all there. Diluted, but still very evident. The main attractions here are, "Levity Ball" which was recorded



-Do blonds really have more fun...-

live at the Club Cheetah—the only official live recording of the group incidentally; the AMPHETIMINE encrusted bluz-buster called "B.B. King on Mars"; followed by their first almost hit "Reflected." Judging where they're at now this record was essential, and is essential to own. So much has been written about these guys that it's useless to even go on, so I won't.

Another of the mutoids Zappa collected was a zany who called himself "Wild Man Fischer." His double-lp ramblings are so dense that I'm *still* trying to find out what's actually happening when it plops on my Edison machine.

All I can say is "I'm working For the Federal Bureau of Narcotics" and "Jennifer Jones" are the best songs (if ya can call 'em that) that I've ever had the occasion to wrestle with. For a detailed look at Wild Man Fischer dig up an old copy of PUNK magazine and read "springtime for golda meir"—I wrote that one so's why cover the same ground twice. Also of special note: Kim Fowley's introduction to Wild Man's import still stands as the best Fowley since "Good Clean Fun..." AND IT GOES LIKE THIS:

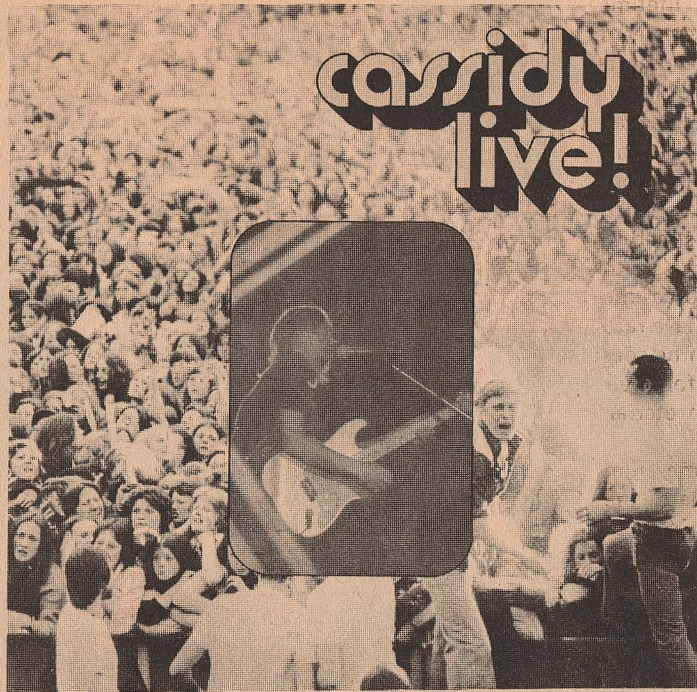
"Ladies and gentlemen, and those who aren't sure. The glorious day in pop music has thusly arrived. It has been decreed that a Jewish mother shall give birth, shall have given birth too, well, anyway a Jewish kid is gonna make it big, man.

It is now time for the beautiful people like Donovan, Mickey Rooney and one of the Beatles, to set aside because a growling savage has hurled himself from the precipice of the lavistine ledges of the Sunset Strip leaping out of the eating affair, a Jackass King storming through the petrols of the planetary galaxy, at last we have an idol, we have Wild Man Fischer, who is gonna take us from the darkness and out of the fog and dampness, he's gonna take us into bruises and cuts and bandages, baby, and iodine. Wild Man Fischer is gonna get us back in the parking lot, hitting each other where we belong, no more love and flowers, because Wild Man Fischer is standing naked..." well, you get the idea. That's only two minutes on the record and it's like a B-side compared to the chaos the Wild Man gets into.

Finally the object de art... a discussion of the G.T.O.'s.

(Hey kids, you'll have to wait for Part Two of this story because El Mono experienced sensory overlode while researching this extravaganza. He assures us that part two will be "UNFUCKIN' REEL" because it'll be entirely about the fabulous G.T.O.'s including comments from the Shakin' Street Staff as they first hear the Girls Together Outrageously... what the hell, these brats were all too young to remember...)





# TotRock Rolls the Nation

## Part II by Joe Fernbacher

Now that we've finally established the fact that a generational cultural mutation "does" exist we should go back, way back, and find out what was happening when the mites were being catered to by a masterful set of hyped teenwagers who, in actuality, were mere replacements for a rapidly awakening mass of wild childs BUT FIRST:

Anyone curious enough to take a terrifying—if not amusing—glance into what would—or should we say, will—happen if the tads of the world shucked off their strangling coil of societal subservience and ran rampant through the streets of suburbia, just pick up a copy of William Burrough's (the old fart just might be smart, even if he's been burned-out since he ate his naked lunch) "The Wild Boys": a book of great importance to anyone who wants to know exactly what a good rock-ass attitude is really all about: AND I QUOTE:

"They have incredible stamina. A pack of wild boys can cover fifty miles a day. A handful of dates and a lump of brown sugar washed down with a cup of water keep them moving like that. The noise they make just before they charge ... well I've seen it shatter a greenhouse fifty yards away..." (if he weren't so mono-sexual, he would have bolstered the

whole conception by including Wild Girls into his vision).

"The regiment is well into the valley. It is still a hot afternoon with sullen electricity in the air. And suddenly there they are on both sides of us against the black mesas. The valley echos to their terrible charge cry a hissing outblast of breath like a vast WHOOOO? ... Their eyes light up inside like a cat's and their hair stands on end ... They aren't human at all more like vicious ghosts. They carry eighteen-inch bowie knives with knuckle-duster handles pouring into the river bed above and below us leaping down swinging their knives in the air. When one is killed a body is dragged aside and another takes his place."

And if you're walking down the street some day and a buncha pee-wees start givin' you the eye just veer clear of 'em 'cause what they want to do to all grown-ups is:

"I saw the Colonel empty his revolver and go down under ten wild boys. A moment later they tossed his bleeding head into the air and started a ball game. Just at dusk the wild boys got up and

padding away. They left the bodies stripped to the skin many with the genitals cut off. The wild boys make little pouches from human testicles in which they carry their hashish and khat. . ."

It's obvious that America's highly touted Second Political Revolution was a monumental flop; so went the history of the teenage revolution—whaaa happened?—cultural (subliminal, naturally) o'd, that's what happened. But a tot revolt can happen, will happen, and can succeed. If they realize it in time.

The mind of a child is cold, calculating, illogical, vicious and most of all, pure—free from conceptual sin—if the kids revolt as KIDS, not as kids trying to emulate their big brothers and sisters, they'll win. Like the Lilliputians of Swift's "Gulliver" they can strap the giant down to the white sands of the beach and slowly cannibalize 'em for their own needs and pleasures. Tots as essential purity (aka sheer evil); the terror of the innocent—shudder. If the tots ban together they can kill!!!! They already have. Evidence:

Recently, Donny and Maria Osmond were co-hosts on the Philly based Mike Douglas Show. First off, they exude the promise of the Forbidden American incest taboo—they come on like Faulkner or Tennessee Williams—when they wrap

their arms around each other they present the meat which a magazine like *16* or *Tiger Beat* would give their lifetime supply of Yardley for, which is not meant to imply that it's true, because it probably isn't, but what an aura of latent perversion they DO cast off. Just like way back when Sonny and Cher first hit "Where the Action is" dressed in those heavy fur coats and Sonny was so small and Cher so tall and sexy, you just had to think things like "I wonder if she's into whips. . ." Pure fantasy, but a kid has the right to cream-dream over his fave-rave anytime he wants to, especially if he goes out and plods down six bucks for their LP's thereby keeping the stars in eternal cocaine.

Secondly, they showed some film from a BBC documentary on one of the Osmond concert dates over in Great B. To say what we saw was delicate is absurd. The mob scene in front of these tot-glittoids would've been enough to send chills up and down the collective spines of CB DeMille and DW Griffith. Girls were fainting left and right and the decibel level of their continuous war-cry would've been enough to make any heavy metal maniac's nose bleed—that kind of shrill screech is true heavy metal music, and it's going by totally unnoticed. Girls would pass-out, be carried across the stage and placed in an emergency medical center, recover, go out and faint again just to get back up on stage.

CUT BACK TO DONNY AND MARIA: smiling. The viciousness of that crush of humanity near the front was overwhelming. It made anything we see at OUR concerts seem like sitting down in a nice, posh, sedate hall to watch Frank Sinatra and Johnny Mathis have a battle of the vocal chords. At one point that crush got so intense (during a David Cassidy concert) one girl was literally crushed to death—now that's fanaticism.

Speaking of David Cassidy, ace-Partridge Family honcho, they've released a recording of that concert, the one where the tot got mangled, and if you listen carefully, and use a little bit of imagination, you can actually hear the girls bones crush, RIGHT THERE ON THE RECORD. The record's called, ironically, "Cassidy Live!" (Bell) and starts out with thousands of post-pamper femme fatales screaming out at the tops of their training bras, Gimme a C-C, Gimme a A-A, etc., and so forth until ole' dreamy eyes himself vaunts onto the stage and belts out "It's Preying on My Mind." All this reviewer can say is: "The men don't know but the little girls



*-Is it true what they say about Donny and Maria. . .*



*David contemplates eating Susie's eye make-up -- knoik!!!*





"And they use human skin to form the sheaths of their instruments..."

understand" and it's been that way since Elvis first twisted his hips in front of a mixed audience.

He follows this with a wispy ode to the burning passion of summer romance. "Some Kind of A Summer" is one of those timeless pieces that can even surmount the indignities of live production. David's milky vocal arrangement, combined with a truly brilliant performance by some unknown girl singers in the background, make this a toon worthy of pop-toppers like the Raspberries and the old Badfinger.

Next is an oldie that tears instantly into the fluttering hearts of his girl-child audience, "Breaking Up is Hard to Do," especially if you're lucky enough to be breaking up with David.

"Now ladies and gentlemen you're gonna see me do something I do very poorly..." David croons as he slides his lips across his pet Honer as if it were his honey-pie's luv-lips. Then he sings another dirge to teenwean—all the time paying just homage to the Rascals—called, "Bali Ha'i."

He finishes up side one with a rockaroundtheromperroom edition of Leon Russell's "Delta Lady." Let's face it, the men who scoffed at Brian Jones 'cause he was cute and wore weird clothes and long hair couldn't possibly understand why he always had that

shit-eating grin on his face as he quietly escorted two or three teen luvlies up to his hotel room for an evening of fun and spin-the-perversion - hubba, hubba. The same goes for David, he knows who his audience is, and he knows just how they like it—hot 'n nasty.

Then an amazing thing happens, you put on side two and David actually rocks out. He drives 'em insane with "Please Please Me" (nice move, sorta like John Kennedy proclaiming "Ich Bin Ein Berliner...") then does an honest to goodness Rascals' song, "How Can I Be Sure," only to razamatatz the night away with a trio of toons: beginning with Steve Stills lost lament "For What It's Worth" and for what it's worth this is ok if you like Steve Stills. I don't.

But, then again he finishes up with a continuous rock medley—like any top-notch rock 'n' roll star does—which begins with the perennial "CC Rider" and lapses on into the void with things like "Blue Suede Shoes," "Jailhouse Rock," "Rock and Roll Music," and his own true blue rockalong Cassidy caper, "Rock Me Baby." This is one live record that remains a document throughout, a document with screams that put the Five's "Kick Out the Jams muthafuckas" to shame, simply because he doesn't have to ask for his audience to kick out the jams, his audience has been screaming their

collective guts out for almost an hour and a half already, taking themselves and a twenty-mile radius on a sonic roller coaster ride - the screaming on the lp is better than the whole lp itself if you wanna get into pure atonal technics and what-not, jeez it's almost—but not quite—as good as the screaming on the early live Kinks lp—man those limeys sure know how to screecheroo.

This is only a live gig from David Cassidy, can you imagine what it'll be like when we can all sit back and pant all over Susan Dey's eyelashes...

Well, this isn't exactly what this installment of TOT Rock was supposed to be, but I get excited by this stuff and its implications, so keep an orb-feel out for TOT Rock III and we'll do an in-depth look as teenzines as they were, and as they are today. That means that in the next issue we'll meet people like Sally Field, before she had something extra; Sajid, an early Sabu rip-off, Jay North, Luke Halpin, he's the one who starred with Flipper; and dazzling look into Davy Jones' secret diary; and how to grow tits through isometrics and we'll even get into Yardley commercials, and... well till then remember KISS A TOT TODAY 'CAUSE HE'LL PROBABLY BE SLICING OFF YOUR NUTS TOMORROW...

SHAKIN' ST. GAZETTE









as the music is the primary goal.

Now let us join together mind to mind as we examine the latest attempt by the spirit sister to Jimi Hendrix, the one (and fortunately only) Suzi Quatro.

The album overall has such a sweet punk essence to it, it makes me sick. I don't care if she is a punk, don't ram it down my throat Jake! "Devil Gate Drive" was a hit single in England (but over here you know half this stuff flops on its ass). The beat just plods on continually so ya don't know when this ends and sumthin' else starts. Anyway I don't like the way she does Chinn/Chapman songs; the Sweet do 'em better.

She had to throw in some standard Rock 'n' Roll so she picked "Keep A Knockin'" and "Hit the Road Jack" which is incidentally arranged by Motown cause you can do the bump to it (even though only white kids do the bump anymore). I need a .38 caliber cause I can't stand it no more the way da boys in her band keep botchin' up those choruses. It sounds like everybody's loaded (which means it should turn out great), but they all sound like they got epilepsy of the mouth.

I like the chorus in "Savage Silk" but that's all, and "Move It" has the only real potential for bein' a blockbuster in the states.

On side two she shocked the hell outta me because Suzi and her playmate wrote a song "Cat Size," which is one of the better cuts on the lp - it's a ballad and for the first time she sings by herself with no distortion in the background.

The whole concept of this album is teenage or at least it tries to be. Okay, so there is a lot of sexual connotation, but that's not all that is teenage. There are those never ending problems which a kid faces today that weren't around a few years ago. That's the problem, the companies and songwriters all forget who their main source of income is. That kid in the record store who is fiercely clutchin' his hard earned coin just so albums like this will steal it on 'em. Women in Rock 'n' Roll is nice but remember Leslie Gore was the first heavy metal singer.

THE KIDS WANTA LITTLE ACTION  
THE KIDS WANTA LITTLE FUN  
THEY WANNA GET THEIR KICKS  
BEFORE THE EVENINGS DONE  
CAUSE THEY'RE GOIN TO HIGH SCHOOL  
RAH! RAH! RAH!  
HIGH SCHOOL



-Suzi gets another hit.

SIS BOOM BAH!  
YA BETTER LET THEM HAVE THEIR WAY

-MC 5

IT WAS MEANT TO BE THIS WAY FOR A LONG TIME.

-Mitch "J.D." Hejna

LINDA HARGROVE BLUE JEAN COUNTRY QUEEN



Jean Queen

BLUE JEAN COUNTRY QUEEN  
Linda Hargrove  
(Elektra/Asylum)

She started her career in Florida rock bands and then when there seemed no

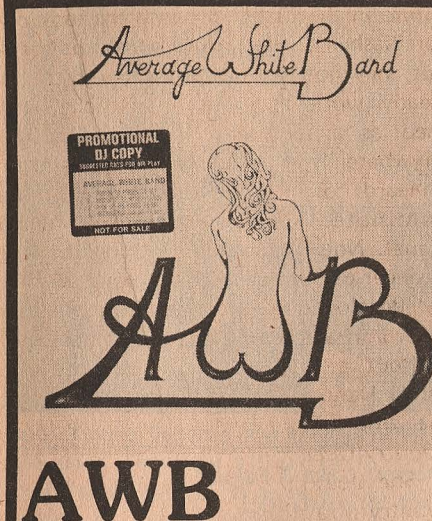
future in the little bar bands she took off for Nashville. Her songs were not great but they got her noticed enough to get steady work as a session musician and then as a recording engineer (unusual anywhere for a woman but almost unheard of in the excessively male dominated Nashville country music scene). Now she is gaining recognition as a singer-performer and her song writing has developed to the point that she can record an album of a dozen original songs without a single bad cut. Her name is Linda Hargrove and her title (or at least the title of her album) is *Blue Jean Country Queen*.

She doesn't fit the image of female country pop singers. Linda would look as ridiculous in a blond wig and makeup as Tammy Wynette would performing in the bluejeans, halter top and sun glasses that Linda wears. The music she plays doesn't fit the stereo type either: arrangements are very well thought out and though a variety of ideas are going at once, they never sound cluttered. Her voice, with a heavy southern accent is not powerful but still convincingly strong, simple and honest. The same three words would probably best describe her lyrics: strong, simple and honest.

As I've said, *Blue Jean Country Queen* is an extremely even album, so picking the best cuts would be difficult. However the title song and opening cut is notable for the way in which Linda grabs a hold of the issue, kicking things off with a solo acoustic guitar riff, and then leads the band through an evenly rocking autobiographical song with a neat little western swing break half way through. Other notable songs include "City of Angels" with its beautiful soaring chorus, "Bye, Bye Babylon" a jumping number which also has a catchy chorus, and one of the most beautiful love songs I've ever heard, "I've Never Loved Anyone More" co-written by Linda with Mike Nesmith, and previously recorded by Johnny Rodriguez.

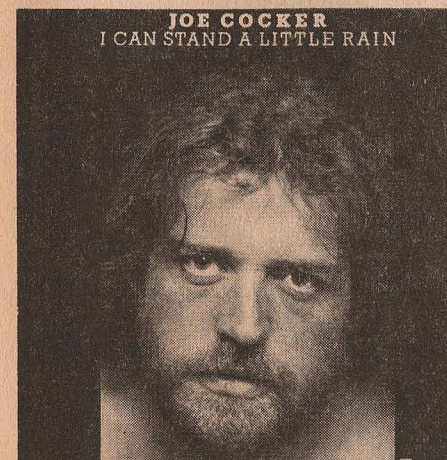
With the fine mixture of sweet country music punched with rock 'n' roll and based on strong melodic pop, sung and written by one of Nashville's finest emerging talents and played by two dozen of Nashville and Memphis's best musicians, *Blue Jean Country Queen* has a lot going for it. In fact not only is this one of the four or five best albums I've heard this year, it's the freshest thing I've heard in a loooooong time.

-Dave Meinzer



AWB  
THE AVERAGE WHITE BAND  
(Atlantic)

Black American music has always had a profound impact on English music. The Sixties' Blues craze that made superstars of Clapton, Beck, Mayall and co. is 100%



Cocker

I CAN STAND A LITTLE RAIN  
Joe Cocker  
(A&M)

Joe Cocker. The mere mention of the name evokes images of a slobbering lunatic, oozing with booze, spitting out the lyrics to "A Little Help From My Friends" as if they were broken teeth.

Mr. Cocker, always a firm believer in the merits of Courvasier, is in the process of Staging-A-Comeback, and this new album might well serve to dispel that nasty old image of a drunken buffoon. Produced by Jim Price, *A Little Rain* is Cocker's slickest effort to date.

Side one's first three songs - "Put Out the Light," "A Little Rain," and "I Get Mad" prove to be the best consecutive 11 minutes he's ever waxed. "Put Out the

indebted to B.B. King, Howlin' Wolf, Willie Dixon, etc. And where would Rod Stewart and Paul Rodgers be without Sam Cooke to copy? Young Britishers are still retreading black music but now more in the style of Detroit and Philadelphia than Chicago or the Mississippi Delta. Ross, Frampton's Camel and the Average White Band are examples of this, the AWB being the purest and closest to the original sound.

With 9 (out of 10) cuts being original, co-vocalists Alan Gorrie and Hamish Stuart manage to convey the feeling of Motown in the Sixties. Side one opens strong with "You Got It" and never stops. "Pick Up the Sixties" is an instrumental, stopping in the middle for some screaming and yelling. "Got the Love," sung by Stuart, is a love lament of the genre: Boy Loves Absent Girl. AWB's version of the Isley Bros. "Work to Do" has a brass section composed of Randy and Mike Brecker, Mel Davis and Glenn

Light," released as a single, exudes gospelly brass coherently put out by the Price-led horn section. "A Little Rain" states Cocker's purpose: "And when I'm on my last go-round/ I can stand another test/ Because I've made it before/... And I can make it some more." A positive attitude never hurt anyone. "I Get Mad" is a great brassy rocker, the type of song Cocker sings best and incidentally the only song on the LP he wrote.

As for the rest of the album, well he's not 100% back to par and three songs don't make an album. In fact, he almost blew his comeback on the first date of the US tour at the Roxy in L.A. in front of a "press and guests only" type audience, probably due to his fondness of the aforementioned cognac. Christ, I almost feel like a bloody schoolteacher. "He really can do better, Mrs. Cocker, if only he'd try." Ole Joe has shown us he's got the stuff before and *A Little Rain*, especially after the disastrous fourth album, leads one to believe he'll soon be better than ever, "if only he'd try."

-Andy Cutler

A.C.N.E.

JUNE 1, 1974

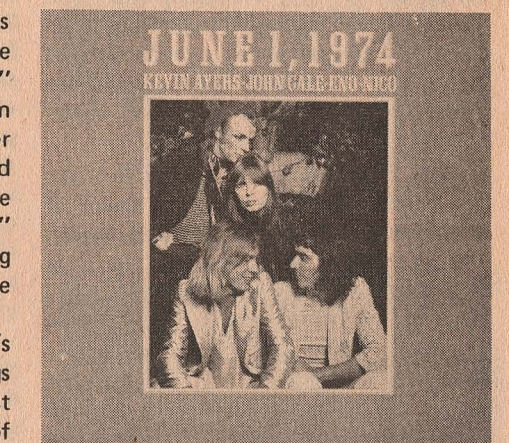
Ayers, Cale, Nico, Eno  
(Island)

I's sittin' ta home one day pickin' my pimples and slurpin' up the puss thinking how cools I is 'cause I'm eatin' pimple puke an listenin' to "DOA" by Bloodrock (I once attempted to get into the stout

Ferris, in addition to AWB regulars Roger Ball and Malcolm Davis. It pays good homage to the Isleys, although it's sort of ironic: a song by the Isleys, masters of the cover version, done by white limeys. Also of interest is "There's Always Someone Waiting," a paranoiac bump that makes you want to really look over your shoulder (?) where *Show Your Hand* failed:

*Show Your Hand* was the AWB's first album (on MCA) and was uneven, the only outstanding cuts being "The Jugglers" and "TLC," an incredible eight-minute bump. Besides, *Show Your Hand* sounded more like the recent N.Y. soul sound (of Kool, the Kay-Gees, etc.) where this, as I said, is more Motown meets Philly. *Average White Band* is a nearly flawless album; they're ruff and tuff and sho' nuff' strut their stuff.

-Andy Cutler



Guinness Book of Records by listening to the "live" version of that song underwater in my backyard swimmin' pool, the "live" version being sumthin' like nine minutes long an I almost made it 'cept I passed out...) when this blind-mute staggers through my screen door waving what looks like a record. So's naturally being the punknod that I am, I's scramble outta my easy chair—it's a great chair, has lotsa neet print designs of nun's bein' screwed by dogs 'n lil girls bein' buggered by cucumbers—an immediately punched the tard out an swipes his record. Standin' there in my Lassie jockey shorts I's let my eyes leer on the cover. Hey, there's a broad wha look like a zombie's menstrual cycle; an a guy wearin' a red beanie what looks like one a dem faggots, he's got lipstick on an he looks like he's been dead for a long time. Then there's these two norm. looking at each other as if to say "who invited the ghouls...?" I's looking



at the cover an I starts pickin' my nose—an eatin' it, I do's that ever time I's hasta think—trying to figure out the title of the dumb thing. Then I's start gettin' confused 'cause all I can see is "June 1, 1974" an so's I start thinkin mabee this ain't no record, it's a freekin' new fangled calendar, then...

Besides that: this thang is an uneven collection of 'live' moments captured for the sake of someone's posterity and preserved on polyvinyl chloride for \$6.98. It ostensibly started out as a simple recording of a normal run-a-the-mill Kevin Ayers concert, only thing, Kevin decided to ask some of his long time idols along for an a la morte super-session. Which was his first mistake. Why? Simple, his idols make listening to the side of Ayers all by himself—actually he's with his back-up band, the Soporifics, which is a great name for a back-up band - practically impossible. In other words after listening to John Cale doing "Heartbreak Hotel," Eno doing two of his songs, "Driving Me Backwards" and "Babie's on Fire" culminated with an eight minute Halloween version of Jim Morrison's "The End" by Nico and her harmonium, who cares about Kevin Ayers?

The Eno material is erratic—to take this whole whizbang into the realm of 'objective' criticism—for the easy reason that on "Drivin' Me Backwards" he sings like he's swallowing sandpaper and ground glass, the song itself being one of the weaker efforts from his solo *Here Come the Warm Jets* LP. So that one's questionable. "Baby's on Fire" is a finely dispersed message from the gutters of Soho. Nicely done.

Now we get to the two finest events in rock-on since the Doors recorded "Celebration of the Lizard..." John Cale has been warping out his musical messages ever since his early days of trying to scream plants to death. His solo LP's, with "Paris 1919" being the most realized Cale vision to date, are extraordinary. So now John's decided to take on an all time classic oldie: "Heartbreak Hotel." A rocker? Nope. A dirge for the fifties? Maybe. An image of decrepitude and deprivation as only Dorian Gray could fathom? Getting closer. Something to lie in a warm tub of water and run a jagged piece of aluminum across your wrists? Yeah, that's it. Cale's arrangement and his dry vocalization make this a top contender to beat out Lou Reed's *Berlin* LP for sheer nastitude. I know it's only rock n' wreath but I LIKE IT!!!



...Oooh, I think it's in me...ooh...now...harder...harder...ooh

Finally, the event to end all events. The triumphant return, at least on record, of the chantueuse of necrose, the landlady of lunacy, Nico.

To have Nico do Jim Morrison's "The End" is momentous. Why? Because, you see, Nico used to date Morrison way back when, and the amazing thing about it was the fact that she was able to completely dazzle Morrison with her madness... as the story goes she kept staring at the tiles in the floor and Morrison wanted her to whip him and she wouldn't and Jim got all frustrated etc. etc. Anyway, I'm not going to spoil the joy of letting you sit down and get your ass scared off by this song by getting into a long and drawn out exegesis on the aesthetic importance of all this, simply take this hint: listen late at night with all the lights off and see if you can't stop yourself from screaming.

Say, if there are any more records like this there might be some hope for decadence as a cultural norm—I mean seedier than it already is—yet. Whip on, bros. of the night. -Joe Fernbacher



## H.E.L.P.

WELCOME BACK MY FRIENDS TO THE SHOW THAT NEVER ENDS - LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: EMERSON, LAKE & PALMER

Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Manticore/Atlantic)

While record companies keep harpin' on and on about the vinyl shortage to young and old alike, this thing turns up: the biggest, phoniest, cheapest money-making scheme imaginable. The recording is lousy, the pressing is flimsy, and the package practically falls apart the moment you unwrap it.

With the exception of "Karn Evil 9," the performances are okay, but still not as good as the studio originals, so what's the point? The songs are often unbalanced, with Carl Palmer rushing everything, Greg Lake dragging everything into the ground, and Keith Emerson following whoever's in the lead at the moment.

Lake's vocals are drab throughout the entire album, especially on his ballads "Take a Pebble," "Still... You Turn Me On," and "Lucky Man." And his reverberated singing only adds to the band's electronic artificialness. Emerson is sloppy within "Karn Evil 9," often coming in late and missing countless notes. And while Palmer's drum solos remain the high point of the album, he gets goin' just too fast for the rest of the band, thus a huge letdown follows each solo when he's joined by Emerson and Lake.

And if all this weren't enough, the cute little stereo effects destroy any hopes you might have had about grasping the feeling of actually being in the audience, thus abolishing the main reason live albums exist.

Despite its \$12.98 list price (another reason why this live album exists), this album is absolutely worthless besides ELP's previous albums, which were much more listenable than this gunk. It's not high-energy trivia this time - it's solid, electric shit. And since when has there been a market for that?

-Jim Bunnell

SHAKIN' ST. GAZETTE

OCTOBER 1, 1974

# Cold Cuts

NOT FRAGILE

Bachman-Turner Overweight (Mercury)

Formed by the least innovative and talented member of the original Guess Who, Randy Bachman's B-T-O has surprisingly become the boogie band of the year. This new LP will undoubtedly carry them further in general popularity, which is indeed unfortunate because, simply, they STINK. *Not Fragile* is another excursion into the land of post-psychedelica: two ultra-heavy guitars complemented by similarly heavy bass and migraine-inducing pounding drums. Add hoarse vocals and you have B-T-O, a weighty combination that's not exactly a new idea, and even at that, is not carried through with enough originality or finesse to make it all worthwhile. I was almost afraid to put it on at first, expecting to be blown into the wall - instead I was bored into the wall like an innocent metallic screw with titles like "Rock is My Life" (Yeesh...), "Sledgehammer" and "Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet." With so many good Canadian bands that can rock 'n' roll with style (the defunct Wackers, Pagliaro and the incredible Thundermug), these yokels deserve to be chased down the street with an electric cow prod.

HEAVY METAL KIDS (Atco/Atlantic)

There are a million or so bands, with unknown musicians, that have played in the British Isles from places like the Greyhound in the London area to the Patti Pavillion in Wales. Many of them never see the inside of a recording studio and most of them don't deserve to. But one group that has made it to a studio are the Heavy Metal Kids, a band that Dave Dee has taken under his wing. Dee was the leader of a 60's group called Dave Dee, Dozy Beaky, Mick & Tick - roughly the British equivalent of the Monkees. This group doesn't sound like the Monkees nor do they play anything resembling heavy metal. Quite simply, the Heavy Metal Kids are an average competent boogie band, quite similar to the kind you would expect to play a high school dance if they were five New Jersey kids. There is really no need for a thorough track by track analysis, since all the Kids' songs sound quite alike and

have vaguely familiar titles like "Hangin' On" and (get ready) "Rock and Roll Man." The only likeable aspect about this piece of vinyl is the presence of a couple of Bowie-like vocals, and if you can imagine him backed by a bad boogie band, you can imagine this album's high points. Perhaps they might be capable of whipping together some good material in the future, but as of now, I'm afraid these Heavy Metal Kids couldn't make it as featherweights.

THE GENIUS OF JIMI HENDRIX

Jimi Hendrix (Trip) +

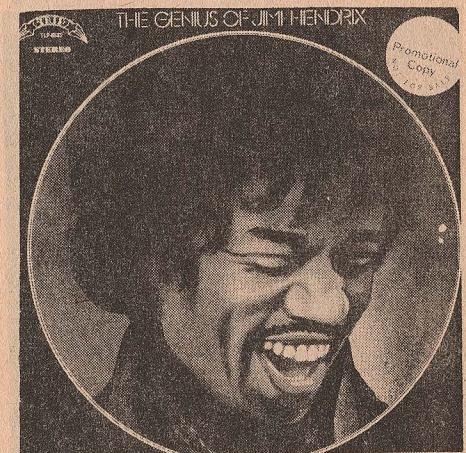
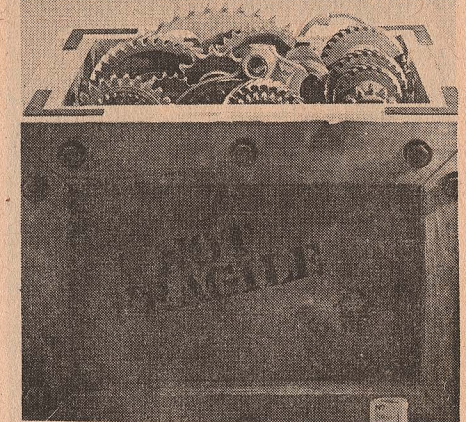
The only thing Trip records has ever been famous for is a single they released long ago. It was one of those two sided hits: Side A: "Pushin' Too Hard" by the unforgettable Seeds and "I Fought the Law" by the Bobby Fuller Four. Now, THAT'S a single, you can take all those Ben Edmunds, and Brian Wilson sonic-vomits and toss 'em into the cosmic debris when you loose an ear on this single. Anyhow, Trip must've had some real, and I mean real, early Hendrix tapes collecting dust on their shelves for years. One day, someone says, hey let's make us some coin. Be warned all yo' Hendrix fans this stuff is only for the most die-hard fanatics. It's all real crude, sounds like it was recorded around the time Jimi was just about to leave for the land of limeys and get experienced. The only surprise is a version of "Red House" never before heard and I suppose that makes the whole thing worth it. But, why bother when you can sit back and wait for Douglas records to release their collection of tapes with Hendrix jamming with John McLaughlin, Hendrix jamming with Johnny Winter etc. The wait'll be worth it, believe me. This is just another golly- gee- he's- dead placebo!

PHENOMENON U.F.O.

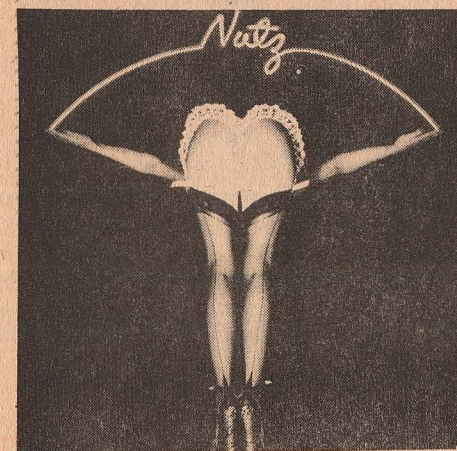
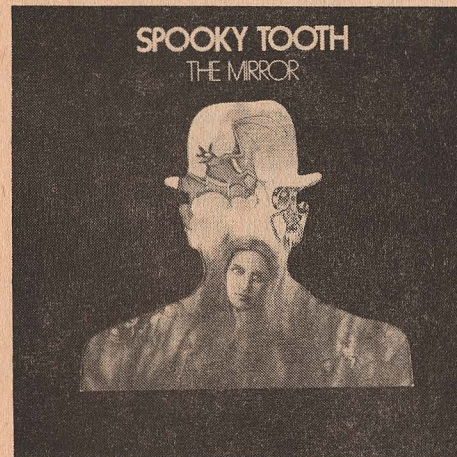
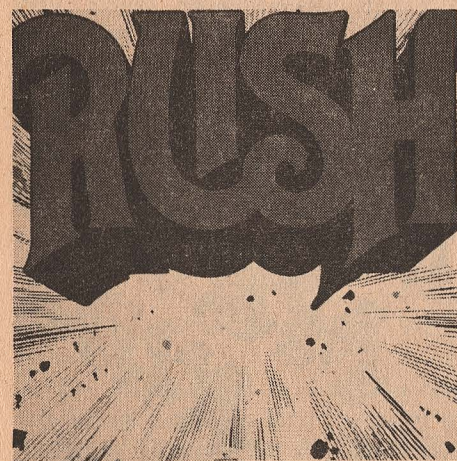
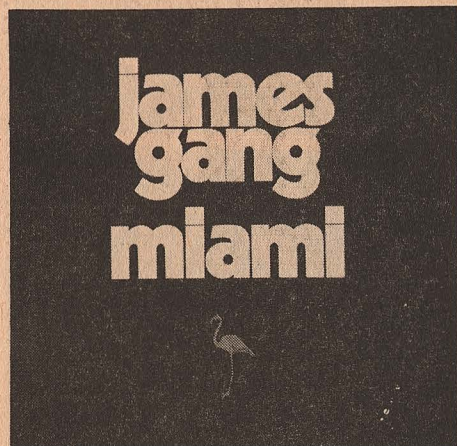
(Chrysalis/Warners)

What with all the legendary hype this group's been getting it's a let down to find out that they won't make your ears and eyes bleed with feats of heavy mental mania, instead what you get is a gentle rehash of old Black Sabbath riffs and one good song called, "Doctor

BACHMAN-TURNER OVERDRIVE NOT FRAGILE







Doctor" which is gonna be as big a hit as Golden Earring's "Radar Love." These flying objects are so identifiable that any respectable UFO would be ashamed to have 'em bear its name. One thing, the cover is supreme. A vintage fifties shot with this carrot-topped Bowie-like woman (maybe) snapping a picture of a flying halo as it scans a fifty-seven Chevy... yazzzooooo. So far, the cover of the year—second in the running is Little Feat's Neon Park extravaganza.

#### MIAMI

The James Gang  
(Atco/Atlantic)

The James Gang Mach III seems to have gotten jaded and tired mighty quickly. Seems like only yesterday when they released a fresh, power-charged LP called *Bang*, but everything here sounds like a lot of filler that didn't make it on the last one. The only stand-out cuts, on an otherwise bland LP are the moody "Sleepwalker," and the jazzy "Praylude" (sounding like it was lifted from Billy Cobham's *Spectrum* LP, on which guitarist-songwriter Tommy Bolin played). Otherwise, this is all stock riffs and ideas, and sounds just like any other shitty rock band.

#### RUSH

(Mercury)

Do we really need another heavy metal rock power trio? Well, too bad, cause we're gonna keep gettin 'em. At least Rush, from Canada, have made a highly listenable, and at times even exciting (if a bit too derivative) debut. What other band can boast a bass player (Geddy Lee) who looks just like Danny Thomas and sings even more obnoxiously than Robert Plant? I mean, I wouldn't want you kids to blow your dope money on this, but it ain't half bad. And don't let any smart-ass editors try to tell you different.

#### INSIDE

Eloy  
(Chess/Janus)

What is this? Tangerine Dream? Nektar? Triumvirate? Kayak? Tommy James and the Shondells? Ian Anderson backed by Vanilla Fudge playing their killer arrangements of Traffic's greatest hits? Would you really spend 5 or 6 dollars for an album by a band with a bass player and drummer named

Wolfgang and Fritz; a band who are probably only in the music biz so they can tour America and eat cheeseburgers? What is this?

#### THE MIRROR

Spooky Tooth  
(Island)

Spooky Tooth have been around for quite some time, and surprisingly, through all the changes, and the splits, and the reformations, the band still sounds remarkably similar to the original. If anything, the band has unfortunately mellowed a bit, with nothing approaching the stark power of "I am the Walrus," "Evil Woman," and other early cuts. This is good R&B based British rock, but Spooky Tooth have rarely been exceptional, and there is no reason to expect them to be now.

#### NUTZ

(A&M)

Nutz don't come on with any of the images usually associated with a new British group. They're not glitter, they're not Status Quo drab, and they're not even teenage pop. Just another band from U.K., with influences ranging from early Humble Pie to Jo Jo Gunne to Led Zeppelin and most places in between (on "Joke," one of the best cuts, they even sound a little like the Sweet), although they never sound quite like (or, unfortunately, quite as good as) any of these bands. Not bad, but you'd think that with companies signing less new bands, they could find better ones than this.

#### LORD PROTECT ME FROM MY FRIENDS

Rockville Junction  
(20th Century)

If you buy albums for 3 good cuts, this could be for you. They were even nice enough to put all three (Flying So High," "Lady Gwynn," and the title tune) together at the beginning of side one where you can play them and ignore the rest of the album. Those three songs are quite reminiscent of the pre-"Brother Louie" Stories, in that they retain a popish feel, while presenting a progressive front, probably due to the fact that both bands are (were) led by classically oriented keyboard players; in this case Paul Gilman. Too bad the rest of the album is such a monumental embarrassment.

(Mercury)

Are Mitch Murray and Peter Callander trying to become the Chinn and Chapman of lightweight English pop? They found Paper Lace, a commercial club band, wrote a couple of novelty hits for them ("The Night Chicago Died," "Billy, Don't be a Hero"), and produced this shlocky, throw-away album. The band holds up their end of the deal by doing what they're told. Now, if somebody would only tell them to disappear...

#### GOOD HEAD

Dalton and Dubarri  
(Columbia)

After a forgettable album released on CBS last year, D & D bounce back with a sprightly collection of higher-quality tunes that lie somewhere within the expansive gap between Loggins and Messina and Climax Blues Band. No joke. In the hands of producer Michael Lloyd, even an ex-hippie (Dalton) and sedate-looking bearded black man (Dubarri) can manage to slip their oftentimes cliched and corny lyrics into a hotbed of slicing white-funk rock coupled with the usual assortment of message songs adherent to the singer-songwriter syndrome. Yeah, everybody's got an ax to grind, only here it's doubled cuz there's two of 'em! Which makes the good stuff ("Jack in the Bottle" - unmistakably about a Buffalo promotion man, "Got to Have My Rock 'n' Roll" - boy, a song with rock 'n' roll in the title that *resembles* rock 'n' roll, "Take A Ride" - a snappy rocker with nice bassy guitar) doubly good but as for the bad stuff: Well, any band that names their album after the worst song on the album should make you proceed with caution. Don't rate this disc a B plus, or an 85, rate it a \$2.50.

#### BROKEN RAINBOWS

Michael D'Abo  
(A&M)

Michael D'Abo used to be in Manfred Mann's band, and he wrote "Handbags and Gladrags" which was later recorded by Rod Stewart. This album is standard singer-songwriter fare. Folky arrangements and confessional, autobiographical lyrics which D'Abo attempts to sing with more emotion than they deserve; possibly to cover up their essential lameness. At one point D'Abo sings, "I'll tell you more if it's not too boring." He should have made that the last line of the record.

#### STEPPIN' OUT

Vigrass and Osborne  
(Epic/Columbia)

This album comes wrapped in a rather colorful and imaginative cover which is in rather marked contrast to the dull crap inside. They should have called this album "Everything you always hated about showbizzy-pop-rock music and never want to hear again." I wish they'd step out and stay out.

#### JOURNEY

Colin Blunstone  
(Epic/Columbia)

If this is a pretty album it's basically because ex-Zombie lead singer Colin Blunstone has one of the prettiest, most expressive voices in rock. If Rod Argent had any brains, he'd beg him to come back. Rod could save Colin from the strings and choruses, and Colin could save Argent from a quick fade into oblivion. Until then, this album will do for us lovers of breathless, effete, pretty voiced rock singing.

#### TERRY SYLVESTER

(Epic/CBS)

Epic has been calling the release of this album, along with the new Colin Blunstone and Vigrass and Osborne albums, "the return of the British pop idol." Only, I don't remember any of our fab, gear, fave-raves sounding like these guys. Terry's done a nice job since replacing Graham Nash in the Hollies, but here he sounds like another boring MOR wimp, with enough strings to bind Godzilla down.

#### MANTLE PIECES

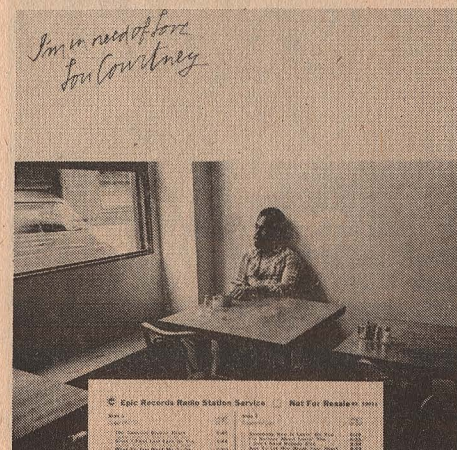
Clifford T. Ward  
(Famous Charisma/Atlantic)

Another British singer-songwriter. Why do all these guys sound the same? Is there some British "Wimp of the Year" contest that I haven't heard about? The only conceivable use I can see for this record is that it sounds like great music to sit in an English garden and eat biscuits and sip tea by. But since I don't usually make it to many English gardens, I doubt this album will see much play.

#### I'M IN NEED OF LOVE

Lou Courtney  
(Epic)

Lou Courtney is from Buffalo, and it is rather pleasant to see some local talent recording on a major record label. Most of the songs on the album are arranged by Leon Pendarvis with the guiding hand of







Jerry Ragavoy. The strength of the album lies in the material Lou sings, his voice is adequate but the difference is in the creativity. He has a faint resemblance to the great Marvin Gaye and songs like "The Common Broken Heart" and "What Do You Want Me To Do," allow his voice to move in a truly passionate wavelength. The album is not spectacular by any means, however it is a fulfilling and promising future that is heard with in these grooves. Oh yeah, Hey WUFO and WBLK play the fuck outta this huh?

COLD-BLOODED  
The Bar-Kays  
(Volt/Stax/CBS)

Groups that jump on bandwagons generally have a tendency to do either poor imitations or boring renditions. But the Bar-Kays, long regarded as nothing more than a back-up band, have drawn the power of Graham Central Station and the O'Jays, the versatility of Sly, Stevie and Billy Preston, the freaky-ness of Funkadelic and the moodiness of Earth, Wind and Fire to produce a solid LP of originals testifying to the fact that the Bar-Kays may yet move out to the front of soul headline artists. Highlights are "Smiling, Styling and Profiling," "In the Scheme of Things," "Fighting with Fire" and a refreshing version of "Imagination."

THRUST  
Herbie Hancock  
(Columbia)

The era of what people call 'pure jazz' (whatever that is) is over. And for those pure jazz fans it's time to step up and re-adapt. So here's Hancock, one of the greatest innovators of jazz alive today, with his new endeavor, *Thrust*. Although there are only four cuts here, *Thrust* is a delightful combination of four instruments plus the genius of Herbie on keyboards. The most talked about cuts will be the danceable "Palm Grease" and "Spank-A-Lee," although the mellower "Butterfly" and "Actual Proof" showcase the Hancock of yesterday, opening doors of experimentation. The combination of funk and jazz here shows that Hancock is smoking like never before.

HIGH ENERGY  
Freddie Hubbard  
(Columbia)

To date the only consistent and unique things that can be heard in jazz today is from Freddie Hubbard. His music is not trendy, rather it is the masses which are drawn to his style. Since *Red Clay* there has been no turning back for him. This album opens with a quick energetic fusion with some latin

percussion called "Camel Rise," followed by a lovely ballad, "Black Maybe." "Baraka Sasa" contains a fluid duet with Freddie and Junior Cooke on tenor, while on "Crisis" Freddie masterfully blows his brains out with some brilliant improvisation. Of course genius knows no bounds with Mr. Hubbard because he is also expertise in the arrangement department which he brilliantly exhibits in Stevie Wonder's "Too High." When you talk about Freddie Hubbard jazz is an infinity of something always new and listenable.

PORTSMOUTH SINFONIA PLAYS THE POPULAR CLASSICS  
Portsmouth Sinfonia  
(Columbia)

With the expert hand of ex-Roxy Music man Eno at the production controls, the Sinfonia have produced one of the greatest comedy albums in the past ten years. You see, most of the Sinfonia can't play their instruments too well if at all. On this particular record, they butcher all the classics you can imagine, from the "William Tell Overture" to "Also Sprach Zarathustra" to the "Blue Danube." Under the excellent control of conductor John Farley, the Portsmouth Sinfonia easily establish themselves as the Roxy Music of the classical field. Move over Leonard Bernstein, the Portsmouth Sinfonia have just taken you place.

SPACE RANGERS  
Neil Merryweather  
(Mercury)

Neil Merryweather is living proof that mediocrity never dies. He's been floating around the music scene for years, picking up the current trends and utilizing them in the absurd hope of suckering the record buying public into making him rich. *Word of Mouth* was a late Sixties attempt at a potpourri of various sounds, but mostly trite psychedelic blues. *Heavy Cruiser*, another of his groups, was his attempt at progressive rock. He's also been playing around and in Mama Lion's group, Mama being Lynn Carey, the daughter of the infamous McDonald Carey. Now he comes forth with this solo effort, a space-rock venture that sounds like '1001 Strings Play Hawkwind.' Here he uses every hip 'now' trick that he thinks every spacerocker must use: phasing, mellotrons and synthesizer everywhere. The result is, predictably poor, banal, and boring. Pay no attention to Merryweather and he might go away ... in fact, no, BUY one of his records, maybe that'll make him stop. There's enough Arthur Fiedler's of rock around anyway.

Binky Brown's Meets Godzilla

Once, or ounce, upon a pint, or maybe it was a quart, this sottish hulk let his orbs swivel 'n roll over a garrish pink and silver edifice with the uncommon moniker: Binky Brown's. Whaaa a Binky Brown's? Whaaa indeed. In an era which seems to be catering to a universal rejection of rock-fuckin'-roll, this here crome-plated cavern represents one of the last remaining palaces of sweat, noize, and general all round brain-buzzin' under-the-counter-cultural (as in yeah dez play all dat underground music) tequila breeze. The last of the Hard Rock Cafe's ... to be sure.

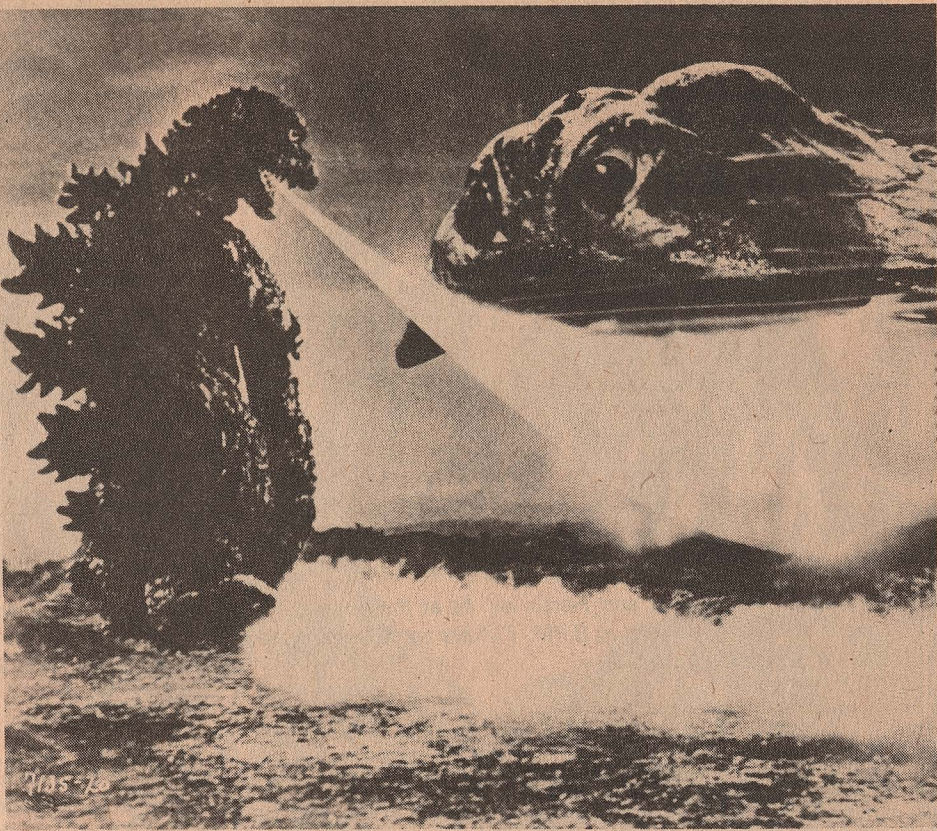
In case your interested in an historical geneology of the place:

Binky Brown met Mr. Goodbar while both were touring the radiation laced isle of Japan. They wax cruisin' down the highway on their Harley's trying to score sum slant poontang - being the ever gregarious souls they are ... when suddenly, comin' round the bend of Mt. Fuji, with the rising sun glistening off his scaly back was, was, WAS,

GODZILLA...

He scanned his red-streaked eyes over the turf and onto the decadent figure of Binky Brown and immediately crossed his path with a swath of fiery-radiation monster breath. Binky Brown looked up and said—in no uncertain terms—"Fuck You," and proceeded to ram his hot rails up Godzilla's ... censored ... and that's when the battle began.

From the left came Mr. Goodbar, his wheels pumping out vast clouds of smoke, from the right zoomed in Binky Brown. Godzilla did a quick summersault and outflanked 'em both. Was this to be the end of the dynamic duo? Ahaa, no way, Binky Brown remembering an old trick he used in his last comic-book flipped a hidden toggle and a gigantic spray of undiluted Tequila squirted into Godzilla's eyes blinding him instantly, also getting him so loaded he couldn't figure where he was ... Binky Brown shook Mr. Goodbar's hand and they both decided to retire from bike riding and



"Two genteel customers discuss Tues. nights binge on the nod with tequila breeze. . ."

open up an emporium for fine alcohol agitation: meanwhile Godzilla's brain was so fried that he was trying to get it on with Mt. Fuji ... men they're all alike. . .

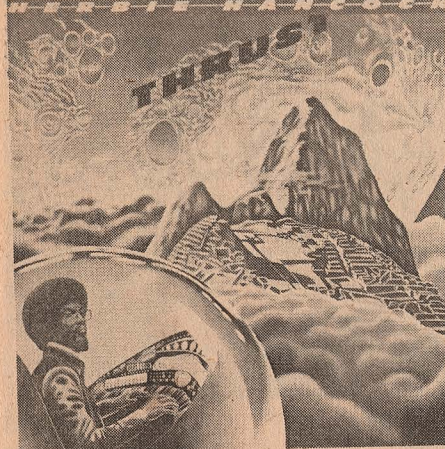
Now—meaning the catatonic future, the place is being soared through the cosmic void by none other than Capt. Beyond and his band of Zinc Castaways. On a typical night, if there ever is such a thing, and there usually isn't, it's not uncommon to walk into the place and get your ears sonicized by the metallic strains of Blue Oyster Cult's "O'd on Life" or Lou Reed's melodic "Sweet Jane" or how 'bout the gritty rockalong of England's "Sweet" - seriously (sure!) this is one bar where you'll not only hear a lot of psychedelic oldies, but most of the music that's uncommon to bars, a place of mucho musical pazzazz. So once your ears are sufficiently awakened and your blood beginning to flow you can saunter over to one of the biggest bars in the city of Buffalo, and we all know how many bars there are in the city of Buffalo, and ask one of the usually incoherent bartenders, there's Michael—he's from Canada, and they invented ice-hockey so how can he be all that bad— or how about Harpo who's the only one in the city to fully appreciate bands like Alex Harvey—he single-handedly made "The Healer" one of the most requested songs in the place, then there is Capt.

Beyond himself—a.k.a. Rick—who'll usually be near the police siren wailing away just to let everyone know that it's party time. Then after you're sufficiently brain-lamed, you can stagger over to the dashing food emporium and get yo' eats from Cheryl or Jeannette, swear to god they're the best bumpers in the city, ain't no lie.

In the sound booth they've got two Joe's and a Betty Ann. These are the one's who keep the place crumblin' with their manic musical mayhem, and then there's. . .

If that all sounded like a commercial, it was, and I ain't afraid to say it, because this place is one of thyfiner establishments in the city—and it always has been. It get's Pushin' Too Hard's Gold Medal of Metallence ... You can stop in any night, it's only a block from the Buffalo State campus—so's if you get too weirded out yo' can always stagger home without worry of getting lost—and you'll probably find the author slumped in a corner with an V of JD juice in his arm, he'll be the one with the goalie mask on. Later.

(Ed. Notes: "Pushin Too Hard" will be a reg. feature of Shakin' Street and will touch on all aspects of the music biz—Candidly. So's watch out 'cause yo's pushin' too hard. . .)







-Joe Cocker, Little Feat and Focus will be at the Niagara Falls Convention Center tonight at 8 PM. Tickets are \$6, available at UB, Buff State and at the door.



-Herbie Hancock and Minnie Riperton will be at Kleinhans October 9 at 8 PM. Tickets are \$6 and \$5 - main floor, \$5 and \$4 - balcony, available at all Festival locations, including UB and Buff State.

## Concerts

### September:

- 26 - Joe Cocker, *LITTLE FEAT*, Focus (Aud)
- 28 - Hair (Melody Fair)
- 29 - Spinners (Melody Fair)

### October:

- 4 - Frank Sinatra (Aud)
- 9 - Herbie Hancock, Minnie Riperton (Kleinhans)
- 12 - McCoy Tyner (Fillmore Rm, UB)

- 14 - Jackson Browne, Bonnie Raitt (Century Theatre)

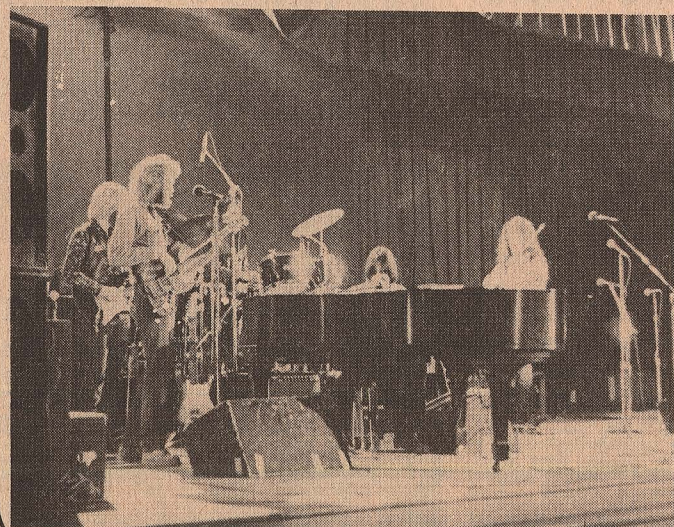
- 16 - J. Geils Band (Aud)
- 18 - Gordon Lightfoot (Kleinhans)
- 18 - Stevie Wonder (Aud)
- 30 - Shawn Phillips (Kleinhans)

### November:

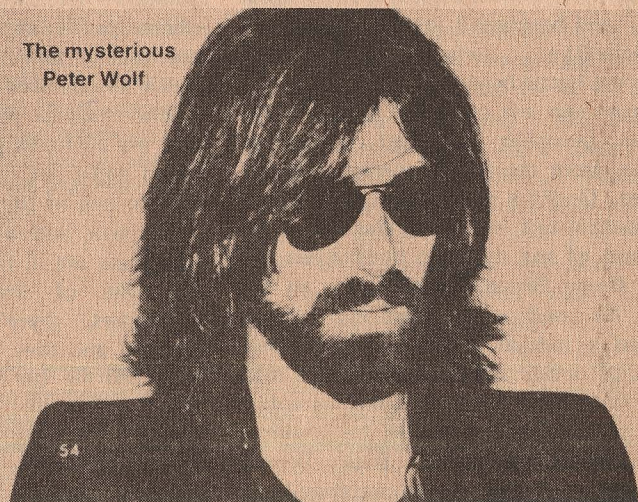
- 2 - Taj Mahal, Freddie King (Clark Gym)
- 8 - *DAVID BOWIE* (Aud, rumored, not set at presstime)
- 15 - Zappa, Elvin Bishop, *AEROSMITH* (Aud, Aerosmith tentative)
- 16 - Chick Corea (Clark Gym, UB)
- 21 - Yes (Aud)

-Jackson Browne and Bonnie Raitt will be at the Century Theatre October 14 at 8 PM. Tickets are \$6.50 and \$5.50, available at Purchase Radio, UB, SUCB and Festival tickets.

HI GANG! It's time to rock 'n' roll again cause me and the boys will be back at the Aud for another orgy. We'll be here Wednesday, October 16 at 7 PM. This Festival East Production will be \$5 in advance, and \$6 at the door. Tickets are available at all Festival East outlets including U.B. and Buffalo State.



The mysterious  
Peter Wolf



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