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### The Shakin' Street Gazette, Volume 16

The Shakin' Street Gazette

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# The Shakin' Street Gazette

November 7, 1974

No. 16 - FREE

## The "It's Not Coming Back" Issue



The Monkees  
The Byrds  
Buffalo  
Springfield  
The Raiders  
The Sonics  
Standells  
Shadows of Knight  
Chocolate  
Watchband



We wouldn't be in this mess if we'd taken that ad in Shakin' Street



## Contents

Table of Contents: watcha read to find out whatch're reading by A. Smartass .....	Page 3
THE SHAKIN' STREET PUNK SURVEY: Having to pick the 5 or 6 best punk groups of the 60's is like trying to yank Mike Saunders from Dodger Stadium, but we got him long enough to get the news By Mike Saunders .....	Page 4
COUNTRY ROCK IN CALIFORNIA: Part 2 of why it all sounds the same, why it's not coming back and why it never left By Dave Meinzer .....	Page 6
THE MONKEES: A rock retrospective concerning one of the 2,000 misunderstood groups of the 60's By Bernard Kugel .....	Page 10
LONG PLAYERS: Wizzard and ELO by Tom Bingham, Hawkwind by Gary Sperrazza!, The Bonzos by Dave Meinzer, Darryl Hall and John Oates by Gary Sperrazza!, and the Frut (?) by Mike Saunders By G.O. Gosh-my .....	Page 15
COLD CUTS: The worst of the best By The Shakin' Street Staff .....	Page 20
CONCERTS: All the rotten tomatoes, beer bottles and eggs you can throw ...	Page 22
COMING IN FUTURE ISSUES: Ducks Deluxe, Sensational Alex Harvey Band, James Brown, Funkadelic, Gary Glitter, Trashmen, Van der Graaf Generator, Raspberries and an All-Canadian issue starring the Wackers, April Wine, Randy Bishop, Pagliaro and the everlovin' Dudes!!!!	

## Contest Results

Well, the results are in! In what was the largest response we've ever received for one of our many contests, it seems we opened up a veritable dam of creative ingenuity and memory searching. We thank one and all for the replies, better luck with our next contest.

The winner of 10 LPs of his choice is Brad Auerbach of 142 North Drive in Amherst, N.Y. and it was a c-l-o-s-e battle.

Honorable mention goes to Cindy Frandina from Lovering Ave. in Buffalo who sent us a list totalling 280 of groups that did not exist. Nice try, cutie, but with imagination like yours, you should be writing for us.

Up next is a Name-that-ass contest, appearing next issue (just barely-Ed.).

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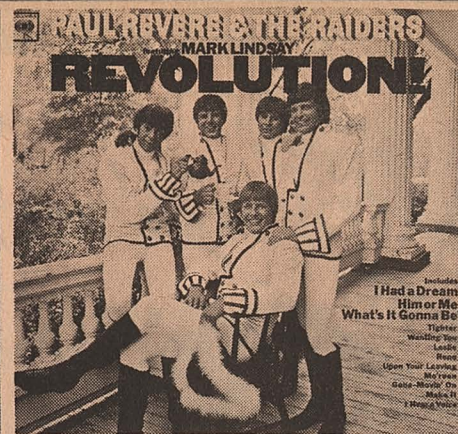
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# The Shakin' Street Punk Survey

by Mike Saunders

This is your big chance! Yes, it's all coming back. Following the rock & roll revival, the surf music revival, and the reggae revival, the punk music revival is now in full swing. Punk rock, of course, is for the form of music which originated in the early 1970's when rock writers en masse began writing about all the albums they threw away in 1967 (only to scour the bargain bins for in 1971), and which reached its height in 1972 when the **Nuggets** collection stormed the nation's charts.

The debates have been raging for several years now, concerning just who the kings of 1966 really were. Whether the Sonics were as tough as they sounded—whether the Chocolate Watchband actually blew the Standells off the stage of the Avalon Ballroom as they claimed—whether Texas may have had the most demented groups of all in the 13th Floor Elevators and Mouse & The Traps—all these questions can be decided for once and for all. It's now up to you (in the first annual **Shakin' Street Gazette** Reader's Poll). Justifiably proud of the fact that **Shakin' Street's** readership is one of the most sophisticated and highly educated in America today (Dear advertiser: did you realize that the average **Shakin' Street Gazette** reader uses 25 bars of soap a year? Buys close to a half-dozen bargain bin albums a month! Has attended at least eight grades of public school! Eats cottage cheese with spaghetti at least twice a week!), we have decided to poll our readership for a definitive survey of what was what in this crazy mixed up world of music.

All you have to do is send us a list of your five favorite "punk" groups of all time. The six preliminary frontrunners are pictured above, with the other leading contenders too numerous to mention. Votes for Carole King, repeat, votes for Carol King as the leading punk group of all time will not be accepted. Likewise, the Troggs and Pretty Things are the only foreigners who will qualify for honors under our strict, discerning entrance rules (also too numerous to mention).

One last word. You will notice that the names of the above groups have been alphabetized—a highly specialized skill acquired only after years of intensive training, and but another reason why **Shakin' Street** can proudly claim to be **America's Only Magazine!**

Frontrunners due to their incredible reissue **Explosives** on Buck Shot Records (a shifty front for the Mark Shipper Rehabilitation Fund), the Sonics are a good bet to finish close to the top. Their front line was legendary: Gerry Roslie on vocals, Larry Parypa on lead guitar, and Bob Bennett on drums, all three All-Stars of the first magnitude. Rabid Sonics fans have sometimes made exaggerated claims for the group, such as saying that "He's Waiting" topped the early Kinks. Lies, lies, lies (even J.J. Cale agrees with us). Nothing, but nothing, ever matched "All Day and All Of The Night" and we'll stand on that here at the **Shakin' Street** offices.

But dig this: The Sonics and the Dave Clark Five once carried on a Battle Of The Bands across 2000 miles of ocean!!! The result was a draw!!! "Have Love Will Travel"/ "Glad All Over" gave way to "He's Waiting"/ "Anyway You Want It,"

and an enormous explosion erupted from the bottom of the Atlantic!! U.S. officials whitewashed the incident as an underground atomic test, and the matter has remained a suppressed government secret to this day.

Like the Sonics, the Shadows of Knight had talent to burn in the likes of vocalist Jim Sohns, guitarist Joe Kelly, and drummer Tom Schiffour. Sohns in particular was tremendous, possessing a voice that ties with Reg Presley and Sky Saxon for the epitome of nasal whine. Schiffour was the wildest American drummer of the time, firmly rooted in Keith Moon dynamics, and Joe Kelley, while no match for Larry Parypa, played some mean fuzz throughout on **Back Door Men**.

With this sort of talent, it's no surprise that the Shadows were more proficient at English rock of the Yardbirds/Who stripe than any other American group. The amazing thing about the Shadows of Knight was their sophistication and use of dynamics; within seconds they could go from relative silence to a raging frenzy, lifting the energy level a half-dozen notches just like that. Sure, they had some dull tracks on **Gloria**, and even on **Back Door Men**, but "I Just Want To Make Love To You" as early as the first LP proved that the Shadows didn't have to copy the Stones or any other group one iota, they had their own methodology of feedback and garble down pat.

They lived up to that promise, too. The very best of the Shadows of Knight not only matched the Sonics, but was a match for any English group of 1965-66: "Bad Little Woman," "I'm Gonna Make

You Mine," "I'll Make You Sorry," "Gospel Zone," "Light Blub Blues." The original group (Sohns carrying the name with him to Buddah) disbanded about a year before the Yardbirds, both groups plagued at the end by bad A&R advice and a lack of commercial success. Despite their lack of a flashy lead guitarist, it's almost arguable that overall—Sohns vs. Relf, Schiffour vs. McCarty, Jerry McGeorge vs. Dreja—the Shadows of Knight were the better band.

Moving down the line, the Chocolate Watchband have been the most obscure of the major groups. Extensive promotion directed at the "flower power" market, catchy psychedelic covers—nothing seemed to work for the Watchband in 1967 and 1968. They began their career with two singles on Uptown, this leading to a lucrative three-figure contract with Tower Records. A cameo appearance in **Riot On Sunset Strip** kicked off their national exposure, but scoffers to the contrary, the key Chocolate Watchband legacy is on **No Way Out** and **The Inner Mystique**. While the Watchband's music always seemed somewhat offhand, never as raunchy as the Sonics or as kinetic as the Shadows of Knight, both sides of **No Way Out** and the second side of **Inner Mystique** in particular contained some of the finest music of the day, as "Let's Talk About Girls" on **Nuggets** well attests.

Nothing worked, though, and in mid-1968 our heroes moved to the Catskill Mountains. Deciding that they were too old to be associated with Chocolate, they also dropped the Watch from their name, made up a preposterous story about having backed up overrated pseudo-rocker Bob Dylan (no respectable punk group would stoop that low!), and changed their name to The Band.

Where honest rock and roll had failed, Civil War Rock swept the nation. A bogus Chocolate Watchband aggregation

recorded the abysmal **One Step Beyond**, and the real CWB can be found these days dozing in rocking chairs in the Ozarks, but don't hold it against 'em too much. And forget about requesting their classic fuzzrockers "Are You Gonna Be There (At The Love-In)" at 1974 Band concerts—they're just too far gone.

Their record's good but not great save for "You're Gonna Miss Me" and parts of **Easter Everywhere**, the 13th Floor Elevators are included here largely on the ravings of once-controversial ex-rock scribe M. (Metal Mike) Saunders, who saw the group at local clubs many times during his final semester at the University of Texas. Rocky Erickson had been released from the state hospital in November 1972 following three years of imprisonment on an insanity ruling, and the group reformed in January '73, playing a mixture of old and new material around the Austin/ Houston/ San Antonio area.

We pressed Saunders for an explanation and obtained a fairly satisfactory one: "Look, it's like, uh, suppose ya saw The Stooges live in 1973 without ever having heard their records. You'd flip! And the Elevators, yeah, it's the same thing cause they're infinitely better than their old albums, and Rocky Erickson is one of the greatest singers of all time! He doesn't do anything on stage, just wears a floor length psychedelic cape and sings in the most nasal shriek you've ever heard. It sounds kinda like the last thirty seconds of "You're Gonna Miss Me." I thought he was going crazy! The new material was excellent too."

According to others who heard live tapes of the group from that spring, it was indeed all true—the 13th Floor Elevators turned out to be one of the longest-lived punk groups since the Troggs.

The Standells for some time now have been one of the best known punk groups,

identifiable even by Cat Stevens and John Denver fans (who know the enemy when they see it). This owes to several factors, among them the fact that their albums have been bargain bin staples west of the Mississippi for years, the great cover art on same albums, and "Dirty Water's" status as one of the brattiest songs of all time.

Well, the Standells weren't all that good, their last three albums being rather poor. But like the Sonics, we should remember them for their good stuff—in this case the **Dirty Water** album, an excellent collection of fuzz rockers ("Medication" and many others) and even a soulful, heartfelt ballad ("Price and Devotion"). The **Riot on Sunset Strip** soundtrack is also recommended for the Standells' title cut, a song which to this day remains one of the most profound comments ever on the human condition.

The Raiders occupy a curious position in the 1966 field of somewhat similar to the one The Byrds hold in the overall rock pantheon. Fans of each group consider them of the very best, while a few misguided people don't dig them much at all. The reasons given are similar: both were studio groups to the extreme, lacked real fire, used studio musicians, and both had lousy drummers. Both were on Columbia Records (home of Janis Joplin and Art Garfunkel). Both are from L.A. And both groups made some very arthritic records in their old age. Not so Raiders fans, who threatened us quite explicitly if we didn't place them near the top! Their names were Mark Shipper, Ken Barnes, and Gene Sculatti! Mr. Shipper in the **Free Press Bad Trip Ward** we're not afraid of, but this dago Sculatti owns a machine gun disguised as a surfboard, and we agreed to his terms: The Raiders make Top Five in this poll, or we get a visit from the Midnight Creeper! Come on readers help us out!





# “Out With the Truckers and the Kickers and the Cowboy Angels”

A History of California Country Rock

## Part 2 Pre-history: The Early Byrds and the Buffalo Springfield

by Dave Meinzer

Thanksgiving day this year is sort of an anniversary. Ten years ago, somewhere on the west coast, a group of people were sitting around a table doing the logical thing for the season; enjoying a turkey dinner. Among them were five kids; a folkie from Chicago who had played in the Chad Mitchell Trio and with Bobby Darin, a former New Christy Minstrel who was a good singer and was becoming an excellent song writer, the son of a cinematographer who was bent on becoming a star, a curly-haired mandolin player who had found rock 'n' roll bass playing more profitable, and a conga player who was cute and could probably play the drums.

The topic of discussion was a name for the band these five dudes had formed and which had, even in its rudimentary stages, shown enough promise to get them a contract with Columbia Records, who had been casting about for months looking for something to compete with the Beatles. With a movie, three best selling albums, and who knows how many hit singles, the Beatles were hot, and, Columbia figured, anything remotely like them ought to be worth something.

But the name? Well, The Jet Set had been nixed because there already was one. But they still liked the idea of airplanes, moving fast, flying ... birds? Well ... Burds? Give me a break! OK ... Byrds.

So Jim McGuinn, Gene Clark, David Crosby, Chris Hillman, and Michael Clarke became the Byrds.

There was still one problem though. They didn't play together too well. So they went into the studio to do a single, and sat around while studio musicians layed down the rhythm tracks behind Jim's 12 string lead guitar, and then put in the vocal.

The song they chose was Bob Dylan's "Mr. Tambourine Man" which they cut down to one verse (out of four) and two chorus's to make it a tight little pop tune. The choice of material however is important because it showed a different approach to rock music. The Beatles had made it big drawing from '50's rock 'n' roll and Motown sounds, but the Byrds, all coming from folk music backgrounds, were trying to play folk music with electric guitars.

Thus Folk-Rock (cringe) was born (more or less).

By the spring of 1965 they had developed to the point where they could record an album on their own with original material, and perform live. Their live performances were however pretty shaky. In fact they were so unsure of themselves and just plain scared that they tended to just stand there and play. Not only did this make for a rather unexciting stage show, but it got them a reputation as a group of cool, unemotional

performers. But the music was getting better all the time and the response was good, especially after "Mr. Tambourine Man" made it as a hit single and sent the Byrds flying in the big time.

Their first album was a success, getting good exposure because of the success of the title tune "Mr. Tambourine Man" and the follow-up single "I'll Feel a Whole Lot Better," a Gene Clark composition which was musically one of the best pop songs of 1965. (The first of two and a half years of the best music in the history of Top 40 radio.)

The album showed the Byrds as a neat band with a distinctive sound both musically and vocally. The concentration was on tightly arranged songs with catchy tunes and a general light pop feel with a definite California atmosphere. (The same light sunny feeling was there as had been found in the Beach Boys' music for several years.)

However, it was the second album, **Turn, Turn, Turn** (also the title of their their single) that demonstrated their power. With the recording of "Turn, Turn, Turn" they had left folk music behind. Even though the song is a folk song (written by Pete Seeger with the aid of a Bible) the music shows no traces of folk. The two (at least) guitars combining McGuinn's ringing, crashing lead with Crosby's rhythm roar over power and with the addition of the vocal (at least





“McGuinn has always had a flair  
for gimmicks. He always knew  
just how to use them and  
just how much was enough.”

Turn, Turn, Turn, the first of three brilliant albums put out by the Byrds, was followed by **Fifth Dimension** and **Younger Than Yesterday**, in '66 and '67. Aside from the inclusion of their singles from these two years, the two albums have little to offer and are a let down compared to **Turn, Turn, Turn**. Nevertheless some great music is included: “5D,” “Mr. Spaceman” and “Eight Miles High” are on **Fifth Dimension** along with the Byrds versions of “Hey Joe” and folk oldies “Wild Mountain Thyme” and “John Riley.” Gene Clark had left by this time though (a guy who fears planes and won’t fly just can’t make it in a space band) so the country element and tight, consistent song writing of the past was not present. **Younger Than Yesterday** had three hits: “So You Want To Be A Rock ‘N’ Roll Star,” “Have You Seen Her Face,” and another Dylan song, “My Back Pages.” But still there was trouble. Chris Hillman was contributing (his “Thoughts and Words” is one of the best non-hits on the album) but David Crosby was getting wierd. One of his contributions “Mind Gardens,” a song in no meter with no rhyme just didn’t fit. He was given the boot, and they were three.

Oddly enough at this their most unsettled point, the group (such as it was) came up with their second brilliant album, **The Notorious Byrd Brothers**.

With the absence of a full band McGuinn, Hillman and Clarke recorded a studio album with super production, synthesizers, horns, violins, keyboards, phasing and songs that run into one another (all very reminiscent of **Sargeant Peppers Lonely Hearts Club Band** which was released only a few months before the Byrds began this album). McGuinn however has always had a flair for gimmicks. He always knew just how to use them and just how much was enough. As a result **The Notorious Byrd Brothers** is a superb, tasteful album with a full sound unique among Byrds albums. It would take more space than I’ve got to describe all the beautiful things that happen on the album, so I’ll just say again that **The Notorious Byrd Brothers** is to the Byrds as **Sargeant Pepper** was to the Beatles.

I will mention however that on several of the songs they lean toward a kind of spacey country music including a steel guitar on a song call “Change is Now” which alternates between an etherial spaceship sound and a hot-licks country pickin’.

country beat and electrified country rhythm. “Satisfied Mind” is a genuine country tune using acoustic guitars and country harmonies. “Oh Susannah” is McGuinn playing around with Stephen Foster and a few other people; silly but fun. The only other unusual cut is “He Was a Friend of Mine” an old folk song with the lyrics slightly altered and just a finger picked acoustic guitar.



At about this time a young southern boy named Gram Parsons had come west with his group the International Submarine Band. Essentially a rock band playing country music, Parsons and friends made one album and split up. Gram then hooked up with the Byrds and convinced McGuinn and Hillman (Mike Clarke had quit and Hillman’s cousin, Casey Kelly had been hired to fill in on drums) that the Byrds should play country music. Thus the scene was set for the third brilliant Byrds album, **Sweetheart of the Rodeo**, and the birth of Country Rock as a form in itself. More on that in part III.

Before moving on however we must note the contribution to the pre-history of Los Angeles/ California Country Rock, the Buffalo Springfield.

The Buffalo Springfield (whose name came from a steam roller) were formed, like the Byrds, in Los Angeles by a batch of folkies from various parts of the North American continent. During '66 and '67 they recorded three albums of top flight California rock, and though they never really hit it big (ironically their only real smash hit single, “For What It’s Worth” was on the charts in mid '67 by which time the group had all but completely

disintegrated) they stand as one of the most creative bands of the '60s.

During their creative recording period the Buffalo Springfield consisted of Stephen Stills, Neil Young, Ritchie Furay, Dewey Martin, and Bruce Palmer. Palmer and Martin were the rhythm section (bass and drums) and Stills, Young, and Furay were the personality. Many people who saw them perform in their early days feel this was their best period, before the conflict of the three personalities of the band began to work against each other instead of working together. They also feel that they were never properly recorded; they sounded better live (which seems to be symptom of many great rock ‘n’ roll bands).

Honesty and variety were important in their material. Lyrics were simple and straight forward. A love song, rock star songs, even when they wrote songs cutting each other (“Child’s Claim to Fame”) they didn’t hide meanings or speak in poetic riddles (except when Neil Young began writing dense lyrics toward the end). Varieties of styles ranging from straight ahead rockin’ to country music, to quiet ballads, to Latin rhythms, and the ability to adopt an idea to the overall sound made them interesting to listen to and generally consistent.

Many of their songs are classics. “For What It’s Worth,” a protest song, has been recorded by man. Two of their songs, “Mr. Soul” and “Rock ‘n’ Roll Woman” became staples in the repertoires of teenage high school rock bands of the late sixties. Their two best country songs “Kind Woman” and “Child’s Claim to Fame” both written by Ritchie Foray seem like almost exercises in preparation for Poco, the band he formed with the producer and bass player on the last album, Jim Messina, shortly after the Buffalo Springfield finally split up.

The Buffalos appeared at the Monterey Pop Festival in June of '67 minus Neil Young (who had departed on a solo career) and with a new bass player and a guest star, David Crosby. Not long afterwards Stephen Stills and Crosby teamed up with Graham Nash who had quite the English pop band the Hollies, to form Crosby, Stills and Nash. They were later of course joined by Neil Young.

All of which brings us once again back to 1968. While Crosby, Stills, and Nash were either at Steve’s ranch or on David’s boat writing songs, Jim McGuinn (who had just changed his first name to Roger) and Georgia Peace Gram Parsons were preparing to record the first all country music record by a rock band.





# The Monkees: A Rock Retrospective

by Bernard Kugel

In 1964, when the Beatles truly conquered the U.S. and the world, there were many sub-teens and the like who knew precious little about rock. Most of these kids were too young to go to concerts and really couldn't get into the groups of the first English wave since they were considered to belong to those already old enough to crowd into Shea Stadium.

Evidently, Don Kirshner knew that such "pre-teen rockers" existed and smelt some sweet financial success in providing this new, young audience their own group, and in the great American tradition he manufactured one - The Monkees. The idea was to have four "Beatle-types" star in a half-hour situation comedy with music, loosely based on the Beatles' "Help" and "Hard Day's Night" movies. As you can see, it's a highly original idea. Well, those rock-n-rollers over at the NBC network liked the idea (and like Kirshner smelt money) and in '66 it was getting set to be placed on the air. Only one small hitch, though: The Monkees were a group with no members.

So, Kirshner spread the word around through various ads and soon every person from the Sunset Strip to Sacramento were coming to the auditions for this new "supergroup." Among those who were said to audition were such notables as Strip stars Neil and Steve Stills, among others. If they passed, instead of the four lovable semi-wackos who did, there might not have been any Buffalo Springfield, Crosby, Stills, Nash &

Young and all those who count themselves among Neil's followers probably wouldn't be caught dead listening to him if he was once a Monkee. But Steve and Neil were not selected, but four very different people were. One was a chap, very outgoing, from the LA area by the name of George Michael Dolenz. One was a smallish fellow who escaped from Manchester, England with the unlikely tag of David Jones. One was a country picker from Texas by the name of Michael Nesmith. The last was a rather shy fellow, originally from the Washington, D.C. area and was born Peter Thorkelson. And so, with very little dues paid (which pissed off many a musician), these four young men were to become America's answer to the Beatles.

Davy, it seems, already had experience with the Screen Gems family as he appeared as a member of a rock group on the Donna Reed Show and had a LP released on Colgem's predecessor, Colpix, titled appropriately enough, David Jones, before he joined the Monkees. At best, the album was like a mild Wayne Fontana, and at worst he was like Englebert Humperdinck. The LP remains deservedly obscure.

As soon as the four had signed their contracts, they began taping the first of their shows. Almost everybody said they had great acting ability for four people with such limited acting careers. As soon as the taping of the initial shows ended they were rushed into the recording studios where they were,

said to have recorded almost 100 tracks during this time. While I don't quite believe that much was laid down, there was probably many tracks unreleased during this time. The reasons for this stem from the facts that during this period, they did not play their own instruments and had some of the world's best session people playing behind them, and they had the songbooks of many of the top composers to choose from. With people like Neil Diamond, Carole King, and Boyce and Hart contributing so much material, it was only natural that you'd have many outtakes along with some songs being almost automatic hits. The first of these instant hits was their first single, "Last Train To Clarksville," which went immediately to the top of the charts because of both its strong softly rocking quality and the fact that the public was exposed to the song so often via the TV show. An album soon followed, titled **The Monkees**, and it was a well-balanced set of tunes including a couple of Mike Nesmith gems and a cross section of some of the best material of the composers mentioned above. The back cover contained all the vital information of the day including their names, birthplaces and height, etc. They also shortened Peter's last name from Thorkelson to Tork and pinned the nickname "Wool Hat" on Mike, a nickname he detested greatly. The two songs that stand out above the rest are Mike's "Sweet Young Thing," and their theme song (and my vote for the anthem of the sixties) "(Theme from) The Monkees," which still sounds fresh and exciting today. Also included was Davy and Micky's comedic vocal ping-pong game, "Gonna Buy Me A Dog."

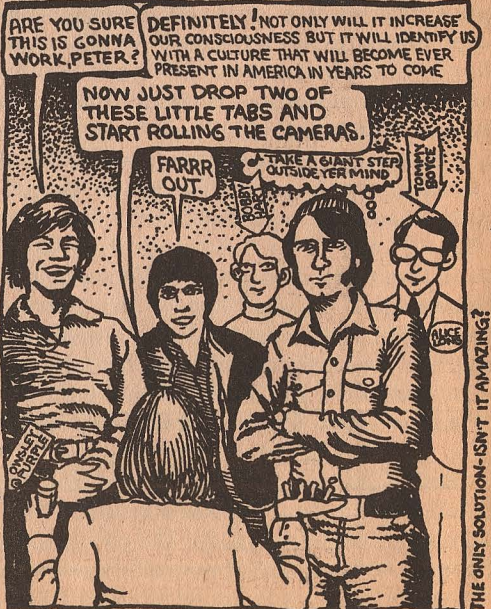
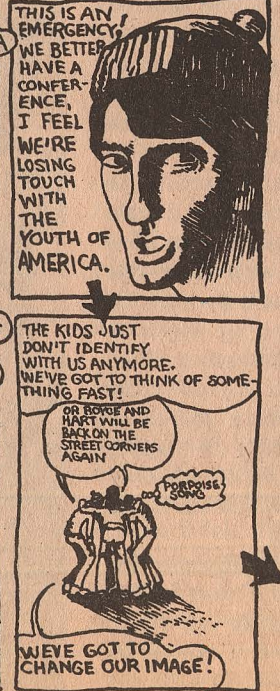
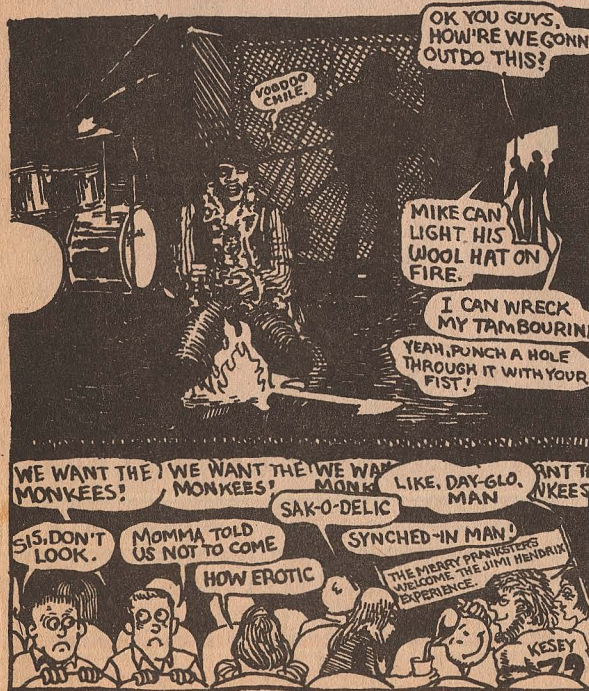
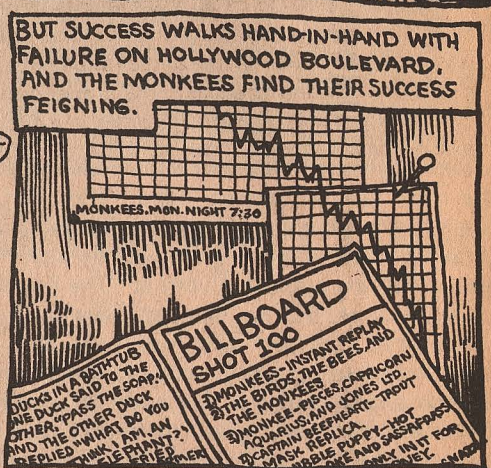
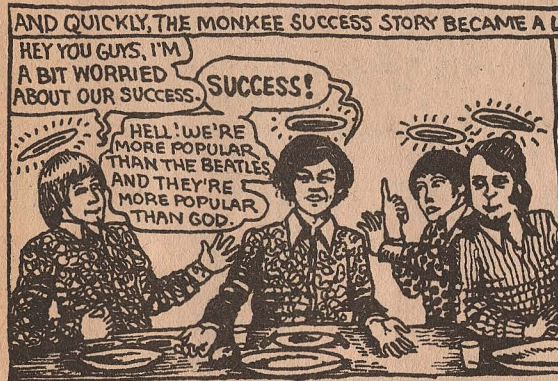
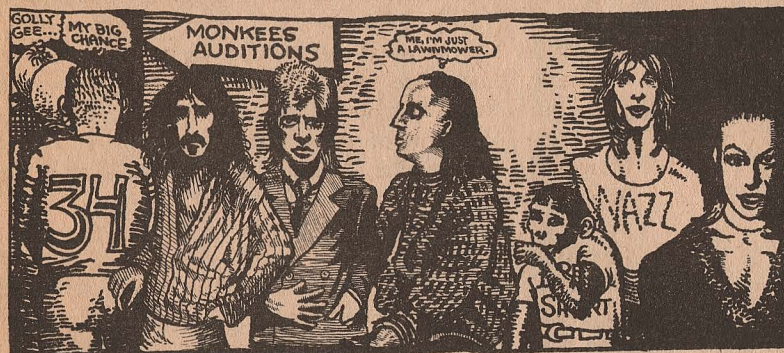
With the series going strong, the Monkees' second LP, **More of The Monkees** was released only three months after their first album. Though it lacked some of the humor that was evident on the first LP, it was quite a musically strong album with many high points. With such classics as "Mary, Mary," the hit "I'm A Believer," and "(I'm Not Your) Steppin' Stone," the album could be nothing less than a success. The only bum cut was the slushy lovey dovey crap that Davy would become associated with in "The Day We Fall In Love."

In June of '67, the Monkees were on the air a full year when Peter, the one who was least able to take all the pressures of being a star, told the other three that he'd had enough and wanted out. The other three talked with him for hours until he finally agreed to stay on with the band a while longer, since they said "things would get better." Things did get somewhat freer musically speaking, when the Monkees were finally allowed to make an album of their own, with David, Pete, Mike and Micky doing all the voices and almost all of the instrumentation. It was what you could expect if you let four slightly crazy buffoons loose in a studio for a couple of mad weeks. It included seven original Monkee compositions including the fantastic "Shades of Gray," with some real snazzy keyboard from Peter, and the fun studio joke-tracks, "Band 6" and "Zilch." Although there were no hit singles on this LP as there was on the previous albums, the record, titled **Headquarters**, became one of the summer's highest chart items. But it looked like the group's primary source of revenue, the singles market, was forever closed to them again, until November of '67 when they bounced right back with "Pleasant Valley Sunday," a smashing single which stands up as an exciting piece of music till this day.

Before the series' collapsed, one of the last programs was devoted to a typical Monkee concert and all the hysteria that went along with such events. The concert presented was one in Phoenix, Arizona, but they could have shown any concert by the group in any city in the world. at the time. The concert







showed all their individual talents such as Peter's fine banjo pickin', Micky's really great drumming (well, alright, good drumming) and singing, Michael's fine C-and-W guitar and Davy's unique talent of standing on the stage and getting applause for doing absolutely nothing. All in all, it was a very interesting program and it makes it clear why many have said that the Monkees' concerts were among the best staged of the sixties.

Following hot on the heels of "Plesant Valley Sunday," was the Pisces, Aquarius, Capricorn & Jones Ltd. LP which seemed to again rely on bang musicians. It wasn't as good as previous LP's but did have many high points such as Peter's peculiarly puzzling "Peter Percival Patterson's Pet Pig Porky," possibly the greatest tongue-twister ever put on wax. The disc also contained a good version of Nilsson's "Cuddly Toy," and Mike's "Don't Call On Me" which is very similar to the work he would do on his solo albums, after splitting from the group.

By April of '68, the Monkees' last really successful LP (saleswise) was released, entitled *The Birds, The Bees & The Monkees*. The early months of '68 also saw the release of the two last substantial Monkee hits, namely the wonderful pop tune, "Daydream Believer," with its great opening remarks concerning Davy's shortness, and the dance tune of the year, "Valleri." The album marked the Monkees' return to control over their LP's, with the group members playing the great majority of the instruments themselves, and personally supervising the playing of all instruments. More than that, the album was produced by the Monkees, and only the Monkees. It was a fine LP, with many outstanding cuts, particularly the two singles cuts, and the classic "Zor and Zam," in which two kings "give a war and nobody comes" to fight. Whoever said the Monkees never took a stand?

But nothing lasts forever, everybody has to give up their place in the spotlight sometime, and it was rapidly becoming the Monkees' time to do that. *16* and *Tiger Beat* magazines, which had become fantastically successful solely on the popularity of the Monkees, saw that most fans were growing up and advancing to the Beatles or something like that, and began to diminish their coverage of the group at this point. Up to this time, however, the popularity of the band was so great that *Tiger Beat* could start an offshoot publication devoted to the Monks and related individuals, called *Fave*, and a mag devoted exclusively to the group, entitled *Monkees Spectacular*. Gloria ("16") Stavers was not in the poorhouse, either, with her Monkee photographs, Monkee drawings, Monkee grab-bags, etc.

The series also ran out about this time and Pete once again expressed his intentions to leave the group. At this time, with their kingdom crumbling, he is let out of his contract, but not until he and the others make the first (and last) Monkee movie.

The movie was called *Head*, and along with the Monks, it had silicone queen Carol Doda, Mother Frank Zappa, football star Ray Nitschke, Victor Mature (as "The Big Victor"), and Annette Funicello, sadly without Mick the Mouse. The soundtrack album to the film is as amazing to the ear as the film was to the eye. It featured absolute Monkee classics like "Porpoise Song," which was written by Gerry Goffin & Carole King, and which the Monks (with Goffin's help) turned into one of the earliest explorations of the space-rock field. The album also featured bits of conversations from the film along with women screaming, bombs exploding, hearts beating and some other, less definable noises.

The movie itself was an excursion into all forms of visual

madness; from the scene where Micky finds a cap pistol in the middle of a desert and the entire Italian army comes to him to surrender; to the scene where Davy is trapped in a bathroom and opens the medicine chest to find a giant eye staring at him; to the scene where Micky is boxing Sonny Liston and Peter interrupts the fight by saying "I must fight, since I am the fool, not you, Micky"; to the scene where they are told, by a director, to "jump up and down like dandruff"; to the scene where they are harassed by a policeman for no particular reason.

The movie and soundtrack also contained Pete's last composition in the group, "Do I Have To Do It All Over Again (Didn't I Do It Right The First Time?)," his statement of disgust over the enormous amount of times it took to get a scene, or a song, perfectly right. Well, things weren't too alright for our heroes at this point, since the movie did pretty miserable, box office wise. The album, though, sold pretty well and was the last one to sell anywhere like the first five (with the exception of three greatest hits collections - *The Monkees' Greatest Hits*, *A Barrel Full of Monkees*, *Refocus: The Monkees*).

With Peter gone, the other three went on to produce *Instant Replay* (which strangely enough had a slightly different cover on the cassette and 8-track version than it did on the LP version). It was a very segmented album, with one song produced by Davy ("You and I," a hard rocker which sounds like an Archies-Deep Purple supersession outtake), two produced by Micky, three produced by Mike and the rest being produced by Neil Sedaka and Boyce & Hart. The single from the LP, "Tear Drop City" was the first in the Monkees' series of '68 flops. Even performing this and "Everybody Loves a Nut" (never on a disc) on the Glen Campbell show couldn't get this fairly average Boyce-Hart pop-rocker to the top of the charts.

Around this time, they also had a TV special broadcast which was a dynamite program which had as one of their guests, Little Richard, who played dazzling on a mountain of pianos. But the ratings weren't too good on the show and the networks virtually said, "Goodbye, hasbeens" to the Monkees. At this Mike decided that he wanted out and he told the manager who said no. He did finally finagle his way out of the contract and in the process lost a great deal of money. Sometime later, mainly because of the moneyman's stubbornness, Mike declared himself broke.

The last LP he appeared on was *The Monkees Present*, a motley collection of tunes for the few remaining Monkee fans. The album was ruined by the inclusion of such Monkee non-classics as Micky's "Pillow Time" and Davy's ghastly "If I Knew" and an equally bad "French Song." But some fine compositions from Micky and Mike (including his immortal "Listen to the Band") more than made up for the old tracks.

With both Peter, and now Mike gone, it looked like it was finally the end of the Monkees. There were no more news releases about the group and they were practically non-existent media-wise. But in 1970 an album called *Changes* with the two remaining members of the group, Davy and Micky, was released and it was, simply stated, a smashing album. With Jeff Barry at the production controls for all but two of the tracks of the album, it was proof positive that the Monkees' fire had not gone out. Two of the most exceptional tracks on the album were "99 Pounds," a triumphant hard rocker with a sizzling lead vocal from Davy (who seemed out to destroy his pretty star image from singing wimp ballads); and "Midnight Train," written and produced by Micky, a song





which was extremely similar to "Oh Yoko" by John Lennon, the latter of which was released many months later. Even though it ranked among their best albums, their fans, for the most part, had left them and the LP was a terrible commercial failure. It was the last recorded work by the Monkees to be released and it seems that it will probably be the last album of fresh material under the name "The Monkees."

Mike, of course, went on to his First and Second National Bands, who produced four fine country flavored albums. Last year he produced a solo LP called **And the Hits Just Keep on Comin'** which was an excellent album which gathered praise from such diverse sources as Creem and Zig Zag magazines. His follow-up LP to **The Hits** was called **Just Your Natural Ranch Stash**. He was also producing albums for his Elektra distributed country label, Countryside, but that seems to have gone under and now he seems to be getting into various independent production activities in addition to his own fine solo albums which should be coming out for many years to come.

Micky has had a very unusual career post-Monkee wise. Shortly after the breakup Micky released a nice bubblerocker on MGM titled **Easy On You**. He also released a single of the current country hit "Rub It In" and, most recently, has released a version of Harry Nilsson's "Daybreak," which went nowhere, just like the rest of his singles. He has also been seen on **Adam-12** and **Own Marshall**. I'm sure we'll be hearing a lot from Micky in the future and I wouldn't be surprised if he might some day be on Apple, because of his current friendship with John Lennon.

Davy, after leaving the Monkees, recorded a solo album on Bell which was just middle of the road pop slush. He's been seen on such programs as **The Merv Griffin Show**, in addition to being involved with the Mick on various production projects. I'm sure Davy will be around for many years to come, still looking very youthful, of course.

Finally, we come to good old Pete. After leaving the Monkees he announced two projects that never came to pass. The first one was the formation of a blues band that didn't work out, and never released any records. The second project was a film version of the Heinlein novel, **Stranger in a Strange Land**, which never materialized, just like it never materialized, more recently for one David Bowie, whose real name, by the way, is David Jones. The only things Pete's really done since leaving the group is freaking out in the Hollywood Hills and giggling occasionally at such places as Pasadena's Ice House. Since Pete was always the least stable of the group, I don't quite know what to expect of him in the future, but I'm sure he'll be around in one way or another.

Whether you like them or not, the Monkees from 1966 to 1970 held an important place in the rock 'n' roll world, contributing greatly to the advancement of such diverse fields as country-rock, pop, and, yes, even space-rock. If a recent item in **Creem** magazine about the Monkees possibly reforming later this year is true, the Monkees magic just may not be over yet. But, if they never do reform, they still deserve their rightful place in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, standing proudly next to the Beatles and Elvis, and let's not deny them what's so deservedly theirs.

God save the Monkees.

# Long Players



## Way too much of a good thing

INTRODUCING EDDY AND THE FALCONS  
Roy Wood's Wizzard  
(United Artists)

ELDORADO  
Electric Light Orchestra  
(United Artists)

There is a significant difference between influence and imitation in music. When we say musician A is influenced by musician B, we usually refer to the influence's utilization of certain concepts/ techniques etc. which were pioneered by the influencer, but in a way that serves to express musician A's own creative ends. With imitation, the conscious appropriation of another's musical ideas becomes an end in itself,



wherein the imitator's personality becomes totally submerged in order to directly and artificially mimic someone else's creative experience (usually for the sole purpose of financial benefit of the imitator; imitation for instructional reasons and personal entertainment is generally innocuous).

The Move were a classic case of the benefits of influence. The stylistic elements were usually obvious - 50's rock 'n' roll, Beatles and other British rock, baroque, chamber music, Eastern music (Near East, India, Far East), British cabaret, "heavy" r&b, early soul, simplified Stravinsky and Bartok (on **No Answer**), Elizabethan and renaissance, even an occasional hint of jazz (perhaps derived second-hand). If their early



-Really, Roy, where'd you get that suit?

NOVEMBER 7, 1974

recordings on **Best Of The Move** show them relying most heavily on pop/rock with a bit of chamber music, by the time of **Message From The Country** (or, even more so, **Split Ends**), virtually all the influences were present in quantity. Yet they were not paraded between your ears just so Wood, Lynne, and Bevan could impress you with their knowledge and craftsmanship. They were brought together, enlarged, distorted (in a non-pejorative sense), and balanced with original ideas, until the music that emerged was a distinctive, personal, and powerful rock expression.

**No Answer**, the original Electric Light Orchestra's moment in the sun, was the culmination of everything The Move had accomplished and then some. Not only were most of the recognizable Move concepts present (a tendency toward thick over-dubbed textures - in this case altered through the use of "I Am The Walrus" - like grinding cellos and the Mideastern-flavored oboe; strong, yet controlled drum pounding by Bev Bevan; deep-toned, baritone/bass-range sounds), not only were the highly-touted 1967 Beatles sounds mixed with them, but on "Look At Me Now" and "Battle Of Marston Moor" Roy Wood for the first time accomplished what could truly be termed "innovation." Never before had a "rock" recording used such progressive orchestral voicings, such asymmetric structures. Jeff Lynne's compositions for that album, while commendable, were much more conventional, and concerned chiefly with skillful handling of quite ordinary material.

Having crossed over the not-always-thin line between creative use of influence and true innovation, they suddenly - and irrevocably, it would appear - retreated. Besides Wood's stated reasons for leaving ELO, one could speculate that Roy Wood had briefly witnessed the musical beyond and was afraid of it. Whether out of fear that he lacked the requisite ability, constitution, and inspiration to keep from running dry or simply because of an absence of desire to move in this particular direction, Roy Wood receded, on the brink of his greatest artistic triumphs.

Unlike most retreaters, Wood retained many of the characteristics of his work, so that he could transform his place of refuge (pre-Beatle rock 'n' roll and pop-rock) into a uniquely personal habitat. Singles like "Ball Park Incident" and "See My Baby Jive" were stunners, not so much for their artistic creativity (though this wasn't too far from the



result), as for their sheer physical force and entertaining ingenuity. The first Wizzard album, **Wizzard's Brew**, possessed several incredible moments of rock 'n' roll excitement, but generally wallowed in its own excess and obvious lack of artistic restraint. (As for the Roy Wood solo album, **Boulders**, released after three years in the can to tumultuous praise by reviewers who confuse creativity with technique, it was competent but little more.) Nonetheless, Roy Wood seems to have been comforted by the thought that he could, with little intellectual effort, be hailed as a genius merely for combining influences (as with "Forever," for instance).

This is perhaps as plausible an explanation as any for the genesis of **Introducing Eddy And The Falcons**, which makes no claims to anything other than rock 'n' roll revivalism/tribute/fun. If mindless pleasure were all there was to Roy Wood, then the album could be accepted on its own terms. However, Wood has demonstrated in the past that he could perform great rock 'n' roll and have it be recognized as his own great rock 'n' roll. Too often, **Eddy and the Falcons** deliberately degenerates into blatant imitation.

The album opens like an aural equivalent to the **Cruisin'** series album covers (Girl: "Oh look, there's Eddy." Boy: "Look, he's got a shirt like mine." That's neat - recognition of audience approval and identification with a star who's "one of us.") A dubbed-in audience screams as an emcee shouts "Eddy And The Falcons!!!" The poppish background music turns into an A-1 Roy Wood primal-stomp with "Eddy's Rock," which refers not just to **Eddy** and the Falcons but Duane **Eddy** as well. The latter's "Movin' and Groovin'" is quoted directly at times, and the tenor sax solo works the same way Jim Horn's did on Duane's oldies. However, the metrical irregularity of the tune is unmistakably Roy Wood. As with most of the album's stompers, the thick low-tenor/ baritone sax textures (originating in Fats Domino, Little Richard, and Larry Williams, to be sure; though the deep voicings of Sounds Incorporated is a more British and more direct influence on Wood's usage of saxophones), the dense drum pounding, the "Brontosaurus" primeval insistence of the heavily stomping beat, are all pure Roy Wood transformations of the rock 'n' roll era. They're satisfying as music and entertainment. The same can be said of the Jerry Lee-styled "Brand New 88" (which is closer to the pseudo-Jerry Lee



**-Roy explains what's missing from rock 'n' roll: the French horn?**

of "California Man" than to the real Jerry Lee Lewis, thanks to downward-thrusting Freddy Cannon "Way Down Yonder" sax lines) and "We're Gonna Rock 'n' Roll Tonight." After a primitive opening, the latter flashes into a Chuck Berry guitar rhythm along with the deep-voiced saxes, steady pushing drums, and beautifully controlled overall frenzy. The vocal (by Bob Brady) strains, but the multi-reed break makes up for it. It is the least concise track, with lots of solos, but fortunately Wood doesn't let it run away from him a la "Meet Me At The Jailhouse."

So far, no complaints. However, the bulk of the album is devoted to either strict imitation or (as on the "Forever" single) a cross between two strict imitations. "You Got Me Runnin'" is too close to Sha Na Na for comfort. The song and the sha-la-la-la ding-dong group vocal are straight-out early 60's New York Italiano style (with Dion influencing the lead), though the bridge and the James Burton-inspired guitar solo are much closer to commercial California rockabilly. "This Is The Story Of my Love (Baby)" is the now obligatory bow to Spector, with a Veronica-styled lead vocal, overpowering sound output, and sweetie saxes; nice, but "See My Baby Jive" renders it unnecessary. "Come Back Karen" is Neil Sedaka's "Oh Carol" mixed with Paul Anka's "Diana." Less poppish, therefore closer to the folk roots, and consequently more valid - if still outright imitative - are the Elvis' "I Dun Lotsa Cryin' Over You" (complete with Jordaniaries' bup-buh-ing) and "Crazy Jeans," which sounds so much like Gene Vincent it's scary - the driving hillbilly

background, the lyrics, even the voice! Still, on all the direct imitation tracks, Wood remembers to be himself only once, on "Everyday I wonder." Most of it is Del Shannon soundalike, with Shannon's introductory trademarks, melodic control, chord progressions, even an upward "cry, cry, cry." But then, where Max Crook's keyboard was on "Runaway" and "Hat Off To Larry," Wood fashions a lovely and surprisingly appropriate oboe-over-bassoon-chuffs chamber-music segment. But for the most part, Wizzard functions as a British equivalent to Big Wheelie and the Hubcaps.

Part of what made great 50's rock 'n' roll "great 50's rock 'n' roll" was the stylistic originality. The music was fresh, new, and diverse, without stylized ways of approaching technique and arrangement mannerisms. Imitators - such as Sanford Clark, Jimmy Bowen, Jivin' Gene, Ral Donner, Joe Barry, and many others - were quickly discarded, not out of conscious disregard for their lack of creativity (all those named made at least one great record which became a hit), but by an instinctive consensus by true-rock fans that these performers offered nothing that was substantially special, substantially different from the era's heroes. What Roy Wood seems to feel is that by imitating great rockers, he himself can become a great rocker. The album succeeds as a statement only when Roy Wood includes his own personality, to make it something special. Otherwise, the only thing it says is "I can do it." And we always knew he could.

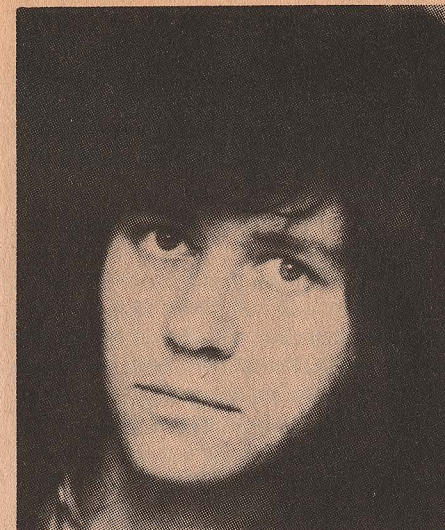
**Introducing Eddy And The Falcons** can at least be justified by passing it off as good clean fun, and should be listened to in that spirit. **Eldorado**, on the other hand, is even more problematical. It betrays not merely a sacrifice of identity (for less apparent reason than **Eddy**, there is an inordinate amount of rip-off), but a loss of direction (with **On The Third Day**, it appeared the original ELO concept could begin to develop without Roy Wood; that development has been sidetracked here), and most damaging of all - a frightening attitude (apparent right from the cover billing - **Eldorado/ A Symphony By The Electric Light Orchestra**) which will be discussed below.

**Eldorado** is not precisely a symphony in the classical definition of movements, sonata form, and that whole bit. What it is is a unified song-cycle for group, large orchestra (conducted by Louis Clark), chorus (presumably led by Clark also),

and spoken prologue. Lynne has written in recurrent themes to give it a structure which goes beyond the normal lyric-concept album. The two major orchestral themes are a descending orchestral rush which is the climax of the "Eldorado Overture," reappears in "Poor Boy (The Greenwood)," and is the basis for the "Eldorado Finale"; and the renaissance brass fanfare, alternating with harp plucks, that opens "Boy Blue" and re-enters (recast for strings) between "Mister Kingdom" and "Nobody's Child." The orchestra and chorus are heard not only in connective passages but also as accompaniment for the eight Jeff Lynne songs. Indeed, the orchestra renders Mik Kaminski, Mike Edwards, and Hugh McDowall - the ELP strisection - virtually superfluous, aside from any live performances of the material. The original ELP concept was to develop a "Strawberry Fields"/ "Walrus" orchestral-rock band which was self-contained, not dependent on an existing orchestra or session ensemble. **Eldorado** throws that concept out the window, though presumably for this one-shot album only. To be fair, it should be noted that from a classical sense of beauty and power, much of the orchestral/choral writing is alternately beautiful and powerful. Just not very original.

Indeed, the whole album lacks originality. Again, the borderline between influence and imitation is crossed too often in the wrong direction. If **ELO II** and **On The Third Day** proved anything at all, it's that Jeff Lynne, while far from a genius, can write songs in a personal manner and sing them in his own style, suited for the ELO context. On **Eldorado**, however, he writes songs which are obviously intended to remind you of someone else and caps it by singing parts of these songs in the style of the persons imitated. If we're to believe the publicists' claim that **Eldorado** is daring and innovative, we have to assume that imitation and artistic creativity are synonymous - they've never been the same before and I doubt they ever will be.

The prologue section, spoken by Peter Ford-Robertson, is straight Graeme Edge/Moody Blues recitation. There is no denying that "Can't Get It Out Of My Head" is the complete Bee Gees song - melody (though the first eight bars reminds me of Barry White's "Love's Theme"), rhythm, construction, arrangement, and the lyrics of the chorus. "Mister Kingdom" is a direct take-off



**-Yes, Bev, you're the only one who looks at the camera so the rest of ELO can go fish.**

from "Across The Universe," melodically and in the Lennonesque vocal and piano. But like Roy Wood, Jeff Lynne likes to combine influences, though often to better musical advantage than his old partner. "Poor Boy (The Greenwood)" is awfully close to "My Back Pages" - in melody and Dylanesque vocal - for the first seven bars of each verse. Still, the combination of folkish melody with medieval changes, sweeping orchestral and choral passages, and Robin Hood lyrics is skillfully done and stunning to hear at a sufficiently loud volume. The song "Eldorado" is sung as if the **New Morning**-era Dylan were doing a Bee Gees song. It's interesting to hear Dylan giving way to Barry Gibb on the chorus.

There are a couple Jeff Lynne sort-of-rock 'n' roll songs. The Move would have done "Boy Blue" with much more savagery, though thematically it's not far removed from "Do Ya." "Illusions In G Major" moves along fairly well, but is held back by the orchestra, without whom it no doubt would have rocked harder. Actually, there is only one total disaster on the album, "Nobody's Child," which sounds like the Hall Johnson Choir gone slumming - dig those sleazy strip-joint obligatos! Less horrendous, but highly flawed, is "Laredo Tornado." The potential is there, but the song strains to be interesting, the Amerindian war whoops are laughable, and the extended finish carries on too long.

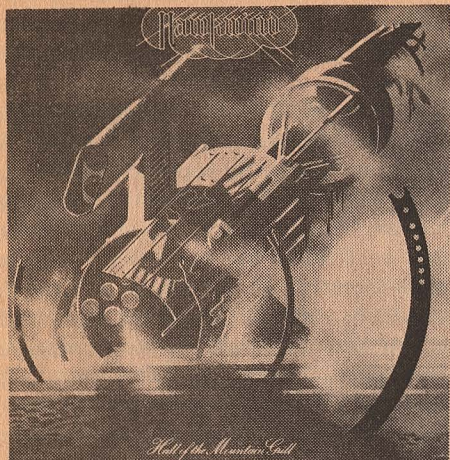
Actually, while listening to it, the album does not seem as reprehensible or bland as it might appear on paper. What defeats it in the end is the same self-deprecating posture (the frightening

attitude alluded to earlier) that destroys almost all symphonic/rock fusion attempts along with rock operas/musicals/ etc. It is the feeling that 19th century European "classical" music is somehow inherently superior to modern, Afro-American originated creative expression, and that by grafting rock (or jazz or folk or any other non-academic contemporary music) onto a refined, creatively outdated (therefore, worthy of aristocratic approval), rather bombastic European "art" context, you will somehow "elevate" rock that is most damaging. All forms of music are artistic media, tools, languages from which a creative artist can build his personal offering of inner expression. In recent years, however, inferior rock (and the rock of **Eldorado** is decidedly inferior) possessing little creative originality, combined with outdated classical music with little creative originality, is automatically assumed to result in something stupendously superior, creative, and original. By forcing hybridization on a musical form which can do perfectly well on its own, one can be credited with innovative genius when neither innovation nor genius have anything to do with it. (Of course, innovation often does take the path of a fusion between two musical genres, but only when the spark of creative originality is at work, not by the artificial synthesis of two inadequacies). To try to make **Eldorado** seem more important than it is by hyping it as a "symphony" and advertising it as "daring" is the kind of attitude which has kept today's truly innovative rock (European, British progressive, etc.) from being recognized as the important advance it in actuality is, the kind of attitude which has kept outmoded symphony orchestras alive through government subsidies and grants while innovative improvising musicians eke out a day-to-day living with little, if any, audience for their work.

To be fair, I do enjoy listening to these two records. I'm sure many others will feel the same way. Still, both **Eddy** and **Eldorado** are almost depressingly disappointing as personal offerings. Their musical worth is rather paltry; their entertainment value will depend on each listener's musico-environmental development and receptivity. In all sincerity, I hope both Roy Wood and Jeff Lynne have gotten their respective bugaboos out of their systems and can get back to intelligent, creative music-making next time around.

-Tom Bingham





## Hawkwind

HALL OF THE MOUNTAIN GRILL  
Hawkwind  
(United Artists)

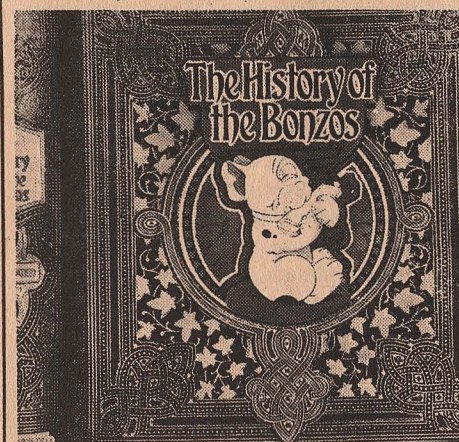
When last we visited our resident space-age hippies (Shakin' Street No. 3), they had completed their lengthy and powerful **Space Ritual**, exploring what Tom Bingham calls 'progression through regression.' Although they claimed it to be their prime statement and story, earlier albums like **In Search of Space** and **DoReMi** seemed to lend itself to linear interpretation much easier. But the point was: after **Space Ritual**, what else did the band have to say through their heavy-metal medium?

Was it time to bring in new elements and themes, time to (God forbid!) stop playing the metal monstrosities that could batter down walls? With **Mountain Grill**, it seems they've searched through their spaced-out minds for bits and pieces of story-lines, themes and anecdotes long since forgotten and forged them into the Hawkwind style of progressive heavy-metal. Since building up a following in England via free concerts and established a base from which grows a substantial audience in America, what was needed desperately was a new album, something they could be proud of in terms of advancement but without losing the audience that liked them for their set style. With **Mountain Grill**, they've found a successful compromise between the two.

"Psychedelic Warlord" opens the album with synthesizers humming, untouched, and Hawkwind Riff Variation No. 26 greets the off-key yet intended harmonies of Dave Brock (guitar), Nik Turner (sax) and Lemmy (bass). After a fine chorus, the band seems to tire of the song, letting Nik Turner's sax carry the proceeding through to its logical, dissolving conclusion. Ah, space age

apathy. "You could disappear in smoke and that ain't no joke." They've ended the album and it's only the first cut! No, it's off to other worlds for them and the smoke clears to reveal the sadness and depression of "Wind of Change," the phased merits of "D-Rider" and "Web Weaver," this album's tokenistic acoustic travel song.

Taking "Master of the Universe" and "Brainstorm" to be their best rockers, you can't help but notice that Hawkwind likes to milk those riffs and moods to their very limit in the hope that maybe, just maybe, if they keep at it, they'll create something new and substantial. So, what starts out to be Side two ends up being a space-age jam in "You'd Better Believe It," "Lost Johnnie" and the Stooges-MC5 like "Paradox," but granted there are enough synthesized bleating and burping along with prodding guitar to keep interest. All that's left, then, are the beginnings of new ideas via setting the moods for "Goat Willows" and the little tune, laced with melancholy piano, surfing synthesizer and the electric violin work of new member Simon House.



## Bonzos

THE HISTORY OF THE BONZOS  
The Bonzo Dog Band  
(United Artists)

The Bonzo (Do Dah) Dog Band were not everybody's cup of tea. The reason, quite simply, is that too many people take music too seriously, and the Bonzos sort of haughty lunacy and general stupillness is just too much. But they were too good to miss, and if you missed them, here's your chance for a taste of what once was: **The History of the Bonzos**.

The Bonzos began in the mid 60s as a comedy jazz band and thus horns and woodwind instruments as well as rag time riffs were part of their musical vocabulary

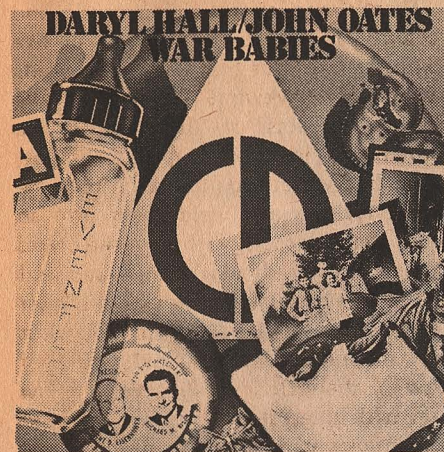
There's enough satisfying music and creativity in Hawkwind, taking all five albums as one. But that in itself presents a problem, Hawkwind have yet to take the best aspects of their music - a distinctive style, unpredictable technique, strong heavy-metal guitar, and space-age protest lyrics - and weld them into an album that'll set itself off from the others released already. If you're intrigued, as I am, with a band that's trying to answer the question - "What else do you want from me now that I've told you all I know?" then OK, you'll always follow them with interest. If they would rejoin acquaintance with fantasy writer Michael Moorcock (with whom they combined forces for **Space Ritual**) or examine the possibilities of musically adapting the stories of Conan the Barbarian, Gil Kane's fine 'Blackmark' series, King Kull or the Gor series, they may settle into the groove they're searching for. But for now, if you get the feeling you've heard it all before, no matter how good it is, you're right.

-Gary Sperrazza!

when they changed to rock. The band, Neil Innes, Vivian Stanshall, the legendary Sam Spoons, Roger "Ruskin" Spear, Rodney Slater, "Legs" Larry Smith, and Vernon Dudley Bowhay-Nowell, in fact played everything during their four year - four album career from standard instruments to possibles like baby squeek toys to such unlikelies as trouser press and electric shirt collar.

The music they produced was an amazing mixture of brilliant originality and inspired super-parody. They did great versions of other people's songs, including the ricki-tick "Mickey's Son and Daughter" (with a guest appearance by the munchkins) and the "carry on," "hut ho" tune "Hunting Tigers Out in India" which fit so well their superb British approach, a la Gilbert and Sullivan.

The originals were amazingly varied in both ideas and musical attack. Their signature piece "The Intro and the Outro" is an example. A light, repetitious but interesting riff is begun and built upon as Vivian Stanshall introduces the band, and then introduces such illuminaries as "Harold Wilson - violin ... Count Basie Orchestra on triangle ... Braniac on banjo ... Eric Clapton on ukelele ... and looking very relaxed, Adolph Hitler on vibes ..." and so on to "J. Arthur Rank on gong." (Stanshall was incidentally called upon more recently



## Hall-Oates

WAR BABIES  
Daryl Hall and John Oates  
(Atlantic)

Up to this point, Hall and Oates were 'just another' pair of Philadelphia singer-songwriters, without too much else to set them off from the bulk. Sure, their first LP (**Whole Oates**) was a fine collection of pop and a solid debut. When

for introductions, he served as "Master of Ceremonies" for Mick Oldfield's **Tublar Bells**.)

Other songs: "Sport (The Odd Boy)" is an English jock vs. wimp song done as a madrigal (sort of); "We Are Normal" is a far from normal attempt at solving an identity crisis ("We are normal and we want our freedom") and "Mr. Apollo" is a weighty heavy metal song about a Charles Atlas body building course ("5 years ago I was a poor stoned apology, now I am two separate Grillas ... play beach ball ... shave your legs ... wrestle poodles and win! ... look over walls ... tease people ... kick sand in their faces ... just give me ten years of your life ...").

If they proved that they could play heavy metal with "Mr. Apollo" then they proved they could come up with a light pop tune: "I'm the Urban Space Man" and tin pan alley: "Hello Mabel" not to mention neurotic rock: "You Done My Brain In."

Parody however was one of their best mediums. "Look at Me, I'm Wonderful" and "I Left My Heart in San Francisco" both cut at anyone who ever performed in a Vegas night club. "The Sound of Music" makes the Portsmouth Sinfonia sound like pros, and "Tent" is a steal from the frenzied repeat-o-rock as practiced by such people as the Trashmen

**Abandoned Luncheonette** was released, the beautiful "She's Gone" was singled out as the premier Gamble-Huff tune of all time, only Hall-Oates wrote it, ironically. It was the duo's keen insight into the construction of effective soul and pop that seemed to reflect just right the tone of the city they came from, Philadelphia, particularly since that city brings to mind the massive soul product of Gamble-Huff, and Norman Harris-Bunny Sieglar along with the space-age pop of a Mr. Todd Rundgren.

But it seemed that Hall and Oates were destined to remain respected within the business and press, the audience that is so rightfully theirs to be denied them. Until Mr. Magic himself, Todd Rundgren, agreed to produce the duo's new album. Since Todd has yet to realize that his greatest artistic contributions are achieved when he is working within the framework of established musical forms and not out in 'Utopia,' I was convinced that **War Babies** was going to be the finest Hall-Oates collaboration so far and it's hoped that they'll take the better aspects

and the Kingsmen. And who can listen to someone like the Climax Blahz Band without laughing after hearing the Bonzos' "Can Blue Men Sing the Whites?". Even after their breakup (five cuts from solo efforts are included) they kept their parody pen loaded: "9-5 Pollution Blues" is one of the best David Bowie records ever made - and Davy had nothin' to do with it.

Their best parody however is "Canyons of Your Mind." The music is that of a typical stop and go '50s rock song and the lyrics are excruciatingly physical: "In the canyons of your mind/ I will wander through your brain/ to the ventricles of your heart/ I'm in love with you again," all sung in deep voiced mock-Elvis. The first two verses are followed by the guitar solo to end all. Not only is the guitar out of tune and off key, but by the time they finish the break the entire band is off key. This is followed by an idiotic bridge and then a verse of echo chamber sobs capped off with a neat pair of Alfred E. Neumann belches for a smashing finish.

If all of this sounds a bit ridiculous to you then you're right. To quote the Bonzos on themselves I'll use a bit from the end of side two. As "Narcissus" appropriately plays in the background we hear the following bit of conversation.

Bonzo 1: How d'you think it's going?

of Todd's influence and channel it into their music without him.

But for now, there is War Babies to contend with and so far they're on the right course. As usual, Daryl Hall has contributed the bulk of the material. His "War Babies" is a barrage of wartime images seen through the eyes of home. "I'm Watching You" is piano-dominated with Todd's guitars weaving in and out of the proceedings, whereas "Better Watch Your Back" settles into an earthy, funky groove that asks the musical question: "Remember when you smashed your fist on the Eucharist and threw up in the High Mass?"

The rockers are scarce, understandable since it's not the duo's main strength, but "Johnny Gore and the C Eathers" kicks ass adequately and John Oates' "Can't Stop the Music" is snappy, Rundgren's constantly phased guitar slashing and uplifting to sheer pleasure. The remainder of the album sets a late-night cosmic-pop groove with "Is It A Star," "Screaming Through December," "You're Much Too Soon" and "70's Scenario."



-Roger Ruskin-Spear get down!

Bonzo 2: So so.

Bonzo 1: 'Lot of it's rubbish, you know.

Bonzo 2: Um Hum.

Bonzo 1: Say! You have the same problem with your trousers as I do!

Bonzo 2: Yes.

Rubbish? Maybe, but considering the amount of high-priced garbage on the market now, **The History of the Bonzos** (with 35 cuts and over an hour and 40 minutes on two records) is top quality, grade "A" trash. Long live Dada!

-David Meinzer



To Todd fans, I would say that this is the new Todd album, for all intents and purposes, if you're a fan of the pop and rock that Rundgren produced up until **A Wizard, A True Star**; in fact, this is the album he would have made earlier this year if he were still in that groove. As for Hall and Oates; they can be proud of **War Babies** and let it be the beginning of a long and fruitful relation with Todd until they feel they have the strength to do this kind of album themselves. They've always been ready, for my money, but until then, **War Babies** will do just fine!

-Gary Sperrazza!



-Somebody tell Daryl Hall his cigarette's already lit!

## They tried to suppress this review for two years!!

### SPOILED ROTTEN

The Frut  
(Westbound 2008)

**Spoiled Rotten** is the title and that's what they are. Motor City rock is dead, and the only great group left (The Stooges) recently bit the dust somewhere up in the Hollywood Hills. The Frut are the kings of the heap now, but only because no one's left to challenge them, not even Frijid Pink. They beat up Brownsville Station in 1968, but could the Frut manhandle anyone now? No way!

Well the first half of the title is obvious, the word SPOILED. The second half spells ROTTEN, and that's what this album is. The Frut's brilliant first LP **Keep On Truckin'** stunned listeners across the nation, emptied the minds of all rock and roll fans who cared. Why? Because it was killer. You're kidding! No, I'm not kidding. It was killer because it proved that even a semi-lame band (the Frut) could play killer stuff by simply picking the proper material and plugging in their fuzzboxes the right way. Some might argue the metaphysics of the question, but the Frut called their shots and pulled it off: Troy Shondell! Johnny Preston! The Dovells! Freddy Cannon! Not since the first Patterson-Liston fight had the KO's been so quick, and those on the outside (looking in) so mystified.

Mystical was the word, in fact, viva la revolution, kick out the jams, uh, pretty naive shit but it was 1970 after all. We understood (not them) and the Frut were on our side.

So why isn't **Spoiled Rotten** any good: the Frut aren't on our side anymore? No that's not it. Failure of the collective unconscious? Not that either. Bad politics? No. Bad esthetics? No. Low energy counter-revolutionary art? No. Bad cover art? No. Failure to transmit their message as artists? Hardly! Like the Band, like Joni Mitchell, like Paul Simon, **Spoiled Rotten** shows the Frut struggling to express a world view and a personal vision.

The Frut's world view: they think it's 1956. Instead of 1961 songs, they will now regress and do nothing but 1956 songs. Which bears maybe tangential relation to the stuff in the grooves of **Spoiled Rotten**, but I dunno it's all mumbo jumbo to me, and all this art and vision stuff can fuck itself and swim up the Hudson River.

Here's the real reason **Spoiled Rotten** isn't any good: it only has four good cuts. Pretty simple once you think of it! The bad cuts are all very similar; lame covers of songs that were excellent in the original version ("Ruby Baby," "Sixteen Candles," "Sea of Love," "Peggy Sue," "Save The Last Dance For Me"), plus a

couple of originals vastly inferior to the Frut's high-energy lava cruncher compositions on **Keep on Truckin'**.

The good tracks merit individual comment:

"Snatch N' Grabit": This is early Velvets fare, straight down to fast hypnotic beat and monotone vocal. Excellent!

"Gimme What You Got": Rocks a lot, strange to hear the Frut sound almost like a competent group with competent production. Avant-garde?

"You Just Gotta Have What It Takes": Like the previous good cut, even better.

"You Can't Sit Down": Hard to blow this one! Great song, but the original sucked!

Anyway, these four songs aside, I was pretty disgusted when I heard this album and I think you will be too. **Keep On Truckin'** was the most important album since **Blue Cheer on Venus**, and there's no reason for the Frut to sell out to the Record Mafia like this. If they didn't sell out, if this is really what they think is good stuff, then they're in worse shape than we thought. Must be that crochety old Detroit scene that did it to them. In that case the Frut had better get down at once, kick out the jams etcetera and take this advice: Move to Buffalo!!!!

-Metal Mike Saunders

# Cold Cuts

### GREATEST HITS

Alice Cooper  
(Warner Brothers)

This is one of the few "Greatest Hits" LP's to have a cover that takes you back as much as the music itself. They're all there: Bogart, Robinson, Gable, Groucho, Buxton, Dunaway, Alice (in knickers, no less), Bruce, and Smith. Sure, these guys are all in the same league, and they're all fading or have faded. Which makes **Greatest Hits** a short but sweet slice of nostalgia, circa 1969-1974, which is as far back as most of us dare to look anyway, right? Remember the good ol' days when you were crusin' down the street while "I'm Eighteen" blared from yer AM radio? And all the arguments about Alice's true identity unleashed by "Is It My Body"? And the way you rushed to the local store to pick up a copy of **Killer** when "Be My Lover" hit the airwaves? The decadence of "School's Out"? The way the malt shop would quiet down when "Hello Hurray" and "Elected" rumbled from the jukebox? These were great times, kidz, and now that Alice is forming a bus company in Hollywood to take you by all the star's houses (minus his), and the rest of the band is left wondering what happened to their fearless leader, we can, at least, still look back on all the joy Alice used to give us with all the Hollywood Squares reruns and this collection of Alice-mania.

### LIGHT OF LOVE

T. Rex  
(Casablanca/Warner Brothers)

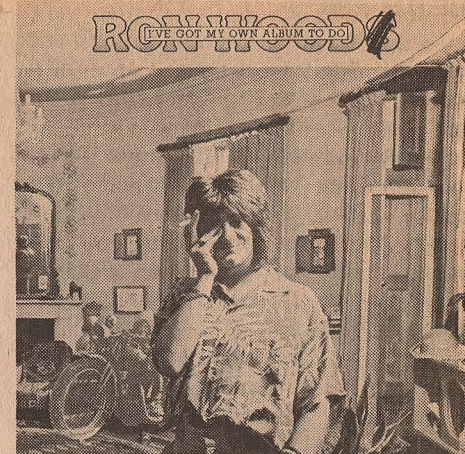
This is one of those albums you buy and then wonder why, with all this inflation and everything, you could be so stupid to spend five bucks for two good songs, both of which Casablanca will hopefully recognize as potential singles and release for a buck-twenty-nine each anyway. Marc Bolan is still experimenting with his band ... still experimenting, after all these years. And with **Light of Love** it's back to the drawing board. This time the kick is black chicks in the background. On every fuckin' song, no less. So despite the empty tracks between songs, everything runs together, meshing into one huge, obtrusive, dull album. "Till Dawn" is the true shining light of

love on this LP, with great single potential, with the 50's-type rockers coming back (and T. Rex could just be the ones to bring it all the way back with this tune). Also worth buying (if it becomes a single, too—or better yet, the B-side of "Till Dawn") is "Girl In The Thunderbolt Suit," despite the addition of those damn girlz in the background again. **Light Of Love** is really a letdown, even when compared to **The Slider**, where there was at least a side's worth of good music. But this album really doesn't have much to offer, and, until Bolan can find what's keeping T. Rex from hitting again, it's doubtful whether the band itself will either. Oh well ... at least Ringo didn't take the cover photo this time.

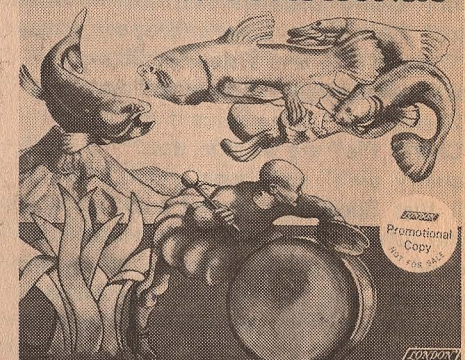
### I'VE GOT MY OWN ALBUM TO DO

Ron Wood  
(Warner Brothers)

Spiffy title. Great cover. Some fine music, if ya like da Stones and da Faces. Which is really what was expected, right? Ron couldn't just break out of the mold and come up with an utterly fantastic first solo effort just like that, now could he? Nope. But he tried hard. And about half of this album shows it. "I Can Feel The Fire" isn't bad, though it drags a bit after the first few minutes. Jagger's in there somewhere ... so's Rod S. "Far East Man" was co-written with Ron by George Harrison, though it doesn't sound it. Big names to toss around, anyway. "Act Together" is good, a new Stones song (conspicuously a "Richard-Jagger" creation instead of the other way 'round, since Keith plays guitar on all the cuts). "Shirley" and "Cancel Everything" are the only truly fine Wood songs, followed by "Sure The One You Need," another Keith-Mick stinger. But of all the songs on this overrated disc, "Crotch Music," a 6-minute long instrumental, carries the weight (or potential weight) of this album. Obviously, Ron Wood has a lot of friends in high places, but without a little better output from Wood himself, his future solos aren't gonna amount to much, though **My Own Album** does rate well for his first outing alone (and this is loneliness??).



### CARAVAN & THE NEW SYMPHONIA





**THE HAGERS**  
(Asylum/Elektra)  
The Hager times. Those two funny looking dudes who go on Hee Haw every week and do wimpy versions of wimpy songs like "Ramblin' Man." So this is another wimpy, slushy, half assed album, right? WRONG! The Hagers have turned to the old formula of: if you can't do something of your own successfully, find someone who did something you (and the record buying public) liked and copy them with as much class as possible. So **The Hagers** is one of the best *Everly* Brothers albums since 1960. The music is great. It has power (the orchestra doesn't play in the background all the time, it roars at you and the bass is mixed way up), and taste. The song choice is good, from Everly Brothers stuff ("Tell Him No," "All Your Love") country songs ("Take Me"), and a slew of 50's styled rock ballads like "Lonesome Town" and "Cherry Pie." (Who cares if the lyrics to "Cherry Pie" are all "do dos," "la la's" "cherry pie's" and "sugar plums's"; with all that Spectorean sound socking you, who listens to words?) If the Hagers can sound this good live, maybe we won't have to wait for Elvis or Commander Cody to come to town to hear some good rockabilly.

**CRIME OF THE CENTURY**  
Supertramp  
(A&M)  
A mediocre album from this fairly unknown British group that has a lot of spirit but not a heck of a lot of talent. Everything here has been heard before, and in better versions in most cases. One minute they're stealing a melody line from forgotten British Band *Glencoe*, the next instant the guitarist is using the basic Issac Hayes riff, the next moment they're entering areas uncharted since the last recorded work of Perry Como. Producer K. Scott boosts this up to mediocre status.

**LEARN TO SCORE WITH**  
Mitch & The Mellow Dopers  
(C.T. Records)  
Produced with animalistic fury by Todd Lampshade, this unique synthesis of eccentric riffs and spontaneous lyrics ("Oh, ah, whoa Daddy") combines the best of . . . it all. *Learn* consists of "Bitchin' in the Kitchen," "I Can't Feel A Thing," "I Want to Rock 'n' Roll Your Face Off" and terrible cover versions of the Beach Boys' "Help Me Shondra" and "In My Room." The best up-and-coming new group today (Tuesday, November 5).

**NO OTHER**  
Gene Clark  
(Asylum-Elektra)  
This album is about what you could expect from Gene Clark. It's competent, and usually interesting. It's definitely not what those familiar with Gene's work with the early Byrds and Dillard & Clark would hope to hear from him. Tight fast songs have given way to rather desultory and often Dylanesque run on numbers. Don't give it to grumpy uncles. It won't help.

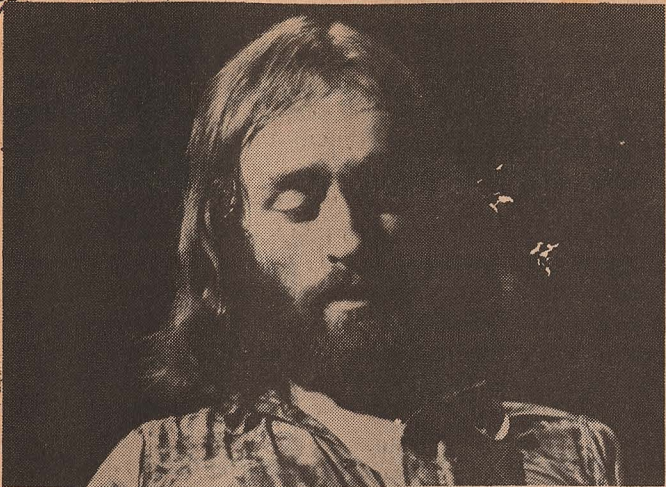
**HIGH ROLLER**  
James Montgomery Band  
(Capricorn/Warner Brothers)  
This LP is getting a lot of FM-play, mainly because it's a good, solid rockin' album, filling the void currently being left open by that other Boston band . . . ah, what's their name . . . J. Giles, Geils . . . anyway, until that band surfaces again, James has got the Bosstown blues bandits lookin' his way, plus half the country by the end of the year. "Brickyard Blues" is one of the album's best, also their new single (victims, of course, to what held back B.W. Stevensen, Leo Sayer, and other new talents for a few moments: Three Dog Night, who just released the same song under the title of "Play Something Sweet"). Also good are "Shot Down Love," "I Can't Stop," and Otis Redding's "Ten Page Letter." You down-hard blues-rockers who like the Beantown's way of gettin' it across should love this LP, cuz it get's it across . . . with style.

**MIRAGE**  
Camel  
(Janus Records)  
Camel gives a very optimistic indication that there are still a lot of boundaries to cross in terms of musical originality. The group provides a very attractive cross section of moog mellotron mixed with banshee screaming guitar work. The music promotes mood with a very small amount of vocals (two cuts to be exact) most of the emphasis to the listener is placed on enjoyment rather than scrutinization of obscure ramblings of useless metaphorical bullshit. Yes folks they kinda have their shit together and have probably learned to avoid that stuff that the popular groups utilize to no end. The album does however lack a bit of tight form as well as purpose. At times the music wanders rather aimlessly but as a whole it isn't boring. These things are to be overlooked (unless they pull the same stuff on their next LP) because it is a very listenable album. So what it boils down

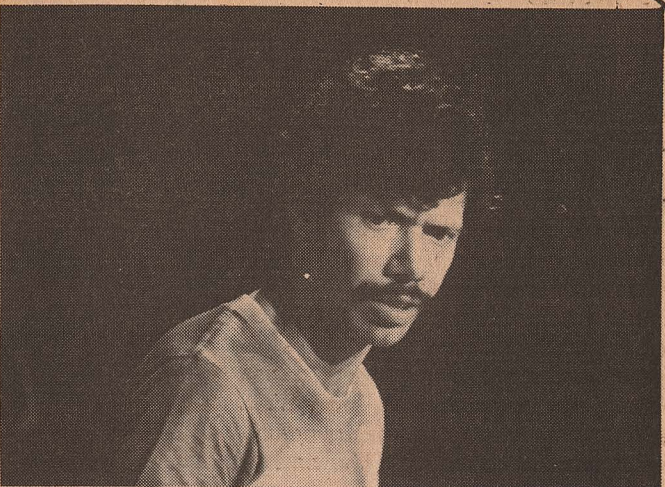
to is that if you like what ELP, Genesis, and Hawkwind fool around with, it is highly recommended that this album should also be catalogued in your collection. Then you can be chic and tell all your friends you've discovered a unique and promising band that you can listen to without falling asleep.

**THE PLACE I LOVE**  
Splinter  
(Dark Hose/A&M)  
Remember when the Beatles began to get really bizzare and everyone went on to listening to other things, like Pink Floyd or The Monkees (see elsewhere in this ish—Ed.). That was around the time of Magical Mystery Tour and afterwards, and in my opinion the best songs in this period were written by George. "Blue Jay Way," "Piggies," "While My Guitar Gently Weeps" were among the best of the group's output at that time. Well, soon people began to say "Say, George is almost as good a writer as John and Paul," and damn it if he didn't start to go downhill from that point on. From "Here Comes The Sun" to "Living In The Material World," his work has gotten (with some great exceptions like "Miss O'Dell") worse and worse. This, along with a Ravi Shankar LP, is one of the first releases on George's Dark Hose lable and, you guessed it, it sounds just like his last LP, only a bit more acoustically oriented. Hell, Splinter's songs aren't even half as good as George's mediocre songs today. **The Place I Love** is just a waste and their next record should be made out of wood.

**CARAVAN & THE NEW SYMPHONIA**  
Caravan  
(London)  
Caravan, dear sirs and ladies, is an English group that began life many years ago under the name of the Wild Flowers. Soon after changing their moniker to what it is today, they began to attract a fairly large cult following through albums like **In The Land of Grey and Pink**, and most recently **For Girls Who Grow Plump In The Night**. Their sound is something like a pop-rock/ prog-rock/ jazz/ classical fusion, if you want to categorize it. This LP is an experiment in performing live with a classical orchestra, and is about 40 or 60 per cent successful. Sometimes they just don't blend together, but on the times that they do, as on "Mirror For The Day," and "Virgin On The Ridiculous" the results are really good. If you're a Caravan fan, you already own this album, but if you're not, **For Girls**. . . is probably a slightly better introduction than this.



Dave Mason will be appearing at the Century Theatre on Saturday, November 9 at 8:30 p.m. Also appearing will be Robin Trower. Tickets for this UUAB presentation are \$4.50 - students, and \$6 for non-students and are available at U.B. and Buffalo State.



This one is gonna be a goody cause UUAB is bringing the immortal Chick Corea & Return to Forever together with the dynamic Keith Jarret in the Fillmore Room on Friday, November 15 at 8 & 11 p.m. Tickets are \$3 for students and \$4 for non-students and are available at U.B. and Buffalo State.

## Concerts

- November-  
5-17: THE DUDES (Moustache, Montreal)  
8: BOWIE (Aud)  
9: Dave Mason, ROBIN TROWER (Century Theatre)  
9: James Montgomery Band (Syracuse)  
12: BEACH BOYS (NFCC)  
12: Dicky Betts (Rochester)  
13: Barry White, Love Unlimited (Aud)  
14: FRANK ZAPPA AND MOTHERS (Rochester)  
15: FRANK ZAPPA AND MOTHERS (Aud)



England's premiere boogie band, Yes, will be appearing at the Aud on Thursday, November 21 at 8 p.m. Tickets for this Festival East presentation are \$6.50, \$5.50 and \$4.50, and are available at all Festival East outlets including U.B. and Buffalo State.



H'lo dere, are you ready to spend a nice evening with Mother? Well get your ass in gear and don't gergit your dancin' shoes cause we're gonna all do the bee-bop tango, on Friday, November 15 at the Aud. Tickets for this Festival East concert are \$5.50 and \$6.50 on the night of the concert, and are available at all Festival East outlets including U.B. and Buffalo State. Also appearing is Elvin Bishop.



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