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The Shakin' Street Gazette

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Shakin' Street

Wacker Drive

Special Montreal Issue

The Shakin' Street Gazette

No. 17 November 21, 1974

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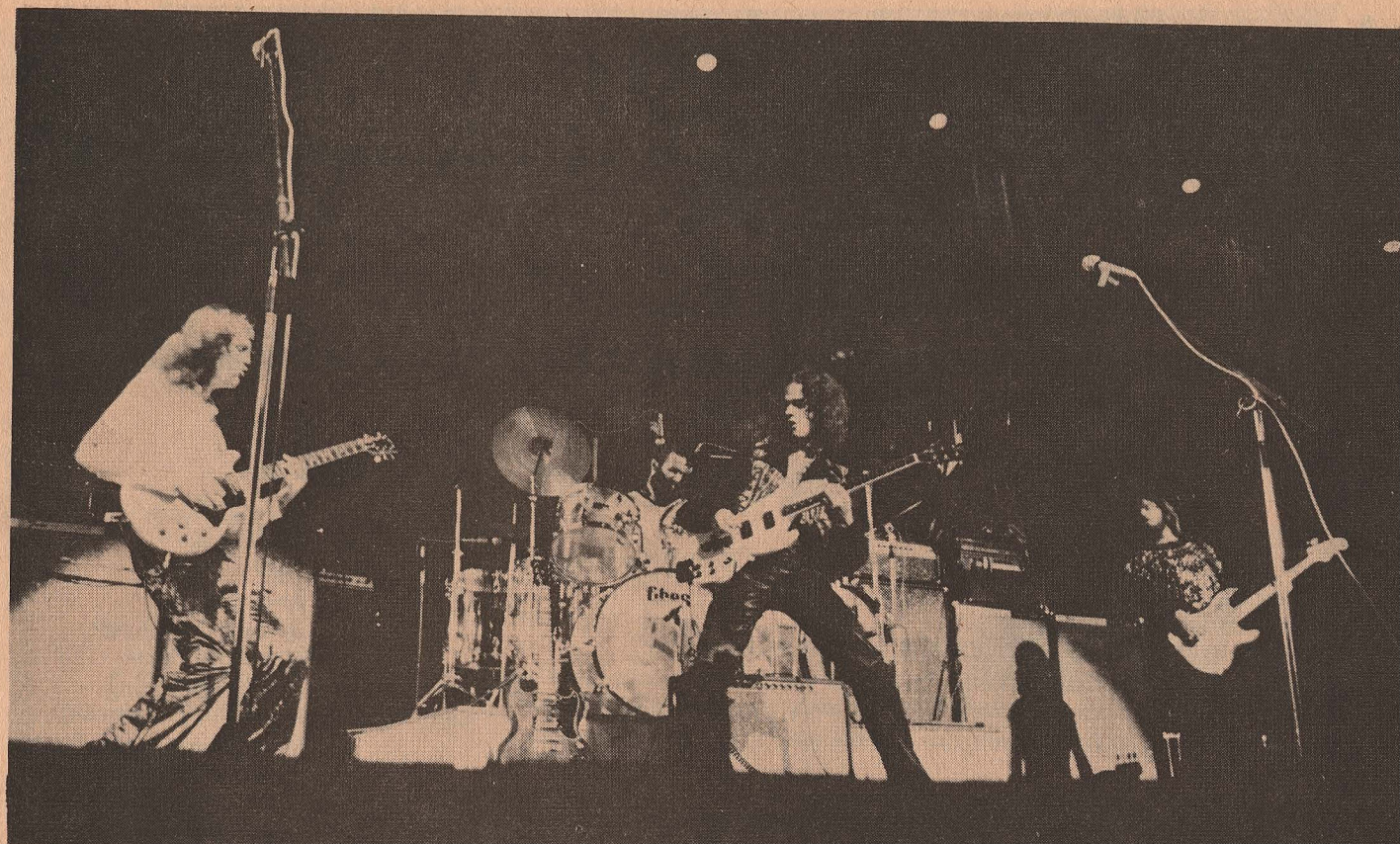
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Prize Pix!

Poor Cheryl Segarini. After working fitfully for eight hours on a Sunday Montreal morning to prepare a Canadian Thanksgiving dinner for the Dudes and the *Shakin' Street Kidz* unbeatable even for our dago relatives, she surveyed the battle-worn crowd of people in her house, ravenously enjoying the excellent food and saluting her birthday. She decided to take a picture of us, her man Bob, and all the other hungry Dudes. Granted she's no Lee Childers or Michael Gallo (our primo photo man), but if you look close you can see lots of things. Kootch shoving dressing into Richie Henman's ear. Gary Sperrazza(!) spilling wine on Bob Kozak's trousers. The Vienna Boys Choir telling Bob Segarini why they can't use his material. Greg Shaw making his just-eaten turkey 'all come back.' Brian Greenway trying to tell Cheryl Segarini that this picture won't come out cuz there's not enough light in the room. Poor Cheryl Segarini.



Getting Rocked With April Wine

by Bob Kozak

If you were listening to your transistor or car radio back in the early summer of 1972, you probably remember a funky guitar driven song called "You Could Have Been a Lady," definitely one of the best singles that summer.

And you might have wondered what ever happened to the band that did that record. Another case of hit and run? One-shot Canadian wonders who lucked out with a single good record and are probably back to playing little dives in the Maritimes? Hardly. Cause up in Canada, April Wine are big names with no less than four albums to their credit. And it's you who's getting the short end of the deal: the better part of those four albums are full of driving hard rock songs as good as or better than "You Could Have Been a Lady."

When we got to Montreal, April Wine were resting and getting new material together for another album and tour. Unfortunately, we were never able to make connection with the group, but you can rest assured that **The Gazette** will soon be winging it back to Montreal to

get the **full** and **complete** April Wine story.

For now we do have the albums, we did talk briefly with guitarist Myles Goodwyn and bassist Jim Clench, and we also talked to David and Ritchie Henman, who, although they have been out of the band for over a year now, are still good friends with the rest of the band, and whose comments do shed light on April Wine's beginnings, up until the split.

April Wine was originally formed by David and Ritchie, their cousin Jim Henman, and Myles Goodwyn in January, 1970 in Halifax Nova Scotia, and after playing some in the Maritimes, they moved west to Montreal and were signed to Aquarius records.

Their first album, **April Wine**, is by far their poorest album. David Henman's songs sounded like Wishbone Ash during their **Pilgrimage** period and aren't very impressive. Jim Henman's songs were mostly acoustic and boring. And Myles Goodwyn's songs, though obviously the best cuts on the album, are nowhere near as good as his later songs. Still, when

Myles' "Fast Train" got airplay the band persisted.

At this point Jim Henman, who had always yearned for the simple life, decided to leave the band so he could go back to school and do some solo folk singing back in Nova Scotia. The band needed a bass player, and Jim Clench was called in, one of the best moves the band has made, with Jim also adding a lot of singing and songwriting punch.

There were other, more subtle changes between the first and second albums. Myles, who at the time was the band's most prolific songwriter and best singer, came out front to take over the band's lead vocals (David, Myles, and Jim had shared this chore on the first album), and generally assume the dominant position in the band.

David explains how this came about: "Myles is a very strong talent, but he also has a very strong drive. He was the main force of the group but also the main inspiration. Myles was never actually the leader, but his energy inspired the rest of the group to try to keep up with him."

The band, working hard with very



little time for songwriting, also began to look outside of the group for a hit single.

"We were going into the studio maybe once every three or four months and all we were aiming for was a single," David said. "We didn't always have time to write ourselves, so they were bringing us demos from New York."

The first of these, brought to them by producer Ralph Murphy, was "Could Have Been a Lady," written by E. Brown and T. Wilson from the English group Hot Chocolate, who later went on to write "Brother Louie" for Stories. It was April Wine's first hit single, and their only U.S. hit.

The album that followed was quite a step up from the first, and established them as a major Canadian rock band. Despite the inclusion of "psychedelic" noise between cuts, sound effects, and an abundance of orchestration all pointing toward the album as being the band's attempt at some sort of conceptual art statement, **On Record** is generally an excellent album. This was due to the superior material this time out, and also a heavy injection of rock 'n' roll to keep the softer cuts honest. The result was an album that transcended its pretensions, with no really bad cuts, and a few great ones: David's "Drop Your Guns"



(another hit), and Myles' nifty rocker "Carry On."

But the band had trouble. "We must have worked 300 days that year," Myles said. "The pace was incredible, we were never home. It left us very confused and frustrated."

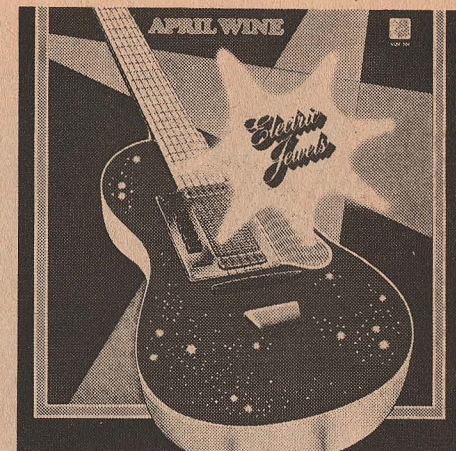
David echoed this view when we talked to him. "It was very frustrating. Myles and I wanted to progress as writers and musicians. But we were working all the time, playing the same songs, and we never had a chance to write or rehearse. Working so hard caused the group to get very dry."

So, feeling the group was stagnating, David and Ritchie decided to split, and formed a trio called Silver. And Jim and Myles, determined not to fall into the same trap again, went out looking for a new group. Gary Moffit (from local Montreal bands) was the new guitarist, and Gerry Mercer (originally from Mashmakan) who had played with the Wackers on **Shredder** became the drummer.

April Wine's third album, **Electric Jewels**, started by the old group and finished with the new members, is probably their best yet. The band has attempted to mix the best of pop and hard rock, sounding on the singles ("Weeping Window," "Lady Run, Lady Hide") like a Canadian Badfinger, and on the album cuts like a Canadian Led Zeppelin. The album, released in 1973, is one of the finest recent albums, Canadian, American, or English.

Even the group's attempts at difficult material come off. "Lady Run, Lady Hide" is a "pretty" song with multitracked acoustic guitars and vocals, and string for icing, but it works because the melody is pretty and the group has a sense of when to quit. The title cut is another example. One Canadian reviewer called it "contrived and derivative" and at first listen it does seem to be that - with its metaphorical and pessimistic lyrics (pertaining to the band's frustration at that time), its length (nearly six minutes), and its changes in mood and music. But the group pulls it off with elan and a sincerity which is hard to resist.

The only song not written by Myles Goodwyn and Jim Clench is the opener "Weeping Widow" done as a single before the split. The song is a great example of heavy metal chording in a pop framework. In fact the band is quite reminiscent of our beloved Sweet in this respect; an even better example being "Come On Along," one of the best cuts on the album. This song also includes



another feature of April Wine - the twin lead vocals of Myles and Jim. As a whole the group can be gentle ("Lady Run, Lady Hide"), they can tear your head off ("Cat's Claw"), and they can even boogie ("Just Like That") and they do it all better than most.

Last summer April Wine released a live album recorded on the "Electric Adventure Tour '74" called **April Wine Live**, produced by those old Rascal/Bulldogs, Gene Cornish and Dino Danelli (not to be confused with Gino Vanelli). The album contains two new Clench/Goodwyn songs, "Druthers" and "(Mama) It's True," three songs from **Electric Jewels**, an unnecessary drum solo (nothing against Gerry Mercer, who's an excellent drummer, but it's hard to think of any drum solo being necessary), the latest single "I'm On Fire For You Baby," and an encore of "Could Have Been a Lady."

Although none of the old songs sound quite as good as their original versions, owing to the fact that they're all almost note for note copies, and the live sound just doesn't compare to the studio quality, the album still is a good example of April Wine's "high energy rock" as Jim calls it, and it does incite a desire to see them live.





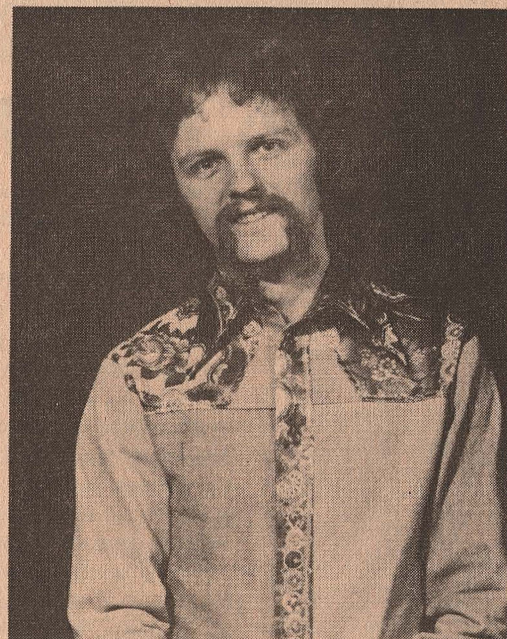
MYLES GOODWYN



JAMES CLENCH



GERRY MERCER



GARY MOFFET

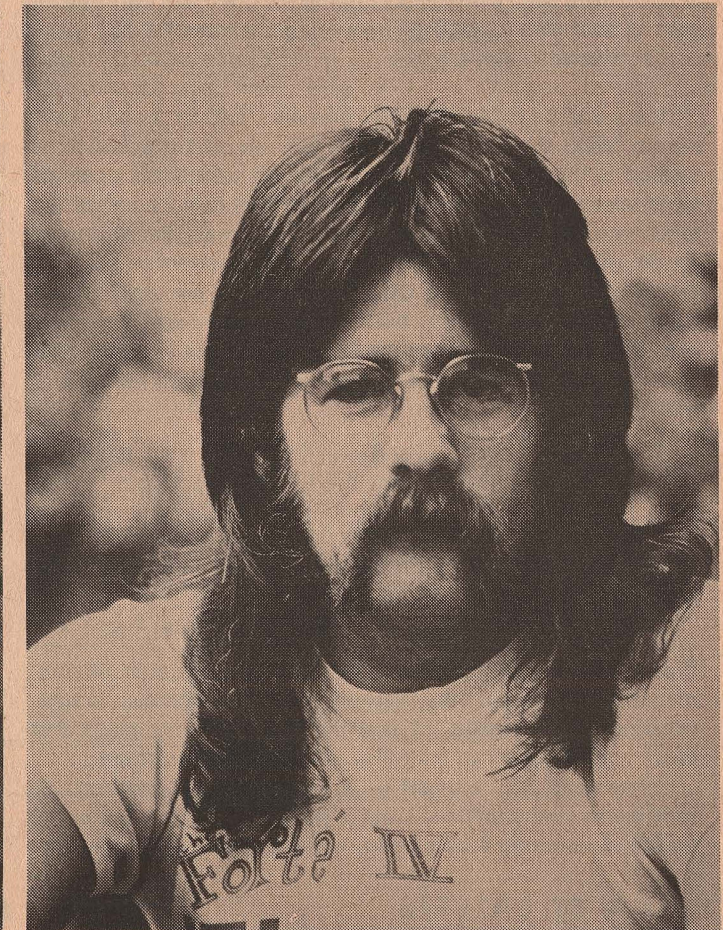
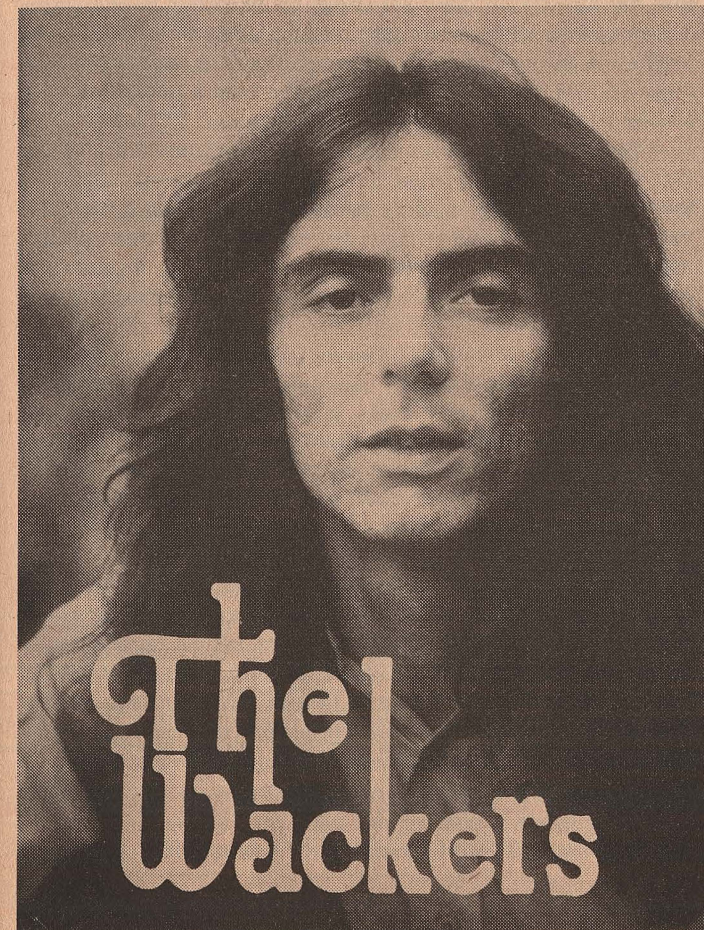
But right now the band is following its version of the three R's - rehearsing, writing, and resting. They won't be going back to work until January and they hope this rest and renewal will help stave off the frustration and fatigue that split the old group.

As for an American record label, no one seems to know if they have one. They were signed to Big Tree and **On Record** was released under the title **April Wine** after "Could Have Been a Lady"

was a hit. (And I **have** seen the album, although many people, including Gary Sperrazza, told me they never did, and I haven't seen it recently.) Big Tree has released nothing since then, though, and no one seems to know if they're still signed. But that would be academic if some record company on this side of the border would get smart and sign the group.

For now, if you wish to hear the kind

of group April Wine have turned into, you have to go to Canada to get the records. So next time you're up there scouting 'around for **Pagliari Live**, it's recommended you grab **Electric Jewels**, and maybe **April Wine Live**. Impress your friends. And if they ask you where you got this fab, gear stuff, just take another sip of Brador - uh, I mean Jenny Cream, and sit back, secure in the knowledge that you were first on your block.



BETTER THAN THE BEATLES

The Wackers Wackerology

by Gary Sperrazza and Lester Bangs

Nobody seems to know what a rock 'n' roll band is anymore. Some people think it's a wall of noise and nothing more, some think it's the evanescent correspondence of a small circle of delicate sensibilities sheltering each other from the traffic with acoustic palm fronds. But where is the truest, most complete realization of what the idea of a rock 'n' roll band stands for: a bunch of brats with some talent and a lot of nerve, perhaps more comfortable blasting in a bar than frozen in a concert hall, jiving and jumping for the dual purposes of getting their own kicks and conquering the world?

The Wackers, that's where.

Meanwhile, miscegenation prevails. British bands have always taken their best riffs from America, but nowadays the fashion is for aspiring American bands to take a passel of the most saleable riffs from the current British heavies, splice 'em together and push it as instant vintage mainstream sound. Punch your radio selector and hear the Raspberries' "Go All the Way," for example. Lately, the whole circus has been compounded with British bands acting and sounding American with both countries borrowing from each other so much that you can't tell what's what anymore. But back in 1970-72, it wasn't the case.

The Wackers were one band who had pulled off the coup of taking only and all of the best the Limeys had to give— their flash, their visual sock, their harmonic tightness— and applying it to the creation of a smashingly American sound with a clear link between the bars of the California coast and the glittery walls of superstardom.

Okay, so if all that is true, why haven't you heard and flipped over the Wackers? It's a long story. To get a full shot of the straight dope, the Wackers gave an in-depth interview, covering many aspects of aspiring, hard-working bands that every young group can relate to, and should know about.

"The band was founded on the principle of laziness," said semi-leader and unofficial Wacker spokesman Bob Segarini. "If you're a dedicated lazy person, nothing in the world can sway

you from the true path and nothing in the world is too good for you. We're very media-oriented people. We grew up with the TV and radio and records and porn. We're very aware of the heritage that's been handed down to us by our peers. I love football, and rock 'n' roll is exactly like football. . ."

You can see where this all starts. It starts in being a kid superconsumer, sitting on your ass and waiting for it all to flow in. Which is why, besides his enviable record collection, Bob has about four giant sea-chests of old comic books, porn, and magazines of every ilk. Someday he will pass all this, along with a lot of rocking noise, on to his own kids. And when you grow up like this, sooner or later you're bound to transmute it all into a style and self-expression of your own.

"The nice thing about rock 'n' roll," continues Bob, "is the fact that you get everything first, and by the time the rest of the country is wearing wide pants with Snoopy on the side, you've figured out what it is and can go 'Fuck that! What's that?!' No bigger snob than a punk. But it's nice. It's a comfortable place. We're not down and out, and we don't pretend to be."

No, indeed. To see the Wackers on stage was to delight in the absolute excess-economy ostentation of rock 'n' roll. They wore threads as trendily sharp as any British fave, and they didn't even wear them pretentiously. They got into makeup when it suited them, too.

"I dunno, I feel more comfortable with fingernail polish and stars on my face than I do with a beard," says lead guitarist Randy Bishop. He's the first one you spot on the album covers, looking like some bisexual infant with his belly button hanging out under his tight blouse. His physical presence is sufficiently Adonis-like that it's no surprise that every time they're chatting out by the back fence, his fortyish farmer neighbor can never seem to look him in the eye (Note: the interview took place in a beautiful hillside ranch villa called Wackering Heights in Eureka, California before the band moved to Montreal-Ed.)

The place: Crescent City, near the Oregon border.



We're driving up to an average gig in a gym there, and in the course of an almost nonstop four hour set (they were the only band) the Wackers brought a crowd which had largely never heard of them to a dancing, cheering fever with a perfect program of originals done in full, strong style that belies the thinness of their album sound forever, and classics like "It's All Over Now" and an "Ooh!"-perfect rendition of the Fab Four's "She Loves You" that functions far more as archetype and living example of the get-up joy of this music than any limp nostalgia gimmick. It was one of those rare cases where you just couldn't keep yourself from dancing, and when you tired, it was an equal delight just to sit on the floor taking sips from the wine smuggled in and listen to the sound and watch the band roar and leap and get off vastly on their audience and each other.

Segarini has a terrific amount of stage presence, bony thin as any star should be and moving behind his guitar with a grace that ain't fop-elegant so much as the perhaps unconscious visceral recognition of how well he wears it all. Randy bites into his guitar with his long purple-nailed fingers and bears down with a macho anger that works perfectly in counterpoint with his androgynous demeanor. Bassist Kootch is one classic bassist: gaunt, grave and distant looking, but never absent-minded. Drummer Ernie Earnshaw seems a bit retiring in the presence off all this charisma, looking more like your neighbor than a Seventies matinee idol, but that's fine because he is that way and it's a perfect, amusing complement to the rest.

It was destined to be one of the Wackers' last gigs in their home state: Bob and Randy & Kootch were catching a train that night to Montreal, in the Canadian province of Quebec, where they were recording a duo-like album for Elecktra that had since mutated into the third Wackers LP, *Shredder*. Lack of recognition in California (at one point, they were actually down to hawking copies of their own albums in a bar they'd played at just to keep themselves in food and beer) had finally impelled the Wackers to leave the pastoral vistas of Wackering Heights and replant their seeds smack dab into the Montreal

pop scene, which, since then, has busted wide open with a slew of fine talented bands, like Pagliaro, Mahogany Rush, April Wine (Port Colborne), Thundermug (London, Ontario) and Charlebois. It seems a shame that the Wackers, who spearheaded the movement of 60's consciousness into 70's rock 'n' roll, had to be the martyrs of a movement in pop that's fully carved its niche in 1974. But, anyway, back in 1972, before the trek up to Montreal, the Wackers sat down amidst the roomy clutter of Wackering Heights and told Shakin' Street their story. In many ways, it's the rock 'n' roll story that many young bands scuffling for recognition in these tight 70's can learn from. Heed on. . .

Where does it all begin? Where else? "I grew up in Stockton, California," says Bob, "I used to go to the dances at the Stockton Ballroom where the black groups would play Little Richard, Speciality records and all those great R & B things. And I loved all that stuff, but it wasn't my trip. When the Beatles hit, the Stones, Kinks, all that stuff was mine, 'cause it was directed at me. Everything I read, everything I listened to, everywhere I went, that was my heritage. So I got Chuck Berry and Little Richard back through those people. It was more honest."

"The Beatles were the first people I ever wanted to emulate," recalls Randy. "The first time I ever saw a Beatles album, I said, 'Man I'm growin' my hair like that!'"

"The Beatles opened the door," adds Bob. "Just like . . . Click! Better times. . ." And we all went Yippee! There's a party over there." Getting your own version of the party into high and self-sustaining gear ain't always easy, though. All of the Wackers paid their dues as only a white middle class teenage American jivecat can before finding their present satisfactions. Bob: "I got thrown out of a band called the Jades because I was growin' my hair long. So I started hanging around in San Francisco and got into a band called Us, and got thrown out of that one because I smoked grass. It was the Beau Brummels days."

Upon these hard knocks a brief but semi-successful

aggregation known as the Family Tree was founded. It contained, in addition to some other musicians since lost in arcana, Bob and Kootch, and was a rather pallid mating of San Francisco Era and the Concept Rock fad. Picked up by RCA and briefly hyped in an unfortunate sampler package the company called **Groupquake**, the band did manage to get one album out: **Miss Butters**, an exercise in ersatz **Sgt. Pepper** throwover designed as a concept story about an old schoolteacher shared by the boys in the band who may or may not have been mythical.

"The Family Tree was formed," says Bob, "because I wanted to be in a good rock 'n' roll band. Originally, it was with a guy named Mike Olson, who is now Lee Michaels, Newman Davis on drums and Bill Whittington on bass. It lasted about 2 or 3 months. It just got wierd because Mike wanted to play in bars and I wanted to be a rock 'n' roll star, so he left, Newman left, and everybody was sick of Whittington. He used to pick his nose, and his pants wouldn't fit, that was what bugged everybody. One day his wife called up and quit for him! And that was a disaster because she owned three of the guitars and half the PA, couple of amps. . ."

The Family Tree slogged on with mostly new personnel, including Kootch on bass, from late 1966 to 1968. "And then we added another guitar player named Jim deCoco," sez Bob, "and what that did was it introduced a technician, and a good one, to the band. And completely fucked the band up."

Family Tree broke up in July of 1968, and not long after that, Bob wandered South and landed in a group called Roxy, where he first worked with a guitarist named Randy Bishop, who chuckles: "Bob taught me everything I know about pop song writing. I was a folkie when I met him, my voice sounded like an opera singer's." Roxy was the archetypal Los Angeles flash band - big sound, some Byrds, Love, Doors, Clear Light strains all mingled with volume and violence with Creedence Clearwater in late 1969, and on their one Elecktra album, which is still available and contains a selection of early Segarini-Bishop songwriting which bore the obvious seed of the greatness which had bloomed in the Wackers and was mighty fine in its own right: "Run away with the rock 'n' roll circus. . ."

Never quite achieving notoriety as the San Andreas Who, they eventually fell in with a rather different crowd, and a kind of music which has since become one of the trendiest styles on the boards. Bob: "We were back to hanging out, and we met Rita Coolidge. We started working together, not really working at it but just singing a lot; she'd come up on stage with us and do a couple of numbers at gigs, and one night Graham Nash came up with her. We'd just get so fucking tequila'd out that it would turn into a party."

The sole recorded product of the party was an Elecktra single with Coolidge sitting in, and when it didn't go anywhere (**Mad Dogs and Englishmen** hadn't happened yet, although that style of loose gospelly jam was on the upswing) the band retreated to the country, exactly according to script, to sort out the hallucinations and musical priorities. What happened was that they proceeded to get even **more** stultified.

"We ate cornbread and black-eyed peas and ham hocks," says Randy, shaking his head, "and thought we were a really down home group. What we really were was naive. I even grew a beard."

Roxy shuffled out of their backwood hibernation soon and went out on the road with all the enthusiasms of school brats

picking up their books in September. They got ripped off for everything they owned down to the last amp jack in New York, and by the middle of 1970 Bob and Randy were sleepwalking through the tour, fantasizing super rock bands of the future.

"We were sitting in a hotel room in Washington, DC," says Bob, "making up names and putting 'em on postcards and sendin 'em to strangers because there was nothing else to do. That's touring. So I was at the Pentagon Motel and we're going nuts; I send a postcard to Paul Rothchild (staff producer at Elecktra) that said; 'Rothchild: Have seen this band in some little Virginia town called Ernie and the Incredible Chickens and they're better than the Beatles. Send delegation down to sign them before RCA does.' One day we were talkin' and the name Wackers came up, and it was a gutbuster: 'Ah shit, I'd love to be in a band called the Wackers!' and it became a big joke. . ."

"It was the last stages with Roxy," elaborates Randy, "we were two months behind on our rent, everybody was really down, we couldn't get any gigs. So Bob and I held a secret caucus and said: 'Let's get outa this bird and go write some songs and put together a rock 'n' roll band called the Wackers, and do old Rolling Stones and Beatles songs and just have a good time.'"

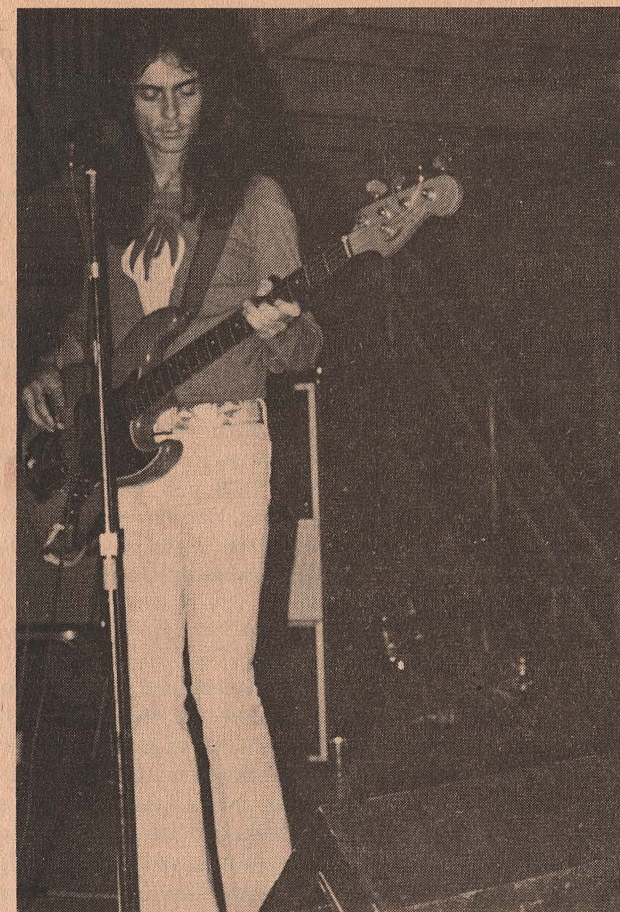
That, more or less and through many hard luck tangents, was what they did. David Anderle introduced them to guitarist Mike Stull, who left the group in summer of 1972, and the executive shelving of plans for Mike to do a solo album for A&M resulted in the three down and out rock musicians making a pack to play Wack 'n' Roll. "We were living in a suitcase, on Coca-Cola, sleeping in a Volkswagon. So we came to Hollywood and met Mike, got together and played some and the first song we wrote was "On The Way Up," which also happens to be the absolute standout of the first Wackers album. "It worked really good from the start because nobody had to be told anything or learn any harmony parts or worry that the next guy might not be able to. Everybody could do more because they didn't have to do as much."

That was the beginning of the Wackers. Getting their feet as walking jukeboxes. "We came up here (Eureka) with the immediate goal of playing rock 'n' roll in bars. We started with the most basic stuff. All of us had worked in bands of all kinds and got it and lost it and wandered around and there was just no question at this point that **this** was what we were gonna do. So we picked a drummer named Bill Henderson (he played on one track, "Don't Be Cruel," from their first Elecktra LP) and then went into the basement of the Unique Experience, this sort of headshop with black oak walls and water dripping from the ceiling, and just played. We had an electric piano and a Standard Oil Barrel that we set up onstage for no reason."

"We borrowed a Sixty Beatle Hit book," continues Randy, "that had all the chords and words to all their songs in it, and just got down to it."

Bob: "We opened in the first week of March at the Purple Haze and just kicked ass. Everybody went 'What's that?'. It wasn't such unusual music, I guess, except that we didn't care about anything else, we didn't strain ourselves to do anything but exactly what we wanted to do. If we wanted to play a whole night of nothing but Beatles, we did. When songs came we'd write 'em and slide 'em in, otherwise we just pounded out Beatles and Stones. And we were getting wasted every night, drank up all our pay--"

"No," corrects Randy. "They let us play for free."



Clockwise from above:

Kootch: tall, lean and sings a great Chuck Berry song, to boot.

Randy Bishop screams as he breaks a fingernail.

Bob Segarini: shaking that funky tambourine.

Drummer Ernie: Hey, smile for the camera... Ernie? Ernie!!



Wackers Bucking Migration Trend: Staying in Canada

MONTREAL — The Canadian tradition has long been for local musicians of any real calibre to relocate in the United States. Elektra's Wackers represent a complete reversal of that rock name game.

Previously located in Eureka, Cal., the four members of the Wackers moved to Montreal at the beginning of winter. They have since had a moderately successful single, "Day and Night" and are recording a fourth album for Elektra at Kebec Sound. The album will be entitled "Wack 'n' Roll."

"The reason we moved to Montreal," explained singer Bob Segarini "is that we found ourselves spending so much time here. We also were amazed by the openness of the media to our music—

outlets like CHOM, the "Musical Friends" TV show, daily critics like Juan Rodriguez and Bill Mann. It was such a change to what we're used to. Plus we think the facilities at Kebec Sound are second to none.

"We spent eight months of 1972 in Montreal, and in October we made it permanent. Now we regard ourselves as a Canadian band, although we're signed to Elektra in the U.S. But we've worked for our place here.

"The Canadian music scene is the most underrated, underhyped and underexploited music scene that I've ever been part of," Segarini said "Montreal feels to me the way San Francisco did in 1967. Something's going to happen."

"Yeah," sez Bob, "at first!"

Manager Cherie Porter has the last word on this one: "This band drinks more than any group I've ever seen! I once got a statement from a bar they played in for three nights. It says we own THEM \$3.50 for bar tabs over the amount of pay!!"

"So we partied and played," until they couldn't tell the difference. This was March of 1971, and the band that was to release two albums within the following year was attaining the status of a local legend: "We'd be onstage: 'What're we gonna do tonite?' Ended up 'E-A-G!' Got it? One two three, wham! Didn't matter if nobody but one guy in the band had ever played it before. They'd reek for four or five days, then they fell into place and we just kept on going."

Somewhere in this alcoholic haze, an emissary from Elektra who remembered Bob and Randy from the Roxy days came up, liked what he heard and signed the Wackers to his label. Mark Abramson of Judy Collins fame expressed some enthusiasm, then backed out. The band was getting miffed. So in true punk fashion they called up Jac Holzman, then president of Elektra Records, to bawl him out.

Bob: "Holzman says, 'I've got this guy, he's had a lot of experience and really knows the music, and he wants to do your records.'

"What's his name?"

"Gary Usher." "So for awhile we just flipped, because we all loved some of the thing he'd produced — Beach Boys, those Byrds albums, Firesign Theatre, Paul Revere. So I call him, I've never met him before and we talk long distance for about three hours. A truly great conversation, bits of wisdom like the reason drunks keep their Muscatel in paper bags: I dunno, I says, and he says: "So they don't know when it's gonna run out.' So I thought, Shit, this guy's great. We figured he was just the man to grasp what we were doing instantly. So he came up here, and he walked into the club, and he hated us. Because it was LOUD. Loud ROCK 'N' ROLL, and Randy would rap all this drunken obscenity and somebody would fart

... I mean he got a kick out of it on one level, but he also went 'Aaaahh. ...'

Next I got him to listen to some of the songs, with emphasis on the acoustic shit. We started playing more acoustic sets while he was here, even though we didn't dig 'em that much, because we recognized that the acoustic stuff would knock him out and the flat out beer drinking rock 'n' roll would lessen our chances. ..."

Randy: "First he sat down for 12 hours and told us that we were a piece of shit. And that we didn't have any right ... He said: 'You guys got no business in this business. Are you better than the Beatles?' And we all laughed and said, 'Yeah, of course we are!'"

"When he was working at RCA, he said, bands would come in all hot and sit in his office and he'd say 'Are you better than the Beatles?' And it'd throw 'em completely: "Auuuhh, the Beatles ... wow, man..." So he'd call 'em that way, and throw 'em out. But he couldn't call us. He'd never had anybody tell him that they were better than the Beatles before, serious or not, so finally he decided to produce us and said: 'You got a lot of gall.'

In terms of getting their sound and sense across to the public, it might have been better for the Wackers if Gary Usher had thrown them out of his office and into the arms of a producer with different orientations. Because the plain damned facts of the matter are that neither one of the first two Wackers albums, both Usher-produced, is very inspiring, even though both have terrific songs and the kernel of the excitement found in their live show. They're sweet, gossamer, unassuming albums that come off as some Hollywood hack's attempt to mate Graham Nash harmonics with **Abbey Road** musical ideas. They come off that way because of the production. It's a mighty thin varnish, utterly gutless, and songs that'll knock you back with their depth and grandeur in person (like "We Can Fly") simply cheep and noodle. It's plain sad, particularly when you start wondering how great the songs would've sounded if ... say, Ted Templeman or Bob Ezrin had produced them instead. I asked the band if, in spite of their natural excitement over getting to a studio at last, they had second thoughts when they first became fully cognizant of what Usher had in mind for them in lieu of rock 'n' roll.

"We thought we could overcome it," says Bob. "And we started to a couple of times. We won a couple of fights on **Wackering Heights** (their first), but we lost so many others. But it got really ugly during **Hot Wacks**. We had some shouting scrapes while we were recording in Montreal.

Randy reveals: "Our big mistake was doing that first album with Elecktra. Because once Roxy failed, it really soured the company on Bob and myself."

"I can't really blame Gary," continues Bob, "because he's a talented guy; he was bright enough to think that we could make good records, and we learned a tremendous amount from him. Someday we'd like to work with him again. But we couldn't get him to stop producing. He'd let us have bits and pieces of rock 'n' roll, but they always sounded like there was a piece of gauze over it. We could never get him to kick back a little bit."

Kootch: "No matter what he does he has to take the longest way around, do it the hardest way possible. Instead of putting a room noise on a cut he'll do a 15 IPS round robin or a 7½ IPS round robin and put it way off in the right speaker

somewhere. It'll sound the same, except that it'll have a tendency to sound sterile."

"It's the difference between transistors and tubes," explains Bob, for the benefit of your completely befuddled reporters. I don't know if IPS stands for Illicit Pimp Services, but I do know that the presence of a technician was what finally sank the Family Tree, and that nothing could be more antithetical to the spirit of the Wackers.

Nevertheless, both albums went off in record time. "We went down to Wally Heider's and cut 13 complete songs, mixes and all, in 10 days. We were so hot — neither Randy nor I had been in a studio for a year and a half — that we just went berserk. In the first four days we recorded nine songs, tracking vocals with no overdubs. It was just time, we couldn't wait, not even long enough to make sure or bully our way to having the album sound like we'd dreamed it would."

On the second day a minor crisis erupted when Billy the Drummer found that he was having trouble due to lack of studio experience, so Gary Usher called in Ernie Earnshaw, "who we'd known in LA and was now vegetating in Marin." The recording session also completed the present and classic Wackers line-up with the return of the prodigal Kootch at last.

"I was there the first day," groans Kootch in that lazy 4 o'clock on a kicked back Saturday afternoon drawl. "I'd called Cherie (Porter) a couple of days before that. I was hitchhiking on this street in San Francisco in the middle of the night and not a car in sight, all of a sudden Cherie pulls up out of nowhere in her van with a bunch of people and says, 'Hey, we're goin' to a party,' and then she says, 'Yeah they got this band called the Wackers' and I says 'The What? That's the stupidest fuckin' name I ever heard in my life.' But she sez they're really good and they're playin' in Eureka. Well, I'd never heard of Eureka so I thought, well, Bob's really flipped this time. She told me I should join and I said, 'No, I don't wanna be in a band with Segarini, he's crazy!'"

But, as the story goes, Kootch did indeed rejoin: "the second day we were at Wally Heider's, we got in there before Usher did, which was always the case (this band was always early) we'd show up for gigs at 6 o'clock, we sit around and drink till 8 to be sure we can fall off the stage later. ..."

It could only have aggravated the existing tension with Usher, but somehow both of the first two Wackers albums were finished on time and rushed out to a slightly less than ravenous public. Meanwhile, Elektra was seemingly having as much trouble keeping the group's identity straight as their producer. Randy: "There's a large time lag between our changes and what other people see. Like everybody in LA had Roxy down as this flash band, but toward the end of Roxy we started doing this two man thing called Floyd and Norm. Esoteric bullshit. So then Elektra got used to that and decided we were Segarini and Bishop. So then we started this band called the Wackers. So now they're just beginning to come around after two albums to realizing that we're not two folk musicians but this five piece flashy rock 'n' roll band with lots of harmonies. The company thinks right now we're where we were with **Hot Wacks**, which was flashy clothes and all this makeup, but now we're just back to being a bar band."

Alienation and misinterpretation. "We've always wanted to be as big as Elvis, as big as the Beatles," says Bob, "and they say 'You guys could be as big as J. Geils!'" Yeesh!

"Clean you guys up a bit and make you as big as de Toitles."

"Somebody actually said that to us," says Bob unbelievably. "Jac Holzman once told me we sounded like a



cross between the Grateful Dead and CSNY. But I think Jac understands now. I mean we finally quit, we used to bug everybody at that label with obscene phone calls. We were a real bunch of assholes. But sometimes you've gotta be. I mean Allen Klein's an asshole. Everybody hated him because he got out and got things done for his band."

Concerning managers, Randy sez, "Right after **Hot Wacks** came out, we were at our peak. The Wackers played in Buffalo, opening for the Doors at the Peace Bridge Exhibition Center. Our manager was the Doors' manager and he wouldn't let us go to any of the press conferences because he was afraid we'd draw attention away from the Doors."

"Our hassle with Elektra," summarizes Bob, "is that sometimes we feel they don't think we're as concerned with the music as we pretend to be." Everybody laughs at that one, because it's so obviously a statement of the nature of the band, the inner discipline of its rowdy, disorderly delinquent attitudes, and the conundrum which sums up forever the immutable generation gap between the new punk artists and the international industries and cartels which market them any way they can and with varying and easily diminishing degrees of insight into how their rockin' charges think and feel and work. But the Wackers aren't here to snivel: "It's just as much our fault that we're misunderstood at that label as anybody else's. Our lack of direction at the outset was the real source of the trouble. And it was our responsibility to correct that. You have to understand that when you're unknown, and you get a record company who has no idea who you are, there's bound to be problems."

Things were touch and go for a while, indeed. Elektra was all charming uncle, soothing words and random attempts to smooth things over by folkie diplomacy. Jac Holzman came to visit Wackering Heights, made the Wackers the best meal they'd ever eaten in their lives (all organic too, even though they are lowdown burger fanciers to a man), and blew their minds by doing the dishes while they were out. Jac Holzman is

a good, merry man, possessed of remarkable humility for anyone and especially one in his position. But Jac Holzman did not understand rock 'n' roll. Few people at Elektra did. So it's really entirely justifiable that in the face of all these attempts at mollification the Wackers were just punk enough to grumble about how they **still** weren't getting their just jive desserts. They wrote a song during this period, never recorded except on their myriad private tapes, which sums up the mood of those days perfectly.

—Living in the basement, playing till you cry
Somebody happens by and says, "Your time has come"
"Really like what you're layin' down, but you know we'll have to change the sound,
To make it sell, we'll hide the cake and record the crumbs."

Well I just want to play my music
I just want to sing my songs
You been changing what I am to me
And making my mistakes for me too long
too long.*

So, after **Hot Wacks**, Stull left the group. Sez Bob: "Stull left to be a technician and get into Da Blues. I got him to play Rickenbacher 12-string funky leads and he hated to play them: he thought it restricted his blues playing and fast licks. But I give a big fat fuck about fast licks. Gimme a Badfinger solo anytime as opposed to a Mahavishnu solo. I find that redundant and boring at the same time."

The group's third LP **Shredder**, originally begun as the Segarini-Bishop acoustic-duo album into which Elecktra had expressed a willingness to sink money substantially beyond the

budget for a record by a five-man band. But, during the recording process, various members of the group kept walking in: Kootch, Ernie drummed on two cuts, a previously-unknown guitarist named J.P. Lauzon, Mashmakan's drummer Jerry Mercer - ideas filtered back and forth, and at length all pretences to some Uncle Scrooge edition of Brewer and Shripley were abandoned and they let loose and got down.

Randy explains: "**Shedder** was a really fun album to record cuz nobody gave a shit about technicalities. The album began at Wally Heider's in San Francisco, the we came up to Montreal to finish it and stayed at Doug Pringle's (a DJ at CHOM who has since recorded two singles under Bishop's production and signed to T. Rex' label, Hot Wax)."

In his review in **Rolling Stone**, Ben Edmonds said: "With rock 'n' roll commanding so much of the action on **Shredder** ("Hey Lawdy Lawdy," "It's My Life"), even their acoustic material packs a punch, and may in fact provide the album's most enjoyable moments. These are **rock 'n' roll** ballads, not whimperings from some Marin County sickbed... On "Last Dance" you can almost envision Ray Davies and David Bowie in starchy prom tuxedos, waltzing across the floor for the final time. Randy Bishop's vocal is overly affected, but works perfectly in context. The song is a caricature, its features consciously distorted for emphasis and effect. At the heart of the Wacker ethic is an unmoveable commitment to fun, even should it take the form of mild self-parody."

Edmonds goes on to note the album's only weak point, a ten-minute jam called "Buck Buckdog Memorial Jam." Concerning that oddity, Segarini complained, "I would rather have had three more Wackers songs instead of the jam. But Mark Abramson pointed out that there are people out there

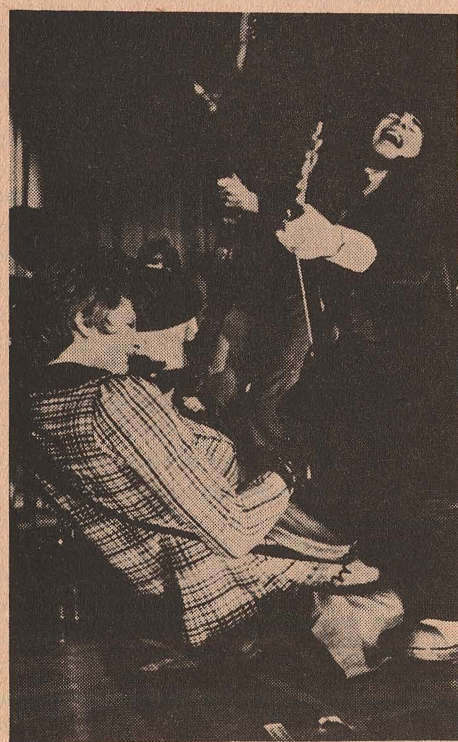
who will like it. I find it extremely boring and no one in the band really enjoyed the jam, except for J.P., but it **was** a good showcase for him."

The group then began to build an amazing following on the initial strength of a hit single, "Day and Night" (from **Shredder**) in Montreal. They then toured the Northwest with Lauzon to raise the money to move to Montreal permanently and Lauzon left. At that point, Randy explains, "When we lost a lead guitarist for the second time, we decided to remain as a four-piece group. We couldn't find any more Wackers."

Bob: "The first time we played as a four-piece group (Randy, Kootch Ernie and myself) was when "Day and Night" was Top 20 in Detroit. When the four of us played together, there was always an amazing amount of energy. Randy would makethese amazing 20 foot leaps, I was always dancing and prancing, and Kootch and Ernie were always kidding and joking around."

Perhaps it was the adoration that Montreal lavished upon them that gave them the encouragement to record the album they'd always wanted to record: a full-fledged, sock-em drunken rock 'n' roll album filled with the songs that they'd been playing for years. I mean, Christ, these songs were knocking Wacker audiences for a loop in concert presentation, and the damn company wouldn't let them onto vinyl!

Bob: When we originally came up here to do **Wack 'n' Roll**, we had already recorded the demo right after **Hot Wacks**, consisting of "Rock 'n' Roll Circus," "Teenage Love," "She Loves You," Randy's "Old Mr. Hard Times" - all uptempo, rock 'n' roll songs. And we played them for Elecktra promotion head John Davis, who was jumping up and down shouting "I've finally got a rock 'n' roll band." And I was



The Wackers Last Stand

Like most other bands, the Wackers were not simply the four guys on stage. There were, the roadies, the manager, the family, the record company and others filling various capacities. This is the story of the end of the Wackers. It's not the be-or-end all, but it tells what happened when one group called it quits.

The Wackers were a rock 'n' roll band from California who chose Montreal as a base. Montreal is a big city but it can think awfully small at times. One of these instances is with regard to its' musical talent. With the possible exception of Leonard Cohen, who is really neither musical nor talented, no one has ever become successful in the American rock world using Montreal as a home base. But the Wackers were actually here and they were going to be famous, and they were going to put Montreal on the map!

Simply because they had two albums released, the Wackers were immediately top dogs when they moved here. They

captured the hearts and soul of teens throughout the city. They played high schools every weekend during the school year and the kids always turned out in droves. Here was a big-name band ("Didn't they get reviewed in **Creem** and **Rolling Stone**?" was the usual comment) playing for a bunch of high-school punks! The Wackers soon developed a hard core of followers. There was a fan club for the more impassioned ones, who sent their favorite Wacker many a special letter. And everybody just waited for the Big Record that was going to rocket them to stardom.

However, suddenly we found ourselves heading for Ottawa, two hours away, to catch their final act as a group. The Wackers were dissolving, victims of financial troubles brought about mainly by an unsympathetic record company. It was bad enough the band was breaking up, but to have it all end in some two-bit

hotel in Byton was disgraceful. Aside from the immediate entourage, no one was aware of the impending dissolution until the day before, when it was leaked in a newspaper. It was a shame that the kids who supported the band so devotedly were denied a final opportunity to see them.

Ah, what the hell, this sort of thing happens every day, right? I mean, there must be hundreds of groups who throw in the towel every year. Isn't it just another butt in the ashtray? It's all going to be water under the bridge soon anyway, right?

Bullshit. Its pain was of the first degree. A sizable number of people from Montreal drove the 120 miles to see the show, even in spite of one day's notice. The Wackers were obviously special and it was a sad day for a lot of people when they gave their last performance. The band seemed unaffected although it was the last stand. That's professionalism, I guess. To their endless credit, they didn't foist their problems on an unsuspecting audience, who had no inkling of what was going on.

The toughest part of the evening was kissing goodbye to all those great songs. The Wackers were a rock and roll band of the highest calibre and many of their compositions stand as classics of their genre. "In the Isles," "Day and Night," "I'm Bored," "On the Way Up," "Tonight," "Wait and See," "Juvenile Delinquent," "Hey Lawdy Lawdy" (the latter three are still performed by the Dudes-Ed.)... ah, I can see it now.

The Wacker wives must have used two whole rolls of Scottowels to soak up the tears, as each opening chord signified the last times each song would be played. Dancing eased the depression, although the sight of a half dozen lunatics bopping their hearts out and screaming all the words to strange songs left the local audience quizzically staring at us.

It's time, though, to bring this all back into perspective. Concerning their mishandling by Elecktra, the band's producer called them "the great American tragedy." But let's not get carried away. If they were that good, why didn't Elecktra promote them properly?

Well, it seems the Wackers were a very uncooperative bunch. Their reputation was so widespread, in fact, that when their fourth album (**Wack 'n' Roll**) was refused by Elecktra, no other record company would touch them. And that was the straw that broke the Wackers' back.

On the other hand, they were treated shabbily by their record company. The Wackers received next to nothing in terms of promotion. Any publicity bills incurred came out of the Wackers' own pockets. Furthermore, their records were never advertised, although they sold well wherever they were given airplay. Elecktra just didn't give a shit about the Wackers.

Unfortunately, we're going to forget the Wackers. It may take weeks, months, or years, but we'll forget them. As the band stepped up to the mikes to begin the closing "Hot Wacks" medley, one of their titles popped into my mind: "Time Will Carry On (Even When We're Gone)" That's the real tragedy behind the death of the Wackers.

-David Riley

jumping from desk to desk and throwing records around. No wonder they locked the doors every time we went up to Elektra."

So the Wackers returned to the studios, with Mark Abramson at the controls, to record **Wack 'n' Roll** (for a more thorough cut-by-cut review, see the Long Players section in this ish-Ed.).

And that's where problems really surfaced. Whereas before it was the Wackers, solid as a rock and together through all, against their company and management, now the group itself started to crumble from within. Randy: "During the sessions for **Wack 'n' Roll**, the whole negative feeling started 6 months before the band split. Kootch felt he couldn't play bass, Ernie was always so stoned he couldn't play. No one would rehearse."

"Besides," Randy continues, "The stuff on **Wack 'n' Roll** had been written three years before recording it and it was a real struggle getting the freshness and enthusiasm back into songs that we had been playing for years."

When Elektra refused to release **Wack 'n' Roll**, it totally blitzed the band's drive. They continued to gig but, because they didn't have any records out, the tours couldn't support them and Elektra stopped answering the phones to them.

Randy goes on: "We finally came to grips with our identity on **Wack 'n' Roll**, it personified our stage trip." But, by then, the negative feelings Randy mentioned earlier became quite obvious:

Some points:

1) A quote from Randy: "Since **Shredder**, I played lead since we were a four-piece and it got very, very high energy, heavy metal. A lot of that was due to an overwhelming ego problem with Bob, who has this desire to be sexy on stage and he thinks if he sings pretty. . ."

2) A quote from Bob: "Randy felt stilted in the old Wackers because he didn't get to stand upfront that much, as far as the records went. So onstage, he was everywhere, jumping all over and the kids loved it."

And so it went that the external pressures made their mark on the internal harmony within the Wackers. Don't get me wrong, tho, the band probably begin to feel that: "Hey, we keep producing all this great stuff and we keep getting our asses slapped. Could it be that maybe we're a little bit . . . wrong?"

Bob reveals, "an example of our worst night would be Ernie overdrumming, Randy jumping all over and making a lot of mistakes, I'd be scowling and not looking at the audience and Kootch would be at the mike shouting out what assholes everybody was for not digging it. I don't blame them. . ."

That's about all you need to discern that it wasn't long

before the Wackers kissed us all goodbye, eh? The band did a final tour of Ontario, hoping to regain their composure, but they just couldn't take having to start all over and build a whole new fanship. And who, may I tearfully ask, can blame them?

Some last words remain: It's been over a year now that the Wackers played their last concert (reviewed by Montreal writer David Riley elsewhere in this section-Ed.). Ernie is back in Marin County getting high, Stull has disappeared, J.P. Lauzon has set himself up in Montreal quite well via songwriting and guitar for pop-star J.P. Ferland, Randy has embarked on a successful solo career with an album coming out soon and is prepared to move to N.Y. or Los Angeles to 'work my butt off.' Bob and Kootch are happier than ever before in their sensational, mind-reeling group, the Dudes.

Bob and Randy have resolved whatever differences may have begun to bloom a year ago and one of the good sights during my stay in Montreal was seeing Randy Bishop, with his entourage, clapping and shouting and whistling (with a whistle, not his fingers) his joy and approval for the Dudes' numbers the night he came down to see them (for the first time) as Bob tried in vain to hold back his smile at the avalanche of applause.

Flashback to the Wackers during the **Hot Wacks** days with the following dialogue:

"A lot of people complain about having to play all the time, but we really dig the grind. Oh, we complain about it too. We went to Montreal: two weeks, seven nights a week, six sets a night, straight. Then a week off, then do it for

two more weeks. Fucked up, we were just wasted, man. Stull would go onstage, just playing and singing some backup once in awhile and suddenly he'd lunge right into his microphone and just go "AAHUUGGHH-RRRGHHH!!!" and Ernie'd freak and we'd go upstairs or we'd go downstairs or we didn't know which and break bottles and windows and doors. It was horrible, fuckin' rock 'n' roll purgatory: it's always a quarter to two and you're always in the middle of the last song.

"So in that context we bitch about it, but we love it. If it wasn't for the gigs—"

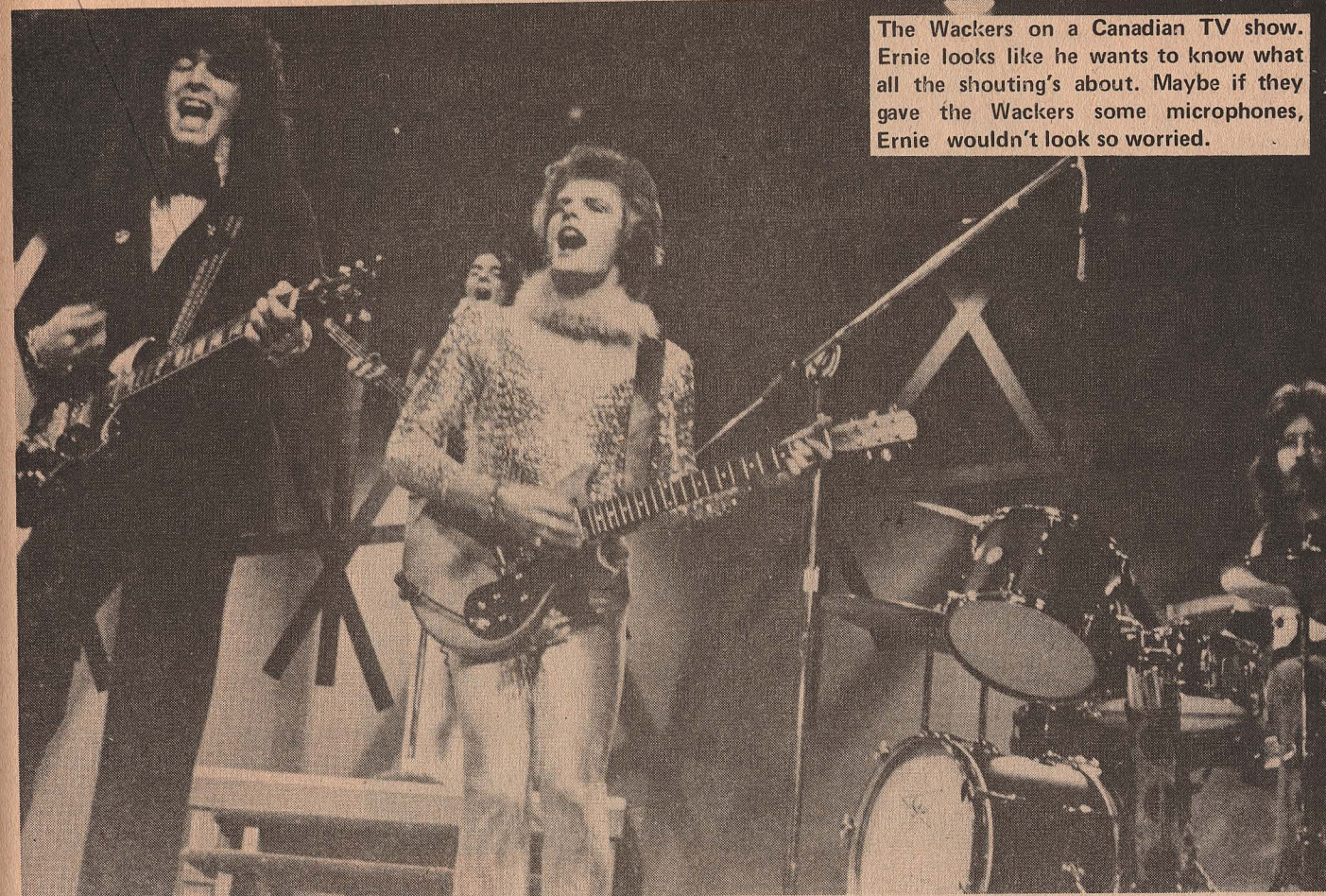
"—we'd have to rehearse!!," hoots Kootch.

"—we'd starve. And besides, we've never sounded better than just after we got out of that. Rock 'n' roll is like that—it involves people. You can't play rock 'n' roll in an empty room."

"I think I'll just paint my face, be a teenage disgrace and go down in history," right Bob? Those who were stroked by the Wackers shall always remember them.



You'll never catch Randy Bishop, girls, not with 20 foot leaps like that.



The Wackers on a Canadian TV show. Ernie looks like he wants to know what all the shouting's about. Maybe if they gave the Wackers some microphones, Ernie wouldn't look so worried.





Randy Bishop's Search for Stardom

by Bob Kozak

"My main priority is myself right now. I'm dedicating every working moment to doing what needs to be done to help my career; whether it be stringing my guitar, feeding my cats, drinking a glass of beer, or writing songs - everything is geared toward making it happen."

So speaks ex-Wacker, ex-Roxy Randy Bishop who feels he's ready to be a star. Since leaving the Wackers in October 1973, Randy has been building a solo career - slowly, carefully, deliberately.

"I've tried to be concise in the direction and image I'm trying to create. All the songs that I'm recording are representative in one way or another of my stage act and what I'm trying to do on stage. It's not a schizophrenic trip in any way."

At first Randy's career seemed to be moving along well. His first single, "Don't You Worry," with music by Randy and words by Doug Pringle (released in Canada on Good Noise records, which is owned by Andre Perry, who also owns

the studios where Randy records and where **Shredder** and the studio portions of **Wack 'n' Roll** were recorded) was a modest hit in Canada.

"'Don't You Worry' was an exercise in making a hit record," says Randy. "It hit the top ten in all the major cities, but only got as far as No. 80 in the national charts."

On first listening to one who's familiar with Randy's work with the Wackers, it's hard to believe it is Randy. It's pure pop through and through down to the bells and the bubbly but infectious Latin beat, an optimistic lyric ("Don't you worry, you're in love and that's all right"), and a melody and arrangement that are lighter than air. It may sound like pure fluff at first, but you have to watch out, because the record can be dangerously addicting if you hear it at the right moment.

The B-side "(Give It Just) One More

Chance," is Randy's attempt at doing Philly soul. An admitted cop of the Spinner's hit "I'll Be Around" ("I really studied that record," Randy says.) from the opening chords to the "oooo's" in the vocal, the song was enough to get Randy a contract with A&M records - until Randy spent three times as much as he was budgeted for in recording it.

By this time Randy was back in Montreal, and had put together his back-up band. The band consists of Marty Harris, originally from Florida, and who had played in small local Montreal bands previously, on bass; Jeff Stattner, who was convinced by Randy to give up his schooling to play guitar for him; and Chris Castle, from Houston, Texas, who had recently been drumming for French-Canadian singing star Diane Dufresne.

Randy is definitely the leader. "I make the decisions with one goal in mind - my success. I won't do anything to fuck myself up, so I won't fuck them up. I

would never tell someone to play something he hated, because it might come back to hurt me.

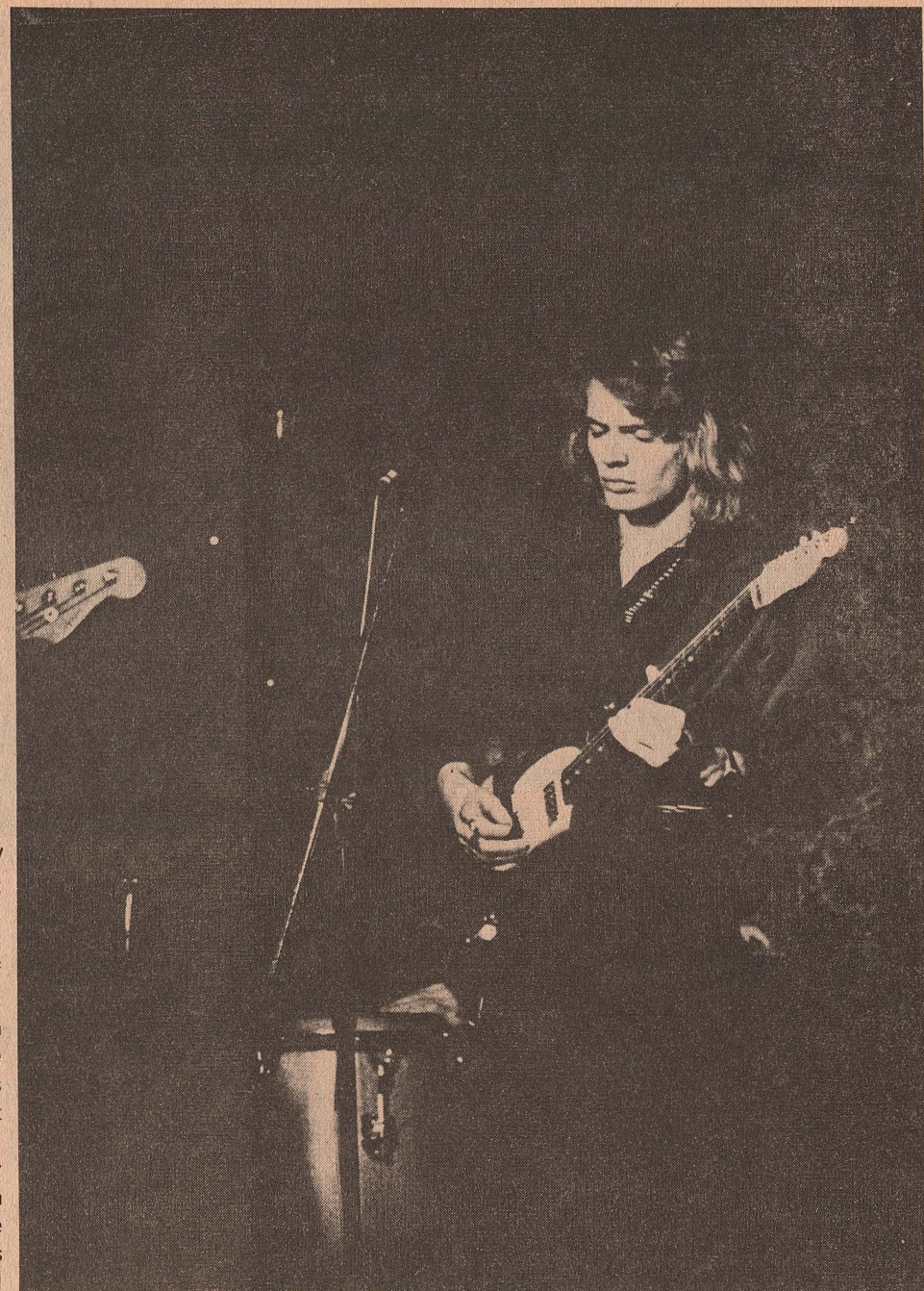
"I'm not interested in diplomacy or democracy. I appreciate everyone else's opinion, but I'll make the final decisions. I've seen bands that are so beautiful together, they never make a fuckin' move. They can't even fuckin' get out of a room together. 'Well, shall we leave now?' 'Wait, I have to put on my coat.' 'Let's vote about putting on our coats.' It's so slow if you can't make your own decisions."

The band went into the studio and recorded another single. In mood and rhythm, "Special Places (We Both Know)" sounds like an attempt to repeat the success of "Don't You Worry." In other words, another happy, bouncy pop tune. The flip, however, called "where Have You Been (All My Life)" might be the best thing Randy has released by himself, yet, with a great riff and a dark, mysterious quality to it. However, the single came nowhere near matching the success of the first one, although Randy doesn't seem that concerned about it at this point.

Musically, both singles are reminiscent of Todd Rundgren's **Something/Anything** album (Randy does "It Wouldn't Have Made Any Difference" in his live sets and that song is probably the best indication of the direction of Randy's music at the moment). Soft, bouncy, melodic, high-voiced pop - it's a little on the wimpy side - but it can be infectious and Randy stresses that his songs, especially the lyrics, are not supposed to be taken too seriously.

His music is definitely commercially oriented. "Mainly," Randy said, "this is a combination of the tastes of the people in the band and my writing. I listen to lots of AM radio; I like AM radio. Successful records are invariably good records. People don't put down blacks for being commercially oriented. What I'm mainly interested in is the **quality** of the music."

There will be a Randy Bishop album, tentatively titled **Tacky Tomfoolery**, due to be completed in December and released in February. It will include both sides of his singles; his next single, "Dancing Mood;" "Bitch, Bitch, Bitch" ("White People can't sing the blues - But they can bitch!"), one of the highlights of Randy's live sets, which will be recorded live in the studio; and "But I'm Beautiful," from whose lyrics the album title was drawn. Of the remaining songs, the only non-original is ex-Wacker Michael Stull's "Stage Door Ladies."



The album will definitely be released in America, although on what label is unknown. CTI (Creed Taylor International), up until now known as a jazz label, has shown interest ("They're expanding," says Randy, "and they want to break into other types of music with something commercial."). Elektra, with different people running the company than those who fucked over the Wackers, is also interested, but nothing is certain now.

"One thing about Montreal," Randy said, "is that it's not one of the musical capitals of the world. Eventually, I think

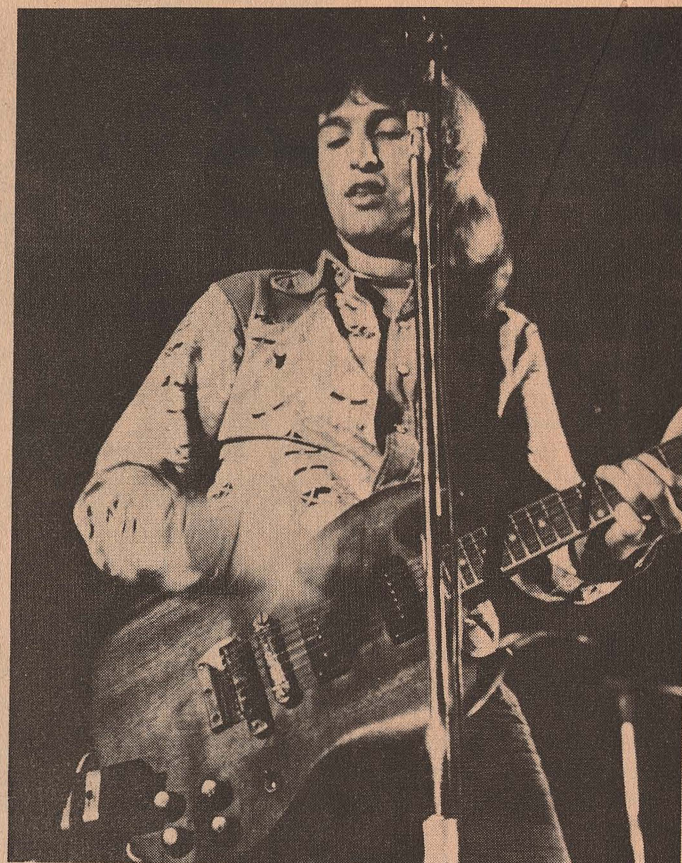
I'm going to have to move to New York or L.A. to get closer to the business end."

Until then, Randy is keeping busy in Montreal. Besides himself, he's produced an album for Anne Anderssen, and two Pringle singles (All reviewed elsewhere in this issue), and there are plans for more outside production work "when time allows."

But, like he says, Randy's own career is most important to him. "If this album is successful, I'm going to work my butt off. I'm going to tour, and tour, and record some more; I'm going to drench myself in my career. I want my face in every supermarket in the world."

Enter: the Dudes!

by Gary Sperrazza



David "don't call him Davy" Henman

Robert Segarini - guitars and vocals and funky tambourine, "Mr. Dancehall," current favorite album is 10 CC's **Sheet Music**, married and expecting, comics and porn clutter his apartment's floor, sings in three tones simultaneously when you least expect it, avid TV fanatic, previous bands are the Wackers, Roxy, Family Tree and mid-60's California groups too numerous to mention.

David Henman - guitars and vocals, the "Bad Boy," would take a Jimmy Page solo LP if stranded on a desert island, married, "Where is he now?" "Out goofin'." David likes to goof," stands rooted onstage with open eyes peering out into the smoke-filled clubs, previous bands are Silver and April Wine.

Brian Greenway - lead guitar and vocals, 'the kid,' brought up on 'da Blooz,' single, favorite word appears to be 'Nnnrrgguhh' (watch this kid), thick mane of hair hiding his face as he whips out licks faster than peanuts out of a can, previous band is Mashmakan.

William 'Kootch' Trochim: bass and vocals, would take Chuck Berry and Stones with him if stranded on desert island, single, plays street hockey regardless of weather, stands distant and mean-looking onstage probably cuz he's always pissed off about something,

previous bands are the Wackers and Family Tree.

Wayne Cullen: drums and vocals, "Rich Little," would probably take a Monty Python album with him to keep the natives in stitches, single, sings an incredible "Satisfaction" with Kootch, impersonates Ed Sullivan, Nixon, and Nixon impersonating Sullivan but won't do "Wipe-out" when I ask him, previous band is the Wackers.

Richie Henman - drums and vocals, the other half of the back row of comedians, looks just like the drummer from a band I useta manage, if you hear Charlie Farkelson laughing during the Dudes' show you'll know it's him, previous bands are Silver and April Wine.

Take these six guys, mix liberally with your friendly neighborhood **Shakin' Street** editor, put them in a Montreal club with ill reputation on a Saturday night and watch what happens when the club owner doesn't pay our six Dudes when they've just busted their balls playing rock 'n' roll in said club. Kootch, as always, is ready to smack heads but opts for a more tactful out, "let the Union handle it." Segarini saunters over to our table and suggests we make ourselves scarce. No, says I, although nonviolent and loving by nature, I'm just as pissed

off as they are. Go, says Seg, this kind of trouble you don't want to mess with.

"The ideal thing," explains Segarini later, "would be to write a song, perform it in front of an audience, see that it's successful, record it, release it and it would go onto the streets intact, without all the bullshit in between. But when you write a song and talk someone into recording it, it's a year later. And then the record company gets pissed off cuz it's not a hit. So you say 'well if you had put in out when we asked you to? ... But that's a stupid argument cuz you can't win. ..."

So, employing the same strategy he used with the Wackers years ago, the Dudes are gonna have to pace themselves the way any good band should: always a step of a year ahead of themselves. It's not easy, when clubs and record companies are bogging down the creative process and let's not forget about the ever-threatening ego problems that arise when a band is not put together with equal talents.

Bob: "The ego problem we have is our saving grave. It's where everybody in the band, just once in a while, begins to think that maybe the rest of the band could get along without him. You begin like maybe on a day when you've got a really band



Until we can get this lively bunch of Dudes to stop moving long enough for us to take their picture, this will have to do. From left to right: Kootch Trochim, Brian Greenway, Robert Segarini, and David Henman; with Ritchie Henman and Wayne Cullen not visable in back behind the drums.

hangover and you're in a bad mood anyway, you begin to think that maybe you're the one weak link holding the band back from Making It. So, it makes you try a little harder. It's working with people you respect musically. That's what the band's based on."

"I've always wanted to be in a group similar to, say, the Family Tree, where you have three or four guys that sing, in a 3 or 4 piece group. So one guy doesn't blow his brains out for 40 minutes and people don't get bored." The harmony within the Dudes is a good sign in these star-struck days: "It's comfortable," smiles Bob, "It's nice to know that the guy next to you writes tremendous songs and sings."

And there are such guys surrounding Segarini in the Montreal-based Dudes, particularly the one to Segarini's left. David Henman, having left April Wine with brother Richie to settle into the Dudes, explains his graceful exit: "We were on the road with April Wine 300 days a year and it didn't give us much change to write or rehearse, the workload just caused the group to get very dry. Leaving April Wine was a big kick in the ass for us and a big kick for them," noting the massive success of the recent April Wine lineup, who are up for Canadian

Entertainers of the Year in 1974.

The mutual admiration continues on down the line, not only through David and Richie, who spent the whole of a 6-week tour trying to figure why the Wackers were never 'as big as the Beatles' but over to drummer Wayne Cullen, who took on one of his main aspirations by joining the Wackers previous to their split and happily continued on into the present Dudes lineup.

At stage left, there's the root of the band's powerful drive: a tall, slender almost mean looking bassist named Kootch, who exudes just enough of that Charlie Watt's detachment (remember on **Rock Concert**, the look on his face as he watched Jagger prance around?) as he pounds out bass licks borne of Chuck Berry-Stones rock 'n' roll inspiration and sings "Little Queenie" and the old Wackers killer "Wait and See" with enough self-conscious humor to make it all believable again.

Next to him is lead guitarist Brian Greenway, who (sez David Henman) "is the one to break the ice when we're in a new place. He'll always do somethin' so silly that you just gotta laugh and then it becomes infectious." Brian has written 'Li Le Lady' and "Wimmen" for the Dudes and sings a great reggae-fied heavy

metal "Please Mr. Postman" which the band will record, no doubt. Brian probably has the most outwardly irresponsible posture in the Dudes and I found myself many times waiting for him to fly off the handle (I can't help but think of David Seville yelling at Alvin to stop playing that damn harp) which he'll occasionally do if he sees every Dude is taking things too seriously, but not enough to impede his fast and frequently 'oh-so-perfect-lead breaks. Besides, anyone who throws in licks of "Day Tripper" or "Dueling Banjos" in the most absurd places within songs has got just the right sense of humor for your **Shakin' Street** reporter.

So put it all together and you have the Dudes, a four-guitar and two-drums group with the best creative rockin' and rollin' stage posture around. I add 'creative,' because of the balance.

Walk in any night on the Dudes and you'll see all the elements unravel before your eyes: a birth of material conducive to drinking, dancing or just plain gaped-mouth listening. Rock 'n' roll excursions in David Henman's "Fuel Injection," "Silk and Lace," "Too Young," "Dancin' Shoes," "Rock and Roll Debutante" and others. Soft-toned rockers with polished guitar interplay in

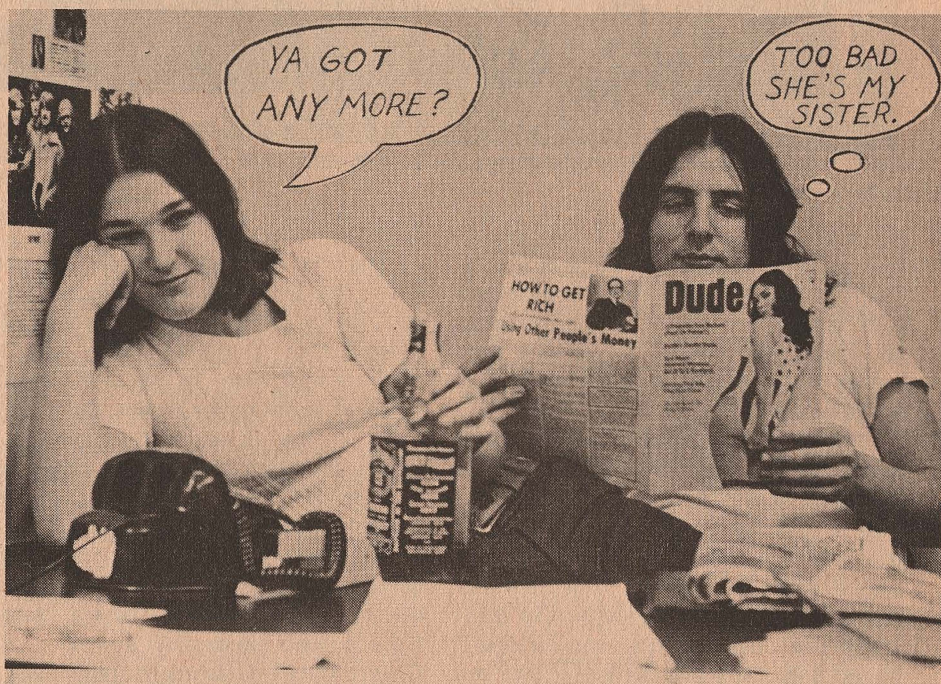
Segarini's "I Just Want to Dance," "Montreal," "I'm Around," "You Got Me Where You Want Me" with the stunning guitar contributions of Brian Greenway in "Li Le Lady." Closing their sets are three cuts from the Wackers unreleased **Wack 'n' Roll** LP: "Juvenile Delinquent," "Teenage Love" and "I Started to Rock," plus "Hey Lawdy Lawdy" from **Shredder**. The Dudes have also completed their dream of a band that does good original material and their favorite oldies with the inclusion of a mind-reeling Stones set, and spankin' strong versions of the aforementioned "Please Mr. Postman" and Jimmy Reed's "You Got Me Runnin'."

As if that ain't enough, Bob tells a story of the Dudes' multi-instrumental talents: "There was one night when we played that, after starting with our regular lineup . . . Kootch went to drums, Richie went to bass, then I went to drums, Richie went to . . . the bar, Kootch went to lead guitar, I went to bass. We drove the audience nuts!!"

Living and working in Montreal presents a problem as far as Stateside exposure, but Bob insists: "Canada is the only place, other than maybe Australia, where you can get good rock 'n' roll. Quebec is like a little chunk of Europe that ended up in N. America and as a result, everyone has this amazing perspective and respect of the States and its music."

So, in the meantime, the Dudes are constantly playing in Montreal, refining and expanding their style into a unique new rock 'n' roll. The Dudes feel ready to come to the States and let all know the music that's been brewing in the fort-like Montreal rock scene for years now. As this is being written, the Dudes are preparing for their first Forum (home of the Canadiens) appearance opening for, of all people, Barry White and Love Unlimited. Although 20th Century is expressing great interest in the band (having recently released Mahogany Rush's second album, produced by Bob Segarini), a better prospect seems to have cropped up in Jimmy Ienner and Capitol. That's right, the exquisite producer of the Raspberries (whose new LP, **Starting All Over**, sets the whole pop-rock output ahead by years) can take the Dudes and make HIT RECORDS.

So what we've got here is a tip of an iceberg. Big things are in store for the Dudes, and why not with the tired, worn, blown-out singer/songwriters and aged rock stars reluctantly pushed out of the



Well, if the Dudes are gonna read **Shakin' Street**, **Shakin' Street** will start reading **Dude**. Note smart ass editor trying to keep it down.

charts by the new kids on the block. It happens all the time. Segarini muses on the successful stars: "Yeah, they cease being productive. That's because they've been working so hard at it for so many years, to make it and get rich. Then they do and they don't know what to do with

themselves. Me, I can't work hard for anything. I can barely work hard to draw breath. So I figure if we get rich and famous it won't matter that much, we can keep on with no strain."

The Dudes. A shakedown with the best of them.

Find the Groups

DUDES YALZAXSBBRRAZZA! VWGB
GWAXRIKYNPMVRVSIINIRAGESA
HSRIJBLDIHWJTHOUZBNYICXHC
SHSQTBEBVASTAMPEDERSAUDJEH
RAFCPRSZEUPUGFGONAKAMHSAM
EKJTSSIKLRMHOPRSMNLOKNHQA
PIUOQKOCOYPQFALMTCFPGSERN
UNNROZ NKZNATINDGUMREDNUHT
ASEDAUGETAVLUEOZISUOYT LUU
PTVKIMULYGGE CORWRXS GWI QSR
DRMNVP EI WACKERSQLRHCGBZHN
TEULRBSFPHPKUPVLDIPHZEAOE
MERLETSKFOTR KXONYCTAOGNR R
XTRVEOWC NMWOIRAJEHIRIPDUO
ZUAJYGHARJSKNLNJOANLFSEAV
WRYDEV DWDEIKRQWUMRVEIURWE
BISHOPC IOBCEPBSIHDEBTXC YR
XBZEDHELXOFLAELGNNKOJDZID
CDHJCBALRPOS HAUNTEDIBFVPR
UAJNXBP IJQNFCISTHUNSMELOI
LGLABBEHWAQRDEF GHEAMRQWPV
LMPUOVXCHRISTMASILLSYOILE
EDRACGREENWAYRTBJLOKQZAYR
NCOLDWATERBARBARANVSWEETO
SINNERSATSKOOTCHUTOOFEAE B

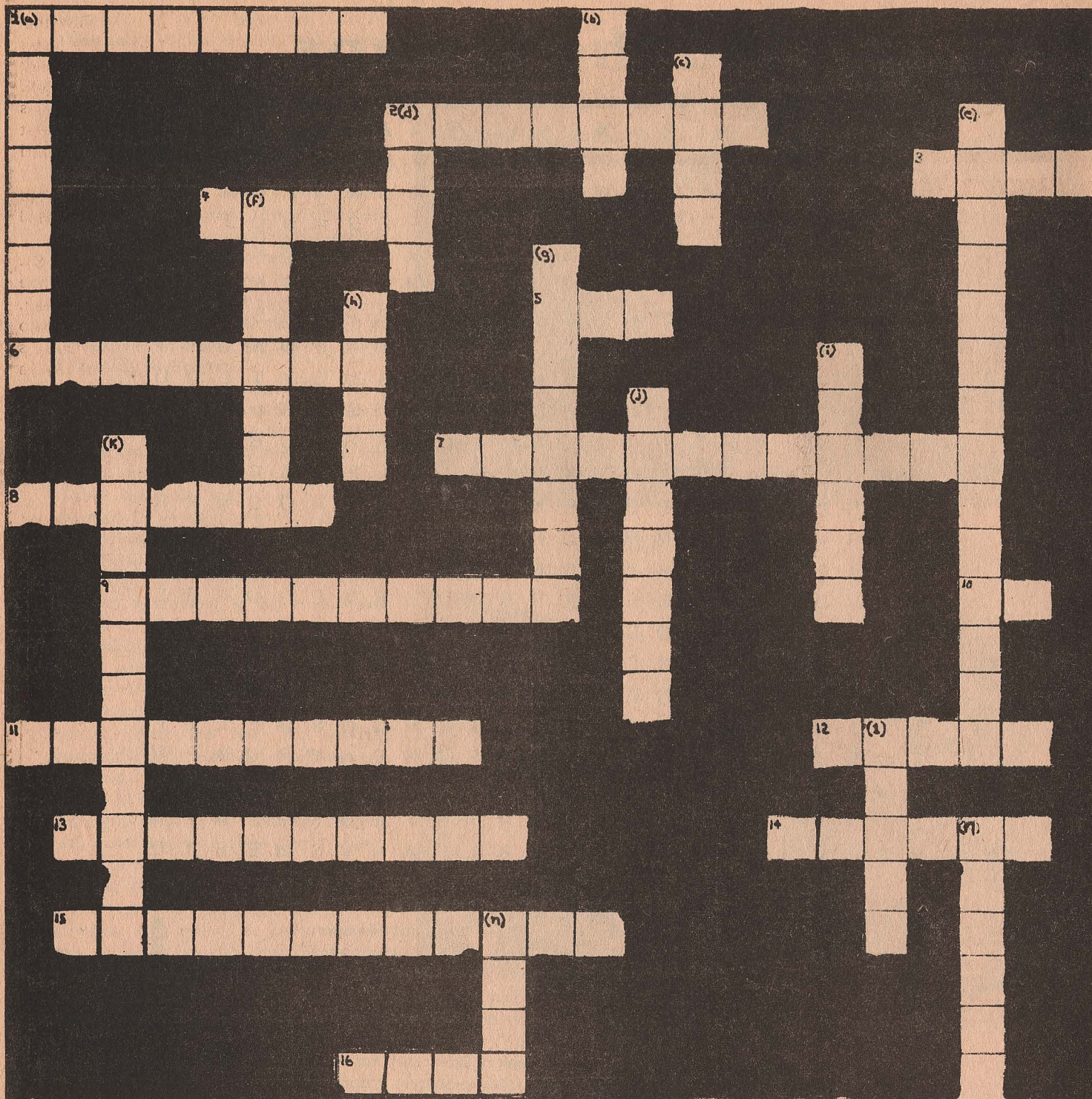
Well, since the happy response to our last British Invasion puzzle, it seemed only a matter of time before another puzzle would pop up within these pages. You know, the rules: in the mass of letters, the names of Canadian groups are positioned either forward, backward, horizontally, vertically or diagonally. Simply find them. There's no prizes but correct entries can have their pick of the **Shakin' Street** staff for a hot date. You may be treated to your favorite concert. You may walk away with a pile of albums. You may slap our pretty faces for making advances. "C'est la vie, say the old folks" . . . Look at it on the bright side, at least there's no 'Downliners Sect' in this puzzle to drive You nuts!

(Anne) Anderson
April Wine
Bachman-Turner Overdrive
Bearfoot
(Randy) Bishop
Brave Belt
Charlebois
Chilliwick

Christmas
(Foot in) Coldwater
Crowbar
Dudes
Elio
J.P. Ferland
Guess Who
(The) Haunted

Lighthouse
Mashmakan
Mahogany Rush
(Anne) Murray
Richard Neuell
Pagliaro
Paupers
Riverson

Rush
Scrubbaloe (Caine)
Silver
(Les) Sinners
Stampeders
Thundermug
Wackers



Move Crossword

(Answers on page 33.)

DOWN

- a. the "Basher"
- b. --- Wayne
- c. Biggest American Move hit
- d. "Here We Go Round the Lemon ---"
- e. Minor British Move hit
- f. the Brian Wilson of Britain
- g. ELO putz (you know who)

- h. "---- Boys" (the M/ELO/W fanzine)
- i. Trevor ----
- j. Ace ----
- k. First Move single
- l. Mike ---- (Move producer)
- m. Old Roy Wood love
- n. Jeff Lynne's old group, the Idle ----.

ACROSS

1. Wizzard Member
2. "This Time -----"
3. "----Went the Strings"
4. Rick ----

5. Lynne's present group
6. First ELO album
7. ELO member who had solo LP
8. "Fire -----"
9. Shazam opener
10. "Night -- Fear"
11. Wizzard's Brew song
12. "The Last ----- on my Mind"
13. Grape/Move classic
14. Forgotten Move writer
15. What she can REALLY do
16. L.A. group the Move liked

SHAKIN' ST. GAZETTE

Les Disqués

[illegible]

Wack 'n' Roll

WACK 'N' ROLL

The Wackers
(unreleased)

Greg Shaw said: "If it were released, it would've been the album of the year."

Lester Bangs said: "It's great! When I had the tape, I listened to it every day."

This is the album the Wackers always wanted to make. This is also the album Elecktra never wanted the Wackers to make.

Plagued throughout their recorded past with a record company that prided itself on having a **rock 'n' roll** band but never letting the band make a rock 'n' roll album, the Wackers got fed up with the reins on them and decided to make their fourth album, **Wack 'n' Roll**, the way the Wackers damn well wanted it.

Pulling together songs they'd written back in 71-72 (during the **Hot Wacks** period) and proven successful in concert performance combined with a couple new songs and favorite oldies, Segarini and Bishop and Kootch and Ernie headed for Andre Perry's Studios in Montreal, with Mark Abramson at the production controls.

Note here that this reviewer never liked Mr. Abramson's slicing but thin, tinny production. Gary Usher, producer of **Wackering Heights** gave the Wackers a rich, lush sound but, in the words of Ben Edmunds, "was afraid he'd lose in the Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young sound-alike sweepstakes." Hence, the lack of punch on the rockers (what little there were) on the first two albums. When Abramson started producing the **Shredder**

LP and this album, he complied with the Wackers' desire for a straightforward sound but left the finesse in his back pocket. Yet, in spite of that, the Wackers more than supplied the stylish class needed to justify its existence in vinyl form.

"I Started to Rock" (Segarini) - a straight three-chord progression that differs from most with the humorous vocals yet here sounds thin compared to the Dudes' hilarious version (they use it to close their set).

"In The Isles" (Bishop) Randy's vocals sound like Kim Fowley's in this rocker that would incite audience riot - "Everybody . . . in the isles!"

"Teenage Love" (Segarini) - now the highlight of the Dudes show, this lusty ode reveals all our female desires and dislikes (lyrics included on this page). After a long introduction that climaxes into Segarini's drunken drawling first verse, the band turns metal in segues and tongues abounding.

"Off The Handle" (Bishop) - more rocking with phased drumming and vocals.

"It's All Over Now" (B. and S. Womack) - what can I say, good as the Stones but not as good as Ducks Deluxe.

"Juvenile Delinquent" (Segarini) - also performed to perfection by the Dudes today. A lament for the JD with Rita Coolidge and Kris Kristoferson singing background with the Wacks.

"Rock and Roll Circus" (Segarini) - a spankin' new version of the Roxy song in which the Wackers put the original to shame.

"Queenie" (C. Berry) - the Dudes' version sounds just like this. Vocalist

Teenage Love

"I don't want no older lady who really doesn't dig my scene
I don't want no spaced out groupie who wants to be a gypsy queen
I don't want no other lady that doesn't dig rock 'n' roll
I just want the dew-eyed daughter of a father that lost control

Gimme some teenage love
Gimme some teenage love
C'mon baby, you drive me crazy
Gimme some teenage love

I don't want no shapely lady that really doesn't dig my sound
I don't want no boozed-out floozie that need to lose a few more pounds
I don't want no older lady that doesn't dig rhythm and blues
I just want the dew-eyed daughter of a father that was born to lose

Gimme some teenage love
Gimme some teenage love
C'mon baby, you drive me crazy
Gimme some teenage love

How can I think about the moon, man?
I don't even have a car of my own!"

Kootch (who else could sing it?) gives it a new punch and his inflections make you laugh the way you did when you first heard it.

"Tonight" (Segarini) - would feel at home on **Hot Wacks**. All the prime Beatles moves down to the 'oohs' and 'yeahs.'

"Demons" (Segarini) - this song sticks out of the album like a sore thumb. Not that it's bad - which it is definitely not - but represents a spacy, haunting almost Bowie-esque side of the Wackers that songwriter Segarini had not shown previously. Very reminiscent of "Space Oddity" with phased acoustic guitars, spaceships lying dormant and Segarini's echoed vocals chanting 'It's the future, man' during fade-out. Scary, but lyrically a fitting ending to the story of the Wackers.

-Gary Sperrazza!



Joni?

ANNE ANDERSSSEN
(Gamma)

Hey, before we get too far here, remember "les rockers" (pronounced "Lay rah cares") are only one side of Canadian - especially French Canadian - pop music. There is also, of course, the other, more muzak-like artists. After all there are 30 year old housewives in Quebec, too. And, anyway, I'll bet you still think everyone who sings in the French language either sounds like Maurice Chevalier or Marielle Watzhername and isn't it nice to tell you that you're still half right?

This album is a bit hipper than that older stuff (it still ain't rock 'n' roll) but that's because housewives get hipper all the time too. Although I'm not sure it's the housewives who would really want this stuff. I mean, just look at that album



cover. And she sings as sexy as she looks on that cover. What woman would want to come home and find her husband in bed with her favorite Anne Anderssen album? True, she's no Jane Birkin, who did a song a few years back called "Je T'aime something or other" (I'm sorry, I have no memory for French), which was mostly her and some guy breathing heavy and gasping and moaning etc. over a rock backing (she even did a topless photo to promote it - how come whenever we get a topless press photo, it's Mark Farner?). Yeah, Anne doesn't go anywhere near that far, but she'll do in a pinch.

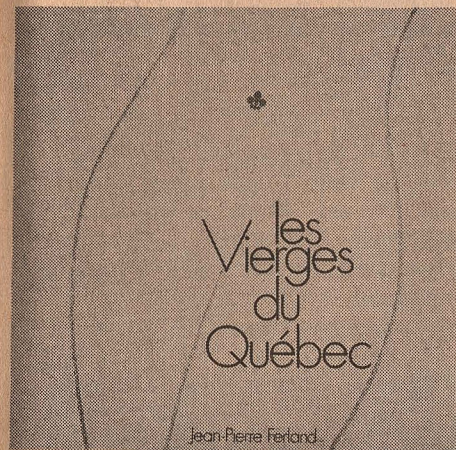
Especially to some dumb American kid whose only remembrance of grammar school French is "Ur, dur, tuat, kont. . ." If you have an imagination, this stuff can be great. You can make up your own lyrics! Like "Je Suis Un Animal" (just imagine what that could be about) or the double tracked and especially the acapella soft, low whisper parts of "Romeo Et Julianne" - You can have her saying anything you want! It's just like she's right there. And, well, you get the idea. Too bad if you can understand French. I mean, if she's singing about her dead cat or the public library or last night's dinner, I don't want to know.

She does a few other people's songs, which brings up the wierd system of song

writing credits. See, most of these songs were originally written in English (about half of them by Randy Bishop, who also produced the album). But they're all sung in French. So if I have this figured out correctly, the songs are credited lyricist-translator-composer, a system that allows the original writer to be credited twice for his song. For instance, Cat Stevens' "Lisa, Lisa" gets credited "C. Stevens - A. Anderssen - C. Stevens" and "La Derniere Danse" ("The Last Dance," done much better by Randy with the Wackers) is credited to "R. Bishop - A. Anderssen - R. Bishop."

Musically, "Je T'Aime Encore" has a great beginning. The record sounds like it's really going to rock, but then Randy kills it with these Bossa Nova rhythms (why does half this stuff have to sound like "Girl From Ipenema"?). As for the beginning of "La Balancoire," I'll smash the next flute player who puckers his lips. As for production, Randy has done an excellent job, giving the album an unusual brightness and clarity. But you have to remember one thing: This is **not** rock 'n' roll! Not that it matters, in any case. This is watered-down pop, ala Anne Murray or Helen Reddy. And that's a hard thing for even brilliant production or a sexy French voice to overcome.

-Bob Kozak



J.P. & J.D.

LES VIERGES DU QUEBEC

J.P. Ferland

(Jaune Records-Canadian release only)

OK, the bad news.

You thought we were gonna get through a whole issue of **Shakin' Street**, reading only about heavy rock 'n' roll bands. Why not, with so much of it commanding the action in Montreal? Well, look Buster, Montreal is no rock 'n' roll utopia. You know damn well they're like any other city: the other side of the pop coin is cotton-candy fluff wimp pop. If Bob Kozak hasn't already told you about it in his **Anne Anderson** review (Joni Mitchell type with sexy voice who does the Wackers' "Last Dance" and Randy Bishop produced and played on it), let me leave this subject by reminding you that Randy has immersed himself in the other side of the coin. The rock 'n' roll element is nil in the people he's working with, plus the axe job he's doing on himself. Some of it bombs, but when he hits it right, as with a minority of this stuff, the results aren't bad.

That still doesn't let J.P. Ferland off the hook. He's a singer/songwriter whose "T'es Mon Amour, T'es Ma Maitresse" was quite the Top 40 rage during our stay in Montreal. When J.P. Lauzon (note: different person, don't start confusing them) left the Wackers to take his questionable guitar proficiency elsewhere, he linked up with J.P. Ferland and not only guitared on this LP but co-authored every song as well. And to compound the interest to this naive American, Wackers

Bob Segarini and Randy Bishop sang back-up on the LP.

So what we have here is a totally French Canadian pop album with titles like "Qu'est-ce Que Ca Peut Ben Faire" and "Les Vierges du Québec" that probably doesn't mean a goddam thing to you, right? I mean, "Je Voudrais to rock 'n' roll Your Face Off," you'd get the idea, right? And whaddya you care anyway? You're certainly not gonna run out and buy it! Albums in Montreal are \$7.00 a shot and who in the holy hell am I to tell you to take your well-saved money for the new Sweet album (called **Desolation Boulevard** by the way and it came out November 15 in England and just maybe, God willing, some creepy record company will realize these guys make the best power-pop since the Who and release it here . . . back to story. . .) and spend it on some unknown folk-pop star who you'll probably never hear of again, except within these pages?

Well, it seems the single (mentioned before, I'm not typing it again) is the worst thing on the album. Catchy, commercial as hell, I can see why it was a hit, blah, blah, blah, but the best stuff is within the rest of the grooves. First, sides (as in Side one, side two) are called 'face.' So on Face (like that better) 2 you've got the same kind of unimpressable pap as the single. Just conjure up what French pop-like the kind on cheap spy movies when a radio is playing in the background sounds like and you've got the right idea, give or take an occasional really pretty melody.

Side . . . whoops . . . **face** one holds up pretty much, with Ferland's typically low male French voice- two steps above Lou Reed in monotone quality - combining with excellently recorded folk-pop frequently takes on a quite haunting effect and really is quite good.

Face one opens with "Qu'est-ce Que Ca Peut Ben Gaire" (these titles kill me . . . it may as well be titled 'Voulez-vous Coucher avec Moi?' and I still wouldn't know what they mean). A set-up of piano chords and that 'trendy' moog signals the beginning of a melancholy melody which most probably means Ferland is singing about his lost lover. (Well, what else do French minstrels do besides lose their lovers?) Speaking of trendy French moog; there's an album on Event by a French soul band called the Peppers. Right, more

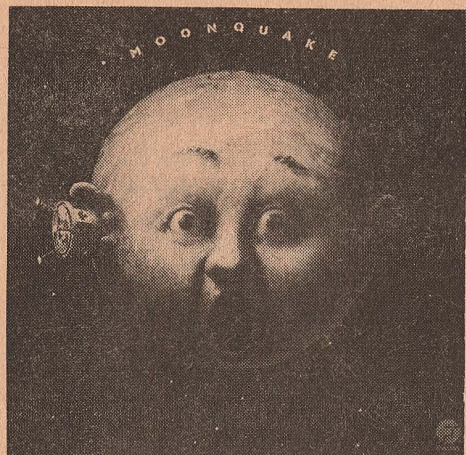
white guys like Average White Band and if you could imagine ELP playing funky bump music, you get the idea of the album. Quite good, actually, though nowhere near AWB.

The next cut, "Women's Lib," sounds like a laid-back French version of the Allmans. Bonnie Raitt, Maria Muldaur, Muscle Shoals fans (do any of you really read this rag?) will like it. The next two songs, "Les Vierges due Quebec" and "Simone" have the aforementioned Segarini and Bishop singing background. At last! Something I can relate to! "Les Vierges" is a spooky, wind-tunnel-ridden instrumental (not unlike the organ-dominating moods Van der Graaf Generator set up) which is really quite an effective piece of drifting music, except Segarini and Bishop's voices aren't audible here, unless there parts were to blow into the microphone. Sooner or later, the song's relaxed soft-organ and acoustic posture does bear evidence of our two Wackers, though. And boy do they sound good. One wonders how this song would be done up power-style and re-recorded in English - it'd probably sound like a mutation of "Bell Bottom Blues" by Clapton . . . wait, on second thought, maybe I like it better in French.

"Simone" is the best cut here, and actually begins to take off the ground with its bassy moog and choppy piano and acoustic playing. Segarini and Bishop punctuate the beat with cries of 'Simone' and chant some gorgeous harmonies, what they're best at on this type of album. Segarini's gruffer voice always contrasts the pretty stuff nicely. A 50 second "Sniff, Sniff" closes the side and it's so lame that you know he's not smelling dope, or picking his nose or smelling his chick's underwear. Unless Ferland thinks he's quite "of le wall'.

Which J.P. Ferland isn't. He's just your nice, harmless wimp, the kind we cringe at as we're constantly bombarded with them in the States. Except here, they have the god damned audacity to put 'rock 'n' roll' in their titles, when the songs have **NO CONNECTION WHATSOEVER** to rock 'n' roll. Yes, Terry Jacks, if you ever dare to come to Buffalo, we'd strangle you but the rest of the kids here would beat us to it. That's Buffalo for you. J.P. Ferland is for Montreal. Move there if you like him.

-Gary Sperrazza!



Pag's Boys

MOONQUAKE
(Fantasy, U.S.;
Gamma, Canada)

Well, enough of that. Back to the rockers, in this case, les rockers.

Our Montreal tribute is not meant to cover the whole spectrum of Montreal pop-rock. Granted I was going nuts over the Dudes (see feature) the whole trip and all the other bands got pissed off cuz I wasn't drooling over them. But let's be realistic: There's so much going on up there that to document it properly, a followup issue is already on the drawing boards as **Shakin' Street** takes its second Montreal trip this Thanksgiving, with stories on the **incredible** Montreal superstar Michel Pagliaro; Charlebois; the thundering metal of Thundermug (London, Ontario) and some followup info on the Dudes, April Wine and hopefully a feature on this band right here. Thought I'd never get to the point, HUH?

Moonquake are simply Pagliaro's backup band gone solo. On a smaller scale (qualitatively) the Glitter Band has attempted the same thing away from Gary Glitter. Moonquake's results are very successful as most of the great rock included here would fit in fine on Pagliaro's albums, but the content difference is substantial enough to merit its individual vinyl status.

Jack August is Moonquake's lead vocalist and bassist and writes most of the group's material. He previously played with Andy Kim (I know, big deal, but press releases will bust their nuts to connect a star with someone ... ANYONE you might know), Wilson Pickett and Buddy Miles. OK, Jack, but with the exception of the Wicked Pickett don't let those get around. He apparently

then formed a group called Luke and the Apostles, formed Moonquake and joined Pagliaro's band. Hovaness Hagopian guitars for the group and hails from Lebanon, co-writing with August. Derek Kendrik (what a great name for a drummer!) plays le batterie.

The album opens with the band's first single, "Remember," that rocks with an air of despair underlying the greatest lyrics since Alice Cooper's "Teenage Lament," which this song is reminiscent of:

"Four years ago, it was of- so- cool to be stoned smokin' Panama Red.

And take some old gal to your black-lit room and make love to her on your Salvation Army Bed
Three years ago it was a popular fad to be on the waiting list

(unintelligible) in the cool white room of some crazy neurologist

Two years ago it was a brand new thing to wear sparkles all over your clothes

Those four-inch heels on your imported shoes and a silver spoon for your nose

Last year, baby, I gave it all up and bought an expensive suit from France

Now I spend my time drinking Couvoisier, y'know honey I love to dance

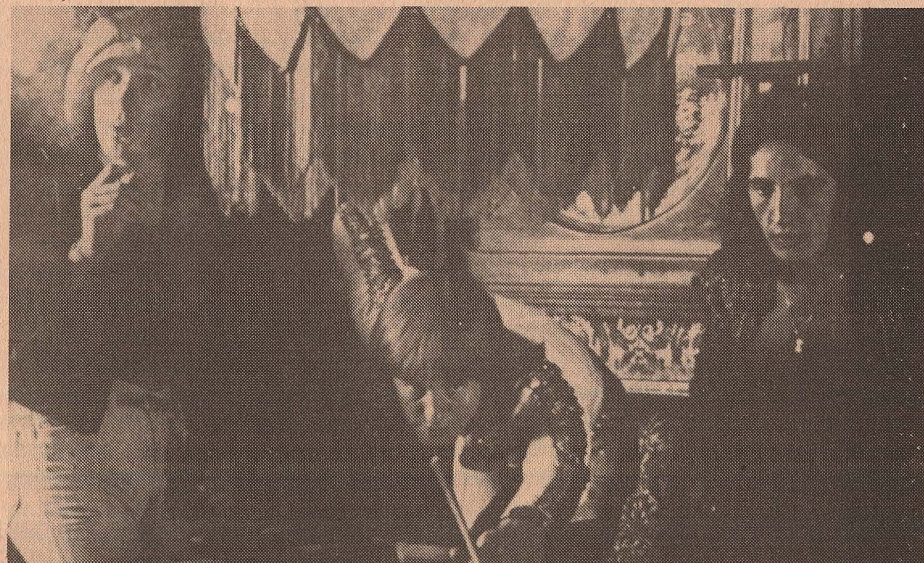
Remember what it was like

Just remember what it was like

-Parker Music (BMI)

(August-Hagopian)

"Remember" was released on Fantasy in the U.S. and, of course, it should have been a hit: bouncy rhythm, powerful lead, great dancing' music. The side tries



"Eh, eez theece what eet wax like?" Moonquake remembers.

in vain to live up to its opener's standards with rockers like 'This Winter' and 'Seasons' crisply recorded Creedence-Eagles type numbers like 'I Couldn't Hang Around,' a love ballad with that 'trendy' moog (See J.P. Ferland review-Ed.), but they're all fine and are a breath of rockin' air.

Side two opens with "It's My Life" (no, not the Wackers version, not **everything** is connected to them you know?!?) a Brian Auger meets Stevie Wonder meets Philly arrangement. "Tomorrow" is simply superb: a spaciouly-chorded rocker that singlehandedly revives the art of writer-dancing- while- he's typing. I love it! Pure pop harmonies, pounding Chinn-Chapman rhythm, great lyrics and classy arrangement. A six-part "Crazy Situations" rounds out the side with titles like 'Pack Up My Fender,' "Get It Up" and "Not Even You Baby" that has patches reminiscent of the Eagles, Big Star and Mott the Whipple.

Now why didn't we mention this album when Fantasy released it a year ago? **Shakin' Street** reviewed it back then as a Cold Cut. Over the months, the band's weakest point: not enough attention to choruses and a company who for the most part ignored them - left the album to sit patiently in the record bins, waiting for its impact to settle in. Well, it did, happily, the threesome still can be found on Pagliaro's albums, and since a new Moonquake album should be out by the time you read this, let's hope the group irons out their miniscule weak point for a more lasting initial impression the second time around.

-Gary Sperrazza!

Singles

(The following section ties together the recorded loose ends with what's already set down in this issue's Long Players section and features. Some are important, some we can live without. Collectors, take note.-Ed.)

"All I Want To Do Is Love You"

The Wackers
(Polydor M-5165)

Produced by Bob Segarini, this was the last Wackers single and never included on any album. Borrowing the riff from "Pleasant Valley Sunday," this rocker, complete with slashing guitar and all the prime Wacker moves, moves in top-notch fashion with Segarini belting out the vocals: "Goin' crazy since we broke up, it's amazing that you never even spoke up before, you just slammed the door." 3:13 of pure teenage energy. The flip is "I Gotta Feeling," a pretty electric piano melody with lasting effects that Randy Bishop still performs.

"Serpent in the Street"

Silver
(Aquarius 5029)

This is the three piece band David and Richie Henman formed before joining the Dudes and its Silver's only recorded output. 'Serpent' would feel at home on an April Wine LP; it starts out acoustically with David's voice reminiscent of Donovan and soon breaks out into a heavy-metal rocker. The flip, "Find Another Feeling" sounds like the Who gone occult with a late-night street mood. Both sides are excellent and make the best choice of all the singles discussed here.

"Baby Face"

Doug Pringle
(Gamma 1210)

This former CHOM (Montreal) disc jockey made two singles on Gamma, produced by Randy Bishop, and has since signed to T. Rex's label, called Hot Wax. "Baby Face" is about as dumb as any T. Rex single, written by Pringle and Anne Anderson. "Fille de la Campagne" is the flip: French C&W.

"La Nuit"

Doug Pringle
(Gamma 1217)

Both sides here have the benefit of Randy Bishop on the songwriting credits, along with Pringle and Anderson. "La Nuit" is a good up-tempo French pop (nice vocal echoes) that could hit in a big way if rerecorded in English for the States. The flip, "C'est Pas Le Jeu" (It's not a jew?), sounds like Bay City Rollers or Barry Blue. Big help, ain't it?

"Mostly New Days"

Russ Holloway
(Aquarius 5033)

More wimpiness with overblown production. Russ knows how to say 'HA' with style and could be this month's Andy Kim.

"Dance A Little Step"

Mashmakan
(Jamie 1418)

When it doesn't sound like Buffalo's Road or Black Sheep, "Dance" is quite a good rockin' shuffle. The slip, "One Night Stand" sounds like Bullangus or Frigid Pink or any other crappy late-60's psychedelic Uriah Heep sludge. Mashmakan is, of course, where the Dudes' Brian Greenway came from and I can see why he left.

"Sitting, Waiting"

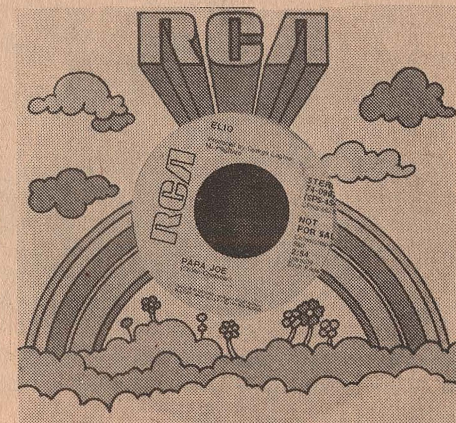
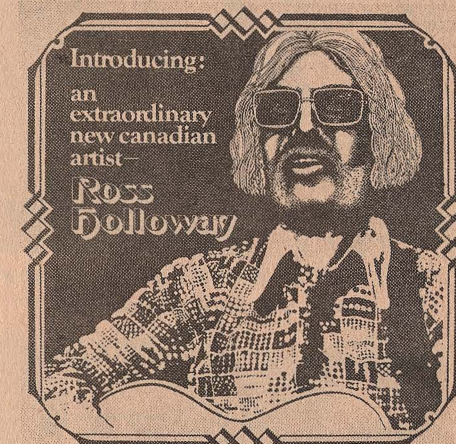
Riverson
(Canadian Columbia C4-4003)

Riverson was a three piece with drummer Jerry Mercer and Frankie Hart (both were on the Wackers **Shredder**). It's another medium-paced rocker with sprightly melodies (reminiscent of Mott's "I'm A Cadillac") and different from the flip, "Chances" which survives by Mercer's snappy drumming. Mercer is now in April Wine.

"Poppa Joe"

Elio
(American RCA 74-0967)

Any one with the nerve to cover a Sweet song better be good and this Michel Pagliaro-George Lagios production does justice to the original except the lack of electric guitars is made up with countless percussion strikes and handclaps. Not bad.





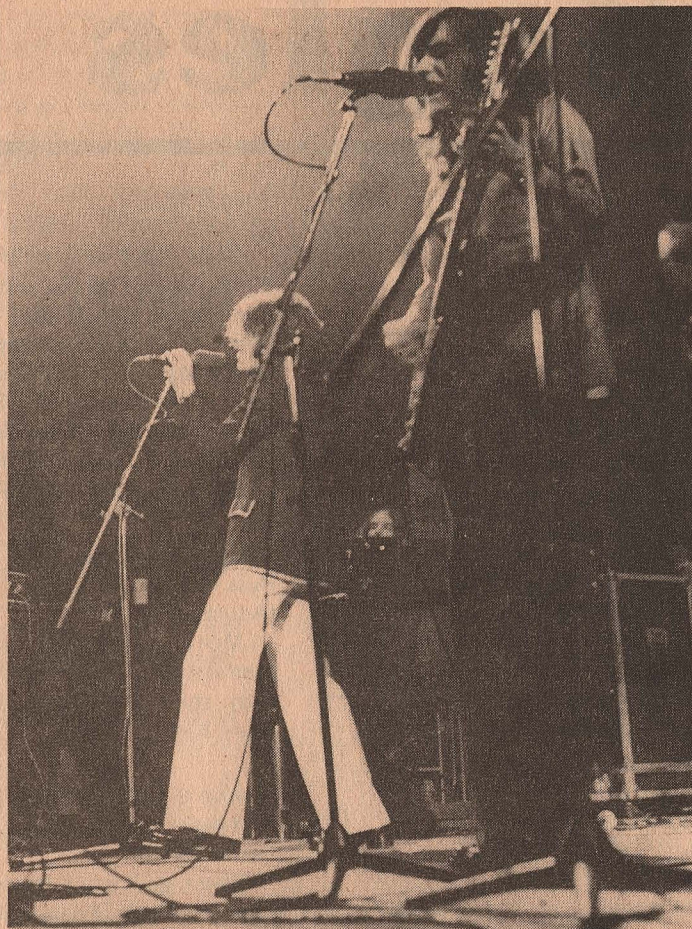
Johnny Winter talking to his manager: "NO! Waaaa! I don't wanna go!" Manager: "Ya gotta! Festival East is putting you in the NF Convention Cntr Nov. 29 at 8 PM. Tickets are \$6-door, \$5-advance and if you don't go, I'll leave Rick Derringer off your albums . . . and then you'll REALLY be in trouble."



GENESIS will be at the Century Theatre on December 18, courtesy Harvey and Corky Productions.



YES, the Scottish reggae band, will be at the Aud tonite at 8 PM. Tickets for this Festival concert are \$6.50, \$5.50 and \$5, available at the door tonight.



THE KINKS will be at Kleinhans Music Hall, December 3, care of UUAB.

Concerts



TODD RUNDGREN'S UTOPIA will be at the Erie Community College North Sports Arena (Main & Young) on December 8 at 8 PM. Tickets for this DiCesare - Engler/ECC Student Association production are \$5.50 - advance, \$6 - day of show and are available at all Festival ticket outlets (you know who you are).

Letters: Dear Occupant

Gary:

Shakin' Street Gazette, eh. Great name. Great zine. Especially enjoyed the Sweet coverage. Refreshing layout. Tons of photos. And it comes out every two weeks. What more can you ask?

-Jymn Parrett
2423 Pattiglen
Laverne, CA 91750

(Jymn Parrett is now a contributor to Shakin' Street and editor of *Denim Delinquent*, a semi-regular fanzine that has re-established itself in Los Angeles from Ontario, good coverage of punk and glitter scene, and *DD No. 3* promises coverage of Canadian rock 'n' roll scene. *Subscribe*.-Ed.)

Gary(!):

SSG No. 13 is fuckin' great as usual, jampacked even more than my new fave, *Who Took The Shelves* (Mike Saunders' fanzine, also titled *Brain Damage*.-Ed.) Sweet feature good as expected, reviews awreer and I didn't even mind Reg Shaw blabbing away about the "pop revival." Now I admire Reg's intentions, and we're all indebted to him in one way or another, but I gotta agree with Saunders, Sculatti, et al: it's **not** coming back! Even though I wish it would. My feelings about this are still sorta confused, so it comes as a pleasant surprise to read something your *On The Corner* piece in SSG No. 13, which is pretty much as concisely stated as anything I've yet read on this 'pop revival (even tho you might not have intended as much). Does any of that make sense to you? Well, have a nice winter if it's possible up there—only kidding, heh heh.

-Pete Tomlinson
27 Brookfall Rd.
Edison, N.J.

Gary,

The *Shakin' St. Gazette* No. 15 was the best of the three I've gotten. The Bangs article wasn't bad. His style tires me, but he does have valid contributions, even if I didn't entirely agree with the article. At least he admitted that Amon Duul was good! If only "Morning Excuse" was on the charts . . . In the same issue, kudos for the Amboy Dukes and Henny Youngman - Lawrence- Corey- Buckley acknowledgements! And that's right, you did name *Brum Boys* (the Move/ELO/Wizzard fanclub fanzine).

I like Greg Shaw, but his publications (PRM, *Who Put the Bomp*) are product-oriented and reference-like, but I'm into reference material, even if sometimes considered boring. No disagreement, but a couple of rationalizations I guess . . . Undoubtedly, being a fanzine, *Shakin' St.* is filling a needed gap, since they sort of faded for a while. And, with only *Bomp* and *TRM* really above you in success and familiarity, you can certainly have your chance to make a dent with your ideas of "necessary vitality." Great!

-John Gregory
Wayne Hall (Box 28)
State University College
Geneseo, NY 14454

(Please note that Bangs' article, *How to Be A Rockcritic*, was written about two years ago, hence the familiar Bangs style still

very much in evidence. The address for the M/ELO/W Society is 1422 Northland Avenue, Lakewood, Ohio 44107 and is headed by No. 1 Move fan, Jack Springer-Ed.)

To dah Editor:

After reading Fernbacher's disgusting story on amputees and pregnant women - betcha they ain't even married women - and all that ballyhoo about enemas - ughhhughhhughhh - it's obvious that *Shakin' Street* is filled up with a nasty buncha commie pervo's and should probably be banned in all the places where they show their ugly magazine. And what about the editor (Yeah, what about him-Ed.) - he supposedly controls all that goes into the paper - well he should be expelled and sent to a school for wayward waifs - preferably one full up with homosexuals 'cause if he prints all that stuff he's obviously a prevert . . . and Fernbacher, he's been spreading his filth around for years and years and he's probably got syphilis 'cause his brain is obviously warped. . . .

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...../...../...../
..... ***** !?%&\$(")+=
and that was how they'd of written this letter at the Art Department 'cause it got assthetics. . .

-Signed,
SIGNED
and his con, CO.*****

Gary!!!!!!!!!!!!:

Received SSG No. 13 - fantastic! I now know more about the Sweet than anyone else on my block! Great letters . . . the Gazette's being read by some purty good company. The Sweet section was fascinating to say the least. And that picture of Jagger with Lou and David is priceless (his expression)!! The Morris cartune was good, too, as was Cutler's Stones confession.

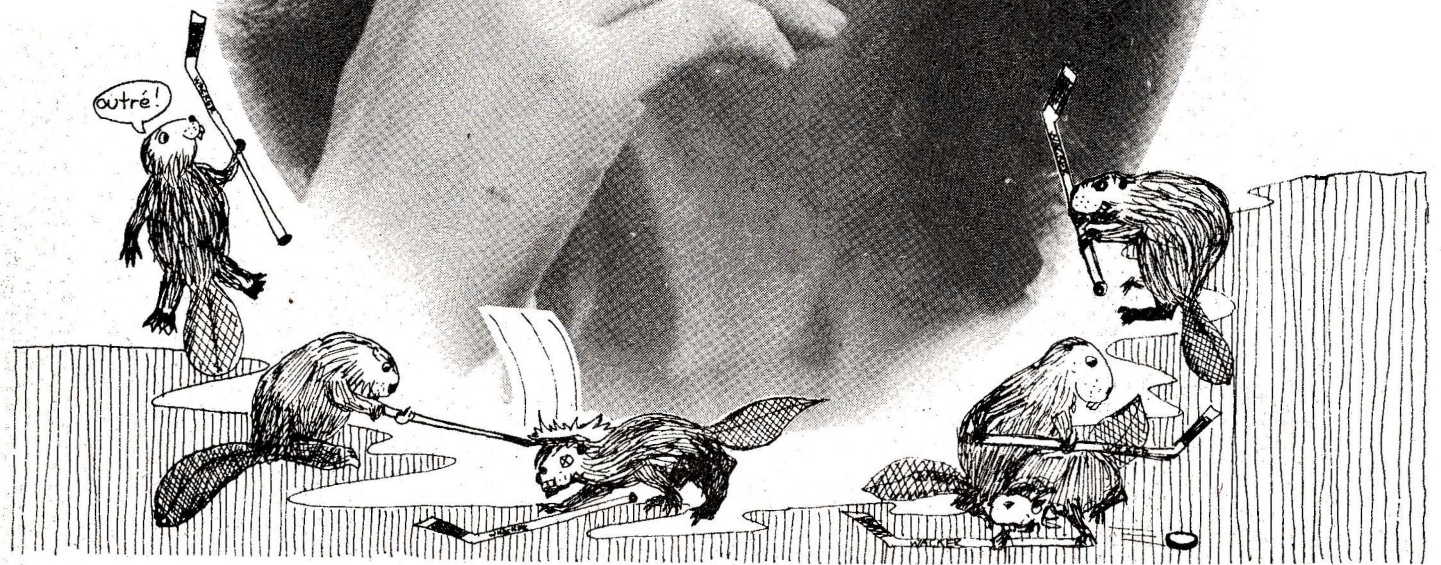
Forgot to tell you about the nice letter I got from Greg Shaw, giving me some very helpful tips, plus a complement for *Shakin' Street*: "...one of my favorite magazines. A lot of spirit and the best of intentions. I'm really pleased to see a fresh new generation of rock critics coming along. . ." He talked about other magazines, *Zoo World* ("...Rotwang, indeed. . ."), *Creem* and the inevitable *RS*. The letter was actually a reply to a letter I sent him, requesting advice and a cheery outlook. Wotta guy!

Recently ripped off a bunch of old singles from the station I work at (KOAL-Salt Lake City) and scored "It's My Mind" by the Black Sheep. Is it the same band?

-Jim Bunnell
845 N. 3rd E.
Price, Utah

(No, Jim, the *Black Sheep* on Columbia was a folk-rock group from Los Angeles. Our *Black Sheep* is a straight rock 'n' roll band whose forst album is due for release on Capitol by January. Keep an eye out for it 'cause it promises to be a killer-Ed.)

JE SUIS UN DUDE
MAINTENANT...



All the Young Dudes on page 20