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The Shakin' Street Gazette

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The Shakin' Street Gazette

December 12, 1974 Number 18 FREE

Alex Harvey
Ducks Deluxe
Gram Parsons
Raspberries



THE RECORD BOUTIQUE INC.

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FRIENDLY PRICES



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more letters from the Orient and too many billsPage 4

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all the hits you'll never hearPage 5

DUCKS DELUXE

Mr. T winged it to England to give us the news on rock 'n' roll's last bastion of traditionalism

by Pete TomlinsonPage 6

VAMBO ROOLS ... OK?

Finally, everybody involved has pulled the strings necessary to get this sparkingly Sensational Alex Harvey Band over here and if it's up to us, we'll never let them go.

by Mitch 'JD' Hejna, Joe Fernbacher and Andy CutlerPage 7

RASPBERRIES

Although Wally Bryson is rumored to be splitting the band to rejoin ex-Raspberries Bonfanti and Smalley in Dynamite, the Raspberries still retain their position as an American pop-rock institution and their latest album, **Starting All Over**, strengthens their position admirably.

by Bob KozakPage 11

THE HOLLYWOOD TRASH DANCE

The wake for glitter, the end of glam, the Woodstock of the sequin set. Jymn Parrett painted his face and snuck in for the scoop

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CALIFORNIA COUNTRY ROCK: PART 3

The conclusion of the long-running series with special attention paid to Gram Parsons, one of the men behind it all

by Dave MeinzerPage 15

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The usual assortment of ramblings and vinyl stomps

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THE DUDES CARRY THE NEWS

Remember that last issue, we discovered the hottest new band for 1975.

by Gary Sperrazza!Page 32

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-A XMAS PRESENT FROM SHAKIN' STREET TO YOUR PARENTS!

THE LATE 50's ARE BACK!!! Yessirree, folks, Tin Pan Alley has returned, ravaging its way into the Top 40 at a most opportune time indeed. Record companies are now back in control of the recording industry. No more rebellious geniuses and irresponsible punk artists to strain the foreheads of the industry heads. The companies have set the rules again, and everyone from the historical woodwork to fill the Top 10 slots. And none of these faceless talents, including former Bette Midler arranger-producer Barry Manilow, will complain until a new teenage music forces them all back into obscurity. Speaking of Barry Manilow, his show will land in Buffalo's Kleinhans on January 18 and we'll be more than happy (overjoyed! ecstatic!! relieved!!!!) to give two free tickets to the first person who, via the US mail, can tell us the name of Manilow's newest single. Easy enough? Now, we expect a sheer mountain of mail on this one, so send your entries to Shakin' Street's school office and leave our poor misguided editor (yes, he still likes that rock 'n' roll teenage crap) alone to his Sweet, Ducks Deluxe, Roy Wood and Roxy Music albums.

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DECEMBER 12, 1974

Dear occupant..

Gary,

Thanks for the latest issues of **Shakin' Street Gazette**. Going to Brockport State, alcohol, chicks, etc. takes up all my spare change. Issue No. 16 was great. I really dug the Monkeys (sic) article, it was fantastic. I can remember watching their show when it first came out in '66 (I was in fifth grade). I wasn't that crazy about them but I could really get into the reruns. As for issue No. 17, this has to be the best one I've read yet. I love how you build up to the final article. The Dudes story was great. Shakin' St. is like PRM was in '72 but better.

Al Baase
Brockport U.

PS. Did you know in 1939 A&M won the National College Football Championship?

(Yeah, but who cares? Baylor finally did it so they can pulverize the Lambert trophy addicts of Penn State. Oh yeah, one more ting - Anthony Davis iz gonna explode and give Woody a coronary-Mitch 'JD' Hejna)

Dear Shakin' Street,

Hey . . . it was fun seeing my name on a byline, almost like old times. I told you I wanted the punk article **anonymous** because approximately four dozen people have threatened to beat my face to a pulp the next time I go into my "the Shadows of Knight were better than the Yardbirds" spiel. Next time? The Wackers narrative was a solid piece of journalism, the kind of thing you never see in the (worthless) American rock press. I'm a staunch **New Musical Express** fan . . . as far as I'm concerned their magazine is IT. They know what rocknroll is, and they know how to write about it.

Don't wanna be a peapicker, but . . . I ran across the Mitch & the Mellow Dopers album in a 39 cents promo bin the other day, and I could've sworn the best cuts were "Keep Your Asthma To Yourself," "Solar System Suckoff," and "Hey Baby (Goin' Down On You)" (not to mention "Burgers for the Asking" and "Dwarves on the Rampage"). Who's responsible for the hack job your mag did on this great album? You pussies!

Tacos togo,
Metal Mike Saunders
c/o BRAIN DAMAGE
6621 Yucca No. 2
Hollywood, CA 90028

(Ed-Yeah, but have you ever heard their early 45 on A-Dust Records called "Your Dad's a Hunchback" b/w "Bazookas In Orbit"? Huh? And what about Mitch's even earlier guitar work with Mack Jones & The Backtracks, later known as Metal Mack & the Maniacs? Huh? Stick that up your GNP Crescendo discography-Ed.)

Dear Editor,

What is this anyway? I just purchased the new Creedence Clearwater Revival album, Green River, and was dismayed to find that this long awaited LP consisted of 4 previously unreleased cuts and 5 other short songs bringing the total time to a laconic 28 minutes. What can be said in that short time? It seems the record companies are doing their best to ruin a good thing. And the way things are going . . . Well, take the

SHAKIN' ST. GAZETTE

Canadian record companies; what they do is: 1) if the album is one that has a gatefold or such, immediately remove it 2) never include a sleeve to protect the disc while it is being shipped 3) use the scratchiest plastic possible so that a heavy dose of static accompanies the music 4) and then on top of all this charge the neat sum of \$5.29.

Jim Parrett
2996 Marcel St.
Ottawa 10, Ont.

Dear Shakin' Street,

Thanks for the nice review of our first album. Mike Saunders might be as pleased as we were to learn that "Solar System Suckoff" reached No. 3 in the Bolivian charts before it was banned for being politically motivated.

By the way, have either you or Saunders heard our excellent if somewhat poorly recorded early demo of "Scratch It, Pick It, Bite It Off," which also included a 17 minute cover of "Turn, Turn, Turn," recorded with the Memphis Horns? Or did you see us on "Upbeat" in '68 doing "Bazookas In Orbit" with Joe Walsh filling in on drums (although he has denied this on several occasions)?

Mitch and the Mellow Dopers

Dear Sirs,

This is a crank letter! In your January issue, there is a letter calling Ginger Baker the "best drummer in pop music." I'm getting cranky because the only drummers written about these days are Ginger Baker and Mitch Mitchell. Well, what about all the great but unheralded rock drummers? Yes! Such as Viv Prince of the old Pretty Things, Barry Jenkins of the old



-Murtz Gurtz, champion stockbroker, and all 'round bagel basher, says that Shakin' Street: "is undoubtedly the breakfast of champions, oh yes . . . Hi Mommy!" (UPI)

Animals, Hugh Grundy of the old Zombies. Even another fine drummer is the incredible Kenny Jones of the late and lamented Small Faces. Performers such as Steve Stills, Jimi Hendrix, and Mick Jagger just exude class, as we all know, Kenny Jones had as much class and style as any of them.

And KEITH MOON! All right, you Ginger Baker freaks can snob over Keith Moon all you want - but this is MY letter. Keith Moon can say more in a 30 second "Cobwebs and Strange" lunatic drum solo than a Ginger Baker can in a lifetime full of toads. Really! And it's not so much what Keith Moon does as **how** he does it. **Tommy** basically stinks, but Keith Moon is the star of the album . . . he's one of the prototypal drummers of rock and roll history. One is Kenny Jones and the other is KEITH MOON.

Thank you! Having depleted my hot air, I remain. . .

-Mike Saunders
Box 75 - Yocum Hall
University of Arkansas
Fayetteville, Ark. 72701

(You forgot about Mitch's Fabulous drumming on the B-side of Mitch and the Mellow Dopers last single "You Put It In (and All I Did Was Laugh)" b/w "Shakin' Street OD (A Rock Novellette)"-Ed.)

THEN HE CHIRPED AT ME

I was at Reg Shaw's and I thought I might ask him to dance
But Marty was there so I didn't stand much of a chance
He sat and played his records for me
Talked about pop history
Well I had enough
So I got up to leave
And then he chirped at me.

He chirped at me in a way I never heard before
He chirped at me in a way that said forever more
(it's all pop don't stop)

Well that was last year and I hear Reg's house has been repossessed
His records all melted when they cut off the water though I must confess
His magazine folded it was quite a mess
He ran off with Patti Smith
Though I'll never forget
The night I got up to leave
And then he chirped at me

Dear Mr. Sperrazza,

I understand you're putting out a highly interesting magazine featuring music and related topics.

Please let me know if you accept overseas subscriptions and what your notes would be; and also if there are any sample copies available.

Jorma Nippala
60100 Seinajoki 10
Finland

(Sample issues are on their way. Thanx for your interest.-Ed.)

Dear Shakin' Street,

What is this pack of bullshit? Claiming that Brian Connelly wrote that stunning, cataclysmic, marvelously degenerate review of Greenslade in this issue's coldcut section? This is all lies! We wrote it, and the Sweet damn well know their careers as rock critics would be gone in a minute if it wasn't for us!

Nicky Chinn and Mike Chapman

BOWIE BOWIE

David Bowie you tore your dress
David Bowie your face is a mess
You can't rock and you never will
Why don't you swallow a bottle of pills

Nothing happening on the street
Nothing shaking with the people I meet
Take a trip or cut your hair
It's all the same man, cause I don't care

Cruisin' around but it's just no use
Can't do the things we used to do
I'm sick and tired of this whole damn scene
Wish I was young again, 'bout sixteen

Glitter faggots ain't got no sense
Glitter faggots can't pay their rent
They like Bowie cause he's so lame
They think they're hip it's the same old game

David Bowie you're such a wimp
Your music sucks and you're looking limp
You can't rock and you never will
Why don't you swallow a bottle of pills

David Bowie you're such a drag
You think you're cool but you're really a fag
Your kind of music makes me sick
David Bowie suck my dick

RENAISSANCE MAN

I'm a renaissance Man
Yeah that's what I am
Got my hands on the future of pop
I predict it to the date
Yeah I prognosticate
And my prophesy it just won't stop

I've said it before
And I'll say it again
It's all coming back all right
I can feel it, I can hear it
I can see it, I can touch it
It might even start tonight!!

You remember our friend named Pagliaro
And our good old buddy Chris Hodge
Well, just open the door
Cause there's a hundred more
Practicing in my garage!

Renaissance Man
(It's all coming back!)
Renaissance Man
(We're on the right track!)
Renaissance Man
(It's in the air)
Renaissance Man
(It's everywhere!!)

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DUCKS DELUXE:

Raucous Roadies Reap Rewards (sort of)

If one gauge of rock and roll greatness is blatant crassness, then Ducks Deluxe must be on top of the heap. They're on top of the heap anyway, and I believe that their unerring ability to throw taste to the winds in favor of slobbering party jive is what puts them there. Their first album (RCA LPL1-5008, ho hum) is a classic of its genre, which is . . . uh, what is their genre? How does one describe that sublime moment on *Ducks Deluxe* when vocalist/guitarist Sean Tyla belches out "I'm ready fussum rockuhroll!" and the rest of the band consider that an incitement to musical riot, lurching and screaming right off the turntable for three minutes ten seconds?!? What makes them one of the finest live bands in England (ain't much competition there these days)? What makes their album not only one of the neatest released in this or any other year, but more important than 3 new Mott The Hooples? These and other pertinent questions of the day will be answered just as soon as I change paragraphs.

When I was on vacation in London around July of 1973, every music, business person I met kept me prisoner for an hour or more, raving, as music biz folks are wont to do, about this wonderful new band called Ducks Deluxe, presently tearing the pub circuit apart. It sounded sort of suspicious to me (how many of these stories do you believe?), but my own curiosity got the better of me, and eventually my friend dragged me down to this rock boozehut of some repute called the Kensington, in order to view in person what I had been hearing (and hearing) (and hearing!) about.

The Kensington is kind of a nice modern (as opposed to mod) bar, and was pretty empty as we entered and bought our first pints of hotcha Limey suds (admission was free, and the beer was cheap, by the way). Within an hour, though, all available floor space was taken, occupied by drunken patrons and fans who were obviously "ready fussum rockuhroll," as it were. My blood started to boil even before the band came on; it was a joy to finally be amongst a group of people whose aims at that particular point in time were identical to mine, which were: getting drunk, rocking out, and checking out the potential female psycho action (not necessarily in that order).

The third item on my list was abruptly forgotten as this mangy group of

Ducks Deluxe's Quacky Career

by Pete Tomlinson



musician types shuffled onto the tiny stage. These were the Ducks, of course, and did they look like they were gonna kill! Three-fourths of them were chubs, with lead guitarist Martin Belmont possessing the additional physical characteristic of standing well over six feet tall. The other fourth, drummer Tim Roper, looked as if he'd be in place at either a Long Island glitter bar or a London gutter. What class!

The music wasn't bad, either. In fact, it was too much! The Ducks launched into a succession of moondog chestnuts, old and new: Chuck Berry's "Wee Wee Hours," Eddie Cochran's "Nervous Breakdown," "It's All Over Now," and others. Maybe that sounds very Sha-Na-Na standard, but these mugs treated each with an irreverently sloppy pure Seventies excitement that was all

but irresistible. Interspersed with the aforementioned tunes was a batch of their own songs, with titles like "West Texas Trucking Board," and music to match. It became apparent as the night flew by that a new age of mutant rock was emerging, and that Ducks Deluxe would be in the forefront of whatever was gonna happen — nothing like overstating the case, I always say!

As the night reached its conclusion, I was overcome with silliness. I shook the hand of anyone who didn't run away, I slugged my final pint down with a speed and finesse unequalled by anyone since, and I danced all the way back to my room convinced that this was a night of nights, a true reawakening of my rock and roll blah blah. Get the message?

Back home once again, I tried to piece together the mystery. What had made these Ducks so special? They were great live. So what? So is Bob Segar, to cite but one example, and his later music has never bored a hole in my cerebellum like the Ducks' did, and upon only one listen at that. I don't know, I've never been much good at understanding these high sociological and economic implications so often associated with the rock process these days; but I think I know a winner when I see one. Friends, I was confused.

All confusion was cleared up, however, as soon as I received *Ducks Deluxe*. Know why these guys are so good? 'CAUSE THEY'RE TOTAL SLOBS, just like you and me. They've got just about every rock style from Elvis to the Stooges assimilated right up the ass. This may be due to the fact that all four (now five) members of the Ducks are nothing but English boys who wish like hell they were born in America, so they could hop freights and cruise Burger King at night and scream Cajun curses down in that good ol' Louisiana swamp. Of course, nobody that you or I know has ever done all of these things (and most people haven't done any of them); but what do Limeys know about that stuff? It's this "how others see us" principle that makes the Ducks' lp charmer from the word go.

A charming album is not a great one, as we all should know; the music is a prerequisite at all times, and Ducks Deluxe play A-1 hophead fun music. None of them are particularly proficient instrumentally, which is just as well, because they're proficient enough to keep things moving without self-indulgent soloing of any sort.

Every song on the album is a gem, if
(cont. on Page 10)

Sensational Alex Harvey Band



Now, those fish n' chippers are a crusty bunch used to their daily doses of tea, Tangueray, an' tarts and it's obvious to any inter continental interloper that it's this melodic combination of environmental ingestions which gives 'em their oft overbearing but usually pleasant polite nuance, which in turn is reflected back to the outside world through various cultural motifs, the least of which being their constantly successful bombardment of the American shores—spreading as they go along a particularly nasty sense of punknacity into the ever supine, continuously mendicant, nonage concert cruisers—with a musical vociferousness attitude which reeks of the early days of rockon: as in Gene Vincent—meaning that they seem to have a better understanding of a basic American genre than most American musicians—it's all a matter of respect for those ever illusive roots.

Oh, when they finally do arrive on the lost continent they shift attitude just a might and what's presented is a workshop definition of professionalism combined ever so wincingly with a guttural understanding of jus' what makes all the little cry. Why is it that most English bands present a polished aplomb seldom noticed in native born bands? It could have quite a lot

to do with the English system of rock 'n' roll apprenticeship, whereby most bands are tossed in a system of pub and small college situations for various lengths of time, until they can bridge the gap and launch themselves on full-fledged careers, a most recent example of this being the current coming of age of the Ducks Deluxe band, and the menacingly invasive nature of such bands as Roxy Music, the Sweet, etc.

For all those in search of that 'new wave' business, just take a look over your shoulder and you'll see the Red Coats are coming (again) one if by Deluxe, two if by Sweet, three if by the Sensational Alex Harvey Band, another pub-produced musical tribe whose surreal acuity is staggering as well as amusing—as in tee hee, and ha-ha. It's about time someone resurrected the sense of humor in rockon: and that's exactly what Alex Harvey—not to be confused with Alex Harvey the folk-wimp, or Alec Harvey from Noel Coward's 'Brief Encounter' - and his band of muggers accomplish. Take for instance their first LP (incidentally, you'll get a good chance to witness all this madness when Alex Harvey sweeps across the US on the next Deep Purple tour):
-Joe Fernbacher

Vambo Rools...OK?

Alex Harvey is definitely twisted; he might be faking it, though, cashing in on A. Cooper's success, but who cares? The bizzarrer they come. . .

Framed has yet to be released here, so it's only available in the import section of your local record emporium, but you can bet it'll be released Stateside if the band takes off at all.

Basically, it's not half as good as their second album, **Next** (produced by Phil Wainman, who does likewise honors on the Sweet) but for diehard's it's palatable as least.

Best cut is that old chestnut, "I Just Want To Make Love To You" which guilds up into a uniform frenzy befitting the performer's desires (if that's possible to believe).

"There's No Lights on the Christmas Tree, Mother, They're Burning Big Louie Tonight" wins Absurd Title of the Year awards, a song about the death of a gangster sung dramatically in sort of

vaudeville delivery by Harvey and the chorus sounds like "The Utica Club Beer Drinking Song."

"St. Anthony" is driving and full-tilted unabashed rockaroll designed to turn the inner ear into jelly.

The title tune, "Framed," puts Little Alex walking down the street minding his business as cops come up and bust him for a crime he insists he was 'framed' for. It's as hard to swallow as Alex Harvey himself, sensational or otherwise.

But anyone who gets as worked up as he does deserves some sort of massive following, provided he will try just as hard when he's a star as he is now to provide audiences with a rockin' good time.

If not, he might do something drastic. Like marry your sister. And look, anybody who persists in pulling stockings over his head during his job, you **don't** need for a brother-in-law. -Andy Cutler

Next, came 'Next' a sensational sorte by the Sensational Alex Harvey Band. Again much of this LP's worth comes from the **pop-pazzazz** of producer Phil Wainmen—whose production credits include the Sweet. Anyway, "Next" mystically enough turns out to melt whenever they hear the likes of "The Healer" and my personal favorite "Last of the Teenage Idols" which just might be the song of the year because it was extremely hard to like at first, but eventually lapsed into pure joy, and perhaps that's the real test of a toon. The rest of the LPs border on being great but never quite attaining that status, maybe because it's so overshadowed by those two ominous cuts. If you're really a fanatic you'll enjoy "Gang Bang," "Vambo" and "Giddy Up Ding Dong" which sounds better than it reads. All in all **Next** is nice and a logical step for this band. . .

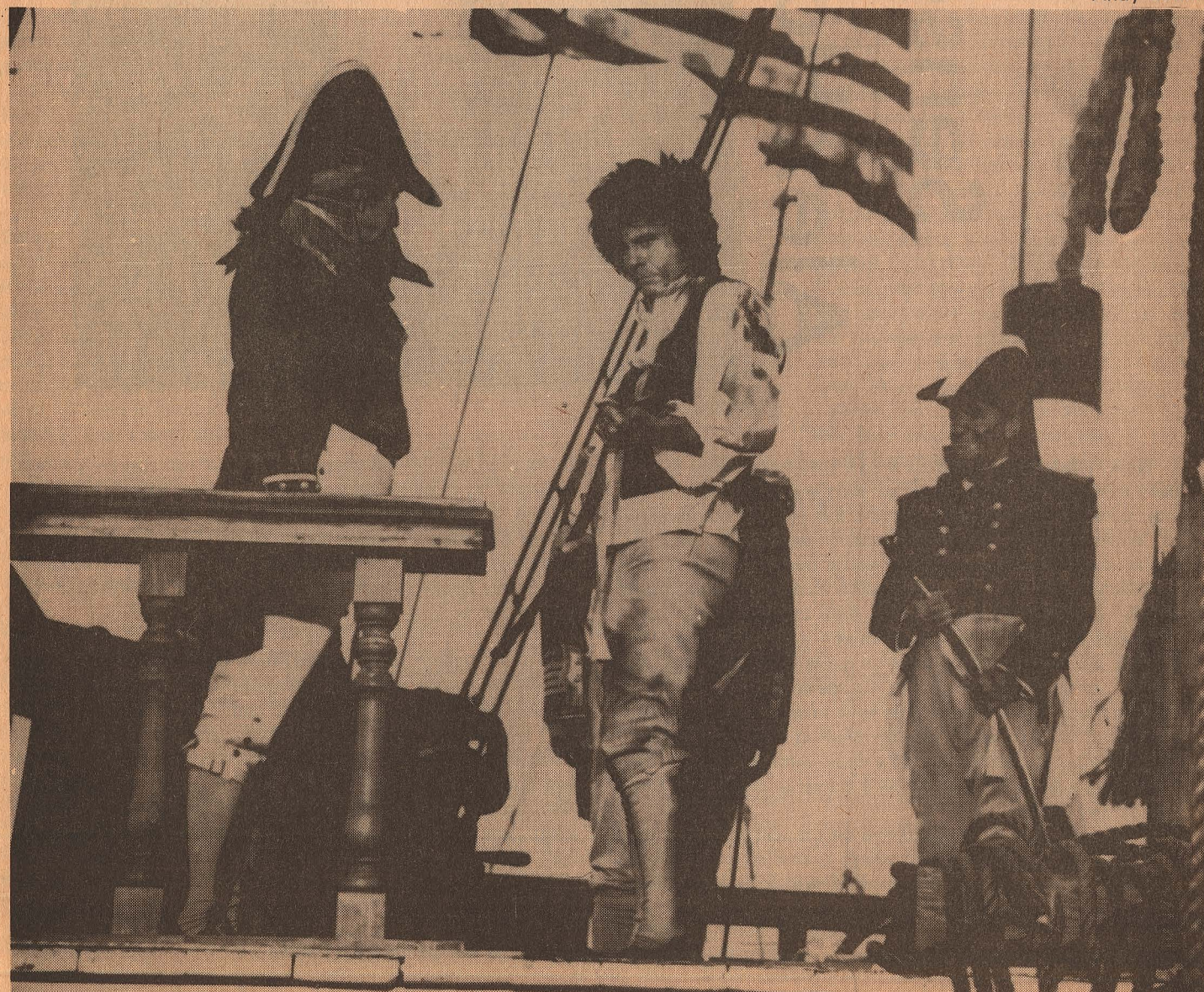
-Joe Fernbacher

Well, it looks like Alex has one final bridge to cross, and of course every band from England faces the same macho test . . . making it in the states. Actually Mr. Harvey should have no trouble whatsoever in making himself known to the American public. All he has to do is prance out on the stage because he is fortunate enough to possess a potent and powerful stage presence (after 20 years what do you expect?). But the record charts are the true indications of success so his latest release **The Impossible Dream** has been released simultaneously in Europe, Britain, and the U.S. What I'd like to know is: why wasn't this sort of campaign launched sooner? Because of poor promotional work the American audience has probably missed some of the best material Alex was doing in early releases **Framed** and **Next**, and if you have bad timing forget it (look what happened to Slade).

Like I said, visually this band possesses a dynamic stage force and a combination of good music mixed with a witty humor. Do you recall when **In Concert** first brought Alex and his crazies to the TV screen last summer? It must have been fate because somehow the network thought they were booking the Alex Harvey that wrote some of those hit tunes for Helen Reddy. So in walked SAHB and the producers stood there with their jaws hanging to the ground, all they could say was "Whaaaaaa!?!?". It turned out to be one of the best mistakes that the network ever made for the show because Alex won the viewers at home hands down. People were writing in asking for another look at the band. It's hard enough trying to get people to accept you over the radio even if jocks play your record a thousand times a day, and brother if you can make them believe you on the stage, much less television well that spells \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$.

What sort of fellow is Alex Harvey? He's nuts. He comes bashing out of brick walls looking like some cheap hood or better still, an outcast from a grade B Brando movie. In another scene, with ripped leather jacket and a stocking wound tightly about his face, he pounces on the mike making all these facial contortions while screaming and bellowing at the top of his lungs: "I was fraaaaaaaamed uh!". Meanwhile you're sitting in your seat wondering if that person on stage is delerious from contracting rabies?

Some of you may think this type of performance to be a



bit wishy-washy, tuff because today when a band has to rely on elaborate light shows, sexy looking get-ups, instrumental equipment which is highly unnecessary, and guitar solos which trudge on for hours, Alex Harvey has found the key to accomplish the main objective . . . to entertain the audience in a more obvious way. He's been playing in bands since 1956 and that deems him an experienced veteran that has gone thru numerous phases and histories of rock 'n' roll. Recently in DISC magazine Alex talked about his successful stage act:

"We want to get more of the vaudeville element into it and we'll go as far without getting silly. But to me theatrics have to be really cheap. I'm not one for lavish sets and costumes - whatever you can't do with an ordinary prop box isn't worth doing."

And of course as everybody knows, vaudeville was the first real down home type of entertainment which lived and died in the States. The band incidently has made the show a little more sensationalistic by adding a few chorus girls which accompany Alex while he twirls his cane looking like a circus ringmaster.

The Impossible Dream is an extension of SAHB's theatrical innovations and humor. The music tends to be a bit scanty and dry in spots, the fullness of the band is lacking but it does have its moments. For instance the single which is to be released over here, "Sergent Fury," is a perfect example of what the band means by entertainment. The honky-tonk soundings of the clarinet and toy saxes make you feel like you're in some sort of speakeasy in the heart of Chicago during the Depression. Alex sings these lyrics with a very convincing mock vocal (on stage he breaks into a cute two step charleston with Chris Glen and Zal Clemenson) while in the background visions of June Taylor Dancers surround Alex and accompany him with the vocals:

"I wanna be rich
I wanna be famous
I wanna be just the same as
The stars that shine on a Christmas Tree
SCOO-BEE-DOO SCOO-BEE-DOO SCOO-BEE-DOO"

The song brings back memories of stuff like "Winchester Cathedral" which was a big hit because it had that certain "something."

These guys show their overall hopes of success in the future by combining the album's title with "Money Honey," kind of like a hint or premonition of sorts.

The band also cooks on a few numbers like "The Hot City Symphony" with "Vambo" as part 1 and picks up where the band left off on **Next**. Following "Vambo" is "Man In The Jar" which is part 2 of the symphony and starts off with a Shaft guitar opening as Alex growls "Ot Ciiity" and then the song just goes lame from there. Kinda disappointing but everything can't always be sunshine lollipops, etc. What I can't understand is why "Anthem" the last song on the album will be released as a maxi-single in England. It doesn't seem like a wise choice because the song lulls you to sleep while you anxiously await something heavy, crazy or unexpected to happen. Oh yeah, Alex has some dude playing the bagpipes on tour (which comprises a certain amount of length in "Anthem"); he says he'll help keep the bars open after closing.

So there it is, a peek at a rather new sensation. The impeccable Alex Harvey Band will hopefully be deemed with nothing less than future success. They're sure to twist a few heads over here cause we're not used to this type of madness. Yeah, America is used to getting bored not entertained, and we don't wanna admit it. But Alex Harvey will prove his point and if success doesn't spoil 'em they'll storm this country just like "Vambo to the rescue!"

-Mitch 'JD' Hejna

Ducks Deluxe (Cont. from page 6)

you listen hard enough. It's not too difficult to pick out the divergent styles: "Daddy Put The Bomp" smacks of Tony Joe White, with loads of that swamp imagery I mentioned before (and, as on every track which Sean Tyla sings lead, the hilarious slurred vocals add immeasurably to the overall craziness of the album.) "Please Please Please" abounds with Liverpool Big Beat; "Fireball" 's lots better (musically, at any rate) than anything poor old Lou Reed's done recently (poor Lou Reed); and the other tracks are mostly holdovers from their live show, including the fabulous "Nervous Breakdown," sung with aplomb by bassist Nick Garvey (a nice lad). Come to think of it, the Ducks might not be that much like you and me at all; none of my friends have been able to put together a band that could transcend all those styles yet (though we're trying).

So where does all of this leave Ducks

Rock 'n' roll: You betcha. With a band whose influences range from the Velvet Underground to the Beatles to Dylan to Creedence to the Stones, mixed with a very healthy dose of Chuck Berry and The Great Eddie Cochran, you can expect a thin line between channeled eclecticism and tedious retreading. Ducks Deluxe get closer to the former with each listening, because their approach to classic rock 'n' roll is similar to the very bands they are reminiscent of. -Gary Sperrazza! (from Shakin' Street No. 12)

Deluxe? They haven't been able to break out on a mass scale in Britain yet, perhaps due to the fact that they really do look like slob; the image of Martin "Hot Rats" Belmont prancing around **Top Of The Pops** in all of his scruffy six-three glory is almost more than the human mind can bear. They don't do badly on the U.K. club slog; but at this point, it seems that America is the answer. Their album has done moderately well sales-wise (so I've been told), with some nice radio airplay in spots. Moreover, at this moment, a new album is being readied for release, produced by the mighty Dave Edmunds at Rockfield Studios in Wales (as close to legendary as a recording studio can get - folks as diverse as the Flamin' Groovies and Man have recorded there). Speaking of the Groovies, the new Ducks lp will feature a version of their "Teenage Head," a song that would seem to fit the Ducks'

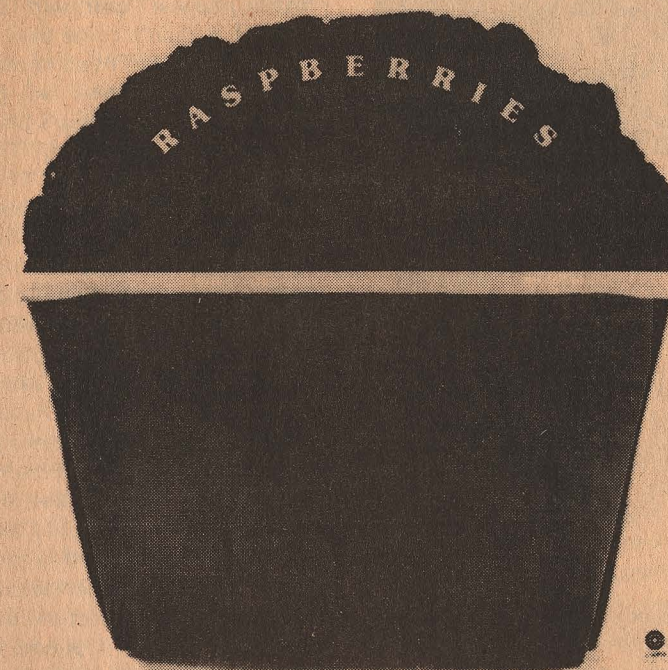
lewdness well (Nick Garvey 'roadied for the Groovies during their British stay - in fact, most of the Ducks started out as roadies, which might explain their appearance and attitude). I'm fairly confident that, given the proper push by RCA, the new lp will have a good chance of cracking the fickle but affluent American market. A few Stateside appearances by the Ducks themselves couldn't hurt either (a tour has been in the cards for half a year now - whaddya waiting for, kids?).

Whatever the outcome, Ducks Deluxe have made a fine contribution to rock and roll culture (naturally encompassing booze culture, baseball culture, Mexican vampire movie culture, etc.) during their short time on the boards, and one can only hope that 1974 music business politics will not stand in the way of future contributions.

-Pete Tomlinson

An Outdated Raspberries Story

by Bob Kozak

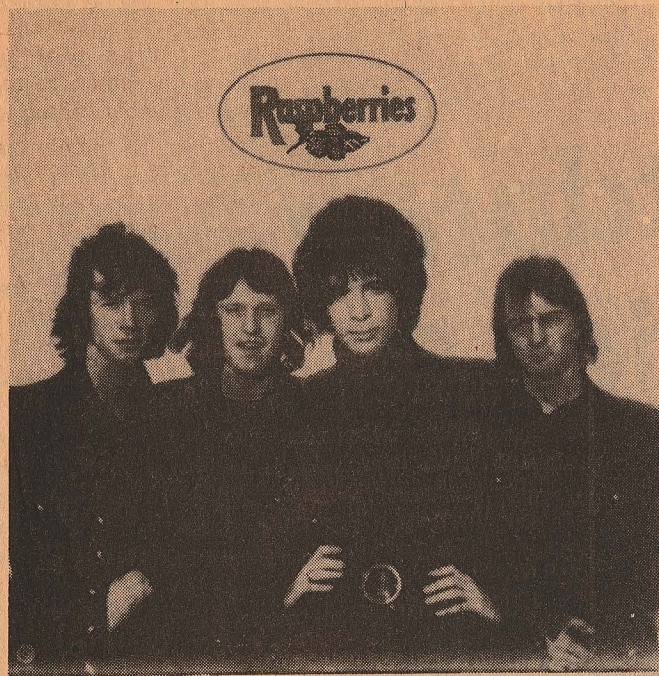


Uncle Sam's is a big place. Lots of high, round tables surrounding the dance floor with a bar along the left side and a room full of pinball machines, pool tables, and other amusements in back, separated by windows from the dance floor/bar. On this particular Thursday night the place is comfortably crowded - not packed, but most of the tables are full, with more people out on the dance floor bumping to the sound system. The lack of people could be forgiven, though; the Raspberries had just been signed a few days earlier and there had been no time for advertising. A lot of people just didn't know they were there.

A local top forty jock is behind the stage, playing records over the sound system. The best response comes, naturally, when he plays "Go All The Way." But, close to ten, everyone is beginning to get impatient, and a sigh of relief goes up when the stage lights dim and several shadowy figures come out and begin picking at random electric pianos, guitars, and drums. A short announcement regarding Nixon's resignation only minutes earlier is greeted by cheers, and then Wally Bryson revs up his Gibson flying V and dives into the opening riff of "I'm a Rocker." From there on out everything's alright.

New Raspberrie Scott McCarl, looking, according to Eric, "like Todd Rundgren, only better. . .", stood off to the left, playing bass and staring out into the crowd as he sang. The other new member, Michael McBride, was all but invisible behind his massive drum kit but he made his presence felt when he played. Wally Bryson, the first kid to get thrown out of high school in Cleveland for long hair, stood on the right, playing like a man possessed; slamming his hand into the strings and then ripping it back on the upswing and generally acting like he would pass into an epileptic fit at any moment. In the middle, Eric Carmen was in command, moving gently and sexy to the music and smiling at the pretty girls out on the dance floor.

The band was visually and musically exciting; tight and loud, mixing old songs and new songs well, and finally ending with a long version of "All Through the Night" complete with electric piano and guitar solos. There were minor disappointments - Eric only played guitar on a few songs, and the piano player, though he was excellent, just didn't seem necessary. But the Raspberries brand of good ol' Rock 'n' Roll made up for everything. We went home early - seems the



under-age girls who had accompanied us had ended up having to sit the night out in the car - but we went home satisfied that the new Raspberries were just as good, maybe even better, than the old band had ever been.

"Well, it may sound funny,
but I'm not in it for the money.
I don't need no reputation,
and I'm not in it for the show.

I just want a hit record.
Wanna hear it on the radio,
Want a big hit record.
One that everybody's got to know."

-Eric Carmen, "Overnight Sensation"

The Raspberries started as a band with a purpose. They wore matching clothes and mod haircuts. Their music sounded almost uncomfortably like the early Beatles or Searchers or Hollies. What they probably wanted most was a hit record. To hear themselves on the radio. To have kids come up and say, "Hey, is that really you guys on that record?"

"We play the kind of music we liked when we were kids," Eric once told a **Rolling Stone** reporter, "you know - Beatles, Beach Boys, early Kinks. We try to put more sunshine into our songs than the Beatles and more rock than the Beach Boys."

Eric, Wally, David Smalley, and Jim Bonfanti had all been from veteran Cleveland bands like The Choir and Cyrus Erie when they decided to get together. Lighthouse producer Jimmy Lenner discovered them and got them signed to Capitol records.

Their first album, **Raspberries**, contains three excellent songs. "Don't Want to Say Goodbye" was the band's first flop single. It's a long, slow painful song, and it's a credit to Jimmy Lenner and the band's knowledge of pop that everything - Jimmy Haskell's syrupy string arrangement, Eric and Wally's deliberate vocal, the impassioned coda - all work to make the song one of the group's most moving performances. And of course, there's "Go All the Way," the band's first gold record and a great Who style rocker. And the eight minute "I Can Remember," which closes the album, is the big production number, with several changes in mood, and Eric showing off

his classical piano training. The lyric is pure summer love: "I can remember midsummer skies, the look in your eyes."

The rest of the album wasn't so hot though, and in amongst the few critical raves were many people calling them things like "shallow and imitative." The next album, **Fresh Raspberries**, was, overall, a better album, sounding quite a bit like semi-acoustic Beatles. "I Wanna Be With You," which started off with the riff from the Chiffon's "One Fine Day," was another hit, despite the fact that it's probably the band's poorest single. "Let's Pretend," though, is a delicious sensuous ballad, based on the same subject matter as "Wouldn't It Be Nice."

"Baby, let's pretend we could always be together.
If we close our eyes and believe,
it might come true."

I remember seeing them do this on **Midnight Special** in spring, '73, out of their matching suits and into "mid-sixties British pop-star" gear, with Eric looking like he was gonna fall apart if it didn't come true. I fell in love with the band that night; but wouldn't you know it, the song wasn't a hit.

But still, the music was getting better. **Fresh Raspberries** also contained the group's first tribute to mid sixties California culture: "Drivin' Around." The best was yet to come.

In late summer of '73 the band released the single "Tonight" of the **Side 3** album. "Tonight" was the culmination of every single the Raspberries had till then.

Some girl, probably at the local CYO dance, is giving Eric these looks, see, so Eric decides to tease her a bit: "You look too young to know about romance." But: "When you smiled I had to take a chance." Toward the end he pops the question: "Won't you let me sleep with you, Baby?" Hey, but it's okay, cause "I just want to make you feel good inside, baby!" Another example of teenage love over one of the best arrangements and productions (Jimmy Lenner again) of any pop single in the 70's. But, unbelievably, it was another flop.

"Ecstasy" is practically as good. It's structured similarly to "Go All The Way" with a power chord beginning and popish verses. And Wally deserves praise for his guitar virtuosity; that shimmering guitar section toward the end that sounds like about five guitars is played by Wally alone live. And Guess what? Another single that doesn't sell.



David Smalley's tunes were getting better (even if they sound like he listens to Badfinger's **No Dice** album exclusively) and the strings and piano-based tunes had been ditched in favor of snarling guitars. But **Side 3** was the first and only Raspberries album with no collaboration in song writing. After the album it was announced that there had been a deep split in the band. David Smalley and Jim Bonfanti wanted to wear jeans on stage and play more "mature" music. So they left and formed Dynamite with two ex-members of Cleveland's band Freeport, and the Raspberries were down to the two writers of "Go All The Way" - Eric Carmen and Wally Bryson.

Scott McCarl had played in bands in Nebraska, and decided he might help his career if he sent demo tapes to Todd Rundgren and Eric Carmen. When David and Jim left, Eric remembered the tape and how Scott sounded like "a 1965 John Lennon," and Scott was only too pleased to join when asked. For a drummer, Eric and Wally went to Mike McBride, who had played with them in their Cyrus Erie days. The new line-up leaves the band stronger than ever.

The new album is by far the best Raspberries album yet. The Raspberries at their best do fulfill the ambition Eric told the **Rolling Stone** reporter about. And on **Starting Over**, they're at their best more often than they've ever been before.

The album begins with "Overnight Sensation" with the band explaining the reasons their knocking themselves out to make these records in the first place. It's the first Raspberries song not about love or girls, and precludes a whole side of songs not about those things the Berries usually hold to be fit subject material. When I first heard this on the radio, I thought it was Wally singing (it's Eric - remember when you couldn't tell if it was John or Paul singing?), there's a great uncredited sax solo, and even a fake ending, with Mike McBride bashing the song back in. But it seems to have been a poor choice for a single; if the program directors won't spend 3½ minutes on "Tonite" they won't spend 5½ minutes on this.

"Play On" is next, with Scott McCarl making his singing debut with the band. The music marks a bit of a departure for the group. Instead of the usual surging power chords, the song is propelled by an ascending riff played on the bass strings of the guitars. The lyrics are Scott's - finally in a major band and playing for keeps - trying to convince us that he's already jaded and cynical ("It's a hard life but you play it for laughs"); shades of Mick Ralphs in "Rock and Roll Queen" recording for the first time and announcing "and I'm just a rock and roll star." Anyway, it's a great rocker, and even more importantly is the first song credited to the song writing team of Carmen and McCarl; a collaboration which on the strength of the songs on this album could prove very valuable to the future of the band and pop music.

We'll have to let Wally get a few words in here. On "Party's Over," he really screams his guts out, something which the Berries seem to do better than most bands around today. "Ain't it a shame the party's over?" But it's undoubtedly the best rocker Wally's written, which makes it nice to hear him say he "ain't gonna quit."

But enough of this. The bell rings for round one and in this corner we have from England, the Who, while over in this corner we have the hometown favorites, featuring Mike McBride destroying his drum kit in just over 4 minutes. "I don't know what I want, but I want it now!" Poor Eric is getting badgered and pressured by his teachers to decided his fate. It's possibly the best cut on the album - the power on this cut is unbelievable - and despite the fact that some people are gonna scream about the similarity to "Won't Get Fooled

Again," it's still one of the best rock songs in recent memory.

Scott's "Rose Colored Glasses" is the first let-up of the record, both in intensity and quality. It's the other, cotton candy side of pop; pretty but not very substantial. However, flip the record over the the Berries start to dig in again. "All Through the Night," on which the band likes to stretch out live, is a Chuck Berry/Faces style rocker, with Eric's singing all breathy and raspy, a la Rod the Mod. And it gets better with each listening.

The next single will probably come from one of the next two songs. "Cruisin' Music" is a further elucidation of "Drivin' Around," but instead of that stupid "tape player blasting," they're pushing buttons and listening for a "screaming jock," which seems to make a bit more sense.

"I Can Hardly Believe You're Mine" is classic Raspberries. Eric is singing, soft and gentle on the verses, but when the



choruses come all the emotion and pure power breaks. It was written by Scott and Eric, as was "Cry" which Scott sings and which features a killer guitar break from Wally.

The band winds the album down slowly from here. "Hands on You," like "Down Time Blooze," on **Stories' About Us**, or the various filler on **Let It Be**, sounds like an intentional throw-away, meant basically for comic relief, but even this features nice harmonies from Scott over Wally's perfect Liverpool accent. The title song is the big production finale. Very Elton Johnish, but better than anything the Bitch has done lately. It may be a classy way to end the album, but I daresay the rockers will stick in your head longer.

But the Raspberries are starting over. But it's hard when you've lost momentum and when the better your records get, the less people will play them. There seems to be some sort of backlash against punky pop played loud and exciting. Another great seventies band that might die because AM program directors don't understand them, and FM program directors think they do. Starting over underground is tough, especially if no one gives you a chance.

Hollywood Trash Dance in L.A.

Talk about New Yawk decadence all you want, the boys & girls of LA were in their prime for this one. The real stars of the evening were the painted, sequined darlings, gay or trying, milling about in the audience. Not a smile to be seen - everyone so into digging themselves that the bands were left to perform for a small but energetic crowd in front of the stage.

For openers Kim Fowley, as MC, came out in his new short coiffure, announcing the death of glitter. Actually he screamed it out - over a period of an hour and a half while Zolar X prepared. When the band finally appeared, they bit the dust. The music (guitar, bass, drums) was boring, and the costumes were just dumb. They're supposed to be the band of the future, but they sounded more like a rehash of Bowie cum Hawkwind.

Next up was new WB discovery, Peter Ivers, complete with diapers and a phallus-gun. But he was O.K. and his band was purty fine. The sax-guitarist duets were funky and inventive not to mention the precise drumming of former Fanny member Alice deBuhr. Strictly hohum material tho, compared to what followed.

It wasn't until the appearance of Iggy Pop, that things got cookin'. And did they ever. Looking healthy, Mr. Pop was all smiles, dancing

outrageously and singing rock 'n' roll the likes of which Hollywood has not heard since the heyday of Sky Saxon. And his band! Ray Manzarek on piano, James Williamson on guitar, Noel Harrison (from the previous Elvis set by Silverhead who now has Soupy Sales' kid on guitar and the GTOs for comic relief) on bass, as well as an unidentified drummer and harpist. There was no "Search and Destroy" - instead we got "Route 66," "Everybody Needs Somebody," "I Just Wanna Make Love To You" ("Black Negro Music," as the Ig put it) and an exhilarating encore version of "Subterranean Homesick Blues."

The band was of course a makeshift one, together three days but they sure sounded good. Williamson plays electricity as much as guitar, loud and crude, riffing and chording, looking like an American version of Keith Richard, and playing with the same deceptive coolness, his guitar spitting out the rock 'n' roll sound. Ray Manzarek was a suitable choice for piano as he and Williamson meshed with ease. The former's loose style complimented the latter's hard & lean ravings. The respect between Pop and Manzarek is evidenced by Iggy's many glances to the pianist, and Manzarek never took his eyes off the Ig. Can't blame him, since Iggy was in tip top form. Wide, studded belt and

leather pants, tiger jacket topped by white hair and darkened eyes. Moving like an Iguana on speed, jerking, prancing, epileptic convulsions; a voice both urgent and appealing, grabbing everyone and making them listen. They were still shouting for Iggy Pop after the Dolls had split.

The Hollywood Stars went through their nice set. Nice cuz they're harmless and their music sounds fresh and spirited with neat songs about radios and habits. Fowley told me he got them together out of a musician's handbook but you'd never guess; their manufactured sound is well disguised. They're cute too.

The Dolls were a blast as always. They did some new numbers which sounded even better than past material. "Barbi Doll" hit the spot and "DownTown" sounded like possible single material. The group was joined by a leather and sequin sax player who neither got in the way of the Dolls' primitive sound nor extended any songs. Killer Kane gave up his bass to David JoHansen for his Bobby Vee song. Later on Sylvain Sylvain (who played piano on all the new material) and David jived at stage centre, enjoying themselves and giving everyone a good laugh. That's what the Dolls are, depending on which way you look at it, a good laugh or a fun time. I prefer the latter.

-Jymn Parrett

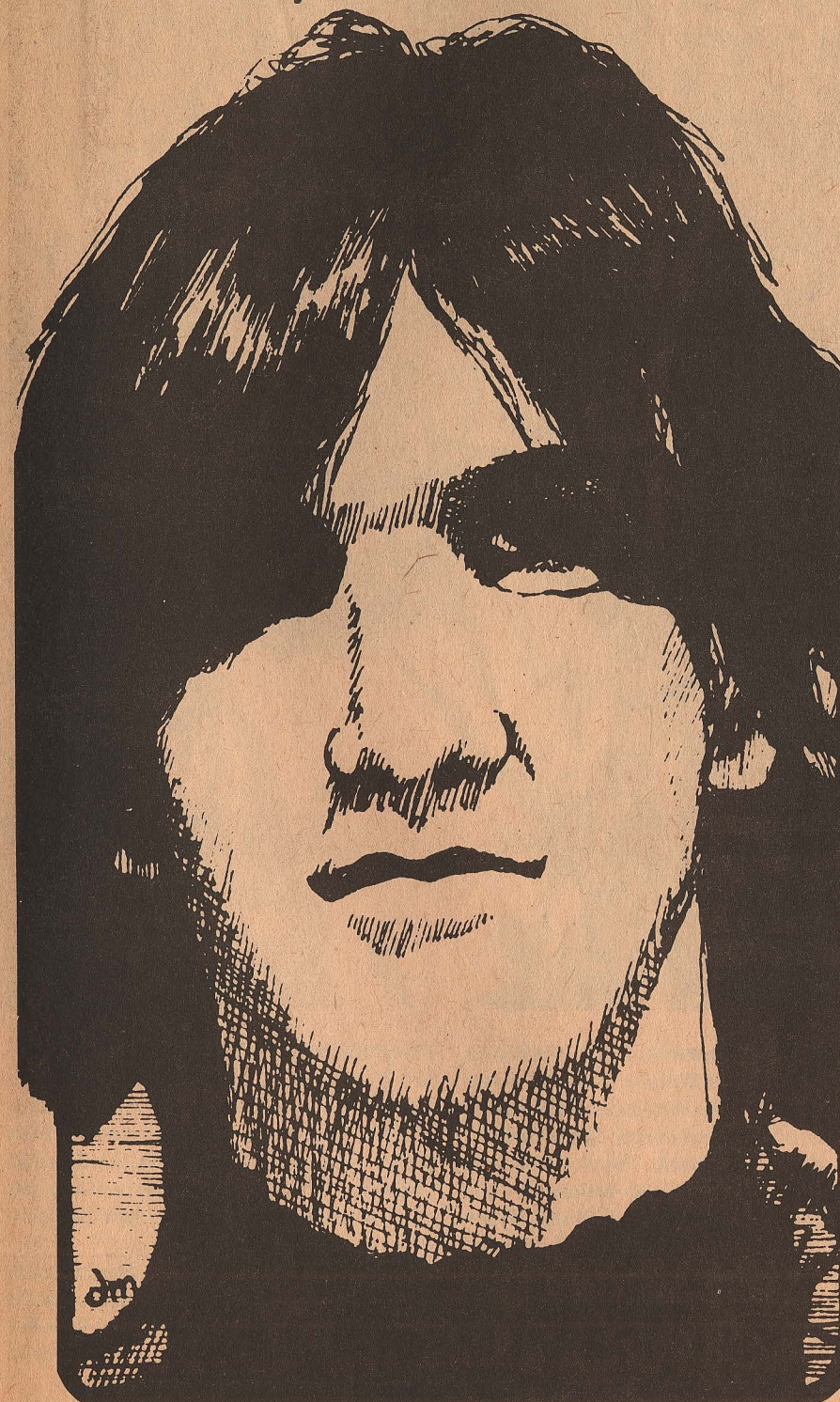


"Out With the Truckers and the Kickers and the Cowboy Angels"

Part 3 of a History of California Country Rock

Gram Parsons and the L.A. Cowboys

by David Meinzer



My favorite kind of music, particularly for the past year, has been Country, and Country Rock. I've been thrilled by the Byrds, fascinated by Jackson Browne, moved to tears by Linda Ronstadt, bored to same by the Grateful Dead, and gotten drunk on Commander Cody's beer fumes. But I always come back to one man. Gram Parsons. He said it all, and did it right. So even though this is supposed to be a history of Los Angeles country rock groups, it's really the story of Gram Parsons. He's responsible. Directly or indirectly he influenced everyone in country rock.

Gram Parsons was born in Florida, raised in Georgia, and spent time in the northeast (at Harvard) before moving to L.A. Wherever he went he carried the feeling for the south, the homeland, in his music. His father was a country singer, Coon Dog Connor, and from him Gram learned the elements of country: love won, love lost, sorrows drowned in cheap booze, memories of home, good times, hard times, and Christian morals. He listened to Elvis, and played in teenage rock bands. He also listened to gospel music on the radio, and carried one song, "You Don't Miss Your Water" with him to California and used it to help convince Roger McGuinn and Chris Hillman of the Byrds to do an all-Country album. The result, *Sweetheart of the Rodeo*, was the final step toward the creation of Country-Rock, an idea that many had experimented with, as a distinct form in itself.

Drugstore Truckdrivin' Man

Gram joined the Byrds after his own country band, the International Submarine Band, failed from lack of public support. He displayed enough feeling for Byrds material to fit (his song "One Hundred Years From Now" probably could have made it on any previous Byrds album) but also exerted enough pressure to move the band full into country. "You Ain't Goin' Nowhere" and "Nothing Was Delivered" from Dylan's basement tapes are given rolling country treatments with prominent pedal steel guitars and simple harmonies. "I Am A Pilgrim" and "The Christian Life" display the Christianity element, and "Blue Canadian Rockies" and "Hickory Wind" balance nostalgia and good times with the honky tonk

reality of hard times and love lost in "You're Still On My Mind" and "Life in Prison." The last three songs mentioned are sung by Parsons, his voice a little hoarse, and at first listen almost un-musical. But once you pick up the slight tremble, the rough edge cuts into the emotion of the song and you can feel what he's singing about.

The music on **Sweetheart of the Rodeo** is beautifully done. Pedal steels played by Lloyd Green and Jay Dee Maness (who often played live with the Byrds during this period) are featured and excellent country piano is provided by Earl Ball. John Hartford plays banjo, and the man considered Nashville's best acoustic bass player, Roy Huskey, joins on several cuts. Future Byrd Clarence White can be heard adding his personal guitar style.

After the album the Byrds toured for several months through the U.S. and then England. At this point they were supposed to play in South Africa, but Gram refused to play to segregated audiences and rather than go on the trip, quit the band. He wound up staying in England for a while with Rolling Stone Keith Richard who had always loved Country music and was to learn a lot from Gram. (Several subsequent Stones albums showed the country influence creeping in with songs like "Country Honk" and especially "Wild Horses" which some people believe was written by Mick Jagger for and about Gram Parsons.) Meanwhile Chris Hillman felt that he and Kevin Kelly had been reduced to being sidemen for McGuinn, and quit. McGuinn canned Kelly and started over.

For his new version of the Byrds (many feel the Byrds should have ended here, and that the new band was hampered by associations with past accomplishments of other people) McGuinn recruited Clarence White, who had played on **Sweetheart of the Rodeo**, and who had taken his bluegrass experience and developed a unique kind of electric lead which combined fast flowing runs with notes bending into one another like a pedal steel. For drums, Gene Parsons, a multi-instrumental session musician and garage mechanic, was hired along with John York on bass guitar.

The first album by this band, called **Dr. Byrds and Mr. Hyde** for obvious reasons, took the country of **Sweetheart** and mixed it with the heavy rock of the period (spring, 1969). Songs like "This Wheel's on Fire" and "King Apathy III"

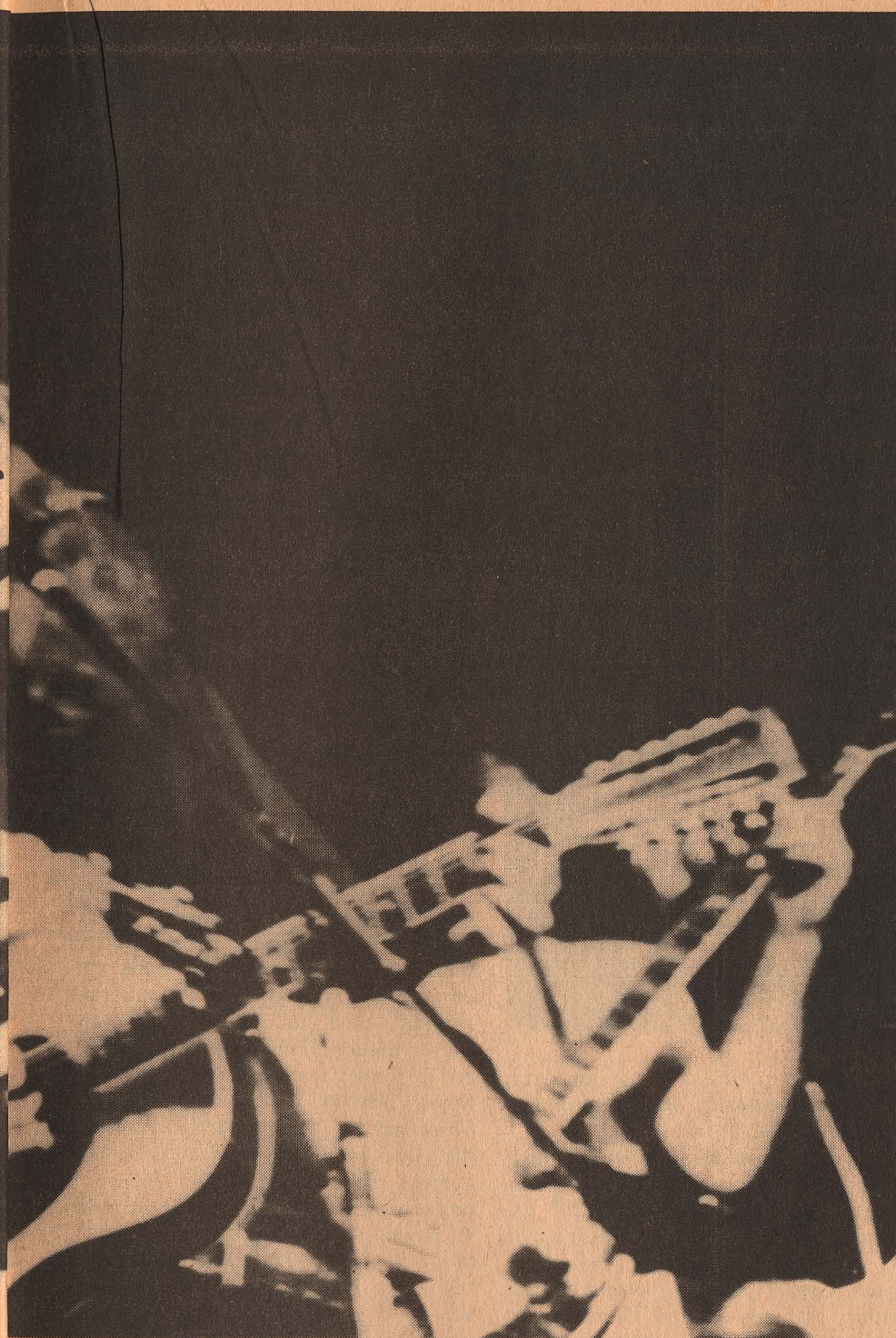


use the solid combination of McGuinn's twelve string and White's fine lead guitar that were to characterize the Byrds for the rest of their existence. Gram Parsons' influence was still there however, particularly in a song which he and McGuinn wrote, "Drug Store Truck Driving Man." The lyrics show some of the picturesque surrealism later Parsons songs would become known for.

Dr. Byrds & Mr. Hyde was followed by **Ballad of Easy Rider** (with the theme

from the movie and not a whole lot else) and shortly afterwards by the replacement of John York with Skip Battin, known for past associations with Skip and Flip, and the Hollywood Argyles. This band was responsible for the last three Byrds albums (not including the reunion album in '73).

These albums, **Untitled**, **Byrdmaniax**, and **Farther Along**, were mixed up a bit with each member taking the fore for different songs but they were always solid



and well done, and they contain some of the best Country Rock ever recorded. But while good country material like "Lover Of The Bayou," "Chestnut Mare," "Truck Stop Girl," "Yesterday's Train" and "You All Look Alike" made up most of **Untitled**, other things crept into the other two albums. In particular Skip Battin had some wierd ideas, and his songs (mostly written with English rocker Kim Fowley) tended towards the novelty number or even the bizzare. This

mixture didn't please the critics much, and the lack of successful album sales along with the band's differing ideas led to the band's break up in 1973. (Once at a concert I saw Roger McGuinn aim a rather devastating glare at someone in the audience who requested "Citizen Kane," one of Battin's strangest tunes. The end was near.)

This was however probably the best **live** Byrds band ever. They were able to combine solid reincarnations of songs like

"Mr. Spaceman," "So You Want To Be A Rock and Roll Star" and "My Back Pages" with newer material and included a short semi acoustic set with a rippin' bluegrass number featuring Gene Parsons on banjo and Clarence White switching from guitar to mandolin faster than you say say "The Dillards." In the end however Gene Parsons quit (John Guerin replaced him on the last tour) and the band lost their enthusiasm, and the Byrds disbanded.

A few weeks later (July '73) Clarence White, who had reformed his old bluegrass band, the Kentucky Colonels, was struck and killed by a drunk driver.

Sin City

Getting back to 1969 and Gram Parsons, we meet THE Country Rock band: The Flying Burrito Brothers. To make a long story short Gram came back from England and met up with Chris Hillman again and bassist Chris Ethridge and they decided to form a rock band for the expressed purpose of playing country and gospel music. They asked Sneaky Pete Kleinow, the best of a batch of southern California pedal steel players, to join and proceeded to do an album, **The Gilded Palace of Sin**, which demonstrated just how new and original country rock could be.

Parsons' presence is obvious. As a co-writer of nine of the eleven songs and vocalist on all but the closing parable "Hippie Boy" (which Hillman narrates) he strengthens the definition he had put forth on the Byrds **Sweetheart** album. The elements are all there: the good love and the bad, hard and soft memories, and very strongly, the Christian Morals. Lyrically **Gilded Palace** is strong and often brilliant. Musically it has good variety, with superb leads from Sneaky Pete's pedal steel and excellent harmony vocals by Parsons and Hillman. The lyrics, the music, even the cover with the Burritos in their Nudie C&W glitter outfits, all make a consistent and coherent statement about the devastation of life through excess.

The Burritos second album alas isn't as consistent. Ethridge had become bored with the band and decided to quit and Bernie Leadon, one of Linda Ronstadt's sidemen, joined as a guitarist and Hillman had switched to bass while Michael Clarke had joined on drums (they had previously used studio drummers) to complete the Byrds old rhythm section. The album,

Burrito Deluxe, however, lacks the variety and super excellent song writing of the first one. But it is notable for a few things, particularly Burrito original "High Fashion Queen" and Gram Parsons version of Jagger/Richards' "Wild Horses."

The Burritos weren't making much money at this time and Gram, who like Chris Ethridge had become bored and discouraged, quit, and then was forcibly retired by a motor cycle accident.

The band continued however, and toured constantly, developing an excellent live act based on Burrito standards and old rock 'n' roll songs and relying heavily on Hillman's vocals and the harmonies and lead vocals and the harmonies and lead vocals of another new member, Rick Roberts. Roberts figured heavily in the group's third album writing several songs including one of the best ever Burrito songs, "Colorado." The band continued to change members after this and finally in earth 1972 they recorded a live album and then disintegrated. The album, **Last of the Red Hot Burritos**, features only one of the original members: Chris Hillman. Other positions are filled by Rick Roberts, Kenny Wertz (who replaced Leadon when he left to form Eagles), Al Perkins (who replaced Sneaky Pete on pedal steel) and old stand-by Michael Clarke. Also during a bluegrass interlude fiddler Byron Berline (who had provided country fiddle for everyone from the Stones to the Byrds) and Roger Bush, both of the California bluegrass band Country Gazette, join as temporary Burrito Brothers.

But this was the end of the Flying Burrito Brothers, and though during their life time they were only minimally successful in fulfilling one of Gram Parsons' purposes; to bring the young fans of rock and the older fans of country together, they did succeed in fusing the two musical styles together beautifully. Ironically a recent "historical perspective" album with some of the best cuts from the first two albums and two sides of unreleased material is getting some of the recognition from the older country music people that they never got when the Burritos were still Flying.

Hear That Music

One of Gram Parsons' early friends when he moved to California was Buffalo Springfield Ritchie Furay. Furay had during the last days of the Springfield cut a couple of country styled songs with the band, "Child's Claim To Fame" and

"Kind Woman." When after the breakup of the Springfield Furay decided to form a Country oriented band he recruited two studio musicians who had helped out on the recording of "Kind Woman," bassist/producer Jim Messina and pedal steel player Rusty Young. With the addition of George Grantham on drums and later Timmy Schmidt on bass the band, called Poco (originally Pogo until Walt Kelly complained) was complete. Poco's first two albums display a much lighter side of country music than the Burritos; more of the good time, shitkickin' country pickin', mainly through the use of up beat tunes, high pitched harmonies, and Messina's fine hot licks lead guitar. Rusty Young was also one of the more creative pedal steel men



experimenting with the use of fuzz, wa-wa, and mechanical phasing, in finding new ways to use the instrument.

After the third album, a live recording called **Delivering**, which showed Poco at their rollicking best (and is still the definitive Poco album) Jim Messina quit the band (later to team up with folkie Kenny Loggins) and was replaced by Paul Cotton, formerly of the Illinois Speed Press. Cotton couldn't match Messina's country licks however and the band over the course of three more albums shifted more heavily into rock. But as long as Ritchie Furay was there country was part of Poco, as demonstrated by songs like "Good Feeling To Know," "Blue Water," and versions of Stephen Stills' "Go and Say Goodbye" and a song Gram Parsons had written and taught Furay years before, "Brass Buttons," which appeared on the album **Crazy Eyes**, the title song of which was written about Parsons by Furay.

Poco still bounces back and forth from country to rock even though Furay quit the band after **Crazy Eyes** to join with Chris Hillman and L.A. cowboy punk John David Souther along with Al Perkins, keyboard man Paul Harris, and drummer Jim Gordon in the Souther-Hillman-Furay Band. Though the line up sounds formidable the music on their first and only album is not the best these people have done. But it is good, particularly Furay's "Fallin' In Love" and Souther's "Heartbreaker," and as long as they stay together and keep working into each other the Souther-Hillman-Furay Band may yet be great.

I Can't Help It if I'm Still in Love With You

Back in the late sixties a small group called the StonePoneys had a hit with a Mike Nesmith (the country Monkee) song "Different Drum." But as lead singer for a band of guys Linda Ronstadt soon found herself on her own: "... one of them got busted, one wanted to do a jazz thing, and the other one ran off with a nun." Since then Linda has done five albums and if her career was as successful as her recordings she'd be the richest woman alive.

Linda's first three albums were recorded between '69 and '72 with the aid of many of Los Angeles' finest country rock musicians including Clarence White, Sneaky Pete, along with other Burritos and for a while her recording and touring band included Bernie Leadon, Glenn Frey, Don Henley, and a former member of Rick Nelson's Stone Canyon Band, Randy Meisner. These last four dudes eventually formed their own band, Eagles, which developed a more rock country sound putting a polish on the music which enabled them to record several top forty hits and a brilliant album, **Desperado**. They were the major contributors to Linda's best album, called simply **Linda Ronstadt**, which features beautiful versions of Jackson Browne's "Rock Me On The Water" along with country classics like "I Fall To Pieces," "Crazy Arms," and "I Still Miss Someone." The arrangements are clean and imaginative, and Linda's vocals are changed with heart rending emotion and an endearing sweetness. The album ranks with **Sweetheart of the Rodeo** and **The Gilded Palace of Sin** as one of the best of its kind.

Linda is always at her best with ballads. From "Long, Long Time" on her first album to her fourth album with the

Eric Kaz and Libby Titus song "Love Has No Pride," Rick Roberts "Colorado" and the Eagles' "Desperado," she has consistently handled them well. Her latest album, **Heart like a Wheel**, she handles "Dark End of the Street," "You're No Good" along with Phil Everly's "When Will I Be Loved," Lowell George's "Willin'," and the Hank Williams' classic "I Can't Help It If I'm Still In Love With You" like they had been written for her.

Return of the Grievous Angel

For a couple of years Gram Parsons just hung out. After recovering from his accident he did things like traveling with friend Leon Russell (who played on the second Burrito album) and the entourage that was Joe Cocker's Mad Dogs and Englishmen tour. And he wrote songs. Then in 1973 after meeting a young country singer, Emmylou Harris (who Chris Hillman had told him about), Gram decided to do a solo album.

The album, **GP**, was recorded with Emmylou, Rik Gretch, and Glen D. Hardin, Ronnie Tutt, and James Burton, three members of Elvis Presley's (Gram's first idol) touring band, and again all the elements of country that were part of Gram were present.

Six of the eleven songs were Parsons originals, including "She" written with Chris Ethridge which follows in the "Hot Burrito..." tradition and a couple of classically styled C&W ballads, "The New Soft Shoe" (featuring beautiful fiddle and pedal steel interplay by Byron Berline and Al Perkins), and "Kiss the Children." Throughout the album Parsons sings of love in songs like "Streets of Baltimore" and a pair of excellent duets with Emmylou, "That's All It Took" (the first song he ever sang with her) and "We'll Sweep Out the Ashes in the Morning." But almost always the love he's singing about is a trap which can't be escaped no matter how much pain it causes. Gram also played around a little with blues, including on the album "Cry One More Time" (from an early J. Geils Band album) and his own "Big Mouth Blues." These are however the weakest cuts on the album. They don't fit with the country stuff.

But if **GP** was only 80 percent or so successful, his second album was nearly perfect. Originally titled **Return of the Grievous Angel**, the album is probably the finest Country Rock album ever recorded, bar none, and together with the Byrds' **Sweetheart** and the Burrito's



Gilded Palace completes a trilogy of not only the best of California Country Rock but the life of Gram Parsons. Gram died, of natural causes, on September 19, 1973, two weeks after the completion of the album. Two days later friends stole the body and burned it in the Joshua Tree National Monument desert, because, they said, that was the way Gram had wanted it. Shortly after the still unreleased album had first its cover changed and then its title shortened to simply **Grievous Angel**.

Grievous Angel was recorded again with Hardin, Burton, Perkins, and Berline, along with Bernie Leadon and Herb Pederson. Again Emmylou Harris sings harmony (on all but one cut) while Linda Ronstadt adds her voice to Emmylou's on one song. And again love is a central theme in the songs. Love as in "Love Hurts" which can't be trusted. Love as in "Brass Buttons" or "1000 Dollar Wedding" which is just a memory, sometimes pleasant, more often painful. Or love as in "Return of the Grievous Angel" which has become a reason for living:

Twenty thousand roads I went down-down-down

And they all led me straight back to you.

Other songs include the blue-grass-rock "Cash on the Barrelhead" with a fine solo by James Burton and his hot pick-lickin guitar," (Gram was never a great musician but he knew where to find them), Tom T. Hall's "I Can't Dance," a Parsons/Gretch song "Las Vegas which is about a loser, (possibly ironic - Parsons was a very successful gambler), and a repeat of "Hickory Wind." The final

song, **In My Hour of Darkness** is Gram's enigmatic tribute to three friends; a young man who died on the road, a guitarist (probably Clarence White), and an old man "kind and wise with age" who "read me just like a book, and never missed a page." The chorus (with Emmylou and Linda singing along) is autobiographical, but autobiographical for anyone:

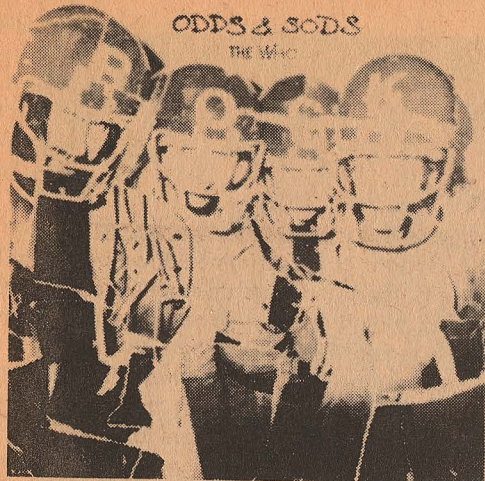
**In my hour of darkness
In my time of Need
Oh Lord grant me vision
Oh Lord grant me speed.**

Ashes in the Morning

Several songs have been written in tribute to Gram Parsons, Ritchie Furay and Johnny Rivers have written and recorded songs about him. So have Bernie Leadon and Eagles and though Bernie's never been known as a great lyricist the feeling is there in the barefaced sentimentality of "My Man":

**I once knew a man
A very talented guy
He'd play for the people
And people would cry
They knew that his song
Came from deep down inside
You could hear it in his voice
And see it in his eye
So he traveled alone
Touch your heart
And then be gone
Like a flower he bloomed
'Til that old Hickory Wind
Called him home**

And all the while the pedal steel plays sweetly, sadly, like a gentle wind.



The Who

ODDS & SODS

The Who

(Track/MCA)

Well I'm ecstatic and overjoyed as hell by the sight of this new (old) release from numero uno wrecking crew of the sixties. Yep it all comes back, those countless ball-busting Townshend riffs that crippled so many minds, and even Keith's androitic superhuman synchopation (which he never lost by the way) is smeared all over the wax. With all the puke an' hash disc jockos throw down yer throats (DON'T EVER LISTEN TO THOSE ASSHOLES YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT MUCH BY NOW!!!) you should be thankful to John Entwistle that he took the time to re-mix and produce this gem. It should hold you over till their next release comes out anyway. To be more specific **Odds & Sods** is a whole collection of unreleased tunes done by the Who that date from 64 to 74 and believe me nobody (unless you're a rock historian & you own Who ELPs) would know any better. Enclosed with the record are the words along with a short historical paragraph of each song on the album thanx to Pete.

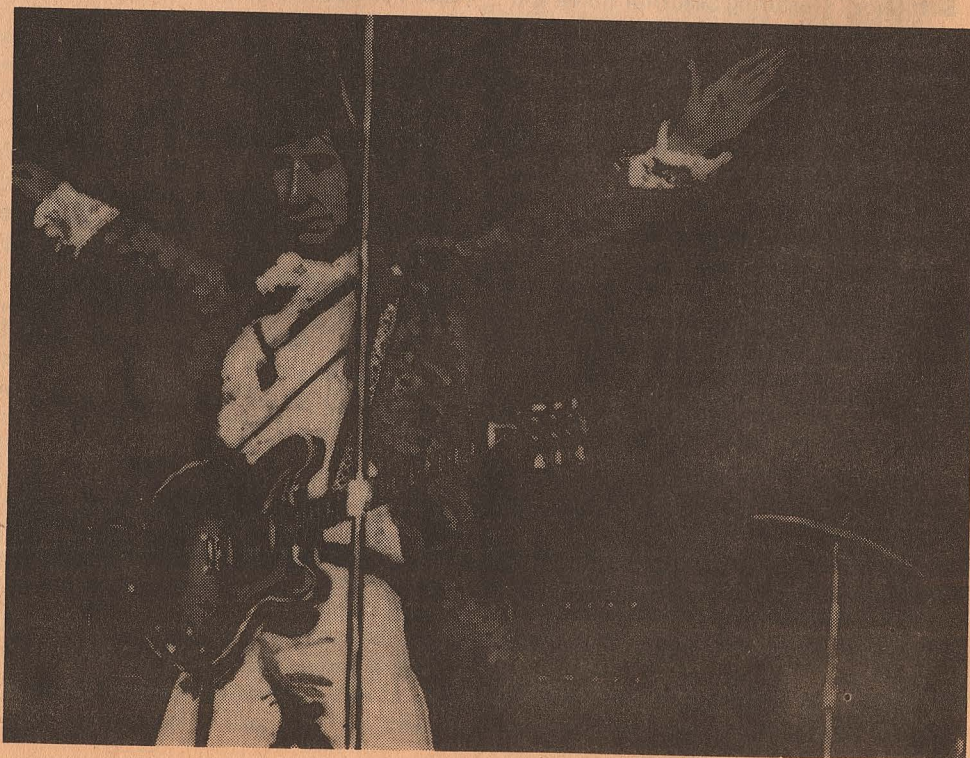
"Postcard" is a song written by John and it starts off side one in a peppy free spirit, and the horn backing gives this tune a different life out of normal Who fashion. "Now I'm a Farmer" is an up tempo ditty about . . . well gourds which according to Pete are "the secret of life," and "Put The Money Down" faintly resembles "Love Ain't For Keeping" off **Who's Next**, (best in 71!). "Little Billy" is one of my favorites on the album cause it contains the basic elements of the Who: quick strumming guitar, heavy bass pedal accompanied by an infinite amount of quick rolling drums, and a very catchy high-pitched chorus. Incidentally this song

was rejected as a commercial for lung cancer, too bad since you can't hear good stuff on the radio they should give T.V. a crack at rock.

Songs like "Glow Girl," "Pure and Easy," and "Naked Eye" illustrate the fluid chemistry which the Who always had. The tunes are beautifully molded rock melodies that immediately have the listener recalling harmonies like "Behind Blue Eyes" and "Song Is Over." Without a doubt it seems that when it comes to composing songs of this nature the Who are uncontested champs.

For instance the intro to "Pure and Easy" (from Peter's solo LP **Who Came First**) is also the ending for "Song Is Over" with the same phrasing. "Glow Girl" borrows its chorus (or vice-versa) from **Tommy** when it slowly fades out as Roger sings: "It's a girl Mrs. Walker, it's a girl." "I'm The Face" is the earliest track on the LP which was recorded in 64, and was their first record release. It rocks in pure Who style accompanied by a high octave blues harp roaming in the background. Yeah, this one hits me deep, I've got visions of British Walkers, striped shirts & skinny ties, bouncing in my brain, just one hundred percent mod.

No Who album is complete without a



SHAKIN' ST. GAZETTE

The Long Players

mind quaking finale and this album is no exception. "Long Live Rock" is evidently a tribute song and it surpasses anything most turds have been churling out which are nothing but pure half assed whimpy slop (we know who we are, don't we Mick? As much as I hate to admit it). It's a great rocker which I find myself tapping my index fingers to, and by the time it ends I feel like they just fell off. Incidentally those lyrics are very inspirational as well as reassuring:

Long live rock,
I need it every night,
Long live rock,
Come on and join the line.
Long live rock. . .
Be it dead or alive.

So there it is, one of the best retrospective packages of the year and a must for every Who freak or for anybody. Give it to your mother for Christmas. The album is a historic example, or rather evidence of the fact that the Who are one of the best damn bands to ever play rock and one of the most instrumental bands in the building of rock's history. Do you guys got have more of this stuff lying around in the MCA broom closet???

-Mitch "J.D." Hejna



Magma

KOHN TARKOSZ

Magma
(A&M)

With their second American album (fourth overall), the French space group Magma illustrates what appears to be a common trait among European avant-rockers.

Virtually all American and most British bands evolve a particular sound which remains essentially unaltered (or else degenerates into self-imitation) throughout their collective careers, thereby limiting the directions their music is allowed to grow toward. Certainly, one can rattle off a half-dozen groups as imaginative as Yes, The Who, and ELP, while demonstrating development and refinement (both technically and creatively) have confined their sound within certain stylistic expectations, whether self- or audience-imposed. It is as if identity can only be stabilized through a harnessing repression of outward-bound concepts. In the extreme, this leads to such abominations as, say, **Tales From Topographic Oceans**, in which Yes tried so hard to advance beyond their earlier accomplishments while yet remaining faithful to their commercially established sound, that they were left with an admirably "advanced" yet totally unlistenable monstrosity.

Recognizability is fine both as a Statement of Purpose and as a means of establishing the market necessary for economic survival. But recognizability

does not have to mean self-restriction. The German cosmic bands, such as Amon Duul II (who are quickly falling into the above trap, hopefully not for good), Can (who never will, thanks to their disparate personalities), and Tangerine Dream (who could easily slip into self-perpetuating "mood" music), have so far shown that it is possible to develop a recognizable method of approaching the creation of music without relying on a limited range of sound possibilities for the performance of this creation. Perhaps no two albums recorded one after the other by the same band illustrate how distinctive - even antithetical - this creative process can be made while yet maintaining an overall homogeneity of character than do **Mekanik Destruktiw Kommandoh** and **Kohntarkosz**, the third and fourth episodes of the projected nine-album epic, **Theusz Hamtaahk**, composed by Magma's Christian Vander.

Mekanik Destruktiw Kommandoh was like a trance-rock opera. Almost entirely vocal, it was frantically sung, yelled, chanted, shouted by an oversized Wagnerian-operatic chorus, cushioned by a large brass ensemble blowing dramatically over a swirling jazz-rock rhythm section. Phrases repeated - seemingly ad infinitum - both melodically and lyrically (in the Kobaian language developed by Vander to project his allegorical sci-fi narrative, which takes place on the fictional planet Kobaia), as Eastern European rhythms supplanted each other in gypsy-like frenzy (Vander is a Polish-Slav gypsy by birth) or a march-like insistent stateliness. **Mekanik** was a powerful work, as viscerally exciting as it was intellectually stimulating.

Kohntarkosz is almost entirely different, both in terms of the instrumental and vocal resources employed, and in the effect it has on the listener. Still, it is obviously the work of the same man, and only an aural comparison of the two records can adequately demonstrate how this can be true. **Mekanik** was choral, with the group's instruments hidden in the background; **Kohntarkosz** is primarily instrumental, with the voices mixed into the background. The brass section is

absent, the chorus trimmed down by half, the Kobaian language de-emphasized, the frenzy diminished. the power and excitement replaced by an air of cosmic-conscious restraint, lack of emotionality, and stasis. Yet there can be no doubt in the listener's mind that both albums are indefinably Magma.

The album is largely consumed by the two-part, 31-minutes-plus title piece. It is admittedly rather difficult to get into, as it begins statically. Long-held chords rise majestically above lightly rumbling drums. A procession begins with a vocal that sounds like a priestly chant in a pre-Christian era epic film. It isn't until after this motif accelerated that one receives the first hints as to what is about to happen. The opening theme is a near-dissonant arpeggio which readily lends itself to eerie vocal variations. Still, the instrumental quintet (guitar, piano, organ, bass, drums) carries the music, with only Vander's drums supplying rhythm in a propulsive sense. The playing is tightly organized and (apparently) rigidly controlled, with every sound contributing an exact effect, a precise accent, stated with just the right articulation that Vander's slowly evolving textures demand. Only Vander seems to have freedom of movement, again within harshly enforced strictures (if my hearing of the music is correct). Nevertheless, with its majestic themes and subtle changes, "Kohntarkosz" is no less of a Grand Design than **Mekanik**. Oddly enough, Part One ends and Part Two begins with a piano solo which adds a welcome touch of lyrical nostalgia to the music.

Part Two unfolds with a lovely, impressionistic vocal melody which Klaus Blasquiz sings with a light wispieness. The music is surprisingly quiet and peaceful during the first section of Part Two, though it crescendoes with mad Jannick Top bass lines and falsetto squealing into a madcap trance-dance of the **Mekanik** variety, perhaps the only place where the two albums cross paths directly. Gerard Bikialo is featured with a freely abandoned, paganistic organ solo that rides over out-of-tempo drums and a dramatic 6/8 choral chant which accelerates desperately. Michel Graillier's

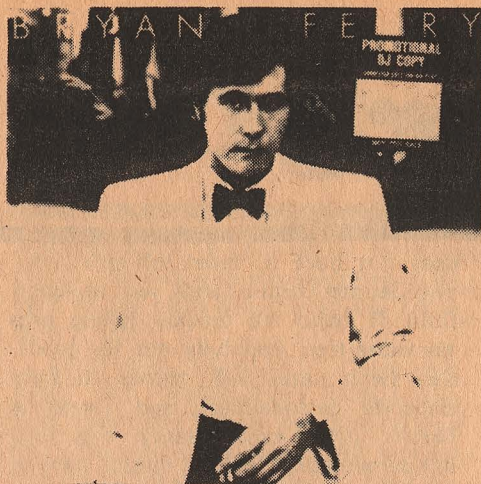
piano again assumes command, as bits of Kobaian speech fill the air. Unlike the operatic declamatory ending ("Kreun Kohrmann Iss De Hundin") of *Mekanik*, "Kohntarkosz" slides into a wound-down finish, with cavernous, round-mouthed chanting. Vander calls it all "Zeuhl" Music, and the word fits as well as any.

There are two shorter tracks which can hardly be thought of as filler. The two parts of "Kohntarkosz" are separated by Jannick Top's "Ork Alarm." "The people of ORK are marching upon us . . . The people of ZEUHL WORTZ are preparing for battle" is the basic premise of the song, expressed in a truly incredible program note; the music does an amazing job of transforming the description into music. Top's overdubbed cellos give the piece a bit of a dissonant Roy Wood feel, though the sinister clavinet and sardonic bass-baritone vocal are frighteningly hateful. When Stells Vander's voice enters to punctuations by Brian Godding's guitar, the mood shifts first to fear, then to resolute defiance by the citizens of Zeuhl Wortz, as the mechanical Ork-people descend with demonic, torturous laughter. The final outcome of the battle is never disclosed, though it is in Vander's nature for the people of Neuhl Wortz to triumph.

In contrast, "Coltrane Sundia" ("Coltrane rest in peace") is a 4-minute instrumental tribute, with lush duo-piano reminiscent of McCoy Tyner. After this innovation, the pianos and guitar play a lovely, Trane-like raga melody with a pervasive sense of permanent finality. There is nothing of such sadness or beauty on *Mekanik*, so that - while it is as different as "Ork Alarm" as album is to album - it provides a wholly appropriate ending to *Kohntarkosz*.

Five more albums may seem an impossible task for any band largely committed to the creative output of one artist. Nonetheless, Christian Vander has already shown himself to be the master of many extremely divergent musics, with each album containing enough ideas worthy of further exploration to last any other band a lifetime. However, Christian Vander is too farsighted, too devoted to turning his futuristic vision into audible soundwaves to go through the motions of covering old ground. Barring internal upheavals too devastating to overcome, Magma should be providing challenging, thoroughly new music for many years to come.

-Tom Bingham



Roxy Man

ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE
Bryan Ferry
(Atlantic)

While England is being treated by the release of the fourth Roxy Music album (*Country Life*), the ol' U.S.A. (forever behind the times) is just seeing the release of the second Ferry solo, put out many months back in the British Isles. And let's say, from the outset, that the LP is a gem.

Of course, it would have been better if the LP included the superb sax magic of Andy McKay, and magnificent guitar wizardry of Phil Manzanera, but that would have detracted from Byran and I know he wouldn't have wanted that. But while it ain't as good as a regular Roxy album, it is a firm advancement over Bryan's first solo venture.

The whole shebang starts off with a blitzkrieg version of "The In Crowd," an elongation of the take Bryan released as a single. It's really a fine, fine version of the old song with dazzling guitar work from Davy O'List (formerly of the Nice, and early, early Roxy Music).

Next is his following single, "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" a nice relaxed take that shows B. Ferry's quieter side. Bryan himself describes it as "a very veautiful song," and one that he's liked since he heard the old Platters do it.

Next up is "Walk A Mile in My Shoes," with some very fine violin playing by John Wetton (ex-Family now with Roxy), and some "neat" clavinet work by Bryan. Listen especially to the special effects after such words as "angel," "reservation" and "ghetto."

"Funny How Time Slips Away" is ruined by the inclusion of unnecessary brass and side one ends with "You Are My Sunshine," similar in feeling to "Sea Breezes" in many respects. Again, Ferry

has the habit of ending a side very casually ("Psalm" and "Sunset") while starting sides off with a bang. Perhaps it would be better if he reversed that . . .

But we'll have to wait for another day for B.F. to do that, since the second side follows the same formula. It begins with S. Cooke's "(What A) Wonderful World," receiving a tremendous Trinidad Steel Band backing. That classic Herman's Hermits tune (smartass-Ed.) is followed by my favorite track on the disc, Bobby Zimmerman's "It Ain't Me, Babe," which is given a rocked-up version just like Bryan gave to "A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall" on *These Foolish Things*, except this time the gimmicks are replaced by pure rock energy. Bryan's fascinating voice soars and dives throughout this cut, and dynamic drummer Paul Thompson (of Roxy) makes his presence known with his usual excellent playing.

Ike Turner's "Fingerpoppin'" is give a big full arrangement where virtually every musician on the album plays and the effect is tremendous. K. Kristofferson's "Help Me Make It Through The Night" proves fine material for Mr. Ferry, as he handles it in his "Just Like You" style.

Unlike his first solo platter which contained just other people's material, Bryan chooses to end this album with a song of his own, "Another Time, Another Place" which tells of spinning one of those old records in his somber retrospective moments. A really good Ferry tune with some A-O.K. guitar work from John Porter. But after some sizzling fast moments, the LP closes softly, as usual.

Yeah, another fine set from Bryan, but it's a shame that a lot of the reckless madness of the group's material disappeared when Eno quit, and the absence of Andy and Phil (on Bryan's solo LP's) also creates somewhat of a loss. Still, these are minor points, and I'm sure there will be many fine Ferry solo sets to come. On a BBC radio show recently, Bryan said that future albums might include "A Day in the Life," "Layla (the second part featuring a piano)," "Like a Rolling Stone," "River Deep, Mountain High," and the Stones' "We Love You." Whew . . . and if that's not enough, rumor has it that his next solo single will be Sgt. Barry Sadler's "Ode Of The Green Berets." Just think . . . "F-i-i-ighting soldiers from the s-k-k-k-y. . ."

-Bernard 'Roxy' Kugel



Fancy

WILD THING
Fancy
(Big Tree/Atlantic)



Purps

STORMBRINGER
Deep Purple
(Warner Brothers)

After the last dismal album, *Burn*, it seemed as if Deep Purple had exhausted its creative juices. With the band going through the characteristically heavy metal motions, new vocalist David Coverdale sounded awkward. His whining was reminiscent of Bob Tench's vocal destruction of the two Jeff Beck Group albums.

Stormbringer shows no signs of such deficiencies. Martin Birch has graduated from engineer to co-producer (with Deep Purple) and the result deals the priorities admirably. Vocals down and instrumentals up. Coverdale has developed his style to mesh with the band, aided by the strong production

The Sweet, Slade, Gary Glitter, Barry Blue, Lynsey de Paul, Roxy Music and Bryan Ferry . . . the list is endless. All English pop bands that enjoy massive success in ole Angleterre and suffer from under-exposure here. Uniquely, there's a British pop band that would seem right at home in those English charts although they're vastly inferior to the groups mentioned above. So it figures: they're unknown in England but they've had two hits in the States with the album to cash in on it all.

Fancy could be any one of a thousand makeshift groups you would get if you plugged the following into a computer: a chick lead vocalist with respective sexy enunciations, three faceless back-up musicians that like to rock 'n' roll but will take orders. Mike Hurst got it all together, produced the group's album and

viola! Expendable trash.

Fancy, the corporate man's rock 'n' roll band, set a mean riff when they want to. Look, anyone who covers the Trogg's "Wild Thing" can't be all bad, eh? The material on the album is crisply rocked-up rhythm 'n' blues that occasionally suffers from the inclusion of horns (mixed down so low that you won't hear them if you don't want to) but that makes sense within the makeshift air of it all. Best cuts are Leiber-Stoller's "I'm A Woman," "Love for Sale" and, of course, the current hit, "Touch Me." All have that sensuous air of a David Essex single, but with lots of slashing chords, Chinn-Chapman style drumming and upfront bass. Rock 'n' roll trash and I like it.

-Gary Sperrazza!

MONTROSE

PAPER MONEY

Montrose

PAPER MONEY
Montrose
(Warner Bros.)

At last a new champion of pure teenage eroticism—the kind that's all entangled with the psychosurgical aesthetic of the guitar and prostrated nonage-wild: boys performing ritual acts of nympholeptic violence on any and all passing sets of low-cut, omphalos winking, jeans— whose use of technology and autistic sonicaceousness eats away at even the most quotidian of ennui-encased supraliminis: as in the ever spiteful rock 'n' roll thanatos—and is at once fractious and ever capable of conjuring up age old rock-ass eidolons in the not so gentle synesthetic guise of mass electrocutions!!! Blah, blah, woof-woof?! and all those other exclamation points.

We've finally been blessed with a true

technocratic poet whose overwhelming sonic acuity reaches inside of rock 'n' roll atman itself, shrugs its shoulder, picks its nose and eats it, strolls out and leaves nothing in its wake, except a predacious musical abaltoir. This new Ajax of the axe revivifies a mouldering sense of sensuous sonic nuance—a sense lost to constant overexposure to mundane riffadologies, s'matter of fact all that's happening now, musically speaking, culturally speaking, has succeeded in doing nothing more than obfuscating the essential heebie-jeebie-consciousness required of all solid rock attitudinizing, thereby obtunding a once promising bit of nihilistic artistic creation. He's the nuncio of the street aesthete, a sabulous nullifier of guitar tedium.

All this from a dude named Ronnie Montrose; and his second release as a solo/w-band artist emblazoned with the topical title, "Paper Money" should add considerably to his already bulging ranks of mobocratic teenmeans. Why? It's simple: he's the long awaited rockalong alkahest with lotsa promise; and plenty of cocky moxy. This one's so weighty that it'll knock you supine and leave you exsanguinated.

From the opening destructionist blast of "Underground": done in the grand tenebrosity of musical Dostoevski, right on through the unemployment dirge of "Space Age Sacrifice." Ronnie Montrose, along with the production curios of Ted Templemen—one of the many in WB's stable of pod-pazzazers—is able to surgically inject a katzenjammer white powder into the pulsing veins of drooling teenweans, and get them off their collective suburbanite butts, and into mass fits of rock-ass hebephrenia. And to think it all started with some albino white-out named Edgar who got too big for his sequin-encrusted jeans.

I guess the only outrite criticalities of this here record are: a) the fact that there are only 8 cuts on the whole whizbang, which seems like a lot, but in reality isn't because the power of the music sends the listener into a time/warp and it all seems to go, oh so slowly; and b) somehow the production savvy of Templemen gets in the way of Ronnie's enveloping—as in Rimbaud—notion of rockability.

Personally, or personably, depending entirely on the quantitative ingestion of local herbs and apomorphines—the fave-ravagers of this lp have to be "Paper Money" and the B-S, as in B. Sab-ish dirge called "We're Going Home" tagged almost innocently with one of the most

quintessential Montrose - magical - geetar - get - it - ons imaginable, honestly it's the most unsettling chordal breakage since James Burton's mononotage exceptionality in Elvis' "Burning Love." For all you out there who think Jeff Beck is the personification of geetarzanizationality, just sit back in your favorite gonzocouch and let all the molecules get agitated to, Ronnie's exceptional 30—or maybe it's 40—second secenal blitzkrieg break. What a break, what an LP, what a review!!!

With his cocky Beckonian stance, and shuddering sense of just what machinery is all about—like who can withstand the sheer fulgurating force of when, in concert, he brings everything to the point of climax, turns all his dials up to ten, pauses, let's a long lean note scream its way through the auditorium, steps back, sets his guitar, still wailing, on its stand and walks off the stage, leaving the guitar to make its lasting statement all by itself, I mean it's all a bit awesome.

Who says that notonastitude is the wave of the future, why all those southern corn-pons couldn't hold a masser/slave whip to the likes of a citypunk like Ronnie Montrose—the alabastor Shaft of America's already o'd midbrain. . .

-Joe Fernbacher



Kiss

HOTTER THAN HELL

Kiss
(Casablanca)

Hey! What kin a poor boy do cept' chomp on some Fung-Ku movies, eat suburban shmuck, collect old editions of Spiderman, or . . . or . . . paint hizz face like a rainbow, eat plastic wristwatches, and enter David Bowie look-a-like contests. Ahhh, ain't youth a beautiful kulture? I mean that there ain't nuthin ta do. Not long ago there was The

Trashmen, little league baseball, transistor radios, cough syrup, an' don't fergit thirty cartoons. Sheesh! Will ya listen ta me an' I'm only twenty-one!

S'okay why are the youth of today completely submerged in artsy fartsy pussys that think they're jive cause they got custom made twelve inch punps? Whose fault izzat? Dunno an' I don't care s'long as they kin play good ruck 'n' roll while they're takin' a bath in salami an' creme cheese. Most oldsters laugh and try to elevate themselves to a more "SOPHISTICATED" music which to the kidz it means just plain bleh! Don't laugh gang cause now the shoe is on the other foot an' your the one who's wearin' it, so there.

Alice had his chance an' he blew it cause he didn't know the power he held (an' don't give me that crap about how much more mature the kidz of today are, they're all punks, all they need is a ruck hero). That idiot is an insult to rock cause all he does iz mix it up with Hollywood bozos. Man I always thought we were above those asshole actors cause ruck knew where it was goin', an' they look at Alice as if he was sum kinda entity or abnormality. He hasn't done anything significant since Killer.

Now we got stud groups like Kiss but they make themselves to be a band that's mean and rocks. An' ya know, they don't do a bad job at all. Their unholy trio of geetars an' drummer kin really kum up with sum pretty effective madness with echoey percussion an' tumblin riffs. Their last album was raved ta pieces, but I found it kinda slow in sum parts an' other areas coulda used a bit more guitar fill-in. This album on the other hand has got more riff an' more material ta work with.

Honest man, they know what the kidz like, plenty of axe work. Every song on the album begins with a short heavy riff an' just smashes you in the face, an' they do know how ta play. "Got To Choose," is a kinda lazy rocker that gets you off the ground an' just blazes into the rest of the material. But there's one thing wrong, on "Let Me Go, Rock 'n' Roll" Paul Stanley shouts "Rock 'n' Roll!" just before they start ta cook an' it sounds awful lame. I felt like jumpin' into the vinyl an' tearin' out his larynx, I mean after all let us not get too hammy or symbolic, I know what you guys are playin' ya don't hafta scream it at me, I ain't that ignorant.

Side ~~two~~ is better cause the strength of the album lies in the last three songs.

"Mainline," "Comin' Home" (best song on the LP), an' "Strange Ways." All three have good hooks an' a lot of times you'll find yourself hummin' the tunes, very catchy stuff.

So there you have it, a good an' honest effort by a pretty damn good band. They remind me of the punk bands of the late 60's. Cause when a punk band usually caught fire on the top forty, they usually stuck with that type of style an' guitar work. Kiss do the same thing but they try to extend it, make it louder an' bolder. Cook a mama tonite. Thank yeh.

-Mitch "J.D." Hejna



Jo Jo

SO. . .WHERE'S THE SHOW?

Jo Jo Gunne
(Elektra/Asylum)

Jay Ferguson says he left Spirit because he wanted to play rock 'n' roll and he didn't want to be in a progressive band anymore. He got his wish. Because, despite two major changes in personnel, this album sounds not too different from the first three Jo Jo Gunne albums. The band's still pounding out their hard driving brand of dirty rock 'n' roll.

There have been a few changes. Mathew Andes, who came out of nowhere to prove himself one of the best slide players around and one of the most exciting guitar players in an American rock group, has left the band, as his bass playing brother Mark did two albums earlier. Mathew's replacement is John Staehely, who ironically was one of the people who replaced Jay Ferguson in Spirit. General consensus seems to be, however, that Staehely doesn't quite fill Andes shoes. And Jo Jo Gunne on this album seems to have adopted the tact that if you've run out of icing, the only thing to do is to sweeten the cake.

So, where previously Andes' guitar work had dominated the instrumental sound, Ferguson's piano has been brought more up front, and Staehely has taken more of a supportive role. But the real factors here are still Ferguson's songs and voice, two things he's excelled in since his early days with Spirit.

The title cut is slightly reminiscent of Stories' "Please, Please," with the guitar chopping out quick chords to accent the beat and off-beat. "S&M Blvd." is propelled by a great lick similar to the one in Nazz' classic "Under the Ice," and "I'm in Your Shoe" contains a touch of the boogie, Jo Jo Gunne style. And these boys can't stop rocking! Even when they try to soften things up, like on "Single Man," they end up ripping things up by the middle of the song.

So, Jo Jo keeps right on rockin'. Gonna miss that Andes boy a whole lot, though, even if he did mess up the one Jo Jo Gunne live performance I saw (for some reason he kept his amp turned up about twice as loud as the rest of the band, and had a fuzz box that hummed almost as loud as he played). But they're still one of the premier rock bands around, and if Jay Ferguson can have them continue to sustain that energy, as they have all the changes so far, they may retain that status yet.

-Bob Kozak



Johnny

JOHN DAWSON WINTER III
Johnny Winter
(Columbia)

Until the last couple of albums, Johnny Winter's batting average was pretty high. He could rock. He could roll. And, boy, could he play guitar. But he hit

a slump. Poorly chosen material. Uninspired performance. Rick Derringer's sterile production. New producer Shelly Yakus has changed all that. He's allowed Winter to sound vital again. The songs are all great and Johnny is equal to the task with energetic vocals and faultless guitar playing. Even the horns (on two numbers) refuse to get in the way.

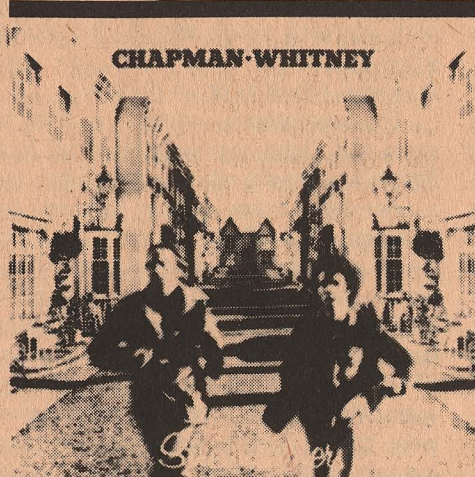
The non-original songs are first to stand out. John Lennon's "Rock & Roll People" opens the album with a blast. It's a relentless rocker that is followed by "Golden Olden Days of Rock & Roll" which could've been a fifties take-off but instead barrels on with seventies speed. It sure don't sound like Johnny's looking back, even when he sings the chorus: "Take me back to those good ol' days again/ When guitars were guitars and men were men. . ." The Edgar Winter horn arrangement adds to the rowdy atmospheré but almost ruins an already crowded "Lay Down Your Sorrows." It would've been neat to hear Johnny tackle this Weil/Mann song using his voice and guitar without accessories.

The originals are a vehicle for Winter's guitar prowess. The melodies are weak or non-existent, but for one, it's O.K. When you can play like Johnny Winter, all you need is guitar and a rocking band. "Self-Destructive Blues" points this out clearly. By the time the last note has been played, how could anyone care about anything but how Winter's virtuosity has just nailed your head to the floor. "Stranger" is a curious mood piece, with swirling guitars and medium pace. Bassist Randy Jo Hobbs and drummer Richard Hughes slide right in with Winter, never faltering and never moving out of the groove assigned to them. Edgar Winter's contributions on keyboards and solinas strings are less appreciated, as they add little and hamper the rawness of Winter's performance. The only song that could be called blues is "Sweet Papa John" with the double guitaring that sounds almost confusing. Country is represented by the humorous "Love Song To Me" which is a parody of Merle Haggard's "Okie From Muskogee." Just over two minutes long, this song proves that Winter can adapt to new musical forms with success. In fact, his older blues influence in "Sweet Papa John" works less well than anything on this album.

Don't expect any extravagant musical exploration from this album. All you need is a love for rock & roll and an appreciation of the electric guitar - Johnny'll do the rest.

-Jim Parrett

Imports



Family Men

STREETWALKERS

Roger Chapman & Charlie Whitney
(Reprise - Import)

This album came as quite a surprise to everybody who thought *It's Only A Movie* was the last breath of life Family would ever utter. And while the band has *formally* split up, *Streetwalkers* clearly shows that Family is not dead, but just beginning to blossom.

Everyone (except for the conspicuous absence of Rob Townshend) is on this album in one way or another: John Wetton and Jim Cregan on backing vocals, Poli Palmer on vibes, Whitney on lead guitars, Chapman on vocals, and even the black sheep of the family, Rick Grech on bass.

And the result? One rich, solid, funky, punky, beautiful, *fantastic* album—the best Family album yet. So why hasn't it been released in the United States? Because it's *too* good! It would wipe bands like Bad Company, Bachman-Turner, and Leon Russell right off the charts with one fell swoop!

Sweetwalkers meshes together ten songs, *all* winners, all an extension of previous Family tunes. Side One opens with the LP's best, "Parisienne High Heels," a rocker in the vein of "Burlesque" and *Movie's* "Check Out." A raunchy song about prostitutes, it cuts hard with a vibrating chorus: "Mother of pearl, who harbours the girls/ Father of time, who collects every dime/ Sisters of mercy, showing a heresy/ Son of a bitch, he won't see it that way," and Chapman's

now state-of-the-art self-harmonies reassert his magical presence.

"Roxianna" follows, a lighter, bouncier tune complete with flashy clarinet solo on Whitney's first appearance on lead guitar. A big, ragtime finish opens the way for a simple little ballad called "Systematic Stealth." The 2½ minute long song is just two long, breathless sentences, separated by a waving Whitney steel guitar solo.

Then comes "Call Ya," a be-bop tune with an infectious beat that slowly gains speed while Chapman's subdued vocal rises to the traditional exchange of lyrics from channel to channel, harmony to harmony.

Thunder roars in the background and "Creature Feature" begins: "Squirmy pair in doorway fast/ I'm going by my 3rd repass/ A peeping Tom just creeping past/ Straining ears for panting gasps." A Chapman/Whitney lyric can be as fascinating as the music itself. Violins soar forward, Chapman whines the chorus until Whitney's guitar suddenly howls off in the distance and the violins take the lead fading. Ohhhh, wotta song!

Chapman's a-cappella voice begins Side Two, with the sad account of "Sue And Betty Jean," two girls on their way to the top "when things go wrong." Whitney accompanied by woodwinds makes up the bulk of the song, a slow melody, one you find your eyes closing to. Chapman is perfect for this kind of song, his high vibrato floating atop electric piano and bass sax.

"Showbiz Joe" immediately takes over, another blues/ragtime replete with trombones and Charlie Whitney's searing guitar. "Father oh father, it's Showbiz Joe/ Losing what you had, a long time ago" fades down to a soft piano solo under which Chapman mutters in his western-sheriff drawl, "Guy upstairs, plays a flute/ Wears horned rimmed glasses and a Buddy Holly suit . . . but I said he looks alright to me." Flutes flutter softly when Whitney's guitar suddenly enters again, butting off notes as "Tokyo Rose" begins.

The first all-out rocker of Side Two, "Tokyo Rose" is still slow but Chapman wails out, "American Joe, you listen/ All you G.I.'s you're missing/ Your B29's they all shot down" in his nastiest voice

until another raucous sax enters, and "Hangman" takes off. This is where Whitney finally shows his stuff, the last song of the album. Chapman spits out the words as strings mount up again, for what seems like it's gonna be a huge finish — until the whole thing fades out . . . a planned anticlimax? Probably, cuz the only thing left to do is turn the disc over and begin with "Parisienne High Heels" again, meaning this is one of the few albums presenting a full, endless experience.

Streetwalkers is surely one of the albums of 1974, whether it gets released in the U.S. or not (it eventually will by either United Artists or Reprise—whichever wins the ensuing battle). And while most are a hang to have to go to, this is one Family reunion that pans out . . . beautifully.

-Jim Bunnell



Ariel

A STRANGE FANTASTIC DREAM

Ariel
(Harvest import)

At first sight, this album looks like it's gonna be another dumb, pompous, art-rock spectacle. Visions ran through my head of twenty minute synthesizer solos and epic poetic lyrics warning us of the plight of mankind, layered with all those neato choirs and orchestras we've come to take for granted from our art-rock. But my fears proved to be groundless, for this five man Australian group has very little in common with all those miniature Yesoids out in import land.

Not that this is cause for any excitement; Ariel are still dumb, with a rather murky and plodding sound clouding the music, which wasn't that exciting in the first place. A large splash of British heavy here, a touch of reggae there, and a bit of the Band everywhere,

but with only an occasional interesting passage standing out. This is not helped by main songwriter Michael Rudd, whose voice sounds like Alvin Lee imitating Roy Rogers. And Rudd seems to fancy himself as some sort of eccentric madman as a lyricist, hence titles like "Confessions of a Psychopathic Cowpoke," "Garden of the Frenzied Cortinas," and "Chicken Shit." But the lyrics are only faintly clever or humorous, and interest fades quickly.

Tim Gaze fares little better, although, despite sounding like a watered down Paul Rodgers, his "Miracle Man" is still a relief after an entire side of Rudd's grating eccentricities. Gaze's lead guitar work, a tasty blend of Peter Frampton and Steve Hunter, is consistently the high point of the album, as the band no doubt realizes, considering the amount of solo time he is allotted.

But, all told, this is another forgettable album by another forgettable band, despite Rudd's attempts at the weirdo lyrics. So Harvest has done a great service to all those poor kids who might have bought this on looks alone, by not releasing this in America. But then again if you buy this on looks alone, maybe you deserve what you get.

-Bob Kozak

HARD-UP HEROES (Decca/Import)

It's all comin back, we all know that. This, then, is just further proof that some of the most exciting music to hit this planet occurred during the mid-sixties. What music today can be considered exciting, huh? Cat Stevens? Van Morrison? Like hell. Except for a few bands (Roxy Music, Sparks, Cockney Rebel and the now defunct Christopher Milk), the music of ye olde times is ten times more exciting than most of today's current sounds. The basic reason for this is one that's been said before, but still holds true; the music of those days was more vibrant and alive because it had a great degree of newness and, more importantly, innocence. You could honestly feel that the Searchers honestly did not know what they were getting into when they started playing together, while today's scene is a lot more calculated. Well, with this handy little two record import you can voyage back to the days of *Shindig* and *Ready, Steady, Go* and great British rock and roll.

The album opens with a dynamite track from one of Merseyside's greatest groups, The Big Three. They perform "Some Other Guy" and manage to even beat out The Beatles' great (unreleased)

version. Much of the credit has to go to bassist/vocalist Johnny Gustafson, who would later go on to such groups as Hard Stuff and Roxy Music. Little Stevie Marriott is next up with an obscure solo single of his from way back in '63. It's a great Buddy Holly type number, and ranks up there with some of the Small Faces' finest work. He is followed by a fairly good track from old bluesers Alexis Korner and Cyril Davies, who prove that not all blues is that bad!

Dave Berry is next and does an amazing version of "My Baby Left Me," that dates back to 1964. It features some really fab gear guitar work from a certain Mr. Page. Next up is the Mojoes' classic "Everything's Al' Right," which dazzling Dave Bowie recently copped for his *Pin-Ups* album, but the Mojoes' original version cuts Dave's to shreds. Graham Bond's Organization is the followup, with a superb "Long Tall Shorty," which proves that Jack Bruce and Ginger Baker have made decent recordings. The side ends with a dynamite rocker from the Warriors, which includes Yes' John Anderson on vocal. What a great way to close a side and how infinitely better than Yes today.

"Tobacco Road" by the fine Nashville Teens opens side two and is the greatest version I've heard. John Hawken, who was later to go on to Renaissance, plays some fine piano on this song, a perfect foil to Barry Jenkin's drumming. Then comes the fantabulous Andrew Loog Oldham Orchestra with a very good vocal from Michael Jagger on the Spector classic, "Da Doo Run Run." A must for all Stones fans, and an excellent track anyway. Zoot Money follows with a neat "The Uncle Willie," with production credits going to Mike Leander, now doing the same job for Gary Glitter. The next four tracks on side two are some of the finest songs on the album, and some of the most representative of the British music scene from '63-'68. The forgotten Mighty Avengers are first up with a great Jagger-Richards tune, "So Much In Love," that is done superbly and with just the right amount of power. Anyway, how could a group who has a drummer called Biffo Beach be anything less than great? It is followed by a great version of "I'll Cry Instead" by none other than jumpin' Joe Cocker. It is one of the best (and first) tracks by Mr. Cocker. The Rocking Vickers are next with a song which is destined to go into the punk rock hall of fame. It includes one of the most maniac guitar solos to reach these ears and it definitely equals anything laid

down by the Sonics or the Seeds. Another Andrew Loog Oldham production ends the side and it's a great song from the forgotten group known as The Poets.

Rod Stewart starts side three off with an okay version of "Good Morning, Little Schoolgirl" that dates back to '64. It's good to hear what he sounded like before his massive gin drinking began to affect his voice. The Zombies' ultra-fab "Tell Her No" is next, and while I would have possibly chosen a more obscure cut by them, this song will serve as a good introduction to those remaining few who know not of the group. The Birds' ultra-rare R-n-B influenced classic, "Leaving Here" is next and features some good guitarwork from a pre-Creation, pre-Faces Ron Wood, and satisfactory bass work of Ashton, Gardner and Dyke. This track is only one of many done by this early English band, whose only claim to fame was some minor litigation from the American Byrds. The Small Faces' first single is next and it's a fine rocker with typical Marriott vocals and surprisingly good drumming from Kenny Jones. It's also the only recording with original Small Faces organist Jimmy Winston. John Mayall and Eric Clapton fill up some space with long blues thing that's really not half bad, but the real gem of the whole collection follows: it and it's really much better than the blues stuff preceding it. It's a track called "(Do I Figure) In Your Life" by an unknown group called Honeybus, not to be confused with the Honeycomb. Peter Blumson produces and sings the song which features soaring Move-like vocals and a royal ELO backing. I can't really begin to justify the greatness of this spectacular song; you'll just have to hear it! With this song alone, I would probably say that this guy Blumson is a pop genius along the lines of Brian Wilson and Roy Wood!

I could go on rambling on about that one cut alone, but let's just end it by saying that it's truly a masterpiece, and it's too bad the last side doesn't live up to it. It starts off with Dave Bowie's "The London Boys," which is a good cut, but nowhere near as good as his earlier Lower Third cuts. It's followed by "The Story Of Them" by Van Morrison and Them, and, although recorded at a time when there was some quality in what Morrison was doing, is a very weak track, and resembles some of his current material. That's followed by, of all things, a good Cat Stevens song, cut by him, when he thought of himself as a pop star and not

the world's best singer-songwriter. The album ends on a rather high level with a song by Timebox, who were later to change their name to Patto. As Patto, they played driving hard rock, but as Timebox were a fine Four Seasons harmony-type group and this song is their best.

So, there you have it, a two record set showing the glorious beginnings of some of today's biggest rock idols, and the music of some of those who are now dishwashers and cabdrivers. An essential package for anyone interested in mid-sixties music. I agree with Greg Shaw when he says raids should be conducted

on the vaults of such British record companies as Pye, EMI and Fontana to produce sets like this was with the vaults of British Decca. A job well done by NME writers Roy Carr and Charles Sharr Murray. I can hardly wait for volume two...

-Bernard Kugel



The British B-Team

SAILOR
(Epic-English)

FROM THE ALBUM OF THE SAME NAME

Pilot
(EMI-English)

LIFE IN THE NAVY
Blue
(RSO-English)

In among the various schools of British pop (prog-rock, glit-rock, bubblegum, etc.), the soft rocking, pretty harmony groups are still hanging in, playing their acoustic/electric ballads and looking to the Beatles, Bee Gees and Badfinger for inspiration.

Sailor is included here mainly for convenience as they have little in common with the other groups, beside their lightweight stance. Their album is conceived like a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, with lead singer/songwriter Georg Kajanus sounding especially like he wishes he were singing lead in a Broadway

musical, instead of a pop group. At first it seems rather strange that they're opening for Mott the Hoople in Mott's latest tour of England, but not really, when you think of Mott's recent affectation for theatrics (and remember Mott were the first rock band ever to play Broadway). But this Sailor album is really corny, Jeez, all they need is a female lead singer and they can do. "Wouldn't It Be Lovely."

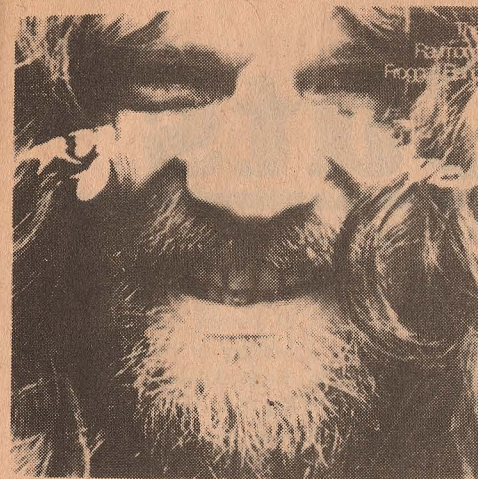
Pilot are much better and a lot easier to take. If you can imagine America (the band) without the CSN&Y influence and the psuedo Neil Young vocals, then you have an idea of what Pilot sound like. Bright, snappy pop tunes, falsetto background harmonies, and an occasional dancehall piano song (a la "Martha My Dear"). Pure pop entertainment which is very entertaining, but if you always hated the Bee Gees, and can't understand what people see in the Hudson Brother's "So You Are A Star" (which sounds like it could have come off this album), you probably shouldn't even have read this far.

Whereas Pilot, a three piece band, are

very studio oriented (with a heavy reliance on overdubbing and orchestral arrangements), Blue, now up to four members, sound like they could easily recreate their recorded sound live. Blue are a very affecting Beatles/ Badfinger/ Neil Young/ Band hybrid, infusing the pop sensibilities and energetic harmonies of the British Influences, while retaining the earthiness and rough edges of their American counterparts. This is Blue's second album, and their main problem seems to be an over-abundance of acoustic songs in relation to their excellent rockers. And others may be put off by Blue's growing enchantment with country rock. But at their best, Blue are one of the finest new British pop groups. And guitarist Hugh Nicholson looks as much like Paul McCartney as Badfinger's Joey Molland!

So, energetic British wimp rock lives on. Maybe someone should give all these bands a copy of the Blue Ash album, or something, to show them what a little volume can do to goose this stuff up. But for the most part Pilot and Blue are just fine.

-Bob Kozak



Froggatt

ROGUES AND THEIVES
Raymond Froggatt Band
(Reprise/Warners)

Would you believe a serious British version of Doctor Hook and the Medicine Show? Yep, just add some large doses of originality to the aforementioned group and you'll have a small idea of the music this bizarre disc contains, sportsfans. What's more amazing is that it ain't half bad. Recorded at The Manor in England, the location such records as *Tubular Bells* were laid down, this is the second studio effort from these British chaps.

Starting the disc with "Watchin' The Light," a rousing rocker accented by the great drumming of Leonard Ablethrope. The pace is slowed down somewhat by the following selection, "Spin a Thought." It shows various influences, from Wizzard to the Holy Modal Rounders, and is one of the album's most stellar tracks. "Flyin'," a good song that is inexplicably stretched to exactly nine minutes, is the next track, followed by a slow semi-blueser to close the side!

The second side starts off with "Everybody's Losin'," a Neil Youngish tune with more balls than Neil ever had. "Restless Travellers," follows next with great vocals a la Thunderclap Newman. It's followed by the great "Comin' Round," and the massive title track which is really an incredible piece of music firmly removing them from the leagues of Dr. Hook and placing them eons ahead. It ends the LP on a very high note.

Over in England, Raymond and the band are achieving a solid reputation and have backed up such bands as Wizzard & ELO (as Froggatt is managed by the same man, Don Arden). With some touring the group might get someplace here as well,

but at this moment that seems doubtful. Warners/Reprise is holding back on releasing the album for various reasons, as they've held back on the release of albums by Denny Laine and Bobby Keyes. So unless you can score a promotional copy, it might be kind of hard to obtain one, but I think you should try your best to get one.

The Raymond Froggatt Band may not be the next big thing, but I think we'll be hearing a lot more fine half-drunk music from Raymond and the boys. As he himself says, spin a thought...

-Bernard Kugel



Mud

MUDROCK
Mud
(Rak-English)

A cute, cabaret, squeaky clean version of the Sweet. This Chinn-Chapman group benefits entirely by having the British songwriters behind them in production and songwriting. Mud don't write any of their material (save for an occasional B-side of their singles, THE safest place for them at this point). Not one of the guys in Mud come anywhere near the instrumental ability of their masters (the Sweet), and the vocals are deficient in

any personal characterization. But when you've got Chinn-Chapman behind you, they're not gonna let you come out with anything with their names on it without making it a little special. So, because Mud really can't write, play or sing any better than the band down the block, Chinn and Chapman have produced Mudrock into a Party Album. As a party album (thereby insuring themselves against smartass writers like me), it's not half bad. Mud's last single opens the album ("Rocket," although the band has released a Xmas single) and is the best thing they've ever done. A medley of Mud's earlier singles ("Dynamite," "Tiger Feet," "The Cat Crept In") graces Side Two. The rest of the album consists of covers of "Blue Moon," "Bye Bye Johnny," "Do You Love Me," "Sha La La La Lee," "Running Bear," "In The Mood" and a cover of "Hippy Hippy Shake" that saves itself from the bland versions mentioned earlier by virtue of a great tongue. You can tell I'm really searching for reasons to like this album, but should be under 16, chances are you haven't heard the old material here and you'll like it.

-Gary Sperrazza!

ISOTOPE
Isotope
(Gull - Import)

On the back of this LP is a little hint for the prospective buyer: "Past reputations alone should indicate that this is a band to be listened to with respect." So, with all due respect afforded to Isotope, this is one of the most regressive, absent-minded albums of the year. The obvious comparison of this band is with the old Mahavishnu Orchestra in both speed and intentions. But the pieces on this album are even more superfluous, even more boring. So, while the intense excitement over this band in England has suddenly died down (probably because of this album), Isotope melt slowly back into obscurity, where, at the moment, they belong. -Jim Bunnell

-Hello, my name's Geoffrey. Would you believe that Mud (at right) once turned down songs from Ray Davies and now they're doing this garbage?





Cold Cuts

LOST IN A DREAM
R.E.O. Speedwagon
(Epic/Columbia)

The new Roxy Music album should be out as you're reading this and it'll doubtlessly be great. A new Sweet single, "Desolation Boulevard" was released in England on November 15. Robert Wyatt, former Soft Machine, has just read our Monkees history in **'Shakin' Street No. 16** and has decided to redo "I'm A Believer." All English critics agree it's great. Slade are starring in a new film. The previously mentioned Sweet may be touring here soon, along with the legendary Pretty Things. A new Eno album is out in England. The great Moby Grape have reformed, as have Iron Butterfly and Steppenwolf. Hell, the Dukes are still here, all we need is Blue Cheer and United States of America to reform. Who says it's not coming back? Not REO Speedwagon, whose new album, by the way, is proof positive that what sounded shitty in 1968 still sounds shitty today.

L.A./59
Elf
(MGM)

Recorded at the fabulous Manor in England. Produced by the great Roger Glover of Deep Purple fame. Chris Pyne (trombonist) and Jenry Lowther (trumpeter), along with back up singers Helen Chappell, Barry St. John and Liza Strike all were so great on B. Ferry's **Another Time, Another Place**. Yet, everything that these people have done in the past means nothing since even they can't help Elf who are great except for 3 things: They don't have talent, they lack any originality at all and their songs really suck. Sorry, Elf, but there are many other leprachauns out there who got you beat.

THE FINAL SWING
Trapeze featuring Glenn Hughes
(Threshold/London)

Trapeze was terribly unknown until bassist/vocalist Glenn Hughes was asked to replace Roger Glover in Deep Purple. So to coincide with a rejuvenated Trapeze album on Warners, Threshold seems to think Hughes will become a household word and released this greatest hits collection. Not a bad idea since Trapeze

combined a simplistic beat, gritty vocals and raw enthusiasm to produce (out of three) two rockin' albums. From their first and worst lp comes 'Send Me No More Letters' a sweepy orchestrated late 60's croon tune. From **Medusa** comes the title cut, 'You Love is Alright' and 'Black Cloud': all loud, heavy and blatant. From the final LP, **You Are the Music**, comes the title cut, 'Coast to Coast,' and 'Will Our Love End.' Rounding off the set are two unreleased numba's: 'Dats It' and 'Good Love'. All in all, not a bad compilation, fulla choice chunks of vintage Limey rockaroll, so if you're a believer in no-talents pooling their non-talent together and actually coming across with some excellent music, Trapeze (R.I.P.) is (was) for you.

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM
Ross
(RSO)

What the hell is this group doing with another album out? The last one was so damn disgraceful and pathetic one seventeen year old described it in a nutshell: "Everything sounds the same." How true. You an imagine the smirky faces of the group when they had the honors (ahem), of opening the joyous festival concerts at the stadium. Yeah, we know Ron Ross is the mysterious brother-in-law to Eric Clapton (where do you think he contracted his bad taste?). The music plods along endlessly ... repetition like no cracked record ever possessed. And as a whole it can safely be surmised that many of the compositions have quite a similarity to: Yes, Chicago, Osmonds, Climax Blues Band, Santana, Elpargent, Doobie Brothers, Greenslade. And at times one feels like puncturing Ron's vocal chords with a Bic Pen. In many of the songs the theme of death rides high especially in "I've Been Waiting":

"I just feel like dying - to end it all"

Will somebody please take him up on that and fast ... before you make him rich and he changes his mind!

SPYGLASS GUEST
Greenslade
(Mercury)

Hi, I'm Brian Connolly of the Sweet,

and I've been asked by these kind people here at Buffalo's only magazine to talk about the new Greenslade album. I really don't want to, but they said they would take away all my old Who LP.s if i didn't So ... I will. I don't think singer Dave Lawson has much of a voice at all, and I don't think Dave Greenslade doodling on a mellotron means that it's a song, or music for that matter. I don't want to sound like the whole LP is bad since Dave Lawson's lyrics on "Red Light" aren't too bad, and their versioof Jack Bruce' "Theme for An Imaginary Western" is alright. But, personally, I'd rather listen to me own group, or even Mud or Cozy Powell for that matter. See you on **Desolation Boulevard** ... (released November 15 in England).

BACKTRACKIN'
Them
(London)

If you like old Stones, Pretty Things, Animals R 'n' B 'collecters items', you'll probably like this compilation of the first two Them albums featuring, as the cover plainly states, Van Morrison. It's gritty Anglo-Irish interpretations of 'I Put A Spell On You,' 'Just A Little Bit,' 'Baby Please Don't Go' with original Vantunes like 'Hey Girl,' 'Mighty Like A Rose' and 'All For Myself.' Somehow after hearing the aforementioned, it seems I've heard all this before. It's all so interesting (oh, yes, really) but of interest mainly to those of us intent on snatching up any disc over five years old on the pretext of 'historical importance.' To that I say 'Batshit.'

CANTAMOS
Poco
(Epic)

It's a fad! Mexican titles! The New Riders have a record called **Brujo** (which means "bewitched" or something) and now Poco has **Cantamos**, which means "we sing," and they sure do. Almost as good as the old Poco of 4 years ago. Timmy Schmidt has perfected his Ritchie Furay voice and George Granthams high pitched harmonies are as beautiful as ever, but the music has changed. Instead of being a rock band playing country music, they play rock and add in country instruments for a little western twang. Songs like "Sagebrush Serenade" and "High and Dry" rock in typical Poco with banjo and country guitar interludes, but one wonders why they recycled the "Aud Settling Down" riff so soon on "Another

Time Around." But the loss of Ritchie's voice and in view of Eagles recent efforts and the reunion of Crusty, Frills, Trash and Dung, Poco is gonna have to sing hard to retain their title as THE High-Pitched Harmony Group. Ventaja!

BRUJO
The New Riders of the Purple Sage
(CBS)

No doubt about it, the further away the New Riders get frthe Grateful Dead the better off they are. If you don't believe it listen to "Crooked Judge" fotheir new album, **Brujo**. Written by Robert Hunter (of the Dead) and David Nelson (of the Riders) it is just about thylamest, stupidest, most asshole thing they've ever done. tHe music is one chord, the tune is about three different notes, and the lyrics are nonsense like "Rained all night and it rained all day/ Rain it floated my house away/ Didn't it rain oh didn't it rain/ Didn't it rain that day." Contrast this with the rest of the songs and you'll see thypoint, because this is the most interesting album the New Riders have done since **Gypsy Cowboy**. Borrowed songs like "Ashes of Love," "Working Man's Woman," and "You Angel You" (still my favorite song from Dylan's **Planet Waves**) all make good Country Rock with beautiful pedal steel work from Buddy Cage. John Dawson continues his ecology kick (a la "Last Lonely Eagle") with a sentimental "Old Man Noll" and new member Skip Batlin adds a few really fine tunes (written with Kim Fowley) including "Singing Cowboy," a neat Sons of the Pioneerish tune about Hollywood's auditions for the next great American Singing Cowboy. Yes, there's hope for the New Riders, but please guys, forget the Dead. (Yeah, forget 'em-Ed.) (Right-Bob) (You said it-Mitch) (Me, too-Bernie)

SMOKED TUNA OMELET ON RYE
Mitch & The Mellow Dopers
(Pella-Aka)

Talk about consistent! Sheesh! Great lyrics! Great Chords! Great vocals! Great album cover! Great photography! Great songs like: "Bic Pen In Your Eye," "You Smell Like Vics Vapo Rub," "Belched Ponchos for Garcia." Great production! A great album! In a great country! In a great hemisphere! In a great world! On this great planet! In

this great universe! In this great galaxy! Oh my, everything is just so great!

THE GREG ALLMAN TOUR
2/ Cowboy and a 24 (count 'em) piece orchestra
(Crapicorny)
Too bad this guy didn't buy the farm too.

REGGAE
Herbie Mann
(Atlantic)

Reggae at its absolute worst. Using Albert Lee, Mick Taylor and the Jimmy McCook Band (Jimmy Cliff's sidemen), Mann drivels his way through 10:10 minutes worth of the Temp's "My Girl" and 7:45 of "Ob La Di," etc. ... this is Reggae? No. "Rivers of Babylon," the shortest cut at 4:46, makes it in spite of Mann's irritatingly clean cut flute work. This album is patronizing at best, insulting at worst and all over boring. If you want a taste of real reggae, pick up on Cliff, the Wailers, Maytals or Desmond Dekker. Oh, Mun, that's reggae!

FEEL SO GOOD
Danny Cox
(Casablanca)
Sheesh! Just what we need - a black James Taylor.

Imagine YOU all by your lonesome on a lush tropical isle. Just too the left of Eniwetok, with your choice of one of the MC-5's!!! But which one will it be? Tell your tubes and toes.

YOU are STRANDED on a deserted island with a copy of HIGH TIME and no record player. All alone. But, say hey, what dat walkin' down the wildside? If your guardian angel and he gonna lay one with on ya--a dream scream with any MC-5 you want. All's ya gotta do is write a paragraph or twelve on what you'd do if you had a member of the 5 with ya. All contest entries will be judged purely on chemicals. All winners will win--you can be sure of that--but just what you'll win who knows--maybe a collect call from Rob Tyner, maybe a complete collection of MC-5 lps, maybe a complete collection of the DC-5 lps, maybe a complete collection of ... nod.

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Dudes News

If you were with us last issue, you will remember a feature on a very, very hot Montreal-based band called the Dudes. Comprised of ex-Wackers Bob Segarini, Wayne Cullen and Kootch Trochim along with ex-April Wino's David and Richie Henman and ex-Mashmakan guitarist Brian Greenway, the Dudes are a step away from a record deal and U.S. tour. We know the companies and, right, we're not telling. What we will tell you is what you already know: they're a rock 'n' roll band for 1975, capable of constructing gorgeous pop-rockers and pop-ballads for the radio - while proceeding to tear up the disco floorboards with a heavy metal street-conscious enthusiasm. Already, those a step ahead of the masses have acknowledged the evident mass approval for the Dudes and tried to cash in on the band's imminent success by, of all the outrageous things, copping the Dude's name on their own. A feat unseen since the Beatle days! As shown by the ad here, there's a country and western band with the nerve to call themselves the Dudes



..... an acoustic duo, previously called Floyd and Norm, trying to pass off their delicate sensibilities as the Dudes



*..... a jazz band, previously called Ernie and the Incredible Chickens, trying to cash in by calling themselves the Dudes ...
..... even a string quartet bending their classical orientations by playing Dudes material on the most obscure of instruments
..... So remember! There is only one band in the land that have the talent to go by the name of the Dudes. Accept no substitutes!*