

Streetheart: exultant rock 'n' roll

By DARYL BARTON
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"You see, our time's up," proclaimed an ironically apologetic Kenny Shields around 12:30 a.m., but good luck on those exams." Streetheart had already unleashed a short encore, burbling tables and shouts of "We want more!" from those still occupying the SUB Ballroom had continued until all five members returned to voice their appreciation. It was a fitting epilogue to an evening of sincere, unvarnished communication between the energetic band and the hyperkinetic crowd.

The fun -- and it was a celebration -- began with a pair of loud and mean songs about being rock-and-roll "juveniles," "Drugstore Dancers" and "Pressure." Lead vocalist Kenny Shields showed no desire to conserve energy, jogging and frisking his way between Jeff Neill (guitar) and "Spider" Sinnaeve (bass), who each bobbed body and instrument with comparable vigor. Later, Kenny, in perpetual motion, crouched like a sailor in search of land through the fog. There was no attempt to be

fancy, though, as all movement meshed naturally with the musical flow. Before Streetheart, I had never witnessed a band that worked so hard without consciously trying to be theatrical.

The Monday night show consisted of two sets of about an hour each. The highlight of the first was "500 Miles," a churning featuring Spider's dominant bass and Daryl Gutheil's eerie keyboard work. Of shallow tone, Shields's voice was nonetheless powerful as he yammered and shrieked (all night long) without restraint. The mood after this song was occasionally humdrum. Even the juiced-up performances could not save the weaker tunes from flagging into ineptitude.

The performers were intriguingly even-tempered during the intermission, without complaint and mild in manner. Five mature men quite serious about their trade, they were very relaxed.

Each member of Streetheart seems optimistic of the future, patently confident that greater success and recognition will eventually come. Drummer Herb Ego and original members Shields both believe



that their new LP, *Streetheart*, has the potential to make a big dent in the U.S. market. Jeff Neill, who joined Streetheart only a year ago, agrees that the band's latest effort is probably their best yet. Nevertheless, he stresses that greater things are to come. Neill also conceded that Streetheart's songwriting talent has not been fantastic, but feels that time can improve it. After all, this band has undergone lots of membership changes since their debut in 1976. With healthy attitudes and "time to jell," Neill firmly

believes that the band will improve in all areas.

The band was welcomed back for the second set with hearty applause. Streetheart's drive and intensity on stage exudes the positive attitude they have toward their music. Unquestionably, this band excels on stage. The peak of enjoyment came with Kenny's irresistible invitation to crowd the spacious area in front of the stage (Good move!) with dancers. When the first rumbles of "Under My Thumb" ensued, Manly accepted the offer. Rollicking and exultant,

this classic number was stretched out and slowed down to epic proportions and then pounded home with fiery professionalism.

The sound quality of the performance was good. The audience response was very good. Still, no one enjoyed it all more than the five musicians themselves. Converting this exuberance onto records is a difficult task. However, if ambition and dedication can help to achieve it, this concert gives Streetheart every right to be optimistic.

The Brunswickan announces its second annual Poetry Contest

Deadline: March 12, 1982

Judges:
Fred Cogswell
Kent Thompson

First Prize: Four volumes of poetry
by local writers

Oh sweet Judy of auburn hair
Your beauty is great, my poetry fair
I bequeath to you on bended knee
This totally unworthy apology
I made your party not, on Saturday night
Because of an unseen lusty plight
The apology is weak, the reason lame
But I beg, from despising me, please refrain
If at this poetry you turn up your nose
I give you the right to rip off my clothes!!

Humbly yours,
John F. Dove, Esq.

Dear John, of Brunswick Street
Your apology is not quite complete
For your eyesight is getting bad
Auburn hair, I've never had!
I hope you got lucky on your lusty plight
And by the way, the party was Friday night!
To suggest I might take off your clothes
Is certainly as far as the poetry goes.

Judy

Could I but love again;
it has been so long since I last felt
the warmth.
My mind recalls past delights and heartaches.
Many scenes of tenderness flows easily behind
my eyes.
I wish I could find these things again.

Stephanie Wilson

All submissions must be typed or printed neatly, and become property of the Brunswickan and cannot be returned. Please include your full name, address and phone number, and a pen name if you wish one to be used.