

# Wrack 'n Roll

by Alex Vary

Silverhead; 16 And Savaged; MCA 391

Why, what a lovely surprise! Just the other day Babette and I [you all know Babette...] were sitting by my wonderfully tacky van der Rohe fireplace, drinking our evening absinthe, listening to Bananamour, and admiring the Mondrian, when she exclaimed "I wonder what ever became of Silverhead?"

"Yes," I mused, "when we saw them at Rodney's last summer they did have such an interesting act." "Oh well", she said petulantly, "the silly boys have probably become madly fascinated by the Guru, anyway. They always were sooo trendy."

At that point I had to get up to put on some Roxy Music, and that line of conversation quickly ended. I had dismissed the whole conversation entirely until this morning, when that notorious person about campus, Dale Geary, called me into his sumptuous office, saying "I have an album that you really must review, Alex."

He passed the record, and I just absolutely died, for on the cover was lovely Amanda ["Tushie" we all called her...] looking just the same as she did when I last saw her, two years ago. "My, how interesting", I thought, "16 And Savaged by Silverhead? Why, everyone who's anyone knows Tushie isn't 16 until August, the precocious little dear."

Of course, I took the record home to study at my leisure. The front cover is just divine, almost on a par with Kari-Ann, but the back is just a touch too khaki, something to do with the lettering, I would hazard. Mickey Des Barres is wearing just a shade too much kohl, and Roddy Davies actually seems to be wearing coal, a major breakthrough in makeup for the male gender. Actually, it just goes to show that the boys' graphicist and makeup man, the most important members of any rock act today, have been lax in their duties. Such shoddiness should really not be tolerated...

Oh yes, the music? Well I really have very little to say about it, but at your next party, just for a giggle, you might play this. The expressions on your guests' faces when they hear what sounds to be Marc Bolan writing songs for Stevie Mariott to sing with the Alice Cooper Band will supply you with simply fascinating small talk for the next annum.

p.s. Babette says I should frame the cover and make sure that it's well hung to balance the Dali. Has anyone a nice Deco frame for sale?

Loudon Wainwright III, Attempted Mustache, Columbia KC32710

Aha, another album by Loudon Wainwright III, the folksinger with an unusual way with words and a bizarre sense of humour. Attempted Mustache? Intriguing title, the surreal suburban photo on the cover is great and the lyrics on the back seem O.K. What's it sound like? Well, "The Swimming Song" is set over a country banjo and rhythm tune quite similar to that of his '73 hit, "Dead Skunk". It's a nice song in its punning simplicity. "A. M. World" has sort of a Louisiana cajun rhythm and a good Duane Allman-like slide guitar break. It describes the life of a star quite succinctly. "Bell Bottom Pants" is outrightly funny, dedicated to the U.S. Navy and featuring a fine Bob Dylan imitation towards the end. "Liza" is an historical sketch sung a capella in a voice resembling an off-key Presbyterian muezzin, if you can imagine that. Strange. "I Am The Way", recorded live and set to a Woody Guthrie tune is a savagely funny jab at J.C. and other gurus. "Clockwork Chartreuse" has its moments, but mostly it sounds like drunken Randy Newman babble. It doesn't work, but a more vicious singer could pull it through. Add "you've been" to "Down Drinking At

continued up there →

## SOME ADVICE



## Truth Day



## SALE



## WRACK 'N ROLL continued

The Bar" and it explains itself. Fine song. "The Man Who Couldn't Cry" is a little wordy, lacking the terse pathos of Loudon's earlier songs on the same sort of subject. Wainwright's wife Kate McGarrigle wrote "Come A Long Way", and it has the characteristic sing-song qualities of most of her tunes. Standard folk stuff. "Nocturnal Stumblebutt" chronicles some of the perils of addiction to the dangerous tobacco weed. "Dilated To Meet You" is Loudon's "Kooks", and "Lullabye" is the nastiest example of that genre ever committed to wax. So only one song doesn't work. Not a bad average, I think.

Dave Mason; It's like You Never Left; Columbia KC31721

I've always been and always will be impressed with Dave's work on the first two Traffic albums and on his first solo effort, Alone Together. However several years and two poor albums separate this from those, and, no, this doesn't have anything new or interesting. I would have called it It's Like You Were Never Here myself.



### BILL OF FARE

### SHRIMP - ROWAYTON

- 1/2 CUP CHOPPED ONION
- 13 CUP COMBINED BUTTER AND OLIVE OIL
- 2 CLOVES GARLIC (CRUSHED)
- ROSEMARY (PINCH)
- 1 BAY LEAF
- 1/2 CUP DRY WHITE WINE
- 1 1/2 CUPS FRESH TOMATOES, PEELED, SEEDED AND CHOPPED
- 3 POUNDS JUMBO SHRIMP, SHELLED AND DEVEINED
- 1 TBSP. CHOPPED PARSLEY
- 1/2 CUP GRATED GRUYERE CHEESE

### PREPARATION

SAUTE ONION IN BUTTER AND OIL FOR TEN MINUTES. TIE GARLIC AND A PINCH OF ROSEMARY, BAYLEAF IN CHEESE CLOTH AND ADD ONION. COOK GENTLY FOR TEN MINUTES THEN DISCARD THE "HERBS" BAG, ADD WINE AND SIMMER TOMATOES AND ONIONS 1/2 HOUR. JUST BEFORE SERVING, ADD SHRIMP, PARSLEY, AND CHEESE. COVER AND COOK GENTLY TEN MINUTES OVER MEDIUM HEAT.

### TO SERVE

SUGGEST, BOILED RICE MIXED WITH SLICED MUSHROOMS AND GREEN PEAS SERVES 8 (OR 4 WHO LOVE SHRIMP!)

BY A. M. KORNER, JR.