

forms earnest students, yeomanly laborers, and sober-minded academics into glassy-eyed zombies whose spasmodically twitching hands have usurped control of their minds and beckon them, siren like, to the fatal, glossy surface of their nemesis?

As you can readily see, these questions are of extreme weight and should by all rights launch a multitude of high-minded probings and experimentations in order to discover the roots of this insidious malady— A malady which threatens to sap the citizens of this great land of their justly famous moral vigor even as this piece goes to press. Concerned philanthropists should be persuaded to fund organizations, learned societies should make this subject the crux of all future discussions, and altruists everywhere should raise a universal cry of alarm, so that further deprivations on the part of this debilitating and humiliating blight might be warded off.

These measures, however, will not be sufficient. Conscientious parents must be educated to the need for scrutinizing their offspring regularly for telltale switchings and jerkings, and the clergy should be duly alerted to the menace so that the vastly influential moral apparatus of our various faiths may be brought to bear in the glorious combat against that which would tear us away from the sheltering bosom of religion and throw us, resistance notwithstanding, into the fiendish clutches of the beast adrenaline.

Having done my civic and moral duty, having sounded the trumpet that should herald destruction for the evil influence of the dark oligarchy of foosball figurines, I can rest easy and sleep tonight with the ease of the righteous. But before retiring, I think I'll indulge in a few comradely libations with some of my cronies at one of our pleasant local saloons. I'll buy a few beers, warn everyone present of the dangers discussed in this article; and then feverishly check my change to see how many quarters I've got . . .

### Bull Finch Plays at Poorhouse

Playing at the Poorhouse Wednesday night (10-25) was a band with some familiar faces. Bullfinch consists of: Daryll Jones, bass; Denise Weeks, vocals and flute; Bobby Nichols, lead vocals; Fred Hart, keyboards; Booker, lead guitar; and Keith, drums. Denise and Bobby were founding members of a local group called The Dead End Road which played alot of bar and frat jobs in the area about 4 years ago.

Fred joined the Road a yeat later. That group disbanded and Fred formed Plastic Pebbles and the Stone Pig., Plastic Pebbles changed personnel and names bringind Denise, Fred, and Bobby together again in a group called Red Velvet Band. Fred and Denise then went to a group called Motherball which had some very exciting promise but none the less fell out.

Six months later Red Velvet was reformed by Denise and Fred. After a few changes in people, Daryll was brought in. Then Bobby Nichols came back and they added Booker on guitar and Keith on Drums.

I saw them doing matterial by the Airplane, Jethro Tull (one of their favorites), Buddy Miles, Santana, Fleetwood Mac, and Janis Joplin. For playing only four gigs together they were pretty fine. The people evidently dug them because they were up on their feet dancin' to da tunes.



John Farrel Entertains at the Ferris Wheel

Davies has the best sense of humor of any lyricist writing now (including Frank Zappa); while too many of his contemporaries are writing too many songs about living out in the country 'cause the city is a big dump, etc., Davies has been inventing all sorts of characters to sing his songs: an alcoholic bemoaning his fate in a Salvation Army style temperance song, a fat girl who is determined to starve herself skinny, and a man who must constantly eat:

I'll have some clam chowder, followed by beef steak on rye,  
Pumpkin pie, whipped cream and coffee,  
I wanna green salad on the side,  
Don't forget the French fried,  
Pizza pie, garlic and anchovie.  
I keep burning up calories as fast as I keep putting them down.

Also included in Davies' collection of personae are a schizophrenic who doesn't hlike to leave his room and a fellow who is tired of eating hot potatoes (I want your love, I need your love - But all I get is hot potatoes - When I come home late at night - To satisfy my appetite.) While other songsters praise sensitivity and then complain about life on the road, Davies composes odes to food and booze, and does so with great wit.

Everybody's in Show Biz is a double album, half of which was recorded live in concert, mostly doing material from Muswell Hillbillies and Lola vs. The Power Man. The rest of the album contains studio recordings of new material. The group is accompanied on many songs by a Dixieland-style horn section which fits beautifully with the Kinks' music, which is firmly entrenched in British music hall tradition.

Anyone despairing over the banality of most rock lyrics would do well to turn to the Kinks for the antidote; Ray Davies is here to remind people like James Taylor and Carole King that the drive to the country is a long one and motorway food isn't very good.

Kevin Whitehead

### Reviews contd.

EVERYBODYS IN SHOW BIX THE KINKS  
RCA, VPS-6055

The Kinks have never been known for their instrumental abilities (on their earliest records they didn't even play); Ray Davies, the group leader, could never make his fortune as a vocalist, but his songwriting is outstanding, and the Kings hknow how to do his songs.



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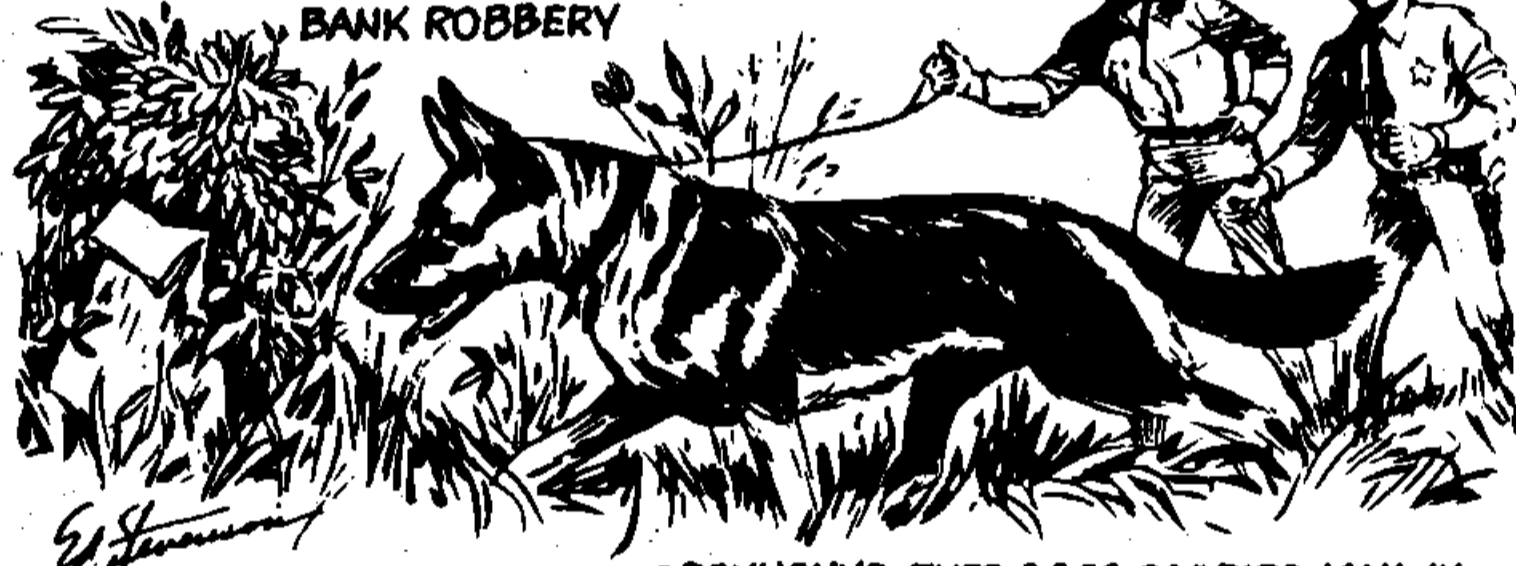
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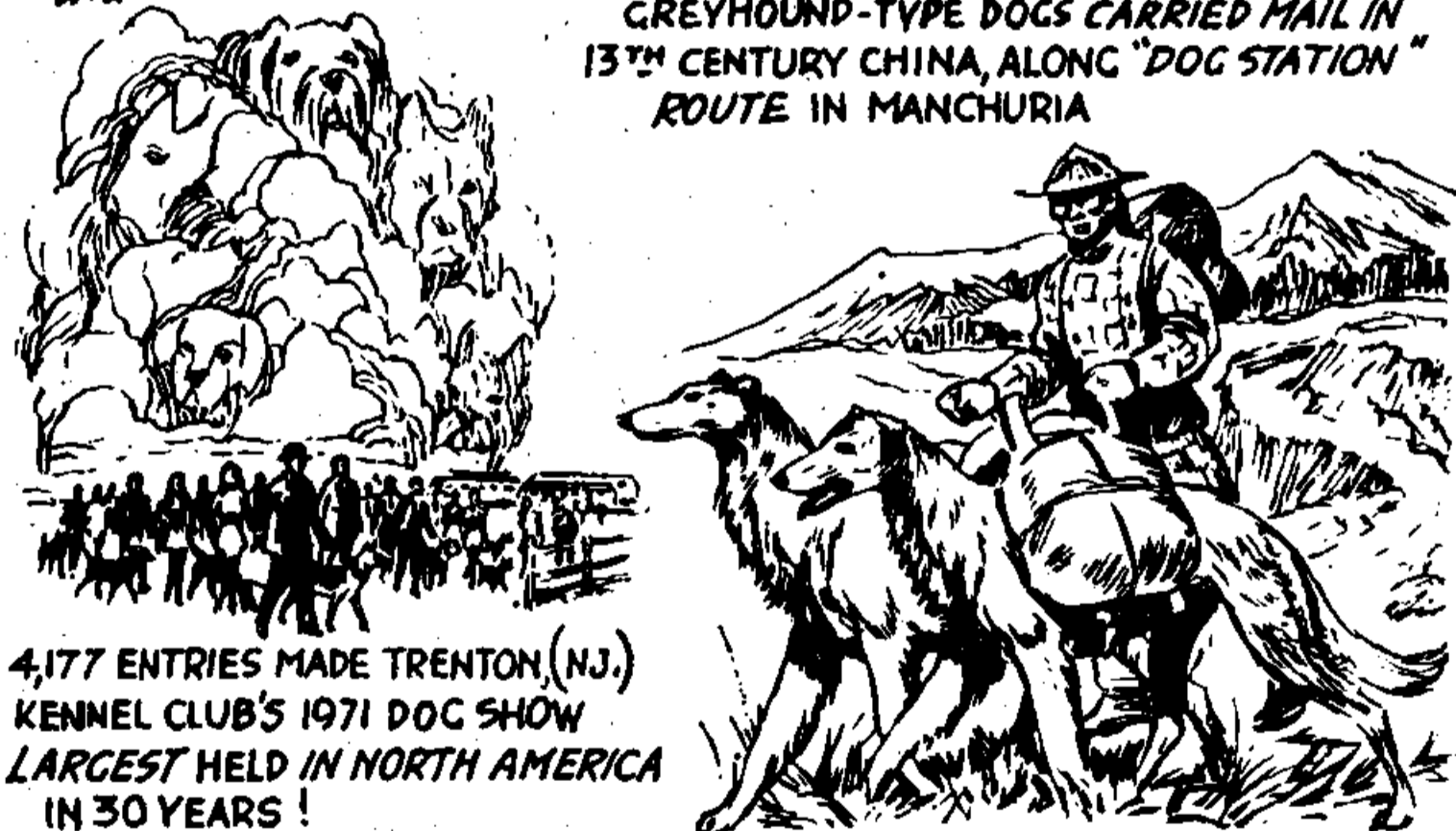
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