Liverpool Scene, etc.

(Continued from page 3)

Our new favorite is "He Don't Know." "He Don't Know" is a Motown-extract; bald lads and yet more Fabulous Images; rounds and jazz riffs abound in "Don't Pity the Man." The problem is evident; there is nothing new. It's almost as if the group devised a formula first and then arranged it from there.

Myth is competent. They are also uninspiring. When originality is lacking, unoriginality is the result: expected rock cannot be composed from a textbook.

-Jeff Gale

Liverpool Scene

Bread on the Night—Liverpool Scene (RCA)

Bread on the Night? What? But then, that's about the sense the rest of the album makes. It's a formula, or in fulfillment of, such promising titles as "He's Go on the Night," "Midwestern Revelations," "Midnight Chicken Shack John Mayall Can't Fall Blows," the record's tame distinctly played, pleasantly sung, mostly ballad or blues type songs all ramble on and on idly.

This is not the sort of fast-fancy poetry your high school English teacher roused over. Sample: "He died in pain/Barbed in a put-down of the pop/Myopic elite." The material is the sort of songs all ramble on and on idiotically. The music isn't consistent with the name but Glenn Campbell is pompous like the publicity shot of curly hair, irritated, shaved cheek and leather jacket astride his Honda, sullenly shot through out of focus leaves. Comanor describes one of his songs, "Mid-western Revelations" as an "impressionistic water color," which runs up his works: weakly, cleared with the broadcast standards department. In his wake maturity he emerges as the "Then Came Bronson" image of the alienated folk singer, riding through the dust on little old ladies to help across the street; the lovable rebel down the street from Ozzie and Harriet who at heart is a good boy (a genuine filthy hippy faggot).

Comanor sings of his generation's love affair with such limited scope is singularly unpretentious and unobtrusive, but lack all but the effortless. His lyrics aren't Dylan-esque, but lack all but the effortless. The music isn't consistent with this:

-Neat Guy Jeff Comanor

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Carl Perkins On Top (Columbia)

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