

The Music Playing In My Head

by MIKE FERGUSON

Like so many of rock's best groups (Byrds, Moby Grape, Youngbloods, the late Buffalo Springfield), the British Kinks make excellent music, yet fail to attract a large listenership. Although they have not had a bona fide "hit" single (the curse of rock music) since early 1967, this group quietly turns out great music, with much less fanfare than those more pretentious, less imaginative groups to which we so often pay heed. Their last two LP's, *Something Else* and *The Kinks Are The Village Green Preservation Society*, were just dandy products, as fine as rock music can hope to be. Yet, despite their continued excellence, the Kinks have been forced into the undeserved role of second-raters with most rock freaks.

Perhaps part of the problem rests in the inability of American audiences to appreciate the Kinks' - particularly Ray Davies' - very British approach to rock. Most of Davies'

songs are stunning portrayals of British life or caustic satires of establishment rule and class system. And as such, Davies depicts the core of British life with as much success as any John Osborne play to date. But like another British group, the Who, the Kinks have suffered for their peculiar brand of chauvinism.

In case you don't remember, the Kinks first happened in this country shortly after the first Beatle splash down. They were one of many British groups during that period, but there was something about the rage contained in "You Really Got Me" and "All Day and All Night" that made one turn up the car radio, something Herman's Hermits rarely accomplished. Although the Kinks later toned down their rave-ups and turned to more subtle, folk-like exercises, Davies continued to turn out classic songs, such as "Tired Of Waiting," "A Well Respected Man," "Sunny Afternoon," and the gently sad "Waterloo Sunset," one of rock's monumental single pieces of music. Kinks' albums have been gems also, but alas, largely unheard. Today, most fans remember the Kinks as an early British group who did, ah, what's the name of that song. . . ?

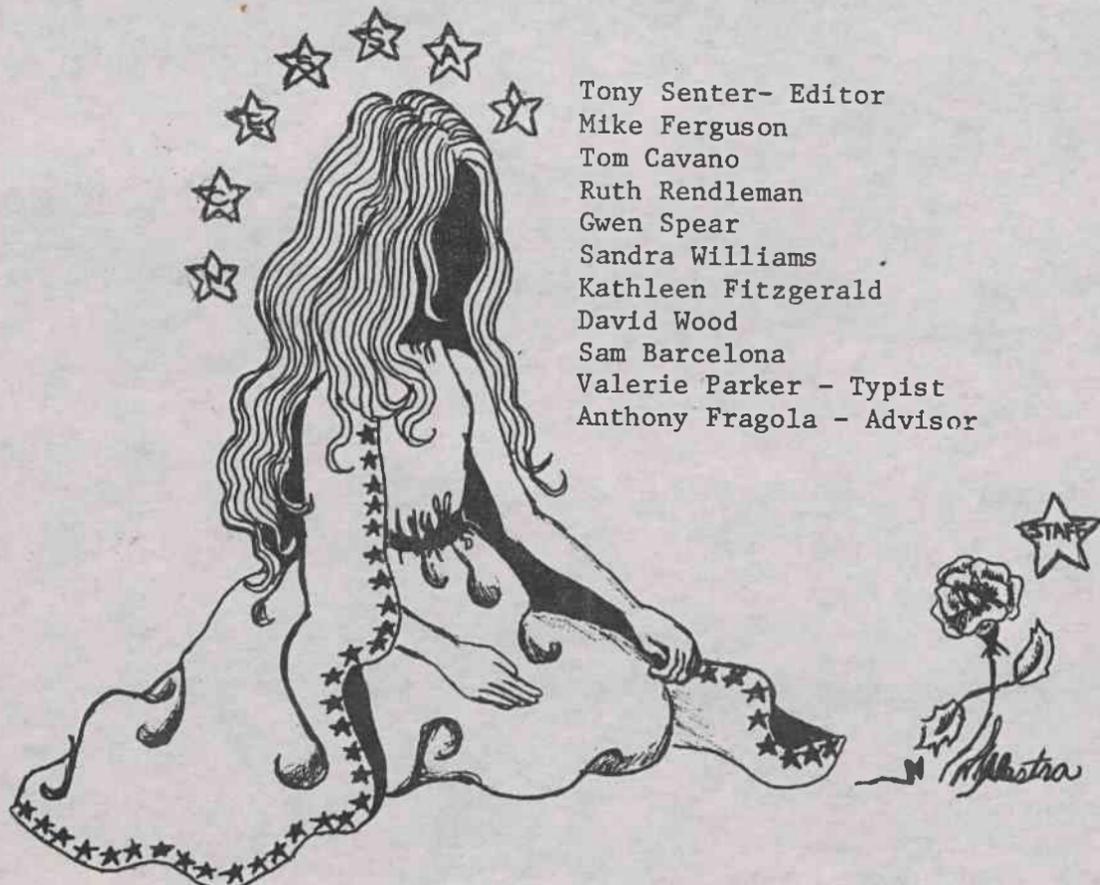
But I think we've got you now. The Kinks are back (with a new drummer, John Dalton) and offer us a fine new album, *Arthur (or, The Decline and Fall of the British Empire)*. Originally written as a theme for a television special of the same name, *Arthur's* basic theme concerns the rejection of middle-class values by the current generation of young Brit-ans.

(Cont. on page 6)

Rene's Hallmark Shop
422 W. 4th — Phone 723-4028

9:30 A.M. 'til 5:30
(Fri. 'til 9 P.M.)

Greeting Cards, Stationery,
and Party Accessories
Incense, Sealing Wax,
and Candles
"Peanuts" Department
Visit us soon.



Tony Senter- Editor
Mike Ferguson
Tom Cavano
Ruth Rendleman
Gwen Spear
Sandra Williams
Kathleen Fitzgerald
David Wood
Sam Barcelona
Valerie Parker - Typist
Anthony Fragola - Advisor

CRANES

MEN'S SHOP

McGREGOR.

Cord Clyde

McGregor makes simple arithmetic of keeping you warm. First, they take plush cotton corduroy, collar and line it with Orlon® acrylic pile. Next, they go all the way — to a three quarter length. Then they add slant pockets and leather buttons. The grand total is a whale of a corduroy coat for winter comfort.

The Cord Clyde. **\$40**

NCNB
BANKAMERICARD
we know how

CRANES 449 N. TRADE
Friday 'til 9 p.m.