

# Open

## OPEN BOOKS AND RECORDS - OPEN RECORDS

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MAY 1984

OPEN RECORDS PRESENTS COWBOY JUNKIE AU-GO-GO, THE BRAND NEW 5 SONG 12" FROM  
CHARLIE PICKETT AND THE EGGS

Charlie Pickett and the Eggs, Miami Florida's favorite guitar band, have attracted a quiet, but undeniably, international reputation. Favorable articles and reviews have appeared in publications such as Melody Maker, Creem, Billboard, New Musical Express, and Sounds to name just a few.

The opening song, "Marlboro Country", has an interesting history. Written by Charlie Pickett's cousin, Mark Markham, in 1966, "Marlboro Country" was originally released on Power Records, a local label. Because of its regional popularity, it was picked up by RCA and became a national hit.

Note that this 5 song 12" has the inflation fighting list price of a mere \$3.50 (which includes postage for those ordering through the mail. It's \$4.50 overseas.) Charlie wants Egg music to be affordable to everyone!

We feel this is Charlie Pickett and the Eggs best effort to date.

Hope you like it a lot!



M. Leslie Wimmer



Ted R. Gottfried

Open Records

Dear Greg + Sandy Shaw,

It's been a while since "Live at the Button", but this record will prove it's been worth the wait for new Charlie Pickett and the Eggs material! TERMS: \$1.50 each; we pay all freight charges; 100% returns (in original condition i.e. no pricing marks, no stickers, etc.); shipped C.O.D. Let us know how many you'd like!

Leslie



Money Back?," penned by CP's cousin, Mark Markham, who had a mid-'60s local hit with the punky "Back To Marlboro Country." A hilarious rave-up chronicling the modern single-and-divorced scene, "If This Is Love" was Pickett's second single. It also was: 1) the best-selling Florida independent 45 of the past few years, according to the best guess of Open Records, the label that releases Pickett's vinyl from the back of Fort Lauderdale's coolest record shop, 2) the most requested song on one Jupiter, FL radio station for four months, 3) once performed, by the grace of Kim Simmonds, before 2,500 puzzled Savoy Brown fans, when Simmonds invited Pickett to join the umpteenth version of Savoy B. onstage in West Palm Beach.

Fortunately, the Eggs have been coming up with great originals in the past couple of years, among them the darkly stirring "Phantom Train" (on the live LP and, in studio form, a highlight of an Open compilation) and the prophetic "Overtown," performed by the Eggs months before the riots in Miami's ghetto put Overtown on the national map. Expect "Overtown" to be on the next LP, a studio recording in the works now.

Pickett hopes the bulk of the second album will be original (his first LP, 82's *Live At The Button* was two-thirds covers), but admits he isn't the most prolific songwriter in town. He isn't that thrilled with his voice, which sounds like a Lou Reed that never went to New Yawk or a Tom Verlaine from Hickory

Holler. "I bellow like an elephant," Pickett said, "but to control the sound of the band, you have to be the singer. I started to sing so no one could take the guitar playing from me."

Pickett is being overly modest. His voice is fine, but the band is so hot it wouldn't matter if he sang like Alfalfa.

Ask the British critics who have gone ga-ga over his records in *NME*, *Melody Maker* and *Sounds*, or the guy from Rolling Stone's *Record* rag who called the Eggs "the world's greatest rock 'n' roll band." Ask the folks who caught the group's East Coast tour last winter.

Or ask the several hundred perfectly sane denizens of West Palm Beach who flocked to see the Eggs when the band first played the oceanside burg. This following the aforementioned request-line mania in nearby Jupiter.

"We were about 10 feet out of the dressing room door, and people started absolutely screaming—nuts—and clutching our clothes," Pickett grinned. "It was hard to get through the crowd. When we got onstage the whole volume level (of the audience) went three times higher."

"It was..." He pauses, not wishing to brag. "It was gratifying."

William H. Ashton



Charlie Pickett and the Eggs crack us up!

# NOBODY IN HERE BUT US EGGHEADS

FT. LAUDERDALE, FL—Charlie Pickett hatched the Eggs in the waning days of 1979, following a quasi-religious experience brought on by extended exposure to punk rock in 1976-77. "Oh, you don't have to be glamorous and slick and a skilled musician," he remembers thinking after absorbing discs like *Live At CBGB's*, "because this is better than the slick stuff." Pickett likes the term "human music."

The embryonic Eggs (only singer and guitarist Pickett remains in the current lineup, with '81 recruits Galway, guitarist John Salton and bassist Dave Froshneider); pounded out early Stones, earlier R&B, and garage-cult classics from the Velvet Underground and Flamin' Groovies songbooks. A few outings in local punk clubs gave Pickett another revelation: There was an audience for this raw noise in the land of Molly Hatchet!

"The first three or four concerts I was apprehensive that we would not be accepted by the punk rock crowd," recalled Pickett, scratching his standard barber-shop-short hair. "But to the vast majority of the early punk rock crowd, it basically meant the same thing it meant to me. Punk rock is just good basic rock 'n' roll with meaningful lyrics."

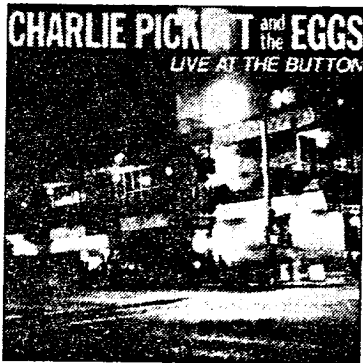
The best non-oldie in the original Eggs' repertoire was "If This Is Love, Can I Get My

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# RECORD



**Live At The Button**  
On Ft. Lauderdale Beach  
Charlie Pickett and The  
Eggs  
Open Records

By Wayne King

Three theories about this record. One: this is The World's Greatest Rock And Roll Band, playing pseudonymously in a beach strip beer joint, all for the love of the music. Yessir, the guitars whip and whine, the drummer lays down the steadiest, sweetest, skin-crackin' beat you'd ever want to hear, and the singer, off-key though he may be, grabs the words and puts them over. You didn't really think the sounds on the "official release" were what made millions swoon last year, did you? No way, man—that

sly cat with the big lips knew he had this raw, steamin' set of rock and blues on tape and could put it out once the other record shot past the platinum mark.

Two: the Flamin' Groovies have come back to America. No one in his right mind really believed that this country's greatest expatriate band would stay in Europe forever, churning out cover versions of Fab Four numbers, right? Forget it! If the usual obsession with great British guitar music didn't alert you (Yardbirds and Johnny Kidd and the Pirates tunes are resurrected here), then surely their raveups on Freddie Cannon's "Tallahassee Lassie" and the Groovies' classics "Slow Death" and "Shake Some Action" should have tipped you off. Could it be that head Groovie, crazed Cyril Jordan, sought to avenge his group's exile from the U.S. by sneaking back and launching a rock revival from Ft. Lauderdale, heretofore known in rock circles only for being the setting of the Connie Francis sex and surf epic, *Where The Boys Are*?

Three (and this is the wildest hypothesis yet): there actually is a band named Charlie Pickett and The Eggs who thrive on slashing renditions of various rock and roll gems and some promising originals. But to buy that line would

require such a suspension of belief—would demand that the listener presume that shit-hot traditional rock music could still be heard in the country which *actually created it*—that I'm almost chagrined (nay, embarrassed) at allowing such a demented idea to roll off my pen. Who'd believe it, huh?

(Open Records is located at 901 Progresso Dr., Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33304.)

A  
Rolling Stone  
Publication

FIRST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE  
Aretha's Triumph  
CARS, POLICE, 33 SPYGLASS  
GREG COFFEE

The Trouser Press Guide to New Wave

# The Trouser Press

## GUIDE TO

# NEW

POWER POP

HARDCORE

# WAVE

### CHARLIE PICKETT & THE EGGS

Live at the Button (Open/nr) 1982

Pickett and company may be the new wave bar band; these Floridians throw their original tunes in with covers of wildly varying notoriety, shake it all up and pour out fiery stuff that screams, "Rock your butt off!" That Pickett's own tunes are often up to the standard of those he covers makes it all the more disappointing that so few are included, and using three tunes by the Pirates (with and without Johnny Kidd) and two by the Flamin' Groovies is a bit much—even if

MEDELIA NO-WAVE  
TECHNOPOP  
PUB-ROCK

Pickett's slide work and the nasty ensemble nearly make numbers like "Slow Death" sound newly minted. (JG)

# RECORDS

NO-TONE

PUNK

ELECTROFUNK

ART-ROCK

Edited by  
**IRA A. ROBBINS**

**Charlie Pickett and the Eggs**  
**LIVE AT THE BUTTON**  
Open Records LONG 1 (US import)

**H**ILARIOUSLY whacked, sincerely twisted, busting out at full speed with both feet on the accelerator, Charlie Pickett and the Eggs play tough, snotty, blue-collar Yankee rock 'n' roll. The Eggs' musical heroes are Chuck Berry and the Stones, the Flamin' Groovies and Rockpile: "Live At The Button" is a fevered testament to the enduring thump of rib-breaking party-up music.

Charlie Pickett doesn't believe that rock 'n' roll is *art*; so he doesn't see why you should have to suffer for it. Recorded in January at some sweaty club on the Fort Lauderdale waterfront in Florida, "Live At The Button" is all smiles; a grinning rejection of the bland perfections holding streamlined sway these days.

"American Travelust" opens the door like a *tantrum*: John Galway's snare-crack is mixed front and centre, flanked by Pickett and John Salton's raucous guitars. Vocally, old Charlie is a *slut*, delivering the sardonic lyric with all the insolent splash and flurry of vintage Lou Reed. The cut grooves into overdrive on the rousing chorus and you can just *hear* the Eggs changing gears as Charlie goes noisily bonkers.

Moving through a shrill "Please Don't Touch" and a sultry blues shuffle on "Feelin' " (which evokes worrying images of Buddy Holly jamming with the Cramps), the Eggs clamber another dubious peak with a positively maniac "My Little Sister's Got A Motorbike" (imagine the Feelgoods at full pelt smacking into the slipstream of the Ramones) before slipping into a melodramatic version of the old Manfred Mann number, "You're A Better Man Than I".

Side one hits the tape with an epic Pickett account of the Flamin' Groovies' magnificently staged anthem "Shake Some Action".

Pausing to wipe the record deck clear of sweat, you can then flip over this LP and get reacquainted with Charlie's second single, the uproarious "If This Is Love, Can I Get My Money Back?" which is despatched with a kind of frantic snarl and ends wildly with Charlie's bellowed entreaty, "*Cheque's in the maaaaaaaail!*" Wonderful.

Other highlights on this face include a bawdy "Tallahassee Lassie", a chokingly funny version of the Velvet Underground's "Lonesome Cowboy Bill" and a powerfully unflinching assault on another Groovies' classic, "Slow Death".

The Eggs' own frenzied knuckleduster clampdown, "Phantom Train" rings the final alarm, tears down the curtain.

"Live At The Button" is distributed here by Rough Trade and Faulty Products; it's also available direct from Open Records, 901 Progresso Drive, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33304. Catch it. -  
**ALLAN JONES.**

# Cowboy Junkie Au-Go-Go



photo: Jill Kahn

The NEW five-song twelve-inch from

## CHARLIE PICKETT and the EGGS

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