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BADFINGER: “Ass”

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I’ve always had this theory that, instead of pop bands trying to get heavy and play beyond their natural limits, what the public would far rather hear is a group, plainly composed of demon musicians, settling for pop tunes and making them work.

So how come Badfinger, who definitely come into the latter category, fail to make out? Could be because the choice of material is dismally devoid of inspiration, for the most part – there are a couple of exceptions but they sound distressingly like Graham Nash – and it could also be because, after four years or so under the shadow of just about everybody else, there’s a lack of enthusiasm.

Then there’s the production, which should enhance these shortcomings and enrich the sound: it does neither, being hollow and (except for “The Winner,” produced by Todd Rundgren) lacking in substance. A band like Badfinger, which has a real asset in the harmonizing abilities of its members, should make more of this: instead, the voices are far too forward in the mix and the harmonies consistently sound like they were tacked on as an afterthought.

Anyway, “Ass” is deadly dull. I just *know* Badfinger can do better. They’ve already done so. But are they prepared to go on trying? That’s what I ask myself.