

Creem

February 1975

BADFINGER: "Wish You Were Here"

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Badfinger is imitation Raspberries, and Raspberries is imitation Goofy Grape fruit drink, which is imitation Kool-Aid, and IMITATIONS ARE BETTER THAN THE REAL STUFF! True, true, when *No Dice* came out with them perfected *Rubber Soul* and *Abbey Road* Beatle formulaic pinnacles, it stood the world on its nose, and Badfinger was gonna be the next Beatles. That all finally got eclipsed by the faggots, and no more of them Beatle wise guys like Hamlet, Gluesniffers Anonymous, Gello, and Electric Indian.

Lately, tho, them "Bingo With Ringo" chants been knocking down the walls of China even and so the band called Badfinger hereto having the distinctive honor of being better Beatle imitators than the Beatle boobs themselves decides to force feed us with another masterpizza, and chimps, no Monkees could have done better. "Know One Knows" has the band on all fours grabbing a Rubettes trink and actually speaking Spanish over the bubblegum marshmellow international melodic structure of the tune itself (quite breathtaking like on *Four Seasons Call It A Nite* where Frankie Valli sends his mommy a love letter in Italian while the other guys eat cheese and salami on rye.). "Just A Chance" rips the album wide open with one gigantic sneeze like happens only once in a lifetime. More, more, more! Side two goes for two songs that are actually medleys which actually work (it's a first!) Even all the songs that sound like folk piss actually are loaded with production, soap lather, foam from a Tide wash, etc. Lots of extra goodies that combine to make this one album worth filing.

'Cept it's gotta be pushed. They're pushing albums like crazy on teevee these days (don't need promo men no more) Even the fuckin' Platters who will have their own show this year opposite *That's My*

Mamma. Everybody getting on the tube, but with ad campaigns that are worse than promo buttons. So we got Badfinger on TV to push this really exciting album, and they be imitators of previous formulas so that we give 'em GREAT ALL-TIME COMMERCIALS to use to plug their record. This includes that one where the black Satan turd throws the water from Kimbles onto poor unsuspecting housemaids, yeah, and where the girl gets her teeth stained red, and where Tom T. Hall picks ticks outa this dog's ear, and all the auto accidents ads, and them nasal drip plops where the green snot is graphically depicted on the screen. All blue ribbon winners, true highlights of a medium that continues to give ya a headache with *Brady Bunch* re-runs and a new season that's got everybody re-watching *Star Trek* for the umpteenth time, and as one industry reflects another, this new record by Badfinger ain't half so bad when considered in that light.