

# 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.)

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**CHARLIE PICKETT & THE EGGS—Live At The Button, Open Records LONGI. Produced by Charlie Pickett.** Recorded live at the Button in Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., this LP shows that basic barroom rock is still a strong, healthy, and full of spirit. There is nothing fancy about this four man band, but nothing pretentious either. But anybody who loves Dave Edmunds, Rockpile and rock'n'roll before it became serious in the late '60s, will appreciate this effort. The recording quality may not be the best in the world, but even that adds to the feeling of this group.

**CHARLIE PICKETT AND  
THE EGGS**

**'Live At The Button'  
(Open Records Open  
Long 1 Import)**

*GIVEN THAT Charlie Pickett makes no allusions to being anything other than a good timer, he succeeds admirably. OK, bars across America ring to the sounds of this LP but finding pealing, gritty renditions of the Flamin' Groovies' 'Slow Death' and 'Shake Some Action' side by side with the Velvet Underground's 'Lonesome Cowboy Bill' and a load of original and pilfered standards played with faithful enthusiasm and enough rough and tough edges to keep your feet tripping, is a rare and wholesome treat.*

*Hard-boiled, sunny-side up, greasy-side down and definitely scrambled, Charlie Pickett and his Eggs may never crack the big time but they ain't no yoke, neither.*

**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 manic "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".

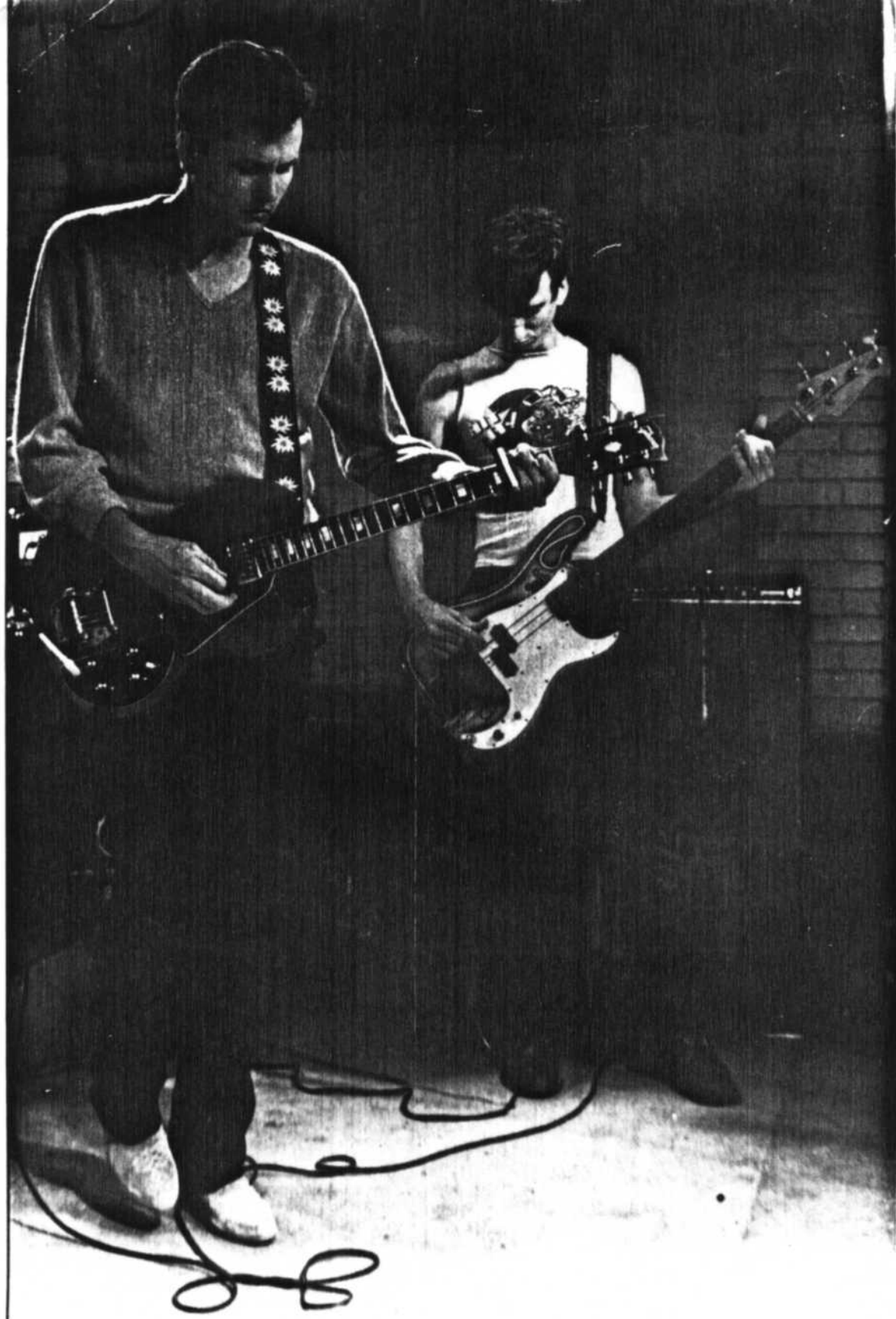
Side one hits the tape with an epic Pickett account of the Flamin' Groovies' magnificently staged anthem "Shake Some Action".

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 maaaaaaail*" 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.**



CHARLIE PICKETT AND THE EGGS

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