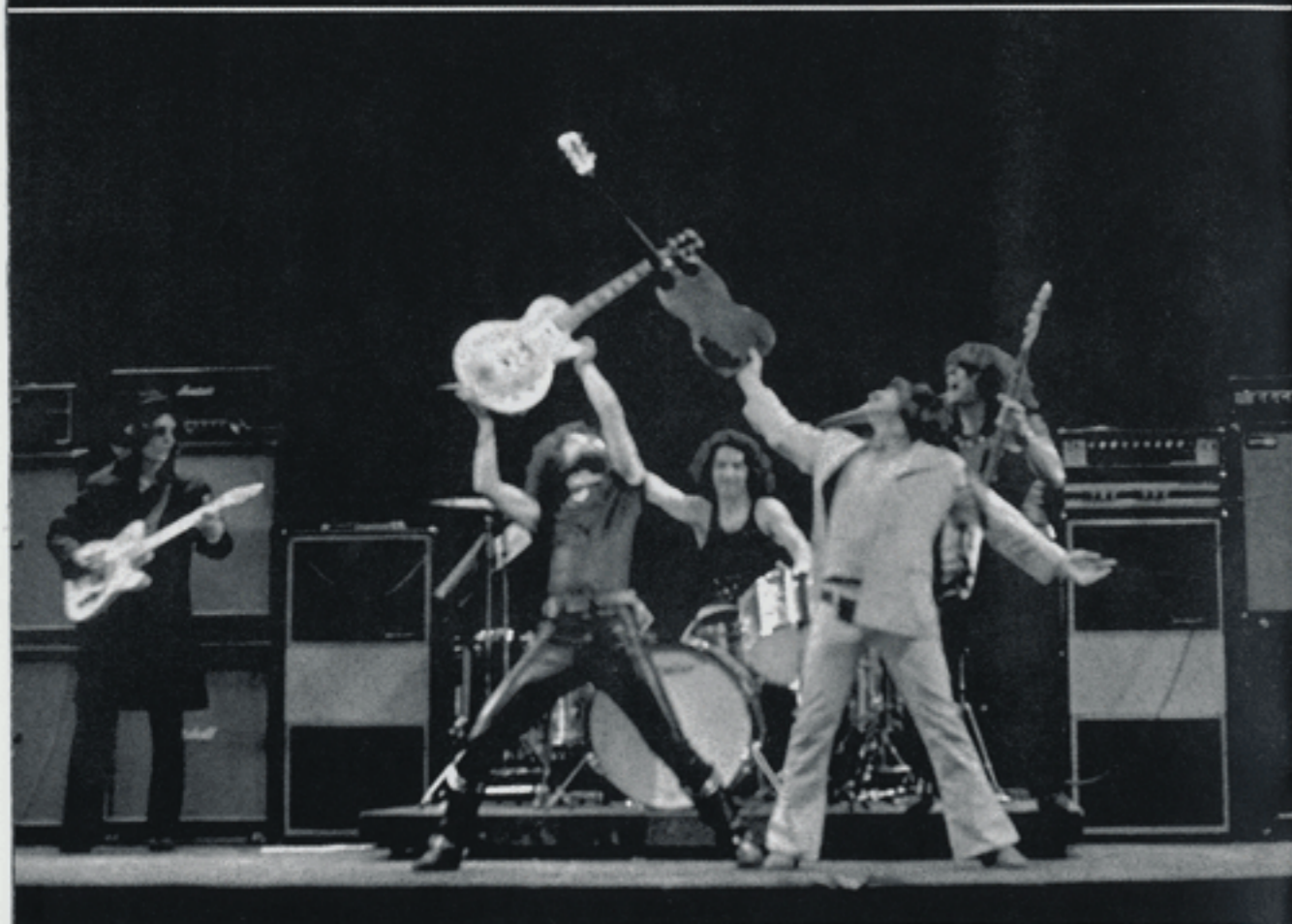
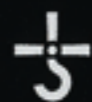




85481



(L TO R: ALLEN LANIER, ERIC BLOOM, ALBERT BOUCHARD, DONALD (BUCK DHARMA) ROESER, JOE BOUCHARD)



SEEPAGE FROM DEEP, BLACK, BRITTLE
EXPERIMENTS WHICH FAILED
AND TRANSFORMATIONS TOO HARD TO FIND.
"I WAS OVERCOME AND TURNED TO RED."
DUSTER'S DUST BECAME THE SALE.
LUCIFER THE LIGHT, A RESTLESS MOTION
CAME TO MOVE AND THEN SUBSIDE.
IN ENDLESS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR—
IT'S TIME. TYRANNY & MUTATION.
TYRANNY & MUTATION.

They're in a hotel room, somewhere on the road.

They can't go home; they have to keep working to eat. Clustered around a Super Reverb amp, all four inputs filled with guitars, the drummer hitting a pad, Blue Öyster Cult are writing their second album.

"We were under the whip," says Eric Bloom, fitting for a record that would be called *Tyranny and Mutation*.

Their debut effort, eponymously titled, had garnered extensive critical praise for its leap across the chasm that divided the sixties from the post-lovefest seventies, an instinctive reconceptualizing that took BÖC into the metal-cage wrestling arenas of hard-rock. Warming the crowd for Alice Cooper, they recognized the theatrical qualities of their music; it had "always been cinema," reflects Buck. "We could've been making movies."

Dissolve to any night's show, 1972. At the end of "Cities On Flame," the surprise FM radio anthem, all five members of the Cult - including keyboardist Allen Lanier, and the Bouchard Brothers rhythm section of Albert on drums and Joe on bass - take up guitars at the front of the stage and strike a simultaneous chord.

"Precious is not a word you would use for our image at the time," Eric adds, though the Cult's intricate arrangements and instrumental flurries were hardly monolithic. They might portray fire-breathing rock dragons on "O.D.'d On Life Itself" and "7 Screaming Diz-Busters," but there was an element of the literary to Blue Öyster Cult's imaginative aphorisms, not surprising when you consider who supplied their syllables: Sandy Pearlman, the band's manager and bardic raconteur; Richard Meltzer, a profound anti-critic who used rock (and later, all of popular

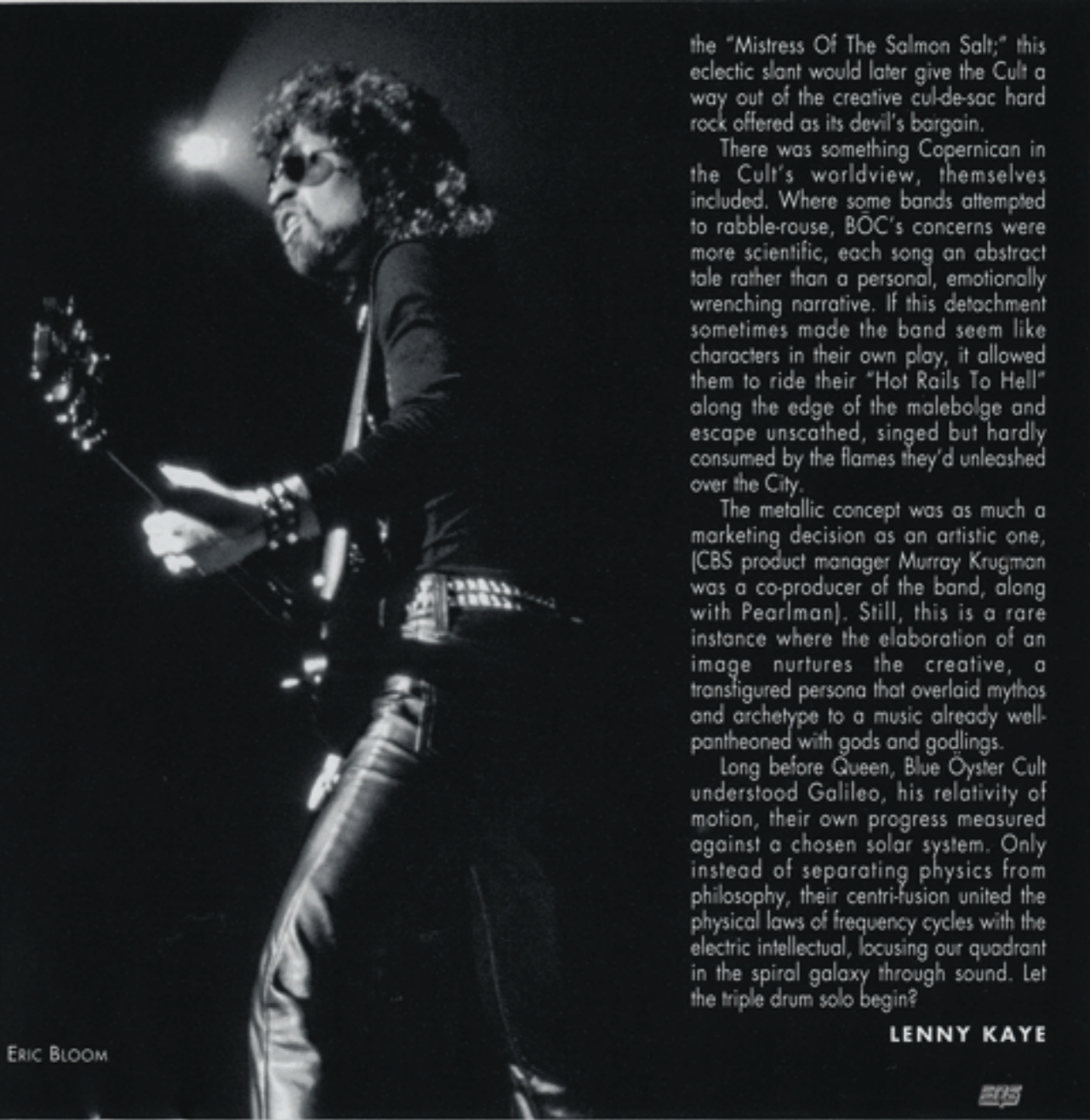
and metaphysical culture) as an archeology; and a young poet named Patti Smith, whose words on "Baby Ice Dog" are among her first inscribed on record.

Divided into two sides, "The Red" and "The Black," at a time when disc technology allowed for such either/or configurations, the album takes advantage of its moodswing. The four songs on "The Red" are fully revved. Recorded at Columbia Studios, the texture is crisper and brighter than their first album, or maybe it just seems that way now that the tempos have become more desperate, the band's grasp teetering on implode. This is the adrenalin of travel. The faster you go, the more the universe slows around you.

Gawlik, who drew Blue Öyster Cult's cover art, all concentrics and checkerboard landscapes, stark fields of periscopes and star-strewn continuums vanishing somewhere in chronostic infinity, came to visit the band in Columbia's studio in an old church on E. 30th Street. He saw the enclosing space, the inner concentration, the claustrophobic compression of time and sound into particles of iron oxide, as a "terrifying environment," and gave the album a name.

Tyranny may lead to mutation, but it must be said that Blue Öyster Cult's embrace of their darker imageries was done with a slightly distancing humor, trappings not meant to capture but entice. Scratch the surface, and their music defied easy categorization. On the "Black" side of *T&M*, there are folk-rock harmonies and glittery arpeggios which reflect more centigrade than fahrenheit, chill and ghosting and feminine, especially when we meet

ERIC BLOOM



the "Mistress Of The Salmon Salt;" this eclectic slant would later give the Cult a way out of the creative cul-de-sac hard rock offered as its devil's bargain.

There was something Copernican in the Cult's worldview, themselves included. Where some bands attempted to rabble-rouse, BÖC's concerns were more scientific, each song an abstract tale rather than a personal, emotionally wrenching narrative. If this detachment sometimes made the band seem like characters in their own play, it allowed them to ride their "Hot Rails To Hell" along the edge of the malebolge and escape unscathed, singing but hardly consumed by the flames they'd unleashed over the City.

The metallic concept was as much a marketing decision as an artistic one, (CBS product manager Murray Krugman was a co-producer of the band, along with Pearlman). Still, this is a rare instance where the elaboration of an image nurtures the creative, a transfigured persona that overlaid mythos and archetype to a music already well-pantheonized with gods and godlings.

Long before Queen, Blue Öyster Cult understood Galileo, his relativity of motion, their own progress measured against a chosen solar system. Only instead of separating physics from philosophy, their centri-fusion united the physical laws of frequency cycles with the electric intellectual, focusing our quadrant in the spiral galaxy through sound. Let the triple drum solo begin?

LENNY KAYE

THE BLACK

1. The Red & The Black 4:24

-A. Bouchard-E. Bloom-S. Pearlman-

Canadian mounted, baby
Police force at work
Red and Black
It's their color scheme
Get their man
In the end

*It's all right it's all right
It's all right it's all right
It's all right it's all right*
It's all right it's ah, yeah my honeys know it's all right
*It's all right it's all right
It's all right it's all right*
It's all right it's ah, yeah my baby knows it's all right
You'd kill, you'd maim ah, c'mon kill 'em
You'd kill, you'd maim look out

C'mon my husky

Frontenac Chateau, baby
I cross the frontier at ten
I got a whip in my hand, baby
And a girl or a husky
At leather's end

*It's all right it's all right
It's all right it's all right*
It's all right it's ah, yeah baby knows it's all right
*It's all right it's all right
It's all right it's all right*
It's all right yeah, baby, yeah it's all right
You'd kill, you'd maim ah, c'mon kill 'em now
You'd kill, you'd maim

Hornswamp me bungo pony on dogsled on ice
Make a dash for freedom, baby
Don't skate on polar ice
It's too thick to be sliced
By the light
Of long and white polar nights

*It's all right it's all right
It's all right it's all right*
It's all right yeah baby knows it's all right
*It's all right it's all right
It's all right it's all right*

*It's all right yeah knows it's all right
You'd kill, you'd maim ah, c'mon kill now
You'd kill, you'd maim maim 'em too
Ah, break it up*

2. O.D.'d On Life Itself 4:47

-E. Bloom-A. Bouchard-D. Roemer-S. Pearlman-

How could I fool you I rest and assure you
Take it off from here and put you on the line, yeah
Your back to the pistol and iron bullets whistle
Landscape's open and the world is mine, it's still mine

*OD'd on life, life itself
OD'd on life itself, OD'd on life itself the power of
powers and once luminous spell
OD'd on life, life itself
OD'd on life itself, OD'd on life itself crumpled like
grave cloths and hipped to the help and you've
OD'd on life itself*

Writings appear on the wall
The curtains part and landscape fall
There the writings done in blood
Yeah, like a mummy's inscription and a bat-wing
tongue

Well then the mouth of the cave will open up wide
Wide as the world that's mine, it's mine, it's
Still mine

So don't you fear the trade in life
Life loves force but force love life, yeah
This wedding by heaven was made up in hell
With the victim as bride and life, life itself

*OD'd on life, life itself
OD'd on life itself, OD'd on life itself the power of
powers and once luminous spell
OD'd on life, life itself
OD'd on life itself, OD'd on life itself crumpled like
grave cloths and hipped to the help and you've*

*OD'd on life, you OD'd on life itself
OD'd on life, you OD'd on life itself
OD'd on life, life itself
OD'd on life, life itself
OD'd on life, life itself
OD'd on life, life itself*

3. Hot Rails To Hell 5:12

-J. Bouchard-

Riding the underground
Swimming in sweat
A rumble above and below
Hey cop don't you know
The heat's on all right
The hot summer didn't quit for the night

*1277 express to heaven
Speeding along like dynamite
1277 express to heaven
Rumbles the steel like a dogfight
You caught me in its spell
Trying to leave but you know darn well
The heat from below can burn your eyes out*

Blackened out eyes
Scratched on the wall
Stoned out looks from the crowd
The king will not know
On the wall it was said
The flesh of his cards was sprayed with red

*1277 express to heaven
Speeding along like dynamite
1277 express to heaven
Rumbles the steel like a dogfight
You caught me in its spell
Trying to leave but you know darn well
The heat from below can burn your eyes out*

*1277 express to...
1277 express to...
1277 express to heaven
Speeding along like dynamite
1277 express to heaven
Rumbles the steel like a dogfight
You caught me in its spell
Trying to leave but you know darn well
The heat from below can burn
Yeah burn!*

*Your eyes out
Your eyes out
Your eyes out*

*Your eyes out!
Out! out! out! out!
Out! out! out! out!*

4. 7 Screaming Diz-Busters 7:01

-A. Bouchard-J. Bouchard-D. Roemer-S. Pearlman-

They held their heads with laughs of pain
They learned from men who'd just refrain
From glancing at a mirror's face

Seven screaming diz-busters
Who lurked behind the rose
Cast iron for a bloodstream
And ice behind their eyes

On each and all those holy nights
When duster's dust becomes the sole
And Lucifer the light

They're long so long this time of year
When stars be crossed by twirling fear
You don't suppose I'd prove surprised

Well seven screaming diz-busters
Should go the route and die
Without that warmth they've learned to crave
With hardened smiles and evil signs

Bury me near the secret cove
So they'll not know the way
Bury me there behind the rose
So they'll not rile my grave
I'll not reveal whose nome's still lost

Well their laughs of pain
Ah, ha ha ha!
And their harder smiles
And their rigid arms
And their evil signs

Yeah the longer days and, the longer nights
Oh, yeah the longer
Yeah, they're longer still

On each and all those holy nights
When duster's dust becomes the sole
And Lucifer the light

*Lucifer the light
Lucifer the light
Lucifer the light
Lucifer the light
Lucifer the light
Lucifer the light*
Oh, the light
Lucifer the light I can't stand the light
Lucifer the light I can't stand it now

*Lucifer the light No
Lucifer the light Can't stand the light
Lucifer the light
Lucifer the light Can't stand the light
Lucifer the light Can't stand the light
Lucifer the light*

*Lucifer the light Can't stand the light
Lucifer the light Oh no!
Lucifer the light Achhh
Lucifer the light
Lucifer the light I can't I can't
Lucifer the light No*

*Lucifer the light Can't stand it
Lucifer the light Can't stand it, no
Lucifer the light Can't stand it
Lucifer the light Can't*

*Lucifer the light Can't I can't I can't can't
can't stand it
Lucifer the light
Lucifer the light Just can't stand the light*

*Lucifer the light One
Lucifer the light Two
Lucifer the light Three
Lucifer the light Four
Lucifer the light Five
Lucifer the light Six
Lucifer the light And seven*



ALLEN LANIER, ERIC BLOOM, ALBERT BOUCHARD

THE RED

5. Baby Ice Dog 3:29

-A. Bouchard-E. Bloom-F. Smith-

I had this bitch you see
She made lies to me
Her deceit oh, it gave me a chill
But I found out now
That baby, that baby ice dog

She said we would wed
In Mongolian country
Lilies shoot free
But she was a-stoning me
In the mountains, no
Her intent it was all too clear
All too clear

It was quite a sin
How the ice caved in
I was numb
I could not assist
Baby ice went down
To the cold, cold, cold ground
I said "Baby... that's the breaks"

Turn me 'round like a broke down hound now
Crossing me once too often
Now she's bound for a lower station
She crossing me once too often

Hey baby, don't cross me, baby
I'm bad

And now the ladies all fear this Mongolian man
With the ice down his face
You know I get involved
In unnatural acts
With the aid of my cold, cold stare

They'd like to make it
With my big black dog
But they just don't know how to ask
You know they'd like to try
Anything that comes into their minds

Ahh, Freeze on now, baby

Freeze on, freeze on, freeze on bone to bone
Freeze on, freeze on, freeze on

Freeze on, freeze on freeze on freeze on freeze on
bone

Freeze on, freeze on freeze on freeze on freeze on

6. Wings Wetted Down 4:12

-A. Bouchard-J. Bouchard-

Flights of black horsemen
Soar o'er the churches
Pursued by an army of birds in the rain

None of them can see the clouds
The polished wings don't care
Animal ways through the hazy
Dreams full of pain

Wings wetted down
Stumbling on the ground
It all turns around
In the end, the end, the end

The voices sound deadly
Sometimes I hear
Echoes of empires
Spread throughout the sky

Wings wetted down
Stumbling on the ground
It all turns around
In the end, the end, the end

Flights of black horsemen
Soar o'er the churches
Pursued by an army of birds in the rain

Wings wetted down
It all turns around
It all turns around
In the end, the end, the end

7. Teen Archer 3:57

-A. Bouchard-E. Bloom-R. Meltzer-

She got less than you or I
She got less than me
She got less than you or I
She got less than me

She get
She get
Tired
She gets tired

She got more than you or I
She got more than me
She got more than you or I
She got more than me

She get
She get
Wild
She gets wild

Ballin' all night, ballin' all day
She won't ball on me
Ballin' all night, ballin' all day
She won't ball on me

She will
She will
Smile
She will smile
She will laugh
She will die
She don't care

Cryin' all night, cryin' all day
She will cry for me
Cryin' all night, cryin' all day
She will cry for me

She will
She will
Smile
She will smile
She will laugh
She will die
She don't care

8. Mistress Of The Salmon Salt (Quicklime Girl) 5:08

-A. Bouchard-S. Pearlman-

In the garden district
Where the plants grow strong and tall
Behind the bush there lurks a girl
Who makes them strong and tall
The villagers call her
Quicklime girl behind her back
Quicklime girl behind the bush
Quicklime girl
She's the mistress of the salmon salt

Quicklime girl
Quicklime girl

In the fall when plants return
By harvest time she knows the score
Ripe and ready to the eye
Yet rotten somehow to the core
And they call her
Quicklime girl behind her back
Quicklime girl behind the bush
Quicklime girl
Quicklime girl
She's the mistress of the salmon salt
Quicklime girl
Quicklime girl
Quicklime girl

A harvest of life a harvest of death
One body of life one body of death
And when you've gone and choked to death
With laughter and a little step
I'll prepare the quicklime, friend
For your ripe and ready grave
For your ripe and ready grave

It's springtime now and cares subside
And the plannings almost done
And fertile graves it seems exist

Within a mile of that Duke's joint
Where Coast Guard crews still take their leave
Quite listless in the sun
And the quicklime girl still plies her trade
Reduction of the many from the one
And they call her
Quicklime girl behind her back
Quicklime girl behind the bush
Quicklime girl
Well she's the mistress of the salmon salt
Quicklime girl
Quicklime girl they call her
Quicklime girl

A harvest of life a harvest of death
Resumes its course each day
It comes as if by schedule
A harvester lifts his arms to the rain
The toes that crawl
The knees that jerk
The necks like swans that seem to turn
As if inclined to gasp or pray

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BONUS TRACKS

9. Cities On Flame With Rock And Roll (Live) 4:44

-S. Pearlman-D. Roeser-A. Bouchard-
Blue Öyster Cult Music (ASCAP)
Recorded 1972, Rochester, NY

Previously commercially unissued, promo release only
available on *The Blue Öyster Cult - Bootleg EP* (Columbia AS 40)
Produced by Murray Krugman & Sandy Pearlman

10. Buck's Boogie (Studio Version)* 5:22

-S. Pearlman-E. Bloom-A. Bouchard-
Blue Öyster Cult Music (ASCAP)
Recorded 1972, New York

Outtake from: *Tyranny And Mutation* sessions
Produced by Murray Krugman & Sandy Pearlman

11. 7 Screaming Diz-Busters (Live)* 14:01

-A. Bouchard-J. Bouchard-D. Roeser-S. Pearlman-
B. Ö'cult Songs, Inc. (ASCAP)

Recorded July 5, 1974, Seattle, Washington
Previously unreleased live concert soundboard from
the band's personal archives
Produced by George Geranios and Blue Öyster Cult

12. O.D.'d On Life Itself (Live)* 4:52

-E. Bloom-A. Bouchard-D. Roeser-S. Pearlman-
B. Ö'cult Songs (ASCAP)

Recorded July 4, 1974, Portland, Oregon
Previously unreleased live concert soundboard from
the band's personal archives
Produced by George Geranios and Blue Öyster Cult

* PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED

A NOTE ABOUT THE BONUS TRACKS:

"Cities On Flame With Rock And Roll" -

A live version, previously only available on the
Blue Öyster Cult Bootleg EP, a promo only release.

One of four songs on that release.

The others are available on the two CD compilation
Workshop Of The Telescopes.

"Buck's Boogie" - The studio version.

An outtake from the *Tyranny* sessions,
more well known as a concert favorite.

"7 Screaming Diz-Busters" and
"O.D.'d On Life Itself" - Two tracks, available

legally, for the first time. Both come from *Blue
Öyster Cult In The West*, a "bootleg" made by the
band and circulated among friends and family.

The tapes for these two songs come from the
band's extensive personal archives.

Original soundboard mix by longtime
BÖC soundmaster George Geranios.

DONALD (BUCK DHARMA) ROESER: guitar, vocals

ERIK BLOOM: vocals, stn guitar
and all synthesizers

JOSEPH BOUCHARD: bass, vocals and keyboards

ALBERT BOUCHARD: drums, vocals

ALLEN LAMIER: keyboards, rhythm guitar

Tracks 1-8 Recorded 1972

at Columbia Studios, New York

Originally Columbia KC 32017 - Released 1973

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Recordists: Lou Schlossberg and Phil Giambalvo

Mastering: Jack Ashkinazy

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Band Website Info: www.blueoystercult.com

OTHER TITLES AVAILABLE BY BLUE ÖYSTER CULT

Blue Öyster Cult (CK 85482)

Secret Treaties (CK 85480)

Agents Of Fortune (CK 85479)

On Your Feet Or On Your Knees (CGK 33371)

Spectres (CK 35019)

Some Enchanted Evening (CK/PCT 35563)

Mirrors (CK 36009)

Cultosaurus Erectus (CK 36550)

Fire Of Unknown Origin (CK/PCT 37389)

Extraterrestrial Live (CGK 37946)

Revolution By Night (CK 38947)

Career Of Evil (CK 44300)

Workshop Of The Telescopes (CK 44163)

Super Hits (CK/CT 65638)

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