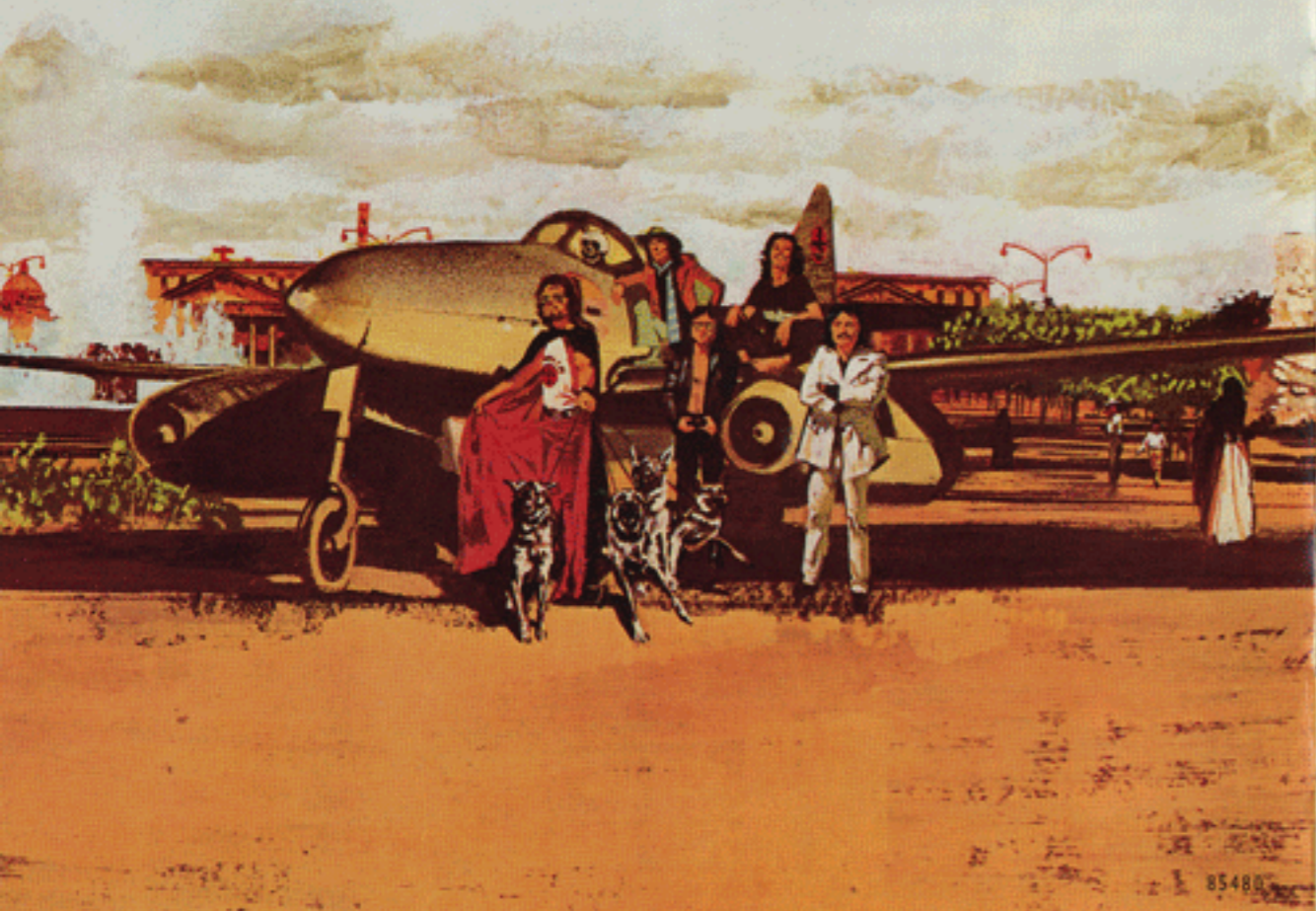
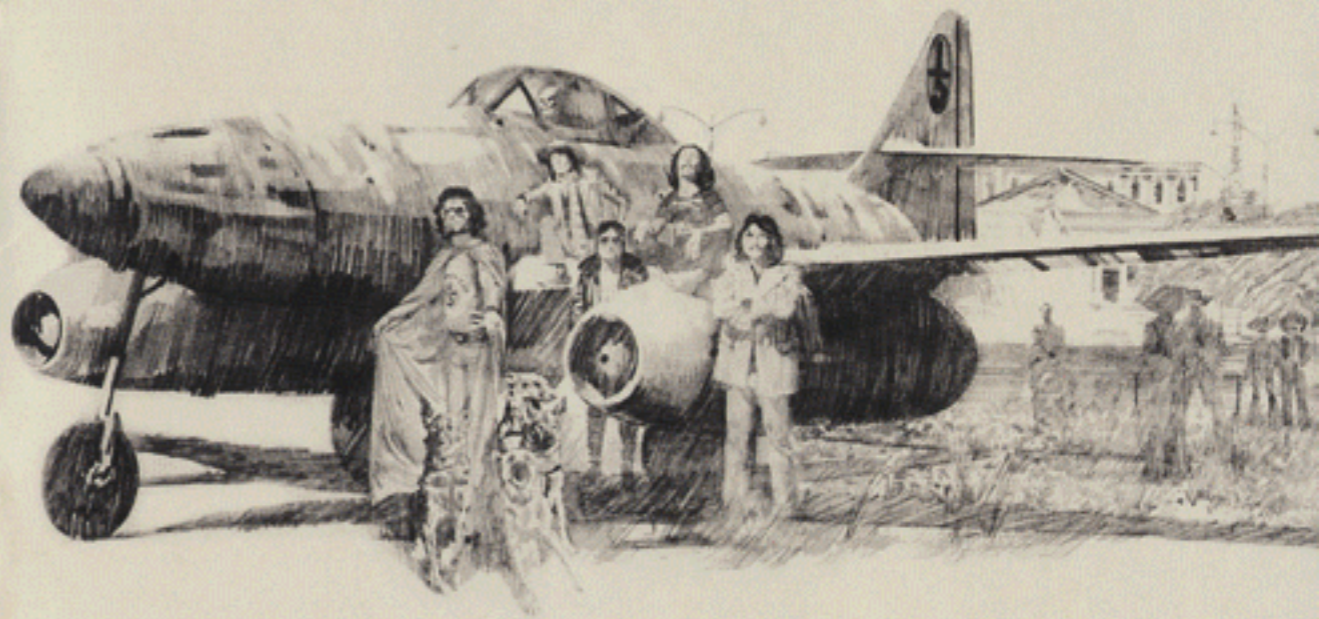


"Rossignol's serious, albeit simply titled book, the *Origins of a World War*, spoke in terms of *secret treaties*, drawn up between the Ambassadors from Plutonia and Desdinova the foreign minister. These treaties founded a secret science from the start. Astronomy. The career of evil."



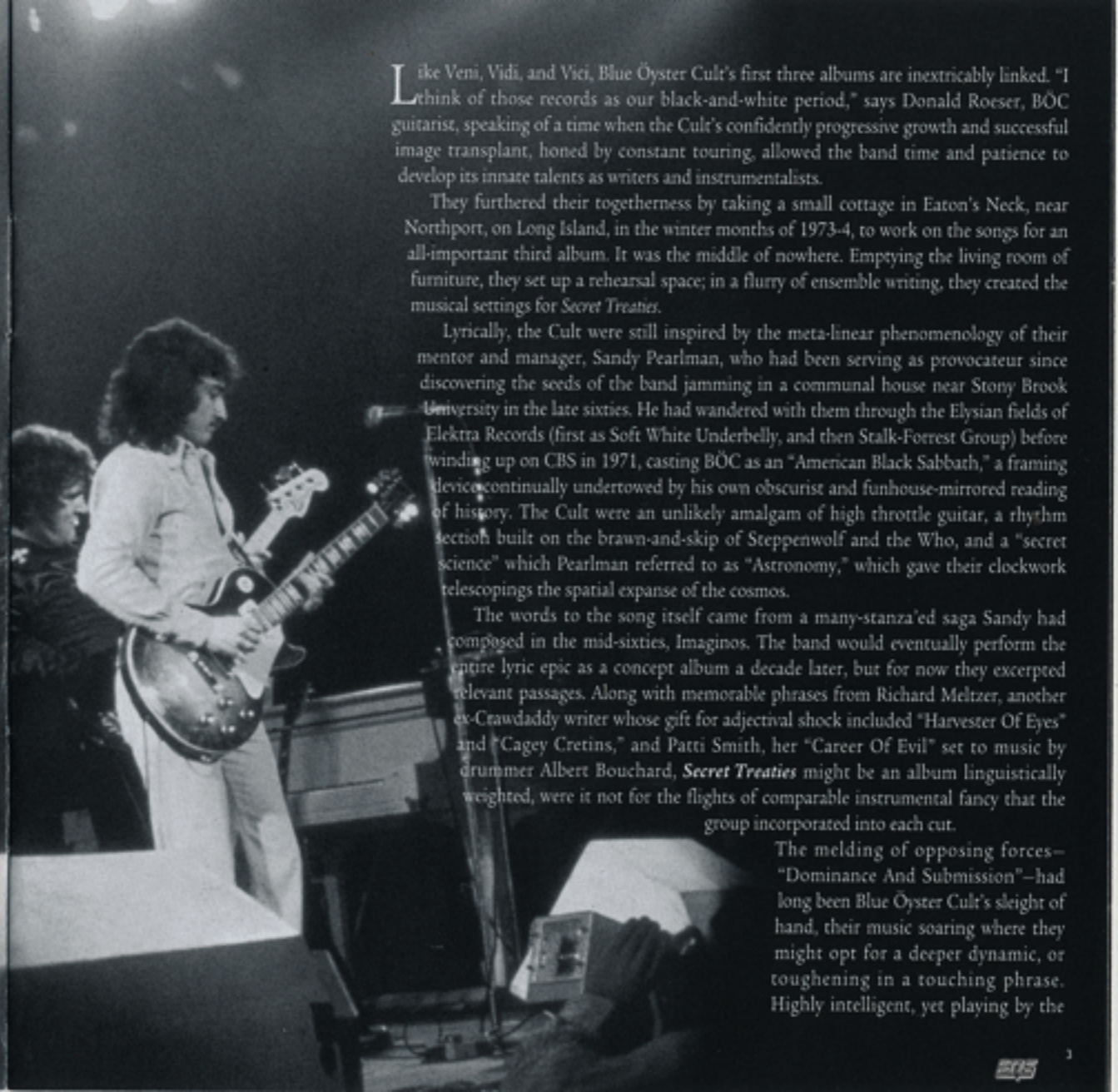
BLUE ÖYSTER CULT

SECRET TREATIES





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



Like *Veni, Vidi, and Vici*, Blue Öyster Cult's first three albums are inextricably linked. "I think of those records as our black-and-white period," says Donald Roeser, BÖC guitarist, speaking of a time when the Cult's confidently progressive growth and successful image transplant, honed by constant touring, allowed the band time and patience to develop its innate talents as writers and instrumentalists.

They furthered their togetherness by taking a small cottage in Eaton's Neck, near Northport, on Long Island, in the winter months of 1973-4, to work on the songs for an all-important third album. It was the middle of nowhere. Emptying the living room of furniture, they set up a rehearsal space; in a flurry of ensemble writing, they created the musical settings for *Secret Treaties*.

Lyricaly, the Cult were still inspired by the meta-linear phenomenology of their mentor and manager, Sandy Pearlman, who had been serving as provocateur since discovering the seeds of the band jamming in a communal house near Stony Brook University in the late sixties. He had wandered with them through the Elysian fields of Elektra Records (first as Soft White Underbelly, and then Stalk-Forrest Group) before winding up on CBS in 1971, casting BÖC as an "American Black Sabbath," a framing device continually undertowed by his own obscurist and funhouse-mirrored reading of history. The Cult were an unlikely amalgam of high throttle guitar, a rhythm section built on the brawn-and-skip of Steppenwolf and the Who, and a "secret science" which Pearlman referred to as "Astronomy," which gave their clockwork telescoping the spatial expanse of the cosmos.

The words to the song itself came from a many-stanza'd saga Sandy had composed in the mid-sixties, *Imaginos*. The band would eventually perform the entire lyric epic as a concept album a decade later, but for now they excerpted relevant passages. Along with memorable phrases from Richard Meltzer, another ex-Crawdaddy writer whose gift for adjectival shock included "Harvester Of Eyes" and "Cagey Cretins," and Patti Smith, her "Career Of Evil" set to music by drummer Albert Bouchard, *Secret Treaties* might be an album linguistically weighted, were it not for the flights of comparable instrumental fancy that the group incorporated into each cut.

The melding of opposing forces—"Dominance And Submission"—had long been Blue Öyster Cult's sleight of hand, their music soaring where they might opt for a deeper dynamic, or toughening in a touching phrase. Highly intelligent, yet playing by the

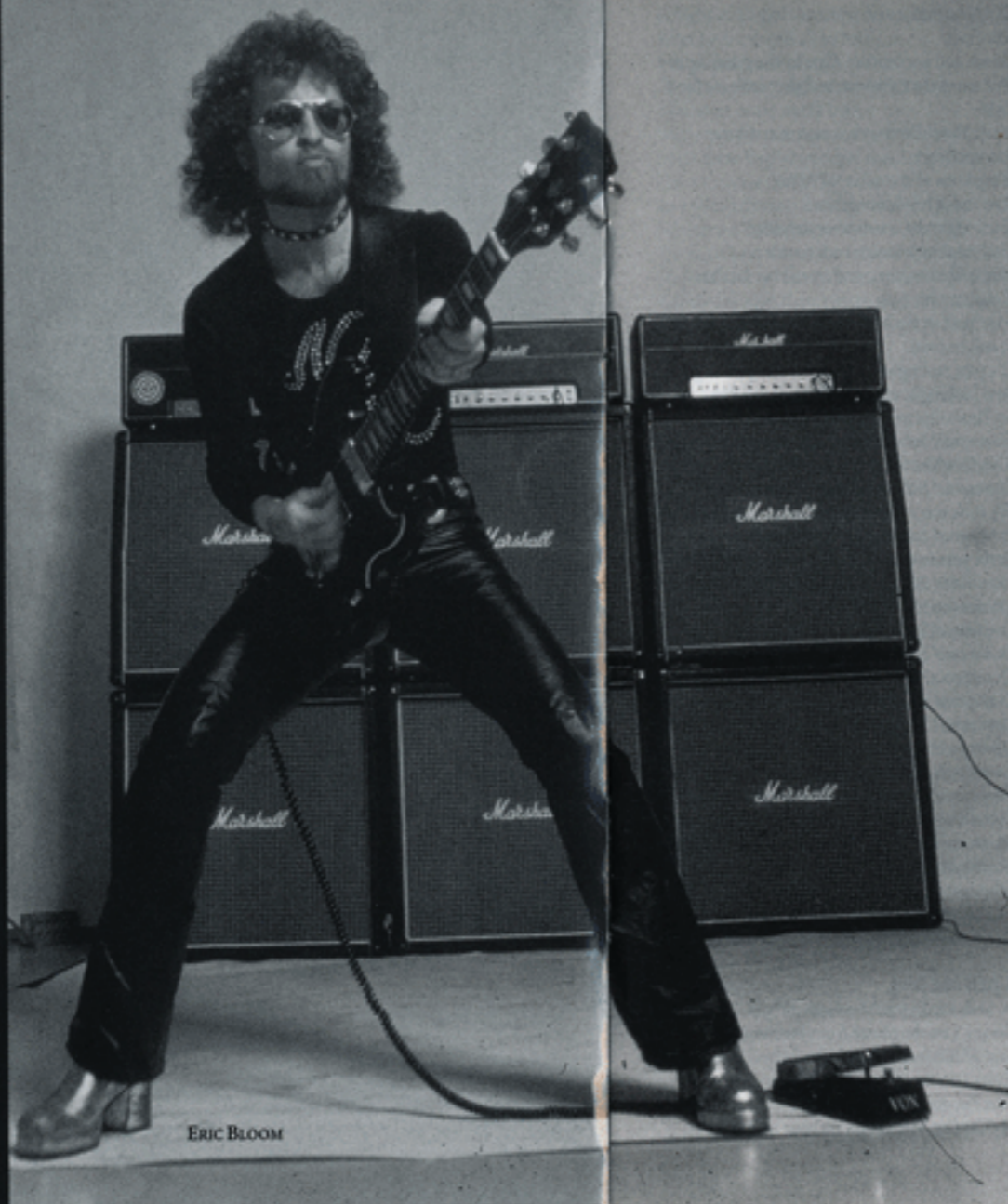
rules of a genre known for its thick skull, they trumped expectation. The idea was to be "timeless" in Donald's given word, and so the under-recognized guitar hero that is Buck Dharma romped through the tossed chords and shredded washes of Allen Lanier's keyboards, and Joe Bouchard shoveled notes on the bass over to his brother Albert, who pounded them into polyrhythms, and Eric Bloom snarled the words and stunned his own guitar. They'd learned to fly in formation; an air squadron.

The technology was changing as well, like the "ME 262" pictured on the cover, from propeller to jet. Rocket scientists: while recording *Secret Treaties*, Allen found one of the first Moog synthesizers in a corner of Columbia's studio, a massive bank of filters and generators with a thousand wires to patch. He fiddled with it until he found a sound, using it on "Flaming Telepaths." Like his bandmates, absorbing what he'd learned "on the run," he had begun in the Cult as a guitarist, moving to keyboards when their music seemed to call for a horizontal expansion, opening the band's harmonic possibilities.

The album was released in 1974. When they returned to the road, the group's live shows seemed energized by the experience of completing *Secret Treaties*. They were headlining now, been given the time by their record company to develop and build an audience. Each BÖC record had sold twice as many as the one before, and their commercial potential was beginning to match their critical acceptance. They were learning how to be successful.

"A fun ride," as Donald put it, and yet they took it seriously, musicians first, caught in the precision thrill of intricate playing, keeping balance as the rhythm skittered and accelerated. They recorded their basic tracks as live as possible, because if they stopped to think about the backhand licks and slippery runs that spilled from the band's bag of riffs, they might tilt their pinball machine. They wanted that free game. Blue Öyster Cult spun it faster, amped it louder, without losing their innate grace. The trick of *Treaties*.

LENNY KAYE



1. Career Of Evil (3:59)

-A. Bouchard-P. Smith-

I plot your rubric scarab
I steal your satellite
I want your wife to be my
Baby tonight, baby tonight
I choose to steal what you choose to show
And you know I will not apologize
You're mine for the taking
I'm making a career of evil
I'm making a career of evil
I'm making a career of evil
I'm making a career of evil
Pay me I'll be your surgeon
I'd like to pick your brain
Capture you inject you
Leave you kneeling in the rain
Kneeling in the rain
I choose to steal what you choose to show
And you know I will not apologize
You're mine for the taking
I'm making a career of evil
I'm making a career of evil
I'm making a career of evil
I'm making a career of evil
I'd like your blue eyed horseshoe
I'd like your emerald horny toad
I'd like to do it to your daughter on a dirt road
And then I'd spend your ransom money
But still I keep your sheep
I'd peel the mask you're wearing
And then rob you of your sleep
Rob you of your sleep
I choose to steal what you choose to show
And you know I will not apologize
You're mine for the taking
I'm making a career of evil
I'm making a career of evil
I'm making a career of evil
I'm making a career of evil
I'm making a career of evil
I'm making a career of evil
I'm making a career of evil
I'm making a career of evil

2. Subhuman (4:39)

-E. Bloom-S. Pearlman-

I am becalmed

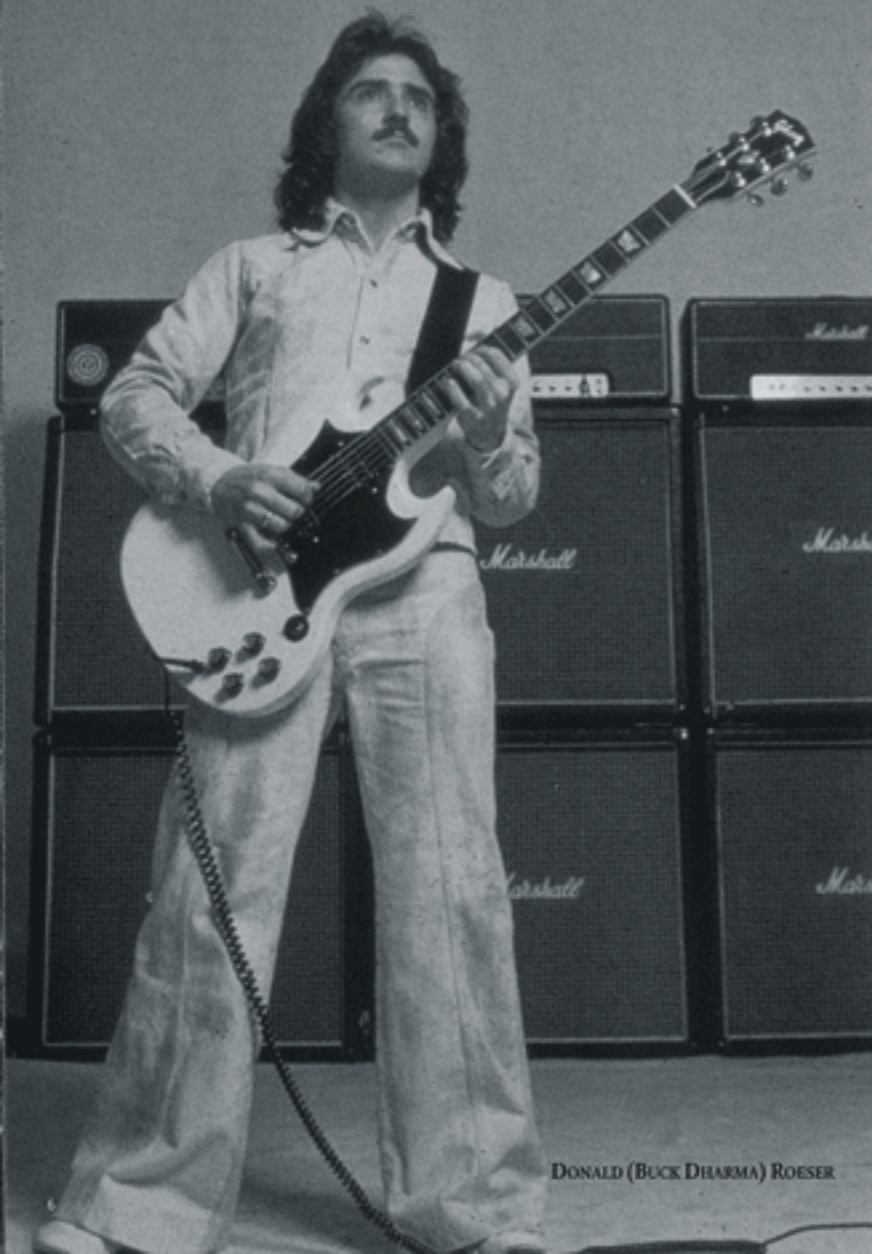
Lost to nothing

Warm weather and
Holocaust
Left to die by two good friends
Abandoned me and put to sleep
Left to die by two good friends
Tears of God flow as I bleed
So ladies, fish and gentlemen
Here's my angled dream
See me in the blue sky bag
And meet me by the sea
Oyster boys are
Swimming for me now
Save me from the
Death-like creatures
Oyster boys are swimming now
Hear them chatter on the tide
We understand, we understand
But fear is real and so do I
So ladies, fish and gentlemen
Here's my angled dream
See me in the blue sky bag
And meet me by the sea
Oyster boys are
Swimming for me
Just one deal is what
We made now
Forest keys and whirlwind cold
Green keys too and keys of gold
Even locks that won't explode
When the skies become a scroll
So ladies, fish and gentlemen
Here's my angled dream
See me in the blue sky bag
And meet me by the sea

3. Dominance And Submission (5:23)

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

Oh Yeah!
I spent ten years, half my life
Just getting ready, then it was time
Warpage in my figures, radios appear
Midnight was the barrier, back in 1963
Each night the covers were unfolded
Each night it's Susie's turn to ride
While Charles, the one they call her brother
Covers on his eyes
Murmurs in the background



DONALD (BUCK DHARMA) ROESER

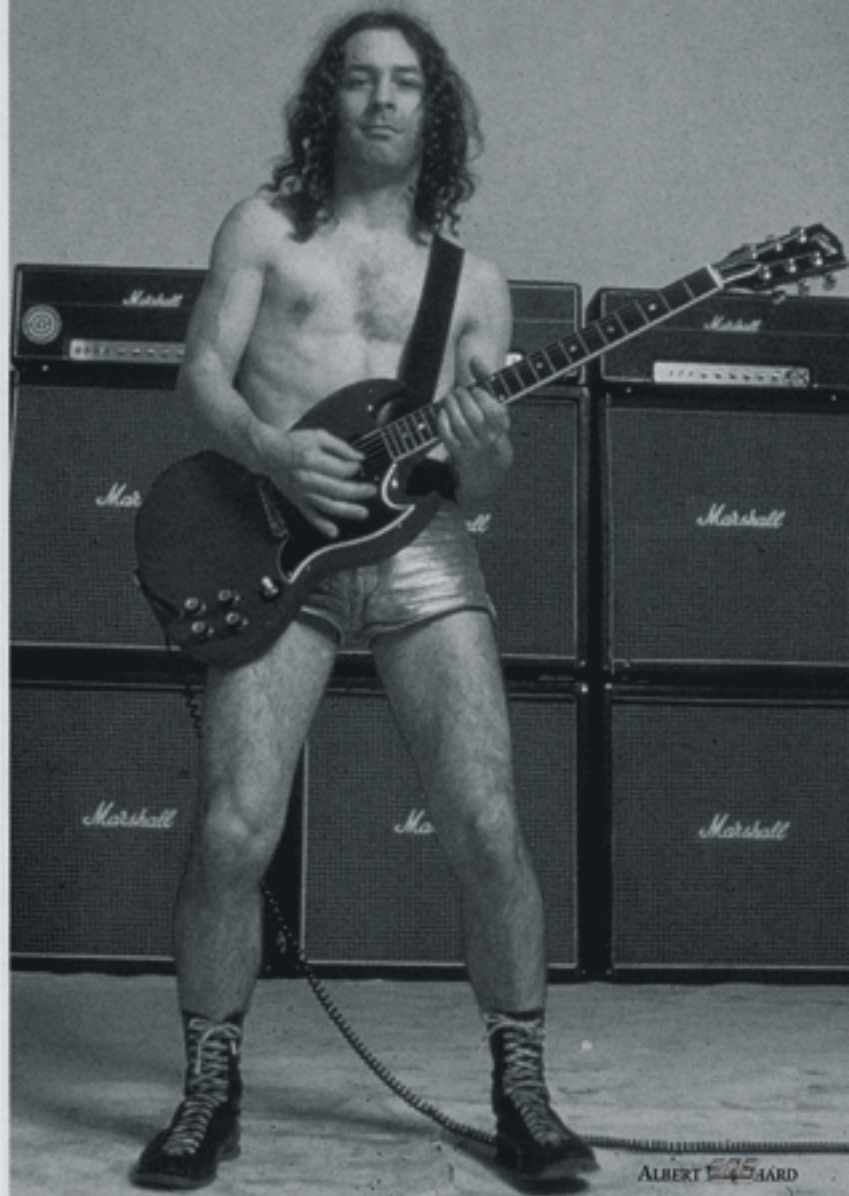
It will be time
Oh Yeah!
Susan and her brother, Charles the grinning boy
Put me in the back seat, and they took me for a ride
Yeah, the radio was on - can't you dig the locomotion
Kingdoms of the radio, 45 RPM
Too much revolution, then
Each night the covers were unfolded
Each night it's Susie's turn to ride
While Charles, the one they call her brother
Covers on his eyes
Murmurs in the background
It will be time

It's past midnight said Charles the grinning boy
And looking at me greedily, said it's 1964
In Times Square now people do the polka
Dominance! Submission. Radies appear.
This New Year's Eve was the final barrier
Dominance! Submission. Radies appear.
We took you up and we put you in the back seat
Dominance! Submission. Radies appear.
From year to year we looked out for the venture
Dominance! Submission. Radies appear.
Dominance! Submission
Dominance! Sub-mission
Dominance! Sub-mission
Dominance! Submission
Dominance! Sub-mission
Dominance! Sub-mission Sub-mission
Dominance! Sub-submission sub-sub-
Dominance! Submission submission
Dominance! Submission submission submission
Dominance! Sub-submission submission
Dominance! Submission submission submission
Dominance! Sub-submission sub-sub-
submission
Dominance! Submission submission!
Dominance! Submission!

4. ME 262 (4:48)

-E. Bloom-D. Roeser-S. Pearlman-
Göring's on the phone from Freiburg
Said Willie done quite a job
Hitler's on the phone from Berlin
Says I'm gonna make you a star
My Captain Von Ondine is your next patrol

A flight of English bombers across the canal
After twelve they'll all be here
I think you know the job
They hung there dependent from the sky
Like some heavy metal fruit
These bombers are ripe and ready to tilt
Must these Englishmen live that I might die
Must they live that I might die
In a g-load disaster from the rate of climb
Sometimes I'd faint and be lost to our side
But there's no reward for failure - but death
So watch me in mirrors keep me on the glidepath
Get me through these radars, no, I cannot fail
While my great silver slugs are eager to feed
I can't fail - no, not now
When twenty five bombers wait ripe
They hung there dependent from the sky
Like some heavy metal fruit
These bombers are ripe and ready to tilt
Must these Englishmen live that I might die
Must they live that I might die
ME 262 prince of turbojet
Junkers Jumo 004
Blasts from clustered R4/M quartets in my snout
And see these English planes go burn
Well, you be my witness, how red were the skies
When the fortresses flew for the very last time
It was dark over Westphalia
In April of '45
They hung there dependent from the sky
Like some heavy metal fruit
These bombers are ripe and ready to tilt
Must these Englishmen live that I might die
Must they live that I might die
Must these Englishmen live that I might die
Junkers Jumo 004
Must these Englishmen live that I might die
Junkers Jumo 004
Must these Englishmen live that I might die
Junkers Jumo 004
Must these Englishmen live that I might die
Junkers Jumo 004
Must these Englishmen live that I might die
Junkers Jumo 004
Must these Englishmen live that I might die
Junkers Jumo 004
Bombers at twelve o'clock high...



ALBERT (BUCK DHARMA) YARD



5. Cagey Cretins (3:16)

-A. Bouchard-R. Meltzer-
Ooo cagey - what you got?
What you got there dummy?
What you got there man?
Ooo cagey - what you got?
What you got there honey?
What is it, a worm?
Dumb clouds are raging
Stupid clouds at my door
Creepy weather coming
Coming 'round my floor
Dumb clouds stay away
Don't come back no more
Ooo cagey - what you got?
Got an awful tummy
Oh no, it's inflamed
Ooo cagey - what you got?
It's so lonely, honey
In the state of Maine
Dumb clouds are raging
Stupid clouds at my door
Creepy weather coming
Coming 'round my floor
Well dumb clouds stay away
And don't come back no more
I'm graduating in one more term
Because I haven't any time to burn
Repeating taste of high-heeled shoe
An eel is waiting under the train
Being chased around by the neighbor's cat
Well it's so lonely in the state of Maine
Dumb clouds are ringing
Ringing in my ear
Mother's wombs are crying
Ringing in my fear
Mothers never run
Except when rape is near
Ooo cagey
Ooo cagey
Ooo cagey
Ooo cagey

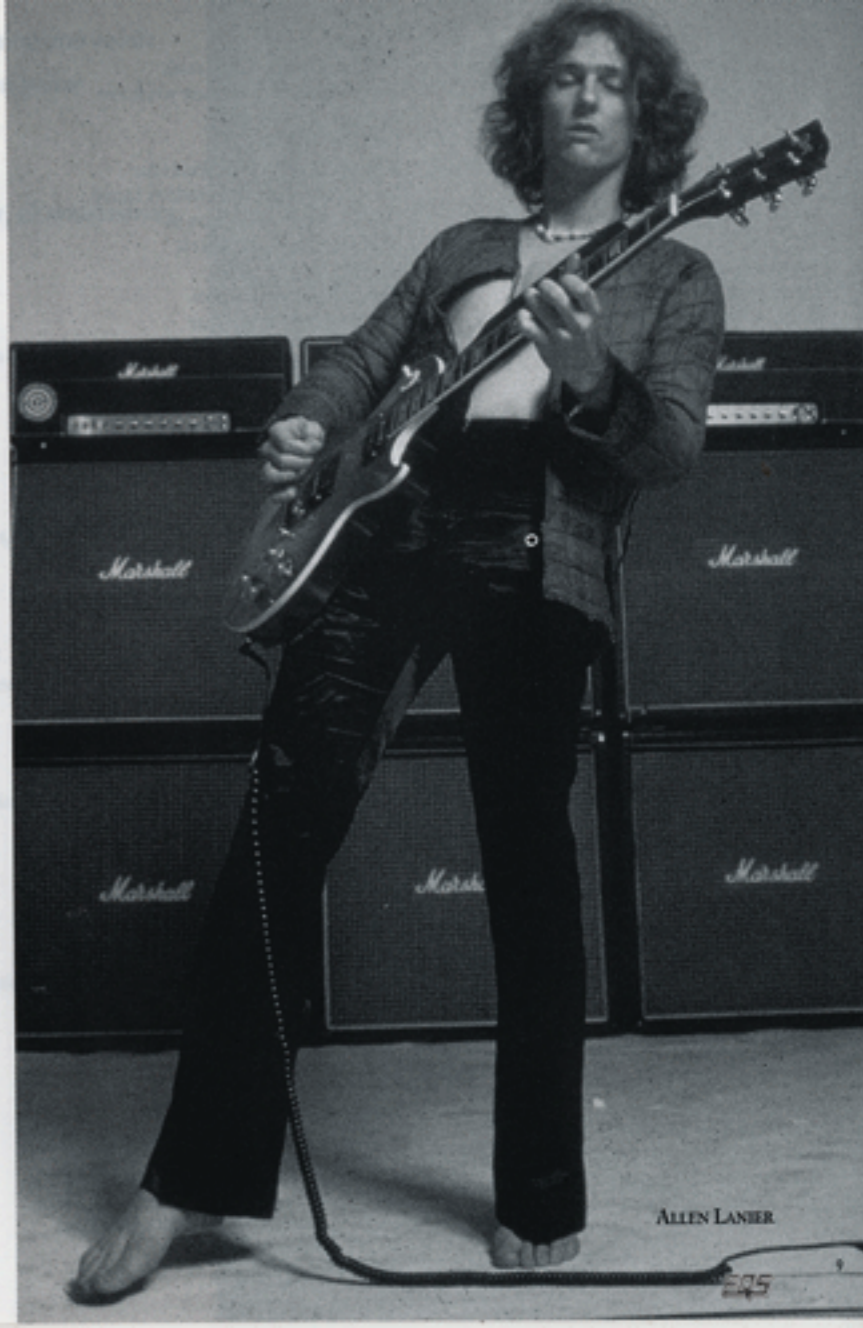
6. Harvester Of Eyes (4:42)

-D. Roesser-E. Bloom-R. Meltzer-
Harvester of Eyes that's me
And I see all there is to see
When I look inside your head

Right up front to the back of your skull
Well that's my sign that you are dead
My list for you checks off as null
I'm the Harvester of Eyes
I'm the eyeman of TV
With my ocular TB
I need all the peepers I can find
Inside the barn where you find the hay
Just last week I took a ride
So high on eyes I almost lost my way
I'm the Harvester of Eyes
Harvester of Eyes that's me *Harvester of Eyes*
And I see all there is to see *Harvester of Eyes*
When I look inside your head *Harvester of Eyes*
Right up front to the back of your skull
Harvester of Eyes
Harvester of Eyes
Harvester of Eyes
Harvester of Eyes
My-my-my-my-my-my
My-my-my-my-my-my
My-my-my-my-my-my-my
I'm the harvester of eyes
I'm just walkin' around down the street
I see a garbage can, I pick it up
I look through all the garbage
To see if there are any eyes inside
I'll put 'em in my pink leather bag
And take all their eye balls
And I bleed with 'em
As I plead with their eyes all night
So if you see me walkin' down the street
You'd better get out of the way
And put on your eye glasses
'Cause I'm gonna take your eyes home with me

7. Flaming Telepaths (5:20)

-A. Bouchard-E. Bloom-S. Pearlman-D. Roesser-
Well I've opened up my veins too many times
And the poisons in my heart and in my mind
Poisons in my bloodstream
Poisons in my pride
I'm after rebellion
I'll settle for lies
Is it any wonder that my mind's on fire
Imprisoned by the thought of what to do
Is it any wonder that my joke's an iron



And the joke's on you
Experiments that failed too many times
Transformations that were too hard to find
Poisons in my bloodstream
Poisons in my pride
I'm after rebellion
I'll settle for lies
Yes I know the secrets of the iron and mind
They're trinity acts, a mineral free
Yes I know the secrets of the circuitry mind
It's a flaming wonder telepath
Well I've opened up my veins too many times
And the poisons in my heart and in my mind
Poisons in my bloodstream
Poisons in my pride
I'm after rebellion
I'll settle for lies
Is it any wonder that my mind's on fire
Imprisoned by the thought of what to do
Is it any wonder that my joke's an iron
And the joke's on you
And the joke's on you
And the joke's on you
And the joke's on you
And the joke's on you
And the joke's on you
And the joke's on you
And the joke's on you
And the joke's on you
And the joke's on you
And the joke's on you
And the joke's on you
And the joke

8. Astronomy (6:38)

-J. Bouchard-A. Bouchard-S. Pearlman-
Clock strikes twelve and moondrops burst
Out at you from their hiding place
Like acid and oil on a madman's face
His reason tends to fly away
Like lesser birds on the four winds
Like silver scrapes in May
And now the sands become a crust
Most of you have gone away
Come Susie dear, let's take a walk
Just out there upon the beach
I know you'll soon be married
And you'll want to know where winds come from

Well it's never said at all
On that map that Carrie reads
Behind the clock back there you know
At the Four Winds Bar
Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!
Four winds at the Four Winds Bar
Two doors bought and windows barred
One door to let to take you in
The other one just mirrors it
Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!
Hellish glare and inference
The other one's a duplicate
The Queenly flux, eternal light
Or the light that never warms
Yes, the light that never, never warms
Or the light that never
Never warms
Never warms
Never warms
The clock strikes twelve and moondrops burst
Out at you from their hiding place
Miss Carrie nurse and Susie dear
Would find themselves at the Four Winds Bar
It's the nexus of the crisis
And the origin of storms
Just the place to hopelessly
Encounter time and then came me
Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!
Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!
Call me Desdinova
Eternal light
These gravely digs of mine
Will surely prove a sight
And don't forget my dog
Fixed and consequent
Astronomy
A star
Astronomy
A star
Astronomy
A star
Astronomy
A star

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BONUS TRACKS

9. Boorman The Chauffer (3:13)

-J. Bouchard-M. Krugman-
Outtake from the *Secret Treaties* sessions
Produced by Murray Krugman & Sandy Pearlman
Previously Unreleased

10. Mommy (3:32)

-E. Bloom-R. Meltzer-
Outtake from the *Secret Treaties* sessions
Produced by Murray Krugman & Sandy Pearlman
Previously Unreleased

11. Mes Dames Sarat (4:07)

-A. Lanier-
Outtake from the *Secret Treaties* sessions
Produced by Murray Krugman & Sandy Pearlman
Previously Unreleased

12. Born To Be Wild (Non LP Single) (3:40) (Studio Version)

-M. Bonfire-
From Columbia single 3-10169
Recorded 1974
Produced by Murray Krugman & Sandy Pearlman

13. Career Of Evil (Single Version) (3:00)

-A. Bouchard-P. Smith-
A side of Columbia single 3-10046
Recorded 1974
Produced by Murray Krugman & Sandy Pearlman

A note about the bonus tracks:

"Boorman The Chauffer"—simply an outtake. Left off the original album due to space/time considerations.

"Mommy"—a delightful piece of angst. An outtake left unissued 'til now. Downright punky—ahead of its time.

"Mes Dames Sarat"—another outtake. Also left off the album 'cause you couldn't fit 'em all in those days.

"Career Of Evil (Single Version)"—A different vocal, different, tamer (?) lyrics for airwave consumption.

Donald (Buck Dharma) Roeser: lead guitar and vocals

Eric Bloom: lead vocals, keyboards, stun guitar

Albert Bouchard: drums, vocals

Joseph Bouchard: bass, vocals

Allen Lanier: keyboards, rhythm guitar, all synthesizers

Tracks 1-8 Recorded 1974
Originally Columbia KC 32858 - Released 1974

Original Recordings Produced by Murray Krugman & Sandy Pearlman
Engineer: Tim Geelan
Second Engineer: Jerry Smith
Recordists: Lehman Yates and Lou Schlossberg
Sound Consultant: Clack, Inc.

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Band website info: www.blueoystercult.com

Other titles available by Blue Oyster Cult:

Blue Oyster Cult (CK 85482)

Tyranny And Mutation (CK 85481)

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)

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Don't Fear The Reaper: The Best Of Blue Oyster Cult (CK/CT 65918)

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