

THE FURYS RAY-A-BAND TECHTONES VALENTINOS



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TOP SCIENTISTS

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Nov 9	Hamilton
Nov 16	Raglan
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Nov 20-22	Gluepot

Rooftop
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Takapuna

498-142
Open until
3-00am

KICKS

OCT 16-18	GARY HAVOC + JON STEVENS BAND
OCT 24-25	PUSH + LIP SERVICE
SUNDAY OCT 26	PUSH + COUP D'ETAT
OCT 30 -NOV 1	WARNING + CITIZEN BAND
NOV 6-8	GARY HAVOC + THE KNOBZ + FLIGHT X-7

FULLY LICENSED

RECORDS



David Bowie
Scary Monsters
RCA

Reviewing a Bowie album is an awesome task. Invariably, one is expected to relate the album to the man's past output — his multiple identity changes, and this is often made no easier by Bowie himself (in this case check "Ashes To Ashes" and "Fashion").

On first impression, *Scary Monsters* seems to come on like a more metallic *Lodger*, but this is as deceptive as first impressions often are.

This is quite a different album, one that wears its intentional reference points like a well-disguised badge. In a way, it's almost a potted history of Bowie's career and influences. One way or another, there are traces of Lennon ("It's No Game No.1"), Iggy ("Scary Monsters"), Talking Heads, Ronson, Reed, and more often than not his own past. There are references to "The Laughing Gnome", "Space Oddity", "Bewley Brothers", "Jean Genie", "Fame", and "Heroes", amongst others.

It's an album of songs that, unlike those on *Lodger*, are both musically and lyrically complete, especially musically. It is some achievement to be able to combine musicians like Townshend, Fripp, Alomar and Davis with such force and coherence, and *Monsters* manages it with ease.

Scary Monsters is a very good album, which, after *Lodger*, both surprises and pleases me.

The case is in no way closed.
Simon Grigg

Dr. Feelgood
Case Of The Shakes
United Artists

Late 1980, and the ninth Dr. Feelgood album leaps out of the speakers and lurches into the wilds of rhythm 'n' booze. The cover proudly proclaims, "Perfect For Parties", and it doesn't lie. This record feels like Friday night at your local stomp — its breath reeks of booze, and it's great!

Opening with "Jumping From Love To Love" (credited to the band and Bat Easterly — a Nick Lowe pseudonym?) and Larry Wallis' "Going Somewhere Else", we find the relaxed/edgy feel that Feelgoods do so well, and Nick Lowe's production is so damn full!

The tempo is up, the steam engine builds to bursting as we hit Nick's own "Best In The World", Lee Brilleaux's tough vocal delivery bouncing off Gypie Mayo's guitar. But the needles really hit the red on a Wallis/Feelgoods track, "Punch Drunk", as Mayo grabs Wilko Johnson's sound and makes it all his own. Side One closes with an oddity: Otis Rush's "Violent Love", an acoustic country blues with an almost jazzy vocal from Brilleaux. Weird? Perhaps, but it works.

Side Two sees a return to acoustic on the Lowe/Feelgood song "Who's Winning" — a real Dave Edmunds feel on the rhythm backing, but once again Brilleaux's vocal makes it undeniable Feelgoods.

All in all, *Case Of The Shakes* is a fine album, a must for anyone disappointed with its predecessor, *Let It Roll*, in fact, a must for anyone with a taste for rock'n'roll/R&B. Feelgood are shaking, with a vengeance.

Dave McLean

Joni Mitchell
Shadows And Light
Asylum

That's Frankie Lyman & The Teenagers singing "I'm Not A Juvenile Delinquent" in the introductory collage on Side One. Lyman, one of rock's less-publicised drug deaths, also wrote "Why Do Fools Fall In Love" that starts Side Four and whose title a cynic might say sums up everything Ms Mitchell wrote on her first six albums. If "Stay" was the hit off Jackson Browne's *Running On Empty*, then I suppose "Fools" could be the big one for Joni off this double live set. He said wearily.

So much for the inconsequential aspect to this impeccable double live set, a release which accurately mirrors Joni Mitchell at the end of the 70s — and assuredly updates the previous *Miles Of Aisles*. "Woodstock" is here, a my-back-pages closer to Side Four, but this is mainly recent Mitchell music, from the era when she stretched out beyond the college graduate, hippie and coffee bar folk audience she had utterly conquered, and made a real play for the respect of musicians. And her own hang-the-record-sales high musical standards.

"In France They Kiss On Main Street", "Coyote" and "A Free Man In Paris" have replaced the "Big Yellow Taxi" and "Chelsea Morning" as easily-recognised loosening-up exercises, and "Edith And The King Pin", "Amelia", "Furry Sings The Blues" and "Hejira" more than equal their slow, wandering, beautiful contemporaries from the early to mid-70s live sets.

Two tracks here also from the cautiously-received *Mingus*, both relishing their distance from the original project, and both startlingly well presented by an enviable band. ECM guitarist Pat Metheny gets a lovely ringing tone from his one pick-up 175 — admirably suiting his very melodic style. His supreme moments come as he moves out of "Amelia" into his own solo on Side Two. Don Alias' percussion lends perfect colouring, and Jaco Pastorius plays, as usual, as if constantly bathed in a spotlight. Joni Mitchell's ambitions have thinned her following somewhat, but *Shadows And Light*, beautifully sung, recorded and performed, is an ideal review of the recent peaks for those who have fallen off the pace.

Roy Colbert

Carlene Carter



Dr. Feelgood

Carlene Carter
Musical Shapes
Warner Bros

We all have our musical dreams. In the early 70s mine was to hear an album of songs John Fogerty might write for Elvis Presley, with Credence Clearwater Revival backing Elvis.

On a rather less cosmic scale, the musical alliance of Carlene Carter with her husband Nick Lowe's band Rockpile delivers on the promises such a teaming suggests.

Carter has a great country-rock voice, with the personality Linda Ronstadt lacks, and Lowe's production, aided by the throwback rockabilly guitar of Dave Edmunds, hints of Sun Records at the time Carter's step-father, Johnny Cash, was just finding out about little white pills.

Carter's musical roots are given full measure with a song written by her mother ("Ring Of Fire"), and one by her grandfather, A. P. Carter ("Foggy Mountain Top"). The newest of the Carters is herself a fine writer, and when she picks other writers to cover she has the daring to take on a song that overturns the country stereotype of the husband as the boozier in the family. In "To Drunk (To Remember)" it's the lady behind the bottle.

If you ever loved Gram Parsons, or wished Emmylou Harris would loosen up a little, Carlene Carter is your kind of singer.

Phil Gifford

The Residents
Nibbles
RTC

Whilst other bands play with concepts (stand up Devo) the Residents are concepts.

They are four faceless and nameless characters who originally sprang up in Louisiana in the early seventies and then moved to their present hide-out, San Francisco. On their own Ralph Records (euphemism for vomiting), they've recorded six albums, a bundle of forty-fives and now a compilation, *Nibbles*, consisting of past album tracks and singles.

The Residents use Zappa-Beefheart methods of humorous surrealism as a basis for their own odd but wonderful little excursions into parody and irreverence. Like Beefheart they evoke moods by the sheer idiosyncrasy of their arrangements which can vary from the tinkling Chinese cadences of "Rest Aria", the C&W dig of "Laughing Song" to the love-song satire of "Blue Rosebuds". Two tracks are culled from their third album, *Third Reich 'n' Roll*, which was their treatment of twenty-nine rock classics that they loved or hated. "Gloria" has been effectively mutilated virtually beyond recognition, but that's in the Residents' favour, and "Good Lovin'" has also been re-arranged with similar electronic manipulation. And all this a good three years before the Flying Lizards et al seized on their own facile re-interpretations.

It is to be hoped that *Nibbles* is merely the entree for the main course of Residents' albums and it would be particularly nice to sit down to *Third Reich 'n' Roll* and *Eskimo* before too long.

George Kay