



RECORDS

The Reels
Quasimodo's Dream
 Polydor
Jimmy and the Boys
Products of Your Mind
 Stumm
The Dugites
West of the World
 Deluxe

Products of Your Mind is the rockiest of this Australian threesome.

The 1979 EP features that unabashed 'get a grip on yourself' humour. Someone called Joylene Hairmouth, who's real name is Bill plays keyboards, and a double-jointed, classical ballet trained Ignatious Jones is the singer.

Four good, strong tracks.

The Reels' *Quasimodo's Dream* includes the number 'According to My Heart', and we're told on the inner sleeve the band was forced into it by the record company. This track will certainly boost album sales, and who knows mum might even pay for it.

Best tracks are the short, succinct 'Rupert Murdoch', and 'Ohira Tour'. 'Quasimodo's Dream', and 'Kitchen Man' don't get the depth of treatment they warrant, and 'Dubbo', plus the 'Cancer' song are downright dreary.

This is the Dugites second album. It's a mild-mannered, modern collection.

Keyboardist Peter Crosbie writes all the songs. Lynda Nutter sings them with a Blondiesque touch, and Gunter Berghofer adds some sparkly guitar.

AnnLouise Martin

Basement 5
 1965-1980
 Island

Basement 5 are British, and have been in action a couple of

years, going through two changes of lead singer before finding their ideal man in ace music photographer Dennis Morris, who had never sung or written songs before. On joining Basement 5, he promptly sat down and wrote all the songs for this, their first album.

Morris is scathing of British reggae, saying it's only copying Jamaica and going nowhere. Basement 5 play not only reggae, but a funky-up, semi-punk rock. Three of the four members, Morris included, are Jamaican-born and British-raised. The whitey of the group is ex-Pil drummer Richard Dudanski.

The sound closely resembles Pil's approach in parts, with frantic vocal chants over a solid dancing bass line and scratchy guitar. In other places, Morris uses the toaster style of vocal over beats that are very European. 'Silicon Chip', for instance, sounds like Kraftwerk on amphetamines.

This album has turned a lot of my old conceptions of new wave and reggae upside down, which is just what it aims to do. Basement 5 have neatly avoided the stereotypes that pervade black and white music in Britain, and have produced something truly inter-racial. Basement 5 are dancing to a new tune, and I'm impressed.

Duncan Campbell

Miles Davis
The Man With The Horn
 Directions
 CBS

Long-established jazz men often claim, albeit arrogantly, that everyone else has ripped them off, stolen their licks. Miles Davis can claim this with more justification than most. I doubt that there's a more influential, or more imitated, musician alive today.

Miles made waves and was a pioneer in the hard bop and

cool jazz eras of the 1950s. In the following two decades he gave the free jazz stylists a steer, and just about invented the term 'fusion'.

Since 1975, Miles has been a recluse, amid rumours that he was gravely, if not terminally ill. All untrue, and *The Man With The Horn* is proof. Miles was just biding his time, pondering and planning. Now he's back, and as always, full of surprises.

After the esoteric directions of the early 70's, which confused even the diehard fans, Miles Davis has produced one of his most accessible works. *The Man* bases itself largely on hard, urban funk, and leans strongly towards Weather Report, especially in the bass playing of Marcus Miller, an obvious Pastorius disciple.

Miles has gathered a very young crew for this outing, with his nephew, Vincent Wilburn, drumming on two tracks. Also present on skins is Al Foster, who made an impact on the *Milestone Jazz Stars* concert. Randy Hall had a hand in writing two tracks, including the title, which he also sings. Very smooth and soulful, and rather chart-worthy. Miles Davis in the top 40? Stranger things have happened.

Sample the man's playing after six years of silence. He shrieks and growls, twists and turns, soothes and caresses, as great as ever. On 'Aida', Miles is positively delighted, so you can almost see him smiling. Top marks too for saxist Bill Evans, who owes a wee debt to Trane, but at least knows the best people to emulate.

The Man With The Horn is a very welcome return by a true living legend.

Directions is a collection of previously unreleased tracks, spanning 10 years, from the time of *Sketches Of Spain*, up to and just beyond *Bitches Brew*. Personnel include Gil Evans, Wayne Shorter, Joe Zawinul, John McLaughlin, Herbie Hancock and Keith Jarrett, to name but a few.

CBS have imported a very limited number of copies, and if you look sharp, you might just find one left. If you're lucky.

Duncan Campbell

BRIEFS

Creedence Clearwater Revival
The Concert (Fantasy)

Probably the most underrated band of the 1960s. It is somehow typical that this excellent live album by John Fogerty and his men should have originally been labelled an Albert Hall concert. In fact it was recorded in unfashionable Oakland, and the band plays with the sort of enthusiastic honesty that marked their studio work. In these troubled times, 'Bad Moon Rising' sounds increasingly like a theme song for the 1980s. PG

Dave Edmunds

Twangin' (Swansong)
 From the opening bars of 'Something Happens' you just know that this is classic Edmunds, right down to the close of 'Baby, Let's Play House', recorded in 1968, hardly a boom year for Rockabilly, yet head and shoulders above most of the genre in 1981, which is something of a boom year. Stand-out tracks? Well, I reckon they're all stand-outs, but in particular there's the Stray Cats-backed 'The Race Is On', 'Baby, Let's Play House', and John Fogerty's 'Almost Saturday Night'. D.McL

Tenpole Tudor
Eddie, Old Bob, Dick and Gary
 (Stiff)

More Stiff crazies still flushed from their British chart success with 'Swords Of A Thousand Men', a piece of pure medieval hokum that used Adam Antics to best advantage. But from their appearance on the *Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle* to this, their first album, is no great leap. Tenpole make anonymous, trim and disposable pop. Their image can't save them. Costumes without the drama anyone? GK

Dum Dum Boys

Let There Be Noise (Bondage)
 These guys must have been on ice for at least four years.

Paunchy vocalist Tony Stooze leads these belated Auckland punks through head-banging machinations that would have guaranteed record contracts and public adulation years ago. But now they seem pointless. Dear, where are my safety pins? GK

Chaka Khan
Whatcha Gonna Do About It
 (WB)

Interestingly, the best track on Chaka Khan's third solo album is also the most adventurous. It's an up-dated vocal version of Dizzy Gillespie's bebop tune 'A Night In Tunisia'. Supported by contributions by Herbie Hancock, Charlie Parker and Dizzy, Chaka soars. For the rest, it's accomplished but somewhat characterless funk. There's some dynamite playing here but Chaka fails to stamp her identity on the proceedings. AD

Aspic, Absconded Damply
 Aspic hopefully are a one-off Auckland University student conglomerate who've decided to transfer their idleness and arrogance on to record form. Sounding like ten percent of the Residents stranded in a closet and funnelled through a paper megaphone, Aspic have no justifiable reason d'être behind this album. Even humour can't save them. GK

Tuxedomoon
Desire (Ralph)
 Recorded on Ralph Records

and drum machine in tow, Tuxedomoon can be appetisingly mood-evoking ('East') studiously crazy ('Victims Of The Dance') or genuinely paranoia-inducing ('Music'). Generally things work best when they're making sounds rather than singing words. I think Tuxedomoon would prefer to engage their listening audience one by one in dark rooms. RC

Dave McCartney
& The Flamingos
Remember The Alamo
 (Polygram)

A five-tracker to coincide with the bye-bye-NZ tour, this underlines McCartney's writing versatility and chameleon vocals both. Hooky yes, but a little too weary and grow-on-you for pub fare. But as a record, I like it; 'Way Of The World' and the scarred 'Wayward Girl' especially. RC

Toyah

Anthem (Safari)

Toyah Wilcox was first presented to us on television's *Shoestring* and she came across as half-new wave, half-hippy. Incongruous but more than promising. Extended exposure on her first album suggests Kate Bush gone all heavy and inter-galactic. Mock dramatic and not nearly so promising. And lyrics? You want lyrics? How about 'the door is a whore/and it's open wide/naked as the best/we feast inside.' You want more? Buy the album. RC

The Sports

Sondra (Mushroom)

1980's *Suddenly* established Australia's Sports as utterly viable contenders in the Costello-Parker strong-songs-with-roots-in-R&B stakes. This new one is every bit as instant and accessible as *Suddenly*, and the song is still celebrated as the most important ingredient, but the riffs aren't as punchy, the peaks not as sharp. Begins well with 'Against The Dance' and 'How Come' but doesn't climb any higher. RC

B52s

Party Mix (WEA)

Three tracks from each album remixed by a trio who seem to have the dreaded Stars On 45 handclap uppermost in their minds. 'Party Out Of Bounds' is even more Stars On 45 than the original and clocks in at two minutes longer, merging effortlessly with 'Private Idaho', also longer. And so on. I hope this doesn't become a trend. Can you imagine *Frampton Comes Alive* with a party re-mix? Or, ahem, *Trout Mask Replica*? RC

Wazmo Narz
Things Aren't Right (IRS)

Interesting song titles here, but Wazmo's way of singing the words, sort of like gargling mercury, means that song titles are about as far in as you get. Nervous can't-sit-still melody lines spar with a variety of keyboard noises. Out on the edge and usually average — the man told you in the album title. RC

The Quick

On The Up Take (Epic)

Two Englishmen who met in America, The Quick are a singer and a keyboards/synth player. But like New York's Suicide they definitely are not. They play immediate pop with a dance beat at the bottom which radio stations frightened by Joy Division will like a lot. Likeable melodies. Three singles off this album already overseas. RC

AC/DC
Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap
 (Alberts)

Reissued because of their band's world-wide success, *DDDDC* is classic raw-boned heavy rock at its best, featuring the rasping vocals of Bon Scott. The band thunders through nine tracks with majestic force. Classic tracks include 'Ain't No Fun', 'Problem Child', a very tongue-in-cheek 'Big Balls' and the poignant 'Ride On'. AC/DC show that what is happening everywhere else should be happening here too. GC

Richard Strange
The Phenomenal Rise of
 (Virgin)

I liked about half of the stuff that Strange's old band, Doctors of Madness, used to do. On this politicised Ziggy, I like about a quarter, but concept albums are meant to be appreciated and discussed not actually enjoyed. (See mid-period Who). A little bit of appreciation, end of discussion. CK

Dr Feelgood

On the Job (Liberty)

The third live album from the Feelgoods, featuring a fair selection from *Case of the Shakes*, and Gypie Mayo's last (recorded) stand. It dances, but, I must confess, it sounds a little like a cabaret show. DMCL

The Angels

Greatest (Alberts)

You name it — it's on here. 'Marseilles', 'Take A Long Ride', 'I Ain't the One', 'Shadow Boxer' and 'Am I Ever Going To See Your Face Again' make this a great compilation from a great band. Most of the songs were featured live on the band's recent NZ Tour. If you haven't got any Angels get this. GC

Freeez

Southern Freeez (WEA)

The inside cover says 'new wave jazz funk' but don't let that fool you. This album is closer to the discoid fuzzak of recent Herbie Hancock — except that these guys lack Hancock and co's prodigious technique. As for the 'new wave' bit; I guess that's because they're English and want to appear relevant. Really, there are far better homegrown alternatives available; from the poppy funk of Pacific Eardrum to the fine new jazz of Space Case. PT

Stevie Nicks

Bella Donna (WEA)

The gold-dust woman has obviously had more money spent on her album sleeve alone than the total budget of any half-dozen N.Z. groups combined. Her best move was getting cosy with Tom Petty, because he and the Heartbreakers contribute easily the best song and performance on this, the first solo spinoff from the big Mac. Otherwise there's only a passable couple of country-tinged numbers and a Don Henley vocal to offer distraction from Nicks' irritating warble. PT

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