

## RECORDS

### Orange Juice You Can't Hide Your Love Forever Polydor

With a name that alludes to freshness, Glasgow's Orange Juice exude glowing pop innocence and a naive optimism partly encouraged by the kind words dropped their way as they grew up on the Postcard label. They wove a spell that carried them over four singles.

From the dolphins on the cover to the poetic ring of their lyrics their world of sweet loss exists as an entity apart from the dowdiness of social realities. Vocalist and leading light Edwyn Collins can't sing but that's OK because his songs are meant to portray the feelings of imperfection and what it's like 'to take the pleasure with the pain'.

Songs like 'Untitled Melody', 'Wan Light' and 'Upwards and Onwards' try to make the grade by charm alone and so they end up by being droll and unsatisfying. But when co-guitarist James Kirk (listen to those Reed/Cale influences), bassist David McClymont and drummer Steve Daly really get in on the act on songs as exuberant as 'Falling and Laughing', 'Satellite City' and

'Tender Object', then Orange Juice sound like true white hopes.

Two songs, though, stand head and shoulders above the rest; Kirk's simple, triumphant 'Felicity' and Collins' exquisite, sugary 'In A Nutshell'.

In spite of the self-conscious attitude of we're-only-in-it-for-the-pop, Orange Juice do prove that they have the songs as well as the exuberance to sustain an album. A flawed but very promising first encounter.

George Kay

### A Certain Ratio To Each Factory

A Certain Ratio are Factory recording stars, thus *To Each* has a cover of exceptional quality and style. Unfortunately, it omits to name the band members — musicians.

Recorded in New Jersey (released UK May 1981) and produced by Martin Hannett (at least he's on the cover!), *To Each* possesses some tracks that are memorable and danceable, and others that would become shapeless, meandering dirges, were it not for Donald Johnson's drumming anchoring down the band.

The peaks on this, their first album, seem to be 'The Fox' (already aired on the double 12 inch) and 'Forced Laugh', which are ACR at their best. The rhythm unit of bassist Jeremy Kerr and Donald Johnson is pure magic,



Spandau Ballet



Dave Edmunds

exhilarating in certain passages. OK, so they aren't studio-slick 'groovers', maan, but ACR aren't even attempting to imitate their forbears, that's not their *raison d'être*.

ACR 'funk' is viewed through jagged glass, and what they perceive is dissected, refracted images, a bleak skeleton of the fat funk across the Atlantic. Simon Toppings' monotone 'chant' has more in common with Ian Curtis than any soul brothers, and becomes a nagging, dropped-way-back-in-the-mix sound, like a spoilt child wallowing in self-pity. Topping wouldn't lose any of his Mancunian credibility if his vocals possessed more melody and dynamics.

*To Each*, with its inherent weaknesses, is still a prized collection of ACR's material. Hunt down your specimen and expose your body and soul.

Stefan Morris

### Dave Edmunds D.E. 7th Arista

Following the (anti-climactic?) split of Rockpile, we find Dave Edmunds back with a new band, a new label, and not surprisingly, a new album.

D.E. 7th is quite a departure in some ways, and a return to familiar ground in others. For a start, Nick Lowe is conspicuous by his absence, and with him seems to have gone the more blatant pop side of Dave Edmunds.

'Bail You Out' sounds more like early Edmunds than ever (a la 'Country Roll'), as does the banjo-driven 'Warmed Over Kisses, Left Over Love', and the standards 'Louisiana Man' and 'Deep In The Heart Of Texas'. Edmunds is more than comfortable with country music — these tracks in particular seem to have come from the hand of a loving craftsman.

The horns on the opening track, Bruce Springsteen's 'From Big Things, Small Things Come', are sympathetic but powerful, and the piano throughout is a welcome relief on an album that could so easily have been a Dave Edmunds 'guitar special'.

The seventh Dave Edmunds' album holds few surprises, but many treats for the long-time fans. Though he has only written a handful of songs himself, he's an awesome musician and interpreter, and D.E. 7th is a fine testament to this fact.

Dave McLean

### Weather Report CBS

Elsewhere in these reviews I lament the sorry state of jazz-rock. Well there's always the exception — and now they're back with a new album, as strong and vital as ever. Weather Report play fusion the way it's meant to sound but rarely does. The first track, 'Volcano For Hire', features such furious improvising, such sophisticated yet incredibly tough funk that it damn near blows your head off.

Hearing this band again after a spell away is like returning to strong drink after cordial. Their talent is simply staggering. Each musician is a contemporary master of his instrument. Even more important is the remarkable empathy with which they combine as a unit.

In Peter Erskine it looks like they've now settled on a drummer with the necessary drive and subtlety to hold his own alongside the awesome Jaco Pastorius. Shorter's sax-playing is a total joy as always, although occasionally I still feel that his work is in danger

of being swamped.

Zawinul, it seems, continues to call most of the shots. His keyboards remain the dominant voices, he writes most of the tracks and now acts as sole producer. (Percussionist Robert Thomas Jr is extremely flexible, even harmonic at times, yet he's often placed well back in the mix.)

But I'm not about to start complaining. To call this album every bit as good as last year's *Night Passage* is high praise. The fact that, rhythmically, it tends more towards funk than swing this time out may make *Weather Report* more acceptable to a rock oriented audience. I can only say that it's the best new album to grace my turntable this year.

Peter Thomson

### Spandau Ballet Diamond Chrysalis

The lack of substance on *Journeys to Glory* lead me to believe that Spandau Ballet might fade into obscurity. But here it is, *Diamond*, recorded in the middle of last year in no less than six different studios, under the capable hand of Richard Burgess.

'Chant No.1' was a good appetiser for *Diamond*. It had become obvious after *JTG* that something was needed, so in came the horn section of Beggar & Co. It is the horns of these three men that save *Diamond* from mediocrity. From the blatancy of 'Chant No.1' to the awkward rhythm of 'Coffee Club', the brass weaves through Gary Kemp's songs like lures, giving just enough shine to catch your eye, but not enough to hold your attention.

The second and third singles, 'Paint Me Down' and 'She Loved Like A Diamond', with their 'safe' format, pale next to the twisted beats of 'Instinction' and 'Pharaoh', while 'Innocence And Science' and 'Missionary' fail as Japan(ese) impressions.

So there you have it. Eight tracks, one great single, three good songs and some filler. Do you think the next one will be a 'concept' album?

Mark Phillips

### The Motels All Four One Capitol

The Motels continue to show that American pop music doesn't

have to be the bland tripe constantly served up by Casey Kasem (and duplicated by too many radio programmers here). Martha Davis is one very gutsy lady, one of the best rock voices around today, and writes very affecting love songs.

The band has undergone another personnel change since the last LP, *Careful*, and their NZ tour. Guitarist Tim McGovern has quit, though he co-writes two songs with Davis, and also plays guitar on one track. His replacement is Guy Perry, ex Elephant's Memory, the band on John and Yoko's *Sometime In New York*.

The Motels' first two albums were models of style and sensitivity. *All Four One* doesn't quite match them.

Opener, 'Mission Of Mercy' is a crisp rocker with all the Motels' hallmarks, and Martha sounding supertough. 'Take The L' (out of 'lover' and it's over) is a clever wordplay, one of those tense, passionate numbers that Martha excels at. 'Art Fails', written with McGovern, continues the theme at a brisker pace, full of nervous emotions.

'Only The Lonely' (only the title is borrowed) is a heartfelt ballad and oh, so sad. Martha's voice and Marty Jourard's sax combine to raise a tear. Jourard also does some neat blowing on bluesy torch number, 'Change My Mind'.

Side Two lets things down, the only worthwhile tracks being 'So L.A.', a song about a city that captures the sprawl, the heat, the bitchiness and the trend-setting, and a cover of the King-Goffin oldie 'He Hit Me'. The prize turkey is 'Tragic Surf', a death song, not even kitsch enough to be amusing.

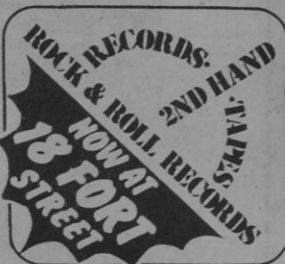
A group that continues to just miss the big time. *All Four One* has some notable flaws, but should still be played to non-believers.

Duncan Campbell

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