

## BRIEFS

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King Crimson, Beat (EG)

In similar vein to last year's *Discipline*, but with some excesses. Standout tracks are 'Neal, Jack or Me', which closely parallels 'Elephant Talk' off *Discipline*, 'Waiting Man', which boils with expectation, 'Two Hands', an ethereal piece reminiscent of the original band, and 'Heartbeat', with its textured rhythms. The excesses are 'The Howler' and 'Neurotica', where control is lost and cacophony takes over. Enough quality to satisfy *Discipline* fans. DP



King Crimson

Slade  
Til Deaf Us Do Part

Of course it's a dated, cliché-ridden, sexist, macho, stodgy, unimaginative, safe and a whole host of other uncomplimentary things, but I expected to find at least a couple of less obvious subtle little things tucked away on Side Two like wot the old Slade albums used to have. The nearest this platter of intellect-shattering clatter gets to listenability is a tiny instrumental, the only thing not written by Noddy Holder and Jim Lee. CK

Cat People Soundtrack (MCA)

Noteworthy for Bowie's 'Putting Out Fire', though to be fair, he only contributes the lyrics. All the music is the work of Giorgio Moroder, eerie synthesizer fodder for largest part. The movie is billed as 'an erotic fantasy about the animal in us all'. The music, reminds me of the old *Peanuts* joke, about hot dogs not tasting right without a baseball game in front of them. Soundtracks need a screen. DC

The Byrds

Sweetheart Of The Rodeo (CBS)

This is the album which, in 1968 (along with Dylan's *John Wesley Harding*) created country-rock. And to a very large extent it still defines the term. McGuinn was leader but upstaged by Gram Parsons on a bunch of classic interpretations. One of the rare albums where rock embraces another distinct style without once cheapening it. PT

Dillinger

Badder Than Them (A&M)

Dillinger (Lester Bullocks) was touted as the next big thing in DJs

when he cut the classic single 'Cocaine In My Brain', and followed it up with two fine albums, *CB200* and *Bionic Dread*. Sadly, he lost impetus after that, and this album, his first for A&M, is sad evidence. He tries to sing in orthodox fashion, writes trite and embarrassing lyrics, and comes badly unstuck. Only on 'Little Girlie', where he reverts to toasting, does he salvage anything. DC

Rupert Hine

Waving Not Drowning (A&M)

1981's *Immunity* had an intelligence and originality that transcended virtually all opposition in the synth-rock stakes. Hine's music was often demanding and unsettling. This time out it's slightly more conventional and, while I miss the weirder edges, the best stuff here is still very good indeed. PT

Blue Oyster Cult

Extraterrestrial Live (CBS)

A dramatic return to form for BOC, in a powerful live recording of established repertoire and recent studio work. 'Don't Fear the Reaper', 'Dominance and Submission' and 'Godzilla' are all here, but the standouts are 'Veteran of the Psychic Wars', 'Joan Crawford' and 'Burning For You'. The only new item is the Doors' classic 'Roadhouse Blues', providing a fitting finale for the album, with the band joined by former Doors guitarist Robbie Kreiger. DP

Crosby, Stills and Nash

Daylight Again (Atlantic)

After a series of disastrous solo albums and a lamentable 1977 reunion, *Daylight Again* lives up to the title. Very much a Stills and Nash album, as Crosby only contributes one song and plays no instruments. The harmonies are as good as ever, and Stills and Nash write their best songs since *Deja Vu*. Highlight tracks are Nash's 'Wasted On The Way' and 'Song For Susan', and Stills' 'Southern Cross' and 'Turn Your Back On Love'. Highly recommended. DP

Judge Dread

Rub-a-dub (Creole)

Judge Dread (real name Alex Hughes) is a fat, white Englishman who apparently started writing dirty poetry on loo walls at the age of eight. He hasn't progressed much since then, though he has achieved something of a cult status, recording grubby reggae songs. With titles like 'Brewer's Droop' and 'The Disco Flasher', I think you can draw your own conclusions. DC

Nine Below Zero

Third Degree (A&M)

A second album from a band who always seemed to me to be the ideal support for Dr. Feelgood. They would warm-up but never threaten. Nine Below are good-time boys caught up in the trap of thinking that rock'n'roll flavoured with a little gratuitous R&B is enough to gain them credibility. *Third Degree* is enjoyable first time round but then the stains of lack of class/quality peer through. Anonymity assured. GK

# QUESTIONNAIRE

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