

BRIEFS

Various artists: Lovin' Spoonful, Paul Butterfield Blues Band, Eric Clapton & Powerhouse, Al Kooper, Tom Rush What's Shakin' (Elektra)

Reissue of an early 60s compilation album, featuring tracks unavailable on other recordings. Four Lovin' Spoonful, more bluesy than their later Kama Sutra material, and four by Paul Butterfield playing magical harp. Eric Clapton and band perform three prototypes for material later recorded by Cream. Al Kooper's superb 'Can't Keep From Crying Sometimes' is superior to the Blues Project version and Tom Rush contributes 'I'm In Love Again'. Essential for R&B aficionados and 60s collectors. DP

B.B. King, Love Me Tender (MCA)

Despite an over-sweetening of strings and horns, King's foray into country music has its share of fine moments, especially the dovetailing of Willie Nelson's 'Nightlife' and Percy Mayfield's 'Please Send Me Someone to Love', easily the standout performance. With a powerful Nashville rhythm section in tow, B.B. (and too infrequently Lucille, his guitar) works his way through songs by such middle-of-the-roadies as Conway Twitty, Mickey Newbury, Troy Seals and Don Gibson. The over-exposed title song is treated well. B.B. feels the song and 'Fathead' Newman blows a nice sax break. KW

Mondo Rock

Nuovo Mondo (WEA)

These people are enormous in Oz by all accounts, and having caught their set at Sweetwaters it's easy to see why they should be a popular live act. On record however it is all a bit of a non event — an ingress by one auditory receptor and egress via the other situation as Alexander Haig might say. While the polish of their musicianship is beyond question, it's all a bit of a waste when the material is so lacking in point, passion or personality. With the exceptions of 'Mondomania' and 'Up and Down' which lodge in the brain chant-a-long fashion, the songs are all sadly forgettable. Without the energy they generate on stage, there's not a lot left. Maybe they should make a live album. D.Mck

Judie Tzuke, Shoot The Moon (Chrysalis)

At her best, Judie Tzuke is a great atmosphere artist, the richer the sound texture, the better. The lushness of *Welcome To The Cruise* still forms an excellent backdrop to my late night senti-

mentality. This album, Tzuke's fourth and her debut for Chrysalis, doesn't make it on the atmosphere score, the beauty of her voice being too often drowned by aggressive arrangements. Some of the lyrics also descend to high school imagery of the worst kind. DC

The Steve Miller Band, Abracadabra (Mercury)

Although the hit title song sounds like 'Steve Miller stock song number three', it's a catchy, if undemanding, little opus. After a spell out of the spotlight, broken only by the patchy *Circle of Love* album, Miller seems to have hit the motherlode again. The album has that degree of polish one has come to expect of the one-time Space Cowboy. However, pleasant as it is, there is nothing to compare with Miller's previous best — and his once irrepressible sense of humour seems to be one of the victims of time. KW

Rory Gallagher, Jinx (Chrysalis)

New drummer Brendan O'Neill adds a lot of push to Gallagher's tight little trio and with Rory rattling off some of his best guitar lines, *Jinx* is highly recommended to those looking for a bit of virtuosos head-banging. That's not to suggest that this is for the thick-eared, just that it's not music to sit still to. Gallagher shines on the title song and plays some searing slide on the uptempo blues, 'Ride on Red, Ride On'. Nothing new, but a fine reworking of old territory. KW

Marshall Crenshaw (Warner Bros)

Marshall Crenshaw is a man with a knock-kneed pose, glasses, a Fender guitar and a bag full of snappy pop tunes. It's an image with a good history. After all, the last couple of guys who came on like this proved to have more than their share of talent. But whereas Elvis Costello used the image as a launching point for his own concerns, Marshall Crenshaw uses it to take on the standard teen concerns of the US male — girls, cars and fun. And if he brings no new melodic twists to these well-worn themes, any of the songs here would currently make appealing radio fare — they're bright, light and enjoyable three-minute packages. An album of stuff this calculated and toothless is, however, just plain hard listening. AD

Crossfire

Hysterical Rochords (WEA)

Jazz fusion from the now disbanded Sydneyside sextet that supported Michael Franks on his tour downunder. What Crossfire may lack in soulful roots is compensated for by exemplary musicianship and interesting arrangements. Ace basswork from Auckland's own Phil Scorgie. PT

LETTERS

Post to 'RIU LETTERS', PO Box 5689, Auckland 1.

Want to know something? I'm telling you anyway! *Rip It Up*, TVNZ, record companies (even little ones) and all the rest of you (nearly forgot the Arts Council!) are conceited, constricted, bland, boring, hypocritical, dishonest, bigoted controllers with no feeling for music, who set (or try to) in everyday media fashion, has-been tin-music trends. No wonder we're laughed at as a record-producing country overseas. No one gets to see its real heart and soul. People who make *genuine* effort (without the help of the fucking dole!) are too often forced to give up after being pressured into being paranoid over what they do or/and starving.

Some people who make *music* in this country are spending their time playing, organising, advertising and arranging more or less 24 sweaty hours a day and the efforts might pay the bill for the venue hire, maybe covering the cost of the posters as well. Other people laze around all day on the dole or behind a counter or a desk and play in pubs to make a second income and pick up lollipops to dribble over after a gig.

These sort of "bands" (sick of the word yet?) are promoted by some or all of the above mentioned bureaucracies because they comply to an idea of what a band is — you'd probably say "music".

Aren't you sick of going to see groups who play in the same old song construction way with bass player turning on the motor and driving the rest of the band's

members around the paddock, lead singers strutting half-pissed and singing about rebellion and other standard procedures in song-writing.

Isn't it time this: "It's not what you are, but who you know" rubbish was given the boot, including has-beens like Brazier, Lyon, Split Enz, Blams, Chris Knox and all the love-toy love crap. Scrap it! Step aside boys. You've had your turn. Admit you're tired old swindlers.

And as for This Sporting Life, No Tag, Dance Exponents and such-like you're just the same old re-hashed shit churned out again and given the thumbs up by scene-setters or rather scene-stay-the-samers.

And as for you personally *Rip It Up*, are you owned by the breweries now? All taken care of are we so we don't even have to go outside to see what's happening in music. Or even if you do venture out to see a "band" you've probably been spoon-fed by some friend previously into believing they're good, hence a good review of them.

Take heed please! Give *music* a go, forget has-beens, tried and true formulas and step out of your cells. There's lots and lots and lots to open up to and it's to your benefit.

JC & BH

It's a glad day in this deadly time when Music World of Christchurch release another Trojan record.

It shows class to release *African Herbsman* with its original track listing and sleeve, like they did with *Rasta Revolution* earlier this year.

If you're into Bob Marley and the Wailers, these are as hot as

you'll get and they're budget priced, buy them both. Barry Linton Auckland

We think you are wonderful, but Wellington *Rumours* said our name was Cardinal Sin. Although this is close, it is in fact not our name. We are CARNIVAL DIN. Why?

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Carnival Dinner Club Wellington

KING SHAG COLUMN

Meanwhile, back at the pub, it has been decided upon to check out the Agency's answer to Club Garage — Blecchro, or Retro for South Island readers.

It's Friday the 13th, so the night has been deemed for Horror. And horror it was, at the bloody prices. The \$10 entry fee got you in (obviously), a seance, a

magician and this godawful red cocktail which frothed. 'Ere, 'ang on — someone once told me cocktails are supposed to have alcohol in them. Yeah, so has scotch, and the one I paid \$3.20 for didn't taste like it. Better stick to those little white cans. At least you know what you're getting for \$2.60.

Onto the music. Well, they played 'I Ran', 'I Ran', 'I Ran', and if I hear 'I Ran' once more, I grab that executioner's axe and chop that 16-stone DJ in a skeleton suit's 'ead off.

'Ere, where's the *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* video with guest appearance from Vincent Price? Oh well, Jon Zealand will have to do, but 'e's posing as Ian Curtis — trying to 'ang 'imself in the middle of the floor. Pity it didn't work properly.

So bring on the seance and turn out the lights. "All silence please, I can hear ghosts." I 'eard them too, they were chanting oi oi oi.

'Ere, what's that goat doing in 'ere, and a virgin. She's no virgin, her tits are too big. Ah, they're stabbing 'er, and everyone's getting covered in 'blood'. Oh, it's probably the leftovers of that bloody awful cocktail.

It's 3am and the bar's closed. Hmmm, can't pinch any glasses, so no beer, and no fear am I staying.

ARRY

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