

posed of works premiered at Brussels, Bristol, Florence and Manhattan. Their compositions fall more toward European "serious" music (Nono and Stockhausen spring to mind) than the experimental new age fusion predominant on the continent these days. At their best, Logos Duo sonically resemble the later, greater Henry Cow, and they are rarely less than at their best on side 1. "Improvisation" is the more immediate piece, a battle between clarinets, violin, alto, and peculiar percussion. Side 2's "Composition" is less effective due to its origins in musical theater; there is a definite sense of something missing in these performances, and the music seems not to be the focal point of the work. At the end, it sounds like the soundtrack to a Punch and Judy show. It is also hindered by vocals unfortunately rendered by Darge, who is straightjacketed by her limited voice. An interesting record, though; Logos Duo ably wander the frontier between "serious" contemporary composition and the more free forms of jazz and improvisation. (Logos Foundation, Kongostr. 35, Gent, Belgium)--Steven Grant

JEFFREY LOHN: Music from Paradise Paradise is a three part ballet choreographed by Karole Armitage, and parts one and three are included on this disc. Part one, "Dirge," is described by Lohn as an "anti-paradise," and was inspired by the death of South African resistance leader Steven Biko. "Dirge" is sonically in the Glenn Branca school of electric assault; however, while Branca is a modern equivalent to the 19th century spectacular Romantics, Lohn captures the immediate feeling of this century's danger. "Duck Dance" is divided between a prelude section and a dance section. The prelude section is described as "quasi-serialized pizzicato miniatures" and is altogether uninteresting. (For my money, "quasi-serialized" is a contradiction in terms.) The second section is much more successful, as definite themes develop and finally pull together in the final bars, with a permuted melody that reminds me of an out-of-kilter player piano, much like the Mothers' Uncle Meat album. (Daisy, dist. by NMDS, 500 Broadway, NYC 10012)--Roger Kleier

LOST GENERATION: Return from Incas An unlikely slab of punk-out fury from a decaying factory town surrounded by prospering suburbs. Those circumstances give songs like "Never Work" (previously out as a single) a special urgency. Other topics include OPEC, cartoons, clubs and unity. A taste of reggae and some hot guitarizing round out their convincing approach. (Incas, 272 Benham Ave., Bridgeport, CT 06604)--Bob Sled



FREDDIE MADDREGOR: Across the Border Alas, Freddie makes an unconvincing stab at the pop reggae market, chasing an overproduced and commercial sound that even Bob Marley and Peter Tosh avoided. The use of synths and vocal arrangements is overblown and a few tracks are downright embarrassing. Too bad--Freddie has a pleasing tenor that would sound fine in a more roots-oriented setting. Here, there's too much mush. (RAS Records, Box 40804, Wash., DC 20016)--Bob Sled

JOHN MCCUTCHEON: Winter Solstice A fine holiday record in an American traditional style from perhaps the leading hammer dulcimer player around, joined by acoustic group Trapezoid and members of the Washington Bach Concert. Tasteful and sophisticated playing by all concerned, especially McCutcheon, and one interesting thing about this record (especially for me) is that about half the tunes are Jewish, like the exquisitely played "Moshé Dor." McCutcheon's own composition, "Christmas in the Trenches" is a standout, with its ethereal fiddle quotes from "The Minstrel Boy to the War Has Gone." The recording quality is excellent as well. Though this review will come out too late for this year's holidays, throw out the Mormon Tabernacle Choir and Perry Como and get this album for next year. (Rounder, One Camp St., Cambridge, MA 02140)--Larry Polansky

COUNTRY JOE McDONALD: Peace on Earth Part of me admires Country Joe for his persistence, having released 20 or so albums since his star peaked at Woodstock. Part of me also admires his sincerity and steadfast advocacy of peace, love and justice. And part of me wishes he'd stop making records. Despite, or more likely because of, help from "heavy" friends such as Maria Muldaur, Bob Weir, and Mickey Hart, this is lame and tame stuff with an early seventies type sound. Tepid covers of "You Can Get It If You Really Want" and the doo-wop classic "Pledging My Love" (sung with Muldaur). Joe should cut the complacent nondescript rock backup and go acoustic to get more out of his songs, as he does on "Garden of Eden." Actually, I was more interested in a couple items in the liner notes than the record itself. Is the Roy Segal he gives thanks to the same one I went to high school with? And what does he mean by writing "Vietnam War courtesy of CBS records" to the credits of "The Girl Next Door?" Um, perhaps, but weren't a lot of other parties to blame as well? Still an attraction in Europe, he has a long way to go to recapture the creative heights of the Electric Music for the Mind and Body days. (Ragbaby, Box 3316, S.F., CA 94119)--Richie Unterberger

JIMMY McGRUFF: Skywalk McGruff's latest LP, like all his records, features that distinctive thick choked organ and easy loping groove, beloved by jazz deejays for reading over during breaks and setting the mood for relaxed afternoons. About half the cuts feature a rhythm section that's too funk-based for my taste; I prefer the swing and bop backup on the rest. McGruff has released 56 LPs in the last 21 years; maybe that's too much, considering the homogeneity of his output. Though this one is fairly representative of his style, it's certainly not among his best, and should appeal mostly to McGruff completists and the odd customer looking for some acceptable jazzy background music. (Fantasy, 10th & Parker, Berkeley, CA 94710)--Jimmy James

JACK MICHELINE: Reads Tigers in the Sky, Sings a Song, Recites Some Poems; flexi + prose/poem booklet "Purple Submarine" Purple Submarine is the story of Scarlet, a 17 year-old male who would rather be female, and chronicles her adventures on the street, in school, in restrooms, closets, alleys, & working class bars. On the two-sided flexi, Micheline recites three poems, sings a song & tells a tale about the race track called "Tigers in the Sky." The Purple Submarine prose poem and flexi continue the tradition of Lautreamont, Rimbaud, and Baudelaire, the "sustained, systematic derangement of the senses." Bleak, tragic; accurate poetry and song, with handset and handbound photo of fset. (Greenlight Press, POB 360, 1230 Grant Ave., S.F., CA 94133, or try City Lights Books, 261 Columbus Ave., S.F., CA 94133)--Nik Wax

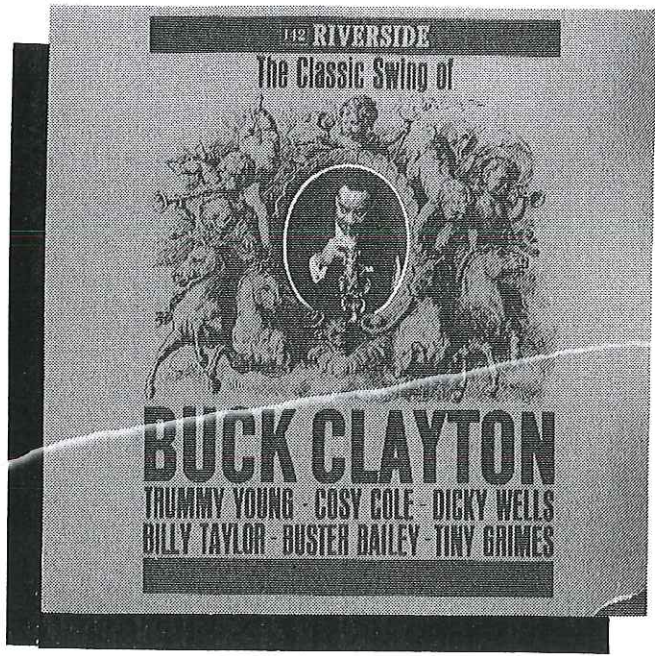
GREGORY MILLS: Esfoma Comparisons with Charles Ives will be made, and Mills has named one of his pieces "One for Ives." He possesses a fluid technique and a compositional sensibility unlike the currently fashionable Glass-Reich school. His music is pianistic because it utilizes a lot of piano techniques, like trills and glissandos, and sharp, brittle attacks of 32nd and 64th notes. He stays away from the consonant for the most

part, but comes back to it on occasion. Nowadays, serious composers are trying to win large audiences again with rhythmically hypnotic, repetitive pieces that still end up sounding a lot like exercises, in spite of the interweaving time values. Or--they try to create moods, not adhering strictly to any high-falutin compositional system, like Winston. Mills does neither. He's not startlingly original, but he's not trendy and boring either. He's a solid new composer with an informed set of musical criteria who may one day find his own voice and shake things up. (POB 4692, St. Louis, MO 63108)--Pasquall Babalugats

A MIDNIGHT CHRISTMAS MESS The idea seems to have been this: get together a bunch of the sixties-inspired groups that Midnight seems to love, and record a spiritual cousin to Phil Spector's Christmas LP. Given the contrived concept, and my feeling that a lot of these artists are overrated, I wasn't expecting much, but my expectations were surpassed incredibly. There isn't a stiff among these tracks, and some are really good. Wednesday Week's "Christmastime Here" is affecting wistful power-pop about Xmas in New York, enough to make this transplanted Easterner feel homesick. Nadroj and the Wolrats' "Forget It" is only loosely related to Christmas, yet it's positively the best new garage rocker I've heard--real wild. Also vaguely holiday related is the Cheepskates' "Last Minute Rush," a hot surf instrumental with jingling bells. I also like the Dogmatics' sullen "X'Mas Time (It Sure Doesn't Feel Like It)," which sounds rather like Bruce Springsteen. A satire? Whatever, I hope the big Northeast stations latch onto this instead of the Boss' "Santa Claus is Coming to Town," which they've been playing to death for many Decembers now. Other names you may recognize: Johnny Rabb, Justin Love, Plan 9, Yard Trauma, and Screamin' Jay Hawkins (a solo piano number). And the Droogs help Midnight owner J.D. Martignon close the set with a cornball spoken thanks to all involved (just as Spector did on his LP). By the time you read this it won't be timely, yet against all odds, this is a worthy successor to the Spector LP, and will hopefully be played for many years to come. (Midnight, POB 390, Old Chelsea Station, NYC 10011)--Richie Unterberger

MOBY GRAPE Remember Moby Grape? They made one superb, highly acclaimed album in the 1960's (repackaged, incidentally, with original cover photo by San Francisco Sound) at the inception of the Haight-Ashbury era. Unfortunately, they were never able to live up to the promise of their first album afterwards. They have broken up and reformed several times since, always with uneven results, as is the case here. Bassist Bob Mosley comes off the best this time. He is in very fine voice, avoiding the mealy mouth quality that plagued some of his earlier efforts. Most disappointing is Jerry Miller's guitar work. He has always been a very fine and distinctive guitarist, whose hallmark sound is created by a deep-body Gibson with old Fender tube amps. Here he goes for a more contemporary sound and his work becomes almost faceless. Their one countryish tune brings to mind the fact that they had at least a hand in influencing lots of L.A. bands of the Eagles/Poco ilk. By the way, terrific cover art by S.F. favorite son, Mouse. (San Francisco Sound, 555 Post St., S.F., CA 94102)--Dean Suzuki

MICK MOLONEY & EUGENE O'DONNELL: Uncommon Bonds Moloney and O'Donnell are transplanted Irishmen now living and performing in the U.S. They are joined on this album by a large number of Irish and American traditional musicians, including Norman and Nancy Blake and two of the Clancy Brothers. There is some very incredible picking, strumming, squeezing, whistling and fiddling on this album, but any individual performances tend to be just a bit lost in the overall delightful effect of this record. While you might not describe Moloney as a sensitive interpreter of meaningful folk songs, he is still a great singer, in a certain style. These are fun, slightly campy or dancehallish numbers. Whether it's a tall tale like "St. Brendan's Fair Isle" or an Irish novelty song like "Miss Fogarty's Christmas Cake," the fun and high spirits are infectious. The sentimental songs are exactly that, sentimental. Many of



CLANNAD: Fuaim This is a transitional record for Clannad, bridging the gap between traditional Celtic folk music and their current style, which is rich, lovely, and full of seductive harmonies and delicate vocal styles. This synthesis is at its best in "Mhorag 's na horo Gheallaidh," a gem which begins as an a cappella number with a subtle synthesizer accompaniment added later on. The harmonies are at once traditional and contemporary. As per usual, Maire Ni Bhgraoinain's singing is enchanting and captivating, whether as a solo vehicle or as the carrier of the melody in a lush and complex harmonic fabric. There are a couple of delightful instrumental pieces showcasing the Celtic harp and some pleasant guitar playing. There are also a couple of misguided and lame attempts at rock, but these can be overlooked when compared to the overall high quality of this recording. (Tara, dist. by Shanachie, Dalebrook Park, Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ 06423) — Dean Suzuki

BUCK CLAYTON: The Classic Swing of... Clayton was one of the mainstays of the Basie sound in late '30s and '40s, and quite famous for his solo and accompaniment work with Billie Holiday. This record is comprised of small group sides recorded during that period: Buck Clayton's Big Eight, Big Four, and Big Seven. Clayton is wonderfully loose and tasteful on his instrument, and the sidemen include such jazz greats as the young Billy Taylor at his best, Trummy Young and Dicky Wells on trombone, Buster Bailey on clarinet, and Al McKibbin on bass. On the quartet cuts, Tiny Grimes is the guitarist, and he and Clayton seem to be trying to determine just how many different ways there are to bend and slide a simple note, to add that extra comment to a phrase that makes the listener intimately aware that the player has thought about this music just a bit more than was required. The watchwords on this record are taste and subtlety, and the assumption is swing, which these groups always do. Another fine reissue on what is rapidly becoming an essential series of recordings from the venerable Riverside label. (Riverside/Fantasy, 10th & Parker, Berkeley, CA 94710) — Larry Polansky

THE COASTERS: Thumbin' A Ride Too often regarded as a novelty group, the Coasters were among the finest black vocal groups of the 50s. And as the major executors of the works of composers/producers Jerry Lieber and Mike Stoller, they also contributed some great moments in rock'n'roll history.

Their greatest hits LP on Atlantic is truly essential listening; if your copy is getting a bit too familiar, pick this volume up. *Thumbin' A Ride* contains mostly B-sides to their best known hits but is in no way inferior to those classics. Witty melodies and brilliant harmony arrangements abound, the lyrics are as sly as ever, the recordings are clear and classic. If you loved "Yakety Yak" but don't know tunes like "That Is Rock N'Roll" or "Three Cool Cats" (which the Beatles recorded at their audition for Decca), you owe it to yourself to pick this up — both for its playful innocence and its timeless verve. (Edsel, Western House, 928 Great West Rd., Brentford, Middlesex, TW8 9EW UK) — Scott Becker

COCTEAU TWINS: The Pink Opaque Cocteau fan(at)ics may find this a rip-off as it contains but one previously non-vinyl track; those who own one or two of the band's LPs may find it more worthwhile as it contains five other non-LP cuts. But U.S. consumers just getting interested in the group may find the "best of" approach in this domestic debut a note-worthy introduction to one of Britain's most unique and inspired bands. Detractors might find the Cocteau Twins' sound somewhat treacly, with its syrupy-smooth studio textures. Admirers (me included) regard their dreamy, psychedelic washes, their impenetrable lyrics and Elizabeth Fraser's angelic warbling to be a painfully beautiful tonic for living in a harsh world. This is pretty and original music with substance and should provide a fine introduction to the group for newcomers. (Relativity, c/o Important, 149-03 Guy R. Brewer Blvd., Jamaica, NY 11434) — Scott Becker

COMPOSERS IN RED SNEAKERS The Composers are seven men from the Boston area (the original group was formed by graduates of the New England Conservatory of Music) who craft diverse, often highly experimental new "classical" music. Each piece on the album is by one composer, so there is no uniform style, although all tend to favor unusual instrumentation, and all are challenging. Especially notable are "Combo Platter" by Robert Aldridge, which as the notes explain is "colored with a lurid and lopsided Moulin Rouge gaiety"; the transcendental, otherworldly "Anemocorde" by Christopher Stowens, which combines harp and electronic tape, and the haunting and mysterious "Strange Melodies" by Herman Weiss, with its ominous organ that sounds right out of an old Dracula movie in places, combined

with electric and acoustic guitars. I've been to two of their concerts (held usually four or five times a year) and they are always lively affairs — certainly not the stuffy, highbrow atmosphere usually associated with this type of music (if you wear red sneakers, you get in free). This is an extremely satisfying album; a pleasure and an education to the ears. (Northeastern, 17 Cushing Hall, Northeastern University, Boston, MA 02115) — Kim Roberts

THE ROBERT CRAY BAND: False Accusations The music here melds soul, blues, and rock, generally avoiding the cliches of all three genres (not an easy thing to do). Cray is still young, but his singing is already both subtle and strong (give one listen to the smoldering "Porchlight"). He also coaxes some fine sounds from a Stratocaster, and his band (keyboards, bass and drums) plays with economy and taste. All too often in the music business talent seems to be unrelated, or worse yet, inversely proportional to success, but if there's any justice we'll be hearing from Cray for a long time to come. (Hightone, Box 8064, Emeryville, CA 94662) — John DeAngelis

DEAD KENNEDYS: Frankenchrist Fans will welcome this LP, but one might think that after a three-year vinyl silence, the DKs might have re-emerged with a new approach. They have, sorta. The tempos are no longer uniformly breakneck and some of the arrangements and textures are a bit more open. But Jello Biafra's quivering whine is still intact, as is East Bay Ray's patented power-saw guitar drone. All in all, it's more like the same ol' thing in spite of the tentative steps toward artistic growth, as Jello is still ranting at jocks, middle-American values, MTV's mass media mindlessness, conformity and all the other things it's no longer hip to care about. I'm glad *somebody* cares, actually, but if the DKs want to try something *really* radical they should try to step outside the confines of punk instead of simply preaching to the converted. (Alternative Tentacles, Box 11458, S.F., CA 94101) — Bob Sled

DIF JUZ: Extractions If you can confess to a passing fondness for soundscape/ambient/mood artists then you will appreciate the aural canvasses stroked by Dif Juz. Keyboards and basses and crystalline guitars flow and mix in textural complements, much like oil paints poured into a pan. But the music is not random, no, all is precise and designed to provoke the listener's emotions while at the same time promising reassurance. One cut features guest vocalist Elizabeth Fraser of Cocteau Twins; all others are instrumentals. Producer Robin Guthrie, also a Twin, imposes no trademarks and allows the four musicians to do what comes naturally, which in this case is to create a rhythmic and melodic gem so compelling that I never missed the vocals. It would be interesting to hear Kate Bush sing with Dif Juz. (4AD, 17 Alma Rd., London SW 18, UK) — Fred Mills

DIMTHINGS: In Spite of What They Say and Dis-ci-plined 2 a Spontaneous Way of Life These are Vols. 3 & 4 of Dimthings' "Garage Recording Series." While they probably could have condensed both of these albums into a single long one, they do some pretty interesting things. *In Spite Of* is mostly an album of twisted techno-pop, combined with some healthy noise banging and early Residents-style distortion. It includes the SubGenius-inspired "Battle For Slack." "One for all in an all for one" is a piece of extremely mutated fusion, plus distorted electronics. On *Dis-ci-plined* they take a jazzier attack, with more improvisation. There are touches of Faust and Can on both records, if unevenly distributed, and *Dis-ci-plined* has a well-warped version of Stevie Wonder's *Super-*

stition too. It's jazzy, noisy, electronic, inventive, and catchy. Dimthings seem to be one of the most creative units in the underground, and with a five record output over a short period of time, I have to expect a little unevenness. I mean, it's not uneven so much as very, very hard to pin down and classify. And I like that. (Thingsflux, 7829 Miramar Pkwy., Miramar, FL 33023) — Brent Wilcox

RICHARD DIRLAM: Pure Saxophone It took a lot of courage for the Minnesota Composers Forum to put out this record. I can't believe there is much of a market for an album that consists entirely of solo saxophone, sax with tapes of sax, and sax with "prepared" tape of your basic metallic noise. But that's what this record is all about. What holds it up is the undeniably brilliant technique of Richard Dirlam. He is a fantastic player who shines in the high register, where it is difficult at best to keep a sax sounding sweet and smooth. The problem is that for this record to work, the listener must be as adventurous as the player. It's not easy to pay attention to 20 minutes of any solo wind instrument — let alone a whole album. Having said that, my two favorite compositions are the ones that have no tapes in the background, no overdubs, just plain solo sax. Dirlam puts such emotion into his playing that tapes just get in the way. I'd love to sit him in a stairwell across the alley from my building and let him wail. Barring that, the second side of this record will have to do. (from NMDS, 500 Broadway, NYC 10012) — Steve Hecox

PAT DONAHUE: Manhattan to Memphis A combination of swing and blues, with a twist of jazz for flavor, featuring Donahue's skillful guitar fingerpicking (which recently won him the National Finger Picking Championship in Kansas). The playing throughout is clear and sure, with covers of Benny Goodman and Charlie Christian, Jelly Roll Morton, and Sonny Rollins interspersed with originals, such as "Midnight Man" and "Blue Train," which are the emotional highlights of the album. With bass and drums and the occasional sax or dobro added, the guitar work is never overpowered. A very crisp album, and a fine piece of work. (Red House, Box 4044, St. Paul, MN 55104) — Kim Roberts

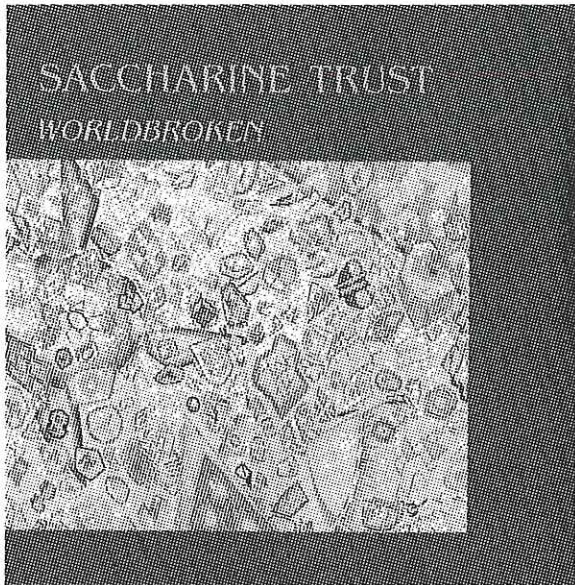
DUB SYNDICATE: Tunes From the Missing Channel Yet another Adrian Sherwood mix, enlisting a number of On-U regulars as well as folks like Keith Levene and Jah Wobble. This is more of the lushly sparse reggae, mostly instrumental dub mixes, which Sherwood is noted for. Listen up for the sonic embellishments, stereo effects, dub trickery and general psychedelicism. Sometimes the beat gets a little heavy for my taste, as I prefer the subtleties of the On-U sound over disco bludgeoning any day. It's not as gimmicky as past releases either, which some may applaud; however (again, to my eardrums), I actually like all that messing with the mix. What I found in listening to this is that the two vocal cuts work especially well because they lend a human presence to music which can otherwise get to sounding a bit clinical. Good stuff all around, but more singing next time could really create something exciting. (On-U Sound, avail. from Rough Trade, 326 6th St., S.F., CA 94103) — Andrew Warde

EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN: Halber Mensch The really good bands, the ones that set trends instead of following them, never stay wedded to one genre for very long — they're too restless and creative for that. Einsturzende Neubauten is one of those bands. Their previous chainsaw against car bumpers sound is almost entirely gone and has been replaced by a cleaner, tighter approach. Dieharders may scream "sellout," but "growth" would be a

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two instruments combined. Each version is presented here. Like the score to a Cunningham dance, where the dancers' movement and the music have no relation to one another, the duo version of *Etudes Boreales* is intended to have no interaction between the two musicians; the duo is simply a mixdown of the two solo versions. The piano part is actually more a percussion solo performed on the piano, and one which requires such virtuosity that Cage thought it was impossible to perform, though the difficulties are not readily apparent to the casual listener. The performances are marvelous and brilliantly executed. As is often the case in Cage's music, periods of silence play a major and integral role in these works. The pressing, a product of the German direct metal mastering technique, is absolutely silent, which may or may not be advantageous. Picking up where the late Tomato records left off, this is the first in a series of works by Cage to be recorded by Mode. (Mode, dist. by NMDS, 500 Broadway, NYC 10012) — Dean Suzuki

BOB CARLIN: *Bangling and Sawing* As it says here, "the album captures both the excitement and the purity of old-time music at its finest and at its best-played." Well, I can't argue with that. I'm no big rural country music fan, but I think this record is wonderful, giving me a sense of the energy and enthusiasm of this country while it was growing up. Bob plays clawhammer banjo joined by fiddlers and occasionally acoustic guitars. Excellent recording and liner notes about each song (all instrumentals). (Rounder, One Camp St., Cambridge, MA 02140) — Randy Greif

DANNY CARNAHAN & ROBIN PETRIE: *Two For The Road* There are no bad Irish records. You can't approach the nimble-fingeredness necessary to play this stuff in a half-baked way. Some are mediocre perhaps, though not this one. Carnahan plays octave mandolin and fiddle and guitar and sings, and Petrie plays hammered dulcimer and sings. The hammered dulcimer, which is everywhere, lends an airy, ethereal feel to the jigs, reels and fiddle and hornpipes. The tunes are well-selected, well-arranged, and well-played, with the closing medley on side one cranking right along and sounding as good as anything I've heard in Celtic music. Only three vocals. Of these, I find "The Rambler From Clare" a bit too pretty, but "Who Wears The Britches" is a well-sung and timely comment on male/female domestic problems. Like Celtic music? Buy this. (Flying Fish, 1304 W. Schubert Ave., Chicago, IL 60614) — C.W. Vrtacek

GENE CHANDLER: *Your Love Looks So Good To Me* If you wanna walk down memory lane then pick up the fine Chandler best-of on *Solid Smoke*, but if you want to see how this soul man has aged gracefully without destroying his music then order this. Chandler's enthusiasm continues to enhance his smooth, pop vocals, resulting in him overcoming the couple of MOR sore spots and the occasionally inane background vocals. All in all, this is a lot better than one could have hoped for and shows Gene Chandler still has plenty to offer. (Fast Fire, 220 E. 42nd St., NYC 10017) — Charles P. Lamey

THE CHANT: *Three Sheets To The Wind* Another band with the sound of a thousand jangling guitars are the Chant, who come from the cultural wastes of South Florida. Their debut is impressive, if not devastatingly original, heartily influenced by current musical happenings down south. The LP's highlight is "...For You," with urgently delivered vocals and impassioned guitar playing. In fact, throughout *Three Sheets* the guitar and vocals are consistently exemplary, though a bit more care was needed with the drum

and lower register sound. Still, the Chant are easily the most solid Florida band to venture out of the state in the past few years. Of course, they have already made the one necessary decision that all serious Florida bands must make — relocate. By January, both the Chant and their label Safety Net should be heading north to Georgia where they belong. (Safety Net, Box 4546, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33338) — Gary Held

CHILD SUPPORT: *Come to Amerika* With that title and a cover depicting a border of bombs around a detail of the blast radius from Manhattan center, you know you're not gonna get escapist muzak, right? I dunno, this album is likable in a naive sort of way, but just doesn't hold up to repeated listens. The English Beat ripoff, "Give Me Your Opinion," is pretty embarrassing; the nyah-nyah Clash-meets-Monkees tune called "(I Love Your) Tangents" is downright annoying. Still, there are moments in several songs, particularly the guitar breaks, that are riveting and make you wish they'd settle down and define their own style a bit more and not rely on copping licks. I did like the straightforward late '70s punk stuff which they excel at, anthemic 'n all that; tempering excessive genre mixing helps out loads. (Neophyte, 1620 Ashby Ave., Berkeley, CA 94703) — Fred Mills

ALEX CHILTON: *Sister Lovers* This album is one of the milestones in rock and roll; many thanks to Jem for re-releasing it. Recorded in 1974, released in 1978, *Sister Lovers* (or *3rd* as it was then titled) pioneered a path for minimalist rock into the headphones of those who may never have ventured into the realm. Recorded after two excellent but commercially unsuccessful power-pop albums, *3rd* conveys the frustration, alienation, and confusion of an original talent. Like all great rock and roll, *3rd* directly confronts these emotions, and the music we hear is the result. It is bleak. It is beautiful. It is brutally honest. If you are on the edge, this record will make you leap. But when you hear the big, powerful, and right guitar that leads into "Jesus Christ," you will live life with renewed vigor. It is that great. (Jem, 3619 Kennedy Rd., S. Plainfield, NJ 07080) — Robert Gordon

CHOKERS AND FLIES: *Old Time Music* An interesting record idea, letting two similar little-known bands who play "old-time" music each do one side of the disc. The Chicken Chokers are from Boston, and are reminiscent of fellow Boston folkies the Jim Kweskin Jug Band in their vocal style, choice of repertoire, and heavy use of harmonica. I like the way they play fiddle tunes like "Grey Eagle" best (fast!). I like their vocals less, as in the old Kweskin tune "Morning Blues"; it's interesting to hear an extra verse on that tune, though. There is a consistent balance problem in this band, and it mostly concerns the harmonica drowning out the fiddle and other melody instruments. The Tompkins County Horseflies are my favorites here, with a kind of exuberance and feel for the "time" that makes them sound as if they're playing their own music, not just reviving it. They remind me a bit of another great modern string band, the Red Clay Ramblers, though they tend to be much more traditional (and much less experimental) in their material. I especially like their vocals, which at times just verge on audibility and comprehensibility. Both bands can really play, and I highly recommend this album as one of the best new traditional American music records to appear in some time, unencumbered by the trendiness of "new age" or "new acoustic" music styles. (Rounder, 1 Camp St., Cambridge, MA 02140) — Larry Polansky

Option B Issue Jan 1985

MARC SLOAN: Yeow A very nice and highly varied album of instrumental, electronic, and concrete music vignettes. The styles are constantly shifting from jazz to classical concrete musique to ambient music. One piece sounds like hard-edged King Crimson, while the next may have an R&B tinged jazz feel. Sloan's electric bassline from "Lullabye" reminded me of the terrific little single by bassist Ed Sterbenz. Many of the pieces are of a gentle nature, but never innocuous. The best pieces tend to be the more abstract ones utilizing electronic and concrete techniques. This is impossible to pigeonhole, but is very good nonetheless. (Little Animal, 626 W. 136th St., NYC 10031, dist. by NMDS) — Dean Suzuki

SOCIAL FACT: *Ipsa Facto* There's a lot of this soul/synth/pop around, just like there was a lot of power pop around when Cheap Trick were big. But at least this is recorded well. In some areas there are garage bands. In Beverly Hills bands like this rehearse in living rooms. (Fun Stuff, POB 1814, Beverly Hills, CA 90213) — Steve Jones

THE SONICS: *Full Force* Except for the non-LP B side "The Hustler," this is all available elsewhere, yet it effectively gathers the best of the Sonics onto one album. I still don't see why so many sixties fans worship this band — though always manic, they certainly were repetitive, often to the point of boredom. Still, the best half of this does shred, especially "He's Waitin'," "Cinderella," "Psycho," and above all "The Witch," with Gerry Roslie's larynx-tearing vocals and dementedly urgent songwriting leading the way. (Etiquette, 2442 NW Market St., Suite 273, Seattle, WA 98107) — Richie Unterberger

SONIC YOUTH: *Bad Moon Rising* As much as I hate to gush, I must say this album exceeded my expectations. The churning sonorous rhythms, punctuated by searing guitars and piercing vocals left me speechless with the knowledge that this band can't really be compared with any other. There is the Branca influence, but Sonic Youth take the sheer noise potential much further. My faves were "I'm Insane" and "Justice is Might," but "Society is a Hole" gets my vote for best lyrics. And let's not forget the climactic "Death Valley 69" [with added vocals by Lydia Lunch — not on "Brave Men Run" as I claimed last issue — SB]. I swear, the members of this band are feedback gods! (Homestead, dist. by Dutch East India, 45 Alabama Ave., Island Park, NY 11558) — Maria V. Montgomery

THE SOUND OF THE SIXTIES A double-LP compilation which focuses exclusively on what the Eva label's all about — namely, reissues of obscure material from sixties rock groups. And this one sure runs the gamut. Obscure cuts from famous artists like the Animals, Yardbirds, and Mitch Ryder, obscure cuts from famous one-shots like the Trashmen and Count Five, obscure cuts from just plain obscurities like the Shake Spears and We the People; one disc American groups, the other British. The paradox is that if you're the type of person who's into this stuff, you're bound to have at least half of it already, some on other Eva reissues even. Maybe Eva realized the \$17 price tag might dissuade even the hard-bitten collectors, so as a bonus they included a 42-page book detailing '60s

French EPs. But if you're like me, you don't care much about booklets on French EPs either. Quite a few nifty tracks, yet the only really excellent one that's hard to get otherwise is Episode Six's "I Can See Through You," a breezy slice of top-notch British psychedelia (written by future Deep Purple Roger Glover). Still, as a sort of hip esoteric '60s equivalent of *American Graffiti*, it works pretty well. (Eva, F.G.L. 15, rue de l'Amiral Roussin, 75015 Paris, France) — Richie Unterberger

GLENN SPEARMAN: *Night After Night* An album of reed/percussion duets with Spearman on tenor sax and bass clarinet and Donald Robinson on drum kit, etc. For me a pairing of these instruments gives a broader range of dynamics and texture than most duets, and on this record the sound goes from introspective solo work by Spearman to more dense, forceful playing by both men. While the music seems to be fairly free form in nature, there is always a sense of direction to what these guys are doing. Their sound is loose and comfortable without being chaotic. Both men are fine instrumentalists, with Spearman doing some incredibly deft playing at the faster tempos. My only problem with this record is that at time I found myself paying more attention to the technical prowess of the players rather than being inspired by what they were doing. Perhaps a different setting with more instruments would make a difference. With the exception of this small flaw, *Night After Night* is a fine album. If you're a fan of John Coltrane and Elvin Jones duets, you couldn't go wrong here. (Musa-Physics Records, dist. by NMDS, 500 Broadway, NYC 10012) — Bryan Sale

THE ANDY STATMAN KLEZMER ORCHESTRA: *Klezmer Suite* Great record, even better than Statman's previous Klezmer Orchestra. Statman is a monster musician, on both clarinet and mandolin (on the latter he's the best there is) — tasteful, inventive, technically brilliant, and musically expansive whether he's playing klezmer, bluegrass, or weird jazz with the likes of Buell Nielsinger. On this record he's at his peak, and the tunes, many newly composed by the great klezmer gurus

Dave Tarras, are terrific. His band has also improved considerably, and the more complex and challenging arrangements here reflect that. David Steinberg, who plays trumpet and French horn, has made tremendous strides, and is not just the accompanimental figure he was on the first Klezmer Orchestra record. If you've never heard klezmer or Statman, this is a great place to start, and if you have, you dig him as much as I do and probably already own this record. (Shanachie, Dalebrook Park, Ho-Hokus, NJ 07423) — Larry Polansky

THE STING RAYS/THE OUTCASTS: *Battle of the Bands Live!* The Sting Rays and the Outcasts were two of Long Island's hottest local groups in the mid-'60s, the former led by Jack Foley, the latter by his brother Mark. Here each band gets one album side of previously unreleased live material to settle the question of supremacy that has burned from Massapequa to Mamaroneck for the last 18 years. The Sting Rays definitely come off best on this record, five of their six numbers being nice lightweight Beatle and Zombie-styled Jack Foley originals. While they may be too dittyesque for some, I think they're catchy as hell. Now the Outcasts look a lot cooler, but their set of six standard covers left zilch impression. I mean, as for yet more faithful versions of "Louie Louie" and "You Really Got Me," so what? I've had enough of "lost '60s punk" equivalents to contemporary bar bands. Don't dismiss the Outcasts on the basis of what's here, as they have another Cicadelic reissue of mostly original material (*Meet the Outcasts*), but the Sting Rays' side is definitely the one you'd want this for. (Cicadelic, POB 79155, Dallas, TX 75379) — Richie Unterberger

IGOR STRAVINSKY: *L'histoire de Stravinsky* Subtitled "A Collage of Pieces and Texts by Stravinsky," this record consists of extracts from works of Stravinsky's Russian and Neo-Classical periods. Though many of the works are relatively well known, such as *L'histoire du solat*, *Octet*, and *Petrouchka*, there are also numerous examples of short, seldom heard works such as the songs of *Trois histoires*

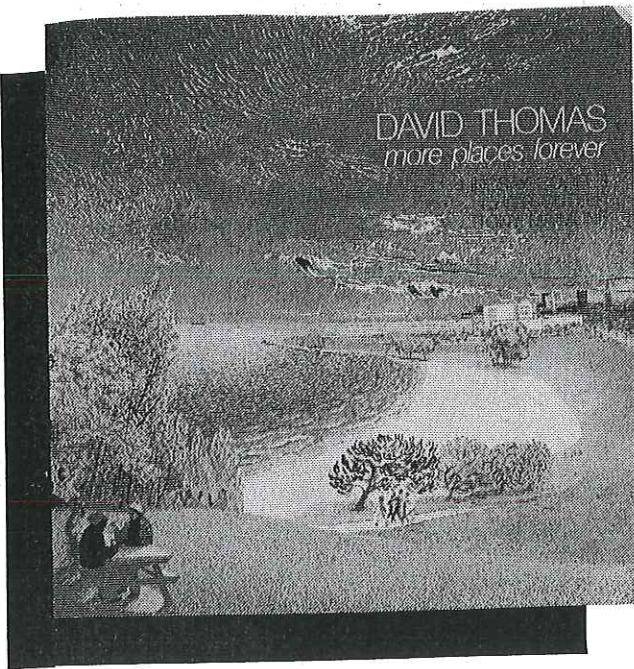
pour enfants, *Pribaoutki*, *The Owl and the Pussycat*, and *Berceuse du chat*, as well as instrumental pieces such as *Melodie sans nom* for two bassoons, *Fanfare pour un nouveau theatre* for two trumpets, and *Choral: In Memoriam Claude Debussy* for piano (a transcription of part of the *Octet*). There are some little gems here. The record comes with copious notes including extracts from interviews with the composer and anecdotal comments about Stravinsky made by his contemporaries such as Satie and Debussy. A charming set and a must for the Stravinskyite. (Tudor, dist. Harmonia Mundi, POB 64503, L.A., CA 90064) — Dean Suzuki

SUN RA: *The Helocentric Worlds of Sun Ra* Originally on the cryptic sixties New York indie ESP label, this is a fine example of the joyful, uplifting music of jazz composer/bandleader Sun Ra. His delicate melodies, offset by his complex and (to many) unorthodox chording, serve as the backbone of his keyboard work, but what makes his band soar is the trio of saxophonists, Marshall Allan (alto), Pat Patrick (baritone) and John Gilmore (tenor). Beautiful music from a gentle, yet adventurous talent. Haven't heard volume one from these sessions, but I'm sure it's as rewarding as this. (Base, Via Collamarini 26, Bologna, Italy) — Charles P. Lamey

TEEMING MIND: *Moderately Gregarious* This album starts out sounding like a bunch of mid-'60s folkies who have just decided to add a drummer and "go electric", gradually becoming more "progressive" as the record wears on, introducing vague hints of psychedelia and jazz. Musicianship is competent, production totally flat, and the vocals were pillered from the New York World's Fair time capsule. This could be a group of outpatients getting together for remedial therapy. (Grey Matter, POB 399128, Cincinnati, OH 45239, avail. from NMDS) — Mark Kissinger

THE TELL-TALE HEARTS San Diego's Tell-Tale Hearts are locked into the R&B punk groove of early Stones and Pretty Things, and this debut is very promising. Ray Brandes' snotty vocals are raw and slightly demented, perfectly matching the primal musical support. A few folk-rock touches indicate the group may eventually shift directions. But for now, this could have easily been the product of a sweaty, smoky session at the Crawdaddy Club or Pandora's Box. These boys aren't poseurs. (Voxx, POB 7112, Burbank, CA 91510) — Charles P. Lamey

DAVID THOMAS: *More Places Forever* The Best. I could stop there, but should probably elaborate. The album cover is in bright, cheerful colors. The album matches it. And Thomas' stories and songs have come a long way from some of Pere Ubu's days of harsh abstraction. He tells fables, I suppose; seemingly light songs that have positive, humorously edifying lessons. His vocal style leaps and bounds, as if he would pop right out of the grooves into your living room. And the music follows right along, with colors that blend with him perfectly and imaginatively. Lindsay Cooper, Chris Cutler, and Tony Maimone provide the music this time around. This is a fine, fun, confident and determined album. It bristles with the inventiveness of *Sound of the Sand*, and is far more entertaining and



READING MATTERS

BOOKS

LAURIE ANDERSON: United States This book is absolutely indispensable for those who have Anderson's recording, *United States Live*, but were not fortunate enough to experience a live performance. The visuals of Anderson's mangum opus, captured here in a multitude of photographs, are a critical aspect of her oeuvre and are an important aid in deciphering some of the more cryptic vignettes from the live recording. Also included in this book is the libretto or complete text, as well as diagrams, stage directions, musical scores, and even some artwork that did not appear in the final staged version. An appendix lists the performers who took part in each of the work's four sections, a capsule description of the other artists involved, a brief description of the evolution of "United States," and a chronological listing of Anderson's performances, publications, recordings, and exhibitions. Though there are only a handful of color photographs, it is a handsome package and one well worth owning. (Harper & Row, 10 E. 53rd St., NYC 10022) — Dean Suzuki

PAULINE OLIVEROS: Software for People This new publication of Oliveros' collected writings from 1963-80 is one of the most important books about music published in the last 20 years. There is literally something (of an essential nature) for everyone. The two articles about women composers, and the articles about new music centers (including "On the Need for Research Facilities," a history of the San Francisco Tape Center and an eloquent statement about the purposes and needs of such facilities) have become essential to me in my own capacity as a staff member at the Center for Contemporary Music (formerly the S.F. Tape Center) and a teacher of electronic music at a women's college (Mills). The article on "Tape Delay Techniques" should be a basic text for anyone working with those ideas or interested in their history, and dispels any notions one might have had of Oliveros as a "low-tech" composer. Other articles document beautifully her work with sonic meditation and environmental sound, and everywhere in the book Oliveros stands out as a deeply moved and moving composer who thinks deeply and in visionary ways about music and the world. (Smith Pub., 2617 Gywnndale Ave., Baltimore, MD 21207) — Larry Polansky

80



Forced Exposure The darkest side of the new rock underground, emphasis on the Northeast and Australia (so it seems). Swans, Samhain, Sonic Youth, Scientists, et al plus a zillion reviews. Takes a determinedly literary pose (lots o' stream o' Coley-ness) but turned me off completely with an essay in praise of an ultra-violent child porn mag and another piece on coprophagy (look it up). Sorry guys, that's sick stuff. (719 Washington St. #172, Newtonville MA 02160) — SB

Keynotes: Musical Life in the Netherlands Donemus, a government-funded music foundation, offers a subscription to *Keynotes* (which appears twice yearly) to anyone requesting it outside of Holland. This fine periodical covers the very active contemporary music scene in the Netherlands. Donemus also offers a couple of excellent series of recordings of modern Dutch music. However, these are not free. (Donemus, Paulus Potterstraat 14, 1071 CZ Amsterdam, Holland; records dist. by Recordings Int'l., POB 1140, Goleta, CA 93116) — Dean Suzuki

Kicks Like the previous issues, #4 focuses on raw early rock genres of the '50s and '60s (coverage seems increasingly tilted towards rockabilly). Articles on Ronnie Self, Wanda Jackson, Ft. Worth mid-'60s scene, numerous brief portraits of rockabilly unknowns, and hundreds of reviews of obscure collectors items (both rci issue and rare). Invaluable for its 76 pages of jam-packed info, but also depressing for eds Billy Miller and Miriam Linna's reactionary hostility towards anything post-1966 (music or otherwise). (Box 646, Cooper Sta., NYC 10003, \$4) — Richie Unterberger

Matter Wide-ranging, glossy, nicely done magazine that manages to approach things from different vantage points so that even common topics are treated in refreshing ways. #11 had R.E.M. tour diary, Naked Raygun, 1985 musical predictions from bands who made news in 1984, Skeleton Crew, Chili Peppers. (Box 1060, Hoboken, NJ 07030, \$2) — BM

Notes French magazine concentrating on new music (French, US & world), jazz, and progressive. Totally in French, but if that's not a problem, there's a wealth of information, contacts, reviews, festival announcements and articles about this genre from all over the world. The editor knows English, so write him for more info. (Bernard Gueffier, 10, rue du Dr. Michel, 52000 Chaumont, France, 15 francs/issue or 110 francs/yr) — ST

1/1 (Quarterly Journal of the Just Intonation Network) The Just Intonation Network are musicians, composers, writers and others interested in the scientific side of music. Although a little scholarly

PERIODICALS GENERAL INTEREST

East Village Eye Engaging, nicely designed alternative to the Voice. All that's hip about NYC — music, fashion, art etc. in a tabloid format. Worth looking for now that it's readily available in other cities. (611 Broadway #619, NYC 10014) — SB

Revolt in Style One of the few San Diego publications around, RIS emphasizes fashion and appearance, sometimes at the cost of substance. Beautifully produced, there are a few articles worth noting: short interview with producer of RAD-TV, locally produced video/art/comedy show intermittently shown on cable; some creative writing; funny, honest reviews of B-movies. Lots of salon ads. (7910 Ivanhoe, Suite 106, La Jolla, CA 92037, \$1) — ST

PERIODICALS SPECIAL INTEREST

Cassettera This is the debut issue of an idea born out of the Op conference in July '84. Purpose: to document indy and underground cassette releases in periodical (bi-monthly) catalogue form. So far, the response has been small, which is very unfortunate since this could be a significant networking tool for indy cassettes. Still, they've managed to come up with 40 pages of hi-quality computer grafix and text. (Box 393, 89 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, MA 02115, \$12/yr, cassettes listed free) — ST

Come For to Sing Perhaps the best American periodical covering traditional folk music, with special concentration on the Midwest scene. Spring issue includes features on the Friends of Fiddler's Green, early women bluegrass and country performers, and lots of folk reviews, as well as a fiery editorial from Emily Friedman that details the frustrations of publishing your own mag and explains her decision to discontinue this quarterly in 1986. (917 W. Wolfram, Chicago, IL 60657, \$2.50) — Richie Unterberger

Option D2 Issue Sept. 1985

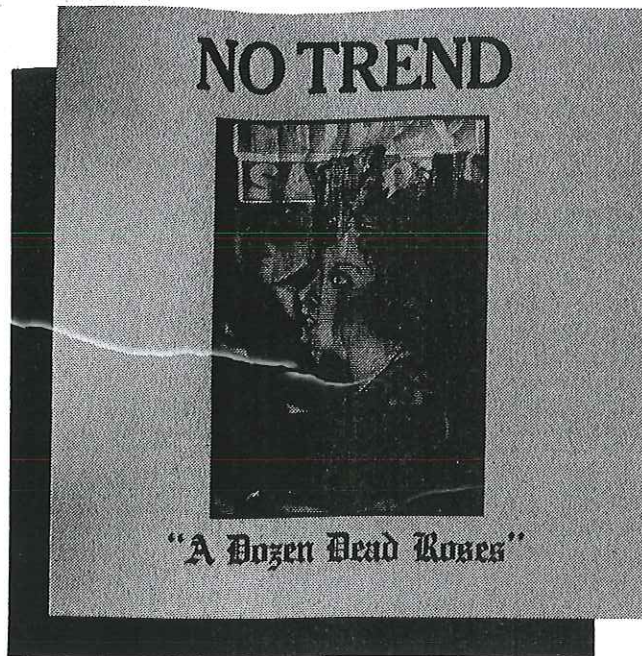
Rifles, Plays With Marionettes, Scientists and Bring Philip, among others. Fave cut: "Igloo" by Screaming Tribesmen, a majestic, ringing rocker, "a strangely uplifting vision of loneliness, a deceptive snow drift of sound and emotion to trap the unwary." An excellent intro to the Oz underground. (Hot, 314-316 Victoria St., Darlinghurst, Sydney NSW 2010, Australia) — Fred Mills

NURSE WITH WOUND: Homotopy to Marie This is very much in the same vein of previous material by Nurse With Wound. The first of the four songs, "I Cannot Feel You As The Dogs Are Laughing And I Am Blind," has some delightfully hellish moaning and sounds, as well as some tidbits of the Ramayana monkey chant thrown in. "Homotopy to Marie" is much lighter, with a succession of gong-like sounds. The two songs on the second side seem to run into each other. They are both full of ingenious sound editing, feedback and atmospheric noise. More of the same sinister disturbing moods and gut-wrenching sounds that make this band one of my favorites. (United Dairies, 35 Brackenbury Rd. East Finchley, London N2 6UK) — Maria V. Montgomery

OCTOBER FACTION The essence of gloom-and-doom post-punk, there are seven tracks on this LP with no breaks between songs, allowing the overall feel of this morbid opus to build seamlessly. Composed of members from Black Flag, Saccharine Trust, Nigheist and others, this six-piece is garnering a reputation for the "bizarre rituals" enacted at their performances, and a fair amount of college airplay. All those in tune with relatively unstructured post-punk heaviness, and/or willing to devote the time required to get into it, should enjoy this LP. To quote bandleader Chuck Dukowski — "The whole concept of October Faction is FREEDOM!" (SST, Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260) — Jack Jordan

OFFENDERS: Endless Struggle Hardcore becomes generic because most bands in the style rewrite the same song hundreds of times. This album avoids that, and that avoidance makes it fresh, defiant, and intelligent. As usual, the tunes are stripped down and fast, but the lyrics come strong and direct anger very well, communicating fear or revenge with all the urgency in the world. The version of "You Keep Me Hanging On" at the end isn't angry enough; left out, this would be a PERFECT hardcore record. The other tunes work well, especially "Get Mad," "Inside the Middle," "Do or Die," "Victory," "Impact," and the masterpiece "Endless Struggle." Angry, gnashing, and ominous at the same time, it covers a world of protest in five minutes and demands to be made into a single. With all this power, you can't go wrong by buying this one. (Rabid Cat, Box 49263, Austin, TX 78765) — John Barrett

PAULINE OLIVEROS: The Wanderer Oliveros' latest record is centered around the accordion, but consists of a "re-orchestration" of *Horse Sings From Cloud* for harmonium, accordion, concertina, and bandoneon (Heloise Gold, Julia Haines, Linda Montano, and Pauline Oliveros, respectively), and *The Wanderer*, a knockout piece given a knockout performance by Oliveros as soloist with the reknowned Springfield (Massachusetts) Accordion Orchestra (Sam Flacetti, director). Both pieces are quite beautiful. *The Wanderer* is an unusual piece for Oliveros in that it is centered around simple patterned improvisation, and has a much more "outward" feeling than her other work. What one hears in the piece is a large group of accordion players



having a great time playing challenging and thoughtful music which makes no concessions to either contemporary fashion or the presumed intractability of the instrument. Oliveros is unashamedly borrowing from the "pattern music" styles of the late 1960s and early 1970s in this piece, but in such an unselfconscious manner that it sounds like she has reinvented the ideas. And the 23 accordions don't hurt. (Lovely, 325 Spring St., NYC 10013) — Larry Polansky

OLYMPIC SIDEBURNS I don't know how they picked such a crummy name, but they're a decent rock band nonetheless. Hailing from Melbourne, A-U, they come on with a strong, guitar-dominated sound and plenty of swagger. The style is hard to pigeonhole; they do *not* sound like the Birthday Party, the Lime Spiders, Hunters and Collectors or the Little River Band. I was reminded in places of a psychedelized Graham Parker, and of the now-forgotten British punk band Chelsea. The songs aren't especially melodic, but more anthem-like, perhaps lacking variety or any subtlety. But I did like the sound here and the band doesn't fall into formula easily, so I'll give 'em credit for that. (Epitaph, 1201 Olympic Blvd., Santa Monica, CA 90404) — Beth L.

PETER OSTROUSHKO WITH THE SLUZ DUZ ORCHESTRA: Sluz Duz Music Here is another milestone in progressive acoustic music from a player whose first record of instrumental music is long overdue. Peter has accompanied Robin and Linda Williams, was a member of the ill-fated New Prairie Ramblers, and is currently a regular on the nationally syndicated *Prairie Home Companion* radio show. Peter treats us to his fine mandolin playing throughout most of the album (fiddle on three of the ten cuts), making the comparisons with David Grisman and Norman Blake inevitable. *Sluz Duz*, a Ukranian term referring to being off one's rocker, is the first progressive acoustic LP to combine American and eastern European dance musics. It is less jazzy than the music of David Grisman, and less American than Norman Blake's, but in a way more exotic than either. There are two polkas, two waltzes, a medley of Irish tunes (also infused with the Ukranian spirit), and a bluegrass instrumental among the selections. Some of the tunes are composed of four parts

(as opposed to the two parts of most American hoedowns), there are twin mandolin sections a-plenty, and Ostroushko's phrasing bears the imprint of much forethought. Along the way, there are echoes of the music of Norman Blake, with whom Peter has recorded in the past, especially on "Christian's Creek," and fine accompaniment by Norman and Nancy Blake, Hot Rize, Tim Hennessy, Paddy O'Brien, Bruce Allard, John Anderson, Mick Moloney, Daithi Sproule and Butch Thompson. (Rounder, 1 Camp St., Cambridge, MA 02140) — Philip Nusbaum

THE OUTNUMBERED: Why Are All the Good People Going Crazy Here's another pop/garage album with ringing, beautiful guitars. One good thing is that there are a couple of finely crafted pop tunes on this one. Jin Ginoli's "Accidental Color" is one. Unfortunately, his songs lend themselves to melodic singing, and no one in the group seems to have the strength to carry it out. We're not talking out of tune, we're talking pretty guitars and voices trying to be pretty, but not having the breath power to do it. "Cover Me With Flowers" is a good use of their current vocal quality, because this song has more of a biting, raw edge. But most of the songs on the first side flounder because of the vocals, despite some gorgeous chord progressions. And "Sit With Me In The Dark" on side two, a song with passionate, powerful lines, stands out vocally because the lead is double tracked. If you're a pop songwriter, get this to listen to Ginoli's craft. He's got an original style and a few songs are true gems. But don't expect a crooner. (Homestead, dist. by Dutch East India, Box 570, Rockville Center, NY 11570) — Stacy Taylor

PAINTERS AND DOCKERS: Love Planet Don't get me wrong. This Australian band emits several great numbers here like "Fun is Pain," "Basia," "In My Mind" and "Love Hate Love." The title track is also a great ballad (although the musically pathetic who equate all ballads with MOR schlock may have some problems with it). But the album breaks down on a consistency level. While the veering towards novelty may work effectively in a cut like "Mohawk Baby," others such as "You're Suss" and "Hole of My Love" are (besides bordering on sexist) pretentious efforts that prevent

this being a totally cohesive album (perhaps such cuts could best be released under an alter ego). An album filled with great songs by a talented act that just needs a little more help in packaging. (Big Time, 6410 Santa Monica Blvd., L.A., CA 90038) — Frank Beeson

MATS PERSSON & KRISTINE SCHOLZ: Iwas/Duchamp/Cage This is an absolutely marvelous album. Pianists Persson and Scholz perform three very unconventional pieces for or including piano. *A Book of Music For Two Prepared Pianos* is one of the masterpieces for this medium. The first part emphasizes the gamelan sound that can be elicited from the prepared piano, with simple ostinatos and gong-like sonorities. The second part tends more towards the percussive, with a frenzied and exhilarating first movement and a more obtuse, but terrific second movement. All of it is given superb performances by the two pianists, who make this music sound brand new. Charles Ives' *Three Quarter-Tone Pieces*, for two pianos tuned a quarter-tone apart, are now again available. These charming little numbers may not be the most profound music, but they are fine examples of Ives' visionary approach. The most exciting work is a realization of Dada artist Marcel Duchamp's *The Bride Stripped Bare By Her Bachelors, Even. Erratum Musicale*. One of a couple works by Duchamp, the instrumentation is not designated and the performers have chosen two altered pianos and tape. The ordinary action of the pianos has been replaced with small rotary motors that "bow" the strings to produce various overtones. Quite unlike Stephen Scott's bowed piano, these instruments have a more aggressive, though equally beautiful tone. The realization of Duchamp's indeterminate score is truly stunning. (Caprice, dist. by Intl. Book & Record Dist., 40-11 24th St., L.I.C., NY 11101) — Dean Suzuki

THE BILL PERKINS QUARTET: Journey to the East When it swings it really swings and the ballads could break your heart. This is a wonderful album, done to perfection by four fine sounding musicians. Bill Perkins is a veteran tenor sax and flute player from the Stan Kenton days and the tunes here, mostly standards, are irresistible. Frank Strazzeri on piano contributes two of his own tunes. Joel DiBartolo, bass and Peter Donald, drums compose the rest of the group. (Contemporary/Fantasy, 10th & Parker, Berkeley, CA 94710) — Betty Huck

PETER PRINCIPLE: Sentimental Journey (Made to Measure Vol. 4) Incredibly energetic and inventive sound collages. "Found" voices and funky rhythms, close editing and sounds impossible to define. This reflects old Tuxedomoon music, with excellent sound and amazing production work by Gilles Martin — how does he do it? What I like best is the absolute control of the noises used — nothing is superfluous, instruments and sounds fade in and out at the right times, and there's none of the repetition and overkill that lesser mortals might fall back on. OK, so I'm raving: I find a perfect balance between composition and chaos on this LP. This is one of the best examples I've heard of the recent European wave of avant-pop studio music — the sound studio is the medium that creates this unique style. (Crammed, Box 208, 70 Greenwich Ave., NYC 10011) — Dan Maryon

JEFFREY LEE PIERCE: Wildwood Jeffrey Lee continues in the direction he hinted at on the Gun Club's *Death Party* EP and developed a bit more on *The Las Vegas Story* last year. He's moving away from

ALVIN BATISTE: *Musique D'Afrique Nouvelle Orleans* New Orleans composer-clarinetist Alvin Batiste may be a generation older than that city's celebrated young neobop heroes, but musically he rides much closer to the edge. This, his first album as a leader, has a lot of surface similarities with ECM's meditative house style of the '70s. But there's a prickly, unsettling eeriness to "The Kheri Hebs," a clarinet-synthesizer duet, and the Eastern-tinged "Endocrine Song," which is literally meant for meditation. Elsewhere the title piece is a long, flowing folkish suite with plenty of solo space for Batiste's burnished tone, and "Words of Wisdom" is a placid, downhome version of "The Creator Has a Master Plan," half-recited and half-sung by Batiste himself. A very compelling and accomplished record from a musician who deserves to escape the obscurity usually visited on creative jazzmen who don't live in New York. (India Navigation, 177 Franklin St., NYC 10013) — Jerome Wilson

BECK AND ROY: *Old Photographs* A fine album of what can only be termed "old-time" music, by a regional duo from Indiana. What makes this album interesting is that the singing and playing aren't all that terrific, but there's so much heart in the music that after one or two hearings the record starts to grow on you almost against your will. Memphis Beck and Roy Gentry are backed by several midwest musicians on this album, including Mike (Fog) O'Bryan, whose accordion playing is a real standout, and Julian Cramer, an older fretted string musician who should be much better known. The midwest is a hotbed of interesting but relatively unknown traditional groups, like the Bluegrass Crackerjacks, the Boys from Indiana, and the great (but I think now defunct) Piper Road String Band, and it's a shame that these artists don't get a wider distribution, for in many ways they're taking more chances and play with more conviction with many of the "new acoustic music" groups that are currently in vogue. Beck and Roy are extremely conservative in many ways, but communicate a deep love for the old songs they play, my favorite being a cover of Uncle Dave Macon's "Evolution." (Vetco, 5825 Vine St., Cincinnati, OH 45216) — Larry Polansky

A BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO COMA This compilation is really fantastic, if only for the sheer variety of music therein. I guess it all could be lumped under the dubious genre classification of "avant rock," but none of these bands sound at all alike. Ella Mayer does not sound like the Underpeople, who are completely alien to the 5 UU's, who are not like the Rhythm Plague, etc. Compilation records come out rather frequently, but I haven't seen one this comprehensive since perhaps *The Elephant Table Album*. It almost approaches the near perfection of the Recommended Records sampler of 1981. (Rotary Totem, 7600 Manchester Ave. #1101, Playa del Rey, CA 90808) — Maria V. Montgomery

CAREY & LURRIE BELL: *Son of a Gun* Simply one of the best contemporary blues LPs to come down the pike in some time. Carey is perhaps the best harp player in the business, though to say the ranks are pretty thin is not to demean his abilities. His young son Lurrie (just 26) is a comer on guitar as well — there are few bluesmen in his generation, but he plays with an authority that belies his age. Put together, this is a family affair that is pure dynamite. Both men sing some mighty fine blues, but they really shine as instrumental virtuosos.

The album opens with Carey's harmonica showpiece "Ballbuster," slides into "Better Break It Up" (Lurrie's chance to cut loose) and maintains a deliciously high standard throughout. Noteworthy is the fact that these are nearly all original tunes — there may be some tried and true licks here, but the songs are fresh instead of shopworn. Give Lurrie's lowdown "Worried Heartache Blues" a spin and you'll know this guy is about to lead a whole new generation of bluesmen. Amen. (Rooster Blues, 2615 N Wilton Ave., Chicago, IL 60614) — Scott Becker

LOUIE BELLSON: *Don't Stop Now* Pioneer dual bass drummer Bellson, an alumni of both Basie and Duke among others, first formed his own large band in 1953 and has led it intermittently ever since. With a clean crisp sound worthy of audiophile ears, the percussion legend drives his burn brigade through eight selections of interesting originals and substantial standards. There's a nice balance here as he mixes it up between the 19 member unit and a selected sextet in a tradition that harkens back to Benny Goodman's heyday. Sizzling solos from Conte Condoli, Pete Christlieb, Frank Strazzeri, Carl Fontana, Steve Huffsteter and bossman Bellson pepper the well-written charts. Mike Melvoin gets a funky Hammond B3 setting worthy of Groove Holmes or Brother Jack McDuff on his DX7 and Dave Edwards switches to Fender bass on the soulfully strutting "Three Ton Blues," while the Thad Jones-penned "With Bells On" is a romping, stomping sendup over an AK47 tempo. If ballads are your bag, check out Christlieb's inventive deep-bottomed tenorists on the classic "Lover Man" or the burnished brasswork of Conte Condoli on Jimmy Van Heusen's "Darn That Dream." (Bosco, Box 2085, Canoga Park, CA 91306) — Larry Hollis

BENE BESSERIT: *A High, Happy, Perverse and Cynical Cry of Joy* Airy, playful avant-garde pop. Oddball background noises. Purposely lightweight Casio organ. Straight vocalizing and some nonsense syllablizing too. Nina Hagen meets Negativland during summer vacation. This "Cry of Joy" doesn't strike me as perverse or cynical, but rather as being made because there was nothing left to do but do it! Why dr: g along when you can float? Light, enjoyable fun without being fluffy or empty, this album is also adventurous

and experimental. (2 Grand Rue, B-6190 Trazegnies, Belgium) — Bob Morris

TIM BERNE/BILL FRISELL: *...Theoretically* The entrance of Berne on the first track of this LP is a stunner. It opens with Frisell (overdubbed) strumming chords on an acoustic guitar, creating an atmosphere similar to Ralph Towner. Then, seemingly from nowhere, Berne enters with a full-throated Ayler-like cry. It's a beautiful moment. I feared there would be nowhere to go from here but down. I was wrong. This is one great album. It's not really a series of duets since they make extensive use of overdubbing. Berne's alto sax and Frisell's guitars at times achieve such a similarity of sound that it's hard to tell who's doing what. Is it Berne employing multiphonics or Frisell using feedback? Every piece has something to offer, from the (almost) ambient "Inside the Brain" to the jaunty lines of "Perky Figure" to the 16-minute epic "2011," which is logically developed through its length without a boring stretch. Berne's early albums were interesting as much for his sidemen (John Carter, Olu Dara, Vinny Golia), against whom Berne held his own pretty well. But on this album, with just Frisell as a foil (and Frisell's contribution can't be understated), Berne shows himself to be a man of interesting and original ideas. (Empire, dist. by NMDS, 500 Broadway, NYC 10012) — R. Iannapolo

BIKINI: *XX. Szazd Hirado Bikini* is a progressive band from Hungary with very diverse directions and influences. I can't read the liner notes, or understand the lyrics, but imagine Etron Fou mixed with a bit of early Clash, and a touch of Capt. Beefheart singing in Hungarian. Okay? Now here comes an orchestral section that reminds me of David Bedford (a little) and now they're playing a very twisted polka. Get the idea? Fred Frith has been exposing and arranging Eastern European folk melodies for his own purposes for some time now. Here are some homegrown deviations. (Start Records, c/o R Radnai Okl Villamosmerrick, Parkany U.22.IX.55, 1138 Budapest, Hungary) — Brent Wilcox

BLACK FLAG: *Loose Nut* After last year I was prepared for almost anything from these folks, but I must admit that they caught even me off guard. I was kinda expecting some more balls-out, heavy

duty sluggers like on *Slip It In*, not exactly the same but along the same lines. Wrong. This quartet is afraid to remain in one place the way most bands are afraid to move on. And move on they do here. This latest development is rather difficult to explain, however. It's kinda like they've taken all the past stuff and wrung it, left it twisted and mashed it into a sharper shape. That's the only thing I can figure out to say about *Loose Nut*, you really need to just go ahead and listen to it. It's got all the rough and tumble punch and gut smashing of their previous work, it's just channelled in a slightly different direction. Better hurry, cuz they won't sound like this again. (SST, Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260) — Duane Dinham

THE BLUES CARAVAN This present day band is a bit of an oddity as they only do instrumentals, making them a pleasant change of pace. The group has a tight, upbeat sound that revolves around the keyboard work of Jimmy Caravan and the lead guitar of Neil Norman. Neil, who is a bandleader in his own right with several albums, is usually found in a rock setting, but he's quite adept in a blues style. Providing strong support are the horns of Claude Williams (trumpet) and Fernando Harkless (sax). The Blues Caravan aren't making any important musical statements, but they are consistently listenable. (GNP Crescendo, 8400 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, CA 90069) — Charles P. Lamey

MAARTEN BON Dutch composer Bon's compositional output covers a wide spectrum of styles, and works easily and deftly with the atonal language. His piccolo solo is rather nondescript, but *Boreal*, which appears in versions for solo piano, and an ensemble consisting of solo violin and percussion, is an excellent piece. It is very clearly influenced by Stravinsky, quoting brief extracts from his oeuvre. Compared to Stravinsky, Bon's writing is more austere and abstract. The ensemble version of *Boreal* is colorful and full of subtle shadings, without resorting to exploitation of the percussion section's power for its own sake. The piano transcription is obviously quite different, though it is a very successful alternative on its own. The structure is more easily discerned and the work loses little in this monochrome version. At the opposite end of the spectrum is *Display IV* for six pianos and piano tuner. The influence here is the music of Steve Reich and the results are wonderful. There is lots of repetition of tonal material and some kind of phasing technique is employed, but these are not as important as Bon's personal musical style. The Stravinskian harmonies are plugged in quite successfully in this 22+ minute piece. The work is sectional, passing gradually from spare and strident passages to more lyrical and ingratiating ones. Lastly, *Display V* for 12 cellos boasts voluptuous sonorities and essentially tonal harmonies, with dissonances tossed in for their piquancy and interest. This work is seductive and stunningly beautiful. (Composers' Voice, dist. by Recordings Intl., Box 1140, Goleta, CA 93116) — Dean Suzuki

BOSTON ROCK & ROLL ANTHOLOGY VOL. 5 Ten bands, ten songs, ten bombs. Generic hard rock and nondescript pop. I'd call it a failure, but you can't fail if you never take a chance, or even try. An embarrassment to Boston. (VI, Box 2392, Westburn, MA 01888) — B. Tripp

TIM BRADY: *d.R.E.a.M.s* Canadian guitarist Tim Brady's LP is a set of ten guitar solos played on both acoustic and electric guitars. I'm usually leery of guitar solo albums since most tend to wind up sound-

