

USED RAREITIES

ENO
Discreet Music
Music For Airports
IGGY
Metallic K.O.
Night Of Iguana
NICO
The End
BOWIE
Thin White Duke
JOHN CALE
Vintage Violence
Church Of Anthrax
ROBERT FRIPP
Exposure
FLAMIN' GROOVIES
Teenage Head/Flamingo
DEREK & CLIVE
Come Again
Ad Nausea
FAMILY
Only A Movie
Fearless
Bandstand
YARDBIRDS
Sonnyboy Williamson
Favourites
TIM BUCKLEY
Lorca
DR JOHN
Anytime, Anyplace
Gris Gris
TOM RAPP
Beautiful Lies
These Things Too
Tom Rapp
SPLIT ENZ
Mental Notes
NAZZ
Foresight
VELVET UNDERGROUND
Warhol (double)

NEW IMPORTS

David Beford	Ancient Mariner
Jeff Beck	Truth
Blue Oyster Cult	Tyranny & Mutation Secret Treaties
Capt. Beefheart	Bluejeans & Moonbeams
Gene Clark	No Other
Cockney Rebel	Psychomodo
Doors	Doors Strange Days Waiting For The Sun Soft Parade
Dylan	Another Side New Morning
Edgar Froese	Aqua Malaysian Pale
Gong	Angels Egg Radio Gnome Shamal Camanbert Electric Live
Lou Reed	Take No Prisoners
Stones	Rolling Stones Flowers Between The Buttons 12 x 5
Grace Slick	Baron Von Tollbooth
Neil Young	Time Fades Away Journey Through The Past
M.C.5	Kick Out The Jams
Joni Mitchell	Mingus

& OTHERS

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Rock is a Four Letter Word

Records

Lou Reed
Take No Prisoners
RCA

Lou Reed



My copy of this now-notorious album had a nifty little label attached to its frontside warning "This Album is Offensive". To be true such appendages have a certain chic quality, but the great Lenny Bruce could spend an hour analysing the meaningless of such a statement. Offensive to whom? Offensive because of what? Offensive perhaps to the many people that Reed slings off at during his spoken monologues — a galaxy of personalities including Barbra Streisand, Diana Ross, Patti Smith, Candy Darling and rock critics in general, with particular reference to Robert Christgau. Not everyone wants to be described as a toe f**ker, and anyone who still flinches when that four letter colloquialism for sexual intercourse is mentioned would be advised to steer clear of this particular vinyl twin set.

Now, Reed as a rock'n' roll Lenny Bruce. Certainly the raps which take up a good deal of the album, and "Walk on the Wild Side" in particular, recall the American satirist. But Reed's visions are less personal and more distanced from himself, and he has none of Bruce's basic proselytising spirit. And whereas Bruce's work was in the form of mini-these of logic, Reed just fires out random ideas at his audience ranging from quotes from Yeats to streams of four letter words hurled at the audience.



Joni Mitchell

Joni Mitchell... Mingus

Joni Mitchell
Mingus
Asylum

In the opening chapter of his autobiography *Beneath the Underdog* Charles Mingus describes a conversation with his psychiatrist. He tells the shrink that he is three separate entities — an aggressor, a mild mannered recipient of all types of shit and a disconcerted observer. Asked which image he would like the world to see, Mingus snaps, "What do I care what the world sees? I'm only trying to find out how I feel about myself."

It's an interesting story that tells much of one of jazz's most enigmatic characters. Often given over to violence, an early spokesman on racial injustice, Mingus was also a deeply religious man who, between periods of drugs, drink and depression, had a lifelong search for God and his own personal place in the universe.

"God Must Be a Boogie Man" (a line from that chapter) is the only known Mingus composition on this album; Joni Mitchell wrote it two days after the jazz legend's death. The opening track, one immediately feels that Mitchell is well in touch with the Mingus magic. The verses pertain to the three separate sides of Mingus with the one line chorus punctuating each verse irreverently.

When the news of the Mingus/Mitchell collaboration filtered through last year, fans of both performers awaited the outcome with interest. Not that the collaboration was such a drastic departure for either party — Mitchell has long utilized jazzmen with more than a little jazz influence in her works and Mingus has always been a man given over to the unexpected, always ready to try a little experimenting. Despite the sometimes maudlin 'raps' that separate the six tracks in an attempt at thematic cohesion, the result is an unqualified success that followers of both artists should find richly rewarding.

Mingus fans will be familiar with his wide range of influences: the gospel church, Ellington, and the wide spectrum of jazz styles that Mingus covered during his apprenticeship — New Orleans (Armstrong), swing (Hampton) and finally bop (Parker) — and an early tutor, Lloyd Reece. Reece taught his pupils to imitate the sounds around them and when Mingus started his jazz workshop he coujoughed his sidemen to concentrate on the sound in their heads and not the scraps of paper which accounted for his 'compositions'.

And here lies the main problem for the musicians on *Mingus* — to wing it, Mingus style and to risk interrupting Mitchell's lyrical flow, or just play around with the melody. It is as much their successful compromise as it is Mitchell's wonderful sense of the Mingus melodies that make this album such a great achievement.

With the exception of "Drycleaner from Des Moines", the tracks are all melancholy, wispy ballads. Aided by two percussionists, the bulk of the work is in the hands of Herbie Hancock

(piano), Wayne Shorter (soprano sax), Jaco Pastorius (bass) and Peter Erskine (drums). Their restraint places the onus on Mitchell who has rarely been in finer voice. With Mingus unable to appear (anyotrophic lateral sclerosis, the terminal disease from which he suffered, had taken away his ability to play) special attention is placed on Pastorius who has proved on past Mitchell albums that he is her finest bass accompanist; here he proves that his style is adaptable to the Mingus intricacies. While Erskine provides the perfect backdrop to Pastorius' bass, Hancock weaves in and out of the melodies leaving Shorter to fill the gaps.

The most outstanding part of the album though is the successful manner in which Mit-



Charles Mingus

chell has faithfully captured the appropriate imagery and moods of the themes. On "Chair in the Sky" the theme is of the inevitable regrets of the dying man. Sound morbid? It isn't. On the whole, Mingus' compositions are celebrations of life. And death is just another experience. Mitchell understands this. And then "Sweet Sucker Dance":

We are survivors
Some get broken
Some get mended
Some can't surrender
They're too well defended
Some get lucky
Some are blessed
And some pretend
This is only a dance!

The album closes with the only previously recorded number, "Goodbye Pork Pie Hat", Mingus' Lester Young tribute. Mingus wrote the tune shortly after Young's death; Mitchell wrote the lyrics while Mingus was down in Cuernavaca, Mexico visiting faith healers in a last ditch attempt to find a cure for his illness. Mingus died there on January 4th.

Mitchell's love and respect for Charles Mingus and the distress she felt at his death so close to the album's completion is painfully sincere. With *Mingus*, Joni Mitchell has paid the man a fitting and often moving tribute. He could not have asked for a finer obituary.

John Dix

Like Beethoven in his way, Reed is striving beyond the limitations of music. This may be seen in the 17 minute "Walk on the Wild Side" where long spoken interludes 'open out' the characters of the original song — oh for a similar job on "Wild Child" or Nico's "Chelsea Girls"! It's really like an underground Rona Barrett transformed into high art. The same spirit can also be seen in the bleak "Street Hassle" with all of its studio arrangements and trimmings castrated, leaving the barest of musical skeletons. Then there is a quite heart-rending "Coney Island Baby", a song of obvious personal relevance to Reed.

Reed's band is tight, although the backing singers are amazingly casual in their work for those accustomed to the immaculately tailored choruses of the studio "Walk on the Wild Side". Stylistically the album ranges from some fairly funky jamming on "I Wanna Be Black" through the quite Baroque keyboard stylings of "Satellite of Love" to a version of "I'm Waiting For the Man" that defines 'laid-back' for all time.

Take No Prisoners makes it as a documentary as much as a 'work of art' — an important record of a great rock'n'roll animal caged for a few hours, sometimes snarling, occasionally purring but never letting his audience slip away for a minute. And who knows the shrieked accusation of "Rock'n'Roll Whore" from the audience may become as celebrated as the "Judas" hurled at Dylan during his 1966 Albert Hall Concert.

William Dart

Get Knacked!

The Knack
Get The Knack
Capitol

Get The Knack is a very likeable record, I like it. Formed in May '78 The Knack established a reputation around their native Los Angeles and further afield in southern California that led eventually to a contract and the recording of this first album.

It was produced under the experienced direction of pop maestro Mike Chapman whose recent work with Blondie, Nick Gilder and Exile can hardly have gone unnoticed by anyone who's passed within a finger-pop of a tranny lately. The album was recorded in 11 days flat during last March, an almost indecently fast piece of work in this age of "come and throw together your next masterpiece at our studio/Shangri-La Delux" and stay forever if you want — Zeppelin racing and undersea picnics at no extra charge.

Most of it was recorded in one take and the freshness shows through. The songs are good and the band plays with controlled attack, letting the songs' inherent dynamics work at their most direct and effective level. The Knack's hooks are better than Cheap Trick's (who are an obvious comparison stylistically) and they don't resort to slick heavy metal ploys to beef them out. Like I said, they let the songs work on their own strengths by doing what's needed and no more.

"My Sharona" is a bit of crunch-pop that's already getting a thrashing on the world's radios and we'll all hate it soon (like "Roxanne") but it still sounds great at the time of writing. "Siamese Twins (The Money And Me)" is a neat song about something nasty and recalls Stories slightly. However the major influence on the album is possibly *Rubber Soul* Beatles or thereabouts. "Your Number Or Your Name" is a delight with moments of humour and an overall feel that shows these guys are enjoying their work, and "Maybe Tonight" is delicately assured arrangement even features a touch of good old-fashioned backwards instrumentation. The vocals on "Good Girls Don't" are suitably leering considering the unspeakable practices detailed in the lyrics, and they also do a Buddy Holly song! You're right... *Get The Knack* is about sex, drugs and rock & roll and you oughta try it out.

Terence Hogan

Dire Straits
Communique
Vertigo

The success of a 'sleeper' like Dire Straits' fresh first album can make expectations for the follow-up unreasonably high. Reasonable or not, the expectations are high — and *Communique* doesn't meet them.

Certainly that sound is there — the J.J. Cale-ish pulse, punctuated by Mark Knopfler's popping guitar. The ensemble playing is spot on, although it's intriguing to note that the production by the revered Jerry Wexler and Barry Beckett (of Muscle Shoals fame) is not a noticeable improvement over the job done on the first album by the much-maligned Muff Winwood.

Musically, the album is fine and Knopfler's guitar lines are fluid and refreshing. The problem is that the songs don't measure up.

On the first album the songs were low-keyed but they stood as songs in their own right. Knopfler seems to have exhausted his melodic gifts; the tunes are virtually interchangeable and too often the lyrics seem strained — rhyme for rhyme's sake, as in:

Sitting on the fence, that's a dangerous course
Might catch a bullet from the peacekeeping force
Even the hero gets a bullet in the chest
Once upon a time in the west.

The central theme of Mark Knopfler's music is the loner, a modern Shane against the odds. But in the context of Dire Straits' breezy rocking this myth-making seems top-heavy, weighed down with significance.

If the clarity and economy of Knopfler's crisp guitar playing had been extended to his lyric writing *Communique* might have rivalled the enviable standard of the first album. Instead, it is a mere echo.

Ken Williams