

DUAL - REVIEW ACTION!

JANE SIBERRY
The Walking
 (Duke Street Records)

Round about springtime you could always spot them out in the clearing of the forest. There! See them? A little clutch of Siberries quickly scurrying about gathering up marshmallows, pillows, and bits of fluff and little shiny things to pad out their cozy little nests. They've got these big sad watery eyes as big as soup dishes see, and they're tiny little vulnerable creatures that get trod on all the time by the big bad nasty animals that live off in the trees.

Here it is then, the third album to be put together by Jane and once again it's a collection of songs that makes the listener want to pick up each one and run for safety into a warm corner where it won't be abused anymore.

Shut up! She is nothing like our Kate at all. She has her own sad childish style; a tapestry of swirling ethereal images - look out somebody is going to tread on her again! Wham! Gotcha! Jane, Lena may be a white table but what does it all mean? Are they finally getting to you?

Certainly we like *The Lobby* as we liked *Taxi Ride* that is, of course, part one. But they're still shouting at you. Don't listen to them. Keep the hat on damn it!

Don't grow up Jane.

Stefan Greer

TOM WAITS
Frank's Wild Years
 (Elektra)

An odd bird at the best of times, old gravel glottis gets really strange on this piece of low life brilliance. Like some terminal progression away from conventional melody, Tom continues to employ the rather halfhazard and yet slum-style evocation mixture of clapped-out keyboards accordions and legally impaired percussionists that also characterised the last release, the excellent *Sword Fish Trombones*. On this latest album this peculiar trademark is pushed to the max on a number of tracks often reminiscent of the bastard offspring of a number of musical ethnic images, peasant life in lower Eastern Europe transported to Brooklyn, etc..

Afficionados will recall that *Frank's Wild Years* actually started life as a monologue piece on the aforementioned previous release, which spins the yarn of a work-a-day

It has been two years since Jane Siberry put out her last album, the "Speckless Sky". "The Walking" is Siberry's latest creation but it is not as good as the Speckless Sky. It is vocalists and band. The two background vocalists still play an important role on the album with their vocal talents writhing in sublime ecstasy with Siberry's formidable lead.

There are eight songs on the album which average out to be six and a half minutes each, too long. This I find to be the main problem with the album. On the "Speckless sky" people said that the harmonizing was the best thing on the album, and I certainly agree. This current album is again full of their incredible harmonizing, perhaps to guarantee the loyalty of established listeners. After listening to the album, I couldn't figure out what Siberry was trying to convey in the lyrics because of the length and the amount of harmonizing in each song.

Don't get me wrong, I like the album but it does have its drawbacks. I'm not sure if most people would run out right away and buy the album, but if you really liked her last album it is definitely worth looking into.

STEPHEN SEABROOK

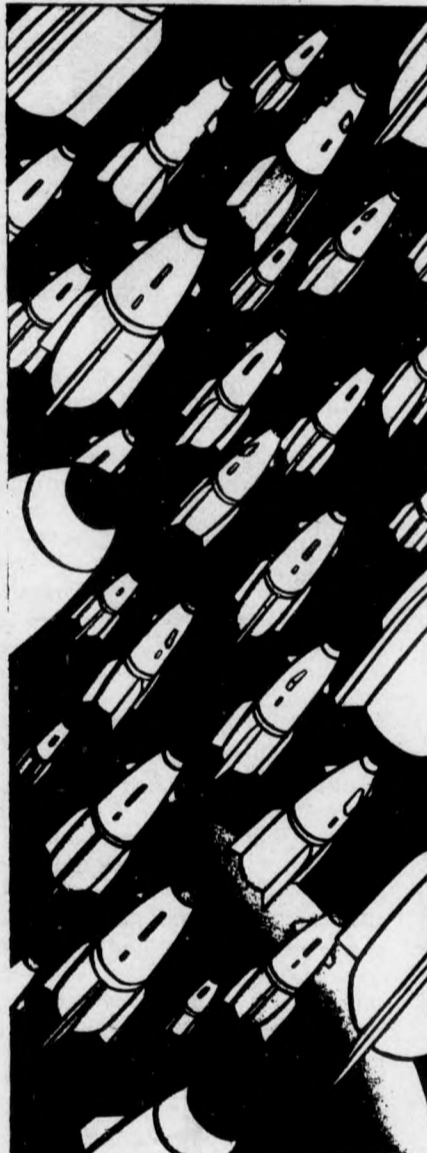
California suburbanite suddenly flipping out over the mediocrity of his life and ends up torching his house, wife and Chihuahua while he sits on the opposite side of the street drunkenly laughing before heading North.

Here on this subsequent release, I presume the idea is that we follow Frank's adventures across a wasteland whose veins carry mouldering boxcars and whose heart beats in sleazy smokefilled nite-clubs and diners.

A *Modern Day Opera* screams the blurb but as yet I haven't been able to pick up the full story but that only suggests that it is a piece of work that demands greater attention. There's 'belly laughs a-plenty though in *Straight to the Top*, a glorious piss-take of Sinatra style bap - bap - bap -kick! Cabaret delivery and the ambience in general is one of dark humour.

Spend time with this album and I am sure it will become a good friend for quite a while.

NANCY MAXIME


JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN

(3 song demo tape)

Don't ask me where this band is from, somebody just dropped it on my desk one day as many oten do. *Johnny Got His Gun* is good rock 'n' roll with nothing really fantastic about it, but nothing really awful either. The vocals are the most striking part of the music, with a Paul Hyde (of Payolas fame, now Rock and Hyde) sound that carries a good melody. Backing vocals are a bit lacking in spots and quite annoying in others. Generally the music is energetic and well written. Probably would be quite good live.

STEVE STAPLES

KING MISSILE (DOG FLY RELIGION)
"Fluting on the Hump"

on *Shimmy-Disc Records*
 John F. Hall - lead vocals,
 Dogbowl - ?, Alex Delaszlo - ?
 and Rebecca Korbet - ?

1st impressions: - these people do not know how to play their instruments (horns, guitar, xylophone, harmonica, and various metallic items) - none of them can sing. - they realize they can't sing or play but aren't very concerned.

This last point is what makes the album so enjoyable. They may not be able to play their instruments, but they know how the melody should sound. Then they attack. Nonsensical lyrics are usually not sung. They are spoken, chanted, etc. like wild poetry on top of wild music. No deep messages found here. It's all just for fun. "Take stuff from work" (it's the best way to feel better about your job), "I was a teenage wuss", and "I am a sensitive artist" (Nobody understands me because I am so deep. In my work, I make allusions to books that nobody else has read ...) are perfect examples. Fun to listen to but its more of a novelty album. Something you could get tired of easily. I wouldn't want to invest money in buying it.

I give it a 3/5 because the novelty hasn't worn off ... yet.

Michele

STING
Nothing Like The Sun
 (A & M Records)

Mr. Sumner has returned. This is his second solo project since leaving (unofficially) the Police. The first, of course, was his popular, but critically disliked, "Dream of the Blue Turtles".

A double album, "Nothing Like The Sun" is lighter and tighter than the previous recording. Its music is as jazz-oriented as "Dream" but more natural and flowing.

"Lazarus Heart" is an excellent example of a workable rock/jazz blend, incidentally with guest appearance by Sting's old mate Andy Summers on guitar.

As always there are political influences present, such as on "They Dance Alone" (featuring Mark Knopfler and Eric Clapton on guitar), "History Will Teach Us Nothing" and "Fragile". For those who only crave lighter stuff there is the single "We'll Be Together" and a comic interpretation of the story of Noah on "Rock Steady". Finally, as a bonus, there is a cover of Jimi Hendrix's "Little Wing".

Sting somehow manages to blend intelligent lyrics with upbeat even (perish forbid) danceable music. This album features something for everyone: lovers of rock, jazz, classical or just of Sting will want this album.

ERIC HILL



ART: THE SHAKIN' MAN



POLICE PATROL! THE EVER VIGILANT COPS OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPT. ARE GIVEN CUSTODY OF AN ANT FARM COMPLETE WITH LIVE ANT COLONY ON COMPLETION OF THEIR TRAINING! IF THE ANTS ESCAPE THE COPS ARE DISMISSED FROM THE FORCE!!