

(continued from overleaf)

the songstress finds herself waltzing with Hitler on "Heads We've Dancing". There's nothing in the lyrics to suggest any real shock or guilt by association, but the real trick here is the giddy tension and uncertainty inherent in the music which is almost reminiscent of something Peter Gabriel might do. Very effective.

Initially I was willing to write off "Deeper Understanding" as yet another piece of cute gothic silliness. But even for the most hardened cynic, the image of the lonely young woman turning to her computer for the only companionship available is remarkably touching if not a little depressing (very zeitgeist!) Eventually the girl's family intervenes and confiscates the device, but of course she can still speak to it over the phone. This completely floored me for some reason. Sob.

"Never Be Mine" is also a real little belter. The stark realization that we will never be able to get everything we want out of life is obviously a little passe'. But in this song, we dwell on the strength required to overcome such truths and even the strange thrill experienced during the walking away. "Never Be Mine" doesn't really give away many clues but this makes the composition even more effective by

allowing the listener to insert their own emotions and feelings, into a rather spartan story-line. The burning corn-fields are a really nice touch too. Even those over-worked Uilleann Pipes (that you hear elsewhere whenever anything is vaguely suggestive of ancient space civilizations or anything remotely mysterious) doesn't prevent this from being a firm favourite.

Suddenly up pops a right old turkey. Rocket's Tail is a ripe miscegenation of poorly realized ideas that no amount of listening can convince me otherwise. It is clumsy, irritating and appears to be completely bereft of any redeeming features. There is even a real dopey finale that suggests Kate has spent a lunch-time listening to early Tom-Tom Club records.

Thank goodness the curtains close on "The Sensual World" with a bit of class in the shape of "This Woman's Work". It builds to quite the sobby little opus about losing the pizzazz in a relationship after Mum and Dan drop some sprogs. Hey! Here's a hot tip for one of those songs that they put in at the end of the night at the club so that newly introduced couples can storm into the dance-floor for a bit of reciprocal tongue wrestling. Yes its very nice and soppy but not nice enough to

prevent me from using the previous sentence.

At the end of the day reviewers have to ask themselves "Well here is an artist that I have the deepest respect for and, in truth, has given me songs that have played an important part in my growing years, but being (virtually) forced to listen to an album in analytical mode, how many of these songs are likely to go onto my next "FAVES" tape?" Unfortunately, there really isn't anything that stands up to past glories such as "Under Thin Ice", "Running Up That Hill", "Sat in Your Lap", "Wow" or "Man With the Child in His Eyes" (Meat Faves Vol.2 and 6). "Sensual World", "Deeper Understanding" and "Never Be Mine" are however the first choices. I guess the real issue here is that nothing on this album, already being worshipped by college radio nebbishes everywhere doesn't get up and shout "Blimey! - I'm a bit of a corker!" In all the experience is a gentle one and, if only Rocket's Tail had been omitted, we would probably have one of the most subliminally charming records made this decade (but let's just wait for the new Blue Nile release shall we?) Again the problem with reviewing potentially important records such as this is that

one is not able to appreciate memories of Fall 1989 will probably come slamming through my pulpy cranium like a padded freight car.

Steve Griffiths



EXCENE CERVENKA Old Wives Tales

(Rhino Records)

My first experience with this album was a revelation. I wanted to hear more. I listened. I'm a believer.

One thing puzzled me, though. I had heard this voice before, then it finally struck me. It sounded a lot like Linda Ronstadt, or rather like Linda Ronstadt with a brain. So now you have some indication of the tonal quality of Exene Cervenka's voice though the comparison to Ronstadt really doesn't do Cervenka justice. Her voice covers a range of emotions and attitudes outside of those covered by Ronstadt. Take Good Luck, for instance. Listening to it reminded me of birdsong in the spring. Birds are singing sweetly and our hearts are gladdened as the cloak of another long winter is lifted. If you were a bird, though these songs would have a meaning quite different from the joy we humanfolk associate with them: "Come into my territory, bird, and I'll pop your head like a walnut!"

Cervenka's lyrics (she wrote all the words and music on the album) belie a mixture of amusement and disgust with human activities. Love may indeed be the Biggest Memory. Sure beats trying to figure out now why you're in love with someone when you can analyze it after the relationship is over. Cocktail Trees explores the bizarre mating rituals that men and women engage in. Rather than attempt to explain the inexplicable, she prefers to accentuate the bizarre. Hence the line "he carved his initials in her uterus." Enough said.

The smoky, sultry, sexy ambience of Famous Barmaid

will be relished by devotees of barlounge music. Close your eyes, relax, and you'll find yourself in a seductive lounge in Manhattan.

The relaxed atmosphere is a rarity on the album, however. No matter how deceptively disguised the songs are, strip off the pretty veneer of most and you'll find a razor. Infringements on personal liberty, abuses of power, and particularly the greedy speed with which the Earth's resources are plundered, claw at a nerve in this woman.

Obviously, someone has to take responsibility for the ills of society. For Cervenka, the President of the United States is as good a target as any. The President is variously described as "Lord of the weapons, served by taxation angels" in Here Come the Crucifiers, and "among the responsible ones" for the hardships of Amerindians as a plot to blow up Mount Rushmore is recounted in the poem Gravel.

In She Wanted, "she wants to see the White House as black as a scab/lits occupants as dead as the Unknown Soldier/But the First Family has a bed and a bath/in a bombproof bunker."

the best song in a uniformly strong album is the hauntingly beautiful Leave Heaven Alone. The soaring vocals are held back only by the underlying melancholy - the militarization of space will prove to be as efficient and misguided as man's rapacious and destructive attitude in the "development" of our own planet.

A talented and tough lady with a conscience.

PETER FERGUSON

chsr fm

STEREO
97.9

PLAYLIST For Week Ending October 27, 1989

TW	LW	WD	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
1	4	4	Ziggy Marley	One Bright Day	Virgin
2	1	6	Chris and Cosey	Trust	Nettwerk
* 3	8	4	Jane Siberry	Bound By the Beauty	Duke Street
* 4	11	3	Front Line Assembly	No Limit 12"	Wax Trax
* 5	3	5	Bel Canto	Dreaming Girl E.P.	Nettwerk
* 6	9	6	Doughboys	Home Again...	Restless
* 7	2	8	Various Artists	It Came From Canada #5	Og
8	13	4	Red Flag	Naive Art	Enigma
9	5	7	Martin L. Gore	Counterfeit E.P.	Mute
10	12	5	Ciccone Youth	The Whitey Album	Blast First
11	15	4	Various Artists	Electronic Body Music	Antler
* 12	14	5	Stompin' Tom Connors	Fiddle & Song	Capitol
13	17	4	In Sotto Voce	Tracks	Antler
* 14	24	3	Various Artists	En Garde	En Guard
* 15	21	2	Cowboy Junkies	Blue Moon Revisted	Cooking Vinyl
16	23	2	Red Hot Chili Peppers	Mothers' Milk	Capitol/EMI
* 17	6	8	54-40	Fight for Love	Reprise
18	26	2	Bob Dylan	Oh Mercy	Columbia
19	25	3	Shelleyan Orphan	Century Flower	Rough Trade
20	--	1	Bauhaus	Swing the Heartache	Beggars'
* 21	--	1	Jellyfishbabies	Here She Comes (single)	Supersnazz/DTK
22	7	8	The The	Mind Bomb	Epic
23	--	1	Pixies	Here Comes Your Man (EP)	4AD
24	--	1	Poopshovel	Opus Lengthemus	Community 3
* 25	10	8	The Tragically Hip	Up to Here	MCA
* 26	20	11	Asexuals	dish	Cargo
* 27	RE	1	Random Killing	This Whole World	Aardvark
28	19	6	Fugazi	Margin Walker	Dischord/Cargo
29	16	6	Phranc	I Enjoy Being A Girl	Island
* 30	18	10	Carissa and Sickmob	R U Experienced?	Temple

* Canadian Content

Compiled based on frequency of airplay, announcer preference and listener requests. Music Director: Marc MacKenzie