

# Martell battles "Orgasmatron" and "Graceland"

Motorhead; "Orgasmatron"  
- 1986 GWR Records

By TIM MARTELL

I know what you're saying. I said the same thing to myself when I received this album to listen to, I said, "Motorhead? Are you serious?" They were. So I decided to remain impartial until I played the album, despite the fact that I was damn near scared to death by the cover "design" (this, my friends, is evil. There's no other word to describe it.) My impartiality lasted all of maybe five minutes. I can't help it folks, the album is HORRIBLE.

In the immortal words of Willie Nelson, "Mamas, don't let your babies grow up listenin' to Motorhead" (he did say that, didn't he?) I mean hey! Do people enjoy this stuff? Are they due for parole soon? These musicians (and I use the term incorrectly) are not nice people. Do they get their wardrobe from criminals 'R' Us or what? Mary Gross

fans will understand what I mean when I say Oooooohh! I'm gettin' steamed.

Friends, my deepest apologies for my aimless babbling, but this is NOT music. It's noise! Do you like noise? When you try to sleep in on Sunday morning, but can't because of those seemingly endless Big Wheel races that children from all over town pick your street to fill with the decibels upon decibels of sheer torture, are you happy? Get the picture?

"Orgasmatron" (I don't even know if we can print that word) is definitely a collection of favorites for those of you who dress in the latest from K-Mart leather jackets and use 60-cal. bullet strings for belts, with such hits as the title track, plus "Deaf Forever", "Ain't My Crime" and "Doctor Rock". Saying that this group has a hard rocking sound just doesn't do them justice. Unique could be a better choice of words. And for my money, I'd just as soon see them remain Unique.

Paul Simon; "Graceland"  
- 1986 Warner Bros. Records

Ladies and Gentlemen, Rhymin' Paul Simon once again combines an original sound with his unbelievable talents and comes up with a master-piece ... with a little help from his friends. Bzzzz. What friends you may ask? (Go ahead, ask.) Well, I'm glad you brought that question to my attention. The Boyoyo Boys, The Everly Brothers, Ladysmith Black Mambos, Los Lobos, Youssou N'dour, Linda Ronstadt - with names like this, its gotta be good.

Who is the one man who can make an accordeon hit into a

contemporary selection, and make it sound excellent? Paul Simon, that's who. Not only that, but once again Mr. Simon tells us stories that make us laugh and cry, in ways that only he can. A collection of typical Simonese, "Graceland" geographically covers an area ranging from Georgia to Johannesburg.

The first release of the album, "You Can Call Me Al", which has rapidly climbed the charts across North America, is soon to be followed by a powerful duet with Linda Ronstadt entitled "Under African Skies." And speaking of African, does anyone out there know what "Webaba

Silale Maweni" means? I'm sorry, but I've let my swahili training slip lately and I just can't figure out the chorus to "Homeless", in which Paul joins Ladysmith Black Mambos to unleash pure entertainment at its best.

In short, "Graceland" is a must for any fans of music the way it used to be (don't be ashamed folks, I sing along to Electric Lunch too!) Mere words cannot describe the quality of this album. But don't take my word for it .. listen to "Graceland" for yourself (especially if you understand phrases like "Nhliziyo yumi amakhaza usenge bulele"). I guarantee you won't be disappointed.

## JOY DIVISION AT THE WOODSHED, DIRE STRAITS AT THE CHESTNUT

By LACHLAN  
O'LOUGHLAINN

The evening began simply enough, a little reading, a little tea in the Woodshed, a moment's contemplation on the absurdity of existence and the fruitlessness of (oh, come on. Is this entirely necessary - Ed.) in a world ultimately inscrutable, then off to the Chestnut to get utterly smashed.

That was the plan.

Perhaps it was the ambient gentility of my surroundings, perhaps it was something in my tea, but something made me put aside *The Experience of Nothingness*, to listen to *Anarchy Cafe* travelling in suspect terrain with *Joy Division's* "Love Will Tear Us Apart." Unsuccessful renditions have provoked looting, murder and catatosis; yet here, *Anarchy Cafe's* originality of approach and sensitivity of execution have provoked little more than a stir - the chink of teacup on saucer - during, and rather more than polite applause at the culmination.

I was moved.

"Statue of Liberty", ex-X T C was less successful, but there again it never was more so. Especially interesting were the duo's - or trio's if the drum machine be counted - original songs. "Crossroads" - the subject South Africa - would be worth a second hearing, and I sincerely hope I get the chance.

I would like to hear *Anarchy Cafe* at the Woodshed again.

Later:

*Drama*, winners of a "Battle of The Bands" contest in Saint

John - judged by dentists, no doubt - took to the stage of The Chestnut in a haze of talc, and remained there for far too long.

An undiscovered Osmond brother astray sang lead, pouted, pointed, and pined his chubby-cheeked way through hatchet-job after hatchet-job of what up until then had been pretty harmless, unassuming Top-Forty Hits.

It was dire, and the straights loved it, especially a certain Mike, whose birthday it was - the singing of "Happy Birthday" was the high point of the gig.

Bumfluff Rock.

It was safe, secure, as challenging as an afternoon tea

with aunty, yet everybody "got their hands together" on cue and waddled around the dancefloor like middle-aged people dancing, making the best of a bad show. The horrendous thing about it was that as musicians *Drama* were competent - sadly, it's always the case, we all gotta make a living - but there was no imagination, and no originality, nor it seems was any required - other than by the English bum, writing a review on the back of his hand at the bar, getting drunker and drunker until he reached that familiar level of despair where he began reminiscing about warm beer with dark things floating about in it (that's enough - Ed.)...

## Art Talk: Retrospective

By DIANE GILLIES  
Brunswickan Staff

A large collection of Aileen Meagher's paintings, drawings and watercolours will be on display in Memorial Hall, UNB campus until Nov. 25th.

Meagher, now in her 70's, started her art career at a later age (40). Previously she settled a career as a teacher and a world class runner, winning gold medals and an Olympic medal.

This energetic lady has travelled extensively throughout the world to Spain, Portugal, Paris, Italy and Africa to only name a portion of her trips abroad.

Residing in Halifax, she's very active in her work.

Throughout her trips she constantly sketches ideas and takes notes and later recreates on canvas.

The majority of her work concentrates on the external world of colour, form and movement and incorporates these elements in a loose confident style of colour and gesture. Many of her works create the many places she has travelled too.

One of her pieces, "One Night in Madrid", a larger piece, displays her strength in color by using bright, bold strokes of oranges and yellows, to create an illusion of celebration - the theme of the painting, (oil on masonite).

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## Your Corner

OLD MISTER SPRING

Garth L. Waite

Spring is an anarchist running about in fields, releasing time held hostage in frozen ponds.

He is the panic of youth awakened at dusk.

Winter's voice of rigid authority disintegrates. Spring runs down city streets like a madman laughing while snowbanks piss their shoes full and their feet dissolve, collapsing shoulders heavy with brown corruption into broken heaps.

Spring is a dirty old man who says "a quarter please" on liquor store steps, then tries to tell a story with bad breath and grimy, stinky, unwashed hands with dirt beneath the nails and nothing beneath an overcoat he flashes joyfully. Then he says, "Give me all you own and come dance in puddles that we should be".

But someone yells "Police! Police!", and Mister Spring lands in the cooler where he pisses in his shoes hoping to dissolve his feet.