

Emotional rescue—survival after the shipwreck

by Rob Cohn

There were a large number of lp's released this past summer, and face it, the summer has passed. By far the most important release was the Rolling Stones' new piece of vinyl, **Emotional Rescue**.

Considered by many to be the foremost rock and roll band left in the world, the Stones have enjoyed seeing people eagerly await their new releases since **Between The Buttons**, their third record in 1964.

The main problem that the band encountered was that every record was labelled a disappointment by the critics. Nonetheless, every Lp that they have put out is considered to be a classic, with the exception of *Metamorphosis* (after all, a bad record is a bad record no matter who does it).

Now, two years after *Some Girls* ("a disappointment") they have released **Emotional Rescue**. It is the same lp as *Some Girls* with different titles in front of the songs. This time the record ignored the media critics and shot to the top of the charts. It did not matter what was on the record, people were desperate for something from someone that they had heard of before. When people played the

record their first reaction was that someone had maliciously slipped a Bee Gee's record inside their new Stones cover. Then, as with all other Stones records, they began to notice that it was Mick Jagger and not Barry, Morris or Robert.

Once you're past that point everything begins to fall into place.

Dance is not disco! Don't even suggest it. It is a blend of reggae and funk, (a disease that Mick picked up running around the islands with Peter Tosh). It's something that I hope they never lose.

Summer Romance is like a thousand other Jagger/Richards tunes. Nothing great, nothing bad, catchy lyrics... It's just there when you need it.

Back down to the islands for *Send it to me*—pure reggae. Ladies and Gentlemen, the Rolling Stones are starting to play in tune, not sing mind you, just play.

Let me go—see *Some girls*, side 2, track 5.

Indian Girl—see any classic slow stones cut, any lp except *Metamorphosis*.

The stones live up to their billing as the greatest rock and roll band in the world just by including **Where the Boys Go** on this lp. Almost new wave (bite your tongue!) it is

out of tune, upbeat and catchy. One of the best cut since It's only rock and roll.

Down in the Hole is a slow blues type thingy that defies description. It is reminiscent of late sixties acid rock with the spacey guitar, yet it remains down to earth blues with harp riffs from Sugar Blues.

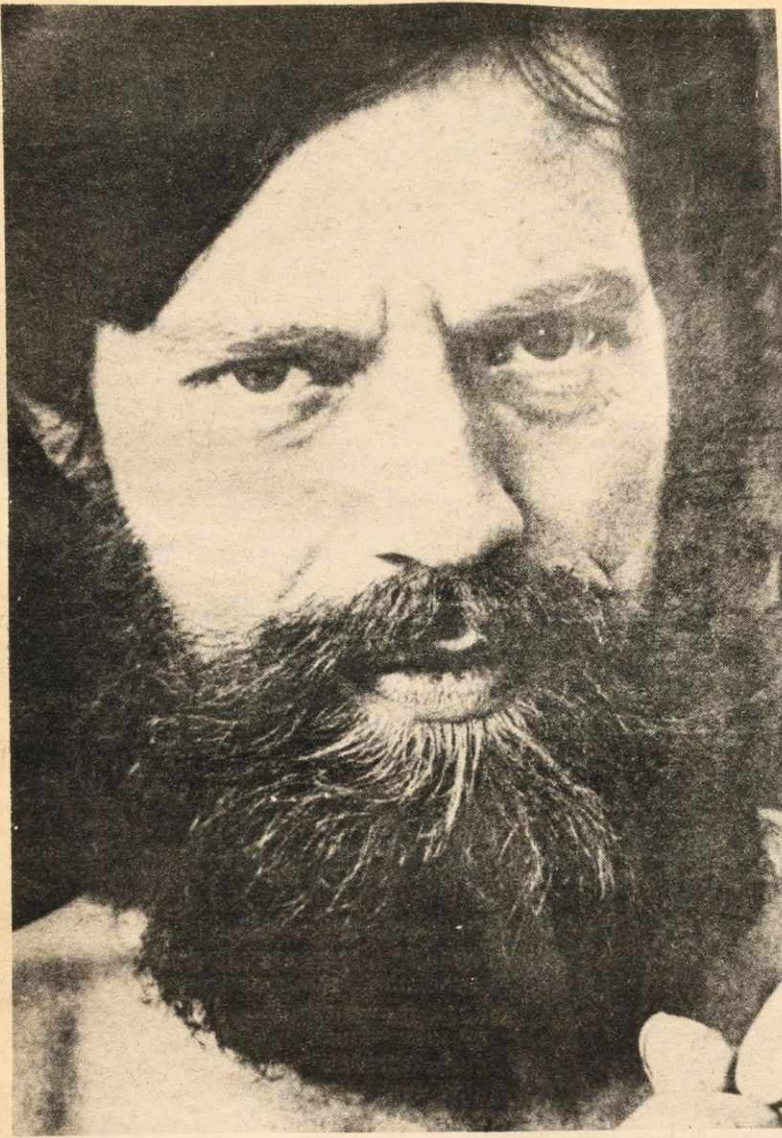
The title cut will just confuse you so ignore it until you have the rest of the lp under control.

She's so cold is the tune that you have been wanting to sing to most of the girls you ever lusted after. It ranks with **Where the Boys go** as the two best cuts on the record.

All about you could be the best song Jagger/Richards have turned out in this decade. The song brings back memories of **Fool To Cry** with its haunting qualities.

As you can see, everything is relative to previous Rolling Stones records but unlike other bands who just copy their success, **Emotional Rescue** is fresh though familiar. Charlie Watts' drumming is decidedly improving with age and Mick has added monologues to his repertoire, all to the betterment of the band.

And isn't it nice to hear something from someone that you've heard of?



odds and sods

by John Dobbs [alias Lucian 2]

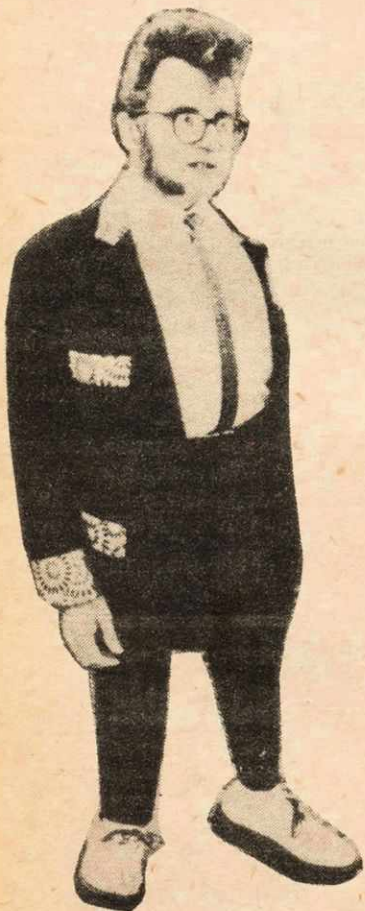
Where has music gone to and where has it come from? Many people don't know and would like to know her [the muse of music] more better. So would I. But I don't know her [the muse of music] as much as I'd like too. Sometimes I think she doesn't want to know me, and I become engaged in deep retrospective recidivism. But we are fed a lot of music through the popular media which doesn't really tell us what we want to hear. Things like "weathers here, wish you were beautiful" are becoming all too commonplace as statements from our best, most together [and untogether] musicians. Music, as everyone knows, originated in Ontario and has come a long way since then. But music unlike angels, as in Thomas Aquinas' famous epitaph plain, cannot transverse from one space to another without passing through an intermediate plane... and we need a music that will... transcend to a higher plane mentally and emotionally as well as the all too obvious plane of the body... what this provides us with as an alternative vis-a-vis, somewhere to go, I don't know. Nor would I like to venture a guess... [the ventures were a famous pre-punk band... what punk is, I wouldn't like to venture.]

Where are we? I don't know. But I would like to know... but please don't become paranoid about this article as you most probably would be listening to most modern music... honestly... I am in love... as you can tell... with

the muse of music... and she is in love with me... But where the two worlds collide, I don't know. Logically speaking I've been told... no two worlds should collide, they should merge and blend into a harmonious whole [or hole, depending on whether you are a sci-fi freak or not...]. But the muse is more evasive than this and you can see with certain artists how difficult a problem this can become. What music has done to me is obscure to say the least... or to borrow a phrase "Clement Atlee was a turn on at the best of times..." forgive my profundity... but the same could be said of modern music, or any music or literature which as far as a journalist friend and I are concerned, is at least as enigmatic [as Clement Atlee].

Where is music going? Who knows! It is best, as a famous dietician once suggested, "to let bygones be bygones and absorb into our digestive systems, that which creates the least wind..." I suggest that once the wind has blown, it has blown and we cannot blow it again. Try curling up by the fireside and listen to a good Joan Armatrading cassette instead. Her rendition of Bogie is significantly raunchy.

Postscript: If any kind of consciousness is to develop regarding the media as truth and sensibility and you've admired Clement Atlee till you are sick, I don't know what to suggest except that we ought, as a public, to demand MORE from our musicians. Especially the muse.



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