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collection. Not only is it and exciting and dangerous sounding little monster, it also captures the rot and squalour or the dope-wastelands that pepper our continent like so many malignant polyps. Recently while in England I saw "Cat" lately of Prince's live entourage, say on television that she didn't hold rap in particularly high esteem simply because it presented black people in such a negative image.

This is entirely true. Even with the rather wonderful Public Enemy making at least a stab at raising the genre out of the cess-pool of powerless violence and generally sociopathic behaviour, I can't think of any examples to counterpoint this argument. Straight Outtta

Compton then is the latest stage in the retrograde phylogeny of rap. They kill at the slightest provocation while regarding women as gold digging leeches and receptacles for copulation. This is all delivered in a rhetoric so rich in "f*cks", "muthaf*ckers" and "shits" that it seems quite unlikely that one will ever, ever see or hear anything by this gaggle of phallogentric morons on any form of public information service. But I can't help it, this album is one of the years five best, go and order it now. Ladies and gentlemen I give you Niggers With Attitude.

Steve Griffiths

RICKIE LEE JONES

Flying Cowboys

(Geffen)

It only takes a matter of seconds after you catch a hint of that lilting tramping wail sliding around the corridor like a spooky big dipper before you realize that someone along the way is playing something by Rickie Lee. She's kind of like the perfect trip (hey I'm peaking!). She has the lovely slurring unpredictable rise and fall delivery of the terminally stoned party animal and yet the things she says REALLY ARE quite profound. Meanwhile the musical arrangements are naughty, mischievous. Whether it's the beginning of "Just My Baby" that plods in like a big old Alligator looking for senior citizens in a small town just outside of Miami or "Rodeo Girl" where Rickie Lee slides up to your stool in a dusty bar and puts her head on your shoulder, they stick. Hard.

Playing any number of songs from "Flying Cowboys" can actually be a hazard to concentration. You think you've got away scot-free but no. About thirty minutes later ghostly phrases or arrangements blossom in the sub-consciousness like tiny fireflies and no amount of cerebral shoeing will get them out. This isn't the nagging of two-chord polystyrene that spews out of the AM stations (126 sig hell) though, rather it brings a slight pressure to the chest; a

slight dreaminess to the room. Suddenly its too late. "Flying Cowboys" has you by the short-and-curly and one might as well give in.

If there is one disappointment for me on miz Jones's long-long-awaited effort it is the lack of other songs like "Away From the Sky". These songs really are the stuff that dreams are made of. The air sparkles with tinsel and the listener yearns to be standing on a deserted beach gazing out a shimmering sea of robin-egg blue. No there's no "Weird Beast" or "Unsigned Paring", but the trend is here to put little splashes of these feelings through a number of other songs that suddenly creep up on you when you least expect it.

With remarkable sensitivity in production shown by Walter Becker, Rickie Lee floats through this album so smoothly and effortlessly that one is hard-pressed to guess why it has taken five years to release this single album. Were I from the Langmead School of Critical Journalism, I would say something like "Golly! it was worth the wait!" but no. Eleven songs written over a period of three consecutive years... there must be others! I want more damnit!

Steve Griffiths



"Did anybody else try that fibre deal?"

- Kim swaps diet tips with the fans.

ROCK N' ROLL DUTY



OUR BOY BILL MCKIBBON SLIPS ON A LEI OF PATIO LANTERNS AND HEADS OUT TO THE AUC TO SHAMELESSLY LAUD KIM MITCHELL.

Photos by Chris Vastour



Kim Mitchell doing his world-famous "Iamb-chob goes nekid" impreslon



Good Lord! So that's where Belushi's been all these years! (It's the bassist actually - Ed.)

I know Barry Canning is a good entertainer and probably a good musician but his eight song warm up to Kim Mitchell never went beyond being a pre-show set. His line up was good and familiar: America, Simon and Garfunkle, Three Dog Night, Eagles, but is was very staple and Canning fell into the trap of Playing with the crowd instead of playing serious music. Everybody was having fun and bopping in the isles but it would have been good to hear what was on the 45's the Newfoundland guitarist/singer threw out into the crowd. I'll go look him up in the record STONE BECAUSE THE FEEL and swing he put into "Cotton Fields" and "Blowing in the Wind" was grabbing and merits a second look. It was just too bad that he took to screaming "Kim Mitchell" like it was Pee Wee Herman's word of the day instead of delivering the real article on stage last Friday night.

It opened with a three drum army and never looked back. I

From the wailing kick off of "That's The Hold" to the faster, urgent encore of "Easy to Tame" Mitchell pumped his repertoire with tight energies and an open snarl. The Mitchell following is not huge and fairly spread out on th map but constant touring keeps the balls out rocker in touch with

his fans who keep going for the show.

Maybe my bias to Mitchell is showing but I can only hold by Bic lighter above my head and smile when asked about the show. He opened hard, played like a demon for an hour and forty minutes and only had one encore which ensured the crowd went home wanting more, or some, or what have you. No problem.

Of the sixteen songs he played, six came from Rockland, four each from Akimbo and Shaking, one Max Webster and an early piano, voice arrangement of a new song. As was said, Rockland material came to life with an intense energy, the old stuff, especially "Lager and Ale" and "Get Lucky" pushed so far that one had the fine feeling that the whole situation was on the verge of seriously losing it. There's a comic element about Mitchell (like Ernie's Buddy Bert twisting on some fine substance) but there is also a basic understanding of his role which you can't turn down.

There was a feel to the show that got around, expensive lighting, big costumes and funny looking instruments with a great sonic sucker punch. The band was first rate with Peter Fredette on bass and vocals, Greg Pricay on drums and Greg Wells on keyboard and guitar. Wells is a lucky stiff - at nineteen he is a very good keyboard player, apparently a sharp guitarist and showed strong stickwork in the two drum breaks in the show.

Off the top and during an amazing delivery of Max Webster's "Battle Scar" Wells and Fredette put down the intended instruments and joined Pricay on drum kits, three of which were strong across the stage. The overkill pounding belong into Mitchell's Liero guitar work was the among the best parts of the show as "Battlestar" happened.

Although the odd ball cap has been replaced with a hot pink 1 Mitchell is looking well. The leg muscles sticking out where the bicycle pants gave up even suggested that the Old Rebel maybe working out. (Oh no, boys and girls- they even have the "W" word in Rockland!)

Every time somebody turns on a radio it seems to be getting worse so it's a good thing when somebody can make you scream for two hours because you feel alright. "Rock and Roll Duty" doesn't say much but the sea of pumping arms didn't care- it was Rock and Roll and it felt fine. I think anybody would be hard-pressed to say they didn't have fun at the concert. That is good, and as it should be; it just isn't Rock and Roll if it doesn't leave you grinning.



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