



THE STRANGLERS ALL LIVE AND ALL OF THE NIGHT

All Live is the first live album the Stranglers have released since their 1979 X-Certs album. In the interim, the band had progressed through a variety of musical styles and had assembled a large repertoire...
"No more heroes" presents as

strong an opening statement as you are likely to hear on an album. You know why? Because most of you people reading this review have probably never heard of the Stranglers let alone being familiar with their music. A band that has been together for as long as the Stranglers, that has made as much music as it has, that has amazed critics for so long, has never suffered from "the rot" - that affliction that so many bands suffer once they've made it in North America. So while the song shouts out the bitterness and disillusionment that follows when our heroes fail us, it recognizes our need for heroes. On another level, the song could very well be aimed at those lesser bands who have gotten much more recognition than the Stranglers. (The liner notes to the album "Aural Sculpture", and the ironic "Big in America" from "Dreamtime" both bear this out). "No More Heroes" is a rockin' tune that fuses a pounding beat with soaring keyboards and a guitar sound is sometimes brash, sometimes eloquent. What else do you expect from a band that's not ready to curl up and die?

"Was It You?" continues the frenetic pace and, with delicious cruelty, segues into "Down in the Sewer" where the small horn section included in the tour has its finest

moments. Not content to flesh out the music, the horns assume the dominant role and thrust the music to new heights. It takes a band with self-confidence and a lot of guts to give guest musicians so much responsibility. By the time the horns have finished their Jericho assault. I'm ready to hit the pause button (aren't CD's great?) and take a

"Always the Sun" is a sly tune that will reel you in with its seductive vocals and sparkling guitar licks. The following two songs, "Golden Brown" and "North Winds Blowing", continue the emphasis on strong lyrics and carefully woven melodies

that mark the middle section of the album. Finesse and artistry are as much a trait of the Strangler's music as the raw power that opened the album. The final five live cuts range from the alternately coy and aggressive "Strange Little Girl" and the nasty sting of "Nice 'n' Sleasy" to the pulsing "Toiler on the Sea". The bouncy "Under the Name of Spain" is a great contrast to the sinewy punk sound of "London Lady", a smartly played fix of adrenaline.

My only complaint about the album is that the studio version of the Kinks' classic "All Live and ALL of the Night" could have been left off the album. They do a great job on it but I feel it affects the integrity of a live album. Then they might have had room to include a few more of their own classic songs such as "Icequeen" and "Skin Deep". Of course they would have had to change the name of the album. How about "All Live and ALL of it Right"?

JEFF HEALEY See the Light (Capitol)

Now that Jeff Healey's record has been out for quite some time, See the Light is slowly climbing up the Billboard charts. The U.S. of A. is getting a taste of the hottest 'new' Canadian artist! Yeah; so? For the average student here at UNB, Jeff Healey has been a highlight in the small string of bands that drive through Fredericton. If poor attendance has plagued other artists, Healey is the exception. is the exception.

As I settle back and listen to the album, it strikes me that every poor soul in this isolated town must have a copy of the record. I mean, how could it be otherwise? Even though studio efforts tend to be quite far below the excitement of live performances (such as **Healey's** first single - See the Light - was) we all know that **Jeff** must be a glaring contradiction to the usual idiot that is allowed to waste

good petroleum products (see Kylie Minogue).

So what's the reality behind the Jeff Healey album? Just like I said in the preamble - EXCITEMENT. In order to be GOOD you have to have SOUL. Soul is not found in hair or certain types of guitar strings, but in the artist's ability to get a real feeling for life and transfer it into music, the language of the gods (God).

Side one opens with Confidence Man. Rock n' Roll is too cheap a word to use (they call Bobby Vinton rock n' roll in Las Vegas). A better word is gutwrenching-don't-stop-for-the-red-light-power. The rest of the songs on this side follow suit. Angel Eyes is the only slow tune, and it gives the listener

slow tune, and it gives the listener a chance to hear Healey's voice. You know something, it ain't too bad. My favorite on side one is Nice Problem to Have, which has a great blues riff.

As I reflect on the music a bit more, another aspect becomes apparent which is likely to go unnoticed at live shows. The songs which **Healey** has included are not bad for a newcomer. He has both aggressiveness and control of thought which allows him to inject the needed counterpoint to his guitar's voice.

Side two gives us a more moderate speed, and a view of Healey giving the facts of life for the average guy. The new recording of See the Light is much better than the initial 45. That's

what they say also is worth singling out as quite enjoyable. He really does have a good voice.

I surely would be travelling familiar ground if I went into a page-long description of **Healey's** guitar solos. Let's just be frank and

and say that what B.B. King says in the liner notes is true: "Stick with it and you'll be bigger than Stevie Ray Vaughn, Stanley Jordan, and B.B. King!" If more proof is needed, then buy the album and go directly to the **Freddie King** classic **Hideaway. Freddie** would be proud of how this new and updated

O.K. Uncle Stevie is happy that he doesn't have to write one more review, and I'm happy that I had the chance to tell you about what type of soul is lurking in the underbrush of Canada and popular music. Write your M.P., call your Ma, and buy this album. The world will be a better place for it. Trust me.

SCOTT DUNHAM

Land of Rape and Honey MINISTRY

(Sire)

defiant to the frozen and legion of wounds that have cursed earth, its gnarled and twisted limbs scratched at the heavens.

susceptible the barren soil as shafts of an unearthly brilliant white light stabs into the blackness. Finally, succumbing to the the ancient tree screams as of sense shattering thunder the wood explodes through that seems strong enough to the trunk, the empty shell crush any god-fearing soul. toppling over backwards with a resounding thud. Silence is beckoned to contribution. reigns again, but even now an Howls of anguish suddenly incessant pounding registers cover the barren landscape as subconsciousness closed free from the cold hell that

against the insanity that now begins to pulse and ooze, smothering any vestiges of rational thought.

Now began the ascension. opened during its vile parturition. Cloaked in a ragged afterbirth, the grisly maw Gradually a barely opens. With a terrific bellow, groaning the earth spawn begins to becomes an ear splitting howl. claw at the loose flesh that Splintering roots burst from hangs about the torso, each extraction appearing to subect the creature to a horrible agony. Almost in direct accompaniment, the sky now relentless force from beneath, resounds to wave after wave

Soon another orchestration on the observer who by now is the victims of persecution find scrambling desperately to a new vitality and, following by keep the doors of his example, wrench themselves

until now has kept them confined to bitter sleep.

The Ministry has assembled. Bathed in the pureness of the birth-light and the sporadic Slowly the form rises into the forks of lightening that now on the hillside a lone oak dusk, foul secretions slither- strafes the unbelievable tree stood. Quiet now and ing and dripping from the gathering, the behemoths leads the throng forward. On the horizon a constellation of tiny lights flickers unknowingly in the face of unseen judgement. In procession now, the entities give forth to guttural cries and scream in a sequence that approaches the status of a surreal military tattoo, the raging energy throbbing and pounding overhead providing willing percussion.

In the city, a society grown fat on the spilt lives of others, prepares for bed. One by one they hurry to windows and bolt the shutters. taking only a moment to remark to one another about the curiously violent storms that are raging in the hills circling their cancerous urban sprawl.

SHAND CHENDONNE

PETER FERGUSON