

# Records

## Eurythmics Sweet Dreams (Are Made Of This) RCA

Oh lor', not another English synth-pop duo. No, hang on a minute, this one's definitely got a few redeeming features. Like for a start there's the voice of Annie Lennox which has strengths well beyond the watery pretties who frequently front such outfits. Sure, sometimes her vocals may wail a little too 'studiously' for some tastes but they also contain real character — even passion at times — sufficient to offset the blandest electronic backdrop.

Not that partner Dave Stewart is often so guilty. Occasionally, as on 'Jennifer', he makes do with mere moody washes of sound, the sort of pleasant noodling that groups like OMD have been peddling for years. Usually though, Stewart's repetitive phrasing is enhanced by various devices. Sometimes it simply involves the judicious introduction of such traditional instruments as trumpet, woodwind, chimes or guitar. At other times the effects range from the distant rumbling of a tube train — not as trite as it may seem on paper — to the treated vocal grunts and gasps on 'Wrap It Up' (old Sam and Dave stomper and the only non-original).

Dave Stewart and Annie Lennox used to be members of the Tourists, a band that had the good taste and bad sense to remake

Dusty Springfield's 'I Only Wanna Be With You' during the full bloom of British new wave. They scored a hit but lost credibility. Eurythmics are nothing like the Tourists ever were but in an ironic way there is a danger of them meeting a similar fate. Just as it seems the synth-pop backlash is building — in many cases, Phil Oakey, quite deservedly — Eurythmics seem poised for a hit with the title track of this, their second album. And while the whole album is by no means an unqualified success, 'Love Is A Stranger' (the previous single) and one or two other tracks indicate that this is one synth and vocal duo that could deserve continued attention.

Peter Thomson

## Rough Trade Shaking The Foundations EMI

Rough Trade's last album (*For Those Who Think Young*) and single ('All Touch') sank without a trace here, heaven only knows why. Just another blow for lack of taste, I guess. Mind you, it was not an easy product to sell. Sex never is. Booze, luxury, sloth, no problem. But sex... well, you know... um...

Rough Trade, for the uninitiated, hail from Canada, where they are very big. The creative nucleus is Carol Pope and confidante/partner/good friend Kevin Staples. Their songs are raw slices of human weakness, the passion of surrender, the need to dominate and be dominated, the fine line between fear and fulfillment. This music shows that we're all animals beneath the thin veneer of civilisation.

Pornography set to music? Maybe. The single, 'Crimes of



Annie Lennox, Eurythmics

Passion', certainly won't be played on any radio station outside the campus.

When she was here last year on a promotional visit, Pope said this album was funkier, more subtle, than the group's earlier works. That's certainly true. The Grace Jones influence is very strong. Pope's voice is unmatched, best described as a cross between Jones and Genya Raven, with a vibrato beyond comparison. The musical stress is more on percussive elements, but the punch is still there.

If sex still belongs to Mills and Boon in your world, you won't like this. Too bad. Everyone needs shaking up now and then. If people can go apeshit over the faked orgasms of Pat Benatar, they can spare a moment for the sexual battleground of Rough Trade.

Duncan Campbell

## Coati Mundi The Former 12-Year-Old Genius Virgin

In which sugar-coated Andy Hernandez proclaims himself the all-time rap champion. We've all got an ego and most of us would love to be able to stand up and say "I'm great!" but with social inhibitions, etc, we don't. Andy does.

'Everybody's on an Ego Trip' says it all. With the humour that holds this album together Andy tears into the Grandmaster, Kurtis Blow, Teena Marie, Chic and the "Sugar-over-the-hill Gang."

Anybody who bought the Coati Mundi 'Me No Pop I' single a year or so ago will know what to expect. This is much better than the last Kid Creole album and in fact features the full version of Coati's 'I'm Corrupt', which, although we didn't know it at the time, appears in dub form on *Tropical Gangsters*.

The only real surprise here is a cover of Captain Beefheart's 'Tropical Hot Dog Night'. Elsewhere the lyrical witticisms abound and the tunes are suitably memorable and danceable.

Nobody takes Coati Mundi too seriously, especially Andy Hernandez, but if you are ever sitting around with a bruised or deflated ego and need some lifting, forty minutes of Coati Mundi could be just what you need.  
Simon Grigg

## Weather Report Procession CBS

The indications were, given their last two albums, that Weather Report had given up the restless forward drive. Whereas once, each successive album found them pushing, almost impatiently, to expand their horizons, of late the distinct impression has been that they were settling down to being merely the most proficient jazz-rock outfit on the planet. I, for one, was perfectly willing to accept such an adjustment in their approach — they did, after all, remain staggeringly good musicians and an always exciting ensemble — yet many an aficionado claimed that the band had grown stale.

*Procession* will satisfy and delight us all, no matter what reservations some may have been harbouring. Once again we have a band that is forging ahead, but without the slightest sacrifice of their wit, exuberance or plain musical accessibility. (Manhattan Transfer even get asked along for a vocal outing.)

Perhaps some of the revitalization can be accounted for by the new lineup. Extraordinary a bassist as Pastorius is, his frequently domineering approach could turn the music into a tussle between his and Zawinul's egos. It was a tussle in which the beautiful musicianship of Wayne Shorter was often simply swamped. Victor Bailey, Pastorius' replacement, lacks none of his predecessor's skill or intelligence yet is far more willing to accommodate his contributions to the overall good. The powerful polyrhythms of Peter Erskine have also been replaced, this time by a combination (Omar Hakim on drums, Jose Rossy on percussion) that is equally supple but which doesn't need to always punch quite so hard.

In short then, this edition of Weather Report sounds more like a band of unified musicians than a potentially explosive mix of separate talents. Not that such a

comment should be taken to imply any loss of excitement, however. So much excitement, so much sheer pleasure, comes from once again hearing Shorter and Zawinul playing off and for each other, partners as we'd almost forgotten they could be.

Musically, *Procession*, in some ways harkens back to the mid-seventies period of *Tale Spinnin'*. It's almost as if Zawinul in particular — four of the six credits are his — has been reassessing earlier virtues in order to reach out once again. Because without doubt, this joyous *Procession* is definitely moving forward.

Peter Thomson

## Thomas Dolby The Golden Age of Wireless EMI

The cover of this album says it all. A pastiche of the technical magazines beloved of beady-eyed teenage youths who won countless science prizes and carried circuit diagrams in their schoolbags. Thomas Dolby has not lost this youthful fascination with the mysteries of science. What he has yet to learn is that the rest of the populace is well inured to technology and actually finds it a bit of a bore.

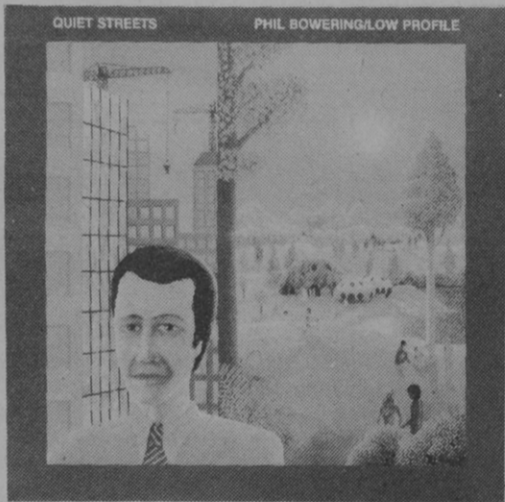
Not that Dolby cares. He is lost in his microchip world, cut off from ugly reality, erecting electric fences around himself, content to dooble away on his various machines, blissfully unaware of how tedious he is.

Witness the man's music. The tunes, such as they are, sound as though every commercial hook-line written was recycled through a computer. There is a certain terrible, mechanical symmetry to the choruses and middle eights. Dolby's best shot, 'Blinded Me With Science', borrows wholesale from Talking Heads and the presentation outshines the material. Nice video, shame about the song. Even there, Dolby looked awkward, and was utterly outshone by that master showman, Magnus Pyke, who has never been overawed by his subject and at least knows how to make it entertaining.

The rest is *Popular Mechanics* music, exercises in production, sterile and uninviting. Thomas Dolby is a backroom boy who should have stayed there.

Duncan Campbell

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annabel lamb once bitten

"Annabel Lamb and her debut album are a major find."

"It opens its Heart from the first bend of the electric bass string on the opening title track, it dims the lights on the second, *Take me in Your Arms*, and it holds you to the last haunting whisper of the closing, *No Cure*."

"the quality of her song-writing is wonderfully strong, Annabel retains an unbowed spirit that boasts both the rough edges that make Grace Jones such an exciting interpreter of emotions and the smooth sensuality that Annie Lennox brings to the Eurythmics' glowing music."

"Annabel Lamb is a talent to be cherished. And loved."



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