

**POP**

**Lone Rhino  
 Adrian Belew**

Island XILP 9751

This is not a guitar album, which is a modest surprise coming from Belew, who has been hailed as the most versatile guitarist of his generation for his work with Frank Zappa, Talking Heads and, most recently, King Crimson. The delights, though definitely present, are modest. Belew has taken over many of the songwriting chores with King Crimson, but the over-all tone here is closer to the drollness of Zappa, especially lyrically. Take this couplet from the title song, for example: "I'm a lone rhinoceros; there ain't one hell of a lot of us." Or the male chorus of the rollicking Swingline, or the Zappa-style female-phobia of The Momur. Or the satire of sports fans in Adidas in Heat.

Unlike Zappa, Belew doesn't avoid the more delicate side of the musical palette (emotion, introspection, beauty) and there is a range of intriguing moments here. Naive Guitar (presumably a stage beyond Phil Manzanera's Primitive Guitars) is a liquid little instrumental miniature, and Big Electric Cat, which draws from a kind of Cajun voodoo rhythm, is genuinely scary.

Liam Lacey

**Friend Or Foe  
 Adam Ant**

Epic FE 3370

It's a safe bet by now that Ant Music is not going to overwhelm North America the way it did England: for one thing, the band is defunct. Still, there's no doubt that Adam, with his matinee idol good looks and immense sense of self worth, is not about to give up hope.

Friend or Foe is the most palatable pop that Mr. Ant and his guitarist crony Mark Pirroni have created so far. The same trumped-up enthusiasm has been muted slightly, but the noisy drumming, background trumpets and party noises are still there, keeping up a jagged din behind his repetitious little ditties of self-glory. The effect is ear-catching, but does not bear close scrutiny.

It works best from a distance, on radio or through very cheap speakers. In that context, Friend or Foe and Goody Two Shoes are exemplary rock radio singles — bouncy, silly and eccentric enough to stand out. Again scrutiny is not advised: Ant only writes about himself, and he has nothing to say except that it's not always easy being beautiful and famous.

L. L.

**Wild Things Run Fast  
 Joni Mitchell**

Geffen AGHS 2119

The logical comparison point for Mitchell's latest is Court and Spark, if only for the tightness of melodies and the move toward literal lyrics. Also like Court and Spark, it is not so much a step forward as a tying up of loose ends. If there is a progression, Joni has become recon-

ciled to ordinary happiness.

The long, spun-out prose song of Hejira and the jazz influence of her Mingus record have been reconciled admirably. Mitchell says what she has to very literally, and the musical phrases end when you'd expect them to. The jazz quintet backing her up (with Wayne Shorter on sax) is efficient, a good deal livelier than Tom Scott's group ever was, and it moves easily through the variety of styles.

Gone entirely is the sense of fragility and coyness. Mitchell's singing is immensely confident and versatile, moving easily from the Billy Holiday torch of Moon at the Window to the beatnik pop of Leiber and Stoller's You're So Square, the soulful You Dream Flat Tires (with Lionel Richie) and the girlish exuberance of Solid Love.

The over-all tone is captured in Chinese Cafe/Unchained Melody, a middle aged look back at Mitchell's Saskatchewan girlhood that leads into a beautiful rendition of Hy Zaret and Alex North's standard, Unchained Melody. It could have easily have been Paul Anka's My Way.

L. L.

**Born To Bop  
 Johnny Dee Fury**

RCA OLP 005

Johnny Dee Fury, who arrived in Toronto early this year from Los Angeles, definitely has something new to say about rockabilly. The dozen squeaky clean, bouncy and infectious songs on his debut album could easily make him a major contender.

Without being trapped in the sub-Presley hiccup of The Stray Cats, he does have a lot of teen idol appeal, both with his flashy live shows and his emphasis on naive fun, more in the spirit of Buddy Holly than Elvis.

At least five songs (Can't Stop The Bop, Rockabilly Rooster, Knock, Knock, This Heart's on Fire and Born to Bop) sound so familiar that it's hard to believe they weren't lifted from the 1959 charts. And that, for better or worse, is as high a mark as any rockabilly artist can aspire to reach.

L. L.

**Last Date  
 Emmylou Harris**

Warner Bros. 9237401

This live concert recording of Emmylou Harris was an inspired idea, and not just because the material is so strong. Harris's pristine and waifish approach to country music often smacks of folkie piety, but here she sings out, and the back-up band is first-class.

There are standards, such as Hank Snow's I'm Moving On, Gram Parsons' delicately mournful Grievous Angel and Bruce Springsteen's Racing in the Streets, which are all handled well. And then there are more obscure gems — which Harris is a specialist at digging up — such as the maudlin riches of We'll Sweep Out the Ashes (in the Morning), a duet with guitarist Barry Tashian.

L. L.

**Headlines  
 Flash and the Pan**

Epic FE 37725

Former Easybeats Harry Vanda and George Young have a knack for wry lyrics, catchy choruses, insistent percussion and the most deadpan vocals since Lou Reed. They also know how to use a studio.

The problem is, they've written one great song and repeated it so many times with such little variation that it has grown tedious. Having a style is one thing, but relying on a formula is something else again.

L. L.



Is Joni Mitchell reconciled to happiness at last?

**One From The Heart  
 Tom Waits  
 and Crystal Gayle**

Columbia FC 37703

Gayle's wounded-angel sob sometimes has a hard time competing with Waits' retches and growls, but this is still a surprisingly charming collection of 10 numbers about l'amour on the seamy side.

After a while, the consistency of tone — Waits' rolling piano chords and his piling on of tortured metaphors — gives the impression of a long, woozy Sunday hangover. The highlight is the duet on bilateral domestic bitching, Picking Up After You.

L. L.

**Get Nervous  
 Pat Benatar**

CHR 1398

It looks as though Benatar stole Debbie Harry's album illustrator for Kookoo, but any other similarities between the two have disappeared. At one point, Benatar suffered from her eclecticism — cabaret rock, ersatz punk, Eurodisco and heavy metal competed. Now, however, her scope has narrowed to formula heavy rock, with crashing, descending keyboard lines, arching guitar solos, and drum rolls and vocal choruses that repeat at least every 20 seconds.

It's not much fun, but Benatar has had so many vocal imitators in the past few years that it probably sounds more stale than it really is. Good car radio, though, for someone trying to stay awake on a long, long trip.

L. L.



Cusson of Uzeb — not much to play.

**JAZZ**

**Fast Emotion  
 Uzeb**

Parole et Musique PEM-010

The marketing of Uzeb continues. This Montreal fusion quartet has it all — youth, virtuosity, energy — but misses a following commensurate with its commercial promise. It is being quite deliberate in its pursuit of that audience. There are the forays into English Canada, such as the one that brings the band back to the Rivoli in Toronto next week. And there is this album, which is as interesting an example

of tactics as it is of Uzeb's music.

For example, New York tenorman Mike Brecker has added overdubbed solos to two of the nine tunes. He's an ideal match for the band — a passionate, cutting-edge player — but his presence is hidden in the small print of the liner notes, and the obvious benefit is lost.

As well, all the tunes have English titles, while everything else is in French. The tracks themselves are short and tightly pieced together, with flourishes of this other band and that other band to anchor them solidly to the fusion tradition. Unlike Uzeb's first record, an in-concert performance at last year's Bracknell Jazz Festival, there's not too much soloing here — guitarist Michel Cusson's input at length is especially missed.

In that respect, Fast Emotion may also be intended, tactically, to establish the band's collective identity over that of its members. Cusson, bassist Alain Caron, keyboard player Michel Cyr and drummer Paul Brochu. It's the old sum-of-the-parts routine, but the band is as strong as its members. So, such emphasis is counterproductive, at least in the short term, making this a clean, speedy recording, but one that has little of the fire that distinguishes Uzeb from the myriad bands looking for the same audience.

Mark Miller

**I Didn't Know About You  
 Fraser MacPherson  
 and Oliver Gannon**

Sackville 4999

The belated international emergence of Vancouver tenorman Fraser MacPherson has been doubly welcome, coming as it has to the accompaniment of Vancouver guitarist Oliver Gannon. There's more to their individual artistry than this duo format reveals, but their sacrifices make the scenario workable. Such of the quarters costs MacPherson his full-bodied swing, and the multiple demands of supplying the music with its rhythm and bass takes away Gannon's linear tendencies.

The two play with a robustness that takes them sailing right by the pitfalls that open up before them. The subtleties are usually MacPherson's doing, he could have been any three of the Four Brothers beside Serge Chaloff — a unique and yet related player in the manner of Stan Getz, Al Cohen or Zoot Sims. Gannon gives impetus to the 11 standards in bold strokes, and contributes generally tidy solos to each. In this unassuming and conservative set, the musicians' successes far outstrip their ambitions.

M. M.

Benatar:  
 nice accompaniment  
 for long, late drives.



Waits and Gayle: a hangover duet.

