

The Moon is Blue

Rhythm Review

with Alan English

GOLDEN DISCS

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Send your Top Ten albums of all time to Rhythm Review, 54 O'Connell St., Limerick. Publicity shy readers need not enclose a photograph if they so desire.

RECORD RATINGS

***** Magnificent
**** Excellent *** Good
** Weak * Abysmal

MY TOP TEN

This week it's the turn of Brendan G. Slattery of Caherdavin Heights to give us his nicely eclectic Top Ten of all time.

- 1: ROXY MUSIC "For Your Pleasure" (1973)
- 2: BRIAN ENO "Another Green World" (1975)
- 3: KRAFTWERK "Trans-Europe Express" (1977)
- 4: ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN "Songs To Learn And Sing" (1985)
- 5: THE DOORS "LA Woman" (1977)
- 6: PRINCE "Sign O' The Times" (1987)
- 7: KRAFTWERK "The Man Machine" (1978)
- 8: TALKING HEADS "More Songs About Buildings And Food" (1978)
- 9: THE BEATLES "Abbey Road" (1968)
- 10: DAVID BOWIE "Scary Monsters" (1980)

ALBUM REVIEW



ROBERT PALMER HEAVY NOVA

Style and substance

STEVE WINWOOD "Roll With It" (Virgin). ROBERT PALMER "Heavy Nova" (EMI). Not the usual long and leisurely reviews this week readers, due to a combination of the length of the live review and the fast approaching deadline.

It should be fairly obvious why these two LPs are being reviewed together. Robert Palmer is quite clearly a poor man's Stevie Winwood. Both of them offer new products dripping with long and expensive productions (Winwood's at Windmill Lane). Neither of them hits the target but, true to form, old Steve comes nearer than Robert.

Winwood's is an exceptional talent, always has been and "Roll With It" features nothing to change this perception. Neither does it do very much to reinforce it. A good, enjoyable record, it fails to match the excellence of "Back In The High Life" but is indeed worthy of examination.

Mr Palmer's offering is fairly typical of the man — mutton dressed as lamb you might call it. There's nothing particularly objectionable here; there could even be a couple of hits. My chart nominee is "Disturbing Behaviour", but then you're reading the man who failed disastrously to identify a third possible hit on the Bros album. From a fan's point of view, "Heavy Nova" is a satisfactory contribution. For the non-believers, it's not one of the required purchases of '88.

Ratings: ☆☆☆ and ☆☆☆.

ELISA FIORILLO "Elisa Fiorillo" (Chrysalis). Those nice people at Chrysalis Records have come up with yet another pretty American teenager with an eye on global domination. You may not know it but the chances are you are already familiar with Ms. Fiorillo's dulcet tones, through her No. 10 hit with Jellybean, "Who Found Who".

I'm informed that Fiorillo has "savvy, sass and a truckload of talent". Having suffered through her disco based debut, a work of crushing boredom, I'm inclined to disagree. Any Fiorillo fans in these parts, and apparently there are some, can relieve me of this dreary collection at any time.

Rating: ☆.

THERE WERE several reasons behind last weekend's Full Moon Revue and most of them were good reasons. The assertion that it was a showcase gig of national importance proved emphatically correct, if we are to judge by the uncommon presence of the Dublin pop scribes. The contention that it would be an extended party of good time rock and roll wasn't wide of the mark, even if not many of the partygoers lasted the full distance. The expectation that it would establish The Cartwheel Bar as the undisputed residence of live Limerick rock was fulfilled once Tuesday Blue hit the stage on Thursday night. The hope that the name of the organising Blue Note Music Club would be indelibly stamped on the public psyche still needs a little PR.

Tuesday Blue wanted a big turnout and they got one. The fans came to hear the old songs and they heard them. "Love Me Simple", the future single, opened the set. "Tunnel Vision" and "Tell The Boys" came early on but it took a promising new song, "Questions", for the band to

dance floor, mike in hand, on several occasions. It looked like the action of a frustrated man. Songs with titles like "Honest Junction" and "Infancy" were certainly deep but I'll suspend judgement on the "meaningful" pending a more sympathetic setting. The band, prompted by James Hanley's keyboards, were solid enough.

Next up was "Do The Do", a bunch of amiable Kerrymen from Killarney, apparently with a small cult following in those parts. They did enough to entertain but not enough to impress.

I had previously only come across Limerick's THIS ONE'S FOR HER at a promotion night for this event during which your correspondent was roundly condemned by one of their party and (lawdy, lawdy), his professional integrity questioned. Perhaps I had been partaking too keenly of the golden throat charmer, but the way I recall it, my critic kept referring to the band as "they" rather than "we".

In any event, my laddo turned up on Friday night with a saxophone and he wasn't Clarence Clemons but he wasn't half bad. This One's For Her

awaited "The Perfect Moment". Hope to catch up with them in the near future.

CUT THE BAG opened the very well attended Saturday show. Good vocals, nice keyboards, a tight outfit. THE FIREFLYS, placed just fourth on the bill, then proceeded to blow away the competition with a brilliant performance of awesome power. The band have been playing for two years, mostly in Cavan, and have a truly original identity. A conventional four-piece band, THE FIREFLYS could go a long way.

Next up came THE GROOVE, who were the best Limerick band I saw over Friday and Saturday. They've been around a while now without a big record deal. In all that time they have continued to improve. Paul Healy is a decent guitarist and a charismatic vocalist and the Groove brass section is often stunningly effective.

They were followed by Cork's BELSONIC SOUND, a band with a big reputation and the one generally perceived as "most likely to succeed". Former exponents of an original brand of white reggae, the Belsonics are



THE FIREFLYS: Now That's What I Call Pretty Alright.

move on up to something approaching their top gear. Technically, the ten month lay-off didn't seem to affect them, certainly not Dave Keary, occasionally brilliant on guitar — if anyone dropped a bum note it wasn't going to be Keary and he knew it.

They finished with a bluesy jam with Keary indulging in some rock star antics with his Strat, throwing it to the floor but refraining from smashing it to pieces in true guitar hero fashion. I guess he can't afford such expensive behaviour, at least not yet.

PRIVATE WORLD were given the unenviable task of getting the opening showcase night under way. With a tight schedule to maintain, the band took the stage promptly at 11.15 pm. By this time not many punters were in evidence and the band suffered because of it. The remarkably intense lead singer Pearse Gilmore was moved enough to stride across the empty

have been together for little more than six months. Frankly, it showed. By the second song, "Taste of the Blues", it was clear to these ears that the band needs to seriously examine itself. It must become tighter, more of a unit. The pace was pedestrian, the vocals lost and the lead guitar criminally underused. Sax player Peter Fielding was taking virtually all of the instrumental solos. He took the microphone for "Lee Harvey" and it proved the highlight of their set.

Dublin's Rex and Dino arrived next; they were good but Burning Embers were better. A Cork band with a strong industry buzz about them, the evidence in their favour was on the well populated dancefloor.

Saturday night was to prove my third and final Revue gig, being unable to make Sunday's finale which featured two further Limerick bands, "Up The Down Stairs" and the keenly

changing direction more and more in favour of a rock oriented sound. The bass player posed remarkably like Derek Smalls of Spinal Tap when he wasn't busy flying back and forth across the stage. The crowd liked them, so did I.

Last on stage were TOUCANDANCE, the busy Limerick band who played the Lark next afternoon with Saturday night co-stars The Groove. Their performance was a little disappointing, sounding somewhat cluttered on a PA system that was generally fine throughout. A little more restraint was in order on the twin lead vocals but there were things to admire in this set too.

Perhaps a sign of the times from an enjoyable weekend of up and coming talent was the absolute absence of any U2 clones. Nicky Woulfe picked 'em, I'd say the boy done well.



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