Holiday for Rotting Vegetables

We got what we asked for: ninety minutes of Jello Biafra’s hissities, screaming guitar sound, and a chance to work out some stockpiled physical aggression. We, as a friend put it, “interrupted effec-
tively” with the 1,700 other people there, mostly by slamming our bodies into each other with no small force—there’s nothing like it. Jello took some of his celebrated racing dives into the audience, singing while being mauled, and everyone got either a minor concussion or broke two toes. There were the usual problems with bouncers and crowd control, but I hardly expected otherwise.

Journeys to Glory, Spandau Ballet

Chrysalis Records.

There’s a brand new dance

But I don’t know its name

They do it over there

But they don’t do it here...

David Bowie, “Fashion.”

The press release accompanying the

Spandau Ballet album describes the group as being “at the forefront of a re-definition

of musical fashion and entertainment by

the young.” Such an important statement

inspired serious evaluation; being young

myself, I decided to investigate what I had

been missing.

Nothing, nothing at all.

That’s what you’re missing due to your

ignorance of this “vital, innovative group.”

Sure, you’ve heard and probably liked the

single “To Cut A Long Story Short,” but its

success and originality must be regarded as

a fluke product of a fundamentally un-

inspired Genesis.

Journeys to Glory contains eight varia-
tions on a formula developed by guitar-
ists/bassist Gary Kemp. Take a 4/4 disco stomp beat, add a repetitive synthesizer
line or two, fill in the gaps with sparse guitar and percussion fills, layer

melodramatic but ultimately pretentious

vocals over everything—voila!—an album’s worth of banal music.

There are moments when the music threatens to break into something truly

original, as in “Mandolin” and “The Freeze,” tunes that rely less heavily on syn-

thesizers and instead feature hurdy guitar

work. But, alas, this disc just plods along

broadly—wasting your time and the

vocal talents of Tony Hadley (the most

ominous, melodramatic voice I’ve ever

heard) and Brian Ferry (your heart out).

Spandau Ballet attempt to hide their lack

of originality behind a smoke-screen of

fashion trendiness—the Adam and the

Ants syndrome. Again, the press release

claims you’re not cool enough to catch Spandau at St. Tropez at the

H.M.S. Belfast, thus Journeys to Glory is

the ultimate souvenir. But, since you didn’t
go to either of these venues, the album is

the ultimate birdcage liner.

David Shaw

Friday night Human Sexual Response, after a commendable opening performance by

opening act Physical Insurance (MIT’s own), crashed into “Guardian Angel” off their

new LP and didn’t let up for two full sets. The Sala was sold out, the beer was un-
thinkably foamy, and everybody just piled on the Five Tone Bragado. “Wanna Be

Your Cow?” album hits (“What Does Sex Mean To Me,” “Jackie O”) and groovy

covers (“Radistan,” “Hang On Sloopy”). All due credit to the Student Center Commu-

nications people — thanks much!

David Shaw

Dunbar's Channel, Thursday, April 6.

Once in a rare while, the furious sub-
culture of the West Coast erupts on Boston

soil to recharge the batteries of our own demimonde. So it was on Thursday

when the Dead Kennedys of San Francisco, as part of what lead singer Jello Biafra

called “our East Coast Monsters-

style tour,” hit Boston’s Channel

Club.

Between stringing versions of all the D.K.

hits to the noise funk of their new LP, Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables, but some earlier singles

and unreleased material, too, Jello

camped and pranced, imitated General

Hair, and tried on clothes thrown at him

by the audience, while the rest of his band

smirked.

Since you were probably beat up in a

labaratory or assassinated on Thursday

night, and therefore missed this excess of

passion, we pleased to let you know that you will have another chance to see the

Kennedys when they return in early May,

providing they find a suitable venue. You

get ideas, you get in touch. Love and kis-

ses.

Sheena

Collins Quality Continues

Face Value. Phil Collins on Atlantic

Records.

How does Phil Collins find the time

to do everything? He leads two major bands

(Genesis and Brand X), contributes his
drumming talents to efforts by the likes of

two and Phil Manzanera, and still finds
the time to release a solo album. (Does he

have some time left? Will he do my

problems sets? Please?)

When . . . back to the album, Face

Value. Of Phil really outsides himself by

writing, producing, and playing almost
everything himself. yea, unlike the solo ef-

forts by his other Genesis cohorts (Michael

Rutherford’s Small Faces, Rick, Tony

Banks’ A Curious Feeling). Collins

demonstrates that he has more than hobo-

astic at-school pretensions to contribute.

This disc’s tunes run the gamut from

crashy ballads to out-and-out hoppi-

tap-dance funk, with two covers thrown in

for good measure.

This is not the kind of album you would

expect a drummer to make. Collins proves

us the Inna-Gadda-Da-Vida style drum

solos and instead demonstrates his talents

as a singer and keyboard player. He is also

assisted by some of his Genesis and Brand

X. friends, but the surprise is the ap-

pearance of the Earth, Wind and Fire horns

section (the must be serious about this funk

stuff).

Collins’ songwriting tends to be dreamy

tunes, as in “In The Air Tonight” and

“Dressed,” but it is never boring—and in

the instance of his cover of the Beatles’

“Tomorrow Never Knows,” the drone

style proves to be an interesting interpreta-

tion. All of the tunes that really cook

feature that great horn section. “Behind

The Lines” is the first cut that leaps of the

gravel, with the bright, punchy brass that

J.W.T fans have learned to love. Not only is

it the best cut on the album, but it is also an

amazing cover of an uninspired Genesis

song. Collins is to be commended for his

ability to revitalize dull material.

Face Value suffers from the presence

of too many ballads. Some of them are pleas-

antly enough, but things get excessive when

the string section is brought in (conducted

by Arild Mardin, patron saint of the Bee

Gees—vuk). One song for the wife and kids

can be forgotton—four area hit much, es-

pecially since Collins is capable of writing

worse music.

This album should be regarded as an ef-

fort to present us with some ideas which we

are asked to accept at face value. As a

sincere effort, Phil Collins’ work succeeds

 admirably.

David Shaw