



The Music Beet



By Paul Bradley

For Those Who Think Young - Rough Trade

You may have seen Rough Trade performing on the 1980 Juno Awards where the band's head mistress, Carol Pope - with an anatomical gesture generally unbecoming a lady - managed to embarrass the CBC, the studio audience, and most of the good folks in T.V. land. That, coupled with the subject matter of Rough Trade's last album, Avoid Freud, has given Carol Pope the reputation of being a frustrated bimbo obsessed with the seedier side of the world's oldest pastime.

However, as Pope insists on For Those Who Think Young, she is

"nobodys bimbo". Though the atmosphere of sex, booze, and other goodies is still a visible element in Rough Trade's work, Pope seems to have backed off from the tough and aggressive posture that she went out of her way to establish on Avoid Freud. The change is definitely for the better.

As good as their last l.p. was, Rough Trade's latest offering is a more polished and cohesive effort. Most of the Carol Pope/Kevan Staples compositions are clean and danceable, especially: "All Touch", "Faking It", and "Blood Lust".

Bopcats - the Bopcats

Just what the world needs - another Elvis Presley soundalike. Given the fact that there is more Elvis memorabilia on the

market than the average person can stomach, I can't think of any reason why you would want to add this dud to your record collection.

There is one good song on the album - namely "Dial Red", a clever piece about a song on the Chinese Top 40. The rest of the l.p. finds the Bopcats mired in bad rockabilly, bad blues, and in pursuit of a fifties sound that they can't seem to nail down.

Maybe there is a time and place for this sort of thing but for me the Bopcats are a band I can do without. Love that name, though.



Rage in Eden - Ultravox
Rage In Eden starts off very strongly and

becomes progressively more mundane after the third track. "The Voice", "We Stand Alone", and the title cut are well written, fairly well arranged and come across quite well. It's when the guys start fooling around with the synthetics and the mega-sounds that I lose interest.

In fact, I question whether the band knows just what it is doing. At times they want to sound like Yes, though I can't imagine why. Other times they want to sound like Gary Newman. Again, I can't imagine why.

I suspect that Rage In Eden is supposed to have a concept; but just what it is gets lost in over-production. Some of it might sound o.k. on the soundtrack of Star Wars XXII.



ALBUMS COURTESY OF -

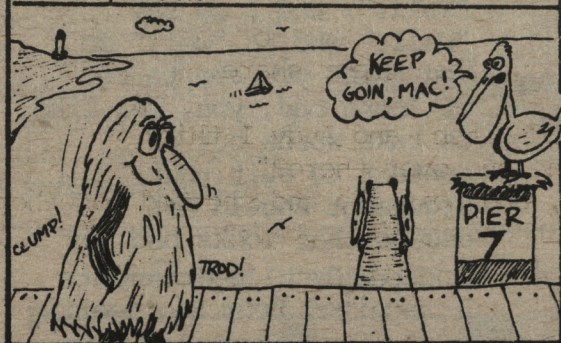
Sam The Record Man

61 UNIVERSITY AVENUE

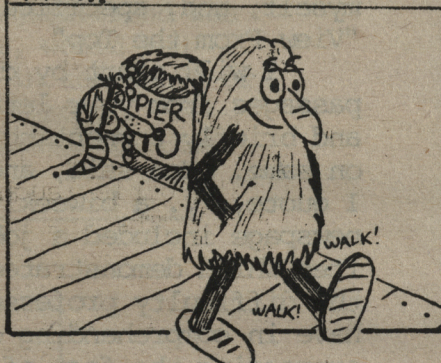
"Your complete music centre"

DEXTER T. GNOME

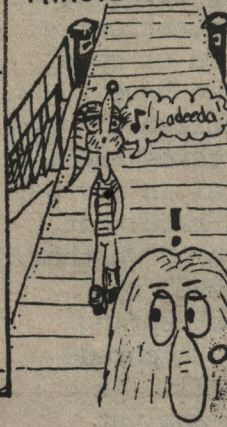
AS D.T. LEAVES THE LAB, HE CANNOT HELP BUT FEEL OPTIMISTIC ABOUT THE SITUATION...



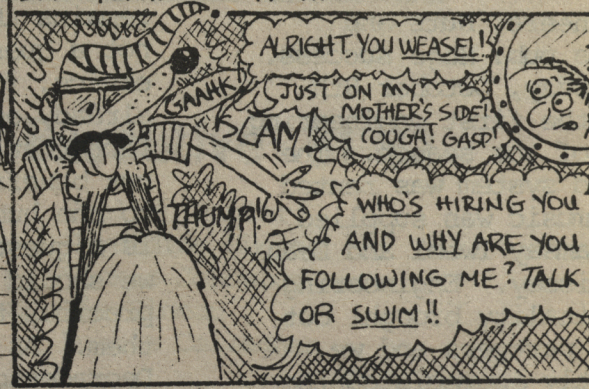
SO ENTHRALLED WITH THIS NATURAL HIGH, HE FAILS TO SPOT THE "TAIL" THAT IS FOLLOWING HIM...



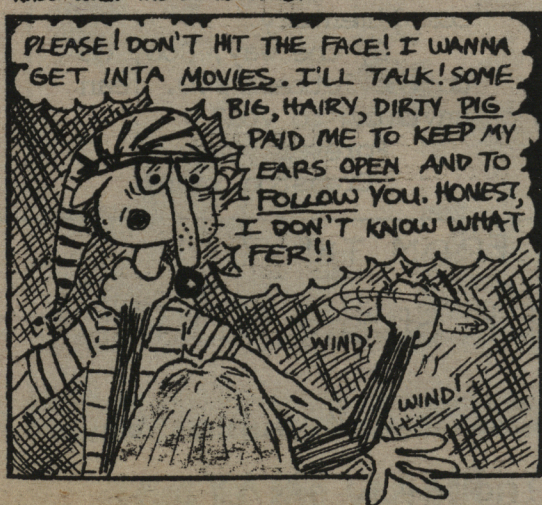
...TILL THE LAST MINUTE...



LURING HIS TAIL DOWN BESIDE A BOAT, D.T. TURNS ON HIM...



* Provided you've been following this strip, you'll know what the situation is!



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THIS MOMENTARY LAPSE OF ATTENTION, THE TREACHEROUS HALF-WEASEL KNEES D.T. RIGHT WHERE HE SHOULD NOT HAVE (OUCH!) INDEED A TRICK ONLY APPROPRIATE FOR THE LIKES OF A WEASEL! THE WEASEL MAKES GOOD HIS ESCAPE AND QUICKLY DISAPPEARS DOWN THE WATERFRONT...



STAY CURBED AND VIVACIOUS...