# record review ratings

EXCELLENT \* \* \* \* \* VERY GOOD \* \* \* \* GOOD \* \* \* FAIR \* \* POOR \*

## Deniece Williams

MY MELODY: My Melody, It's Your Conscience, Silly, Strangers, What Two Can Do, You're All That Matters, Suspicious, Sweet Surrender. CBS FC 37048, BL 37048

Rating- \* \* \* \* It is constantly amazing to rediscover with each album issued that this woman can really sing. The Dawn Magazine panel perked up immediately when this side was played.

Some of the material sounded familiar, for example "It's Your Conscience," has been heard many times, having received heavy air play. The major concentration here seems to be on the lyrics, which are conveniently written out in full on the liner jacket.

Recording is excellent, with the production work showing a good mix and balance. Definitely worth having.

# Peter Tosh

WANTED: Coming In Hot, Nothing But Love, Reggae-Mylitis, The Poor Man Feel It, Cold Blood, Wanted Fread & Alive, Rastafi Is, That's What They Will Do. Fools Die. EMI SO 17055

Rating- \* \* \* \* Since the death of Bob Marley, there have been many pretenders to the reggae throne, and Peter Tosh is one most prominently mentioned to succeed. This album gives credence to the claim.

All of the songs except one, "Nothing But Live," were written by Tosh, who also did

most of the arrangements. The recording was done at studios in Kingston, Jamaica, and the production is absolutely superb.

In the tune "Cold Blood," a vocal trio effect is achieved most effectively. On "Nothing But Love." Tosh teams with Gwen Guthrie to bring about an unusual male-female reggae

The lyrics are all important in reggae, and this album includes a rollicking satire on a court trial, beginning with the oath and a denial of the usual phrase "so help me God."

# Miles Davis

THE MAN WITH THE HORN: Fat Time, Back Seat Betty. Shout, Aid, The Man With the Horn, Ursula. Columbia: FC 36790

Rating- \* \* \* The long awaited album by Miles Davis, his first new of fering in over five years, is probably just a wee bit disappointing to the Davis fans who are legion.

The first four tunes on the 6tune pressing are in the familiar mold of fusion which Miles started, but has now become overly familiar with a degree of sameness that borders on indifference.

Although all but two of the tunes were written and arranged by Miles, the feeling persists that this is not really a Miles Davis

date—that he is just going along with the group.

The title tune of the piece features Randy Hall on vocals, in a little different-style outing. Remaining personnel on this cut include: Robert Irving, III, Yamaha CP30; Felton Crews, Fender Bass; Vincent Wilburn, drums; Sammy Figueroa, percussion and Barry Finnerty,

Most impressive tune on the album was "Ursula," in which Miles seems to have got into the mood and really stretches out and blows, overcoming the tendency of fusion music to stay in the repetitive vein.

For these two tunes alone, the album is worth acquiring. Of course, for the dyed-in-the wool Davis fan, it is an absolute must.

# Kurtis Blow

DEUCE: The Deuce, It's Gettin' Hot, Getaway, Starlife, Take It To The Bridge, Do The Do, Rockin'. Mercury: SRM 1-4020

Rating \* A former deejay, Blow continues in the same vein as his previous releases. The emphasis is on the rap, rather than the music, for there is very little evidence of a singing voice.

This is a pick and choose album, for one tune sounds very much like the previous one. The particularly stimulating, although it does hold ones interest for a very short

Must say this is not the best effort heard by Blow, but those into rap should take heed of the poetic lyrics, all of which are boldly emblazoned on the liner

# Gloria Gaynor

I KINDA LIKE ME: I Kind Like Me, Fingers in The Fire, Let's Mend What's Been Broken, Yesterday We Were Like Buddies, I cCan Stand the Pain, I Love You Cause, When You Get Around to It, Chasin' Me into Somebody Else's Arms, The Story of the Joneses. POLYDOR: PD 1-6324

Rating -This seems to be an attempt alas, to emulate the Grammy award Gaynor recording of " Will Survive," which shot Gloria to the top of the vocal heap. Gene McFadden and John

make the Gaynor sound just a trifle more modern, keeping in the soulful funk in the meantime. Unfortunately, it doesn't all

work, and the end result is an undistinguished effort by a truly great voice.

The lyrics are easily rememberable, which is a plus. The synthesized sound is omnipresent, which helps create a mood, the beat is totally danceable, so the mix should be tops.

But, instead it is all production and very little spark. It never quite takes off.

# Cheryl Lynn

IN THE NIGHT: Shake It Up Tonight, Show You How, In the Night, Hurry Home, I'm on Fire, With Love on our Side, If You'll Be True To Me, What's On Your Mind, Baby. **CBSFC 37034** 

Rating - \* \* Main reaction from the panel upon hearing this album was smiles of contentment when they "Hurry pronouncing it a mellow dance

tempo tune. This tune, and "Show You How," were singled out as the best of the sides, but a representative declaration was

This is the type of album that if I walked into a place with a box, and it was listed, would not hesitate to put money in the box

All of which says this is a commercially viable album, but not artistically outstanding.

# National Roundup

(Continued from Page 9)

Brown's Journal TV program and column as a forum for the Reagan administration.

Our former colleague Tony is too skilled as a communicator and too much of a professional journalist to ever use his talents as a "bulletin board" for any organization - including the Grand Old Party . . . we

#### Dancing

When they first met They danced in perfect harmony His steps were hers And her thoughts were his.

Then the knot was tied And it wasn't long before they lost The rhythm.

But they still dance. She in her world And he in his.

But neither one

Dares to leave The deserted ballroom For each is so afraid Someone will notice. Pauline Graham Binder Bronx, N.Y.

#### Remember

Remember how Back then When we were so Confused And yet so happy

Remember how We used to sit In front of my house Arms around each other Crying our fears away

Remember how We fussed and fought And how good It was to make up

Remember when We parted And how it broke our hearts That's when we decided Together we'd be forever

How strong, young and dumb We were To think that just because We loved Our love would conquer all

How quick we learned There's more to life than Loving Like bills, and babies And other folks' yearnings

I'm trying to remember What happened Why did we change Our minds

How could we Not love anymore

Why wasn't it a problem We could Cry away together Arms around each other Sitting in front Of my house

What happened?

M. A. Thurman Indianapolis, Ind.

# the noetrie gallerie

#### Voyage of Time

Behold the restless future beyond the rim of time. It surrounds us with its mystery So serene, so sublime. Behold its strange illusions the artist with amazing skill The sculpture that molds time forging the present's tempered For the future's always hunted by the present's reaching hand Yet the future holds its freedom

always moving swift and fast. Alas, behold the aging future as it passes to its last Aging slowly from the present to the memories of the past. Tonya S. Izzard Philadelphia, Pa.

# How Can They Be So Happy?

Torn from their homeland as from a mother's womb, Shackled and shipped to an unknown port of doom, Sold like cattle for the highest Stood tall men and women with children who behind skirts hid.

Separated in body, but not in Still with faith in all mankind. And they managed to survive, By keeping hope alive. They sang, they danced, they joked with one another, They prayed, they laughed, made fun of each other. And the owners were often heard

"How can they smile, how can they be so happy?" But the enslaved knew, it took practice, practice.

E. F. Pinkett

#### The Death of King

In Memphis, Tennessee Killed Martin Luther King

Tears of grief from hearts did And anger befell this land Death Struck this peaceful man

He mingled with the common To arouse them and to teach But he not only taught the word He practiced what he preached

He had a dream of reaching out And making freedom ring His weapon was undying love Non - Violence was his theme

They buried him on April ninth But his spirit will live on In our hearts to march again For We Shall Overcome.

# Compton, Calif.

Woke up this morning feeling kind of lazy something crazy Oh why did I come home late

Might be fired I don't know Boss said I had potential might make it to the top If I stick with it, have my own

this small mistake I'll go in limping do a little fake. Things have been rough, my life

On April fourth of sixty - eight An insidious man with gun in

For the violent way that April

Jesse Cressey Jr.

## Good Jobs

I'll call in slick tell him Just couldn't pass up this very special date

This shouldn't hurt my chances

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in a pit Can't miss this chance this might

Oh how I remember last night the girl at the bar

She was quite beautiful like a fashion star Hey babe you want a drink, let's

I wanted her just couldn't wait We partied hard spent all my

Said she was going to powder her nose be back in a flash I sit and waited feeling foolish

I guess everybody knew she had long gone

Next day I made it on time it was Boss said hey boy! I'm gonna teach you a lesson I'm not going for it the story you

Turn in your badge and I wish you well.

Elaster Mitchell Washington, D.C.

## On My Dying Day

When it's time, my dying day, And the preacher looks for words to say, Let there be love, peace, and only On My Dying Day.

When I die and tears come down, Please don't think of me with a Let me hear the music sound. On MVY Dying Day.

I might have not done the things I I should have done better, I know If God gave me one breath to do it, I would! On My Dying Day.

Remember the days of Joy we Look with a smile, but don't be Because when we meet again I know you'll be glad. On My Dying Day.

Just started this job several days When the preacher begins to start, He'll say "Don't cry, lift up your For we'll only be awhile apart."

> On My Dying Day. Jacqueline M. Freeman Baltimore, Md.

While sitting and thinking of our used to be I've finally realized what you never meant to me Caring - Giving - Sharing Now I really know. None of the above And all of the below Ann Johnson

Brooklyn, N.J.

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