

# Show to chase the blues away

"LET the bad times roll... let's get them over with."

With this the bubbling, rocking revue at Le Chaim gets underway, but if there is a touch of pessimism in the words (from the song "Let The Bad Times Roll"), there is no such feeling about the show. It's the kind that chases the bad times and the blues away.

I went there on a Monday night, with my Monday blues, and they sure left me.

Fool Marx is not strictly a revue, as it does not feature any sketches or acting. It is comprised primarily of music... Rock music... and some of the best you're likely to hear in this town currently.

This show is a spin-off of the "Commit No Nuisance" revue, held recently at The Chelsea. The lead singers are Charles Conyn and Assie O'Donnell. The band consists of Yusuf Sho and Julian Fuhrmann on guitars; Danny Lalouette on bass; Pete Zimmermann on keyboards (no relation to Bob) and Alan Hunter on drums.

The majority of the songs were written by master tunesmith Dave Marks, about whom one can only ask... why has

## ROCK

Tom Jasiukowicz

Fool Marx

Le Chaim Club

he hidden his songs from us for so long?

They are certainly worth hearing. They are dramatic and deep.

"Sold Out" and "Let The Bad Times Roll" are poignant reflections on stereotyped societies. "T.V.B." is a tribute to the Woodstock generation. "Day After Day" and "Dignity In and Dignity Out" are full-blooded rockers. "Clear, Cool, Calm and Still" is reggae and "Free Woman Blues" is what it says.

The band also let rip on a couple of Lowell George numbers, a Bonnie Raitt song, "Guilty", and Thin Lizzy's "Suicide".

The latter two are made more stunning by Assie's punk-acid queen stance. Even though she has been having throat problems, she puts her whole soul into her voice.

Charles Conyn commands the tiny stage as if he was on a battleship egging his crew into glory.

The music can be stunning at one moment or cool and calm at another. It is always clear but never still. Mere words can hardly do justice to the action.

One can only say that hit parades, both local and international, are very much in need of the songs of Dave Marks. Ten out of ten!



'Fool Marx'  
good and  
entertaining

ONE OF the Blues Brothers has come to Le Chaim.  
It's all a bit shaky right now, but Assie O'Donnell's vocal sidekick in Fool Marx has some of the John Belushi traits.  
The only bad factor is he lacks the style to be a good fatman singer, although the hat and the fat are in full evidence.  
With a BB type of performance, the dance is all. If you're a portly number, you have to learn to move those rolls charmingly, or you're just another

Free State farmer who hates anorexics.  
But my favourite local female vocalist, Auntie Assie, has become so good.  
I met her about two years ago in Durban, when she was doing traditional singer impersonations with the now defunct Flibbertigibbet. Assie was nowhere near the front, like she is these days.  
She has formed and played in many a group since then, never settling down into a familiar scenario for long. Her shiftlessness has in

fact made her grow, musically, and now she can walk through country, rock, punk and trad with the ease of a Nureyev.  
Fool Marx was formed for the revue Commit No Nuisance. The group has decided to stick together for a while, although some of the members are students on vac.  
The sound is good, and perhaps I'm being a bore by being offended by the male lead singer. Actually, no, he is doing copies of two of my favourite people, the late Lowell

George and John B. And he is not doing them to specifications, and therefore I'm a little mad at him.  
For the rest, the six person group is good and entertaining. The guitar men tend to form little islands of interest on stage, which doesn't do too much for unity. Singing rather good rock numbers by Dave Marks, the group revolves around O'Donnell.





Moroko: now signed by Trutone — catch them at the Chelsea, Johannesburg, this week.

## Good vibes at the Chelsea

THE Chelsea opened according to plan a week ago, and judging by a brief visit it should keep a lot of people happy.

The second night wasn't full to capacity, but the vibe was good and the sounds impressive.

I like Moroko, and it would please me see them get where the rumours promise they're going.

Last week they clinched a deal with Trutone, so let's hope that's a step in the right direction.

Their sound and line-up is solid and appealing. One of the biggest criticisms directed at session musos is that they can't transfer to live gigs — in Moroko's

case this is inapplicable. Their experience in studios gives them a classy dimension.

American singer JB grabs attention by sheer force, but he receives cheeky back-up from Jethrow Buttow and Cedric Samson in particular, who gag incessantly.

Moroko will only be at the Chelsea for one more week, as they apparently have alternative things in the pipeline, and presumably David Marks' policy will be to keep the bands moving through the club.

So if you've got a few hours to spare, take them in, or just give the Chelsea a chance. It could be the SA equivalent of London's Marquee Club, providing there is ongoing support.

## New career for Chelsea

THE Chelsea is open again — this time as a warehouse of technical possibilities housing specialised equipment worth R20 000, a three-way sound system, a remarkable PA, video units and lighting arrangements: permanent fixtures available to performers who, for the first time, are not being asked to provide their own.

The old club's new career began last week with a small but wildly enthusiastic audi-

### Art notes

Market Gallery:

SCULPTURES by Peter Schutz. Until March 15.

Olivetti Art Gallery:

EXHIBITION of works by Richard Chambers. Until March 7.

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Trevor Baudach

ence; mostly the media and personnel from related institutions. All the 'stars' were there, many accompanied by their psychiatrists who were admirably discreet and scrupulously vigilant.

Fran and David Marx circulated ceaselessly — greeting, welcoming, catering and managing. They are the core of Third Ear Music which is devoted to local talent, and the Chelsea is their new 'home'.

The changes they have wrought are neither superficial or cosmetic, but the fundamental difference is one of attitude.

While cameras clicked,

whirred and threw bolts of lightning round the room, Moroko played and received, in response to their efforts, a welter of jubilant appreciation. A disc jockey played records (many of them on a Third ear label) between sets while videos flickered from the corners.

I have just one complaint. There's no place to dance. The floor, temptingly obvious but completely useless, is buried under a dozen or more tables and chairs. Perhaps one is meant to dance on them in the tradition of Czarist Russia.

Marx intends making the Chelsea available to every art form: jazz, folk, country and western, rock, theatrical sketches, revues, comedy and art exhibitions.

What more can you want ?