



**"Falco"
Falco
A&M Records**

Feb. 18, 1986: A friend asks if I have heard "Rock Me Amadeus." I replied that I had not. She said I was lucky.

Mar. 5, 1986: While in a record store I hear "Rock Me Amadeus." I run outside and throw up.

Mar. 13, 1986: At Ease receives a shipment of albums from A&M Records, "Falco" is among them. With vengeance in my heart I agree to review the album.

Apr. 6, 1986: I am informed that "Rock Me Amadeus" has hit number one. I decide that I'd better do everything in my power to stop this farce before thousands of other minds are ruined by this musical garbage. I hope that my review of the album will show people their tastes are being corrupted by an artichoke-brained "artist" from Austria. Unfortunately I'm going to have to listen to the album to review it.

Apr. 10, 1986: I listen to the album. My breakfast of Cap'n Crunch repeatedly threatens to come back up. My turntable threatens to mutiny. My roommate locks himself in the closet. Every cockroach within a five block radius of my apartment commits suicide. It was probably the worst 50 minutes I've ever spent with a piece of plastic.

Apr. 11, 1986: I take a hammer and smash "Falco" to little bits. Come by Room 216 of Reed McDonald for your complimentary shard (while supplies last).

"Falco" is the third album from Hans Holzel, a.k.a. Falco. Why this guy was allowed to make three albums is a mystery to me. He should have been

shot after he made "Der Kommissar." If it were up to me he would have been shot before that.

"Falco" is excellent proof that disco is not dead; it's alive and well and living under an assumed name. I have never had much respect for the musical tastes of the dance-club crowd, but I never thought they'd sink this low. Falco ranks right up there with the Starland Vocal Band and K.C. and the Sunshine Band, as the three reasons why God should never have given man ears.

Falco's music suffers from a severe case of over-synthesizeritis. His band must consist of nerdy-looking guys with thick glasses and plastic pocket protectors who do nothing all day but play with computers. The electronic drone is too much for any living creature to endure. Listening to Falco's voice is painful, too. He grunts so much you'd think he was either giving birth or taking a dump. After listening to the album it's obvious that he's doing the latter. This album could be used fertilize every field in Austria.

The only saving grace is that most of the album is in German so most people can't understand what he's saying. Some of us aren't so lucky. I knew I'd live to regret those German classes I took last year.

For some strange reason, "Rock Me Amadeus" is a big hit in America. "Rock Me Amadeus" is Falco's tribute to another Austrian, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Actually Falco has more in common with another of his countrymen, Adolf Hitler. Falco does for music what Hitler did for Jews. It's time that another Nuremberg trial be held so that Falco can be punished for his crimes against humanity.

Unfortunately Mozart isn't the only musical genius maligned on this album. When one hears Falco's version of Bob Dylan's "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue," one wonders why Reagan doesn't send the 6th Fleet to destroy Austria. Falco can't quite make up his mind whether he should sing, grunt, mumble, belch, scream, whisper, yell or burp the lyrics.

Although Ric Ocasek isn't on the same level as Dylan and Mo-

zart, his talents are also twisted into a horrible aural experience. Falco has taken the Cars' "Looking for Love," added some lyrics and calls it "Munich Girls." I wonder if Falco knows that millions of tourists may avoid Munich just because of that song?

According to a recent article in Rolling Stone, "Jeanny" is at the top of the charts in Germany despite the fact that it has been banned from the radio because of its subject matter. "Jeanny" is a song about rape. It seems to me that Falco justifies the rape because the girl was naive and didn't realize she was teasing her attacker. We will be getting all the gory details in an English version of the song that is supposed to be released soon.

I won't say much more about the album. The best summary I can think of is in Falco's native tongue:

Die Platte ist *censored*.



**"King of America"
Elvis Costello
Columbia Records**

★★★★★

Elvis is back! No, not the dead fat guy, the *real* Elvis — Elvis Costello.

In the mid '70s, a computer programmer named Declan Patrick MacManus changed his name to Elvis Costello and started making music. He became the best songwriter to come out of England's new wave movement. In 1977, he released his first album, "My Aim Is True." It was fantastic. His next two albums, "This Year's Model" and "Armed Forces," solidified his position as a musical genius. His next four albums were less successful but in 1982 he released "Imperial Bedroom," one of the best rock albums ever made.

After "Imperial Bedroom," Costello released two albums, "Punch the Clock" and "Goodbye Cruel World," which were huge disappointments. I didn't bother with last year's greatest hits collection, but the videotape collection of Costello's videos released at the same time, was fantastic. An album like "King of America" has been long overdue.

Parts of "King of America" are similar to some of the best moments of Costello's earlier music. Costello's songs deal with problems — emotional and social. His lyrics paint an ultra-realistic portrait of people hurting other people in the name of love. Bitter sarcasm and biting satire are Costello trademarks.

"King of America" also marks a new image for Costello. The songs are now credited to Declan Patrick Aloysius MacManus instead of his pseudonym. Costello has recently changed his name back to MacManus and added the Aloysius. In England, the name Elvis Costello doesn't appear on the album jacket at all. Here, Columbia Records was worried about the effects of the change on sales so the American version is credited to "Costello."

Costello begins the album by questioning his earlier success. Is he a genius or a "Brilliant Mistake?" His version of the Animals' "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood" continues this theme. When Eric Burdon sang it, it was an angry cry against being pigeon-holed by the establishment. When Costello sings it, it becomes a plea to try to make sense out of life.

The new album is produced by Costello and Burnett. Burnett, who does Christian country music on his own, brings a distinctly country feel to the album. Costello and Burnett recently released a single as the Coward Brothers that's not to be missed.

I've been waiting four years for Costello to release another masterpiece and "King of America" is it.

**by Karl Pallmeyer
music reviewer**