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## ROBERT WILLIAMS

If the frankness of the title isn't enough, certainly one listening to Robert Williams' debut EP, *Buy My Record*, will convince you that he is an artist from no familiar mold. But then anyone who had spent four years as Captain Beefheart's drummer and made an album in partnership with Strangler's Hugh Cornwell is bound to have some musical magic of his own.

"I refuse to beat around the bush," Williams said, "It's always best to use the direct approach. Kids these days know the score and I'm scoring honest music."

The virtual impossibility for the public to separate the music from the personalities of those who write and play it does not daunt him. "Music is a business," he says. "I give my audience the music and they give me the business, and I stand by my record."

Hugh Cornwell saw Robert playing drums in San Francisco with Captain Beefheart and was so impressed he asked Robert to put together his first solo record with him. Williams functioned as a creative equal — writing, producing, arranging, and performing — which turned Cornwell's solo LP into a duo LP. "I learned I could do all that. As a drummer, I had always been told to shut up. A lot of people became musicians because of the impact of the Beatles, who set up an almost illiterate image for their drummer, who in fact is quite a genius."

In the opening cut, Robert exercises his direct approach in *Buy My Record* by reminding people to help support the songs they like on the radio through purchasing an LP, instead of just liking the group and wondering why there are few really great songs on the radio. The second tune on the LP is "Black Yard" which reminds us all that the big oil companies are rocking us to sleep with one hand on our wallet.

Side two opens with the 11/4 computer fugue "Frankfurt" sung by German-born Annerose Bücklers and Robert Williams about two people who each continue their search for decent hamburgers and hot dogs. Other interpretations can be found through the use of one's imagination. The EP wraps with "Time To Dance Again" which speaks for itself and features two spud-bashing Mothersbaughs from Akron.

Each song on *Buy My Record* is a window into peculiar, fragmented reality. But, the fragments are sharp-edged, diamond-hard and much more knowingly artful yet dangerous than they first seem. This is a time-released record that only becomes your favorite record after the second listening when you find yourself humming little melodies of it and not knowing where they came from.

You decide, then maybe you'll become compelled to go through the ritual of buying it.

