

## MINDS MAY

Simple Minds are highly likely to return to New Zealand in June or July to record a live album and video.

It's also likely that the recording will be done at a free concert featuring several other bands.

Why New Zealand? Because Simple Minds like us — and well they might. NZ is the only country where they've had a chart No.1. They've gone one better than even that by topping both the album and singles charts simultaneously. RB

## THE VENUE

From the unhappy ashes of SPAM, a new unlicensed club has risen in Auckland.

The SPAM premises at 134 Symonds St have been taken over, thoroughly redecorated and renamed The Venue. The man behind it is singer-songwriter Russ Le Roq.

The Venue won't have the same "alternative" slant as the previous club and will feature mainstream pop bands, booked by Le Roq. Up-and-coming acts aren't forgotten, however, and every Sunday sees a Liberty Stage ("I know it's been used before but I like the name") which will feature five or more newish bands

competing for a \$100 prize, to be decided by audience vote.

For bands, the PA will be about 300 watts a side, with a 10-12 channel onstage mix. That's comparatively small by today's standards but:

"A lot of bands use more than they need. It'll do them good to play with an onstage mix," says Le Roq.

Playing will be for a set fee — as determined by Le Roq "on merit."

When it's not a club, the The Venue will double as practise space for bands and whoever else wants to use it, at a (negotiable) rate of \$10 an hour. The PA and some backline gear will be available for a small extra charge.

## PACIFIC PLAY

New opportunities in the Pacific are being opened up thanks to former Herbs manager Will Ilolahia.

Ilolahia is keen to hear from any bands or record companies who wish to travel the Pacific Islands circuit (already successfully toured by artists like Herbs and Prince Tui Teke) or have their records played on Island radio stations and in discos and fun parlours. Write to him c/- Talieva Theatre, PO Box 22, Nuku'alofa, enclosing records, demos and relevant info. Ilolahia says some NZ acts

receive more airplay in Tonga than they do in NZ, but Australian culture tends to get a lot more exposure because of the decision to cut Radio New Zealand's external service to the Pacific. He points out that any act that decides to tour the Pacific will be eligible for tax incentives — "one way of retrieving the 40 per cent sales tax." RB

## MANAGEMENT

About 12 months ago Dave Moule and Brian Richardson got talking about starting a professional, comprehensive artist management service — the result was Harrington Ford and Associates.

The venture was made possible when Chappell Music Publishing got wind last year and offered the pair's proposed company the chance to take over its sheet music division in this country. This gave the enterprise a "backbone" and soon the reputations of the two men (Moule has been in the record industry for 12 years, the last six as promotions manager for RCA and Richardson has an impressive background in organising and promoting entertainment) were enough to attract a healthy stable of mainly country/MOR artists purely by word of mouth.

"Many of the people who contacted us said this was the sort of thing they'd been looking for

ages," Moule said. "They'd been doing a lot for themselves and they were sick of the phone going at home."

Richardson said the company was the first to encompass personal management, publicity and promotion and (through Chappell) offer publishing.

The pair say the new service is not looking to gun down anyone else in the field. It was for this reason that they left pop-rock artists to the agencies handling them at present. They also hope to work with record companies, rather than against them.

Harrington Ford and Co is situated on the top floor of the Polygram Records building, 77 Grafton Rd, ph 793-323. RB

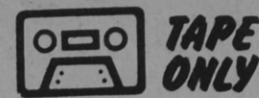
## RADIO BLUES

The RIU ad carrying a petition form calling for the reinstatement of Barry Jenkin and Andrew Page and their midnight to dawn alternative show in the ZM network appears to have been too effective for the Broadcasting Tribunal.

The tribunal has sent a terse letter to the ad's sponsor, Record Warehouse Managing Director Michael Dow requesting him not to sponsor another ad "as there is little value in more such paper being received in this office." The letter disclaims any ability on the tribunal's part to act on the matter.

It does not say who can do anything.

The unsympathetic tone is echoed in the standard letter to those who signed the petition — if you put pen to paper you should have received one by now. It directs unhappy radio listeners to official complaint procedures, as detailed in the Broadcasting Act 1976, a copy of which can be bought from the Government Print Bookshop for \$3.75. RB



Coalition Collaborators (Industrial C30, \$5)

I've seen this lurching, gangling outfit a couple times and loved 'em. Lots of irreverence and neat bits in wacko instruments, etc. Y'know, just my cup of tea. This is a totally live tape and as such you miss out on the great facial expressions and bodily contortions but get most of the music. Side One (wherein are found most of the "songs") is great, especially 'Fish' and 'Red Tape' and Side Two (looser, jammy stuff) is more self-indulgent and correspondingly less approachable. Be that as it may, buy it (and their earlier C90 epic 'Untied Shoelaces Are Dangerous') OK?

Ralph Bennett  
Sitting in Silence/Drowning in

Screams (Industrial C30, \$5)  
Curiouser and curiouser. Ralph (also known as Sonny Monday and Blind Turkey McPalmerston), a shrivelled old blueshound with stringy goatee and a hat appears sporadically on Side One, with Ralph (also known as Jimmy Plague), a hard rock throwback and Ralph (also known as Bjorn Toobiwild), a pop craftsman of some note. Side Two features Ralph (aka Jazzbo Loon), a sleazy club entertainer and Ralph (aka Cap'n Goofheart) a cut-up modern, modern sound sculptor. Ralph's great, but I'm not so sure about Ralph. Buy this and decide for yourself.

55/3 Polish Workers (Industrial C20, \$5)

I never managed to see these guys live during their 15 minutes of fame so I don't know if these five songs are faithful recreations of their musical spirit or not. If they are, then I'm not too sorry I missed 'em. But if, as I strongly suspect, these recordings are rather stodgier and lumpier than the real thing I wish I'd seen 'em. Because ... the ideas are good, especially on Side Two, where there seems to be a sense of humour struggling to cut through. Buy, if a fan. Have a listen if not.

Chris Knox  
All Industrial Tapes are available from PO Box 8809, Symonds St, Auckland or Real Groovy Records in Mt Eden Rd.

# RELAX

## FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

**CHAPTER ONE:**  
Frankie Goes to Hollywood Are Coming.

**CHAPTER TWO:**  
nineteen inches to be taken all ways ... featuring the return of heroic pop, masters, slaves, slaughter; an understanding of the symbolic vitality of Liverpool from 1963 to 1983, a history of Amsterdam bars, the fake coming of Jesus, courage with generosity, then left, then some might, then doing it right, this ideal will grip especially those who are at home in the giant cities and in the web of their numberless interconnecting relationships.

**CHAPTER THREE:**  
keep in mind that time's a rapid gambler who wins always without cheating — it's the law!

**CHAPTER FOUR:**  
Tough Shit, critics.

**CHAPTER FIVE:**  
Holly Johnson: one voice, flames, secrets.  
Paul Rutherford: two voice, desire to be repeated as often as desired.  
Mark O'Toole: bass, greed, speed, twist.  
Peter Gill: drum anxiety, immoderation.  
Brian Nash: guitar, judging eye.

**CHAPTER SIX:**  
Frankie Goes to Hollywood are coming ... making **Wham!** seem like **Pinky!** and **Perky!**

Bogart, Casablanca.



## VIDEO Bogart

More than a quarter-century after his death Humphrey Bogart remains a cult movie idol, not just in Britain and the U.S. but here too. Last year a city cinema screened *Casablanca*, initially as a four-day fill-in. Despite the print looking like blown up 16-mill and being full of jumps and scratches, this 40-year-old monochrome movie ran to good houses for over four weeks. If you were silly enough to miss it then or simply want to 'play it again', the good news is that it's released on hire-video. And not just *Casablanca*, but a selection of Bogart's other major movies too.

Although he actually made 80 films in his career the Bogart legend is built very largely on a mere handful of roles: four films with director John Huston, two for Howard Hawks, and of course Michael Curtiz' *Casablanca*. Four of these seven are currently distributed on videotape in this country by Warner Video.

*The Maltese Falcon* (1941) is a brilliant adaptation of Dashiell Hammett's pulp thriller and the character of private eye Sam

Spade (a role originally refused by George Raft) gave Bogart the prototype of his famous screen persona: tough but honourable, wise-cracking but wary, cynical but brave, the idealist who mocked establishment compromise and corruption, the loner who belonged only to himself. Such a persona could, and did, tip easily into self-parody — as shown in the shoddy *Dead Reckoning* televised here last month — but it didn't happen with Huston. Besides, Bogart was quite willing to step outside this character on occasion, often with brilliant results. See for yourself on the video of Huston's *Treasure Of The Sierra Madre* (1948). Here Bogart plays a petty drifter corrupted by gold fever.

Nonetheless Huston quickly brought Bogart back to his established role in *Key Largo* (1948). Here, apart from Bogart's off-screen partner Lauren Bacall, the main sparks fly from the clash with another great acting stylist, Edward G. Robinson who plays a megalomaniac mobster holed up in a dilapidated hotel during a hurricane.

And then of course, we'll always have *Casablanca*. By rights it should have been a disaster; the script was being written as it went along and even the director didn't know who eventually 'got the girl'. It is, however, a masterpiece of casting, not just in the lead roles but right down to the smallest parts. *Casablanca* now seems to have gone beyond being a mere movie and achieved the status of cultural icon. The reason has nothing to do with it being profound — it's not — nor is it simply a matter of nostalgia for a time when ethical choices were less complex. It's something to do with that rarely visited quality, the magic of movies.

OK, OK. Now for the bad news. It's extremely likely that none of your local video-hire stores stock any of the abovementioned goodies. The reason is that the proprietors claim that no one wants to see old black-and-white movies anymore. (*African Queen* is in colour.) What people want, I'm told, is ultra-violence, porn and car chases. So the remedy to this dear consumer, lies in your own hands. Demand Humphrey Bogart today.  
Peter Thomson

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