

RIP IT UP

No. 69 December 1984

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BOYS' OWN SPECIAL Deep Purple Twisted Sister THE MAINLAND TOUCH Digging the South



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DD Smash drummer Peter Warren popped down the front to have a chat with some of the audience during a break when power failed a few bars into the band's first song at about 7.30. It was then that police made the decision to move in a team in riot gear. The concert came to an early end about 40 minutes later.

From Calm to Confrontation

The 89 Triple M free concert in Aotea Square on December 7 seemed a wonderful idea. It began warmly and cheerfully with a sunny set from Herbs — and ended in the worst rioting Queen St has seen since 1932. Everyone has a theory on what happened and why. Here's the words and pictures.



It's over — Triple M director Barry Everard signals to the stage after being asked to stop the concert by police. Also pictured are programme director Keith Williams (far left) and breakfast DJ Fred Botica (far right).

Famous Last Words The Cassette Version

Dave Dobbyn will regret one sentence he uttered at Aotea Square for the rest of his life.

"I wish those riot squad guys would stop wanking and put their little batons away," he said at the start of one of the new DD Smash songs. A tape made with a hand-held recorder registers noise from the crowd at the statement.

"Where are they?" a bystander can be heard saying.

"We can take care of ourselves, it's alright," Dobbyn says later in the song; and then later, realising that the crowd's attention is beginning to shift away from the stage: "C'mon, you gotta do something here. Oh, forget about that, let's just get into the music."

Crowd noise then makes a definite shift from jeering back

to cheering and clapping for the band.

"One more sentimental song and then we'll rock out," Dobbyn says before the band goes into 'Stay'. The words take on a rather grim irony a few minutes later.

"Sorry, this is just too uncontrollable ... sorry, we've got to stop," says Dobbyn after the song.

Triple M's Fred Botica is up at the mike almost immediately: "We've been asked by the police to stop the concert."

Noise begins among the crowd again: "What'll happen to all this energy?" a crowd member says. "They're getting the long batons out — shit."

The sounds of jeering become louder, breaking glass can be heard. Each major impact

is followed by a loud cheer.

"It's their bloody fault!" comes an exasperated young woman's voice. Other voices as the crowd moves are more puzzled than worried.

A drunken-sounding voice wanders in and out of range: "... arseholes, bastards ..."

One woman screams, then shortly after comes the voice of what sounds like a young Maori kid: "Hey ... we might get on TV!"

The manager of DD Smash, Roger King, confirmed later that the band had not planned to stop early and had only done so at the request of the police.

"But there were mistakes made in all directions," he said. "And there's certainly nothing good you can say about the behaviour of the people."

He also confirmed that police had spoken to Dobbyn regarding his statements on stage but said that their questions had related as much to asking about the actions of the police as to Dobbyn's comments.

'There's A Riot Goin' On' A View From the Crowd

The trouble in Aotea Square is generally agreed to have begun when a couple of spectators on top of the covered way of the Wellesley St Post Office began urinating off the edge and dropping bottles during an enforced break caused by a power failure during DD Smash's first song. There were some bottles thrown at police who arrested the youths but the majority of the crowd was unaware of any trouble.

Shortly after the arrests had been made, police in riot gear marched up Queen St to the other corner of Aotea Square and stood in formation across the main exit.

Chris Caddick, who was standing at the back of the square, near where the police lined up, said "99 per cent of the crowd" was unaware of any trouble and attention was focused on the stage. There had been some noise

and disturbance when Dave Dobbyn had mentioned the riot police behind the crowd:

"But it wasn't until the music stopped that I turned around and saw the police in riot gear just behind us. Everyone's attention turned away from the stage and that's when the trouble really started."

I had been walking towards the information centre corner during the last song and when the music stopped just before 8pm there was bewilderment for a while, a crowd ran back, apparently in the face of a police charge, then rallied and, with numbers swelled by people simply leaving, missiles began to fly in earnest and windows were broken.

"This is the real thing, isn't it?" said a friend I bumped into. "An actual riot."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

The late-model Renault overturned in Queen St about half an hour after the riot began. Note large number of bystanders.



alison moyet

"ALF"

debut solo album 'ALF'
features singles 'Love Resurrection'
and 'All Cried Out'.





No matter what Norm Jones would have you believe, the rioters weren't all gang members and street kids — here a couple of sportily clad young men play their part in the demolition of the Information Centre.

'RIOT' FROM PAGE 2

And it was. While alcohol was undoubtedly a major factor in what happened, this wasn't the drunken, surly violence that sometimes crops up at such events. Violence was directed only at riot police and nearby buildings and the mood among onlookers from the square side seemed more one of bemusement and interest than fear. I walked up among those doing the damage and the mood seemed to be one of "you gave us riot police — we give you a riot."

The moments of fear came on the two occasions when the police charged the crowd — several people fell.

Meanwhile the destruction of the city Information Centre and the 6 metre windows of the empty-since-it-was-built ground floor of the DFC building was almost methodical. There was a weird sense of purpose among the cross-section of young people doing the damage. More stood back and cheered.

The second police charge convinced me that this was no place to stand and observe proceedings, so I returned to the RLU office. To get a ride away from it all, I would have to accompany the driver back past the disturbances and up Wakefield St. By this

time the police had created a kind of buffer zone at Wellesley St. Shopowners below Wellesley St peered nervously out through closed, but still intact, doors. They would catch damage and looting an hour or so later, when police drove rioters the length of Queen St, shouting "Move down! Move down!"

We took the back way up to the car, through demolition sites which had an unearthly feel, with groups of people wandering up from the square to nowhere in particular. When we struck Wakefield St the really sad, senseless part of the rioting had begun — youths ran out of a smashed up little lunchbar, cackling with glee at having been able to heist a carton of cigarettes or a couple of cans of drink. It was definitely time to leave.

Later, a sports shop would be broken into and several rifles stolen — something the *Auckland Star* made much of, even though guns in such stores are mechanically disarmed as a matter of course.

The next day Queen St was quiet and clean, although still a little shell-shocked. Glaziers' vans dotted the footpath and new windows went up — Centrepont Fabrics even had neat letters reading 'Riot Sale' on their new

Concerts & Commerce Inner City Priorities

The Aotea Square riot and accompanying media attention will only serve to further alienate youth from society, according to record retailer and member of the Queen St Retailers' Association, Michael Dow, who witnessed events from atop a city building.

"In less than a week we've had a media hype about trouble at the Deep Purple concert, where the only problems actually occurred outside the concert and now this," he said. "The media is turning public feeling against youth and music — which is just rubbish."

While the actions of the rioters could in no way be excused, he said the police must take some of the blame, for assembling in riot gear behind a largely peaceful crowd and for stopping the concert.

"The focal point was obviously on the stage and when the music stopped the people turned around and saw all these riot police with helmets and batons right behind them. And too many young people have seen things like *Straw Dogs* and it exploded."

"We talked to some of the kids later and they said under normal circumstances it would have been alright but seeing these guys in helmets they said they'd never felt that way before, they just went mad."

While he said that "in general the police looked after themselves very well,

glass.

The whole sorry incident could have been avoided in one way by, as has been suggested, the banning of alcohol at the concert. But to many who were there the disorder would not have escalated if police conduct had been sensitive and appropriate to the overwhelmingly peaceful mood of the concert. Coming up the middle of

obviously their resources weren't that strong — the guys on the beat were great," the decision to split the mob and drive it the length of Queen St, where shops were devastated obviously hadn't been in the interests of retailers.

"I'm concerned about the repercussions both as a retailer and as a lover of Auckland," Mr Dow said. He said he would be meeting with Triple M representatives to try and establish a different kind of link with the city's young people and try and stop something similar happening again.

"The city fathers don't understand youth — most of them are geriatrics. Some, like Cath Tizard, are doing all they can but there's not really much communication. There's a big gap between young people and the police too."

Mr Dow said the most useful thing Queen St retailers could do to prevent similar incidents would be to each contribute \$200 towards the setting up of some kind of "not so bureaucratic" means of communication with young people.

"The solution is not to continue depriving people of their rights," he said. "It's not different from a business problem — you identify the problems, find the causes and then come up with solutions. We can't afford to go the other way and risk teenagers being virtually banned from the inner city."

RB

Queen St and assembling across the main exit from the square was akin to setting themselves up as pins in a bowling alley. Some of the crowd simply took up the challenge.

The actions of the rioters were unquestionably selfish — but then the last half dozen years have been increasingly selfish times.

Russell Brown

Makeshift implements of destruction came from everywhere. Here a man uses the top of a rubbish bin to attack a van owned by Spaceworld.



Summer Tours Threatened? Spandau Ballet, Neil Young, Culture Club

At press time the Auckland City Council had still made no decision on a suggestion that rock concerts be banned from all council-owned venues — that includes Western Springs and Mt Smart Stadium. Concerts which stand to be affected by any such measure are Neil Young (Western Springs, Feb), Spandau Ballet (Springs, March) and Culture Club (Springs, March-April).

It would be criminal if concerts were banned from Western Springs, a venue that has contained crowds from 40,000 to 60,000 with no significant trouble. Why punish concert-goers when the recent trouble at the Deep Purple show was outside the gig, not inside? (Incidentally, the council's Parks Dept. receives about \$40,000 in rent for each of the big concerts.)

At present it seems reasonably likely that other action such as strict policing of alcohol bans will be implemented in preference to such draconian measures but the best way to make sure of seeing the above acts is to drop mayor Cath Tizard a line, c/- Auckland City Council, Private Bag, Auckland, telling her how much you want to see the concerts and why she should let them go ahead. Do it!

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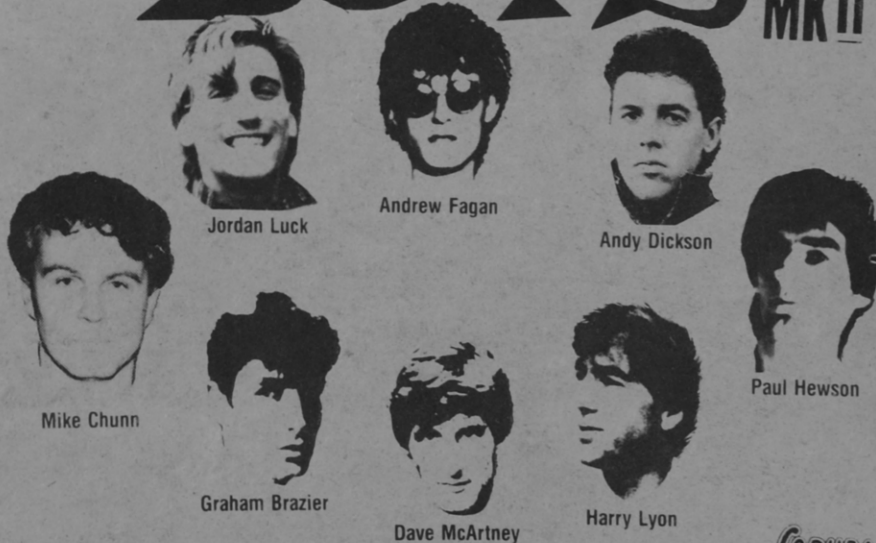
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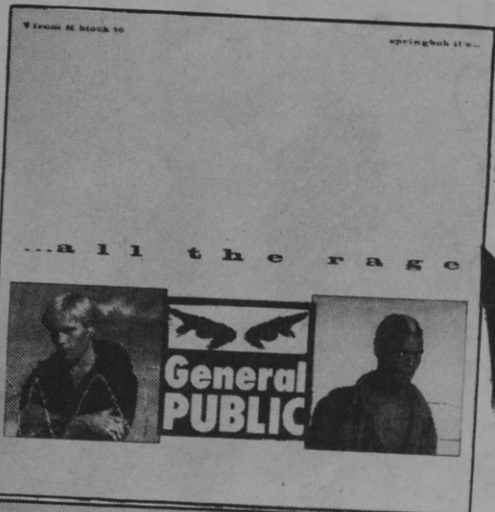
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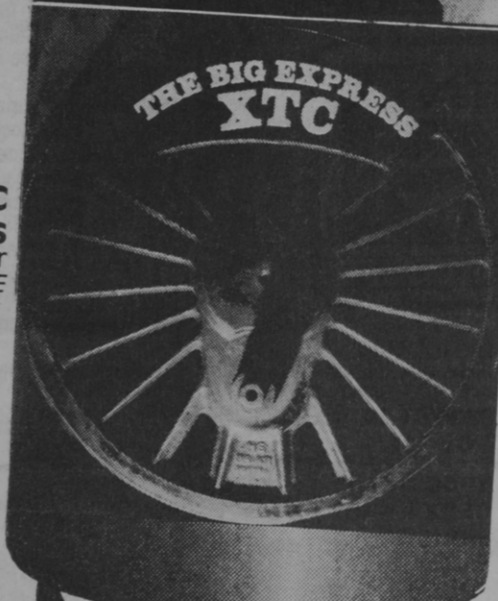
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album as accomplished
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Produced by Phil Ramone

JLLP1 / JLMC1

FLOY JOY

FLOY JOY
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Produced by Don Was,
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V2319 / TCV2319

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CELEBRATION

Culture Club

CULTURE CLUB
**Waking Up With
The House On Fire**

VR2330 / NRC2330

Waking
up the
House
On
Fire

Harry (ex) Exponent

In a surprise move the Dance Exponents have parted company with drummer Michael Harrilambi.

The decision, apparently a mutual one, was made after the Music Awards. Guitarist Brian Jones said a full explanation would be offered in the band's next press release but was prepared to offer his own thoughts on the matter:

"All I can really say about Harry leaving is that he had noticed what was happening himself, he was pretty disillusioned with it all, so it was a mutual agreement. We didn't ask him to leave the band, we just weren't happy and neither was he. Being in the band together there was too much pressure to be friends as well and over the last six months things have been pretty tough living together, cramped in the one space (in Melbourne). And it seemed that Harry wasn't



quite fitting into what we were doing at the time. It's definitely worked out the better for our relationship, we're much better friends than we were a month ago; it's getting to be like the old days!"

Harry will play on at least some of the songs on the Exponents' new album, for which recording will begin in Auckland early in the new year. The album will contain mainly songs heard on the band's last NZ tour ("we've got to get them

out before they get too old!"). It will be produced by American Ian Taylor, who produced Romeo Void's *Never Say Never* and prior to that worked as engineer for the extremely famous Roy Thomas Baker.

Meanwhile, Brian himself has plans to record. Never one to remain idle, he's been practising with former Exponent Martin Morris, working on four songs to record at Nightshift of 32M studios in Christchurch.

"It's just gonna be a few friends making a record, basically. I was gonna get a few Wastrels along as well, just anyone who wants to have a go. I mean we've got a great producer for it in Dave Gent!"

"I just hope someone will release it," he grinned.

It was confirmed recently that Stephen Birss, drummer for last year's Christchurch Band War winners, the White Boys, will play on some of the album tracks and will also tour with the band during the summer, although no dates have been confirmed yet.

Alister Cain

EUROGLIDERS



Eurogliders, Bernie Lynch at rear.

Eurogliders wasn't much more than a funny name on this side of the Tasman until the release of the single 'Heaven'. Then, all of a sudden, they were that Aussie band with the catchy song ...

The story was similar in the band's home territory. It had been a full two years since the single 'Without You' from their first album *Pink Suit Blue Day* had gone Top 10, their old record company had dropped them and the new one, CBS, was pinning all its hopes on the album being recorded in England with Police producer Nigel Gray. The rest, as they say, is history.

Guitar/synth player and chief songwriter Bernie Lynch cheerfully agrees that things are going well for the band since the release of the second album, *This Island*. But it's not as if success was by any means a foregone conclusion during the recording. For one, they didn't get on particularly well with Gray ...

"Eurogliders seem to live and learn and I think we're fast learning that we're never going to be completely happy with any one producer and I think in the future we're going to have to maintain as much control as we can over every-

thing, including the recording process. I think a fair percentage of the album is the result of our input rather than sitting back and relying on Nigel to come up with the goods."

So would he consider doing away with a producer completely for the next album?

"No, but I think from the start we will establish ground rules — that the band does not sit back and be told what to do. Which is not quite what Nigel did but producers can tend to just take over the whole process. That's particularly true in England, where in the past few years producers have just taken the whole business over, the musicians are secondary. It's not the case in Australia."

Not satisfied with the final product from Gray, the band took the tapes to Australian producer Mark Moffat for remixing. The main changes were in replacing the drum machine tracks with real sampled drum sounds from an AMS digital machine.

"That makes the whole thing sound more live and Eurogliders are a very live band."

Did that make it sound more specifically Australian?

"I guess so, yeah. The Australian

producers do tend to record with a much more live sound than you'd get from producers in England, or more particularly America. I personally think and I very much hope that it does have some Australian flavour to it. We are Australian and I hope we continue to be considered as such."

Lynch warms to a comment that *This Island* is a pretty varied bunch of songs.

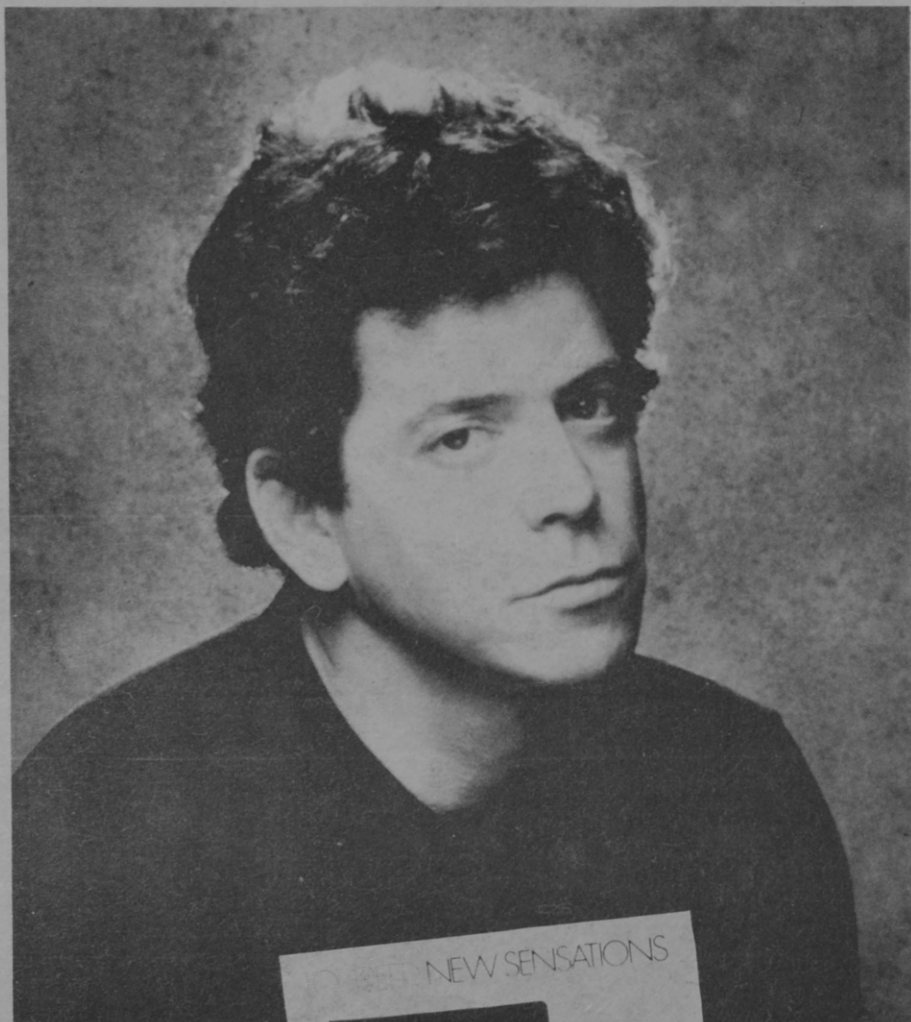
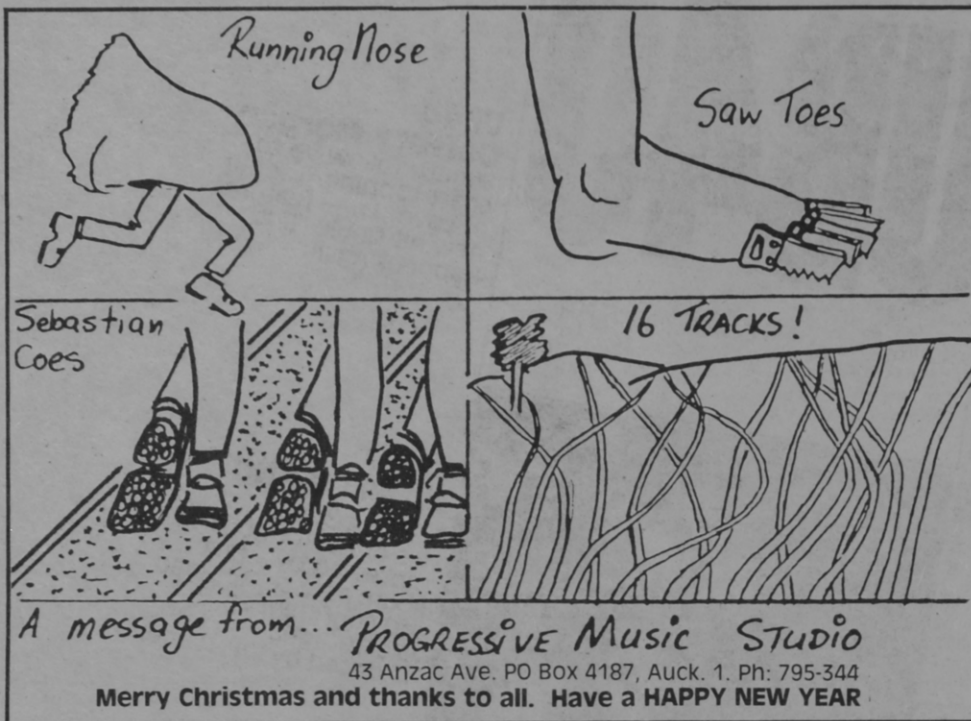
"Yeah — as people we like records with variety and that's also the way we write. Our first album was the same and it will continue I hope."

Eurogliders are nearing the end of a 16-week tour of Australia, one that has seen 80 per cent of gigs in under-age venues.

"We now very much enjoy playing to receptive kids rather than drunk adults — playing pubs and clubs you come on around midnight and the people there have been drinking since eight o'clock."

Next come some dates in this country early in December and Eurogliders next turn their attention to America. They intend to attack the States as much the same way as Midnight Oil did, in a publicity-orientated way, with lots of club

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40



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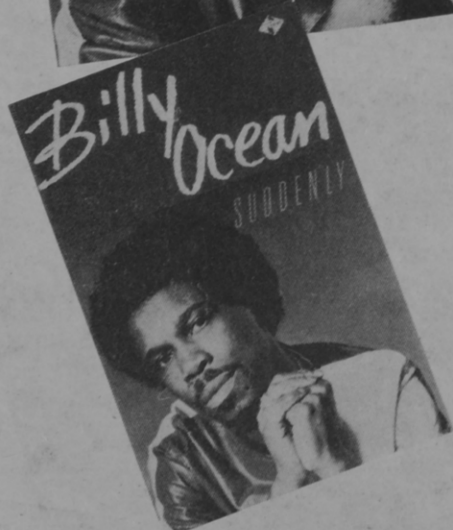
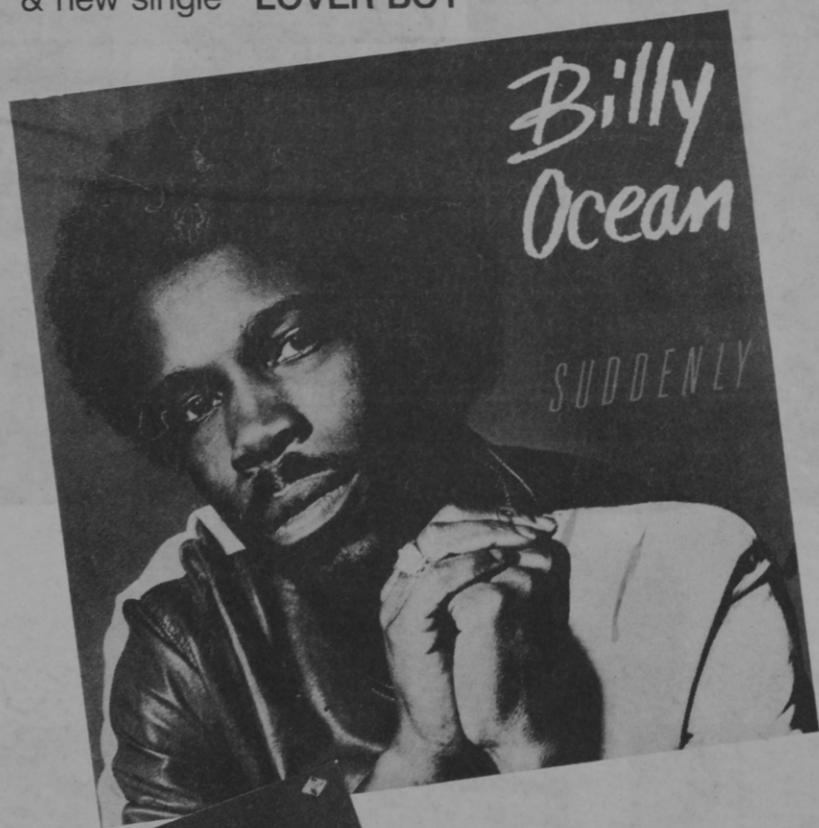
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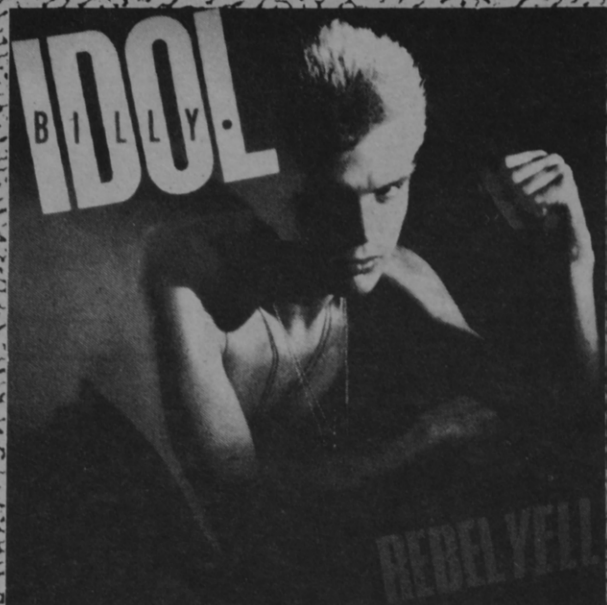
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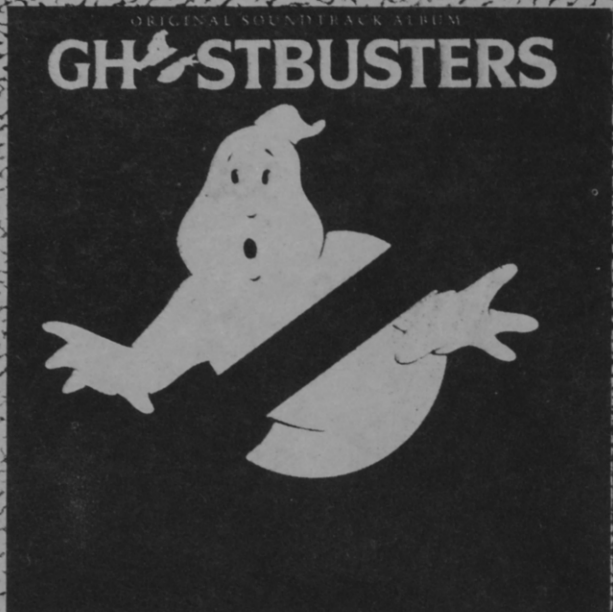
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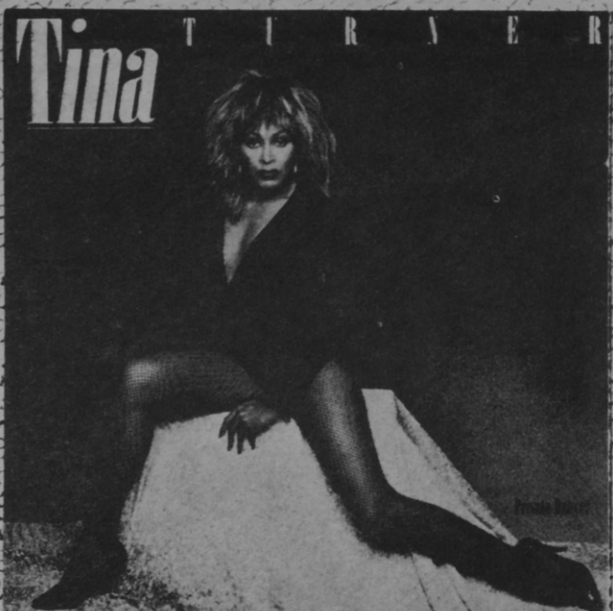


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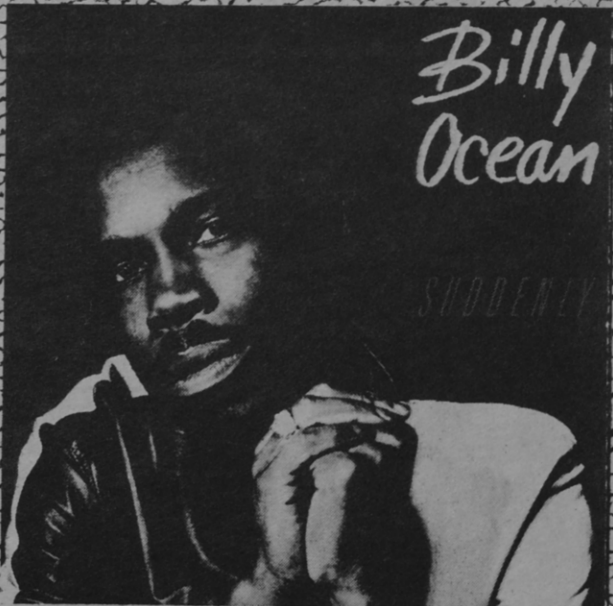


GHOSTBUSTERS Original Soundtrack

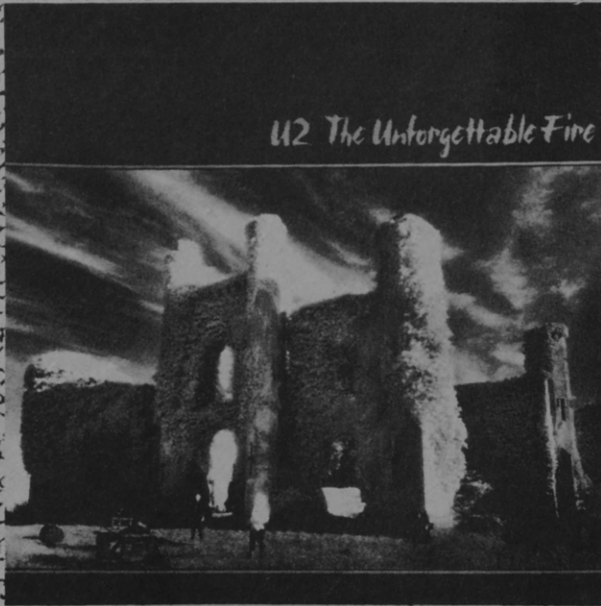
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BACK IN THE PURPLE

In the early 70s Deep Purple achieved massive worldwide success; founding fathers, along with Led Zeppelin and Black Sabbath, of modern heavy rock.

By the midle of the decade the band had fallen apart; victims of bad management, intolerable work schedules and the associated strain on relationships within the band. After 10 years of differing fortunes (all five members remained in music, with Rainbow, Whitesnake, Gillan, etc.), they're together again, confident of a credible and ongoing reunion.

I spoke with lead singer



Ian Gillan, Deep Purple

Ian Gillan who proved professional, articulate and opinionated, eager to set straight any rumours and theories surrounding the comeback.

So what prompted the reformation of Deep Purple?

"We just ran out of ideas with our own bands I think. I got fed up with running my own band — I mean, we'd done 200 shows a year and 11 albums since I left Purple. So I was looking around for something else and I thought, well why not give it another shot? After all, what we'd all really been trying to achieve with our own bands we already had with Purple."

So you were the driving force?

"I think I made more phone calls than anyone else, yeah."

Did you feel pressure from the fans and the music press? There were constant rumours in the magazines.

"Yeah. I think probably on the precept that it was a big, successful machine, therefore it ought to be in existence. That was the kind of pressure we were getting from the business, particularly from the press. Which is something we resisted for many years — contrary to many opinions. When you make music you've got to live with

it for the rest of your life; money, you can spend it like water. It's not a permanent thing, it's just the currency for what we do. So music really is uppermost thing in our minds. And it was very important when it did happen that the motivation was right — and it is. The funny thing is the initial motivation and pressure on us came from the press, yet as soon as we did get back together the good old British press started saying 'Oh, they've only done it for the money.'"

So the new Purple means that all the individuals' bands, like Rainbow and Gillan are no longer extant?

"That's right. But Whitesnake will probably continue, because of the nature of band it is. This band is permanent, though. As permanent as you can be in this world anyway."

The reported reasons for the band breaking up last time centred around personality clashes. Were you worried about that becoming a factor again?

"If it was personality clashes then you'd expect the problems to arise all over again, but it's obviously a lot deeper than that. The factors which led to the personal clashes don't exist now."

"Those factors were basically two things, one leading to another. One was bad personal management and the other was inexperience on our part. I'm not saying we were brainless but we were inexperienced at handling the personality clashes. The poor personal management led to serious overwork, which led to serious tiredness, which leads to one thing or another. In many cases it leads to drug abuse or whatever. But this band has never been drug connected in any way, shape or form. So it has to find some outlet, there has to be a fuse. And we're fairly volatile characters, so there's the fuse, there's the weak point, just the fact that we start snapping at each other."

"And what one day just seems like a minor irritation which you pass off as a joke, the next day makes you a little more angry than you used to be. And we're all fairly strong-willed so no one gives way. Those factors have been eliminated now. We've got good management now and I think we've also learned to recognise in ourselves those weaknesses as they arise. We've got a little more tolerance — I wouldn't say we were more mellow because I don't think we are, there's always that element of danger lurking below the surface."

So you've actually instructed your management that you want things to be more leisurely this time round?

"That's right. You may laugh, because this tour which started in Australia a few days ago doesn't finish until we get to Rio de Janeiro next September, but it's at a pace which is not crippling, there are days off, the odd week here and there."

Onto the recorded side of things — in the 10 years since the band broke up there's been a stream of live and compilation Deep Purple albums. Has that been a source of annoyance to the band?

"Well, to be honest, I don't even know about half of these things. No one ever contacted me, there was never any approval, no involvement. I think Ian Paice was involved in the compilation of *Deepest Purple*, which is probably the best compilation. But I think some of the others have done a lot of damage."

"Anyway, when people talk about Deep Purple, they do it in terms of the albums, like *Deep Purple In Rock* or *Fireball* or *Machinehead*. Each album has its own identity and I think to start plucking tracks from one album to another and mixing them up is ludicrous, it takes away an awful lot of the impact, the meaning. For me an album is a collection of music which records a moment in time, which is an accurate reflection of how the band is. It's not only what's going on in the world, it's the location of the recording and everything else that has a great influence on the album. It's there subliminally, maybe, but you can tell the album that was made in the mountains from one that was made in the city."

Was there any particular reason for doing the new album in the USA?

"Just convenience really. Three of us live in England and Roger and Ritchie live in Connecticut, so we try and split rehearsals. We found this little place in Stowe, in Vermont. It was just the basement of a house but it was quiet, we needed to get away from prying eyes. We didn't know if it was going to turn out and we didn't want people hanging round if we did have teething troubles."

"And we found we liked this

basement so much that we thought right, let's get the mobile down here and do it."

Is that why it's produced by Roger Glover and the band rather than an outside producer like Martin Birch?

"We made that decision way before we went in there. We decided to do it ourselves, because very simply I don't think there's a better producer around than Roger Glover. In fact, I'm not aware of any better all-round artist in the world today. He's a painter, a photographer, a producer, musician, writer ... so talented."

"But I think all we need in terms of an outside producer is just a really good sound engineer. Most groups could produce themselves I think, if they had the temperament. We always use the same people, Roger and Nick. Roger can be more objective than the rest of us. We go in as individuals to try and achieve maximum performance both from the point of view of writing and performance. You find the need to artificially stimulate your adrenalin in the studio to match the natural high you get in a stage performance. It's very difficult walking into a cold room and playing this music — it's not sitting on a stool stuff, it's very physical. So you tend to be concentrating on your own performance only, it's very subjective, very insular. And that's why you need people like Roger to stitch it all together."

"He can see 'Oh my God, that's brilliant, but it just doesn't make any sense in this context.' So he's the guy who talks to us, knows what makes us touchy, has the patience, to leave something for two days if he's knows it's not the right time to raise a point. It's invaluable."

Would you say Deep Purple's strongest following was still in Britain?

"No, I wouldn't. I'd say it was the USA — the new album went gold before it was released there. The UK's a funny old market. There are a lot of very serious fans there but it's the one country in the world where we just don't bother doing interviews at all, we refuse to talk to the press. They're cretins, absolute idiots."

"It's always been the same — they try and build things up and if they haven't made something or had some role in it, then it's really personal, vitriolic attacks all the time. It even gets beyond the point of being libellous. If we did interviews we'd end up smacking the guys in the mouth, because they are the enemy. All of them, *Sounds*, *Kerrang*... we got tricked into doing an interview for *Kerrang* which we were told was for someone else."

Why is there that situation?

"I've no idea. I wouldn't even waste time thinking about it."

So presumably the only way to counter it is by just going out and doing it?

"Yeah, that's the only thing. Radio's okay — they hardly ever play our stuff on radio anyway but you can find the odd rock show, there's Tommy Vance on the BBC and Phil Easton on Radio City, which is Liverpool's big station, and one or two others."

But there's not much going on with TV shows and videos?

"No. They're rubbish shows anyway. Which is a shame, 'cause I live there, but they're rubbish."

What's your opinion of some of the metal bands around at the moment? Do you pay much attention to what's happening?

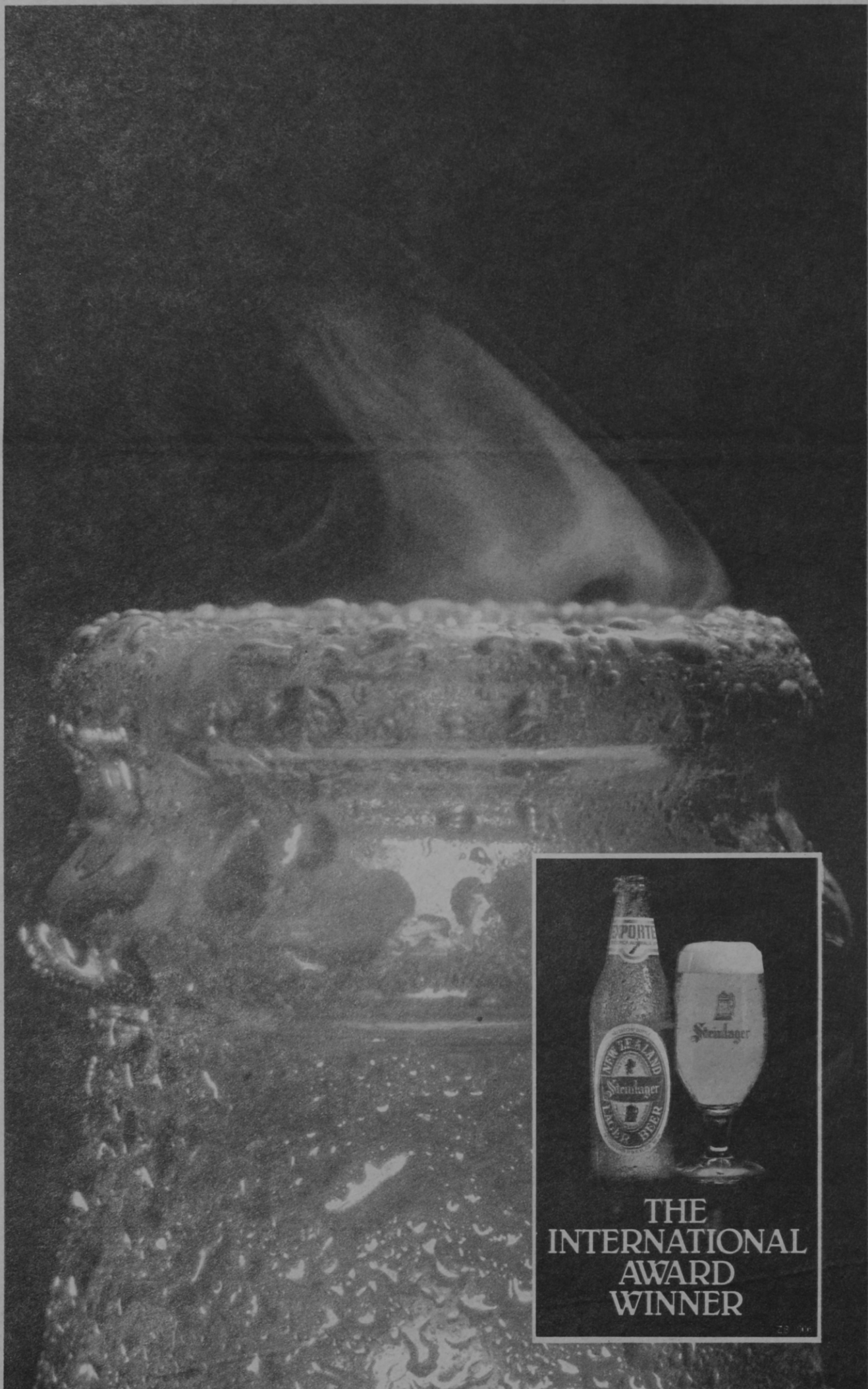
"Yeah, mostly what I hear on the radio, I don't read the papers much. There's a big problem in that I don't like heavy metal at all. I mean, there are some good heavy metal bands but this whole image thing is nothing I want to be part of. I like music and I like quality music and there's a lot of stuff that moves me."

"One of heavy metal's huge weaknesses is that it's become such a narrow field. I find it infuriating that if a fan goes to an Iron Maiden concert, then wants to go to an Adam Ant concert a couple of weeks later he has to go in disguise, he can't tell his mates 'cause it's not cool. Now you go back 14 years and you'd get someone going to a Jethro Tull concert one week and then the next week they'd go and see Mark Bolan. And I can't think of a more accurate parallel than Mark Bolan and Adam Ant. But there's none of that diversity now, it's all getting very factionalised."

And you're usually lumped in as a heavy metal band aren't you?

"No. If somebody says that then I don't want anything to do with them. We're a musical band, we're what we are, a rock band, whatever. Anyone calls me a heavy metal band and ..."

Chris Caddick



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Rip It Up / December 1984 11

A Beatle, a book, a ballroom.



Derek Taylor, George Harrison.

"Well, it costs me \$550 now, but I'll hold onto it. We're going to England in 1986 and it should be worth maybe 900 quid by then. I don't want to read the bloody thing so I'll leave it wrapped up and put it somewhere safe until then."

Words to this effect ooze from a mustachioed mouth three feet behind me on the steps outside Auckland's Hyatt-Kingsgate hotel.

I'm in the company of the big media, the book-lovers, the speculators and the hard core Beatle freaks who make up the rather curious bunch of humans congregating in a rather tacky ballroom to see and hear the editor of *Fifty Years Adrift* (George Harrison) and associates launch the afore-mentioned book at a sixty buck a head lunch.

I got in free but still couldn't afford the book. I wish I could've because it's an impressive tome, with every page gilt-edged (closed, it makes a passable mirror) and hand sewn into the skin of several dead calves. Scattered among hundreds of scrupulously and lovingly executed drawings plus facsimiles of 50 years of memorabilia, plus never before seen photos of the Beatles and other fab chums, plus bits (in italics) by George, lie 250,000 words describing the life so far of one Derek Taylor, who is most famous for having been very closely associated with the most earthshaking phenomenon in recent history. Bigger than Boy! Fabber than Frankie! Dynamicker than Duran! Magnificenter than Michael! It's ... the everloving BEATLES!

But let's leave them for a moment and back-track two days, 100 metres to the right and 10

storeys up, where I meet Derek Taylor in his ugly little Hyatt hotel room. I don't wanna bore you, but any who harbour secret visions of a superstar lifestyle spent in elegant hotel rooms should check out a few. Anyway, this one is all rounded off and flesh-coloured, like the inside of an earlobe and Derek is very tired. Exhausted ...

However, when I promise not to talk about the Fab Four he brightens visibly and I wonder what the hell we are going to chat about. But he's a lovely man, who apparently alters his performance to suit the interviewer, so we settle down to an amiably rambling chat about areas of mutual interest.

A bit of background: He was a freelance press agent for several years after being booted off Brian Epstein's bandwagon and represented a fascinating bunch of musically unique talents like Van Dyke Parks, Harry Nilsson and ... "Captain Beefheart, yes, I haven't seen him for a couple of years, I'm sure he's all right. He was an odd one. They were all very nice though, all that crowd. All good fun and no trouble to work for, but it was very difficult to get them into fan magazines, which is where I was in 65, 66. But, you know, record labels were very good after Monterey, very willing to take on all sorts of oddballs. There was virtually nothing they wouldn't tackle, nothing too bizarre or expensive. Can small groups still make it, weird groups?"

I smother the urge to rant uncontrollably about the insanely safe world of the music "industry" and meekly mention Frankie Goes To Hollywood as a weirdo success story. "Brilliant young people," he murmurs with the real enthusiasm which is so much a part of him, in person and in his book.

Fifty Years Adrift may be a limited edition of 2000 world-wide (250 for New Zealand, courte-

sy of Hedley's, Masterton) but it's not a dry, scholarly look at its time period, rather a charmingly verbose, evocative and funny chronology of one man's trip from obscure suburbia to the nub of the universe and the attendant progression from pints of warm English ale to the finest acid and back to sobriety.

An extraordinary quantity of booze, pills and other chemicals are imbibed in the 540 pages. It's also extraordinary how necessary they were to actually live through days that must have been 48 hours long to accommodate all that was achieved.

"It sort of escalates, doesn't it, from a few beers till there was no limit to the brandy I could put down, only how many hours I'd got ... It's a relief to be out of that world and into the daylight ... But if I hadn't been such a piss-artist I might not have got into this lark, I might've stayed in West Kirby and been shy."

He has fewer regrets about the psychedelic years.

"Yes, the incredible din of gravel falling off your feet. I wouldn't take it now but I liked that period very much. It was wonderful and it was also a sort of naughty thing to be doing, which appealed to me because we'd been quite conformist up till then."

Which leads on to mention of the high guru of LSD, Timothy Leary ...

"A bit of an extremist and a dear friend who said you should take it every day ... and, like, Julio Iglesias says he's had sexual intercourse every day for the last 15 years — which is an extraordinary imposition to place on yourself if you think how quickly a day passes and this going on day after day for 15 years, the mind absolutely boggles! I mean, you think he might've taken a fortnight off every year or so ... anyway, so maybe some people cantake acid every day."

And its effect on the music business?

"It didn't seem to have done people a lot of harm in commercial terms. People who were notoriously into broadening their minds or raising their consciousness were still commercially viable and the record companies were led by decent folk, like Elektra and Warners, took on trust that there must be something in this lark and they gave people their head. There were some imaginative signings ..."

There certainly were, until, inevitably: "It settled down again, didn't it, and the budgets got bigger but the large companies could absorb it and people like Rod Stewart who were paid vast sums of money have certainly returned that. But when the production got smoother and smoother the backlash got more and more severe and we had the big explosion in the late 70s."

At which point we nattered on about the causes of that particular upheaval, but try as I might, I couldn't get him to say anything nasty

about anyone, not even Leif Garrett or Peter Frampton. But, as he puts it:

"It's hard, though, being a man of benevolent instincts, you can name names, I can't do it. It's not in my nature ... except when all the tapes are off and only the family are in the room and then I become the worst, filthiest misanthrope the world has ever known!"

Okay. Before this extremely pleasant and urbane Dr Jekyll transforms before our bulging eyeballs into some writhing, disease-ridden Mr Hyde, lets ...

Cross back to the Hyatt ballroom, where I'm now at table six, with intrepid *Shake!* snoop Wayne Washington, an Aussie radio whizz on loan to an ailing local station, a record magnate with a price on his head, a few dribs and drabs (no offence if you're reading this, I just don't know who you were) and Alan and Linda. Alan is a real oddity, but only, I hasten to add, because he is one of that small minority here today who have actually shelled out the 550 bucks for the book. Not only that, but he bought it because he loves the Beatles and he's going to read it. No wrapping in oilcloth and bricking up in a false wall for his copy and more power to him. He's extremely excited about the prospect of being in the same room as George Harrison and ...

There he is! A real live ex-Beatle. (Must admit, I went all clammy for a second there.) He looks sort of fragile and old from a distance, but that impression seems to dissipate as his obvious nervousness wanes. Christ, how'd you feel with 300 pairs of eyes on you as you sit down to a lunch that's still 10 minutes in the future? He hasn't done anything like this for quite some years. Nobody really seems to know quite what to do so lots of bread rolls get toyed with, gutted, buttered and laid to one side in favour of lovely fresh bottles of Kiwi wine. Coolly surreptitious glances at the top table reveal George, Derek, English publisher Brian Roylance, NZ publisher David Hedley and some other nobility making vain attempts at blase concern. They're better at it than we are.

Anyway, lunch and speeches are consumed, the former being adequate but far short of 60 bucks worth and the latter being, in turn, endearingly gauche and warm (Mr Hedley being blatantly thrilled to bits), professional and full of skillful laffs (Mr Taylor — a born raconteur) short but magic (Mr Harrison — the quiet Beatle speaks!). Special mention must go to Derek for his enthusiastic endorsement of Labour's nuclear stance at the end of an otherwise lighthearted spiel. Without wishing to sidestep into politics, it just shows that we are making an impression.

Somewhere amongst all this a lone autograph hunter threads his way timidly through tables bristling with Phillip Schofields and Kevin Blacks

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14



It was a simple sound born in the cottonfields of the Mississippi delta in the mid 19th century. They called it The Blues and it helped shape popular music for the next 120 years.

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'DEREK & GEORGE' FROM PAGE 12

and things to get George's imprint on his copy of *Gone Troppo* (the last of a series of embarrassingly ignorable albums from our George over the latter decade) only to be politely rebuffed by the great man. All that way back to his seat ... poor sod! And he tries again an hour later. Wooo, Beatle freaks are notoriously stubborn. Alan (remember?) has the insert from Harrison's very listenable *Wonderwall* album that he wants signed. It's a relatively obscure record but he's on his third copy, much to the derision of our Aussie radio whizz. Well, a little later as George goes for a walk across the room, Alan gets his autograph and chats to a Beatle (opening with "You've been a fan of mine for years!" in his state of nervous shock), so he did okay. The media personalities at the "do" curdle my pious blood but the Beatle freaks are great. George knows this, after all, he was the one who wrote 'Apple Scruffs' in loving appreciation of the fans who clustered outside Apple for nothing more than the chance to be close.

But all of a sudden mingling is over and the guests of honour are heading for another room. This must be the press conference! Yikes, you've gotta have an official card pinned to ya and I dunno where to get 'em. God, I've gotta take photos too ... follow the tape recorders in mild panic ... ah, there they are and I'm in.

TV lights, video camera, film camera, dozens of still cameras, all the mics and walkmen you'd expect and row after row of *real* reporters with shorthand pads and familiar faces. This is a whole different atmosphere, with George totally on the spot, unprotected and ... enjoying himself. You can almost see the other moptops grinning and quipping along every time he smiles. What a fucking great smile! He looks just like the guy in *Hard Day's Night*. When he grins, close up, it's almost spooky. And he handles the aggression and chaos of this press conference thingy with ease, he looks pleased with himself as the skills flow back.

Q: Do you still have an interest in the movie business?

"Yeah, at the moment I'm negotiating to buy the rights to *Fifty Years Adrift* and make it into a movie with Robert De Niro playing Derek Taylor."

Who'd play George Harrison?

"He's not in the book is he? Oh yeah, he's just a minor part, we'll get one of the Rutles, or some'un like that."

What about music, where is that in your life today?

"Well, I don't hafta make records any longer, which is a relief, because I'm not really of a competitive nature, y'know. I don't wanna hafta go out there promoting and doing all this stuff which is necessary now, I mean, let's face it, it's a cut-

throat business and I'm not really into that. But havin' said that, I've found that since I don't have a commitment to the music industry I've been writing much more music than I've done in the past, I mean, frinstance, the last coupla months I've written about 28 songs. An' I, like, make demos which are better 'cause they can be ..." (At this point the doors behind George and Derek shudder apart and an elderly gent totters through with a "How are ya, George?" and proceeds to trip over the carpet, causing momentary hilarity and confusion) "... the Flying Trellinis! Um ... there's something good about demos because they don't, uh ... y'know, when ya get makin' a record it gets serious and ..."

Will you perform live again?

"Well, whadya think this is? I dunno, I doubt it, it's too much trouble. Y'know it really is a lot of trouble." (Then, very quietly.) "I'm not sure that anyone wants to see me."

Ahh ... I like this man. Then the subject changes to The Book and the occasion.

Did you have reservations about coming this far away from home?

"No, not really ... it's a funny thing to come and do — come all the way to New Zealand for lunch."

And on the subject of his presence just being a hype:

"Well, it's true, because I mean, how many of you people would be here if Derek was on his own? I dunno, you can answer that, but you're all subject to the same sort of hype, y'know, if that's the word you wanna use, but it's really up to us to be as honest as possible and for you to try'n see if there is any honesty there."

It brings back the original impact the Beatles had on the press with their disquieting inability to bullshit in the manner expected of such side-show attractions. I'm enjoying this. I'm disarmed. And then it's back to the Beatles.

How did they get their name?

"Well there's always been stories on who invented the name and the versions about how we wanted it to be like the Crickets an' that sorta thing but Stuart Sutcliffe, who was an art student with John at the Liverpool College of art was very much into Marlon Brando, in particular that movie, *The Wild One*. I always got the impression that John and Stu were together, like, that night an' the nex' morning when it came out: 'We've got a good name!' And then in years following it was always taken that John thought of the name. But I came across a video of *The Wild One* an' I couldn't believe it when I saw that ... Lee Marvin saying to wozzisname ... to Marlon Brando, yeah, saying, y'know, I forget what the words were, but some'ing like 'We think yer a schmuck Johnny and the Beatles think yer a schmuck, John.' An' I said, 'Wait a minute, back that up, did I hear that? The Beatles?' So I would say, based

on that, that Stuart Sutcliffe had a lot to do with it — although this is a bit like *Trivial Pursuit* ..."

Was there ever any chance of the Beatles getting back together?

"No ... I doubted it, I mean, y'know it was just a joke of people offering \$100,000,000 ... If we'd done it, it wouldn't have been in a spectacular way. I think it was best left the way it was."

How important are the movies to you?

"The movies? Not really that important, I mean the music business has a lotta nice people an' so does the film industry, but it also has a lot of awful people and in a way the film industry has much more of a killer instinct than even the record business because, like, yer average expensive album useta cost about \$100,000 and Hollywood spends on average \$11 million just for one movie, so, y'know, when you have a flop ... I mean, also the movie industry tends to be based on paranoia. Y'know, somebody's afraid that they're gonna buy a flop or not buy a film that's a hit so they're not really operating on what they genuinely like. It's all built upon fear. We (Handmade Films) go on the basis of we're not looking to have an enormous hit or trying to beat Steven Spielberg and we do films sometimes that wouldn't get made by other people. Like, *Life Of Briars* a great example. It's the one that got me involved this time around, 'cause I did produce a movie around 69 or 70 with John Hurt and David Warner, for Apple Films, called *Little Malcolm and His Struggle Against the Eunuchs*. So I've sorta been hoverin' around."

You say you've written 28 songs. What do you do with them?

"I just make quick demos of 'em, mix 'em and I just have 'em lying on the studio floor while I write some new ones. I dunno really, but it doesn't matter, it's all there like Derek's bits of paper fer 'is book an' eventually somebody'll pick 'em up and play 'em."

What's it like for you to come out in public?

"It's sort of strange, like y'know ... I don't do this very often so it's ... I've forgotten how to act."

Will you be doing this sort of thing in England?

(Aghast!) "I hope not!"

Then the question gets back to hyping the book with Phillip Schofield trying manfully to make a rather obscure point that was being dealt with nicely by Derek when a large, booming voice interrupts with: "George, please, after years and years of trying, how do you play the opening chord of 'A Hard Day's Night'?"

An amused Harrison restores order with a promise to tell all when Mr Taylor finishes, at which point he informs the grateful fan (he had to be a fan) that: "It's F with a G on the first string ... it sounds better on a 12 string."

George, what do you think of the state of the music industry in 1984?

"I think it's sort of pickin' up and gerrin' a bit better. I don't know what in your Top 20, it tends to be the same stuff in every country, but frinstance ya get a nice ol' melody like Stevie Wonder's an' then ya get a bit of Madness ... As soon as we can have programme planners an' disc jockeys that don't hafta bow down to the ... um ... sponsors, 'cause that's the problem. Frinstance, 10 years ago when I was more actively involved in it, you'd get a playlist where the DJs were allowed to play maybe three new records a week. You'd have *onerecord* company puttin' out 20 or 30, then you've got, like 50 record companies, so what they'll do is knock anything over three minutes 30 an' then it's up to the programme planner with his own personal motives or whatever backhanders he's gettin', or how much ya go an' bow an' scrape to 'im. They're the records that'll get played. Wegenuinely got popular by people just playin' 'em 'cause they liked 'em. I don't see it settlin' down. I think it's gonna get more an' more money, more an' more greed an' selfishness, and on that basis people have tin ears as far as I'm concerned. I hear some stuff that's happen'n now that's just people that's tone deaf with 15 million-selling albums. But y'know, it takes all kinds ... I still prefer Bob Dylan."

What about Paul McCartney?

"Musically he's ... see, all the pens come out for this one ... I think 'No More Lonely Nights' is a lovely song, I like it a lot. I haven't seen his movie but I've heard his new versions of 'Eleanor Rigby' and 'For No One'. It's okay, but I can't understand whyhe did it. Must be because he got the publishing or something."

Is it sacrilege?

(Emphatically) "Nooo ... he wrote the songs. Like he sez, if I wanted to sing 'Here Comes the Sun' is that sacrilege? I mean, I wrote it! It's the same, Paul wrote those songs an' good on 'im, he can do 'em. I think he would've been better off to've not done so many of them but he's not doin' so bad."

Then ... he's gone. It's over. (Well, there was lots of other stuff really, but there ain't that much room.)

Back into the real world, where tables are being carried out of the ballroom while the faithful Beatle freaks who didn't have the official press card cluster round we privileged humans who got so close.

"Hey, you're Chris Knox aren't you? Did you get any photos? Is there any chance we could get some prints? Yeah? Ohh, that's great, thanks a lot ... wow."

And Andrew, who was immortalised in the *Auckland Star* as the Gisborne law clerk with 400 Beatle records, manages to intercept George between conference home time.

Chris Knox

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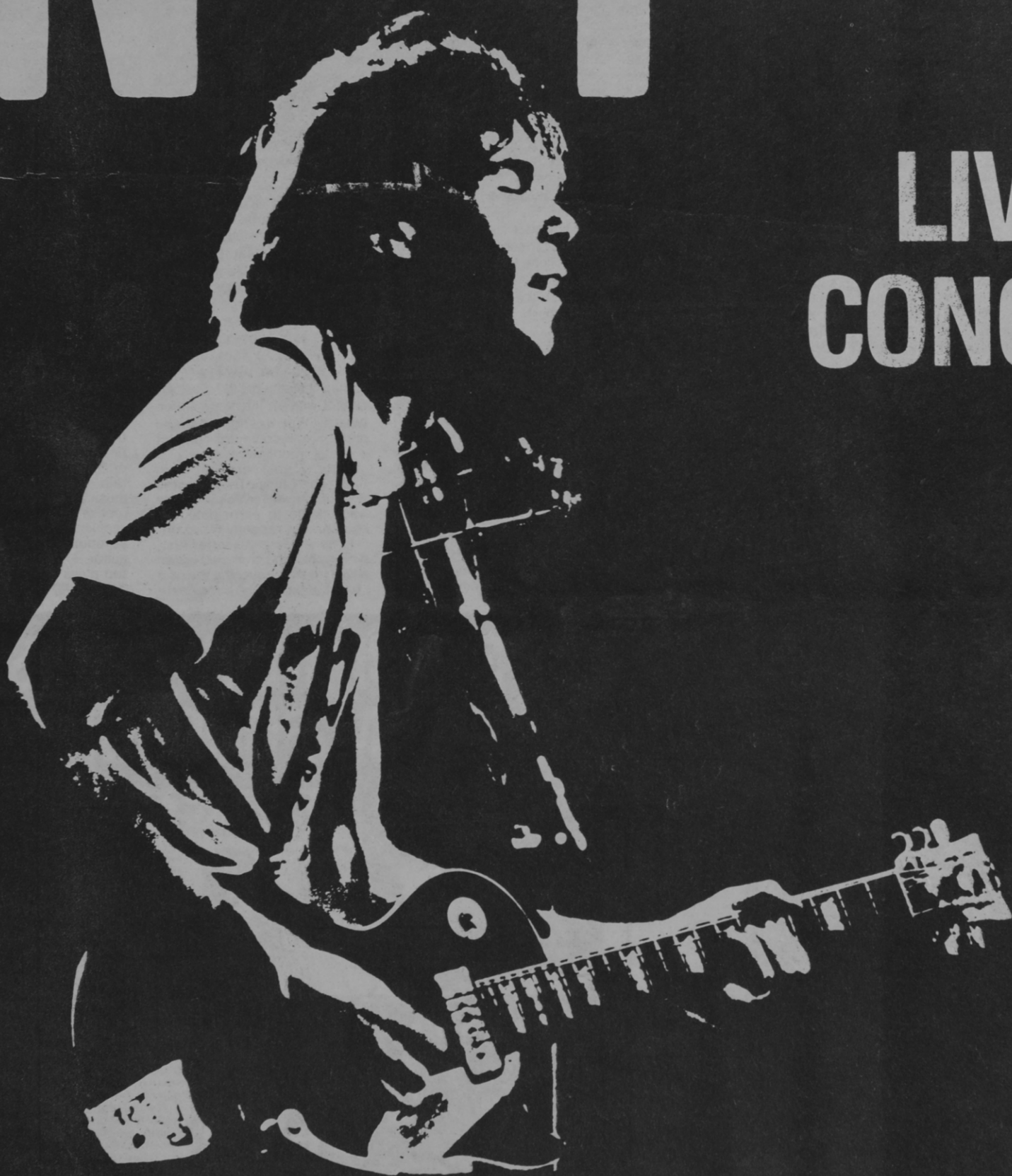
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The Rip get their heads together (L-R): Alastair, Robbie, Geoff.

Ripping Yarns

There are certain mistakes a young band can make when they start out — and singer-guitarist Alastair Galbraith admits the Rip made most of them.

Up until the beginning of this year the Rip had been typecast as Dunedin's perennial support band and no one seemed to consider them anything more.

"We'd never been assertive enough in saying that we shouldn't have to play supports so we just kept on playing them," he explains. "Also we never had any money as a band because all the money we earned from all the supports went straight back into our individual

pockets because our drummer had a wife and kids and needed it just to keep going. Consequently we never had any money to buy good gear — we could never get bands to support us because we'd be using their gear. And also we never thought we were good enough."

But things began to look up and former Bored Games drummer Jeff Harford came into the group and was able to devote more time to the songs than the band's previous drummer. Confidence within the band also began to rise.

"We know ourselves now that we're good and we deserve to keep on going. We've got more of an idea of where we stand compared to other bands," Galbraith explains. He

does bristle when suggestions that the Rip have taken some cues from other bands like the Verlaines are mentioned, pointing out that 25 of the Rip's 30 songs were written "before I even liked the Verlaines".

The only Dunedin band he'll own up to being influenced by is the Clean — "I didn't even know the difference between the Verlaines and the Chills and so on until half way through last year."

So obviously the Rip haven't, as he puts it, "known the right people" and their rise since their first chaotic pub gig in February of 1982 ("we very nearly resolved never to do anything again after that") hasn't exactly been meteoric. Has the slow struggle helped Galbraith and fellow original member bassist Robbie Muir?

"Yeah, I think it has. In a situation where you might be playing to a new audience and they hate you, it might put off a lot of bands who've been all the way pushed or encouraged by someone else and when that someone else isn't there they fall flat. And we've never had anyone there to say that we were good, no one has told us we're good until this year. But it's exactly the same songs."

It seemed earlier this year as if it might be some old story when plans for the Rip to tour nationally with the Verlaines were cancelled (not by the Verlaines) after Harford had already taken leave from work to tour. But the time was put to good use with a trip up to Christchurch with Terry Moore where the band's debut EP *A Timeless Piece* was recorded.

The EP's title comes from a line in the song 'Holy Room'. The "holy room" was the Rip's practice room, which served on other days as a church and a gymnasium. The "timeless piece" is the handless clock that hung on the wall there. The record will be out soon, self-released but distributed through Flying Nun.

So the Rip at last have some respect and a record and they'll be looking to tour sometime. And then there's the reported vow to never play another support gig ...

"We say we won't ever do sup-

ports again but what we mean is we won't support bands who we don't think are really good. We like bands with good lyrics. I think lyrics are maybe the most important thing."

Russell Brown

Ascent of the Ape

It was during the year in Timaru that I first met the TV Eyepeople.

Despite the years, my memories of them are vivid — I wonder sometimes if time has retouched the colours. Patrick Faigan was slight, bespectacled, yet intense. Many of the locals found it difficult, if not impossible, to carry on a conversation stretching more than a few syllables with him yet I had glimpsed the wildly enthusiastic talker that lay behind the prescription lenses. Kevin Smith was tall and strongly built, with more than a hint of Tongan flowing through his veins. It was not uncommon for women to be attracted to him but even at that young age he had pledged his troth and remained steadfastly chaste. It seems strange now to think that he was later to be married at the same basilica we used to watch, sometimes for an entire Sunday, from the terrace of our bungalow. Echoes flood back of the friendly policeman who came to ask if the bands in the back yard could please finish before five o'clock Mass.

The third of the Teev triumvirate I knew least well was Steven Watson, who had travelled to Invercargill to study accountancy and would only return to Timaru when the band — then the Picnic Boys — had one of its intensive recording periods with the four-track cassette machine they collectively owned. He would always be pleasant but sometimes I thought the interminable travel this mysterious man was obliged to undertake gave him too much time to think. But the nights spent sipping



'Deebie' (a very sweet liquid brewed by the natives) and talking of the sunset could not last and soon the Riviera of the South was but a memory for us all.

After his marriage ceremony Smith moved to Nelson to devote time to his twin passions, awesomely sensitive creative output and playing rugby football. Faigan took up a Baudelairean existence above a fruit shop in Christchurch and Watson, ever the rock, continued to delve into the mysteries of double entry book-keeping in Invercargill.

I still correspond with them occasionally and actually ran into Smith at the All Blacks v France test match in Christchurch. As the gentle nubian giant effortlessly plucked me from the gutter into which I had fallen I suggested that perhaps, with eight TV Eye tapes behind them, as either the Picnic Boys or their subsequent mutation, Say Yes To Apes, and two vinyl LPs and two new EPs, it was perhaps time for me to furnish my editors with an interview. Unfortunately, time was not our *amigo* and it was resolved to conduct a postal interview.

Letters duly arrived from Smith and Faigan. The eccentric Watson, however, claimed he was unable to participate, his head having recently fallen off.

I opened Faigan's letter first, slicing open the crumpled brown envelope and reopening the scar I had earned in an unfortunate

brawl at the notorious bar "Gladstone's" in the South.

His rabid prose gave answer to my first request, for an explanation of what TV Eye was: "Nationwide network of psychic desperadoes? Full frontal assault on the reality asylum or just another rock 'n' roll circus? To me it represents exploration, communication, confrontation, voodoo sex magic, the awareness of centuries, oh yeah, oh yea, oh no — a probe into inner and outer space, an invasion of the memory banks, 'laughing in the face of death and failure', the autumn of paranoia that stalks in the wake of the Summer Of Love." Sometimes I worry about his reading.

Smith described his function in the group and that of the others: "My function is solely to deliver the goods expected from one third of the group. Sometimes my input is an idea or rather the seed of an idea and sometimes it is to fertilise an idea. I suppose that's all any of us can do. Pat's function or rather major contribution is to constantly monitor motives, ideals and processes and Steve's is to constantly explore the state of the art and rationalise things — the guardian of the technology. I am uncertain about mine. Obviously musically I endeavour like the rest of the band to play to the very limit of my ability (and often beyond)." Smith sings and plays guitar, Faigan drums and Watson plays bass guitar. Usually.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

Purple Girls

It's a fault of the music scene that the roles assigned to women often tend to be those of band member's girlfriend, door person, etc, or, if they do take the stage, singer/keyboard player/visual showpiece. Bands composed entirely of women are usually only to be found the other side of the sign that reads: *Women's Music*.

Look Blue Go Purple are a little different. They fit their five pieces

in alongside other Dunedin bands with barely a second glance, even though they made a deliberate choice to form an all-woman band back in February last year. Which isn't to say they don't sound quite different, both tangibly and intangibly to most other groups. For a start, there's volume ...

"Men play so loud," says bass player Kathy Bull, grinning but meaning it. "It's amazing — we share our practice rooms with bits of other bands and you can't just plug in and go because it's so loud. I like playing loud bass but what I call loud bass not many other people would call loud bass."

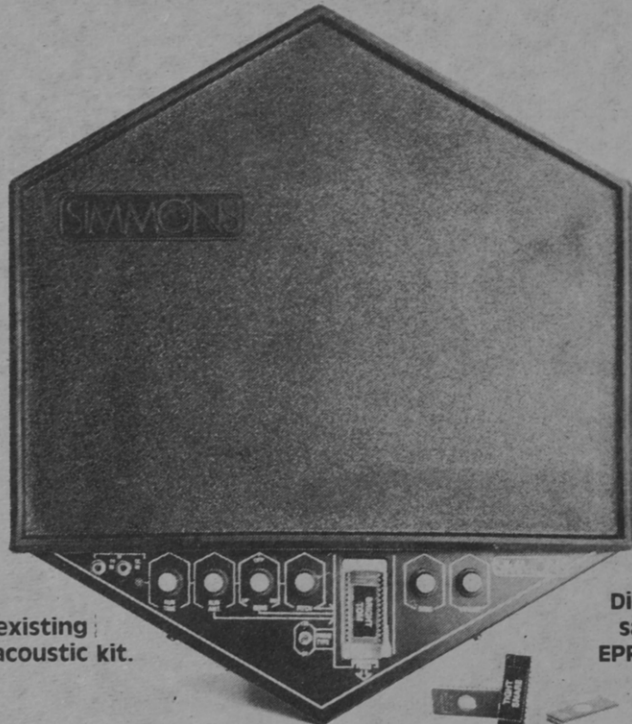
"I think it's better not to be too

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

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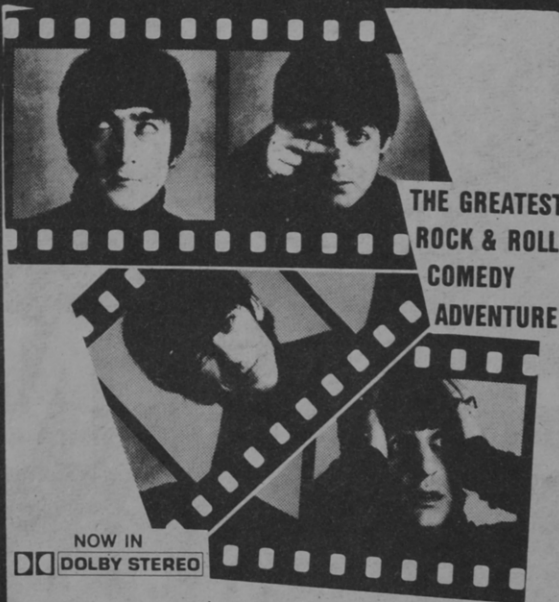


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'La Nuit de Varennes' GA

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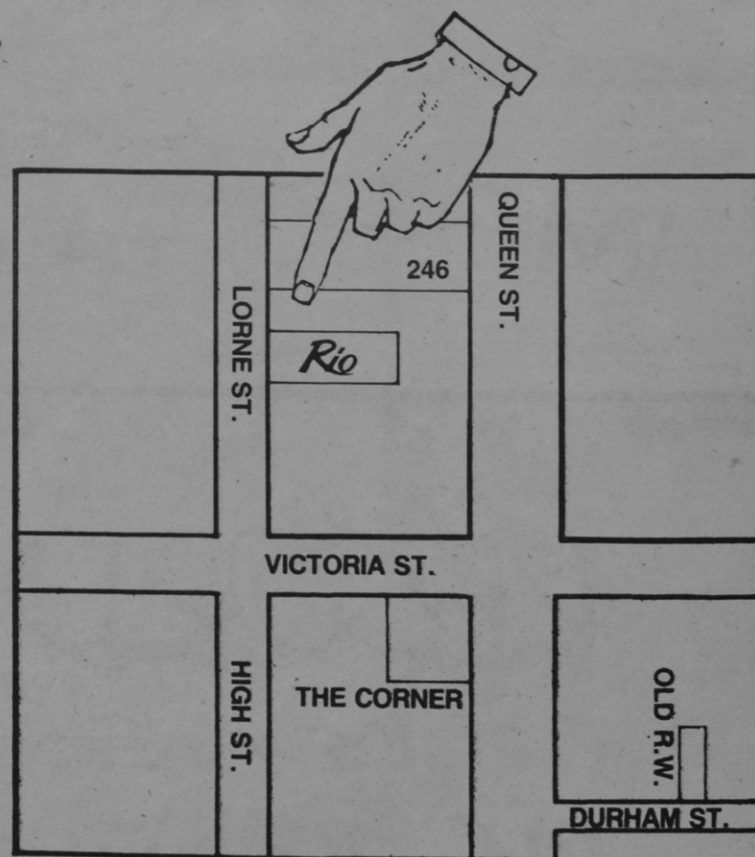
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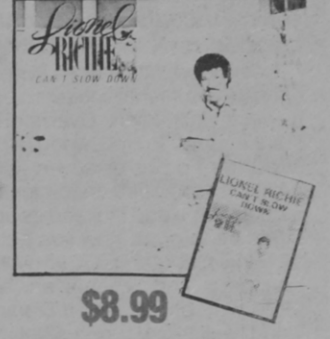
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HOLLYWOOD DREAMS FRANKIE

***I wish there was a Hollywood
Just like there used to be
With long black cars and paper hoods
And a film star on my knee
(‘Hollywood’, Speedy Keen)***

The cheap-sell image/myth making thrust of pop music has always been an integral part of becoming successful. It's at the core of pop culture. And those of us who hoped that the Sex Pistols had ushered in a new era of anti-hype as a reaction to the dirty showbiz compromises were to be disappointed, again. Idealism, independence and revolution lasted a couple of years and then it was back to the business of selling records, manufacturing stars and creating rock 'n' roll Hollywoods.

Hollywood, still a word synonymous with the ultimate in material achievement, of having made it, an end in itself. Liverpool's latest legends, Frankie Goes To Hollywood (a name supposedly lifted from a poster advertising Frank Sinatra's first Hollywood film epitomise the current resurrection of the pop star and its accoutrements. It's hip to be famous, how you get there is incidental; Boy George uses femininity, the Durans, Spandau and Whams are all rehearsing for MGM walk-on parts and Frankie Goes to Hollywood, well they'd have us believe that they were Brando's *The Wild Ones* meets Quentin Crisp. We never believed a word of their S&M promoshit for 'Relax', did we? Pervasive and persuasive, it fulfilled its function:

"We used sexual imagery because of that particular song. Obviously we were a band off the streets, on the dole in unemployed Liverpool, and so, of course, we went to extremes to attract attention to the song. But the song is a good one."

Holly Johnson has a typical sing-song scouse lilt to his accent, but he camps it up with a teasing breathlessness at the end of each sentence. He's a phone interviewer's nightmare because his mid-statement pauses are either breaks for reflection or end-of-answer signals. Would the music have surfaced without the image?

"I don't know. If you really listen to 'Relax' it is an all-time classic, I think everybody would have to admit that. It is a classic of rock 'n' roll, so to speak. It is a shame to think that without the imagery that maybe the record wouldn't have succeeded, but I doubt it very much."

The Darling Press

FGTH are on Zang Tumb Tuum, a label run by maestro producer Trevor Horn and former NME writer Paul Morley, a man renowned for his affection, wit and cynicism and so the perfect vehicle for Frankie's road to Eldorado. In fact their S&M stint for 'Relax' seemed to have telltale signs of the Morley hand.

"No, all the promotional ideas have been mine. Morley's just the press officer. He uses our ideas for the advertising and things and we tell him

what to do."

The impression I've gained is that he's the tactician behind the band's every move.

"You must be joking. He's too drunk and asleep in the corner of the office to be guiding us."

So what does he do exactly?

"Gets drunk a lot. Lies on the office floor in pools of vomit."

He must be getting very rich?

"No, he's just getting very dirty."

Because of their "sensational" promo style, the Frankies have attracted saturation coverage from Britain's newspaper dailies, all anxious to uncover the latest putrescence:

"They have a field day with Princess Diana having a period or something. It's quite typical of them."

In a July edition of the *Daily Mail*, Moira Petty lambasted the band and Morley for shamelessly exploiting the public and although she made one or two legitimate points, she ended up with a cheap emotional sob story from Johnson's supposedly hurt and betrayed parents.

"That's how sick those papers are, isn't it? They went to my parents and spoke to them. They misquoted them and said things that were almost slanderous. Ridiculous, they did this exclusive on my private life but they didn't compensate my parents at all. It was suppose to be a big expose on me, not that there is anything to expose. If that's not exploitation, what is?"

Johnson also has it in for the *NME*, which interviewed that band last year:

"Yeah, and I haven't spoken to them since then and I've got no intention of doing so."

Why?

"Because it's a scummy newspaper, really disgusting. I mean FGTH is the most exciting thing to happen in British pop music for five years and all they do is try and cheapen it. And they're on their way out as far as circulation goes."

The Music(als)

Amidst all the brouhaha concerning hype, leathers and visual selling points, FGTH make music in there, somewhere. 'Relax', the sixth best selling British single of all time, isn't the classic Johnson claims. Sure, it has a hook that won't let go but its power is plastic, a creation etched out by technical gloss and Trevor Horn's big star production. Yet Johnson maintains it was a blow against blandness.

"British pop music in general is very poor and with 'Relax' we tried to counter the blandness of the whole thing. We never had any idea of changing pop music directly or that we'd ever get people emulating us. For example, after 'Two Tribes' it was quite a surprise to find people like Culture Club with their 'War Song' singing about war, something we'd been singing for three months."

"We could never affect anyone else's mediocrity, we couldn't bring that which is mediocre above that level, could we? We've just scared the hell out of people like Duran Duran, Spandau Ballet and Culture Club, but Culture Club at least have got the sense to come into the 80s."

Just to prove that 'Relax' was no fluke, this

year's 'Two Tribes', available here in three different mixes and as many as nine overseas, became the 11th best British seller of all time. The video helped shift a few copies but the song had a righteous surge and a right hook that knocked the charts over in Britain, where it was number one for nine weeks.

The best mix? For my money go to the B-side of the second mix and collect a kick from their version of Edwin Starr's 'War'. Then it's Morley's interview with the band and Brian Nash's quip, "We're the 'ammer that knocks the nail in," in reference to their function in FGTH, is the perfect cue for the band to belt into 'Two Tribes' like an express train. One of this year's truly great moments.

"The song 'Two Tribes' is about any personal relationship," says Johnson. "It was written during the Falklands war over here and it was about all levels of battle and scoring points off each other and how pointless this was. Russia and America are the broadest examples of two tribes on the planet, although the song could be related to personal relationships."

Why do so many mixes of the song?

"Well, why not really? The idea of versions is quite attractive in that not one thing should be the definitive object or version or bunch of ideas of that song."

Which mix do you prefer?

"To tell you the truth I haven't heard them all. We're too busy."

Was it Trevor Horn's idea to do more than one mix?

"Yeah, I suppose it was, really. There's an even better version on the album but my favourite is the American 7", which you haven't heard."

Why put on 'One February Friday', the interview section?

"Just for extra entertainment really, no philosophical reason. Me and Paul did an interview on the B-side of the first single and so it was the band's turn."

How much does FGTH owe Trevor Horn, musically not financially?

"Yeah, I don't owe him anything financially. Musically, as much as the music owes to us, 50-50. He's very influential, but then again all producers are, but for some reason he's been getting a lot of publicity recently. It's strange because he never got as much publicity before Frankie Goes To Hollywood."

Many of his bands (Buggles, Dollar, ABC) have been instant popsters, disposable stargazers whose names now only arouse embarrassment. Is that Horn's fault or the band's?

"It's a combination of both, really, but I can't answer that question as I don't know. I like Trevor as a producer and we wouldn't like to use anyone else. There are other producers but ask Michael Jackson if he'd like to use anyone other than Quincy Jones."

Future Strategies

Judging a band on the strength or weakness of two singles is premature. FGTH have made their fortunes with 'Relax' and 'Two Tribes' but

their claim to the Hall of Fame will lie in the quality of *Welcome to the Pleasure Dome*.

"It's kind of a double album. It's a double for sound quality, not for the number of tracks. It has 12 songs, so in fact it's not a double album at all, it only looks like one. It's like two big 12-inches, it's got a great cover, very glamorous. The thing to have for Christmas. Everyone brings their LPs out at this time of year unless you haven't a chance in hell of selling it. That's true, if you're new and no one's ever heard of you, then you release it in summer, when Sade releases her album or someone like that."

The album was released at the end of October in Britain and it's customary that tours follow albums, but last year Paul Morley declared that the band was to be banned from for two years from live appearances. True?

"Not true at all, it's just a drunken stupor of Morley's, no doubt. He was probably pissed when he said that, I wouldn't really take him seriously. In about two weeks we're off to do a tour of America for six weeks."

The USA may have been softened by the likes of Boy George but is it ready for Frankie Goes To Hollywood?

"I don't know and I don't really care. If they've got any taste they'll pick up on us. The market we already have exceeds the size of the American market anyway. There is a set of people that like our music — Europe, England, Australia and maybe New Zealand, okay, thanks very much. If America would like to join the appreciation society then that's okay."

Current Assessment

Nobody could deny that FGTH have seized the pop imagination. But what does it all add up to?

They've played pop at its own game by manipulating the existing machinery of media-public communications. Morley understands that and Johnson does him a disservice by underestimating his part in the rise of Frankie Goes To Hollywood. Morley is aware of the reality that pop is a product and so must be packaged in such a way that appeals to the current market. In 1977 Johnson and Co. would have been laughed back to the Liverpool dole queue, but it's 1984 and the charts have never looked as barren or as bereft of honest talent since the early to mid-70s. It's a credit to ZTT and to Johnson's nerve that FGTH were ready and able to take coals to Newcastle, hype to a scene already riddled with gimmicks.

But — and there must be a but with a band yet to prove that they can really live up to their public statements and attention-seeking cosmetics — are the Frankies no more than the 80s equivalent of Gary Glitter, Slade or Pickettywitch? In other words, can they last, can they be trusted? *Welcome to the Pleasure Dome* should offer a few clues. Meantime they've got me interested.

But the last word is Johnson's — it's not philosophical, but it is genuine:

"And it's great to be Number One in New Zealand."

George Kay

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Yay! Issue 1 is here — with the fancy colour pictures, the flash design — a modern 80s visual music magazine. *Shake!* has its own style — full page photos (24 in colour), two colour posters (**Simon Le Bon** and **Billy Idol** — backed with black & white posters of **Ian Curtis** and **Johnny Rotten** — true!); a spacious news section (with Dance Exponents scoop news!); a *Shake! Lowdown* on **Dance Exponents** and **Mockers** likes, faves etc; in depth interviews with **Robert Smith** (Cure), **Spandau Ballet**, **Ian McCulloch** (Echo & the Bunnymen), **Boy George**, Holly of **Frankie Goes To Hollywood**, Terri Nunn of **Berlin**, **Joe Strummer** (Clash), **Pseudo Echo** and kiwi bands **IQU** and **Katango**. Plus there's **Street Fashion** photographed by Kerry Brown, **Soul Style** (good and bad taste in 60s & 70s black music), **Tina Turner** talks to *Shake!*, **Grace Jones** fronts the film news, there's an intro to synthesiser ownership, **Bob Marley** ... and if ya wanna know more, buy it.

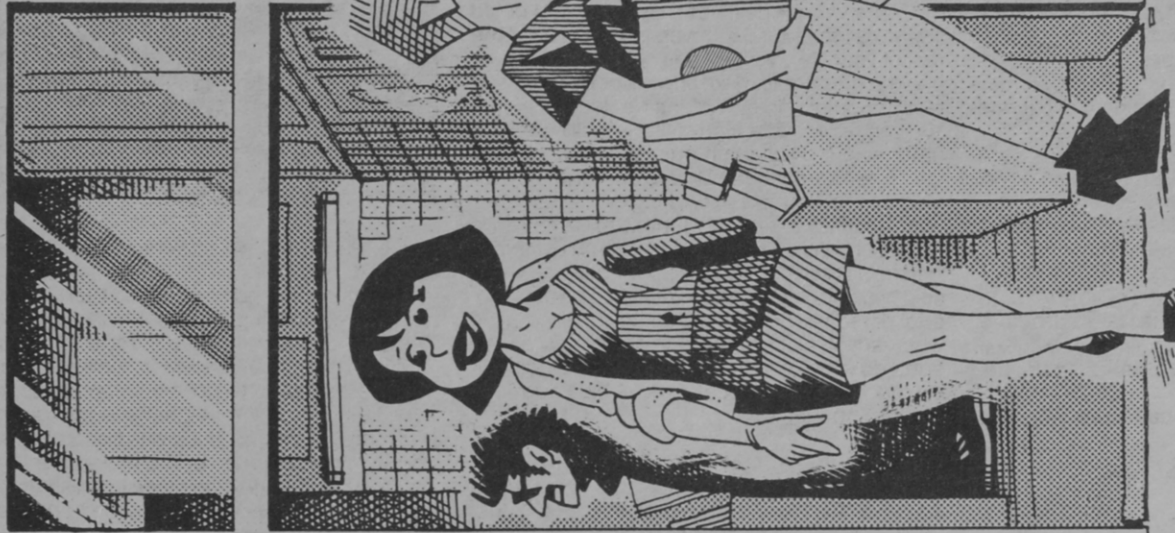
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THE STRANGER IN SNIDER

Dee Snider Explains Twisted Sister

On the cover of Twisted Sister's last album, *Stay Hungry*, Dee Snider is about to lunch on a big boneful of raw meat. *Grrraaauughh!* Upstairs at WEA Records in Auckland he has requested a cup of tea. *Two sugars, please!*

So it would seem that Dee Snider without makeup is quite a different person to the man with the painted face ...

"That's what people say and it's true to an extent but they're both part of me. I believe everybody's got a negative side — anger, frustration, hostility ... all the negative emotions make up the negative side of your personality. And when you meet people, hopefully they are nice and straight, as long as you're being nice to them and so forth. And you don't usually see the bad side until you get into an argument with them or whatever.

"If you have a way of expressing the negative side then you're a lot more in control of that part of your personality. It doesn't just come blasting out for the hell of it. Before Twisted Sister it would — the negative part of my personality that appears on stage was like just part of my everyday personality. Now, over the eight years, I've made almost a total separation.

"There is a line of course. If people hassle me or bother me, which happens from time to time, it comes out like *that*, I mean, it's there. But having a form of expression like Twisted Sister makes me quite well adjusted when I'm offstage."

One staff member has barely affirmed to another that no, it's *nota* wig, it *is* all real, before Dee Snider ambles amiably into the office, a blond monster to his wife Suzette's platinum petiteness.

"Oh hi, Russell, I saw your mag today. We're not in it yet!"

I haven't talked to you yet!

"Yeah!"

Hey!

Beneath the quite beautiful mass of hair it's still possible to see Dee Snider as the gawky, awkward kid of a New York immigrant family. His

face is long, coarsely angled — certainly not "the ugliest man in rock 'n' roll" as has been said, but never a male model. The hair hides and softens his face but trailing down from each temple are dark locks curiously reminiscent of the side-curls of orthodox Jews.

And he was the gawky, awkward kid, he explains. Until ...

"When I was 16 I came to the realisation that the trends and the cool people and what was in and what was hip was a bunch of shit. And I resented the fact that for the first 16 years of my life I tried following the trends and I tried being like other people and I wanted desperately to be accepted but because I wasn't attractive in the normal sense and because I didn't have money and I couldn't afford the clothes I was an outcast. Because it didn't naturally come to me to walk to someone else's beat I was an asshole there, just one of those idiots in school. I was a *total* outcast — very few friends. And I met one of those friends recently and we talked about how grossly unpopular we were in school.

"There was a choice at that point. You could go into a life of total introversion, where for the rest of your life you were one of those timid people who tries not to make any waves because he's really popular and everything he does is wrong. You can fall into that kind of life — well I went the other way. It dawned on me: 'Who the fuck are these people to tell me what to do? Who the fuck died and left them fuckin' king?'"

"It became a kind of commitment to prove how cool I was on *my* terms. I'm still on my terms. And now I'm becoming a hero for millions — we sold two million albums — for kids. The most uncool person in high school is now the *hero*. So what *is* cool? Cool is what you decide it is. All you gotta do is feel good about what you're doing. If you don't feel good about it you should do something to change it."

So Dee Snider took off in his own direction, with a chip on his shoulder "the size of New Zealand". He'd walk the streets in makeup, just *daring* anyone to make fun of him ...

The stage situation was similar when he formed Twisted Sister eight years ago. To front up to a heavy metal audience in "any bits of worn-



PHOTO BY WILLIAM WEST

ens' clothing that we could squeeze into or rip up" took *guts*.

"The makeup and the clothes then were just haphazard, anything that would make people go 'Oh God!'. But when I met Suzette she started working with me and showing me stuff and I've realised that over the years the makeup went from being feminine originally to getting more and more grotesque, but it was becoming more my own face accented by the makeup. If I make the faces that I make on stage I realise that the costuming and makeup have come to *represent* when just standing still, the negative side of my personality. The clothes are no longer feminine — I call them Mad Max Meets Walt Disney. They're emotional costumes — when I put it on it helps me tap into that part of my personality.

"I don't feel too friendly when I put it on. I don't feel like I could just sit down and talk like this. That's why I never do interviews with my makeup on — the answers aren't different, they're just a lot more ... *hostile*."

Heavy Metal: State of the Amalgam, Part 1

"I believe heavy metal or heavy rock is a tremendous outlet for hostility. It's the one form of rock 'n' roll — besides punk — that still contains rebellion. Your parents hate it. Spandau Ballet, my parents like. They think Boy George is okay so long as you don't look at him. That's not rock 'n' roll. In its inception, the basis of rock 'n' roll was rebellious, your parents hated it and it was a good time. A lot of heavy metal bands have lost touch with that aspect. They're so into the demons and wizards that they've forgotten that the reason people are there is they wanna have fun. So I want people to see us, I want them to scream, yell, shout, escape and give vent to their emotions and leave happier. *Leave happier* and when I was in the audience I left the concert *exhilarated*. I used to wanna punch someone in the face all day, I wanted to scream at my fuckin' parents, but I couldn't, I held it back.

"Then I went to the show and I threw my fist in the air and I screamed. Just as loud as I woulda screamed at my parents — and I punched just

as hard as I woulda punched someone in the face. The energy was expended but there was no damage, nobody was hurt.

"Heavy metal feeds off negative emotions — but the end result is definitely positive."

State of the Amalgam, Part 2

You talk about non-conformity — yet there's as much, if not more, of a uniform and accepted mode of behaviour in heavy metal as in any other subculture. Does that concern you?

"It doesn't worry me — it's a part of life and the fact is that the great majority of people are gonna be followers and there aren't that many lead-

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PLUS ZZ Top Bumper Stickers and ZZ Top Pins

A Fireside Chat with ZZ Top...



Known around the world as "that little ol' band from Texas", ZZ Top is one of the most successful and long-lived rock and roll bands in music history. For over thirteen years, the group — with a line-up unchanged since their formation in 1969 — has recorded a string of top selling LPs, including *Tres Hombres*, *Fandango* and *Tejas*, plus the smash singles, "La Grange" and "Tush". Meanwhile, their electrifying live show has attained legendary status with international audiences.

ZZ Top — guitarist Billy Gibbons, bassist Dusty Hill and drummer Frank Beard — was formed from two seminal Texas groups: Houston's Moving Sidewalks, featuring Billy Gibbons, and the Dallas-based American Blues, which included Dusty Hill and Frank Beard. As ZZ Top, the trio played the Houston area, garnering a fervent local following before releasing their first two

LP's, ZZ Top's *First Album* and *Rio Grande Mud*, on London Records in the early Seventies. They were followed by such million-sellers as *Tres Hombres* (featuring the group's first hit, "La Grange") and *Fandango* (home of "Tush"). *Tejas*, released in 1976, spawned both the hit single, "Arrested For Driving While Blind", and one of the most spectacular live rock and roll shows ever mounted. The worldwide road show featured a stage set with longhorn steers, buzzards, buffalos and rattlesnakes. It played, predictably, to capacity crowds in cities around the globe.

After eight years, three platinum albums and a concert tour that left four continents shaking, ZZ Top suddenly dropped out of sight. In 1977, the group stopped touring and nothing was heard from the threesome until 1978 when it was announced they had signed an exclusive contract with Warner Bros. Records, bringing their entire London catalogue with them to Burbank.

Their two subsequent LP's, *Deguello* and *El Loco*, quickly joined the band's precious

metal catalogue and follow-up tours re-established them as a major concert attraction.

On the eve of the release of their current Warner Bros. album, *Eliminator*, the group took time to pause and reflect around a cheery fire in their Houston headquarters. The occasion was the band's 13th anniversary.

First of all, are those Dura-Flame logs you're burning there?

BILLY GIBBONS: Yeah, we like the colours. Let's put another one on the fire.

A lot of us who've seen ZZ in concert over the years are still amazed that you can get a whole stadium's worth of sound out of just three pieces. How do you explain that?

FRANK BEARD: We use Red Kryptonite.

DUSTY HILL: At last it can be told.

When you first got started and were playing in smaller venues was the intensity the same as it is today?

BILLY: Maybe more so. We play hard ... as hard as we can and we play the same way in

smaller rooms. I guess you could call it concentrated.

FRANK: More Red Kryptonite.

Was the recording of this album any different from your two previous efforts?

DUSTY: We've kind of gotten back to a *Tres Hombres* kind of sound. After we took our big break we were happy to be back together, so we started trying to make some different kinds of music. We'd all been in different places around the world, so it came as kind of a strange mix. On *El Loco*, we even did a couple of softer things but, with this one, we decided we wanted to play some of our original style rock and roll. Going directly into the studio after our last tour, it was easy getting back into the feeling we had on *Tres Hombres*, which was also the result of a lot of hard road work.

Where was this album recorded?

FRANK: Mostly in Memphis, you know, down around Beale Street, where they sing the blues.

BILLY: The only blues left on Beale Street are

Listed below are 28 TOPNEWZ terms associated with the boys in beards. Look carefully into the diagram to find each one.

In 28 words or less, complete the sentence
"ZZ TOP look best in beards because ..."

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Send completed entries in with your name and address to:

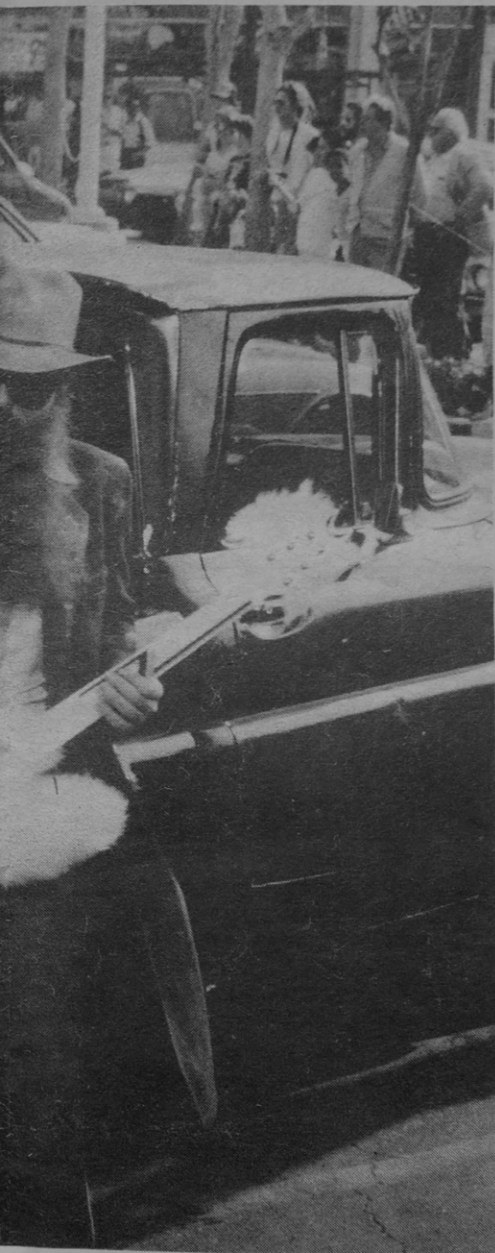
ZZ Top Competition Name
WEA Records
PO Box 2915 Address
Auckland.
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| 1. Francine | 11. ZZ Top | 21. Dust My Broom |
| 2. Blue Jean Blues | 12. Beard | 22. Pearl Necklace |
| 3. Mexican Black Bird | 13. Gibbons | 23. Fandango |
| 4. Jesus just left Chicago | 14. Eliminator | 24. First Album |
| 5. Waiting for the Bus | 15. Tejas | 25. Brown Sugar |
| 6. Lone Wolf Productions | 16. Dusty | 26. Hill |
| 7. Shard Dressed Man | 17. Tush | 27. Houston |
| 8. Gimme all your lovin | 18. Texas | 28. Arrested For Driving while blind. |
| 9. Heaven Hell or Houston | 19. Billy | |
| 10. Rio Grand Mud | 20. Frank | |

ZZ Top Word Search Quiz

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Great Prizes to be Won!



BILLY: Consenting adults, only please. Of course, the number in the title may vary from listener to listener ...

How about "Baby I Need You Tonight"? DUSTY: It was originally called "I Have A Headache", but we changed it to make Billy feel better.

There's a song here called "Sharp Dressed Man". Is that a description of ZZ Top? BILLY: Well, this year I'm sporting the traditional yet ever-so-popular turquoise gator shirt with the classic, timeless faded Levis, finished off with a fine set of alligator loafers.

FRANK: I'm feeling sharp in a sports jacket and striped shirt, some simple, yet elegant, corduroy slacks and Italian loafers that I bought on sale. Actually I think they're a half-size too small.

DUSTY: I always look cool in basic balck not to mention my cheap Beatle boots that are also a half-size too small in case I have to sing.

You sing better with tight shoes?

DUSTY: Not better, just higher. It worked for Smokey Robinson, didn't it?

There's a tune here called "Got Me Under Pressure". Anything to do with the cooling system of your car?

BILLY: Actually, it's a nod to our French fans because we wrote it just to rhyme 'limousine' with 'French cuisine'. We also talked about Pavlov's dog but he's not French.

FRANK: He's Russian. A Russian thug, er, hooligan.

"Gimme All Your Loving" is the first single. DUSTY: As much loving as we're getting, it should be a single.

Tell us, is there really an overall message on this album?

FRANK: Get it where you can and have a good time going for it.

Do you guys go in for putting encoded messages backwards on your records?

BILLY: Doesn't everybody?

DUSTY: It's hard enough for people to understand our lyrics frontwards.

How do you account for the tremendous concert response you've generated in the last few years? The level of enthusiasm is as high as it's ever been, if not higher.

BILLY: Must be the Red Kryptonite again.

How about a word on the album cover artwork for *Eliminator*?

FRANK: It features our '32 Ford Coupe ... our pride and joy.

DUSTY: Actually, it's only our pride. Our joy is the '65 Chevy Impala' "El Dorado Bar" convertible. You've seen it in *Low Rider* magazine, haven't you?

BILLY: Hot rods and rock and roll go together ...

DUSTY: People say they really enjoy listening to us while driving. It's great because we have a driving type sound.

BILLY: We recommend the use of a fuzz-buster while listening to ZZ Top and driving. Otherwise, we're not responsible for speeding tickets.

One last question. If ZZ Top had never existed, what would you guys be doing today?

DUSTY: We'd probably be down-and-out derelicts in some obscure corner of Houston.

FRANK: It's hard to answer. We've all been playing since we were so young. Music is the only thing we really do.

BILLY: I think I'd be travelling ... moving around ... looking for —

FRANK and DUSTY: More Red Kryptonite!!

THE END

Mania?

Hammersmith Odeon
Monday 28 November '83
December '83

There are no two ways about it, 1983 has got to go down as the year of the Top. One can hardly turn a page in any of the music papers without reading something about the Texas Hombres. ZZ Mania? Why not!

Dusty Hill, Bill Gibbons and Frank Beard have finally made the transition from cult status to the big time with the apparent coolness of changing their Stetsons, which, considering the amount of years they've been slogging the circuits is a hell of a way to do it.

Of course the "Lil' Boogie band" have always been a GREAT band, it's just that now EVERYBODY knows it, and a great deal of their current success must be credited to their excellent "Eliminator" album.

Tonight was their second Hammersmith date, and a regular hoedown it was too. My first thought was how sporting it was for ZZ to give support act, "Wendy and the Rockets" a fairly large use of the lights, all so often, the support has to endure the harsh glare of a single spotlight, which usually follows their stage movements half an hour too late. Wendy and the boys got a more than generous use of the rig and used it to their advantage by turning in a superb set.

They're one band to look out for in the future, visually and musically exciting, they are a classy Aussie export. Wendy has a dynamic voice, and although earlier numbers reminded me of Pat Benatar, that's as far as the similarities go, Good stuff.

ZZ Top never looked

like putting a foot wrong all night, the evening was an exercise in backing up their hard gigging reputation to the hilt. The crowd were miraculously transformed into whooping Texas outlaws. Stetsons, were rife and some members of the audience had even gone as far as to wear full length beards!

Hammersmith was one hell of a bucking and rolling bronco tonight, and ZZ Top broke them with the opening bars of "Under Pressure" and didn't slip out of the saddle for a second. Imagination is a great escape, but the power to invoke it is an even greater gift, ZZ have the gift.

Eliminator was well represented and earlier numbers like "10 Foot Pole" and "Party On The Patio", demonstrated the band's eccentric humour brilliantly. Their humour carries a definite Zappa influence and it is rumoured that they are one of his favourite bands. I mean who else would use a totally over the top light show, complete with pyrotechnics, dry ice and lasers to highlight a basic boogie number called "Cheap Sunglasses"? It's a classic kitsch and I love it.

Frank Beard's contribution could so easily be overlooked due to the magnetic double act of Hill and Gibbons, if it were not for the fact that he is such a brilliant drummer. Underated ... you bet.

What more can I add that hasn't been said about ZZ Top? They've made it to the big time, good luck to them, they more than deserve it. All I'll say is that a cult band is a safe band because everyone who is into them thinks they're underated.

Once the transition is made and suddenly EVERYONE loves ya baby the price of worldwide fame is a heavy mortgage. I hope ZZ Top

continue to boogie for as long as they want, BUT ... watch out for the backlash Amigos.

MARK STOREY

Image Deceives

Newcastle City Hall

Fewer times can the expression "You can't judge a book by its cover" have been more appropriate than in the case of this American band.

ZZ Top pronounced (zee-zee tarp), with the long wispy beards looking like crimped false pieces, look like real hicks from the backwoods.

But once this Texan trio strike up the music, images become irrelevant. No, more than that, their appearance becomes almost an integral part of the sound.

Guitarist Billy Gibbons and bassist Dusty Hill, who share the vocals, and drummer Frank Beard, belt out an inspired brand of rock 'n' roll that has brought them huge album sales in America, as well as a cult following in this country, especially among fellow musicians.

Cult or not, they proved last night just why they can sell out their short and all-too-frequent tour of Britain. If you saw their fine performance on last week's The Tube, then you should have heard them at the City Hall, they were even better.

Their powerful playing sparkled with invention, sparked in no small measure, I'm sure, by the rapturous audience. It all added up to an electrifying experience of the best in modern day interpretation of old-time rock 'n' roll.

PETER KINGHORN

ZZ Top could be Coming!

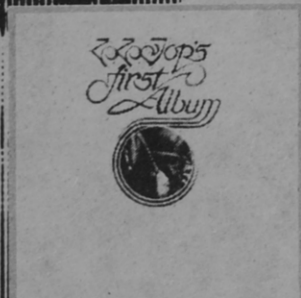
A New Zealand tour is definitely on the cards.
Watch this space for details!



ZZ TOP



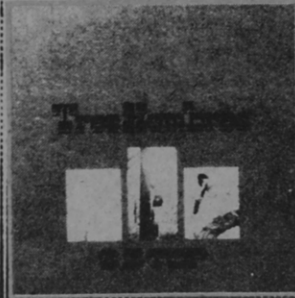
ELIMINATOR
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FIRST ALBUM
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RIO GRANDE MUD
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TRES HOMBRES
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FANDANGO
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TEJAS
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THE BEST OF
K56598



DEGUELLO
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ALL ALBUMS ALSO AVAILABLE ON CASSETTE

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TWISTED SISTER

'TWISTED' FROM PAGE 22

ers and there aren't that many individuals. Maybe if you can save a few — and that's literally what it is — then that's one less person who falls into that trap. And I *know* I've saved a few. That's what I feel it is, a fuckin' black hole and I see the kids fallin' over the edge into the life of imitation, this life of trying to be like your parents, of having a dream that you don't tell anybody about, that you really wanted to be a carpenter but carpenters don't make money these days so you go into school to learn how to be an accountant."

State Of the Amalgam, Part 3

You're giving your fans a very positive message. How do you feel about metal bands who sing, say, about Satanism? Or promulgate a kind of sexism that a lot of people find offensive?

"With the devil thing, most of the bands singing about it are doing it for shock value, it's horror, a scary movie. I don't do that with Twisted Sister because I feel that you shouldn't write about something evil in a positive light. Whether you believe it's a matter of religion or not, Satan has always represented an evil thing. For instance, I'm an AC/DC fanatic, I *love* the band, but I just couldn't write or sing something like 'Highway To Hell'. Bon Scott's rationale would be that he didn't believe in Heaven or Hell and he had a very good sense of humour. But to me this is black and that is white and Satan represents evil and God represents good, whether you're an agnostic or atheist or Christian or Buddhist.

"I just can't put across negative concepts. I can write a horror song — 'Captain Howdy/Horrorteria' is a horror song, but it resolves. Captain Howdy, a child molester and torturer, gets off on a technicality in court but gets caught by an angry mob. Good wins out over evil.

"I look at Twisted Sister as being the Dirty Harry of rock 'n' roll. Dirty Harry was an extremely right-wing good guy. I mean, if you took him on face value, he was so good and so fuckin' law abiding that it made the average person throw up. What I like about Dirty Harry is that he's not a goody two-shoes, he fights back like a bad guy. Most people are on the side of good but they hate the good guys. Dirty Harry and Charles Bronson in *Death Wish* these were good guys, but using the bad guys' tactics. An eye for an eye pal — these were good guys, but using the bad guys' tactics. You fuckin' shoot a gun at me I'll shoot a gun at you first. I'm not gonna sit there and say 'hey, let's

talk about this.' And that's not Twisted Sister either. Twisted Sister uses a sledgehammer to get its point across.

"The thing about sexist metal bands — locker room humour is standard, guys have it. Girls have it — if you've ever been in a girls' room in a bar you'll know. You'll see 'Johnny has a big dick' or whatever written on the wall. That's what it is, it should be locker-room humour.

"Twisted Sister, we don't cater to men, we don't cater to women. By writing songs about 'Get down on your knees and please me baby,' you can't relate to men and if you write the opposite; 'You call that a dick? I thought it was half a packet of lifesavers!' that's catering to men. Twisted Sister feels that's limiting the audience with an already limited heavy metal audience, so I just cater to people. So I try and keep it general in topics."

This is one concept that Dee Snider hasn't grasped at all

"As far as drugs and alcohol go, I don't. But I don't try to force my concepts on people. I understand why people do — society has created a situation where they can't let themselves go unless they have an excuse and the excuse is 'I was stoned'. This way if they make a fool out of themselves they're protected."

Whereas your excuse is you're on stage?

"No, I just do it on the street. Actually, for a long time on stage I used to tell people I was stoned because in bars if I said 'I'm straight,' they'd walk away. Because if I was stoned, dressing and acting in that fashion was okay. If you weren't then there must be something wrong with you.

"I use the classic situation of you go into a pub really drunk and stand on a table and piss on the floor the barman will probably tell your friends to get you home and make sure you have a good night's sleep and your friends would laugh at you the next day. Now if I did it straight, same action, the barman would probably call the police, the police would arrest me for indecent exposure, destruction of private property, take me in and probably call in the psychiatrists to make sure I was sane before they tried me on criminal charges. I had no excuse. As long as society creates that kind of situation, drinking and drugs will be rampant."

Through the Looking Glass ...

Forgive me for saying it, but many of the things you've said and talked about doing remind me of ... Boy George. A man who has made strange clothes and makeup acceptable, doesn't do drink or drugs, exhorts his fans to be themselves ...

"Yeah — I don't like Boy George musically and I wanted to hate him personally because he represented a lot of the things musically that I

despise. We did *Top of the Pops* with him in England and I would slag him off on stage regularly. Our dressing rooms were next to each other and we met and the first thing he said was 'I think you guys are brilliant. I have your video.' And I have a very difficult time being mean to people who are nice to me. And he was really nice and honest and I have to admit that even before I met him I always had to give him credit for having the balls to do what he does. I've walked down the street with makeup on, I stopped wearing it. And he's not a big guy like I am, he's a wimp. He's not actually too small but he's very effeminate, he's bisexual. He's stuck to his guns and you've got to respect the shit of that. Musically, we're miles apart ..."

But isn't he just trying to make the music he loves, sweet soul?

"Oh yeah. I will say I don't like his music but I would never try and stop anybody's music. My thing with heavy metal for a long time is that it is still often not treated equally. Radio stations play what they wanna play and not what people wanna hear. It is standard that if a metal song is a hit single it's the last to be added to the playlist and the first to be removed. I think the music people wanna hear should be accessible to them, equally. In America there's a resurgence in metal at the moment so we get treated equally in terms of video and it's getting better on radio."

It's interesting, however that the biggest metal band in America is Van Halen, who have probably the cleanest visual profile.

"Van Halen? Well, first of all, their music varies. Like Twisted Sister, it can go from kind of pop metal, hard rock, to heavy metal. The difference with Van Halen is they've got the underpinnings of a boogie band. Everything seems to be like 'Aarumramdam, Hey we're goin' to a paaaarrrrry ev'ry day, owwwwww!' even when it's not, every song seems to have that kind of feel. 'Owwwwww! We're walkin' down the street and we're drinkin' Jack Daaaanyells!' even when they don't. They're not exactly clean — more the classic sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll band. It's very *happy* — that would be the best way to describe their image. You see their pictures and they're always smilin'."

"Twisted Sister and most other metal bands are angry and mean. That's especially so when we're playing live — the speed doubles and melody goes out the window, it just gets in the way. We come on like we're on *fire* and the, as the anger subsides, you'll see some laughing and joking with the audience."

I take it the show is less camped-up, too.

"There is no camp. It is five, aggressive, masculine heavy metallers. Live we *are* heavy metal. Well actually, it's almost punk. The feeling is intense and I just wanna scream. It's raw energy.

"There's not one explosion, no nothing. We

wear makeup, we are the special effects."

Time comes up and it's time for the photo session. The idea had been to capture him against some of the weight training equipment in the gymnasium below. A weight trainer back home, he's amenable until he peers in on the lunchtime crowd sweating and straining at the bars.

"No, this is *serious*. This is a serious gym, like my one back home. We wouldn't want anybody fooling round while we were training."

"I'm gonna really get into weights when Twisted Sister winds up," he explains as we descend the stairs. "Twisted Sister as it is can't last much more than two years before the anger and the hunger that keeps it going has all gone. When that happens I wanna really get into pumping. I wanna get big — really *humungous*"

Outside on the road he's a photographer's dream, snarling, baring teeth, pulling ferocious poses.

He spies an oil drum with the letters 'FTW' painted on it: "See that? Know what that means? It stands for 'Fuck The World'. That's nihilist. Let's take a coupla pictures here, huh?"

The last series of shots is taken atop a small wall. By now the occupants of a nearby office block have seen him and are gazing out the window. A wolf whistle sounds out from above ...

"Who's the whistler? I hope it's not a *guy*! I *hate* gays!" he shouts in a tone quite different to any he has employed that day, angry and unfriendly. "At least I'm down here and not locked up in there!"

"See?" he turns round. "THIS is what brings out the character you wanted to see!"

And it's true. Eerie, but it's true.

So Dee Snider came and went, a perfect gentleman. He's not your average metallar and within the glam-metal chants of Twisted Sister songs lies a real conviction.

But if Dee Snider has set himself towards championing the right to be different, the right not to conform, then he has a few yawning holes in his philosophy. He plainly doesn't see there's equally no need for men to conform to what society lays down as "masculine" (or for that matter, for women to be "feminine"), that rebellion need not be loud and muscular, that loudness and muscularity as a standard is often the *opposite* of rebellion.

Ah, but hell, nobody's perfect. Dee Snider has battled a long time to do things his way and that in itself deserves respect. Twisted Sister are fun for their unselfconscious boisterousness and laudable for Snider's exhortations to youthful self-respect. There's better 'n' worse but there's a place for Twisted Sister.

Russell Brown

Chaka Khan



'I Feel For You'

On 12", Album and Cassette.

wea

Records

Cabaret Voltaire Micro-phonies Virgin

Rock's radics Cabaret Voltaire can't be second guessed. Each of their 11 albums — cacophonous symphonies — challenge with their approach and fascinate with contorted, threatening sound. This is the cutting edge of popular music, the benchmark by which pretenders are judged.

Micro-phonies finds the Cabs making use of state-of-the-art electronics in tandem with more traditional tools. Sound fragments are meshed together with pulsing drum programmes. But here there's no rule book; elements flow in, are strictly altered, then dispersed.

These nine tracks are denser and more menacing than those on 1983's *Crackdown*. The white noise typical of CV's earlier work, absent from that album, has been replaced with additional tapes and electronic scratchings. 'Do Right' features theme reconstruction around stuttering vocals. 'Theme From Earthshaker' (a forthcoming film scored by the dynamic duo) is grandiose and powerful. 'James Brown' strips elements from the Godfather of Soul's work and redefines hard funk.

Microphonies is uncompromising, cold and devastatingly clear. Cabaret Voltaire remain masters of their craft.

David Taylor

Fall Perverted By Language CBS

In which the most English band since the Kinks enlist the aid of an *Americanto* to fill the gap left by the disappearance of all-round neat person Marc Riley and good Northern patriarch E. Smith takes a woman to wife. But good Christ above! The little woman is the American!

CBS have taken a year to



The Cabs: Richard Kirk (left) and Stephen Mallinder.

release this album and *R/U* haven't been given a review copy yet so I'm playing my old import copy so I don't know if the NZ version includes the inner sleeve or if it's a good cut and pressing.

Side Two is the Fall pretty much as we expect 'em with the centrepiece being 'Tempo House', live in Manchester, which is almost guitarless and features Craig Scanlon on idiosyncratic backing vocals.

Brixie Smith plays guitar and is the proud possessor of a lead vocal and a composing credit! Question: is Mark of the North going soft? Let's hope so if it means more Brixie. (See 'Oh! Brother' 45.)

Side One is a different kind of Fall, starring Karl Burns 'Boris the Spider', backing vocals on 'Eat Y'self Fitter' (a funny song) and the twin tribute to the Velvets of 'Garden' and 'Hotel Bloedel'.

'Garden' is re-invention of the Christ-myth, part slag-off of Smith's own writing and could there be references to good ol' NZ in there? ('Godzone, Godzone' and 'Five years back at least he's the 'young generation' tryna perform country and western.') I doubt it, but it gives me the chance to display my grasp of Fallyrics and it's the only song with words enclosed so I cheated anyway...

'Hotel Bloedel' is pure Velvet Underground. Brixie sings it like Mo Tucker (whose presence is there on drums too) and her hubby supplies swipes of violin that work to a 'T'.

What a good album.

There's a video of similar name which includes three or four of the songs here plus some other stuff,

that is really worth trying to get, if only to laugh at the Fall taking the piss out of themselves in an extremely classy fashion. (Sounds Unltd, Queen St have a hire copy otherwise write to Ikon FCL, 86 Palatine Rd, West Didsbury Manchester. Cost 12 pounds 50p plus 5 pounds P&P. Cheap!)

What a bloody long wait for a NZ release.

Chris Knox

Herbs Long Ago Warrior

Aotearoa. A land proud of its Polynesian connections. Didn't the nation glow with the fallout that accompanied the success of *Te Maori* in New York? But the attitude to Polynesian music is ambivalent. It's *hard* to cut it in a world dominated by plastic whites and dormant jocks. Herbs have survived and that's saying something.

Herbs have given Pacific reggae status. The message is pleasantly political. No raps, just reasoned crooning; trust one another, ban the bomb, count on kinship. The music is mellow, relaxed, a synthesis of Polynesian style and a gentle reggae beat.

Long Ago, Herbs' third local release, is assured and competent, successful on several levels and deserving of considerable radio time. Best of the 11 tracks are the title song, jaunty and dynamic, and 'Jah Reggae', with Caribbean angles and a horn riff like Sly Stone's 'Don't Call Me Nigger, Whitey'. 'Tahu's Song' and 'In the Ghetto' (not the Presley/Cave toon) on side two form a warm, easy



The Fall

bracket, fading into 'Goin' Home', an all-too-short traditional tattoo. Throughout, saxophone adds texture to the established Herbs sound.

Long Ago is Herbs' best effort yet and a fine place to learn the Pacific way.

Kia ora Herbs. Kia whakarongo aa koutou waiata.

David Taylor

Bronski Beat The Age Of Consent Polydor

Bronski Beat are not inspiring! Capable? Yes. Worthy intentions? Yes. Inspiring? No!

Run through the tracks. Three songs about how hard it is to be gay, a couple of condemnations of society in general, an anti-war song (very popular this year), a couple of covers and an anti-religious song (on which they chicken out and pull their punches).

'Smalltown Boy' was a mildly intoxicating single, nothing earth-shattering, but a hell of a lot better than most of the crap on the radio but the follow-up 'Why' (indeed) sounded as though it should have been released two years. Both the singles are on the album and if you liked them you'll probably find the album pretty inoffensive.

Me? I got bored. There's an awful sense of futility/fatality about it. I'm sure most people are aware of the state of things and instead of ramming it further down their throats it would be nice to see some hope for a change. The only songs that aren't pessimistic or bleating are the Donna Summer covers, 'Need A Man Blues' and 'I



Bronski Beat

Feel Love' and Bronski Beat add nothing to the originals.

So I'm sorry, I liked 'Smalltown Boy' but the album just seems a bit pointless.

Barry Morris

Aztec Camera Knife WEA

Second albums can be bad news, man. Consolidate or progress? Aztec Camera have decided to move on after last year's *High Land Hard Rain*, a delightful meeting of bedsit and garage land, the band wide-eyed with wonder at being in the studio.

Now they've grown up, or so they think, and to prove it Mark Knopfler, a superstar, has produced the new album. This is progress? So on *Knife* they've traded their past innocence, eagerness and leanness-to-please for a professional competence, sophistication and comfortable backwash. This is progress?

Putting Knopfler on the payroll is like getting Trevor Horn in to glamourise Orange Juice. Well, not quite, but get the idea? Incongruous and slightly sad. Sad, because as a songwriter Roddy Frame is developing into a real prize. His earnest acoustic rap, 'The Birth Of the True' and the slinky charm of 'Just Like the USA' and 'Head is Happy' reveal his fresh, quirky talent.

Elsewhere there are problems and it's probably too harsh to lay all the blame at Knopfler's door as, ultimately, the band has to accept final responsibility for the finished product. The result is that 'Knife', the title track and a beautiful anti-nuclear song, is too cushy, its

message required sparseness and less polish. 'Backwards and Forwards', another sensitive piece, is subjected to Dire Straits' 'Private Investigations' acoustic guitar sound — and that's not on — and the single 'All I Need Is Everything', not one of Aztec Camera's finest moments, fades on a Knopfler-inspired doodle.

Yet if it came to a fight I'd probably defend *Knife* because of Frame's songs and because he's shown that he's willing to move on up. But at the moment his ambitions have been misdirected.

George Kay

The Cure Concert (and Curiosity) Fiction

Here it is. The Cure's first live album. It contains at least one song from from each of the seven albums preceding it, including early gems like '10.15' and 'Killing An Arab'. So there's something here to satisfy every Cure fan...

Concert was recorded in May of this year, with the same lineup as we saw here two months ago, just before the departure of drummer Anderson. 'Shake Dog Shake' opens the album and immediately plunges the listener straight into Robert Smith's own little world of crazed caricatures, with lyrics like "... and dream of death and breathed like sick dogs." This is followed by a solid, striking version of 'Primary' and the hypnotic 'Charlotte Sometimes'. Then *Pornography's* prodigy, 'The Hanging Garden' is performed to spine-chilling perfection, a rare feat in concert or on record. And 'Give Me It', well... give me it.

If you have any gaps in your Cure collection then fill them in with this. The album excels in every field and Dave Allen's production is superb. But best of all is the free album *Curiosity*, which comes on the cassette version of the album.

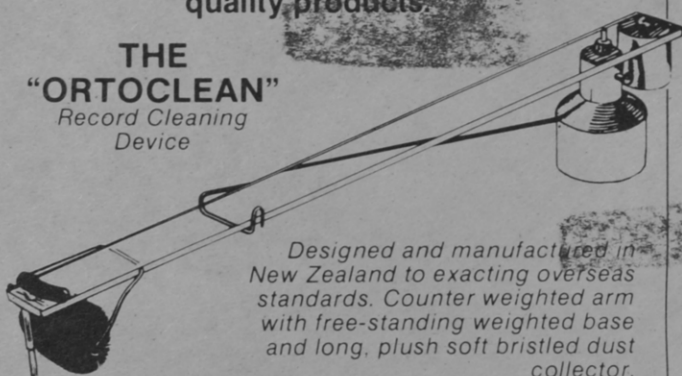
The 10 extra tracks were taken from Robert's "hilarious" cassette collection from 1977 to 1984 and are all live, apart from a Beatle-like demo version of 'Boys Don't Cry', recorded in May 1978. Also included are three never before released items — 'Heroin Face' (recorded at Crawley Rocket in December 77), 'All Mine' (May 82 in London) and 'Forever' (Paris this year). Utter bliss.

Vicky Bogie

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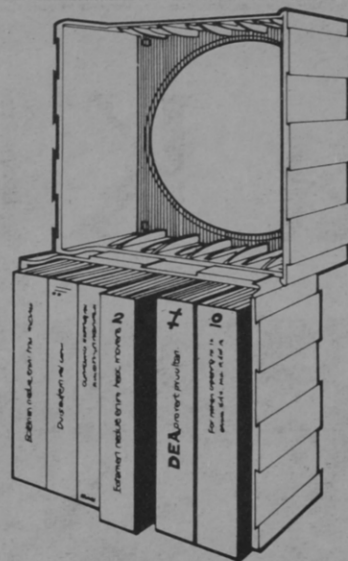
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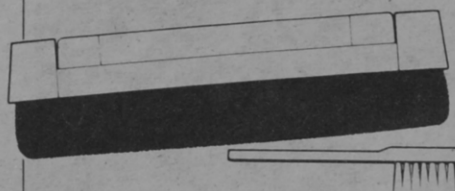
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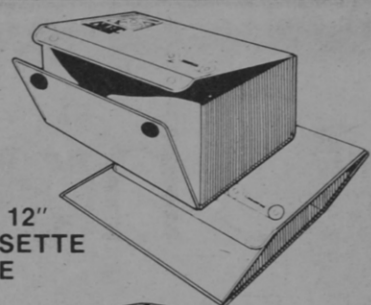
Each module holds six cassettes (in their cases) and they dovetail together to make up a storage unit as large as required. Can also be used free-standing, in drawers or screwed to walls. Three attractive colours.



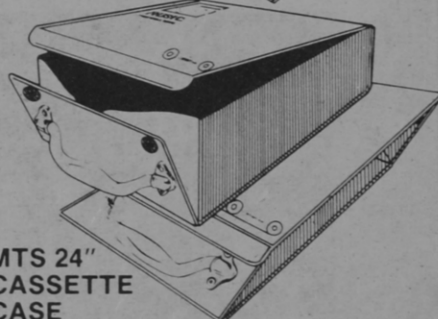
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CORUBA CALENDAR

DECEMBER 13 TO JANUARY 27

MON.

TUES.

WED.

THURS.

FRI.

SAT.

SUN.

Pat Ulrich & Perry
Marshall, Peking Man.



Look Out For ...

A couple of well-respected Americans come to play in Jan. **Lou Reed** plays Wellington on the 18th and Auckland's Logan Campbell Centre on the 19th. Support for both concerts will be the new-look **Chills** ... and **Neil Young** does it outdoors at Western Springs Jan 27 ... semi-expatriates

SPK travel all the way from England to play the Gluepot Dec 13-15 ... **Spandau Ballet** play the Springs in March.

The North Island's holiday centres receive their annual festive season blitz again this year, with the **Narcs**,

DECEMBER 13

Transisters Windsor
Narcs Waihi
Legionnaires Bellblock
Last Man Down
Performance Cafe
Tan Zen Jungle Gladstone

13,14,15
SPK Gluepot

14

Mockers Windsor
Legionnaires Rotorua
Vibraslaps, Heptocrats
Performance Cafe
Fetus Productions, Bats
Gladstone
Narcs, You're A Movie
Birdcage

15

Fetus Productions, Bats
Gladstone
Mockers Windsor
Vibraslaps, Heptocrats
Performance Cafe
Narcs, You're A Movie
Karaka Hall
Paul Simonon born 1955.

16

Heptocrats Performance
Cafe
Narcs, Legionnaires,
You're A Movie Pt Erin
Pool

20

Tall Dwarfs Performance
Cafe
Legionnaires Te Atatu
Narcs Onerahi
Bo Diddley is 56.

21

Tall Dwarfs, Stridulators
Windsor
Narcs Awanui Community
Centre
Legionnaires Birdcage
You're A Movie Gisborne
Bluesbusters Performance
Cafe
*LSD factory in California
raided in 1968. Police
seize enough for 700,000
trips. And they haven't
finished it yet*

22

Tall Dwarfs, Stridulators
Windsor
Narcs Mainstreet
Dole Day Arvo Hagley Park
ChCh
Legionnaires Auckland
You're A Movie Gisborne
**Bluesbusters, Meg & the
Phones** Performance Cafe
*Robin & Maurice, the Gibb
twins, born 1949.*

23

Narcs Rainbows End
Legionnaires Lady H
You're A Movie Gisborne
Meg & the Phones
Performance Cafe
Charles Atlas dies, 1973.

17

Legionnaires Windsor
Wayne Gillespie
Performance Cafe

18

Narcs Kawerau
Wayne Gillespie
Performance Cafe
Keef Richard is 41.

19

NZ Party Boys Mainstreet
Comedy Windsor
Acoustic Xmas Party
Globe
Clowns Performance Cafe
Narcs Mt Wellington
Spare Messiah the Beat
Hot Cafe Gluepot

Mockers, Legionnaires, Flamingos and
Coconut Rough doing the rounds ...
most of them (with the possible
inclusion of **Dance Exponents**) will join
Aussies **Eurogliders** for big outdoor
concerts on Jan 3 (New Plymouth) and
5 (Paihia) and a Mainstreet gig, Jan 4
... the **Doublehappys** join the Dunedin

exodus north for New Year, playing the
Windsor on New Year's Eve and the
following weekend ... other NYE
appearances include **Car Crash Set** at
Zanzibar and the **Not The 1978 Show**
punk revue in Wellington ... the
entertainments at the Dell in
Wellington are on again this year.

24

Bent Carol Evening
Performance Cafe
Roco Coca, Maiden China
Gladstone
Legionnaires Windsor Park
Flesh D-Vice Star & Garter
Lee Dorsey born 1924.

25

*Not only the birthday of
the big JC, but of
Humphrey Bogart (1899),
Little Richard (1932) and
Alice Cooper (1945). Merry
Christmas everyone.*

26

Legionnaires Waihi
Monitor Gladstone
Phil Spector is 45.

27

Legionnaires Waihi
Monitor Gladstone
Jive Bombers Matakana

27,28,29
Unrestful Movements,
Skeptics Windsor
I & I Performance Cafe

28

Verlaines Gladstone
Not the 1978 Show
Bellblock
Legionnaires Gluepot
Peking Man Whangamata
Edgar Winter born 1947.

29

Verlaines Gladstone
Not the 1978 Show
Bellblock
Mockers Windsor Park
Legionnaires Gluepot
Peking Man Whangamata
*Radio Luxembourg opens,
1930.*

30

Le Clear Performance Cafe
Tomato Kiss the Dell,
Wgtn
*Monkees Davy Jones
(1945) and Michael
Nesmith (1943) born.*

31

Doublehappys Windsor
Car Crash Set Zanzibar
Mockers Wellington
Not the 1978 Show
Wellington
Narcs Windsor Park
Smilers, Origins Dance
Theatre Perf Cafe
Peking Man Whangamata
Family Malle Dell
Jive Bombers Gisborne

JANUARY 1 1985

Narcs Whangamata
Mockers Paraparaumu
Peking Man Whangamata
Heagan, Fat Alley Band
Dell
Family Day Trafalgar Pk
Nelson
Back Door Blues Band
Gladstone
Jive Bombers Gisborne

2

Narcs Taupo
Back Door Blues Band
Gladstone
Lauren Bradley Trio,
Polynesian Theatre, clown
Dell
Jive Bombers Napier
*Castro takes over Cuba
1959.*

3

Eurogliders, Mockers,
Narcs, Legionnaires,
Dance Exponents(?) Bowl
of Brooklands
Disco, Steps Band,
magician Dell
Jive Bombers Napier

3,4,5
Pelicans Gluepot
Back Door Blues Band
Gladstone

4

Doublehappys Windsor
Narcs Orewa Hall
Legionnaires Onerahi
Peking Man Gisborne
All Fall Down Star &
Garter
Jive Bombers Waihi
*Billboard publishes the
first record sales chart
1936.*

5

Doublehappys Windsor
Eurogliders, Narcs,
Mockers, Legionnaires,
Exponents(?) Hurua Falls
Peking Man Gisborne
All Fall Down Star &
Garter
Jive Bombers Waihi

6

Legionnaires Awanui Hall
Ourselves Alone, Marg
Layton Dell
898FM Concert
Mt Maunganui
*Syd Barrett is 38 and
living with his Mum.*

7

Merupa, Terra Firma the
Dell

8

Narcs Nelson
Orange Roughy, Tomato
Kiss (jazz) Dell
*Elvis born 1935, Bowie
1947, Jimmy Page 1944,
Shirley Bassey 1937, Jerry
Garcia 1943.*

9

Narcs Greymouth
27 Missing in the Cracks,
Hattie May Brown Dell
Scott Walker is 40.

10

Ministry of Jazz, Steps
Band, Wellingtons Dell
Rod Stewart is 39.

11

Jive Bombers Windsor
Narcs Aranui
Coconut Rough Birdcage

12

Jive Bombers Windsor
Narcs Aranui
Coconut Rough Matakana
Hall

13

Narcs 3ZM Concert
Coconut Rough Rainbow's
End
Flamingos Foundry
Valley Stompers Dell
*Eric Clapton's comeback
concert, 1973.*

14

Narcs Ashburton
Coconut Rough Rotorua
Flamingos Windsor Park
Buckets Full the Beat
Flying Start, Raw Deal Dell
Alain Toussaint born 1938.

15

Narcs Invercargill
Coconut Rough Kawerau
Flamingos Windsor Park
Buckets Full Beat
Captain Beefheart is 43.

16

Narcs Queenstown
Coconut Rough DB Mount
Flamingos Awanui Hall
Buckets Full Whangamata
Our Name Is Our Motto,
Aotearoa, Sharon Evans
Group, Hot Cafe Dell
Jazz Three Lamp Bar

17

Narcs Shoreline
Flamingos Onerahi

18

Lou Reed, Chills Wellington
Narcs Taiari
Flamingos Gluepot
Buckets Full Whangamata
A.A. Milne born 1882.

19

Lou Reed, Chills
Auckland
Narcs Timaru
Flamingos Gluepot
Dolly Parton is 38.

20

Narcs Blenheim
Flamingos Hamilton
Gotham City Express
Hobson Park
Frederico Fellini born 1920.

21

Coconut Rough New
Plymouth
George Orwell dies 1950.

22

Coconut Rough Fosters
*Sam Cooke born 1931.
Queen Victoria dies 1901.*

23

Coconut Rough Albert
Jazz Three Lamps Bar
1974 — *Alvin Stardust's
debut performance!*

24

Coconut Rough Albert
*The Beatles sign with
Brian Epstein, 1962.*

25

Mockers Onerahi
Coconut Rough Terminus
Anita Pallenberg born 1943.

26

Mockers Kaitia
Coconut Rough Terminus
*John Logie Baird gives the
first demonstration of
television, 1926.*

27

Mockers Matakana



NEVER ASK FOR DARK RUM BY ITS COLOUR. ASK FOR IT BY THE LABEL

Records

Frankie Goes To Hollywood Welcome to the Pleasure Dome

Zang Tuum Tumb

Four years ago Paul Morley wrote a chapter entitled 'Glam: The Very Dream Of Smartness' for Tony Stewart's book on rock 'n' roll style, *Cool Cats*. In that chapter, he redefines for himself the concept of glam. Glam, he tells us, is "an ultimate appreciation of the human condition", "the finest possible image of what rock 'n' roll can be", "decisive criticism of emotional, political and philosophical doddiness" and "when the shapes you throw and the clothes you wear don't contradict your moral and emotional commitment".

Quentin Crisp is Glam God, he says, and Marc Bolan, the Sex Pistols, Captain Beefheart, Bryan Ferry, the Velvet, Bette Midler, David Bowie, Iggy, Tim Buckley and Howard Devoto are among those to get the thumbs up. Duran, Queen, Spandau Ballet, Adam Ant, Slade, Sweet and especially the likes of Yes, Genesis and Deep Purple get a trashing, get the picture?

In a way the whole Frankie thing can be traced to the frustration of journalist Morley venting itself through manager/svengali/publicist Morley. His predictions of four years ago have proved unquestionably accurate — the big figures in the pop world today are the hopeless, graceless wallyness of Duran Duran, the passionless, toryst MOR of Spandau Ballet and the come-lately Brit-valley-girl triteness of Wham. The oases are Boy George (who's looking a little grey these days) and ... Frankie Goes To Hollywood.

While most other acts are spectacularly likely, Frankie were most unlikely. 'Relax' wasn't the cuddly bisexuality of George, it was the seamy side of gayness. The genius of it was that getting a pop song banned on the radio was the way to make it succeed — Frankie

had an instant profile. It was a risk, of course, but *nothing venture, nothing win*.

It should be stressed here that Frankie weren't "created" — they'd already achieved a modicum of success in their own right and the personalities projected are their own. They have also created, with the considerable help of producer Trevor Horn — Frankie Music, something more than the sum of its influences. It's a weird mix of solid prole rock, shameless appropriation of black musical styles, the spirit of gay disco and the big swirl of Phil Spector.

Which brings us to *Welcome To the Pleasure Dome*, a double album, no less, and carefully packaged.

The front cover is a witty Picasso-style steal, while the large illustration inside is similar, but with a dash of Paul Klee thrown in. And what's that there? A huge phallus with sperm climbing out the top? Good on Frankie for steadfastly refusing to clean their act up! The two inner sleeves are full of reading — as elegantly put together as the Frankie advertisements have been. You even get a chance to order souvenirs ("with a difference"): the Jean Genet boxer shorts, the Kurt Weill sweat shirt, the sophisticated Charles Baudelaire sweat shirt ... All the Frankies are pictured and given a chance to deliver a message to the lucky fan. It's all superb.

But, I hear you say, what about the music? The music? Okay. Side one takes the form of a two-part, rambling preamble to the record. It works rather well as that, but it's not really the record, is it? Side two bears more mixes of 'Relax' (which I've never been at all struck by in a musical sense), 'War' (a smart choice for a cover, performed with some spunk) and 'Two Tribes' (which bustles along nicely enough in any mix) — but they can hardly be considered the album, can they? Side three is covers of 'Ferry Cross the Mersey', 'Born To Run', and 'San Jose'. The version of 'Born to Run' is enjoyably straight but can that be considered the album? I think not. The last song on the side, 'Wish the Lads Were Here' is a nice, evasive little tune than ducks in and out of Horn's production.

So it's side four that must be considered the record's musical nub. And unfortunately, it doesn't



Car Crash Set's Trevor Reekie and Sharon Tuapawa.

quite make it. Choosing a ballad like 'The Power Of Love' for the next single was a lovely move but Holly Johnson's singing doesn't quite carry it. (Actually, in several parts of this album he sounds like a paler version of our own Graham Brazier, circa his solo album. Strange but true!) Nothing's actually bad, of course, but you don't get excited about albums that "aren't bad."

This must be balanced against the fact that as a whole this album is a wondrously stylish thing. Quentin Crisp's famous comment about the difference between style and fashion is appropriate here: when Frankie do it, it's style — when everyone else falls over themselves to copy it, it's fashion.

Frankie's hype has been like no other — all the cards are on the table and it's more an invitation to become part of a media experience than an attempt to sell records. But when it comes down to it, is it music that counts? Whether you're prepared to forgive Frankie's imbalance of style over content can only be up to you. Have fun.

Russell Brown

Car Crash Set No Accident Reaction

It would be bloody easy to write off the Car Crash Set and the fact that many people do made me all the more determined to approach this with an open mind (never mind a clear head). As me Mum says, "You've got to give credit where credit is due."

The Car Crash Set blitz the opposition on at least four counts.

Firstly, while the lyrics here might be short of perfect, the band does have some half decent songs about *real* things, not dumb ditties about electrodes or pop boys. In short, they are quite clever.

Secondly, they honestly believe in what they are doing, no flag of convenience here — well I hope not anyway. Thirdly, they have matured considerably, not only in content and arrangement, but in production, which here is successfully fat. Which brings me to number four, *soul*, at last translated onto record.

And what if someone were to say New Order? Well, I suppose they occasionally crop up in various guises on this record, but it would be irresponsible to suggest a direct steal (a little poaching maybe ...). Even on 'Justice', a track which does sound a little familiar, they manage to protect their own identity, they still sound like themselves.

And at last Nigel Russell is beginning to sound like Nigel Russell. His strangely charismatic voice now lends itself well to the songs, as best demonstrated on 'Scarred' and 'Your Eyes'. The single 'Breakdown' is really only spoiled by length and the wonderful 'Those Days' remains one of their finest moments. (A while ago I would have called it *the* finest.)

Yes, I too had some doubts about the whole idea of Car Crash Set, but it doesn't do these days to be too narrow-minded. If someone's got half a dozen or so good tunes the least we can do is give them a listen. Try this for starters, it's done me the world of good.

Alister Cain



Madonna

Floy Joy Into the Hot Virgin

Taking their name from a great Supremes song, this super-hip trio of the Ward brothers (ex-Clock DVA) and lovers/soul singer Carol Thompson, delivers the goods on this impressive debut album.

Produced by Ze Records' Don Was, from down-home Detroit, this is a hot dance mix with quirky snatches of Arabian and Afro-American musical forms.

The first track, 'Burn Down A Rhythm', sets the pace with its funky bassline and mutant sax, but the best track is the soulful torch song 'Until You Come Back to Me', which puts pretenders like Sade to shame.

Other tracks that attract are the fun Motown workout 'Operator Operator', 'Baby You Know I ...' and the title track.

Trust me — it's one of the best of the year.

Kerry Buchanan

Alison Moyet Alf CBS

Alison Moyet, alias Alf, is one of the few human voices to emerge from the synthesiser craze. Ex-Depeche Mode Vince Clarke and his bank of clever, melodic keyboards gave her the break via Yazoo and her soul did the rest.

As an apprenticeship Yazoo was the perfect training ground, as it gave her the confidence to sing and write without the shelter and convenience of a full-blown band. So from a two-piece to her present individual status was a relatively

short step.

Still, it takes guts and that's what Alf is all about. Moyet wasn't only the voice behind Vince Clarke — if you check the credits you'll see that as a writer she more than complemented the partnership. So on 'Love Resurrection', 'Honey For the Bees' and 'Twisting the Knife' she reeks confidence and the songs strut with an instrumental depth and resonance that Vince's keyboards never quite reached in Yazoo.

If you're looking for classics then 'All Cried Out' is where you start; condensed for seven-inch release, the song in its album format is a stunner, a velvet glove of caress then wallop. It will become a standard. 'For You Only' and 'Invisible' follow the same lead, sinewy, supple ballads that ooze class and 'Where Hides Sleep' is the perfect wistful, contemplative plea to end the album.

Alf is a strong, sure-footed debut from a woman who could be this generation's Dusty Springfield.

George Kay

Madonna Like A Virgin Sire

File this one next to your copy of *Golden Hits of the Shangri-Las* (what do you mean you haven't got one?) because Madonna sounds like a modern version of the white girl group singers of the 60s. She has that teen tremour in a voice that searches for some soul sophistication but doesn't quite make it.

But it's that "girlie" quality that makes the album work so well, with the title track, 'Shoo-Bee-Do' and 'Pretender' being great modern pop songs with just the right mixture of joy and angst. Her version of Rose Royce's 'Love Don't Live Here Anymore' is a standout and comes close to the transcendent original.

In charge of production is Mr Nile Rodgers, perfecting his new white soul style with a great drum sound from Tony Thompson and a sense of space that lets everything flow.

Pity Madonna didn't try the Shangri-Las' 'Remember (Walking in the Sand)'. It would have made this a perfect album.

Kerry Buchanan

"Have you heard about..."

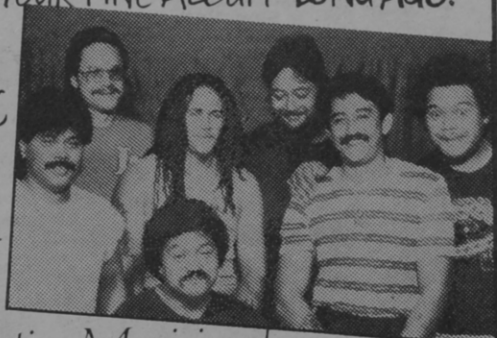


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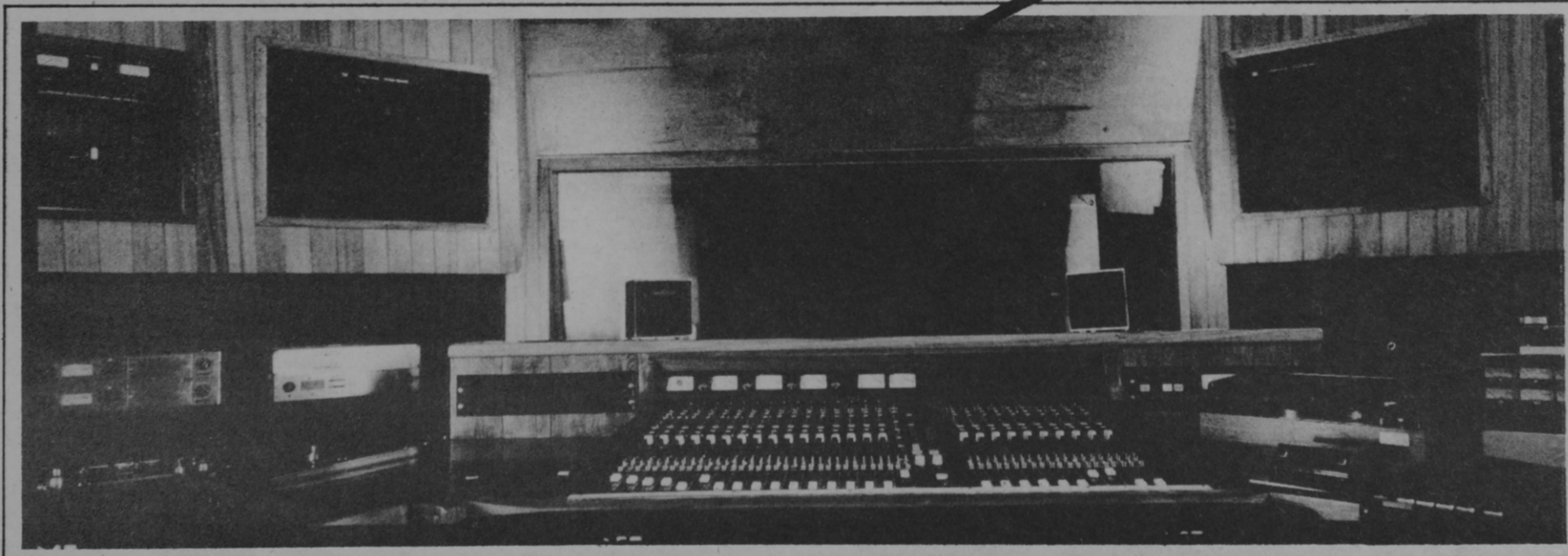
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Records

XTC
The Big Express
Virgin

Persistence certainly has its rewards. After a period of pastoral examination of the English predicament, *English Settlement* and *Mummer*, two albums which fell on deaf ears, the XTC approach, for all its sincerity, sounded like some hopelessly eccentric and antiquated voice from a post-punk past.

The Big Express takes its cue from their last great album, *Black Sea* in its return to a more urban depression/viewpoint. So much so that 'The Everyday Story Of Smalltown' is the album's 'Respectable Street', strident, yet catchy. Moulding's anti-war 'This World Over' recalls the message he delivered in 'Generals and Majors', while Partridge's churning industrial opus 'Train Running Low On Soul Coal' picks up the percussive panic he used in 'Travels In Nihilon'. And to end the comparisons, 'I Remember the Sun' shines with the same hope that lit 'Burning With Optimism's Flames'.

XTC may never recapture the legions of admirers and fans that drooled over *Drums and Wires* etc, but *The Big Express* proves that Partridge and co are still writing songs 10 times more pertinent and perceptive than most of 1984's precious little stars.

George Kay
Black Uhuru
Anthem
Island

This album gains a few marks for honest packaging: "A new mix of the previously-released *Anthem* album ... featuring an additional track, 'Solidarity'." On second thoughts, I take that back. What they've actually done is deleted a track, 'Party Next Door', which was the first single from the original album and substituted 'Solidarity'. What the sleeve also neglects to explain is the reason for messing

around with a perfectly good album in the first place.

There was nothing wrong with the original *Anthem*, which was released over a year ago. Why did we never see that one here? It's not Festival NZ's fault. What they release here is dictated by what is released in Australia. Festival Australia have gone off reggae, which is why some of Island's best releases in some time were only seen here on limited import (including LKJ's *Making History*, Gregory Isaacs' *Out Deh* and Aswad's *Live and Direct*).

I can only assume this remix was done for America. Steven Stanley and Groucho Smykle have knocked out the mid-range percussion and keyboards, giving the sound a leaden disco feel. Put bluntly, it doesn't work. There's no comparison when it's played alongside the original album, which has a fierce skanking edge to it.

The aim with the reissued *Anthem* seems to have been to make it sound as *unlike* reggae as possible. I repeat — what's the point? **Duncan Campbell**

Robert Gori
Night Full Of Tension
Mute

Formerly half of the teutonic smash DAF, Robert Gori has moved far from his Pere Ubu-ish beginnings. Even the later DAF recordings, a combination of brute sensuality and dancefloor sense, bear only residual similarities to Gori's recent bids for synth-pop fame. The cover of *Night Full Of Tension* presents him as a kind of Robert Redford/Richard Gere synthesis. The music (thankfully) doesn't retread the tarnished, predictable routines of the market-made star.

Lyrics burst like bubbles from Gori's lips, reluctant at first, but turning expansive then vanishing as if they'd never been. With tonal variations in Gori's voice, the mood varies from playful to dolefully serious. The music provides a relentless, consistent undercurrent, giving these eight songs a dream-like quality, not unlike the more impenetrable of German movies.

Annie Lennox makes a welcome appearance singing the pleasant 'Charlie Cat' and providing a counter to Gori's formality on 'Darling Don't Leave Me'.

Topp Twins, Jools and Linda.



Julian Lennon

Night Full Of Tension is above average fare. Its chief drawback is an anonymity of style and featureless soundscape. Gori needs a collaborator to provide the peaks and troughs that give music lasting appeal.

David Taylor

The Topp Twins
Twinset and Pearls
Dragons Egg

I have a friend who cries every time she hears 'Radiation'. Of course I don't, well, not really, but it sure as *hell* sends a shiver down my spine.

On *Twinset and Pearls* we're talking — naturally — honesty, anger, humour and something missing from the first record — polish. Using a variety of session musicians and Hot Cafe from Wellington, the Twins show a Marked progression.

Now the best bits — the songs. You'd have to be deaf or dead (or p'raps just male) to miss the message on 'Twinset and Pearls' and 'Friday Night Get Up'. 'Radiation' and 'Lotta Trouble' speak for themselves. 'Country Music' and 'White Line To Georgia' complete the six — and both will hit you right in the grin muscles. In fact, I sometimes get the impression that this record is gonna leap off the turntable, pin me to a chair and tell me to *shut up and listen*.

Yay for Kiwi wimmin on vinyl. *Twinset and Pearls* is a gem.

Fiona Rae

The Narcs
The Great Divide
CBS

The Narcs have a live reputation guaranteed to pack houses nationwide for a rollicking good night (nicely captured on last year's live album) so it came as something of a surprise to find the studio debut contains several less than memorable mid-tempo ballads. Their award-winning single, 'Heart and Soul' is here and none of the newer tracks (all members contribute a song or two) really top it.

Dave McCartney's production is possibly the best ever heard on a local album and the musicianship is of the highest standard throughout. Liam Ryan's keyboards in particular stand out. Yet at no stage does the band's pivot, guitarist Andy Dickson, really let loose.

Overall I'd have to say *The Great Divide* is a slight disappointment, with the band's greatest strengths, their ability to really rock and their knack for writing memorable songs, scarcely in evidence. The best from this band is yet to come.

Chris Caddick

Al Jarreau
High Crime
WEA

Although he was once considered a jazz singer, Jarreau's forte has long since settled into a groove of slick soul moves and swinging funk. But he has also largely curbed his old urge to flash that extraordinary technique in every song. The result is that, while he may seem to have stifled his potential, his albums have actually become more consistent. And if that may not provide many more standout tracks, it's largely cut out the need for track-hopping.

Last year's *Jarreau* was generally tolerable, hardly distinguished, but it did contain the excellent 'Blackie and Blues' and a couple of near also-rans. For *High Crime* Jarreau has kept on Jay Graydon as producer and as one of his co-writers. The results are largely comparable although the material is slightly less varied than last time.

However a problem with

smooth riding on this upmarket soul train is that the lines are pretty crowded. The result can be that a performer ends up sounding like any number of his contemporaries. At least three tracks here evoke the styles of Earth Wind and Fire, Michael McDonald and Johnny Mathis. The most distinctive number is probably 'Raging Waters', which has been given a very hi-tech production, undoubtedly aimed at radio play.

Peter Thomson

Jimmy Barnes
Bodyswerve
Mushroom

The photograph of Jimmy Barnes on the inside cover is the clue to this album. Sweat dripping off the face and the mouth wide open — you can hear the scream before the needle hits the vinyl.

Backed by a band that builds up a full head of steam, Barnes launches himself into song after song with a commitment verging on suicide of the larynx.

'Vision', 'Boys Cry Out For War' and 'Promise Me You'll Call' are the pick of the self-penned items. The frantic 'Paradise' evokes memories of Cold Chisel's 'Goodbye ...' and there are two excellent covers — Sam Cooke's 'A Change Is Gonna Come' and Ragavoy-Berns' 'Piece Of My Heart'. The latter rivals Janis Joplin's version on the historic *Cheap Thrills*.

Tired of namby-pamby rock? If so, slip down to your local record store and pick up a copy of *Bodyswerve*. A superb celebration of what rock 'n' roll is all about.

David Perkins

Julian Lennon
Valotte
Charisma

Oh shit I don't know what to say about this haunted, weird record. He's got a great voice with elements of Boy George, Paul Young, Elton John, Gary Brooker as well as his dear, dead Dad. He's a pretty good songwriter, with 'On the Phone' being as good as anything on 'Milk and Honey' and nothing being embarrassingly bad. But it's so locked in some sort of mid-70s neo-schmalz which is excusable for someone in their 30s but for a 21-year-old, it's a little bizarre.

It's all been arranged by American sessioners and produced by Phil Ramone as if it's *John* Lennon's new album. I mean, his voice

and songs are bound to be leaning in that direction but I'd like to think that as an absolute beginner in some of the USA's most prestigious studios and with heavies like the Legendary Muscleshoals-rhythmsection all over the place, that he let himself be moulded into something that wasn't in his original plan.

I'd like to think that he could shrug off all that stuff and make his own album. I doubt it though, he's got the chart success already and he deserves it, but I'd love to hear Cynthia's boy before he climbs on the monorail to fame. The last track, 'Let Me Be', is the least adorned and, to my ears, the most satisfying. It's also, however, the shortest by far and probably intended as a throwaway, but the last track on *Side Two* is often a sign of things to come so I'll keep my fingers crossed. There's too much talent here to be wasted on a career keeping John's musical spirit alive. There's countless albums and stuff by his father on his own without adding seance sessions like *Valotte* to the pile.

"Hye Jude, don't be afraid."

Chris Knox

Deep Purple
Perfect Strangers
Polydor

It's hard to believe it's 10 years since this, the classic Deep Purple lineup, last recorded together. The musicians' obvious empathy with each other has ensured a musically successful reunion album.

While it lacks the fresh bite of, say Yes's comeback *90125*, *Perfect Strangers* recaptures the sound of *Fireball* and *Machine-head*. Purple. Gillan's voice is suitably in control, following the excesses of his flirtation with Black Sabbath; the interplay of Jon Lord's keyboards, Blackmore's guitar and Ian Paice's magnificent drumming is a real joy.

Lyrical, there's a tendency towards the male chauvinism normally associated with Whitesnake and 'Hungry Daze' is an autobiographical sequel to 'Smoke On the Water'.

They've played it safe here — there are no real standout tracks, no complete turkeys. A little more time together and a tad more adventurousness could reap yet another metal classic. Welcome back.

Chris Caddick

this mortal coil



this mortal coil

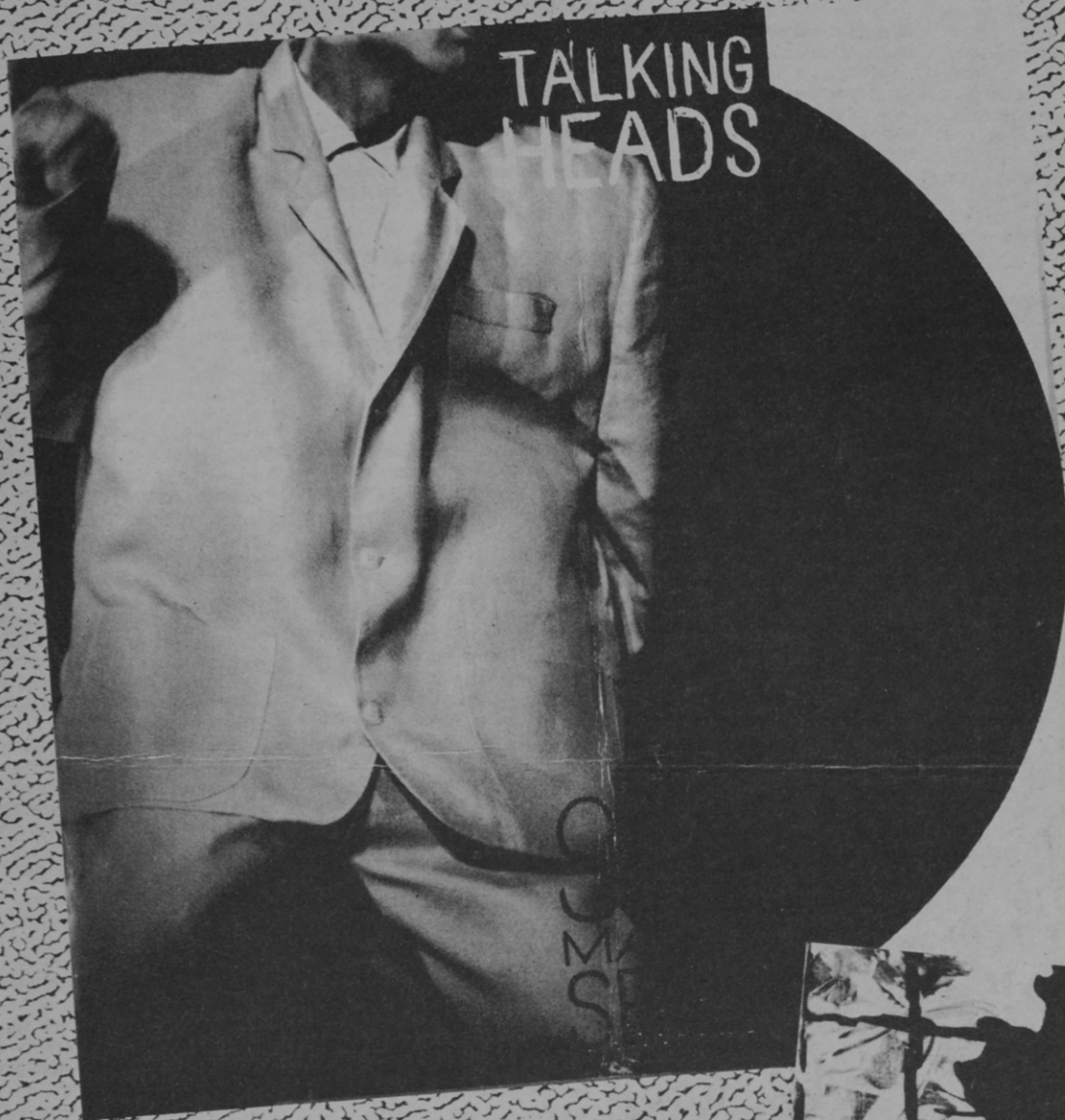


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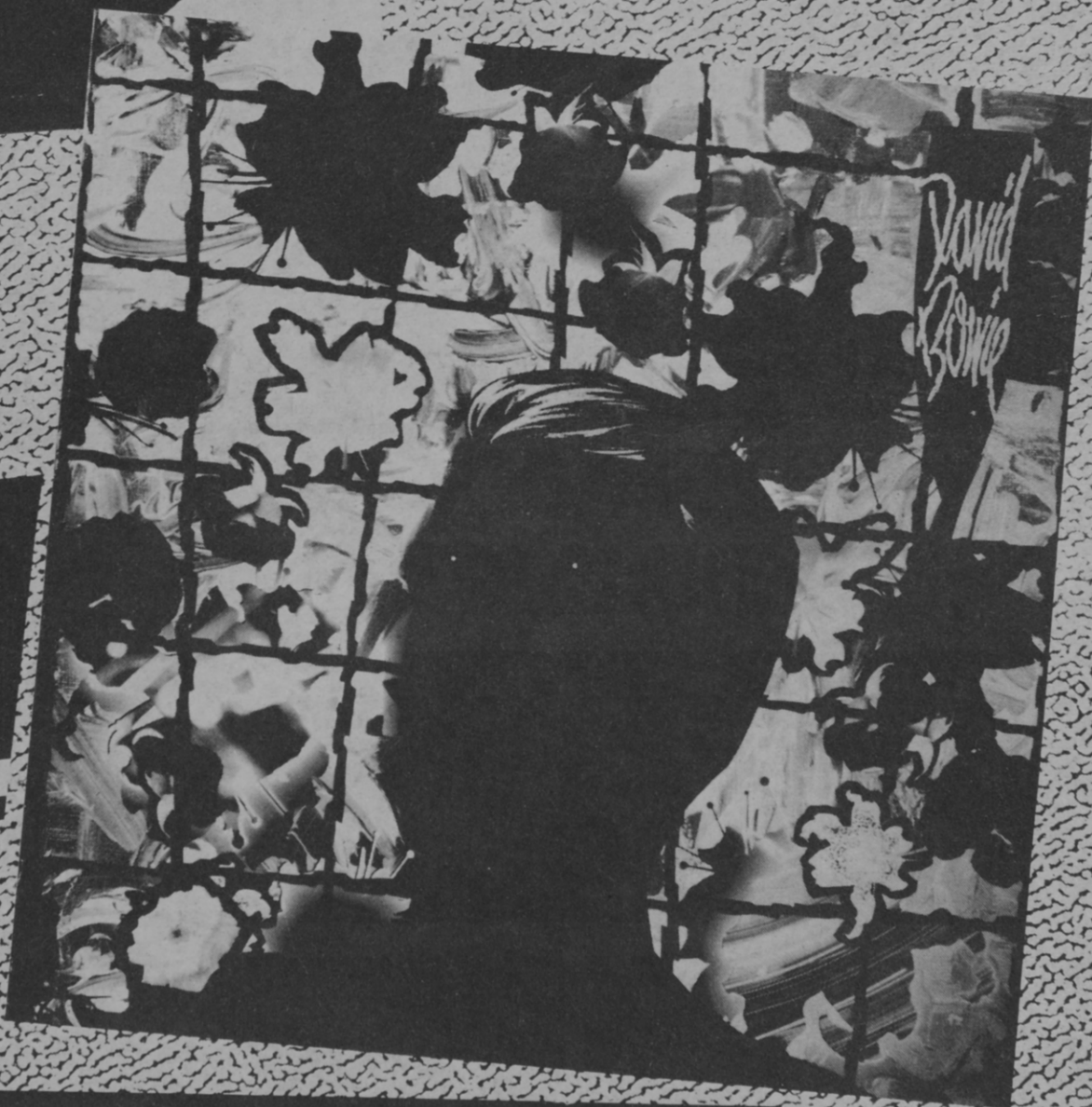
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Records

UB40
Geffery Morgan
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British reggae has shone bright-

er than ever this year, with Steel Pulse returning to form, Aswad maintaining standards of sheer excellence, and now UB40, happy in their new Abattoir studios in hometown Birmingham, producing what sounds like their toughest work to date.

Labour Of Love was well-meant, but in the end it seemed that the songs were stronger in the band's memories than on vinyl. The versions haven't stood the test of time and UB40 are producing vastly better results in returning to

their own compositions.

As ever, UB40's songs are slightly understated, the Campbell brothers' singing deceptively mild-mannered. The songs are anything but. 'Riddle Me' echoes 'Here I Am', in both its feel and its theme of workaday drudgery. 'As Always You Were Wrong Again' hits even harder at Thatcher's Britain, where you're free providing you don't disagree. 'If It Happens' again sounded like a love song at first, but the words are actually much broader, on the subject of integri-

ty and selling out. Astro provides the light relief with 'D.U.B.' before 'The Pillow' closes side one with its grim tale of prostitution, drugs and suicide.

'Seasons' is a bittersweet love song over a heavyweight skank, while 'You're Not An Army' appears to be a blatant nod of sympathy for the IRA. At my kindest, I'd have to call it naive. 'I'm Not Fooled So Easily' targets the British media, whose biggest headlines this year have been reserved for million-pound bingo. The closer, 'Your

Eyes Are Wide Open', is a depressing post-nuke message to the apathetic.

Not a happy album, then, but one which will shake a few dancefloors in the coming months. get them by the feet and their hearts and minds will follow, the UB40's motto. You may not agree with all they say, but you have to admire their unshaking conviction and self-respect. Go for it, Geffery. **Duncan Campbell**

All Dressed Up and No Place to Play

Ode
The record of the Venue. All the 11 bands on this record played at Auckland's under-age cabaret — and for most of them, it was the only place they could play in public. The average age of the band members here is 18 and that's with a few 'oldies' who have stumbled a few years into their 20s thrown in.

Russ Le Roq was the man who introduced most of the bands to public gigging and he's the producer of this record too. That's producer in the wide sense of the word — he chose the bands, chose the songs and worked with the Lab's Bill Latimer on the sound. If that sounds a little authoritarian, remember that this was first time in a studio for almost all the musicians. Russ might be a bit young for a father-figure but that's effectively what he was.

No one's blown it too badly in the studio here but by the same token it's the more experienced bands who've produced the best tracks. Plastic Pegs' 'Bill' is a typically wry, clever little Pegs song, in which they manage to fit their name twice and the Bellboys (defunct since singer-guitarist Brett Adams became a Mocker) play boisterously and display a few ideas about making a pop song effective. It will be interesting to see what effect Adams has on his new band.

Elsewhere, Chinese Eyes impress with twin vocals and some genuine teen angst. Broken Edge come on enthusiastic and fast to save a pretty ordinary song. Stick No Bills show a bit of subtlety and nice structuring with 'Five Past Five' and the In-Crowd's 'Crying' is a dreamy, rather old-fashioned pop song with great backing vocals.

The thing that disturbs me a little is the rather pervading conservatism amongst these songs. Okay, it sets out to be a pop album but there are few risks taken and everything sounds very traditional, right down to the choppy ska beats that turn up in quite a few places. Perhaps that's the fault of Mr Le Roq, perhaps not. But what makes the record is the obvious enthusiasm of all those involved and the emerging creativity that can be heard amongst the best of these young musicians. No doubt many of these here won't go much further but this record has given those with the potential to go on to greater things an all-important start.

And that matters.
(Note: the Venue has received a last-minute reprieve and is to stay open for the time being anyway. If you're not old enough looking to bluff your way into pubs then you owe to yourself to at least give the Venue a try.)
Russell Brown

Wynton Marsalis Hot House Flowers

CBS
Take the jazz world's most astonishing young talent, his superlative group, and record their explorations of a set of timeless ballads. Mouthwatering, huh?

It certainly should have been. But rather than rely on the natural dynamics of his group members, Marsalis has arranged each

track as much, if not more, for a string section. The result is that instead of the freeflowing give and take of attuned improvisers, the performances seem stilted.

It's not that the string section exactly clutters the music — Marsalis is far too tasteful for that — yet it does remove a sense of space. It's often not until the violins cease that the music seems to really breathe. (Witness the beginning of pianist Kenny Kirkland's solo in 'For All We Know'.) And with such beautiful sidemen on hand as Kirkland and brother Brandford, any violins seem — to this listener anyway — unnecessary. Consequently both the aforementioned musicians appear cruelly underused.

Furthermore, on at least two tracks the arrangements' complexity seems clever at the expense of clarity. The well-known melodies of 'When You Wish Upon A Star' and 'I'm Confessing' stop, start, change tempo and are orchestrated beyond simple enjoyment.

Yet obviously this 22-year-old trumpet phenomenon knows exactly what he's doing. It is possible that Marsalis is seeking a new approach to ballad playing. After all, the straightforward, less-is-more approach was perfected by Miles Davis back in the 50s.

Last year, with the stunning *Think Of One*, Marsalis exuberantly claimed his place within the bebop tradition. On the strength of *Hot House Flowers* he has not yet secured the equivalent standing with respect to jazz balladry.

Peter Thomson

Thelonious Monk Tokyo Concerts Live At The Jazz Workshop

CBS
Time to bite the tongue, I guess. Having bitterly attacked the CBS treatment of the Branford Marsalis album last month, I'm now handed two lovely double albums, superbly packaged and a joy just to hold and look at.

Monk is summed up by Joachim Berendt as "one of the most important musicians from the in-group of the bebop creators," although, Berendt goes on to say, his influence was not realised until the late 1950s. Monk was a regular at Minton's Playhouse, the Harlem club which was the generally acknowledged birthplace of bebop.

Monk's erratic behaviour and eschewal of traditional lines earned him criticism even among his peers. During some 50s sessions for Prestige, Miles Davis was heard to complain that Monk played the "wrong chords". They weren't wrong, they were just different. But then, Davis didn't free up his ideas until the 1960s.

The Tokyo concerts were recorded in 1963, when Monk was starting to get the international acclaim so long denied him. He revels in the big audiences' delight, so much that his harmonics seem to chuckle. Just listen to 'Blue Monk', one of the most joyous examples of the blues format. The Jazz Workshop session came more than a year later, new rhythm section but tenor saxist Charlie Rouse, a man who both loved and understood Monk, still present. The quartet extends itself here, with a storming 'Don't Blame Me' and an outstanding rendition of 'Evidence', serving as a prime example of how Monk worked. There was never a 'definitive' version of a Monk composition. He set up the themes, then allowed the players to improvise, going with the flow and occasionally pulling things back into line when they got out of hand. Such was his mood and his magic.

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Duncan Campbell

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Records

The Best Of Louis Jordan (MCA)

Forties bandleader Louis Jordan was the main source and celebration of Joe Jackson's 1982 album *Jumpin' Jive*. Louis Jordan was also an original force behind the genesis of rock 'n' roll, whether through his vocal style serving as inspiration for Chuck Berry, or through the musical structure of such classics as 'Saturday Night Fish Fry' (on occasion Bill Haley simply covered the song verbatim). Jordan's band was also a major influence behind many important jazz big bands of the 50s and 60s. None of which really indicated the infectious delights still to be found in his music today. These 16 tracks offer a joyful survey of Jordan's styles, ranging from hot jump and jive to oddball blues to wacky novelties. A past master indeed — reet petite and gone. PT

Various Artists Every Man Has A Woman Who Loves Him (Polygram)

Songs by Yoko Ono sung by Nilsson, Eddy Money, Trio, Elvis Costello, Sean Ono Lennon and more. It'd make a passable single. CK

Mark Knopfler, Cal (Vertigo)

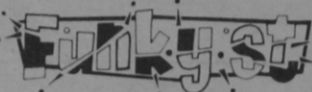
Mark Knopfler's music to the film *Local Hero* was an impressive start to the writing of theme music. This, his latest soundtrack, is steeped in traditional Irish music and features some outstanding contributions from Plonxty mem-

bers Paul Brady and Liam O'Flynn. Underpinned throughout by Knopfler's distinctive guitar style, the music ranges from the majestic to the serene. Highly recommended — the sedative we all need after a hard day. DP

Status Quo Live At The N.E.C. (Vertigo)

Status Quo have at last called it a day. I can reveal to you now, however, that their recorded career still has several years to run: 1984, *Live At The N.E.C.*; 1985, *Status Quo, The Early Years*; 1986, *All the No.1 Hits of Status Quo*; 1987, *Quo Rarities*; 1988, *Classic Quo*; 1989, *Live At the Budokan*; 1990, *Golden Favourites*; 1992, *Remembering ... Status Quo*. At this stage the release for 1993 is not confirmed but I suspect it'll be *The Reunion Concerts R.I.P. CC Various, Heavyweights (RCA)*.

Yet another heavy metal compilation that loses 10 points right off for including 'Paranoid' yet again. This one's reasonably useful, nonetheless, in that alongside several tried and tested bands (Scorpions, Saxon, Sabbath and Slade) it introduces several new bands. Pick of the bunch is Graham Bonnet's latest band Alcatraz, who as well as featuring the classic Bonnet vocal chords have the added bonus of a real speedfingers guitarist who sounds as if he could give Mr Van Halen a run for his money. Germany's Bullet also sound great; an uptempo rocker is featured here. Four Australian bands are included — the feeble Heaven with their hand-me-down AC/DC riffs, the much-touted Boss who surprise with a pomp-rock sound and Avion and Black Alice, competent and confident yet too derivative of 1001 other metal bands to really stand out. Overall, an enjoyable collection. CC



Chaka Khan I Feel For You Warner Bros

Funk wars. Lesser talents would perish beneath the scratchin' and percussive effects heaped on Chaka here. But not Chaka — ultra funk and 80s electro claptrap is no match for the spark of Chaka energy.

The single 'I Feel For You' (a Prince composition also on Pointer Sisters' *So Excited*) is a fabulous meeting between old and new — Mel Melle on rap and Stevie Wonder on harmonica share the limelight with Chaka, yet her vocal edge is the crucial element. Ironically, it's produced by veteran soul producer Arif Mardin, though elsewhere on the album hip producers such as John Robie challenge Chaka with their gimmick funk.

Best Robie collaboration is on 'My Love is Alive' (a Gary Wright ditty). Chaka gets effectualised, oscillating from speaker to speaker. Fun. Not to be outdone, Arif Mardin scores with another exercise in excess 'This Is My Night' a 'Thriller' based romp of immense proportions. My fave track.

It's great to have Chaka in a contemporary context. Few vocalists can compete with the strident power of modern funk. Chaka can.

Murray Cammick

Nile Rodgers Adventures in the Land of the Good Groove

Mirage
Signature tune of a well-known

Auckland radio show and one of the best albums released in a long time.

Nile Rodgers and Chic created a paradigm for late 70s black music; the subtle and witty 'Good Times'; the majestic 'I Want Your Love' and the classic production work on Diana Ross's 'Upside Down' and Sister Sledge's 'We Are Family'.

On this album he presents us with an X-ray of the Chic magic, taking us through different 'good grooves', from the hard, edgy rhythms of 'Yum Yum' and 'Get her Crazy' to the ballad feel of 'My Love Song For You'. Each song is a workout of Chic rhythms and melodies, but also a transition point between his old work and his new production style, with Bowie, Duran Duran and (more successfully) Madonna.

A vital selection for anyone interested in black groove music and a virtual textbook of modern production techniques.

Kerry Buchanan

Bobby Bland You Got Me Loving You (MCA)

Every home should have a Bobby Bland LP. He's so cool — he's got his very own groove — and this LP has some very fine examples of Bobby Bland cool. The first three tracks on Side One are aces, particularly 'It's Too Bad' an uptempo, old fashioned pre-funk mover. Wow! Bobby at his best. Yet next track 'Get Real Clean' is possibly the worst lyric he has ever sung. Oh, well the rest is great. Remember, you'll never understand cool unless you own a Bobby Bland LP. MC

Available in kiwidom on tape only, this compilation of Slave gold gives you 10 tracks from 'Slide'

(1977) to 'Steppin' Out' (1983). Powerful stuff — Slave have had one of the best funk bass sounds for years and this is an ideal way to sample it. My fave track is 'Are You Ready for Love?'. MC

Bobby McFerrin The Voice (Elektra Musician)

Recorded live in Europe, this LP features McFerrin vocalising unaccompanied — a oneman Persuasions — performing diverse material from Lennon & McCartney's 'Blackbird' to James Brown's 'I Feel Good' (superb). His own compositions are equally varied, from jazz to the autobiographical 'I'm My Own Walkman'. Very entertaining. Nearly as cool as Bobby Bland. MC



TRIAL RUN

Director: Melanie Read

With a plot that involves Annie Whittle isolated in the wilds of Otago among things that go bump in the night, *Trial Run* might seem a strange feature film debut for a woman director. Superficially, it might even seem to be dangerously close to that genre of sexploitation horror (a long and depressing list, starting with Kubrick's *The Shining*), yet Read's feminist sympathies are clearly focused in this tale of one woman's struggle for survival.

It's very evident that *Trial Run* sets out to be more than just

another horror film but, ultimately, its sheer ambitiousness lies uneasily on a rather sketchy script.

Of course "red herrings" are part-and-parcel of any self-respecting horror/mystery film, but when these take the form of unresolved issues, they become more problematic. Annie Whittle's stand for independence in taking on the photographic assignment and the accompanying sidelights on the environmental issue fit naturally into the plot. Hints of a past affair between Whittle's husband and best friend or the recurring vision of Margaret Blay's ghost in the beach cottage, simply confuse matters. With less distraction from the other issues mentioned above, it may have been crystallised in a more convincing manner.

Allen Guilford's camerawork, with Whangaparaoa Peninsula standing in for remote Otago, is highly effective, as is Jan Preston's music score, much more incisively realised than that she wrote for *Skin Deep* a few years back.

Annie Whittle proves the central force that almost manages to hold the film together, such is the conviction of her performance as a plucky and resourceful heroine. When the script allows her, Judith Gibson displays the same authority that Auckland theatre-goers are accustomed to seeing from the actress.

The scenes involving the family are rather less successful and, to some degree, it's the perennial script problem. Lee Grant's farming neighbour seems too theatrical to ever look at ease on a tractor, although Martyn Sanderson's gruff, laconic "red herring villain" manages to catch a real Kiwi type to perfection.

William Dart

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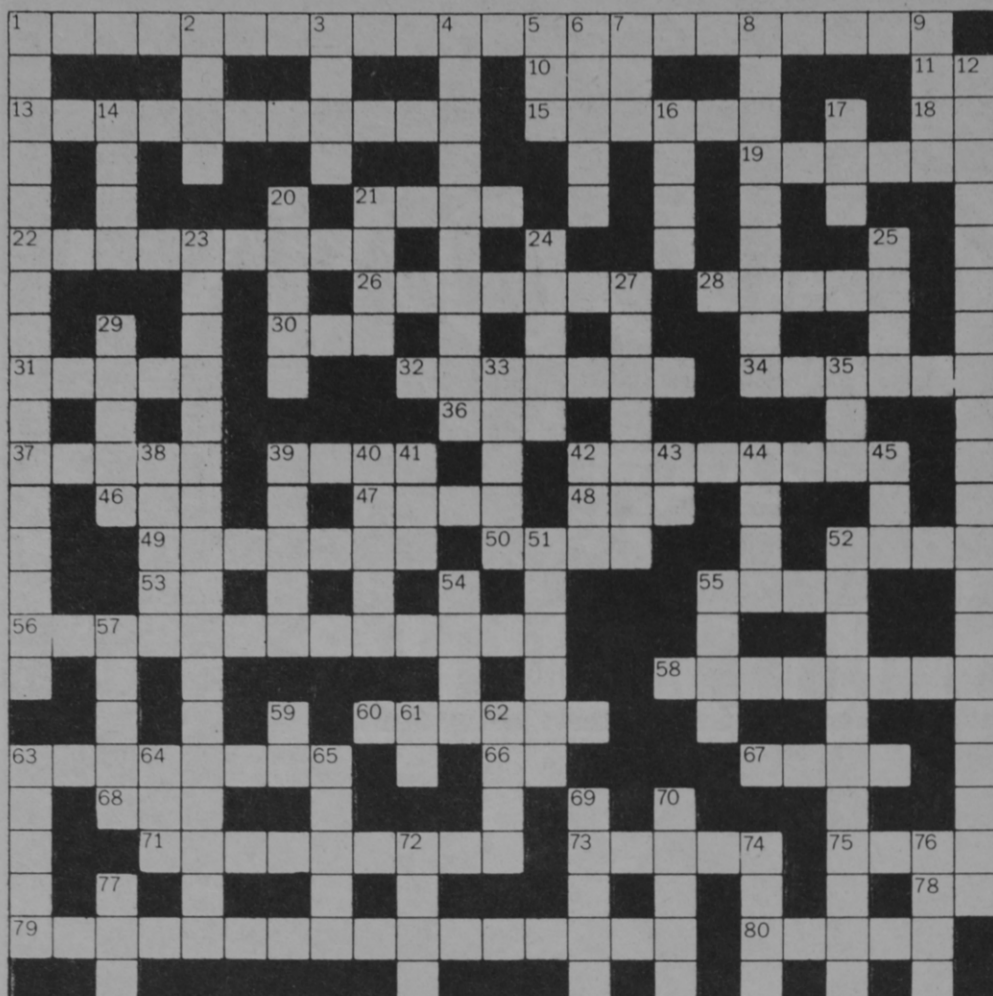
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- lush over strand. (6,7)
18 First two letters of Smelly Feet's first hit cause an exclamation!
19 The schlock movie star turned singer, we think he's a man.
21 Virile-sounding record label?
22 "Just the thought fills my heart with ..." (4,5)
26 The doctor prescribes it will milk.
28 & 52D Beef at heart? No, this one's a fish dish! (5,4,7)
30 The Kind of machine JB claimed to be.
31 JC's syndicate, recently revisited.
32 Leisurely Brit group that didn't get the gist of it.
34 The 'Girls, Girls, Girls' band.
36 'Till I ... ; Meemees song.
37 Hendrix' magic Sth American base? Looks that way!
39 The low part of an LKJ album.
42 Thunderbirds' modest description.
46 Kerouac's big place.
47 Oz glam metallers who covered 'Glad All Over'.
48 A new one dawned for the Velvets.
49 Bowie goes from and to ...
50 The group that might be found at Dorothy's side?
52 Zappa's uncle.
53 Not what, Mr Newman?
55 Hello, late discovery for Ray Davies!
56 Sweet son's in an LP, Uncle Lou? (3,10)
58 Motorhead terminate too many!
60 Named shared by both manager and member of the Jam.
63 (See 15A)
66 Newmatics' 'Broadcast ... '? (1,1)
67 "She is the cause, I am the ..." Terror of Tintown song.
68 Britgroup, Modern ...
71 (See 57D)
73 AK tape label.
75 Sex Pistols rail against untruthfulness.
78 Hoodoo Gurus' original prefix.
79 Fly's rough, roaring apology from defunct Scottish combo. (5,3,8)
80 Georgie's were littler than Rod's!
- home for recent Auckland gigs. (5,11)
2 BCR, '... On Dancing?'
3 "Mark Bolan invented it, Hanoi Rocks destroyed it," Mark Phillips, 1984.
4 Richman's female fissured! (3,7)
5 The substance combusted at the witching hour.
6 Hendrix had a red one.
7 Diana Ross sang 'I'm Coming ...'
8 Jeff Beck's rabid days?
9 The man who once had a band full of Holden cars (and not Lionel Ritchie!)
12 The flame Eno helped to fan. (3,13,4)
14 The Who's body in the heavens.
16 Monkee movie.
17 The Cramps' poison girl.
20 Iggy isn't uptight!
21 Premier-Memphis soul label.
23 "I hear her walkin', walkin' barefoot 'cross the floor ..."
24 Otis sings the praises of a fab new pop mag. Wow!
25 Rasta purity in tail.
27 Herbs gaze back. (4,3)
29 Subject of Crass envy.
33 The number of living legs?
35 Something unique about Auckland band.
38 What Iggy does for life.
39 How Shelley showed his love.
40 Lulu's loud debut.
41 Sam Phillips' record label.
42 What the Bats say you gotta get!
43 Initials of the Citizen Band drummer. (1,1)
44 Author of such classics as 'Me and You and a Dog Named Boo'.
45 Not a boy named Johnny Cash?
51 Soft White Underbelly went marine and came up with this pearler.
52 (See 28A)
54 The hill occupant.
55 The Rolling Stones love you ...
57 & 71A Auckland's wayward son. (5,9)
59 Mick Jones, Billy Idol, Tony James and more were in the London ...
61 '... Was Here' (1,1)
62 All you need!
63 Even us here at RIU know about Shocking Blue!
64 Iggy wants to be your ...

- 65** Queen's heart attack?
69 US TV's long-running soul vehicle.
70 Bowie LP title hints at the Actor.
72 See Emily!
74 Wyatt's machine.
76 '... Sprach Zarathustra'.
77 For its own sake, according to 70s band.
ANSWERS ON PAGE 46

Letters

Post to 'RIU' Letters, PO Box 5689, Auckland 1.

Semantics, Some Antics

I'm not particularly thick but I'm fucked if I can make head or tail out of half these reviews. In Russell Brown's review of the Cure at Logan Campbell Centre he says of Robert Smith, "Half man, half cat, half milksop ... the irony of the juxtaposition of his demeanour with the sonic assault of his band can't have been all accidental."?! Obviously a person (or computer?) who loves to confuse people by making up his own words. He probably doesn't understand them himself. I think he's in the wrong profession, maybe he should have been a politician. Most of these reviewers at some time or another talk in riddles and come up with sentences half a page long without commas. I have just one more sentence to say: Why don't these obsolescent imconproctinators emotionalise their characteristic notions in a way in which amphetical carronading beings like us can myrtlisingly interpret them?
Barry Crump Fan Glendowie
Now hold on there — I know what "proct" means and that's rude.RB

Epistle From Apostle

As a child my parents trained me well — I always say my pleases and thankyou. So thankyou for the mention in Oct RIU, but please, please, please spell it correctly. The name is Apostolic Industries, notApolistic or any such bullshit. However, print this letter and we'll not only forgive you but we'll send you a copy of the soon-to-be recorded solo album-tape by Gamaunche's Richard Wallis.
Peter Alexander, Apostolic Industries Box 1487 Dunedin

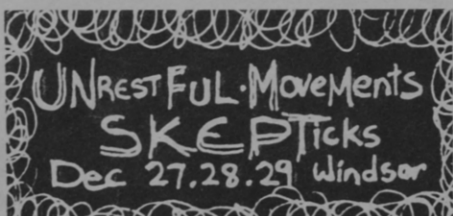
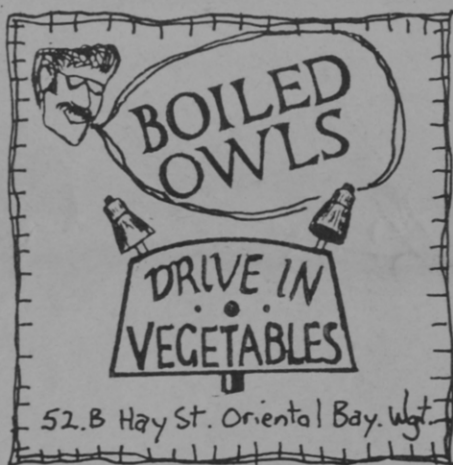
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ACROSS

- 1** They say: 'Relax!' (7,4,2,9)
10 Last three letters of Freeez song add up to a debt. (1,1,1)
11 What MJ said to beat.
13 The Television personality. (3,8)
15 & 63 The only outside writer on the new DD Smash LP is



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Look Blue Go Purple (L-R) Norma O'Malley, Kath Webster, Lesley Paris, Denise Roughan, Kathy Ball.

FROM PAGE 16

loud; you can hear what's going on then," adds keyboard/guitar player Denise Roughan.

Which would seem to be the difference, maybe: "I don't know, I just think that when we play together we all listen really hard to each other — and when I play with other people I sometimes get annoyed because some people don't seem to listen," opines drummer Lesley Paris.

"I think we're sort of humble, real-

ly," smiles keyboardist/flautist Norma O'Malley.

Of course it's not as if all LBGP are genteel sweetness and light — there's plenty of sass in what they do; and bright streaks of unorthodoxy like the neatly twisted vocal arrangement in songs like 'Labour Pains' ("everybody's got a song about being on the dole"). I can't think of anyone else they sound like — when I pass on a suggestion that they in fact sound like everything else all at once they dissolve into

gales of laughter.

Pop?

"Yes, I think sometimes we could be called that ..." says Kathy.

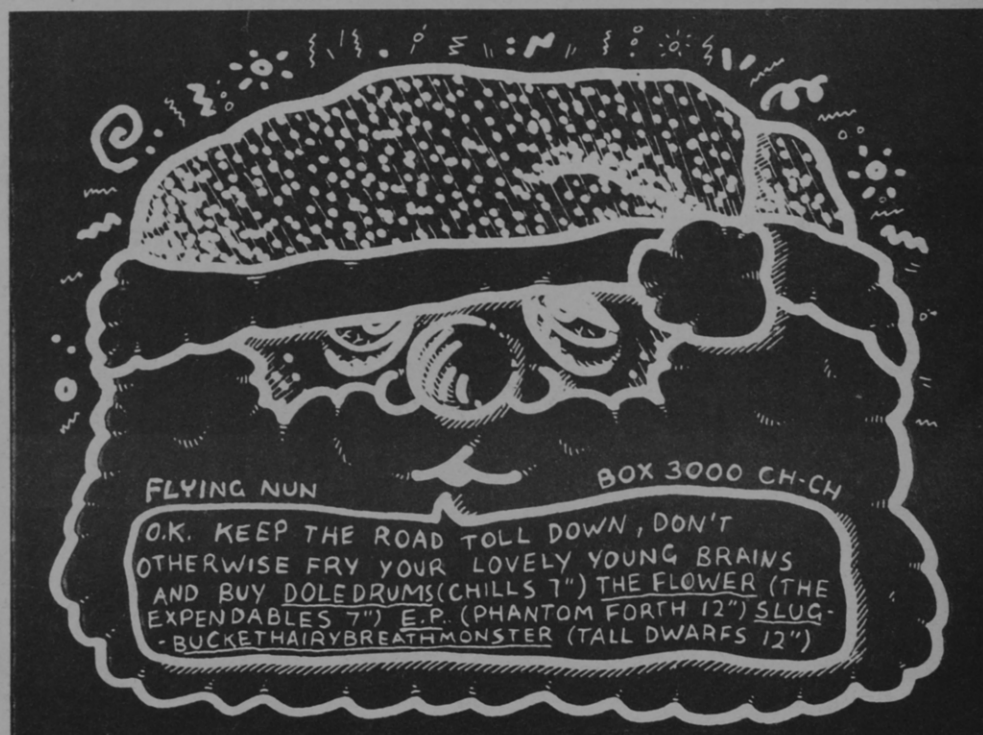
Like seemingly many of their fellow citizens, they're record listeners and say they're in the band for the music, rather than to convey any specific message.

They agree that Dunedin is a good place for them to play music and they've encountered none of the problems with other musicians or with audiences that might have occurred elsewhere.

So what's next for Look Blue Go Purple? Well, they've done some recording with Terry Moore producing at 4XO, they're writing more songs, there's an admitted shyness on stage to be conquered ... touring?

Touring! The very suggestion throws them into a panic — there are jobs, studies ... maybe But even if they don't come and see you, they're worth seeking out. Because Look Blue Go Purple are, yes ... a little different.

Russell Brown



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Clint Eastwood and General Saint
Last Plane (One Way Ticket)
12" (MCA)

Dubmasters and general good guys, the sinsemilla saints rework an old song called 'Last Train'. Updating their mode of transport, they create perfect beach sounds from Montego Bay to Takapuna. The summer starts here.

The Adventures
Another Silent Day (Chrysalis)

Here's one you might have caught on *RWP*. They could easily be from Liverpool, though I'm only guessing. Maybe it's that guitar sound; almost, dare I say it, Beatle-ish. Not bad and probably a bit of a grower.

Style Council
Shout to the Top (Polydor)

Congratulations to Polygram for getting the name of the song wrong on the sick little orange sleeve they've dared to put this record in. Weller takes his attempts to be Britain's biggest soul guru one stage further on this piece of pure stomp. With more radio station adds than a new Duran-

nie single, it can only serve to further speed up his money go round. A bigger hit than his last big hit.

Bronski Beat, Why? (London)

Faster than a speeding snail, the follow-up to 'Small Town Boy' hits town only three months after its British release. Not bad, considering their debut was a hit here before it was a hit there. Very much high-energy, this disco chant lacks the punch it possesses in the 12" version but is nonetheless a great whirl of intensity.

The Armoury Show
Castles in Spain 12"
(Parlophone)

Former Skids vocalist Richard Jobson finally relinquishes his desire to become the Poet Laureate and teams up with guitar hero John McGeoch to trash out some solid rock music. Tunesful, and not unlike Big Country meets the Bunnymen, it might have been a big hit three or four years ago.

SPK, Junk Funk (WEA)

One New Zealander and one Chinese Australian, losing credibility faster than the *NME* is losing readers. The junk is easy to spot but where's the funk?

Elvis Costello
The Only Flame in Town (F-Beat)

Not one of Elvis's great moments, this duet with America's Paul Weller, Mr Daryl Hall, lacks bite and consequently verges on wallpaper music. Americans are dying for it so get into it New Zealand! (To be read in a Mike Moore accent.)

Hall and Oates
Out of Touch (RCA)

Surprise, surprise, a single by the

real ersatz soul brothers, only the 125th one this year. Another one like this and they will be well and truly out of touch. Can I have the real singles to review now please Murray?

Mark Phillips

'EUROGLIDERS' FROM PAGE 6

Lynch admits to being a little concerned with controlling the way the band is presented in the States, especially after the record company there didn't wait for the band's approval before remixing several tracks on the American version of *This Island*.

"We were given the impression we'd be given the opportunity to say yes or no to these new mixes they wanted to try. And then lo and behold the buggers went and pressed the bloody album with their mixes on it! And they're mixes we *do not like*."

But the band has employed independent publicists for the USA and keeps in contact to make sure Eurogliders are being promoted primarily as "a very good live rock 'n' roll band."

And then there's Europe — but won't the name cause some confusion?

"Yeah, I think we're going to have a little trouble explaining to people in Europe that the name doesn't bear any relation to anything European. In fact a Euro is a type of little kangaroo — we didn't actually find that out until we'd made up the name."

Steve Spencer

THE 'ARRY AWARD

So, after spending a month in the lockup after incidents related in last month's (unprintable) column, 'Arry's out on parole just in time for THE 'ARRY AWARDS.

● **Wally Of the Year Award:**
MIKE CORLESS for having 300 people pay and 5000 on the guest list at Mt Maunganui.

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THE MOCKERS.

● **The Let's Carry On With the Same Name Prize:**
MARGINAL ERA.

● **The Let's Carry On With Another Name Prize:**
THIS HEAVEN.

● **The Let's Toss A Coin Prize:**
THIS ERROR.

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KATANGO.

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JORDAN LUCK.

● **The 'No, We Don't Ski On That Stuff' Silver Spoon:**
THE NARCS.

● **The 89FMblablabla Radio Stationblablabla Platinum Microphone:**
ANDREW BOAK.

● **The Annual Terry Green Fuck A Truck Award:**
HERBS.

● **The 'At Least The Titanic Had A Good Band' Ship In A Bottle:**
JOHN DOE.

● **The 'Running Tap?' Award For Travel Planning:**
DAVE MERRITT.

● **The Ridiculous On the Virgin Award:**
NETHERWORLD DANCING TOYS.

● **The 'Well At Least He's Not Making Records' Award:**
RUSS LE ROQ.

● **The 'This One's Not To Be Sniffed At' Golden Lock And Key:**
BRYAN STAFF.

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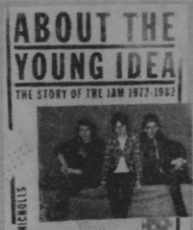
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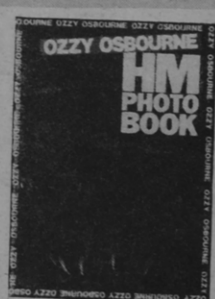
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Live

Split Enz, the Chills Dunedin Town Hall

Although Split Enz's popularity was beyond criticism — two consecutive sold out at Dunedin Town Hall testifies to that — few people would deny that their time was up.

The institution was in danger of losing its dignity and Tim Finn's separate career ambitions were becoming patently obvious. Consequently, brother Neil was left to account for most of the songs, a state of affairs that renders side one of *See You Round* a virtual Neil Finn half-solo album.

Anyway, with a new album to tote, the promise that their final

fling was going to be a run through history looked pretty slim. In fact a fitting, moving version of 'Time For A Change' was the only thing lifted from the archives. The rest was predictable. Noel did his guitar and spoon spoof, strobe lights strobed and ball lights bailed, sharks attacked and people saw red. Too pat, a night out with Split Enz.

Yet there were moments of magic and they belonged mostly to Neil Finn, whose writing keeps improving. 'I Walk Away', 'One Mouth Is Fed' and 'Years Go By' can line up with his other live stoppers, 'History Never Repeats', 'I Got You' and 'One Step Ahead' and lose nothing.

And don't forget, we owe these guys. In the 70s, when rock 'n' roll was a music degree, Split Enz worked with the world's best and so helped destroy the Kiwi inferi-

ority complex as regards the Great Overseas Myth. They made the grade and encouraged other bands to take their goods to supposedly superior markets. That's got to be appreciated.

So it's exit Split Enz and enter the Chills, tipped by many to be the heirs apparent. They deserve to be. They opened the night and although they've sounded better — Martin Philipps' vocals were often buried and the band looked nervous in the big occasion — the Chills have the songs to make their own way.

But as to whether the night signalled a changing of the guard, we'll wait and see.

George Kay

Herbs

Gluepot, Dec 29

"We couldn't get them on stage at the start of the tour — now we



Willie Hona and Jack Allen, Herbs, Gluepot.

can't get them off" chuckled the Warrior Records person as she leaned against the bar that had closed more than 20 minutes before and watched the Thursday night crowd return to their seats and head for the door. I don't think any of them minded in the least getting more Herbs than they'd bargained for.

Things had begun fairly quietly, with the band running through its ballads and some of the softer songs, sometimes sounding a little too smooth and cabaretish for these ears. The show itself couldn't be faulted — a spectacular light show and colourful stage added up to immediate value for money.

But where Herbs really delivered was in the music department. The night went on, the air got hazier, the band got louder and the whole pub became more like a party. The mix of old and new songs provided an ideal balance in the repertoire; the older songs like 'Dragons and Demons' and the wonderful 'Them's The Breaks' keeping in the punchy reggae feel and songs from *Long Ago* bearing perhaps a more truly Polynesian feel.

The mood was celebratory and Herbs weren't afraid to toss in a few covers, including their own version of Marley's 'Stir It Up' (which even incorporated one well-known TV ad) and even a short 'One Love'. But it was in the final number 'Nuclear Waste' that Herbs really showed their stuff — it was highly significant that they had the crowd dancing and singing along to a song that, given the lyrical content, might have been expected to be sombre. But that's not Herbs.

Could be next year's thing will be having Herbs play your party?

Russell Brown

Deep Purple, Knightshade Western Springs, Dec 2

Knightshade, making, I think, their Auckland debut, impressed with a great set of twin guitar attack metal that set the scene for a great night.

For the hard core of aficionados it must have been a dream come true to see the classic Deep Purple lineup take the stage. Legions of younger heavy rock fans were present also. And neither faction would have been disappointed with this

show.

Starting with 'Highway Star', Purple played every crowd favourite from 'Space Truckin'' to 'Smoke On The Water'. Solos were in abundance, with Ritchie Blackmore's sizzling effort on 'Lazy' probably the pick of the bunch. A selection of tracks from the new album came to life on stage, with 'Nobody's Home' sounding like a Purple standard already.

Deep Purple displayed a real enthusiasm and energy that suggests their reunion could well sustain for some time yet.

Chris Caddick

Campus Radio End Of Transmission Party

Fetus Productions, Able
Tasmans, Eric Glandy Band,
Freudian Slips
Gluepot, Nov 28

Yes, Campus Radio has its FM license, yes it's been a good year and yes, it was a very good night.

Prior commitments meant I arrived shortly after Freudian Slips finished. An aficionado described their performance as a particularly confident and cohesive one, if a little lacking for support from a still-arriving audience.

The Eric Glandy Band's over-the-top country parody is a meeting of musical theatre and theatrical musicianship. Derek Ward, firmly in character as "Eric", leads the ceremonies like a bug-eyed psycho, his gnarled syllables accented with a kind of desperate sincerity. The band of luminaries with him play the licks almost straight — full marks to Rex Reason for maintaining a formica-like smile for the entire performance. The surprise bonus was a couple of really good songs to boot. The act had its thin spots but everyone involved (including the audience) seemed to enjoy themselves mightily, which was the point of it all.

Able Tasmans came on like the fastest dance band around — in fact they may well be the fastest dance band around. They're playing well at the moment and a couple of new songs indicated they're on their way to the progression they have to make. A full dancefloor!

The dancefloor was full for Fetus Productions, too, but this time people were sitting down, gazing

intently at the stage. Jed Town and Serum Fort could have been forgiven some nerves, especially when a few technical hitches started happening. They had been out of the country more than a year and a half, playing in Australia, Japan and Europe and their reputation had, if anything, grown in their absence. A lot of attention was focused in their direction.

Unfortunately, things went wrong at times, the playing fell out of step with the backing tapes occasionally, sounds didn't come through. It wasn't a classic Fetus performance — my friends said this; being a relatively recent immigrant from the South, I'd never seen Fetus Productions live.

I still found its best moments bloody impressive. The awkwardness of the version of 'What's Going On' in a way added poignancy to it. "Just what the hell is going on?" sang Jed Town, and he must indeed have been wondering what was going on on stage at times. But through it all, what continued to impress was the humanity of the onslaughts of sound and the impression that these two (while a 'mystery man' drummed anonymously behind a skull mask) were part of their music. I certainly enjoyed it — my friends tell me to wait for the Windsor gigs.

Russell Brown

Tokyo

Gluepot, Nov 9, 10

At last Wellington's latest hard rock heroes hit Auckland — and hit us they did, with two nights of the most powerful, polished 1980s hard rock Auckland has heard in a long time.

Tokyo was put together by Rose Bayonet's former ace lead guitarist Stefan Lavington. They've got it all — excellent musicianship, a vocalist who has to be the best hard rock singer in New Zealand, good original songs and superb covers of Van Halen, Gary Moore, Whitesnake and Judas Priest songs.

The only bad thing about the two nights was the disappointing turnout from Auckland's so-called rock fans, who keep supporting the same tired old bands. Where were those people who queue up outside the Gluepot for second rate overseas bands? Tokyo are first class and deserve more support from Aucklanders the next time they visit (sooner or later). See you all there.

John Andrews

'RUMOURS' FROM PAGE 45

New club **Viz** at 58 Fort Street will offer slightly different fare than current hip nitespots. The music is described as "everything from the Birthday Party to Buzzcocks to Omega Tribe to Bauhaus," with lots of NZ Stuff and imports. There's full bar and no cover charge or dress/hair restrictions. It will be open every Tuesday night from Dec 18 and also Boxing Day and New Years Eve ... **Radio Active** are recording a new single, 'Evergreen', at Harlequin, with Paul Streekstra.

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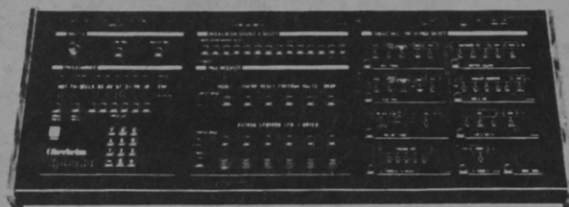
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TV EYE' FROM PAGE 16

Faigan told of the group's new EP, the ominously titled *Knife*: "The sales pitch for *Knife* is like 'WE SUFFERED FOR OUR ART NOW YOU'RE GOING TO DIE FOR IT!' Violence implicit in every note. It's got three tracks; 'This

Is Your Lucky Night', a pub song of sorts, aimed squarely at the 'Knocking On Heaven's Door'/'Casino Soul' scene. I'll leave the criticism to the critical mass (check musicians-as-frustrated-critics angle here?) but I'd say A Fucking Hit! 'Deniz

Tek' — our tribute to Radio Birdman. Steve wrote the music and I don't get credited but I wrote the words, they go like this: 'DENIZ TEK — OH YEAH! DENIZ TEK — OH YEAH!' dig monolithic M-Head drumming and Kev on reptile bass. Blow, man! And

finally 'The Great Western', an instrumental we couldn't find words for at first (tho' a later, vocalised version turns up on the *Summer Of Love* tape. Whooh — SONUVABITCH!)" (Since the letter Watson and Smith — as the Hyphenears — have released a new six-track EP, the ominously-titled *Garden Of Lycanthropy*.)

Smith on ambitions: "Have no regrets. Not go up in a firestorm. 1985 be a constructive and vital year for SYTA — we'll make it happen. Be a fireman, a pilot, an All Black, a father, be famous, be fat, be an ape — I have no doubt that Watson and any other man worth a pinch of shit shares these feelings."

Faigan on the scene: "Don't like much what's going on in the current NZ scene but as yet I'm powerless to intervene ... Christchurch is pretty arid right now. Radio U is a big toilet bowl run by unconscious con-men — mostly people don't realise they're being sold shit and the people selling it will never understand that they're selling shit — 'the kids are being hyped, man' — radio controlled by Nazis. You've heard it all before. POSITIVE THINGS: a few good band, fewer brilliant ones ... the Great Unwashed, the Rip, Axemen, Doublehappys, the Rip ... that *Songs From the Lowland* tape is really good ... Marie and the Atom at the State Trinity Centre were truly amazing. Look Blue Go Purple likewise ... Otis mace and David Eggleton at the Star & Garter ... the Kefflins are good but I shouldn't mention them 'cos two of them live here (incest! witch hunts! drugs! cannibalism! merciless self-abuse!)." The time has come to close this journal on the strange and wonderful TV Eye clan — plumbing my memory and my emotions I could write a hundred books on the lives of these ludicrous adventurers. But before you go, dear reader, I would assure you that all the above is quite true — once again the universe of truth proves to hold a strangeness and diversity that stretches far beyond mere imagination. But what is "truth"? And what separates it from what is "imaginary", "not real"? Could the fabric of the Universe be the thinnest of gauze curtains?

But here I must leave you. Rest beacons and my pipe is packed a-ready (the opium is a vice, granted, but surely there are far worse in this world?). I will depart with a proverb spoken in the wilds of South Auckland: "When the Falcon has been rebored it should be a time for rejoicing but only a fool runs races on ice cream."

Russell Brown

UK & USA

The soundtrack rights to the **Michael Jackson** movie debut (not counting *The Wiz* have been picked up by American **David Geffen**. Filming will begin as soon as the current Jacksons' tour ends and the screenplay will probably be *Streetsdandy*, by *Flashdance* author Tom Hadley and about a young New York street singer "discovering his talent". Of course what Michael sez goes and if he wants another screenplay he gets it ... **Echo and the Bunnymen** are taking a year-long break as a group and singer **Ian McCulloch** already has his first solo single out. It's Walter Houston's 'September Song' b/w a version of the traditional 'Cockles and Mussels', and is reportedly markedly different from Bunnymen stuff ... **Boy George** has penned a tune for the new **Beach Boys** LP, which is being produced by **Steve Levine** ... the **ROIR** international punk compilation cassette, *World Class Punk*, which includes our own **K4** is getting excellent early reviews ... the **Frankie** news: it had to happen; a group called **Bonzo Goes to Washington** is filling some UK dance floors with its 'Five Minutes' single on Sleeping Bag Records ... new **Captain Sensible** single 'One Christmas Catalogue' contains a version of 'Relax' ... and back to the "real" thing, **David Frost** recently collected 8000 pounds for appearing in the new FGTH video ... Nigerian musician-alternative politician **Fela Kuti** has been sentenced to five years' jail on charges of allegedly illegally possessing 1500 pounds (that's money, like) and trying to take it out of the country. The money was found on another member of the touring party who was at the airport on the way to a US tour but Fela took the rap. An appeal has been made but hopes are not too high ... **Phil Collins** is set to venture down this end of the world early next year ... **Barry Levinson** (*Diner*) is to make a **Jerry Lee Lewis** biopic starring **Mickey Rourke** ... major British indie distributor **Pinnacle** has gone into receivership creating problems for a host of labels, including 4AD, Cherry Red, Ace

and Crammed. 4AD has already switched distribution for the new Cocteau Twins LP, even though it is owed £50,000 ... the guitar-playing future of **Tom Petty** lies in the balance after he shattered bones in his hand when he slammed it against the wall in an "unthinking fit of pique" while listening to a studio playback of his new LP *Southern Accent* ... **UB40** have scored a coup by signing **Winston Reedy** and **Mikey Dread** to their **Dep International** label. The recently-released concept video for last year's *Labour Of Love* LP has been getting far better reviews than the album did ... **Paul Weller** was all set to produce the comeback **Lulu** single until he discovered she'd appeared at one of the big Tory party rallies in 1982 and then it was *all off* ... reggae experimentalist **Keith Hudson** died in New York recently of cancer, aged 36 ... **Paul Haig** is currently mixing his new LP which features names like former Associate Alan Rankine.

Part-time goodtime band the **Honeydrippers** (Robert Plant, Jimmy Page, Jeff Beck and Nile Rodgers) doing well in the USA charts with the single 'Sea Of Love' and 5-track EP, *The Honeydrippers, Vol 1*. Production is by the legendary **Ahmet Ertegun** ... new label under EMI America is the New York-based **Manhattan Records**, which will feature jazz artists and New York street music ... meanwhile, **Grace Jones** has left the Island label to join EMI ... **Boy George** is presumably most miffed at a plot by USA police which involved calling wanted criminals and enticing them out into the arms of the law by telling them they'd won a chauffeur-driven trip to a Culture Club concert and a chance to meet George and then driving them all the way to the lockup. Verrrry low ... members of Culture Club, Wham, the Police, Spandau Ballet, Duran Duran, U2, Bananarama, Style Council, Kool and the Gang, Heaven 17, Status Quo and Paul Young got together recently to record a Christmas single to benefit the *Daily Mirror* Ethiopian famine appeal. The song was written by Bob Geldof

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EXTRA 1 OCT 1980

Split Enz 2 page pic history, Cramps, Toy Love (pic, last gig photos, TL by Toy Love), Ramones (interview, pic, NZ faves), why Spelling Mistakes split, Zwines Family Tree (2 page history AK bands 1977-80, by Simon Grigg), Cure, XTC, Tom Petty, Life in the Bridge, ChCh band history.

EXTRA 2 DEC 1980

New Wave dates (75-80), Last Weekend in Auckland (New-matics, Pop Mx, Penknife Glides, Techtones), Kinks profile, mod Ray Columbus, David Bowie pic, UK Scene by Jeremy Templer, Newtones, Heavenly Bodies, Chris Knox pic.

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Rip It Up / December 1984 45

Shake Summation

Tall Dwarfs
Slugbucket Hairbreathmonster
(Flying Nun)

I'd describe the music here as sounding like the cover looks, were it not for the fact that C. Knox has already done so and, more importantly, that you can't see the artwork in all its fluorescent splendour anyway. Soooo ... 'The Brain That Wouldn't Die' is another song involving Knox and Bathgate that's inspired by a cult horror movie — and I think it's better than 'Bride Of Frankenstein! It throbs along complete with trashy monster mix. From the point of view of the headless corpse? Let's say now that this is a record about things wrong with people, of which the mere forgetfulness described in 'I've Lef' Memories Behind' is the least horrible. 'Phil's Disease', casebooked on the first day on side one (pain) and fourth day on

side two (resignation) is particularly nasty. And lots of fun. Eh? 'Crush!' opens with familiar Dwarfs percussion (ie: sounds like hitting furniture, kitchen utensils, old leather suitcases, the floor, kneecaps, etc.) and moves into a heavenly guitar sound. The lyric (the only real one on the record) is an intelligent, sitting-on-the-toilet-seat kind of muse about self-image v public image. Another record like *Canned Music* might have sounded preachy; this *certainly* doesn't. Postcards and poster make this an all-round great record.

Phantom Forth
The EEP(Flying Nun)

It's often a good idea to kick off with your best track and this Phantom Forth (whether consciously or not) have done. 'March' is a perfect intro, with whimsy vocals, neat guitar and bass that melts around the other instruments. Things drift in and out of the listener's attention as the song progresses (that happens throughout the record but it's used to particularly good effect here). Of the others 'Double Negative' is good apart from rather inappropriate guitar. 'Caroline' is a little messy and lacks its live starkness. 'I Don't Know You' has lovely vocals unfairly submerged by the other instruments. 'Liar' and

'Saw You Hide' don't work at all and 'Dead Dream' is another real goodie, led by the singing, which perhaps a little more of the record should have been. So ... a good record, but one with weaknesses in execution. Okay?

The Hypheneers
Garden Of Lycanthropy (TV Eye)

To misquote, in explanation, from an earlier Teev tape: "We're two thirds of Say Yes To Apes and you're five eighths of fuck all!" Get picture? Lycanthropes is werewolves 'n' the two ordinary lookin' young men on the cover is musical lycanthropes; somethin' weird inside 'em grows. Six songs, all good; all (cept 'Rubadub the Crimson Crazies') based on some kind of heartpain; all using established words, sounds and styles in personal and idiosyncratic ways. Great. My partickler faves are the soft, incisive 'Friend On A Flying Visit', the neo-psychedelic 'Blueberry Girl' and the depressive 'Animal Song'. Yeah! Music without ulterior motive!

The Mockers
Forever Tuesday Morning
(Reaction)

This looks like being the Mockers' biggest single yet and I'm not surprised — it's so full of Mockers trademarks it sounds like

all their other singles crammed into one. But it also sounds like a hit-by-numbers; craftsmanship without edge. The flip is a live 'I Don't Want You', complete with guitar bit nicked from Magazine's 'Feed The Enemy' — in fact in places the song *sounds* like Magazine. Really!

Peter King
Lately (International)

Peter King is an Ashburtonite who's done it all himself on guitar, harmonica and vocals. These are a couple of odd little songs, mainly because of his habit of jumping into a falsetto for the choruses. But while the straightforward rhythmic strum and harmonica are probably fun around the fireside they'll need a bit of work to sound good on vinyl. Available from Peter King, No.5 RD, Ashburton.

Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds
In the Ghetto (Mute)

I read an interview where Nick Cave said we here in NZ who witnessed some of the last wriggings of the Birthday Party were lucky. He compared it to Elvis Presley's last televised concert — we got *real* degeneration and *real* desperation. All of which has little to do with this single except that the song was one of the first of the Big Fat Elvis period which fascinates the tall, literate,

theatrical one. I understand and admire him doing it straight as a die but unfortunately he simply doesn't sing the song well enough. It's still somehow a useful thing to have around the house. 'The Moon Is In the Gutter' is a likeable drawl in the style of American Melancholy Drinking Song.
Russell Brown

On Tape

A Handful Of Dust
A Fortnight Dead
(154 Forth St, Dunedin, \$3.50)
Crystal Zoom and Gamaunche
Live At The Ego Club
(27a Montgomery Ave, \$4.50)

A Handful Of Dust is Bruce Russell, who seems to be the long-lost missing link between Sam Hunt and Fetus Productions. Guitar, tapes and a good line in speed-poet lyrics are the essentials, which, when they gel, are worth several listens. I'd really like to see him live (that rhymes with "jive", thank you).

Crystal Zoom have already blitzed a few braincells with the deliriously packaged *Uptown Sheep* and here show their more "serious" side. Any band with a classy intro like the one on this tape (lotsa crowdnoise, a demented announcement of the band and an almost word perfect recitation of the *Take No Prisoners* prologue, followed by a few bars of 'Sweet Jane') has gotta be ahead on points before they even start. Two covers (Gary Glitter's 'Rock 'n' Roll' and Jonathan Richman's 'Pablo Picasso') plus seven originals of varying quality make up a pretty satisfying side. They say they're gay and anyone who sounds so much like Tom Robinson has every right to be.

Gamaunche have more music, less humour and appear to have a guitar hero lurking there somewhere; inventive creature it is too, but let's bear in mind that the Idles are a "Dunedin Band" too. No, no, they don't sound like the Idles, sorry. God, I'm gonna get shot for this ... by someone ... hmmm ... A good cassette with above average recording quality and they promise a lavish Christmas package too. Keep an eye out for a suspicious looking Christmas stocking. CK

Loving Homes for Rotting
Gnomes

Sepulchral
(159 Frankley Rd, RD, New Plymouth)

A very new band (whose name even had the imperturbable Topp Twins a little nonplussed on *RWA*) with three songs. I don't much like the long one, 'Prayer for That Good Night', but only because it reminds me of some of the dipshit "progressive" bands of the very late 60s, which isn't really the Gnomes' fault. The other side works much better and once the obvious influences are assimilated and/or ditched they're going to be really interesting. Could've sworn there was a woman's voice in there, too, but I'm wrong, just some guy whose vocals sound very interesting. Don't stop. CK

Dada Club
Ennuuennuennui ... (From God knows where ...)

I knew what this would be like and I was right. Repetitive, background loopmusic. I like it, but I like *Metal Machine Music*.
Chris Knox

Legless Brownies
Brain Food? (Acneman, \$5)

Well, bloody hell, another "punk" band. Sheesh. Hold on! What's this? ... put an end to male domination, why should only women pay? Strike me! They're Saying Something! Admittedly, some of the songs are very clichéd ('Novelty', 'Safety Pin') but there's definitely something here. Praps the Brownies have set themselves too limiting a framework. There's an average version of 'Armalite Rifle' and a reasonable

CROSSWORD ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD. 10 IOU. 11 IT. 13 TOM VERLAINE. 15 & 63 LUTHER VANDROSS. 18 OH. 19 DIVINE. 21 SIRE. 22 ALCOHOL. 26 PINK FROST. 28 & 52D TROUT MASK REPLICA. 30 SEX. 31 DREAM. 32 WEEKEND. 34 SAILOR. 36 DIE. 37 CHILE. 39 BASS. 42 FABULOUS. 46 SUR. 47 HUSH. 48 AGE. 49 STATION. 50 TOTO. 52 MEAT. 53 TO. 55 LOLA. 56 NEW SENSATIONS. 58 OVERKILL. 60 WELLER. 66 OR. 67 NEED. 68 EON. 73 RITES. 75 LIAR. 78 LE. 79 SORRY FOR LAUGHING. 80 FACES.
DOWN: 1 FETUS PRODUCTIONS. 2 KEEP. 3 GLAM. 4 SHE CRACKED. 5 OIL. 6 HOUSE. 7 OUT. 8 YARDBIRDS. 9 DION. 12 THE UNFORGETTABLE FIRE. 14 MOON. 16 HEAD. 17 IVY. 20 LOOSE. 21 STAX. 23 FROM HER TO ETERNITY. 24 SHAKE! 25 ITAL. 27 LONG AGO. 29 PENIS. 33 EIGHT. 35 IQU. 38 LUSTS. 39 BITES. 40 SHOUT. 41 SUN. 42 FAT. 43 BE (Brent Eccles). 44 LOBO. 45 SUE. 51 OYSTER. 54 FOOL. 55 LIVE. 57 & 71A WAYNE GILLESPIE. 59 SS. 61 EC. 62 LOVE. 63 VENUE. 64 DOG. 65 SHEER. 69 TRAIN. 70 STAGE. 72 PLAY. 74 SOFT. 76 ALSO. 77 ART.

'Sweet Jane'. Standout originals are 'Carnal Knowledge' and 'The Brain'. It's not a bad recording either. From 116 Rugby St, Christchurch. Me, I'll be waiting for future recordings.

Fiona Rae

Peter Haeder, Gao
(\$8.50 from Box 44-096, Auckland or Real Groovy)

Peter Haeder is a German-born guitarist now living in New Zealand. This tape was recorded with his four-piece band (two drummers, trumpet, flugelhorn and bass) in a studio in Kassel, West Germany and contains seven numbers with a jazz-rock feel. The band is tight and the sound very polished, if a little cluttered at times. My main criticism (a small one) is that the tracks could have been a little longer, particularly 'Wind Spirit', and ideas could have been a little further developed. Nevertheless there is no doubting Haeder's ability. There's some excellent bass work and a nice use of Eno-esque backdrops. Standout tracks are 'Swinging Elephants' and 'Watch Out I (Rhinos Fight Back)'. It won't appeal to everyone but if you're a jazz-rock fan, Gao is worth checking out. Personally, I'd like to hear this man do some solo work.

Mark Di Somma

Various Eject It (Rites, \$5)
Self Abuse

Teenage (Rites, \$5)
Chumbawumba/Passion Killers
(Rites, \$5)

(All Rites Tapes available from PO Box 8809, Auckland.)

So here we have Rites' Christmas package — buy them for the Duran Duran fan in your family.

Thirteen bands feature on *Eject It* from big names like Flux Of Pink Indians and Political Asylum to lesser-knowns Kulturkampf and Stress. All British, some represent new hope for the decaying UK punk scene — 23 songs in all, worthwhile.

Self Abuse have two tracks on *Eject It* and a cassette of their own, made up of demos and live recordings, put together by the band when their record label (laughably called Radical Change) refused to let Rites release a cassette version of S.A.'s EP here. The best thing with this band is the clear lead guitarwork throughout their music, which, coupled with some good catchy mid-tempo songs gives them a clean, original sound.

While punk flourishes internationally, the scene in Britain seems drab and lifeless, split into pointless divisions, bands lacking spirit and originality. But some don't fall into this trap. Chumbawumba (along with the Redskins) are about the best thing going in the UK at the moment. A collection of about eight individuals, Chumba incorporate theatrics into their music in an attempt to get their message across. It would take too long to go into it fully, but just let me say that that anyone who considers themselves a "thinking punk" should check out this band, one of the best anywhere. Their compatriots Passion Killers use acoustic guitars for an appealing sound miles away from the dead zone. An inspiring release.

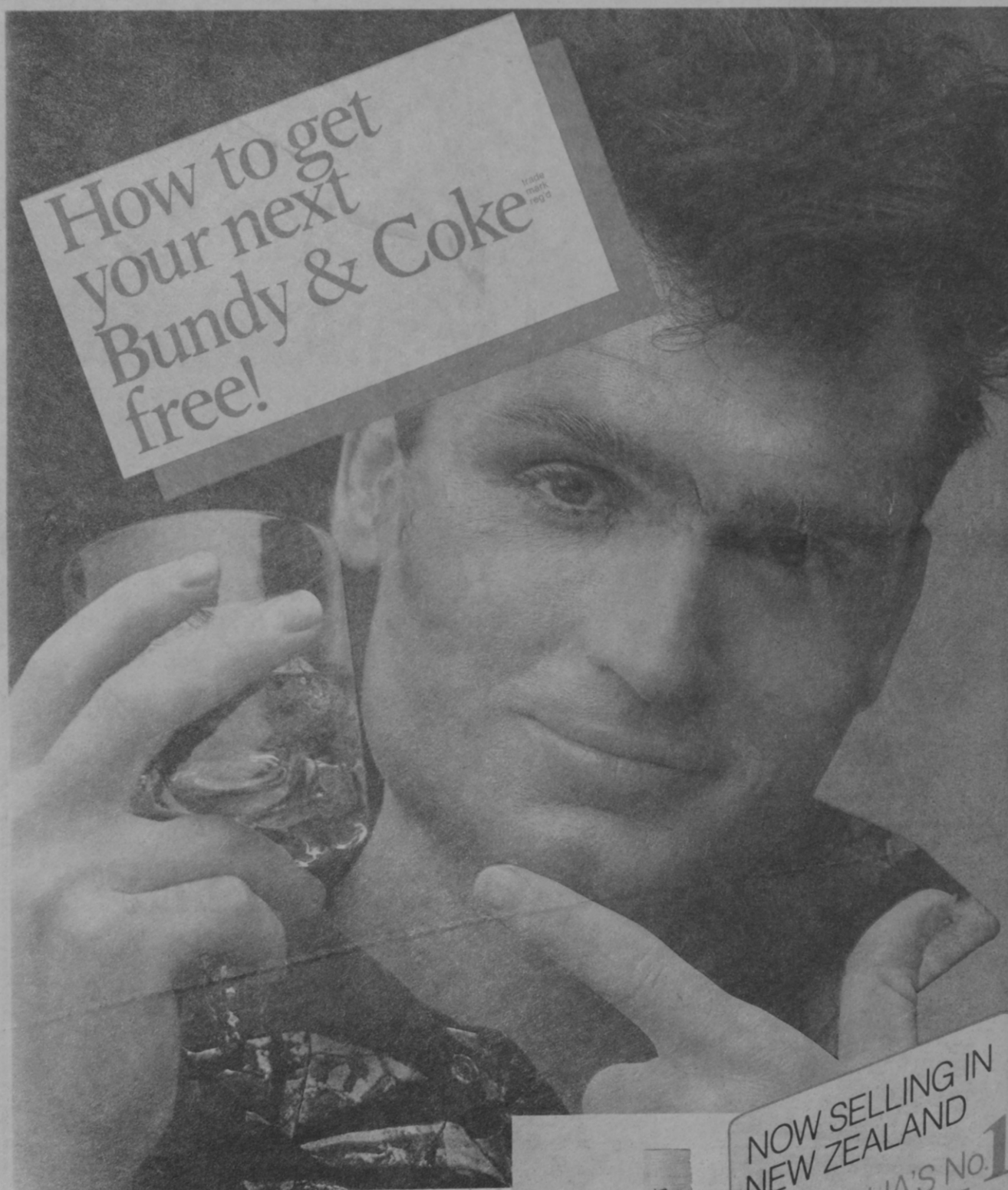
Touch Sensitive, Moving
Technicolour
(£7 from Tom Woods, 2 Hopetown St, Auckland 1)

Boiled Owls, Drive In
Vegetables (£7 from 52B Hay St, Oriental Bay, Wellington)

Using a portastudio, micro synth, doc rhythm, analogue delay and other bits and pieces, Touch Sensitive have managed to produce a cassette full of electronics instrumentals, some 20 of them in fact. Very much mood music, as that it works quite well for fans of electronic music.

Boiled owls have more bite, great cover. Again using a variety of instruments and objects, but with an overall nastier electronic sound — and vocals too. 'Brian' is great. Far from commercial (a good sign), this duo (a couple of Skeptics in disguise) are perhaps a little indulgent at times but still worth checking out.

Neil Cartwright



This is the scene.

You're down at the local, checking out a couple of bands and having a few drinks with a few friends.

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BS 117

Video

A unique music video covering some of the most notable performers of the 60s will be released here soon on the Screentime label through CBS-Fox.

The imaginatively-named *Superstars In Concert* captures rare live, backstage and interview footage of Jimi Hendrix, Otis Redding, the Rolling Stones, Ike and Tina Turner, the Animals, Cream, Blind Faith, Cat Stevens, Joe Cocker, Rod Stewart and others.

The 104-minute video was filmed by Peter Clifton, who has since been responsible for films like *The Song Remains the Same*, *Australia Now* and *The Punk Rock Movie*.

Palace Academy also have a couple of goodies; Charlie Chaplin's 1940 classic *The Great Dictator*, a biting satire of fascism; and Fellini's *The City Of Women*. CBS-Fox also has the Arthur Allan Thomas story, *Beyond Reasonable Doubt*, while Roadshow releases Sean Connery's return to the Bond role, *Never Say Never Again*.

Diner (PBV)

As the 1950s draw to a close five Baltimore friends try to stall encroaching adulthood by spending their nights eating and talking in a local diner. Slim on consecutive plot but rich in humour and episode, this movie was one of the highlights of the 1983 film festival. It is in the characterisation and



Kevin Bacon, Mickey Rourke, Daniel Stern and Paul Reisner in 'Diner'.

astute observation that *Diner* shines as a minor classic. Beyond the period details (classic cars, wonderful records) writer-director Barry Levinson presents a wry and loving film about the urge for nostalgia, rather than an easy exploitation of it. And just as its period setting is a lot more than a simple prelude of *American Graffiti* so its humour, while largely sex-orientated, is much more than a literate *Porkys*. *Diner* features some of the best of American cinema's younger male actors, including Daniel Stern (*Breaking Away*), Mickey Rourke (*Rumblefish*, *Village Dreams*) and Kevin Bacon (*Footloose*). One episode alone, an impromptu jam in a strip bar, says more about the spirit of rock 'n' roll than any full length "musical" film released this year. Nourishing fair indeed. PT

UB40 Live (Virgin)

Nothing flashy here, just a simply presented in-concert film of a

tremendous live band, one which generally manages to win over its audience by communication.

The only problem appears to be camera nerves and the desire to give a flawless performance, which sometimes makes the music a little sterile. The worst-affected is *Astro*, whose stage antics normally drive the punters wild, there's little carry-on here, unlike usual UB40 concerts. Don't muck about and hit the right notes is the overriding impression.

The 13 tracks played at London's Hammersmith Odeon represent a good cross-section of UB40's material, including the recent cover hits and an instrumental which emerges on their new studio LP under the title 'Nkomo A Go Go'. It's basically a vehicle for saxman Brian Travers to play two instruments at one, like Roland Kirk. One for warming up.

No real faults, but no real surprises, either. DC

U2 Live, Under A Blood Red Sky (Virgin)

Seen here a few months ago on RWP, available now on video for those who want to relive the concert, which was almost a blow-by-blow reproduction. Seeing this again, it becomes obvious how well staged some of the "spontaneous" bits are. Bono knows how to work an audience, make them respond, but control is never lost. Their latest work makes some of this material sound melodramatic. One chapter has closed and another just begun for U2. Watch this for the memories, but look long and hard at what they're doing now. This band is moving on. DC

Deadline USA (CBS-Fox)

A 1952 black and white feature with Humphrey Bogart as editor of a paper that's about to be sold for closure in two weeks. Bogart's other problem is that he still loves his ex-wife and she's about to remarry. So on the one hand he mounts a news campaign against the city's corrupt mayor and on the other he begins wining and dining his ex. Of course it all works out okay in the end but not before a tense court battle and even a murder or two. Things get a bit preachy at times — the need for a free press and all that — but the newsroom atmosphere is well done. Bogart is excellent playing his usual persona and Ethel Barrymore is his equal in the role of the late paper owner's widow. I wouldn't be surprised if this movie was the inspiration for TV's *Lou Grant*. PT

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UB40

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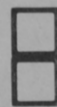
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