

No.92 March 1985

BRITPOP

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The Economic Wizards didn't choose their name lightly. You may recall it was first conveyed on our former Prime Minister. His bubble may have burst, but the Economic Wizards haven't run short of targets. Just listen to 'If Anyone Can, The Vatican Can' on their debut EP *Starve The Lizards*.

"A friend of ours, who's an out-and-out atheist, wrote those lyrics because he wanted to get something off his chest," says lead singer Jim Steel. "It's meant to be quite tasteless, but I think it still makes some pertinent points."

Another Wizards song which has caused some controversy (Jayrem was apparently reluctant at first to release it) is 'Pakuranga Girl', a 50's-style doo-wop ballad, dedicated to Lorraine Downes.

Jim: "Landy, our guitarist had written this melodic pop tune and Flange (the drummer) had written these lyrics the day after the Miss Universe contest, like a croony love ballad. He gave me the lyrics and Landy played the tune and I just started crooning. It just melded, really. The song was born in one take."

"We just like being silly, we just crack up when we write these songs. Hopefully, the humour is conveyed to the people watching us."

Humorous they may be, but the Wizards take many things around them seriously, even if they don't have a similar attitude towards themselves. 'Short Arms and Long Pockets' is just one of their songs about hard times and inequality.

"I've always been a sort-of

socialist, I suppose," says Jim. "I always read things or hear about things that make you angry. The misery that people are put through, for no good reason, other than they're victims of a system that doesn't really care about them. So I like writing songs that will bring the attention of people to other people's plights without being preachy. People hate having a message rammed down their throats. I think a lot of our lyrics, although they're tongue-in-cheek, have a lot of anger if you sift through them."

Wizards music spans some three decades of influences. On a big night they'll cover everything from Buddy Holly, The Trashmen and Elvis Costello to Gary Glitter and The Buzzcocks, plus a bit of Country and Western thrown in (Jim reckons he can do fair versions of both 'Surfing Bird' and 'Muleskinner Blues'). Steel's stage costume can vary from quiffy greaser to the last time I saw him in tatty walkshorts, shirt open to the waist and what I swear were purple rugby socks. As said before, this is not a band which takes itself too seriously. Its origins themselves are about as unserious as you can get. Would you believe a converted pigshed at Waimauku?

The band got together on a farm which is actually a foster home, run by the parents of members John and Landy Brockie.

"It started up on payday nights," recalls Jim. "We used to buy a whole lot of beer and just make a racket. It wasn't going to be anything more than that, until we got offered support gigs for bands like The Neighbours, the Jive Bombers and

Slippery People: The Eelman Revue Economic Wizards

Economic Wizards (L-R): Sonny, Flange, Jim Steel, John, Landy.

Big Sideways, etc. It was never going to be that serious until that happened, but since then it's just carried on"

Steel hails originally from Wellington, where he mixed in Pelican circles. They gave the Wizards the support spot when they played in Auckland, and finally helped them get their first record down. It's taken two years, and in true Wizards fashion, that's been due to sheer economics.

"We just couldn't afford to get into debt," says Jim. "Then we got an Arts Council Grant and came second to Working With Walt in the Victoria University Battle of the Bands. That gave us a lot more money and really set our record up."

True to form, the Wizards have no masterplan, except to keep playing gigs whenever and wherever they can. Again, this is dictated by financial considerations, as half the band live out at Muriwai, so getting together for rehearsals tends to stretch the finances a bit. One thing they do want to do is record an anti-nuclear song they've written, entitled 'Yankee Go Home'.

"We want to get behind the issue, especially after that Oxford debate," says Jim. "I suppose the title is a bit strong, but it's basically quite a compassionate song. It's not totally anti-American, it's anti-their defence policy and anti-the President. I want to get it out as a single because it is topical and I think Lange needs all the support he can get, even if it's a bit nastier than he'd like."

"The nuclear thing is just so important, isn't it?"

DC

At a time when New Zealand's long-suffering populace are being promised nothing but more hard times, it would seem to be the worst time of all for independent record labels. The independents (bless them) continue to get their product onto the market. Eelman was conceived in the early 1980's by Hulamen keyboards player John Niland, and is now distributed by Jayrem. Currently they have three new products on the market: *Krazy Legs* by the Pelicans, the Economic Wizards' debut EP *Starve The Lizards*, and the 12" single by top session saxman Andrew 'Clyde'



Clouston, entitled 'The Bag'. The label now has six releases, and if you haven't checked them out, shame on you.

Andrew 'Clyde' Clouston

Clouston has gained enormous respect in music circles as a thoroughly professional and highly skilful player. Most people will remember him for his work with DD Smash. He also designed the baldhead logo used by Eelman. His parting shot is a 12" single, 'The Bag'. It's his own composition, which he simply describes as 'a nice feel' (he's a man of few words). The horn riffs are very Allen Toussaint, also strongly recalling Little Feat's 'Spanish Moon'. The other side features a mellow Toussaint composition, 'Freedom', and Matthew Moore's 'That's What I Like', originally done by Joe Cocker. Backing is by most of the Pelicans and assorted others. The Pelicans recall it as being recorded sometime in July or August, a happy jam session with a lot of beer mixed in. Sounds that way. Relaxed, friendly music which deserves, as the sleeve says, to be played loud.

DC

Eelman sights Pelicans with Krazy Legs!

"In 1984, we had the two best horn sections ever, we didn't have a practice room for three months, which was bad for morale, and we wrote some of the best songs we've ever written."

So speaks Pelicans frontman Bill Lake. Despite the ups and downs, they're still a very happy band, having successfully recorded and

released their second LP, weathered lineup changes and financial storms, and with still more ideas in the pipeline. One thing hasn't changed: the band's semi-professional status. Three of them are still doing postie runs and retain their aversion to the hassles of running a fulltime group.

Krazy Legs is actually a much bet-

ter record than the rather-mixed reviews it's received would suggest. Certainly it's derivative (there's more than one unabashed Lowell George disciple in the band), but the songs are well written, intelligently arranged and played with plenty of confidence.

"We've learned it's better to write

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4



Three Pelicans (L-R): Bill Lake, Nick Bollinger, Stephen Jessup.

Andrew Clouston

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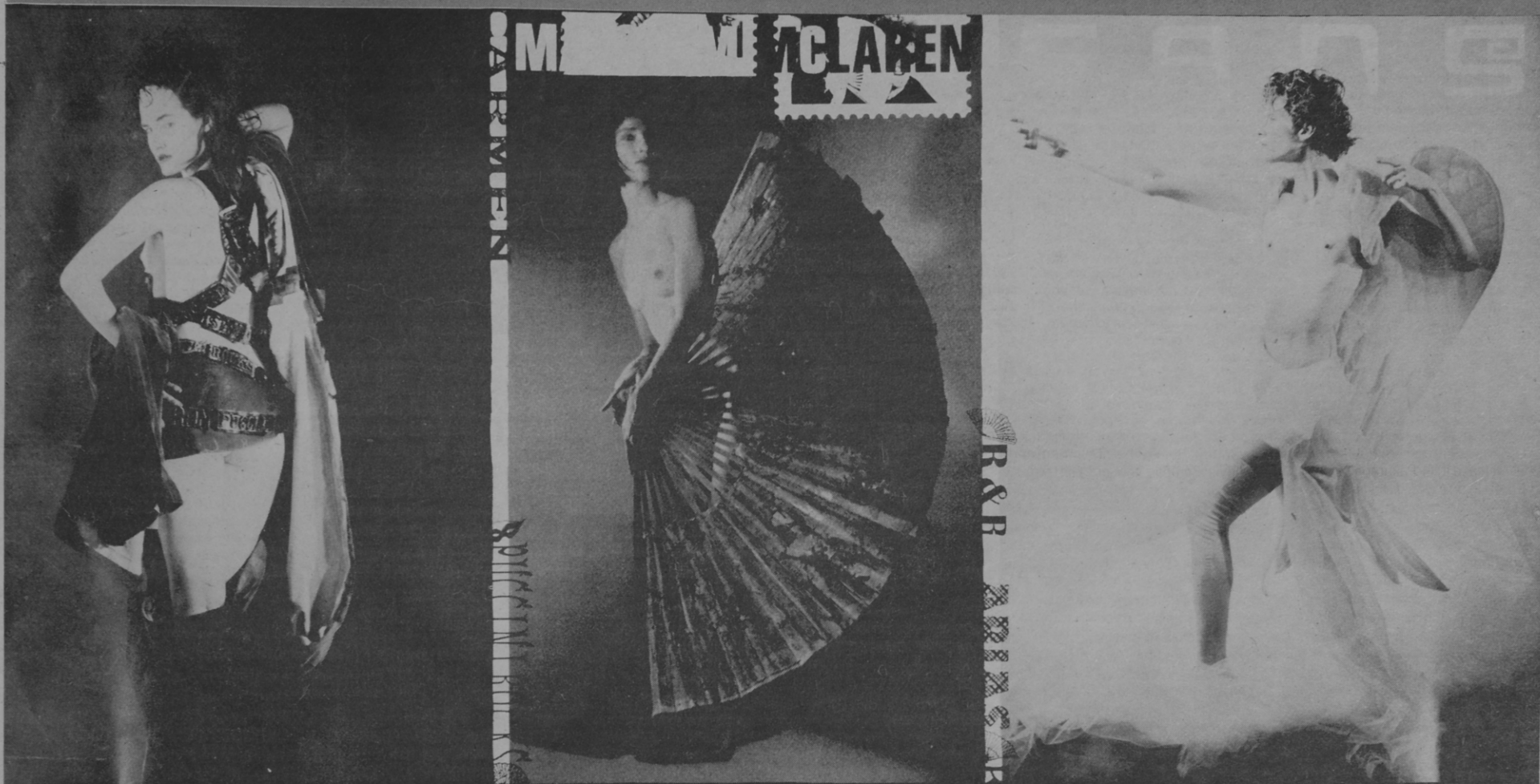
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Letters

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

Gay Anger

It's sad to see that homophobia is still so hip in parts of *RIU*. Specifically, Mark Phillips' reviews of Sylvester and Bronski Beat in the February issue come to mind. Jokes about "flabby faggots" and AIDS are not funny, they are as stupid as humour about rape or racism. As for Phillips' sarcastic reference to those "oh-so-persecuted boys" in Bronski Beat, we don't need any idiots telling us we're not oppressed. Jesus! We're not even legal!

Neil Anderson Wellington

Sexual Violence

Irony of ironies. February's *RIU* included an excellent article on the Freudian Slips, where they quite justifiably bemoaned the male dominance of the music industry. In the same issue Russell Brown reviewed *Shivers* in the video column. A movie in which we are told a parasitic creature "takes humans and creates a rampant sex drive with sexual violence

as the means of spreading from one people (English, Russell, English) to another." He then goes on to say the movie is "genuinely scary", "wonderful" and "the splatter's good too". Well to my suspicious mind sexual violence would probably include a lot of violence against women. I see nothing wonderful about that. Even if this movie does not include violence against women Russell does not consider this important enough to alleviate any suspicions. If *RIU* and Russell Brown want women to read this newspaper without their blood pressure soaring, there needs to be some serious thinking about the politics of violence and its "artistic" portrayal.

Sue Wynd Ponsonby

I'm glad to have the opportunity to reply to the writer and am concerned at the suggestion that my review connotes any approval of violence against women. Yes, *Shivers* does depict sexual violence against women, also against men, and both heterosexual and homosexual — in the final scene the male protagonist is swamped by a horde of both sexes. But you'll note I used the words "moral satire" — the irony of Cronenberg's film is that the parasite has been misguidedly developed to take over the human race and make everybody love each other; but its dispersal can only take place through violent aggression. A

good review of the film certainly doesn't demonstrate approval of what goes on. To take a "respectable" example, to laud Jonathan Swift's famous essay on "the Irish problem" is not to approve of the cooking and eating of Irish babies. That Cronenberg has used the trappings of splatter simply makes his film all the more twisted — his portrayal of violence, like the best of the genre, is graphically messy rather than brutal. If my review did not contain any specific condemnation of violence against women, it is because to me it goes without saying that that concept is shameful. Thanks for writing. RB

'Arry' Airlines

Whilst 'overing round the bar with an 'orrendously 'igh-priced 'Eneken, me 'earing being 'aranged by 'ideos 'eadbanging 'eavy metal and 'oping for a good 'oot with the Feelgoods, I couldn't 'elp but notice that 'Arry needs an 'aircut, the fuckin' 'ippy!

Mike O'Mangere

And the funny thing is, everyone south of the Bombay 'llis think 'es a skinhead ... RB

Quotas (Again)

On the second weekend of May, the Auckland Regional Conference of the Labour Party will be held. One of the remits under discussion regarding its adoption as

the costs of recording *Krazy Legs*. But despite his reservations about some parts of the album, Bill Lake is still generally happy with it.

"After *8 Duck Treasure* was released, I was quite embarrassed with the way some of those tracks came out. That's not so with this one. I still don't listen to it that much, but I still think it's pretty good."

More changes can be expected in the Pelicans sound this year. They're planning to take a break from playing with a horn section and concentrate on working with the band's four-piece sound, possibly augmented by a solo saxist or keyboards player.

"To me, a horn section is rather rigid," says Bill. "You've got to play the same arrangements, where if you have a single player, they can hopefully be flexible enough to see what's happening and improvise

Treasure, but we still think this one is better."

Three of the songs on *Krazy Legs*, the title track, 'The Big Picture' and 'Everybody Says', were written within weeks of recording and the band is especially pleased with their freshness. 'Working' and 'Path Of Least Resistance', with its Afro steel drums, were both added because they're live favourites. The band isn't quite so happy with 'Story of a Love Affair', but Bill wanted it included because of the lyrics, courtesy of the infamous Arthur Baysting (Neville Purvis, as was).

The Pelicans are a self-effacing bunch, highly critical of their own performance and under no illusions about the problems associated with recording music in this country. They quite openly admit that the gigs they've been playing recently will mostly go towards paying off



Front row for Right, Left & Centre are (L-R) Chris Knox, Don McGlashan and Rick Bryant. Mark Bell on the right.

'DON'T GO' — STOP 15

The catalogue number of Virgin Records' latest NZ-made record is STOP 15. Hopes are that it'll go to number one in the singles charts — if it does, it'll be a very special record.

Left Right and Centre's 'Don't Go'

with it. Also, it's very difficult to find horn sections."

The Pelicans have already got new songs which they've rehearsed without horns. It's harder work, but more satisfying for the guitarists, Lake and Stephen Jessup.

"We've been so dominated by the horns that the fact that we're actually a two-guitar band has been lost," says Bill. "My guitar is hardly ever heard, Stephen's is sometimes not heard, so we're trying to make it a little bit more brash, more gritty."

Mention must also be made here of Andrew 'Clyde' Clouston, saxist to the stars, who has now left our shores. He played his last NZ gigs with the Pelicans in early March, and is now in Sydney, looking for whatever work is going. He shouldn't have much trouble

Duncan Campbell

is a plea to the New Zealand Rugby Union to reconsider the planned All Black tour of South Africa. The idea of the musical protest was spawned in the middle of last year by multi-instrumentalist Don McGlashan and journalist/musician Frank Stark. They'd both been active against the 1981 Springbok tour, but as McGlashan puts it: "We both had mixed feelings about how worthwhile our contribution had been, just a feeling of not really using our skills."

So the pair and later film-maker Geoff Chapple got together and thrashed out a lyric and melody that they invited a host of local musicians to help perform. McGlashan, Chris Knox and Rick Bryant are the three main vocalists and they're aided by producer Steve Garden and Mark Bell, David Colvern, Anne Crummer, Chris Green, Chuck Morgan, Chris Neilson, Mike Russell, Kim Willoughby and Ivan Zagni and a "throng" of backing vocalists. All services, including studio time at Progressive, were donated.

McGlashan explains that the intent was to go for "an AM approach"; the song is deliberately catchy and the lyric has been refined from pages of initial

thoughts to something clear, persuasive and jargon-free. As a contrast, Chapple's 'You've Got To Move, Cecil' deals with some of the "touchstones" of the established anti-tour movement.

Most of the artists involved haven't been noted for public activism before: "That's one of the reasons I was very pleased to be able to do it," explains Knox. "Because I tend to feel very dubious about marches and so forth, when the mass thing tends to swamp any issue that is going on. I'm glad that people do them, because they bring a lot of attention, but I don't like going on them myself. Not through any lack of desire to be hit over the head with a baton, but to be hit over the head with a slogan, I suppose. The last one I went on there were people chanting 'hell no, we won't go!' and I couldn't quite figure out what relevance that had to the nuclear issue the march was about."

McGlashan sees the record as an opportunity to use their talents to create an additional, but different, focus for public dissent against any tour. The more focal points the better, the more chance of change. Even those behind it accept it probably won't be possible to change the hard set minds of some rugby people, but the words of the song will be constantly putting the issue before everyone who listens to it on the radio. 'Don't Go' has been a story of co-operation; from musicians who wouldn't expect to be found in the same studio, from the studio, from the record company ... and, hopefully, from the public. If it sells well money will go towards legal fees for those arrested (and there will probably be many) in forthcoming protests against the tour.

A video has been made and packed full of well-known faces and a live performance is a possibility, but in the centre of it all is the record. A very important record.

Russell Brown

ZZ Top Winners

Winners of the WEA ZZ Top competition (December *Rip It Up*) are I. Sowden (Tawa), Martin Evans (Palmerston North), Steve Boland (Ohio Bay), B. Ritchie (Wellington), John Andrews (Devonport), David Holt (Te Aroha), Paul Johnson (Pakuranga), Brett Maley (Ngarua-wahia), T.K. Leggett (Auckland), Andrew Wilson (Manurewa).

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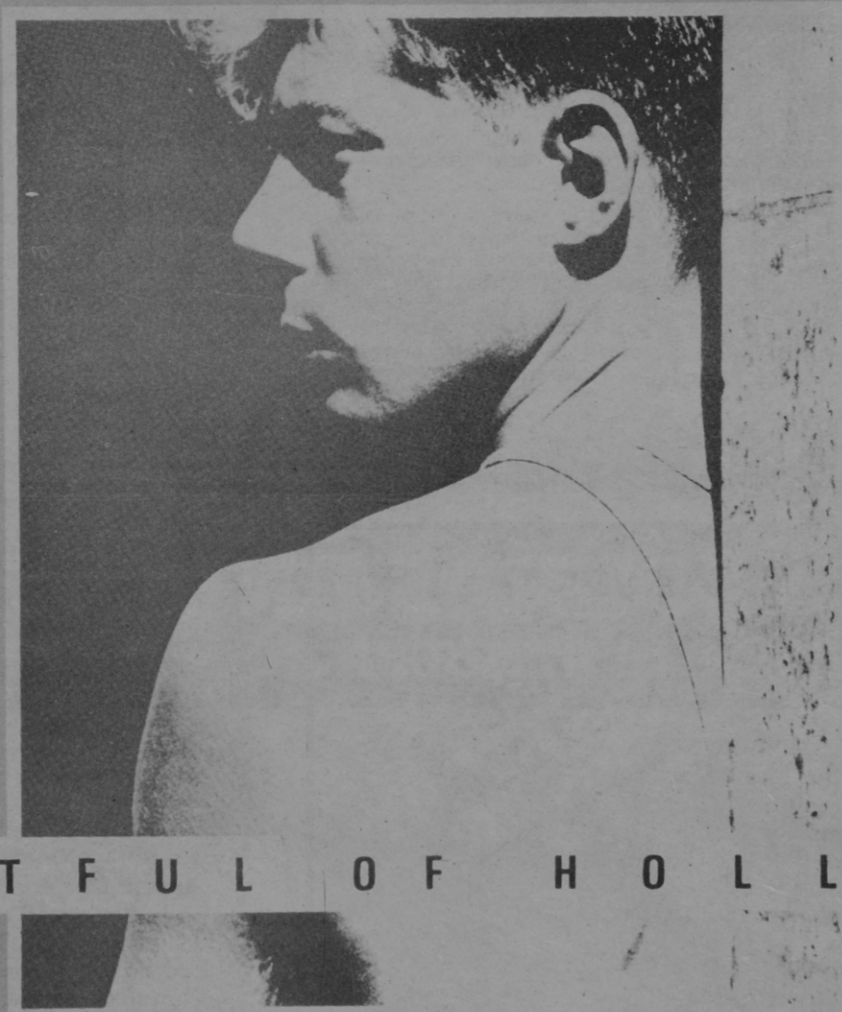
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Vincent Ward has made just three films yet this output offers an extraordinary vision of the character of our country: its isolation, toughness and strange yet often touching beauty. His first film was *A State Of Seige*, taken from the Janet Frame novel; his second, the documentary *In Spring One Plants Alone*, was a moving account of an old Maori woman and her retarded son coping with the rigours of life in the Ureweras. This month New Zealand has the opportunity to see Ward's first full-length feature, *Vigil*.

The young director has spent almost 12 months touring around the international festival circuit with *Vigil*, from New York and London to Cannes and Tunisia. He was given a retrospective at the small but prestigious Hof festival in Germany, an honour indeed to a film-maker not yet 30 and with only three films to his credit. Nevertheless, although Ward himself dislikes the term "auteur", his films do form a remarkably coherent body of work, both thematically and stylistically, a real rarity in this part of the world. I asked him how he felt they were linked:

"Above all, I'm interested in the way people perceive the world, rather than getting an objective or sociological or political view of the world. Often they see the world in an extreme light and tend to be characters who exist on the perimeters of our society."

For all this stressing of subjectivity, the films are still tempered with a strong sense of realism, especially so in the documentary presentation of *In Spring One Plants Alone*.

"I'm very interested in realism but I also try to bend that realism. Things are not quite what they seem. One of the things that appealed to me about Janet Frame's *A State Of Seige* was that its main character saw the world totally in terms of black and white, light and shadow. Toss, the 11-year-old tomboy in *Vigil*, is growing up and see-

VIGIL

interview with
director
**Vincent
Ward**



The hunter Etan (Frank Whitten) lifts Toss (Fiona Kay) to watch her grandfather's invention.

ing certain things going on around her, events which she isn't able to influence. But she doesn't see everything that goes on, just fragments which she pieces together. Because it's like a jigsaw puzzle with some of the pieces missing, it creates an odd sort of vision."

The mental piecing-together which Joss does provides an interesting parallel to the way in which Ward fashioned the script for the

film: "Scripting is a bit like detective work. You have to search out what's there. I start off with little bits and pieces, clusters of ideas. Often it's just an image. When I was in the Ureweras filming *Spring* I had this image of two men on horseback, mediaeval or even primaeval warriors. It was night. They were jousting, but one had a shovel and the other a possum trap. I had to ask myself if this was a film about the Middle Ages or set in New

Zealand. Then I realised it was a child's nightmare ... probably a boy. Eventually, in terms of other ideas I had, Toss turned out to be a tomboy. Constantly one works by this process of detective work."

Vigil is a demanding film, both in its tightly-knit web of symbolism and the complex blending of the visual images with the soundtrack, whether it be Jack Body's terse and pithy score or the immense range of natural sounds. It comes as no surprise that *Vigil* had a much longer sound editing phase than most other New Zealand films which didn't use Dolby sound.

The structure of *Vigil* is much more subtle than the pat, contrived symbolism of, say, Paul Verhoeven's *The Fourth Man* (Ward proffers "sledgehammer" as an appropriate description of Verhoeven's approach). *Vigil* is all the more effective for its elusiveness.

"Yes, *Vigil* is quite an elliptical film. It's about childhood and memory ... a collective remembered childhood. Often what people remember about their childhood is fragmented. It's like snapshots. The child's world in *Vigil* is presented like that and its Toss's imagination which makes it blossom. The audience has to make the links for itself, just as Toss does."

What of the other characters in the film? I found echoes of Malfred from *A State Of Seige* in Toss's mother, with her isolation, repression and memories/illusions, so beautifully caught in the ballet sequences of the film.

"I felt that each of the characters had his or her own story. When Graeme Tetley and I were writing the script, it was a battle in the early stages as to which character would emerge as the central one. Even though it turned out to be the child, all three (Toss, her mother and grandfather) had something in common: they were all going through a period of incredible change in their lives. This predator had come into their valley and became the catalyst fermenting that change. It was probably because of the mother that I had the film set in the mid-60s instead

of, say, the 30s, because the 60s was a time when women were undergoing all kinds of upheaval, social, political and sexual."

Vigil was shot in Taranaki. Isolation became a physical reality and the climate was, to say the least, unhelpful:

"Almost every step you took, you felt you were carrying your own weight around in mud. It may sound ridiculous but this sort of thing actually wears people out!" Yet, in many respects, there were distinct advantages: "All the sets were real. In fact, they were completely finished before we even started rehearsing. The actors actually lived in the buildings for short time."

One can sense the strong identification and involvement of Frank Whitten, Penelope Stewart, Bill Kerr and Fiona Kay with their roles in *Vigil*. The demands were prodigious:

"Frank, who plays the intruder, had to learn how to shear, how to become a fairly good horseman, and even to drive a car. At one point in the film he has to carry a body down a steep hill. This took some practise, as did Penelope Stewart's ballet movements."

The supporting roles found Ward using local talent — and finding it in the most unexpected places: "For the father's funeral, I wanted a really wiry Catholic priest, sort of Taranaki Gothic. The farmer across the way was perfect. He mimed the whole ceremony on a wet and miserable day and we dubbed the Latin in later. I had great problems casting Toss's father, who gets killed quite early on in the film. Finally, a local shopkeeper, Gordon Shields, seemed made for the part. He was even a jockey and able to do his own riding for the jousting scene I mentioned earlier. Only later did we find that Gordon had postponed a hernia operation to make the film, and that he had done all this aggressive stunt work suffering quite a bit of pain."

Ward himself travelled around New Zealand for thousands of miles before he found the right location for *Vigil* and casting Fiona Kay as the young Toss involved almost as arduous a search: "After travelling

around schools looking at about 18,000 girls, we ended up with 150, ran workshops with them for about three months and then chose Fiona. She's incredibly determined, almost like a kid from another planet ... highly imaginative, although in a completely different way to the character in the film and, above all, wonderfully expressive."

There is one other character that you won't find listed in the final credits. Its presence is conveyed through Alun Bollinger's richly evocative camera-work. It's the Taranaki landscape.

"The New Zealand landscape has a real power about it that is quite specific to this country. If you spend any time at all in it, you can't leave without a sense of awe, or at the very least, a sense of respect. There have been rapid changes — the colonial tradition of chopping down everything that lives and shooting everything that moves is still a strong impulse — but you can't help feeling the land is going to catch up with you some time. It's looking over your shoulder ..."

"Perhaps I'm a Romantic, but for me this land has a real, living presence. You can see it in the Maori names — mountains are named after real people. We were filming in Uretu and the nearest town was Urenui — one means 'big penis', the other means 'little penis'. Urewera, where we shot *Spring*, means 'bird's penis'."

Whether it be through the animistic power of the New Zealand landscape or the psychological intensity of Ward's vision, *Vigil* is already making a big impact on both sides of the Atlantic. Critical acclaim such as "Strange and haunting," from *Time Out*, "A real masterpiece," from *Midi Libre* is reassuring to a young director, but it is more important that *Vigil* has run for three months in one Munich theatre and that, by June, there will be 60 prints of the film circulating in West Germany. I suspect that, by the end of 1985, the rugged Taranaki terrain may even supercede the geysers of Rotorua as many Europeans' image of New Zealand.

William Dart

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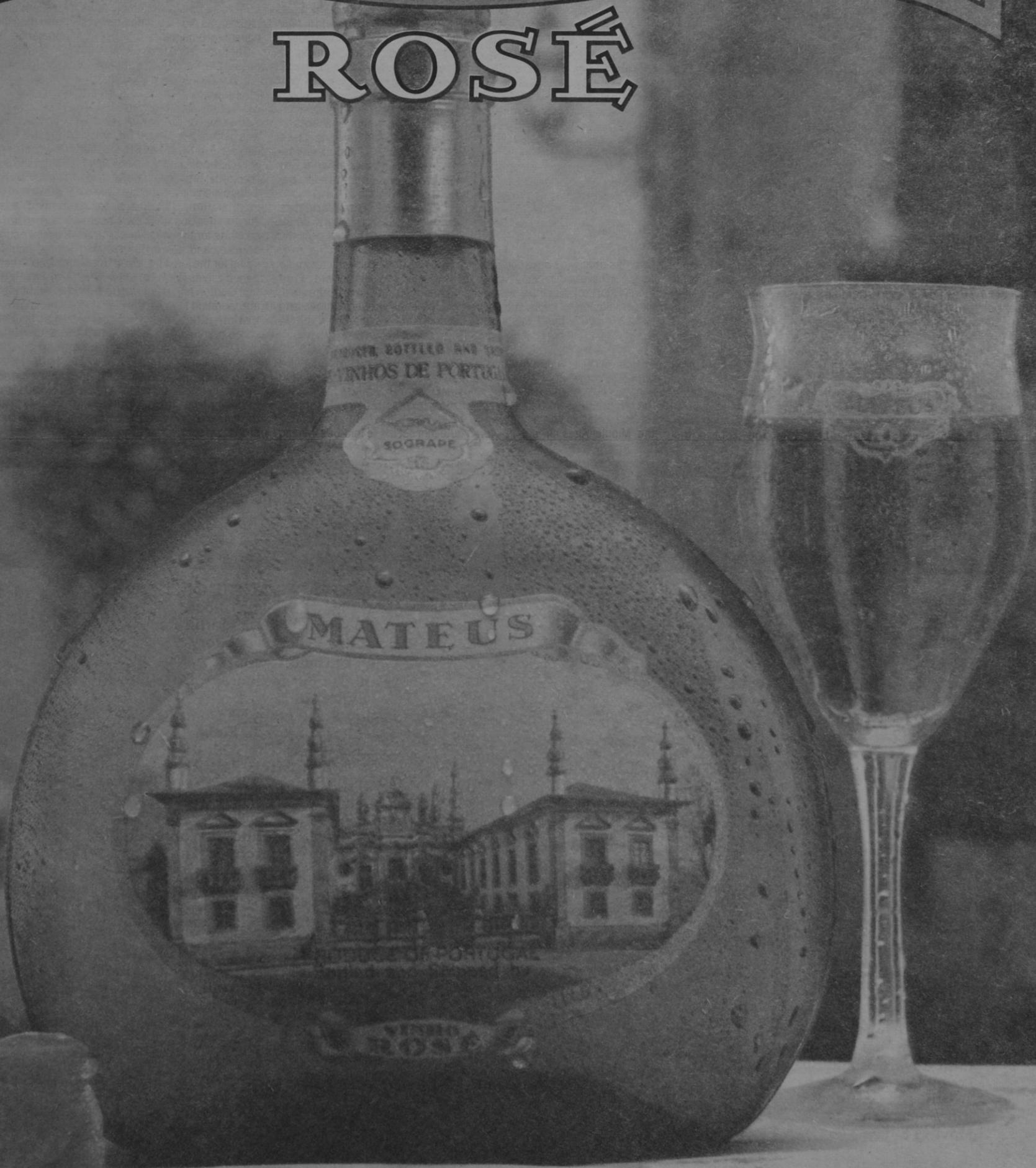
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Minutes from Midnight PETER GARRETT

It's only the first day of his national speaking tour but Peter Garrett is tired.

He's been talking all day — apart from his lunchtime speech to hundreds of students at Auckland University there have been interviews and a press conference, as well as dozens of individual queries to be fielded after the speech. And then there's another speaking "gig" with the Topp Twins at the YMCA at 8.30. The next week will see more or less the same scenario up and down the country — not bad for a singer from a Sydney rock band who has suddenly found himself standing on a stage alone as an anti-nuclear spokesman.

"Still," someone muses. "At least he doesn't have to spend hours soundchecking."

Amidst it all, Garrett has agreed to come down to Progressive Studios to contribute his face (well, his entire head ...) to the video for Left, Right and Centre's anti-tour single 'Don't Go'. He arrives up the stairs, a little late, and fairly quickly becomes the focus of attention.

As he waits while the decision is made on what he's doing first, he talks to Martin Chill, who is there loading out the band's gear. Yes, he's heard the Chills, likes them, says they're getting played on a few student stations across the Tasman, offers some advice.

He'll do the video filming first, it's decided. He and the crew and the record's co-producer Don McGlashan retire into a rehearsal room which has, on this sticky Auckland day, become like a cross between a sauna and a padded cell.

Afterwards, Garrett is keen to go to the coffee bar downstairs to talk. The coffee bar is closed. There isn't anywhere suitable nearby so it's back up to the hot, busy studio. We eventually sit down in the studio room, with Garrett ironically backdropped by Progressive's big mural of New York. Peter Garrett is as co-operative and articulate as if it is the first time he has spoken about nuclear disarmament all day.

From your speech today and the general thrust of what you've been saying here, it seems that a major function of your tour is a bit of consciousness-raising among New Zealanders to remind them of the significance of what we, through our government, are doing with the nuclear ships ban. Is that accurate?

"Yes, I think that's very true. I think it's very dif-



PHOTO BY KAREN DOWNES

icult for anybody to really know what kind of affect they're having on other people and for nations to know what kind of effect they're having on other nations if they are geopolitically removed from the world stage. I think we get a feeling in Australia of being removed and in New Zealand I think it's almost one further stage down. Not in terms of isolation, but just removedness, you're not in the middle of it all. And because of that and the fact that the only picture you have of what effect you're having on the world is what comes through the straight media, it's probably very difficult for New Zealanders to appreciate just what kind of impact they're having and the way that impact is manifesting itself. And the impact is extraordinary and it's manifesting itself all over the place. And I'm very aware of that simply because I've been able to travel and pick up on it in different places — I've become almost super-aware. And so I do see one of the very necessary things to do while I'm here is to try and communicate some of that feeling to Kiwis. Just say 'Hey, even though you feel cut away and very small and tiny down at the bottom end of the Pacific Ocean, in actual fact you're exercising an influence and a presence which is considerable.'

I think there's almost a touch of unreality about the whole thing for people here.

"Yeah — well, it's happened. This is history folks and you guys are right in the middle of it, of your own doing, with a legitimate government, with a Prime Minister and a policy which has gone right up against one of the superpowers. The kind of bold steps that people in many countries would like to take, you've taken, you're the first. It's very dramatic and significant times."

Aside from the obvious moral boost to like-minded people in other countries, do you think there is much chance of concrete political action following on from New Zealand's?

"Yes, I think so. I think we'll find the fallout — if you'll excuse that word — from the New Zealand position in Greece, to a lesser extent Spain, the smaller European countries and some of the Scandinavian nations quite considerable. I think that as the awareness of what's taken place actually sinks in there I think we'll see, as the awareness of what's taken place actually sinks in there, you'll see a very real global political adjustment because of what the New Zealanders have done. And I think that in a sense it will make it very difficult for the Americans, because if they actually get very heavy and decide they want to punish New Zealand further then, for example, in Australia it brings out our sympathies and we gravitate further towards our neighbours. And if, on the other hand, they stop, which is what they should do and what we're hoping they do, then in a sense you've done it — you've won."

There's also the fact that our action is an expression of support for smaller nations like Palau, who have been having an even less equal struggle against the USA.

"Absolutely. In terms of the Pacific context, it's again significant that a smaller nation, but a much bigger nation than the one that's gone before it has started to take a step. I'm happy that it's Nuclear-Free Independent Pacific Day today and that I'm a part of it. I've stressed time and time again at home that Australia should consider itself part of this region. This is where we are — we're the big bloody flat place in the middle — so let's get with it."

There's already been one apparent political effect on Australia already with Bob Hawke's backdown on co-operation with MX missile tests — can you see many other changes in the near future?

"Yes, I think the ship visits are going to see a much stronger public concern and people getting out onto the ships than we've had before. It's also making Australians consider the nature of the relationship between their country and the United States, because it seems that Mr Hawke's in a sense taking direction from Mr Reagan to tell Mr Lange what to do. And I don't think Australians appreciate that."

Onto your Senate candidacy for the Nuclear Disarmament Party — I saw at least one article which was pretty cynical about it, questioning your motives, even suggesting your standing was a promotional gambit for the band. What was the general attitude of the press during the campaign?

"I think that one was isolated. I think a lot of the media responded in the end very favourably to the candidature. But I think there was a feeling amongst some of the straight media that this person wasn't really genuine and that they were doing it to further the interests of the band. They were people who had no knowledge of Midnight Oil at all. I then spent a great deal of time going back and explaining my case. I didn't feel I had to, I felt that the record spoke for itself and that ultimately the true reasons for what I was doing would become clear, which I think they have actually done. But of course there was a very strong feeling in Australia of who was this person, coming out of nowhere and lecturing the Prime Minister and abusing conservative politicians. Who the hell was this guy? How dare he? I don't have any problem on a one-to-one level with these people — in fact I found it easier to conduct the campaign in the face of people who had animosity towards me because that allows me to charge the arguments back at them really strongly. I've really gone out and won my case on TV and radio, but with the print media, a lot of people who haven't come and confronted me have been inclined to write this sort of stuff. But we ignore them."

The situation here has been quite interesting, with even the conservative press getting increasingly behind Mr Lange. It's unusual.

"Yeah — there's also another aspect of it for New Zealand which goes past the nuclear question and that's the question of sovereignty. And when it goes as deep as that, you are first and foremost New Zealanders and the sort of policies you want to enact you expect to be able to be enacted and articulated by your elected leader. And you don't want someone coming in and upsetting the apple cart and telling you you can't do it simply because it doesn't go along with their policy — even if they are the biggest son of a bitch in the valley. I think that's the kind of response you're seeing and I think it's healthy on-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

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'GARRETT' FROM PAGE 8

ly in the sense that at least it affirms nationalism to a good end."

Back to the NDP. Now that it's all counted up and settled and Jo Valentine has turned up as your only representative, how much effect do you think she's going to have?

"It's difficult to know at this stage what Jo Valentine's position will be — clearly she's going to be an independent, but whether she's going to end up aligning herself with the Labour Party or anyone else a lot and how much influence she's going to be able to bring to bear, we don't know. We don't really expect her to have a great deal of input into legislation and certainly she won't be determining the outcome of votes. We see the Parliament as being a legitimate platform for an articulate anti-nuclear spokesperson to operate from. We see Parliament as providing us with those resources and we see an opportunity for that person in the house to address herself to those matters of legislation which relate to the nuclear issue."

The NDP went into the campaign as a self-confessed single-issue party. Can you see it ultimately turning into a broad-fronted alternative or radical party?

"I think that things are happening sufficiently dramatically and so quickly at present that it's difficult to make any kind of accurate predictions as to what will happen in the future. I do believe that the kind of influence we're having on the electorate and on other political parties and political groups is pretty strong and if there is to be the development of some kind of broad, alternative political coalition, then we may well be a part of it. But whether that will happen in two years or not I don't know. We do have Green parties in Australia, but they're pretty small. They've got good people in them but they're not very well organised — the NDP is pretty well organised. One of the things I've tried to stress is that you've got to be well organised and you've got to have your act together. You can't sit and around and talk, you've got to do. And in a sense we've been able to get past the arguments that a lot of small groups have about what the other issues that are important are. And I'm hoping that kind of debate is going to exist outside the NDP, rather than within it, because I think that would really slow us down. But at some point there may be a chance for us to join up with other people. I personally would like to see a broader-based political alternative at some stage in the future. I'm not saying I want to be the person who gets up on the TV and talks about it, but I think that it's very healthy and very necessary. I think it's great to say no to nuclear weapons but you've got to start saying no to all the other stuff that goes with

them. We're really talking about renewable energy, sustaining economies ... We're going to see an enormous crash here in the Western World in economies within the next two years I would guess. So people who are talking about that sort of stuff will generally get a lot of people, left and right on their side."

Do you see yourselves as giving a shot in the arm to the left and the rank and file of the ALP in that you've challenged Hawke's moderate line?

"Yeah, providing they don't come round and beat me up first!" (laughs)

The nuclear issue does seem to have brought the left of the party more back into focus.

"We can only hope, we can only hope ..."

You have a strong Labour background yourself, don't you?

"Yes, I was a Labour voter."

Do you still have faith in the Labour movement, in the light of what has happened?

"In the light of what's happened here I do. And I'm not that far removed from social democrat parties, provided that can institute change. But if they themselves are products of structures that cannot change and thus cannot change either, then we've got to go somewhere else. But no, I'm not totally disillusioned with it. I'm hoping that the purpose of the Nuclear Disarmament Party will be to get these issues back onto the agenda properly — and then I can go back to making music." **Obviously your fellow band members are behind your actions in temporarily stepping away from the band for the sake of this cause but won't there come a time when the business people you have commitments to will kick up a fuss?**

"Sure, absolutely. That's just something that I've got to try and work out with them this year. I think I'll probably get to a point where I'll wake up in the morning and say wow, how long is it since I picked up a guitar? How long is it since I sang? How long is it since I've just sat around and been a muso — which is really what I am. And is that part of my life going to go again? I've got to figure those things through. In a sense I have my own commitment to going out and working some of these issues through if it's useful to do so and the Oils are right behind me. I also think it's good, especially in Australia, where we're a big band, to disappear for a while and let other bands come into the gaps."

The interesting thing is in this country you're almost certainly better known as an anti-nuclear activist than as a rock singer in a band called Midnight Oil.

"Yeah, that is quite fascinating ..."

Do you think change is going to depend on the emergence of other spokesmen with youth ap-

peal, people who are charismatic to the young, rather an established politicians or activists? You confessed yourself to being a relative "Johnny-come-lately" to the cause in your speech today.

"I think it's just fortuitous — if you've got a famous mug and you're well known and you're a 'rock star', as they call you, then it's a great thing to be able to leap into this with. But at the same time my campaign would only have sustained itself on its celebrity aspect for about a week, unless there was something behind it. You've got to have that ability to articulate and to understand it and go out and do it. And I think I'm just probably well-equipped for doing that, because I'm used to dealing with the media, I've been able to pick up that skill in the Oils. Media manipulation, too, is very important here. I don't like to use that term too openly, but that's really what it's about. You've got to use it because it's using you and there must be give and take in it. And I think there are a lot of people in the peace movement around the world who just don't understand that. They've tended to see the media as the enemy and that's that. They complain when they don't get the coverage — whereas we go out to create media events. I think people here know that now but in other parts of the world they don't. So it's helpful if you've got that big profile, but I don't think it's necessary, no."

You also mentioned the fact that everyone seems to have a war song or a war slogan or a war t-shirt at the moment. Do you think that kind of pop sloganeering has a great affect, or is it just fashion?

"I think it is having an effect. Because really when you put on a t-shirt that says 'No Nuclear Weapons In My House' or whatever, you are making a statement. It's like listening to a political lyric — whether you're listening to it because you think it's cool or because you want to, it ultimately has a residual effect on you, it lodges in the subconscious somewhere and of course if you're wearing it, everybody else sees it. All these things are cumulative. I think it's a real mistake in terms of assessment of what's going on to apply a levelled, or things-affecting-things view to it. I think that there's so much meshing, cultural, political and personal meshing that in a sense things can come from all directions. So I think anti-nuclear fashion is fantastic, even if sometimes it's just fashion. Because in a sense it's the next step — Boy George and his crowd would never have written songs about this sort of thing five years ago. It's become their reality and so they're writing songs about it. It becomes the reality of the people who buy the record. Even if it only lodges for a second, that's all it takes."

There's a neat aspect to your situation in that you've signed on the line with this great big company CBS, who are currently tolerating you because you're a kind of novelty and ...

"... how long is it going to last we all ask? Wait till they hear the next lot! Ooooh!"

Do you think the company is going to get the wind up?

"Not so long as they can still make money out of me."

Finally, if all goes well and our government holds its stand, what would you hope to have ensued within, say, a year's time, or further ahead?

"Well I would hope that countries like Australia, but even more so the middle powers, the Group Of 21 and others, who quite clearly wish to start moving away from policies which advocate the building, deployment and use of more nuclear weapons will have responded to the New Zealand and that there'll be some kind of foundation which has been laid by New Zealand and we'll be able to start to turn the thing round a little bit. We've got the Non-Proliferation Treaty and some other important events this year and I think that the action, which is a precursor to that, which are very important matters and I think that the action of New Zealand is going to highlight those things. At the same time it's quite clear that the build-up by the Americans shows no sign of stopping. In my view there will be a radical escalation of activity through Europe and America and Australia, direct actions, which will seek to confront and deal with it because people will be as scared as they are now. And New Zealand in a sense will be our model, our role goal. And that's why people here have to really appreciate the great significance and they affect they're having everywhere else and support Mr Lange and the party every strongly. In Europe, East and West and in America, where people have missile silos in their back yards and are surrounded by nuclear weapons, the level of fear is extremely high and now what we're seeing is almost a Nuclear Psychosis overtaking us. And I spend a lot of my time in Australia trying to turn that fear into some kind of action. I think there's action here which turns our fear in Australia and other countries into hope. And that's a very significant change in the human consciousness and perception of things — it's very, very important. You've created, in 1985, a nuclear-free state and that is a big and bright light for the rest of us. I think there'll be strong actions towards that and I hope it keeps burning well. Beyond that, I can't really say. All I know is this movement is on the move, it's rolling, it's growing and it's not going to go away or stop. We can't afford to."

Russell Brown



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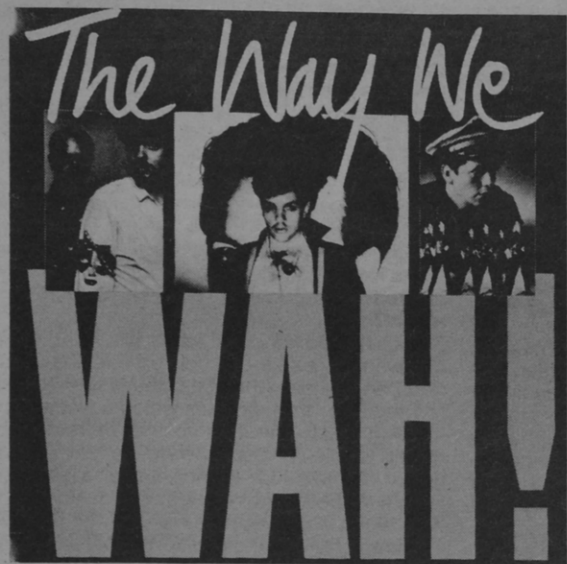
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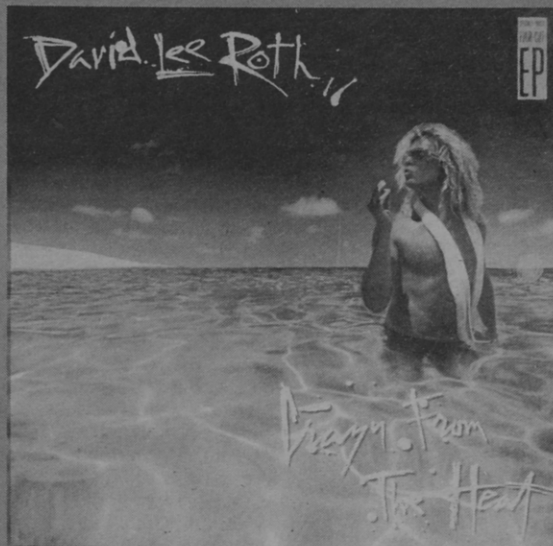
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"Rip It Up?"
Yeah, it's named after the Little Richard song.
"It's also the name of an Orange Juice song."
A name bridges the generations. Lloyd Cole, leader of Glasgow's commotions, belongs to a more recent past, his roots don't reach past the early 70s, never mind extending into the evolutionary nostalgia of the mid 50s:
"Glam rock is probably my roots — T Rex, Bowie and Roxy Music. I find it very difficult to listen to a lot of that now but I still really like T Rex and the third Roxy Music album (*Stranded*) but early Bowie is hard to take because they weren't a good group. And I found most punk rock almost impossible to listen to."

Cole Storage

Cole, born and bred into the middle class in Derbyshire, spent time in London before moving to Glasgow with his parents:

"I was at London University but I was gonna leave because I made a right mess of it. I was trying to do Law and I didn't like it so I left."

And Glasgow?

"I liked it when I arrived there, now I find I'm a bit bored with it, especially having lived in London, and I've been to Amsterdam recently, so I find there's not much to do in Glasgow."

It was in Glasgow that he eventually formed the Commotions and signed a contract with Polydor. Yet with the Lou Reed timbre of *Rattlesnakes* they sounded as though they'd been weaned on Postcard:

"I don't think we're linked musically to any of the Postcard bands. I find it very difficult to understand how we can be like Lou Reed as our chord progressions and melodies are very unlike Lou Reed. The only thing that might be similar is that I've picked up a few phrasing ideas from him. And the Velvet Underground were an experimental group, we're just a straightforward pop group."

Cole's relaxed but insistent Derbyshire burr is persuasive. He's intelligent for an aspiring pop star, a position, he's claimed in past press reports, that he wants to occupy:

"For me, wanting to be a pop star was a very interesting thing to be. I've been almost a pop star now and I don't revel in it at all, in fact it's mainly unpleasant. You invariably want things you don't know about and when you do know you don't want them any more."

"I liked certain aspects of it, like being asked for my autograph and being recognised. I think that being ignored is the worst thing that could ever be. When you're being recognised you realise you're achieving something with the group and that's one of the yardsticks of success."

A lot of people would say that's what's wrong with pop music at the moment — too many entertainers put the quest for stardom first and the music, via market research and record company censorship, follows second.

"I wouldn't want that. I wouldn't want to be a pop star with a bad record. You can't answer people back if you haven't got anything to back you up. As far as I'm concerned we've got an LP that's just about flawless and that's the reason we have recognition. It's not because we're pretty or we wear a certain kind of clothes, it's because we've made a really good LP."

Is the music you've made pop music?

"I think it is, although we'd probably argue in the group about that."

As a comparison, the Waterboys' Mike Scott doesn't like his music to be thought of as pop.

"He's probably got the same loathing of the word 'pop' that I have of the word 'rock'. 'Rock' is a horrible thing to be labelled and if I'm not gonna insist on being called a pop group then people are gonna call us a rock group. Rock groups make me think of people like the Waterboys, which is everything I loathe. A rock lyric is generally self-important, whereas a pop lyric is more lightweight and therefore easier to digest. All Lou Reed's lyrics were pop lyrics. Rock conjures up groups like Television, who although they were one of my favourite groups, always felt inclined to do all of these long and incredibly boring songs and have these breaks in the songs where somebody stroked their own ego by do-

Cole Fire



ing a guitar solo. And I can't understand why people want to have their dirty laundry on show with their lyrics like Mike Scott does."

From your past statements it's plain that you don't like the larger-than-life heroisms of the Bun-nymen, Simple Minds, U2, etc?

"I don't mind the Bunnymen because they've got a sense of humour underneath it. These heroic bands, I personally find them a blot on the landscape. I've been doing interviews for a year now and I really am trying to find polite things to say about them because I'm sick of sounding like a bitch (slightly camp drawl)."

"I'd really like to find something to like in U2, but there isn't anything, the same with Simple Minds. Jim Kerr seems like a really nice man judging from interviews, but what horrible nasty music they. I've got nothing against Big Sounds, U2 aren't really a Big Sound are they? I find Big White Flags on stage just incredibly empty. I find the singing when it's emotional like Bono's very unconvincing. I don't think he's singing emotionally, he's just singing in a way he thinks he should sing."

In last month's *RIU* I used the old whisper-to-a-scream cliché to compare the Commotions' music to that of Simple Minds et al.

"I like that, I agree. I always believe in understatement as the most effective method, especially if you're trying to treat yourself as some kind of artist. If you shove something in somebody's face then they just don't see it."

Cole Blooded

Rattlesnakes crawls over your face; 10 insidious and ingratiating songs that slide into your subconscious unfelt, unseen, unforced. Quite an achievement for a first LP. The Commotions play by intuition, with a subtlety and colour that occasionally leaves Cole's vocals sounding a little wooden and removed from the content of the song. Or is that just me?

"That'll be just you; if that's happened I wouldn't be pleased as that was never our intention. The deciding factor on how loud the vocal went in the mix was how loud did it have to be to hear the words."

Try again. Since most of the songs are narrative there's a sense that you're narrating the lyrics over the top of the music without becoming an integral part of it. Consequently your phrasing isn't emotional enough to suit the songs.

"That's because I'm not a soul singer and I'm not an emotional singer. I'm writing about emotional things but I'm not singing them in a particularly emotional way. That's just the way I sing. I don't sing from my heart but I certainly consult my heart very much when I'm writing."

That's a very self-conscious approach.

"Yeah, true, but the reason I'm self-conscious is because I deplore those ridiculously unself-conscious people like the Waterboys. A lot of people have a natural approach to singing and they believe they should sing about what they feel emotionally and that's why a lot of music is very boring. It's also a reason why some music is very good, but a lot of singers should realise that they're not cut out to be emotional singers."

Cole is a close friend of Morrissey of the Smiths, both are technically bad singers. A fair

comparison?

"No, I think Morrissey is a very good singer. I don't think I'm very good, he's much better than me."

Morrissey tends to be monotonous, he kills the dynamics of the songs, and both of you benefit from two great bands.

"Maybe, but I think my singing's okay on '2cv' and there's no band there."

But on songs like 'Down On Mission St' the Commotions are nigh on peerless.

"I agree, but there's not much point in being a singer in a band if they aren't good. I think you should always assume that the band's gonna be good. Although I certainly think that any success we've had has got more to do with the band than it has to do with my lyrics."

Prior to the release of *Rattlesnakes*, Cole and the Commotions tested the water with 'Perfect Skin', somewhat cool and aloof:

"What I tried to do in 'Perfect Skin' is have a big rant about a basic life style and building up this character and the kind of cold, literary eye this character might have. The chorus is what undermines the character. The verse is very self-conscious and self-controlled, but when the chorus goes 'when she smiles that way' then even with all the self control in the world there are still things that you can't control. The song is like a foundation for any credibility I've got."

Rattlesnakes is littered with references to American symbols like Truman Capote, Norman Mailer, Arthur Lee and Grace Kelly. Why?

"I littered them because I like my songs to be specific and these people have specific connotations. 'Like a Grace Kelly car', I thought was a good way to describe a particular kind of car. I used Norman Mailer because he was primarily known for *The Naked and the Dead*, which was a book about the American way. Everything's there for a reason."

"While writing for the LP I was infatuated with America but I wasn't aware of that while I was writing, it just happened. I'm far more aware of it now because I tend to spot these things and I think 'I'd better not put that in because I'm sick of people talking about America in my songs.'"

Rattlesnakes also uses other American symbols like 'trains' and 'streets'.

"I honestly never thought of it that way. A lot of the songs are taken from American viewpoints and some of them are actually about America. 'Rattlesnakes' is about an American woman and 'Down On Mission St' is where the mission is in San Francisco and I was writing a song about a certain kind of religion so I thought 'Down On Mission St' was a nice title for it."

I took it to mean a certain kind of person.

"Yeah, that as well, I hope it works on both levels. It's about a certain person who can be religious or irreligious, that's apparent in 'are you tired of chasing all the women around'. I think America is the most interesting country in the world but when I get there maybe it will exorcise this infatuation out of me."

And the romanticism?

"The romance has already gone. It hadn't when I wrote a lot of *Rattlesnakes*. I saw Cimino's *Heaven's Gate* recently. It's brilliant, fantastic, it takes all the romanticism out of America in one fell swoop."

"I'll still continue to write about America because I think about it. It's like Manchester is very important to Morrissey and he continues to think about it all the time. And I come from somewhere near Manchester but I don't think about it very much. It would be awful for me to pretend I'm interested in my roots when I'm not."

Of all the Commotions' songs, 'Forest Fire' has drawn the most acclaim. Reasons?

"Probably the tune, the way it builds and I like the rhythm a lot. The lyrics are good and I think the images are very strong, they're all from the elements, therefore it has quite a strong cumulative effect as the images build up. And I think most of the people who have acclaimed it probably like a good guitar solo at the end, which is not the kind of thing we like. To be honest, that solo has made our career quite difficult in that everytime we record something now the record company wants a huge solo on it (laughs)."

Rattlesnakes closes with 'Are You Ready To Be Heartbroken', a little piece of understatement, a delicate warning easily overlooked:

"It's actually a picture of someone who's unselfconsciously happy, someone in love, and my sense of humour just described the position as being ready to be heartbroken. If you're totally and madly in love then the only thing you can be if you're not gonna be in love is heartbroken."

It's a really simple, straightforward song but people have read more into it than I meant."

Cole Porter

"I had this blind ambition that I wanted to be in a pop group and I wanted to be the singer. Then I had to learn to sing in a style which I could cope with. Basically, I've just turned my speaking voice into a singing voice."

Did you model yourself on anyone?

"I suppose I must've done. After I'd been singing a while I started to think about people like Tom Waits, who I really like as a non-singer. He pitches well and even after all that croaking he's still in tune. I see myself as a bit like that kind of singer, one who's telling stories but still telling them in tune and not spoiling the tune of the song."

In your unfinished degree you tackled English — has this helped your writing?

"It's helped me deliberate more about what I'm writing and raise my standards of what is acceptable in a pop song lyric because I think a lyric should be totally self-contained and should be treated the same way as a poem or short story."

Can you add anything new to the language of pop?

"Yeah, I think I already have done because I've brought an alternative to emotional pop songs. Lou Reed has written unemotional songs in a cynical way but I'm writing without cynicism. I'm writing about the kinds of things I'd write in short stories and I think that's relatively new, I don't see anybody else doing it. The reason it's new is because I'm writing this way because it's the only way I'm capable of singing it. So I'm tapering my writing for myself, I'm not doing it just to add to the wealth of literature."

So how can you add to or improve on an album as complete as *Rattlesnakes*?

"I don't know but we'll have to. The new songs we're recording at the moment don't sound like anything off *Rattlesnakes* except one and that was written at the time of *Rattlesnakes* but we never got around to recording it. All the new songs are a step forward, they may not be better but they're quite a lot different."

"I'm more aware of what I'm doing with my lyrics as I've read so much about what people get from them. So I may attempt to write a couple of songs with simple lyrics and without so many complicated images. In fact I've got one new song which basically just says 'I was happy but now I am lonely'. I've made a concerted effort to write simple songs and I'd like to work on the craft of songwriting."

"Plus some of our sounds are different. We're considering using pedal steel on some songs and I've been trying to get the T Rex rhythm guitar sound. Whatever happens it's not gonna have too many points to compare with *Rattlesnakes*."

Cole and the Commotions are based in Glasgow but at the time of this phone interview, Mid-February, they were in London recording four new songs before leaving for a seven week tour, three weeks in Germany and four in the States. Cole mutters something about life on the road being a "pretty horrendous" thought. Live work, though, must be a necessity?

"I don't agree, I'd rather not be doing it. I make my income primarily from songwriting so I'm a lot more secure than anybody else. America I'd like to see, as you know, but the German tour just seems like money grabbing to me as it's the third biggest market in the world. I don't want to do it but for this group to continue to exist we've just got to do things like this every now and then. For us to carry on and for us to come to London to record we have to have money of our own, not record company money."

"I don't want this group to have to do what it was told by somebody else and therefore we do a few of these tours and then we can call the shots quite happily."

Embers

Lloyd Cole, a mixture of confidence and modesty, a coherent conversationalist and the instigator behind an LP which, although flawed, has a rare class, character and imagination.

Lloyd Cole, a man who with sideburns and an extra 10 stone could pass for Elvis Presley. But he wouldn't want that.

"Send my love to everybody at *Rip It Up* magazine, what a marvellous name. It's the best I've ever heard."

Yeah, it's got that sense of irreverence.

"Yeah, I think irreverence is very important. I'd like to be seen as a heretic (laughs)."

George Kay



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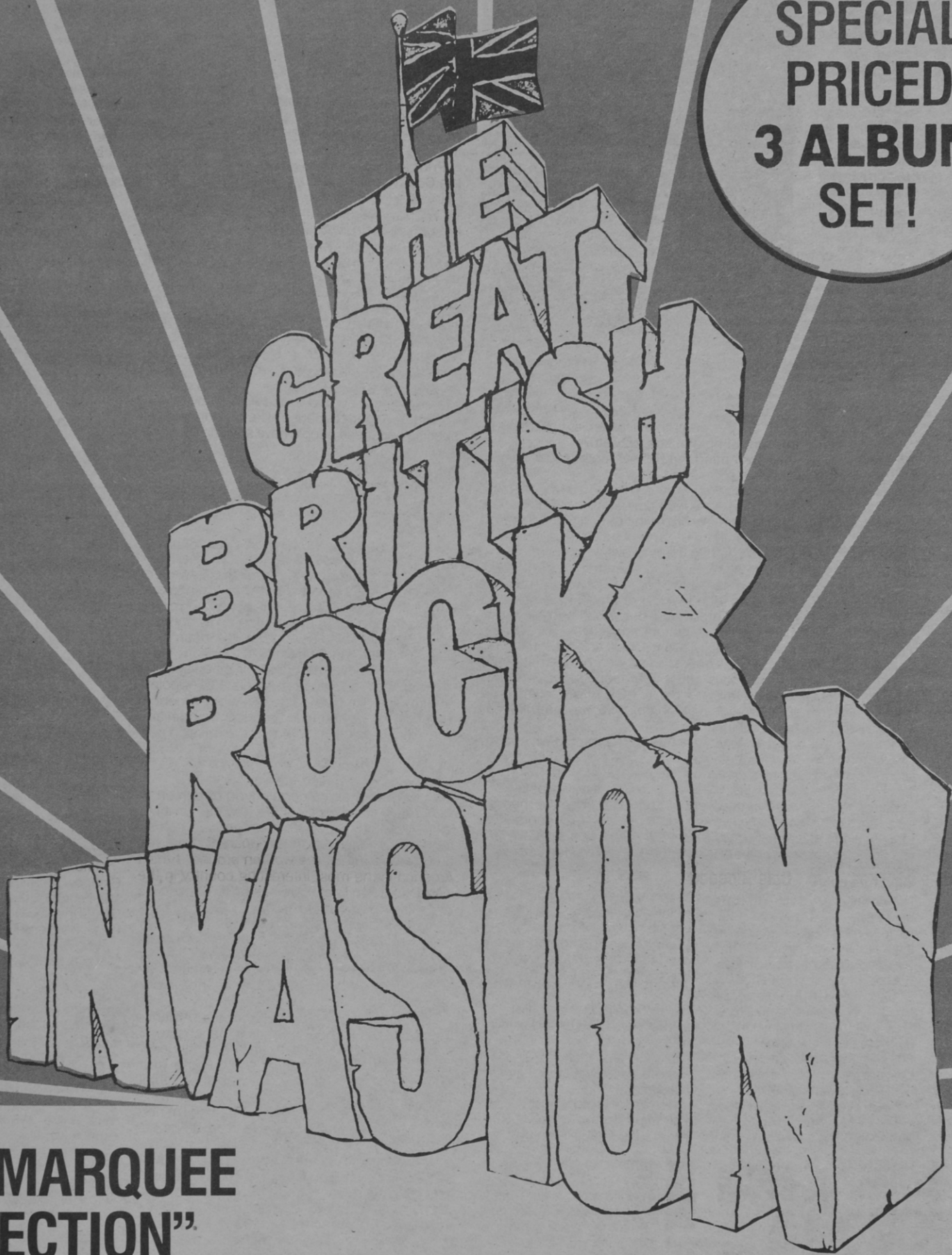
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Firstly, I think I should explain about Consideration Jones.

Consideration Jones is a small, black, wooden hoodoo charm; expansive of lip and decorated in bold pink, orange, yellow and green fluorescent, a kind of goliwog for the nuclear age. He has diamantes for eyes and dangles around my neck on a chain of tiny, colourful beads.

I found him hanging on my bedroom wall a while back. He'd been left there by the girlfriend of the room's previous occupant, apparently with the specific aim of offering up a hex on any other woman who dared to darken his pillowcase until he could join her in Europe. When he moved his stuff out he wasn't even gonna touch it.

I wasn't too sure about a hex that would banish women from my life either, but Consideration had a curious appeal about his flared features and I took him on an outing or two. His behaviour was exemplary; his diamantes twinkling weirdly under the coloured lights of the night scene. It happened that one morning he was with me ...

Your Mission, Should You Choose ...

It was disorientating, it couldn't help but be so. Mondays meant the beginning of a week's work, you learned to accept that and here we were, on a Monday morning, realising I'd be catching the train out of town that night. The content of the working week had been reasonably clear, like rough sketches in five cartoon panels, to be filled out and coloured in with the minor variations each day brought. Now here I was going out on the road with Australian sinewists Hunters and Collectors ...

Flying High

Monday, March 5
I boarded the Northerner some 20 minutes early, just to give myself a chance to sit still and contemplate my situation. Of course before I'd made much progress the wheels of steel began to roll and the situation had changed again ...

I was hunched over a beer cursing the damn breweries for putting swill like this on the shelves just because there was a strike on as we rumbled into Hamilton, which was where I'd leave the mainline of human travel for the night.

See, around that time of year the modern-day hipster's equivalent of

Collection • Consideration • Confusion
Six Days on the Road with Hunters and Collectors by Russell Brown

jumping the southbound freight is finding a spare seat with one of the tours that knit a purl 'round the country's seats of tertiary education.

Orientation, they call it, but for some it's like a skip off the edge into a kind of pleasing disorientation. I was to meet the Zippy's Last Tour crowd for a lift thru to my destination, Palmerston North. First, of course, there was a night of music.

I arrived too late for the Able Tasmans' farfisa beat but in time for Look Blue Go Purple who are the kind of band which makes being a "rock reporter" meaningful. Sidestepping, swerving round and occasionally falling flat on their faces over technical hitches, they played another set of bewilderingly varied, spirited and idiosyncratic songs. Five women you should bloody well listen to.

Those masters of pop spirituality, the Chills, weren't on top form when they closed the night but the bedlam down the front of the stage drew out the best version of 'Doledrums' I'd heard them play and an absolutely scorching 'Silhouette'. People sat around the sides of the stage and the band sweated. Wow.

Stuck and Starved

Tuesday, March 6
It was with mixed feelings that I watched the van shrink into the distance. Within it were the only sure friends within a couple of hundred kilometres and here was I, on the edge of a town where Consideration and I knew only each other. On the other hand was the bracing breeze of free agenthood. It was 8am in Palmerston North as I turned and began walking towards the centre of town ... three hours and considerably more walking later, disorientation was again beginning to waft around my head like petrol fumes. The motel where I'd arranged to meet the Hunters and Collectors tour party gave me the address of another place, where the receptionist disclaimed all knowledge of any band staying at her motel.

My bag was beginning to feel as if it was full of wet black sand and I decided to head for the sanctuary of a bar. So there I was at 11.05am, sitting barefoot in the Commercial Hotel public bar, resting my elbows on a tabletop video game. At the table next to me a woman in her 50s gurgled and spluttered through the reservoir of mucus in her lungs, occasionally putting a blotched hand to her mouth and loudly hawking up into a tissue. She drank gin and tonics and smoked menthol

cigarettes. I wondered what I was doing on the planet.

To make it worse, that contrary organ, the writer's brain, was beginning to kick and wriggle for a change and all I had was a ballpoint and a couple of scraps of newsprint. No typewriter. As Boring Old Bill Burroughs once remarked, the first step to becoming a writer is simply learning how to type. And here I was, itching to whip up an Olivetti Bolognese while the old Lettera 32 was half an island away ...

... after walking the length of the Waikato Uni campus, sighting the big tour truck was, to say the least, a relief. None of the half dozen students I'd picked out of the throng to ask directions had been able to give me clear directions on how to find their own social hall.

Inside the hall, the crew was standing around talking about loading in the PA and lights. Doing the most talking (not an unusual situation, as I was to discover) was Aussie lights person Gary Senior. The slim, laconic denim jacket wearer looks like a better looking, less healthy Andrew Fagan and periodically comes up with streams of nonsense so effortlessly deadpan

it won't take long ... or maybe we could set up the desk on one of those beams up there and I could do it up there, yeah ... no, let's fly the whole stage ... we could do the whole gig upside down, yeah ...

The load in eventually began and the PA stacks were built up on each side. Paul Crowther put the PA through its paces with waves of white noise. Hunters and Collectors arrived with tour promoter, soundman and maternal figure to any number of local musicians, Doug Hood, and began to soundcheck.

Oh, the soundcheck ... ever heard 'Whole Lotta Love' with horns and without guitar? Drummer Doug Falconer wailed it. When Mark Seymour came up and plugged in there was even a version of the song every bozo yelled out for on the tour, 'Talking to a Stranger'. "You horrible little man ..." glared and grinned Mark as John Archer jumped loudly in a couple of verses through with that bassline. Meanwhile, the support band, Working With Walt, sat and waited nervously for their turn ...

... the cricket was going from bad to worse as I sat, surrounded by student barpeople in Orientation t-shirts, in front of the colour TV out back of the bar.

"Ever done lights?" said Doug, sitting down in the next chair. "Wanna do 'em for Working With Walt?"

For the band with the nasty song about Rip It Up? Sure! The whole

the all-new Working With Walt lineup shows a lot of promise and the way they fed off crowd enthusiasm was heartwarming. 'Rip It Up' the song, however, was pretty disappointing — not very venomous at all.

With our cricket team plunging into oblivion, all attention could safely be diverted towards the new Hunters and Collectors. A rock 'n' roll band! Precise, muscular R&B with a suntan. Physically fit music. The performance, as it transpired, was the least impressive of the North Island leg of the tour.

Afterwards it was chats to a couple of Working With Walts (the guitarist was one of the people who were quite taken by Consideration; "spooky," he said) and staying outta the way of the crew.

I was to travel back to Wellington with the band and took my seat in the minibus. Mark poked his head in the door and scowled at his fellow band members: "Somebody keeps drinking half their cans of beer and leaving them," he said, waving a Fosters can. "Don't do it, because it's a bloody waste of beer!"

I fell asleep briefly on the trip and awoke to find a full-scale singalong in progress, with Mark as head choirboy. From Tom Jones to Shocking Blue, they all got the six-part harmony treatment. Doug remembered Mark's old band the Jetsons doing 'Venus' and we recalled the chaos that used to go with

Falconer, trumpeter Jack Howard and flugelhornist Jeremy Smith were gearing up for a round of golf at the Hutt course.

"Look, there's no point in me putting a slab on the longest drive because I'll lose," said Jeremy. "Make it closest to the pin."

A "slab" is two dozen cans of beer — just one of the beer drinkin' references to be found on *The Jaws Of Life*. Now you know.

Too late, eventually, to see *The Killing Fields* in town, I settled for a fistful of tokens at the local video game centre and extended my *10 Yard Fight* best to 105,000. The game's a fascinating grid-iron-based affair with lots of room for personal style and sloppiness. Outside the Wellington Wind blew with a ferocity way in excess of that necessary to make its point.

After dinner with a couple of close relatives, it was off to Victoria University, where the punks/boots/skins were hanging around outside. I think if you decide to cut off your hair and drop into some Doc Martens you must have to accept hanging around outside places where people are as a major part of the lifestyle. Still, I suppose you get lots of fresh air ...

Inside, the hall (a good venue) the air was getting less and less fresh by the minute but the crowd was in good spirits.

"Well I know that it's true but I just can't say it!" lamented Mark in 'Betty's Worries or the Slab' (and you know ...).

"SAY IT! SAY IT!" the crowd called back in a nicely non-patronising bit of call-and-response. Yeah!

The Hunters were called back for three genuine encores. A louder, slightly messier gig than the previous night's. As far as I'm concerned the thing this band needs to do make this music work properly is get a little less tight.

The Zippy Tour had a night off and so sundry NZ band members and crew, plus Gary and Stig from the Hunters' crew set off in a mini van in search of a bottle of whiskey ... we found two and you wouldn't believe what they cost ... goodnight ...

Loving and Losing Your Leather Jacket

Thursday March 8
The maid looked down and smiled kindly. My early morning eyes still had her in soft focus. It was time to take stock of the situation. Face up to my surroundings. I was on a couch in the hallway of the wrong hotel ... but I guessed (right) that this was the Zippies' lodgings. I sat up and offered a few groggy pleasantries.

Sitting and then standing up was bound to make the head spin a little but the bells really started to ring when it became clear that my leather jacket was gone. CONTINUED ON PAGE 30



John (bass), Mark (vocalist), Wellington.

PHOTO BY KAREN DOWNES

that make you feel you should take at least some of it seriously and it was such a stream of unconsciousness that was driving stage manager Andrew Frengley a little batty.

"Hey look, I think I'll fly (string up from the ceiling) my lighting desk ... and we may as well fly the PA too,

concept had so much irony it was almost magnetic. In the event the scattering of faders I was allowed to use on the relatively huge desk pretty much precluded anything in the way of technoflash but it's always fun for someone as profoundly non-visual as me to play around with colours. It should also be noted that

the Toy Love version. Mark was keen to work out the song the next day and play it in Wellington. They didn't, of course.

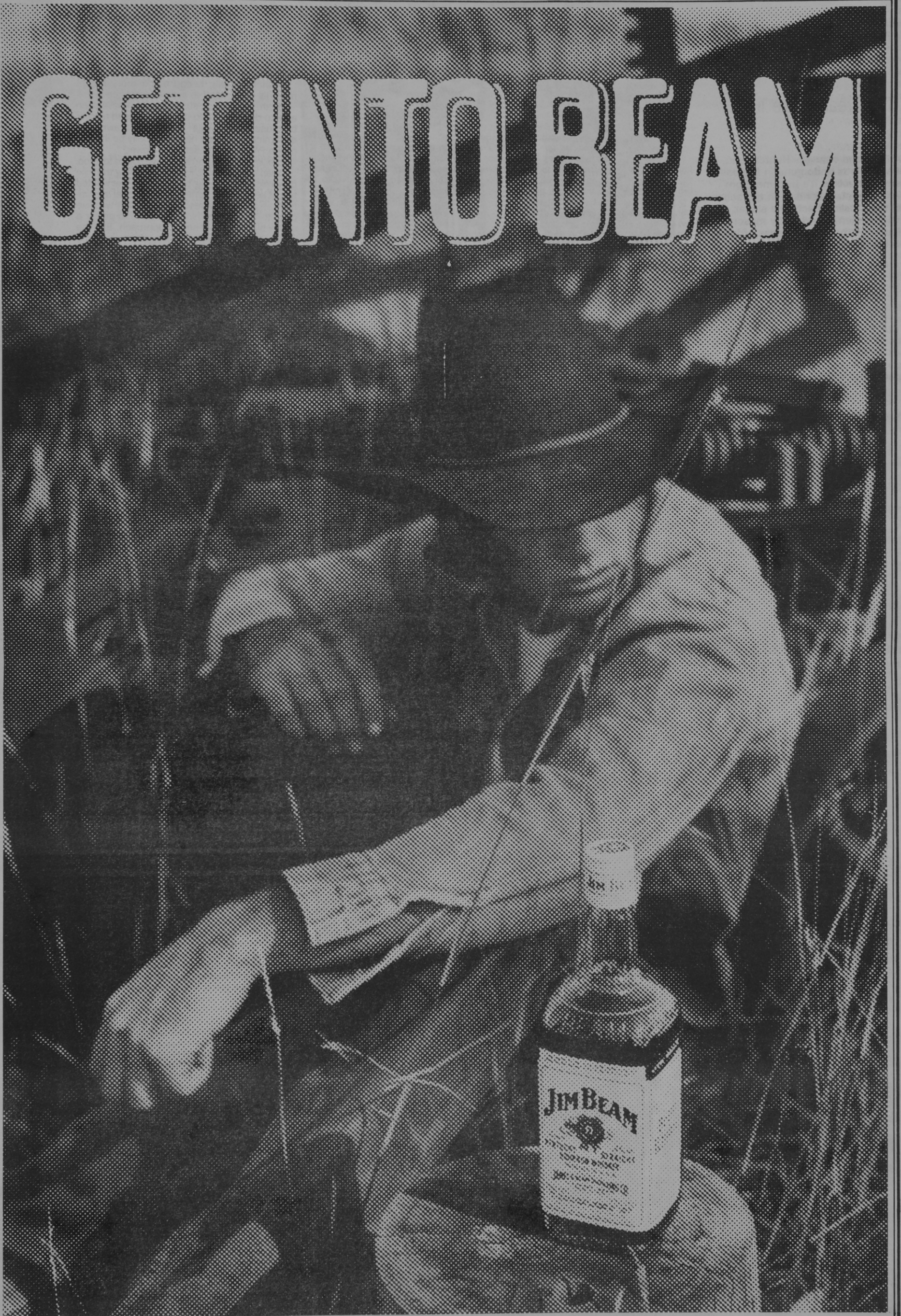
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Mark Seymour

Interview

The Great Aussie Tug ...

Among the changes Hunters and Collectors has undergone in the past year or so is that it's become more Mark Seymour's band — in the sense that the music reflects the singer. The music is intense and wirily muscular but coloured with a strong sense of humour. Like Mark Seymour.

He does more interviews now than he used to, genuinely seems to enjoy talking about the band — and the world in general.

He's pictured onstage with his arms thrown wide in an expansive gesture on the cover of the new Hunters and Collectors live LP, *The Way To Go Out*. The album has reached these shores to coincide with the band's tour, but it's actually the soundtrack to a live video package. The video

PHOTO BY ROBERT SHENNAN



Mark Seymour, Auckland University.

was made to give European audiences a glimpse of what the band is like live. They can't afford to tour to that part of the world and their English distributor CBS couldn't hear a single on the last studio LP, *The Jaws Of Life*, and so was reluctant to cough up with financial support for live work. It looks like Hunters and Collectors will be staying put for the time being.

A shame really, because the more recent material lends itself to live performance ...

"Yeah, much more so. We wouldn't have been able to do a live video the way we used to play, because the songs were too drawn out dynamically and you had to actually be in front of the PA to get the sense of power."

The Jaws Of Life had a very live sound to it too.

"Yeah — we spent a lot of time during the mix-down explaining to the producer that we wanted to just keep it bare bones, really skeletal and up-front — as much a reaction to what it was like prior to that as anything. We used to go for a much bigger, wall-of-sound approach. But the next record we make won't be quite as extreme in that direction."

Does the word "reaction" indicate that you were unhappy with what went before?

"Yeah. What happened before was that we'd sort of been playing along on the wave of success we got with our first record. But all of it, I would argue, was based on how hard the media was pushing us. It was really strange, like everyone was jumping on the bandwagon and that lasted for about a year — it went long enough for us to start believing it ourselves and when that happened we lost the context of why we were doing it in the first place.

"So although that second album was well-produced, it didn't really sound like a band as far as I was concerned. On *The Jaws Of Life* we just wanted to dispense with all that bullshit. We wanted to make a record that sounded honest — all the dynamic elements that we'd invented in rehearsal we wanted to be really obvious on record."

When did the problems with Greg Perano and Martin Lubran start?

"It was building when we went to England. I was having real conflict with Greg. I'd sort of withdrawn from the band by the time we went to England, whereas everyone else was sort of rolling along, not really communicating with anyone else. And I thought 'well, if no one's aware of this problem then I'm not going to tell them.' I just withdrew from the whole thing and it rolled on on its own momentum until we got back from England. Then we had to make a decision about what we were going to do. And I figured that seeing as we'd been running around for two years saying how democratic we were then they could decide. And then Greg and Martin left before we went to Germany and we recorded *The Jaws Of Life*."

I take it you don't think it was a good move going to England when you did.

"No. It was for completely the wrong reason. We went to England because it was expected of us to do it. It was the fashionable thing to do. We'd only been playing in that lineup for a year and a half, which is no time at all. All the other bands that have ever done it from Australia have been together for three or four years.

"It contradicted what I felt about music at the time anyway. I felt and I always have that there's no reason why you can't make good music and maintain your self respect in the colonies. You don't have to go away to the other side of the world to prove your own worth.

"But our reputation had got so much larger than what we were really like as people that I couldn't see it in its true context. Now, we just wouldn't go. Not unless we had a really fat record contract and the record company was going to put on great shows for us and we had complete control over what we were doing. We went over there and basically starved. I'm just not prepared to do things like that any more, but we had to learn the hard way."

So would you advise any emerging band from this part of the world to go to Europe?

"Well, the Chills are going to go but I understand they'll be going for two months and they'll save up enough money to live there comfortably for two months and then they'll come home. That to me is a far more logical way of doing it, because you're treating their culture and musical environment in the same way as you would treat your own, rather than thinking you've got to in some way pay your dues to them. Because when you go over and realise what the musical scene's like there you realise how great the bands are where you come from. Why should you go and eat shit for them? They've got no exuberance, English musicians. They don't get into just being alive and having a great time — they're really guilt-ridden or something. And they just treat Australian bands in a way in which you've got to eat humble pie first. And if you don't ..."

I can recall some very patronising early mentions in the *NME*. A sort of giggle at this tribal chic from the Antipodes.

"I think that had something to do with the fact that we signed to Virgin. That made us automatically suss as far as English critics were concerned. It just smelt a bit and I can understand them for reacting like that because at the time it did feel like that. The word that Virgin was putting out was that we were going to be *big*, that was the whole push. So in a way we had it coming. But whatever reviews we get now are much more realistic and closer what the material's like than they were then and yet we can't really do much about it.

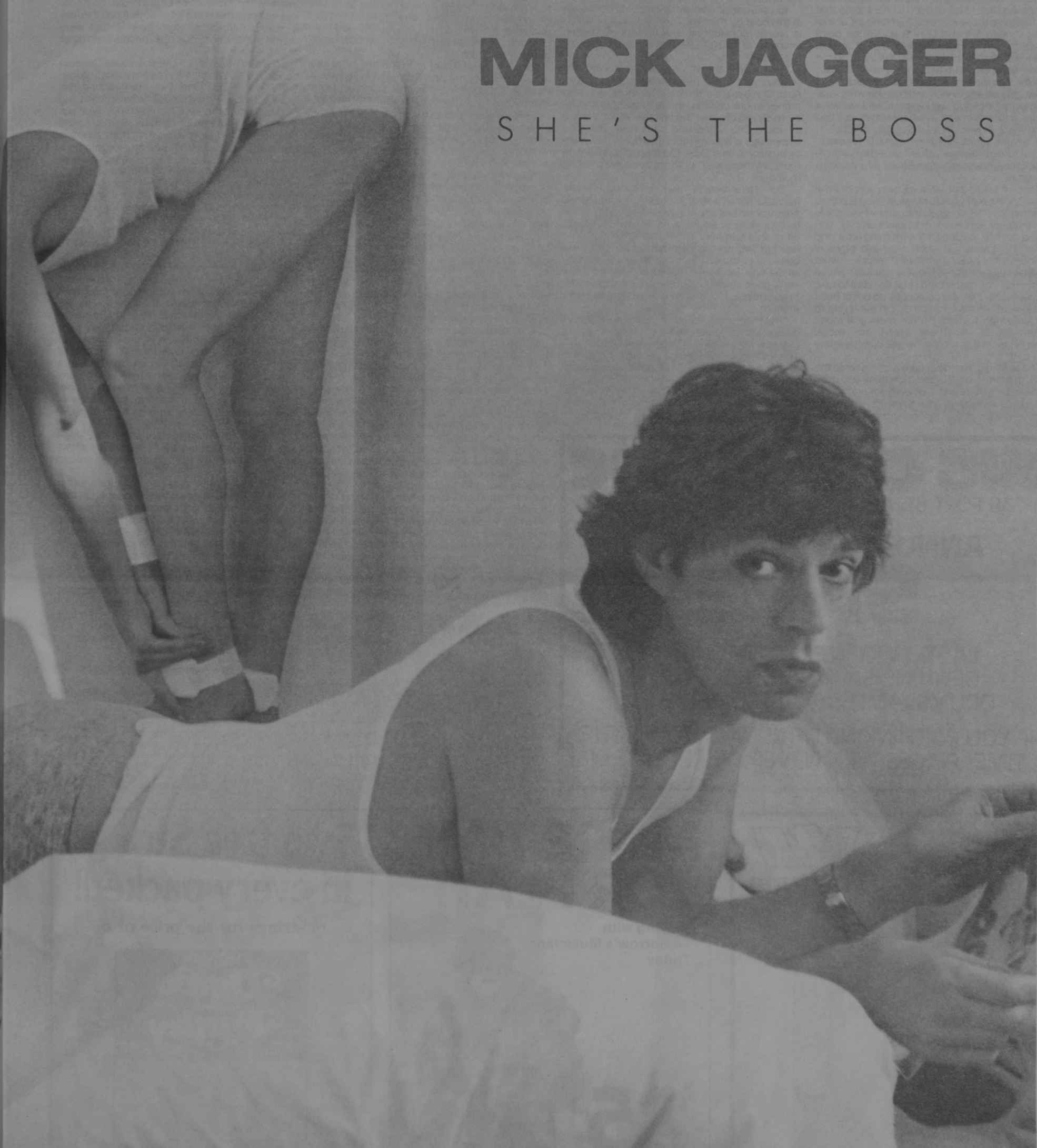
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MICK JAGGER

MICK JAGGER

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MARK SEYMOUR INTERVIEW'
FROM PAGE 16

"But it doesn't really bother me that much because what we're doing now is so much closely related to the way we live and the way we communicate verbally with each other anyway. So it's far more enjoyable the way it is, even though we haven't got the popularity we used to have."

The words and the way they were used on *The Jaws Of Life* seemed to have a very basic Australian quality to them.

"Yeah, I like making puns and word plays and things like that. I sort of used to want to do that but because there was a certain amount of friction between me and Greg it got to the point where I didn't want to make a fool of myself. There was real rivalry and I didn't want to do the wrong thing or be unfashionable or anything."

"Whereas when we made that record it was 'we've got nothing to lose and I can do what I like. I can write lyrics the way I want to'. And so I went full tilt in that direction — whereas before it had been there in lyrics but I was really cryptic."

In several songs, 'Holding Down a D' for example, it's not always clear whether you're celebrating Australian popular culture or questioning it.

"Well, in terms of that song, you sort of have to question a really basic physical thing like that. Whether you get dragged into that whole drinking thing or embrace it wholeheartedly, you always have to question it the morning after. And I thought it was just such a simple physical phenomenon, making yourself that sick — what did that suggest about the way you live? With a lot of things on that record I just decided to take simple events that you constantly do out of habit and look at what they suggest. I'm not trying to say 'drinking's fucked', I'm not making a moral statement at all, there aren't any moral statements on that record, I'm just drawing attention to it."

Those kind of themes seem a lot closer to the mark than the whole urban tribe thing you used to have. Do you regret that early image?

"I don't regret it, I just think it's a bit silly. Because as far as the way I personally see music

it never had much to do with me. What was happening was that we were being interpreted as an ensemble and because we were such a big band no one stood out except for Greg and the only reason he did was because he went through that neanderthal image. No one else in the band did it. We were interested in playing that sort of funky, rhythm-orientated stuff, which we still play. But we were never that image conscious, so the one thing that stood out was that one image, so that was what everyone latched onto. Whereas now we virtually don't have an image."

You sell considerably more records per capita in this country than you do in Australia — which is ironic considering the overall Australian character of *Jaws Of Life*. Why do you think that's the case?

"The thing is the whole New Zealand musical environment is far more healthy than it is in Australia, because there's a lot more overseas money in our country, the technology's changed really rapidly over the last few years. We're a lot more into video and stuff now. The new technology is filtering more slowly into this country so people tend to be a lot more discriminating musically, because they're not being swept along by things."

"So I think people have embraced us here because it's different, it doesn't sound like it's American or English. And we've also been around for four years in Australia, so we're treated like a bit of an institution. The Reels have broken up now but they were in a very similar position to us, because of the fact that they ended up touring all the time. And even though they wrote some really good songs and they were a real pleasure to go and see, they just ended up being taken for granted."

"The other thing about the Australian music industry is it's controlled by Molly Meldrum (presenter of perennial TV pop show *Countdown*). The maximum level you can get to is controlled by him. So all but a few bands divert their creative energies towards that as a goal. Whereas here you haven't got that kind of hierarchy. People just buy records and don't want so much TV. The accent in Australia is so orientated towards video

and TV that someone like Molly can really control things."

I take it you get no favours from him.

"No. We used to once. I can remember hearing from our manager about two years ago that in his words he'd 'lost the vibe' on us."

There was a backlash in other quarters too, after your period of super-hipness. Did you find that difficult to cope with?

"Yeah, I still find it difficult sometimes. At some gigs I get a real 'me and them' complex towards audiences. Especially industry gigs, I tend to really scorn industry gigs. You can always tell them — you don't quite get that commitment from the audience that you do in the suburbs. So I sort of wanted to cross right over to the suburbs, get right out of there."

"See, the funny thing is, in the the inner-city areas of Melbourne and Sydney you still get a really strong cult interest in what we're doing, but intermingled with that is the real careerist attitude that every individual critic has got. So you always have trouble generating that kind of commitment. Cold Chisel generated that and they were scorned. I would like to be able to have that real commitment from audiences all the time."

"But in a cultural sense we're very isolated because I don't have any dialogue with other people who write music or write poetry or read trendy novels and magazines — I just don't talk to anyone about why I do the things I do. All the ideas we get, we get amongst ourselves. I talk to Doug and John occasionally, or our mixer Robin. So that's four people who are generating all these ideas. And they're filtering out when we release records and play live but in a way we're still quite isolated. In a sense it doesn't bother me that much because it means we've got control, which is what we've always wanted."

The impression I've been getting from performances on this tour is one of a real rock 'n' roll band. Is that what you're aiming for?

"Well after Greg and Martin had left we were really lacking in confidence about image, because we've never been able to do that well, know how to move and dress. So we just basically decided we'd play music we'd been listening to over the past 10-15 years. Instead of looking at what was happening around us we decided we'd play music that reflected what we used to be like and what we've always been like. And we looked at incredibly un-chic bands like the Stones. We used to really like the Stones — we'd always leap around suburban lounge rooms listening to the Stones. So we started playing rhythms that had that feel. We started hamming it up a bit and it was a bit of a giggle that we were playing music like that and then we realised that it worked and we managed to write a whole lot of stuff for *The Jaws Of Life* in about six weeks."

There's again something very Australian about the way you play the music. It's like physically fit music in a way.

"I think there's this thing called the Great Aussie Tug, which Doug always talks about, that some bands have. It's a kind of an R&B laziness, because you've got a real straight square beat,

but it's got this walking tempo — it's very traditional in a lot of ways, but the way Australian bands play R&Bs, they always have that kind of taut but lurching a little bit feel. AC/DC are a classic example, Rose Tattoo, X, the Birthday Party had it."

"When we were working with Conny Plank in Germany he listened to the mixes for the last album and said there was a kind of folk element in our music. He said our rock music is like our folk music, because we adopted rock 'n' roll at a relatively early stage in our culture, compared to say when America or England did. So it's far less self-conscious in a lot of ways. It has this really strong rhythmical element in it that we're maybe not as conscious of as people from other countries are."

"In a way it's a bit like the way those Dunedin bands use that guitar, they're very strongly guitar-orientated bands and they don't sound like swamp bands — guitar music from America and England at that moment, it's all swampy. Whereas they're into that sort of chiming, Byrdsy sound that you don't hear many bands from Australia using at all. And who knows, there could be a really complex series of reasons why that's happened and not anywhere else in the world."

"But the thing about the English scene is that there's nothing spontaneous about it any more. Everyone thinks in terms of covers and relating what they're doing in the context of a whole series of standards and formats that has already been established in their country over the last 15 years."

"So you read trendy art magazines from New York who say 'we are living in the age of the cover version and that's what contemporary culture's all about now. But it isn't at all for places like Australia and New Zealand. It's as though we're going through a cultural period that they went through 25 or 30 years ago, where those sort of values don't have any relevance. Where people still do things according to how they feel, in a spontaneous way. Mind you, there aren't many of them — they're a very small minority of people but they're still there. You see bands in Melbourne and Sydney who do have that element."

Of course the only problem is that it's Europe and America that hold the money which allows you to do what you want. Is there a way round that?

"Well, if the West remains stable for another 10 or 20 years, what I think will happen is that the bulk of original and creative ideas in the arts are going to come out of the South anyway. Eventually it's going to have an effect — just as avant-garde thinkers in late 19th Century Paris eventually had an effect on a broad cross-section of the world. The thing is, at the time they were doing things, they weren't doing them for economic considerations. So even though the power lies in England and America the message always filters through from other places if it's more interesting and more original."

"But I don't know, that's just my optimism ..."
Russell Brown

Korrespondence Continues
Dear WEA,

So pleased to hear my thoroughly discredited view of Nik Kershaw has not hurt his record sales, which are, after all, what quality music is all about. By the way, after several days of despair listening to the record, I place the cover on the turntable and played that instead. It sounded better.
Duncan Campbell

gued, with reference to a wide range of supporting material and facts. I would therefore appreciate any feedback or opinion from any people or organisations with an interest in this matter and they may be sent to me at the address below.
David Major
23 Franklin Rd,
Ponsonby,
Auckland.

'LETTERS' FROM PAGE 4
government policy will be the question of a proposed local music quota on commercial radio stations. A figure of 25 per cent has been suggested. The conservative view has regrettably prevailed when this topic has been discussed in recent years and if the remit is to survive the Auckland and national Labour Party conferences it will need to be well

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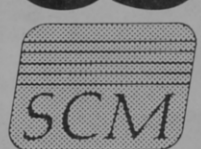
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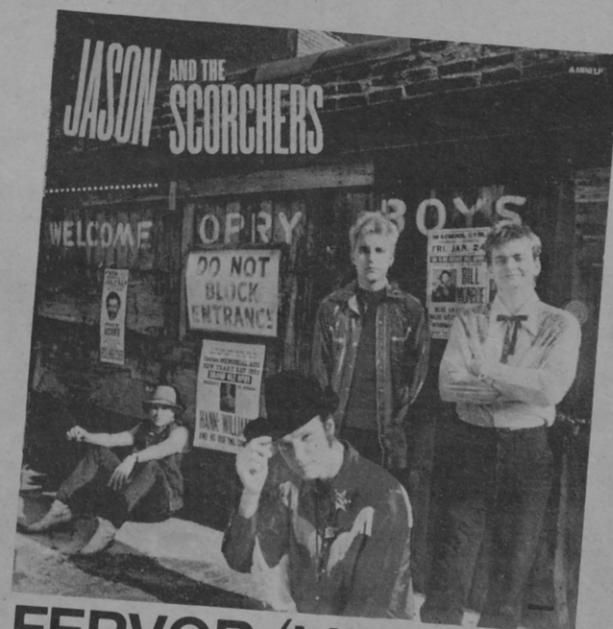
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JASON & THE SCORCHERS



FERVOR (MINI LP)



LOST & FOUND

NEW RELEASE

ON RECORD & CASSETTE

Virgin

FACT SHEET

ARTIST:

Japan

TITLE:

Exorcising Ghosts



Japan were one of the most unusual and exciting bands of the last ten years. They built up a committed following which still exists today.

After many requests, David Sylvian put together this double album retrospective of some of Japan's finest output covering the final three years of their work together.

The running order has been carefully chosen to ensure continuity of sound and atmosphere, and all titles included are in their original full length un-edited format, as the band intended them to be.

Included are two instrumental pieces '**A Foreign Place**' and '**Life Without Buildings**' both previously unavailable on album, as well as favourites '**Ghosts**', '**Quiet Life**', '**Methods of Dance**' and '**Night Porter**'. The album reaches a climax with the 12" single version of '**The Art of Parties**'.

PERSONNEL: David Sylvian
Steve Jansen
Richard Barbieri
Mick Karn

TRACK LISTING: Side 1
Methods of Dance
Swing
Gentlemen Take Polaroids
Quiet Life

Side 2
A Foreign Place
Night Porter
My New Career
The Other Side of Life

CAT. No: VGD3510/VGDC3510

Side 3
Visions of China
Taking Islands in Africa
Ghosts
Sons of Pioneers

Side 4
Voices Raised in Welcome,
Hands Held in Prayer
Life Without Buildings
Talking Drum
Art of Parties

Virgin



Records

Malcolm McLaren
Fans
Charisma

Find a gimmick and the world will beat a path to your door. If not, at least you might make a hit record or two. The king of gimmicks has struck again and it's not half bad, either.

You've got to hand it to McLaren, whether you personally admire him or not. The guy's a shrewd manipulator, a skillful trend-spotter and has one helluva nerve. From square dancing and scratching, to Afro beat and skipping ropes, and now grand opera.

All talk of exploitation aside, *Fans* is a thoroughly enjoyable record, as was its predecessor, *Duck Rock*. McLaren, assisted this time by Robbie Kilgore, Stephen Hague and Walter Turbitt, has grafted snatches of operatic arias onto contemporary rhythms and melodies. He's not the first person to update the classics, but nobody has done it quite like this before.

For authenticity, McLaren has also used genuine operatic singers for the classical segments. You'll have already gauged the success of the move with the 'Madam Butterfly' track (and as for that video clip ...). It's an uncanny tapestry of sound. The way the classical and the modern idioms fit together is pure inspiration. The sailor's narrative that links them is repeated in a more bitter refrain at the end of the record in 'Death of a Butterfly'. The images of Nagasaki become glaringly uncomfortable. You can draw your own meaning.

Puccini is the dominating classical influence, the exception being the grafting of Bizet's 'Carmen' onto a funky street beat. The flashy aria fits just fine.

The other standout track has to be 'The Boy's Chorus', which has something of the riff from 'Let It All Hang Out'. School's out for Malcy and he's planning mischief. Hilarious.

In the end you can't help but grin at the man's wit and irreverence. He's probably laughing at all of us on the way to the bank. No chance of Messrs Puccini or Bizet coming forward to claim their royalties, eh Mal?
Duncan Campbell

Cocteau Twins
Treasure
Virgin

I couldn't think of a more appropriate title than this album's. This is a riveting beautiful collection of songs.

The Cocteau Twins have always had that something, they've always been unique, but on their two previous albums they hadn't quite captured (or discovered) what it was that made them unique ... their own sound.

Treasure blazes with what was only touched upon in the best moments of *Garlands* or *Head Over Heels*. Only 'Wax and Wane' and 'Sugar Hiccup' from those early albums bear any resemblance to pieces from the new album.

One aspects which sets *Treasure* apart from the other albums is the hovering way in which Elizabeth Fraser uses her voice as an instrument. It is almost operatic on side two's first track, 'Amelia'.

The soothing, lullaby quality is not present in every song, however; 'Cicely' is almost noisy enough to be irritating, but any sound verging on cacophony is soon softened with a mere breath of Liz's vocals.

And the other members? Well there's Robin Guthrie on guitar, whose playing can range from the acoustic strumming of songs like 'Ivo' to the wrenching urgency of 'Persephone' so rapidly you'd swear he was schizophrenic.

There's also Simon Raymonde, the Cocteau's most recent recruit. His robust yet haunting bass provides the vertebrae in all the songs but stands out in tracks like 'Lorelei' for the mere fact that he holds everything together. A drum machine provides the rhythms. And then there's Liz.

So there you have it. The album of '85.
Vicky Bogle

Hunters and Collectors
The Way To Go Out ...
White Label

I've never been a fan of live recordings — after all, there ain't nothing like the real thing is there? 'The Way To Go Out' is one out of the box though. There's new material here — 'Throw Your Arms Around Me', 'I Couldn't Give It To You' — and you can hear that Hunters and Collectors are very much a live band; professional and very compelling.

'Throw Your Arms Around Me' is one of their best songs ('Shed your skin and let's get started' gets the Line Of the Year prize so far) and is indicative of the straighter rock path the band is taking; BUT there are still the quirks/changes/spaces in the songs that make them unpredictable and ultimately unique.

If you saw Hunters and Collectors, or bought the last album, most of the songs here will be familiar — 'The Slab', 'I Believe', 'Carry Me', 'Follow Me No More' and you'll know, also, what a wonderful set of tonsils Mark Seymour has. Melbourne's venue sounds as hot as Mainstreet was that Tuesday — so hot that *The Way To Go Out* is worth it even if you didn't see them.

Fiona Rae
Sylvester
M-1015
Chrysalis

If Little Richard sang disco-funk, he would sound like Sylvester. Behind the electroflash and synth bass is a great gospel voice, one that just cuts through and soars. But the first thing that hits you is the mighty overall *sound* of this thing — there is no stopping a sound like this.

M-1015 is the best disco-funk record since *Chic's Greatest Hits*; from the epic electro sound of 'Rock the Box', through various influences of 70s disco in the Moroder-like 'Sex' and 'Take Me to Heaven' and the Northern Soul stomp of 'Lovin' Is Really My Game'.

This is such sweet soul music for the 80s and beyond — such production, such songs, such a voice! Sylvester takes us to heaven aboard the funk train — and I don't want to get off.

"If you want to be cool ... keep the music jamming ... Rock the Box."
Kerry Buchanan

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Virgin

features bonus track C.R.E.E.P.

Beggars Banquet

CORUBA CALENDAR

MARCH 22 TO APRIL 21

MON. TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT. SUN.



Queen play Mt Smart Stadium, April 13.



George Smilovici

MARCH 22
George Smilovici Terminus
Pete 'Wah' Wylie born 1956

23

22,23
Netherworld Dancing Toys
Windsor
Wayne Gillespie
Performance Cafe
Legionnaires Old Mill
Mickey Rat Gladstone
Scorched Earth Policy The Pulse

NETHERWORLD
DANCING
TOYS

24
Rape Crisis Benefit (Chills, Able Tasmans, Eric Glandy, etc.) Mainstreet
Rock Coach Experience
Performance Cafe
Legionnaires Greymouth
Elivs drafted 1958

rape
crisis

25
Tyrophile Performance
Cafe
Legionnaires Ashburton
Elton John born 1947

26
Purple Phoenix Roadshow
Performance Cafe
Diana Ross born 1944

27
Chills New Plymouth
Second Coming
Performance Cafe
Boiled Owls Clyde Quay

28
Chills New Plymouth
The Fold Windsor
Dole Day Gladstone
Concert For Nicaragua
(Herbs, Topp Twins, etc)
Mainstreet

29
Chills Cricketers
Bats Gladstone

30
Bats Gladstone
Chills Cricketers
Campus Radio Weekend
Windsor
Ten Foot Fear Of the Circus
Parade Majestic Theatre,
Wellington
Eric Clapton born 1945

31
Pesky Laterals Performance
Cafe
Incendiary performance —
Jimi Hendrix sets fire to his
guitar for the first time, 1967

TAKE IN A CORUBA
AT THE 'GLOBE'

28,29,30
Bill Direen The Pulse
Ahurangi Performance Cafe

APRIL 1
Otis Mace & the New
Society Band Performance
Cafe
Marvin Gaye born 1939

2
Leon Russell born 1941

3
Last Man Down Performance
Cafe
A Maniac At the Joystick
Otago Uni
Traderviks The Pulse
Marlon Brando born 1924

4
Chills Old Mill
Tall Dwarfs Windsor
Sneaky Feelings Gladstone
Kantuta Performance Cafe
A Maniac At the Joystick
Otago Uni
Traderviks The Pulse

5
Chills, Sneaky Feelings
Canterbury Uni
Farelli Brothers
Performance Cafe
Talking Heads' 'Stop Making
Sense' starts in Akld.

6
Chills Gladstone
Tall Dwarfs Windsor
Farelli Brothers
Performance Cafe
Pink Floyd officially announce
Syd Barrett's departure, 1968

7
The Clear Performance Cafe

MAKE UP A CORUBA COCKTAIL
BEFORE THE SHOW.

4,5,6
Beaster Festival Mainstreet

8
Chills, Sneaky Feelings,
Look Blue Go Purple,
Skeptics Gladstone
Tall Dwarfs and lots of
other people Windsor
Family Mallet Performance
Cafe
Julian Lennon born 1963

9
Skeptics Cook
Family Mallet Performance
Cafe

10
Skeptics Cook
Family Mallet Performance
Cafe

11
Kantuta Performance Cafe
Bob Dylan plays his first
pro gig, 1967.

12
Skeptics Gladstone
Chills Cook
The Punch Aranui
Smilers Performance Cafe
Dread Beat & Blood The
Pulse
Bill Haley records 'Rock
Around the Clock', 1954.

13
Queen Mt Smart Stadium
Chills Cook
Skeptics Gladstone
The Punch Aranui
Smilers Performance Cafe
Dread Beat & Blood
The Pulse
Al Green born 1946

14
Internal Fragments
Performance Cafe

TRY A CORUBA
AT THE 'BLUEPOT'

15
Roll over Ayatollah ...
Muhammad's birthday.

16
Dusty Springfield is 46.

17
Last Man Down Globe

18 Last Man Down Globe
Chills Balclutha
Circus Block 4 Gladstone
Kantuta Performance Cafe

19
Chills Invercargill
Circus Block 4, Wayward
Witches Gladstone
Meg & the Fones
Performance Cafe
Albert Einstein dies 1955.
Quote: "If only I had known,
I should have become a
watchmaker."

20
Chills Gore
Circus Block 4, Wayward
Witches Gladstone
Meg & the Fones
Performance Cafe
Car Crash Set & fashion
show, etc Palmerston North
Adolf born 1889.

21
Zippo Performance Cafe
Iggy is born 1947.

15,16,17
Housetruckers Road Show
Performance Cafe



Look Out For ...

A quieter month than the last one, with **Queen** at Auckland's Mt Smart Stadium on April 13 the only major international concert and not a lot of activity on the home front.

But the **RIU** readers' top group of 84, the **Chills** will undertake a pretty thorough national tour, visiting places that normally remain off the rock 'n' roll map, like Balclutha. More dates are to be confirmed ... the Chills feature in one of the big multi-band events that

provide the highlights in this month's calendar. They play the Gladstone Easter Monday with **Sneaky Feelings**, **Look Blue Go Purple** and the **Skeptics** ... on the same day, Auckland's Windsor will see the **Tall Dwarfs** joined by some of Auckland's finest ... **The Ten Foot Fear Of the Circus Parade** at Wellington's Majestic Theatre on Mar 30 features Circus Block 4, Fear Of Extinction, Ten Foot Faces and Parade. The up 'n' coming CB4 make their first visit south later in April ... the **Rape Crisis**



Centre Benefit at Mainstreet Mar 24 features the Chills (again), Able Tasmans, Eric Glandy Band and others ... Mainstreet also sees the **Concert For Nicaragua**, which features Herbs, Topp Twins, Ahurangi and more.

Coming Up

We've been authorised to reveal that the hot rumour for May is **New Order**. Stay tuned ... metal heavyweights **Iron Maiden** have been confirmed for Palmerston North (May 12), Christ-

church (May 14) and Auckland (May 16) ... May will also see the **Dance Exponents** album tour, the first chance for most to see them live since August last year ... Australian cowpunks the **Johnnies** are set to play Dunedin (May 14), Timaru (15th), Christchurch (17-18th), Wellington (21-22nd) and Auckland (24-25th).

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

Records

Eurythmics
1984
RCA

Question: When is a movie soundtrack not a movie soundtrack?

Answer: When it's commissioned, written and recorded but barely used in the film.

Such was the fate of this album. Virgin Films were keen to utilise Eurythmics' popularity for marketing but 1984's director, Michael Radford, had the final word and other music was substituted. (Dramatically, Radford was right: an entire soundtrack of the Eurythmics' high-tech sound would have jarred with the film's deliberately dated sense of the future as envisaged by Orwell in the 1940s.)

So what we've got here are nine tracks, at least six of which were possibly conceived as programme music for scenes they now cannot evoke. This music is usually based in little more than building a repeated phrase. For example, Annie Lennox's wordless vocalising on 'Greetings From A Dead Man' sounds like the prolonged intro to a terrific piece that never eventuates. As a riff that's okay for maybe a minute or so, but not six. Whereas at one minute 20 secs, 'Winston's Diary' is just right — you

want to hear it again.

Apart from 'Winston's Diary' only three tracks really substantiate themselves, the three structured as songs in their own right. 'Julia' is one of those pretty ballads you seem to have heard before, as is the gently brooding 'For the Love of Big Brother'. And then there's 'Sexcrime', the album's "plusgood" reminder of what an impressive, driving and soulful band Eurythmics were when in NZ last year.

Peter Thomson

Wah!
The Way We Wah!
WEA

Wah! never broke any promises because Pete Wylie never made any, and even now this compilation of songs ends in an awkward silence.

Along with Julian Cope and Ian McCulloch, Wylie formed the Crucial Three, a lineup which quickly divided into Echo and the Bunnymen, the Teardrop Explodes and Wah!; three bands whose impact was simply enormous.

Early Wah! (the first side of this album) carried much over from the acoustic kick-start of the Crucial Three, including the journalistic hyperbole. Wylie worked within a limited palette (the angry young man, the working-class hero; the monochrome industrial stains) but worked that picture so well that it was impossible to imagine him doing anything else.

The Bunnymen produced 'Never Stop', the Teardrops 'Great Dominions' and good old reliable Pete stuck to his murky production and his low income, still giving people something to talk

about in low voices at parties. But not for long.

'Story Of the Blues' saw Wylie with backing singers, a string section and an adolescent anger that had become mature knowledge. The music, still unmistakably Wah!, became more fluent and capable; the sensuality of 'Sleep (Lullaby For Josie)', or the intelligence of 'Remember: You Can't Put Your Arms Around A Memory' sang Wylie; this timely compilation is proof that he never tried. Cold comfort.

Chad Taylor

The Smiths
Hatful Of Hollow
Rough Trade

These charming men, while busily recording their *Meat Is Murder* album, have offered us *A Hatful Of Hollow*, a collection of singles, B-sides, remixes and Peel sessions. This *Hatful* is not shallow and by no means is it hollow; rather a worthwhile stopgap, if one is to slight such an effort with so easy a label.

Morrissey cares. Morrissey can't sing. Who cares? Morrissey's voice is unique, clean and appealing. Refreshing lyrics full of wonder, accurate reflections that require the listener to contemplate in order to enjoy the complete meaning. In this situation their statements seem vague, they appear to not be a political band.

Comparisons with the Church are obvious. Johnny Marr's influences ensure this; his guitar should bring respectability back to the instrument after the recent wave of disguised hippy rockers that have abused it terribly. The

Edge should take take tips — restraint and appropriateness.

Many tracks are nothing short of brilliant. The obvious singles plus 'Still Ill', 'These Things Take Time' (very Meemees), 'You've Got Everything Now', to mention not enough. 'Back to the Old House' is a change of scenery, an interesting acoustic piece with just Morrissey and Marr working without their partners in pain and passion. Pleasure with no domes attached. 'How Soon Is Now' — not before time but a backtrack through sound. Here they reach heights and succeed by their sheer simplicity alone, where others — Simple Minds springs to mind — have not, because the Smiths do not distance themselves from their audience.

An aural kaleidoscope is created; Marr's guitar a zig-zag wandering anywhere, but only where he wants it. Andy Rourke is a bass guitarist with warmth. His contribution smooths out the music, will appear just a tad too comfortable but will then add (a touch of) musical spice. And at least Mike Joyce, the drums, knows where he is. Derivative but original; a paradox — the Smiths Are.

The Smiths have distinct quality. From humour to the beautiful in mere lines. "We cannot cling to those old dreams anymore."

Troy Shanks

John Fogerty
Centerfield
Warner Bros

The return of John Fogerty has already occasioned a lot of press. In the USA comment has been ex-

pectedly celebratory, while here in NZ reactions have been considerably more critical. And the reason (here anyway) may have something to do with the reviewers' ages. Most of us, y'see, are well old enough to remember when, in 1969 and 70, Fogerty penned and played (under the guise of Creedence Clearwater Revival) five great albums, albums that spawned half a dozen huge hit singles, while containing at least as many other songs of equally classic stature.

So what we reviewers are wanting from *Centerfield* is another album to stand alongside *Green River* or *Willie and the Poorboys* and we haven't got it. What we have got is evidence that one of the Great American Songwriters is back working again, if not (yet?) at his peak.

It's true that here and there the music on *Centerfield* does recall certain old Creedence numbers. It's also evident that lyrically the new songs are somewhat lacking in Fogerty's once sharp acumen or visionary power. The good news however is that his continued commitment to cajun R&B and rockabilly is still able to yield fresh music of consistently good quality. (There's not one number here that requires track-hopping.)

Back at the turn of the 70s opinion was pretty much split about who was the most important figure in American popular music. Jim Morrison had the leather and the lace, the outrage and the grandiloquent pretensions to ART. John Fogerty, on the other hand, wore check shirts and denims and just got on with his music. Fifteen

years later, hearing 'Old Man Down the Road' doesn't lay claim for its creator as any current leader of rock 'n' roll. It does, however, prove that he's very much alive and well.

Peter Thomson
Bob Dylan
Real Live
CBS

Dylan has assembled a tough, crashing little band to tour in the wake of the superb *Infidels* album. Former Rolling Stones guitarist Mick Taylor and ex-Small Faces keyboard man Ian McLagan colour the sound while bassist Greg Sutton and drummer Colin Allen hold down the bottom in solid fashion. Carlos Santana adds his singing guitar to the album closer, 'Tombstone Blues'.

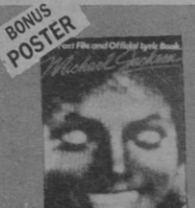
Dylan does a couple of solo spots, but very much in the head-on rock mould of the rest of the album. It's an edgy, hard-driving record. Immediate standouts are 'Tombstone Blues', 'Ballad of a Thin Man' and 'I and I', from *Infidels*. Other songs are 'Highway 61 Revisited', 'Maggie's Farm', 'License to Kill', 'Tangled Up In Blue', 'Girl From the North Country' and 'Masters of War', which sounds stronger than ever. Its message certainly hasn't dated it.

Bob Dylan is no longer a figurehead for a generation. His most 'important' music may be behind him — and us — but he continues to make music which can shake the walls, start a tear and raise a smile. Play on, brother Bob, play on. This sounds good to me.

Ken Williams



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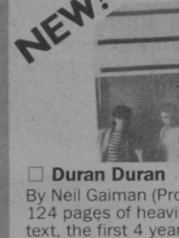
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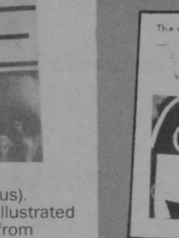
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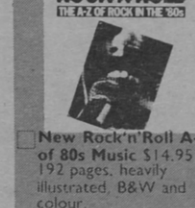
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Records

Bryan Adams, Reckless (A&M)
Back in 1977, Adams met drummer Jim Vallance and a songwriting

partnership was formed. Their material was used by the likes of Loverboy, Kiss and Bonnie Tyler. Fast forward to 85 and the partnership is still intact on this, the fourth Adams album. The cover shot is by Japanese lensman Hiro (famous for the Stones' *Black and Blue* cover) and the contents are what you'd expect. Ten tracks, ranging from the top five (USA) single 'Run to You' through to the softer ballads like 'Heaven' (from the film *A Night in Heaven*) —

somewhere in between is 'Solid Rock' as per his Western Springs appearance. Surprise track is 'It's Only Love', sung with none other than Tina Turner. There's also a six-track video of the album available. What with a world tour, top 10 (USA) album and songs being covered by 38 Special and Joe Cocker, 85 seems to be Bryan Adams' year. **Australian Crawl Crawl File (EMI)** "Giddy mate, guess what I've

got in my hand? No, it's not Bob Hawke's resignation and it's not *The Australian Book of Etiquette* ... it's a collection of Aussie Crawl's singles and a cross-section of album tracks. It's got all the goodies, including 'Shutdown', 'Down Hearted', 'Reckless' and 'Boys Light Up'. (By the way, the inner sleeve is co-designed by ex-Swinger Buster Stiggs.) Okay lads, let's all sing ... 'Throw down your gun, let's all get legless!' " **The Everly Brothers EB84 (Mercury)**

Okay, it's 1984 and the Everly Brothers are gonna make a record. "Wow," says Paul McCartney, and, acknowledging a debt of influence, writes for them possibly the best country song of last year. Solid ZB stuff! And "wow" says longtime fan Dave Edmunds. And who better to produce such an album? Well, it doesn't turn out to be the Stray Cats meet Johnny Cash; there are songs from Frankie Miller, the Beatles and Bob Dylan. Can't miss, right? There is a great version of the Jeff Lynne song, 'The Story Of Me', complete with synthesizers too. But there are many filler tracks as well. Don Everly's writing has fallen off since his first solo country album and it

was only B-grade then. But yes, excellent production, and the Paul McCartney song, 'Wings of a Nightingale' is worth the album price alone. **BS**

Aretha Franklin Aretha's Jazz (Atlantic)

This album collects selections from two previously released Aretha LPs. Side one excerpts tracks from her *Soul '69* album. Not exactly jazz, more big band blues. The settings may be less than perfect but Aretha's singing is prime: fiery and inspired. Side two however takes some of the most muddled moments from her collaboration with Quincy Jones, *Hey Now Hey (The Other Side Of the Sky)*. A complete reissue of *Soul '69* — or even better, a reissue of her first six albums — would have been preferable, but the renewed availability of this material in any form is welcome. **AD**

Ricky Skaggs' Country Boy (Epic)

Hot picking in an "urban bluegrass" mould. Skaggs is a pleasant singer — he does a nice job of George Jones' 'Window Up Above' — and a fine instrumentalist (guitar, mandolin, fiddle). He gets some sterling support from the likes of steel guitarist Lloyd

Green and Buddy Emmons and fiddler Bobby Hicks. Bluegrass legend Bill Monroe adds his mandolin to his own 'Wheel Hoss'. The record has a nice, pre-rock feel, woody, acoustic. For good and bad times, by the people for the people. **KW**

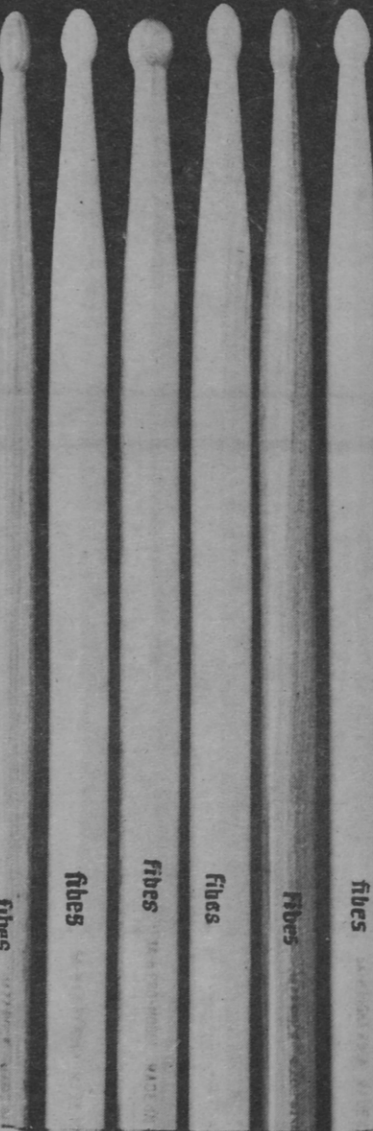
The Bronx Outrageous Boys (Capture)

The Bronx have been a live pub favourite for several years now, operating in a similar musical field to the Narcs. They've released a couple of singles and now, with the news of a change of name (to 'Chains'), lineup and musical direction, comes an epitaph LP, recorded at Gisborne's Capture Studios. Soundwise it's pretty good — crisp and clear; material-wise it's a little patchy. They clearly operate best up-tempo, with 'Nigel', the standout track on the album, romping along very nicely indeed. The weakest moments come on the ballads, which are pretty limp. They've got an ear for a tune and a feel for rock and with their new members coming from Knightshade presumably the hard rock elements of the band will be pursued. A reasonable souvenir of the old, then, and I look forward to the new. **CC**

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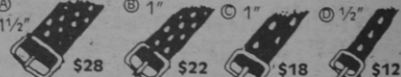
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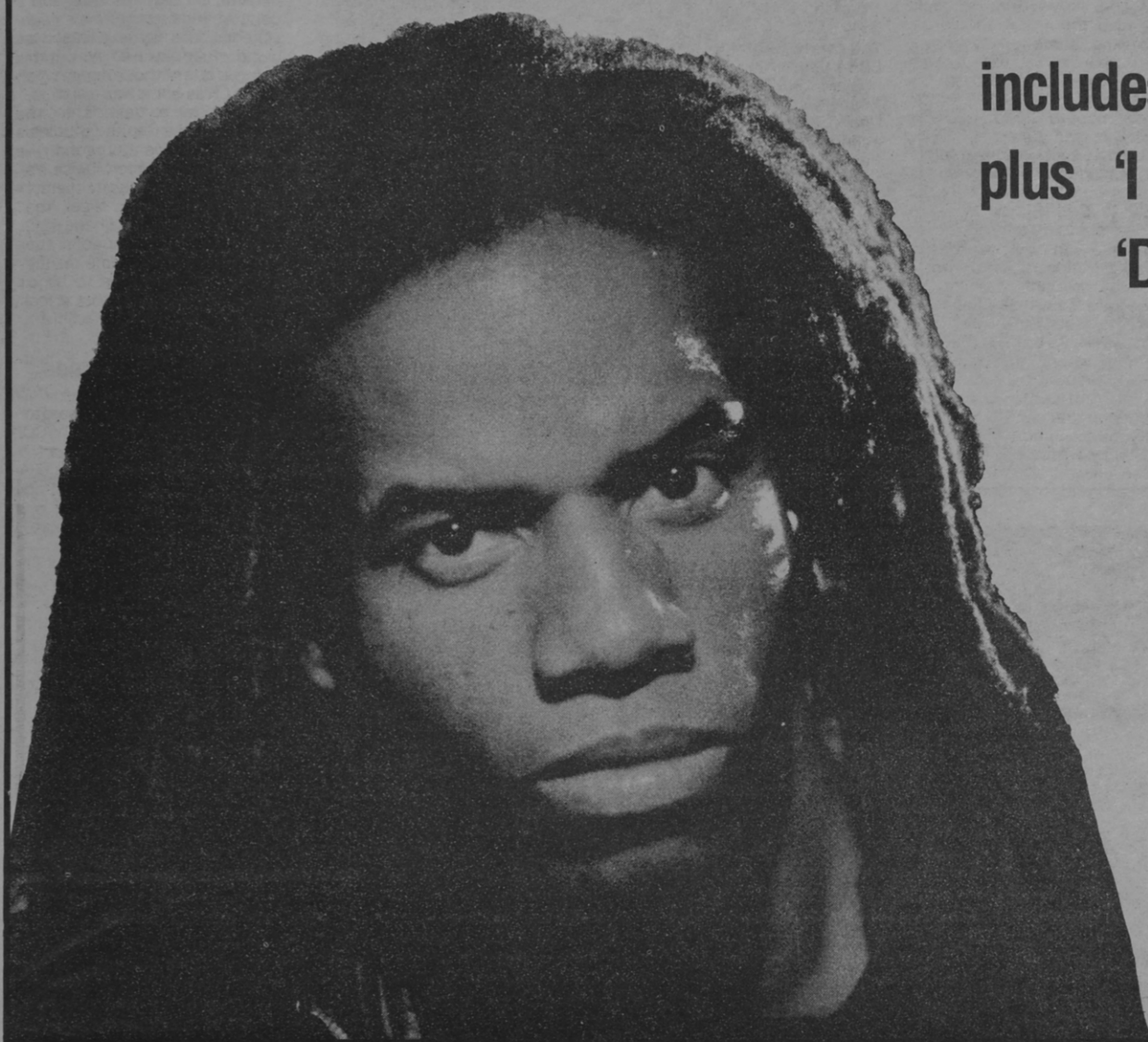
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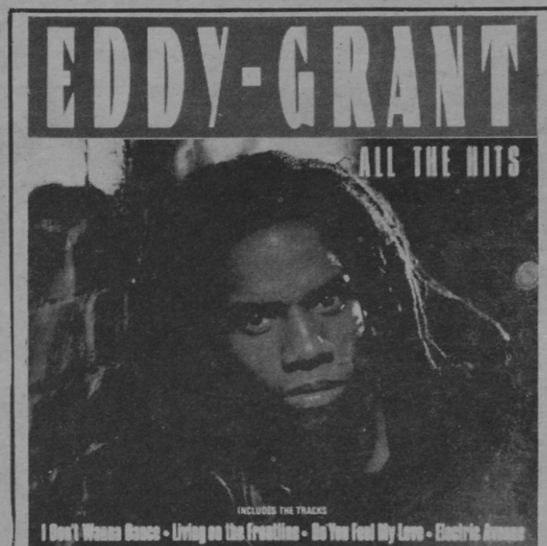
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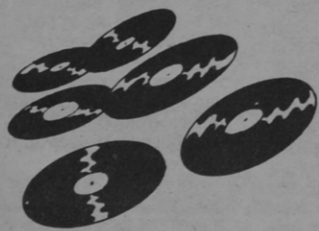


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Live

DD Smash, Q.E.D. Logan Campbell Centre, March 2.

In reviewing *The Optimist* last November, Duncan Campbell focused on the rapid development of Dave Dobbyn's songwriting. So fresh and mature were the new songs they rendered a number like 'The Actor', an inclusion from the days of *Cool Bananas*, sounding "dated and heavy-handed". Yet disappointingly, such was the approach of the new DD Smash live lineup, that it was 'The Actor' which seemed most faithful to the recording. Okay, so they were performing in the Logan Campbell Centre but its bunker-like acoustics can't take all the blame.

Theoretically the show should have been very hot. Dobbyn was in strong voice and his usual irrepressible good humour. The band was tight and thoroughly professional and the two-piece horn section perfect for that soulful punch evident in so much of the new material. Then why did it come out sounding so similar in

feel to all the early songs? Even '... What She Do', a pop gem if there ever was one, had lost much of its 'Magic'. Probably a number of factors were responsible. Maybe Dave hasn't fully expanded his performing styles to encompass that wide variety of writing. Certainly the sound mix was often inappropriate, with Peter Warren's drumming frequently nailing down songs instead of lifting them up. (Luther Vandross's 'She Loves Me Back' suffered particularly.)

And of course there is the Logan Campbell Centre. It undermined opening act Q.E.D. via their volume. Jenny Morris has a lovely voice and an exciting stage presence, yet both were to little avail as the band's whole sound blurred into an overloud roar. 'Everywhere I Go' was decipherable with the aid of memory, but most of the other songs (many also possibly very good) were left indistinct.

Dave Dobbyn's songwriting, once immediately distinctive, is becoming less hallmarked due to its extraordinary diversity and development. If the man keeps on this way he's certainly going to become a worldwide chart-topper (optimistic my arse — it's obvious!). I hope his live performances develop accordingly.

Peter Thomson

Dr Feelgood Stringfellows, March 3

No mess, no fuss, just pure impact. Dr Feelgood hit the stage and the audience with the inimitable style of rhythm and blues which has earned them a reputation as one of the hardest bands to come from England.

Lee Brilleaux, the one original Feelgood, proved that he could play R&B the way it should be, displaying some pretty mean, howling harpwork as well as being a proficient slide guitarist. His powerful voice is the perfect complement to Gordon Russell's incredible lead guitar.

The crowd got what it wanted — the Feelgoods ran through all the classics, from 'Milk and Alcohol' to 'Riot in Cell Block No.9'. A viciousness to match early punk, combined with the knowledge of decades of bluesmen provide the unusual product that is the Feelgoods. Those qualities were perfectly demonstrated on numbers like 'As Long As The Price Is Right', where Russell strikes some great power chords.

A magnificent 'Route 66' wound up the set — time for everyone to go home contented and happy. *Whaaaaa!*? No chance! These crowd-teasers had three encores and the people just



Dr Feelgood's Lee Brilleaux, Stringfellows.

couldn't get enough. Guitars behind their necks and even playing among the crowd, they eventually blew away any cobwebs the old doctor might have gathered with a stunning 'Great Balls Of Fire'. **Troy Shanks**

Neil Young Western Springs, Feb 22

I went along to see Uncle Neil expecting to enjoy the loud stuff — but (a) It never got very loud; and (b) The noisy stuff was the big letdown of the night.

Young opened with his country band, the International Harvesters and bounced through an enjoyable, well-arranged set. The Harvesters are good musicians, especially the portly, balding fiddler Rufus Thibodeaux, who held up stage left like he'd been doing it all his life — which he probably has.

Next came Young (more or less) solo. As befitted the circumstances, he did most of his chatting to the audience during this set, although a few of his pitches (especially "I'd like to say hello to any Maoris out there.") fell a little flat. He told us about his little daughter Amber-Jean and played the quieter, more sensitive tunes in his repertoire, including, of course, 'Tonight's the Night'. The highlight was a crisp 'Hey Hey, My My'. He wouldn't leave the stage until he'd gotten us all to sing 'Sugar Mountain' back to him, but he didn't quite overstay his welcome.

Then it was time for Crazy Horse — the crowd bristled in anticipation of the real rock 'n' roll. I was disappointed and, if the exodus during the set was anything to go by, so were a few other people.

The band that Young has been touring with in the recent past is the Harvesters, not Crazy Horse, and that became glaringly obvious. The other players just did their best to hold on and let Young go through his chops on guitar. And hey hey, my my didn't he go through his chops. A nine-and-a-half-hour version of 'Like A Hurricane' was perhaps to be expected but Young proceeded to wreak havoc with the dynamics and structure of all the other numbers. Only 'Powderfinger' got up any real tension, because it stayed close enough to the essence of the song.

It should be said that many of those around me (including my companions) seemed to enjoy it mightily, but it shouldn't be enough to just hear the songs — they should be played well. The *Rust* material, for example, had all the right noises, but the band simply wasn't there.

All this and he's a Ronnie Reagan fan ... **Russell Brown**

Chills, Look Blue Go Purple, Able Tasmans Waikato University, March 4

The Able Tasmans opened the segment of the Flying Nun tour that hit the Waikato this year. Despite the presence of a large crowd, they didn't gain much reaction from the dancefloor. They have a kind of quirkiness that makes you think that, with another member, they could be NZ's version of the B-52s. But of course it's up to them as to whether that would be what they want. Anyway, as it is there's a certain sense of sameness about the songs, and just how many manic keyboard solos can you take in one night? At least they were enthusiastic and now all I'm waiting for is the authentic Ray Manzarek Orgasm On Stage. Now that would be good.

A different proposition altogether were Dunedin all women band Look Blue Go Purple, who were making their first appearance in Hamilton. They took a little while to find their feet, initially suffering from a poor mix where bass and drums were all that could be heard, but once that was rectified and they gained a bit more confidence, they were impressive. The highlight was

keyboardist Norma O'Malley's little bit of flute playing. The songs ranged from wonderful, flute-orientated ones to some tunes with a bit of real bite, but they were basically all good, original pop songs.

The Chills came on and played a pretty up-and-down 20-song set. Martin Phillipps complained frequently that he couldn't hear himself, so perhaps that was a contributing factor to their inconsistency. The lighting show was wonderfully psychedelic, but this was not one of those nights when every Chills song was great.

There were flashes of the supreme brilliance they're capable of — 'Doledrums' (better than the record), 'Rolling Moon', 'Silhouette with a bit of real passion and 'I'll Only See You Again'. 'Pink Frost' was almost abysmal on the night, but you can't keep a good song down and the audience reaction was ecstatic (as was to be expected). So, not gods, but at least they've proved they're fallible. **Paul McKessar**

VUWSA Orientation 1985 Victoria University, 5-9 March

Orientation 85. Has Wellington ever enjoyed such a rock 'n' roll feast? Night after night of foot tappin', tummy thumpin', good time music. Yeehah! Yer local pundit stayed up and strode out as long as limbs and liver lasted. It sure is hard to slam dance at 45.

Tuesday featured some of Flying Nun's finest as Zippy's Last Tour. First up was Look Blue Go Purple, on their first major foray beyond Dunedin. These women play capricious yet controlled music. Strident at times, mellow at others, the sounds were varied and intriguing. The use of flute was especially effective. Watch for their forthcoming four-track EP.

Three straight-looking fellows with a hardcore approach followed. On occasion the intensity of the Able Tasmans assault was hypnotic. But the overall impression was of an emerging band, refining its repertoire. Provided they don't lose their dynamism or lock into a single groove they will bear some listening.

The Bats whipped new meaning into the tarnished and decaying edifice of country rock. Snaking rhythms and appealing guitar are their fire-brands. Paul's exhortations for the audience to dance paid dividends as the final bracket put most on their toes.

Finally, local heroes the Chills took the stage. Circumstance forced them to play at pace, dulling the impact of slower numbers like 'Pink Frost'. Yet that's small criticism; they played very well and with Martin's precise songwriting and a formidable lineup of talent, the Chills are poised to make an international impact.

Wednesday night, For Crying Out Loud had the unenviable task of opening for Hunters and Collectors at very late notice and apparently one member short. They did not play well. Credit's due for the effort though. Poet Darryl Ward then endured much abuse as he hilariously recited several of his oeuvres.

A revamped Working With Walt followed. Although only one of the former lineup survived, the songs (generally) remained the same. Despite considerable effort the performance floundered. The songs need a serious look as most peter out swiftly with unnecessarily stolid mid-sections.

Hunters and Collectors saved the evening. They locked into solid rhythms and weaved spells. The encores (repeats of the main set) were even more effective.

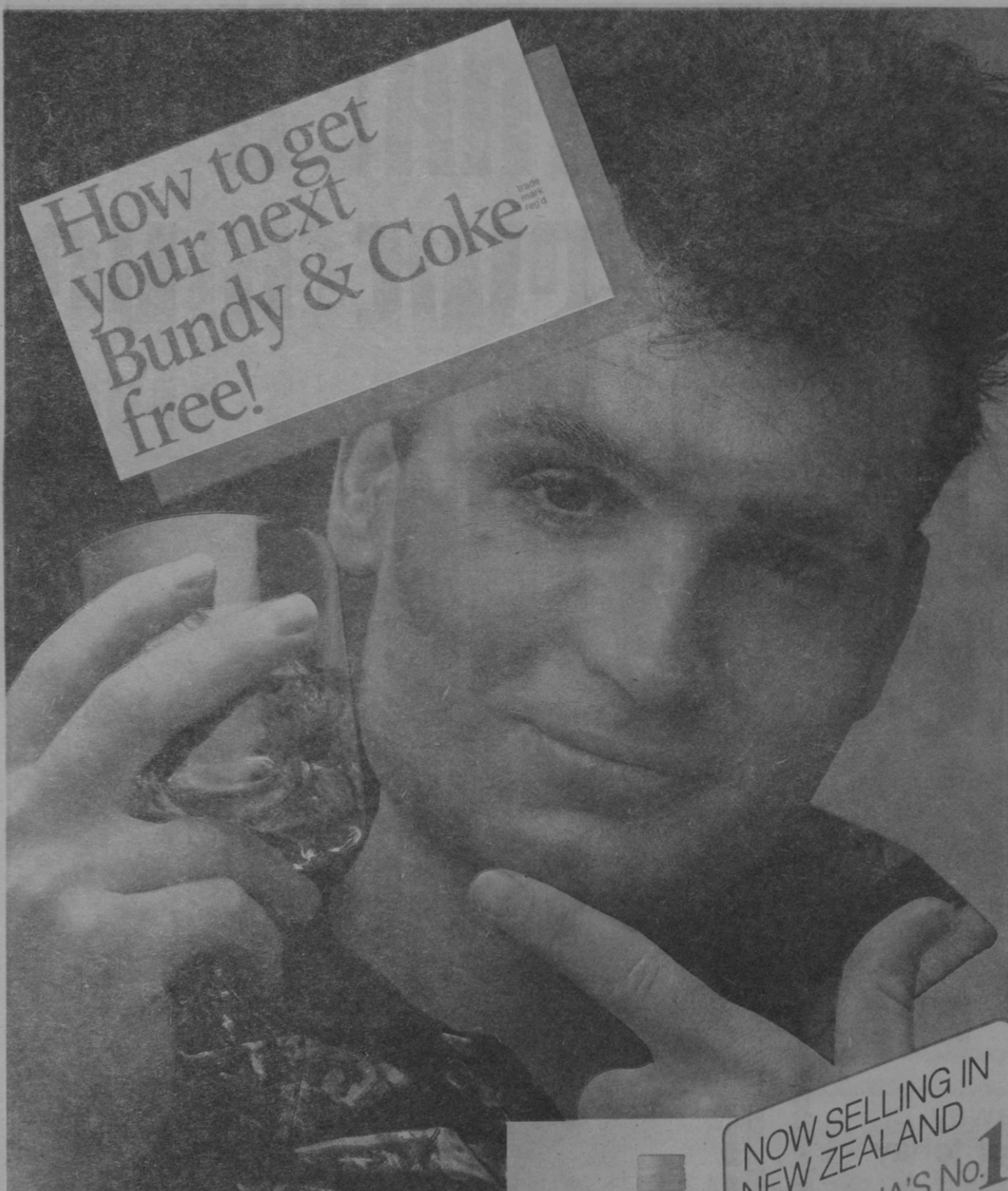
Friday evening, Wellington's Paras enjoyed a hearty reception. They're a pop band with debts to U2 and the Mockers. Young, slick and enthusiastic, they've just turned professional. Beware false gold, lads. Life's not all wine and roses as a teen idol.

The Netherworld Dancing Toys followed with a scintillating performance. As the pace was not frenetic the framework of the songs was kept intact. The dance beat was powerful and the two-piece horn section added a strong bottom end. The performance was capped by the flawless and sympathetic lighting of NZ's premier lightman, Jed Taylor (no relation).

Saturday I saw the dramatic and occasionally bizarre 27 Missing in the Cracks with Sneaky Feelings at the Pulse. Sneaky Feelings turned in a fast performance including a batch of strong new songs. I had intended to return to varsity to see Porirua's excellent Dread Beat and Blood and Herbs, but the best laid plans ...

Marvellous entertainment and, as the different crowds testified, something for everyone. Well done VUWSA.

David Taylor



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I'm Talking Trust Me (Regular)

Single of the month has to go to this bunch of young Melbourneites. A wonderful, fresh little disco-pop number that exudes confidence and reeks of the-best-is-yet-to-come. If you're lucky you may hear it on Radio BFM — and if you're even luckier they may even tour here.

Sam Harris Sugar Don't Bite (Motown) 12"

I still can't decide if this is male, female, or a close friend of Sylvester's. The editor suggested that he may be white, if so, that could solve everything. One of the better efforts this month, it bounds along at a rare old pace, has a crisp production and is even a half-decent song.

Pennye Ford Change Your Wicked Ways (Total Experience) 12"

It's nice to know that RCA have the insight to release some of the Total Experience catalogue. The only thing I can tell you about Pennye Ford is that she records on the same label as the Gap Band and Yarbrough and Peoples. She sings like Teri Wells and really gets hold of this tremendous little groove piece. Essential buying.

Orchestre Jazira Happy Day (Beggar's Banquet)

This is a pleasant surprise on the local release front. Orchestre Jazira are an amalgamation of black Africans and white Brits. They have been around in various forms for a number of years now and feature amongst their ranks Ben Mandelson, a compiler of the excellent *Sound D'Afrique* series. An enjoyable little number with English lyrics.

Switch Switch It Baby (Total Experience) 12"

Around since the 70s, Switch have made little impact saleswise. Heavy funk, 'Switch It Baby' is reminiscent of 'No Parking On the Dancefloor' or maybe a Rick James song. Quite fun, but definitely here today, gone tomorrow.

The Armoury Show We Can Be Brave Again (EMI)

I can understand what Richard

Jobson is up to, though I cannot condone it. I suppose he figures if fellow Skid Stuart Adamson, can make a packet rehashing their old songs then why can't he. I think Jobbo's doing the better job — at least his songs are funny.
Mark Phillips.

Shake Summation

The Freudian Slips Are You Laughing? (Jayrem)

The first Freudian Slips record, last year's *On the Line*, had a tentative, almost half-hearted feel about some of it — *Are You Laughing?* opens up with more sass and keeps it till the needle lifts on Side Two. "Go blow yourself to bits!" sings Penny Andrews to combative men in 'Don't Look Up'. Fair enough! 'Overcome', however, doesn't fare too well melodically and its lyrical path is unfettered but doesn't add much to a much-discussed theme ("phantom orgasm get out of my space"). But 'Not the Best' is a nicely textured song about the times when things don't work as they should. And 'Are You Laughing?' swells and subsides perfectly — I can't decide whether it or 'Don't Look Up' is the standout. Whatever, this is a good way for the Slips to go out. It shows it can be done.

Left Right and Centre Don't Go (Virgin)

The trick with this record was always going to be balancing the need for an intelligent anti-tour message with a good helping of naked pop appeal. This joint effort gets pretty close to the mark. Over a bouncy string band-type feel an admirably concise and sensible lyric addressed to the All Blacks/NZRFU makes its case rather than being didactic and the chorus (which I didn't like at first) heads straight for the se tion of the brain that controls humming and singing and hacks itself out a home there. The flip has a complimentary long mix and the croony, more specific 'You've Got To Move, Cecil'. Even if the All Blacks do go to South Africa, this should prove a very important record. If you don't wanna buy, at least listen to it.

Katango Dial L For Love (Zulu)

Katango had one moment of mild pop spice with 'Pick It Up' but 'Dial L For Love' is raw tofu in comparison. It sounds like a very self-conscious attempt to write a "pop song" which isn't rescued by inappropriate production and mannered delivery. Numbingly dumb, in fact.

Russell Brown

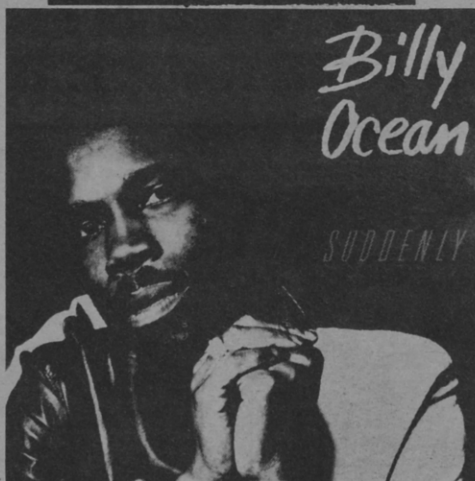


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Wellington

The new **Spines** LP, *The Moon*, was delayed by lack of studio time for mixing but should be in record shops by the end of March ... **Fear**

Of Extinction, a city four-piece, recently released a 12" EP on their own **Fear Of Extinction** label ... **Violent Summer** are set to release their first EP, 'Morning After' on Jayrem. The band was formed by Steve Wilson and includes Legionnaires ... the **MIDEM** conference held recently in France and attended by several NZ indie labels proved fruitful for Jayrem. Jim Moss reports he has definite UK releases through the Cartel and Rough Trade for the **Spines**, **Low Profile**, **Circus Block 4**, the **Idles** and **IQU**. In the States **Flesh D-Vice** are likely to be released and *The Silent One* soundtrack has

already sold well there ... expect to find the following in your favourite plastic parlour over the next few months: **Step Chant Unit** single 'Painting Pictures', **Midge Marsden/Roger Fox** collaboration, Hot Records compilation and **Vietnam** four-track ... Victoria Uni's orientation programme has proceeded smoothly with excellent audiences at gigs. Full marks to Richard Simpson and cohorts. **David Taylor**

UK & USA

New **Smiths** single, 'Shakespeare's Sister', appears to demonstrate unprecedented good taste on the part of the miserable Mancunians by featuring an **Elsie Tanner** pic sleeve. Wow ... Danny Sims, the man who released the tacky **Bob Marley** demo collection *Chances Are*, is now claiming that Marley signed a contract with him in 1972 handing over the rights to all existing recordings and those for the next three years, to Sims' own company. He's claiming millions of dollars in court ... **Mel Smith** and **Griff Rhys Jones** get their first shot at a movie in *Morons From Outer Space* ... and **Terry Gilliam**'s follow-up to *Time Bandits* is an exercise in large-scale madcapness called *Brazil*, which stars **Robert De Niro** ... a cassette single of a banned **Rolling Stones** song is the latest release by the **Music Industry Liberation Knights**, a London-based group dedicated to making available recordings that have been canned over the years through record co executive nerves or whatever. This single, 'Claudine', is about actress Claudine Longet who beat a rap for shooting her ski instructor boyfriend. M.I.L.K. also claims to have top-quality unreleased material by the **Beatles**, **Beach Boys** (including the legendary unreleased *Smile* tracks), **Bowie** and **John Fogerty** ... will **Bill Laswell**, fresh from the **Mick Jagger** LP, produce the next **Motorhead** platter? ... UK indie **Pinnacle** has made it through receivership and is now fully operational, after being purchased by a publishing concern called Lambourne Productions, although it has lost **4AD** ... former **Sex Pistols** drummer **Paul Cook** has joined the **Chiefs Of Relief**, the post-Bow Wow Wow group, who claim to be ready for a burst of activity ... former Gun Club singer **Geoffrey Lee Pierce** has been

playing in London in a jazz combo which also includes drug-orientated journo **Kris Needs** and **Ollie** from the Specimen ... new book, *Elvis — The Novel*, by Robert Graham and Keith Baty has been gaining favourable comment for its approach to the saga ... **Stevie Ray Vaughan** has produced the new LP by Alligator Records guitarist **Lonnie Mack**, *Strike Like Lightning*.

Albums: Sex Pistols *The Mini Album* (previously unreleased early material), Killing Joke *Night Time*, Tears For Fears *Songs From the Big Chair*, Howard Jones *Dream Into Action*, China Crisis *Flaunt the Imperfection*, Husker Du *New Day Rising*, Martin Rev *Clouds Of Glory*.

Auckland

Success for NZ music overseas: the **Patea Maori Club's** 'Poi E' adjudged joint single of the week in the March 2 *NME* by the venerable Charles Shaar Murray. Said CSM: "sounds like an excerpt from a great party" ... in a deal initiated at last month's **MIDEM** music fair, **Flying Nun** records will now be distributed in the United Kingdom by **Rough Trade**. Apparently FN has already built up a small word-of-mouth following in the motherland ... **Dance Exponents** also benefited from the fair and have so far confirmed a French release deal on the strength of 'Sex & Agriculture'.

Goblin Mix are now bigger by one with the addition of David from the Exploding Budgies on wild guitar ... new **Peking Man** single is 'Lift Your Head Up High' which will be available on Hit Singles in both 7" and 12" form. The 12" will contain extra live tracks ... new about are **This Times Square**, effectively a combination of Skin Dynamics and Stiff Richards. They have a debut five-track EP out and are in search of a bass player and a keyboardist. Contact Garry (665-227) or Rewi (762-099) ... former member of Marginal Era, **Richard Newcomb** is working with **IQU** who also have the services of Peter Van Der Fluit on bass and are looking for a permanent singer ... graffiti in mens' toilets at Mainstreet: "Flesh D-Vice — six years too late, and five bucks too much ..."

South

The **Star & Garter** is now completely finished as a rock 'n' roll

venue. The new manager didn't exactly, um, *encourage* live music ... the **Punch** are recording at 3ZM and preparing themselves for a month long Aranui resident spot ... the **Haemogoblins** album has now become a five-track EP and they have a new bass player in Greg Bainbridge, who also plays with the Builders ... Bill Dieren rumoured to be taking the **Builders** to Australia later this year ... also planning an Australian trip are the **Connoisseurs**.

Currently working together but without a name are **Peter Cooke** (ex Wastrel) and **Martin Morris** (ex Exponent) ... **Vince Pinker** also has an as yet unnamed band ... the **Wastrels** have recorded a farewell single, 'Shadows/She Don't Need You' at Auckland's Mandrill and may do a live album in Wellington before Anton Jenner leaves the country in late April ... it would seem that the **Idles** are finished. Drummer Barry Blackler is to travel to Auckland for a few appearances with **Crystal Zoom** ... **Monitor** are breaking up.

Rob Failsafe is currently working on the much-awaited followup to the *Accident Compilation* cassette, which will this time also include bands from Dunedin ... also due from Failsafe is the **Southern Front** LP ... the **Say Yes To Apes** plan for world domination has moved a step closer with the arrival in ChCh of **Kevin "Bad Ass" Smith** and they plan to delight local audiences shortly ... **Peter Arnold** is planning a follow-up to his **Jumbles** 45 'Stuff Of Dreams' and is trying to put an actual band together ... the **Bats** are recording at Nightshift.

On the heels of the **Punch**, fellow Timaruvians **Naughty Thoughts** are moving to ChCh ... **Ritchie Venus & the Blue Beetles** have been working on a long-playing cassette and a single at Nightshift ... **Charles Bravo** are rehearsing new material for a cabaret act ... the **Minit Men** recording at 3ZM.

Passing thru ChCh in near future are Aust's **Mickey Rat** and **Sneaky Feelings** ... don't forget the **Flying Nun** spectacular on Easter Monday with Chills, Sneaky Feelings, Look Blue Go Purple and Skeptics. Tickets \$10 from Record Factory and Radar Records ... rumoured to tour here soon are Aussies the **Riff** ... and did you know that Midnight Oil drummer **Rob Hirst** went to Mossman Primary School with Aussie cricket

captain **Alan Border** and actor **Tom Burlinson**? In fact they were all prefects there in 1967. Strange but true! **Alistair Cain**

Video



RCA/Columbia has just released a new batch of music videos, the list headed by *Rock 'n' Roll*, the *Early Years*, which features footage of Elvis, Chuck Berry, Buddy Holly, Fats Domino and Bill Haley, taken from TV shows of the time, etc. There's also the 30min *Reckless* video from Bryan Adams, Joan Armatrading's retrospective *Track Record* and *Styx Live*.

CBS/Fox heads its releases with *Unfaithfully Yours*, starring Dudley Moore and Natassja Kinski. There are also two comedies in Mel Brooks' *To Be Or Not To Be* and Pamela Stephenson in the oddball *Private Collection*. The **Cine** range offers the original classic SF film *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, Joan Crawford and Sterling Hayden in *Johnny Guitar* and John Wayne and Maureen O'Hara in *Rio Grande*.

Palace offers the charming SF movie *Android*, a hit at last year's film festivals which stars Klaus Kinski a long way from home. There's also the second Charles Chaplin re-release, *Modern Times* and Robert Altman's *Streamers*.

Warner video has the somewhat looney Steve Martin in *The Man With Two Brains* and Tom Cruise in one of last year's comedy hits on the big screen, *Risky Business*.

MGM has the Hitchcock classic *North By Northwest*, starring Cary Grant and Eva Marie Saint, and *Logan's Run*.

Other releases include *Roadshow* with the quirky *Valley Girl*; **Media** with the silly but enjoyable sexy spoof *Flesh Gordon*; **7 Keys** with Jack Lemmon in *The Entertainer*; and VCL with Louis Gossett Jr in *He Who Stands Alone*.

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STOP MAKING SENSE

Director: Jonathan Demme

Initially, I thought there would be two ways of approaching *Stop Making Sense* — either as a record of a Talking Heads concert or as a Jonathan Demme film. That the two are inseparable is evidence of the movie's achievement.

The film itself seems to take on the character of one of David Byrne's songs. From the moment when Pablo Ferro's nervously elegant titles fill the screen, one senses that all excess has been pared away. Style has been wrought from the barest essentials. It is an aesthetic that can be traced through in some of Byrne's treatments of his own songs: 'Heaven' from *Fear Of Music* features only Byrne and Tina Weymouth with the rather eerie assistance of two offstage vocalists. Demme then complements the laid-back ambience of the songs with lingering, slow dissolves between the performers.

We are told very definitely in the credits that the staging has been conceived by Byrne and it is certainly mounted with knife-edge



precision. It takes six numbers to get the whole band on stage: Byrne introduces 'Psycho Killer' as a nervy solo and gradually, song by song, the band join him with all nine musicians eventually launching into a blistering version of 'Burning Down the House'. Demme uses this slow build-up to achieve some brilliant cinema, whether it be the 180 degree pan around drummer Chris Frantz in his number or the effective side shots and long shots in 'Slippery People'.

The concert was recorded in Hollywood Pantages Theatre over four evenings and Demme incorporates the reality of the theatrical presentation into his film. Jordan Cronenworth's camera lets us both see the wings as well as see the view across the stage as if we were participating in the performance. Roadies in black move on and off like mysterious figures from Kabuki theatre.

'Making Flippy Floppy' is the first song to make use of back-projected slides. A giant triptych behind the group throws out words which seem to catch slices of the contemporary American ethos (FACELIFT/PIG/STARWARS was my favourite combination) and yet Demme is not afraid to ignore some of these cultural surtitles in his concentrating on the musicians. At other times he can be the soul of discretion: the film-

ing of 'This Must Be the Place', with the band compactly arranged around the domestic prop of a standard lamp, is as restrained as the original video for the song had been.

In the final count, what makes *Stop Making Sense* such an exhilarating experience is Demme's evident sympathy for these performers. One of the most irresistible touches is the way in which he catches the delightful interaction between Byrne and the diminutive Weymouth, looking amazingly like a Stateside Sue Donaldson.

It was 1976 when Martin Scorsese caught the magic of the Band's final concert in *The Last Waltz* and I've been a long time waiting to find a rock film that is as satisfying musically as it is cinematically. *Stop Making Sense* is such a film. That is no mean achievement.

TESTAMENT

Director: Lynne Littman

Testament has made it rather belatedly to our cinemas, too late, alas, to use Jane Alexander's 1984 Oscar nomination for publicity. It is a harrowing film, yet its low-key and restrained approach to the subject of nuclear holocaust is a healthy corrective to the melodramatics and sheer silliness of last year's *The Day After*.

In *Testament*, the small Californian town of Hamlin has survived the direct impact of a nuclear attack that has devastated the rest of the country. The film shows us, with chilling inevitability, the extinction of the town's populace.

Some of the strongest anti-nuclear protest has come from women — one remembers the Greenham Common demonstration or Auckland's indefatigable Pramathon participants — and *Testament* is very much a woman's view of this horrific subject. One cannot but admire how it avoids both the graphically violent and the sentimental and yet manages to be both horrific and immensely moving. *Testament* is a thought-provoking and compelling film that one hopes will be seen by a larger audience than the small number who went to the short Auckland season.

COUNTRY

Director: Richard Pearce

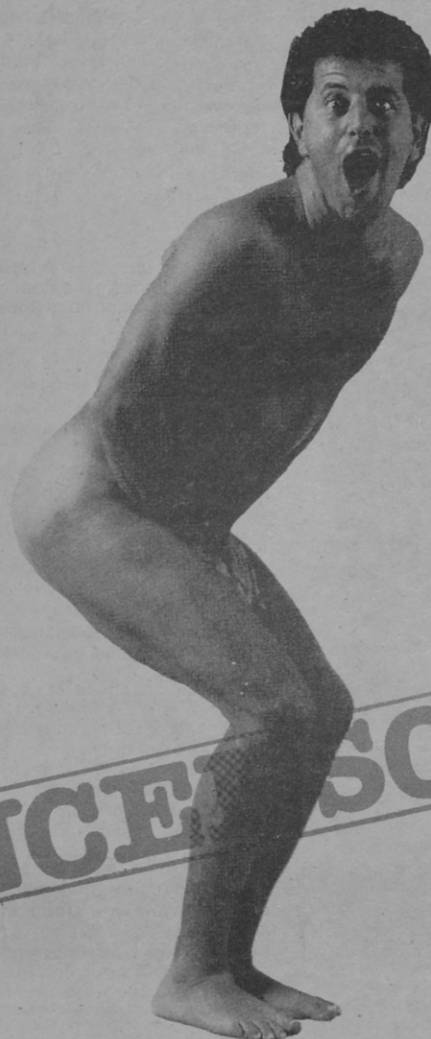
Pearce's new film describes the struggle of the poor farmers in present-day Dakota and their struggle against the faceless power of an unsympathetic government. *Country* takes as its theme the same conflict that inspired Woody Guthrie to write so many poignant songs in the late 30s and 40s. It is a good deal less effective than Guthrie, because it lacks his essential simplicity and directness.

Some of the problems lie with casting. For my money, Jessica Lange, however sincere she may be in her politics and skillful in her acting, she just doesn't convince as a pancake-dispensing, hair-curler-bedecked mother over a farm breakfast table. Even Sam Shepard lacks that dimension of credibility that is so necessary for that type of film.

Country deals with a social conditions of present-day America that has grown out of the retrenchment policies of the Reagan government. However worthy it be in its intentions, it simply lies struggling under the weight of the studio production and presentation around it. After all ... Woody Guthrie just wrote three-chord songs and played his guitar.

WILLIAM DART

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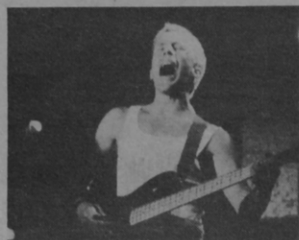
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HUNTERS' FROM PAGE 14

If you've ever owned a decent leather jacket you'll know just how special a few bits of black cowhide can become. The jacket has moulded itself to you to the extent that it's like walking round in your favourite armchair. Feeling a little worried? Confused? Tired? Lonely? Scared? Like a baaaaa security blanket that jacket'll make you feel better. And now my jacket was gone.

It was hard to pierce the confusion and undertake a thorough investigation in the time we had left



John Archer, Auckland Uni.

before heading north and we rolled outta town without my jacket. I felt very sick.

The News with the Bullet (IN)

And now for the news, read by 'Arry Ratbag ...

- Two well-known Auckland DJs 'ave given up looking for a new club and gone from spinning discs to spilling drinks.

- The Mockers go overseas in Andrew Fagan's boat.

Estimated date of arrival on Kawau Island April 30.

- Car Crash Set travel to Wellington by train and get served beers by 40-year-old fruits. Arrive to find 'otel run by gang members, lighting company by scaffolders, pub by Italians and whole city by thugs and politicians.

- Police arrest and charge Dave Dobbyn with inciting a riot. They then take things one step further and arrest entire city council, Hugh Lynn, the whole staff of 89FM (MMM) and all the riot police involved. All charges are then thrown out of court and an ex-police commissioner charged with wasting everyone's time.

- Hunters and Collectors play an alcohol/tobacco free gig at Auckland University Rec Centre. 'Arry accosted over a matter of a Dunhill by an angry non-smoker who spends 'is daytime as a dick. Four gorillas enforce.

- Queen announce tour — tickets on sale at Alfies.

- Jordan Luck still having difficulty finding a shaver, a clean shirt and a pair of long trousers.

- Beer strike drags on into third month, causing fights at many a pub because Joe Lunchbox does not realise that imported beer and spirits are about three times the potency of their usual sugar and water draught.

- Expert tourists the Chills last seen wandering lost forgotten hills in the Wanganui area after trying to make Auckland from Wellington and missing. Get themselves a four hour delay and about 92 km of winding roads and full paper bags.

- A certain Dunedin band come all the way to Auckland and spend their first Saturday looking for Speights. Look (for) blue but only find green?

- Radio With Pictures shifts flat into yet another pink paradise. C'mon Karyn — we all know your flat is just like the rest of ours. It reeks of pot, has a dirty kitchen full of cockroaches and a lounge full of overloaded ashtrays and empty beer bottles.

- Forty more people have left the country.

And now for the weather ...

'ARRY RATBAG

(PS: Would the nice person who found a chrome Zippo lighter at Mainstreet (Hunters & Collectors) please return it to Box 5689 Auckland or to me personally. Reward offered.)

Disorientated ...

As the day's travel to Hamilton unfolded, my humour crept up like the mercury in a thermometer left on a frosty morning lawn. I further got to know my travelling companions, so I suppose I should introduce them:

Mark Seymour is short but solid, like a slimmer Broooooce ("Hunters and Collectors are nice guys but they like Bruce Springsteen," Shayne Carter). He's intense, periodically enthusiastic, the best talker in the band. Doug Falconer is tall, a former doctor and the possessor of a wealth of knowledge on sundry topics. Michael Waters, the keyboardist, is a commercial law graduate and handles day-to-day finances for the band, he's the quietest in a band of eloquent speakers. Jeremy Smith was compared to Neil Finn by Paul Crowther (who, I suppose, should know), he's slighter, younger and sharper of haircut than the others — he's currently studying as a medical student; John (Jack) Howard is big, a former music teacher and hits a golf ball a long way. John Archer's modest disposition belies the growl of his bass playing — a cryptic, clean-cut, friendly type.

So we pressed on, up and over the central volcanic plateau.

"Will there be a china shop in Bulls?" Jeremy had asked quietly. "Fred Dagg's hometown? Wow ..." murmured Doug Falconer as we trudged through Taihape.

Doug Hood and I explained in Waiouru the wonderful view of Ruapehu we were missing because grimy low cloud and rain: "You'd be able to see it right over the top of the toilets there ... a classic volcano."

After a snack in lysergic Taupo we decided to check out the Huka Falls ... well, some of us ...

"I'm a punk rocker," frowned Mark. "I don't wanna write songs about waterfalls!"

"It's an example of the awesome power of nature, Mark," said Doug Falconer, who was on his sixth trip to NZ.

"You only had to look at the girl in the coffee bar for that!"

The Huka Falls transpired to be not unlike Hunters and Collectors. They don't fall from a great height but they operate with a great deal of muscle. The descent is short but authoritative.

We made Hamilton.

The Coney Island Club

Friday, March 8.

After an enjoyably uneventful day (absence of activity is very tranquillising) I did The Interview with Mark and then left for Waikato

University, arriving in time for local cult heroes the Human Lawnmowers, who at times sounded like a punked-up R.E.M. and at other times didn't. They played three Velvet Underground covers — which would take on relevance later in the night ...

The Hunters encountered the same bizarre melee down front as the Zippies had — you apparently gotta grab whatever chance you get if you're into slamdancing in Hamilton. One young woman was helped out across the stage after screaming in panic and several band members used strong language towards the dickhead element that was causing the problems. Curiously enough, however, the whole gig picked up momentum as it went on and the crowd went looney at the sight of the band coming on for the second encore. Apparently well pleased, the band played another four songs. They left the stage, the house lights went up, the taped music wafted through the PA, the crew began to take out the mikes ... all the signs to bugger off home ...

But in the backstage room Mark was standing with a can in hand grinning mischievously: "Let's go back on ... there's still a few people making a noise out there!"

So the mikes went back in, the lights went down and the ensuing two songs — winding up with a repeat of 'I Believe' were probably the highlight of the tour for me. Even the promoter danced!

Our Man In Hamilton, Paul McKessar, guided us to a nearby building, the site of The Coney Island Club. The Human Lawnmowers knew the rudiments of no fewer than 22 Velvet Underground and Lou Reed songs and they were gonna play 'em all. The result was fairly shambolic but most enjoyable — complete with four Hunters standing on the dancefloor inventing backing vocals.

The singin' continued in the van on the way back to the motel, composin' choons about nuclear war: "This is not an exerciiiiiiiise ..."

The spa pool was locked up.

Home Is Where Your Heart Lies

...

Saturday, March 9

"Jesus!" said Aussie crewman Andy. "What's this?"

And the Auckland Uni Rec Centre was quite a sight. If you weren't there, imagine a huge gym transformed into a concert hall — windows blocked out, floor covered in canvas, black polythene creating a stage area along one wall ... and

still about eight miles up to the roof.

I didn't stay long — the handful of cubic metres that compose my tiny bedroom seemed a lot more manageable than this gargantuan box of air. They were ... security, man.

By the time concert hour rolled around I'd regained some of that ol' Auckland buzz and was regarding the Oncoming Night with blind confidence. The gig was a strange one ... This Kind Of Punishment applied their usual conversational, recital-like approach to a crowd about 10 times the size of their usual audiences and damn near got completely away with it. Some pleasing progressions.

But the real strangeness pertained to the venue. There was no drinking or smoking permitted and 'eavies present to enforce the rules. There I was standing with Yoh Infectious when he lit up a cigarette. Within seconds we were spotlighted by a powerful torch beam from the balcony and there was a flying squad heading our way. Yoh saw the authority figures and panicked — he fled but was caught when he ran into a solid block of people. They made him put it out.

"It's like Sweetwaters brought indoors and turned into a health camp," said Emma, surveying the scene. Her perception can be incisive.

The gig's best moments to me were the slower songs, for the way in which they echoed around the huge room. 'Hayley's Doorstep' just ached ...

Afterwards we put up with a rampanently drunken acquaintance from down country. I grinned and bore him — after all, he was pretty disorientated ...

Not Much Mardi In The Gras

Sunday, March 11.

The Hunters and Collectors stood and jiggled as the Chills played under a ruddy early evening sky.

"That's about enough of these dry gigs, Doug," said Doug Falconer to Doug Hood. The alcohol ban and lack of decorations, etc, had made the Mardi Gras into more of a casual afternoon in the sun, but that was pleasant. Martin Chillips talked to the crowd chattily. The outdoorness of it all produced a 'Wide Weird World' that was 20 metres high.

Afterwards the zealously authoritarian bozo from Eden Security tried to make everyone leave the area, even though it was public property. We ignored the bugger ...

Party Of The Decade

Monday, March 11.

I honestly hadn't expected to see half the people who turned up. People from all facets of my life, people who I didn't even know were in the city, people who I didn't know knew each other ...

The appeal of a good party is

pretty nebulous. You do basically the same things you do at bad parties ... imbibe, talk, listen to music ... but something clicks and it's different. This was a good 'un.

Things were threatening to grind to a halt when the last of the booze ran out before midnight ... but then Mark Seymour, moving with real electricity, grabbed a tupperware container and tore through the house taking up a collection. He got \$97 and so it was off again with the manager of a certain city niteklub to re-supply. As if that wasn't enough, Gary Senior collected another \$39 when those ran out. I couldn't miss this trip — John Archer drove like he plays bass; precise but hard.

Eventually, of course, the come-down ... we walked miles home ...

This Is Goodbye

Tuesday, March 12.

Mainstreet's bedlam when it's full but it's an enjoyable bedlam. The management of course did its best to spoil things by only managing to acquire expensive foreign beer for which they charged \$3.80 per can, but the crowd soldiered on. The gig began and built as if it was going to be the best of the tour, but inexplicably lost momentum at the end and only one encore was played. Perhaps it was the crowd ...

The Chills had a torrid time but the Chills don't really play badly when they're not on form. They just don't play as well ...

Afterwards, it was to Alfie's. At Alfie's you leave your hangups at the door and concentrate on having a good time — if there's anything gays can do, it's have a good time and that's why there are clubs like Alfies.

"Buy you a bottle of champagne if you lend me the money," said Gary Senior. I liked Gary — after all, he'd taken a particular shine to Consideration Jones and any friend of CJ's was a friend of mine. After the bottle of champagne I don't remember ...

Are You My Mother?

Wednesday, March 13.

I have this memory ... walking across the Domain ... cold ... dawn ... dispossessed ... disorientated ... in three hours Hunters and Collectors would fly back home to the big place with a desert in the middle ... and for every question that had been answered, another had been skywrit on the horizon of my consciousness ... the answer obviously didn't lie in Orientation ... to cap it all off, Consideration lay crippled in my pocket on a bed of his own loose beads, having been struck off my chest in a bout of friendly but ill-considered buffoonery on the part of one of my companions the previous night ... there would be two hours in bed before rejoining the "real world" ... it didn't seem enough ... it simply wasn't enough ... let's you and me go to sleep — today is another day ...

- 24 Talking Heads Part 2, Citizen Band, Swingers bandfile, Dragon.
- 26 Devo, Knack, Mi-Sex, Wellington Special.
- 30 Sweetwaters Issue, programme — John Martyn, Elvis Costello, Renee Geyer, No Nukes, Squeeze, NZ Band profiles, Split Enz, Toy Love, Hello Sailor, Citizen Band, Th Dudes, Street Talk.
- 31 Sweetwaters, Swingers, Mi-Sex.
- 32 Police & Split Enz interviews, Sharon O'Neill.
- 34 Tom Petty and Street Talk interviews, Mi-Sex, Virgin supplement, Whizz Kids and Pop Mechanix bandfiles.
- 35 'Quadrophonia' — Bob Geldof and Kevin Stanton interviews, Newz and Flight X7 bandfiles.
- 36 Ray Davies, Cure and Jo Jo Zep interviews, Neil Young supplement, Stones.
- 38 Howard Devoto, Tim Finn interviews.
- 39 XTC, Lip Service, Motels.
- 40 Martha Davis, David Byrne, Dave McCartney Doors, Bruce Springsteen, Hammond Gamble.
- 41 Coup D'Etat, Flowers (Icehouse), John Lennon, Clash, Elton John.
- 42 Clash interview, Cold Chisel, INXS, Tigers, Jo Jo Zep, Bonch/Tidlers.
- 43 Bryan Ferry interview, Sweetwaters report, Flowers (Icehouse).
- 44 Adam Ant, Associates and Police interviews, Stevie Wonder.
- 48 Cold Chisel, Blams, Wotn Zone.
- 49 Angels, Beat, Lemmy Motorhead, Desmond Dekker, Heavy Metal Guide.
- 50 Swingers, U2, Psychedelic Furs, the Clean.
- 51 Newmatrics, Cramps, Stray Cats, UB40, Blind Date and Gordons interviews.
- 52 Echo & Bunnymen, Danse Macabre, Penknife Glides, Mockers, Valentinos, Jimmy & Boys.
- 54 Dave McCartney & Pink Flamingos, Go-Go's interview, Sunnyboys, INXS.
- 56 Teardrop Explodes, D.D. Smash and Mick Jones Part 2, Neighbours, Richard Burgess.
- 57 Clean, Pretenders, South Island Bands, Joan Armatrading, Mental As Anything, Chas Jankel.
- 58 Blams, Teardrops, Hall & Oates, Bill Wyman, Kottke/Redbone interviews.
- 59 Human League, Men At Work, Chills, Tim Finn, Motels, Elvis Costello live, Furtive EP.
- 61 Graham Brazier & Harry Lyon, Fall, Jim Carroll, Daggy & Dickheads, Hip Singles, Dropbeats.
- 62 Split Enz on Road Part 1, Fall's Mark E. Smith interviewed, Altered Images, Randy Crawford, This Sporting Life, Cold Chisel.
- 63 Simple Minds, Jim Kerr interviewed, Split Enz Part 2, Renee Geyer, Nocturnal Projections, Willie Jayson Blues Band, Hunters & Collectors.

- 65 Yazoo (Alison Moyet interview), Joe Cocker, Zoo (ex Pop Mechanix), Gurlz and Jo Jo Zep.
- 66 Psychedelic Furs, Dexy's Midnight Runners (Kevin Rowland), Midnight Oil, Neil Finn and Jed Fetalmania interviews.
- 67 Siouxsie & The Banshees, Toots, Church Sweetwaters, John Martyn, UB40, Psych Furs.
- 68 Herbs, Culture Club, Bauhaus, Kiwi Animal, No Tag, Sharon O'Neill, Thompson Twins, ChCh special (Wastrels, Flying Nun, Bill Dreen etc).
- 69 Joni Mitchell, Dance Exponents, Who, Neighbours, Dire Straits, Talk Talk, Miltown Stowaways, Blond Comedy.
- 70 Fun Boy 3, Birthday Party, Split Enz, Diehards Spines, Marching Girls, Body Electric, Wotn Punk.
- 73 Wham, Dead Kennedys, Coconut Rough, Angels, Marginal Era, Grammat Boys, Fishschool, John Cale, Studio profile.
- 74 Malcolm McLaren, Heaven 17, Joan Armatrading, Sharon O'Neill, Childrens Hour.
- 75 Tim Finn, John Cale, Jonathan Richman, Hammond Gamble, Dick Driver.
- 80 Police, Paul Young, Motown feature, John Peel, Wastrels, Bryan Adams, Big Chill.
- 81 Smiths, Mockers, Def Leppard, Violent Femmes, Miltown Stowaways, Chills, Doublehappys, Marvin Gaye, Alfred Hitchcock.
- 82 Billy Idol, Pamela Stephenson, Four Tops, Temptations, Verlamies, Uriah Hepp.
- 83 Elvis Costello, Thompson Twins, Netherworld Dancing Toys, Mockers, Paul Morley.
- 84 Style Council (Paul Weller interview), Etho & The Bunnymen, Midnight Oil, Kiwi Animal, Sneaky Feelings, Depeche Mode.
- 85 Mockers, Special AKA, Motorhead, Icehouse, Great Unwashed, Coconut Rough, Neil Finn, Ffox.
- 86 U2, REM, OMD, Hoodoo Gurus, Dance Exponents, Jive Bombers, Alligator Blues, Stylistics.
- 87 DD Smash, U2, Bill Dreen 1, Nick Cave, Stevie Ray Vaughan.
- 88 Herbs, Talking Heads, Aztec Camera, Narcs, Car Crash Set, Axemen, SPK.
- 89 Frankie Goes to Hollywood, Beatles, Deep Purple, ZZ Top, Twisted Sister, Aotea Riot, Eurogliders, Rip, Say Yes To Apes, Purple Girls.
- 90 Lou Reed, Go-Betweens, Paul Hewson, Topp Twins.
- 91 Neil Young, Giorgio Moroder, Waterboys, David Puttnam, Freudian Slips, Electric Pandas.



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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 split, Zwines Family Tree (2 page history AK bands 1977-80, by Simon Grigg), Cure, XTC, Tom Petty, Life in the Fridge, ChCh band history.

EXTRA 2 DEC 1980

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

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