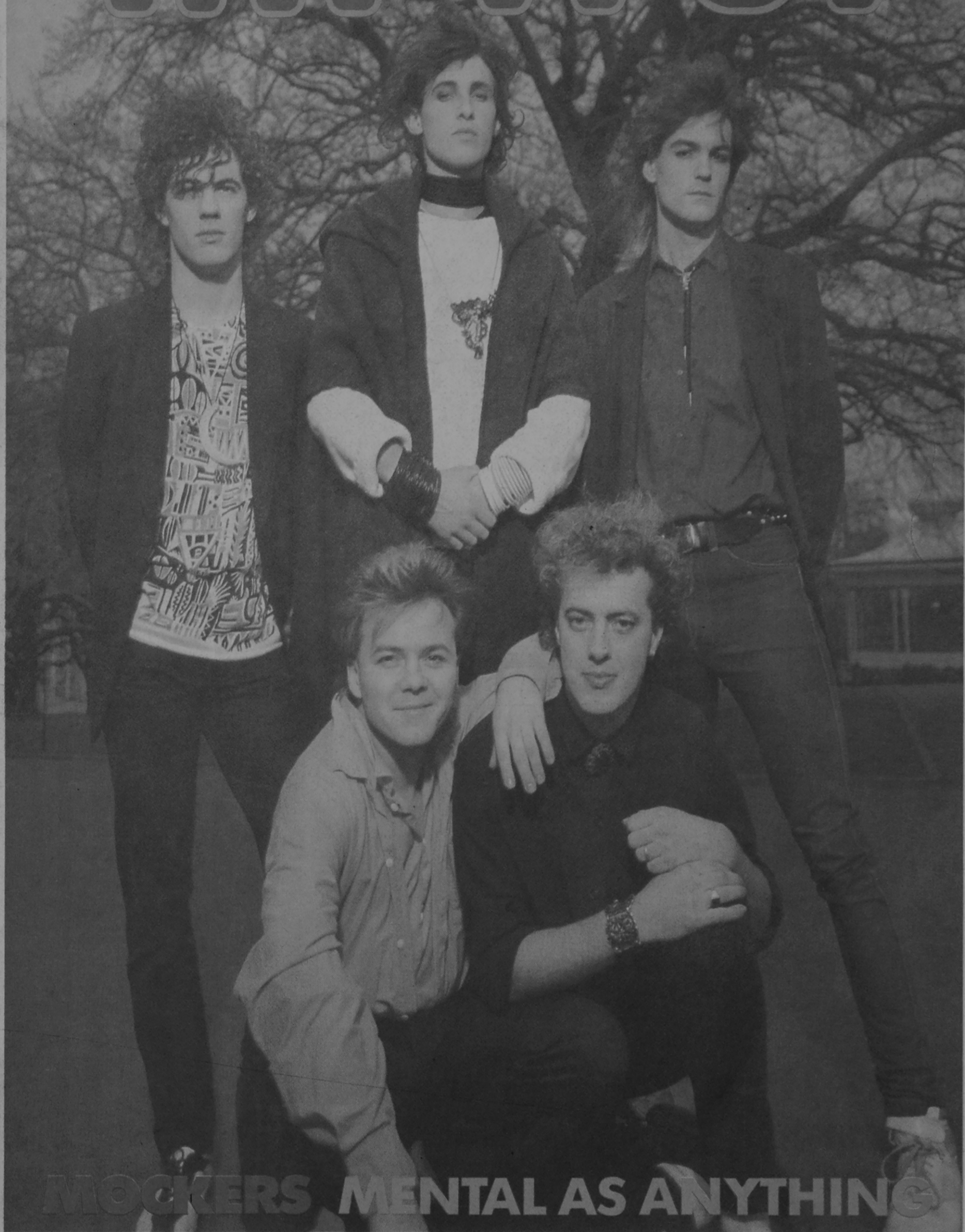


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No. 98 Sept 1985

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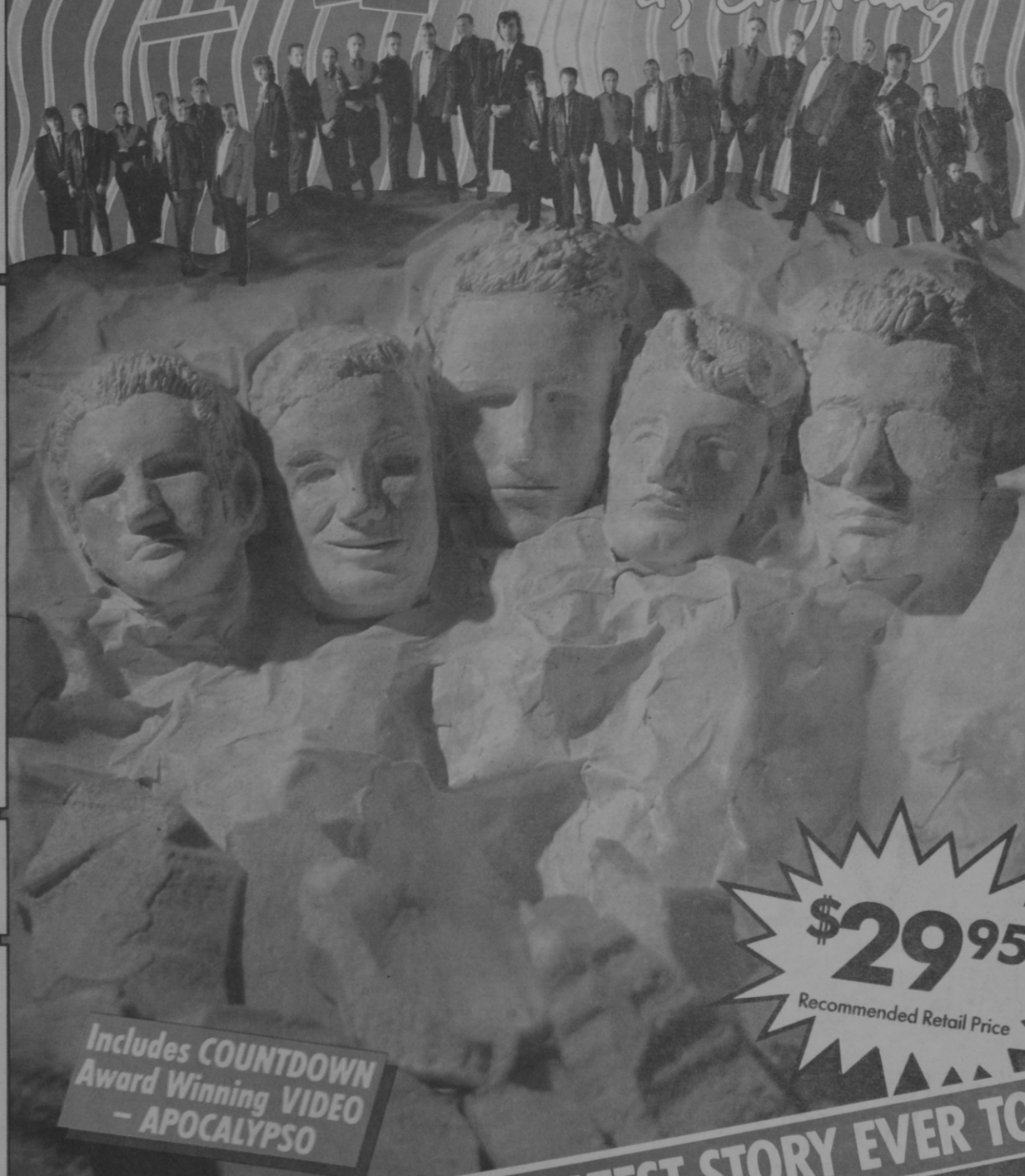
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JUST PICS

These days cross-pollination between the movie and pop music industries is a recognised and often profitable phenomenon — even if there is a lot of manure involved. But it was the ultimate soundtrack movie, *Amadeus*, that inspired both the title of SHEILA E's new album and her new wardrobe. After seeing the film, Sheila became enraptured by the old-time romance of it all and went on to call her new album *Romance 1600*, have 80s versions of the period clothing run up and even dubbed her band members with names like Sir Dancealot and Dame Kelly to fit in with the fantasy stage concept of historic France. Next up: Prince heads even further back in time and comes up with the *Quest For Fire* look...



make an hour-long film called *The Rhythmatist*, which he describes as "Richard Attenborough on acid." A single, 'Koteja', based on a traditional folk song of Zaire, has been released from the soundtrack. Copeland is now busying himself with writing soundtracks for other people's films, after offers came flooding in after his excellent work on *Rumblefish*.



▲ After a silence of almost a year, MADNESS are back with a new single, 'Yesterday's Men' and their seventh album, *Mad Not Mad* (due for release here late October). In the interim they've been busying themselves setting up their own Liquidator Studio and its associated record label, ZARJAZZ. There has also been their contribution to the famine-aid 'Starvation' single and a curious single by Carl and Suggs as the Fink Brothers, called 'Mutants In Mega City One', all of which (including the label name) will make sense if you read 2000AD.

◀ It seems that during their "rest break", POLICE members are going to go for terribly interesting solo projects: STEWART COPELAND bought a wide-brimmed hat and headed for central Africa to

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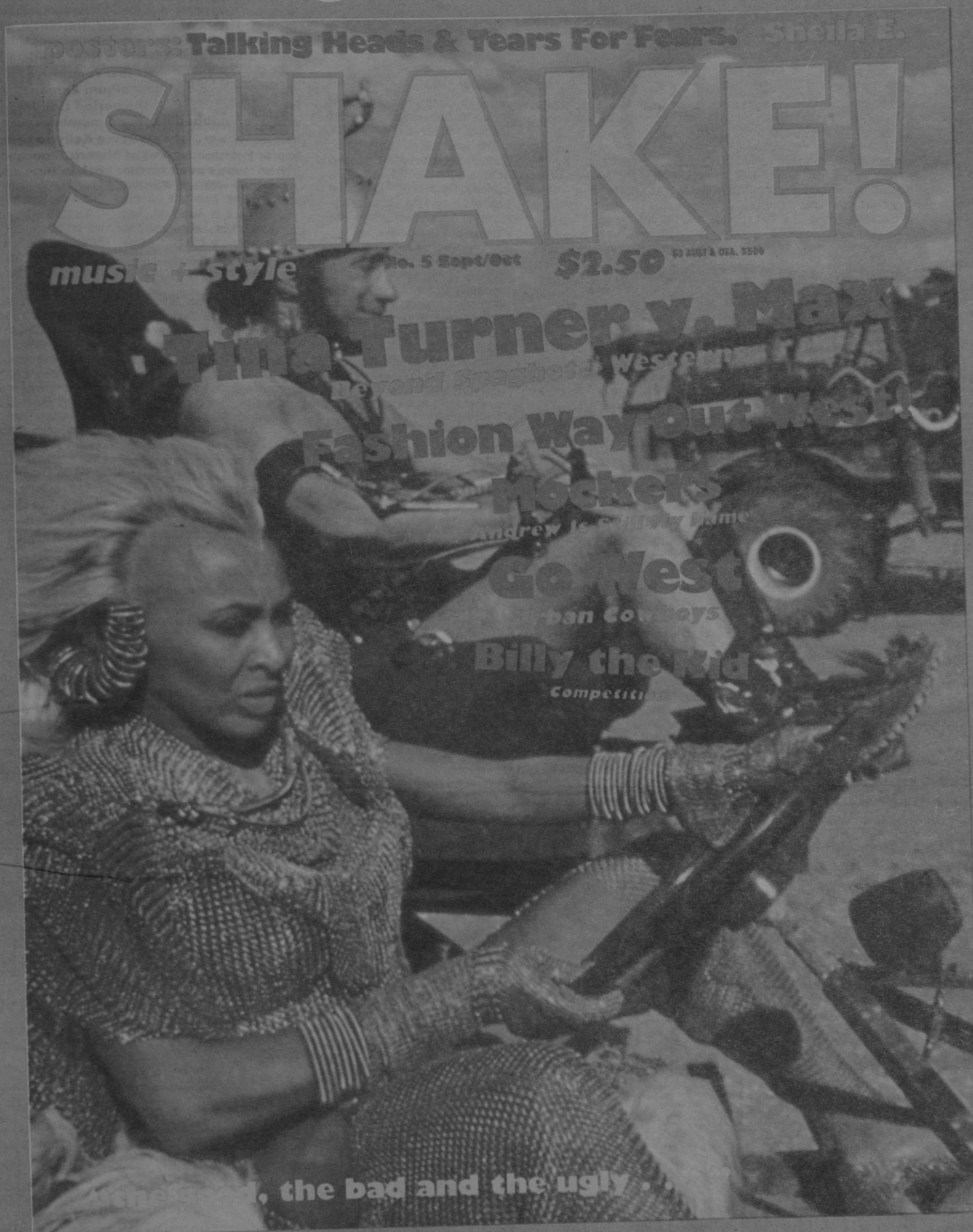


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Search and Nest Roy!

A Weekend Away With Bird Nest Roys

Now is this a typical scenario or what? The footpath is strewn with bags, bedding and musical paraphernalia and the poor working stiff has to pick their way gingerly around the pieces as they go wherever they're going at 9am on Friday. Camp mother/soundman Terry King stands by the side door of the van coolly running an eye over the personal debris before him and wondering how he's going to fit it in the vehicle.

Even more of a scenario is the fact that (count 'em) nine young people have to fit into the van along with all these amps, drums, guitars, mikestands and all ...

This is the six-piece Bird Nest Roys; Big Ross, Little Ross, Deberly Roy, Warro Wakefield. Peter Moerenhout and the famous Dom Fatty. The names might sound fairly unlikely, but both the band and the individuals exist. Honest. Just check the papers. With them are "TK", myself and Peel. And we're going to New Plymouth — join a band and see the world!

As a van packer, Terry proves to make a good sound engineer and his lounge has to be substantially remodelled before it's even fit for human habitation.

"Don't lean on my drums," cautions Peter.

Naturally, something has been forgotten, so we have to go and get Warro's tambourine. As a result the first place we stumble into allstrungoutfromtheroad is the corner dairy, an interminable 10 minutes into the journey. It's Auckland's admirable Ardmore

(ace assonance, eh?) dairy, an establishment which sees hungry bohemian types often, by virtue of its being open around the clock.

Finally, we're on the motorway, and after sinking into the only fit state for travelling, it's music time. R.E.M.'s *Fables Of the Reconstruction* bawls tinnily from the cassette player that Peel had found in a clump of grass one night in the city. Tremendous travelling music.

Backs begin to ache, legs to cramp up and bums to go numb. The half dozen occupants of the back compartment attempt to forget themselves, whilst the lucky trio in front get to look at Auckland's morning motorway traffic.

Whilst there's little of any moment happening, it's appropriate to background these minstrels. Bird Nest Roys have been together for more than two years,

playing small gigs and parties around Auckland and operating as much as a social club as a band. They were about to call it a day earlier this year when the Tall Dwarfs asked them to play support one night at the Windsor. A big Windsor crowd took to the Roys like flies to a blanket and they were glorious unknowns no longer. Since then they've been to Wellington, Dunedin, Christchurch, Timaru, and now, the big one ... New Plymouth.

They're touring on their own for the first time, but expectations are they'll do rather well. Hur, hur, hur ...

The trip lopes by and everyone tries to go to sleep but no one's really comfortable enough to get unconscious and everyone has to settle for restlessness instead. The true nature of the Roy beast begins to emerge — the sense of community that's one of the best

things about them on stage has its roots in deeply-felt, ritualised intimate behaviour; i.e. they pummel shit out of each other.

The situation develops into a classic dog-eat-dog. No food is safe unless held firmly in a clenched fist and cushions are the best of booty. Peel and I gaze as close to wide-eyed as we can manage at these people.

Like eager archaeologists we trace the development of aside into in-joke on a lineage that leads eventually to most of Bird Nest Roys' songs. Expect songs with the following words in the title: 'Loving' (there are two already actually), 'Beast', 'I got non', 'Presh' ... Royspeak is easy once you get used to it. Its theory works on the premises that (a) the shortest route to meaning is not always the best (hence a piece of chicken becomes "murdered squawking beast", and (b) the balance to the first rule; that

the language is best simplified down into a handful of utility phrases that can mean anything at any time. In extreme cases, such as "This is giving me presh," the phrase can have totally opposite meanings. Presh can be good, presh can be bad; whichever it is must be deduced by an appraisal of the circumstances and of the individual using the phrase and a degree of naked intuition.

Eventually we arrive in New Plymouth and head straight for Ima Hitt Records, erstwhile home of Taranaki Institution Brian Wafer. Brian isn't there, so we proceed to the Ngamutu Tavern, where Peter discovers he has left all his cymbals back in Auckland. And there are no lights because no one told us we were bringing some down to the pub from Auckland. And a bass bin has to be found for Deberly.

So it's back into town and unflappable Brian (who knows 85 percent of the people in New Plymouth to talk to) is there and has some cymbals jacked up in 10 minutes. The support band's drummer will have a bass bin, he says, and the lights ... time to buy candles ...

The candles look great. Shame there's no one here to see them. Auckland's newest sensation has yet to register an impact in this city and a total of 35 people pay at the door, joining those who didn't pay (not many — Peel is womanning the door). But the band has a jolly enough time and those present register their appreciation. More people will come next night when they hear the band's good, say the locals. Hur, hur, hur ...

We end up at the *maison de la Des*, Di and Bruce, who are only supposed to be putting up two or three people for the night, but within an hour or two at least four Roys are lying face down on the carpet and there seems little option but to bed down en masse. Some of us brought sleeping bags; we were warm and snug ...

The next morning dawns early for this loungeful of people, and Big Ross earns a high level of "Non" from Dom when he playfully

wakes him up by pouring stale beer on his face. Rock 'n' roll!

Di soon guides us to the local women's bowling club, where the ladies are having a garage sale. Things are unexceptional until an event which ranks roughly alongside blue moons, fire in the skies and godly visitations — the acquisition of an original British pressing of 'Surfin' Bird' by the Trashmen for the absurd sum of five cents! This may mean something to some of you — it turned Brian a delightful shade of green. Other scores include 'My Boy Lollipop' and the Swinging Blue Jeans' 'Hippy Hippy Shake'. Thank the Lord for ladies' bowls ...

It's still absurdly early by the time we complete our pilgrimage to Stratford, the town where Little Ross grew up: ("It hasn't changed!") The band spends money it doesn't really have on cooked breakfasts at the local greasy spoon, where they let us watch Saturday morning TV.

Tell my parlour story about how the guy who played Jed Clampett was a socialist and Granny was a rabid right-winger and member of the John Birch Society and they passionately hated each other right through all the series of *The Beverly Hillbillies*. True!

Next stop is Mt Taranaki ("It's not Mt Egmont!") for a walk to the top and a frolic in the snow. This bunch of ragged op-shop stylists looks oddly out of place alongside all the people in bright, holeless ski clobber ...

A hairy drive back to the Ngamutu where there's an afternoon special featuring four local bands. Pick of the bunch is Ecnalg (Glance Backwards), a one, two and three piece (at various times) who fairly obviously like the first two Velvet Underground LPs. They are also the night-time support band, but this is their best set, with the guitar drone actually clicking into place as it should. The expert musos with me express admiration but emphasise the need for the purchase of a guitar tuner.

Across the pub, NP boot boys

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6



The view from the side of the stage but round towards the front a bit ... Warro, Warro's shadow, Little Ross and Big Ross. The shadow sings the high bits.



"Actually, we all dress like this in Auckland." Queen City swingers Little Ross and Deberly Roy do a twirl for the locals.



Dave Goblin in the first phase of his breathtaking two-part "regurgitation rock" act. All dials on the stage are set at 10.

PHOTOS BY MARTIN

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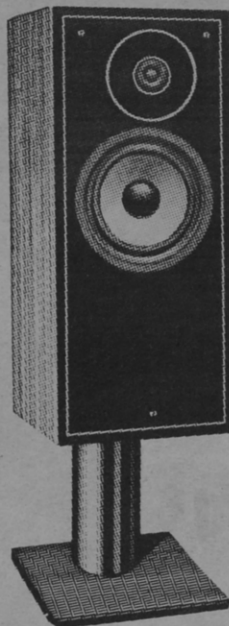
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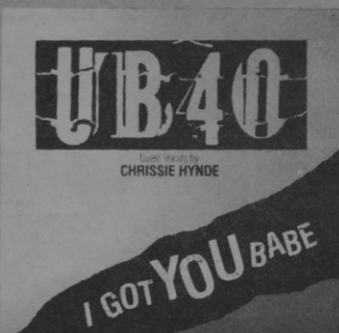
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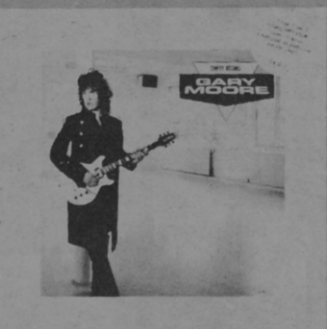
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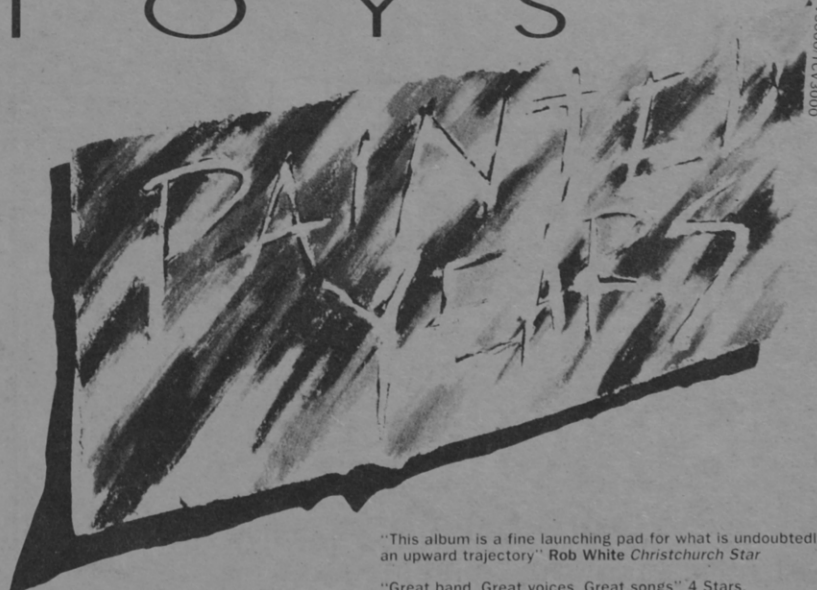
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'ROYS' FROM PAGE 4

engage in rough and tumble rituals that make the BNR's little word routines look like free-form jazz. They're here for the three week old band Sticky Filth. Little Ross goes and makes friends.

Out the back, in the sun, in the van, in the carpark, a bunch of Aucklanders roll up, bursting with good cheer. Among them are Alf and Dave from Goblin Mix, who gleefully agree to playing a couple of songs that night ...

Oh dear, Oh shit. Alf has suddenly gone from holding up a wall with his eyes closed to strapping on the bass geetar on stage. Which would be okay, 'cept the singer from Ecnalg is still on stage, finishing up with a quiet little song on a quiet little keyboard. Alf

is unfortunately too drunk to notice. Naughty Alf. Dave eventually joins him on stage and there ensues a classic Goblin Mix "gimme feedback till my ears bleed" sesh. Terry has a non attack and has to go outside for a while. Brian loves it and wants pictures.

The pub is rather fuller than last night, but still short of a break-even crowd. The locals offer a rainbow of reasons: the video boom, all the young people on the projects now living in Australia, end of the mushroom season ...

The Roys play servicably well, able to rest back a little on the fact that the sheer sound of the lineup, with its warm harmonics and insistent bottom bit, is probably enough to get them through in almost any situation. Tonight Little

Ross sports an awesome paisley Nehru jacket, whilst Deberly has gone for an even more Hindu look, with flowing dress, towel on head and stamp between the eyes. The candles have been replaced by a slide projector, courtesy Paul ex-Loving Homes.

Little Ross clutches his shoulder occasionally. He has just had his skull tattoo recoloured in the kitchen of the party separating the two pub sessions — the friendly tattooist is one of the boot boys who make up one sector of the variegated rabble in the house.

In the end, the highlight is a gloriously indelicate impromptu version of 'Venus', keyboards courtesy Trish. Great!

Afterwards, we retire to the Wafer residence for coffee,

sandwiches and video. Lurvvvvely. I slept very comfortably thankyou.

The next morning it begins to piss with rain as we wait for someone to open up the pub so we can get our gear out. The loss of several hundred dollars on the weekend hasn't reduced anyone to tears, but everyone wants to go home.

Home is six hours and a good deal of flatulence away. Tour Belly has begun to manifest itself already — a gastric condition precipitated by excess drinking and the consumption of junk food, TB can result in a rather "coloured" atmosphere in the van, especially when the van is carrying nine people.

Among the tapes on the way back is the rough mix of the band's

most recent recordings — a rather more raw style of thin than the soon-to-be-released EP, Whack It All Down, coming to you on Flying Nun.

Bird Nest Roys are subdued but essentially as lunatic as ever on the way back — long may they remain so. I have begun to doubt my own sanity after toppling out of the van into the Auckland dusk, legs all creased up, and popping up to RIU for an all-night shift to get the magazine to you complacent sods who think it's as easy as picking one up off the counter of your local record shop. Ah, rock 'n' roll ...

Russell Brown

schtick for my taste, but the crowd seems to love it.

Interestingly enough, the audience appear to be young, white and all dressed in La Coste t-shirts — very strange. The version of Rufus's 'Ain't Nobody' suffered from overkill, with the guest drummer from Culture Club and everybody else hitting everything in sight. But that's rock 'n' roll for you. But I shouldn't be too harsh, Chaka performs well in the ballad 'Through The Fire' and does some fine soul shouting in 'We Can Work It Out'. In many ways I would have preferred to see a video of Chaka with Rufus, as on that great double live album released earlier this year. It's still good to see Chaka performing, but a little less of the rock bombast would give her a better showcase for her soul voice.

KB

Style Council

Far East and Out (CEL)

As any Weller fan would have seen this on the box the other week, there seems little point in reviewing it. I will tell you however that the current world tour doesn't have a brass section and that the cover version this time round is Curtis Mayfield's 'Move On Up'. Yes, that is the one the Jam used to do and no, the film of the Australian tour won't be called *Down Under and Down and Out*.

MP

Late News...

Tim Finn has paved the way for his new solo career with a worldwide contract with Virgin Records ... new Dexys Midnight Runners LP *Don't Stand Me Down* is the subject of an attempted injunction by Alan Winstanley over his lack of a production credit on the LP sleeve. He had to leave during mixing and Kevin Rowland finished it off and listed himself as producer. Winstanley is credited with "recording" the album ... new Smiths single is 'The Boy With the Thorn in His Side'. The band recently cancelled a projected Italian tour because someone from that country was making death threats to Morrissey ... Strangler Hugh Cornwell has a solo single, 'One In A Million', taken from his sound track for the film *Bleeding Star*, in which he plays the lead role ... America's Butthole Surfers are changing their name to the Stargazers for their UK tour.

The new Tall Dwarfs record, *That's The Short and the Long Of it*, out now and is an exceptionally good record; starry review next ish ... South Auckland funksters Ardijah are to record at Harlequin with Dave McCartney and Trevor Reekie producing and Paul Streetskra engineering ... local film-maker William Keddel has his short film, *The Maintenance of Silence*, based on Neil Roberts' bombing of the Wanganui Computer Centre, start Sept 20 at the Capitol Cinema in Dominion Rd, as entree to the USA film *Stranger Than Paradise* ... new Wellington band is Space Monkees, a three piece featuring Maurice Newport (drums, ex Dirt Cheap, Soul Rebels), Davey McGhie (vocals, bass, ex Mangawekas, Soul Rebels) and Billy 'The Kid' Watkins (guitar, vocals, ex Dented Fender).

ARETHA

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Chaka Khan

This Is My Night (Virgin Video)

Chaka for 53 minutes in your own living room is something to look forward to. This tape opens with the promo clip for 'I Feel For You' and works its way through her hits live. I liked the version of 'Tell Me Something Good' until her guitarist decided to do an improvisation of a monkey playing a guitar for a long, long time. There is a little too much of this rock

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Bass history is a moving is a hurting black story ...

(Linton Kwesi Johnson 'Reggae Sounds')

Hey, wha'appen? Suddenly
the Well Dread fraternity is dis
ya country is alone no more.
After some three summers in
the wilderness, we are again
welcome in the record shops.
Now, if we could just get

mainstream radio to show
some interest ...

But who knows, that may yet
come. Certainly, the major record
companies have begun to respond
to the rebirth of interest in reggae.
Virgin have released their excellent
Massive compilation and are
promising a UB40 dub work, plus

the LP by Lovers Rock Specialist
Maxi Priest. Jayrem have released
the very fine Gregory IS-
SACS/Dennis Brown collaboration
Judge Not and are also promising
more, while Festival, who have ac-
cess to just about the finest reggae
catalogue outside JA, are weighing
in with the *Island Reggae Greats*
series, brought out in Britain in as-
sociation with Red Stripe beer. Only
three of the series have been
pressed locally, because Festival
Australia is still indifferent to reggae,
but the rest are being imported. You
gotta be quick (the LKJ comp sold
out instantly, but cassettes are still
available in some Auckland shops),
but the prices are better-than-
average and the product overall is
of a high standard.

Some of these albums are al-
ready in the shops (the Toots, Wail-
ers and Third World LPs are the lo-
cal pressings). The LKJ, as already
mentioned, has come and gone
(will they bring in more?), and the
rest will trickle in over the next
month or so. Keep your eyes open
for the covers, all sketches or paint-
ings and all beautiful. Let us step
through the rockers gallery ...



reputation, piercing British racism
though the heart, reminding the
youth of their culture and heritage,
a subject dear to his heart.

Johnson took a long break from
recording after *Bass Culture*, im-
mersing himself in playing live, as
well as researching a definitive his-
tory of Jamaican music which
resulted in a 10-part radio series,
From Mento To Lovers' Rock. Last
year, he returned to the studio to cut
Making History, an album of pro-
found vision and wisdom.

"Knowledge is essential for liv-
ing," he says. "You have to be well-
informed if you're going to be able
to survive in the modern world."

There's not a single dud track on
the LKJ compilation, but its finest
moment has to be *Bass Culture's*
'Street 66', a moody piece of sparse
riddim, brittle and pent-up emotion,
teetering on the brink of violence.
An ominous harmonica heightens
the seething atmosphere as LKJ
deadpans the story of a party raid-
ed by the police. This man will not
be denied.

Simpson then recruited Errol Nel-
son from the Jayes and a young
man named Michael Rose, who had
recorded with Prince Jammy. This
trio cut the first Uhuru LP, *Love Cri-
sis*, later reissued by Greensleeves
as *Black Sounds of Freedom* (a literal
translation of the group's name).
The album has stood the test of
time but did not achieve the expect-
ed success at the time. Nelson quit,
and Simpson and Rose decided to
seek a woman vocalist as a
replacement.

Puma Jones, an American from
South Carolina, was discovered by
Simpson in an apartment building,
singing Bob Marley's 'Natural Mys-
tic'. She had converted to Rastafari
while still in the States and came to
Jamaica to further her religious
studies, recording with Ras Michael
and the Sons of Negus. The classic
Black Uhuru was born, the sound
being completed with the rhythm
section of Sly Dunbar and Robbie
Shakespeare. These two were seek-
ing a suitable vehicle for the new
sound they were developing, fusing

Linton Kwesi Johnson

Jamaican-born but a British resi-
dent since 1963, Linton Kwesi John-
son at 33 has recorded four LPs
which stand as both musical and
poetic landmarks. By combining his
dark, prophetic verse with the bub-
bling, backfiring rhythms of Denis
Bovell, LKJ has created a new force:
the Dub Poet. His groundbreaking
work has spawned many others,
such as Mutabaruka, the late
Michael Smith and Oku Onoura.

LKJ holds an honours degree in
sociology and in 1977 won the Cecil
Day Lewis Fellowship, becoming
Writer In Residence for the London
Borough of Lambeth. He has pub-
lished two books of verse, *The Liv-
ing and the Dead* and *Dread Beat
An' Blood*, the latter also forming
the bulk of his debut LP of the same
name. The two follow-up LPs, *Forces
of Victory* and *Bass Culture*, con-
solidated and strengthened his




Black Uhuru

Certainly the most militant face
of Rastafari in the Island catalogue,
Black Uhuru have had a long and
chequered career, marked by fre-
quent disagreements and changes
of personnel. They were founded in
the mid-1970s, when Derrick 'Duck-
ie' Simpson teamed up with Garth
Dennis (now with the Wailing Souls)
and Don Carlos, now an established
solo performer. This incarnation cut
only one single before splitting, and

reggae and funk into a light but very
potent beat, held together with the
syndrums which have become a Sly
and Robbie trademark known as
'The Taxi Sound'.

The group produced five albums,
peaking with 1981's *Red*. Michael
Rose departed earlier this year, to
be replaced by Junior Reid, a light
dancehall-style singer, whose debut
single with the group failed to im-
press. It seems we've seen the best
CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

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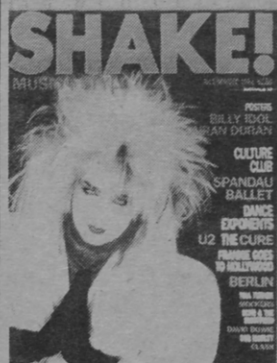
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Midge Ure, Denis O'Regan
(photographer on Bowie &
Duran's world tours), the
producers of 'Beverly Hills Cop',
Mark Pilisi from 'Other Halves'.

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Adams, Afrika Bambaataa,
reggae's Sly Dunbar and Robbie
Shakespeare, the Mary Jane
Girls, Rockwell & DeBarge.

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lyrics of 'Dance Exponents',
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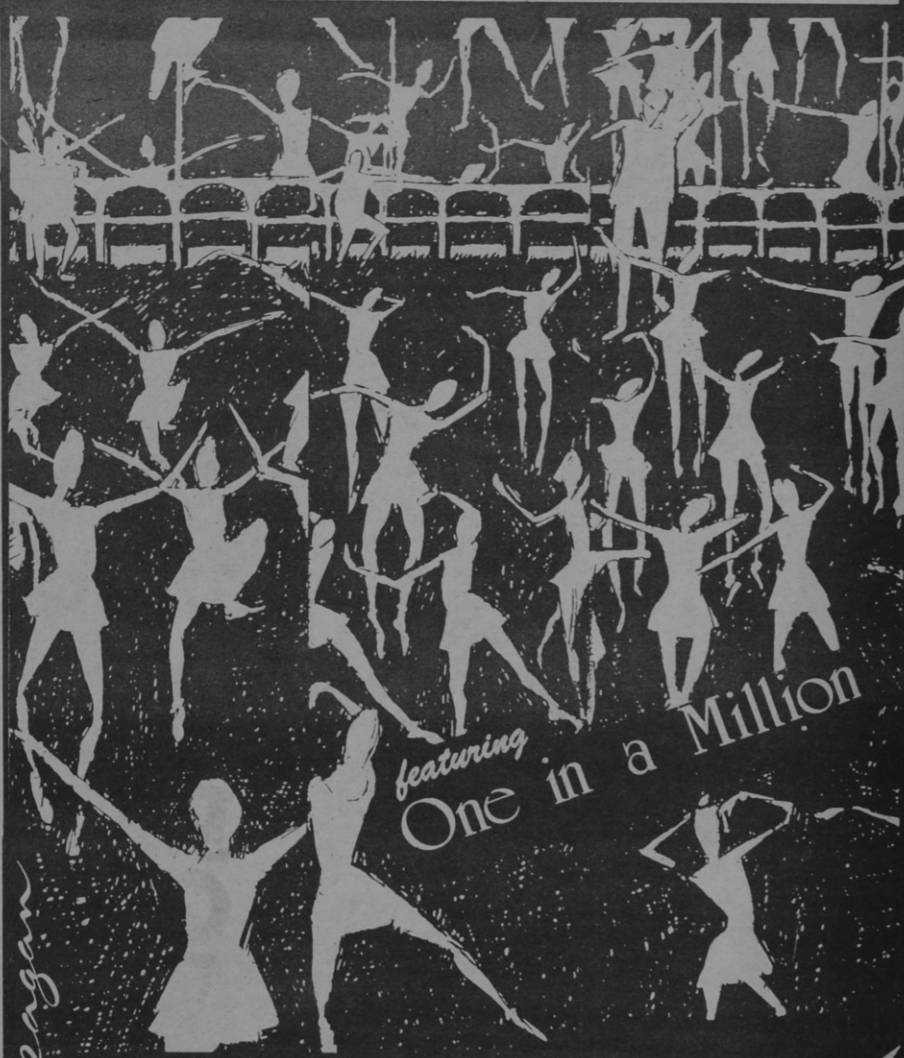
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*FACTS: All these records were purchased within 4 hours on Tuesday August 13 and all 10 records comprised of the official NZ Record Federation chart for the week.

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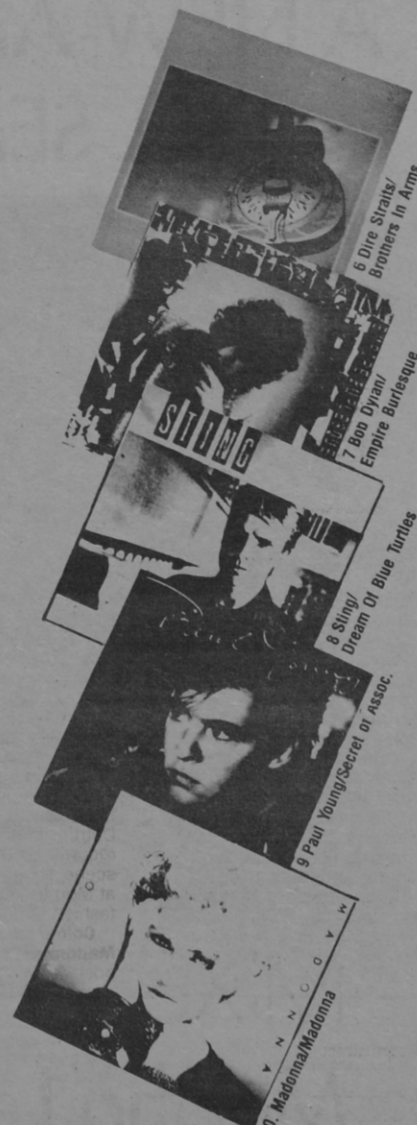
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'REGGAE' FROM PAGE 8

of Black Uhuru, well captured on the compilation. There are three tracks from *Sinsemilla*, only two from *Red*, two from *Chill Out* and three from *Anthem*. Glad to see, by the way, that the *Anthem* tracks are the originals rather than Paul Smykle's dreary remixes. Would have liked to see 'Chill Out and 'Puff She Puff' here, but in total the compilation is a fitting tribute to a well tough ensemble.

The Wailers

The definitive Bob Marley compilation has yet to be assembled, but this LP is a pretty fair portrayal of the Wailers in the days when they still included Peter Tosh and Bunny Livingstone.

The material is drawn from the *Catch A Fire* and *Burnin'* albums, which were the turning points for reggae on the international scene. The Rude Boy image was replaced by the spliff-smoking Rastaman, epitomised in the back-cover shot of Marley on *Burnin'*. The righteous anger and Biblical connotations of the music initially confused and then astounded white audiences.

Catch A Fire, recorded in London in 1972, was the Wailers' Island debut. American session guitarist Wayne Perkins and British keyboards player Rabbit Bundrick helped out, as did Robbie Shakespeare, who plays bass on 'Concrete Jungle'. The album has a slightly muted, disorientated feel to it, largely because the group was recording in unfamiliar surroundings, with Chris Blackwell producing for the first time.

Burnin', recorded the following year in Jamaica, showed a greater unity and sense of purpose, along with a more overt Rasta message. There was nothing subtle about 'I Shot The Sheriff' (originally called 'I Shot the Police') or 'Burnin' and 'Lootin'. The album grabbed instant attention from the music media and the Wailers were celebrities.

As a touring band, this particular unit never fulfilled the promise of its records. Livingstone didn't like touring much and Tosh was beginning

to resent the way Marley was beginning to dominate the group. Their departure left Marley to pursue his own directions as a songwriter and performer, and to put together the best reggae band ever.

As I said, the definitive Marley compilation has still to be made. But this collection serves as a fine companion to *Legend*, showing the burgeoning talent of a man with fire in his belly. We will remember him.

Third World

Third World have always trodden an uneasy path, blending reggae rhythms with other Caribbean sounds, as well as Latin and North American soul. Reggae purists shun much of their work as disco crossover, and with some justification. Their best music was produced in their days with Island, and their switch to CBS has seen them move more into the American mainstream.

The band was formed in 1973 by keyboard player Ibo Cooper and guitarist Cat Coore. Their debut album, *Third World*, was a sombre affair, featuring the low-key vocals of Milton Hamilton. He was subsequently replaced by Rugs Clark, a much stronger singer with a pronounced soul influence. Their follow-up album, *96 Degrees in the Shade*, is generally regarded as their best. Their distinctive harmonies recalled such groups as the Isley Brothers, yet they retained the roots feel which they were later to lose for good.

Third World's success peaked with 1978's *Journey To Addis*, featuring their trademark song, 'Now That We've Found Love'. Their output since has been erratic and disappointing, but this compilation catches most of their good moments. 'Prisoner In the Street' and 'African Woman' are both vocal showcases for Rugs, and 'Cool Meditation' is as sweet as its name implies. A fair representation of a band which has since sought other directions.

Toots and Gregory Isaacs

Frederick 'Toots' Hibbert is no stranger to this country, having charmed New Zealand audiences some three years ago on a tour which had plenty of ups and downs and finished up a bit of a financial flop. One of the original Maytals, Jerry Mathias, was no longer with the group, his place being taken by two women singers. The show sometimes ventured a little too much into soul revue territory for my tastes, but when the band cooked on songs like '54-46', it was demolition time on the dancefloor. Since then, Toots has been singing solo, encouraged by a very smooth and businesslike American manager, who also handles Yellowman's affairs.

This compilation covers the full range of Toots's styles. He's never really been out of the spotlight since the early rock steady days, with Leslie Kong producing. From that era you get '54-46', along with 'Monkey Man', 'Sweet and Dandy' and 'Pressure Drop'. From the 70s you get 'Funky Kingston', 'Reggae Got Soul', 'Time Tough' and the questionable cover of 'Take Me Home Country Roads'. Toots spent a couple of years in the wilderness after that, returning with the patchy *Pass the Pipe*, which doesn't get a mention, followed by the slightly better *Just Like That*. His return to proper form came with the 1980 *Live In London* album, which was a testament to his vitality and longevity.

Toots's subsequent output has been a little bland, although 'Spiritual Healing' is a timeless ballad. His most recent single, 'Peace, Perfect Peace', is another slow one, suggesting that Toots is mellowing gracefully as he approaches his fifth decade. Save for the exclusion of 'Pomp and Pride' and 'Premature', this compilation charts the development of a charismatic performer.

Mr Isaacs, the Lonely Lover, continues to weave magic spells at the age of 35. A consummate singer of Lovers' Rock, Gregory is the unquestioned king of the late night smooch. This album is actually a live recording from a London concert of 1982. The tracks are almost identical to last year's Brixton Academy concert, which was released on Rough Trade.

Backed by the ubiquitous Roots Radics, Isaacs strings the songs together to make a Greatest Hits medley and allows the audience to sing the choruses back at him. He's a somewhat lazy live performer, but what there is of him is just superb. The silky voice, filled with gentle innuendo or woeful heartache, is quite simply unique. Just listen to 'Sunday Morning' and you'll be hooked. The man also has an ear for a pretty tune.

Strangely enough, all the material on this album pre-dates the Island days. I, for one, would have loved to hear a live version of 'Love Me With Feeling'. However, for those unfamiliar with Isaacs' earlier material, this is a worthwhile purchase.

Jimmy Cliff

Another star performer who now seems past his peak, Jimmy Cliff has been singing since his early teens (he's now 37). He talked his way into a recording studio in 1962, at the age of 14, and got his big break from Leslie Kong.

Kong was a Chinese Jamaican (or Chincarib), a fairly common racial mix which has also produced singer Sammy Dread and guitarist/producer Mikey 'Mao' Ching. It was with Kong producing that Cliff cut some of his best work. Included here are 'Vietnam', the controversial 1970 anti-war song, the lovely 'Sitting In Limbo', the spritely 'Let Your Yeah Be Yeah' and 'Bongo Man', and

the heartfelt gospel ballad 'Many Rivers To Cross'. These were among the last tracks produced by Kong, who died of a heart attack in 1970. Cliff went on to produce hits of his own, including 'The Harder They Come', later made into a movie starring Cliff, and 'You Can Get It If You Really Want', which also featured in the film. His last really successful effort was the 1973 album 'Struggling Man'. Cliff had by then become a Muslim, which alienated him somewhat from the strongly Rastafarian Jamaican music scene. His more recent work has been crossover commercial pap, culminating in the truly dreadful 'Reggae Nights' of last year. The voice is still there, but it's compilations like this that remind us of the inspiration that once was.

Rockers, Lovers, DJ's and Dubs

Also included in the Island series are four compilations of various artists, covering the broad spectrum of reggae styles.

The *Strictly For Rockers* set features singles released on Island between 1975 and 1984. And a splendid little collection it is, too. The term 'Rockers' can apply to anyone who follows reggae. The expression was used as the title of a hugely entertaining movie starring ace drummer Leroy 'Horsemouth' Wallace, and which had a brief session in Auckland last year. The soundtrack album is available here.

Strictly For Rockers contains 12 tracks, including The Wailing Souls' 'Bredda Gravidicious', Bunny Wailer's 'Battering Down Sentence', Freddie McGregor's 'Joggin'', Judy Mowatt's 'Black Woman' and Sugar Minott's 'Rud-A-Dub Sound', a Taxi recording from last year. The curiosity is Augustus Pablo's 'King Tubby Meets the Rockers Uptown', a totally different track from the title number on the LP of the same name. Pablo's penchant for remixing and renaming his

recordings may have caused confusion. Be that as it may, nobody should be without this one.

The same applies to DJ's, containing tracks from 1972 to 1984. The album charts the evolution of the DJ style, from the strident primitiveness of U-Roy, widely regarded as the 'Father' of DJ toasting, to the rapid-fire Mike Chanter (or M.C.) style of Papa Levi's 'Mi God Mi King'. The M.C. fashion is setting the pace for toasting, and it's the British performers who have excelled at it in the past year. Other featured artists include Yellowman, Michigan and Smiley, Eek A Mouse, Dillinger and rising teenage star Billy Boyo. This one will mash it up!

Lovers Rock is extremely popular with New Zealand listeners, who enjoy the sweet singing of the likes of Winston Reedy, Ruddy Thomas and Susan Cadogan. Others find it a little saccharine. The LP has yet to arrive here, so judgement must be reserved.

Ditto the Dub LP, *A Dub Experience*, consisting of remixes of various Sly and Robbie riddims. If it matches their collaboration with Prince Jammy dubbing Black Uhuru, it should be just fine.

Also still unsighted is a Burning Spear collection. However, a scan through the three island LP's released by the original trio and Winston Rodney solo shows a wealth of moving devotional music which remains peerless.

So there you have it: a veritable feast of Jah Music, with something to accommodate all tastes. Jamaica, despite its small size, poverty and civil unrest, continues to pour out a staggering amount of music. Artists like Sugar Minott and Dennis Brown tend to have at least two current LP's charting, usually on different labels. The quality, however, remains uniformly high. Open your ears, and your heart and mind will follow.

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John Boorman.



Chaley Boorman and Powers Boothe in 'Emerald Forest.'



Emerald Forest

John Boorman's Third World Deliverance

Scriptwriter Rospo Pallenberg found the initial idea for *The Emerald Forest* in a short news item from the *Los Angeles Times*, which told how the seven-year-old European boy had been kidnapped by a tribe of Amazonian Indians. As Boorman says at the beginning of *Money Into Light*, the just-published diary of the film:

"I was intrigued that his father, an engineer, would spend every vacation for 10 years searching the rain forest for his abducted son. But even more extraordinary, when he found him, an integrated member of an Indian tribe, he elected to leave him there. What had each of them, father and son, become in those 10 years? Ten thousand years of human progress divided them. Does blood, kin, reach across that divide?"

Boorman was passing through Auckland earlier this month and spoke of the difficulties of making the film. It took just over three years after Pallenberg found the original newspaper clipping for Boorman to complete *The Emerald Forest*, his ninth movie and the last in a distinguished line that includes *Point Blank*, *Hell in the Pacific*, *Zardoz*, *Deliverance* and *Excalibur*. The director and his son, Charley, who plays the young boy in the new movie, spent three months living with the Xingu Indians in the remotest part of the Amazonian rain forests, an experience "so rich that it offered so many things I wanted to introduce into the story."

Boorman and Pallenberg made a number of modifications to the original newspaper story:

"The first kind of invention that we made to the story was to introduce the idea of a dam being built. The original engineer of the story was working on a mining project, but a dam, this idea of putting up this wall of concrete to stop a river was such a powerful symbol of our belief that

we can conquer Nature."

When Boorman had located his dam, at Tucurui, he found that the effects which it had had on the sur-

"These tribes do kill people. They asked me if I was a geologist and I'm relieved I wasn't because they seemed to be killing geologists."

rounding environment supplied the dramatic impetus for the film:

"Here was the fourth largest dam in the world, being built by 26,000 men. A shanty town had grown around the site to accommodate these men right in the middle of this Amazonian jungle — complete with whorehouse. Because of the clearance of the land, tribes had been

displaced and pushed into the territories of other tribes which caused a lot of friction. Then matters had been even more complicated when the Europeans had gone out to the tribes and given them guns and axes in exchange for Indian girls to serve at the whorehouse. All this we elaborated upon and put on the script."

The whorehouse scenes in *The Emerald Forest* are particularly disturbing, signifying as they do the gross inhumanities that Man is capable of, yet parallel to this is the same ecological theme that lies behind Boorman's 1972 film *Deliverance*. How did Boorman himself view the similarities between the two films?

"I'm interested in the relationship between Man and Nature, or, more particularly, Urban Man and Nature. We've somehow lost this connection with Nature, this harmony that earlier people had. In a sense, *Deliverance* showed the malevolent forces of Nature taking revenge on the urban men who had somehow sinned against the laws of Nature: in *The Emerald Forest* this is even more underlined because Malcolm, the father, is actually the builder of the dam which is destroying part of the river. His actions are the direct cause of the problems which affect the Invisible People. The Invisible People represent the benign spirit of the forest, the Fierce People the malevolent one, and the conflict is played out through these forces."

The Emerald Forest is an exquisitely crafted movie, from the evocative camerawork of Philippe Rousselot to the atmospheric soundtrack by Junior Homrich and Brian Gascoigne. Yet this ecological allegory is played out in dramatic human terms. Leading the cast, as the young boy Tommy, is Charley Boorman. At first the director did not want to use his own son:

"I auditioned widely but no one jumped out of the pack. I wanted the actor to be 17 — I didn't want to cheat on the age. There should still be something of the child about him, otherwise the poignancy of the father's dilemma would lose its impact. Charley had done a number of

roles, including one in *Excalibur*, but I felt that it would be too much pressure on both of us: not only making a difficult film, but also having the whole film standing or falling on the performance of my son."

"When the financiers all wanted Charley, I felt this was the confirmation. I'd always taken Charley and my other children on various wilderness trips, including ones into the African bush, and I felt he had the character and resilience to go through with this thing. It was certainly rigorous — three months training with the tribes in the jungle, the heat and humidity — but it was a great experience for both of us as father and son. What happened to Tommy in the film, having to grow up and take responsibility as a man, happened to Charley in the making of it."

Apart from Powers Boothe and Meg Foster who play Tommy's parents and Eduardo Conde who plays Werner, who is slaughtered by the fierce people, the cast are all

was a kind of mathematical genius — brilliant at computers. Her charm is amazing."

Boorman obviously identifies strongly with both the people and the environment. He speaks of the extraordinary power of the Amazon with almost a sense of reverence — "a vast forest almost half the size of Australia and almost like stepping into another time."

Had he himself experienced any threatening situations or hostilities during the filming of *The Emerald Forest*?

"Certainly during research time before the actual shooting. These tribes do kill people. They asked me if I was a geologist and I'm relieved I wasn't because they seemed to be killing geologists. They worked out that if the geologists find minerals, then the bulldozers soon follow. And it's had a salutary effect — geologists don't go there any more!"

For all its exotic setting, *The Emerald Forest* is a film that unflinchingly addresses itself to the contemporary Western world — and time is running short:

"Levi Strauss described the way in which the Europeans so carefully nurture the soil of their own land, and then went to America and raped and pillaged it. This notion seems to be enshrined in the American way of life, a bulldozer mentality just ravishing everything that stands in its way. And it's spread across the world like a plague. We obviously have to find a better relationship with the planet than we have at the moment. I don't think it's just a matter of limiting the amount of concrete, it's much more to do with an attitude."

Boorman has just quoted to me: "In this century alone, 90 tribes are reported to have become extinct and 24 more are in jeopardy. Where once between five and six million Indians lived in the Amazon basin, today there are as few as 200,000."

For a disturbing commentary on what the great processing machine of Western Civilisation has achieved, *The Emerald Forest* is not to be missed.

William Dart

"Where once between 5 million and 6 million Indians lived in the Amazon basin, today there are as few as 200,000."

Brazilian Indians, including Rui Polonah, who plays the noble chief Wanadi. Polonah was the only Indian with previous acting experience — he's played in Werner Herzog's *Aguirre — Wrath Of God* and *Fitzcarraldo*. Yet Dira Paes, as Tommy's young wife, Kachiri, gives a perceptive performance of great wit and charm. Boorman was particularly enthusiastic about Paes's talents:

"She's 15 years old and had never acted before. She's half-Indian and had just turned up to one of the workout sessions. She spoke very fluent English as well as French and

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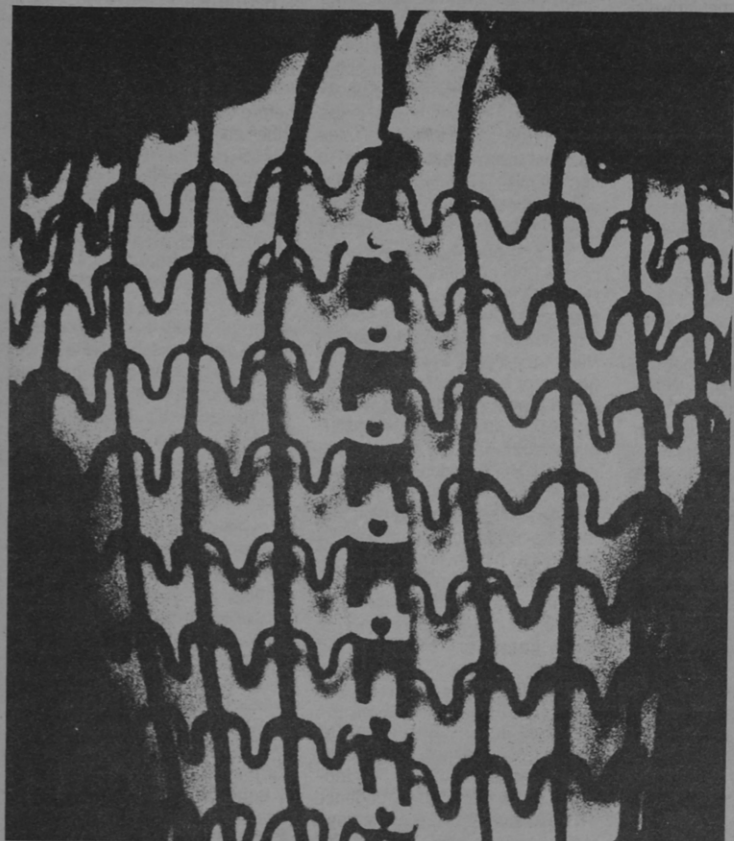
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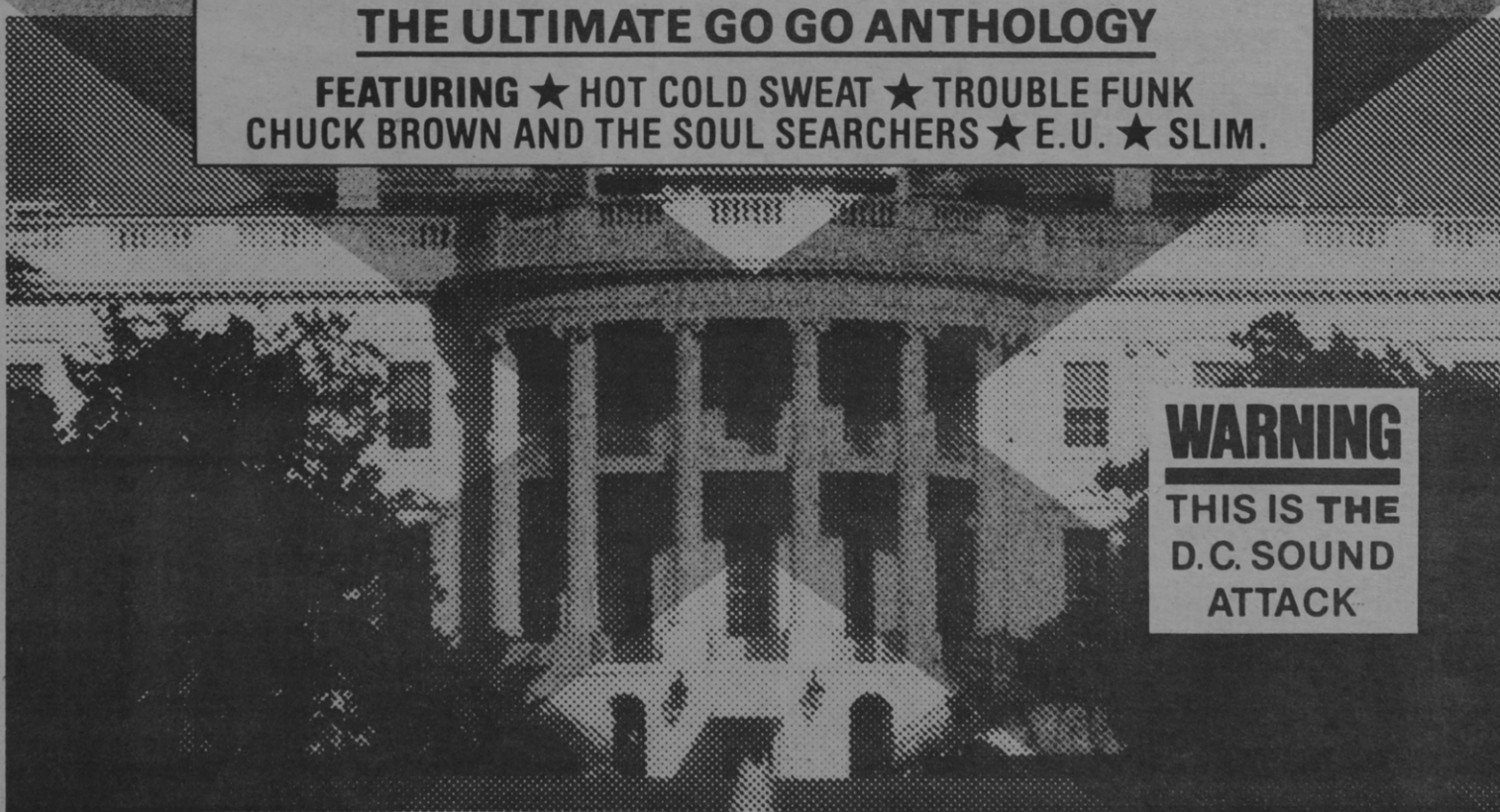
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What Do We Get?

Non-commercial RNZ stations aim at older people. The National Programme (YAs) rates well but by seeking to become more popular inevitably becomes more bland. The Concert Programme (YCs) attracts an audience not necessarily any bigger than any other minority but but certainly one with a bigger

voice. We get bugger all else because we're told the services cost money and the licence fees haven't gone up in 10 years.

Lack of dollars has caused problems at YA and YC and increasingly they've become dependent on finance from RNZ's commercial arm. Now RNZ has come up with a 'masterplan' which *reinforces* that dependence and promises to give us more non-commercial services without the need for a politically unpopular licence fee increase.

Masterplan

This masterplan depends on income generated from a new commercial ZM FM network. It's planned to make enough money to extend not only the Concert Programme to national FM coverage, but also to provide Maori, Polynesian and access radio stations right round the country. The ZM FM network will "fight back for young New Zealanders" from its base in Wellington. Most of the time the programme will be relayed (and may not even be live) but regional participants will be able to "break out" for their own commercials, news and possibly breakfast shows.

Any guesses at the format? It's a fair bet it won't be too far from 2ZM. The need to rate, be popular and earn the commercial dollar will dictate the tone of the programme. More tranquillisers anyone?

As we've tried to imply, no one can really stop commercial broadcasters from using the most profitable formats. In Auckland the two commercial FMs are now identical despite being granted warrants to do completely otherwise. They've sold out to popular appeal but what do you expect? And why shouldn't RNZ do the same?

Man The Stomach Pump, Here Comes The Overdose

What ZM FM will give RNZ is another commercial claw in radio markets round the country. Some areas not served by commercial, "youth-orientated" FM radio will now be served by 2ZM. That may be appreciated. However the real danger lies in how an efficient network could attack its competition, both existing and potential.

Private radio is commercial radio. There is no licence fee subsidy, it depends on the commercial audience to survive. Under the masterplan the privates will face a new competitor offering a service identical to theirs, but one substantially cheaper to run. The money RNZ saves by networking basically one station will allow it to offer low advertising rates and to "buy" an audience through competitions, etc. 2M FM will add to the already strong commercial presence RNZ has through its ZBs and community stations. Former 22M manger Doug Gould (now Radio Windy) has publicly detailed the RNZ policy of "pinching" out the opposition. About 5 years ago the combined weight of 2ZB and 2ZM almost drove Windy to the wall. This time the empire-building RNZ is planning to make no mistake.

The masterplan threatens a massive leap backwards for New Zealand broadcasting. For the

Broadcasting Corporation it offers the opportunity to regain the monolithic stranglehold it had here before Hauraki put to sea in the Tiri 20 years ago. For the besieged privates the fight is on again, the bleak future holding the prospect of staff and service cutbacks, automation and even tighter formats.

Who Could Stop The Rot

Since its establishment in 1977 the Broadcasting Tribunal has been the balance in our broadcasting system. It's an independent body which issues warrants for radio stations (and soon private TV) and can also rule on complaints from listeners and viewers. Under section 68 of the Broadcasting Act, the Tribunal has to have "regard for the general policy of the Government of the day" but so far it's kept a remarkably open mind.

In August 1981 the Tribunal issued its report on the development of FM broadcasting in New Zealand. The report was compiled, at great expense, from public hearings and submissions from all interested parties. It was (and still is) a far-reaching document that set out to encourage diverse and complementary radio stations to take full advantage of the new medium. Its most radical suggestion was that the ZMs become non-commercial and therefore minority interest stations upon the introduction of FM in the main centres. The report said RNZ shouldn't be "consigned to a cultural ghetto" but didn't need to compete against the new FMs when it really couldn't offer anything better.

The Tribunal saw the conversion of the Concert Programme to national FM coverage as a top priority. But while the new RNZ masterplan says only an increase in commercial operations can lead to non-commercial expansion, the report said such services should exist in their own right. It said they should be properly and independently funded and further that "the Broadcasting Corporation should have

regard to whether the commercial radio operations should operate as a separate division of RNZ." *1

The concept is public money should be kept for public broadcasting. This clear distinction allows programming on the basis of inherent quality rather than mass acceptability. The Tribunal went to great lengths to consider who might want something other than commercial radio. "We recognise also an increasing awareness of some music forms such as punk rock which may not be aurally attractive or socially acceptable to many older people, but which are themselves legitimate art forms as much as those to be found broadcast from a YC station." *2

Political Interference?

While the Tribunal's FM report was accepted and partly acted upon (12M made non-commercial) by the previous Minister of Broadcasting, the new broom, Jonathan Hunt, has embraced the RNZ masterplan with lightning speed. While there's no obligation on Mr Hunt to use the FM report is it proper for him to actively support another option, or for that matter *any* option? Adoption of the masterplan will dramatically increase the power of the Broadcasting Corporation. Mr Hunt has directed the Broadcasting Tribunal to hear the masterplan applications *and* told it they fall within government policy. By endorsing the masterplan the minister short-circuits the role of the Tribunal to make impartial judgements on broadcasting issues.

The Corporation will still have to defend its masterplan before the Tribunal, but it seems the war is won before the battle is fought.

Who Says The Ends Justify The Means?

The great promise in the RNZ masterplan is that it eventually will provide many more non-commercial services throughout

the country. But will it? The Broadcasting Corporation is a multi-million dollar enterprise. Why hasn't it extended Maori, Polynesian, access and "alternative" music services before now? Surely the need has always been there. Future development is tied to commercial muscle, but what if ZM FM isn't the big moneyspinner intended? Will the non-commercial services remain in the doledrums while RNZ dreams up new ways to squeeze the market?

The Corporation is barely accountable for the way it divides its resources between commercial and non-commercial radio. Whilst complaining it's always short of a dollar it nevertheless has managed to find \$60 million to support the third TV channel bid by the Aotearoa Broadcasting Society. It's pretty obvious the Corporation could set up more minority interest services if it wanted to but instead is using the cover of the masterplan to justify grabbing a much bigger slice of the radio market. The desire to make money is the sole rationale of the masterplan. It will eliminate competition, it will re-establish state control. IS THIS HEALTHY FOR BROADCASTING? WILL IT ENCOURAGE QUALITY PROGRAMMING? IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT?


We need broadcasting alternatives now. We need a firm commitment to the needs of an audience, *not* the destructive in-fighting of commercial competitors all seeking the same lowest common denominator. We're supposed to have a public broadcasting system in this country but its obsession with mass-appeal formulas cuts out all its other options. If you can see that the future of New Zealand radio, as the Broadcasting Corporation plans it, will give you even less to listen to, then DO SOMETHING.

Mark Everton, Barry Jenkin, Andrew Congdon.
Concerned broadcasters not currently working in the industry.

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AND THE MODERN LOVERS



Biography by Jonathan Richman

Hello everyone. I was born in Boston in May of 1951. I grew up in the suburbs in Massachusetts.

When I was eleven I had a crush on Debbie Salvin. This was 1965. She and Janet Wolah listened to WMEX — the teenage station of that time. Well, when I went over to Janet's to pester Debbie I'd hear "Johnny Angel", "Torture", "Summertime Lover" and songs by Connie Stevens and Tommy Sands. So pretty soon I was there with the transistor radio hearing "The Locomotion", "The Watusi", "He's a Rebel" and everything else. That music is in my heart now as it always will be.

I heard live bands in junior high but didn't start singing or playing till I was 15 and had heard The Velvet Underground, out of New York City. They made an atmosphere and I knew then that I could make one too!

I started singing in public in Boston in 1968. I knew I couldn't sing or play like other guys but I didn't want to. I figured I had feeling and that was enough. I knew I was honest.


I don't know what I'm going to do before I do it on stage. I don't use a "set list". I don't know if I'll smile, I might be sad that night. Lots of times I think I'm hilarious. But I don't do "parody" or "satire" or "tongue-in-cheek" stuff. I read these words about myself occasionally.

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Mental As Anything (L-R): Martin Plaza, Peter O'Doherty, Reg Mombassa, Greedy Smith, Wayne Delisle.



Method In Their Mentalness

An Interview with Mental As Anything's Peter O'Doherty

"I know we've helped propagate the image of being a bit silly, but that's on the surface," explained the Mentals' Peter O'Doherty from Sydney at the end of last month. "At the same time when you write songs on your own you often write them when you're going through stress or emotional problems and those things are pretty serious. Life is serious enough

without stamping it down as being very straight-faced. We'll always have that humour there, it's a problem, I know," he laughed."

Videomental

The Mentals have been reaping the profits from

idiocy for over seven years, ever since the release of their classic drinking anthem 'The Nips Are Getting Bigger'. But now, in the video parlours, is *Monumental*, an 85 minute visual orgy of Pythonesque animation, Monkees' lunacy, Mentals morality and 19 songs that add up to a greatest hits and near misses:

"It was a collaboration between us and the B-Sharp team who did the animation. We've always had that style of bizarre humour and if it's similar to the Monty Python stuff then that's good. We tried to steer away from a stiff chronological history of the band — that's why we used the humour and we did a couple of new clips like the

'Berserk Warriors' one with Reg doing his Scottish trick."

And his chopping liver trick?

"Yeah, very sensitive isn't it? Our mum really likes it." And whose mum wouldn't like the romance behind the scene of a berserk expatriate Kiwi in viking garb hacking into a great slice of liver? A touch of

class.

And then there's the motor mower and clothesline worshipping scene, a dig at Aussie society:

"I suppose it is, with me and Reg being brothers and New Zealanders, we never let the Aussies forget about our cultural superiority. Our collective intelligence is probably 10 times higher than the stupid Australians in the band."

The video cover advertises *Monumental* as "arguably the second greatest story ever told," so what happened to the first?

"The Bible would have to be the first. We're all very pious and we all go to church on Sunday in our finest."

Word has filtered back that the band had to undergo tremendous hardship and face unspeakable dangers to complete some of the clips:

"Yeah, I had to run along the beach towards the water and although it looks to be a hundred yards away it's actually a mile. Just having to get up and leave the beer is pretty hard work, a huge sacrifice. Greedy had to wallow around in the mud and how stupid and pathetic is that? He couldn't come up with the real cultural idea of using sausages to make you look more glamorous, like Reg."

"We did some terrible things as we don't seem to have a great deal of shame, so we'll do anything at the time if it means being an idiot, which we're quite good at, unfortunately."

Any thoughts about releasing a Greatest Hits album to tie in with the video's guaranteed success?

"We could, but
CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

A MESSAGE TO MUSIC FANS
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'MENTALS' FROM PAGE 16
Fundamental's been going pretty well so there's not much point in putting out competition for it. By the time we get around to it we'll have enough for two albums. We've just released 'Date With Destiny', our third single from *Fundamental*, and so that must mean we've done 17 or 18 singles by now. We've got too many songs, that's a big problem."

Let's Eat

Life on the road is tough, man, so tough that most bands need a release through things like beer and even wine. The Mentals live in the fast lane, they're into FOOD:

"Greedy started it. He actually earned that name, he ate 17 pieces of Kentucky Fried Chicken in one sitting about seven years ago. The name stuck and we never let him forget about it.

"But we're all very big eaters, that's one of the joys of life. We eat copious amounts. The last couple of weeks on the road we've been out in the country and there's not a lot to do so we stop for big two to three course pub lunches everywhere. And then we'd be playing RSL and football clubs and we eat huge meals there too. So after about a week we've collectively put on four or five stone. We get huge guts, but we don't get fat anywhere else."

How do you get rid of the extra weight?

"By making ourselves sick by having too much of everything. About two years ago Reg and Greedy were real gluttons for a while. They felt guilty about it so they got sick together. I think it was a little agreement they had. They

were really sick for about 10 days, every morning they were just vomiting up bile and when we pulled them out of bed they'd be pale and shaky and we'd stick them on stage. We played every night and they insisted on going on with it. In fact I don't think we've missed any shows because of sickness in eight years."

The Mentals and Their Music

The reason for all this gluttony and idiocy lies in the music. The Mentals are nothing if not a great singles band. *Monumental*

"Greedy earned that name, he ate 17 pieces of Kentucky Fried Chicken in one sitting about seven years ago."

bears that out. The four songwriters (that's everyone bar drummer Ray De Lisle) have a John Sebastian knack of blending perceptive whimsy with an exhilarating little tune. 'Live It Up' is only the most recent in a long line of mental tit-bits but as albums go the band seemed to hit a slump after *Cats and Dogs*:

"Yeah, from where you are it probably appeared that way. We went on a long tour of America and then last year it took a long time to find a producer as our original choice of Gary Langham fell through and the months went rolling by until we found Richard

Gotthrer.

"We tend to have a successful album and then one that's not so popular, so if you had a graph it would be up-down-up-down-up. Like the first album was popular and then *Expresso Bongo* was a bit hasty and we did it in six days under the influence of all sorts of terrible things. It's one of my favourites and it's the weirdest album we've done but it could've been played a lot better and done a lot cleaner.

"*Cats and Dogs* was successful but *Creatures Of Leisure* was too esoteric or strange or something. *Fundamental* is popular so the next one we do we'll make sure it's a real dud, just to keep the graph nice and neat."

How come the arrangement with Gary Langham fell through?

"He took on too much at the time and he got zonked out at all the stress and he pulled out something like five days before he was meant to be on the plane. A shame because he worked with the Art Of Noise and he wanted to make a wild album which we were pretty excited about, but things worked out well in the long run because Gotthrer was a really good find."

Gotthrer's pedigree goes a long way back. He co-wrote old standards like 'My Boyfriend's Back' and 'Sorrow', he had a couple of hits with his band, the Strangeloves, and since the late 70s he's made his name producing the likes of Blondie, the Go Gos and his greatest challenge, the Mentals. How did they get a producer of Gotthrer's stature at such short notice?

"Our manager had been in America shopping around

and he talked to Gotthrer who just happened to be available a few months ahead, so we had to wait and that meant there was more than two years between albums. It's too long because we've got four songwriters in the band and we ended up with over 30 songs demoed for *Fundamental*, more than enough for two albums.

"We put more time and money into *Fundamental* than on any other album but it was worth it. Gotthrer and his engineer were great. At times they were overly strict, as in a lot of things

"Fundamental is popular so the next one we'll do we'll make sure it's a real dud, just to keep the graph nice and neat."

that we would've let go on other albums they insisted we do again until we got them right. That taught us a lot about making a professional album as we'd done sloppy stuff in the past."

The band has also worked with Elvis Costello, who produced the 'I Didn't Mean To Be Mean' single in 1982:

"Costello was in Australia touring at the time and we wanted to put out a single and we approached him. We knew his manager, Jake Riviera, as we did the Rockpile support in Australia in 1979 so we gave him a call and asked him if he could play Elvis these tapes.

We did the whole single in one night."

Not the band's best song: "You didn't think so? Oh well, there you go, there's one opinion. We got different reactions to it and it got a lot of airplay but it wasn't a mega-hit. We've had so many singles that people think we must be successful but in fact I don't think we've had a national number one in Australia. 'Live It Up' made it to number two, although it was one in different places like Sydney."

Your song 'Surf & Mull & Sex & Fun' has a good enough hook to make a single:

"Yeah, but the subject matter's not quite single stuff."

Is the song a list of your hobbies?

"Yeah (laughs), I gotta be careful what I say here because of the family audience who might be reading this. I don't think my mum's ever commented on that song."

Mental Notes

So far the Mentals have done two tours of America with another being planned for late this year or early next year:

"We don't need America, but you can keep on doing the rounds year in year out, which is what we do, that's our bread and butter. But it's great to play to fresh audiences who have no preconceptions about the band so we can be real idiots again. The Americans are fun to play to coz they have a little trouble getting through to Aussie humour, they're very insular straightforward people. They love the accent and the fact that we're from somewhere they don't know very much about. I've had comments like 'Oh, you speak very

good English,' and 'How did you get here, by train?'"

Any signs of a Men At Work-type breakthrough?

"No, the write-ups were good and the people liked us but you've got to have a single played right across the country to make your mark. People forget who you are unless you have that up front high profile and there was no way we had that. When we go again, when *Fundamental's* released there, we'll be known in a small way, not quite cult and nowhere near popular."

Fundamental has brought Mental As Anything back into the limelight. What would have happened to the band if the album had flopped?

"We'd probably have committed group suicide, jumped in a Valiant and driven off a cliff at Coogee. It would've been a problem but things happen the way they're meant to happen, I guess. If it had've been a turkey we could have fallen back on other things for a while. Like I'm going busking this weekend with some guys from the Milky Bar Kids, a rockabilly trio who've been supporting us."

And future plans?

"I'd like to experiment with things like something psychedelic and that might come out in the next album, it might be heavier altogether, and we'll probably find a different producer again. All of our albums and songs are different and I think that's one of our strengths."

Good luck with the busking, it might be more lucrative than working with the Mentals:

"Yeah, if it looks like being a good thing I might give this Mentals thing a shove," you guessed it, he laughed.

George Kay

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POP EYES THE SAILOR

Words With Mockers' Andrew Fagan

He is the Divine Master of the Church Of Physical Immortality. A robust, weathered looking man in a red robe and grey beard, left hand clasped around a wooden staff topped with a globe of the world. He chuckles and waves a cheery farewell, as does his wife.

"What a case!" exclaims Andrew Fagan as he clambers back into the rental van; then launches into earnest praise.

We've come all the way out to Avondale to see the Divine Master regarding a small boat that he owns and Andrew may wish to buy. Andrew wants to try a few offshore voyages and, faced with upgrading worth several thousand dollars on the boat he lives in on Auckland harbour, is looking at trying to buy one already suitably equipped. Hasn't really got the money of course. But could well have in the near future.

The DM built his own boat and it's a meticulous piece of work, Andrew explains. The guy was even sufficiently dedicated to work for a year in a stainless steel factory so he could do the mouldings for himself after hours. It's lovely, small but lovely. The Divine Master is only selling it so he can travel to the Middle East and spread the word of Physical Immortality.

"What he said was that he'd like to let the whole world use his boat, just leave it tied up, so long as people brought it back and fixed anything that went wrong with it," Andrew explains. "But it wouldn't work. Actually, a lot of what he said awareness was really true. If everyone was a bit more aware ..."

Do you know who Andrew Fagan is? He sings in a pop group called the Mockers.

The Mockers have by now launched into an exhaustive tour of the country, going just about everywhere and playing a lot of one-nighters. The tour is in support of their new album, *Culprit and the King*. The album is the fruit of keen interest shown in the Mockers by RCA Records Australia and, in turn, RCA America. Where the Mockers' first album was recorded in the "down time" at Auckland's Mandrill studios — whatever was spare at the time — *Culprit and the King* was completed during a two month block booking at a top Sydney studio.

"There were no limits in terms of time or getting things right, whereas with the other one we had to let things go purely because of time. Everything was available — anything you wanted, you could call up and it would be there in an hour. It was all very convenient, just because of the pace they move at. They've always got things happening so it was quite vibrant in that respect. In another way I thought it was quite destructive, that pace

of life in the music world in Sydney, in the recording studio. It was very good, but to actually live there and be part of it ... I don't think I'd find time for the necessary peace of mind to come up with songs. For me, anyway, it was all pretty fast track. But we were just sort of plomped into it. Just sitting watching everything happening and going for it."



The Divine Mocker?

The first inkling of international interest in the Mockers came early this year when they were invited over to Sydney to record a single and some demos and say hi to the folks. 'One Black Friday' came out of that. But the Mockers had rather run out of momentum when another invite came, this time to come over and record a whole album with RCA Australia's new A&R man.

The recent *Radio With Pictures* docu-news segment made it clear that people

very high up were interested in the Mockers as a proposition for success. The man said that the Mockers were one of the bands RCA was really going to concentrate on internationally ...

"It's funny, that wasn't actually clear until I saw the TV thing and saw big Brian there saying that. Obviously I think it's good, because I always make it really clear, and I think it's a good lesson for a lot of new bands coming up, one has to accept the business side of it."

"And the only statement we can make to the record company for them to give us a bigger push or whatever, is our songs. That's the only thing they listen to. This is overstating it, because obviously there's personal relationships and that sort of thing, but the main thing is you're product to them. It's a business and they're businessmen and I accept that."

"And in that game overseas ... or even here — it's things like full-page ads in *Rip It Up* that puts you in front of the people for them to decide whether they like you or not. And that's what makes you known and it's part of the game. That's why we came out of Wellington and stopped doing singles ourselves, because it was so depressing putting them out and no one knowing them about them. It didn't matter if anyone liked them or hated them, just no one knew about them."

"That's where the businessmen and their promotional dollars come in. They say: 'Right, we're gonna put you in front of people.' But there's a thin line between moulding oneself so the businessman will like you and being oneself and

being appreciated by the businessman."

"This whole New Zealand thing, the fact that we're a proven 'product' in New Zealand, they appreciate us. Because for them chart success, money, fan clubs talk; they're business indicators for them. And they say: 'Right, you've done that in New Zealand, you're doing what you're doing, we'll just pick you up.' And there was no talk of the haircutting image thing at all."

"I'm not saying it's been calculated at all on my part — it's just been luck, all the way along. We could've been someone else and they might have said: 'Right, you've got to do this,' but there would have been a few arguments there."

If the pressure had been put on to tailor things to the market?

"I'd try to impress upon them the fact that, I don't know about the other guys, but personally it's just not me. That's never been me and I'd have to somehow make it clear to them. The proof of the pudding is all those bands in Sydney like Geishas and Kids in the Kitchen, who are just copying other British bands, the whole sound, the whole look, everything. It's just terrible, but those bands will just be on the heap, they'll never get anywhere, they'll never be spearheading anything by themselves. And I'm not saying that we will be, but we've got our own little niche, we do our own little thing and that's it, it's not a matter of copying any of the others."

The Mockers have played their first gig in some months, and the first since the album, the previous night — Andrew says there were no difficulties doing

justice to the expensive album as a live band.

"Not with the approach they took to recording. The producer was presented with two approaches to take from the demos we did. They could do the whole drum machine-sequencer, very precise sort of session approach or just catch the band basically as the band is, set everyone up in there and play. They decided, quite fortunately for us, that they would go with that sort of live approach."

"The main reason was — and it's all relative and in comparison with the bands they were working with and the session guys who are in the studio all the time — we were really rough. We were really ... unique. Just because we were a band that had worked together and had got the songs from the band putting them together, as opposed to going in there and getting in a session bass player who plays with Sharon O'Neill or whatever."

"They were listening to demo tapes of something that sounded to them really fresh — purely because of what they were used to listening to in the studio. So subsequently they didn't push us in any direction with any of the songs. I mean, there's lots of things on there that we couldn't reproduce live, but they're things that you wouldn't notice. The base of each song is generally very much the way we were doing them before we got them there. Again, it's just luck. If they'd decided the other way, given the power play of the whole thing, the position we were in, we would have been subject to that. But we were fortunate that it's very representative of the band."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22



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

Part of this legend is Southern Comfort, the Grand Old Drink of the South. Comfort was at the heart of the music revolution in New Orleans right from the start. And like the sound of The Blues, it soon became widely acclaimed throughout the lower

Mississippi Valley and as far north as Memphis and Chicago.

Comfort was there when people like Jelly Roll Morton, Bessie Smith and Scott Joplin made music history in the Beale Street clubs and bars of Memphis.

And it was there in the decades that followed, at the first New Orleans Mardi Gras, through the jazz era, vaudeville, swing, country, R & B and rock 'n roll. And

though the music has become more sophisticated, till this day it still retains the unmistakable mark of its southern origins.

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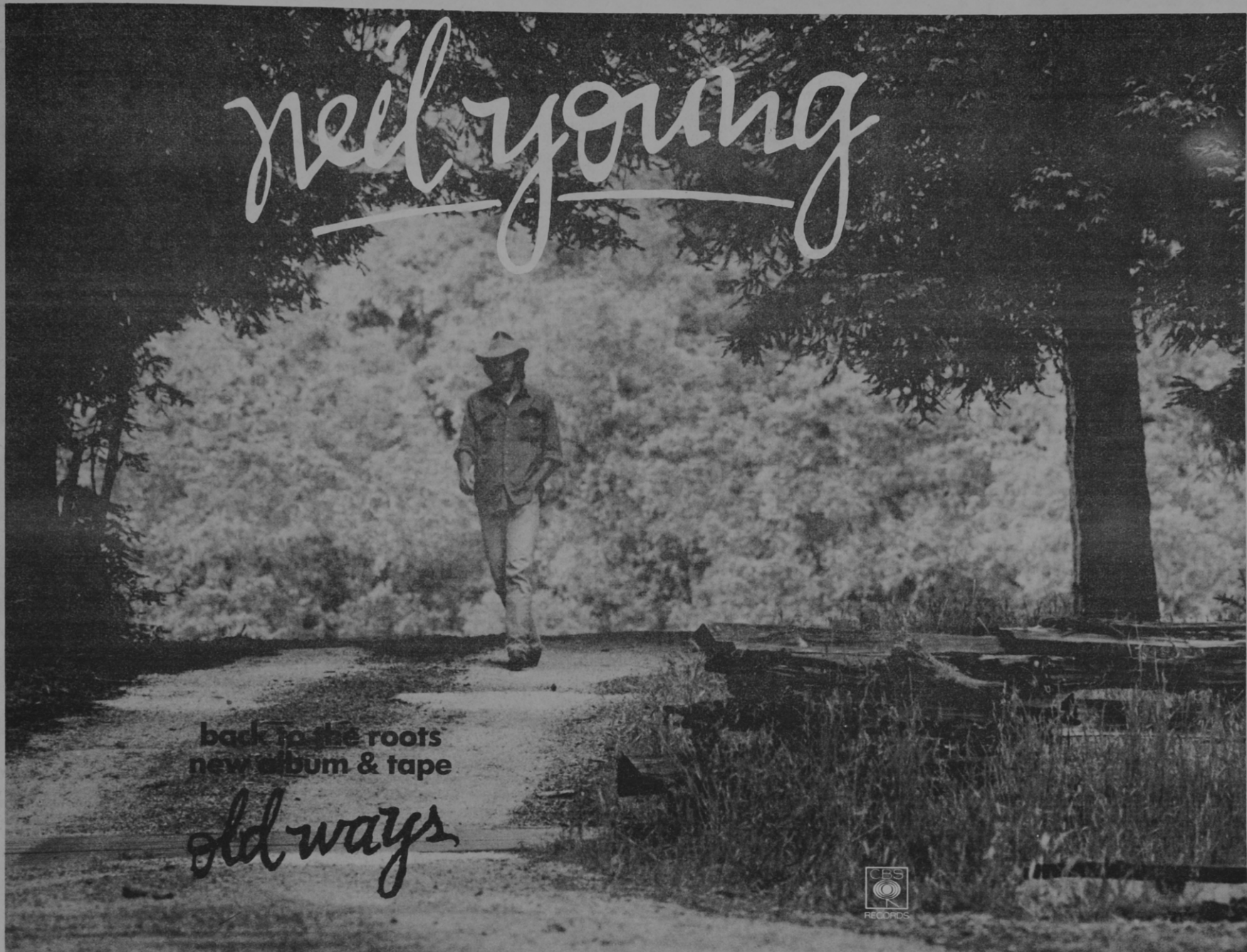
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AMERICAN FRONTIER



LONE JUSTICE

PRODUCED BY JIMMY IOVINE

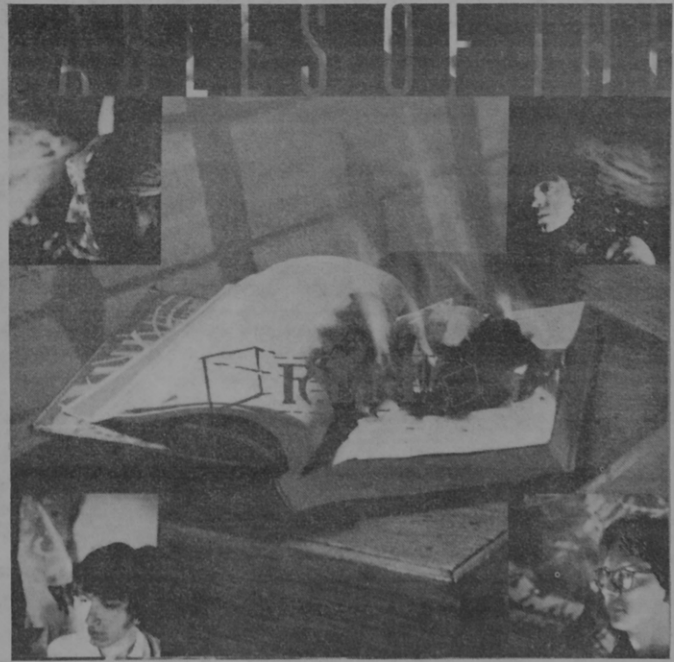
Recognition comes to L.A. band Lone Justice.

In the two years since Lone Justice broke onto the L.A. club circuit playing romping country-influenced rock 'n' roll, McKee, a petite dynamo with a voice the size of Gibraltar, has collected a brace of reviews that would turn even Michael Jackson bright chartreuse. Robert Hilburn of the *Los Angeles Times* compared her to Chrissie Hynde, Dolly Parton, Linda Ronstadt, and Janis Joplin in a recent five-page cover story in the paper's Sunday entertainment section. Mikal Gilmore of the *Herald-Examiner* cites Bruce Springsteen, Prince,

Mostly though, *Fables* is untouchable R.E.M. in all their rough-cut glory, swinging from contemplative, Byrds-like balladry ("Green Grow the Rushes," "Good Advices") to careening, maniacally driven numbers like "Auctioneer (Another Engine)," which is dense with the mad torque of guitars and drums and Stipe's clenched, tense vocal. It appears to be about the strange motivations and betrayals that underlie a relationship as it comes undone, but who knows?

And so it asks more questions than it answers. Listening to *Fables of the Reconstruction* is like waking up in a menacing yet wonderful world underneath the one we're familiar with. R.E.M. undermines our certitude in reality and deposits us in a new place, filled with both serenity and doubt, where we're forced to think for ourselves.

70 ROLLING STONE, JUNE 20, 1985



R. E. M.

FABLES OF THE RECONSTRUCTION



'MOCKERS' FROM PAGE 20

Actually, to an extent we got a lot more control on this album than we did on *Swear It's True* — with this one there was no one in the driver's seat telling us what to do. They basically said: 'You've got proven product in New Zealand — just do your thing.' We had a really good communication with the producer — what he was doing was getting the sounds to sound so that when you hear it on a record player, it doesn't sound like a demo tape, it just sounds competitive with whatever else is around. Just the sound, not the individual playing or instruments. I'd hate to think what it would have been like doing it the other way — it wouldn't have been us, we wouldn't have been able to reproduce it live and, most importantly, it wouldn't have enhanced the songs.

"And I think the good thing about the record company in Australia anyway is that they seem to be seeing the swing

back to just basic, pure catching a band as it is. It suits them because it's cheap! It suits them that the Eurhythmics album cost \$40,000 to record when the Real Life one's costing \$200,000 in Germany. There's an awareness which obviously gives us more freedom than I was anticipating."

The Mockers share a certain quality with a lot of other bands from this country — they stake their claims on their songs. That's almost quaint in a pop industry which has seen a lot of money poured into bands who apparently do not have songs to speak of. But on the other hand one of the main criticisms of the Mockers has been their continuing to write just *nice* little songs, nothing more ...

"I've been thinking about this, and I don't personally aspire to extending the boundaries of pop music. To me the perfection in pop is being involved in writing a

good pop song. 'Good' is so hard to define anyway, but it's those melodies that ... I'm truly enamoured of the concept of the pop song, y'know? Because it's such a honed-down, concentrated thing. It's such a disciplined thing, everything about it is so worked out, it's such a real little craft.

"With the amount of crap pop songs around, the ooh-baby-yeah-yeah stuff, people lose sight of that and I can appreciate that, but at the same time, the really good pop songs, like 'Itchykoo Park' and 'Mother's Little Helper', it's a great craft to come up with something like that. I used to listen to songs like that and aspire to writing a great pop song.

"And that's all within the concept of a pop song and that's not trying to extend those boundaries. I can't see myself ever wanting to extend those boundaries because I don't concentrate all my everyday energies into the music we make. That's one thing I really like doing

and like doing with the band, but there's other things.

"It's probably because I'm not a musician. Probably if I was a musician and that was my baby, music, then I'd be different. Because musicians tend to, I find, clutter things by throwing in a lot of chords and things. That's because they *know* a lot of chords — pop songs are banal to them because they're so basic. I was reading an interview with Lou Reed's bass player, this gun bassist who was absolutely bored shitless with his songs. But I'm not a musician and if I was I'd probably aspire to taking the songs beyond what they are. The way I appreciate music is just based on how it strikes me, rather than whether it's interesting or whatever. It's almost a layman's point of view I suppose.

"It's the same with poetry, a good poem for me is something that moves me or hits me. It doesn't matter if it's iambic pentameter or



The Mockers (L-R, standing): Brett Adams, Andrew Fagan, Tim Wedde. Foreground: Steve Thorpe, Geoff Hayden.

whatever, just something that gets across an emotion. And I look at something that's a good poem and that's what I aspire to writing. I don't aspire to extending the boundaries of poetry in any way.

"Another thing I like about the category of pop music is that it gives you the scope to take a song in any direction. The song's the master and whatever's going to best suit that song you can do."

Since the Mockers returned from Australia Andrew has divided his time between the business of the band — a video, interviews, photographs, clothes — and his boat. Naturally, he's been spending quite a bit of time alone on the briny. Now he's going on tour, where there's anything but solitude ...

"It's a real contrast. I like it actually, even though I get a bit cynical and get tired and grumpy at times. I spent a month on the boat going to bed at eight o'clock every night and getting up at seven o'clock before we went to Australia. Then we spent two months in the timeless vacuum of the recording studio, never seeing daylight and eating takeaways. I really got off on it because I knew it wasn't going to last forever. If it did I think I'd scream. And it's the same now, coming back and being on the boat is a change, and being on tour will be another existence."

He's been spending his time in waders and black jerseys ...

"Black gear's good, you don't have to wash it. The waders look so dicky round town but they're so useful for getting out to the boat. Gumboots are no use at all."

Of course now the tour's begun it's into frilly stage robes.

"That's what's so good, the contrast. It makes it really good fun dressing up. Everyone does it, whether it's combing their hair in the mirror before they go out or putting on a special outfit. It's good fun — it's just a bit more extreme the way I do it."

Does your personality actually change when you're wearing the fancy clothes?

"I don't think I actually feel different; it's just like putting on a suit or something. I think you tend to adhere to

it mentally. It doesn't manifest itself so much verbally or physically, but it's like working in a bank and putting on a suit — you feel pretty disciplined and spick and span. So if you want to you can easily slip into a rock star role, but there's very little opportunity for that anyway. On tour it will be a bit that way, with motels and interviews and everything laid on, but it doesn't actually change my personality I think. I hope not, but you don't get a chance for that to be demonstrated anyway.

"It's just role play, that's what I get off on. The whole thing's a matter of role play and it upsets me when people can't fathom that and they don't even perceive that what they're doing in their own lives is role playing."

"Working in a bank or being a lawyer with short hair and a suit, it's just role play and it's equally acceptable. My brother in Sydney gets dressed up in a suit every morning, but he sees it like that and it's fine. But when people begin to take it seriously and they look at other people and the way they dress and not accepting them then it's dangerous — it becomes prejudice based on your appearance. And that's why I like dressing up in robes and changing roles and that and if people think you're a dick, at least you're getting through to them and hopefully making them think — and if you can do that you're winning."

There's a sense of the arbitrary about Andrew Fagan being in a pop band. It's qualities other than musical virtuosity that make him the success he is — but he does have a perceptive, idiosyncratic ear for popism. He was at the optimum age when punk suddenly made it rewarding and relevant to play music again; what would he have chosen in 1985's less rewarding climate? But "being in a band" is still a helluva good thing — like the modern-day equivalent of running off to join the circus. And when you set your sights on the stars and then begin to make some progress towards them, it's an adventure. That's what he likes. An adventure. **Russell Brown**

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Why should the Italians have all the fun?



Records

R.E.M. Fables of the Reconstruction (or Reconstruction of the Fables) Epic

It is the third album, and by now R.E.M.'s idiosyncracies have begun to solidify into characteristic ways of approaching songs. Various whoops and hollers from Michael Stipe, guitar licks from Peter Buck and near-melodic touches from rhythm section Bill Berry and Mike Mills have their counterparts on the band's previous two long players. But another trademark is that each album sounds rather like the last — until you give it a few listens, by which time differences become clear.

And *Fables ...* is different. It's R.E.M.'s most open album yet, with clearer, crisper instrumentation and production. The element of mystery is carried through mainly in Stipe's warm, blustery voice — the effect is rather like finger-painting on etchings. The roles of each player are clearer here; the bass supporting the melody while Buck restlessly always plays something, rather than simply playing. He sounds like someone with an intuitive idea of what sounds good, as opposed to someone with an intuitive feel for playing guitar.

The album's first three songs are R.E.M. gems: 'Feeling Gravity's Pull' prowls along on a lean, nervous riff with dreamlike effect before rolling into a string climax. 'Maps and Legends' has a certain strength and a great chorus, getting along in easy strides on its bass line and 'Driver 8' has a real sense of the distance Stipe sings about. Perhaps the most interesting song is 'Can't Get There From Here,' a soul stomp that actually works, with Stipe going low and throaty for the verses and managing a godhonest soul scream go-



R.E.M. (L-R): Mike Mills, Michael Stipe, Peter Buck, Bill Berry.



The Hoodoo Gurus (L-R): Mark Kingsmill, Brad Shepherd, Dave Faulkner, Clyde Bramsley.

ing into each chorus. The stylistic experiment succeeds because the band doesn't have to leave its ground to get there. All the stylistic variations here are bound with an essence means every song sounds like R.E.M. — it's a strength that perhaps could become a weakness in the future. Perhaps.

Of the others, the intense 'Auctioneer' is the most obvious example of the apparent commentary on the 20th Century American legend (hence the title) and 'Good Advices' is judgement day stuff: "Who are you going to call for? What do you have to say?" 'Wendell Gee' is the album's beautiful ballad, but it's quite different from 'Perfect Circle' or 'Camera,' reflecting the more trad country feel that's present. R.E.M. probably aren't a "new wave" band any more, whatever that means.

There are flatter songs here too, like 'Green Grow the Rushes' and 'Old Man Kensey,' but there's not really anything wrong with them, they just don't stand out. Given the quality of the strong songs, they're eminently forgivable — I'll probably even end up liking them as much. R.E.M. spring quiet surprises, not loud ones, and make another great record.

Russell Brown

Dukes Of Stratosphear 25 O'Clock Virgin

1985, it was a big night for Sir John Johns and his band, the Dukes Of Stratosphear, leaders of a psychedelic revival destined to sweep Swindon. For years (ever since 1968 in fact) Sir John's Swami, Pinut Buttaja, had been prophesying the return of flower power.

Earlier that day Sir John had scoured the boutiques of Swindon for the right paisley jacket to complement his exploding technicolour long Johns. Mission accomplished, he admired his botanical presence in shop windows on his way to the Imploding Banana.

The club was packed and the air heavy with Peruvian mango weed as the Dukes took the stage. Immediately they soared into '25 O'Clock,' a homage to the laxative powers of the Electric Prunes starring the stunning mellotron of Lord

Cornelius Plum. The ghost of Syd Barrett's Pink Floyd was activated by the jolly 'Bike Ride To the Moon,' and the delightful 'Mole From the Ministry' rekindled memories of the Beatles' 'I Am the Walrus.'

As they band launched into their encore, 'What In the World,' a man in the crowd, some said he used to lead a band called XTC, nodded with approval and wondered why he hadn't thought of a psychedelic revival.

George Kay

Hoodoo Gurus Mars Needs Guitars Bigtime

Scenario One: As the Hoodoo Gurus trek between the campuses and small bars of the USA, Dave Faulkner calls a halt in any no-account town big enough to have a used record store or even a junk shop and excitedly leafs through battered, scratched records, plucking out on spec anything that might be a forgotten gem. He sorts them out later.

Scenario Two: The Hoodoo Gurus take a bunch of Dave Faulkner's songs into Sydney's Trafalgar Studios, have them produced by Charles Fisher and mixed at Studio 301 and call it *Mars Needs Guitars*.

The first of the above paragraphs is sheer speculation; the second is the facts. Together they kind of fit this album. As it was with the Gurus' live sound here last year, there's a certain Orztralian delicacy about the production here — the "bottom end" features prominently and guitars growl where sometimes they should chime. That said, it's a very sophisticated production, but perhaps that's a part of the problem. Faulkner and the Gurus are taking a non-naive approach to music that has naivete at its core.

Which would matter not a bit if this album were full of devastating songs, but it's not. As a parade through some classic riffs, melodies and styles it's impressive but it doesn't really reach out. The glowing exception is the lovely 'Death Defying,' which incorporates an apparently heartfelt philosophy on death and dying with some corn and a scoop of romance. Every second line in the verses is "Ooh wee" — wow! The tendency in our household has been to play

that and the one which follows it and closes Side One, 'Like Wow — Wipeout,' which kicks off with the great lines:

*I kiss the ground on which you walk
I kiss the lips through which you talk*

*I kissed the city of New York
The day that I met you*
Elsewhere, the single, 'Bittersweet' has a lovely melody and a great simple riff but loses the impact it could have had through a pretty distanced production. 'Show Some Emotion' has a really neat bubblegum hookline, but again suffers from the production blues. 'Mars Needs Guitars' starts off sounding like the Cramps with day jobs and gets psychedelic — okay, but not mean. A lot of the rest is a bit ordinary.

This might make a great party album and it's not really bad in its own right, but maybe the Hoodoo Gurus' real problem is that they don't often take Faulkner's melodic aptitude anywhere very startling. Again, 'Death Defying' is the major exception. That joins 'My Girl' and 'I Want You Back' as the great songs the Gurus have popped up. Maybe Dave should've grown up in Brockville ...

Russell Brown

The Armoury Show Waiting For the Floods EMI

Legendary old punks never die. They just become actors and poets, then get homesick for sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll so go and find others of their ilk to form new super-bands. Richard Jobson, once of the Skids, once poet, once actor, joins with old Skids bassist Russell Webb, Magazine drummer John Doyle and John McGeoch, a legendary figure of Magazine and Banshees fame (legendary guitar in one hand, bottle of scotch in the other). The Armoury Show — pedigree, huh?

Together less than a year, the old guys blast out *Waiting For the Floods* in monumental style. Given volume, McGeoch's guitar engulfs you and Jobson's poetry wails full-force, creating an engaging slab of powerpop. At times it veers towards Simple Minds or Echo and the Bunnymen (even the Banshees in 'Jungle Of Cities'), but the album's first track and single, 'Cas-



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ties In Spain', is loaded with power that could only have been mustered up by such unique talents as these.

The rest of the album doesn't quite reach the heights of that first song, though it's all not too far behind, especially *Avalanche*. And if it sounds a couple of years behind the play to your ears, pass that off as the time lag for their sojourn away from the forefront of English music. They've all made better records in the past (ie: *great* ones), but *Waiting For the Floods* is a noisy launchpad for the Armoury Show, and these nouveaux geriatrics will endure with advance.

Paul McKessar

**The Kane Gang
The Bad and Lowdown
World of the Kane Gang
Polydor**

With Kevin Rowland the apparent victim of terminal arrogance the question arises: is there any new British band with soul? Current contenders (or pretenders) include Floy Joy, Working Week, Fine Young Cannibals and the Kane Gang.

The last-mentioned comprise the Newcastle trio of Martin Brammer, Paul Woods and David Brewis. They've already managed a respectable hit with 'Closest Thing To Heaven', as sweet a ballad as you'll hear, and a song I'll be singing to welcome in the spring. The LP could best be described as a journey through their respective record collections.

Thus 'Gun Law' is a stab at the Norman Whitfield sound, 'How Much Longer' is somewhere near Philadelphia, and 'Small Town Creed' nods towards Sly Stone. The one cover version, the Staple Singers' 'Respect Yourself', is competently saved by the backing vocals of the great P.P. Arnold.

To their credit, the Kane Gang can write an excellent song. 'Losersville' and 'Printer's Devil' are both bitter reflections on the plight of Britain's unemployed, especially in the industrial North, which Thatcherism seems determined to reduce to a desert. It's the production and singing that are the letdowns. The backing sags where it should skip, while Brammer and Woods could hardly be called outstanding vocalists. A hard R&B-gospel wailer like 'Take This Train' needs a voice like Joe Cocker (hint).

The wild card in this pack is 'Crease In His Hat', a nostalgic and enigmatic song, with images of departed friends. A distinct overtone of death, but far from maudlin. It's captivating, and suggests that the Kane Gang definitely have more to offer.

Duncan Campbell

**Shona Laing
Genre
Pagan**

Where were you in '72? The NZBC had a programme called *New Faces*, its annual talent quest, remember? The winner that year was Steve Gilpin (still frontman with Mi-Sex) and second place went to Shona Laing, performing '1905'.

Five singles (three Gold), two albums (one Gold) and many awards later, Shona left NZ for distant shores, landing in London in 1975. If you want to know more about her stay in London, the time spent working with Manfred Mann and her fourth album, *Tied To the Tracks* (EMI, '81), check out Omnibus Press's *New Women In Rock*. What it doesn't tell you about is the long-lost third album, her performance with Cliff Richard on his TV show and her appearance at the Bulgarian Song Festival in 1981 (representing Great Britain!).

Since returning to this country, Shona has spent her time working towards this, her fifth album. And the wait has been worthwhile. What we have is 12 tracks ranging from the highly political 'America' (with solo supreme from master guitarist Martin Winch), rightly chosen as the first single, to the classically topped 'Glad I'm Not A Kennedy'. From 'The Migrant and the Refugee', with its 6/8 time piano intro (courtesy Geoff Castle) and fine sax lines (Brian Smith), to the bouncy Side Two opener, 'One In A Million' (Geoff Castle on keyboards again!). From the obvious radio song 'Neat and Tidy' to the '75 meets '85 album closer, 'The Sally Gap'.

Special mention must go to Bruce Lynch for his excellent production and everything else (arrangements, keyboards basses, drumulator). Is this the Musician Messiah we've all been waiting for? (Or is he just a naughty boy?)

Seriously though, this is a fine album and congratulations to all who were involved in it. Finally, on behalf of everyone, welcome home Shona.

Simon Elton



Jacqui Fitzgerald

**Skeptics
Ponds
Ulp Records**

Exploring their own little edge of musical form in Palmerston North and Wellington, the Skeptics do not make nice records. In fact, I doubt if you'd hear many NZ records in 1985 that are as "not nice" as *Ponds*. But then again, a lot of those "nice" records ain't so hot anyhow ...

This one positively *lurches* at you from the speakers. Rhythms strike and melodies disappear and reappear in most unusual directions. Some of it comes across as deviant as Psychic TV (especially the first track, 'Hurrah') while other songs like 'Bubba Clutha' on side two contain taut bones of melodies. None of the eight songs flow at all — you're forced into listening as they ebb away or break off suddenly to start in a new vein.

One black mark though, for the unnecessary Mark E.isms of the title track, but a hundred marks of the darkest hues imaginable for the rest of the dank-smelling project. And so what if the vocals sound like they were recorded at the bottom of a muddy pond — squeaky clean production wouldn't be part of the mood would it? Initially I thought it all sounded a bit dodgy, but *Ponds* sorta grow inside you, like a disease, 'til you actually like the unlikeable ... *honest!*

Paul McKessar

**Jacqui Fitzgerald
The Masquerade Is Over
Tartar**

Most New Zealanders have heard her sing though few have heard her name. To them she's just the voice that launched a thousand TV commercials. To a few others however, she's also the best female jazz singer currently working here. But then the handful of aficionados who'd turn up to listen to Jacqui Fitzgerald in a corner bar on Friday evenings doesn't really measure against the masses out there in TV land hearing her extoll the virtues of floor wax. The ZM Allnighter network got it about right when they recently featured Fitzgerald as an "Unsung Hero". Hopefully things are about to change.

This then, is her first LP and it's everything the aficionados were hoping for. It's also going to knock the socks off anyone who hasn't heard Jacqui the jazz singer. The material is drawn from her usual repertoire of astutely chosen classics plus one or two of recent vintage. (Joni Mitchell's work is favoured here.) What makes this selection so intelligent is not just the beauty of each and every song but its acceptability to audiences of both conventionally popular and jazz persuasions. Standards such as the title number or 'I Got It Bad (And That Ain't Good)', or even Miles Davis' 'Seven Steps To Heaven', find favour with most everyone.

Of course the danger then becomes that because the tunes are in such public domain the singer will be unable to find anything fresh to say with them. Have no fear. Even though she often sticks closely to recognised interpretations (for example Davis' version of 'Round Midnight' or Keith Jarrett's of 'God Bless the Child'), Fitzgerald's assured, personal phrasing and lovely smoke-cured voice make the songs her own.

In her live gigs Fitzgerald is accompanied by a piano trio. Here it's enlarged to a quintet with the

addition of Brian Smith (saxes) and Martin Winch (guitar). Both take several solos that amply demonstrate why each is New Zealand's foremost exponent of his instrument, as does Andy Brown on 'Fake'. Drummer Frank Gibson and pianist Mike Walker complete the stellar backing crew.

So there you have it: great songs, first class interpretations, superb musicianship. What else do you want? Well, it would be nice if this album made Jacqui Fitzgerald's name and talent as widely exposed as those TV commercials. It deserves no less.

Peter Thomson

**Hugh Masekela
Techno-Bush
Jive Afrika**

Hugh Masekela was born in South Africa, but hasn't lived there since the 1961 Sharpeville massacre. Educated at the Manhattan School of Music, this gifted horn player has now settled in Botswana, where he has his own recording studio and helps foster popular and progressive African music. This LP, recorded in Botswana and mixed in London, tends towards the popular vein, incorporating traditional Afro rhythms.

It's an amiable mix, aimed at the dancefloor, which won't cut much

ice in this country. Afro-Beat has never caught on in our discos.

That having been said, Masekela's music is rich and vibrant and above all, happy. The sort of music that should have had a spot on *Live Aid*, to prove that Africa isn't all misery. Listen to 'Getting Fat In Africa' and the joyous end-of-the-drought song 'Mottalepula'. Some will find 'The Seven Riffs Of Africa' monotonous, probably through lack of familiarity with African styles. This is where the riffs started, the tribal chants being translated into slave work songs, then into blues, finishing up as heavy metal. See what happens with too much in-breeding?

I don't suppose this album will sell bundles, but if one person buys it out of curiosity, likes and tells someone else, then maybe one of the earth's most populous regions will finally become known for something other than apartheid, famine and corruption.

Duncan Campbell

**The Tin Syndrome
No Ordinary Sickness
Jayrem**

The Spines' *The Moon*, Jayrem's other release in the "Wellington white boys on funk" genre this year, leaves *No Ordinary Sickness* for dead. Or, rather, leaves it for

third division Spines. It's not that *No Ordinary Sickness* is bad — some of it is very good, particularly the first song, 'Nothing's New In 1985' and the musical side of 'American Blessing'. It's just rather *ordinary*.

Natty percussion (smashing and scraping things and cowbells in the background) is a necessary tool in their type of dancefloor sound, but the Tin Syndrome have cluttered their album with it. Space is a necessary tool that they have neglected — check out the Spines to see it utilised well ...

Mark Austin has his lyrical barbs out for capitalists and Wellington's hip-people (does anyone ever sing nice things about our fair capital city?). But he spoils 'American Blessing' with one of the worst American accents I've ever heard.

No Ordinary Sickness is a long record, fitting over 50 minutes into the grooves, and by that time some of side two sounded distinctly fillerish (eg: the instrumental 'Bob'). As the man says: "Who knows? In the years to come your fire may run out of logs" — I suppose you could always sacrifice their natty cardboard cover for warmth, cos I don't think even 50 minutes of the ol' black vinyl would keep you too warm. It just melts, *ordinarily*.

Paul McKessar

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Records

Various Artists Go Go Crankin' Island

By now most of you would have discovered this very dangerous groove for yourselves. Go Go is born-again funk; if, like me, you think James Brown is God. Well Go Go is a religious testament to Brown's teachings. The whole funk and nothing but the funk. Chuck Brown and His Soul Searchers and Trouble Funk are the true grand-masters, but younger bands like Mass Extension and E.U. also know how to crank at an evil pace.

My fave rave has to be Trouble Funk's 'Let's Get Small', a call to celebrate and party y'all — such a groove has never been heard. When the Trouble Funk crew 'Drop the Bomb' you know you've been hit real bad.

Behind the grooves, Go Go is a mighty cultural explosion, the true voice of black Washington. This is protest music, born from the '68 riots, all hot and ready to "burn baby, burn!"

I really can't imagine any New Zealand Go Go bands, but at least we've got this mighty compilation — and, I hope, more releases to follow.

(PS: Unfortunately, the track listings on the cover don't follow what happens on vinyl. The Mass Extension and Redds and the Boys tracks just aren't there. The album is to be re-pressed with the two missing tracks replaced.)
Kerry Buchanan

Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark Crush Virgin

OMD albums wax and wane with a mechanical reliability and by my tide charts this album shouldn't be bad at all. In a pop-world of love epics, OMD are the briefest of telegrams: "I Love You Stop More To Follow Stop". The "something more" that tends to separate the great from the greatest, of course, never arrives, but their brevity and precision I like.

'Crush' is a return to the three-chord pop songs of their first album, avoiding the textbook technical clutter of *Dazzle Ships* and



Go-Go stars Trouble Funk.



Redds, Redds & the Boys.

the laboured arrangements of *Architecture and Morality*. It has simplicity, speed and a lot of longing; the best tracks possess the bullseye whimsy of last year's infamous 'Tesla Girls'. 'Women III' is a *tres* tight piece of have-not moralising. 'Secret' is cute to the point of Altered Images (!) and

'Bloc Bloc Bloc' exhibits a sense of humour that has returned only recently. Even 'Rain', the doorest track, has a jaunty emulator underpinning akin to the debut album's 'Dancing' or 'Red Frame/White Light'.

OMD are not, however, the reliable mechanics that made the As-

sociates so important, nor are they born of the heady sentimentalism that makes Scritti Politti the bitter-sweet conquerors they are. OMD are ideal radio popstars who have at last learned not to over-extend themselves; *Crush* is an album you greet with open arms and questions that don't pry too closely. An 18 carat love affair it is not; the title could hardly be more apt. Buy it, enjoy it, but don't mistake want for need; the latest wave of really good music is hidden a lot deeper than this.

Chad Taylor

Various Artists Tommy Boy's Greatest Beats Polydor

It always amazed me how little material was actually released here during the breakdance craze, but I suppose it's better late than never. Here are 15 classic tracks that reflect the cultural and rhythmic changes in black music.

It begins with the historic 'Jazzy Sensation', version of Gwen McCrae's 'Funky Sensation'; just as Sugarhill's 'Rapper's Delight' used the rhythm of Chic's 'Good Times', Tommy Boy borrows and changes McCrae's rhythm, using it as a base to rap over. 'Jazzy Sensation' is important as it broke away from the dominant Sugarhill/Enjoy rap sound, totally changing the beats and using electronic sounds in a new way.

Every cut is amazing, there is nothing weak or second rate here. But there are some true standouts, like Keith Le Blanc's cut up of Malcolm X's speeches, Baker and Bambaataa's fusion of Kraftwerk and an obscure break record called 'The Mexican' to create 'Planet Rock', and G.L.O.B.E. and the Whizz Kids' ultimate dedication, 'Play That Beat Mr DJ', a song that just about sums the whole thing up.

Other gems include the Force MDs crooning their way through 'Let Me Love You', and a great mixing job in the Tommy Boy Megamix. At the moment this compilation is only available on tapes, but hopefully vinyl copes will follow.

Essential to own in any shape or form.

Kerry Buchanan

Steve Garden, Ivan Zagni Trouble Spots Ode

A unique New Zealand album. An intellectual "concept" album, no less, with 11 "Trouble Spots" illustrated with a suitably tense set of musical styles. Shall I tell you about 'em? Why not.

'Elbow Room': Young women (Zagni) write to 'Dear Abby' (Garden) about their adolescent sexual problems. The disturbed questions are backed with stumbling, disorderly music (reminiscent of Gentle Giant), the glib answers by an ironed out version of the same. Finally the sound of lovemaking as the "dialogue" jabs on.

'Double Circle': Lovely native bush percussion from Don McGlashan but it goes on a bit.

'Cat and Mouse': If the drumming is the mouse and the slightly pedestrian guitar the cat then the cat wins. Not fair really.

'Arkin Dahba D'Geehan': An intellectual's 'Exodus' theme interrupted by a tape loop of a splash. What more could you want?

'Nicaragua': Hank Marvin visits a South American market and discovers harmonics can eradicate crowd noise.

'Brian Tries': A mentally and physically disabled young man learns to walk. Zagni seems satisfied with his progress.

'Four For Two Bob': A sort of sequel to the above with a similar xylophone motif. Could be Brian can't afford a cabbage (sausage?), anyway he's at a market but there's no sign of Hank.

'Punch and Judy': Lots and lots of Peter Scholes' puppet music with Gentle Giant overtones once more.

'Beirut': Not obviously Middle Eastern or anything really.

'Through the Gate': From minimalism to late Mahavishnu to angelic vocals. Wow! Peace, man. 'Alone But For You': Back to reality with some nifty stuff sounding like the 50s electronic/*musique concrete* experiments of Milton Babbitt and Henri Pousseur.

All in all a beautifully recorded and inventive album (all eight tracks). It dips into banality at times but the quirkier (the majority) are nifty. Congrats to Ode on their bravery, but how about a single of 'Brian Tries' b/w 'Brian Tries'?

Chris Knox

Bob Dylan Empire Burlesque CBS

The teaming on the Live Aid concert of Bob Dylan and dogeared Rolling Stones guitarists Ron Wood and Keith Richards was, to my mind, a triumph. The media generally chose to ignore the moment.

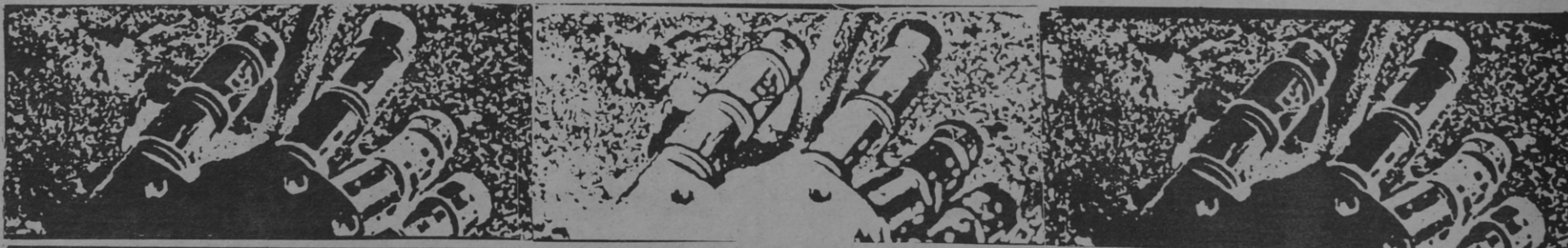
Surely no one can deny the triumph of *Empire Burlesque*, perhaps Dylan's most carefully crafted studio album. The attention to detail works for, not against, Dylan's forward motion. Mostly the album strikes sparks that bring to mind 1974's marvellous *Blood on the Tracks*.

Dylan is surrounded by session mates of recent times, Dunbar and Shakespeare, Mick Taylor, Ron Wood and, especially, Mike Campbell, Benmont Tench and Howie Epstein from Tom Petty's Heartbreakers.

Oddly, only one track really fails, 'Never Gonna Be the Same Again', where Dylan is most like Petty (a reversal). The opening track is the rubber-band rhythmic 'Tight Connection To Your Heart' and it is probably a fair barometer to how a new listener might react to the record. For those with a taste for a more primitively rocking Dylan, try the boogie of 'Clean Cut Kid', in which Ron Wood's rock 'n' roll lines match Dylan's sneering/crying vocals.

Closing the album is a "troubador" track, 'Dark Eyes', featuring the faraway Dylan of acoustic guitar and racked harmonica. Sounds good.
Ken Williams

Do da Coruba.



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Records

Howlin' Wolf
The London Howlin' Wolf Sessions
Bo Diddley, Muddy Waters, Little Walter
Super Blues
Chess

Hoorah, some locally released blues at last. RCA has reissued two albums previously released in New Zealand. The move is to be applauded. Let's hope it does not stop here. More Chess material is available today, mainly through Europe, than ever before.

The 1972 London sessions al-

bum is one of Howlin' Wolf's best, although the title, reflecting a record industry fad, is something of a millstone. Don't be deterred. Clapton, Watts, Wyman, Winwood and company strike the right balance of support to the mighty Wolf.

Several of these "fathers and sons" collaborations were tried, none succeeded so well.

The other album is from the late 60s, a rather fallow period for all concerned. Muddy dominates (of course) the music, a fairly anonymous reading of such "greatest hits" as 'Long Distance Call', 'Who

Do You Love' and 'My Babe'. Bo Diddley is his jivey self, but Little Walter is in a very deteriorated condition.

There is a fun, if artificial, party atmosphere, but all three men — and all three are masters of their craft — are better represented elsewhere.

Ken Williams

Cashmere
Fourth & Broadway

More class from Philly World, the label that is bringing out the best in sophisticated soul. If you



Cashmere

didn't hear or like their cool 'Can I' single, then you better stick to your Flying Nun collection. Cashmere, like their labelmate Eugene Wilde and soul mates Frankie Beverley and Maze, have this great smooth groove, effortless but compelling.

The album is helped by the production talents of Messrs Sigler, Robinson and Forte, especially on the uptempo 'Someone Like You' and the slinky 'Don't Keep Me Waiting'. Lead vocalist Dwight Dukes puts in a fine performance and even the wimpiness of 'Cutie Pie' is transcended by his vocal style.

Place this one next to Eugene and Luther as soul highlights of the year.

Kerry Buchanan

Bob Marley and the Wailers
The Legendary Bob Marley
Powderworks

How long can this go on? These cheap reissues of old and dubious Marley material will soon be available in sufficient quantity to make floor tiles for an average bathroom. And that would be the best use for the vast majority of such material.

Once again, someone has delved into the file of 24 demo tracks recorded by the Wailers around 1972 while cooling their heels in London, waiting for Johnny Nash and business manager Danny Sims to decide whether to take them on as a backing band. Hux Brown and Jackie Jackson, who later played with Toots and the Maytals, helped out on guitar and bass respectively, Rita Marley sang backup vocals and Hugh Masekela played trumpet. The session were lacklustre and uninspiring, the product of bored and rather depressed musicians who were at a loose end with a bad deal in a country they didn't particularly like.

Some of these tapes have already been issued on the

Chances Are LP. The tapes are still the subject of legal action by Rita Marley, who claims their release was never authorised.

Says Bunny wailer of these sessions: "Them should never release duh songs 'pon nuh album." He ought to know.

In honourable memory of Bob Marley, what is needed is a compilation of far more militant content than *Legend*, and possibly some dub mixes of his best works. This album pays homage only to his earning power.

Duncan Campbell

Lonnie Mack
Strike Like Lightning
Alligator/Ode

It sounds like tired record industry hype: "Lonnie Mack is back!" But that's what it is. Mack is a sort of legend of a guitar player, renowned for a 1963 hotted-up instrumental version of Chuck Berry's 'Memphis'. After that, his was a name guitarists with a bar blues bent might cite as an influence, but he remained a peripheral figure at best. Now modern day bar blues virtuoso Stevie Ray Vaughan has lent his aid in bringing Lonnie Mack recognition long overdue.

The album is essentially hard, fast guitar blues, and perhaps Side One is a shade samey. Certainly the gems are on Side Two. Opening is a furious remake of 'Watch Your Step' as the title track, a ballad 'Falling Back In Love With You', which allows Mack to employ his gospel voice, and the acoustic 'Oreo Cookie Blues'. This three-way (Mack, his brother and Vaughan) guitar conversation has a back porch feel that keeps it charming even when the food hog lyric is overly familiar.

Mack's 1963 debut set, *The Wham Of That Memphis Man*, has been reissued by the British label Edsel, and is as good as its reputation suggests.

Hot licks can be healing music.

Ken Williams

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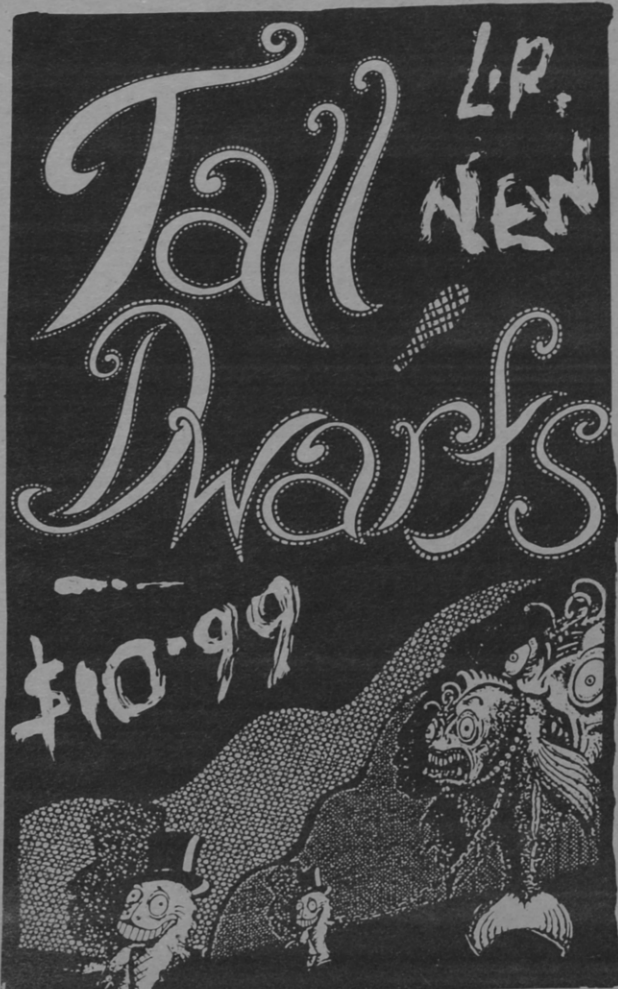
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Beach Boys in the 60s

The Beach Boys
CBS

A long time ago, barely adequate as instrumentalists, but who sang melodies and harmonies which were a joy to hear. The band had a songwriter able to encapsulate (or was it idealise?) a lifestyle in music so sublime that teenagers the world over felt they vicariously belonged to some leisured surf and hot-rod crowd of mid-60s Californians. Twenty years later, all those teenagers have aged and taken on different preoccupations (such as worrying about the economy or the incipient lifestyles of their own kids). But that band they used to listen to hasn't. It's still desperately hanging on to a shopworn dream of "some beautiful women ... to show me how to ride the ultimate wave."

As if that weren't enough, the songwriter has been recovering from a mental breakdown by writing substandard new songs and rewriting one or two of his early ones. The rest of the band has virtually abandoned any pretence of instrumental competence, leaving such matters in the hands of studio pros. The band also solicits songs from sympathetic outsiders like Boy George and Stevie Wonder when they make an album.

Now it's just possible that some of the band's old audience might be nostalgically tempted to purchase such an album (it's hard to imagine anyone else wanting to), particularly if they hear the few bars of glorious old harmony that introduces the first song, 'Getcha Back'. They should be warned though — what they just heard was the highpoint of the album.

Peter Thomson

Thomas McClary
Motown

Here is an album without a single. McClary, a Commodore for 15 years, has the talent to do some fine work. He has a great voice, not as sweet or refined as someone like Luther Vandross, but McClary does have the versatility to sidestep the endless rehashing of the same song we seem to get from that other man.

His years with the Commodores have made him a very professional performer, and the opening track 'Wild Imagination' is a graunchy soul stomper that really warms the feet. Two songs later, still no sight of a single, but instead a teasing anthem, 'Thin Walls', about a guy who wants to meet the girl in the next apartment. It's steamy, a summer song that's beer-sodden and horny.

'Man In the Middle' rides debarge down de Nile Rodgers without the jaunty Egyptian guitars and sweaty, hairy palms. It's a quirky dance step and it deserves club time. The following track, 'Contagious', not the Whispers' recent single, is a pretty duet with the makings of a dancefloor blockbuster. Laugh along to the final track of the album, if you dare; only people who don't know the words to 'Three Times A Lady' are allowed to throw stones at this one.

Why be rude about an album that tries hard and succeeds most of the time? I liked the Commodores (until Lionel Ritchie got so silly) and I want to like Thomas McClary. This is an album I'll keep and play again over summer.

Peter Grace

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Records

David Byrne
Music For the Knee Plays (EMI)

My Life in the Bush of Ghosts, *The Catherine Wheel* and now *The Knee Plays* add up to an alternative David Byrne, the wraith-like member of New York's intelligensia. This time he's into brass music, musical backdrop for the avant gardery of Roger Wilson's minimalist *Knee Plays*. The music wavers between the droll, dry burps of 'The Sound Of Business' and 'Tree', with Byrne narrating the storyline, and the less typical but more evocative tones of 'Winter'. Interesting, but only Byrne addicts need apply. GK

Robert Fripp, Network (EG)

This four-track EP features Phil Collins, Brian Eno, David Byrne, Daryl Hall, Peter Gabriel and, oh yes, Robert Fripp. They are culled from 1977-78 sessions and are actually very nice. One side slow, the other fast. Check the names, you'll be able to guess the sounds. All have appeared before on other Fripp LPs, in apparently identical forms. Their re-release, with the big names on the cover, suggests Mr Fripp is short of the readies.DC

Lone Justice (Geffen)

This country pop four-piece are getting the big push. Fronted by

rising star Maria McKee, a real doll with a voice like Tammy Wynette, the band's debut is produced by Jimmy Lovine and graced with songs from Tom Petty (his 'Ways To Be Wicked' would be the pick here), Shelley Yakus and McKee's half-brother, former Love member Bryan McLean. For all the big names the album never really rises above the routine cursory tour through styles Americana. C&W with rock in there gets the biggest shakedown, as in 'Pass It On', 'After the Flood' and 'Sweet Sweet Baby'. Only promising. GK

Philip Oakey and Giorgio Moroder (Virgin)

You're all probably heartily sick and tired of having Andy Warhol's quote about "Everybody's 15 minutes of fame" thrown at you, but Oakey and Moroder are two people who have already had theirs and seem to be a bit reluctant to just leave it at that. Everyone's heard the single ('Together In Electric Dreams') and the various other dire items these two have passed off as muzik lately, so you don't even have to read this review, let alone worry about whether you should buy the record or not. Utterly worthless. BM

The Deele

Material Thangz (Solar)

I know that a lot of albums list the artists' hairdressers — it usually comes before the *de rigueur* "Thanks to God". But these boys actually name the stuff they use on their hair — pretty cool stuff

eh? The wet perm set perform in a Prince/Time style groove and even the ballads have those little "Ooh wee" noises that the regal one makes. The title track and 'Let's Work Tonight' could operate well in a club, but the synth-orientated funk just doesn't cut the cake the way more original bands do. Strictly clone funk with very little taste or humour KB

Kim Carnes
Barking At Airplanes (EMI)

A common fallacy has it that the pop mainstream is crap by definition. In actuality it's just that The Business tailors things so most of it ends up that way. Kim Carnes has occasionally recorded tracks which are an exception — witness parts of her last LP, *Cafe Racers*. Not so this time. *Barking At Airplanes*' first single, 'Crazy In the Night' is the sort of silly ditty that induces barfing at airplay. It's also indicative of the album. Where *Cafe Racers* contained some strong melodies and smart arrangements, *Barking At Airplanes* betrays a numbing lack of inspiration. Only two tracks transcend the tedium. One is a wistful ballad by Carnes called 'Bon Voyage'. The other is a mid-tempo chugalong by Englishman Clive Gregson (that may well only sound fresh because of its stodgy company). Fittingly it's called 'Touch and Go'.PT

Greg Philinganes
Pulse (Planet)

Yet another session player aiming for name status. This one is a former member of Wonderlove and was involved with Michael Jackson's *Off the Wall* and Donald Fagen's *The Nightfly*. This solo project lacks a certain sense of excitement — I mean, he makes all the right moves with the uptempo numbers and pulls at the heart-strings with the big ballads, but it adds up to a big zero. We are talking Zilch City, an album heading for Bow-wowville. The man even

does a cover of 'I Have Dreamed' from *The King and I* — the last person to do that was Yul Brunner, and he ended up as a robot in *Westworld*. The best thing on the album is the backing vocals from James Ingram and the second best thing is the reject button on the record player. KB

Godley and Creme

The History Mix Vol 1 (Polydor)

Where Godley and Creme, the Ace Video Team, meet Trevor Horn, Giant of the Studio, the result — a cash-in. Old 10cc hits are re-mixed into an aural pudding and a new version of 'Cry' sounds inspired by comparison. The other new song, 'Light Me Up' is sedentary and so fits the mood of the second side perfectly. G&C should stick to films and they could take Horn with them. GK

David Lindley

Mr Dave (WEA)

Last time we heard from Mr Dave, he was collaborating with long-time friend Ry Cooder on the soundtrack to *Paris, Texas*. Prior to that Lindley's talents on guitar and assorted stringed instruments were best displayed on various other albums by Cooder, Jackson Browne and his own solo efforts *El Rayo-X* and *Win This Record*. The new album contains much the same as its predecessors: a bunch of reggae, Tex-Mex and simple rocking rhythms underpin Lindley's left-field melodies and plangent, nasal singing. And while the results remain very agreeable, the quirky humour and oddball arrangements which made *El Rayo-X* such a delight seem to be getting further modified with each subsequent release. (But Dave continues to win the prize for gross-out sleeve design.) PT

Leo Kottke

Time Step (Chrysalis)

Kottke plays accomplished 12 string guitar and sings in a fairly gloomy, but sometimes funny,

way. He made his first album as far back as 1969, but his remains a cult following. The 1983 album was produced by T-Bone Burnett and there is guitar by Albert Lee and vocals by Emmylou Harris. The old pop-country lament 'Saginaw, Michigan' gets a workout. KW

Clannad

Magical Ring (RCA)

In the wake of the success of their *Robin Of Sherwood* Top 10 album, we find ourselves with an '83 offering, released as a follow-up. But don't let this fact put you off because it's another gem. Singing in both Gaelic and English, the five piece group present folk music using both traditional and contemporary instruments, with even a touch of accapella voices. If your musical tastes are truly eclectic, rock readers, sample these pure tones. You'll be surprised. SGE

The Blasters

Hard Line (Big Time)

Another visit to the American heartland with a band that does it good, but with competition from the likes of the Long Ryders, the Scorchers, Beat Farmers and a revived John Fogerty, the Blasters are beginning to sound pretty ordinary. They growl ('Trouble Bound' and 'Just Another Sunday'), revive Creedence Clearwater ('Dark Night' and 'Common Man'), sing gospel ('Sampson and Delilah'), doo-wop ('Help You Dream') and rack 'n' roll ('Rock 'n' Roll Will Stand'). Their hearts are in it but there's no lift-off. GK

Screaming Blue Messiahs

Good and Gone (WEA)

A six-pack mini-album comprised of five originals and a Hank Williams cover ('Your Gonna Change') which would have cured Hank of his medication problem with one listen, were he still alive (maybe they should cover a Johnny Cash song). These lads thrash

their way though everything in sight; guitars blazing, drums pounding and the odd harmonica phrase thrown in. This used to be called punk rock but we'll call them next week. Less than memorable. SGE

Joe Walsh

The Confessor (Warners)

The man Pete Townshend once described as his favourite guitarist is back with another solo effort. Not the return to form that it should have been. Joe gives us his humour ('Bubbles'), a splash of reggae-rock ('Problems') and a guitar epic ('The Confessor'). The best tracks, however, were written by others — the moody 'Slow Dancer' and the country-rock 'Rosewood Bitters', but mostly it sounds like out-takes from previous sessions. 'I've got to get back to my music ...' he sings on 'Dear John' — I hope so Joe, I hope so. SGE

Dolly Parton

Real Love (RCA)

Having succeeded over the past 11 years in keeping one foot in the pop camp whilst retaining credibility on the C&W side of the tracks, Dolly returns with another album in the same spirit. Ten tracks, including another duet with Kenny Rogers ('Real Love'), that skillfully combine both areas. Three of the lady's own compositions are featured here, each given a country, pop and rock 'n' roll feel respectively. All in all an enjoyable album. SGE

Mondo Rock

Up To The Moment (Polygram)

A "best of" release; the tracking is what you'd expect: 'Queen and Me', 'Baby Wants To Rock', 'State Of the Heart', 'Chemistry'. What is surprising is to find that Ross Wilson, the big cheese of the group, is not the major songwriter. This honour goes to guitarist Eric McCusker. A fine starting point for discovering one of Aussie's better melodic acts. SGE

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Luther Vandross
It's Over Now (CBS) 12"

This record will never be big in Dunedin but who cares? Second killer cut from the fat man's supreme latest fab album. Buy this for your sister's birthday and steal it back.

Nona Hendryx
I Sweat (Going Through the Motions) (Arista) 12"

Television isn't the only one

handing out repeats these days. Watered down for the mass-movie audiences, this lacks the distinctive bass punch of the original dancefloor version. If you really want to buy it, check out the album *The Art Of Defence*.

Mary Jane Girls
Wild and Crazy Love (Gordy)

Simon hates record labels named after people and I'm afraid I have to agree. Rick James shouldn't mess with other people's songs until he comes up with a new scriptwriter. Bound to be a huge hit.

Pointer Sisters, Dare Me (RCA)
Oh no, not this lot again — we're

sure these girls have more singles out than Bruce Springsteen. Maybe they could get together and release even more truly horrible records even more frequently. What a horrendous thought, the only thing we can imagine worse is a Flock Of Seagulls resurgence.

Sting
If You Love Somebody Set Them Free (A&M) 12"

We'd just like to say that the new tape by Peter Solomon (on Last Laugh) is much better than these boring old remixes.

Aretha Franklin
Freeway To Love (Arista) 12"

For some reason the brilliant ex-

tended re-mix of this record is on the B-side. On the A-side we get a gargantuan rock mix followed by a paltry single mix. Mr Spock obviously doesn't work at Festival Records. Could someone please tell Mark McLeod that this is not a comeback single?

Style Council
Boy Who Cried Wolf (Polydor) 12"

If you've got the album you might not be induced to buy this 12" which sports a standard mix of this new single. It does have a bonus though, a new song 'Call Me' and a funkier remix of 'The Lodger'.

The Family
The Screams Of Passion (Paisley Park) 12"

More product from the Minneapolis mafia, and we thought Prince was too short to be a Godfather. This one starts, sounds like their mentor for a few minutes,

then finishes. Forgettable. **Redds and the Boys**
Movin' and Groovin' (Go Go) 12"

Guess what? Here's one we actually like. The weekend starts here.

Mark & Simon

Shake Summation

The Exploding Budgies
The Grotesque Singers (Flying Nun)

A posthumous release that's a very pleasant surprise, revealing as it does a depth to the Budgies that wasn't evident in their enjoyable but awesomely shambolic live performances. That's immediately apparent with the measured, wistful opener, 'Thorn Field', a lovely song. It's finally possible to pick up the words to 'Kenneth Anger' and they're no disappointment. 'Hank Marvin' is a superbly constructed song with a bit that reminds me of some early 70s toon, but still can't think of the name. 'See You Around the Stones' is a chance for a bit of cynical humour and some good noisemaking, whilst 'Sunflower', with guest vocalist Linda delivering William Blake's words with unfussy prettiness finishes the record as it began, gracefully. If you wanted you could listen to technical shortcomings all the way through this record, but where's the point? Great cover by guitarist David Mitchell too! He's now with Goblin Mix, but why isn't Glenn Budgie making music still?

Hello Sailor
Fugitive For Love (CBS)

Harry Lyons manages Harlequin Studios, which is why Hello Sailor have had time to achieve such a proficient contemporary sound here — of course it's a sound still further removed from the seamy R&B that made Hello Sailor what they were, what with washes of digitalised guitar and, synth-sounding bass. The song itself is serviceably boisterous, the sort of thing musicians of this experience should be able to come up with without much trouble. Nothing new, it'll probably do quite well for them.

The Narcs
Diamonds On China (CBS)

Another one of those very undemanding Narcs songs. A basic sequencer rhythm runs under raunch guitar and trite lyrics (or am I just too thick to work out why "bullets on armour" is "like love on the wrong side of town"?). The end result is something like the Angels meets the Thompson Twins, I think.

The Henchmen
Death Machine (Cadaver Records)

James Dean gives you a sullen glare from the cover of this single, but that's about as cool as things get. 'Death Machine' is fast and loud but doesn't go anywhere — not so good for a song about a fast car. 'Bitch Goddess' was one of the weaker songs on the Henchmen's last album but it sounds positively stylish here. This record is available from Ima Hitt, PO Box 407,

New Plymouth.
Five Year Mission
U.F.O. (Positive Youth Records)

"Positive youth — perserverance and belief," reads a note on the back cover: fair enough, but I can't see why 5YM choose to imprison their positivism inside a hackneyed ramalamapunk straightjacket. Actually, the lyrical outlook is rather pessimistic; 'Seeds Of Doom' bluntly predicts nuclear war and 'U.F.O.' is a tongue-in-cheek (I hope!) little bit of paranoia about official concealment of an alien invasion! I'm sure 5YM have their hearts in the right place but there's precious little here to stir my interest. Available from PO Box 8809, Auckland.

Crystal Zoom
Uptown Sheep/Dunedin Sound On 45 (Flying Nun)

Various motivations behind this record; some of them non-musical. The polemic is elegantly laid out inside the sleeve — "taking rock's cliches to their obvious extremes and point out the absurdities rampant in this egotistical industry." They don't quite do that, but Crystal Zoom did manage to get a few backs up, which is often a healthy thing. But how does one evaluate a record with such aims? On musical terms, 'Dunedin Sound On 45' was a good idea which could have been done better or worse; the version of 'Doledrums' probably sounds better than the original record and the chainsaw at the end sounds great. 'Uptown Sheep' doesn't sound like "a single" and doesn't have a melody, but it's quite funny (with a barb, of course, but which way's the hook pointing?) boisterously performed and the saw on the 44 gallon drum is another really good sound. It sounds like a certain Lou Reed song ...

Jungle Mice, Start Again (EMI)

Well executed, well produced — would it be making sense to say this sounded very Wellington? The three songs get along on their basslines and Howard Mann sounds earnest, if somewhat pompous, singing. 'The Ride' seems to be about acid but it doesn't connect with anything I feel. Maybe we've been spoiled in these parts with too much melody.

Sing Sing (Ode)

Some extremely competent (these words seem to be cropping up a lot this month) musicians play on this record but don't manage to do anything startling. The China Crisis-style wimpy atmospherics of 'Man Of Sorrow' is possibly the pick of the five songs, and the lowlight is 'Afghanistan', with its horrible guitar, dull bassline and embarrassing words.

Russell Brown

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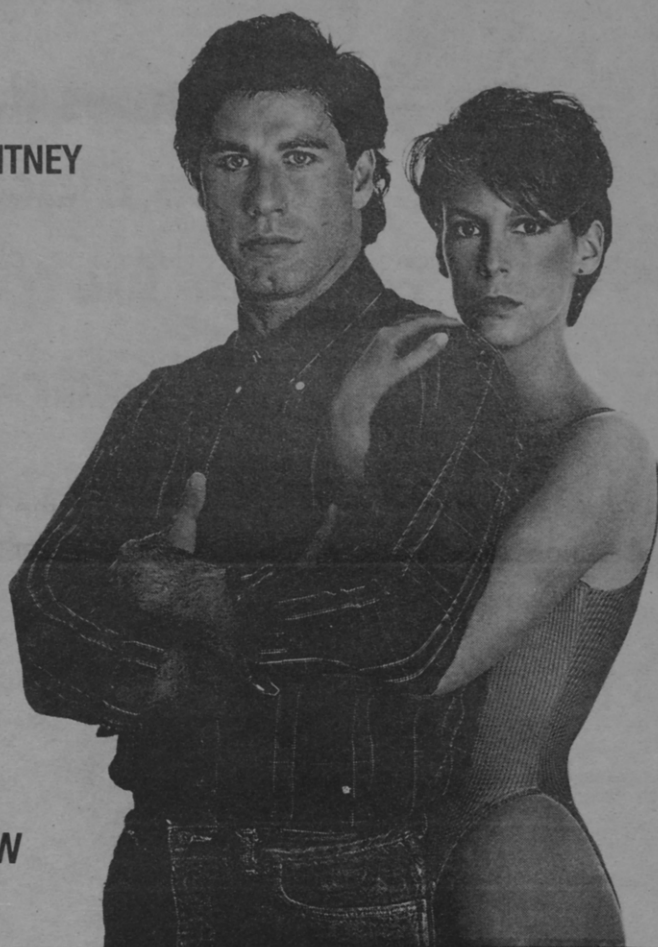
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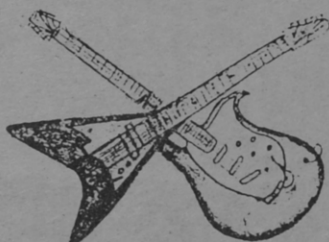


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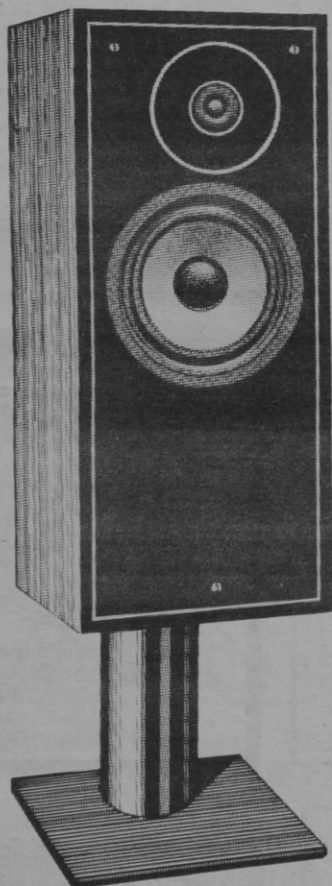
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Rumours

UK & USA

Vince Clarke has teamed up with yet another singer, **Andy Bell**, in a "permanent union" by the name of **Erasure**. Lucky Andy was selected from hundreds of hopefuls who answered newspaper ads ... expect **Stiff Records** to resume a higher profile now that managing director **Dave Robinson** has quit his equivalent position at **Island** to devote his energies exclusively to **Stiff** ... **Madness** are back on the scene at last with new single 'Yesterday's Men' and album soon ... new **Dexys Midnight Runners** image is suits, ties and smart haircuts. The record accompanying the look is called **Don't Stand Down** ... that **Michael Jackson** role as **Peter Pan** will happen, and will be directed by **Francis Ford Coppola**; the catch is that the film we be only 13 mins long and will only be shown at **Disneyland** ... things were settled out of court when the ABC newscaster whose voice is used on the **Paul Hardcastle** single '19' threatened to

sue for \$2m, claiming the record had ruined his career ... **Stevie Marriot** has gathered a bunch of past and present mods to record a version of the Small Faces' hit 'All Or Nothing'; the proceeds of which will be shared between the Band Aid and ARMS charities ... **Everything But the Girl** and **Misty In Roots** played at the recent youth festival in Moscow ... **Pete Shelley** is currently recording in the Cars' studio, but *not* with the Cars ... possibility of more gigs by the "reconstructed" **Led Zeppelin**, with Chic man Tony Thompson drumming? Let's pray otherwise ... dem old codgers the **Kinks** played a quiet gig in Dublin recently; those in the know included the Frankies and others ... former Cramps **Ike Knox** and **Bryan Gregory** are to play zombies in the neo **George Romero** flick *Day Of the Dead*. Wow! ... 'Wreckless' **Eric Goulden** is back with new band **Captains Of Industry**.

Albums: Squeeze *Cosi Fan Tutti Frutti*, the Cure *The Head On the Door*, Stevie Wonder *In Square Circle*, Thompson Twins *Here's To the Future Days*, Bronski Beat *Hundreds and Thousands*, UB40 *Baggariddim* (dubs



Party Boys '85: Dave Dobbyn, Peter Warren, Neil Finn, Mike Chunn.

of previous stuff), Patti Labelle *Patti*, Sex Pistols *The Original Pistols Live* (with Matlock) and *Live Worldwide*, Husker Du *Flip Yer Wigg*, Zeke Manyika *Call and Response*, Bobby Womack *So Many Rivers To Cross*.

Singles: Simply Red 'Come To My Aid', Lloyd Cole 'Brand New Friend', Glenn Gregory and Claudia Brucker 'When Your Heart Runs Out Of Time' (from *Insignificance* soundtrack), Jesus and Mary Chain 'Just Like Honey'.

Palmerston North

Radio Massey 92FM completes its 1985 year broadcast on Sept 25. Credit to Steven Joice, Lindsay Gregg, Nigel Corbett and 98 per cent of all other staff and those who gave their generous support and assistance.

A new underage venue to be situated in the old Sports Centre in Andrew Young St will at long last give Palmerston North's younger generation something to do at night. Spokesman Craig Wright is hopeful that the non-alcoholic venue will open in early October, initially Friday and Saturday nights 8pm-2am. The prospect that touring bands will perform at the venue is good news indeed.

Notable recent band formations include **Cement Garden** and **The Cockroach That Ate New York** ... the former, along with **Three Leaning Men** laying down demos on a four-track with the assistance of **Terry Chindler**. Possible fruition will be a performance by both of these bands at the old City Council chambers in Square Edge.

The End have moved to Auckland with the hope of doing some studio recordings ... **X-pose** are to become resident band at the Awapuni ... and **Dosage B** look set for stardom with their *Excuse Me Big Nose* EP selling well.

David W.L. Reid

Auckland

Latest offshoot from **Campus Radio BFM** is a planned Auckland compilation album. Provisional track listing looks exceptionally strong, with **Bird Nest Roys**, **Chris Knox**, **Goblin Mix**, **Fetus Productions**, **Able Tasmans**, **Pterodactyls**, **Expendables**, **Not Really Anything**, **Nick Smith** and **Kim Blackburn** and others all fairly likely to record a track each. Release is set for Feb-March, when all the stations get into gear again.

This year's **Party Boys** are **Neil Finn**, **Dave Dobbyn**, **Mike Chunn** and **Peter Warren**. This time they'll be getting as far south as Dunedin. Be sure to give the correct change ... this year's **NZ Mus-**

ic Awards take place at the Michael Fowler Centre Monday November 11. This time it's sponsored by United Building Society, who will have booths where public votes can be cast for the 'Song Of the Year' category, which will again be run on a regional basis ...

Charlie Gray is now financially divorced from the Last and First and has taken over the **Capitol Cinema** in Dominion Rd. He's having it remodelled with the interior done by Peter Rogers and neons by Paul Hartigan. As well as normal sessions he'll run late sessions on Friday and Saturday night. Upcoming attractions are the NZ film *Kingpin*, the American heavy metal spoof *This Is Spinal Tap* and the Argentinian film *Funny, Dirty Little War*. The whole idea is to make the cinema a friendly place to go, which after Midcity will be a bloody relief.

Former lead singer for the Freudian Slips, **Bayka**, has gone solo. She's singing jazz 'n' cruise at various city bars and has done a demo with a view to recording soon ... new about are the **Love Brokers**: Dave Ward (ex-Wait, vocals), Philip Clark (ex-Beat Souldiers, guitar and vocals), David Hartley (ex-Beat Souldiers, bass) and Ben Pearson (ex-Bell Boys, drums). They are recording at the Lab ... former Propeller Records boss **Simon Grigg** has returned to these shores from the UK full of the good soul music and has been guest disc-spinner at the Six Month Club a couple of times already.

Our esteemed **New Plymouth** correspondent tells us: **Loving Homes For Rotting Gnomes** have called it a day, with the singer deciding he's had enough ... new two-man band **Glance Backwards** is playing all-original material ... **Hard Silence** need a bass player, so anyone who wants to play original pop music and live in New Plymouth should phone NP 80-870 and ask for Terry. Meanwhile a debut single, the fruit of recent recording in Wellington ... **Chinese Checkers** bas-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

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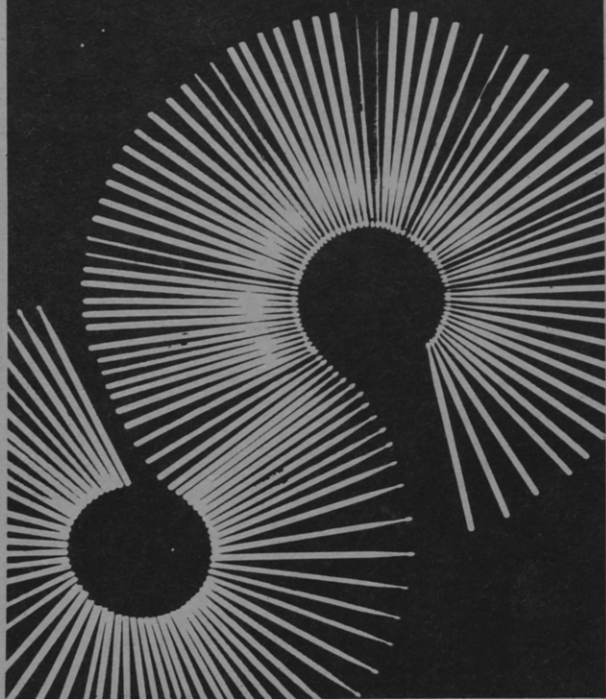
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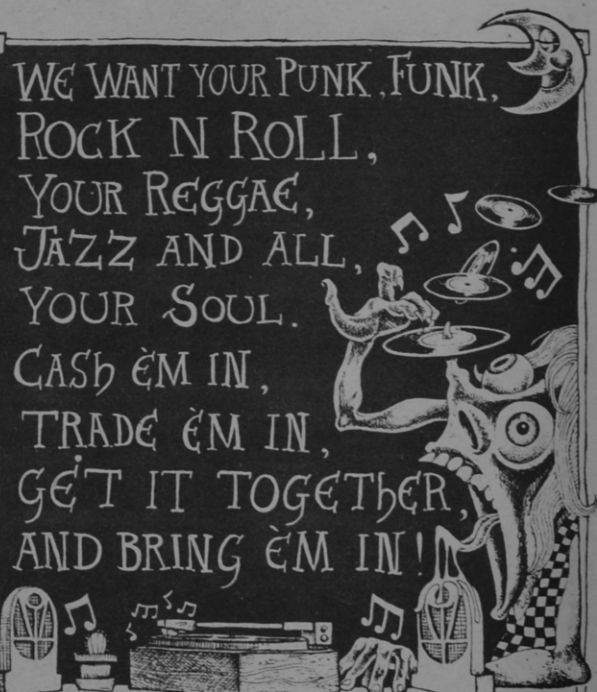
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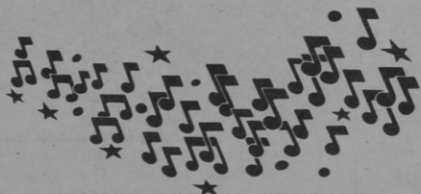


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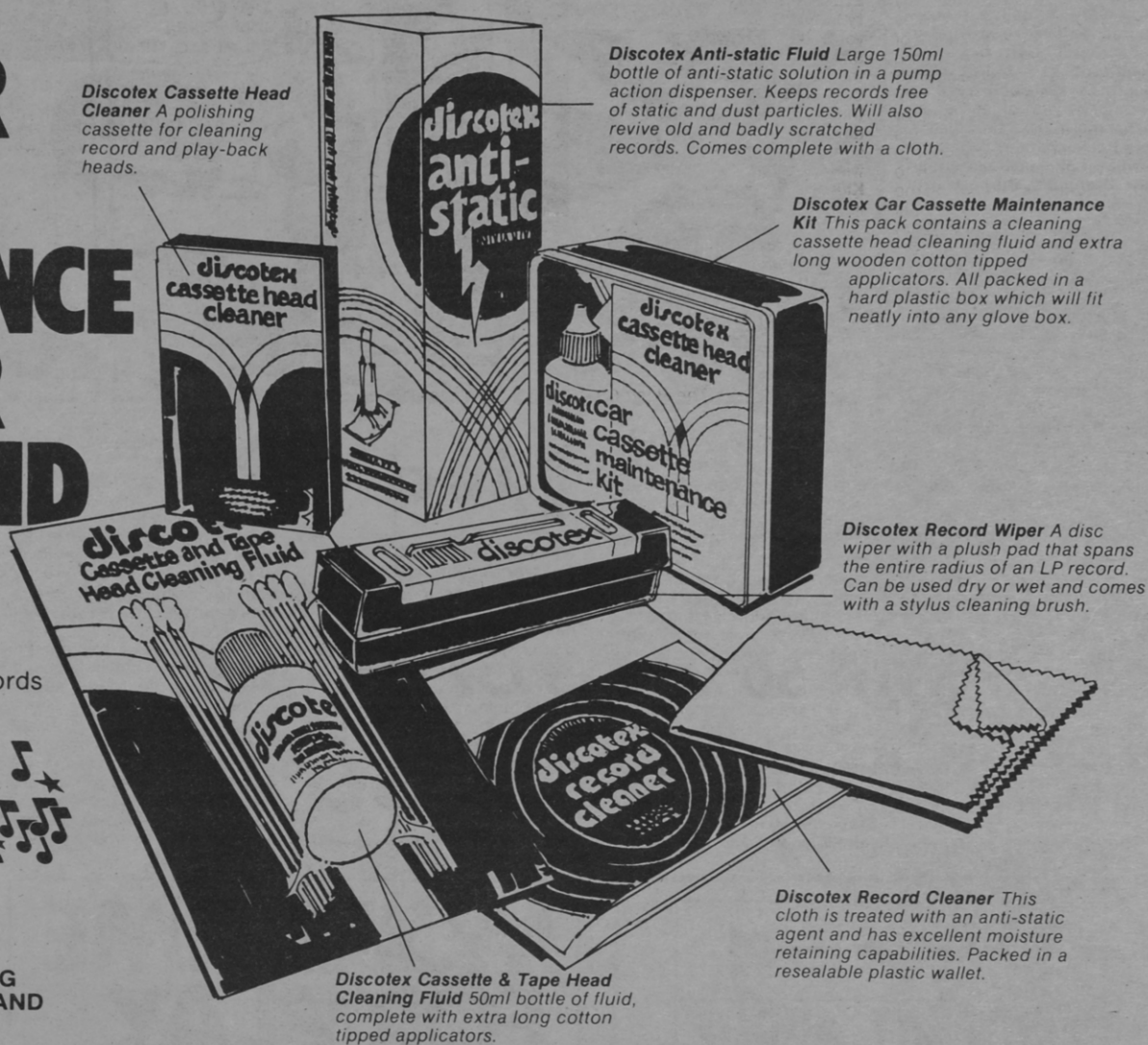
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'RUMOURS' FROM PAGE 34
sist Jocelyn Candy has moved to Wellington but band will continue with her returning for gigs ... **Ima Hitt** will distribute the new single from the now Sydney-domiciled **Henchmen**.

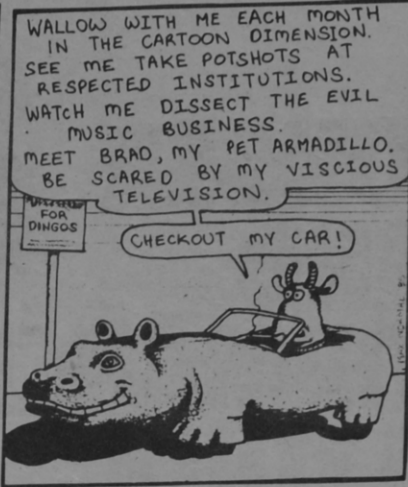
New address for the acquisition of **Bill Dieren**-related "product" will be PO Box 4016 Wellington, cos he's moved to the capital ... **Crystal Zoom** has parted company with singer Bruce and drummer Yoh but they feature on several tracks of a new recording which may even be extended to album length by the remaining members.

Russell Brown

Christchurch

Ross Middlemass and Brian Reidy of the Radar Records shop have started their own record label, **Radar Records**. After 23 years in the record business they decided to use their experience to provide an alternative to Flying Nun. First up on the label is a five track EP from **Louie and the Hotsticks**. The recording is being mixed by Tony Burns (Pelicans) and should be out early October. Also in the works is a live recording from **Bushfire**. Anyone wanting to find out more about the label contact Ross or Brian at the shop.

The **Prodigies** are recording a three-track EP, likely A-side is 'Forever Dreaming'. The six members hope to concentrate full-time on the band next year, especially if the EP takes off ... **All Fall Down** have just finished recording eight songs and are negotiating a distribution deal ... Queenstown-domiciled **Cats 'n' Rats** paid an early week visit to the Gladstone recently and will be back on a tour proper in November. The goodtime blues-country-



rock 'n' roll band includes John Dodd (ex Midge Marsden) and Paul Hewitt (ex Coconut Rough).

Christchurch Arts Centre is running a percussion school starting early Sept. The six month course not only deals with percussion, but also covers other performing techniques and culminates in a public performance. It's a PEP scheme with limited vacancies, enquiries to the Labour Department ... things in town could start to liven up again with the **Aranui** opening its doors on Saturday arvos once more ... most promising news though is that the **Hillsborough** might be back in action in the near future ... keep an eye on the **United Services** too ...

John Greenfield

Live

Dynamic Hepnotics
Six Month Club, August 23

With a peppy track in the charts and a likeable follow-up not far behind, the Hepnotics appeared to myself to be single-minded, fresh and modern; on vinyl, perhaps, but not performing live.

The Economic Wizards were a bad beginning to a gig already lacking in energy and high in MOR ("I'd like to thank you from the heart of my bottom.") and left the stage without contributing anything new. Their set seemed gratuitous at best and was polite-

ly ignored by an audience waiting for the main act.

The Hepnotics arrived on stage with a very good beat indeed and a cheerful spin from a very ill Mr Robert Susz, whose voice and verve petered out about two thirds of the way through the evening; both, I suspect, are key to the Hepnotics and without which the band seems lost.

The central disappointment to the Hepnotics is that they are not, in fact, a soul band by any stretch of the imagination in live performance. They stick, rather, to the (extremely) tried and (not so) true R&B song structures for the majority of the set. The drumming was straightforward to the point of flatness and the bass playing was bad, varying little from a lax ver-

sion of standard blues riffs. Susz squeaked between songs with a pain that drew sympathy and at a length that drew scorn — if he was going to sing then he shouldn't have ruined his voice further by talking for such huge amounts of time. Exhausted and frustrated, he finally confined himself to harmonica and let the band reveal its mediocrity.

Which was a shame. The opening song ('Funkin' Good Time) and 'Soul Kinda Feeling' stuck out as the great high points in a ditchwater-dull set that could have been performed by anyone. Practically every New Zealand band I can think of would have blown the Hepnotics right off the stage; the Netherworlds' RWP cover of 'Hold On, I'm Coming' alone was better

than any single song performed that evening, in both energy and arrangement. The evening was finally killed by Graham Brazier joining the band on stage with a mock camaraderie that was embarrassing and a joke about AIDS that frankly stank. Not a good evening — and the crowd that had not already left enjoyed their \$12 to the full.

This is your jaded audience member speaking — and I'm not the only one ...
Chad Taylor

The Narcs

Tivoli Room, Sydney, July 27.

The Tivoli Room is a cool blue rock venue on the main drag in Sydney. It features some good in-house video of Australian bands, lots of flashing lights and a very powerful sound system. Tonight, along with local CBS band Full Marks, it hosts visiting New Zealand band the Narcs.

According to Australians, the Narcs received a fair amount of airplay with their 'Heart and Soul' single but are otherwise unknown. It's Wednesday night and the younger audience is noticeably absent. It's Tears For Fears night at the Entertainment Centre a few blocks away. The Narcs have been recording an album and this is their only live show for a while.

Full Marks have eight onstage. Aussies seem to like powerful music but even they don't respond too well to this band. At last it's the Narcs.

From the opening 'Between You and Me' on in, the keyboards add colour here to what could be a fairly ordinary band. Lead singer Andy Dickson looks very NZ in a black singlet and matching black guitar. Musically, they alternate between dance-orientated songs to get the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38



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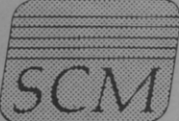
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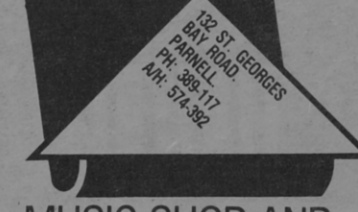
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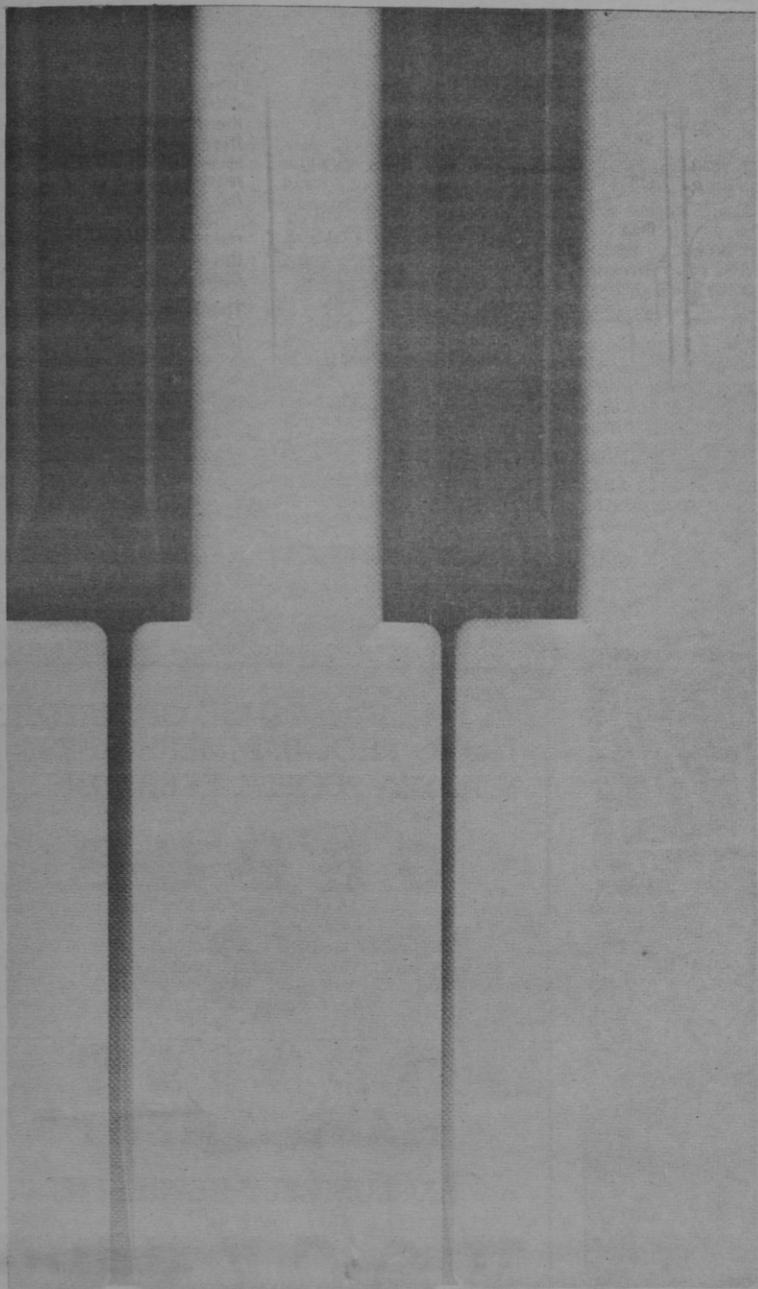
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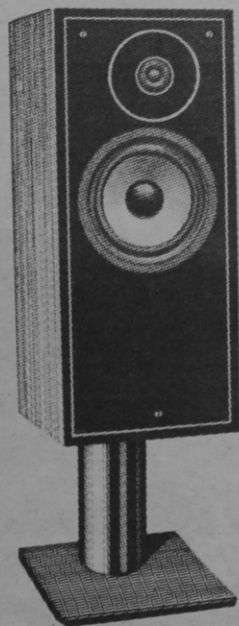
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Live

'LIVE' FROM PAGE 36
desired response and concert type material.

The songs would perhaps sound better on record, but the best of them were 'Big Guns' and 'When It Rains'. 'Heart and Soul' sounds as good as ever and the new single 'Diamonds On China' gets an airing as well.

In their performance tonight the Narcs are all sincerity and hard work. The audience brings them back for an encore. This time the pressure's off and a great rendition of 'Gimme Some Loving' brings the evening to a fitting close. With a hometown audience the spark would probably have glowed brighter but regardless the Narcs look as if they're here to stay and the new album will decide that.

Jason Kemp

Fetus Productions Windsor, August 30,31

Blame the full moon? The bus strike? A weird mix of people comes to see Fetus Productions at the Windsor on Friday night. This is Fetus Productions *without* the production — not like last time's new-pictures-old-music show ...

Part One, the Fetals, are a shock after the blindingly tame Texas Rangers. Jed Town and rhythm section of Ian Gilroy and Peter Solomon; they sound at times like the master tape of a Scorpions album cut into one-inch lengths, tossed in the air and spliced back together. Sometimes, the aggression is exhilarating, others, the baseness is depressing.

Part Two is the Perfect Product, with Serum replacing Solomon on bass and Simon Alexander assuming responsibility for a drum machine and a terrace of synthesizers. Interest stabs through the noise, but in the end the only



Jed Town

emphatic thing about it is the punishing volume. When, after 11pm, they begin to take off, it's too late after a long night in a hot, crowded bar ... down the road a little, afterwards, police charge about in small mobs as ordinary people start fights with each other without apparent reason. Blame the full moon? The bus strike? Saturday night, a later arrival, a

waning moon, a much better performance. The Fetals more jagged and topsy-turvy at the top end and even more musically at the bottom. Poet types do dancing motions shoulder-to-shoulder with genuine 'eabangers. 'Flies' and a hacked-up 'State To Be In' are the highlights. But the Perfect Product are *really* the business tonight ... gradually they build and by the beautiful version of 'What's Going On' they are damn moving, really moving. This music has *presence*. This time, rather than trailing on into after-hours time, they close with a perfect note of positivism, Jed standing at the side of the stage, gently singing, "We are alive ... in Paradise ..."

It's sort of unfortunate that a rare Fetus Productions gig is, well, such a *production* — it can be difficult to separate what's actually going on from what's cast onto the group by audience expectations. And perhaps it's a characteristic of Fetus music that it will always be sufficiently close to the edge to straddle both the "right" and "wrong" sides of any line of judgement you care to draw through it. Like it was wonderful that they reached the heights that they did

by the end of the second night and a real shame that they won't play here again this year. The third night would have been a *monster*. Moon or no moon ...

Russell Brown

The Expendables

This Boy Rob

Windsor, Sept 8.

Freeforming, slamming, jamming, cramming — what's the difference? The difference is clean and spotless. This Boy Rob weren't exciting. Neither were they boring — but endless (seemingly) Doors-inspired cacophonies just aren't my cup of herbal tea. Only for short intervals did they really gel, and that only happened when the riddum section pared down to a simple and repetitive state. The guitar was nowhere in the mix — a pity, because it might have pulled their set into some kind of order. Indulgence will get you nowhere fast. This Boy Rob need less musical exuberance and more self-imposed detergent, to get those notes really sparkling clean.

The Expendables were a totally different torment in a stranger kitchen. Sweet pain preached sim-

ply and in some cases beautifully. A mediocre and apathetic audience did nothing to dispel their visual and aural power, no matter whether it was portrayed in the quieter moments such as the opening duet of Jay Clarkson and guitarist or the angst of 'The Flower', to the vicious silliness in a silly song about a spider. The real eye-opener came in the speedy delivery of "In between the gears, grinding deliciously between full on choke and open throttle." Wanna see it again? Yes please!

That wonderful and inexplicable Kiwi enigma was evident in the Expendables performance, something that was sadly lacking in the support band. 'Twas a great shame that the gig-going "punters" were absent — probably they were all over the other side of town seeking slightly more dubious pleasures. The band deserved more than shy applause and a practically empty dancefloor.

Pass the brillo pad and scrape the wax out of your ears people — you don't know what you'll be missing until it's gone. Don't let Flash Gordon drive your tractor either.

Joe 19

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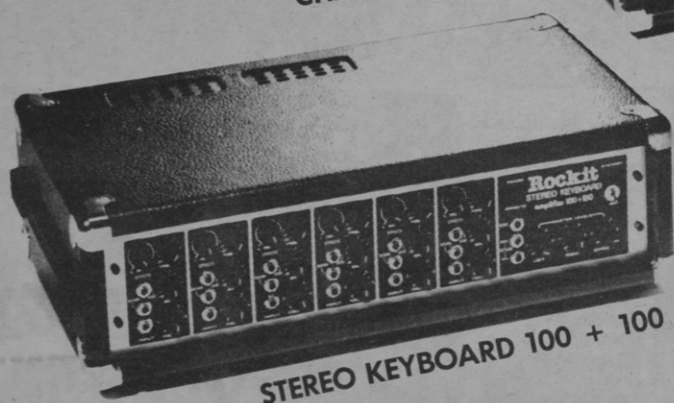
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69 Joni Mitchell, Dance Exponents, Who, Neighbours, Dire Straits, Talk Talk, Miltown Stowaways, Blond Comedy.
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Live

Jean Paul Sartre Experience, the Rip, the Circle, the Prodigies, the Shallows, Southern Temperance League

August 16-22, Christchurch

A musical week in Christchurch. Zetland Tavern Friday night — the Jean Paul Sartre Experience. Young, sassy, arrogant and fickle with some good songs, let down by the silly songs. Quirky lyrics but I've seen them perform better. By the time you read this they will have split. If you saw them that is your good fortune, if not you missed an The Rip from Dunedin thereafter. In fine form — ready to burn. All the classics ('Holy Room', 'Doppelganger', 'Up and Down', 'Blackout') and the newest piece, 'almost an orchestral movement' — Robbie Muir. This band is one of the best in the land. If the art market system was run the way it should be they would be rewarded for their efforts rave rave. I didn't see Pop Mx at the Gladstone — did I miss anything — someone tell me.

Radio U End Of Term Stein — Tuesday night at University. Saw Spatbacks' last 30 seconds — damn, sounded good, next time. The Circle containing many Christ-

church stars — not helped by bad mix. Current resurgence of 60s culture fashionable now evident here too — what I think they want to do could be satisfying when they do it — at the moment lacking any own character. The most interesting thing about the Prodigies was the lead into pieces/instrumental prefix — shame they "formed" them into "songs". Finally the Rip again. They seemed a little lost in the space but coped well, with conviction and enthusiasm — obviously they enjoy and feel for what they do.

Thursday night 10 o'clock in a small restaurant. The Shallows — Roy Montgomery graces the stage for the first time since the Pin Group, aided by parts of Scorched Earth Policy. Jim Reeves, Johnny Cash and even Pin Group covers — 'Long Night' was the highlight of the evening which demonstrates the potential unreached — resting on their laurels, selling themselves short; better to come? Southern Temperance League with Hamish Kilgour and Ross Humphries — goddamned awful mix of sound with the odd bit interesting. They also didn't do justice to a good song of their own making: Duane Eddy.

That is it — seven days, some music, some disappointments, some extremely boring endurance tests, some excitement, real excitement elation life and energy vital sound vital noise. See it. Hear it meet it react to it believe it. Daniel Newnham

LAK 水牛

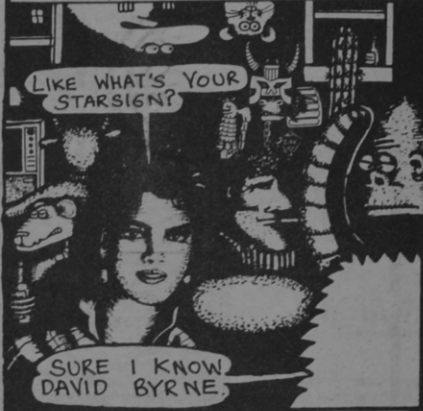
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• People say I'm a grumpy barman because when the

going gets tough the tough can't drink.
• People say I'm a grumpy barman then call me a total bastard when they ask for their cans with the tops left on them then find out I've shaken them up and their 'airdo' has been ruined.
• People say I'm a grumpy barman and you would be too if you saw our pay packets.

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Drop The Bomb Night Quays

13

Chills Bellblock
Sneaky Feelings Windsor
Mockers Sammys, Dunedin
Alpaca Brothers Zetland
Plastic Ono Band debuts at Toronto Peace Fest, 1969.

14

Chills Chateau
Sneaky Feelings Windsor
Mockers Oamaru (plus daytime underage gig)
Hello Sailor Pukekohe
Alpaca Brothers Zetland

15

Chills Chateau
Great Debate and Comedy Show Final Auckland Town Hall
Hello Sailor Windsor Park
Mockers Queenstown
David Bowie makes his Broadway debut in 'The Elephant Man', 1980.

16

Party Boys Windsor Park
Hello Sailor Club New York
Mockers Invercargill
B.B. King is born in Mississippi, 1925.

17

Hello Sailor Six Month Club
Party Boys Hamilton
Mockers Gore

18

Party Boys Bellblock
Mockers Balclutha
Hello Sailor Onerahi
Vermin Zetland
Maiden Britain Drury
Jimi Hendrix dies, choked on his own vomit, 1970.

19

Chills Six Month Club
Party Boys Exchequer Club
Limbs Whangarei
Mockers Timaru
Texas Rangers Windsor

20

Seven Deadly Sins Windsor
Party Boys Gladstone
Mockers Christchurch (underage)
Speaking Jivanese Regines
The first of Paul McCartney's three famous dope busts, at his farm, 1972.

21

Seven Deadly Sins Windsor
Party Boys Old Mill
JJ & the Jets Chateau
Mockers Blenheim (underage)
Speaking Jivanese Regines
Leonard Cohen born in Montreal, 1935.

22

Mockers Wellington (underage)
Party Boys Sammys
JJ & the Jets Gisborne
Joan Jett is born, 1958.

23

Party Boys Alberts
The Boss is 36.

24

Party Boys Napier
Mockers Masterton

25

Party Boys Gisborne
Mockers Massey Uni
Speaking Jivanese ChCh
Zanzibar
JJ & the Jets Hillcrest
Maiden Britain Lady Hamilton
Barry McGuire's 'Eve of Destruction' is No.1 in the USA, 1965.

26

Party Boys Rotorua
JJ & the Jets Hillcrest
Lady Sings the Blues Six Month Club
Mockers Wanganui

27

Sneaky Feelings Gladstone
Party Boys Mandalay
Back Door Blues Band Windsor
JJ & the Jets Hillcrest
Mockers New Plymouth (underage)
Ebony Sye Thames

28

Sneaky Feelings Gladstone
Back Door Blues Band Windsor
Party Boys Onerahi
Mockers Bellblock
Stainless Steel Ohaupo
Mick Ronson replaces Ariel Bender in Mott the Hoople, 1974.

29

Party Boys Forge
Mockers Ohakune
Echoes Chateau
Jackie Wilson's last night on stage, Philadelphia, 1975. He suffers a heart attack and falls into a coma from which he never recovered.

30

James Dean meets his end in a fast car, 1955.

OCTOBER 1

Limbs Mercury

2

Jonathan Richman & the Modern Lovers Six Month Club
Maiden China Gladstone
Comedy Windsor
Politicians Lady Hamilton
Echoes Rotorua
Limbs Mercury
Don McLean is 40.

3

Jonathan Richman Wellington
Echoes Mt Maunganui
Chubby Checker is born
Ernest Evans, Philadelphia, 1941.

4

Jonathan Richman Gladstone
No Tag Windsor
Echoes Thames
Nona Hendryx is 41. We never guessed ...

5

No Tag Windsor
Look Blue Go Purple Gladstone
Echoes Thames

6

Kris Kristofferson Palmerston North
Rainer Bruninghaus Trio Downstage
Politicians, Echoes, Maiden Britain, Ebony Sye, Fire Exit Waikato Uni

7

Kris Kristofferson Wellington

8

Kris Kristofferson Nelson
Rainer Bruninghaus Trio Maidment
Politicians Ohakune
Johnny Ramone is 34.

9

Kris Kristofferson Christchurch
Maiden China Methven
Politicians Ohakune
Echoes Kawerau
John Lennon is born, Liverpool, 1940.

10

Soul On Ice The Last

11

Chills Windsor
Rainer Bruninghaus Trio ChCh Town Hall, Limes Room

12

Chills Windsor
Maiden China Sammys
Politicians Chateau
Echoes New Plymouth
Limbs Rotorua
The Jimi Hendrix Experience is formed in London, 1966.

13

Maiden China Gore
Politicians Chateau
Marie Osmond (1959) and Lenny Bruce (1925) share a birthday!

Look Out For ...

Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers play three NZ gigs, Auckland's Six Month Club, the old Wellington Town Hall and the Gladstone Christchurch, between Oct 1 & 3 ... the Rainer Bruninghaus Trio play Wellington Oct 6, Auckland Oct 8.

Once again the Party Boys will tour with 1985 lineup Neil Finn, Dave Dobbyn, Peter Warren and Mike Chunn, Sept 16-29 ... Hello Sailor are

back on the road Oct 5-19 and the Mockers tour continues in support of their new LP *Culprit and the King*.

Legendary Auckland punk combo No Tag reform for Windsor gigs Oct 4,5 ... Chills play same venue Oct 11,12 ... Sneaky Feelings make a rare live appearance at the Gladstone Sept 27, 28.

Three bands play the Six Month Club on Oct 10 — Soul On Ice, Last Cross-



ing and the Mysterons.

Summer ges off to a whooping good start with Tina Turner playing an outdoor gig in November.

Double feature of the month in USA flick *Stranger Than Paradise* with local film based around Neil Roberts' attempt to detonate the Wanganui Computer Centre, *Maintenance of Silence* directed by William Keddell.

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

Film

MR WRONG

Director: Gaylene Preston

Anyone who is familiar with Gaylene Preston's excellent work in the area of short films over the past few years, will be only too aware of the lady's considerable cinematic flair. Even when she doesn't build the film around a social or political issue, as in last year's production with the Neighbours, Preston's instinctive sense of style is not to be faulted.

Mr Wrong confirms the promise of the earlier work and stands as one of the premier New Zealand releases of the year. It also happens to be the most successful feature to come from one of our women directors, realising its aims much more succinctly than, say, Melanie Reid's *Trial Run*.



Emilio Estevez, Anthony Michael Hall and Ally Sheedy in 'The Breakfast Club'.

The origins of *Mr Wrong* are indubitably classy, taken from a short story by Elizabeth Jane Howard, but Preston manages to focus the film on the wider issues of woman's problems in our society. The director has been quoted as saying that "Women need to explore paths other than those which lead to Mr Right — they

need to take control of their lives" and this is precisely what Heather Bolton's Meg sets out to do in *Mr Wrong*.

Using the genre of the thriller, *Mr Wrong* is transformed into an allegorical tale of a pursued and persecuted heroine, even if Bolton is a refreshingly atypical heroine with her delightfully matter-of-fact

performance. A thriller has its special demands in terms of pacing, and Preston meets these with considerable ease, the film culminating in a suspenseful final sequence worthy of Hitchcock.

Mr Wrong was a huge success with festival audiences in July and I should imagine it will prove popular with wider audiences on general release.

THE BREAKFAST CLUB

Director: John Hughes

The Breakfast Club must be one of the most contrived movies to come my way for some time, built on the premise of five young teenagers thrown together for a Saturday detention and, within a few hours, realising what life is all about. The advertising doesn't help either, with lines like "They only met once, but it changed their lives forever".

The central premise of Hughes' film is a very theatrical one — and when this theatrical aspect is too much to the fore, the movie creaks a little: the lachrimose soul-baring session after the obligatory reefer-sharing is a case in point, as is Paul Gleason's unremittingly heavy teacher-supervisor.

However, balancing this is Hughes' highly articulate script, with some of its best lines going

to the splendid Emilio Estevez, who has already made such an impact in *Repo Man* and *St Elmo's Fire*.

So fine is the ensemble playing it's difficult to pick a favourite, but Molly Ringwald, looking like a young Sandy Dennis, catches the vulnerability of an uptight prom queen to a tee, and Anthony Michael Hall's introverted Brian is another finely-drawn character. And up there with the teenage stars is ace editor, Dede Allen, the lady who won an Oscar for her innovative work in Arthur Penn's *Bonnie and Clyde* in 1967.

CRAZY FOR YOU

Director: Harold Becker

On the surface it's only too easy to relegate *Crazy For You* into the category of the teen market film and it's certainly that, with its tale of a young high school lad (nicely played by Matthew Modine) struggling to make it as a wrestler and coping with the onslaughts of burgeoning manhood. Here is a film that deals with hokum (and very moralistic hokum at that) laced with some raunchy dialogue that seems to almost come from another movie.

From the Madonna theme song up, *Crazy For You* is clearly aimed at a young market; yet, if the undeniably erotic quality of the many wrestling scenes are anything to go by, this is not by any means the only audience in the producer's sights.

EATING RAUOL

Director: Paul Bartel

Director Paul Bartel has commented on all the ideas that lie behind *Eating Raoul*, from being a commentary on the perversion of middle-class values through to a study of Latin machismo versus WASP fastidiousness. What has resulted is an uproarious black comedy which declares open season on everything from the Hollywood swinger set to cannibalism, all serving to illustrate Bartel's theory of how financial considerations ultimately overpower emotional ones.

Paul and Mary Bland (Bartel and

Mary Woronov in two delicious performances) slaughter their way into owning the restaurant of their dreams, their meteoric path to success being shown in a series of brilliant and bizarre cameos. Some years ago Phyllis Diller was on television explaining how her humour consists of jokes cumulatively built on top of each other — Bartel does this in *Eating Raoul*, most notably when he wreaks vengeance on a hot tub full of "swingers."

Earlier this year, some may have been coaxed to see *Not For Publication*, the film he made after this one: it was a disappointingly flat affair, both in wit and style. I can't wait to see his latest, *Lust In the Dust*, which, with Tab Hunter and Divine heading the cast, promises to be a pretty outrageous view of the Wild West.

ELECTRIC DREAMS

Director: Steve Barron

It's difficult to dislike *Electric Dreams*, a sweet little cloud-cuckoo-land movie which has at least the enviable ability not to take itself too seriously. Billed as a "fairy-tale for computers", it offers a modern-day triangle of boy (Lenny van Dohlen), girl (Virginia Madsen) and computer (voice supplied by Bud Cort) and, just for a twist, the girl's the odd person out.

For those who lost their hearts to Amy Irving in *The Competition*, the heroine is a cellist in a symphony orchestra and a girl who, in her own words, was brought up on "Bach, Beethoven and Bing Crosby." The orchestral repertoire is limited — Tchaikovsky's 'Waltz of the Flowers' and a Bach Minuet — whilst the various songs by Culture Club, Heaven 17 and other groups on the soundtrack provide the excuse for some fairly loose visual sequences when the script wants a wee rest.

When Rusty Lemorande's script is on form, it provides the much-needed edge to the proceedings and the many confrontations between man and machine would even do the late Frank Tashlin proud.

William Dart

Pink Chardon

Who needs
French champagne
when there's
Chardon



GOLD MEDAL SPARKLING WINE

SS1187

Letters

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

The Backlash Backlash Backlash

Dear Gary: re your reply, August *RIU*. Not another one of those "What a load of shit" letters. You're boring.

Charles Allison, Simon Bendall, Tim Robinson (and a lot of other self-opinionated bastards who think the same way)

Auckland
• Gary McCalman's letter in defense of the Chills might not have been a literary masterpiece but it made rather more sense than the nice-sounding but nebulous and unsubstantiated charges of "vanity" in your previous letter. On the other hand, you and people like you have probably firmed in the Chills an almost over-scrupulous integrity that will probably serve them well in the wilds of England. It's an ill wind ... but go and see them live before they leave, okay? By the way, folks, the letters above and below were posted at the same place, same time. Hope y'all only get one *RIU* between you lads ... RB

A Subjectivist

With regard to your letters (August), who the hell does Gary McCalman think he is? Why does he have the right to criticise other peoples' personal viewpoints? And anyway, why support NZ bands if they're shit? Music is surely a subjective art. If NZ bands are, as I and a lot of other people in NZ who think the same way believe, world class, why treat or criticise them in a different way to any other band from the UK or US or wherever? This is the big wide world ...

As for the 'Fickled Pinkers' (Letters, July) being self-opinionated, Jesus! If you don't have the courage of your convictions to state your opinion, believe it and stand up for it, then you must be a bland one-dimensional piece of shit. Though I may not necessarily agree with Charles, Simon and Tim, I salute them! At least they made you *think*! Maybe you'll do it again sometime ... Billy Grey Lynn

Colin Comment

I found Colin Hay pathetic and insulting in his recent *RIU* interview. His comment about Men At Work not being fashionable with

the press was sheer sour grapes. Does he really think Nick Kent or, dare I say it, George Kay, would give a good review to his teenybop tripe? His racist generalisations were equally sick. When Australia produces something worthy of consideration then we'll listen to it. Piss off you Aussie hack!

Max Anderson Wellington
PS: Bryan Ferry was great after Plant's tedious arrogance towards anything outside his thick skull. Keep up the good work *RIU*, you're only just pipped at the post by the *NME* in the Anderson best rock journal awards.

• Ta Max, but let's not get carried away with "racist generalisations" and forget the Saints, Radio Birdman, the Birthday Party, the Go-Betweens, the Easybeats, etc. RB

A Napier-Like Wit! (Urggh ...)

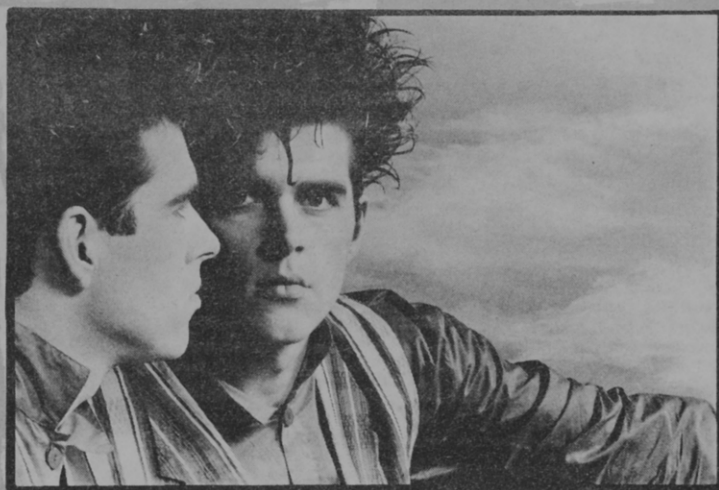
Yahoo! I've just put down the best *RIU* I've read in ages. While in a second-hand bookshop I stumbled across a collection of old *RIUs*. This one, No.17, Nov 1978, (which boldly proclaims 20,000 monthly on the cover) has got something worth reading on every page. A considerable contrast to No.96, 1985! This old issue is brilliant. Simple language and simple layout, but above all it captures the feeling of the times. Remember the Scavengers, the Clean, Suburban Reptiles and Citizen Band? People were excited about these bands and it was reflected in the 'Letters' column. Interesting reviews of Devo and Blondie by Duncan Campbell and information on bands in the form of a Band File. (Why have you guys strayed away from this important piece of coverage? People need to know who and what are good up and coming acts.)

Admittedly things were happening pretty fast overseas, especially in the UK, but I fear we have lost a lot of that initial excitement and thanks to the likes of Phillipa Dann and Phillip Schofield we're being fed acres of bland and boring local acts. However, I'm pleased to announce that Naiper has got a rapidly growing collection of exciting and energetic bands. It's a shame very few will ever be heard on vinyl. It's high time some of the independent record labels took a look into this neck o' the woods. They may find a goldmine or may just stop becoming incestuous and self-indulgent like Flying Nun. Though fair dues, the Chills are definitely NZ's best band.

Keep It Up *Rip It Up*, **Mysterex** Napier



Spot the difference: on one hand we have THOMPSON TWINS' singer TOM BAILEY and on the other... ha! Yes, this is no lovingly-duplicated gel job, but Tom's mirror-image twin. Bailey and fellow Twins Leeway and Currie have fought their way through a few recent problems to bring us the new album *Here's To Future Days* and single 'Don't Mess With Dr Dream'. The single's theme ties in with their planned anti-heroin campaign.



J U S T P I C S



▲ When the Beat broke up, guitarist Andy Cox and bass player David Steel decided they'd like to work together, with the right singer. They went all the way to America and listened to more than 300 tapes... and then found the man they were looking for, David Gift, singing with a soul band in a Finsbury Park pub. The three became FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS and their recently-released debut single is 'Johnny Come Home'.

◀ As a set of tonsils -at-large, FEARGAL SHARKEY has recorded one single ('Never Never') for Vince Clark's project the Assembly, and one as a solo artist for Madness' label, Zarjazz. Now he has signed up with Virgin records and the first fruit of the union will be 'Loving You', a new single produced, oddly enough by ROGER TAYLOR of Queen. A debut album is being recorded.



▶ In Britain where no one can decide what a modern British sound is, the POGUES have said stuff it and drunk deeply from the tap root of tradition (or something like that) to come up with a modern Irish sound. Their first album of boozy, folky, sometimes political ditties, *Red Roses For Me*, has just been released here and the second, *Rum, Sodomy and the Lash* (the title is taken from Sir Winston Churchill's description of the navy), will follow.



BACK WHERE THEY BELONG

THE FIRST TWO RELEASES
FROM REGULAR RECORDS
AND FESTIVAL RECORDS
ARE:

I'M TALKING
'TRUST ME'
ON 7" AND 12"

ELECTRIC
PANDAS
'MISSING ME'

HUGH MASEKELA



Techno-Bush

on album



and tape



THE

HEAD ON

THE

DOOR

THE CURE

**NEW ALBUM
& TAPE
THRU wea**