

Photo by Derek Henderson

# RIP IT UP

pp Smash's Strange History



# Brazil Nut

Terry Gilliam — Monty Python's Big Brother

**Ever have problems sorting out those individual snakes that comprise the infamous Monty Python troupe? John Cleese is easy — no living thing remotely resembles John Cleese but can you tell Graham Chapman from Eric Idle from Terry Gilliam?**

**The confusion is partly testimony to the talent these lunatic laugh-makers have displayed in the crazed characterisations of the Monty Python's Flying Circus series and films like Monty Python and the Holy Grail, Life of Brian and The Meaning of Life.**

circuit.

*Brazil* is not a Monty Python film, even though Terry's buddy Michael Palin is one of the stars. What kind of film is it? Well, I was hoping you weren't going to ask that. *Brazil* is a black comedy, it is a social/political satire, it is a futuristic thriller, it is a fantasy, it is a love story, it is raw sewage pumped into a space suit.

Giving them the finger was Terry Gilliam's key contribution to early Monty Python. You see, he was the wizard of animation behind the surreal, silly and often shocking cartoons that were such an integral part of the gang's vision.

Before hearing more of the Python's from a snake's mouth, we should talk about *Brazil*, the reason this affable American (yep, he's the token Yankee in the court of the Reptile Kings) was on the promo

(with top playwright Tom Stoppard)



things there," he says. "I can't speak the way they do. When they start talking about 'corporate product potential', I find that all I can say is 'fuck' and 'shit'!"

Confrontation with corporate types has recurred with Gilliam's desire to release an LP soundtrack: "It won't be a big disco album! We talked about getting a single we could film a video to, just so we could use some footage."

The stunning sets evoke images of *Metropolis* and *Blade Runner* so a video would be very effective. But the problem was that the song which inspired the movie, Geoff and Maria Muldaur's version of the 30s hit 'Brazil', comes with a hefty price tag.

"Warner Brothers seem very greedy about it," says Gilliam. "(The Muldaur LP) didn't sell well at all, but they're behaving as if it is Bruce Springsteen. That is the way these organisations work. People there have to maximise the amount of money they make, rather than thinking 'if it is on a record, it'll get played'."

Gilliam's personal struggle against the powers-that-be echoes the fight of *Brazil*'s hero against a brutal, bureaucratic state, and the film is clearly sounding alarm bells about the direction our own society is heading. "People always call this a picture of totalitarianism, but I believe it is the way the democracies are going. In the same way, North Americans always look at the English and European bureaucracies and refuse to admit they have their own."

*Brazil* may not sound as funny as the Dead Parrot sketch, but then again, Monty Python humour always had serious undertones. For example, John Cleese's Silly Walks turn was a comic gem the Marx Brothers would have been proud of, but it also punctured the pomposity of the English civil servant. There is plenty of comedy in *Brazil* however, and much of it is provided by Robert De Niro in a memorable cameo role. Gilliam sees this as "the spoonful of sugar to help the medicine go down."

As you'd expect there is also gallons of gore. Judging by his animation and *Jabberwocky*, his directorial debut, Gilliam may just have the sickest sense of humour of all the Pythons, and the terrorist bombing scenes in *Brazil* may have you groping for the barf bag. "I don't think I could make a movie without gore," he says, laughing. "The world is so violent, yet so bloodless — the bureaucracy, the multi-national corporations, the IRS, the media. This is my reaction to all that."

Terry Gilliam was born in Minneapolis about 20 years before Prince (what do they put in the water there?). In the early 60s he began illustrating *Help!*, a spin-off of *Mad* magazine, and his distinctive animation style developed. Gilliam moved to London in 1967, and soon encountered the other lunatics that were to scale the heights (and depths) as *Monty Python's Flying Circus*. He doesn't find it in the least bit peculiar that someone from the mid-West of the United States could fit in so well with a style of humour that has always seemed very 'English'. "It was just like finding a bunch of friends. We all thought along the same lines, just as I had earlier in the US with people like

Joel Siegel and Harry Shearer (*Spiral Tap*)."

When the television series was first shown in the US in 1974, its success surprised network TV executives. "They always underestimate the audience outside of LA and New York," says Gilliam. "A place like New York is so impossible to live in that people have to tell themselves it is the most sophisticated, cosmopolitan city in the world. Yet when *Monty Python* was taken off the air in Des Moines (Indiana), thousands of people threatened to burn down the station! I always knew MPFC could work in the US because I'd come from Minneapolis."

Gilliam's animation was used to give the show a bizarre sense of continuity: "I'd be given one theme or word from one sketch, and I'd somehow have to get to the first word of the next. I enjoyed that discipline and those parameters, as on my own I'd just have gone off on some tangent and never returned."

His animation style has been widely ripped off. There's even a bank commercial in the States now featuring one of his trademark sliced heads. When told of this he says, "It doesn't bother me too much as long as I don't see it in Britain. Advertising people will take the superficial skin, not the meat of my style." Anyway, animation is now largely a thing of the past for Gilliam, having been replaced by an emphasis on direction and writing; *Time Bandits* was another of his achievements. "You have to always keep one step ahead of the wolves," he says. "I like the freedom and fluidity of live filming. With animation, it is more coarse."

What is the likelihood of a Monty Python reunion?

"Not for at least two or three years," predicts Gilliam. "Three or four of us are doing well on our own these days, but we keep in contact. We're getting less bitchy toward each other these days!"

Although not one for hanging out with rock stars — that's Eric Idle's hobby — Gilliam is grateful for the support the Pythons have received from the British rock elite. "Members of Pink Floyd and Led Zeppelin backed a few of our films. I guess they wrote it off against taxes, but their patronage really helped us."

George Harrison played an even bigger role in funding some of the Monty Python movies: "He told us he always felt that in our words and images, *Monty Python* continued where the Beatles left off. That was a real compliment."

Which *Monty Python* sketch would Gilliam consign to a time capsule?

"It would have to be the one with the undertaker and a guy's dead wife," he says. "They discuss ways of disposing of the body, and eating her is one option. I am getting kind of peckish," says the husband. "That one was so totally tasteless we naturally had to use it!"

Regardless of the box office performance of *Brazil* (to stink or not to stink, that is the question), Terry Gilliam will go on making movies until a suitable revolution arrives. "I sympathise with left-wing movements, but their trouble is that they have no sense of humour. There's never been a revolution with humour, and I'm waiting for it!"

Kerry Doole

**Comfort was there when Billie sang the Blues.**



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# National Anthem Hear Our Voices

"So you wanna be a rock and roll star ... just get an electric guitar and take some time and learn how to play ..."

When the Byrds sang that in the 60s perhaps that was really all it took. These days it seems nobody takes any notice unless you can wave some black vinyl around; an album has the best impact, it lets people know you're really serious. Forget about the hassle of running a five or six-piece band — since a lot of successful outfits are run by one or two central figures anyway, a duo will be fine — and get in whatever people you need when you need them. Write some songs, get a deal, manage yourselves and hope like hell.

Anthony Johns and Craig Smith-Pilling are two sharp young men living in Auckland who are looking to go public in a big way. Their "band" officially consists of themselves, helped out by some talented musicians and studio people. Released this month is their album *One Day Different* containing last year's single releases 'Chapter One' and 'Please Say Something'. New Zealand songs which deserved a better reception than they got. They call themselves National Anthem.

The pair entered the 80s playing together professionally in an Auckland band called New Entrants, who became Blond Comedy. Disillusionment with endless touring, financial insecurity, line-up difficulties and the feeling of always covering the same ground forced their eventual disbandment, by which stage Craig had departed anyway. In 1983 they decided to re-activate their songwriting partnership from early Blond Comedy days, by now feeling wiser about the ways of the music world. Ostensibly only an outlet for their musical interests, they soon had enough material to consider approaching "somebody important".

"When we broke up Blond Comedy," says Johns, "we decided we were going to do some nightclubs, do some cover versions and then we found we actually enjoyed writing and working on our ideas more than learning the cover songs. After we'd written about ten songs we approached Mushroom Records and they said, 'Yeah, very interested'. We never looked on it as a formal duo, it was just us writing songs. I think we have a good relationship working together — we have our arguments and disagreements..."

Smith-Pilling interjects: "Our musical tastes are completely different and with our writing, we ar-



National Anthem: Craig Smith-Pilling, Anthony Jones.

rive at the same thing but we go about it different ways."

With the demise of the local A&R department of Mushroom Records, they landed a deal with Auckland's Reaction label releasing some singles. 'Chapter One' in particular received fair radio-time in Auckland, yet still National Anthem remained absent from the performance venues. Johns explains: "We were going to play last year, but the people we wanted to play with were tied up in another project, so we decided we'd start playing in November/December of last year. Then Mike [Chunn, Reaction Records' rep] asked if we'd like to do the album in December. We were actually looking for a producer and having trouble finding one, and we had no money anyway, so Mike says, 'How about doing it yourselves?' We had the experience, so we said yes, and we started arranging the album. The live thing just never eventuated."

"We hate the term 'studio band,'" says Smith-Pilling. "We do all the input we would in any other band, plus a bit more. What we would channel into live music we channel into somewhere else."

An interesting connection crops up with Mike Chunn (ex-Split Enz, Citizen Band, Party Boys) not only being National Anthem's label representative but also being credited with bass and piano on their album. Decorum usually insists that an act does not invite members of their label's inner staff to play on a record and be in their live band. One can almost hear the accusations of nepotism from the disgruntled already.

Smith-Pilling explains: "In some instances it works for us and in others it works against us, in that Mike's got to be careful obviously, ethically, not to do something that will go against Reaction's beliefs or anything like that. He keeps the two fairly well separated. I think it was really a fluke that he played on the album. We couldn't find a bass player and he offered his services, he also turned out to be very good at keyboards, which we didn't know. It certainly wasn't contrived or anything."

*One Day Different* was recorded in "dribbs and drabs" between December last year and March this year at Mandrill Studios with the small team of Johns and Smith-Pilling, Michael Harrilambi (drums) and Mike Chunn. Production is credited to a Lord George OBE, who turns out to be an amalgam of "everybody who's on the album," says Johns. "Craig and I, Mike Chunn, engineer Tim Field ... what we would do once we had recorded a song is all talk about it, piss each other off, argue ... everybody would have different ideas, so rather than list everybody we just put down 'Lord George OBE!'"

A number of National Anthem's songs, built around Tony Johns' emotive vocal style and Craig Smith-Pilling's strident guitar work, have a quite anthemic quality, almost epic in the manner of a number of current British bands. They both deny any direct influences and mention of names like the Psychedelic Furs, the Sound and the Jam draws a quick response.

"When we was playing in Auckland in 1980," says Johns in his English drawl, "I used to get slagged all the time for sounding English — no fault of me own except me parents. There was nothing I could do about it. People would say, 'You sound like Paul Weller'. I've never owned a Paul Weller song or album — it's just that we were born in the same area of England."

No bones are made about the fact that *One Day Different* was made on the cheap. They say the main reason they ended up producing themselves was the infamous Kiwi lack of money. Only having two weeks to get the sessions organised, they didn't have the time or money to obtain a producer. Says Tony, "Everybody on the album did it for nothing — even Tim Field, who I think did an excellent job, 'cos he helped co-produce as well — he basically did it for nothing, too."

For their next recordings they hope to have a more financial and better organised arrangement, with suitable efforts made to obtain a well-known and capable producer. Smith-Pilling says that although they are happy with the results of producing themselves, being too close to the music and too involved in its creation made them lose sight of what they were striving for at times. The lack of some particular person at the helm with objective ideas they definitely noticed.

Currently Mike Chunn is in England with tapes of National Anthem and other Reaction artists hoping to secure some UK releases. Upon his return in two months time, National Anthem plan to rehearse a band (hopefully with Chunn on bass or keyboards) to begin live work promoting *One Day Different*. A re-mix of 'Please Say Something' will be released as the first single off the album, as Johns and Smith-Pilling feel it is a good song which got buried last year.

As far as future plans go, Johns reflects, "I always wanted two goals. One was to make an album, and the other was to make my living expenses off music. I've never had the opportunity to achieve both until we made this album that's just been released. Hopefully we might be able to earn some money soon — you know, enough to survive on."

With career ambitions never far from sight the emphasis of the two musicians is still firmly on having fun. "We definitely don't take ourselves too seriously," says Johns.

"I don't take Tony seriously," says Smith-Pilling. "And I don't take him seriously!" Johns grins. "It'd be nice to be successful, but if it doesn't happen, well..."

"... We've enjoyed it along the way," laughs his partner.

A shame, really, that someone else wrote a song about two hearts beating as one. It would hang on these guys well.

Brendon Fitzgerald

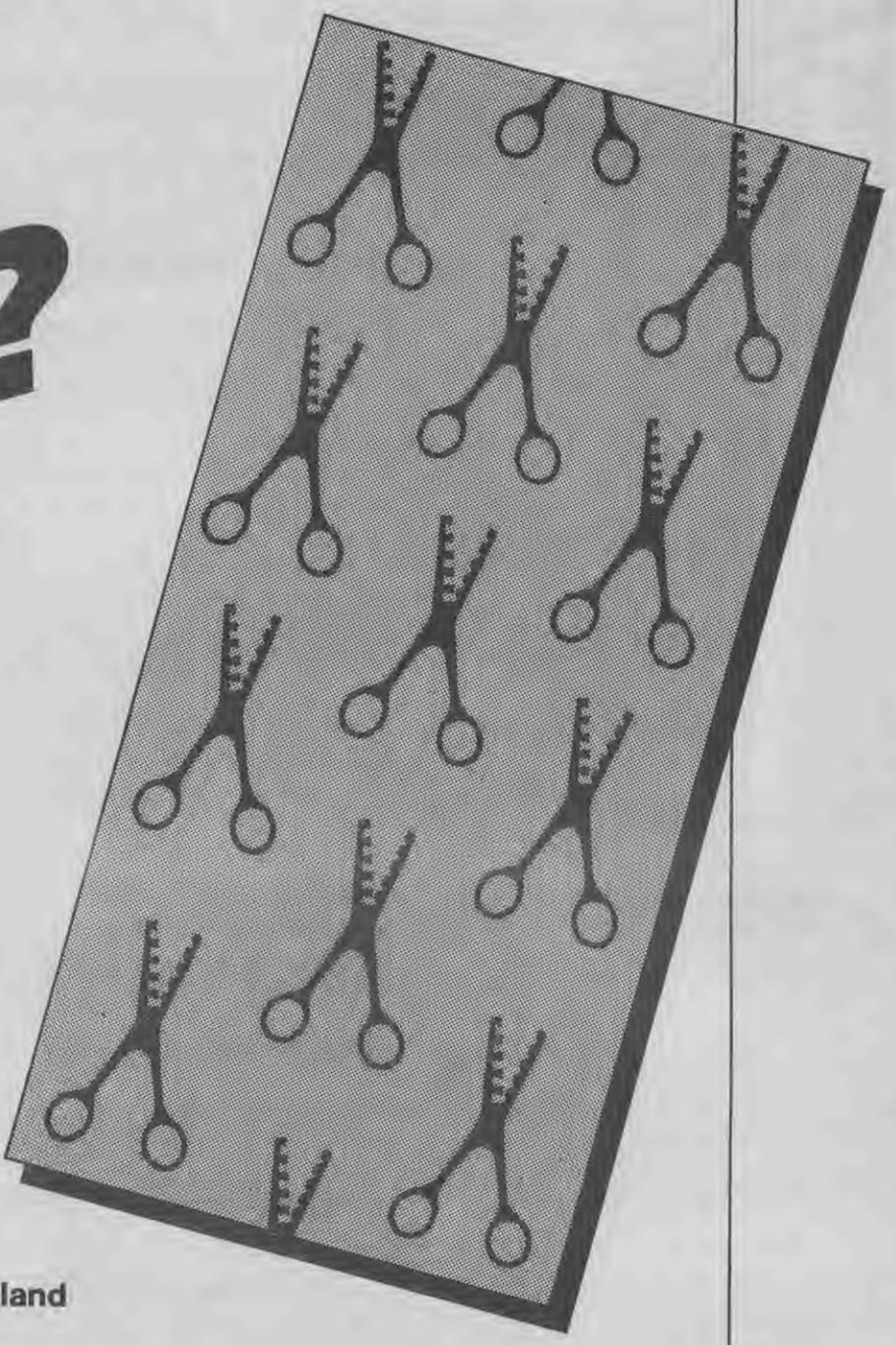
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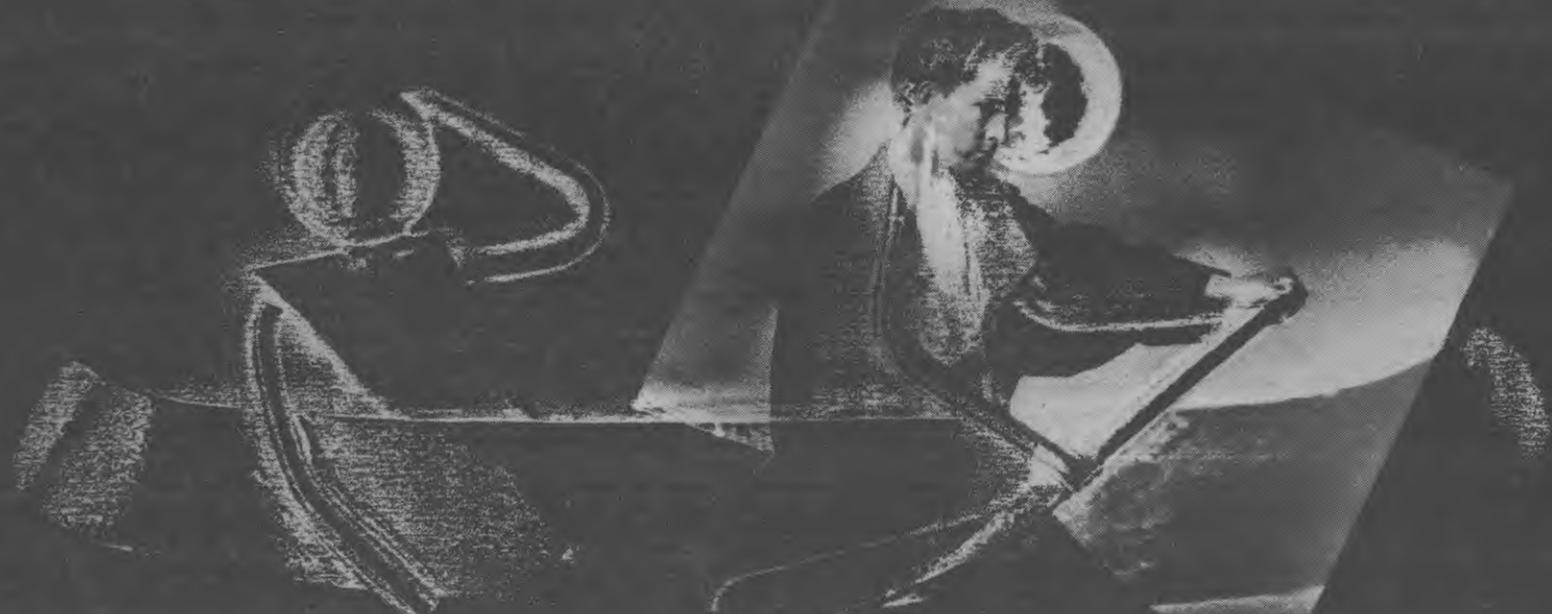
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# Rumours

## UK & USA

After their 'Living Doll' success, **Cliff Richard and the Young Ones**, will record a follow-up; possibilities include Cliff oldies 'Summer Holiday' (1963) and 'The Young Ones' (1962) ... a **Velvet Underground** box-set has been issued in UK; includes an album of unreleased tracks from 1967-1969. Five albums for (ouch!) 25 pounds. VU also subject of a **South Bank Show** documentary recently ... **Mick Jagger and Daryl Hall** have collaborated on themefunk for Walt Disney movie **Ruthless People**. Jagger sings lead, **Dave Stewart** produces ... **Paul Weller** will produce a single by **General Johnson**, formerly with **Chairman of the Board**; also, **Style Council's** first live album, **Showbiz** from Wembley concerts, plus video, planned for release.

**UK Subs** refused entry to US recently after difficulties with Musician's Union ... **The Firm (Paul Rodgers and Jimmy Page)** have new album, **Mean Business**, with single 'All the King's Horses' ... **Anabella Lwin** is to cover **Peggy Lee** classic 'Fever' ... **Siouxsie and the Banshees**, currently touring Europe and the States, ninth album is **Tinderbox**, with new guitarist **John Curruthers** ... McDonald Lydon is the new label of **Jock McDonald** and **John Lydon**. First project is live **Sid Vicious** LP; then they'll release **Brigitte Bardot** and **Serge Gainsbourg's** original erotic version of 'Je T'Aime Moi Non Plus', a hit for Jane Birkin in 1969 ... **Ronnie Ross**, top UK sax player, on one-time pupil **David Bowie**: "He was bloody awful. He made a dreadful racket" ... at the farewell to the **GLC** concerts in London, **Smiley Culture** and **Eddy Grant**, among

many others, performed. **Mick Jones** and **BAD** have recorded tribute to GLC chairman **Ken Livingston**, 'Mr Livingston, I presume'.

Soul great **Jerry Butler** ('For Your Precious Love') is running for Commissioner of Cook's County, Chicago. During the campaign, he's performed with the **Impressions** and the **Four Tops** ... **Motown** plan to expand into designer label clothing and furniture ... In recent concerts, **Prince** covers Jerry Lee Lewis's 'Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On' and James Brown's 'Living in America' ... the **Blasters** have split, Lead guitarist Dave Alvin has joined **X**, while his brother **Pete** may continue with the Blasters' name ... "Don't know much about history" — **Sam Cooke's** 'Wonderful World' has reached No 2 in Britain, a quarter-century after original release ... **Linda Creed Epstein**, composer with **Thom Bell** of 'You Make Me Feel Brand New' and 'Could it be I'm Falling in Love', has died of cancer aged 37.

Renowned African political musician **Fela Kuti** has been released from a Nigerian prison after serving 19 months for 'currency violations'. The judge of his case visited him in jail and admitted political pressure affected his verdict ... the **Topper Headon Band** looks set to split after poor sales of **Waking Up** caused bad vibes with record company ... Watch out world! **Iron Maiden** begin a seven-month tour in spring, "bigger and better" than their "World Slavery Tour" ... **Genesis**, after a two-year hibernation, release an album next month, then plan a massive world tour — not, they insist, their farewell tour. Consequently, **Phil Collins** promises no more solo projects till 1988. Whew ... however **Trevor Horn** is reportedly back in the studio with **Yes**. Finally, barefoot 60s star **Sandy Shaw** will soon

Diplomatic, bespectacled and be-topped with an unmissable mop of

## Orange Tutti Frutti

So, what stops you guys from being "just another Dunedin band"?

Andrew Brough looks perplexed. "Um ... (long pause) ... well ... I think we're more poppy than other Dunedin bands like **Sneaky Feelings** ... bands like the **Clean**, the **Stones**, **Doublehappys**. With a lot of Dunedin stuff there's the poppy side to it and there's a real aggressive side to it, and I probably lack some of the aggressive Dunedin stuff."

... on high rotation at KPFK, Los Angeles' "new music" station, are **Tall Dwarfs**, **Ponsonby DCs**, **Marie and the Atoms** tracks. The DCs recently received rave reviews in **Option** and **Spin** magazines. In **Spin**, — their 'Queen St' is "Lou Reed meets Dire Straits" ... **Flying Nun's Tuatara** also gets thumbs up ... **Strange Weekend Records**, the San Francisco outfit who released the DCs record, are soon to produce **Unexplored**, a NZ compilation including songs by the **Blams**, **Car Crash Set**, **Sonya Waters**, the **Mee Mees**, **Big Sideways**, **Scott Calhoun**, the **Androids**, **Johnny Bongo**, and **Martial Law**. Write to **Strange Weekend**, 396A Frederick St, San Francisco CA 94115, USA.

Bad news for heavy metallers — the North Island Heavy Metal Music Club, an amalgamation of the Auckland and Wellington

clubs, is disbanding, according to the latest letter from their hard-working president Christine (aka "Countess Bathory", "Bloody Mary" and "Lonesome Crow") — "Being genuinely concerned about local 'Metal' bands and having gone out of my way to promote them and give them fair reviews makes it difficult to announce that the club is being disbanded. This is due to being nearly killed by violent and catty female groupies/girlfriends of two local bands at a recent club meeting in Hamilton. I'll never stop being proud to be a 'Metaller' and will always defend the faith." Anyone wanting to continue the club's work should write to: Box 19517, Avondale, Auckland.

**Sound Advice** is to be the directory of the NZ music industry, listing musicians, skills, equipment companies, studios, etc.

Listings start at \$20. Write to Word Perfect Ltd, Box 33-559, Takapuna, Auckland, or refer to on page 19. Deadline for info is June 13 ... new band playing in Auckland are the **Strand** — contact Manu Taylor, ph. 501-513 ... **Radio Active**, formerly of Auckland, are working hard on the Sydney pub circuit, and have been recording in Paradise Studios ... a new band to come out of **?Fog** is **Robert**. They'll be touring soon.

**Goblin Mix** are not breaking up — they'll carry on with a new bassist. Their Dunedin tour has been postponed while guitarist David Mitchell recovers from a broken jaw he suffered when he was attacked walking home after their last Windsor gig ... the **Bird Nest Boys** are working on their LP at Progressive ... a new all-woman three-piece **Alfalfa Louts** have im-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

rather than influence.

"I wanted a more full sound with perhaps louder guitars and the vocals more full-on, but not having been in a studio before I didn't know what to expect. The production's come out quite clean but as far as getting a certain sound like a dreamy sound or a more aggressive sound ... there wasn't any intention that way. It just turned out the way it has ... probably by accident."

"I spent three or four years listening to that type of music after I left school," says Brough. "Recently I haven't listened to it as much but I still love it. In the '60s they had a strong sense of melody, which has influenced me a lot."

Brough's airy vocals and melodic, unabrasive guitar lends the five track EP a floating, almost Chilly quality that, as it turns out, is more a result of first-time intimidations

disintegrating cos bands are taking off to different centres and it's a worry there aren't more bands coming up to keep the scene going. And that's where I think the Orange aren't part of the old stable. They're one of the newer bands that can keep the scene alive."

But Brough's vision of the Orange as the proverbial fresh fruit for rotting vegetables could be misplaced. He talks of an unsure future with commitment currently running a sore second to ambition in the band. So long-term aims are blinkered, although there are promises of an increase in the live performances that have been so scarce until now and, yes, more recording.

We tie up the interview, take a listen to the BiFiM compilation over coffee and decide things are looking pretty healthy in Auckland. **Buffy O'Reilly**

## ROCK ME SOME MORE



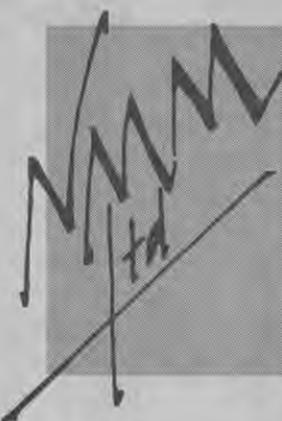
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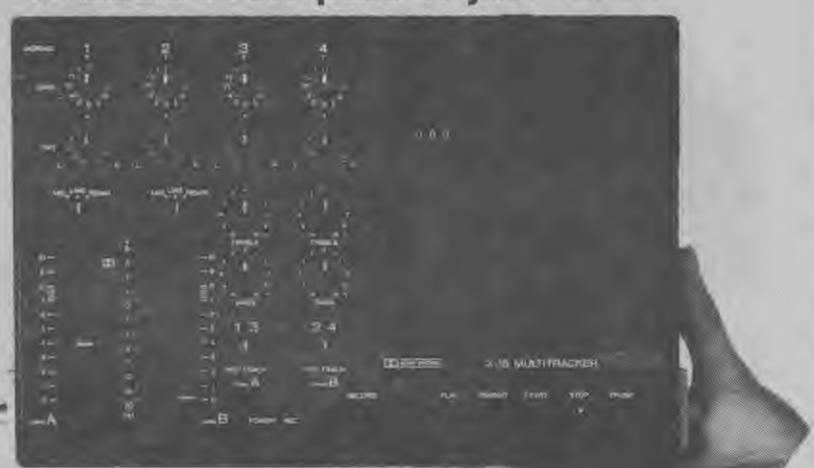
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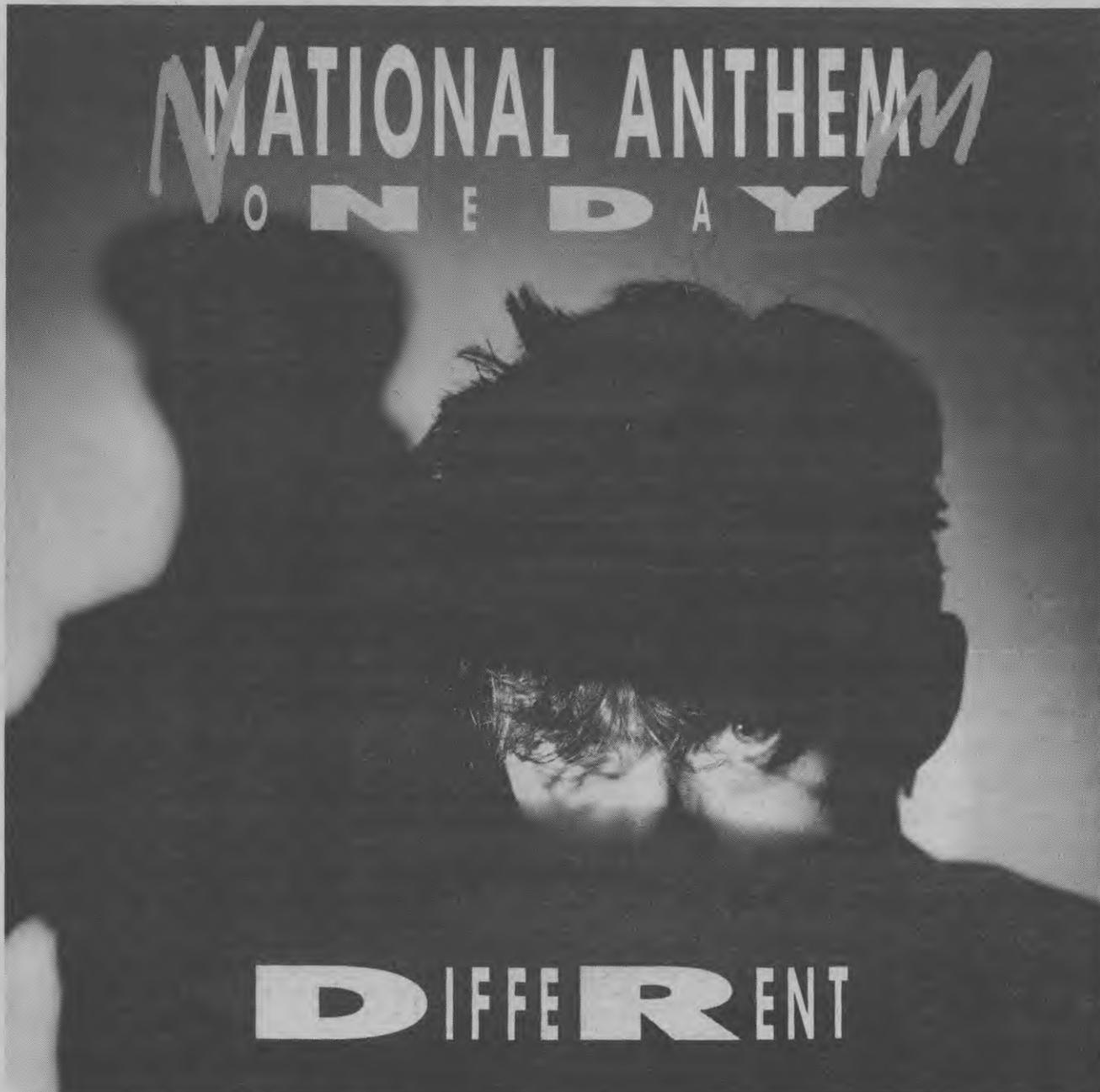
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# Quota Unquota?

The argument for a quota of New Zealand music on New Zealand's radio stations resurfaced last month with the circulation of the quota petition. While the radio stations continue to resist a quota, it seems an opportune time to consider the Australian experience.

In Australia, a quota of 20 percent local music was placed on radio stations 12 years ago, at a time when the Australian music industry was small and relatively unsophisticated. Now, it's booming. Local acts are constantly on the airwaves on radio and television, are heavily represented in the upper reaches of the Australian record charts and are among the biggest live drawcards.

Is the boom linked to the quota? One person who thinks so is Arnold Frolows, radio programmer of Sydney's 2 Triple-J FM. Owned by the ABC, Triple-J is unlike its BCNZ equivalents however — its format is innovative but accessible, like a mixture between a student station and a ZM. It is also heavily supportive of local music; the quota might say 20 percent, but, says Frolows, Triple-J

plays closer to 30 percent Australian music.

However, despite the demand of the audience for Australian music, Frolows says the quota is still necessary. "It's good that it's there," he says, "because it's not restrictive, it's low enough not to be a problem, and I think that's why we have this vibrant industry."

"But I wouldn't say that it's no longer an issue. The quota still jolts the programmers along — it's like a bit of a watchdog and it keeps you on your mettle. Us too — you're always trying to make your best programme, so you want quality. 'Does it fit our profile?', you ask yourself. Because there's a lot of Australian music we don't play, like country music or MOR stuff. So we check our rotation periodically to



Arnold Frolows

see where we are ... Close to 30 percent?"

It's still needed, says Frolows, because as always, the commercial stations tend to follow the overseas charts "quite religiously". "If you look at the history of the big Australian bands, Midnight Oil and INXS are the best examples, there was a time when nobody was touching them. So if the stations hadn't been bound to play a certain amount, a lot of these bands wouldn't have got a look in until they made the top 30 — which is still the case of course, that's why it's still very important that there is the requirement."

The healthiness of the Australian

scene now is a result of the quota and the development of independent labels such as Mushroom. "Prior to that, local acts were around, obviously, but there wasn't the massive industry that there is now. Because the majors just had to sit around and release overseas product. Record companies did very little to support developing bands. If they signed anybody, it was usually on spec and the deals were short. The companies may as well have been selling nuts and bolts, they were sitting back selling and distributing."

"As there was more money being made by the industry, the companies could afford to improve their studios, they could afford to record bands at outside studios, so the outside studios develop and their quality of equipment and recording standards grew ... all that grew out of the record buying pressure in the 70s to be pro-Australian."

Frolows says he can understand why the radio stations are resisting the quota. "They feel it's going to obligate them to change the colour of their programming. People are always slow to change, and radio stations are the worst. They'll always say to you, we're not in the business of making hits, they're there to play what people want and not what people think they should be hearing. But of course that's a real Catch 22, because people only hear what they're given, by and large. Because the commercials are there to make money, they're never going to make the slightest change that could disturb their audience because their survival depends on their ratings."

As an ABC station, Triple-J FM is similar to a Radio New Zealand station belonging to the BCNZ. So Frolows is constantly aware of the special requirement of his station to support local music. "For us, the quota's not an issue, because we feel very strongly about local music and we've always supported it. Especially us, our basic premise is we're a public broadcasting facility, the money comes from the taxpayer, and we feel that we have to give something back, and part of that is supporting the local music industry."

Chris Bourke

# Sweet Schizophrenia



Whether it likes it or not, each growing generation absorbs and stores the essence of the pop tunes of its pubescence, even — especially — the crappier stuff. These days the *Solid Gold Hits* kids such as the Weeds and the Sheets both exult and exalt stuff like 'Puppy Love', 'Play That Funky Music' and 'Cover of the Rolling Stone' and strike a chord with their peers ...

And sometimes the ghosts walk. The Bay City Rollers made a kitsch-as-kitsch-can pub tour of Australia last year (1974's milk drinkers apparently start the day with a scotch and cigarette in the 80s). Slade got up and fell over again after Quiet Riot's 'Cum On Feel the Noize' success, and now ... the Sweet.

The Sweet visit New Zealand for a national tour this month — with two of their original lineup, guitarist Andy Scott and drummer Mick Tucker (always the coolest). Interest in the band was rekindled a couple of years ago in Britain with the mild success of the *Sweet 16* compilation — 70s tack was back and no one was tackier than the Sweet.

A "comeback" would be a ridiculous idea were it not for the fact that the Sweet's genre never took itself too seriously anyway. Chinn-Chapman songs like 'Little Willy' and 'Blockbuster' were silly, stretchy bubblegum and Phil Wright's glitter production had a punny verve all its own.

What we see live will almost certainly be tacky (even at their peak the Sweet played Rolling Stones and Who medleys alongside their own singles) but hopefully lotsa fun. It's interesting to speculate whether today's pop trash will be received and perceived in the same way as this in 10 years' time. But are Go West, A-Ha, et al too po-faced, too "sophisticated", too ... not enough fun to join the Monkees, *Bewitched*, Gary Glitter and flares as the nylon icons of their own decade? Who knows? Certainly many of them aren't about to make the kind of dumb financial mistakes that would deny them an early retirement anyway.

But for the moment ...  
It was like lightning!  
And the music was frightening!  
And the band started moving!  
And we all started grooving!  
YEAH! YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!

I mean, what can you say?  
Russell Brown

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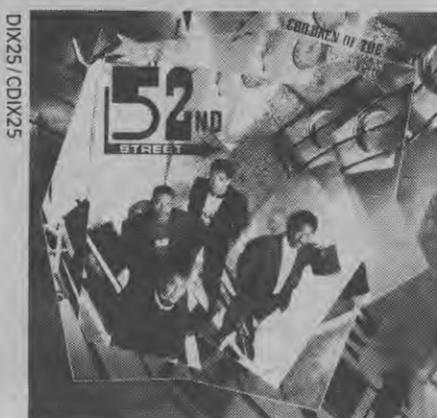


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# Video

## Repo Man (CIC Video)

Otto (Emilio Estevez) loses his supermarket job and girlfriend and wanders the LA wasteland singing Black Flag's 'TV Party', where he meets Bud (Harry Dean Stanton) who tricks him into becoming a "repo man" — an intense profession of legal car stealing, with the basic tenet being "ordinary people, I hate them," says philosopher King Bud. So begins a great mix of social satire, science fiction, comedy, punk rock, government conspiracy and parody, that matches any teen flick that Roger Corman ever conceived.

Things get real "intense" when the repo man begin searching for a Chevy Malibu with a boot stacked with rotting aliens driven by a lobotomised nuclear scientist. They have to find it before the secret service, a metal-handed woman scientist and Chicano cut-ups the Rodriguez Brothers.

Set against the seedy underbelly of LA, a world of liquor stores, empty supermarkets and red-lit nightclubs. Peopled by winos and mohawked punks on a crime wave, who secretly long for a safe world of mobile homes and children.

Alex Cox packs his film with lots of interesting incidents, like the Circle Jerks playing cabaret, the Untouchables as a family of scooter-riding black mods, and a liquor store hold up that parodies *Taxi Driver*.

A great film that deserves more than cult status, dripping with fun  
CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

and excitement that just won't quit.

## Kerry Buchanan

PS: Turn the soundtrack up for some great music from the Plugz, Black Flag, Iggy Pop and Fear.

## Mask (CIC Video)

True story of Rocky Dennis (Eric Stoltz), born with ionitis, a figuring disease that occurs one-in-22 million births. Raised by a strong mother (played by Cher in an award-winning role) in the outlaw communities of bike gangs, Rocky is accepted in the world of Harleys, patches and Budweiser. But his problem lies in the "normal" world of school and up-right citizens.

Rocky wins on his own terms, and director Peter Bogdanovich doesn't sink to cheap sentimentality to show his struggle. Sure there's plenty of pathos but the film doesn't bathe in it. A nice simple film highlighted by some stellar acting from Cher (who proves that *Come Back to the Five and Dime* wasn't a one-hit wonder) and Eric Stoltz in a difficult role.

## Kerry Buchanan

Warners kick off an excellent month for video releases with the latest two from the *Mad Max* series, *Mad Max 2* and *Beyond Thunderdome*. Also out are two classics: Steve McQueen and film's most famous car chase in *Bullitt* and the legendary John Ford western *The Searchers* in which John Wayne hunts down Comanches who have kidnapped Natalie Wood.

From *Roadshow* comes *Andy Warhol's Frankenstein*, starring "swooping bats, severed limbs and gibs of livid human entrails" — and Joe Dallesandro, of course; *Experience Preferred... But Not Es-*

## Leavin' on the Midnight Train to Gotham City

What did the country's busiest horn section decide to do with their time off? They formed a band of their own — a hobby band, in which the musicians could play their favourite music which they never got to play on their professional jobs.

The Gotham City Express was formed 18 months ago by that high-profile pair, the Newton Hoons. But in that time they have only played eight concerts — because the members of the band, being professional musicians, are all very hard to pin down on the same night off. Among the impressive line-up are singers Annie Crummer and Kim Willoughby, bassist Billy Kristian, drummer Lyn Buchanan and guitarist Gary Verberne.

"The idea of the band was to have a part-time blow," says trumpet-player Mike Russell, partner of saxman Chris Green in the Newton Hoons. "There were certain types of music we'd never done, so we rang up some other musicians to see if they were interested." The jam session worked so well, and was so much fun, that they decided to do the occasional gig, playing "the sort of music musos listen to": Tower of Power, Jeffrey Osborne, Gladys Knight; each of the band chose a song they'd always wanted to play. The name of the band also reflects their interests. Russell, a *Batman* freak, was watching television one day, saw "Gotham City" on the screen, then his eyes drifted to a Tom Scott's LA Express record. "Holy Moniker, Batman!" he cried, "I've got it!"

Now, the band have recorded an album, the *Gotham City Express*, and they were recently filmed to ap-

pear on *12 O'Clock Rock*. So the Express will keep on rolling: "There's so much interest that we'd be doing ourselves a disservice if we didn't keep going," says Russell. "But we'll continue it on this basis — a 12-piece band isn't viable, the Newton Hoons don't want to pinned down — and I'm sure the others, who are also freelancers, have the same feeling."

It may be a while before the next Express gig, though, as three members have recently gone to Australia: singer Peter Morgan, pianist Lar-

ry Martinez, and Gary Verberne (who has gone to join DD Smash). "But it's amazing," says Green. "Out of nowhere will come a great player. For example, Larry was playing at the Casablanca club, a place I hadn't heard of, and he blew our socks off. There's a reservoir of talented musicians just floating around."

Russell agrees. "That's been one of the best things about this band — discovering these hot players, tucked away in places like Napier or Gisborne. The diverse background of the band, different nationalities and cities, has given it its distinctive sound."

"It's also given some musicians a chance to prove what else they can do," says Green. "Lyn Buchanan, who's known in Auckland as a four-on-the-floor rock drummer, was playing funk and jazz in Christchurch for years. Gary's the same — he can play anything from heavy metal to jazz."

*Gotham City Express* features eight of the tracks the band play live — was recorded live in the studio in a six hour session. "Most jazz albums are done live," explains Russell. "What they're after is the feel. Rock has got away from that with all the mass production. There's a trap of doing too much in the recording studio, so that the product they end up with isn't them — they can't play live what's on the record. This band could go out and do it tomorrow."

The *Gotham City Express* has been a beneficial burst of energy for the Newton Hoons. "Playing sessions, things can be very impersonal," says Green. "There's also a limit of the input you can make when you're working for others."

Russell: "We've shown ourselves that if you get the right people and the right material, you can achieve anything. You don't need all that technology."

Chris Bourke



The *Gotham City Express*: Back row, from left: David Colven, Chris Green, David Woodbridge, Mike Russell, Chris Nelson, Lyn Buchanan, Billy Kristian. Front, from left: Larry Martinez, Annie Crummer, Peter Morgan, Martin Winch.

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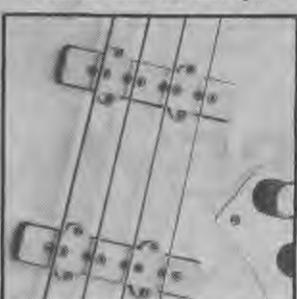
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*Everything That Flies* (L-R): Wayne Bell (drums), Clive Sheridan (guitar, keyboards), Peter Harrison (keyboards), David Manning (bass), Bruce Sheridan (guitar), Dianne Swann (vocals).



## Everything That Flies The Flight of the Swann

The release midway through last year of an arresting little song called 'Bleeding Hearts' marked the debut of Auckland band Everything that Flies. In the words of vocalist Dianne Swann the song enjoyed an "almost cultish" popularity; it got attention for its 60s-style glitz video and completely sold out its pressing, despite failing to chart. Respectable indeed for an independently-produced first effort.

for example, Split Enz, DD Smash etc, receive airplay on most stations without question, quota or anything else.

The answer is really quite simple ... listen to a successful music station (usually measured in terms of percentage share), gauge the bounds of their format, and then record a quality product that will fit. If you then don't get airplay, try a quota system. You can be certain that quota or no quota, radio stations will only play Kiwi music that fits their format, and garage garbage will stay where it belongs.

My advice to any fledgling Kiwi artist or band is, compare your efforts with what is coming into New Zealand from the world. If it's as good or better you can face radio with confidence; if it isn't keep trying and trying and trying. Nothing endures like quality.

Bruce Bowen Programme Director, 898FM, Hamilton

Remarkably well-known for what amounts to one song and little else, ETF's low profile is deliberate. The softly-spoken Swann says the band dislikes the hype and are well aware of the traps it can lead to. "Too many bands burst onto the scene and can't follow through past their first success."

The Kiwi music scene being what it is, four of ETF's five members hold down regular jobs, Swann included, which naturally means a major reduction in the amount of live work the band's prepared to undertake.

However, ready for release is a brand new single, 'As the Sun Goes Down', recorded at Auckland's Mandrill studios, the first product of the band's current involvement with Reaction records. A listen to the finished mix reveals a much more commercial gloss to the new material — no doubt Glyn Tucker

Jr's influence having more than a little bearing on its mainstream sound.

However, Swann denies it is a "radio shot". But surely airplay is what every under-exposed band with commercial ambitions yearns for? "We didn't sit down and consciously write a single for the radio. We had the song already, and the way it's turned out is because of the bigger studio and the people involved. 'Bleeding Hearts' was all done ourselves, production-wise, and we were pleased with it. The new record is poppier, but I still like it."

Feeling comfortable in live situations is a department that Swann says Everything that Flies must develop. "We're inexperienced, but I don't think we're bad. I really like being a front-person, but I find it hard to just get up there and perform."

Apparently it's not made any easier by the sexist attitudes of some male gig-goers who have difficulty grasping the fact that Swann is there to sing. "I look upon it as a challenge. Some men are sceptical about seeing a woman on stage, but that's their problem. Playing live is my favourite and I've really enjoyed all the playing that we've done."

A three-week national tour is planned to coincide with the release of 'As the Sun Goes Down' (the 12" version will feature a re-release of 'Bleeding Hearts' on the flip) and Dianne Swann seems excited at the prospect, despite bemoaning some previous low turnouts. Everything that Flies' first gig was at last year's Rock On New Zealand live TV broadcast, since then, response to their live show has been encouraging. "We've been really lucky, had good reactions ... but, umm ... the doortakes could have been better!"

Talk of albums, band commitment and loyalty, wanting to act in movies and shifting to Australia give the impression of a young woman who's looking a long way ahead, who knows what she wants and what she'd like to be doing — and it ain't computer operating. It's just that low profile that's a bit of a worry.

Brendon Fitzgerald

## Safari So Good...

PHOTO BY ADRIENNE MARTYN



Chrome Safari's Simon Alexander.

I wrote it within that frame."

Although it's a solo record, Solomon used the name the Rapture, "because I'm not keen on my own name," he says. "Simon and I were going to call Chrome Safari the Rapture. I think it suits the song — I like the link between the music and the name. If you've got a song, it doesn't matter what name it comes out under, as long as it comes out."

Alexander agrees. "It would have been nice to have done the Fight EP as a band, it just happened to end up as a solo project. I don't intend to be a solo artist, but when you want a record out, it's not important.

Doing it yourself seems to be a tradition of the New Zealand musical culture," Alexander and Solomon financed the records themselves; they are being released through Pagan.

Now, Chrome Safari intend working live, but the pair emphasise their main interest is in recording — and releasing — their songs. "We'll incorporate it with working live," says Solomon, "but we want to put out more records, and quickly. I don't want to wait another 12 months. We can do our music as Chrome Safari, or one-off solo things — there are lots of options."

"We're basically songwriters," says Alexander, "so our natural medium is a record. That's the way we communicate. We'll play live, and maybe tour — but we did plenty of that in the Grammar Boys." CB



Peter Solomon, Rapture.

Simon Alexander and Peter Solomon were once in the Grammar Boys. Now, they've both released EPs — Solomon under the name of the Rapture, Alexander with his new group Chrome Safari — which includes Solomon.

Alexander wrote 'Fight' a year ago with a heavy Australian group in mind. Since then, he says his writing style has changed: "The song is like a snapshot from that time," he says. "Now my writing is more like Peter's — that's why we're combining." Also in Chrome Safari and on the Fight EP are Shanley Morris and Bill Hill; Kim Willoughby, Lyn Buchanan, Greg Clark and Paul Nairn assist Alexander on the instrumental 'Bop to the Drummer', commissioned for jazzercise.

Solomon's 12" single 'Cry for You Only', which like Alexander he engineered and produced himself, has a funky club sound. "I felt like experimenting with engineering and production," he says, "and at the time I was hearing a lot of English and American club music, so

## Letters

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

### Radio Talkback

After reading the article in your last issue, I am moved to put one radio programmer's point of view, and a few home truths which radio critics seem to overlook or be unaware of.

Radio stations need a large audience to get money to play records. To get a large audience, you need to ask the people you want to attract, what they like, and then play it.

The simple fact is that the majority of people in any given age bracket don't like music that is very far left or right from what is termed mass appeal. We in radio are consistently bombarded with Kiwi product that smacks of self-indulgence, and this burning desire to be different. Well play it to yourself in your garage because no successful radio station will be interested.

The bands that target their material and style at the majority,

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*Outnumbered by sheep, Central Otago.*

## The Luck of the Irish

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A return to intimate venues, playing places that never see a name band. Get off the beaten track, see some sights ... hey, we'll film it for *RWP*, and throw in some mountain shots for overseas. At the same time, break in the new, stripped-down DD Smash, in the best way possible — on the road. Doing old songs and new, plus some classics for fun.

Great concept, great film ... shame about the box office. A soulful new song in the set, the film's title, took a grim significance: 'Hell Takes No Holiday'.

Somehow, in the enthusiasm for the idea, the reality of going back to one's roots was forgotten. Small towns equals small crowds. Touring costs remain the same. Places unused to visits by name bands — we know now — aren't hip to the in-joke of a pseudonym. Okay to play it low key, but not too low key.

"Someone told me DD Smash played here last week. In this town! Damn — no one told me. They were supposed to be hot!"

When I join the caravan at Invercargill a week into the tour, the mood is up. Okay, says Roger King, Dobbyn's manager, as he buys me a Speights, the pub manager has sold your bed, but otherwise, it's all been going fairly much as planned. The band has clicked, we're having a great time, and the film should be a cracker.

The band arrive, in high spirits after their hotel meal, and the stories start. Oh, you should have been in Dargaville, the first night was crazy. Taupo, where the fish were jumping. Motueka, harvest time. A day on the lake at Wanaka, sailing, paragliding. Okay, there's been the odd gig that looked dodgy, but they came right. In Kawerau, the pub manager had changed and he didn't know we were coming. No ads, posters up, nothing. And he said he wasn't happy! But we whipped round to the radio station and did a quick interview. Got 140 people in the end.

Last night in Balclutha looked really bad ... we walked in to the town hall and there were only a couple of dozen people there! But it turned into a great gig; the band went round introducing themselves beforehand ... and they went bananas at the end, the whole Who bit — feedback, instruments everywhere. For only 42 people!

Now, says King, did we make any arrangements as to who pays for your accommodation?



Ian Belton and Dave Dobbyn, Lake Pukaki, MacKenzie Country.

Have Lion and Dominion Breweries developed in their chemical labs a special formula for pub managers? To be cloned, along with their decor, throughout the country? The standard model is wider than they are high, chatty with the locals, but with a sour look towards the band that says: "I'm only letting you play here under sufferance."

As the people stream in, Invercargill's publican becomes more friendly; it'll be a good night, for a Wednesday. But don't get cocky: "When Peking Man passed through here, they started queuing at six pm. Things are a bit slow tonight. All the freezing works around here have been on strike for six weeks. That affects everything."

Thanks. The crowd comes in dribs and drabs, after sitting in their parked cars for ages. A few are interested in the merchandise for sale at the door, after fairground cajoling from road manager Mike "Snapper" Knapp; "T Shirts! Posters! Photos!" Roger King stands to one side, discreetly taking a tally. 230: just over the 200 mark needed.

ed each night to break even.

The band wander through, and at 8.30 sharp the concert begins, with "Love You Like I Should", a new Dobbyn song first aired on *Rock On New Zealand*. The crowd disappears in the large dark room, packed around the bar. In front of the small stage is a wide open unused space: the dance floor.

It takes several songs for the crowd to edge forward, clutching their drinks. They listen to the slow, country-style 'Be Mine Tonight' without showing any recognition; along with the new 'Unbelievers' and 'Steal Yourself Away'.

Finally, after four songs, someone breaks out and actually dances to the classic rock and roll beat of 'Mercury'. The evening is underway. The dance floor quickly fills for the familiar 'Save Yer', 'Outlook for Thursday' and 'Whaling' ... but suddenly there's a power cut, and the band are left stranded and impotent, strumming mute guitars.

In vaudeville tradition, Peter Warren keeps a rhythm going on his drums so the atmosphere is not completely lost. But after five minutes the band resign themselves that it's going to be a long one, and they drift off the stage towards the bar.

Twenty minutes later, power restored, the band retake the stage and try to regain the feeling. No problems; with a sure-fire classic like 'Not Fade Away', the spirit quickly returns, enhanced by the setback. More DD Smash favourites, covers — a Shadows guitar medley, Doors, Ike and Tina — are pure crowd pleasers and the crowd is well satisfied when the band plays on and on, compensating for the shared disappointment with greater exuberance. For the final encore, Peter Warren takes the mike for a powerhouse performance of 'Been a Long Time'; his Robert Plant voice made for heavy metal.

It's been a memorable night, and 50 locals stay back for an after-hours session in the bar lined with rows of personal handles and photos of trotting greats. The band mingles and small talks in their stage gear, coming down slowly. Among those present are the local heroes, Vision, a band that's been together 17 years. Many small towns have a similar band of extraordinary longevity and pedigree — players have gone from Vision to the Little River Band, Jon English, Link, Chappa ... "and Murray Burrrrns to Mi Sex," says the barrel-chested vocalist (a mere 13 year veteran).

"Welcome back to band meals," says Snapper the next morning at breakfast. The cook, also a hotel standard issue, takes our orders with a cigarette hanging from her mouth. The menu says, "Bacon and Eggs — scrambled, poached, boiled, fried." I ask for bacon and eggs, scrambled, and when it arrives I recall one of the rules of the road: reinterpret all menus — the locals can have a completely different idea of something as simple as "tea and toast".

Dobbyn and Snapper laugh when the meal comes — they're wise to hotel culinary idiosyncrasies. It's bacon and eggs alright — fried eggs, piled high on top of scrambled eggs. Exactly the meal John Cleese received in Southland 20 years ago which inspired him to create *Fawlty Towers*.

Also breakfasting are new Smash guitarist Gary Verberne, and bassist Ian Belton (from Australia) ... and the Invercargill pilgrim. Every few towns has its own variation, a dazzled fan who has a vision like lightning: give it all away for *Rock and Roll* — "I'm coming with you"! In Taupo it was



"Oh no! Dave's driving!" (At left — cameraman Peter Janes).

"Jah Destiny", in Motueka it was "Joshua", who sold his valuables, gave the band his remaining belongings in a beercrate and said, "I'll meet you in Greymouth."

There is the possibility, if refusal is too abrupt, that pilgrims could get nasty. So the bands are usually polite but gently discouraging until the last minute, when they can say truthfully, sorry mate there's no room.

Invercargill's pilgrim was the stayer of the party the night before, coming back to the hotel room where half a dozen people continued to yam. He sat bleary-eyed and incoherent as all the others left, and only got the message when the room's occupants brushed their teeth and changed for bed.

Next morning he was still there — having spent the night in the hall. (The film cameraman, having gone out visiting, had discovered him in his bed at 2am). And now here he was at the breakfast table, still bleary-eyed and incoherent. "I know — drop me off in town and I'll pick up my car and see you in Queenstown."

No reply. Five minds weren't listening — they were wondering "who's paying for that breakfast and how do we get rid of him?"

"Hang on. My car's playing up. I know I can come with you!"

The eight seater van did leave for Queenstown with nine people, however, the extras being King, Knapp and "the media" — cameraman Peter Janes, film soundman Bruce Adams, and this writer. The van was bugged for the film soundtrack, so the tour had its own anti-swearing campaign — any obscene language earned a tap on the head. Peter Warren was the most vigilant campaigner, though he was kept busy.

While the road crew headed straight for the venue in their truck to set up the next concert, the band could take their time doing a tiki tour for the camera. Every few miles some local colour would cry out to be filmed, with Dobbyn and Warren, natural actors, taking lead roles: Warren doing high dives into rivers, Dobbyn playing a gauche American tourist at the Kingston Flyer and other attractions.

The camera was the golden ticket to Queenstown, opening any door in the tourism conscious region when combined with the charm of Janes and the patter of King: "Ah, we're making a film of DD Smash touring the country. It's going to be shown on television here and overseas. Would you like to be in it?" Sure — hop aboard (the chairlift, jet boat, yacht, launch, even — in Waiouru — a tank). But nobody was prepared for the breath-taking view at the top of Coronet Peak, where the caretaker offered us coffee in her hut. The band responded with tickets to their show, before sliding down the mountain on snow-trolleys (Warren, naturally, without brakes).

Even more exhilarating was jet-boating on the Shotover river — the boatman was a total cowboy playing up to the camera, describing the engine's capabilities while careering straight for stone banks, missing by millimetres, then doing a 360 degree spin. "Whew — almost lost it there," he'd say to his paralysed passengers, as a boatload of Japanese tourists looking equally green whizzed by.

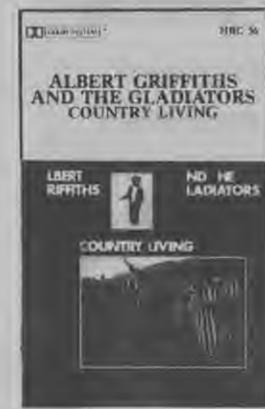
Queenstown is not a place of happy memories for Dave Dobbyn, however. He spent his honeymoon there — in hospital, groaning with the agony of appendicitis. He almost had another story to tell about the town when, given the driver's seat for 30 seconds, he failed to give way to a police car and a traffic cop ... "They won't let me drive," he'd complain to the audience each night.

The billboard outside the Queenstown night-club in the heart of the tourist village boded well: TONIGHT! DAVE DOBBYN & THE STONE PEOPLE! Once again, the timing wasn't quite right. In Greymouth, the band played at Easter, when the town was on holiday — elsewhere. In Queenstown, where the wealthy tourists flock to the lakes in summer and the ski-slopes in winter ... it was autumn.

So it was mainly locals who came that night, a few paying out of their wage packets, many using the free passes given out during the day's joy-riding, and still more coming in courtesy of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

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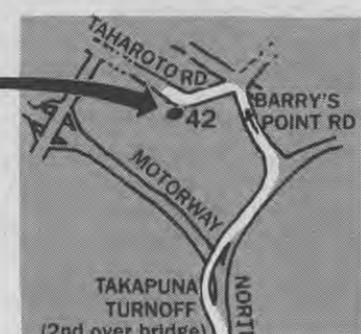
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**SMASH' FROM PAGE 12**

nightclub owner. "I've got to look after my part-time staff, you must understand." It was a tense Dave Dobbyn who took the stage that night after leaving a present behind in the band-room. Perhaps it was something he ate in the mediocre Mexican restaurant. But, as with the power cut in Invercargill, the band having to rise above a negative situation sharpened the performance. It was as though they'd said to themselves, you can't show the audience we're disappointed, that's ripping off the ones who've paid. The whole band, and particularly Dobbyn's singing, had bite.

"Magic What She Do" was pure magic. On radio, the song sounds almost as lightweight as an orange juice commercial, but live, it's a vehicle for Dobbyn's remarkable voice. It seems capable of anything, from a macho baritone to a poppy falsetto, wails, shrieks and cries. He pours out the soul, the little man with the big heart and 100 faces: the romantic, happy and sad, but always the optimist and 'The Pleaser.'

It's one of those transcendent moments when a song's performance leaps out of the concert. I catch Roger King's eye — he spotted it too. Then, looking around the audience, I do a double take. Standing beside me is a Dave Dobbyn lookalike: the same profile, high forehead and curly hair. Several times during the evening I see him again, each time thinking, "Dave didn't tell us he had a brother in Queenstown." It's actually a local builder called Steve Harvey, and after the concert he introduces himself to Dobbyn and they get their photo taken together by the nightclub's photographer. Harvey seems resigned to living with such a familiar face: "It doesn't worry me at all, I can cope," he says. "I've got used to it."

The locals yarn with the band afterwards, appreciative that they've come to their town, and sympathising that the crowd wasn't larger (once again, the 200 mark was only just reached) — it's the transition season, Harvey explains. "If you're in Queenstown at this time of year, you're either a builder, rafter or waitress."

Outside, Lake Wakatipu is still and dark. Looming high above the town, lit up in the blackness like some huge space station from a video game, is the restaurant reached only by gondolas: the "marae in the sky".

**MEMO.** Things to remember: 1. Look for Halley's Comet, while we're out of the big cities. 2. Try the legendary Hangover Cure — champagne, with a sugar cube dosed with bitters.

The exhaustion sets in during the long haul in the van the next day through the dead hydro lakes of the MacKenzie country to Ashburton. The scenery for passengers is limited to the white line and thousands of fence posts alongside the road, so Ian Belton ("the Australian in the group," as Dobbyn introduces him each night) is given the driver's seat with the best view. As the energy levels ebb and flow the conversation turns into long periods of silence, as the fellow travellers sleep or catch up with their reading.

The cocooned environment of a touring band is a stimulating insular world of in-jokes and incidents. What goes on outside is irrelevant and ignored. The things that matter on tour are few, and contrary to the rock and roll myth, sex and drugs are well down the list of priorities. Each day, the same mundane questions are asked — What's the food like? (Usually lousy: instant coffee, tasteless coleslaw, gravyed mutton or ham steaks, and chips with everything.) How's the door-take going? When will the first person get up and dance? (Once the ice is broken by a brave couple, the dancefloor fills quickly, and the band loosen up.) And, most important, will the hotel open up the house bar afterwards ... then, the uppers can be celebrated and the downers forgotten.

Arriving at the Hotel Ashburton, the band stays in the van while Roger King goes in to sort out the accommodation. Owned by the Ashburton Licensing Trust (the town was dry for many years) the hotel could be any one of the concrete DB complexes around the country — none of which welcome bands with open arms. The usual treatment is to stick them in a wing miles away from other guests, insist that they are staff-members, eat in the staff room, don't use the house bar and don't have any parties in their rooms. The Hotel Ashburton didn't go that far, but, there was a feeling ...

"It's quite a hoony town, Ashburton," warns Gary Verberne, who as a Christchurch-based guitarist played all over Canterbury. "Tonight's Friday night — you can expect some aggro. There are a lot of bikers around here — maybe it's the straight roads."

Sure enough, there's a fight outside before the concert has even started, a knife is removed from a patron, and the police are called. But being a venue close to a big town, the crowd are blasé about the concert, there is no reaction until 'Outlook for Thursday', when the dancefloor fills instantly. "The hit single reaction is frightening to watch in Australia," says King, "it's like flies to a corpse." The dancers, male and female, are big and out of it. The 'Outlook' singalong ("otherwise fine ... otherwise it's dandy"), some nights inspirational, sounds like a tired routine. Dobbyn's annoyance at the apathy of the crowd begins to give his guitar lines a harder edge. It turns to anger backstage when the crowd take it for granted that there'll be an encore. It's a two-way thing; the band have worked hard, how bout some appreciation? Snapper, clutching the door-takings in a money bag, leaps on stage and grabs the mike. "Ashburton! Do you want some more? Let's hear it for Dave Dobbyn and the Stone People then!"

It's pure showbiz, but it works perfectly. "Been a long time since I rock and rolled ..."

Afterwards, King and Dobbyn are denied service in the house bar. "We don't serve people like you," says the bartender. "People like us?" says King, relishing an argument with absurdity. "Now who are 'people like us'?" There's no point in persevering, though. She's sticking to "the rules" ... and besides, who wants to drink stirred martinis with no olives?

So the band and three or four friends are forced to retreat to a hotel room and drink from the mini-bar at inflated prices. They yarn and watch INXS on 12 O'Clock Rock, delighted at the success of upwardly-mobile Kiwi-in-Oz Jenny Morris, now almost a permanent member of the band. The soiree is interrupted however by a knock on the door.

It's the manager, yet another obese specimen, asking for Dave Dobbyn, the drawcard responsible for the evening's high bartake. "The police are on their way," he says. "Hide any drugs you might have, and go to bed." It's heavy-handed tactics, but it works perfectly. Life's too short to battle with Canterbury rednecks.



Mike "Snapper" Knapp: "I want to take you higher!"

again, undoubtedly heading for the Blenheim gig. He might even want a final decision on the contract he offered the band to record an album live in a Napier church. Happily, when we stop in Kaikoura for a beer and some crayfish, he tells us he's got a job down south and is heading home to sort things out.

The Raffles Hotel in Blenheim supplies the best meals of the tour, smoked salmon entrees even, and have worked hard to set up the gig in a small country hall several miles out of town. "Dave Dobbyn and the Stone people live at the Grovetown Hall" attracts all sorts of people out of the cold Marlborough night, but there's a heavy percentage of bikers and hippies. When the band arrives at 9pm there's a line of 25 large bikes outside, all Triumphs, Nortons, Harleys. Inside, the air is already fetid with smoke. In the kitchen are 100 dozen cans of DB for the thirsty. Have you heard the news? There's good rocking tonight.

The band are in high spirits even before they hit the stage, and the audience are appreciative — although no one makes a move until well into the concert. The air is stifling, and it's so hot that Peter Warren's drums keep going out of tune. It's a guitar-happy crowd, and Dobbyn senses it, stretching and stretching his solos until finally going over the top with Th' Dudes' celebration of drinking, 'Bliss': "though you're already legless, get yourself another ..." He leaves the stage with his guitar still shrieking feedback and those in the audience who aren't catatonic pleading for more. There has been over two and a half hours of ear-piercing guitar music bouncing around the shiny walls of the small hall, the half-dozen nice Marlborough gels in their pearls left an hour ago, and the floor is covered with 100 dozen beer cans. The best night yet, and collapsed out the back in the band room/women's toilets, the band agree.

The next day, Sunday, is the only one of the tour without a concert. By now we've hit "road mode" — one doesn't notice the exhaustion anymore, the body and mind are on cruise control, running on empty. The day is killing time in Picton, waiting for Railways employees to grant us entry to their luxury liner. We kill time eating awful bacon and eggs (and chippies) and watch speedboats race in the harbour with bored disinterest. Suddenly, two of the boats collide and flip high above the water, and a search party is called out to look for the boatmen (corpses?). It's horrifying, but somehow so much like television that it was almost expected. "This is why I gave up TV work," says Peter Janes. "News. Too many gruesome stories." Janes, now a freelance cameraman in Sydney, has worked in TV and film for nearly 20 years. In that time he has been involved in many of the classic New Zealand rock videos — he filmed the Formyula plucking leaves in the Wellington's botanical gardens for 'Nature'; Toy Love standing on a grave in Dunedin (a clip

for which the TVNZ director general apologised).

On the ferry, the Janes carte-blanche camera works wonders again, securing a "film room" for the voyage. Poker and vodka mean the band aren't seen until Wellington. Nearing the heads, Janes goes up to the bridge to "pay the rent", filming the misty entrance to Port Nicholson. Dobbyn's old pardner Tex Pistol turns up at the Wellington motel in silver-capped boots, having booked a chuckwagon for an evening toasting Jerry Jeff:

*I really had a ball last night  
feeling single, seeing double ...*

Monday night's concert is in Masterton, reached after a two hour drive through the Rimutaka hills. The venue is found after much *Spinal Tap* confusion (the heavy metal spoof is so true-to-life it's hilarious — but also depressing ...) and it's another concrete complex, with the band rooms driving distance from the rest of the motel. A handbill in each unit advertises next week's attraction: Mike Stand and the Amplifiers. Dobbyn heads for the radio station for an interview, recalling an occasion when he and



Bliss, Taihape.

Gary McCormick did a radio interview down south; the DJ — on air — said to Gary, "I saw you often in Th' Dudes, I've got all your albums." But this time it's fairly straight-forward, Dobbyn outlining his future plans: back to Sydney to finish the *Footrot Flats* soundtrack and record an album with the new DD Smash. A single in August, then a major tour, and, possibly towards the end of the year, a month's residency in an Austin, Texas bar, testing the American waters.

Monday night in Masterton is obviously not a happening scene, however — only 145 people enter the hall of tacky mirrors. Wairarapa's hot, dry climate, and it's hard to get people moving during harvest. "Come on!" exclaims Dobbyn. "You scared of parquet?" So the band switches to automatic pilot, and the highlight of the evening is Dobbyn's new country song, 'Unbelievers': "I wonder how do you fake it?"

"Stiffy Dobro" has become a grim nickname. Roger King decides to fly to Auckland after the

Dobbyn reaches for the sky, Ohakea.

Gary Verberne, although from Christchurch, is one of the gentlemen of New Zealand rock music. He seems to have relatives all over the country, and his parents come down to Ashburton to see his latest band. Anything but verbose (as Peter Warren has nicknamed him), he's sad to be leaving friends and family behind, but plainly rapt to be joining DD Smash. "This is a dream come true," he says in a husky voice. "Dave's amazing, man."

Jerry Jeff Walker's 'Red Necked Mothers' is the soundtrack to the trip north alongside the Kaikoura Ranges. Dobbyn points out the roadside phone-booth where DD Smash Mark 1 heard that the *Cool Bananas* album had hit No 1 in its first week. Roger King looks up from his Kafka short story to see a motor bike passing the van. The pillion-passenger is waving while grinning broadly.

"Shit" he says, ducking down. "It's Joshua!" The Motueka pilgrim has caught up with the tour



What's in it for ya? — interviews with **A-Ha** in London, Dave Vanian of the **Damned**, Oz rockers the **Johnnys**, Iva Davies of **Icehouse**, John Taylor on **Duran Duran** and solo plans plus stories on **Ardijah** and the **Greenpeace Concert** (lots of photos and interviews with **Jackson Browne** and **Graham Nash**). The colour posters are **Dire Straits** and **David Bowie** and the pin-up is **Paul Young**. There's the latest dance music news in **Shake! Zone**, movie news and reviews including profiles of **Absolute Beginners** and **Pretty In Pink**, funky fashion and loads more new news and grooves. **Shake!** is on sale at **Record Shops, Magazine Stores and Dairies**.

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next gig to organise an extra week for the tour in slightly larger centres.

In the truck with the two roadies on the way to the Ohakea air base the next day, soundman Mark Stewart says the downturn in the live rock scene is well entrenched to the point where, "It's just not as fashionable to go to a pub and see a band as it once was." Your more trendy people — the market leaders, so to speak — don't want to spend an evening with drunken out-of-it hoons, he reasons.

That night at Ohakea, I could see his point. It was quite a different concert when half the crowd weren't vege-ing out. The band were in high spirits too, after a day's tiki tour on the base with a keen-to-please entertainments officer. "We asked to go up in a Skyhawk," Dobbyn tells the clean-cut audience that night with a wild grin on his face. "We're thrillseekers — but no one was game to take us."

Dobbyn gets wind of an air force joke that's sure to work, though he's not sure how. When the dancefloor is full, and the camera's rolling, he cries, "Dead Ants!" ... and instantly 100 of the country's finest, male and female, fall flat on their backs and wave their limbs in the air.

Dobbyn stands open-mouthed, dumbstruck at what he's done.

Still selling at the door, Mike Knapp's never lost for words. "Sir!" he accosts a cadet, waving a black T-shirt. "Look great in the bomber tomorrow!"

Breakfast in Marton, Bruce Beetham country, and time to wander down the street and meet some locals. One approaches Dobbyn.

"Hi, Dave," he says. "I used to be into music and rock and roll and drugs ... Now I'm a Jehovah's Witness. Are you interested in living in paradise forever?"

"No," says Dobbyn. "I just bought a gun."

He had, too — an air pistol reduced from \$99 to \$50. Meanwhile, the band find a bookshop selling *Playboys* for 50 cents each. So the trip



Dobbyn at Waiouru: "The love I saw in you was just a mirage".

to Waiouru is made in silence, only broken by Ian Belton talking about the guitarist in a country band he once played for. "We'd be driving along the road, and he'd stick his rifle out the window and take pot-shots at bulls' balls."

We're met in Waiouru by another entertainments officer, a sergeant, who's played in bands and eager to please. He's printed special backstage passes for the band, there's plenty of beer backstage, plus our own sentry. The things that matter have been looked after; now, how would we like to go for a ride in a tank? Out comes the camera once again, to film Dobbyn-as-Patton, conquering a Waiouru vacant lot.

Waiouru's a strange place, an institution pretending to be a town. Standing outside the camp theatre in the early evening, it seems most of the inhabitants march by. New recruits stumble to keep in line on their first attempt, while the naughty boys jog by carrying full packs and rifles ... even those going to dinner march in formation, with only one arm moving — the other clutches their knife and fork to their sides.

At five o'clock, in a daily ritual, a lone bugler plays the 'Last Post', and up and down the pavements, the soldiers caught outside snap to attention until the last note dies away.

150 people don't make a crowd in a theatre that seats 700. The clean-cut audience sit still, like Mormons at a rally, until the hit singles come along. At 'Outlook' and 'Whaling' Waiouru's teen population rush to the front and dance with frenzied enthusiasm; for at least 10 feet in front of the stage, it's a reminder of the triumphant town hall tours when the records were peaking.

The band are revelling in it, and Dobbyn in particular hams it up. "Do you remember Daggy and the Dickheads?" he asks. To a cheer of approval, Dobbyn drags a reluctant Mark Kennedy on stage for a duet on 'Not Fade Away'. The retired dancing master from Taihape may have missed a few words, but he hasn't lost his rhythm.

At the end of the concert, Dobbyn is mobbed backstage by half a dozen autograph-seeking 12 year olds. The organising sergeant has a "today Waiouru, tomorrow Western Springs" promoter's glint in his eye, and the two young soldiers who gave Dobbyn and Warren their spin in a tank, shily make a presentation — a boxful of brass howitzer shells. Afterwards, in the Oasis Motel on the edge of the Desert road, Dobbyn and Kennedy entertain those present like a couple of Irish raconteurs, while ex-Dickhead guitarist Dan McCullin, explaining the farmer's plight and its spin-off effect on the region, echoes the familiar theme that we've heard throughout the country:

Last year at this time, it wasn't no joke  
My whole barn went up in smoke.  
And our horse Jethro — well he went mad  
I can't ever remember things being that bad.  
— The Band, 'King Harvest' (has surely come)

It's only Matamata to go now before the Stone People tour hits Auckland, and like a horse that can sense it's on the home straight, the band are chafing at the bit to get there. As a final hurdle Matamata really tests their stamina. There's nothing but disinterest shown by the hotel management — who won't let the crew set up until the late afternoon — and visiting the main street, which seems full of coffee shops and chemists, it's noticed there's not a poster in sight. The band resign themselves to the inevitable.

The 45 people who come that night disappear into the shadows of the small bar; the band just grin and bear it, put their heads down and play to the exposed dance floor. "It was okay in Balclutha," says Gary Verberne, "that was a novelty. But not a second time."

A bottle of vodka may be necessary if an apres-gig drink is denied; the hotel's liquor store is closed, so once the concert's underway I drive over to Matamata's other hotel. Happy hour is in full swing. Inside are 150 people, listening to a disco.

Back at the venue, a whiskeyed psychopath is on the loose, looking for someone to fight — because he had to pay to see the country's biggest drawcard in his small town.

The next day, we're an hour out of Auckland when we finally find a Devonshire tea: fresh scones, jam — and the bacon and eggs didn't have chips. When Dobbyn and the Stone People arrive in Auckland there's a feeling of relief, there's another week to go to help pay the bills, but the



Dobbyn and Warren on their way to the next Aotea Square gig.

hard part is over. At Queen Street, the caravan drifts apart. The evening's concert is in the Mon Desir in Takapuna, Peter Warren's home turf, and the 450 strong crowd, including Dobbyn and King's parents, is warmly appreciative (though they weren't hip to Al Hunter's country support act). It's like an old DD Smash gig again.

After the concert, relatives, old friends and musicians gather to welcome the band home. Dobbyn is called away from the hearty gathering; there's some problem at the door to the house bar. When he returns, Dave Dobbyn, the optimist, the pleaser, is angry ("and when I get angry, the Irish comes out") ... in his loudest voice, he cries, "Okay! We're leaving. Now. They won't let my brother in." As one, the party puts down the drinks and leaves — but not without a few heated words

at the smug proprietors in their white shoes and reefer jackets. It's a shock for this sort to happen in Auckland, where many hotel managers have had reason to be grateful for DD Smash's existence.

In the next week, the band open the Galaxy, Auckland's new rock venue, and play in Rotorua, Hamilton and Whangarei. "Ah, it's been fantastic, just splendid," says Snapper on the phone. "You should have been there this week as well — the band is buzzing."

And it shows. No matter how enjoyable the small towns were, there's a complete lift in the band's playing at their farewell gig in a small Auckland club at the end of the week. The band is so tight, they can loosen up with confidence, and Dobbyn continues to amaze with his dazzling vocal improvisations.

It's been a strange itinerary, but the disappointments are forgotten, and the Stone People tour finishes on a high note, having achieved its aims. The new DD Smash are up — and running.

I remember thinking three years ago that Dobbyn was getting so big that he was lost to intimate venues forever. Ironically, a scaled-down tour was met with disinterest. But the new band and the new songs are now rehearsed (though some of them could do with a more subtle treatment) and I'm sure that in the spring they'll be back, with another hit single and a major tour. As Peter Warren says, "This is my 38th national tour since I started playing in bands. It has to happen soon — I can feel it."

Chris Bourke

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# Records

## The Costello Show King of America F-Beat

Before you even play it this album resonates with important implications for the man's career. For starters there's the name change. Costello has officially reverted to his original name of Declan McManus. So, despite the album's moniker — he originally wanted to call it "The McManus Gang" — there is not one credit, songwriting or otherwise, to Elvis Costello on the album.

Well, if the old persona has been abandoned are we then to approach *King of America* (nice title) without too much comparison to his brilliant past? Perhaps so. Particularly when once considers that 1985 was the first year since '77 that he didn't release an album at all. There's also the fact that the last album, 1984's *Goodbye Cruel World*, was his first in a string of eight that was in any way predictable or unexciting. (It was both.)

So maybe the change was well due. McManus suggests as much in some of his lyrics. The opening song, for example, has a refrain



**Declan McManus?**

that runs: "I was a fine idea at the time/now I'm a brilliant mistake."

But it's not only the Costello persona that's been shrugged off. The Attractions, his long-serving backing band, are fully present on only one track. In the past Costello's arrangements were often quite complex and centred on the extraordinary keyboard work of Steve Nieve. Here however, the arrangements are simple, straightforward and nearly all built around McManus's own acoustic guitar.

The rhythm section most often used is that from Elvis Presley's

**Cherelle**

last great touring band. Consequently, if the new sound has any precedents in the Costello years, it is far closer to his occasional country flirtations than to late 70s "new wave". For instance 'American Without Tears' is a waltz featuring accompaniment from French accordion.

All of which makes the album endearingly refreshing. It's relatively low key directness — which is there in the production too — certainly provides a coherence that was lacking from *Goodbye Cruel World*. This is not to suggest

that the master's brilliance has diminished any. If his song structures are tending more toward orthodoxy his acerbic wit remains. The generous 15 songs, only two of which are covers, afford a wide variety of targets from decadent aristocracy to 'Gitter Gulch'. But the passion can also turn joyous. 'Lovable' is co-written with McManus's fiancee Caitlin O'Riordan, formerly bassist with the Pogues.

If, anywhere amongst this embarrassment of riches, there is a shortcoming it may lie with the even greater burden placed on vocal delivery. McManus can, of course, sing very competently. Once or twice here however he tends to strain his limitations. 'Poisoned Rose' is a pained torch song that would benefit from a stronger vocalist. And those of us who remember the old Animals hit 'Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood' are constantly aware that McManus's performance, while interesting, finally pales beside Eric Burdon's.

But these are only one or two quibbles. What we've got to be grateful for is that, after a short though worrying hiatus, one of contemporary pop music's supreme talents is as fit and well as ever. Elvis Costello may be dead but long live the King of America.

**Peter Thomson**

## Laurie Anderson Home of the Brave WEA

A Laurie Anderson concert is apparently quite an experience, if you happen to live in Wellington or were prepared to travel there recently for their much-vaunted arts festival. Will we see this film as a substitute? The question is unanswered at this time.

Also unclear is the nature and intention of the film. It may be a straight live performance (as 'straight' as anything by Laurie Anderson can be), but again there is no indication, except for a series of still frames on the sleeve. So, we must judge what we can from the soundtrack.

For the performance, Anderson assembles such noteworthies as Adrian Belew, Richard Landry, Joy Askew and Dolette McDonald, with additional contributions from Nile Rodgers and William S Burroughs. The presence of Belew and McDonald particularly adds a Talking Heads flavour to the atmosphere, reminiscent of the *Speaking in Tongues* tour. There are times here when Anderson gets positively funky.

'Smoke Rings' and 'Language is a Virus' have an immediacy seldom evident previously in Anderson's work. Indeed, Grace Jones would be proud to perform 'Language', the phrase being drawn from Burroughs. The Great Man himself contributes a tape-looped vocal of sorts to a track entitled 'Late Show'.

The other standout is 'Sharkey's Night', which functions as a type of photographic negative to its daytime namesake on her last studio album. Anderson's voice is vocoded into the male gender, narrating stark nuclear visions.

Much of the remaining material suffers through lack of visuals, but serves to whet the appetite for what appears to be another fascinating project by the world's foremost musical conceptualist.

*Home of the Brave* may lack the intimacy of Anderson's previous works, but I never thought I'd be able to dance to her.

**Duncan Campbell**

## Various Eight Arms to Hold You Stimulant

Wow, this is like going to the Brat but never leaving your front door. So roll up the carpet, turn on the mirror ball, mix up a bucket of Tequila and guava juice and turn the sound system up.

Stimulant offer eight arms of danceability, starting with Goon Squads' loud blast of everlasting love and ending with the soulful grooves of Princess's 'After the Love Has Gone'.

In between we find the young and speedy LL Cool J with an ultra smart rap 'I Can't Live Without My Radio'. Also smart are production aces Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis handling Cherelle's Artificial Heart, this year's hip sound team. Lisa Lisa and Full Force show great style with two tracks, and Krystal takes on the Supreme's 'Love is Like and Itchin' in My Heart'.

A collection that defines the different styles current in modern black dance, and showcasing some of the hottest producers around. Too good to pass up.

In the UK the Streetsounds label have been issuing similar compilations to great success,

hopefully this local venture will garner similar support. So that in the future, funk fans will have a better chance of obtaining new sounds, without having to sell their blood.

**Kerry Buchanan**

## Fine Young Cannibals London

On the face of it, the Fine Young Cannibals should've romped in. A debut single like 'Johnny Comes Home' buoyant post-Beat restlessness, and with lines like "What is wrong with my life/That I must get drunk every night" meant that they were talking to you, yeah yew. Two ex-Beats in Dave Steele and Andy Cox, gents with enough breeding to start their own stud farm. And speaking of studs, a touted new young singing sensation in the shape of Roland Gift, young, gifted and black. Gifted? Says who?

A few times through *Fine Young Cannibals* and it's obvious that they've blown it. 'Johnny Come Home' is just fine, the much-rated 'Blue' almost makes it. 'Suspicious Minds' gets a posthumous VC (let's face it anybody stupid or brave enough to cover an Elvis song deserves some credit) and 'Move To Work' almost skanks its way to decent ballad status.

But that's it, the rest of the songs are dull and ordinary, a state of affairs not made any better by Gift's forced adenoidal vocals, too twisted and self-conscious for a band after some natural credibility. Maybe they're trying too hard.

**George Kay**

## Full Force Columbia

III, chillin', wild, crush; four terms that could mean good or bad, depending on your point of view. Full Force are six guys who brought Beat Street a little closer last year with Lisa Lisa and Cult Jam's massive crossover hit 'I Wonder If I Could Take You Home'.

Full Force wrote and produced that song, the first hip-hop hit since 'I.O.U.' to get NZ radio airplay. They also produced and co-wrote 'Roxanne, Roxanne' which breaking/rapping crew UTFO performed and stated the Roxanne fad that had Roxanne Shante, UTFO's own girl, Sparky D, Ralph Rolle and many more all claiming to be The Real Roxanne. The fuss still hasn't died down, but Full Force have gone on to make this album, a skillful blend of the old street sounds and the new.

'Alice, I Want You Just for Me' is the opener, it's a double kicking beat with swing riffs and lusty wolf-whistles and murmurs. Whether you play it at your crib or club, it's very definitely the place to be; Full Force are the Temptations with a beatbox, tough doo-wop harmonies, Hollywood Bowl chanting and all the naieties of those who breathe automobile fumes, eat at Burger King and dance arises first on the scorched pavements of Brooklyn in heat.

From the minimalist crooning of 'Unselfish Lover', the well-meaning titbit 'United' which features the 'One Big Family' UTFO, Lisa Lisa/Cult Jam and DJ Howie Tee, to 'Girl If You Take Me Home' the second sequel to Lisa Lisa's indecisive hit, Full Force show all the rock and show what has made them the crossover kings of hip hop.

**Peter Grace**

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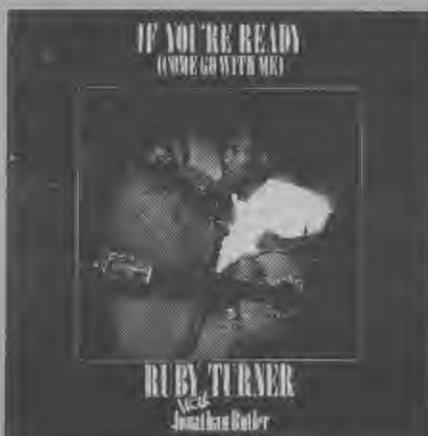
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## Records

Lloyd Cole  
 and the Commotions  
**Easy Pieces**  
 Polydor

Look around, just what the hell is there for the discerning teenager to get into at the moment, man? For us over-30s we can afford (?) to import and name drop obscure current goodies via an NME shopping list. And you couldn't ask a kid to like the Pogues, so the teenager without a commercial lobotomy is left with the Flying Nun catalogue, REM, the Fall, New Order, etc. And did someone mention Lloyd Cole?

*Rattlesnakes* did brisk trade in the late-teens market, probably because Cole ties his tunes to a forlorn digestible angst, and the album did offer a few classy songs in 'Down on Mission Street' and 'Are You Ready to be Heartbroken?' Since then he's kept things going with two very tidy singles in 'Brand New Friend' and 'Lost Weekend', both on *Easy Pieces*.

Like most sequels, *Easy Pieces* fails to match the variety or achievement of its predecessor but that doesn't mean it's a bad album, in fact, it's a perfect example of intelligent undemanding pop without the vulgarity of the commercial push.

The best must be the gentle guitar resonance of 'Pretty Gone', a sad little song with plenty of dignity; the beefy opener 'Rich', no doubt a role-play from one of the many books Cole reads; the two singles 'Brand New Friend' and especially 'Lost Weekend' ('It took a lost weekend in a hotel in Amsterdam and double pneumonia in a single room and the sickest joke was the price of the medicine,' sounds like a real experience) and the insinuating lovesickness of 'Perfect Blue'.

Sure Cole's music won't tear down too many buildings but neither is he into the vulgar commercialism of the Go Wests et al. And although his lyrics are still reflections of the self-conscious cognoscenti and are therefore a substitute for living the real thing, he does at least hint at the depth and danger of life. So he's in the

middle between the Mary Chains and the Whams and he's doing alright. Teens-with-taste could do worse than start here.

**George Kay**

**Chuck Berry**  
**The Great 28**  
 RCA

In the pantheon of rock and roll saints, Chuck Berry stands by Elvis' right hand.

Chuck the poet of neon and hot dog stands, Chuck the liberator of teenage dreams, Chuck the smirk behind the sexual glance, Chuck with his ringing guitar and duckwalk.

One of the originators of the big beat via the jump blues rhythm of Amos Milburn, the loud guitar of Chicago, and the cool country pickers of the Sun sound.

Chuck's first gem was the rockabilly ramble of 'Maybelline', a purity that only Carl Perkins could match. 'Maybelline' replaced 'Rock Around the Clock' as the No 1 R&B song of 1955; Chuck became the cool ruler of the beat. *The Great Twenty-Eight* charts the history of his rule, all the essential tracks from 1955 to 1965, with only 'The Promised Land' missing. These songs are like old friends, instant stabs of pleasure and recognition. Innocent pleasures perhaps, but with just a hint of forbidden knowledge. Nick Tosches writes of Jerry Lee Lewis that 'Mothers smelled his awful presence in the laundry of their daughters.' Chuck was never that blatant but remains that mythical 'Brown-Eyed Handsome Man.'

An album that confirms the words of Chuck's 'School Days':  
*Hail, hail, rock and roll*  
*Deliver me from the days of woe*  
*Long live rock and roll*  
*The feeling is there, body and soul*

**Kerry Buchanan**  
**Jackson Browne**  
**Lives in the Balance**  
 Asylum

I'd written off Jackson Browne. As the archetypal 70s song-poet he helped define the 'me decade' and then became confined by it. His once beautifully-evoked concern with eschatology gradually turned into positive resignation (on *The Pretender*, 1976) and then to self-trivialising (with 'Disco Apocalypse', 1980). By 1983 Browne could only present the musical aridity and facile verbal

smugness of 'Lawyers in Love'. So what's happened? *Lives in the Balance* is not just a stunning creative resurgence, it's quite possibly his strongest set since that remarkable debut, eight albums and 14 years ago.

The new impetus seems to stem directly from Browne's social and political concerns. (Though, curiously, his leading rôle in the Musicians For Safe Energy project showed no carry-over onto *Lawyers in Love*). With titles like 'Soldier of Plenty' and 'Lawless Avenues', six of Browne's seven originals pose hard questions about current American attitudes, both domestic and international. With his considerable verbal gifts rejuvenated, he is able to be fiercely committed without once becoming hectoring or strident. Most of these lyrics are so good they beg for quotation, yet any brief selection here would only render them a disservice. And besides, they'd lack the music.

Because not only has Browne written some of his most eloquent words ever, he's made them resound to a bunch of his very strongest tunes. Admittedly all the music retains the traditional format of mid-70s West Coast rock. Nonetheless it's well arranged, powerfully performed and always naggingly memorable.

'In the Shape of a Heart' is the only non-political (well, overtly so anyway) song he has here. A tender lyric on a failed affair and a haunting melody make it one of the most beautiful love songs I've heard in a long time. Surprisingly, the album's one non-original — by Browne's friend Greg Copeland — is the only dull track.

Within his overall theme of pointed political criticism, Browne is equally severe on himself. In both the first track's opening verse and the album closer's coda he dismisses his own early outlook on life. The 16-year-old musician who began his career as Nico's guitarist/songwriter/love; and then went on to win fame as an introspective idealist, has toughened up. He's been through a lot since those days, from personal tragedy to the development of a committed political consciousness. Now, with *Lives in the Balance*, he's given us one of the year's most powerful albums. Suddenly the 70s Pretender is an 80s Contender.

**Peter Thomson**

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Jackson Browne

**Hunters and Collectors**  
**Human Frailty**  
**White Label**

Over the five years of their existence, Hunters and Collectors have metamorphosed from a sprawling tribal ensemble with the bass of John Archer and the drums of Doug Falconer at its heart, into a tighter, six-component rock and roll band with that same powerhouse rhythm section core. Their fourth album, *Human Frailty*, completes that evolving process of complete transformation.

An outstanding Hunters and Collectors' song always has an immediate air about it — last time 'The Slab', and this time '99th Home Position'. Mark Seymour growls the words, and the music growls along with him.

'Say Goodbye' sounds immeasurably better on vinyl than it did on TV — you can really hear its brooding air. A re-recorded 'Throw Your Arms Around Me' loses something from the live record's version, but 'This Morning' is another top song. It starts out as *Human Frailty*'s 'Halley's Doorstep' and develops into an insane, galloping 'please, come on and please me'. 'Stuck on You', the only non-H&C composition, is good with strings and Hammond organ giving way to full-on brass.

Hunters and Collectors have made a good job of *Human Frailty*. It's a bit bombastic rather than prosaic in parts, but overall *Human Frailty* should be the record that sees Hunters and Collectors recognised (ie: *self*) as real Australian rock and roll for everyone, including the working class man.

Eat yer heart out Jimmy Barnes — this is the real thing.  
**Paul McKessar**

**Roy Harper**  
**Jugula**  
**Beggar's Banquet**  
**Work of Heart**  
**Awareness**

We are conditioned not to like Roy Harper. He stems from a musical family influenced by the Beatles, and influenced *not to be like* the Beatles. Dictates of the industry bosses see a certain "fashionable seepage" of artistes ... "Hi, public eye!" Harper escaped.

These are not upbeat albums. Don't expect the pattern and pace of the daily radio diet, or even what we may term contemporary.

Picture this rooster — "I sit down on the phone, I get the urge to dump yesterday, flush it away." Words of acid and anger. "Those who try to reach are burnt alive in the searing heat of the desert of my dispassion." (*Jugula*) And all this levelled with the Harper handpiece ... the refreshing cool of an Ovation Adamas. Old buddy Jimmy Page joins in. I'm no great fan of the man, but the Harper school of "horrible contortion" proves an apt measure.

The essence of sweet and soft, firm but forgiving — that's *Work of Heart*. I'm sure I caught traces of Todd Rundgren (remember him?) in this mix. The orchestration and song-a-side attitude that is the product proud of Roy baby's generation. No matter the music, the period comes sneaking through and true roots are found. 'Woman' and 'All us Children' (so sadly far apart) get the nod from me.

Two colours, two characters. No — one character, many colours. Harper's music is bittersweet; he is so honest. Listen to his voice. In title, these albums say it all — the flowers of hope and the bells of doom.

**Barry Caitcheon**

**Animal Nightlife**  
**Shangri La**  
**Island**

When Animal Nightlife's lead singer Andy Polaris sings "I'm a native boyyyyy", he does not mean that he sleeps in the jungle and was raised by apes. He means that he likes Brandy Alexanders and wears Hawaiian shirts cut from the same cloth as Matt Bianco, and Loose Ends. It may hint that he has an instinct for thundering primal rhythms but in truth he's never

been more jungle than Sergio Mendez & Brazil 66. You just know that Animal Nightlife have never got any nastier than that blonde who works on the Mudd Club's bar on Fridays, y'know, wiv the bob, she's a bit 'uv a goer, looks like Kim Novak, that girl in them old 50s films. Y'know?

The difference between Prince's mistakes and Animal Nightlife's is that Prince does what he wants to but Animal Nightlife do what they think they ought to. *Shangri La* is a habitual night out, passing through verse and chorus like punters tripping through one pub after another. They could never enjoy rediscovering the thrill of good old pop music (eg: Culture Club's 'Church of the Poison Mind') because they've never left them. 'Perfect Match', 'Insomniazz' and so on, a nice social safari, and if Andy gets scratched by anything sharper than his trousers then it will at least be in a photogenic place.

Why bother with this band when you can have Steely Dan and the Art of Noise?

**Chad Taylor**

**Ponsonby DCs**  
**Strange Weekend**

Ah! Here's an interesting looking album in amongst the pile. What's this all about? Well first of all, it's not actually an album ... it's a seven-track 12" 45rpm disk (make sense?) recorded in Auckland in the spring and summer of '84 and pressed in California. It's the first release on an American "indie" label catering for NZ product.

So, let's play it and see what it's all about. 'G'day Mate' is pure humour. A Kiwi rap track over a jazzy backing: "G'day mate, how are ya mate, if I change my name to mate, mate I'll let you know ..." This should be Top 10 material on varsity radios. 'Queen Street' owes something to the Velvets and 'Heaven' (not the Talking Heads' classic) is a classy ballad track, breaking into a bouncy reggae feel midway though, driven along by Chris Watts' trombone. 'Heaven' sounds like the perfect Kiwi paradise ... no street kids, nuclear subs or politics.

Side two unfortunately is not as strong as its predecessor, but still it's pleasant; emphasising the reggae and jazz influences. The cover is tres striking and the pressing is very clean. A great start from this new label ... but do tell us what DC stands for.

**Simon Elton**

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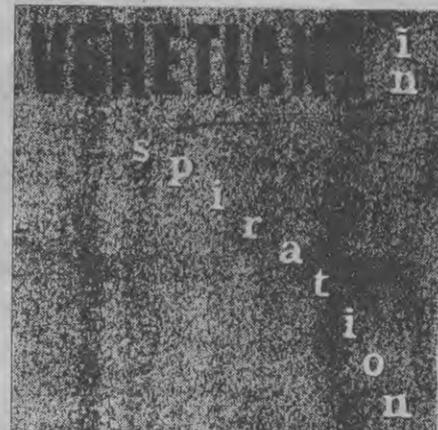


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# SHUFFLE

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## Records

### The Temptations Touch Me Gordy

It's remarkable! And I don't just mean that the Temptations are still going more than 20 years since those first classic hits. No, what's really impressive is that, having suffered more than a decade in the creative wilderness, they've returned in such extraordinary strength and style.

Last year's *Truly For You* was a very fine album and, in 'Treat Her Like a Lady', provided one of 1985's best singles. However the album didn't sell well locally, a fact possibly related to the somewhat '70s feel of the arrangements and overall production.

This time out the sound is markedly more modern, not in any crass or gimmicky sense, but in a way that should make the group more immediately accessible to a new audience. All of which is quite understandable when you have the likes of Marcus Miller producing two tracks. But of greater significance is that the Temptations themselves produced over half the album.

They've also written over half the songs. Well, two members have: Otis Williams, who's the longest serving, and the recently recruited Ali-Ollie Woodson. These two penned 'Treat Her Like a Lady' last time and here they supply a sequel called 'Give Her Some Attention'. The overall standard of songwriting is again consistently high throughout, whether it's sloppy ballads (the opening track on each side) or variously tempoed funk (the rest of each side).

The singing, of course, is absolutely sublime.

There was a character in the movie *The Big Chill* who, after dancing around to an early Temptations' hit, was asked why he only played 60s music. His reply was that there hadn't been any music since the 60s. *Touch Me* is the

perfect album to bring such a reactionary up to date. His favourite vocal group has not only preserved its original greatness but become a major talent in the 80s.

### Peter Thomson

### Prince Parade Warner Bros

Okay, okay, I give up — what the hell is going on here? *Parade* opens with the psychedelic non-event of the year ('Christopher Tracy's Parade') yet doesn't stop for breath before the fabulous 'New Position' and equally weird 'I Wonder U'. Drippy dross such as 'Venus de Milo' stand proudly alongside the beauty of 'Girls and Boys' and 'Life Can Be So Nice'. On side two, the Skipworth-and-Turner-style 'Mountains' lays a thick bass path for the funny snippet 'Do U Lie' (in which, I swear, Prince imitates a Cockney accent) and the 'Sexuality'-style 'Kiss' — yet 'Another Lover Holen Yo Head' and 'Sometimes It Snows in April' are just plain forgettable.

*Parade* is confused, and the man don't care. He can still write singles with the self-bewilderment of a drunk fumbling a diamond. Prince, I am convinced, is all talent and no brains, a poppriest who believes his own publicity. He wants to write tumultuous rock ballads ('Purple Rain', 'Under the Cherry Moon'), he wants to push things like 'Rock' and 'Soul' into new and exciting realms (*Around the World*) but, dammit, the cheery grin is forever eclipsing the Cherry Moon. Songs like '1999', 'Little Red Corvette', 'I Wanna Be Your Lover', 'Raspberry Beret' and 'Kiss' just keep tripping the artist up with their four-minute slices of sex, beat and cliché. Their inconsequence is their indestructability, their triteness their attraction.

On vinyl, the gaps between good and bad are too long. When the good does arrive, it's incredibly good, particularly the whimsy of 'Girls and Boys' and the bouncy double-bed of 'Mountains'. The best of *Parade* is in the style of

'Sexuality'; simple despite a torrent of session musicians and shamelessly hedonistic. The worst is more like a funeral procession. Those dark satanic piano riffs ... yeah, they make you pine for the wonderful Wendy's guitar and the old dance-singles about fucking. It may sometimes 'Snow in April', but whenever the Erotic City's cherry babe is brave enough to show his face, a storm is always raised. The heavy weather is here if you're prepared to wait for it.

### Chad Taylor

### Rolling Stones Dirty Work Rolling Stones Records

You can imagine how thrilled I was when the editor chose me out of all the *Rip It Up* writers to review this latest release by the World's Greatest Rock and Roll Band. Mind you, to be quite frank, there are some people around this office — and professional integrity prevents me mentioning names — who don't worship the Stones the way we all should.

Why, I've even heard cynical mutterings about the wonderful 'Harlem Shuffle', *Dirty Work's* first single. Now this song was first a hit way back in the 1960s for some guys called Bob and Earl. So you and I know that when Keith recently spoke about putting new Stones fans in touch with the band's roots he was showing a star's true concern for his following. Yet certain smartypants around here have had the gall to suggest that the release of 'Harlem Shuffle' indicates that Mick and Keith couldn't write anything good enough themselves. (But then these same "critics" can't even recognise that the slow, measured pace of the Stones' version is by way of lengthening their tribute. It has nothing whatsoever to do with band members' ages.)

Rest assured dear reader, there are lots of super new Mick and Keith songs on this record. And yes, they're still writing them in exactly the same terrific styles we've been loving for so many years. Not that being a loyal fan makes me blind however. I'll readily admit that

*Dirty Work* isn't the best Stones album ever. 'Sleep Tonight', for instance, isn't quite in the classic ballad league of, say, 'Angie', but it does feature someone called Bobby Womack helping out Keith's singing rather nicely.

And when all is said and done, we know that even an "ordinary" Stones platter is usually better than anyone else's. I mean if it wasn't, why would such superstars as Jimmy Page want to play on it?

### Peter Thomson

### George Jones Who's Gonna Fill Their Shoes Epic

A couple of years ago I heard of a survey which revealed that booze consumption increased by 50 percent in US bars when country music was being played. Swallowing lost love, lust, infidelity, drinking, paying and praying, understandably takes some washing down. In country, credibility is everything and George Jones, a man who embodies these themes, is nothing if not credible. When he sings, you believe him, which is why myself and many others consider him the finest country singer alive. Hell! One glimpse of his leathery old dial on the cover has me lurching for the drinks cabinet!

This record opens with the title track, a brisk walk through the (male) country hall of fame, worthy sentiments but hardly what legends are made of. Things hit stride however with a swinging 'The One I Loved Back Then' and the duet (George likes a duet) with Lynn Anderson; 'If You Can Touch Her At All' is great.

Side two also has some fine moments. 'If Only You'd Love Me Again' and 'Call the Wrecker for My Heart' are standouts, the former an aching honky tonk lament sung the way only George can. 'Whole Lotta Trouble for You' is pure corn, but damn that voice could save nearly any songwriting sins. Maybe this isn't vintage George, but like the man says, "it's better to have one than none".

### Mark Kennedy

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# CORUBA CALENDAR

MAY 15 TO JUNE 15

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THURS.

FRI.

SAT.

SUN.

**Look Out For . . .**

**Hunters & Collectors** finish their national tour at the Galaxy May 16, 17 . . . The **Sweet** begin their tour in mid-June . . . dancer **Barbara Doherty** undertakes a nationwide tour, including Stewart Island, with performances and workshops . . . **Peking Man** are taking 'Good Luck To You' round the North Island May 22 to June 8 . . . **Rick Bryant** and his all new **Jive Bombers** at the Gluepot June

5, 6, 7 . . . in Christchurch, a **War of the Bands** . . . and at the Sheraton Hotel over Queen's Birthday weekend, the third **All Star Jazz/Blues festival** with Mike Nock, Ricky May and Dave MacRae and Joy Yates. Wellington metallers **Tokyo** and **Knightshade** make a brief foray north . . . and **Beat Soldiers** and **Ebony Sye** begin lengthy national tours . . .

**MAY 15**  
Tokyo, Knightshade  
Mt Maunganui  
**War of Bands** Gladstone  
**Jah Love Music**  
Performance Cafe  
**Motorhead's Fast Eddie Clark quits in middle of US tour, 1982.**

**15, 16, 17**  
**Beat Soldiers** Old Mill Timaru

**16**  
**Hunters & Collectors**  
Galaxy  
**Tokyo, Knightshade**  
Hillcrest, Hamilton  
**War of Bands** Gladstone  
**Black & Blue** Esplanade  
**Ebony Sye Te Aroha**  
**Sonny Day & Flying**  
**Ryans Performance Cafe**  
*Peter Criss leaves Kiss, 1980*

**17**  
**Hunters & Collectors**  
Galaxy  
**Ebony Sye Te Aroha**  
**Tokyo, Knightshade**  
Hillcrest, Hamilton  
**War of Bands** Gladstone  
**Sonny Day & Flying**  
**Ryans Performance Cafe**  
*Peter Criss leaves Kiss, 1980*

**18**  
**Chris & Lynne Thompson**  
Dunedin  
**Drone Performance Cafe**  
*Ian Curtis hangs himself, 1980.*

**19**

**Beat Soldiers** Alexandra  
Eric Clapton marries Mrs George Harrison, 1979.

**20**

**Beat Soldiers**  
Whitehouse, Invercargill  
**Chris & Lynne Thompson**  
Nelson  
**War of Bands** Gladstone  
'Respect' by Aretha hits No 1, 1967

**21**

Ardijah Mt Wellington  
**Chris & Lynne Thompson**  
New Plymouth  
**Ebony Sye** Uncle Sam's, Hamilton  
**Beat Soldiers** Gore  
**War of Bands** Gladstone  
John & Yoko begin 10 day bed-in, 1969

**22**

**Beat Soldiers** Balclutha  
**Ebony Sye** Uncle Sam's, Hamilton  
**War of Bands** Gladstone

**23**

**Beat Soldiers** Oamaru  
**From Scratch** Shed 11, Wellington  
**Sonny Day & All Stars**  
Esplanade  
**Ebony Sye** Matamata  
**Verlaines** Windsor

**24**

**Sonny Day & All Stars**  
Esplanade  
**Barbara Doherty** Kaikoura  
**?Fog, No Idea** British, Christchurch  
**Beat Soldiers** Oamaru  
**Chris & Lynne Thompson**  
Wellington  
**From Scratch** Shed 11, Wellington  
**Verlaines** Windsor  
*Elmore James RIP 1963*  
*Topper Headon leaves Clash 1982*

**25**

**From Scratch** Shed 11, Wellington  
**?Fog, No Idea** British, Christchurch  
**Auckland Acoustics** Java Jive Cafe  
*Duke Ellington RIP 1974*

**26**

**27**  
**Barbara Doherty** Fairlie  
**Chris & Lynne Thompson**  
Maidment Theatre  
'Freewheelin' Bob Dylan LP released 1962.

**28**

Ardijah Mt Wellington  
**Barbara Doherty** Timaru

**29**

**Peking Man**  
DB Mt Maunganui  
**Beat Soldiers** Hillcrest Hamilton  
**Barbara Doherty** Ashburton

**30**

**Hammond Gamble** Galaxy  
**Peking Man** Hastings  
**?Fog** Wellington  
**Tall Stories** Esplanade  
**Beat Soldiers** Ngamotu, New Plymouth  
**Texas Rangers** Windsor  
Carl Radle, Clapton's bassist, dies of kidney failure, 1980.

**31**

**?Fog** Wellington  
**Beat Soldiers** Ngamotu  
**From Scratch** Auckland  
Palmerston North  
**Tall Stories** Esplanade Girls Grammar  
**Guava Groove**, Right Track, Seven Deadly Sins London Bar  
**Rodger Fox Big Band**, Northcote College Jazz Orchestra, Beaver, Dave MacRae and Joy Yates Sheraton  
**Barbara Doherty** Geraldine  
**Guava Groove**, The Merkins North Shore Rugby Club  
**Texas Rangers** Windsor  
*The Who reach 120dB in concert, new world record, 1976.*

**JUNE 1**

**Hammond Gamble** Galaxy  
**Peking Man** Z Night Club, Palmerston North  
**From Scratch** Auckland Girls Grammar  
**Modern Times, Rodger Fox, Ricky May** Sheraton  
**Ebony Sye** Forge, Auckland  
*'Sgt Pepper' released, 1967.*

**2**

Mike Nock, Midge Marsden, Last Man Down, Jacqui Fitzgerald, Ladies Sing the Blues, Sustenance Sheraton War of Bands final Gladstone  
**From Scratch** Auckland Girls Grammar  
**Barbara Doherty** Oamaru Queen's Birthday Special Windsor  
**Peking Man** Z Night Club

**3**

**Beat Soldiers** Thames  
**Barbara Doherty** Dunedin Elvis comeback special on US TV, 1968.

**4**

**Beat Soldiers** Greerton, Tauranga  
**Taranaki Sol** Rotorua  
Ardijah Mt Wellington  
**Barbara Doherty** Dunedin Te Kanikani O Te Rangatahi Freeman's Bay Community Centre Peking Man Fosters, Wanganui  
*Stand By Me' US No 1 for Ben E King, 1961.*

**5**

**Soul On Ice** Galaxy  
**Beat Soldiers** De Bretts, Taupo  
**Taranaki Sol** Morrinsville  
**Barbara Doherty** Dunedin

**6**

**Soul on Ice** Galaxy  
**Beat Soldiers** Hastings  
**?Fog, No Idea, 5 Year Mission** Napier  
**Taranaki Sol** Hamilton Captain Kybo and the Gliderz Esplanade Orange Windsor

**7**

**Captain Kybo and the Gliderz** Esplanade  
**Beat Soldiers** Tamatea, Napier  
**?Fog, No Idea, 5 year Mission** Napier  
**Taranaki Sol** Huntly Barbara Doherty Balclutha Orange Windsor

**9**

John Hammond discovers Bruce Springsteen, 1973.

**10**

**Sweet** Windsor Park  
**Taranaki Sol** Shadows  
**Barbara Doherty** Cromwell Dylan and the Band begin recording the Basement Tapes, 1967.

**11**

**Sweet** Onerahi  
Ardijah Mt Wellington  
**Taranaki Sol** Shadows  
**Ebony Sye** Kaitaia Janis joins Big Brother and the Holding Company, 1966.

**12**

**Sweet** Gluepot  
**?Fog, No Idea** Rising Sun  
**Ebony Sye** Kaitaia

**13**

**Taranaki Sol** Whangarei Meg & Fones Perf. Cafe Seven Deadly Sins, Electric Company Esplanade

**14**

**Taranaki Sol** Whangarei Meg & Fones Perf. Cafe Seven Deadly Sins, Electric Company Esplanade

**15**



Mike Nock, Joy Yates are among the guests at All Star Jazz/Blues Festival, Queens Birthday weekend.



**12, 13, 14**  
**Beat Soldiers** Towers, Rotorua

**Coming up . . .**

Rumoured for the Galaxy in Auckland are the **Flaming Groovies** in late June and the **Saints** in early July . . . **A-Ha** go to Australia in June and may come here . . . **Cramps** may tour late June . . . and it looks as though **Jason and the Scorchers** tour has fallen through.

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

# Records

Various Artists  
Absolute Beginners  
Virgin

One day they'll make musicals about the star-studded 50s, and one day the star-studded musicians of the 50s will have to get together to make the music work. This album truly belongs to jazz arranger Gil Evans. His own 'Va Voom' instrumental is a fabulous standout, its cool slouch of an opening riff accelerating to a meteoric pace that leaves Bowie and Sade gasping for breath.

Evans' horn arrangements on Bowie's bald 'That's Motivation' and Sade's 'Killer Blow' change them from dull to interesting. Along with Dave Bedford, he takes Paul Weller's sweet 'Have You Ever Had it Blue?' and hammers it into one of the Style Council's very best recordings, Burt Bacharach-style melody sandwiched between solid brass sections. Jerry Dammers deserves all the rhythmic credit for 'Riot City', but the ominous horn underpinnings are Evans again.

The beginners themselves are patchy. If 'That's Motivation' is limp,

then Bowie's title track is a typically wise blend of Instant Heroic Riff (copyright: D. Bowie — *Lodger's* 'Move One') and nattily appropriate production; semi-acoustic, soaring synth and ominous R&B style guitar intro. C'mon Dave, after 'Loving the Alien' you just can't slip a dud past us again. Or can you? A man with no shame.

Dammers' 'Riot City' and the Style Council's 'Have You Ever Had it Blue' are watersheds for both performers, although 'Riot City' is a bit too academic to enjoy without something to watch. Like the Specials' last album, I can't help but wonder if Dammers is using politics to avoid saying what he thinks about his world. Compared to someone like, say, Lou Reed, Dammers' messages start to look like party political broadcasts on behalf of just about anyone.

Patsy Kensit's Eighth Wonder sing about 'Having it All' when they in fact possess nothing save a squeaky opportunist for a vocalist and a passe rhythm section. Stick to acting, you absolute beginner.

Even my un-favourites Working Week put their noses to the turntable, listen to their favourite Sergio Mendez track and whip up a pleasant up-tempo pastiche of nothing-in-particular. Ray Davies' smirking 'Quiet Life' makes up with charm what it lacks in style — who would have thought that the Dedicated Follower of Fashion could have become suburbia's Well

Respected Man with such good-humoured ease?

Finally, Slim Gaillard, pushing 70, as funny and as mellow as ever, raps, garbles and spins the excellent 'Selling Out'. His pace and wit are exemplary — 'If I join the shallow set/I might get my Crepe Suzette!' Full points for syncopation, but is that what Temple has boiled the novel' storyline down to? Oh bloody hell.

Chad Taylor

## Charlie Sexton Pictures for Pleasure

MCA

Who is this 17-year-old "wonder boy" from Texas, who, four years previous, joined the Joe Ely band as the solo guitarist; who has gigged alongside the Clash, Dylan, Don Henley and the Rolling Stones; whose girl-friend is country star Carlene Carter and whose just released his first solo album,

Nine tracks here, with the lad vocalising and playing guitars and keyboards and writing or co-writing five of the tracks. He rocks through the opener 'Impressed'; which slides into 'Beat's So Lonely' (the single that brought him to everyone's attention). No need to tell you how great that track is. We already know. Don't we all? There's a stunning version of the old P J ('Whoops, my trousers have split ... again') Proby hit, 'Hold Me'. The title track is a melodic piece with

a slashing guitar solo. Although side two tends to show certain lack of good material, this man shows a certain maturity in both singing and playing styles. Who is this 17-year-old? ... Charlie Sexton, that's who.

Simon Elton

## Folk Zine

### James Wilson Voyage: Compositions for Guitar (Ode)

If you're just waiting for a 'Syncopated Etude' (track one, side two), then this is for you. These compositions, though marred by some pretentious titles, are executed with a high standard of technique and sound distinctive and impressive. Bringing together some New Zealand jazz notables (Frank Gibson Jr on occasional drums and Jim Langabeer playing alto sax on one track), you get pieces like 'Floriana' and 'Munchkins in the Garden' — easy listening in comparison to the more serious 'Manifesto' written for Lech Walesa. One for the quasi-classical guitar buff. PD

Christy Moore

### Ordinary Man (WEA)

Irish folk music is good for the soul (if you've got at least some Gaelic blood), and Christy Moore delivers. There's whiskey on his breath, but, by Brendan Behan, he's got the goods. Building on a

framework of traditional Irish folk music, his songs speak to today, "when I dream there was no duty-free at the airport down in Knock" ('Delerium Tremens'). There are also strains of pop-rock (do I hear Dire Straits on 'Ordinary Man?'), bringing his music to a wider audience than your average folk fan. Altogether not to be missed if you're at all a folk sympathiser. PD

Chris and Lynne Thompson

### Together (Ode)

With a close-up cover verging on a Clearasil ad, Chris and Lynne Thompson have somehow managed to imitate a whole host of famous people, from Simon and Garfunkel to Carly Simon. There are six romantic songs, including 'You'll Always Be (the World to Me)' written by Lynne, and six smartish pieces by Chris, for example, 'The Brazilian Retirement Plan' and 'What Else Can a Poor Busker Do?' Mainly recorded live, these get across okay but sometimes they're a little weak on vocals. PD

Cathie Harrop

### I Like Life (Tartar)

With an endorsement from Dame Catherine "she has a sweetly lilting voice" Tizard, this record would be a good Mother's Day present if you're thinking of giving Richard Clayderman. When we played it, it turned into a singalong for everyone who had gone to a single sex girls' school in the 60s. And she does have a sweetly lilting voice ... In 'Stately as a Galleon'

we have the immortal line, "but the zest goes out of the beautiful waltz when you dance it bust to bust". Whatever happened to Lesbian Nation? PD

### Ourselves Alone

### Irish Rebel Music: Old and New (Tartar)

Good folk music needs a strong folk tradition together with the need to say something for today. Pakeha New Zealanders often find themselves scratching for both of these. With names including Mollo, Scullion, Burke, together with Therese O'Connell, Ourselves Alone stand tall in their Irish heritage and sing about the continuing English oppression of Ireland. While not breaking new ground, this is a good selection of covers. The Pogues would love it.

Paul and Colleen Trenwith

Brand New Day (Kiwi)

It's not easy to review records just by looking at the cover, which says "Country Gospel". But Brand New Day should have a Health Department warning: "Country gospel can damage your health". The Hamilton County Bluegrass Band lay with fundamentalist Christianity and begat this record. And the Lord looked upon it and saw that it was good; we're not quite so certain. But if you're into bluegrass and have a bent in their direction, then this is the record for you.

Paul Duignan



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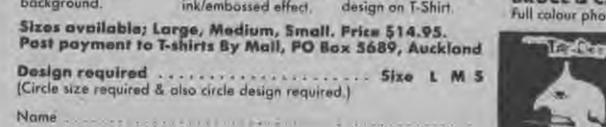
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# Records

## Graham Nash Innocent Eyes (Atlantic)

A long awaited solo project from the man who made a name for himself in the 60s with the Hollies, in the 70s with Crosby and Stills, and in the 80s as the one who is concerned with the future of mankind and his environment. Ten songs in a bright computerised package, which could be subtitled "Nash discovers American Rock". Gone is the acoustic guitar and the "floating down the river" lyrics; in its place are songs about the arms race ("I Got a Rock"), East and West Berlin ("Over the Wall"), and a celebration of his life now ("Sad Eyes" and "New Day"), but the two tracks that deserve repeated plays are the title track and "See You in Prague". Both up-tempo gems. An album that deserves a lot of attention. SGE

## Ozzy Osborne

### The Ultimate Sin (CBS)

Alright, Ozzy is here! After a block on his product locally, the madman's new release is unleashed on the Kiwis.

A primitive drum beat begins and the latest Blizzard of Ozz storm into such stunning fresh

songs as "Secret Loser" and "Shot in the Dark". Ozzy sings of things nuclear in the classic "Killer of Giants" and "Thank God for the Bomb" while guitarist Jake E Lee plays brilliantly, complimenting the Ozzy's unique crazy style.

Support the availability of Ozzy's albums and indulge in the ultimate sin. GD

## Evelyn "Champagne" King A Long Time Coming/A Change is Gonna Come (RCA)

Even with producers Hawk and Rene and Angela, Evelyn "Champagne" King hasn't got enough sparkle to make this album interesting. There are a couple of fair to middling dance tracks including the current single "Your Personal Touch", but really the only thing worth noting is a rather enigmatic cover of Sam Cooke's "A Change is Gonna Come". Enigmatic, because (despite Hawk's rather pleasing arrangement) there doesn't seem to be the drama or the purpose to this version that the original had. So why do it? The only reason I can guess is either Evelyn is promising the next album will be better, or that like Cooke, she isn't going to be with us much longer. PG

## Saxon

### Strong Arm of the Law (EMI)

"Heavy Metal Thunder" is the opener on Strong Arm of the Law

and suitably describes what Saxon are all about. On this album Biff Byford and the boys soar full on into "20,000 Feet" rock hard through "Sixth Form Girls" and finish off with a good tribute to J F Kennedy in "Dallas 1pm".

*Denim and Leather* also boasts a loud line-up of songs like "Princess of the Night" and the anthemic title track. Both of these albums have not been available for quite a few years and EMI have now re-released them with a limited amount being on red vinyl. GD

## Emmylou Harris Thirteen (Warner Bros)

A selection of 10 songs covering the serene country ballads, a touch of rockabilly, western swing and honky tonk music, from the princess of contemporary country music. This, her thirteenth album (as the title suggests), pulls no punches nor presents any surprises. Emmylou opens with a pleasant version of the track that the early Elvis made famous, "Mystery Train", but adds nothing new to it. There are two tracks co-written by her and the co-producer ("When I Was Yours" and "Sweetheart of the Pines"). Springsteen's "My Father's House" and a guest appearance by 60s guitar hero Duane Eddy on "I Had My Heart Set on You". Nothing new here really. It all shuddered but fails to catch fire. Nice though. SGE

Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis that makes this soul croon float.

## Ruby Turner If You're Ready (Come Go with Me) (Jive 12")

Butler plays the guitar and Ruby Turner handles the vocals on this sweet version of the Staple Singers' classic. Reminds me of Womack and Womack's first album in that the production is nice and simple with the emphasis on the voices. Turner has had a busy career as a session singer, with releases as good as this her solo career will be even better.

## Aretha Franklin Another Night (Arista 12")

Well not really Elvis but the re-emergence of Declan Patrick McManus, hence the symbolic cover of the Animals' "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood". Interesting interpretation of a standard, he sounds slightly crazed and desperate — but I like that. The flip has two hits with a cover of "Get Yourself Another Fool" being more than "Almost Blue".

## Prince Kiss (WEA 12")

# Singles Bar

## The Costello Show Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood (F-Beat 12")

Well not really Elvis but the re-emergence of Declan Patrick McManus, hence the symbolic cover of the Animals' "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood". Interesting interpretation of a standard, he sounds slightly crazed and desperate — but I like that. The flip has two hits with a cover of "Get Yourself Another Fool" being more than "Almost Blue".

## Prince

### Kiss (WEA 12")

Even if you already own the *Parade* album this is worth owning. The re-mix keeps the guitar groove grinding like James Brown and the band work on a P-Funk jam. This is the modern mother-ship connection. Play the flip on 33rpm and it sounds like the great Sly Stone.

## Cherelle, Alexander O'Neal Saturday Love (Epic 12")

A favourite one this month with "Cherelle" playing the longing chanteuse and Alexander the cool Romeo. Great groove fashioned by

Jerry Turner that voice but his material and arrangements have not been that essential of late. Sadly this doesn't change and it's not helped by a decline in Stevie Wonder's songwriting. The chorus is cute but not enough to save it.

## Sigur Sputnik Love Missile (Parlophone 12")

Hey, this is some dumb fun. Mix in equal parts of *Clockwork Orange*, Eddie Cochran, Euro-

disco, the Sweet and sex, and you have this wild bunch of smart media brats. Motley Crue they're not, even if they do have the same tailor. Hey, this is great — it reminds me of "Yummy Yummy Yummy".

## Ta Mara and the Seen Everybody Dance (A&M 12")

Another blast of Minneapolis-styled funk rock that Morris Day and Jessie Johnson have trade marked. This Minneapolis Miss sang on Jessie's album, and goes solo on this one. An uneventful attempt to lure you onto the dance floor. The flip contains an instrumental sounding like Vangelis — deep and meaningless.

## Animation

### I Engineer (Polygram 12")

Wow — pop music with a message, don't you just love it. Animation sound like they're aiming for a spot on the next Miss Universe show with this anthem for teens everywhere. Great — it sounds like Boney M.

## Cliff Richard and the Young Ones Living Doll (WEA 12")

Well, you already know about this straight to No 1 and it should stay there for weeks. All the proceeds are going to the work of Save the Children Fund and Oxfam. Neil and Yvonne provide the best laughs and if you can't stand UNCONTINUED ON 24

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'45s' FROM PAGE 23  
cie Cliff, the flip side is just the Young Ones.  
**Fabulous Thunderbirds**  
**Tuff Enuff (CBS)**  
Fabulous they sure are, and Jimmie Vaughan supplies the toughness with some meaty guitar bursts. Texas bar-room music for your living room.  
**Kerry Buchanan**

## Shake Summation

**Otis Mace and the Psychic Pet Healers**  
**Heavy Petting (Ode EP)**

Never not fun, veering from the sublime to the totally silly, Otis Mace and the Psychic Pet Healers

are always worth turning an ear towards. Here, 'Screaming' is best — Otis and Sarah Franks can't help sounding benign over the top of a mean 'n' roll toon. 'Julie' could've come from the Residents' *Commercial Album*. And 'Telephone Sex' ...? It's carried away by the totally corny vocal inflection... Lawdy! Lawdy!

**Working With Walt**  
**Five Sides (Jayrem EP)**

This I like. Working With Walt are sounding very indigenous and interesting with a pleasing lack of pretentiousness. Five songs showing five sides of the band, with my favourite profiles being 'Christine', the jaunty 'Bus in the Suburbs' and the acoustic politicising of 'Pound of Flesh' — this time the lyrical concern is Pakeha land-grabbing. Working With Walt come across strongly indeed on this record.

**Dead Sea Scrolls (Jayrem EP)**

Not a local record, but one made by a group of expatriate

Kiwis in London, released here by Jayrem. Frenetic and strange funky noises from Tim Mahon, Carol Varney and Sid Pasley, once of Blam Blam Blam, the Gurlz and Newmatics respectively. 'Triumphant Day', 'Heat Loss', 'Wind' and 'Salmon' all very unusual but sounding pretty damn good with the added bonus of Kelly Rogers (another Newmatics man) and his sax quartet. That Auckland in London sound ...

**Orange**  
**Fruit Salad Lives (Flying Nun EP)**

Somewhere, beneath the restraint and held back (well, what is it?) wistful pop of *Fruit Salad Lives* there lurks Andrew Brough with songs that are going to reach us one day. But apart from 'Fly', which is a masterful dreamlike pop song, the Orange have little to offer here. Brough's sounding too much like Morrissey detracts from a couple of the songs, smothering the mysterious edge, and all in all, the

Orange have not done themselves much good with most of this record.

**Scorched Earth Policy**  
**Going Thru a Hole in the Back of Your Head (Flying Nun EP)**

Dark and discordant, Scorched Earth Policy do have a tendency to go a bit over the top, but there's something about 'em, especially on this record. There's a sort of black humour about all their songs, from the Southern preacher to the frog drinking formaldehyde, and the manic finishes with tortured violins are a winner ... White Heat indeed.

**World's Apart**  
**Time Will Tell 12"**

World's Apart are from Christchurch, but could be from England — electro and power pop influences are worn a mite too obviously on their collective sleeve. *Time Will Tell* leaves a bland impression — the territory on which they tread is well-worn. I'd be looking

for a bit more spark from Christchurch's "latest original Pop Rock Dance Band" next time. (Send \$5 to Box 2382, Christchurch).

**Five Year Mission & Armatrak**  
**Together as One (PYM 7")**

This is a good idea. Two bands with one side and two songs each, sharing the costs of a record. Mostly it's yer 83mph punk from both, with Armatrak going for a bit more variety and subtle irony by claiming not to be depressed while playing 'New Dawn Fades' in 'Inner Space'. Melody? Poetry? Nah, leave that to the Smurfs ... This comes from Positive Youth Promotions, Box 8809, Symonds Street, Auckland 1.

**Paul McKessar**

**The Rapture**  
**Cry For You Only (Pagan 12")**

Peter Solomon's solo project startles with its opening violin, then it's straight to the dancefloor

with a funky bassline. He stays within his vocal limitations, thankfully, and there's a catchy koto-like instrumental hook. A good song, dominated by the production however — and so serious. Po-faced funk? On the other side, 'Prey For Tomorrow' is high-tech zzzz — and I hate those over-used Klaxon horns every couple bars.

**Desire**

**Desire (WEA 12")**

Suzi Devine slips into some leather and leopard skin and writes four songs with Gary Havoc. I like the 'Hard Day's Night' chord that starts 'Jennifer', and it sounds better at 45rpm. A heavy early 70s sound, with anguished, panting vocals — good, if you're into Pat Benatar or the Airplane. Havoc has a pure guitar sound with few effects, but I can see the dry ice from here. This is made for Upper Hutt — sleaze with style. 'Here he comes, down my street/Tight jeans with boots of leather/I dare

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

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'45s' FROM PAGE 24  
not look, he's such a treat/I think he must have come from heaven ... Don't touch, he's mine!" pants 'In My Blood' before its Donna Summer orgasm. Next up, it's 'Broken Heart', and no wonder — the band seems to roll over and go to sleep.

#### Turiya Waiting (Jayrem 12")

This three woman group stand out immediately with the cover of the month; its elegance is an echo of the musical contents. Best described as feminist ambience music, but don't let that put you off. 'Thread of Gold' is a lovely slow ballad with romantic piano and ethereal harmonies. 'Crimson Dawn' is more typical, however — the mood created by the long instrumental opening (a cello workout with excellent acoustic guitar and percussion accompaniment) is destroyed by the collective voice-over in the middle. Why not sing it? The plainchant ending redeems it. The hymnlike 'Wai-tangi' — sung acapella by Hine Pouamu — suits its simplistic politics, while the folksy 'Waiting' is again ruined by a voiceover. 'Ship in the Harbour' — there's a storm, which means plenty of dynamic changes — sounds like a Composition 101 exercise, my main reservation with the record. Many moments of beauty, though, and superbly engineered.

#### Remarkables

#### Vegetarian/Skin Condition (Meltdown)

Already on high rotate on BFM, 'Vegetarian' is a fun song with a raw beat band sound, a loping bassline and a catchy chorus: "I'll get a stun gun and electrocute you ... I'll get a hammer and tenderise you." 'Skin Condition' ("I'm a white South African") has a simple melody, another swinging

bassline, but the flat vocals don't make for easy listening. That's where producers are needed. A promising single, though, with proceeds going towards sponsoring a black South African's study in New Zealand.

#### Chrome Safari Fight (Pagan 12")

With 'Fight', Simon Alexander goes heavy Australian pop: "Stand up and fight" he exhorts; you have to stand up and dance. Thankfully not overwhelmed by the production, the guitar has bite and there's a commercial chorus. Made for radio play, particularly on Radio Hauraki. 'Sorted Out' has a more interesting bassline, but the melody misses out — it's an exercise in songwriting and production. 'Bop to the Drummer', an instrumental written for jazzercise, is the best of the lot, with great 'Bop Bop Bop' BVs by Kim Willoughby. Why the best track? Because here, Alexander loosens up.

#### Sonny Day and the All Stars Take It Easy (remix version) (RCA)

Swinging blues rock from Sonny Day and cast of well-knowns — but who are they? There're no details. I know the great piano is Paul Hewson, who wrote the song with Day, but there's also some stinging Dobro slide and honking rock and roll sax. Unlike so many of this month's singles, this has *feel* — particularly Day's smokey vocals. 'Baby (You've Got What it Takes)' is a chuggalug hokey country duet with Beaver. You can hear the smiles on their faces. This would start my old aunt's feet at tapping.

#### Tim Finn No Thunder, No Fire, No Rain (extended mix) (Virgin)

Gorgeous powerful extended intro with emulated strings. An ominous song with an understated

ed touch for such a grim scenario as the Bhopal gas disaster. I prefer this long version to the one on the radio ("We don't play political songs" they said to last year's 'Don't Go, Huh!'), there's more time for the goose bumps to rise. This is the song I found myself singing later. However 'Searching the Streets' ("for my soul") is a tossed off non-event. I hope 'Thunder' is more indicative of the album's quality.

Chris Bourke

## Live

#### Five Band Soul Revue Galaxy, Saturday May 10.

On the Saturday, the five bands became four — Soul Train were unable to appear and Koo Chi Koo opened the evening. "Soul" gives license to quote favourite tracks and escape the flak usually reserved for covers bands, which can make it difficult to assess the real character of someone like Koo Chi Koo. Their dance originals were good and they seemed to enjoy performing the slower ballads. Their too-short set (five songs) closed with a triumphant bang; I'd like to see them with a longer set and more originals before saying more.

Seven Deadly Sins have a good high profile in Auckland as well as the technical ability to open with Isaac Hayes *Shaft* theme. The fact that they didn't have quite the oomph to take the instrumental anywhere was forgotten when Fiona McDonald opened her mouth and gave the evening's best vocal everything she had. And she had

a lot; too much, maybe, for the other vocalist, Manu McCarthy, who relied more on energy and stage presence. Seven Deadly Sins have two good vocalists and an excellent horn section, so the trick now is to ensure they don't have to carry the songs and the rest of the group.

I thought the Right Track were sounding very Wilson Pickett and then they did 'In the Midnight Hour', which just goes to show you how many copies of *The Exciting Wilson Pickett* are around, yes? I say this because I don't have the patience to banter about historical facts; what I (and everybody else, apparently) enjoyed was the Right Track's rough edge and dance-pace. No one in the band apparently cares that this is 1986, but a warning to those about to record — your own opinions do come in handy. Martin Henley was in fine voice and the band had a tight style. Now let's hear something old and new, and don't let the horns take the lead when they can't hit the notes. Ouch.

The Electric Company's link with soul is via jazz/funk at the very most. They should realise that the word "group" is no idle label, eight individuals scrapping amongst themselves for the lead instruments did not benefit the songs, which were saved only by four single-minded horn players. I had a train to catch and left early. I suspect they would have had just as much fun by themselves anyway.

That's not a criticism at all, but it does show what the word "Soul" gives people an excuse to indulge. It may be a period in history remembered with a misleading fondness, while to others it means anything with more than four members and a brass section. Fi-

ona McDonald took on a Rufus and Chaka Khan cover and won, yet two years after Chaka made her electro-funk *I Feel For You*.

Definitely an excuse for a good time, the word "Soul" saw the first two dancers of the evening lost in the middle of a floor as big and as bare as any memory of Mainstreet. Back to the future, anyone?

#### Chad Taylor

#### Tunnellers, Flying Men Galaxy, April 24-26.

Two new bands at a new venue. First up, the Tunnellers. This band warrants attention. Formed because they were tired of spending night after night at the pub watching different bands bang out different variations of the same theme, here's their answer, guitar-based R&B with a touch of country.

Drawing on the Dunedin sound, country and western, and the blues, the Tunnellers have come up with a collection of impressive originals. The snappy 'Heading Off', neo-psychadelic 'Will You Get?' (one the Grateful Dead would've been proud of) and the excellent 'Bus Stop Groove' (complete with mouth organ solo) show that there's raw talent here in spades.

They're still too young as a band to display much stage personality, but the important thing is that the Tunnellers are fresh and exciting and there isn't a lot of either of those two qualities around at the moment. Go and see them, you won't be disappointed.

The somewhat questionable venue were more apparent in the Flying Men's set, first night nerves also played their part. However, two songs stood out. Their cover of Lou Reed's 'Rock and Roll' (with

new lyrics courtesy vocalist Martin O'Neill) and the original 'These Three Horses' — as in, "these three horses go into a bar".

O'Neill's last band, the Last Crossing, and the Flying Men are poles apart in style, so it takes a while to accept the transition from the previous band's form of straight ahead stripped-down rock to the more intricate song structures of the Flying Men. It isn't quite working yet, but Martin O'Neill's presence coupled with the vast improvement made on the second night show the promise of great things.

#### Barry Morris

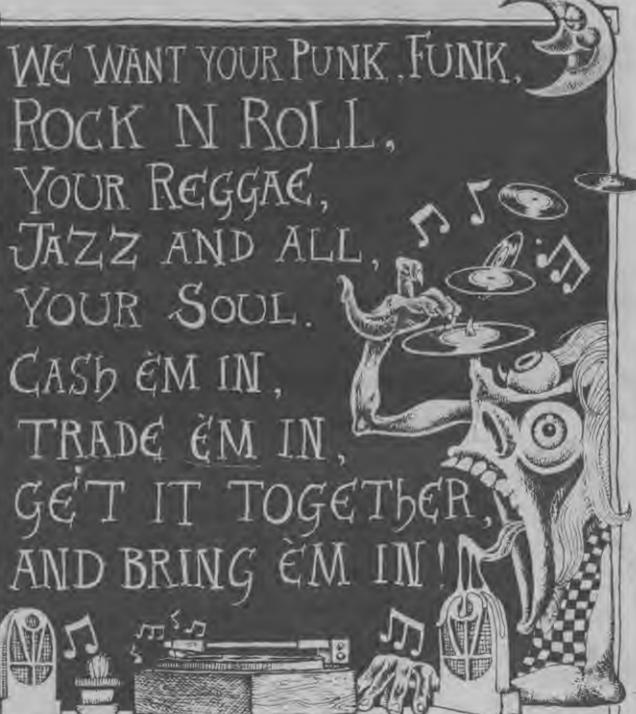
#### Tim Woon Gluepot, April 18

Paraplegic Lesbian Dwarves Mud Wrestling! That's what we'll be having next, I'm telling you! Been to the Gluepot recently? Right old entertainment centre it's becoming — poetry, debating, jazz, country, and whaddaya know, the other Friday and Saturday, the rock band upstairs was displaced by some dancers and a magician! Hey, here we are in Ponsonby in 1986!

But Tim Woon isn't really a magician — you see, Tim is an illusionist, with a great sense of show. Plus, he's an excellent dancer, and is accompanied by great choreographed assistants who dance in routines of their own.

Tim mimes, uses fire, sends up kids-party magicians, and creates illusions in a stylishly presented uptown set that is far more fun for yer entertainment dollar than a lot of the underinspired, couldn't-care-less acts to be found on the pub rock circuit. No wonder they're holding boxing at the Galaxy.

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## 'RUMOURS' FROM PAGE 4

pressed with their first couple of gigs ... will the real **Doubting Thomas's** please stand up? A year after the demise of the **Thomas's** an unrelated group called the **Thomases** has appeared ... the **Java Jive Cafe**, new on College Hill, will hold fortnightly concerts each Sunday. First up on May 25 are **Auckland Acoustics** ... in New Plymouth, **Smashed Ears Productions** are booking the Lion Tavern. Phone Brian Water at 83301 or write to Box 407, New Plymouth ... Waihi band **Ebony Sire** are embarking on a three-month Winter tour of the North Island. According to their promotions manager, the band "is setting its own course in musical enjoyment without the benefit of drugs and alcohol" ... Auckland poet **Sandra Bell** is currently recording an EP at Last Laugh, to be released in June.

**Chris Bourke**

## Palmerston North

The last few months have seen a big upsurge in local music thanks largely to the Commercial Hotel developing as a venue for local bands. However just as

things got going someone decided the pub would look better as a shopping complex. To mark the closing of the venue the **Remarkables**, **Three Leaning Men**, **Cement Garden**, **Harry Death**, **Statmox**, **the Polar Bears**, **Fetch Jones**, **Glance Backwards** and **Sticky Flith** combined to put on a two day Anzac Weekend closing down party. It was a sellout and those that got in seemed to have a wild time.

**Dolphin** is the name of the new 16-track studio in town and they can be contacted at PN 81265. A group of people called **Triad Video** are also setting up in town and they can be contacted through the studio.

A lot of local bands have already used the studio and there are a lot of projects coming out soon on Palmerston's **Meltdown Records**. This month sees a special project single from the **Remarkables** which was recorded to help raise money for the South African Scholarship Trust. Other releases out soon will be a single from **Cement Garden**, and EP from Auckland band the **Warners**, an album from **Three Leaning Men**, and EP by the **End** and a

compilation album **Peter Shepherd**.

## Christchurch

**Flying Nun's** year has already been a busy one and it looks like getting busier as they prepare to release a host of new recordings at home as well as overseas with an American distribution deal reaching the final stages. First up Stateside will be **Tuatara**, and if all goes well America should be hearing from the **Verlaines**, **Sneaky Feelings** and **Tall Dwarves** in the near future.

Closer to home though, keep an eye out for new releases from **Look Blue Go Purple**, **Sneaky Feelings** (LP), **Alpaca Brothers**, **Axemin** (double LP), the **Puddle**, the **Clean** (*Live Dead Clean 12"*) and the **Chills' Kaleidoscope World** which was previously only available in the UK.

And on a slightly smaller scale, Arnie at **Nightshift** has been busy with the **Jumbies** (recording a follow-up to 'Stuff of Dreams'), **Bushfire**, **Middle East** and **Antix** all spending time in the studio ... whilst **failsafe** are hoping to have their new compilation tape out very soon, with the impressive

track list including the **Chills**, **Birds Nest Roys**, **Jean Paul Sartre Experience** and **Mea Culpa**; it is well worth investigating.

**Mea Culpa** are a band worth catching if you get the chance, although since reforming, the guys seem to have been jinxed with both **Clay Pavill** (bass) and **Floyd Rudolf** (guitar/vocals) injuring a hand each (twice in Floyd's case), various pieces of equipment being mislaid, as well as supporting the Hoodoo Gurus at the Aranui but (due to lack of space) not actually getting to play. Fortunately **Ken Haines** (drums) has managed to stay accident free and **Mea Culpa** should be appearing more regularly without these hassles.

**Jean Paul Sartre Experience** are expanding their lineup with the addition of a saxophonist and a harp player. The band are hoping to do some recording soon, probably at a local studio and at **Strawberry Sounds** in Dunedin.

Wanted people at the moment seem to be drummers with both the **Dukes** (Grant Alexander and Lyall Stone, ph. 596091 — vocalists also) and the **Chameleons** (ph. 324486) looking for someone to fit the position, while **Louie and the Hotsticks** are after a saxophonist (ph. 288256).

**Tony Rabbit** (ex-News, Big Race) is back at the Carlton — this time playing bass for the **Party Pros** ... **Stephen McIntyre** (ex-Ballon D'essai) has joined **All Fall Down** ... Original "Bushperson" **Ian Costello** has left **Bushfire** (now back at **Warner's**) and has formed the **Mulligans** ... **Lizzie Cook's** new band is **Stop That Train** ... old favourites the **Venetians** have reformed ... the **Two Timers** have gone their separate ways for now.

Stay tuned to Radio U for a weekend special hosted by **Alan Parkes** which will feature only local bands. **Rob Mays** is also helping out the local bands by having them perform live on his Wednesday night shows.

Keep an eye on the Gladstone for a **War of the Bands** type event during May. Being billed as the only alternative for bands, the competition has already attracted over 20 local bands and an impressive prize list. All interested participants are advised to write to: Running Promotions, Box 2382, Christchurch, or phone John on 488695, ext. 840.

**John Greenfield**

## 'VIDEO' FROM PAGE 8

sential, well reviewed at film festivals; Australian comic **Austen Tayshus** — *On the Edge*; and ... "Habit forming! Mind Controlling Life Absorbing!" ... *The Stuff!*

**CIC** offer a tearjerker — **Cher in Mask**; a thriller — **Harrison Ford in Witness**; and a comedy — **Steve Martin in The Jerk**, all good stuff.

But **Kerridge Odeon/Amalgamated** have the stylish **Hand-picked by Billy** ... the **Big Yin Billy Connolly**, in concert; also the NZ film with the suspect incest script, **Heart of the Stag**. Picketed by feminists, its release is being advertised on TV.

## The Life and Times of Little Richard: the Quasar of Rock by Charles White (Pan, \$12.95)

As told by Little Richard, his family, band and anyone willing to attest to his brilliance and his right to be called the "King of Rock 'n' Roll".

Charles White's commentary links the reminiscences and anecdotes of Richard and those around him. The result is informative and highly entertaining, especially in the case of the Quasar himself ...

"A scream and a holler's a holler to me. I just love 'em. These were my fans and I loved 'em and they loved me, too. So it was a hand for a hand and a foot for a foot. And a pot for a pot. Bom bom!"

Originally published in 1984, it covers Richard from birth to virtually the present. Everything from Richard's sexual repertoire to that of his band and its various members (even Buddy Holly's), details of recording dates, tours — and all washed down at the end by a good dose of preachin' from the Quasar himself.

Essential.  
**Harry Lyon**



**Little Richard as Orvis Goodnight in 'Down & Out in Beverly Hills'**

# Film

## DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS

Director **Paul Mazursky**

**Paul Mazursky** has always seemed a reluctant Hollywood director and all his films, from **Next Stop Greenwich Village** to **The Tempest** seem to exist in a world of their own. Still, remembering **Alice B. Toklas** and **Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice**, the director can be as cynical as anyone else about the vagaries of the West Coast life-style, and the very title of his latest film is nothing if not provocative.

Based loosely in Renoir's 1932 classic **Boudu sauve des eaux**, **Down and Out in Beverly Hills** concerns a tramp (played by Nick Nolte) who insinuates himself into the collective bosom of a nouveau riche Beverly Hills family.

Preserved over by Richard Dreyfuss and Bette Midler, it's the classic nuclear family, complete with anorexic daughter, androgynous son and the cutest little pooch to hit the giant screen for years (or so someone must have thought). Judging by the amount of reaction shots it is given.

There are subtle overtones of Pasolini's **Teorama** (although Mazursky suggests liaisons only between Nolte and the ladies of the family) and Bunuel's **Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie** (food is one of the central themes of the film, from the dog's problems with its pet fodder to Midler's health food).

The ultimate weakness of **Down and Out in Beverly Hills** is tied up with the film's greatest asset — its ambling good-natured charm. The characters are not tightly enough focused: Dreyfuss flusters away and Midler delivers a broad sketch in the vein of her recent **Dirt will be Flung Tonight** performance — rarely do these characters seem to relate to each other. Doubtlessly, it's surefire box office, but one misses the superb ensemble playing of **The Tempest** or the marvellous playing between Jill Clayburgh and Alan Bates in **An Unmarried Woman**.

**WILLIAM DART**

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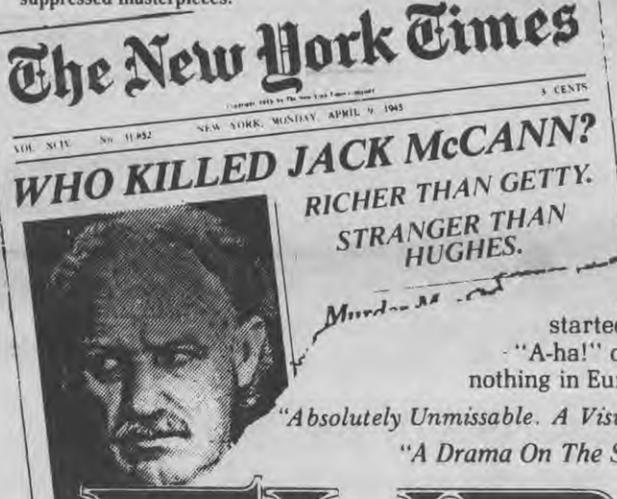
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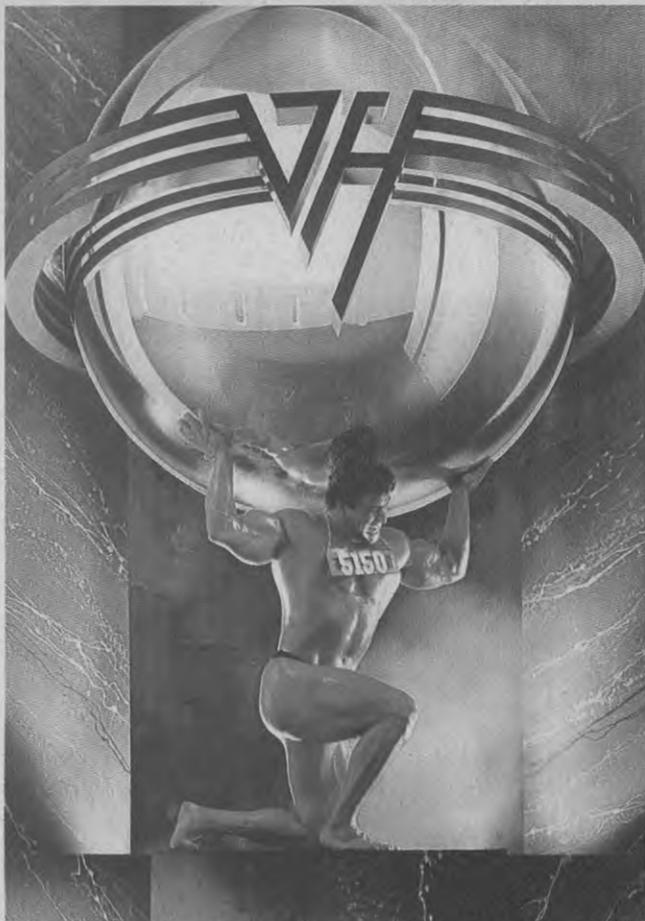
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