

RIP IT UP

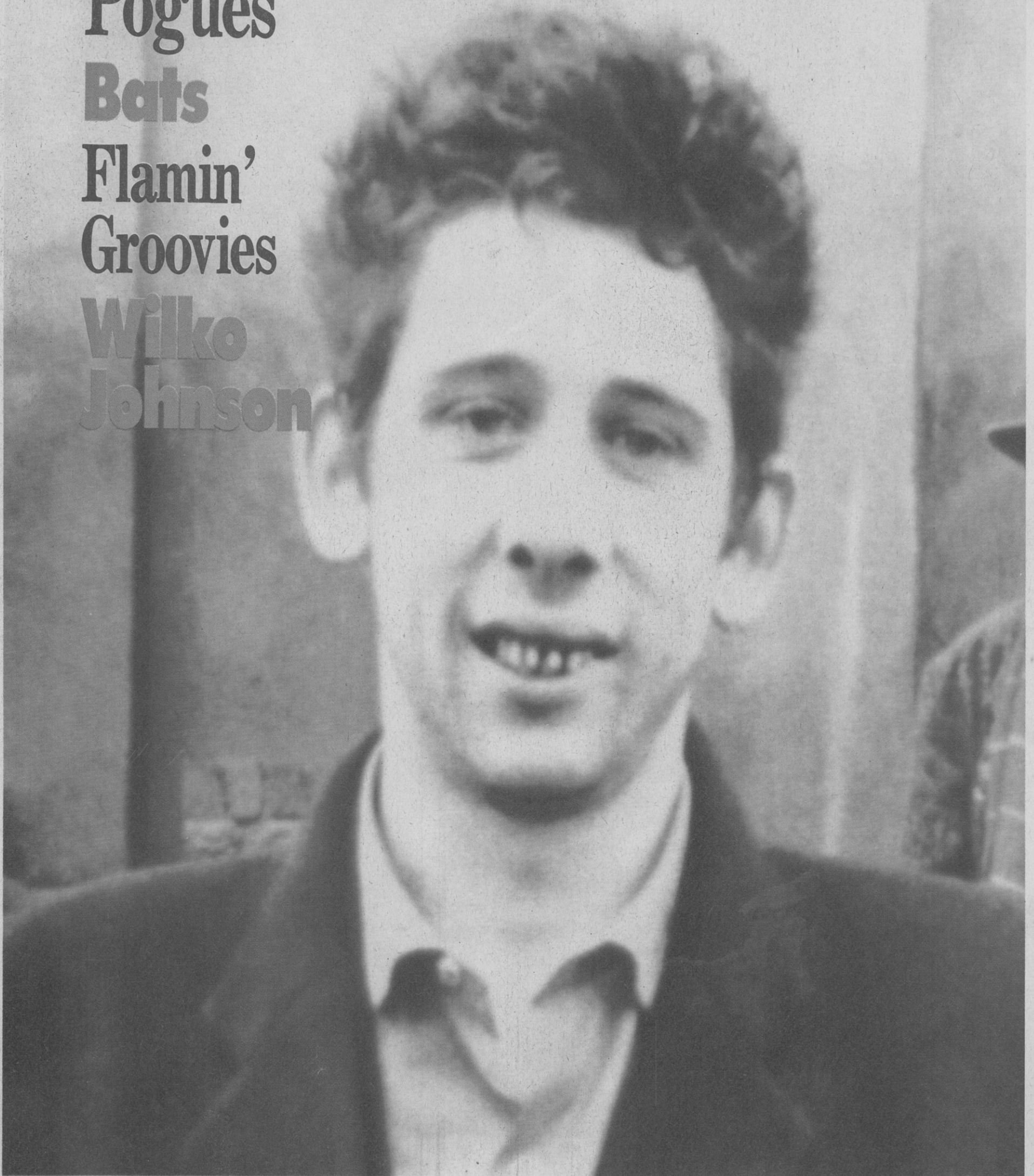
No. 108 July 1986

Pogues

Bats

**Flamin'
Groovies**

**Wilko
Johnson**





THE BEER'S CALLED RHEINECK

King of the Thames Delta Blues Wilko Johnson Returns

There is no doubt that Wilko Johnson is addicted to his "rhythm and booze" music. But it seems he can't leave New Zealand alone, either.

As the frenetic singing guitarist in Dr Feelgood, Johnson was perhaps the most visible member of the leading group of Britain's mid-70s pub-rock movement. Later he would have a spell in the other major group to spring from that era, Ian Dury and the Blockheads, and tour New Zealand. Two years ago Johnson returned, joining Stevie Ray Vaughan and Midge Marsden on stage at Mainstreet at a memorable All Stars Sing the Blues bash. And this month, Wilko is back with his own trio — a band that includes the legendary Blockheads' bassplayer Norman Watt Roy.

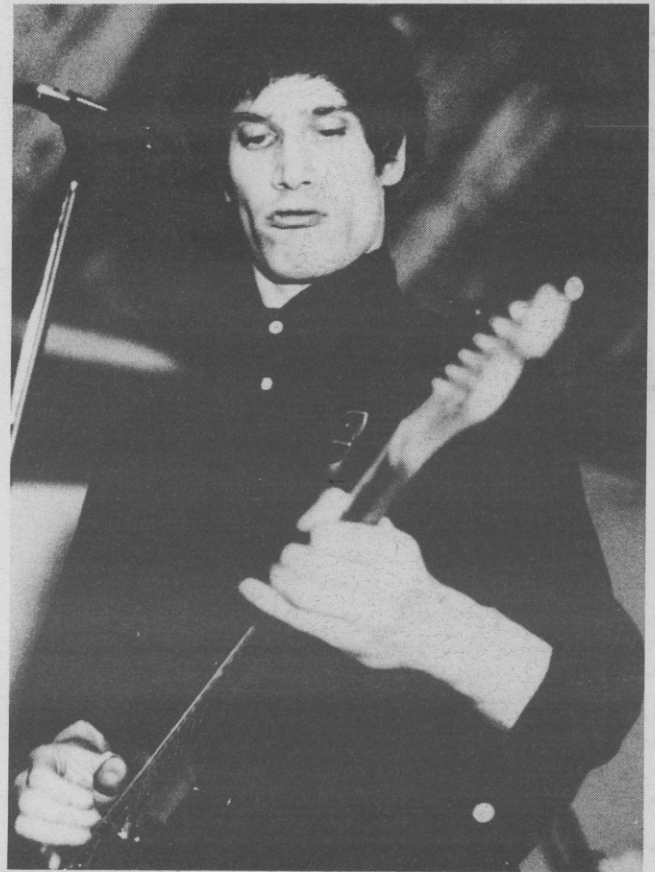
Johnson formed his current trio shortly after returning from his last visit to New Zealand. It was that concert with the All Stars which gave the R&B trooper a refreshing shot in the arm.

"Coming over at that time was a really good thing for me," says Johnson from his home in England. "I must admit that the year before that had been pretty slack, I was beginning to lose heart with things a bit. And I didn't know what to expect going to New Zealand to play with people I'd never met before. But it all worked out wonderfully — I was impressed by the musicians I worked with there, both as players and people. Everybody's attitude seemed to be so good. Also it was great getting in front of an audience that knew virtually nothing about me and

managing to communicate with them. It kind of gave me a lot of fresh hope."

Upon his return to England, Johnson formed a new band; it's this trio he will tour New Zealand with this month. On drums is Salvatore Ramundo, an Italian who grew up in England, and completing the rhythm section is Johnson's "favourite bassplayer in all the world," Norman Watt Roy.

Although Johnson had known Ian Dury since the early days of London pub-rock, it was watching the Blockheads on television that he first saw Watt Roy. "I remember being absolutely knocked out by the bassplayer, and saying to a friend, 'Didya see Ian Dury and the Blockheads, didya see that bassplayer? I wish I could have a bassplayer like that!'" Later,



Johnson joined the Blockheads, where he got to know Watt Roy. When Johnson was forming his trio, Watt Roy was the first person he approached:

"Norman's been well known as a funk player. Why I've always liked him is there's always something strange and original in the way he plays. It's currently fashionable for bassplayers to do all this *slapping*, or whatever they call it. Well Norman doesn't do that, he's given all that up — he's somewhere else now. He's adapted his own funk style to work with my material, so I'm playing it in a way that it's never been done before, and it's great — I can't think why I haven't always been doing it like this!"

Johnson says he feels especially suited to playing in a trio: his rhythm-and-lead guitar style which makes it possible has often been compared to John Lee Hooker. What other influences were there?

"I think the main influence was Mick Green of Johnny Kidd and the Pirates. That's who I tried to copy, with the rhythm and lead combined thing. When I say people like John Lee Hooker or Bo Diddley, say, they tend to be people that have got a *feeling* within simplicity, which I like. To me, feeling is the most important thing in any kind of playing. I'm never impressed by flashy technique, although there's nothing to say someone with a brilliant technique can't have feeling — BB King for example. I think all the players that have got to me, like John Lee Hooker, who some people might look upon as a primitive player, to me what they can put across within that simplicity is something that's very rare."

In America, bar bands such as the Fabulous Thunderbirds are riding a wave of popularity. Is there a similar appetite for rootsy bands in Britain?

"I must say I've had a great year with this band; I think it's the best band I've ever had. I don't know whether it's coincidence or changing trends, but certainly since we started in London we've been building up a very big audience and a lot of it is a new audience. I've always had the old faithfuls who've been into what I've been doing for years, but also we're getting a lot of new faces along to the gigs, and lots of people who are far too young to remember all the other boring things I've done, and are just looking on it as a new thing."

"Also I've noticed a lot of young bands that are starting to play in

rhythm and blues styles. I think perhaps a lot of them are fed up with the current one-finger-on-the-synthesiser trip."

Do you notice any difference in the approach of American players like Stevie Ray Vaughan, and their British counterparts?

"I think that in a lot of ways they seem to have a better grasp of the music that they're drawing from than perhaps a lot the British groups have. Personally, I've never really tried to play 'da blooze' — I love blues music, but I've never tried to play it. To me it seems to be a black American phenomenon. I'm a white Englishman, so I just like to take that understanding or feeling and somehow use it to reflect my own circumstances and surroundings. That's the kind of R&B I like, where something original is being made. In my own humble way I like to do something original."

Do you see any of the other people from the pub-rock era these days?

"Now and again I see people drifting around town, but naah, I don't sit in with them. When I'm not working, I'm sitting at home getting miserable! (Laughs) I live in South End — it's near London, at the mouth of the Thames estuary, among the oil refineries and that."

The Thames delta blues maybe ...
"Yeah, I think, delta, swamp ... youknowarramean?"

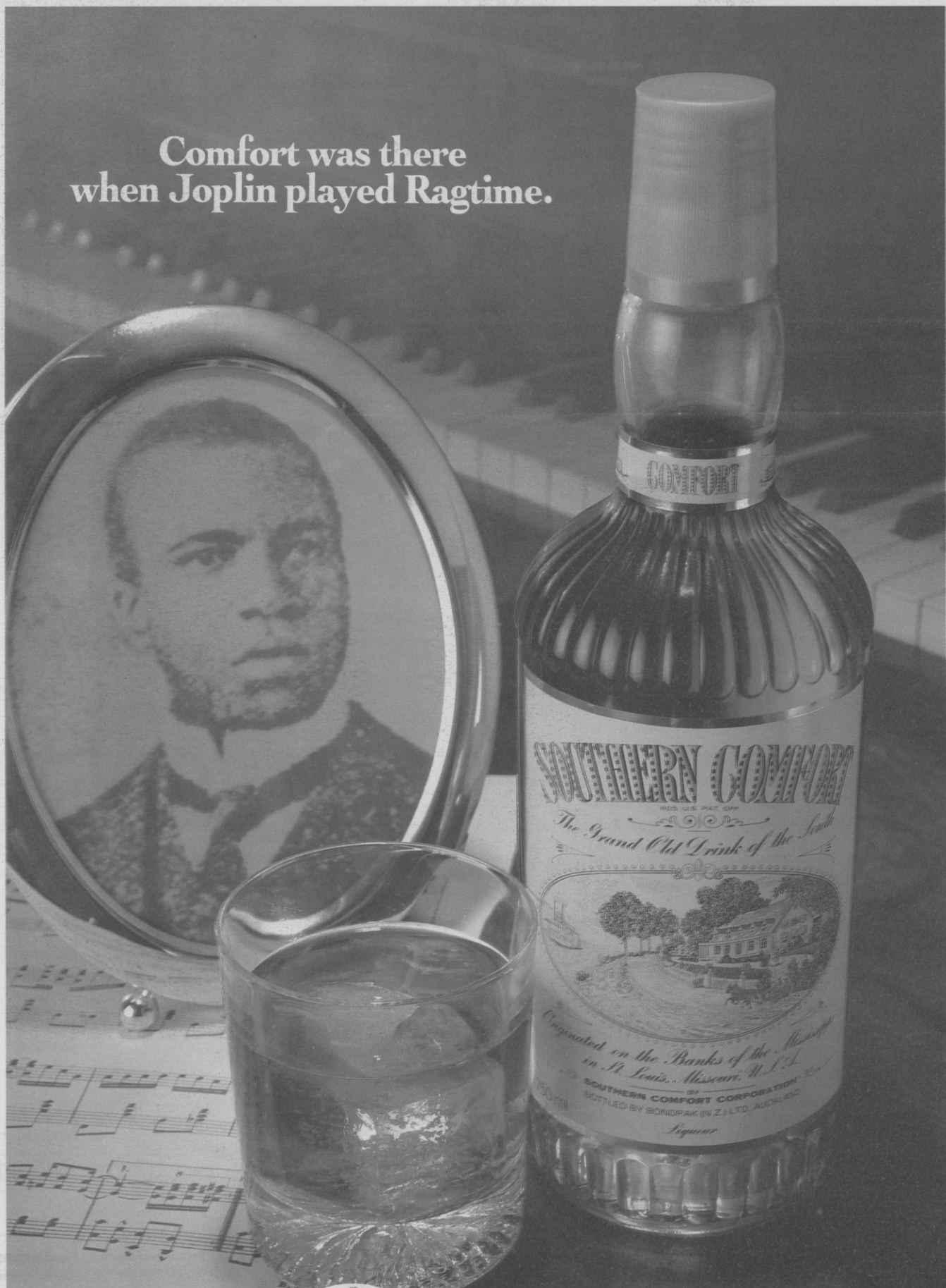
"We're certainly looking forward to coming. I'm looking forward to renewing friendships that I made last time, and of course Norman remembers New Zealand from the time we were there with Ian Dury."

(As well he might. A few stories have been told about prima donna antics on that tour — Ian Dury is said to have sent his sound engineer home; according to the legend an harassed New Zealand roadie got his revenge by pushing Lord Upminster fully clothed into a hotel swimming pool.)

"Yes, a few things happened ..." laughs Wilko. "There were all sorts of goings on. One of the glorious things for me about working with Ian Dury and the Blockheads was that as I was a sort of outsider. I could sit and watch the tantrums and hysterics — which usually ended up in a superbly friendly fashion — but I could just look on them as part of a travelling circus. Which became highly amusing ... New Zealand was quite a memory."

Chris Bourke

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'ROOM THAT ECHOES'

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Greg Carroll R.I.P.



The music industry this month mourns the tragic death of Greg Carroll, one of its most popular and accomplished sons. Carroll was a charismatic personality who made friends easily, and never forgot those friends. No matter where he was in the world during his travels working for U2, he'd phone up his friends and relatives in New Zealand to say hello.

Carroll, who was 26, was killed in Dublin early this month when the motorcycle he was riding was struck by a car. For the past two years he had been working as a permanent member of U2's production team; on the band's recent short tour of the United States, he was promoted to tour manager. Carroll was such an integral part of the U2 "family" that Bono Vox, drummer Larry Mullen and several other U2 personnel travelled from Ireland to Wanganui for his funeral at the Kai-Iwi marae.

"We had to come to New Zealand," Bono told Colin Hogg at the funeral. "We felt we had a duty to our friend and workmate. To see that he came home with honour." It was with the Wanganui band Blonde Comedy that Greg Carroll's career in music began in 1980. "He rang us up and said 'Hi, do you need a soundman,'" says Anthony Johns, lead singer of Blonde Comedy and now with National Anthem. "We didn't, really, but he was such a personality, so funny, that he had to be part of the band." Carroll was always included in the band's photos, "because he looked so much better than the rest of us."

When the band shifted to Auck-

land in 1983, Greg became well-known for his quick wit and fast work. He worked for the sound company Oceania, and often did the sound at Mainstreet. "He was so fast, and such a perfectionist — always giving the audience their money's worth," says Johns. Support bands always got just as much effort spent on their mix — occasionally Carroll's sound got better reviews than the bands — but woebetide any support band that didn't want to celebrate afterwards.

Greg met U2 during their 1984 tour. "He was just one out of 100 workers there, but the band saw the way he handled the crowd," says Dave Major, also a member of Blonde Comedy. "He was always very cool when the heavies got heavy, and the band were very impressed." U2 invited Greg to stay with them when the band went on to Australia, and later to become a permanent part of the U2 team. "Bono and Greg ended up best friends," says Johns. "He was instantly likeable." When U2 played on *Live Aid*, Greg was seen on screen protecting Bono from the crowd. In Wanganui, Bono revealed that it was pre-arranged for Greg to come on stage, so that all his friends back home could see him.

All the time he was overseas, he was constantly phoning home; "He had a great love for people, and he used to ring to say that he hadn't forgot them," says Major. On the day he died, Greg had called his parents; as they were asleep, he said he'd call back later.

Greg was given a three-day tangi on the Kai-Iwi marae near Wanganui. Mourners slept in the room where his body lay, and there were many eulogies and speeches calling upon Greg's ancestors to welcome his spirit. Greg was a dedicated member of the Ratana Church, and the local Ratana choir was led by Greg's uncle Dalvanus Prime, who played a major role explaining the tangi to those who didn't speak Maori. At the burial, Bono read a poem he'd written for Greg.

"Afterwards, there was a 'last supper' at the marae," says Johns. "It was Greg saying thank you to the people who had come, and a time of celebration." Both Johns and Bono were called upon to sing; Bono, accompanied by Gavin Buxton of the Ponsonby DC's on

violin, sang 'Let It Be' and 'Knocking on Heaven's Door'.

Next morning, Bono and Larry Mullen visited the Ratana temple in Wanganui before flying to Auckland to catch their planes home. Bono travelling via Nicaragua where he was to visit as part of an Amnesty International team. U2 plan to hold a memorial service in Dublin later this month, and to send a representative back to Wanganui in a year's time for the traditional unveiling ceremony.

Chris Bourke

Film Absolute MacInnes

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS

Director: Julian Temple

Colin MacInnes's novel is a shrewdly-penned celebration of the high craziness of London in the late 50s, without ignoring the darker side of life that lurked beneath the pop veneer of skiffle and Shapiro. "My lord, one thing is certain," comments the young hero of MacInnes's novel, "they'll make a musical one day about the glamour-studded 50s," and now, with *Absolute Beginners* — *The Musical* (for so it is titled), Colin's prediction has come true.

Julian Temple, the man who gave us *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle* a few years back, paints the late 50s in broad strokes, the brash, gaudy colours being the perfect complement and setting for the restless energy on screen. The opening five minutes are as brilliant as that of any musical, choreographed to the last twitch or grimace, the camera diving in and out of fantasy Soho, not too far in spirit to Coppola's Las Vegas.

Needless to say, *Absolute Beginners* is a very stylised film; so much so that when feet return firmly to the ground and hero and heroine have "serious moments", it goes distinctly flat. A lot of the subtlety of MacInnes's writing is sacrificed. The social deterioration building up to the final riots is carefully gradated in the novel whereas on celluloid we're treated



Marcy invites Paul home and his nightmare begins... Rosanna Arquette and Griffin Dunne in Martin Scorsese's *'After Hours'*.

The crazed logic of Martin Scorsese's *After Hours* may provide the highlight of the current film festival line-up, and if your eyes can't face an endless parade of subtitled films, you'll doubtlessly rejoice in the splendid collection of English-language films this year (*Brother from Another Planet*, *Repo Man*, *Choose Me* and the extraordinary *Can She Bake a Cherry Pie*). There's a Laurie Anderson star-turn in *Home of the Brave* and the ghoulies have never been ghoulies in *The Re-Animator*. A strong contingent of gay films includes *My Beautiful Laundrette* and *Desert Hearts* as well as the bizarre *The*

Fourth Man. The moving documentary *Before Stonewall* gives you, amongst other things, the chance to hear Kate Smith singing 'I Got a Girl' (in Kalamazoo). *The Adventures of Algie* offers a glimpse of early NZ film-making, although contemporary NZ short films may take some tracking down on the programmes. Whether *Hail Mary* will live up to the controversy that surrounds it is a moot point, but one hopes it doesn't obscure the very real virtues of two other excellent French films, *Vagabonde* and *Full Moon in Paris*. Certainly the best festival selection for years.

WD

to a good deal of heavy-handed, melodramatic plotting. The film's presentation of violence is rather confused, moving from choreographed to naturalistic treatment with what seems like little logic — real social issues are blunted by manipulating our perceptions.

Social issues in a musical? *Absolute Beginners* sets itself out as a musical and one is tempted to ask just how successful it is within the genre. First off, the songs are hardly vintage material, written by a host of luminaries from Bowie and Paul Weller to Nick Lowe and Bertie Reading (the black singer who created that sinister matron Mrs Yaj in Sandy Wilson's musical *Valmouth*). There are a number of unexpected and colourful matrons in *Absolute Beginners* — Mandy Rice Davies, the Profumo girl who was refused admission to this country 20 years ago by our high-principled government, plays

a lodger-crazed Mum in curlers, and Sandie Shaw is the doting stage mum of a particularly obnoxious sub-teen rock star.

The musical sequences are varyingly successful, showing the influence of Temple's work in the world of rock video. Sometimes, as in Bowie's feeble 'It's Motivation', it isn't sufficiently developed to sustain interest on the large screen and, let's face it, dancing on giant typewriter keyboards was handled far more amusingly by James Ivory in *Bombay Talkie*. The best number is Ray Davies' 'Quiet Life' in which the Kinks' leader plays a laconic, put-upon Dad wending his way around a household consisting of randy Mum, evil son and two over-sexed lodgers in various combinations of hanky panky. Brilliantly staged on a cutaway two-level house (shades of Jerry Lewis' *The Ladies' Man*), this is neatly put together, admirably succinct and has a real dramatic punch.

David Bowie's name might be the box office draw, but the impression he leaves is not a strong one. You leave the cinema remembering Eve Ferret's busty and boisterous Big Jill or Tenpole Tudor's manic Ed the Ted... but then often it is the smaller roles that linger most vividly in the memory.

William Dart

Absolute Beginners
by Colin MacInnes
(Penguin, \$9.95)

Let's whizz through a bit of the background to inform those of you who have been on Raoul Island for the past six months.

The Film: 1985 was British Film Year, in name anyway. What actually happened was that the amount of publicity increased totally out of proportion to the amount of product. *Absolute Beginners* is a victim of that process.

The Author: Colin MacInnes, journalist, homosexual, six feet six inches high, anarchist sympathiser, a difficult man who alienated and made friends in equal measure, born into a talented and broken family that grew up in Australia. He discovered trends in London as they were happening — "teenagers" was one.

The Book: London is in summer and the dead-weight of the post-war British way of life is being manfully avoided by our young (19) hero. He is in love with the promiscuous Crepe Suzette. Through his eyes we see a "teenager's" (glamourised) world. Pre-Beatles, was there life? This novel says yes.

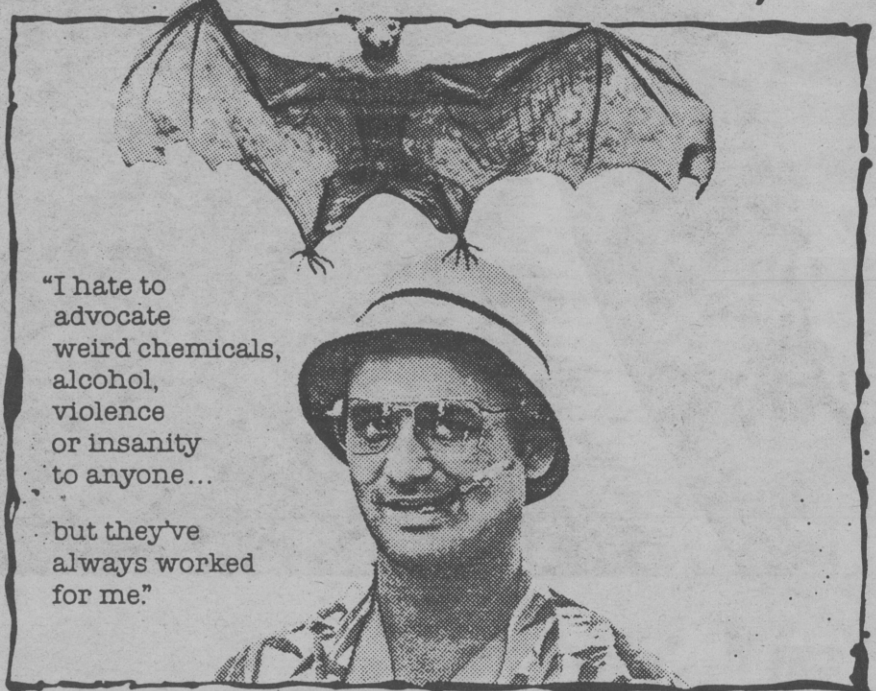
Halfway through the book, it is hijacked by the race riots (which actually happened when MacInnes was writing the book). "Teds" and white combined to beat up on "cats" and blacks. Trusty Vespa running hot, our hero gets in the thick of it. And at last gets to make love to Suze. Ah, young love!

In truth, the book is a journalist's view of a phenomenon, and not the best of his novels. Indeed, his best work was done in articles for the quality weeklies. But this book... a book about London, England in the 50s, teenagers, Napoli (his name for the slum area he lives in: Notting Hill, Shepherd's Bush), and having a ball. Good enough for the Next Big Thing.

Michael Howley

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The Braille collective (L-R): Anthony Donaldson, Gerard Crendson, David Watson, Janet Roddick, David Long, David Donaldson, Stuart Porter, Richard Sedger. On roof: "Malcolm Reid".

Aural Vision

From the nucleus of the Primitive Art Group has evolved a core of musicians who are behind much of the experimental and improvisational music in Wellington — and the formation of Braille Records, an independent label that has already released eight albums.

Braille Records was formed by a Wellington collective last year to release the Primitive Art Group's album *Five Dread Dropdown*. Shortly afterwards, Braille released three more records, by Jawclap, Black Sheep and Jungle Suite. This month, four more albums have emerged from the Braille stable. But behind all these releases is a collective of about 10 musicians who interchange to form different groups to explore new musical areas.

Stuart Porter, one of the people behind Braille, and who has been in the Primitive Art Group, Black Sheep and now Family Mallet, explains: "We're a fairly close knit combination of musicians. Most of the them are involved in several groups; some of the groups we form last a long time, some don't. Usually if they put out a record, they've deve-

loped an identity."

The four new releases by Braille are the work of the collective over the last year; the groups are the Family Mallet, Four Volts, Rabbit Lock, and a solo album by David Watson. All the records were recorded with the assistance of Arts Council grants via their "New Recording Grants" and "New Commissions Fund" schemes. The Wellington Media Collective is responsible for the production of the colourful record sleeves, which were screen-printed to save costs on the 300 unit print run of each album — but the results are quite individualistic works of art.

"Even though we're putting the four albums out together, they are quite radically different LPs," says Porter. "There's a strong emphasis on free collective improvisation,

though not necessarily to jazz standards but from a variety of musical traditions. There's a lot of humour in all the LPs, and playing with voices and rhythms — the music's not squeaky pop or free jazz."

Here's a rundown of the four interconnecting groups:

Something's Burning is by the four-piece Four Volts, a group which combines the collective's usual interest in improvisation with covers of such classic tunes such as 'Light My Fire', 'Stormy Weather' and 'These Boots Were Made For Walking'. A popular live act, according to Porter, they have toured the North Island with Rabbit Lock.

Backbone is by Rabbit Lock, a three-piece with "invited guests" from the collective. "They perform a variety of styles," says Porter. "Acoustic, country (they use banjos, even), blues and underground funk."

Bosch's Bottom is a posthumous release by Family Mallet, a trio that performed together for three years using various brass and woodwind instruments. "It's mostly original material that ranges from free Dixieland jazz to carnival music and nursery rhymes."

David Watson's solo LP *Reference* is "a culmination of the music he's been doing for the last five years," says Porter. "He uses guitars, banjo and organ for his improvisations, with a lot of improvisations, using overdubs and electronic equipment such as samplers. It's a very electric sound; much of it is very free."

The four records have been released now as several of the members of the collective are going overseas. "It also seemed a good idea to put them out as a package to make more impact," says Porter. "Now we want to consolidate the label and get the eight LPs working for us. We hope to get an overseas distributor to take them up." In New Zealand, the Braille records should be in the major record stores. If you have trouble finding them, write to: Braille Records, P O Box 11-816, Wellington.

CB

Rumours

USA & UK

Tom Waits' play *Frank's Wild Years* has opened in Chicago with Waits in the lead role ... **Sting** has released a live double album *Bring on the Night* from last year's solo tour ... **Polystyrene** of the X Ray Spex has made a comeback single 'Gods and Goddesses' after six year's silence while she followed Krishna ... **David Bowie** has written the title song, and Pink Floyd's **Roger Waters** the score for the animated film of Raymond Briggs' book *When the Wind Blows* ... **Wreckless Eric** is now fronting the **Len Bright Combo**, with a new single 'Someone Must've Nailed Us Together' ... **Lou Reed**, **Jackson Brown**, **Bob Dylan**, **Tom Petty**, **Peter Gabriel**, **Sting**, **Dave Stewart**, **Bob Geldof**, **Bryan Adams** and **U2** performed at the Los Angeles' Forum last month for Amnesty International's 25th anniversary; some of the performers will tour for the cause through the States ... The **Smiths' The Queen is Dead** shot to No 1 on Britain's indie charts first week out ... will **Pete Dinklage** replace **Holly in Frankie GTH**?

The **Dead Kennedy's Jello Biafra** faces a year in jail and a heavy fine if he's found guilty of "distributing harmful matter to minors", namely the poster by Giger entitled 'Penis Landscape' enclosed in their *Frankenchrist* LP ... after 18 months break, **Spandau Ballet** are back in action after settling their dispute with Chrysalis. Their new single is 'Fight for Ourselves' ... *The Class of 55* is a new LP by the original Sun Records' "Million Dollar Quartet" recorded last year in Memphis. **Jerry Lee Lewis**, **Carl Perkins**, **Johnny Cash** and **Roy Orbison** were there, **Elvis Presley** couldn't make it, so **Sam Phillips**, **John Fogerty** and **Dave Edmunds** came instead ... **Jack Bruce** has returned, with a re-recording of the **Cream** classic he wrote with **Eric Clapton**, 'I Feel Free' ... **Don Johnson** of *Miami Vice* has recorded an LP, with help from **Stevie Ray Vaughan**, **Bonnie Raitt** and Allman Brother **Dicky Betts** ... **Monkees Peter Tork**, **Mickey Dolenz** and **Davey Jones** are cur-

rently on a 120-date US tour, with support acts **Herman's Hermits** (without **Peter Noone**) and **Gary Puckett and the Union Gap**. **Mike Nesmith** stayed away ... finally, has **Van Morrison** given up Scientology? His new album is allegedly called *No Teacher, No Mentor, No Guru* — does that mean no name-dropping?

Wellington

Idiot Records, through a distribution deal with Warner Brothers, will be cutting and pressing a new 10-song album by **Circus Block 4** with a view to distributing it in Holland and the rest of Europe. Most of the tracks are from *The Coloured Gate* recorded last year. No release date is known, and although there will be no local pressings, Jayrem will import some copies for local consumption ... recording in Frontier studios are **Compos Mentis**, **Skank Attack**, and album by **Tracey and the Whale Spotters**. The latter is the combination of several local musicians under the auspices of **Tracey Michael-Powers**, and **Crawbilly Creeps** and **Putty in Her Hands**, who have laid down one track each for Radio Active's part in the **National Student Radio** compilation LP to be released by Jayrem in August ... **Access Radio** stalwarts **Cindy Beavis** and **Pamela Fleming** have moved on after five years service to the community.

A music video compilation which "traces the history of the rock music video medium" is circulating throughout the varsities and polytechs over the next few months. Watch for it at your local campus ... after intense recording and mixing at Frontier the **Spines** have laid down eight tracks for an album to be released by Flying Nun ... July releases from **Jayrem** include a single by heavy rockers **Blitz** called 'Key to Your Heart'; a 12" called 'The Cutting Edge' by **Low Profile**, and **Aotearoa** with a 12" single 'E Hine/Positive' ... record producer **Peter Dawkins** is now based in Wellington and is looking for acts with good songs. Phone 692 339.

Bill Direen is currently halfway through a tour of both the North and South Islands. Accompanying him on double bass is **Barry Stockley**; see *Coruba Calendar* for CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

SILVIOS

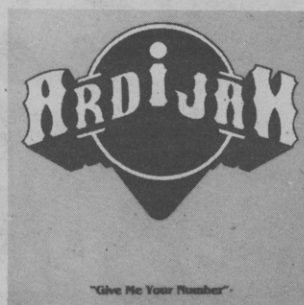
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- ★ 7" single & cassette — Chartbound
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- ★ New single out in August.

TEX PISTOL

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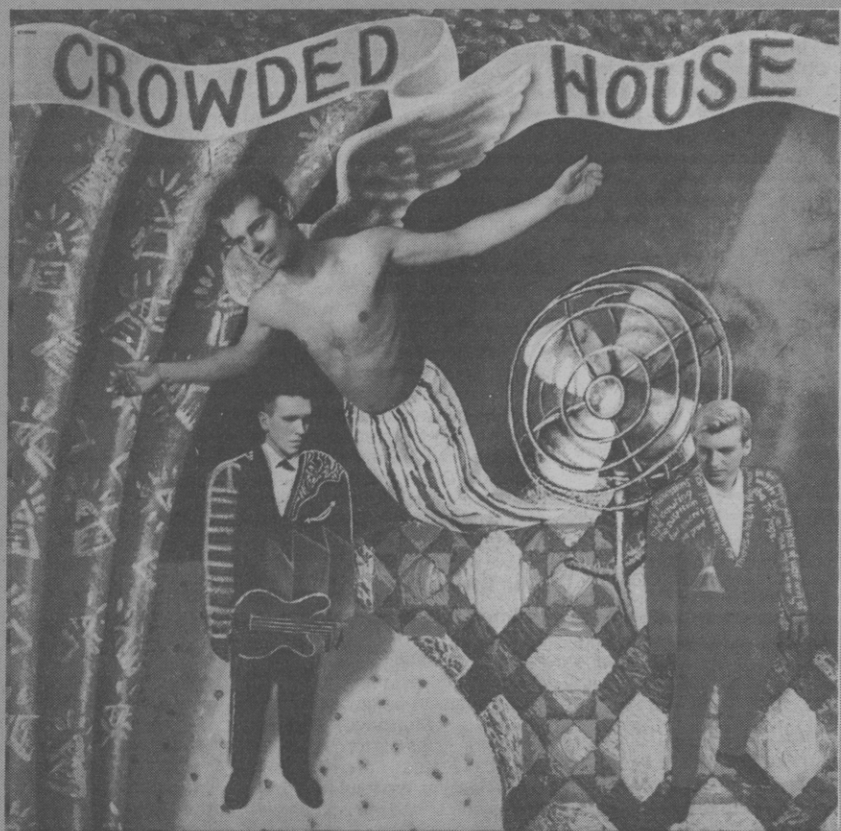
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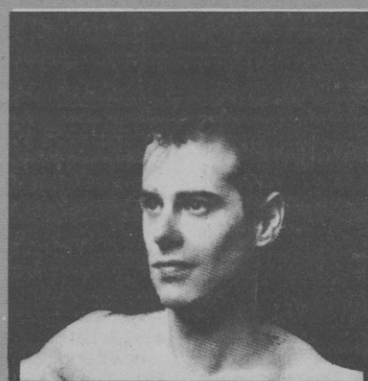
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WHO MADE WHO



Rumours

'RUMOURS' FROM PAGE 6 details ... Marmalade has been busy with a video and single for **Hot Cafe** entitled 'Dancing Chicken'; an album will follow shortly ... also at Marmalade are **Two Armed Men**, **Savoy** and **Waterfront** with singles, and the **Netherworld Dancing Toys**, who plan to spend six weeks recording tracks for their new album, which is likely to be mixed in New York ... finally, watch out for **Radio Active's** 10th anniversary party at the Electric Ballroom. Promises to be a goodie!

Andre Upston

Auckland

It's rumoured that **Miles Gillett**, who lived in New Zealand until he was eight years old, has been asked to replace Roger Taylor as drummer in **Duran Duran** ... playing at the Melba are **Billy Kristian**, **Mike Walker** and **Edwina Thorne**, a New Zealand trumpet-player living in New York ... **Rhythymopolis** is a performance by dancer **Barbara Doherty**, poet **David Eggleston** and **Otis Mace** at the Freeman's Bay Community Centre on August 6, 7, 8.

Soul On Ice will shortly be releasing a single through WEA ... **Sonny Day's** new single is 'Walking on Water', written by Dave Skinner of Roxy Music ... it's **Beaver** versus **Whitney Houston** in the battle for the rights to release 'The Voice Inside' ... the **Lab's** new studio with its live feel is now finished; recording there have been **Chris Knox** and **Alec Bathgate**, plus the **Chills** have been mixing live recordings from the Windsor taped before their UK tour.

Everything That Flies' single 'As the Sun Goes Down' is finally out this month on 7" and 12"; the 12" also includes their first single 'Bleeding Hearts'. They will support Icehouse this month, then tour the North Island in August ... the **Mockers** celebrate five years in the business with a compilation LP of all the singles over this period. Included are the original recordings of 'Woke Up Today', 'Good Old Days', 'Murder in Manners St', 'Trendy Lefties' and 'So Close and Tonight'. The band will have a two week tour in August,



Murder, Inc. — winners of Christchurch's War of the Bands.

and **Peter Dawkins** will be producing their fifth album ... **Beat Soldiers** have a new drummer, **Willy Uhrle**, ex-Moving Targets, and will start a residency at the Mon Desir each Thursday from July 17 ... **Peter Cathro**, director of the Chills-in-Britain doco, is interested in hearing from bands (with current record releases) needing assistance with video clips. Phone 769 413 ... the **Tunnellers** would like to hear from "Peter", who requested two of their tapes, but whose address has been mislaid. Write P O Box 6292 Auckland.

Acoustic musician **Nick Smith** has an EP out on Real Groovy Records ... the **Texas Rangers** have a new bassplayer — **I R Ranger (John Robie)**, ex-Tomorrow's Parties. A live EP is out on Ode in late July to coincide with a national tour. The Rangers are looking for a guitarist with a knowledge of country and jazz; phone Simon Elton 797 784 ... the **Drone**, with their new percussionist **Gareth Farr**, have recorded a single 'Land of the Free', out soon ... new band are **Four**, ex-IQU and Plans for a Building, watch for their single 'Torn By Nature' ... **Whiteline**, who play at the Club 21, are looking for a guitarist, "attitude important" — phone Tony, 875 069.

The **Chills** are still looking for a keyboardist and drummer, after some possibilities have fallen through. To contact them send a tape to P O Box 68-216 Newton, Auckland.

Chris Bourke

Dunedin

With the axis of **Graeme** and **Peter Jefferies** now resident in Dunedin, **This Kind of Punishment** will make their only live appearance for the year at Otago University this month. The Jefferies will be joined by **Mike Morley** on bass and **Shayne Carter** on guitar ... meanwhile Carter's new venture with drummer **John Collier** and bassist **David Wood** rejoices under the banner of the **Straitjacket Fits**. Both bands join **Look Blue Go Purple**, the **Rip**, and **Bird Nest Boys** at the Radio One hop on July 18.

The **Puddle**, who recently had keyboardist **Peter Gutteridge** leave, have been recording at Radio One for the NSR compilation album, as have all-women band **Cassandra's Ears** ... meanwhile a new Dunedin EP produced by **Ivan Purvis** has been cut by Flying Nun. It features tracks by **Gamaunche**, **Love in a Gas Oven**, the **Moas** and **Inner Circle** ... the **Rip** have completed four songs for an album with **Peter Jefferies** at the controls.

Former Idle **Jim Taylor** has an EP on its way through Jayrem, while **Look Blue Go Purple** have one track left for their EP, planned for September release ... Women's Festival week in late June finished off with an extremely successful gig at Chippendale House featuring **LBGP**, **Cassandra's Ears**, **Delawares**, **Indigo Underworld** from Auckland and the **Chicks** ... meanwhile Dunedin mayor **Cliff Skeggs**

was an unlikely guest at a Mongrel Mob do at the same venue recently ... the busy **Sneaky Feelings** are recording again ... new bands include the **Rothmen**, the **Kaftans** and the **Benders** ... finally, condolences to the family and friends of Puddle hornman **Lindsay Maitland**, who died suddenly on June 29th. He was 29.

The Cartilidge Family

Christchurch

The **War of the Bands** drew to a close with the finals at the Gladstone on June 7. The whole event was judged by public vote instead of the customary panel of "celebrity" judges. Final placements were **Murder Inc** first, **I M Force** second, **Mea Culpa** and **Prodigies** third equal, and **Amez-Amez** fourth. Over 30 bands took part ... and while a lot of new bands have emerged for the war (**Target**, **Greens**, **I M Force**, **Amez-Amez**, **Woll**, the **Vickis**, the **Others**, **Borderland**, **Talon** and **Two Bob Bit**), a lot of casualties have occurred outside the war with **Rockaholics**, **Mr Meanor**, **Agent Orange**, **Spalpaund**, **Scorched Earth Policy**, **Spatback**, **Louie** and the **Hotsticks** and **No It's Not Fashion** all splitting in the last few months.

The departure of Louie and co from the Gladstone has meant weekends are now available for local and touring bands once more — anyone interested phone John at 522270 — but the tavern is cracking down on dress standards ... War of the Band winners **Murder Inc** are certainly not new to the scene, with lead singer/bassist **Mark Brooks** previously playing in the Newtones and White Boys, guitarists **Jamie Verhyde** and **Mike O'Grady** both in the Venetians and drummer **Nick Ruddell** was with the Surgeons. The band saw the war as a good way of appearing in front of as many people as possible over a short period of time, and actually winning is an added bonus. They plan to record at least a single (part of their prize is recording time) in the near future and will then look at playing further afield.

World's Apart have lost bass-player **Astrid Muller** who has set off to explore the world. **Dan Briggs** (ex-D Faction) has taken the vacated position in time for their residency at the Marine Tavern. ... While the **Axmin** prepare to release their latest (double) album, guitarist for the band (and noted

city mall busker) **Steve McCabe** is releasing his own solo album. Recorded in a central city lock-up session, the album is titled **Sweat It Out** and is initially being released as a limited edition of 400; send \$10.50 to Sleet Bott Records, P O Box 2764, Christchurch.

Flying Nun news: **Jean Paul Sartre Experience** should be out on vinyl late August, and keep a lookout for the **Inner Circle**, which is the latest greatest act from Dunedin.

A **Record and Music Fair** is to be held Saturday August 9 at the Horticultural Hall. Collectors and Retailers from around NZ will be present and an auction will be held. Anyone wanting space ring 485 916 Christchurch or write P O Box 6125 ... **Speaking Jivanese** have gone through another lineup change and are now **This Burlesque** ... **Ain't Half Hot** have changed their name several times and have now settled on **Nuclear War** ("Something you can't beat," they tell me) ... **Tan Zen Jungle** have returned to Christchurch ... watch out for a "Lady Sings the Blues" special and comedy night coming up at the Gladstone ... **Amez-Amez** require a keyboardist. Phone Andrew or Justin at 555 683 ... **Shane O'Neil** (ex-ECF) has returned from Australia and is setting up a studio in Bedford Row ... **Simon Darke** (ex-Newz, Le Club) and **Alan Parkes** (ex-Louie and Hotsticks) have joined forces for their latest band ... and there's a whisper of a warehouse venue opening.

John Greenfield

Palmerston North

Proceeds from the concerts held at the closing weekend of the Commercial Hotel have gone towards an 11-track compilation album on **Meltdown Records** which includes performances by 11 local bands ... **Remarkable's Chris Heaphy** and **Paul Westbury** have since eased the venue vacuum caused by the Commercial's demolition by introducing the **Swamp**, a slightly more upmarket alternative music venue, located within the Southern Cross nightclub. Local and touring bands are planned to complement the Swamp's alternative music disco. Contact the Southern Cross (063)74686 for bookings.

Meltdown also plan to release in August a 7" four-track EP from

Auckland's the **Warners**; an EP from Ashurst band **The End** titled **Paris Connection**; and in September, a six-track EP from **Cement Garden** *The Only One*. Both the End and Cement Garden have recently received QEII grants to go towards their current recording projects ... a national tour by the Cement Garden and the Remarkables is planned for late July ... the Remarkables' single 'Vegetarian'/'Skin Condition' is to be released in Brisbane.

Triad Video have begun work on their first major project, a 15 minute documentary outlining the last five years in the history of the Palmerston North music scene. Triad are also available for band videos. Phone Dolphin studios (063)81265 ... the **Radio Massey** section of the National Student Radio compilation has been completed at Marmalade studios, with tracks by the **Remarkables** and **Three Leaning Men** ... station manager **Jo Ritchie** is keen to further increase the tempo of support for NZ music and has suggested national New Zealand music days be held monthly.

Gerard Martin

Nicaragua Benefit

The Topp Twins and the Tombolas are two of the artists who will perform at a benefit concert for the people of Nicaragua, to be held in Wellington.

Also in the concert, at the State Opera House on July 20, are satirists Reg and Shell, magician Tim Woon, political writer Tom Scott, and the Irish rebel music group Ourselves Alone. Proceeds from the concert will go towards the purchase of educational materials and medical supplies for the people of Nicaragua, as part of the nationwide Nicaragua Must Survive Campaign. A similar concert is planned for Auckland in August.

"Nicaragua needs our help," says Tom Scott. "Anyone who lives in a small country that is being pushed around by a superpower deserves our support."

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Produced, Recorded and Mixed
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Arranged by I'M TALKING
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G.M.C. (God, Mother and Country) 'FOOT ON THE ROCK'

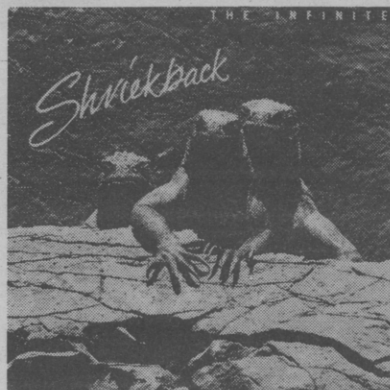
The latest signing to Kaz. Bruce Smith and David Wright (formerly Rip, Rig & Panic) cook up a striking dance track.
"A great rhythmic clout, nasty sax, a great song, a galloping chorus." *NME*

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PIG BAG 'PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW PIGBAG'

Paul Hardcastle's Electro Funk version with the original on the flip.
U.S. dance hit!

12" SINGLE ONLY.



SHRIEKBACK 'THE INFINITE'

A very good collection of early singles and tracks from 'TENCH' and 'CARE'. Includes 'All Lined Up', 'Working On The Ground' and 'My Spine

ON ALBUM & TAPE



FRANK CHICKENS 'WE ARE NINJA'

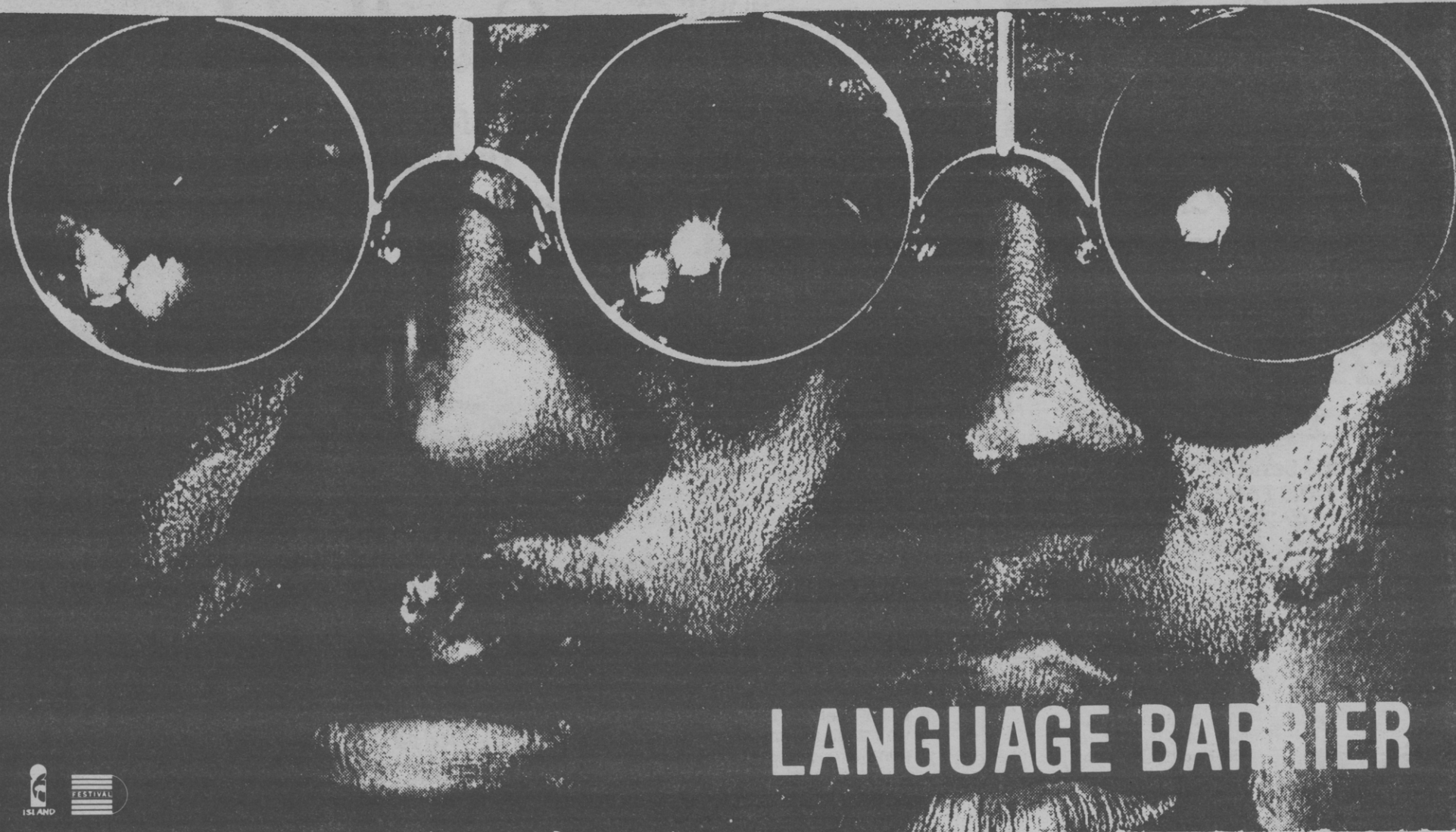
The Chickens are two Japanese women who live in London and blend odd bits of cultures. This single is like a Japanese 'Wordy Rappinghood'. "It's quite literally fabulous."

TIME OUT

"One of the wittiest acts in existence". *NME*

7" SINGLE ONLY.

SLY AND ROBBIE



LANGUAGE BARRIER

THIS WONDERFUL ALBUM INCLUDES 'MAKE 'EM MOVE' (ALSO AVAILABLE ON 12")



Tex Pistol This Dude is Dangerous

"Make up as many lies as you like — just don't tell 'em where I am!"

And with that, Tex Pistol slammed the phone down.

It had taken the reporter months to track him down, and dozens of messages via the bush telegraph. It was only luck that he'd rung the general store the very day Tex had rode in for his monthly supplies, and now it turned out he was a man of fewer words than the neon cowboys that winked down on Queen and Willis Streets.

There was one unavoidable fact though — the man who made 'The Ballad of Buckskin Bob' with its epic Frankie-goes-Bonanza sound was no ordinary cowboy. This man was a city slicker gunslinger humdinger

of a singer ... and not bad on the banjo, either. Word around town says he played every damn instrument on the waxing of his tune, including the fiddles and gunshots, plus he sang the choirs of backing vocals. Whew. No flies on Tex.

At first, all the reporter had on Mr Pistol were myths. But the song itself was no myth, it reminded him constantly as it stared up from its permanent position on his turntable. I'll start with the record, he thought. But Pagan, the people responsible for making it "go vinyl" were saying nothing; their man Trevor de Clean would only grin and shake his head. "I don't want to mess with Tex," he'd say.

What about the tunes themselves? 'Buckskin Bob', the reporter knew, had over the years been pirated by dickheads and legionnaires who'd long since paid for that mistake. Perhaps 'Winter', on the B-side



of the 12", provided the strongest clue. There were all those complaints a few years ago when some radio station in the central North Island had played it excessively, and always at midnight. Apparently some secret signal beaming out to the Rangitikei, or so the legend went.

But when the reporter travelled to the hinterland, the man behind the Utiku general store and post office would only say, "He comes in once a month to pick up his supplies and the British soccer results. Doesn't say much except his farewell phrase, 'Anything less than a V8 is a compromise.' Strange dude."

So the reporter had come to a dead end. He called the store occasionally, on the off-chance that he might glean some more information. The day he struck Tex himself in the store, he'd thought he'd struck it lucky. But all Tex would reveal was

his reasons for putting 'Buckskin Bob' out: "All these posing capguns like the Art of Noise, 'I Wanna Be a Goddam Cowboy', even Duane Eddy whorin' himself ... hell, I just hadta get 'Bob' down off the shelf to show 'em how it's done."

That's true, the reporter thought afterwards — if only the Louis L'Amour readers out there got the chance to hear 'Buckskin Bob', they'd know what saddle blisters really felt like. But now he was left with one great song and the two silent legends of 'Bob' and Tex. Maybe it was best left that way, he reasoned as he sung along to the ballad one more time:

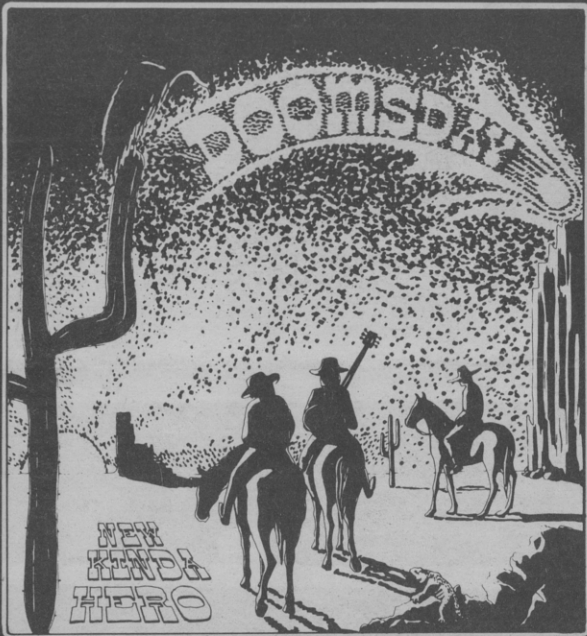
"Buckskin Bob, rest on your laurels, there's a place for heroes like you ..."

Behind the credits of a thousand drive-in movies

Your name lives on, in this here song." CB

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12" SINGLE



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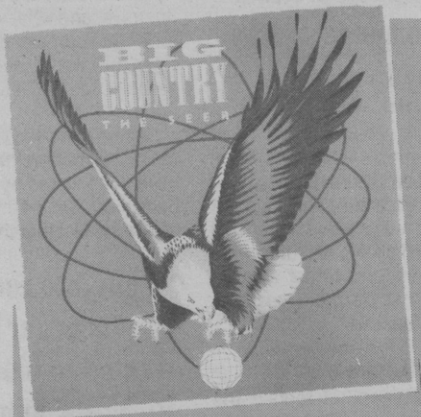


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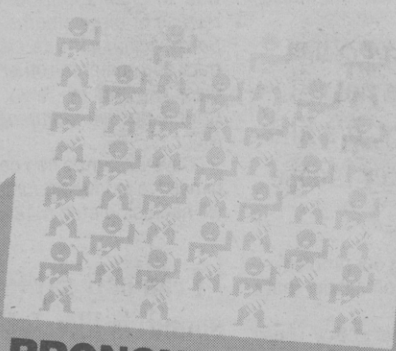
OFF THE WALL MUSIC!!



BIG COUNTRY The Seer **COMING SOON**

This long awaited 3rd album from Big Country finds them taking a step away from the sound of their first 2 albums, yet maintaining the excitement heard on 'The Crossing'.

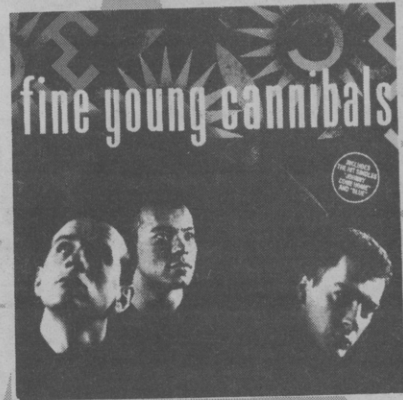
BRONSKI BEAT TRUTH DARE DOUBLEDARE



BRONSKI BEAT Truth Dare Double Dare

The first album by this band since Jimmy Somerville left to pursue a solo career. With their new vocalist John Jon, Bronski Beat sound better than ever, if not more accessible than before.

COMING SOON



FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS

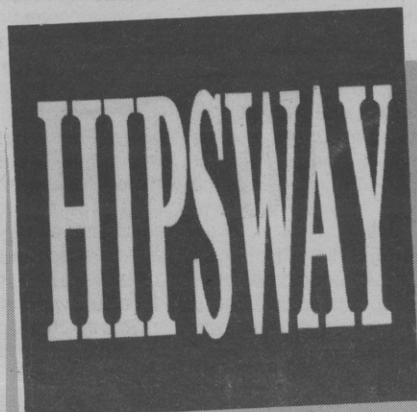
Highly successful debut album from the band which features 2 ex-members of the Beat. Plus the hits 'Johnny Come Home', 'Suspicious Minds', 'Blue' and the soon to be hit 'Funny How Love Is'. Music to party to.

OUT NOW



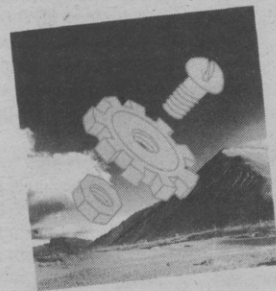
GENESIS Genesis **OUT NOW**

Self titled album which has proved to be in sales terms their most successful yet. Features the tracks 'Mama', 'Home By the Sea', 'Illegal Alien' & 'That's All'. An essential companion to their latest album.



HIPSWAY **COMING SOON**

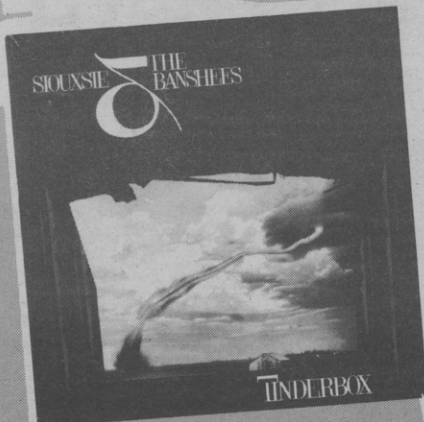
Described by the British Music Press as "the most exciting debut album from a band in years." Comprising of members from Altered Images & White Savages, Hipsway are a band whose music could be described as UK pop at its best.



LEVEL 42 World Machine

One of the most successful albums in the UK this year, and the album to break this band in the US. Featuring the hits 'Something About You' & 'Leaving Me Now', one listen is all it takes to get hooked on Level 42.

OUT NOW



SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES Tinderbox **COMING SOON**

Another fine album from Siouxsie in which she moves further into new musical territories developing on the style of her last album 'Hyaena'. Fans will probably find this album her most accessible yet, but expect no compromises.



STYLE COUNCIL Home & Abroad

The album that captures The Style Council at their live best. Features all your favourites like 'My Ever Changing Moods', 'Shout to the Top' and 'Walls Come Tumbling Down'.

COMING SOON



TOTAL CONTRAST Total Contrast

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Teenage Heads on Old Shoulders

The 21 Year Career of the Flamin' Groovies



Cyril Jordan (in sunglasses) and the Flamin' Groovies.

Risen from the dead, the Flamin' Groovies are back. The last that was heard from them on vinyl was 1979's *Jumping in the Night*, and then nothing. Seven years later and founding member/writer/guitarist Cyril Jordan is talking through the wires from Sydney in the middle of a Groovies' Australasian tour.

Back Pages

Jordan and vocalist Roy Loney formed the Groovies in the mid 60s in the Bay Area of San Francisco. In 1969 they recorded *Sneakers*, later re-issued on Epic as *Supersnazz*, and in the early 70s they came up with *Flamingo* and *Teenage Head*, the latter being a classic raw'n'rawl snorkel when everybody else was drowning in drippy shit. Cyril:

"Our current set stretches back to *Teenage Head* but not *Flamingo*. I've never related to that album. We

cut it in six days in the worst recording studio. I like the songs but I have a bad taste in my mouth from that period. *Supersnazz* was too bloody versatile. I don't think we got our own guitar sound until *Teenage Head* and from that point on we began to mature."

Teenage Head, with its Robert Johnson blues licks and slide guitar action, has often been credited as having out-done the Stones in their *Sticky Fingers* period:

"When the reviews came out I

was amazed that some people compared it to *Sticky Fingers*, but I was very pleased and that helped me get over the failure of the album. But how the hell can you get on the charts if the company doesn't print more than 2000 records? And we never had the hype or the lighting crews, all we had was the music.

"I have a theory that rock 'n'roll is not contemporary, it's like sex and Mickey Mouse, it's timeless. . ."

That's always been our problem — we've never been on a label that's taken us seriously."

After *Teenage Head* Roy Loney left and was replaced by Chris Wilson, but for three years the band was without a contract or major label until the 'You Tore Me Down' single on Greg Shaw's Bomp label prompted Sire to sign the band for the album *Shake Some Action* in 1976. This was the beginning of the Groovies' Byrds/Beatles phase:

"We were always influenced by the Stones, Beatles and the Byrds. We went through phases. Back around *Teenage Head* we weren't physically capable of doing three-part harmonies. If we'd had Chris Wilson on that album then 'Please Please Me' would probably have been on it. So we went from a Stones thing to a Beatles' thing on *Shake Some Action* because we were able to. *Jumping in the Night* was an attempt to get back to the raunchiness that we had with *Teenage Head*.

"The Byrds/Beatles influences on *Shake Some Action* and *Now* were experimental. And people asked why didn't you do all your own songs, and the answer is that song-

writing has never been easy for me, it is now, but back then I would throw out more songs than I'd keep. And we did covers because it's always been traditional for rock bands to do songs from 10 years earlier.

"I have a theory that rock'n'roll is not contemporary, it's like sex and Mickey Mouse, it's timeless and taking songs out of the 60s is part of this timelessness. Plus in the studio we got a lot of fun doing a version of something like 'Feel a Whole Lot Better' that blew my mind. So there was a selfishness about us."

By Groovies' standards 1976-9 was a prolific period with the release of three albums — *Shake Some Action* with its classic title track and numerous other pop goodies, the patchy *Now*, and the trouble-packed *Jumping in the Night*:

"Dave Edmunds had committed himself to producing *Jumping* after we had completed a 48-date tour,

"I can only say (our sound) is like Jeff Beck and Keith Moon meets *Rubber Soul* because there's a lot of harmonies and the melodies haven't changed much."

but Seymour Stein of Sire refused to let us do the album, even though we were contracted to do it. But when he pulled that one on me I tried to get another record deal and Radar was really interested.

"We went ahead and did the album in 11 days, but Seymour Stein wouldn't pay the studio bill, so we couldn't leave with the cassette and that was painful. We didn't hear that album until a year-and-a-half later, when Seymour was forced by his superiors to pick up the option and the album was put out.

"Record companies have got to give you 90 days notice before the

end of your term if they're not gonna pick your option up. If they are, they send you a letter saying you're still with us for the next year, which means you'll be doing an album. We

"To me the cult status we have is unique. I'd rather have the okay from a bunch of heads than from street jerks who buy Prince records!"

did not cut an album that year, and he picked up the option the next year. So for two years we waited and the band fell apart. And that's why I was so reluctant to put another band together before it was economically feasible."

Return of the Groovies

After six years of silence the Groovies are poised to make a comeback. And during those years?

"We wrote songs and rehearsed and I invented the 10-string guitar completely by accident. In fact three-quarters of our set is on 10-string and 16 out of the 22 songs we play live are originals, we've never had so many.

"Also in 1980 I broke up with my girlfriend whom I had been with for nine years, and I was just saying to a friend of mine that if you ever see any pain, it's not from rock'n'roll but from rock'n'roll destroying my relationship. So what with that and Lennon's death, 1979 to '81 were bad years, and I didn't get back on my feet until about '82."

The current line-up is Jordan and Jack Johnson (guitars), Paul Zaul (drums) and another founding member George Alexander (bass): "I've never been so happy with a Groovies' line-up," says Jordan.

But no record contract? "We're with an independent and we've got a single out called 'Way Over My Head' with 'Shake It' on the flip, they're both mine. I've been cu-

rious to see whether the old fans who like *Teenage Head* would like the new stuff because it's not that much different. Although there's a contemporariness to the sound that isn't synthy. I can only say it's like Jeff Beck and Keith Moon meets *Rubber Soul* because there's a lot of harmonies and the melodies haven't changed much."

And what brought the band to this part of the world?

"I got a call from Peter Noble in Australia, and what with all the terrorism in Europe and Libya, the last thing they wanna see is a bunch of Yanks. So Peter's call was a godsend."

Dear readers you've probably got the picture by now that the Groovies have been jinxed by bad luck and bad management. Does Jordan resent the fact that they haven't had

"I got into rock'n'roll as a teenager because I wanted to blow Keith Richards' mind. But when you're younger you have great expectations. . ."

the success to break out of cult status?

"No, to me the cult status we have is unique. I'd rather have the okay from a bunch of heads than from street jerks who buy Prince records! (Laughs)

"For me, if it ends, it ends, but just when I'm about to hang it up I get a phone call from somewhere around the world which says, 'Hey, there's an interest here, would you like to come and do it again?'"

"I got into rock'n'roll as a teenager because I wanted to blow Keith Richards' mind. But when you're younger you have great expectations, now I'd be satisfied with just being able to continue this and get by. Being flash doesn't mean anything to me anymore."

George Kay

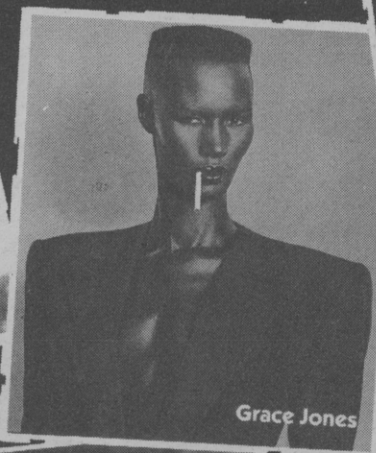
SISTERS

Top tracks from the women who make the hits

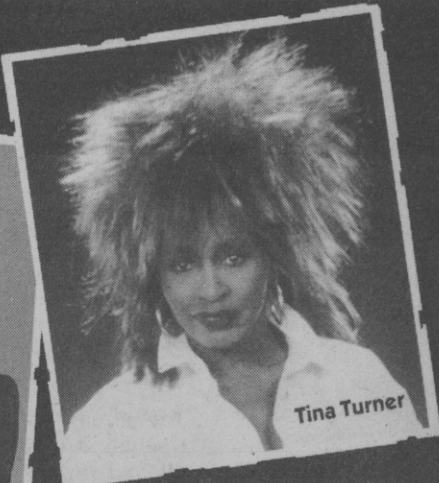
AS SEEN ON T.V.



Patti LaBelle



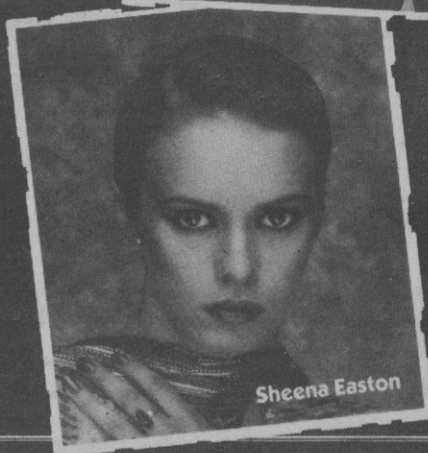
Grace Jones



Tina Turner



Pat Benatar



Sheena Easton

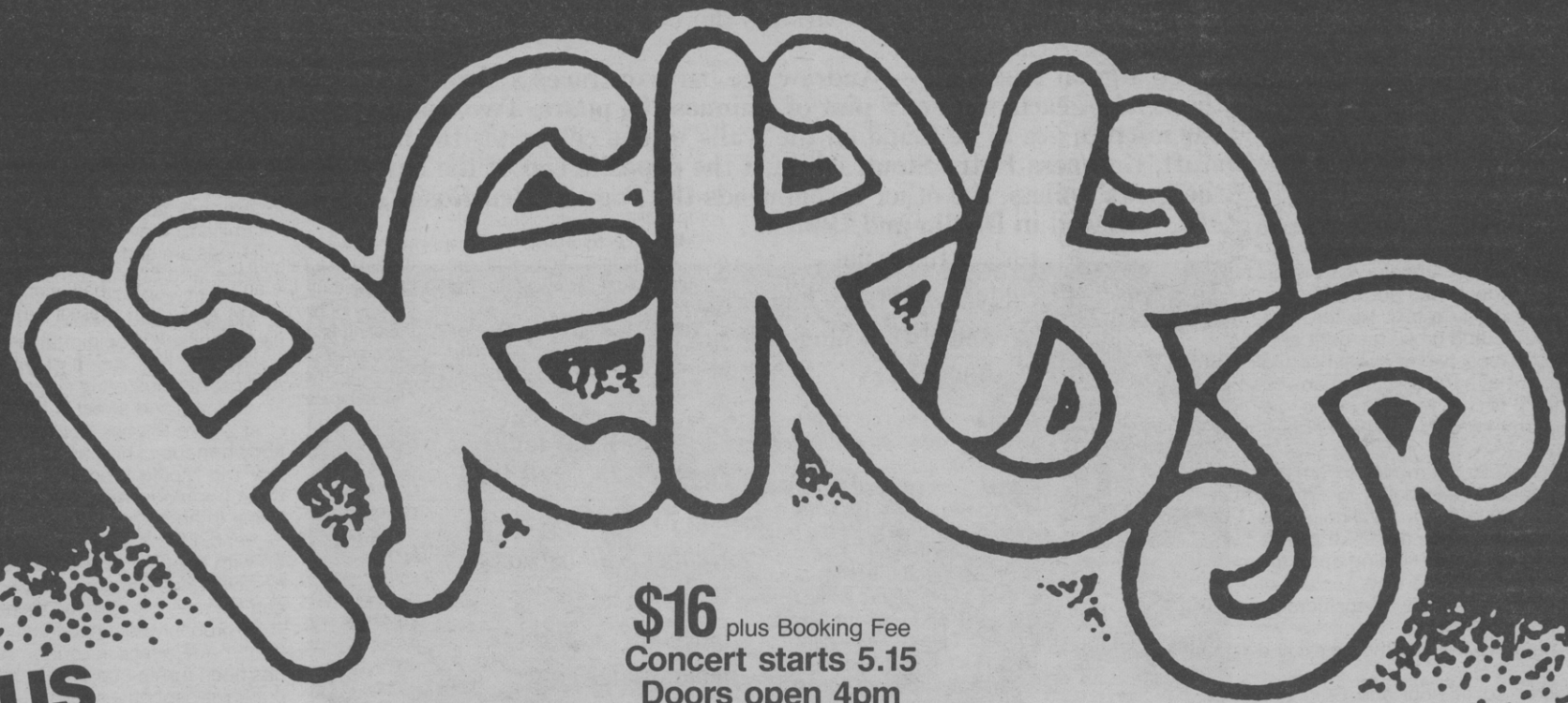
BETTE MIDLER
Beast Of Burden
PAT BENATAR
Love Is A Battlefield
JOAN ARMATRADE
Drop The Pilot
PATTI LABELLE
New Attitude
SHEENA EASTON
Strut
POINTERS SISTERS
Jump
BONNIE TYLER
Total Eclipse Of The Heart

MARIANNE FAITHFUL
Ballad Of Lucy Jordan
GRACE JONES
Walkin' In The Rain
EARTHA KITT
Where Is My Man
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In Camden Town, just a stagger away from the Electric Ballroom, Dingwalls and the Town and Country Club, the Devonshire is the kind of local that's hard on the health and the finances.

English pubs close everyday at 3pm and reopen at 5.30, and it's 6pm that the meet with Pogues singer/songwriter/face Shane McGowan has been set:

"Are you a journalist?" says Andrew as he waits for the Guinness to trickle from the tap. "From New Zealand? And you're talkin' to Shane MacGowan? He's not here yet, but he's comin'. That's their manager over there ..."

Leaning over the pool table is Frank, the manager, a dapper ex-rocker of uncertain vintage, in check shirt, string tie and narrow jeans. A friendly type. The Pogues are looking at getting down to Australia and New Zealand in early '87, he says, pre-empting one question. "I understand we sell a few records there."

A trip to the East Coast of America was the last foreign tour before Shane was put out for two months after being hit by a taxi. He tore ligaments in his left knee and broke his right arm. Doctors predicted at least two weeks in hospital and 10 in plaster, but with the drinking man's capacity for recovery (that's you, Dave) he discharged himself after six days and hasn't needed physiotherapy.

The next tour is a welcome trip away from this English non-summer; a few dates in France. Frank's been round at Shane's flat finding his "lost" passport, unseen since the US trip.

"Look at that," he chuckles, flipping open the red Irish passport, to reveal a B&W picture of Shane looking the wrong side of a considerable number of alcoholic beverages. "Whenever we go through Germany or wherever, they see it and just laugh!"

After an hour or so of pool and Guinness there's still no sign of Shane, and Frank surmises that the group must have sheltered from the rain at a hostelry or two along the way. "You'll want to get pissed yourself," he says. "Cos they will be by the time they get here!"

But pipes player Spider and accordionist Terry arrive, and it turns out they've been finishing off the demo for a song Shane has written for the long-standing Irish duo the Clancey Brothers, Tommy Makem and Liam Clancey. Shane's still finishing off his bit and he'll be along presently.

Shane, Spider and banjo player Jem got the group going nearly four years ago. The original name was Pogue Mahone, which they didn't think anybody would suss was Gaelic for "Kiss my arse". But a DJ picked up on it, and to save any fuss they shortened it to the much cuddlier Pogues.

Spider hails from Sussex, while Terry is Irish born and bred (he still lives in County Cavern, "up the country"), as is guitarist Philip. Shane and bassist Cait (say it "Cot") are London Irish, brought up in London but Irish nationals, while Jem and drummer Andrew are British.

"But they're from Manchester," Spider ponders. "Does that count as being British?"

"Not really ..." Terry shakes his head.

"Okay — we've got one Briton and two Mancunians ..."

"And I used to live in *Lybia*," he adds, defiantly.

When the band began playing traditional Irish songs (and the odd country tune), the forms and ideas they used weren't new, but the way they used them was.

"We all liked Irish music and no one had ever done anything with it like we started to do," Spider explains. "But there weren't any big light bulbs going on over our heads — we just more or less fell into it."

When Irish Eyes are Smiling

A Session with the Pogue's Shane MacGowan

by Russell Brown

Spider from the Pogues swears it's the best pub in London, the Devonshire Arms.

It's a good Irish pub — Andrew the barman traces a shamrock in the head of each and every pint of Guinness he pours. Two small bar mirrors are to be found on the walls — one celebrates the black stuff, Guinness Extra Stout, while at the opposite end of the bar, by the gents' toilets, the other recommends the Pogues' *Red Roses For Me*; "Brewed in Dublin and London".

A Pogue in a pub — Shane MacGowan.



And they don't encounter any snobbery?

"Not really. Possibly a couple of people have got hold of the wrong end of the stick as regards what the band's actually about. There are probably people who think we're trying to be a traditional Irish band, which we're not, but people who think that would probably think we can't really cut it, because barring Terry we're not really good enough musicians."

Although the group was begun with no particular ambition, they progressed fairly quickly out of the small venues, particularly after a national tour with Elvis Costello. Just as well, really, pub gigs in London seem by and large to be fairly depressing spectacles; small bars, small crowds and useless PAs.

"Well the whole pub circuit in London suffered a blow when the Hope and Anchor closed down. It wasn't a big place by any standards, it held 200 if that, but if you got a full crowd at the Hope and Anchor it was always a really good buzz. And also another thing is, a lot of bands playing on the pub circuit aren't really that good, so they don't have a following. There are good bands on the pub circuit — more so than good venues."

"But we were never really just a pub circuit band, from the start. We'd played in the club circuit, which is slightly different from the pub circuit, trendy sort of nightclubs. From the start we

had a sort of broad appeal, having articles written about us in *The Face* for example. Something that wouldn't happen to 99 percent of pub bands because people who write in *The Face* don't generally hang about watching bands in pubs."

Terry has retired to the bar, to refill what was apparently a tomato juice. Has too much been made of the Pogues as a drinking band?

"That could well have been a bloody mary ... yeah, well, people have tended to go on about how we're a bunch of soaks or whatever and have overlooked the fact that we've got a very powerful songwriter for a start. Anyway, we don't drink particularly more than most other groups for a start. But we've never concealed the fact that we like a drink — maybe it's just that we don't pretend we're not drunks."

Hours, pints and pool pass and still there's no sign of Shane. The pub has filled up and amid the hubbub Spider periodically assures me that he'll be along soon. As songwriter, Shane naturally occupies a special position within the group, not least because copyright royalties make him a bigger earner from record sales than the others, and the best touch for a loan.

The Clancey Brothers song is the first he's written for anyone else, but his compositions stretch over two albums and the recent EP, *Poguetry in*

Motion, all on Camden-based Stiff Records, who picked up their first indie single. The four-track EP has no traditional ditties on it — it's the most sophisticated Pogues yet, especially in the glorious, aching arrangement of the ballad 'The Body of an American'. Mmmm ...

Mmmm ... and ... Shane's arrived. He peers round the bar, looking like he does in the photos, those discoloured, gappy dental formations, the happy, slightly shickered expression. He settles down with — wait for it — a Campari and dry white wine, a half of Guinness to follow. Promoter and recording artist "Champion" Doug Veitch wanders up, asks if Shane wants his name on the door at Dingwalls later on. A Zimbabwean group, the Bhundu Boys are playing: "Peel's comin' along."

"Are they good?"

"Brilliant, they are like. They're frightenin'."

Things are settled on "Shane plus three", just in case, and Shane turns back.

"I don't know if I'll be able to say much for you ..." he says, and laughs his ubiquitous laugh, *kikikscshcsch*, a epiglottal rattle that makes him sound like he's tuned slightly off the station. Against his blustering singing voice, he sounds kind of shy and sweet.

At 28, the Pogues aren't his first band; the best-known lineup of his past is the punky Nips (formerly the Nipple Erectors); but it's certainly the most populous. Any advantage to a songwriter being in an eight-piece combo?

"Yeah, I think so — it's probably easier to get on with people if there's more of you. I've been in rock bands with four people in them, and you can get real hate goin' on there ... *hikhisckkkk* ..."

It's probably not unconnected with the Pogues that Shane, a face in London's early punk scene, has been turning up in a lot of the "10 Years On" punk retrospectives, pictured in the *NME* with peroxided crop at a Pistols' gig.

"Yeah — I was just part of that thing when it started in London. Yer just sort of got used to it — everyone was takin' photos of everything anyway, all that sorta shit ... *kchisckkikik* ..."

Did that background of experience help make the Pogues a success?

"Well I didn't expect the Pogues to be a success — I didn't expect them not to be successful either, I didn't really think about it. But the experience doesn't help really ... *kichkhikihik* ..."

The songs you wrote back then were obviously different than now.

"Yeah, they were more typical sorta rock songs. About teenage sex 'n' violence 'n' stuff ... *chkchckik* ... teenage songs."

So what caused the change to the songs the Pogues play? Was it being London Irish?

"Yeah, that was how ... I mean loike there was lotsa bands playin' basically the sorta stuff we play anyway, all we did was give it a bit of a kick, whatever — it's got lotsa bollocks anywa, but just make it a bit faster, a bit more urban, y'know. And to play it to ordinary pub audiences as opposed to normal Irish pub audiences."

The Devonshire is, as Terry said, "a good Oirish pub". Does growing up Irish in London make much difference?

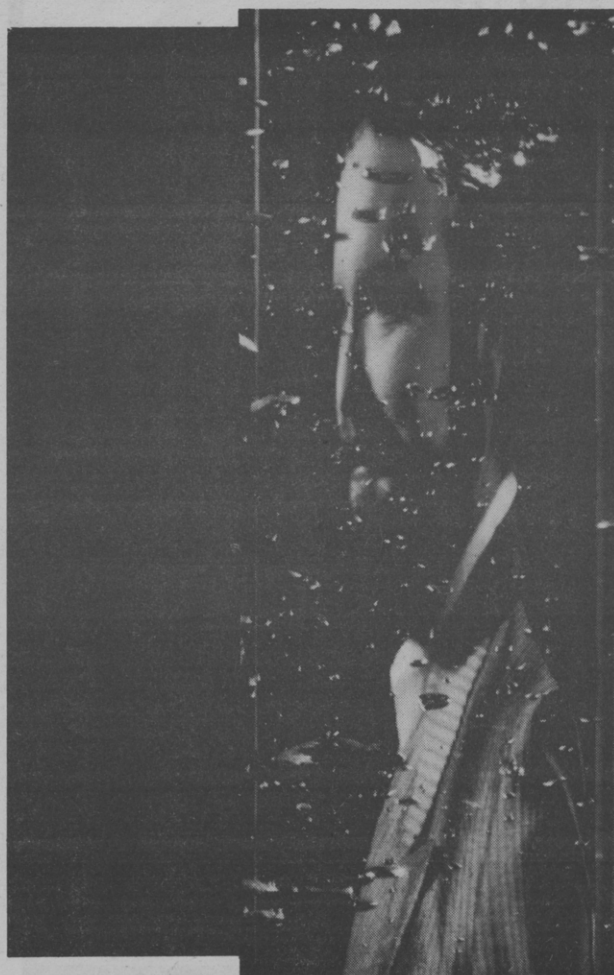
"Yeah, I think you feel you have two cultures — one which is London and one which is a place that you aren't in very often. But the music and all sorts of things, horse racing at Herne ... *chisck-sickh* ..."

London's the sort of city where a lot of cultures can get on with their business at once ...

"Yeah, it's good, it's cosmopolitan — I like that."

Does going overseas change your view of London?

"Well, New York's the same sorta thing really, **CONTINUED ON PAGE 16**



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Bats Over Europe

Why did the Bats fly north? "For a holiday!" said guitarist Kaye Woodward on their return home recently. But besides sightseeing on their three-month European sojourn, the band played some concerts in Britain and Germany, recorded several songs, and organised a single release. They attracted some notice — their Dingwalls gig was reviewed by *Melody Maker* — and, most importantly, took notice of the European music scene.

The band played 10 gigs while they were away, including supports for the Screaming Blue Messiahs in Berlin and Alex Chilton in Nuremberg during their 10 days in Europe. According to Woodward, the response was best from the European audiences: "They dance a lot more and are more vocal than London audiences. Apparently out of London, they react more, they're just a bit *cool* in London."

"In London," says drummer Malcolm Grant, "there seems to be a lot of bands that have as much fun playing as they would working in a factory — there's not much money in it and they're working at it all the time, waiting to be noticed. It must rub off on audiences."

Getting noticed is the hard part. "Things take time," says bassist Paul Kean. "The music press take a while to click on to a band. There's all these stupid things like if you play the right venues they'll look at you, if you have the right press kit."

While in London the Bats recorded a three-track EP at the Point Studios, the same studio the Chills used. *Made Up in Blue*, backed by 'Trouble in this Town' and 'Mad on You,' will be released in Britain on Flying Nun through Rough Trade. "We recorded there because we didn't have any of the distractions we have here," says Kean. "We only had to think about recording, and the Bats ... plus we got a very reasonable offer to use the 24 track



The Bats (L-R) — Paul Kean, Robert Scott, Kaye Woodward and Malcolm Grant.

studio." That offer came from Craig Taylor, an expatriate New Zealander connected with the studio; Taylor also assisted the Bats with bookings and promotion.

The band also spent a week recording in Glasgow, where a New Zealand music fan offered them the use of his 8-track facilities; the half

dozen songs they recorded form the basis for an album the Bats hope to have out by Christmas.

After delaying their visit to the Continent because of the Chernobyl scare, the band whizzed around seven countries in 10 days, travelling in a van. In Berlin, where they supported the Screaming Blue

Messiahs in front of 1000 people, they got their best reaction. The audience demanded an encore: "Ja, Ja!" laughs Woodward. The proprietor of the Berlin Loft said the Bats were more *human* than most English bands that played there:

"She said we were uncool," says Woodward. "Are you ze band?"

You're not cool!" She thought we were quite sweet. Then she brought out the champagne."

What lessons did they learn from their trip?

"I think we could organise a lot of things ourselves," says Kean. "We were relying on promoters to get us gigs over there while we could have approached some of the venues directly. Also, we probably wouldn't stay in London as long as we did — if we went back, we'd concentrate more on Germany, Holland, perhaps Italy. We'd do more gigs, in less time."

"You could organise it from here. Now we've got all the contacts, if another band wanted to go over, we can give them a lot of hints."

The last six months, the Bats have been working virtually fulltime, with their farewell tour before they left New Zealand, and a brief tour down the country on the way home. After the release of their EP here, they'll finish off the album they started in Glasgow. "I hope the next six months will be a bit more relaxed," says Kean. They should be, if the Bats maintain the realistic approach typified by their working holiday in Europe:

"We plan to keep it going like it is now," says Woodward. "So it's still fun." CB

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'POGUES' FROM PAGE 14

except it's a lot bigger and it's still happening, whereas London's a bit run down, it's a bit of a dump — but there's still all sorts of things going on. I don't like it the way it is, but I still love it ... *schickikihk ...*

The video for the Pogues' 'Pair of Brown Eyes,' by Alex (*Repo Man*) Cox was, albeit surrealistically, hard-line political, more so than Pogues' songs, but Shane attributes the whole video concept to Cox, a staunch Labourite. Unsurprisingly, the video got shown very little on British TV. Any regrets?

"Only that it didn't get shown ... *hickschkschik ...*"

Shane's unaware of the week's developments, which saw Stiff kicked off the *Music Week*/Gallup indie charts, voted out along with Beggars Banquet by the other indie labels because of their major-label distribution deals. He feels it's unfair to Stiff but not really relevant to the Pogues:

"I mean we're not really an indie band, if you mean a sort of cult band — but they're an indie label I think."

You are, however, considered a "drinking band"

...

"It's all *loies ... hickschiks ...* well, no, when we started off we did play drunk a lot, and I think most of our audiences were drunk. I should think to a large extent most of our audience still is drunk ... *schickikihk ...* but I don't see what's so unusual about that anyway. I mean what are you gonna do at a fuckin' gig except drink? Knowattarmean?"

You're a well-appointed man — are the Pogues a stylish band?

"Stylish? Oh yeah!"

It only takes a good reading of the lyric sheet for *Rum, Sodomy and the Lash* to show that Shane MacGowan is a lyricist of substance. The words to, say, 'Old Main Drag,' are not only vividly, unfussily evocative, but they display a rare sense of rhythm, even on the printed page.

Do you feel part of any literary tradition? The humour and realism would echo Brendan Behan for one.

"Brendan Behan — well I try and write lyrics that are actually good, good to read. Yeah, it's part of a tradition, cos it's the Irish ballad tradition, which is very literal, much more so than most popular music. And it comes from the poetry, most Irish writers are part of a tradition too — and the music, the best Irish songs you can think of combine the two traditions. It wasn't written down for hundreds of years, it was passed down by mouth, either sung or spoken. Hopefully we're part of that ..."

Do you make a conscious attempt to write from real life? I think a certain kind of people everywhere could relate to 'Old Man Drag' ...

"The meat rack, *khicsckch ...* it's a fairly common situation. But what else do you write about — your own fuckin' hang-ups. Yeah, I think it obviously always describes something, whatever it is."

Before your, um, break, the Pogues had been playing live almost constantly and that seems set to continue. Are you happy with that?

"Yeah! What else is there to do?"

Even though it takes you away from good places like this?

"There's good pubs everywhere ... *hickschikihk*. Not as good as this, but it's good to have a drink in a different place ... every night ... *kishkikik*."

Do you ever find it strange that people can identify with what you do as far away as the USA — or the Antipodes?

"Well, why not? It's simple music about simple things that everybody's got some involvement with."

Universal.

"Yeah ... I suppose so. It doesn't seem to matter whether they can understand the lyrics or not. I dunno, I suppose it's just music with a bit o' guts and good tunes. Y'know? *Kischkikihikihk ...*"

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Records

Tales from the Brothers Finn

Crowded House Capitol

Following hard on the heels of brother Tim's *Big Canoe* comes Neil Finn's Crowded House band and album — the other half of the Split Enz dichotomy. His introduction as a replacement to the ubiquitous Phil Judd gave the band a pop dimension that carried Split Enz into the money, right from 'I Got You' through to quality sweets like 'One Step Ahead', 'History Never Repeats', and 'I Walk Away', it's been obvious that Finn has developed into one crafty tunesmith.

So when Split Enz retired big things were expected from Neil Mullane Finn, and on Crowded House big things have been delivered. Recorded in LA and produced by Mitchell Froom, the album rarely falls below par. 'World Where You Live', 'Now We're Getting Somewhere', 'Something So Strong', 'Hole in the River', and 'Tombstone' are as good as anything Finn has written; strong tunes well anchored by drummer Paul Hester and bassist Nicholas Seymour.

'I Walk Away' is re-worked, but the album's high spot has to be 'Don't Dream It's Over', a classy ballad with a great tune wrapped around the chorus and with Mitchell Froom's keyboards adding the finishing touches.

Of the 10 songs here, only three don't make it ('Mean to Me', 'Love You 'Til the Day I Die', and 'That's What I Call Love' are pretty dodgy) leaving a tally of seven out of 10. A pass by any standards.

George Kay

Tim Finn Big Canoe Virgin

I suppose that it's some sort of American adage that dictates if you stick around long enough then your present product will eventually pay for past achievements.

Tim Finn's past is too well-known

to be worth reiterating here, suffice to say that he's long since kissed goodbye to the face of inspiration and the need to succeed for the big consolation of professionalism and marketable craftsmanship.

Finn's talents as a singer/songwriter have always been sufficiently broad-based to allow him to tackle in style the various musical genres of the day. Add to that agility the slick and sumptuous production of Nick Launay (previous experience INXS and Midnight Oil) and the words of English playwright Jeremy Brock, then you've almost arrived at *Big Canoe*.

To carry much of the album, Finn has relied on an executive funk that's designed to carry the tunes just above the format, but on 'Spiritual Hunger' and the narrative 'Timmy' the formula wins, and on 'So Deep' and 'Water Into Wine' the hooks in the choruses almost salvage the songs. The best moments lie with the ballads, notably the single 'No Thunder, No Fire, No Rain', the best song here, and 'Hyacinth', where Finn's melody overcomes the soft-focused romantic corn of Brock's lyrics, a weakness that continually sinks *Big Canoe*.

On the inside lyric sheet Tim is decked out in a suit and turtle-neck and he's looking well, and that's good, he deserves it, you can't wear circus outfits forever. But on *Big Canoe* there's way too much business before passion.

George Kay

The Saints All Fools Day Mushroom

Quality rock, okay? Chris Bailey, a bit of an Oz-Frog sort of mixed-up character approaching 30 who's made *some* (not just some) albums in his time under the Saints' moniker, wraps a huge noise around his wonderful Jagger-like voice and acoustic guitar and it's *al-right*.

The Saints here are Bailey plus original drummer Ivor Hay, and guitarist Richard Burgmann and Archie Larizza, with numerous orchestral and vocal backing to make *All Fools Day* as big and fantastic as it is ...

All Fools Day doesn't meander, it's carefully structured and it's gonna hold your attention, right



Peter Gabriel

from the first song and single 'Just Like Fire Would', through full-on tracks like 'First Time' and 'Temple of the Lord', "roots exploring" 'Celtic Ballad' and the final song 'All Fools Day', where Bailey, having wrapped (all sorts of) rock, the blues, folk and traditional music round his erudite and acute observations, has to have the last laugh when "we can all join together/on All Fools Day."

Looking back at all the good (or rave ...) reviews one might write over a period of time, it's hard to make a record sound like it is *that* much better than the rest, cos no amount of superlatives could do it — just buy *All Fools Day* and see.

Paul McKessar

The Cramps A Date with Elvis Big Beat

A Date with Elvis opens with 'How Far Can Too Far Go?', which is second gear. The next track is musically heating up, but Lux: "Do a swan-dive on that jewel/Put it in my satchel then I'll lay a patch/Aw baby I'm just talkin' bout that hot pearl snatch"?? — spare us, *pleez*. But no, next up a bunch of kids are there joining in with the "people ain't no good" chorus. *Lux Interior* thinks *other people* ain't no good? HA!

Okay! Okay! Now 'What's Inside a Girl?' and 'Can Your Pussy Do the Dog?' let Ivy and Nick Knox lead the way, maybe lacking a bit of their normal grunginess in the LA studio production, but still ... ignore Lux's infatuations, an' it's da

toons! *A Date with Elvis* starts to heat up by the time you flip it over

... 'Kizmiat' is a cool Hawaiian rock and roll ballad that'd be the best thing here, followed by my favourite — 'Coin-fed Dames,' with Lux chasing gals all round the farm. But that's where the fun stops, cos 'Chicken' is strict-rockin'-token-novelty-filler material, and 'Hot Pool of) Woman-need' and 'Aloha from Hell' just ain't the goods. It leaves you with not a helluva lot of classic Cramps — enough for me to be satisfied with *A Date with Elvis*, but not much more ...

And then just to prove that they're still the crassest B-grade horror rock'n'rollers of all, they finish with 'It's Just That Song' — take it (with a teaspoon of formaldehyde perhaps?) or leave it.

Paul McKessar

Genesis Invisible Touch Charisma Peter Gabriel So Charisma

Genesis spawned the talents of Peter Gabriel and Phil Collins, and there is no doubt in my mind that their best work took place when Gabriel was fronting the band. In fact the continued existence of Genesis, emasculated as it is, must be questioned. Collins is well established in his own right as a solo performer and the band, on the evidence of the latest record, seem merely a vehicle for his ideas.

Genesis rely on a smooth pop sound interspersed with some lip service to the past, eg: the two-part 'Domino', and an interesting instrumental 'The Brazilian', which reeks of early Gabriel offerings. However, 'Invisible Touch', 'In Too Deep', 'Throwing it all Away' and 'Anything She Does', have all the hallmarks of the successful formula established on *No Jacket Required*. In essence, competent pop songs which are Collins forte, and should guarantee the album a healthy chart position.

Gabriel's *So* is an entirely different proposition, filled with rich textured songs, a myriad of rhythms drawing on the cultures of various countries and a lyrical sense of justice and compassion. The sin-

gle 'Sledgehammer' conjures up the spirit of 60s soul music, 'Red Rain' is trance-like in its swirling rhythms, 'Don't Give Up' features a gorgeous duet with Kate Bush, 'Mercy Street' bleeds in its cry for justice, 'We Do What We're Told' is bleak in the tradition of 'Lead a Normal Life' from *PG3*.

Gabriel has not produced a dud album, and *So* is right up to the standard of his best work. It's accessibility should ensure a wider audience than he has had in the past. One complaint I have involves the irritating habit of the cassette and CD having an extra track that is not on the LP version. The missing track is an excellent duet with Laurie Anderson titled 'This is the Picture', hence buyers are directed towards the cassette or CD. Compensation for LP buyers is the complete lyric sheet. Whichever you buy, you won't be disappointed. Undoubtedly one of the albums of 1986. Genesis are pale in comparison.

David Perkins

Madonna True Blue Sire

My second album pressed on blue vinyl this year. Now, before we get all nasty, let's remember that the defensive whinings of Whitney Houston are at No 1 at time of writing, that Culture Club's new gem *From Luxury to Heartache* is being ignored and Dire Straits have a new single. Does Madonna now seem so bad? Not at all.

Her first self-titled album should have been her *Controversy*, but she was never given the rope. If Prince gets sleazy, he's being adventurous but if a white Brooklyn woman gets sleazy she's being a discredit to the feminist movement. Boy Toys are out; songs like 'I Wanna Jack U Off' are in.

Madonna is an antidote to the safe, safe croonings of Sade. *True Blue* has no pretensions; it aims to be nothing but a healthy pop album. Of course, "greats" like Miles Davis have never recorded a muzak version of 'Holiday' (as he did with 'Time After Time'). Why have two singers so close in style as Cyndi Lauper and Madonna been given such opposing approval by the pop cogniscenti? Is it because everyone feels safer with a slightly pudgy and goofy woman? Just maybe?

Madonna has teeth. Sharp, cal-

culating ones. The throaty funk of 'Open Your Heart' and the wit of 'White Heat'; in which the love-as-crime metaphor is hilariously deflated with "C'mon, make my day". Nile Rodgers' 'Let's Go Out Tonight' is a strong influence on 'Where's the Party' but the title track is a lazy doo-wop number more in the style of Frankie Valli. 'Jimmy Jimmy' and 'White Heat' are Madonna in her purest form, chugging busy and reliable.

Like her last two albums, *True Blue* is nothing more than it claims to be, and it will suffer terribly from an inevitable radio thrashing. But this woman has a definite panache ... I'd like to put her in a ring with Houston, Knopfler and co.

Chad Taylor

Fat Boys Big and Beautiful WEA

"Prince Markie Dee," "Kool Ski," and "The Human Beatbox, the Ox that Rocks" hit extra hard on this, their third and brightest album.

Opening with an inspired remake of James Brown's 'Sex Machine' that maintains the Godfather's groove but adds the Fat Boy's own sense of rhythm. Intense beat box pyrotechnics keep up the frantic pace, with the human beatbox boom bopping in and out of the mix and the witty rhymes of the young rappers. This is made to chill and thrill.

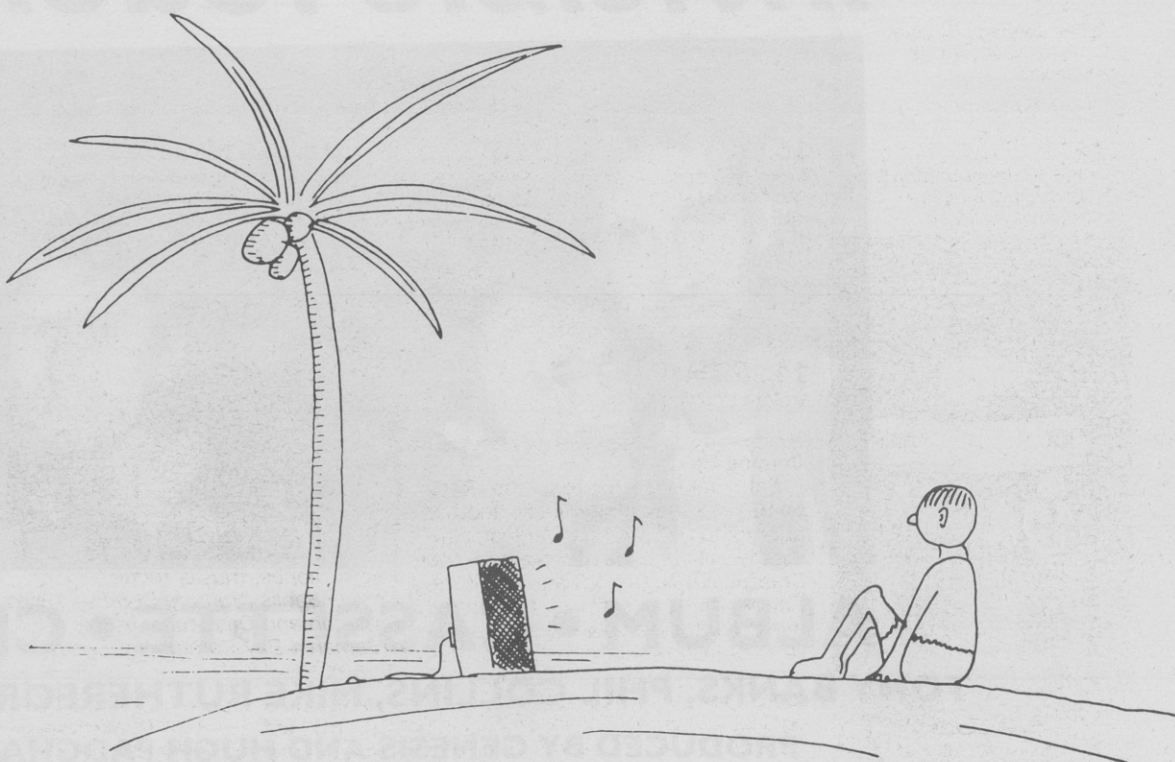
The title track is enough to put Weight Watchers out of business, with a homage to food and heavy sex, as they say, "Baby, look at your man ... why have a snack ... when you can have a meal!"

Tracks like 'In the House' have the new Def Jam style down pat, and 'Beat Box Part III' is almost acapella, but sure is funky. Rap often has a cartoonish quality and 'Double-O Fat Boys' is like 'Batman' written by Ronald Reagan, with our fat heroes fighting the evil Russian imposters and "keeping the beat safe for Uncle Sam ..."

The album features some of the best funk production crowd, with 'Beat Box is Rockin'' being particularly hot, much better than their previous Kurtis Blow productions. Rap is essentially made for 12", but the whole album works here, each track is a potential single. Perfect for fat funk fans everywhere.

Kerry Buchanan

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CORUBA CALENDAR

JULY 17 TO AUGUST 17

MON.

TUES.

WED.

THURS.

FRI.

SAT.

SUN

Look Out For...

Overseas visitors this month include Icehouse, San Francisco's the Flamin' Groovies and Britain's leading rhythm and booze exponent Wilko Johnson ... the major tour by a local act is the Maori and Polynesian package tour, with Herbs, Ardijah, Aotearoa and Dread Beat and Blood all on the same stage for only \$16 ... the Mockers, Everything That Flies and Hello Sailor have tours ... Bill Direen goes solo nationwide ... and the T-Bar at the Chateau Tongariro becomes a venue for ski bunnies.



The Pterodactyls take it easy before their Windsor Castle gigs with the Battling Strings, July 25 & 26.

JULY 17

Ardijah Whangarei
Last Man Down Newmarket
Jah Love Disco Galaxy
Barbs Windsor Castle
Bill Direen Wellington Polytech
Pikelets, Meg & Fones Performance Cafe
Monkees play NY, Hendrix plays support 1967.

17,18,19

Texas Rangers Whangarei
Ardijah Metropole

18

Peking Man, Soul On Ice Gluepot
Tombolas Windsor Castle
Everything That Flies Mon Desir
Eek & Snork maidens, Turiya Performance
Ardijah Metropole
Jah Love Disco Galaxy
Radio One Hop Otago Uni
Te Kanikani o Te Rangatahi Whangarei
Zeros Esplanade
Ebony Sye Paraparaumu UB40 on '12 O'Clock Rock.'

19

Peking Man, Soul On Ice Gluepot
Tombolas Windsor Castle
Queen City Big Band Esplanade
Ardijah Metropole
Everything That Flies Mon Desir
Ebony Sye Paraparaumu
Meg & Fones Performance Cafe
'Honky Tonk Women' released 1969.

20

Hello Sailor Waiwera
Eek & Snork Maidens Performance
Chris & Lynne Thompson Dunedin
Nicaragua Benefit Wellington
Miami Steve joins E Street Band 1975.

21

Hello Sailor Morrinsville
Left Right & Centre, Dig This Performance
Cat Stevens born 1947.

22

Icehouse, Everything That Flies Hamilton
Hello Sailor Matamata
Drone, Screaming Popes, Sacred Cows Performance
Elvis Costello debuts with 'My Aim is True' LP 1977.

23

Icehouse, Everything That Flies Logan Campbell
Herbs, Ardijah, Dread Beat & Blood, Aotearoa Rotorua
Hello Sailor Tokoroa
Seance, Skoda Green, Zychlus Performance
Bill Direen Otago Uni
Jah Love Disco Galaxy
Chris & Lynne Thompson Nelson
Ebony Sye Palmerston North

24

Hello Sailor Kawerau
Goblin Mix, Hope Children, Alfalfa Louts Performance
Bill Direen Otago Polytech
Bill Direen Empire
Ebony Sye Palmerston North
'Get it On' UK No 1 for T Rex 1971.

24,25,26

Texas Rangers Metropole

25

Icehouse, Everything That Flies Palmerston North
Herbs, Ardijah, Dread Beat & Blood, Aotearoa New Plymouth
Sonny Day Gluepot
Heavy Metal Special Galaxy
Pterodactyls, Battling Strings Windsor Castle
Bill Direen Lincoln College
Bill Direen Trinity Theatre
Look Blue Go Purple Oriental
Hattie & Hounds Esplanade
Funny Business Cook

26

Icehouse, Everything That Flies Wellington
Herbs, Ardijah, Dread Beat & Blood, Aotearoa Palmerston North
Sonny Day Gluepot
Skindivers Chateau
Hello Sailor Gisborne
Chris Knox & Suspenders Performance
Heavy Metal Galaxy
Pterodactyls, Battling Strings Windsor Castle
Bill Direen Nelson
Look Blue Go Purple Oriental
Ebony Sye Masterton

27

Hello Sailor Whakatane
Skindivers Chateau
Bill Direen Electric Ballroom
Ebony Sye Palmerston North
Merkins, Suspenders Performance
Lynard Skynard's 'Sweet Home Alabama' released 1974.

28

Icehouse, Everything That Flies Dunedin
Herbs, Ardijah, Dread Beat & Blood, Aotearoa Logan Campbell
Marion Arps Performance
Chris & Lynne Thompson Raglan
Ebony Sye Palmerston North
600,000 people attend Watkins Glen, largest rock festival ever, 1973.

29

Icehouse, Everything That Flies Christchurch
Herbs, Ardijah, Dread Beat & Blood, Aotearoa Whangarei
Synaesthesia Performance
Byrds tour South Africa, Gram Parsons stays home as protest 1968.

30

Avondale Spiders, House of Kroy Performance
'Wild Thing' No 1 in 1966.

31

What sings and flies into mountains? Jim Reeves, 1964.

AUGUST 1

Dance Exponents, Mockers Gluepot
Martian Picnic, Satellites, Benders, Verlaines Chippendale House
Texas Rangers Wellington
Peking Man Galaxy
Last Man Down Henderson
Hattie & Hounds Esplanade
Toulouse Aid Concert Flying Ballroom, Wellington

2

Dance Exponents, Mockers Gluepot
Texas Rangers Wellington
Verlaines Chippendale House
Queen City Big Band Esplanade
James Jamerson, legendary Motown bassist, dies age 45, 1983.

3

Flamin' Groovies Galaxy
Chris & Lynne Thompson Java Jive Cafe
Last Man Down Auckland Art Gallery
Lenny Bruce ODs on morphine, 1966.

4

Hello Sailor Lower Hutt
Grateful Dead's Medicine Ball Caravan rolls out of Frisco 1970.

5

Wilko Johnson Metropole
Hello Sailor Blenheim
Pink Floyd's debut LP released 1967.

6

Wilko Johnson Onerahi
Mockers Kawerau
US nukes Hiroshima, 1945; Kinks' 'Sunny Afternoon' released 1966.

7

Mockers Napier
Hello Sailor Motueka
Time mag reviews 'Hard Day's Night' film, 1964: "Beatles Blow It".

7,8,9

Wilko Johnson Gluepot
Ardijah Westward Ho Auckland

8

Mockers Cricketers
Everything That Flies Windsor Castle
Hello Sailor Westport
Black & Blue Esplanade
Pete Townshend on '12 O'Clock Rock'.

9

Mockers Cricketers
Hello Sailor Greymouth
Everything That Flies Windsor Castle
Black & Blue Esplanade
Sharon Tate and others murdered by Mansons, 1969.

10

Mockers Palmerston North
Hello Sailor Methven
Paul McCartney busted in Sweden 1972.

11

Wilko Johnson Albert
Palmerston North
Mockers Paraparaumu
Bill Aucoin discovers Kiss, 1973.

12

Wilko Johnson Bellblock
Hello Sailor Christchurch
Mockers Masterton
Thomas Edison invents sound recording 1877.

13

Ardijah Rotorua
Hello Sailor Timaru
Mockers Levin
Wilko Johnson Exchequer Wellington
King Curtis fatally stabbed in NY, aged 37, 1977.

14

Wilko Johnson Sammys
Hello Sailor Dunedin
Mockers Wanganui

15

Wilko Johnson Gladstone
Mockers Hawera
Jura Esplanade
REO Speedwagon on '12 O'Clock Rock'.
Peace, Love & Flowers: Woodstock opens 1969.

16

Wilko Johnson Gladstone
Chrome Safari Chateau
Mockers Ngamotu New Plymouth
The King is dead 1977.

17

Chrome Safari Chateau
Mockers Ohakune
Temptation Paul Williams commits suicide 1977.



Dread Beat and Blood

The best of Maori and Polynesian music hits the road in a four-band package tour later this month. Herbs, Ardijah, Aotearoa and Dread Beat and Blood will perform in non-licensed venues in six cities. "It's almost a statement from the Polynesian people, that this is their contemporary music," says promoter Hugh Lynn. "It's a bit of a stand against the negativity that's around. The talent stands up, and it's not restricted this time to hotels."



14,15,16

Ardijah Rotorua

Coming Up ...

San Francisco weirdos the Residents with Snakefinger make another attempt to visit NZ in late August, playing the Galaxy ... the new dates for the Cramps are August 29 and 30 at the Galaxy; the June visit was postponed due to Fur, the bassplayer, having a nervous breakdown. A new bassist has now been recruited ... in September John Cale returns, playing Christchurch on Sept 2, Dunedin 3, Wellington 4, and Auckland on Sept 5 and 6 ... a Billy



Poetry, dance, music, mime: Rhythmpolis (Barbara Doherty, David Eggleton and Otis Mace) at the Freeman's Bay Community Centre, August 6-8, 13-15.

Bragg tour is a possibility for February/March next year, and Public Image Ltd are rumoured for December.

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

Records

Sly and Robbie Language Barrier Island

There have, of course, been rumours. Ever since their last foray with Grace Jones (*Living My Life*), tales concerning Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare have been mainly of drugs and waylessness. Certainly theirs has been the lamp that burns twice as brightly, an awesome talent and chemistry; it would not be surprising to find that this album is the last burst of their drug-accelerated brilliance.

Commonsense, however, says that this cannot possibly be a conclusion. *Language Barrier* is the sort of big, sprawling art that can only be achieved by people ignorant of its power.

To say that it walks the familiar no-man's-land between pop and reggae (Grace Jones, UB40) is to understate its spotlessly modern feel. 'Get to This, Get to That' is the last great unreleased Grace Jones single; with her vocals and video production (which we wouldn't see

anyway in liddle ol' Newsy-land) it would be the next 'Jamaican Guy'. 'Miles (Black Satin)' is the sort of whistle-along whimsy accredited to Ryuichi Sakamoto. And the intro/outro snippets by Dunbar are the stuff which the first Art of Noise album was made of.

'Make 'em Move' and 'No Name on the Bullet' are the stars. Would you believe, Cabaret Voltaire? Betcha wouldn't, but compare these songs to the Cab's 'Warm' and 'Fascination'; the same pretty riff nestled between fluid and sliding rhythm parts. Which sounds far fetched, but what are you reading this for? Go and buy the bloody thing — best six songs (save for Herbie Hancock's dull 'Bass and Trouble' on side two) you'll dip into on general release this year.

Chad Taylor

Various Artists perform Kurt Weill Lost in the Stars A&M

Seems like a good idea — introduce one of this century's outstanding composers for theatre to a new generation by having his work performed by various top popular and jazz artists. Thus we get the likes of Sting, Lou Reed,

Tom Waits, Marianne Faithfull, Carla Bley, Charlie Haden, Van Dyke Parks, etc, each interpreting different pieces by a German Jew who has been dead over 35 years.

It doesn't quite work out as expected however. The instrumentalists feel free to remain close to their originals or depart radically as required. A couple of the jazz versions are very successful, particularly the glorious Carla Bley and Phil Woods rendition of the album's title track. The vocalists on the other hand generally strive to tailor their performances to Brecht and Weill's original conceptions. Consequently Sting's fans aren't likely to love his strictly executed 'Mac the Knife'. Nor will Marianne's faithful thrill to her 'Ballad of the Soldier's Wife'. About the only one who gets to rock — but gently — is Lou Reed on 'September Song'. What the album might possibly do however, is open the ears of some theatre followers to a few pop singers. (There are excellent liner notes for anyone seeking fax'n'info on Kurt Weill.)

Peter Thomson

The Triffids Born Sandy Devotional White Hot Records

David McComb's eerie folk tales,

taken from a seemingly endless supply of Western Australian metaphors, continue to attract widely varying responses as the Triffids bring home their second-and-a-half LP, recorded (for the first time) in England with Echo and the Bunnymen producer Gil Norton.

New member "Evil" Graham Lee (steel guitar) helps to point the Triffids' sound towards a lush, occasionally countryish feel, augmented by additional strings and keyboards, as evidenced in 'Estuary Bed', a despairing tale, like so many of McComb's, of desperate love and tragedy. The three following songs bring a lighter side of the Triffids to the fore, despite their tragic content. McComb brings the sparse 'Chicken Killer' to life, whooping and barely suppressing a cry of laughter, and the cabaret-style presentation of 'Tarilup Bridge' reveals Jill Birt to be singing an hilariously unsubtle ode. Then 'Lonely Stretch' takes McComb on a metaphorical "wrong turn" as things get monumental, finishing the song with "rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham ..."

The second side of *Born Sandy Devotional* is much less interesting, with 'Stolen Property' being the only track worthy of much

note, Robert McComb's violin echoing around the saddest song on the album, the tale of a young girl's death through accidentally taking poison.

It is a little cruel to continue to write the Triffids off as Doors-pretenders. Despite the poor NZ pressing of *Born Sandy Devotional*, they show they have managed to concrete their reputation and niche, even if it doesn't measure up to the promise of *Treeless Plain* three years ago. It must be said though, that for the best offering from the pop side of Australiana, ignore the NME and check out the Go-Betweens' *Liberty Belle* (PolyGram import) — 'Apology Accepted' being about the bestestnest thing around this year!

Paul McKessar

Princess Stimulant

For a singer whose image plays so large a part in her musical success, Princess's role in her album is arbitrary in the eyes of musicians. Stock/Aitken/Waterman, who write and perform the music. Like producers Jolley and Swain (Spandau Ballet, Alison Moyet), Stock, Aitken and Waterman work to a consistent formula. Ironically, it's up to Princess, the woman whose credit appears as an afterthought, to make the repeated formulas work.

The singles, all included on the album, are good examples of straightforward songs lifted out of the ordinary by her vocal performances of character and conviction. Princess may not be Annie Lennox but she can win you over, 'After the Love Has Gone' being a perfect (and durable) example.

The Go-Go tempo of 'Tell Me Tomorrow' would make an excellent fourth single, and 'Anytime's the Right Time' is as agreeable as 'Say I'm Your No 1', if not quite as catchy. Maybe it lacks the latter's 'Strawberry Letter 22'-style intro (always a teaser).

Princess does get to write and perform her own 'Just a Tease', but the song is more Meatloaf than soul food. Perhaps SA&W are justified in their control after all, but listening to the five strongest tracks out of the eight, I wish the three backing musicians would drop their pretensions and give her something looser to work with. A capable debut, nonetheless.

Chad Taylor

Black Uhuru Brutal

RAS

Linton Kwesi Johnson

In Concert

Rough Trade

Horace Andy

and Rhythm Queen

Elementary

Rough Trade

The loss of lead singer Michael Rose last year could have spelt the end to Black Uhuru. Rose's militant songs and strident, urgent vocals produced three outstanding albums (climaxing with 1981's classic *Red*) and two others which, while not as consistent, at least

produced sufficient moments to maintain credibility. Sly and Robbie's reggae-funk fusion never sounded more potent than behind Rose's emphatic declarations, balanced with Puma Jones and Ducky Simpson's falsetto/bass harmonies.

Now Rose is gone, and his solo debut is awaited with interest. His place in Black Uhuru has been taken by Junior Reid, a surprise choice, having gained a handful of dancehall hits on Greensleeves and Black Roots, but being hardly distinguished in a highly competitive field. Listening to *Brutal*, Reid's intended role becomes plain. He can inject sufficient grit into his voice to sound about as close to Rose as you can get. 'Let Us Pray', 'Dread in the Mountain', 'Fit You Haffie Fit' and the title track are all very typical of the BU sound. Puma provides some variety with her first recorded lead vocal, 'City Vibes', even though it does show up some of her shortcomings as a singer. *Brutal* only manages five out of 10 through having too much filler and turning the Black Uhuru stance into more of a pose.

LKJ now claims to have "retired" from live performances, although he's since made the odd "comeback" for charity or political purposes. This shy genius of academic bent seems to find the concert stage an ordeal. This 1984 London gig with Dennis Bovell's superb Dub Band is pervaded by a sense of uneasiness, on the part of the star of the show. When talking or reciting by himself, he conveys a feeling of "What am I doing here?" When the band is in full swing, he can lose himself in the rhythm, concentrate on his delivery, and sound more comfortable. The material covers the full spectrum of Johnson's work, although I would have preferred 'Five Nights of Bleeding' to be done with the band, as Johnson's nervous solo delivery robs it of its inherent menace. Also missing, without excuse, is 'Street 66', one of LKJ's finest moments. Nonetheless, *In Concert* remains essential, particularly for Linton's enlightening comments on his work. We have not heard the last of this man.

Horace Andy Hinds started his singing career with Studio One in 1970. A consistent and versatile hitmaker, he seems happy in just about any format. His high-pitched, reedy voice can handle Lovers and Roots with equal aplomb, and in *Elementary*, he tries Electrobeat and emerges smiling again. His collaborator on this project is multi-instrumentalist Caroline Williams, a keyboards player of considerable experience in the reggae field who goes by the performing name of Rhythm Queen. The songs are light and melodic, the riddims footloose, the feeling Irie. The album, we hear, is selling.

All three LPs are being distributed by Wellington's Jayrem Records. If they're not in your record shop, write to PO Box 3054, Wellington and tell them so.

Duncan Campbell

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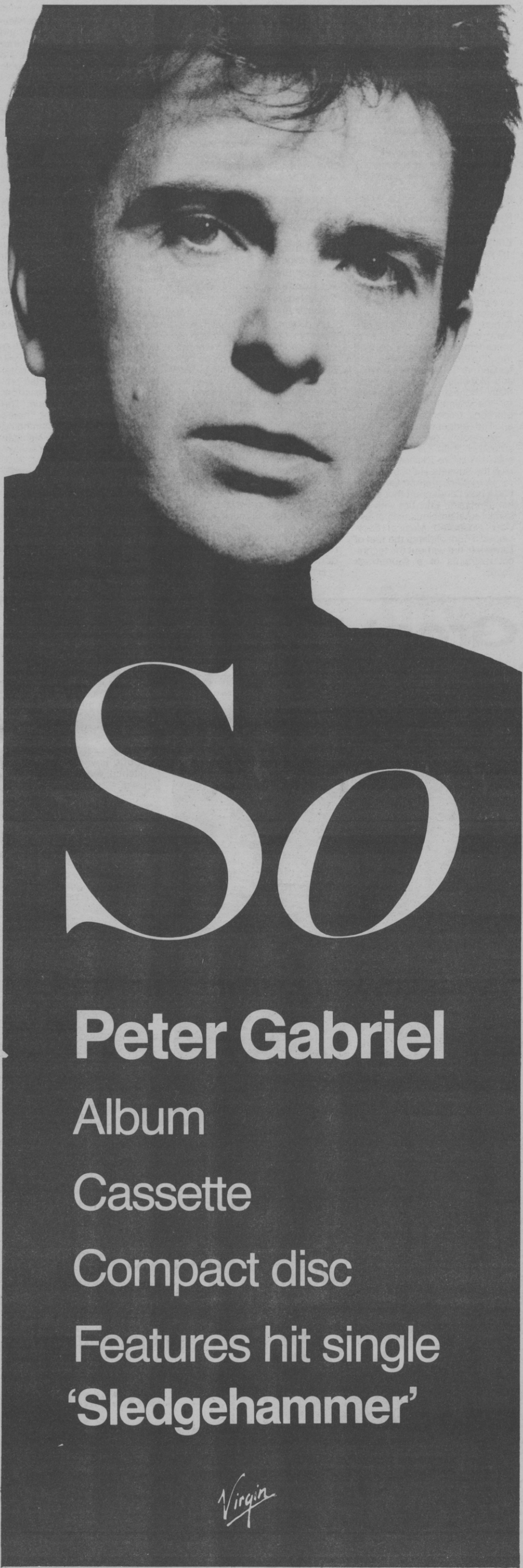
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AUGUST

5 METROPOLE, Hamilton	12 BELLBLOCK N. Plymouth
6 ONERAHI, Whangarei	13 EXCHEQUER, Wellington
7,8,9 GLUEPOT, Auck.	14 SAMMY'S, Dunedin
11 ALBERT, Palm. Nth	15, 16 GLADSTONE, Chch

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John Cale

SEPTEMBER

4 JAMES HAY, CHCH

5,6 GLUEPOT, Auck.

Records

Patti Labelle Winner in You WEA

According to *Spin* magazine Patti Labelle is a great gambler, losing \$10,000 on one game of blackjack. With *Winner in You* she's taking no chances, with the accent on winner she's stacked the deck with a collection of songs written and produced by a multitude of talents. The overall effect is one of maturity and strength that suits this powerful diva.

In her youth she fronted the Bluebells, belting out a soul classic in 1962's 'I Sold My Soul to the Junkman', in the 70s she achieved a cult following with rock-soul goddesses Labelle, with the "gitchee-gitchee ya ya" vocals of 'Lady Marmalade'.

Winner in You isn't a million miles away from these early triumphs, she still has, rather she "is" that amazing voice that goes from a whisper to a scream. Each song is a showcase for her vocal talents, and emphasis is given to ballads like the fine single 'On My Own' and the stunning 'Oh, People'. The attempt to cross all markets finds her in MOR territory with the Broadway-styled 'There's a Winner in You', but it sure beats Streisand. The uptempo tracks like 'Something Special' are more rock orientated than soul, a la Tina Turner, and are no match for the beautiful ballads like 'Finally We're Back Together', partly written by 60s soul legend Chuck Jackson.

A fine album that finds Patti Labelle in a more relaxed mood,

less frantic and more self-confident. In poker terms, a real ace up the sleeve.

Kerry Buchanan

Cactus World News Urban Beaches MCA

The word is that in the absence of any true rock and roll leadership emerging from the present ranks of old hacks, then new bands like Dublin's Cactus World News could develop into the galvanizing force to lead the children back to the revolution.

Fat chance. Plagued by a patronage from fellow Dubliner U2's Bono Vox, which saw the band's first record, 'The Bridge' being released on U2's label, Mother Records, Cactus World News are four too serious young men who wear too many crosses on their sleeves. Guitarist/lyricist Eoin McEvoy's words are full of the expected spiritual and emotional traumas, images of 'Worlds Apart', 'In a Whirlpool', 'Church of the Cold' and 'State of Emergency'. Intense, heart-felt but just a shade too melodramatic to be credible.

The music is derived directly from the likes of U2, the Alarm, mediocre Echo and the Bunmen and Big Country, but lacks the latter's true Celtic lyricism or soul. The pick of the 10 tracks here has to be the conventional clout of 'In a Whirlpool' and 'Church of the Cold', which soars on one or two nifty guitar licks.

Down a gear and you're left with 'The Promise', which produces the odd chill, and 'State of Emergency' and 'Maybe This Time', two lengthy stabs at subtlety that can't maintain interest.

The top line is that Cactus World News are another bunch of emo-



Cactus World News

tional revolutionaries with the occasional good tune. Hardly enough to dry the powder, never mind take the barricades.

George Kay

Force MDs Chillin' WEA

Great cover, the Force MDs resplendent in about a ton of animal fur with lots of rings and gold things hanging around their necks. A tribute to pimp culture perhaps? But no solid gold coke spoons, because these are nice boys.

In fact they could be New Edition's older brothers on tracks like 'Will You Be My Girlfriend' and the school days' love of 'Uh Oh!'. There's a certain charm in this sort of corny soul, even real deep soul has a high degree of sentimentality. The classic here is 'Tender Love', a song I hated and now find very attractive, all strings and misty vocals.

Force MDs on this album are basically bubblegum, so it comes

as no surprise that the most bubblegum rap band appears on it. The Fat Boys are great, but when compared to LL Cool J and Run DMC, are strictly "wave your hand in the atmosphere" types. On 'Force MDs meet the Fat Boys' you get what you expect, jokes about popcorn and pizza and a nifty rap on the Hues Corporation's 'Rock the Boat' ...

"Don't rock the boat, Fat Boys Don't tip the boat over ..."

A good fun album, but nothing that's going to really rock the house.

Kerry Buchanan

Ryuichi Sakamoto Illustrated Musical Encyclopedia 10 Records

Sakamoto was one-third of the Yellow Magic Orchestra, a Japanese band whose influence on electronic music was possibly greater than attributed forefathers Kraftwerk. While Kraftwerk's lengthy compositions set precedents for Bowie's extended mood exercises on *Heroes*, and for German musicians Roedelius and Moebius, it was the Yellow Magic Orchestra that set the style for the whimsical three-minute pop song. Depeche Mode, Japan and Fad Gadget owe them much.

Sakamoto's own work is far smoother than contemporaries such as Yukihiro Takahashi or Sandii & the Sunsets. His sound track for *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence* had a heart and mood that stood him alongside Eno, but with the sentimental preciousness of Sylvian. *Illustrated Musical Encyclopedia* consolidates the feel of *Lawrence*, but without the technical restraints of a soundtrack score.

His compositional duet 'Fieldwork' with Thomas Dolby is powerful, but too obviously styled for the singles market to sit comfortably alongside the delicate 'Etude' and 'Tibetan Dance'. The pompously titled 'Zen-Gun' and 'In a Forest of Feathers' are instrumentals of great beauty and grace, too accessible to be dismissed as indulgent.

And lo, the YMO's sense of humour has not been lost. 'Steppin' Into Asia', with its chopstick-rap and *kawaii* vocal, is a cheerful delight. Maturity, calm and beauty fill *Illustrated Musical Encyclopedia* and bide Sakamoto well for the future.

Chad Taylor

Ry Cooder Blue City Warner Brothers Ry Cooder Crossroads Warner Brothers

Add *Alamo Bay* and that makes three new Cooder soundtracks in as many months. If they weren't soundtracks we'd probably be getting sceptical about things like quality control, or Cooder overextending himself. But we tend to have lower expectations of movie scores.

Ry Cooder knows these expectations but (partially) undermines them by giving us albums dominated by fully realized tracks and then comes out sounding like a winner. His last five LPs have been soundtracks and they've all had much to recommend them. The best instrumentals, such as the title themes from *Paris, Texas* and *Alamo Bay* resonate with movie memories and with an independent beauty.

Blue City's theme is not quite in

that class but it's certainly serviceable: hard-driving, electric and searingly melodic. Of the six other instrumentals, I'll swear one is a rip-off from 'Isa Lei' and a couple sound like Ry's been tuning his guitar to *Miami Vice*. (Hmm ... there's pastel tonings on the album sleeve too. Does this suggest the film's target audience?) Two of the album's four vocal numbers are fiery funk'n'roll, while the other two are one-listen throwaways (including Cooder half-smirking his way through Johnny Cash's 'Don't Take Your Guns to Town').

The *Crossroads* soundtrack is much less diverse. Virtually all the tracks are blues, and unlike *Blue City*, most are non-original. As well as his usual exemplary rhythm team Cooder employs a range of such fine musicians as blues legend Sonny Terry and the superb black vocalists who used to belong to Cooder's band in the days of *Bop Till You Drop*. The title track is the much-covered Robert Johnson standard (in a refreshingly different arrangement from the famous Cream version). A few of the other tracks — notably on side one — get a tad precious with the earnestness that stultified 1977's *Jazz* album. The rest however are a delight. There's an uptempo shuffle, a brooding mid-pacer sung by Amy Madigan (star of *Alamo Bay*) and a fine vocal group acapella.

If *Blue City* presents generally good value for a soundtrack — mixing a few worthwhile instrumentals with a couple of steaming rockers — *Crossroads* transcends the lowered expectations of the format and finds a focus fully independent of any movie.

Peter Thomson



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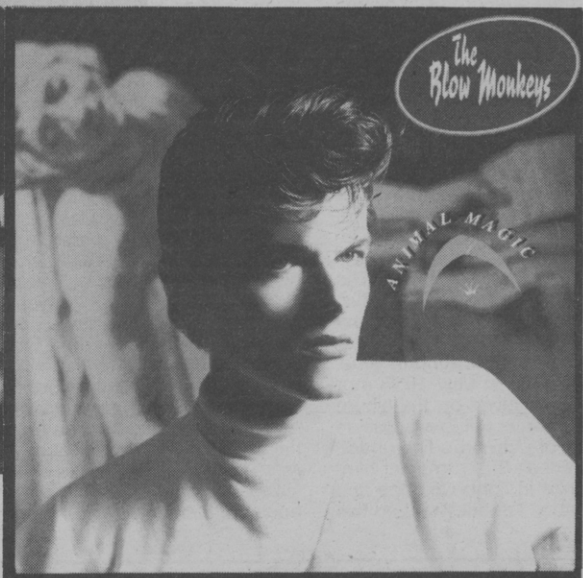
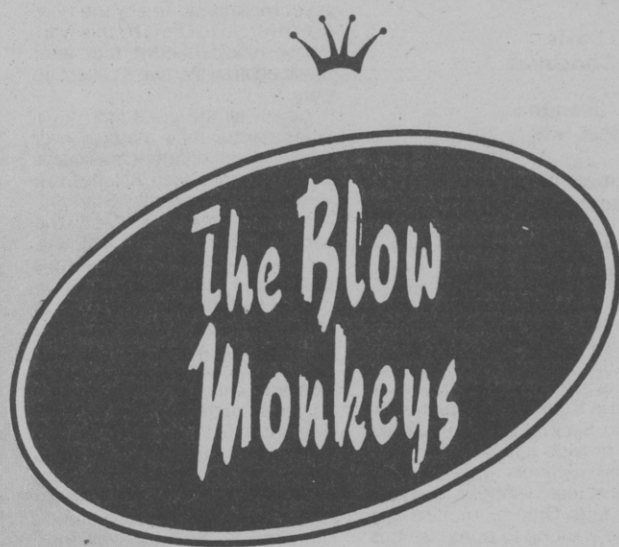
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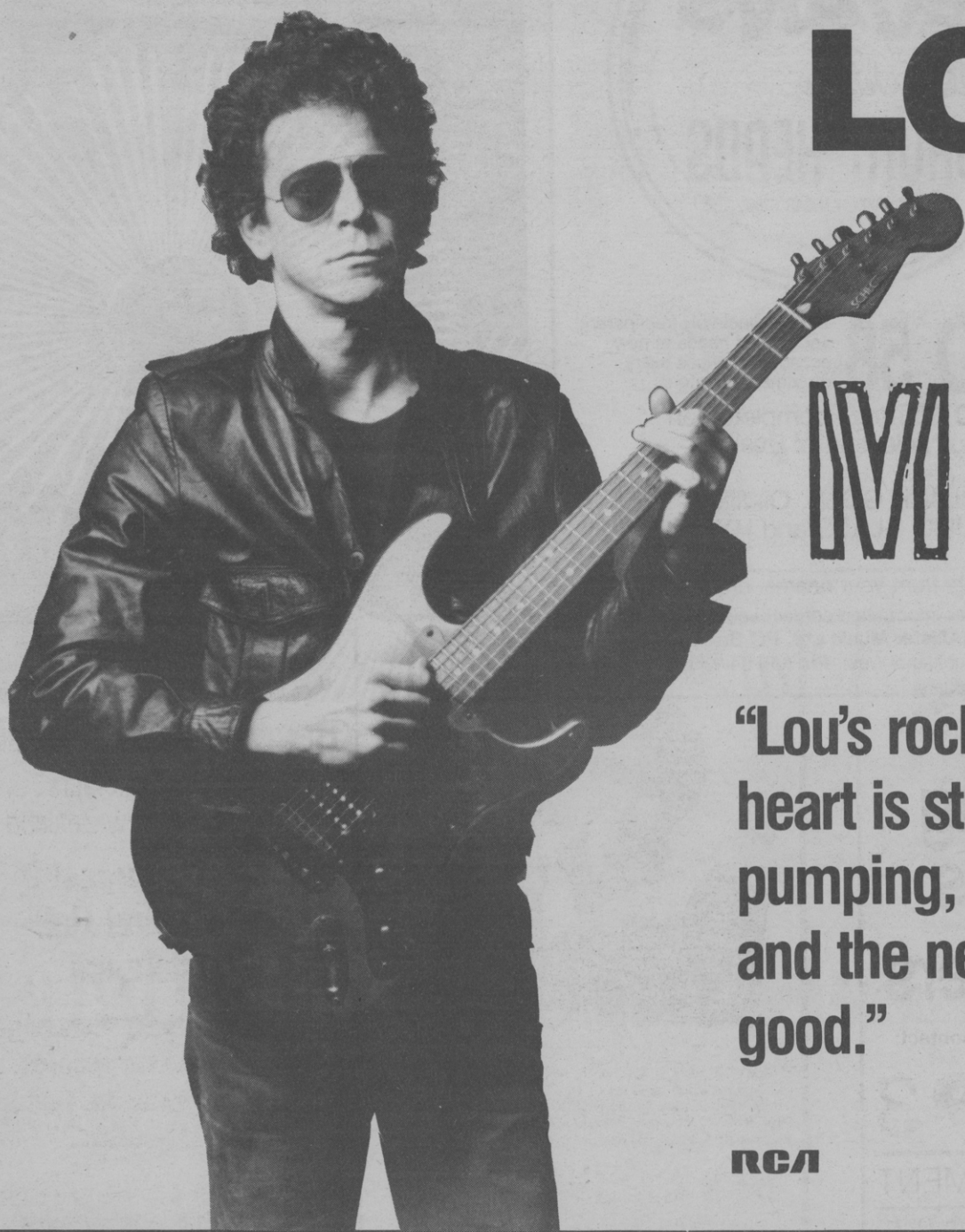
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Miles Davis
Blue Christmas
 CBS
Duke Ellington
Greatest Hits
 CBS
Thelonius Monk
Greatest Hits
 CBS
Billie Holiday
Lady in Satin
 CBS

These four albums belong to the *I Love Jazz* series, an 18-album collection for which CBS deserve plaudits galore. All the material involved is from the company's extensive back catalogue, and so helps provide a rich background for new listeners as well as a source of replenishment for established fans. Only six months ago anyone wanting to purchase this stuff needed to find twice the price for import copies, if and when they became available. Of the albums under consideration here, three are compilations and the Billie Holiday is a straight re-issue. All are valuable in one way or another.

The Miles Davis LP is named after a 1962 track featuring a wry but strictly conventional vocal by one Bob Dorough. The number is pleasantly enjoyable and intriguing for the rarity of its format, if not much more. However elsewhere on the album the tracks are all instrumental, and range from the first-rate to the masterpiece. The latter term definitely applies to two film themes recorded with the stellar line-up Davis would later use on his classic *Kind of Blue*. The date was in May 1958 (not April '56 as given on the album sleeve). Pianist Bill Evans was as capable of rich, brooding understatement as the trumpeter himself, while in John Coltrane and Cannonball Adderley he had two

effusive and energetic soloists. A perfect complement of styles. Virtually all the tracks on *Blue Christmas* have only ever been available on compilations, so anyone newly converted to Davis by this wonderful music needn't fear later duplication by starting a collection here.

Nearly all the great jazz musicians rework their material over time and with different musicians. *Blue Christmas* even includes two versions of 'Stella by Starlight' recorded three years and two band members apart. Duke Ellington was also no exception to this policy, and his *Greatest Hits* includes material he continued to record for much of his half-century long career. However, all bar one of these tracks were recorded in the 50s, and while two betray the occasional histrionics his soloists were given to in live performance, at least twice that number are as exquisite as you'd want. Listening to, say, Johnny Hodges on 'Prelude to a Kiss' or the master himself ruminate in 'Solitude' will melt your heart away. If you don't own any Ellington this album is an excellent beginning. The only thing to recognise is that no single album could do more than scratch the surface of his best work. This one hasn't even got room for such obvious standards as 'I Got it Bad', 'Creole Love Song', 'Do Nothin' 'Till You Hear From Me', 'Rockin' in Rhythm' Wasn't it Miles Daves who said that on one day each year all jazz musicians should get down on their knees and thank God for Duke Ellington?

Thelonius Monk recorded what are often considered the best of his many reworkings of his classic *Greatest Hits* during his early years on Blue Note. The versions here come from a decade or more later — his mid-60s period with Columbia. While the general recording quality is better, the quartet recordings add little to the originals. But it is always fascinating to listen to the pianist. Monk's spiky, iconoclastic playing can find new nooks and crannies in tunes we

thought we knew by heart. Try this solo rendition of the perennial 'Round Midnight'.

Billie Holiday recorded *Lady in Satin* a little over a year before her death in 1959. Many purists dismiss this, her last album, completely, insisting that Holiday's reputation rests on her small combo recordings of 1936-42. Granted, her voice on *Lady in Satin* is only a husk of its former glory. And granted, the backing arrangements contain too many violins for their own good. But together the worn out voice and unctuous orchestrations make a bittersweet combination, giving a special poignancy to a shrewdly chosen selection of torchy ballads. While listening to this album it's difficult not to wallow a little in the myth of Holiday's tragic life. Nonetheless, tracks such as 'You've Changed' and 'I'm a Fool to Want You' genuinely resonate with heartfelt emotion. And isn't that a prime ingredient of good jazz?

Peter Thomson

Aretha Franklin
Yeah!!!
 CBS

This could be the start of something: Aretha "in person with her quartet", live in a New York club one night in 1965. The 22-year-old Aretha is coming to the end of her directionless days at CBS — not knowing whether she was a pop singer or a jazz singer, the producers made her a black Barbra Streisand. The quartet, which includes Ted Harris on piano and guitarist Kenny Burrell, is a light jazz "combo" and consequently the arrangements of the standards are uninspiring: competent but characterless. Aretha's voice is remarkably mature — not overflorid, but there is some pointless ornamentation. She's singing well, but not saying much. Because she never has to push it at all, there's no tension in her vocals. The up-beat tunes are better: 'More', 'Muddy Water', and the blues classic 'Trouble in Mind', but the Roberta



Robert Palmer

Flack-style elongated ballads just meander about. A curiosity is an upbeat 'If I Had a Hammer', one of three tunes with Aretha on piano. All credit to CBS for releasing *Yeah!!!* as part of their budget-priced 18 LP "I Love Jazz" series; they seem to take better care of their Aretha back catalogue than WEA, who own the classic material. Admittedly a double LP compilation is on its way — but how about re-releasing some of the great albums: *Spirit in the Dark* or *Young, Gifted and Black*.

Chris Bourke

Robert Palmer
Riptide
 Island

After a career spanning over 20 years and eight mostly excellent solo albums, Robert Palmer has finally cracked the elusive worldwide hit single, not before time I might add, with the highly infectious 'Addicted to Love' off this new *Riptide* album.

Apart from the daft opening title track, which lends itself more to Peter Skellern than himself, the album is typical Palmer — uptempo, funky, rhythmic, tight as the proverbial duck's ass. Never afraid of experimentation, he sticks to a fairly proven formula on this outing, powerhouse drumming courtesy of Tony Thompson, a token appearance by Duran's Andy Taylor (the Power Station influence is strongly evident, and obviously opened up a whole new world of

punters to him). As a longtime Palmer devotee I find it quite ironic to be bombarded by him aurally via our wonderful commercial radio system, but I still love the single, a sure test of its class and worth!

I wouldn't like to pick a follow up single, but I'd love to hear the old R&B classic 'Trick Bag' over the airwaves; Palmer gives it his slinky, sinuous best — another hit, I'm sure. And maybe the *Rolling Stone Record Guide* might rethink their abysmal putdown of him — the fraud of funk indeed — you must be kidding!

Greg Cobb

Marshall Crenshaw
Downtown
 Warner Brothers

Marshall Crenshaw began his career playing in the musical *Beatlemania* and it seems he'll never be able to shrug off his memories of *Beatles for Sale*. But that's the album on which the Beatles most obviously displayed *their* influences, and you can't go wrong imitating the masters. *Downtown* is a fine, if derivative, pop album, far more immediate than the heavier *Field Day*, which Steve Lillywhite produced three years ago. This time Crenshaw coproduces with the aid of T-Bone Burnett, and they've come up with a strong, moody sound behind the melodies and musical signatures.

Buddy Holly's hiccup is there, on 'Shake Up Their Minds', while the multi-tracked vocals point to another influence — the Beach Boys. But Crenshaw's passions are more intense, he's more aggressively hurt, so his 'Yvonne' is a 'Barbara Ann' for the 80s. It's still party music though, and seems perfect for this winter — what the Jan and Dean did when they couldn't catch a wave. Nothing from the Class of '65 is left out: on 'Blues is King' Mitch Easter takes the helm, and points Crenshaw towards Roger McGuinn, adding a drifting, dreamlike vocal and Rick- enbacker guitar. There's even George's sitar on 'Terrifying Love', and

a couple of McCartney slowies ('Like a Vague Memory' and 'Lesson No 1') that serve the same purpose 'And I Love Her' and 'Follow the Sun' once did

Why is such a derivative LP so satisfying? For the same reason the originals were: the LP is full of melodies, and the sound was great *then*, so why not now? *Downtown* is more than a pastiche pizza, but I have a feeling that when spring comes, and I want to sing, dance, and reminisce, it'll be back to *Rubber Soul*.

Chris Bourke

Mantronix
The Album
 10 Records

Hip-hop purists will grab this record and ring every last beat and scratch from it. Mantronix, a New York team made up of rapper MC Tee and Jamaican-born DJ Mantronik, deliver an album that's high on dance and dangerously paced, an offering that British critics hailed and clubgoers split their track pants over.

It's old hip-hop, like the days of Pac Man and Al Naafiyysh; when hip-hop was young and the bleeps and blurs of the video arcade fed the beat. There's none of the heavy metal and human beatbox sounds you've come to expect from New York style.

'Bassline' and 'Needle to the Groove' which kick the album off, are furious beats, mad arsed with black noise, chanting jumble-sale rhymes in an indistinct haze commanded by beat. It's infectious, with snippets of acapella songs and scratch dramatics, hard and insistent. Hip-hop purists will say "Say What?" You can hear some of Flash's 'Larry's Dance Theme' influencing the fanfare cut-up of 'Hardcore Hip-hop', and maybe 'Alice, I Want You' creeps into the 'Ladies' bassline.

That adds up to terrific dance stuff, but analysts might be left clutching their kangols wondering if there's a story in all that rap — is it glib, or is that the way it is?

Peter Grace

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Martin Plaza
Plaza Suite
CBS

Singer, songwriter, guitarist and one-fifth of Mental as Anything, Martin Plaza has squeezed this, his first solo album in between the often fabulous *Fundamental* and the next Mentals long player. It's safe to say that any of the 10 songs on *Plaza Suite* would've been at home on a Mental's album but 10 of them would have been a bit excessive so Plaza was given leave to go on his own. His pedigree as a pop tunesmith has already been certified with the likes of 'The Nips are Getting Bigger', 'Come Around', 'If You Leave Me, Can I Come Too' and 'I Didn't Mean to be Mean'. And for further proof of his knack at crafting a tidy tune check out the middle eight of the otherwise ordinary 'I Could Be So Good', or the sheer class of 'Use Me All Over', which has just that touch of country, or the rock of 'Rollerina', a tale of how the Mentals and the Dynamic Hepnotics drew only 600 people to the 4000 capacity Rollerina in Camptown last year.

For the serious side, that other dimension Mental as Anything are trying to develop (but not too hard), Plaza has reserved his two best songs: 'Out the Door' is a very natural, compassionate factual account about a three-year-old girl who died of malnutrition as a result of a water diet; and 'Bats and Balls' is a shimmering, heat-oppressed melodic squint from beneath the sunglasses at Aussie beach life.

But no way is *Plaza Suite* a brilliant album of unforgettable stolen moments, there's too many routine work-outs like 'Pit Stop' and 'Chalk and Cheese' for that. But its best songs vindicate its existence and Plaza's rise as a songwriter. **George Kay**

John Niland
Inside
Eelman

With a pedigree that includes the Hulamen, Rodents and Tom-bolas, one would expect John Niland's solo piano album to be R&B influenced. But the flavour is light jazz; the two sides of the album reflect two different approaches. Side one is cocktail hour, on which Niland is ably helped out by Ross Burge on drums and Rob Mahoney on dou-

ble bass. This side doesn't bear too much concentrated listening, but that's not the point. All three musicians just ooze feeling; Niland has the lightest of touches, though his rhythms can be jerky. Occasionally they get a groove going and you can feel them relax. On side two Niland is more creative. At its best, the influences are Jarrett and Nock, at its worst, El-ton John. While his right hand is adept at improvisation, his left is the weak link — as evidenced by 'Birth of a Fantail'. 'Too Triumph' leans too heavily on its opening riff, there are some acoustic dabbings with the sound-board and strings, and an intrusive dud note in the middle section. 'From the Boatshed' highlights Niland's strengths: it's a lyrical Debussian piece, with a lovely simple theme. It works because it's not trying to do too much. It will be interesting watching John Niland's piano work mature.

Chris Bourke
Red Guitars
Tales of the Expected
Virgin

The Red Guitars emerged from Hull, of all places, with three singles on their Self Drive label in 1983. Those initial salvoes, 'Steeltown', 'Good Technology' and 'Fact' and their first LP the following year, convinced people that a tough, incisive and intelligent guitar band had at last arrived on the English side of the Atlantic. Last year's single 'Be With Me' which starred new singer/guitarist Rob Holmes and trickled through here on 12" import, was an impressively assured loved song which didn't do their reputation any harm.

Tales of the Expected, their first release on a major label, doesn't quite deliver their initial potential. With three guitarists on the paybooks you'd expect them to whip up a storm but Holmes, Hallam Lewis and John Rowley are only ever let loose on 'Suspicion and Fear' and 'House of Love' and even then they're confined within the strict limits of two weak songs.

So *Tales of the Expected* is about songs first and guitarists second, and it's got to be noted that 'National Avenue', 'Storyville', their current single 'Baby's Got a Gun', and the Tom Verlaine beauty of 'Love and Understanding', are all fine songs. But there was no need to re-work a song as good as 'Be

With Me' and there's too many likeable but anaemic fillers like 'Sweetwater Ranch' and 'Marianne' to pack the punch that this band should have delivered. With a name like Red Guitars the average guy expects anarchy but what you get here is taste, restraint and some nice numbers. Is that gonna change the world? **George Kay**

Various
The Colour Purple
Qwest

Just as the film *The Colour Purple* wallows in two-and-a-half hours of good intentions, so does its soundtrack sprawl over two records. Now no-one with any suss expects a double album to be all good, let alone one that's a film score. But given such low expectations, much of this stuff is surprisingly acceptable. Which is largely due to the range on offer.

For a start there's some old jazz, including a 1925 Sidney Bechet blues, a 1930 Louis Armstrong Hot Five, and Coleman Hawkins' wonderful 1939 'Body and Soul'. Then there are a few good vocals, both traditional and written for the film. Tata Vega and John Lee Hooker are each ably supported by a combination of studio aces and blues masters. A rocking new version of 'The Dirty Dozens' is an album (and film) highlight. We also get a couple of inspired uptempo gospel numbers from a 30-piece choir led by Andrae Crouch. It's a pity the marvellous sequence of 'Maybe God is Tryin' to Tell You Somethin' appears so late in an already overlong movie.

Nearly all the other music is orchestral, and much of it is predictably lush. In the film its use is usually either obtrusive — a common Quincy Jones fault — or else further glossing Spielberg's already cute photography. However, alone on record, a few sequences are rather beguiling. There's never, say, the pomposity of a John Williams score, and when the strings are held under (relative) restraint this theme or that arrangement can be warmly attractive.

So, like the movie, the soundtrack contains some fine moments interspersed with passages of sticky sentimentality. But at least on record the proportion is better. And besides, you can always lift the needle on the really purple passages. **Peter Thomson**

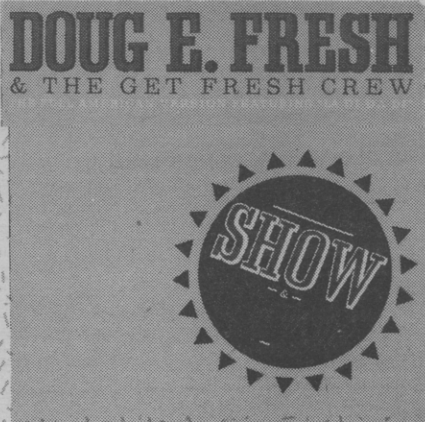
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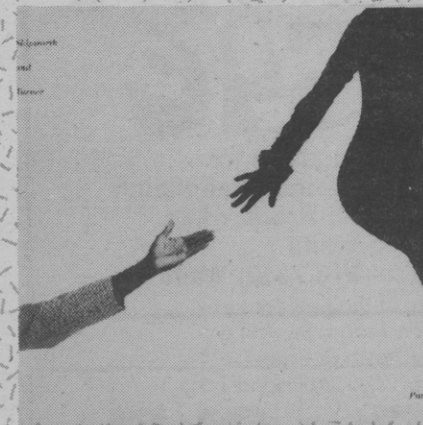
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Box of Frogs Strange Land Epic

Box of Frogs are the rhythm section of the old Yardbirds with the addition of John Fiddler on guitar and vocals, augmented by various guest artists. Their first album used such guitar luminaries as Jeff Beck and Rory Gallagher to beef up the sound and the result was a perfectly acceptable blues-tinged album, but lacking inspiration in the songwriting department.

Strange Land changes all that. The songs are varied and pulse with real energy, using the considerable talents of a group of artists that reads like a who's who of popular music. The highlights are many — Ian Dury's vocal on the Frogs' composition 'Avenge'; Roger Chapman stars on the title track and gives a devastating performance on the remake of the Yardbirds' hit 'Heart Full of Soul'. Rory Gallagher provides exhilarating guitar and electric sitar on 'Hanging from the Wreckage' and Steve Hackett a punishing lead on 'Trouble'. All tracks are anchored by the solid rhythm section of the Frogs and all songs are self penned, excluding 'Heart Full of Soul'.

There is no filler on this consis-

tently good album. Absolutely essential listening for anyone interested in quality rock music, and proof that the old proverb "too many cooks spoil the broth" is not always the case.

David Perkins

Mint Juleps One Time (Stiff)

"We're six super swingers from Stepney, East London and four of us are sisters, although I bet you don't know which four," quips Julie, the lead larynx in this all-woman acapella sextet recorded live in London. From doo-wop to rock and roll they jazz up classics like 'Jimmy Mack', 'Da Do Ron Ron' and 'Stand By Me'. Yet the highlight has to be a rip-snorting gymnastic version of 'Shout'. Hearing is believing. Great fun.

GK

Accept Russian Roulette (CBS)

Fiery production from Michael Wagener (Dokken, Stryper) helps make for a good follow on from previous best Accept. 'TV War' sets the pace for this German band's latest offering. AC/DC and Judas Priest influences are put to great effect, especially on the title track and 'Heaven is Hell.' This Russian Roulette is pretty hot so give it a shot!

GD

The Doors Best of the Doors (Elektra)

Digitally remastered double album covering the essential Doors tracks. Hard to quibble with the

choice of tracks, and unquestionably superior to previous compilations. Diehards will bemoan the absence of 'Alabama Song', 'Not to Touch the Earth', 'L'America', but at least the extended 'The End' and 'When the Music's Over' are included. If you have no Doors' albums buy this as an excellent overview of a band whose music has endured better than most from that era.

DP

Dokken Under Lock and Key (Elektra)

More of the same from LA based Kraut metallers Dokken. Superb production, huge sound, thundering drums, screaming guitars in the Van Halen mould, except no one sounds as good as Van Halen or ever will, even without the immortal Dave Lee Roth. Standout tracks — 'Unclaim the Night', 'Slippin' Away', 'Will the Sun Rise' — but a high standard throughout. No duffs here. Recommended for avid metal aficionados quite highly, like seven out of 10.

GC

Tommy Keene Songs from the Film (Geffen)

Tommy Keene evokes a host of memories on his first album for a major label. Roger McGuinn, Tom Petty and Elliot Murphy are all here in spirit. All tracks are penned by Keene except for an impressive cover of Lou Reed's 'Kill Your Sons'. Standout tracks are 'Underworld', 'Pieces that are Gone' and 'My Mother Looked Like Marilyn Mon-

roe.' A fine collection of bittersweet pop songs. Check it out — you may be pleasantly surprised. DP

Floy Joy Weak in the Presence of Beauty (Virgin)

This album sounds entirely like a Foreigner single, with the exception of 'This is My Time', which sounds like Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons. This, I sourly maintain, is a sad fate for a band who once had the sublime Carol Thompson on vocals and a fabulous single called 'Operator Operator'. Floy Joy could have become an after-dinner Lloyd Cole and the Commotions, but they have banded out to an extraordinary and surprising degree. Too-smooth production and arrangements have diluted honest musicianship; *Weak in the Presence of Beauty* feels more like a year. A shame.

CT

The Icicle Works The Small Price of a Bicycle (Beggars Banquet)

Acid-rock revivalists in the guise of post-punk psychedelia. The Icicle Works re-work many old cliches but are hardly progressive or frightening — I'd rather listen to King Crimson's *Lizard* than an imitation thereof. Say, has anyone read *Neil's Book of the Dead* yet? Song titles such as 'Conscience of Kings' and 'Book of Reason' suggest that it may be having a broad effect on the psychedelic scene. Amaazing.

CT

Wall of Voodoo Seven Days in Sammystown (Illegal Records)

Seven years on, and the third album from this LA five-piece who scored recognition three summers ago with the classic track 'Mexican Radio'. The band, who were once described as "like early Devo without the wackiness," serve up another dose of imaginative and disjointed fun. A bit more of an edge to the music, especially on the opener 'Far Side of Crazy', without any loss to their quirkiness. Not great, but worth a spin or too.

SGE

Lou Reed City Lights (Arista)

A none-too-successful attempt by Arista to cash in on Lou's re-found success with the record-buying public by now trying to sell him as the "Grand-daddy of love songs" for God's sake. One whole side taken up with songs from his miserable *Take No Prisoners* album and the second side consisting of songs from his more recent albums, not the best ones either. If you want a Lou Reed compilation, buy *Rock and Roll Diary*, you don't need this.

BM

Confessor First Sin (Jayrem)

Three heavy metal tracks from Auckland band Confessor for those who like it loud, fast, rough and raw. They played support for Twisted Sister when they were called Bad Blood and are planning to tour the country soon.

GD

AC/DC Who Made Who (EMI)

Compilation soundtrack album for *Maximum Overdrive*, the new movie from longtime AC/DC fan and horror writer Stephen King. The classic 'Hell's Bells' and 'For Those About to Rock' are two of the tracks included of the current AC/DC and there's 'Ride On' from Bon Scott days. Worthwhile for the three newly released tracks and blue Angus cover. Should be one hell of a movie!

GD

Queen A Kind of Magic (EMI)

A hugely successful world tour and Live Aid performance and Queen release their 13th album. All five tracks on side one have the potential of being hit singles, while the other side is grandiose-style production and focuses on Brian May's guitar work. Unusual forthcoming films *Highlander* and *Iron Eagle* contain some of this music, so watch for them. With Freddie cutting short their present tour for a "two year break" one wonders if it could be Queen's last spell together?

GD

Rose Tattoo A Decade of Rock (EMI)

Ten Years of Tatts' brand of rock-'n'roll put together into one playing. Lots of slide guitar, Angry Anderson's raw vocals and a very live sound courtesy of Harry Vanda and George Young. With four albums to their name, this covers the best of 'em.

GD

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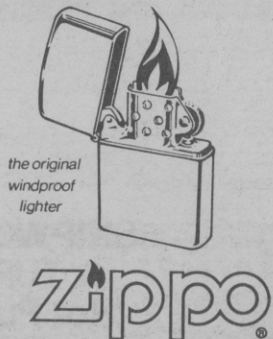
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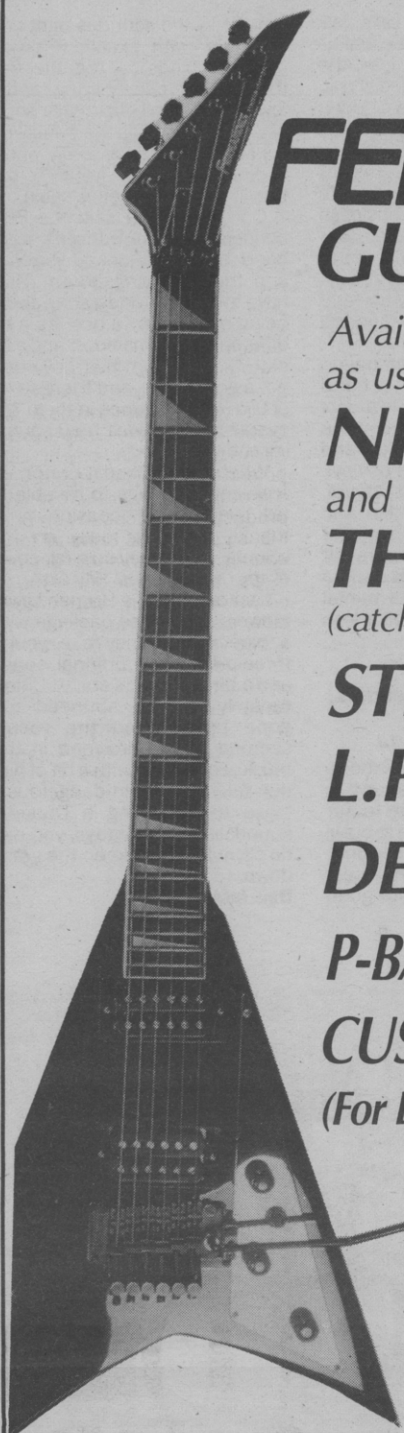
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Live

Tim Finn
Galaxy, July 4

It was the final night of an Australasian tour which, by all accounts, had not gone according to expectations. In Auckland, the man who had led his last band through nearly a week of farewell performances at the Logan Campbell Centre couldn't fill that venue for one night on his own.

No doubt eating humble pie was a blow to Tim Finn, but those who attended the re-scheduled concert at the Galaxy received a rare treat. Mr Finn rose above any disgruntlement he should by rights have had and gave a confident, friendly and professional show to the reduced but enthusiastic audience.

Finn showcased new material right from the start, warming the audience to his new style — enthusiastic applause greeted even brand new songs — eventually rewarding them with a bouncy sing-along version of 'Fraction Too Much Friction,' one of the evening's high points.

His dexterity in shifting performance styles was enthralling. Moving from a soaring and majestic 'No Thunder, No Fire, No Rain,' through to 'Six Months in a Leaky Boat,' roaring back through a man-

ic and glowering 'Staring at the Embers.'

The band he had behind him were efficiently tight but seldom rose far above mere adequacy. On several occasions Finn was pushing himself and his singing to the limit, looking to really take off. Each time the extra shove he needed from his musicians was not forthcoming, or else deliberately restrained. Oh, what might have been.

Tim Finn is a superb singer with some very fine songs. As a solo act he has yet to find his niche, and a wider audience. A big hit is what he needs to really sever the Split Enz millstone. Despite the worries this tour must have caused him and his entourage, the grin that split his sweat soaked and happily tired face at the end of the night was no fake. Good on ya, Mr Finn — a trouper indeed.

Brendon Fitzgerald

Jesus on a Stick
Windsor Castle, June 19

The Windsor was extremely full (there was even a queue — a queue!). Nearly everyone was wearing black, no one was observing The Great New Zealand Smoke Free Week, and all were straining their eyes to read *Jesus on a Stick* between sets.

Not least, of course, we were there to welcome back Alec Bathgate, the prodigal Dwarf, and see the Tall ones play. Yippee!

But first, the comic, *Jesus on a*

Stick, a collection of pieces from a number of artists (and some musicians), including Hamish Kilgour, Jackie Dwyer, Martin Phillips, Chris Matthews and Fane Flaws. It's edited/instigated by Chris Knox, and bloody good it is too.

And if you couldn't read it in the Windsor's semi-darkness you could catch a glimpse of what lay inside the covers through the larger-than-life cutouts of various comic characters displayed on the walls and stage. Yah! Comic art meets musical art!

Goblin Mix played first, and didn't do too well, compared to other times when they've fried ma brains, this was a flop. Even 'Traveling Grave' was a mess, but you can't have everything.

The Headless Chickens were positively malevolent compared to Goblin Mix. Using backing tapes and the volume turned up to 12 they are quite awesome, if (at times) overdone; cooked beyond perfection. Presumably they do have their tongues to the left of their cheeks, but that's never stated. This is serious. They do have some particularly good songs though ('Monkey Jar'), and are a fine figure of a band; Chris Matthews is a great singer.

Finally, the Tall Dwarfs, and I'm amazed Chris Knox carried it through, he had the flu and I found myself wincing with pain sometimes as he strained his already shredded throat.

The Dwarfs did (more-or-less)

kick ass with 'Maybe,' 'Turning Brown and Torn in Two' and even 'Photographs of Naked Ladies,' which Chris introduces as a bit of sexist nostalgia, which is funny, I always thought it was an anti pornography song. Pretty damn good though, despite the obvious pain he was experiencing.

At this point I have to say my memory becomes cloudy — I had to go home and nurse my flu. If you can't find *Jesus on a Stick* in your town send \$4 to Sleeper Subvisuals, 2 Hakanoa Street, Grey Lynn, Auckland. Buy the comic; see the show!

Fiona Rae

Ardijah
The Brat, June 27

It's fair to say that A Certain Type frequents the Brat and when they play host to a band, the contrast in audience can be startling. At least, it was to the young man standing next to me, agape at one woman's rubber skirt. But Ardijah, out of place in this dance-arama? Not a chance.

For all but their regular audience, Ardijah have appeared out of nowhere, complete, professional and capable. Ardijah have the sound mixed just right. Everything on cue. No bum notes. A five or six song set was an advertisement for the band rather than a real gig, slotted in between the dance tracks.

I'm not the only sucker for Ardijah's professionalism. From

the opening cover of 'Let's Talk About Sex' to the very 'Sexuality' and 'Give Me Your Number,' the audience was well pleased, if a little taken aback by this sudden abundance of glossy style. Even Betty Monga's heartfelt vocals on 'Somebody Else's Guy' seemed to be smoothed over by the band's precision. Ardijah mean business in the best possible way; to cover is not a sin, to be funky is not to be flabby. A four-piece that puts out more than other Auckland bands of twice the size — and you know who you are.

Yet things had only just begun to warm up when the band finished with their Ar! Dee! Jah! theme song. And a terrible voice did sound through the air and from above, a mere slice of vinyl, even more slick and clever, grabbed everyone's attention. And a mere mortal writer did wonder if this would always be the result when you tried to out-slick a record, and he did make a mental note to see them again at a less distracting venue.

Chad Taylor

The Insect, the Suspenders,
Human Lawnmowers
Windsor Castle, June 14

It's encouraging that with the increase in live music venues in Auckland more and more lesser known bands are starting to crawl out of the woodwork to perform.

I've only ever heard of the Insect before, and they are quite good

tonight — the sound is tight and rhythmic, with excellent drumming that binds it all together. 'Act the Fan' is a catchy song, and a few others stood out in their short set. They do overdo the cynical lyrics sometimes (who really wants to know about St Tropez?), but they'll be worth seeing again.

On the radio it said the Suspenders were Nick Hansen's "new" band, but it just looked like Nick and friend playing about. They have two guitars and a song about being run over by a bus, it's a bit different, a bit ambitious, and a bit dull. Nick Hansen has obviously got a good voice, and there's a lot of Lou Reed influence in there, but overall they couldn't help sounding a bit bare.

Whether you liked it or not, it's a welcome change to be able to talk over a band occasionally — thanks for going easy on the volume — and they do a fair cover of the Temptations' 'My Girl'.

Last on were the Human Lawnmowers, a surprise package with a nice name. They're a young three-piece with original songs and a bit of musical ability. Unfortunately nothing sounded too good tonight and the vocals seemed to get drowned in the music. For a band with a bit of hidden talent they run dangerously close to becoming a Dunedin soundalike. C'mon guys, you can do more than just keep the grass down.

Ben Jackson

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James Brown
Wembley Arena, London,
April 19

Brother James read the gospel. Brother James paid tribute to the international language of love, spelt MUSIC, "something that's in all our souls ..."

Brother James honoured the dead, and the living.

But first the James Brown Show 'honoured James Brown. Maceo Parker, the man with the sax, toasted the band, the band toasted Maceo Parker, and the audience toasted show business. The audience had come to see the man, James Brown, but what they saw was show business, and what a business it was.

The musicians were not ordinary musicians, they were without a doubt James Brown musicians. "I can take an ordinary musician and turn him into a James Brown musician", and the difference between the ordinary and the James Brown is immeasurable. The James Brown Show has the power to take the music wherever it wants. God willing.

'Prisoner of Love', 'It's a Man's, Man's, Man's World', 'Sex Machine', 'Ain't that a Groove', songs from nearly two decades past are still part of the James Brown Show, all as fresh as if they had just been born, executed with energy, confidence and urgency. From the Creator, to the musician, to the audience ... split second timing!

'Living in America' has been James Brown's first Top 10 single in the UK, and his first Stateside since 1968. James Brown is once again hot property.

There have been reports in the press that he can no longer 'do it' like he once did. Untrue ... falsehoods perpetrated by fanatics whose only passion is the downfall of all that is American. At a time when it is unwise to be openly American. The James Brown Show is not ashamed to be proud.

At this time in music the influence of Mr Brown's mainline is continuously reappearing in many forms of music, but there is only one James Brown, and his street heat is hotter than ever, and with a new major recording contract, perhaps this street heat will finally find its way to your feet. Yes, the show was great.

C Roy Williams

Singles Bar

SOS Band The Finest (CBS 12")

Sure is one of the finest slices of vinyl on anyone's turntable at the moment. Jam and Lewis produce another smoothie that flows and grows. Love the acapella with guest vocalists Cherrelle and Alexander O'Neal.

Skipworth and Turner Hot Pursuit (Festival 12")

A solid beat keeps this in top gear, and the vocals are soul powered. But the mix needs cooling down, a little too rocky for me. Turn it over and there's a new version of 'Thinking About Your Love' with excellent vocals.

Little Richard Great Gosh A'Mighty (MCA 7")

With the elemental force of an atom bomb, the "quasar" of rock delivers another inspirational sermon. Fine pumping piano and a thumping bass drum provide fervent backing for the divine one's soulful shouts.

Heaven 17 featuring Jimmy Ruffin The Foolish Things to Do (Virgin 7")

A ballad from ex-Temptation Ruffin, produced and played by Heaven 17. Both perform well, especially Heaven 17, who sound very American styled. Close to the Freddie Jackson/Lilo Thomas school of sophisticated soul. The flip is a cover of Luther Vandross's 'My Sensitivity' sounding real cool.

Sam Cooke Wonderful World (RCA 7")

Re-issue of one of the most perfect songs ever done. It's beauty is in simplicity and the way Sam Cooke's voice sounds so warm. Backed by 'Chain Gang', another soul-pop classic. They don't make them as good as this anymore.

Doug E Fresh and the Get Fresh Crew The Show (Chrysalis 12")

The original Human Beatbox with heaps of clicks and beeps with a rap that's as funny as they come. This version cuts out a lot of the more suggestive lyrics, and the chorus from 'Michelle', but the mix is better than the other versions. The other side has the ultra wild 'La Di Da Di' which restores the smut quota. Certainly the hippest record of the month.

Sly and Robbie Make 'em Move (Festival 12")

From the Material-produced *Language Barrier* album, a funk jam from the rhythm meisters. As per usual the bass is the real star, with enough boom to sink a battleship. Cameo role from Doug E Fresh as the Human Beatbox imitating Sly is a nice touch.

Isley, Jasper, Isley Caravan of Love (Epic 7")

Hit record time for the Isley Brothers off-shoot. With the intense romanticism and languid groove, it's got numero uno written all over it.

E G Dally Say it, Say it (A&M 12")

Okay you can stop looking, they've found the new Madonna. Mr Jellybean must be real happy in that this could revive his flagging career. Pity this hasn't got an ounce of the talent that the real Madonna has — but hey, that's showbiz!

The Smiths Big Mouth Strikes Again (Rough Trade 7" & 12")

In 10 years time Morrissey's going to be writing the theme music for BBC documentaries on Evelyn Waugh. But at the moment he's still mining the tortured artist bit. The flip side features an instrumental that at first I thought was Dire Straits — sure sounds like it.

Vanity Under the Influence (Motown 7")

Much better than previous efforts, even though 'Pretty Mess' was a lot funnier. Almost tasteful lyrics but she'll never make the cover of *Broadsheet*. Music-wise it has a nice groove, but nothing spectacular.

Signe Signe Sputnik 21st Century Boy (Parlophone 12")

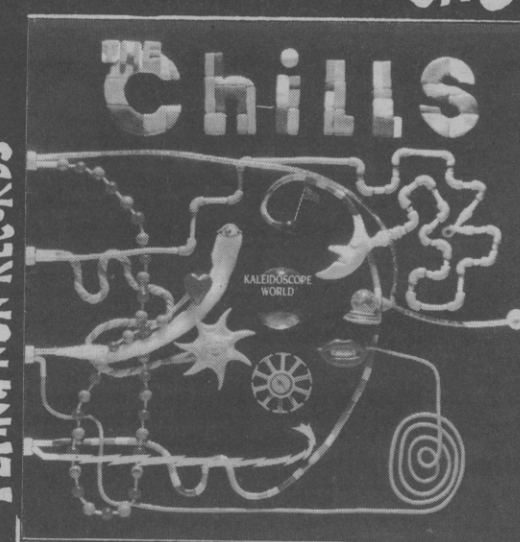
Modern pop music is just so vacant, so it's good to see "Bands" like this milk it dry. Almost a re-make of their first single and it should make a mint. Such honesty is heart-warming.

Pet Shop Boys Opportunities (Let's Make Lots of Money) (Parlophone 12")

Even more honest, with the boys intoning "I've got the brains. You've got the looks ... let's make lots of money ..." That's stark real-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

From the top 5 of the
UK Independent Charts
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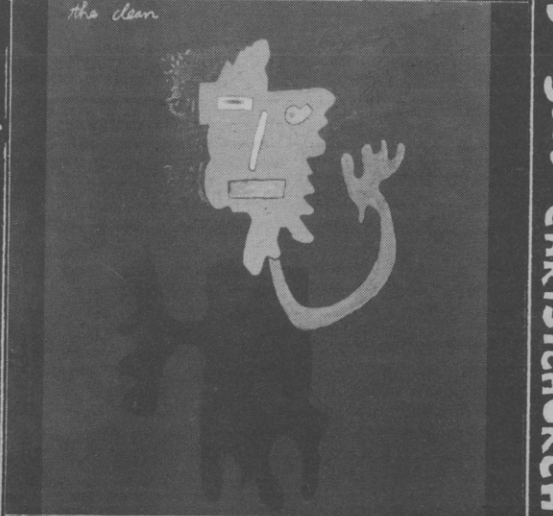


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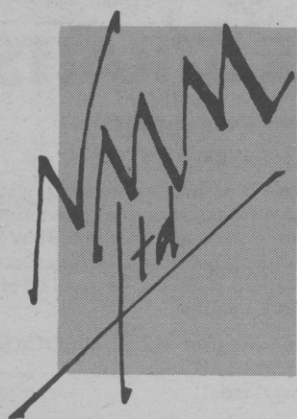
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'SINGLES' FROM PAGE 29
ism for you, pity the music sounds
so dated — circa 1984.

Prince Mountains (WEA 12")

The beginning sounds like Michael Jackson's 'Don't Stop (Till You Get Enough)' and then it starts to go downhill so to speak. Nice cover though, with Prince looking like some sort of gay caballero.

AD/DC Who Made Who (EMI 12")

I prefer the early band with Bon Scott singing about 'Big Balls' and stuff. This is a bit light and tasteful, but the flip 'Guns for Hire' has some nasty guitar and it's live.

The Cure Boys Don't Cry (WEA 7")

Re-sung and club mixed, but lacking a certain something the original 1979 version had. This one is almost acoustic and very light. The flip is much better, a slide guitar version of 'Pill Box Tales' remixed from 1979, and previously unreleased.

The Real Thing You to Me are Everything (PolyGram 12")

One of my all-time fave's from 1976, re-made and re-modelled by DJ mixers Froggy, Simon Harris and KC. Still sounds lovely after all these years and in the new mix a great mid-tempo dancer.

Chic Four Track (Atlantic 12")

Essential soul funk from the dance machine that was Chic. All tracks are the full length versions and nice to have on the one disc. 'Good Times' is perhaps the most perfect disco track ever made.

Kerry Buchanan

Video

This is Elvis (Warners)

With Colonel Tom Parker as executive producer, and a 20 minute dramatised sequence at the beginning to show Elvis's childhood in Tupelo, you know this isn't going to be a tacky piece of Albert Goldman sensationalism. Nevertheless, *This is Elvis* is perhaps the most honest portrayal of the life of Elvis Presley, the American Dream personified. Apart from the opening Walt Disney piece of schmaltz, this film is the real thing — two hours of classic Presley footage. As you watch the early concert performances and interviews, all the hyperbole falls away, and you completely understand the impact of the shy country boy with the snappy clothes, affected sneer and spell-binding dancing.

Nothing has been left out: El crooning to a hound dog on TV; above the waist on the *Ed Sullivan Show*; playing comedy with Milton Berle, Groucho Marx and Bob Hope — and singing a duet with Frank Sinatra. A narration by "Elvis" fills in the gaps with a self-deprecating humour. There is much private footage also, with Miss Priscilla and the Memphis Mafia at Graceland parties, and behind the scenes during the Army days. The movie years, good and bad, are not denied, and neither is the over-the-top circus that followed the great comeback of '68 and lead to his eventual demise. But even the sad sight of a grotesque Elvis in concert just before his death is redeemed by his talent; his version of the much-covered 'My Way' (as he hands out sweaty scarves to his devotees) is



Elvis talks dirty (from 'This is Elvis').

riveting.

Much more satisfying than the '68 Comeback Special, *This is Elvis* is essential for anyone with any interest in rock and roll.

Chris Bourke

Maria's Lovers (RCA/Columbia)

A wonderfully lusty "art" movie packed with sexual tension that positively steams.

Centred around the angelic Maria (Nastassja Kinski) and the men who want her, Ivan Bibic (John Savage) returns from years in a POW camp with the one desire to "have" Maria, after winning her back from Al Griselli (the great Vincent Spano from *Sayles' Baby, It's You*). Ivan marries Maria, but is unable to consummate their union. Enter the super greasy Mr Butts (Keith Carradine), who is more than able to.

Director Andrei Konchalovsky uses some startling images to depict the characters psyche — at one point Ivan puts his hand on a hot oven element to prove his love for Maria — in more idyllic mo-

ments he surrounds his characters in a glow that shimmers like an impressionist painting.

A great film that has the added attraction of featuring Robert Mitchum, a living metaphor for the greatness of American cinema.

Kerry Buchanan

Alamo Bay (RCA/Columbia)

Louis Malle's latest film is another stylistic jump for this eclectic French director. From the confining but warm images of *My Dinner with Andre*, Malle moves to this more American-styled study of a torn community.

After the fall of Saigon over 100,000 Vietnamese refugees moved into the Gulf coast of Texas. Basing the story on true events, Malle depicts the economic hardship of the native Texans, and how they translate this class struggle into a racial struggle against the Vietnamese workers. Excellent in its unsentimental portrayal of working class racism, and handled well by Ed Harris in a demanding role. The love affair between Harris and Amy Madigan is the core of the film, and Malle is at his best with these more intimate scenes.

Music by Ry Cooder is excellent, especially the country torch song which Malle has the neon-lit lovers dance to.

The end may seem a little anticlimactic, in that the social conditions are not altered, but this is a more realistic look at class and race than many movies ever attempt. An interesting and intense look "deep in the heart of Texas."

Kerry Buchanan

Into the Night (CIC)

John Landis attempting a modern screwball comedy, but coming adrift somewhere. There's still plenty of fun and mayhem but it lacks the steady pulse that *Trading Places* and even *The Blues Brothers* had.

Ed Oke, played by the laconic Jeff (Big Chill) Goldblum, is entering middle-age depression, what he needs is a mysterious blonde, car chases, an Elvis impersonator, a gang of murderous Iranians and a slew of famous people in cameo roles. Just what the doctor ordered!

Best bit is Carl Perkins in a knife fight with David Bowie. I didn't notice what shoes Carl was wearing.

Somehow all the cinematic pieces just don't fit together — Goldblum sleep walks through his role and the use of cameos is distracting; you spend half your time trying to figure out if that waitress was somebody famous or not. Landis plays one of the evil Iranians who gets wasted at the end, with exploding blood bags and a lingering camera. Makes you wonder if that was the only reason he made the film ...

Kerry Buchanan

Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters (Warners)

Certainly the Japanese writer most famous in the West, Yukio Mishima ignored the paradox of his fierce nationalism being founded on Western romantic ideas — particularly those of Renaissance and Mannerist painters. The martyred saints of apocryphal Christian legend fascinated him (he was posed in photographs as an impaled St Sebastian in 1970, two months before his public suicide by seppuku) as well as supplying his novels with images of sacrifice, flagellation and masochism.

Paul Schrader's movie does not flinch in its often bloody portrayal of Mishima's strengths and weaknesses. His faith in artistic beauty became tainted with his own vanity as he grew older, and the violent and sexual content of his writing became steadily more gratuitous. He was regarded by many of his fellow Japanese as a Fascist and stirred up too many memories of the national fervour which fuelled World War II. In Japan, these things were regarded as distractions from the artistic worth of his work, but in the West, a culture fascinated by indulgence and confusion, it was all grist to the mill.

Mishima is excellent viewing. Segmented into four periods of his life, with complex and illuminating use of metaphor (an assassin slashes his way into his victim's house through a turbulent Mannerist painting), Schrader manages to explain, enthuse and empathise with the man and the artist. Beautifully designed and photographed, and performed with a tense conviction, the only criticism of *Mishima* on video is that we are now much less likely to see it on the big screen.

Chad Taylor

The Stuff (Roadshow)

Director Larry Cohen is a master of exploitation films: from the Blaxploitation of *Hell Up in Harlem* (1973), the mutant baby genre of *It's Alive* (1973), the political *God Told Me* (1977) and now ... *The Stuff* (1985).

For some inexplicable reason this bubbling white "stuff" seeps from the ground — and sure enough it tastes good enough to sell.

But there's something real bad going on, the Stuff is very addictive, and soon that's all people eat and their minds start to go. But that's not all, the Stuff seems to be a living organism, climbing walls and doing something real nasty to your insides. Nifty special effects by E D French (*Fangoria*) show all in graphic detail.

Great anti-authoritarian exploitation movie similar to the "invasion" movies of the 50s, and sprinkled with great cameo roles, like Paul Sorvino as redneck anti-communist Colonel Spears and his "soldier of fortune" army saving the world for democracy. Try the Stuff — enough is never enough.

Kerry Buchanan

New Releases

Warner Brothers leads the month's releases with Prince's epic *Purple Rain*, starring Prince and Apollonia.

From *Premiere* comes the chilling British romance *Dance With a Stranger*, starring Miranda Richardson, Ian Holm and Rupert Everett; it's the true story of Ruth Ellis, the last woman to be hanged in Britain; from *Palace* comes *Eating Raoul*, Paul Bartel's "black comedy about sex, food and murder". What else is there?

RCA/Columbia releases include *St Elmo's Fire*, in which "the passion runs deep" for the Brat Pack; *Steaming*, the film of Nell Dunn's play set in a Turkish bath-house, starring Vanessa Redgrave, Sarah Miles and Diana Dors; and for intellectuals, Chuck Norris, "a raging one-man time bomb set to explode", in *Missing in Action 2*.

Finally, *Kerridge Odeon* have released *Wild Horses*, the NZ film starring John Bach and Bruno Lawrence that never saw a local release, and from *CIC* comes *Miami Vice*, the pilot movie responsible for the TV series.

30 Sweetwaters issue programme; John Martyn, Elvis Costello, Renee Geyer, No Nukes, Squeeze, NZ Band profiles, Split Enz, Toy Love, Hello Sailor Citizen Band, Th' Dudes, Street Talk.
31 Sweetwaters, Swingers, Mi-Sex.
32 Police & Split Enz interviews.
34 Tom Petty & Street Talk interviews, Mi-Sex, Virgin supplement, Whizz Kids & Pop Mechanix bandfiles.
38 Howard Devoto, Tim Finn interviews.
39 XTC, Lip Service, Motels.
40 Martha Davis, David Byrne, Dave McArthur, Doors, Bruce Springsteen, Hammond Gamble.
42 Clash interview, Cold Chisel, INXS, Tigers, Jo Jo Zep, Bonchi/Tilders.
48 Cold Chisel, Blams, Wgtn Zone.
49 Angels, Beat, Lemmy Motorhead, Desmond Dekker, Heavy Metal Guide.
50 Swingers, U2, Psych Furs, Clean.
51 Newmatics, Cramps, Stray Cats, UB40, Blind Date & Gordons interviews.
52 Echo and the Bunnymen, Darse Macabre, Penknife Glides, Mockers, Valentinos, Jimmy & the Boys.
54 Dave McCartney & Pink Flamingos, Go-Gos interview, Sunnyboys, INXS.
56 Teardrop Explodes, DD Smash, Mick Jones Part 2, Neighbours.
57 Clean, Pretenders, South Island bands, Joan Armatradning, Mental As Anything, Chaz Jankel.
58 Blams, Teardrops, Hall & Oates, Bill Wyman, Kottke/Redbone interviews.
59 Human League, Men At Work, Chills, Tim Finn, Motels, Elvis Costello live.

61 Graham Brazier & Harry Lyon, Fall, Jim Carroll, Daggy & the Dickheads, Hip Singles, Dropbeats.
63 Simple Minds' Jim Kerr interviewed, Split Enz Part 2, Renee Geyer, Nocturnal Projections, Willie Dayson Blues Band, Hunters & Collectors.
65 Yazoo (Alison Moyet interview), Joe Cocker, Zoo (ex Pop Mechanix), Guriz, Jo Jo Zep.
68 Herbs, Culture Club, Bauhaus, Kiwi Animal, No Tag, Sharon O'Neill, Thompson Twins, ChCh Special (Wastrels, Flying Nun, Bill Dieren, etc.)
69 Joni Mitchell, Dance Exponents, Who, Neighbours, Dire Straits, Talk Talk, Miltown Stowaways, Blond Comedy.
73 Wham, Dead Kennedys, Coconut Rough, Angels, Marginal Era, Grammar Boys, Fishschool, John Cale.
74 Malcolm McLaren, Heaven 17, Joan Armatradning, Sharon O'Neill, Children's Hour.
75 Tim Finn, John Cale, Jonathan Richmond, Hammond Gamble, Dick Driver.
80 Police, Paul Young, Motown feature, John Peel Wastrels, Bryan Adams.
81 Smiths, Mockers, Def Leppard, Violent Femmes, Miltown Stowaways, Chills, Doublehappys, Marvin Gaye.
82 Billy Idol, Pamela Stephenson, Four Tops, Temptations, Vainelines.
83 Elvis Costello, Thompson Twins, Netherworld Dancing Toys, Mockers, Paul Morley.
84 Style Council (Paul Weller interview), Echo & the Bunnymen, Midnight Oil, Kiwi Animal, Sneaky Feelings, Depeche

87 DD Smash, U2, Bill Dieren Pt 1, Nick Cave, Stevie Ray Vaughan.
88 Herbs, Talking Heads, Aztec Camera, Narcs, Car Crash Set, Axemen, SPK, Apes, Look Blue Go Purple.
90 Lou Reed, Go-Between, Paul Hewson, Topp Twins.
91 Neil Young, Giorgio Moroder, Waterboys, David Puttnam, Freudian Slips, Electric Pandas.
92 Hunters and Collectors, Lloyd Cole, Pelicans, Peter Garrett, Left Right & Centre, Economic Wizards.
93 Dance Exponents, Huey Lewis, Robert Palmer (Power Station), Peking Man, Circus Block 4, This Kind Of Punishment.
94 New Order interview, Iron Maiden, Strangers, Johnnys, Michael Winslow, Plans For A Building.
95 Chills, Killing Joke, Dazz Band, Expendables, Jason & the Scorchers, Last Man Down.
96 Netherworld Dancing Toys, China, Criss, Robert Plant, Doublehappys, Kiwi Animal, Nils Lofgren.
97 Bryan Ferry, Dynamic Hepnotics.

Men At Work' Bats' Shriekback.
98 Mockers, Mental As Anything, Reggae, John Boorman, Bird West Roys.
99 Narcs, Bangles, REM, Jerry Harrison, Christchurch in Spring.
100 NZ Music 1977-85, RUI's Believe It Or Not, Tina Turner, Damned.
101 Verlaines, Drongos, Sam Hunt, WASP.
102 Thompson Twins, Tom Petty, Violent Femmes, Chills.
103 Feargal Sharkey, INXS, Fetus Productions.
104 Atlantic Soul, Bob Dylan, Stevie Ray, Go-Betweens, BiFM LP, Johnnys, Roy Harper.
105 Hunters & Collectors, Tim Finn, Flesch D-Vice, Kiwis in Oz, Nico interview.
106 DD Smash, National Anthem, Terry Gilliam, Music Quota, Orange, Everything That Flies, Gotham City, Chrome Safari.
107 Peking man, Amy Grant, Cramps, Martin Plaza, Psychic Pet Healers, Ruby Taylor, Ardijah.

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