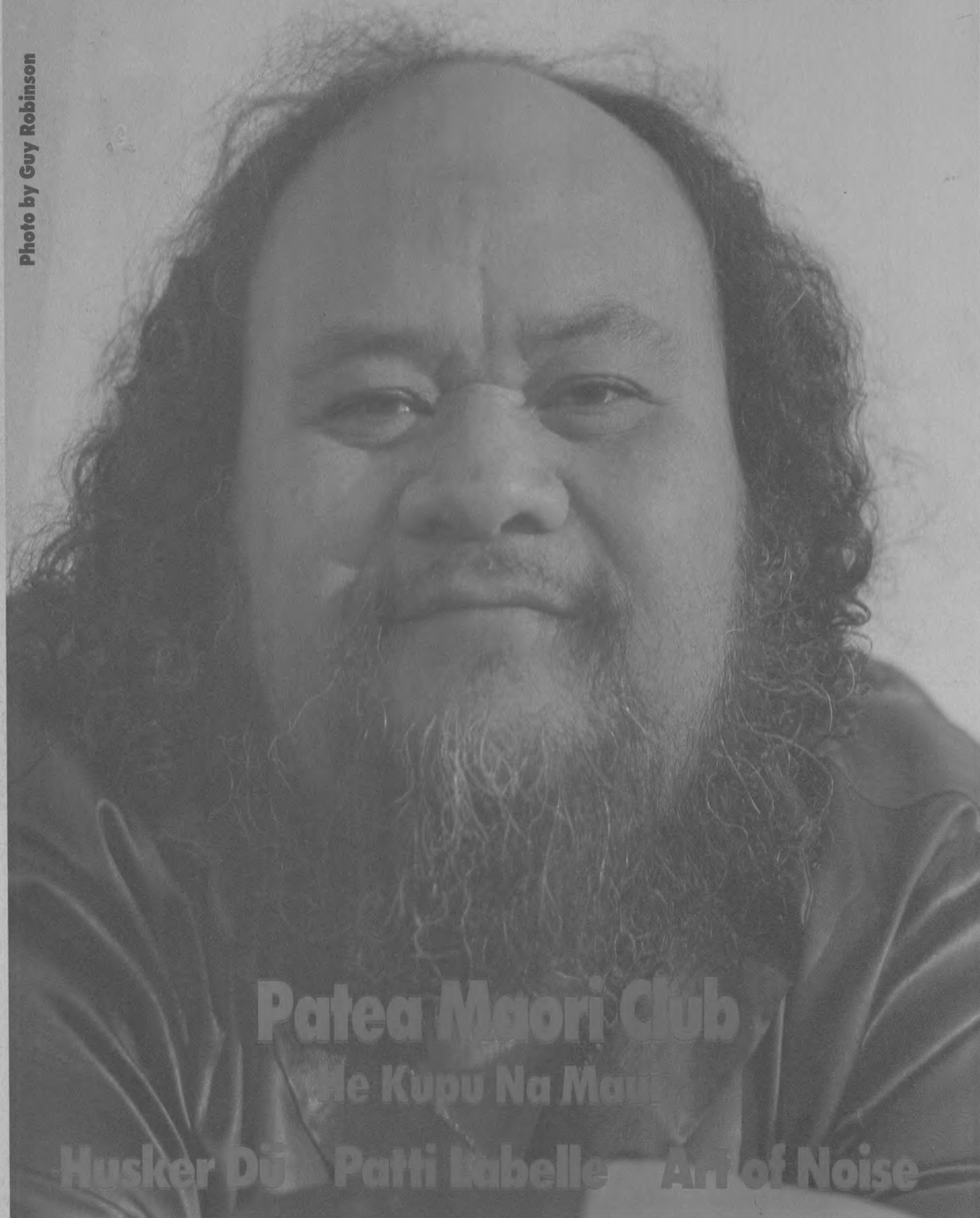


No. 110 Sept 1986

RIP IT UP

Photo by Guy Robinson



Patea Maori Club

He Kupu Na Maori

Husker Dü Patti Labelle Art of Noise



THE BEER'S CALLED RHEINISCH

Du What You Du Du Well

Husker Du's Bob Mould

Picking over the crumbs of the last few months it's plain to see that 1986 hasn't exactly been a rock and roll feast. Only bands like the Go Betweens, That Petrol Emotion, Shop Assistants, the Orange, Sneaky Feelings, the Saints and particularly Husker Du — whose *Candy Apple Grey* was their fourth consecutive mandatory album in just over two years — have provided the sort of protein the scene needs to stay healthy.

Ultracore

"We saw what was going on in 1976-77 and we just thought that we could do better. We were bored 16 and 17 year-olds. We liked the Buzzcocks and the Ramones but we were fed up with everything else so we got together in late '78 in Minneapolis and we started playing out in '79 doing all original material."

Bob Mould's description of the band's beginnings would have applied to most British bands post-1977, but Husker Du came from America's mid-west, hardly a hot-bed of subversive chic. As it was, their *Land Speed Record* — 17

songs fused into a single white blur — defined Hardcore USA at the time when British punk had long since waned:

"A number of years ago we were a lot faster and more abrasive than we are now and I think some people believe we've sold out," continues Mould from the band's Minneapolis office. "Unfortunately there's a lotta bands in popular music that make the kind of music they know people wanna hear. Husker Du is one of those bands that makes the kinda music we wanna hear. Although considering the kind of music we played five years ago

anybody would be justified in saying we sold out because nobody could be that abrasive for that many years. That's probably why we're not as popular here as we are in Australia, New Zealand and Europe. Over here they don't know what to make of us yet, even though we've been touring the States so much for the last five years."

Perhaps Husker Du's success in Europe and elsewhere is due to the fact that there's an established punk tradition in those countries and they see the band as a continuation of that bloodline:

"Yeah, I think some of the people



Husker Du (L-R): Grant Hart, Greg Norton, Bob Mould.

who like the band see that in us and I think that's justified. Maybe we're one of the few bands who believe that there aren't any roles and maybe that's why we've alienated a number of people who've liked us. Husker Du likes to do things the way they do it and anyone who likes to come along for the ride is welcome."

Generating excitement seems to have been an early priority?

"Yeah, one way or another we were trying to do that but we were hoping it would happen naturally. It's interesting that the people who do like Husker Du in the States are really rabid fans, they know every song and they have every record, which is nice."

The crucial change from the hardcore frenzy of *Land Speed Record* through to this year's carefully prescribed bitter pill, *Candy Apple Grey*, occurred on *Zen Arcade*, a truly justifiable double album of amazing ideas. You want manic power-drive then bend your head to 'Re-occurring Dreams'; if acoustic's your thing then 'Never Talking To You Again' fits the bill; 'Turn on the News' is as close to conventional heavy rock as they've ever been; 'Pink Turns to Blue' was budding, peeling pop and 'Something I Learned Today' was just one of many great punk thrashes:

"It's hard for me to judge albums as being the worst or the best but *Zen Arcade* is my all-time favourite, although *Candy Apple Grey* is technically the best record we've made as far as being an album from beginning to end. But there's a lot of stuff on *Zen Arcade*, a lot of ideas to try and grab hold of. It would be nice to try and do something like that in the future when we've got a lot of time to concentrate on doing something real special."

At the same time that *Zen Arcade* was released the band did a brilliant incoherent blubbery climactic version of 'Eight Miles High':

"That was one of those songs that we'd all heard in separate places around the same time and we just thought that it would be neat to try and do. We messed around with it at practice and it fell into place real quickly, so when we recorded *Zen Arcade* we did 'Eight Miles High' as a single. And it was a real interesting version. It's a pretty classic song. 'Ticket to Ride' was the same. A lot of closed-minded people have criticised us for making fun of the Byrds and the Beatles and that nobody should ever do a Beatles' cover but we like both of those bands a lot and 'Ticket to Ride' is a pretty cool riff and that's why we wanted to do those songs."

New Day Rising, for my money, was last year's best album thanks to a first side that rose in intensity to 'Celebrated Summer's' fierce but beautiful climax:

"It was a straighter ahead album than *Zen Arcade* but there were still a lot of different ideas on it and some worked better than others. We work better by ourselves for some reason."

Was that why you got rid of Spot? "He never really added that much to the band or what I thought a producer should do like adding ideas or elaborating on things in the songs that the band doesn't hear. And as an engineer ... well, the sound wasn't getting any better from record to record, it just kept getting muddier and we felt we could do better ourselves. So we decided to part as friends before we killed him."

An Apple a Day

With the departure of Spot, Husker Du produced themselves on *Flip Your Wig*, a move which resulted in a fatter, cleaner and more orthodox texture. The band, it

seemed, were ready for a major break-out. It came this year when they signed to Warners and released *Candy Apple Grey*:

"Warners was the first offer we got. They started calling us about two years ago and at that time we were very sceptical thinking that they wanted to change everything that we were doing and make us dress funny and things like that."

"Eventually almost every major label called and once we started talking to them we found that Warners were serious about giving us a free hand and that is pretty implicit in the deal we struck with them. So we have complete freedom. Although the record company, like anyone would do, even those people who say we've sold out, looks for the most commercial aspect of the band, like saying, 'Oh 'Sorry Somehow' kinda sounds like a pop single so maybe that's the one we have a chance with on the radio.' We put the songs on the record though so we shouldn't object if they try to get the radio to play the song."

As a title *Candy Apple Grey* alludes to the two facets of the band that have developed over the last three albums; namely the sweeter accessibility of Hart's songs contrasting with Mould's own unfailing realism:

"Whether it's sweet or grey is ultimately up to the listener. If you look at the lyrics we're not very didactic, we're not the sort of band who says, 'You should do this or you should be this and that.' We would rather ask a lot of good questions than give people a lot of bad answers."

"In a lot of songs we try to tell personal stories objectively and let people decide how those add up in their own lives. We're pretty normal people, we're not too affected by anything, and I think people appreciate that there's a band like us that just likes to make music."

Like their previous album, *Candy Apple Grey* isn't a bundle of laughs in the lyric department. Depression ('Don't Want to Know if You are Lonely' and 'Too Far Down'), death ('Hardly Getting Over It') confusion ('All This I've Done For You') and doubt ('I Don't Know for Sure') are honest not escapist:

"We try not to mince words. A lot of it comes off the top of your head and I think everybody has it. Some people have to cloud them with flowery pictures or clothing. We just try to shoot straight, we don't try to bullshit anyone and I think it makes people feel good that they're not the only ones who feel that way."

Both 'Too Far Down' and 'Hardly Getting Over It' saw the band going acoustic, a far cry from *Land Speed Record*:

"We take our work very seriously and going acoustic is something that takes a long time to get confident with. You take away all the abrasion, the cymbals, guitars, hollering and stuff and when it comes down to drums and acoustic guitar there's not a whole lotta room to hide. It was something we had to grow into but now we're comfortable with that side of the band as well."

Your nasal vocal on 'Too Far Down' sounded like the Strawbs' Dave Cousins:

(Laughs) "I've heard someone say Richard Thompson and someone say Neil Young, but not the Strawbs, that's interesting. The nasal thing is

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the way I am, I can't get rid of that." It's been reported that the songs on *Candy Apple Grey* took a lot out of you:

"They weren't easy songs to write. A song like 'Too Far Down' is hardly the thing I slap on the turntable every morning when I get up. That song was something I had to get out of my system and Grant's 'Sorry Somehow' was the same, not an easy thing to deal with or 'Hardly Getting Over It' which is a fairly true story — it's a strange thing watching your grandparents die. I don't like to keep those things inside for too long as they eat away at you."

"Both Grant and I had a lot of songs for the album, but the main difficulty was delivering the songs in the right style. 'Hardly Getting Over It' could have been loud and electric but we decided to go the other way. The decisions were harder this time as it wasn't as one-dimensional as the other records."

And the number of songs was cut to only five a side...

"One the first three on side two the codas are a lot longer than usual. One of the ideas that came to us was keeping the listener involved a little longer."

Candy Apple Grey is Husker Du's third album in about 18 months, a prolific output in anybody's language:

"We're just writing all the time. I'm constantly writing stuff down and coming up with melodies and we work pretty hard at what we do, it's all we do besides work on the house."

The Sound of Minneapolis

Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dunedin, Brisbane, Minneapolis — cities that are producing, if that's the right word, the truest and surest rock and roll currently available. Minneapolis has the emerging Soul Asylum, Husker Du, and of course the Replacements:

"Yeah, things are real good. Soul Asylum are a real good guitar band along the lines of ourselves or the Replacements, although they're probably a little more country and hard rock than we are."

The Replacements have been

kicking up a bit of dust with albums that hint at the god-like genius of leader Paul Westerberg but his tastes are so weird that there's a lot of tripe on their records that only undermines them:

"Yeah, I know what you mean because there's songs on their records I don't know why they're there. Live, sometimes they're really focussed and on target, and some nights they like to play with the crowd a little bit, but I think most of the people who go to see them like that and their choice of covers. Paul is a really great songwriter and they're a very good band, I like them a lot."

Publicity on Husker Du over the last year has tended to emphasise the distinction between your songwriting style and Grant Hart's:

"Yeah, Grant tends to be a little more romantic in his lyrics where I tend to be more of a journalist, someone who sees from the outside. Musically Grant is probably a little more simplistic in the way he approaches songs whereas I like to challenge people by putting weird chords into songs. But the differences make for a good balance, I don't think one is better than the other."

You'd obviously like Husker Du to be more accepted in the States?

"Yeah, but I think that will happen in time and being with WEA the records will be more available than they ever have been."

In the States though, there's always the danger that you will be accepted when your best stuff's behind you:

"I'm not sure what people in America like anymore and I'm not sure where we're at. We've been doing so much work lately, hiding away and coming up with new ideas. Creatively the band's stronger than it's ever been so maybe everyone will hate this next record which should be out early next year. Over the last six months we've been writing and we're just working the stuff out now to see what will work."

Visually Husker Du are hardly Solid Gold material — press reports tend to emphasise Mould's bulky frame, Grant Hart's hippie hair-do

and Greg Norton's handlebar moustache:

"The press do that because we don't wear high heels so they had to find the most nondescript things about our personalities to talk about. We're just people, I can't stop it, it's not malicious so it doesn't bother me."

You've been quoted as describing yourself as egotistical and possessive. Were you serious?

"Maybe too serious to elaborate on now. Everybody is possessive and egotistical to a degree, it's just a matter as to whether you can admit it or not. I take a lot of pride in what I do and I'm very protective of my work and things that I cherish. Everybody should be possessive about the things they care about, there's nothing wrong with that."

You're a wrestling fan, do you wrestle?

(Laughs) "No, no, I like to watch it. I think a lot of people get a good laugh out of it and identify with it. Everybody wishes they could punch their boss. I'm not a wrestler, I'm a musician."

Husker Du should be here next year after their next album.

George Kay

Kiwi Nuggets

Last Man Down's Ross Mullins

Last year saw the quiet arrival of Ross Mullins and his band Last Man Down on the music scene. But despite the low key release of the album *State House Kid*, it quickly became noticed as a work of rare quality and individuality. What was remarked on most of all by the uniformly praising reviewers was Mullins' determined New Zealandness he brought to his songs.

Now, with the release of his second album *This Sporting Life* Mullins has developed those images of Godzone further. "Writing about New Zealand is something I've chosen to do, but it's lead to some misunderstanding," he says. "Some people think, it's local, therefore it's great. But you can write atrocious songs with local placenames — there are lots around, mainly comedy songs. I'm trying to do it at a level where it's

artistically viable."

Misinterpretation of Mullins' stance can also be a problem. "People try to use my music to reinforce their prejudices," he says. "Take the song 'Pinehead' — it's fairly vicious, but it's ambiguous, like a lot of my tunes."

'Pinehead's not so much ambiguous as subtle. The story of a Taranaki farmboy who became an All Black and a national hero after beating the Boks in '65, it has a Randy Newman-esque sting in the tale that will prevent it becoming a singalong down at the clubrooms.

Mullins says he's a slow songwriter, and talks in terms of crafting his music and lyrics. "My best songs are two to three minutes long, I like to hone them down. Mine is not an expansive creativity, but one which pares things down."

The result is a clarity to his work, enhanced by the simple but elegant low-budget production of *This Sporting Life*. "Both LPs were made on shocking budgets," he says. "*State House Kid* cost \$3500, and this one \$5500, and the money didn't go as far. It's frustrating — there are some things I'd have cleaned up, and it will be quite a long time before I record again. With a low budget, the flaws and faults in your songs are exposed, whereas with a big budget, the bullshit can be covered up with gloss. That's true for a lot of mainstream

albums."

The traditional blues 'This Sportin' Life', the only non-original on the album, provides the theme. "I used to play a lot of blues and R&B and 'This Sportin' Life' I always perform — 'This mean ol' sportin' life is killing me' — it's a great statement about New Zealand life. I'd worked out before *State House Kid* was done that I wanted to do an album on that theme."

With *This Sporting Life* Mullins says he has now completed phase one of a cycle. "I wanted to do the second album fairly quickly, to show that I wasn't a fly-by-nighter who fluked one. This completes a statement I started with the first LP. Now I'm thinking of a third album, and I can't afford to produce anything shoddy. You only do it for the love of the art in this country, there's no other reason."

"The hard part is getting people to hear the albums. That's the trap of all New Zealand musicians — radio exposure." Despite the quality achieved on a tight budget, commercial radio will still use production standards as their "out clause" for playing New Zealand music. And with no air-play, there's no money to improve the next recording. Mullins talks despairingly of an Auckland radio station recording their own nonsense songs with their top jock to up their New Zealand content.

The live performances of Mullins' band Last Man Down have been few, purely because the musicians are in such demand elsewhere. Horn-men Chris Green and Mike Russell are well known as the Newton Hoons, 20-year-old trombonist David Colven is on his way to big things according to Mullins, while bassist Bob Shephard and drummer Mike Visser are sought-after session players.

"I have a funny relationship with the jazz community," says Mullins. "One jazz player said what I'm doing is more relevant than much New Zealand jazz. I don't entirely agree, I don't see myself as a jazz musician because jazz is about improvisation, and I'm a writer."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4



Last Man Down (L-R): Dave Colven, Chris Green, Bob Shephard, Mike Visser, Mike Russell, Ross Mullins.

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Crawbilly Creeps are represented on 'Weird Culture'. They are (L-R) Bill Van Wattering, Tim Hunt, Z Snook.

Campus Compilation Weird and Wired

Although fewer new acts seem to have released EPs and albums this year, overall, more lesser-known bands have probably had the opportunity to get at least some material out. What has kept the output up has been several compilations.

Campus Radio's *Outnumbered by Sheep* earlier in the year featured songs by

both well-known and new acts, and last month received the thumbs up from that tired oracle, the *NME*. From Meltdown Records over the next few weeks comes a sampler of Palmerston North's finest, while this month sees the release of a compilation put together by national

lent radio of bands from all the country.

'MULLINS' FROM PAGE 3

Also, the subtlety of Last Man Down's music provides a problem — where to play live? "Our music doesn't work properly in rock venues, with no hype or lights and a small PA. I think I was happiest when we started out at the Performance Cafe, where people go along to listen to the words, the music's not deafening and you can get really close to the audience." Last Man Down do the occasional pub gig, or concerts in intimate venues like the Performance or Java Jive cafes, the Pumphouse or art galleries. They're playing Auck-

land's Cotton Club on September 21, and tours are planned.

"I have a firm idea of where I'm going," says Mullins. "I started very late in music — at 15, and I didn't perform in public until I was 25. And with my academic and literary studies [Mullins has a doctorate in French literature] there's a lot to call on. Maybe I'll go down as an eccentric."

Not eccentric, but a New Zealand character — gifted and determined, against the odds, to be heard.

Chris Bourke

Weird Culture, Weird Custom (it's good to see, after their advertisement last month, that students can spell "weird" after all) contains 12 tracks by 12 different bands, few of which have seen vinyl before. Each university radio station chose two bands from their area to contribute a track.

The result is a cross-section of New Zealand's burgeoning talent: the Replacements and the Puddle from Dunedin, Jean-Paul Sartre Experience and All Fall Down from Christchurch, Wellington's Crawbilly Creeps and Putty in Her Hands, the Remarkables and Three Leaning Men from Palmerston North, Hamilton's the Wetbacks and Two White Eyes, and from Auckland, the Pikelets and the Battling Strings.

The project evolved out of the regular meetings the student station managers have, with Jackie Riddell of Wellington's Radio Active being given the job of co-ordinator. "It'll become a regular thing if the sales go okay," she says, "with the record being organised by a different campus each time. We have all the resources, so it'd be silly not to."

In Wellington, Active advertised for a month for bands who wanted to take part. "We asked bands who hadn't been recorded before to send in demo tapes, and we chose our two from those and from seeing them live. It was really hard to choose in Wellington, there were 10 bands that would have been suitable. It would have been very easy to do a compilation of just Wellington bands."

It had been hoped that the Students Arts Council would tour a couple of the bands on the record, with each station putting on a concert with their two bands, but no one was keen to organise it, says Riddell. Each station organised the recording of their contributions to the record, which is out on Jayrem; the striking cover based on Munch's 'The Scream' is by Phil Kelly, a graphic artist with the Wellington city art gallery. CB

Steve Thorpe



There's a Warner Brothers cartoon character called the Tasmanian Devil. He's short, fast-moving and possessed of irrepressible energy. Steve Thorpe had the Tasmanian Devil tattooed on his left arm. But the tattooed figure bore a permanent scowl. And that certainly wasn't Steve Thorpe.

Steve died in his car on Monday, August 26, aged 25. He was best

known as the drummer from the Mockers, but he'd been a figure around Auckland well before that. He came to this country from England with his parents in 1973 and he never lost his Cockney chirp. Settled on the North Shore, he began playing drums with Small Torque, one of the initial wave of post-punk North Shore bands.

But it was with later Propellerites the Dabs that a lot of people remember him. The Dabs with the most broken-down van, the Dabs who'd live on a few dollars a week come bad months, who'd pile down to Brewery Lane for sausages and chips for Sunday lunch and spend the afternoon in the bar, who squatted for a while on the top floor of Brooklyn Flats, who even released an EP, *Love the Army* ... eventually the privations became a bit much and Steve and bass-player Geoff Hayden made the shift to become the rhythm section of a rebuilt Mockers in late 1983. But the Dabs stayed with Steve and to many he remained Steve Dab, or just "Dab".

The new Mockers lineup gradually brought national recognition and a higher standard of living. The band toured extensively and Steve became something of an identity with fans. Letters from Timaru, Taupo and Tokoroa would arrive at *Shake!* magazine singing the praises of his friendly, unsnobby approach.

The Mockers achieved about as

much fame as it's possible to in New Zealand, without breaking out. They have now recorded two studio albums and one live (achieving the curious distinction of having two in the national LP charts at once), plus a compilation album just released.

But audiences still fluctuate and between each tour Steve would be faced with dealing with the wildly sympathetic Social Welfare people or finding a job. He even once turned his hand to work as a chef at Auckland's yuppie-middle class cafe Cheers.

Some people got the wrong idea about Steve. Touring New Zealand with a rock band tends to produce different social standards in even the most right-on young musicians, and Steve never lost his wink-nudge bottom-pinching English manner. There were also some pretty crazy things went on of a Saturday night in Auckland or a Wednesday in Wanganui. Most of those who knew him could tell you a story or two. But there was never a hint of malice in his pint-sized frame, nor of aggression. There was, however, a lot of good cheer.

Steve Thorpe died having seen a lot more life than most young men. It seems some of us are reaching the age when our culture stops being a Peter Pan one and fate or nature starts to claim those around us. It seems it's been happening a bit too often.

Russell Brown

SONGS ABOUT CONCRETE TENTS

Concrete Tent is a bizarre mixture of film, dance, music and theatre which presents its own view of Auckland city. Behind the production, to be presented at the Little Maidment Theatre this month, is the dance troupe Te Kanikani o te Rangatahi, with music by the Abel Tasman's Graeme Humphreys.

In his music for *Concrete Tent* Humphreys attempts to seek out the music present in noise — cake mixers, washing machines and electric motors echo rhythms heard in the urban environment: "I want to present to the audience a Chopin waltz and

the noise from a shortwave radio apart and together to make it apparent that no matter what type of music or what type of noise you make, that there is music within each of them," he says. "All noise is music, all music is noise."

The visuals to accompany the music, dance and theatre of *Concrete Tent* are designed by Brian Wills. By using mediums such as film to compare and contrast the messages of the dancing, Wills says he hopes to "weave a magical environment for the audience to be soaked in. Masks, machines, slides, costumes,

lighting and film all pull this atmosphere together."

Since their formation two years ago, the performances of Te Kanikani o te Rangatahi have attracted attention and favourable reviews. Choreographer of *Concrete Tent* Rozanne Worthington describes their new work as "a concept based on how material objects give the impression of strength and stability but in fact are very fragile" — hence the title.

Concrete Tent is at the Little Maidment from September 25 to 28.

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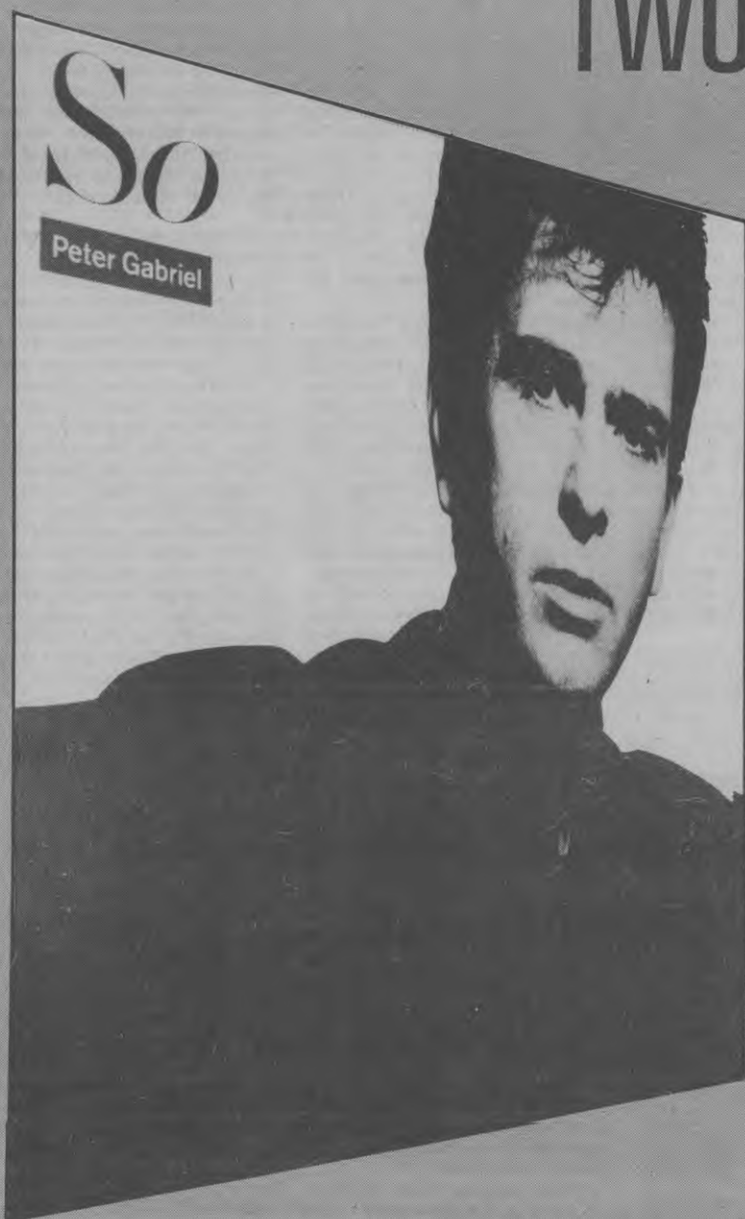
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Johnny Pierce

Oh shit. Another eulogy. Another death. Johnny Pierce, bass-player in the Headless Chickens and formerly This Kind of Punishment and Children's Hour, died on August 30th aged 25. He took his own life.

Sometimes the fact of death by suicide can cast a shadow over the life an individual has lived, the last act blotting out all the others. If that is so, let the record be set straight.

Johnny Pierce came to Auckland from Whangarei in 1982. Tall and muscular, he had been a North Island A group soccer rep before a car accident resulted in a badly broken leg.

He was already playing the bass by that time. He was never a flying-fingers type player, the essence of his style was its sheer heart and drive. He began playing with drummer Bevan Sweeney and guitarist Grant Fell. They met up with Chris



Matthews one day at Progressive and became the musical muscle behind Matthews' stark young vision.

The musical community into which they had moved was a young, fluid one. A steady stream of faces passed through the nine-bedroom house at the bottom of Grafton Road in 1983, and everyone had been to a party there.

In an itinerant world, Johnny was a good organiser. It was always he who looked after what funds there were on a Children's Hour tour and he who later did the

tiresome legwork to secure the Fort Street warehouse (like Grafton Road, now gone) which became a practice base and home for Children's Hour and friends and perennial inner city drop-in spot for dozens of others.

Children's Hour broke up in mid-84 but the members remained close. It was with Chris Matthews that Johnny began playing again towards the end of the year in the *Five by Four* EP line-up of This Kind of Punishment. The EP was recorded within a week of his joining. The Jefferies Brothers sense of discipline to achieve seemed to rub off all round, and so came Arthole Productions. Setting up base in an old charm school off Queen Street, Johnny, Chris, Bevan and a hard core of others launched the Nitpickers' Picnic in July 1985.

The Picnic was a stimulating circus of music, theatre, dance and film put on in the Maidment Theatre by a group of young people who, strictly speaking, knew fuck-all about putting on a production of this size, but did it anyway. The whole thing was a remarkable effort of co-operation, with Johnny again the administrative lynchpin.

The show saw the last performances of This Kind of Punishment in that form and the hatching of the Headless Chickens. It lost money but it was a raging success.

Johnny's administrative ability was further refined over the summer with a job on the Auckland City Council's PIPs scheme. He was responsible for those sunny lunchtime rock gigs in Aotea Square. I saw him go well out of his way once to get some gear for a Christchurch band forced to travel light. A lot seemed to depend on the big guy with the ginger hair.

As he got more organised, so did the Headless Chickens. Their twitchy handful of songs at the Nitpickers' Picnic had been impressive, but when they re-appeared for the Nico support, slimmed to Johnny, Chris, and Michael Lawry, (Bevan was off being a stilt-walking shaman for the summer), they were something else again. And when it all fell together on the second night of their Rising Sun weekend, it was one of the best things I've ever heard. Where Children's Hour had sprayed ideas and anger all over

the place, the Headless Chickens took both and hammered them into vivid, intricate packages and fired them off the front of the stage.

The notable thing about the Headless Chickens was the amount of backroom sweat they were prepared to devote to a few special appearances. The same thing held for their posters and the forthcoming recordings and film-clips. Before I left New Zealand, Paul Rose and I discussed how good it would be to see Arts Council money go to a few different faces. The first name both of us thought of were the people at Arthole Productions.

Johnny Pierce had a combination of ability and attitude which is all too rare in this country's music scene. But perhaps it was his diligence that was his undoing, too — he was prone to worry and the occasional deep depression. The music he played may have concerned itself with dark things, but it and the community it lies within are not nihilist. It's still a young, strange one, and deaths are not borne easily. Chris and Michael will presumably carry on their work in some form and Johnny's contribution can't be taken away. Watch for them.

But it's sad, it's hellish sad.
Russell Brown

RATIONAL

For five years the leading independent label in New Zealand has been Flying Nun, bringing the music of predominantly Dunedin-based acts to the country while being based in Christchurch. Now another independent label has been set up, based in Dunedin to record Dunedin acts.

Rational Records has been started by 20-year-old Dunedinite Cameron Olsen. The first release is due out in October, distributed through EMI. It's a compilation album of local bands, most of which haven't appeared on record before.

On the album are Aardvark, Armalite Hour, Baxters, Craig Watt and His Horse, Let's Get Naked, the Moon, the Idles, Rhythm Cocktail, the Shorts and the Spaghettis.

According to Olsen, "The band's generally represent a large part of the music scene here that is not 'visible' to the rest of the country ... those of us involved are confident that the record is of high enough standard to be taken seriously by the national industry."

Cameron Olsen and Rational Records can be contacted at P O Box 5728, Dunedin.

Tina Turner
TYPICAL MALE

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PIRATES ON STAGE

When Mocker Andrew Fagan set sail for Raoul Island earlier this year, he must have been thinking of ways in which he could mix his musical and maritime interests.

Now, the perfect vehicle has arrived — Fagan's got a leading role in the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta *The Pirates of Penzance* to tour the country this month.

That's the operetta in which Linda Ronstadt broadened her career in three years back (and thereby gained extra credibility in some circles) — and one of the stars of that New York production will be a leading attraction in the New Zealand production. Peter Noone, formerly the toothy teenage lead singer of 60s pop band Herman's Hermits, will once

again tread the boards in the role of Frederic.

Herman's Hermits split up in 1971, after a highly successful pop career which peaked in 1965 with two US No 1 hits, 'Mrs Brown, You've Got a Lovely Daughter' and 'I'm Henry the Eighth, I Am'. Noone then went solo, and dabbled at acting and television work. In the late 70s, he settled in Los Angeles and had some brief success with the rock band the Tremblers before joining *The Pirates of Penzance* on Broadway in 1982.

Curiously, in old film footage of Noone performing during the Hermit days his voice bears an uncanny resemblance to the broad-vowelled poppiness of Andrew Fagan. CB

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Rumours

UK & USA

Bad News gave their debut gig at a heavy metal festival last month, supporting Motorhead. Described by NME as "execrable", they encouraged the audience to yell "Fuck off Bad News" and throw urine samples on stage. Underneath the wigs were the Comic Strip team **Rik Mayall**, **Nigel Planer**, **Adrian Edmondson** and **Peter Richardson**. It was all filmed for the follow-up to TV's *Bad News on Tour*.

Jazz trumpeter **Thad Jones**, brother of Hank and Elvin, partner of drummer Mel Lewis, died of cancer in late August aged 63 ... **Todd Rundgren** is to write the music for *Crime Story* a new TV show from the *Miami Vice* people. Also, Rundgren is to write a musical around *Up Against It*, the late Joe Orton's script written as a follow-up to the Beatles' *Help!*, but never used.

Mike Nesmith attended a Monkees reunion gig — sitting in the audience. "I was proud of the guys," he said. "They put on a good show. I sort of wanted to be up there — but it would be like Ronald Reagan making another movie"

Springsteen Comes Alive? A double live LP is in the works ... *Hail! Hail! Rock & Roll* is a biopic of **Chuck Berry**, with Chuck in the leading role. **Keith Richards** "musical director" and The Band's **Robbie Robertson** (wake up, Robbie) "creative consultant" ... **Cactus World News**, on a plane flight with Teddy Kennedy, presented him with a copy of their *The Bridge* LP. Teddy wasn't amused.

Talking Heads have swamped the market with a new single, album (*True Stories*), film and book ... is **Patti Smith** about to make a comeback? ... singing round the piano after a performance of **Tom Waits**'s musical *Frank's Wild Years* in Chicago last month were **Waits**, **Elvis Costello** and the **Pogues** ... joining **Prince** on-stage at an apres-gig jam in London were **Ron Wood** who played 'Miss You', and **Eric Clapton**, who played Al Green covers.

Tina Turner, in London for the recording of her new album *Break Every Rule*, (a real "with a little help

from my friends" effort, and Tina's got *lotsa* friends) played for Prince Charles's charity at Wembley. Backed by Phil Collins, Elton John, Mark Knopfler, Howard Jones, Ray Cooper and Midge Ure, Tina, **Eric Clapton** and **Paul McCartney** sang 'Get Back' ... *Whiplash Smile* is **Billy Idol**'s first album in over two years ... **Motorhead**'s new LP *Orgasmatron* has been compared to ZZ Top's *Eliminator* by critics. Due to the video ban, we've missed **Lemmy**'s appearance in the 'I Wanna Be A Cowboy' video.

Kiwis in Oz: **Dragon**'s new album *Dreams of Ordinary Men* was recorded in the US by Todd Rundgren ... **Tina Cross**'s band Koo De Tah were judged best new artist by critics in Oz *Rolling Stone* ... **Marginal Era**'s 'How Can I Explain' is out on Centre Records.

Auckland

Early next month the long-awaited **Dance Exponents** and **Hello Sailor** albums will be released on Zulu. Both have been mixed, if you hadn't heard, in New York ... country singer **Al Hunter** goes to Sydney this month to record an album, to be produced by **Stuart Pearce** for CBS. Al, who fronts a country show on BFM every second Sunday night, can be seen performing at the Shakespeare Hotel in Albert St on Monday nights. Recently **Red McKelvie** sat in on pedal steel, while **Tex Pistol** propped up the bar.

An **Anti French Rage** is to be held at the varsity cafe on Friday September 12. Playing are reggae band **Rainbow Musik** and funksters **Peace Korp** (both include members of Dread Lion). Proceeds go towards sending a ship to Tahiti to support the "struggle against the murderous French" ... watch for another heavy metal special at the Galaxy soon featuring **Knightshade** and **Strike-master**.

After a debut at the Performance Cafe in late July, the **Drone** have released a single 'Land of the Free/The Farmer's Song', currently playlisted on BFM. They financed the 7" themselves and it comes in an attractive, if grim, sleeve. If you can't find it in a store send \$4 to 19 Islington St, Herne Bay. Watch for them playing live with Fetus Productions and Insect.

CD Presents/Strange Weekend

Records in San Francisco have released Flying Nun's *Tuatara* and a NZ compilation album *Unexplored* in the United States. Both cost US\$6 plus \$6 (air) or \$2.50 (sea) postage for up to two records from CD Presents Ltd, 1230 Grant Avenue, Suite 531, San Francisco, CA 94133. On the *Unexplored* compilation is: Blam Blam Blam 'Marsha', Johnny Bongo 'Falling', Car Crash Set 'Scarred', Screaming Meemees 'Dancing With Stars in My Eyes', Sonya Waters 'Grey Rooms', Andriodss 'Auckland Tonight', Ponsonby DCs 'Queen St', Big Sideways 'Conversations With a Machine', Scott Calhoun 'I Like to Drive' and Martial Law 'Strange Weekend'.

Sing Sing have a new EP out on Ode Records called *Owning the Sharks* ... *Send the Boats Away* is an anti-nuke/peace songs album from NZ singer/songwriters released by Cityfolk Records (PO Box 919, Hastings), with all proceeds going towards a peace fund ... **IQU** and **Satellite Spies** have been recording new material.

The **Khutze** band's northern jaunt finishes on September 20 at the Gluepot, but a South Island tour is planned. In the band, which plays 60s covers, are **Kim Willoughby**, **Simon Alexander**, **Andy Dickson**, **Tony Waine**, **Paul Dunningham** and **Greg Clark** ... booking the **Gluepot** now is Dean Thompson, available through the hotel itself ... a **Chills** bootleg of their Dingwalls gig is appearing in Australian bootleg catalogues ... a 16-track recording studio has opened in Rotorua, with **Brendan Dugan** being an early client.

Jazz group **Sustenance** travel to the Singapore international jazz festival next month, while the **NZ Youth Jazz Orchestra** go to a festival in Vancouver, Canada ... **Gas** and the **Glorious Sun** are Mark Clare, Weston Prince, John Quigley, Chris Watts and Stephen Mapston. They've been recording 'No Doubt About You' and 'Vacuum Hotel' at Harlequin ... finally, here's a warning: **Humdrum** are coming!

Chris Bourke

New Plymouth and Palmerston North

New bands in New Plymouth: the **Unics**, a four-piece including Hamish Anderson and Ross Johnston, the **Elastic Dog Rangers** with

Paul Winstanley, Andy Smith and Brian Hatcher ... **Sticky Filth** have a cassette *The Lion and the Witch* available from Ima Hitt Records (P O Box 407, NP) ... Ima Hitt's **Brian Wafer** is now co-booking the White Hart. Phone (067) 89096 or (067) 83301 ... **No Comment** currently working on a video ... **Bananamen** is now a fivepiece and is willing to play your town. Phone Urenui (06723) 387 and ask for Tim.

Planning to return to NP is Palmerston North's **Harry Death**, along with new band **Goldilocks and the Free Bears**. A recent visit by both bands to Paihiatua was reportedly cut short when the locals began to take exception to Harry Death's style of rock and roll ... Harry Death is one of the 11 bands featured on **Meltdown** Record's compilation album of past and present Palmerston bands. Send \$9.99 to Meltdown, Box 1099, Palmerston North.

Waikato managed to retain the **Rockfurly** Shield despite a determined performance from the Manawatu contingent back in July ... the alternative venue the **Swamp** has been drained due to the new management's policies, but watch for a new live venue at the Superliquorman Hotel, to be used for the launching of **Cement Garden**'s EP *The Only One* ... Meltdown plan a one-day music festival in March. **Gerard Martin**

Christchurch

With the winter nights apparently keeping quite a few of the punters at home local venues are making a few changes with the most drastic being the closure of the Zetland's **Jazz Alley** (nee Friday Night Club). The **Sandridge** is building its new lounge bar by their restaurant and the **Gladstone** is considering enlarging its public bar and decreasing its lounge bar; also, the **Aranui** has been bought by **Ian McKenzie** (who didn't have song written about him by Iva Davies).

On the recording scene **Mea Culpa**, **Pinhead** and **Two Bob Bit** have spent time in the studio, no word yet on the outcome, although **Two Bob Bit** hope to release an eight-track tape in the near future ... **Haemoglobins** new album is now being pressed and should be out soon on the South

Indie label. The band are also considering reforming for one night in October ... **No Idea** are hoping to do a live album before heading to Australia but as yet have not been able to secure a venue.

Bits and Pieces: **Tanzen Jungle** have lost their drummer and guitarist ... **Axemin** are back to being the three-piece **Axemen** ... the **Record Joynt** is finally moving to a bigger shop in Gloucester St and will be known as Galaxy Records ... **Rent Hamilton** (Connoisseurs) recently married **Allison Dalzell** and apparently the second generation of Connoisseurs are on the way! ... the Itch have become **Stuka**.

Martin McPherson has moved from the Arts Employment to take over the Venue (Youth Centre) ... the **Smithereens** have finished at the Firehouse and could be heading to Australia before they start at the New Chancery Niteclub ... Vibrations remains closed, although **Radio U** will hold their second soul/ska/reggae disco there on September 13 ... anyone wanting posters pasted round town should phone Jim and Pete at 65374 — yes the glue war is on again!

New bands around included **Rio**, **Mainland Blues Band**, **Twish** and the **Jam Tarts** (Helen Mullahland, Ross McDermott, Tralee Denegrie, Leons Kearns, Mark Kahi and Danny Wilson), and **Rebel Blues**. **John Greenfield**

Wellington

The **Electric Ballroom** will be no more after the end of September, as it's being demolished, but check out the last two weeks' programme in the Coruba Calendar ... the **Resurrectionists** have a new direction and maybe a new name soon; a South Island tour is planned ... **Bill Direen** has a new Builders single out on his South Indies label this month 'Ginger Jar' b/w 'What a Hoombah', both tracks recorded at EMI Lower Hutt in March. A film clip is planned and a Builders tour is underway.

Also out on South Indies this month is 'Psychodelicatessen' by Chch fun-time band the **Haemoglobins** ... **Wazza Ghoti** have been recording demos at Underground Studios in Elsdon ... **Craw-billy Creeps** are working on a video for 'Day in Lucky Gulch', with

live footage from early May. They're busy writing and rehearsing new material ... in Frontier have been **Putty in Her Hands** recording an EP, blues guitarist **Neil Jones**, a new three-piece synth band **Origin**, the **Stand** with another EP, and **John McRae** for a new single. McRae's 'She's Sweet, She's Somebody' has been receiving airplay.

Out on **Jayrem** soon is Robert Wyatt's 'Shipbuilding', a 12" import, Laughing Clowns 12" 'Eternally Yours', and an overseas compilation of NZ heavy metal bands *Attack From Downunda* which is being imported, and the debut album from Died Pretty, an Aussie five-piece who will be touring in early October ... **Aotearoa** have been in Marmalade working on an album; their single 'E Hine' is out on Jayrem ... the **Wild Poppies** are a new psychedelic four-piece recording on their bassist's eight-track ... the **Primates** forthcoming album may be called *Tales of Mister Conductor* ... *Idiot Sun* is the new **Spines** album on Flying Nun. **Andre Upston**

Video

Hennessy (Roadshow)

The dynamics of the Irish struggle have never lent itself to cinema, except for John Ford's *The Informer*, but this Samuel Z Arkoff production is miles away from Ford's sense of style.

A fictional tale of a man pushed too far with the accidental death of his wife and child (played by a very young Patsy Kensit), who then attempts revenge by blowing up the royal family at the opening of the British parliament. Both the British police and the IRA are anxious to stop him. A good premise but let down by heavy handed direction and ridiculous false Irish accents by American actors Rod Steiger and Lee Remick. In the end the whole thing looks like a long episode of *The Professionals*, the only thing missing was Body and Doyle smashing doors down.

Originally banned throughout Britain because of its revolutionary premise, but the finished product is a bit of a let down. Give me John Ford any day. **Kerry Buchanan**

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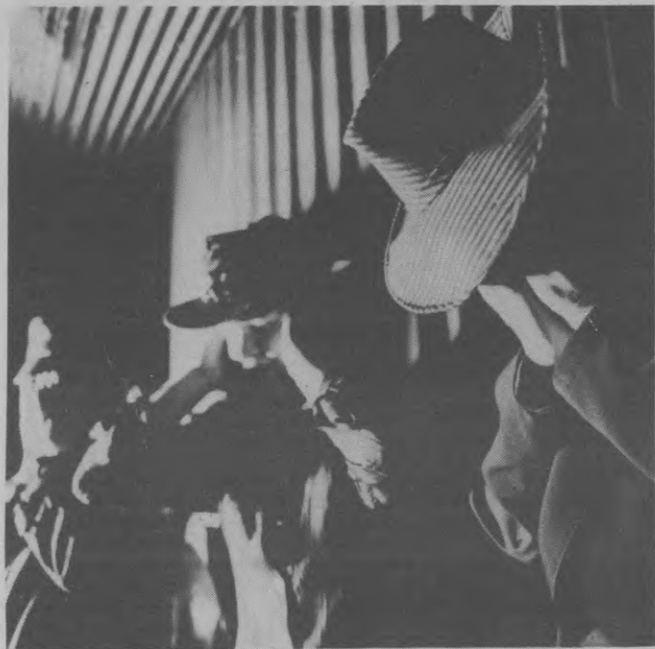
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Noise for Art's Sake

Visible and Vocal



The Art of Noise

So who's afraid of the Art of Noise? Not us, pop fans, so we cornered two of their crucial three, JJ Jeczalik and Anne Dudley, over lunch in a bid to probe the psyche of an outfit either hated for its intellectual pretension or hailed for its innovative brand of electronic pop.

Now over three years old, the Art of Noise have scored on various charts with numbers like 'Beat Box', 'Moments of Love' and 'Close (to the Edit)', but it was this year's re-make of the *Peter Gunn* theme featuring legendary guitarist Duane Eddy that saw them scale international pop charts.

Its success encouraged the band to shed its "anonymous studio whizz-kids" skin, so here we find JJ and Anne willing to talk about the art behind their noise. Unfortunately, an interview transcript cannot convey the tone of their voices — very correct English public school, laced with sarcasm and frequent condescension. That may be for the best.

The Art of Noise ... on the English press

"We're not a critics favourite now, for sure," says JJ. "We've had a couple of hit records, so that's it as far as they're concerned."

Anne: "They love you when you're up and coming, but can't bear it when you make it. That happened with Frankie Goes to Hollywood as well."

... on Frankie

JJ: "We always felt they were tarred and feathered by our brush, as we had the first release on the record label [ZTT — the controversial brainchild of Trevor Horn and Paul Morley]."

... on the split with ZTT

Anne: "We've been free of the lunacy for over a year now, so it is a bit of a dead issue. We've done lots since, and they haven't done much, so we are ahead!"

... on Trevor Horn

Anne: "No, we weren't his puppets. He wants people who are capable, so he wouldn't have put up with puppets. We had this anonymous image, and we felt it was being exploited for the wrong reasons. It made out that other people, not us, were the band."

... on 'Peter Gunn'

Anne: "What happened is that we were working in the studio and had this bass riff. It was ridiculously similar to 'Peter Gunn', but we didn't realise it. When someone told us, we decided that rather than risk being sued, we'd go for it. Our main concern is getting a country hit. We've been on lots of charts in the States [dance, black, club, college, pop] but not country, so we said, 'Let's get Duane Eddy, he lives in Nashville.'"

... on Duane Eddy

JJ: "He was expensive, but very approachable, very amenable. We enjoyed working with him, but we still don't have a country hit!"

... on other versions of the song

JJ: "No, we weren't really aware of its historical perspective [the song has charted in four decades]. Yes,

I've heard Grandmaster Flash's version; it's just a backdrop to a rap."

... on rock nostalgia

Anne: "On the English charts a little while ago, there was Sam Cooke, Diana Ross, Cliff Richard and Duane Eddy all in the Top 10. It looked like the 60s. The obsession with the past reflects the paucity of good singers and songwriters."

... on the next English musical explosion

JJ: "We are it! Someone like Sigge Sigge Sputnik will come along, the scene explodes, then goes to sleep again."

... on a label for their music

JJ: "It is all music. People are always jumping on some bandwagon about some term like 'progressive'. They're labelling something that defies labelling. Every track is different, we don't know what to call it. We've been called 'high-tech Weather Report', which I hate. More appealing is 'instrumental group with voices', but even that is nonsense."

... on touring and playing live for the first time

JJ: "We only played one show in England and that was for TV. We enjoyed it and were induced into a tour of the States. It is another thing to expose ourselves to in search of that elusive country hit! When we play live there are seven other musicians — bass, drums, percussion and four singers — all hooked up to various devices. It will be the same sounds people love and hate, but will be played. It is not sequenced, there'll be no tapes."

... on working with Malcolm McLaren on *Duck Rock*

Anne: "Had it not been for our encounter with Malcolm, this probably wouldn't have happened. We'd worked with pretty straight people up to then, and here's this lunatic with no visible talent whatsoever, but he has a major record deal. He taught us to go for it, never take no for an answer. An engaging scallywag!"

... on film work

Anne: "We're now discussing film scores in LA, which will be an interesting diversion. Our music is dramatic and emotional, so I think it could work well."

JJ: "We want people to imagine their own film as they're listening to our music. That is part of the joy of making albums. We want people to sit down, drink beer, get stoned or sleep to it — whatever is your penchant."

Anne: "'Moments in Love' was used in *Pumping Iron* and in Australian surf movies. Madonna and Sean Penn got married to it, and it was used in Britain for a Brylcreem ad!"

... on videos

JJ: "We have a very ambivalent view. Some videos you see are extremely ordinary. If we were to make music at a similar standard, record companies would reject it, but they seem to accept virtually anything in video."

Anne: "'Close (to the Edit)' is many people's favourite video of all time; it's a daunting standard to live up to. And we made one of the world's worst for 'Moments in Love'. We've plumbed the depths and scaled the heights!"

... on being political

Anne: "We're not sure a musician has any right to say anything just because he's had a few records. It seems strange that tax exiles come back and do benefits for Red Wedge, but they seem to be able to rationalise it."

... on fascist orators

JJ: "We used a tape of Pik Botha, but it could have been Hitler. It just happened to be an oblique reference to South Africa. Ian Paisley is there as well; I just find his delivery amazing. Whether you love or hate him, that voice is extraordinary."

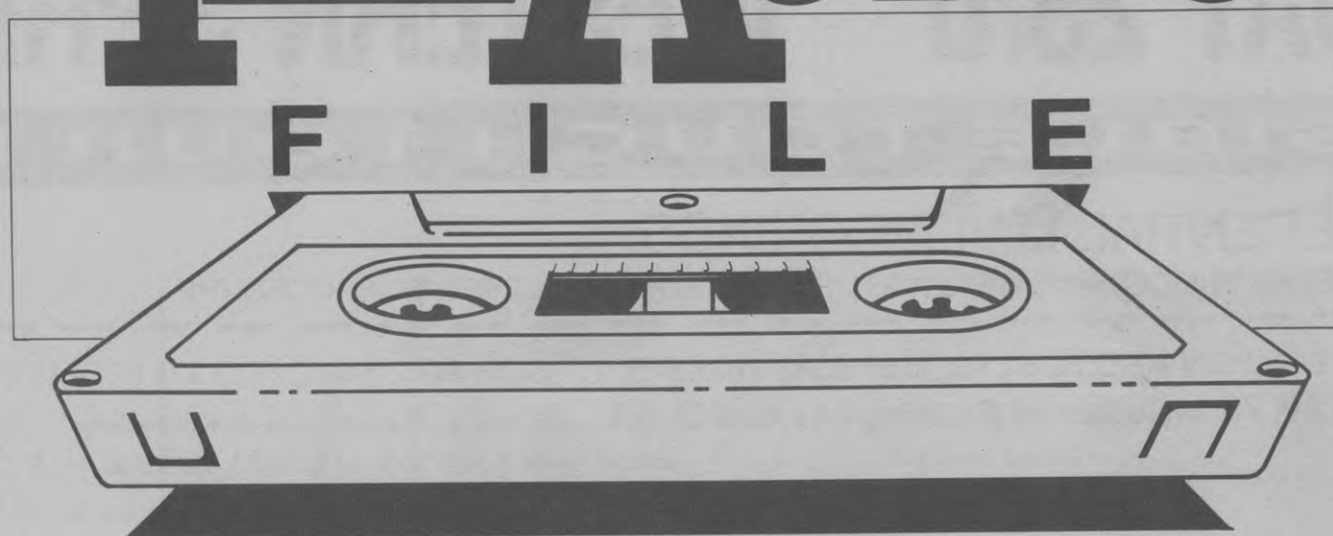
... on their manifesto

JJ: "When we began, we didn't have any preconceived ideas of what we were doing. Manifestoes are always bolted on afterwards!"
Kerry Doole

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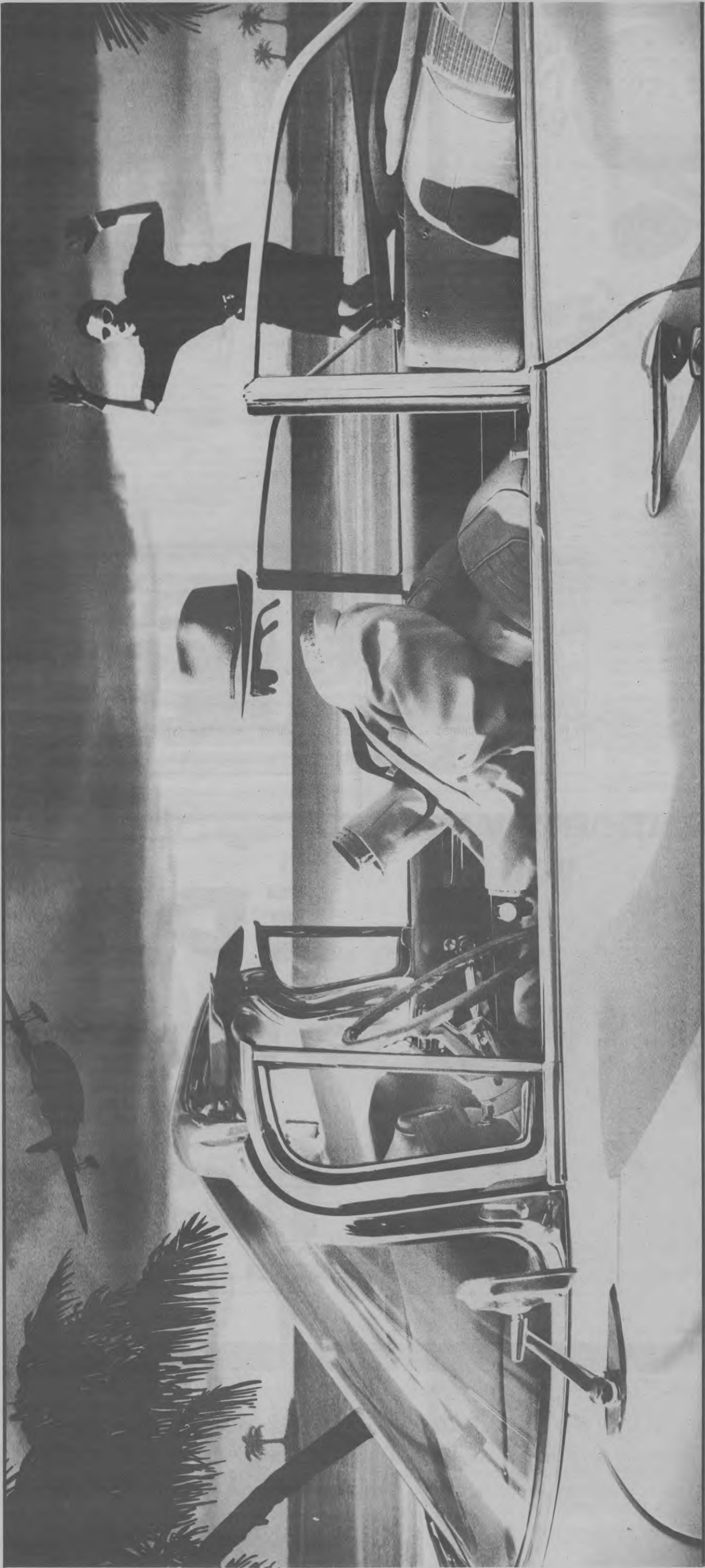
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'Legless' Llamas

The Alpaca Brothers Ride North

The first time I saw the Alpaca Brothers, one wild mescal night in Hamilton, I watched them and thought, "Hey, you don't even need to *look* like you can play your instruments in a 'normal' way to have fun and be good." The other night I saw them support the Cramps and the same thing applied, but now Nick knows what those dots between the frets on his bass mean. Progress, eh?

One Saturday afternoon, we sat in the backyard at Ardmore Road and tried to talk. It was difficult. Nick blames it on the Full Moon the previous night — "We all got a bit wrecked." Bruce's contribution is "I feel jaded."

The Alpaca Brothers were formed in Dunedin, "and first played on June 7, 1984, after a whiskey-inspired bash," says Nick. "We borrowed a drummer and started play-

ing." Nick plays bass, Bruce plays guitar and sings, whilst new member Paul plays another guitar. Drummer Steve is absent — "a slack bastard" says an anonymous voice on the tape ...

Live, the key to the Alpaca's sound is Nick's bass. *Odd* yet wonderfully effective — the closest equivalent is probably New Order's Peter Hook. It is that near-elliptical rhythmic structure emerging from

the bass and drumming that so distinguishes the Alpacas.

Nick says, "Early Joy Division, that's what turned me on to listening to music." Paul says, "The Great Unwashed." Bruce says, "Country and western," and everyone laughs. "Everything you ever hear is an influence though," says Nick. "I mean, I don't know enough about it to go, 'oooh I like the way that guy does

that, I'll try and do it'."

The songs all appear in a serious vein — Bruce obviously has many possessive tales of dark happenings and sordid events to share ...

"The man next door is finished digging his grave he lines up the family like for a snapshot — bang! bang! bang! he shoots them all dead

then he turns around the gun and shoots himself in the head. It's no joke, but sometimes you laugh ..."

But their's is an oddball sort of dark vision, not so twisted that it's funny, but still ...

"When it stops being fun, I imagine we'll stop," says Nick.

"But it doesn't mean that some of the things we're doing and talking about aren't without passion, emotion or higher hu-flung," offers Bruce. After all, 'It's No Joke' is it boys?!

"The guts of it is a good time," says Nick. "It's a masochistic urge to tear out your belly in front of people!"

The Alpacas have made three trips north in the space of little over a year, gaining exposure away from the Dunedin "scene". Why travel such a great distance so frequently (especially compared to other Dunedin bands who don't leave the South Island)?

"It's good fun," says Bruce, while Nick says they're sick of playing

down there all the time, having to play too much to too few people.

The Dunedin scene still remains healthy though ...

"I don't know why that is," says Nick, "but at any one time there might be 10 or 12 bands you could go and see."

"They're all accessible too," says Paul.

"Oooh, you mean to your ears, or that you can go and see?" Nick looks doubtfully across.

"Go and see."

"Right, yeah. There's even places to play there," says Bruce.

"We're doing something ourselves though in Dunedin with Chippendale House," says Nick. "People tend to support it and come a bit more if they feel involved rather than paying at the door and getting a dirty look from the bouncer."

But the Alpacas certainly don't fit in with any other bands as an identifiable "Dunedin sound" do they?

"I don't know if there is a real 'Dunedin sound,'" says Nick. "I think it's a myth invented by someone who just wanted to group lots of bands together. The Clean thing's what started it — big washing guitars."

"Perhaps it's cos the PAs are so bad down there," says Paul. "The tone of the music seems to change when we come up north. Yeah, that's another thing — coming up here to play on nice equipment!"

The Alpaca's EP is out now, and

I'd call it a better investment than Brierley's shares, but then what do I know about a bull market? Bruce says *Legless* is a "lucky one — we actually recorded it in my house with all borrowed gear."

"It was a bit Mickey Mouse at times," says Nick, "and we had to lug everything upstairs ..."

"But our tape *gained* something in the final pressing," says Bruce, "which is something unheard of in New Zealand. Just another miracle along the line."

"Terry Moore had a big hand in it," says Nick. "He's a trojan when it comes to engineering — he worked really hard for us."

Bruce laughs. "We were all carked out on the couch and there was nobody listening to it but him!"

"Next year we might spend a bit more time playing," says Nick. "Steve's thinking of having a year off varsity — right now we're really squeezing everything round him. But next year ... go to Japan, double live LP at the Budokan."

Digital stereo compact disc?

"Of course! Yep, that's my dream ..."

The Heavy Bit — pearls of wisdom ...

Nick: "Always measure your block and play our record loud."

Bruce: "Who knows? My favourite colour is puce!"

Paul: "Bananas. Yep."

Paul McKessar



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In the 60s, she was a member of the respected girl group Patti Labelle and the Blue Belles, whose one major hit was 1962's 'I Sold My Heart to the Junkman'. In the 70s they transformed into Labelle, the influential and funky queens of glam rock, most famous for 1975's 'Lady Marmalade'. Finally, halfway through the 80s, her solo career has taken hold after singing the theme songs for *The Soldier's Story* and *Beverly Hills Cop*, a starring role in a stage musical with Al Green, and her latest album, *Winner in You*, with its hit single 'On My Own'.

Patti Labelle is known for her extraordinary voice, which can almost whip the roof off a concert hall in one bar, then drop to a whisper in the next. Plus there are her sensational costumes — which need a volume control of their own — and her powerful stage act, in which her emotions can take over and she loses control, lying on her back and rolling over the stage while singing.

According to Labelle, there are three sides to her character, the most prominent of which is Patti, the over-the-top stage performer. Then there is Priscilla, who's responsible for the wacky and wonderful costumes and hairstyles. On line from Philadelphia we have Patricia, the quiet-spoken but giggly mother of three.

You're known for your energy on stage, yet off-stage you're supposed to be quiet. How come there's such a contrast?

"I don't know — once I see the lights and the audience and hear the cheers, I just go *all out*. I become this other person that I can't control. And then when I've finished I become this boring homely looking ... worm."

Do you just turn it on and off like that?

"It just happens — I turn on and off. I don't go out and say, Well I'm going to do it this way or that way. All the things in my life just happen very spontaneously. I don't plan them or rehearse them, it just happens."

Your exuberance caused quite a lot of talk after the the Live Aid

La Diva Labelle

Patti Labelle; a Winner

One year on, one image remains fresh from the video overdose of the Live Aid weekend. It's of Patti Labelle, stunning her hometown crowd of Philadelphia and the satellite-linked world with her titanic, explosive performance at the end of the show.

Eye-boggling in black and white polka dots, five foot four on six inch heels, capped with a Paul Revere hat and wrapped in ribbon, Labelle's impact was instantaneous. If any competition remained after her solo set of 'Forever Young', 'Imagine' and 'Stir It Up', it was quickly devastated when her vocal gymnastics swamped the all-star choir during the 'We are the World' finale.

The next day, the question was on everybody's lips. Who was that woman, and where did she spring from? Patti Labelle had broken through to household-name status — an "overnight success" after 25 years in show business.

show ...

"You know what? I like to talk about this because I don't want people to think that I try to hog the microphone, or try to take over or anything. If someone asks me to sing, I think my job is to use the mike. God has given me, thank god, a talent, and if I hold back and save it and not share it with the world, I think that's being very selfish. I think if you have something to give, give it the way you feel good in giving it. And I feel good singing it ... *loud* sometimes. Not singing like a little punk. You know I'm not a little person, I'm a big girl, with a big mouth, and for me to hold the microphone and sing [she squeaks like a mouse] *me me me me me* it would not be Patti Labelle."

"I don't mean to offend anyone, or take over. (Laughs) I don't mean to

be the biggest mouth around but I happen to have a very strong set of lungs and I can't sing little, I can't sing down. I can — I mean I have done it before — but on a song like that, you're not supposed to sing it little, you're supposed to feel proud, and *sing loud*."

Priscilla

But you're quite small in build, aren't you?

"I'm kinda small — I weigh about 140 pounds and I'm about five foot four ..."

It's your hairdos that make you look tall ...

"I have big hairdos — not all the time, I don't wear it all the time. I've had the same hairstylist for 15 years; Norma Harris. She sprays it with a lot of hairspray and she uses a hot comb to get it into shape."



Patti Labelle (hair by Norma Harris).

I read that President Reagan thought your hair was a hat.

"I know! A lot of people did. A lot of people think it's a hat, but it's hair — it's not all my hair, I'm not gonna lie, some of it is bought, some of it is mine."

Did Reagan talk to you after the Ford Theatre benefit?

"He sure did. He came up and said something (giggles) ... he, ah, I guess he was a little shocked with the hair (laughs) ... the hair and the white gown!"

New Attitude

After so many years in music, you've become very prominent over the last couple of years. What has been the most significant thing that has brought this new energy to your

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

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'PATTI' FROM PAGE 14
career?

"I think it's a combination of things that have made me more visible. *Beverly Hills Cop* did a lot for me [Labelle's theme tune 'New Attitude' was a hit], and Live Aid certainly did. To be seen around the world, for a lot of people who hadn't really heard of me, for them it was like 'Where has this lady been all my life?'"

It's taken a while for your album *Winner in You* to come out since Live Aid though. What took the time?

"Well, it took me a long time to record it, because I was trying to get good material and taking my time and not rushing."

There are many different producers on the album, ranging from Burt Bacharach and Carole Bayer Sager (who wrote the single 'On My Own' with Neil Diamond), Richard Perry, Howard Rice and Ashford and Simpson.

Why did you work with so many producers?

"Well, it wasn't planned, it just happened that way. Everytime I would turn around, one of the producers would come up with something wonderful for me, and I would say, 'Of course, I have to do this. Would you produce it for me?' And they'd say, yes of course — and that's how it happened with all those producers. I didn't plan to do it with that many, but it sure did end up that way."

With your powerful voice, did they have to sit on your voice in the mixing?

"Yes they do. They sit on me all the time! They tell me to stand 10 feet back from the microphone or whatever — anything to condense it."

One person who has been constantly involved with your music is Bud Ellison, your musical director...

"He's been with me 13 years as musical director, and he's been involved with everything I've recorded with Labelle, and with myself. He's like behind-the-producer — he gives them a lot of input. And a lot of times he's not given the credit he should get, but he's like the other



Seventies glitter queens Labelle (L-R): Nona Hendryx, Sara Dash, Patti Labelle.

side of Patti Labelle. All the music that I've been doing for 13 years, he's been the reason that I've been doing most of it."

With the single 'On My Own', why did you choose to sing with Michael McDonald (ex-Doobie Brothers)?

Well, after I had finished recording it I wasn't pleased with it, and I wanted to do it with a male. I'd always wanted to sing with Michael McDonald and so Burt Bacharach called him, and he said yes, he'd love to do it. So he recorded his part after I'd done mine. We met about two or three months after we had

recorded the song. I've always loved his voice and wanted to record with him, and my dream came true."

It didn't seem strange doing it separately?

I did it about a month before he did his part, and after listening to him, it sounded as if we did it together in the same studio, so it didn't matter at all."

Patti Blue Belle

Patti Labelle's earliest significant group was Patti Labelle and the Blue Belles, a girl group which also featured Nona Hendryx, Sarah Dash

and Cindy Birdsong (who later replaced Florence Ballard in the Supremes). During the 60s they toured America as part of soul revues, often on the same bill as Sam Cooke, James Brown, or the Stax and Motown artists.

Was it daunting as a young girl to work with such figures?

"It was wonderful. I was amazed when we got to the theatre to see who was on the show... I would look at the marquee to see who we'd be performing with, and it would impress me very much that we would be with Otis Redding, Joe Tex and all those wonderful legends. I was just like a kid, I guess. I looked at them all with awe."

Last year, Labelle returned to the renovated Apollo Theatre, the legendary venue in Harlem, New York, for a television special *Motown Returns to the Apollo* (which, along with the *Motown 25 Years* special, would be perfect for *12 O'Clock Rock*...).

The Apollo is now a legend to soul lovers — did it have the same aura to you in its heyday?

"Well, you know, when we did that *Motown Returns to the Apollo* it felt really special, very much like it did when we used to perform there. I got chills and I cried, it made me think about when we were there before, and it felt the same to me, except it was painted — it was *nooer* but it still felt the same."

La Belle Trio

In 1971, following the advice of their manager, ex-*Ready Steady Go* producer Vicki Wickham, the Blue Belles became Labelle, changed their look and toughened up their music. With their space-age glittery costumes and bikinis, they predated Kiss:

"We decided that we had to change our image and our sound, and just become three outrageous ladies. Because as the Blue Belles, we were looking very much like the Supremes and the Vandellas and the Marvelettes, and we were all looking and sounding alike. So we went to London and regrouped and stayed there for three months and changed our attitude and our way

of singing and dressing. We came back to America and we were *Labelle*."

You're all quite strong, but very different singers. Did this cause problems in Labelle?

"No — when we were all singing together we all loved what we did and we all agreed to everything. We were all in agreement as far as the music we were doing, but after a while we realised that we couldn't sing the same thing anymore, that we had to go our separate ways. So we left as friends and we're still friends. We talk to each other all the time — we didn't leave as enemies."

Labelle's biggest hit was 'Lady Marmalade', a song about a friend of Dusty Springfield's (who happened to be a prostitute) with the unforgettable hookline 'Gitchee gitchee ya-ya-ya'. Where did you find it?

"Oh we were on our way to New Orleans to record, and we went to Bob Crewe's house the night before, and he played this song for us. When I heard it, I knew it was a hit, and he gave it to us. We took it to New Orleans where we were recording with Allen Toussaint."

The song off your new album 'Sleep With Me Tonight' is very reminiscent of 'Lady Marmalade's catchphrase, 'Voulez vous coucher avec moi ce soir'."

"Oh yes... (laughs) No, it's not a sequel. Though that did strike me, and you know, I love that song, but I wondered if people will think funny or strangely of me saying that line..."

Back then?

"Oh, then and now (laughs). But, (wistfully) there are certain things you have to say in life..."

Patricia

How important is your attitude in survival?

"You have to really believe in yourself, and not let anyone tell you that you can't make it or you can't do this or that. You have to believe that you can do almost anything, and just go out and show the world that you can."

What are your goals now?

"Oh, to become a household word! (Laughs) I've just sold so many platinum albums that I just can't sell any more! I mean, just to make so much music and so much happiness for people — that's what I want to do."

You want to succeed, although it's said you don't want any part of the trappings of show business.

"I'm not crazy about the show biz, what people call show biz. The parties and the drugs and the fun things — they've just never been fun to me. I find a lot of peace and happiness after a show just to go to the hotelroom suite to cook and watch TV, go to sleep and do the next show. I'm not really what you'd call a show biz type."

Nevertheless, a Patti Labelle show is a *show*. According to Patti, plans are in motion to come here in October or November. She says *she* can't wait...

Chris Bourke

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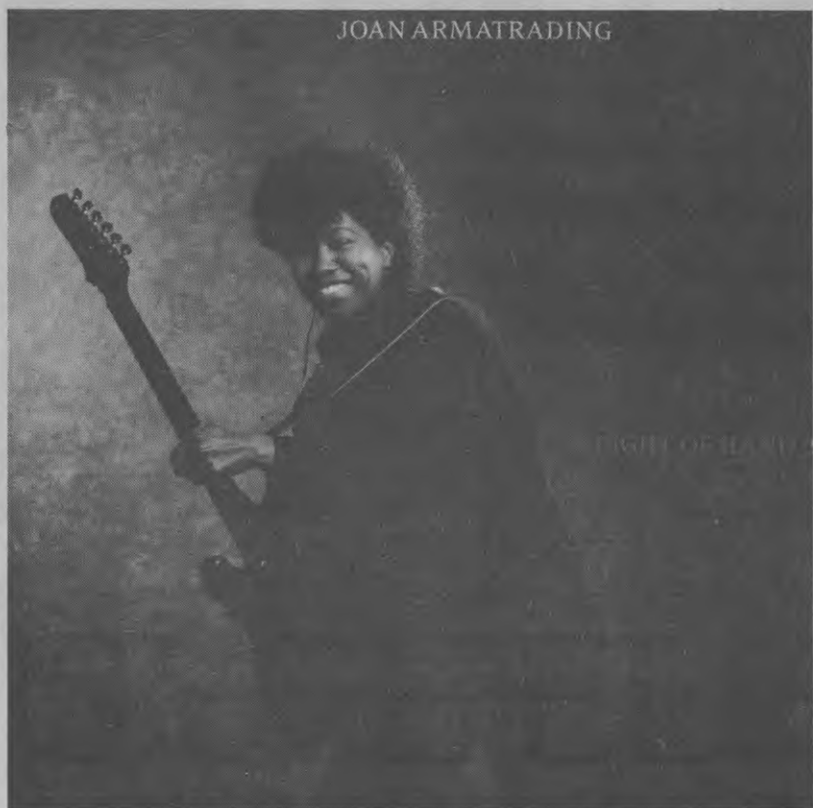
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PHOTO GIL HANLY

Toi Te Kupu, Toi Te Mana, Toi Te Whenua

The Patea Maori Club: a Story About Survival by Chris Bourke

It's another Saturday night at the Papatoetoe Inn. On the tiny stage is Dalvanus, up from Hawera on the bus for two nights with the resident band. The bar is comfortably full, and the musicians seem very casual, though there's some snappy playing going on beneath Dalvanus's delicate and heartfelt renditions of soul favourites. It's an easy atmosphere, the crowd singing along and dancing cheek to cheek, and after finishing his short set, Dalvanus remains to mingle. Strangers and old friends chat with equal ease

Auckland is still asleep when the bus pulls out at 8am the next day. But ensconced in the back seat, Dalvanus is alive with ideas and anecdotes. The up and ups of the past three years could scarcely have been imagined, but there are plenty more dreams where they came from to come

true yet.

One doesn't have to look too far to see the impact that's been achieved. In Hamilton kids are twirling poi in the bus depot, in Te Kuiti a mother brings forward her children who want to shake Dalvanus's hand; on the bus wide-eyed 10-year-olds ask for autographs.

about a recent TV appearance or news of acquaintances from other parts of the country. At the same time though, Dalvanus is planning ahead. He's supposed to be in Wellington on Monday to work on a soundtrack. But just before he went on he heard an aunt has died back in Patea, and he must return for the tangi, which will last until Tuesday. So if we're to talk about the Patea Maori Club, their new album, their town, and Dalvanus's philosophies, plans and dreams, *Rip It Up* must come too.

"The whole thing is the language," he begins. "To reach a young audience with the Maori language, without compromising the language. Through that, the kids gain self-esteem and the Maori language and culture survives. That's the whole point of the experience." The story begins in

Tokomaru Bay on the East Coast, when Dalvanus, flushed with the success of his production of Prince Tui Teke's 'E Ipo', went to meet Ngoi Pewhairangi, an elderly woman greatly respected for her songwriting and efforts to keep the language alive. Do you write any songs, she asked Dalvanus. Only in

English, he had to reply, I don't speak Maori properly. "How can we get the Maori language heard and accepted by the younger generation?" she said.

The answer was through music. "Let me be your voice — you can be the tune," said Pewhairangi. Dalvanus extended his two-hour visit, and within three weeks the pair had written 18 songs. Among them was a contemporary poi dance, with lyrics in Maori, but aimed at the mass market.

"'Poi E' was not a fluke — it was all planned," says Dalvanus. "There were a lot of issues we wanted to highlight in the Maori's place in the New Zealand social structure. Many people had been looking for reasons and answers, but they'd never thought of using the kid's leisure to put across their message." The songs having been written, they were now given a top-class production by Dalvanus with musicians ("who shared the same vision") such as Stuart Pearce, Gordon Joll and Alistair Riddell. "I wanted to get rid of every reason radio had for not playing the records."

Enter the South Taranaki Cultural Group, a traditional singing group from Dalvanus's hometown of Patea, a small community suffering from the closure of the local freezing works. They became the Patea Maori Club (after the then-popular Culture Club and Tom Tom Club) ... "I wanted to use the song to uplift the community." Unable to get any grants or funding — reserved to projects of a more traditional nature — Dalvanus went to local businesses; 27 of them donated \$100 each, and 'Poi E' was under way.

But for the record to come out, it had to have

someone to put it out. No record label, including the independents, was interested. "I had a No 1 hit with 'E Ipo', a No 3 with 'Maoris on 45' — I thought I had credibility," says Dalvanus. "They all said no. I was so upset and uptight. One company said, throw in a couple of Pakeha verses like 'E Ipo'. But I didn't want to compromise the Maori language. Ngoi said, start your own company, but I had doubts.

"I envisaged a Maori Motown, with a roster of acts starting with the Tama Band, Taste of Bounty, and the Patea Maori Club. The name of the label had to have a young image. I chose Maui, after the character in the legends — a hero to all Polynesian races. I wanted our kids to have a mega Maori hero."

Getting the video made was another problem. Money from a fund for "Maori interest" programmes was denied 'Poi E' because, says Dalvanus, it wasn't sung in English. But money was provided for videos for the Tama Band and Taste of Bounty ... so Dalvanus talked a videomaker into making three videos for the price of two. "I had the last laugh," he says with a grin. But getting it aired was yet another obstacle. There seemed to be no slot willing to show it until Derek Fox placed the video on *Te Karere*. It was then used as a filler, sales began to pick up for the slowly moving record, it was placed on *Ready to Roll*, and then things snowballed ... and the criticisms began.

Ngoi had been reluctant about the mix of traditional and contemporary cultures, but gave Dalvanus artistic control. "Oh well," she said, "if that's the way you're

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20



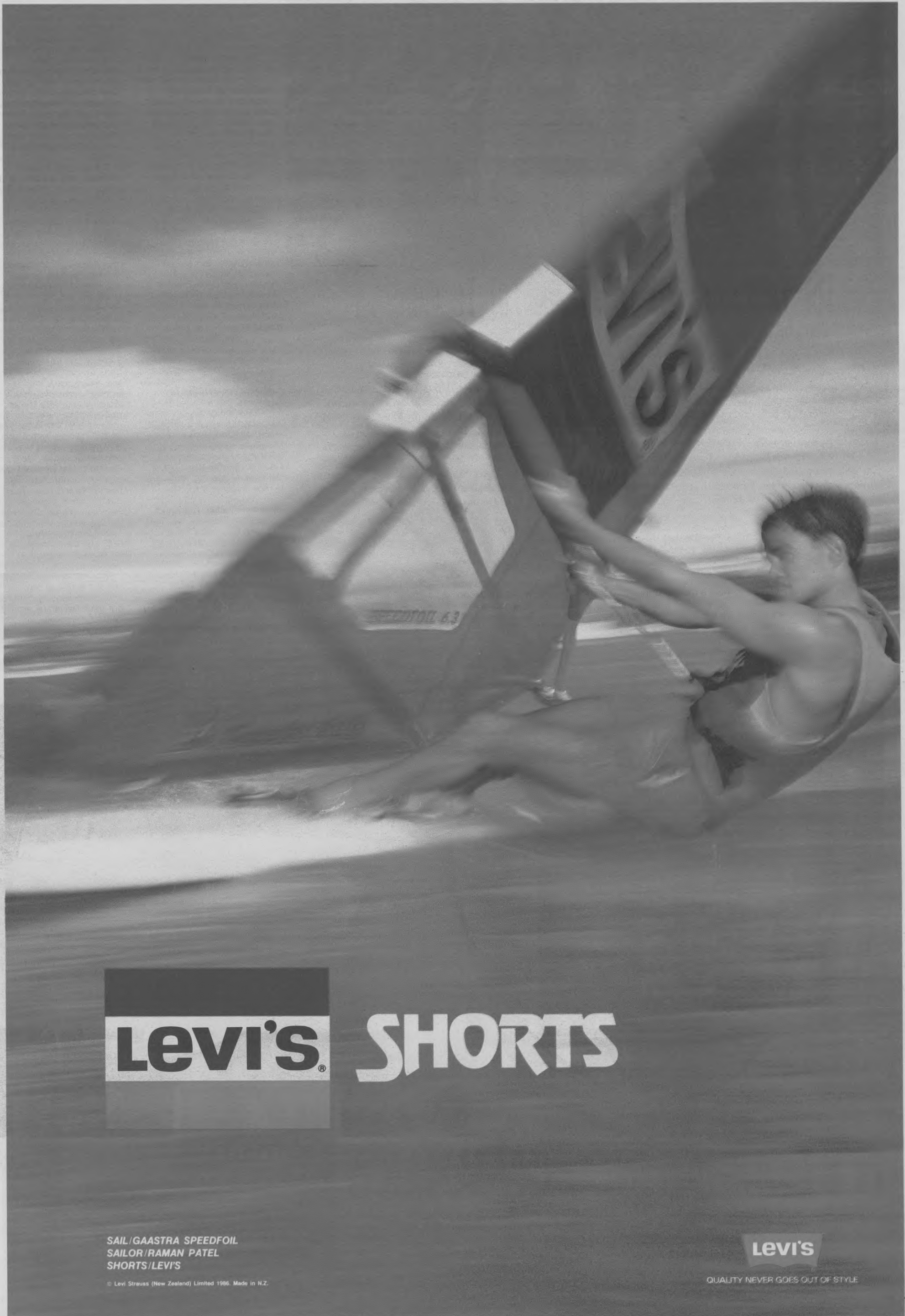
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Levi's

QUALITY NEVER GOES OUT OF STYLE

'DAL' FROM PAGE 18
hearing it, that's the way it should be. There's a strong section of Maoridom against things that are new. I knew I'd get up their noses, especially if Ngoi thought that, and I was right.

"The whole idea of the video was to show the transition of Maori cultural groups from the pa to the city. I wanted to highlight that we were survivors, and the main survivor was the language. Even though we had taken Maori music to another sphere, the language was unchanged.

"I got letters galore and phone calls from Maori fundamentalists (I like calling them fundamentalists) ... The hardest thing was getting knocked by my own people. So I locked myself away in Hawera. Ngoi didn't like the video — it was too way out for her. The whole idea of it was to show the evolutionary growth of the Maori, the political and economic growth. Ngoi changed her mind. She rang me up and said, 'I see what you're saying. All my grandchildren are bopping to 'Poi E'!' "

As 'Poi E' broke, Dalvanus was in Europe, at the Midem music festival, where overseas companies showed keen interest in what the Patea Maori Club were doing. When he came home, two reporters were waiting for him at the airport. "Do you know you're No 1?" they asked. It freaked me out!"

" 'Poi E' had an incredible effect on the community,"

says Dalvanus. "It brought the town really close together. The Patea Maori Club is their pride and joy." All proceeds from the Club go into the Patea Cultural Trust, "one niche of the revitalisation of the community."

Three years after the closing of the Patea freezing works, and the ghost-town predictions that went with it, the event is now seen in a positive light. "The closing of the works made us go back to what we're good at — living off the land."

The Rangitaahi Trust is a key element in the striving towards self-sufficiency. Formed four years ago with the amalgamation of nine local marae, the trust has created jobs by making use of government work schemes, (which, among other things, helped upgrade run-down marae) and is now establishing longterm employment in horticulture, meat processing and other activities. The trust is also a centre for counselling and social work, and its office in the main street of Patea is where the Patea Maori Club's activities are organised.

"For a start, there was a really dull atmosphere after the works closed," says trust manager Nick Pirikahu.

"People didn't know where to turn to. We've been able to pull ourselves out of that vacuum and achieve self-determination and pride. We made submissions to the government saying, these PEP schemes are a waste of time and money. Give us funding, and we'll create long

term employment.

"The community has become stronger since the closure. When the works were open, people were individuals. With no money, people pool their resources. It's been tough, but they've learnt to accept it. People had to stay here, this is their turangawaewae ... a bonus of the closure has been the teaching of our culture: taha Maori. Knowing who you are

performed on television 12 times in a week, in the House of Commons, at a Nelson Mandela benefit with many black acts, and even busked at Covent Garden.

NME made 'Poi E' single of the week, and BBC's Radio One playlisted it. "Getting it on high rotate is the secret, but we didn't have the right video. I wanted to make a video showing clips of Prince Charles and the Beatles all



Dalvanus with his 'Poi E' partner Ngoi Pewhairangi: "Through her I found my Maori soul"

and where you come from, knowing your whakapapa, gives you purpose and pride."

The proudest moments for Patea have been the two overseas trips the club has made, touring England and the United States, plus a royal command performance in London. With excellent groundwork by their UK record company Sonnet, the Patea Maori Club were feted on their travels. Audiences loved their shows, they

swinging pois. It would have taken off in Britain. We asked Buckingham Palace for permission — Yes! We asked Paul McCartney — Yes! But TVNZ wouldn't let us use the film. What's their function? Who are they supporting?"

Dalvanus met Ken Livingston, chairman of the Greater London Council (now dissolved by Thatcher) and observed the support the GLC's Ethnic Minorities Group gave to community

cultural ventures. A visit to the Brent Black Music Co-operative in London, a training centre for musicians with a heavy emphasis on reggae, further fired Dalvanus's dreams of creating employment out of music and traditional culture.

In America, the club were given a lot of assistance by the Violent Femmes. They played together at the cult venue Irving Plaza, and the Femmes made sure the right critics were there. The club performed for New Zealand's new ambassador Bill Rowling, and after Kool and the Gang at Disneyland's 30th anniversary celebrations.

Before the first concert in London however Dalvanus received news that Ngoi Pewhairangi had died. "I cracked up. I wanted to come home," he says. "But she would have murdered me if I had. Ngoi had blessed me — a woman from another tribe. Part of my life is dedicated to carry on her work. I found my Maori soul through Ngoi."

One of Ngoi's dreams, shared by Dalvanus, is for a national cultural group, made up of members of all tribes, with in-house training for its young members along the lines of the Bolshoi Ballet — and financed along the lines of the New Zealand Symphony Orchestra, the "epitome of monoculturalism. The New Zealand government is happy to use Maori culture to welcome overseas guests, but won't fund it effectively."

Essential to the preservation of the culture and language is the establishment of a Maori radio network to counter the damage done by the disinterest, token gestures, or just plain racism of New Zealand's radio establishment. "Radio is embarrassed by the Maori language. They say that Pakehas don't want to hear it, well we've proved that's garbage." The importance of radio is hit home when Dalvanus visits an elderly relative in Patea, confined to bed and listening to the opening of Te Maori broadcast from Wellington (on Access Radio, naturally) — elated to hear her own language on her radio.

But Dalvanus is not one to blame the Pakeha for everything. He regrets the lack of solidarity in Maoridom, and the handicap of tribal differences. "Maoris should have total control of their destinies. Should the state provide everything? No. We should tap our own resources and capitalise on them. But that's not to say we don't hold our hand out for our share at the same time."

Dalvanus describes the Patea Maori Club LP, to be released this month, as a concept album, with six songs on it being from the musical that is "stage three" of his artistic masterplan. Called *Raukura*, the concept side begins with 'Ko Aotea', a chant about the canoe which sailed from Hawaiiiki

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

CYNDI LAUPER

TRUE COLOURS

The Long Awaited New Album 'True Colours' Arrives in Stores Sept 16.
On CBS Records, Cassettes & Compact Discs

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Dance Exponents

Caroline Skies (Zulu 7")

With a subtle opening and simple rock sound, 'Caroline Skies' promises more than it delivers. The chorus is good; pure Monkees singalong, but the verses in between are rather aimless. Jordan's vocals are in fine form though. Overall, 'Halcyon Rain' has a stronger melody line, but it lacks the distinctiveness of 'Caroline's' chorus, with the band chugging along and the vocals mixed back. Mixed in New York, but in truth, this is a non-event.

Peking Man

Between the Lines (CBS 7")

There's a colourful opening to this slow, downbeat song; Margaret's vocals are strong while the power builds underneath. This is a plodding epic however, which crescendoes into mid-air. On the self-produced 'Whirling Circles' Pat and Margaret's vocals work well together and against each other, highlighting their individualities. Loud, but not a dancer; good ending though, in which everything plus the kitchen sink builds against the snare. Lighten up, Peking people — and let's have some smiles on the cover!

Dave Dobbyn with Herbs

Slice of Heaven (Magpie 7")

This proves you don't need overseas mixes to make great music or hit singles. From the *Footrot Flats* soundtrack, you know from the woody flute opening that here's another quirky Dave Dobbyn winner. It's another warm 'n' cuddly love song; a sleeper, which means its gonna last and grow on you. It swings with a light touch, Dobbyn's voice is as charming as ever, and the acapella chorus with Herbs is infectious. The music-mix B-side highlights all the little bits 'n' pieces, and has fun without becoming indulgent. No one wants NZ's mainstream to become as clonish as Australia's, but for a lesson in how to write pop songs — without losing creativity or individuality — go no further.

Low Profile

The Cutting Edge (Flamewave/Jayrem 12")

Phil Bowering follows the wonderful 'Elephunk' up with a very busy oddball number with smooth multitracked Zappa-esque vocals, and comes up with the most exciting single so far this year. Fascinatingly diverse, longterm listening will repay excellent dividends.

This polyrhythmic piece of "exuberant eccentricity" is sure to be the quiet hit of 1986 student radio, but is probably too challenging, and therefore threatening, for wider airplay. The B-side is an extended mix — turn it up and revel in the sounds as the top-class musicians develop their ideas. Superbly produced, and a lovely pressing too!

Columbus

Till We Kissed (Pagan 7")

A revival of the old New Zealand No 1 hit from that giant of the industry, Ray Columbus. Superb passionate singing of the great Barry Mann melody, which takes off as it lifts to the upper register, with Liam Ryan providing warm keyboard work (though the Simmons drums are a bit incongruous). The flip, 'Angela' is fast 'n' furious rock 'n' roll to the sound of '64 — Hammond organ, great drumming, and help from Ritchie Pickett. A little beat band gem.

Last Man Down

Missing (Ode 7")

A light jazzy cruise, very reminiscent of 'State House Kid', particularly the sax hook. A New Zealand flavour in the lyrics (about hitchhiking to Takanini in a stolen Mini), with its pleasant harmonies, perfect for Auckland summer radio. On the flip 'The NZ Party Girl' leaves the typing pool for her OE to a blues very similar to Ray Charles' 'Night Time is the Right Time'. Excellent electric piano, with solid horn lines and plenty of feel from the top class players, only the

voice lets it down. More bite is needed, or a faster tempo.

Gerry Otimi

and the Inventors' School Kia Kaha David Lange

A do-it-yourself singalong patting big Dave on the back ("Keep your head up in the air / And don't let the big boys bully you"), melodically similar to 'E lpo'. With accordion, synth and simple drum machine, this proves "if a Kiwi can, anybody can" (it says here). The flipside is an instrumental version, kind of *Miami Vice* played by Phil Spector on a Casiotone. Nice one, Gerry!

Johnny Batchelor

Work and Save (WEA 12")

Can an ex-Hooker get an even break? JB's big-budget shot at the big time is faceless, sweaty corporate rock. An Australian production by Murray Burns with a great drum sound and not much else going for it. Unfortunately Johnny's voice gets swamped and the three songs are anything but memorable. Made for Triple M.

Shona Laing

Drive Baby Drive (Pagan 12")

The synths chug along with more warmth than the vocals, but by hell the melody grows on you. A high tech commentary on our road toll, with a metallic feel to it. Love that car crash going into the frenetic guitar solo. On the B-side 'Somebody Found You' (from the *Genre LP*) is another synth-driven piece, with lovely double-tracked vocals backed by Tony Waine. A much more human song, though

drum machines get a bit tiring. 'Drive Baby Drive (Don't Drink Drive Drub)' is a more relaxed workout of the A-side's synth riffs and bits and pieces, explosions, guitar solos, car crashes ...

The Lounge Lizards

Kathleen (Ode 12")

I've always been crazy about Irish girls too. Randy Newman has trodden similar ground, but that's by the way. This upbeat piece of light rock, slickly produced by Billy Kristian with a West Coast/Toto sound, deserves ZM airplay. Rotorua's Lounge Lizards (great name), look and play like seasoned pros. On the flip are two lesser tunes with anti-nuke/peace-nik themes: 'The Victims', an easy listening freeway cruise, and the dancey 'We are the Ones'. Both could do with some tightening up, but overall this is a very respectable release.

Blitz

Key to Your Heart (Jayrem 7")

This might be raw heavy metal, but with a commercial production, these tunes wouldn't go amiss on Australian radio. What Blitz has got over Johnny Batchelor is their tunes. Cliched they are, but they're also memorable. The only dodgy part is the end of the B-side 'On the Run', where singer/songwriter/guitarist Richard Offsokke struts his licks and his histrionic vocals while Gary, Dave and Steve play around with the rhythms. Produced by Brent Murphy at Frontier.

Chris Bourke



'Poi E' wins the award for best Polynesian recording, 1984. Dalvanus with the lead singer Hui Kahu.



Our Leading Pink Sparkling



CA 5558

'DAL' FROM PAGE 20

Hawaii bringing the Maori to Aotearoa. 'Taranaki Patere' is a pan-tribal history of the migration, mentioning all the canoes. 'Nga Ohaki' relates how the elders are dying. "Are young Maori prepared or able to take their place?" While the emphasis on this side is on the traditional adapted with contemporary sounds, 'Ngakau Maru' is a blues/love song.

With 'Haere Ra', Dalvanus wanted to pay tribute to Ngai Pewhairangi, saying "return to your ancestors." "It includes a reprise of 'He Konei Ra' and a taped excerpt of Ngai saying we have to make today work for us." It's one of the few occasions she was recorded speaking in English.

Side two is the dance side. It opens with an introduction by a black DJ from New York before 'E Papa', the reggaefied Maori stick game song. More New York influence can be heard on 'Kohanga Reo Rap'. "The kids were fired up by what they saw in New York. The lyrics are a collection of catchphrases in Maori about their lifestyle." It's designed for use in the kohanga reo classes. The record is completed with 'Poi E', 'Aku Raukura' and 'He Tangata Tini Hanga', an action song about a macho man-about-town.

The opening track features a traditional Maori flute, played by an elder, Joe Malcolm. Also playing on the album are Fred Faleauto and Dilworth Karaka from Herbs, Mike Farrell, Stuart Pearce, Gordon Joll, Brian Glamuzina and Willie Dayson.

In November, the Patea Maori Club goes to Australia to perform, and next year is another major world tour. They'll perform in Asia, the United States and Britain, with the tour climaxing at the Edinburgh festival. (Speaking of festivals, Dalvanus digresses, where were the Maori and Polynesian acts at this year's Wellington festival?). Before Christmas there will be a New Zealand tour, and a television special is being filmed for broadcast in Australia and America ("It will probably never been seen here"); the film will include footage of critics of 'Poi E'.

"The Patea Maori Club is not the be-all-and-end-all of Maori music," says Dalvanus. "We're just one niche, we hope — a base to build on. People say, oh it's a fluke ... it's not. It's planned, marketed. We're marketing the Maori language. The Patea Maori Club is just a vehicle by which the language can be heard."

Through the survival of the language comes self-esteem, pride and, significantly, employment. "The Patea Maori Club is just stage one of a five-year plan." Apart from the cultural trust and other music groups Dalvanus hopes to establish, there are the many schemes and dreams he has for the "Maui empire" — to be based, naturally, in Hawera and Patea.

"If anyone thinks there was money in 'Poi E', they can look at this car," says Dalvanus of his rusty, damp Valiant. "Everything goes back into the collective." Visiting the Pariroa marae near Patea, he says, "The success of the Patea Maori Club has worked because I'm engulfed in traditional Maori culture. We live it, we're not just weekend Maoris. In my childhood this marae was the hub of life. We grew vegetables here, swam in the swimming hole, caught freshwater crays and eels, it even had its own store."

It's a living culture, and a living language — and both are being revitalised by initiatives such as the Patea Maori Club and dynamos like Dalvanus. On the way out of Hawera is a symbol of the rebirth. The old home of Hawera's other great communicator, Ronald Morrieson, is now a kohanga reo centre for teaching the Maori language to a new generation.

CORUBA CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER 11 TO OCTOBER 12

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



Psychedelic Furs in October.

Look Out For ...

A varied bag this month, with US bluesman **Taj Mahal** and **Herbs** touring their mellow sounds around the North Island ... the **Saints** pay a long-awaited visit ... Australia cult band **Died Pretty** play the main centres ... **Bad Bananas** is a touring mixture of poetry, songs and music performed by Cilla McQueen, Alastair Macdougall and Jim Taylor ... Pirates of Penzance opens in Auckland with **Andrew Fagan** and **Peter Noone** (ex-Herman's Hermits) in lead roles ...

11
Taj Mahal, Herbs
Hastings
Jamboree, Revs Galaxy
Ardijah Palmerston North
Drone, In-sect Windsor
Dance Exponents
Wanganui
Fair Question
Performance
Kuitze Band Masterton
Ebony Sye Waiouru

Sept
11, 12, 13
Gary McCormick, Ted
Clarke, Dave Murphy
Gluepot

12
Fetus Productions Ak.
Blue Network, Yesmen,
Keep Galaxy
Taj Mahal, Herbs
Palmerston North
Ardijah Cricketers
Dance Exponents New
Plymouth
Shona Laing, Bats Venue
Kuitze Band Lower Hutt
Limbs Dunedin
Working Holiday Gluepot
Builders Electric Ballroom
Tony Littlejohn, Heart
Worries Performance
Black & Blue Esplanade
Ebony Sye Hawera
Bad Bananas Dunedin

13
Fetus Productions Ak.
Blue Network, Yesmen,
Keep Galaxy
Dance Exponents New
Plymouth
Skindivers, Dave
McArtney Chateau
Taj Mahal, Herbs Rotorua
Ardijah Cricketers
Limbs Dunedin
Kuitze Band Levin
Bad Bananas
Chippendale House
Black & Blue Esplanade
Builders Electric Ballroom
Wayne Gillespie, Subway
Performance
Ebony Sye Hawera

14
Taj Mahal, Backdoor
Blues Band Wellington
Skindivers, Dave
McArtney Chateau
Bruce Robertson,
Lindsay Marks Java Jive
Ebony Sye Ohakune
Little Richard records
'Tutti Frutti', 1955.

15
Kuitze Band Palmerston
North
Landslide Performance
NZer Gary Thain, bassist
of Uriah Heep,
electrocuted on stage
1974; quits group soon
after.

16
Kuitze Band New
Plymouth
Bluesbusters
Performance
Marc Bolan dies in
London car crash 1977.

17
Kuitze Band, Rotorua
Limbs Christchurch
Working Holiday, Mahina
Tocker Performance
Builders Palmerston
North
Ebony Sye Ohakune
Bad Bananas Cricketers
Hank Williams born 1923.

18
Ardijah The Brat
Kuitze Band Hamilton
Bad Bananas Cricketers
Paradox, Rotting Dead
Windsor
Limbs Christchurch
Builders Hillcrest
Working Holiday, Mahina
Tocker Performance
Ebony Sye Ohakune
John Mills, Cobie Smit
Westport

18, 19, 20
Cheek to Cheek, By
Degrees, Clear Galaxy

19
Look Blue Go Purple
Electric Ballroom
Murder Inc, Skank
Attack Windsor
Builders Shadows Auckland
Ebony Sye Waiouru
Bad Bananas Depot Win
Kybo Glyderz Esplanade
John Mills, Cobie Smit
Greymouth
Gram Parsons, the
grievous angel, RIP 1973

20
Kuitze Band Gluepot
Look Blue Go Purple
Electric Ballroom
Builders Shadows Auckland
Murder Inc, Skank
Attack Windsor
Dance Exponents
Chateau
Bad Bananas Cricketers
& Depot
Farelli Bros Performance
Ebony Sye Venturer Hall
Working Holiday Gluepot
Kybo Glyderz Esplanade
John Mills, Cobie Smit
Hokitika

21
Charity Fashion Show
Galaxy
Limbs Nelson
Kath Tait Java Jive
Bad Bananas Electric
Ballroom & Depot
A miserable 51st birthday
to Leonard Cohen.

22
Saints Gladstone
Limbs Nelson
Happy 28th birthday,
Joan Jett!

23
Saints Gladstone
Bad Bananas Depot
John Mills, Cobie Smit
Queenstown
Bruce Springsteen shares
his 37th birthday with Ray
Charles, who hits 56.

24
Saints Victoria Uni
F. Scott Fitzgerald born
1896.

25
Limbs Wellington
John Mills, Cobie Smit
Stewart Is
Led Zeppelin drummer
John Bonham dies after
drinking 40 vodkas,
1980.

25, 26, 27
Saints Gluepot

26
Strikemaster,
Knightshade Galaxy
Dance Exponents
Hillcrest
Grand finale Electric
Ballroom
Limbs Wellington
Bad Bananas Chch Arts
Centre
Working Holiday Gluepot
Tall Stories Esplanade
Bessie Smith has car
crash, dies after hospital
won't take black patients,
Mississippi 1937.

27
Strikemaster,
Knightshade Galaxy
Dance Exponents
Hillcrest
Limbs Wellington
Tall Stories Esplanade
John Mills, Cobie Smit
Invercargill
Notanoha one: Jimmy
McCullough, Wings
guitarist, ODS 1979.

28
Maria Monet, Blue Night
Java Jive
Mick Ronson joins Mott
the Hoople 1974.

29
John Mills, Cobie Smit
Balclutha
James Brown Band
mutinies, claiming they
are underpaid, 1977.

TAKE IN A CORUBA
AT THE 'LOBE'

30
James Dean has fatal ride
in his Porsche 1955.

Oct 1
Limbs Palmerston North
Ardijah Whangarei
John Mills, Cobie Smit
Dunedin
Booker T and MGs
drummer Al Jackson shot
dead by burglars 1975.

2
Ardijah Whangarei
New Mystics Windsor
John Mills, Cobie Smit
Oamaru
Grateful Dead busted in
Haight Ashbury 1968.

INSIST ON A CORUBA
AT THE 'HILLCREST'

9
Died Pretty Hillcrest
IQU Windsor
Builders Gladstone
Limbs Mercury
John Mills, Cobie Smit
Christchurch

3
Funny Business Windsor
Ardijah Hillcrest
Dark Harbour Esplanade
Died Pretty Gladstone
Supreme's 'Baby Love'
released 1964.

4
Funny Business Windsor
Ardijah Hillcrest
Died Pretty Gladstone
Dark Harbour Esplanade
Limbs New Plymouth
Fat & Sassy, Working
Holiday Te Awamutu
John Mills, Cobie Smit
Timaru
Yet another anniversary;
Janis Joplin ODS, 1970.

5
Mahina Rangitocker
Java Jive
John Mills, Cobie Smith
Geraldine
'Led Zeppelin III' released
1970.

6
Died Pretty Cricketers
John Mills, Cobie Smit
Darfield
LSD declared illegal in
California, 1966.

7
Died Pretty Cricketers
Limbs Mercury
John Mills, Cobie Smith
Ashburton
Steve Hackett quits
Genesis 1977.

8
Limbs Mercury
Ardijah Mt Wellington
Sex Pistols sign to EMI
for £40,000, 1976;
contract lasts three
months.

10
Died Pretty Windsor
Ardijah Mon Desir
Limbs Mercury
Pirates of Penzance
Auckland
Blue Movies Esplanade
Builders Gladstone
David Lee Roth is 31
today.

11
Died Pretty Windsor
Limbs Mercury
Ardijah Mon Desir
Pirates of Penzance
Auckland
Working Holiday Abby's
Builders Gladstone
Blue Movies Esplanade
John Mills, Cobie Smith
Kaikoura
Edith Piaf dies, regretting
nothing 1963.

12
Limbs Mercury
Ardijah Forge
Pirates of Penzance
Auckland
John Mills, Cobie Smit
Nelson
Gene Vincent, a true
victim of rock and roll,
dies 1971.



the **Kuitze** band of well-known rock musos continues its tour playing 60s covers ... **Dance Exponents** hit the road prior to their album release ... **Murder Inc.**, winners of Christchurch's War of the Bands, makes their first visit to Auckland ... the final days of Wellington's **Electric Ballroom** alternative venue ... Wellington's **Strikemaster** and **Knightshade** bring metal to the Galaxy ... **Limbs** take their **Tarawera**

show on a lengthy nationwide tour ... while English classical guitarists **John Mills** and **Cobie Smit** play music from the 16th to 20th centuries all around the South Island ... watch out for a busload of **Anti-Gravity Stilt Theatre** & **Not Really Anything** on a national tour commencing this month.

Coming Up ...

Start saving, the wind-up to the summer season begins ...

Shriekback play Chch on Oct 14 and Galaxy on 17th ... the **Psychedelic Furs** return to play Logan Campbell on October 13, Palmerston North Oct 15, and Wellington Oct 16 ... **Simple Minds** finish their epic world tour in New Zealand, playing Christchurch on Nov 4, Wellington Nov 6 and Western Springs Nov 9 ... **Joe Cocker** returns in November ... **Genesis** at Mt Smart November 23 ... **Go West** at Logan

Campbell late January ... also here in late January is the **Eurythmics** ... coming for a Reggae Sunsplash festival in December are the legendary **Sly and Robbie** Rumours, rumours ... here are two biggies: **Billy Joel** and **Neil Diamond** for early next year ... also tentative for Autumn are **Paul Young** and **ZZ Top**, two great shows ... plenty to look forward to as ticket prices edge towards \$30.

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

Records

Eurythmics Revenge RCA

The Eurythmics' appeal is somewhat like that of an actor who's become a star by playing character parts. Some of our enjoyment of their skills comes by making comparisons with their previous roles. And the Eurythmics have certainly have played a wide variety. On just the first side of their previous album Annie's persona ranged from coy femininity (on 'There Must Be an Angel') to soul-strutting feminist ('Sisters are Doing It for Themselves').

Yet there have also been some consistent musical strands evident since Lennox and Stewart's earliest days together, even going back to the Tourists. A strong shot of soul music is one. Many people who overlooked the Eurythmics' cover of 'Wrap It Up' amongst the synth-dominated sounds of 1983's *Sweet Dreams* were stunned by its intense live workout at Sweetwaters. (A performance which left *Rip It Up*'s publisher, often blinkered in his black groove, muttering that Sam and Dave couldn't have done it that well themselves.)

Now with *Revenge* we get a whole album dominated by the influences of 60s soul and R&B. 'Missionary Man', the first track, may push the style into cliché with its "original sinner" lyric and a riff we've heard too often, but the rest of side one is consistently successful. There's less overt flash but the influences are better integrated. After four gritty, uptempo tracks the side ends with a lovely, gentle ballad.

Side two is paced the same way although the material is not quite as consistent. Nonetheless it's only the final track (ie, the other ballad) that really disappoints. Yet even this one almost makes it on the sheer strength of performance.

Annie Lennox has by now firmly

established herself as among the best pop vocalists currently working and Dave Stewart leads a band that packs as invigorating a punch as you'd wish for. If this is the rhythm section from the Eurythmics' current touring unit then we're in for a dynamite show next January.

Revenge isn't particularly comparable to the Eurythmics' previous set, *Be Yourself Tonight*. There isn't, to return to the acting analogy, the ostentatious array of different roles for us to applaud and admire.

Instead, like the movie star who periodically returns to act in theatre, *Revenge* presents Lennox and Stewart refining their craft by reworking their roots. The results may not please as wide an audience but they are nonetheless worthwhile.

Peter Thomson

The Cure Standing on a Beach: The Singles WEA

When the Cure toured here to promote *17 Seconds* back in 1979 they played the Regent in Dunedin. Just as they were picking their way through 'A Forest' the roof began to leak just above the stage, drip... drip... drip... the effect adding to the cold solitude of Smith's songs back then.

That was the Cure at their best, a band which had evolved from *Three Imaginary Boys* and two buoyant pop singles, 'Boys Don't Cry' and 'Jumping Someone Else's Train' to the delicate introspection of *17 Seconds*, an album described by Paul Morley at the time as being "truly progressive". But since then it's been mostly downhill.

Standing on a Beach is a pretty lavish and faithful reflection of the band's fluctuating form. On *17 Seconds* Smith basically avoided the narcissistic melancholic absorption that plagued *Faith* and the gaunt Joy Division-influenced singles, 'Primary', 'Charlotte Sometimes' and 'Hanging Garden'. As if to claw himself out of this depression and keep in touch with fashion via birds-nest hair-dos,



Annie Lennox

Smith returned to a pop that was maybe too cute in the shape of 'Let's Go To Bed', 'The Walk' and 'The Love Cats'.

Last year's 'In Between Days' and 'Close To Me', two good tunes, suggested that maybe he was again getting the balance right by concentrating on his writing and not the dictates of fashion. As it is, *Standing on a Beach* is only a reasonable collection of singles showing that Smith has a long way to go before he has the knack of crafting classic 45s.

George Kay

Wham! The Final Epic

Shouldn't Wham! be out on *Teenage Epic* as a label? Their young guns were always smart-bombs, heat-seekers that hit the right target so many times it made you giddy. 'Wham Rap' ushered in a wider acceptance of black music in mainstream British pop. 'Clup Tropicana' hit you just on summertime and 'Everything She Wants' slid in on the heels of a funky and synthetic

Frankie. While Martin Fry got clever and Kevin Rowland got conceptual, George and Andy got rich. While ZTT got wordy and Julie Burchill got suburban neurosis, George and Andy got popular. And while everyone else gets old and fat and further away from the magic potion, George and Andy have split up with a \$60,000 Hippodrome bash and *The Final*, a double LP that's a slice of the goodbye cake for everyone.

You can't get much nicer than that, after all. Give 'em a good time and get out quick. Make them laugh ('Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go'), make them snore ('Careless Whispers', 'A Different Corner') and make them squeal like puppies ('I'm Your Man'). Turn your entire repertoire into a yuppie shopping list (the jacket, the girl, the cocktail) and then insist on being underage ('Young Guns', 'Bad Boys'). And just when they thought it was all over, cut one last sizzler — 'Edge of Heaven'.

It's hard to feel anything but admiration for Wham! They have better tans than Robert Palmer and more chins than Nick Rhodes. They epitomise to every last designer thread and bouncy riff The Pop Group. This may be two-and-a-half album's worth of compilation, but it comes at a time when most people are going blind trying to put a 12" single together. Every hit is here, every scrap of inane, intelligent fun that you could hope for.

This is a quality lig. Fun, laughter and a bottled suntan, Wham are alive and well. See you down at the pool.

Chad Taylor

Bob Dylan Knocked Out Loaded CBS

Mention of Bob Dylan these days seems to be an invitation to change the subject. Perhaps it's only fitting. Once Dylan spoke to and for so many. Now he casts about for an audience while his greying devotees of old clutch to precious memories (and also the title of a gospel song given an un-

necessarily souped-up treatment here).

I applaud the album title, a quote from a wonderful old New Orleans marijuana song, and the nerve of opening with Junior Parker's 'You Wanna Ramble' (after all, Parker had a lovely voice, something Dylan is yet to be accused of). T-Bone Burnett on guitar and James Jamerson Jrn on bass help carry Dylan into boogie land, and this is pretty decent.

The rest of the album is patchy. Dylan (short on ideas?) has enlisted some dodgy help. Kris Kristofferson's 'They Killed Him' is as mawkish as these religious parables get, children's choir, nausea.

The big grabber is 'Brownsville Girl', which is credited to Dylan and Sam Shepard. It's a western movie epic, grand and grandiose, and I'm sure I wasn't meant to laugh, but it's all to silly, and too longwinded. That's the problem, more air than meat.

Ken Williams

Patsy Cline Stop, Look and Listen MCA

This album must rank as the pleasant surprise of the year, not least because it exists at all. A long forgotten singer killed in a plane crash in 1963, Patsy had a string of hit singles of eminent class and distinction. Never content to remain a "hillbilly singer", Cline and producer Owen Bradley moved quickly into a more sophisticated pop style as soon as contractual obligations allowed.

This collection, though not a greatest hits, traces this evolution through B-sides and non-hits, from 'Turn the Cards Slowly' in 1955 to the lush string settings and varied musical influences of her later works. This later sound is defined by 'Sweet Dreams', not included here but recorded by Elvis Costello for *Almost Blue*. Not specifically for nostalgia buffs, this is a very satisfying release for anyone interested in a genuine pop stylist. Just the thing for cocktail parties this summer.

Mark Kennedy



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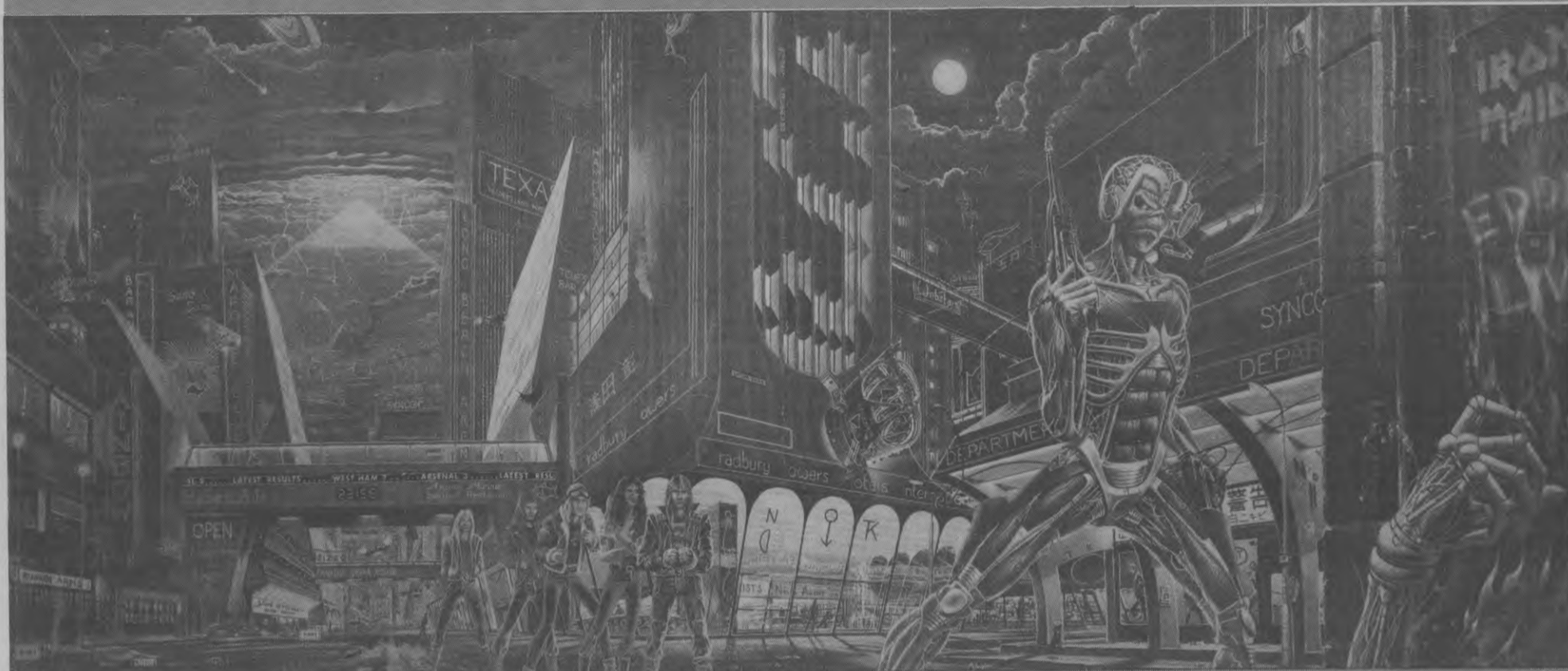
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Records

The Smiths The Queen is Dead Rough Trade

The Queen is Dead is the Smiths' third LP, and it seems, also their most humorous. Morrissey still gets too heavy to make a truly light-hearted record, yet he's not a profound lyricist — he's too busy trying to spell things out for us, but he does have a turn of phrase, often self-mocking, that is endearing.

'The Queen is Dead', the best tune, is ostensibly a tale in which Morrissey does a Michael Fagan, visiting the Queen for a chat and a moan one night, but perhaps underneath lurks a personal turning of leaves on the celibate one's part — "the Queen is dead, boys / You can trust me, boys / Life is very long when you're lonely." After all, on the last track, Morrissey has "just discovered: some girls are bigger than others!"

In between those two is quite a variety, both stylistically and quality-wise, with side one's five songs making up a better half than the second. 'I Know It's Over' is a (deliberately?) vaguely Oedipal rock and roll ballad, and 'Never Had No-one Ever' is the best tune after the title track. I get the feeling that I'm supposed to like 'Cemetery Gates', but for all its mocking portentousness ('Gravely reading stones' in a cemetery full of poets), I find it uninspiring.

The second side opens with a roar — 'Brimstone Strikes Again' is a strong tune with hilarious lyrics, but the only thing that comes even close to matching it is the country and western 'Vicar in a Tutu'.

I wonder if one day Morrissey and Marr would like to see themselves combined into some 1980s' Jacques Brel, but for the moment they're still too consumed with fiddling with forms, both musical and lyrical. The Queen is Dead? Tain't no classic, and it doesn't live up to the potential that was once seen in the Smiths, but it's also likeable, and over half of not-a-bad'un in the end.

Paul McKessar

The Art of Noise In Visible Silence China

It's enough that child prodigies such as the Art of Noise go on to make a second album, let alone doing so without the parent company of ZTT, whose production values and publicity first mapped out the Noise's aims and style. Who's Afraid of the Art of Noise was a rambling collage of Stockhausen-meets-digital sampler, not so much challenging as surprising and fun. The Noise trio (Dudley, Jeczalik and Langan) are the only modern group to have ever dedicated a song to Tommy Cooper.

In Visible Silence opens with 'Opus 4', a witty postcard ditty



Morrissey of the Smiths

from Mother England ("No sun, no clouds, no moon, no birds — November."). Chuckle — the Noise is back.

Remember the sampled voices on 'Snapshot'? 'Legs' takes them to their phonetic conclusion: bum-bum, hip, legs. 'Camilla — the Old Story' could be a left-over soundtrack from Bladerunner, 'Paranoia' and 'The Chameleon's Dish' from some equally luxurious SF film. If the Noise have left the adventure of improvised structure behind (songs on Who's Afraid of ... ranged from 12 minutes to about 30 seconds long), they've retained the atmosphere.

They've also written some very good songs for In Visible Silence, apart from the smart 'Peter Gunn' move (and have you seen the Julian Temple video for said track, featuring Rik Mayall and Anne Dudley? Gathering dust in a company file near you). 'Eye of the Needle' and 'Paranoia' could be the somnambulist dance tracks of the week.

When the Noise left ZTT, Paul Morley sourly remarked that its members "felt competent enough to pursue a conventional pop career," and he was right. In Visible Silence is the ugly duckling's second golden egg. George Michael might not be worried, but Dr Who must be losing some sleep ...

Chad Taylor



The Chills Kaleidoscope World Flying Nun

This was originally released early this year on Creation Records in England and scored really well on the English independent charts. The cover's almost worth stealing

on its own — colourful plasticene and lollies on black — yum yum ...

But having all these songs together just makes you miss the Chills more, doesn't it? Crazy nights at the Windsor (even one at the Hillcrest of all godawful places!) and times that the huge booming bass of 'Pink Frost' could truly move you, or just bouncing up and down to some of the best pop songs around ...

I dunno, I guess it's just a matter of choosing your favourite Chills records — me, I'd plump for remixed 'Kaleidoscope World', 'Pink Frost' and 'Rolling Moon' in no particular order. But hey — what about 'Doledrums', 'Purple Girl' and the live 'Flamethrower' from the B-side of 'Rolling Moon'? 'Satin Doll'? 'Hidden Bay'? Bloody hell, I dunno then ...

It seems they've put them in the right order on Kaleidoscope World, and it's better than turning singles over every three minutes isn't it? I just hope that it's not just gonna be memories of this band we're left with now.

Paul McKessar

Comic Relief Utterly, Utterly Live WEA

The trouble with live recordings is that you can never capture the visuals, the sheer feel of an event. A band's best gig can sound like right dog shit on the tape recorder and things get worse for comedy. Imagine Richard Pryor, for instance, without that look of incredulous outrage and you can't really imagine the man at all.

It's the Goon Show that remains the best comedy to listen to, mainly because their aural landscapes of laughter were shaped purely for the airwaves, stretching the possibilities of sound to colour their perverse misadventures. Thirty years after Eccles and British comedy hasn't progressed the light years we'd been led to believe.

Sure, Utterly, Utterly Live proves the wheeltappers-and-shunters-titsbum-howsyamuuvainlaw routine has long been transcended but only to be replaced by "Fucking" — both as a word and as an act. Use it as a prefix and you're guaranteed a giggle, while describing it itself ... phew ... the gales of laughter reach hurricane level.

Now there's nothing actually wrong with that in itself, but using "Fucking" as the cornerstone and mainstay of comedy is like anything cheap and easy — definitely not to be trusted.

Points here though must go to Ben Elton for his description of Bob Dylan ("... y'know, the bloke that couldn't sing at the end of the 'We are the World' video ..."), a genuinely amusing description of an Australian jaunt by Billy Connolly, and Lenny Henry's song 'Big Love', which is an accurate and none-too-gentle poke at the yucky innuendo practiced by the likes of Barry White.

And am I the only one who thinks Vyv's lead break in 'Living Doll' is by far the choicest moment in that horrible bloody thing ... I mean, it's actually not that bad. Shayne Carter



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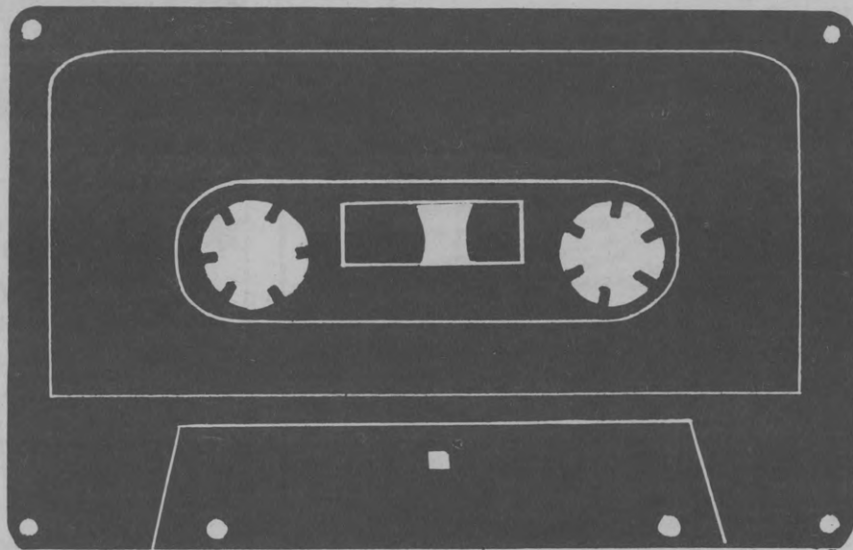
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Records

Neil Young
Landing on Water
Geffen

Neil Young's output in the 1980s has been a perplexing mixture covering a vast spectrum of popular music. *Trans* combined synthesised electronics with scorching rock, *Everybody's Rockin'* rejoiced in old rockabilly favourites, and *Old Ways* found Young on safe ground with country originals and old classics, a course charted in the 70s by albums such as *Comes a Time*.

Landing on Water continues Young's eclecticism which has largely contributed to the waning of his popularity. Combining some of his vintage guitar solos with Danny Kortchmar on synthesisers to layer the sound, Young delivers an uncompromising album which firmly cements for him a relevance in the 1980s. Many of the songs are brutal salvos given added impetus by the garage type production and the overlays of wild phasing, as if some madman had taken control of the monitors.

Side one contains most of the album's highlights. 'Weight of the



Sigue Sigue Sputnik

World' lurches from speaker to speaker in an audio celebration; 'Violent Side', featuring the San Francisco Boys Chorus, evokes memories of Pink Floyd's *The Wall*, 'Hippie Dream' savages old myths and will surprise, 'Bad News Beat' and 'Touch the Night' capture much of the blackness of the electric side of *Rust Never Sleeps*. Side two has less appeal but contains the excellent 'Hard Luck Stories'.

Whether *Landing on Water* enables Young to recapture a signifi-

cant following remains to be seen, as there is little here that will get the thumbs up from commercial radio. Diehards will revel in this counterpunching return, and it is to be hoped that a wider audience will investigate the very considerable merits of an artist who has found a new relevance in the 1980s. You too will be singing along with the San Francisco Boys Chorus.

Dave Perkins

Sigue Sigue Sputnik
Flaunt It
Parlophone

"Music" reviewers of the world have united in universal horror at this, the *NME* hacks went into overdrive. This is meaningless, this is stupid, this is so teenage, this is offensive, ad infinitum.

A hunk of vinyl devoid of the big A, dangling its artlessness with gusto. So beautifully offensive. Marshall McLuhan in *The Medium is the Message* wrote, "The young today live mythically and in depth," and SSS wallow in the mire of myth. Images from the past collide with those of the present, a collection from the trash heap of popular culture.

The rock and roll of Cochran, T Rex and Gary Glitter merge with Moroder's Euro mix ups of sound.



Neil Young

Myth piles upon myth—"make my day—ultra vixen, sex and rockets, shot it up"—as the global village starts to crumble down.

An album about technology made by technocrats ("the fifth generation of rock and roll") trying to be sex stars or thrill killers. Perhaps one of the funniest albums ever made, such artifice becomes farcical, and comic cut-ups abound in the ultra dumb lyrics of stuff like 'She's My Man'—"Desperate loving made me blind. She's my oriental love, now she's two of a kind..."

With pop music entering a new era of fervent respectability ("Dire Straights" as the new gods, and U2 treated like the sermon from the mount), it sure is good to have SSS reminding us that pop music is just the acceptable face of capitalism.

Kerry Buchanan

Chaka Khan
Destiny
Warner Bros

With 1984's *I Feel For You*, Chaka Khan and producer Arif Mardin hit on a style that was as eclectic as it was accessible. With Melle Mal man Reggie Griffith, they laced the R&B formula with chugging rap, sampled crescendoes and *music concrete*. Cha-

ka's mature delivery and Mardin's self-confessed 'fascination with crossover styles' ensured that *I Feel For You* still sounds as fresh as a daisy.

Destiny sounds less exciting. It lacks the strong songs for Chaka to hang her hat on and it feels more predictable, more weighty. Everyone else, from the Art of Noise to Janet Jackson, has been swotting up *I Feel For You* since it came out and the "innovators" have caught up.

Having said that, Chaka falls back on the one thing she has over everyone—experience. Only an old pro can wrap herself convincingly around songs like 'I Can't Be Loved' and 'Earth to Mickey', and no one, but no one can pull the stops out like Chaka does on 'Watching the World'. From the credits, it's apparent that she has done nothing but sing the songs which other people have written for her, but with the glowing heart of herself and no one else. There is none of the production-line feel that plagues her vocals-only rivals.

Along with 'Watching the World', there is one other gem (wait for it...), 'Love of a Lifetime', starring none other than Messrs. Gartside, Gamson and Maher of Scritti Politti. Five years ago,

Green was a skinny Manchester prat who dreamed of Chaka Khan—now he writes her songs.

A lot of stodge, but a lot of Chaka as well—and it's the latter that counts. Maybe she should call it *Density*. What the hell, I'm still in love.

Chad Taylor

Screaming Blue Messiahs
Gun-Shy
WEA

Mention British R&B and odds on some old head will dredge up memories of old lags like Alexis Korner, John Mayall, Savoy Brown, Chicken Shack, early great Fleetwood Mac, permanent bores Status Quo and Dr Feelgood, and the occasionally tasty Count Bishops. All in all a fairly dull lineage, until the Screaming Blue Messiahs.

Driven by a resentment that owes more to punk than to any old blues traditions and led out front by Bill Carter's songs, guitar and Joe Strummer snarl, the Screaming Blue Messiahs career along on a well-oiled dance-floor groove courtesy of Thompson (bass) and Harris (drums).

As a guitarist Carter doesn't fall into the cliched have-riff-will-beat-it-to-death mentality—the almighty opener, 'Wild Blue



Chaka Khan



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Yonder' is the nearest he comes to that. Instead he varies the angle of attack from the undercurrent menace in 'Twin Cadillac Valentine's' rolling thunder to the delicate introductory flicks of 'Talking Doll' and the more orthodox bump 'n' grind of 'Holiday Head' and 'Smash the Market Place'.

Last year's mini-LP *Good and Gone* suggested that the band had the required grit to go places. The cover of *Gun-Shy* may be off-target, but don't you believe it, the Screaming Blue Messiahs have it fixed so's they can't miss.

George Kay

Joe Jackson Big World A&M

Joe Jackson's work nearly always shows intelligence. It sometimes also shows considerable talent. Consider *Big World*.

For a start it's got a smart concept: a collection of songs set in (and once or twice influenced by) various areas of the globe. There's an overall theme of internationalism, rather than simply travel, which is carried through to a lyric booklet in five languages.

Another simple and sensible approach involves the album's length at three sides. After all, why not release more than two sides if you've got the material and why go to a double album if that would mean padding?

But most intelligent of all is the recording technique. Jackson has long been critical of the artificiality of much modern record production — check the last album's sleeve notes for example — while at the same time respecting the greater accuracy of current technology. Hence *Big World* was recorded live in (silent) concert, direct to two-track digital master without subsequent mixing or overdubs. So what we hear stands exposed in both unadorned fidelity and optimum clarity. If only some other big recording names were willing to risk themselves in the same way.

Okay, so much for the intelligence, how about the talent? Well, the four-piece band acquits itself with exemplary skill. Also, while not forsaking the piano, Jackson has generally returned to a guitar-centred sound. Unfortunately however, his voice is laid bare in all its potential nasal yowling. A vocal

technique which was once appropriate to the post-punk aggression of his early work is often now winningly inadequate for much of his more ambitious recent writing. There are a few tracks here I'd like re-recorded with another singer.

Of greater concern is the paucity of really memorable songs. Jackson used to write superbly catchy tunes with words that made serious points via wittily described scenarios. Here we're mostly given strained or mundane melodies with lyrics that are merely earnest. Not always though. There's a handful of successful tracks — but only enough for one side, not three. All of which, on balancing the evidence of Joe Jackson's intelligence with his talent, means *Big World* is an album I generally admire but only occasionally enjoy.

Peter Thomson

Lynyrd Skynyrd Gold and Platinum MCA

Until their tragic demise in 1977, Skynyrd were probably the hottest band in the States at that time. After a string of gold and platinum albums, the band were embarking on their in-aply titled *Street Survivors* tour until a few trees got in the way of their low flying plane, paying the ultimate price for their wreckless rock-'n'-roll lifestyle. Believe me, the stories are true — I met a survivor.

Who knows where they'd be today. With all their internal feudin' and a fightin', it's doubtful if they'd still be the force to be reckoned with, if they were still intact that is. The splinter groups that evolved later weren't a patch on the original, and although Ronnie Van Zandt's brothers tried to keep up the cause with 38 Special and the Donnie Van Zandt Band, they weren't a patch on their brother.

What we've got left is a legacy in the form of this album, probably passe to a true Skynyrd fan, but essential to anyone who might've missed them at the time, and for me a lot of good memories, especially the night I saw them blow Golden Earring off the stage in London on their first European tour. I'll never forget that. Skynyrd, RIP.

Greg Cobb

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PAUL SIMON Graceland



PAUL SIMON Graceland

With 'Graceland', Paul Simon takes his topical storytelling writing into three distinct styles — South African, Cajun and Tex-Mex. Other ingredients in this rich mix include an African choir, Los Lobos, Everly Bros, Linda Ronstadt and three South African groups. A remarkable return to vinyl by a true master.



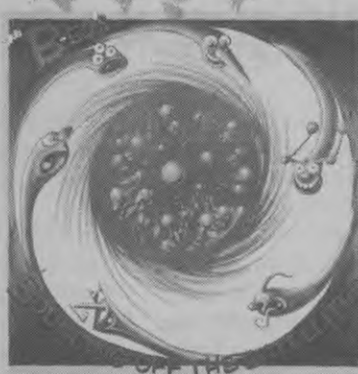
CHRIS THOMPSON The High Cost of Living

Chris Thompson is the New Zealander known as lead vocalist Manfred Mann's Earthband and for his own band, Night. Thompson finished full-time with Manfred Mann in 1979 but continues to sing on LPs and tour. This solo LP features his brassy remake of the Motors' 'Love and Loneliness', reflective ballads and powerful rockers.



EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL Baby, The Stars Shine Bright

This the third LP by Tracey Thorne and Ben Watt is produced by Mike Hedges (Cure, Siouxsie). Recorded at London's Abbey Road Studio this new LP features a 40-piece orchestra and 8-voice vocal choir.



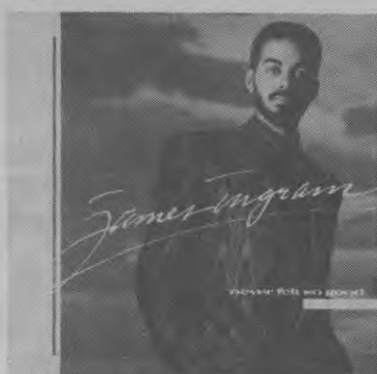
THE B-52's Bouncing Off the Satellites

This album features all five of the original B52's and is dedicated to the memory of guitarist Ricky Wilson. The first single is dance sure-shot 'Summer of Love' and likely follow-up is warped sequel to 'Girl from Ipanema' called 'Girl from Ipanema Goes to Greenland'. As wacky, fresh and unique as ever!



RIC OCASEK This Side of Paradise

Ric continues to develop his solo niche independent of the Cars' distinctive sound. Collaborators such as Billy Idol guitarist Steve Stevens, Tom Verlaine, members of Cars and producer Chris Hughes (Tears For Fears) all contribute muscle to Ric Ocasek's distinctive lyrical and vocal style.



JAMES INGRAM Never Felt So Good

At last the follow-up to his excellent debut LP. James Ingram is one of the great voices in contemporary music, groomed by Quincy Jones' Quest label, here Ingram steps out into funky mid-tempo 'Always' and classic ballads with the appeal of his transcendent hit 'Ya Mo B There'.

Other new albums to look out for: in the METAL arena, look for new **Triumph** LP 'The Sport of Kings', **Metallica** 'Ride the Lightning'.



AL JARREAU L is for Lover

This adventurous collaboration with producer Nile Rodgers finds Jarreau singing in his classic jazz style and in an R&B groove with material as diverse as his own originals and even a track written by Scritti Politti. Title track is first hit single.

There are several important film soundtrack LPs on release — **Psycho 3**, **Coalminer's Daughter** (Sissy Spacek), **American**



BODEANS Love & Hope & Sex & Dreams

Another wonderful album from Los Angeles indie Slash Records. Produced by T-Bone Burnett, this LP showcases the writing of Bodeans' Llanas and Neumann, Milwaukee's new pop ambassadors. They write irresistible pop/rock tunes, one after another. Don't miss it!

Anthem (with **Andy Taylor** hit 'Take It Easy' plus tracks by INXS, Stevie Nicks, Mr Mister), and **Stand By Me**.



CHICAGO 18

On this their third Warner Bros album, once again David Foster produces but soloing bassist Peter Cetera is replaced by Jason Scheff. One of the 10 originals is an update of their 1970 hit '25 or 6 to 4'. It's a smash hit once again!



ALPHAVILLE Afternoons in Utopia

This Berlin based trio is releasing its second LP, following-up their debut 'Forever Young'. Founding members Gold & Lloyd have been joined by new recruit Ricky Echolette. More entrancing, sophisticated pop/rock including single 'Dance With Me'.

New acts on release: Aussies **Huxton** **Creepers** with '12 Days to Paris', **Peter Case** with self-titled debut on Geffen Records.

Records

Adrenal Glandy
Songs of Love,
Hate and Revenge
Flying Nun

I suppose in a year such as this where country music has had a somewhat "higher" profile one must expect — and welcome — sendups. As we all know, there's country, and there's ... country. Not that this is either, it's more like towny-and-western with a definite "orientation week" look and feel about it.

I'll not deny there's some humour in the lyrics ('Emotional Surgery') and the odd good idea, but the joke is just not good enough to sustain listening over an entire album. This is not helped by the almost total absence of finesse and subtlety in the playing and singing; indeed the female vocalist turns are downright embarrassing.

So it comes off sounding both smug and corny, something akin to Bob Hope does Elvis Presley. I'm quite sure the participants involved had fun making this, but had they taken the time to listen

to the likes of Hank Wangford, Commander Cody or even the country satires of the Topp Twins, this project just may have come up smelling of a slightly different substance. As it is the joke is entirely on Flying Nun. Yep, she's rosey folks!

Mark Kennedy

The Robert Cray Band
False Accusations
Hightone/Centre

A fine soul-inflected singer and guitarist, Robert Cray keeps the blues alive. His "modern" sound doubtless will displease the easily-displeased purists, but it is one of the most promising of hybrids.

Cray draws as much from Memphis as Chicago, from B B King and Steve Cropper for his guitar, from such as Sam Cooke, Junior Parker and O V Wright for his vocals. However, these are hints only. Cray is certainly his own man, although I feel he has yet to develop a truly distinctive style (is this asking too much? It shouldn't be), an aural delight as he usually is.

The Robert Cray Band plays like a band of brothers and Cray sings with conviction. The songs are new (I especially like 'False Accusations') and tasty (no guitar his-

trionics). Taste abounds, and perhaps one might wish for a little more edge. So be it. If you too might yearn for a little more edge investigate *Showdown* (Alligator), which teams Cray with Albert Collins (and his rhythm section) and Johnny Copeland.

Ken Williams

Alan Broadbent Trio
Further Down the Road
Tartar

Ahmad Jamal
Rossiter Road
Atlantic

Aah ... the seduction of production. These two albums share the same general approach and line-up: jazz piano, bass and drums (though Jamal includes a percussionist as well). Yet regardless of their different styles — although sharing a very high standard of musicianship — the overwhelming distinction one is aware of between these two albums is their sound. If the Jamal somewhat heightens the pure sound (through such deftly used production touches as adding echo to the piano's resonance) unfortunately the Broadbent album diminishes what we would hear in actual performance.

Broadbent, along with Mike

Nock, is probably New Zealand's most accomplished jazz pianist and thoroughly deserves his overseas success. Here, again teamed with the international talents of local rhythm section FrankanAndy, this album could be a stunner. Musically I've no complaints whatsoever. The performances are absorbing and the choice of material is again very astute (though I don't find any of Broadbent's three original numbers has the sheer beauty of 'Song of Home', the title track on last year's album). What I do bitch about is the dead sound. What's the use of Andy Brown being in top-notch form if he can hardly be heard? Good grief, this trio had more recorded presence when on *Jazz Seen* a year or so back, and TVNZ are not known for their high musical production standards.

Ahmad Jamal's *Rossiter Road* aims for a different sound so perhaps comparisons aren't strictly fair, but at least each of the four musicians is right here, up front and sparkling. Jamal is now into his fourth decade as a recording artist — he was probably, in terms of repertoire and arrangements, the biggest single influence on Miles Davis's mid 50s quintet — but has here hooked up with a rhythm section of very up-to-date

inclinations. This music is characterised by a bristling backbeat and even driving funk that pushes Jamal into some of his best playing for years. His wonderful harmonic sense shines throughout, although he can still become florid at times with a penchant for roller-skating over the keyboard (although on a Steinway this rich urge must become well-nigh irresistible). If only Alan Broadbent and co had been recorded with equipment this good.

Peter Thomson

Jimi Hendrix
Johnny B Goode
Capitol

Jimi used to adorn my wall during my school days and surge out of the car down at the beach. He still sounds great and his influence in both black and white music is still strong — witness Run DMC or Zodiac Mindwarp.

This mini LP is subtitled "Original Video Soundtrack", and can be obtained on video via *Jimi Plays Berkeley* or the Sony video *Johnny B Goode*. Five lovely cuts of Jimi, with the Chuck Berry standard almost catching fire. The version of *Voodoo Chile* is unfortunately edited but his playing makes up for that.

This is late Hendrix, with the Band of Gypsies, but featuring the original drummer Mitch Mitchell, surely one of the best "rock" drummers ever. This fits in well with the *Jimi Plays Monterey* set released recently, and is essential for any Hendrix fan.

Kerry Buchanan

The BoDeans
Love and Hope and Sex and Dreams
Bigtime/Slash

These four gents from Milwaukee have just tried to do too much. Booze is the only other crucial element missing from their album title, and their music, a low alcohol blend of 50s to 70s rock/pop nasal C&W, is delivered with the appropriate reverence for those past

legendary formats.

'Fadeaway' and 'Rickshaw Riding' are nice tunes, in fact the whole first side floats by without offending anybody and comes to rest at Buddy Holly's door with a song called 'Angels'. But we've been there before and the same goes for the lame-horse C&W "reality" of songs like 'Misery' on the second side.

Sure T-Bone Burnett has given them a great sound, sweet and clear, but right from the over-tastefully contrived fake tinted authenticity of the cover to the music which has the music which has the same faults, this album is indicative of some of the bogus back-to-the-roots dullards who're continuing to surface on the once commendable Slash. The BoDeans, like their name, represent this convenient exploitation of composite pasts.

George Kay

Wire Train
between two words (CBS)

In San Francisco lies U2. Wire Train subscribe to the sound of chiming guitars and skiffing high hats. The album whiiiiiiines along in a bland porridge of Bryan Adams, Bono and the Hooters, giving nine tracks of their own and one of Dylan's, 'God on our Side'. It's very easy listening, with the obvious influence of their Irish idols in every element of the mix. I will follow? Wire Train certainly have. BC

The Fixx
Walkabout (MCA)
When 'Reach the Beach' hit the charts in 1983, the Fixx placed their first franchise with finely chopped and spirited tunes. *Walkabout* deepens and extends their initial efforts with a style far more developed, confident and intelligent. Arrangements are spacious, as are the lyrics of Cy Cur-nin ... provocative in the warmest of senses. Producer Rupert Hine knits this progression into a well ordered and thoughtful piece of work. It almost gets INXSish. BC



Review of New KAWAI K3 Digital/Analogue 8 voice synthesiser

While the new generation of digital Synthesisers were heralded for their brilliant clarity of sound and features such as touch sensitivity, many musicians felt that creating useful programmes on an analog synth was difficult enough, especially when trying to make fine adjustments on stage. The new Kawai K3 has certainly gone a long way towards 'user friendly' technology by combining wave sampling with true synthesis ability. It utilises 32 built in wave forms which are produced by 2 oscillators and then passed through the Filters, LFO's and envelope generators which we are familiar with on analog synths.

An added bonus for the keen programmer is the ability to create and store your own waveform by

assigning relative amplitudes for 32 harmonics. Editing and creating sound is a breeze due to the clear front panel layout on which all parameters are written, and the simple dial arrangement.

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RICHARD HALL

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Joe Cocker
Cocker (Liberation)

On his last tour here (in '84) Joe's rendition of 'Inner City Blues' was the most beautiful tribute to Marvin Gaye I've yet heard. It floated above the rapt audience like a soul set free. Now on record the song's become earthbound. The arrangement is similar but heavier and turns hackneyed before the end. It's a problem indicative of the album. The original material is not particularly distinctive and the choice of cover songs generally uninspired. Only a rousing 'You Can Leave Your Hat On', emphasising Randy Newman's implied bump'n'grind, rises above the merely competent. So catch this number in the movie *9½ Weeks* and, if you haven't already done so, try Cocker's fine previous album, *Civilised Man*. PT

Brian Eno
More Blank than Frank (EG)

A compilation album from Eno and another high-art-in-the-marketplace project from EG; the album is packaged and released to coincide with the publication of Russell Mill's illustrations and collaborations with Eno, like-titled *More Dark than Shark*, a very beautiful and engaging book indeed (available from Faber and Faber). One track from his first album, two from his second and so on, carefully chosen to illustrate Eno's interests in ambient music (since *Discreet Music*) and also in the melancholic: treat your mum to 'Taking Tiger Mountain' and the charming 'On Some Faraway Beach'. Like all compilations, it's all too inadequate a treatment of his prolific output; more of a friendly launching to Mills' book than anything else. CT

Shriekback
The Infinite (Kaz)

The date says 1985 but this sounds old to me, including as it does the old, old 'All Lined Up' single and 'My Spine (is the Bass Line)'. Shriekback have always had a great talent for imagery and eeriness, and this LP shows that, but it lacks the angry glaze of *Oil and Gold*, the latter being up their with Led Zeppelin and Goethe. Interesting, but not gripping. CT

Propaganda
Wishful Thinking (ZTT EP)

Modern remixes are usually cold and uninteresting crap, a poor substitute for "versions" (live or otherwise), but Propaganda's

old-fashioned habit of writing good songs means that this EP is actually worthwhile. Includes versions of 'Dr Mabuse', 'P-Machinery' and Josef K's 'Sorry for Laughing', all with a constructive new angle. Hurry up with the new album, guys, you got a fan down here ... CT

Cawley and Storie (Riva)

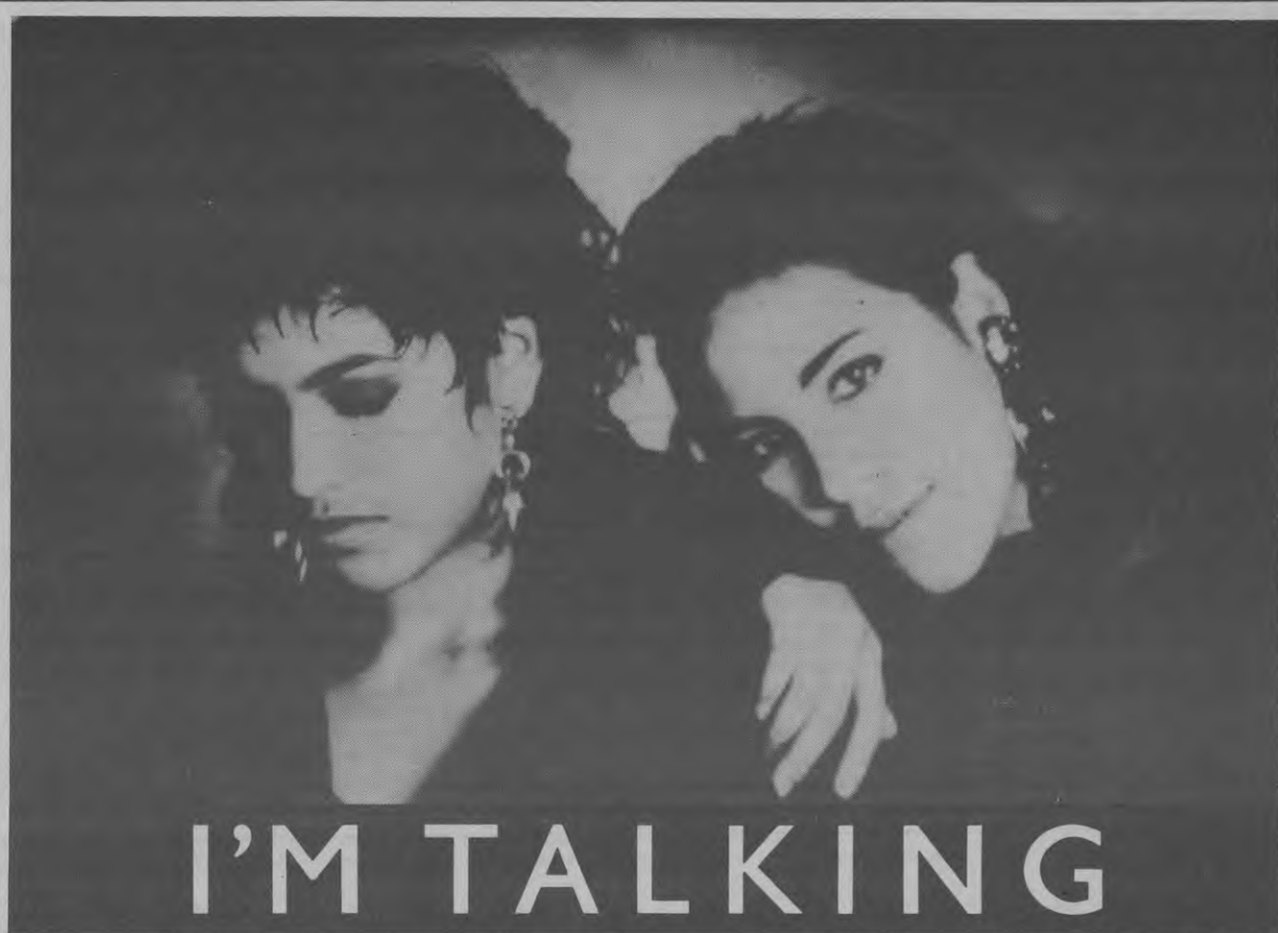
A very workmanlike debut album from two guys I've never heard of before, but apparently they've been playing around Indiana for the last 10 years or so. (Does that mean anything?) Mostly ballady type numbers, neither are great voices, but the feel is there, probably helped a lot by the likes of great session players like Pino Paladino, Geoff Whitehorn, Henry Spinetti and also Mel Collins on a couple of tracks. Reminds me a lot of Dirk Hamilton, and although not as good, I still like this album a lot. It gets better every listening, which means it'll probably be a favourite in a couple of years! GC

Microdisney
The Clock Comes Down the Stairs (CBS)

They're an Irish-English band who've been around a while and are well-liked by the English press. *The Clock Comes Down the Stairs* is their first local release — those in the know say that earlier imports are far superior. Their's is a sort of wistful pop, leaning on the "wistful" to the point of boredom — singer Blah Blah sounds better transformed into a female at 45rpm than he does at 33. 'Horse Overboard' and most of the lyrics are fine, but that's all. B for Boring. Nah. Z for Zzzzz ... PM

Siouxsie and the Banshees
Tinderbox (Polydor)

Six LPs down the line (I think — who's counting anyway?) and downhill all the way. Budgie's still a cool (if a tad predictable) drummer, but the rest is just predictable. Gloom, gloom, gloom, the 'Candyman' sells heroin to the kids "and the children, he warns, 'don't tell!'." I saw *It Came From Outer Space* too, and this guy says that at exactly 92 degrees Fahrenheit people snap — not 91 or 93, but exactly 92 — and do terrible things. Like write songs about it, eh Siouxsie? I say all the life is long gone out of this band and let them die in peace. But first, crush their delusions by not buying this record. PM



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Reggae Sunsplash '86 Montego Bay, Jamaica, August 26-30

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For the experienced Sweetwaters-goer, Sunsplash would be a familiar setting apart from the composition of the audience and the items on sale at the many stalls on the perimeter of the venue. Jarrett Park is a cricket ground in the heart of Montego Bay township. The stage is completely open to the elements (a mistake, as heavy rain proved on the final night), and a ticket costing about \$8 gives you almost 10 hours of virtual non-stop music each night. The party starts at 9pm and it's nearly dawn the next day when the headline act comes on. Those determined to see everything have little time for getting a suntan; daylight hours are precious for sleeping and the hardcore fans stagger bleary-eyed and breathless for bed.

The streets around the park be-

come a cauldron of activity each night, vendors' stalls hawking beer, sugar cane, snacks of every description, cheap jewellery and a host of dubious stimulants designed to trap the tourists and (hopefully) their Yankee dollars. Visitors soon learn that Jamaica values its own currency very little, and what may seem a reasonable price can become quite unreasonable when its value in local money is quoted, five times higher.

Many myths have been perpetrated about Laura Norder in Third World countries. While it's true that there were three fatal shootouts with the police in Jamaica during the seven days I was there, Montego Bay itself was peaceful enough, with only one fight during the entire festival. Jamaicans are vociferous and boisterous people, but verbal abuse seldom descends into fisticuffs. You even get used to the sight of police carrying submachine-guns, and the bigger risk is getting ripped off.

With a programme of such magnitude and variety, staging the performances becomes a major exercise in logistics. Most performers have to work with a "pool" band, ie: one backing group supports between four and six artists each night. Only the acts which are a band in itself or those who are headlining are accorded the privilege of using their own hand-picked musicians. Most of the stu-

dios in Kingston were tied up for a fortnight prior to the festival for rehearsal purposes. Yet despite the hasty preparations, the standard of musicianship remained uniformly high throughout the festival, while the performers themselves were frequently outstanding. What follows is a brief resume of the highlights of a musical banquet which produced very few lows.

The theme of Reggae Sunsplash '86 was anti-apartheid, and just about every artist had a statement to make against P W Botha. Strongest on opening night was Culture's Joseph Hill: "We gonna grow a tree of the international herb fe 'ANG 'IM!" Of course, the collie weed anthem followed, to a rapturous reception. The Culture show was typically eccentric, Hill frequently interrupting the music for tirades about Babylon and various other issues of concern. But Culture still fired on all four that night, with Hill at his best on 'See Them A Come' and some very promising tracks from a forthcoming new LP.

Freddie McGregor and Dennis Brown both played on Night One, Brown naturally topping the bill. The two are getting closer all the time in vocal styles, McGregor working harder, dancing better and smiling broader. 'I'm Ready' brought everyone to their feet, and hearing 12,000 singing 'Big Ship' was magic. Brown, billed as the "Crown Prince of Reggae", dressed

the part in an extraordinary gold sequinned cap with matching waistcoat, and could do little wrong. 'A Little Bit More' was bliss, and 'Bloody City' chilled to the bone. At sun up, he was still going strong and dipping into the oldies bin when fatigue overtook your correspondent.

Night Two was dancehall style, with about 20,000 packed into Jarrett Park and the pressure pushing up. Various posses squared off in support of their favourite DJs, such as Peter Metro, Early B, General Trees, Brigadier Jerry, Josey Wales and, of course, King Yellow. Yellowman has had a long road back from serious illness (cancer has been whispered), but appeared in good shape as he whipped up the crowd with his usual rudery and even acquitted himself well in a duel with Trees, his heir apparent. But the night belonged to a lanky beanpole named Eddie Fitzroy, whose hiccupping vocal style resembles a chipmunk with laryngitis. His songs though, are deadly serious, 'First Class Citizen' and 'General Penitentiary' evoking grim memories of the Gun courts, set up in JA during the 1970s for people convicted of firearms offences, some of whom never came out. Top of the bill was Sugar Minott, who turned in a brisk and very professional performance but stuck too much to one format and showed little of the versatility that has made him such a respected

singer.

Night Three was a more rootsy session, the crowd smaller and the atmosphere more mellow. I Jahman, a wiry little stick insect, drew a warm response with one of the festival's most intense performances. Now UK-resident, he remains a singer-songwriter indifferent to commercial demands, determined to follow a course set by himself and Jah. Wife Madge came on later for some sweet lovers duets and the feeling was most Irie. Enter Judy Mowatt, dressed and singing like a princess. Stunning and elegant, but still with an earthy edge, she could now give Aretha a run for her money. 'Working Wonders' and 'Wolf in Sheep's Clothing' were just two standouts in a brilliant set. The Mighty Diamonds were received as conquering heroes, and nobody wanted to let them go. 'I Need a Roof', 'The Right Time' and 'Pass the Kouchie', accompanied by hip-hop dancing, had the punters still screaming for more, 10 minutes after the trio had quit the stage. It just remained for Burning Spear to cap it all with a big, brawny, testifying set. His current band includes a multi-racial, all-women horn section and his half-scream, half whisper of "RASSSI!" carried across the park and out into the streets beyond. Spear is so Dread, he even got away with wearing a most outrageous pair of luminous knickerbockers. Unforgettable.

The final night saw the Wailers

Band prove conclusively that you can't live on a memory. The rhythm section is as potent as ever, but the material is mostly Marley, and Tyrone Downie just doesn't cut it as a vocalist, no matter how hard he tries to imitate his late boss. The response was a lukewarm as the performance. It was up to the Taxi Gang to make the night, Sly and Robbie responding with more than three hours of storming riddims. Ini Kamoze, a tall very handsome dread, brought squeals of delight. The Tamlins provided the slickest stage act of them all, lots of Philly-Motown dance steps and two falsetto leads which melted people's hearts. They finished with Randy Newman's 'Baltimore' and brought the house down. As if that wasn't enough, Gregory Isaacs came straight on, sounding as hot as ever, and enchanted the crowd with 45 minutes of classics, punctuated with shouts of "Bo! Bo! Bo!" (the usual exclamation of approval in JA) and firecrackers. Ex-Heptone Leroy Sibbles, now resident in Canada, kept the energy flowing with a similar greatest hits set, finishing with a singalong 'I Shall Be Released'. Star of the final night was Half Pint, a cheeky little sparrow in black leather who is JA's hottest property right now, with a No 1 hit, 'Greetings'. The show went well past the 7am curfew time, Half Pint still raging while promoters argued furiously backstage with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34



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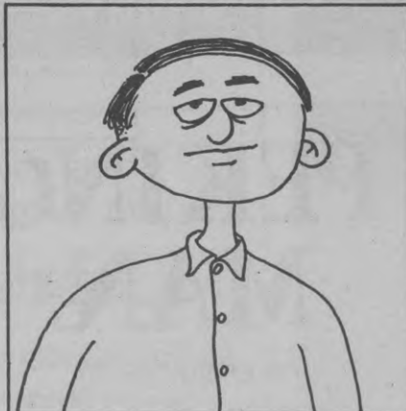
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'SUNSPASH' FROM PAGE 32
very senior police officers who were trying to close it down. In the interests of public order and safety, the police finally relented and allowed Half Pint to finish, so happy crowds poured out into the sun-rising streets of Montego Bay.
Me? I'm still coming down. Next year is the 10th anniversary of Sunsplash and it promises to be special. Start saving ...
Duncan Campbell

Film

HANNAH AND HER SISTERS

Director: Woody Allen
Woody Allen's latest film is very much a family portrait. Although there are superficial parallels with his earlier, Bergmanesque *Interiors* (1978), *Hannah and Her Sisters*

achieves a sense of resolution that is a far cry from the bleakness of the older film.

Hannah deals with the entangled lives of three sisters, complicated, one might add, by the male characters of the film, principally Michael Caine, who plays the husband of Mia Farrow and falls in love with her sister (Barbara Hershey). Although this is perhaps the main thread of the film, deeper down Allen gives us a glimpse of various aspects of contemporary dissatisfaction: at its broadest in the antics of Allen himself and at its most disturbing in the urban neurosis of the third sister (brilliantly played by Dianne Wiest).

One hesitates before describing this as Allen's masterpiece, but the director has never controlled the structure of a film so effortlessly, each chapter of his cinematic tale being introduced by its own wry title. It is also revealing that he has

now chosen to move away from the fantasy-derived worlds of his earlier films of the 80s and tackle more realistic subject material.

The ensemble playing is perfection — amazingly so considering the range of the players which, apart from Michael Caine, also include the Swedish actor Max von Sydow. Some of the characters might be a shade less believable than others (and Caine's e.e. cummings-quoting accountant is perhaps one of these), but Wiest's razor-edge portrait of Holly, together with Lloyd Nolan's and Maureen O'Sullivan's bitter-sweet portrait of the parents are straight from the heart.

DESERT HEARTS

Director: Donna Deitch

Desert Hearts is a low budget film (made for \$1.5 million and shot in 31 days) which tells the story of a 35-year-old English profes-

sor who spends six weeks in Reno in order to get a divorce and falls in love with the dashing young Patricia Charbonneau who works as a "change apron" at one of the casinos. It might well sound like the stuff that television films are made of, but there's one important difference: the professor is played by Helen Shaver.

Taken from Canadian writer Jane Rule's *Desert of the Heart*, this film is a delightfully evocative picture of America in the late 50s, with sharply observed playing from the two protagonists as well as a number of memorable minor characters: Audra Lindley (Mrs Salter in TV's *Three's Company*) plays Charbonneau's feisty stepmother and Gwen Welles (the much-abused Suelleen Gay in Robert Altman's *Nashville*) plays a fellow "change apron" with bristling energy and a nicely-judged sense of the vulgar.

It's not a perfect film — some of the dialogue gets a little heavy at times and the continuity between scenes is not the best. To balance this, there are those wonderful characters and scenes crackling with wit — such as the one in which Shaver is trapped in the front seat of a '59 convertible between Charbonneau and her sassy girlfriend for an agonised drive into town.

One reviewer in the States commented that this film made her remember when lesbianism wasn't about politics, factions or meetings, but about falling in love. On one level, that sums up the magic of *Desert Hearts*. In the wider arena, its achievement, like Stephen Frear's *My Beautiful Laundrette*, is that it presents a gay world without apology and with its fair share of humour and, above all, humanity.

William Dart

Records

Metallica Master of Puppets (WEA)

One of the new breed of heavy bands to break through in the States, and this album shows a marked improvement on the previous two. Helpful factors are the polished production from Michael Wagener and new lead guitarist Kirk Hammett, but guitarist and vocalist James Hatfield remains the main force. 'Battery' is likely to give more than sausages a battering when played at a pleasantly undesirable volume, while 'Disposable Heroes' and 'Damage Inc.' show how tightly these speed metallers can perform. Recommended if your foundations can handle it.
GD

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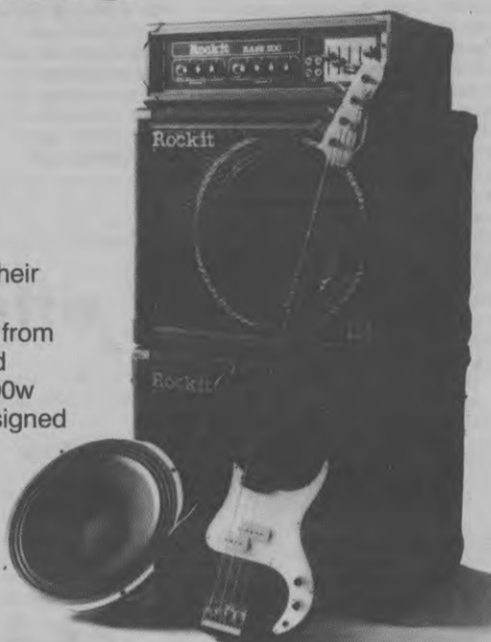
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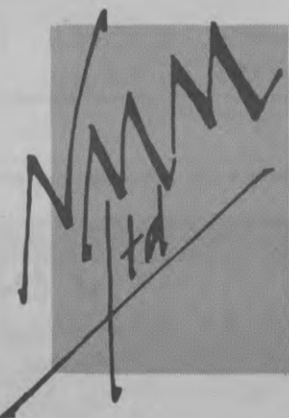
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The Pogues
Poguetry in Motion
(Festival 12")

Four wonderful tracks that sparkle and surprise. 'London Girl' belts along but takes a bit of getting used to. The real gem is 'A Rainy Night in Soho', with Shane MacGowan handling a beautiful ballad that drips with strings and shows a totally different side to the band. The other two tracks are more in the traditional area and sound just as great.

Ruby Turner
I'm in Love (Live 12")

I like this better than her earlier big hit, nice vocal touches and understated rhythm that still drives it along. A good taster for the forthcoming album.

Tee Vee Toons
The Jetsons Theme
(Liberation 12")

Taken from that great double album of TV hits. Four versions with 'Jane Get Me Off This Crazy Thing' getting real wild. A dub mix of dozens of theme songs put to a dance beat. Just right for funky TV junkies.

Julian Jo Watt
Hot to Touch (EMI)

It's that dreaded Paul Hardcastle re-mixing again. But I kinda like this jazz-funk workout, fairly big club hit in the UK, and could do the same out here. Similar to Hardcastle's 'Rain Forest'.

I'm Talking
Do You Wanna Be (Regular 12")

Australian friends tell me this is a hell of a hot band live, but this sounds a bit dated to me. It's got a groove but it gets stuck in it, and nothing interesting happens. Still, a big hit in Australia, and I'm sure it will appeal to some over here.

Device
Hanging on a Heart Attack
(Chrysalis 7")

The blurb sheet says, "... let the music and image of this band speak for itself." The music is sorta modern UK/USA rock, the image is... well shall we say... sculptured. Music for people who think, but not a lot.

The Saints (You Can't Tamper With) **The Temple of the Lord** (Mushroom 7")

A Catholic outing for Chris Bailey and one of the better records released this month. Not exactly a laugh a minute, but I like religious songs.

Kerry Buchanan

Shake Summation

Verlaines

Doomsday (Flying Nun 12")

This sure sounds stripped down after the lush orchestration of *Hallelujah All the Way Home* — only guitar, bass, drums and piano backing a nihilistic Graeme Downes lyric. But it's got that bite that so often distinguishes the Verlaines live, and launches itself at the end. The flipside 'New Kinda Hero' would have to be the purest piece of pop that the Verlaines have ever put on vinyl, and is very lovable. Along with a colourful spaghetti western cover, it all makes for yet another groovily professional package from the Verlaines.

Alpaca Brothers

Legless (Flying Nun 12")

It's been a while coming, but *Legless* is just so full of noise (home recorded!) that its immediate impact (at appropriate volume) is stunning. The three songs on the first side are all intense and

good — 'Hey Man', rivetted around a wicked bassline, and 'It's No Joke' follow similar structures of repetition, but 'The Lie' is different — coming crashing down around furious drumming, vocals from Look Blue Go Purple's Norma O'Malley and keyboards from Peter Gutteridge. The instrumental 'Zither' doesn't quite make it — perhaps if it was 20 minutes long like Husker Du's monumental 'Re-occurring Dreams' ... 'Wilderness' however is the highpoint and finale of the record, all its components melding perfectly to the cry of "die in the wilderness!"

Legless draws on an angry spirit, more cohesive than Scorched Earth Policy's sprawling *Going Thru a Hole* ... and is undoubtedly my favourite slab of NZ vinyl so far this year. Press your nose against the dirty window of their dreams.

Flaming Stars

Art Statement (F Star 7")

The Flaming Stars were formed in mid-84 and hail from Gisborne. There's not much "art" here, but the rock and roll is barely constrained — they only just manage to hold it all together, and that's the way I like it! 'Art Statement' has some cool little wild bits which are sadly lacking in the derivative cow-

boy shit on the B-side. Available for \$3.50 plus \$1 p&p from F Star, 40 Ormond Rd, Gisborne.

The Warners
Elsie's Got a Gun (Meltdown)

This seven-inch EP (you play it at 33rpm) is a worthwhile effort from the Warners. They've sensibly avoided the straightjacket of what Russell Brown once called "ramalamapunk". There are four songs, with side one — 'Elsie's Got a Gun' and 'Nuclear Wasted' being six point three times better than side two, even if that is the side with all the spirit.

Paul McKessar

Letters

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

Varsity Violence

Dear RIU,

On Friday August 22 I attended a concert at the university cafeteria by the Auckland band the Warners along with about 350-400

other people. Mainly teenagers out for a fun night, which it was — most of the time. It was the best concert I have ever attended especially when a group of skinhead morons were refused entry by the band. The Warners played for about 90 minutes with almost everyone dancing and enjoying themselves, but then the crunch came.

Shortly after the band had finished its set a large group of these skinheads forced their way through the door and very bravely attacked the lead singer, who along with the organisers, had prevented them from entering earlier. They all piled into him, kicking him about the head and at one stage even dragged a young man with his leg in plaster outside and kicked his head in.

These scenes were not unlike several "Cut the Crap" rages which I have attended, and then they were let in. How much longer do we have to put up with these cowards spoiling our fun and making us think twice about going and seeing our favourite bands. But full marks to the Warners for being the only people I have yet seen to stand up to this small group of dickheads.

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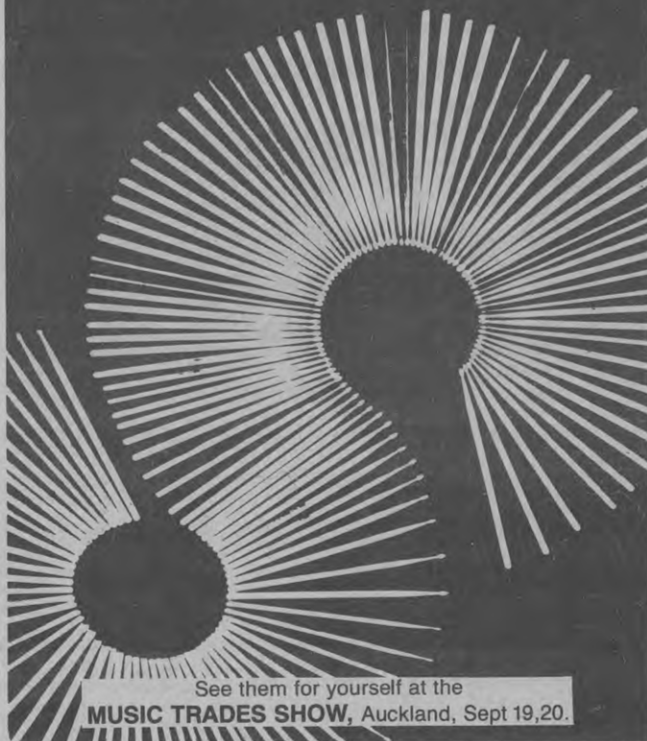
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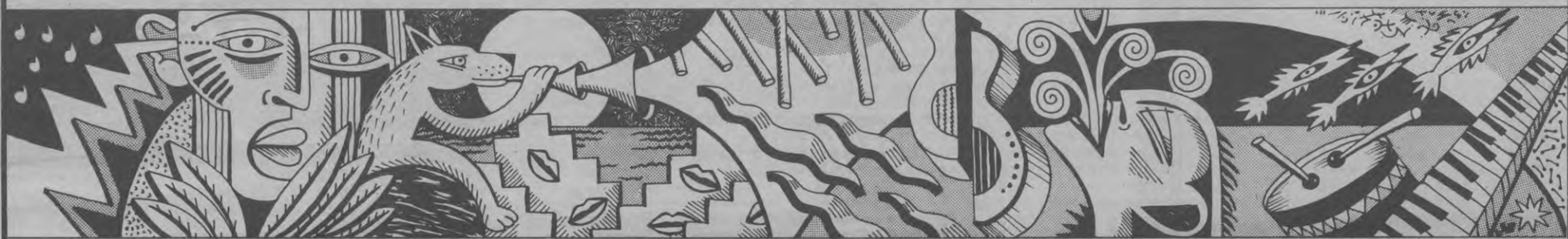
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Live

Prince and the Revolution Wembley Arena, London, August 14

In reviewing in these pages a James Brown concert at this same venue, the estimable C Roy Williams noted how James Brown takes ordinary musicians and makes them James Brown musicians. Prince is also this kind of bandleader. Former sideman (and now star producer) Jimmy Jam commented recently on his former employer's motivational powers: "He would give us keyboard parts that would be impossible. We would be like, we can't play these. He would be like, yeah, you can and now, when you're playing it, I want to do this step of choreography and sing this note of harmony. Couple of days later we'd be doing it. A month later we'd be on tour and it would be automatic. We watch tapes of those shows and you look back and say, damn, I did that."

As if to demonstrate such, the band started with a restrained 'Around the World in a Day' before launching into a non-stop five song medley, which halted only so Prince could dash off stage for the first of his five or so costume changes. He dashed back, and the first hour, filled mainly with songs from the earlier albums and new stuff, was like a marble cake of popular music forms. Funk, jazz, rock and soul segued into each other without the band missing a beat.

And none of yer usual grand stadium-rock ploys either; arrangements were complex and varied. The rhythm section of Brown Mark (bass) and drummer Bobby Z was at its toughest all but unfettered by other instrumentation for the length of 'When Doves Cry', with only the vocal echoing around the melody. First mate in this band is guitarist Wendy Melvoin, but she hasn't got the greatest singing voice and the brief occasions when she took the mike to cover for Prince's sojourns from the stage were the only let-ups in the action. Inevitable really,

And of course, they all dance. Especially his three backing singers. Portly to a man, but move? *Good Lord!*

No one moves like Prince, however. His personal drug and alcohol-free regime is obviously a necessity to keep him in the kind of physical condition his performance demands. He leaps, dances, drops into the splits, bounces back up ... even at one point re-entering with a catlike leap from a very high drum riser (but then again, one of the singers jumped into the photographers' pit to met the audience with the same agility).

Once the band had been fully warmed up and worked in, things got *serious*: "Now we're gonna really party," Prince told us, and the emphasis shifted to songs as showpieces, with the aforementioned 'Doves', a crashingly noisy '1999', a sexy 'U Need Another Lover' and suddenly everything shrinking down into a croony 'Little Red Corvette' 'neath a wash of appropriate lighting.

Then it was off for the first genuine let-up, all four minutes or so. And that was probably to accommodate the guest "stars", Sting and Ron Wood, who played along on the Stones' 'Miss You' in repetition, apparently, of a party jam earlier in the week. Sting trotted out routine jazz-funk riffs on bass, dull after Brown Mark's playing, but Ron was, it must be said, dead funky. After the obligatory bustling jam, the extraneous people left the stage and the real show was back on.

By this time in tight, black leather, Prince led the band (and the crowd) through a very nasty version of 'Kiss', then 'Dirty Mind', then off. He hadn't played 'Purple Rain' and everybody knew that would *have* to be the finale, and sho' nuff, he returned in a long lilac frock coat, picked up his guitar for only the third time in the night and we got the full, epic glory, complete with a long, aching lead break (shades of guess who ...). The lights came up and, after two and a quarter hours, most everyone seemed well sated.

I should make it clear that I was the kind of lukewarm Prince fan that most people seem to be — I mean, there's a degree of schlock-endross on all the albums. But as a live performer he must have turned the star occupants of the red-carpeted VIP box the deepest shade of green. Some of Prince's

big moves would have been just lumpen in anyone else's hands; who else could get away with 'Purple Rain'? And every time you got that "uh-oh, here comes a big rock finale" feeling, the song would subvert away into something quite unexpected to finish.

The little bugger not only wrote and arranged all the music, but directed a show that was constantly watchable with a minimum of technoflash. He dances like a nymph and has at least four singing voices. He's got a wicked sense of humour too. And the icing on that marble cake is his Star Quality. Stars are Stars and you can have all the chops in the world without being a Star. There's no accident or incongruity in the way he reflects JB, Little Richard, Hendrix or Otis Redding.

So, no 'Sexuality' or 'Controversy', and a typically standard English PA system (through which the soundman did a sterling job), but, in terms of the big Concert Stage ... well, the best thing I've ever seen ...

Russell Brown

Bill Dieren, Barry Stokely State Trinity Theatre, July 25

I must confess this was my first Trinity musical outing — but you know how it is. (Actually, if you're not a parent you won't.) It was very dark but friendly and quiet, save for the occasional clink and rustle. Pretty stunning backdrop those organ-pipe pipes, and overhead wonderful curved wooden beams, around which Bill's voice soared crystal clear and rich as rich as he launched in Lou Reed's 'Pale Blue Eyes'. It was evident by half way through this first song that Bill (playing acoustic) and double-bass player Barry Stokely were going to give us a treat in thoroughly sensitive dynamics no less! No chance of boredom with these two. Every word Bill sang was audible and the balance of instruments (including a drum machine on a couple of songs) spot on.

These were the songs which grabbed me (please excuse the lack of proper names) — 'I Drink' (a repercussion of philosophising) — great song, no more than 20 words or so, paced with humour and edge; 'Johnny Hall'; Bill tells us this man was hanged a couple of hundred years ago. A real grabber this song ("My name is Johnny Hall and I hate you all"). An hilarious little S&M tune got everyone laughing and allowed Bill to clown a bit,

during which his strap actually came off, so he whipped off stage, coming back to ask if anyone had a *knife* — after that song! Next was a familiar but — due to the duo's talent — refreshing version of 'Sweet Jane'. Stokely really knows how to combine the light and rhythmic with solid dramatic, the man's damn near perfect. A nice surprise for me now, being a fan of both Randy Newman and Alan Price, is 'Simon Smith and the Amazing Dancing Bear'. Irony fills the church in the warmest of ways.

The closing song is about Dunedin, porridge and courage! And the crowd wants more and Bill obliges by heeding the call for 'Alligator' — a satisfying finale to an extremely rewarding evening.

Jay Clarkson

Dance Exponents, Blueprint Gluepot, August 22

Blasting out of the gloom at the far end of the Gluepot the Dance Exponents make a fine spectacle. Not really a comeback — more of a breakout. A lengthy spell in a recording studio obviously held much energy in check, and on the Friday night of their Gluepot stint, the Dance Exponents let fly.

Exuberance and confidence leap out of the performance. The band has evolved into a unit that plays together so well — tight and direct — raucous when they feel like it yet capable of restraint.

Chris Sheehan's guitar virtuosity shines like a beacon. Lean and snaking guitar lines gnaw away through the music, in, over and around the superbly solid rhythm section. Jordan Luck sings far more comfortably these days. He looks and sounds relaxed, appearing better able to cope with singing the way he wants to. The charming Brian Jones turns in some fine work with his guitar playing and excellent backing vocals.

The Dance Exponents possess a considerable repertoire of NZ rock classics, songs familiar to the majority of pub gig-goers. Indeed, those songs ('Know Your Own Heart', 'All I Can Do', 'Airway Spies' et al) are the drawbacks for their audience. Interesting to note the offhand manner with which the band tosses off those same numbers, preferring instead to plough their energies into the new, more sombre (and less accessible) tunes. The good-sized crowd loves the 'oldies' but shuffles unsurely through the moody new epics.

The band do not seem to notice, relishing the chance to cut loose. Highlights include a subdued 'Victoria' and an unstoppable, headlong 'If Only I Could Die'.

The encore is an absolute treat — a psycho mindwarp version of Gary Glitter's 'Rock and Roll' followed up with a breakneck 'Cadillac'. Knock-out!

Support band was Blueprint — four energetic lads playing Devo/Ramones-style power pop.

Brendon Fitzgerald

The Cramps Galaxy, August 29 & 30

The PA plays ads for *Rabid* (starring Marilyn Chambers) and *The Toolbox Murders* (starring Cameron Mitchell) then the sweet sounds of 'Thus Spake Zarathustra' conjuring up the spirit of Nietzsche and Elvis. Then the entrance of the loved ones.

First Mr Nick Knox, backbeat and *sang froid* — like I'm talking real cool, freeze city. Then stand-in Cramp, Miss Candy Del Mar, bass throb and licked lips — roll over Ginger Lynn and tell Tracy Lords the news! Holy hot tamale! Here's Miss Ivy with burlesque bump and guitar grind. Fever pitch with the arrival of Mr Lux Interior, all golden glow with a face etched in mascara and history, and a collection of interesting body scars — the sort you get when you burn leeches off.

First sonic snarl was a slamming 'Heartbreak Hotel' during which I swear I saw the face of the King appear on Lux's chest. This was a holy night, the second coming, the religion of show biz, direct from the holy land Hollywood. Some of us have waited a long time for this sort of rock and roll. Lux at times looked like a deranged Liberace and then, filled with the divine spirit of Little Richard, he climbs the speakers giving golden sacraments to the crowd.

Miss Ivy played beautiful guitar with just the right touch of tremelo and distortion, a super fine 'Most Exalted Potentate of Love' and a miracle laden 'What's Inside a Girl?'. Highlights for me were the tribute to Ricky Nelson in 'Lonesome Town' and one of Elvis's best songs in 'Do the Clam' — a fitting tribute and a touching bongo solo.

Two nights of wild rock and roll, with the climax of 'Surfin' Bird' a thing of beauty. A lesson in life that too far can never go far enough.

Kerry Buchanan

The Residents

Galaxy, August 23

From 'The Complete Residents Handbook':

"... you could count on one hand how many people make original interesting music, and still have enough fingers left over

to shoot a bird
or signal for peace
or be a Boy Scout."

The Residents: number one original interesting music group. That's why the Galaxy was full. That's why no one really minded waiting for the show to start over an hour late (except for the girl who screamed).

A collection of Residents videos was first, displaying their off-beat humour and spellbinding mastery of images, carefully refined from the earliest ('Skinny', 1974) to the best and most recent — JB's 'Man's Man's World' given "the treatment".

The Residents (as everyone should know) are four people who had eyeballs for heads, *but* at Christmas in San Francisco someone stole one of the eyeballs. So now the Residents are three people with eyeballs and one person with a huge grimacing grey skull for a head. Such is life.

Snakefinger is an English weirdo. He hangs out at the back of the stage, playing guitar and backing vocals beside the Skull, who puts floppy disks in the Emulator. Wild.

Two of the Residents arranged inflatable plastic giraffes around the stage. They then removed their eyeballs and danced in black. They were female Residents. They may have even been female humans — that is, if the Residents are humans. Who knows?

The fourth Resident was the singer. His face was seen, and he delivered the most passionate rendering of 'Man's Man's World'. *Ever*. He leapt to the 'Jailhouse Rock'.

The Residents' noises were scarier in the flesh. Their machines can make beautiful, horrible sounds, as can Snakefinger's guitar. At times (the start of the second set) mind-numbingly boring, but at others, the most exciting — yes danceable — sounds you'll hear all year. The show finished just as they looked like they would finally achieve "it". What is "it"?

Those who were there may know, but others will say of it all: "This is crazy and makes no sense."

Paul McKessar

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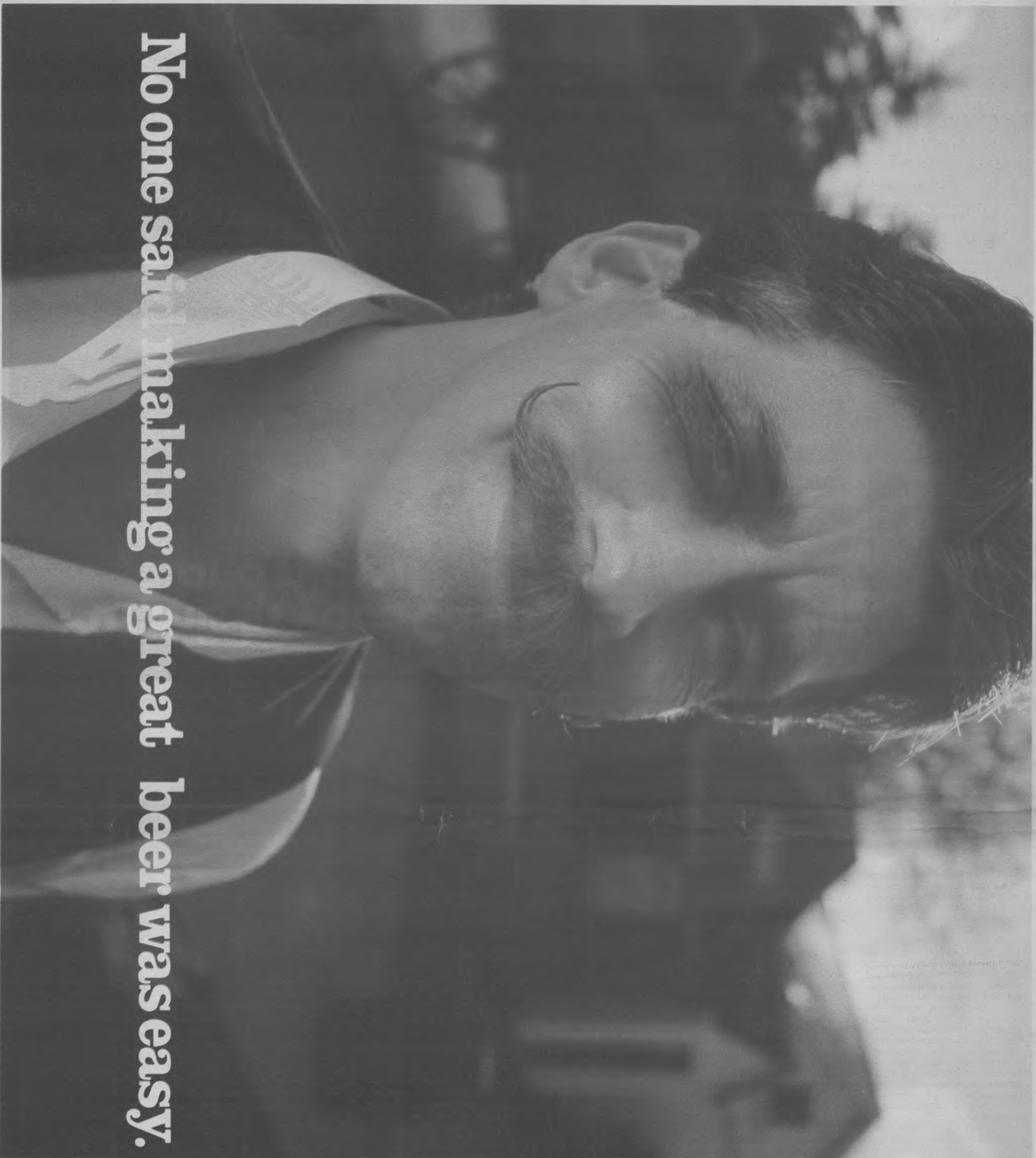
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