

No. 117 April 1987

RIP IT UP

GOING

DUTCH WITH THE
CHILD



By Russell Brown

CROWDED HOUSE

CROWDED HOUSE ARE:

NEIL FINN

PAUL HESTER

NICK SEYMOUR



"DON'T DREAM IT'S OVER"

Top 10 single in the USA

Top 10 single in Australia

Top 10 single in New Zealand

**CROWDED HOUSE — "CROWDED HOUSE" THE ALBUM
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The *Auckland Star's* coverage of ZZ Top in Auckland has been interpreted by media observers as a trial run for the type of journalism we can expect from the *Star's* proposed morning off-shoot, the *Sun*. Certainly it is rare in New Zealand, outside the reactionary tabloids *Sunday News* and *Truth*, to see such a transparent attempt to raise a paper's circulation through old-fashioned shock horror tactics.

● **Friday** — The first salvo of the ZZ Top affair is shot when the *Star* headlines their coverage of the band's press conference "ZZ Top denies links with KKK." The story goes on to report police expectations that up to 1400 gang members will be attending the concert, although later paragraphs quote the policeman organising security saying such reports are "wildly exaggerated" — and police intelligence saying they couldn't estimate the number of gang members attending.

But the mud has already begun to stick. No source is given for the KKK allegation; the "ZZ Top denies ..." headline is an ancient tactic that gives the impression the subject has something to hide.

● **Sunday** — the morning after the concert, the *Sunday Star's* headline reads "CONCERT SEIGE — Police arrest hundreds in ZZ Top crush." Those who attended wonder what they missed. The "seige" turns out to be the smooth removal of 150 Black Power members from the ground when a confrontation with the Mongrel Mob seemed likely. The "hundreds of arrests" (actually 239) were unrelated to the incident. Most were people taken away before the concert began for being drunk and disorderly — outside the gates — and Auckland's assistant police commissioner was later quoted as saying it was "about what we expected."

Pictorial coverage of the concert shows three gang members, one policeman, two band members — and three lads from Palmerston North whose car blew up. By comparison, the *Sunday News* pictures showed four policemen, three am-

No News is Bad News Aunty Star Vrs ZZ Top

Who wants yesterday's papers? Nobody in the world.
— the Rolling Stones, 1967

History never repeats?

Twenty years after the Rolling Stones were subject to a smear campaign by the sensationalist *News of the World*, ZZ Top received extraordinary coverage from the *Auckland Star*.

And in a curious turn of newspaper politics, the conservative *Herald* has provided the objective, balanced account of events — just as in 1967, the *Times* came out in support of the Rolling Stones.

THE REAL SUNDAY NEWSPAPER NEWSDESK PH 797-626 CLASSIFIEDS PH 799-666

CONCERT SIEGE

Police arrest hundreds in ZZ Top crush



A 6 Auckland Star, Monday, March 16, 1987

Starview

Let's fix ugly concert anarchy

balance men, three drunks, six gang members — and no band. Neither paper reviews the concert.

● **Monday** — By now, the *Star* has become a joke. The lead story, headlined "Texans put promoter in line for ban" in inch-high type, is a

provocative piece about noise levels and council restrictions. The inflammatory editorial "Let's fix ugly concert anarchy" asks hypothetically, "There were reputedly 65,000 people jammed into the Springs, the majority well-behaved. How many would have been seriously in-

jured in the rush to get out had the situation not been so well behaved?" It calls upon local authorities to find a "proper solution" to "Auckland's rock concert problem" — "before there is an incident like the Belgian soccer riot."

Wouldn't that be news? It would certainly make more exciting photos than the one of half a dozen men urinating outside because the toilets were too full. Further on in the paper, a review — not written by the *Star's* music critic — continues the theme. "Perhaps the authorities will have something to say about [the volume] later," it says, claiming the stoned and drunk crowd didn't warm to the bands, or even take much notice. That wasn't the judgement of any respected rock critic; perhaps the reviewer stayed out of the ground with the inebriated, looking for a riot.

● **Tuesday** — in rides the *Herald*, with an objective account "Hitting a Positive Note on ZZ Top" that put things in perspective, quoting police assistant commissioner Brian Davies ("It was about what we expected. I would not say it was good or bad compared with other concerts. But I would not get too negative about pop concerts.") and city councillor Phil Warren, who points out 60,000 people enjoyed the concert and there were a maximum of six shows a year. Mayor Cath Tizard suggests that some acts not be allowed at Western Springs because of the type of crowd they attract.

● **Wednesday** — the *Star* struggles to keep the controversy alive. Their lead story, "Rock in plan to run off athletes" (the headline was larger than the story) presumably intends to ignite right-wing reaction to the evil rock threat. It quotes ARA chairman Colin Kay saying Mt Smart Stadium would welcome more rock concerts as it isn't getting enough use; on concert nights however, Mt Smart tenants the Auckland Athletic Centre would have to go elsewhere.

The ZZ Top affair isn't dead yet, though. Watch for the headlines after the council's parks committee discusses the concert on April 9... and there's still ZZ Top's defamation

suit against the *Star* to be heard.

Hugh Lynn, promoter of the ZZ Top concert, shakes his head. "The concert almost received more coverage than the Bay of Plenty earthquake," he says. "Any truth in the KKK rumour would have come out ages ago in the investigative journalism overseas. It made us look naive."

The band themselves were not actually asked about the KKK. According to Lynn, two *Star* general reporters who hadn't been invited to the press conference — the music writer had — arrived wanting to attend. They approached the band publicist, "who became aware of their intention and decided not to let them in. I would hate to believe that confrontation was the reason it all happened, but we'll find out the reason because of the impending court action."

Lynn isn't that worried about the press treatment after the concert, but the speculation about gangs beforehand. "It was totally irresponsible running that story, like putting kerosene on an open fire. The *Star* turned it into a frightening situation with that gang story. They put fear into people's hearts. There aren't 1400 Black Power and Mongrel Mob members in New Zealand; recently the *Star* itemised the membership of each gang. I knew that some gang members were coming, and had spoken to the leaders of various gangs."

There was no hint of "a rumble" coming up, says Lynn. Besides, the gangs wouldn't want to confront each other in front of thousands of people — bad PR, and it would spoil their evening too. "I was proud of the way the Black Power's leaders contained the situation. They could have backed up, but there were no arrests." The ejected gangmembers received refunds.

According to Lynn, a workers' free concert held at inner Auckland's Victoria Park brought 60 arrests out of 3000 people. "Put that into a percentage — it becomes clear that 260 odd arrests is not a lot out of 65,000 people. Most of those arrests were out of the ground. The police have a new policy of remov-

ing drunk or aggro people prior to the concert, and it's working well."

Inside, things ran very smoothly. "Rock and roll isn't just a kids' thing anymore," says Lynn. "The crowd ranges from 45 down. But when 65,000 people are together, it seems there's a mathematical equation that there's a certain amount of arrests, confrontation, and peeing on the lawn."

"It's more acceptable when it's done at a cricket or football thing. You can't tell me those crowds are less rowdy, with less rubbish. Maybe it's difficult for the authorities to accept that rock and roll is bigger than football."

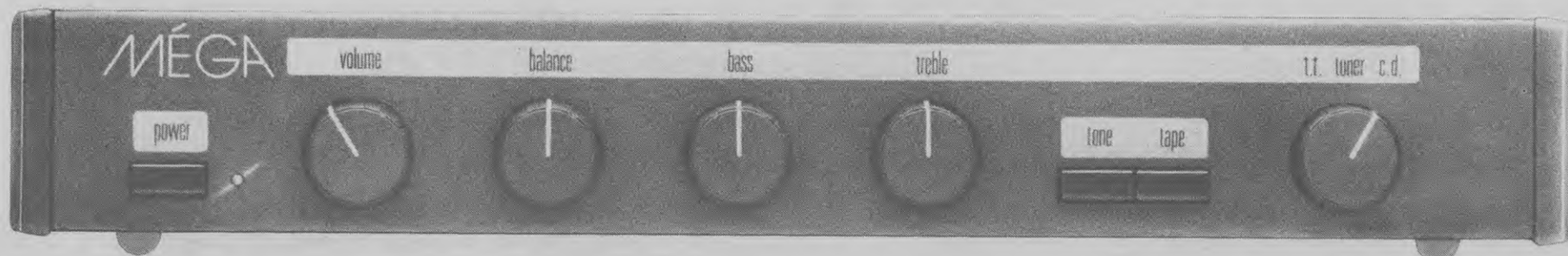
"You have to get back to the fact we're living in a democracy. Aren't the wishes of 65,000 stronger than the inconvenience to a couple of hundred? Living in a big city, we're all faced with inconvenience. I live in Mount Eden — every weekend there are cars parked across my driveway."

There are areas in which concert organisation could be improved, he says, such as patrons parking elsewhere with a bus shuttle service to the ground. "There have been major changes since the Aotea Square riots. Prior to that, rock promoters weren't very successful at communicating with the authorities. The attitude's different now. The Prime Minister declared we had to get together." Lynn has nothing but praise for the two people whose job it is to deal with promoters — Inspector Tim Masters ("a straight shooter, a music buff. It's enjoyable dealing with him.") and Barry Bonner, parks manager for the Auckland City Council. "They have made a major contribution to better communication."

The trouble is that after these concerts the media tends to look at the negative side, not the positive. But look at the evidence, we haven't done much wrong. You've got to equate 65,000 people enjoying themselves, and the only thing wrong was the band occasionally going 5 dB over the acceptable limit. There were no deaths, thank goodness, no cars rolled. How bad is it to pee on the grass?"

Chris Bourke

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GARY MOORE

WILD FRONTIER

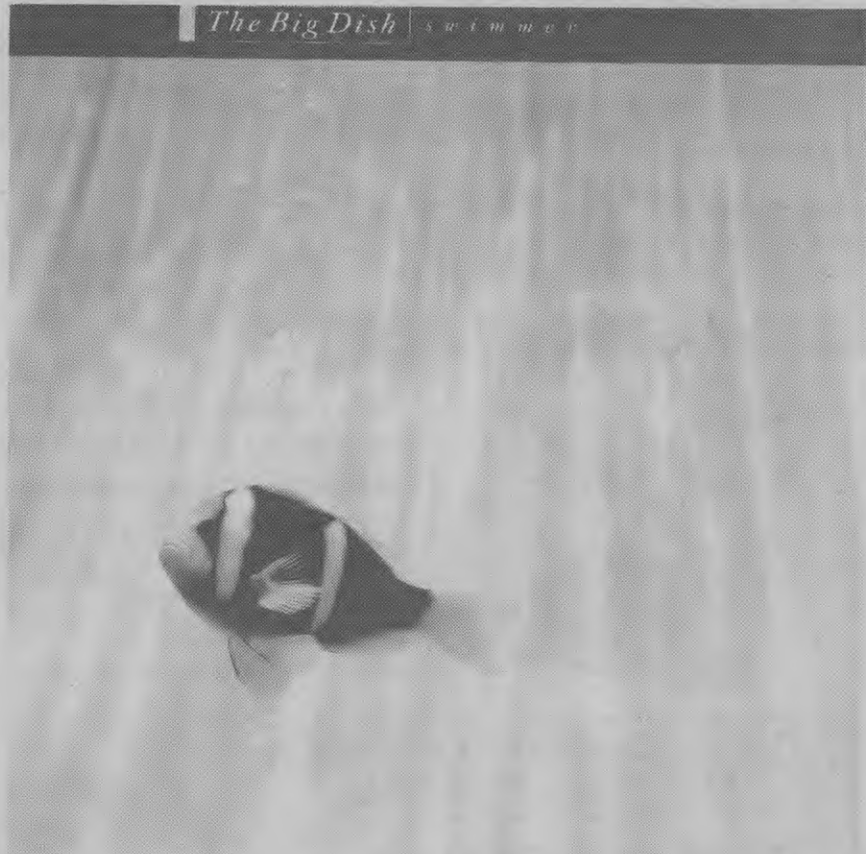
THE NEW ALBUM



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The Big Dish | swimmer



"They are faultless craftsmen... Every note is a shining thing, every instrument a silver drop onto the tape heads." **NME**

"... a band to watch for the future."

MUSIC WEEK

"The Big Dish's album is high quality melodic pop with both sentiment and intellect making the songs a bit special. As crafted melodic pop goes, it's probably the best thing recorded this year." **MELODY MAKER**

"The Big Dish's first album is unlikely to rate on anyone's low cred scale, because 'Swimmer' is a beautiful collection of tunes and stories, held together by some intriguing vocals and guitar."

RECORD MIRROR

"... Stephen Lindsay, singer and composer, is writing our finest pop songs of today..."

SOUNDS

"How can you call yourself The Big Dish?"
TONY JAMES, SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK

The Big Dish swimmer

available on compact disc, cassette & album

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Video

Raging Bull (Warner Home Video)

Boxing becomes the perfect metaphor for life in Scorsese's brutal adaptation of middleweight champ Jake La Motta's life, basically a portrait of an artist as a fat fuck. De Niro plays La Motta as a senseless animal, in the ring a lithe killing machine, shot by Scorsese in a mixture of poetic imagery and newreel realism. When he is fighting, the soundtrack blares out animal noises and the punches sound like gunshots — simply the rawest and truest cinema ever conceived.

De Niro won the Academy Award for his performance, having to put on so much weight and then take it off, it almost killed him. He is perfect as La Motta, and brings chills when performing the down and out boxer attempting to rescue his existence by doing standup comedy and speeches from Shakespeare. The last scene is scary, La Motta mumbling the monologue from *On the Waterfront* — "I coulda been a contender," he says, looking at his crumbling image in the mirror.

One of the most important films ever made. Don't miss it.
Kerry Buchanan

Hannah and Her Sisters (RCA/Columbia/Hoyts)

Woody Allen proves his auteur status once and for all with this touching study of three sisters and surrounding family. Some people love Allen, and others find his Jewish intellectual focus hard to take. He moves from the pretentious (*Interiors*) to the bourgeois (*Purple Rose of Cairo*) and then makes this wonderfully mature piece of work. Self-consciously arty, with interior dialogue, obtruse quotes and once again a Bergman stylistic look. But also very human, with Michael Caine playing the role of his life, and all the women incredible, especially Mia Farrow. The soundtrack is a joy, with the main theme being 'Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered,' commenting on the characters' strange games.

Woody Allen is great as the hypochondriac Mickey, who turns a small sperm count into a brain

tumour within a couple of frames. Also the desire to change religions is real funny, a Jew becoming a Catholic already!

Beautiful, poetic, funny, intelligent, and just too good to miss.
Kerry Buchanan

The Passenger (Warner Home Video)

Wow, just love these art flicks, real intense camera moving real slow (I mean *real* slow) and not a word spoken. Jack Nicholson looking lost as a TV reporter changing his world for that of a gun runner — a passenger in someone else's life. Also featuring Maria Schneider from *Last Tango*, who also sleepwalks through the film.

Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni who made *Zabriskie Point* about furniture blowing up. Written by Peter Wollen, film intellectual and author of *Signs and Meaning in Cinema*, but if this is anything to go by, can't write a good film script to save himself.

Swollen and pathetic attempt to get some money from art lovers — hardly any sex or violence in evidence, so it won't grab the real cinema fans, but maybe if you like long shots of Arabs in the desert, this is your sort of flick.
Kerry Buchanan

Absolute Beginners (Virgin)

Absolute trash. Directed by media brat and wunderkind Julian Temple with as much care and intelligence as a pest exterminator. The birth of the teenager set against Britain's new world of confusion and defeat, the new capitalism with all its joys, take racism for

example.

But there has to be a way out — let's dance!

And dance they do, flinging their bodies like so many commodity heat-seeking missiles. Bright young things like Patsy Kensit, with cheeks sucked in like Bardot, and an acting style like a goldfish. There are a few bright bits, the slimy homosexual Henley of Mayfair, played by James Fox; the McLuhanesque ad man, played by Bowie. And the cameos of real 60s people like Mandy Rice Davies and Sandie Shaw.

Clean like a soap commercial and about as empty. Pity, because it could have been good, but it ends up looking like a British *West Side Story* without any good music.

Kerry Buchanan

Ozzy Osbourne Bark at the Moon Live (Polygram)

Eighty minutes from 1984 of the master himself live in concert performing the best of his *Bark at the Moon* material, early classics like 'Revelation' and 'Mr Crowley,' plus his well-known Black Sabbath tunes 'Iron Man' and 'Paranoid.'

Ozzy stalks the stage like a crazed wildcat, descending the huge gothic staircase, punching peace signs into the air and generally making sure everyone's having a real good time. He creates an awesome atmosphere over the audience, and of course all the while singing in his unique Ozzy style. Other highlights are Tommy Aldridge's drumming and Juke E Lee's devastating guitar solo in



'Suicide Solution.' Well worth buying and essential viewing for everyone into Ozzy.
Geoff Dunn

Saxon, Live (Polygram)

Full-on metal from Biff and the Boys that doesn't let up for the whole hour of playing time. If you don't know what a Saxon concert would be like, this video sure lets you know as they power through 'The Eagle Has Landed' to 'Wheels of Steel,' faithfully aided by their large backline of Marshall stacks. Live and loud!
GD

Venom Live — the Seventh Date of Hell (Polygram)

Watch as the self-named Mantas, Cronos and Abaddon possess your TV and issue forth their noise of demonic black metal. What Venom lack in musical talent, they compensate for with lots of really evil lyrics and various ways to destroy their instruments. Definitely an acquired bad taste.
GD

Fab Four: the Beatles (Liberty)

Australian rock magpie Glenn A Baker collects millions of feet of Beatle film, newsreel and video footage, much of it worthless and unwatchable. He chops it up into a million pieces, throws into the air, and glues them together randomly, with bootleg quality music and hyperbolic narration on top. Pads it out to two hours with rapid-fire collage of Beatle images. Of most interest: John's sideburns at Shea Stadium and a promo clip for *A Hard Day's Night*. Avoid this at all costs; hire *The Compleat Beatles* instead.
CB

Singles Bar

The Cult Love Removal Machine (Beggars Banquet double 7" & 12")

"Babe-y ba-ba-ba-by Boogie!" Best thing Led Zep has done for years ... But no it's the goth boys the Cult, who, along with Zodiac Mindwarp, have discovered Stephenwolf and are ready to kick ass. I love it, AC-DC, Led Zep and the Stones' 'Start Me Up' riff rolled around in a gigantic wall of guitar noise. This is Rick Rubin's work of genius, and a real sonic attack.

The Johnnys

Elvisy Yours (Mushroom 7")

Great cover, with the boys in late-period King attire waving sincerely and faithfully. A funny homage to a great man from the boys with the big beat — "Take me to the edge of reality tonight because I'm Elvisy yours."

Prince

Sign of the Times (WEA 12")

A harsh piece of social comment set to an immaculate backing track. Prince tackles everything from Aids and crack to the crisis of confidence in this sizzling 12". Taken from the new double album that sounds like his best work since 1999.

J M Silk

I Can't Turn Around (RCA 12")

Okay, I've made my mind up, house music is boring retro mid-70s gay disco dressed up in new clothes, but with the same old beat. Here's four versions of the

same song, with the House of Trix mix being the most interesting.

Beastie Boys 'You Gotta Fight For Your Right (To Party)' (CBS 7")

"Living at home is such a drag, now your mom threw away your best porno mags ..." Wow, I love teen rebellion songs, this is right up there with Twisted Sister's 'Can't Stop Rock & Roll.' The Beasties in an all out metal singalong, with AC/DC riffs and the guy from Slayer on guitar. An anthem to really believe in.

The Smiths

'Shoplifters of the World Unite' (Rough Trade 7")

Another great pop song, that sounds like the Moody Blues, but without the flutes and stuff. Once again, lots of agonised self-analysis and pleas for human compassion. The sort of thing you see your psychiatrist about.

Hoodoo Gurus

'What's My Scene' (Bigtime 7")

The Paul Hogans of rock, in the sense of taking Australian rock and roll into the heart of America. This one's doing very well in the US of A at the moment, and it sure deserves it, with typical Hoodoo melody touches and a great rousing feel to it.

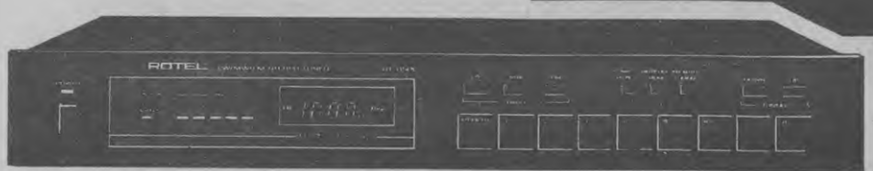
Mel & Kim

'Showing Out' (Festival 12")

If you hang out at night clubs, this would have been pounding out. Nice mixture of house rhythms and the girls with an almost Chic style of vocals. This one's real cute. Funky and a lot of fun.

Kerry Buchanan

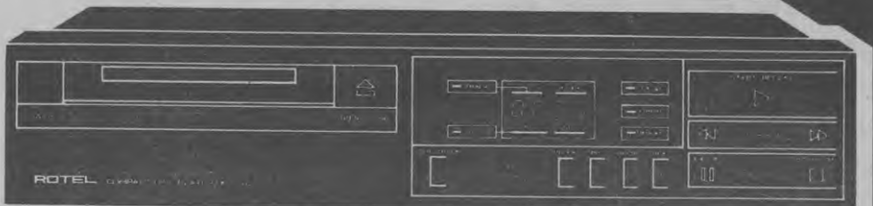
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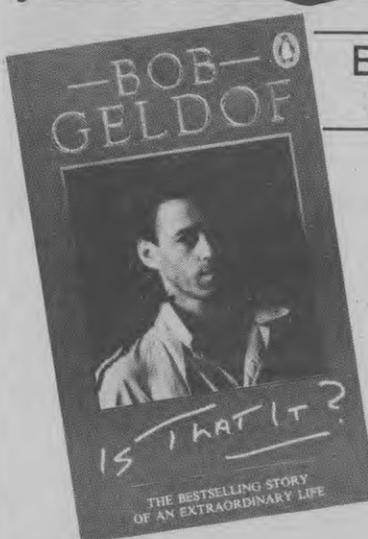
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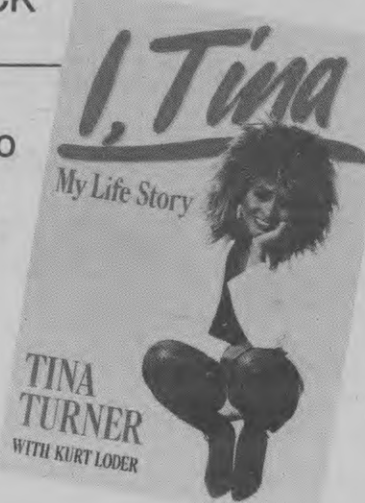
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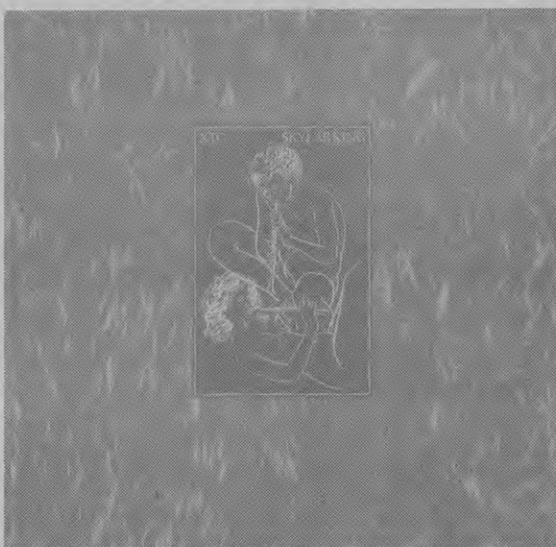
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"It's a noise to lose yourself in, something that clouds the mind, roughs you up a bit and leaves you a little deranged". *Melody Maker*



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V2399/TCV2399/CDV2399

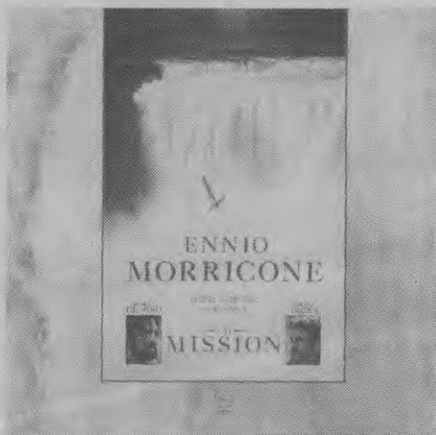
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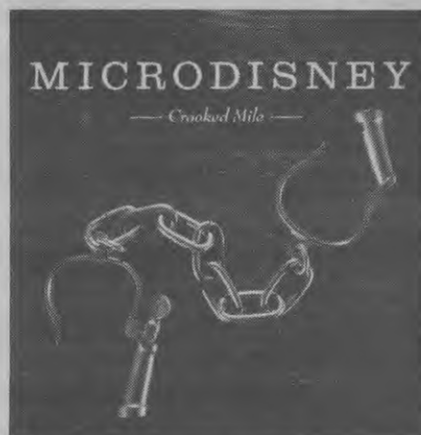
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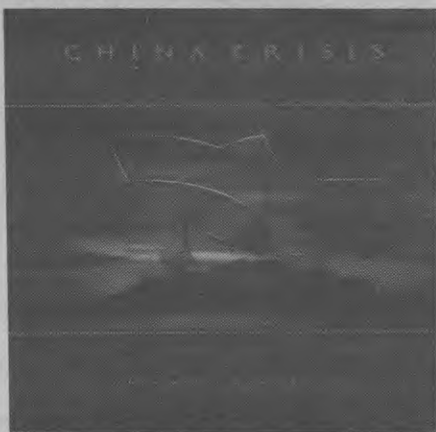
"A band to delight the inquisitive." *Music Week*
"'Crooked Mile' is the sound of coffee tables getting their formica burnt off and what a pleasantly incongruous sound it is." *Sounds*



THE OTHER ONES THE OTHER ONES

V2404/TCV2404/
CDV2404

Debut album from this Antipodean-Deutsch sextet. The Other Ones look great and write good pop songs which is surely enough to be getting on with. "Definitely six of the best for '87". *Music Week*



CHINA CRISIS WHAT PRICE PARADISE

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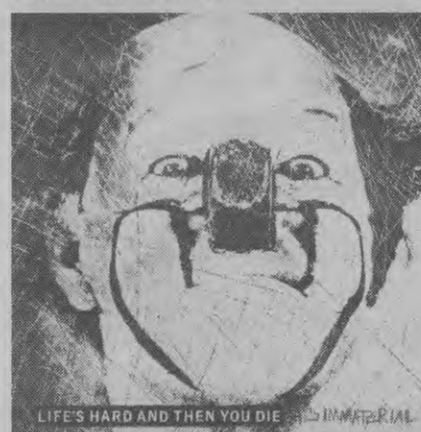
"China Crisis are past masters at making these smooth, insidious numbers, full of catchy hooks and an offbeat character that is both engaging and unforgettable. Expertly produced by Clive Langer and Alan Winstanley". *Music Week*



KILLING JOKE BRIGHTER THAN A THOUSAND SUNS

EGLP66/EGMC66/EGCD66

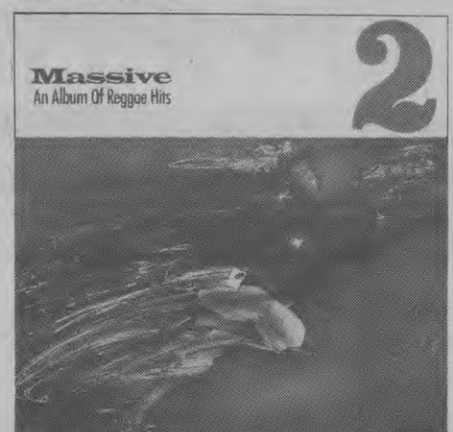
Their 6th album and represents yet another major move forward to a more accessible vision of the Killing Joke music ethic.



IT'S IMMATERIAL LIFE'S HARD AND THEN YOU DIE

SIRENLP4/SIRENC4/
SIRENC4

"'Life's Hard And Then You Die' is the awkward scream that lurks in every modern heart, it's a tribute to the common man, his troubles, his fears and his passive acceptance of them. It's not a brilliant album, that's too extreme an adjective for It's Immaterial's humble modesty to aspire to. Let's just say it's very good". *Sounds*



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KING CRIMSON: ALL BACK CATALOGUE AVAILABLE

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COURTNEY PINE



EXPECT the UNEXPECTED

The Big Beat: Conversations with Rock's Great Drummers by Max Weinberg (Contemporary Books, 180 Nth Michigan Ave, Chicago, Illinois 60601; USD \$9.95)

"Drummers aren't really treated like human beings," says Ringo, "we're a bit like second-rate citizens." With *The Big Beat*, by Springsteen's stickman Max Weinberg, drummers finally get some respect. He interviews 15 of the most important drummers in rock, and the result is a fascinating, intelligent and accessible mix of history and musicianship. It's full of inside stories and anecdotes, enlightening info and tips; it makes one rush to the record player to hear for yourself what special moments they're discussing, the ultimate test of a music book.

D J Fontana relates how his years drumming for strip shows taught him to follow Elvis's arse, while Bernard Purdie (he drummed for Aretha, and on James Brown's 'Cold Sweat' and 'Papa's Got a Brand New Bag') claims to have drummed on 21 Beatles tracks. Roger Hawkins gives a lesson in the art of soulful drumming for Percy Sledge ('When a Man Loves a Woman') and the Staples ('Respect Yourself', 'I'll Take You There').

Purdie aside, they all pay tribute to Ringo, who can be both the best and worst of drummers, sometimes in the same song ('Can't Buy Me Love'), but there's no doubt he inspired a generation to take up the instrument. The man himself talks eloquently of his tom-tom madness on *Abbey Road* (he'd bought a second tom), his mini kit (to make him look tall), and his proudest moment: 'Rain'.

The discography of recommended tracks is an excellent primer. Listen for the hi-hat bark Purdie invented for Aretha's 'Rock Steady', or the hi-hat kicks Roger Hawkins gave her 'Since You've Been Gone'. Once, a personalised drum sound didn't mean a choice between Clearmountain or Lilywhite, but creativity like cigar-box snares ('Whole Lotta Shakin Goin On') or tampax-taped cymbals (an old Memphis trick).

Highly recommended for the musician and layperson alike, *The Big Beat* will sharpen anyone's listening skills — and how much rock journalism does that? Worth importing, or interloaning from



Marvin Gaye — the last tour.

Auckland Library ... it's got a back beat, you can't lose it.
Chris Bourke

Divided Soul: The Life of Marvin Gaye by David Ritz (Collins, \$23)

In popular music few can rival Marvin Gaye as a vocal stylist. He's up there with Frank Sinatra and Ray Charles. Though he mixed dollops of brooding X-rated introspection into his art, Marvin the man remained a perverse mystery.

To some Marvin Gaye was a soul deity, his every mumble and grunt deemed spiritual; to a cynic he was a chauvinist wally, Hefner's *Playboy* soulman who couldn't handle fortune, fame or cocaine.

It's fortuitous that author David Ritz was working on a Marvin Gaye book for several years prior to Gaye's tragic death, as I doubt that anyone else could profile the singer with such care and insight. Ritz did many interviews and was close to the singer, helping write the lyrics for 'Sexual Healing'.

Ritz explores the curious relationship between father and son, Gaye's relationship with his older first wife Anna Gordy and the paternal role of Motown boss Berry Gordy in Marvin's life and career. This biography is compelling reading and Ritz also achieves a detailed portrait of the reclusive Berry Gordy and his Detroit Disneyland empire. Gaye was not the only mad hatter at the Motown tea party.

For thrill seekers this book must be up there with John Belushi's definitive rendition of 'Life in the Fast Lane'. But seriously, comparison with Woodward's voyeurism is not valid. Ritz's portrait of a man who hath everything but not the love of his father is awesome — as the story unfolds the old adage comes to mind, "truth is stranger than fiction." That explains why *Divided Soul* is stranger than Woodward's *Wired*. For music fans the events here put Gaye's recordings in context and draws the reader close to the soul of the man.

Murray Cammick

Expensive Habits by Simon Garfield (Faber & Faber, \$22.80)

This book is subtitled "The Dark Side of the Music Industry." It could easily be called "Hits, Writs and Other Indemnities." It outlines the percentage piracy and contractual connivery against some of pop's biggest names.

For the musician, the songwriter, the band manager, to anyone who studies the charts, it's a book that makes irresistible reading from prologue to put-down. Songwriting is big business and anyone who poo-poo's that truism is as much a potential victim as those described in this book.

A case in point is Wham!. In the beginning, their demos were consistently rejected. Andrew, motivated by a dream, and George, threatened with the family restaurant if music didn't work out, both signed contracts with a friend's newly-formed independent company (started on a paid up capital of £100). Eight months later 'Wham Rap' was Top Five, the boys were on *Top of the Pops*, the whole "star" syndrome, and they didn't have a busfare home. In a period where Alison Moyet reputedly got £250,000 advance for her first album, Andrew and George got £500 each.

Other stories include Allen Klein's relationship with the Stones and the Beatles; the Sex Pistols, Sting, Elton John, the Who, and the tribulations of Hazel O'Connor, which would endear her to even the most ardent cynic. A truly fascinating book, even if you don't know what a packaging deduction based on 90 percent of sales means ... while my lawyer gently weeps.

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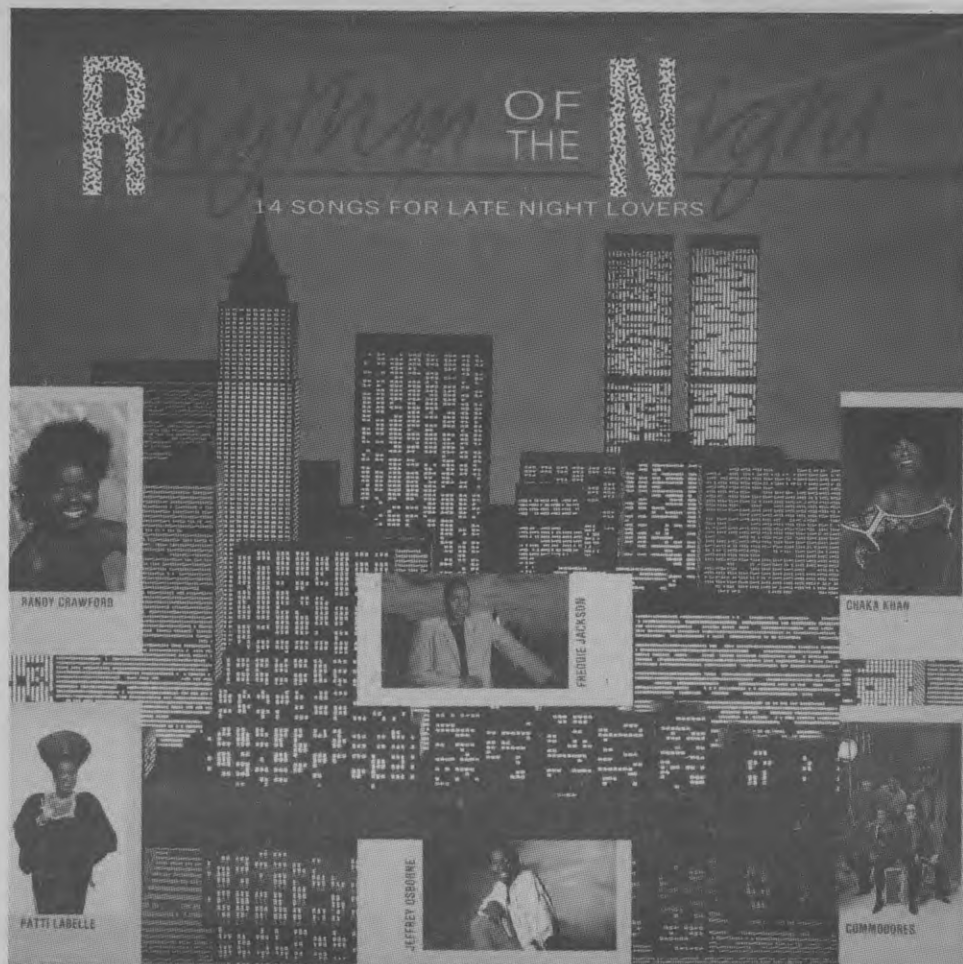
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Subterranean Boomtown Blues

David & David's Rock Noir

With its cameos of LA lowlife, David & David's debut album *Boomtown* successfully recreates the stark reality of the 4-track demos recorded in the apartment from which composer David Ricketts talks to *Rip It Up*.

He's collecting his thoughts after the duo's fairy-tale rise since they gave a demo tape to a friend "whose brother was a temporary secretary in the A&R department of A&M records" and won themselves a record deal.

"Since we released *Boomtown* we've been getting a lot of press and went on a tour," says Ricketts. "We've been finding out how it works when you put out an album and become known by it, which is kind of an interesting experience in itself — making the transition from being just two guys working in a living room to being something that's 'out there' in the collective consciousness a little more."

Wet Feet

David Ricketts composes David & David's music and plays most of the instruments, while his partner and close friend David Baerwald writes the lyrics and sings. Four musicians were added for the tour. "We were never a band until a couple of

Welcome to Los Angeles, city of fallen angels and angel dust. "Pick up a habit. We've got plenty to go around" ... David & David portray the seamier side of life in El Lay, but strangely their stories of the underground have found a home on commercial radio.

The clarity and depth of 'Welcome to the Boomtown' means it stands out amongst the aged and irrelevant mega-platinum rock on our airwaves. They're a new act of some credibility who have found favour with our FM programmers — while ironically, *Crowded House* had to succeed on the US Top 40 before getting a hearing here.

months ago," says Ricketts. "We wanted to do something that would gently get our feet wet, so it wouldn't be too big a shock playing in front of thousands of people, so we did a club tour, which turned out pretty good."

The clean production of *Boomtown* by Davitt Sigerson has retained the gritty edge of the 4-track demos. "The album sounds remarkably like the demos we did here in my apartment," says Ricketts. "The challenge for us was getting the feeling, because everyone liked the demos quite a bit. Naturally, the sounds you are dealing with on a

24-track are more articulate than those on a portastudio. But really the whole idea was to get back to where we were at the beginning."

The 29-year-old Sigerson has a pure approach to production, wanting listeners to notice the music not the sounds, and believing the ear can only take in so much. "He's a kind of renaissance man," says Ricketts. "He's been a critic for the *Village Voice* and *Rolling Stone*, a sportswriter for the *London Times* and an artist in his own right signed to Island Records. He didn't really have much of a track record as a producer, but when we got together



David Ricketts and David Baerwald.

of the Davids.

"The way I see it, the music just sets up a narrator and he gives a visual image. It's not necessarily completely dark; I mean some of my favourite people like Randy Newman will be talking about something cynically and yet he'll have this beautiful music to the back of it. There's some hope and sensitivity there, as opposed to out-and-out self-pity and bleakness."

Sound of David

Reviewers can't seem to make up their minds where the sound of the Davids comes from, with everyone from Springsteen, the Bo Deans, Gram Parsons, Tim Buckley and even Phil Collins being mentioned as influences. That's a good sign, according to Ricketts. "The thing is nobody really knows what we do, by the amount of comparisons they make — so there must be something original about us!"

"I don't know, we do cross an awful lot of lines. Over the years you do accumulate an immense amount of influences, but when the time comes to do the record, the thing is finding your own course, and that's what makes it really work. So you're not really cognisant of your influences. Everyone's been influenced, we certainly have. But this is definitely our thing."

David & David are being groomed as their company's next big thing, and Ricketts is encouraged by the personal attention the duo is receiving, but also a little bemused by the star-making machinery. "It's a little strange, because to me it seems relatively far away from what it is that I do, and the mental attitude that I had to have at the outset to achieve what I wanted to achieve. I understand it as part of the process, but it does feel slightly alien. I feel like a fish out of water at times."

The duo are an odd hybrid of alternative attitude and contemporary technology, out of the underground but with dramatic songs that belong more to the stadium than the garage; that's why they've found a home on radio. David & David, welcome to the bigtime.

Chris Bourke

and talked with him, he was definitely the right man for the job. In fact it was much better that he wasn't a proven name because we all found our feet together."

Consequently Sigerson "expedited" the recording process rather than inflicting his own personality on the Davids. "He understood us both completely by listening to our demos, so the combination worked brilliantly for us. At the outset we worked with a different producer,

and that was more like going the 'LA by the book' method, which didn't work out for us at all. We'd be in the backyard of the studio wondering what was happening to our songs. That kind of thing was no good."

As you'd expect from an ex-porn fiction writer weaned on Kafka, Baerwald's images of his native LA are twisted and evocative. Combined with Ricketts' music and arrangements that forms what Ricketts calls the "cinematic" sound

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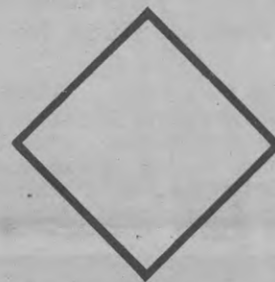
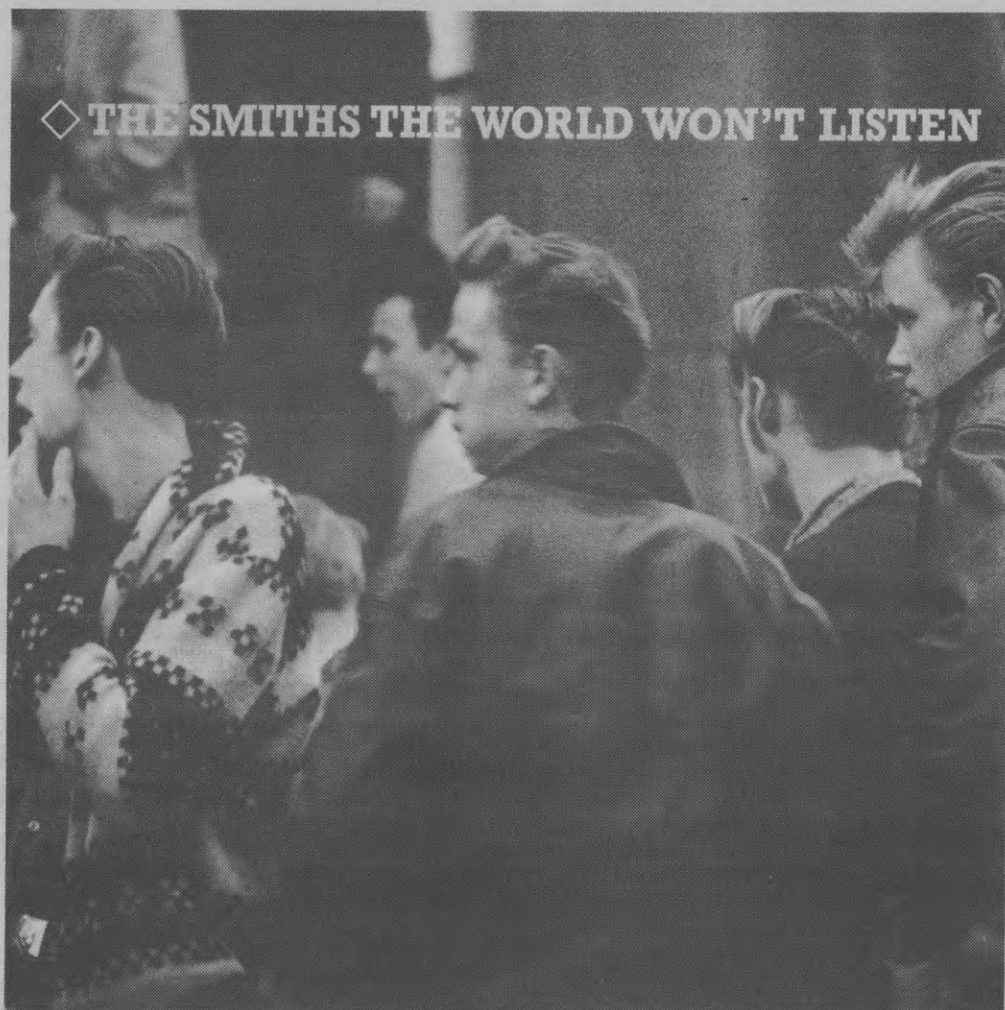
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He Waiata Mo Te Iwi Aotearoa: Singing For Our People

'Young, Gifted and Black' is the only cover version on Aotearoa's second album, *He Waiata Mo Te Iwi* ("Singing For Our People"); apart from a Joy Yates/Dave MacRae number all the songs are written by Apanui. It's a bi-lingual album, sung in English and Maori. Aotearoa's aim is to waken young Maori to their own spiritual resources. Led by the determined Apanui, they are a dedicated political band.

"Heaps of Pakeha musicians say, 'Your stuff is political, you're pushing this stuff on us', " says Apanui. "And I say, 'Look. Everything that you sing about, what you wear, the way you look, the language you speak, reflects where you've come from, where your people are at. So don't tell me I haven't the right to do that as well.'"

Whakarongo

Apanui formed Aotearoa in 1984

Heads turn when Aotearoa strike up their rendition of Nina Simone's 'Young, Gifted and Black.' Ngahiwi Apanui, the Wellington band's ebullient songwriter, grins. "A lot of Pakeha people shit themselves when they hear it!" he says. "They're dancing and they stop!"

"It's amazing how a song easily accepted in the 60s can stir such emotion in New Zealand now. But of all the songs written to inspire young black people, that one says it all. Black people don't look at themselves as being talented. It's a self-esteem thing. But all of a sudden you're being told you're young, gifted and black, and you go, *Wow!*"

after meeting his friend Joe Williams at Victoria University's Te Herenga Waka marae. The purpose, he says, was to make "Maori culture and Maori cosmos and being Maori acceptable to young Maori people."

"My first idea was to have a group singing totally in Maori. After a while it became obvious that there was a whole section of Maoridom that would miss out on what we do if we didn't sing in English as well."

Since the days of the band's first single 'Maranga Ake Ai' the composition of the group has changed as members have come and gone — so maintaining the original concept has been difficult. "In the beginning we had people who knew everything about what we were doing intimately. Now, the band is more typical of Maori youth, with varying degrees of knowledge of things Maori. It's been hard to get them past this thing that it wasn't the music that was the most important thing, but the concept."

Implicit in adhering to that concept is an understanding — and belief — in the spiritual side of "being Maori."

"There are a lot of spiritual forces at work which can either punish you or support you. The concept that we carry, the kaupapa, is very dangerous and a lot of people shy away from it. People say you can get stung by it."

Apanui talks of "timely little reminders" to do things correctly, or with the right motive. "Things like visitations. I've seen it happen. There are times when I've felt under threat. When I've woken up in the middle of the night and I've been fighting with something that's just about given me a hiding ..."

"For me the concept of the band is something totally Maori, and therefore deserves everybody's total respect. It has to be for the music to come out convincingly."

He Waiata Mo Te Iwi is a consistent album, with superb singing and musicianship on many fine songs. The vocals are confident, with lovely harmonies. "Maoris have always got this thing for melody," says Apanui. "They love melody, heaps and heaps of it! ..."

"Maori songwriting has always been totally different to English songwriting, because the emotions that are evoked in Maori songs are very deep ones. Maoris have very, very deep emotions. Go to a tangi and they just sob — they call that 'e hotu hotu manawa' — your heart sobs, it really does, it really hurts."

"It's the same when you get angry, so pissed off you can't hold it. Young people today are probably

more angry than 20 or 30 years ago. They're angry because they feel they've missed out on something, something they felt would have made them whole. It's made them feel like, 'I've wasted 20 years of my life and finally discovered what I am.'"

Being Maori

So now it's a matter of "overturning conditioning." While the album has traditional elements such as the opening song of welcome 'He Waiata Powhiri' or the timeless melodies of 'Sweet Child' and 'E Hine', the influence of reggae is still very strong. Apanui, however, believes that Rastafarianism doesn't fit in with "being Maori."

"We take what the English press call 'a modernistic approach.' We use methods that are familiar to people to put across our messages. If our whole concert consisted of two hours of waiata they wouldn't know what we are talking about, basically because they're not familiar with it."

"We're using reggae and rock and soul and funk to put across these messages they're familiar with. We sort out which medium is going to suit best the theme of the song, and reggae has become the black political music. So because a lot of our songs are politically motivated we've used reggae — and have become known as a reggae band rather than a Maori band."

To this writer, a "Maori band" usually means strong singing and exquisite playing, from Herbs to any small town pub band, and Aotearoa's album reflects this. However Apanui is aware of the negative stereotypes as well.

"The words 'Maori band' have always had negative connotations, but for me it's now. What it actually means is a band based on things Maori."

"The problem is that Maori musicians have been at a disadvantage — not talentwise — but because there's a heap of stereotypes about what they do and their attitudes. I know several bands that have been really good but have been ignored, so after three or four years bashing

their heads against the wall they give up. So then it's 'Oh, a typical Maori band, breaking up, no stickability.' That would kill most bands."

"Golden Havest, with Karl Gordon out front, were great. Then he left, and no one took any notice of them after that, because they were all Maoris. The same with Taste of Bounty down here. They were a great band. Hori and Hemi were good too, they were the same as we are about."

"When I started this band I thought there's no way we're going to be ignored because it's gonna scare the shit out of everyone. Sure enough our strength — what's made us noticed and newsworthy — is what we've been singing about. People said, 'You won't get exposure, they won't listen to a Maori political band.' And I said, you just watch ..."

But, says Apanui, it's much harder to run a band with a political attitude than one which just wants to entertain. "You tend to take a lot of flak, people yelling 'Get off!' or 'You don't know fuck all about the country!' People think singing about politics is a load of crap, but everything you do on a stage is political! You dress and play in a certain way and people think, oh wow, that looks really cool, I'd like to dress like that. Music is put up as a kind of fantasy world, so it's a powerful medium to put across messages."

Solidarity

The album contains songs such as 'Positive' and 'Singing for Our People' that are the assertive voice of the Maori renaissance, plus the supportive 'Kanak People', which urges unity among the people of the Pacific. "The Kanaky case really sticks out in the Pacific at the moment. A lot of Maori people feel it's wrong to pull together, but Maori people are preoccupied with surviving. Any time they get to put into Maoritanga is a bonus. There's a divide-and-rule mentality of administration in the Pacific. Lots of Maoris hate Islanders, or Islanders hate Maoris. Why should they? Out of all the people in the Pacific, we're

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

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'AOTEAROA' FROM PAGE 10
the most closely related.

"Herbs started off with a kaupapa that was about Pacific unity, with the combination of all these Pacific influences. [At first] I thought they were just another reggae band, like country and western singers singing about Tennessee. But I was dragged along and thought, *Wow* — these guys are neat. I was so inspired. I thought, if we do reggae, we're gonna do New Zealand reggae, which is Herbs. Funny thing is, our first single 'Maranga' was Herbsy, but the recent stuff is very UB40 — and I don't know how that happened!"

Apanui is quick to acknowledge Herbs' role as the leaders of contemporary Maori music.

"They started everything, there's no doubt about that. They're looked at as being *the* black band in New Zealand. That band is loved. Maybe the younger ones have got bored with them, saying they've become commercial. But after six years of bashing their head against a wall they deserve it, I think. Their talent demands it. Them singing with Dave Dobbyn to tell everybody

they're good — I already knew that!"

Aotearoa's LP is to be released in Britain in August. Last year the band won a Commonwealth Youth Secretariat award, for services to Maori youth. It's the first time a band has won such an award, and Apanui is particularly proud of it as it's a reflection from "outside our people" of their impact. The band are yet to actually receive the award — Prince Andrew was supposed to do the presentation ...

"I thought *what!* We'll get our arses kicked! For us to accept it from an institution that for so long has been responsible for the way we are would have been wrong. And political suicide. So I said to Internal Affairs, No way. The symbolism is too strong. It goes against everything we stand for. We said we'll take it off two people — the Maori Queen or Lange. They went away for a while and came back and said, 'What about Peter Tapsell [the Minister of the Arts, a Maori]?' I said, okay, any-one, as long as we get the thing ..."

Toi Te Kupu

Apart from the medallions for the

band members ("Wow") the award means two of them can travel overseas to any Commonwealth country. "So we're going to Canada to study the Indian people. Their situation is really peculiar — it's a bilingual country, but their language isn't recognised. Then we'll go to Britain to look at studio techniques, what young people are doing, and to in Wales, where the parallels are so similar to here."

In Wales, the recognition of Gaelic as an official language has meant the survival of the language (a Gaelic television channel recently filmed Aotearoa in concert) and the introduction of Maori media such as radio stations and a television channel is seen by many to be equally essential here. Apanui, although he's been involved in short-term Maori radio projects, is hesitant — "It'll give commercial radio programmers more excuses not to play Maori music." However, say the Maori radio lobbyists, Maori music isn't being played now, so there's nothing to lose.

But Apanui doesn't want another ghetto like the Polynesian prize at the New Zealand Music Awards.

"Herbs' *Long Ago* was the best album to come out that year by a long shot. Instead, it got the darkies' consolation prize. To not even be judged by your peers. It was a joke."

Frustration is understandable. Aotearoa's sweet ballad 'E Hine' was purposely aimed at commercial radio, but Apanui knew it wouldn't be played because it's in Maori — despite foreign language pop like Falco and '99 Luft Balloons' receiving airplay here. "Oh well, I thought, here we go, shall I bash the radio stations again on *Te Karere*?" he says. "It struck home when 'Poi E' wasn't played: the reason was that it was in Maori, and a lot of people were frightened by the resurgence in Maori things."

"What's there to be frightened of? The more that an urge to be resurgent is repressed the more that it'll turn into violence, and I don't think a lot of people realise that."

In the meantime, the status quo remains. Radio continues to ignore local music, or wait until they've been accepted overseas. An indigenous music is growing, however — at home in Aotearoa.

Chris Bourke

Shake Summation

The Trephines

'Ray Columbus' (Sth Indies 7")

The very catchy 'Ray Columbus' goes fine — that's until the Trephines try to work the chorus of 'She's a Mod' into their ode to Ray. Doesn't work — sorry Ray. 'Texan Seagull', recorded in the Direens' living room, is fine and funny enough too, but the Trephines' tendency for totally incongruous, obtrusive borrowings for choruses lets them down here as well. I mean, "Yodeladeehoo!" shit! Spoil it.

The Wasp Factory

'Hick Hate' (F Star 7")

'Steel Blue Skies' is the anthemic guitar wall opener to the Wasp Factory's second record. 'Hick Hate' and 'Maximum Moist', — despite that song's feedback overkill beginning and promise to career off most wild-like — I like less. However 'Games We Play', recorded live at the River Bar, Gisborne, serves notice of the Wasp Factory's live prowess — a daunting prospect, heavy with added Toyah-shrieks from Jackie Clarke. F Star have moved to c/o 110 Stout St, Gisborne. This one, and Steve Simpson's below, is \$4.99.

Steve Simpson

'Not to be Taken Away' (F Star 7")

'Something's Got to Give' opens very Byrdsy, and Steve Simpson gets a sympathetic backing from the Wasp Factory on the best song here. A few of the same gang make up 20" Rude, who recorded two more of Steve's songs, 'Stranger than Fiction' and 'Jokers Wild'. The recording's a bit far back, spoiling particularly the otherwise good 'Stranger ...'. Another mutation of the same elements recorded the last track 'Last Forever' as the Planets. Standing out all through the record is the vocals — Steve Simpson and Andrew Schollum alternating throughout.

Pilcrow

'Political Licence'

'Footprints' on side one of this 7" is an odd little tune, airy vocals from Keri Ansley and all instruments played by Mark Airlie,

recorded at the Lab. The organ riff gives it that "spooky pop song mood" ... 'Room 101' is denser, professionally recorded, with Labman Andrew Leckie on bass. Kinda neat, but coming across as just too clinical by the end.

Paul McKessar

Jim and Joe

'A Place to Hang His Hat' (Pagan 7")

Two Hamilton musicians enter the studio for the first time and come out with an off-beat, infectious winner. Joe Hoonhout has got an unusual high voice that's instantly appealing, while Jim Segedin has written a charming, delicate song of delightful innocence. Supported by breathy backing vocals, simple, understated percussion, lyrical horns from 'Penny Lane' and Dave Dobbyn even turns up to help Steven McCurdy on Emulator. A wonderful surprise. Student radio, try it out — the commercials are too stupid.

Mana

'Ain't Gonna Stop' (Reaction 12")

The star of Ratana meets the lion of Rastafari. While 'South Africa' is an excellent piece of reggae, with vocal hookline, Specials horns, creeping bass and plenty of percussion, it also reeks of Jamaica. 'Ain't Gonna Stop' redeems things: here is the Pacific sound one would expect from ex-Herbs members — swaying rhythms, smooth melody playing against swinging horn riff. 'Jah Knows' also swings along, an easy-going ballad with high vocal. This record has a great feel to it, and superb engineering by Tim Fields.

Chris Bourke

New Video Releases

Leading this month's releases must be last year's designer porn 9 1/2 Weeks from Roadshow.

BBC Video unveil Eric Clapton: Live '85, and continue to release great TV shows — The Fall and Rise of Reginald Perrin in two parts, starring Leonard Rossiter, plus three more Fawlty Towers episodes on one video: 'The Kipper and the Corpse', 'Waldorf Salad' and 'Gourmet Night'.

From RCA/Columbia and highly recommended for action/thriller freaks is Runaway Train, starring Jon Voight.

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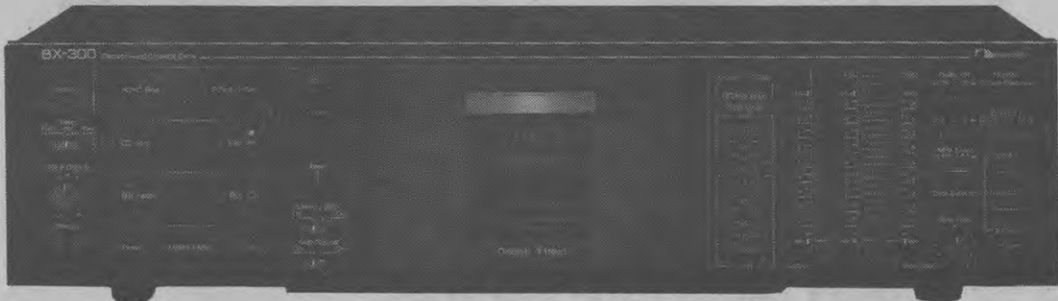
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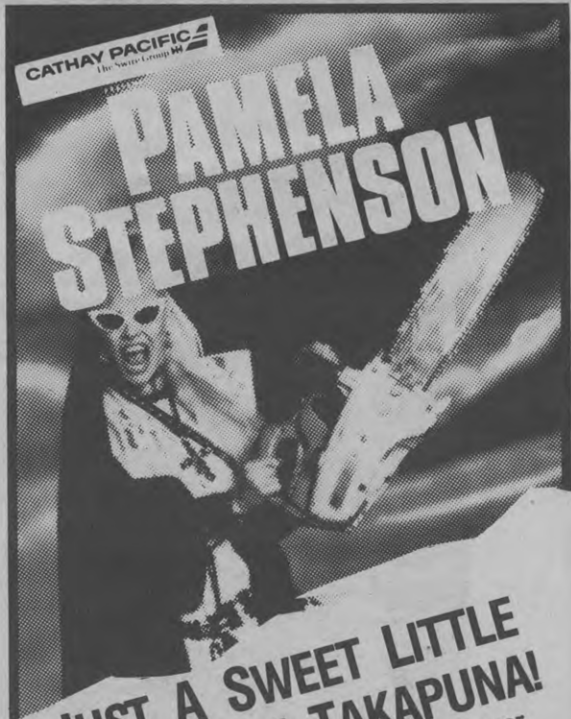
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Dutch Courage and Dan Destiny

The Chills in Europe • By Russell Brown

I have a theory. It's been my belief for a while that reverie of a certain kind is a significant part of the New Zealand character. It's that disposition to sit back and dream, more especially in this case to recall, to yarn, to embellish memory.

You'll see it at its most pronounced in New Zealanders away from home; prompting each other into recollections of old TV programmes, seeing who can whistle theme tunes, echoing songs from dead hit parades, remembering five-cent ice creams and 50 cents to the pictures, or as far forward as the first, fifth and fifteenth times they got drunk and sicked up and swore never again. Some great parties, the better gigs and one or two sunsets.

The tendency to shining memory marks our country's literature too, be it the well-known callings-up of Janet Frame or Ian Cross, or the heart of yarning in

Sargeson, Morrieson and Crump. It's the nation's relative youth that makes this storytelling essential. It's a setting-in-order of the past, laying a base for personal and national myths. On the other hand, the Maori have had a lot longer to listen to the land — and a rich oral tradition to match.

The further you are from the jaded modern world, the more time there is to make a good story of the past. As that past becomes at once less and more "real," people, places, objects and events are accorded totem status, they serve as landmarks. People begin to collect physical and emotional memorabilia. For the kind of people who read this magazine, phonograph records are often the most vivid totems. Within an established record collection lie highs and lows, hopes, dreams, pride and creeping embarrassment.

Not surprisingly,

Martin Phillipps of the Chills has an established record collection. He draws too. He drew a picture for the inside cover of the first issue of the *Jesus on a Stick* comic, a fine line drawing called 'Machine's Crossing.' In the picture a wide-eyed young face stares out the back window of a bulbous old car with a number-plate reading "Holiday," on the road in the middle of nowhere, probably Central Otago. Huge power pylons carry cables high over the road and off into distant foothills. But the wide young eyes see the lines in the grasp of alien metal giants, who march off into the distance, unnoticed by all who don't take the trouble to look, then as a convoy of swaying elephants.

It is quite a haunting picture. The car and its occupants will stop sometime for five-cent ice creams.

and has so far released *Tuatara*, the Verlaines' *Hallelujah* LP and the Bats' *Made Up in Blue*, recorded during their tour last year. Set for imminent release (it has been "due out in two weeks" for some time) is the Chills' *Leather Jacket*/'Great Escape', which may top the English indie chart. To follow are Sneaky Feelings and Tall Dwarfs compilations and the EPs by the Jean-Paul Sartre Experience and Look Blue Go Purple.

Now Taylor has backpedalled the secure publishing job and thrown himself into the Chills. He is aided by English journalist Martin Aston, who handles all the FN press for the love of it, which is considerable. He says he identifies strongly with the Nun experience, even though he's never been within half a world of its homeland. He does, however, have abnormally large collections of comic books and records.

Aston arrives and the pair sit down and compare their respective guest lists for the Dingwalls gig. They snipe good-naturedly: "You're giving him a plus-one? Look, there's just no way..." The list is swelling and Craig will have to placate the Dingwalls management by paying for most of it. "Look," he sighs, "get yours down to the bare minimum and I'll get it typed up. It always looks less typed up."

The tour party begins to arrive. First are Justin Harwood and Andrew Todd, bass and keyboard players respectively in Chills Mk 10. If you don't already know the well-chronicled Chills saga, Phillipps searched long and hard before choosing these two and drummer Caroline Easther to replace the band which dissolved after the first English tour. Commitment to the band, one of the flaws in the last Chills, was one of the key criteria in choosing new members this time.



Soundman Andrew Frengly with touring vans and genuine canal as backdrop.

Justin explains that the band is 14 New Zealand gigs old and that while some of those were good ones, the band won't be playing to potential for at least another two or three months.

Caroline doesn't show, but sound/lights partnership Andrew Frengly and Lisa Coleman arrive, along with Martin P and his girlfriend Kate Tattersfield. Craig's mate Nicky Tesco, the old Members' singer, calls in too. He's a songwriter/producer now. Not to mention a talker. It being a Sunday evening, things are adjourned to the pub, where the jet-lagged ones have one pint of something strong and look like falling over.

After the pub, Doug Hood (who, as all the fanzines will tell you, used to be soundman for the Enemy) phones up from Auckland to see that things are going okay, which they are. Tongues get looser and Craig explains publishing to Martin P, who listens intently. It will be good to try and hold on to the Chills' publishing for as long as possible, he explains. But in the short term that involves coming up with some money, this is not like the neighbourhood music industry in New Zealand. There is money at every turn in the real world.

It gets late and Craig leaves to drop off Martin and Kate in his battered BMW. You see battered BMWs everywhere here — they're two-a-penny in a relative sense and no one has any particular regard for them. They're a kind of a wide boy's car. About half an hour later, Craig phones. He has been picked up and breath-tested and is at Battersea copshop. It's okay, he's under the limit, but they won't let him drive. A cautious breath of relief is breathed.

This is the news: the color has drained from Auckland — no venue, dissolution. A few people are a little lost; where do you drink when the party's over? A golden year fades? Or just changes. Those as can move on, do. Peel is in Sydney, happyish, sends her love, sorry about no letters. There's a pic of the Battling Strings in the paper — Andy looks awful!

Feb 11

London Camden Dingwalls

In the afternoon at Dingwalls the place is still a little bit sweaty and beery, which you'd expect after all these years. Martin is off doing one of his three interviews for the day and the others are setting up around a half-finished meal of pizza and gruesomely English cake. Everyone is upbeat, energetic and a bit nervous. It's hours before the gig. Caroline takes a couple of pho-

tos of the stage.

By the time most of the hours have passed there's a slow queue stretching around the corner inside. Inside, there's a bubbly, excited mood and every expat NZer you never knew was in London. There are a lot of us and we kind of look the same.

There's S—lager at the bar at a princely £1.20 a can and not shifting as fast as it did last time. So maybe most of these people aren't ex-Kiwis. They just kind of look the same. There's the American at the bar who likes the Chills a lot but actually flew over from NY to see Alien Sex Fiend tomorrow night. There's Dave from HMV in Norwich who loved the Chills last time. He's just bought the cassette of *Tuatara* and is a bit put out when he's told that most of the bands on it aren't around any more. There's a lot of must-keep-in-touch and address exchanging.

Dingwalls is a great place for a chat. Not such a good place to see a band really. That's the thing you find out when all those names you clocked in the NME gig guide become reality — most of the venues are public toilets with car stereos for PA systems. Dingwalls' major foible is a mezzanine platform which obstructs the view of the stage for anyone who's not on it, or in front of it on the dancefloor. So after the young, naive My Life Story from Brighton and the party cool of New York band Crash, two-thirds of the crowd crams into less than one-third of the space to see the Chills. It gets vigorous quickly. A bunch of No Tag fans demand to know why No Tag aren't playing as advertised (a misunderstanding).

It's immediately clear that this is a very different band from the last Chills. The first thing apparent is a great big, tensile band sound that hasn't got to know itself yet. At Dingwalls the band doesn't ever murmur quite like past Chills have but there's a real unified muscle at the high points. For the moment it's the thunderous re-entries of 'Ghosts' and the buzz of a revitalised 'Leather Jacket' that translate better than 'Night of Chill Blue'. In the back of your mind you worry a little about the Chills taking the wrong road someday and ending up the living hell that is *tight'n'ragey*.

But in the end, after an encore ending with 'What Shall We Do With a Drunken Sailor?' ("... sodomise and keelhaul him ..."), yes, it's good, it has worked, really all this gig was meant to do. It's unfortunate that so many people have paid their money to watch the gig on TV monitors at the back, but there's always the Savoy Ballroom in a month's time.

Craig and Martin Aston are well pleased. Martin talks to some hack who reckons they were tamer than he thought they'd be, and he's right, even if he did spend most of the gig by the bar. CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

Feb 8

Clapham South, London

Craig Taylor arrives home and begins to make one phone call after another on a Sunday night, most of them to do with the Chills' gig at Dingwalls in three days' time, the first of their European tour. In between he confesses to some "trepidation" about it. There's a lot riding on it for him. There are 40 or more journalists on the guest list and it does have to go right.

Taylor has been in England since he gave up being a student scallywag in Dunedin in 1977. He lucked into a job doing the back door at the toilet-like Marquee club, which meant he saw band after band, night after night. He met a lot of people too, and wound up making rock videos for a few years. From there it was on to contract tour management and a bigwig job with Point Music Publishing.

He became involved with Flying Nun Records after a friend sat him down and played him the Chills' 'Pink Frost' a couple of years ago: "I still think that's an amazing record — incredible space for something done on four-track bumped up to eight-track," he says. "And as a Dunedin boy I was proud that this kind of thing was coming out of it — because there was nothing like that when I left."

Taylor's interest came just in time for the Chills' first trip to England in 1985. In a rush he arranged gigs, studio time, press, a video and floors to sleep on. It all went quite well and then, of course, the band went back home and broke up.

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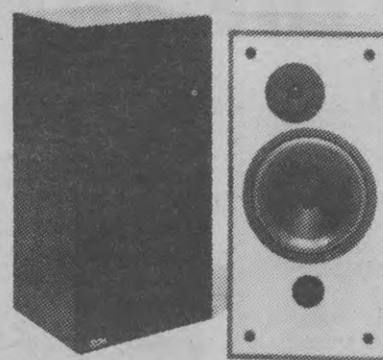
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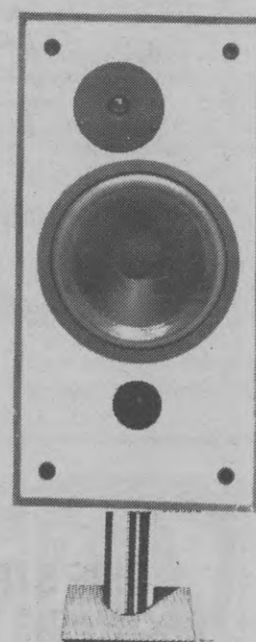
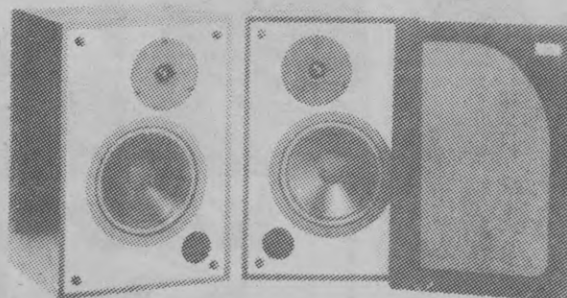
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Craig has been talking to the producer of *The Tube*, who doesn't see why the Chills shouldn't be on his show.

"Doesn't see why not?" Craig relates. "After a gig like that what are you supposed to do, suck God off?"

Craig! Never end a sentence with a preposition!

A foul-tempered hangover stalks the outside rooms in search of me. I bolt the door and nestle under the blankets until it leaves, bored. There are weird things on the wind. If your brain was your nose it would be smelling the kind of smell that is harsh but intoxicating. If your brain was your nose ...

No, if I could I'd have water for blood, I would. The clearest, fastest water, like it rains in the country or jumps over rocks. This blood I have now is thick and brackish, like the slow, pungent water in swamps. Because of this I rot and stand where every second should be fresh and passing. What do I give up? Slow, sticky red stuff for clear, shining, fast and fresh? And ... no rainbows in this blood.

Feb 19

Amsterdam, Netherlands

It's a myth to think that when you go on tour somewhere you'll automatically meet the locals. You don't. What you find at this time of year is American preppies, hordes of them. Healthy and chubby, with voices like a thumb pushed across a lump of polystyrene foam.

It's a bad thing to say, but you come to understand the logic of all the *Halloweens* and *Elm Streets*, where squeaky clean American youth pop off by the dozen. After a short time surrounded by hi-volume chatter, wading in with a chainsaw seems to have a certain appeal. "Omigod you guys, I'm, like, totally severed in the middle, y'know?"

There's a bunch of the girl kind sitting at the next table, before noon at the Hard Rock Cafe. They're drinking pints of beer but they're the only ones in the place not smoking cannabis or preparing to. They're the only ones talking. But the warm, red, seedy tone of the place seems to have coloured even their forthrightly ingenuous air. They look a bit sleazy.

That's the thing. The hash cafes of Amsterdam should be free of tiresome sleaze and subterfuge if cannabis is decriminalised and its sale tacitly permitted by the authorities. But they're not. They're relaxed and friendly but the man in the



Stowing the rider.

corner selling grass and hash will always be a bit sleepy, seedy and slow and there's a slight electricity to each transaction. Maybe everyone likes it because it tickles their sense of guilt.

It tickles something else to appreciate the way cannabis preparations from around the globe have found their way to the corner of the bar of a tiny cafe in Amsterdam. Cafe dealers will be able to offer a range including Mexican seedless, dry, dusty grass from Africa or Colombia, dark, spicy-smelling buds from Jamaica, hash from Afghanistan (purchased, they say, from rebel forces on the Pakistani border), Nepal, Turkey, Morocco ... and even locally-grown sinsemilla, the product of Californian consumer grass technique. The man will have a board listing his products and prices and possibly a folder, like a photo album, of sample bags. As befits its retail status, most quantities are worked round a 25 guilder (about NZD\$25) standard price. At that price for two grams of Jamaican buds it's not wondrously cheap, but this is retail. If it's all too confusing you can buy a piece of "space cake" for 5-7 guilders.

There are hundreds of cafes in Amsterdam but only dozens which encourage cannabis smoking. Of those which do, some are large, perhaps with two floors, some are small. Those aiming for young tourists have big video and sound sys-

tems, while others just hum with a quietly hip soundtrack and low conversation. The big ones serve alcohol, the small ones usually don't. Some are part of a chain, like the Bulldog cafes, which even extend outside Amsterdam. The Bulldog tries to play both games with its Leidseplein branch which has two basement hash cafes and a big, bright, airy restaurant for tourists upstairs. Periodically, a straying group of English matrons will have to be quietly told by the barmaid that hash is being smoked down here and perhaps they'd be happier upstairs. They have to be careful. One such matron last year was served a piece of space cake, hallucinated, and demanded that the British Foreign Office declare war on Amsterdam.

People ride bicycles, old bicycles, everywhere. New bicycles wouldn't take these cobbled streets and wouldn't look right. Wouldn't wobble gracefully like old bikes do. They glide through the arches over Museum Road, while a lone woman busking saxophone, long, dreamy notes, echoes around under the stone slabs.

(Still) Feb 19

The Melk Weg, Amsterdam

The Melk Weg, or Milky Way, is probably the most famous cafe in Amsterdam, if cafe isn't too mild a word. With a little council help, it incorporates two coffee shops, a well-appointed bar-venue, a theatre, cinema, gallery and bookshop. It hosts everything from African jazz to New Zealand rock and roll, and it's the latter which is happening tonight.

The Chills have played seven gigs since Dingwalls, in Belgium and Holland the setting-up at the Milky Way is noticeably more matter-of-fact, even though this is in theory the big Dutch gig.

"Lisa," says Martin, sitting down on the edge of the stage. "Apparently someone's making us a flying nun to fly above the stage. Do you want to go and have a look at it?"

Lisa finds the big staging room where two long, pale goths (Goths. You know goths? More on goths later) are working on their creation. It is not very Chillsy. It is not very nice. A purple-clad nun straddles a big crucifix like a broomstick. The dark side of Dutch Catholicism perhaps.

Lisa goes back and they all agree this can not go up. She goes back and tells the two goths they'll have to take the cross out.

"But it's a gold cross!"

After soundcheck, dinner is due. And due. And due. One of the prices of eating out in Amsterdam is the service, which is friendly but slow and

sometimes unbelievably disorganised. It takes fully an hour-and-a-half to eat at the venue's front cafe this night.

Stage time, 11pm, rolls around and the venue has filled up with a crowd spanning the spectrum from old-style hippies to goths, about 700 of them. There are a few sound problems, mainly with the old strings on Justin's bass, but seven gigs on from Dingwalls the Chills are markedly tougher. Maybe a bit too tough for some of the crowd, who look like they've been hit over the head with a frozen dog roll, but are perhaps just too stoned to move.

This full, the whole thing is weird. But mostly good weird and occasionally very good weird. This is a crowd with little use for inhibition. A blonde woman pushes her way towards the front, and then with slow and purposeful motions, clambers onto the stage and kneels on it, swaying and waving her arms. The stage man from the venue tries to persuade her to leave, but you don't do things like chuck people off stages in Amsterdam. It's not nice. Then she tears off her T-shirt. Then she leans over and begins holding onto Martin's leg as he plays. His expression is part pissed-off and part terribly embarrassed.

After two storming, noisy encores, the floor clears a bit and the disco, run by the two goths who made the nun (which ended up looking like a torture victim, strung by arms and legs above the stage), hots up. People draw round to watch those who choose to dance fling and contort themselves, no two dancing alike. There's a trim, healthy, hippy pulling some tai-chi out there on the floor, while an immaculate leatherchick frugs like there's no tomorrow.

Later, after the key to the rental van has been lost, given up, and located, there's a quiet party in Martin and Kate's hotel room. They haven't been partying up a lot so far, what with Martin having trouble with his throat. As a matter of fact the Chills are building up a backlog of beer — they're having trouble drinking their rider. The rider is the proviso a band lays down before playing and at this level it's standard for it to include, say, a bottle of spirits and two crates of beer. But pissy Euro-Pilsener at its worst can make one bottle seem plenty, especially when you put your head up and remember you're travelling all over the place and you're knackered. Anyway, so the riders are piling up.

Small, quiet parties being what they are, there's a lot of talking — a lot of shit-talk. Now don't get me wrong. What I mean by shit-talk is a fine thing, a kind of ambling, musing, storytelling talk of sublime unimportance. And from which, like any other kind of shit, good things grow. You'd be surprised how many people can't do it (many of the English, empirical for far too long, don't under-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

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'CHILLS' FROM PAGE 16

stand it at all. This night, old TV programmes are eulogised and it turns out that Justin, although a mere stripling of 21, can call to mind more stupid old telly programmes than anyone else. He's too young to remember *Gigantor*: "I only go back as far as *Space Ghost*."

As is their wont, drinks start getting kicked over and being mopped up: "Pat it, don't rub it ..." Kate muses. "Remember that? My father *always* used to say that if something got spilled. Did yours?"

Mmmm ... he was keener on "Were you born in a tent?"

Into a silence creeps a strange scratching noise from outside the door ... Investigation reveals Lisa, who went outside to smoke a cigarette, feverishly retrieving spilled ash. All together now ... "PAT IT — DON'T RUB IT!"

TV programmes ... by the very depthless nature of television they're a shared memory, because they happen the same for everybody. Everybody heard the Daleks intone "Exterrrrminate!" or Selwyn bellow "What'll it be, customers?" and they saw it all from the same, presented, angle. The only possible difference is whether they saw it in black and white or colour. That would



International cuisine adventure starring bassist Justin Harwood.

be the Kiwi class gulf in action.

"Were you born in a tent?" they used to say. "Were you born in a bloody tent?" when what they meant was "Will you please remember to shut the door!" A simple command would have been clear and

instructive, especially backed up with an explanation of how shutting the door saved on bills, cut down on outside noise and prevented unwanted intruders. But no, they had to ask you if you were born in a tent. As if you'd bloody know!

Feb 21

Patronaat, Haarlem

The Quentin Hotel is a rock and roll hotel — or, more correctly, a performers' hotel. At the bottom line this means they serve breakfast until noon. But it also denotes special qualities in the group of young gay men who run it in keeping their guests happy while keeping them in line. They have only had to throw one group out, the notorious King Kurt. The Chills of course are comparative cherubs, but they do have to have a parental telling-off on occasion. Andrew Todd, for example, keeps leaving the outside door open, allowing the cold air outside and the warm air in the lobby to change places.

He does it again. "Ahum, Ahndrew ..." begins co-manager Philip, with smooth mock ingenuousness. "Do you not haf to shut doors in New

Zealand? Are you not taught ...?"

Yes. We are taught. *Were you born ...*

The band plays this night in Haarlem, a small town not far south of Amsterdam, so there's time to explore Amsterdam for a Saturday afternoon and catch up with them later. With its lookalike streets and canals, it can take some exploring, but the locals will positively queue up to give you directions. An extraordinary number speak English. It's the argot in the hazy cafes too; you hear conversations in which neither side is a native speaker. Those are good to overhear, halting bursts of tonal fireworks with much more drama in them than privileged native speakers would bother with.

Many bookshops carry English-language publications as well. Notable among them is the legendary drug culture magazine *High Times*. It's an obscene publication in many countries — if the ever-lovin' NZ customs found one in your suitcase they'd certainly take it off you and probably want to have a quick look up your bottom for good measure.

It's pleasing to find out that *High Times* is an excellent magazine. It's well-written, very well researched and the four-colour printing is spot-on, which is has to be to depict the subtle but important differences between one cluster of brown-green buds and another.

Inside each ish there's Ask Ed, a comprehensive growers' problem page ("The increasing pH is probably being caused by the gravel, which is probably limestone ..."); the Trans-High Market Quotations, a nationwide chart of current recreational drug prices compiled from readers' figures; Activist News; a legal directory; a readers' Top 40 of favourite things (usually topped by sex); and even a lung-watering centrefold.

Individual issues include features like a Ken Kesey interview and short story; an enthusiast's (everybody connected with the mag seems to be an enthusiast) account of a gruelling trip up the Amazon to sample a little-known hallucinogen called Nu-Nu; good music features covering ground from the Fall to Trouble Funk (but the readership still loves the Grateful Dead, it seems); and a calm, serious article on the danger of Crack — and the way its mystique has been inflated by those eager to sell newspapers.

It's all made possible by heavy advertising support, from the likes of growing-aid manufacturers, peddlers of legal "diet aid" type stimulants, and all manner of non-drug products which intersect with the lifestyle.

High Times is a funny, informative, and, in its resolute matter-of-factness, quite responsible. For better or worse, its ethos is probably summed up by regular writer Ed Hassle: "Drugs can be your friend as long as their power respected. Drugs can grant visions, calm fear, expand the mind, and relieve pain. But they can also cause insanity, bankruptcy and death."

Insanity, bankruptcy and death are not prime considerations here at the Patronaat, a nice little club in a nice little town. Everyone is young and helpful (when you get old you move to Amsterdam and be helpful) and the DJ is a real sharpie, even managing to pluck out the Clean's 'Tally Ho!' for the occasion. He's rewarded later on with a 12" of 'Leather Jacket'.

Craig is back from London, bearing new bass strings for Justin and news of the van he's just acquired for the band. It's a ... Volkswagen. A hitop one, and Ivan Purvis is driving it over. Ivan used to be Sneaky Feelings' soundman but through Craig's good offices he's recently finished a British tour as part of the Human League's crew. One and the same thing really ...

The new strings render the rhythm section clean as a whistle, and before an enthusiastic crowd takes place the best gig of the tour so far. The crowd won't let the band go without three encores. You can even hear the words to the newer songs. Martin Phillipps may only manage self-conscious thankyou's between songs and encores, but he's positively bursting to say things in a song like 'Background Noise' — "I won't play drinking music for boys / Making background noise ... I won't compromise / In my eyes / and that's a promise I'll make ..."

He's happy to keep on saying things afterwards too, when two earnest young men from the local paper take him under the stairs for an earnest young interview while everybody else has a crack at drinking the rider. Even though he's been doing a lot, he's still an incredibly conscientious interview subject. Kate says he quite enjoys the interviews: "He just likes to emphasise that he's an ordinary person."

It's an easy load-out at the Patronaat, no stairs, straight out a side door, and the last ride in the rental van is only delayed while a young woman gives Andrew Todd her address. On the short trip back to Amsterdam humour is good and there's singing.

It's a weird feeling when you realise you still know all the words to 'Bohemian Rhapsody'.

It's late, lets talk Roots. Musical roots. Where ya comin' from. Some of the young New Zealanders trying to make things in music today might cite the first Velvet Underground album as the heartland, or *Otis Blue*, or *Forever Changes*, or *Closer*, or *Never Mind the Bollocks*. But those are the ones they choose. All these young people are the ones who spent their formative years listening to the radio. And what was seeping into those innocent musical consciousnesses? It sure as hell wasn't Big

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

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'CHILLS' FROM PAGE 18
 Star, Genesis or Little Feat. It was the Partridge Family. This is the one we don't talk about, the one that speaks within us. This wasn't like the sophistipop of the 80s. This was ... naive.

A generation in this country had its very pubescence mapped out by 20 Solid Gold Hits, volumes one to 12. Were YOU too young to quite understand Grunt Machine? Martin Phillipps, blessed of a mental condition called Poetic Memory, has embraced the experience in Apollonian terms, shining and haunting, while the likes of the Sheets (probably the most complete and terrifying visitation we have witnessed) grab right at the oily heart of it. They cover 'Cover of the Rolling Stone.'

Feb 22 De Pul, Uden

Uden is miles from anywhere, even, as we'll later discover, from the hotel for the night. Stuck amid miles of lookalike flatlands, with only the occasional twisted perspective of water stacked up above the road to relieve the tedium of travelling there. There is fluid on the lungs of rural Holland.

The venue is signalled by the presence of a huge truck, and another one, outside it. The trucks belong to the Damned, with whom the Chills share the billing at tonight's "festival."

The Damned's crew seems to number about a dozen and they have already set up a PA that seems way too big for the club. They have set up the stage too, which is mostly occupied by Rat Scabies' star drum riser and flashy kit. It is made clear that the kit will not be moved and Caroline's has to be set up at the side of the stage. These men are proper roadies — coarse, a little gutty, good-humoured with each other. They mostly ignore the Chills, with the exception of the guitar roadie who is genuinely helpful, making adjustments to Justin's bass.

There's been a slight bolshiness within the Chills to do with blowing the Damned off the stage, and when the soundcheck comes they blow through two of the newer songs, 'Rain' and 'Dan Destiny and the Silver Dawn' very confidently and impressively. This proves to have certain repercussions later on ...

Dinner at a long table at a nearby restaurant is subject to yet another exhibition of loony Dutch catering, with the kitchen staff presumably deciding the order in which dishes are brought out on the roll of dice ("Soup now? Nah ... desert and salad ...").

The audience back at the club seems divided between music fans and goths. Goth is a classic English youth cult, in the same tradition but

more middle-class in orientation than, say, teddy-boys or mods, that has caught on big in Holland. Like many such youth cults, music is utilised more as an interpretation of a dress code than in its own right. The look is dark and vampiric, accessories lightweight arcane and the momentum is hippiewards.

Musically, godparents Robert Smith and Soux-sie have been largely supplanted by the retard metal of the Cult (who have, at least, stopped pretending to be American Indians) and the astoundingly silly romanticism of the Mission. But Goth has also adopted, as its bunch of good blokes, the tired old Damned, whose lead singer Dave Vanian has been doing vampire chic since 1976.

Anyway, so a few goth children repeatedly demand to hear the Damned throughout the Chills' set and things get a tiny bit needly. The result is a gig the band don't enjoy, but consequently play with such a bad-arse feel that it's good listening. The tone in Martin's voice when he snaps "This one's for all the goths," before a song is a rare and thrilling one.

By the time everyone reassembles in the dressing room things are coming clear. The Damned's crew are notorious as Chelsea FC fans and it appears there have been one or two, er, professional fouls this evening.

For one, it has just been discovered the bands had equal billing for the gig and should have had equal stage rights rather than having to climb around the Damned's constructions. For two, Andrew was quietly advised to check the EQ settings on the PA and found they had been altered since soundcheck, so had to scramble to reassemble a decent sound during the first few songs. Nebulous things, but they taste bad in the mouth.

But now the Damned are on. The Damned have not used a dressing room, but have pulled up in their heated bus just before showtime and leapt through the side door, made-up and dressed, onto the stage. When the gig finishes with Rat Scabies donning guitar for 'Pretty Vacant' (yes ...) they will scoot out and back onto the bus, where they presumably sleep. Their gig is the same loud theatre as their Auckland gigs a year ago and the young man on the Emulator still plays most of the music, no matter how much the bass player jumps and grins. Still, it's easy that way.

So, ships in the night. Two very different tours of Europe these; one where it's all new and different and upwards and one that barely touches down. God it must be boring being the Damned.

Part two in May Rip It Up — A day off in Sin City ... the 70s are rising ... 'Ya Ya Ya' in Gronigen ... Waakzaamheid and home.

Film

PLATOON

Director: Oliver Stone

Although it's now 15 years since the USA finally removed their military presence from Vietnam, the scars have not healed on either side. In the late 70s, films like Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* and Hal Ashby's *Coming Home* made an attempt to show the horror of the war and the problems of its civil aftermath. Oliver Stone's film, based on his own experiences, aims at portraying the nightmare that was Vietnam through the eyes of a raw recruit.

Chris (Charlie Sheen) has enlisted himself through a combination of misplaced patriotism and late 60s rebelliousness. As gut-wrenching as the battlefield turns out to be, Sheen soon finds out that the conflict between the Americans themselves is just as savage. As Stone's voice-over comments towards the end of the film, "We fought ourselves; the enemy is in us." This is shown most dramatically in the struggle between the brutal, macho Barnes (Tom Berenger) — a prototype for all Rambo's — and the lithe, idealistic Elias (Willem Dafoe). It is a struggle carried out, like the war itself, in an arena where life means little, and conventional concepts of morality count for nothing at all — living in Death row, an existence made bearable through either dope or booze.

In a world where the philosophy of survival is "keep your pecker hard and your powder dry," life is brutal and Stone's film has its shocks, the most appalling being some vicious attacks on Vietnamese civilians in the first part of the film.

By definition, being a "war film," there's plenty of action in *Platoon* and Stone choreographs it with consummate ease, particularly in the brilliant fast tracking shots in the jungle scenes, climaxing in Dafoe's headlong rush to his death, slowly peppered by the bullets of the pursuing Viet Cong. Yet, because of the intense dynamism of these scenes, the more reflective moments are all the more moving, and Samuel Barber's 'Adagio for Strings' seems to grow in poignancy as it recurs with

each of these sequences.

The question remains — is *Platoon* the ultimate commentary on the Vietnam war? Although I don't feel it has the intellectual weight of *Apocalypse Now*, the recent success of Stone's movie in the Academy Awards would seem to indicate it is a timely release. As one American critic has commented, this film should be essential viewing for anyone who thinks that war in Central America would be glamorous, desirable, or even sane ... but have Ron and Nancy seen it yet?

William Dart

THE COLOUR OF MONEY

Director: Martin Scorsese

Robert Rossen's 1961 film *The Hustler* is still an extraordinary achievement, with Paul Newman's portrayal of Fast Eddie, one of the classic American anti-heroes, a character whom the director described as being flawed by the need to "win before everything else."

Twenty-six years on, we meet Eddie again in Martin Scorsese's *The Colour of Money*. He's now in the liquor business and sets up a scheme to take a talented young pool player Vince Guardis (Tom Cruise) on a pool hall crawl to big times in Atlantic City. The years haven't changed Newman's philosophy of life much — at one point he remarks to Cruise that money which is won is twice as sweet as money earned.

Scorsese tackles his subject in a different way from what Rossen did, developing the relationship of Newman, Cruise, and the young man's girlfriend, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, in what amounts to a pool hall road film. Rossen showed relatively few games, but treated them in some detail; Scorsese, plotting the trio's journey to the Mecca of Atlantic city, shows a good few, many represented by a few desultory shots and the inevitable handing over of money. In some, however, Michael Ballhaus's camera is allowed to embellish the contests with hurtling zooms, quick pans, sped-up motion and extreme close-up shots, to highlight the obsessional quality of the game.

Ballhaus's camera isn't the only virtuoso turn. Perhaps Newman's character looks a little well-preserved for what the real Fast Eddie might have been after a quarter of a century, but he gives

a beautifully timed performance, especially in his scenes with Cruise, and the marvellous gambit at the bar with Helen Shaver, all close-ups and slyness. Cruise, though a lighter weight than Newman in the acting stakes, brings just the right cocky exuberance to his role, including a marvellous scene in which a pool-table turn becomes a compendium of various pieces of Americana, from majorette baton twirling through break-dancing to Kung Fu, ending with Cruise holding the cue stick behind his shoulders *a la* James Dean — all to Warren Zevon's 'Werewolves of London.'

Robbie Robertson's soundtrack starts promisingly over the credit titles and soon dissipates into rock muzak (in spite of the Gil Evans orchestrations) but there are other musical bonuses — the alert might notice Iggy Pop in a brief appearance as one of Cruise's conquered opponents, described in the credits as "Skinny Player on the Road."

William Dart

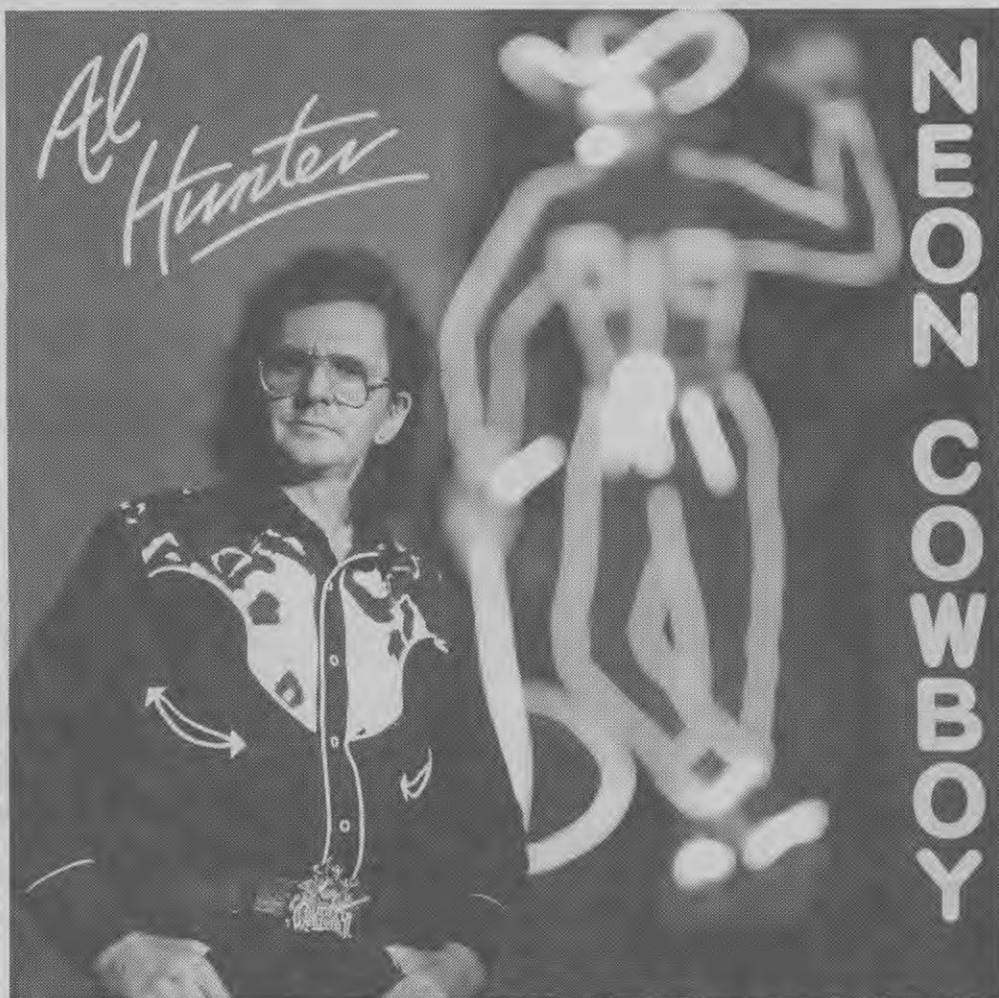


Feel the Energy

Wanting to inject some of his inimitable energy into the local live scene — and keep busy until the DD Smash album is recorded in June — Peter Warren is putting a band together for a tour playing "uptempo dance music, neglected DD Smash songs, and New Zealand classics." In the band will be ex-Legionnaire Andrew Langsford, Andrew Bowden (a NZ guitarist from Sydney), and Dance Exponent Dave Ghent. Their first shows are at Wildlife on May 1 & 2, and the "Feel the Energy" tour will run through May, including some underage gigs. Then Warren will record two of his own songs for a single. Oh, the band's name? Rooda — what else?

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FESTIVAL

Records

Husker Du Warehouse: Songs and Stories WEA

It was around this time last year that Husker Du's *Candle Apple Grey* and the Go Between's *Liberty Belle* enriched a fairly desolate start to 1986. With hardly any warning this double album has been released into a local environment still awaiting some of last year's crucial records, such as Costello's and Shinehead's, to name but two.

But never mind the complaints, here's *Warehouse*, 20 songs and stories that are bound to be amongst the best of '87. While most bands sweat to knock together a half-way decent album a year, Husker Du have redefined the meaning of prolific with two double albums, three single long players and a host of singles and EPs in four years. And although quantity sure doesn't denote quality, in their case the two have been virtually inseparable.

With its spread of ideas, their last double, 1984's *Zen Arcade* did for hardcore what the Beatles' *White Album* did for pop. Last September in *RIU* Bob Mould hinted that the band wanted to improve on *Zen Arcade* if they could find the time, and *Warehouse* sounds like that improvement.

On *Candy Apple Grey* Mould had found the confidence to get out from behind the decibels to use acoustic guitar on 'Too Far Down' and 'Hardly Getting Over It,'

and everybody expected that facet of the band to be further developed on their next record. But *Warehouse* has opted for a unity and uniformity of sound; the variety is to be found within the three-piece electrical storm that's whipped up at different levels by Mould's electric guitar.

With the exception of Hart's 'You Can Live at Home,' which is the densest, least assessable thing on the album, the writing differences between Grant Hart and Bob Mould still hold true. So on the rockabilly 'Actual Condition,' the folkie 'She Floated Away' and on riffs like 'Too Much Spice' and 'Back From Somewhere' Hart continues to be the more whimsical, pop presence in Husker Du but he's still no lightweight.

Yet it's Mould's festering genius that makes this band so brilliant. On side one 'These Important Years' and 'Ice Cold Ice' are right up there with past monuments like 'Celebrated Summer' and 'Private Plane.' On 'Could You Be the One?' 'Standing in the Rain,' 'Turn It Around' and 'It's Not Peculiar' his pessimism of love and his Beatles' influences come to the fore. And if you want philosophy then 'Visionary' and the masochistic 'Bed of Nails' offer clues to the Mould psyche.

As do the liner notes on one of the lyric sleeves where the band advise that "revolution begins at home, preferably in the bathroom mirror." This sort of honesty and self-awareness coupled with their raw feel for what makes great rock and roll have made Husker Du untouchable. *Warehouse* is a great collection of songs, and in case you haven't noticed this has been a rave review.

George Kay



Husker Du: Greg Norton, Grant Hart, Bob Mould.



Prince

Prince Sign of the Times Paisley Park

His Badness is back, with a little bit of everything for everybody. *Sign of the Times* is a double album of 16 songs, reputedly gleaned from the several album's worth he delivered to the record company. That dubious story is certainly supported by the diverse styles of the songs. There are shades of Cameo (the nerdy 'If I Was Your Girl'), house-style bump'n'grind ('Hot Thing'), slam-dunk funk ('U Got That Look'), woozy Hendrix ('Sign of the Times') and heaven knows what else. The morality ranges from *Controversy*-type flirtation ('If I Was Your Girlfriend') to marital crooning ('Forever in My Life') and the musical arrangement could be a full band or just a simple drumbeat.

Clever little Prince! He's produced, arranged, composed

and performed the whole thing himself, with the exception of some tambourines and backing vocals. And he's so smug about the whole thing that his name doesn't even appear on the front cover — take that, Michael Jackson. In fact, wave this album in front of the whole world and go *nyah, nyah, nyah*. The puppy-faced wimp who clogged your screens for 'I Wanna Be Your Lover' is flexing his muscles.

The variety makes it hard to sum up the album. Experiments keep it loose and fun ('The Ballad of Dorothy Parker,' 'Starfish and Coffee') while other songs sound familiar enough to be taken from the Revolution's warm-up list ('U Got the Look' and 'Play in the Sunshine'). Between the odd average moment are 'It,' 'Forever in My Life' and the title track, all history in the making.

And available on local release,

even. Four sides of claustrophobic brilliance, too good to be true, and a cover that's filled with fab fashion hints (apricot rabbi chic?). A showcase of 80s music; the only thing we now have to decide is if he's pushing it forward or summing it up. Probably both. Is there anything he doesn't do?

Chad Taylor

Cameo Word Up Mercury

Recently on that British institution *Top of the Pops* Larry Blackmon had to filmed from the waist up, a la Elvis. We can't have this black shaking his money maker into the faces of the innocent, now can we?

Cameo have been shaking it to make it for years, a mixture of sly southern funk, smart B-boy cut-ups and traditional hard P-funk of

the Mothership Connection school.

'Word Up' is the new model. Following the success of 'She's Strange' and 'Single Life' the band has followed this form of minimalism — great skank rhythm lines, synth lines that sound like Morricone's Western themes, rock guitar and Blackmon's semi-spoken vocals. Very smooth and very modern.

This is their best and most consistent album to date, from the rock and roll of the title track, the nice balladry of 'Don't Be Lonely' to the soul boy heaven of 'Candy.' Now there's a nice piece of funk, soft, sticky and wet.

Like all good black groups Cameo give thanks to God on the album sleeve, but this is the sort of album that smells more of sex and sweat than the sweet breath of angels.

Kerry Buchanan

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FESTIVAL

Records

Sneaky Feelings Sentimental Education Flying Nun

With the accent on the "sentimental" in education, the second Sneaky Feelings album is launched with 'All You've Done' and 'I'm Not Going to Let Her Bring Me Down,' nice full sound, pop songs for the discerning listener. But are they? I don't like it till John Kelcher's 'Walk to the Square,' but by the time *that's* finished, I'm turned right round ...

The infectious Latin shuffle 'Now' is followed by 'A Letter to You' and the old fave 'Broken Man,' two Matthew Bannister songs rocking out in incredibly nice fashion. Boogie over to the turntable and flip it over ...

The whole thing may be too smooth, too refined for some, but *Sentimental Education* has reaffirmed my faith in the Sneakys. The muddled 'Better than Before' had me worried, but they've settled down and really *know* what they're doing now, excelling at guitar pop with subbed trimmings,

and that's shown by the confidence and maturity with which they attack reworkings of two further oldies, on the second side, 'Amnesia' and 'Backroom' from the Dunedin EP.

'Amnesia' works especially well, still choppy, but newly country-fied, developing into an extended workout that closes the album superbly, coming after the sublimely smooth 'Coming True,' and proving that a Sneaky Feelings education, sentimental as it may well be, is well worth having.

Paul McKessar

The Temptations 25th Anniversary Motown

I can't believe this album exists. An innovative collection from the Motown vaults, a label known for its boring approach to its priceless catalogue, repackaging the same hits repetitively. This double album is not a greatest hits collection but what compiler Leonard Pitts Jr describes as a "retrospective" — four tracks (two unreleased) pre-dating their career, three live tracks, six more unreleased tracks and seven more familiar Tempts gems — all in chronological order.

The compiler has a refreshing "party" perspective — all the

tracks are as good or better than some Motown chose to issue at the time and the three live tracks are kick-arse live soul, particularly the seven-minute 'Papa Was a Rolling Stone,' previously only released in Japan.

It's ironic that 'Wherever I Lay My Hat' (vocal by Paul Williams) would probably have never surfaced had not Paul Young chosen to cover the Marvin Gaye original. Why songs such as 'Come to Me,' 'Soulmate' and 'Thanks to You' were not released earlier is crazy.

Let's hope this is the start of a series as Leonard Pitts Jr avoids the stuffy approach of British soul elitists and has created a lively mindboggling album for fans that's an ideal intro to Motown's premier vocal group. Liner notes assess their career, background each track and profile the 14 singers who have all given their best to this 25-years-in-the-making vocal institution.

Murray Cammick

U2 The Joshua Tree Island

It's nearly three years since *The Unforgettable Fire*, the album that parted U2 from the death-or-glory sound of their first three long play-

ers and, fortunately for them, since then rock and roll has limped along, allowing U2 the luxury of releasing the *Joshua Tree* into a scene that hasn't exactly left them behind in their absence.

The new album is a continuation of that departure, a confirmation that U2 have grown into a band that can do more than just holler at the moon. With Eno again aboard for the ride and Larry Mullen adding keyboards, the band stretch out on 'Bullet the Blue Sky,' and on 'Running to Stand Still' the understatement makes the anti-drug message more effective.

Old U2 clichés get aired on 'In God's Country' where the Edge's guitar chimes and Bono sings of rivers running dry but on 'Where the Streets Have No Name,' 'I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For' and 'With or Without You' the band has found a safe middle ground between past dynamics and newer textures. And of special interest is 'One Tree Hill,' which despite Bono's hackneyed imagery, makes a moving tribute to New Zealander Greg Carroll.

The Joshua Tree won't convert any non-believers, U2's appeal is too well entrenched for that, but if you're interested enough or tolerant enough, there's music

here that could survive the three years until their next album.

George Kay

Headless Chickens Flying Nun

I've got this half-baked theory that goes something along the lines that it's the bands like the Headless Chickens, not the 'paisley underground' or whatever name they go by this week, who are the new "psychedelia." According to my theory, Pere Ubu could be the greatest psychedelic band ever — but I'm not sure that they are, so my theory founders, or is left floundering, as the case may be.

The Headless Chickens steal the best bits from everything: a heavy dose of morbid surrealism, nursery rhymes, surf pop, the aforementioned psychedelia and lotsa brutal noise — all thrown into a dance best heard on a stereo like Duncan's, one with speakers four feet high ...

The Headless Chickens *control* everything so well on their self-titled album. The repression and occasional claustrophobic precision of their work has a paradoxical purging or releasing effect — maybe you had to be there at the Nitpickers Picnic or that awesome weekend at the Rising Sun to witness the power at its absolute zenith, but this record comes pretty close to being a realisation of the power that "rock" can call up. Yep, it's up there with Husker Du ...

'Monkey Jar' begins "whispered secrets pin me to the ground" and gains momentum till it opens onto a riff that sucks you right inside. Johnny Pierce's 'Axe' demonstrates the precision that they're capable of, delightful organ humming in the background and a clockwork Casiotone-type melody. 'The Slice' and 'Hedge Song' both contain homemade nursery rhymes and wicked chants, with 'Hedge Song's opening being a

psychedelic mess of backwards tapes and voices, tumbling into a whine of violins and voices screaming, cackling "here it comes ..."

'Totalling Dad's Car' is insanely catchy, with a gleeful chorus of "We could wreck Dad's car / And put ourselves in traction." 'Agit Pop,' a bizarre tirade 15 lines (and not too many more seconds) in length, more high-speed "light relief," well *musical* anyway, before the eerie opening of 'The Ghost of Some Cold Street' — marching feet keep time while a pop song tries to get out at a funeral.

It culminates Chris Matthews' (for want of a better description) "cinematic" lyrical technique, a gallery of mostly grotesque characters, lurching up to leer at the camera/listener, before turning back to resume their tasks at hand. Its themes run throughout the record — Uncle Joe goes back to putting his hand in the toaster, Grandma Kay will die of her fear of neighbours, the pet pig Rafi goes back to being a surrogate chicken, and Pierre the fornicator ... well I guess he's fallen back on Miss Mariana by the end.

Meanwhile, Matthews is just left with the pain that "I was a fool not to leave / in a wooden box marked FRAGILE." These people can be fun and terrifying to observe, and they're part of a nebulous family stretching back through 'Mr Tic Toc' (This Kind of Punishment, *Five by Four*), 'The Sleepwalker' (*Beard of Bees*), 'Washed Away's' Auntie Jack and further in the hazy past of *Childrens Hour*.

Headless Chickens blends parts of Chris Matthews, Johnny Pierce and Michael Lawry, and *ourselves*. It's a carnival and a house of horrors, claustrophobic, life, maybe art, maybe that psychedelia I was talking about, maybe ... *definitely* good.

Paul McKessar

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THIS MONTH	LAST MONTH		
1	NEW	Trick of the Light Putty In Her Hands	JAY-140
2	2	He Waiata Mo Te Iwi Aotearoa	JAY-327 TC-JAY-327
3	1	Reggae Blasters Vol. 2 Various Artists	GETI-11 TC-GETI-11
4	NEW	Mary Yandall & Rodger Fox Mary Yandall/Rodger Fox	CIRCULAR-11 TC-CIRC-11
5	16	Make Room Luke Hurley	JAY-324 TC-JAY-324
6	5	Robert the Record ?Fog City Enterprises	ROBERT 1/500 RRLP-103
7	3	Attack From Down Unda Various NZ Heavy Metal IMPORT	RRLC-103 JAY-326 TC-JAY-326
8	NEW	Jah Magic Sticks & Shanty	JAY-326 TC-JAY-326
9	8	Mona With The Children Doug Cameron	SNAP-1203 CIRCULAR-10
10	13	Walkin' Together Rodger Fox & Mike Booth	TC-CIRC-10 JAY-141 TC-JAY-141
11	NEW	No More War Dread Beat & Blood	TC-JAY-141
12	-	Top Of The Town Screaming Tribesmen	RAT-1202
13	7	Just Friends Rodger Fox with Bill Reichenbach & Gary Grant	CIRCULAR-9 TC-CIRC-9
14	12	Sweet Bitter Love Marcia Griffiths IMPORT	TRLS-94
15	NEW	Destroy Dull-City Psychotic Turnbuckles	RAT-1201
16	22	Que Sera, Sera Johnny Thunders	AIM-1007 NSR-001
17	19	Weird Culture, Weird Custom National Student Radio Compilation	TC-NSR-001 GETI-12 TC-GETI-12
18	NEW	The Original Smiley Culture	TC-GETI-12
19	14	Buckle In The Rail Chad's Tree	FINE-1
20	-	Capitol Kaos Various Artists	KAOS-111

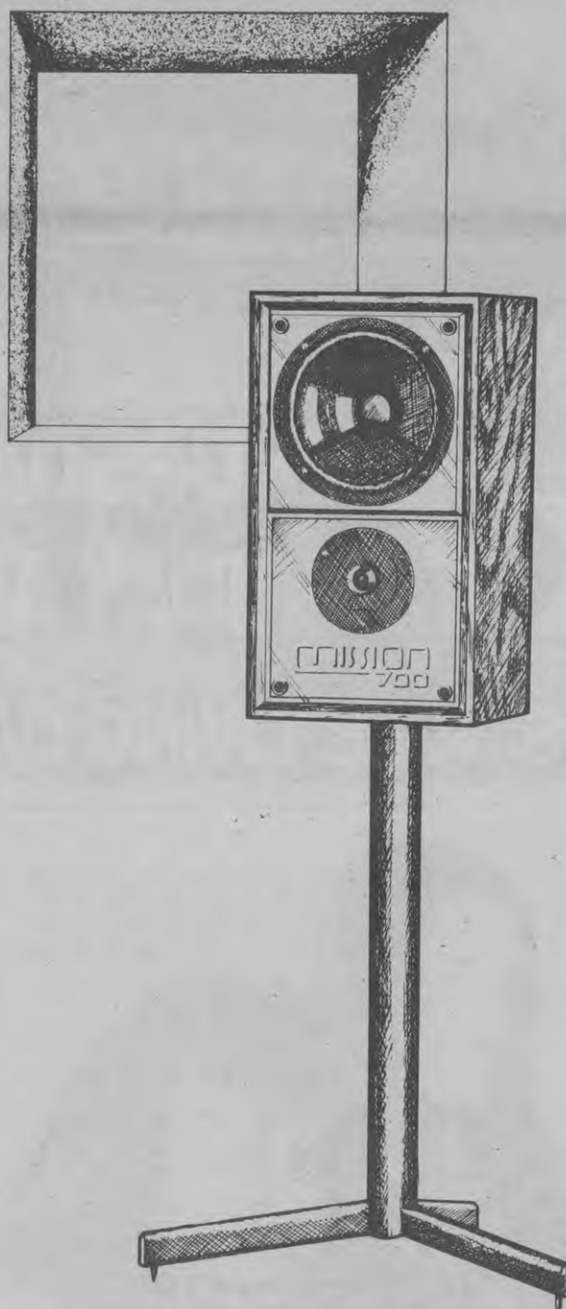


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Records

The Robert Cray Band Strong Persuader Mercury

This is Cray's fifth album, though only the second to be released locally. The band is an orthodox four-piece: Cray on vocals and guitar, plus bass, drums and keyboards. On a few tracks they are supplemented by the Memphis Horns or an extra percussionist.

Cray originally hails from the state of Georgia, and while his music is deeply rooted in the blues it also owes much to southern soul and R&B. The fact that it also bristles with as many melodic hooks as the best mainstream pop doesn't go amiss either. A group of writers contribute to the repertoire, Cray and his producer Dennis Walker being the most prominent.

Lyrical, nearly all the material centres on scenes of love gone wrong. Powerfully evoked feelings of pride, suspicion, guilt, revenge and despair torment the narrators of these songs. The last LP was called *False Accusations* and contained tracks with names like 'I've Slipped Her Mind' and 'Payin' for it Now'. On the title track Cray plays a man who's listening to a fight next door, knowing he's destroyed a love affair when he calculatedly seduced the woman, just so he could add "another notch to my guitar".

Strong Persuader is overall a more uptempo album than *False Accusations*, though many of its tracks do share the earlier record's cruisy tempo. Otherwise the

sound is very similar, that of a band sounding accurately recorded rather than flashily produced. The arrangements are typically restrained, with keyboards usually subdued and the instrumental focus on Cray's Fender Stratocaster.

The Robert Cray Band plays music that resolutely adheres to black musical traditions established in the 50s and 60s. As such it stands outside present trends but it does so with such craft and quality that old forms are rendered current again. For those with the ears to hear, the Robert Cray Band is indeed a *Strong Persuader*.

Peter Thomson

XTC Skylarking Virgin

After posing as the flower-infested acid heads "The Dukes of Stratosphere", XTC have come out from behind their beads to construct what has to be their best album since the heavy days of *Drums and Wires* and *Black Sea*.

Their recent records have been lovingly crafted doilies celebrating Englishness when quaintness was hardly appropriate. *Skylarking* is still typical XTC, but this time they're revelling in the pop period of *Magical Mystery Tour* and *Sgt Pepper's* and using that psychedelia to carry their own rustic pop.

As usual the writing is divided between Partridge and Moulding and their individual styles are beautifully contrasted in the first two songs when Partridge's lazy, hazy 'Summer's Cauldron' snoozes into Moulding's hayseed 'Grass'. 'Earn Enough For Us', with its stuttering chorus and kaleidoscopic guitar line, is vintage Partridge and his 'Another Satellite' floats gently down-

stream, leaving Moulding to have the last say with 'Sacrificial Bonfire'.

Producer Todd Rundgren, whose appreciation of the finer points of 60s pop art wouldn't have escaped Partridge and co, must also take credit for what is XTC's best album since the advent of paisley.

George Kay

Ini Kamoze Pirate Island Taxi Connection Live in London Island

If there was any justice, both of these LPs would have been released to coincide with a sellout tour by the Taxi Gang with Kamoze, Yellowman and Marcia Griffiths. What went wrong, after five postponements, remains a mystery. It seems to boil down to bad communication and maybe a case of cold feet. Funny, seeing how well the Wailers did, with a 12-date tour.

Having spent two nights working on the preview of the Tour That Never Was (see January *RIU*), I've said all I can about Ini Kamoze. He's a tall, good-looking Libran Rasta, sings dancehall style and is dynamite on stage. He loves his bredren and sistren and tries to say something in his songs.

On *Pirate* his topics range from a bizarre touch of incest ('Betty Brown's Mother'), to street violence ('Gunshot'), technological pressure ('Dream'), righteousness ('Pirate', 'R.O.U.G.H.', 'Pull the Cork') and romance ('Queen of My House', 'Burnin').

The S&R riddim machine provides a sound that has mutated from a top-edged skank to a blurry rumble. Frankly, I'm unim-

pressed by it. Paul Smykle, who decided to mess up Black Uhuru's *Anthem*, does another ham-fisted production job here. The aim seems to be to make reggae palatable to American disco audiences.

Live in London is a stronger hint at what we missed, Kamoze raging through 'Trouble You a Trouble Me' and 'Call the Police' to evoke fond memories of JA Sunsplash. Half Pint, an even bigger star, gets four of his best tracks and Yellowman camps it up with 'Reggae Calypso', although it must be conceded that his illness has left him a pale shadow of his former self. Behind it all, the Taxi Gang cooks a red hot dinner. We may still see them, according to rumours, but it may be a while ...

Duncan Campbell

Brian Smith Ode

Because his talents are constantly in demand, Brian Smith's saxes are rarely absent from local recordings or live performance. Nonetheless it's been two and a half years since an album was released under his own name. (In the meantime there have been sessions with Space Case, Jacqui Fitzgerald, and a couple of film soundtracks.) Smith's *Southern Excursion* was one of the standout releases of 1984, local or otherwise. But whereas that LP featured him leading a dynamic quartet throughout, on this new release he performs in a range of settings.

The most remarkable finds Smith playing bamboo flute in a chattering, South Pacific flavoured improvisation that also showcases the superb acoustic guitar of Martin Winch and the popping electric bass of Billy Kristian. All three musicians also supply the bubbling percussion

background.

The other two numbers as a trio are more orthodox, both featuring pianist Phil Broadhurst in beautiful complement to Smith and firmly underpinned by Kristian. 'Grace' has a medium-paced swing while 'Little Shop' is slow and ruminative.

Smith and Broadhurst further demonstrate their considerable empathy dueting on the album's one non-original, Raye De Paul's ballad 'You Don't Know What Love Is'. Smith even takes one track alone. 'For Derek', the album closer, is a slow but passionate tribute to a musician friend that at one stage involves Smith commenting on his own statements via use of echo delay.

The other three tracks bring Frank Gibson in to make up a quartet. 'Yvette' is a gently wistful piece with Gibson using brushes, which leaves 'Greenlane' and the sprightly samba of 'Kiwifruit' as the album's only two really uptempo numbers.

Finally, more than the variety of instrumental groupings or even Smith's own range of sax playing, it is the selection of material that determines the overall impact of this album. Smith has written seven of the eight pieces and the predominant mood is one of measured reflection. This is understandable given that they stem from incidents in his personal experience. So where his last album was characterised by its energetic vigour, *Brian Smith* more often expresses the quieter side of New Zealand's best saxophonist.

Peter Thomson

Part 1 Pictures of Pain Pusmort Septic Death Now That I Have Your Attention Pusmort

Listen to this, gore freaks — the lead singer of Septic Death is a guy called Pushead. He shouts unintelligibly on the record, is a pretty gruesome freelance artist, and (judging from the inside pix) enjoys maiming himself with screwdrivers and things. Neat, eh? Septic Death are an American "speedcore" band and Part 1 are a British "gloom rock" band. Ain't labels great? Now that we have them in their little boxes ...

Part 1's 'Pictures of Pain' (the song) is a good offering after the two songs that precede it on side one — it wakes you up. 'The Corpse' sounds like Killing Joke used to, before they became A Flock of Seagulls. But 'Incest', 'Ghost' and 'Hymn'? "In the shadow of the cross / we stand defiant" ... "pages written in blood" ... hmmm alright.

Septic Death provide 18 stark visions which fly by very, very fast. That is why they are in the box called "speedcore". But they're all so sad — 'Burial', 'Poison Mask', 'Sweat of a Nightmare'. I thought at least Pushead might have some funny stories to tell. Like where he got his name — chronic acne or what?

Available for \$13 plus \$2 postage each from Hella Distributing, 29 Hyperion Drive, Manurewa. Records for the Howick Goths and Remuera Punks, I suppose ...

Paul McKessar

Dolly Parton, Linda Ronstadt, Emmylou Harris Trio Warner Bros

I don't know about anyone else, but personally I thought these three had done their artist dash, so to speak. The long promised

get-together album has finally materialised, and to my amazement the damn thing gets up and walks.

The choice of songs at first glance is a very encouraging sign, from Phil Spector through Jimmie Rodgers to Linda Thompson, plus a couple of Dolly originals — and that's only side one! Also, the musicians used read like a who's who of tasty session cats, Ry Cooder, Bill Payne, David Lindley, etc, etc, but to producer George Massenburg's credit they never get in the way of some of the prettiest vocalising you'll hear this year, or any other year for that matter. 'The Pain of Loving You', written by Dolly and Porter Wagoner, starts side one and it's immediately apparent what a classy outing we have here, a great acoustic guitar solo by Albert Lee and with Emmylou taking lead vocal. Terrific.

It's about time Linda Ronstadt realised she's best suited to a country setting and not singing on Broadway or against Nelson Riddle strings. Here she turns in some good performances, especially on 'Telling Me Lies', the most convincing she has sounded for some time. As usual Dolly demonstrates the sweetest voice in country music, and really, no one does it better. I just love it when they're all singing together in harmony; at times it's quite breathtaking.

Favourites, favourites ... at this stage they seem to change each time I play it, and although it's hardly a challenging record, if you like one song, say the single 'To Know Him is to Love Him', you'll probably like the whole lot.

Mark Kennedy

Southside Johnny and the Jukes At Least We Got Shoes RCA

In the second half of the 70s Graham Parker and the Rumour and Southside Johnny and the then Asbury Jukes kept the flame of white R&B alive. Parker came via a British soul pedigree funnelled through Dylan, while Southside Johnny Lyon (the nickname arising from his passion for Chicago blues) made his name from New Jersey on three classic albums with Springsteen and Steve Van Zandt. With the severing of that connection the songwriting chores fell to guitarist Billy Rush and although he was no Springsteen, songs like 'I'm So Anxious', 'Long Distance' and 'Captured' proved that he had enough substance to carry the band over a period when their album sound was just plain tame.

Now Rush has gone, replaced by Bobby Bandiera, and together with a new label, RCA, these changes have led to a revitalised band just when it looked like they had packed up. Lyon and Bandiera have a hand in most of the songs and belters like 'Hard to Find', 'Till the End of the Night' and 'I Can't Wait' close the gap that had been growing between the band's live and studio performances. 'Under the Sun' is a nicely weighted ballad, and what they can't write they cover, as in Southside's devoted cover of 'Walk Away Renee', a marked contrast to their frenzied treatment of 'I Only Want to be With You'.

Like Van Morrison, Springsteen and even Bob Seger, Southside has got one of the great lived-in voices; it's been places, seen things and that's why it's so good the Jukes have moved up a gear to keep that voice on the road.

George Kay

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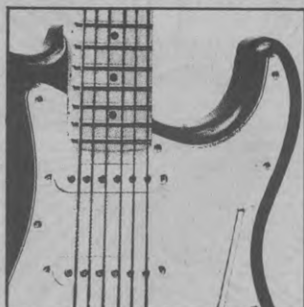
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Records

Various Artists Club Paradise Soundtrack CBS

The fillum stars Robin Williams, Twiggy, Peter O'Toole and Jimmy Cliff, who wrote or co-wrote seven of the 10 songs here. The odd one out is a collaboration with Elvis Costello and the Attractions, entitled 'Seven Day Weekend,' which Costello could have written in the bath.

The pure Cliff contributions earn a spirited eight out of 10, four of them being among the best he's written in the past five years. 'The Lion Awakes' and 'American Plan' are both soaring performances, with all of Cliff's old gift for a great singing tune and a relevant lyric. 'American Plan' has some especially pertinent views on the exodus of so many to the greener pastures of the UK and USA. 'Third World People' is an African Roots song, his best since 'Son of Man.' The title track is upful with a spare but beautiful backing from the nucleus of Earl 'Chinna' Smith's Soul Syndicate band, a wonder of this year's Sunsplash.

Fine contributions, too, from Soca artist Mighty Sparrow, whose 'Grenada' lampoons the looney politics behind that little farce admirably, plus Well Pleased and Satisfied's 'Sweetie Come From America,' with producer Sonia Pottinger, and the Blue Riddim Band's happy rock steady-type 'Love People.'

Going by the cover photos, the movie looks like another setup for a bunch of bozos in a foreign country. I hope I'm wrong. The

music is too good to be let down by a bad screenplay.
Duncan Campbell

Ry Cooder Why Don't You Try Me Tonight Warner Bros

Ry Cooder was once regarded as a popular music archivist, although recently he's specialised in soundtracks — some masterly, like *Paris, Texas*, others ordinary, like this year's *Blue City*. Through all the changes of musical genres and eras however, he has remained a craftsman — careful and studious, always technically perfect, and occasionally capable of great work.

Although subtitled "The Best of Ry Cooder," the main title of this one-album compilation is more accurate; selecting a dozen tracks from a career of well over a dozen albums means this can only be a sampler at best. The resulting portrayal of Ry is lop-sided, though. When there are as many faces to a musician such as Cooder, it's strange to devote half of a compilation to just two records — *Bop Till You Drop* (1979) and *Borderline* (1980) — although in sales terms, they're probably the most successful.

The first side whizzes quickly over his early 70s output, some of which has dated as production techniques and Cooder's voice have improved in the digital age. As you'd expect, there's plenty of slide guitar work, most notably on the beautiful instrumental 'Dark End of the Street.' But the album many people consider his best, 1974's *Paradise and Lunch*, is represented by only one track, albeit the sublime 'Tattler.' Several other tracks could have been replaced by 'Tamp'em Up Solid,' A

Married Man's a Fool,' or 'Jesus is on the Mainline.' That's just off the one Cooder album that's essential — buy any one of the others as well and you're better off than with this hasty gesture.
Chris Bourke

The Triffids Love in Bright Landscapes White Hot

An "anthology of the Triffids' finest moments" from 1983 to 1985 — a period during which they released an accomplished debut album, a mini-album, more diverse but incomplete, a single (Byrds/Stax/William Bell standard 'You Don't Miss Your Water') and an EP.

Love in Bright Landscapes's 10 tracks are culled from those four records, and to be ever-so-slightly cynical, is four records (probably 19-odd songs) enough to qualify for "anthologising" status?

Worthwhile enough though, in that our bonus is the chance to hear the single and two tracks from *Field of Glass*, both previously unavailable here. Sound choices all round so far as track-listing goes, apart from the dodgy 'Jesus Calling' from *Raining Pleasures*.

Their best songs, the likes of 'Estuary Bed,' 'Stolen Property,' 'Tarrilup Bridge,' are on *Born Sandy Devotional* (patchy LP though ...) and Triffid-spotters can also watch out for the upcoming LP *In the Pines*. But the question still remains — why do they give their records such increasingly *bad* titles? This one's the worst yet, but it's saved by its content.

Paul McKessar

Sheila E (WEA)

The third album and the most accessible yet. The first had charm and lots of cool, the second

got lost in the percussion and pretension, but this works on nearly every track. Most have that patented 'Paisley Park' drum beat, but with a subtle approach to rhythm. This comes from Ms Escovedo and the band's Latin American roots. Stuff like 'Love on a Blue Train' and especially 'Soul Salsa' show the connection. But two tracks show a change of direction — the fun 'Boy's Club,' which has a distinctive 70s feel, and the soft soul slowie 'Hold Me,' her first real big ballad and a similar feel to many soul classics. A triumphant return to the glamorous life. KB

Gary Moore Wild Frontier (Virgin)

A good friend was lost when fellow Irish rocker Phil Lynott died, Christmas 1985. This whole album pays tribute to the man. 'Over the Hills and Far Away' bursts into a Celtic folk style that Big Country did first but Gary does better in his own way. 'Wild Frontier' recalls the great Thin Lizzy years and 'The Loner' is a guitar instrumental played with incredible ability and feeling. On 'Thunder Rising' Gazza switches to full power, and then the final track 'Johnny Boy' sadly bids the fox farewell. This is a more melodic, mature Moore at his Irish best. GD

Motorhead Orgasmatron (Festival)

Due to the folding of Bronze Records this is the first full album to feature the twin guitars of Phil Campbell and Wurzel with Pete Gill on drums. It was these guys who toured here in 1984 and nearly flattened Mainstreet before it was due to be demolished. Producer Bill Laswell adds a new touch which improves on the traditional Motorhead sound to great effect. "We sure ain't talking Dr Spock, hear me talking, Dr Rock,"

Lemmy growls before launching into 'Orgasmatron' for his most gruesome voice yet. Mean Motorhead and more. GD

Sparks Music You Can Dance To (RCA)

Sparks, aka the Mael brothers, are no strangers to synthetic funk as they collided with Giorgio Moroder in the late 70s. And now they persist with an album that's possibly subversive in the way that it too obviously celebrates the dance ethic. Apart from the staged animation of 'The Scene' the music is less than vital. File under Eccentric Veterans. GK

Bon Jovi Slippery When Wet (Polygram)

American band Bon Jovi have really hit the jackpot on their third time around by holding firmly with this at the top of the US charts. A nice batch of songs that have the right amounts of catchy choruses and a big sound to please their fans and gain a few million more along the way. They've taken notes from some other big bands but *Slippery When Wet* is still 40 minutes worth of punchy pop metal made for repeated playings. GD

Lou Gramm Ready or Not (WEA)

Take the singer out of Foreigner, add some session backing musicians and what do you get? A Lou Gramm solo album that sounds like Foreigner. Sure he's got a good voice, and yeah it is Nils Lofgren on guitar, but it's very bland and all gets a bit much. One Gramm too many. GD

Pink Floyd Relics (EMI)

Sixties psychedelia revisited. Some tracks feature Syd Barrett, whose writing leaned slightly more to the insane than the genius. 'Careful With that Axe, Eugene' must have inspired the Fri-

day the 13th theme with its eerie whisperings and also included is 'See Emily Play.' If you look at the cover too long you're sure to develop an extra pair of eyes. GD

Judas Priest

Rocka Rolla (Festival)

Their first album reissued in a new sleeve that replaces the Coca Cola cap with a futuristic painting. Though these recordings are somewhat dated, they still contain the groundwork for the present Priest turbo-sound. One for complete collection buyers. GD

Krokus

Alive and Screaming (RCA)

More screeching metal from Krokus but this time it's live. 'Headhunter' kicks along at a faster pace and there is one new track but otherwise it's all pretty similar to the studio versions.

Geoff Dunn

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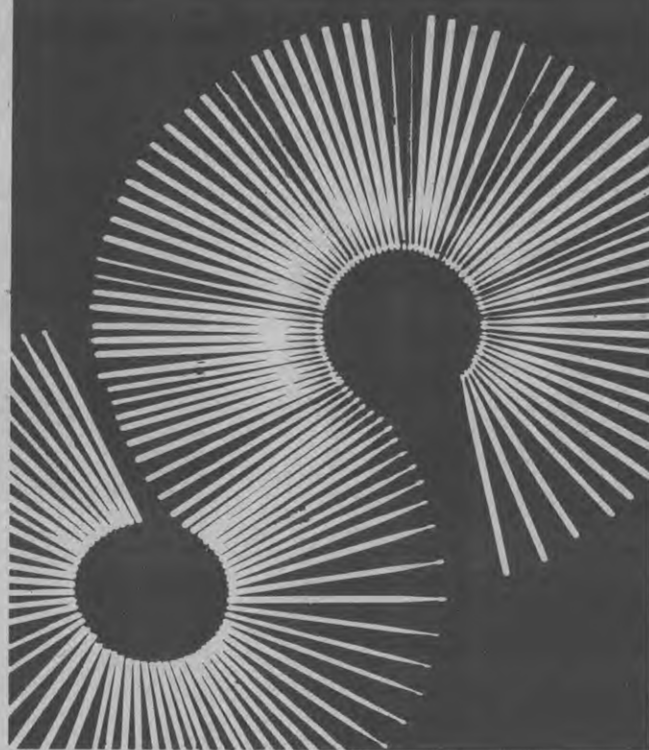
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30 Sweetwaters issue programme: John Martyn, Elvis Costello, Renee Geyer, No Nukes, Squeeze, NZ Band profiles, Split Enz, Toy Love, Hello Sailor Citizen Band, Th' Dudes, Street Talk.

32 Police & Split Enz interviews.
34 Tom Petty & Street Talk interviews, Mi-Sex, Virgin supplement, Whizz Kids & Pop Mechanix bandfiles.

38 Howard Devoto, Tim Finn interviews.
39 XTC, Lip Service, Motels.

40 Martha Davis, David Byrne, Dave McCartney, Doors, Bruce Springsteen, Hammond Gamble.

42 Clash interview, Cold Chisel, INXS, Tigers, Jo Jo Zep, Bonch/Tilders.

48 Cold Chisel, Blams, Wgtn Zone.

49 Angels, Beat, Lemmy Motorhead, Desmond Dekker, Heavy Metal Guide.

50 Swingers, U2, Psych Furs, Clean.

51 Newmatics, Cramps, Stray Cats, UB40, Blind Date & Gordons interviews.

52 Echo and the Bunnymen, Darse, Macabre, Penknife, Glides, Mockers, Valentines, Jimmy & the Boys.

54 Dave McCartney & Pink Flamingos, Go-Gos interview, Sunnyboys, INXS.

56 Teardrop Explodes, DD Smash, Mick Jones Part 2, Neighbours.

57 Clean, Pretenders, South Island bands, Joan Armatrading, Mental As Anything, Chaz Jankel.

58 Blams, Teardrops, Hall & Oates, Bill Wyman, Kottke/Redbone interviews.

59 Human League, Men At Work, Chills, Tim Finn, Motels, Elvis Costello live.

61 Graham Brazier & Harry Lyon, Fall, Jim Carrol, Daggy & the Dickheads, Hip Singles, Dropbears.

63 Simple Minds' Jim Kerr interviewed, Split Enz Part 2, Renee Geyer, Nocturnal Projections, Willie Dayson Blues Band, Hunters & Collectors.

65 Yazoo (Alison Moyet interview), Joe Cocker, Zoo (ex Pop Mechanix), Gurr, Jo Zep.

68 Herbs, Culture Club, Bauhaus, Kiwi Animal, No Tag, Sharon O'Neill, Thompson Twins, ChCh Special (Wastrels, Flying Nun, Bill Dieren, etc.).

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

73 Wham, Dead Kennedys, Cocorout Rough, Angels, Marginal Era, Grantmar Boys, Fishschool, John Cale.

74 Malcolm McLaren, Heaven 17, Joan Armatrading, Sharon O'Neill, Children's Hour.

75 Tim Finn, John Cale, Jonathan Richman, Hammond Gamble, Dick Driver.

80 Police, Paul Young, Motown feature, John Peel Wastrels, Bryan Adams.

81 Smiths, Mockers, Def Leppard, Violent Femmes, Miltown Stowaways, Chills, Doublehappys, Marvin Gaye.

82 Billy Idol, Pamela Stephenson, Four Tops, Temptations, Verlaimes.

83 Elvis Costello, Thompson Twins, Netherworld Dancing Toys, Mockers, Paul Morley.

84 Style Council (Paul Weller interview), Echo & the Bunnymen, Midnight Oil, Kiwi Animal, Sneaky Feelings, Depeche

87 DD Smash, U2, Bill Dieren Pt 1, Nick Cave, Stevie Ray Vaughan.

88 Herbs, Talking Heads, Aztec Camera, Narcs, Car Crash Set, Axemen, SPK.

90 Lou Reed, Go-Between, Paul Hewson, Topp Twins.

91 Neil Young, Giorgio Moroder, Waterboys, David Puttnam, Freudian Slips, Electric Pandas.

92 Hunters and Collectors, Lloyd Cole, Pelicans, Peter Garrett, Left Right & Centre, Economic Wizards.

93 Dance Exponents, Huey Lewis, Robert Palmer (Power Station), Peking Man, Circus Block 4, This Kind Of Punishment.

94 New Order interview, Iron Maiden, Strangers, Johnny's, Michael Winslow, Plans For A Building.

95 Chills, Killing Joke, Dazz Band, Expendables, Jason & the Scorchers, Last Man Down.

96 Netherworld Dancing Toys, China Crisis, Robert Plant, Doublehappys, Kiwi Animal, Nils Lofgren.

97 Bryan Ferry, Dynamic Hepnotics, Men At Work, Bats, Shrekack.

98 Mockers, Mental As Anything, Reggae, John Bootman, Bird Nest Boys.

99 Narcs, Bangles, REM, Jerry Harrison, Christchurch in Spring.

100 NZ Music 1977-85, RIU's Believe It Or Not.

Tina Turner, Damned.

101 Verlaines, Drongos, Sam Hunt, WASP.

102 Thompson Twins, Tom Petty, Violent Femmes, Chills.

103 Feargal Sharkey, INXS, Fetus Productions.

104 Atlantic Soul, Bob Dylan, Stevie Ray, Go-Betweens, BFM LP, Johnny's, Roy Harper.

105 Hunters & Collectors, Tim Finn, Flesh D-Vice, Kiwis in Oz, Nico.

106 DU Smash, National Anthem, Terry Gilliam, Music Quota, Orange, Every-thing That Flies, Chrome Safari.

107 Peking man, Amy Grant, Cramps, Martin Plaza, Psychic Pet Healers, Ruby Turner, Ardjab.

108 Poques, Bats, Flamin Groovies, Wilko Johnson, Braille, Tex Pistol.

109 Young Ones' Yv, Cramps, Residents, Herbs, Fetus Film, Saints.

110 Patea Maori Club, Husker Du, Patti Labelle, Art of Noise, Last Man Down, Alpaca Bros.

111 Simple Minds, Dance Exponents, Shriekback, Dwight Yoakam, Jason & Scorchers, Texas Rangers, Screaming Blue Messiahs.

112 Genesis, Def Jam, OMD, Jean-Paul Sartre, Manawatu.

113 Hello Sailor, Sneaky Feelings, Dream Syndicate, Frankie.

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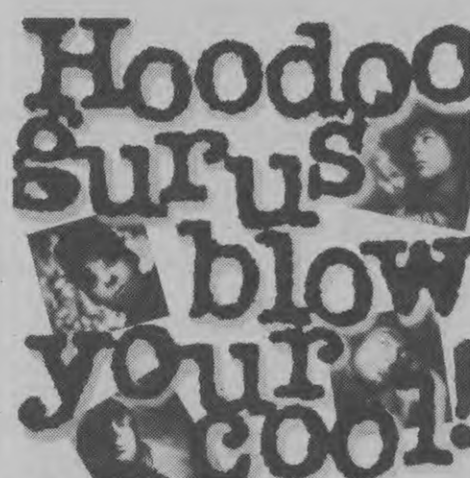
HUSKER DU Warehouse: Songs and Stories

This notorious threesome from Minneapolis deliver an awesome double album — 20 new songs from one of the most powerful groups to ever turn on amplifiers — just as essential as Husker Du's *Candy Apple Grey*.



SIMPLY RED Men and Women

This British sextet were right on the mark with last year's *Picture Book* and Mick Hucknall is in fine form on first single 'The Right Thing' 'Infidelity' a collaboration with Motown legend Lamont Dozier and Bunny Wailer's 'Love Fire'. This eagerly awaited album is gloriously produced by Alex Sadkin.



HOODOO GURUS Blow Your Cool

Aussie's minstrels of cool groove are back with another fine platter — new single 'What's My Scene' to 'Good Times' to 'Hell For Leather' to 'Party Machine' it's *Blow Your Cool* all the way!



FLEETWOOD MAC Tango in the Night

The supergroup returns, the talents merge with first single 'Big Love' reflecting the energy of Lindsey Buckingham. Two new Stevie Nicks gems are 'Seven Wonders' and 'Welcome to the Room... Sara' and Christine McVie has co-penned 'Little Lies'. A remarkable return to form.



THE DAMNED Anything

The energy of '77 rocks on with Dave Vanian, Rat Scabies et al as the Damned conquer new heights. Includes 'In Dulce Decorum' from the Miami Vice soundtrack album, 'Psychomania', and singles 'Gigolo' and 'Alone Again Or'.



SHEILA E. Sheila E.

The third album by Ms. Escovedo produced by herself and David Z. On drums is Paisley Park record company boss, Prince. Hot tracks include 'Love On A Blue Train', 'Soul Salsa' and 'One Day I'm Gonna Make You Mine'.



CLUB NOUVEAU Life, Love & Pain

From the production team associated with Timex Social Club's hit comes Club Nouveau with their chart-topping remake of Bill Withers' 'Lean on Me' and 'Jealousy'. Cool, clean funkiness abounds...



CHRIS ISAAK Chris Isaak

This eponymous second album follows one of 1986's finest debuts Isaak's *Silverstone*. As well as fine originals 'You Owe Me Some Kind of Love', 'This Love Will Last' and 'Lie To Me', Isaak does a killer version of the Yardbirds' 'Heart Full of Soul'.



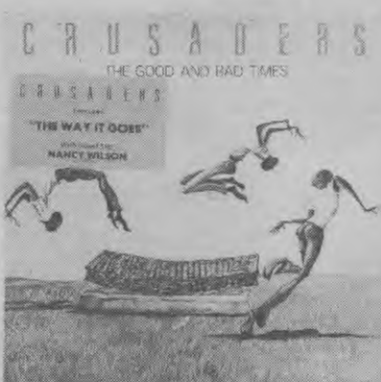
LOU GRAMM Ready Or Not

The first solo album by the highly-regarded Foreigner lead singer Lou Gramm. The album is produced by Pat Moran who produces Robert Plant and on lead guitar is Nils Lofgren.



TESLA Mechanical Resonance

Heavy metal on the Geffen label from this dynamic five-piece. Great tracks include 'Ez Come Ez Go', 'Cumin' Atcha Live', 'Rock Me to the Top' and 'Modern Day Cowboy'. Production chores are by Steve Thompson and Michael Barbiero.



CRUSADERS The Good & Bad Times

Joe Sample and Wilton Felder are back as the Crusaders with another superb jazz-funk outing. Guest vocalist is Nancy Wilson who rekindles the magic of 'Streets' on 'The Way It Goes'. Musos include Larry Carlton and David T. Walker.



HANK WILLIAMS JR. Hank Live

A racey live album from his '86 tour with Hank originals 'Man of Steel', 'My Name is Bocephus', country rock classics 'Sweet Home Alabama' and 'La Grange', 'House of the Rising Sun' and some of his father's songs.



BREAKFAST CLUB Breakfast Club

The band featuring talented Madonna collaborator/producer Steven Bray. Songwriting is by Bray and guitarist Dan Gilroy. Ace producers Howie Rice, Jimmy Iovine and Deodato are also involved and Breakfast Club cover Philly soul classic 'Expressway to Your Heart'.



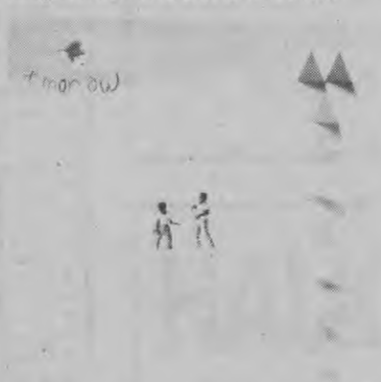
KLYMAXX Klymaxx

The ladies from the Ladies Room funk back with another goodie with such truckin' tracks as 'Man Size Love', 'Sexy' (with George Clinton producing) and slinky ballads. Tasty stuff.



NEW EDITION Under the Blue Moon

This talented group revisit some oldies — 'Earth Angel', 'Duke of Earl', 'Blue Moon' — original vocalist Little Anthony guests on their remake of the Imperials' 'Tears on My Pillow'. With the excellent production of Freddie Perren, New Edition bring these songs alive and kicking into the 80s.



HUGH MASEKELA with Kalahari Tomorrow

A new album from the legendary South African trumpeter/composer who appeared on Paul Simon's *Graceland* speaks to the battle against apartheid in his homeland with a fiery determination. Includes 'Bring Him Back Home', an ode to Nelson Mandela.



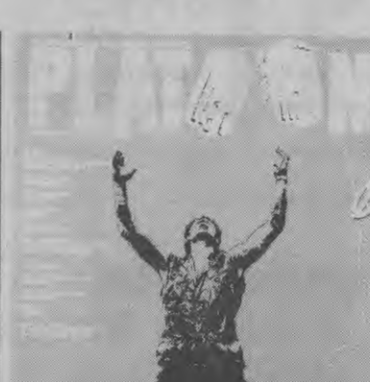
DOLLY PARTON, LINDA RONSTADT & EMMYLOU HARRIS The Trio

This all star trio are joined by all-star band — Albert Lee, Ry Cooder, Bill Payne, David Lindley etc — on a collection of new and old tunes including Phil Spector's 'To Know Him is to Love Him' and Linda Thompson's 'Telling Me Lies'.



DWIGHT YOAKAM Hillbilly Deluxe

More authentic, rootsy, mountain-grown country music from the dude who brought you *Guitars, Cadillacs Etc.* With same band and producer here's a new collection of Dwight originals and covers. First single is Elvis' 'Little Sister'.



PLATOON Movie Soundtrack

This collection includes Samuel Barber's theme and tracks from the Academy Award winning film such as Smokey Robinson's 'Tracks of My Tears', Doors' 'Hello I Love You', Merle Haggard's 'Okie from Muskogee' and Jefferson Starship's 'White Rabbit' and five additional classic hits from the 1966-68 Vietnam era.

Rumours

Christchurch

Ex-Solitude **Chris Tindall's Burning House Promotions** is booking bands into the Old Star Tavern and the Playroom, opening early week for local bands ... Nostalgia seems to have been the theme recently at the Playroom, with both **Roco Cola** and **The Edge** (complete with **Dick Driver**) reforming briefly for a couple of early week nights each ... there has been a whisper of a semi-resident band filling in at the Playroom on weekends when touring bands are lacking.

Business at **Audio Access** has improved immensely with a large influx of bands, (including **Mea Culpa** and **Small Rifleman**) making use of the studio, which no longer is thinking of closing its doors ... **Fallsafe's** new portable recording facilities are being put to good use by the **Greens, Rue, Chamelias** and **Jawp** and the **Rhubarb Collective** — all of whom are now being managed by **Rob Mayes**.

Flying Nun's Gary Cope is now in Germany with the **Chills** and will be overseeing Nun operations in Europe. Meanwhile partner **Roger Shepherd** is hunting for a new home for the label as their

premises in the Square have to be vacated. Flying Nun releases coming up include a **Max Block** EP and a **Bats** compilation tape ... the **Bats** report they have plenty of new songs and will record at Nightshade in early April for an LP release in July (half of which will be stuff recorded last year in Glasgow). They're currently mixing two tracks recorded live at Horrelville Hall for a US compilation. Watch for them in **RWP's** coverage of the Palmerston Nth rock festival. Oh, and didya see the Dec 6, '86 **NME** rave review of 'Made Up in Blue'?

Jean-Paul Sartre Experience have been performing occasionally as a three-piece while **David Yeaton** is in England. Dave's absence hasn't stopped the band from recording their first album. They're planning an Oz tour with the **Bats** ... anyone having trouble keeping their posters up round town should contact **Phantom Promotions** (ph 65 374), who seem to have the situation under control.

Hammerack's Hard Rock Fever tape is available from Grunt Records, PO Box 291, Timaru, for \$11.90 plus \$2.25 p&p. The band's guitarist **Jamie Dickson** has moved to Christchurch and has teamed up with **Steve Townsend** (ex-Fat Sally); they're in search of a vocalist and bass player. Ring Chch 68 955 or 820 248.

Nightshift has a new studio and will be running a series of weekend courses aimed at helping musicians get a better understanding of studio work. Those interested, phone Arnold at 810 955 ... **Jazz Earthquake** at the Playroom raised a sizeable sum for the earthquake fund ... **Max Block**, the **Sacred Sisters** and the **Indians** are three of the bands performing at the **Aids Benefit Concert** at the Venue on April 11 ... **Rony Peake** is back from overseas ... new bands around include **Point Blank**, **Silhowetas** and **Jawp** and the **Rhubarb Collective** ... the **Curious George Club** is a new alternative venue at varsity; curious performers should contact Andrew at 583 925 ... and ... there is possibility of a single from the near-legendary **Paddy Parton** and the **Saddle Hoons** eventuating ... so stay tuned! **John Greenfield**

Dunedin

This Kind of Punishment have finally finished their new album, completing mixing last month. **Peter Jefferies** also recently recorded an instrumental album with guitarist **Jono Lonie**. Both records are being cut this month, along with an EP from the **Rip** ... about 300 people attended a recent Basement Sounds' organised festival at Chingford Park, featur-

ing, among others **Lets Get Naked**, the **Moon**, the tentatively-titled **Chumbs**, **Aardvark** and **Cactus Club**. The latter plan to go vinyl soon.

New rockabilly/country types and recent support for the Johnnys, **Giddy Up & Go**, consist of Gary Muir, bass; Alistair Anderson, drums; Jim Taylor, gtr ... the soon-to-be-released EP by the **Moas** has been christened 'Spaz Out With the Moas' ... **Dead C** are putting the finishing touches on their forthcoming tape release **Max Harris** ... new(ish) bands around town include **ABC** and **Pink Polyester**. **The Cartilage Family**

North

Contributing to the next **Car Crash Set** single will be several members of **Shriekback** while they're on tour this month ... a **Music Centre Trust** is being formed in Auckland to try and solve some of the problems facing young bands — lack of live venues and rehearsal rooms, cheap demo studios, advice and facilities. They're looking for a base in town and money to fund the trust. A fundraising gig will be held at Devonport's Esplanade on Easter Monday featuring the **Barbs**, **Doubting Thomases**, **Fish for Life** and **Graham Brazier** ... a winter venue for hardcore music will be

the **Industrial Club** situated, appropriately, in Penrose.

Kim Willoughby, former Gurl, current Cat and star of **Queen City Rocker**, has joined **Soul on Ice** as lead vocalist ... **Wayne Gillespie's New Locations** band now features **Narc Steve Clarkson** on drums, **Peking Man's Tim Calder** bass, **Nigel Gavin** guitar, **Denny Stanway** vocals, and **Rick Roberston** on sax. They'll be touring the South Island in May ... **Johnny Specific** now features **Lyn Buchanan** on drums, **Ross McDermott** bass, and **DD Smash's Gary Verberne** on guitar.

Are You Lonesome Tonight, the Elvis tribute musical by **Boys from the Blackstuff** writer Alan Bleasdale, is to be produced in NZ from June for four months. The producers, a new company called **Encore**, are looking for performers. The two lead roles are Elvis aged 22 and Elvis at 42, plus there are about a dozen other male and female parts. Auditions (held recently in Auckland and Christchurch) take place in Dunedin on April 9, and Wellington on April 11, 12 & 13. Ring **Encore** at 04-847284 ... **Herbs** recently received a platinum disc (15,000 sales) for **Long Ago**. A second one shouldn't be too far off — the LP has now sold 23,000 copies ... **Otis Mace** and the **Psychic Pet Healers** have a new bassist for this month's tour

— **Peter Hanneveld**.

Palmerston North's **Thin Red Line** are recording their debut LP at Mascot next month, with **Phil Yule** producing. Their lineup is now Dave White, keyboards; Greg Finucane, guitar; Jim Lovell-Smith, vocals; Kirsten Finucane, bass; Valerie Wycroft, vocals ... **Waihi's Ebony Sye** have finished recording their LP at Progressive; new to the band is second keyboardist Neil Pepper.

Wellington news: contrary to rumour the **Jonahs** have not split. They have recorded an EP at Frontier and are negotiating its release ... the **Wild Poppies** debut album **Heroine** is on Skank Records ... **Number Nine** have recorded an LP **Nowhere Fast** and plan to tour soon ... **Skank Attack** will tour the North Island soon to promote their EP; they play the Gluepot on April 22 ... the **Cattlebirds** and **Crawbilly Creeps** made the most of the Texas Rangers' absence at Orientation ... the **Manson Family** and **Wazzo Ghoti** had a successful weekend at the Clyde Quay recently. The Saturday night gig was recorded on the **Skeptics** new 16-track mobile (ph 04-850985) ... the **Primates** album is out on Onset/Offset ... **Flesh D-Vice** have had a newly recorded LP licensed in the US which will be available here only as an import thru Jayrem.

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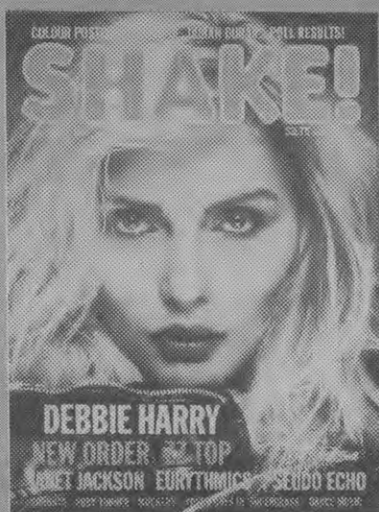
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"At least it didn't rain." Thus spake Scabies of the Damned before they launched into another hard-driving rock song.

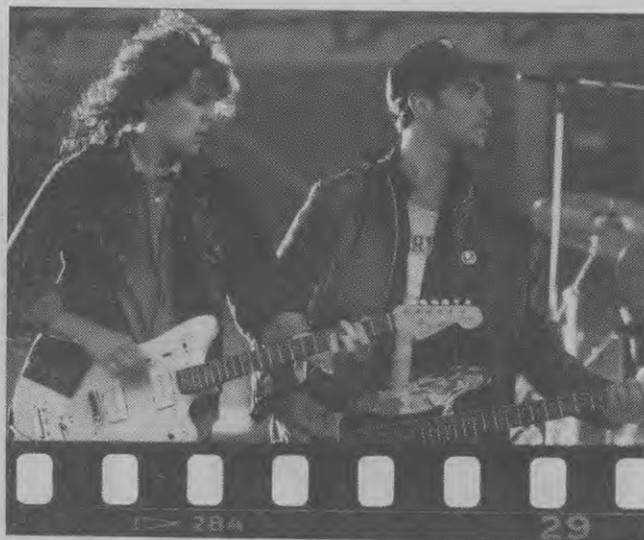
Well Ratty it was sunshine for all of the afternoon and the light-breeze-that-was died just before the air force did a flypast. The crowds weren't there, perhaps it was the boredom/fear of a drunken crowd which kept them away — they need not have feared, there was an alcohol ban on which tempered things nicely.

The Event — the afternoon starts timely with three bands from Meltdown Records. The first, the End, have no problem in dedicating each song to someone or something, proving you too can be roadweary in Palmie. 'Locked' stands out — those hills do crowd! Cement Garden follows. Again from Palmie, these lads show that music exists in the in-land. 'Sunday Morning' is a winner with its melancholic, wistful rolls. Bliss.

'Too Slow to Go' shows that the Pterodactyls are in tune. The Auckland band burlesques their way through a set with some brave bass playing during 'Germs' and 'Cockroaches'. Meaningful stuff from the city of the white ant. Three Leaning Men do not thrill. Abrupt chord changes, art rock stuff. This band sure isn't here to win friends, their music barely accessible — a poem to Vince Martin saves the day with a wonderful 60s Doors feel.

Vroom go the jets and the Bats follow suit. The charming four-piece outfit headed by Robert Scott and driven by Paul Kean proved a highlight with counterpoint harmonies, rolling beats and people are dancing! 'Made Up in Blue' is great, as is 'Block of Wood' and 'North by North' is a fitting finale.

With the arrival of Jordan Luck and his Dance Exponents the crowd really take off and Jordan has them singing and waving hands, "even though I'm blue." The sound tends to merge though, with the bass player thrashing each song into a thumbs'n'thud exercise and guitarist Chris Sheehan, although proving that he can



Dance Exponents Chris Sheehan, Dave Gent.

play, attacks each song with a mallet of sound. 'Victoria' will survive through anything and 'Where's Harry Ratbag' is one song where everybody enjoys themselves.

It's never too late for Herbs, and the audience are treated to a beautiful mixture of soft, easy rhythms, quite different to the rock'n'roll order of the day. This band deserves their cultural ambassadorship of last year, albeit honorary. 'Nuclear Waste' and Taj Mahal's 'Everybody is Somebody' proven beautiful songs and the crowd responds. The importance of this band is atmosphere and their spot in the dying sun is a fitting tribute, for it surrounds their music with the pink glow of an Aotearoa sunset — imagine the sway of the ocean current and you've got the mood. This band is great.

Paul Kelly is a brave man starting and finishing his set with slow songs — the beautiful 'Randwick Bells' to start and 'Maralinga' to finish. Like Herbs, this man is at-mosphere. A stage presence which demands your attention and a band that won't let your mind wander. Most of the set's off the double album *Gossip* and except for a few lost rhythms the band is tight as. The crowd knows these songs and so they should, PK should go down in folk history as one of the few troubadour/poets of the Pacific and I wish him all the best. Great singing — three-

part harmonies even! — the sax player blows gas like he's fit to burn and the drummer keeps things bouncing along. Kelly himself seems a man happy, he's found his place on the stage and the only way from here is up. Australia has rock'n'soul!

Yeehah, it's the Johnnys. Ear piercing proclamations and many beery salutes see a set of self parody through. Ol' Spence sure can whip up a treat on his gat and Hoody beats his bass into submission. None of the 'I Got the Hoss' and She Got the Saddle' laments from these fellahs. Great renditions of 'Showdown', 'The Day Marty Robbins Died' and 'Injun Joe', while the newie 'Elvisly Yours' pays homage to a thousand highway songs and sounds better than any of them. Loud'n'proud, eh boys! The Clean's 'Anything Can Happen' closes the set and the Johnnys lurch off to more turps'nburps.

The Damned prove to be the pros of the day, launching into their set which is sure sound and rapid fire, but it all tends to sound the same. These guys may have been punk once but now it's glam rock and beat which doesn't bop. The "crowd" is already half gone.

Thanks Peter Shepherd, a well-organised and managed concert. The only criticism of the day is levelled to the reader — where were you? It was a great farewell to the summer sun.

Tim Byrne

ZZ Top

Western Springs, March 14

Okay, already, what's with all this enraged yuppie bit, the *Star* with its Wild Youth on Rampage paranoia, and the talkback shows full of declining poverty values. Give us a break ferchristsake.

Seemed like a nice bunch of people to me, a real community, of sorts, like a Woodstock for V8 boys. The Texan trio gave us a nice bit of high-powered blues in the night, with Billy Gibbons demonstrating that beneath all the technology of the latest albums, the guitar remains king, and the basic beauty of the blues will never change.

Opening with a crunching 'Got Me Under Pressure', things never let up, moving from the hi-tech boogie of 'Sleeping Bag' and the pounding 'Can't Stop Rocking' to old favourites like 'Jesus Never Left Chicago' and a great version of 'La Grange' — just magic. It was amazing just how many songs this band has done over the years, and perhaps it is only now that they are really hitting their peak with stuff like 'Legs' being a contemporary classic, and being one of the highlights of this particular show, next to the tender rendering of 'Rough Boy' and the funky 'I Wouldn't Touch it With a Ten Foot Pole' (about the *Star* perhaps).

The boys looked real good, but it was a hard job getting a look at drummer Frank Beard hidden in the back, the dance steps were cool and crowd reaction was hot. Everybody had fun doing the 'Tube Snake Boogie' and 'Tush' was the ultimate in boogie down. I can't wait to see them again.

Jimmy Barnes was also impressive, with a bit of rockabilly in 'Rising Sun' and the massive anthem of 'Working Class Man.' When Michael Hutchence teamed up with Jimbo for 'Good Times' the place went wild. Yep, there's nothing better than a huge helping of blues and boogie.

Kerry Buchanan

The Happy Accident

Maidment Theatre, March 6

Alternative entertainers' state of the art gang show, grim overtones (the performance was dedicated to Johnny Pierce) spiced with wild and wacky humour. This update of the Nitpickers Picnic was characterised by rare sincerity and spontaneity.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

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Live

'LIVE' FROM PAGE 32

Agnes of Dog, comic duo Terry (aka Rupert E Taylor aka Birdsnest Warwick) and Trish (Maxine Phlegm) on loan from the Titoki Opera Society, bridged eight varied media acts with tap dancing, an illustrated rendition of 'There's a Place for Us' (and the Kids) and their original Dunedin feminist rock group the Four Tits with live go-go hostages from the audience.

During interval, in their false teeth and dahlia decorated dressing room, Trish confessed "When you're improvising you don't know what you'll do next!" Terry: "It'll be drugs and booze next — think of the Kids, Trish. I wouldn't have wasted the money on the petrol if I'd known she'd go like this."

Massive Stereo hid behind wigs, a fire curtain and hulking hi-tech equipment to play absolutely soulless industrial machines. Steve Roach, I'm surprised at you.

Gaskrankenstation are the revamped Stalker Stilt Theatre. Interior space doesn't suit the scale of their performance, but witty costumes and apposite music gave charm to their Salt, Pepper and Little Tomato characterisations. They reappeared as silhouette performers in Jac Dwyer's Shadow Theatre, a visually gorgeous blend of Indonesian tradition and contemporary imagination with gothic narration.

The Te Kani Kani o te Rangatahi dancers featured in several items. Their crazy hoedown 'Mountain Dance' was an exuberant exercise in creative kinetics, the whole complex rhythm pattern winding down to a sandwich break as the munching troupe wandered off the stage.

Chris Knox gave his most intense and convincing performance in years — a courageous self-revelation, sung, chanted and howled autobiography with a cyclic background video of Chris's haircuts and growth.

Barbie, in a dual persona costume, presented original poetry — Ophelia's mad scene, scatological not herbal.

Graeme (Humphries) and the USSR featured piano and violin. Outstanding — anti-propagandist

'God Had a Megaphone' with slides and dancers making a political statement about the media.

Headless Chickens made the meatiest musical offering of the evening — fiercest talent in Auckland today, gloomy, sensuous, with screwy intellect and muscular impact — buy their record. Women in white with movies projected on their aprons writhed up the aisles for the final song 'Slice' (of your diseased whakapapa) while dancers staged a bizarre family reunion and stilted on stage.

The Happy Accident presented a refreshingly real showcase of cooperative creativity by performers outside the commercial mainstream. Hopefully an annual event.

Jewel Sanyo

Greg Hickman Memorial Playroom, Christchurch, March 3

When a personality as charismatic as Greg "Bags" Hickman passes away, it's a sad occasion for many people. When that personality is someone as involved with music as Bags there is only one thing to do — have a damn good party (or schlonging, as Bags would put it).

And a good party it was, with Fat Sally leading off by blasting a few cobwebs away with their own brand of heavy metal. Songs such as 'Ballroom Blitz' kept conversations to a strained minimum and one was left to wonder about the strange line of headbanging individuals lined up at the front of the stage.

By the time Neat Little Knockers (surely one of the longest lasting covers bands) came on, the dance floor was packed. Although Kevin Emmett remained on drums, as he did most of the night, and Brent Williams' guitar screamed through the likes of Van Halen's version of 'Pretty Woman', the Knockers weren't quite as heavy as Fat Sally and would appear to have adopted a 'cowboy' stance, with songs by the Hoodoo Gurus, the Johnnys and Jason and the Scorchers being predominant.

The Edge (minus Dick Driver) raced through a short set of their "classics" and had everyone singing along with their ode to punk 'Oi!'. They were joined by Robin and Dale from Boy, who managed a couple of songs before the event

became a free-for-all with various musicians (including Don Rae, Jordan, Eddie Olsen, Rhys Dagg, Lesley Birnie) invading the stage to contribute to the chaotic version of 'Wild Thing' and 'Gimme Some Lovin' which ended the night.

One got the feeling of being back in the old Aranui on a Saturday afternoon, when having a good time was more important than questioning the validity of covers bands, which is the only way to remember a good friend to local music. All profits from both Monday (which featured Roco Cola, the Rodgers and just as much schlonging) and Tuesday nights went to Greg's family.

John Greenfield

Orientation Mardi Gras Albert Park, Auckland, March 8

The weather was fine, crowd thick and various, dogs docile, but the entertainment less inspiring than that which we might expect from such an established group of musicians. Probably the explanation for the relative inertia lies in the fact that many of them had performed the night before to the better of their ability at the Maidment — and a sunny Sunday is very energy-depleting.

The whole afternoon started slow, as the starting time of noon meandered into 1.30 while the collecting crowd were subjected to the setting-up of the PA. The Abel Tasman broke into the afternoon in half-strength, both in numbers and commitment, but changed their line-up often enough to keep up a sort of momentum. Graeme Humphries' magical fingers moved a little slower than usual, although I must admit to being captivated by the 'BBQ' song, even in its bastardised version. And indeed, to being a fan of the Abels at their best.

Even the vivacious Topp Twins were rather subdued, although their set after Dead Famous People picked up some energy. DFP should try for more interest in their vocals, and I found their version of 'Age of Aquarius' odious and flat, on par with the current remake of 'Funky Town', but they did some lovely instrumental work, and I suspect would be tighter all round in different circumstances.

The Bats proved a good finish to the afternoon — even the sun

came out and even the semi-cool dropped their pretensions to dance. Robert Scott's vocals were mixed too loud for my liking, especially as he can't hold a tune too well, but I think the crowd were relieved to be able to tap along.

Gaskrankenstation, with the stilt-walkers, seemed to be the only entertainment apart from bands, and again, the setting limited their impact, especially for those who had seen them the night before under lights and with a much superior PA. Maybe there was other stuff after the Bats, but I fled.

A pleasant enough way to spend an afternoon, and the fact that none of the acts put on much of an act was due to poor organisation and a generally slack attitude rather than lack of talent. Still, the crowd remained quiet, and that's the most that any good citizen can hope for.

Christine Rogers

Abbey's Star Quest Whangarei Skating Rink, March 29

Haven't you always wanted to be Phil Warren in *Studio One*? "Listen, Maurice and Mabel, don't wear nylon cardies on TV ... did you knit them yourselves?" But hell it's hard work being a judge at a "battle of the bands" talent quest; I didn't know when I was dragged from the scratcher at 6.30am on a Sunday that it'd be 3.30am Monday before I saw home again. By that time 20 bands had passed before my eyes and ears, 20 bands, five songs each, with ever-lengthening turnarounds ... Thankfully (don't all judges say this?) the bands were all of a remarkably high standard and extremely well rehearsed. Only the songs let them down — out of 100 songs, only half a dozen originals stood out.

So, Ladies and Gentlemen, put your hands together for ...

Whangarei's Short Story were first up, a two-piece playing laid-back Dire Straits/Gray Bartlett guitar lines against a drum machine. From Ruawai came Joe Public, fast punk rhythm guitar, a great drum sound and sludgy bass. Lots of energy but a bit dense. Trax from Kaikohe would fill the dancefloor playing their covers in a pub: INXS, Jason & Scorchers, and a bulldozer version of Billy Idol's 'White Wedding'. Blind Ambition from Whangarei seemed to emulate Pat

Benatar, but vocalist Maria Turner was relegated to tambourine after the first number. Their energy was hampered by the songs, though the Gary Moore cover was well sung. Puhoi power trio Jura put their heads down and steam-rolled away like Cream, good improvisations, but very indulgent. I get the feeling they went away smiling.

Feeling woozy and battered? A quick quiz — who were the first band on? C'mon, buck up — there's 15 bands to go!

Candy Apple Grey (Whangarei) presented muscle bound rock, needing more life, especially in the bass. Take a hint: the Church cover sounds better than the Cure; there's more to work with. Auckland's Jack Pudding were a pleasant surprise. Looking like 1982 — with a haircut on synth out front — and needing polish, but with plenty of potential, as shown by 'The Pirate Song'. The frontman Graeme Rhodes worked hard to be interesting, and best of all, sung his dark visions in tune. Tony Crawford's New Era Band was actually just Tony with a Darth Vader-like rack of machinery. But what a voice! Steve Winwood singing 'Every One's a Winner' and 'Hey Jude' to a backing track. Tony, loosen up, get a band, and cream it. Warkworth's Zig Zag had a grumpy vocalist, built like a brick skinhead, and a fine choice in covers: 'My Generation' and (I) Paul Kelly's 'Darling It Hurts'. The Pegs stood out, a well-rehearsed Auckland Byrds, with good harmony singing, accessible melodies and fine songs. Assured and capable, its time to go vinyl!

Halfway there! On come Liverpool Direct, exuberant local Beatle freaks, with fine, note-perfect versions of 'Day Tripper', and 'I Saw Her Standing There', but really guys, you look like the new Knack. After a long long break came Stick No Bills from Auckland, with female vocalist in jodhpurs out front, confidence and ability shone from all five, though they need a catchy song and more light and shade in their set. Pahi's Mike Nettman Trio with Carol Power were the odd ones out — restaurant jazz, excellent but bland players. Dodgy vocalist but great bassist Richard Hammond; the crowd loved his solo. But ... 'My Favourite Things'? What's — John Coltrane? NZ's David Lee Roth has been found!

He's Nicholas York Whittingham, midriff-baring lion-maned vocalist from Auckland's Red Adair. Anthemic HM from a Queen-ish band of narcissists; sadly, form without content — the songs need tightening, and less clichés — follow the bassist's individuality, not the frontman's posing. Auckland's Dark Harbour are a covers band, but vocalist Marty Clark was the discovery of the day. A great, true, blues voice. The band added something to the unstoppable 'I Feel Good', though the rhythm guitarist should let things breathe a little.

On the home straight now, with Auckland's Jamboree — a very professional stage manner, but a disappointing live act after their excellent recent EP. The songs get rather tedious, and the strong rhythm section doesn't make up for the weak vocals. Seven Deadly Sins were next, with the sound of Auckland soul, and they shone like a diamond in a day of heavy rock. Superb, crisp, airy playing, with plenty of feel. Two great covers — 'Shaft' theme and a Rufus track — but best of all, two excellent songs of their own, particularly 'Standing on the Edge'. Whangarei's Bad Baby were a rarity — a blues trio based around a woman vocalist/guitarist. But really, pretty ordinary. Things were beginning to feel like Mainstreet on a Monday, and I craved for a fast forward button. The Dolphins brought a nice groove with them from Auckland, but the first song (and vocalist) was the highlight; good bass player and saxist. Finally, nearing midnight, Auckland's The Keep were dirgey, but with good qualities — melodies, sounds and vocals — but a weak rhythm section. 'Moonlighting' was a standout.

Organiser, start the engine of the getaway car! Ladies and Gentlemen, the Winners! First (\$3000 from local garage Abbey's, plus 10 hours at Harlequin Studios) — Seven Deadly Sins. Second (\$1000 from Abbey's) — Dark Harbour. Third (\$500) — Stick No Bills. The prize for best original song (\$1000) was a tie between Jack Pudding and the Pegs. Now, a round of applause for the fellow judges for keeping spirits up all day: Debbie Harwood, Trevor Reekie, Liam Ryan, Dianne Swann and Margaret Ulrich.

Chris Bourke

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Cats on Tour

Following their record-breaking weekend at the Gluepot recently, When the Cat's Away goes on a nationwide tour this month. The tour finishes up at Auckland's His Majesty's, where from May 15 to 23 they'll be part of a 10-show cabaret *Disturbing the Peace*. Also featured are Limbs, the Topp Twins, and illusionist Tim Woon. The Cats show is a stunning, rollicking two hour rock cabaret featuring dozens of favourite songs — including many NZ classics — sung by five top female vocalists (from left): Dianne Swann, Debbie Harwood, Kim Wiloughby, Margaret Ulrich and Annie Crummer.

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April 9

Funny Business Gluepot
Hurricane Civic
Blue Rhythm Hounds Gluepot Cnr
Tall Dark, Corben
Simpson Performance
Let's Get Naked Cricketers
King Crimson debut, 1969.

9, 10, 11

Satellite Spies Wildlife
Bouncers Limbs Theatre, Auckland

10

Shriekback Galaxy
Mockers New Plymouth
Hurricane Civic
Neon Quaver Gluepot Cnr
Farrelli Bros Performance
Rodger Fox, Gary Grant, Bill Reichenbach Gluepot
Backdoor Blues Band Cricketers
Stu Sutcliffe, RIP 1962.

11

Shriekback Galaxy
Jura Civic
Mockers New Plymouth
Backdoor Blues Band Cricketers
Mango, Johnny Specific Gluepot Cnr
Farrelli Bros Performance
James Brown's 'Please Please Please' charts, 1956

12

Satellite Spies underage rage Wildlife (2pm)
Max Block, Sacred Sisters, Indians Venue, Chch
The Urge, TVC Performance
Dave Hollis Java Jive
Bouncers Auckland
Jan & Dean's Jan Berry receives draft letter, has car crash, 1966

13

Shriekback Hamilton
Al Hunter Shakespeare
Otis Mace & Psychic Pet Healers, David Eggleton Cricketers
Modern Times Gluepot
Rodger Fox, Bill Reichenbach, Gary Grant Hamilton
Meg & Fones Gluepot Cnr
The Urge, TVC Performance

14

Wayne Gillespie's New Locations Pumphouse
Out of Nowhere Gluepot
Bermuda Performance
Rodger Fox, Bill Reichenbach, Gary Grant Hamilton
Actual Size Cricketers
Otis Mace & Psychic PH, David Eggleton Massey Uni
Bay City Roller Eric Faulkner attempts suicide, 1976.

15

Toots Suite Gluepot Cnr
Cheek to Cheek, TVC Performance
Actual Size Cricketers
Otis Mace & Psychic PH Victoria Uni
Bouncers Auckland
'Puff the Magic Dragon' declared dope song, 1971.

16

Hunters & Collectors, Straitjacket Fits Galaxy
The Keep Civic
Crunchy Something, Apehangers, Screaming Pope, Four Commandments Gluepot
Stormbringer Cricketers
Cheek to Cheek, TVC Performance
Blue Rhythm Hounds Gluepot Cnr
Bats, Otis Mace & Psychic PH, David Eggleton Cnty Uni

17

Hunters & Collectors, Straitjacket Fits Galaxy
Mockers Palmerston N
Rodger Fox, Bill Reichenbach, Gary Grant Tauranga
Otis Mace & Psychic PH, David Eggleton Mt Cook
The Band make live debut, Winterland, 1969.

18

Crunchy Something, Apehangers, Screaming Pope, Four Commandments Gluepot
The Keep Civic
Stormbringers Cricketers
Mockers Palmerston N
Rodger Fox etc Tauranga
Mango, Johnny Specific Gluepot Cnr
Otis Mace & Psychic PH, David Eggleton Timaru
Yes split, 1981

19

Dance Exponents, Guava Groove, Yesmen Galaxy
Brazier's Legionnaires Wildlife
Rodger Fox etc Tauranga
Otis Mace & Psychic PH, David Eggleton Chippendale Hs
Bouncers Auckland
'The Hustle' enters charts; disco born 1975.

20

Sneaky Feelings, Battling Strings, Crunchy Something, Apehangers, Screaming Pope, Four Commandments Gluepot
Barbs, Doubting Thomases, Fish for Life Esplanade
Bats, Breathing Cage, Max Block Chch
Al Hunter Shakespeare
Meg & Fones Gluepot Cnr
Otis Mace & PPH Clyde

21

Otis Mace & Psychic PH, David Eggleton Gore
Rodger Fox, Bill Reichenbach, Gary Grant Nelson
Iggy Pop, 40 today.

22

Skank Attack Gluepot
Harry Death Chippendale Hs
Laundrettes Cricketers
Otis Mace & Psychic PH, David Eggleton Invercargill
Bouncers Auckland
Troggs release 'Wild Thing'; recorded in one take, 1966.

23

Jamboree Civic
Rodger Fox etc Greymouth
Otis Mace & Psychic PH Chch
Laundrettes Cricketers
Harry Death Chippendale
Sid Vicious films 'My Way', 1978.

23, 24, 25

James Griffen & Subterraneans Gluepot
Bouncers Limbs Theatre,

24

Seven Deadly Sins Civic
Midge Marsden Wildlife
Mockers Napier
Three Leaning Men, Pterodactyls Cricketers
Crawbilly Creeps Picton
Underground Mega Show Railway Hall, Wn
Otis Mace & Psychic PH Chch
Rodger Fox etc Timaru
Ray Stevens releases 'The Streak', 1974.

25

Seven Deadly Sins Civic
Midge Marsden Wildlife
Mockers Gisborne
Three Leaning Men, Pterodactyls Cricketers
Crawbilly Creeps Chch
Johnny Specific Gluepot Cnr
Rodger Fox etc Dunedin
Pamela Morrison, Jim's video, ODs age 27, 1974.

26

Big Silence Java Jive
Otis Mace & Psychic Pet Healers, David Eggleton Ashburton
Rodger Fox etc Invercargill
Bouncers Auckland
Joe Strummer abandons the Clash for three weeks in Paris, 1982.

27

Modern Times Jazz Gluepot
Al Hunter Shakespeare
Crawbilly Creeps Playroom, Chch
511 Pink Floyd fans busted at LA concert, 1973.

28

Crawbilly Creeps Chch
Tom Donahue, father of FM radio, dies 1982.

29

Public Works Variety Special Gluepot
Crawbilly Creeps Timaru
Rodger Fox, Bill Reichenbach, Gary Grant Chch
Bouncers Auckland
Aretha releases 'Respect', 1967.

30

When the Cat's Away Masterton
Crawbilly Creeps Timaru
Lester Bangs, gonzo rock critic, dies 1982.

30, 1, 2

Truda & Lonely Ones Civic
Bouncers Limbs Theatre, Auckland

May 1

Rooda Wildlife
The Bats Gluepot
When the Cat's Away Lower Hutt
Mockers Hamilton
Bill Direen & Builders Cricketers
Straitjacket Fits, Jean-Paul Sartre Exp Chch
Crawbilly Creeps Dunedin
Elvis weds Priscilla, 1967.

2

Rooda Wildlife
The Bats Gluepot
When the Cat's Away Victoria Uni
Mockers Hamilton
Bill Direen & Builders Cricketers
Straitjacket Fits, Jean-Paul Sartre Exp Chch
Crawbilly Creeps Dunedin
Johnny Specific Gluepot Cnr

3

When the Cat's Away Exchequer, Wgtn
Martha Louise, Kath Woodman Java Jive
Bouncers Auckland
Say it real quiet: James Brown is 59 today.

4

Al Hunter Shakespeare
When the Cat's Away, Albert, Palmerston North
Crawbilly Creeps Greymouth
Ohio Express release 'Yummy Yummy Yummy', 1968.

5

When the Cat's Away Hastings
Crawbilly Creeps Barrytown
Credence CR release 'Bad Moon Rising', 1969.

6

Al Hunter Country Special
Gluepot
When the Cat's Away Tokoroa
Crawbilly Creeps Westport
Bouncers Auckland
Bay City Rollers manager jailed for indecency with young boys, 1982.

7

Al Hunter Country Special
Gluepot
When the Cat's Away Hamilton
Blues Busters Civic
Crawbilly Creeps Takaka
Stones discover 'Satisfaction' riff, 1965; release 'Exile on Main St.', 1972.

8

Mockers Gluepot
When the Cat's Away Tutukaka
Ardijah, Jamboree Takapuna YMCA
Wayne Gillespie's New Locations Cricketers
Fanfare Civic
Crawbilly Creeps Motueka

9

Pretenders Logan
Campbell
Mockers Auckland
When the Cat's Away Whangarei
Ardijah, Jamboree Howick
Wayne Gillespie's New Locations Cricketers
Rebels Without Applause Civic
Warners, Bygone Era Gluepot Cnr
Crawbilly Creeps Nelson

10

Pretenders Logan
Campbell
Ardijah, Jamboree Papakura YMCA
Last Man Down Riverlea Arts, Hamilton
Julian McKean, Brendon Power, Lyn Campbell Java Jive
Sid Vicious would have been 30 today.



Pretenders play Logan Campbell Centre, Auckland May 9 & 10. Lineup is (L-R) Blair Cunningham, Robbie McIntosh, Chrissy Hynde, Rupert Black and Malcolm Foster.

Look Out For ...

Shriekback wind up their tour at the Galaxy (April 10, 11) and Hamilton (12th) ... the return of **Hunters & Collectors** at the Galaxy with **Straitjacket Fits** on



Satellite Spies have a new single 'Private Detective', shows at Wildlife from April 9 to 12, and their first permanent lineup. They plan to move to Australia in July, and record an album in Sydney produced by Dire Straits' John Illsey. From left: Gordon Joll, Mark Loveys, Eddie Pausma, Steve Bailey, David Curtis.

April 16 & 17 ... the **Pretenders** return to Logan Campbell on May 9 & 10 ... from Australia come **James Griffen & the Subterraneans** — with ex-Dude Lez White on bass, plus icehouse drummer John Lloyd and the Church's Marty



From Colorado come the **Blitz Girls**, touring their 'Emoto Rock' — emotional rock & roll — round NZ from April 14-30 before recording an album in Oz with NZer Peter Dawkins.

Wilson-Piper — at the Gluepot on April 23, 24, 25 ... local tours include the **Mockers**, **Otis Mace & the Psychic Pet Healers** with **David Eggleton** ... **When the Cat's Away** goes on the road ... jazzers **Rodger Fox, Bill Reichenbach** and **Gary Grant** tour ... the **Bats** play

the Gluepot on May 1 & 2 ... and Wellington's **Crawbilly Creeps** conquer the South Island.

Coming Up ...

The **Hoodoo Gurus** have postponed their visit ... but new Australian band the **Wreckery** play the Gluepot May 14, 15, 16 ... **Dr Feelgood** tours nationwide from May 17 to 29 ... **Paul Kelly & the Coloured Girls** may return in July ... longtime rumour prospects include **David Bowie** (Nov), Wham's **George Michael** and **Billy Idol** in late Spring/early Summer.

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