

# SINGLES **bar**

**Michael Jackson**  
**'I Just Can't Stop Loving You'**  
 (Epic 7" & 12")

The talking bit is extreme, Michael goes OTT with the desire to get real close. The rest sounds dangerously close to Air Supply, but hell I like it a lot. The *Bad* album is super good, with this single being a minor track. A true star. **Pet Shop Boys and Dusty Springfield**  
**'What Have I Done to Deserve This?'**  
 (Parlophone 7" & 12")

Where would gay culture be without the tragic diva? Judy, Billie, and of course, Dusty. The Pet Shop Boys pay homage on this Euro-disco workout. Dusty is wonderful and yes, tragic. An extremely good sound that combines a 60s feel with modern sensibilities and makes this a winner.

**Paul Johnson**  
**'Half a World Away'** (CBS 7" & 12")

His last song was shamefully ignored, but who could escape the sonder of this one. Emotive chorus and effective time changes emphasise the gospel feel. Sure makes you mighty mighty real.

**Sherrick**  
**'Just Call'** (Warners 7")

Soul find of the month. In the Vandross style, it moves like a cat and is cool as Campari and soda. A ballad but a fine dance track, Mr Sherrick

looks good, with one of those little moustaches and everything.

**Alexander O'Neal**  
**'Fake'** (Epic 12")

Great hunk of danceability, with ex-pimp Mr O'Neal, who looks good in the Armani suits, and is one mean singer. Produced with evil in mind by Jam and Lewis — nasty is not the word. Essential listening.

**Terence Trent D'Arby**  
**'Wishing Well'** (CBS 7" & 12")

Love the drum intro and the cute melody bit. Of course TTD sings well enough to be called the new soul king, but he's a little too clever and knowing to be deeply felt. Still, a massive sound.

**Beastie Boys**  
**'She's Crafty'/'No Sleep till Brooklyn'**  
 (CBS 7" & 12")

Two of the best from the wild boys of pop. 'She's Crafty' is about going girl crazy and a beginner's guide to the new sexism. 'No Sleep' is Motorhead with Converse Allstars on. Some of the great minds of our generation, footloose and fancy free.

**Cabaret Voltaire**  
**'Don't Argue'** (Parlophone 12")

"Hey lets get funky, have some black chick in the chorus, and repeat stuff a lot." It's not really that bad, just very ordinary.

**New Order**  
**'True Faith'** (Factory 7" & 12")

It's beyond me that attraction this band has. The backing track sounds like the previous one, and the singer sounds sick. I keep on expecting it to break into 'Blue Monday' any minute now ...

**Chris Isaak**  
**'Blue Hotel'** (Warners 7")

Really a country song, with all the good qualities that country can give. Very interesting feel with a great guitar sound and a moody sadness about it.

**Errol Brown**  
**'Personal Touch'** (Warners 7" & 12")

Damn, I wanted this to be real good. But not up to the usual Brown excellence. He sings well, but the actual song lacks bite.

**Grandmaster Flash**  
**'All Wrapped Up'** (Elektra 7")

In the face of Def Jam and retro rappers like Eric B, this sounds a bit light. The flipside is more interesting, nice cutting and turntable action. Still, it would be foolish to dismiss the Grandmaster, check out the album if you can.

**Kerry Buchanan**

## SHAKE SUMMATION

**Various Artists**  
**'Pagan Shakedown'** (Pagan 12")

A superb concept, showcasing six talented new acts. The Lonesome Cowboy's 'Tonight' is a punchy opener, a memorable pop song with excellent full production and full, rich vocals by Chris Cooke. Simplicity is the key to radio pop. The Morloch's 'Psychedelic Dream' goes downbeat, an eerie tune that would captivate but

for the moody vocal. Kicks into life halfway through like a Simple Minds song. The Rhythm Cage's 'Freeze City' is the EP standout, with a great start that holds you immediately. Sad haunting sax, clear drums (no psychedelic mush) and a powerful anguished vocal that takes off at takes hold: David Parker is a real find. Believable.

The War Brides' 'Total War' could be from a gothic horror, it's a vehicle for Liz Diamond's strongest vocal, which wouldn't be out of place fronting a metal band. But no: the background is funky bass, catchy programming and terrifying choral vocals. Impressive, but not endearing. Dark Star's 'Fighting' is also program based, but scratch rhythms give me indigestion. Kathleen Anderson's warm, virtuoso vocal balances the detached cool of Kelly Rogers, she takes off at the end. Dean Heazlewood's 'Cat & Mouse' is a witty tap-along guitar instrumental with intertwining, humdickin' pickin' — Peter Posa goes 80s. A nice humorous touch to end a colourful, varied, consistent EP. Pagan continues to show what NZ pop is capable of, if only the climate was right. Three cheers. CB

**Tex Pistol**  
**'The Game of Love'** (Pagan 12")

Hey I like it! A groovy remake of the Mindbenders' hit. Lots of nice modern touches that don't spoil the basic feel of a good song. Deserves lots of radio play to help break it. The flipside is even better, a western swing instrumental called 'Boot Heel Drag' with great honkytonk piano from Wayne

Mason, and a nifty rockabilly original called 'W11 to Whangaroa Bay.' In fact I like this side better, but I'm a hill-billy cat at heart.

**Kerry Buchanan**

**Crowded House**  
**'Now We're Getting Somewhere'** (Capitol 7")

And the hits just keep on coming — at this rate, there'll be a live box set by Christmas. Pumped out by acoustic guitars, this is the history of pre-*Revolver* Beatles in three minutes, roots heaven. While no nightmare, 'Recurring Dream' is one of those ones you can't remember afterwards.

**Hot Cafe**  
**'Dancing Chicken'** (CBS 7")

Wellington cafe perennials give their infectious Django Rheinhardt sound to a nutty Fane Flaws number, with an appropriately 30s sound by Nigel Stone. '22' by Martin Elepans is an impressive acoustic workout, giving the guitars and fiddle plenty of scope, though held back by simple rhythm section; like chase music for a French silent movie.

**Chris Thompson**  
**'Fight the Power'** (WEA 7")

"All star" Auckland crew make US stadium rock for *Leading Edge* soundtrack, where it probably sits comfortably. Well, I suppose it proves we can do it as good as anyone. 'Kea's

Theme' is an instrumental by Mike Farrell, developing a simple guitar riff with plenty of keyboards, drums and effects. It's like a three minute song introduction.

**The Undertakers**  
**'The Shadow Pattern on the Wall'** (Ode 12")

Four rather naive tracks with possibilities, had they been strictly arranged and shortened. 'Let Me In' is a British invasion soundalike; 'Panic in Needle Park' ("I love you like a hole in my arm") two tone-ish, with good horn delay. '10 Years Ago' with simple keyboards is very repetitive and makes the mistake of slowing down, while 'When I'm With You' chugs along with some good guitar lines running through. The major weak links here are the bass player, and especially the morose vocal. But this shows promise, and serves as a clean demo.

**National Anthem**  
**'Wonderful Reason'** (Reaction)

There is some excellent sax work hidden in this laconic song, more life and humour and it might be a pop sleeper. But it plods, and the recurring motif irritates, not hooks, the listener. 'Guns' is a grandstanding number with epic vocal and phased acoustic guitars, resulting in early 70s Moody Blues; the coda showed promise.

**Chris Bourke**

not a whole movie) and it reveals an unpleasant strain of misogyny that Kim Basinger's one-key performance is unable to negate. With a young Shirley MacLaine in the role, the project might have had some chance of success.

There's an air of desperation in a film that has Graham Stark baring a middle-aged buttocks for a cheap laugh (unless this too was intended as an in-built critical reaction for the cognoscenti) and it's sad to see Henry Mancini's suave muzak cheek-to-cheek with Billy Vera and the Beaters. Best summed up, perhaps, as *The Party* with an awful hangover.

**William Dart**

**THE SECRET OF MY SUCCESS**

**Director: Herbert Ross**

After the alltime low of *White Lights*, one might have thought there was no way but up for Herbert Ross. So, with a quick juggle of cliches, Ross has come up with a film that purports to be a satire of the tough world of American big business. Enter Michael J Fox, squeaky clean and straight from Kansas, as a Pollyanna of the boardroom — and the rest of the film is as corn-fed as the state from which Fox hails.

A little lean on the script side, *Success* depends far too much on interminable chases around office complexes and equally tedious sequences showing the young lovers courting around the Big Apple. When the characters are allowed to create some comedy, as in Margaret Whitton's rapacious seduction of the flustered young hero, a few sparks fly. But such moments are few and far between, and for far too much of the film, it comes across as nothing but an excuse for the soundtrack album.

**William Dart**

## FILM

**BURGLAR**

**Director: Hugh Hudson**

With a track record consisting of *The Colour Purple*, *Jumping Jack Flash* and now *Burglar*, one might be forgiven for wondering what is all the fuss about Whoopi Goldberg. There's no denying the lady has a nice line in cool jive, but even that's not much of an achievement alongside the gross mugging and shrieking of Bob Goldthwait as one of her offsideers in *Burglar*.

Not only is *Burglar* wasteful of its real talents — Lesley Ann Warren (the platinum moll/chorus girl in *Victor/Victoria*) and John Goodman (so funny in both *True Stories* and *Raising Arizona*) have criminally little to do — but when James Handy turns out to be the psychopathic homosexual villain, we're plunged right back in the retributational morality of post-McCarthy Hollywood.

Hugh Hudson proves, as if we needed to have it confirmed, that his soul is pure box office, and Goldberg provides a built-in critical reaction when she persists in muttering throughout the film, "I gotta get out of this shit."

**William Dart**

**BLIND DATE**

**Director: Blake Edwards**

Pity the poor starlet who launches her career as Mugette No. 3 in Blake Edwards' latest comedy, a lamentable piece of assembly line trash. To start with, *Blind Date* is built upon the thinnest of premises (in most comedies drunken antics might account for one climactic scene — certainly

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