



Sky  
Skyjammer (Salsoul)

A tough followup to *Skyline*, the album that featured fab 'Call Me'. This eight-piece is at its best as the three Dunning sisters cook. Try 'Miracle' or 'Skyjammer'. This band is fast becoming a favourite. Superb clutter-free production. 'Freak Outta' with Sky.

MC  
Kook & the Gang  
As One (Delite)

Twelve months after their last essay on dance etiquette Kool is back. To pass grades this year ya attend classes on location, in the

streets ('Street Kids') and in the park ('Let's Go Dancin'). Intellectually stimulating? Yes, I'm learnin' to understand the man that spells cool with a K. He ain't dumb. But people who says he is, are.

Two albums back 'Celebrate' was the only great track. There were three on *Something Special* and on *As One* there's the two I've mentioned and 'Big Fun' and 'Hi De Hi, Hi De Ho'. Great grooves. MC Jeffrey Osborne (A&M)

Jeffrey Osborne used to be the singer in LTD. He sings pretty good. So why isn't this a better record? Well, slumming jazzbo producer George Duke may think anything goes in the pop/R&B world, but once you're over, say, five years old, choruses of 'Eenie Meenie Minie Mo', catchy though

they may be, are not really on. And Osborne not only doesn't fight against the sappiness of this material, he wallows in it. Minc you, when he does get a groove to dig into and a decent tune to apply his agile voice to, you're on to a winner — witness 'I Really Don't Need No Light' and a couple of others. But for the rest all the classy playing by Louis Johnson and the other studio stars can't rescue the pap.

AD  
Evelyn King  
Get Loose (RCA)

Diana Ross beat out Evelyn King for the American Music Awards' favourite female soul vocalist. Which shows where there taste is. As dancefloor singles go, 'Love Comes Down' makes 'Muscles' look weedy. And it's

only the first track on an album that's strong all the way through. Not bad from a 22-year-old who, just a few years back, was discovered cleaning bathrooms in Gamble-Huff studios.

PT  
George Clinton  
Computer Games (Capitol)

The man behind the aggregation known as Funkadelic, Bootsy, Parliament and Brides of Frankenstein has finally recorded as George the daft doodler of funk. The 12 minute 'Loopzilla' sums up George's current loopy concept:

Like 'Planet Rock' we just don't stop

We gonna drive you nuts  
For nutty humour step this way. You get 'Pot Sharing Tots', 'Atomic Dog' to name just two repetitive ditties that fuel your

doubts as to whether George is a tuneless fraud or the Pope of funk. As the multitude dithers — Frank Zappa and George Clinton sell records, maaan.

MC  
Deniece Williams, Niecy (CBS)

Over the past decade, Williams' beautiful voice has graced albums from Stevie Wonder to Weather Report, as well as five of her own. On *Niecy*, Philly-master Thom Bell's production, instead of going rhythm heavy, highlights her vocals with his deft and economic orchestrations. Yet, although Williams' original material is good, it's her remake of the Royal-ettes' oldie, 'It's Gonna Take A Miracle', that provides the best transport to MOR heaven. PT  
Dionne Warwick  
Heartbreaker (Arista)

The Bee Gees provide nine of their creamy confections, Barry Gibb produces and Dionne Warwick blends smoothly into the flow. A little too smoothly, perhaps. She can't quite stamp her personality on the project. The personality that is stamped all over *Heartbreaker* is, of course, Barry Gibb and Dionne Warwick is, in the end, a considerable improvement on the familiar Bee Gees beat.

AD  
Janet Jackson (A&M)  
Sixteen-year-old Janet debuts without any of the brothers on

hand though Michael's influence at least is certainly present. 'Say You Do' is a fair attempt at bouncing *Off The Wall* and one of two good ballads lifts a hookline from 'Ben'. Janet admires Michael's phrasing too but lacks his vocal strength, sounding like anyone from a young Diana Ross to a slightly breathless Brandi Wells. PT

The Time  
What Time Is It? (Warner Bros)

This band are protégés of Prince and also hail from Minneapolis. They provided the fine funky backing for the recent album by girl group, Vanity 6. But too often their excellent playing is adorned with unbecoming lyrics. 'The Walk' would be great if it wasn't for the talk.

MC  
Smokey Robinson  
Touch The Sky (Motown)

After the huge success of 'Being With You' Robinson seems willing to settle for a career as the hip Johnny Mathis. Nearly everything is medium tempo, but written and sung with his usual care and intelligence. The originals are still better than the others and, thankfully, there's relatively more on *TT5*. He's also back to producing himself again so, even if we may never get another masterpiece like *Warm Thoughts*, at least things are a lot healthier than on 1982's soporific *Yes It's You Lady*. PT

## Scarred for Life the new album from

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## HEAVY numbers

Rose Tattoo  
Scarred for Life  
Alberts

Third great album from Oz's Tatts. With Vanda and Young at the helm the production vagaries on *Assault and Battery* have been eradicated, resulting in a rock hard album that packs a punch label-mates AC/DC would be proud of.

Once again Angry Anderson's lyrics demonstrate a genuine rock n'roll sensibility so many bands pretend to possess.

From the classic opening title track to the last bars of the bluesy 'Revenge', this is a rocking anthemic boogie album unlikely to be surpassed in sheer brute clout this year.

Chris Caddick

Y & T, Black Tiger (A&M)  
Tygers of Pantang  
The Cage (MCA)

Two HM (?) albums from either side of the Atlantic, though one could easily mistake their origins here.

*The Cage* is an alarmingly disappointing affair, though it's highly touted in the UK for reasons I'll never understand. Gone is the raw power of the excellent first album, *Wildcat*, replaced by a wimpy American Mid-West type sound in the Styx, Kansas vein. All gloss and no balls. The bottom end is flaccid, voicebox guitars and synths make things even worse.

Y&T, a veteran and virtually unknown American band, have enlisted ace English producer Max Norman (Ozzy Osbourne, Bad Company) to oversee this barrage and deliver the goods in no uncertain terms. ToP's sound like a bunch of angelic choirboys in comparison. If you like bad ass rock'n'roll, this is the one. No worries.

Greg Cobb

Deep Purple Live in London (Harvest)  
Rainbow  
Straight Between The Eyes (Mercury)  
Status Quo  
1 + 9 + 8 + 2 = XX (Vertigo)  
April Wine  
Power Play (Capitol)

First things first — *Deep Purple Live in London* is a motley collection of tracks culled from various concerts in the UK several years ago. It's apparently gone to number four in the charts there, which just goes to show how sentimental the British public can be ('Love Me Do' being No.1). Turgid, boring, self-indulgent, flaccid, excessive, etc, etc. Records like this really shouldn't be released.

*Straight Between The Eyes* is Rainbow's seventh outing. The same words expressed above could

cover this also, enough said.

Status Quo, the masters of English boogie, come up with some solid licks of good old honest workmanlike fodder, but lack the raw excitement of the newer English HM outfits. It almost sounds like they're going through the motions these days, with a bit of a yawn at that.

April Wine seem to be suffering a similar fate to Status Quo at present. *Power Play* is pretty pallid, compared with *The Nature of the Beast*, their last album. Apart from a couple of tracks, 'Anything You Want' and 'Enough Is Enough', there is nothing on here to get too excited about at all. A pity!

Greg Cobb

Saxon  
The Eagle Has Landed (Carrere)

Saxon and Iron Maiden have emerged as popular favourites in the new wave of British metal. *The Eagle Has Landed*, a live album, shows clearly the reasons for Saxon's success. Great rock songs performed with feel for the genre and an ability to communicate with an audience. This is the band's fifth album, but only the second released in NZ. Ten tracks recorded in Europe 1981 and taken mostly from *Wheels Of Steel* and *Strong Arm of the Law* make up a veritable tour de force in state of the art heavy metal.

CC  
Free, Completely Free (Island)

Shepherds Bush, London, early seventies, sitting in my squalid basement flat listening to *Tons of Sobs* and *Fire and Water*, I thought 'Allright Now' was the greatest song committed to vinyl. Now, years later, listening to this excellent compilation I'd almost forgotten what a wonderful band Free were. So simple, so effective. 'Allright Now' sounds as raunchy as ever, not to mention 'Mr Big', 'The Hunter', 'I'll Be Creeping', etc. A faultless collection. Eat your hearts out, Bad Company.

GC  
Gary Moore  
Corridors of Power (Virgin)

With the opening 'Don't Take Me for a Loser' this album sounds Titanic. But, like the said liner, it sinks without trace into a stumbling hotchpotch of poor man's Robin Trower, HM guitar cliches and all. A duff, pompous version of Free's classic 'Wishing Well' doesn't save it from the quagmire. Ho-hum.

CC  
Rush, Signals (Mercury)  
Huge everywhere except Down-under and the Falkland Islands, it's hard to see this album changing things. As with previous Rush albums, it's technically superb, cold and clinical, but unlike earlier efforts, it's gutless. The old power and punch has been subdued and buried under washes of synth squiggles. A weak selection of songs that meander aimlessly doesn't help. The band is capable of so much more. In the hope of hearing another *Caress of Steel* or *A Farewell To Kings*, I'll forgive them this one aberration.

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