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NO.69 APRIL 1983

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THE WHO



A 1965 photo from 'The Who Illustrated Biography' (Omnibus).

The North American entertainment business has turned the process of swallowing rock music and spitting out dollars into an art form. The most recent example of this was provided by the Who's last show of their farewell tour of North America in Toronto in mid-December. Twentieth Century Fox, CBS and the Molson Brewery combined to produce a simultaneous live radio and television broadcast that was carried to an audience of millions across North America. Prior to the event, the Who held court at a press conference in which both Pete Townshend and Roger Daltrey waxed eloquent on a wide range of topics.

Townshend on THE WHO'S FUTURE:

"I hope we'll continue to work together. I have a feeling we'll find new ways of working together, but I'm not quite sure what they'll be. I'd certainly like to keep writing for Roger as a singer."

Daltrey:

"I'm really happy and positive about the group. The future doesn't frighten me at all. Pete has played better than he ever has in his life and it's been a great way to end this part of our career. People have billed this as our last concert, but I don't think that's true. It's definitely the last tour, but there'll be more concerts."

Townshend on VIDEO:

"It is a new medium with potential. I'd feel more optimistic about it if I'd seen something staggering or outstanding. I've found just isolated exceptions where you could say 'that is art, that I could live with for the rest of my life'. Yet every day I hear a record that I'd keep until I die."

"Music has changed because of video. You now have people like Steve Strange who are only as good as their last video."

Daltrey on the WHO REPERTOIRE:

"We're in a difficult position. We tend to be criticised for doing quite a lot of the old stuff, but most of our good stuff is old. 70 to 80 percent of our audience haven't seen us before and they come to see things like bits of *Tommy* and *Quadrophenia*. It's hard to know what to leave out."

Townshend on VENUES:

"Our Shea Stadium (New York) concert was archetypal of those large stadium shows that have become such an abomination in rock'n' roll and yet it was still such a fantastic event. I would rue the day when I had to see Springsteen or the Clash at Shea Stadium. I wouldn't go, but neither would I see the Who in a place like that. Rock music deserves venues specifically geared for music, but we end up in sports arenas. When we play those massive arenas of over 50,000 people, you have to be detached from the idea. If I kept thinking about the size of the crowd, I'd be wearing brown trousers by the time I reached the stage!"

Townshend re MUSIC AND MESSAGES:

"I don't have messages, just opinions and feelings. If I had messages, I'd be a politician. Music hasn't lost its ability to communicate feelings, but when it is didactic, it starts to fall down. I still feel strongly that rock is a powerful form."

Daltrey on THE CLASH:

"They are doing what we used to do some time ago and have ceased to do in some ways. I think they have a lot to offer."

Townshend on BRITISH POP:

"The revamped pop phenomena in Britain is just a trend. I think it will probably pass. Music gets lighter when things get tough, deeper when things are easy."

Townshend on THE JAM:

"The fact that the Who perhaps went on past their peak and didn't recognise it at the time, I don't know, maybe Paul Weller has

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

The Neighbours: Rick Bryant, Ken James, Poss Cameron, Trudi Green, Chris Green, Tim Robinson, Sam Ford.



WATCHING WESTERNS TO MAKING MOVIES THE NEIGHBOURS

It was easy. If I wanted to interview the Neighbours over Easter, I could meet up with them just north of Auckland at Waimamaku. Strange place for a band with two singles behind them, a new 6 track album out, a video epic on *Radio With Pictures* this month. But this band is big in Ruatoria.

Slippin' and Slidin' through the Waipoua Forest. After trying motoring sideways in the loose metal I slowed down, reaching my destination at dusk.

The Neighbours have sound-checked and Sam is bemoaning the fact that this valley doesn't have a motel, so there's no telly to watch to wile away the hours. When the Economic Wizards performed the Cadets' 'Stranded in the Jungle' later in the night it seemed a very appropriate cover.

It's dark outside. No street lights what do you do when you wanna have an accident? With the kitchen crowded we wander out to the van to have a chat, talk about the Neighbours.

Why tour Northland? "Well, for one thing, because we make money here," Sam grins. "It's easier to come here than to go to New Plymouth."

"Also, we just like to cover most of the country," Trudi adds. "We're constantly looking for other venues as well as pubs."

"We're a New Zealand band. At the moment we can't afford to go anywhere else so it's a matter of not being a band or putting up with what there is to play here and try and develop that," Sam says.

Is it still hard to earn a living on the NZ circuit?

"It depends what you call a reasonable living," says Rick. "We make more than a lot of bands do, that's for sure. But it's not enough."

As musicians, how do you feel about being involved in an entrepreneurial role, just to perform your music?

Rick: "Any creative worker is going to have to do that. A painter is going to have to sell his own stuff and deal with gallery owners and writers have to deal with publishers and so on. Creative work's hard work and you have to fend for yourself as well as you can. Some artists, of course, have a real flair for business and just do incredibly well at it."

"It does get in the way, obvious-

ly," Sam continues. "We're independent and we do a lot ourselves. We'd rather be working on new material but we haven't found anyone who can do it better."

Though the Neighbours have three vocalists, somehow Trudi steals the show, assisted by her Svelt wardrobe and innate "first into battle" (first dead) leadership quality.

Rick Bryant's fine R&B bands have been well known in recent years, but when did the leading lady get interested in soul music?

"About nine or 10. I grew up the youngest of five, the whole family was into music. And that was the music that was played in British radio. I got into soul, reggae, R&B."

Tamla Motown and Stax were very big, the Four Tops, Wilson Pickett was on the radio all the time, the Supremes, Martha Reeves. Reggae too - when I came here, most people had never heard of reggae.

"When I was at school, I can remember Otis Redding dying and kids turning up in black armbands."

The Neighbours are one of the few NZ bands to reflect the sentiment of getting dressed up for a night out. *Something Special*. (It slipped, Kool's LP title). Can pink feathers get in the way of the "soul" of the music?

"No way," says Rick. "We could go out and play the same stuff naked and it would still sound the same."

"We dress up for our own benefit, as well as for the audience," Sam continues.

"Dressing up is fun," says Rick. So are NZ bands too sloppy about dress?

"I think people should wear what they like," Sam says.

Rick agrees: "We're into wearing stupid clothes. That's alright."

"I'm into wearing wonderful clothes!" Trudi chimes in.

Her colourful clothes are made for her by friends Di and Kerry of Svelt fashions.

"I can't sew a thing," she admits. "But the way I wear them's my own creation!"

The Neighbours latest project is a three song "silent movie with music", filmed on the West Coast, home of cameraman Alan Bollinger and the Blackball Hilton, the hotel they stayed at while shooting under the direction of Gaylene

Preston.

The band members, particularly Rick, had wanted to do some sort of film and had all been working on ideas.

"And some people we knew had told us we should do a video with Gaylene Preston. We didn't know her," Sam explains.

One night Gaylene left her cardigan behind at a Neighbours gig, came back to retrieve it, met the band and the film was born.

While the band recorded the soundtrack, she organised a film crew and swung a QEII Arts Council grant to help cover costs. But that grant would have gone nowhere near covering the estimated costs for the week of \$42,000. The film was made possible only by the donation of services by a host of film people.

"We had this amazing crew of people who came and worked because they liked the Neighbours," Sam explains. "The Neighbours have courted movie crews, though, by going to where they're isolated doing a film for weeks and we truck off there and play them gigs. And it comes back, they made a movie for us."

The band finished the exercise something over \$2000 out of profit, but it appears that even this will be recouped through payments from TVNZ.

But was it wise to put so much time, energy and money into the film, a side issue to the music, surely?

"I think if you're going to do anything it's worth doing it really well and that means time and energy," Trudi says.

"It's been one of the highlights of my whole career," says Sam.

They're enthusiastic to repeat the experience and are already planning another film.

The band's new album is self-financed, six tracks recorded at Harlequin with producer Ian Morris and engineer Steve Kennedy.

It's different from 'Watching Westerns'. Does it reflect a specific side of the Neighbours?

"The criterion was that all the songs were recently written and also that there was nothing clearly out of place," says Rick.

No one is impressed with my mention of a love songs category or Brill Building (sixties New York writers) pop.

"If you take 'First Love' it's not a love story at all. It's quite a highly individualised situation," Rick points out.

"It's a soap opera," says Chris Green, who has popped in for a moment.

If Sam doesn't aspire to a specific "pop" sound, he does see his writing as changing:

"Now that we've done some recording I have started to write songs - like 'First Love' for example - with recording in mind. Some of the others we've recorded were actually written as live songs, like 'Don't Stop'. But I think it's hard for me to analyse my songwriting."

When talking of ultimates in production sound Sam came up with Norman Whitfield's 'Papa Was A Rolling Stone' and Toots 'Sweet n' Dandy'. Two extremes - Detroit hi-tech and Jamaican few-track.

That leaves things open.

By the way, you don't have to live in the sticks to be one of the Neighbours' fave audiences. Trudi and Sam's favourite places to play include Kaikohe, Wellington (where dat?), Gisborne and the place I pass four hours after Waimamaku (at 5am) - the Gluepot.

Murray Cammack

A MESSAGE TO RECORD BUYERS

Or, More News From The Secondhand Record Front.

Hello again, and a big thank you to all those **real groovy people** who have patronised our modest little store over the past month. We sure haven't had a chance to get lonely or bored, so we would also like to thank Murray and Stefan at **Rip It Up**, and Andrew, Andrew, Andrew, Andrew, Dylan, Ted and all the others at **Campus Radio** for putting together such **real groovy ads**.

What we would like to do is provide serious music listeners (those of you who **don't** buy your records at supermarkets or department stores) with a **better service**. Better prices for your records, both for cash or trade, a better selection for sale, and at **realistic prices**.

We can do this best by keeping our overheads down:

- By having a shop in a low rent area;
- By employing no staff;
- By thinking about the cost effectiveness of our advertising (our biggest expense!);
- By turning over our stock of records as rapidly as possible in order to keep our capital investment at a minimum.

One problem which occurs when operating a business away from the central city is that of accessibility. We have chosen our site at 23 Mt Eden Road very carefully. There is a metered car park opposite the shop and free parking immediately outside. For those of you who travel by bus the following information may be of assistance:

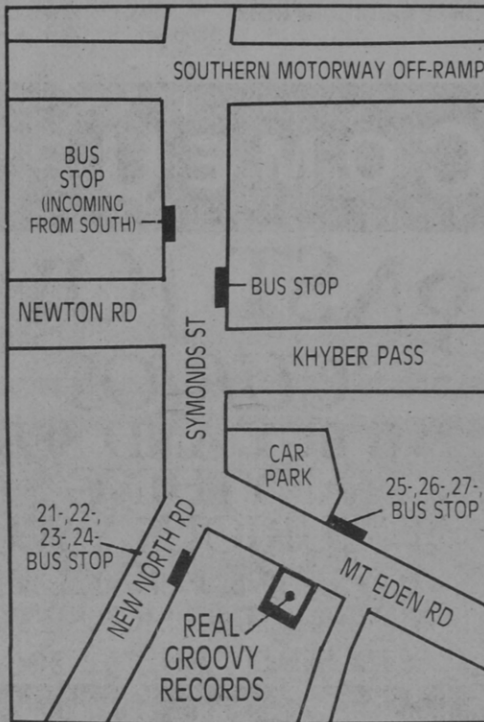
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No.	Departure Point	Alighting Stop	Frequency	Fare
ANY 27	Cnr Customs & Commerce	opposite shop	every 12 minutes all day	40c
ANY 25 26	outside Theatre Centre, Queen St.	opposite shop	every 10 minutes all day	40c
ANY 21 22	Victoria St West, outside Rumba Bar / National Insurance building	top of New North Road (just around the corner)	every 12 minutes all day	40c

Incoming

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Because most of us have changing tastes, at any given time some of us are discarding styles that others have yet to appreciate. That is why **good** records will always hold their value (and why we wish people with Abba records would leave them at home) and, consequently, why it is desirable to forsake those records you no longer play in order to acquire records out of which you will get more use and more listening pleasure. We still have several thousand dollars left, with which we would like to buy good quality records of any type. Bring them in, you may be pleasantly surprised.



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Rumours

McLAREN CAUGHT!

Entrepreneur and, more recently, recording star Malcolm McLaren has been accused of stealing the tunes for his new single from black South African composers.

The allegations have come from independent record company representative Phil Hollis who arranged for black session musicians to help McLaren and producer Trevor Horn record the tracks 'Soweto' and 'Zulu Sitting on a Bomb' and several others when they were in the country late last year.

McLaren has remained uncharacteristically silent about the controversy, but his lawyer said he denied the allegations.

MAINSTREET GIGS FOR 'RWP'.

A Mainstreet gig featuring the Legionnaires and the Dance Exponents will reach the masses via both radio and television. It will be simulcast in stereo over Stereo FM and also packaged into two one-hour specials for *Radio With Pictures*.

The sound for the pictures will be recorded on 24-track by Harlequin Studios, who did the same for the recent Joni Mitchell concert. Video of her concert in Auckland will form part of an American TV special on her world tour.

UK & USA

David Bowie has announced English and European dates for his 1983 'Serious Moonlight Tour'. He will move on to the USA after Europe. Meanwhile demand for his English dates has been phenomenal, with 120,000 postal ticket applications received within 24 hours of the gigs being announced ... Policeman *Sting* working on a film version of the *Dune* novel. When he finishes the film the band begins live work again ... *UFO* have split. Singer Phil Mogg has plans for a new project ... *Ozzy Osbourne* reported to have had a heart attack onstage in Illinois ... *Charlie Harper* has brought back original UK Subs bassist Steve Slack and one-time drummer Steve Jones to replace members who left. Harper also remains involved with his other band, *Urban Dogs* ... *Siouxsie and the Banshees* have formed their own label, *Wonderland* (distributed by Polydor). First release will be a single from the *Creatures* session in Hawaii ... former *Tear-drop* *Julian Cope* has been recording solo work and will be gigging soon. Meanwhile the last *Tear-drop* *Explodes* single, 'You Disappear from View' has been released ... *Marvin Lee Aday*, alias *Meatloaf* has appeared in New York bankruptcy court with debts over \$1m. He blamed the success of new wave music from Britain for his poor fortune ... will former Jam bassist *Bruce Foxton* and *Jake Burns* of *Stiff Little Fingers* form a band? ... talk of a *Specials* reunion now that *Fun Boy Three* and head *Special* *Jerry Dammers* are united under one manager ... *Andy Warhol* soon to have his own TV show in the USA ... *Eddy Grant* was fined £100 for possession of a gun whilst in



Alastair Riddell Band: Simon Hannah, Steve Hughes, Alastair, Greg Bartlett, Kerry Lamb. The album is now released in Oz.

Barbados ... Paul Weller's new outfit the *Style Council* spent several hours busking under the Eiffel Tower recently ... *Janis Jones*, the ex-call girl the *Clash* sung about on their first album, is recording an album backed by the lads themselves ... *Orange Juice* forced to cancel British tour dates when singer Edwyn Collins got bad 'flu ... *Chelsea* have broken up, with lead singer Gene October already planning his second solo single ... *Iggy Pop* is reported to have taken off with the master tape of Leeds band *Sisters Of Mercy* performing the *Stooges* '1969'. Producer, Furs' guitarist Jon Ashton, handed the tape to Iggy, who did a runner ... *Clashman Joe*, *Strummer* is to run in next month's London Marathon. He'll be part of a team organised by the *Sun* newspaper to raise money for leukemia research ... new *Bow Wow Wow* LP bears 'Home' taping is killing music' slogan. Ain't it strange, the way things change ... *Nile Rodgers* will produce new *Gang of Four* LP ... coming on the print scene is *The Jam: A Beat Concerto*, the official *Jam* biography by Paolo Hewitt ... former

Linx member *David Grant* now working with Culture Club producer Steve Levine.

New albums: Lou Reed *Legendary Hearts*, Marine Girls *Lazy Ways*, Everything You Wanted to Know About the Velvet Underground (boxed set of rare material, conversations etc.), Flock of Seagulls *Listen*, Kajagoogoo *White Feathers*, Bunny Wailer *Dub Disco Vol.2* (dub versions of songs on *Bunny Wailer Sings the Wailers*), Attila the Stockbroker *Ranting At the Nation*, Gabi Delgado (ex DAF) *Mistress*, Sun Ra *A Fireside Chat With Lucifer*, Johnny Thunders *In Cold Blood*, New Age Steppers *Foundation Steppers*, Tears for Fears *The Hurting*.

Singles from: Culture Club 'Church of the Poison Heart', Heaven 17 'Temptation', Junior 'Communication Breakdown', Gun Club EP, Ruts (1977 period 3-track with Malcolm Owen on vocals. Appropriately, proceeds go to drug rehabilitation work), Peter Tosh 'Johnny B. Goode'.

Christchurch

Radio U is putting together a 60 minute ChCh compilation cassette



The Narcs: Steve Clarkson, Andy Dickson, Tony Waine. Guest on May tour is Liam Ryan (keyboards).

to be released before the station ends its current broadcasts on August 18. They still need original material (preferably unreleased) from a variety of local bands. Further details John McLaughlin Ph 488-610. The station is also keen to receive playable tapes of unreleased material for airplay on Sunday evening local music show and throughout week if of suitable standard. Contact: Radio U, U.C.S.A. Private Bag, ChCh ... There's talk of a half hour video, for commercial release, featuring three NZ bands and a "nerve punching" story line. Part will be filmed in a local night club. Radio U have been asked to assist in contacting bands with a definite commercial appeal.

The *Star & Garter* has resumed 11pm closing at weekends and is now booked by Roger Shepherd, 266-936 evenings ... bands interested in playing new venue *Studio 54* please contact John McCarthy, 383-562 or 381-119 ... Mark Cassin returns this month.

Hamish Kilgour is now manning Flying Nun's new workroom at 82 Hereford St, first floor. He will, hopefully, "enable the label to be more efficient and organised" ... *Bill Dieren & the Bilders* *Solo-man's Ball* EP has been re-released with a new picture cover. Bill Dieren/Max Quits album soon.

Rob Guy guitar, (ex Hip Singles, DD Smash) has joined Aranui resident band *Blades*. Bands interested in playing Saturday afternoons with *Blades* at the Aranui, contact the band ... previously known as Yen, Tony Peake's new band has become *Go Yen* expect their debut public appearance this month. GG

Auckland

Dance Exponents single 'All I Can Do' out very soon. Flip is 'Empty Bunk', a C&W number. After their national tour the band leaves for Australia, long-term ... *Henchmen's* second single is 'Do the Maelstrom' (dedicated to

Radio Birdman!). Out soon as limited edition 12" from Cadaver Records, 11 Hanui Place, Massey ... *Stephen Bell-Booth* LP *Letting the People Know* out soon ... *Kiwi Animal* have brought together 10 people to play on *Ten Art Beats*, a C30 tape. Send \$3.75 to PO Box 6972, Auckland. KA have also sent kits to radio stations, urging them to "give us a go" and they're planning a bad taste party.

Mockers are recording a single at Mandrill for Reaction records. Tracks are 'My Girl Thinks She's Cleopatra' and 'Uterior Motive', Trevor Reekie and Glyn Tucker producing ... *Nigel Russell* (ex *Dance Macabre*) and *David Bulos* as *Car Crash Set* have recorded a 12" single, two as yet untitled 7 minute tracks. Will play live using guest musicians ... *Fridays* at Royal International (Victoria St) Al Hunter's band, *Hillman Hunter* and the *Roots Group* play country music, classics (Hank) and originals. They are Al, Shirley Hunter, Bruno, Alastair Dougal, Brendan Powers and Brett McManus.

The *Alastair Riddell* LP has been released in Australia by WEA. The band is looking for a new lights man and a roadie (HT license required) ... *Mockers* are off the road recording a single at Mandrill studios for the Reaction label.

New about are: *Diatribes* Rafer Rautjoki (vibes, sax, percussion, organ), Ross France (sax, vocals, organ, percussion), Chris Whyte (drums), Peter Kirkbride (lead vocals, guitar, percussion), John Beverley (bass, vocals, percussion, Ex Herbs) ... the *Squirm* (Steve Roach, Chris Burt, Ramon York), who debuted at Uni Orientation, are currently recording ... *Coconut Rough*: Andrew Snoid (vocals), Mark Bell (guitar), Stuart Pearce (keyboards), Paul Hewitt (drums) and Chock (bass). They're down to play the *Gluepot* May 12-14.

The *Neighbours* need a new sax player, ph AK 760-259 ... *Mar-* CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

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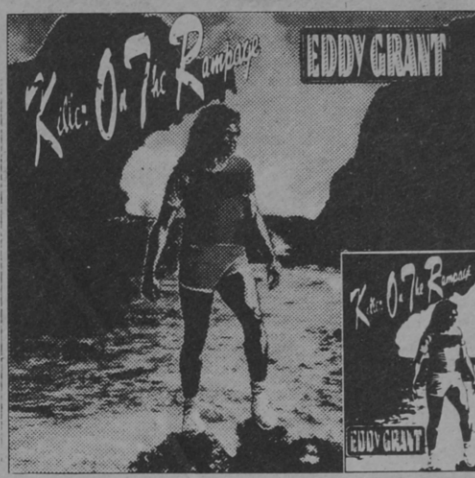
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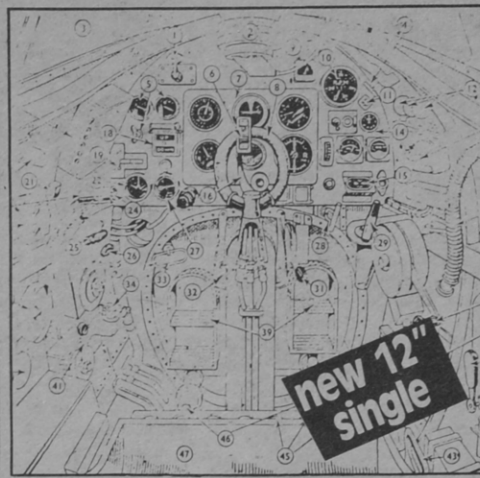
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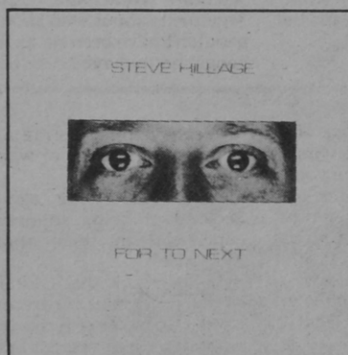
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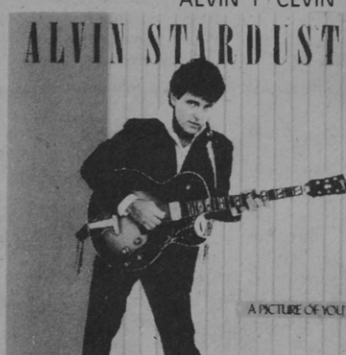
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Things are getting serious for Blond Comedy, and they know it. Up until recently the band has had a low-key approach, playing a lot of support gigs, aiming not to lose money. But now, with the second single of their Mushroom Records contract due out soon, the band is gearing up for bigger things.

"We're consciously working on actual songwriting skills," says bassist Dave. "The actual structuring of songs. If you're not born brilliant it takes years to learn."

Criteria for songs have been tightened and if everyone in the band is not happy with a song it will be changed or thrown out.

"We've written heaps of songs in the last few months that have never made an audience's ears," explains guitarist Damian.

"And it might reach an audience once and the next time be totally different," Dave adds.

Blond Comedy: rear, Tony, Damian, Gregg. Front, Dave, Hugh.



Lyrics are also scrutinised carefully and the whole band is involved in putting them together so there can be no complaints.

The band recently had its first taste of songwriting in a new environment, the recording studio. The result of sessions at Azimuth Studios is to be their new single.

At the time of writing it is unfinished and untitled, but the band is enthusiastic about it.

"It sounds like it's going to be the best thing we've done so far," says soundman Gregg.

The band's contract, the standard Mushroom document, provides for two singles and an album a year. They hope the new record will be out more quickly than their first for the label, 'Rebecca', which took eight

months to be released.

But there's also the live aspect.

"We're just starting to get back into live gigs," Dave explains. They've been trying to avoid getting "worn out" like some local bands he says.

"Guys get put out there on the road to earn money for someone else," comments Gregg. "New Zealand bands are worth more than that."

They recognise the need to tour, but they'll be doing it carefully. No rushing all over the country to unprofitable gigs.

"We'd rather concentrate on the music than how much in debt we are," Dave explains.

They believe Gregg's services will be invaluable here, because he has been with the core of members through several bands and understands the music. His ties with the band are unusually close for a soundman. He is a royalty-earning member and appears in band photographs.

Blond Comedy have their sights set firmly on the international market. Unlike stablemates Dance Exponents, they want to head for the USA, rather than Australia, when they're ready.

"From what I can see, in the next three or four years, New Zealand band are going to be able to break straight into Europe," Gregg says.

"But we don't want to go there half-cocked," he says. "We want to go out and make money and be value for money."

Russell Brown

'BURNING AMBITIONS'

FROM PAGE 16

UK Subs (who I wouldn't have on any compilation of mine) and Flares and Slippers' by Cockney Rejects.

Although not strictly part of the punk phenomenon, the Saints and the Heartbreakers have been included as a mark of respect. The 101ers are here too, but strictly in lieu of the Clash.

The last part of the record is mainly new punk and the feel is definitely different. The music is deliberately ugly and all about disillusionment with the world. That doesn't excuse the cliché-ridden uniformity of a lot of it. There seem to be too many rules about what "real punks" should wear and what "real punk" should sound like. The Exploited are far nastier than the Pistols ever were but they and their fans are also boring and predictable. Still, some of what's here more than compares with the rest of the record, like 'Last Rockers' by Vice Squad. 'Complete Disorder' by Disorder sounds like the Pistols on acid and breaks a few rules. The record closes nicely with the Angelic Upstarts' football-chorus 'Lust for Glory'.

This record isn't definitive, the Sex Pistols, the Clash, the Jam, Siouxsie and the Banshees, Stiff Little Fingers either couldn't (because of existing contracts) or wouldn't contribute. And the arguments about who should and shouldn't have been on and which songs should have been chosen to

represent various bands could go on forever.

For me, this is the music that got me interested in music and it still sounds great. As for it being dead, no, I don't think so.

Russell Brown



Penknife Glides

Live Drums (Ima Hitt C60)

Recorded in March '82, this is a tasty, well put together set that shows the Glides had more than dress sense.

Taking the Weight Off' and 'Pleasure Through Tears' come through the usual live recording problems to sound better than the studio versions, but 'Sound of Drums' and 'Fewer Than You' aren't improved on.

Towards the end of their career the Glides were moving in the right direction. This is exemplified on 'Speak Action', which is bloody great and 'Silhouettes'. So if you loved or merely liked Penknife Glides, send your \$7.50 to Ima Hitt, PO Box 407 New Plymouth, you won't be disappointed. If this sort of thing catches on perhaps more live tapes of late, lamented NZ bands will see the light of day. Anyone out there sitting on any live Swingers tapes? Alistair Cain

'THE WHO' FROM PAGE 2

figured it out for himself and taken a stance that he doesn't want that to happen to him.

"I'd found the Jam a very hard band to feel warm towards before, but when I saw them live I was really knocked out by the amount of warmth I felt. I do think they're motivated in the right way and are making the right decision, I really do. They are stopping while they're ahead, I think Paul Weller is playing

his cards right.

"But I'll tell you this, he's made hundreds of thousands of young Jam fans desperately unhappy and that is something we've put off for years and years, breaking that link that exists between you and the fans. You live off them, for Christ's sakes. You end up feeling you owe them something."

Kerry Doole

TALK
TALK

Talk Talk. Mark Hollis at right.



A London four piece formed around singer-songwriter Mark Hollis (younger brother of producer Ed - check out those Eddie and the Hot Rods records), Talk Talk

have, it seems, emerged clutching the coat-tails of the Duran Duran-Human League synth dance movement. Their breaks, as Hollis explains from London have come easy:

"I've never been in any bands before. I went into Island Music, who's our publishing company, with the sole purpose of recording a few songs and during that week I assembled a band to play the songs. I concluded a publishing deal and we used that money to subsidise us for the six months during which we arranged the songs before we went out and played. We were very methodical and luckily for us after three gigs we did a Radio One session and because of that two gigs later we signed our record deal."

Easy, no truckin' no dues paying, but what's this about the band having no guitarist?

"The idea of that was to enable us to work along the same lines as a small jazz unit so that the rhy-

thm section could be rhythmic and melodic and the keyboards would backdrop the sound and the vocal could, to some extent, assume the same role as saxophone could in terms of Coltrane. So the lyrics would have to be phonetically important as well as lyrical."

Ambitious stuff for a band who have been compared to no lesser mortals than Duran Duran. Are those comparisons fair?

"There is a tendency to categorise everything. I can't see the comparisons as we're very different lyrically and in mood. The only similarities are that we're both contemporary English bands and a reasonable amount of material evolves around dance music rhythms."

Does he like Duran Duran?

"Yeah, I think they're a really good band in terms of what they do."

Talk Talk have also been accused of being soporific and superficial in their approach. Response?

"I just think that's totally absurd. The amount of care and time I put into writing lyrics and the amount of involvement I put into the band you've no idea. I've no opinion about that whatsoever except that they're wrong."

The Party's Over is no great shakes but it does have its moments of melodic appeal, the title track and 'Hate' in particular. Hollis is happy with the album:

"It showed us at that stage. Musically I admire people like Bowie because of his progression

and change and so in terms of our second album which we're in the midst of recording now, I feel we're achieving that. Half of our new material is geared from a piano basis and then we add synths and other things. I certainly don't want to make a carbon copy of the first album and that's why we have Rhett Davies producing and also because I've admired his work with Roxy Music, B52s and Dire Straits."

Any immediately available new material?

"We have a new single, 'My Foolish Friend', produced by Rhett Davies which is in the charts at 58 this week. It's on the way up hopefully."

George Kay

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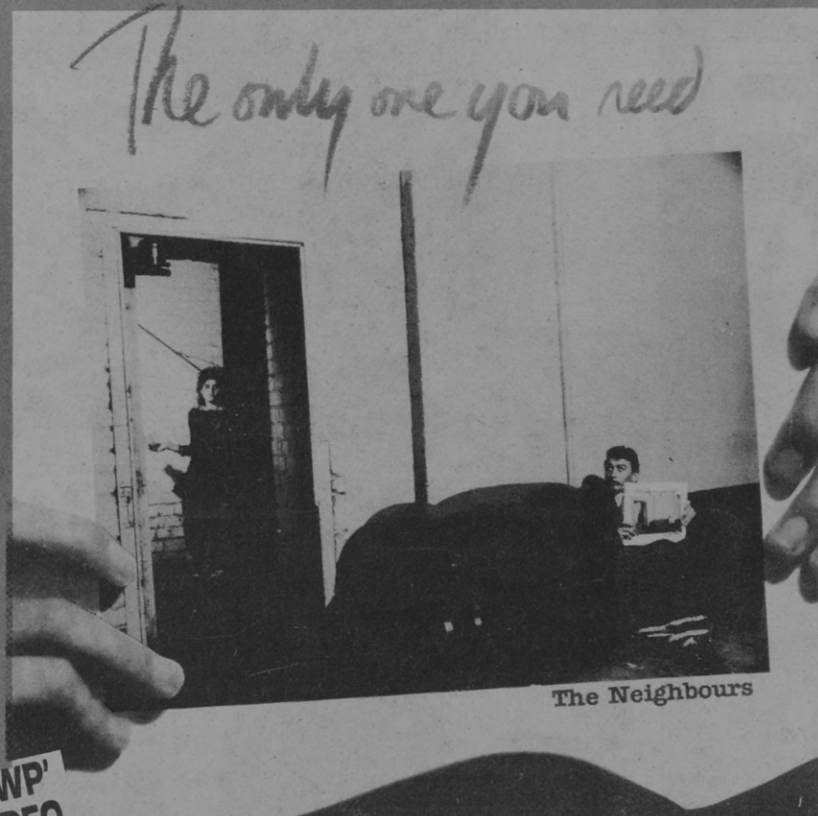
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- 11 HILLCREST TAVERN, HAMILTON
- 13,14 MAINSTREET, AUCKLAND



Terry Williams sits down, seemingly the only one at ease in the Sheraton's squeakily self-conscious "intimate" bar.

He joined Dire Straits about five months ago, replacing original drummer Pick Withers. He is a tradesman player, has been drumming for the last 20 years.

Williams came to the band fresh from sessions with Tom Petty and Phil Everly. He toured with Meatloaf for a year before that.

"That was a strange year. But the band he had was great, fabulous."

Would that writing had that extra dimension to convey Williams' native Welsh accent. At times it fades, buried under years of trans-Atlanticism, only to tumble back on the emphasis of a point.

Of course this Welshman's best known, previous work was with Rockpile. Was there a Rockpile influence on the *Twisting By The Pool* EP, the first recording he has done with the band?

"That's where I started playing, that sort of thing. I started playing Chuck Berry things and that kind of drumming is just natural to me."

"I've got a different style from Pick — more forceful. I mean, I can play quietly as well, but Pick was more technical."

"But *Twisting* was really just a bit of fun and to get to know me. It seemed the right thing to do to put out a rock'n'roll EP after *Love Over Gold*. The band used to do the songs as an encore a few years ago. They just wanted to do them again."

Williams was involved with Stiff Records during the heyday of punk.

"We used to go round the 100 club, the Marquee, places like that and look at all the new bands that were coming through. We'd hear a few songs, think 'No' and on to the next club."

Among the bands he and his partners passed up on were Siouxsie and the Banshees and 999. He's a little hazy on the chronology of it all but he thinks they saw the Sex Pistols when they were still contractless.

"But most of those early punk bands were awful live."

Did he identify with punk?

"I could identify with the energy that was going around at the time. There was a sense of something happening."

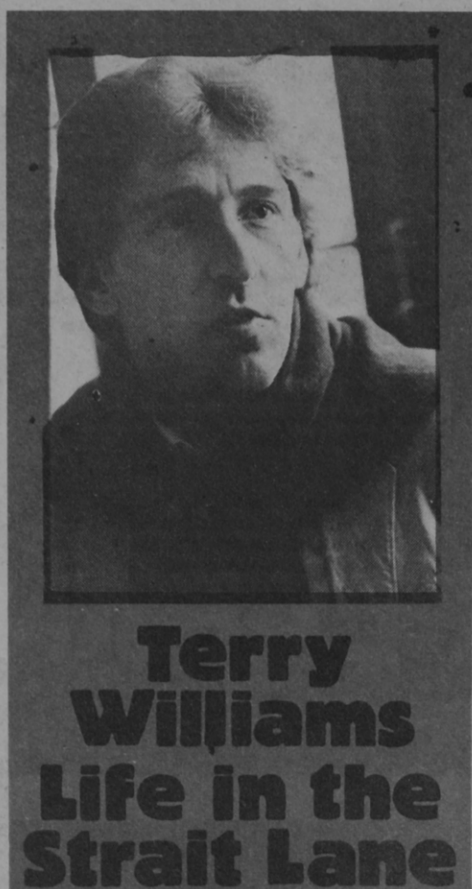
"I wouldn't say most of the music was brilliant, I think most of it was rubbish. But the atmosphere, the kind of rejuvenation lifted everyone."

Even Dire Straits were tagged "new wave" when they emerged in 1977-78. Did that help the band?

"Well obviously I don't think Dire Straits were ever a new wave band, but it was the same with Rockpile, we were called new wave. The music scene had been a bit stale for a while and all of a sudden there just seemed to be a glut of bands and any band that came out then was labelled new wave."

Williams still has ties with the old Rockpile days. He is "looked after" by the flamboyant Jake Riviera, Elvis Costello's infamous mentor.

"Jake is just my advisor, he makes sure I don't make any mistakes. Like, I was offered some session work with a heavy metal type band, I can't remember the name, and I asked him about it. He advised against it, he said it was dodgy, drugs and so on, it might not be



good for my credibility. Also, the record might do badly. So I didn't do it. I understand the record bombed.

"But with Elvis, Jake had to take a stronger guiding role because Elvis just knew nothing. I mean, he'd done the odd pub performance before but that band (the Attractions) was his first."

And the big Rockpile question. Did the band break up on unfriendly terms?

"Ah, no. But Nick did think Dave's reason for leaving was silly."

He doesn't elaborate. He's been asked that question too many times.

He came into Dire Straits from being a session player, as did the other non-original members. Does he worry about one of the usual criticisms of the band, that it is just Mark Knopfler and backing band?

"I don't see any problem in it. Because Mark'll say what he can hear and he'll let you do it in your way."

The problem of being overshadowed by Knopfler's creativity is less acute for Williams as he is the only band member who doesn't at least dabble with songwriting.

"It doesn't bother me. I enjoy playing, trying to interpret what a man can hear, especially someone like Mark. If Mark can hear something in his head and say to me 'can you play it?' and I can, well I enjoy that."

So — aside from Knopfler's writing talents, what is the secret behind the band's popularity?

"Well, it's a strange thing — someone said to me yesterday the band's success is strange because everybody who likes the band thinks that they're the only one who knows about it."

Not in this country mate. The worst a Dire Straits' album has done is mere single platinum

status and 60,000 New Zealanders won't exactly be keeping mum about it all at Western Springs. And the music does seem to appeal to many age groups ...

"Yeah. I think that's because it spans a wide area of music — there's something there for people who are into lyrics or into guitars or into arrangements. Younger listeners will get off maybe on the simpler things."

"Say you take a 16 year-old who's into ... who's a band with a young following?" He can't think of one. "Well, say, a heavy metal band. It's fine now, but they grow out of it."

"People in their late twenties will want to change their musical tastes to something more sophisticated, whereas with Dire Straits, hopefully 16 year-olds should still like them into their thirties and hopefully into their eighties. And we should all be dead by then."

So much for the distant future. What more short-term plans?

"Well we'll be recording some dates on our European tour this year with a view to a live album. We'll see how they turn out. And then probably January or February, if Mark's got material, we'll go in and do a new album."

Knopfler and keyboardist Alan Clarke have been asked to work on the new Dylan album in April and Knopfler has just finished work on the soundtrack for a British film, *Local Hero*. Williams himself will probably be doing some session work after Europe.

Finally, Dire Straits has always been notorious as a rather faceless band. Does that suit him?

"Yeah, it suits me fine. I've always been in faceless bands — apart from Rockpile with Dave and Nick up front."

"I have been recognised in the street," he grins. "But I don't have to wear sunglasses when I go out."

There is a lot of money being spent in Auckland this weekend — 150,000 at the air pageant, 20,000 at the Interdominions, Joni Mitchell — and 60,000 at Western Springs for Dire Straits.

It's hard to avoid getting caught up in the excitement of it all as this relatively gigantic slice of middle New Zealand files towards the stadium. It's a predominantly young, crowd — few seem to be armed with alcohol.

The throng has already choked the path to the gates and a couple of official vehicles have

been stopped dead. Car headlights stretch up the motorway like some giant, gleaming cast-off diamond necklace. They crawl along.

The backstage compound is all but deserted and its emptiness in the midst of the humanity has a touch of the absurd.

The Legionnaires finish their set to enthusiastic applause from the early arrivers. Australia's Divinyls get a distinctly more chilly reception. What passes for entertainment across the Tasman won't always wash here ...

In the marquee, the band are eating and drinking. Knopfler looks like he's at the Last Supper. A sort of intercontinental Hammond Gamble, he looks drawn and worried. He doesn't spend long in the tent and returns to his caravan after he's eaten.

The band has been at the stadium since 2 pm. There were problems with the sound check and by the time it was finished there was no guaranteeing the band would be able to get back from the hotel through the concert traffic.

As it is they're going to have to leap into cars as soon as they come off stage. That's not something Williams likes to do.

"I prefer to be able to sit around for a while afterwards, discuss the gig, but we can't," he shrugs.

The Divinyls finish loudly, some of them come into the tent, scowling. Chrissie Amphlett gets a plate of rice salad and eats it with her fingers.

"Everyone says we're much better live," Terry Williams had said earlier.

It's true.

Dire Straits records don't usually command my listening but this performance was enough to catch me up. Not set alight, but still not bored.

It's not a spectacular show, there are no laser beams or mock explosions. There is nothing visually startling — they've come to play music.

For all the fine playing of the backup musicians the show hinges almost totally on Knopfler. He gives it its light and shade, its personality. If he flags, the show flags. And he does flag at times, during the two hours he is on stage.

But just as Mark Knopfler is an honest man, so was the show honest.

Russell Brown

ROBERT EYRES WATCHES TELLY

very silly mid-on

New Zealand is not an easy place for stand-up comics to find work but until recently it always seemed there would be openings for them in TVNZ Sports. It was sad, however, to see this summer's cricket coverage using instead the likes of John Morrison and Warren Stott, who bored us all to sleep by talking intelligently and articulately about the game as if that were the object of the exercise. In fact the whole lineup of cricket

commentators is very low on entertainment value indeed.

Alan Richards, despite his years of experience, is still more into pathos than true humour. Peter Williams' hapless innocent routine (note Harry Langton, Jerry Lewis influence) is coming along but only the low level gay undertone raises Billy Ibadulla's sub-Peter Sellers routine above the pedestrian. And that's your lot. The Ockers did much better by using the World Series as a vehicle for the All Time Rambling Bore of the Universe play-off between Bill Lawry and Fred Trueman.

Thank God rugby's back soon, and the return of the incomparable Keith Quinn. Quinn outshines even John Clarke / Fred Dagg and the slick Norman Jones-Ben Couch team as the great kiwi comedy act,

marred only by occasional lapses into pure slapstick. Graham Thorne is improving fast too but the Les Dawson influence is still a bit obvious and he does go a bit over the top on the drunken, slobbering number. However, the Harpo Marx hairdo suggests a whole new direction. Underrated is boxing man Bob Jones, who takes a lot of good old Kenneth Williams, routines downmarket but is probably a little subtle for mass appeal.

Let us hope TVNZ is not, as the cricket coverage suggests, planning to cast off all these top New Zealand entertainers. After all, we still have a long way to go to equal the truly world class Ocker league commentators. Bring on the winter sport. Bring on the clowns! Robert Eyres

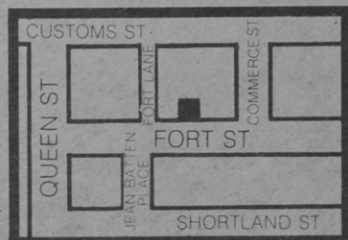
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DANCE EXPONENTS Young Men Go West

There's not much room left in the little lounge of the Dance Exponents' motel — the band, Donna who does the lights, a couple of Dabs, some girls. No one's over 23. Cans of Australian beer, an old movie on the telly. Beats working...

Singer Jordan Luck lights up a cigarette and gets told off. He shouldn't smoke, it's bad for his voice. The rest of the band have been teasing him, telling him he's getting like Rod Stewart.

Luck, guitarist Brian Jones and drummer Michael Haralambi retire to the bedroom to do the interview. Outside, the fun continues.

The band is planning the national tour to promote the new single 'All I Can Do'. They're not expecting to make a lot of money, but what they do get will be useful to help them in Australia. They plan to head across the Tasman at the end of May. They'll have the support of Mushroom Records over there but little else is planned. They're confident about the venture. They're planning on being there for a year or so, before, hopefully, moving on to bigger and better things.

"If we do well, I think it will be a rapid rise, like it always has been for us. But if we don't do well it'll be a hard slog, which we're not really accustomed to. If we've got to slog for years I think we'd just try and go somewhere else," Jones says.

"I think with some bands there must be something missing in the suss department," Luck adds. "They must realise when they're barking up the wrong tree. For some reason they just keep on slogging. I mean, why they don't move or split up is beyond me."

"Still," Jones muses. "It's better than working." Luck says he's keen to go because he feels Australia is central to international music at the moment, there is a lot of attention paid to it. He feels New Zealand bands are quite capable of becoming part of a new "second division" coming through, bands like Hunters



Dance Exponents: Michael Haralambi, David Gent, Brian Jones, Jordan Luck.

and Collectors and the Church.

"New Zealand is a good place, but it's slack. And I think the only way you can get on in New Zealand is to be slack. I think that's why we've achieved so much — because we're slack." General laughter.

"It's true — you work really hard in this country and you'll work hard for about three months, but then all the hard work will come to nothing."

Jones agrees: "Bands like the Narcs worked their arses off and just got themselves further into debt."

"We've done about everything we can do. If we do another tour we're just going to fizzle. You can't just keep touring — I think DD Smash have proved that. Their last tour wasn't as successful as their first few."

No one seems to be worrying about the venture.

"If it bums out, it bums out," Haralambi shrugs.

"We've had a holiday," says Jones.

They don't consider themselves up to international standard either live or in the studio

at the moment, but they have faith in Luck's songs.

"If you write a good song it'll sell because people want to hear songs," Luck explains.

He's happy with his writing at the moment. The band's relatively light workload has given him a chance to come out of the dry spell he encountered last year.

Are his new songs different from the old?

"Yeah, they're changing all the time. It's not so much that the songs are different because I'm not a very good guitarist, but the guys are all fresh, they go in and they've got heaps of ideas when I play them to them."

Unlike the band's previous two singles, the latest one was done in the small, eight-track Azimuth studios. It was produced by the band and soundman/manager-by-default Ben Free. They're happy with it.

"Neither of the other singles really sounded like us, but this one does," Haralambi says.

"It's probably more the feel, but the sound is good too," Jones explains. "It's very crisp."

"The other two were sort of flat sounding. Everything was there, but it wasn't. There was

no character."

So why did the small studio stuff turn out better than the 24-track recordings?

"I think a lot of it is just experience," Luck says.

"All I Can Do" took three days on eight-track, but the others were just one take stuff," Haralambi explains. "When they mixed down 'Victoria' we went to the pub and saw the Meemees!"

They're not in any position to confirm the theory that the 'Airway Spies' single was deliberately mixed for radio either. It certainly sounds much better on radio than on my home stereo.

"We've noticed it," Jones says. "It was intentionally done I suppose — not by us."

Despite being pleased with the new single, they have no thoughts of releasing it overseas — eight-track recording won't do for the world market.

The recording was paid for by Mushroom Records after plans to record an album fell through when the producer wasn't available. The new plan is to do a single as soon as they reach Australia and later, an album.

The album will be composed of the best of their live material. They'd like to re-record 'Victoria' and 'Poland'.

They don't know who'll be producing it yet, but, Jones says, they're confident of "getting someone reasonably good".

The band's confidence at the outset of such a major venture is only natural. Since they began, penniless in Christchurch, they simply haven't had the usual knockbacks that make bands cynical. But by the same token that same confidence has been responsible in no small part for their rapid rise.

Sure, almost every New Zealand band that has crossed the Tasman has died in Australia's cultural quicksand but this one may be a little different. They're not rock stars (the kind who are rock stars because they don't know how to be anything else), they're not going to get trapped in the booze/drugs spiral — they don't do any drugs.

They're at once woefully naive and charmingly fresh. They're in it for the fun, not the money.

"But I think long-term we could earn heaps — I hope we do. I think I'll be a millionaire by the time I'm... 23. I think things happen fast," Jordan pronounces.

Everybody laughs. But he's not really joking. Russell Brown

As of about three weeks ago, the Miltown Stowaways' EP *Hired Togs* had sold exactly 194 copies. This provokes ironic laughter from Fiona Anderson, Ben Staples, Syd Paisley and Mark Dansey. They'd originally been told it was 300. High finance this is not, but if that was the sole object of the exercise, the Stowaways would probably not exist. It's early days yet, anyway.

The Miltown Stowaways came together about six months ago, comprising remnants of the Newmatics, the Blue Asthmatics and the Pleasure Boys.

The members are at a loss to explain what common interests they had, apart from a desire to make music and picking influences, is just as hard. Fiona professes to a liking for Glen Miller, Ben for Ornette Coleman. Nobody wants to be pinned down and perhaps it's just as well.

The sound on *Hired Togs* is a sort of loose-limbed jazz-funk, but that's also rather glib and simplistic. Some of the ideas come close to James Blood Ulmer's theories of

STOW AWAY ZONE



harmolodics, especially in the rhythm guitar's chord structures. But the sound is very tuneful and catchy and most certainly danceable. The curiosity is 'Reptiles', a slow and intense piece; a sharp contrast with the other three tracks. It's a band favourite because of its open-endedness, featuring a lot of free soloing from the horns and woodwinds.

The EP was due for release last year, but was delayed when the tapes got mixed up in Australia. When it was pressed, one side contained the Stowaways, while the other contained half of a Propeller compilation EP. Bearing all this in mind, how does the band see *Hired Togs* now?

"We'd been together for four weeks, we had four songs and we recorded them," says Fiona. "It was a shame that it didn't come

out way back then, rather than now, when what we're doing is a lot different."

"We've nearly finished recording for our album," says bassist Mark, "and the sound is just so different, compared to that EP."

Fiona agrees: "The band itself is tighter and yet more diverse. That sounds strange, I know, but..."

"It's like improvising within the three minute pop thing," says Ben. "Basically, probably we're a pop band, but we're now giving ourselves more room to stretch out."

Experimentation is an essential part of the Stowaways' sound. They're surprising themselves with the ideas that are emerging. All will be revealed soon, with a new single due next month and an album, entitled *Tension Melee*, sometime in July.

The Stowaways are part of a loose association of musicians producing some stimulating and progressive music. The common link is the Auckland City Council's PEP scheme music workshops. The central figure is guitarist/musical director Ivan Zagni. Miltown Stowaways' guitarist Syd and saxist Kelly Rogers play in Big Sideways, the jazz-influenced 12-piece which emerged from the first scheme. Ben plays with Avant Garage, the new PEP group that includes ex Blam Tim Mahon, ex Blind Date Mike Caen and several members of the Auckland Regional Orchestra.

"Ivan is such an amazing person to work with, because he's so creative and so enthusiastic," says Ben. "He has a remarkable effect on the people he plays with."

"Those of us who weren't on the PEP scheme have got a lot of benefit from those who were on it," says Fiona.

"It's been a period of maturing and education," says Syd. "Speaking personally, it was just what I needed."

Breaking down barriers is a major task facing the Stowaways, something they face with determination. This great little country of ours (said with a Taihape accent) simply reeks of prejudice

of all kinds, something of which the Stowaways are all too poignantly aware. Let's list a few by example:

Women in music:

Fiona: "At Sweetwaters, I wore my artist's pass outside my jumper, because I was sick of people asking me which band my boyfriend was in. You get a band like Freudian Slips who, because they are feminist women, are immediately thought of as separatists rather than feminists, therefore they get put down to a certain extent. I don't think people take women musicians seriously in this country and there are some really tremendous women musicians."

Former bands:

Ben: "A lot of people were really pissed off when the Newmatics broke up and we've had a lot of bad reaction from that."

Syd: "The Newmatics were a band that were really close and any member that drops out is irreplaceable. So when several members decide to go, you're really got to call it a day, because it's no use recycling."

Regional barriers:

Syd: "Ben and I run the Indies mail order service and we've been trying to arrange South Island distribution for the Big Sideways album. We've written to people

but we've just had no response. I sense a certain hostility down there."

Ben: "What we're trying to do is put together all this great New Zealand music from the South Island and the North Island and then market it overseas. It should be going overseas because it's good. But first we've got to get everybody here to agree on the package."

Fiona: "I think it would really improve relations if we had a bridge across Cook Strait. Or maybe a causeway."

Mark: "Yeah, put some wood down and some concrete at each end and drain Cook Strait (laughter)."

RIU: Turn it into a pedestrian mall and give people somewhere else to busk.

Fiona: "Like us in Whakatane. We weren't allowed any posters, we were told to take them down within half an hour or we'd be fined \$400. We weren't allowed to busk, and the... sheriff, wasn't he?"

Ben: "No, the marshall."

Syd: "Yeah, regulation 59, and he was going to run us out of town."

Mark: "Like smalltown America." Duncan Campbell

COMING SOON

MARIANNE FAITHFULL
A Child's Adventure



COMING SOON
MARIANNE FAITHFULL
'A CHILD'S ADVENTURE'

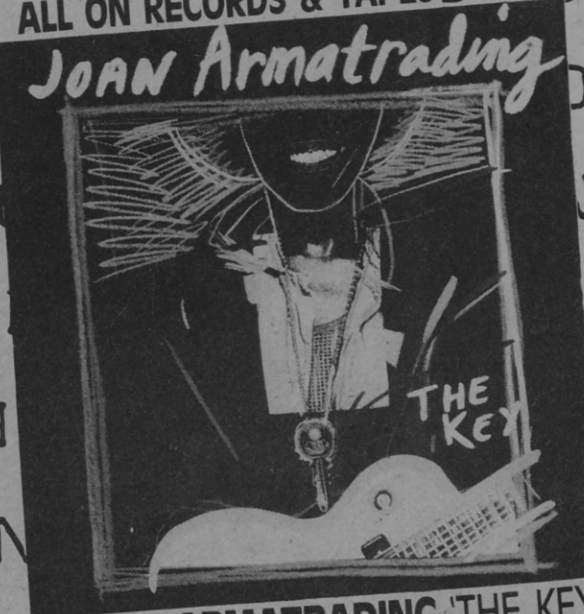


COMING SOON



COMING SOON
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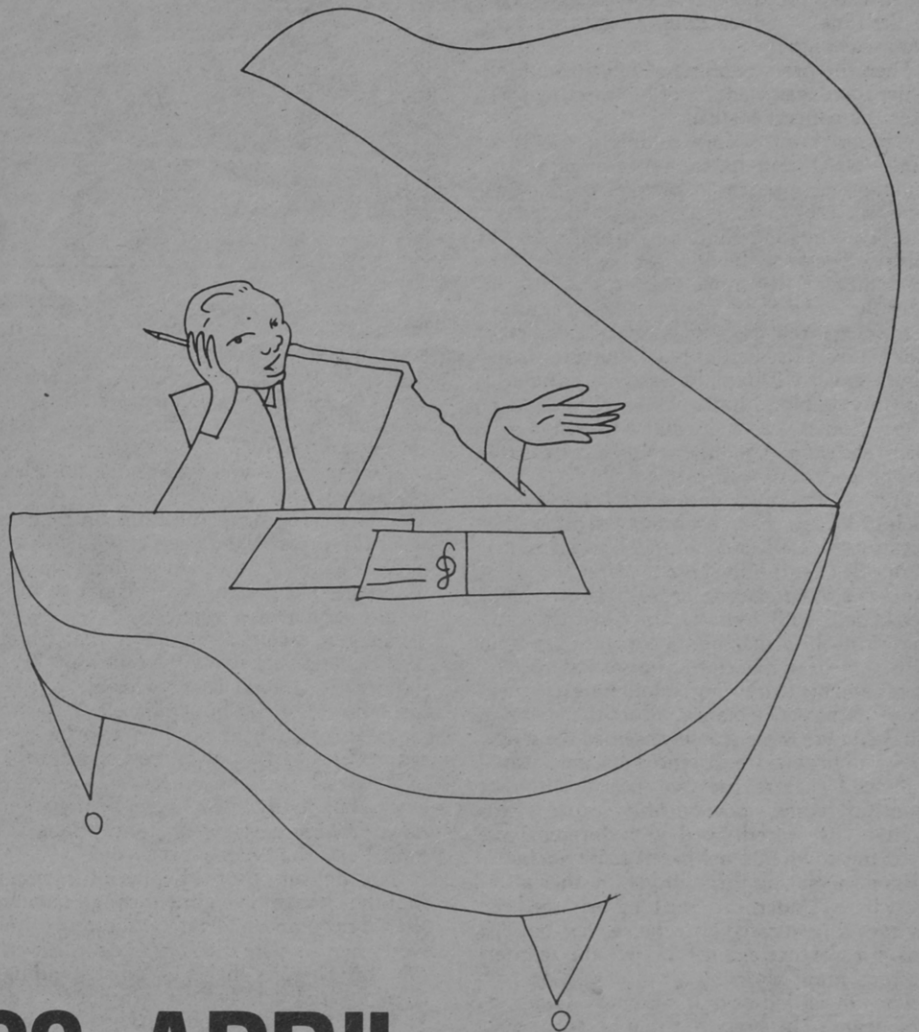


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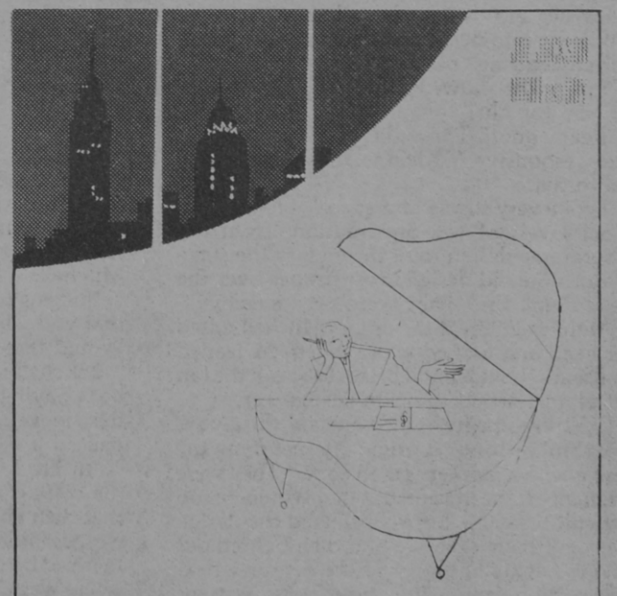
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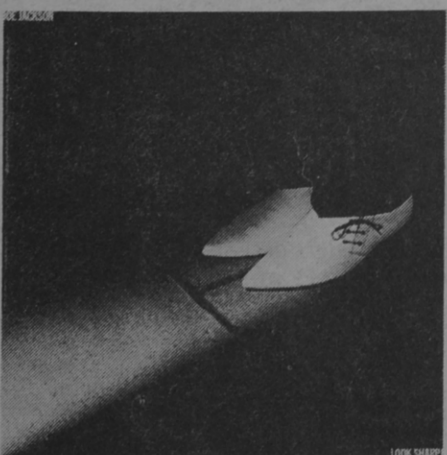
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"People are too concerned with whether they're going to appear cool, or hip, or whether their 'street credibility' will suffer if they do this, or that. No one's going to be hip for ever. Who cares. The important thing is to follow your instincts and produce the best music you can."

JOE JACKSON



NIGHT AND DAY



LOOK SHARP!



I'M THE MAN



BEAT CRAZY



JUMPIN' JIVE

The original idea was that Joni Mitchell would hold a press conference during the afternoon before her Auckland concert. And although he'd probably get to pitch a few questions along with all the other reporters, the fan felt disappointed. Dreamer that he was, after one and a half decades of devotion he wanted to meet the lady personally.

Besides, he knew how wary Mitchell was of the press. Only recently she had been reported as saying:

"They often look on the celebrated person with animosity. You feel like you're going into enemy camp . . . and you've got to be on guard all the time — which doesn't lead to a very good exchange."

Then the press conference fell through, or rather there was mention of her meeting press after the concert instead.

Half an hour before midnight the hotel lounge was filling up: tour entourage, record company people, radio people, press, local scene makers — all buzzing about the concert, picking at the food, clutching their drinks and keeping an eye on the door for her arrival. Yet ten minutes later Joni Mitchell was able to enter the room largely unnoticed. In contrast to the elegant white suit she'd worn on stage, Mitchell was dressed in black dungarees and windbreaker with a dark baseball hat hiding her flowing blond hair. Flanked by manager Elliot Roberts and husband-bassist Larry Klein, she slipped quietly behind a coffee table and on to a low wall-side couch.

The fan was quick enough to secure one of the four lounge chairs enclosing the other three sides of the table and found himself seated alongside Klein. (On stage the bassist looked like a very handsome cross between Elliot Gould and Phil Lynott. Up close the only qualification is that he's a lot younger than both.) The fan's initial impulse was to lean across and begin blurting to Joni his excitement about her performance. But the woman slumped over there scarcely seemed the gracefully moving chanteuse who'd just enraptured a packed theatre for two hours with her beautiful voice, poetry and music. This woman, her faced lined with fatigue, was hunching down into her jacket as if reluctantly resigned to sitting through yet another after-show bash. Underneath the long-brimmed cap her eyes concentrated on a chicken leg, holding it as if in defence against any would-be interviewer's microphone.

The fan settled back in his chair. Okay, he was meant to be a reporter, but he'd only been

"... the press. They keep going 'She's forty now; she's forty now'. I'm young."

playing that game for five years or so; his involvement with Joni Mitchell went back fifteen and he'd rather lose an interview than cause her any annoyance. Instead, after a couple of minutes and a club sandwich, he started chatting to Klein.

"Loved the show. Wonderful. How was it for you tonight?"

"Really good. The audience felt very warm and responsive." Klein's drawl was pure California.

"I got a very strong impression of Joni's hand at all levels of the presentation, from the programme design right through to the stage layout. She did design those drapes over the stage didn't she? They were very effective."

At the mention of the drapes Mitchell raised her head and looked over. When she leaned on Klein's shoulder and began to speak the fan felt almost afraid to acknowledge her.

"You like them, huh?" she said through a mouthful of food. "I originally just drew the design with a marker pen on paper. They were originally to be in neon but that would be too difficult to carry. So we switched the design over, got them sewn up and then figured out how to backlight them to have the same flexibility. With lighting you can pick out sections — a rural landscape, a city scene, whatever."

By this stage the fan had dropped his piece of paper containing all the carefully prepared questions and he couldn't remember one of them. Instead he repeated the same question he'd asked Klein.

"Good. Very good. The only thing that was difficult for me was that, because of them recording it and the videotapes running out after every few songs we'd have pauses whereas I tend to see the show like a play with a dynamic going on. It threw me off a little bit. We've got it up to a well-paced thing. There's still some flexibility though."

"Your voice sounded very good tonight, a lot stronger than the breathy, flutty tones of the early albums."

"Yeah it's pretty good. I'm singing at a loud volume because of the band. I don't want them to play down to me. I want to sing up to them. I think it's the strongest singing I've ever done in my career. I've got one weak spot in it though; right in the break between chest tones and head tones it sometimes thins out. I only



hit that spot in two songs and if I don't compensate by pushing twice as much air through, sometimes nothing comes out. There's a couple of worn threads there at the moment — but that's the dues for a rock'n'roll singer you know."

Does it make you reconsider the idea of continuing with a rock lineup?"

"Oh no. The only questions on that come from the press. They keep going 'She's forty now; she's forty now'. I'm young. I was a late bloomer." Her laugh, if it weren't so husky, would almost be a giggle.

The fan, acutely conscious that Mitchell could lean back away from him at any moment, searched for a sensible question. Instead he talked about himself.

"Aaah," he began, "there's a lot of people who've measured out certain stages in their lives to Joni Mitchell records, who feel an emotional involvement there. So they tend to have perhaps a lot of preconceptions about you. Does that ever worry you?"

"No, not any more. Really all it means is that the changes I've gone through have been shared in common. That's what my optimism was when I wrote the songs coz if they were only my changes then I was just standing up there with my clothes off. Obviously I don't know what feelings occur when one of my songs goes out into a hall — what exactly the associations are."

"Do you ever look back on any of the words you've written and wish you hadn't exposed yourself in quite the way you did?"

"I never feel embarrassed about anything I've written. It goes out from me but it hangs there. Witnesses draw it through their own life or, if they choose to reject it, bounce it back. If they relate to it we must have something in common."

"What's the matter with feeling good? Is feeling good not hip?"

The fan suddenly, luckily, recalled a comment he'd made earlier to his wife: that Joni Mitchell rarely addressed her songs to women, nearly always to men. He remembered his wife's reply and now addressed it to Mitchell.

"Judging from the songs, one might conclude that you relate better to men than to women. Would that be true?"

Mitchell's manager, who until now hadn't been paying much attention to the conversation, looked sharply at the fan. Mitchell herself paused a moment before replying.

"In life I think I always have, yeah. I got the distinct impression as I was growing up that men enjoyed each other's company and women didn't. And I was always a tomboy. I played better with boys than I did with girls. There was always one boy who used to break down my huts in the backyard and stuff but girls used to do really vicious things to me. They'd traumatized me for as long as I could remember. I always felt safer with boys, although I do remember crying when hanging out with boys because there were just some levels you can't get in on with them. My experience in the school system with girls was that a lot of their friendships amounted to conspiracies. They would conspire to the exclusion of other girls. I suppose men can be the same way."

"But," she continued, lighting one of the long, dark cigarettes she'd smoked on stage, "I do have some girlfriends, girls to share things with, who can keep a secret; people who, if say, they have any envy for you at any given moment, can spit it out and not fester. Men, women — I have no prejudice one way or the other. I just somehow found myself able to be more myself with men."

"Has that made it easier for you to cope with a life in this business?"

"I suppose so. I'm travelling with eighteen

men. Larry and I," she snuggled into his arm, "we couldn't have a better friendship. We're the best of friends. I think it has to do with spirit somehow." She looked down at the way she was sitting, sprawled with legs flung out and laughed. "I never learned to sit like a girl. I guess if you strip away woman's mannerisms, the ways they're taught, there's probably not that much difference between us. There's so much cultural imposition."

By now the fan had begun to realize that he was indeed getting something like his long-desired interview. With an approaching confidence he replied and again found manager Roberts' gaze turned fixedly on him.

"Yet despite all this," he suggested, "your work seems suffused with a sentimental cynicism towards men."

Mitchell considered her cigarette a moment and then looked up.

"I guess that's fair. Yeah, that's a pretty good description. About people in general probably. It's just that I write mostly about men. There's a dissatisfaction with the quality of the relationship. But it's not that I'm always scolding bad boys you know. Often I'm the anti-hero. Rather than big victims in my songs I see little failures, descriptions of shortcomings. You know it's like:

You don't like weak women, you get bored so quick

You don't like strong women 'cause they're hip to your tricks.

That applies to both sexes. Now that we know each other's weaknesses is the game going to get dirty or what? Does familiarity indeed breed contempt?"

"A large proportion of your audience tonight was women, including a fair number of gay women. All the women I know who are familiar with your work, besides relating to the way you articulate their feelings, see you as a figure of strength."

Mitchell shrugged. "I've led an independent life. I think that's the only thing."

"Well, how do you relate to the title 'feminist'?"

"I disassociate myself from a lot of that. It's too militant. A lot of feminists don't really like men. I like men; I like their company and that separates me from a lot of the feminists I've met — movement feminists, that is, not household feminists. It's not that I'm unsympathetic to a lot of the difficulties women encounter, it's just that I've never felt the need to organize."

At the last question Mitchell's manager had lent over and, frowning, told the fan to 'wind it up'. He then stood up and went in search of a drink. The fan took this chance to ask Mitchell her reactions to public reception of her new album *Wild Things Run Fast*.

"The people seem to like it but some reviewers want to dismiss it. There's been two main criticisms. One is that it's kinda like *Court and Spark* but it's not so innovative. Well, for a start that wasn't in any sense genuinely innovative because everything on it had been done in the classics and other fields. It's just that it was new for pop music. Its newness wasn't all that recognized at the time anyway. The new album is fresh which to me is as good as innovative."

"The other thing is some critics say they like me better when I'm miserable. In other words they think I'm somehow deeper when I'm unhappy. I think some of these new songs are, ah, deeply light in their descriptions of joy. What's the matter with feeling good? Is feeling good not hip? I'm happily married and I'm really glad to be writing about feeling good. Critics have a tendency to think that anything regarding feeling good is a cliché because it's so simple. The statement of joy is always brief because you don't go on and on about it like you might when you're feeling bad. And people call that simplistic. But I think that 'Underneath The Streetlight', for instance, is a joyous song that has something to it. It's not hackneyed."

"You've never been quite that direct about it before."

"Certainly. For me to write 'Yes I do, I love You' that simply is definitely new. It's like . . . you know that line in 'Both Sides Now' about longing to say 'I love You' right out loud. That was kind of prophetic in a way because till now I've never been able to say it without qualifying it."

Fascinated, the fan hadn't noticed that Elliot

"Mingus took a lot of energy. It was harder than if I'd done my own music"

...

Roberts had returned. He plunged on. "After thirteen albums, don't you ever worry that the muse may depart?"

"Oh yeah, constantly. Elliot'll tell you that. I tell him all the time that I'm dried up. You go through dry spells. It's inevitable, like seasons. It doesn't rain all year. And Mingus took a lot of energy. It was harder than if I'd done my own music, chiselling my words on to someone else's melodies, especially such complex melodies, saxophone solos and so on."

The lines around her eyes creased into a tired smile but Roberts was standing there glowering. He pointed at the fan then pointed to the door. Reluctant to depart the fan tried one more question as he rose.

"Considering the various musical styles you've adopted, which do you think has been conducive to the best poetry so far?"

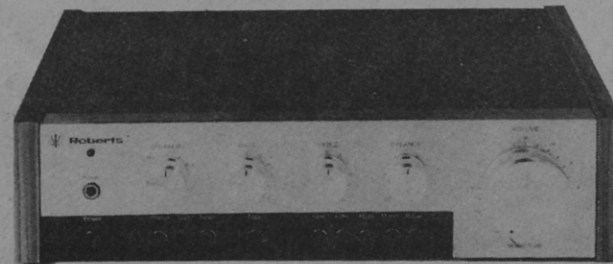
Again Mitchell smiled. "I would say some of my best poetry is on *Hejira*. It's the most original in a lot of ways. Some people like the classicism of some of the earlier stuff, its density perhaps. I like the more open, conversational style just as well. But with the new album; the more it gets back towards rock'n'roll the more neat the song structure has to be. In my act of craving more rhythm the songs became more structured that way and so the lyric had to be reeled in."

By now Elliot Roberts was standing beside the fan miming beating his head. With effusive statements of gratitude the fan stumbled away from the table and out of the lounge.

Moments later, standing by his car, trying to collect his dazed impressions of the previous half-hour, he noticed a couple walking hand in hand across the road towards the hotel's cabins. As they passed underneath the streetlight he could see that it was Joni Mitchell and Larry Klein.

Peter Thomson

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percussion

drums on "two suns"

tenor sax

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the post war dream
your possible pasts
one of the few
the hero's return
the gunners dream
paranoid eyes

side II

get your filthy hands
off my desert
the fletcher memorial home
southampton dock
the final cut
not now john
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Records

David Bowie
Let's Dance
EMI

With the avowed intention of returning to the spirit of fifties R&B, David Bowie has released his first album since 1980's *Scary Monsters*.

Since, in rock'n'roll terms, he has been out of circulation for some time, *Let's Dance* can be seen both as a desire to return to unpretentious beginnings and as an attempt to plug into the dance music that is the current pulse. And just maybe that's the reason Chic's Nile Rodgers is along as co-producer and guitarist.

Whatever, *Let's Dance* is intentionally Bowie's most straight-forward physical (as opposed to intellectual) album since the sleek Philly soul of *Young Americans*. Entertainment is the message and the opening classic swagger of 'Modern Love', which screams to be a single, proves that point. Then 'China Girl', the Pop-Bowie collaboration that initially appeared on *The Idiot* but this time has been stripped of its darkness and claustrophobia and instead injected with an up-tempo optimism that makes it a completely different success. 'Let's Dance' (long version) is the pivot of the first side and its thrust and plaintive choral bridge make way for 'Without You', a beautifully understated love song that closes the first side.

'Ricochet', a mixture of Cabaret Voltaire mania, Bowie determination and social comment opens the second side and is probably the album's best move. 'Criminal World', a non-original, is delightful and guitarist Steven Vaughn adds some real deft touches. This leads into a completely rethought 'Cat People' and what was once a sluggish embarrassment is now made into a crucial song, taut and more dangerous. The seduction of 'Shake It', a satin glove is the last blow.

In its basic aims of the virtue of simplicity and the feel of enjoyment, *Let's Dance* has few flaws. Two or three more new originals wouldn't have gone amiss, especially considering his long

absence, but this complaint can't alter the fact that the new Bowie album is bound to be one of the invitations of the year.
George Kay

Fun Boy Three
Waiting
Chrysalis

One instant classic single, one good single, two more good songs and several dinky twee ditties. That was the Fun Boy Three's debut album a year or so ago. A classic case of 'great single lads, now do an album real quick to follow it.' Since then, one single, a slightly misguided cover of a Gershwin standard and the Fun Boy Three didn't look a very good bet.

But voila, a second album at last, worthy of 'Stereotype', 'Ghosttown' and 'Lunatics'. It seems that the FB3 have finally got their act together and given us a listenable, coherent and directional album that highlights the strong points that were obvious in the Specials (rather than masking them, as the first album did). Terry, Lynval and Neville seemed to have forgotten that they were vocalists and masters of melodic understatement *par excellence*.

But no more. Apart from the dragging 'Well Fancy That' every track is a gem with incisive lyrics, just like the classics mentioned above. David Byrne's production is suitably sharp and clean.

If the last album had you convinced that the real inspiration behind the Specials was Jerry Dammers, this album heralds the return of the prodigal sons and demands your attention.
Simon Grigg

Herbs
Light of the Pacific
Warrior

This is a fine album. Right from the opening 'French Letter' it's clear that this is Herbs at their smoothest and sharpest — it's their studio sound. The playing is precise, the production is clear.

'Crazy Mon' suffers in the studio, lacking its usual bite, but on the other hand the medley of traditional polynesian songs makes a lot more sense than it does through a rock PA.

The studio triumph, however, is the seven and a half minute title track, which features no fewer than seven guest musicians and singers. The song passes through



several moods and is really a statement of what Herbs are about.

This album's political content is not nearly as overt or as widespread as that on the group's first mini-album *What's Be Happen?*, but it's still there. It's most obvious in the anti-nuclear sentiments of 'French Letter', but 'Them's the Breaks' and 'Crazy Mon' are also saying things worth thinking about.

Three of the six original songs, the most lyrically incisive ones, were written by former singer Tony Fonoti. Herbs have coped well with the loss of a lead vocalist, it will be interesting to see if they can fill the gap left by his songwriting.

It's puzzling that Herbs haven't drawn better crowds during their first national tour, a lot of people don't seem to want to listen. It would be a pity if it took international success for Herbs to gain the recognition in this country they deserve.
Russell Brown

3 Voices Big Sideways
Unsung Unsung

Two debut albums from one of the country's newest independent labels, one by a very important new band, the other more of a novelty.

Big Sideways already have a solid reputation in Auckland, went down a treat at Sweetwaters and have recently made a tour of North Island provincial centres. Kingpin is guitarist Ivan Zagni and 11 others play on this album, notably ex Blam Mark Bell, Robbie Sinclair and Miltown Stowaways Syd Pasley and Kelly Rogers.

The sound is horn-driven, with the four-piece brass section punching the colour into a largely funky base. The jazz leanings are strongly reminiscent of the more

of writing, some of them stemming from Sinclair's old Ray A. Band. Each piece is a miniature sketch, standing alone. Some are exercises in sound technology, others are collages and abstracts. The title track is an eerie, almost formless piece, with the voices wailing wordlessly and being almost mistaken for other instruments. 'Plastic Things' and 'The Bells' are equally harrowing. The album is not without its light and humorous moments. 'Listen Don't Cry' and 'Delighted Tonight' are both jaunty, appealing songs, the former being semi-ska, the latter south-of-the-border fiesta stuff.

This is very much an album for the individual to judge. It is maddeningly fragmentary. It will be misunderstood by many. I'm not sure that I understand it. Whatever your view, you couldn't call it dull.

If you can't find these albums in the shop, they can be ordered from Unsung Music, 54 High St, Auckland 1.
Duncan Campbell

The Chris Knox Ego
Gratification Album
Songs for Cleaning Guppies
Flying Nun

This has been a very difficult album to review. There is a lot going on here, it can't just be absorbed, assigned a label and marked out of ten like some records.

Bits of it I like, bits of it I don't. Of the 20 tracks here some have an irritating unfinished feeling, while others are complete, gems at 80 seconds. Some are particularly complex in nature and Knox has stretched his four-track tape recorder further than most engineers can stretch a big studio.

Knox seems very conscious of his position as a hip priest in this country's alternative music scene. He doesn't like the fact that people will buy this album simply because he is Chris Knox, or because it's on Flying Nun. There seems to have been a deliberate attempt to shake that sort of thing by grouping the album's worst songs at the beginning. Or perhaps he conceived the whole thing purely as a piece of shit so people like me could make fools of themselves praising it. Surely not.

If you buy this album because you used to like Toy Love you may be disappointed because it's further away from Toy Love than

ever. It's sort of Beefheart meets Joan Baez meets Cale meets the Picnic Boys. It's odd, like some mirror-image Dylan, as Knox moves further away from rock towards a kind of folk the cries of 'Judas!' grow louder. If this record is aimed to finally exorcise the lingering spirit of Toy Love I don't think it will.

It's not until the final 'Justification Song' that Knox comes clean and puts the questions clear. But 'Do you want honesty? Or do you want a song?' Surely it's possible to have both? But Knox challenges, rather than abuses, the listener.

Ego? Certainly. Chris Knox wouldn't be making records and I wouldn't be reviewing them were it not for ego. At least Knox is honest enough to think about it.

This is a hard record to make decisions about because it is surrounded with questions (see 'Jesus Loves You' for an example) and you can't evaluate questions, only think about them. So maybe there's no point in me even writing this, because you'll all just have to buy it and decide for yourselves anyway. If that's true, it's a damn good way to sell records.
Russell Brown

Various Artists
Burning Ambitions
(A History of Punk)
Cherry Red

Sooner or later someone had to have a go at putting together the definitive punk retrospective — thank God it's been done by people with some understanding. This compilation's greatest value lies in the fact that it contains much material never released in this country and some (like the Adverts' classic 'Gary Gilmore's Eyes') that is now hard to obtain anywhere.

The four sides run in loosely chronological order from 1976 through to the present day. Things begin well with the Buzzcocks' 'Boredom', The Fall's first, twisted single 'Bingo Master's Breakout', Wire's '12XU', ATV's 'Life' and the Adverts all on Side One.

Sides Two and Three are a mixed bag of old and not so old. The highlights include Swell Maps' 'Read About Seymour', Stranglers' 'Grip', Damned's 'Love Song' and 'Identity' by X-Ray Spex, but it's almost all great listening. The only turkeys are 'Stranglehold' by the
CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

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Records

U2
War
Island

In only two albums, *Boy* and *October*, Dublin's U2 have established themselves as the great populist romantics. Chiming guitars from The Edge, Bono's lofty melancholy and the persistent concussion of Adam Clayton and Larry Mullen, have carried their crusade to near legendary status. The question is: are they merely sound and fury signifying the old cliché or are they as important as they sound?

War, although better than its predecessors, still leaves me suspecting the former, because U2 walk that fine line between sincere emotional simplicity and sentimental exaggeration. On 'Sunday Bloody Sunday', 'New Year's Day', 'Two Hearts Beat As One' and 'Red Light' they follow the pattern set by 'I Will Follow', 'Gloria' and 'Rejoice', that of overstatement coupled with a certain amount of melodic and production compulsion. Drama is, after all, hard to

resist. But their cathedral amplification of basic feelings is too graphic, too obvious and immediate for any lasting effect. However on 'Drowning Man' and 'Surrender' (don't count the throwaway '40') they come as close as they've ever been to harnessing subtlety to feeling.

So U2 continue to glorify and romanticise whatever they turn their minds to and as such *War* is only a flesh wound. They've still a ways to go before they really reach the soul.

George Kay

Bauhaus The Sky's Gone Out Beggars Banquet

The bodies sink and fall into the stifling decay, other souls writhe under a black and bloated sun and babies scream unheeded in their crawling blanket of dust and vermin. The stifling air crackles and pulses with sounds primordial, chilling, derisive: from the depths of a dingy basement somewhere in England, the band plays on...

And so Bauhaus give us their latest sordid masterpiece — a double package comprising *The Sky's Gone Out* (all new material except for the cover of Eno's 'Third Uncle') and the bonus album, *Press the Eject and Give Me the Tape*, a collection of live recordings



U2

made during 1981 and 1982.

The new material is more uncompromising than ever and makes heavy demands on the listener. The style is sparser, more disjointed and subtler than on *Mask*, with an even more sinister end result. 'Swing the Heartache', 'All We Ever Wanted...' and 'In the Night' carry off this bleak vista with the most conviction, although every track on the album is superb in its own right.

If this fails to grab you, then be assured that the live album will. All but three songs are taken from *Flat Field* and *Mask*. Not on either album are 'Bela Lugosi's Dead' (now virtually unobtainable) and an excellent rendition of John Cale's 'Rose Garden, Funeral of Sorens'.

The self-assurance and musical expertise evident in their live

performances makes for some scintillating listening. They take full advantage of reverb and feedback — a hindrance to many live performers — to project a raw energy lacking in many of the studio versions. The overall effect is devastating.

The Sky's Gone Out is undeniable proof of the band's abilities, both on stage and off. Buy it before the holocaust.

Raymond Russell

No Tag Can We Get Away With It? Propeller

Doing this live album was a good idea for No Tag. It was an extremely cheap way to get a large number of songs on vinyl and it captured the band in the setting where they make most sense. Of course the sound quality had to

suffer and the sound here isn't great. But it's not bad enough to be unlistenable and, anyway, it's cheap.

If you've seen No Tag live it'll remind you of how exciting they can be. If you haven't, it'll give you some idea of what they're about.

No Tag have put themselves in an enviable position — if something irks them, they don't just moan about it, they write a song about it. In that way, they're lucky — they can do something. Sometimes, however, they abuse their position. 'Oi Oi' remains a singularly stupid thing to bleat, but that's what they do in the song 'No Tag'. You can hear the audience shouting it between songs too. It doesn't mean anything, but it makes everyone feel better.

The blaming of nebulous 'bastards' in 'To Be' does not one any good either.

The only way to have some fun. Is to rebel, to punch someone. Punching people isn't rebellion, it's surrender.

But this is a good album, particularly *Side Two*. It's good to hear amphetamine guitars and a singer who doesn't want to be Frank Sinatra for a change. The lyrics often have a real, perceptive edge and they're personal, not just clichés.

Little Steven and the Disciples of Soul Men Without Women EMI

Men Without Women marks Little Steven's solo debut. Otherwise known as 'Miami' Steve Van Zandt, he guided Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes through their first three albums and since 1976 has played guitar for the E-Street band.

The Disciples of Soul tag gives the lie to the music. Van Zandt is searching for the fever, the uplifting power of massed horns and guitars. That style, far from redundant, has found few sterling exponents in recent years other than Southside Johnny and Dexys in their soul rebel days. Van Zandt knows all the right moves and presents ten fine songs, but narrowly misses his mark.

For all the manifest strengths of the new songs, past glories are recalled by the horn bluster of 'Angel Eyes', the arrangement of 'Inside Of Me' and a host of Van

Zandt stylistic idiosyncrasies. The effect is to make this album the sequel to *Hearts Of Stone* (1978), the Jukes' and Van Zandt's best shot. And it's from that comparison that *Men Without Women* falters.

Van Zandt is no vocalist. His voice, akin to Dylan on sandpaper, lacks the depth and emotion essential to soul. These songs still work, particularly 'Forever' and 'I've Been Waiting', but a sympathetic voice like Southside Johnny's would have made that essential difference.

Little Steven is no blue-eyed Messiah and *Men Without Women* isn't soul salvation, but these brash, brassy songs are music as survival; determined, dedicated, honest. Some things just don't change.

David Taylor

The Thompson Twins Quick Step and Side Kick Arista

The Thompson Twins have been kicking around Britain in various formats since the late seventies, the only constant factor and real motivating force being vocalist/synthesist Tom Bailey. In April of last year he took Joe Lee-way, New Zealander Alannah Currie and his new ambition to write dance music and finally put the Thompson Twins in the charts.

Quick Step and Side Kick is the third TT album but it's the first to feature the three piece synthesiser pop approach. Recorded in the Bahamas under the auspices of producer Alex Sadkin, it is, regardless of denials from Alannah Currie in last month's *RIU*, an opportunistic album of Human League textures. But that's not a criticism, only a perspective.

The singles 'Lies' and 'Love On Your Side' together with 'Judy Do' and 'Love Lies Bleeding' are superior to the crafted syntho-pop genre that has become common place. Comfortably functional. 'Kamikaze' is the pick of the more sedate fare, melodic and atmospheric it rises above the dirge-like regrets of 'All Fall Down' and the silliness of 'We Are Detective'.

Quick Step makes no demands, it is what it appears to be — an album of unpretentious enjoyment, and that's okay every once in a while.

George Kay

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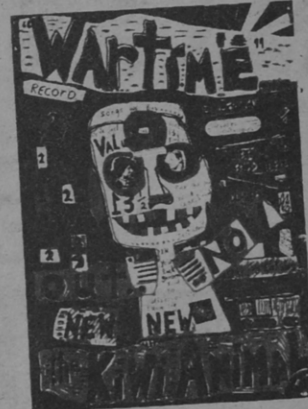
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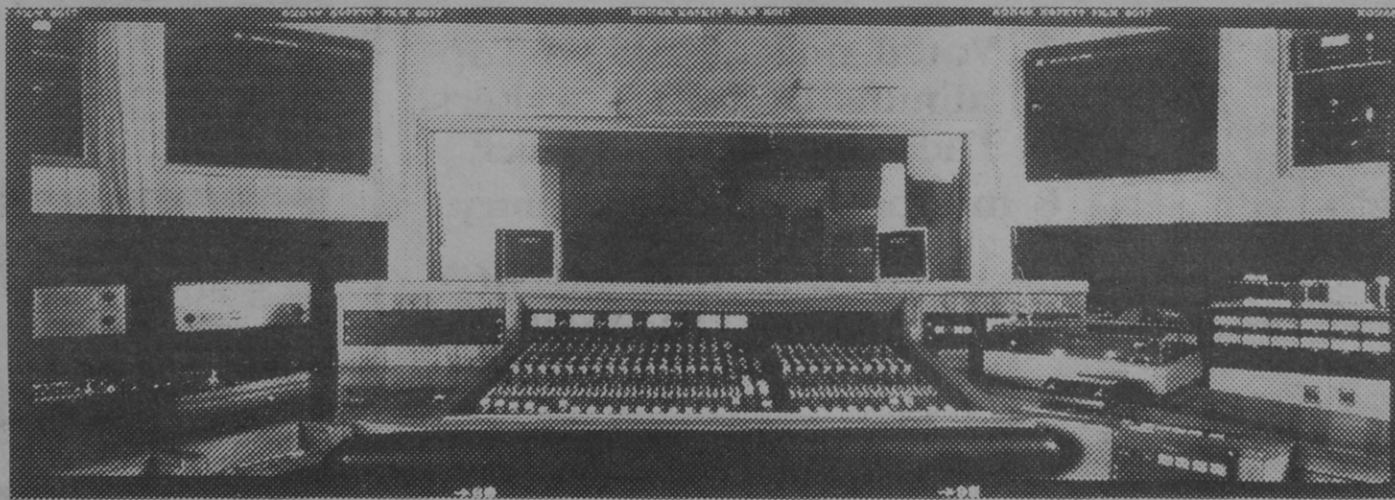
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Records

King Sunny Ade Juju Music Island

King Sunny Ade (pronounced 'Ah-day') comes from Nigeria, where there are dozens of tribes, with different languages, customs and music. His sound is a blend of these various tribal influences. Authentic African pop music and it's some good, too.

The only Western strain is the use of modern electric instruments

in conjunction with African drums and percussion. The term "Juju" was a derogatory expression invented by the colonialists to describe anything related to black culture. Sunny Ade's growing popularity in Western countries has rather reversed the joke.

The music is deceptively gentle, until you wind up the volume and start to appreciate its polyrhythmic complexities. The band numbers 20 or more - it includes seven or eight percussionists and up to five guitarists. Unity is the key word, with solos brief and to the point. The guitars harmonise, each instrument playing its own subtle melody, meshing into a total entity which reveals new



Pete Townshend

aspects with each listening. The percussion works in a similar fashion and the African 'talking



King Sunny Ade

drums' make a statement all their own.

The lyrics (explanation is necessary) are basically about the quality of life. Sunny Ade describes himself as an apolitical Christian. The sound of the singing is what matters, being more a series of chants which expand on themselves, while always retaining a trace of the original theme. For parallels, try the call-and-response singing of black American soul, funk and gospel songs.

Anyone with more than a passing interest in black music of any form should have a listen to King Sunny Ade. Here lie the roots. Duncan Campbell

Pete Townshend Scoop Atco

From early 60s Who through to 80s solo work, this double album scoops up 25 of Townshend's enormous horde of demos, doodles and the occasional outtake. Of course for the obsessive fan such a collection is essential - a chance to hear Pete's early tentative experiments with recording feedback on 'Circles', the inclusion of a couple more items from the long lost *Lifeline* project, etcetera, etcetera.

The more cautious of us may read Townshend's comment about using his recording studio for therapy - 'even a kind of prayer' - and tiptoe away, ruefully recalling all those soul-baring interviews of his over the past few years. Happily however, his propensity for the pompous rarely obtrudes. Naturally there is considerable sense of a craftsman in his workshop, but there's also far more feeling of a man and his hobby than of an artiste wrestling in creation. Even Townshend's

detailed notes (on the inner sleeve) are engagingly light-hearted.

As expected, the tracks themselves vary markedly in quality: writing, performance and recording. A few are mere one-or-two-listen throwaways while others make worthy additions to his exceptional catalogue. Favourites will differ but, as one who's long considered Roger Daltrey a hindrance to Townshend's material, I am delighted to hear such Who classics as 'Behind Blue Eyes' receive a more sensitive reading, albeit only in sketch form.

To a large extent any collection of unfinished pieces pre-empt criticism by its very nature. Suffice to say that, for much of its four sides *Scoop* provides an enjoyable view into one of the most enduring talents in rock.

Peter Thomson

Briefs

Kiss

Children of the Night (Casablanca)

Pre-punk, while drunk I battered my ears to pulp with their first albums. Now I'm older and more mature and my shredded ears are used as ashtrays as I lie on the floor two blocks away from this hideous record which may be had for five bucks (only played once) from me, c/- RIU. You'll love it. Really! CK

Various Artists

Party Party (A&M)

A British movie soundtrack featuring current acts interpreting various rock standards. Reaction depends on one's reverence for the originals. They vary through straight (Bad Manners copy Coasters), stupid (Altered Images wreck Del Shannon), stereotyped (Sting does Little Willie John), to startling (Bananarama jogs the Sex Pistols). Midge Ure sings Bowie you can imagine for yourself. Best number is an original: Elvis Costello's title track. PT

Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band

The Distance (Capitol)

In the mid-70s Bob Seger, along with Bruce Springsteen, was regarded as the hope of mainstream rock'n'roll. But after the disastrous *Against The Wind* and a live album, it looked like he was really lost. The good news is that *The Distance* is not just a convincing return to form but his best since *Night Moves*. The lacklustre current single - and sole cover version - is in no way indicative of the album's strengths. Seger breathes life into old formulas and refurbishes a few clichés. 'Coming Home' is as aching a road song as he's ever written while 'Makin' Thunderbirds' combines the subjects of cars and unemployment with freshness and integrity. Sure, Seger may occasionally seem a tad antiquated in these post-modern times, but it's gratifying to know he's lasting the distance. PT

Albert Lee (Polydor) Sideman supreme Albert Lee

steps into the spotlight to play his guitar and sing with consummate good taste. Former Emmylou Harris band colleague Rodney Crowell has produced an album that shows Lee off to best advantage. Lee's guitar qualifications have never been in doubt, but here the hotlicks are balanced with Albert's unpretentious, countrified vocals. He avoids extravagance in both areas and delivers a most likeable and listenable record. Favourite track: Johnny O'Keefe's 'Wild One' (titled here 'Real Wild Child') KW

The Stranglers, Feline (CBS)

In recent years the Stranglers have mellowed considerably, making it difficult to take their efforts very seriously. Their latest does little to restore faith - in fact it could almost be called easy listening. Yet much of the old cleverness is still evident in the quirky synthesiser and insidious bass treatments. These are used to best effect on the single 'European Female', 'All Roads Lead to Rome' and 'Blue Sister'. Despite a few weaker tracks this album works successfully and shows, if nothing else, that the Stranglers are confident with their new style. Nice and easy does it ... RR

Bad Manners

Forging Ahead (Magnet)

In which Buster Bloodvessel and th'lads attempt to diversify their familiar mixture of sub-fourth form humour and rocksteady ska beat. Only a couple of tracks, 'Salad Bar' and 'Tonight is Your Night', both Members-type cockney disco, really come off. The rest might just as well be Benny Hill and the George Mitchell Minstrels singing Ian Dury's old shopping lists. For definitions of the truly futile, try 'My Boy Lollipop' or the instrumental 'Exodus' theme. DM

UK Subs, 1979-81 (Music World)

A twenty track compilation of the UK Subs' brand of social/political catharsis isn't about to start the Third World War. They're a Brit answer to the forced anger of Stiff Little Fingers and so they've a certain amount of, ah, propulsion. Start the subversion without me. GK

Various

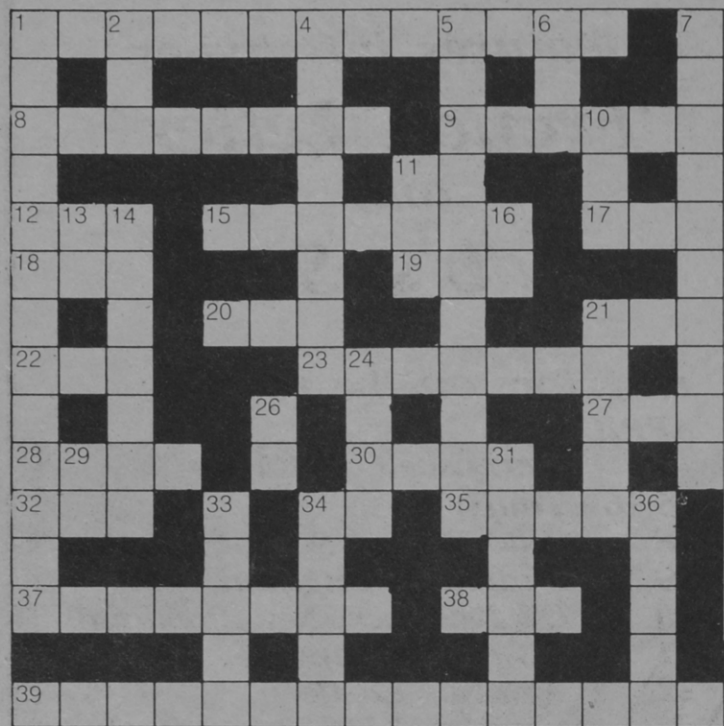
Punk Explosion (Music World)

A selection of third generation punk/oi bands who, like their ancestors, sound like Black Sabbath on speed. So there's nothing new as the Violators, Blitz, Red Alert, Insane, Test Tube Babies and others flagellate themselves during the usual waltzes. These guys are radical? GK

Blue Rondo A La Turk

Chewing The Fat (Virgin)

Chewing the fat about sums up the debut *Blue Rondo a la Turk* album. Lounge lizards performing jazz-cum-tropical nothings they are incapable of arousing despite incessant technically-correct blathering. The greatest sin committed here though is the massacre of the Motown oldie 'I Spy For The FBI' (try John Hiatt's sterling cover instead). Turkeys do talk. DT



ACROSS

- 1 The ABC of romantic literature? (7,2,4)
- 8 Declared himself the Jesus of Cool (4,4)
- 9 Meemees boys.
- 11 Initials of now deceased Kiwi who played with Uriah Heep (most uncool to know this one) (1,1)
- 12 Bob said to do the

- 15 British punks who wound up with *Last Will and Testament*
- 17 Where Citizen Band were a little rusty.
- 18 Flock of Budgies single. It'll never cell.
- 19 ... Shy? Not enough by half, methinks.
- 20 Iggy's TV organ.
- 21 Where life began for XTC

- 22 These dangerous loonies took Joey Ramone's baby away (1,1,1)
- 23 ... Casbah. (4,3)
- 27 Card with amazing rhythm.
- 28 Part of an emergency, or of a British punk band.
- 30 Pointy ones! (or burning ones, Mike?)

- 32 British band who weren't big kids, but colossal youth (1,1,1)
- 34 This will bring M to the centre of the highway. (1,1)
- 35 Kid Creole music.
- 37 Arry reckons they're the Meemees with a synth.
- 38 Czukay's tinny Germans.
- 39 Takes off his clothes at a Birthday Party? (4,3,8)

DOWN

- 1 Alabama was sweet home to these southerners. (6,7)
- 2 Partridge's quartet.
- 4 Fresh start for Albrecht and co. (3,5)
- 5 Vice Squad post-holocaust song. (4,7)
- 6 The original Celtic soul brother
- 7 "Got a good reason / For taking the easy way out", sixties hit. (3,7)
- 10 Angel Neeson
- 13 ... Cat Dubh, U2 single.
- 14 & 21 What the name of this band is. (7,5)
- 24 Motorhead direction, relative to the top.
- 26 ... A Boy, Daltrey sang.
- 31 Beach Boys' surf'n' expedition.
- 33 No. 1 for Spandau.
- 34 Take away the start of a Clean record and you have one of many.
- 36 The label that gave James Taylor his start.

ANSWERS ON PAGE 26

King Sunny Ade

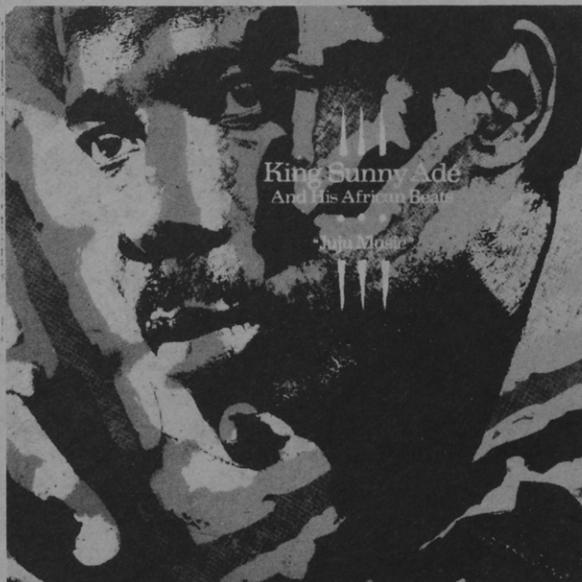
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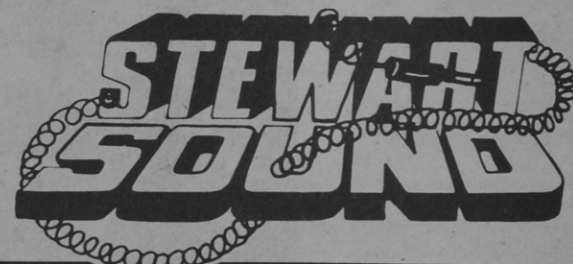
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Film

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARP

Director: George Roy Hill

Transferring the complex structure of John Irving's novel to the screen would have been a considerable challenge for any writer, but *Garp* was fortunate in having as scriptwriter, Steve Teisch who also worked on Arthur Penn's recent *Four Friends*. It shows — both films have an extremely laid-back style that one might label as pure Americana, but yet both have their plot structures occasionally ruffled by bizarre moments. This is even more noticeable in *Garp* with such eccentric additions to the roster of characters as the Ellen Jamesians, a group of ultra-radical feminists who have cut off their tongues as a tribute to Ellen James, a child rape victim who was mutilated in this way by her rapist.

Hill's films at their best have been marked by a gentleness of

style and intent — just think of *The World of Henry Orient*, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* and *The Sting*. This is particularly evident in *Garp*, whether it be in Robin Williams's ingratiating performance as Garp or John Lithgow's marvellous turn as the sex-changed quarter-back, Roberta Muldoon (sic). Against this background the two central assassinations are all the more horrific.

Among the other bonuses are Glenn Close's resolutely pragmatic mother, a swaggering portrait of a tart with a golden heart from the appropriately-named Swoosie Kurtz and two charming cameos from Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in the opening scene of the movie.

SOPHIE'S CHOICE

Director: Alan J. Pakula

Pakula's latest film takes as its source William Styron's semi-autobiographical novel about the life and loves of a mysterious Polish emigrant, Sophie Zawistowska, in Brooklyn in the summer of 1947.

It's curious that in the same year that Jeremy Irons plays a young Pole in Skolimowski's latest,

Moonlighting, Streep should do a similar turn in *Sophie's Choice* and it's a tour de force. So much so at times that it tends to seriously unbalance the film. Not that the central trio of Streep, Kevin Kline and Peter MacNicol don't engender a nice screen chemistry, but Streep's presence does dominate almost every scene of the film.

Sophie's Choice is long, indeed too long in many respects. The Auschwitz sequences are drawn out and handled rather pretentiously with Pakula showing a heavy directorial hand as a tearfully reminiscing heroine is shot through various colour filters.

By the time this review is printed, Streep may well have won her Oscar. She deserves it.

THE VERDICT

Director: Sidney Lumet

On the surface *The Verdict* might seem to be an overly earnest affair with its reverberating theme of social conscience, a sure-fire vehicle for Paul Newman and James Mason to get Academy Award nominations. However, Lumet saves what could have been an exercise in Stanley Kramerism with a tightly controlled sense of

style. Lumet was one of the directors who came from television in the 50s and 60s. He has obviously survived but what has happened to his contemporaries Franklin Schaffner and John Frankenheimer?

THE SECRET POLICEMAN'S OTHER BALL

Director: Julian Temple

Poor Donovan, to walk on stage and have someone in the audience shout out, "I thought you were dead". *SPOB* is not so much a film, but a record on celluloid of a rather engaging variety show, of which Donovan is one of the star turns.

There's a good cross-section of 1980s British humour and, on the rock side, there's definite interest in seeing Sting and Bob Geldof doing solo numbers. And for those hankering for a blast from the past, there's Donovan singing 'Catch the Wind'. But, when it comes to ye olde social proteste you can't go much better than Mr Dylan, as the company prove when they line up for a moving rendition of 'I Shall Be Released'. WILLIAM DART



Mick in 'Time is on Our Side'.

FORTHCOMING FILMS

Blade Runner ... described as "a detective thriller set in the near future" and directed by the man responsible for *Alien*, Ridley Scott. Starring Harrison Ford as a police detective who exterminates synthetically made humans when they go haywire. May 6. *The Boat* ... the story of a German

U-Boat crew, based on the best-selling German novel of the same title. Called "a first-rate adventure yarn" by *Time* mag. Director Wolfgang Peterson has worked extensively in German TV and won the Paris Film Festival Award in 1978. Starts June 3.

Time is on Our Side ... starring Mick an' Keef an' Charlie an' Bill an' Ron. The Rolling Stones live on tour in the USA. Starts May. *Raggedy Man* ... stars Sissy Spacek. The story of a Texas woman struggling to care for her two sons alone in 1940s May.

Silent Rage ... karate ace Chuck Norris gets another chance to show his chops, this time as the sheriff of a small Texas town he has to save from a virtually indestructible, genetically engineered, psychotic killer. Starts June 3.

The Man With the Deadly Lens ... Bond-type intrigue without the slapstick. Starring, appropriately, Sean Connery as the TV news reporter who knows all the world's leaders (and the beautiful women who follow them). Starts June.

First Blood ... based on David Morrell's novel, stars Sylvester Stallone as Rambo — Vietnam vet meets Mad Max. Starts June 17.

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the album that entered UK Charts at No.1
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U2
WAR

And it's true we are immune,
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And today millions cry,
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The Birthday Party The Bad Seed (4AD)

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Rip It Up No.69 April 1983

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The Jam, Beat Surrender (Polydor)

Paul Weller's new project, the Style Council, have a No.1 single in Blighty, yet 'Beat Surrender', the Jam's swan song is still not released in NZ.

A nifty five song, two 7" singles package. Record one: 'Beat Surrender', full of piano, horns and Beatle-ish melodies, is one of the strongest songs Weller has written since the *Setting Sons* period. Turn it over for 'Shopping', a sort of venomless 'Butterfly Collector'.

Record two is an entirely different proposition — three soul covers, all with a live feel. Best of the bunch is Curtis Mayfield's classic 'Move On Up'. On the other side are 'Stoned Out of My Mind', an early 70s hit for the Ch-Lites and the Edwin Starr's AM smash 'War'. If you're a Jam fan, shell out the bucks for an import, it's essential listening.

David Bowie, Let's Dance (EMI)

Having been a fan of Mr Jones since I was 12 I'm finding it very difficult to come to terms with his current recorded output. Pro-

duced by David and Chic-ster Nile Rodgers, 'Let's Dance' is an extremely average disco number with a lacklustre vocal performance. The flip is a reworked 'Cat People', which rivals his horror-show with the Queen as one of the worst things he has recorded. Oh well, I can look forward to his new movies.

Falco, Der Kommissar (A&M)

Falco are, I think, from Austria, which is probably why this record is in German. It's been on the TV and it's racing up the charts. This is the best dance record to come out of Europe since 'The Model' by Kraftwerk. Beware of a terrible English version by a bunch of walters called After the Fire, it should be avoided.

Echo and the Bunnymen The Cutter 12" (WEA)

This version is exactly the same as the one on *Porcupine* so I won't waste space telling you how good it is. The B-side features a new song, 'Way Out and Up We Go', which should have been on the album. The Live version of 'Zimbo' featuring the Royal Burundi drummers is surprisingly disappointing.

Wham!

Wham Rap 12" (Inner Vision)

"You got soul on the dole" — an anthem for the unemployed youth

of Britain. This is the best English disco record since their last one! Actually Wham's debut single, it has been resurrected in the wake of 'Young Guns'. Fun, exciting and highly motivated, it features an impeccable set of lyrics that contain more astute social comment than most "political" bands could manage on an entire album. These boys must have a great future.

Wah!

The Story of the Blues

Pts I & II 12" (WEA)

Hands up if, like me, you thought Wah! would never have a hit single. Sometimes it's nice to be wrong. Pete Dinklage knew what he was doing when he wrote this, those lush strings and dynamic harmonies. Unfortunately, Part II is a totally unnecessary Kevin Rowland type rave, about three or four minutes in duration. Flip is a very average live version of 'Seven Minutes to Midnight'. Buy the 7", the additional minutes are a waste of vinyl. MP

Wondering what's coming up in the next few months? Here's a few notable platters worth keeping an eye out for. Firstly, 'Cattle and Cane', by the best band ever to come out of Australia, the Go-Betweens. It's taken from the forthcoming album *Before Hollywood*. Beautiful vocal harmony and imaginative acoustic guitar topped with a haunting lyric about growing up in Queensland. While on the subject of acoustic guitars, there's 'Oblivious' by Scottish popsters Aztec Camera.

Meanwhile back on the dance-floor, nine-piece band *Animal Nightlife* have a hit with 'The Mighty Hands of Love'. A forceful bass / brass / percussion epic from Inner Vision, Wham!'s label. Then of course there's 'Boxerbeat' by the JoBoxers — I'll save that one till next month.

Mark Phillips

Marching Girls 12" (RTC)

It's not 'First In Line', but why should it be? The new Marching Girls, complete with female singer, have made a very good record and that's what counts. And don't believe anyone who tells you it's doomy, it's not. Maybe the best thing about this record is that the band have managed to work with rhythms without feeling the need to adopt the hallmarks of "funk". Some of the music is haunting,



some is twisted pop. I'm looking forward to seeing them live.

Fetus Productions

Fetalmama (Flying Nun)

With perfect confidence, Fetus Productions have made a great record (it's just a pity they had to go to Sydney to do it). The medium is electronic but (with the exception of the bleak technological landscape of 'I Am A Criminal') the message is human. The whole foetus/shock tactic thing was beginning to wear a little thin for me but this record has my admiration.

The Legionnaires

Strange Faces At The Oasis

(Polydor)

It's smooth, it's cool, almost Bowie-ish, it's the Harry Lyon song 'You Bring Out The Worst In Me' on the A-side of this EP. The two songs on the flip 'Got To Work On My Dancing' and 'Don't You Feel Like That' are OK, but they're not a patch on Harry's number. Familiar faces at the oasis, perhaps, but aside from the dumb picture on the front, it's alright.

The Bilders, Solomans Ball

A reissue of a Christchurch classic. Four bare little Direen tunes, including the beautiful 'America'. If you didn't get this in 1979, you have another chance. It hasn't dated.

Miltown Stowaways

Hired Togs (Propeller)

This EP was recorded in October of last year and the Miltowns have moved on since then. The four songs on this

record start out with good ideas but things don't quite come together. The vocals sometimes don't knit at all with the music, the songs don't sound cohesive. Still, in the songs, particularly 'Delight and Appeal' there is the spark of something genuinely uplifting. This isn't a bad record but I think the next one will be a lot better.

The Neighbours

The Only One You Need (Jayrem)

The title track here is an absolute gem, so it's a bit much to expect the others to reach the same standard. This is still very good, distinctive, if traditional, fare. It flags a little as it goes on, but finishes strongly with 'Only Wanted Fun', the best next to the title song.

MiSex, Down The Line (CBS)

"Ah've no resistance/To long distance/Makin' lurrve on the telephone." That's the hook and Steve Gilpin delivers it like a male Pat Benatar. Electronics have been left behind and it's AOR all the way. Horrible.

DD Smash Outlook for Thursday (Mushroom)

This is a puzzling choice for a single. The weather metaphor is a good one but the song is messy. It flips from one melody to another and doesn't hold the attention. The soulful flip 'Itinerary' is much better — the horns sound like more than garnishing and Dave Dobbyn's unique voice is shown off.

Russell Brown

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Live

Mockers Terror of Tintown Windsor, April 2.

The trash aesthetic lives! It walks! It talks! It sings! It plays guitar! And synthesiser! Some of these things it doesn't do very well, but it tries. Some things it does are wonderful. Its name is Julian Hanson and it lives in the foolishly named Terror of Tintown.

Andrew Fagan's towering fold-away persona has always been part and parcel of the Mockers. Some people say it makes the band. Some people say it spoils it. The truth (as usual) is a bit of both.

But the Mockers' strength has always been their songs. Those great songs — 'Good Old Days', 'Trendy Lefties', 'Murder in Manners St', 'Woke Up Today', the new 'Cleopatra'. Those great songs — that get steamrollered every time the Mockers play. They seem to have left subtlety behind in an effort to be a widely-loved dance band. It's small wonder that chief songwriter Gary Curtis stays in Wellington while the band plays in Auckland.

The Mockers are fun, they make very good records, but they've a way to go before they really do themselves justice live. I think they've got it in them. Russell Brown

The Spines The Body Electric DB Tavern, March 19

The pulse is this: pop's heartbeat right now is the synthesiser.

The question is this: Are the Body Electric the heart or the same music in a different vein? Sure, they have their fingers on the beat of current (chart) successes, but is the formula right? As much as BE are to be admired, there is something missing. But some songs rise above others — 'Yid-Wog War' (great chorus), 'Babies on Parade', the melodramatic 'Cleudo'.

Visually chilling, the band features actor turned singer Gary Smith and, yes, all you've heard about his voice is true. It is strong. Smith (the Body) leaves Andy Drey and Alan Jimson (the Electricians) in the shadows, providing the musical platform for his voice.

Now the punch. The Spines have it. Magnificent musicians with some great songs. Try 'Agatha', where the rhythm section of Wendy Calder and Ross Burge shines. Calder's flanged bassline still echoes round my head. Of the remaining songs, the recorded material stands out — 'Fishing', the atmospheric 'Your Body Stays' and 'Punch' (NZ songs of the year, so far).

Spines' backbone Jon McLeary seems modest, even embarrassed on stage with his smooth, jazzy guitar sound and deliberate vocal stance. McLeary doesn't attempt to elevate himself from the audience, thereby a personal atmosphere.

Unlike the Body Electric, the Spines' influences aren't obvious. They have it in them to be among the year's finest.

Alister Cain

Blue Meanies Sneaky Feelings The Chant

University Union, Dunedin.

The first of three Easter hops saw three of Dunedin's best bands struggling with a PA that was

HOW THE WEST WAS FUN

Punakaiki Valley Festival April 2-4.

Saturday: Backdoor Blues Band laid it down raw, tough and dirty and had the crowd dancing in the rain with good versions of standards like 'I'm A Man' and 'Johnny B. Goode'. Next, 25 Cents were loose and lazy as is their habit, but the crowd warmed to the sight of four females on stage.

Children's Hour, a sort of kindergarten Bauhaus. 'This one's for all the dead people.' No one else was listening mate. Sheep Effect are a three-piece with two ex Gordons on drums and guitar. The crowd reeled from their lethal kidney-punch attack. If this is the Gordons' legacy then it sure beats memories.

Nocturnal Projections are a

under-powered to deal with the cavernous Union Hall.

That said the bands did impress particularly with their wide range of original material. First up were the Blue Meanies who blend sixties sensibility with Dunedin relevancy.

Sneaky Feelings followed and they took the night with a honed set that deliberately emphasised the crowd-pleasing, up-tempo Byrds-inspired aspects of their repertoire. It may not have been representative of their typical gig but guitarists/vocalists Matthew Bannister and David Pine, drummer Martin Durrant and bassist Kathryn Tyrie have a welter of fine songs in 'Broken Man', 'She's

very professional U2/Flock of Seagulls/Sound melting pot. Their majestic layers of polished sound captured the audience but had me on the run. NZ's latest UK copycat cash-in band.

They Were Expendable were in unrelenting form. With each member making a maximum contribution they tore through a set of tight, intelligent originals into a well-deserved encore.

Sunday: most of us prefer to dance on the graves of bands like Golden Harvest but if you're still laying wreaths then Pilgrim are your boys. Primitive Art Group promoted confusion and (literally) mud-slinging. Primitive? Very. Art? Debatable. Group? Ask them. Rockers squeezed out sweet, slow reggae with unnerving ease to the most enthusiastic crowd so far.

Look Blue/Go Purple were rumoured to be the big surprise of the weekend. Five girls played silly, disjointed pop. No surprises here. Dunedin's sixties pop boys, Blue Meanies, played well and had

Not Here', 'Someone Else's Eyes' and their new Flying Nun single 'Be My Friend'.

Finally the babes, the Chant, a five piece fronted by vocalist Damian Woodhouse who've been building up a fair reputation over the last year. In 'Stand In Flame', 'Tambourine' and 'Echoes and Gray' they have their own sound/songs with a Cure-ish drive but punctuated by haunting synth lines that give the band real individuality.

George Kay

No Tag Star and Garter, March 25.

As the song goes, "woodwork squeaks and out come the freaks."

fun. The crowd loved them. Originals and the odd cover alike were dished up with refreshing exuberance.

Sneaky Feelings are a heart-warming band on the worst of days but ringing through the frosty West Coast night they had the crowd positively glowing. Playing superbly, their youthful panache and air of cute naivety captured the crowd immediately. Best of the excellent was 'Someone Else's Eyes'. Must presently rank as one of NZ's top bands.

Naked Spots Dance tried hard to be oh-so-fearsome but their dour epics invoked a mood of despair among those who knew better. Lacked variety in their material and the tapes were a grating and superfluous touch.

The Stones played a mediocre set to a cold but keen crowd who appreciated that a bad night from these guys is still a force to be reckoned with. Finished with a stunning version of 'Fad World' crammed with guitar improvisation.

An invitation to the future? We'll see. Boak and co. begin with 'Legalised Dogs' and from then on it's blitzkrieg bop violence at towering intensity. Their tone belies a value and necessity of discipline. This is no forced ramble of rock-a-rola tirades, it's precise, channelled, controlled. Out front, Paul is all startling bellicosity, a tight knot of passion and fury. Behind, Mark, Carl and Andrew provide the fuel for this wrath.

No Tag's music is a philosophy of defence and reaction. There remains a tension between individual freedom and popular role. A sense of anxiety lies at the very base of this music. Succumb to tailoring your music/behaviour to other people's expectations because of your punk associations or enforce your individuality by scorning all these so-called labels. I suggest No Tag resist parody by moving towards the latter.

Watching No Tag can be a revelation of sorts. Their playing out is expansive and cathartic: it allows for full and often violent expression. I confess, it beats any other rock performance I've seen this year. If only they could develop into the Bad Brains/Flipper/Meat Puppets hardcore of this world, now wouldn't that be something?

S. J. Townsend

Velvet Vipers Cabaret Mercury 2, March 16.

Ssss ... you wanna see a dirty show? Just off K'Road ... the Velvet Vipers launched their late night cabaret.

As soon as I saw these three fatally fascinating females coiled on fallen totems and one of them reared back her head and declaimed "K'Road is the Armpit of Auckland," I sensed the finely distilled venom of true satire.

These daughters of Lenny Bruce and Bertolt Brecht passed a nod to Red Mole and Broadway's smash Cats and struck directly below the reptilian belts of their trendy first night audience. Sparing no shade of nuance, inflexion, facial expression or double entendre Judith Gibson, Andrea Kelland and Teresa Woodham mercilessly white-trashed contemporary values. Have you a weakness for Performance Art? Heroin? New Wave music, masturbation, or a timely abortion? These ladies strip away pretensions with gusto and don't scruple a black sequined g-string (total nudity finally appalled their M.C.P. heckler into

Monday: Bottletops were not inspiring. Wailing vocals over minimalist arrangements left most unimpressed. Not Really Anything grind out discordant topical originals with a hefty punch but not a lot of feeling or direction. Predominant Killing Joke influence.

Max Quits is Bill Direen's latest pseudonym/ensemble. Powerful, original, wacky pop that was over far too soon. Watch this man closely. The Wastrels (Christchurch's next "big thing") played their sixties pop/pap atrociously and admitted as much but the crowd just laughed and screamed for more. Gimme some smaller things.

Next, a no-name outfit with some Gordons and an Android. A fearsome combination? Damn right it was. An hour wasn't enough. Billy TK and Powerhouse were a droll soft-rock outfit who should've played earlier (before anyone got up). Some finale — not with a bang but a whimper. Michael Woodnorth

total silence).

They're fine actresses with skills ranging from mime to poetry, but not great singers. I found that their rough edges rendered their humour more abrasive. Perhaps John Gibson's arrangements were a little too Noel Coward for the three worldly-wise monkeys who swarmed on to the piano and hotted up the music with the explicit action of their erectile tails. They brought the house down. Jewel Sanyo

The Troggs Out To Lunch Richie Venus and The Blue Beatles Shoreline, Dunedin.

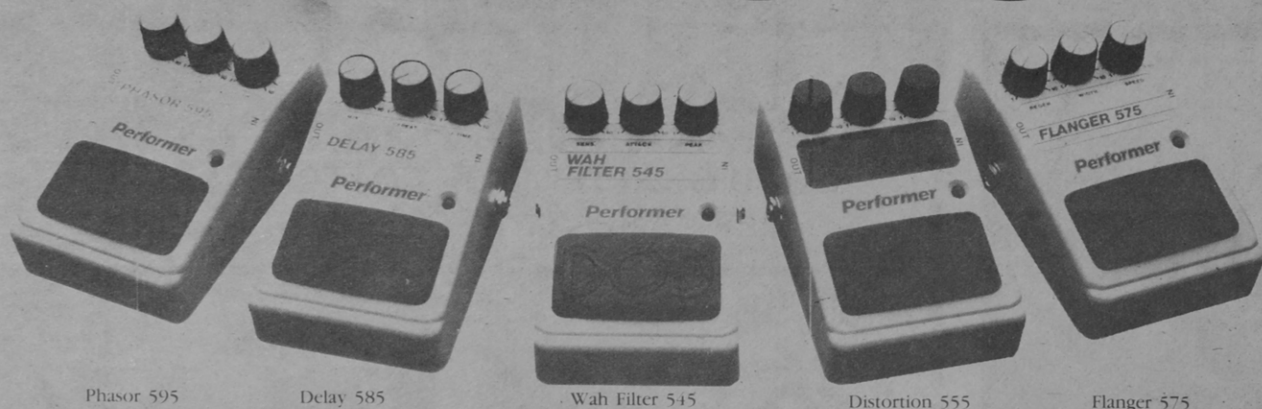
Two support bands, first was Out To Lunch, a trio headed by ex Tibet and Broken Models' guitarist Ross Nichols. It's Nichols' most pertinent venture so far. With Andy Anderson on drums and Sid Somerville on bass the band is tight, metallic and confident for a three piece. Their original stuff has its moments. The Outsider springs to mind, but they often tend to bludgeon when they should caress. Encouraging though.

Christchurch's Richie Venus provided the sort of fun that was to evade the Troggs. With a short mixed set of classics — 'Six Days On The Road', 'Green River', 'Money' and self-penned Flying Nun recorded songs, they had a ramshackled sense of enjoyment and authenticity that blended well with Venus' goofiness.

The Troggs have long been punk fantasies of distilled sixties rawness, the back-to-basics of honest trash and adrenalin. Their legend was built on three songs, Chip Taylor's 'Wild Thing' and their own sex anthems 'I Can't Control Myself' and 'With A Girl Like You'. These are their aces and they delivered them and the timeless 'Love Is All Around' with a panache and spirit that brought tears to the eyes. So much for the good news. The rest of their set was like a nostalgia-ridden thick-waisted Troggs meets Iron Maiden as they overdosed on heavy metal versions of peripheral hits like 'I Need You' and old reliables like the (Rolling) Stones' 'Satisfaction' and Holly's 'Peggy Sue'.

Reg Presley's open-legged middle-aged sexuality, all paunch and penis, pretty well summed up the excesses and incongruity of the Troggs in 1983. George Kay

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Letters

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

Letter from Peter?

I feel there is one important item that your intrepid reporter Russell baby missed when he did the top-class Christchurch thingy for your wonderfully North Island magazine. Perhaps the most important personality of all was missed. Himself, of course.

Now Russy went to Burnside High School in Christchurch when he was still young and pimply. It was essentially a very middle class school and Russy fitted in very well. He hated everything bar rugby and the school tie, in short, he was a model pupil.

Upon leaving school, much to his parents' horror, he discovered "Punk Rock" as early as 1980 and set his sights upon convincing the whole world. Thus he entered the noble profession of journalism with the *Christchurch Star* and became an entertainment reporter's assistant. It wasn't too long before the *Star* realised the quality of this young man's reporting skills and he was transferred to Timaru.

The young man was kept busy writing a paragraph or two a day about the bustling megalopolis until a great thing happened. *Rip It Up's* editor came down to Christchurch (God knows why, he's never before shown any interest in the city) and asked Jim Wilson what he thought of Russy. Jim said "fine" and Christchurch became proud of its latest success. Russy moved to Auckland, where he remains to this day, reporting for *RIU*.

The only bone I've got that I think is really worth picking with him is his article titled "Jim'll Fix It". Certainly there are a few people who don't appreciate the tremendous work Jim has done for Christchurch. They discovered "Punk Rock" about the same time you did, Russy, most have a great deal of respect for what he has done for the city. Without him Christchurch would be the cultural Sahara that Auckland has become and Wellington has always been.

He was responsible for giving us the Androids by giving them a chance to play the Hillsborough in a late week against the manager's wishes and supporting them when no one else did. He gave us the Narcs, Hip Singles and Dance Exponents. Christchurch bands, note Russy, Jim, I'm afraid, has a thankless job to do thanks to people like you. Don't forget there is always the pub manager to answer to because he controls this game in NZ and it's not reporters or bands that have to do the answering in Christchurch.

Certainly Russy, Jim changes his mind every six months. I bet he's changed his mind about what he said to the *RIU* editor about you. It's a changing world, I'm afraid my boy and it changes nowhere faster than in this game.

You've changed your mind twice in the last three years, Russy ol' son, from rugby to the Sex Pistols to the Clean. Give Jim a bit of recognition for what he's done and maybe if you're lucky he won't throw in the towel and you will still be able to see the best bands in the country when they come to prop up Auckland's dying rag trade.

In Touch Wellington
(PS: No relation to that dreadful

magazine, just for laughs)

Russell Brown replies:

This Jim-Wilson-got-me-my-job business is not true — ask the man who hired me. I'd already been writing for *RIU* for some time and had two years of music writing behind me. Jim Wilson may be central to the Christchurch music scene but he is not yet such an oracle that editors travel south to seek his advice. I presume the bit about my "discovering" Punk on leaving school in 1980 is meant to be a slur, it's not true either. I was a regular attendee at the Strand and Wayne Manor. Admittedly the dropping of a conclusion in the layout stages gave my story a slightly more negative slant than I'd intended, but that was just garnishing. At least I signed my name, jocko.

Android Speaks

Jim, Jim, where ya bin?

It's really wonderful to see somebody has the interests of the managerial class at heart! Too bad about the patrons and the bands — but then they're used to fending for themselves.

The poor old manager only gets 33 per cent or whatever off the top and, if not lucky enough to have you look after his interests, he'll have to pay someone else to rub the scribbles off the toilet walls.

The story in last month's *Rip It Up* invited comment and got my hackles up. You're a wimp, Jim. After ripping off the Gladstone from Laura and Rose you have pontificated your way from bad to worse. You're always going for breaks and the only interests you have at heart are your own! 'Jim'll Fix It' all right. If you start running seminars on the rock'n'roll biz we're off to another planet.

Eric Android and Baine Huggett
Auckland

Not Peter Again?

Turning a page in the March edition of *RIU* to a small article coyly entitled 'Meet the Wastrels', I was permeated by a rather bilious sensation of déjà vu. There has been a series of these little pieces — a couple in the *Christchurch Star* and a substantial one in the *Timaru Herald*.

Invariably, these meet-the-boys snippets are accompanied by a snapshot of an appropriately grimy urban wasteland, providing a suitably sleazy foil for the solemn cupid features of Hlavac, Brinson's peroxided puckishness, the luxuriant forelock and modelish pout of Cooke is inevitable and Jenner crouched awkwardly on the cold concrete like a desolate tuatara. It struck me that in the belaboured optimism that touts them as next season's success story, there is a (re-echoing) chord of pathos. For the Wastrels are last year's goods — though they are barely 20, they are old, old boys. Christchurch's cupboard must be bare.

You can almost smell the stale dregs of 45 South and roll-your-owns. That same sickly atmosphere hung about when Graham Brazier's Legionnaires played the Hillsborough last year. The man himself cavorted sleepily, nodding like a sated python, the mesmeric reptilian eyes hooded — the music proficient but somehow lifeless. And Cooke wants nothing better than to turn out like that.

Why are our old idols and our new hopes all so jaded — and why do we pretend they're not — writing article upon article about the latest blooms in the weedy NZ garden — shovelling on the compost? Do we love the tawdry
CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

The NARCS



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LETTERS FROM PAGE 25
facsimile of drug-ridden decadence for its own sake or is it part of an elaborate game of emperor's clothes?

Can it be that the virgin bride (NZ rock) that public and journalists first bedded a decade or two ago is withering behind the veil of lip service and dead horse-flogging that no one seems to want to remove? At any rate the toil goes on and we furiously continue to mix metaphors to guild the festering lily.

Russell Brown, who is responsible for more than one Wastrels pocket-soaker, likes a good fondle under the bridal petticoats, especially when the latest incarnation of the goddess is an awed member of his own peer group.

Mind you, we are all helplessly social animals and our friend-and-foeing is largely dictated by our needs for CREDIBILITY. Expecting any member of the lonely hearts club, let alone poor old RB, to tell tales on its pernicious illusions is like asking a baby to make breakfast.

Grimace (looking pensive)

Chris Knocks

How are you today. We are here to tell you about Chris Knox. We think he is so neat. He must certainly be a swell guy. We like his *Eggo Grater* album (shaving a boiled egg concept). Knock me out, man. We are so *wasted* about this record. It's hip, hip purleeh. And the way he puts down his audience! What a New Musical Approach! We also like the way he copies the Fall. But they are so new as well. Chris is much better than virtually any butter substitute. Where do you keep yours? The Jims Auckland

Yes, We Know

If there are 500,000 people in Auckland, 499,000 of them blew it by not being at the Joni Mitchell concert.

Neil Young Auckland

Simple Crisis

Tell young David Taylor, darling, that there is no way China Crisis are a copy of Simple Minds. Tell me which Simple Minds' song you're on about. Dave dear: 'Love Song', 'The American', 'I Travel'?

Look, sweetheart, they are both sensational bands and each of their records display shameless magnificence, but I find China Crisis' keyboards and synth effects only slightly in common with Simple Minds and apart from that ... Jim's Navel

A Fan Wrong

Rip It Up writer Duncan Campbell replies to the attack on his professional integrity by Paul Rose of *Propeller in March's* 'Letters'.

Yes, honesty is important. I gave my honest opinion. Where I was sitting, the applause for the Meemees was indifferent to non-existent. I cannot be in two places at once and I noted in my review that the band were getting a response down front.

On the subject of lies, Mr Rose, to suggest that I was blind or blind drunk is a good example of the genre. Such puerile insults do you little credit. In retrospect, I feel I was kind to the Meemees, especially after seeing the film clip from that gig on RWP. I could have gone so far as to call them sloppy and self-indulgent. Instead I suggested, constructively I feel, that they should perform more and tighten their sound up.

Do you seriously think that one less-than-ecstatic review will have any effect whatsoever on the record sales or general popularity of the Screaming Meemees?

'RUMOURS' FROM PAGE 4
ginal Era want a new bassist, ph Warrick 399,497, the Warrior Records 'Fighting Back' promotion is now on Queens Birthday weekend ... Herb McQuay has recorded a single in Mandrill Studios. Production by Sydney's

Richard Lush.

Days Centrale have joined Tomorrows Parties in signing a recording deal with Harlequin Studios' house label, Ze Disc Records ... Honesty Box are a new three piece with Steve Waister and Andrew Milne on synths and Mike Weston on vocals. They have demoed at Progressive and are looking for work, ph 583-289.

The non appearance of Herbs and several other bands at the recent Punakaiki Valley Festival occurred because the organisers, unsure of being able to pay them after pre-selling only 400 tickets, were forced to cancel them. Russell Brown

Dunedin

The new Blue Meanies members are Martin Keam (bass), Andrew Brough (vocals) and Murray Taylor (drums).

Ex Midge Marsden bassist John Dodd is back in Dunedin and he hopes to form a band with Steve Young ... new bands include Pretty Idle, Neil Henderson's band Going To Pieces featuring ex-Cruze Barry McConnachie and Steve Haggies' Blue Murder ... Stallion have a new bassist, Ross MacIntosh and vocalist Pete Weeda, ex-Powerhouse.

New records: Sneaky Feelings' 'Be My Friend', Netherworld Dancing Toys' EP and Stallion' EP ... Out To Lunch heading north this month ... Shoreline is being renovated and enlarged. George Kay

Wellington

On venue front the on again /

CROSSWORD ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 LEXICON OF LOVE, 8 NICK LOWE, 9 SUNDAY, 11 GT (Gary Thain), 12 RAT, 15 LURKERS, 17 CAR, 18 DNA, 19 TOO, 20 EYE, 21 HOP, 22 KKK, 23 ROCK THE, 27 ACE, 28 NINE, 30 EARS, 32 YMG, 34 OR, 35 SALSA, 37 DIEHARDS, 38 CAN, 39 NICK THE-STRIPPER.
DOWN: 1 LYNRYD SKYNYRD, 2 XTC, 4 NEW ORDER, 5 LAST ROCKERS, 6 VAN, 7 DAY TRIPPER, 10 DOC, 13 AN, 14 TALKING HEADS, 24 OVER, 26 IM, 31 SAFARI, 33 CHANT, 34 OODLE, 36 APPLE

off again Charlies is off again. Former Uncle Alberts / The Club is now called the Sheaf and features live bands again. The Clyde and the Steinie Bar (formerly the Cricketers) will both run Saturday afternoon shows over the winter. Bands are encouraged to contact Graham Josephs. His firm Cosmic Rock Consultants books the Sheaf nightclub - ph 331-780 or write box 54-120, Plimmerton, Wellington.

Upcoming Jayrem releases include Unrestful Movements 6-tracker, Mole Manne and six track solo effort from Phil Bowering entitled 'Quiet Streets' ... Kate Walker of Naked Spots to take over the city's Flying Nun stewardship from the late Dr Z. Dalziel ... the Golden Showers punk festival at Easter Weekend was recorded live for possible commemorative disc. Event featured Johnnies, Riot III, Desperate Measures, Flesh D-Vice, etc.

Body Electric video for 'Pulsing' eventually made with record sales already around 2000 ... spied lurking with the Hot Gossip entourage were a couple of DD Smash members ... one Fane Flaws took the stage with Pelicans at a recent gig. He's just visiting.

Upcoming beneficiaries for the 22M Band of the Month are Tin Syndrome and Notre Dame ... from the people who brought you *In Touch* and *IT* magazine is TOM (The Other Magazine), a fortnightly gig guide with the by now predictable editorial comments. Les Crew

battles of the bland

If asked what I thought of this year's Battle of the Bands, the obvious 'Arry reply would 'ave to be: "Dunno, I fell asleep."

Did the same last year and I was a judge then. Anyone with a brain would 'ave done the same or stayed away altogether - which most of them did.

I got there pretty late and in the state I was in anybody else would 'ave too. Stark Naked 'ad just started and I started collecting Bugs Bunny to go down the pub for the first of many rounds of beers. By the time I got back they'd finished and the Tryards 'ad just shown up in an unusually sober state (quite strange for these blokes). While they played I stole their (and the promoter's) beer and tried to convince Pill Schofield that it

was quite couth to drink beer straight from the flagon - I mean if 'Arry does, it must be couth.

By the time Auckland Dalk came on stage, I'd moved from the backstage area to the dressing rooms so I wouldn't 'ave to listen, but that didn't work. I just crashed instead. But from the two songs I listened to it made perfect sense why they won - old ideas done in an old way will impress old judges.

I missed Marginal Era due to the aforementioned state of mind - would quite like to 'ave seen them. Anyrate, my choice of winner - No Tag (they could do with a new pair of jeans from the look of their album cover).

'ARRY

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2 Mark Williams, Joe Cocker, Mike Chunn interview (Split Enz in Europe).

19 Talking Heads, Ramones, Sire label, Steely Dan, Kim Fowley

24 Talking Heads Part 2, Citizen Band, Swingers bandfile, Dragon

26 Devo, Knack, Mi-Sex, Wellington Special

27 Bob Geldof, 'Kids Are Alright', Sheerlux, Ry Cooder, Radio Radio

29 Graham Parker, Members, Mother Goose, Radio Radio 2

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

31 Sweetwaters, Swingers, Mi-Sex

32 Police & Split Enz interviews, Sharon O'Neill

33 Marching Girls, Crocodiles, Fleetwood Mac, Ellen Foley, Russell Morris

34 Tom Petty and Street Talk interviews, Mi-Sex, Virgin supplement, Whizz Kids and Pop Mechanix bandfiles

35 'Quadrophonia', Bob Geldof and Kevin Stanton interviews, Newz and Flight X7 bandfiles

36 Ray Davies, Cure and Jo Jo Zep interviews, Neil Young supplement, Stones

38 Howard Devoto, Tim Finn interviews

39 XTC, Lip Service, Motels

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

41 Coup D'Etat, Flowers (Icehouse), John Lennon, Clash, Elton John

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

43 Bryan Ferry interview, Sweetwaters report, Flowers (Icehouse)

44 Adam Ant, Associates and Police interviews, Stevie Wonder

46 Pil/John Lydon London interview, Cure, Ellen Foley, Dire Straits

47 Jam in London interview, Reggae/Bob Marley Supplement, Madness, Joy Division

48 Cold Chisel, Blams, Wgtn Zone

49 Angels, Beat, Lemmy, Motorhead and Desmond Dekker interviews

50 Swingers, U2, Psychedelic Furs, the Clean

51 Newmatics, Cramps, Stray Cats, UB40, Blind Date and Gordons interviews

52 Echo & Bunnymen, Danse Macabre, Penknife Glides, Mockers, Valentinos, Jimmy & Boys

54 Dave McCartney & Pink Flamingos, Go-Go's interview, Sunnyboys, INXS

55 Clash interview, Sweetwaters, Pop Mechanix, Devo, Sharon O'Neill

56 Teardrop Explodes, D.D. Smash and Mick Jones Part 2, Neighbours, Richard Burgess

57 The Clean, Pretenders, South Island bands, Mental As Anything, Chas Jankel

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

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

60 Split Enz in Canada, John Hiatt, Narcs, Dance Exponents, Lindsay Anderson

61 Graham Brazier & Harry Lyon, Fall, Jim Carroll, Jaggy & Dickheads, Hip Singlas, Dropbears

62 Split Enz on Road Part 1, Fall's Mark E. Smith interviewed, Altered Images, Randy Crawford, This Sporting Life, Cold Chisel

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

64 Ice House interview, Simple Minds interview, Hunters & Collectors, Alastair Riddell, Danse Macabre, Naked Spots, ABC, John Cooper Clarke

65 Yazoo, Joe Cocker, Zop (ex Pop Mechanix), Guriz and Jo Jo Zep Interviews

66 Psychedelic Furs, Dexy's Midnight Runners (Kevin Rowland), Midnight Oil, Neil Finn and Jed Festalmania interviews

67 Siouxsie & The Banshees, Toots, Church, Sweetwaters, John Martyn, UB40, Psych Furs

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

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The Zwines Family Tree

Above the Clouds

EXTRA 1

Split Enz 2 page pic history, Cramps, Toy Love (pic, last Ramones (interview, pic, NZ faves), why Spelling Mistakes split, Zwines Family Tree (2 page history AK bands 1977-80, by Simon Grigg), Cure, XTC, Tom Petty, Life in the Fridge, ChCh band history.

EXTRA 2

New Wave dates (75-80), Last Weekend in Auckland (Newmatics, Pop Mx, Penknife Glides, Techtones), Kinks profile, mod Ray Columbus, David Bowie pic, UK Scene by Jeremy Templer, Newtownes, Heavenly Bodies, Chris Knox pic.

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CORUBA CALENDAR

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

Tour of month is the **Birthday Party** with **Marching Girls**. Celebrate in Auckland May 3, Palmerston North 5, Wellington 6 and Christchurch 7 ... Joe Jackson pops in for concerts at Palmerston North and Auckland on March 23 and 24 and Billy Connolly winds up his NZ tour with shows in Dunedin and Invercargill. Watch out for **Randy Newman** who plays Christchurch May 16, Auckland 17 and Wellington 19.

New pop sensations **Day Centrale** and **Marginal Era** both play the Gluepot May 3, 4 and Marginal Era and Dabs double bill



Ibis, New York all-women funk band.



Randy Newman

plays Rumba April 23, 26 & 27, Matamata Motor Inn 28, Ngamutu Tavern (New Plymouth) April 29.

Dance Exponents kicked off their farewell national tour (before leaving for Australia) in Whangarei on the 13th and wind it up May 14

at Mainstreet. Watch out for their special gig with the Legionnaires the night before, which will be filmed and recorded in 24-track.

AK dances: **Beauxarts** will feature synthesised dance music

CONTINUED BELOW

APRIL 15

Dance Exponents Bellblock
Narcs Quinns
Circle Game Gluepot
Hillman Hunter R.Int.

16

Dance Exponents Bellblock
Narcs Palmerston Nth T Coll
Punk Dance Mt Roskill
Rugby Hall, Akarana Ave
Billy Connolly Dunedin
Circle Game Gluepot

17

Eddie Cochran killed in a car crash. Gene Vincent seriously hurt 1960.

15,16

Los Trios Ringbarkus,
Neighbours Windsor
Circle Game Gluepot
Dance Exponents Hillcrest
Willie Dayson Hillcrest
Herbs Taupo

INSIST ON A CORUBA AT THE 'HILLCREST'.

Hip Singles Wiri
Legionnaires Hillsborough
Hot Gossip Dunedin
Alastair Riddell Esplanade
1st XV Star and Garter
Blades Aranui

18

Dance Exponents Wanganui
Legionnaires Timaru
Hot Gossip Invercargill
•Thompson Twins 'Quick Step Side Kick' released.

19

Hip Singles Mt Manganui
Dance Exponents Sheaf
Billy Connolly Invercargill
Hot Gossip Invercargill
Herbs Wanganui
Legionnaires Oamaru
Beatlemania Dunedin Regent
Willie Dayson Gladstone
Diatribes Gladstone
Albert Einstein relatively dead 1955.

20

Herbs Bellblock
Dance Exponents Sheaf, Wellington
Hip Singles Gisborne
Legionnaires Invercargill
Hot Gossip Invercargill
Willie Dayson Gladstone
Big Band Gluepot
Adolf Hitler born 1889.
Hillman Hunter Globe

21

Miltown Stowaways Mainstreet
Citizen Band Hillcrest
Herbs Mangere
Legionnaires Invercargill
Hip Singles Gisborne
Black & Blue Wiri
Hillman Hunter Globe

TAKE IN A CORUBA AT THE 'GLOBE'.

21,22,23

Dabs Rumba
Willie Dayson Gladstone
Alastair Riddell Gluepot

22

Miltown Stowaways Mainstreet
Herbs album LP party, Windsor
Dance Exponents Hillsborough
Hip Singles Cabana
Legionnaires Shoreline
Daggy & Dickheads Sheaf
Golden Harvest Wiri
The Jam release their first single 'In the City' 1977.
Hillman Hunter R.Int.

Herbs Windsor
Auckland Walk Esplanade
Blades Aranui

23

Joe Jackson Palmerston N.
Screaming Meemees Finale Mainstreet
Hip Singles Cabana
Dance Exponents Hillsborough
Herbs Windsor
Clients Star and Garter
Legionnaires Shoreline
Daggy & Dickheads Sheaf
Golden Harvest Wiri
Sid does the 'My Way' film clip 1978.

24

Joe Jackson Logan Campbell
Christchurch Battle of the Bands Caledonian Hall

25

Dance Exponents Timaru
Willie Dayson Gladstone
Blues All Stars Windsor
Albert King born 1924.
•Birthday Party 'Bad Seed', King Sunny Ade 'Juju Music' released.

26

Side One Gluepot
Blues All Stars Windsor
Shakespeare born 319 years ago this day.

27

Dance Exponents Oamaru
Legionnaires Palmerston N.
Out to Lunch Cook
Side One Gluepot
1969: Police seize John Lennon's erotic etchings, decide they are 'unlikely to deprave or corrupt' and give 'em back.

28

Dance Exponents Otago University
Legionnaires Cabana
Citizen Band Gluepot
Hip Singles Hillcrest

28,29,30

Stones Rumba
Out to Lunch Cook

29

Narcs, Daggy & Dickheads Mainstreet
Dance Exponents Invercargill
Legionnaires Hastings
Marching Girls Gluepot
Neighbours Kaikohe
Citizen Band Windsor Park
Golden Harvest Esplanade
Hillman Hunter R.Int.

Auckland Walk Wiri
Blades Aranui

30

Narcs, Dickheads Mainstreet
Marching Girls Gluepot
Dance Exponents Invercargill
Legionnaires Gisborne
Neighbours Whangarei
Citizen Band Windsor Park
Golden Harvest Esplanade

TRY A CORUBA AT THE 'GLUEPOT'.

MAY 1

Dance Exponents Concert Chamber, Dunedin
Elvis marries Priscilla 1967.

2

Dance Exponents Gladstone
Legionnaires Whakatane
•U2 'War', Fun Boy Three 'Waiting' released.
•Blancmange 'Happy Families' released.

3

Legionnaires Rotorua
Birthday Party Mainstreet
Midwinter Gluepot
Say it real quiet — James Brown is 55.

4

Legionnaires Mt Manganui
Dance Exponents Palmerston Nth
Blond Comedy Massey Uni
Midwinter Gluepot
Ya Yas, Out to Lunch Windsor

SETTLE INTO A CORUBA AT 'MAINSTREET'.

5

Legionnaires Hillcrest
Dance Exponents Cabana
Narcs Whangarei
Blond Comedy Wanganui
Birthday Party Massey Uni
Ya Yas, Out to Lunch Windsor

5,6,7

Flak, 8 Living Legs, Willie Dayson Windsor

Hillman Hunter R.Int.
Birthday Party Wgtn Uni.
Legionnaires Mainstreet
Narcs Hillcrest
Blond Comedy Bellblock
Dance Exponents DB
Gisborne
Auckland Walk Cabana
Willie Dayson Windsor

Herbs Gluepot
Hip Singles Esplanade

7

Birthday Party Sandridge
Christchurch
Legionnaires Mainstreet
Narcs Hillcrest
Blond Comedy Bellblock
Dance Exponents Mt Maunganui
Auckland Walk Cabana
Willie Dayson Windsor
Janis Ian is 33 today.

8

Wellington Battle of Bands Town Hall
Willie Dayson Mainstreet

CORUBA FEST, ANYNIGHT!

9

Narcs Mt Manganui
Blues All Stars Windsor
Beatles sign to Parlophone 1962.
•Spandau Ballet 'True' released.

10

Dance Exponents Rotorua
Narcs Gisborne
Neighbours Tauranga
Ya Yas, Out to Lunch Gluepot
Blues All Stars Windsor
Sid Vicious is born John Beverly, 1957.

11

Propeller Concert Mainstreet
Dance Exponents Hillcrest
Narcs Napier
Willie Dayson Morrinsville
Neighbours Gisborne
Ya Yas, Out to Lunch Gluepot
Midwinter Windsor
Bob Marley finally succumbs to cancer 1981.

12

Willie Dayson Taupo
Narcs Masterton
Virgin Records sign the Sex Pistols 1977.

Citizen Band Gisborne
Ibis Hillcrest
Dance Exponents, Legionnaires Mainstreet
Neighbours Steinie Wgtn.
Narcs Broderick
Alastair Riddell Windsor
Daggy & Bellblock
Willie Dayson Cabana

12,13,14

Ya Yas, Out to Lunch Rumba

14

Narcs Broderick
Ibis Hillcrest
Dance Exponents Mainstreet
Willie Dayson Cabana
Alastair Riddell Windsor
Daggy & Bellblock
Citizen Band Gisborne
Neighbours Steinie

15

Neighbours Cabaret, Stenie, Wgtn.
Brian Peter St George John Le Baptiste de la Salle Eno is 35 today.

CONTINUED FROM ABOVE

April 29, 30, Newman Hall, Waterloo Quadrant. Tickets from Sounds Unlimited ... at the other end of the scale at the Mt Roskill Rugby Hall, Akarana Ave, April 16. Admission is \$3.50 and features Disregarded, Regulars, Accused, Public Enemy, Zyklon B, First Offence, Local Chaos, Massacre and possibly more.

Battle of the Bands round continues with Christchurch final Caledonian Hall April 24 and first Wellington final at Town Hall May

8... Also watch out for second **Propeller Records** benefit at Mainstreet, May 11... **Legionnaires** continue their *Strange Faces at the Oasis* tour, finishing the way they started, with a Sunday night at Mainstreet on May 7.

Theatre

The new play from Greg (Fore-skin's Lament) McGee, *Tooth and Claw* runs at Wellington's Downstage Theatre until April 23... Meanwhile the Mercury One has *The King and I* from April 15 and

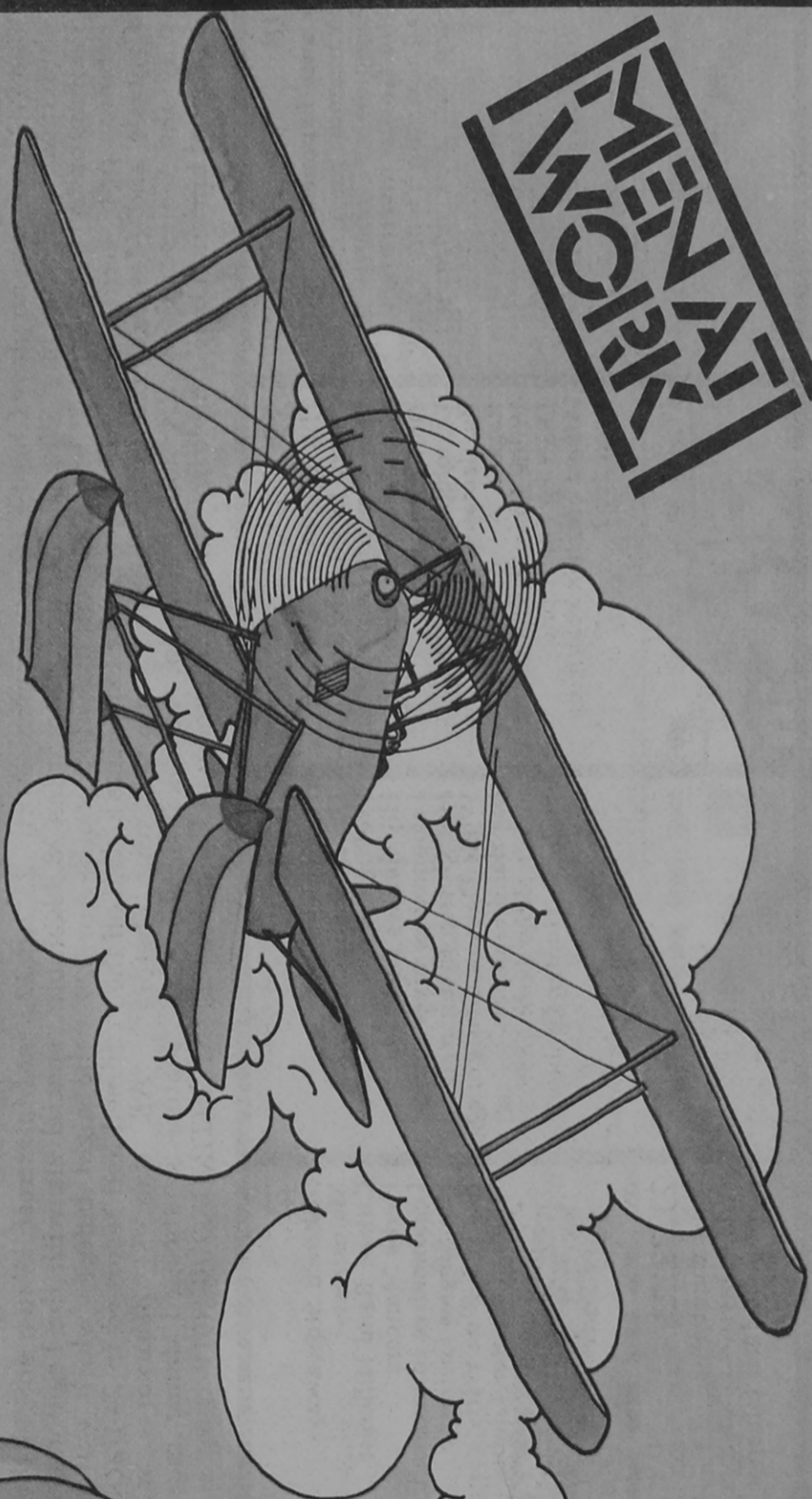
a comedy by Eric Idle, *Pass the Butler*, starts May 20. Mercury Two has Carolyn Burns' *Objection Overruled* from May 16... lunatic Australian comedy duo **Los Trios Ringbarkus** play the Windsor Castle with the **Neighbours** April 14-16... the **Topp Twins** present their new show at Wellington's Circa Theatre from April 22 to May 7... the **Beatlemania** show hits Dunedin April 19, Christchurch April 22, Palmerston North May 2, Hamilton May 5 and Auckland May 9.

Former Chelsea frontman **Gene October** has new band **Open Door**. Features horns, three backing vocalists and, wait for it, a 'Stax orientated' sound ... with Peter Van Der Fluit joining Michael O'Neill in leaving the band, the **Screaming Meemees** have definitely split. The band will play a farewell gig late April ... no L.A. hoop la, **Randy Newman** will perform solo on NZ tour ... dates for May Angels tour will be announced soon.

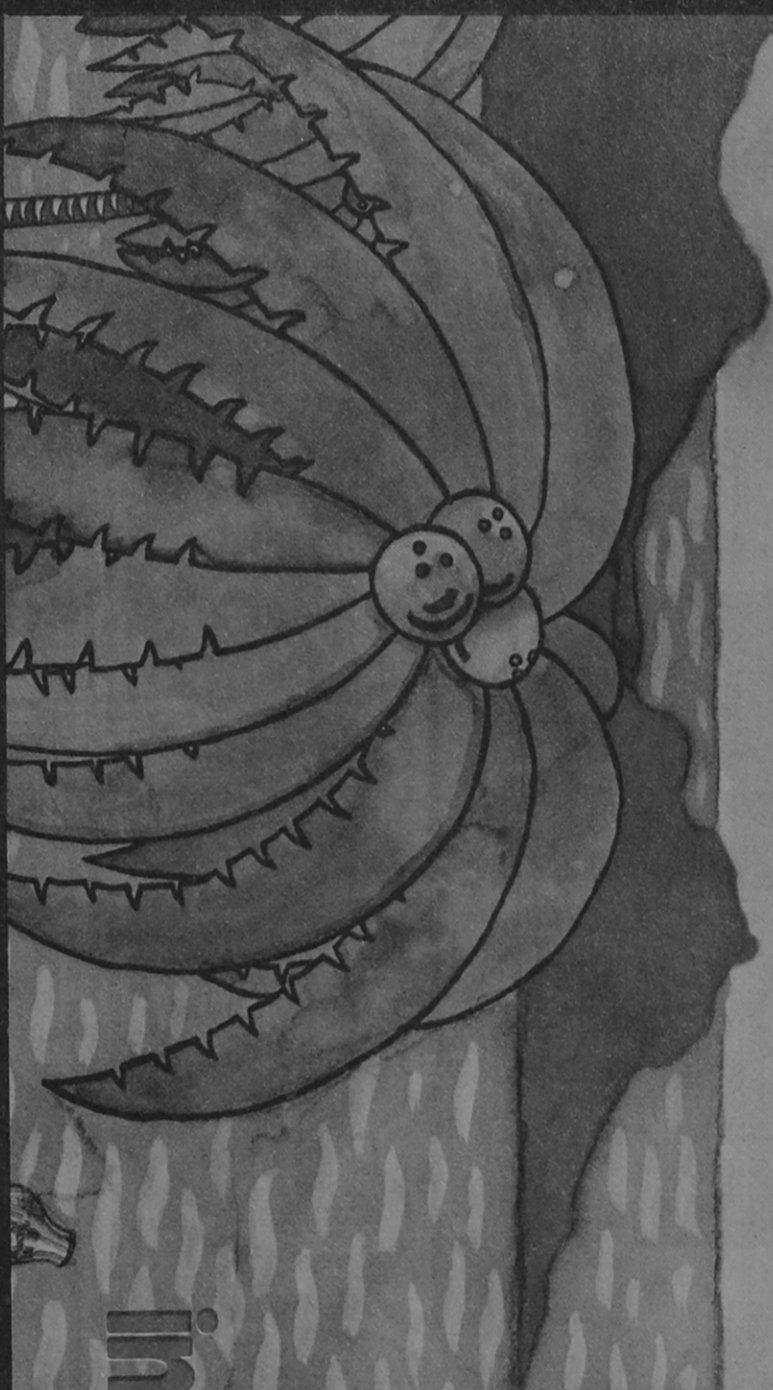
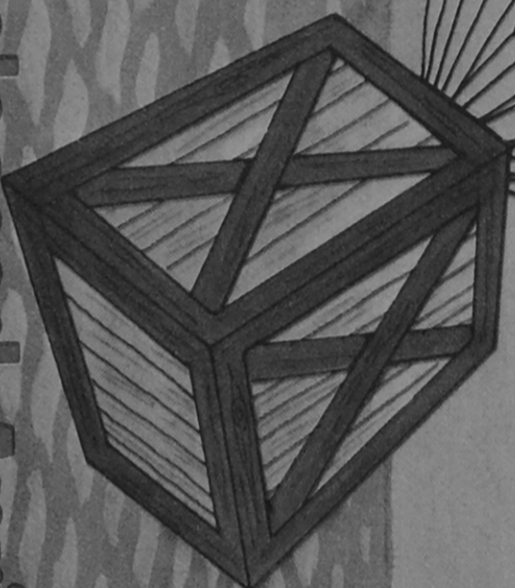
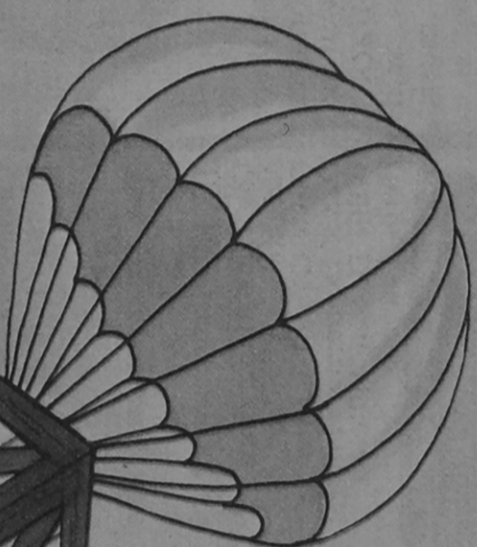


Never ask for dark rum by its colour. Ask for it by the label.

OVERKILL



OVERKILL



ALBUM released April 18
includes new single 'OVERKILL'