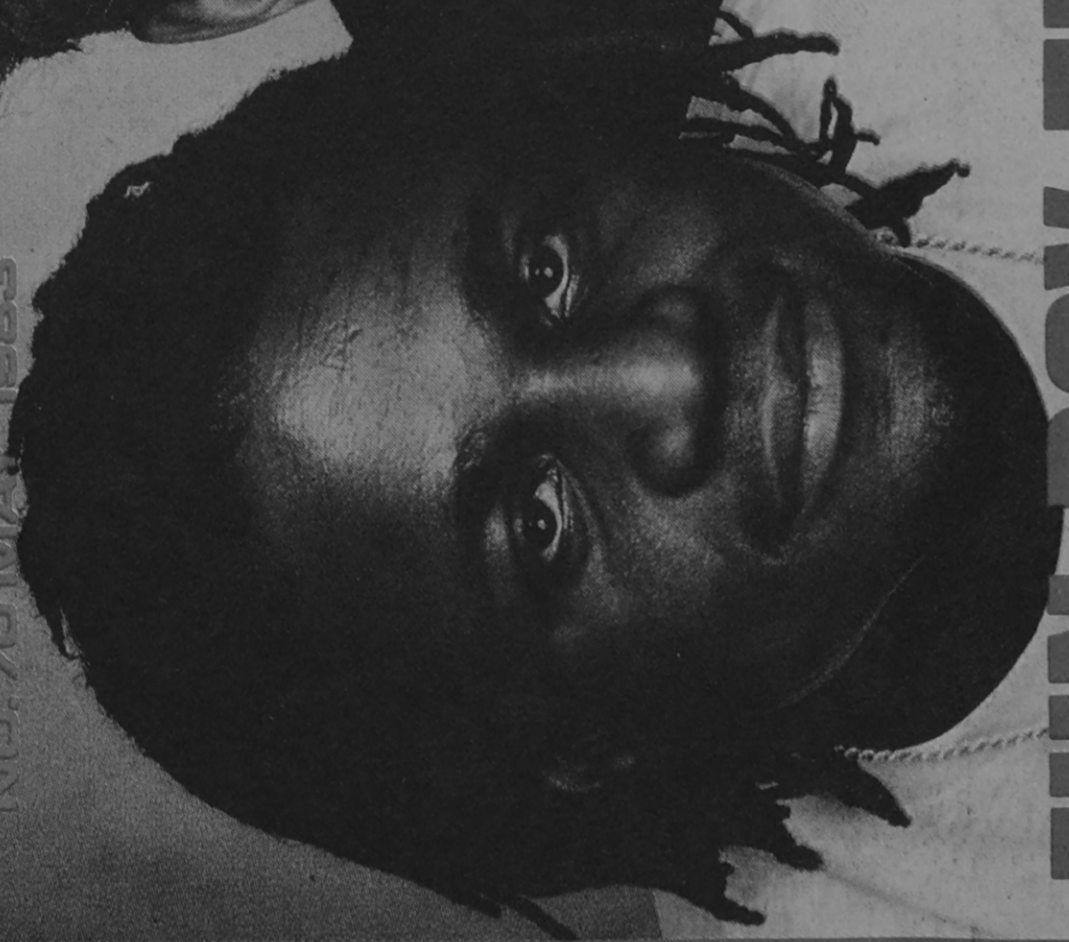


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In 'Just Pics' we feature some new bands around Auckland town. Several you'll hear on Propeller's 'We'll Do Our Best Compilation' (Terror of Tinytown 'Deep Inside', Compulsory Allies 'No Oppression', Days Centrale 'I Don't Understand', Car Crash Set 'Toys'), Wednesdays at Windsor Castle (new bands night) and at Propeller Records' June 1 Mainstreet gig.

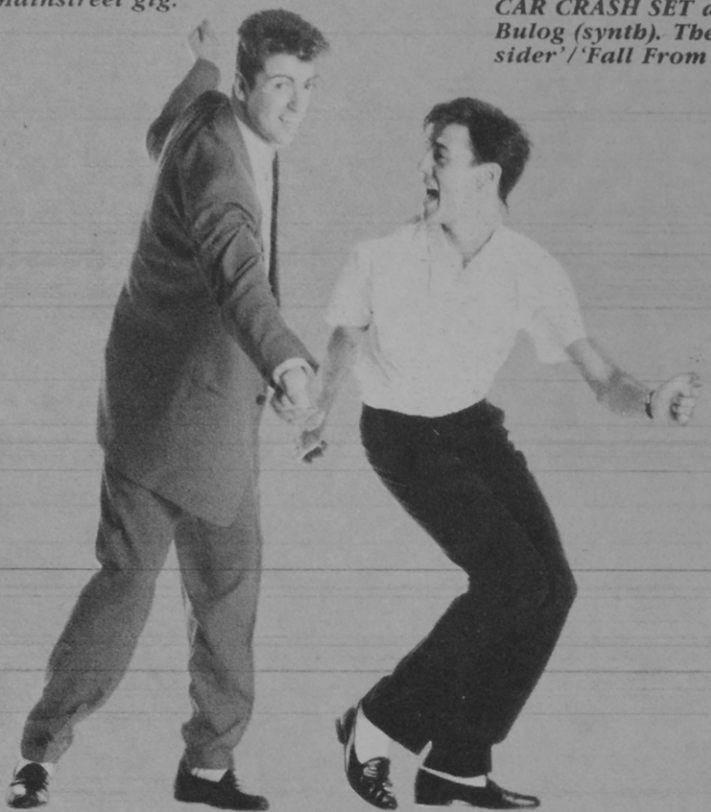
PHOTO BY ROGER GUISE



CAR CRASH SET are (L-R) Nigel Russell (synth), David Bulog (synth). Their 12 inch entitled Two Songs ('Outsider'/'Fall From Grace') is released early June.



COCONUT ROUGH are (L-R) Stuart Pearce (keyboards), Paul Hewitt (drums), Andrew Snoid (vocals, synth), Dennis 'Cboc' Tuubare (bass), Mark Bell (guitar).



George Michael and Andrew Ridgely — alias **WHAM!** — were 19 and on the dole a year ago. Now they're Britain's dancefloor darlings. Following the success of their second single 'Young Guns Go For It', their first 'Wham Rap' (about enjoying life on the dole) has been re-released. New UK 45 is 'Bad Boys'.



Signed to Harlequin Studio's Ze Disc label are **DAYS CENTRALE**. They are (L-R) Paul Moss (guitar), Mark Chapman (drums), Vicky Cains (vocals), Glenn Peters (bass), Malcolm Smith (synth).



COMPULSORY ALLIES are (L-R) Mark Hatherly (sax, vocals), Joost Langeveld (bass), Greg Johnson (vocal, trumpet), James 'Charlie' Charlton (keyboards), Paul Casserly (percussion). Absent is Dave Clausman (guitar).



The **TERROR OF TINYTOWN** are (L-R) Gary Grimes (incidental percussion), Julian Hanson (vocals, synths, guitar), Jero Dart (guitar, vocals, synth), Matthew Stevens (bass).



MARGINAL ERA are (L-R) Phil MacDonald (keyboards), Dave Larsen (drums), Paul Agar (guitar, vocals). They are looking for a bassist, phone Paul 399-497.

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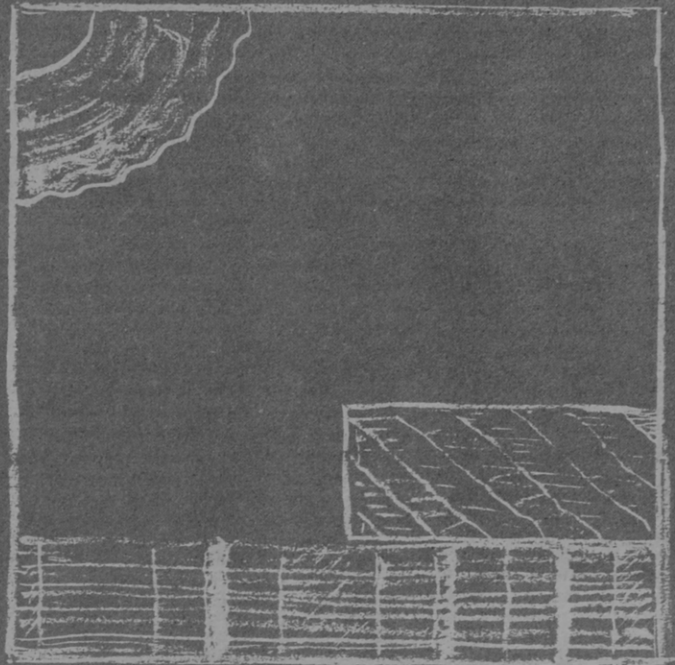
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NEIL YOUNG

Rumours

UK & USA

The Bunnymen's Ian McCullough went to church recently and got himself married to Lorraine Fox. A lovely pic under the trees shows Lorraine in white and Ian sporting a dark suit, thin tie and white carnation ... on the London marathon Joe Strummer cut 10 minutes off his previous best ... Dexys have given up dungarees. "They don't feel right" says Kevin. Will they wear their trousers inside out? ... the Beat's Go-Feet label is no longer with Arista ... faves for opening David Bowie's UK outdoor gigs are Icehouse and Psychedelic Furs ... the Animals have reformed. Nineteen years after emerging first time around, Eric Burdon and the Boys plan a world tour ... another comeback, this time from Howard Devoto, who now resides in Paris, is currently performing as vocalist with acclaimed French electronics artist Bernard Szainer (Island album soon). Devoto has completed a solo album for Virgin Records ... Pete Farndon, former bass player with the Pretenders, was recently found dead in the bath at his London flat. No cause of death has been established yet ... Bob Dylan is to form his own record label. He has apparently asked his first idol, Little Richard, to guest on his next album ... reggae singer Gregory Isaacs is in jail in Jamaica awaiting trial on charges of possessing a stolen gun ... Rolling Stone Bill Wyman has almost completed a partly autobiographical film called *Digital Dreams*. The film traces the 16-year relationship between Wyman and his wife Astrid, as well as depicting his rise to superstar status. Gerald Scarfe (*The Wall*) has contributed animation sequences and James Coburn, Jean-Jacques Burnel, astronomer Patrick Moore and Richard O'Brien (who also co-scripted) all make appearances ... former Jam bassist Bruce Foxton has signed a solo recording deal with Arista ... Haircut 100 sans Nick Heyward have signed to Polydor after paying a suitable sum to Arista to be released from

their existing contract ... the Birthday Party have changed labels from 4AD to Mute ... the former (so says NME) Members' vocalist Nicky Tesco and sprycan man J. Walter Negro have joined forces to make a single called 'Cost of Living' ... *Trafford Tanzi*, Debbie Harry's Broadway debut, has reportedly bombed.

New singles include: China Crisis *Tragedy and Mystery*, Style Council *Money Go Round*, Indeeep *When Boys Talk*, XTC *'Great Fire'*, Human League *'Fascination'*, Maximum Joy *'Why Can't We Live Together'* (ex Y, now with Garage label via Stiff).

Albums: Creatures *The Feast*, Bob Marley and Wailers *Confrontation* (unreleased 1979-80 tracks), Uriah Heep *Head First*, Philip Jap *Philip Jap*, Rip Rig and Panic *Attitude*, Twisted Sister *You Can't Stop Rock'n'Roll*, Peter Gabriel *Plays Live* (2LP set), Rickie Lee Jones *Girl at Her Volcano* (live mini-album), B52s *Whammy!*, Kirk Brandon's Spear of Destiny *Grapes of Wrath* (Burning Home label via Epic), Aztec Camera *Highland Hard Rain* (Rough Trade), Angelic Upstarts *Reason Why*, George Benson *In Your Eyes*, Joe Walsh *You Bought It, You Name It*, Heaven 17 *The Luxury Gap*, Nico Drama of Exile, Rich Kids *Ghosts of Princes in Towers* (reissue), Meatloaf *Midnight at the Lost and Found*, Flock of Seagulls *Listen*, Marshall Crenshaw *Field Day* (produced by Steve Lillywhite).

Auckland

Split Enz cleaned up at the recent *Countdown* (Oz's RTR) Awards in Australia. Tim Finn got best songwriter award and the band took the most popular group and best album awards.

Days Centrale are in the process of recording their debut single at Harlequin Studios. Tracks are: 'The Appropriate Way', 'I Don't Understand' and 'Closed Minds'. It's being engineered and produced by Doug Rogers and Steve Kennedy and will be issued on Harlequin's Ze Disc label.

Goodbyes: with the departure of Brian Glamuzina, Willie Dayson Blues Band has become simply the Willie Dayson Band. The remaining four members will be aiming for a broader, more upbeat style and bass player Neil Edwards will be concentrating on

his songwriting ... guitarist Barry Caitcheon and the band's rhythm section have parted company with the Mockers. Caitcheon and drummer Brendan Fitzgerald are looking for work, ph 794-643.

Hellos: new band to rise from the remains of the Gurlz consists of former members Debbie (bass) and Shelley (vocals), with Richard Morris (ex Crocodiles) on guitar and Steve (ex Prince Tui Teka band!) on drums. No words yet on projects from other Gurlz... Neighbours' lineup on current tour is Andrew Kimber (sax), Wayne Laird (guitar), John Dodds (temporary bassist). During the winter months the band will do a resident spot at an Auckland nightclub ... former Neighbours' man Dave Hinton has replaced Steve Ward on the drum stool for the Hip Singles. Ward is now with Christchurch cover kings the Blades.

Hello/goodbye/hellos: Screaming Meemees will get together again for another "last" gig at Christchurch's Hillsborough. And will they stay together if their album is released in Europe?

Kiwi Animal are throwing a Bad Taste Party, May 21, 11am to 11pm. It will feature bands, films, videos and supper. Tickets available at \$10 from inner city record stores, or PO Box 6972 ... the Henchmen will be holding a series of dances in halls to co-incide with the release of their new single 'Do the Maelstrom'. See *Coruba Calendar* for details ... the people who brought you the last Mt Roskill punk evening have promised another one May 20 at the Mt Roskill Municipal Hall. It'll feature No Tag, Zykron B and various Wellington bands. Russell Brown

Christchurch

Shazam Battle of the Bands, local winners were Timaru band Sleeping Gas. Second Fondue Trout, third Private Lines and fourth Sheer Fanatics...the Shazam/3ZM Charity Rock Concert in aid of the Fiji hurricane relief fund, takes place at the Town Hall on May 18. Confirmed are the Legionnaires, Wastrels, Narcs and Coconut Rough.

A series of Rock Against Racism gigs are being arranged under the auspices of HART. The first takes place at the Great Hall, Arts Centre May 8 but they will hopefully become a weekly occurrence.



Auckland Walk

Admission is 50 cents and any bands interested in playing (for free) at future gigs contact Joe, ph 45-385 or Dave Merritt ph 64-390.

An album in memory of the late En Can MA (Mass Appeal) is to be released early June. Titled *Living It Up*, it was recorded last year in Auckland and in local hotels. The Clash's Topper Headon guests on one track! The band's singer-guitarist Ljimon Mihell will be taking his current group, ECF, on a national tour, entitled 'God Help Us' in early June. An ECF EP will be released to coincide with the tour. Title track is 'Filthy Punk Rocker'. It's out on Toy Records.

Radio U has been inundated with tapes for its compilation cassette but tapes for inclusion on its Sunday night programme are still welcome...on similar note, ex Hauraki DJ Mike Catton is back on air with 3ZM. He has taken over Mike McLeod's 'talent scout' position and will be keeping an eye out for local talent. Currently, Paris and the Wastrels are recording demos at the 3ZM studios.

Once again the Star and Garter is out of bounds to young local bands. The new management have put a resident band in on a six week trial. Previously unheard of, they rejoice in the name Moose Boots, The Green Banana Band.

Two members from the now defunct Desperate Measures have recently formed Evasive Action. Eric (bass), Eugene (vocals) and Harry Hepworth (ex Unauthorised, guitar) desperately need a drummer. Call 64-874...Vortex, who reached the final of the

Shazam Battle of the Bands, lineup Simon Beall (rhythm guitar, vocals), Mark Wilson (lead guitar), Bruce Coppins (drums), Chris Perry (bass) are looking for work. Call Simon 382-926.

The Alternative Entertainment Bureau presents 'Yet Another Party' at the Caledonian Hall, May 27, 8pm. Features four bands and only a dollar on the door. The AEB is a group of unemployed people aiming to provide cheap entertainment for others in the same position. Any suggestions for other events are welcome...the main bar of the Old Star Tavern has been renovated and fitted with a first-class sound system and will be featuring A Certain Bar-type music late week. The name is Zanzibar and the inimitable Tony Peake will be spinning the platters. Expect something a little different.

Incestuous burglars are now Champion Beat...Clients have two new additions: (1) Phil Johnson (ex Unauthorised) as an extra guitarist. (2) A two ton truck. Geraldine Gerrard

Wellington

Shazam Battle of the Bands Wellington heat held May 8. Toughing it out: Blue Rock, Career Boys, Driving Sideways, Strikemaster, Taste of Bounty, Unrestful Movements, Vanguard and Work Daze.

Jayrem blitzing the competition with 6-track releases from Mole Manne and Unrestful Movements. Expect 4-track Tin Syndrome late May. In a reversal of recent trends, they're also set to release a 5-track EP by Aussie band Soggy Porridge.

Remember Shona Laing? She's formed a rock outfit with Andy Drey and Leo Kean. They're still searching for a keyboardist/guitarist.

Van Valen Brothers from New Plymouth have recorded a demo at Marmalade Studios. Also recording there are Ed Morris (of Beat The System Tapes), and Michael Warmuth, deft exponent of the hammer dulcimer. Expect Warmuth LP in the next couple of months.

Naked Spots Dance intend to record an album with Doug Hood in July ... Naughty Bits, formed two months ago from ex 69, Wall Sockets and Domestic Blitz personnel, recorded live at Cosgroves recently. Expect a single.

Angst will release an EP posthumously through Jayrem ... Barton JBL concert PA for hire.

Contact Sue Barlow, 843-716.

We regret the passing of Les Crew, king of the one-line put down, to local poison arrow. David Taylor

Dunedin

Ex Bored Games' Fraser Batts' band, the Newbergs (a temporary name) has made a debut appearance. The band includes two other ex Bored Gamers, Jeff Harford and Jonathan Moore and new vocalist John Devereux ... Wreck Small Speakers For Expensive Stereos features a couple of ex Aucklanders who've impressed with their novel approach.

The new Netherworld Dancing Toys line-up have begun playing the local pub circuit ... new band Scant Voices features bassist Tony Dooley, brother of ex Toy Love drummer Tom Dooley.

Dunedin's first all women band Look Blue Go Purple has finally become a reality ... response to the Shazam Battle of the Bands scheduled for the Town Hall, May 21 has been poor. In contrast Leptoid Promotions' May Day Sunday Concert Chamber stint featuring Dance Exponents, The Diehards, Netherworld Dancing Toys and the Rip was a success. George Kay

D.D. SMASH TO RESIDE IN OZ!

After a quick visit home to say their goodbyes, DD Smash will head back across the Tasman for good. The band is in Sydney at present, playing almost every night. Most of the gigs have been headliners at pubs and rugby league clubs.

Bass player Ian Morris told RIIU the band would return to New Zealand in about a fortnight and spend about three weeks on extensive promotion. Then it's back to Sydney to live and to record their second album.

No decision has been made on what studio or producer the band will use. Their current single 'Outlook for Thursday' is getting some airplay in Oz but the band is waiting on the promotional video which should create more interest.

The band is working hard - during a recent 12 day trip to Melbourne they played 14 gigs.

At the moment it appears that Morris, originally only a stand-in bassist, will be staying with the band.

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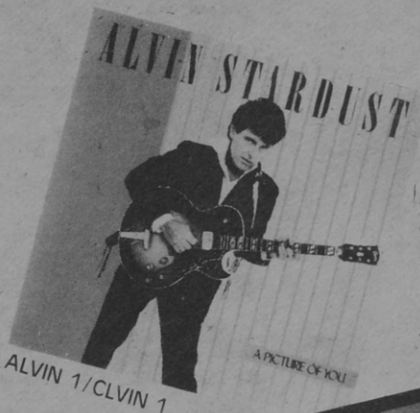


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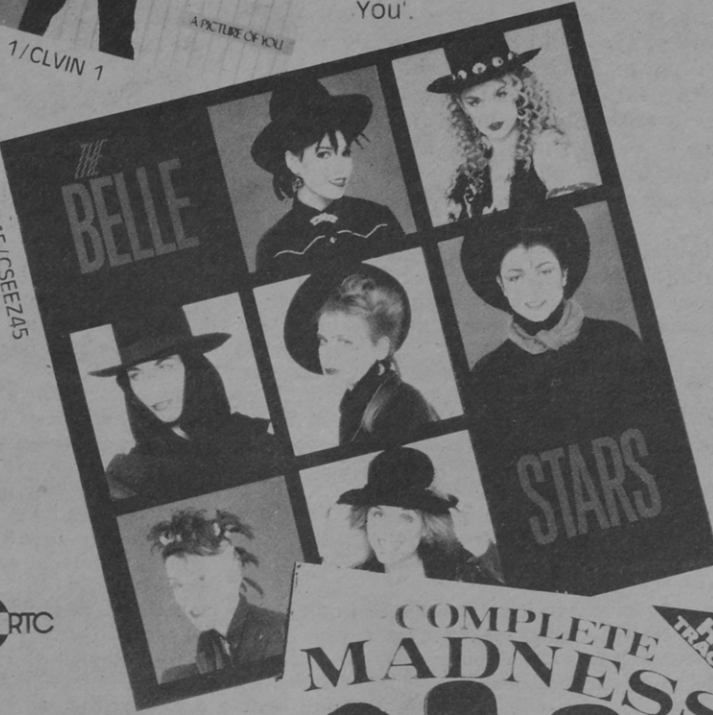
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Plans for '83 Enz' own label

Yes, that was Tim Finn you saw at the Windsor. He and brother Neil were in the country for their sister's wedding.

But they were also here to finalise another kind of wedding — or rather a renewing of vows. The band has just re-signed to Polygram Records after the initial three-year deal proved mutually beneficial. Tim is enthusiastic about the signing because it means the band's own record label, tentatively called Enz Records can be set up in this country.

The aim of the label will be to pick up and help out promising local bands and help them record to international standard, so the implications are obviously major. But more of that later.

Tim has been spending the time since the band last played here completing his solo album *Escapade*. The single from it 'Fraction Too Much Friction' has been released in Australia and the album should follow in about a month.

The other Enz members haven't been idle either. They have all been experimenting in the studio but only Noel Crombie's country single, a cover of 'My Voice Keeps Changin' On Me' has been released.

"Noel's single was serviced to country radio, he did some talk show-type things, he did some good promotion for it. It wasn't a hit but it was a chance for Noel to get out and about as Noel," Tim says.

And as for the work of the others:

"Good album tracks but no singles." Eddie Rayner and Neil have also been getting involved in producing. Neil has done his first production job for Karen Ansell (formerly of the Reels) and Eddie has worked with Russell Morris and an as yet unknown called Paul Smythe.

Work should begin on the new Enz album in late June. Has much writing been done for the album?

"Neil's done more than I have, because I've had my solo album. Neil's got heaps of songs and I wouldn't be surprised if it was his year



for singles because I had a pretty good run last year. It's nice to have that opportunity to step back.

"We're going to try and go away and get a place in the country beforehand. It's worked for us before — just the five of us going away like a boy scout troop or something."

We probably won't see Split Enz again until October or November.

"We'll probably finish the album early September, tour here and Australia first and then see what happens in America. Go if it's happening, don't go if it's not. We'll definitely go to Canada — Europe if they want us."

Tim's solo album has already been picked up on for American distribution by A&M Records. The album features many respected session players (including, on one track "the fastest fiddler in the world") and he's pleased with the way it's come out.

"I thought it was going to be very drum machine orientated at first — just me in the studio with a drum machine and a couple of synths. But it couldn't have been more opposite to that if I'd tried. I very much depended on the musicians I worked with and it ended up having quite a soulful, sort of natural feel to it."

Were the songs on the album recent compositions or ones written over the years?

"Mostly recent, actually."

Any kind of theme running through it?

"I wouldn't say, at this stage. They're my personal songs, just things that have been going on for me in the last six months or so."

Back to Enz Records. What will the new label mean?

"It gives us the opportunity to be more or less

the A&R ourselves, be the ears, talent spotters.

"We've seen a lot of bands coming up — Pop Mechanix, Blam Blam Blam, Dance Exponents — that we've noticed emerging but haven't been able to help or do much except encourage them."

"So we'll be able to say to bands, here's a deal. We'll through our contacts perhaps be able to arrange producers to come over here or maybe produce it ourselves. It's a whole new thing to get into."

"It probably won't really get underway until next year. There's not much we can do this year, we're so busy."

"Production-wise it'll certainly be important to us. Eddie'll probably come over and produce things, perhaps Neil or me. Getting a good-sounding record isn't easy. It requires a lot of hard work. It's still a bit sort of 'whack it down and see how it sounds' over here I think."

"It's exciting. I've only been here just over a week but I've detected signs of things on the up and up. There's a lot of bands out there who are starting to take it a lot more seriously. I wouldn't be surprised if there's a new era on the horizon, I really wouldn't. It'd be nice to be part of that. We've always dreamed of that happening."

Have Kiwi acts in the past been giving up too soon?

"Yeah, it's a source of frustration to me to see it happen. You've got to stick at it and just keep going — unless there is something else you want to do. Obviously then, go off and do it."

"But if you're interested in being a band, the more years you stay together the better you'll get. It's just inevitable."

But so many NZ bands have set off for Australia with great expectations only to die there. Would you still recommend this country's bands to go across the Tasman?

"Well, I'd hesitate because it is ... well I don't hesitate, I think they should, but they should be prepared for a big shock — how competitive it is, how much more upmarket it is. Right from improving their gear to taking it more seriously

to better film clips, the whole thing is up several gears. If they're prepared for that, prepared to stick it out, it'll be alright. It's not a playground over there, it's serious stuff."

"To an extent I think New Zealand bands are ready because if you can survive here, get through the apathy and cynicism that still exists, you'll be well-prepared for Australia. That's what the case was with us. We fought through that attitude and refused to acknowledge it and therefore we had this ... burning confidence, if you like."

"We're a band that's taken the long way whenever we've done anything. There are bands that seem to expect it to happen quickly, I don't think it usually does."

So what lies ahead for the only Kiwi band to come out of Australia's cultural quicksand smelling remotely sweet? Will the Enz be cutting down on touring?

"We already have. I think we've knocked it down to the bare minimum, which last year was still six months. Limited touring but done with great style and impact is really the answer. None of us are interested in going to America and touring for six months just to break a record. We'd rather wait for that hit single. We like playing live still; we get a lot out of it but it just becomes numbing after a while if you do too much of it."

Does the thought of calling it a day and settling down every occur?

"Not really. I can see periods of it happening. In the future there might be a time when we'd take a year off or something. But there'd never ... I mean, once you've found something you can do you may as well keep doing it — it's hard enough to just find something you can do. We just want to get better and better at it really. I think Bryan Ferry is an example — as he gets older he gets better, I reckon. I think *Avalon* is a wonderful album."

"If you can do that, get better, keep refining what you do, well there's no end to it."

Russell Brown



then play a professional set in front of a huge audience. Some task, but nevertheless a good opportunity to experience first hand the power of this world-standard band.

I did it and pulled it off reasonably well and now, after four gigs in New Zealand, I am pretty well prepared for Australia (Perth, Sydney, Melbourne). I found the band very reasonable to work with and good fun to socialise with so after all the nerves it was well worth it. To me the Birthday Party are in their finest hour now. Having started just before I arrived with Marching Girls in Australia, they have undergone a natural drastic change and are now to me creating Birthday Party music at its best. *The Bad Seed* EP is one of the best records I've heard in years, so buy it and wake up to yourself. Buy Marching Girls too, another fine EP (a real collectors item in a few years).

Touring is, in my opinion, a real bore. No time for anything — sleep, eat, soundcheck, play, sleep etc. And this time round was worse than usual. Playing the first set with the Marching Girls, then half an hour later, a set with the Birthday Party. Not that hard, but it does take it out of you.

It was good seeing what was left of family, friends and any familiar buildings left standing. So overall, some fun was had.

I think both bands went well in New Zealand but it will be interesting to see the reaction to Birthday Party in their home country.

Most of the audiences have heard them and have their

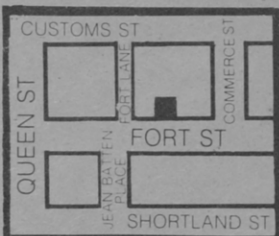
records. I'll be under a lot of scrutiny from fans, I will have to perform with every bit of energy available. It will be interesting to say, as I have never been to Perth, so I get to see a bit of Australia I would probably never see. So on this note I'll end. Thanks to everyone concerned with Marching Girls tour '83. See you when we see you. Hefner '83.

LATE NEWS

Dexys leader Kevin Rowland is to wed his violinist Helen O'Hara. The two met when Kevin asked her to join his band while they were waiting at a bus stop ... Billy Currie has severed connections with Visage ... LA mystery man the Residents are to make an unheard of European tour ... former Skid Richard Jobson has a new group called Jungle of Cities ... Cabaret Voltaire will record on Some Bizarre label ... Stray Cats have landed themselves a multi-million dollar lawsuit by adding the word 'fuck' numerous times to their version of Eddie Cochrane's 'Jeanie, Jeanie, Jeanie' ... Rip Rig and Panic plan to record their next album in a digital studio in Japan ... Bollock Brother Jock McDonald is to release an album containing new versions of all the songs on the Sex Pistols' *Never Mind the Bollocks* on Charly Records. It features synthesiser.

New albums: New Order *Power, Corruption and Lies*, Coati Mundi *The Former 12 Year Old Genius*, Motorhead *Another Perfect Day*, Iron Maiden *Piece of Mind*, Mike Oldfield *Crises*, Red Crayola *Black Snakes*, UB40 *Labour of Love* (covers of old ska and reggae tunes).

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AGAINST THE WIND

Wellington's music scene has long seemed the poor relation to those from other cities — and indeed, to Wellingtonians themselves. The Capital never seemed to be able to hold onto a decent venue, nobody else liked its bands. Every gig seemed to end up in a confrontation with the police. It didn't even have a presentable venue for international bands.

The old Wellington clichés, of course, but there's still some truth in them. But good things have happened, and are continuing to happen, in the Capital. The city seems to be entering a period of strength and the development of that strength rests on two men: Jim Moss of Jayrem Records and Graham Josephs of Cosmic Rock Consultants.

Moss's record label has been available to virtually anyone who wants to use it thus far. It has yet to produce a record of real class, but it can only be a matter of time. The development of the music scene will depend on who he chooses to encourage.

Josephs has brought some semblance of order to the city's venue situation. He has tied together several pubs, in both the city and suburbs, and the new Sheaf nightclub. The first benefit will be that Josephs has made it possible, and, indeed, profitable, for outside bands to play in the city. Local bands will benefit, but exactly how much remains to be seen. And the city's faithful 'zine *In Touch*, has split into two apparently healthy parts — The

PHOTO BY BRYAN STAFF



Spines' John McLeary, Wendy Calder, Ross Burge.

Other Magazine, a thin fortnightly freebie and *IT Magazine*, a more substantial quarterly.

But the city hasn't been a complete musical void (no pun intended) up until now anyway. Some of the best records of the past year — by the Spines, Naked Spots Dance, the Hulamen, the Mockers — have come out of it. Maybe we'll see even more in the next 12 months.

Russell Brown

COMING TO THE PUNCH

When the Spines' John McLeary first wrote the band's latest single, 'Punch', the other members refused to play it. Eventually, after a change of personnel, it was played and then wormed its way on to the A-side of the single by default. Now people are calling it the best New Zealand single so far this year.

When McLeary wrote the song he couldn't play it himself — there were too many rhythm changes. It took some time to master that but he was pleased with the result.

"I think it's the best thing we've ever written. It's good because it's not compromised at all but it's slick at the same time. It sounds like you could hear it on the radio and people wouldn't go 'Arrrrgh!'.

"It cuts a fine line because if you listen to it the lyrics are really heavy and the story is harsh. But it's no harsher than a kid's Punch and Judy show."

The Spines began about two years ago with McLeary, Rob Mahon and Caroline Easter. That lineup recorded the band's first single, 'Fishing'. Then Easter left to be replaced by Tim Robinson (now with the Neighbours). Mahon departed to be replaced by Wendy Calder on bass. When Robinson left Ross Burge came in on drums to complete the existing lineup.

All this seems to give credence to the idea that the Spines are John McLeary.

"Yes and no. We play all my songs and I suppose I'm sort of the boss. But musically it's always been very democratic. We'll always write the songs together, I'll just write the shell of a song."

All of those to play with McLeary have been accomplished musicians, a fact he puts down to being Wellington-based.

"There's a lot of that sort of

musician here — young ones, not just the old restaurant types.

"When I got the Spines together I had no real credibility as a musician at all. I couldn't have gotten musicians that good in a place like Auckland. In some ways I still have no credibility — I can't read or write music, I don't know my scales or any of that sort of stuff. I'm just a songwriter and I can get songs across."

Being Wellington-based must have helped from the point of view of being allowed to develop without hype or pressure?

"Yeah. If we'd been picked up at the start we'd have been horrible. But as it is we haven't been picked up at all, so I don't know which is better. But now we're at a stage where we can cope with it musically."

"Comparing Wellington audiences to those around the country, they're quite hard to play to. So we became quite good at coping with audiences. Not by saying things to them or anything, but just being able to put the music out."

"The band as it is, is basically a dance band. We're playing dance music, but it works on both levels, people can just sit and listen."

McLeary feels quirky dance rhythms are becoming an increasing part of his writing.

These days we're moving away from the standard 4/4 type rock thing. We're getting strange time signatures — not flexible time signatures, but five beats to the bar instead of four, that sort of thing. And trying to make those things accessible."

Accessibility's important?

"Yeah, it's important that people don't say 'I don't like the sound of that' and bugger off. That people can get past the overall sound and listen to what's going on. I don't want to be too insipid either — there'd be no excitement in it for anyone."

Some people would say deliberate inaccessibility was a trait of Wellington bands.

"A lot of that probably stems from the fact that there are a few bands around Wellington who aren't very good. But a lot of the more avant-garde bands are quite good and they just play what they want — which is the thing for Wellington, I think."

Are his lyrics an important part of the songs?

"In a way, less and less. Before the Spines I was in Negative Theatre, which was drama and music, the lyrics were all story type things. The original Spines were the same sort of thing just taken a step further. But these days the lyrics tend to be more nebulous in meaning. They don't have a fixed meaning, they're quite flexible. But they're still quite important — the actual sound of them, rather than the meaning. Words aren't very good for expressing feelings unless you're actually singing or pronouncing in a certain way, accentuating certain things."

The band members each have other interests, McLeary paints, Calder is studying music at university and Burge is a respected session player. With two singles out and critics saying good things can he see the point where a decision will have to be made between outside interests and putting everything into the band?

"Yeah, it's coming to that very soon. What we're trying to do at the moment is just clear up our debts, which we're doing through working day jobs. We can't do that through the band because we can't afford to play too much as no one would come. Over the last couple of years we've probably played more than any band in Wellington."

"Ross and I are keen to get back on the road."

McLeary can't see the band being able to stay in Wellington past the end of this year, but he's dubious about how long the rest of the country would hold any allure.

"What can you do? Go to Auckland and play there for a few months? What we want to do is go to Japan, that's our big idea."

The Japanese idea is still in its infancy, but at least it's different. Enquiries about record distribution have already been made.

On the domestic front some more substantial recording is planned — a mini-album or perhaps even an album. Of course there's the money to be found for that.

Several days after this interview the Spines played a weekend at Wellington's Cricketers Arms. Crowds weren't big.

It would be ironic if Wellington's very nature — which has moulded the Spines into something unique — was to be that which destroyed them.

Russell Brown

NEW BOOTS AND COMPROMISES

It's not the sort of thing covered by the Census but it's a safe bet that Wellington has more punks and skins per head of population than any other centre. Bands more or less fitting the category — Riot III, First XV, Unrestful Movements have come out of the city and it recently hosted the Golden Showers festival which featured bands from three cities.

"The support in Wellington is just growing every week," says Gerald Dwyer, co-organiser of Golden Showers. "There are underground bands starting all the time. Apart from bands like Flesh D-Vice (Dwyer's own band) and Aftershock, there are new bands like Destructive Adolescents and Suicide Pact. They're countless."

This isn't just 1977 punk trailing on, y'understand. This is the new punk.

"It's so big in Britain now. Much bigger than it was in 1977. It's just that it's not at the forefront of the media any more," Dwyer explains.

Along with Riot III's Void, Dwyer has been organising dances for local bands to play at for some months. Golden Showers was the biggest venture yet, with costs of about \$1500 to be recouped. It broke even. There was a little bit of trouble there, mainly discussions between Auckland and Wellington punks on who was tougher. But nothing like the violence that has been a problem for the city's punk scene for so long. The answer lies in part with the security. Void and Dwyer have hired the same security guards for every dance. The guards don't wear uniforms and they have gotten to know the punters.

"They don't take any shit and they don't usually get any either," Dwyer adds.

There has been little trouble at any of the gigs but it is still hard to find venues.

"And even when you do find a good venue there's always a handful of people who do fuck it up for the next time. One mindless idiot smashes a toilet or smashes someone over and everyone gets the blame."

"There's only a handful of louts here. They're not even into the music. They just come along to beat up some young punk and it's

Riot III's Void, Flesh D-Vice's Gerald Dwyer. Below: Body Electric's Alan Jimson.



MORE SONGS ABOUT CIRCUITS AND DIODES

Friday night. Cricketers. The Body Electric perform supported only by choice, imported rock video: Cabaret Voltaire, Clash, Zoom Lens, David Byrne. Watching the Body Electric is like watching video; ex-actor Garry Smith captivating as he plays out the songs with resonant voice and co-ordinated motion. Ex Steroids Alan Jimson and Andy Drey, the electric to Garry's body, work intensely at guitar or synthesiser providing a rough underside to the vocal gloss and synth-drum polish.

The Body Electric, as Alan says later in more convivial surroundings, "was a plan of Andy's and mine for ages. We wanted to do something different — starting with small synth machines and graduating as we needed to. Gaz came to practice one day and we caught him for his voice."

Synthesisers prove to be a passion for Garry and Alan, their interest lying in the vast possibilities such machines offer. Their mainstay, the versatile Prophet 5, which will have cost them "around twelve grand" when it's paid off, evincing their fanaticism and concern for quality. They had hoped recently to augment their equipment with Linn drums but the cost was prohibitive. And the

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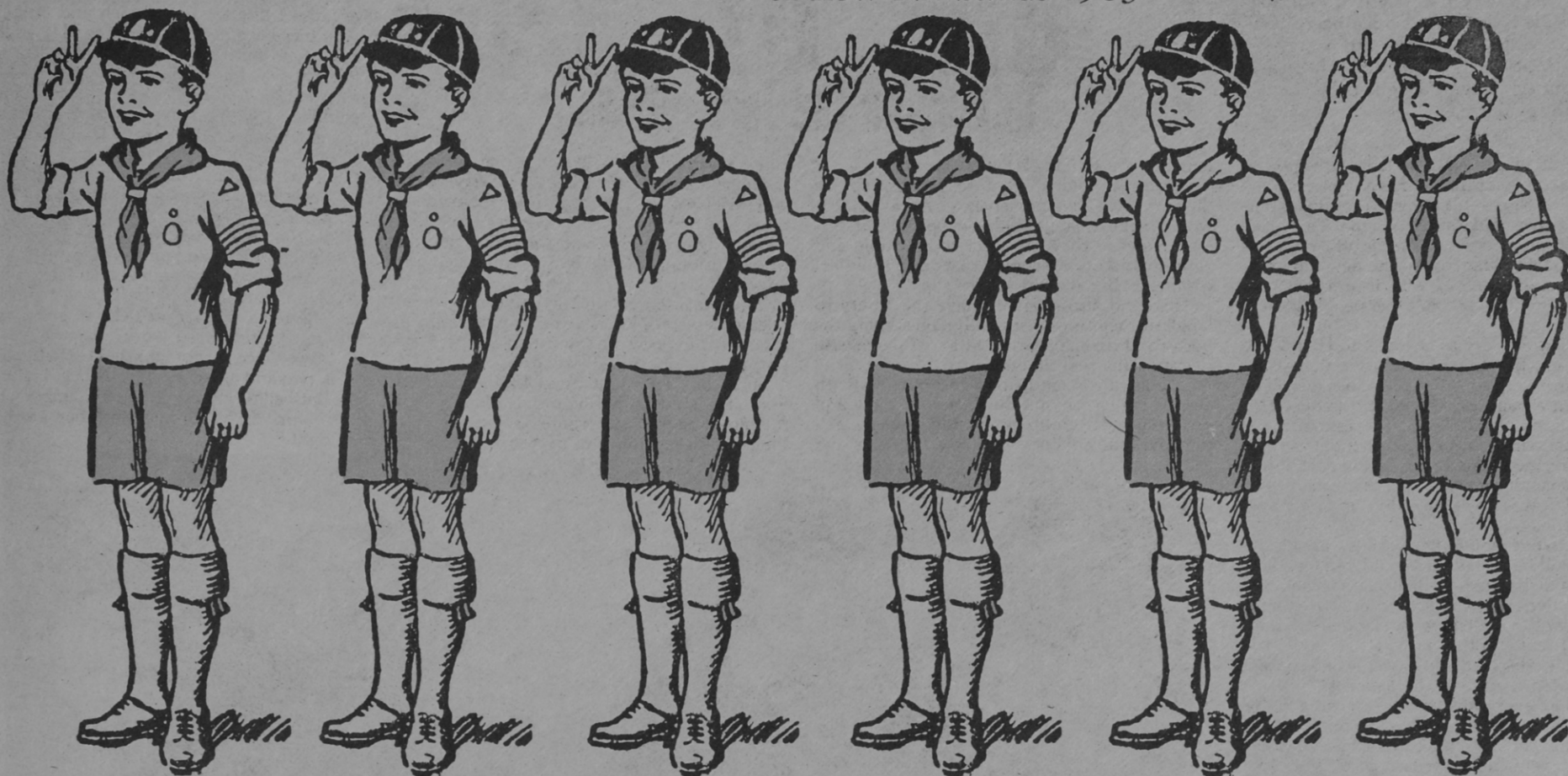
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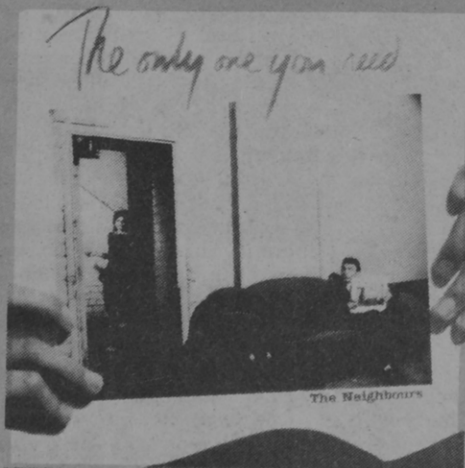
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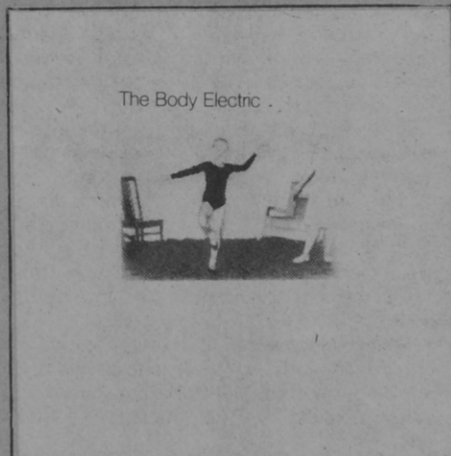


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The Fun Boy Three didn't exactly set the rock'n'roll world on fire last year with their droll debut album and a series of singles, with or without Bananarama. It was sure hard to believe that Terry Hall, Lynval Golding and Neville Staples had once been part of the Specials. But now with a new album, *Waiting*, the Fun Boy Three are delivering what we thought they originally promised.

It's about a hundred miles from Coventry to London and two or three times a week Hall and co make the trip to check things out. It was during one of their mid-April visits that Terry Hall phoned from London's Chrysalis office. He was understandably chuffed by the new album:

"We're really pleased with it and that's the most important thing, but other people seem to like it."

He sounded as dry as he looks and blunt into the bargain. But going back, were you aware of the burden of people's expectations when you split from a band as revered as the Specials?

"Sort of, but it wasn't a great pressure, it was just a past which was easy to handle as there were no regrets there. It was no big deal, it was just like changing jobs. I didn't care what people expected, it was up to me to live up to my own expectations."

But with one album the Specials were virtual legends and it set standards. Did you feel that?

"Not at all because every group has their first album to live up to and no matter how you try to shrug it off it's still there, but it doesn't matter, it doesn't really bother us."

To what extent did you have the FB3 concept devised before you left the Specials?

"We had everything ready except a single sleeve. The original idea was to do what the Tom Tom Club did with Talking Heads, where two or three members would go off and do a project within the band but it didn't work out that way. We had to leave the group as there was a great deal of tension in the Specials at that time and so it was the wrong time to suggest something like that."

The eclecticism and direction of *More Specials* must have caused problems?

"Loads of problems, in fact that's when it all

"I'd call '96 Tears'...a classic, but I don't know of one in the 80s."

started because it was a second album. The first album a group does is always gonna be its best, not necessarily to listen to but in unity and feeling amongst the band. There's always something to prove and whether or not you prove it is another matter, but you go in with that attitude."

The temptation to repeat the formula of the first album must have been there?

"Yeah it was, especially in places like Europe where we were selling a lot of records and it was an easy way out. But that's never been our policy as you only sink yourself and you never do anyone any good in the long run."

The bands' integrity paid off with 'Ghost Town' — a classic that may never date?

"Yeah, although there was a great deal of coincidence in the writing and recording of it in that we had the riots here when it was released. But I wouldn't count it as a classic song because of the message there."

So what's your definition of classic?

"Something done by Charles Aznavour or Edith Piaf. It's classic because of their background and childhood. I'd call '96 Tears' by Question Mark and the Mysterions a classic song, but I don't know of one in the 80s."

Judging by the content of your songs, the

FUN BOY 3

BY GEORGE KAY

Talking on the Terryphone

name of the FB3 is obviously ironic:

"Yeah, we didn't want to depress so we thought if we gave ourselves a cynical name it would make us laugh. Other people take it different ways as they expect us to be stupid and childish and other people expect deep political comment. But we just laugh."

The band also seems to have the ability to laugh at themselves especially considering the poster and cinematic presentation of the reverse sleeve of the first album:

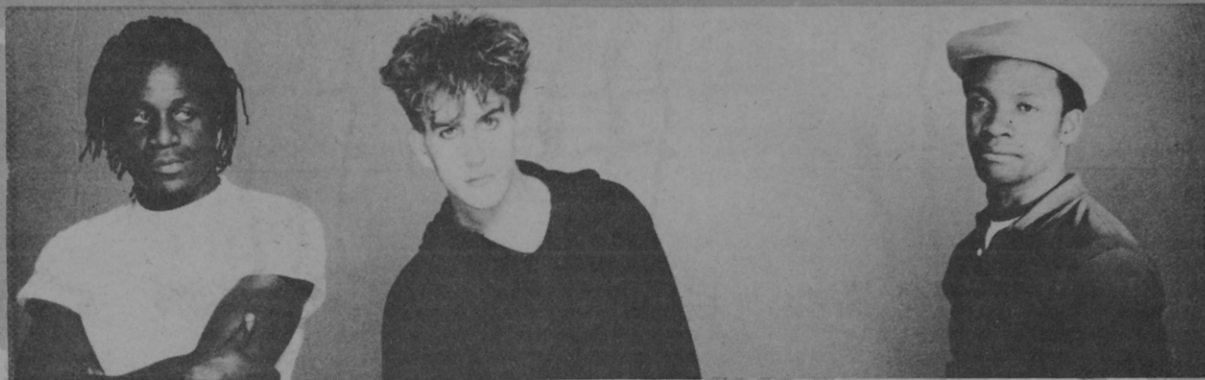
"We always seem to deal in opposites with everything we do and the idea was to try and present a super group but behind it we wanted to show that anybody can be a film star and

cated 'It Ain't What You Do' to the Solidarity movement and 'Summertime' to the slavery that still exists in some countries. It was to convince ourselves that our feelings weren't wrong."

Didn't you feel that you were disappointing or disillusioning people by releasing such limp covers?

"No, because we didn't say anything, we just released a record. We have never promised anything to anybody and we don't expect any promises in return. All we are is a group."

Sure, but after the press build-up of the Specials (and deserved) you can't blame people for expecting the same from FB3. Do you think the press have built you up too much?



that there's no big deal in being in a group and you can underline that. We disagree with things like stardom but we don't say that as we'd rather do it in an opposite direction as it's a lot funnier."

The cover aside, that's about all the fun there was on the first FB3 album. The music was drab and suffocating, a difficult album to want to play:

"That's what our intentions were. We couldn't care whether it was played, we just wanted to get away from the mess that we got ourselves into in the Specials where I felt like I was in the Who or something. I didn't want anything to do with that and so all we did was go into the studio and mess around for three weeks and drop ashtrays and record them. The first album was just to get the frustrations out."

The music had an African percussive emphasis:

"Yeah, we created the African thing, that's what a lot of people miss out on. We gave way to bands like Bow Wow Wow and Adam and the Ants and they won't admit it because they're far too trendy. We came up with those ideas before they did but we didn't think it was a big deal. We used to listen to a lot of African stuff and nick rhythms from them."

Dave Jordan's production on the album was claustrophobic, it was like listening to it through a wet blanket. Was that intentional?

"No, but there were a few circumstances that make it like that but they're not worth going into. It was a very rough demo sound and it wasn't what I wanted. After it was finished I listened to the album once and I never listened to it again."

But the singles from and after the album hardly made amends, especially the covers of 'Really Saying Something' (with Bananarama), 'It Ain't What You Do' and 'Summertime'. What went on?

"It was just another exercise of mine. It was just to test the public and ourselves. There were messages behind those songs — secretly I dedi-

"No, that's what they're there for. It's just another job for them. I always hold it in my mind that without me walking into the studio there would be thousands of people without jobs and that's enough to keep me going. That's why I don't care what the press or anyone else say about me as I keep them in a job."

But what of the thousands of people without jobs who related to you in the Specials but had trouble accepting the 'Summertime' FB3. Don't you feel as though you've disappointed them?

"No, because I don't know them. How can I disappoint them by singing a song like 'Summertime', I don't understand how anybody could be disappointed by it. I'm not God."

Were you happy that you were doing your best when you recorded those singles?

"I was just doing what I wanted. Just because

"David Byrne and Jerry Dammers are the only musicians I respect..."

I had the reasons for releasing those songs didn't mean that I wanted to tell the world about them."

You're not continuing the Bananarama association?

"Trying not to, because there's no real need. The only thing we'd get out of it would be money and that's not a good reason."

And on to *Waiting*. But *Waiting* for what? The FB3 to produce an album that they can be proud of, or *Waiting* for Maggie Thatcher to be voted out in June?

"That would be nice, but if it happens, it happens. Everybody waits, the album could've been called *Breathing*, everybody is alive. It's just a

word like the Fun Boy Three or Terry Hall. I thought of it as it looked like we were waiting for something, but I didn't know what for."

David Byrne produces and plays on a couple of songs. Why was he asked to produce?

"I really respect him as a musician. Him and Jerry Dammers are the only musicians I respect because I like their approach and attitude. It would've been nice for Byrne to play guitar on the album but to ask him to come 3000 miles for that was hardly worth it so we asked him to produce it. Plus he was the only person I could trust with a song that took about seven months to write ('Well Fancy That'). I didn't feel I could hand it to any fool."

But he did play some guitar on the album? "Yeah he played on 'The Pressure of Life' and he played a ukelele on 'Well Fancy That'."

Waiting picks up where the great 'Ghost Town' left off. It's a marriage of musical styles from Lionel Bart through vaudeville to the personal aims of the FB3. Hall's voice and lyrics are the links, he's never been in better form.

Was *Waiting* hard work?

"It was once we got into the studio but it only took two and a half months from going in until the finished product. We had ten songs that we'd been working on for ages and they just had to be right."

How accurate is the rumour that you were close to nervous collapse in December of last year because of the album?

"That's what actually happened because I didn't have a holiday for a year-and-a-half. Anybody who works without holidays will end up ill. I've had a week off at home since then which has helped a lot."

"I don't wear dufflecoats all the time but it seemed to rhyme."

And so to the songs on the album beginning with the instrumental cover, 'Murder She Said':

"It's a song I've really liked because it conjures up a lot of things — on the outside it's happy but underneath it's different and it seemed to blend in with 'The More I See' because as a medley 'Murder' paints sunny pictures and 'The More I See' shows life as it is."

'The More I See' was released as a single at the end of last year and was greeted as an FB3 resurrection. It is a brilliant song, quite graphically outlining British responsibility for Northern Ireland. Is it a guilt song?

"Very much so, that's the only reason it was written. I felt embarrassed to be English. There's no solution but it would be nice if people talked about it. The song's saying that no one is concerned until it is on their doorstep."

'We're Having All the Fun' has three verses, one from each member describing, supposedly, his day-to-day life-style. Hall's goes like:

I live in a flat
I like Manchester United
I live with my girlfriend
And my cat we're very happy
I like watching television
Wearing dufflecoats and mocassins.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

FUN BOY 3

COME OF AGE

For the time being
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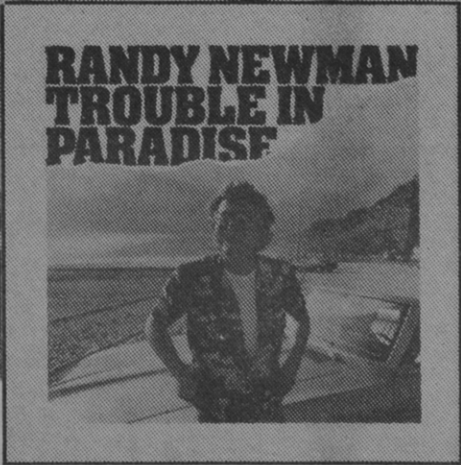


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'All Mod Cons', the Jam

Without the haircut, without the eyeliner, without the expression, without the music, Nick Cave's face would still be striking.

The thick Neanderthal brow and the heavy lips are frankly belligerent. When he smiles he's perfectly cocksure. When he frowns it's frightening.

He has not long been hauled out of bed and his makeup is clumsily applied, the clothes look like yesterday's. Still, it's small wonder he looks that way — the band practised for 10 hours last night with stand-in drummer Des Hefner of the Marching Girls. Usual drummer Mick Harvey decided at the last moment he didn't want to come on the tour, he felt the feeling in the band wasn't right — there was no real desire to play. The intention had been to practise all the previous day but bass player Tracy Pew arrived in the country a day late for some unknown reason. It'll tell later on.

Cave has an unnerving habit of taking deep, laborious breaths mid-sentence, as if he is bored, sick or both. Gradually the realisation dawns that he does this all the time. It doesn't mean anything.

Diary of An Unhappy Man

The Bad Seed. Was there any particular intention behind it?

"Well, it was recorded after we'd booted Phil Calvert out of the group and for that reason it was very interesting to make a record because we had rehearsed and the sound had become far more direct."

It seems like a fulfilled *Junkyard*. *Junkyard* with a heart?

"It has a very different atmosphere than *Junkyard*. In a way *Junkyard* is a kind of essay in grossness. I think *The Bad Seed* has in some of the songs a lot more haunting quality that *Junkyard* doesn't have at all, both musically and lyrically."

So you were unhappy with *Junkyard*?

"Well, once you have actually made your statement and it's there in black and white or on vinyl in front of you, you may be happy with it initially but after a while faults in it begin to punch you right in the face and there's kind of a necessity for you to record something else that

Nick Cave, Auckland Motel.

rectifies the problems of the last recording or whatever you're doing.

"I think *The Bad Seed* is a far more definitive record than any of the others have been. I see faults in it but I don't find them nearly so glaring."

There seems to be an element of self-parody?

"I think all our records have. It's because they're extreme representations of our personalities in a way, so of course they have some parody and are always to be taken with a certain amount of humour. I think *The Bad Seed* has a massive amount of parody in it.

"As much as I'm very proud of the lyrics of 'Deep in the Woods' I also think they're hilarious in a fashion. It entirely depends on what mood you're in."

The gothicness of that song almost seems to be mocking groups like Bauhaus who aim for that sort of thing.

"It wasn't intended to. I think it is above making a mockery of B-grade two-bit groups. I mean, I know Pete Murphy quite well and I think he's a nice chap but I really don't think he has the greatest ideas in the world."

The overall impression was of an EP of love songs, in the sense that they were all about passion in some way.

"Most of our songs are, I think. Increasingly so. I don't think I've written a song that isn't — maybe 'Big Jesus Trashcan', which I like very much lyrically, but it doesn't directly hit on any particular kind of human emotion. Perhaps greed.

"But that was far more concerned with the sound of words and so forth — which is becoming less and less so within my lyric writing anyway. It's becoming far more literal in the sense that there is a direct meaning from each song. We've recorded material since *The Bad Seed* which is far more literal. There's no ambiguity.

Why has that change come about?

"I just don't think that earlier on I was a good enough lyric writer to be able to do that. It is much easier to write a song that is abstract in a sense, it sounds good, that is vague in meaning, than to write something that is totally literal, is an expression of something you feel and you're not covering it up in any way.

"I just want to be as concise and direct as the music is in a sense. It's like someone who is frustrated by something standing up on a table at a party and screaming out and everybody in the room saying 'Oh my God, get off the table, shut up, you're ruining the party!'. It's kind of



Nick Cave, Mainstreet.



Rowland Howard

embarrassing."

You've been criticised in the past for dwelling on the uglier aspects of life in your writing.

"I can't see any reason to criticise. The world is not an Eden. I'm not interested in writing about unrealistic things like ... happiness and so forth."

Is happiness unrealistic?

"It's not the dominant emotion in my life, I must say."

Are you happy often?

"Well ... this is sounding ridiculous now. Basically, from the moment I wake up to when I go to sleep, it's not a totally joyous event. I mean, I'm not a Christian, I'm not a fucking lunatic in an asylum who sits around smiling all day. Perhaps I have a kind of pessimistic disposition."

Will we ever see something conventionally beautiful from the Birthday Party?

"I would hope so, but I most sincerely doubt it. I meet a lot of people who are bubbly and they seem to think everything is hunky dory. But I don't."

There's also a strong element of violence in your music. What is the reason for that? Is it righteous violence?

"Do you mean a kind of violent reaction against what's going on around me? An anger? No. I really wouldn't say I'm angry about ... none of the lyrics talk about social problems. I don't look at photographs of Hiroshima and think 'My God, I've got to write a song about this, it's disgusting!'. That kind of injustice is not what I'm interested in writing about — not that I don't think it's an injustice, but it doesn't prompt my pen to action. I'm far more interested in totally individual interpretations of what goes on about you."

"If there's one thing that the group are interested in attempting to show other people, or be didactic about, it's that one must operate by oneself and not succumb to being one member of a mob or of a group thought."

Does it annoy you then when you're held up as being the saviours of Rock?

"I'm long used to the fantasies of rock journalists. They do have a tendency to kind of live their lives by proxy of unfortunate musicians and singers. It is ridiculous to say the Birthday Party are the saviours of Rock. You pass over those passages very quickly."

The same writers also made much of the Iggy/Stooges connection early on. Was too much made of that?

"I don't think we've ever really sounded like the Stooges. There are obvious ... I used to take my shirt off and leap around the stage. It was obvious people would immediately think of Iggy Pop. But it was totally facile. But they are one of my favourite groups and they may have been an original inspiration to this group, which we've had no qualms about saying. But these days we can now say we are not influenced by any group. Mainly because there are no groups — no contemporary groups — worth taking an idea from."

You have spoken of the "limits" of Rock. Can you see the day when you're going to have to leave those limits behind?

"Well, being a rock singer isn't the be-all and end-all of my life. I do other things as well, which I'm not all that interested in talking about to *Rip It Up*, which is a rock magazine, which is in no way being condescending about the magazine. It's just that people are interested in me as a singer, not as an author or anything else."

"I do have other ventures that I would far prefer to be in, in a way. I'm really sick of being pushed around by ... I would really like to be my own boss for a while. Being in a group you do have a certain responsibility to other people and you must do things that you don't particularly want to do. Just practical things, like touring because you're contractually obligated. I'd much rather do something that was totally solitary, like writing. Even though we consider we act totally as individuals, there are certain compromises that must be made within a group, where you must do things for the sake of the group. Which is nice in a way, but I'd much rather be able to do something I could make sole decisions on."

What about the audience. Is there a responsibility there?

"I don't have any responsibility towards them. I go on stage and express myself in any way I feel. If I feel like standing behind the drum kit and slobbering into a microphone without singing any of the lyrics then I'm entitled to do that. I can do whatever I like and the audience can like or dislike it. I'm not an entertainer in any sense of the word. I may be entertaining, but I certainly have no interest in getting up and ..."

So what is your role on stage?

"In most cases it is a personal expression. I write lyrics which are to be sung and which I suppose I could sing all by myself with no audience, but I do get a kind of ... it does make the situation more tense if you're standing in front of a whole lot of people. It can often propel you to greater heights of intensity than singing in the bath or whatever."

"I'm not saying I'm not conscious of there being an audience, but it's not a show that you go and see and be guaranteed some kicks. I'm sure people when they see us this time will be waiting for a lot of things that won't come. A lot won't be satisfied."

Roland Howard's first experience of Nick Cave came when Cave pinned him against a wall and pondered on whether or not to punch him over. He did not. They became friends and, eventually, Roland joined a band Nick had called the Boys Next Door. Even later the Boys Next Door set off for England. It was en route to England they became the Birthday Party.

Roland: The Horror of Popularity

Roland S. Howard. It's the 'S' that really makes it. Roland is pale and thin and talks in dense streams that tumble on until he runs down and it's time for another question. He uses many of the same expressions as Nick — "and so on", "and so forth", "kind of" — but his voice has a different quality, a just-about-to-burst-into-tears tone that sometimes makes him sound like a upset child. His makeup is better applied than Nick's.

"All through the existence of the Birthday Party we've thrived off people not liking us and when we're put in a position where too many people like it just becomes very dull and predictable."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 19

Tears For Fears the hurting

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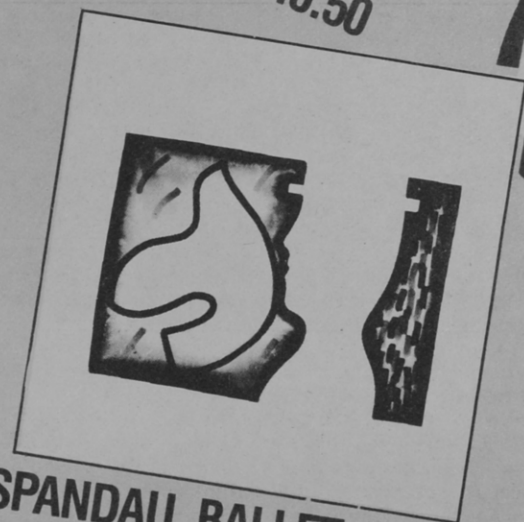
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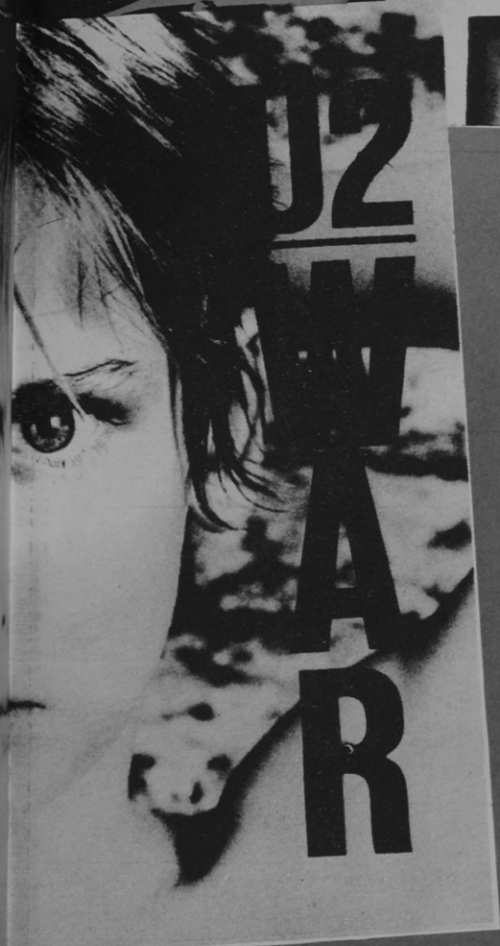
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Records

Marianne Faithfull A Child's Adventure Island

The cover depicts child-like lettering and splotches of paint. Suggestions of innocence? The title is from a lyric line which reads in full:

Stop pretending this is a child's adventure.

Uh huh. This lady has lived one of rock's most publicly documented stories of decadence and dissipation. And let's admit it, part of the initial appeal of *Broken English* lay in its biographical associations. The rock verité approach persists. By *Dangerous Acquaintances* all the material was original, much of it self-penned.

This time out Faithfull has written or co-written six of the eight tracks. Her lyrics are filled with thoughts of fear, pain, despair, desire for escape, even paranoia. 'Ireland' seems to offer the only chance of refuge. The non-originals may be especially revealing. They not only contain repeated images of alcohol but serve to open and close the album. Barry Reynolds' 'Times Square' receives a fuller arrangement than on his recent LP, *I Scare Myself* — less plaintive perhaps but essentially similar. 'She's Got A Problem', the final number, has a narrator seemingly on the verge of drinking herself to death after a broken relationship.

Surprisingly, the music here is brighter overall than on either of its predecessors. Nassau reggae star (and co-producer) Wally Badarou contributes widely-ranging keyboard effects, many of them subtly delicate. Elsewhere acoustic guitar and brushed snare drum occasionally replace the more familiar rhythmic urgency. 'Morning Come' is probably as gently floating a piece as Faithfull has ever recorded.

As usual, the majority of tempos are medium paced and her voice, befitting the instrumentation, has lost much of its cawing rasp. The simple, repetitive melodies are as catchy as ever. Enhanced by the interesting arrangements they are probably also more durable. Marianne Faithfull no longer needs to trade on notoriety. *A Child's Adventure* can be recommended on its own merits. Peter Thomson

Tears for Fears The Hurting Mercury

Tears for Fears surfaced out of Bath last year. Curt Smith and Roland Orzabal de la Quintana have played together since they were 13. Both were members of Graduate, who had a minor hit a few years ago in Spain. As Tears for Fears they entered the studio with two songs 'Suffer the Children' and 'Pale Shelter'. Their producer at that time, David Lord, introduced them to synthesizers. The result was a contract with Phonogram and the release of both tracks as singles. 'Mad World', released here, is their third single.

On paper this is a success story. *The Hurting* has been in the British top five for several weeks. A new single, 'Change', has also done well. So all's Hunky Dory for Tears for Fears? Well, not quite. This album was recorded in double quick time and it shows. Sure, the four singles are all fine



Tears For Fears



Orchestra' Manoeuvres Andy McCluskey, Paul Humphreys.



Blancmange

pop tunes, particularly the sombre dance of 'Mad World', but four singles do not an album make.

The danger of record companies expecting albums out of new acts before the ink on the contract is dry is increasing. The market is now flooded with mediocre debut albums by bands who, given time, may have made good ones.

The Hurting is only an average record, but Curt and Roland are not to blame. If they are not forced to produce a second album before next year, their second effort should be a whole heap better. Mark Phillips

Dexys Midnight Runners Geno EMI

This man was my bombers my dexys my high

The world they all hailed you and chanted your name.

Lyrics from 'Geno', Dexys' finest moment, which capture the importance of the band in 1981 when *Searching For the Young Soul Rebels* was released here. The promise soured with the disappointing Celtic venture, inspite of the successful 'Eileen' (itself, incidentally, a corruption of a traditional Celtic theme). This compilation of singles returns to the spirited sounds of 1979-1981, the band's golden period.

Alternative versions of 'Dance Stance' (better known as 'Burn It Down'), 'Keep It' and 'I'm Just Looking' are raw and impressive. Rowland sings with greater urgency, a feature made more effective by the slower pace. 'Geno', by contrast, appears unaltered and *There There My Dear* is presented only a tone lower.

'Plan B', with its helter-skelter horns quite unlike the *Too-Rye-Aye* model and 'The Horse', a fine if typical instrumental, also warrant close attention. For the rest, 'Breaking Down The Walls Of Heartache' is a sensible if not inspired cover, while 'One Way Love' lilt in insipid fashion and the closing instrumental, 'Soul Finger', is both repetitious and predictable.

Geno, while admittedly an album for Dexys addicts, is sufficiently strong in its own right to be worthy of investigation. These A and B-sides work well together, missing few beats and prove that Dexys once were soul rebels.

And now you're all over Your song is so tame.

David Taylor

Soft Cell The Art of Falling Apart Vertigo

Here's the record which should level most of the criticism aimed at Mark Almond and David Ball. The behind-the-bike-shed sleaze of *Non-Stop Erotic Cabaret* has been replaced by something much more dangerous.

The emotions on display here are intensely personal. Everyday things take on a new and sometimes awful significance, from the workaday monotony of 'Forever The Same' to the valium-induced housewife fantasies of 'Kitchen Sink Drama'. Family life is dissected with savage irony in 'Where The Heart Is', the child caught in the middle as the parents fight, both the weapon and the victim.

'Numbers', the album's first single, is a deceptively light tune, as the protagonist (could be male or female) marks an inability to cope with a normal relationship by carrying on an endless string of one-night stands:

*If you were any older you would have to pay,
Well maybe you do, but you make out they pay you...*

'Heat' continues the theme dispassionately, with the pain of self-realisation. 'Baby Doll' is the album's toughest moment, a horrorshow of pimping, drugs and degradation. 'Loving You, Hating Me' is the confusion of two close people, discovering things about each other they don't like and realising it's something each has to live with. The title track, which concludes the album, provides no relief. People break themselves either trying to attain the unattainable, or isolating themselves artificially from reality.

Falling Apart marks Soft Cell's emotional and, yes, physical maturity. From tortured adolescence to troubled manhood. Maybe Almond has a morbid obsession with decadence. Sometimes it's hard to tell whether he's a participant or an observer. You'll either be repelled or fascinated, but you won't be unimpressed. Like a tropical rain forest, Ball's lush synthetic orchestrations hide the smell of putrefaction beneath. It's no easy trip, but then nothing this honest could be. Disturbing and brilliant.

In Britain, there was a 12-inch single included with the album, featuring an old song called 'Martin' and a medley of Jimi Hendrix songs. Whatever happened to that?

Duncan Campbell

Men At Work Cargo CBS

The phenomenal success of the band's debut album, *Business As Usual*, is likely to be repeated with

Cargo, but largely in the slipstream of the original album. *Cargo* takes no risks and repeats the formula of *Business*.

'Dr Heckyll and Mr Jive' and 'Overkill', the two singles culled to date from the album are the highlights and only the latter matches the refreshingly glib pop that dominated *Business*. The consistency of the first album is abandoned, with such silly excesses as the inane 'Upstairs In My Room' or 'Settle Down My Boy', with its quasi-reggae rhythm. It's a Mistake' sounds catchy but we have already heard the tune in the guise of 'Be Good Johnny'.

Only on 'No Sign of Yesterday' does the band offer a clue that they may be about to break out of the comfortable torpor of commercial success. Very much more of the same from the new heroes of soft rock. Dave Perkins

Renee Geyer Renee Live Mushroom

Anyone who has seen her perform knows that Renee Geyer is a great soul singer. If there have been occasional shortcomings in her shows they have usually lain with some of the backing musicians. This album, recorded soon after her tour here late last year, captures her in peak form and with an excellent band. Her voice is powerful and passionate with never a slip or strain — in other words as magnificent as ever. And the ten-piece support is everything one could ask for: the rhythm section solid, subtle when required, yet always full and punchy. The three-piece horn section provides perfect punctuation and the backing vocals are led by the wonderful Vanetta Fields.

Geyer's choice of material continues to be impeccable. Her rendition of the Meters' 'Look What You've Done' cuts Joe Cocker's recent version, while the beautiful 'Goin' Back' — sung in duet with Glenn Shorrock — stands alongside such classic interpretations as Dusty Springfield's or the Byrds'. Then there's the wonderful Kiwi-penned, Little Featish funk number on the flip of her last single.

Although three numbers are repeated from *So Lucky*, her last studio album, none suffer by comparison. Rather they appear afresh from the increased instrumentation. Even 'Say You Love Me', worn thin through radio over-exposure, regains its bounce and zest.

Recording quality throughout is very clear and the sound admirably rich. Renee Geyer's last live album (in '76) was very good. This one is better; in fact it is superb. It's also quite the best soul album by any female singer that this listener's heard in years. Peter Thomson

Pink Floyd The Final Cut CBS

The Final Cut represents an important milestone for Pink Floyd in that the entire album is the product of Roger Waters. The album also marks the exit of keyboards player Rick Wright, which may well be related to the situation that the band exists merely as a vehicle for Waters' concepts.

To those who bought *The Wall* this album is likely to prove a disappointment. There are no anthems for youth here, but there are many epitaphs. Inspired by the Falklands crisis, Waters paints a grim picture of the follies of patriotism. The album is dedicated

to his father, a victim of the last war.

The Final Cut is an uncompromising album, an honest baring of the soul, mixing anger, both suppressed and unsuppressed, with a kind of sombre beauty. Lyrics intertwine with crescendos of orchestral power, provided by the National Philharmonic Orchestra, and savage assaults from Dave Gilmour's guitar. At times it fades into acoustic guitar with the words whispered in anguish.

There are no standout items — you accept the whole or you don't. A rewarding if difficult album which, by its very presentation will test the patience of Pink Floyd aficionados.

David Perkins

Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark Dazzle Ships RTC

Since forming in 1978 OMD have experimented with a variety of styles within the limitations of a predominantly synthesiser orientated format. On this album they use computer technology to a far greater degree than they have previously, in accordance with the album's theme of modern technology and communications.

The influence of OMD's Teutonic counterparts, Kraftwerk, is at times blatantly evident. Time Zones' and 'ABC Auto Industry' in particular, with their use of radio time-bleeps and electronically simulated voices, could easily have been snatched from *Computer World* or *Radio Aktivat*.

This is not to say that the band has relinquished its distinctive sound in favour of smug computerised burblings devoid of human feeling. The album carefully balances out its cold mechanics with the captivating melodies and vocal harmonies characteristic of earlier albums. If you can ignore the obvious pretensions the end result is satisfying and engrossing. Raymond Russell

Blancmange Happy Families Polydor

Two person electronic bands are fast becoming another musical institution, easy now to dismiss as pure pop with nagging synthesizers and earnest young lyrics saying what? Blancmange may fit this impending cliché, but *Happy Families* is a little more than a 40 minute, funky good time.

Blancmange use this dazzling new technology carefully, with neither sparkling glibness or mournful indulgence. They do seem to play the genre right down the middle, however. Sure, there's influences in the mix (David Byrne and Talking Heads spring to the ear) but nothing is too obtrusive. The pair, Neil Arthur and Stephen Luscombe, do bring a lot to the music themselves.

Duos do seem to have the space and focus to write good, tight songs. *Happy Families* has 10. There's pop — with the only local single so far, 'God's Kitchen'. There's funk — 'Feel Me' (watch out for the 12"). And then we have the other UK single 'Waves' and the dynamite dancefloor favourite 'Living On the Ceiling', complete with sitar licks and tablas.

As two bright young men playing electronics, Blancmange already have prejudice against them. This album won't hit people on their heads to change their minds. The word, no doubt, is insidious. Mark Everton

BLANCMANGE

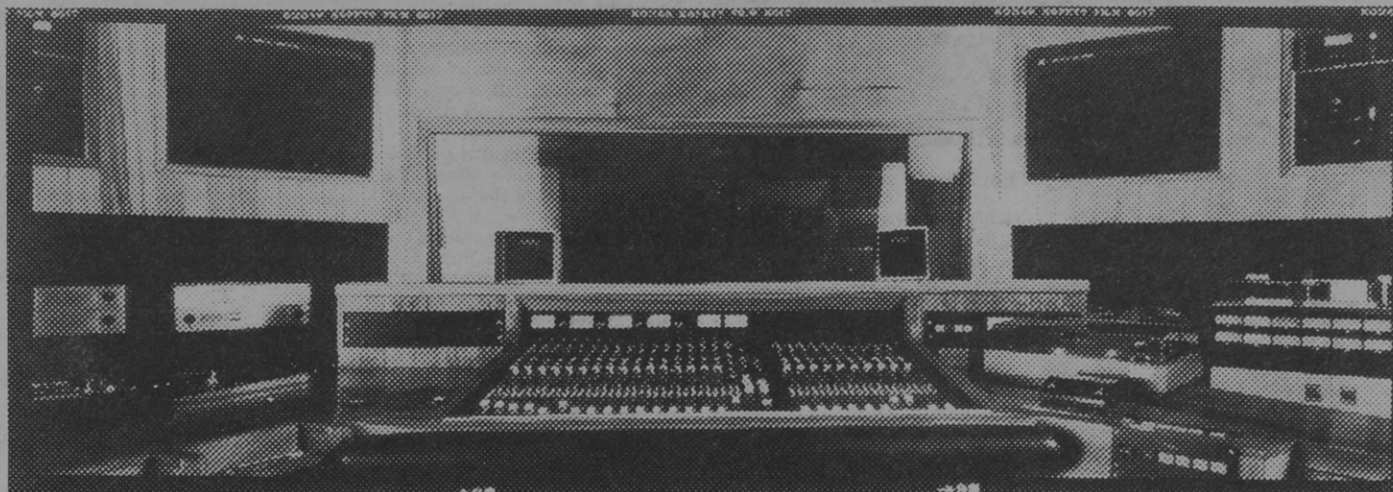
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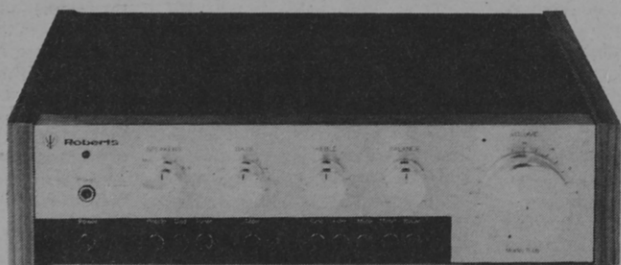
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Records

Lou Reed Legendary Hearts RCA

Lou Reed's move away from tales of decadence and sensation to a rigorous exhumation of his past, which began in the early 70s and reaching a peak on *Growing Up in Public*, has borne fruit. The honesty he learnt to communicate is now being applied to his present.

Most of the eleven songs herein are frank, sometimes extremely painful, studies of his marriage, from the plea for more realistic expectations of true love in the title track through to a lucid celebration of the oases of idyllic peace most couples attain, however infrequently, in 'Rooftop Garden'. In between these opening and closing tracks things are harder, with jealousy, paranoia, insecurity, neurosis, violence and the inability to cope with any or all of the above, personalised and dissected. The remaining four songs are less specifically about Mr and Mrs Reed, covering exhaustion, addictions, American Indians and mental institutions, each in a simple, sincere fashion.

Does the music support the lyrics adequately? While Michael Fonfara was supplying a good proportion of the melodics and stuff over recent albums, this was a relevant question, but on *Hearts* Reed has written it all and played it with 3 other guys sounding at times a little like Doug Yule era Velvets. There is little overdubbing and his own guitar keeps things idiosyncratic. Direct songs, played directly, what more could you ask of him? Not a hell of a lot.

Chris Knox

Blitz Voice of a Generation Music World

This explosive debut must put an end to the myth that punk is dead once and for all.

Sorry, not a lot of art and not one love song — just hard-hitting, raw energy, from the power of 'Nation on fire' to the knockdown fury of 'Propaganda'. The name Blitz is certainly well chosen.

Blitz prove that punk still has many unexplored directions and on this 17 track document of their early sound it is interesting to note the obvious experimental leanings in some tracks.

Not convinced? Try putting this album on at your next party, stand back and watch the crowd go crazy. All in all, a well produced, furiously-paced punk package for the eighties. Grab it! Gerald Dwyer

Various Artists Pillows and Prayers Cherry Red

It would be ungracious to give this album a bad review because any label that is prepared to give you seventeen of its 'best' songs for \$2.99 has to be encouraged. If it contains even one song that you really like it has succeeded in getting that song to you for less than the price of a single. So good on you Cherry Red and Music World (NZ distributors).

The album's aptly named with the majority of tracks being less than hard-edged. Some are formless wimps, notably Five or Six, Thomas Leer (a shadow of his former self, apparently) and the



Marine Girls. Side One in particular has an easy-to-ignore feel.

Most interest is generated for me by the Monochrome Set, Ben Watt, the Passage and the Misunderstood (a sixties, psychedelic relic). I already had a fondness for Eyeless in Gaza, who are represented here by one of their less memorable songs and Kevin Coyne, who I hadn't heard for years and who contributes the album's best (if a trifle clichéd) tune.

Quentin Crisp closes the set with a typically scathing putdown of modern youth (circa 1956!) which none of the people involved in this project really deserve. Well, some of them, maybe.

Various Artists has never been my favourite group but this one can't lose on a value for money basis.

Chris Knox

King Trigger Screaming Chrysalis

King Trigger sound like a band still searching for an identity. This English four-piece spends its time thrashing about with numerous diverse styles and ends up displaying little more than blatant plagiarism.

The single, 'River', is at least vaguely memorable, in a Mitch Miller, singalongish way. For the rest, it's spot the source. 'Vodka': aimlessly Adam Ant. 'Lay Your Hands On Me': Gang Of Four did it better. 'Blood': Echo and the Bunnymen without the passion. 'Shut Up': Rip, Rig and Panic-style funk, with really ugly vocals. 'Temptation': Teardrop Explodes. I could go on, but it would waste space.

The songs have no discernable emotion, the lyrics are dry and meaningless. Sam Hodgkin doesn't do justice to an above-average voice, singing tripe like this. Producer Steve Lillywhite was obviously roped in to beef up the sound and compensate in some way for its lack of character.

King Trigger might as well change their name to Anonymous.

Duncan Campbell The Belle Stars Stiff

These days British pop seems to have once again become fixated

Lou Reed Belle Stars

with the quest for the hit single. It is also very much preoccupied with recycling the styles of past eras and anything remotely 'ethnic,' 'exotic,' or 'soulful' is at a premium. The Belle Stars' debut album could well prove this year's most typical English pop record.

Looked at one way it has a lot going for it. Of the 12 tracks, six are covers of choice oldies and 10 and one half sound like viable singles. The playing is all reasonably solid and the band do generate an undeniable neo-girly-pop good-humoured catchiness.

Taken as a whole, however, it's all a bit glib and insubstantial. The band seemingly just skims over the surface of the various styles represented by the songs in almost movie travelogue fashion. We start with 'Sign of the Times', a compilation of stock Motown arrangers' hooks, fly down to Rio for a touch of Latin with 'Ci Ya Ya' then back up to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras with 'Clapping Song'. And so on.

On balance it's at least a step up the evolutionary ladder from Bananarama or Soft Cell but for the same money you could get the Hulamen EP, the new Michael Jackson single and still have enough left to buy dinner.

Don Mackay

Joan Armatrading The Key A&M

Here she is with album number 10 (including her EP), number nine with A&M. The same honesty, the same humour, the same dazzling voice but a very different result. With Steve Lillywhite producing nine of the 11 tracks and Val Garay (Motels, Kim Carnes, etc) producing the other two this album is consistently punchier than anything she has put out previously.

In April 1982, Armatrading told *RIU* that she was writing much more on electric guitar. *The Key* is obviously the fruit of that writing. In fact, for those who are addicted to Armatrading's slow ballads, you'll have to hunt for them. But they're there and you'll find her playing acoustic on two pure gold tracks, 'Everybody Gotta Know' and 'I Love My Baby'.

Mostly she plays electric and performs one stunning solo on 'Tell Tale', a sassy number about getting your own back. She even makes her record debut as a pianist in 'The Dealer', where she sings powerfully about the destructive side of life. 'Drop the Pilot' is there of course, in all its glory with other melodic, attention-getting, foot-pounding tracks such as 'Call Me Names', 'Foolish Pride', 'The Key' and 'Bad Habits'.

And the rumour that she's about to embark on another world tour? Keep your ear to the ground — you'll hear her coming!

Maryann Street

Briefts

Mental As Anything Creatures of Leisure (Regular)

Album number four and the cracks are beginning to show, just a little. Not that this is a bad record. It's just that it gets the slightest bit dull and workmanlike, especially on Side Two.

Side One still has that old *joie de vivre* that made songs like 'Egypt' and most of the last album so essential. But for much of this album, I'm afraid the title of the first track sums it up: 'Spirit Got Lost'.

SG

Eddy Grant Killer on the Rampage (Ice)

After a lull in the seventies following his Equals' phase, Eddy Grant has recently built up a lasting credibility. Recorded at his own studio in Barbados, *Killer on the Rampage* is an excellent combination of Grant's reggae/pop background and his aptitude for commenting on social ills. 'Electric Avenue', 'War Party', 'It's All In You' and the title track are the highlights from an album with few blemishes.

GK

Climax Blues Band Sample and Hold (Virgin)

Veteran English rock band with their first album on the Virgin label. Of the original band only the nucleus of Cooper and Haycock remain but nothing is lost with the personnel changes in this, their strongest album in years. 'Sign of the Times', 'I'm Ready' and 'Movie Queen' are the standouts on this polished rock album. Highly recommended.

DP

Patrick Simmons, Arcade (Electra)

These days Patrick Simmons' status as longest-serving Doobie seems more musical milestone than milestone. But, considering the obvious point of comparison, this solo set is a moderately pleasant surprise. FM fodder it may be, yet Simmons — with expatriate Kiwi Chris Thompson as co-writer — has penned some catchy ditties, added suitably tasteful arrangements and employed the usual ultra-expensive sessionmen. Even a high-gloss rendition of an old Chi-lites classic doesn't completely swamp the originals.

PT

Def Leppard, Pyromania (Vertigo)

With a slightly more refined sound (thanks to 'Mutt' Lange) DL continue their arson-orientated trail on this third outing, still featuring the stunning twin guitars and thunderous rhythm section from the previous excellent *On Thru the Night* and *High and Dry* LPs (two of NZ's best kept HM secrets). If your tastes include Iron Maiden, Saxon, etc, you'll love this little gem. You may even hear it on Stereo FM with a bit of luck — that's how they broke in the States. I'm waiting in anticipation.

GC Michael Schenker Group Assault Attack (Chrysalis)

As the musical chairs approach to membership in British metal bands continues we find the lineup for this MSG album consisting of Graham Bonnett, Ted McKenna and Chris Glen. Since then, however, the band has changed personnel yet again and this lack of stability shows through on this mediocre album. There is no doubt Schenker is one of the most talented and melodic guitarists on the hard rock scene but the lacklustre material he's come up with here dulls the impact of his playing. Good but not great.

CC

UFO, Making Contact (Chrysalis) Tank, Power of the Hunger (Kamaflage)

On their twelfth album UFO continue their flirtation with an American FM-orientated style that commenced with *Mechanix* and apparently caused the departure of long-serving bassist Pete Way. Now a four piece, UFO still have a full hard rock sound (keyboards more to the fore on this one) that's always slick and reliable, but rarely exhilarating. Old school product: all technique and little inspiration.

Tank have the "let's get pissed and rock out" approach. Their second album is less of a Motorhead clone than the first. Rough and ready, fast and drunken, but hardly compelling. New school product: all enthusiasm and no finesse.

CC

Ric Ocasek, Beatitude (Geffen)

Because the band was always so decidedly his vehicle this album seems less a case of driving solo than simply varying the team. Although, considering his impressive work with Romeo Void (among others), one might have expected a somewhat tougher sound in the shift up to self-production. Instead it remains distinctly Cars: more dense perhaps, certainly darker overall, but that just makes those minimalist melodies all the more hypnotic when they hook. A pity it breaks down early into Side Two.

PT

Peter Tosh, Mama Africa (EMI)

Tosh's ego apparently lets him think he can release any kind of porridge and someone will buy it. While remaining ideologically sound, he kills every track with piles of unnecessary overdubs, obviously aimed at the soft underbelly of America. Only a couple of the songs survive this heavy-handed approach. His remake of 'Johnny B. Goode' is either a sick joke or a shot at a hit single.

DC

T-Bone Burnett Trap Door (Warner Bros)

Despite the name, T-Bone Burnett is far from blues. Maybe the name's a gag. The six songs on the 12-inch EP represent him as a less impassioned shadow of Mink DeVille. He delivers his material in a tone of hurt romanticism. The sound is crisp, pared down, but perhaps a little polite. Promising all the same.

KW

Elvis Presley All the Best From Elvis (Starcall)

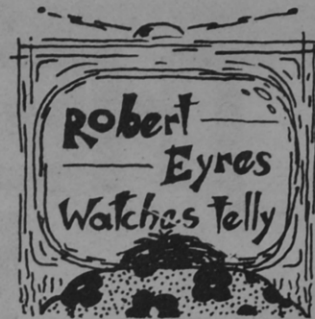
The title's a misnomer, of course. Any Elvis compilation that includes nothing from the early Sun sessions nor such later gems as 'My Baby Left Me' and 'If I Can Dream' is no best of in my book. Still, this collection touches most of the bases. It's a good overview of Elvis' career — that means it's got both the junk and the genius of the man: both 'American Trilogy' and 'Such A Night'. The definitive Elvis collection has yet to be devised but *All The Best* treads a fair line between Elvis' best-loved songs and his real best. The schlock and the essentials (or enough of them, anyway) are both here.

AD

Missing Persons Spring Session M (Capitol)

Terry Bozzio drummed for Zappa. His sister bunnied for *Playboy* and wanted a shot at singing. Together, in Hollywood, they formed Missing Persons. His playing is robust and vigorous. Her image is post-punk *Barbarella*. It's all so calculated. For about half the album it also works. A few tracks come on like 80s style early Blondie — pop trash with precision. A couple of others even recall the energy of late 70s English bands. The rest is awful.

PT



From time to time you hear people whinging about the record sales charts (for those of you over thirty, the 'hit parade') being a big swindle, ie subject to manipulation, chart hypes, etc. You actually hear less of this sort of thing than you used to, as a result of increasing hipness to the fact that these days most of the monkey business is carried out by our dearly beloved kiwi independents and after all who wants to cast nasturtiums at the very people whose parties they hope to be invited to. Which is all a bit beside the point since the subject of this month's exciting, and subliminally sensuous column is TV ratings.

Now here we have one of the most transparently fiddleable, pseudo measures of public taste ever perpetrated on an unsuspecting and therefore probably deserving, public. And yet no-one whinges. But consider for a moment the fact that you probably spend as many hours each week watching garbage on the tube as you do listening to garbage on commercial radio. And the prime time programming of so much garbage is justified by reference to the ratings. But looking from the other end of the equation. Prime time is called prime time because that is when most people will be watching and therefore whatever is on in prime time is going to rate pretty well. Regardless of what TVNZ chooses to screen at prime time the ratings will prove that it is what the public wants to see.

When last checked upon an especially witless Ocker soap called *Young Doctors* rated first, second, third, fourth and seventh most popular show for the week. This is a show we all watch because it is on at 6pm but wouldn't be bothered with at all if it was on at 10pm (and most of us would rather see something else at 6 anyway). But so long as it keeps topping the ratings we're stuck with it. So what can you do about it? Not a lot, unless you happen to be one of the chosen few who happen to be interviewed in the ratings survey. If you are then you can tell lies and pretend not to have watched things that you did watch but really know, deep down in the inner most recesses of your soul (whoops buzz-word), are a pile of shit. Even that may not have much effect but at least it should be fun, which is more than can be said for watching most of the prime time programmes.

TVNZ is rumoured to be starting a new local show. The concept (man!) is that people with unusual talents/experiences will perform or tell their tale (as appropriate) before a studio audience. The show is to be called *That's Quite Interesting Really*.

Robert Eyres

Inarticulate speech of the heart Van Morrison

Available on ..er ..um
..album and um..
I think, like you know
ah ..a cassette.

Diehards' Troy, Eddie, Max, Stephen.



HIT THAT BEAT! OUT WITH THE DIEHARDS

Several days before the following interview was done, the Diehards resolved to stop getting drunk before gigs. In the seven months of their existence they'd become quite (in)famous for their drinking.

A couple of weeks later I bumped into singer Eddie at Wellington's Sheaf nightclub, where the band was supporting the Dance Exponents on their national tour. Eddie offered a near empty half-bottle of whisky. Accepted with thanks. But weren't the Diehards going to stop drinking before

playing?

"We haven't stopped drinking," said Eddie. "We've stopped getting drunk."

But they mean it. Not getting drunk, that is.

"Carrying on like that was fine when we weren't sure how far it was going to go but now we realise we've got to take it seriously," explains bass player Max Doyle.

"You disappoint people — they're paying up to five dollars to see you," Eddie adds.

The Diehards were born in Meemee country when Max and Eddie fooled around with a little Casiotone keyboard, making tunes and putting them on a tape

recorder.

One day Troy Merz came around with his new synthesiser and then Stephen Eldson started bashing on a drum kit that was there. He hadn't played before. Only a few weeks later they did a gig at the Rumba Bar, supporting Rank and File.

"God it was terrible," Max grins. "We only had five songs. It didn't matter because there were only about five people there anyway."

After that they didn't play very often, something they've been criticised for.

"At first that was the plan, to play as little as possible, selective things," Max explains. "There was never really any logic behind our plans at the beginning. We've changed. You sort of come to terms with the fact that you're getting good money from it and you want more."

"We don't want to play to the extent of someone like Prime Movers, though. They were an excellent band and they played themselves to death."

"That's why this tour we're going on (with the Dance Exponents) has just come at the right time, because any longer and we've done everything we can do in Auckland, except for schools. You've got to get out of the city."

A rash statement. The Diehards are far from exhausting the city's possibilities. Eddie is a little more cautious:

"We've done it, but we haven't done it very well," he admits. "I think we could do it better."

"On this tour we're going to really try to play well, especially

seeing as we've got the single coming out."

Eddie wrote both the songs. He does most of the writing, at home, with his guitar.

Does he write songs for people to dance to?

"Yeah, that's one of the major things."

"I think that just comes naturally with the songs," Max comments. "They just seem to be that way."

"Now everyone's learning to use their instruments it's starting to get complicated," Max explains. "I'd like it to stay simple if we can."

"Yeah, we don't want to get too self-indulgent," Eddie adds.

This year the Diehards want to record more, play some more schools (with Eddie and Max both 18, it stands to reason they'll have more in common with students than the average pub audience) and put on a couple of "real flashy" gigs, with elaborate staging.

Further ahead, Max has his sights set on England.

"I think we all want to be in this band so badly that I don't think we'll let it run down. Even if it means stopping for a few months and all getting jobs to earn money to get to England."

What it comes down to is the Diehards have a spark. If they want it to develop into something more it'll take work. That doesn't necessarily mean playing all the time or living a monastic life, but it does mean more time in the practice room and more time thinking about what they're doing.

There's time. End of sermon.

Russell Brown

Marching Girls' Bryan, John, Deb, Des.



WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME...

Return of the Marching Girls, reformed, regenerated poprockers in New Zealand for a tour package with Australia's enfants terribles the Birthday Party. So what's it like to be back?

"The further south we go the more they hate us," deadpans drummer Des Hefner, recalling Timaru. They've had two good gigs in Christchurch and Wellington. "The dancing at Canterbury University put my faith back in live gigs. I haven't seen people dancing like that ... for yonks!"

People whose expectations are five years out of date, who want to hear 'True Love' or 'Mysterex'

are out of luck.

"It's sort of like yesterday's newspapers," says bass player Bryan Colechin.

The new Marching Girls sound different. With four people playing more instruments, all doing vocals, with masses of polish, a broader collaboration on songwriting, the music is a different formulation.

"Our old songs were 1 2 3 4 go — flatout until the end. The new songs are mixes of moods and feels," says Des.

What do their audiences think of the new Marching Girls?

"In Christchurch they called us trendy wankers and in Wellington a whole bunch of bloody homosexual hairdressers told us we were

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20



Discussing home video-taping is a little like the old trick in recipes for cooking trout — first catch your VCR. Thereafter, one of the main sources of fun can be compiling your own music tapes from off-air recording. The main sources are obvious — Radio With Pictures, Ready to Roll, RTR Video Releases, Shazam, Solid

Gold — though the occasional one-off show can provide interesting material. For example, a couple of months back the American Music Awards special opened with the fascinating sight of Little Richard, Jerry Lee Lewis, Count Basie and Ray Charles all pounding pianos together. Well worth two or three minutes of tape time to preserve.

The standard weekly shows offer varying opportunities. Shazam and RTR Video Releases are on too early during weekdays for most workers to see. This necessitates preprogramming your VCR which in turn means the only way to edit out the nine tenths you don't want to keep is by linking up your machine to a friend's and

dubbing across.

A further drawback with Shazam is that clips are sometimes edited as the programme is considered kiddy fare. Frontman Schofield also likes talking over the end of clips and/or leaving the one you really want till the end so credits appear on the clip.

RTR's Saturday slot means, finger on the pause button, you can edit as you go. The only snag is that you have no way of knowing what song is coming up next. RWP precludes such split-second decision making as Karen Hay announces the clips beforehand.

For my money, however, the best music show to tape from is Friday evening's Solid Gold. Once you learn to brace yourself against

Rex Smith, Marilyn McCoo, feeble comedians, special guest star Barry Manilow et al, the programme does afford the occasional gem. Over the last few weeks I've taped O'Bryon, Skyy, Vanity 6, Prince, the Beat and ABC, recorded, if not always completely live, at least with live vocals. The Weather Girls appeared there weeks before the 'official' video reached RTR. Expensively produced video clips may be very impressive but for repeated screenings, in-performance stuff is far more durable. I can watch Prince's high heeled stepping, smirking and mike-grabbing routines again and again and again.

Moreover, as some of the above examples indicate, Solid Gold

provides a chance to see American black funk in action. It may only allow one number per week but, at the moment, that's better than any other show offers.

(A word of warning: often the most interesting number is the first one up so you need to be ready to hit the pause button when Rex and Marilyn interrupt the instrumental with their opening spiel.)

Peter Thomson

Mean Streets ... De Niro and Scorsese make their first mark in absorbing drama about Catholic guilt and Mafia deals in New York's Little Italy. Great 60s Motown/Spector soundtrack.

The Long Good Friday ... East End London hoods take on the

IRA, a tense study and a violent one too, featuring the very comely Helen Mirren.

Futlocks End ... the ideal trailer, lasts about 40 minutes, classic piece of English slapstick, starring Ronnie Barker.

Emmanuelle ... Sylvia Kristal in the original version, apparently uncut in video form, for those into elegant erotica.

Richard Pryor Live ... ideal for those who like their humour earthy and topical.

Kentucky Fried Movie ... hosts of giggles here, in a send-up of everything from TV commercials to talk shows to kung fu movies.

Duncan Campbell

Presenting

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MAY

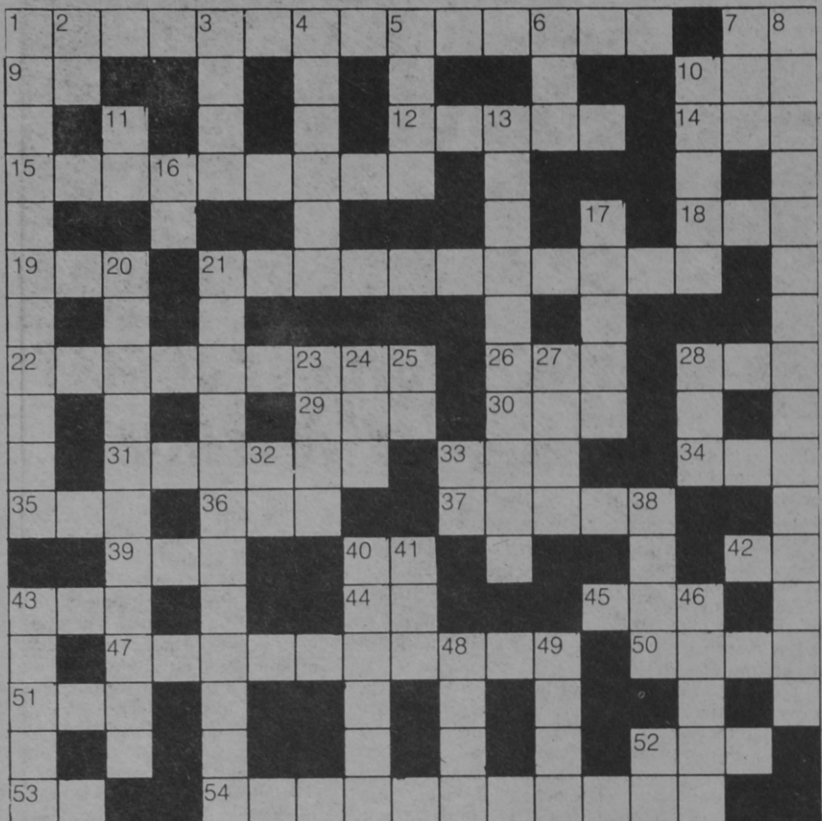
- 19 Gluepot
- 20 Gluepot
- 21 Gluepot
- 26 Manakau Arms
- 27 Manakau Arms
- 28 Manakau Arms
- 31 Greerton, Tauranga

JUNE

- 1 DB, Rotorua
- 2 Lake Establishment, Taupo
- 3 Cabana, Napier
- 4 Cabana, Napier
- 6 Alberts, P. North
- 7 Rutland, Wanganui
- 8 Ngamutu, New Plymouth
- 9 Ngamutu, New Plymouth
- 10 Hillcrest, Hamilton
- 11 Hillcrest, Hamilton

DEBUT SINGLE OUT SOON

Featuring:
'INSTANT PICTURES'
'I CAN'T HELP DANCING'
'HEAVEN AGAIN TONIGHT'



- ACROSS**
- 1 Bauhaus eclipsed? (3,4,4,3)
7 London...pre-punk outfit featuring Paul Simonon, Mick Jones, Tony James etc (1,1)
9 and 2D Two thirds of an Ultravox album (2,2)
10 Totally Olivia?
12 Manfred's band
14 Plastic band in early seventies
15 Sally Fields' record label? (6,3)
18 ...when, said Lene
19 Allegro...Troppa, the Disney alternative
21 LKJ album, the lowdown? (4,7)
22 Mr Bowie's invitation (4,5)
- DOWN**
- 1 The last slice of the Waters? (3,5,3)
2 See 9A
3 Paul's plaything is a basket case. He loves the toy
4 Prickly Wgtn band
5 ...Sesame, that's Kool!
6 Where the Four Tops reached
7 Velvet Underground's continental relative
8 Pete's sad tale (5,2,3,5)
10 Motorhead's early iron animal.
11 She walked on this for Bacharach, Jo Jo Zep have)
13 Just a simple-minded cacophony (4,2,4)
16 UK street fashion mag (1,1)
17 The Mannish Boy
20 Once a Stones' song, now, apparently, their motto. (3,4,4)
21 And now there are two... (4,8)
23 Triple it for a damned good record
24 What the what, Suzi?
25 Last year's million-dollar merchandising movie (1,1)
27 The hoople
28 and 38D From which demon flowers grow (3,4)
32 See who go?
33 '...Into You', Atlanta Rhythm Section hit
38 See 28D
40 Supposedly so named because of his green teeth
41 Neo-modern, Brian
43 The Beat's home in NZ.
46 The man with the horn
48 He who dares... movie
49 Eden tempered?
52 ...Freak, c'est Chic

ANSWERS ON PAGE 26.

MARCHING FROM PAGE 19
old hat ... so I think we fit in somewhere between old hat and trendy wankers," Des concludes.
"They'll like us in a couple of years, just like True Love" and 'Mysterex'," adds John Cooke, guitarist and, with Des an original Marching Girl.
Singer and percussionist Deb Schultze, ex Sydney's Blue Electric and Bryan from the Newz joined

the Marching Girls on the same day.
"We started working four months ago and we've never looked back," says John. They do three Blue Electric covers as well as some older Marching Girls' songs, 'The Man Who Knew Too Much' and 'Plain Jane'. Five minutes before the interview they'd heard that their four track EP (includes 'Plain Jane') had entered

the NZ charts at number 42. Their plans include napalming the moon and recording an album, working on their Australian audiences; they've only played five gigs in Melbourne.
"Then we're going overseas. We've got Big Plans," says Deb.
"We're going to South America to get our own private army," says Des.
It transpires that, like all great

plans, a UK trip was decided on one night when they were drunk. Exuberance and optimism are keywords to these personalities. They're all loopy, natural entertainers.
The band is based in Melbourne, where Des and John have lived the last four years.
"We got stuck in Melbourne," Des says, "which was a good thing because much better music comes out of Melbourne."
"All the best bands have got New Zealanders in them. Australians have got cloth ears," says John.
"There seems to be a trend, the coming bands are sort of tribal plus lots of bass and drums," Deb says. There's a lot of funk bands, they all read their NMEs, there's electronic pop type bands, there's Duran Duran soundalikes.
There's no distinctive New Zealand sound, they say. Then are New Zealanders different from the rest? "Yeah," says Des "We're better, much, much better."
"The best Australian bands seem to have New Zealanders involved with them somewhere," Bryan adds.
The Fabulous Marquees, The Dead Can Dance and The Birthday Party, to name but a few," says Des, naming but a few involving Des.
Des is drumming for the Birthday Party for their remaining live gigs.
"I've got three days to learn all the songs and then play with them." Gravely:
"It's frightening. I've been scared. I was worried enough about playing over here with us."
Why?
"I just get nervous when we play, I get more and more nervous as we play more and more — instead of the other way around."
Des says they didn't aim at having all Kiwis in the band.
"All the Australians I've met who want to be in bands are very flamboyant sort of egotistical people," remarks Deb.
And you're not?
"We're not big, flashy stars ... not yet," says Deb.
"We're not trendy wankers either," says Des.
Jewel Sanyo

'BODY' FROM PAGE 8

Body Electric have avoided the real thing because "drummers take up too much room on stage and have a massive consumption of drugs, women and alcohol which seems to get everyone else into trouble. With a machine all it needs is plugging in".

The Body Electric have existed for only six or seven months, their impressive support for Hunters and Collectors at Victoria University being one of their earliest performances. Now with their debut EP still in the charts after four months, what's the next step?

"Things have been moving at such a speed it's hard to see or even contemplate a new move," says Garry. "That may seem like getting around the question but it really is that way. The album is definitely on for June/July though, a month after our new man, who understands keyboards better than us, arrives."

The new recruit will replace Andy Drey who's leaving because of financial necessity. "There's no animosity," Alan says. "Andy's just sick of having nothing."
"Pulsing" has been the key to the band's success. During the Wellington leg of the Pulsing With Punch tour Garry expressed dismay to one audience that people only know the band for that song. He explains: "We've got a dozen songs, 'Pulsing's' just one facet of our music."

"It was one of our first songs. It's really a send-up of ourselves," says Garry.

Lyrically the Body Electric are very international. "It's not intentional," Alan elucidates. "Garry usually doesn't like the original lyrics. Some nights we'll start on them at six and be there till four in the morning. It's a process of elimination."

"You have to be critical of your own stuff," says Garry. "You've got to be able to listen to it."

The New Zealand input is still there, 'Who Takes The Rap' for example. Garry explains:

"That was the time of the Patea freezing works closure. I thought 'shit, it's all being closed down because of bureaucracy'. But you can't say exactly what you mean in songs because people tire of that."

"Like punk," Andy adds.

The EP with a richer, fuller production sound than many local releases, was the result of the special attention given to mixing the songs. Bryan Staff's role as co-producer with the band, was to "come in and create an atmosphere. But he wasn't a Bryan Rushent or Martin Staff!"

The recent national tour with the Spines helped to pay a few bills and the audience response, particularly at Otago University and in Motueka, was very positive. A further tour is planned to promote the album, but the band aren't aiming to be superstars. As Garry sagely notes:

"Country and Western music is the biggest seller in New Zealand, if we went C&W we'd be big sellers!"

Last words on the rock'n'roll condition.

"Everyone thinks it's fame and fortune, there's plenty of fame but no fortune," laughs Alan. And Garry says, "The saying goes fame and fortune await you. But it's a hell of a weight."

David Taylor

'PUNK' FROM PAGE 8

the punks who get the blame."

The punks are young. They range in age from early teens to early twenties, according to Dwyer. Many are coming in from the suburbs to play in bands, go to gigs — or more likely just hang around Manners Mall. You don't get into pubs with boots or studs or a dodgy haircut, even if you are old enough.

"It's really exciting to watch some of these young bands, who are only about 15 or 16, get up on stage and play flat out for 20 minutes. And the next time they get up they're playing for half an hour and they're a bit tighter. It's good to watch the progression."

He tips Aftershock as the best of the new young bands: "They're so young they don't realise how good they are."

Will Void and Dwyer (aka Capital Chaos Promotions) be working towards a regular venue then?

"I don't think a regular venue works. The whole idea of punk music is spontaneity, something different and not falling into a regular thing. I think one-offs are better, every two or three weeks."

He admits there probably isn't the audience to keep a regular venue in the black, "but there is definitely something happening because we're getting more and more people each time we play".
So what about the possibility of record labels, fanzines?

"I'd like to see a fanzine come out. I'd do something myself but I haven't got the time at the moment, just trying to get gigs organised."

Jayrem Records have been helpful with us and Unrestful Movements. They're really open-minded, so other bands will be able to go along to Jayrem and talk to Jim Moss. The possibility of an independent label is at least a few months away, I think. I want to see what happens over the winter."

He's looking forward to the winter. Things should develop. Bands like Aftershock may be up to touring standard, there will be more records out. Unrestful Movements' second EP is out already, Flesh D-Vice have their first record out soon.

Regardless of subjective evaluations of the music it can't be denied that there is an energy in the capital's punk scene and it's growing. If people like Dwyer and Void can give it cohesiveness it must inevitably produce something that will cross the "punks only" barrier and be accepted as an important part of New Zealand music.

But maybe that doesn't really matter.

"Energetic, adrenalin music, that's all we're into. Having a good time."

I can relate to that. Can't you? Russell Brown

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Harrison Ford in 'Blade Runner'.

Film

BLADE RUNNER

Director: Ridley Scott

If you're into high tech sci-fi, then *Blade Runner* is the film for you. Set in Los Angeles in 2019, we follow Harrison Ford through a futuristic jungle as he searches out and destroys a collection of Nexus 6 Replicants (human-like robots) who have managed to get back to earth from one of the space colonies. And what a depressing place this earth is as Jordan Cronenwath's Panavision cameras glide over a drab, neon-glaring Chinatown perpetually shrouded by rain — a long step from the immaculate cities of the future which sci-fi movies used to promise us in the good old days.

Blade Runner is vaguely in the genre of *Star Wars* and *Raiders* but Scott chooses to linger more with the visual details and peripheries of the movie rather than follow the narrative demands of plot structure. And so what one remembers from *Blade Runner* are assorted images such as Replicant Daryl Hannah hiding among a collection of puppet-like robots or the magnificent sets (in particular the dingy splendours of the deserted apartment block). It's all ultra-stylised from Ford's laconic voice-over commentary to the finely chiselled choreography of the hero's struggle with the last Replicant. All in all, this must be one of the quirkiest films of the year.

FRANCES

Director: Graeme Clifford

Frances is a morality tale, albeit on the long side, telling us how ruthlessly Hollywood deals with its idealists. In two and a half hours we follow the saga of Frances Farmer from the dewy-eyed young schoolgirl of the opening scene to her degradation into a life of alcoholism, breakdowns and mental institutions. It all sounds like a rather more savage version of *Mommie Dearest*.

Whereas the source of *Mommie Dearest* is a possibly unreliable biography by Crawford's daughter, *Frances* is taken from Farmer's own autobiography. Why they didn't adhere more closely to this, God only knows. In omitting some details from the book and then wilfully inventing others (eg the Sam Shepherd character) the film has turned out to be more than a little chaotic. It's a lost opportunity, for there's a marvelous ring of truth in Jessica Lange's

poignant yet tough performance as the battered heroine and that of the indefatigable Kim Stanley as a stage mother to end all stage mothers.

THE BOAT

Director: Wolfgang Petersen

Hitler sent 40,000 men aboard U-boats in the Second World War and less than 10,000 returned. The German cinema's first Second World War epic tells of the adventures of one such crew.

The Boat is basically a rattling good wartime yarn and Petersen makes it all move at a cracking pace. While there's none of the poetry and atmospherics of Sam Fuller's 1953 stranded-in-a-submarine flick *Hell and High Water*, the tone is astutely ironic throughout. A fine cast of unknowns is headed by Jurgen Prochnow in a mighty performance as the disillusioned captain.

TIME IS ON OUR SIDE

Director: Hal Ashby

Ashby's first directorial project since *Being There* is, to say the least, unexpected — filming the Rolling Stones' 1981 tour, the success of which could certainly justify the film's title.

Ashby is on the Stones' side too. There are a few cinematic effects and touches, one being the sped-up segment with the stage crew setting up while the group sing Smokey Robinson's 'Goin' to a Go-Go', but generally backstage business is kept to a minimum. It's the band onstage who dominate the movie. Bill Wyman still seems as embarrassed as ever, Ron Wood and Keith Richards maintain their cynical presence throughout and Mick Jagger of the eternally trim figure bops around stage with the energy of one half his age.

William Dart

FORTHCOMING FILMS

First Blood ... based on David Morrell's novel, stars Sylvester Stallone as Rambo — Vietnam vet meets Mad Max. Starts June 17.
Raggedy Man ... stars Sissy Spacek. The story of a Texas woman struggling to care for her two sons alone in the 1940s. Starts June.

Local Hero ... the movie of the Mark Knopfler soundtrack. A comedy set in a little Scottish fishing village and starring Burt Lancaster as a Texas oil tycoon who gets involved with the locals.
Videodrome ... a weird series of illicit broadcasts that draw the viewer into a trance-like state fascinates the head of a cable TV company. Gradually they begin to take him over and he is engulfed in a world of violent, erotic hallucinations.

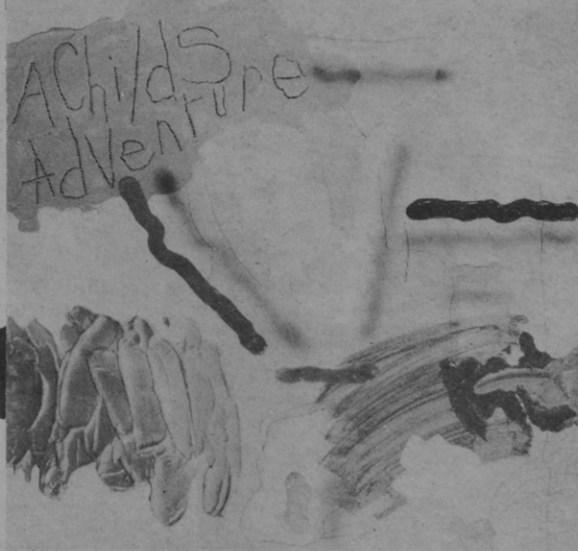
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Indeep
Last Night A DJ Saved My Life (RCA)

It's month's like this I'm glad I don't have to single out the best release. This month's crop is uncommonly good.

This is disco at its smoothest. Steady base beat with jangly guitar and whistles and a sexy female vocal. A huge hit in clubs all over the world.

The Go-Betweens
Cattle and Cane (Rough Trade)

An Australian band that grew up strange. A beautiful lament with lotsa acoustic guitar and a bassline that refuses to leave your head. As for the harmonies, they give me goose-bumps all over. This band is the future of modern music (ere, that's a bit over the top innit?).

Nick Heyward
Whistle Down the Wind (Arista)

Mr Yellow says goodbye to his Haircuts and goes mellow. His first solo single is lush, romantic and commercial. Not only that, he's sucked me in totally. A song to play to your girl as you fumble for the lightswitch. Long live love and thankyou Mr Heyward.

Fun Boy Three
Tunnel of Love (Chrysalis)

Meanwhile, down in social comment street. Nobody makes records like this better than FB3 and this is one of the best they've

done. Terry sneers his way through a lyric that builds on the 'Done too much, much too young' theme. Stirring stuff and there's even a Beatles' harmony in the middle. On the other side, we get treated to reworked (no instruments) 'Lunatics', entitled The Lunacy Legacy.

Culture Club
Church of the Poison Mind (Virgin)

Hands up if you thought Boy George would never make a really good record. I must admit I never thought he was capable of something like this. A searing blast of Motown, complete with harmonica and girlie back-up. The most obvious hit record you could ever hope to hear. Even if you hate it you'll still sing along.

Pete Shelley

Telephone Operator (Genetic)

The affable Shelley chap gets his wires crossed. Those of you who thought his next offering would be disco, cop a listen to this. Rock is the only word that fits — if it was guitars instead of keyboards it could be the Buzzcocks. Only average.

Thomas Dolby
She Blinded Me With Science 7" & 12" (EMI)

Some of you may remember 'Europa and the Pirate Twins', Dolby's only local release to date. This one is by far his most successful yet, having done extremely well in American boogie halls. Co-written by some geezer called J. Kerr, it incorporates gadgetry with a Talking Heads feel. Of course you can dance to it.

New Order

Blue Monday 12" (Factory)

This is the one you've all been waiting for. Go on, admit it. I'm not going to review it — so there. Dun dugga dun dugga dun dugga dun.

Depeche Mode
Get the Balance Right (Mute)

Depeche Mode have written some good pop tunes over the past year. This is among the best. Infectious and highly danceable, it builds into a fine crescendo before fading into the distance. Check out the 12" for one of the cleverest remixes around.

Delmontes

Don't Cry Your Tears (Rational)

No, not Del and the Montys. This is a delightful Edinburgh pop song, very much in the South Island vein. Sixties keyboards and guitar sound give it a strange surreal feel. Couple that with a female vocalist who is all over the place and what have you got? Bugged if I know, but I like it anyway.

Shriekback

My Spine is the Bassline 12" (Y)

Shriekback are Barry Andrews (ex XTC), Dave Allen (ex Gang of Four) and Carl Marsh. Hard funk is their angle and they do it well. Allen's bass is obviously the key to this song — a carefully structured semi-rap piece. Definitely not one for the radio but worth hunting out for your own collection.

Malcolm McLaren
Soweto 12" (Charisma)

So 'Buffalo Gals' is finally out (a state of the art record that, by the time the NZ record company discovered it, became outdated and almost irrelevant). So on to Talcu Malcy's newie. Heavy African feel with a disco overtone and violins. Sound strange? It is. Lots of fun and you also get 'Zulus On a Time Bomb' and 'Red River Gals' (second cousin to the 'Buffalo Gals').

Mark Phillips

45s

Sneaky Feelings

Be My Friend (Flying Nun)

Out at last. Sneaky Feelings have come on since this was recorded and a few flaws show, but it's saved by the quality of the songs. I still prefer the flip 'Amnesia' — it was the song that touched me the first few times I saw the Sneakies play and it still sounds good. The main problem here is with the vocals, which don't quite click. Not as good as it could have been but I have a feeling it's going to become one of my favourite NZ singles. Just wait for their next effort — it'll be on 16-track!

Dance Exponents

All I Can Do (Mushroom)

The Exponents go downmarket studiowise and come up with the goods. The eight-track production has plenty of presence and it's dead clean. Jordan Luck is writing some of the better songs that never got written in the sixties, but the arrangement of this one isn't all that inspired. Still, this is the best local pure pop this year and I hope it's a hit. The B-side is a country song called 'Empty Bunk' but I can't comment on that because I've got the dud pressing with a rough version of 'I'm Not the One' on the flip instead. If you have, keep it — it might be a collector's item some day.

Narcs

No Turning Back EP (CBS)

It's good to see the Narcs get their act together at last. From the Serge Clerc-type cover up this is a well put together project. The only low point is 'The Beach', a distinctly unexciting instrumental. The other three tracks are good metal pop, not entirely my cup of tea but there's a big market for it out there. All three do go on somewhat longer than they should, however. I can't help thinking that the Narcs should head for Australia at the earliest possible opportunity. That's advice, not insult.

Hip Singles

Typewriter (Hit Singles)

Instantly catchy, ultimately irritating. Typewriter has the potential to reach outside that cosy little clique who buy New Zealand records. In fact, that's where its chances of success lie. If it reaches enough people, it'll be a big novelty single. The flip 'So Strange' is better (seems to be a habit with the Singles), in fact it's

KING SHAG COLUMN

The Birthday Party had never really been one of my favourite bands but when the circumstances cropped up for an extra lugger to join the touring party, I wasn't one to say no.

After learning there wasn't enough room in the truck for yours truly I set off 'itch' iking to Palmerston North, this proved to be about as boring as the Meemees on a good night — bar one incident when I became one of the stars in a remake of *Goodbye Pork Pie*.

Now Parmesan cheese and Palmerston North 'ave one thing in common — they both stink. If there's one thing I 'ate it's 90% of all students and 100% of all Massey students. You know the type, sweatshirt, jeans and track shoes with a big thirst for 'orrendously brewed DB.

probably the best thing the band has recorded.

The Henchmen
Do The Maelstrom (Cadaver Records)

Radio Birdman dedicated records to the Stooges, the Henchmen dedicate records to Radio Birdman. This is a thunderous bit of Stooges-style pop that ends with a searing lead break (God, what am I saying?). What heavy metal used to sound like before it all went bad. The flip is nowhere near as good. Available from Cadaver Records, 11 Hanui Place, Massey as a limited edition 12".

The Bronx, Streetfighters

Well, for a start the last thing we need is another song glorifying violence. But the main thing is that this record is unforgivably bland, bland, bland. It sounds like something radio programmers might like. The flip is an overlong, flat version of Golden Earring's classic 'Radar Love'.

Mole Manne EP (Jayrem)

OK, the first single was fine, but isn't this stretching things a bit far? There seems to be a big shortage of musical ideas here. The major mistake, however, was printing the lyrics on the sleeve — they don't bear up to it at all well. The interesting thing here is that the band (a Wellington outfit) chose to record four of the six tracks at Christchurch's Tandem Studios — and the sound's fine. A pointer for Christchurch bands? But this is only an average record, just.

KD3, Subway

A pleasant tune with echoes of the Jam, among others. The sound quality is good for a bedroom recording too. The flip is 'Captain Earth' — I've always been a little wary of songs about starships and space and things but again, a good tune. Singer-guitarist-songwriter Paul Campbell seems to have a fine sense of melody and a good voice — what he needs to work on is his lyrics.

Russell Brown

Best funky vinyl value has to be the Prince 5 track, 24 minute 12" with '1999', 'Uptown', 'Controversy', 'Dirty Mind' and 'Sexuality'. Almost a *Best Of* for half the price of an album. Prince is mister big of eighties funk. Essential.

Also on local release is the Dramatics' 'I Can't Stand It'. This single features the two best tracks from their unavailable Capitol LP *Live It Up*. Fine modern dance music from a veteran vocal group. The imported 12" is extraordinary. Murray Cammick

Yeech. But at least some of them 'elped with the lug in and it was onto soundcheck.

Both Nick and Tracey were trying frantically to accustomise Des to the job of drumming and trying to lengthen the short 40 minute set. But the poor bloke just didn't seem to be cut out for it. The Skeptics opened and the students got drunk, making absolute pigs out of themselves. I really didn't think they knew what they were in for. They were ready to "rage" but not ready for the Birthday Party. Through the set, pissed, they kept falling over and wondering what the 'ell was 'titing them — they just didn't understand or maybe it was just a capping stunt for them.

Next day, Wellington, not my favourite town. The last contact I had with the place was a punch in the nose and a few other places, last New Year's eve, New Plymouth. Lugging in and out was a real

Letters

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

The Battle Continues

'Arry — you must have been drunk to write such a load of old cobbler in your so called 'Battle of the Blands' blurb.

'Arry old boy it is tuff when you can't judge in such memorable events, but you have to know something about music to judge. Obviously you have square ears. I think these triers and tryhards deserve a lot more credit than a drunken cretin of your breed. Why don't you save up for that bottle of tempting whisky for Mr Corless next year if it's a judge you want to be.

LR Auckland

'Arry replies:

Thank you for your letter. I scored it six out of 10 (marks off for the spelling mistakes). But full marks for the flash typewriter — it's obviously worth more than a bottle of Chivas Regal. Jest keep dem letters rollin' in.

Under Rage

It is ironic that all the underage citizens who are getting kicked out of pubs for under age drinking are not there for that, as much as to hear the bands and socialise.

We need permanent underage venues! Isn't anyone interested in making a profit? There are so many of us bored on a Friday or Saturday night.

Anyway, why aren't 17-year-olds allowed to get drunk? It is a scientific fact that they have more brain cells than a 20-year-old. Why not let them lose a few, if they want to? But to get back to the point, I don't want to get drunk, but merely hear a good band live.

Esther Christchurch

A Rome of Our Own

As a reader of *Rip It Up* and an avid member of the Eketahuna Hash House Harriers I would like to reply to Eric and Tania's (the Tauranga Intellectuals) letter in the March issue of *RIU*.

I support NZ bands — but only the good ones. Being up-and-coming doesn't excuse a band from criticism. If you want to hear some real outback fuckwits, why not try our song 'Don't Cry For Me Eketahuna' which was recorded at the time of the Falklands crisis last

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

bastard. Four flights of stairs, straight up. Fish School opened to a fairly small crowd which was later to swell to only 500. Next up was Marching Girls — a band I thought might improve the more I saw them. Alas they didn't.

Due to an incident a while back, alcohol was not served at this gig and I watched Birthday Party straight for the first time. Fuck it was good. From the first notes of 'Deep in the Woods' I knew this was to be one of the best concerts I 'ave ever seen. Nick Cave and Co just pissed over the support and the supporters leaving them wondering what had they'd just seen. A beast finally unleashed on Wellington, rather than the large booted beast of Wellington unleashing itself on the band — as usually happens. Pity I can't go to Christchurch. If they've slowed down now, what were they like two years ago.

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The Squirm Squirm Songs
A parting gift from Chris Burt, Steve Roach and Ramon York (the Squirm have disbanded after three nights at the Rumba). This really is accomplished stuff — busy, fascinating music that makes good use of stereo sound. The vocals are considerably higher in the mix than for their live performances, so the lyrics can be deciphered if you wish. It's just a pity it's not on record vinyl. Available for five bucks from PO Box 47-295, Ponsonby Auckland.
Fetus Productions
Self Manipulation (Last Laugh)
Schmeel Brothers EP (Last Laugh)
Two very different releases from the one studio.
A shift well left from the near popism of *Fetalmnia*, Self Manipulation is the "other" side of Fetus Productions. Experiments with sound, its synthesis, its transformation. In many respects this is real synthesiser music — it tests the limits of machine and studio. But don't be scared off — it's not so ambient as to be unlistenable.

There are 10 tunes, some even feature singing! Just try going places with this on your Walkman.
The Schmeel Brothers are almost at the opposite end of the musical spectrum. They're acoustic, thoroughly human and, in some places, funny as hell. The guitar's almost incidental, the vocals vary from so-so to good but the lyrics are great. Really pretty neat.
Both of them can be had for five bucks each from Last Laugh at PO Box 6884, Wellesley, Auckland.
Ralph Bennett
Daze In the Country / Nites On the Town (Ima Hitt C60)
A sort of concept album from the Palmerston North-based Bennett. Side One is the "country" side and features a collection of not particularly exciting (well, to these ears anyway) songs. Things go electric for the "town" on Side Two and things get interesting. There is some weird and wonderful almost Beefheartian urban blues here and some of it is quite startling. Some "good friends" helped Bennett out on this album. The friend who played sax on 'No Phone Blues' did a very good job for him. Seems to me that Mr Bennett's future lies with electricity. Available at \$7.50 from Ima Hitt, PO Box 407, New Plymouth.
Russell Brown

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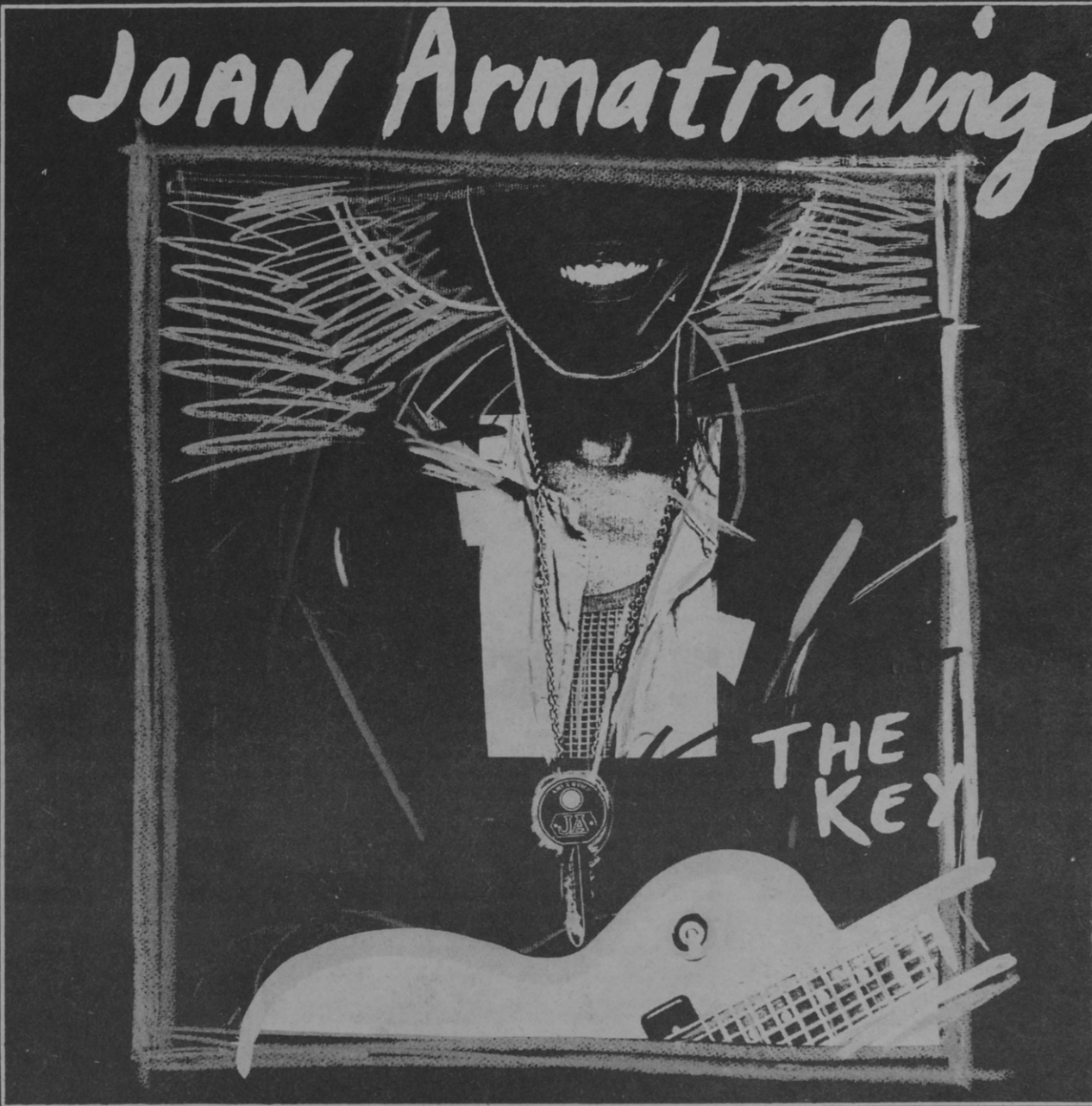
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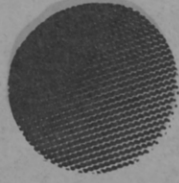
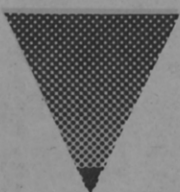


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Live

The Joe Jackson Band
Logan Campbell Centre,
April 24.

The second set began with a tape of Frank Sinatra discussing his recording of a Cole Porter song. This was followed by the recording itself, after which the

stage lights came up as Jackson launched into 'Breaking Us In Two'. Was this guy on some massive ego trip or what? Possibly — however, I prefer to see it as an acknowledgement of his recent sources and highest ambitions. The Cole Porter song was, after all, borrowed to name Jackson's latest album. There's nothing like aiming high — but isn't this rather a long way from *Look Sharp* power pop?

Only three years ago Joe Jackson was fronting a post-punk guitar trio and barely touching a keyboard in live performance. Now it's a six-piece band, including at least two keyboard players and not a guitar in sight. Only, marvellous bass-player Graham Maby remains from the original lineup. Even Jackson's suits have changed from tight pin-stripe to light, lounge and loose.

Along with the changes has come the man's second taste of big American success. His last two singles went Top 10; 'Steppin' Out' was even nominated for a Grammy. Not surprisingly his stage show has altered considerably. It is now longer — two hour-long sets rather than one — and far more polished. The old songs still used, particularly those from the first two albums, have all been rearranged, often radically. 'On Your Radio', for instance, opened the show with a newly acquired funk edge, (though no loss of pace). 'Is She Really Going Out With Him?', Jackson's first hit, was performed in a six voice acapella.

Yet no matter how marked the alteration, the songs were always developed, reinterpreted, not merely gimmicked up. As one who loves those early numbers I felt elated by the new versions, never once cheated.

All the more pity then that Jackson often seemed to hold us in thinly disguised contempt. Admittedly there was the usual quota of local drongos present who couldn't cope with the man's increased sophistication, yet by and large his cynical comments seemed gratuitous. (Although, credit where it's due, he did serve

a great rejoinder to one call of 'Turn it up!' by snapping back, 'Turn your fuckin' hearing aid up!')

But I suppose we should be thankful that the 'new' Joe Jackson hasn't lost any of his old fire and edge — musically or verbally — in acquiring the more up-market presentation. The band's performance even gave far more life and feeling to the recent *Night And Day* songs than they have on record. What, with that improvement and the great rearrangements of the old material, when can we expect a live album?

Peter Thomson

The Narcs
Auckland Walk
Mainstreet, May 4.

Having not seen the Narcs for a good few months, it was with a sense of anticipation I went along to Mainstreet for their national tour EP launch and, disappointing though the sight of the crowd was for a free gig, a good time was had by all.

The Narcs, now a four piece, on their night fire like a well-oiled machine gun. Unfortunately, what could have been one of those nights was marred by a muddy mix. Only on occasions could the newly acquired keyboards of Liam Ryan (Midge Marsden band) be heard and Andy Dickson's guitar could have done with a touch more level as well.

Nonetheless, the lads gave it their all. After a hesitant start, they settled into their familiar non-sense approach. Andy's vocals took on a much more confident approach and the superbly tight rhythm section of Tony Waine and Steve Clarkson held down the bottom in no uncertain fashion. When these guys lock together they're tighter than Superglue!

Their new songs sounded interesting, especially the EP's title track 'No Turning Back' and 'Not That Girl', with Tony on lead vocals. But it was the old favourites — 'First Glance', 'Over My Head', 'Stay Away', that rocked the joint out, also the moody instrumental 'The Beach', which is always a bit of a stunner. Catch

'em when they come your way, you'll come out smiling!

Auckland Walk turned in a tight, professional set of the dancy, power pop variety. Slightly bland to these ears but squeaky clean, helped by a dynamite mix — ten out of ten there!

Greg Cobb

The Circle Game
Gluepot, April 16.

A packed Gluepot testified to the success of The Circle Game better than any review could. The late arrivals had to strain on tip toes to see the action. The crowd was almost too large — it was an uncomfortable night for those who had to spend it standing up.

Richard Holden's success with The Circle Game has not been in the scripting, or the plot. Neither of those are outstanding. It has been in bringing such a great number of musicians, dancers and actors together into a show that was never boring and mostly enjoyable.

The show traces rock music through the fifties, sixties and seventies and speculates into the eighties. Of course, there were plenty of gaps, but the objective was entertainment, not some theatrical encyclopedia of rock. Musically, the best of the segments was the sixties with the Grammar Boys looking and sounding the part. The show's end was a little awkward and didn't seem to tie things up — but perhaps that was the object.

The Circle Game is apparently to come back for a return season and may even go on the road. It deserves it. It's not perfect, but it's a good night's entertainment. And that's always something to be encouraged.

Russell Brown

Naked Spots Dance
The Squirm
Rumba Bar, April 15

The Squirm — musical marble cake sliced through by impressionistic, abstract forms. You can't hum along to this, it's got free form developments of pure aural motifs and stuff. Dimension is achieved through layering of sounds.

Steve Roach on guitar and synthesisers provides the top level and the most distinct texture. Chris Burt's consistent drumming and strong rhythmic structures give depth to the density of the bass. Bassist Ramon York evokes a characteristic fairytale cavern of sound. Strategic use of tapes and Casio adds to the carefully balanced timbre of Squirm sound.

It's deliberate and powerful, from the instrumental 'Start' to 'Not Thinking', when those who could think on their feet took to the dancefloor.

Flawed this night by loudness and the absence of vocalist Fran Walsh, Naked Spots Dance are still the most original and contemporary band on the New Zealand circuit. Their seamless, sensual songs are composed of instinctive, economic, rhythmic

structures. All extraneous matter is left out. The shimmering skeletal form shifts and alters, it's sort of like listening to a mirage — if beauty is consciousness NSD is the heightened state of.

Some songs over-extended into jams, detracting from Naked Spots' ability to surprise. I liked 'Jack in the Box', 'About But Not Out' and 'Underwater Data' with guest howler Kevin Hawkins.

Beat is everything to this band and what is unheard, implicit, is as important as the notes they play.

Jewel Sanyo

Out to Lunch
Phantom Fourth
Honesty Box
Windsor Castle, May 4

Performing live for the first time were Honesty Box, the latest in the current crop of synthesiser bands. Steve Glaister and Andrew Milne played their keyboards competently enough. If they can write some more songs and improve the ones they have and encourage singer Mike Weston to improve his vocal delivery Honesty Box could be worth looking into.

The Phantom rides again! This time in the guise of an experimental outfit called Phantom Fourth, PF meandered their way through a short set of original songs. Chief Phantom Debbie Luker is the band's guitarist and shares the vocals with percussionist Lorraine Steele. When these girls sing you can't help but think of Young Marble Giants, Girls At Our Best, etc, but what's wrong with that? Ex poet Paul Luker isn't a great bass player but the drum machine keeps the songs from falling apart. Yep, more rehearsals and more variety in their material and Phantom Fourth may interest you.

Seeking fame and fortune in Auckland are Out To Lunch, who were twice as professional as the other bands but about half as original. Giving their best wasn't, unfortunately, enough as they don't appear to have anything that sets them apart from so many bands, both past and present. Some songs, like 'Deathlist' and 'Patch It Up' started off with promise but they all tended to drag on and on. Out To Lunch may find their niche but I don't think they'll find it here.

Overall the evening was interesting without being earth-shattering and in the end originality triumphed over professionalism.

Calling all garage bands — the search is on.

Alister Cain

Nocturnal Projections,
Children's Hour
Star and Garter, April 9

Nocturnal Projections — here finally is a band that is not representative of the 'ugly' alternative scene. This isn't fashion mate. It's an excoriated thrashing, a spiritual amendment. The thin, dishevelled frontman possesses a backbeat holler that howls out from the stage. 'Purgatory' was an obvious

highlight.

Visually and orally, Nocturnal Projections' use of music seems less like primitive experiment than contemporary usage. Their music becomes increasingly portentous, suggesting a constant closing in; atmosphere becomes more and more claustrophobic. It was great, really.

Children's Hour played last. What a hell of a dense sound. It's loud, it's heavy. Noise and texture pile up into a frenzied tonal assault. Little wonder these guys admire the Fall and the Birthday Party. Structure is sometimes ponderous, sometimes jerky, but always emphatic. And the rhythm section just motored like a huge and powerful creature. This bloody noise was immovable, never detracting from its purpose.

In viewing bands as diverse as Nocturnal Projections, No Tag, Children's Hour and Chills you are indeed brushing the real thing.

S.J. Townshend

Primitive Art Group
Limbs Studio, April 23

Arty arty music for listening to with your eyes closed. Over Jewel's head. Fusion jazz always was. These guys are lateral thinkers, playing off each other's skills at tangents. They are self-confident and accomplished musicians with a multiplicity of instruments and effects at their disposal.

Straining these instruments through the limits of their natural range results in some moments of torture and some of real interest. David Watson's electric guitar was skewered, bottled and bowed. David Donaldson's double bass was a constant delight. Drummer Anthony Donaldson, from cowbells to overworked cymbals was chiefly responsible for the band rattling as if it might fall apart.

Stuart Porter and Neil Duncan are virtuosos on a range of brass instruments (saxs, bass clarinet, Indian snake flutes, etc) and contrived some amazing and lovely effects. But not for long. You catch it when you can — 95 per cent spontaneous improvisation is a big random factor. I enjoyed 'Edges' and a trio piece 'Black Sheep'.

Which brings me to my story:

My music teacher was a red-faced, quick-tempered man. He took me for music for six years. I never played an instrument or read a score. I hated school and tried to pretend it wasn't happening. This man played us Mozart, Vivaldi, Beethoven, Bach. He also introduced me to Debussy, Stravinsky, Benjamin Britten, Stockhausen, Dave Brubeck, John Cage. He said I could borrow any record I wanted. I did, so as not to offend him. (I was too scared of damaging his records to play them.) He taught me to love music for life. Maybe this has nothing to do with Primitive Art Group.

Maybe it does. I am deeply suspicious of self-conscious cleverness. I think it discriminates against the ignorant.

Jewel Sanyo

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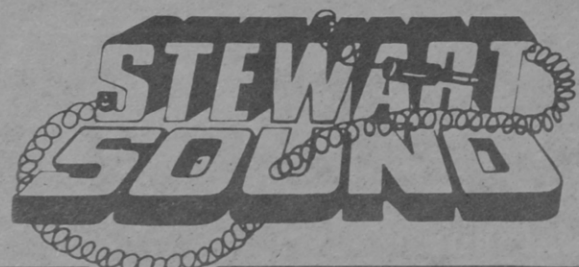


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AND SO ON

'PARTY' FROM PAGE 12

"You walk on stage and everyone applauds before you've done anything. You announce a song that no one's ever heard before and they all applaud like it's your hit single and you play the whole set incredibly badly and fuck everything up and they all cheer and applaud and ask for encores and you think, well this is fantastic, isn't it, nobody can tell whether we played really badly or incredibly well, so what's the point?"

"If you were in a group that was incredibly popular and famous and so forth it would just happen so much it would just be not worth it. That was one of the reasons we wanted to break up in Australia the last time. Because of the routine of playing in Australia and the things we were subjected to and people weren't thinking about what we were doing."

"It was there and they wanted it to be a big event so they made it one. I mean there were so many times when we played last year when we were fucking appalling and the crowd just acted like we were great because they wanted us to be great."

But surely that's only human?
"Of course it's human. But that doesn't make it good."

So would you consider deliberately turning out a bad performance to shed sycophantic fans?

"No. I mean, we have played as offensively as possible because there's no other way we can act in a situation of people acting like Pavlov's Dogs. The only way you can shake them out of that is to be as childish and petty as possible, which is something I really despise to do. But it's just totally against the grain for the Birthday Party to stand up on stage and smile and get thunderous applause knowing full well that we're not doing something worthwhile at the time."

"I think our group is capable of being one of the best groups I can think of and easily the worst. Because when we're bad we're so bad. We just act like a bunch of morons. And I'd hate to have us any other way."

"The groups I like to see are the ones who are capable of collapsing into the depths of whatever. Because they are human, for Christ's sake."

P is for Prelude

Nick and Roland wander up the stairs of Mainstreet, probably aware that people have been waiting for the rehearsal to begin. Nick is finishing a milkshake — everybody thought they'd been at the pub. Roland plugs his guitar in on stage and starts playing screeching riffs, feeding back. Tracy Pew appears, he really is

like he looks in the pictures. Tracy and Des take the stage, Roland is still making guitar noises. Tracy unplugs Roland's guitar and says something sharp. Nick gives one of his sighs, picks up the bottle of whisky on the table and heads towards the stage.

All of a sudden, things are very different. The music, especially Cave's giant, gruff voice, dominates. From being a large, empty, cold place, the club suddenly seems too small for the music. From a dead cold start the Birthday Party have whipped up something frightening but exhilarating. And this is only practice.

Nick Cave has his back turned to the dozen or so people watching.

P is for Performance

Nick Cave has his arm wrapped around someone's head. He's leaning over that person staring wildly into someone's eyes. The showman/shaman inside him has taken over.

The show is breathtaking, a killer punch. The songs are slow and wonderful. Suddenly, it's over.

Nick was right. A lot of people weren't satisfied. But that was only because they wanted more. The band had managed to rehearse seven songs with Des — they played them all.

Backstage, the applause and chants for an encore are simply making the band more miserable — a silly situation. They can't play any more songs and they aren't about to go out and play something twice. It's a matter of principle.

But as the man said, there's no guarantee on the Birthday Party. People complained about not getting their money's worth. They shouldn't judge performances in monetary terms.

And On Into the Sunset?

This current tour is almost certainly the last which will see the Birthday Party together as a "band".

Roland: "We decided that the Birthday Party was going to become a group that would operate outside the normal terms of being a group. Stop being a financial thing and be something that was purely a creative form of expression."

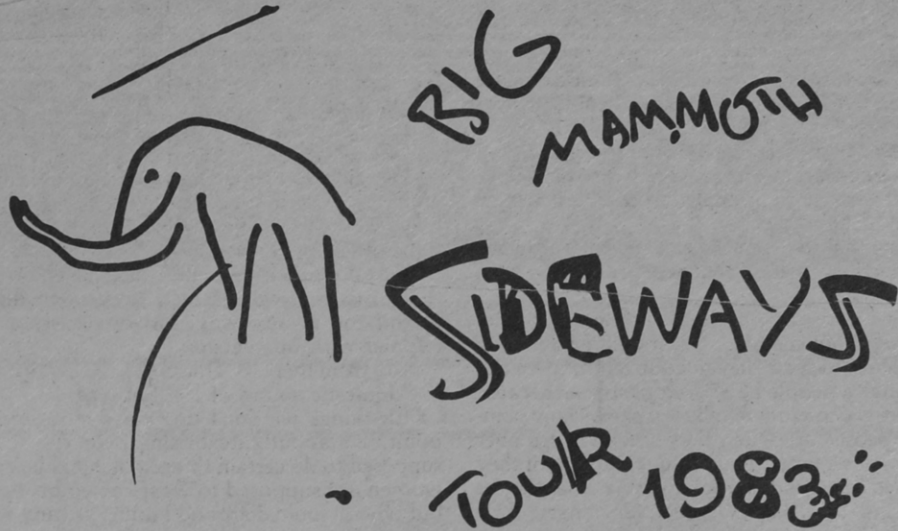
The band will go back to Europe to pursue their own individual projects until at least the end of the year.

But that doesn't mean no more Birthday Party records. They have already recorded new material for their new label, Mute and they'll get back into the studio and/or play live when they "really, really want to".

But they're off the treadmill. Artists with obligations only to themselves.

So, in a sense the Birthday Party are stepping out of Rock. Perhaps it's for the best.

Russell Brown



JUNE

6 GLUEPOT
7 WAIKATO UNIVERSITY
8, 9 ALBION, GISBORNE
10, 11 LENNONS, HASTINGS
13, 14 CRICKETERS
WELLINGTON
16-18 HILLSBOROUGH
22, 23 OLDMILL, TIMARU
24, 25 WAIKIWI
INVERCARGILL

27 GOLDEN CENTRAL
ALEXANDRA
28, 29 ALBERT NITECLUB
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'FB3' FROM PAGE 10
Is the song meant to be a send-up of how people see you?

"Yeah, sort of. It's when people ask you where's your Rolls Royce and what kind of place do you live in and the only way I could answer them was by writing that."

How accurate is that verse of your life style?
"Very accurate, that's exactly the way I live. I don't wear dufflecoats all the time but it seemed to rhyme."

From that to the music hall style of 'Farmyard Connection', a song that is more serious than it sounds:

"It's a very serious song, it shows two sides to drug problems. People think they have drug problems because they're addicted to them but in Jamaica people have drug problems because they've got to grow it to live. It shows how pompous people are when they smoke drugs over here — it's a very trendy thing to do, but if they realised how much it took to grow what they're smoking ... it makes us feel very angry."

"I don't like any drugs at all. I don't agree with it on principle. It's like wearing gold from South Africa. I don't like peoples' attitudes towards drugs. When we toured America people lined up with cocaine for us expecting us to take it. I find it disgusting."

People do that because of their stereotyped view of the rock'n'roll performer:

"Yeah, and I find that disgusting as well."

Back to *Waiting* and the second single from the album, 'Tunnel of Love', which seems to pick up on the anti-marriage bent of 'Too Much, Too Young':

"Yeah, but on the 'Tunnel of Love' I'm not knocking marriage at all because I think it's a really nice thing. The only thing I don't find attractive about marriage is when two people get married and they don't like each other or aren't suited and so they end up arguing or hating each other. Too Much, Too Young was about people being too polite. In a lot of cases if a girl gets pregnant it immediately means that they've got to get married. That's a very odd attitude and I don't understand it."

What about marriage and Terry Hall since you've been living with your girlfriend for six years now?

"We'll get around to it. We've been engaged

for six years so we're half-way there. We've never actually asked each other yet."

'Our Lips Are Sealed' is the second song on the flip side of *Waiting*, a song co-written with Go-Go's bassist Jane Wiedlin which appeared on the excellent first side of their debut album and even became a hit. How did such a collaboration come about?

"We did a tour together, we became friends and we wrote a song. We went our separate ways before it was finished and I sent the lyrics to her and she finished it off. There were a few things about their version I wasn't keen on but that's just musical taste. Their version didn't offend me in any way. I'm obviously a lot happier with our version."

And from there to 'Things We Do', which has the domestic sound of UK Squeeze:

"It's things we don't do, that's more to the point. It's about categorising people that are supposed to do certain things. Like middle-aged women are supposed to wear cameo brooches but when I looked around I didn't see any with one on."

The album concludes with 'Well Fancy That', the most powerful song on *Waiting* and one about the sensitive subject of child molestation. Is it autobiographical?

"Yes it is. I felt that since we started the album with 'Murder She Said' that it was suitable to end with 'Well Fancy That'. It took twelve years to get out of my system and it was hard enough to actually sing it."

The songs in general are often very traditional in structure. Lionel Bart again springs to mind:

"That's a nice compliment. I think people like the Beatles really ruined songwriting by turning out absolute crap."

Are you making money and is that important?

"Yeah, we're making money and it's important for studio time and things."

Tours?

"We're planning to go over to Europe to play in a few festivals to 60,000 stoned Dutch people. We're playing with Men At Work who are quite funny, not ha ha, but they look ridiculous and I find that funny."

Men At Work and the FB3 on the same bill, now that is something to laugh about.

George Kay

'LETTERS' FROM PAGE 22

year and given some airplay by Napier's avant-garde station Bay of Plenty Radio.

Eric and Tania must be intellectuals to realise that Tauranga is not Eketahuna and thankfully, it isn't. But how dare they imply any similarity between Eketahuna and Tawa. Tawa doesn't even have a pub — Eketahuna has two pubs squeezed in between its back-to-back welcome signs!

Ron Sneaky Taradale

Christchurch Revisited

This is in reply to the drivel written on Christchurch music. As is typical with *RIU* articles a smug, elitist attitude fucks up any good intentions. I and many other people believe that Jim Wilson has done more for Christchurch music than any other person. He has worked, in an often hostile climate, hard and persistently in maintaining decent venues for any sort of band.

There is lots of talent in New Zealand but it is either being stifled or leaving the joint. This magazine is not a small contributor to the demise.

Trevor O'Neill Melbourne

Observations

Like all of us Jim Wilson needs people to tell him how good he is. When they don't he loses his drive and the bands and public suffer. Especially the public, as is being illustrated at present. The circuit is becoming a circus as proficient but ultimately tedious bands travel the land playing yesterday's music.

Jim used to take risks. Features, Androids, Vauxhalls, etc. I bet the Features never played to a full house on a Wednesday night in Auckland. Free pass night became a weekly event.

For all his faults Jim Wilson's done as much for the NZ music scene as anyone else and this should be remembered during the current stream of pro/anti Wilson publicity.

When the next NZ music explosion happens, once again Jim Wilson will have been part of it. Whatever he's done, he brought the Swingers to town in 1979 and for that at least I'm grateful.

The Observer

Russell Brown replies:

A sane, reasonable note to end the correspondence with? Let's hope so.

Clash of Ideals

"We ain't never gonna get commercial respectability," said Mick Jones of the Clash.

They went to America and they deserted us. 'Rock The Casbah' on charts, IZM and *Hitwave '83* compilation — not to mention *Ready to Roll*. Gone are the days of turning to Radio B and hearing the Clash. I still have my old tapes, if it wasn't for 'Straight to Hell' I'd burn *Combat Rock*. Rock and roll has died.

Janie Jones Mairangi Bay

PS: New Zealand rock and roll got terminally ill when the Meemees stopped playing 'Pointy Ears'.

A Bitching Session

This letter is for the information of the dormant masses of the apathetic, nay, dead city of Christchurch.

The city (and the rest of the world) has come to the stage where the only people interested in joining bands (not forming them, apparently no one has enough guts to start at the bottom) are guitarists or vocalists wanting residencies in three weeks. Too

many ads are seen saying guitarist or drummer "wanting to join working band". How the fuck can a band be working if they need a guitarist or drummer?

Once a bastion of fresh talent and ideas, the city has fallen into a sewer of anaesthetic doldrums, no longer a sparkling gem, but a dull paste copy. With very, very few places to play, the ever-important garage bands have no reason to take their art seriously. Christ, will someone please pass the TG's?

Patti and Mo Christchurch

Heavy Letter

Did you find Greg Cobb or win him in a raffle? Agreed, Deep Purple *Live in London* lacks the punch of some previous albums. Nevertheless, tracks like 'Mistreated' and 'You Fool No One' deserve a mention. Both contain excellent instrumental work from John Lord and Ritchie Blackmore.

Obviously the man is an Iron Maiden/Motorhead type head-banger who pays little attention to melody, pacing and technical ability — things often lacking in the thrash'n'bash macho image bands.

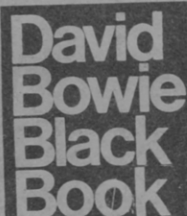
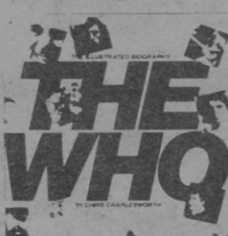
Regarding his two-line review of Rainbow's latest offering, the band has mellowed since early days but Ritchie Blackmore and Roger Glover's talent and flair mean the band is still producing outstanding music, as trax such as 'Power' and 'Tearin' Out My Heart' show.

Michael Stephenson Invercargill

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ACROSS: 1 THE SKYS GONE OUT. 7 SS. 9 HA HA. 10 HOT. 12 EARTH. 14 ONO. 15 FLYING NUN. 18 SAY. 19 NON. 21 BASS CULTURE. 22 LETS DANCE. 26 OMD. 28 BAT. 29 EAT. 30 ROY. 31 APEMAN. 33 SET. 34 DIE. 35 TED. 36 LET. 37 OATES. 39 EYE. 40 RE. 42 AL. 43 DMA. 44 ON. 45 REM. 47 WATCHTOWER. 50 DIVE. 51 ERA. 52 LES. 53 MO. 54 CHINESE EYES.
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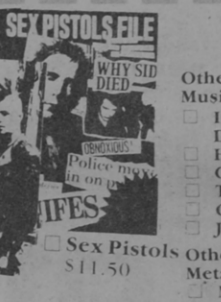
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- 2 Mark Williams, Joe Cocker, Mike Chunn interview (Split Enz in Europe).
- 19 Talking Heads, Ramones, Sire label, Steely Dan, Kim Fowley.
- 24 Talking Heads Part 2, Citizen Band, Swingers bandfile, Dragon.
- 26 Devo, Knack, Mi-Sex, Wellington Special.
- 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 'Quadruphenia', 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 Martha Davis, David Byrne, Dave McArtney, 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, Borich/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, Eller Foley, Dire Straits.
- 47 Jam in London interview, Reggae/Bob Marley Supplement, Madness, Joy Division.
- 48 Cold Chisel, Blams, Wgtm Zone.
- 49 Angels, Beat, Lemmy Motorhead and Desmond Dekker interviews.
- 50 Swingers, U2, Psychedelic Furs, the Clean.

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FROM THE ARCHIVES!



EXTRA 1

Split Enz 2 page pic history, Cramps, Toy Love (pic, last gig photos, TL by Toy Love), Ramones (interview, pic, NZ favs), 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 (New-matics, Pop Mx, Penknife Glides, Techtones), Kinks profile, mod Ray Columbus, David Bowie pic, UK Scene by Jeremy Templer, Newtons, Heavenly Bodies, Chris Knox pic.

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CORUBA CALENDAR

RIU, MAY 13 TO JUNE 12

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

Randy Newman is the only major international act touring this month. He plays shows in Wellington and Auckland, on May 17 and 18 respectively. Newman will be performing solo on stage.

Narcs undertake a national tour to promote their new EP *No Turning Back...* Big Sideways go to the nation to promote their album in June and July. Tour begins June 6, Gluepot and stretches as far South as Invercargill... doing it the other way round are two quite different Dunedin bands, the Stones and Out to Lunch, who both visit Auckland...US all-lady funk



Big Sideways national tour commences June 6, Gluepot.

MAY 13

Radio With Pictures
Special, Mainstreet.
Peter Gabriel and Stevie
Wonder both 33 today.

14

Dance Exponents
Mainstreet
Kiwi Animal Napier

15

Neighbours Cabaret,
Cricketers

13,14

Narcs Quinns
Big Sideways Wiri
Neighbours Cricketers
Out to Lunch Rumba
Ibis Hillcrest
Citizen Band Gisborne
Alastair Riddell Windsor
Blades Aranui

INSIST ON A CORUBA
AT THE 'HILLCREST'

Daggy & Dickheads
Bellblock
Coconut Rough Gluepot
Driving Sideways, Mace
Cosgroves
Stark Naked Esplanade
Godz Doodles
Hillman Hunter Royal Int.

16

Randy Newman
Christchurch
Neighbours Alberts
Kiwi Animal Cosgroves
Narcs Blenheim
Ibis Whakatane
Blancmange 'Happy
Families', Tears for Fears
'The Hurting', Van
Morrison 'Inarticulate
Speech of the Heart',
Spandau Ballet 'True',
Bowie 'Rare', Black
Sabbath 'Live Evil', Elton
John 'Too Low For Zero'
and Propeller compilation
'We'll Do Our Best' all
released.

17

Big Sideways Gluepot
Neighbours Wanganui
Kiwi Animal Cosgroves
Narcs Westport
Ibis Mt Manganui
Ian Curtis hangs himself
1980, attempts to create a
martyr begin.
• Sneaky Feeling's 45 'Be
My Friend' is released.

TRY A CORUBA
AT THE 'GLUEPOT'

18

Narcs Shazam Concert,
Christchurch
Randy Newman Auckland
Ibis Rotorua
Big Sideways Gluepot
Car Crash Set Windsor

19

Randy Newman
Wellington
Midge Marsden Hillcrest
Narcs Timaru
Terror of Tinytown, Days
Centrale, Compulsory
Allies Windsor
Ibis Rotorua

19,20,21

They Were Expendable
Rumba
New Band Special
Mainstreet
Beaver Cricketers
Auckland Walk Gluepot
Willie Dayson Esplanade
Blades Aranui

20

Diehards Windsor
Hip Singles Bellblock
Narcs Cook
Unrestful Movements
Sheaf
Alastair Riddell
Cambridge
Daggy & Dickheads
Hillcrest
Citizen Band Wiri
Ibis Gisborne
No Tag & others, dance at
Mt Roskill Municipal Hall.
Nick Heyward is 12,
sorry, 22 today.

Godz Doodles
Hillman Hunter Royal Int.

21

Neighbours, Pelicans
Napier
Battle of the Bands
Dunedin Town Hall
Diehards Windsor
Narcs Cook
Hip Singles Bellblock
Alastair Riddell
Cambridge
Ibis Gisborne
Daggy & Dickheads
Hillcrest
Citizen Band Wiri
Kiwi Animal Bad Taste
Party Auckland
Henchmen Blockhouse Bay
Primary School Hall

22

1954: Bob Dylan
celebrates his Bar Mitzvah.



Kiwi Animal's Bad
Taste Party, May 21.

23

Narcs Queenstown
Ibis Wairoa
• Renee Geyer 'Live' and
King Trigger 'Screaming'
released.
John Coltrane's last show
1967. Elmore James dies of
asthma 1936.

TAKE IN A CORUBA
AT THE 'GLOBE'

24

Narcs Invercargill
Ibis Wairoa

25

Narcs Oamaru
Ibis Cabana
Diatribes Windsor
Paul Weller is born 1958.
Ricky Lee Jones 'Girl At
'Her Volcano', Nick Lowe
'Abominable Showman',
Rod Stewart 'Body Wishes'
released.

26

Ibis Cabana
The Band's Levon Helm is
born 1942.
Stereo FM on air.
89 on FM band.

26,27,28

Coconut Rough Windsor
Narcs Hillsborough
Neighbours Gluepot

27

Citizen Band Bellblock
Ibis Mayfair
Dance Caledonian Hall,
ChCh
Party Auckland
Siouxsie Sioux (1957) and
Cilla Black (1943) share a
birthday. What does this
mean?

Alastair Riddell Esplanade
Corner Rumba
Blades Aranui

28

Citizen Band Bellblock
Gary McCormick
Cricketers
Ibis Mayfair
Henchmen Mt Albert
Primary School Hall
Gladys Knight born 1944.
Steve Strange flogs the
idea 1959.

Godz Doodles
Hillman Hunter Royal Int.

30

Narcs Cricketers
Ibis Palmerston North

31

Narcs Quinns
Ibis Masterton
John Bonham would have
been 36 today.

JUNE 1

Narcs Palmerston Nth
Auckland Walk Rotorua
Ibis Wellington
Propeller Gig Mainstreet
Ron Wood is born 1947.

SETTLE INTO A CORUBA
AT 'MAINSTREET'

2

Narcs Wanganui
Auckland Walk Taupo
Ibis Wellington
Charlie Watts is 42 today.
Only 18 years till
retirement day ...

2,3,4

Stones, Tall Dwarfs Rumba
Blues Weekend Cricketers
Godz Doodles

3

Narcs Bellblock
Citizen Band Mainstreet
Auckland Walk Cabana
Alastair Riddell Hillcrest
Ibis Broderick
Suzi Quatro is 33 today.

Daggy & Dickheads
Gluepot
Blades Aranui

4

Alastair Riddell Hillcrest
Narcs Bellblock
Citizen Band Mainstreet
Ibis Broderick
Auckland Walk Cabana

Willie Dayson Windsor
Royales Esplanade
Hillman Hunter Royal Int.

5

Narcs Mainstreet
Talking Heads 'Speaking
in Tongues' released.

CORUBA FEST,
ANYNIGHT!

6

Stones, Tall Dwarfs,
guests Recording Party,
Rumba
Auckland Walk
Palmerston Nth
Alastair Riddell Hillcrest
Kiwi Animal Cosgroves
Big Sideways Gluepot
Howard Devoto leaves
Magazine, ending the
group, 1981.

7

Auckland Walk Wanganui
Ibis Wanganui
Big Sideways Waikato
University
Tom Jones is 43 today.

8

Auckland Walk New
Plymouth
Ibis Bellblock
Big Sideways Gisborne
Brian Jones announces he
is to leave the Stones
1969.

9

Auckland Walk New
Plymouth
Ibis Bellblock

10

Auckland Walk Hillcrest
Ibis Wiri
Royales Bellblock

9,10,11

Diatribes Rumba
Herbs Windsor
Coconut Rough Esplanade

11

Auckland Walk Hillcrest
Henchmen Flanshaw Rd
Primary School Hall
Royales Bellblock
Ibis Wiri

Hillman Hunter Royal Int.
Big Sideways Hastings
Alastair Riddell Gluepot
Bronx Cricketers
Blades Aranui

12

Beatles sneak a number in
the royal bog before
accepting their MBEs. Reg
Presley is 40 today.
B52s 'Whammy' released.

CONTINUED FROM ABOVE
band Ibis tour North Island centres...
Legionnaires join Dance Exponents
May 13 for a *Radio With Pictures*
special, which will be videotaped and
recorded at Mainstreet on 24-track
equipment...Auckland Walk take a
stroll around the North Island in June.
Henchmen come back out of the
woodwork to promote their new
single, playing a series of gigs in primary
school halls...punk dance at Mt
Roskill Municipal Hall features speed
kings No Tag and other Auckland and

Wellington bands, May 20.
Action in Christchurch with a cer-
tain Southern bar by the name of
Zanzibar to run late week at the Old
Star Tavern. Tony Peake will be spin-
ning high-class dance discs...Garden
City band ECF will be scaring cities on
their 'God Help Us' national tour in
early June...the Unemployment
Collective's Alternative Entertainment
Bureau has a four band dance at the
Caledonian Hall, May 27. Only a
buck on the door, it's called 'Not
Another Party'.



Andrew Snoid, Coconut Rough.

**CORUBA
GIG GUIDE**

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

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with guests Tom Scott, Don Henley,
Karla Bonoff, Bill Payne and Tim
Schmitt.

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