



SINGLES BAR

Echo and the Bunnymen
Never Stop (Discotheque) 12"
(WEA)

The bunnies are jumping. The Cutter proved there was room for them on the dancefloor and 'Never Stop' hammers home the fact. Violin intro gives way to percussion and piano. An anthem delivery from Mac and just the right amount of those stripped-back dancey bits everyone loves. Scummy. Not only that, you also get a summer version of 'Heads Will Roll' and the original version of 'The Cutter'.

Yazoo
Nobody's Diary 12" (Mute)

Yazoo were never meant to keep, so it's quite acceptable for them to make like a banana prior to the second album's release. This extended version is infinitely richer than the 7", although still a trifle boring. Turn it over for 'State Farm', their best effort since

the evergreen 'Situation'.
Spear of Destiny
Flying Scotsman 12" (Burning Rome)

Kirk Brandon tries his new flavour and succeeds in reaching new heights of boredom. Give me spears of asparagus any day. Yello

I Love You (Stiff)

Yello are Swiss, that's all you need to know. Kraut style cream synth in a chunky form, nice in discos or on crumpets.

David Grant

Stop and Go (Chrysalis)

Debut single from the former Linx vocalist and soul food gourmet. The Jackson recipe is prevalent in production and image. Could have worked on a slightly better song, instead it pales against the best work of Linx.

Freeez

I.O.U. (Beggars Banquet)

Freeez haven't had a hit since 'Southern Freeez', back in '81. So in came current hotshot New York dance producer Arthur Baker. He threw in a few of the right ingredients, you know, overpowering synth bass, pulsating drum, teaspoon of yeast. Into a hot oven and it's rising up the charts.

Whodini

Haunted House of Rock (Jive)

This time without the able

assistance of Thomas Dolby. Sort of 'Monster Mash' goes rap when the NY DJs go to Blighty. Lots of fun and absolutely non fattening.

Paul Young

Wherever I Lay My Hat 12" (CBS)

From vocalist with a little known soul covers band to overnight sex symbol. Paul Young slows down an old Marvin Gaye song to a more modern Marvin feel and, Bob's your uncle, a huge hit and a dinner date with Tracie. Poor sod. Best course? Dessert. 'Sex' a Gabi Delgadoish Euro-funkette.

Style Council

Long Hot Summer 12" (Polydor)

In June, Weller (the Capuccino Kid) and Talbot went to Paris. Unable to get a table at Maxims, they went into the studio and conjured up this little masterpiece. Very sweet, in the 'Wherever I Lay My Sexual Healing' mould with luscious backing vocals. A huge summer hit that should go down well with a bottle of beaujolais.

Ministry

I Wanted To Tell Her 12" (Arista)

This band could single-handedly change my opinion of Americans. Tight, true white funk that makes New Order sound like the rustle of an empty chip bag. Whoops, I think I'd better leave. After dinner mint, anyone?

Mark Phillips

the SHAKE Summation

Netherworld Dancing Toys
The Trusted Ones (Flying Nun)

A jaunty little number indeed. As a song it's probably not as good as, say, 'Change to the Contrary', but the sound is much fuller than on the band's first EP. Malcolm Black is in fine voice on 'Bored to Death' on the flip but the song wanders a bit. Good stuff, if not a substitute for NDT live.

Marginal Era

This Heaven (Reaction)

Paul Agar certainly has talent as a songwriter but I'm not sure about what's been done here. This song (which began life as an instrumental) gets stopped dead by an awkward spoken chorus where the production ideas haven't worked. Otherwise, it's OK. 'Best Thing' makes a better job of getting something of the band's live performance on record. I think Mr Agar should trust his pop instincts - he can't fail if he does.

Victor Dimisich Band EP
(Flying Nun)

One of those records that seems to come out of nowhere, a

pleasant surprise. About all I know about Mr Dimisich is that he played bass in the Basket Cases after Paul Kean left but he's turned up here with five unusual, romantic songs, notably the sad 'Thirteenth Floor'. When the music threatens to get too thick it's effectively pierced by Dimisich's quavering voice. If it sounds like some things Bill Direen's done that's because Alan Meek is playing keyboards.

They Were Expendable

Big Strain EP (Flying Nun)

Four songs and an instrumental and what comes through most strongly is Jay Clarkson's personality. Her lyrics are very good - honest, dealing with her situation. Probably the best is 'Big Strain', a song about a relationship. Nick Strong's 'Posture' has a different feel but isn't out of place. Sometimes there's the same feeling I get with the Expendables live - that the music isn't quite fitting together, but in lyric and spirit this record is spot on.

Dragon, Rain (CBS)

I hope Marc Hunter's got his tongue in his cheek when he sings the opening lines: 'It's a happenin' thing And it's happen' to you' but apart from that it's an average rock song with a strong chorus. The bonus is a couple of good live tracks on the flip.

Narcs

Look the Other Way (CBS)

Narcs songs have never been more than a chorus and a riff. Their last EP had catchy, if rapidly wearying, choruses but this song's a turkey. The video clip's great so maybe you could turn the sound down and play Cabaret Voltaire when it comes on the telly.

Larry Morris Band

We've Gotta Get Out of This Place (WEA)

A seamless, well-executed version of the Animals' classic without the excitement. The flip 'Little Darlin'' is a similar exercise in competence.

Shane

Don't Play That Song Again (WEA)

An obvious schlocky shot at daytime radio. It'll probably do it. It certainly won't touch my turntable again.

Eddie O'Strange

Video Dodo EP (Strange)

Eh? Six not very exceptional songs (including the silly 'Video Dodo', which seems to be an in-joke for TVNZ staff) done in a light-hearted manner. I just can't see the point or who it's meant to appeal to.

Noel Crombie

My Voice Keeps Changing on Me (Mushroom)

Another RIU writer has stated that Mr Finn's album is simply the

whim of a comfortably-off pop star, but that record has been justified on the grounds of commercial success alone. I don't think this one will be. Crombie doesn't have the voice to get anywhere near the original or even reach the standard you'd hear at a Southland C&W festival. The flip, 'Ninee Neezup' is a curious little thing that's actually quite fun. Russell Brown

Letters

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

What happened? Where's the so-called 'boom' of new bands we were going to see this year? Where are all the silly young things who brightened up Friday and Saturday nights? There are a few new bands around - but new ideas? Not likely! In Christchurch the White Boys parade their brand of heavy metal which is as regressive as listening to the latest Iron Maiden album. If bands here aren't made up of people who've been playing for ages, then they offer nothing but cliches and borrowed stances - there are few exceptions.

Recently Terror of Tinytown and Marginal Era toured here - is this what AK is breeding? Bands who don't give a damn about their audience and play pretentious and self-indulgent music. It would seem Auckland living dulls the critical senses and people like these bands because they don't hear any better - bit like commercial radio innit?

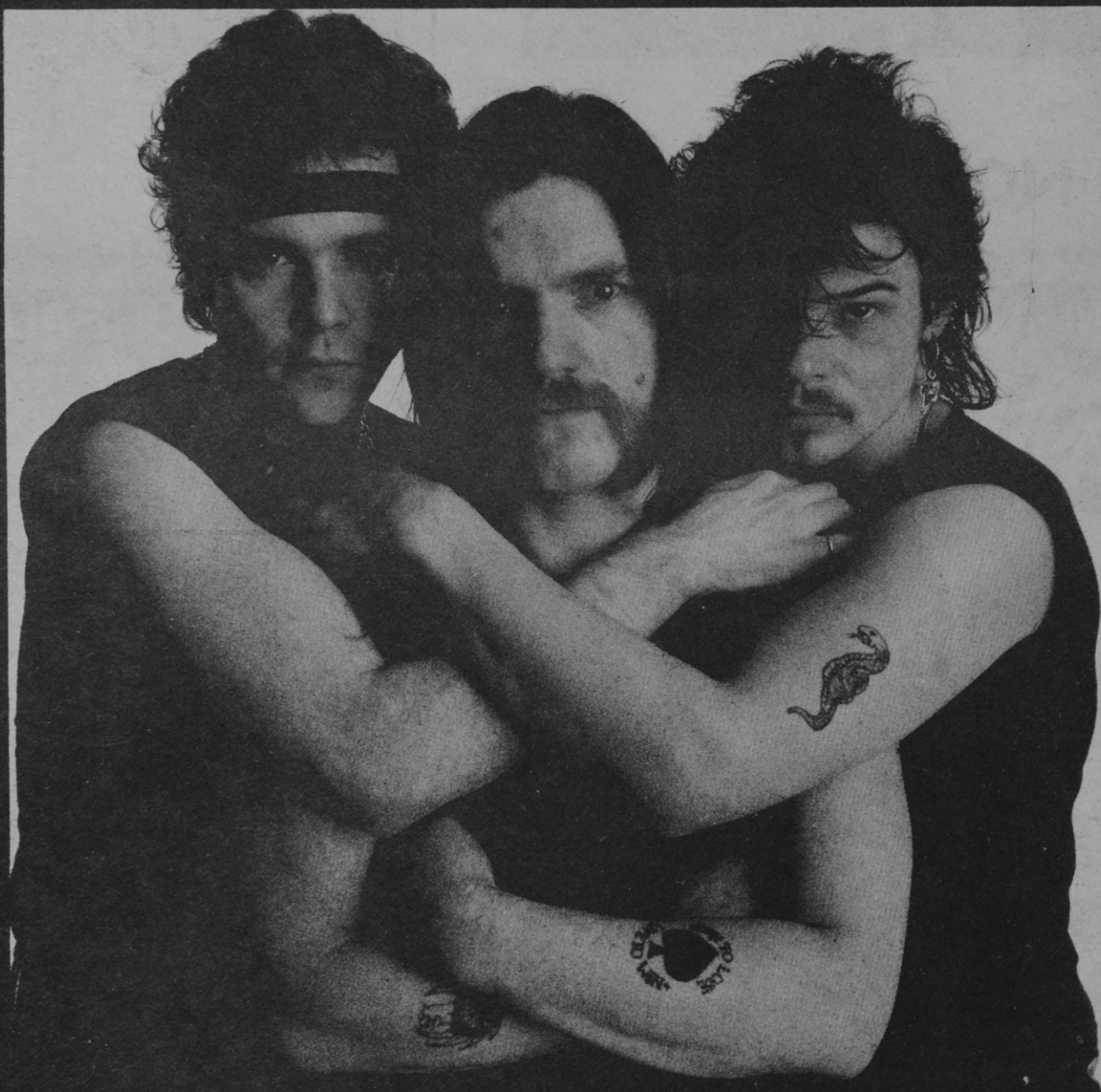
I'm not getting all nostalgic - the opposite. I'd give my right ear to actually enjoy seeing someone new.

F. Rae Christchurch

What's happened to everybody's sense of humour? The Sex Pistols T-shirts in Malcolm McLaren's 'Soweto' video are his way of taking the piss out of an industry that takes itself too seriously. It was great to see the funny, different and entertaining 'Soweto' clip amongst the other serious and boring clips on 'Ready to Roll, RWP' etc. McLaren went on his worldwide search for the different and original and provided it. Not bad for an insignificant little jerk. If it wasn't for McLaren we wouldn't have the pleasure of some of the most interesting and important music of the year.

Fun Boy No. 1 Wanganui

motörhead



the new album

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LARRY KING SHAG LETTER

(Just delete where inapplicable, post to PO Box 5689 and save the trouble of writing your own).

Print this as it's true/false/ a load of shit...

Just who does this wanker/ shithead/fuckface 'Arry/ Schmarry/King Shag/King Slag/ King Shit think he fucking/ bloody/fucking (again) is/was?

Who/what gives him the right/write to slag such great/ wank bands as Auckland Walk/ Tomorrow's Parties/The Narcs? Why can't the guys/jerks be left alone without having a wanker/ shithead/fuckface like 'Arry/ Schmarry/King Shag/King Slag/ King Shit writing utter crap/ trash about them? Surely they

have enough problems of their own without a drunken/sober poser/coolcat/dude/fuckwit giving them more/heaps?

I just can't understand why you, the editor/so-called editor lets this slimy/grimy/limey little berk/jerk/turk/git get away with this tripe/written answer to herpes. I think that somebody with a mouth as big as my dog's arse/my cat's arse/ a black hole/a brown hole/ a vespa latrine shouldn't/ should have/ave a column/ page in your otherwise great/ fucked magazine.

Signed,

Roger King/Pete Adams/LR/ Eight Living Legs. Auckland/Wellington/ Palmerston Cheese.

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