

COUNTDOWN

magazine

Annual

\$5.25

1986



Managing Editor Michael Maki
Editor Christine Camp
Editors Meredith O'Connor
Assistant
Art Direction Christopher Art Director
Art Assistants Adrian Wong, Linda Dang

Contributors

Alanna, Scott Barab, Mark Bragman,
Jack Brash, Catherine, Janet Cook,
Louise Grace, Ian Green, Bob
Howard, Macy Kyan, Kaitlyn
McDougal, Lisa McKeown, Ian
McMurray, Doug Packer, Donald
Robinson, David Rooney, Sampa, Ryan
Simpson, Susan Sogby, Stuart Spence,
Kathleen, Ryan, Rhonda Thomas,
Ernie, Ann York, David Yost, John
Yost

Print address
McGraw-Hill
WATERLOO
N2L 2G7

McGraw-Hill, a division of The McGraw-Hill Companies,
1221 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020-1346
Bibliothèque Universitaire, 1155 Avenue
Robinson, 3^e étage
Téléphone: (514) 393-3700
Téléfax: (514) 393-3701
E-mail: mcgraw-hill@mcgraw-hill.com
Web: www.mcgraw-hill.com

McGraw-Hill is a registered trademark of The McGraw-Hill Companies.

C O N T

TOURISM

International concerts

1986 IN REVIEW

Australia	11
UK	12
US	13
Retro	20
Louise Graber	24
Good Golly It's Molly!	50
FACES OF '86	
Prince	14
A-ha	18
Madonna	30
The Young Ones	34
Hunters And Collectors	52
Pseudo Echo	56
Jimmy Barnes	86
Whitney Houston	90
Models	112
Sting	116



STAR 20 QUESTIONS

Kate and Zan — I'm Talking	16
Sean Kelly — Models	32
David Lee Roth	54
Martin Kemp and John Keeble — Spandau Ballet	88
The Hoodoo Gurus	114

PROFILES

Crowded House	26
Venetians	28
Feargal Sharkey	43
Boom Crash Opera	44
Wall Of Voodoo	62
Stephen Ferris — Flotsam Jetsam	64
Paul Kelly	65
Wa Wa Nee	80
Mick Hucknall — Simply Red	98
Stan Ridgway	99
The Saints	100
Roland Gift — Fine Young Cannibals	105

EVENTS OF THE YEAR

Bob Geldof	36
Wham! — The Final	37
Countdown Awards	38
Dire Straits in Oz	38
That's (Not Just) Entertainment	39
The Hypes — Absolute Beginners and Sigue Sigue	40
Sputnik	
Boy George	42



E N T S

THE BRAT PACK

Happy snappies of baby pop stars

SPECIAL FEATURES

A Year In The Life of INXS

A Day In The Life Of Brian Mannix

THE FUN STARTS HERE

Guru Adrian

Rockreation

Quotes Of The Year

Brothers Of Rock

Giant Starcross

Turkey Awards

Shooting Stars!

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO...

Duran Duran, Michael Jackson, Sharon O'Neil, U2 and others.

FASHION

Young Guns Go For It! The best from Oz and the UK.

MOVIES

The Great Choc-Top Experience

Hollywood's Dreaded Darlings

VIDEO

The Countdown Rock Video Project

Bob Giraldi

THE MENTAL AS ANYTHING SCRAPBOOK

The Mentals '78 - '86 by pictures!

CHARTS — UK, US, Australia

YOUR STARS FOR '87



46

58

102

66

68

71

72

76

78

79

82

92

106

108

110

111

118

122

128





TINA TURNER

Tina Turner's visit was her umpteenth Australian tour, but this one was different. No more Rhythm Hotel dinner shows; the crowds that lined up the major arenas were a reflection of her massive resurgence in popularity and chart success since her last tour. The shows were slickly choreographed, owing much to the *Private Dancer* video, so that Tina perhaps wasn't as wild as she used to be.

But she was as agile as ever, each costume change produced something more risqué, and those legs strutted and pranced with ever-youthful vigour. No doubt they would all like her for a gracee.

(PIC: ROSS BARNETT)

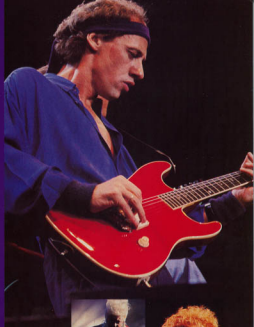


MIDGE URE

If I was...not a boring old pop star, maybe I could have sold more tickets! Bob Geldof's Live Aid sidekick, clad in a long white coat, brought us The Gift for Christmas, in the shape of his first Australian solo tour.

The album was dutifully reproduced, with Midge's towering vocals soaring around the concert halls. Ultravox fans were sorely disappointed however, as Vienna was not included, but Visage followers will *Fade To Grey*. (PIC: CAMERATERY)





DIRE STRAITS

So many people managed to see this lot, that they made it into our list of The Year's Greatest! With more than 12 concerts during their seven-night, 2½ months here, most of the Australian population saw Dire Straits, especially as their last concert, which they was televised live. What we saw was a razor-sharp, professional rock band skilfully reproducing the Brothers in Arms album. Knopfler's guitar style — the kind that cannot be said for his guitar hero, Eric Clapton — was alternately stunned and mesmerising. There was Romeo and Juliet for a duet, Talking by the Pool for a bop, So Far Away for a singalong and I Want My MTV for the outlandish rock. Yes, it was all there, and no doubt thousands of Aussies will earmark it as a tour never to be forgotten. (PIC: CAMERATERY)



(PIC: CAMERATERY)

(PIC: ROSS BARNETT)

THOMPSON TWINS

It may have been brief, but the Thompson Twins tour was certainly one of the brightest of the year. Vibrant, flaming shirts, multi-coloured suits and hair all colours of the rainbow — and Alannah and Joe looked pretty good too! The three Twins rolled out all the hits, Lay Your Hands On Me, Doctor Doctor... usually accompanied by the entire concert hall. The rifty head-attached microphones allowed the group to dance and dash about, a freedom Alannah particularly enjoyed, doing various forms of aerobics and across the stage cartwheels. Phew!



(PIC: ROSE MARNETT)

BOB DYLAN/TOM PETTY

Bob Dylan's February tour was his first here in eight years, and as usual lots of people went to see him in case they never got the chance to do so again — a sort of investment in something to tell the grandchildren.

This time he brought along Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers as his backing band, so Tom kept up the interest by sharing the limelight. Yep, it was really friendly on stage. Stevie Nicks, who had come for the ride sometimes joined in on vocals for something to do; until Actors Equity found out that is. Even Mark Knopfler stepped onstage with a guitar at a Sydney concert.

Dylan kept audiences happy by running through the entire Dylan songbook, including all the old chestnuts. He was less obliging with journalists, restricting himself to a Sydney press conference in the studio of artist Brett Whiteley. The last two concerts, however, were filmed by Australian Gillian Armstrong for an American TV special, later released on home video.



(PIC: CAMILLA DUFFY)

LYOYD COLE

Looking like Elvis in his late '60s chubby cheeks comeback phase, Lloyd Cole and his Combinations greeted the cavernous Sydney Entertainment Centre with some trepidation when they took the stage. After all, despite UK hits with both albums — *Rattlesnakes* and *Easy Places*, Lloyd and crew had yet to make the uneasy transition from smallish crowded halls to yawning auditoria. Three songs in, warmed up, but with nowhere to go, the

Combinations, — or rather, bassist Laurence Donegan — decided it was time to get intimate, and drew the ground rows into a cosy huddle front-of-stage. The trick worked, and the band launched into an exuberant run-through of their best numbers — *Perfect Skin*, *Charlotte Street*, *Rattlesnakes*, *Cut Me Down* etc, with Donegan's Scots cheek offsetting of Cole's shy earnestness. Gig of the year, no correspondence entered into...



SADE



STING

Stung's somewhat serious foray into the jazz world may have been greeted with suspicion and pessimism, but tickets went like hotcakes for the ex-Polliceman's first solo outing. And a sparkling affair it was too. Some of the very jazz oriented material may have elicited polite and respectful applause only, but it was hard not to be impressed by his band. Bradford Marshall on sax and Omar Hakim on drums in particular, constantly drew the proverbial ooohs and aahs.

Sting showed he hadn't lost the knack of how to please a crowd either, even when they ranged from businessmen to teensies. An acoustic *Message In A Bottle*, *Every Breath You Take* and *Roxanne* brought the house down, while songs from *The Dream Of The Blue Turtles* like *If You Love Somebody*, *Russians* and *We Work The Black Seam* made the transition to live performance well. (PIC: ROSS BARNETT)

The ice-cool charms of the sultry Sade Adu lured one of the more upwardly mobile crowds of the year. The tour got off on the wrong foot, or rather on the wrong arm to be precise, when the group's saxophone player injured his in Japan, requiring our own Mr Versatile Joe Camilleri to step in on 48 hours notice for the Perth, Adelaide and Melbourne shows. The video screens above the stage left no doubt that Sade was as gorgeous in the flesh as we'd all hoped. Pity then that she stuck to her image like glue, particularly since Australia was the last leg of her nine month world tour, a suitable occasion to let the hair down one would think. Concert highlights were the sublime *Your Love Is King*, and her backless clinging white top. (PIC: CAMERA7ERY)

A-HA

Morten, Pal and Mags (what, no Ringo?) well and truly raised a nation's shriek level, on a June jaunt which was ostensibly to be their live performance baptism for an extremely long world tour (ever feel like you've been used, punterrefest?). But Norway's greatest export since pickled fish weren't exactly facing a baking. For one, a mere squirt of Mort's glistening pectorals was enough to drown out a million bum notes, which themselves were kept to a minimum by the use of one rather top-notch backing combo (including a certain Dag, the puzzled subject of many an Antipodean chorale).

When they were up and running at Sydney's State Theatre, your humble, and v. wingish correspondent retreated to the safety of the far back rows as the time-worn mezzanine level visibly jumped a foot either side of normal. Who ever said synthpop was safe? Youzer!



MADNESS

It was the nutty boys' third visit but this time the big, baggy suits and kooky dancing could not disguise that the usual sparkle and wit was missing, sedily replaced by a slightly, er, wobbly stage presentation, courtesy of one too many Servies. Still there was ample opportunity to shake a frivolous leg to *My Girl*, *It Must Be Love*, *Our House*, and the likes of *Baggy Trousers* for the big-boot brigade. The more subtle charms of Yesterday's Men and One Better Day fell upon deaf ears, however. Five months later in August, after eight years, Madness split up. *Rip.*



THE DAMNED

The Damned, who swooped into the charts with *Strife*, were one of the more 'alternative' bands who made concert appearances in '86. Along with the likes of The Violent Femmes (January), Wet 01 Voodoo (May) and The Residents (August) they demonstrated in April that it was possible for such acts to do a successful tour of Australia in small to medium sized venues. And keep a lot of the demi-monde happy at the same time.



JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP

John Cougar Mellencamp came bounding into the country hot on the heels of the Seasideerow LP, the everybody's over-enthusiastic kid brother. The media couldn't help but draw comparisons to fellow heartland USA rocker Springsteen. True enough, the audiences were probably the same, and like Bruce in '85, Cougar's were the most hardworking and energetic concerts of the year. In two 75-minute minimum sets, the mid-western boy raved n' rolled through material from all four albums, some acoustic, some whoopin' and hollerin' with his seven-piece band. Many songs unfortunately had a rather tedious intro speech about one of John's childhood or school-days experiences, plus the obligatory comments on the plight of the farmers (Hey, I hear you guys have problems over here too!). But John had his sneakers on, some devilish dance steps and two boy wonder guitarists flanking him, and he was determined we were all gonna have a damn fine time.

(PIC: CAMERATERY)

RIK MAYALL AND BEN ELTON

Rik Mayall and Ben Elton did the Australian rounds in May, riding the wave of Young Ones mania. Ben Elton, a YO writer, was virtually unknown to the audience but entertained them with a rambling hour-long monologue with mild socio-political overtones. His self-deprecating style of humour fitted his short, bespectacled, besotted person well. In contrast, Rik Mayall was disappointing. There was far too much of the Young Ones' Rik, and weakly done at that. But that was what people wanted; he had only to pull a Rik face and the audience was convulsed. He was far better when he broke out of character. Both comedians had a good line in audience abuse. And Molly-abuse, in their Countdown Awards guest spot. (PIC: CAMERATERY)





THE CRAMPS

The Cramps' first brush with the Australian press was Don Lane, which prompted them to cancel all other interviews during their August visit. No matter, their shows drew all the fringe dwellers out of the woodwork. The Cramps' tacky lyrical suggestiveness seemed tame compared to the live band in all their sleazy glory: gold lame, belly-dancing outfits and tiger-print undies (singer Lux Interior's striptease finale).

With putting new bass player Candy Del Mar they whipped up a spine-tingling set, taking most material from the *Date With Elvis* album. It turned into a shambles by the *Surfing Bird* encore, but Lux was prostrate by that time anyway. In all, a hugely enjoyable romp through the Trash aesthetic. (PIC: IAN GREENE)

FEARGAL SHARKEY

Australia was the last stop in Feargal's world tour, which meant his already very rehearsed and slickly presented concert was even more, er, rehearsed and slickly presented. The large backing band with brass and three stylish black singers was the same line-up from the videos and they served to reproduce Feargal's solo album down pat.

A Good Heart and a romping *You Little Thief* got the biggest screams; however, a rather warbly version of Percy Sledge's classic *When A Man Loves A Woman* should perhaps have been left alone. Feargal lived up to his manic personality reputation, never staying in the same place longer than to flick that unbelievably annoying hairdo. For those who missed out, the last Sydney concert was filmed and recorded to be released as a video in 1987. (PIC: ROSS BARNETT)



YEAR IN REVIEW

One wonders whether Paul Kelly's other vocation, (apart from songwriting) was fortune-telling, when he sang "Every dog will have its day" from **Before Too Long**. 1986 was the year in which "veteran" Australian talents staked their claim on both popular and critical success - and got it. Reasons why? Maybe the Australian punter's in-built bimbo detector was on full alert when it came to two-minute wally pop trends (how many Slick Sixties have you seen in your local supermarket lately?). Maybe there was a dearth of new toy boys. Perhaps it really was that the performers in question chose this year to "get it right".

After a period in the wilderness with no record company and reported personal problems, Paul Kelly returned last year with the self-financed **Post**, a lean, dark

REASONS TO BE CHEERFUL

collection greeted with only a smattering of success. A year on, Kelly had delivered the double set **Gossip**, a much less introspective work than its predecessor but matching its excellence, and given the Big Push by Mushroom (the label which had previously dropped him), it was a much wider attention-gener. Hunters and Collectors put the chopper to the blimpish epics which characterised much of their six-year development, and became the Checked-Shirt Riders of the Charts with a sinewy, open and direct bunch of songs called **Human Frailty**, which, while bringing their wider exposure, did not sacrifice their uniqueness.

Same too for The Saints, the only surviving relic of Punk Australia circa '76 (albeit after a myriad line-up changes), who continued much in the vein of Chris Bailey's R'n'B-inspired '80s output, but with evident self-pruning and bolder production. **All Fools Day** was one of the year's finest LPs, while Bailey himself established a new trend in Edwardian Thug Chic.

The Models' eighth birthday present was an American hit with the **Out Of Mind...** single and a growing following there (although, some might argue, at the expense of creativity). INXS, of course, breathed the US mainstream with **What You Need**, while most of Britain remained indifferent... Back home there was a host of brash "new" hopefuls nipping at the Big Boys' heels; Crowded House's opening salvo was one of extraordinary colour and energy combined with some of the best



Mark Bradbridge

live shows seen in yanks; The Johnnys' **Highlights Of A Dangerous Life** gave the guitar-toting gringos a spur-heeled kick on to a nation's turntables; Boom Crash Opera's anthemic boom-bams made them the logical successors to the beer-barn hierarchy; the Trifids' **Born Sandy Devotional**, while only making a small splash here (unfortunately), gave them a stronger foothold in the more sympathetic climate of Britain; We We Nee replaced Wham! on a nation's bedroom walls. The Church delivered possibly their finest work in **Heyday**, and went on to give a major challenge to the strife-torn but quite wonderful Echo and The Bunnymen on a US tour. Mental As Anything maintained a fairly low profile, keeping touch with an excellent compilation album, while Martin



Lyndal Dwyer

The Solists' Chris Bailey.



(Pic: Ross Barnett)

Piaze put his size 11s into the solo arena with the successful stab **Piaze Suite**. One of the year's least palatable manifestations was a tiresome parade of '80s copyists whose sole contribution to 1986 seemed to be correct reference sources and Brian Jones quiffs. A triumph of form over content. But of the so-called "New Guitar" breed there were those of undoubted vision: Ups And Downs' **Sleepless** stood out by virtue of its songwriting strength and lush atmosphere; Dead Pretty used history as a weapon and came up with one of the year's strongest debut epics and a European tour in the offing. Other highlights - the return of The Reels with their spookypop-gospel version of **Bad Moon Rising**; the Go-Betweens' tours; Beverly Hills' videopop extravaganzas; Steve Cummings' **This Wonderful Life**. This list goes on.

While overall it seemed to be a year in which an awful lot of very little happened quite a lot, there were reasons to be cheerful. These have been some of them...



Venus and the Bananarama girls to the top

LET'S DO THE TIME WARP

Donald Robertson



I was hardly a vintage year for music. Oh sure, there was a lot going on in Britain and 1986 what with Boy George's drug problem, the very public Bob Geldof,

Wham! going out with a bang and the return of Spandau Ballet (waddya mean you didn't notice they'd been away?) — but very little of it had to do with music. Pop has become the Hollywood of the eighties and the musicians have become national celebrities whose every whiff of scandal becomes copy for the daily press.

As far as music went, Paul Rutherford from Frankie Goes To Hollywood hit the nail on the head late in the year when he said it was more like 1976 than 1986. The charts were absolutely chock-a-block full of reissues and cover versions — everything from the sublime (Sam Cook's *Wonderful World* and Marvin Gaye's *I Heard It Through The Grapevine* — both as a result of Levi's jeans commercials) to the ridiculous (The Real Thing's *You To Me Are Everything* and Dr. & The Medics' *Spirit In The Sky*). Bananarama trundled up both the UK and US charts with their shocking version of Shocking Blue's *Venus* and the Communards topped the charts with their version of *Don't Leave Me This Way*.

I'm Talking, who have been doing a version in their live set for over a year, must have been spitting bullets. The responsibility for the sorry state of

the charts must be laid equally at the doors of the record companies and the mass media. Radio One, the state controlled pop radio outlet, would get laughed off the airwaves in any of Australia's state capitals. What's worse is that its bird-brained DJ's spread themselves all over BBC-TV's *Top Of The Pops* as well. I don't know what's worse — watching them or thinking how much they are getting paid to insult the audience's intelligence. With so much of the mass media state controlled, it's no wonder there has been

a resurgence in pirate radio, and it's understandable why the music press continues to wield significant influence in the British scene. The advent of all night music video (albeit on a trial basis in Yorkshire alone) has to be some kind of breakthrough and will hopefully give pop TV the shake-up it obviously needs. Lacking the kind of live scene which nurtures new Australian bands and the alternative radio network which gives them airplay, it's perhaps no wonder that fresh original bands have been thin on the ground in 1986. The Housemartins were a breath of fresh air on a stale singles chart with the poppy *Happy Hour* but they were about the only thing worth talking about from an independent scene that seems to have completely atrophied. Dance/disco tracks continued to take a hefty slice of the singles action, with American rappers hitting the top 20 with beatbox regularity (The Real Roxanne, Run DMC, Farley Jackmaster Funk et al), one hit wonders like Sinitta *So Yukko* and smoochy lover soft rock from Boris 'Who's He?' Gardiner.

One of the few black acts to maintain any chart continuity, Five Star, unfortunately resembled nothing more than Johnny Young's Young Talent Time doing a Michael Jackson impersonation.

All the smart acts spent the year in tax exile readying albums for release in the lucrative pre-Christmas period. Howard Jones, Paul Young, Frankie Goes To Hollywood, The Pretenders and Spandau Ballet all jammed the runway in October and November.

Meanwhile Queen did the best business live (see what I mean about 1976?), closely followed by Simple Minds who topped the biggest ever concert in Scotland at Glasgow's Ibrox Park in June. The Glastonbury Festival was a wash-out (again), Rod Stewart topped the chart with *Son Of Selling* (see what I mean about 1976?), the Reading Festival was revived and featured wall to wall heavy metal bands (see what I mean...) and Paul McCartney played for Prince Charles (see what...) and — Let's do the time warp again.

Simple Minds' Jim Kerr live.





The Monkees — 20 years on they're US TV's hottest band



Peter Gabriel — elder statesman who Godfathered to mega success in '86

PLAYING IT SAFE

Rock'n'roll has taken a hell of a beating in America this year. The assault started in 1985, when the Parents Music Resource Center, or PMRC — a group of prissy, politically-connected women — decided that rock lyrics are sexy, violent, drug-oriented and just plain bad for you. They tried to get record companies to put warning stickers on albums that contained words they personally might consider offensive.

With the so-called Washington Wives as spearheads, local businesses started getting into the act. The state of Maryland tried to make it a jailable offence for a record store to sell an audio recording with dirty words on it to a minor. Jello Biafra, frontman of San Francisco's punk legends the **Dead Kennedys**, was arrested for enclosing an "obscene" poster in the band's latest album (it was a painting by internationally acclaimed German surrealist H.R. Giger). A city in Texas tried to pass an ordinance that would make it impossible for anyone under the age of 18 to attend a rock concert — the ordinance was framed as a health code, to "protect children" against loud noise and potential violence.

A major chain of department stores stripped its shelves of more than 30 music magazines, because their content was deemed unacceptable by a right-wing television minister. The store management pulled a bunch of hard rock albums, too.

A presidential commission decreed that the US is being overrun by pornography, and that rock music is a major contributor to the disease. A national poll of American citizens revealed that 40% of the populace believes rock lyrics have a "bad effect" on teenagers.

And then came the real nitty-gritty, the stuff that affects the bottom line of dollars and cents. A senate sub-committee was "shocked and dismayed" to "discover" that the music industry is rife with corruption, and began an

Ethlie Ann Vare



Ozzy Osbourne — just plain bad for you?

investigation of "the new payola". Record promoters, they gasped, have been known to actually bribe radio stations to play their product, using such contemptible tactics as business gifts and free meals. This committee, ironically (but not coincidentally), is led by Senator Albert Gore, husband of PMRC spokeswoman Tipper Gore.

Is this all getting confusing? Is it all getting unbelievable? It isn't over yet. During the northern summer, rock concerts erupted in violence, all of it greeted with an I-told-you-so raspberry from the conservative front. A teenager was killed when he threw himself off the balcony at an **Ozzy Osbourne** show. More than 40 were injured when gang warfare broke out at a **Run DMC** rapfest. First Lady Nancy Reagan announced that rock'n'roll promotes drug use, and a flood of anti-drug music videos and fundraisers accompanied a White House-backed program of random urinalysis drug tests on workers nationwide. The tests are supposed to be universally

voluntary, but one can imagine what happens to employees who decline to volunteer.

So, what does peeing in a bottle have to do with the top 437? The common thread that ties all these fascistic rumblings to music is that rock and roll, anti-authoritarian by definition, is the sound track of rebellion — and the current political climate brooks no rebellion. This is a time of nostalgic longing for older mores; why do you suppose **The Monkees** are the hottest band on television right now? In 1966, they may have been cutely anarchic ever so slightly threatening; 20 years later, they are simply cute.

Of the 30 best selling albums of 1986, barely a quarter were made by artists under 30 years of age. (The hit songs of 1986 makes a phrase "playing it safe" an understatement).

Look at the groups who dominated the charts: **Heart**, **Journey**, **Bob Seger**, **Genesis** — one of the best selling records of the year was **Barbra Streisand** singing **Broadway Show Tunes**.

Acts that were adventurous in their day finally became mega-sellers by virtue of surviving to elder statesman status: **Peter Gabriel**, **Steve Winwood**, **Dire Straits**, **Robert Palmer**.

And the overnight superstars, the platinum newcomers who are the life blood of the music industry? Well, there was **Whitney Houston**, but are her songs essentially different from those her cousin, **Dionne Warwick**, was singing two decades ago?

This is the year that **ZZ Top** went on the **Johnny Carson Show**, folks.

Last year, the **Rolling Stone** reviewed the US music scene and commented that 1985 — dominated by dinosaurs like **Rae**, **Speedwagon**, **Foreigner** and **Chicago** — looked a lot like 1975.

From where we sit, 1986 has an eerie resemblance to 1962. And it's a tough call as to whether the 1967 **BIG THING** is going to be the next **Beatles**... or the next **Perry Como**.

YEAR IN REVIEW

CHERRY TART



"The short loopy one indeed!" (Pic: Austrel)

...but don't we all love him? Greg Ptacek watches as Prince puts a dainty stiletto on the fine line between critical acclaim and mass popularity.

The three-year retirement from performing Prince had announced at the end of the "Purple Rain" tour in '85 only lasted until summer '86 — just in time to plug his new movie, *Under The Cherry Moon*, and its soundtrack album, *Paisaje*.

It was a nice try, but neither the surprise concerts nor the movie's heavily promoted premiere, complete with an MTV contest, seemed to help much. People didn't understand the movie and they didn't buy the record.

In fact, '86 was hardly a red-letter year for the Purple Badness by any account. Remember last year's giddy predictions of how the Prince sound, manifested through the Revolution and its various spinoff bands, would dominate the charts? Well, *Paisaje* was in and out of the top 10 quicker than you could say "Little Red Corvette".

As for the other bands — the Family, Mazzy Star, Apollonia, Vanity, Morris Day etc. — the public decided that Prince supplied all the Minneapolis sound it cared to listen to, thank you.

Image-wise, Prince did score a few points. He began doing interviews again, which tended to soften the edginess of his admittedly kinky personality.

And the movie premiere in Sheridan, Wyoming, of all places, turned out to be a real PR coup — *Little Prince On The Prairie*. In tonight's episode, the Lone Stranger journeys to Wyoming to sing and dance for the townsfolk. (MTV swears Sheridan was chosen at random; one

wonders whether the same airplay would have been given if the winner had been from, say, Cincinnati.)

On the other hand, his role as Christopher Tracy in *Under The Cherry Moon* may have confirmed for many in the mainstream that this was the creepiest guy on the silver screen since Peter Lorre. (He also wrote and directed the black-and-white film, shot in Southern France).

Prince plays a randy gigolo whose handy with a piano, Jerome Benton, Morris Day's mirror-holding sidekick in *Purple Rain*, plays Prince's rival, and both are after the same girl. Except for a quirky end, that's the plot folks.

The multiple shots of Prince languishing in bed and in the bathtub may have excited a few fans, but the critics weren't as easily turned on. The New York Times called his character a "self-caressing twerp of dubious provenance". The Washington Post unleashed this barrage: "Prince begins to remind you of something your biology teacher asked you to dissect". Ouch!

Still, one has to credit him for at least not following up *Purple Rain* with a tedious sequel. And if the film lacked content, it had plenty of style and wit, not unlike the '30s musicals it mimicked.

The soundtrack, on the other hand, was a return to the stripped down funkiness of Prince's earlier days. His embrace of psychobarella on *Around The World In A Day* was just a passing fancy, apparently. The album sported two singles, but neither was a monster hit.

There was no extensive Prince tour in '86, but the short, loopy one turned the ready-to-be-savage London critics into lovesick puppies during a stint of sell-out shows there in August. Media and public alike were in shell-shocked rapture — the media particularly, when Prince played all over again with the likes of Sting, and Rolling Stone Ronnie Wood at the after-concert celeb parties.

The remainder of the year was spent writing the screenplay for his next Warner Bros. film. In a Rolling Stone interview, he intimated that the film would be far more cerebral than either *Purple Rain* or *Cherry Moon*. "A while back, I had an experience that changed me and made me think different about how and what I wrote and how I acted toward people. I'm going to make a film about it".

Sheridan, be kind ●

P R I N C E



FACES OF **1000000**

<i>Favourite reading?</i>	<i>I like Salinger, Mure and D.H. Lawrence</i>
<i>What's the best thing about your life?</i>	<i>The fact that I have fun, make money?? and work at the same time</i>
<i>What's the worst thing about your life?</i>	<i>Don't know, I've never really thought about it</i>
<i>What do you wear to bed?</i>	<i>Chanel No. 5</i>
<i>If you were a dictator, what would you do?</i>	<i>Dictate for the freedom of mankind</i>
<i>Sports and hobbies?</i>	<i>Horsing, skiing, swimming and running</i>
<i>Most memorable dream?</i>	<i>Talking to Bob Geldof at a hippie party</i>
<i>Most treasured possession?</i>	<i>A jacket made in France</i>
<i>Bad habits?</i>	<i>I talk too much</i>
<i>What will you be doing when you're 40?</i>	<i>Living on some French island, retired</i>
<i>Favourite film?</i>	<i>Bladerunner, Being There and The Pope of Greenwich Village</i>
<i>What TV show would you most like to be in?</i>	<i>Late television</i>
<i>What's the weirdest gift you've ever had from a fan?</i>	<i>A collection of coloured chalks in a perfumed bag</i>
<i>If you were reincarnated, what would you like to come back as?</i>	<i>Six ft. tall and leggy like an Amazon</i>
<i>Event of 1989?</i>	<i>Los Angeles</i>
<i>First record bought?</i>	<i>Blame It On The Boogie – Michael Jackson</i>
<i>If you weren't a musician, what job would you like to have?</i>	<i>An actress</i>
<i>Love is...</i>	<i>Walking down West Broadway in Los Angeles hoping to catch a glimpse of Mickey Rourke</i>
<i>Favourite food/drink?</i>	<i>Greek feta, fresh veges, Pernier & bitters, lime & soda</i>
<i>What would you go to a fancy dress party as?</i>	<i>I think I'd rather not go to a fancy dress party</i>



Charles Bukowski

Travelling

Being in debt

*Depends, sometimes Jamie,
sometimes a nightdress*

*Try to eliminate starvation and
violence*

Skating, table tennis and swimming

I can't remember

*A gold bangle given to me when I
was one year old*

I'm always late

Still singing I hope.

*Bladerunner, Lolita and most
recently, The Fly*

*Dallas, because I'd like to wear
the clothes*

A teddy bear

A bird

*Visiting New York and having a
top ten single in Australia*

Compilation 1970

No other job

Confusing

*Generally spicy food, and I like
cocktails*

*A peasant woman from the 18th
century*



I'M TALKING

A-HA, SO THAT'S WHAT THE FUSS WAS ABOUT

From nowhere (er, Norway, actually) came three boys, a video and screaming teen scenes unseen since Culture Club. But could they play live? Chrissie Camp faints anyway...

Like many international popstars, Australia has come to have a special place in the hearts of Pal, Mags and Morten. It was while here on a promotional tour in October last year for the release of the **Hunting High And Low** album that they learnt their first whizz-video single **Take On Me** was taking on the world's charts. Number one in America, and soon to follow in most countries worth mentioning, including Australia.

Little did we suspect then, as they traipsed almost humbly around the TV/radio/press interview circuit, that just eight months later they'd be back in the biggest pop tour since Culture Club. Yesiree, it was Kleenex and more Kleenex for the throngs of screaming preteens, mounting overnight vigils outside posh hotels, Instamatics waving furiously at anything that looked vaguely Norwegian, autograph books thrust at unsuspecting Scandinavian journalists. The tab-teen-machine worked overtime!

The erstwhile and professional members of the world press were just as bad. Australia, you see, was the start of A-ha's world concert tour and the very first time they had ever played live [gulp].

Frightening, isn't it, that a group can achieve phenomenal world-wide success,

sell squillions of records, have lots of number ones and almost take over the heartthrob spot with the teenies, and have never sung or played a single note live! No wonder then that all eyes were on Perth on June 3 for the first ever A-ha concert. The denim-clad trio arrived, er, in denim, a few days beforehand, 57,000 Scandinavian journalists right behind them, plus American, British, European and Australian media types too. Perth-lies may be forgiven for thinking the America's Cup challenge had started early! After a rather polite (read "dead boring") press conference in which no-one said or asked anything even remotely interesting, Morten, Pal and Mags retired to the privacy of their hotel — and basically didn't come out again.

Guitarist Pal Waaktaar and his long-time American girlfriend Lauren played a bit of tennis. Keyboardist Mags Furuholmen did some sight-seeing with his Norwegian girlfriend Heidi, and singer Morten Harket, the only unmarried one (is that why he gets the most screams, girls?) didn't seem to do much at all.

Until he got on stage that is! **THE** definite star of the A-ha show, the hunky Morten proved he's an OK singer, and an even better remover of his jacket: ever-so-slowly to reveal those Norwegian muscles. And boy, did this raise the screaming level. Jumbo jets wouldn't have been heard next to this lot!

A-ha's Australian tour was like the Bay City Rollers in the '70s, the Beatles in the '60s. Thousands of A-ha T-shirted young girls manically waved banners and scarves, screaming — really screaming — **ALL THE TIME** (except when they were crying hysterically). In Sydney, the upstairs of the State Theatre literally bounced as the fans jumped up and down. For anyone over 15, things quickly got a bit boring on stage. Pal and Mags, probably nervous and uncomfortable about

being on stage for the first time, were content to concentrate on their instruments. Musically the strength of the show came from the three backing musicians, who reproduced the synth-pop sounds of **Hunting High And Low** to perfection. Still, the reviews were predictably all about the fans, rather than the band, and everybody agreed that they had thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

After three-and-a-half weeks the A-ha cyclone headed for Japan, then America and Europe, on a gruelling schedule of 130 concerts (between four and five a week) — to end in Norway next February. At this precise moment they are probably in an absurdly large stadium in Toledo surrounded by, yep, thousands of screaming girls.

This is where A-ha faces its biggest problem. Maintaining top spot on the slippery pop pole means not only having the pop machinery working for you, but also never being suffocated by your audience. A-ha claim they have always been serious musicians. How long then before they tire of audiences not even remotely interested in their playing ability, even if they could hear it?

Recording-wise, A-ha's second album has proved to be one big headache. While in Sydney, poor old Morten (struggling with tour-edited vocal chords), spent his days at EMI studios trying to finish his parts for the LP, which has been delayed several times. With this second LP, will they play safe and bow to the teenies' demands for more of the same, or will they stretch themselves and try to unlock the door to further musical development?

So far A-ha have had the sympathy vote. Let's face it, anything from Norway which finds success can hardly incur our wrath. Plus Pal, Mags and Morten have a sober worthiness about them — polite, unassuming, thoughtful. They're not the kind of pop stars to run off with your little sister, that's for sure!

Morten, for instance, had worked in a mental hospital helping potential suicides, studied religion for a year and spends his spare time passionately growing orchids. To put it in another way, A-ha parties are definitely not worth gate-crashing.

The group's immediate future looks bright. They won a Grammy award in September for the best new talent of '85/'86 and figured heavily in the American MTV Awards. The multi-platinum success of **Hunting High And Low** ensures their upcoming album will find some measure of popularity.

For many, A-ha remain the example of everything that is rotten in '80s pop music. Three pretty boys neatly wrapped up in a record company's big bucks marketing machine (the **Take On Me** video cost US \$250,000 alone) with none of the spark or real talent of Wham!, the spunk or humour of Frankie Goes To Hollywood or the style of the Spandau and Duran.

The A-ha wild card is whether they can keep coming up with videos as strong as **Take On Me** to keep them in contention ■



FACES OF **10000**

RETRO



Grace Jones on the press trail.

OCTOBER '85

- A-ha hit the promotional trail down under as **Take On Me** takes on the world's charts.
- **Marilyn** is dropped by his record company Mercury.
- Screaming teenies cause mayhem for the **Uncanny X-men** on the 'Cos Life Hurts national tour.
- **Reels** by Request tour — and audiences tell the Dubbo boys what to play from a handed out song list.
- **Absolutely** platinum for the Eurogliders.
- The Thompson Twins return from Irish tax exile with **Here's To Future Days**. The next 12 months are a disaster.
- The ABC re-screens **The Young Ones**. Neil comes up with a **Heavy Concept** from which **Hole In My Shoe** begins a four month chart run.
- After a triumphant national tour in September, INXS' fifth album **Listen Like Thieves** debuts at number one, where it stays for three weeks.
- Madness master mature pop on **Mad Not Mad**. Critics swoon and the nutty boys tour for the first time since '83.
- Electric Pandas' **Point Blank LP**.

NOVEMBER '85

- Wham **Make It Big** as a court decides Porge didn't pinch the **Last Christmas** tune from old big nose Manilow's **Can't Smile Without You**.

- Durannies Simon, Nick and Roger name themselves **Arcadia** (chortle, chortle) for **So Red The Rose**.
- Chuck and Di hold a hop at Melbourne's Concert Hall with proceeds (\$52 a ticket) to the Salvation Army. **INXS**, **Models**, **I'm Talking and Kids In The Kitchen** **Rock The Royals**.
- Annie Lennox and Aretha Franklin do it for the sisters.
- Don Johnson gets pinned to marry a bedroom wall as **Miami Vice** rules the TV airwaves, and the show's soundtrack hits the US number one.
- Paisley power poppers The Hoodoo Gurus receive gold records for **Mars Needs Guitars** in a rollicking affair at Sydney's Tivoli.
- Actor Rock Hudson dies and as Aids fears spread, Dionne Warwick, Stevie Wonder, Elton John and others record **That's What Friends Are For**, proceeds of which go to Aids research.
- Demi-god to the night-time set Nick Cave tours with demonic bluesman Screaming Jay Hawkins.
- Elton John releases **Ice On Fire**. George Michael helps him **Wrap Her Up**.

- The double live **The Living End** signals the end of a decade of wonderful 'n' wacky toons. Paul McCartney invites keyboardman Eddie Raynor to the UK to help with the **Press** album.
- "A voice squeezing from his throat like syrup laced with broken glass" — gollywoggish Mick Hucknall puts Simply Red's **Picture Book** album in the UK charts.
- **Species Decreases?** Not **Midnight Oil**. Fans clamour for tickets for a national tour, as the classic **10,000...** album notches up its third year in the top ten.
- Jimmy Barnes steamrolls into the charts with **For The Working Class Man**.
- The Xmas album rush begins with Venetians' **Calling In The Lions**, the **Mentals'** **Fundamental As Anything**, Mick Jagger's **She's The Boss** and Sade's **Diamond Life**.

DECEMBER '85

- Tina Turner proves we still need another hero, stiletto or not, as everyone's fave grannie brings the house down on her **Oz** tour.



Midge Ure's "Kamba" Place.

- Midge Ure, here with **The Gift** — takes notes.
- The PM Bob Hawke, Sir Les Patterson, a bevy of bands and 30,000 people enjoy the **Primo One Summer Fun Concert** in Sydney, proving rock and politics can mix!
- While Jimmy Barnes solo hits number one, total sales of the eight cold Chisel albums gets bunked up to over one million units.
- The Bronski Beat goes double time. Singer Jimi Somerville's new band **The Communards** declare **You Are My World**. No-one listens until nine months later when it hits the UK number one.
- Replacement John Foster hits **That Perfect Beat** straight to the UK Xmas top spot.
- Andrew Ridgley crashes yet another car, gets thrown out of yet another club and goes to Monaco as a tax exile to sulk.
- Like, er, wow man, Neil arrives for a tour.
- The Uncanny X-men clean up in the 1985 Countdown Magazine Readers Poll with **Best Band**, **Best Album** 'Cos **Life Hurts** and **Best Male Vocalist** **Brian Auger**. Duran are still the most popular international band and Madonnas the **Best Female Vocalist**.
- Media tycoon Kerry Packer throws the party of the year for his son's birthday. Molly Di's **Models** are the party band. **INXS** are amongst the guests and half Sydney's north shore is lit up by a fireworks display.
- The **Mentals** begin **The Big Wheel** summer tour.
- The Hoosters bring their **Hohner Melodica's** down under.



Like, ah gee, wow — Neil in Oz.



Farewell Aussie Crowl.

JANUARY '91

- Madonna and Sean Penn lead the world's paparazzi a merry dance in Hong Kong filming **Shanghai Surprise**. Sean perfects his left hook. The media dub them the Poison Penns.
- **Beal so Lonely** introduces 17 year old Texan Charlie Sexton and the cheekbones of the year.
- Kids in the Kitchen **Shine** to platinum.
- Hoodoo Gurus **Like Wow** summer tour continues.
- Looking like Darth Vader's sister, Grace Jones holds the country's media **Slaves To The Rhythm**.
- Thin Lizzy founder Phil Lynott dies at 35 after a heavy drink and drug session on Xmas Eve. Geldof, Bono and most of Ireland's music biz attend the funeral.
- Newly wed Simon Le Bon flies in from New Zealand to host the first Countdown of '86, before starting the Whitted Around The World yacht race.
- Feargal Sharkey has **A Good Heart**, although some critics thought **You Little Thief** summed things up better.
- D.C. Lee comes out from behind The Style Council to **See The Day**. Paul Weller splits up with his girlfriend of eight years and tongues wig.
- Dire Straits arrive.
- For Bryan Adams and Tina Turner, **It's Only Love**.
- For new Mushroom band Jump Incorporated, it's **Sex And Fame**.
- Elvis Costello stands in as emergency drummer for Irish warblers The Pogues. Bass player Cait O'Riordan is in his sights.

- The Johnnys launch **Injun Joe** with a bottle barbie.
- Spandau Ballet begin the new year still embroiled in legal battles with Chrysalis Records. It's nine months later before Spandau fans get a new single.
- Whamsters Porgie and Randy pop in for a holiday.

FEBRUARY '91

- Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers **Pack Up The Plantation** and join Bob Dylan on an Aussie jaunt. Stevie Nicks is Petty's "special guest".
- After seven years and 1½ million copies of their five albums, Australian Crowl call it a day. The five week **Final Wave** tour has packed houses in tears.
- Record buyers rush into the **Plaza Suite**, after Mental Martin has built it with **Concrete And Clay**.
- The ABC has a hit with **Dancing Daze**.
- The sunning Sex Pistols receive one million pounds in back royalties after manager Malcolm McLaren backs out of a High Court battle. Lydon's on the **Rise** with Pti.
- In the continuing Popstars Go To The Big Screen list, Annie Lennox does a bit with Al Pacino in **Revolution**, and Boy George joins the **A-Team**.
- WA votes V-Capri its most popular band for the second year in succession.
- WHAM split. George says goodbye to management company Nomis because of its imminent takeover by a 5th African group, and decides the time is right for Wham to go too. Andrew looks glum.
- Spy V Spy has **Harry's Reasons**.
- The Thompson Twins tour and are **King For A Day**.
- Bono joins Irish folk group Clannad for **In A Lifetime**, as U2 begin recording **The Unforgettable Fire** follow-up.
- Hunters and Collectors **Say Goodbye** to out and hit the pop charts.

MARCH '91

- The Damned have a damned big hit with a cover of the late 60s Paul and Barry Ryan hit **Eloise**.
- Sting **Brings On The Night** and tickets go like hot cakes when an April tour is announced.



- Robert Palmer and a group of red-lipped vixens take **Addicted To Love** to number one. Everyone wants to hire the backing band.
- **The Whole Of The Moon** becomes a firm favourite for Mike Scott's Waterboys, as does the album **This Is The Sea**. A proposed tour however, falls through.
- A combo called Sigue Sigue Sputnik launch their **Love Missile F1-11**. They parade pink stiletos, fishnet stocking headwear and talk of designer violence.

- After months filming the **Under The Cherry Moon** film in France, Prince gives us a big **Kiss**.
- UK critics go gaga over the Triffids' **Born Sandy Devotional** and the Go-Betweens's **Liberty Belle and the Black Diamond Express**.
- Guitar fans plug in for Stevie Ray Sun City Vaughan's tour.
- The longest video ever **Absolute Beginners** is released. London's Leicester Square is closed off for the movie's opening party, which sees budding starlet Patsy Kensit in the weeniest dress ever. Her group Eighth Wonder releases **Stay With Me** which sinks without a trace.
- INXS **Kiss The Dirt**.
- Elvis Costello says **Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood** and changes his name back to Declan Patrick Aloysius McManus. Bride-to-be Cait is confused.
- The Johnnys have another party to launch **Showdown**.
- Icehouse says **Baby You're So Strange**.
- George Michael goes into **A Different Corner**.
- Michael Hutchence starts his first acting role in Richard Lowenstein's **Dogs In Space**.





De La Soul in Holland

APRIL '91

- The Countdown Music and Video Awards in Melbourne with a Tuxedo — clad Sting, Mister Mister and Rik Mayall and Ben Elton as overseas guests.
- Sting stays around for a blistering concert tour as **Russians** climbs the charts.
- Madness tours the smaller venues...and the bars.
- The Church have their **Heyday** and are beckoned to join Echo and the Bunnymen on a US/Canadian tour, where Kilbey & Co promptly steal the limelight.
- Culture Club's **From Luxury To Heartache** which received a critical mauling in the UK, fares no better here.
- Two of the top Australian albums of the year, the Hunters' **Human Frailty** and the Saints' **All Pools Dry** please both the critics and the fans.



Sting... Sting is On.



Matt Moffitt

- Wa Wa Nee are stimulated with a gold record for their debut single.
- The bubbly Bangles see things in **A Different Light** and **Manic Monday** storms the charts.
- Dave Lee Roth-less they may be, but heavy metal-men Van Halen have the last laugh when the **5150** album is the group's first ever US number one. It peaks at five here.
- The Uncanny X-men part ways with Mushroom Records and sign a worldwide deal with CBS. **I Am** signals a six weeks, east coast tour.
- Boom Crash Opera sign to WEA.
- Cliff Richard and The Young Ones repeat the UK number one success here with **Living Doll**.
- Fifty or so concerts later, Dire Straits play one last Sydney show for live TV telecast.
- INXS show Americans **What You Need** to number five on the US chart.

MAY '91

- Lloyd Cole makes big venues feel small and makes lots of **Brand New Friends** on his Aussie tour.
- Jimmy Barnes is Back For a Flash for the Streetbeat Road Safety campaign.
- **Absolute Beginners** opens in Australia.
- Diana Ross, courtesy of a clever video, makes a three week **Chain Reaction** at number one.
- Bob Geldof is made a dummy at Madame Toussaud's London workshops.
- **Kevin Bloody Wilson** goes bloody platinum.
- David Bowie crosses Tina Turner with Ziggy Stardust for his character in the upcoming film **Labrinth**.
- In what was not an anti-drug song **Jane, Get Me Off This Crazy Thing** gets the giggles going as Neo Yorker Steve Gottlieb hits the promotional trail for TV's **Greatest Hits** album.
- Actress Molly Ringwald does likewise for **Pretty In Pink**.
- Upholding the true spirit(s) of rock'n'roll, an afternoon watching the Merseyside FA Cup Final encourages Frankie Goes To Hollywood to demolish their equipment and generally incite mayhem at the Montreaux Pop Festival, their first public appearance of '86.
- Smooth operator Joe Camilleri plays the initial shows of Sade's tour.
- Heads bang for the ackerdackers **Who Made Who**. Genesis have the **Invisible Touch**. The Blow Monkeys show **Animal Magic**. Peter Gabriel says **So**.
- **GangGajang** goes gold.

- **How Will I Know?** Whitney Houston asked in February. By May she had **The Greatest Love** and the best charts of all.
- **Wall of Voodoo** tour. Ex-torturman Stan Ridgway finds **Carnivale**.

JUNE '91

- Mental As Anything, Boom Crash Opera and Tim Finn tour for the Commonwealth Games. Tim Follows with a brief solo tour in his **Big Canoe**. While Boom Crash make a **Great Wall** in the charts.
- John Cougar Mellencamp gets down on a raw'n'roll tour. **Scarecrow** hits the number one album spot.
- Brian Mannix becomes **A Flying Doctor**, while the X-men begin recording with Yank Kevin Beamish.
- Boy George returns from a holiday 1½ stone lighter. He tells press amoebic dysentery is the cause.
- Porgie Michael spends the entire month in a London gym making sure he's not for the group's farewell concert on June 28.
- The number one in West Germany, Austria and France is **Irresistible** by one Princess Stephanie of Monaco.
- A-ha warm up for, oops sorry, begin their world tour in Australia. The entire Norwegian press arrive too.
- Mick Jagger watches Michael Hutchence as INXS hold a prestigious show at London's Royal Albert Hall.
- Kids in The Kitchen are **Out Of Control**, but Sire Records and Madonna's manager Freddie De Mann sign them up anyway.
- The man for the soam Malcolim McLaren appears at Sydney's Biennale Art Festival.
- Matt Moffitt takes **As Little As A Look at Miss This Tonight** racing up the charts.
- The Thompson's really are twins, when Joe Leeway splits and Tom and Alannah make public their longtime love. Later Alannah has a miscarriage three days after the death of her mother in NZ.
- The Police reform for the amnesty International 25th anniversary concert tour headed by U2, Sting and Peter Gabriel.
- The Church get rave concert and **Heyday** reviews in the UK.

JULY '91

- Madonna's **Papa Don't Preach** is number one in

Australia, US and the UK. True Blue follows suit.

Photographers, check!

● **Hands Up in The Air** for Boom Crash Opera's second top ten hit

- The Queen gives Bob Geldof on CBE. His autobiography is that it tops best seller lists.
- Feargal Sharkey ends his world concert tour here.

● **It's a Crowded House** when Paul, Nick and Tim present their debut album by way of an acoustic set to a bedazzled media. Their live shows are constant sparklers.

- **Frankie Goes To Hollywood** **Rage Hard** with their first single for 18 months.

● Scott Carne celebrates his 22nd birthday as Kids in The Kitchen return from the US to the Oz concert trail

- In the up and coming league, Cattletruck and The Cockroaches sign to Regular and Tango Bravo, The Stems and Kings of the Sun to Mushroom.

- **Take On Me** wins eight MTV awards for *A-ha*

- **Steve Winwood finds Higher Love** at number one, 20 years after his first chart hit *Keep On Running* by The Spencer Davis Group.

● Everybody listens when Paul Kelly reveals a double album of *Gossie*.

- ◆ Whitney Houston goes quadruple as a November tour is announced.

● Dave Mason celebrates his 31st birthday with the Reels 13th single **Bad Moon Rising**, and Reels By Request tour Mark II.

● Harlan Vincent Camilleri is born

• **With a Human single and a Crash album, the Human League are back.**

• **Do Ya Wanna Be in the UK**
doing a 32 date tour supporting
Five Star? I'm Talking say yes.

● INXS end their year long world tour with their first Oz shows of '86.

■ **Bananarama's** Keren announces she's having a little nana, while the girls hold down the US and Oz number one spot with **Venus**.

- Pseudo's Brian Canham works with US producer Mark Berry in New York remixing songs for *Love An Adventure's* US release



A Half-Covered House

- The world press turn ugly as Boy George's sorry saga leaks.
- After three expensive unsuccessful singles, Beargarden and Virgin Records part ways.

• Mark Seymour throws his arms around a **Human Frailty** cold album.

★ Queen remain the rulers of big stadium rock as 150,000 tickets to two London shows sell faster than Freddie can say **We Are The Champions**. iXOS support. The post party is crawling [er, as in on the floor dead drunk] with celebs. Lig of the UK year.

- Eurythmics take **Revenge**. By September it's triple platinum.
- Sting's double live **Bring On The Night** sells by the truckload.

• John Justin wheels out his Flash King Cadillac, while Stephen Cummings Speaks With Frankness.

- The considerable assets of Samantha Fox point to Touch Me being a number one.

- **Yankee Rose** — Dave Lee Roth goes solo.

● **Wa Wa Nee** make Oz history when *I Could Make You Love Me* joins *Stimulation* in the top ten. The duo make haste on an album.

- A successful merger with guitar gun Duanne Eddy on *Peter Gunn* encourages the Art of Noise to try it with media video host Max HellerHellerHellerheadroom on *Paranoia*.

◆ **Dreams Of Ordinary Men**
come true for Dragon when
hotshot US video director Bob
Giraldi takes on the video.

● Party time — Mondo Rock launch a new album, Non Stop Dancers do it for a single and Scribble do it best for **Pap Art**.

• **Elton John and the ABC Symphony Orchestra** tour is announced. Ticket prices hit an all time high (\$35 and up), but the Dire Straits-type rush is on again.

● Polygram sign Sharon O'Neil (where she been?) to an international deal.

◆ Prince gets scathing reviews for *Under The Cherry Moon*, but *Parade* still brings home the bacon.

- A fab movable wheel gives the Johnnys album cover of the year for **Highlights Of A Dangerous Life**. Yahooo.

- The musical **Cats** celebrates its first birthday.

- Lionel Richie is **Dancing On The Ceiling** when Daryl Hall begins a solo career with **Dreamtime**.

- **Spandau Ballet Fight For Themselves** and sign a mega worldwide deal with CBS.



Summary for Poets



Grabber's

YEAR IN REVIEW



FTIF=Oci



NAME:

DATE OF BIRTH:
PLACE OF BIRTH:
NICKNAMES:

PAST OCCUPATIONS:
HIGHLIGHT OF '86:

LOW POINT OF '86:

FAVE PLACES:

TREASURED POSSESSIONS(S):

ESSENTIAL READING:

ESSENTIAL LISTENING:

BAD HABITS:

GREATEST ASSET:

FAVE TV SHOWS:

UNFULFILLED AMBITION:

FAVE FOOD:

HEROES:

SELF DESCRIPTION:

LOVE IS...

MEANING OF LIFE:

Neil Mullane Finn

Can't remember
Teasemutu, New Zealand
Fang! Love shops

Hospital orderly, streetwalker
Going home

Leaving home
Sharon's room, Liam's room, my room

I didn't possess anything, I believe we all should be free!

New Testament, Penthouse

When you cross the road with your eyes closed, and you're listening for trucks, that's essential listening
Not giving Nick and Paul the credit they deserve
Nick and Paul

Definitely not Countdown. Molly always tells me Tim!
To be as good as Paul and Nick

Anything bland — meat and two veg

Nick and Paul

Overused with everything to do with my music!

My family, of course! (Nick and Paul)

Molly Python 1984, Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance

Nicholas More Seymour

9-12-59
Beneil, Victoria
Tin Bun

Farr and TV 1985, art student, waiter

Meeting Karen Black at a party

Trying to convince my brother not to compete with me

Bed, my cat, my studio

My brother, my car, my studio

William Burroughs

Expire State Ave, Orchestra of Skin and Bone EP, Human Reality — Hummers and Collectors
Not promising enough

I have no idea

Golden Years of TV, Clive James, David Letterman Show
TV direct drama

Brems and bacon

David Byrne, Jimmy Stewart, Mark Seymour

Often dramatic class (described as such all through high school)

A little fat in St. Kilda

Wake-up, get really excited, consume and die

Paul Newell Hester

8-11-59 (I'm the youngest)
Carlton, Melbourne
I like a woman that can do my job and dance

Convincing all Swans, shock boys, well, all women

Meeting Mord Summerfield (my girl)

Missing Mord Summerfield

Good cheap Italian restaurants, my house, St. Kilda, Mord's house, MCG

My penis (But let's get to the point, Paul — Ed.)

"Homeless", The Age & G. Guide

Mentals, Movies, Greatest House, Flame Signals, Richard Clayderman

Partners, never playing, smoking, eating, drinking, sex

My spelling and fragments

"This is Today", Clive James and Endurance

To give birth to a child, befriended playing the harp

Steamed veg and rice with tofu and non and shop!

No Ray — NCHD

Top, likes tea, Mord, sex and time off

Sleeping in the wet park!

Who cares! You eat and shit and then you die. Eventually just keep laughing cause it feels nice



Paul Hester, Neil Finn, Nick Seymour (Pic: Wendy McDougall, courtesy MEC)

CROWDED HOUSE

NAME:	Rik Swinn	David Sleet	Tim Powles	Matthew Hughes	Peter Watson
DATE OF BIRTH:	April 17	August 2	December 21	October 18	April 17
PLACE OF BIRTH:	Elgin, Scotland	Northampton, England	Wellington, New Zealand	Manchester, England	Manchester, England
NICKNAMES:	The Swindle	Yorks' Dave	Norrie Swinn	B.L.Z.	Old Bill
PAST OCCUPATIONS:	Not sure if I've done it	Offering to help after all the work it took	University student	Computer helpdesk	Accounts clerk, website (owner)
HIGHLIGHT OF '86:	"So Much for Love" going top 10 in Australia	Being the new stars of shows in one month	Born of my son Sam	Touring Australia	Touring
LOW POINT OF '86:	"They weren't any really"	"Heavy shows were down at the top"	The realisation that it was "86 and to "Jingle 26"	Touring Australia	It wasn't supposed to!
FAVE PLACES:	South West Africa (just right at home)	Scotland, France, Australia	Anytime I can leave home (goes in, doesn't leave, stays and goes)	For Hiding from Sydney (Australia)	Sydney and Adelaide
TREASURED POSSESSION(S):	None (nothing)	Memoirs of my childhood	My family and my sister's house	Staying from the 80s	Record collection
ESSENTIAL READING:	Anything of The Motor Brothers	Memoirs of Life, The Affix, anything by John Galsworthy	The One After Last Day, The Lasting of the Last	Twelve Days of Christmas (for anything by John Galsworthy)	Biographies – anyone interesting
ESSENTIAL LISTENING:	Peer Culture, Beatles, Bayan	New Cold Dreams, Hammer, The Super	Nothing of the day, anyone's music – Last Days	Robert Frost – David Byrne	Nothing, Peter Dinklage, J.S. Bach, Tears for Fears
BAF HABITS:	Listening to music	Smoking, being really at home	It's always late	Staying in the night	Smoking
GREATEST ASSET:	Ability to keep going in the face of adversity	Ability with my guitar and my singing	Professionalism (never get stressed)	My car	Ability to laugh even in the most difficult situations
FAVE TV SHOWS:	Travis, John, Marty, Dylan, John, Heartbreakers	Pythons, Ripping Yarns, Family Ties, Young Ones, Souths Army	Alan Smit and Jones, Kinn Larding	MTV Super Blues, Young Ones	Family Ties
FAVE FOOD:	French or Italian seafood	Chips, prawns, peas and margarine in mayo	Anything edible, particularly sweetened	Nothing	Meat and fish
HEROES:	Groucho, Harpo and Chico Marx	"Don't really have any – just people I admire"	Kelly Ann, Marley the Dog	Adrian Boy	Michael Jackson, Peter Dink
SELF DESCRIPTION:	Enthusiastic, aggressive, big time to most	Naughty	Androgynous and thoroughly vulgar	Adrian Boy	Adrian Boy
LOVE IS...	Very difficult	Being accepted for what you are	Being loved and accepted	Being loved and accepted	Being loved and accepted
MEANING OF LIFE:	"I'll let you know if I ever find it"	To make use of my talent and opportunity	Get married, four hundred and twenty	Being loved and accepted	Being loved and accepted

RIK SWINN, DAVID SLEET, TIM POWLES, PETER WATSON, MATTHEW HUGHES (PNC, OPTIC LEZ)

VENETIANS



PRIMADONNA

Shanghai Surprise (Pict Scope)



Can Madonna top TRUE BLUE? Can she act? How's Sean's left hook? Have the Poison Penns run dry? Does Greg Placek have a clue?

For Madonna, 1986 was one of those years that future biographers will describe as "watershed," "turning point" and "landmark".

The last two years had already established her as a superstar in no uncertain terms — mega-selling records, sold-out concert tour and, most telling, a look that was copied around the world. But change the name and that same scenario could be said of Boy George. The question was obvious; was she a passing fad or a genuine musical Madonna?

True Blue, her third straight multi-platinum selling album, decidedly answered that question. Released in July, the album shot to the top of the US charts in only five weeks. (It had taken *Virgin* 11 weeks.) It was also the first time she simultaneously had a No. 1 single, **Papa Don't Preach**, and a number one album.

In fact, Madonna dominated the international charts like no other artist since Michael Jackson's *Thriller* in '83-'84, scoring No. 1 with the single or album in Australia, the UK, West Germany, Canada and Japan. *Live To Tell*, the first single released in advance of the album, also went to No. 1 in the US.

In a year with fierce competition from the likes of Whitney Houston, Sade and Janet

Jackson, Madonna was the No. 1 female pop singer worldwide. What's more, she managed to stay ahead of the pack with some grudging acknowledgement from music critics — beneath the glitter the artist was starting to peek through.

Feminists, however, took her to task for **Papa Don't Preach**. "First the Boy Toy encourages teenage pregnancy, then she tells the girls to keep the baby. That's very enlightening," said the editor of one magazine for college women.

She even made the smooth transition in the image department. Dropping the adolescent, post-punk, leather-and-face fetish, she adopted a softer, '50s look that was, yes, more mature. (After all, the Material Girl in 1986 was a 28-year-old married woman.)

If Madonna, who a scant three years ago was slumming in obscurity, seemed to have the world eating out of her hands, that was not entirely the story. While her musical career took another big step forward, her acting career stumbled. And the public image of Madonna tarnished progressively, each month bringing us one more reason not to like her.

The trouble began in January when Madonna and Sean Penn, just six months married, left for the Orient to begin shooting *Shanghai Surprise*. The film, produced and financed by George Harrison, would be their first artistic endeavor together and Madonna's first cinematic leading role.

In Macao, the first of several incidents between the newlyweds and photographers took place. Arriving at their exclusive hotel, they encountered a paparazzi and Penn ordered his bodyguards to attack.

The photographer filed a \$1 million lawsuit, and Penn was forced to answer the assault charges in court. Press relations worsened to the point that the film's veteran publicist, Chris Nixon, suggested that the co-stars pose once for photographers as a sign of goodwill. Penn had her fired. Harrison arrived on the set to deliver a strong lecture to the Ugly Americans. However, you could call the speech "Water Off A Duck's Back". No sooner did Madonna and Sean arrive in London for more shooting than her limousine ran over the foot of an Australian photographer as it departed from the airport. More incidents between the co-stars and the press occurred, with the couple's bad behavior now extending to the set.

Fleet Street labelled them "The Poison Penns." Harrison stepped in again, this time attempting a news conference to defuse the fireworks. Penn refused to show up.

Meanwhile, back in the States, the Penns made headlines again in April when Sean assailed David Wolinski, an acquaintance of Madonna's, at an L.A. nightclub. The fun continued on the East Coast in June when their 10-month anniversary celebration turned sour at a Manhattan nightclub. Sean reportedly shoved Madonna against a wall, and a mega-decibel shouting match ensued between the lovebirds.

In September, the long-awaited *Shanghai Surprise* premiered in New York. And the surprise was on Harrison — the \$10 million film was declared a dud. Even her legions of loyal fans found her role as a missionary a bit of hard-going.

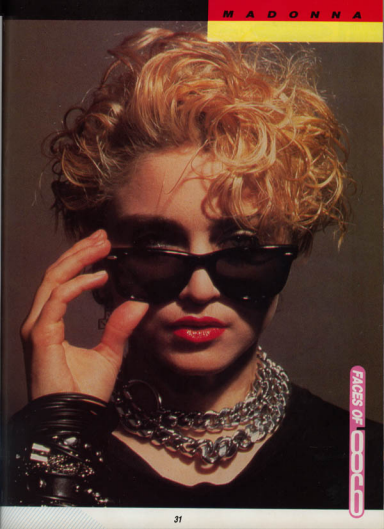
Madonna's theatrical debut fizzled as well when her three-day showcase in David Gabe's *Goose and Tomten* never got off the ground.

Soon after, *People* magazine ran a two-page spread portraying another slugging match between a photographer and Penn, the final shot showing Madonna comforting her gladiator. The incident prompted an Arizona-based photographer to run an ad in a Hollywood trade paper, publicly challenging Penn to a boxing match.

An accusing finger can be pointed at Sean the Terrible as the source of her public image problems, but Madonna scored nicely on her own too.

She showed up at the Los Angeles Amnesty International concert in July, not to perform but to announce the next act, as did half a dozen other Hollywood types. When the audience did not immediately acknowledge her presence with silence, she told them to "shut up," which elicited the only boogie of the night. At the MTV awards show in September, she accepted her Vanguard award with a body speech right out of *Valley of the Dolls*, entreating her audience with pleas of "Do you love me, do you love me?"

For someone described as a master manipulator of the media, Madonna came off as either boring or boorish whenever she opened her mouth on or off stage in '86. But, then, that problem never hurt Frank Sinatra's career. ♦



STAR 20 QUESTIONS

What would you go to a fancy dress party as?

A gorilla

What's the best thing about your life?

Meeting people and travel

What's the worst thing about your life?

Meeting people and travel

What do you wear in bed?

Pyjamas

If you were a dictator, what would you do?

Quit

Sports and hobbies?

Cricket, tennis, golf

Most memorable dream?

Flight

Most treasured possession?

Books

What will you be doing when you're 40?

It's a mystery to me

What TV show would you most like to be in?

The Twilight Zone

What's the weirdest gift you've ever had from a fan?

A dead tree

If you were reincarnated, what would you like to come back as?

A bird

Event of 1989?

Models world tour

Non-event of 1989?

Chernobyl

What pop stars make you cringe?

A-ha, Mister Mister, Frankie Goes To Hollywood

First record bought?

Takin' Care Of Business – Bachman Turner Overdrive

If you weren't a musician, what job would you like to have?

A motor mechanic

Love it...

Vision

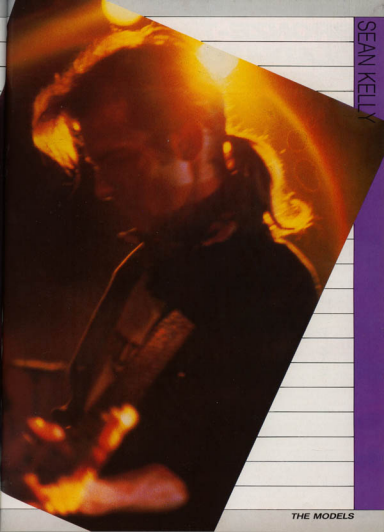
Favourite food/drink?

Sukiyaki

The meaning of life?

Can be found by a deep appreciation of our new album Media

SEAN KELLY



THE MODELS

BRONZE-TINGED GLADIATORS AT THE FORTRESS OF FREEDOM

A sociologist (and his ghostwriters) writes...

HEY KIDS!!!

I's me, Rick! And they, the farty-nobs at the Countdown Magazine annual (and you'd think they'd at least be young and pretty like me, the cutest and most handsome sex-bucket in pin-up history) have asked me to write the definitive manifesto of the Young Ones (well who else would they ask, certainly not Neil, he can't even spell, and he's a hippy. God how I hate hippies!). Anyway, stop what you're doing and listen to me! While you're waiting around for your unemployment benefits (let's face it, what self-respecting street urchin would spend their time in a desk-bound meat-eater's girly office job?) read this article, because it's brilliant, and I haven't even started writing it yet! But before I recount the glorious revolutionary thoughts which inspired me to form the co-operative I called the Young Ones, I have a poem which I think might help you:

SOLUTION

"Kids, kids, what's the solution,
To all this Nazi mind pollution,
What's the way to peace and
understanding?
TOTAL AND UTTER REVOLUTION!"

How about that, kids? And it even rhymes! But could you expect anything less from me, a bronze-tinged gladiator at the fortress of freedom?

RIGHT! Now that I have your complete, but limited attention, here we go! In the beginning there was Vyvan. Vyv was my main henchman, and became a household member after threatening everybody with a boy-scout-surplus ground-to-air missile. Vyv was a heavy metal medical student whose taste for surgery was whetted by Motorhead records and early classroom experiments,

where he found that frogs would stick to hot, uncoiled frying pans. To date, though, his only real experience of medicine was at birth, when the doctor had to poke him with a shattered vodka bottle to make him cry. Or was that the other way around? Vyv of course came from the right stock — his father was a lotterer, and his mother a shoplifter.

Then there was Neil. Well, what can I say? Apart from the fact that he was a miserable hippy and moaned on and on about how much washing up he had to do, well who cares anyway, nobody liked him and we only knew he existed because he never washed his dirty stinking hippy flares. Neil's main function was to do the shopping and answer the phone, leaving me and my hand-picked crew of street-wise, like-minded visionaries free to pursue our dream of anarchic euphoria. **THATCHER!**

That's better...

Next up was Mike, who liked me the most of all the household, of course, and he'd usually come to me for advice on girly-grappling and all that other man stuff. Mike studied loopholes at London University and collected lingerie, nothing pervey, mind you. He was level-headed, quiet, with the odd moment of extreme violence. And why not?

Occasionally our mecca was shaken by the Bolowski brothers, a stubble-chinned bunch of Moscow miscreants with a taste for western decadence and fascist demands for the nant. I usually despatched them with a well-delivered salvo from my nubile tongue, or a knuckle sandwich. Anyway, the house in Credibility Street became a haven for wild-eyed drifters, a meeting place where skins, punks and Rastas could gather in profound communication, where any zany, free-form thing could happen...

And happen it did, but all good households must come to an end. Ours came with a thunderous bang and crash, as like silver-winged freedom-fighters we rode our hijacked bus to the very gates of obliv-

ion, to the laundromat of liberation, to the ticktaped alleyway of ANARCHY!!

And then we woke up. And heaven was an eternal Cliff Richard Appreciation Society, a cosmic jukebox in which every song was a hit from His Clifness, the man who singlehandedly created rock'n'roll one night when he turned to Elvis and said, "Hang on, I think I've discovered a blend of blues and hillbilly rhythms which will shake the foundations of modern music as we know it!" God what a genius! And suddenly there we were in a recording studio with Him, doing a nob-expanding bed-wettingly brilliant new version of Sir Clifflington's "Living Doll". If this was heaven, I wanted it! But it wasn't to be... Some Nazi goody-goody doctor dragged me back from the Great Light, slapped me around the head and told me I had to tour Orstralia, for God's sake!

Well I was livid. For one, the Sex Pistols didn't come from there, but my grant had run out and I was desperate. Besides, Neil had been there last year, just because he had a hit record of some old rubbish. Obviously the colonies were in need of a trouser-droppingly brilliant comedian/revolutionary, and I was even searched at the airport and everything! Well, did I lay you all in the aisles, or what, cobblers!

Why, some of you even asked me to be the Governor-General, but I don't drink, and besides, I was already planning something much bigger (and I know what you're thinking ginkies, her, her).

I was ready to breach the final frontier of establishment-bating rebellion with the formation of the ultimate galaxy-impeding heavy metal act — **BAD NEWS!** A whip-wielding, lager-soaked band of leather devils, wild-maned axemasters with one, and only one purpose — — — **AN ABSOLUTE, TOTAL AND UTTER MONSTER METAL OVERTHROW OF ALL THE FIST-CLINCHED FOGEYS STICKING A HOB-NAILED JACKBOOT IN THE FACE OF US, THE KIDS!!!**

OH NO! MY BRAIN'S EXPLODED! ♦





"I've had a shave. What are you lot doing for yourselves?" Bob on *Live Aid*. (Pic: Retna)

BOB, IS THAT IT?

If 1985 was a big year for Bob Geldof (with *Live Aid* et al), then 1986 proved far from an anti-climax. *Sport Aid*, his book *Is That It?*, his knighthood presented by the Queen herself and marriage to his long-time girlfriend Paula Yates, not once but twice! Geldof made the news very early in the year, January 1 in fact, not for what had happened but for what had not happened. There was widespread indignation and outrage when his charitable efforts went unrecognised in the British New Years Honours list. It was widely assumed that his omission from the list (put forward by the Prime Minister) was a result of his criticism of Mrs Thatcher and her government. Geldof himself seemed unmoved by the controversy — he had other things on his mind.

In mid-April he announced *Sports Aid* — sponsored fun-runs in cities all over the world with musical backing from Tears For Fears re-recorded *Everybody Wants To Run The World*. Once again his efforts were timeless, with personal and media appearances culminating in his actually running



Bob, Paula and the KBE at Buck Palace. (Pic: Axminster)

the London leg. Throughout *Band Aid*, *Live Aid*, and *Sports Aid*, Geldof had made it known that his charitable work was sending him broke, so it came as no surprise that his next venture was a money making one. His autobiography *Is That It?* was warmly received by the critics and the public, topping the British best-sellers list for weeks on end. It was forthright, opinionated, witty and extremely readable, giving in-

sight to his childhood, life in Ireland, the road to success with the Boomtown Rats and the history making *Live Aid*. Recognition for Geldof's efforts finally came in June 1986 when he was awarded a KBE — an 'Honorary' knighthood although because of his Irish citizenship he is unable to use the title 'Sir'. The Queen's decision to break with tradition and present the honour personally was interpreted as her personal mark of admiration



Madonna Tinswood's makes a dummy out of Bob (Austrel)

for his crusading efforts for famine relief.

The normally scruffy Geldof arrived at Buckingham Palace on July 24th, the day after the royal wedding, sporting a \$2,500 morning suit donated by the Queen's tailors. He was however, as usual, unshaven. After placing the insignia of the Knight Commander of the British Empire around his neck, the Queen said: "This is a small token for all you have done," to which Bob replied: "Believe me it was harder work getting into this suit." The Queen then added, smiling: "Yes, I expect it was, but you look very nice." One of Geldof's few singing engagements during the year was with the Boomtown Rats at the *Self Aid* concert in home town Dublin, aimed at raising money for the unemployed in Ireland. Although no 'official' announcement was made, Geldof told the crowd at the end of the Rats' performance: "Thanks, it's been a great 10 years." Shortly after The Boomtown Rats' record company failed to take up the option on their contract, but offered Bob a solo deal.

After engaging The Eurythmics Dave Stewart as producer, Bob jetted off to Los Angeles to work on the album, as well as guesting on some of the Amnesty International benefit shows. While there, he and Paula Yates, his longtime girlfriend, were secretly married on June 21 in a quickie ceremony in Las Vegas. However, when you're Bob Geldof things like that don't remain secret for long, and despite fevered denials from the couple, news leaked and eventually a British paper produced a copy of their marriage certificate.

The second wedding couldn't have been more different: a traditional, moving, close friends and family affair at the church on the Geldofs' estate in Kent. The star studded guest list included David Bowie — complete with top hat; Simon Le Bon, who gave the bride away; *Live Aid* partner Midge Ure in a traditional Scottish kilt; Spandau Ballet members, George Michael and Sting. And as usual with this very public couple, there was the tantalising unexpected — the bride wore flaming red.

Deborah Handley



The not-so-young guns go for it (Pic: Australia)

Deborah Handley wears her black armband to the final Wham! concert.

EVERYTHING THEY WANTED...

The young guns who had so dominated pop music in the 80s were calling it a day and didn't the whole of London know it! The pre-concert Wham! fever shot the group's final single *Edge Of Heaven* to number one, full page advertisements were in all the papers, radios played endless Wham! tunes and hundreds of fans lucky enough to have secured a ticket (300,000 fought for the 80,000 available) camped outside Wembley Stadium determined to get the prime stage positions.

In a Wham! television special screened the night before the concert (which had the two

cruising Paris with the soon-to-be Mrs Geldof, Paula Yates), George prayed for perfect weather. Can this man do no wrong? June 28th - positively beamed, an unusually warm, high 20s dream. This, coupled with week-long anticipation, meant tiny hearts were flying high. Thousands sang their love Wham! tunes on the trains to the stadium. Thousands more bought T-shirts (even though they were all wearing Wham! ones anyway), banners, hats, posters and every form of Wham! memorabilia imaginable. For a mere \$7, you could even secure a photo taken beside a lifesize cardboard cutout of

George Michael.

At 4p.m. aging rocker Gary Glitter opened the proceedings. Nick Heywood of Haircut 100 fame quickly followed, and then the world preview of *Foreign Skies*, the Wham! in China video. The huge video screens on either side of the stage gave everyone a clear view, but the sound was almost inaudible, which was a big disappointment.

By this time, the natives were all Wham!ed-up and ready to go-go. Finally, a note sounded. The crowd went bananas as a thick black curtain with the words "The Final" was revealed. Then in what was possibly the extended mix to end all extended mixes, the familiar intro to *Everything She Wants* oozed throughout the arena.



All Wham!ed up and ready to go-go (Pic: Sky)

Suddenly Andrew appeared, flanked by long-time backing singers Shirley and Pepsi. He looked resplendent in black shirt, tapered pants and three-quarter length coat, and surprised everyone with a quite impressive dance routine as the *Everything...* intro continued. Then the moment arrived - in the shape of an extra-slim George in a fringed black leather bomber jacket. It was the skin tight black jeans, however, that most eyes were on, as the no-longer Porgie bumped'n'ground his way through a sizzling dance, before finally launching into the fittingly titled *Everything She Wants*.

"We've got four years of thank yous to say this evening," George said, and for the next two hours he and Andrew chatted, joked, danced suggestively with each other and simply spun the crowd into a frenzy as hit followed hit. *Club Tropicana*, *Bad Boys*, *Wham Rap, Last Christmas* - they were all there, and with the long canals out into the

crowd, the ever-dancing duo made sure the crowd enjoyed every single song.

Much later a piano came on and Elton John, clad in a full clown suit and long blonde wig, with it. He pounded away while George divided the masses into three groups to sing the "yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah" chorus in Wham!'s final number one, *The Edge Of Heaven*. And it couldn't have worked better!

"This is a song of Mr John's and if you happened to be passing through Leicester Square station about seven years ago you would have seen myself and a friend busking," George said, introducing Elton's *Candle In The Wind*. After an exhilarating version of *Freedom*, George and Andrew left the stage, but the crowd

(which included tons of celebs like the Durans, Spandau, Rod Stewart, Paty Kensit and Paula Yates), would have nothing of it, and screamed even louder, the way encores are supposed to be requested. *Careless Whisper*, *Young Guns* and a perfect *Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go* raised emotions as high as the fireworks and lasers which lit up the Wembley sky. But there was one song to come. An almost unrecognisable Simon Le Bon and Elton John appeared onstage for *I'm your Man*, and for the last time George sang those heartfelt words: "If you're gonna do it, do it right!" Nothing could have summed up the day, and Wham!'s career, any better. George and Andrew then hugged each other tight, their embrace frozen on the huge projectors, as screams turned to hapless tears. For once, perhaps Andrew should have the last word. In the concert programme he said it all - "Thanks George. I'm going to cry now."



"Listen, I'm Your Man" (Pic: Sky)

STYLE OVER CONTENT

Sigue Sigue Sputnik's LOVE MISSILE fizzled limply and ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS fell somewhere between credibility and bankability. David Rowley gripes about the hypes...

These past 12 months have been a time when the seemingly tried and true business sum of money plus publicity did not equal vast success.

It was a year when the old Abraham Lincoln adage about not being able to fool all of the people all of the time was shown to be alive and well, even though some of us were convinced it was mortally wounded.

It was the year when **Absolute Beginners**, the film, and **Sigue Sigue Sputnik**, the pop group, didn't take the world by the throat. They didn't flop, but then again, they didn't become the household names their creators would have liked.

First, the most obvious. **Sigue Sigue Sputnik** (the name taken from a Russian street gang, if you haven't had that fact rammed down your throat several dozen times already) and the "brain" child of former Generation X bass player Tony James. They quite brazenly used the British music press to gain as much publicity as possible when they appeared on the scene and quickly secured a record contract. Tony James' story is he chose people for the band because

they looked like stars and could learn stuff like playing instruments (and writing songs, presumably) at a later date.

What he got was a bunch of people who may have looked like stars but — particularly in the case of lead singer Sputnik, Martin Degville — didn't quite have that ingredient X, charisma or whatever you call it, that really makes someone stand out from the crowd. A mistake.

Sigue Sigue Sputnik are also a group who knowingly sell themselves as trash.

But to the connoisseur, truly great trash doesn't know it is trash. It has an innate naivety and belief that it is truly valid art/pop music.

Sigue Sigue Sputnik are all flash and no true pop trash.

Their rebel rock star poses are as empty as their jock straps. In the wild rock jungle **Sigue Sigue Sputnik** are merely pussy cats.

But musical considerations aside (and they are very much an aside) the group has an excellent sense of using second hand images to make a coherent whole.

Their album was presented in the style of Japanese toy robot packaging — some of the most eye-catching avail-



able today and, considering the number of pop stars who are "into" toys, an area which has remained strangely unexploited.

Image-wise they also nicked some excellent sci-fi icons from films such as **The Terminator** and **Blade Runner**.

But, for my money, they've overdone the "new" computer, hi-tech angle.

To anybody who's been living in the real world for the last five years, computers are a fact of life. Exaggerating their characteristics tends to suggest you find them new and exciting, and almost immediately gives away the fact that you are over 25. Minus 10 points on the hipness barometer, lads.

Despite publicity which portrays them as scheming, knowing and cynical pranksters toying with the music industry and the public, the **Sigue Sigue Sputnik** story so far can be seen as one of naivety.

At this stage **SSS** have come dangerously close to putting every card in their hand on the table.

They pulled out every publicity stop to get a record deal and managed bucketloads of mainstream press when they had a record out (even if it was negative publicity).

The first single sold well in Britain, the second not so well and the album, **Flaunt It**, despite elaborate packaging including a full-colour 12-page booklet, shot briefly up the

British charts and just as quickly back down. The album's only true highlight was the genuinely clever inclusion of paid ads between tracks. Too many, the ads were far more listenable than the "songs". They've flaunted it — all of it — and have not got as much to show for it as they, or their record company, might have hoped.

Now **SSS** face the future — and they must be sweating profusely under all that rubber. The bottom line is: unless **Sigue Sigue Sputnik** can do something truly new, different or outrageous next time, they may not get the chance for a time after that. Record companies will spend only so much money.

The **Absolute Beginners** saga follows a slightly more conventional path. It was the cult novel, to be directed by the cult director, but it genuinely had all the hallmarks of breaking from those constraints and becoming an international box office success.

But many things went against this. The first was content. The film simply wasn't that well executed. The two leads, Eddie O'Connell and Patsy Kensit, made the cast of **Return To Eden** look like the Royal Shakespeare Company. The story, such as it was, was extremely confusing to anyone who hadn't read the Colin MacInnes novel on which it was based.

And the subject matter just wasn't broadly appealing enough to become hugely successful. Ultimately it became a film made by London's Soho, about Soho, for Soho — and that just wasn't enough. But for a good 12 months before the previews all the British music papers carried snippets of gossip about the film — the star-studded musical cast lined up for the soundtrack, David Bowie, Ray Davies and Sade in screen appearances with Wunderkind director Julien Temple at the helm. Everyone wanted to write about it. They did.

The film went overtime and over-budget. Still the stories were written, intimating, if not directly promising, a truly



A jazzed-up Sade



From huge to nothing... (Pic: Scope)

great cinematic experience. More delays.

Then the business side of things started to get publicity. Goldcrest, backers of **Absolute Beginners**, had also just backed the ill-fated *Revolution*, starring Al Pacino and Nastassja Kinski. The film, costing around £19 million was a turkey of gigantic proportions.

Hopes rested heavily upon **Absolute Beginners** to save Goldcrest's flagging fortunes. However, when the film was released there was a strong divergence of opinion about the film. Many mainstream critics hated it immediately, prompting headlines like "Absolutely All Over The Place" and "Absolute Disaster".

Its run in Britain was like an English seaside boarding house — respectable but certainly nothing special. And, although some American critics gave rave reviews, the film did little more than reasonable business there.

A spokesperson for Goldcrest admitted the film "hasn't done extremely well", but takings had been reasonable.

"But it didn't die," she said. "If it had that would have been terrible."

In the cases of both Sigue Sigue Sputnik and **Absolute Beginners**, style triumphed over content. It was a false victory, since they didn't win the hearts and minds of the buying public.



Bowie does Fred Astaire



Tuxy Jones and Martin Degville (Pic: Scope)



The Models at London's Hippodrome

Whirr, fizz, crackle! It's Greedy Smith here from just crossing now to London's Hippodrome where Do-Re-Mi thanks Tim, back to you Molly and good-night Australia!

While being quite ambitious, this year's Countdown Awards suffered more than a few techno-hiccups, not to mention being almost drowned out by the screams of fans flanking the Melbourne Sports and Entertainment centre auditorium. Guests in the overseas link-ups included A-ha's Morten, Culture Club's Roy Hay, D.C. Lee, Do-Re-Mi and The Models, the last two putting in sterling performances from London's Hippodrome disco.

At home we had Sting, Vince Sorrenti, rantin' Rik Mayall and

Ben Elton. Major awards went to INXS (best group, Michael Hutchence most popular male performer), Duran Duran (overseas act) and Kate Ceberano (most popular female performer). Do-Re-Mi picked up gongs for best debut album, debut single and promising new talent. The Models shared best single with the Mentals, who took best LP (Fundamental), best video performers and best songwriter (Greedy Smith). Liggers took off afterwards to The Palace nightclub with entertainment supplied by The Way Back Five, a hotch-potch combo featuring Kate Ceberano, James Reyne, Michael Hutchence, Scott Carne, and yes...Molly Meldrum on percussion and table-top rumbas. Phew!

STRAITS THROUGH THE ROOF

800,000 concert tickets later, Dire Straits became the biggest tour attraction in Australia's history. Report by Chrissie Camp.



Every day brought announcements of added concerts, which sold out by the afternoon, prompting more and more. In the end, more than 800,000 Australians, about 6% of the population, saw the British rockers in concert, including the usually forgotten Tasmanians!

After Premier Robin Gray sent a pleading telex to the group, they added two concerts in Hobart in early February to kick off the tour. Despite



Concert number... (Pic: Camerastory)

freezing conditions, 40,000 people (10% of the Apple Isle's population) turned up! Fifty or so more concerts were to come, including a staggering 13 in Melbourne and 22 in Sydney, 16 consecutively. North Queensland and Darwin were not forgotten, and even quiet old Perth demanded seven.

Behind the scenes, a 50-strong crew transported the 52 tonne sound, lighting and stage set-up over 35,000 km in seven semi-trailers. Tour promoter Garry Van Edmond said it cost \$50,000 a day to keep the tour rolling.

There were still plenty of profits left though. The seven group members made about \$13 million from the tour. Ten million was from concert sales, the rest from record sales, interest on the tickets which were sold many months in advance, and mostly from merchandising.

T-shirts, singlets, souvenir programs, posters and even headbands were bought by the truckload. The promoter pocketed about \$2 million, and the Federal Treasurer Mr Keating was pretty happy too, as tax claimed about \$6 million.

So what's so special about Dire Straits to warrant all this fuss?

Mark Knopfler, 34, looks more like a smart lawyer than a pop pin-up. There's nothing gimmicky about the group or their music — and that's the secret.

That good old fashioned get down and boogie rock'n'roll



"Listen Mr Howard, about our tax."

appeals as much to Princess Di as to the kids and their mums and dads.

They may not excite you, but many agree that he of the headband and receding hairline writes terrific songs. From *Sultans of Swing* to *Money For Nothing* and the gentler *Romeo and Juliet* and *Local Hero*, his lyrics and melodies have an easy appeal, without being boring as wallpaper music.

The level of musicianship is always superb, the band happily play for upward of two hours a night and they do it all with a refreshing minimum of fuss both on and off stage.

Dire Straits had such an enjoyable (and profitable) stay in Australia, they were determined to give something back in thanks. First off was a live TV telecast of their final Sydney concert (which raved through the roof), and on a more serious note, a \$50,000 donation to the Drug Offensive campaign.

Yep, Dire Straits was the tour that made nearly everyone happy.

THAT'S (NOT JUST) ENTERTAINMENT

Chrissie Camp looks at a year in which musicians stood up to be counted on a variety of causes and issues...

Farm Aid, Hear'n'Aid, That's What Friends Are For (AIDS), Artists United Against Apartheid, Greenpeace Rainbow Warrior concert, Red Wedge, Amnesty International's "Caravan Of Hope" tour... and so the list goes.

1986 was the year a lot of pop stars grew up and realised that their music had a potential far beyond entertainment. When Live Aid proved you could support an issue without losing popular appeal, musicians suddenly rallied to give social organisations new and powerful backing.

Amnesty's "Caravan of Hope" tour was the biggest and most unique rock'n'roll benefit since Live Aid. U2, Sting, Peter Gabriel, Jackson Browne, Bryan Adams, Lou Reed and others played six concerts across the US in June, raising (US) \$3 million for Amnesty's 25th anniversary. More importantly, it aimed to raise the consciousness of the American public about human rights.

Musically, it raised the roof, the all-star cast playing loads of unusual songs (U2 sang the Beatles' *Help*, Lennon's *Cold Turkey* and Dylan's *Maggie's Farm*, for instance) and all joining for Dylan's *I Shall Be Released* as the finale.

Simple Minds too, long supporters of Amnesty, have used their current world tour to promote the organisation, leaving information leaflets on concert seats and using the Amnesty logo on souvenir T-shirts.

Artists United Against Apartheid was the all-star group Steve van Zandt gathered to perform the thumping protest song *Sun City*, aimed at spotlighting the entertainment complex of the same name in South Africa. Musicians in the past have taken millions to perform there to an audience, and in an area, where blacks are banned.

"South Africa is a very complicated society, and no record can communicate all the conflicts that exist there. But it can help people focus in on the problems, and become more aware that they exist," van Zandt says. "There's got to be a place in our society and a place in our business for this kind of record."

"If rock'n'roll is just entertaining, then it's only using 10 percent of its potential," he says. The Red Wedge tour, organised by Billy Bragg and Paul Weller, lured Style Council, Madness, Lloyd Cole, Spandau's Gary Kemp, Jimmy Somerville and others to lend their popularity to Brit-



A reformed Police for Amnesty (Pic: Austral)

Don't you forget about... Jim Kerr speaks for Amnesty (Pic: Austral)



Sting, Neil Young and Sting for Amnesty (Pic: Austral)



A reformed Split Enz (back row), Jackson Browne, Paul Hester and Graham Nash on the Rainbow Warrior deck (Pic: Russ Burnett)

ain's Labour Party. Audiences during the two months of concerts received kits with pamphlets on apartheid, unemployment, nuclear disarmament and women's rights.

"What we were trying to say is that politics and these issues are a part of all of our lives, and we should all be more aware of that," Weller said.

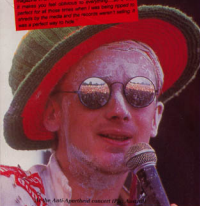
Although benefits for social and political issues are commonplace in Britain, Red Wedge, like Amnesty's Caravan of Hope, was the first actual roving "tour" and it was designed to raise the public's consciousness, as much as raising money.

In New Zealand, the bombing of the Rainbow Warrior ship by French terrorists outraged a reformed Split Enz, Graham Nash and Jackson Browne into playing a benefit concert for Greenpeace. A nuclear free Pacific Ocean is one of the issues the organisation vigorously campaigns for. And in London, Annie Lennox and Chrissie Hynde led dozens of UK stars in a series of benefit concerts for Greenpeace called "Sound Waves", and released a compilation album.

THE BOY WITH THE THORN IN HIS SIDE

This (though) are a substitute for reality. I think it's like turning away, and I think that in your life you have to face reality. That's life, and it's very tough." - Boy George, *Countdown Magazine*, November 1984

"I lost the feeling - he recently told *Rolling Stone* magazine in an exclusive interview. "It's very numbing. It means you feel oblivious to everything... so it was perfect for all those times when I was being ripped to shreds by the media and the records weren't selling. It was a perfect way to hide."



Boy George at the Anti-Apartheid concert (1985, Australia)

In retrospect, Culture Club's Australian tour of 1984 was probably the peak of their success. Boy George proved himself a skilful media operator, the concerts were over-the-top extravaganzas, especially the final night in Sydney, which was nationally simulcast, and the scenes in Adelaide's Rundle Mall when Culture Club flew in for a brief personal appearance were reminiscent of nothing less than Beatlemania.

But soon it all went sour. In late '84 the *Waking Up With The House On Fire* album was released to a critical mauling and poor sales. This year's *From Luxury To Heartache* fared no better, bombing badly with the critics and the fans. The album's title said it all.

The flamboyant Boy George was more and more a depressed George O'Dowd. As Dr Meg Patterson, who treated George and such stars as Eric Clapton and Pete Townsend for their addictions, said: "The one thing all these

famous people had in common when they started using heroin was that they felt they were losing their talent."

George was keen to tour, knowing this would give the album a boost, but his physical state made that impossible. Returning from a holiday in Jamaica early this year, George lied away his dramatic weight loss and appalling appearance by saying he'd suffered a bout of amoebic dysentery.

At his next public appearance at the massive anti-apartheid rally in London on June 29, he looked painfully thin and pale. With Helen Terry he ran through *Black Money*, *Melting Pot* and *Heaven Help Us All*, ending by saying "Farewell from your favourite drug addict". He was reported to have consumed £760 in heroin to get through the gig.

Four days later, George's secret was thankfully out, from the unlikely source of his brother David. Concerned that George was on the way to an

early grave, he rang *The Sun* (a London gutter daily) and spilled the whole sorry story. The police mounted a series of raids, charging Marilyn with possession of heroin (the charges were dismissed in court) and Kevin O'Dowd and three others with conspiring to supply George with heroin (the case has yet to be heard). George was later arrested while receiving treatment at Dr Patterson's Essex clinic on a charge of possessing heroin. He was fined £250. The judge passing sentence said that for once he was going to treat George like a normal person. But there were still sizzling headlines to come. A week later American musician Michael Rudetsky was found dead in George's Hampstead house from a respiratory fail-



George with his more sober side (Photo: Aasted)

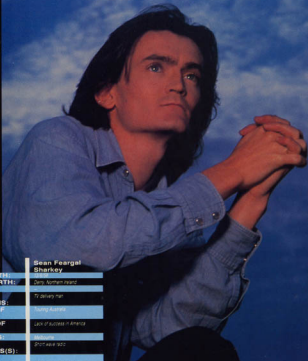
ure caused by drugs. He had played on *Luxury...* and had come to London to work with George on some new songs. The newspapers went for the jugular again and it was painfully apparent to George, his friends and family that the English media he had once manipulated so well were determined not to let him off lightly.

Soon after George left Britain for Air Studios, Montserrat in the Caribbean, where he had started work on a solo album. One of Motown's classic songwriters, Lamont Dozier, is helping with the songs, while the project is being overseen by veteran R'n'B producer Stewart Levine, who did *Simply Red's* *Picture Book*.



The new Boy George

Profile



NAME:

**Sean Feargal
Sharkey**

DATE OF BIRTH:

1970/01

PLACE OF BIRTH:

Derry, Northern Ireland

NICKNAMES:

—

PAST

TV delivery man

OCCUPATIONS:

HIGHLIGHT OF

Twining Australia

'86:

LOW POINT OF

Lack of success in America

'86:

FAVE PLACES:

Melbourne

TREASURED

Short lease 1992

POSSESSIONS(S):

ESSENTIAL

Lee Jordan's autobiography

READING:

ESSENTIAL

Boys — Peter Gabriel

LISTENING:

BAD HABITS:

Carrying too many records

GREATEST

voice

ASSET:

FAVE TV SHOWS:

Don't watch it

UNFULFILLED

No. 1 in America

AMBITION(S):

FAVE FOOD:

Past lambton

HEROES:

Ned Kelly

SELF

Unlucky and nervous and I don't relax

DESCRIPTION:

LOVE IS...

Dinner in a good restaurant (that
you didn't pay for)

FEARGAL
SHARKEY



NAME:	Dale Ryder	Peter Harnan
DATE OF BIRTH:	Once upon a time	August 2nd
PLACE OF BIRTH:	Madras, India	San Francisco
NICKNAMES:	None	Bungle
PAST OCCUPATIONS:	—	Music teacher, landlady
HIGHLIGHT Q&A:	—	The repair of my auto after a nasty accident
LOW POINT OF '86:	—	The subsequent re-wrecking of the aforementioned vehicle
FAVE PLACES:	Kitchen	My kitchen, Richard's music room
TREASURES POSSESSION(S):	Books and cat	My mattress and bed
ESSENTIAL READING:	Atlas Shrugged — Ayn Rand, Science fact and fiction, comics	Lolita — Vladimir Nabokov
ESSENTIAL LISTENING:	Dy and the Family Stone — Everyday People	Imperial Bedroom — Elvis Costello, Eastside Story — Squeeze, Seaworld Trondheim — Tom Waits, Big Express — KTC
BAD HABITS:	Biting my fingernails	A propensity towards extreme worry and violent panic
GREATEST ASSET:	Being able to cook	Good, close friends who ease the worry, calm the panic and give no choices
FAVE TV SHOW:	Cosmos	Beardice, Lost in Space
UNFULFILLED AMBITION(S):	Inter-planetary exploration	To have the humble flower in which I've presented in a "My House" assignment on Entertainment This Week
FAVE FOOD:	Sashimi and Mum's curries	Chocolates, particularly in cake form (my recipe)
HEROES:	Conan, Tarzan, Spiderman and assorted super heroes, Rag Dwarfbros	Doctor Smith, Rag Mortemasa
LOVE IS... MEANING OF LIFE:	Unavoidable, (most of the time) 42 (as good an answer as any)	The topic of many a pop song is certainly not found in many pop songs

**Peter Maslen**

March 2th
Crimo, Qld
"Ma!" "Hey you!"
None

Free drinks in Perth (8-52's)

South Africa, Australian J. Parking
first, Rent

Far North Queensland, Bondi, the
offshore
Walkman, work

A Sydney street directory

"Speak" on a good day, XTC

Buying things I can't really afford,
entirely the last word
Big hands

Life On Earth, The Investigators, F
Troop

Vegetarian and non-vegetarian, Mum's
Reg Montezuma, Car-Kims, Meryl
Streep

XXXX

—

Richard Pleasance

April 19th
Polly and bastard
Banks teacher

—

My music room, Hawke Valley
Record player and clocks

Lyrics to "Shore Leave"; "Frank's
Wild Years" — Tom Blais

Sword Fish Trombone, Rain Dogs
— Tom Waits, Pretenders and The
Church - Perse

I have none, and lying

Red hair, ears and my memory

Twilight Zone series

To eat a cat

Motivated car (stupid question)

A splendid song by David Bowie in
the key of D major

Good question

Another good question, a bad
movie

Greg O'Connor

"Speak"

LIKES: Vivid dreams, black, getting off
planes, American Illustrators Annuals,
laughing a lot, 1950's surrealism, brunettes
with red lipstick, justiceless, Andy, spending
money foolishly, 1950's movies, temples,
Eisenstein's unified field theory, the key of
F#m, curiosity, ulterior motives, sense of
gratification, highly logical people, Richard
Pleasance's impersonations

DISLIKES: Getting on planes,
elevators, Mar's list, highly logical people

THE BRAT PACK

In the pop playpen, we've got Wa Wa Nee, The Johnny's, Machinations, Pseudo Echo, John Justin, Crowded House, The Venetians, Mondo Rock and V Capri. Who's who? Give up? Then turn to the next page for answers, lazy bones!









1 Steve Williams (aka Ma Nee) 2 Paul Gray (aka Ma Nee) 3 Graham Hood (The Johnny) 4 Billy Porter (aka Ma Nee) 5 Steve Williams (aka Ma Nee) 6 John Aiken 7 Ross Wilson (Mondo Rock) 8 Tim Doyle (Machinists) 9 Fred Longman (Machinists) 10 Nick Seymour (Johnny) 11 Paul Weller (Coked House) 12 Neil Finn (Coked House) 13 Pierre Fume (Pseudo Echo) 14 Brian Carran (Coked House) 15 Vince and James Leigh (Pseudo Echo) 16 Alan Simpson (V Capri) 17 Damien Ward (V Capri) 18 Tod Johnson (V Capri) 19 Michael O'Brien (V Capri) 20 Lance Kasperoff (V Capri) 21 David Sweet (Venians) 22 Rick Swann (Venians) 23 Matthew Hughes (Venians) 24 Peter Wilson (Venians) 25 Tim Powles (Venians) 26 Nerd Swann (Machinists) 27 Eric McCusker (Mondo Rock) 28 Tony Blair (Machinists)



Listen Mr Hawkin, do yourself a favour—

GOOD GOLLY, IT'S MOLLY

Australia's music guru Ian "Molly" Meldrum looks back over the hits and misses of '86, and the highlights of a Countdown year.

AUSTRALIA

1 1986 was undoubtedly one of the strongest years for Australian music. Led by **INXS** we had great success internationally and, at home, some of the strongest Australian albums in years. The other

exciting thing this year was the emergence of a crop of new, young bands, many with outstanding potential. This brought audiences back out into the pubs and other venues, making the live scene extremely healthy. One can't help but be continually impressed by **INXS**. They are such a top quality band. Both on record with **Listen Like Thieves** and on stage, they've proved this year that they're on a world class level. **The Models** are another band with a really promising international future. They're doing what **INXS** did a couple of years ago, slowly making ground all the time. I'm **Talking**. I'd put in the same league. With **Holy Word** and **Zan** up front, a great

debut album in **Bear Witness** and a sensible approach to their music, I'm sure they'll find success overseas too. And, I still say **Jimmy Barnes** will do it. I know he had high hopes to crack the States this year, but he's broken some ground and I can assure you some of his new songs are stunners.

One of my very favourite albums of the year was the **Hunters and Collectors'** **Human Frailty**. What a great surprise they were! I first saw them six or so years ago but then, I think, they had strong peer group pressure put on them by people they hung out with and they went off on a tangent. To come back with some of the best Australian songs of '86 was great to see.

I must mention the **Uncanny X-men** too. I got very annoyed when they are constantly passed off as just a teenybopper group, because not only is Brian a good singer in his own unique way, but the band has the ability to write good songs. With Brian now maturing as a performer and a person, I see no reason why their phenomenal popularity shouldn't continue.

Of the new groups, **We Wa Nee** are definitely destined for very big things, and both the **Johnnys** and **Crowded House** win the points for the most enthusiastic and energetic live shows you could ever see.

OVERSEAS

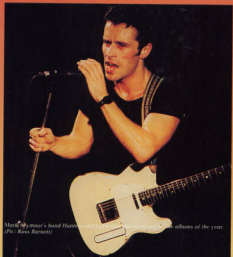
W hat can I say about **Madonna**? After such an amazing 1985, there was a real danger that people would turn off her because of all the hype and publicity

I thought she was very game to come back with the ballad **Live To Tell**, because everyone expected it to stilt. In fact it did the exact opposite. Her **True Blue** album is full of great, great songs and it deserves its place at the top of the charts.

The albums by **Cyndi Lauper** and **Tina Turner** were my two other favourites by female artists.

A-ha faced the same problem **Madonna** did when she first struck success, namely being written off as a one-hit wonder. I think the brilliance of their **Take On Me** video hid their real talent in a way. Morten is a fine singer and as guys, I was very impressed by their down to earth attitude.

The saddest part of my year was **Boy George**. I got the shock of my life when he walked in to do that interview without his make-up. It took me quite a while to get myself together and not to be embarrassed to look at him. But I've no doubts he is such a great singer-songwriter, he'll get it back together. On a happier note, one of my personal highlights was to see **Bob Geldof** receive a knighthood. Coincidentally we did an interview the morning after and he was fantastic. Watch out for his solo album too, produced by **Dave Stewart**, because the few tracks I heard were stunning.



Mark Seymour's band **Hunters and Collectors'** **Human Frailty** was one of the albums of the year. (Pic: Ross Barnett)



Like breaking hearts on Countdown.

COUNTDOWN'S HIGHLIGHTS

My favourite guest was probably Tina Turner. Her performance on the show was simply electric – just like her concerts. Everyone in the studio couldn't take their eyes off her! Although John Cougar Mellencamp and Sting didn't perform on Countdown, I really enjoyed the interviews we did for **The Meldrum Tapes** and their concerts were the two best shows I saw in '86. We're always on the look-out for new and exciting projects at Countdown and we got involved in several this year. The Rock Video Project, organised by Countdown Magazine was a fantastic



idea, because it involved so many people throughout Australia.

I couldn't believe the amount of entries, and good quality ones, we had to judge. The concert in Maryborough was one of the best nights I've had. The feeling up there was just incredible.

Another good show came from the Commonwealth Games village with all our young athletes as the hosts. Another show I was very proud of was when we went to Manila after Cory Aquino's coup and interviewed some of the musicians behind the freedom song. I thought it was important to show that they got up off their bums and led protest processions in the street and really did something.

I think Australian musicians should be doing a lot more for the problems in this country, whether it be unemployment or drugs. That's why I got behind the Priority One concert. Although it had its problems, at least being active like that is better than doing nothing at all. That's one area Australian music does need to improve on in the future.



Added to... Robert Palmer's backing band!

VIDEO

The interesting thing about video in '86 was not so much personal favourites, as that there were some amazing videos which sold songs. For instance there is

no doubt that **Robert Palmer's Addicted To Love** reached number one through that video. **Chain Reaction** by **Diana Ross** was a clever video, interchanging with old '60s looking footage.

Sledgehammer by **Peter Gabriel** helped the song become successful too. I still maintain Australia has some of the best video makers in the world, people like **Russell Mulcahy** and **Richard Lowenstein**. I loved the **Hunters** videos – very simple and to the point, as was **Boom Crash Opera's Great Wall**. Some people didn't like **Martin Plaza's Concrete** and **Clay** I know, but I thought it was a great little clip. **Crowded House** also had videos that were great fun. I think that more and more people are crying out to see that kind of energetic performance from a band in a clip.

HUNTING... AND COLLECTING

The scent of success was there, but Hunters and Collectors made the kill their way. Rosa Senese follows the trail from cutland to chartland...



quote from Mark Seymour, circa 1985: "I think we have the capacity to become extremely popular".

That capacity wasn't always evident to all, but the following year proved Mr Seymour to be 100% correct. The impossible happened in 1986. Hunters and Collectors had a top ten single! Performed on Countdown! Were asked for autographs in the street! Had a gold album! And lots of other things that merit exclamation marks.

It was certainly a major transition from the wilfully obscure out band they started as. They were getting very close to the mark with songs like *Throw Your Arms Around Me* (which should have been a hit the first time round) from 1985's *Jaws Of Life* set. The material was simple, forceful and emotive. But it was the '86 collection *Human Frailty* which finally made the connection with listeners, record buyers and media. A bracket of songs which demolished the distinctions between power and sensitivity, it fulfilled the near impossible task of pleasing old fans, new ones and critics. The Hunters and Collectors sound was stripped back to basics, devoid of its earlier tortured complexities but retaining its fullness and directness. It paid homage to the traditional backbeat of the Australian pub band sound while divesting that of its customary clichés.

A sort of elegant, deliberate ugliness prevailed.

They made perfect sense to look at, clad in dead ordinary sheeters' singlets. They made perfect sense to listen to as well. Mark Seymour's lyrics were unmistakably clear and direct, written with remarkable personal candour and highlighted by startlingly concrete images. As he explained about his writing: "I'd been through this period of being very metaphysical and writing almost mystic sort of stuff and I just wanted to throw away the disguises...almost as soon as a thing happened to me I'd write it down".

Consequently, a purported bust-up with a girlfriend, as documented on the song *Say Goodbye*, became the basis for the first Hunters and Collectors single in the top ten. *Human Frailty* notched up gold album sales. This would have been unthinkable only a few years earlier. Commercial radio also discovered Hunters for the first time, after the band complained for years of programmers ignoring their records.

As singer, guitarist, writer and frontman, Mark Seymour became an unlikely sort of symbol in his own right. The "thinking woman's pin-up" as he was tagged, he

stood out as the new, sensitive male, forthright about the hitherto ideologically untouchable nature of male heterosexuality.

"I set out to throw off the disguises of masculinity," he explained. "That was something I recognised as being a big no-no in rock and roll".

The lyrics he sang on *Human Frailty* were brutally honest accounts of personal recollections, relationship blues and sexual politics from a male point of view, if that freedom of emotional expression looked at odds with his muscular, singlet-clad appearance, then it was a quiet subversion of a common Australian stereotype.

In the overall view, Hunters and Collectors are another bunch of aspirants for overseas success. This won't be their first attempt. They've made the customary pilgrimage of the Australian band to London, living there for six months and recording *The Firemen's Curse*.

Having done so, they don't seem unduly preoccupied with paying homage to the international big time. So, if they break there, it will probably be on their own terms.

Hunters signed a record deal this year with the American IRS label, home of such luminaries as REM. The band were set for an extended college circuit tour of the US about now. On the other side of the Atlantic they're signed to London Records.

At least they should know by now, from unhappy experience, how to treat record companies. A previous contract with Virgin in the UK was quite a disaster for the band, who found themselves completely misunderstood by the company. They should fare better this time.

Back in Australia, *Say Goodbye* was followed up by a new version of *Throw Your Arms Around Me* (they must really believe in that song). Next, also from the album, came the plaintive *Everything's On Fire*, the video of which was banned from some shows for supposedly inciting kiddies to arson (is this being literal-minded or what?).

In all the activity of '86, Hunters maintained an unimpeachable ideological record. They have been one of the few bands to successfully cross over in Australian music. They have opened themselves up to mainstream audiences while retaining their credibility among alternative circles, relying on their excellent standard of songwriting and musicianship to achieve it. There's no apparent reason why they can't do greater things in the coming year, with a clear conscience.

So when Mark Seymour says something, listen. He'll probably be right...●

HUNTERS &
COLLECTORS



FACES OF 10000

What would you go to a fancy dress party as?

I would be the party

Favourite reading?

Rogets Thesaurus

What's the worst thing about your life?

Not always being able to enjoy it to the fullest

What do you wear to bed?

Lagerfeld

If you were a dictator, what would you do?

A dick what? Is that something to do with spuds?

Sports and hobbies?

Martial arts and exploring the unexplored

Most embarrassing moment?

Being caught videoing Disneyland

Most memorable dream?

I can't recall exactly, but I had to wear floaties

Most treasured possession?

It's very private

Bad habits?

Readdress the question to my tour manager

What will you be doing when you're 40?

Same as I do now, think about today, not tomorrow

Favourite film?

Midnight Express and Bambi

What TV show would you most like to be in?

Miami Vice

What's the weirdest gift you've ever had from a fan?

Another fan

If you were reincarnated, what would you like to come back as?

David Lee Ronstadt

Event of 1986?

My album release

Non-event of 1986?

World War Four

First record bought?

Beach Boys - Little Deuce Coup

Love it...

All you need

Favourite food/drink?

Mexican and very cold beer occasionally



DAVID LEE ROTH



FROM HAIR TO ETERNITY

Rosa Senese gets to the roots of Pseudo Echo's repeated success

SUCCESS

SUCCESS SUCCESS



In the vast Australian panorama, Pseudo Echo are simply **there**, like Ayers Rock or maybe the Tasmanian lumber industry. Polarisers of opinion, they are loved with devotion or scorned with derision. As far as sheer popularity goes, they have a very high place among Australian bands. And if you don't understand that, then you're probably just too old for that sort of thing.

Although not one of the most spectacular bands on the scene, they are dogged workers, consistently writing and releasing hits of moderate to large success to keep themselves in the hearts of their following. October '85 was the start of another successful 12 months for these moptops.

The boys' own *Love An Adventure* album, their second, was released for a start. And did predictably well. Singer Brian Canham declared that anything less than platinum status would be a disappointment. As it turned out, he had no cause for concern. The album duly moved into the platinum bracket, then approached double platinum sales as more singles were lifted. In its first few weeks *Love An Adventure* had done as well as the whole sales performance of *Autumnal Park* to date, but the second album's success also brought the first up to a belated platinum level in '86. Brian turned out to be quite a prophet. "I can see at least five or six singles on the album," he stated. *Don't Go* was succeeded by the title track into the singles charts. *Living In A Dream* was next on 45, followed by the *Try/Lonely Without You* double A side.

Pseudo-surveillance of the past year also saw the departure of original drummer Anthony Argiro, who apparently succumbed to the pressures of the job. In his place came one Vince Leigh, brother of keyboard player James Leigh who had replaced Tony Lugton not long before.

The two Leigh brothers have been a bonus added attraction for the band; young, dark haired and pretty as well as trained musicians. The younger, teenage

James, seemed to be cripplingly shy, venturing nary a word in interviews. However, it didn't stop him from soon rivaling Brian Canham in popularity. For example, *Countdown* Magazine ran the band's replies to a questionnaire in which for "Favourite Person", James had answered enigmatically 'Sandra'. The magazine was besieged by tearful fans demanding to know who this interloper was.

He and Brian consolidated their writing partnership on the *Love An Adventure* album. Their compositions showed a knack of writing hit material. The album also moved towards a brighter, more up-tempo pop direction, away from the sombre New Romantic strains of the first.

They didn't get overseas (they had planned to make at least a promotional visit to the U.S.) but a summer tour with fellow Melbournians *Geisha* kept fans happy.

The Pseudo Echo fans had the numbers to get the band a nomination in two major categories for the '86 *Countdown* Awards. They were in the running for the Best Australian Band and the Most Popular Male Performer for Brian Canham. They were pipped at the post again (last year they lost Best Debut Album to the Hoodoo Gurus), but it was a nice thought.

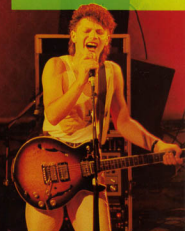
One serious anomaly did occur in the last year, in what seems to be an embarrassing miscalculation on the part of a band who have to fight off the 'haircut band' accusations. "Bugger the image," they said in '85. "Let's forget the whole thing and just write good songs."

An admirable sentiment, but what did they do next? They went and signed up with a haircare company for a promotional campaign. Is this the way to be taken seriously as musicians? Did the Leigh brothers study music for years just to endorse hair gel? Was it a tongue-in-cheek poke at their detractors? Hard to say, but the band did lend their names and appearances to L'Oreal. You too can look like Pierre Pierre, girls.

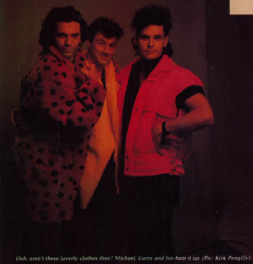
On second thoughts, some *Countdown* Magazine readers probably thought Pseudo Echo personally needed the products. There was a curious strain of correspondence in the Letters page in '86, contesting the resemblance between the band and some species of small, furry animals; namely ferrets and guinea pigs. Needless to say, loyal fans were outraged and letters poured in to reprove the band's reputation.

Such frivolities aside, Pseudo Echo have become quite competent in the studio. Brian, in particular, has developed into a good studio engineer, which means that he's looking for someone of high enough calibre to produce the band's next album. Watch out for a Big Name credited on next year's LP.

But, to keep fans happy over Christmas, there's a 4 track EP planned for release. And then Pseudo Echo will get into the studio, go back on tour, and have to prove that they can maintain their success for another year. ■



A YEAR'S INXS



Ooh, aren't these lovely clothes then? Michael, Garry and Jon ham it up. (Pic: Kirk Pengilly)

August 28, 1985 in the unlikely spot of Tasmania launched INXS on a mind-boggling year that was as successful as it was hectic. Chrissie Camp gets the lowdown on the **LISTEN LIKE THIEVES** tour, when days off were few and far between and life was anything but a jetsetting doddle.

SEPTEMBER

4-20 Australian tour

5 While in Perth the group's hotel is the venue for a local millionaire's party. Being the friendly types, INXS drop in to say hello and help down \$2000 of the finest French champagne!

9 **What You Need** debuts at number five nationally, while **This Time** is released as the first single in Europe.

27 Darwin's Diamond Head Casino takes umbrage to jeans and bans INXS from the hotel lobby. This proves exceptionally difficult as the group are staying there for three days.



Kiss The Dirt.

OCTOBER

3 Everyone attends Martin Plaza and bride Kate's wedding.

6 Michael and Tim fly to Rio for advance publicity for the upcoming concert.

Original Sin had been Argentina's number one in '85, so they are much in demand.

9 The rest of the band arrive and promptly give the **Worst Hotel in the World** award to the Buenos Aires Sheraton.

12 The **Buenos Aires Rock Festival** — and there's never a dull moment. Outlandishly heavy rain delays INXS's performance by three hours, the PA system is out of mothballs for the first time since Woodstock and some of the hot-headed 20,000 locals decide to take on the barbed wire separating them from the stage, where they are met by security guards wielding large pieces of wood. Michael joins in and belts a guard with his microphone stand and before you can say junta, the stadium is one big melee.

14 Bottles are cracked when **Listen Like Thieves** debuts at number one on the Australian album chart, where it stays for three weeks. One year later, it's still in the top 40.

15-26 European tour, from Paris to Munich to Madrid.

NOVEMBER

2 Sydney's Mandy Vale Hotel Saturday night punters can't believe their luck when INXS return to their favourite old stomping ground for a surprise warm-up gig. More like a fry-up actually.

4 "Are you shagged?" Prince Charles asked Michael after the **Rockin' The Royals** concert at Melbourne's Concert Hall. Princess Di foot-taps vigorously and it's all recorded for later video release and TV showings in the US and Europe.

8 Off again, to San Francisco, the first stop of 31 American concerts in six weeks. Chartwise **Listen Like Thieves** enters the US top 60 with a bullet.

12 Meanwhile back in Oz, **This Time** is released as the second single. **Listen Like Thieves**, comes out on compact disc and the album bolts to double platinum status.

DECEMBER

9 As the US tour continues, the Fort Lauderdale travel agent makes the monumental blunder of checking INXS into the local retirement village! The group stay anyway (anything for a break from Holiday Inns...), however the blue rinse set rarely make it to the post-gig party.

17 Home for Xmas, but is it worth unpacking?

20 **Do What You Do**, a song for the **Pretty in Pink** film soundtrack is recorded in Sydney at the special request of actress Molly Ringwald, a committed INXS fan.

28-29 Forget this Xmas business! Back to the studio to mix the sound from the **Rockin' The Royals** concert for the video.

JANUARY

4-5 1995 has a sizzling start, er, like 40 in the shade, when producer Alex Proyas decides to hit the desert for the **Kiss The Dirt** video, at Lake Hart, 50km west of the Woomera Missile Base and Moon Plains, 45km north of Cooper Pedy.

9 Suitcases are zipped, this time destination New Zealand for the first visit since 1983.

15 London. And tons of Aussies and assorted tourists turn out for the first INXS gigs since 1983. First up is the dingy, but steeped in history, Marquee Club. (The scene of Wham's **I'm Your Man** video.) The post-party held in Michael's room attracts the Pretenders, Hayati Faraysee and Berlin. Reviews are not so cheery. *Melody Maker* describes INXS as "a sad vegetable specimen of mindless, hoary old rock music," while *New Musical Express* says the band are "a depressingly definitive example of excruciatingly boring, incredibly unimaginative MTV rock."

17 An exceptionally bright three song appearance on TV's *The Tube* helps **Listen Like Thieves** into the UK Top 40.

19-23 European tour kicks off with Hans the German bus driver at the wheel of the double decker tour bus. It's a night worse for wear after Michael's birthday party on the 22nd, however.

26-29 Four more European shows, and the going proves too strong for a British journalist covering the tour. She collapses dead drunk, pens, batteries and tape recorder scattering over the barfloor, before she gets one question out! Interview is rescheduled.

FEBRUARY

2 A **sexage**-gig at London's Hammermith Odeon.

3 Recovery time is on the plane to America for a Canadian and US tour.

5-25 15 shows in 21 days as **What You Need** hits the US Top 40 and the temperatures hit below zero. The Elvis Brothers from Minneapolis are a popular support.

18 Garry, Jon and Kirk get thrown out of a club in Salt Lake City for drunken and



Jon cutsies out (front on guitar). (Pic: Ross Bennett)



Jim and a friend catch 40 with... (Pic: Kirk Peep/ly)

Sam in Richard Lowenstein's **Dogs In Space**.

11 **What You Need** hits the US Top 10.

12 **Different World** (from **Crocodile Dundee**) is recorded in Sydney, well, most of it. Tapes are snuck to Melbourne where Michael slips off the film set to add vocals.

27 Andrew's birthday.



*The things you do for a script! Michael adds vocals for **Dogs In Space**.*

rowdy behaviour.

19 The band agree to sign a contract forbidding smoking, drinking, swearing or reference to sex as a condition of their being allowed to play at the Mormon Provo college. Huh! Need we say what followed....

28 Back in Oz, **The Swing** drops off the chart after nearly two years, as **Listen Like Thieves** goes triple platinum.

MARCH

3 Home again, as **Kiss The Dirt** is released.

6 Michael begins his first acting role as



Warming up for Queen at Wembley. (Pic: Scope)

APRIL

1 Backing singer Jenny Morris ropes in the boys to record her solo single **You're Gonna Get Hurt**, written and produced by Andrew.

6 **What You Need** climbs to number five in the US.

18 The Logie Awards — and INXS wins the inaugural video award for **What You Need**. Tim and Jon accept.

19 Tim is much more excited when after a spot of fishing he wins the NSW prize for the best yellowfin tuna catch. The logie pales in comparison!

20 **Countdown Awards** time. Michael, in a dapper white jacket, takes time from filming to accept the **Most Popular Male Performer**, INXS win **Best Group** and an **Outstanding Achievement** award for their US success. Michael later joins Kate Ceberano, James Reyne, Scott Cam and others to entertain guests at the after-awards party at The Palace.

22 **Crocodile Dundee** premiere in Sydney.

MAY

4-5 Lowenstein changes his film-maker's hat to that of video director for **Listen Like Thieves**, and with eyes fixed firmly on America's MTV turns Melbourne's Palais Theatre into a **Bladerunner** set, complete with weirdo extras and a crashed plane on the pavement outside.

8 The Chernobyl nuclear accident leaves the group not exactly dead keen to board the plane to Europe.

9-10 Fears are quickly forgotten in the company of Frankie Goes To Hollywood and Queen at the Montreux Pop Festival in Switzerland. 35 million people throughout the UK and Europe watch the world's top groups live. Pity they didn't see the after hours debauchery! INXS and Queen forge a close friendship based upon their mutual preference for a bevvy or two or three...

12 US Musician magazine publishes a lengthy interview headed "Has this streetwise sextet from Oz become the world's best live band?"

13-22 British tour — eight shows in ten days.

25-30 European tour — six shows in six days.

JUNE

1-8 Chernobyl has one positive repercussion — the Scandinavian tour is canceled, providing an unexpected week off. Michael and Tim fly home to loved ones, while the others sojourn in Europe.

2 **Listen Like Thieves/Different World** released in Australia.

9 Regroup for rehearsals.

11-18 Six shows in eight days in Europe, some with Queen (the party continues...), some with Simple Minds.

22 Garry's birthday.

24 INXS stage a headline show at the beautiful Royal Albert Hall in London. Mick Jagger, The Cult and Psychedelic Furs' Richard Butler attend. Apres-gig, Michael and Ian Aastbury (The Cult) remove the hotel's bathroom door to give extra partying space... and put it down, er, out the window. Oops.

27-29 Switzerland with the Bangles and Madness.

30 Concord to Chicago, especially for one concert.



With drinking mate Queen's King of the Beat. (Pic: Jo Dargat)

JULY

1 A rendezvous with fellow management act The Models, also touring in the US. As it is James Freud's birthday, needless to say, a party follows.

3 Opening of the Hard Rock Cafe in Chicago. Tim donates a guitar for the wall, and proceeds go to Greenpeace.

4 Kirk's birthday.

6 The Milwaukee Summer Festival — 22,000 inside and 20,000 outside are sorely disappointed when 10 minutes before INXS go on, there's a flash electrical storm and torrential downpour. The PA and sound desk are washed out, and the gig goes down the drain.

7 Concord back to London (all that for no gig!) to appear on The Whistle Test TV show.

9 Should have been a Newcastle concert supporting Queen, but because of delays in getting equipment from America, it is one of the rare gigs INXS have missed.

11-12 130,000 fans turn up to see them at London's Wembley Stadium. Well it was Queen actually, but they gave INXS rousing applause first.

13 Yet another Atlantic crossing to begin a 45-date US tour. Special guests are the Del Fuegos.

19 Fayetteville and Michael gets a 4am visit from the town's sheriff and deputy after he had given fans a firework display — in his room!



Silly Winked, Michael, a friend and dress: Kelly McCallin in New York.



AUGUST

1-31 The US tour continues — 24 shows in 31 days.

3 The Buffalo concert grinds to a halt when the inhouse staff flee as bits of plaster fall off the top balcony, bouncing with enthusiastic fans.

16 The band celebrates its ninth anniversary in Memphis where they visit Elvis Presley's home Graceland, and Michael leads the crowd in singing happy birthday to Tim.

25 In the forgotten limo incident, Michael takes off after the concert with friends, leaving his limo waiting. Next morning the driver is still sitting there.

26 In a potentially terrific party that never happens, the US record company Atlantic presents gold LP's for sales of more than 500,000. At the New York party are Andy Warhol, Kelly McGillis, The Hoodoo Gurus and Kiss.

SEPTEMBER

1-6 US tour continues with two sold out Greek Theatre shows in Los Angeles a highlight.

5 The MTV Music Awards and the group perform **What You Need** which had earned them a Best Group Video nomination. But more importantly to the LA set, the INXS room has beer and champagne well after the others run dry. The message spreads, attracting Belinda Carlisle, Janet Jackson, Motley Crue, The Monkees and others. Highlight however is comedian Robin Williams who carries the group's bags out and tells waiting press he's the new road manager.

6 Almost home! Three days in Hawaii en route and maybe it's that almost-there feeling, but Honolulu is one of the best INXS concerts ever. Dionne Warwick of Solid Gold comes along. Tim goes marlin fishing.

14 Home! But not quite finished. There's 12 shows in 18 days to go. At the Sydney Entertainment Centre, WEA presents INXS with several multi-platinum album awards. Old songs like **The Loved One** and **Just Keep Walking** are played for the first time in yonks, and Jenny gets in a big plug for her single, to be released the next day.

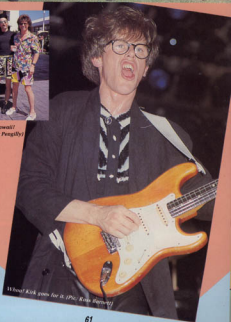
15 **Living INXS**, the home video of the Rockin' The Royals concert is released.

OCTOBER

3 Sydney and the final show of the year-long world tour, which can only mean...party!



Aloha Hawaii!
(Pic: Kirk Pengilly)



Whoa! Kirk goes for it. (Pic: Ross)





PROFILES

NAME: Stephen P. Ferris

DATE OF BIRTH: *Space Age*

PLACE OF BIRTH: *St. Luke's hospital, Kings Cross, Sydney*

NICKNAMES: *Frosty*

PAST OCCUPATIONS: *Generic nurse, disc jockey*

HIGHLIGHT OF '86: *Watching "Living in America" climb charts*

LOW POINT OF '86: *Watching "Disorder" struggle charts*

FAVE PLACES: *The Pinwheel - the roots of my dreamtime*

TREASURED POSSESSIONS(S): *Sony video, 8 camcorder, family and friends*

ESSENTIAL READING: *All Tom Wolfe*

ESSENTIAL LISTENING: *All Marvin Gaye, James Brown and early Aretha*

BAD HABITS: *Short attention span, complete lack of budgeting skills*

GREATEST ASSET: *Don't ask me*

FAVE TV SHOWS: *"Shock of the New" - Robert Hughes, Countdown*

UNFULFILLED AMBITION(S): *Bringing with a church goer's choir as a child, owning a stretch cadillac with telly and all optional extras*

FAVE FOOD: *Lobster, home fried potato chips with salt, vinegar and pepper*

HEROES: *Salvador Dali, Marcel Duchamp, Bowie and Mick Jagger*

SELF DESCRIPTION: *Art thief and closet anarchist*

LOVE IS... *Nice!*

MEANING OF LIFE: *To exhaust possibilities while re-inventing oneself*

FLOTSAM JETSAM

STEVE FERRIS

PROFILE

(PG: FRANCE 3 Melbourne)

NAME:	Paul Kelly
DATE OF BIRTH:	13/1/55
PLACE OF BIRTH:	Adelaide
NICKNAMES:	—
PAST OCCUPATIONS:	Browns labourer, letter press boy, dishwasher, painter, sculptor, the usual Melbourne-defining Collingwood
HIGHLIGHT OF '86:	—
LOW POINT OF '86:	Melbourne losing to the Sydney Swans by 20 goals
FAVE PLACES:	Bed
TREASURED POSSESSIONS(S):	Book of Cézanne's watercolours, my double-800 photo-booth
ESSENTIAL READING:	Kate's "Ode To a Nightingale", The Age Sport Supplement Mondays
ESSENTIAL LISTENING:	On Karpis: Robert Johnson, Howling Wolf, Dennis Keane, Hank Williams, The Rolling Stones, Al Green
BAD HABITS:	Trusting people
GREATEST ASSET:	Trusting people
FAVE TV SHOWS:	The Winners
UNFULFILLED AMBITIONS(S):	To see Judy Davis play me, Gabor
FAVE FOOD:	Raw fish
HEROES:	Yami Lester, Victor Jara, Sir Donald Bradman, Ned Kelly, Woody Guthrie, Walter, John and Jo Kelly
SELF DESCRIPTION:	Good appetite, sing OK, can dance a little
LOVE IS:	Raw fish
MEANING OF LIFE:	Die on your feet, don't live on your knees

PAUL KELLY

The Fun Starts Here.

IT'S **HOLIDAY**
TIME KIDS

So remember:

Guru
Adrian
says...

COOL

IS OUT!

WARM

IS IN!

WRITTEN
BY:
CHARLES
ADRIAN

Q: WOSS HAMMING MAN? A: GURU ADRIAN.

On the
**one
& only**

GURU ADRIAN FUNPAGE

YES, FUN-TYPES - COOL IS OUT! WARM IS IN!

**NOW ITS UNCOOL TO BE UNCOOL!
AND COOL TO BE UNCOOL!**



&

3

WHEN YOU LIKE
SOMEONE, SAY:



YOU'RE
A
WARM
GUY!

&

3

IF YOU'RE
HAVING FUN,
SAY:



HEY,
THIS
IS
WARM!

ADRIAN SAYS
'GET WARM'
& 'STAY
WARM'

HERES SOME WARM TIPS FROM THE BOY FOR HOLIDAY FUN

Why-
not!

Teach your dog to
walk backwards



Carve a car
out of a loaf of
bread.



Draw a
picture
of
yourself



Send Jesus
a birthday
card



Tuck a dog into your bed, hide
underneath & call your mum in.



Hi, Mum.



© TC Wain



Teach all your
friends the Guru
Adrian Handshake



fantazze!

OR
2

Find the
meaning of Life
in the dictionary.



HAVE FUN
HERE

BUT
WHATEVER
YOU DO -
REMEMBER
EVERYDAYS
A HOLIDAY
with
GURU ADRIAN!

YOU'RE GETTING WARMER!
FOR FREE STICKERS + MORE, SEND A STAMPED S.A.E. TO PO BOX 1150, DARLINGHURST, 2010. ©

◆◆◆ ROCK REATIN



Vroom, vroom. It's all systems go...



After a hard night's clabbing, Andrew Ridgeley forgets where he's parked the old Formula One...

(PIC: LONDON FEATURES)



Hollywood reputation aside, old cocky head likes nothing better than a scratch around the pitch.



Straight to the wreckers! "Georgy told me it was a two-way street!" he blabbed.



Down in the "Drum" steering room, Salt's Si interrogates the crew: "Ere, what's this big blab, then?" "That's France, you silly git!"

(PIC: RECORD)

(PIC: FRANCINE MEDOUZELLE)

G ALL OVER THE

Never let it be said that the pop star's life is one constant slog. Just take a look at this lot!

Phew!



"Who's a pretty little filly then?"



"Given in Norway we are having these flash bikes on which to cycle quickly from one town."



Boys Keep
Swinging...Machinations' Fred
and Tany on the fairway.

(PHOTOGRAPHED BY)



WORLD!

The Johnnys try their hand at reeling in the elusive and very rare beerfish.

(PIC: JOHN WEBBER)



Keep on runner!...Madonna take all major places in the marathon.

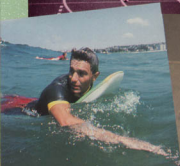


"Come on guys, this is not fair. Why can't we get an electric power generator like every other house."



(PIC: ROSS BLAINETT)

Paul "Wreckball" prepares to take on Madonna.



James Reye catches the hot wave...



Madonna feeds off a pack ofavenous photographers with a hefty forearm slam. Coach Sean yells encouragement from the sidelines...

QUOTES OF THE YEAR

October '85

Grace Knight:

"We told American reporters a Euroglider is an Australian aircraft known as a 'Kaboorn-Kaboorn' because it has enormous wheels and that's the sound they make hitting the ground."

Billy Idol:

"Let's face it. Punk rockers look great. Heavy metal people look old and boring."

November '85

Deborah Conway on Do-Re-Mi's MAN OVERBOARD hit:

"When was the last time you found pubic hairs on your pillow? I know it's a while since I did!"

Michael Hutchence:

"I guess you've got to be very careful of your step and not bore everybody shitless."

James Freud:

"I always wanted to be an actor. I'd probably be a rotten actor, because it's a craft."

December '85

Ade Edmondson on his Young Ones after ego:

"I suppose if you want a base for Vyrran it's me in my drunk state. I have an enormous personality change. I do become rather stupid."

Brian Monix on Disney X-Men's performance in Countdown Readers' Poll:

"Way to go!"

January '86

John Taylor on his soundtrack contribution for 8½ WEEKS:

"God knows what trouble I'll get into for doing it. All the Duranisms will go see it...well the censors will have a problem. And wait till my mother sees it! Then I'll be in for it."

Pol Woaklear of A-ha:

"Norwegian is a very hard language to make it sound right in a song. You have to work harder with the lyrics in Norwegian because we have these funny sounds that stick out."

The Church's Richard Pless to Countdown journalist:

"The media here is old, balding, sexist and overweight! Not you of course..."

February '86

Brian Cashman on Parade Echo:

"I reckon I would put a wager on that — Australia's straightest band. I mean, no drugs, no...um, that's all."

Jimmy Barnes on America:

"They've got everything I need! Money!"

Mental Reg Mombassa:

"I never get recognized except at my local pub. They laugh at my legs when I wear my shorts."

April '86

Neil Tennant of Pet Shop Boys on their static performance:

"We wanted to be on Top Of The Pops with everybody saying 'It's old moneyguys standing there, looking a bit smarmish and a bit miserable.'"

Violent Femmes Brian Ritchie on their busking days:

"We started playing acoustic instruments not so much because we liked folk, but because it's very hard to set up a Marshall stack and synthesizers on the street."

May '86

John Taylor, the last Duran bachelor:

"I should get them all up and divorced — take them to a bathhouse and get them photographed."

Mental Martin Pless:

"A lot of people don't seem to realize that I play guitar on a lot of Mental's tracks."

June '86

Mr Miller's Richard Page on success:

"I'm too busy to play tennis any more. My game is really short!"

David McComb of The Trifids:

"I like the combination of vibraphone and guitar. I guess I'm just a Berry Marlow fan from way back."

Rat Scabies of the Damned:

"You can't really change Elton without bastardizing the song...oops, you won't want the word 'bastardize' will you?"

July '86

Stan Ridgway on pop music subversion:

"There's got to be some ant poison in the chocolate."

James Freud on credit card blues:

"So now I'm six months behind and when I get off the plane in Australia they're gonna arrest me."

Crowded House treator Neil Finn on drummer Paul Hester:

"Paul is naturally disposed to being tidy. Like some people turn to drugs, Paul turns to the vacuum cleaner."

Chris Bailey on the ever-changing Saints:

"The Saints are a bit like a radical feminist collective...I'm just the one who keeps it together and I like that because it means I can be a fascist."

August '86

Lana Pelly asked about herself:

"Invented? Darlings, I could not have been invented by a million scientists in a million years."

New Mochinations' drummer John Mackay:

"One of the first questions they asked at the audition was 'Do you play golf?'"

Hunter and Collector Mark Seymour:

"I wanted the band to become a household name in Australia."

Eternal 17-year old Charlie Sexton:

"I wasn't signed because I look like Matt Dillon."

September '86

Stan Callender of The Housemartins:

"I would enjoy it if the Queen had to go and sign on every two weeks and collect her money from the debt office, just to see what the rest of the country is like."

Jim Kerr:

"I got married because I wanted to have a kid. I bet ye haven't heard anyone say that for a while!"

October '86

Hansen League's Phil Oakley:

"Me and Joanne were clearing the oven one day and we heard this sort of rattling and there must have been five or six kids staring in the window, looking at us clearing the oven."

BROTHERS OF ROCK



(PH: John Webber)

not pop music, but that's the dichotomy of the band. Todd and I have opposing points of view, and we always have strong people in the band between us to filter the ideas down.

'What's the worst thing about Todd? If you'd asked me five years ago I could have given you a list (more laughs). Nothing much really. He has the least enviable job as he's the older brother so he has to be fairly constant. He's two years older. He doesn't play the older brother role much though, only when he has to, when I do something stupid.'

Nick and Mark Seymour

NICK:

'For two school teacher parents who were unmusical they did OK. We all had piano lessons at an early age, then did violin at high school. We had The Seymour Family Singers with our two sisters, an interpretation of the Von Trapp family from The Sound Of Music. We sang at country association meetings, weddings, fetes.

'Mark was a complete dag then. A complete and utter dag. Like he wore his school uniform to the letter, even the straight tie. He was totally dictated to by our father. He has had a really hard time of it. Like he was a brilliant painter at school, his matric art folio was fantastic, but Dad wouldn't let him go to art school. He made him go to university to be a teacher. I think that's why Mark was so driven in his desire to get Hunters and Collectors going. He was living his teen years later, really. It made it a lot easier for me. Because he was two years older, he had to pave the way, so our parents were more lenient on me.

'We were incredibly competitive too. The rivalry was understood by our parents, so if he got something, I did too, but for everything he achieved I had to as well, scholastically and later, musically. We had a massive falling out over Mark's first band The Jetsons. We'd tried unsuccessfully to start a band together before that and I thought all The Jetsons songs were rip offs of the songs we'd worked out. I didn't speak to

INXS' Farriss brothers, Flotsam Jetsam's Ferris's, Pseudo Echo's Leighs', The Triffids' McCombs'... Australian Music is like one big family tree. Chrissie Camp asks five sets of siblings about that special brotherly chemistry.

Todd and Marc Hunters

D r a g o n

TODD:

'The hardest thing to take about Marc is that he is such an incredible extremist. If he's feeling down, he is so down you can't believe it, but if he's up, he's incredibly positive. That can be very wearing, but there's a million good things about him too.

'We don't argue much these days. We used to in the '70s when we were much younger and it was more of a crusade type thing. We had huge fights. We came to blows often, but now it's great. We can finally see each other's point of view even if we don't agree with it.

'Our parents were very musical. Our father Stewart played sax and he'd say 'right, family band time' and the whole family would harmonise. That's a South Pacific sort of thing, island harmonies 'cos our mother is Fijian. We grew up listening to huge Maori choirs too, so Marc's and my harmonies happen completely automatically. We've never worked on it, it's instinctive for us.

'I think our relationship has helped the band because there is a bond there that has made things stronger. I mean you couldn't get two more different people anywhere than us. On any issue we approach it from completely opposite degrees and I think the music benefits because of that.

'We're the only remaining members of Dragon, so I guess we've been the glue that keeps it together. Who's the boss? Whoever is shouting the loudest!'

MARC:

'Todd started first. He learnt how to play the piano and the guitar. I was the one who was always, I don't know, sneaking around chasing sheep. There was always music around when we were kids. We both got guitars for Xmas. I broke mine (laughs). I started playing the drums because it was easier to hit things rather than having to learn how they worked (massive laughs).

'I definitely wouldn't have gone on to have the same career if Todd hadn't been there pushing me. He has a firm head.

'We don't argue. We have minor differences about what is and is

Mark for six months after that. We'd been living together up till then too. Then Greg Perano the percussionist and I had been talking about starting a band and that turned out to be Hunters, but because Mark and I couldn't work together, I wasn't involved. I was devastated for years. I desperately wanted to be in that band.

"Mark's extremely volatile. He wavers between being extremely up or extremely down, but because of his disciplined upbringing he'd think it would be better to be down. He has a very low opinion of himself. He's always doubting what he does. He's very aware of how people think of him too. I've noticed a real change in the past year though."

MARK:

"It took our parents a long time to accept that rock'n'roll was a legitimate profession. My father said to me when I was about 14 or 15 that rock'n'roll was the devil's music. He's quite convinced it's evil. He was a high school principal and so he was always having to discipline people. No, my parents have never seen me play.

"Basically when I was younger I was a real suck, a real suck. I was incredibly conservative and a bit of a loner. I was going to Melbourne University quite seriously. I wasn't interested in music or going to see bands in pubs at all. Nicholas was at Caulfield Technical College doing art, mixing with a really sociable set of people and already forming bands. He was the one who introduced me to rock'n'roll. He used to take me to see bands. He really led me all the way.

"When Hunters and Collectors started I wasn't really aware of what was going on. I was being manipulated by certain people and I didn't have enough self image to put that into context. Nicholas was standing back and being quite



(PH: John Weathers)



cynical, not critical, about what was happening. He figured I wasn't exploiting my talent. I did listen to him but I pushed it to the back of my mind because the band was doing well. Two years later all the criticisms he had turned out to be true and I ended up taking a much more dominant role in the band and doing things he said I should have been doing years ago.

"Nicholas is extremely extrovert, a natural performer. He shows off a lot, but he's incredibly sensitive to criticism too. Basically he's incredibly honest. He's one of the most honest people I've met, and he has a lot of faith in me. He endorses everything I do. His support is very important to me."

Neil and Tim Finn

TIM

"Right from the beginning Split Enz was always like a family, therefore to me it made perfect sense to have a real brother in the band. I was always grooming him for stardom.



"We never argued about Split Enz. We never argued when we were children really either. We had a mutual admiration society, which still exists. I did exploit him occasionally though because I wanted to be a UK soccer star and Neil was the only goalie who would play with me.

"The best thing about Neil is his positive spirit. The worst thing is his impatience.

"My special memory of us as brothers was one time when we were on an aquaplane off the Queensland coast. Neil climbed on top of my shoulders in front of a boatload of hysterical people. That was really funny."

NEIL

"Tim's five years older than me, so he was up at University in Auckland having a wild time, playing music and getting into student demos, when I was just a lad at school in a small community. I was completely envious. I was totally in awe of him. I idolised him in my own way. 'When Tim left Split Enz it seemed logical for me to get a fresh start. I'd lived my first 25 years through him musically and it was time for me to discover my own values, to leave home finally. We miss seeing each other a lot. That goes for the whole band really."

"Tim's strongest point is his ability to effuse people around him with excitement and enthusiasm and to be totally committed. The counterbalance to that is he can affect everyone's mood when he's really down. He carries a lot of confusion about things too. People have said **Big Canoe** is too serious, but I think he's in a really strong musical phase at the moment."

"We haven't written many songs together. We wrote **Make Sense Of It on Time** and **Tidy** which I'm really proud of. The funny thing is that the first song we ever wrote together **Best Friends**, that and **Mind Over Matter** which are both eight years old, I'm including in the Crowded House set. They feel brand new again and really stand up."

"There are so few people you can trust in this business, that even though we're in individual careers, we still rely on each other a lot. It's just our phone bills are a bit more expensive now! We will work together again in the future, I'm sure. We'd be stupid not to."

Peter and Chris O'Doherty:

Mental As Anything

PETER:

"Reg was a teenager messiaing around with guitars when I was a mere lad in primary school. He and my cousin had this really shonky electric band going, and for me it was the greatest thing on earth, especially when they came one day and rehearsed in our living room."

"I went to school the next day and I hadn't done my homework and I couldn't wait to tell my excuse — that we had a band playing in the living room all night and it was too



loud for me to concentrate on my homework. Everyone looked up to me then."

"We used to argue a real lot as kids. I think we got it all out of our system then. I was so much younger I never had a chance in playing games or violence."

"He used to torture and tease me mercilessly. I used to swear that when I got older I'd beat the crap out of him. I will one day, too."

"I used to look up to him a lot. When we came to Australia, Reg was 17, I was about 10 and he was playing in those terrible early '70s heavy metal sort of bands, doing Deep Purple covers. I used to watch him play. I thought he was fantastic. He got me started really, 'cos soon I was playing in some pretty shonky bands too."

"He's been a good brother to me, although some of his habits would probably offend certain people."

REG (CHRIS):

"It's not commonly known that we're brothers because our surnames are different. My real name is Christopher O'Doherty. What? Yeah, it's a nice enough name, but when Mental As Anything first started, we used to pick really stupid names and change them every week. I chose Mombassa because it was an African shipping port, and then Reg because that was so Australian. I thought that was a good combination."

"I'm seven years older than Peter, so we didn't play together until a long time after we moved to Sydney. But now we're in the same band, I've really got to look after him, y'know being the older

brother. Make sure he gets to bed at a decent time, has a glass of milk every morning and changes his underwear occasionally."

"Mum always asks me if I'm looking after him. We have to phone her every night when we're on tour so she won't worry about us. Pete used to get up to a lot of mischief, nicking milk bottles, getting into trouble around town, y'know the sort of thing youngsters do. When we're on tour I have to keep a really close eye on him — that's what older brothers are for. I hope he looks up to me as wise and responsible."

Paul, John and Tony Field:

The Cockroaches

PAUL:

"At one stage Mum had seven of us under the age of six. We all went to the same primary school and John, Tony and I all shared the same bedroom till we were 14 when we all went to boarding school together. So we have been together for a long time."

"Tony is the really entertaining one. He's very outgoing, very humorous. Whether it's to our aunts and uncles and grannies at home or to a big pub crowd, he's the same. John is the real musical man, the main songwriter. He has the most dedication and application of us all and he's the most gifted creatively I think. I'm the straight man, the thermometer."

"I suppose the disadvantage of being all brothers in a band is that you are more honest with each other when you're a brother and

that can be hard to handle sometimes artistically. Like, Tony or John can just say 'You're singing crummy. You're flat'. As brothers you can be brutally honest and that can cut a bit. The good thing is that if ever we have a fight, a minute later it's forgotten. Everyone notices that about us. None of us have ever wanted to quit. We are best together and we realise that."

JOHN:

"The Cockroaches is the only band we've ever had. I don't want to get soppy but yeah, we are very close. Paul was born May '61, I was May '62 and Tony May '63. We had whopper arguments when we first started, usually about me and Tony always being late somewhere or to a gig.

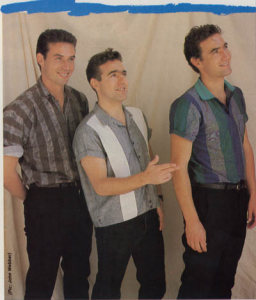
"Paul is always on time. Paul is Mr Together, Mr Organisation. Tony is the exact opposite and I'm in between. Paul's a bit of a saint really. Tony and me are very intuitive towards each other and we know what Paul likes and how he sings. Our harmonies do go well together, when we get them right that is!

"Tony's worst habit is that he always takes the longest way around to do things, and Paul grinds his teeth when he sleeps. Sometimes on tour I've had to sleep on lounge room floors 'cos I can't stand the sound of his teeth grinding!"

TONY:

"I can remember huge family singalongs to Neil Diamond's **Hot August Night** and The Beatles. We all basically like the same kind of music. We were sort of time warps because we were listening

to '50s Chuck Berry and early Rolling Stones in our teens. We didn't have radios at boarding school, so we listened to tapes all the time.



(Photo: John Wabers)

"John and I are closer, but you can get an inferiority complex with John. He always beats us in every sport, football, cricket, tennis, you name it, he's amazing. He was in the Australian schoolboys cricket team. His sporting prowess really annoys me. Plus he's a better guitar player than me too. I don't practise enough. He's a good dancer too, yeah, a really good dancer. Oh, one other thing about John. If a girl comes into the room they automatically go to him.

"Luckily we've never fancied the same girl. Girlfriends is one thing we've never battled over."

"Paul is undoubtedly the boss. He's really funny but a very responsible sort of bloke too. He keeps us in line. A rotten thing about him though is that when we go on tour he only lets us eat at Red Rooster. It's truly bad. If we're going past one, we have to stop! He's married with a baby boy now, so we don't hang out with him as much as we used to."

GIANT STARS

ACROSS

1. Sir Robert of Ethiopia? (3,6)
7. Foxy pin-up girl (8)
12. Ronnie James — (3)
13. Ali Campbell's mob minus 40 (2)
14. Plea from 7 Across, Touch — (2)
15. A Young One (4)
17. Billy on a tidal wave of success (5)
18. and 44. A school for pleasant sleep? (5,7)
19. A Parsons with a project (4)
21. Defunct all girl group (5)
23. Matt Maffitt wrote a short one to Matt Finish (4)
24. Madonna's a material one (4)
25. Record label (3)
27. A de barge who's not Johnny (2)
29. Had a pistol in her pocket (first name, 4)
32. Dave Stewart and Annie Lennox (10)
35. Born devotional as far as Triffids are concerned (5)
36. A dance not done at Spandau (6)
- 38 and 50. Smooth operator who toured Oz (4,3)
39. J.J.'s surname (4)
41. Their hats looked like flower pots once (4)
42. Little Richard's comeback hymn, Great — A'Mighty (4)
44. See 18 Across
46. An album (2)
48. What Meat didn't use in '86 (4)
50. See 38 Across
52. Boon, Mark, Mike and Phil make an even 42? (5)
54. Simply Mick Hucknall's colour (3)
56. — of Noise (3)
57. Precedes Bunnymen (4)
58. A-ha's chart-topper (4,2,2)
61. Heart's guitar-toting Wilson (5)
62. Martin Shaw played the role of which rock'n'roll King? (5)
63. Ex-Kajagoogoo (6)
64. Goes to Hollywood as Frankie (5)

66. Halfway between a single and an album (2)
68. Tony Hadley's formal first name? (7)
69. Paul Young had the secret of this? (11)
73. Some would keep Neil Tennant as one (3)
74. Gordon Sumner's nickname (5)
76. James Rayne starred in Return to — (4)
78. Started a chain reaction (surname, 4)
80. Denis Waterman sang the theme for which TV series? (6)
81. See 69 Down
82. Jim Kerr is one, Laddie (4)
83. Starship steered her skyward (4)
86. Simon — Bon (2)
- 87 and 81 Down. Weak in the presence of beauty (4,3)
88. Injun Joe was their man (7)

DOWN

1. Band of his with Prince-peened hit (7)
2. What Mannix and Canham have in common (5)
3. — Koepper (2)
4. He's Rich(ie) (6)
5. Head Angel (3)
6. Irishman who had trouble finding a good heart (7,2)
7. — Pallard (2)
8. Bowie featured in the film, — Beginners (8)
9. This duo's name is slang for afternoon (4)
10. Where the Stones shuffle (6)
11. Blink rapidly and you'll miss them (3)
14. Describes monday for 1 Down (5)
16. Making a Commotion(s) (5,4)
20. Duran Duran member who takes it easy (init, 2)
21. How Andrew Smith is better known (6)
22. A group of songs (3)
26. Genesis splinter group, — And The — (4,9)
28. Eagles lived life in a fast one (4)

30. Eurogliders' affirmative LP (10)
31. '50s-style rockers Sha Na — (2)
33. Little Creatures have talking ones (5)
34. The Medics revived Spirit In The — (3)
37. Patti — Belle (2)
39. Divinyl's sleeping beauty? (init, 2)
40. — Bel Age (2)
41. Toured Oz with Tom Petty (surname, 5)
43. Cyndi was — Unusual (2)
44. Reckless Canadian rocker Bryan (5)
45. These boys don't cry (4)
47. Paul Young wanted to tear one down (9)
49. Dr-good (4)
51. Do-Re-Mi drummer (7)
53. Rik Swinn's curtain-raisers (9)
55. Only these birds cry for Prince (5)
59. Still getting for the Mentals? (4)
60. Cross half of Koo de Tah (4)
63. Rain — The Scarecrow (2)
67. What Blow Monkeys were digging (5)
68. Jacko said he wasn't one (6)
- 69 and 81 Across. He teamed with Melissa Manchester on Music Of Goodbye (2,7)
70. Music without the Boom Crash (5)
71. Is — Love, Mr Mister? (2)
72. Some would kiss the dirt for them (4)
75. What the Pointer Sisters form (4)
76. David Lee Roth would — 'Em And Smile (3)
77. Medics GP (abbrev, 2)
78. She had the Power of Love (surname, 4)
79. An Oingo Boingo single that won't go? (4)
81. See 87 Across.
84. Pseudo Echo love — adventure (2)
85. '30s idol who died in a plane crash recently (init, 2)

77

TURKEY AWARDS

Limping lamely after the Countdown Awards, the Grammy's, the Logies, come the Turkey Awards of '86, a moving recognition of some of pop's noted personalities...

- The John McEnroe annual scholarship to Madonna and Sean Penn.
- The Monaco Grand Prix Auto Repair Shop's most valued customer award to Andrew Ridgley.
- The Jacques Cousteau White Pointer trophy to Samantha Fox.
- The Ozzy Osbourne Annual Headless Bat mounted trophy to Pseudo Echo for services to rock'n'roll mayhem.
- The Johnny Young Talent Time graduation plaque to Wa Wa Nee.
- The Weight Watcher's Wooden spoon to Jim Kerr.
- The combined Nautilus Arnold Schwarzenegger mounted bicep award to Mark Seymour.
- The honorary Status Quo songbook to the Models.
- The Latvian Hall of Fame award for outstanding contribution to music to Sigue Sigue Sputnik.
- The Fred Astaire Dance Studio complimentary lessons to Bananarama.
- The Good Housekeeping Prize for most valued exhibition home to Vyvy, Rik, Mike and Neli at 12 Credibility Street.
- The Andrei Gorbachev free Chernobyl land grant to Sting for services to East West relations.
- The Bic Razor annual Encouragement Award to Bob Geldof.
- Joint winners of the George Lucas Cup for Space Cadets to Prince and Michael Jackson.
- The Interflora Posy for services to parks and gardens to Morrissey.
- The Dial-A-Pizza framed Pepperoni Wish The Lot plaque to Simon Le Bon.
- The Prince Charles Dalton China Commemorative Crockery set for Exemplary On-The-Road-Etiquette to Frankie Goes to Hollywood.
- The highly prized Patsy Kensit award for Most Promising Acting debut to Brian Mannix.
- The Sam Fox "Birrov Lark This Pop Fing" plaque to Paul Weller.
- The Rik Mayall and Ben Elton scholarship for research into Ideological Purity to Sly Stallone.
- The Vyvyan Exploding Trousers award for Subtlety to David Lee Roth (fourth year in succession!)
- The Keith Richards' gold plated Bourbon Bottle award for outstanding rock'n'roll decadence and general loutish behaviour to A-ha.

SHOOTING STARS...

The crystal ball got dropped, we couldn't read the tea bag and Uncle Bert has shuffled off to a gin rummy session with the cards. So here's an educated projection (a wild guess, actually) of music's coming year.

- **Sigue Sigue Sputnik** take their modern consumerist fantasy to its logical conclusion — inbuilt obsolescence — by performing ritual suicide onstage.
- Confusion abounds on the British pop scene following the shock discovery that **Tears For Fears**, **Pookah Makes Three**, **Go West** and **Pet Shop Boys** are all the same duo in various image updates.
- **Elvis Costello** changes his name back to Declan McManus again; then to Elvis Costello once more; then back to Declan McManus, then decides that Cuthbert Archibald Snodgrass sounds more like it...
- The 1987 **Smiths** album is known as "Ged Is Dead, The Queen Has Snuffed It And I Don't Feel So Hot Either..."
- **Sting**'s new film is released. It contains a very moving and intensely personal scene where we witness Sting chopping new underpants in Harlods.
- **Dire Straits** break their own record for Australian audiences by playing a door-to-door tour of the country.
- Following "Measure For Measure", **Icehouse** title their new album "Henry IV Part II".
- Panic hits the **Jackson** family as they realise that current chart-topper and money-spinner Janet is the last of the litter, three cute orphans are hurriedly adopted.
- 'Serious artists' are forced further back into history for unpledged and credible sources. **Monty** exclaims Jeanette Macdonald and Nelson Eddy to be his greatest idols, while **Nick Cave** releases an album of Enrico Caruso favourites.
- **Sigourney Weaver** stars in the hit sci-fi thriller "Yes, Even More Aliens" (this time with a rap soundtrack).
- **Bob Geldof** launches **Talk Aid**. **Tony James**, **Malcolm McLaren** and **Peter Garrett** talk for a month without taking a breath.
- **Simple Minds** win the Eurovision Song contest.
- There's trouble in the **Prince** camp when one of his minders accidentally steps on him.
- A world-wide state of emergency is declared when **Andrew Ridgley** announces he is taking flying lessons.
- **Simon Le Bon** is England's entry in the America's Cup, but is disqualified for being overweight.
- **Paul Weller** makes a joke.
- **Malcolm McLaren** buys Hollywood.
- **Bruce Springsteen** fans start queuing for tickets for the Boss's next concert tour, vaguely rumored to be in 1989.
- **Brian Mannix** joins the Elizabethan Theatre Trust and plays Ophelia in his first role.
- Locks of **Michael Hutchence**'s hair are sold as **INXS** tour memorabilia.
- **Peter Garrett** runs for President of the Country Women's Association on the Anarchist ticket.
- **Meatloaf** does an album with **Howard Jones** and **Annie Lennox** called "Meat and Two Veg."

ETHEL BURNETT

WA WA
NEE



NAME:
DATE OF BIRTH:
PLACE OF BIRTH:
NICKNAMES:
PAST
OCCUPATIONS:
HIGHLIGHT OF '86
LOW POINT OF
'86
FAVE PLACES:
TREASURED
POSSESSIONS(S):

ESSENTIAL
READING:
ESSENTIAL
LISTENING:
BAD HABITS:
GREATEST
ASSET:
FAVE TV SHOWS:
UNFULFILLED
AMBITIONS(S):
FAVE FOOD:

HEROES:

SELF
DESCRIPTION:
LOVE IS...
MEANING OF
LIFE...



Steve Nieve

2013-14

Don't Bitch about us

Lab assistant, guitar teacher

Simulation reaching No. 1 in Bethel

Spending a week in hospital with appendicitis

On stage, about five feet in front of my amp
My red Fender guitar

Song last, just before we go on
1994

Our drummer Chris

Song last, parting too soon
My guitar playing horrible

The Young Ones, Newsworld
Thunderbox

Having a single debut at No. 1

Indonesia and the

Mark Davis, Eddie Van Halen,
David Niven

Amphibious

A mystery to me
A horror mystery

Paul Gray

2011-12

Series A/B

#1 hit

Musicians

Simulation

None

Bethel

The Tux

Lee Peterson's Traveling Suite

The forthcoming We Are Here album

Eating bananas

At preschool

Acme Boy

Too many to list

Avocado

Chuck Close, Lee Peterson, Woody
Allen

Comer

What I say

There's a home

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO...



Mad Jacko makes the Guinness Book of Records for the largest endorsement deal in history after re-signing with Pepsi-Cola for a second series of ads. (Pic: Scope)

Michael Jackson

After doing a Howard Hughes in 1985, Michael continued the disappearing act well into '86. Save for a few appearances, which tended to confirm those rumours that part of Michael had checked out a long time ago, the Seagined Glove was kept under wraps. That is, until September when MJ emerged from his Encino space station as **Captain EO** in the biggest ballyhoosed Disney project since Mickey Mouse. (No jokes about their voices, please.) In March, Jackson showed up at the '85 Grammy awards show, looking more waxen than his Madame Tousseaud figure. He picked up the Best Song of the Year award, which he shared with Lionel Richie for **We Are The World**. Later he said he couldn't take credit for **The World** because "God wrote the song". (I guess he couldn't make it to the Grammys this year.)

During the American summer he was spotted at Disneyland, despite masquerading himself behind a surgical mask and having himself hauled around in a wheelchair. And in August he showed up at LA's Roxy nightclub for papa Joe Jackson's showcase of his management company's new talent, attempting to squelch the much publicised rumours of their feud. By August, Jackson was the hottest name on the charts, but the kudos belonged to sister Janet, who in a *People* magazine interview, confessed even **she** thought Michael was a little weird. The month awaited follow-up to 1982's (1) **Thriller** was nowhere to be seen. The March deadline slipped into May, then August, then simply disappeared altogether. The headlines hadn't however, and next, front page photographs showed Mad Jacko sleeping in a special pressurised oxygen chamber. This, combined with a strict vegetarian diet and handfuls of vitamin pills, he hopes

will help him live to 150 years of age. Back in the real world, September saw a no-holds barred media blitz informing America that **Captain EO**, the top secret Disney sci-fi project, had landed. The 17-minute film features Jackson as a space commander in a storyline borrowed from *The Beasties' Yellow Submarine*. Landing on an evil planet, "Commander Michael" along with his crew of robots and assorted cutely-whimsy sidekicks, transform its inhabitants into peace-loving creatures through music and dance.

Luckily, the film doesn't have to depend on box-office receipts — it can only be seen at Disneyland and Disney World & is the Teacup ride and the Presidents on Parade.

If **Captain EO** sounds a little like one of Jackson's fantasies gotten out of hand, well, the biggest names in Hollywood bought it. Try George Lucas (executive producer) and Francis Ford Coppola (director), who together with Jackson formed the core of the creative team. Disney reportedly sank \$15 million into production and probably that again in promotion, making it the most expensive film, per minute, in history. Then again, Disney bills it as no mere film but "an all-sensory experience". Special theatres were built to accommodate the state-of-the-art projectors, audio equipment, and special effects that include lasers, lights, smoke and even seats that move. Jackson was once quoted as saying he wanted to reconstruct the elaborate Disney ride, "Pirates of the Caribbean", on the grounds of his estate. Actually, he did one better. He had Disney build his fantasy in their backyard.

by Greg Placek

PAUL YOUNG

Like the majority of major UK pop artists (Frankies, Spandau's, Duran's) Paul Young's was another face missing for most of this year. When we last left him, **Everytime You Go Away** had notched up his first US number one. **The Secret Of Association** album had been a worldwide smash, as had the 11 month tour to promote it. All that onstage jumping and leaping gymnastic stuff had left Paulie a might tired however, and the first half of '86 was given over to a good rest, particularly for his often troublesome vocal chords. His only live performance was at the Prince's Trust concert at London's Wembley Stadium before Charles and Diana, when he sang **Everytime You Go Away** twice. George Michael helping him



Recording in Italy (Pic: Scope)

the second time around. Mid-year it was back to serious business. Young began recording his third solo album in Milan, Italy again with producer Hugh Padgham. The first single **Wonderland** was due before Xmas, closely followed by the album titled **War And Passion**. Italian life has encouraged Young to take up a new sport too — windsurfing. He is so hooked, he's rising at the very un-pop star hour of 6.30 each morning to get in a couple of hours on Lake Como, which is next to the recording studio. There seems no reason to doubt that Young will follow his usual pattern and embark on a world tour to promote **War And Passion**, which will probably bring him Down Under in late '87.

U2

A house in South County, Dublin has been home to U2 this year, writing and recording the follow-up to '84's **The Unforgettable Fire**. It should be released in Australia early next year. The only live shows the band played have been the May Self Aid concert in Dublin to raise money for the unemployed and the 11 date Amnesty International benefit tour of the US in July. Between shows Bono was an eloquent and dedicated media spokesman for Amnesty, a role he also played in the Artists Against Apartheid project. Recording-wise Bono teamed up with Irish folk band Clannad (who's haunting **Theme From Harry's Game** closes U2's shows) for the single **In A Lifetime**. The Edge has been working on the soundtrack to a movie called **Heroine**. Drummer Larry Mullen Jr. was reported to be suffering from a form of tenosynovitis, encouraging some hopefuls to phone the record company asking when auditions for the new drummer were being held! The problem is thankfully not serious.



Buffalo Bill, says sorry, Bono at Amnesty (Pic: Australia)

AUSTEN TAYSHUS

Comedian Austen Tayshus made the most of the live comedy boom in the early '80s, proving he was as smart as he was funny. A stand-up artist with a line in bad puns, he was the discovery of a TV talent quest. But it was his single of 1983 **Australiana**, (who can ever forget it!) that was an unprecedented chart hit for a comedy record. **Australiana** was a runaway success, one of the biggest singles of the year, and of Australian recording history.

The Phantom followed, a spoof on the ghost who walks. Two albums were released. **The Tickler's Stopped Quivering** and '85's **Lounge Lizard**, as well as a video called **Austen Tayshus On The Edge**. Although he's been quiet recently, we've not seen the last of Mr Tayshus. His latest plans are admirably ambitious. He's working on a project for commercial television and has written a script for a feature film which will star, naturally enough, himself. (Comedians can't help themselves!) Plans for more record releases are vague at this point, but it will be interesting to see whether comedy can again make a crack in the charts, and whether Austen Tayshus is the one to do it.

DEAD OR ALIVE

You Spin Me Around and **Lower Come Back** gave the Liverpool group a smashes '85. Britain's second best known gender bender singer Pete Burns then took a giant step out of the rock'n'roll circus ring, sensing he could be a likely target for the ever-sniffing UK press. **Dead or Alive** have been quietly recording an album with the Stock/Aiken/Wateman team who helped Bananarama to their first US number one with **Venus** in September. The first single **Brand New Lover** was another dead catchy dance song, and bodes well for the album. Watching his mate Boy George being tortured by the media this year has given Pete some newfound theories on the best way to play the deadly pop game. This time around he's apparently content to let his music rather than outrageous tongue do his talking.



Pete Burns



Austen Tayshus



ROGER TAYLOR: The third member of Arcadia was the target of headlines like "Roger's Gone Loopy" and "Roger's Cracked". This was one of the few times when the British papers had it right, and mid-year Roger announced he had split from Duran for an indefinite period, suffering from "acute mental anxiety and physical exhaustion". Apparently the poor chap and Italian wife Giovanni had bought their dreamhouse after months of searching, only to find they couldn't live in it because fans kept popping up in their bathroom, backgarden and letterbox. It's now sold and Roger lives on a very private farm in Gloucestershire, where he is fulfilling a lifetime ambition to run a farm. "Who needs it?" seems to sum up the drummer's year.



Salty Si with a rather large cheque for Sports Aid (Pic: Scape)

Duran Duran

Duran Duran's last year has been one big long screaming match — but this time not by the fans. Understanding Blake and Krystal has been easier than deciphering the comings and goings of the five Durannies! The only '86 certainty has been that their waistlines have expanded considerably.

Duran's last album *Arena* was released in late '83, their last single *A View To A Kill* was March '85 (the title apparently fitting the rather, er, tense atmosphere on the video set), and their last performance was at Live Aid in July '85. Cutting an often tricky path through the rumours, here's what the wild boys were up to in '86.

SIMON LE BON: Lost his much talked about (well, by him anyway) bachelor bet with John Taylor when he wed parranian model Yasmin Parvanah on Boxing Day '85. Tongues wagged that she was pregnant (she later had a miscarriage), but Long John Le Bon said it was to reassure her of his undying commitment before he set sail for four months in the Whitbread Round The World Yacht Race. Surprise, surprise then, if before you could say ship ahoy, old Salty Si isn't plastered all over the front of New Zealand papers for naughty-

cal activities with a model from the American jeans commercial he was filming.

Yasmin, morning sickness and all, was promptly on the first plane, and met Si in Sydney where he popped in to host the first Countdown for '86. Four months later Drum came home third in the 27,000 mile race. Since then Si has made more videos and TV appearances to help promote the flagging Arcadia *So Red The Rose* album, and also joined George Michael on stage at the final Wham! concert, where his additional chins and waistline rendered him unrecognisable to much of the crowd. The ever-sharp British press, however, dubbed him Bunter Le Bon.

NICK RHODES: Arcadia's mainman, young Nick tried hard to emulate hero David Sylvian in the atmospheric and moody music of *So Red The Rose*. He spent months devising the photos and videos. The last one *The Flame*, directed by Russell Mulcahy cost \$350,000 and included nuns, priests, Nazi officers and basically whatever else he could think of. Not many people however, shared his or Nick's enthusiasm. Privately Nick continued his photography (Sylvian watch out!), was spotted in galleries with arty types like Andy Warhol, and became the second Durannie father with wife Julie-Anne. Baby snaps revealed that Dad wore more make-up than Mum.

ANDY TAYLOR: Even rollicking good-time Andy had his two cents worth of headlines, when he spilled the whole "bitter and twisted truth" to English magazine The Face. Among other teen-destroying revelations were that Roger had indeed had a nervous breakdown, that John and Nick were fighting like cats and dogs, that he himself had almost quit the group several times, that Duran's management were money hungry and spent too much time on yachts, that all the group's personal lives were in tatters — need I go on!

Andy enjoyed playing the heavier-metal guitar with Power Station so much, he moved with wife and son to Los Angeles (Michael Jackson and Johnny Carson live down the road, hey!) and started doing guitar sessions, the most notable being Belinda Carlisle's US top ten single *Mad About You*. He wrote and performed three songs on the *American Anthem* film soundtrack, the first *Take It Easy* doing quite OK chart-wise considering he couldn't actually sing. Now he's working on his first solo album. Er, Andy also needs a haircut.

JOHN TAYLOR: The hunk/spunk/most desirable man in the universe regular contest winner moved to a flash New York apartment overlooking Central Park, with Swedish model Renee Simonsen. There he ate loads and loads of pizzas, perfecting his new very wobbly double



A rare photo of Mrs O'Neil with more and less than her husband, John Scott

can look. JT remains the last unmarried Duran. After Powerstation he turned his hand to film soundtracks and equipped his apartment with lots of fancy technological recording equipment. First up was the music for the soft-pornish flick *9½ Weeks* starring his favourite actor Mickey Rourke. The single from it *I Do What I Do* was released, the first time JT had ever sung. He also directed himself for the accompanying moody video. The single was a bit of a lemon, as we say in the trade, and the record company has no plans to ask for a follow up. Latest personal news is that JT has dyed his hair white like Nick Rhodes.

For Duran Duran the individual projects were a way out of each other's pockets, a chance to pursue musical ambitions and hopefully broaden their audience. Coming back together to record a new Duran



JT

Duran album kept being put back month after month. Finally it started on June 1, but without Roger and Andy. Steve Fennie is playing drums, but while there has been no official word on Andy's being replaced, Billy Idol's guitarist Steve Stevens is playing guitar on the album. The legions of Duran fans will no doubt rally to the cause when the group strike back at the pop charts in 1987. One thing's for sure though, those carefree days lazing about on yachts seem an awful long time ago.



Sharon wins the Most Popular Female Award hot-trick

TEARS FOR FEARS

Roland's been writing while Curt's been lazing about - that's the word from the Tears For Fears camp. It's been a quiet year for the Bath-based outfit, who in '85 almost seemed to Rule The World! Curt found time to go to Mexico twice, once on a promotional trip and once to watch the world cup soccer. He had such a good time that partner Roland Orzabel is now also planning a trip. Apart from that Curt has been doing a spot of home

SHARON O'NEIL

The New Zealand born singer and songwriter once seemed to have a monopoly on the Countdown Award for Most Popular Female Artist. In '85, it must have been memory that prompted voters to bestow the accolade upon her for the third time, because Sharon had been very quiet since her '83 single **Power**. The truth was that she was embroiled in a sticky litigation with her record company CBS, after three years and four albums with them, of which the last '83 **Foreign Affairs** went gold. Happily the legal wrangle is now over, and August 1986 saw Sharon signing a long-term international deal with Polygram Records, as well as a new publishing contract with the MCA/Gilbey organisation. She has been taken on by Australian manager Roger Davis, who just happens to look after Tina Turner and Olivia Newton-John, so large scale international plans are afoot. Sharon's name pops up as co-writer on a track of the new Dragon album (she lives with Dragon's American keyboardist Alan Mansfield). Never short of a good tune, Sharon's writing new material, which added to the backlog written during the legal hassles, indicates her next material should be very strong. An album is being recorded in Los Angeles in late '86, with perhaps a teaser single for Christmas.

decorations on his new house, and is generally too head over heels with that to think much about looking himself away in a dreary old recording studio again. Meanwhile keyboard player Ian Stanley has formed another group, Mancrab, with singer Eddie Jr. Their single **Fish For Life**, co-written and co-produced by Roland Orzabel, featured on the soundtrack to **Karate Kid Part II**. Word is that if the single is a success, Stanley will leave the Fears in Tears and strike out on his own.



BARNES STORMING



As *WORKING CLASS MAN* became the year's top-selling Australian album, Jimmy Barnes took his pub-soaked rock to the US in the hunt for wider acclaim. Katherine Tulich reports.

It's been a momentous year for Jimmy Barnes. He has solidified his reputation as Australia's hardest working, hardest rocking singer. His album *Working Class Man*, released last December, has sold 280,000 copies (four platinum records) and is still on the charts.

Barnes, who epitomizes gut wrenching basic rock and roll can fill the largest venues in Australia whenever he plays. He's also made some headway this year into the difficult US market, spending months touring there as support for super boogie group ZZ Top.

He has also lent his name and support to Streetbeat, a worthwhile cause, aimed at discouraging young people from drinking and driving. In August the PM Mr Hawke presented Barnes with an award — a tiny guitar, for his contribution to the cause. Streetbeat may have seemed an incongruous cause for the renowned heavy drinker Barnes, but he insists that although he loves having a good time, he never misses drinking with driving.

"Probably one of the reasons they did pick me was because I've got an image of being a drinker and wildman," he said. "Let's face it, if Bob Hawke got up there and tried to do the same campaign it probably wouldn't appeal much to an 18-year-old male."

Actually, Barnes has mellowed in his per-

sonal life since the heady days with Cold Chisel, and with it has come a clearer direction in his solo career. Married now with three children (all under five), he realises had he kept going the way he was, he probably would have been another rock and roll casualty.

When Barnes was in Chisel he was content to just jump up on stage and sing. He knew little about what went on behind the scenes and relied on everyone else to handle matters. But now he has become a songwriter and a business man.

He's cut down the drinking and taken up karate. While he used to drink a bottle of Chateau and a bottle of whiskey every night on stage with Chisel, he now says he can muster the same amount of energy without getting drunk.

At first, it wasn't an easy jump to solo success. When Cold Chisel first split in 1983, they'd given Australia some 10 years of great rock and roll, and it was hard to imagine what future they had individually. Many were sceptical, thinking a Chisel reunion was inevitable. When Barnes eventually went out with his own band, he didn't exactly pack houses, so he knew it was a matter of going back to the people, going out on the road and slogging it out all over again.

"I didn't expect to be as good as or the same as Cold Chisel," he said. "I thought if I got on the road again real quick I could start building a standard again. I didn't expect to walk in with it and have it handed to me on a plate. The first year was a real learning period for me."

He signed with Mushroom Records and released his first solo album, *Bodywerve*, in September 1984. It wasn't an instant smash hit but it was enough to prove that Barnes could make the transition from frontperson to solo career.

His next release, *Working Class Man*, was strongly aimed at capturing the American market, a play which disheartened some of his long-time diehard fans.

He signed with Geffen Records in the US, and recruited some American songwriters with proven track records — Jonathan Caine (from Journey), who wrote *Working Class Man* and *American Heartbeat*, Steve van Zandt (ex Bruce Springsteen) and Chas Sandford (who worked on Stevie Nicks' latest). Barnes admits the songs were aimed at American sentiment, that middle America heartland that is Bob Seger, Springsteen and John Cougar Mellencamp territory. He completed the process recording the new tracks in the States with American musicians.

The album released there in February was a combination of six remixed *Bodywerve* tracks and five new songs. The singles released from it were *No Second Prize*, *Working Class Man* and *I'd Die To Be With You Tonight*.

Working Class Man was picked up as a track for the film *Gung Ho* which starred Michael Keaton and was directed by Ron Howard (*Splash* and *Cocoon*). It was sung over the end titles. In Australia the American producers saw the film's marketing potential and renamed it in honour of the song. It was released here as *Working Class Man* in July.

The next step was to go on the road. The last time Barnes had toured the US was with Chisel in '81. It was a disastrous trip, badly managed, inspiring him to write *You've Got Nothing I Want*.

This time Barnes was more confident, particularly when he secured the support spot for one of the biggest tours of the year, ZZ Top's *Afterburner*. In February Barnes packed his bags, his family (wife Jane, daughters Mahala and Eliza Jane and young son Jacky) and his karate teacher, and set off to convince the Americans he could sing better and out-perform any John Cougar Mellencamp!

He spent three months on the road playing to about 50,000 people a week. "The whole thing's been great," he said at the time. "When I first came here people were saying that the ZZ Top audience were pretty vicious and only wanted to see ZZ Top, but we've gone down really well. We've been starting the set with *Paradise* so straight away they get the idea that it's a rock and roll band they're watching.

But while Barnes has made inroads into the States, there's still a long way to go.

Working Class Man received some airplay but only charmed mildly. Coincidentally, this American anthem song was more popular in Australia! It was the fastest charting record in Mushroom Records' history.

Barnes cut short his ZZ Top support to return to Australia in May on behalf of the Streetbeat campaign.

After the Streetbeat concerts around Australia, Barnes opted not to return to the ZZ Top tour. Instead he took a well earned rest and started writing songs for the eagerly-awaited next album, which he will probably go back to the States to record. A new single will be out by Christmas with an album to follow around March.

JIMMY BARNES



FACES OF **100%**

STAR 20 QUESTIONS

MARTIN KEMP

What would you go to a fancy dress party as?

A cowboy

Favorite reading?

Biographies

What's the best thing about your life?

The band

What's the worst thing about your life?

Not enough time left

What do you wear to bed?

Nothing

If you were a dictator, what would you do?

Nothing

Sports and hobbies?

Football, tennis

Most embarrassing moment?

A nude scene on a TV play when I was 14

Most memorable dream?

Being a cowboy

Most treasured possession?

My dog

What will you be doing when you're 65?

Nothing

Favorite film?

Raging Bull

What TV show would you most like to be in?

Any game show

What's the weirdest gift you've ever had from a fan?

Boxes of socks

If you were reincarnated, what would you like to come back as?

A millionaire

Event of 1980?

World Cup Soccer

First record bought?

"Me and My Life" by The Tretacos

Live is...

Relaxing

Favorite food/drink?

Jack Daniels and chicken

The meaning of life?

A Monty Python film





A drummer

Tolkein

*Doing what I love and getting
paid for it*

Mornings

Very little

Sort out South Africa

Cars and more cars

Filling this form out!

*I'm not going to tell you her
name!*

My car

Playing drums

Lord Of The Rings

Eastenders

Edible underwear

Ian Botham

*England retaining the Ashes....I
hope!*

Led Zeppelin IV

Great!

Chicken satay, milk

Have a good time all of the time



THE GIRL CAN'T HELP IT

Everything Whitney Houston's touched has turned to platinum, but not without a lot of help from her backstairs friends. Greg Placek isn't so bedazzled...

Look once, and she's getting down and dirty with **You Give Good Love**. Look twice, and she's the latest MTV teen darling, giggling her way through the **How Will I Know** video. Look again and she's hit No. 1 with the biggest inspirational tune since **We Are The World**.

In 1986, Whitney Houston had the Midas touch — everything she sang turned to gold, or platinum to be precise. You name it, r'n'b, dance pop, middle-of-the-road, the girl could do no wrong. She not only made records like they were going out of style, she broke them, too! By July her self-titled debut album became the first debut album by any artist — male or female — to be certified platinum six times.

When the final tally is in, Houston's album may eventually pass Madonna's **Like A Virgin** LP, which has also sold six million, as the biggest selling album by a female artist in history. Her 48 weeks in the top 10 album charts in the US equaled Carole King's **Tapestry** as the longest running top 10 LP by a female artist in the rock era. And she set the record for having the longest running album on the black charts.

Her meteoric rise actually began in March '85 with the release of **Whitney Houston**, but it was in '86 that the superstar status was bestowed. Between February and May, the album was selling a truly amazing one million copies a month! Insiders say that had her label released another single, the album could have sold another million. Arista chief Clive Davis held back, though, fearing the overexposure might hurt Houston's second album, due out for Xmas.

Not bad for a 23-year-old, who prior to her recording career was a top fashion model. But then as *US* magazine pointed out in their cover story on Houston, "It's not so much that a star was born; rather that Whitney was born a star."

This is not the story of Madonna, who sonapped around Manhattan for years, doing softcore porno flicks and photos to earn enough money until her big break came. This is not the story of Tina Turner who worked her ass off for two decades until she broke big. Houston was groomed

to be a recording superstar, and when the time was right, she effortlessly met her destiny.

Whitney is the daughter of Cissy Houston, a gospel-soul singer with four albums to her credit. Observers note that Cissy probably could have had a bigger career if not for the decision to devote most of her time to raising her family and to stick with strictly gospel and soul when she did sing. By now, everyone knows Whitney's cousin is Dionne Warwick and that she called Aretha Franklin, a close family friend, "Aunt Rae".

When Houston finally decided three years ago that she had had enough of being a fashion model, cousin Dionne introduced her to Clive. Much has been said about how Davis worked with Whitney for two years in developing her debut album, calling in the best producers and writers to work with her, dropping some US \$300,000 in the process. But Davis would have had to have been a fool to pass her up.

Not only did Whitney have a great voice, but she was a beautiful model, knew the record industry like a pro, and the time was ripe. Michael Jackson had already opened the door on the biggest major black artist crossover since disco.

But the one characteristic of Whitney's that really must have brought tears to Davis' eyes was the fact that she listened. Here was an artist who was actually willing to allow him complete control, just like in the good old days. Her contract even stipulated that Davis would personally select the songs and producers of her albums. (Her mother, however, reserved the right to continue choosing her clothes).

In fact, Houston is everybody else's idea of the perfect pop star. If she's got a personality of her own, we haven't seen it yet. She's certainly not clever, cool, silly, sassy, decadent, dangerous, or anything of those other attributes that attract fans to the other pop divas.

She can't claim "a look," which is ironic given her fashion background. The perfect malleable model, she really does change in almost every photo.

She doesn't even have a singing style. "Gospel and the music I'm singing now are really no different" she was recently quoted, and she sings her songs that way, too. Talented, yes; unique, no. Cousin Di or Aunt Rae have got more individuality in their little fingers.

Of course, the ship is hardly out on the career of Whitney Houston. Odds are, sooner or later that contract clause is going to start gnawing at her. Clive will say "sit" and the real Whitney will stand up. In the meantime, he's making both of them a lot of money ■

W H I T N E Y
H O U S T O N



FACES OF **1000000**

YOUNG GUNS GO FOR IT!

Maintaining a healthy originality and encouraging frequent and rewarding visits are the reasons behind the fortnightly changes inside Sydney's Young Blood store. It was opened in January '88 by Tony and Anne Sawers to cover a wide spectrum of styles, rather than serve fickle fashion trends. Bright hope for the future Jane Maher, whose clothes are featured here, has recently joined Young Blood as in-house designer. With her come plans to wholesale nationally.



Y O U N G B L O O D

A new wave of exciting young designers are providing the cutting edge to style in the '80s. Six of the brightest from the UK and Australia strut their stuff.

FASHION

From designing in his home Sydney Kitchen to an impressive 100 outlets throughout Australia is that's the Melbourne Cinderella story. Michael Bracewell got his fashion leg in London and being Australian fashion as a "standoff" on his return here, his young wife decided to buy his brand. Michael works with the same no-nonsense confidence as his clothes. "You shouldn't have a lot of instruction or training stuff to show you how to wear a style of clothing. Things are finished. People want a solid, interesting piece with more creative choices in good fabrics."



NOVACLOVES



Some six years ago Elaine Townshend noticed a flood of sparkling new Australian designers with no outlet to reach the public. With partner James Phillips she opened a small department store with a difference; Cash Palace, a home for the more adventurous designers, showcasing everything from bells to bags and clothes.

Elaine's previous experiences selling her own and remodelling second hand clothes at Sydney's Paddington markets (the launchpad for many would-be Armani's), encouraged her that not everyone wanted to shop at David Jones. She was right. These clothes by Sara Thorn and Bruce Storch.



TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHY: RHONDA THWAITE STYLIST: VALERIA MORIC MAKE-UP: ALLAN DICKMAN



A graduate of Middlesex Polytechnic, Susan initially tried setting up business for herself making cheap glitzy swimwear. She soon realised a "proper" job in the rag trade was needed. By 1983, armed with invaluable knowledge of distribution and suppliers, she confidently joined London's premier fashion supermarket Hyper Hyper.

The African tribe of the Nuba inspired her unusual summer collection. "They change the image of the body. I've always been interested in African culture and this seems to have been the right time to display that influence."



Self-taught Peter Leather and Michelle Hoggart, from England's north-east, have built their business slowly through several label incarnations. Until we've now arrived with a collection we are proud of and won't laugh at. For daytime, Parisian street couture has inspired white jersey playsuits, with heavy black trim and devilish accessories. And for glittering Christmas festivities, quilted satin and taffeta, made madcap with puffball skirts and skinny midriff jackets.



TEXT: DONALD ROBERTSON PHOTOGRAPHY: ROB HOWARD STYLIST: PIPPA LAZARO MAKE-UP: KAREN HUGHES



Meeting happily in the wardrobes of Mick Jagger, John Taylor, the Thompson Twins and Diana Keaton are clothes by English Eccentrics. Don't let the odd name fool you. Textile designer Helen Littman, her sister Judy, a knitwear specialist, and Claire Angel from a top art school have cleverly combined their individual skills for an overall expertise.

EE are renowned for their stylish prints on natural silk, wool and linen fabrics, usually from English mills. A weekend market stall started it all in 1982. Next year's project is a furnishing range for curtains, upholstery and bedding of their prints.



NAME: Mick Hucknall
DATE OF BIRTH: 8/6/60
PLACE OF BIRTH: Manchester, UK
NICKNAMES: Red, carrot head, brills ped, Huck
PAST OCCUPATIONS: Painter, professional unemployment
HIGHLIGHT OF '86: No. 1 in Denton
LOW POINT OF '86: No. 1 in America
FAVE PLACES: Italy, Montreal, Hilton Munchen
TREASURED POSSESSION(S): Records, third leg, life

ESSENTIAL READING: Bird Lives, Between The Underdog
ESSENTIAL LISTENING: The Great Gettoby, Deadaby Disk
BAD HABITS: Mingus, Coltrane, Davis, Lee Perry,
GREATEST ASSET: James Brown, Sly, Star, Motown
FAVE TV SHOWS: None
UNFULFILLED AMBITION: He He He
FAVE FOOD: Too bad!
HEROES: Album 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8
SELF DESCRIPTION: Indian, Thai, Italian
LOVE IS... Don't trust any of them. Don't trust me.
MEANING OF LIFE... Untrustworthy
FAITHFUL, MANFUL, RESPECTFUL
BITER, MAGGOTS, WORMS AND POIL

SIMPLY RED

MICK HUCKNALL

PROFILE

Profile



STAN RIDGWAY

NAME:

Stan O'Rourke

DATE OF BIRTH:

April 3, 1964

PLACE OF BIRTH:

Barrow, California

NICKNAMES:

Stanny, The post
gaster, Mr. Camouflage

PAST

OCCUPATION(S):

Male model, taxi driver, waiter
salesman, ventriloquist

HIGHLIGHT OF

'86:

Possibility of doing a double-sided
rap record with Rod Harris

LOW POINT OF

'86:

Losing liquor license in a new disco
in Perm

FAVE PLACES:

Tijuana, L.A. river at dusk, Barrow,
my own bed

TREASURED

POSSESSION(S):

My dog, her

ESSENTIAL

READING:

Elvis and Me by Priscilla Presley,
Ask the Dust by Joseph Paus

ESSENTIAL

LISTENING:

Sunny, Nina Simone, Lloyd Buckley,
Nina Role

BAD HABITS:

Nail biting, smoking and watching

GREATEST

ASSET:

My aristocratic nose

FAVE TV SHOWS:

Lineages of the Rich and Famous,
Sports Illustrated

UNFULFILLED

AMBITION(S):

To someday be able to speak as
eloquently as Molly Meldrum

FAVE FOOD:

Rice and beans

HEROES:

Little Richard, Alan Ginsberg, Jerry
Lee Lewis, Rod Sterling (Twilight
Zone)

LOVE IS

MEANING OF

LIFE:

"When you do what you feel and
you feel what you know you'll know
what to do when you feel it"

NAME:

Dirk Burgelman

Arturo Giovannelli

Ivor Spandell May

Christopher James Bailey

DATE OF BIRTH:

June 31

1912

November 2

1910

PLACE OF BIRTH:

American

Italy

Zimbabwe

Kenya

NICKNAMES:

Duke

Godfather

Ego

Chris

PAST OCCUPATIONS:

Traveling salesman

Male singer

Child collector, kindergarten teacher

Life

HIGHLIGHT OF '66:

Learning to play guitar

Writing out

Convinced dad to play with the Serfs

Singing with Matroom Records

LOW POINT OF '66:

Succeeding

Singing at

Playing with the Serfs

Singing with Matroom Records

FAVE PLACES:

Pyramid, Memphis

Restaurants

Serfs' gigs

Matroom offices

TREASURED POSSESSIONS:

My record collection

My violin case

Posited case about it

My ridge

ESSENTIAL READING:

Where Did I Get From?

All About Radio World

Little Red Encyclopedia

New To Be A Rockstar vol. 1

ESSENTIAL LISTENING:

None. Musicians' Squander His

Overhears

While raves from Serfies' Forest

Bo Diddley Live At Leitchford Hall

BAD HABITS:

Playing guitar

Composing

Living

Performing

GREATEST ASSET:

Back again when

My Serfies' Forest

My talent shows

My talent shows

FAVE TV SHOWS:

A New Yorker On The Beach

Ed Beggs

George Jones

George Jones

UNFULFILLED AMBITION:

To be a guitarist

To be a rockstar

To be a drummer

To be a rockstar

FAVE FOOD:

Hot dogs after a gig

Hot dogs

Hot dogs

Hot dogs

HEROES:

Chuck Berry

Chuck Berry

Chuck Berry

Chuck Berry

SELF DESCRIPTION:

Shocked to see me on

Shocked to see me on

Shocked to see me on

Shocked to see me on

LOVE IS...

To be in the back of a new bus

To be in the back of a new bus

To be in the back of a new bus

To be in the back of a new bus

LIFE:

To be in the back of a new bus

To be in the back of a new bus

To be in the back of a new bus

To be in the back of a new bus

THE SAINTS



Richard Burgman, Arch Lortzen, Pete Riley, Chris Bailey (Pic: Optic First)

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF BRIAN



Apart from the mayhem and mania of music, what does yer average pop star get up to? Chrissie Camp joined Brian Mannix for breakfast and decided to stay the whole day...

Pics: John Brasch

10 am What's Brian's up, dressed and the kettle's on already. *Deats!* We'll never know what sort of prajanas he wears now! Although he's a bit woolly around the edges after a big weekend. Brian's still the jolly chatterbox proudly showing off the terrace house he bought in June. It's la...-aps. The Mannix house in Melbourne's Oak Park was over-run with over-enthusiastic X-men fans, forcing both Brian and his parents to move. Now he's determined this first house of his own is going to remain a relaxing haven from the rock madhouse. The kettle's boiled and Bri's the perfect host - nice cups, toast and his fave Vegemite all round. Even the kitchen's tidy!



11.45 am Just down the hall is the Premier Agency, who book bands like the pubs and clubs around Australia. This makes them very important and it's Larry's job to battle with the other managers to make sure the X-men get the prime gigs. Occasionally Brian reckons it's a good idea to say a cheery hello and check that agency head Frank Strivola hasn't booked him to play five nights on the trot in Dubbo! As Frank looks particularly smugly today, Brian is immediately worried!



12.15 pm OK, my turn. Chrissie's been settling in enough, y'know what these journalists are like. It's my bloody day and I haven't got a word in yet! So here's me and Kirky keeping in touch with the people who really count to us - the fans. Peter Green runs our X-Men's Information Service. This actually means that his house usually looks like the Bowker Street PD on a busy day. The fans are the ones who really matter, so we always try to look after them, even though we can't write back personally. While I'm at it, Kerry from Adelaide if you're reading this, I wasn't too impressed with your letter. You were going fine talking about how handsome we all are, until you said Everybody Wants To Rule The World is your favourite X-men song!



10.15 am In a smart dining area off the kitchen with snazzy black blinds, Brian gets down to the first serious business of the day — a cigarette (yuk!), and checking the Monday night dogs guide in the morning paper. X-men sporting activities being few and far between, manager Larry Tyler is trying to instill a love of racing. However, after the photo Brian went back to his normal breakfast reading; "Sex, Drugs and Rock'n'roll"! A quick squalize at the back garden, where a hot tub and barbecue are planned, a clean of the teeth and we're off, dashing out before the alarm system catches us out.



10.45 am Into the TAB around the corner from the X-men's office, and who should we run into but John Kirk. Seems he's having a flatter today too. Fifteen minutes later they're still eyeing up the form (groan, groan) looking for dogs called "It's A Dog's Life" and "Big Boy Mamma". C'mon boys!

11.15 am Into the hub of all X-men activity (just Brian's bedroom!), the management office in Albert Park. It's here that Larry and assistant Vicki take care of business. X-men framed posters and platinum records adorn the walls, but hang on... what's this? A dreadful poster of Samantha Fox! Brian mumbles something about that it keeps Larry abreast with, er, creative thinking. Anyway here's Larry telling Brian what the wonderful people from Countdown Magazine have planned...



1 pm This is one of my very rare shopping excursions. As you've probably noticed from my rare costume changes, shopping is not one of my favourite activities. I can always think of something better to do — like stay in bed! But as Countdown are taking our photos for their cover and with a new tour starting, I've made a special effort here. This is me going for the George Michael look. What do ya reckon? Craig didn't seem to be too impressed. Anyway, we decided to talk about this and other important business over a quiet lunchtime drink. Amazing what comes out over a beer. I always say, is that tape recorder off?



2 pm Time to meet up with Chuck, John and Larry for a meeting of our new record company CBS. The video for DON'T WAKE ME had just been finished, and the CBS boys were so pleased with it they decided to break out the beers. Despite the appeal of the well stocked fridge, it's handy to visit the record company to talk about publicity, which DJ's we have to send Interbambas to, how we can get the biggest displays in the shops, that sort of thing. Joining a new company has given us a new enthusiasm too, and lots of expensive 'welcome the band' type do's!



3 pm Here's me and Kirby on the PR circuit with Paul Buckner from CBS. With a new album out — *WHAT YOU GIVE IS WHAT YOU GET*, good title don't ya reckon? — we visit lots of media stations like JXT for interviews and to remind them how good our records are. Sometimes they forget when they've got Madonna and Prince and all that awesome hot stuff. So here's Paul giving to the "other" before our interview.

3:18 pm On air with my old mate Mark Irvine, obviously saying something fairly intelligent — well Kirby's amazed anyway. A lot of the time PR is not good fun, but like it or hate it it has to be done. Sometimes I do it really well, sometimes I'm tired or just not totally interested and I'm not very good. This was on a great day!



7 pm Now that everyone is well and truly awake, it's the best time to do a photo session. None of us like posing about at these much, someone's usually got a hangover or a spot or is feeling grumpy, but we know it's important to try to look OK so we generally make a bit of an effort. How do you like my flash red shirt? This is one of the photos we did for the Countdown cover. I think it's pretty good.



4 pm Next stop is Platinum Studios where we recorded the album — did I tell you it was called *WHAT YOU GIVE IS WHAT YOU GET* and it's fantastic? The bloke with more gel and eyeliner on than me is Kevin Beamish, the producer. He's a septuagenarian so I've had to keep an eye on him. But give him his credits, he's done a great job on the record. Here's me showing Kev where the reverb hateround synth playback 16th vocal track is!



11 pm Back home at Brian's at last, after the photo session and a quick dinner. Phew, what a day, but Brian's still bounding with energy. He rarely goes to bed till 1 am, so when the X-men aren't soaring, he catches up on new bands around town, watches videos and plays records. Speaking of which, as Elvis Presley is a big hero, Brian launches into his Elvis repertoire on the acoustic guitar. Next up are some of the lyrics that, er, didn't quite make it onto the new album, and then it's uncanny impersonations (sorry) of other pop stars. Brian likes nothing better than a good old natter about music, everyone from the Cramps to Duran. As he volunteers to play yet another potential new X-men song, it's time to bid our jolly host good-night.

Profile



NAME:

DATE OF BIRTH:

PLACE OF BIRTH:

NICKNAMES:

PAST

OCCUPATIONS:

HIGHLIGHT OF '88

LOW POINT OF

'88

FAVE PLACES:

TREASURED

POSSESSIONS(S):

ESSENTIAL

READING:

ESSENTIAL

LISTENING:

BAD HABITS:

GREATEST

ASSET:

FAVE TV SHOWS:

UNFULFILLED

AMBITION:

FAVE FOOD:

HEROES:

SELF

DESCRIPTION:

LOVE IS...

MEANING OF

LIFE...

Roland Gift

1981

Birmingham, England

Gunsleeper (because of blonde hair)

Tasleeman, stripper, debt collector

Gang in school

Becoming JV

The outdoor 100 Yard Blue Sprint

Black leather jacket

Gilbert, Barlow, Benet

Bobby McFerrin

Pulling ass out at dinner parties

Credit card

Swimming, Play for Today, NFL

Sweet Home

Passing 17'2" out

Ice and raw

Joseph Bristle

Grassman, Jean-Luc

1992

Jurnal

ROLAND
GIFT



Streep and Redford out in Africa



The Colour Purple

THE GREAT CHOC-TOP EXPERIENCE



Colin Firth as Malcolm

Janet Cook comes out of the darkness to recount the triumphs and the turkeys, the gross and the big grossing of the film year...



I wasn't the worst of times or the best of times, here in the shadow of US cultural imperialism, but it warmed your heart when the local guerilla film industry come down out of the hills to bring the people *Bliss*, *The More Things Change*, *Cactus*, *Malcolm*, *The Empty Beach* and *Playing Beatie Bow*. Not to mention Crawford's Matlock-gothic *Fortress*.

And you had to feel Proudly Australian, seeing *Croc Dundee* have a go at singlehandedly redressing the trade imbalance.

As usual, an overwhelming number of new releases were American, though the rule of most gross equals biggest grossing didn't always apply. Each their own kind of ghastly were *Perfect*, *9½ Weeks*, *European Vacation*, *Teen Wolf* and the fittingly titled *Better Off Dead*.

A couple of schlock successes were worries — *Rembo*, a dangerous fantasy about the typical product of a society with insane gun laws, and *White Nights*, where dazzling dancing combined with breath-taking political propaganda.

Top Gun made it all seem clean and wonderful somehow — like cigarette ads make smoking look good. Politically sounder were *Real Genius*, *Short Circuit* and even *Spies Like Us*.

And yes, it was still OK to be a teenager. John Hughes outdid himself this year, with *Pretty in Pink* and *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*. There weren't so many strictly teen movies, audiences were targeted more exactly.



Grace Jones Mark 37 in *Body Heat*



(Rocky) Der, take dat...

For the arklebiters there were *Care Bears*, *Ewoks*, an overblown *Santa* and a *Return To Oz*. Then there were krazykoid adventures and fantasies like *The Goonies*, *Explorers*, *The Journey of Natty Gann* and *Young Sherlock Holmes*.

The next stage up, takes in *Weird Science*, *Getcha*, *Space Camp*, *Youngblood* and *American Flyers*.

At the top (or yuppie) end of the market were *The Money Pit*, *About Last Night*, *Legal Eagles* and *GungHo* - sorry, *Working Class Man*.

There wasn't much in musicals, although they did wheel a stereo *Glen Miller* out of the vault. Bowie turned up in *Absolute Beginners* and Sting had *Bring On The Night*, as well as a spot in *Plenty*. He also played a pretty unpleasant Frankenstein in *The Bride*, but it was not a great year for horror movies - the scariest thing around was *Rambo*.

Back at the Bates Motel, Norman took the opportunity of *Psycho III* to fall for a nun. The *Return To Elm Street* was pretty ho-hum and there wasn't anything new in *Polltergeist II*.

If you wanted to see well-orchestrated violence, there was Arnie in *Raw Deal* (and *Red Sonja*), as well as *Rocky XIII*, *Big Trouble In Little China* and lots of ubiquitous Chuck Norris. Clint was just passing through in *Pale Rider*, on his way to local politics.

In family entertainment the choice was wide - from *Jewel Of The Nile* and *Sweet Dreams*, through *The Jagged Edge*, *Violets Are Blue* and *Agnes Of God* (not to be confused with *Hail Mary*), to *The Colour Purple*. Or if you fancied a bit of scapertastic Streep, there was *Out Of Africa* and *Plenty*.

Zany comedy abounded - *Morons From Outer Space*, *Back To School*, *Summer Rental*, *Down And Out In Beverly Hills*. There were some really funny films too - *Silverado*, *Into The Night*, *Prizzi's Honor*, *After Hours*, *Hannah And Her Sisters*.

Out of the mainstream there was heaps to see. *Repo Men* of course, and *Brother From Another Planet*, *Trouble In Mind*, *Lost In America*, *Always*, *The Emerald Forest* and *Alamo Bay*. Not forgetting *Kiss Of The Spider Woman*, *Runaway Train*, *The Lightship* and *Colonel Redd*.

The Brits compensated appropriately for last year's worthy, but tedious *Passage To India*, with an exquisitely amusing adaptation of Forsyth's *A Room With A View* (not to be confused with "A View To A Kill"). Not only but also, there was *Turtle Diary*, *Dance With A Stranger*, *The Chain*, *A Private Function* and *Dreamchild*.

Seeing all these quality films is a tough job, but somebody's gotta do it. Fortunately the ones you were too slack to catch at the cinema will be available on video by Xmas - it only seems to take about six months nowadays. The bad news is that, while you can then view in a comfortable and controlled environment, the small screen definitely has a lessening effect.

The best films still demand the complete choc-top ice cream experience.

HOLLYWOOD'S DREADED DARLINGS



Molly Ringwald

Greg Placek looks at the '80s version of Frank Sinatra's '60s Rat Pack — the Brat Pack.

For all the hoopla about that coterie of young Hollywood actors known affectionately as The Brat Pack, they haven't performed that well at the box office, nor have they been that critically well-received.

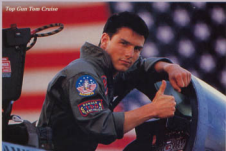
They make headlines, sure, but none of them has starred in a mega-selling picture or been nominated for an important film award. One's left wondering if people really go see a movie because any of them are in it: the true barometer of stardom.

1986, however, at least established the true leaders of the pack: Rob Lowe and Molly Ringwald. Lowe, 22, who shot to popularity in *St. Elmo's Fire* and *Young Blood*, led the cast in *About Last Night*, based on the David Mamet play *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*. By the end of August, the film had raked in a healthy US \$33 million, and Lowe's strategically shot nude scenes firmly established him as the leading male teen sex symbol.

Molly Ringwald starred in the year's other big teen film *Pretty in Pink*. More valuable than any film however, was the cover *Time* magazine gave to Ringwald in May. Everyone's younger sister was suddenly dying her hair Ringwald Red.

The Brat Pack, to back track for a moment, is a loosely defined group but at its core, in addition to Lowe and Ringwald

Top Gun Tom Cruise



Young Blood Rob Lowe (Pic: Scope)



The definitive Packer Sean Penn (Pic: Scope)



Andrew McCarthy

are: Andrew McCarthy, 21, (*Glass* and Ringwald's co-star in *Pink*), Emilio Estevez, 24, (actor Martin Sheen's son, *The Breakfast Club*), Judd Nelson, 24, (*The Breakfast Club*, *St. Elmo's Fire*), newcomer Anthony Michael Hall, and girls Ally Sheedy (*War Games*, *The Breakfast Club*), Demi Moore (*Blame It On Rio*, *Young Doctors in Love*, *St. Elmo's Fire*).

They all know each other, are all in the early 20s, single, go to the same Hollywood parties, sometimes date each other (Ringwald and Hall, Moore and Estevez) and frequently co-star with each other, most of them having had a John Hughes film (*Sixteen Candles*, *The Breakfast Club*, *Pretty in Pink*), in their limited portfolios.

More than anything, it's the attitude the Packers exude that's earned them the name Brats. They're alternately naive, arrogant, cute and vacuous but always to such a degree that they are impossible to ignore. They're hot news, and that means the big studios are hammering at their doors.

The most famous Packer is Sean Penn, 25. His explosive temperament fits the group's desired image well but, since marrying Madonna, three years his senior, he's now more of an honorary senior member. His acting skills however, are still the model for the young Packers to aspire to.



Demi Moore and Emilio Estevez (Scope)

Upcoming Pack films include Michael Anthony Hall's *Out Of Bounds*, which bounded out of the US box office in about two weeks. His perpetually nerdy persona is wearing a little thin, although he deserves credit for trying live television as a member of the *Saturday Night Live* cast. Judd Nelson's and Ally Sheedy's co-starring vehicle, *Blue City* saw more red than black, as the film collapsed under the weight of a heavy-handed screenplay. It's a shame, since the two are arguably the most talented of the bunch, and eschew its glitzy lifestyle the most.

The hottest young stars in '86, though, were those rarely identified with the BP. Tom Cruise's starring role was largely responsible for *Top Gun's* US \$130 million-plus take at the box office, making it the biggest grossing film of the year. *Karate Kid II*, which pulled in more than \$100 million, was the biggest surprise of the year, with Ralph Macchio reprising his starring role. Matthew Broderick's title role in *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, though lambasted for its prejudicial depiction of minorities, grossed more than US \$60 million.

To date, the Brat Packers have gotten by playing characters no more different than themselves, but more meatier roles are in the offing. Rob Lowe plays a retarded teenager in his next film *Square Dance*. The challenge for Emilio Estevez is obvious — he's writing and directing his next film *Wisdom*.

And plucky Molly Ringwald is contemplating starring as the infamous Edie Sedgwick in a film about the cool, blond model, a protégé of Andy Warhol. If she pulls that one off, it could bring the Brat Packers their first Oscar.

FROM YOUNG ONES TO OLD GUNS



Mr. Plaza keeps on trying to teach the seven-Mental schoolkids.

It may not have had the mega-budget of Bob Giraldi's award-winning BEAT IT, but the kid's clip for the Mentals was a triumph for the frenetic first-timers.

So you wanna be a rock clip maker?

Such was the promise of the Countdown Magazine/Gold Crest Music Bars Rock Video Project, and thousands of kids across Australia responded to the first national competition inviting them to come up with a video clip idea for rock and popably funsters Mental As Anything. The Mentals, with their sharp wit and even sharper sideburns, offered **Hold On**, a track from the **Fundamental** album, as the focus of the project.

By May, more than 1200 entries from hopeful video whizz-kids filled the corridors of Countdown Magazine.

So high was the standard of entries, that the judging panel, led by Molly Meldrum, was hard-pressed to isolate a winner. The most outstanding entry eventually came from the students of Maryborough High in Queensland, whose entry cast Martin Plaza as a teacher lordling over the rest of the unruly schoolkid Mentals.

The Maryborough students travelled to Melbourne to make the clip at the "Countdown" studios, ride escalators for the first time, and make it onto national news broadcasts.

As part of their winning prize, the students got the Mentals live on stage at their local showground. A rapturous 5000-plus crowd made the event, as locals called it, the "biggest thing since the '74 floods."

In 1987 the Rock Video Project promises to be even bigger, with the possibility of its inclusion in the Australian school curriculum.



Playtime!



The Mentals get a sixth member at the concert



The crowd goes Mental

W

hen Americans talk about video, the name Bobo Giraldi dominates the conversation. Giraldi pioneered the "mini-story" idea in the 1980s like Michael Jackson's *Beat It*.

Pat Benatar's Love Is A Battlefield, Paul McCartney and Jackson's *Say, Say, Say*, Lionel Richie and the blind girl in *Hele...* and the list goes on.

So when he was lured to Sydney in July to produce *Dragon's Dreams Of Ordinary Men* single, tongues wagged furiously about his probable fee. A tight (poor record company) stressed they were determined to give *Dragon* their best shot at breaking the US, and in video, Giraldi was the best. (The album was produced by American Todd Rundgren.)

Speaking with the blunt frankness of a New Yorker, he has a wealth of fascinating thoughts about video he loves to share. Giraldi's innovative style came, unlikely as it sounds, from the humble television commercial. For 15 years he remodelled, stretched and caressed ads every which way, winning 300 or so major awards along the way, and as was the case with the Jacksons' razzamatazz Pepsi-Cola ads, elevated that usually tiresome spot into a real vibrant alternative to escaping to the loo.

Giraldi has a clear cut, and conscience-free, idea of how best to sell a product. His videos are simple stories bursting warmly at the seams with clichés, sentimentality and irresistible hooklines. Big bucks have certainly anchored them, but Giraldi has a stylish visual panache and a genuinely affectionate approach to both the medium and the artist.

"There are those who say my silly little stories are a breath of fresh air in the milieu of arty imagery and cartoons. Others would say they don't belong in rock'n'roll," Giraldi said. "I have a very distinctive style and that is not dictated by any desire to be an artist, y'know some-

one who bleeds to make beautiful avant garde videos.

"I think the videos we've mentioned of mine are incredibly enjoyable pieces of work, fine clips and fine tunes. At the same time a lot of bands are moving away from the mini-movie idea, because they want their music to be liked for another reason, and in some ways they're right.

"I think what we predicted two years ago was absolutely true. Video's growth has levelled off because everybody has realised that not everyone can make a lot of profit from it.

"I think the video business will live longer in Europe and other countries which have a small artistic, independent film-making



Giraldi and Bruce Spence

community. In America you can make more money if you move onto other things, and that's the bottom line. If I was MTV, I'd be very worried about the future." Still, for the moment young people want to see visions of music, to judge the vision of the artist as much as the song. Pity then that so few of today's videos come anywhere near the imagination and pioneering style of the supreme *Beat It*.

"Yeh, everybody there knew that we were 100% onto something extraordinary when Michael danced," Giraldi remembers. "We had a bunch of authentic bad gang members in the cast, and when they saw the dancers come in playing at gangs and fighting, it could have gone either way. They could have easily laughed and ridiculed it, but they sat with their mouths open in awe. Michael worked very hard, because he wasn't choreographed. He's not a professional dancer. He just did his own rap, and he was simply electrifying." Enjoying the "Australian experience" as he fondly calls it, has been another of Giraldi's career highlights. He's full of praise for an exceptionally creative no-fuss crew, a fine camera performance from *Dragon* and actor Bruce Spence who stars in the video, and a "truly beautiful" country. Oh, he thinks the song's not bad either.

Dragon on the video set

UP ON THE CATWALK

As The Models strut their stuff internationally, Rosa Senese checks the behind-the-scenes grooming...

Last year was the year of The Models, if there ever was such a thing. 1986 was spent in building upon that achievement. This time, however, they had bigger targets in sight. Their upwardly-mobile fortunes seem to have rekindled in them an appetite for the kind of success they or James Freud solo had narrowly missed in previous attempts. Their situation at the end of '86 suggests The Models might be the next Great Australian Success in the international pop sphere. From the year's itinerary that seems to be what they have in mind. From February they were in London for six months, recording an album to follow up the highly successful *Out of Mind Out of Sight*. This became known as *Media*. It will be interesting to see whether it's the album that establishes The Models in other parts of the world. The *Out of Mind...* album meanwhile was released world-wide to a generally good reception, even in the US (and reached gold sales in New Zealand), so some ground breaking has already been done.

Behind the scenes, it should be noted that The Models' managerial back-up is partly responsible. They are managed by the MMA company, a growing local outfit who have diversified into music publishing and film. MMA also manages INXS, one step ahead of The Models in the Big Overseas Contenders stakes. Therefore, in the push to establish INXS, there's already a chain of contacts set up and some groundwork done which The Models can draw on. The rest, really, is up to the band. And to the record buyers.

The Models introduced themselves to America and the UK (where it was actually a renewal of acquaintances) with extensive touring. They had made the pilgrimage to England before, as had James

Freud during his collaboration with Gary Numan, but this time they had better backing and more saleable product. On the other side of the Atlantic, they signed a deal with the Geffen record label, paving the way for American consumption.

The band recorded at London's Sarm West Studio. Sharing the place with Yes and Frankie Goes To Hollywood made the new Models sound all the more interesting to listen out for. The album was produced by the dual talents of Julian Mendelsohn and Mark Opitz, who have done the honours for a galaxy of Australian bands such as The Machinations and Cold Chisel. It was actually the second Models album to be recorded in England. *Local And/Or General* was the first but hopes were on a better success for this one.

Two albums in one year is no mean feat, especially if *Media* can match or better the performance of *Out of Mind...*

Even though we saw little of The Models here during '86, they retained their status as a major Australian band. Fans didn't forget that easily. In May they reminded us of their presence by an appearance on the live telecast from London's Hippodrome for the Countdown Awards.

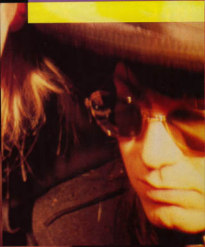
There may have been technical hitches in the set-up, but the Models were in the running for the major accolades. They lost the Best Australian Band Award (to stablemates INXS) but picked up the Best Single trophy for the *Out of Mind Out of Sight* single. That song continued to do well for them, earning them an American top 40 hit and screening on the MTV video network.

Back in Australia, the moody, mysterious *King Of Kings* single was released with a charitable gesture for 'Christmas '85. All proceeds from the record went to the Salvation Army, a personal concern of Sean's. A short *King Of Kings* tour of the Australian east coast followed.

The next single, *Cold Fever*, was not hugely successful; the old album being milked until they provided a new one. The first single from *Media* was released in August, *Evolution* continuing that big and brassy feel of *Out of Mind...*

As far as personalities went, The Models' public face shrank in size. James Valentine (who, along with Roger Mason, had joined last year in the wake of Andrew Duffield's departure) was seen to take a back seat in the band. James is still with the band, but dropped out of recent photographs. To all appearances the Models have become a four-piece again. And in the private sector, Roger Mason became the next married Model. He flew back to Australia while the band were recording in London to wed his girlfriend, Carla.

The band returned to Australia in August after a proposed US tour with British band Psychedelic Furs was cancelled. A few weeks later they were playing to Australian audiences again. Enjoy them while they're here, because they might be bound for bigger things...■



What would you go to a fancy dress party as?

Uncle Scrooge

Favourite reading?

Comics

What's the best thing about your life?

Getting away with it

What's the worst thing about your life?

Doing homework

What do you wear to bed?

A smile

If you were a dictator, what would you do?

Repeal the law of averages

Sports and hobbies?

Collecting navel lint

Most embarrassing moment?

Being caught with my finger in Madonna's navel

Most treasured possession?

My lobotomy scar

Bad habits?

Nuns

What will you be doing when you're 40?

Being naughty

Favourite film?

Forty Naughty Nuns Go To Vegas
— directed by Russ Fellini

What TV show would you most like to be in?

The Flying Nun

What's the weirdest gift you've ever had from a fan?

Leprosy

If you were reincarnated, what would you like to come back as?

A 1928 Porter

What pop stars make you puke?

Every last one of them

First record bought?

The Little White Cloud That Cried
by Jamie Redfern

If you weren't a musician, what job would you like to have?

Dung beetle

Favourite food/drink?

Moo Moo juice

The meaning of life?

"Life is a cumquat" — old Chinese proverb

HOODOO GURUS



SUMMERTIME



Bottle-blond Police-man Gordon Sumner (AKA Sting) took leave from the precinct to establish his jazz credibility. Katherine Tulich gets stung.

Sting must be looking back over the past year with a great deal of satisfaction. He set out to prove his musical worth outside the rock confines of the supergroup of the '80s, The Police, and succeeded with flying colours.

A top-selling solo album, *Dream Of The Blue Turtles*, a successful tour which spawned a concert film *Bring On The Night* and a double live album of the same name, has, in 1985, made Sting one of the most popular musicians around.

But more importantly, he is one of the few musicians who have made an impact over such a wide range of audiences. Proof of that was evident at his Australian concert tour last April, where everyone from screaming teeny boppers to grey-suited business men packed out the venues. And didn't it seem a little strange watching young girls screaming, while Sting postulated the serious tones of a socially aware song like *Russians*!

"It's something I actively cultivate because it allows me the freedom to be as I choose," he said.

It's no surprise that Sting wanted to integrate different musical styles into his solo work. He gathered the roots of his early jazz experience (he played jazz part time while school teaching in Newcastle, UK), and the socio-politically aware lyrics that had been permeating in Police songs (*Invisible Sun*, *Driven To Tears*, and ex-

plored them to their full potential on his solo album).

Sting was determined to find the best jazz musicians available to help him in his project. An open call was made to the New York jazz community and the response was enormous. "I think The Police always had a very good reputation among musicians," he said.

He gathered the cream of the crop — Kenny Kirkland on keyboards, Darryl Jones on bass, Omar Hakim on drums, Branford Marsalis on sax, and Janice Pennington and Dollette McDonald on backing vocals.

The criticism flew that a rich white boy was buying himself a band of hot black musicians to make him look good, but Sting undoubtedly proved his musical cachet. The new project had a positive effect on Sting image-wise as well. While aloofness was a trademark of his role in The Police, as a solo artist he has opened up more about himself.

It was one thing to get musicians in to play their individual bits in the recording studio, but it's quite a different beast to cohere very diverse musicians into a tight live working band. But Sting managed to do this as well. The group set up shop in a chateau in Paris for nine days to rehearse for their first gigs in that city, which kicked off a year-long world tour.

The experience was documented in the film *Bring On The Night*, prompted by Sting's desire to show a band in formation, rather than the usual documentary of a demise.

The film revealed a side of Sting we rarely see, including the intimate moments of the birth of his fourth child Jake.

"I wanted an honest film about people, not a rock and roll film. Jake's birth happened coincidentally within the time that we were filming and director Michael Apted talked us into including it, because not to include

an event like that would have been a dishonest account of those nine days of my life. I don't think it's a piece of gratuitous home movie making."

The film was released here to coincide with Sting's Australian tour. It only had a limited release in the cinemas, but has been more successful as a video release. While *Bring On The Night* portrayed Sting, the real person, his film career as an actor has also taken off. He had small parts in *Quadrophonia*, *Brimstone* and *Treacle* and the much publicised *Dune*, but when he appeared in *Plenty* with Meryl Streep and John Gielgud, it seemed Sting was a fully accepted member of the acting community, not just a rock star whose name could be used to sell a film to the youth market.

Sting's next project is with another actress of equal calibre to Streep, the sultry Kathleen Turner *Jewel Of The Nile*, *Prizzi's Honour*. They'll be co-starring in an Italian film called *Gula y Gulletta* to be shot in Rome next June.

Another of Sting's major '85 concerns has been continuing his support of the human rights organisation, Amnesty International, which began when he performed at *The Secret Policemen's Other Ball* in 1981.

The spirit of the cause was enough to get The Police to reform, even if only briefly. Stewart Copeland and Andy Summers joined Sting on stage in front of 55,000 people in New Jersey for the last Amnesty concert on June 15. Together they played *Roxanne* and *Message In A Bottle*. It was enough to set the rumours flying yet again of a reformation but this time it really could be on the cards. By year end there will be a Police greatest hits album called *Every Breath You Take: The Singles*.

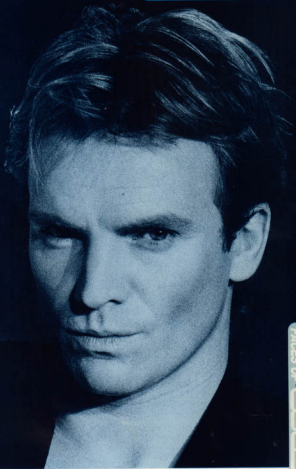
Stewart, Andy and Sting have re-recorded some Police songs, including their first Grammy award winner *Don't Stand So Close To Me*, which will be released as a single with new lyrics, new tempo and a new concept.

In the meantime, Sting's live album, *Bring On The Night*, which was primarily recorded at the Paris concerts, has run into some problems courtesy of Police. Australia is privileged to have the album, as it had only been released here and in Europe. The American record company declined to release it despite Sting's solo popularity, saying over-exposure would interfere with the sales of The Police greatest hits album.

It's exactly this type of group pressure that forced Sting to break away and embark on his solo projects in the first place.

"Two years ago I found I was in a situation where I was stuck in this band The Police, in this institution where the accountants and the managers and the agents said we must keep doing this, we're one of the most successful bands around, we're making big money... and I had to say: if I do this one more time, I'm going to be stuck here. I have to move. Now!"

S T I N G



FACES OF **BOCCO**

THE MENTALS SCRAP BOOK

1978. A world reels in horror at the first glimpse of Australia's netty boys. But where's Reg?

(Died from the top actually.)



Album No.2 ESPRESSO BONGO, September '80, and disco sense prevails. The lads take a bath at clean-scrubbed pop sensibility. (Eek!)

The debut album GET WET, November '78, is launched (gross) with a swimming meet between the Mentals and media types like Jane here.



December '78, and a little R'n'B combo called Mental As Anything rose from the primeval ooze of Sydney's pubs to PLAY AT YOUR PARTY. Before the nips got any bigger, they slept it off, woke up and found themselves well on their way to the charts. Ever the hams in front of a camera, what better way to see the Mentals blossom than through some choice snaps. Away we go!

November '80, on the video set for *RUMED AND JULIET* with the essential prop (front right).



Martin attacked by Byong wallopers.



Greedy favouring the American tourist look.



The Mental Aspects' first video and concluding religious action for *CREATURAL OF ALL STUFF* (Nov. 4 in March '82).



Greedy is floored when *IF YOU LEAVE ME, CAN I COME TO YOU* wins the Greenhouse Award for Best Single of 1981.



Winter, there's a fish in my brain! (June '80).



December '81, Reg becomes the *BESERK WARRIOR* for album No. 3 *CATS AND DOGS*.



Martin and Catherine get things straight.

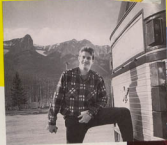
You laugh at this car, I break your face!



Reg (whoops, changed) discovers a kernel of wisdom.



On the road in the US in '84 with Men in Black... just again I thought, silly AF!



Greedy auditions for a cigarette commercial in Canada in '83.

Album No.2, FUNDAMENTAL in March '85. Goody and the cafe set LIVE IT UP.





Peter, Reg and Greedy preview the rock do-kiss swimwear look to the US in '82.



The Big Switch! Swimsuits, December '83.



Dividing & Moving: The Paradise club in Amsterdam.



Feb '86 and the Meaties play their first gig in the UK. Greedy warms up at Heathrow airport.



Fundamentally a media creature—

In New York, all ragged up and nowhere to go — except the Countdown Awards via satellite. April '86.



July '86, the Maryborough Rock Video concert.

September 1, 1980 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12	Dancing in the Streets Bruce & Jagger (SM) America Going Out for Her (CBS) (CBS) Don't Leave This This World (MCA) Alvin Meets Alvin (MCA) My Name Is (MCA) Tarzan Boy Baltimore (CBS) Power of Love (CBS) (CBS) Knock on Wood (CBS) (CBS) Don't Leave This This World (MCA)	September 1, 1980 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12	9 I Was Made Up (CBS) (CBS) Heart of the City (CBS) (CBS) Don't Leave This This World (MCA) Don't Leave This This World (MCA) Don't Leave This This World (MCA) Don't Leave This This World (MCA) Don't Leave This This World (MCA) Don't Leave This This World (MCA) Don't Leave This This World (MCA) Don't Leave This This World (MCA)	September 1, 1980 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12	Well Get Off (CBS) (CBS) Going Out for Her (CBS) (CBS) Don't Leave This This World (MCA) Don't Leave This This World (MCA) Don't Leave This This World (MCA) Don't Leave This This World (MCA) Don't Leave This This World (MCA) Don't Leave This This World (MCA) Don't Leave This This World (MCA)	September 1, 1980 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12	Living Off (CBS) (CBS) Going Out for Her (CBS) (CBS) Don't Leave This This World (MCA) Don't Leave This This World (MCA) Don't Leave This This World (MCA) Don't Leave This This World (MCA) Don't Leave This This World (MCA) Don't Leave This This World (MCA) Don't Leave This This World (MCA)
--	---	--	---	--	---	--	---

CHARTS

September 15, 1989

	W	LW	WT	
1	1	1	1	New VU Various (EMI/Virgin)
2	2	2	2	Shining in the Dark (Loner Richie (Motown)
3	3	3	3	Run Run Madonnas (Sire)
4	4	4	4	A Kind Of Magic Queen (EMI)
5	5	5	5	Revenge EuroVision (RCA)
6	6	6	6	Into The Light Chris De Burgh (A&M)
7	7	7	7	While The City Sleeps George Benson Warner Bros.
8	8	8	8	The Army New Status Quo (Vertigo)
9	9	9	9	Get And Get Five Star (Fest/RCA)
10	10	10	10	Communists Communists (London)

September 22, 1989

	W	LW	WT	
1	1	1	1	New VU Various (EMI/Virgin)
2	2	2	2	Guadalupé Pál Simon Warner Bros.
3	3	3	3	Shining in the Dark Loner Richie (Motown)
4	4	4	4	Shining in the Dark Loner Richie (Motown)
5	5	5	5	Run Run Madonnas (Sire)
6	6	6	6	Revenge EuroVision (RCA)
7	7	7	7	Run Run Madonnas (Sire)
8	8	8	8	The Communists The Communists (London)
9	9	9	9	There Is A Party Paul McCartney (G&P)
10	10	10	10	The Way It Is Bruce Springsteen and The E Street Band (RCA)

11/11/89

CAPRICORN

(December 22 – January 20)

Good news, Capricorn – 1987 is a year of heightened self confidence. You'll feel less need to apologize for your existence anymore! Whatever your plans this year, and you've probably got heaps of single ended intentions, you'll feel at home and comfortable in a variety of situations. Your self acceptance and understanding will be quite infectious. You'll inspire others to follow your example. For some this year could, without realising it, bring a completely new home environment. You may also embark on an exciting new adventure.

TAURUS

(April 21 – May 21)

There will always be things in life you won't understand Taurus, but this year you'll have the opportunity to delve more deeply into the unknown, unravel some of life's mysteries! Not blessed with a great imagination, you should make the most of 1987 when you will have more to play with. Above all, don't be afraid of your consciousness – don't wait for another to force self-discipline upon you. Enjoy your dreams and your wanderings. Leave the safe and practical behind you for once.

VIRGO

(August 24 – September 23)

Virgo, if you've been having struggles in the relationship department, 1987 promises a few solutions, but not without getting your intentions clear and being prepared to confront a few home truths first. Start with honesty and commitment – that should keep you busy for a while. Getting a more secure and stable home is becoming an important priority. Don't put this off any longer. Consider the practical and the innovative. You need plenty of freedom but not at the expense of security.

AQUARIUS

(January 21 – February 19)

Aquarians, communications will improve greatly this year. It's becoming easier to say things, even those matters you may have been uncomfortable with in the past. Your daily thoughts will probably expand too – the tempo of your life will quicken. You will no doubt welcome this as more stimulation, and variety will be an automatic result. You may even take up writing, as a good outlet for all your wonderful ideas. Try to avoid limited viewpoints and narrow-mindedness, both your own and other people's.

GEMINI

(May 22 – June 21)

1987 brings more group involvement and co-operative ventures to your life Gemini! Teamwork is strongly highlighted and should offer many pleasures and rewards. Partnerships of all forms will be very important to you. Some of your best times will be sharing your ideas and successes with another. Set your sights high this year, share those dreams. In personal relationships you will discover ways to combine steady commitments with the variety and freedom you have always sought. Things should go well as a result.

LIBRA

(September 24 – October 23)

More than ever, 1987 will be a hard year to go it alone Libra. You are in need of a mate, company, the warmth and security of knowing there's someone there for you. However, don't let that other person completely take over the running of your life because of this preoccupation you have! Independent action will actually improve any relationship – others will respect and appreciate your initiative and you'll have plenty of great ideas to toss into any group discussions.

PISCES

(February 20 – March 20)

Exercising discrimination is never easy for the Pisces as you are so sensitive to outside influences. However, 1987 is a year for loosening this very necessary attitude. Your own values and worth are becoming the focal point of your life – you must get down to the very essence of what you own or possess as an individual. For some, this may mean you accumulate more materially (financial resources may improve), for others it should be more a matter of your self worth and confidence developing.

CANCER

(June 22 – July 22)

The career front looks good for you Cancer! In 1987, especially if you are doing something that appeals to your imagination, inspires you or feels right. There's a real emphasis on achievement and public recognition, perhaps being a spokesperson or public figure in some way. This seems to be your year to stand up and proclaim yourself, to find your own unique course and to follow it intently. You will discover a healthy "selfish" streak which will enable you to push forward much more assertively.

SCORPIO

(October 24 – November 22)

Scorpio, you'll have a great need for hard work this year. It's a good time to begin studies for a trade or technical skill – you will be able to concentrate long and hard on perfecting technique. You will probably need more time for physical activities – sport, health and fitness become major concerns. You will have lots of excess energy so this should be a good outlet, particularly for unleashing the frustration and impatience you may be feeling when things aren't happening fast enough.

ARIES

(March 21 – April 20)

It sure is hard for the Aries to be humble – but in 1986 that's probably just how you felt! Poor thing you just couldn't seem to maintain that blistering confidence. Have no fear, 1987 changes all that – you'll be back to your best, and from your birthday onwards, will start to feel yourself growing, blossoming. Watch out for weight gain – it's all part of the personal expansion! Any travel or studies you do this year will benefit you in both practical and creative ways.

LEO

(July 23 – August 23)

1987 looks set to provide plenty of useful learning ground for you Leo. However, it won't be the painful struggle you've had through 1986 with your emotions – rather, you should be moving onto higher ground. The lessons will be fun and enjoyable and you can let go of what's been holding you so tightly. It's a good year to travel or simply to give yourself more room to move. More variety and stimulation is necessary – maybe even a complete change of scenery?

SAGITTARIUS

(November 23 – December 21)

Sag, if last year wasn't too crash hot, restore yourself with the idea that you've probably done the necessary homework and now it's time to get out and play a bit more. Hopefully though, 1986 hasn't been entirely wasted feeling sorry for yourself – take what you've learnt into this creative period. Balance will still be important between practical limitations and the radical extremes you prefer. You'll get nowhere by cutting corners but you'll probably notice a welcome return of your old confidence and humour.



