

MAR./APR.  
1988

# NETWORK

CANADA'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

## LIZA MINNELLI

THE DYNAMO  
IS BACK

## EMBRACING AUSTRALIA

CULTURAL INVASION,  
OR GREAT PR?

- THE PHANTOM OF  
THE OPERA
- THE FLINTSTONES • DJs
- ALTERNATIVE VIDEO

## ROBBIE ROBERTSON

NOTORIOUS COOL



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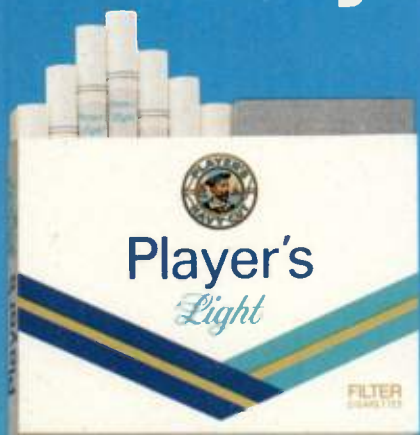
*Sam the Record Man*

WBH

# Player's



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# NETWORK

CANADA'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE



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LIZA MINNELLI BY D. KIRKLAND/SYGMA  
ROBBIE ROBERTSON BY GENE KIRKLAND/GEFFEN RECORDS





## HIDDEN FEATURES

The hardest part of publishing isn't what to put in the magazine. It's what to leave out. Background and cut text are often rough and un-weavable, but just as interesting as what finally gets printed.

When we first discussed a feature on Australia, talk centred on the apparent 'Australian invasion' in film, music and business. All things Oz are frantically popular in North America, from appearances, and we started with the major Whys: why now/here/them/us?

For most of 200 years, Australia has been dismissed as an uncivilized atoll swarming with overgrown, rat-faced marsupials, blasted by a central desert larger than many self-respecting nations, and irredeemably tarnished by its heritage as a penal colony. Besides, the continent was upside down or something.

For those who were listening, there was noise from down under long before the early '80s, but it took the multi-million dollar cheek of an Aussie sailing syndicate to plug in the amplifiers. You may not have watched the Australians win the America's Cup in 1983, but you couldn't miss the fuss that followed. After 132 years, the Cup was practically *pinched* from beneath the collective nose of the U.S. yachting Establishment, and by loud, half-tamed hooligans who didn't even wear lots of brass buttons. Shocking. And besides, wasn't that continent upside down or something?

What followed was a gloat-powered PR explosion, and although the Cup has gone Stateside again, Aussie grandstanding continues. We needed a writer who could separate the boom from the bumpf, so we approached Australian-born journalist Greg Quill.

Greg says this is a feature he has "wanted to do for a long time." Not THE feature, but A feature. The most interesting background to this piece is that he turned our idea *upside down*, because although he agrees Australia is popular here, he thinks it's our *idea* of Oz that captivates.

A *Toronto Star* writer, Quill visits Australia on a semi-regular basis. His knowledge is current and his interest high. Among other things, he fronted an Australian band for 15 years, so his impressions come from inside and outside.

What you won't get is our initial two-hour conversation about the article (*very rough, very fascinating*), but you will get the best we can both give you in the limited space we have. It's a provocative, thoughtful piece. Enjoy it, along with the rest of the issue. ◀

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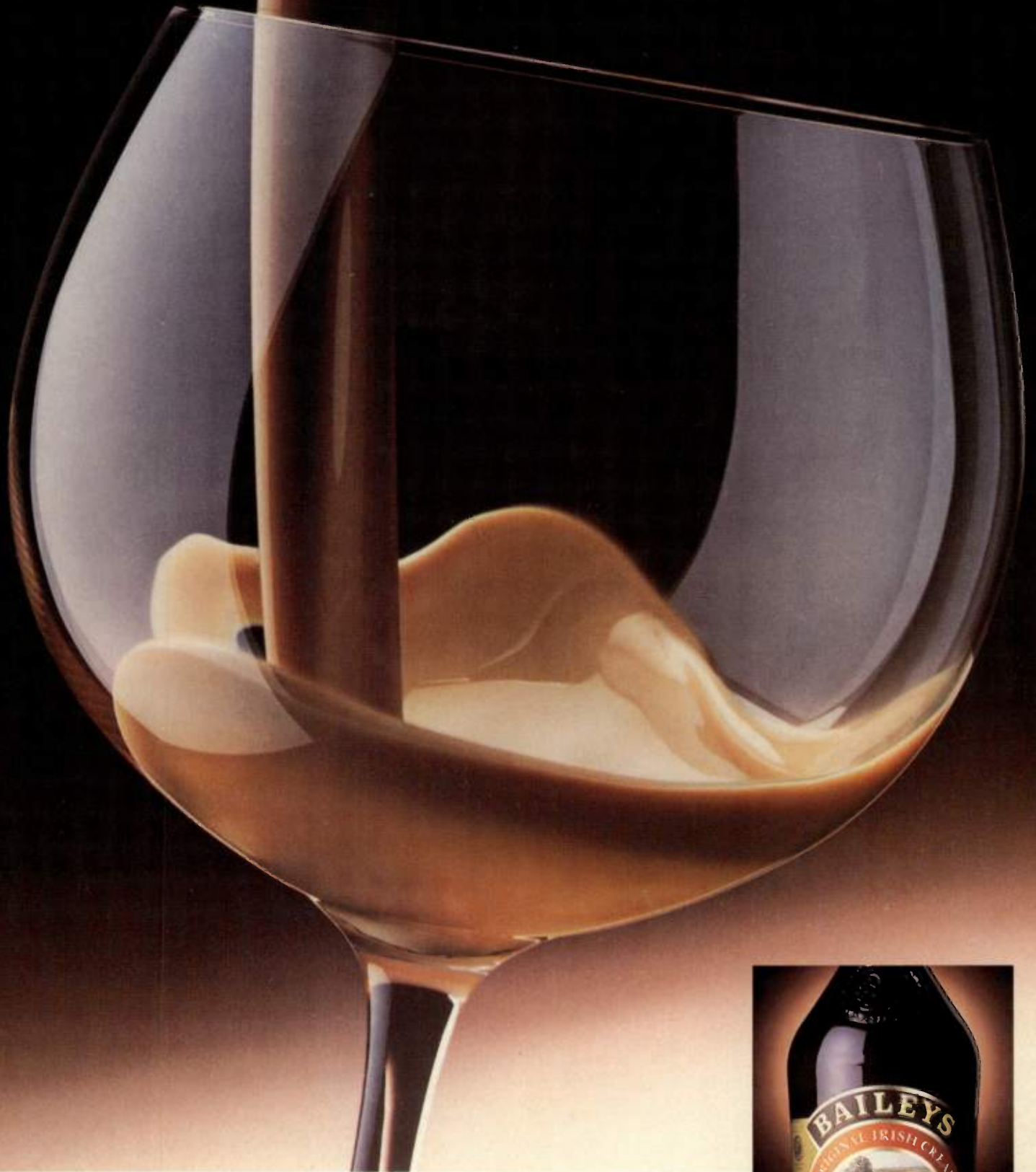
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*Sam the Record Man*

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# SAM'S

## SEARCH SYSTEM

### WHAT YOU NEED

Vanna Sings is not yet a reality, sorry. We're still tracing all requests though, so keep them coming.

### WHAT WE NEED

All requests must be legible, and include a self-addressed, #10 (business-size) stamped envelope (37¢ postage within Canada). Otherwise, a reply is not guaranteed.

We also need as much information as possible: recording title, artist(s) names(s), the label if you know it, and format (LP, cassette or CD).

### WHAT WE CAN GIVE YOU

We will try to trace what you're looking for, but can't promise to find it. Many titles are deleted (no longer manufactured), but we'll still try to find a copy through the Sam's retail system.

We will also try to trace videos—Beta and VHS. Again, we need as much information as possible.

### WHAT WE CAN'T GIVE YOU

We are forced to omit the 45 format from the System. We also can't trace an entire 'Wish List' for you, so please, limit your title requests to two per letter.

Write to "Dear Sam"  
c/o NETWORK Magazine  
287 MacPherson Avenue  
Toronto, Ontario  
M4V 1A4

## LETTERS

### Dear NETWORK,

A Canadian friend of mine sent me your Spring 1987 issue with an article on Dave Clark, plus a copy of the Summer 1987 issue. In the Summer edition you discuss the Dave Clark article in your Letters column. It's good to see so many magazines and papers interested in what Dave Clark is doing today.

I have run a Dave Clark Fanclub since January 1974, and there are already some members from Canada. It would be nice to get more. At this moment half of the members are from the U.S.

If you have any questions, I'd be happy to help you.

World-Wide Dave Clark Fanclub  
c/o Herman Hamerpagt  
Commanderijstraat 25  
4209 AP Schelluinen  
Holland

### Dear Sam,

I am wondering where I could get the double LP *The Great Rock and Roll Swindle* by the Sex Pistols, on cassette. I've seen the double LP once, and the single version on LP a number of times, but not on cassette for either. Is it available?

Aaron Smelski  
Calgary, Alberta

*Unless you've been hanging out in record stores in London (England, that is), you probably won't have seen much of this classic album. The cassette is, however, to be found on this side of the pond as a UK import on Virgin, TCVD 2510.*

### Dear NETWORK,

I just wanted to tell you how much I like your Notable section every issue. It keeps me up to date on what's coming up in the movies and usually introduces me to new people and groups. I hope to see a lot of new musicians profiled or even just quoted by you. I think more people are interested in the Canadian scene than you think, so keep telling us about the great unknowns in our own back yard.

Lisa Downs  
Vancouver, B.C.

### Dear Sam,

Could you please find a children's album for me as I work with kids and need it to help out. It was done by Marlo Thomas, probably in the mid- to late-Seventies. The title was *Free To Be... You and Me*. It was an album promoting sexual equality, including Rosie Greer singing "It's Alright to Cry" and Carol Channing singing "I Hate Housework."

Thanks for the search. Good Luck.

Norman Greenberg, Ph.D.  
Department of Psychology  
Nova Scotia Hospital  
Dartmouth, Nova Scotia

*Fortunately something other than disco has survived from the Seventies and we have located your request. It can be ordered from RCA/BMG as an LP (ALB6 8325) or as a cassette (ACB6 8325). And we're not that keen on housework either.*

### Dear NETWORK,

As a first time reader of NETWORK Magazine, I was really impressed with your interview with Bryan Adams (Winter 1987). I don't know how great your knowledge of this rocker is, or if it was just an oversight on your part, but Mr. Adams' second album title is *You Want It, You Got It*, not *Ya Want It, Ya Got It*.

John Rack  
Dollard, Quebec

### Dear Sam,

I have waited a L-O-N-G time for an advertisement such as yours to appear anywhere. I have a request for you to trace from quite some time ago. The LP is titled *X-TBAY* (correct pronunciation is "extra-bay") and it is one of a kind. It was cut by the last of the Inca princesses alive in the world. I even remember her appearance on the *Ed Sullivan Show*—her voice was extraordinary!!!

Can you help? If you can't find this LP then no one can!

Donna Shore  
Winnipeg, Manitoba

*Ok, so your request is a little unusual and we notice David Letterman hasn't had an Inca*

princess on his show lately so we were a bit skeptical. But to everyone's surprise—except yours, because you had faith—we have located your princess and her extraordinary voice on vinyl. Her name is Yma Sumac, the correct spelling of the album title is *The Xtabay*, and it is available as an import through Capitol Records (SM 684).

**Dear NETWORK,**

I picked up the Winter 1987 edition last month and was amazed at how well it was put together. The article I enjoyed best was Joseph Lalonde's "The Golden Daze of Radio." He put into words how I've been feeling about radio over the past couple of years. I rarely turn the radio on any more.

I usually hear my new groups from friends or MuchMusic. I think MuchMusic is the best thing that could've ever happened to music and TV because there aren't many oldies with videos. MuchMusic has brought us what radio has taken away from us.

Again, thanks Joseph, for an eye-opening article; maybe those radio programmers stuck in the '60s and '70s will learn something from it.

Gary Robertson  
Ottawa, Ontario

**Dear Sam,**

Back in September, I had the wonderful opportunity of viewing Barbra Streisand's *One Voice* video on Pay TV. Ever since, I have been trying to find the video in order to purchase it. In order to please "Barbra's Biggest Fan," I would appreciate you advising me of the name of any retail outlet where I might be able to obtain this video.

I thank you in advance for any assistance you can offer.

Mary Ann Ricker  
Orillia, Ontario

*The Voice* lives on commercially produced videotape. You should be able to order the one-and-only through any video retail store that takes custom orders, including Sam the Video Man. The label is CBS/Fox and their catalogue number is 5150.

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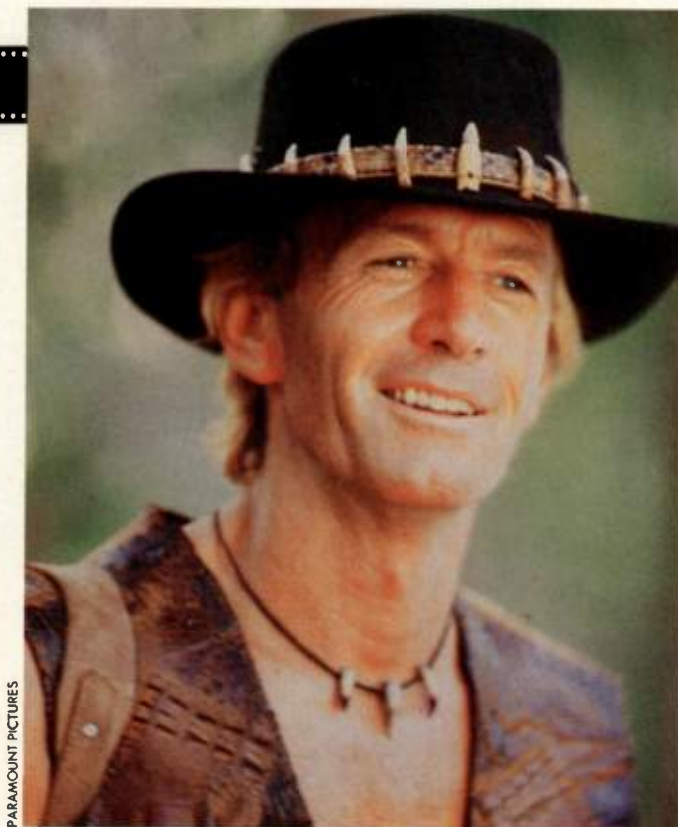
## FILM

### NEW LIFE

Remember *Sweet Liberty*, Alan Alda's self-made effort from Universal? Poor reviews and a meagre box office say probably not.

But fortunately for Alda fans, he's back, with the optimistically-titled *A New Life* from Paramount Pictures. The romance comedy, some of which was filmed in Toronto late last year, was written and directed by Alda, and he also stars. Joining the man of many hats are Ann Margret, Hal Linden (*Barney Miller*) and Veronica Hamel (*Hill Street Blues*).

Will Alan wear a bathrobe? Will Veronica lighten up? Will Hal's taste in ties improve? Find out in March.



PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Paul Hogan: The Croc comes back

### CROC REDUX

Our favorite Ozman was last seen wrestling crocs in the Outback and social customs in New York City, but you knew that wasn't the end of him. Right. Paramount Pictures brings Paul Hogan and his "knoyf" back in May, with *"Crocodile" Dundee II*. The sequel is a reunion of the original team, with John Cornell again producing (as well as directing), Hogan again co-writing the script and Linda Kozlowski as the Oz-struck American journalist.

We will tell you that filming was split between remote aboriginal territory in Australia and the wilds of New York City late last year, but as to where the happy couple ends up...well, that would spoil the ending then, wouldn't it mate?

### CANADIAN BRIGHT LIGHTS

You read the book, now hear the soundtrack while you wait for the movie. Jay McInerney's novel *Bright Lights, Big City* has found quite a following among Puppies (Poor Urban Professionals). In the way of these things, Universal is bringing it to the big screen on April 1st, starring Michael J. Fox and Kiefer Sutherland.

Fox plays a young man on the verge of burnout who must determine where he is in life before he can get to where he's going (picture Hamlet in Vuar-nets) and Sutherland is Tad Allagash, Fox's high-rolling,

cocaine-snorting friend. It's the first time the two Canadian stars have appeared together in a feature, and word has it that Fox suggested Sutherland for the Allagash role. Backing them is an all-star cast including Jason Robards, Phoebe Cates and Dianne Wiest.

In the meantime, the soundtrack (much of the work on it done by Donald Fagen, lead singer of Steely Dan) was released by WEA in February. Does anyone but us find this strange? Don't soundtracks usually follow films? Hello?



Canadian club: Kiefer Sutherland (left) and Michael J. Fox are partners in a life of decadence in the MGM/UA release, *Bright Lights, Big City*

MGM/UA





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The new NX250 is a true dual purpose machine. Scurry along forest trails in the morning. Cut across town in the afternoon. Liquid-cooled 249 cc engine. Six-speed transmission. Long travel suspension. Electric start. Low weight of 118 kg (260 lb.). Light, powerful and sure-footed, the NX250 is a lot of bike in an easy-to-care-for, playful package.

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## MUSIC



Dalbello

RICHARD HAUGHTON/CAPITOL RECORDS

### SPRING FEVER

Three very different, all very classy ladies have spring releases coming: Joni Mitchell is back with *Chalk Marks in a Rainstorm* (WEA). Set for release in early March, the new LP has an impressive guest roster including Peter Gabriel, Billy Idol, Don Henley, Willie Nelson and Tom Petty. The creative possibilities alone are intriguing.

March will also bring the warm sounds of a new Sade album, just when we need it

most. The CBS Records release was done at Blue Wave Studios in Barbados, where Mick Jagger did his *Primitive Cool* LP.

The provocative and striking Dalbello, originally from Toronto, has produced her own album entitled *She* for Capitol. The album's release in Europe—which coincides with Dalbello's tour over there with the British group Marillion—has already been received well and will be available here in early April. Watch for Canadian concert dates through the spring.

### IT'S BEEN SO LONG

A hallmark of the Downchild Blues Band has always been their feet-first, give-'em-everything attitude, on their first club date or their 500th. The band's energy level roared even higher through live dates in the fall, peaking with the release of their ninth album in January.

Appropriately titled *It's Been So Long* (Stony Plain/BMG), it's DBB's first LP in five years, and with it, many people are getting their first taste of the rock 'n' roll blues beat that has rocked clubs across the country in the band's some 32 tours

since 1970. DBB is perhaps best remembered for their contributions to buddy Dan Aykroyd's film *The Blues Brothers* in 1980, and their hit single "Flip Flop and Fly" in 1973.

Now the emphasis is on the new Downchild, and founder Donnie Walsh says they don't care if the audience knows nothing about their past, they're happy just to see people dancing. With the release of the album, the seven-man team is headed—surprise, surprise—back out on the road, starting with the West Coast.

Tony Flaim (left) and Donnie Walsh, founder of Downchild



TOM ROBE/STONY PLAIN RECORDS

## WHOOZNEWZ



Andrew Cash

ISLAND RECORDS

### ANDREW CASH

After eight years floating around the indie sea, Andrew Cash has finally landed on an island. Or should that be an Island?

Early last November, Cash, former lead singer and songwriter for L'Etranger, became the first Canadian signing of Island Records, the adventurous international record label run by Chris Blackwell. Other bands on the label's roster have included Bob Marley and the Wailers, U2, Steve Winwood and Marianne Faithfull.

"It's really quite something," said the 25-year-old Cash, just before heading to the studio to mix his first Island record. "Chris Blackwell is something of a legend. I feel really good about it." What makes it even more special is that Cash never actually

approached Island for a deal. They went to him.

He feels the new album won't offer great surprises to anyone who has followed his career. "We've tried to build on the strength we had in L'Etranger: good melodies and lyrics. And we've left the rough edges in. We went for feel more than technique when we recorded, mainly because we couldn't hope to impress anyone with our technique."

Of the years before the signing Cash says, "It's been a long haul. I've had the chance to see a lot of the country and I'm glad for that. Of course, there were times when it was frustrating, but it has really been a constant learning experience. Maybe if I was signed three years ago I would have turned into a complete jerk. I still might, but seriously, I think I'm ready now."—Chris Dafoe



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**EXPOSURE**

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"WANT ADS" AND MUCH MORE



... UNFORGETTABLE

## RAISIN EYEBROWS

Have you heard it through the grapevine? A bunch of seedy little fruits—also known as the California Raisins—are climbing their way up the pop charts and selling records faster than you can say vintage. After only a month in the stores, sales in Canada topped 150,000 for the album (on Priority Records, through A&M), which includes remakes of such faves as "I

Heard It Through The Grapevine," "Lean On Me" and "When A Man Loves A Woman." The wrinkled rockers, headed by Russ Vanelli (brother of Canadian pop star, Gino), got their start in a TV commercial for—what else?—California raisins, and starred in a TV special just before Christmas. We can hardly wait to see them live in concert.



A&M RECORDS



## HELLO, MY DARLINGS

Imagine Noel Coward at the height of his fame, at 39 on the eve of the Second World War: elegant, wry and sophisticated. As you sit in his home, chatting over a brandy, he plays some of his most beloved songs and regales you with stories about Gertrude Stein, Bernard Shaw, Winston Churchill. Imagine taking the same seat 44 years later at Firefly, his home in Jamaica, where the wonderful stories continue: of the King and Queen, John Gielgud, Marlene Dietrich. Sir Noel now moves a little more slowly, but his wit doesn't. When he finally bids you a gracious "Good night, my darlings," and the theatre lights come up, it's a shock to realize you *aren't* in his living room.

The first person ever granted permission by Coward's estate to portray him in an in-depth portrait, Canadian Peter Pringle has created a one-man masterpiece not to be missed. With *Noel Coward - A Portrait*, the singer/composer/songwriter has brought Coward to life in an

enchanting and highly amusing two-act play of which Coward himself might be envious.

Pringle has released a cast album of 12 Coward songs for Aquarius Records, and will perform in Victoria, Vancouver and Halifax into early 1989.

## STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART

Larry Kramer's new play, *The Normal Heart*, spotlights society's refusal to accept or even acknowledge the AIDS crisis when it was first declared an epidemic in the U.S. in 1981. It is a tender and sometimes funny production; the point it drives home is straight from the heart, directly to the conscience. The play draws a parallel between the apathy today towards AIDS victims and apathy towards the Holocaust during the Second World War.

The show opens March 1 in Toronto. It has been presented in New York (starring Brad Davis and then Joel Grey), Los Angeles (starring Richard Dreyfuss) and London (starring Martin Sheen). Barbra Streisand now holds the film rights and intends to produce, direct and star in the big screen version.



Stacy and Melissa are looking for two good men  
and this time they're not fooling around.



# Casual Sex?

LEA THOMPSON VICTORIA JACKSON

SCREENPLAY BY WENDY GOLDMAN & JUDY TOLL MUSIC BY CARTER BURWELL EDITOR IAN REITMAN  
PRODUCED BY ILONA HERZBERG AND SHELDON KAHN DIRECTED BY GENEVIEVE ROBERT A UNIVERSAL Release  
© 1997 Universal City Studios, Inc.

Opens April 29<sup>th</sup> at a theatre near you.



CONTACT







Robbie Robertson walks into a cocktail party at a Toronto restaurant and 50 pairs of eyes aim for a surreptitious glance. The occasion is a shake-hands-with-the-retailers event designed to promote his new solo debut/comeback album. As he presses the flesh and poses for snapshots, they assemble in little clusters along his probable route.

# ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Everybody wants a piece of Robbie Robertson these days, and he seems willing to allow them the opportunity to try and get one. On the heels of critical raves and flattering portraits everywhere from *Rolling Stone* to the major metropolitan dailies, Robertson is on a full-scale promotional tour of Canada. He's taking on all comers from the national and local media in Vancouver, Toronto and Montreal—sometimes as many as 20 a day. Hotter than ever, he's permitting the world its surreptitious glance.

But that's all. Robertson shakes every hand and poses for every flashbulb, but none of the partygoers really know him any better. The next day at a press conference, he effortlessly *handles* a roomful of journalists, revealing little of essence as he captivates them with his engaging warmth, grace, style, wit. "I have an inner distance," he says later in private conversation. "That's served as a protective device over the years."

That's the key part of his notorious cool, but there are others. Robertson is a tasteful, subtle lead guitarist and an expert songwriter. He's tremendously self-assured, with just the right hint of arrogance to make it seductive. There is, of course, his primitive but elegant physical presence, and the rough, cigar-stained voice.

Robertson gauges every comment that comes his way, then measures out a response, all the while appearing relaxed enough to charm your socks off anyway. His distance never *seems* like distance, but nothing appears to get past him.

In 30 years of making music, Robertson has never been as wildly successful as he is now. At age 46, after 11 years of almost no fresh songwriting, he

can thank the new album (*Robbie Robertson*) for that turn of fortune. "The first song that came I didn't use on the album. When I wrote it, I thought 'This is the kind of thing I've been searching for all my life'. A few days later, another song started to come. And it said 'You know what *this* means, fella'."

As he wrote, Robertson found himself exploring his half-Indian roots, about which much has been made lately. He's telling reporters how he was first inspired to play by spending summers with musically inclined cousins on the Six Nations Reservation. According to one informed source, his mother (of Iroquois heritage) calls it "this Indian stage you're going through."

"I think this Indian thing is in the air," he says. "It wasn't even crossing my mind when I wrote the songs, but I just found it was seeping out. Then I could really feel it drifting to the surface, and I felt good about it."

So on the album, the imagery is that of a "Broken Arrow"; of "the half-breed riding again" in "Testimony"; of an Indian brave sent to war in "Hell's Half Acre." And the sound is that of a yowling native in the background of "Broken Arrow"; of big tomtom rhythms in "Fallen Angel" and "Sweet Fire of Love."

Juno Award-winning Canadian producer Daniel Lanois helped Robertson find the sounds that would complement his songs. "Daniel is always right there with you. He'd encourage musicians, pushing and pushing until they'd do a bit more than what they even thought they were capable of.

"Daniel made it so I was free to try *any* goddamn

by HOWARD DRUCKMAN





thing, no matter how ridiculous, just in case I might discover something there. He'd be a great bouncing block to see where to pursue or not pursue things."

One thing that's front and centre is Robertson's gravelly but affecting voice, a rough tool he's almost never used on record before. Many have compared his singing to that of former Band-mates Rick Danko and the late Richard Manuel.

The vocals range from a gritty growl on the rockers like "American Roulette," to a husky whisper in the verses of "Somewhere Down the Crazy River," to falsetto backing vocals in "Broken Arrow." "It was a nice feeling after all this time," Robertson admits, "to still be able to pull some rabbits out of the hat. I enjoy the fact that I can still drum up a few new things."

He spared no expense in the pursuit of those things. *Rolling Stone* estimated the album's cost at a million dollars (including his advance for signing with Geffen Records), while Lanois claims about \$400,000.

Working with U2 and Peter Gabriel and (their producer) Lanois, Robertson fashioned several songs that wouldn't sound out of place on *So* or *The Joshua Tree*. His comment is, "I didn't want to make a Band record—I'd already done that."

Still, most longtime Band fans were disappointed, at least initially. Not at the currency of sound, but at the shift in musical values that it entailed. To them, The Band was rootsy and this was slick; The Band was anti-trend, and this was trendy; The Band was subtle in music and lyrics, this was obvious. "Slick is the wrong word," says Robertson. "Ninety percent of the time it's just two guitars, bass and drums."

"It's 1988, and I'd feel stupid pretending that it's 1969. I like a lot of what's happened in the meantime, and I think it's very musical. I tried to make the moods more cinematic, make you feel the songs as much as hear them."

"I don't give a shit whether U2 is popular or not. It's the music—they've got an amazing drummer. Edge has more character than any guitar player around. Trendiness is the kind of stuff that in 10 years doesn't mean anything. To the best of my ability, I feel like I've got something here that time won't hurt."

"I wanted to make this album a full-course dinner of all my music. And I didn't want to forget just strapping on a guitar and saying 'Let's kick the shit out'a this one!'"

"I've run into some hardcore Band fans who've said, 'When I first heard it, I was shocked by it!' Well, I like that. It's the songs for me," he continues. "I'm still trying to write them with the same purity of vision I've always tried to write with."

Robertson is still employing a craftsmanlike narrative sensibility to get at the larger, 'timeless' truths. His chief obsession remains an American mythology that's at least half-dreamt, if fully felt. And he continues to write in the voices of characters without falling prey to caricature or autobiography. A story gets told, with enough of a personal

viewpoint to make it unique, but enough distance to reach for permanence. Think of "The Weight," "Up On Cripple Creek," "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down."

"This kind of writing," he says, "is what I'm most comfortable with. I'm able to bring it a little closer to home now than I used to. I feel that I've got a little more experience under my belt. And this is my own album, not a Band album."

"There's no way of knowing if what you do will be great in 50 years. But you can at least put your soul into it and do it with the dignity that might allow it to mean something over a long period."

Think of those Band songs again. You can still hear them played and covered in bars, cafés, onstage, and on non-solid-gold radio, almost 20 years later. Only time will tell on his new stuff.

"The Band was like a workshop," he says now. "Each guy did his own job, and each was amazing at what he did."

When The Band's members first met in Ronnie Hawkins' group, The Hawks, Robertson was a guitar-obsessed teen. The Hawks' lineup was Richard Manuel on piano, Garth Hudson on organ, Rick Danko on bass, and Levon Helm on drums. All sang except Garth, and all were from southern Ontario except Levon.

Hawkins pushed them beyond their expectations musically, and introduced them to a smorgasbord of sex, drugs, and the rock 'n' roll road. Playing gritty bars and clubs from Toronto to Arkansas, they forged deep bonds of friendship. Robertson learned the guitar like a shark learns to eat.

In 1965, when Bob Dylan decided to "get electric," he hired The Hawks as his backup band and they toured the world, to the booing of disgruntled folk fans. Robertson learned pride, and songwriting skills from the best of the era.

In 1966, Dylan was waylaid by a motorcycle crash in Woodstock, New York. The Hawks moved there, and recorded casually with him (*The Basement Tapes*, 1967) and on their own, in the basement of a big pink house where Danko, Hudson and Manuel lived.

*Music From Big Pink*, in 1968, was a hit with critics and established a cult of fans. *The Band* (1969) was a million-seller. Together, these records ushered in the '70s: they stood in stark opposition to the prevailing flash and psychedelia of the day, and evoked an all-inclusive American frontier spirit with a unique blend of country, gospel and pop. The Band was a harbinger of a back-to-the-land sensibility and the softer rock tendencies that would predominate in early-'70s pop culture.

Suddenly the group was a hit. They were featured regularly in *Rolling Stone* and made the cover of *Time* in 1970. But they were coming apart at their communal seams. Too much money came in too quickly; the fellows were relaxing too much after six years on the road; they had too much free time to occupy; and too many dealers were too willing to donate their drugs.

Danko and Manuel ended up in several car accidents apiece, and Manuel (if not all of The Band),



Robbie Robertson, circa 1969

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who'd been a heavy drinker since his teens, ended up dabbling—or worse—in heroin.

"Somebody like Richard," says Robertson, "you'd just have to tease him enough and it'd be, 'No problem. Name the poison'. It's like waving a whiskey bottle in front of an alcoholic. It's a horrible thing to do, an ugly thing, and I *hated* those people—those leeches who came into this environment.

"You did everything you could to help, but ultimately you can't babysit someone who's older than you. He needed professional help, but he just said, 'Hey, I don't need it'. You try, and it's worth trying, but at some point you have to let it go."

The first Band man with a wife and children, Robertson bore responsibilities that kept him from indulging. He learned to use his inner distance. And since he was the only one with his head screwed on straight enough to write consistently good material and offer some direction, he unintentionally became the "leader" of the group. It may have been the only way to salvage the band.

They released the tense *Stagefright* in 1970, and the tired *Cahoots* in 1971. In the next two years, they offered a double live set, *Rock of Ages*, and a newly recorded set of Hawks-era oldies, *Moondog Matinee*. In 1973, Robertson moved the group to Malibu in an effort to restart their motor. They cut *Planet Waves* with Bob Dylan (in three days!), then joined him on a triumphant comeback tour of America in 1974.

There were reports of drug and party excesses on the tour, and Hawkins claims that about this time, The Band was forced to consider firing Manuel. Robertson doesn't deny the story, but doesn't confirm it. "If it was true," he says, "it was out of dreaded, heartbreaking desperation; to make the situation urgent enough to get the point across."

In 1975, The Band released their first all-new album in four years, the surprisingly urban *Northern Lights, Southern Cross*. Then came *Islands*, a tepid effort, in 1976, and the all-star farewell to The Band, *The Last Waltz* concert, movie and three-record set. Robertson claims he wanted an end to touring, but it seems clear that the roads of excess, and not just the road, led to the end of The Band.

"I didn't want to say that all I ever did with my life was tour and make records," Robertson says. "There were other things I wanted to educate myself in."

As an extension of his storytelling, he scored films and created soundtracks for his buddy, *The Last Waltz* director Martin Scorsese. Without the responsibility of The Band, he separated from his wife of 20 years, Dominique, and his three children, and "ran amok" with the same abandon that had hurt the old group.

But his work remained true. His film soundtrack work included *Raging Bull* (1980) and *King of Comedy* (1983), and for *The Color of Money* (1986), he worked with longtime personal favorites like bluesman Willie Dixon and jazz arranger Gil Evans. He tried acting and producing in 1980's *Carry*, which flopped, but he got a chance to work with veteran film scorer, Alex North.

Eventually, Robertson reconciled with his wife. He currently has a father-and-son rock 'n' roll screenplay under consideration at Warner Brothers, and he may try acting again in a possible Scorsese suspense/relationship movie. He's already working on five songs left over from the new album, and writing new ones as they come to him. As when he moved on from The Band, Robertson remains committed to his own growth and change.



ELLIOTT LANDY/CAPITOL RECORDS

He's still exploring.

All of The Band members tried solo work or production duties after they split up—except for Richard Manuel, who wanted The Band or nothing. Though he did clean up for a time, and toured again with the reunited "Band" (minus Robertson), Manuel was found dead in a Florida hotel room in early 1986. He had apparently started drinking again.

"It's too bad Richard didn't get professional help, because now it's become a cool thing to do. At the time there was still some question as to, 'Is this really stupid?' Now I think it's quite clear that it really is stupid."

Robertson has honored his lost friend in a new song, "Fallen Angel." One line is: "Sometimes I think you felt too much."

"The song is a hymn to Richard, to portray him with the dignity that I felt he deserved. One day it would feel good to work on it, and another it would be heartbreaking. Sometimes there's a little ghost quality of his singing in there."

After all the chaos, Robbie Robertson is the only one of The Band to have come up with something fresh, pungent, and commercially successful after 11 years. His self-confidence and ambition ought to keep the music changing and growing for years to come. "I guess some clarity comes out of these things in the long run," he says.

And adds, "I'm thankful for this gift." ◀

*Howard Druckman is a Toronto freelance writer who writes about music for a number of publications.*

The Band, from the cover of the self-titled 1969 album (from left): Richard Manuel, Levon Helm, Rick Danko, Garth Hudson and Jaime Robbie Robertson







# LIZA MINNELLI

"There is this curiosity about me, about my personal life and my career. I guess a large part of it is to see how my life parallels my mother's. I know the curiosity will always be there, so what I do now is to remind myself that this is my life, and I'm going to live it as best I know how."

Liza Minnelli made that confessional statement a little over three years ago, after voluntarily detoxifying her mind and body with a stay at the Betty Ford Clinic in California. The problems that resulted in a vicious cycle of dependency on alcohol and pills didn't happen overnight, and coming to terms with freedom from addiction also took time. But now, as the pixie-faced, slim singer and actress prepares to mark her 42nd birthday, Liza Minnelli knows that she's got the right attitude to handle a full calendar of work, and her numerous projects prove it.

In January 1988, Minnelli returned to the screen after a five-year absence, co-starring with Burt Reynolds in a comedy-thriller called *Rent-A-Cop*. In it, she plays a hooker who gets targeted for murder after she sees several policemen killed. Reynolds called and asked her to do the film, which she felt was the first "right part" to come along in some time. "I've done movies where I'm the straight man, but I'm top banana in this. And Burt was so lovely, because he kept handing it to me," she said with enthusiasm in a TV interview. Dressed becomingly in an oversized bright blue shirt, her brown hair close cropped and spiked with bangs, she looked and sounded healthier than she has in many years.

After completing *Rent-A-Cop*, Minnelli began filming in New York on the sequel to the hugely successful and critically acclaimed *Arthur*, once again co-starring with Dudley Moore. This film, entitled *Arthur on the Rocks*, is scheduled for release later this year.

But Liza Minnelli has always been a woman of many talents, winning Tony, Oscar and Grammy awards for her accomplishments on stage and screen, and in the recording studio. Consequently, her new-found energies have sent the actress both on a solo concert tour (she sold out 17 performances at Carnegie Hall last spring) and in duet

appearances with Frank Sinatra in December. Selections from her solo show have been released on an album, and she has also taken the rather unexpected step of working on a rock 'n' roll record, with Gene Simmons, the outrageous bass player from KISS, acting as producer. (Actually, it's not that surprising; Liza guest-starred on an Alice Cooper LP back in 1973, when the original shock-rocker was at the zenith of his fame.)

Minnelli has also become prominent on television in recent months, narrating a loving tribute to her father, renowned film director Vincente Minnelli, and singing "Ten Cents a Dance" at the White House on a public television special, *Tribute to American Music*. Of that appearance, a reviewer raved, "She is, as always, a consummate performer. (It) may make you weep with joy. Miss Minnelli gets every syllable right."

Long a booster of New York City (her version of "New York, New York" remains her live-show finale, and a showstopper), she signed on last fall to do her first TV commercial, filmed around

*Behind the showstopping image has been tragedy, addiction and despair. But behind that was a fighter. The dynamo is back.*

by TOBY GOLDSTEIN

Manhattan, to promote Metropolis, a new Lauder for Men fragrance. In it, she revived a song called "City Lights," which she had first sung in 1975 in a musical called *Chicago*. This March, Minnelli intends to tape an all-new TV special, which is scheduled for broadcast in May.

Liza Minnelli certainly has won the right to say, "I feel higher now without the alcohol and chemicals than I ever did when I was using them. Being in control of your life is a wonderful feeling."

She has overcome the tragedy of three miscar-



Liza (left) and Robert DeNiro starred in the 1977 romance musical, *New York, New York*



UNITED ARTISTS 1977/MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES/VENICE, CALIFORNIA

riages, and her marriage to third husband Mark Gero, now in its ninth year, is solid and secure after rocky stretches. The daughter of Judy Garland, who was eventually engulfed by the pressures of a larger-than-life career, Liza has finally accepted and taken pride in her own deep-seated strength.

No longer having to struggle to hold everyone else together—as she did almost 20 years ago when she handled all the details of her mother's funeral—Liza now is ready to enjoy life for herself with the positive feelings she judges so important. “I feel that life gets better every day, but I believe it has to do with your attitude,” she has stated. “You can't change anything but yourself. The only thing that can hurt me is me.”

A child of show business who was on television with her mother at 15, Liza was already the Tony Award-winning star of *Flora the Red Menace* on Broadway when she was just 19. Critical kudos for her featured role as Sally Bowles in *Cabaret* led to an Oscar. However, just as her mother had been peppered with pills by a relentless movie studio which demanded that Garland keep her weight down, Minnelli also took diet pills for several years, unaware of how they were interacting with the Valium she had become dependent on after her mother's death.

By the time she co-starred with Chita Rivera in *The Rink* on Broadway in 1983, she knew that things were dreadfully wrong. “I was playing a rebellious daughter without ever having been one myself. So there I was on Broadway, taking an

emotional dive every night and hoping to somehow get through the next day.” She suffered a third miscarriage and separated from Gero (marriages to singer Peter Allen and film executive Jack Haley Jr. had ended in divorce). The people closest to her knew she needed help.

Liza's younger sister, Lorna Luft, who had conquered her own drug problems, encouraged Liza's rehabilitation, a therapeutic program of several months' duration which Minnelli described as “very intense, very personal, and very private.” While at the clinic, she experienced a long-overdue cleansing process, in which she accepted her mother's death for the first time. “I had never had the time—or taken the time—to mourn her or really bury her, the sort of burial that doesn't take place in the ground, but rather in the spirit,” she reflected.

The Liza Minnelli of today is reborn with optimism and patience, ready to control what she can and not sweat the rest. “Work agrees with me,” she told the guests at a party following her two-hour Carnegie Hall triumph. But perhaps more telling of Liza is what she said during that show, looking straight out at her audience: “Lots of people say things can't change. I'm here to tell you they are wrong.”

*Toby Goldstein is a columnist for the McNaught Syndicate, and a veteran entertainment journalist based in New York. She contributes to NETWORK on a regular basis.*





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# DAVID WILCOX

*David Wilcox may have his feet planted in the blues, but he's got an arm up on a brand new musical adventure with Breakfast At The Circus.*

*Breakfast at the Circus*, David Wilcox's new album (his fifth), released by Capitol-EMI, is the latest step on a path that seems ever more varied and yet more unified. The different elements of his musical style continue to blend and change. All indications are that this will be his most successful record to date.

The Montreal-born singer-songwriter has a long history as a guitarist's guitarist. He first came to public attention when he was plucked from the sales floor at Sam the Record Man's downtown Toronto store to join Ian and Sylvia Tyson's band for a CTV-television series. "It was amazing," he marveled later. "One minute I was showing people where the Led Zeppelin records were, and the next I was playing on TV."

His stint with Ian and Sylvia involved backing many different country and pop artists. Subsequently, Wilcox played in Maria Muldaur's band, but musical ideas were brewing in his mind, and he soon left to start a series of local groups.

Since the first solo record in 1980, David's reputation has continued to build. His live show is a dynamic, powerhouse affair that contrasts oddly with his offstage politeness. Several selections from the first album (*Out Of The Woods*, also Capitol-EMI) are still staple



DEBORAH SAMUEL/CAPITOL RECORDS

tracks for many Canadian rock stations, and along with "My Eyes Keep Me In Trouble," "Riverboat Fantasy," "Bad Reputation" and others, form the bedrock of the repertoire.

Co-written with Sadia, Wilcox's longtime producer, the

new album is a logical continuation of the earlier ones. And when the band hit the road again in February, the tunes on the new record were added to a large live song list.

You'll hear it yourself on the radio. As the band tours the

country you'll also have a chance to see a unique Canadian artist doing what he does best: playing powerful rock and roll with a dedicated passion.

—Richard Flohil



# EMBRACING

*North America  
loves to import  
culture, like wolves love to import food.  
Australia just happened along at the  
right moment. Or did it?*

by GREG QUILL

The so-called Australian cultural invasion of North America, apparent in every contemporary medium from advertising to film and music, might have been complete by now had it not been for a single incident—retrieved here from apocryphal showbiz lore—that occurred 10 years ago this past summer in the fabulously appointed penthouse office of one of Los Angeles' most powerful and wealthy record company moguls.

Melbourne's Little River Band, sounding for all the world like any California rock outfit of the period, had already broken the U.S. charts (and, coincidentally, the code that provides access to



ILLUSTRATION BY JERZY KOLACZ/REACTOR



# AUSTRALIA

American millions) and an entire continent of exploitable pop culture had suddenly slid into the American corporate field of vision.

In its enthusiasm to plunder and profit from this astounding discovery, a major U.S. record label, on the advice of a former business associate of the Rolling Stones, in 1976 signed—sight unseen—another Australian band that bore an important likeness to LRB: it came from Melbourne, too.

Moreover, for a mere \$200,000 U.S., this band had delivered an affecting, quite individual country-rock album that, while it sold modestly, had been praised to the skies by no less an authority

than *Rolling Stone*. A second album was approved, the recording budget doubled and the band summoned, a year later, to Los Angeles, where its benefactor wanted to bestow his personal blessing on the project in his towertop lair during his first tête-à-tête with his quaint Antipodean charges.

Things did not go well. The boys arrived late, dirty, unshaven and in varying degrees of inebriety. They listened tolerantly to a rather condescending speech, wolfed down several pounds of hors d'oeuvres and might have departed with a shred or two of grace, had not the drummer asked to use the company president's ensuite bathroom.

"Hey, look!" he yelled seconds later. "This bloke's got a gold dunny!"

Sure enough, the toilet bowl and seat were pure gold, as the drummer's colleagues discovered when they tore into the adjoining room. "Jeez, I gotta have a whiz in *that*!" the bassist said.

"You gotta leave some drops on the seat," the guitarist added. "In fact, let's *all* leave our mark!"

Well, they did. And though no mention was ever made of this peculiar Australian male ritual, members of the band to this day credit that one lapse in taste with the failure of the ensuing album and with the label's refusal to renew its contract with them.

Several years passed before Australian rock 'n' rollers, in the mild, unassuming form of Ozkitsch pedlars *Men At Work*, were again welcome in the plush powerhouses of America's music industry.

Now, of course, Australia's all the rage in Canada and the United States, and uncouth behavior is one of the country's more endearing exports. Witness the approval now given Foster's Lager/Australian tourism spokesman and "Crocodile" *Dundee* star Paul Hogan as he takes the stuffing out of American institutions every night in

From Greg Quill, "a subjective and quite incomplete list of movies and music by or about Australians that will reward the dedicated seeker of Antipodean culture..."

## MOVIES

*The Story Of The Kelly Gang* (1906)  
*The Overlanders* (Ralph Smart, 1946)  
*The Sundowners* (Fred Zinneman, 1960)  
*They're A Weird Mob* (Michael Powell, 1966)  
*Picnic At Hanging Rock* (Peter Weir, 1975)  
*Don's Party* (Bruce Beresford, 1976)  
*The Getting Of Wisdom* (Bruce Beresford, 1977)  
*The Last Wave* (Peter Weir, 1978)  
*Newsfront* (Phillip Noyce, 1978)  
*The Chant Of Jimmy Blacksmith* (Fred Schepisi, 1978)  
*My Brilliant Career* (Gillian Armstrong, 1979)  
*Breaker Morant* (Bruce Beresford, 1980)  
*Gallipoli* (Peter Weir, 1981)  
*Careful, He Might Hear You* (Carl Schultz, 1983)  
*My First Wife* (Paul Cox, 1984)  
*The Fringe Dwellers* (Bruce Beresford, 1986)  
*Burke And Wills* (Graeme Clifford, 1987)





## ALBUMS

*The Springtime, It Brings On The Shearing* (Gary Shearston, 1963)  
*Taman Shud* (Taman Shud, 1970)  
*Tully* (Tully, 1970)  
*The Hoax Is Over* (Billy Thorpe and The Aztecs, 1971)  
*Black And Blue* (Chain, 1971)  
*Living In The 70s* (Skyhooks, 1974)  
*Radios Appear* (Radio Birdman, 1977)  
*Murrumbidgee* (Bushwackers, 1977)  
*Dingoes* (The Dingoes, 1977)  
*If You Don't Fight You Lose* (Redgum, 1979)  
*Get Wet* (Mental As Anything, 1979)  
*Dark Room* (The Angels, 1980)  
*East* (Cold Chisel, 1980)  
*Swingshift* (Cold Chisel, 1980)  
*Goodbye Tiger* (Richard Clapton, 1980)  
*Boys Light Up* (Australian Crawl, 1980)  
*Prayers On Fire* (The Birthday Party, 1981)  
*Rock 'n' Roll Outlaws* (Rose Tattoo, 1981)  
*Time And Tide* (Split Enz, 1982)  
*Desperate* (Divinyls, 1983)  
*Circus Animals* (Cold Chisel, 1983)  
*10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1* (Midnight Oil, 1983)  
*Red Sails In The Sunset* (Midnight Oil, 1986)

TV commercials; witness the silent but fervent Canadian hope that Australia, by foul means if necessary, would not lose the America's Cup back to the U.S. in Perth last year; witness how warmly Canadians and Americans have embraced the former Australian Rules football lout 'Jacko' Jackson, who portrays himself as a proud Neanderthal in TV commercials and in public.

It goes much further. Those who support the "invasion" theory point to the abundance of Australian pop music now available on major U.S. labels and apparently considered hot and trendy by a new generation of North American record buyers: INXS, Icehouse, Hunters and Collectors, John Farnham, Crowded House (actually transplanted New Zealanders, but no one seems to care), The Models, The Go-Betweens, Hoodoo Gurus, Lime Spiders, Boom Crash Opera, Eurogliders, Pseudo Echo, Kids In The Kitchen, Mental As Anything, Mondo Rock, Deckchairs Overboard, Paul Kelly and The Messengers, Midnight Oil, The Saints, The Divinyls, etc.

Sounds like an invasion, doesn't it? In fact, it's nothing of the kind—yet. Few of these acts have actually cracked the U.S. record charts. Those that have made an impression, with the exception of Crowded House, have done so quite simply by absorbing, redefining and re-assembling existing pop fashions, and by adapting to both the business practices and philosophy of the American music marketplace, says Gus McNeil, a veteran independent Australian music publisher and producer based in Sydney.

"In the international context, there's nothing uniquely 'Australian' about the most visible new Australian acts INXS, Jimmy Barnes, Farnham, Icehouse, Pseudo Echo or Eurogliders," he says. "They might all be from Cincinnati or Nebraska. Their music has no specific identity, at least nothing as strong as (Irish bands) U2 or The Pogues."

This is not a bad thing, many Australian music industry insiders believe. Charles Fisher, who owns one of Sydney's most prolific recording studios and produced Air Supply's breakthrough album several years ago, acknowledges America's dominance (51 percent) of the world record market and its instinctive cultural xenophobia.

"America doesn't import culture, it exports it," he says. "Cold Chisel [Jimmy Barnes' former band and one of the most vicious, fascinating and articulate outfits ever to win a nation's heart] was too strong, too proud."

"If you want to impress Americans, you have to give them something they can understand—Olivia Newton-John or the Bee Gees" (ironically, both found fame first via the British route).

"In the words of one Los Angeles label chief: 'You wanna play ball? Then go to the ballpark. Don't pitch over the wall.'"

This goes a long way towards explaining why the best Australian music, the music embraced most passionately by Australians themselves, hasn't really stuck to America's corporate walls. CBS moved heaven and earth to help Midnight Oil

establish a foothold in the States, but it didn't take. Savage and potentially socialistic, Oil is the most successful band in Australian entertainment history despite—actually, because of—its involvement in environmental and aboriginal rights protection issues and the anti-nuclear movement.

"We released two albums in the past couple of years and had one of the West Coast's most expensive and influential publicists working on them," says a CBS Records representative in New York.

"Nada. The band terrified people. It overwhelmed them physically and disturbed them emotionally. North Americans just aren't used to that level of commitment, and they don't want to be asked to think about serious, specific social and political issues at a rock 'n' roll show."

There's considerable support for the invasion theory, however, in the sudden flowering in the late 1970s of the Australian movie industry, but this may be misdirected. It must be remembered that Australia produced history's first full-length feature film in the first decade of the century, and had a healthy movie industry through the 1930s.

Here, in the work of Paul Cox, Bruce Beresford, Gillian Armstrong, Peter Weir and George Miller, and in such memorable "small" films as *Man Of Flowers*, *Picnic At Hanging Rock*, *The Last Wave*, *The Chant Of Jimmy Blacksmith*, *The Road Warrior*, *The Fringe Dwellers*, *Breaker Morant*, *My Brilliant Career*, *The Getting Of Wisdom* and others, were well-crafted pictures brimming with character, imagination, with localized stories that somehow touched on universal experiences, with fine technical and artistic performances and the exotic flavor of a new, yet somehow familiar culture.

The American entertainment machine gobbled up those movies, most of which were independently financed through an Australian federal agency modelled, ironically, on the oft-maligned Canadian version. And in true American style, they were hyped as the vanguard of a new cultural onslaught from "down under," which America had decided to bring into its vast financial bosom.

The truth is, these films were made primarily for domestic consumption. Foreign markets weren't a major factor in their creation. Viable, rich and proudly self-possessed Australian TV and movie industries existed in Australia for a couple of decades before North Americans began throwing shrimp on their barbies. With no domestic-content quotas, a full one-third of the programming on Australia's four TV networks was then and remains proudly Australian.

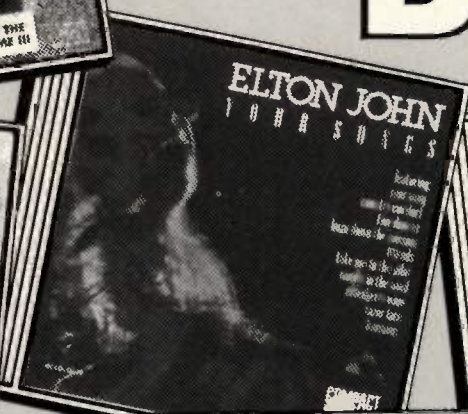
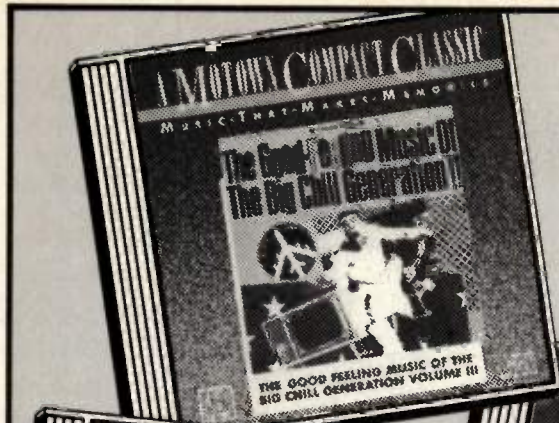
Likewise, the music industry, for a country with between 12 and 14 million people in the decade bridging 1965 and 1975, was equally strong, vital, self-contained and surprisingly well-financed. In those years no fewer than four national, weekly rock/lifestyle publications flourished, and the TV video format now exploited by MuchMusic and MTV was pioneered by Ian "Molly" Meldrum. His *Countdown* on the federal government-owned ABC-TV became a national preoccupation.

Australian bands, 99.9 percent of them playing



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original material, could win a local audience and were almost assured of some kind of record deal and access to radio playlists, which also contained an average of 30 to 40 percent domestic content—without the pressure of government quotas. It was not unusual for period bands like Billy Thorpe and The Aztecs, Daddy Cool, Skyhooks and Dragon (which all tried to break into the U.S. market and failed) to sell between 100,000 and 200,000 albums, or to command \$20,000 (Aus.) per show. Those were the great years; rough and productive years.

Nevertheless, powerful local support for Australian rock talent continues; in the early 1980s Mid-night Oil's *10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1* sold 300,000 copies, and at last count Farnham's *Whispering Jack*, released in Australia a year ago, had sold a record-breaking 500,000 copies domestically.

Movie producer/director and one-time pop magazine editor David Elfick remembers those early years all too clearly. In 1977, at the end of a pop culture explosion during which Australians en masse simply fell in love with their own lore, talent and heritage, he produced the critically acclaimed movie *Newsfront*, still regarded as one of the 10 best Ozpics ever made. "But 10 years ago no one in America wanted to know," Elfick says. "Distributors there said they couldn't understand the accent or the slang or the humor."

Go tell that to 'Jacko'.

In recent years Australians have learned to play the culture game by American rules: they've developed the business sense and adapted at last to 20th-century technology. Rock promoters, managers and label chiefs Glenn Wheatley, Michael Gudinski, Michael Chugg, Peter Rix, Michael Edgeley and Michael McMartin—all undernourished independents 10 years ago—are now reaping the rewards of their tussles with American businessmen. Their world is no longer bounded by Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide, but by London, New York, Los Angeles and Tokyo.

And coincidental with a respect for Australian business acumen, North Americans have decided Aussies are no longer primitive, but cute.

"We can give them a 'Crocodile' Dundee, which cost about \$5 million to make, skew the perspective so Americans feel as if they're looking in instead of having us peer out, and they'll turn it into a \$100-million blockbuster, odd accent and all," says Charles Fisher. "Is that an Australian invasion?"

Whether "Crocodile" Dundee, *The Man From Snowy River*, *Mad Max* or *Beyond Thunderdome*, essentially American movies given a credible Antipodean twist, or their generic musical equivalents will dilute the potency of Australian culture exports in coming years is not even a consideration right now. Right now Australia is writhing in a frenzy of self-congratulation, ostensibly celebrating the 200th anniversary of the arrival of the First Fleet, which transported the first batch of (largely Irish) political convicts to what the British government believed would be the worst of penal colonies.

But what it's really celebrating is that Australia has suddenly become the focus of a world that has

long overlooked it.

For 200 years the country has been Britain's ill-begotten, maladjusted distant cousin. Virtually ignored, at best the source of cruel amusement, these outcasts simply turned in on themselves for enlightenment; they invented their own traditions, their own heroes, their own existence in an island continent surrounded by Asians, of whom many Australians remain suspicious and afraid.

Their worst enemy, distance, also enforced a kind of cultural narcissism, of which North Americans, the greatest cultural entrepreneurs in history, are now seeing a glimmer. They think it's attractive and profitable, but they may live to regret their cloying advocacy of all things Australian.

"There's nothing more ugly these days than marauding Aussies overseas," says Kerryn Tolhurst, Sydney-based songwriter and guitarist. He led the popular Australian rock band The Dingoes, which dealt unequivocally with Oz themes, issues and locales, on an abortive foray into the U.S. a decade ago, then settled in New York before drifting back home in 1985.

"They're loud, rude, self-obsessed and incredibly naive—like a bunch of stampeding 'Jackos' convinced of their superiority because the world has noticed them at last.

"Next time I go back to the States [with his new band, Rattling Sabres] I'll be playing the American game too.

"I've learned. They don't want anything too strong, too alien. They want Australian culture that reminds them of their own, except for the flattened vowels and the quaint slang. I'll be saying 'beaut' and 'ooroo' and 'mate' a lot. But I don't feel I'm betraying my country. If you're looking for an Australian cultural invasion, what's worse: 'Jacko' or Pseudo Echo playing Detroit funk?"

It's a good point. Perhaps we'd better not make too much of this Australian invasion thing. We might get it. We might end up with more characterless music and movies. And drips on our dunny seats. ◀

*Greg Quill is an entertainment writer for the Toronto Star. This is his first article for NETWORK.*

## SONGS

"Pub With No Beer"

(Slim Dusty, 1957)

"Wild One"

(Johnny O'Keefe, 1958)

"He's My Blond-Headed

Stompie-Wompie Real Gone

Surfer Boy" (Little Pattie, 1962)

"She's So Fine" (Easybeats, 1965)

"The Loved One"

(The Loved Ones, 1965)

"Friday On My Mind"

(Easybeats, 1966)

"Spicks And Specks"

(Bee Gees, 1966)

"Living In A Child's Dream"

(Masters Apprentices, 1967)

"Oop Oop Pah Doo" (Billy Thorpe and The Aztecs, 1968)

"I'll Be Gone" (Spectrum, 1971)

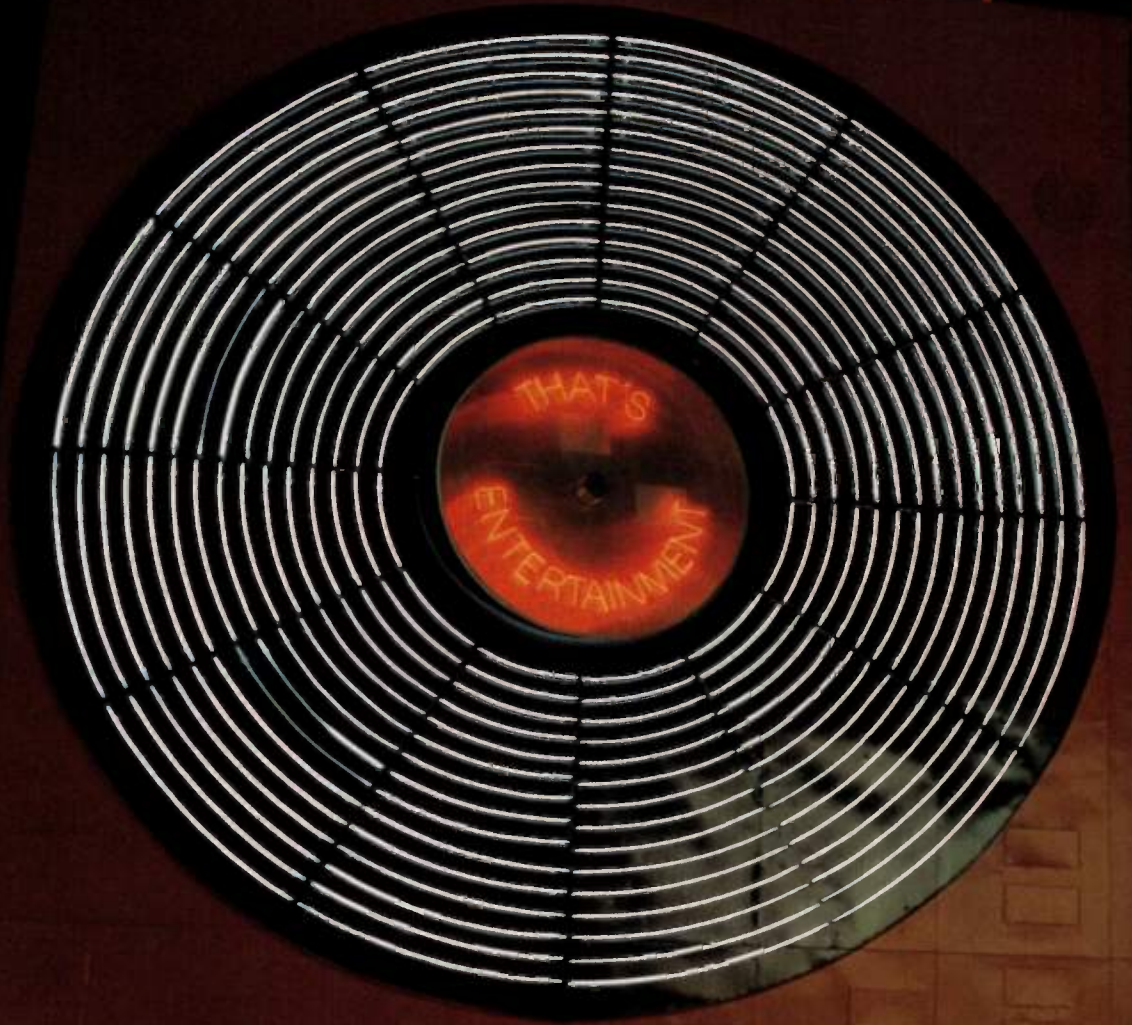
"Eagle Rock" (Daddy Cool, 1971)





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REAT SELECTION



# ENTICING ALTERNATIVES

by TED GILLING



If you think that the world of video means renting or buying movies, you should meet a friend of mine who owns about 100 videotapes. Two of them are movies. The rest reflect a wonderfully eclectic mind. Her passions are sailing, ballet and languages, but her video collection also includes items on opera, business efficiency, cooking, home repair, photography and wines. Her constant cry is that she doesn't want to be diverted when she puts on a video cassette—she wants to be FASCINATED.

She is the ideal customer for what is coming to be known as "alternate video," though the concept is hardly new. It began when the bestselling Jane Fonda exercise tapes showed that the TV set or monitor could be a vehicle for exploration as well as escapist entertainment. In six years special-interest tapes have proliferated, and there seems to be no limit to their range.

What's clearly needed in the video industry at the moment is both specialized distribution approaches for this kind of material, and retailers prepared to cater to individual diversities. From aviation to martial arts and from massage therapy to zoological documentaries, it seems that people are hungry to broaden their knowledge, as long as the presentations are engaging and not too costly. Thirty-five dollars (or lower) is the preferred sell-through price. Better information on availability is also a must. Several companies taking random surveys found a consistently low level of public awareness about sources for specialty tapes.

Maybe alternate video will finally lead the way toward a software publishing industry which will emphasize 'niche' rather than mass marketing. (Think of the videos you buy (or rent) like clothing. Most movie titles are mass-marketed like garments you'd buy off the rack. Niche marketing is more like custom tailoring.)

The most dramatic recent example of it is the thousand or so posters that MPI Home Video put all over the New York subway system to launch a controversial item in its video news magazine: *The Confessions of Bernhard Goetz*. At first glance, this looks



ILLUSTRATION BY EMMANUEL LOPEZ/CRACKERS

like nothing more than tabloid sensationalism, but the tape is aimed at those who want to look more closely at urban sociology, the criminal justice system, and individual psychology amid the real-life drama.

Its centerpiece is the police videotape made nine days after Goetz shot four black teenagers who approached him for money in a New York subway car. Intercut with this is analysis and commentary from two jurors and from various supporters and opponents. The result is considerably more enlightening than the press has been.

Goetz was acquitted of all but one charge about a month before the tape was released, and at press time the conviction was under appeal. But the real fascination is in the issues, not the narrative, and the tape is being targeted at those who like to find answers within questions.

Whether or not the Goetz tape is of particular interest, the diversity to be found on this one video exemplifies why distributors and retailers will have to get on their toes and stay there over the next decade. There is no longer just *one* video market. Feedback will become an increasingly vital part of cus-

tomers service, because the public will eventually settle for nothing less.

Nowhere is this more evident than in the demand from many parents for tapes with which to supplement children's school-system educations. Aside from the need to know the general range of what's available, many parents are now looking at ways to use video more creatively for their children. Some want a special audio/visual combination to supplement (replace?) more conventional teaching methods which aren't getting response. Others seek help with particular learning disabilities such as dyslexia. (I'm told that a tape *is* in the works for this, but no details are yet available.)

A crucial factor in the success of alternate video programs is expertise. The most impressive examples, no matter what field, are those with a sense of depth behind their presentation(s). Because they reveal or suggest things I haven't considered, I enjoy repeating them until the experiences become truly mine.

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## RADIO ACTIVE DJs

by GARY TOUSHEK



Back in the days when a deejay could take a stack of records into a radio studio and play more or less what he wanted, radio had magic. It was spontaneous and unpredictable in the '50s and '60s when rock 'n' roll was breaking ground and the DJ was the glue that held the whole wild mix together.

I remember listening, sometimes late into the night, to people like Cousin Brucey and Dan Ingram at WABC in New York. Or Jackson Armstrong at CHUM in Toronto—you fill in the names.

But in the mid-'70s radio began to lose its spark. Television took some of the audience, music stagnated slightly and became hysterically punkish, and market research was applied to radio like a cold compress.

Consultants argued among themselves about the best ways to "improve" radio, and came up with narrowcasting to tighter, more defined audiences. Music playlists were shortened and eventually computerized, meaning songs were repeated *ad nauseum*. DJs were turned into announcers who weren't required to know the music as much as *read* about it, from prepared notes researched by the music department.

There are still some clever personalities on the airwaves, even if provocation has been harnessed by constraint.

Provocation was stock-in-trade for Reiner Schwarz and David Pritchard, who chanced to work together at CHUM-FM in Toronto in the late-'60s and early-'70s. They took chances and aroused imaginations, usually flying by the seat of their pants (which didn't always work).

They would do things like 'man on the street' interviews with a twist. Instead of taking a microphone outside, they would turn the studio mics on full blast, open the doors, go out on Yonge Street and yell into the station, so the whole building would vibrate with overmodulation.

When Frank Zappa visited CHUM-FM once, he interviewed Pritchard while fellow DJ Pete Griffin provided color commentary and laughter. Another time, when the station had to go off the air temporarily at midnight for transmitter adjustments,

Pritchard announced that he was going to play a complete concert by mime artist Marcel Marceau. Listeners were treated to 40 minutes of silence, followed by wildly enthusiastic applause.

One of the most bizarre incidents in Toronto radio occurred in the mid-'70s one Sunday afternoon at CFNY-FM (when David Marsden was program director and Schwarz a DJ). Schwarz was playing Stravinsky's "Rites of Spring," backed by a recording of bird noises, when former sta-

Naturally the callers thought the whole thing was a put-on and told Reiner to "get that idiot off the air," and so on. Then an older woman called and asked if that was really Leslie Allen. Allen said of course it was. She then said she was his wife, and wanted to know why he wasn't in New York like he was supposed to be. In the confusion that followed, Schwarz said something like, 'You mean this woman here in the studio isn't your wife? The lady on the phone is your wife?' Allen and the woman caller

continued to scream at each other in the background as Schwarz slowly brought the music back up, saying he hoped the audience was enjoying it.

The point is, there was room for that to happen. Today there's much more 'list' than 'play' in 'playlist'.

Off-the-cuff radio, except through campus stations, just doesn't dominate the dial any longer. You can't fly a 747 with a joystick, and apparently you can't hang a station's ratings on the whims of whacky DJs, no matter how violently colorful their on-air personalities might be, or how stimulating their musical tastes.

Something we tend to forget is that the airwaves are public property. They are regulated by the Canadian Radio and Television Commission (CRTC), supposedly on our behalf and in

our best interests. If you don't like what you hear, say so. Write to the CRTC, to radio stations, and to advertisers who pay for commercial airtime. Tell them what you want to hear. Offer politely to boycott advertisers' products unless radio starts keeping you awake instead of putting you to sleep. Money talks, but the more they get, the less we seem to hear. ◀

Gary Toushek is a Toronto broadcast writer and radio program producer.

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES/VENICE, CALIFORNIA



If you could hear what I see: Alan Freed, legendary DJ of the B.C. (Before Consultants) period, showing his studio form.

tion owner—the quite looney—Leslie Allen came into the studio with a woman and insisted the audience would rather hear the *Saturday Night Fever* soundtrack. Allen also had a handful of tickets to the movie to give away on the air. Schwarz argued, to no avail, until he suggested that they leave the choice to the audience. Allen agreed. So Schwarz lowered the music slightly and over top of it, broadcast the situation and asked for phone calls, which Allen fielded and put on the air.



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2. No purchase is necessary.

3. To be eligible to win, all entries must be received no later than the contest closing date, Saturday, May 7, 1988. Contest draw date is Monday, May 16, 1988. Enter as often as you wish. Contest organizers will not be responsible for entries lost. In order to win, the selected entrant must correctly answer the question on the entry form.

All entries become the property of Sam the Record Man and PolyGram Distribution Inc. and will not be returned.

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The prize consists of: Return economy airfare for two via Air Canada, from the Air Canada gateway nearest to the winner's residence, two nights hotel accommodation (double occupancy), June 6 and 7, 1988, two theatre tickets to see *The Phantom of the Opera* on June 6, 1988, and \$300 U.S. spending money. Approximate value of the Grand Prize is \$1,500. The departure date is June 6, 1988. All travel and accommodation arrangements shall be coordinated by a representative of PolyGram Distribution Inc.

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5. The Grand Prize, Second and Third Prizes will be awarded by a random draw on Monday, May 16, 1988, at 274 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario, from all eligible entries received on or before the contest closing date. The winners of the Grand Prize, Second and Third Prizes will be announced in the July/August/September issue of NETWORK Magazine.

The winners will be notified by telephone. If the first drawn Grand Prize entrant cannot be contacted by telephone prior to noon on Wednesday, May 18, 1988, the draw will continue until a subsequently drawn eligible entrant is contacted by telephone. No telephone contact or correspondence will be entered into except with the selected winners. The decision of the contest judges is final.

Chances of winning a prize in this contest depend upon the total number of eligible entries received.

6. This contest is open to all residents of Canada, 18 years of age and over, except employees of: Air Canada, NETWORK Magazine, CCMC, PolyGram Distribution Inc., retail outlets operating under the name of Sam the Record Man, Roblan Distributors Ltd., and Philips Electronics, their respective advertising and promotional agencies and members of their immediate families.

7. The winner of the Grand Prize must sign a form releasing: Air Canada, NETWORK Magazine, CCMC, PolyGram Distribution Inc., retail outlets operating under the name of Sam the Record Man, Roblan Distributors Ltd., and Philips Electronics from any liability arising from the acceptance of the prize as awarded, and concerning the compliance with contest rules.

8. All prizes in this contest must be accepted as awarded. No substitution or transfer of prizes will be allowed. PolyGram Distribution Inc., and Air Canada reserve the right to substitute any prize with a prize of equivalent value. There is no cash equivalent for any prize.

9. By entering this contest, the prize winners consent to the use of their names, city of residence, photographs and image on video tape for publicity purposes without compensation in all mediums carried out by: Air Canada, NETWORK Magazine, CCMC, PolyGram Distribution Inc., retail outlets operating under the name of Sam the Record Man, Roblan Distributors Ltd., and Philips Electronics.

10. This contest is subject to all applicable federal, provincial and municipal laws.



CLIVE BARDA

# THE PHANTOM

**PHANTOM:**

Sing once  
again with me  
our strange  
duet...  
My power  
over you  
grows stronger  
yet



# OM OF THE OPERA

CLIVE BARDA/WOODFIN CAMP

**ALL:**  
Masquerade!  
Grinning yellows,  
spinning reds...  
Masquerade!  
Take your fill—  
let the spectacle  
astound you!

Welcome, friends, to an evening of ghostly splendor. Welcome to an evening at the opera that is in fact a musical. Suspend your disbelief, hold your breath and open your heart to the tortured soul of the Phantom of the Opera.

The haunting began in 1911 with a novel by Gaston Leroux that connected a series of strange events at the Paris Opera House involving a hanging, a plummeting chandelier, a beautiful opera singer, Christine, her admirer, Raoul, and the mysterious masked spectre, Erik, who supposedly lived in a labyrinth of dungeons and torture chambers beneath the stage.

Andrew Lloyd Webber's current production orchestrates the mystery and angst with superb theatrical effects. The Phantom's hideous features are a gruesome mix of latex, glue and paint that takes two hours to apply before each performance, and the stage is riddled with trapdoors. Even the actors are sometimes illusions as they are skillfully replaced by doubles and then made to vanish completely.

The curtain rose on Lloyd Webber's vision of the Phantom in London in October 1986. By the time the New York production open-



CLIVE BARDA

(Top left inset) Dress rehearsal for the production of *Hannibal* in the haunted opera house. (Main photo) Christine (Sarah Brightman) is a captive audience for the Phantom (Michael Crawford). (Above) Christine and Raoul (Steve Barton) manage to shrug off the threat of the Phantom long enough to dance in the Masquerade scene.



ed this January, advance ticket sales of over \$18 million (U.S.) had broken all Broadway box office records.

In addition, *The Complete Phantom of the Opera* is now haunting bookstores, detailing the history of the novel, the 1925 film version and the musical, complete with full libretto. Published by Henry Holt in the U.S. and Fitzhenry and Whiteside in Canada, the lavish, full-color edition is available for \$36.95. PolyGram Records has the full score (recorded live at Her Majesty's Theatre in London), including the complete libretto in the liner notes, on LP, cassette and CD. ◀

**RAOUL AND  
CHRISTINE:**

And in  
this labyrinth  
where night  
is blind,  
the Phantom  
of the Opera  
is here—  
inside your mind



CLIVE BARDA/WOODFIN CAMP

(Above) Christine and Raoul fight for their love in the overpowering presence of the Phantom. (Right) The Phantom makes his entrance in the Red Death mask, as Christine and Raoul cling together in terror.



CLIVE BARDA/WOODFIN CAMP

**PHANTOM:** Why so silent, good messieurs?  
Did you think that I had left you for good?



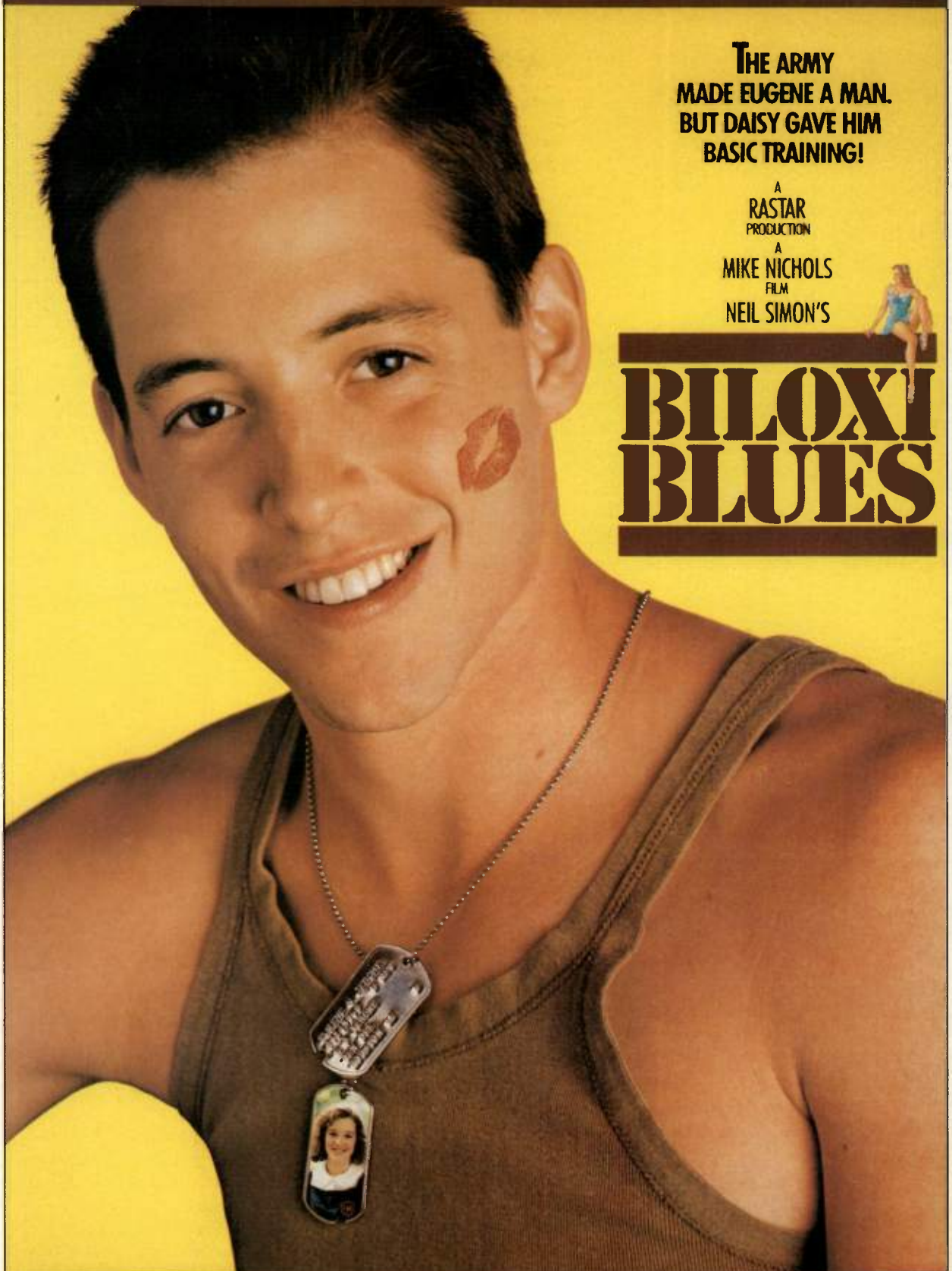
**MATTHEW BRODERICK**

**THE ARMY  
MADE EUGENE A MAN.  
BUT DAISY GAVE HIM  
BASIC TRAINING!**

A  
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PRODUCTION  
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FILM  
NEIL SIMON'S



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## BILLBOARD TOP 100 SAMPLER

WKS #1	TITLE/Artist(s)
7	<b>I'M A BELIEVER</b> The Monkees
5	<b>THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS</b> S/Sgt. Barry Sadler
3	<b>WE CAN WORK IT OUT</b> The Beatles
3	<b>MONDAY, MONDAY</b> The Mamas and the Papas
3	<b>SUMMER IN THE CITY</b> The Lovin' Spoonful
3	<b>CHERISH</b> The Association

- WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL**  
The New Vaudeville Band
- YOU KEEP ME HANGIN' ON**  
The Supremes
- REACH OUT, I'LL BE THERE**  
The Four Tops
- (YOU'RE MY) SOUL AND INSPIRATION**  
The Righteous Brothers

## GRAMMY AWARDS SAMPLER

### RECORD OF THE YEAR

*Strangers in the Night*  
Frank Sinatra

### ALBUM OF THE YEAR

*Sinatra: A Man and His Music*  
Frank Sinatra

### SONG OF THE YEAR

*Michelle*  
John Lennon and Paul McCartney

## ACADEMY AWARDS SAMPLER

### BEST PICTURE

*A Man For All Seasons*

### BEST ACTOR

Paul Scofield, *A Man For All Seasons*

### BEST ACTRESS

Elizabeth Taylor, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

### BEST DIRECTOR

Fred Zinnemann, *A Man For All Seasons*

## EMMY AWARDS SAMPLER (1965/66)

**THE DICK VAN DYKE SHOW,** (CBS) Outstanding Comedy Series

**THE FUGITIVE,** (ABC) Outstanding Dramatic Series

**BILL COSBY,** (*I Spy*, NBC) Outstanding Performance by an Actor in a Dramatic Series

**BARBARA STANWYCK,** (*The Big Valley*, ABC) Outstanding Performance by an Actress in a Dramatic Series

**DICK VAN DYKE,** (*The Dick Van Dyke Show*, CBS) Outstanding Performance by an Actor in a Comedy Series

**MARY TYLER MOORE,** (*The Dick Van Dyke Show*, CBS) Outstanding Performance by an Actress in a Comedy Series

## TONY AWARDS SAMPLER

### PLAY OF THE YEAR

*Marat/Sade*

### MUSICAL OF THE YEAR

*Man of La Mancha*

### BEST ACTOR

Hal Holbrook, *Mark Twain Tonight*

### BEST ACTRESS

Rosemary Harris, *The Lion in Winter*

## GOVERNOR GENERAL'S LITERARY AWARD

### THE CARIBOO HORSES

Alfred Purdy

### IN DEFENCE OF CANADA

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### RANDY BACHMAN

- Boys and Girls*, Bryan Ferry (Warner Bros.)
- Avalon*, Roxy Music (Warner Bros.)
- The Song Remains the Same*, Led Zeppelin (Warner Bros.)
- The Art of Tea*, Michael Franks (WEA)
- Rubber Soul*, The Beatles (Capitol)
- Little Richard's Greatest Hits*, (Specialty)

### MICHAEL PETERS

(Choreographer whose work includes Michael Jackson's "Thriller.")

- Gate of Dreams*, Claus Ogerman Orchestra (Warner Bros.)
- Concerto in F*, George Gershwin (Columbia)
- The Four Seasons*, Vivaldi (Philips)
- Freedom at Midnight*, David Benoit (AVI)
- Bill Evans with Symphony Orchestra*, (Verve)
- Recollections of the Big Band Era*, Duke Ellington (Atlantic)

—Marcy Cornblum





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## Flintstones, meet The Flintstones: enduring social satire and a whole new kind of animation.

Had the Apollo duty roster been slightly different—or so goes the scuttlebutt at NASA—the first words spoken on the moon might have been “Yabba dabba doo!”

As it was, on escaping Earth’s gravity in the (earlier) Apollo VII, astronaut Wally Schirra articulated his feelings with those words from his favorite Stone Age philosopher, Fred Flintstone.

But such is the cultural staying power of *The Flintstones* that in the 27 years since it debuted as the first prime-time cartoon series, Bedrock’s first family is a fact of life in 87 countries.

The show was ostensibly set 10,000 years in the past, and it was best for the viewer to forget that, in real life, dinosaurs and humans never met. In Bedrock, dinosaurs and other prehistoric creatures were a literal metaphor for all facets of modern middle-class life.

The single most successful creation of the cartoon megat team of Bill Hanna and Joe Barbera—who’ve given us animated icons from Yogi Bear to Jonny Quest to Scooby Doo—*The Flintstones* today seems a deceptively simple vehicle for light social satire. But it worked like a charm, sending up movie stardom (Ann Margrock, Cary Granite and Stoney Curtis) and ‘modern’ conveniences (passenger-laden pterodactyls flying in and out of the Bedrock Air-

port), among other things. With inspiration lifted in large part from *The Honeymooners*, we could easily relate to the roller-coaster family life of the hide-clad stars.

Fred (voice by the late Alan Reed, followed by Henry Corden) was the lumpen hero of the series, who worked at a rock quarry that used brontosauri for cranes. Back home, wife Wilma (Jean VanderPyl) ‘vacuumed’ the bungalow-style cave using the snout of a fat little mastodon. And, of course, there was Dino, the faithful, over-friendly household saurean of indeterminate epoch and breed. (It remains a mystery, however, as to why Dino debuted as a *talking* dinosaur—voice by none other than Phil Silvers—and a few episodes later, became mute for ever more.)

But although Hanna/Barbera had their cartoon social dynamic in place early, the decision on the era came late. “We tried all kinds of families,” Joe Barbera recently told *People* magazine. “We drew them as Pilgrims, as

Romans, everything imaginable. Nothing clicked until we made them cave people.”

And Bedrock prospered. Fred and Wilma had a daughter, Pebbles. A mesomorphic infant boy named Bamm Bamm blessed their best friends the Rubbles (Mel Blanc, the voice of Bugs Bunny, played Barney; the late Bea Benaderet was the best-known Betty).

But it wasn’t just happenstance that *The Flintstones* broke into prime-time TV. Until Hanna/Barbera, cartoons were the most prohibitively expensive of entertainment forms. They had met, worked together for 20 years and won seven Oscars at MGM putting out artfully crafted Tom and Jerry shorts before they were laid off in a major cost-cutting purge in the 1950s.

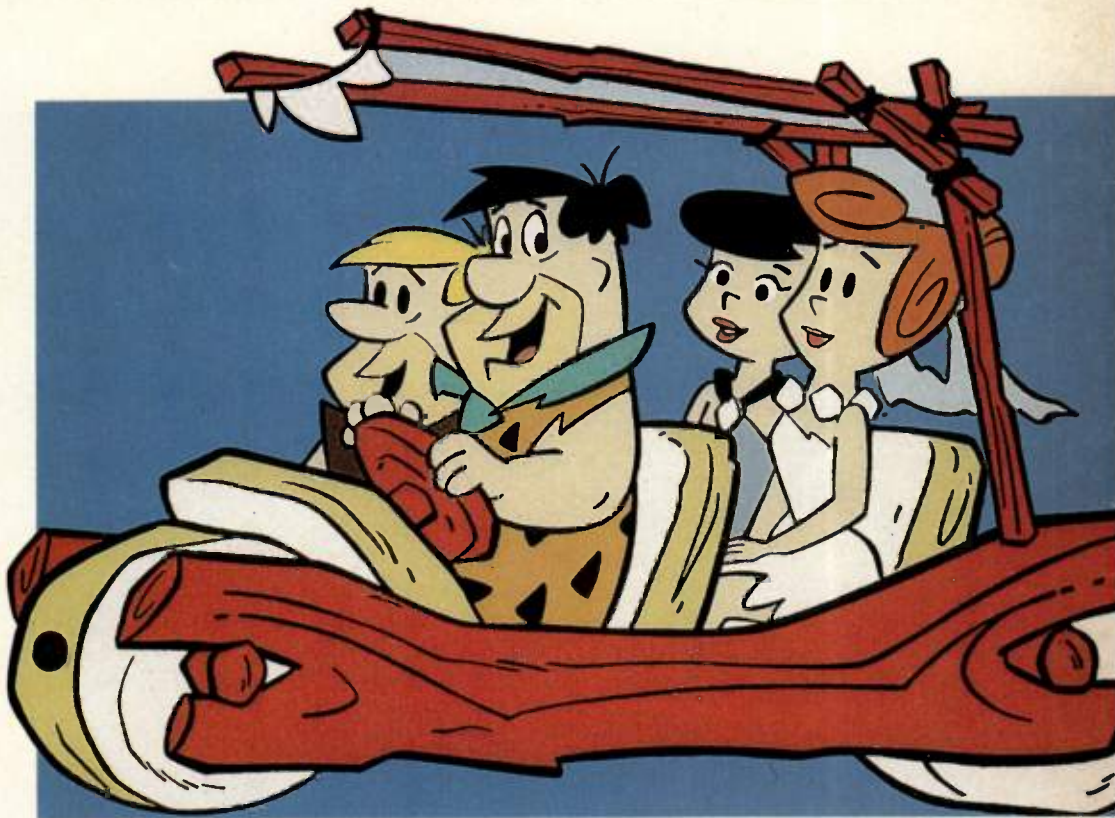
Ironically, the unemployed pair then set out to make their fortune by perfecting a cheaper method of animation in order to crack the TV market. Called “limited animation,” it reduced the number of stills-per-half-

hour from Disney’s or MGM’s 26,000 to about 1,200 (think of Fred on the run, his feet spinning to a staccato bongo beat, while his body stays still). Conversely, some purists of the art revile Hanna/Barbera for this very innovation.

But while others carped, the duo became the giant ape of TV cartoonists, now employing more than 1,200 people. Through the years, however, *The Flintstones* has remained their most enduring creation, even spawning a sequel in the ’70s with a teenaged Pebbles and Bamm Bamm (*All In The Family*’s Sally Struthers supplied the Pebbles voice), and in the ’80s with Hanna/Barbera’s *Flintstone Kids* on ABC.

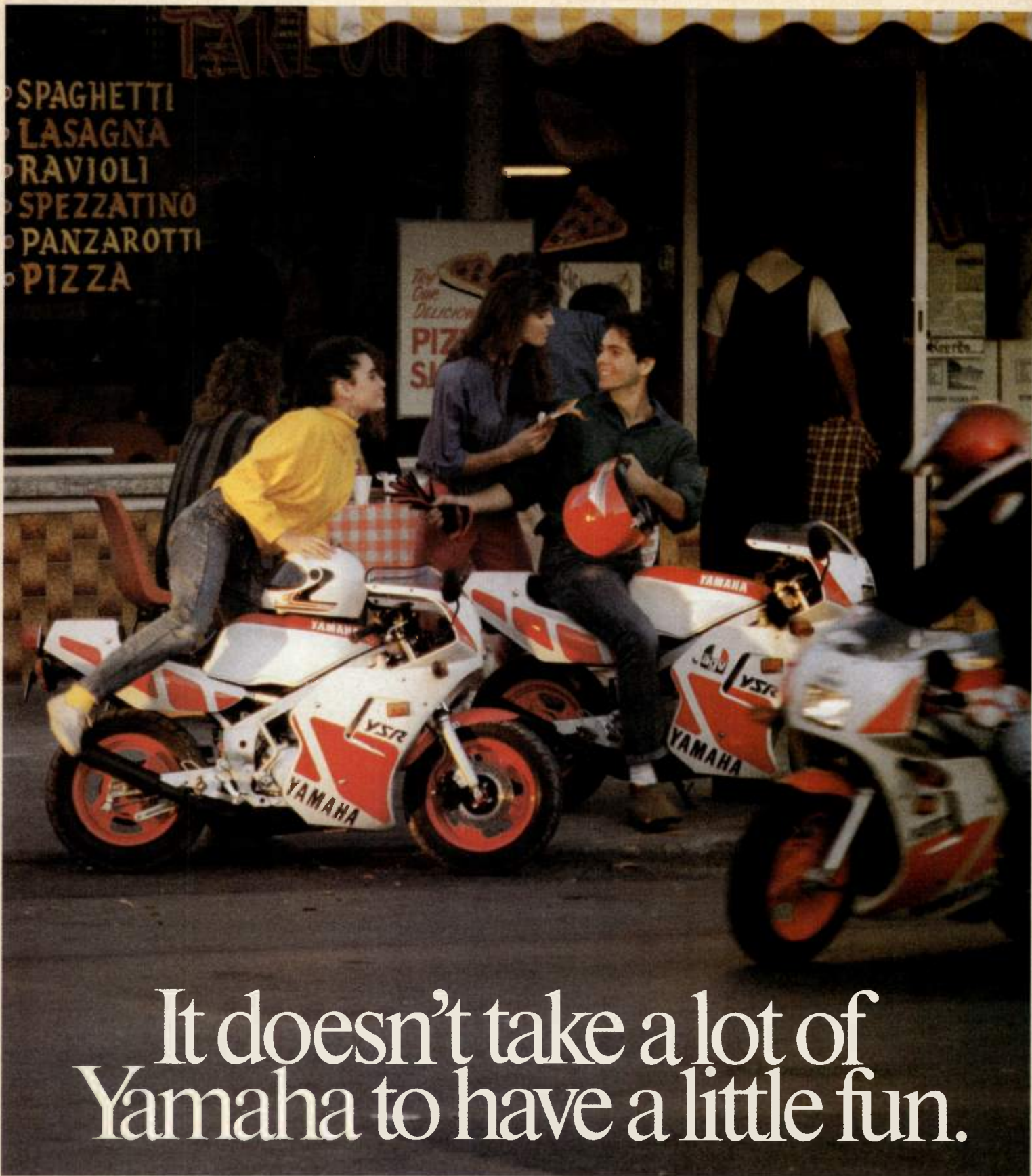
Still to come is the proposed live-action Flintstones movie. Bizarre preliminary casting ideas include Jim Belushi as Fred, and Vanna White as Wilma. Now *that’s* social satire.—Jim Slotek

*Jim Slotek is the TV critic for the Toronto Sun.*



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# **Sam the Record Man: CHARTS** **Top 10**

## VIDEO SALES

1. *The Name Of The Rose*
2. *Rebecca*
3. *Short Circuit*
4. *North To Alaska*
5. *Heidi*
6. *Naked Jungle*
7. *A Room With A View*
8. *The Thin Man Series*
9. *Sid And Nancy*
10. *Shane*

## VIDEO RENTALS

1. *The Big Easy*
2. *Revenge Of The Nerds II*
3. *Lost Boys*
4. *Prayer For The Dying*
5. *Matewan*
6. *Hellraiser*
7. *Beverly Hills Cop II*
8. *The Living Daylights*
9. *Platoon*
10. *Dirty Dancing*

## MUSIC VIDEOS

1. METALLICA, *Cliff 'Em All*
2. WHITESNAKE, *Trilogy*
3. AEROSMITH, *Video Scrapbook*
4. *Swing—Best Of The Big Bands*
5. BON JOVI, *Slippery When Wet*
6. PAUL SIMON, *Graceland*
7. CINDERELLA, *Nightsongs*
8. THE CULT, *Electric Love*
9. EURYTHMICS, *Live*
10. NEW ORDER, *Substance*

## POP

1. JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP, *Lonesome Jubilee*
2. GEORGE MICHAEL, *Faith*
3. INXS, *Kick*
4. TIFFANY, *Tiffany*
5. STING, *...Nothing Like The Sun*
6. GEORGE HARRISON, *Cloud Nine*
7. MEN WITHOUT HATS, *Pop Goes The World*
8. EURYTHMICS, *Savage*
9. ELTON JOHN, *Live In Australia*
10. STEVE WINWOOD, *Chronicles*

## JAZZ

1. KENNY G, *Duotones*
2. MILES DAVIS/MARCUS MILLER, *Music From Siesta*
3. WYNTON MARSALIS, *Standard Time*
4. THE MANHATTAN TRANSFER, *Brasil*
5. PAT METHENY GROUP, *Still Life*
6. SARAH VAUGHAN, *Brazilian Romance*
7. NAJEE, *Najee's Theme*
8. GEORGE BENSON & EARL KLUGH, *Collaboration*
9. AL DIMEOLA, *Tirami Su*
10. LEE RITENOUR, *Portrait*

## CLASSICAL

1. VLADIMIR HOROWITZ, *Horowitz Plays Mozart*
2. KIRI TE KANAWA, *Kiri Sings Gershwin*
3. VLADIMIR HOROWITZ, *Horowitz In Moscow*
4. JOHN WILLIAMS, *By Request*
5. KIRI TE KANAWA/JEREMY IRONS, *My Fair Lady*
6. CHARLES DUTOIT AND THE M.S.O., *Holst: The Planets*
7. WYNTON MARSALIS, *Carnaval*
8. BOSTON POPS, *Pops In Love*
9. MARIA CALLAS, *The Unknown Recordings*
10. CANADIAN BRASS, *Strike Up The Band*

## IMPORTS

1. STING, *Bring On The Night*
2. SEX PISTOLS, *The Great Rock And Roll Swindle*
3. WHISPERS, *Just Gets Better With Time*
4. KISS, *The Elder (Music From)*
5. *Les Misérables* (Original Soundtrack)
6. BAR-KAYS, *Contagious*
7. BON JOVI, *Slippery When Wet* (French cover)
8. TOM LEHER, *That Was The Year That Was*
9. TOM ROBINSON, *1977-1987*
10. JIMI HENDRIX, *Live At Winterland*

## C & W

1. RANDY TRAVIS, *Always And Forever*
2. K.T. OSLIN, *80s Ladies*
3. GEORGE STRAIT, *Greatest Hits II*
4. DWIGHT YOAKAM, *Hillbilly Deluxe*
5. REBA MCENTIRE, *The Last One To Know*
6. RICKY VAN SHELTON, *Wild Eyed Dreams*
7. THE JUDDS, *Heartland*
8. DOLLY PARTON, *Rainbow*
9. HANK WILLIAMS JR., *Born To Boogie*
10. ALABAMA, *Just Us*

## CDs

1. JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP, *Lonesome Jubilee*
2. STING, *...Nothing Like The Sun*
3. INXS, *Kick*
4. GEORGE MICHAEL, *Faith*
5. MEN WITHOUT HATS, *Pop Goes The World*
6. ELTON JOHN, *Live In Australia*
7. GEORGE HARRISON, *Cloud Nine*
8. STEVE WINWOOD, *Chronicles*
9. EURYTHMICS, *Savage*
10. U2, *The Joshua Tree*





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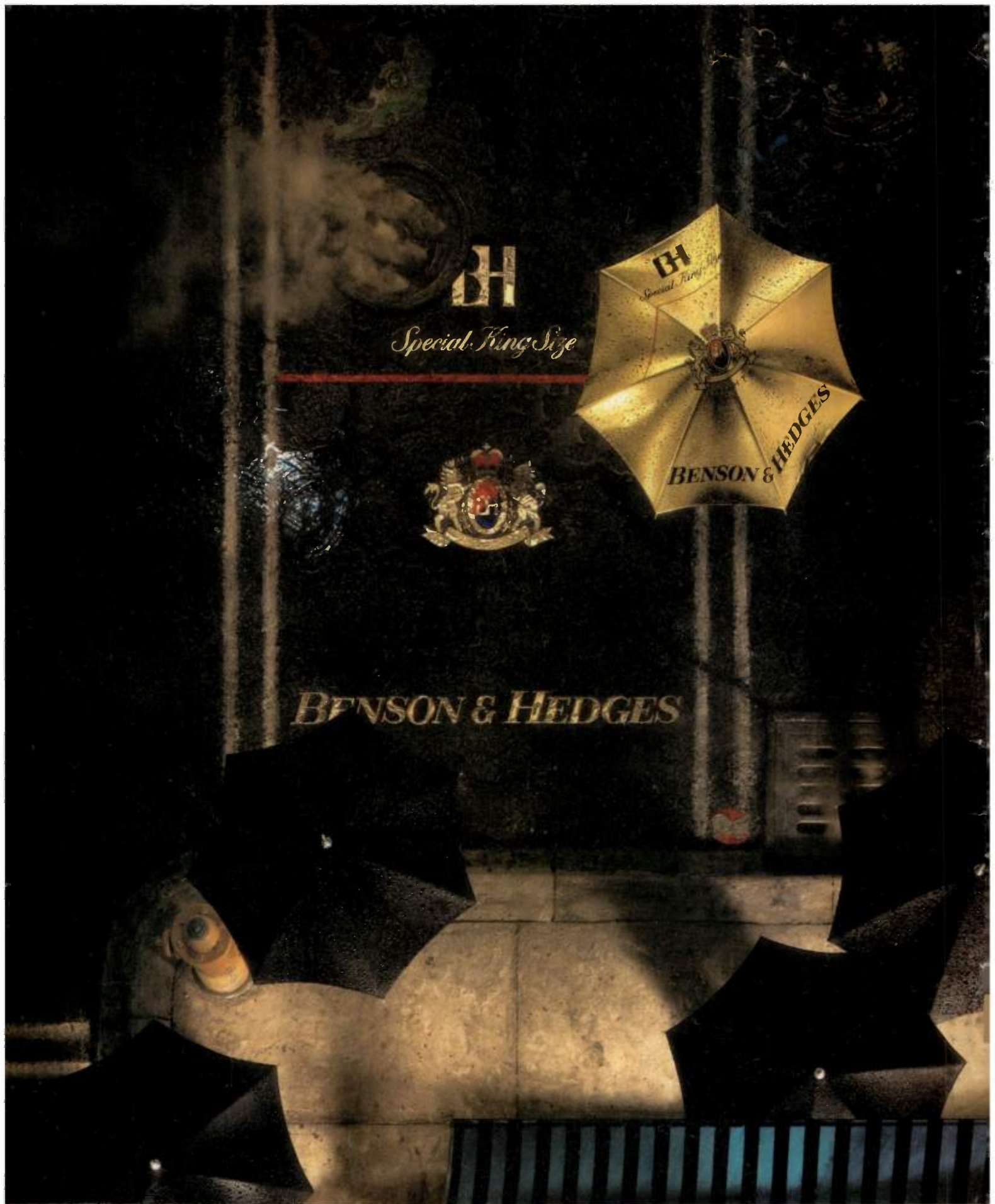
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