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PHOTO BY PAUL HARTIGAN

TALKING HEADS INTERVIEW
TH' DUDES STREET TALK

DAYZ IN THE
LIFE OF

PART 2
TH'
DUDES

THE GRAY RESIDENCE.
MAY 14TH. 9.00 AM.

"John's going to write an article on Th'Dudes for *Rip It Up*, similar to the one on Rough Justice. Of course, the big difference between Rough Justice and Th'Dudes is that while Rough Justice drink draught beer, Th'Dudes drink Brandy Alexanders." Thus Charley Gray, Th'Dudes formidable manager, explains my presence at this special meeting of Th Dudes Organisation. All five members of the band are here on this Monday morning, as well as Charley and roadies Keith McKenzie and Richard Morris. Soundman Paul Streekstra and lightman Murray Gray are absent.

"This is from the ANZ Bank," Charley says, waving a letter in the air. "They want us to do a radio ad." Dudes Ian Morris, Les White and Bruce Hambling, sharing a sofa, remain unmoved by the statement. Dave Dobbyn, though, shuffles uncomfortably and glances at Peter Ulrich, who says, "What? You mean a jingle?"

Charley senses the general reluctance and, taking a deep breath, announces. "Yes. But although that may sound a bit demeaning, I think we should do it. Bearing in mind that we'll be going to Australia I don't think it will do us any damage. To my mind, we would have to at least get a new lighting set-up out of it. We could perhaps do a series for five grand." "That's cheap," Peter says.

That's cheap! Jesus Christ! Most bands in EnZed would give their teeth for a slice of that type of action. Well Charley Gray doesn't sell his boys cheap. No way. Why even this article had a price of sorts. When Murray Cammick and myself decided on Th'Dudes as Part Two of 'Dayz In Life Of NZ Rock Bands', Charley agreed to let us invade the band's privacy in return for the right to read the piece before publication. No worries, sez *Rip It Up*, as long as it's understood that the article won't be a PR job for the band. A compromise was reached — Charley gets to check the copy for factual error and *Rip It Up* shall exercise a certain amount of discretion.

Charley has called this morning's meeting to discuss plans for the promotion of Th'Dudes forthcoming album, including a national tour of the nation's high schools sponsored by the ANZ bank. Th'Dudes are undoubtedly EnZed's fastest-rising band with sold-out gigs around the country, two hit singles and an album about to hit the racks. In light of this it seems incredible that only last October Peter Ulrich told Bruce Belsham (*Rip It Up* No. 16) "... there's no real hurry ... we don't need to be chart-busters yet."

But it hasn't been an overnight success. It's been three years since five teenagers, heavily into gutsy rock'n'roll, formed Th'Dudes (only Les White, who replaced original bassist Peter Coleman, was not in that unit). The band slowly gained experience in the smaller gigs around Auckland before Parnell's Windsor Castle adopted them and a following developed. Th'Dudes then gradually built up a set of original material, c/o the two guitarists, Dobbyn and Morris.

Charley Gray came on the scene mid-way through last year. As owner of The Island of Real, Charley had, of course, seen the band in action and, seeing the potential, moved in as manager. Charley proved to be the final impetus the band needed. A forceful personality, he's sold the band to a willing public.

After the success of "Be Mine Tonight", Key Records decided on an album, the title track of which is the band's current single. "Right First Time" Th'Dudes have spent the past few months constantly touring the country, appearing regularly on television and generally preparing the public for their album. In a controversial move in April, Th'Dudes decided not to play at a Wellington Opera House concert because of what they deemed an inadequate p.a. system. "I think we've gained a hell of a lot of credibility since that gig," Charley says.

Right now though, Charley is saying, "I think you should consider giving me permission to make more money out of Th'Dudes' name T-shirts, buttons, posters etc."

The band seems to realise that the commercial schemes their manager suggests are essential if the band is to make the big bucks and with it the bigger and better equipment that all rock bands aim for, but they'd prefer not to discuss it. "Th'Dudes aren't interested in money," Peter says. Later though when Charley mentions that a girl at Festival is keeping a record of the band's daily expenditure, Peter interrupts Charley: "Hang on a minute, Charley. Where does she get the information from?" "Me." "Oh." Peter dwells on this a moment then says, "Actually, I'd like to have regular meetings on that issue (money). I think we'd all like to know what's going down."

Charley gazes at Peter a moment then says, "Look, I know you're very strong-willed,

Th'Dudes at Soundcheck and in concert at Island of Real.



Th'Dudes, first Island of Real gig.



Keith McKenzie, roadie, soundcheck.

obstinate in a way. And I know you're not going to let yourself be manufactured into something you don't want. But we're getting too big. It's necessary to do it better and more efficiently. And if you want it to be bigger then you must concede control. Rock'n'roll, to my mind, is a very capitalistic thing. There's no such thing as democracy in rock'n'roll. It would become too labourious and would restrict efficiency. Therefore you must put your faith in the people around you."

Peter nods agreeingly. There's no point in trying to argue with a eloquent bastard like Charley Gray. During the ninety-odd minutes throughout the meeting Charley commanded the floor at all times with little or no opposition from the rest, except for the occasional interruption from Peter. Generally, the meeting was conducted in a very un-rock'n'roll atmosphere of earnestness, although there was the occasional relief. Like when Charley, talking of Th'Dudes impending fame, says, "You'll get used to reading things on toilet walls like 'Peter Ulrich is a pouter'." "Oh, I wrote that," says Peter. To which Charley replies, "Yeah? So did I. In the other toilet. Make sure everybody knows."

The meeting ends with Charley informing the band of the new contracts he'd drawn up for future gigs. "They've got to provide money floats, someone at the door, adequate power sources and all staff have to answer to Th'Dudes management. We also get to approve all support bands. Although that may prove a bit tricky in places like Gisborne because we're not familiar with the bands. Actually, Auckland might be too. Bands like Toy Love might knock us back like we did with Citizen Band."

That snatch of conversation there tells more about Th'Dudes than anything I can say. You see, Charley's certainly not going to let his boys play second-bill to anyone but the best. Charley has learned that in this part of the world if you want to be treated like stars you've got to behave like stars. Prestige is the name of the game.

THE ISLAND OF REAL.
MAY 27TH. 4.30 PM.

Th'Dudes four-man road crew are busily setting up the gear for tonight's gig. They are, as Charley Gray would say, most efficient. Peter Ulrich comes in and says to road manager Keith McKenzie, "How did your trip back from Wellington go?"

"F**king shithouse," Keith replies. "We didn't realise until we hit the Desert Road that the petrol pumps closed at 7.00, so we had to go like hell to make Turangi. We arrived there five minutes late. Luckily we filled up at Waiouru. But we didn't know if we were going to make it. And from Taupo on we had to battle the thickest fog I've ever seen in my life. It took us seven hours to get from Turangi to home."

Peter seems to think this is the funniest thing in the world. "Oh no," he roars, then chuckles like crazy. It's been almost two weeks since the meeting at Charley's house. Th'Dudes Promotion Machine has been thrown into full throttle since then with the ANZ high school tour guaranteed of at least twenty-five gigs, a video deal made with film-maker David Blyth and, as promised, buttons, posters and t-shirts about to be distributed. The band themselves have played in Hamilton and at the Windsor Castle. On the previous Thursday they flew down to Wellington to play one gig at Uncle Albert's Attic which, like tonight's show, was purely for promoting the album rather than for financial gain.

Charley arrives to check the scene. Admiring the, yes, efficiency of the road crew, he says to me, "To show you how committed the band is to their music, Th'Dudes actually receive less money a week than the road crew. That's how important they consider each gig."

Indeed, that's certainly noble. In fact, it was on this Sunday that I came to realise that Th'Dudes are very much a rock'n'roll band. That is, they are extremely committed to their music and bear the loutish personalities of which rock'n'rollers are generally made. As

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

THE DOOBIES



MINUTE

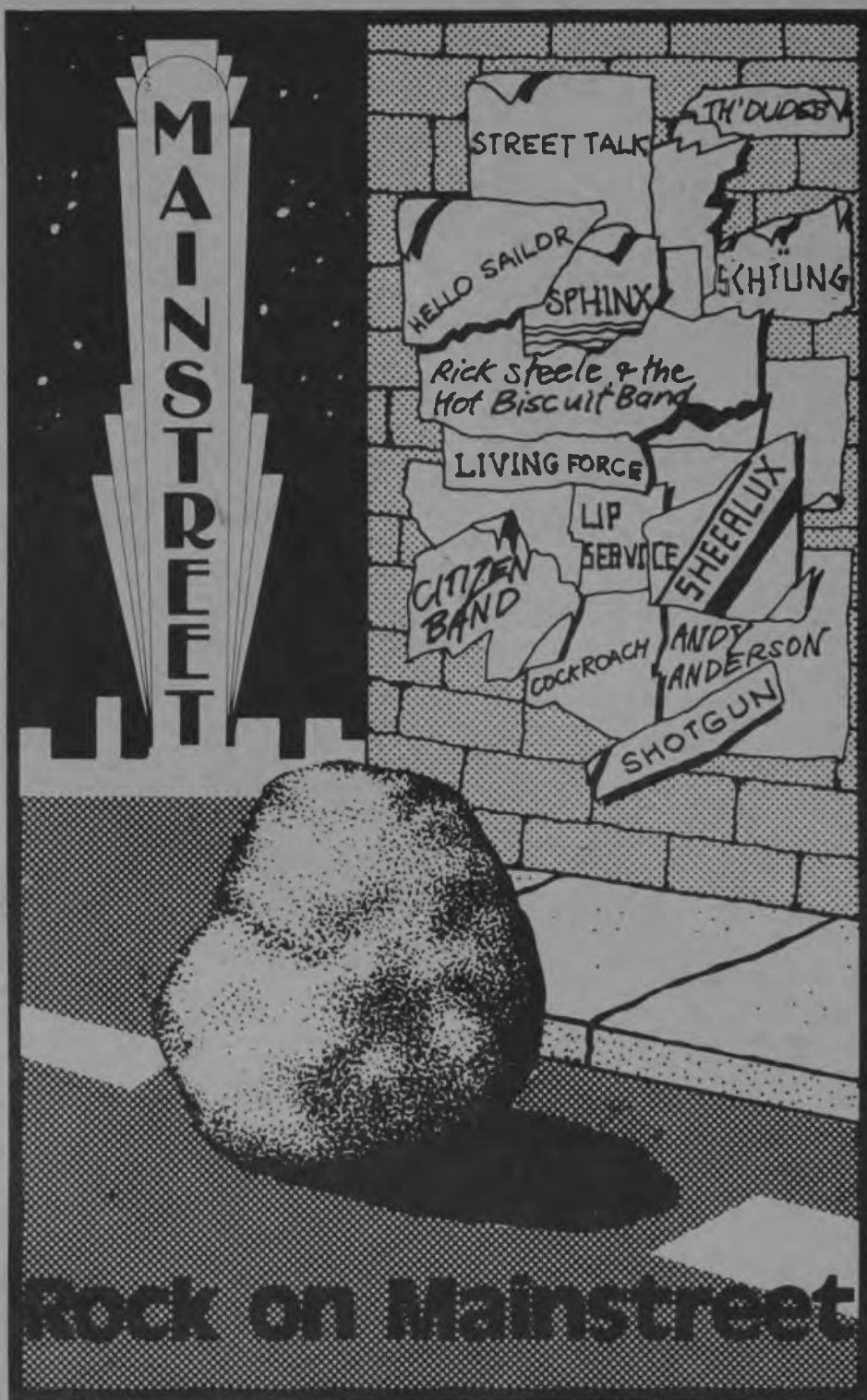
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Small Stuff

The New Barbarians, the band formed by Rolling Stone Ron Wood to back him on his solo tour of the States, are reportedly going down a storm. Featuring a diverse line-up of musicians — Keith Richards, saxist Bobby Keys, bassist Stanley Clarke, drummer Joseph Modeliste, pianist Ian McLagen — the New Barbarians debuted at the Stones' Canadian benefit concerts two months ago and have since played to large audiences at all stops on their tour. Some critics have doubted Wood's effectiveness as a frontman and noted that the songs Richards sang in the shows — "Before They Make Me Run" and "Share the One You Need" — were the strongest. Nevertheless, the tour has been enormously popular and may be extended. ... Ian McLagen has meanwhile signed to record a solo album under the direction of producer Roy Thomas Baker. It's also reported that McLagen will play keyboards for the Stones when they resume touring later this year. ... The Who made their comeback last month at a secret gig at London's Rainbow Theatre. This one-off date preceded the publicity gigs they played in France to launch their films *Quadrophenia* and *The Kids Are Alright*. With Kenny Jones on drums and Rabbit Bundrick on keyboards, they rampaged through an exuberant set that covered The Who's career from "I Can't Explain" to "Who Are You". The show suffered from some first-night nerves but all reports suggest that The Who are definitely back in business. ... Bob Dylan has completed work on his new album under the guiding hand of producers Barry Beckett and Jerry Wexler. Also lending a hand on the sessions were Dire Straits' members Mark Knopfler and Pick Withers, together with renowned session-

keyboardist Richard Tee. The work with Dylan has meant that Dire Straits have delayed the release of their second album *Communiqué* and reorganised tour plans. ... Barry Beckett is also producing Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes on their first LP for new label, Mercury Records. ... meanwhile Stranglers' bassist Jean Jacques Burnel has cancelled the remaining gigs of his British solo tour after consistent poor attendance and bad reviews. Fellow Strangler Hugh Cornwall is, however, pressing on with his plans to release a solo LP. Titled *Nosleratu*, his album features contributions from one-time Zappa keyboardist Ian Underwood and Ian Dury. Dury's new album is *Do It Yourself* and interestingly the British pressing does not feature "Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick". In line with the wallpaper theme behind the album, the Stiff Records promotion team devised a little prank whereby a certain Mike Young, believed to be the world's fastest wallpaper hanger, papered one wall of each of the British rock paper's offices in what is described as the world's dullest wallpaper. ... John Lennon is believed to be back in the recording studio after a lay off of several years. Although, as Lennon and Paul McCartney shared \$40 million in publishing rights from the film *Sergeant Pepper's*, it can't be money that's motivated his return. ... the latest Jefferson Starship line-up with newcomers Ainsley Dunbar on drums and Mickey Thomas on vocals, debuted with a surprise appearance at a free concert in San Francisco last month. The band reportedly played an energetic set that featured a great deal of new material due to be recorded for their next LP. ... keyboard player Bill Payne has quit Little Feat. ... Clover guitarist John McFee is to replace Jeff Baxter in the Doobie Brothers. ... highly-rated new singer/songwriter Steve Forbert is to record his second LP under the direction of Joe Wissert, producer of Boz Scaggs' *Silk Degrees* and, more recently, J Geils' *Sanctuary*. ... Elvis Costello's next single "Accidents Will Happen" is, of course, taken from his *Armed Forces* album but the two songs on the B side, "Talking in the Dark" and "Wednesday Week" are out-takes from the album sessions and otherwise unavailable. ... the Grateful Dead have added singer/keyboardsist Brent Myland to replace departing Keith Godchaux. ... singer Graham Bonnet has joined Richie Blackmore's Rainbow alongside other new members Roger Glover on bass and Don Airey on keyboards. ... Tom Robinson is reported to be penning lyrics for Elton John. ... Chuck Berry has been charged with three counts of income tax evasion for under reporting both his personal and company earnings. ... Jeremy Spencer, one of the original members of Fleetwood Mac, has signed to Atlantic Records. His debut album with the label will on side one at least be "pop-disco". ... Peter Green, the mysterious guitarist in the original Mac, has released his comeback album, *In the Skies*. ... and the current Fleetwood Mac line-up have completed work on their new double set. Final mixing is underway. ... Signs of the Times: the old Fillmore East in New York is to be converted into a disco. ... The Village People's first movie is titled *The Music Never Ends* and will be produced by *Saturday Night Fever* and *Grease* man, Alan Carr. ... but Rod Stewart has pulled out of *Jet Lag*, a film he was to make with Elton John. Intended to be an update on the "Road" pictures of Bob Hope and Bing Crosby, Stewart called the idea "stupid". ... meanwhile The Ramones' first movie,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

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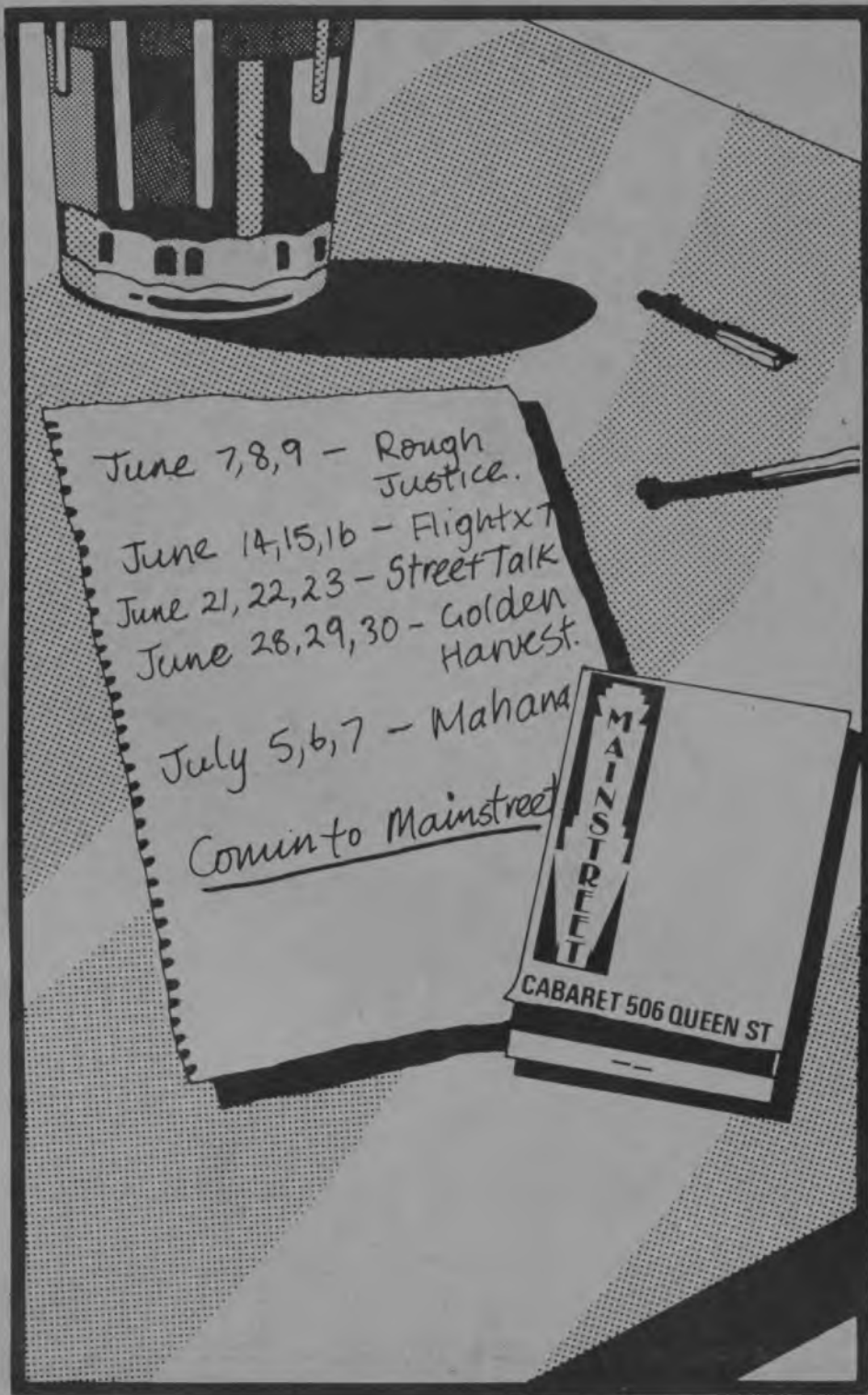


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

Rock 'n' Roll High School is on US release and playing drive-ins in the Mid West. Produced by King of the B Movies, Roger Corman, the film is reportedly a worthy successor to such Corman epics as *Attack of the Crab Monster*, *Bucket of Blood* and *The Day the World Ended*. *Billboard* described the film as "gloriously, unabashedly stupid" ... albums due in the near future include: the second LP from **The Cars**, **Candy O**. Once again production is by Roy Thomas Baker and all songs are penned by Ric Ocasek ... early June sees release of a **Stones** "hits" package, *Time Waits for No One*. The album includes the title track together with "Bitch", "All Down the Line", "Angie", "Dancing With Mr D", "Star Star", "If You Can't Rock Me"/"Get Off My Cloud", "Hand of Fate", "Crazy Mama" and "Fool to Cry" ... **Robert Fripp's** first solo LP *Exposure* includes appearances from Daryl Hall, Peter Gabriel and Phil Collins ... new albums are on the way from two members of Rockpile. **Dave Edmunds** releases *Repeat When Necessary* while **Nick Lowe** weighs in with *Labour of Lust* ... the **Electric Light Orchestra** release a single album *Discovery*, which is described as something of a departure ... **Devo's** second album *Duty Now for the Future* is released in July and was recorded in Los Angeles under producer Ken Scott ... the second **Meatloaf** album is due in June ... one-time Genesis guitarist **Steve Hackett** has completed his third solo album, *Spectral Mornings*, this time with his own band ... **Mink De Ville's** third LP *Le Chat Blue* includes only two original members of the band — Willie de Ville and guitarist Louie X Erlanger ... **Gary Brooker**, singer from Procol Harum, launches his solo career with his George Martin produced album, *No More Fear of Flying* ... **Bob Marley's** next to be titled *Survival* ... while **Pink Floyd** are expected to complete work on their double album in time for September release ... meanwhile the **Eagles** are believed to be still working on their double set. In desperation record company head Joe Smith offered them a financial bonus if they delivered the completed tape by a certain date, but that date came and went. Commented Smith: "You are dealing with people who have so much money that there is no financial spur. We even sent them a rhyming dictionary!" ...

Tours

In late June, **John McLaughlin** commences his second tour of New Zealand. He is performing with the One Truth Band — L. Shankar (violin), Stu Golberg (keyboards), Fernando Saunders (bass/vocals), Tony Smith (drummer/vocals) and Alyrio Lima (percussion). McLaughlin has been on the road with the band for two years and recorded his latest album, *Electric Dreams* with the One Truth Band. Concert dates are June 26 — Auckland Town Hall, June 27 — Wellington Town Hall, June 29 — Dunedin Regent Theatre and June 30 — Christchurch Town Hall.

Dolly Parton is still coming and will perform with her band on July 11 in the Auckland Town Hall. Like Dolly, **Gladys Knight and The Pips** will only perform in Auckland. If you like your music well dressed and soulful, you can probably catch your old Motown/Buddha favourites (and "The Way We Were") on July 16th or 17th, at Trillos.

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Late News

Clash



Led Zeppelin are to make their first live appearance in over two years when they top the bill at the Sixth Knebworth open-air concert in Britain in August. Work on their new album is completed and release should coincide with their return to the boards ... **James Taylor** has taped a disco version of the Beatles' "Day Tripper" for his forthcoming LP *Flag* ... a belated wedding reception was held for **Eric and Patti Clapton** in Ewehurst, Surrey last month. In the marquee in the garden a jam session developed involving guests Paul McCartney, George Harrison, Ringo Starr, Denny Laine, Ginger Baker, Jim Capaldi, Jack Bruce, Mick Jagger and Lonnie Donegan. The assembled company bashed through versions of "Cumberland Gap", "Pick a Bale of Cotton", "Lawdy Miss Clawdy" and "High School Confidential". Later in the evening a reformed Cream played a one-hour set. John Lennon was not present. No Beatles' songs were played ... **Mick Ronson** is to coproduce the next **David Johansen** album ... **Joni Mitchell's** next release will be an album of her words set to melodies by the late Charles Mingus ... **Ry Cooder** is finishing work on a R & B album. Working with Cooder on the set are bassist Tim Drummond, David Lindley on guitar, Jim Keltner on drums, Milt Holland on percussion and Patrick Henderson on organ ... **James Brown** when told he'd been called a jive-ass nigger by Elvis Costello replied "I've been called that all my life. All I hope is that he buys my next album" ... **The Runaways** have broken up ... **The Clash** have completed a movie and fired their manager Caroline Coon ... new **Bay City Rollers** singer is South African Duncan Faure. Their new single is produced by Motors' producer Peter Ker. The band have also discarded their tartan trappings ... next **Peter Tosh** album is titled *Mystic Man*.

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Rumours

AUCKLAND

Lip Service are back with bassman Brian OD (ex-Panic) replacing Peter Future. OD with guitarists Spider Marshall and Revox and drummer Peter Rooder, spent May rehearsing two thirds of the Lip Service repertoire as well as five newies. **Gary Havoc** has a whole new set of **Hurricanes**. From the Alastair Riddell band come John Treseder (lead guitar) and Gavin Beardsmore (bass). The new drummer is Graham Scott. The band is currently recording a self-financed EP at Stebbings studios. Look out for it late July. **Kevin Kaukau** (guitar eater) and **Karl Gordon** (vocals) have left **Golden Harvest**. Gavin Kaukau is on lead guitar and new vocalist is Rick Pederson. Watch out for **the Failures** with Brutus De Grading (Screeches), Angus McDonald (guitar) (ex the Nobodies) and Paul Fitzgerald (drums). Dave McLean has left **Johnny and the Hookers**. The Hookers are firing well with John Batchelor handling guitar chores. By the way, the band is now called the Hookers. Johnny was, if anybody, the Hookers' first drummer. Dave is looking for new personnel. Eddie C has been replaced on **Terrorways** drums by Gary Hunt from Havoc & the Hurricanes.

Russia have been taking a break from gigs to learn new material. North Shore sec. students IYC gig at Westlake Boys'. June 27, stars **CB** and **Russla Night Musique** (Chch stars of *Radio with Pix*) are now in Auckland. gigs will commence late June.

You can see the **Swingers** starring Phil Judd (ex-Enz, ex-Enemy, ex-Suburban Reps), June 14 to 16 at Auckland's new live music venue **Liberty Stage**, corner of Symonds Street and Newton Road. The **Frank Gibson Trio** (Gibson, Murray McNabb and Andy Brown) are doing a charity concert June 24 at Auckland Grammar School Theatre. **Phil Smart** (Smartie) ex-Fragments of Time (now Mi-Sex) and ex-Flight 7-7 is looking for opportunities in Sydney.

This month's Review Award goes to **Rob White** for his critique of a Christchurch Town Hall concert in the daily rag. "The first 'dollop' (Te Aroha) was ordinary vanilla; looked good but tasted very average. But the second 'dollop' was rum and coke ice-cream-thick, rich and sweet. And the final 'dollop' (Manning Band) was hokey pokey-creamy to start with until you get into the crunchy hokey pokey pieces." Great eh folks. **Th'Dudes** album, *Right First Time*, has been released. Check it out. Citizen Band's "Julia" has been receiving critical acclaim. David Porter of *Truth* regards the song as good enough to have been penned by Paul McCartney. **VINCE EAGER**

WELLINGTON

Dennis O'Brien is going back to Britain in August to record for European disco company Ariola. He is well peeved with reception in Auckland, though in Wellington his debut album is moving a few units. **The Wonders**, **Rough Justice** and the **Wide Mouthed Frogs** are set for a concert tour of the North Island in August. The Frogs are working on an animated complementary film for their third of the show. The Rough Justice touring bus blew up in Christchurch in May, stranding the band for nearly a week.

Reel to Real have reformed after a three-

month lay-off. New members are James Cameron (vocals, ex-Stillette) and Peter Alison (keyboards). Geoff Keith (bass), Graham Potter (drums) and Ashley Lienart (guitar) remain from the previous incarnation.

Johnny Mono and the Steroids, Min Kala and the Smashed Executive went down well as support acts in May at the **Rock Theatre**. The 'two bands a night' policy, giving young locals a chance, is to be continued.

Session bassist Mark Hornibrook is back in NZ and getting his 'high class disco' outfit **Streetplayer** back together. They will reside at Uncle Alberts through June. The **Rodger Fox Big Band** has a new drummer. Replacing **Bill Brown** is 19 year old Ross Burge from the Polytech music course. Busy Bill Brown will continue playing with the 1860 band. There are nasty rumours flying around that sticksman **Bruno Lawrence** is back in town and playing sax on appalling TV quiz-show *Paddy's Market*.

GARY STEEL

DUNEDIN

Bassist Peter Gutteridge is no longer with the **Clean**, consequently they are without a bassist as they prepare to go to Auckland. **Heavenly Bodies** recently played a 'teenage dance' in Mosgiel, the problem was that several of their songs were older than some of the kids. The band is considering adding a keyboards' player.

After Dark get the big break with their recent support at the Talking Heads concert. **Rockylox** are gaining some attention for some of their original Kevin Fogerty material, and in the future they plan to share same night gigs at the Hatchcover with After Dark.

Shuffle are back at the Prince of Wales and they are taping two original songs "Open Your Eyes/Pittsburgh" for airplay on the local private radio station 4XO.

GEORGE KAY and KEITH TANNOCK

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Phil Manning Band

The Gluepot in Ponsonby is crowded for the Phil Manning Band. As the posters proclaim, the band is "featuring Midge Marsden." This is the return of the popular Kiwi expatriate. And a happy occasion it is.

Midge joined the Manning band a year ago at the instigation of Manning's manager, Barry Coburn, a long-time friend of Midge. Since then he has been working hard. Between bites of his toasted sandwich supper, Coburn says the group worked 268 one-nighters across Australia last year. Right now they are in the middle of a 23 day non-stop stint. They are just finishing a four-night whistle-stop tour of New Zealand before catching a flight back to Melbourne. Tomorrow night they play at Geelong.

The New Zealand tour is in the interests of promotion. The Manning band is an unknown quantity here. "Midge is very well-known," says Coburn, "but you can't sell a band on Midge Marsden alone. But the reaction we

have been getting in Christchurch and Wellington should see us back here in July for a longer stay." The Auckland gig clinches it. A tour is on.

It's easy to see why the Phil Manning Band works so much. Live, they cook with steam. Coburn says they're among the top half-dozen earning bands in Australia, despite their not having had the recording success of other Australian acts such as the currently-hot Angels. This could change. In the pipeline is an album: half studio cuts, half live music from the Christchurch Town Hall. The concert was also televised.

Phil Manning is something of a guitar-picking legend across the Tasman. One company even puts out a Phil Manning instrument. He's a very tasty player, as is evident from the opening number, a kick start version of "Everyday I Have the Blues." Manning does most of the singing this night, and it's clear that while he has a good voice the music revolves around his virtuosic playing. It's not showboating stuff (although later in the evening he does play his Strat behind his head), just intelligent guitar.

Midge has really landed on his feet with this outfit. With the Country Flyers dividing in musical discord, his Tasman crossing was a dive in at the deep end. But as he skids around the stage, wielding his Fender Mustang or blowing his harp, he looks to be on top. In the phrase he made almost his own, it's still "a buzz."

The blues have always been dear to Midge Marsden (remember his *Blues* is *News* radio show in Wellington years ago?) and he's right at home here with one of the best blues guitarists around. Manning is well regarded by American bluesmen who have visited this part of the world, and with the group Chain he recorded with members of the Muddy Waters Band.

Manning believes there has been a resurgence of interest in blues, and to hear him fast-pick Robert Johnson's "32-20", trading licks with Midge's harp, you can't argue.

The band essentially plays blues, some originals (ranging from the unremarkable to the rather exciting) and some old Flyers' favourites (Bob Will's "Texas Blues", "It Should Have Been Me"). Midge features a new song he has written, "Pacific Nights."

The evening winds up in good, crowd pleasing style with Manning powering his way through Hendrix's "Hey Joe", Bobby Bland's "Farther On Up the Road" (a shade too fast), a superb reading of "When a Man Loves a Woman" and a frantic "Roll Over, Beethoven." Speakers strain to their limits, people fall about in momentary ecstasy, a good time is had by all.

Ken Williams

Film Fun

Director Roman Polanski has said he will return to the United States to face sentence on the charges of sexual offences with a minor, to which he pleaded guilty last year. Polanski could, it is believed, draw a jail sentence of up to three years. ... **Paul Simon** has described his self-scripted movie as "being about a singer and travelling on the road. A real rock'n'roll movie, I hope." Simon refused to sell the script unless he could also play the lead role, though he emphasises that the film is not autobiographical. It's drawn from my life and what I know. But the main character isn't me", he has said. Simon will also supply the music for the as-yet untitled movie. ... **Sean Connery** is to once again play James Bond in the latest in the series, *Warhead* ... since the success of *National Lampoon's Animal House*, the film world is furthering its ties with the contemporary humour magazines. Warner Brothers are to film *Mad*, the movie. Alfred E. Neuman will, however, not appear in the film ... the latest *Monty Python* movie is *The Life of Brian*. The film tells the tale of Brian of Nazareth, who is born next door to Jesus on the same night. ... **John Avildsen** is to direct *Fu Manchu* with **Peter Sellers** in the title role. ... **Robert De Niro** stars as former middleweight champion Jake LaMotta in the film based on LaMotta's autobiography, *The Raging Bull*. **Martin Scorsese** directs from a script by Paul Schrader and Mardik Martin ... one-time *New Yorker* film critic **Pauline Kael** has quit Warren Beatty's film production company after a disagreement with director James Toback over a script. Kael is now working for Paramount Pictures. ... **Clive Donner** is to direct *The Return of Maxwell Smart* based on the old *Get Smart* TV series. ... Herbert Ross on completing his current project, *Nijinsky*, is to film Colleen McCullough's *The Thorn Birds* ... and we have it on good authority that both of the Who's films, *The Kids Are Alright* and *Quadrophenia* will see NZ release later this year, possibly as early as September.

Montreux '79

The 13th annual Montreux International Festival gets underway on July 6th with a reggae night headed by Peter Tosh. The following night is given over to Country Music, followed by a 'Super Blues Night' with Fats Domino, B.B. King and Taj Mahal. But for the next two weeks it's over to Jazz in its various forms, the organisers adhering to their promise that rock music would be represented on a smaller scale following yer regular rock'n'roll riots that have hampered some of the past festivals.

This year's festival has fewer big stars than last year, the more familiar names being Chick Corea, Herbie Hancock, John Lewis, Oscar Peterson, Weather Report, the Brecker Brothers and Stuff. Highlights of the festival promise to be a special Count Basie/Ella Fitzgerald concert and a Charlie Mingus tribute by several Mingus sidemen including Joe Farrell, John Handy and Jimmie Knepper.



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Music Studio CHART SURVEY

Last week's placings are in brackets

USA ALBUMS May 26, Cashbox

- (1) **Breakfast in America** Supertramp
- (11) **Bad Girls** Donna Summer
- (4) **2 Hot Peaches** & Herb
- (2) **Spirits Having Flown** Bee Gees
- (6) **Desolation Angels** Bad Company
- (3) **Minute by Minute** Doobie Bros.
- (6) **We Are the Family** Sister Sledge
- (5) **Van Halen II** Van Halen
- (10) **Live at Budokan** Cheap Trick
- (13) **Rickie Lee Jones**

UK ALBUMS May 26, NME

- (2) **Bright Eyes** Art Garfunkel
- (1) **Pop Muzik** M
- (5) **Reunited** Peaches & Herb
- (17) **Dance Away** Roxy Music
- (3) **Hooray It's A Holiday** Boney M
- (4) **Does Your Mother Know** Abba
- (6) **Knock On Wood** Amii Stewart
- (-) **Sunday Girl** Blondie
- (8) **One Way Ticket** Eruption
- (19) **Parloleone Walkways** Gary Moore

NZ SINGLES June 3, NZFPA

- (2) **Baby It's You** Promises
- (1) **Heart of Glass** Blondie
- (28) **Reunited** Peaches & Herb
- (4) **Knock on Wood** Amii Stewart
- (3) **Chiquitta** Abba
- (12) **Goodnight Tonight** Wings
- (5) **Music Box Dancer** Frank Mills
- (14) **Shake Your Body** The Jacksons
- (16) **Trojan Horse** Luv
- (22) **Lay Your Love On Me** Racey
- (21) **Make Love To Me** Tina Cross
- (48) **Right First Time** Th'Dudes
- (-) **I See Red** Split Enz

NZ ALBUMS June 3, NZFPA

- (2) **Breakfast in America** Supertramp
- (3) **Voulez-Vous** Abba
- (4) **Parallel Lines** Blondie
- (1) **Don't Walk Boogie** VA
- (7) **The Cars** The Cars
- (5) **Spirits Having Flown** Bee Gees
- (6) **Wave** Patti Smith
- (8) **New Boot & Panties** Ian Dury
- (9) **Minute by Minute** Doobie Bros
- (14) **More Songs** About Buildings and Food Talking Heads
- (15) **Armed Forces** Elvis Costello
- (11) **Dire Straits** Dire Straits
- (10) **A Single Man** Elton John
- (13) **The Bells** Lou Reed
- (12) **Live at Budokan** Cheap Trick
- (17) **52nd Street** Billy Joel
- (22) **Manifesto** Roxy Music
- (23) **2 Hot Peaches** & Herb
- (18) **New Values** Iggy Pop
- (20) **Goodbye Yellow Brick Road** Elton John
- (29) **Frenzy** Split Enz



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TALKING HEADS



Photos by Peter Malloy

David Byrne's reputation hitherto has been one of a withdrawn, almost pathologically, shy leader of the Planet's Number One Band Full of Ideas. Tall, thin and self-effacing, he's been writing songs that deal with you, everyday problems and philosophical birds-eye views of life and existence that reach such a perceptive intensity that they can be uncomfortable.

His skill as a guitarist has generally been overlooked; his skinny lead lines and choppy-chord style are perfectly suited to his demanding songs. As an interviewee, he is shy, quietly spoken and often thoughtful, taking time to give a reasoned answer in a hesitant manner. His answers were rarely reckless or critical of other peoples' bids for stardom, even when prodded, but the interview developed into a comprehensive summation of the band's progression.

ART AND TV

Before the advent of Talking Heads, Byrne was at Art School pursuing conceptual art but simultaneously keeping his interest in rock music. Why did he choose rock rather than art as a means of communication?

"The whole art community scene was so insular. All the art seemed to be referring to other art and it wasn't speaking to anyone outside those who were knowledgeable about it. So I thought this was no fun as I was just talking to the same bunch of people all the time, and the possibility of talking to a larger audience, as in rock, was always more exciting."

The name, 'Talking Heads', is a piece of TV terminology referring to those droll, superficially serious news announcers. The name seemed to be a deliberate contrast between the pretended concern of the media men and the genuine feeling of the band for fellow humans. But no. No??

"No, we had these lists of possible names for the band. That happened to be one that was submitted by a friend. We had no idea as to what it was at the time but it did imply a particular kind of music, and if you heard a band with that name you wouldn't know what to expect, and that was good. Shortly after we used it we found out that it was TV terminology, and we were pleased."

ALBUMS AND SONGS

I drop my intellectual facade and wade into the subject of their first album, "one of the definitive albums of the decade" according to *Rolling Stone* (the band don't like that withering old paper, "conservative and boring" says Harrison. I agree) produced by Tony Bongiovi, a middle-of-the-road commercial producer whom Byrne described last year as being an "asshole", but he was in a bad mood at the time. Bongiovi was used as the band wanted to see what the results would be working with someone who held entirely different views. The result was that the album sounded as if it wasn't produced at all, the songs were left to speak for themselves as Bongiovi and the band didn't exactly get on or agree on any particular approach in dealing with the songs.

"We didn't like the sound of the first album, and it does sound kinda thin but it doesn't

bother me anymore. It's just a very sparse way of recording."

Enter Brian Eno, man of many talents, who went and saw Talking Heads at their first London concert just prior to the release of their first album. They struck up a friendship and they shared the same ideas, so it became logical that Eno should produce the all-important second album:

"We thought that for the second album we would try for a liver sound. Brian (Eno) was excited about that too. We didn't use headphones so we ended up using lots of mikes around the room."

Well, what about the Tony Parson's theory that Eno was using the band to put across his ideas to such an extent that he destroyed the Talking Heads' individuality of the first album?

"An exaggeration. Eno didn't play too much and a lot of the things people thought he did, we did. He was open to our ideas and we were open to his, but we were wary of that synthesiser stuff. Brian liked producing us and he got very involved in it. It wasn't just a job to make money as a producer. The same applies to this record we're working on now."

Eno, then, is also producing their new album *Fear of Music* ("it's a real disease" Byrne grinned), and with only a little mixing to do it is set for August release. The songs from the new album played at their Regent concert that night sounded more dense as there's less space in the arrangements. Byrne agreed:

"Yeah there seems to be a lot of those songs that are really dense sounding on the new record. They seem to be almost drone-like in a way. A lot of them sound pretty psychedelic, not like Jefferson Airplane or the Grateful Dead, but they sound weird in a way, with funny sounds and things like that. Then there's others that are more straight forward. They all have a beat that's fairly consistent and the band are more involved in the arrangements in some of the songs than before."

Which leads us to Byrne's songwriting methods. In case you haven't noticed he's easily one of the most original/idiosyncratic writers around, so how does he write the songs?

"It varies a lot, sometimes there's just words that suggest a texture or rhythm and then it's just a matter of finding something that fits the words. Then there's others that you have little pieces of music that might suggest some kind of words, a subject or enunciation. On the new record we tried another way — just messing around, tape them, take the tapes home and listen to them and pick up on pieces where something seemed to be happening. Then we expand on that, piece them together like a puzzle using some of the words I had. Some of those that worked turned out to be interesting songs."

I asked for an example and at this point Byrne pushed the pause button on my tape-recorder saying that he needed time to think. He bent his head, forehead pressed against his knuckles, then he sat up smiling slightly, we were back in business:

"There's a song on the new album, 'Mind', where I heard the melody and chords for a

while. I wrote them when I was visiting my parents but I could never get the music to sound like it sounded in my head, and we tried time and time again but it wasn't until one of those tape sessions when we were messing around that I heard it, that was it, that was the sound for that song. There was one we didn't play tonight, it's called 'Drugs', it used to be called 'Electricity', and that went through about three different stages. We had played it for the last album in a different form, but it didn't quite make it so we re-worked it and recorded it for this album, but we didn't like it so we re-worked it in the studio and it sounded real good. It's one of those with a lot of empty spaces."

"Psycho Killer", their most publicised tour de force from the first album and the only song co-written with the other members from that album, intrigued me as it was a particularly morbid and powerful song. Was it difficult to write?

"No it just came together. I sat down and wrote it and the others helped with some of the words."

Well, what about "No Compassion", another anthem to pessimism?

"This may sound a bit stupid, but I thought it was a play on the Zen idea of the dispassionate way of reacting to everyday life. The idea of enlightened self-interest, which I don't always agree with, but I thought it would be good to put into a song."

The marvellously vague title of the second, album, *More Songs About Buildings and Food*, as it turns out, was drummer Chris Frantz's idea. He had just heard "The Big Country" and groaned in his amiable way "oh no not another song about buildings and food." Which brings us to that song. There's been some speculation as to whether Byrne actually meant the line in "The Big Country" — "I wouldn't live there if you paid me". Byrne replies:

"At the time I meant it. I was flying in an aeroplane and I was in a bad mood. But people read things into it, I wanted it to be an objective description. It was a song from the opposite point of view of "Don't Worry About the Government."

SUCCESS AND THE ROCK BIZ

Comparatively speaking Talking Head's rise to fame has been meteoric. Widespread rave reviews for their albums and concerts. Would Byrne still be in rock if he wasn't so successful?

"I think I'd still keep trying, but I wouldn't be able to do as much. Just for financial reasons I'd probably have to work during the day at some mundane job to buy recording time. I think it would just be a slower process."

The art scene was insular, but surely there's a great deal wrong with the rock'n'roll circus?

"Oh yeah, there's plenty and you could go on for days about the terrible things in the music business but we've managed to cope by learning to say 'no' if things go beyond a certain point. You have to live with yourself so you can't go along with any suggestion that's made. We haven't run into it too badly as by our nature people just assume that it's very unlike-

ly we'll do certain things."

Byrne readily admits that the music boom of the last couple of years helped them to reach their present enviable status, but his concluding comment that "we were in the right place at the right time" is too modest for a band of their burgeoning talent.

THE CONCERT

Local jazz-rock six piece After Dark moved graciously through a half-hour set of originals ("Crusader", "Crazy Haze") and fresh interpretations of old-and-showing-it stand bys like "Moondance" and "Feelin' Alright". Talent at work here, but some effort must be made to avoid the pitfalls of predictability inherent in the choice of some of those old standards.

People were on their feet and down by the stage before David Byrne reached the microphone. Straight into "The Big Country", one of their many aces that I expected them to play near the end of their set, but as Jerry Harrison told me afterwards they open with it because the slide guitar goes quickly out of tune if they leave it too long.

It became obvious in quick time that Eno's production of *More Songs About Buildings and Food* was a fitting reproduction of the band's live punch. Drummer Chris Frantz and his wife Tina Weymouth on bass have been quoted as saying they like Parliament, and it shows. With occasional glances at Byrne's lead-out she kept the band thrusting in and out of those quirky, funky little rhythm changes that have become important features of Byrne's songs. Together with Frantz you couldn't have a more appropriate or capable rhythm section for the band.

Jerry Harrison, who alternated between rhythm lead guitar and keyboards, became Mr. Indispensable. Whether it was perfection slide guitar on "The Big Country" or stark keyboards especially on the new songs, "Paper", "Mind", "Memories" and "Heaven", he more than earned his place.

Byrne, himself, rarely talked between songs, saving his introverted stage presence for intense and emotionally and physically draining performances of his material. He seemed keyed-up, finding release only through the total personality involvement of his songs and their unusual structure. With awkward precision he builds on the intensity of the previous number and gradually takes the whole set towards an exhausting climax. Two encores, "Take Me to the River" and the excellent "I'm Not in Love."

There's a lot of drivell around these days, usually perpetrated by various record companies, about bands who are "leading rock music into the eighties". Along with perhaps Pere Ubu, Talking Heads are the only current American band capable of living up to that statement.

George Kay

NEXT ISSUE

Jerry Harrison spills the beans on Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers and talks about life with the Talking Heads.



New Pop

Iggy Pop New Values Arista

The last piece of reliable information I'd heard on the life and times of Iggy Pop was from David Bowie last November when he said that Iggy was living in Berlin and keeping in touch. But *New Values* not only signals the end of his fruitful association with Bowie, but also his return to America as the album was recorded in Hollywood under the production skills of James Williamson.

Since his last official album, the below-par live *TV Eye*, Iggy has switched from RCA to Arista, so *New Values* is definitely the beginning of another Osterburg phase, Iggy Mk. 3. The fresh-faced eager to please visage that shone from the cover of *Lust For Life* has been replaced by the hands bound, chest bared vulnerable pose on *New Values*. If *Lust For Life* offered hope in the wake of the pessimism of *The Idiot*, then the new album is a series of shorter generally excellent songs revealing Iggy's vulnerability and present pugnaciousness. He's always been a man of contradictions, a feature that he shares with Bowie.

Backed by one-man band Scott Thurston on guitars and keyboards, the tone of the album is not unlike *Kill City* in feel and basic rock structure. The opening song, "Tell Me A Story", besides being a great tune, captures the Ig's conflicting emotions:

*What must I do but take a holiday
Show me a bill that they can make me pay*

*Me I'm just a lucky guy
Young and free too hard to cry.*

Similar true confessions occur on "Don't Look Down", medium paced and beautifully arranged featuring some tingling back-up vocals from the Alfonso Sisters, and on "How Do Ya Fix a Broken Part", led out by Scott Thurston on piano. On "Five Foot One" Thurston's harp is grunting in top gear as Iggy fantasises "I wish life could be Swedish magazines" and he's in the same state on "I'm Bored" — "I'm chairman of the bored", and "Girls" which is not unlike David Johansen's song of the same name from his solo album.

It's impossible to underestimate Thurston's contributions to *New Values* as not only is he the prime mover in the instrumental field, but he is also down as having written four of the songs present with Iggy. Behind James Williamson and Bowie, Thurston is definitely a third but promising partner for the world's most goddam boy.

Iggy is now back on the road and this time with the famous Glen Mallock on bass. With an experienced new band at his side and an album of new material as fine as *New Values* the man has no worries.

George Kay

Hot Wave

Patti Smith Group Wave Arista

Patti Smith's latest album presents more of the contradictions and ambiguities that surround her. At times she is brilliant, one of the most exciting artists in rock'n'roll, and at other times she can be embarrassingly naive, a terminal romantic.

With *Wave*, she consolidates the work she put in with *Easter*, her first commercially acceptable album. Her singing is better than ever, her songs are stronger musically, and her band plays like one mother of a rock band. Todd Rundgren's production augments the songs without overpowering them, allowing the band's own wall of sound to dominate. Whereas Springsteen's band on *Darkness On The Edge Of Town* sounds like the sound was pumped up larger than life, the PSG sound like they might sound live; loud, arrogant, devastating.

Every time you play this album the songs get better. "Dancing Barefoot" is a celebration of sexual/spiritual ecstasy, a theme that recurs throughout her poems and songs.

*I'm dancing barefoot
Heading for a spin
Some strange music draws me in
Makes me come on
Like some heroin*

"Revenge" is about just that: Patti's vocals peak on a chorus that is a howl for blood, with Lenny Kaye's guitar co-starring as the scream of an insane axe-murderer. "Citizen Ship" refers to those who fled Czechoslovakia in 1968 (among them bassist Ivan Kral) and at the same time makes a statement about the rights and identity of the individuals directly affected by political trauma.

*Citizen ship we got memories
Citizen ship we got pain
Citizen ship we got identity
A name*

But the same romanticism that gives her best stuff a passionate intensity can put her right over the top on her worst. *Wave* has two examples of this. The first is "Hymn", which features Patti singing in a little girl voice to autoharp accompaniment. The song is so cute that if she's for real, it's kitsch, and if she's not, it's hard to see why she bothered. The second is "Wave", an imaginary conversation with Pope Jean Paul I, in which she sounds like an awkward adolescent, dumb and coy. I have to lift the needle every time it comes around, so it's fortunate that it's the last track on side two.

There you have it, New York poet and punk rocker makes good/bad/superb. You can bet she's going to be around long after disco's dead. Meanwhile, *Wave* is going to be hot on my playlist for a long time. Flawed brilliance.

John Malloy

Hell's Bells

Lou Reed The Bells Arista

It was that kind of a party I suppose. Her hand was cramped around a glass of something-and- tonic which glowed in the party light like the famous Jupiter juice, and she had forgotten to lift it to her mouth for some time. I wanna boogie wichoo, I wanna boogie wichoo, on and on through the night as the lesbians discussed first-aid, amongst the silverfish. A boy was crying on the veranda so she sat by the refrigerator trying not to think, especially about that day on the beach, or about her family. The taxi came and went and she didn't have the guts to move, although her people were leaving through the yellow kitchen. A girl fell onto the stereo and the noise was terrible. At least it's not me that's crying — she thought — and burst into tears.

The next morning she told somebody that she felt like an unplucked chicken had been dragged through her head backwards, which got a bit of a laugh and for about five seconds she felt better, but not much. It was Saturday and she went back into her room and waited for Saturday night. On the radio girls were singing ... doo doodoo, doo doodoodoo, doo doodoo ...

The new Lou Reed album is called *The Bells*. It's not as raw as *Street Hassle*, but it's no less idiosyncratic, no less Lou Reed.

He sings "Stupid Man" like he's got one hand around his own throat, his voice high and nervy like David Byrne's ... "please tell my baby daughter I'll be home soon and be the daddy that I oughta". That's what he's singing! I like it. On "Disco Mystic" the title is repeated over and over above a relentless and numbed instrumental base that lopes into the dark on a wash of gongs. "I Want To Boogie With You" sounds like a "Street Hassle" out-take and one of my favourites on the album probably because I sing along on the chorus. You will too.

Nils Lofgren helped Lou write three songs on *The Bells* and one of them is "City Lights" — a song seemingly about the promises, true and

false, of the great American metropolis, and it's also about the fourth quite distinct singing voice Reed has used on this first side. Marty Fogel plays great sax on "With You" and "Looking For Love", and is responsible for doing most of the horn arrangements along with Reed, except for one that he does with noted trumpeter Don Cherry.

Side Two has three longish tracks. "All Through The Night" is a chant relating seductions, pressures and decisive moments in the dark, collaged with party chatter. "Families" is strange, not as funny as the Ramones' song, it isn't exactly moving either because it too strongly burlesques the sentiment as Reed

quaveringly calls out for mum and dad. It's not funny nor moving but I'm still listening.

On the final track, which is "The Bells" itself, a long brooding build-up with Cherry's trumpet prominent leads to some indecipherable murmuring by Reed and then the brief tale of a man high on a ledge above Broadway. He looks out thinking he sees a brook and begins to hear bells which comfort and inspire him, so he decides to fall to his death.

The Bells is risky, disturbing and richly imbued with Lou Reed's personality and brilliance. No disappointment.

Terence Hogan



Budokan Gospel

Bob Dylan Bob Dylan at Budokan CBS

Rejoicing in the music of Bob Dylan at Western Springs I felt moved to quote from rock critic/record producer Jon Landau. Something about witnessing the future of rock and roll.

Landau's oft-repeated remark became a millstone for Bruce Springsteen. My comment on Dylan's performance was relatively private, but such shameless hyperbole can be uncomfortable. Listening to *Budokan* — virtually a replay of the Western Springs concert — I can come to terms with my own euphoria. Unlike some others, I was totally in favour of the 'new' Dylan of the 1978 tour.

Bob Dylan has always synthesised the music of America. His songs echo the wind on the prairies; cowboy songs, folk music, the blues, rock and roll. Now he was using a form he had before just touched upon — gospel music. The music was full of churchy piano and organ and soaring choirs. Seldom before had the hymnal quality of Dylan's music been so readily apparent. To some, the new arrangements of old favourites were a bastardisation. I found them challenging, the variations generally finding new strengths in the songs.

Driving the message home was one of the most tightly drilled bands in the world. The only other "live" bands I would compare them with are Little Feat and the band Bowie brought to Western Springs later that same year. Dylan at last had the swirling, mercurial organ sound he said he had missed since *Blonde on Blonde*. The addition of horns in the person of the near-legendary Steve Douglas (the Crystals, Phil Spector, Duane Eddy, Mink De Ville) was a touch of genius.

Dylan himself was a revelation. What I hadn't expected was that the man would be so

much in charge — of the band, of his voice, of himself.

Budokan shows this up brilliantly. This album was recorded at the start of the '78 tour in Japan and for over a year there have been "will he, won't he" rumours. At last, Dylan relents and the world can have the pleasure of hearing the concert through legitimate channels. (And at moderate price: Japanese copies imported into Australia last Christmas were retailing at \$35).

There are 22 songs on *Budokan* with scarcely a dud among them. The sound is superb, with the various instruments (there are 12 in the band, counting the three girl back-up singers) dancing in and out of the dense rhythmic machine in tantalising bursts. The sound is broad and deep, quite in contrast to the relative thinness of *Street Legal*. The producer is the same, Don DeVito.

The main emphasis in the music is in setting up a complex rhythm figure behind Dylan's wheezing singing/sermonizing before the scorching harmonies carry the word higher. At its best it's a cathartic experience. It's church music, in the sense of Southern gospel (black or white).

Dylan's secular gospel is at its most effective on such apocalyptic vehicles as "Ballad of a Thin Man" (a nod towards Ray Charles' "I Believe To My Soul" in the backing), "Maggie's Farm" (irresistible riffing), "Like A Rolling Stone" (which, miraculously, still sounds fresh), "Oh Sister" and "I Shall Be Released" (already a hymn in nature).

But these are a few high spots among many. For my money, the only song which doesn't work is the newest, "Is Your Love in Vain", and it's probably it's newness that leads the band to plod. Dylan sings uncertainly, lugubriously and the performance is stilted and tentative.

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Occasionally, message is sacrificed to rhythm as in the reggae version of "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right" and the ludicrously cheery carnival stomp of "All I Really Want to Do." This song is reminiscent of the Turtles during their folk rock heyday. Is it some sort of looney reverse homage? And what about that bass-string Duane Eddy guitar on "Blowing in the Wind?" Is Dylan tipping his hat to all those people who once did "sings/plays Bob Dylan" albums?

If anything, the riches are too great. Four sides of superb, heart-felt music is a lot of music, from the Latino touches at the opening of "Mr Tambourine Man" to the desolate Mexican landscape of "One More Cup of Coffee" and the Armageddon crash of "It's All Right, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)."

The band is exemplary. If there is a star in the band it's Steve Douglas whose sax and flute accompaniments make perfect counterpoint. Guitar player Billy Cross proves himself the equal of such previous Dylan sidemen as Michael Bloomfield and Robbie Robertson. The harmonies of the girl singers are magnificent, soaring, where on *Street Legal* they tended toward the shrill.

At the heart of it, there's Bob Dylan who at every turn of his career has confounded his critics and his fans alike. I'm sure this album will have people debating for some time yet. No doubt some will disdain it, as Dylan's electric guitar was disdained

Although double live albums have become a cliché, there are one or two which provide a sharp picture of an artist at an important stage of his development. Van Morrison's *It's Too Late to Stop Now* was one. *Bob Dylan at Budokan* is another
Ken Williams

Rickie Lee Jones

Warner Bros

Rickie Lee Jones is really neat and funny and cool. I've never heard anything like her before. She writes all her own music and plays guitar, keyboards and some percussion. But, unlike the work of many other women singers warbling out of the well-endowed West Coast studios, this is Rickie's own album all the way.

It would be wrong to call this a 'concept' album, but there's a definite persona carried though the eleven tracks. It's an urban 'kid' of indeterminate age, a street-wise, hip girl whose friends have names like Perry, Bragger and Junior Lee. This character is at her height with songs like "Coolsville", a brilliant piece of adolescent nostalgia and "Chuck E.'s In Love" with its crazy slang and silly punchline

But she's more than what she first seems. "The Last Chance Texaco" perfectly parodies USA television commercials with a breathy C&W delivery of a wonderfully witty set of lyrics. The only number to break away from the street-stuff is "Company", the closest Rickie gets to a traditional love song and even then she's appropriately cool about it

The production of this album is impeccable. Her voice — swinging high, low and loose, almost like a scat singer — is incomparable; she has an amazing and potently original sense of timing. I simply can't fault her. Nor stop giggling either.

Louise Chunn

Steve Forbert

Alive On Arrival

Nemperor

Steve Forbert is the latest in a series of CBS signings (Bruce Springsteen, Elliott Murphy etc) over the years to be touted by critics as the new Dylan. Well, he is a singer/songwriter with an acoustic guitar and a harmonica holder but beyond a healthy debt to such famous forbears, Forbert displays a sizable hunk of originality.

Moving to New York from Meridian, Mississippi three years ago Forbert (now 24 years old) supported himself at a series of day jobs until he attracted attention by playing as the sole acoustic act at the Big Apple's punk haven, CBGB's. Many of the songs on *Alive On Arrival* comically detail Forbert's city experiences — busking in the subway on "Grand Central Station, March 18, 1977" and the perils of staying at the YMCA on "Big City Cat"

But Forbert is at his most effective when using his husky tenor to convey disillusionment on "Tonight I Feel So Far Away From Home" and the especially impressive "It Isn't Gonna Be That Way"

These songs provide strong evidence that Forbert may develop into a major talent but elsewhere here there are enough memorable moments to make *Alive on Arrival* a substantial success in itself.

Alastair Dougal

Robert Gordon

Rock Billy Boogie

RCA

The one legitimate gripe about Robert Gordon goes something like this, why listen to Robert Gordon doing note perfect covers of rockabilly classics when you could listen to the originals? Well for a start, you're not going to find the originals easily available on record. For another thing it's not Robert Gordon's intention to add anything to the tradition he lovingly revives. But maybe more important than either of these things is the fact that his albums are simply so enjoyable to listen to.

Like its two predecessors, *Rock Billy Boogie* is a collection of '50s rockabilly songs chosen



Bob Dylan



Robert Gordon



Steve Forbert



Ricky Lee Jones



The Only Ones



Police



Skids

with consummate good taste and lovingly reproduced. This time out Gordon has leant to the balladry of the period, so you've got to cope with a side of the likes of "It's Only Make Believe" and "I Just Met A Memory". But he has every vocal nuance off pat and such is his obvious affection for the material that it is difficult not to be won over.

For my money the faster rockabilly-side sporting such outright gems as "Rock Billy Boogie", "Black Slacks" and "The Catman" is the real winner. The recent addition to Gordon's band, guitarist extraordinaire Chris Spedding, goes where only brave or the foolish would in stepping into Link Wray's shoes. Yet he seems to have a great time, effortlessly mastering the style though admittedly the energy levels do drop a bit. There may be nothing new in what Robert Gordon is doing but everyone can have a lot of fun listening to him do it

Dominic Free

Police

Outlandos d'Amour

A&M

The lead-off track on this debut album is a fairly ordinary piece of rock'n'rave called "Next To You" that might have been done by anyone. We don't hear what these Police have really got up their sleeves until further along that same groove wherein lie "So Lonely" and the following track "Roxanne", which will

already be familiar to some of you hep-cats out there.

These two songs are the best examples on the record of the distinctive blend of reggae feel into a white rock style that gives the album its special interest. It doesn't occur on all of the tracks but the three or four on which it's employed are significantly the highlights. This is the second record I've discovered this week by white artists that successfully draws on reggae as a major influence in its best music, the other being Johnny G's excellent first album on Beggar's Banquet. In both cases the reggae is an essential element fully integrated into the performers' styles — inventive and personal, and not merely a mode-ish appendage to their repertoire.

The lead singer's name is Sting, and for a little while I had the nagging feeling that he was reminding me of Jon Anderson, but suddenly I realized that he was more like Speedy Keen and I felt much better. There's a couple of duds here, as I said. "Next To You" is not a favourite and "Be My Girl - Sally" wears thin quickly, but "So Lonely", "Can't Stand Losing You" and the very fine "Roxanne" are delights.

Sounds like a good band.

Terence Hogan

The Only Ones

CBS

Any radio listener who has caught The Only Ones' single "Another Girl, Another Planet" would have to admit that it sounds very promising indeed. The single has been getting heaps of airplay on Barry Jenkin's night time show which is a recommendation in itself. Acknowledging that the single is promising, the question is does the album fulfil the promise? The short answer is probably not.

Don't get me wrong it's a pleasant album but that single is a knock-out. Certainly there are other high points on the album. For a start Peter Perrett, who incidentally is no mean contender in the rock star pin-up stakes, draws his way through a couple of very catchy ballads "The Whole Of The Law" and "No Peace For The Wicked". Then guitar ace Mike Kellie shows up with the fireworks on "City Of Fun" and "The Immortal Story", a pair of impeccably tough rockers. As for the rest, it improves with every listening.

So there it is, The Only Ones are *still* promising. If you're talking about eight hard earned dollars the answer maybe to wait for their second effort. In a word, this is a good album by a band who will do better.

Dominic Free

Phil Manzanera

K-Scope

Polydor

Phil Manzanera is a musician's musician, a man of consummate skill, a no-nonsense producer, a professional to the fingertips, who commands enormous respect among his fellows, and, happily, among the listening public.

Listen Now, his previous effort, has seldom been far from my turntable in the past year. Its excellence carries on in *K-Scope*, an album which wins this listener's vote as The Album To Be Seen With Of The Year.

The title track, an instrumental, kicks the disc off in a busy fashion, as Manzanera's guitar soars over some superb drumming from the great Simon Phillips, who shares traps honours with the equally great Paul Thompson, of Roxy.

Also present from *Listen Now* are Bill MacCormick, Simon Ainley, Mel Collins, Lol Creme, Kevin Godley, and, from Godzone, Tim Finn (joined by little brother Neil) and Eddie Rayner.

Loud applause should be given here to the purely delightful vocals of the Brothers Finn on "Remote Control" and the chilling "Cuban Crisis". Mr Rayner contributes several kinds of black and whites to the mix in his usual exemplary fashion.

Our Tim takes lead vocals on another killer track, "Hot Spot", where Phil has a sly dig at the disco ducks, and turns up trumps.

K-Scope won't knock you off your feet at once. Mr Manzanera is too well-mannered for that. But if you don't find yourself returning to it time and time again, I, for one, will be most surprised.

Duncan Campbell

Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers

Back In Your Life

Beserkley

Anyone who has heard the classic first Modern Lovers album knows that there is something very special about Jonathan Richman. Subsequent releases, culminating in the dull, silly live album were starting to destroy the myth, as Richman regressed more and more into the nursery.

But with this latest album Jonathan is *Back In Your life*, hope is rekindled. I think he's fallen in love. A strange, almost spoken song, "Affection", explains his first inability to cope with stardom, and his recovery through a second childhood. The rest of the record is simple, affectionate love songs, with a couple of Richman's left-field nursery rhymes thrown in for good measure. Overall very enjoyable.

The Music has a jugband simplicity. Jim Kweskin without the kazooos. The Velvet Underground influence is still present, with some songs reminiscent of the quieter Velvet numbers circa the 1969 live-album period. An instrumental version of Clyde McPhatter's 1962 hit "Lover Please" has the drive to be another "Egyptian Reggae".

This record probably won't convert anyone to the Modern Lovers; that's for "Roadrunner" to do. The novelty has worn off, and Jonathan Richman is back to healing the spots that Clearasil can't reach.

Adam Gifford

Skids

Scared To Dance

Virgin

Skids are a young Scottish group whose music transcends the fickle whims of fashion — it's original, committed, ferocious, inventive, yet mainstream — and you can dance to it.

Vocalist Richard Jobson penned the lyrics to most of the debut album *Scared To Dance*, and depending on your views regarding the compatibility between rock and poetry, these sketches in manic-depressive paranoia will either seem compassionate and illuminating, or downright pretentious.

But it's the music that matters. William Simpson and Thomas Kellichan on bass and drums respectively, make for a tight, energetic rhythm section, but guitarist Stuart Adamson is the group's musical force. Most of Skid's songs are built around Adamson's biting riffs and distinctive guitar sound (he writes all the music) — which he attains by open-tuning one string to provide a bagpipe-type drone effect.

All twelve songs cut the mustard, showing considerable maturity for such a young group. "Into The Valley" is the opener and an immediate attention-grabber, but the frightening title-track and bizarre "Hope and Glory" are most indicative of the serious nature of Skid material.

Skids music is 1979 — cold and paranoiac — but ultimately human. Skids spit tacks. Better first albums are rare indeed.

Gary Steel

(L-R) Ian Morris, Bruce Hambling, Peter Ulrich, Lez White and Dave Dobbyn.



Th'Dudes' First Time

Th'Dudes
Right First Time
Key

No exaggeration here, but there was a time when New Zealand albums were dreaded by reviewers. Presenting as they did the dilemma of either deluding the record buyer or discouraging the local bands, it was damn near a suicide mission to review them. Now those days are over. In the light of recent years' output from New Zealand studios it is obvious that local bands are quite able to both earn the praise and cope with the criticism meted out to overseas outfits. So that's the general introduction over with, now for Th'Dudes album.

For those who like it in a word the album is a pretty consistent winner. There is simply no substitute for strong melodies and the song writing team of Dave Dobbyn and Ian Morris can consistently come up with the goods in that department. Having done the really difficult part they make no slips with the arrangements which consistently bring the best out of the material. Perhaps the most distinctive feature is the dual guitar sound developed by Dobbyn and Morris. These two have a real battery of hooks and catchlines which make most of the tracks pretty well addictive listening after a couple of plays.

None of that is meant to detract from the contribution made by Lez White (bass) and Bruce Hambling (drums). Maybe I'd like to hear the rhythm section really stretching out (and more on this point later) but they lay a solid foundation for the arrangements on all tracks. Similarly, though I don't think he needs me to

convince him, Peter Ulrich has the vocal range and expression to put him well nigh into the top class.

Well this might be a good place to run through some of the high spots of the set and it says a lot for the album that it's so hard to leave much out of the standouts list. Predictably the two singles "Be Mine Tonite" and "Right First Time" are highlights with the latter perhaps having the edge in the classic pop singles stakes. But for my money the surprise value is in the ballads — "Stop Crying" and "You Don't Have To Go" really reward repeated listening. Maybe the only slip up in the arrangements is "That Look In Your Eyes", a live favourite which takes a bit of getting used to in its new rather overproduced form.

Th'Dudes have rested their reputation, as any band worth its salt should, at least partly on their outright danceability. Therefore it is something of a puzzle why there are only two fast tracks on the entire album. All the more so when a track like "Can't Get Over You At All" is a quality rocker featuring outstanding drive from the rhythm section. Dudes fans might also question the inclusion of newbie "There You Are" at the expense of established favourites like "On The Rocks."

Still it would be quite unfair to end on a critical note. At the risk of being repetitive the whole point is that you don't have to take a protective attitude with New Zealand albums anymore. This album will stand up to comparisons with anything in the record stores. As for the acid test is it worth eight dollars? The answer is plainly yes.

Dominic Free

Ron & Russell Mael, Sparks.



Sparks
No. 1 in Heaven
Virgin Records

Sparks have always been one of my favourite bands even if they did have the distinction of being one of the three name acts that Kim Fowley walked out on — the other two being Curtis Mayfield and Television. Without sacrificing their very individual style Sparks have managed to play that trickiest of all games in the rock world — surprising their fans with each new album.

This is no exception and shows the Mael brothers entered in the disco stakes with a stable of synthesisers and an expert producer in Donna Summer's mentor, Giorgio Moroder.

So it works as disco (listen to their single "No. 1 in Heaven" if you have any doubts) but what else is going for the album? Lyrics that snap and crackle with a terse wit all of their own, walls of synthesised sound built up with such infinite care that the very word 'disco' seems strangely out of place, not to mention the Mael's formidable musicianship. And that's a fairly rare commodity in musical circles these days.

Love it love it love it. With one record Virgin have absolved themselves of all their sins of Oldfield.

William Dart

Mickey Jupp
Juppanese
Stiff

In his native Britain Mickey Jupp is a limited legend. He has been knocking around for years, an inspiration for others (Dr Feelgood, Eddie & the Hot Rods), but one who has never found a wide audience for his talents.

Max Bell of *NME* says of him: "He's a star in his own right, a white Chuck Berry who for some reason known only to God and the fates has been passed over while lesser men achieve fame and fortune." Wilko Johnson calls Jupp "the best white singer I've ever heard."

The description "a white Chuck Berry" is apt. His songs, like the master's, are superb

Mickey Jupp



miniatures, witty tales of the struggle to make it through the day in the face of such hazards as school teachers, bosses, and unsympathetic women.

He writes and sings with daring eclecticism, evoking without imitating. At his best, as on such booting songs as "Making Friends", "Short List" and "Old Rock'n'Roller", the impression is of Chuck Berry singing with the tongue-in-cheek elan of Jerry Lee Lewis in front of Fats Domino's striding New Orleans back-up.

It will put the colour back in your cheeks. Get it while you can. As Jupp says:

If you's five or sixty five, nobody gets out of life alive.

Ken Williams

Muddy Waters
Muddy "Mississippi" Waters Live
Epic

The collaboration of Muddy Waters and Johnny Winter must rank among the great musical partnerships. On this collection of live performances, Muddy sounds inspired — and nowhere more so than when he shares the stage with Winter, who produced the album and plays guitar on three of the seven tracks.

Muddy sounds not a day of his 64 years and the performances stand with his finest. By and large, the songs are drawn from Muddy's usual performing repertoire — "Mannish Boy", "She's Nineteen Years Old", "Nine Below Zero", "Howling Wolf", "Baby, Please Don't Go" — but he drives them on down, setting new excitement levels for himself (the off-recorded "Mannish Boy" was never better).

The newer songs, "Streamline Woman" and "Down in Florida" are up to Muddy's best. "Florida" is a nine minute workout for the band where Johnny Winter's scorching slide guitar is nicely complemented by the mellow ivory work of Pinetop Perkins, who has so ably filled the gap left by the death of Otis Spann.

This is another winner from the Waters-Winter Connection. The question is: how do they top it?

Ken Williams

RICKIE LEE JONES

Produced by Lenny Waronker
and Russ Titelman



RICKIE LEE JONES

INCLUDES
THE HIT
"CHUCK E'S
IN LOVE"



THIS STUNNING DEBUT ALBUM
ESTABLISHES RICKIE LEE JONES
AS THE MAJOR NEW ARTIST FOR 1979.

ON WARNERS BROS. RECORDS AND TAPES. BSK 3296.

Chris Sped ing



Lene Lovich



Mick Farren



Records

Tin Huey Contents Dislodged During Shipment Warner Brothers

Akron, Ohio, is the place name to drop these days. Home of Devo and Rachel Sweet amongst others, it has been the birthplace of a (very) minor resurgence of American rock. Tin Huey included.

Tin Huey, a six piece band of weirdos, come to you by way of Frank Zappa in their smart-ass lyrics and *Hot Rats* in miniature bizarro arrangements. These guys are more than capable and they seem bent on proving it as each song gets the busy treatment with crazy sax riffs, dopey tempo changes and general attempts at eccentricity that fail to make any impression.

One or two saving graces turn up on their re-tread of Robert Wyatt's droll master interpretation of "I'm A Believer", and Harvey Gold must surely be proud of his excellent melody on the intro to "The Revelations of Dr. Modesto". Elsewhere, Tin Huey, seem to be another musical novelty (like Devo) who have very little music of any lasting quality to offer. They appear to regard cleverness and unusual song formats as ends in themselves, and on *Contents Dislodged During Shipment* they fail to capitalise on the few clues that they do possess.

George Kay

Average White Band Feel No Fret RCA

It has been unfortunate for the Average White Band that they peaked so early. Their second album, the white AWB one, is now five years old, but remains a rock classic. One of the best soul records ever made, it has put everything else they have done into shadow.

Feel No Fret should redress the balance. It marks a new creative step forward for AWB.

The band has modified its sound, abandoning the punchy horn riffs and chattering rhythm guitars which were its signature in favour of a cooler, almost wistful sound, based on longer rhythmic lines. Where the fulcrum was once the staccato guitar of Onnie McIntyre, it's now the bass (whether played by Alan Gorrie or Hamish Stuart, both are very fine in their different styles) and an ample helping of percussion (Airtio Moreira guesting).

But as always the heart of AWB is the sublime vocals of Stuart and Gorrie. There should be a law against singers this good. *Feel No Fret* is an album on which it's hard to find highlights (I might opt for the vocal interplay on "Atlantic Avenue") because it's consistently excellent.

Ken Williams

Mick Farren Vampires Stole My Lunch Money Logo

Before the release of this album Mick Farren was best known as a writer with *New Musical Express*. No doubt the easy way out of the review would be to make a few cheap shots to the effect that he should have stuck to writing about rock'n'roll. Not only would that be unfair to someone in love with rock'n'roll for all the right reasons, but the fact is that Mick Farren has come up with a thoroughly likeable album.

Knowing how it should be done may not be quite the same as being able to do it but it certainly means you can give a fair impression, especially when you're helped out by the likes of Wilko Johnson, Larry Wallis and Andy Colquhoun.

When the pace slows the limitations of his rasping delivery become more apparent. If you hear the single "Half Price Drinks" on the radio and aren't too impressed it's only fair to point out that the faster stuff is better. Tracks like "I Don't Want To Go This Way", "People Call You Crazy" and "Fast Eddie" are Farren at his best.

No one would call this album a world beater but there is some good listening to be found among the twelve tracks.

Dominic Free

Cold Chisel Breakfast at Sweethearts Elektra

I wasn't impressed by the TV footage of these guys. They looked and sounded a lot like a second-rate Aussie hard rock outfit, churning out the cliches. *Breakfast At Sweethearts* was

at least a pleasant surprise.

Which is not to say that the cliches are entirely absent. Jimmy Barnes' grating vocals are all too familiar, white boy sings the blues and gets laryngitis. Ian Moss' guitar playing is very competent, but does little more than recycle the standard blues licks, only faster.

What saves their ass is the tunes. There are three or four good ones on the album, all by pianist Don Walker. "Merry Go Round" as a great last line to each verse, "Shippin' Steel" is a successful rock version of the standard trucker's lament, and the title track saves a mediocre pseudo-reggae verse with a melodic chorus. The band rocks hard enough for you not to notice the predictably sexist lyrics if they hadn't printed them for you. If you are going to write songs about the same old situations, then you should at least find a new way of saying it.

This is an album you should play loud at a party, when no one cares about the lyrics anyway. Can't miss. You don't need to be brilliant to be a good rock band, but of course, it wouldn't hurt.

John Malloy

Lene Lovich Stateless Stiff

In showbiz everyone has an image: Ted Nugent eats raw meat and becomes the Wild Man, Rachel Sweet is ripe and pubescent and Lene Lovich is Stiff's mysterious Detroit refugee boasting a cosmopolitan background and (it seems) permanent plaits.

Signed to Stiff last year along with Rachel Sweet and other hopefuls, Lovich exudes the commanding detached sophistication that has reaped rewards/dollars for Patti Smith, but unlike Miss Smith, Lovich is aiming for a less esoteric, mannered effect. *Stateless* is a fine first album proving, quite obviously, the guitarist Les Chappell can write the instant melodic hook (try "Writing On the Wall" and "Too Tender") in suitable collaboration with LL's brand of off-centre lyric. The non-originals, especially Nick Lowe's "Tonight" and the Tommy James' classic "I Think We're Alone Now" are perfectly suited for Lovich's upset-intellectual-in-love-treatment.

With competitors like the theatrically vulnerable Debby Harry on one hand and Patti "Rimbaud" Smith on the other, Lovich has to tread carefully to avoid unfavourable comparisons. *Stateless* proves that she is her own woman, and I hope she stays that way.

George Kay

Chris Spedding Guitar Graffiti RAK

I've always recommended Chris Spedding's records to people should they ever ask. His two solo albums prior to *Guitar Graffiti* are both about fifty percent real good with a couple of stand-out tracks on each — "School Days" and "Silver Bullet" being favourites.

This new one doesn't strike me as being quite so impressive. As always there's a lot of nifty guitar work, straightforward, even classic rock'n'roll arrangements, the occasional naggingly effective hook and a lean, gritty production. This time the production is almost all Spedding's own with only one track by his previous producer Chris Thomas.

What's lacking is good material. Spedding has never been particularly strong on lyrics while still managing to throw off an interesting line here and there, and most of his songs rely on his guitar work for their more arresting and memorable qualities. On this album the songs are thinner than usual and only the lead-off track "Video Life" sticks with me after several playings — and the next best would be "Walking".

Side Two starts off with "Breakout" which is a fair sort of song, most of the rest is a series of strangely un-live sounding live guitar solos divorced from their settings and strung together as "Frontal Lobotomy" and "More Lobotomy". The side closes with a live version of "Breakout".

Maybe Side One will grow on me more. In the meantime I recommend *Guitar Graffiti* only because *Hurt* and *Chris Spedding* are not readily available in these here parts.

Terence Hogan

Matumbi Seven Seals Harvest

Set my people free ... We are heading for destruk-shon ... this is a bad situ-ashon ...

Yes, Jah children, this is another reggae album, which is about all that can be said for it.

Matumbi hail from Battersea in London, and have been performing for about eight years. The name is Nigerian, meaning "Born Again." British reggae is notoriously erratic in quality,

its peak so far being Steel Pulse's sublime *Handsworth Revolution*.

Matumbi, despite capturing numerous awards, seem to stumble over every reggae cliché in the book. Their beat is unvaryingly pedestrian, and the lyrics, as shown earlier, say nothing that hasn't already been thrashed to death.

Glen "Bagga" Fagan, Glaister Venn, Webster Johnson and Dennis "Blackbeard" Bovell harmonise neatly. But it's all precision and no fire. The songs are uniformly dull, the melodies too similar. Only "Empire Road", written for a TV series of the same name, has any spark to it.

Their older material on the Trojan and Safari labels had a raw feel, but commercial success seems to have robbed them of their hunger. When they sing about Soweto, they sound well-fed and complacent.

Maybe they deliver more as a live band. *Seven Seals* just doesn't have the hukas to lift it above the ordinary.

Duncan Campbell

Peter Tosh Equal Rights CBS

CBS have re-released this fine album at a time when Tosh is being seen on the screen courtesy of Mick Mouth and Rolling Stones Records. It's good timing, and the record

deserves it. *Equal Rights* is Tosh's second solo album after leaving the Wailers, and his voice is that of an angry man.

I don't want no peace

I want equal rights

I want justice ...

Every song has a strongly Rastafarian theme, and Tosh as always is committed and intense. The credits read like a who-ranks who Jamaican musicians and includes the ubiquitous Robbie Shakespeare (bass) and Sly Dunbar (drums), the top rhythm section on the island. Carlie Barrett sits in. Al Anderson plays some hot leads, and Bunny Wailer (Bunny Livingstone) adds his backup vocals. Tosh plays his usual choppy rhythm guitar and dabbles in clavinet.

The songs are good. "Equal Rights", "Steppin' Razor", and "I Am That I Am" are up to his best, and that means excellent. "Get Up Stand Up" is not up to his original version with the Wailers, but then, Marley can't do it so well any more either. "Downpressor Man" is the gospel song "Sinner Man" given a Rasta twist, and showing the biblical roots of the movement.

If you liked the TV clip, check this. Tosh's strong beliefs never once get in the way of making good music. You can dance to it.

I'm like a steppin' razor, don't you

Watch my size

I'm dangerous ...

He means it.

John Malloy

Colin Bayley, Short Story

Tim, Finn, Split Enz

Phil Judd, The Swingers



Split Enz The Swingers Auckland Town Hall

A grand farewell it was indeed, as the Super Six gave it a whirl once more before winging it away again to those hopefully greener pastures overseas.

Before an audience like this, Split Enz could do no wrong. Hard-core fans rushed the stage as soon as their heroes appeared, and it was a long time before they let them go. Even sound problems early in the set were borne with good humour.

The show was a crowd-pleasing balance of old and new. "My Mistake" and "Parrot Fashion Love" drew their customary welcome, and Noel's party piece, as always, brought the house down.

But the new material holds its own admirably. "Give It A Whirl" is already established as a standard. "Betty" is a personal favourite, and "I See Red" brings everybody to their feet to boogie, Enz-style.

Will they make it this time. They certainly deserve to. Bon chance, boys, and don't forget to write.

The Swingers, Phil Judd's new band, aroused considerable interest, taking his reputation into account. Always a quirky performer, his songs in the early days of Split Enz walked the fine edge between genius and insanity.

His vocal style has changed somewhat, now recalling Talking Heads' David Byrne. The new songs are much grittier, with ex-Reps Bones and Buster cranking out a solid driving rhythm to back Judd's very individual guitar style.

The audience was bemused and fascinated all at once, and gave The Swingers a warm reception. A very promising debut, and a welcome return of one of New Zealand's most uncompromising and most distinctive artists.

Duncan Campbell

Short Story Mainstreet, Auckland

The bouncers tried hard not to let me into Mainstreet because I was wearing jeans, which says more about the place than I'm going to.

Kevin Bayley fronts Short Story, and his band shows the same high level of musical ability and professionalism that can be expected of him. Hot dam! they can play. Since his days as guitarist with Rockinghorse, Mr Bayley's singing as got a whole lot better, and he was good then.

His brother Colin (guitar) is an excellent supporting musician, and provided superb vocal harmonies. Steve Garden (drums) and Leon Keil (bass) are as good a rhythm section as any I've seen, so where have they been hiding out? Gary Taylor, a keyboard player beside two solid guitarists, was unfortunately heard only on his synthesizer breaks, which was probably a fault of the house keyboards.

They opened blatantly with their single "Julia", a strong contender for the excellence

in every department award among NZ discs. Their two sets included a few Feat tunes (played with feeling) among a lot of American-influenced rockers. It was good to hear some old wave music of this calibre. Bayley's guitar playing was as outrageously effortless as ever, with his old tendency toward the reckless showing up as a rave or two in the second set.

They're good. When they get a few more original tunes, they're going to be brilliant.

John Malloy

Proud Scum HQ Rock Cafe

Jonathon Jamrag is a star. He fronts the young punk combo Proud Scum. They played to a Thursday night crowd reaching the heady heights of the half hundred at a dis-used milk bar, the Headquarters Rock Cafe. I enjoyed myself.

"Notice the emphasis on original material. Just like Sheerlux" ... sez head Beagle boy Jamrag. A brace of original songs played loud, fast and rough as rabbits, and a couple of covers from the penultimate Brit-punk band, the Troggs. For a young band the level of their songwriting holds great promise for the future.

Proud Scum have enthusiasm, excitement and energy and any other ecstatic cliché starting with E you can think of. Their guiding themes (rabbits and the Beagle Boys) and the presence of Jamrag elevate the band above the ordinary. The guitar and bass rock along on your standard three chord thrash (just like Led Zeps mummy), the drummer is your standard hihat and snare sticksman, but Jamrag jumping around the stage carries the show, fun and surprises galore. They are a welcome change to, too bored to rock'n'roll bands like CB or Sheerlux.

Adam Gifford

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Charley is about to leave, a request, taken up by all present, is made for a bottle of whiskey Charley says, "Have you bastards finished that crate already?"

**STEBBING STUDIO,
MAY 28TH, 2.30 PM.**

"The real work is getting the right sound. The actual recording is the easiest part from our end. It took us about two hours to get the right sound out of my drums." Bruce Hambling sucks on a bottle of beer in between takes of Ian Morris' "Walking In Light". With a booming rhythm section pounding out a basic rock'n'roll beat, Peter Ulrich's voice is belting out the lyrics:

*I see things through a different doorway
Felon committed
Ain't that a crime?*

Peter himself is here in the control room saying, "We're still finding our way around a recording studio." Excepting Ian, that is. Ian has had a great amount of experience in the studio as an engineer, working with Hello Sailor, amongst others. Producer Rob Aickin says, "It could perhaps have been a little bit tighter but it's not bad. How'd you like it, Ian?" "Aw ... you know ... we'll do it again." "Yeah," Rob says, "I'd like to because of that mike. Where's Bruce?" Ah, Bruce. Look, it needs to be a bit more laid back. Not that it's sloppy, just that it's pushing a bit too hard."

The boys return to their instruments. "Okay," Rob says from inside the control room, "just run through it again. Got your tempo set? Rolling." *I see things through different doorway/felon committed ...*

With only two weeks away from the release of their first album, Th'Dudes are already at work on the follow-up. They've been here since 9 o'clock and will spend the rest of the day and most of the evening here.

After running through the number for the third, or was it fourth, maybe even fifth time, they all sit back again for another listen. *I see*

things through a different doorway ... After playing the tape, Rob says, "I won't keep that even though it's got some good bits. But it wasn't bad."

"Not bad?" says Peter. "Yeah. It's a bit monotonous in parts. You know, it's pretty basic."

"Really?" Peter thinks about this one. "Ha! How about a brass section?" His expression seems to suggest he's joking but there's no doubt that should Th'Dudes want a brass section, they'd get one. "I don't really care anyway," says Dave Dobbyn. "It's all been done before. As long as it sounds like us."

Peter back in the studio, shouts out, "Come on, Rob. We'd better get into it. We're just f**king around. Order us around or something." "Okay. Tape's rolling. Try it again." *I see things through ...*

Both Aickin and the band are happy with the result this time. It's a take. All that remains is to add more drums, the guitar solo, harmonies and maybe keyboards. But that's another day's work. Right now, without even time to crack another coldy, Th'Dudes are running through another song with Rob Aickin readjusting the controls for the next take. And that's where I took my leave from the band, heading home to type this out.

I could perhaps, by way of closing, burble on a bit here about the likelihood of Th'Dudes shifting up into that status slot previously held by Split Enz and currently occupied by Hello Sailor, particularly considering the latter's imminent departure. But Th'Dudes have got some stiff opposition. There's Street Talk and the CBS to contend with.

But, no, I won't get caught in that who's biggest, who's best number. Still, I can't help wondering if, with all this promo about to hit us, there might not be a case of overkill at hand. It's very rare — although there's no reason why this should be — that a band can capture both the school kids and the post-school crowds. Th'Dudes forthcoming promotional campaign seems to be directed at the former and, certainly, their singles belong in the pop camp. I only hope that the older pub crowds don't get frightened off by the commercial aspects of the band's attempts at moving into the NZ Band *Numero Uno* slot. Because, you see, Th'Dudes onstage are very much a tight energetic rock'n'roll band.

The difference between Th'Dudes and struggling bands like Rough Justice is not beer and brandy, just the good fortune to get a manager who will push them, using all the devices available, while the band concentrates on the music.

John Dix

**A BEGINNER'S JAZZ HISTORY
PART II**

BY JOHN DIX

The Big Bands

By the time the Thirties rolled around jazz had a foothold in every major American metropolis. Admittedly most of it was of a rather insipid variety but at least the music was being brought to the attention of a larger audience. The rise of jazz ran parallel with another social phenomena — the dance craze.

As Victorian standards were deemed archaic teenagers took to dancing — hitherto a rather sombre activity — as a popular form of recreation. The bands that catered for these young foxtrotters relied mainly on Tin Pan Alley scores but eventually a semblance to jazz, a semi-jazz if you like, developed.

Dance Band leaders like Paul Whiteman and Jean Goldkette actually carved a name for themselves in jazz history by featuring such notable white jazzmen as Bix Beiderbecke, Benny Goodman and the Dorsey Brothers. But naturally it was the Negro dance bands who, in those segregated bandstand days, made the most formidable forays into a new hybrid jazz. Fletcher Henderson, a middle class negro with musical training, was undoubtedly the most influential of these band leaders.

By the mid-Twenties Henderson realised that many of his musicians were out-of-work jazzmen who'd come along for the regular paycheck. Henderson understood that the main difficulty in a dance band attempting to play jazz was on the differing line-ups. The clarinet, a major instrument in jazz, had no real place in the dance hall where the emphasis was on volume, just as the lush mellow tones of the saxophone section were inappropriate to jazz. What Henderson did was utilise the saxophones in much the same manner that the jazzmen used the clarinet, but rather than have the two sections (brass and reeds) play simultaneously he had them play antiphonally. That is, one section played the melody, the other punched out stops and riffs during the pauses. It was a formula that would be widely imitated ten years later.

Then there was Duke Ellington. In the late-Twenties Ellington gained popularity with a series of recordings aimed at the commercial market. Virtually gimmick records the result was dubbed 'jungle music' due to the emphasis on Bubba Miley's growling trumpet and Sonny Greer's powerhouse drumming. Ironically, Ellington, despite setting a high standard through the Thirties, was almost ignored during the Swing Era, and it wasn't until the early Forties when the Swing Boom was at its peak that Ellington released a series of records with a star-studded band that established him as one of jazz's greatest-ever arranger-composers. Composing with his personnel rather than his instrumentation is mind, Ellington gave his sidemen the opportunity to demonstrate their abilities on tailor-made compositions. Ellington transcended the limitations of Tin Pan Alley and the blues (the two main inspirations) to establish himself as a 'serious' composer. Right up to his death in 1974 he was still issuing such notable recordings as *Far East Suite* and he proved his adaptability by recording an album in the Sixties with John Coltrane.

The Swing Era was born in 1935, in typical Hollywood fashion, when the Benny Goodman Band won over the teenage audiences at Los Angeles' Palomar Ballroom following a disastrous national tour during which the band vowed to call it a day after the California gig. There are several reasons why a specific time and place can be ascertained to the birth of Swing. The Chicago-based Goodman band had been broadcasting across the country via the novelty of the radio. Their 'new' music (Fletcher Henderson arrangements incidentally) had little response back east but in California, with its time difference, a much younger audience had been listening. An audience seeking something a little more inspiring than the standard schmaltz of the day.

Within a year there were literally hundreds of bands, most of them easily forgettable, playing in the Goodman/Henderson vein. The record companies, quiet during the depression, snapped up as many bands as they could but only Goodman deserves a special mention here. (For Count Basie see below). There is much snobbery in jazz circles about the worth of white jazzmen but Goodman is almost unanimously recognised, along with Bechet, as being one of the greatest clarinetists. Although his big bands were aimed at the mass market his combos provided some of the finest jazz of the Thirties and it must be pointed out that Goodman laid his career on the line by employing black musicians, virtually unheard of at the time.

There were maybe a dozen band leaders worthy of a mention but let's leave it with Earl 'Fatha' Hines. Hines had been around since the Twenties, was one of jazz's leading pianists and had been leading big bands with relative success since 1929. But he'd failed to capture the mass audience of the Swing bands and in 1942 he decided on a complete personnel change and try once again to crack the market. He was too late. The Big Band era was winding down, the younger musicians were bored with



Count Basie

A glance around the Town Hall revealed a decidedly over-30 audience. Few long-hairs, no punks. Count Basie followed his orchestra on stage to a standing ovation. Seated, he tinkled the keys with the restraint for which his playing has become famous. The doodling intro led into the full ensemble "Sweet Georgia Brown". The show had started. There were no surprises, the soloists all performed with the expertise a man of Basie's stature demands, and the scores were all culled from the Swing period. No surprises, but one hell of a show all the same.

Earlier in the day I caught Basie at the Inter-continental. A spright 75, familiar sea-captain's hat on head, cigar in mouth, Basie's vitality amazed me. I asked him the secret for his long-running success.

"Now why did you ask me that? Success is a word I don't like to fool with. Why didn't you ask me the secret of my happiness? I don't know, it's just my love for music, love for travelling, love for people."

Bill Basie was born in New Jersey in 1904 but moved to Kansas City when he was a teenager. In the late Twenties Basie joined Walter Page's Blue Devils who were all eventually lured into the Benny Moten Band, the most successful band in the territory. Basie assumed command when Moten died suddenly in 1935 and the following year was 'discovered' but talent scout John Hammond. National and later international success followed. Firmly established as the most exciting big band of the late Thirties, the band boasted soloists like Lester Young, singers like Billie Holiday and Jimmy Rushing, and one of the greatest rhythm sections in jazz history: Basie, guitarist Freddy Green (who's still with the band), bassist Walter Page and drummer Jo Jones. A long list of hits ("One O'Clock Jump", "Jumpin' At The Woodshed" etc) established Basie as a key figure in jazz.

Apart from a brief period in the early Fifties, when economical necessity forced him to use a sextet, Basie has continued to utilise a big band long after the style has fallen from fashion. I asked Basie how it felt to be playing the same songs year after year.

"We don't ... Weeelll, I guess we have to play the ones people expect but I've boiled it down to a handful. Ha ha, yeah, sometimes I can hear the guys in the band saying 'Christ, same old songs again.'"

And finally, when will Count Basie stop touring?

"When I'm not able to. Or too tired of it all, which I don't think will ever happen." And I, for one, hope so. The Basie Band has long finished as an innovative force but they are the best reminder of an exciting period in 20th century music. Hopefully, next time a younger audience will be lured to the Basie Beat.

John Dix

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Band File

No.6 Street Talk

HISTORY

Started July 1974 with Hammond Gamble, Andy MacDonald and Walter Ormsby. Mike Caen joined early '75. Members before 1978 included Steve Butler, Brent Eccles, Noel Cristian, Peter Cuddihy, Andrew Kay and Malcolm McCallum. Street Talk concentrated on R & B music. Had a break from May '77 to May '78. Hammond, Andy and Mike started again with Jim Lawrie on drums. Stuart Pearce joined January '79.

RECORDS

Singles: "Leaving the Country"/"Fallin' to Pieces" (Produder — Chris Hillman, recorded at Stebbings June 1978 and released 16/10/78). "Street Music"/"It's Not Easy" (Producer — Kim Fowley, recorded at Mandrill Studios, January 9-23, 1979 and released as 12 inch single 26/3/79). "Poison"/"Lazy Pauline" (Same, released 11/6/79).

Albums: *Street Talk* produced by Kim Fowley at Mandrill Studios and engineered by Glyn Tucker. Released 17/2/79. *Street Talk* is in production or on release in Australia, Japan, Belgium, Germany, Canada and Holland. Street Talk is scheduled to commence recording a second album in September 1979. All the above recordings are released on Asylum Records through WEA.

MANAGEMENT

Street Talk are self-managed, with assistance from WEA and Kim Fowley.

MIKE CAEN

Guitar and vocals

Born May 27, 1956

Education Five years high school and one year university

Musical Career Self taught, started at the age of eight. First professional band was Noazark (glitter rock), then Elysium (classical rock), then Split Enz (3 weeks), Elysium again and then Street Talk. Early 1977 went to Australia (did adverts) and mid 1977 went to London. Played in Mister Sister for nine months. Formed own band but ran out of money and enthusiasm slogging in London. Returned to join Street Talk in May 1978.

Other Jobs Pot washer, toy packer and leaflet distributor

Favourites

Albums *Parachute* — Pretty Things, *Rock'n'Roll Animal* — Lou Reed and *Live* — Bob Marley and the Wailers

Single "Something In The Air" — Thunderclap Newman

Guitarist No idea, changes all the time.

Singers Elvis Presley and Willy De Ville.

Musicians

Equipment

Gibson SG with Les Paul picks ups and Fender twin reverb

HAMMOND GAMBLE

Guitar and vocals

Born September 25, 1951

Education none worth mentioning

Musical Career No formal training. Got my first guitar when I was 11 but didn't play in a full time band until Street Talk in 1974

Other jobs Clerical work

Favourites

Albums *King Of The Delta Blues Singers* — Robert Johnson and *Music Of My Mind* — Stevie Wonder.

Singles "Strawberry Fields Forever" — The Beatles and "I Never Loved A Man The Way I Love You" — Aretha Franklin.

Guitarist Can't make up my mind.

Singer Stevie Wonder

Musician Stevie Wonder

Equipment

Fender Stratocaster guitar, Fender twin reverb amp and occasionally use Gibson L6S instead of Stratocaster.

JIM LAWRIE

Drums

Born May 29, 1951

Education Most education gained after leaving school.

Musical Career First professional band was Highway — recorded an album with them and played in Australia for a year. Returned to NZ in 1972. Highway reformed. Joined Country Flyers in 1974 for two years. Then played with Rocking Horse until joining Street Talk in May 1978.

Other jobs have not worked at anything else for a long time. Like to keep it that way.

Favourites

Albums *Is Having A Wonderful Time* — Geoff Muldaur and *Heavy Weather* — Weather Report.

Single "Lowdown" — Boz Scaggs.

Drummer Jeff Porcaro (Scaggs sessions etc).

Singer Stevie Wonder

Musician Stevie Wonder

Equipment Fibes and Tama drums with Zildjian cymbals.

ANDREW MACDONALD

Bass guitar

Born January 1, 1955

Education Auckland Grammar to UE level. God knows how I stuck it out that long

Musical Career Self taught (no formal training) but did a lot of listening. First professional band, Street Talk. Joined Hello Sailor for about four months. Played for glamour band in Sydney (called Australia) and recorded an album. Sacked for falling asleep on stage.

Other jobs Sydney taxi driver, truck driver, digger of holes and also unemployed.

Favourites

Albums *Roxy Music*, *Dixie Chicken* — Little Feat, *Layla* — Derek and the Dominoes, *Blow By Blow* — Jeff Beck and *Axis Bold As Love* — Jimi Hendrix

Single "Man Of The World" — Fleetwood Mac.

Bass guitarist Chuck Rainey

Singer Lowell George

Musician Jimi Hendrix

Equipment Gibson Ripper bass, Holden graphic 200 watt and Fender quad box

STUART PEARCE

Keyboards

Born January 26, 1956

Education 3 1/2 years at Wellsford High School.

Musical Career 2 years "teaching little fingers to play". Basically sitting at home playing along with the radio until joined Chapeaux. Other bands/gigs include Queen Street Express, Fantasy, 18 months playing in London dives and Chandris Line ship's piano player.

Other Jobs milkman, van driver.

Albums *Mink De Ville* — Mink De Ville, *Innervisions* — Stevie Wonder

Singles "Maybe I'm Amazed" — Wings

Keyboard players Mac Rebannack, Leon Russell, Richard Tee

Musicians Stevie Wonder, Paul McCartney

Singers John Lennon, Aretha Franklin

Equipment

Eavesstaff mini-piano with Helpinstill pick-up. Yamaha CS 60 synthesizer. Hi-watt amp with 2 K130 cabinets. Lotsa leads



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Chris Knox, Toy Love.



Letters

POST LETTERS TO RIU PO BOX 5689, AUCKLAND 1.

While watching TV recently, my ears were numbed to hear Tracy on *Good Time Sounds* speak of Cheap Trick as a new band, "just formed". That, plus two Olivia Newton-John *Specials* and a recent John Denver *Special* has ended with my distrust of TV music policy.

Congratulations to Dr Rock on *Radio With Pictures* for sticking to his guns, and letting some people know that new wave does exist, even though it has caused programme organisers to place it in a late slot. Please note that *Ready to Roll* disco zombies get the choice spot of the evening. *Ready to Roll* makes me ready-to-chuck.

K.Barry Tauranga

P.S. Somebody tell TV about us!

In May Auckland *Rumours* column there is piece about Toy Love in New Plymouth and bottles that were thrown at them on Saturday night. The thing is only one or two bottles were thrown, the rest of the audience on all four nights really enjoyed Toy Love, and would have them here a lot more often if we could.

That little piece of writing could be just enough to stop any more good bands coming down here, and we don't want that.

More Toy Love please.

Brian Wafer New Plymouth

Dear *Rip It Up* (except Kay and Tannock)

My friend and I work in a factory. It's boring. We saw Toy Love about a month and a half ago. Since then we've filled in time discussing

Phil Lynott, Thin Lizzy



Pride of place this month goes to **Thin Lizzy's** "Waiting For An Alibi". Recorded in Paris under the watchful eye of producer Tony Visconti, Lynott's muscular romanticism and the band's aggressive performance recalls the great days of *Jailbreak*.

Meanwhile label mates **Graham Parker and the Rumour** lift "Protection" from *Sparks*, a cutting rocker but it lacks killer instinct. New English four piece, **No Dice** brashly invite us to "Come Dancing", no thanks, and I ain't keen on **April Wine's** everyday Heavy Metal Zeppelin tinged "Roller", but Aussie band **Mondo Rock** fronted by Ross Wilson (remember Daddy Cool) have a neat single in "Fugitive Kind".

Patti Smith, not content with having received and benefitted from stolen goods ("Because the Night"), now copies the Springsteen genius on "Frederick" — derivative but moving, which can't be said for persistent **Livingstone Taylor** who can't even raise sweat on a harmless, jaunty "I'll Come Running".

Elvis Costello knows how to use flirty pop moods and phrasing for his own benefit as he proves this time on the tuneful "Oliver's Army" lifted from *Armed Forces*, and **Roxy Music** prove that re-union was worthwhile as Ferry, still the loser-in-love, sighs classily over Manzanera's shimmering guitar lines on "Dance Away". **Bad Company** let fly with customary macho heavy-handedness on "Rock'n'Roll Fantasy" and **Manfred Mann** is still chasing another cover version success to equal "Blinded By the Light", but Dylan's "You Angel You" isn't it. Wilko Johnson's **Solid Senders** prove they can play bluesy smoothly arranged songs on "First Thing In the Morning", but **Jerry Lee Lewis** sticks to his no-messin' rock'n'roll side on "Rockin' My Life Away". Who isn't? Well **Orleans** aren't on very bland Hollywood rock of "Isn't It Easy" and maudlin old C&W Outlaw **Willie Nelson** isn't on the heavily sentimental "September Song". But **Art Garfunkel** takes this month's prize for the gushing overkill of

their virtues, without hesitation, deviation or repetition. We're still going strong.

Toy Love are alone in NZ in doing original songs of such brilliance and melodic intensity that they are a world-class band. If the rest of the world don't know it, that's their stiff cheese.

"No pacing" whine Dunedin's answer to Parsons and Burchill. True, it's rock'n'roll from start to climax, no shit added, adrenalin music right through. If you can't take it, go listen to Supertramp.

The Big T Christchurch

I wonder why Dominic Free should write such a good review for your magazine about Electrabeat. Could it be that guitarist (Ben Michael) is also one of Mrs Free's lovely little boys.

This review should not have been printed! I mean if I was to write a review on my brother's band could you print it knowing that my brother was the bass guitarist? (If it was a slugging it would be alright).

Also Free reviewed Mi-Sex and Th'Dudes at the Maidment Theatre. Myself and a few others indulged in heckling Th'Dudes. The *Auckland Star* and *Craccum* mentioned us but Free did not. He was sitting right next to us, perhaps he figures that it was immature behaviour by people less intelligent than Dominic Free.

If he classes that as immature, how does he class writing a rave review on a crappy band like Electrabeat, just because his brother plays in them.

Harry Ratbag Auckland

George Kay in his singles column seems to have enjoyed McCartney's and Spark's latest pallid, plastic outings, while describing Parliament and Dan Hartman (and presumably Earth, Wind and Fire, Commodores, Ohio Players, Emotions, Jacksons, Rose Royce and War?) as

CONTINUED ON PAGE 19

DOWN AT THE DISCO

And the **Beachboys** are on the floor man harmonising above brisk get-down rhythms on the 7 and 12 inch Brian Wilson/Mike Love song "Here Comes The Night". Dinosaurs trying to survive but at least they have style. **Gary's Gang** on "Keep On Dancin'" try to do just that with more clearasil funk. When will it end?

Donna Summer breaks out of her satin disco gear on the punchy "Hot Stuff" but **Chrome's** silly "Fly on UFO" and **Ginno Soccio's** dance lesson "Dancer" fall well short of inspirational. Philly producers **McFadden and Whitehead** make a promising start "Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now" and the **Isley Brothers**, one time masters of funk, and pioneers, (3 + 3) deliver their usual professionalism on "I Wanna Be With You". Predictable though, as is the we're-all-havin'-a-good-time-mood of **Nicolette Larson's** "Rhumba Girl" and **Undisputed Truth's** "Show Time". **Cher** finds time between visits to the beauty parlour to do the cosmetic disco on "Take Me Home" as **Judy Collins** waits that it's a "Hard Time For Lovers". At least it's not poor disco.

HOMEGROWN

Th'Dudes have yet to make a mistake in their brief but surefooted rise to fame. "Right First Time" is an intelligent and irresistible follow-up to "Be Mine Tonight", and both songs are worthy contenders (along with Street Talk's "Street Music" and Enz's "I See Red") for Colonial Song of the Year So Far.

"Julia" is a popular name as both **Short Story** and **Citizen Band** come up with measured and dewey-eyed ballads of that title. Pleasant. **Cockroach** have been drawing attention for their interpretation of sixties standards, but on their limited edition cover of the Beatles' "And I Love Her" they sound incongruously like Santana meets Bunny Walters. Old hat and not a good start.

Max Merritt serves a very palatable version of the Steely Dan classic single-that-never-was-but-should-have-been, "Dirty Work", but Australian **Phil Manning** comes a shade too close to "Sweet Jane" for comfort on "Just the Way It Goes". **Mike Harvey**, after having written the excellent "Hangin' On" last year, takes a wrong turn right into Jean Michael Jarre on "Cauldron". Good tune, but destined to be a TV ad.

In a (lower) class of its own is **Ray Stevens'** cringing mickey-take "I Need Your Help Barry Manilow". Enough said.

Stage street demonstrations for release of new **Clash** EP. **GEORGE KAY**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

a "funk-by-numbers formula".

Did Kay accidentally get it the wrong way round? If not, I suggest the problem is in his head, stemming no doubt from his monogamous musical diet, a straight line no doubt from the Beatles, Stones, Neil Young, The Who (and all the other sixties hippy heroes) right up to the new wave of Parker, Costello, Cars and Talking Heads — via Roxy and Bowie.

Such a puritanical approach could be easily cured by burning all those *Melody Makers* and *Rolling Stone* magazines along with the narrow musical values they continue to expound, and simply, listen with your feet! He who feels it knows it, believe me!

I know this is all very un-hip but you all could do yourselves a musical favour with a funk enema. Funk not only moves, it can remove, dig? — So funk it up, get down, get your boogie shoes on and start to feel right. Your musical constipation will just fart away. If it feels good to do it.

Funk wants to get funky up so hit me with your bop gun you unfunky new wavers.

The Funk Connection Wellington

What a great mag you have got! But to keep dudes like 'Club/Hotel Musician' (May *Rip It Up*) happy, maybe you should include a column on *The Stagnated Old Rock'n'Roll Scene* around Auckland. Then we would know where to go when there's no punk or new wave on.

And even better than that, how about a column on the disco happenings around Auckland. Then we would know where not to go, even when we were so bored, we wrote a letter to *Rip It Up*.

Steely Dan and Doobie Bros are so boring and disco sucks, so let the new wave roll.

Zark Auckland

I've got a gripe. Why did you print that letter from Johnny Volume? It was just free promotion for them. Also, at this point may I ask if John nicked his name from Max Volume (aka Garry Roberts) of the Boomtown Rats? Cos 'Johnny Volume' doesn't have any meaning where as 'Max Volume' does.

Another grumbling noise. To 'Prissy Punk' — some disco is less repetitive and mindless than some punk. Don't be so closed-minded. I like 'Instant Replay'. It's aging pop stars like Paul McCartney and the Bee Gees that give disco a bad name.

Please, more publicity for the Only Ones and a good word for *Another Planet* when it's released. Regardless

Alice

P.S. Th'Dudes should drop the 'e' in the second word too

After reading your letters section I thought I'd like to tell you that I like disco *and* punk. I don't see why people argue over which is best. I go to discos on Saturdays sometimes, but I can get in to punk as well.

I love Elvis Costello. I despise the Bee Gees but I quite like black singers like Donna Summer

Rory Northcote

P.S. I would like to know what punks generally think of blacks.

Thanks to Grant G. of Christchurch for the great poem. I've stuck it on the wall and chant it everyday.

I heard the other day that the Bee Gees described themselves as "the second Beatles". Christ, I nearly passed out. One of the *Listener* critics described them as "Fruity, Dopey and Baldy". Quite right, but I wonder which is which?

Ann Wellington

Horris Horrible, I feel sorry for you, I'm 15 and my mother says, "I wish you wouldn't cut your hair so short, Pill."

Are there any punks in Lower Hutt other than Mike and the Civil Servants? By the way Mike, better get out of Hutt High so we can hear the band, ok?

Will the Pill The Dead City of Lower Hutt

P.S. Please get your magazine back to the old high standards because it's the only one I can afford.

I've got this punk friend in London who writes to me on puke green paper. The following excerpts are from her letters.

"What a life — I really enjoy being unemployed, sleeping in, then punking around town till it's time to come home to feed and watch tele.

"Christ it's cold! The other day I went for a walk and started throwing snowballs at cars. I got 2 — one woz Joe Strummer from the Clash! I'll swear it was him (it f**kin woz). When he looked to see wot hit his car I woz just standing there looking all innocent. After a large rum and coke I had ta be dragged 'ome coz ya don't arf get knackered walking through the snow.

"Went to the Public Image Ltd gig on Xmas day — bleeding knockout! There's plenty of clubs like Zwines over 'ere and so far I've seen Richard Hell and the Voidoids and Elvis (I don't mean the one that snuffed it). I can't get into a Sham 69 gig without losing a few teeth as the skinheads will beat blacks, Jews, little old ladies and punks shitless.

You'd love the punks in Portebello Road. Spikey hair all colours, lots wear Clash trousers with zips, bondage strides, chains beetlecrushers, winklepickers etc. Actually punks are more accepted now, personally I haven't had much trouble — except the lady at the newspaper stand won't serve me and I've been shouted at a few times and called a bloody freak. Hope ya like the tie and badges.

Suzi London, via **M. Mutant** Pakuranga

P.S. My 6ft brother has determined that not publishing my letter may be dangerous to your health.

TH' DUDES
"RIGHT FIRST TIME"

TH' DUDES
"RIGHT FIRST TIME"

TH' DUDES
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TH' DUDES
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