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DRAGON MARK 3

Todd Hunter Talks to RIU



In the three years since they decided to seek their fortunes in Australia, Dragon have had their fair share of triumphs and turbulence.

They spent their first six months rehearsing in a decrepit old house in the suburbs of Sydney, and playing in bars, trying to gain attention. Drummer Neal Storey OD'd about three weeks after their first hit single, "This Time" was recorded.

The collective ability of Messrs Hunter, Hewson and Taylor to construct a commercial song sustained them through three well-received albums and two years of very hard work, touring month after month, and building up a considerable following.

The songs were well suited to live performances, coupled with Marc Hunter's cocksure, swaggering stage presence. Portrait records decided to go for the big push, packing the band off to the States in 1978 for a tour supporting Johnny Winter. Six weeks playing small venues in Texas and on the West Coast also had their ups and downs, as bassist Todd Hunter recalls:

"The audiences varied from night to night," he says, "some nights they went absolutely bananas, other times they hated us. The band played well on some nights, and terrible on others."

REDNECKS

In Texas, they decided to see whether the Redneck legend was true.

"There was night in Dallas where Marc set out to create a riot," says Todd. "He was calling all Texans faggots, and inviting them to scrap, giving them the fingers and all that sort of stuff."

Luckily, physical violence was avoided, and the natives became quite friendly when they learned of the band's nationality. The audiences were small, but Dragon made useful contacts with booking agencies and other people in the biz.

They returned to the Australian concert scene at Christmas, but by this time the writing was on the wall for Marc Hunter.

"He'd been very bored with playing and travelling around for about a year," Todd recalls. "We'd talked with him about it for six months or so, and he finally decided to quit in February."

"At that stage, we started rehearsing the new guys in the band. We'd practise during the day and play at night with Marc."

Dragon (left to right) — Richard Lee, Robert Taylor, Todd Hunter, Paul Hewson, Billy Rogers and Kerry Jacobson.

Todd denies any claims of internal disputes, insisting the whole thing was quite amicable. In fact, Marc still plays with the band occasionally, and has a new single due for imminent release. Todd says it's similar to the Dragon sound, with a slight disco feel, and general opinion is that Marc will land himself a sizeable hit.

NEW MEMBERS

For Dragon Mk3, two new members were recruited, instead of looking for another Marc Hunter. From Perth came Bill Rogers on sax, mouth harp and vocals.

"We met him about two years ago. Rather than being a front man, he's a really good musician. We wanted someone who would really work into the band, rather than replace Marc."

Also new to the fold is violinist Richard Lee, who played on *O Zambesi*. The new image focuses attention on everybody, rather than one person in front.

"We're trying to get the image of the whole band projecting, rather than just one person, with everyone else laying back. It seems to be working, too. After an initial period of confusion, the audiences are now handling it really well."

The new sound is more adult, less commercial. All the old material has been ditched.

"It's a little bit heavier, and I reckon it's better musically, because with violin and sax in it, there are a lot of different things you can do with arrangements."

"The new songs are less poppy, and I think, less accessible, it takes a bit more listening to."

"At the moment we're getting real good audiences, and they seem to be a bit older, coming more for the music than for the pop star trip. For the first time, people are having to face the fact that the band can play. It definitely isn't a pop band anymore."

A new single, called "Love's Not Enough", is already out. Written by keyboards player Paul Hewson, it's very similar to the earlier material, Todd says this was deliberately done, to ease the audiences into the new sound. Future releases will be quite different.

NEW ALBUM

Work is already started on a new album again with Peter Dawkins producing, and an American engineer. Release will probably be in September, followed by a two-month promotional tour. Todd, Paul and guitarist Robert Taylor each contribute three songs, and one number is a collaboration by all members. Taylor in particular is producing a much harder sound.

A New Zealand tour is possible before the end of the year, though nothing is definite, and Todd wants local people to hear the album before returning next year. Dragon hope to return to the States during the American summer, with a sound they think will have greater appeal.

"We re-structured the band to see if we could get something that would be more acceptable to American audiences. Playing and arrangements seem to go over much bigger there, compared to the pop star trip that works in Australia."

So the old adage of what you lose on the swings seems well applied to Dragon at present. While they may have dropped slightly in the charisma stakes, their credibility rating looks set to take a big leap.

Todd says Australian audiences are very image-conscious, fond of classifying bands into pop-punk-whatever pigeonholes. The change, therefore, was a big of a gamble.

"We thought, right, f**k it, we'll mix it up a bit, and if we don't do any good, well that's too bad. But this is actually what we want to do, so we're doing it."

Duncan Campbell



Dragon, Great Western Music Festival, Jan '78. Marc Hunter, Graham Brazier.

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1. What group did Howard Devoto leave to form Magazine?

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3. What record company do Magazine record for?

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Small Stuff



Queen

After almost a decade together, **Little Feat** have decided to split up. Lowell George told *Rolling Stone* that "It's just that everyone had his own ideas about what he wanted to do and it was time for a rest. If it's really been put to rest, I don't know. What am I gonna do? Go after my solo thing — and I'm going into the studio to some production work." George has final mixing to complete on what will be the last record album. Potential titles are *Down on the Farm* and *Duck Lips*. The Feats with the most definite plans are keyboard player Bill Payne and guitarist Paul Barrere who have formed a band which is already signed to record with Warner Bros. Joining Barrere and Payne in the unnamed unit are Bob Glaub on bass, Rick Shiosser on drums and Bobby LaKind on percussion and vocals. They hope to add a guitarist/singer to the line-up. Little Feat bass player Kenny Gradney is likely to form a band, while Ritchie Hayward and Sam Clayton will move into session work. A punk supergroup? That's the term that's been applied to **The Swankers**, a combination of some of the best-known punk musicians in Britain that so far has only played impromptu gigs. The four-piece includes Sex Pistols Steve Jones and Paul Cook, together with singer Jimmy Pursey and basist Kermit from Sham '69. However legal problems are the major stumbling block in the path of a permanent alliance; Sham '69 are contracted to deliver at least a further two albums to their record company, while the Pistols still owe Virgin Records six albums. **The Lennons** — John and Yoko — had inserted into newspapers in New York, LA, Tokyo and London an obscure statement intended to inform all of their current activities. The statement read in part: "If you think of us, next time remember our silence is a silence of love and not of indifference. Remember we are waiting in the sky instead of on paper — that's our song." Uhh, yes we see. A spokesman who placed the ad for the couple, said the response to the message was 90% favourable and 10% "understandable misunderstandings". He also commented that John has no recording contract and "has no intention to record any time soon" after the success of their reunion (Number One single in Britain with "Dance Away" and their best-selling album to date in the States) **Roxy Music** have decided to continue their association and will be returning to the studio soon, with the change of government in Canada it appears that the plans to appeal against Keith Richards sentence will be quietly dropped. Elvis Costello will not only appear alongside Meatloaf in the forthcoming movie *Americathon* but will also contribute one of his oldies, "Crawling to the USA", for inclusion in the film. Elvis has also reunited with his wife, Mary, also in the true love stakes: Married recently were **Muddy Waters**, 65, and Marva Jean Brooks, 25. In attendance was Eric Clapton, also getting together are **Christine McVie** and Beach Boy **Dennis Wilson**. Ms McVie commented that they will marry "just as soon as he asks me"... seen fighting in a London restaurant were **Lou Reed** and **David Bowie**. Seems they were discussing the possibility of Bowie producing Lou's next album when Reed smacked the Thin White Duke. Reed told *Rolling Stone* that "It was a private dispute... It had nothing to do with sex, politics or rock and roll. I have a New York code of ethics... in other words watch your mouth"... **Mick Taylor**, the only man to leave the Rolling Stones and live, has his first solo album, titled *Mick Taylor* released soon. Recorded over a period of 18 months in three English country studios, Taylor plans to tour the States later this year to promote it, joining the **Doobie Brothers** to replace Jeff Baxter and John Hartman are guitarist John McFee, drummer Chet McCracken and keyboardist and sax player Cornelius Bumpus. The new members will join the Doobies on their next US tour beginning in July. Keyboard player on **the Who's** current gigs Rabbit Bundrick is now being billed as permanent sideman with the band. **Ted Nugent's** newie *State of Shock* will include Ted's assault on George Harrison's song from the Beatles' *Revolver* LP, "I Want to Tell you". Commented Ted: "There's shit on this record Mozart wishes he coulda thought of"... final overdubbing on **Bob Seger's** next is in progress. The album is expected by August. **Nils Lofgren's** forthcoming album is *Nils*. **Leo Sayer** is in the studio in LA

working once again with Dave Courtney who produced Sayer's first two albums... Double live releases from **Queen** — *Queen Live Killer* — and **The Ramones** with *It's Alive*, a 28 song document recorded at London's Rainbow Theatre, New Years Eve 1977. **John McVie** is to produce an album from Rob Grill, one-time lead singer for 60's pop band the Grassroots. **Steve Winwood** is in the studio and working on his second solo album, producing **Boz Scaggs** next (due within the next few months) is producer for Pablo Cruise, Bill Schnee while Phil Ramone will produce **Al Jarreau**. **David Crosby** and **Graham Nash** have decided to ditch the duo LP they are working on. Solo albums will be released instead... now for some Late News: Jimmy Pursey of **Sham 69** when asked about the proposed alliance of Sham and the remnants of the Sex Pistols, told *NME*: "Sham 69 are still together right? Steve and Paul have asked me to join The Sex Pistols and tour, and if Sham finishes it finishes but we're still going"... meanwhile Virgin Records have still another **Sex Pistols'** album lined up for release. Title is *The Last Sex Pistols' Album* and retail price in NZ will be \$5.99... while Public Image release their second single "Death Disco"... session pianist for the Who and the Stones, **Nicky Hopkins**, has joined new band Night as a permanent member. Also in Night are Kiwis Chris Thompson and Billy Kristian. A second addition to Night is organ and synthesiser player Tim Shafer... **Bob Dylan's** next LP, *Slow Train Coming*, is due in August and according to some reports will confirm the rumour that Dylan has become a 'born again' Christian... **Iggy Pop** is currently in Rockfield Studios in Wales recording with the **Dave Edmunds'** Wall of Sound... the next **Elvis Costello** waxing will include a song from keyboard player Steve Naive, "Mad About Girls"... albums due for release overseas in the near future include **Weather Report's** double live set 8.30 The next from Pink Floyd is *The Wall*. It is expected to be a double or even triple album set. **The Kinks** weigh in with *Low Budget*, **Garland Jeffreys** releases *American Boy and Girl*, **Warren Zevon** has a *Bad Luck Streak in Dancing School* and in August **Talking Heads**



Lowell George

display *Fear of Music*... and now for some late, late news. It's with sadness we note the death of ex-Little Feat singer/guitarist **Lowell George** who died on Friday 29 June in Arlington, Virginia. Aged 34, George was on the road with a new band attempting to establish a solo career after the demise of Little Feat. On the morning of the 29th George complained of chest pains and, when taken to Arlington Hospital, was pronounced dead, apparently of a heart attack... **The Rich Kids** have definitely broken up... while we now learn that the aforementioned **Sex Pistols'** album (*The Last Sex Pistols' Album*) will in fact likely be a compilation of spoken words and interviews recorded during the band's short but memorable career... **Pete Townshend** has signed a long-term solo recording contract, and **Blondie** have split from their management and various notable music biz personalities are in the running for the job. Malcolm McLaren (one-time rock'n'roll swindler behind the Sex Pistols) and Jake Riviera (who manages Elvis Costello and Nick Lowe and owns Radar Records) are believed to be the leading contenders.

Debbie Harry, Blondie.



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Dolly Parton



Rex Smith



Summer in the top half of the globe is keeping rock'n'roll acts busy in the UK and the USA. The only major concert this month is **Dolly Parton** on July 11, Auckland Town Hall. Dolly's tour coincides with the release of her new album *Great Balls Of Fire*. The co-producer of her latest album, Greg Perry is playing keyboards in Dolly's eight piece band.

Visiting NZ in July to meet the media are Iggy Pop and Rex Smith.

Iggy Pop has just completed a successful tour of the UK, with original Sex Pistol bassist Glen Matlock, in his band. Pop is visiting NZ to promote his first album on the Arista label, *New Values*. Let's make it clear, **Rex Smith** is not in Iggy's band. Smith has recorded two CBS albums fronting a USA rock group called Rex but now is the star of a *teen-orientated* movie-for-TV, *Sooner Or Later*. He's coming to NZ to promote his debut solo album, also entitled *Sooner Or Later*.

The **Phil Manning Band** (with Midge Marsden) will cross the Tasman for a four week tour. They will play at Auckland's Gluepot, August 23, 24 & 25. **Gladys Knight and the Pips** return to NZ and perform July 16 & 17 at Trillo's, Auckland.

Now for the rumours. **Cheap Trick** intend to make an Aussie/NZ raid in September. A reliable source tells us, that the management of **The Who** regard next summer as a swell time to tour the boys down in NZ and Australia. The lads are not getting any younger and their movies, *The Kid's Are Alright* and *Quadrophenia* will have already hit the local cinema screens.

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THE GREAT STIFF COMPETITION

The Great Stiff Competition has unearthed six talented winners. T-shirts etc winners are G Lester (Wellington) and Jeff Ruston (Dunedin). picture discs go to C Wright (Wellington) and UK Stiff Samplers are won by Linzie Christopherson (Auckland), Les Young (Auckland) and Ron Cooper (Auckland).

The answers Polygram and Rip It Up wanted are as follows:
 1 Q Who produced Lene Lovich's album? A. STATELESS PRODUCTION FOR OVAL
 2 Q What town does Rachel Sweet come from? A. AKRON.



3 Q Who is wearing the Stiff T-shirt in the above photo? A. GRAHAM PARKER (Parker is managed by Stiff label boss, Dave Robinson)
 4 Q What is the title of Ian Dury's second album? A. DO IT YOURSELF
 5 Q Complete the slogan (imaginatively) — If it ain't Stiff, it ain't — EXAMPLES — it ain't mine, disgusting, dead, possible goin' nowhere, gonna spin round, up to it, hard to beat, gonna get played with, a long player, a firm investment, made in Juppan, got balls, turned on, worth holding on to and ain't a prize in this competition.
 The winners of the WEA Rip It Up Rod Stewart Competition were Chris Freke (Hamilton) and G. Kidd (Wellington). They win autographed copies of *Blondes Have More Fun* and Chris gets a life size, full colour, free standing, cardboard Rod Stewart.
 Don't forget there is a Magazine competition on page 1 of this month's Rip It Up.

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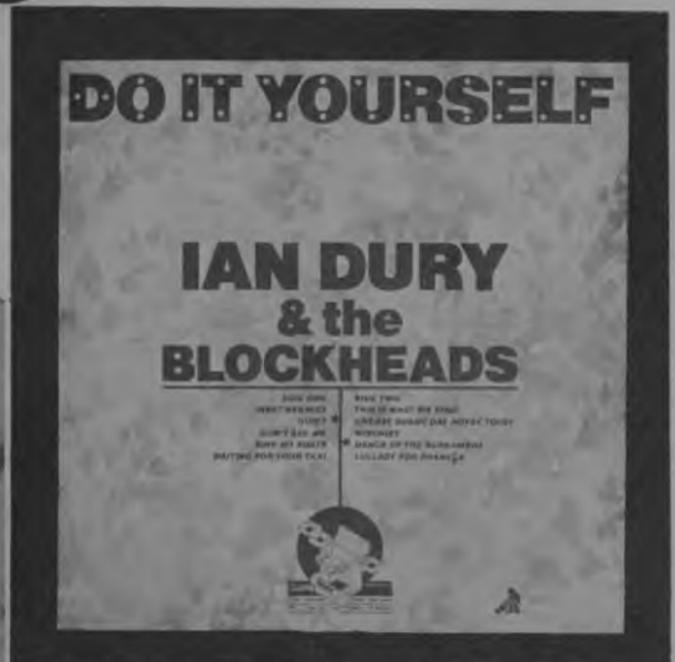
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John McLaughlin and the One Truth Band Auckland Town Hall

To witness the moment when John McLaughlin applies plectrum to guitar string is to turn one's face to the sun. The light blinds, overwhelms, warms, uplifts. Few musicians have such an individual sound as McLaughlin, fewer still play with such controlled ferocity. He is a master of the technique of applied passion.

From the concert opener, "Desire and the Comforter", from his invigorating new album, *Electric Dreams*, to the scorching climax of John Coltrane's "A Love Supreme" two hours later McLaughlin and his new band played with maximum effort, presenting, for the most part, music to push the bounds of jazz.

Most of the music was from the new album with plenty of room for individual expression by group members. Keyboardist Stu Goldberg shone early on "Electric Dreams, Electric Sighs" with his melodic use of synthesiser, but a later solo piano piece seemed merely showy. "Miles Davis" (for McLaughlin's hero and mentor) allowed room for solos by bassist Fernando Saunders and drummer Tony Smith, both of whom were here with Jeff Beck and Jan Hammer about two years ago.

Saunders hasn't extended his repertoire of harmonic effects since that earlier tour and his solo lacked cohesion. Smith, an aggressive drummer, managed a structured solo, but both men function better in the ensemble situation.

An unexpected delight was a duet piece, "Two Sisters", featuring McLaughlin on steel-string acoustic and L. Shankar on violin and, later, tambourine doubling as tabla. The piece allowed McLaughlin to explore several moods from contemplative to humorous and a world of influences from mournful Indian tonalities to country blues (like most English guitar virtuosi McLaughlin's major early influence was the blues), climaxing with McLaughlin and Shankar engaging in a battle of wordless singing.

Also to get a solo spot was Brazilian percussionist Alyrio Lima, who has been with Weather Report. He's an energetic player and perhaps it was his constant percussiveness that left less space than is apparent on the comparatively "open" *Electric Dreams* album. Left to his own devices Alyrio seemed to get snowed under by his gadgetry, his synthesised cymbals giving him uncontrolled feedback problems. A likeable Latin lunatic, he reminded me very much of Manuel of television's *Fawlty Towers*.

The ever-composed McLaughlin holds the group together, determining directions, blazing new trails with his blistering guitar attack. No false guitar heroics here, just straight ahead playing, the stuff that put him in the vanguard of today's jazz. In his melodic construction and his feel for extended phrases he is extending the horizons established by John Coltrane.

Sheerlux Cook Hotel, Dunedin

Sheerlux drew good crowds at the Cook, Dunedin's premier pub, with their near flawless covers of post-77 rock 'n' roll and a handful of original songs. Their choice of material never wavered from good taste, "Police and Thieves" (Clash version), "New Town Animal", "Satisfaction" (Devo version) and so on, a veritable overview of the last couple of years.

Their own songs sounded to be in the formative stage as they have yet to develop something that is singularly Sheerlux, but "Fat Boys", their most immediately commercial number, suggests that they may be able to come up with something in the self-penned stakes.

Live the band don't let you sit down as each song is driven home with well-timed power, credit to rhythm section Graeme Schnell and Roland Killeen. Guitarists Steven Roach and Jim Juricevich combine instinctively and vocalist Paul Robinson moves with a Graham Brazier stage presence. As a vocalist Robinson occasionally lacked colour or expressiveness, and yet he coped with the tricky XTC covers with ease.

Sheerlux know that they can't keep playing Punk's Greatest Hits forever, and this realisa-



tion has forced them to produce more of their own stuff. It's their ability to write that will decide their future, but they're doing alright.

George Kay.

3D The Gluepot

Any band that fills the dance floor has got something in my book. 3D certainly did that on the particular night I caught them at The Gluepot. Still we're all allowed our personal opinion and as far as this band goes I think there is something distinctly lacking.

3D are the remains of Christchurch's glitter rockers Odyssey now converted, as their advertising says, to new wave. So they've had haircuts, tossed out their flared pants and learned up a set of new wave favourites, '60's classics and some original hard rock. They also jump around a bit.

As befits obviously professional musicians they can dash off a tight fast version of "Blitzkrieg Bop" without working up a sweat. I'm not expecting the power of The Ramones but what about some of the commitment displayed by a band like Proud Scum or the sense of fun of Terrorways? Neither of those bands is as slick or as tight as 3D but I know where I would rather put my money.

So that's one opinion and many of the patrons at The Gluepot might disagree with it. If you liked Mi-Sex then go and see 3D. The two bands are about on a par. I can't say fairer than that.

Domonic Free

Dr Tree Mainstreet

Considering the short time the guys had to get their shit together, the Dr Tree revival was quite a success. As I say, with little time to rehearse, the evening was more of a jam session amongst old friends than a concert proper, and it was this that produced both the good points and the shortcomings of the concert.

Throughout, Frank Gibson dominated the proceedings, a little too much perhaps. There's no doubt that Gibson is a world class drummer and worthy of the success that has come his way the past twelve months. But for me Gibson's expertise was overshadowed by bassist Andy Brown's brilliant playing. Both personality-wise and musically, Brown also provided the evening's only humour, long missing from local jazz.

Trumpet-player Kim Patterson played beautifully, while Martin Winch's -sometimes excessive guitar work was balanced by pianist Murray McNabb's restraint. Most of the material was culled from contemporary composers like Shorter and Hancock with McNabb providing the only originals of the night. In fact, McNabb's "Head Space" and "Things Change" were the two best vehicles for the band to work around. All in all, an enjoyable evening that could well bear repeating sometime in the near future.

John Dix

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THE MEMBERS



THE RECORDS

THE MEMBERS At the Chelsea Nightclub

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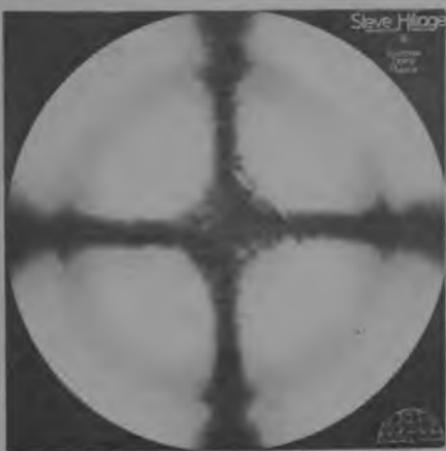
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Written, produced & recorded in West Berlin by Tangerine Dream's Peter Baumann.

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P.O. BOX 3825, AUCKLAND, NZ.

MANDRILL STUDIOS
JUNE 19TH 2.00 PM

What??? Hang on, did I hear him right? "It's coming out real good. It sounds like a real band." A real band? Well woop dee f**king woop isn't it just grand to know that Mr Big Time American Producer actually concedes that out here in the sticks, New Zealand does have at least one real band.

It's just as well I got to know Jay Lewis before writing this article because Jay is, you see, a nice guy, a very talented nice guy. And if that first quote offended me a little at the time, a later remark explained it:

A lot of groups, they go into the studio and say, you know "Wow, a 24-track machine. We can do anything and patch it up later." Which is, I think, totally wrong, a bad attitude. That's why working with Citizen Band is so good. Right from the beginning, laying down the rhythm tracks, they actually sound like a band.

This is Jay's second visit to New Zealand. He was over here several years back as guitarist for the Albert Hammond Band. But since then he's carved a name as a record producer/engineer, working Gary Wright, Player and Sherbet amongst others, initially brought over by the Recording Industry of New Zealand to conduct a workshop seminar in Wellington. Jay was approached by CBS head John McCready to produce Citizen Band's second album (first for CBS).

This is the second day in the studio. Although yesterday a couple of basic tracks were laid down, the four CBs and their producer are still really only getting acquainted with one another. "I played those demos last night," Jay tells the boys. "There's some real strong stuff there. In fact, there's only one song I didn't like. I don't think it represents what the band's into."

This comment causes some concern among the band. It's bad enough that Jay has already commented on the fact that only nine, perhaps ten numbers will be represented on the album ("18 minutes, maybe 19 minutes each side — 20 tops"), the chances being that at least one member is likely to be disappointed by the dismissal of what may be a favourite song. But to be told that one of the numbers isn't good enough? A deflated ego may be coming up.

"Can you remember what it was called?" Mike Chunn asks.

"No, but I think it was near the end of the second side," Jay replies.

"What did it go like?" Geoff Chunn asks.

"Oh, look, we'll run through the demos anyway and throw around some ideas. I'll let you know which song it is."

The Chunn Brothers and fellow-CBs, Brent Eccles and Greg Clark, show their concern by surmising about the possible song in question. "SOS?" "Snarl?" "Night At The Brit?" Following Jay's advice, they drop the subject and adopt a wait-and-see attitude.

Mandrill owner and the album's engineer, Glyn Tucker (who produced the CBS' first album) sets up the demo tape for a listen. The booth fills with music: "Acrobats", "Rust In My Car", "Mishaps", "No Stereo"... familiar songs to Citizen Band fans. Now here's a real familiar number — Graham Parker's "Protection".

"Now this is good single material," Jay opines.

Mike laughs. "Wouldn't that be ironic?" he says. "Parker's version bombs and Citizen Band's becomes a hit."

"When we toured with Parker last year," Geoff tells me, "we loved this song so much that he wrote down the words and that for us."

The tape continues rolling with ideas being bandied about regarding possible re-

arrangements and such. "Another Night" comes on. "This is the one that doesn't fit," Jay says. "Whew! What a bomb that was!"

To a man, the CBs voice their disapproval of his opinion. "This is one of our biggest crowd-pleasers," Geoff says. "It's a lot more powerful on stage." Brent says by way of excuse. Even Greg, the quietest of the quartet, says, "It could be improved. This recording does actually drag a little bit."

Exciting stuff, eh? What's gonna happen? Has the producer been outvoted? Or is his vote equal to five of theirs? Will he pull weight on the band and tell them to eat shit? Ah, the suspense.

"Okay," Jay says, "we'll give it a try." (The song is eventually accepted at the cost of "Mishaps").

There are two versions of Geoff's "SOS" on the tape. Jay has reservations about the song: "This part's neat but it's taken too long to get here... good guitar solo... hmm, here as it fades it needs a little hump."

"There's something missing there," Jay continues. "We'll come back to this one."

"Hang on, Jay," Brent interrupts, "I think we should take a listen to the other version."

After listening to the second version, Jay still appears unhappy about the song. "It needs a lot of work on it," he says. "It's too long, drawn out and I don't think it's as strong as the others."

"Maybe I should drop one of the verses. Perhaps the sound," Geoff suggests.

"Either that," Mike joins in, "or we could slot the solo into the third verse where it goes down to F sharp."

"We've got to maintain a flow from the solo on, so it's got a flow," Jay says. "But we'll definitely have to make some cuts."

Geoff falls quite, deep in thought. "We're divided, aren't we?" his brother asks. "At the moment, yes."

"There must be a compromise somewhere though," Jay suggests, "but don't worry, we'll give everything a try. We'll just keep everything in mind for when we record it. Is that the lot, Glyn?"

"Yep. Except 'City Slits' which isn't on here."

"There is a copy here though, Glyn," Mike says. Glyn thinks a moment. "You're right," he says. "I'll dig it out."

While Glyn rustles through a stack of tapes, Jay produces his notebook. "Well here are my feelings," he says. "Rust", "Acrobats" and "No Stereo" are the strongest. Oh, and "Snarl". I like a lot. "Another Night", we'll see. I still feel it doesn't quite fit. "Protection" fits better. But we've still got to keep the other shit in mind, because if we aestheticise it all, we may lose it."

"Okay, here's 'City Slits'," says Glyn. The song starts up. "We recorded this years ago," Mike says. "Yeah, we were only kids," Geoff says, sinking into his seat. Years ago? Kids? Well hardly. After all, Citizen Band have only been in existence two years. But I can see the point. The band have certainly come a long way since this recording session. Halfway through the song there's a rather excessive guitar solo. Greg sheepishly looks around then creeps out of the booth in mock embarrassment. Jay, though, is serious. "Now this is the sort of thing we don't want on the album. It just doesn't fit."

After the song's conclusion, he continues, "I think 'City Slits' has been emotionally covered in other songs. I'd say there are three different categories in your songs. We don't want to overdo any one of them. Anyway, we'll see. That's it. Great. We've got something to work from, plus two tracks already laid down. So let's get started."



Geoff Chunn



Greg Clark



Jay Lewis

PHOTOS BY MURRAY CAMMICK

MANDRILL STUDIOS
JUNE 25TH 2.30 PM

"It's sort of a sin doing vocals while the sun's still up," Geoff Chunn says, watching his big brother do his thing, mouth to mike and cans to ears on the other side of the glass partition.

All the rhythm tracks for the album have been laid down. Today the vocals start. "Do you think he's giving it enough push?" Glyn asks Jay. "No. It sounds a bit bland," comes the answer. Brent, relaxing on the couch, suggests that Mike is probably still trying to find his voice this early in the day.

Jay has now settled into Mandrill and with Glyn alongside him, the two complement each other, working well as a team. Jay cuts the taped music off: "Okay, Mike. It's starting to sound a bit better, but let's try it with a bit more energy this time."

*Caught in a downpour
Out of doors
But you're drying out inside.
Boys at the mike
Telling you it's alright
But the song's on the wrong side
Do as you're told
Hope you don't grow old.
Just can't avoid
Greasing big brasses
And kissing their asses...*

"We're The Boys" is about the power of radio stations, a subject the CBs feel strongly about. As Mike progresses without interruption, Glyn turns to Jay and says, "It sounds good so far." Jay agrees then switches off the music, he addresses Mike inside. "Okay, Mike. Sounds great. The first verse we're gonna keep. Come in and have a listen."

Mike, who's been on his tod inside the studio for thirty minutes, enters the booth and says, "Whew! What a way to start the week." "Yeah, I know," Jay agrees. "It's much easier when you've got the others adding the harmonies alongside."

Once the first verse is down the rest seems to fall into place. Around four o'clock Jay is happy enough with the vocals to say to Mike inside the studio, "We've got the ending. Just one or two lines to go over later."

Glyn plays the song right through. "Okay. All of you in there now," Jay commands. All four CBs gather around the studio piano tuning their vocal chords for the harmonies. WE'RE THE BOYS... WE'RE THE BOYS, WE'RE THE BOYS.

Having impressed as a barbershop quartet, the boys don cans and gather around the mike. The elder Chunn's recently recorded voice fills the studio.

*...Boys at the mike
Telling you it's alright
But the song's on the wrong side*

(WE'RE THE BOYS)
*Do as you're told
(GROWN UP BOYS)
Hope you don't grow old
(TOO SOON BIG.)*

It's out of balance, "Glyn tells Jay, who, agreeing, switches off the tape and addresses the boys: "Brent and Geoff, how about changing places? Give it another try."

*... But the song's on the wrong side
(WE'RE THE BOYS)
Do as you're told
(GROWN UP BOYS)
Hope you don't grow old
(TOO SOON BIG BOYS)
Just can't avoid
GREASING BIG BRASSES
AND KISSING THEIR ASSES*

Cut. "More attitude all round," Jay demands. "Also, the 'kicking their asses' line sounded real rough on the demo. Keep it that way. Try it again."

Once the boys find their voices the overdubs are completed rather quickly. Everyone's happy with the result. Greg enters the studio alone to overdub the guitar solo and, following this, all four CBs re-enter the studio to add a bit of buffoonery to the fade-out which, as if the lyric content of the song wasn't enough, is guaranteed to ensure that the country's radio programmers will boycott the song.

Back in the booth listening to the first almost-completed song for Citizen Band's second album, Brent raises a cup of wine and intones, "God bless you, CBS." Turning to me, he adds, "You know, CBS have really looked after us. The fridge is always well-stocked. We're well-fed. It makes two weeks in the studio a lot more bearable."

At six o'clock there's relative silence in the Mandrill building, save the munching of pizza and club sandwiches, and the occasional conversation. But there's something funny happening in my head. I then realise that "We're The Boys" is still very much playing. Somewhere I mention this to Brent. "Yeah, I know what you mean," he says. "It's been playing almost non-stop for four hours in one fashion or another. When we finish here at two in the morning I find that I can't sleep for hours when I get home. The last song lingers for hours. Yeah, I know what you mean, it's a weird feeling."

And that weird feeling persists now, the typewriter tapping out the tune as I work. Last year Citizen Band produced, if not the best-selling, the most critically acclaimed NZ rock album. *Come August* their second album should further the acclaim. As Jay Lewis said: "Citizen Band don't need all the frills that other bands rely on, their music is at once obvious and direct, melodically strong and lyrically secure. They're a real band."

John Dix

Brent Eccles and Mike Chunn



Band File

No. 7 Swingers

HISTORY

Formed in January 1979. First performance at May 1979 Split Enz concert, Auckland Town Hall.

DEMOS

Recorded "Certain Sounds", "The Way That We Used To" and "The Jinx" (all written by the "Swingers") at Harlequin Studios. March and June, 1979.

MANAGEMENT

Judd, Judd, Stiggs and Hillman. Phone 370-742, Auckland.



BONES HILLMAN

Bass guitar and vocals

Born May 7, 1958

Education No. 7 Park Avenue

Musical Career Took guitar lessons from Vince Te Aroki at 13. Masochists for 3 months in 1977. Joined Suburban Reptiles for 6 months, then Assassins and Rednecks.

Other Jobs Fruit picking, Apprentice Dentist and cricket wicket.

Favourites

Albums Stooges — Iggy and the Stooges.

Singles "Saturday Night Stay at Home" — Suburban Reptiles, "Lola" — Kinks and "Public Image" — Public Image.

Bass guitarists Wayne Stevens and Tina Widemouth

Musician Mark Hough

Singers Kevin Grey (Masochists) and Modesty Blaise (Strips).

Equipment Musicman bass, JBL K140 speaker, Holden Hybrid amp, Jim Dunlop 1mm picks (red or black) and Bata bullets.



PHIL JUDD

Guitar and vocals

Born March 23, 1953

Education Nursery, Primary, Secondary, Tertiary, Factory

Musical Career Mellodrone for one week in 1972. Member of Splitz Enz on and off and on and off again from 1972 to March 1978.

Other Jobs Roadie for Swingers and coping with Bones.

Favourites

Albums Best Of — Fats Waller.

Singles "Mucking About The Garden" — The Chocolate Coloured Goon

Musician John Lennon

Singer Deborah Scott

Equipment Rickenbacher semi-acoustic, Rockit S130 and JBL K130.



BUSTER STIGGS

Drums and vocals

Born December 8, 1954, (Haroldwood Essex)

Education From 1959 to 1971 Wairoa, Te Awa and Napier Primary Schools — Napier and Hastings Intermediate Schools — Hastings Boys High School, Elam School of Fine Arts (1972-75), Sec. Teachers College (1976), Elam and Park Avenue (1977).

Musical Career Started writing songs with 'Fang' (1976) until he was exported 1977 to mid '78, drums and song writing with Suburban Reptiles. Played guitar with Scavengers for two gigs, a person died at each, so gave up. Picked up sticks again and been swinging ever since.

Other Jobs Stripping and polishing off, doing the dishes, tidying up and trimming the edges with Phil while Bones mows the lawns.

Favourites

Albums Ogdens Nur Gone Flake — Small Faces

Singles "Fever" — Peggy Lee, "Eight Days A Week" — Beatles, "Tommy Gun" — The Clash

Drummers Gene Krupa, Spike, Mike Dooley and Des Hefner.

Musicians Judzy

Equipment Tama Imperial Star (fibreglass shell and crimson metallic finish) Paiste cymbals. All Tama fittings and pedals.



Photos by Peter Molloy

Jerry Harrison, Auckland Town Hall.



Photo by Terry Hobin

Talking Heads Interview Part 2: Jerry Harrison

Jerry Harrison could be described as an interviewer's dream; just point the microphone in his general direction, ask him a question then come back in half-an-hour's time.

Prior to joining Talking Heads on guitar and keyboards in 1977, he endured three years (1971-4) of teething problems with the forever-innocent Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers, and had the distinction of appearing on their first and legendary *Modern Lovers*' album.

More about that later, but after he left the Lovers and his savings dissolved in the band, he played with a number of local Boston outfits and completed an album and tour with Elliot Murphy. Starvation set in, so Harrison was forced to work for a computer company and teach at Harvard for a brief period before joining Talking Heads just before completion of their first album.

But to get back to his time with the Modern Lovers, what are his impressions now of that off-beat bunch of Lou Reed's in miniature?

"When I was in the Modern Lovers we thought we were the only band in the world who was doing what was important. We thought it was a crusade and everything else was this horrible music that was being foisted on people. We used to have to play colleges because there were no clubs that would have us so we felt isolated at that time."

The first Modern Lovers album has been rightly regarded as a seventies' rock landmark; it helped open avenues, musically, for modern American rock 'n' roll, i.e. Talking Heads and the whole New York scene. The Modern Lovers were unusual, and their survival, in thanks largely to Beserkely, set an example and encouragement for the more "underground" (Harrison's term) talents around. So, what about that first album?

"When we recorded that we were very disappointed because we didn't think it matched our live show. We did it in two days as a demo tape for Warner Bros., and we thought it was a dry sound that didn't really capture a lot of excitement. At that time the only song I really liked on the album was "Pablo Picasso", but in retrospect I really like some of it a lot, like "Old World" and "Hospital".

What were the Modern Lovers like as a live band?

"The concerts were somehow more intense than our first album conveyed. You never knew what was gonna happen in that band. You played the same songs and even though the parts were very easy there was always something hard about playing them and keeping on the beat. There was this quality in the songs which purposefully didn't bounce and so it was very hard to play exactly right some times. We were always trying to keep it open so there'd be moments of inspiration, not exactly improvisation as in guitar solos, but a sort of open ended thing, and everytime you played you'd want to play it differently. One time in the Modern Lovers my amplifier picked up this Eastern European radio station so the whole song was based upon me turning up this radio station and playing along with that. But I think we were more consistent than we perhaps imagined, and the more I listen to the first album the more I like it, the same was true about our performances."

JONATHAN RICHMAN & POUNDING NEWSPAPERS

Richman has been labelled as the world's greatest Lou Reed fan, this was at the time of the first Lovers' album.

"He started off with a personal obsession with Lou Reed and then he became very excited with Van Morrison and even later, Chuck Berry, and suddenly he wanted to play songs like "Johnny B. Goode". He really liked Buddy Holly a lot and he played a really good guitar of that style. He was also very influenced by the Stooges' first album. At the time I was in the band I would say the two biggest influences were the Velvet Underground and the Stooges. In fact one of the big conflicts which broke up the band was when Jonathan wanted to be more like Van Morrison and Buddy Holly, and the rest of the band didn't want to give up the electricity of the sound that went before. We got into tremendous fights about all these things, I mean he wanted us to start pounding the floor with newspapers instead of playing instruments."

I hold Richman's last two childlike albums in high regard. There's a high Buddy Holly quotient on both and Richman's aim was to record music that kids could listen and relate to. He certainly succeeded. Harrison wasn't impressed with *Rock 'n' Roll With the Modern Lovers*, although he never said so directly, I could tell from his guarded answer.

"I liked the instrumentals and the song "Fly into The Mystery", which we used to do, but he changed the lyrics because they were so

localized to Boston, but I preferred them that way

*It's time to fly into the mystery
It's time to drive on out to Beverly
It's 8 o'clock in Boston
It's 8 o'clock at the airport
And the girlfriend's just lost her boyfriend.*

Harrison recites the original lyrics with a deep sense of nostalgia.

"I thought they were really great lyrics. I loved the idea that there was such a sense of the locale that we lived in, a sort of innocence, poetry."

How does he rate, if at all, the present Richman song output?

"I think he's written songs that are very clever songs that go back to the ideas of, say, Irving Berlin, but I don't think he's written songs that are nearly as powerful as those he wrote when he was about seventeen and are on the first album. I don't think anything he's done recently compares emotionally to "Hospital". He's been investing less of his personal conflicts, he's not extending his ego as he used to, and that was what was exciting about the Modern Lovers, you never knew what was gonna happen, it had an out-of-control quality, but it wasn't sheer chaos."

TIMES WERE HARD

Harrison was disappointed, and even resentful naturally enough, that the Modern Lovers never became successful, but along the way he learned a few useful lessons. At one time the band became involved with Emmylou Harris's manager, Eddie Tichner, "a really dishonest guy", who took the band for a ride with his phoney down-to-earth-attitude. "He would tell one person one thing and someone else another, and yet he gave me the impression of being a real honest guy, but he wasn't."

Harrison can also recall times when the band was so broke that they had to move the one available lightbulb from room to room because they couldn't afford to buy another, and after he left the Modern Lovers his financial situation hardly improved. As a musician he was very reluctant to adapt to a more commercially acceptable style so he used to busk round colleges with a friend.

"This friend and I used to do these colleges and we used to convince people that we were something that we weren't. We had a few cover songs and we used to fool people with a Rolling Stone's number into believing we were a normal band. The American music scene was stagnating during the Modern Lovers and I had developed this technique that was on the fringe and didn't apply to anyone else's music, so you had to appear flexible to earn a living. And once you gave up regular day work you've got to play these gigs where you're earning \$10 for maybe twelve hours work. It's unbelievable what you'd do."

What differences, other than the obvious, did he find between the Modern Lovers and the Talking Heads?

"I think Talking Heads is a step further along the way but I came into the band when they already had quite a following whereas in the Modern Lovers I was in at the time we were trying to build up a following. The Talking Heads and the New York underground developed out of the aftermath of the commercial debacle of the New York Dolls and the Modern Lovers. The Modern Lovers were underground but they were underground by themselves, so they had no-one to communicate with, unlike Talking Heads.

"Besides that in Talking Heads we try and perfect ideas and if an idea comes up that you enjoy then you can add to it and very often you will play the same thing, whereas in the Modern Lovers you could play the whole song completely differently each night."

It wouldn't be far off the mark to describe Harrison as some kind of loquacious, good-humoured Modern Musician, in the true meaning of that term. Musically he believes in the seventies, he isn't yearning for the supposed grand-old days of the sixties, and the fact that he has been, and is, an instrumental cornerstone of two of America's most intelligent bands, speaks for itself. Surely

George Kay

Records

Second Visions

Magazine
Secondhand Daylight
Virgin

The Only Ones
Even Serpents Shine
CBS

Second albums can be difficult especially if the first met with glowing, near ecstatic, response from press and public alike.

Magazine and the Only Ones have created their own unmistakably individual character; the former, fronted by balding ex-Buzzcock Howard Devoto, have already been credited with the brilliant single "Shot By Both Sides", and Devoto's bleak conception of reality in the album *Real Life*. Following such a beginning has its problems. The Only Ones, revolving around the copiously talented Peter Perrett, also made the initial big splash with two excellent singles, "Lovers of Today" and "Another Girl, Another Planet" as well as with a sound debut album.

It's a credit to both bands that they've managed to surpass such auspicious beginnings with their second albums.

Magazine's *Secondhand Daylight* is a maturation of the morbid threatening power that was present on "Motorcade" and "The Light Pours Out of Me" from *Real Life*. As a vocalist Devoto has also matured, gone are the Steve Harley nuances of "Beautician", replaced instead by a consistent depth that his voice occasionally lacked on the first album.

Lyrical, he continues the same themes of a stark world devoid of compassion in an individual and general sense, but in *Secondhand Daylight* he conveys them with more confidence and vocal resonance. "Rhythm of Cruelty" gives you some idea as to Devoto's de-sentimentalized outlook:

*Because in my drunken stupour I've
got to admire
Your ingenuity
And I nod my head oh so wisely to the*



*rhythm of your cruelty
Or again in "Permafrost":
Today I bumped into you again
I have no idea what you want
As the day stops dead at the place
where we're lost
I will drug you and f**k you on the permafrost*

Heavy stuff and almost overdone and in poor taste if it wasn't for the impeccable and graphic instrumental abilities of guitarist John McGeoch and Dave Formula on keyboards. The album revolves around three main songs. "Feed the Enemy" (arguably the best thing they've ever done), "Back to Nature" and "Permafrost", mid-tempo cold war epics, ideal vehicles for the band's precise abilities.

Secondhand Daylight needs perseverance,



don't expect to be immediately floored, but once you've latched onto Devoto's anguished temperament the album gradually unfolds.

Peter Perrett shoulders all song-writing chores in the Only Ones, but unlike Devoto his songs are shorter, and more in line with traditional rock structures and emotions. Perrett is a new talent with an old band: drummer Mike Kellie saw time with the original Spooky Tooth (1968) and Alan Mair had been playing in Scotland for years. The Only Ones first album had a few obvious stand-outs, "Another Girl", "The Beast" and "Creature of Doom", but, by the same token, some of the songs didn't measure up.

Even Serpents Shine has changed all that by being far more consistent, no real highs and no real lows, you get instead an even standard of

excellence. Perrett's songs are about sorrow and love-on-a-precipice, and in this sense he is like Devoto at times, but what makes his songs unique is the contrast between his thoroughly "new wave" Anglo Lou Reed vocal and the 1960's playing style of the band. For example on "You've Got To Pay" and "Inbetweens" John Perry fires in two stinging guitar solos reminiscent of the "old wave" guitar bands, and on "Curtains For You" the arrangement would have suited any decent heavy metal outfit. Perrett's ability lies in the fact that he can combine the old and the new within his very strong material without making it sound ridiculously incongruous.

Both Magazine and the Only Ones have easily passed the second album acid test.

George Kay



Forever Young

Neil Young & Crazy Horse
Rust Never Sleeps
Reprise

Rust Never Sleeps is arguably Neil Young's finest album since his 1970 classic, *After the Goldrush*, no mean feat for a man who has produced some of the best music of the last decade. Like *Goldrush*, the new album is a veritable feast of evocative melody and imagery. And, like *Goldrush* and only a few other Young albums, it is consistently rewarding and enjoyable.

Neil Young has always been an enigmatic figure. The twists and turns of his career often seem erratic, even self-destructive. Despite the occasional tangents and periods of marking time, Young remains (with Joni Mitchell) the most enduring and talented of the singer-songwriter proliferation of the early seventies.

Is Young feeling that at age 34 it is time for another journey through the past? *Rust Never Sleeps* is rich in images of America, frontier and urban. Young mourns the loss of the pastoral idyll to inexorable "progress" and in so doing traverses a continent and several cen-

turies of America. If this is Neil Young's bicentennial album its message is not of optimism. The album title refers to a line in the album's closing song (in fact, a reprise of the album opener but in more apocalyptic mood):

*It's better to burn out 'cause rust
never sleeps*

The king is gone but he's not forgotten

Which king? Elvis? The song, "My My, Hey Hey (Out of the Blue)" (reprinted as "Hey Hey, My My (Into the Black)"), has as key lyrics — "Rock and Roll is here to stay/It's better to burn out than to fade away and *This is a story of a Johnny Rotten*. Does Presley equate with Johnny Rotten, a faded away, rusted one-time iconoclast? Or is this how Young views America of the seventies?

It's to Young's credit that the album is free of the uncomfortable self-pity that has marred earlier work. Musically, this is as tight as *American Stars and Bars* was sloppy (enjoyably so let me add).

Side One is almost totally acoustic. The shimmering sound of one or, more often, two acoustic guitars makes *Comes a Time* seem over-orchestrated. What Young manages to do with acoustic guitar is a salutary lesson in these days of synthesised electricity.

Neil is in great voice and his songs are crisp and crystalline. Given that songs are for performance and not the printed page, try this, from "Pocahontas", an angry recounting of the genocide of the American Indian.

*Aurora borealis
The icy sky at night
Paddles cut the water
In a long and hurried flight
From the white man to the fields of
green
And the homelands we've never seen*

Side Two opens with "Powderfinger", a miniature of conflict on the frontier (much of the album harks back to the superb "Cripple Creek Ferry" from *After the Goldrush*), the album shifts gear entirely, with Young and Crazy Horse discarding the delicacy of the acoustic tracks for all-out garage band rock, replete with no-frills drumming and guitar distortion of a kind not heard since the pre-San Francisco "psychedelia" of such yobbo bands as the Blues Magoos and Count Five. There's a lot of "Psychotic Reaction" in "Welfare Mothers" and "Sedan Delivery". The music is screechy and edgy, real white rock and roll.

The sounds get heavier and even more distorted for the final tune, a cacophonous and tremendously exciting reprise of the lilting opening song:

*Rock and roll can never die
There's more to the picture
Than meets the eye*

In five minutes Young says all there needs be said about the spirit of rock and roll. His stinging guitar sounds as if it's wired straight to his heart and he sings with the pain and joy of creation, harrowing and exultant.

Like his fellow Canadian Robbie Robertson, Neil Young remains fascinated by America, but while Robertson's vision is largely of an America Past of Norman-Rockwell hue, Young draws on Hollywood and television, urban drabness, drug casually and endless highway as well as the pastoral (but not peaceful) frontier.

Rust Never Sleeps is his American pilgrimage, rich and evocative, rare in its beauty.

Ken Williams



No Frills Joe

Joe Jackson
Look Sharp!
A&M

I haven't liked pop music since I was fourteen, when the British Invasion started to dredge up the third division bands for mass acceptance. With pop, once you get past the catchy melodies and slick arrangements, you find a big plastic void. I like music with some kind of *real feeling*.

Lately there has been a few talented performers in the pop field, most of them British, starting with Costello and including latter day bands such as the Police. It can be dangerous stuff; you'll be singing it in the lift and the doors open suddenly on the eleventh floor, to vast crowds. Be warned.

Joe Jackson is one of the more talented English chaps writing pop rock. He sounds a lot like a lot of current British bands (eg the Members), but he certainly has the tunes to cut it. Put "Is She Really Going Out With Him?" on your turntable and instantly recognise a great pop song. It could be 1963.

What makes it different from Abba and Boney M (who are, after all, the epitome of Pop Success) is one thing: production. *Look Sharp* is as clean as a whistle, no overdubs, no digital delay, no added fat. The band is a three piece, with Jackson's piano adding frills about twice during the whole album. They duplicate their live sound perfectly. The guitar (Gary Sanford) is so thin, it could be David Byrne (Talking

Heads to you) and the bass (Graham Mayby) holds down most of the melody. Like 1963.

Jackson can actually play piano well, but on stage with his band he is the vocalist, well-dressed and wired up to the point of overt antipathy. He's reasonable harmonica player too, but he's no blues man. His songs are about common subjects, teen love, lust, the music biz, the Sunday papers. More than a few of them stand out. "One More Time" has a bitter Jackson exposing the ironies of his ex's parting shots.

I'm not going to back down, though. Pop Music is still a dirty two words in my well-thumbed book. Here's one thing: When you've had enough of aggression and petty fascism in music (there's a lot of it about, I hear), let your ears stop ringing long enough to let a few tunes in.

John Malloy

16 New Waves

Various Artists
That Summer
Arista

Let's call it a new wave compilation because that's as close as we'll get in three words. Maybe it's even the best yet and it points up the diversity of styles that we accept as falling into the new wave cubby hole.

Highlights for me are the two Elvis Costello tracks — "(I Don't Want To Go To) Chelsea" and "Watching The Detectives" whose incandescence stands out in even the finest company. Wreckless Eric's "Whole Wide World" which blends some of the charming naivety of Thunderclap Newman with the obsessiveness of the Velvet Underground into a classic expression of frustrated teen passion. The Only Ones' whole new slant on the cosmic whine — "Another Girl, Another Planet" and the grand malevolence of The Undertones' "Teenage Kicks" — beautiful rock'n'roll pure and simple.

Our familiarity with Mink De Ville's "Spanish Stroll" shouldn't let us deny this evocative and brilliantly performed song its merits — if only the charts were filled with real personality like this, and similarly Nick Lowe's "I Love The Sound Of Breaking Glass" is forever fresh. I only like a couple of Eddie & the Hot Rods' songs and "Do Anything You Wanna Do" hasn't been one of them, but it's been growing on me and it's an established favourite with my flatmates. The two Ian Dury tracks are not necessarily his best but "Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll" has at least provided a catch-phrase and rallying cry for a lifestyle that lots of folk think they actually epitomize.

And there's the Ramones great "Rockaway Beach" from their surf revival album *Rocket To Russia*, and Richard Hell's fractured "Blank Generation" (yet another catch-phrase born!). I'm unconvinced by The Boomtown Rats but there's "Kick" and "She's So Modern" if you like 'em. The Zones' "New Life" means very little to me and I'm not sure what I think of Patti Smith's "Because The Night" — I probably admire it which isn't very exciting.

That's it — a few songs I'd defend to the death, a few I'll never get to hate and a few I can live without. This might be the best compilation since *The Buddha Hit Explosion*.

Terence Hogan

Artful Lodger

David Bowie
Lodger
RCA

To describe David Bowie as a trendsetter is a misnomer. He's more accurately an astute observer, keeping one eye on current musical directions, but always running parallel to them, sussing out what is useful, discarding the trivia. He then adds his own ingredients to the stew, more often than not serving as a barometer for the future. In his hands, ideas surface where others have only speculated. His unique clarity of vision realises the potential of any concept he seizes upon, and makes it his own.

In this way he began the glitter trend of *Ziggy Stardust* and *Alladin Sane* by paying tribute to the Velvet Underground's New York decadence in the *Hunky Dory* track "Queen Bitch." But even then, he was able to spot the self-destructive elements of the lifestyle, and *Ziggy* was well and truly laid to rest in the stark and harrowing *Diamond Dogs*, still his most brutal and direct statement. Already, he could foresee the punk reaction against all that was glamorous and chic. It was an unsettling picture, and remember, 1984 is drawing steadily closer.

The disco phenomenon drew his attention long before it became the monolith it is today. Bowie describes *Young Americans* as a "cynical" work in retrospect, and the joke was on everyone who thought he'd been bowled over by the sound of Philadelphia or anything else remotely funky. He owes allegiance only to himself.

Station To Station got him onto the American *Soul Train* TV programme, but that was the end of the flirtation. Nobody could have expected what followed.

Low was a period of introspection, as Bowie closeted himself with Brian Eno in Berlin, at the heart of the cold war, where tension is a way of life, and staring at a wall is a pleasure. The songs were sparse, in keeping with the environment and the state of Bowie's mind at the time, and some were more fully realised on the *Stage* album.

Heroes was the breakout, a celebration of life and love under the spotlights and in the shadow of the machineguns. The title track was a glorious, inspiring anthem which gave two resolute fingers to those who would suppress anything so human. The innovative use of electronics on both albums has served as a pointer to other bands which we will not name here, but they know who they are.

So we come to *Lodger*, widely touted as the closing episode in a trilogy that began with *Low*. It was recorded in New York, where Bowie says he felt like a lodger, i.e. a temporary resident. Again, the observer trait emerges.

Side two is the most accessible, as the band which slayed everyone at Western Springs



thunders its way through "I Am A DJ.", which every self-styled king of the airwaves should listen to real hard, "Look Back In Anger", which is The Man's vision of the angel of death looking over your shoulder, "Boys Keep Swinging", Bowie's salute to the joy and innocence of youth, "Repetition", a depressingly accurate portrayal of the hideous wife-beating syndrome, and "Red Money", which shows you don't have to be a bloated capitalist to love gelt.

Side one provides the confusion, the contradictions, and maybe the key to the future. And yet, "Fantastic Voyage" is nostalgic in its treatment, with acoustic guitars underpinning a string section and a pretty melody that recalls the *Space Oddity* days.

The rest of the tracks reveal a fascination with ethnic sounds. "African Night Flight", featuring a wall of percussion and spoken vocals, is about drunken German ex-pilots living in Kenya, according to the horse's mouth. Bowie describes "Move On" as "blatantly romantic" in its attitudes, the eternal rolling stone seeking a safe harbour.

"Yassassin" is Turkish disco, as opposed to Richman's Egyptian reggae, while "Red Sails" is decidedly Oriental, a little like the sound you hear if you pick up Radio Peking on shortwave.

"I've never been convinced I'm a musician," Bowie said recently. "I just put ideas together...none of it's pleasure, I've got to do it — like sneezing."

A sneeze, a cough or a burp from Bowie is worth a thousand words from other lesser figures. Judge for yourselves.

Duncan Campbell

Dury Does It

Ian Dury and The Blockheads
Do It Yourself
Stiff

Looking back on Dury's first Cockney pastiche, *New Boots and Panties*, who could deny its course, endearing handiwork. He had collected together a band of awesome ability, guys who made everything look easy, and then strolled down a few avenues in *New Boots*; disco, music hall, rock'n'roll, you name it, that album mastered it.

A couple of singles followed, "What A Waste" and "Rhythm Slick", and from these it became obvious that he had decided on gliding, danceable rhythms by which to communicate his working class anecdotes. In a way *Do It Yourself* is the end result of this choice, it's send-up wall-paper music, superficially nondescript, designed to blend not to offend. Of course it's a clever cover for Dury's humorous everyday life lewdness.

For example, on "This Is What We Find" he talks of a housewife whose husband "only has half a stalk" and a "single bachelor with little cock", along with a few other observations. "Inbetweens" and "Dance of the Screemers", on the other hand, showcase just how fluid the Blockheads can be.

Do It Yourself is the same Ian Dury that bought you the rich *New Boots and Panties* but without the same obvious musical diversity. Sure, he draws on a variety of styles, as usual: Rock'n'roll in "Uneasy Sunny Day Hotsy Totsy"; disco-music-hall in "This Is What We Find" and reggae in "Lullaby For Francies". But there's nothing transparently of the music hall hybrid to compare with "Billericay Dickie" and "There Ain't Half Been Some Clever Bastards" or anything overtly rock'n'roll to bring to mind the previous abrasive triumphs of "Plaistow Patricia" and "Blackmail Man". Dury and his main writer Chas Jankel have opted for greater musical subtlety and a more homogeneous sound controlled through the arrangement of the songs. This doesn't mean the album is worse or less interesting than its illustrious predecessor (In fact in many ways it's better), but what it does signify is the desire for more specialisation particularly on Jankel's part. And I like it.

Do It Yourself (nicely ambiguous title that), however, is an album of sleeping potential. Superficially it's bland/boring, but below the surface grooves a Cockney with a pulse locked into the heart of day-to-day life on his beat. It's Dury's genius that he can write so humourously and compassionately about the ordinary lot, and it's this quality that sets him apart from the rest.

Definitely not a proper thickie.
George Kay.

Ian Dury and the Blockheads.



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The Members



Jules and the Polar Bears.

Beep Beep!

The Cars
Candy-O
Elektra

The second album is said to be the hardest. The first record usually represents the best songs accumulated before the signing of the record contract. The need to develop follow-up material has left many groups by the wayside, their promise spent.

Having made one of the most interesting debut albums of last year, the Cars now present *Candy-O*, their sequel. In it, they consolidate their earlier success. Where before they sounded like a patchwork of their influences, now they sound like the Cars.

The Cars' driving force Ric Ocasek has written a series of songs which further the edgy, night-stalking vision he outlined on the first album (titles include "Double Life", "Nightspots", "Lust for Kicks").

*Could be you're crossing the fine line
A silly driver kick off the wall
You keep it cool when it's t-t-tight
Eyes wide open when you start to fall*

("Nightspots")

Production is again by Roy Thomas Baker, but this time there are fewer aural gymnastics, as if Baker is more confident of the Cars' ability to carry their music without the back-up muscle of the mixing desk. The sound is clean and crisp, with predominance given to bass and keyboards, notably a reedy organ that's reminiscent of American garage bands of the mid-sixties. Elliot Easton's grenade bursts of guitar smack of early Electric Prunes and the Standells. So do Ocasek's lyrics.

*Candy O I need you
Sunday dress ruby rings
Candy O I need you so
Could you help me in*

("Candy-O")

Ocasek writes in staccato phrases, echoed in the bass playing of Benjamin Orr — rudimentary, almost banal, it should be wrong but it's right. The album doesn't have a song as catchy as "Just What I Needed" or "My Best Friend's Girl", but its strength is its consistency and confidence.

In many ways the Cars are a *dumb band* (the Cars? what sort of dopey name is that?). Their music lurches sideways uncomfortably, even uncertainly, and they do obvious things like putting car motifs on their album covers (the first album showed a crazed, gash-mouthed woman at the steering wheel, *Candy-O* has a pneumatic Vargas cartoon dream-girl sprawled on the bonnet of an unfinished auto).

Dumb? Like a fox. Ric Ocasek's vision of an urban netherworld is considerably more interesting than remakes of Tommy James songs.

Ken Williams

Jules and the Polar Bears
Got No Breeding
CBS

The difficulty people have in categorizing this band has invariably been a feature of the three or four write-ups about them that I've read. This can very often be a strength for any band while at the same time acting as a potential bar to wider success following the first wave of interest. American bands of a similar eclecticism and moments of real excellence like the Lost Gonzos or Orleans for example, would seem to be prime examples.

Jules and the Polar Bears' strongest qualities lie with the lyrics and vocals of one-time Chappell Music staff writer Jules Shear. The backing and arrangements have an uncluttered and assured feel that is the mark of experienced journeymen players, they do very well what has been done well many times before and inject just enough of their own originality to keep it interesting. But Jules is the star.

Jules spills his often very telling lyrics with an unusual stringy voice that sounds best on the slower and medium tempo songs where it becomes especially affecting, recalling the best of Jackson Browne or Steve Miller. Good examples would be "Home Somewhere" and "Lovers By Rote", but the brassier rockers like the title track work less well for me.

The high points of the album suggest that with a clear picture of their own strengths and

a continuing simplicity of approach, Jules and the Polar Bears will make an even better second album

Terence Hogan

The Members
At The Chelsea Night Club
Virgin

No doubt about it, the last couple of years have seen the revival of the rock'n'roll single. One of the hottest contenders currently around is The Members' "Sound Of The Suburbs". Though I hate to say it, this is another case where the album contains nothing to equal the single.

As suggested by its great title, the single has the self consciously classic quality of "My Generation", "We Gotta Get Out Of This Place" or "Friday On My Mind". In a similar vein are the more successful tracks of the album "Don't Push" and "Solitary Confinement". Musically they recall the sixties, but with a post-punk power treatment, and there is a definite youth anthem slant to the lyrics.

However the rest of the album is made up of competent white reggae and medium paced hard rock. Sure, it grows on you after a few listens but that's not much of a recommendation, especially when you look at the state of the competition.

So taken overall *At The Chelsea Night Club* is neither a clear success nor a clear failure. It occupies that great middle ground. Maybe I'm damning the album by faint praise but I can't get any more excited about it than that.

Dominic Free

George Thorogood
and the Destroyers
Move It On Over
Stockade

Energy is the key to this, Thorogood's second album, which again sees singer-guitarist Thorogood and his trio skilfully and successfully tackling blues, powerful slide guitar, raw rock and roll, and country and western.

Drawing as much on the early rockabilly performers like Presley, Carl Perkins and Jerry Lee Lewis, as on the bluesmen, George Thorogood emerges with a personal sound which may be a watermark for excitement in the seventies.

Thorogood employed acoustic guitar on a couple of tracks on his first album, but here he sticks to the electric instrument, cranking out rocking versions of Muddy Waters' "The Same Thing", Chuck Berry's "It Wasn't Me", Slim Harpo's "I'm Just Your Good Thing", Elmore James' "Baby, Please Set a Date", and, from the country roots of rock, Hank Williams' "Move It On Over".

The Destroyers have the ability to get people up and dancing and, thankfully, they don't take themselves too seriously. If you were too young for the rush of rock and roll in the fifties and the rhythm and blues boom of the sixties, then George Thorogood's your man. He rocks hard.

Nigel Horrocks

The Rubinoos
Back to the Drawing Board
Berskeley

My brother (no, I won't tell which one) says that we might as well listen to the Partridge Family as the Rubinoos. Which means he doesn't go much on either. But, in these days of instant pop revivals, such comparisons are hardly safe comment. Couldn't I just prefer the Rubinoos?

Anyway, it'd be impossible to take great exception to a nice bunch of boys like this. They play well and tight, and sing that way too. But everything sounds curiously familiar and, worse for those who want a little diversity on the one record, similar. And, while I'm at it — they suffer badly from a lack of any real bite or outright enthusiasm.

But — perhaps — that's pop. There's some lovely boppy stuff on this album. It's almost all absurdly catchy with desperately insane lyrics to match. Witness the wonders of "I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend", "Lightning Love Affair" and "1.2.3. Forever" (5,4,3,2, gether — get it?).

But, it's a fine line, as they say, and the Rubinoos just don't quite make it. They're too sharp for the Top 40, but not sharp enough for the higher scores; they're fun but not funny enough for me.

Louise Chunn



Devo



Steve Gibbons

Devo-Future

Devo
Duty Now For The Future
 Warner Bros

I can't really say that I've ever been much of a Devo fan, although it'd be more truthful to say I hadn't given them a great deal of thought. Wilfully arrogant though this may be, *Duty Now For The Future* isn't about to alter my consciousness either.

But, don't be deceived — I rather like this record, and not only out of perversity. Disregarding for the moment the theories of de-evolution and any attempts on my part to clarify such dogma, just take a listen to the album.

Second up on Side One is "Clockout" — a totally crazed but perfectly phrased parody of the Beach Boys' "Wipe Out". And — can you believe it? — it's a beauty! A real little rocker but as idiosyncratic as hell.

From the same side are two more set to catch attention. "Blockhead" bears the unmistakable marks of "Jocko Homo". Devo's war cry from album No 1. It's very spare, automated, repressed and even. It thuds. "S.I.B. (Swelling Itching Brain)" is similar, but even more so. It's dreadfully tedious, but most disturbingly infectious. It's also a very nasty concept if your brain dares to ponder upon it.

So it goes on. If that's what you want, Devo can terrify you. They can make you believe that sex is nothing but "a message from below... a need that must be filled". Make you mistrust your genes, believe that it's all the same as putting poles in holes anyway. That it's a wiggly world.

They're right too. Life is never straight up and down. But that's hardly the whole story. It seems to me there's a little more to this mortal coil than wiggles.

While I can appreciate their philosophy, I think it's halfbaked and I think they know it. When they're really good, they're more amusing than frightening. But, in terms of a world view, they're simplistic, facile even. And, yes, I

know they're meant to be, but that makes no difference.

Of course, all this is to ignore their peculiarly individual musical style. That too is less merry than cynical. Bob Mothersbaugh thinks that guitars are passe. "they're getting tired, they won't make the noises we want."

They're into synthesizers then, in a big way. Too big. Too often they sound like rubber toys underfoot in a bath. I'm not joking. It gets boring too.

But that's the point. In the automatic age in which Devo purports to live, baths and music are equally boring. I mean, isn't that just awful?
Louise Chunn

Frank Zappa
Sheik Yerbouti
 CBS

There was a time, I think it was about 1971-2 when it seemed that Frank Zappa represented the zenith of rock as a sophisticated art form (pant, pant). But some of the old Zappa formulae don't seem to work the same magic anymore.

Why is a man of Zappa's age and status bothering to satirise disco dancers still in "dancin' Fool"? Is "Bobby Brown" an insult to gays, or just a brilliant (?) piece of irony? Why is "Yo' Mama" allowed to clock in at over 12 minutes? These are some of the questions the new Zappa album raises.

Technically, apart from a feeble "Sheik Yerbouti Tango", it is brilliantly put together — real pyrotechnics stakes, but its main problem seems to lie in its being a double album when it probably only contains enough material for two sides. This is most notably evident in an instrumental like "Rubber Shirt" which is 3 minutes odd of nothing. Perhaps it is revealing that at the end of Side 1 a voice asks, rather incredulously "Did you just record that?" To which the answer is "Yes, and three more sides of it".

All in all then a disappointment, particularly as it marks what could have been a fresh start for Zappa on a new label.
William Dart

Culture
Cumbolo
 Virgin

Even in Jamaica, Culture is a relative newcomer. In three years of existence, they have produced three albums (starting with the acclaimed *Two Sevens Clash*) and a string of Jamaican hits. Where it matters, they get respect.

If they haven't taken Babylon by storm (let alone bus) it's because their sound is so strongly African, harder than the rest. Unlike Toots, whose voice is always right up front, Culture keep the vocals further back, in with the band. The result is a smokey sound that takes just a little longer to grip.

Like Winston Rodney, lead singer Joseph Hill writes catchy brain hooks and lyrics that are very Rasta in outlook.

*Them never love them never love
 Them love not a prophet in his time
 How do you expect them to love
 Jah Rastafari in his time?*

Apart from the unerringly excellent Hill songs, a Rasta version of "This Train" stand out, showing reggae's gospel roots, and Rasta's heavy leanings on the Old Testament.

This train carry no backbiters This train

Maybe one day someone will release some Mighty Diamonds, some Max Romeo, or Burning Spear's brilliant *Marcus Garvey*. I keep waiting. Meanwhile, Culture on your turntable is at least forty good minutes of rocker's time. And you don't have to be a Rasta to understand that.
John Malloy

Steve Gibbons Band
Down In The Bunker
 Polydor

If the Steve Gibbons Band have a problem it's a lack of identity. They wear their eclecticism like a glove, making it hard sometimes to perceive substance beneath the mask.

At their best they play great, cruising rock and roll ("Any Road Up" and "Eddy Vortex" are rockabilly, the latter invoking the ghost of Eddie Cochran, real drape coal stuff) and in "No Spitting On the Bus" they have made a seventies answer to the Who's "Magic Bus". Bo Diddley goes Calypso in the form of a West Indian bus conductor.

The album's obvious single is the title song, which is heavy in martial handclaps and juxtaposes Gibbons' leer against bomb bursts of drums and air-raid guitars. "Down In The Bunker" could mark the direction the band may pursue.

Stacked against these (and other) superlative highpoints are a couple of grotesque Dylan copies, which could be either homage or parody. Perhaps they're both. Jarring they certainly are.

At their best, the Steve Gibbons band is extraordinarily good, but when they're ordinary they're very much so.

On the strength of about a third of the songs I'd like to have given an unqualified recommendation, but it's a case of the rough with the smooth.

Ken Williams

Robert Johnson
Close Personal Friend
 Mercury

Unlike his namesake (the bluesman who died in the 1930s), this modern day Robert Johnson is no figure of despair. Instead he plays guitar-based rock n' roll that draws its style from the Beatles, the Who and other 60's popsters.

Lacking a distinctive vocal style, Johnson's most impressive attribute is his guitar playing. For despite his years as a guitarist on soul music sessions in Memphis, his clear, ringing and forceful style owes much to Pete Townshend. This ability to play strong chord patterns and tough but melodic solos combines with the overwhelming enthusiasm of his approach to even the weakest of his self-penned songs to inject an edge that carries Johnson far beyond the run of the mill power pop practitioners.

Unfortunately Johnson, unlike at least some others drawing on the same era for inspiration, has yet to form a totally personal style out of these inputs or to find anything distinctive to say. But then Elvis Costello's are not born everyday.
Alastair Dougal

The Shirts
 Harvest

Inevitably, rock music is a great stamping-ground for band-wagon jumpers. New York band the Shirts have suffered much chastisement from overseas rock press for trying to join the dregs of the New Wave movement, and missing the boat in the process.

The Shirts' background negates this criticism, however: their music is simply the sum of its influences — most prominently the Jefferson Airplane and Lou Reed, plus the genre that man helped spawn.

The crux of the biscuit, so to speak, is that the Shirts debut album combines incompatible mutations of New Wave cliches and hippie psychedelia to awkward and sometimes patently neutered/diluted effect.

The opening three songs, "Reduced To A Whisper", "Tell Me Your Plans", and "Empty Ever After" are solid, memorable pop pieces but elsewhere the album sinks in the muddy mire of Mike Thorne's production.

It's worth noting that this was recorded in April of '78, though, so the Shirts may well have resolved their problems.

If the real thing was too potent a mixture for you, the Shirts may just appeal. It's heartening to note that for once the token female vocalist, Annie Golden, certainly wasn't chosen for pin-up value!
Gary Steel

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Last week's placings are in brackets

USA ALBUMS June 30, Cashbox

- 1 (1) **Breakfast In America** Supertramp
- 2 (2) **Bad Girls** Donna Summer
- 3 (3) **Rickie Lee Jones**
- 4 (5) **At Budokan** Cheap Trick
- 4 (4) **We Are Family** Sister Sledge
- 6 (8) **I Am** Earth, Wind & Fire
- 7 (6) **Desolation Angels** Bad Company
- 8 (10) **The Gambler** Kenny Rogers
- 9 (24) **Discovery** ELO
- 10 (11) **Van Halen II** Van Halen

UK ALBUMS June 23, NME

- 1 (4) **Discovery** ELO
- 2 (3) **Parallel Lines** Blondie
- 3 (1) **Voulez Vous** Abba
- 4 (5) **Manifesto** Roxy Music
- 5 (9) **This Is It** Various
- 6 (7) **Lodger** David Bowie
- 7 (1) **Do It Yourself** Ian Dury
- 8 (10) **Whole Night Through** James Last
- 9 (20) **Reach For It** Sky
- 10 (6) **Breakfast In America** Supertramp

NZ SINGLES July 1, NZFPA

- 1 (1) **Baby It's You** Promises
- 2 (3) **Lay Your Love On Me** Racey
- 3 (2) **Reunited** Peaches & Herb
- 4 (4) **Knock On Wood** Amii Stewart
- 5 (13) **Lucky Number** Lene Lovich
- 6 (6) **Trojan Horse** Luv
- 7 (16) **Hooray It's A Holiday** Boney M
- 8 (10) **When You're In Love** Dr Hook
- 9 (7) **Hot Stuff** Donna Summer
- 10 (5) **Heart Of Glass** Blondie
- 37 (34) **Right First Time** Th' Dudes
- 43 (33) **Make Love To Me** Tina Cross

NZ ALBUMS July 1, NZFPA

- 1 (2) **Very Best Of** Leo Sayer
- 2 (1) **Breakfast In America** Supertramp
- 3 (-) **Lodger** David Bowie
- 4 (3) **Rickie Lee Jones** Rickie Lee Jones
- 5 (-) **The Phenomenon** Demis Roussos
- 6 (6) **Minute By Minute** Doobie Bros.
- 7 (4) **Voulez-Vous** Abba
- 8 (5) **At Budokan** Bob Dylan
- 9 (-) **Candy-O** The Cars
- 10 (7) **Parallel Lines** Blondie
- 11 (10) **Manifesto** Roxy Music
- 12 (16) **George Thorogood & The Destroyers**
- 13 (8) **The Cars** The Cars
- 14 (9) **Armed Forces** Elvis Costello
- 15 (15) **Spirits Having Flown** Bee Gees
- 16 (11) **Don't Walk Boogie** Various
- 17 (13) **Promises** Promises
- 18 (18) **Dire Straits** Dire Straits
- 19 (-) **Stateless** Lene Lovich
- 20 (12) **Buildings & Food** Talking Heads
- 29 (31) **Frenzy** Split Enz

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Singles

And it's hats off to CBS for releasing the **On-ly Ones** classic 1977 debut single. "Lovers of Today" on the flip of the official A side "Out There in the Night" taken from their new album *Even Serpents Shine*. "Lovers" steals the honours with Perrett sounding like a Ray Davies understudy, fresh and forceful, and "Out There in the Night" is also on target. Snap it up.

David Bowie is back but he won't score with the lacklustre "Boys Keep Swinging" from *Lodger*, but **George Thorogood** has more than enough raunch to make up as he growls on "Who Do You Love?" and storms in with a superb version of Hank Williams' classic "Move It On Over".

XTC with, I presume, a new guitarist in tow, turn in a breezy sixties pop Colin Moulding effort, "Life Begins At the Hop", and the **Members** take the mickey out of big business with the reggae of "Offshore Banking Business" while on the flip you get "Solitary Confinement", exuberant punk — their first record and originally recorded on Stiff. **Magazine** sound like they mean business on the ominously swinging "Believe That I Understand" taken from *Secondhand Daylight*. You should have the album, great song though, and you should have **Iggy's** *New Values* without having to buy his ode to boredom "I'm Bored". Nice pic sleeve for the **Sex Pistols'** "Silly Thing", energy and a facile tune, in other words a big improvement on their last single. **Elvis Costello** muses that "Accidents Will Happen", but the real interest lies on the two unreleased tracks on the B-side, "Talking In



George Thorogood

the Dark" (medium-paced, emphatic chorus) and "Wednesday Week" (fast'n'furious) both of which should be owned if you are in the least interested in Mr. McManus.

New LA band, **Slow Children**, make a noteworthy start with the staccato "Staring at the Ceiling". **The Beach Boys** go back to their goldmine sound on "Good Timin'", counter-harmonies and a yearning melody, I fall for it every time, well almost every time.

Bob Marley's "Stir It Up" needs no introduction, it's only a shame he's used the inferior *Babylon By Bus* version, meanwhile the **Twinkle Brothers** add reggae to the Jim Reeves' ballad "Distant Drums", and it works. Speaking of ballads, **Rex Smith** has a polished arrangement and a quality performance on "You Take My Breath Away", but it ain't my cup of meat.

LET'S DANCE??

Sylvester up-dates "I (Who Have Nothing)", but there's something perverse about disco-fying old standards, but **Anita Ward's** spirited "Ring My Bell" and **Diana Ross's** "The Boss" put matters right. **Electric Light Orchestra** put on their dancing shoes for "Shine A Little Love", they had to change because their old cumbersome rock style was killing them.

NZ TALENT

New but experienced band, **Shotgun**, take a cue from the Bad Company style on the fairly impressive "Taste of the Devil", and **Hello Sailor** and **Golden Harvest** on "I'm A Texan" and "Live My Life", respectively, stick to their tried and true approaches.

GEORGE KAY

RIP IT UP No. 24 JULY '79

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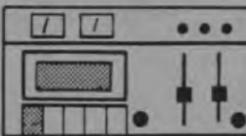
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Film Fun

The next film from **Walter Hill** (*The Driver*, *The Warriors*) is to be titled *Outlaws* and will include not only John Carradine but also his sons Keith, David and Robert. Also appearing will be Lloyd Bridges and his sons Beau and Jeff and brothers Stacy and James Keach. **Neil Diamond** is now signed to take the title role in the remake of *The Jazz Singer*. Diamond will also supply the soundtrack... *Star Trek, The Movie* is nearing completion at a cost of \$30 million and a Xmas release is scheduled. **Laura Nyro** is to supply three songs for *The Graduate, Part Two* which begins filming later this year... the Venice Film Festival in August should see premieres of a number of notable films. Included in the programme are **Stephen Spielberg's** *1941*, **Bob Fosse's** *All That Jazz*, **Bernardo Bertolucci's** *The Moon*, the **Taviani Brothers** *The Meadow* and **Norman Jewison's** *And Justice For All* (with Al Pacino)... the **Blues Brothers** movie will include many musical greats. Among them are James Brown, Aretha Franklin, Cab Calloway, Ray Charles, Lightning Hopkins and John Lee Hooker... the Polish Government is putting up \$8 million towards the cost of **Stanley Kramer's** concentration camp drama, *The Survivor*... and it's interesting to note that Joseph Conrad's story *The Heart of Darkness* that provides the basis for **Francis Ford Coppola's** *Apocalypse Now* was, forty years ago, going to be Orson Welles' first film. Instead Welles' went on to make *Citizen Kane* as his screen debut...

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Letters

POST LETTERS TO *RIP IT UP*, PO BOX 5689, AUCKLAND 1. WIN AN LP VOUCHER.

I would just like to clear up a point raised by Alice in the June *Rip It Up*. Johnny Volume has been known by that name since 1976 when The Scavengers (direct ancestors of The Marching Girls) came into existence. The name Johnny Volume was used in the fifties by a long forgotten rock'n'roller and again by Johnny Thunders before he settled on Thunders. The name was not so much stolen as adopted by Ken Cooke as a tribute to the New York Dolls.

It's ironic that The Marching Girls should be slagged for getting a little free publicity. How short people's memories are. In early 1977 The Scavengers, along with The Suburban Reptiles

were the only two bands to put themselves out on a limb by playing the so-called *new music*.

They were subjected to ridicule and abuse by many of the people who now sport spikey hairdos and stilettos. The established media screamed *Shock! Horror!* and termed it a passing fad. The only real support came from the fledgling *Rip It Up*.

It was these two bands and a small group of supporters who paved the way for the now flourishing (and extremely safe) scene now at the forefront of Auckland music.

Perhaps this letter helps put things into perspective.

Simon Parnell

P.S. It would also be nice if a lot of people realised how much they owe to two DJs — Bryan Staff and the much maligned Barry Jenkin, both of whom were at least willing to take a few chances.

Having just perused briefly the June *Rip It Up* I felt compelled to write some comments

Alice's letter. Being a Scavs fan from

k I was jolly pleased to hear news of them. It's good to hear what bands actually do when they leave NZ.

Johnny Volume had his name before the Boomtown Rats were even heard of, if I can stretch my memory back that far, there was a rumour (probably perpetuated by Johnny) that Max what's-name had filched the idea. But of course, they may be related.

Rip It Up has risen twenty five notches in my estimation since reading the smashing review of Proud Scum. I always thought the mag stuck to old *tried and true* bands, with a few lines in *Rumours* for newcomers. Proud Scum are pretty-bloody-good. Did anyone catch their two impromptu concerts in the Mt. Eden Road shopping centre?

Ali Rat Mt. Eden

I must congratulate Harry Ratbag for his cleverness in spotting that the Electrabeat review in the May *Rip It Up* was written by none

other than the brother of Electrabeat guitarist Ben Free.

However, I do not see how he can describe the write-up as a "rave review". Dominic slates the band on no less than three counts. I wonder too if Ratbag is aware that Al Campbell (not related to any band member) wrote a more complimentary review in the *Sunday News* on May 20.

I cannot agree with Ratbag's description of Electrabeat as "crappy". CB, the Swingers and Terrorways all seem happy to do gigs with Electrabeat. Believe it or not Harry, there is a small but growing bunch of loyal Electrabeat supporters. And give the lads some credit — they perform 50 percent originals which is not bad for a band formed in February.

John Arthur Tamaki

P.S. I wonder if Ratbag can guess who my mother is?

F**king *Rip It Up* — you're all old men. You don't believe young bands can do it, do you?

To be a New Zealand band, you have to be professional boring old bastards, used up, all squeezed out, hackneyed, stuffed, have an athletic stage act and perform well played shit.

Well, us young bands are coming!

A. Gray North Shore

I think I will have to drop into the RSA this month and help ya on the next issue.

Marq North Shore

I have to agree with that musician guy that who wrote in June complaining about *Rip It Up*'s unnecessary emphasis on new wave. Why does *Rip It Up* have to be so bloody new wave orientated? Shit, if I wanted to read about new wave I would have bought one of those one-eyed pommie magazines like *Melody Maker* or *NME*.

Duncan Campbell's article on the incomparable Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers last August was a gem, but unfortunately such highlights have proved a rarity since then.

Rip It Up's coverage of the local scene is marvellous, but excess coverage of untalented British new wavers serves only to encourage juvenile rantings from pubescent pseudo-punks like Horris Horrible.

Stephen Stills Christchurch

I am confessing that I'm addicted to *Rip It Up*. Back in those dusky, primeval days (early 77), I found your mag on a shelf in a quiet backstreet record emporium.

When the hip lady behind the counter wasn't looking, then I did my dirty deed, I pinched a mag and sneaked off, back down the dirt track to my pad.

Two moons (and two mags) had passed by before I finally realised that the joke was on me, after being copped, I found out that your mag was *Free*.

T.M. Invercargill

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SIDE TWO

Inner Circle (Wanted Dead or Alive) — Robert Palmer (Best of Both Worlds) — Melodians (Rivers of Babylon) — Disco Reggae Band Black Slate (Sticks Man) — Inner Circle (One Big Happy Family) — Zap Pow (This is Reggae Music) — Reggae Clinic 65 (Take Five) — Toots and the Maytals (Reggae got Soul) — Dillinger (Cocaine in my Brain)



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