

RIP IT UP

NO. 25 AUGUST 1979 20,000 FREE MONTHLY



IGGY FEELGOODS
DOLLY TOY LOVE



PHOTOS BY MURRAY CAMMICK

Don't get Lee Brilleaux wrong. "I mean, I've nothing against being a millionaire. In fact, I think it'd be a lot of fun." But lean, lanky Lee knows deep down in his pub-rocker's heart that it won't happen. Not unless mass taste embraces whole-heartedly the good-timing public house rhythm and blues of Dr Feelgood.

Lee Brilleaux is an archetypal pub-rocker in an archetypal pub-rock band. He leans back in the car taking him from the airport to his hotel, angular body pulled tight against the frigid Auckland night. He's tired and unshaven after a flight from Australia where the night before the Feelgoods played to an enthusiastic audience of some 600 ("about the right number," he asserts, pausing to assess the news that the band will be playing to about 1800 in Auckland and Wellington).

By coincidence Dr Feelgood arrive at Mangere as Gladys Knight and the Pips and their entourage fly in. The contrast is stark. These are the Americans, not a thread out of place, organised like clockwork, slick, and here come the boys from Essex, opportunity shop jackets, real short ones from the mid-sixties ("bum freezers", me mum calls 'em), threadbare patched jeans. They look a little bewildered. And they've lost their manager, Chris Fenwick, somewhere between the plane and Customs.

"Great grub on Air New Zealand," Brilleaux enthuses. "My favourite plane, the DC-10 — so long as the motor don't drop off."

As promoters, record company people and assorted go-fers shuffle around looking for the

missing Fenwick ("he's a big bloke, fawn jersey"), Brilleaux talks about the band's new album, *Live as It Happens*, which contains live versions of material from *Private Practice* and its predecessor, *Be Seeing You*, as well as a few previously unrecorded songs. Carl Perkins' "Matchbox" is one of them, but try as they might none of the band can recall the others. Oh, they've found Fenwick ("the Whale", as the others call him). We're off.

Lee Brilleaux is nobody's idea of the pop star. He seems happy to keep it that way. He's an articulate man with a pretty clear grasp of the music business and a wry sense of humour.

His attitude towards everything in general seems best summed up by his opening remark at the airport when a record company man commented on the Feelgoods' lack of luggage. "You've got to keep it simple; otherwise, it gets messy." That's Dr Feelgood.

"Nick Lowe once called us the most famous local band in the world," says Brilleaux, and "that's what we are. I mean, success hasn't come to us overnight. I was talking a few weeks ago to Pick Withers, the drummer for Dire Straits. We were playing a festival in Germany. They were top of the bill and we were about fourth on the bill. In six months they've gone from nothing to international stars, America, the lot. I'm glad we haven't had that kind of success. I mean, I'll never be a star. Not unless public taste changes. Of course, the rock and roll business is the most unpredictable business there is so who knows what will happen."

"People talk about Bruce Springsteen being another Bob Dylan, but there's no way. There won't be another Beatles, Stones, even Led Zeppelin. It's so fragmented now, and will remain so in the near future.

"People won't be buying just one record or one sort of music. They'll be buying lots of different things."

For the Feelgoods the trip down under is "an exploratory expedition" to play a few gigs and test the water. It all seems a little disorganised. They were meant to have played Japan before coming down here, but didn't. Brilleaux isn't sure how long they'll be in Australia or whether they will play Japan or just when they'll be back in England, although it has to be by early August when they start work on a new studio album.

He concedes that the band has only slowly come to grips with the recording studio. "When we started out we were very naive about studios. Some groups get off on being in the studio and making records. But we're a live band. You go crazy if you're in the studio too long. *Private Practice* was recorded in two weeks."

Brilleaux is concerned about getting the urgency of a live performance on record, and of their studio albums, only *Private Practice* seems to approach the manic vigour of their performances. He feels the Feelgoods' audience regards their records as secondary to their live performance and he sees the new live album as "a parallel" to *Stupidity*, their big-selling live set which represented the group as it was before the acrimonious split with guitarist Wilko Johnson.

In some ways the new live album will portray the band at the end of a period. "Gypie Mayo has been with us two years and this will show us as we are since he has been with the group. On our next album we may develop a few things which showed up on *Private Practice*." Brilleaux mentions using acoustic guitars, but is vague about the direction of the new record,

half of which is already written. He is adamant that it will continue in the Feelgood vein of rocking rhythm and blues.

The new album will be produced by Mike Vernon, a key figure in the British blues boom of the sixties. Vernon produced such seminal records as *John Mayall's Bluesbreakers with Eric Clapton*, before setting up his own Blue Horizon label.

The Feelgoods have been hanging out with Vernon. They respect him professionally and like him as a person. Liking the people they work with is important. "We're very tight, the four of us and Chris (the manager)," says Lee. "When Gypie came in we spent a couple of days jamming — and weighing him up as a person. He was a hot player but we had to get along together as well. I can't stand those bands that are always scrapping."

Speaking of scrapping, dare we ask about the gone but not forgotten Wilko Johnson? "I saw Wilko a couple of weeks ago. He has a band called the Solid Senders now. He was playing the Hammer&Smith Odeon with the J. Geils Band. He's between record contracts at the moment. I think he's recording his own album."

"I mean, we're not daggers drawn or anything, but I won't deny we've had our ups and downs."

But it's the past. Lee Brilleaux is far more interested in getting out the next night and playing. "I mean, you can do all this publicity, interviews, TV, but it's not until you're up there in front of people playing that you can prove you can cut the mustard."

Cut the mustard the Feelgoods can. On stage they're a mixture of the heroic and the shabby. Their music explodes with a manic

CONTINUED ON PAGE 3




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Nick Lowe



Small Stuff

Led Zeppelin may have been away for a few years but they've definitely not been forgotten. After setting a one-off British concert date at Knebworth in August, Zeppelin and their promoters were stunned to learn that the show sold out in record time for an outdoor event. In fact, 264,000 tickets were sold in two days and all without even announcing the support acts. Now a second concert at Knebworth has been scheduled and with most of the support acts confirmed (they are Todd Rundgren, the Marshall Tucker Band and Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes) bookings may well be equally heavy for the second show ... both **Pete Townshend** and **The Clash** are to play separate benefit concerts in London for the Rock Against Racism organisation. Townshend will be backed by friends Tony Butler on bass, The Who's Kenny Jones on drums, Rabbit Bundrick on keyboards and Peter Hope-Evans on harmonica ... meanwhile Who bassist **John Entwistle** has begun work on his new solo album with Eagles' guitarist Joe Walsh ... **Al Kooper** has assembled a host of well-known musicians for his first permanent band since he formed Blood, Sweat and Tears over ten years ago. The as yet unnamed band includes guitarists Jeff Baxter and Elliot Randall, Little Feat drummer Richie Hayward, Neil Stubenhaus on bass, Kooper and session ace Jai Winding on keyboards, while taking lead vocals is Glenn Hughes formerly of Deep Purple. Kooper asserts that the band will be "a cross between Steely Dan and the Isley Brothers" ... meanwhile the real **Steely Dan** are recording in New York and, finding a good drummer difficult to come by, placed want ads on the notice-board at the Manhattan School of Music. Commented Donald Fagen: "We're looking for someone young and fresh" ... **Mavis Staples**, the stunning lead voice of the Staples has quit the group to pursue a solo career. However the Staples will continue and new members of the Staples' family will be drafted in to replace her. Mavis' new solo album *Oh What a Feeling* was recorded at Muscle Shoals with producers Jerry Wexler and Barry Beckett ... who also produced **Dylan's** newie, *Slow Train Coming*. It's now confirmed that backing the Zim on the album are Dire Straits' Mark Knopfler and Pick Withers together with Barry Beckett on keyboards and Tim Drummond on bass with the Muscle Shoals' Horns and back-up singers. A September release date is predicted ... work continues on the collaboration of the decade between the tycoon of teen, producer **Phil Spector** and those blitzkrieg boppers, **The Ramones**. The album will include a version of the Ronettes' "Baby, I Love You" recorded with strings. Joey Ramone com-

mented: "The sound on the playbacks is like the whole room shakes. It's like being blown up" ... New Zealander **Charlie Tumahai** is one of the members of newly formed British band The Dukes. Joining him in the combo are ex-Wings' guitarist Jimmie McCulloch, vocalist and guitarist Miller Anderson and one-time Stone the Crows keyboardist Ronnie Leahy. The Dukes are signed to Warner Brothers and a first LP is expected in September ... Nice Gestures Dept: various new wave groups in New York have scheduled a benefit to aid hospitalised soul singer Jackie Wilson and **Graham Parker and the Rumour**, currently on a US tour, have added Little Feat's "Tripe Face Boogie" to their set as a tribute to the late Lowell George ... and **Little Feat's** last album is now confirmed for September release under the title *Duck Lips* ... British heavy metal band **Whitesnake**, which already includes ex-Deep Purple members David Coverdale and Jon Lord, has now been joined by another Purple member, drummer Ian Paice ... despite some doubts expressed earlier, it's now certain that **Nick Lowe** will produce **Elvis Costello's** next album. Rumour also suggests that the recording may take place in Australia ... it's now confirmed that **Sham 69** are to split, though whether this means that the Jimmy Pursey-Sex Pistols alliance is on or not is unknown ... rumour has it that the reclusive **John Lennon** is working on his autobiography ... the next **Fleetwood Mac** album is completed and is, as previously reported, a double set titled *Tusks*. However, Mick Fleetwood has warned that the album is something of a departure for the band and another source has commented that the songs are clearly influenced by the new wave in that the songs are short, sharp and aggressive ... **Elton John** is currently in the Chateau Studios in Southern France to work on his next. Joining Elton are Toto guitarist Steve Lukather plus keyboard player James Newton Howard, bassist Reggie McBride and drummer Alvin Taylor ... Pink Floyd guitarist **Dave Gilmour** is to produce a solo album from ex-Pretty Things guitarist Phil May ... **Richard Perry** has signed actress **Diane Keaton** to his Planet Records label ... **Winston Rodney** (better known as Burning Spear) is currently in Jamaica recording with the Wailers ... while the latest album from **Bob Marley and the Wailers** will be titled *Survival*. The cover will feature the flags of all 49 African independent nations ... **Ian Dury** has a new single set for release and, as usual with Stiff Records, it's a track not featured on any album. The single is "Reasons to Be Cheerful — Part Three" ... while Stiff artist **Lene Lovich** is currently in Holland at work on her second album ... and expect new album releases over the next couple of months from the **Little River Band**: *First Under the Wire*, **J.J. Cale**, **Harry Nilsson** (produced by veteran soul guitarist Steve Cropper), **Ry Cooder's** rhythm and blues slanted set *Bop Till You Drop*, The **Sex Pistols' Carri On Sex Pistols** (a mixture of interviews, banned radio ads, snippets of live music and other oddments), and newies from **Van Morrison** and **Alan Parsons** ... and its with regret we note the death of trumpeter Blue Mitchell. Mitchell visited NZ twice with John Mayall ... rock and roll veteran, **Chuck Berry**, last month was given a three year suspended sentence after being found guilty of falsifying tax returns and failing to pay \$100,000 in taxes. His actual sentence will be four months in prison and a Court order that he must do a thousand hours of community services including a series of benefit concerts ... Little Feat members Paul Barrere and Bill Payne organised a tribute concert for **Lowell George**, held at LA's Forum on August 4th with all proceeds going to George's family. Friends of Lowell scheduled to appear were Linda Ronstadt, Jackson Browne, Emmy-Lou Harris, Nicolette Larson and Bonny Raitt ... recording in New York continues on **Bruce Springsteen's** new album. Together with the E Street Band, he has reportedly cut a song titled "Roulette", about the nuclear accident at Three Mile Island earlier this year ... guitarist **Gary Moore** has quit Thin Lizzy to pursue a solo career ... drummer **Carmine Appice** is putting together the Carmine Appice band with guitarist Earl Slick ... finally seeing Stateside release is the first **Clash** album, to which has been added four of their later singles, together with a giveaway seven inch with a further three tracks, including "I Fought the Law" ... other waxings scheduled for releases are newies from **Led Zeppelin** (*In Through the Out Door*), **Aretha Franklin**, **Chuck Berry**, **John Fogerty** and a double live set from **Joan Armatrading** ...

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AUGUST 29	ANGUS INN	HASTINGS
AUGUST 30	WESTOWN MOTOR INN	NEW PLYMOUTH
AUGUST 31-SEPT 1	AWAPUNI HOTEL	PALMERSTON NORTH
SEPT 2	ROCK THEATRE	WELLINGTON
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3-D



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

ferocity. It's also one-dimensional and repetitive. The players are brave, self-contained, boozy anachronisms. They're also still wearing the clothes they came off the plane in. Perhaps their greatest achievement is that they define their own terms. The Feelgoods create their own atmosphere. Heavily subdued lighting (mainly garish reds and blues) turns the Auckland Town Hall into a beer hall.

When Dr Feelgood hit the stage there's an immediate scramble for the front and from then on it's a veritable rock and roll riot. Pogo. It so appalls Town Hall management that the dailies quoted a dazed authority figure who wishes all his audiences were as undemonstrative as Dolly Parton's.

The music is straight from the heart. And the thigh and the hip. The man who dominates proceedings is Gypie Mayo. Fender Stratocaster out-thrust, he struts and prowls, turkeycock and panther. Brilleaux chain smokes and chain drinks, shouting into his mike. Sparko the bass player lays down the bottom that Brilleaux calls "flat and rubbery, almost sloppy." It rides along with the no-frills solidity of the Big Figure's drumming.

Brilleaux calls himself "a shouter not a singer" who bases his harp style on that of Howling Wolf, a blower not a technician. Tightly coiled, almost sinister, he's a perfect foil to the ever-moving Mayo.

The songs are mostly from *Private Practice* and *Be Seeing You*, although they go back

aways for "Stupidity" and "Back in the Night". "Milk and Alconol", "Down at the Doctor's" and "Night Time" are especially well received.

In the middle of the show there's a respite from the incessant riffing. "We do a slow blues by B.B. King called "Shotgun", says Brilleaux. "It's so slow we worried that the audience wouldn't dig it. Dr Feelgood being such an energetic group. But it makes a good contrast. We like the blues, but I wouldn't like to be in a blues band full-stop."

He needn't have worried. The audience can't pogo for ever, and they enjoy the opportunity to hear Gypie play some blues licks. It's not *Live at the Regal*, but it's not intended to be.

The slow blues is followed by a rough-house version of B.B. King's "You Upset Me, Baby" and we're back in the Feelgoods' mainstream. It's a great night for rock and roll and the encore is, appropriately, "Riot in Cell Block No. 9" followed by a loose reading of "Johnny B. Goode/Bye Bye Johnny" which allows Brilleaux to spoof James Brown.

Repeated cries of "Feelgood, Feelgood" and the boys reel back to render a sloppy "Great Balls of Fire" before calling it a night.

To Brilleaux, one of the best aspects of the musician's life is getting to meet different people. "I mean, before I became a musician the farthest I had been was north to Nottingham, but now I've been to every town in Britain, to Europe and now down here."

The audiences may speak with different accents, but a rocker is a rocker the world over.

And when the rocking's done the Feelgoods can retreat to Canvey Island, "still home base."

This part of eastern England is where the Feelgoods spent "30 to 50 per cent of our time, but after a couple of weeks at home I start getting restless."

Still, if the road ever gets too much for Lee Brilleaux perhaps he could take up his previous occupation, private detective.

"Bloody awful job. You'd go around and knock on some geezer's door. He'd come out. 'Wot you want?' 'I got a petition for your divorce'. He'd hit you. Makes working in a band seem pretty tame."

Ken Williams

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Tours

The tour surprise for August is the visit by the hot new Los Angeles band, **The Knack**. In the States their first album, *Get The Knack* is the fastest selling debut album, by a group, since *Meet The Beatles*.

In the December '78 *Rip It Up*, Graham Brazier and Harry Lyon described The Knack (Hello Sailor often played support act for them) as the hottest unsigned L.A. band. After Bruce Springsteen jammed with The Knack at the Troubadour and *Rolling Stone* described them as "L.A.'s hottest rookies", in February Capitol records signed the band.

Get The Knack was recorded and mixed with Mike Chapman (producer of Blondie's *Parallel Lines*) in eleven days. The album is reviewed on page 10 of this issue.

The Knack will perform in Auckland, August 13 and 15 at Mainstreet Cabaret and in the Wellington Town Hall on August 14. After their brief sneaky-preview of Australasia, the band returns to the USA to commence a major summer tour.

XTC are in the middle of a five week tour of Australia's finest drinking spots, but are unlikely to interrupt their tour to perform in New Zealand.

Midnight Oil is the first of several top Aussie bands who will tour NZ, performing in the major pubs. Dragon, The Angels and Cold Chisel are also likely to tour.

Midnight Oil is a Sydney based band and regarded as one of Aussie's most impressive live rock acts. Their debut album *Midnight Oil* has been released in NZ on Powderworks records (distributed by RCA). Vocalist, Peter Garrett's shaven head and threatening physique suggest that the band might rage a little on stage, even "ripping it up" (that's what their promo sheet promises).

Dates for Midnight Oil are: August 16-18 — Gluepot, Auckland, August 20 — Mainstreet (with Shotgun and Sheerlux), Auckland, August 21 — Sandown, Gisborne, August 22-25,

Hillcrest, Hamilton, August 27 — Cabana, Napier, August 29 — Angus Inn, Hastings, August 30 — Westown Motor Inn, New Plymouth, August 31-Sept 1 — Awapuni Hotel, Palmerston North, Sept 2 — Rock Theatre, Wellington, Sept 4-5 — Shoreline, Dunedin, Sept 6-8 — Alberts Nightclub, Queenstown, Sept 11-15 — Hillsborough Tavern, Christchurch.

Out on the road playing the big venues in August and September are New Zealand's own **Citizen Band**. Their tour is to promote their second album *Just Passing Through Town*, and includes several Town Hall concerts.

The dates for Citizen Band are: August 23-25 — Albert's Nightclub, Queenstown, August 26 — Dunedin Regent Theatre, August 30 — Theatre Royal Christchurch, August 31 — Sept 1 — Grove Tavern, Blenheim, Sept 2 — Wellington Town Hall, Sept 3 — Palmerston North Opera House, Sept 4 — Westown, New Plymouth, Sept 6 — Taupo College, Sept 7 — Wanganui Opera House, Sept 8 — Napier Municipal Theatre, Sept 10-12 — Sandown Park, Gisborne, Sept 13 — Tainui Tavern, Whakatane, Sept 14 — Rotorua Soundshell, Sept 15 — The Corner, Hamilton.

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AUGUST 30. NEW PLYMOUTH

AUGUST 31-SEPT 1. PALMERSTON NORTH
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Live

The Clash Rainbow Theatre, London — July 14.

Tonight's concert is sold out, the proceeds going to the Southall Defence Fund in a bid to free the six Southall youths Rock Against Racism claim were wrongfully arrested. Two benefits attract some heavy support — Pete Townshend played on Friday night with a group that included new Who drummer Kenny Jones, John "Rabbit" Bundrick, Peter Hope-Evans and Tony Butler, along with supporting acts Misty, the Pop Group and the Ruts. Tonight — the Enchanters, the Members, Aswad and, of course, the Clash. The Rainbow made it known earlier in the week that it would be prepared; the seats in the stalls would be removed. No cameras. No taperecorders. And no refunds.

Reggae music is dance music but it is not pogoing music. The Members, playing before Aswad, have a fairly decent song in "Sound of the Suburbs" and it is the pogoing highpoint of their set. And now it is time to pogo again.

The pogoers shuffle for position, warming up, and by the time the Clash appear the audience is packed tightly in front of the stage. The pogoing starts as the Clash unleash familiar songs "Safe European Home" and "Clash City Rockers". Close to the stage pogoing is a matter of survival; you don't just pogo because the songs demand it, you pogo for fresh air, to keep your place or get somebody else's, but above all you pogo for fun. If you don't you're knock out of the way.

The Clash play reggae you *can* pogo to, they play it true to their own style and better than any other white group. With the Clash reggae becomes music for the white revolt — "White Riot", "Police and Thieves" and "White Man in Hammersmith Palais" are just around the corner. The Clash are the first group to play white reggae, the only white group in the hall of reggae fame in Kingston, Jamaica.

"Safe European Home", "Garageland", "I'm So Bored with the USA" and "English Civil War" are all belted out with a ferocity and intensity missing from the studio recordings. New songs "London Calling", "Lover's Rock" and "The Police Walked in for Jazz" continue to refine that Clash sound, but without making any great steps forward.

For the moment then the Clash seem to be playing it safe though I have no doubt that Joe

Strummer, who has so far steered the group through wins and losses at little compromise, is aware of the awkwardness of their position. In debt to CBS who supported their first American tour, the Clash badly need success in the States. But there's much more to this than the question of whether to make compromises and how much to compromise, more at stake than some cult band's rise to stardom. To many fans the Clash alone are the last hope for the future of punk, the future of a new music that began by promising so much. They are one of the great rock bands of this century, but for all that they are only a rock band; rock's new working class heroes, but not its saviours.

Jeremy Templer



Gladys Knight and the Pips Trillos, Auckland

Diversity is Gladys Knight's watchword. She won't be classified a "soul" act. She and the Pips "are entertainers. Any attempts to put us in a category on the basis of colour would be cause for concern."

Pip Edward Patten is candid about it. "We're in the business to make a buck. There's no money in jazz."

After a year beginning in March 1978 when Gladys Knight and the Pips weren't able to record or perform because of various lawsuits against previous record companies, the

veteran act (25 years together, says Gladys, although she is a young 35) is back on the boards

From the smooth opener "This is a Lovely Way to Spend an Evening" onwards, Gladys and her white-clad Pips never put a foot wrong. The act is pure precision, a mix of the up-tempo (a new arrangement of Curtis Mayfield's "On and On" is my personal highpoint) and the easy listening.

Both Gladys and the Pips take solo spots in the show, and while the men are fine singers the star, inevitably, is Gladys Knight, who is blessed with one of the most expressively emotional voices in contemporary music, with the ability to range convincingly from moments of high passion to the intimate and confiding, even conversational in her singing.

Aurally and visually, Gladys Knight and the Pips are stunning. It's unfortunate that an insensitive sound system dissipated some of their impact.

Now they're after a disco hit. Unfortunately their disco offering, "You Bring Out the Best in Me", is one of the evening's lesser moments. The disco pulse is at odds with Gladys' emotional eloquence and she and the Pips are virtually buried by the busy arrangement. To obscure such voices is plain sinful.

Ken Williams

Rough Justice/Limbs Mainstreet

Sunday night usually finds a person a little burnt out for rock n' roll, but a combination like Rough Justice and Limbs is hard to turn down. They opened with what must by now be their signature tune, Aretha Franklin's "Baby I Love You". Rick Bryant has got to be the best R&B vocalist in the country and he cooks on that song. They cover a huge range of music from 50's R&B to sixties soul, disco even and, as per usual, the odd Stones cover.

Short on numbers they ain't. The line-up in-

cludes Tony Backhouse on vocals and guitar. His version of "Under The Boardwalk" included perfect falsetto notes and his own songs were strong, if a little complicated.

If they're great as a pub band, for dancing to your favourite black music, they still lack a little focus, Rick preferring to maintain a low profile, stepping into the sax section between vocals and the rest of the band keeping a workmanlike attitude around the stage. Not that I really expect three piece suits and choreography, but it doesn't hurt to push a little harder.

Not knowing anything about dance, I guess I could be taken in by a reasonably slick outfit. I can't get enough of Limbs though. Their combination of humour, energy and erotica, (not to mention vocal percussion and sheer visual impact,) leaves me gasping. Even at close range, their timing was spot on. The Mainstreet dancefloor must be a more difficult space to deal with than the more intimate Maidment Theatre, but their confidence and professionalism carried them through.

By the second Rough Justice set, the whole place got out on the floor, including the Limbs team (in civies), except me. There's a time when a person should just soak up the ambience, take in the visuals, maybe, and admire. You could do worse.

John Malloy

The Spelling Mistakes The Occidental

You just can't keep good men down it seems. Recent gigs by the Spelling Mistakes have seen a return to action by members of two now defunct new wave outfits. On the strength of their showing so far it looks like a promising partnership.

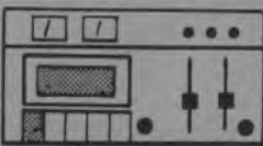
The Spelling Mistakes were formed by Nick Hanson (vocals) and Julian Hanson (drums) from Get Smart and they have apparently maintained that band's emphasis on energetic live performance. Supporting Julian Hanson in the hard working rhythm section is Nigel Russell and recruited for the guitarist slot is one of the more efficient young guitarists around, Warwick Hitler (ex-Aliens).

Led by Nick Hanson, undoubtedly the liveliest frontman anywhere in Auckland, they power through fast sets divided evenly into covers and original material. Initially they played all originals but were forced to include a half share of new wave standards, until their original material becomes more familiar to the audiences. Already their own new wave pop music sounds better than most of what is written by more established bands.

Full credit to a band who tries to kick out the jams at every gig but the act would improve if all the band members agreed on which number to play next, then began and ended it together. Those minor criticisms aside The Spelling Mistakes are a band worth catching up with. They have written some fine pop music and play it with energy to spare.

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The Spelling Mistakes

James Cameron, Reel to Real

Rumours

AUCKLAND

While out decorating the town, **Terrorways'** drummer, Gary Hunt, was arrested, spent the night in jail and was fined \$150 for spraying the letters 'TER' on a derelict Ponsonby wall. Look out for a Terrorways gig to pay the fine.

A New Zealand tour to promote their second album will keep **Citizen Band** busy in August and September. The album is titled *Just Drove Through Town* and CBS will have it in the shops on August 20. The album has been mixed and mastered in L.A. by Jay Lewis. The final track listing is "No Stereo", "We're The Boys", "Rust In My Car", "S.O.S.", "Protection" (the Graham Parker tune) and on Side Two — "City Slitz", "Another Night", "A Night At the Brit", "Acrobat", "Snarl" and "Just Drove Through Town".

More NZ vinyl to look out for ... Christchurch band, **Bon Marche** have a single out on Stetson records — "So This Is Love" (a Phil Judd song) c/w "(I Want to be an) Arab". The tracks were recorded at Marmalade Studios, Wellington and also produced by Jay Lewis. Next out in August is **Toy Love's** debut on Elektra — "Rebel" c/w "Squeeze". A video of "Squeeze" will appear on *Radio with Pictures* on August 14. Toy Love is touring the North Island this month and return to play the Gluepot starting September 6. **Th'Dudes** will release an all new "rock'n'roll" single — "Walking in the Light" late in August. The flip is "Bad Boy Billy" from their debut album.

Two new venues have opened doors in August. The **Basement** in Elliot Street (formerly Busby's Wine Bar) kicked out the disco and opened with **Toy Love**. The Basement is open Wednesday to Saturday and has a late license on the weekend. The **Squeeze** in Fanshawe Street features bands from 11pm to 2am. Seen on the Squeeze stage in July were Sheerlux, The Plague, The Swingers and Picture This.

Spelling Mistakes features the half of Get Smart that ain't in **Electrateat**. Nick (vocals)

and Julian Hanson (drums) are assisted by Nigel Russell (bass — replaced Keith Bacon, who left to start the Secret Agents) and Warwick Hitler (guitar) ... also new in town is **Picture This**, fronted by Lisa Schouw (vocals and keyboards) and David Spillane (sax, vocals). With Paul Wilson (bass), Keith Moyle (guitar) and Chris Burl (drums), Picture This cover tunes by Roxy Music, Police, Blondie, Patti Smith, etc

VINCE EAGER

WELLINGTON

Splits dept: Wellington's dwindling number of bands is sadly depleted by the breakup of both **Rough Justice** and **The Wonders**. The Rough's July 26 'Farewell Party' also starred the **Wide Mouthed Frogs** (in Auckland August 17-19), **Neville Purvis**, the **Windy City Strugglers**, **Gary McCormick** and the **Ducks**.

Reel to Real's new line-up had a successful first weekend at the Last Resort ... **The Normals** have left Wellington's pleasant clime to conquer Auckland ... **The Steroids** (who have dropped the "Johnny Mono and ..." tag) have recorded several songs at Crescendo Studios, Miramar ... when the **Crocodiles** record their album it's likely to feature Mark Hornbrook on bass and Bruno Lawrence on drums.

The **Rodger Fox Big Band** will be appearing at the prestigious Montreux International Jazz Festival in 1980.

If you have news for Wellington *Rumours* ring 858-971 (Wellington).

GARY STEEL

DUNEDIN

The big break came for hot new rock'n'roll school band, **Static**, when they supported **Th'Dudes** at the University Union. **Tibet**, a relatively new five piece band on the scene are gaining attention for their diverse covers and original songs.

Heavenly Bodies are going into 42B's studios to lay down tracks for a projected three song maxi-single. They intend to record six tracks, and likely numbers are live-in-the-studio versions of "15" and "All These Years".

Vocalist Sue Brown has joined **Shuffle** permanently, and the band may add keyboards. GEORGE KAY AND KEITH TANNOCK

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15 THE CORNER, HAMILTON



THIS IS IGGY POP

Auckland — The White Heron, Parnell, Wednesday July 11. Osterburg aka Iggy Pop, is in town to promote his new album, *New Values*.

The sound of a guitar is heard, as we step out of the lift on the second floor. In his room, Iggy is sitting in bright orange pyjamas (with red spots), doodling on his left-handed Fender. As we enter, he gives it to his manager to get it repaired.

He gets dressed and sits down, spilling cigarettes, joking, laughing, moving round. Throughout the interview he seems to be in constant motion, checking his hair in the mirror or jumping up to illustrate a point.

Are you happy with *New Values*?

"Yeah — but it's a little cerebral, there's a little too much ego in there — but yeah I like it. I had a lotta fun writing it. It got a tiny bit over-professionalised for my taste. But all in all, it came out pretty well."

There's not a great deal of guitar on it?

"No, because — well I wrote it on guitar and at the point we did the album I was pretty well unrecordable. I just told Scotty what to play and we used more than one instrument to get something near the sound I wanted. It didn't quite work out but I think that's only one side of it."

"The songs are awful damn good — I'm proud of the songs, I think the words are good, my voice is in good form on it and I like the theme of the album."

What's the theme for you?

"Well it's about getting along if you're not like everybody else. Because usually if you want to do something like travel, and have some fun, and eat good food, and be intoxicated most of your life — things like that usually you have to develop a pot belly and put on a f**king monkeysuit — you have to be a shithead. I've managed to tread a very narrow line (stands and demonstrates) a sort of do-si-do through the lonely financial zone. That's what the album's about. It's about me coming to terms with commercialism and the masses. It's about all the crap I've been through. I thought I'd get it all over with on one album."

"I used to be a tough nut for a half hour a week, and that would be when I'd go play, and the rest of the time I'd be a mess. Now I'm a tough son-of-a-bitch all the time. I'm even tough while I'm asleep."

You enjoy that?

"Yes. But it sometimes gets maddening because the industry I'm involved in is so big and has so many heads. The trick is to get them working for you instead of you working for them. And you do that by being a conniving little son-of-a-bitch. Which is what I've always been, I'm just developing my art." (Laughs).

How much did James Williamson have to do with the album?

"A great deal. He only co-wrote one song — 'Don't Look Down', but he encouraged me very strongly. He and David (Bowie) are strong

enough personalities to handle me in the studio. Studios are often a volatile situation for me because I don't like to compromise much."

"I don't know if you're familiar with my blurt technique but I'm basically a method singer in that I don't put pen to paper, I just wait until — 'Alright, I wanna sing now' and it comes out."

"With such a simple method, half of what comes out is great and the other half is blathering crap. I used to say — 'Great! Print it.'"

"Williamson would say, 'Look Jim, goddam it, I'm not letting you get away with it,' and we'd almost come to blows and he would make me sit down and throw out what was nonsense and make it make sense. James has added a nice conservatism."

"When the Stooges died James went one way and I went the other. James decided he wanted to learn, he was sick of being ignorant and uninterested. So he attends three schools simultaneously. He lives in LA — but that's his problem. He studies computer technology at Calpal, electronics at LA Community College and production at this great school called Sherwood Oaks Community College. So he got taught by Spector — who does seminars, Richard Perry — who he said was a pain in the ass, Tom Dowd, I forget the rest."

And I thought, 'I bet he's done his homework,' because James is thorough about whatever he does — 'he should produce a good album.'"

Will the next album be different?

"It'll definitely be more a guitar album. I've hired Williamson again as producer."

"That's another thing. You have to remember, I was in — *Will the real Sex Pistols please stand up*, I was in the Stooges. That was real. And now it's not real, because they're all dead or deranged, every one of them — I'm the only one left. I'm not gonna join a band who imitate what I did eight years ago. I'm all I've got. I'm not in a band anymore. If people work with me, they work for me."

So you won't be using the bands you used on the album and British Tour.

"No, I'm going to work with Glen Matlock on bass, James (Williamson) on guitar, (Klaus) Kruger on drums; the two Americans are out. I got bored to death with their f**king American pyrotechnic f**king fake machinations. They really think they know it all like, 'We gonna give some good solid rock'n' roll and eueghh' (laughs). I can't stand f**king rock'n'roll. I hate that word. There's nothing more useless in this world than a f**king rock and roll band. Oh God! 'We wanna suck your, aah ... grapefruit, honk honk' — F**king ass-holes."

"So I got rid of them. So it's down to James and Glen and Klaus and I. So it should be good."

"I did a good album called *The Idiot* with practically no guitar. You don't have to use one, but they are fun."

It wasn't as song oriented as the new one either?

"No, *The Idiot* was pretty much exercises. A lot of *New Values* is pretty much exercises. Musically they're not like an Elvis Costello song; na na na — which I hate too. I think he's a prick, hate his music, can't stand his phony stance. I'm sure when he goes to bed at night with his third rate groupie and his money — he's thinking about wars in Johannesburg. He's another one selling a bill of fake goods if I ever saw somebody — phony bastard."

Having lost the thread of the conversation at this stage I enquired what music he actually listened to. After mentioning the Residents and Roy Orbison, he explained.

"I like music with a bit of dignity to it. That's what I loved in the Sex Pistols sound, especially some of Glen's writing like 'Anarchy in the UK'. It had a majestic, dignified, swelling sound to it underpinning the singing. It's really beautiful."

Living in Germany is there much German music you're interested in?

"There's not much Kraftwerk. They're great artisans and sometimes when they're in the mood to do something serious they're good. They're horny guys and they usually get seduced by the bourgeois, so they miss sometimes."

"There's Michael Rother from Neu. They're terrific."

"The music I get out of Germany comes from what I see and the people I know and not from music in general. I don't listen to much. If I want to feel musical, I take a walk."

I was thinking that some of the Stooges work had the same feeling as Can?

"Did you think so, really? That's great — I never thought of that."

The building up of tension.

"Yeah, the boot in it. And also I'd start off like this, 'It's 1969 OK...' and then I'd end up screaming. I hadn't heard Can at the time. Actually there's great German music. Their ideas are all together, everything."

"Sometimes I wish I weren't a — well I'm a rock and roll star, you see and so my experimentations become somewhat limited because of that."

"It's good to know your limitations too. I know what I'm good at. I'm good at sex, I'm good at repelling violence quickly at my gigs and I'm good at handing over some good animalistic music with a good beat. I can also think a bit, but I try not to dwell on it." (Laughs).

What about *TV Eye*?

"That's a load of shit. I put it out to get out of RCA. It's almost humorous actually. I had never done tours before and I thought I'd do some so I could learn to do it correctly. I've seen too many guys going off the deep end touring. So I had mostly dependable, schlock, crappola bands, heavily weighted toward American West Coasters. Those guys played like gorillas, (gets up and demonstrates their stances). And I'd think 'My God what are they doing to my music?'"

"Sometimes the best things are carried out as plots that take years to carry out. I'm a schemer. I have a masterplan. I know where I'll be in 5 years and I don't want to share that now."

When did you start formulating this plan?

"It was in '76 — so far it's right on schedule. It was when I got the chance to do 'Sister Midnight'. That was the first suggestion that I might do some work. David asked me to sing the single. After that started going well, and we planned an album I decided — well Jim, I've gone through life without a plan, I'd better draw one up."

"I think plans are more exciting than this living-for-the-moment shit."

Adam Gifford





GOOD GOLLY MS DOLLY

Dolly Parton is simply gorgeous. Difficult though it is to accept, those sheets of deceptive-seeming promo and adoring articles in the press all ring true: her skin is flawless, her face is perfectly proportioned, and dimpled, just there. Her smile is an outright winner.

It seems vaguely insulting to a musician of Dolly Parton's capabilities to emphasis anything as frivolous as her physical appearance in favour of the tons of talent hiding therein. But, mostly, it's her choice.

"When teased hair first came out in the fifties I was a young girl then and I really loved teasing my hair. Then it started to go out of style — but I still really loved doing it.

"I moved to Nashville, still with the big hair-do, long since out-of-style. People started telling me I should change my look. And I thought — well, for somebody to tell me that only means they're noticing the way I look. So I decided to change it alright — by exaggerating it."

Clever reasoning. It's hard to ignore the size, and extraordinarily phoney colour, of Dolly's platinum blonde wig. Equally difficult to miss is the lime green cat suit arrangement with its intricate ties up the plump white arms, snugness at the thigh and surprisingly demure, but heavily sequinned, neckline. The biggest shock is just how anyone can look so damned pretty in that.

Only a few years ago a visit to New Zealand by one of the three 'Grand Dames' of country music would have raised little more than a patronising chuckle from the mainstream and music press. Wide acceptance for country music — and, in particular, Dolly Parton — is a recent phenomenon. It's certainly no accident though.

"I had been one of the major country stars for years. Every album would sell basically the same and I'd end up on the same place in the charts.

"I felt like I was standing still. I felt I should venture out and take my country music as it is and myself, the country person that I am, and do more. It was definitely a conscious effort to appeal to a wider audience."

You could almost say she has tried to create a 'new' Dolly Parton. But be careful to avoid saying so in front of the lady.

"I wish people wouldn't dwell on this 'New Dolly Parton', 'cos I am Dolly Parton. I'll always be a country person and whatever I do expands on that.

"I don't like it when people insinuate that I've left country music, or that I'm aiming to do so. I want to combine it all and be accepted — as I have been now."

HOLLYWOOD

Regardless of such protestations, Dolly is still new to those previously underexposed to the genre. The widening of the country audience brings the trappings, and traps, of commercialism with it, as Dolly discovered when she was offered a TV series in the US.

"When we discussed the show it was my understanding I could do it in a down-home



way. This meant that I could have people on that I thought would make a good show, not your typical TV show.

"Looking this way — with my gaudy appearance — I just have to project a genuine, real self. In the show they had me reading off of cue cards somebody's idea of what a Hollywood show personality would be saying. It wasn't the way I'd say things; it wasn't even the subjects that I would want to discuss. I had a lot of guests on that I'd never have dreamed of having.

"It just got out of hand. You can't say someone else's words and have them come across as your own. So I wasn't happy with the show and I refused to do it."

Pressure also built up over what Dolly had hoped would be another 'down-home' venture: the now-famous recordings with Linda Ronstadt and Emmy-Lou Harris. Both the public and the women's record companies hot-ted up to such an extent that decision-making — what style, whose songs, which way to treat them — became impossible.

The project is still in the pipeline. "We've decided to wait until everyone has calmed down and then we'll try again when we're ready, and when we have the right songs together."

Dolly's not about to be pushed around. Her business acumen shines through her every honeyed word. In 1964, upon arriving in Nashville, she started up her own music publishing business. She didn't know one thing about publishing, "excepting I knew it could be big."

Her marketing is carefully calculated nowadays. A three movie deal with Twentieth Century Fox was signed last year. Filming will begin when and if Dolly finds a script enabling her to play, in essence, herself. She's no actress, and knows it, so she's not about to do an Olivia Newton-John on her career.

ALTMAN'S NASHVILLE

Talking of movies, she's light-heartedly asked if she'd accept a role in *Nashville*. Robert Altman's apparently gentle jibe at the country music capital.

Quickly, "I didn't like that movie *Nashville*. It didn't portray country music or Nashville as it really is.

But surely, weren't there parallels with real country stars?

"Yes — but it was a city person's view of Nashville. It made it look like everyone there was crazy and corny and ignorant.

"Altman is great; I've seen a lot of his movies. But that one embarrassed a lot of people in Nashville. You know, the people it singled out, like Loretta (Lynn). It made Loretta look like a crazy person. And she's not crazy — she's just had some bad times, that's all."

Immediately afterwards, word comes that this, the second of only three 20-minute group interviews she gave in New Zealand, is coming to an end. Dolly grins. Then she pulls her feet up under her, sitting cross-legged in an enormous armchair, her silver platforms momentarily discarded.

"Ooh, great," she laughs, "Now, let's gossip."

THE GRAND OLE TOWN HALL

The audience at a Dolly Parton concert is not an easy one to categorise. Country music fans come in all styles — from the Texas string tie and sideburn boys to the Linda Ronstadt look-alikes who chew gum with a peculiar vengeance.

But, as if to attest to the success of her new marketing image, the Town Hall is hopping with a far more diverse bunch than even the country fans. It's quite surprising just who — and how many — loves Dolly Parton.

On stage Dolly wears a shiny jumpsuit with pleated chiffon sleeves reaching her knees. Being so tight and white it makes her look more fat than shapely. Her face hardens under the lights and she looks like some kind of kewpie doll.

The ersatz image is mercifully dispelled once she gets past the applause and into the music.

Ironically, it's the classically trago-corny C & W songs that ring truest when performed live.

Band File

No. 8 Toy Love

HISTORY

Formed Jan '79 and first performed at Zwines late January.

RECORDS

Demos were recorded at Harlequin Studios, mid February with Simon Alexander. The four original compositions recorded were "Squeeze", "Toy Love Song", "Pull Down the Shades" and "Frogs". The demo of "Squeeze" has been remixed for inclusion in a Bomp Records (US of A) compilation for emerging and unsigned bands, called *Waves II* and is to be released in September.

"Rebel" and "Squeeze" recorded at Mandrill Studios, July '79 for August release by WEA records. Producer — Glyn Tucker.

MANAGEMENT

Doug Hood — 766-311, Auckland.



MIKE DOOLEY

Born September 28, 1959 — Education went to school — Musical Career yes — Other Jobs milk run when I was 10

FAVOURITES

Albums *20 Solid Gold No 1*, Various Artists. *Blockbusters*, *Toy Love* — Singles we haven't released one yet.

EQUIPMENT

Drums and cymbals.



ALEC BATHGATE

Guitar and vocals

Born July 10, 1959 — Education Tapanui District High School — Musical Career Crookston WDF, family teas, The Enemy, Toy Love — Other jobs Cadbury's (Dunedin) groundsman.

FAVOURITES

Albums *Revolver*, The Beatles, *Paris 1919*, John Cale, *Ziggy Stardust*, *Aladdin Sane*, David Bowie — Singles "All the Young Dudes", Mott the Hoople "Daydream Believer", The Monkees. — Guitarist Mick Ronson. — Singer John Lennon

EQUIPMENT

Ibanez 59'er and Rockit 130

"To Daddy", recorded by Emmy-Lou Harris but written by Dolly is a gem amongst tear-jerkers. "Down From Dove", a remarkably poignant story of a pregnant girl waiting for her boyfriend to return, was rejected by the country cognoscenti when as a teenager Dolly wrote it. Only "Me and Little Andy" is a little too much to take for those under-initiated in the ways of country schlock.

There's lots more to the concert than crying though. By careful spacing, Dolly succeeds in pleasing every sector of the audience. In spite of a sophisticated seven-piece backing band, even such simple standards as "Tennessee Mountain Home" and "Applejack" sound homey, regardless of her undeniably country sound she works a darned good "Great Balls of Fire."

She elicits a curious response from the audience. Even the most cynical are warmed by watching her on stage.

Towards the end of the show a girl runs up to the stage with a bunch of flowers for Dolly. It sounds corny, but it was moving, very appropriate, really.

Louise Chunn



PAUL CHRISTOPHER KEAN

Bass guitar and vocals

Born May 12, 1954 — Education NZ till '66 and then the world with Mum and Dad and my sisters. — Musical Career Basket Cases, Christchurch '78 and one night with the Idle Idols, then Toy Love. — Other Jobs School.

FAVOURITES

Albums *Plastic Ono Band*, Plastic Ono Band *Low*, David Bowie, *Rubber Soul*, The Beatles. — Singles "Only the Lonely", Roy Orbison.

"You Keep Me Hanging On", Vanilla Fudge. — Bass Guitarist John Wetton (King Crimson), Chris Hudson. — Musicians Robert Fripp, Jane Walker, Django — Singers Chris Knox, Roy Orbison

EQUIPMENT

Stereo original with Di Marzio through Holden Graphic (and JBL K145) and Fender Jazz pickup through Jansen Combo.



CHRIS KNOX

Vocals

Born September 2, 1952, Invercargill — Education the usual — Musical Career biking down to Mrs Jones' after school every Wednesday for six years / gap / The Enemy. — Other Jobs selling toasted sandwiches and hop beer at a shortlived Dunedin strip joint and about 13,000 other very boring occupations.

FAVOURITES

Albums *Help*, The Beatles, *Strictly Personal*, Capt Beethart, *Wee Tam*, The Incredible String Band, *Plastic Ono Band*, Lennon *I'm Stranded*, The Saints. — Singles "Hello Goodbye", The Beatles, "Heroes and Villains", Beach Boys "Yawa Em Ekai Ot Gimoc Er'Yecht" (B side), Napoleon XIV, "The Spot", Snakefinger, "The Tennessee Waltz", Patti Page. — Singer John Lennon (Yoko's not bad either) — Musician Mrs Jones.

EQUIPMENT

A throat, a body and a mind beyond repair



JANE WALKER

Keyboards

Born June 16, 1957, Harrow England. — Education School, one term at Design School, other people, books, movies etc. — Musical Career drummer with Basket Cases (famous for their Detroit Haemorrhoids impersonations.) Joined Toy Love Jan '79. — Other Jobs Connoisseur of teas, being a Toy Lover.

FAVOURITES (some)

Albums *Touch*, Touch, Lotsa Velvet Underground, *No Pussyfooting*, Fripp and Enp *The Slider* — T. Rex. — Singles "Venus", Shocking Blue — Pianist Jerry Lee Lewis (back then). — Musician Paul Kean. — Singer Chris Knox.

EQUIPMENT

Hohner Clavinet, DG-EKO organ, bits of foam plastic, bits of 4 x 2 (inch), Holden Graphic amp, speakers, phaser, electricity.

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	Soft Parade
Dylan	Another Side
	New Morning
Edgar Froese	Aqua
	Malaysian Pale
Gong	Angels Egg
	Radio Gnome
	Shamal
	Camanbert Electrique
	Live
Lou Reed	Take No Prisoners
Stones	Rolling Stones
	Flowers
	Between The Buttons
	12 x 5
Grace Slick	Baron Von Tollbooth
Neil Young	Time Fades Away
	Journey Through The Past
M.C.5	Kick Out The Jams
Joni Mitchell	Mingus

& OTHERS

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Lou Reed



Lou Reed Take No Prisoners RCA

My copy of this now-notorious album had a nifty little label attached to its frontside warning "This Album is Offensive". To be true such appendages have a certain chic quality, but the great Lenny Bruce could spend an hour analysing the meaningless of such a statement. Offensive to whom? Offensive because of what? Offensive perhaps to the many people that Reed slings off at during his spoken monologues — a galaxy of personalities including Barbra Streisand, Diana Ross, Patti Smith, Candy Darling and rock critics in general, with particular reference to Robert Christgau. Not everyone wants to be described as a toe f**ker, and anyone who still flinches when that four letter colloquialism for sexual intercourse is mentioned would be advised to steer clear of this particular vinyl twin set.

Now, Reed as a rock'n' roll Lenny Bruce. Certainly the raps which take up a good deal of the album, and "Walk on the Wild Side" in particular, recall the American satirist. But Reed's visions are less personal and more distanced from himself, and he has none of Bruce's basic proselytising spirit. And whereas Bruce's work was in the form of mini-these of logic, Reed just fires out random ideas at his audience ranging from quotes from Yeats to streams of four letter words hurled at the audience.



Joni Mitchell

Joni Mitchell... Mingus

Joni Mitchell Mingus Asylum

In the opening chapter of his autobiography *Beneath the Underdog* Charles Mingus describes a conversation with his psychiatrist. He tells the shrink that he is three separate entities — an aggressor, a mild mannered reciprocant of all types of shit and a disconcerted observer. Asked which image he would like the world to see, Mingus snaps, "What do I care what the world sees? I'm only trying to find out how I feel about myself."

It's an interesting story that tells much of one of jazz's most enigmatic characters. Often given over to violence, an early spokesman on racial injustice, Mingus was also a deeply religious man who, between periods of drugs, drink and depression, had a lifelong search for God and his own personal place in the universe.

"God Must Be a Boogie Man" (a line from that chapter) is the only known Mingus composition on this album; Joni Mitchell wrote it two days after the jazz legend's death. The opening track, one immediately feels that Mitchell is well in touch with the Mingus magic. The verses pertain to the three separate sides of Mingus with the one line chorus punctuating each verse irreverently.

When the news of the Mingus/Mitchell collaboration filtered through last year, fans of both performers awaited the outcome with interest. Not that the collaboration was such a drastic departure for either party — Mitchell has long utilized jazzmen with more than a little jazz influence in her works and Mingus has always been a man given over to the unexpected, always ready to try a little experimenting. Despite the sometimes maudlin 'raps' that separate the six tracks in an attempt at thematic cohesion, the result is an unqualified success that followers of both artists should find richly rewarding.

Mingus fans will be familiar with his wide range of influences: the gospel church, Ellington, and the wide spectrum of jazz styles that Mingus covered during his apprenticeship — New Orleans (Armstrong), swing (Hampton) and finally bop (Parker) — and an early tutor, Lloyd Reece. Reece taught his pupils to imitate the sounds around them and when Mingus started his jazz workshop he coujouled his sidemen to concentrate on the sound in their heads and not the scraps of paper which accounted for his 'compositions'.

And here lies the main problem for the musicians on *Mingus* — to wing it, Mingus style and to risk interrupting Mitchell's lyrical flow, or just play around with the melody. It is as much their successful compromise as it is Mitchell's wonderful sense of the Mingus melodies that make this album such a great achievement.

With the exception of "Drycleaner from Des Moines", the tracks are all melancholy, wispy ballads. Aided by two percussionists, the bulk of the work is in the hands of Herbie Hancock

(piano), Wayne Shorter (soprano sax), Jaco Pastorius (bass) and Peter Erskine (drums). Their restraint places the onus on Mitchell who has rarely been in finer voice. With Mingus unable to appear (anyotrophic lateral sclerosis, the terminal disease from which he suffered, had taken away his ability to play) special attention is placed on Pastorius who has proved on past Mitchell albums that he is her finest bass accompanist; here he proves that his style is adaptable to the Mingus intricacies. While Erskine provides the perfect backdrop to Pastorius' bass, Hancock weaves in and out of the melodies leaving Shorter to fill the gaps.

The most outstanding part of the album though is the successful manner in which Mit-



Charles Mingus

chell has faithfully captured the appropriate imagery and moods of the themes. On "Chair in the Sky" the theme is of the inevitable regrets of the dying man. Sound morbid? It isn't. On the whole, Mingus' compositions are celebrations of life. And death is just another experience. Mitchell understands this. And then "Sweet Sucker Dance":

*We are survivors
Some get broken
Some get mended
Some can't surrender
They're too well defended
Some get lucky
Some are blessed
And some pretend
This is only a dance!*

The album closes with the only previously recorded number, "Goodbye Pork Pie Hat", Mingus' Lester Young tribute. Mingus wrote the tune shortly after Young's death; Mitchell wrote the lyrics while Mingus was down in Cuernavaca, Mexico visiting faith healers in a last ditch attempt to find a cure for his illness. Mingus died there on January 4th.

Mitchell's love and respect for Charles Mingus and the distress she felt at his death so close to the album's completion is painfully sincere. With *Mingus*, Joni Mitchell has paid the man a fitting and often moving tribute. He could not have asked for a finer obituary.

John Dix

Like Beethoven in his way, Reed is striving beyond the limitations of music. This may be seen in the 17 minute "Walk on the Wild Side" where long spoken interludes 'open out' the characters of the original song — oh for a similar job on "Wild Child" or Nico's "Chelsea Girls"! It's really like an underground Rona Barrett transformed into high art. The same spirit can also be seen in the bleak "Street Hassle" with all of its studio arrangements and trimmings castrated, leaving the barest of musical skeletons. Then there is a quite heart-rending "Coney Island Baby", a song of obvious personal relevance to Reed.

Reed's band is tight, although the backing singers are amazingly casual in their work for those accustomed to the immaculately tailored choruses of the studio "Walk on the Wild Side". Stylistically the album ranges from some fairly funky jamming on "I Wanna Be Black" through the quite Baroque keyboard stylings of "Satellite of Love" to a version of "I'm Waiting For the Man" that defines 'laid-back' for all time.

Take No Prisoners makes it as a documentary as much as a 'work of art' — an important record of a great rock'n'roll animal caged for a few hours, sometimes snarling, occasionally purring but never letting his audience slip away for a minute. And who knows the shrieked accusation of "Rock'n'Roll Whore" from the audience may become as celebrated as the "Judas" hurled at Dylan during his 1966 Albert Hall Concert.

William Dart

Get Knacked!

The Knack Get The Knack Capitol

Get The Knack is a very likeable record, I like it. Formed in May '78 The Knack established a reputation around their native Los Angeles and further afield in southern California that lead eventually to a contract and the recording of this first album.

It was produced under the experienced direction of pop maestro Mike Chapman whose recent work with Blondie, Nick Gilder and Exile can hardly have gone unnoticed by anyone who's passed within a finger-pop of a tranny lately. The album was recorded in 11 days flat during last March, an almost indecently fast piece of work in this age of 'come and throw together your next masterpiece at our studio! Shangri-La Delux' and stay forever if you want — Zeppelin racing and undersea picnics at no extra charge!

Most of it was recorded in one take and the freshness shows through. The songs are good and the band plays with controlled attack, letting the songs' inherent dynamics work at their most direct and effective level. The Knack's hooks are better than Cheap Trick's (who are an obvious comparison stylistically) and they don't resort to slick heavy metal ploys to beef them out. Like I said, they let the songs work on their own strengths by doing what's needed and no more.

"My Sharona" is a bit of crunch-pop that's already getting a thrashing on the world's radios and we'll all hate it soon (like "Roxanne") but it still sounds great at the time of writing. "Siamese Twins (The Money And Me)" is a neat song about something nasty and recalls Stories slightly. However the major influence on the album is possibly *Rubber Soul* Beatles or thereabouts. "Your Number Or Your Name" is a delight with moments of humour and an overall feel that shows these guys are enjoying their work, and "Maybe Tonight" is delicately assured arrangement even features a touch of good old-fashioned backwards instrumentation. The vocals on "Good Girls Don't" are suitably leering considering the unspeakable practices detailed in the lyrics, and they also do a Buddy Holly song! You're right... *Get The Knack* is about sex, drugs and rock & roll and you oughta try it out.

Terence Hogan

Dire Straits Communique Vertigo

The success of a 'sleeper' like Dire Straits' fresh first album can make expectations for the follow-up unreasonably high. Reasonable or not, the expectations are high — and *Communique* doesn't meet them.

Certainly that sound is there — the J.J. Cale-ish pulse, punctuated by Mark Knopfler's popping guitar. The ensemble playing is spot on, although it's intriguing to note that the production by the revered Jerry Wexler and Barry Beckett (of Muscle Shoals fame) is not a noticeable improvement over the job done on the first album by the much-maligned Muff Winwood.

Musically, the album is fine and Knopfler's guitar lines are fluid and refreshing. The problem is that the songs don't measure up.

On the first album the songs were low-keyed but they stood as songs in their own right. Knopfler seems to have exhausted his melodic gifts: the tunes are virtually interchangeable and too often the lyrics seem strained — rhyme for rhyme's sake, as in:

*Sitting on the fence, that's a dangerous course
Might catch a bullet from the peacekeeping force
Even the hero gets a bullet in the chest
Once upon a time in the west.*

The central theme of Mark Knopfler's music is the loner, a modern Shane against the odds. But in the context of Dire Straits' breezy rocking this myth-making seems top-heavy, weighed down with significance.

If the clarity and economy of Knopfler's crisp guitar playing had been extended to his lyric writing *Communique* might have rivalled the enviable standard of the first album. Instead, it is a mere echo.

Ken Williams

A Drop O' the Irish

Horslips
The Man Who Built America
DJM
Thin Lizzy
Black Rose
Vertigo

Celtic music in the seventies has undergone somewhat of a revival. In France Alan Stivell has blended rock with the traditional and his particular political vision of a Celtic nation. In Ireland the Chieftains, Planxty and Horslips have led a renewed interest in a music that was hitherto damned as 'folk' to predominantly rock audiences.

Are-we-not-rockers Horslips, unlike the pure folk style of the Chieftains and Planxty, have become increasingly more rock oriented over the duration of their seven albums, so much so, that their eighth *The Man Who Built America*, contains little that could be described as traditional.

Their previous album, *Aliens*, concerned the emigration of the Irish to America, and *America*, as a logical development on that theme, describes the problems of life there in poignant rock style almost devoid of any Celtic touches. The songs are firm and aggressive and generally well executed (particularly "Loneliness" and "If It Takes All Night") but Horslips have far too much flair and exhilaration to be content with their current devolution into being just another good rock'n'roll band. They're good, but they have been brilliant.

Thin Lizzy also have, it seems, their best behind them. Three years ago they were the future of rock'n'roll with the incomparable bravado of *Jailbreak* and the excellent first side of *Johnny the Fox*. Since then Lizzy have failed to cut it with their accustomed sass and bragadocio (*Bad Reputation* was too subtle for them), so *Black Rose* is not only a signpost for future adventures, but an important attempt at conjuring up the magic of *Jailbreak*. It fails, just, on both counts.

Lynott has tried to recapture the tough street powersurge that he put across so well on



Jailbreak, but *Black Rose* sounds like he's predictable and we all know now that he's a lover not a fighter. Be that as it may, returned guitarist Gary Moore and the dependable Scott Gorham keep the band to the fore as the most exciting HM instrumental line-up as "Waiting For An Alibi" easily illustrates.

So *Black Rose* fails in its efforts to regain lost ground, but the title track, Lynott's return to his roots, is at least an interesting departure from the Lizzy norm. Lynott has occasionally flirted with his Celtic heritage ("Whisky in the Jar" and later "Emerald") but on the new album he used the Legend of Cuchulain (the basis for Horslips' legendary *The Tain*) as a vehicle for Gorham and Moore's exchanges of old Irish melodies and refrains.

Both Horslips and Lizzy have a lot of music left in them yet, but at the moment they seem incapable of recalling their best. Here's hoping.
George Kay

Cheap Trick CBS

Strangely enough, a band is better off producing a dud album now and then. Otherwise their fans can begin to take consistent quality for granted and expect something more. Cheap Trick are in this tricky position at the moment. By making it *seem* so easy they lead some people into thinking it actually is easy, and therefore in some way inferior.

Don't be fooled though. *Cheap Trick*, their previously unreleased debut album set the standard that its worthy successors lived up to. By now it should come as no surprise to note that it's their seductive blend of pop melodies and heavy metal delivery. Certainly its a tried-and-true formula but it will never pall as long as it's paired with strong melodies as it is here.

Highlights of the set are "He's A Whore" and "The Ballad Of T.V. Violence" on Side One and "Elo Kiddies" and "Taxman" on Side Two. There is also an appealing boogie ballad, "Cry" which provides a pleasant contrast with the hard rock which is the core of their repertoire.

I don't want to drop the hammer on anyone so I'm naming no names, but none of this year's sensations are anywhere near the class of Cheap Trick. No one who has come out lately is worth buying ahead of an old album by The Ramones, Elvis Costello or more to the point, Cheap Trick. Old favourites are still a good investment.

Dominic Free

Spyro Gyra Morning Dance Infinity

The market for light, melodic, jazz-tinged music in this country is extensive, as George Benson's bank manager will tell you.

Morning Dance is the next logical step to take when you've worn out your copy of *Breezin'*, and perhaps want to progress a little.

Spyro Gyra hail from Buffalo, New York. Led by alto sax man and chief composer Jay Beckenstein, their shifting nucleus of personnel includes such notables as the Brecker Brothers.

All are young, university-trained musicians, whose technical skills are beyond question, but who perhaps need to live a little and experience more of life's snags and pitfalls.

In the meantime, they're producing immaculate cocktail music with a strong latin flavour that can hardly fail to please a wide audience. Purists may yawn, but they don't pay the rent.

Duncan Campbell

Ron Wood Gimme Some Neck CBS

When Rod Stewart and the Faces played Western Springs a few years back, Ron Wood had a lengthy solo spot. The rest of the Faces left the stage to Woody while he ran around like a loon playing up a storm on his slide guitar. It was a tour-de-force in energy if not musicality. When Stewart rejoined his mate on-stage his comment was, "Ronald Wood, isn't he a larf on his own?"

And he is. Ron Wood is about having a good time. He doesn't make art, but he makes good noise.

Gimme Some Neck is Woody's first solo album for four years and the first on which he is firmly under the spotlight. On his two previous outings under his own name Wood's own contribution was perhaps obscured by the presence of various famous mates (Stewart, Jagger, Richards, Bobby Womack et al).

While *Gimme Some Neck* has some famous names in the credits it's inarguably a Ron Wood album. Woody takes all lead vocals and plays most of the guitars. As a singer he's a good guitar player but he does a workmanlike job, even sounding absurdly like Dylan on "Seven Days", which the Zim gave to Ronald. Ron's own songs aren't likely to send a

shiver through Tin Pan Alley. Mostly, they're an excuse to rock and roll. At the helm of the rhythm section on most tracks is one Charlie Watts, rock and roll skinman par excellence.

If you have enjoyed Woody's work with Jeff Beck, Rod Stewart, the Faces, and the Stones you will find plenty to like about *Gimme Some Neck*. If you see him as a chimp with a guitar I doubt if you will have read this far.

Ken Williams

Toots and the Maytals Pass the Pipe Island

It's three years since Toots and the Maytals' last album, *Reggae Got Soul*, was released and since that date a whole new generation of reggae stars has emerged. Yet while *Pass the Pipe* is unlikely to be heralded as the second coming, it is a solid set that puts Toots back where he belongs — in the forefront of the movement of Jah people.

While the intervening years seem to have removed the harsh edge from Toots Hibberts' voice, it's been replaced by a soulful mellowness that more than ever suggests Otis Redding in the recordings he made shortly before his death. Similarly, the mix on *Pass the Pipe* is more rounded and full than previously and the pace of most of the songs is slower with less emphasis placed on the Maytals' backing vocals.

Toots may never again attain the crazed evangelical edge of earlier recordings, but this set shows an ability to move towards the wider audience Bob Marley has found without sacrificing the factors that made Toots so special in the first place.

Alastair Dougal

Dolly Parton Great Balls of fire RCA

On this album Dolly is carrying on from where the lovely *Heartbreaker* left us a year or



Toots



Ron Wood

CL^{wea}ASSICS

TWO SEVENS CULTURE CLASH

AMONG THE FINEST REGGAE ALBUMS EVER!



JONI MITCHELL mingus

WITH: SHORTER,
PASTORIUS,
HANCOCK,
ERSKINE ETC



Records

so ago. Although she's 'diversifying' and there's little in the way of 'pure' country music for the purists to crow about, everything this lady touches — from poppy ballads to real rock'n'roll — turns to Tennessee anyway.

Great Balls of Fire has all the markings of another Parton powerhouse. Her rousing numbers are as strong and gutsy as ever, especially the opener, "Star of the Show" and a surprisingly effective rendition of Jerry Lee Lewis' "Great Balls of Fire".

As is her want, a good half of the tracks are slow, sad ballads. "You're the Only One" even employs that mawkish tactic of breaking into speaking half-way through the song; of course, she handles it superbly and it's a highlight of the album.

For me however, squared up against it's predecessor, *Heartbreaker*, Dolly's new disc pales to a warm glow. It's good and I like it, but in terms of overall impact my heart stays tangled in the pink chiffon of the cover of *Heartbreaker*.

Louise Chunn

John McLaughlin with The One Truth Band Electric Dreams CBS

The overriding impression with this album is of space and restraint. The individual members of McLaughlin's new band here allow their fellows more elbow room than they did at their recent Town Hall concert (July *Rip It Up*). While the record may lack some of the intensity of the live situation, the album has moments of gentleness that were lacking in concert.

The direction of the album is perhaps best summed up in the brief but wistful guitar-violin duet, "Guardian Angels", which opens the first side and leads into the modal "Miles Davis", an outstanding musical homage to McLaughlin's mentor. The densely textured "Electric Dreams, Electric Sighs" (with McLaughlin playing bango lines that have nothing in common with Earl Scruggs) finds the interplay of the band at its best.

Of little account are "Love and Understanding", the album's one vocal with drummer Tony Smith singing like a George Benson/Stevie wonder clone, and "Singing Earth", an exercise in synthesiser by Stu Goldberg which is reminiscent of those outer space doodles Steve Miller uses as bridges between album tracks. Mercifully, Goldberg's interplanetary excursion lasts 37 seconds. But, that over, the album runs to a climax with the Coltrane-ish flight of "The Dark Prince" and the simmering cry of "The Unknown Dissident", where McLaughlin puts an edge on the alto sax playing of the ubiquitous David Sanborn. While police sirens which open this final track and the footsteps and shot which close it may be dramatically effective, the device quickly wears thin.

Electric Dreams isn't without its lapses and while it doesn't match the masterly standard of *Electric Guitarist*, McLaughlin's return to the electric fold, it is a more than acceptable companion piece.

Ken Williams

Aellian Blade Atlantic

Auckland band, Aellian Blade, are defiantly flying in the face of the times with this, their first album. Formed in 1975 around the songwriting nucleus of Gavin Paton and Rob Chamberlain, they eventually recorded the album last year, perhaps three or four years too late for the most sympathetic of receptions.

Paton and Chamberlain have created something which really belongs, at least lyrically, to the rococo period of the early seventies personified by people like Pete Sinfield (King Crimson lyricist), and as such, most of their lyrics come across as hollow, pretentious images.

Carry me up on a circle of fate ...
The twirling slips of broken half cast
meanings were the same.

Far too often the words resort to clichéd comparisons or flowery descriptions. Musically the album is quite ambitious and the band's ability in this area is not open to question, but too many of the songs lose power through overly ornate arrangements and Chamberlain's droll vocals. That's the bad news, the good is that the album contains one or two songs which, although they can't salvage the album, do at least illustrate that Aellian Blade have something to offer. "Follow Me Down" has an effective oozing drunken guitar line Pere Ubuian in tone, and the final track, "In The City", steps out with some determination and purpose. But that's about it.

It's symptomatic of the shifting nature of rock'n'roll that a few years ago Aellian Blade may have been regarded as an important New Zealand album, but in 1979 it appears as a brave but ultimately misguided attempt at originality.

George Kay

The Sports Don't Throw Stones Mushroom Midnight Oil Powderworks

Here are two Australian bands but that's about all they have in common, which is a bit of a sod really as I still have to review them together. In fact the most noteworthy thing about the two albums is the obvious contrast.

On the one hand, the Sports are a crisp tuneful rock'n'roll combo, apparently stripped of some of their live excitement by this production job. On the other, Midnight Oil are a hard rock outfit of the sort which used to be called 'progressive' (in other words they avoid melody like the plague), but possess a measure of real presence.

First off with the Sports, they are Australia's first signing to Stiff records, due apparently to their impressive support for Graham Parker when he toured this part of the world. Their specialty is the tightly constructed rock melody not a million miles away from the style of Graham Parker.

The comparison with Parker is the more opposite because what they lack is the spark of excitement he can bring to his material. Not that they are dull by any means. But they are reported to be slaying the audiences in Britain and that sort of energy is scarcely obvious on this album.

Midnight Oil turn out standard hard rock, little melody, a lot of wailing guitar and ranting vocals. Yet you could put the same tag to most of what a band like the Stooges have done and that certainly isn't boring listening. By no stretch of the imagination are Midnight Oil in the same league as the Stooges but they have a quotient of the same intensity and presence.

Put it this way. Though it is something of a simplification, what you have here is a choice; between the Sports, long on melody but short on any real presence and Midnight Oil, long on presence but short on any real melody.

Dominic Free

The Records Shades In Bed Virgin

It says here ... um ... The group, they decided, would be known as The Records and would play music in the tradition of pop combos such as The Raspberries and Badfinger, and required ... The Raspberries! Badfinger!

I already like the record heaps and I haven't heard a note, so it almost goes without saying that the first listen is an anti-climax ... it's all too calculated ... the hooks aren't strong enough ... The Razz, despite their brilliance often sounded dated and so do The Records ... the cover's not so hot ... pick pick etc. Yet a few plays later I find myself biting down on two or three of the shinier hooks, "Teenarama", "Starry Eyes" and "Affection Rejected" being the more alluring tracks.

Although operating on similar ground to The

Sports



Midnight Oil

Rubinoos, The Records (including Ex-Kursaal Flyers, Will Birch and John Wicks) employ more sophisticated arrangements, a denser sound and a slightly more aware, even cynical perspective at times. But in the end *Shades In Bed* isn't quite what it promises to be, for reasons that are hard to pin down. Maybe it really is too calculated and lacks warmth, a pitfall for all pop-rock classicists whose inspirers were at their peak several years ago and who were in turn inspired by others who peaked in the decade before. All the good taste and intentions in the world can't conjure up spontaneity and inspiration. But The Records sound like they'd be great 'live' and the albums far from being a dud, the best stuff would sound just fine on my car radio at about 11.30 pm as I was going somewhere or coming back.

If only I had a car radio.

Terence Hogan

UK Squeeze UK Squeeze Cool For Cats A&M

UK Squeeze were formed as long ago as 1974, but it wasn't until three or four years later that they started releasing records and gained some sort of publicity. Fronted by songwriters Chris Difford (rhythm guitar) and Glen Tilbrook (lead guitar and vocals), they wasted no time in adapting to the sharpness of the times, and John Cale was commissioned to produce their first album (released last year). Prior to that they had recorded a couple of frivolous singles, "Bang Bang" and "Take Me I'm Yours" both present on the first album.

Tilbrook himself has described the album as "patchy" and I'm not about to disagree. The Difford-Tilbrook songwriting team who had already gained a reputation for their sexual fetishes posing as songs, very rarely rise above a bouncy throwaway song structure on the first album. Cale's chores as producer seem purely academic as he fails to add distinction or even depth to the mundane content of the material. And he wouldn't be cheap.

Between this and the latest album, *Cool For Cats*, a fairly sneaky and catchy little single was released, "Goodbye Girl", a languid smoothly swaying song about boy-meets-girl-in-pool-room. It appears in a slightly re-mixed format on the new album.

Cool For Cats is a vast improvement on *UK Squeeze*. It partially continues their penchant for sexual quips and fetishes, but the songs are fresher, often Merseyside in delivery, recounting whimsical snippets about pulling birds and getting "Slightly Drunk." The melodies are more inventive and you get half-a-dozen everyday off-the-street stories per side, unpretentious, humorous and workmanlike.

It would be easy to underestimate UK Squeeze because they're writing about the ordinary easily-forgettable aspects of life where there's little glamour or poetry. But their honesty and no-frills approach ensures their credibility and reputation as one of The Pop Outfits On the Rise.

George Kay



Roger Chapman

Roger Chapman Chappo Acrobat

Family are long gone, Streetwalkers have strutted their brief, erratic moment, and now Roger Chapman is alone, and doing very nicely, by this showing.

Chappo is one of those perennial, amiable, boozy souls who still haunt the British rock scene. The difference here is that Chapman is not content to live on past glories, nor do they overshadow what he's doing now.

His voice, once heard, is never forgotten. That strangled, often frightening vibrato graced such classics as "The Weaver's Answer" and "In My Own Time", and had he been at all pretty, he could have gone as far as Rod Stewart.

On *Chappo*, he assembles a bevy of bywords in backing musicians and takes the lion's share

of the songwriting credits. Songs like "Who Pulled The Nite Down" and "Always Gotta Pay In The End" show a strong leaning to black R&B, and the whole effort smacks of enthusiasm and a whole lotta love.

An unqualified thumbs up to a really fine, emotive singer. It's nice to see at least some of the old guard still producing the goods.

Duncan Campbell

Eddie and The Hot Rods Thriller Island

Generation X Valley Of The Dolls Chrysalis

The Rods and Gen-X are both bands in a quandary: one trying to stay abreast of current trends, the other unable to come to terms with its limited horizons.

Eddie And The Hot Rods emerge the winners, largely because of their unpretentious approach. They were hailed in pre-punk days as the saviours of British music, playing white hot R&B, with frontman Barrie Masters thrilling the little girls.

Make no mistake, Masters can sing, hard and fast, and the Rods have all the kick in the world. They've made the transition from their beginnings to a high-energy form of powerpop (dreadful word, that) which undoubtedly works best in a live situation.

Thriller contains no surprises, but suggests The Rods are far from a spent force, though whether they can continue to move with the times remains to be seen.

Generation X have existed on their looks and their ability to construct the odd hit single. "Your Generation", "Ready, Steady, Go", and the fiery "King Rocker", included in *Valley Of The Dolls*, display their forte; the three-chord, three-minute thrash.

Spread out over two sides of an album, the formula wears thin. Ian Hunter's production gives the sound a cutting edge, and Billy Idol confirms his status as a first class singer-poseur, but when he tries to be profound, he gets out of his depth.

Valley Of The Dolls has too much filler to make Generation into an album band. The sooner they realise this, the better.

Duncan Campbell

Stan Getz Another World CBS

Tom Scott Intimate Strangers CBS

L.A. Express Tom Cat Epic

What we have here is two of jazz's most widely acclaimed tenor sax players. Tom Scott entered the jazz field in the late sixties and by 1970 had won both the readers and critics polls in *Downbeat*, the jazz bible. In 1974 Scott formed the L.A. Express, a superlative unit who have provided some of the finer moments of the fusion movement. To coincide with the release of *Intimate Strangers*, Scott's first outing for CBS, the company has re-released *Tom Cat* (recorded in 1975 for Epic).

Tom Cat has already proved itself to be an album of seminal importance and a must for any jazz buff, fusion freak or not. Unfortunately, *Tom Cat* has proved to be a high that Scott has found difficult to repeat. *Intimate Strangers*, with able support from Gale, Gadd et al from the New York crowd, is an insipid affair that never takes off. Like the late Dave Sanborn, Scott has found himself in something of a rut — able to steal the show when appearing as a session muso, yet completely without inspiration on his own albums.

Getz, on the other hand, is far from uninspired. Hitting the scene with the fifties' Californian 'cool school', the sixties saw Getz out of favour with the jazz fraternity because of his preoccupation with first the bossa nova craze and his later concentration on the pop market. In the seventies, however, Getz has regained his credibility and has proved himself to be one of the truly great sax players.

This double set, ladies and gents, after all these years, is Getz's greatest album. Expertly assisted by four young relatively unknowns, Getz covers a wide spectrum of styles — reverting back to a tasteful bossa nova on "Sum Summ" and even slipping into the electronic excursions of the title track with relative ease. Without a bum track in evidence, *Another World* is one of the best jazz albums to come out of the seventies.

John Dix

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TASTE ALBUM OF THE MONTH

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Wire Chairs Missing Harvest

Wire's first album *Pink Flag*, released at the tail end of 1977, certainly surprised and impressed: twenty-one songs, snip-pets/fragments of spartan three piece instrumentation overlaid with Colin Newman's brainwashed vocals. This was Music For Police States.

Chairs Missing, I hoped, was going to be a development of the more interesting aspects of *Pink Flag*, but in reality far too much of it is a disappointing half-hearted attempt at progression on the discordant and repetitive features of the first album. The jarring over-long assaults of "Practice Make Perfect", "Mercy" and others like it tend to dominate the album.

That's bad news, and the good comes in the shape of songs like "Marooned" and "Used To" which successfully use the dreamy Syd Barrett pop sensibility in a 1980's context. They have also experimented and as a result produced some shuddering sound textures on "Being Sucked In Again" and "I Am the Fly", the latter being one of last year's most adventurous singles.

Chairs Missing gives the impression as being an album of tentative experimentation. Wire, not quite sure of which road to take so they seem a little cautious, giving rise to an inconsistent album. But I'll lay odds that their third album will be one of the year's best.

George Kay



Night Planet

John Hall Power CBS

Some of us know John Hall as co-writer of such numbers as Janis Joplin's "Half Moon", Bonnie Raitt's "Good Enough" and Linda Ronstadt's "Give one heart" and others recognise him as the hirsute chap in the middle of a beefcake Orleans poster a few years ago.

This is Hall's second album since he left the group Orleans and is a pretty strong offering all-round. To borrow a phrase from the Woolie's ad there is indeed something for

everyone. James Taylor and Carly Simon joining Hall on the title track, a smooth little piece about the dangers of nuclear power and a number like "Run Away With Me" reflects its origins as an Orleans number.

It is a musicianly album — the opening track "Home at last" has the same harmonic strength and bass lines that characterised the best of the Band, and certainly Hall sees the record as a return to a career as a guitarist after years of being primarily a songwriter.

Finally, a word for "Cocaine Drain", a fairly ordinary song transformed into something rather lovely by the skill of Hall and his musicians.

William Dart

Night Planet Tycoon Arista

Both these units feature top session musicians and both are debut albums, but further connections are truly nebulous.

Night features two NZ'ers, vocalist Chris Thompson (of Manfred Mann's Earthband) and bassist Billy Kristian (ex Max Merritt and the Meteors), plus drummer Rick Marotta, vocalist Stevie Lange, guitarist Robbie McIntosh and on keyboards — Nicky Hopkins.

They play soul-based material, though the phrasing owes more to rock and the sound tends towards the orthodox California cruise music. The first side is devoted to covers, which aside from the catchy single "Hot Summer Nights" and the eerie ballad "Cold Wind Across My Heart" is a largely redundant exercise as they in no way upstage the originals. Side two is primarily original material, but revealingly the only cover "Shocked" is the standout track, along with Thompson's own raunchy "Come Around (If You Want Me)".

Nothing to write home about, but a welcome change from the standard session musician MOR still-born 'product'.

Tycoon, on the other hand, are a faceless New York sextet with impeccable credentials — members served their apprenticeship with, among others, Lou Reed, Johnny Winter, and even an ex-Beatle (3 guesses) — but the music on their album amazingly resembles Uriah Heep (semi heavy metal bubblegum music) and Grand Funk Railroad (beely, dumb harmony vocals). They have of course ditched the half-baked concepts and presentation, exchanging it for a slick, radio-orientated homogenised sound.

Tycoon are 1970-75 encapsulated, with an added sense of economy, and ability to write naggingly familiar tunes, as can be sampled on "Such A Woman", "Count On Me", or "Cry No More". Tailored to please, thoroughly calculated.

And they said disco was dangerous.

Gary Steel

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IN WALKS LOVE AGAIN
MEAN OL' WORLD
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SIDE 2
JEALOUS
UNDER SUSPICION
WOMAN YOU'RE WONDERFUL
WHAT'S IT TAKE
REMEMBER TO REMEMBER
ON ALBUM OR CASSETTE OUT NOW



Excepting the defiance of boxer Jack Johnson in the second decade of the century, American blacks who found themselves in the public eye endeared themselves to white society by "keeping their place" and acting like good little niggers. Joe Louis and Louis Armstrong, the two most famous negroes of the Thirties both kept up the Uncle Tom role. Then along came the be-boppers and shot the hell out of that concept of the servile negro.

Be-bop was much more than a musical revolution, it was the birth of black consciousness as we now know it. It was Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, and later Miles Davis and Charlie Mingus, who paved the way for the Black Panthers, Malcolm X and Muhammad Ali twenty years later.

Although eventually white musicians were accepted as formidable bop players (notably Al Haig and Red Rodney), in the early years there was a deliberate attempt to exclude whites from the music. The be-boppers created their own *hep* language, adopted the Islamic religion, dressed in an outrageous fashion and, of course, played a form of jazz so fast, intricate and advanced that the swing musicians had no option but to sit back and watch jazz progress without them.

If you accept the thesis that there is a major cultural upheaval every seven or eight years (to enable each new generation to found their own heroes and institutions) then the bop rebellion was inevitable. Although almost all of the boppers gained their initial experience in the swing bands, it was not their bag. There was a growing movement, as yet unnamed and without direction or leadership, which invaded the big bands of the early Forties. The be-bop founders, notably Parker and Gillespie, all had bad reputations for insubordination, continually being reprimanded for clowning around on the stand, playing confusing experimental solos, being sloppily attired or displaying a distinct lack of interest.

When the Earl Hines Band fell apart in 1943, Hines' vocalist, Billy Eckstine, formed a big band utilising the 'modernist' school of players, including Parker and Gillespie. But there was a definite lack of discipline with so many rebels in the one band and it soon disintegrated (later Gillespie would overcome the problem of a bop big band).

By 1945 Parker and Gillespie had formed their own combo and established themselves at the vanguard of the bop movement (I'll return to these two in later columns). While Bird and Dizzy were experimenting with the Eckstine band, there were other musicians making groundwork for the forthcoming revolution. Minton's, a club on New York's Fifty-



second Street, had a house band which included two bop pioneers, drummer Kenny Clarke and pianist Thelonius Monk. The policy at Minton's was for visiting musicians to drop in for the after-hours jam sessions to see if they could compete with the regulars.

Virtually every instrument had its revolutionary practitioner with the rise of bop: drummers Clarke and Max Roach shifted the ground beat from the bass drum to the ride cymbal, pianists Monk and Bud Powell placed more emphasis on the right hand; the bassist, influenced by Ellington's Jimmy Blanton, pushed the instrument more to the fore; the electric guitar found prominence in the hands of Charlie Christian; and, of course, every trumpet-player wanted to play like Dizzy, while everybody, on every instrument dreamt of blowing like Bird.

Because of a Musicians' Union ban on recording between 1942-44 there are, unfortunately, very few records available to trace the formative years of the bop players. So the bulk of the classic bop recordings were made from 1945 up to the Fifties, by which time the limitations of the form had run its course.

Some of the boppers went on to dominate Fifties jazz, notably Miles Davis (who served his apprenticeship with the Parker Quintet) and Monk. The late Ralph Gleason, one of the great jazz critics, said, "The be-bop era was not a beginning but a brilliant ending to a style." Maybe, but while Miles, Mingus and Monk would now turn their back on pop music as vehicles for their music, they did owe bop something important. For if the original jazzmen played for fun and the swing-men played for entertainment, the boppers were the first to play jazz for art's sake.

RECOMMENDED LISTENING

Dizzy Gillespie — *The Greatest Of*, (RCA LPM-2398)

Charlie Parker — *The Complete*, (BYG 529, 129)

Various Artists — *Jazz At Massey hall* (Fantasy 86003)

NEXT MONTH: MODERN JAZZ

FRAMED BY W. DART

HALLOWEEN

Director: John Carpenter

Cinema is an art of the genre — the western, the musical, the horror film, all exist for a new director to come along and transform them by dint of his skill and vision. And of all three genres it is probably the horror film which allows the most scope for cinema's 'bag of magic tricks'. Yet, New Zealand gets so few of the interesting horror films being made these days, and it is only through the Auckland Film Festival that we got a film like George A Romero's *Night of the Living Dead*. And it is thanks to the AFF that *Halloween* made its first appearance here.

John Carpenter is the current darling of the overseas cineastes and his career has been a rather quizzical one, his first film being the 1974 *Dark Star*, a quirky sci-fi effort which started as a University film exercise and eventually extended into a \$60,000 project (still nowhere near the *Star Wars* budget). And from over yonder comes those tantalising reports of his *Assault on Precinct 13*, which we will see God knows when.

Halloween is a classic exercise in the 'edge of the seat' subgenre. A psycho killer escapes from the asylum and proceeds to systematically terminate a succession of teenagers as they unwittingly wander into his territory. So the film is a series of vicious knifings growing ever more and more graphic until there is the final harrowing showdown between killer and heroine, Jamie Lee Curtis (the daughter of Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh).

If I describe it as elegant, there are those who will think this encroaches on its power to t-e-r-r-i-f-y. No way, says yours truly who screamed at one point in the movie. But there is a balletic grace to Carpenter's prowling camera work, as there is in his constant shifts of focus, allowing the audience to see tantalising glimpses of the 'bogey man' lurking and waiting. Elegant too are the incorporation of extracts from *The Thing* and *Forbidden Planet* on the television which Curtis and her babysitting charges are watching unaware that, over the road, her friends are being systematically slaughtered.

Nice ironies too like the choice of Halloween for this Walpurgisnacht — creating characters who unwittingly think that the gurgling victim on the phone is just someone pranking or a lurking presence in a closet is just a practical joke. And best of all when Curtis escapes and screams for assistance the neighbours ignore her pleas thinking that she, too, is just in the traditional trick or treat mood. And so for a movie which is both trick and treat — try *Halloween* ... with a friend.

IT LIVES AGAIN

Director: Larry Cohen

A nice little exercise in sci-fi horror with three mutant flesh-eating babies threatening the life and security of us poor earthly mortals. Political overtones (the new master-race) and religious undertones (the new Messiahs) make for effective reverberations beyond the surface of the film.

Larry Cohen, a director we have yet to see much of in this country, gives us a cool and dispassionate view of middle class America threatened by something outside of its own terms of reference. The progressively horrifying attacks of the monster are stunningly staged and all in all, a most thoughtful film. Of

course, you will probably end up catching it in the local flea-pit at a midnight endurance session ... but then that is about the only way you will see Jeff Lieberman's *Squirm*.

PRETTY BABY

Director: Louis Malle

A friend once said to me that what appealed most to him about the works of Jean Genet was the absolute absence of sentimentality, and the same could apply to this elegant view of life in a New Orleans brothel, circa 1910. To make a frank film about a 12 year old girl's initiation into whoredom without transcending the bounds of taste is a feat indeed, but then Malle handled the tricky subject of incest in *Murmur of the Heart* with infinite tact and sympathy.

The film is not without its flamboyance, mainly in Frances Faye's raddled old madam, looking more and more hideous with each new wig. Brooke Shields is lovely, and Good God, even Keith Carradine registers as a person. And with the lashings of the Scott Joplin-Louis Chauvin *Heliotrope Bouquet* on the soundtrack who could want for more?



Bates & Hurt, *The Shout*.

THE SHOUT

Director: Jerzy Skolimowski

With its origins in a Robert Graves' short story, *The Shout* is Skolimowski's first film for a number of years and with a fairly name-studded cast (Alan Bates, John *Midnight Express* Hurt, Susannah York) he offers a quiet study of the ambiguity of sanity. Is Alan Bates indeed an over-the-top-loony or can he really perpetrate an aboriginal death-shout?

What we have is an edgy film, with interesting portrayals of various english types — the whole film as it were, is framed with a cricket match at the local asylum. Add to this a central painting by Francis Bacon and a character who seems to be something of the village Mike Oldfield, it certainly doesn't lack colour. Skolimowski deserves a success, if nothing else for the opportunities he gave Diana Dors in *Deep End*, and who knows this could be it.

FILM FUN

The Clash have completed their work in *Rude Boy*, a feature film that takes a humorous look at the British punk scene. The movie is produced, written and directed by John Hazen and David Mingay, who are best known for their film on painter David Hockney, *A Bigger Splash* ... on a different musical front the *Bee Gees* filmed their recent Oakland, California concerts for possible release. The movie will be a 70mm production with dolbyized sound ... French filmmaker Robert Bresson, now 78, is preparing the script for his next film, *Money* ... while fellow countryman Louis Malle, whose *Pretty Baby* had an international impact, is to direct *Never Cry Wolf*, an outdoor adventure to be shot in Canada's Yukon area ... Jack Nicholson is to star in the third remake of *The Postman Always Rings Twice* the James M. Cain thriller ... Director Ridley Scott currently riding a wave of acclaim with huge box-office success of *The Alien*, is now signed to make *The Knight* ... and US releases are now scheduled for Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* in August while Michael Cimino's *Heaven's Gate* should open in December.

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Singles

The **Only Ones** feature tops again, this time with their classic blitz. 'Another Girl, Another Planet', with another great track, 'Creature of Doom', from their first album. Keeping with the classics is **Joe Jackson's** fit thoroughbred 'Is She Really Going Out With Him?', surefire slow verse pacing with crashing chorus. Never misses. Mind you neither does **Ron Wood** who sounds more Dylan than Dylan on Zim's 'Seven Days', jagged and tough from Wood's new *Gimme Some Neck* album. Nearer home, and re-arranged **Dragon** sound a little flat on the admittedly catchy 'Love's Not Enough', while **Mi-Sex** rock out proud with the impressive rush of 'But You Don't Care.'

New band **The Tourists** headed by female Scots vocalist Anne Lennox use forceful jangling Byrd's style guitar and airy vocals on their first single 'Blind Among the Flowers.' Promising indeed, as is **Bon Marche's** resurrection of early Move dynamics on an excellent Phil Judd



Noel

song 'So This Is Love', and **The Skids**, Dunfermline's claim to fame, make it with the hard-stomping 'Masquerade.'

Remember glitter and built-up shoes, then you won't forget **Slade**, a name now synonymous with passe, but a band that gave a batch of lively singles in their hey-day. Their new one, 'Ginny, Ginny', contains all their trademarks — edgy guitar intro, dead simple chorus, good but naturally enough not quite up to their best. **Kansas** rock very politely on the very forgettable 'People of the South Wind', and the **Amazing Rhythm Aces**, who were once touted for great things, play safe with their brand of predictable laidback on Al Green's 'Love and Happiness.'

Esoteric disco as the Sparks' brothers, Ron and Russell Mael write and produce Virgin newcomer **Noel's** 'Dancing is Dangerous', and it sounds like Lene Lovich meets Giorgio Moroder. Eurosound. Shades of India in disco format as **Tasha Thomas** keeps an eight

minute 'Midnight Rendezvous' and **Hot Chocolate** sound uncomfortably autobiographical on 'Mindless Boogie', they can do better as shown on the flip 'Don't Turn It Off'. **A Taste of Honey** can't hit their previous heights with 'Do It Good' but its an easy-movin' classy dancer, as is the **Brothers Johnson's** 'Ain't We Funkin' Now'. **Eruption**, however, lower standards with their Boney M sound-a-like 'One Way Ticket', commercial up-tempo reggae, and **Dennis Parker** can do a little better with his echoed vocals and lavishly orchestrated debut-on-the-music-scene, 'Like An Eagle'.

Finally a plug for a bunch of up-and-coming Aussies, the **Sports**, who were given the Graham Parker seal of approval last year. Their new single, 'Don't Throw Stones', edited from their new album, is as tight and sharply focused as singles can be. Trim and punchy, Parker himself, I'm sure, would love to have written it. **GEORGE KAY**

AUGUST WHO'S WHERE LISTING. POST TO PO BOX 5689, AUCKLAND 1.

Toy Love 8-11, Awapuni, Palmerston North. 14-18, Ngamotu, New Plymouth. 20-25, Cabana, Napier. 30-Sept 1, Rock Theatre, Wellington. Sept 6-8, Gluepot, Auckland. **Shotgun Sheerlux & Midnight Oil** ('Rock War') August 20, Mainstreet Cabaret, Auckland. **Swingers** 8-11 & 22-25, Hillsborough Tavern, Christchurch. 16-18, Terminus Hotel, Timaru. August 28, Radio Windy Free Concert. 31-Sept 1, Rock Theatre, Wellington. Sept 3, Palmerston North Opera House. Sept 14 & 15, Liberty Stage, Auckland. **Citizen Band** 23-25, Albert's Nightclub, Queenstown. 26, Dunedin Regent Theatre. 30, Theatre Royal, Christchurch. 31-Sept 1, Grove Tavern, Blenheim. Sept 2, Wellington Town Hall. Sept 3, Palmerston North Opera House. Sept 4, Ngamotu, New Plymouth. Sept 6, Taupo College. 7, Wanganui Opera House. 8, Napier Municipal Theatre. 10-12, Sandown Park, Gisborne. 13, Tainui Tavern, Whakatane. 14, Rotorua Soundshell. 15, Hillcrest Tavern, Hamilton. **Appaloosa** 16-19, Liberty Stage. 21-25, Westown New Plymouth. Sept 3-5, Windsor Castle, Parnell. Sept 6-8, Globe. Sept 10-15, Cabana, Napier. **Golden Harvest** 8-11, Potters Wheel, New Lynn. 13-15, Windsor Castle. 17-18, Olaua Tavern, Waiuku. 29-Sept 1, Mt Wellington Trust. Sept 5-8, Liberty Stage. Sept 13-15, Windsor Park Hotel. **P'zzazz** 6-11, Cabana, Napier. 22-25, Lady Hamilton. 29-Sept 1, The Corner, Hamilton. **Klappe** 9-11, Headquarters Rock Cafe. August 25, Beachhaven Ratepayers Hall (with 2 other North Shore bands) **Sphinx** 13-19, Albert's Nightclub, Queenstown. 8-11 — 22-25, Captain Cook Hotel, Dunedin. 29-Sept 1, Hillsborough Tavern, Christchurch. **Rick Steele & the Hot Biscuit Band** 6-8, Windsor Parnell. 9-11, Windsor Park & Mainstreet Cabaret. 15-18, Awapuni. Palmerston North. 20-22, Romney Arms, Wellington. 23-26, Last Resort, Wellington. **3-D** 9-11, 31-Sept 1 & Sept 16, Island of Real. August 13-18, Cabana, Napier. 23-25, Leamington Hotel, Cambridge. Sept 5-8, Basement, Auckland. 12-15, The Globe, Auckland. **Sheerlux** 16-11, Mainstreet. 8-11, Windsor Castle. 22-25, Globe. 30-31, Gluepot. **Gary Havoc & Hurricanes** 8-11, Basement, Auckland. 14 & 15, Gluepot. 20-22, Windsor. **Short Story** 2-4 Windsor Castle. 15-18, Globe. 9-11, Gluepot. **Medusa** 8-11, Gladstone, Christchurch. 13-18, Rutherford, Nelson. 22-25, Rock Theatre, Wellington. **Straight Flash** 22-25, Windsor Castle. 21 & 22, Gluepot. 9-11, Rutland, Wanganui. 10 & 17-19, Last Resort, Wellington. **Reel to Real** 7-8, Ngamotu, New Plymouth. **Ariel** 9-11 & 30-Sept 1, Windsor Castle. **Hard Facts** 6 & 7, Globe. **Loophole** 8-11, Globe. **Electrabeat** 13 & 14, 20 & 21, Globe. 15-18, Basement. **Snipes** 22-25, Basement. **Spelling Mistakes** 9-11, Occidental. **Proud Scum** 30-Sept 1, Occidental. **Parana** 29 & 20, Gluepot.



Music Studio CHART SURVEY

UK ALBUMS July 14, 1979

- 1 (8) **Parallel Lines** Blondie
- 2 (5) **Replicas** Tubeway Army
- 3 (1) **Discovery** ELO
- 4 (2) **I Am Earth, Wind & Fire**
- 5 (6) **Last Night** James Last
- 6 (3) **Communique** Dire Straits
- 7 (7) **Voulez Vous** Abba
- 8 (8) **Back to the Egg** Wings
- 9 (16) **Breakfast** Supertramp
- 10 (11) **Night Owl** Gerry Rafferty

USA ALBUMS July 28, Cashbox

- 1 (1) **Bad Girls** Donna Summer
- 2 (2) **Breakfast in America** Supertramp
- 3 (6) **Candy-O** The Cars
- 4 (3) **At Budokan** Cheap Trick
- 5 (5) **Discovery** ELO
- 6 (4) **I Am Earth, Wind & Fire**
- 7 (7) **Back To The Egg** Wings
- 8 (9) **Teddy** Teddy Pendergrass
- 9 (8) **Rickie Lee Jones**
- 10 (21) **Get The Knack** The Knack

NZ SINGLES July 29, NZFPA

- 1 (4) **Ring My Bell** Anita Ward
- 2 (1) **Lay Your Love On Me** Racey
- 3 (2) **When You're In Love** Dr Hook
- 4 (11) **Bright Eyes** Art Garfunkel
- 5 (32) **Some Girls** Racey
- 6 (9) **We Are Family** Sister Sledge
- 7 (3) **Lucky Number** Lene Lovich
- 8 (14) **Roxanne** Police
- 9 (7) **Boogie Wonderland** E.W.&F/Emotions
- 10 (16) **Hot Stuff** Donna Summer
- 17 (12) **Don't Say No To Tomorrow** Sharon O'Neill
- 21 (21) **Everybody Let's Dance** Tina Cross

NZ ALBUMS July 29, NZFPA

- 1 (1) **Breakfast in America** Supertramp
- 2 (2) **Discovery** ELO
- 3 (4) **Very Best Of** Leo Sayer
- 4 (7) **Rickie Lee Jones**
- 5 (3) **Roussos Phenomenon** Demis Roussos
- 6 (9) **Outlandos D'Amour** Police
- 7 (5) **Bad Girls** Donna Summer
- 8 (6) **Candy-O** The Cars
- 9 (8) **Manifesto** Roxy Music
- 10 (-) **Take No Prisoners** Lou Reed
- 11 (15) **The Cars** The Cars
- 12 (12) **Rust Never Sleeps** Neil Young
- 13 (24) **Fate For Breakfast** Art Garfunkel
- 14 (10) **Lodger** David Bowie
- 15 (11) **Move It On Over** George Thorogood
- 16 (13) **Classic Rock-2nd Movement**
- 17 (-) **20 Smash Hits** Frankie Laine
- 18 (16) **Minute By Minute** Doobie Bros.
- 19 (20) **Voulez-Vous** Abba
- 20 (19) **Parallel Lines** Blondie
- 33 (25) **Right First Time** Th'Dudes

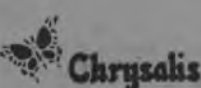


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