

RIPTUP

Free

NO 28 NOVEMBER '79



Cheap Trick
Toy Love down under





Looking at it one way, Cheap Trick are masters of the sales pitch. Take Rick Nielsen, for example. In different circumstances he might have sold advertising, sox, holidays in Rome. But no. From his cardigan with the knitted-in listing of tracks on *Dream Police* to the famed 'personalised' plectrums tossed to the audience, Rick Nielsen sells Cheap Trick.

The press is just an example. *Rip It Up*'s time with three of the four tricksters (Tom Petersson was detained in the US, nursing an ill wife) was at the end of a long day of interviews.

Regardless, the welcome was positively effusive. From the burly tour manager to the frail, pale Robin Zander, they were all so pleased to meet us.

Now, it wouldn't be imprudent, nor overly-cynical, to imagine that such 'friendliness' was as phoney as a lie Cheap Trick tour constantly; they are always being interviewed.

There's the rub. There's only so much one can say in answer to any particular question. By the same token, there's only so many questions. For all the heartiness, it's just those same old replies marched out again.

They all know that, so each seems to have his own method for taking our minds off the matter.

Robin Zander's approach is more visual than vocal. He smiles often, but sits very quietly. He looks shockingly thin but the beautiful little face is tanned and square-jawed.

We'd read that he wrote songs in a Neil Young vein: would he like to see the band perform his songs? No. "he doesn't think they'd suit Cheap Trick".



But, like the others, he'll continue writing.

Come recording time the choice of songs is a group decision; so far, Rick Nielsen wins most of the time.

Bun E. Carlos is a little more chatty. On album covers and in the eyes of vast hordes, he has been separated from Zander and Petersson and consciously placed beside Nielsen. They all acknowledge that this pretty/zany division has gone too far. For one thing, Carlos has lost a lot of weight recently. He's not about to blow the pretty pair out of the beauty stakes, but that's because he's an ordinary-looking bloke, and that's a marketable commodity.

It is Rick Nielsen who dominates the conversation and the room. More than any of the others, he's said it all before. Short of lying — and Cheap Trick used to fabricate extraordinary tales for the press — he's just got to regurgitate it all. So he jazzes it up with an outrageous barrage of tomfoolery and soft soap, until we're totally flummoxed.

Cheap Trick played three shows in Auckland. Their tour comes smack in the middle of a local

body controversy over dancing in the Auckland Town Hall. Signs at all entrances warned that the show would be stopped if any members of the audience left his or her seat during the performance. There to enforce the ruling were a battery of security men posted in front of the stage and down all the aisles.

On the second night the audience were kept down until the encores. On the third night they were on their feet almost the entire evening. The hall's management turned up the house lights as soon as the set had finished; ten minutes of clapping and calling for an encore followed.

The trouble, says Rick Nielsen, is that the audience blames the band, not the management, if they're calling for an encore and don't get one.

It must be ear ache to a band like Cheap Trick. With some fast-talking and a spot of pacification, they're back on stage again, if only for an encore of one song. After more than a decade Nielsen knows that every bit helps.

Louise Chunn

Cheap Trick

Christchurch Town Hall — Oct 22

It was the one and only Cheap Trick night in these parts as openers Citizen Band leapt on the surge generated by a highly charged Christchurch audience and proceeded to slam out the perfect warming-up bracket of brash Americanised rock'n'roll. Fitting.

CBS must be chuffed at the current Cheap Trick phenomenon. Last year they were one of the bands to name-drop but now everyone you meet (especially the kids) asks you if you've heard *Live at Budokan* or *Dream Police*.

Anyway, the show, as evidenced on the aforementioned live album, leaned on *In Colour* more so than on their other albums to provide the required danceable solution — "I Want You to Want Me", "Big Eyes", "Hello There", "Clock Strikes Ten" and "Come On Come On" were all hammered home as well as selected cuts from their other albums, in particular a lengthy "Need Your Love." Nielsen gyrated and tramped around the stage flicking guitar picks and sweat into the stalls when he wasn't jumping from his rostrum. Robin Zander and Tom Petersson's conventional cool proved to be the perfect foils for the assumed squareness of Nielsen and Carlos.

More than brief flashes of the Who and the Move were apparent in their music, but who cared where it came from, it was here and rockin' and that was all that mattered. They concluded with "Surrender" and a shower of plectrums then zapped back for three encores.

Nielsen and his buddies dished out G-certificate heavy metal pop and fun for all the family. Treat.

Say, what's a Cheap Trick guitar pick worth these days anyway?

George Kay



The first five correct entries opened Nov 29 win IN THROUGH THE OUT DOOR and a full colour poster of the band. The next five win a poster

1. What is the name of the large UK gig Led Zeppelin played this year?

.....
Name two tracks on IN THROUGH THE OUT DOOR?

2.....

3.....

4. What is your name

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With basic tracks and overdubs down, Iggy Pop has fired producer James Williamson and dropped the three songs chosen by Williamson to make the album more commercial. The LP now features seven Iggy tunes and three Pop/Matlock compositions. David Bowie sings with Iggy on one track. On his forthcoming US tour he will gig as Iggy and the Stooges with guitarists Steve New, Ivan Krall (Patti Smith Group), Glen Matlock on bass and Klaus Kruger on drums. **Patti Smith** and band are off the road for a year or so, "to let the earth replenish itself." Patti will record a solo album and Lenny Kaye will amuse himself assembling a compilation album follow-up to *Nuggets*. **Tom Petty** has resolved his legal hassles with MCA and is working on his newie *Damn the Torpedoes* on Backstreet/MCA records. highly regarded guitarist **Jimmy McCulloch** of Thunderclap Newman and Wings fame was found dead in his London flat. The cause is not known. Since Wings McCulloch has played with the reformed Small Faces and more recently in the **Dukes** with ex-Be Bop Deluxe bassist Charlie Tumahai. **Richard Dudanski**, the **PIL** drummer has left the band. He was unable to work with certain PIL members and feels that the good ideas behind the band will never see the light of day. the new look for **Eric Clapton** is no beard, a suit and tie, swept back hair and a new band — Albert Lee (guitar), Dave Markee (bass), Henry Spinetti (drums) and Chris Stainton (keyboards) ... not to be outdone, Ray Davies has smashing new white spectacles and the **Kinks** are rehearsing a couple of Kink oldies, the Jam's "David Watts" and the Pretenders' "Stop Your Sobbing", for their UK tour. the final **Little Feat** LP is not now called *Duck Lips*. The new title is *Down on the Farm* and guests on the platter include Bonnie Raitt, Sneaky Pete and David Lindley. **Thin Lizzy** toured Japan with Ultravox's Midge Ure on keyboards and ex-Manfred Mann guitarist, Dave Flett. first single off **Strangler** Hugh Cornwell's solo album is an up-date of the old Cream song, "White Room". Most of the tracks are written by Cornwell with Capt Beelheart drummer, Robert Williams. Cheap Trickster, **Tom Petersson** was secretly married in August in Las Vegas to his German girlfriend. wed in September in London were *New Musical Express* shit-slingers Tony Parsons and Julie Burchill. **Stevie Wonder's** new double album *Journey Through the Life of Plants* is likely to be in stores by Xmas. The cover is perfumed and Stevie has added vocals to several tracks that were originally instrumentals. **Ringo's** 13 year old son Zak has formed a band and plays the drum set given to him by the late Keith Moon. **Pete Townshend** cut his hand while playing at Madison Square Garden, had two stitches put in, and then finished the song. **Abba** has a crew of 50 on their US tour. **Frank Zappa** was a hit on US TV show *Make Me Laugh*. He didn't even smile. **Gary Moore's** guitar collection includes a Peter Green Gibson and a Steve Jones guitar that Jones left at Moore's place. Rounder Records (the George Thorogood people) will release the **Peter Green** album *In the Skies*, in the States. **Rolling Stone** ace Dave Marsh has a **Springsteen** bio out titled *Born to Run — the Bruce Springsteen Story*. Industry mag *Cashbox* describes Marsh's writing as "a tad hypey" written in the style of a devout follower. But they really liked the Springsteen pix. **Springsteen** was upset by the presence of his ex-girlfriend rock photographer **Lynn Goldsmith** in row 12 at the MUSE Madison Square Garden concert. He walked into the au-

dience and pulled her on stage in front of 20,000 people shouting "this is my ex-girlfriend" before he "flung her towards the wings." (*Rolling Stone* Nov 1). The photographer is expected to take legal action. Goldsmith was in charge of still photos for the MUSE concerts and refrained from entering the photographers' pit but Springsteen claims they'd agreed that she would not photograph the performance. record producer Jack Nitzsche (Mink Deville albums and Graham Parker's *Squeezing Out Sparks*) is facing charges including assault with intent to commit murder and assault with a deadly weapon. **Nick Lowe** is now expected to produce the new Costello in Holland not Australia. Currently **Elvis Costello** is producing the debut LP by UK ska act the **Specials**. is it true that the new Steve Jones/Paul Cook band is called the Bollock Brothers? Is the final Sex Pistols' album titled *Flogging A Dead Horse*? due to heart troubles **Jethro Tull** bassist John Glascock has left the band. His replacement is Dave Pegg (ex-Fairport Convention) ... when the **Members** played Houston, USA, they played four encores before an insistent Mr Springsteen dragged the band back for more. We are told Bruce described the band as the best British group he'd seen. **Stevie Nicks** is the first signing to Modern Records. Nicks remains a member of Fleetwood Mac and her first LP will be the film soundtrack *Rhannon* (based on her big Mac song) ... disco acts **Village People** and **Sylvester** are both releasing live double albums. Johnny's daughter **Rosanne Cash** and **Rodney Crowell** expect their first child in January. new names in USA include Mike Chapman produced **Nervus Rex** (Chapman also produced new Tanya Tucker *Tear Me Apart*), Capitol Records' latest LA discovery the **Motels**, unlike the Knack, features a woman singer/guitarist Martha Davis who wrote eight of the 10 tunes on their debut *The Motels*. Also fronted by a woman (Pearl E. Gates) is Warner Bros' San Francisco signing **Pearl Harbor and the Explosions**. **Jeff "Skunk" Baxter** (ex-Doobie) produced the new **Livingstone Taylor** LP. the next **Yes** may be produced by Queen/Cars whiz **Roy Thomas Baker**. **Quincy Jones** has produced **Rufus** with **Chaka Khan** newie *Master Jam*. **Sly and the Family Stone** are back after a three year absence with *Back On The Right Track*. Also released soon is *Ten Years Too Soon* an album of disco remixes of Sly's early hits. **Sex Pistols** Cook and Jones are working on their new album. Old mate Andy Arthur plays bass and Jones sings. There's nine originals and two covers (the Ronette's "Do I Love You?" and a George McCrae song) ... Joe Perry has quit **Aerosmith** to form the **Joe Perry Project**. next **Clash** album may be the soundtrack to their flick *Rude Boy*. filming of *Urban Cowboy* (starring **John Travolta**) is completed. The Irving Azoff compiled soundtrack features Bonnie Raitt, Doobie Bros, Jimmy Buffett, J.D. Souther and Waylon Jennings. the **Stranglers** are filming a 'new wave *Kids Are Alright*' about touring, on and off stage. Springsteen off-siders **Clarence Clemmons** and **Gary W. Tallent** will front their own band for a few gigs. albums to look out for — Ian Hunter double live and double Mott *Best of*, Tony Banks (ex-Genesis keyboards) *A Curious Feeling*, Police *Regatta de Blanc*, Joe Jackson *I'm the Man*, Steve Hillage *Open*, The Skids *Days In Europa*, Graham Parker *High Times* (Best of), Human League *Human League*, Penetration *Coming Up For Air*, David Johansen *In Style*, Culture International Herb and The Ruts *The Crack*.

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RUMOURS



ENZ FOR MUSIC FESTIVAL

Preparations are well underway for the 'Streetwaters' Festival at Ngaruawahia, January 26, 27 and 28. This outdoor music and cultural festival will feature a major American band (they're signed but not announced yet) and the return of Split Enz and Hello Sailor. Mi-Sex may return but the band's manager has not said "yes" yet.

NZ resident bands Th' Dudes, Sichtung, Sheerlux, Swingers, Toy Love, Street Talk, Lip Service, Flight X-7, Whizzkids (ex-Plague) and lots more will play at the festival.

Good news for NZ bands and fans is that the Festival is importing the same sound system as is used at Western Springs concerts. It's a great opportunity to see NZ rockers on the big stage, with the big sound etc.

Check out page seven for more details and the December 10, *Rip It Up* will have all the details. By the way, the headlining act is rumoured to be Blondie — are our rumours ever right/wrong (delete what is not applicable). Seriously, as we go to press (there's a wedding reception in the office — true!) the Sweetwaters man is still in the States and there's no final confirmation.

3 MONTHS IN OZ FOR CITIZEN BAND

CB leave for the land of Oz on Nov 4. Travelling with the band there will be tour manager Neil Ronald (ex-Ezzy Proms), super lightsman Rick Stiles and roadie Pak Peacocke. The band will continue their association with Citizen Watches and Aussie CBS have released their album *Just Drove Thru Town* and the single "Rust In My Car".

Like the Sailor and Th'Dudes tours, the CB gigs are booked by Mark Murphy and Associates. CB play two weeks in Sydney, then two in Melbourne and then return to Sydney. The group plan to back in NZ early February.

HELLO SAILOR SIGNED?

It's rumoured that Hello Sailor will sign an international record deal with Phonogram in Australia and that their manager, Phil Mills is only negotiating on minor details in the contract. A substantial promotional commitment and USA release have apparently already been resolved.

TH'DUDES TOUR AUSSIE

Th'Dudes commence a four week Aussie tour on Nov 6 in Sydney. They will do 17 gigs in 19 days supporting Virgin Records act, The Members. Th'Dudes are co-billed with Aussies, The Hitmen. Dude soundman Paul Streekstra will travel with them.

Their follow up to "Be Mine Tonight", "Bad Boy Billy", is released on Nov 6 by Big Mouth Records (distributed by EMI Oz). The lads appear on Aussie big one, *Countdown* on Nov 17, co-inciding with the release of their debut LP *Right First Time*.

MOTHER GOOSE IN TOWN

After living in Oz and USA for 18 months or so, Dunedin's own Mother Goose are back in NZ, holidaying and gigging a little bit. Before crossing the Tasman to home, they recorded their second album *Don't Believe In Fairy Tales*. The album was produced by Ralph Moss, producer of Lou Reed's *Rock'n'Roll Animal*.

WHO LATE SHOWS

A welcome innovation with the Who's smashing picture *The Kid's Are Alright* is a 9.45pm session on Fridays and Saturdays. You may go out to dinner, shop or snooze after work and still see a flick. Let's hope this concept is not just a oncer. But be warned, get loaded first, because there's no ice cream/chippie break at the late show.

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THE TERRORWAYS**

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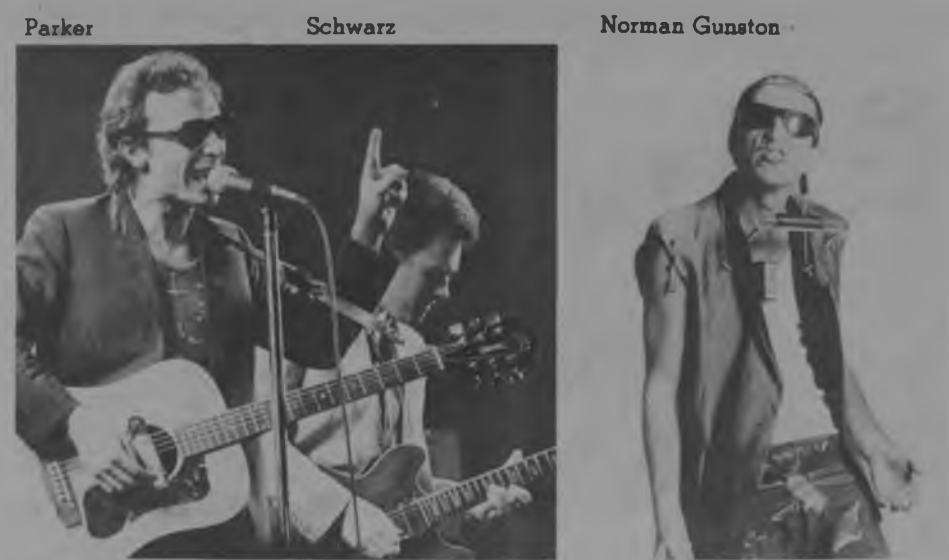
Did *Rip It Up* play a 'cheap trick' on 400 plus entrants in the CBS Records Cheap Trick Competition? As entries poured in it became obvious that in answer to the question — name the track on *Dream Police* that Petersson sings — most readers were wrong, they named "The House is Rocking".

They all named the wrong song because our writer got his track titles mixed up while racing to finish the story. (Next time we'll check that our writer has the answer right first.) "I Know What I Want" is the song that Tom Petersson sings on *Dream Police*. The photo we printed was from the *In Colour* album cover and Tom Werman produced three of their five albums.

First prize winner (autographed *Dream Police*, T-Shirt, their first 4 albums etc) is Natalie Southwell of Tiliangi. Winners of the second, third and fourth prizes are Alister Cain (Christchurch), Jennifer Laydock and Jane Walker (Christchurch).

Cheap Trick badges were won by Ray Duke, Dunedin. Paul Toohey, Napier. Mark Davis, Te Poi. Carne Kingwill, Papatotote. Fiona McDonald, Albany. Kelvin Lawson, Henderson. S. Donaldson, Here-taunga. Kevin Sanderson, Mairangi Bay. Ian Potts, Ohaupo. Keith Springer, Wanganui. Andrew Kirk, Gisborne. June Ngan, Petone. Brett Hall, Orehunga. Bryan Cane, Glenfield. Gerard Chaplin, Tawa. Nick McKissack, Hamilton. Gerard Kidd, Titahi Bay. Lance Goldsworthy, Northcote. Terry Cushion, Hamilton. N. Woodsworth, Rotorua.

RIP IT UP No. 28 NOVEMBER '79
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TOURS

Graham Parker and the Rumour return to NZ this month, after seven dates in Australia, playing Wellington on Nov 23 and Auckland Nov 26. The venues for the tour of the year are Well-ington's Opera House and Auckland's Town Hall.

Since leaving NZ last September Parker and friends have been busy. They recorded *Squeezing Out Sparks* and toured the United States for four months. The Rumour also found time to record their Stiff album *Frogs Sprouts Clogs and Krauts*.

Parker's *Squeezing Out Sparks* cracked the American Top 40 and got impressive critical at-tention from the main mags. As on last year's tour Parker is previewing material that will be on his next album To achieve a more essential sound, he no longer uses a horn section.

Being released in NZ and Aussie to coincide with the tour is a compilation *High Times* with favs and tracks hard-to-find tracks like "Mercury Poisoning".

Norman Gunston that star of Telethon and tissue paper, is on an extensive tour of the country this month. the little Aussie bleeder begins his journey to the double-adapted New Zealand funnybone in Timaru, gateway to the south, on November 24.

Accompanying Norman Tabernacle Choir, the Gunsonettes, and Cheetah. The tour by the multi-media personality has been arranged in association with Mrs Lewis (Norman's landlady) and the Wollongong SPCA.

Gunston's dates are Timaru Nov 13 Theatre Royal, Dunedin 14 Town Hall, Christchurch 15 Town Hall, Nelson 16 Majestic, Wellington 17 Opera House, Wanganui 20 Opera House, Palmerston North 21 Regent, Napier 22 Municipal Theatre, Hamilton 23 Founders, Auckland 24 Town Hall.

Also touring NZ, Nov 26-Dec 1, are the **Bellamy Brothers** ("Let Your Love Flow" etc). They perform on Nov 26 Invercargill, 27 Dunedin, 28 Christchurch, 28 Hamilton and 30 Wellington.

The Stones are not touring in November. They're now rumoured for March.

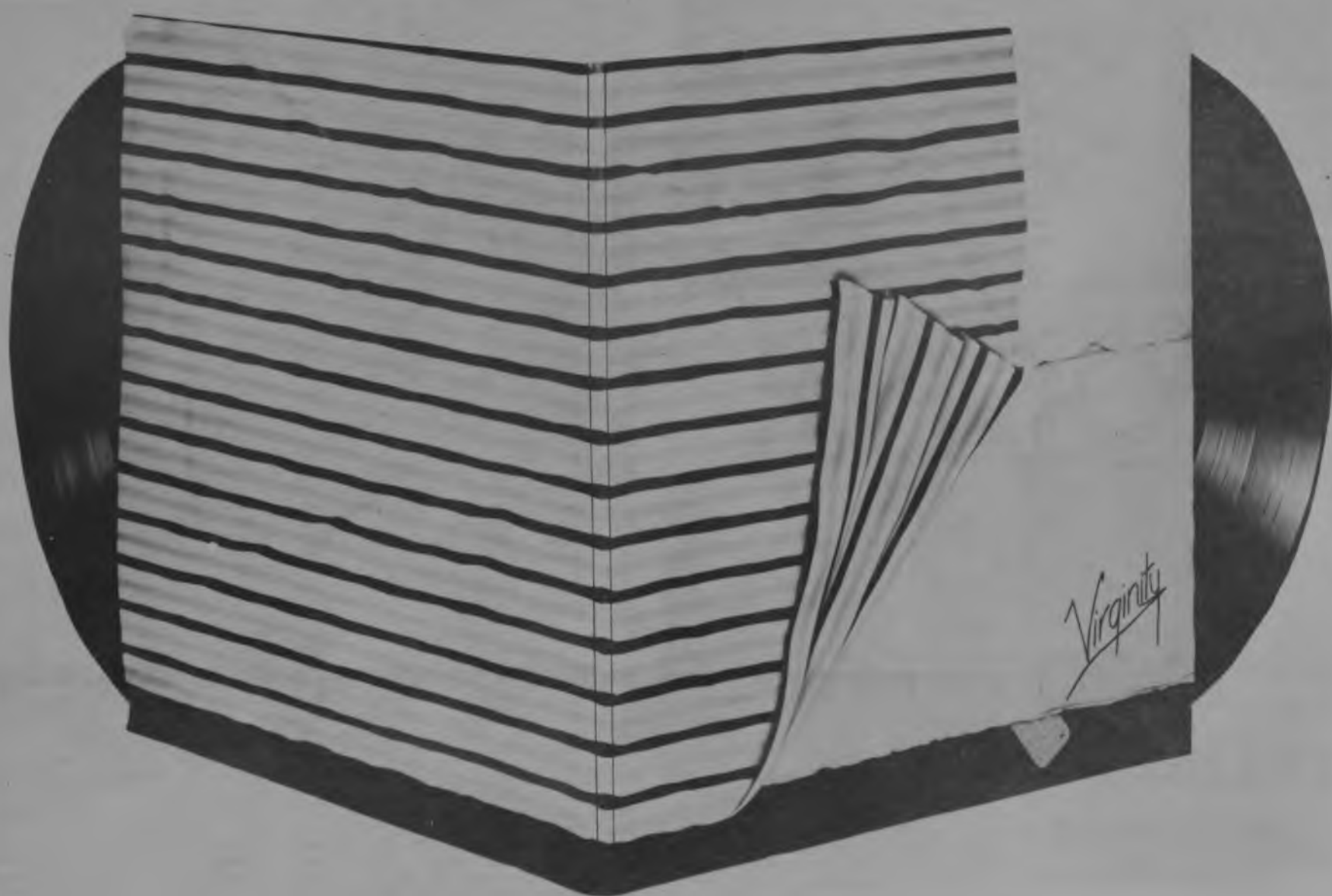
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AUCKLAND

The Cavern has closed, though look out for badges and boots one-nighters where Diamond Dogs was ... 'new band' gigs the Occidental and Sat afternoon at Windsor Castle will feature fewer 'punk' bands. Reasons cited were the Windsor fire and hassles with under-pub-age fans.

After two years in beautiful NZ, **Terrorways** rhythm guitar man, Dean Martelli will leave the band in late November, sell his gear and return to the UK to seek fame and fortune ... guitarist John Treseder has left **Gary Havoc & the Hurricanes**. He's been replaced by keyboardman Evan Kendon (like Gary, Kendon's done time with Sharplin's Rockets). Permanent Hurricane drummer is Steve Emery (was in Wonders) ... the **Plague** changed their name briefly to Mad-da Ferrets but now they are known as **Whizkids** — they are Mark Bell (guitar), Tim Mahon (bass), Ian Gilroy (drums), Kit Snoid (keyboards) and Andrew Snoid (vocals). They play fav haunt Wellington's Last Resort Nov 15-18 ... Medusa man Tim Powles is now skin-hitter for **Flight X-7**. The same flight also features Mark Stanton (keyboards), Jeff Clarkson (vocals), Warrick Keaye (bass) and Paul Jamison (guitar) ... Dave McLean's **Furys** are looking for a bass player who is free to leave town so the band can play provincial venues (if interested phone 606-374) ... yes that is Dave's brother, iom McLean upfront in **5 To The Bar**. How did you guess? Tom (shades and throat) is assisted by Ian Gordon (shades and sax), Kevin Lunt (guitar), Barry Brooks (bass) and John Morgan (drums).

Hello Sailor walked out during their performance at Melbourne's biggest gig, the Bombay Rock. The problem was a ring in Ricky Ball's snare ... both **Swingers** and **Sheerlux** have been recording new tunes at Mascot Studios ... beware, the **Normal's** drummer has arrived in Auckland ... will EMI release a Stark Naked and the Car Thieves single? ... Frontline, D. Tours and Clean have split ... heard about the **Anaesthetics**?

Winners of the Labour Weekend Windsor Castle **Rock Quest** were **Frank Zerox & the Duplicators**. The **Furys** were second and **Proud Scum** third ... after a longer than usual stay in the big smoke **Lip Service** have set out on their **Banned Tour**. They're in the South Island from Nov 14 (Gladstone) to Dec 15 (Rutherford) and play the major venues ... South Island bands at large in the North Island include **Bon Marche**, **Cruze** and **Trooper** ... it's good to have **Bryan Staff** back on the air. Sunday night 12M, he hosts a show featuring lots of NZ recordings and interviews ... after travelling 20,000km in five months drummer Phil smart is back to stay and thinks one-nighters in Australia are not much fun ... NZ soulsters **Dalvanus & the Fascinations** (usually found in Oz) are recording and LP with Ode Records.

The **Nambassa** book is in the shops and the film and the double album will emerge soon. The record **Nambassa Live** features Split Enz (three tunes), Citizen Band, Plague, Schtung, Rick Steele and lots more. The 90 minute film was edited and directed by Philip Howe (brother of Steve Howe of Yes) and like the record, the film should be released by Xmas.

THE CORPORATION

AUSTRALIA

Nick Lowe/Dave Edmunds **Rockpile** put on two great shows which unfortunately were a little short. However the band put on a freebie at the Stagedoor Tavern.

Cold Chisel are back in Pallisade Studios working on a new single — meanwhile **Hello Sailor** are getting ready for the release of their new 45 "Son of Sam"

Skyhooks bassist **Greg Macainsh** is off the road and off everything else too while he gets over glandular fever. US producer Eddie Leonetti is down under ready to start work on the Hooks' new album.

Marc Hunter and his band the Romantics are touring and doing well. Marc's new album *Fiji Bitters* looks set to go and talking of **Dragon** et al CBS Records threw a night of booze n' food to celebrate Dragon's million dollars worth of vinyl sales. When quizzed about how he felt about having sold a million dollars worth of the black stuff the effacing **Todd Hunter** said "it's all crap — just pure shit" The shindig was held at the prestigious Milson's restaurant and because of tour commitments Marc was not present.

Split Enz and **Midnight Oil** played at a *Death to Disco* concert here recently. Punters were invited to bring a disco record with them — all of which were ceremoniously burnt during Oil's set

JON ADAMS

WELLINGTON

New band **Bad Brakes** packed 'em in at Willy's Wine Bar playing 75 percent original material. First night they played to 29 people, by third it was 200 plus. Bad Brakes are Chris Holtham (vocals), Vic Singe (drums), Shane Hava (lead guitar), Roy Love (bass) and Joe Hallam (guitar).

Medusa opened Wellington's newest rock venue **The Club** (formerly Uncle Albert's), the weekend of Oct 20 and played all original material. Medusa's drummer Tim Powle has moved up country to join **Flight X-7**.

Highly likely that Thursday night jam sessions will start on November 15 at the **Last Resort**. They will feature Wayne Mason, Dennis Mason, Ross Burge, Kevin Bayley, Clinton Brown, Brent Thomas and assorted guests. **Lip Service** play LR second weekend of November. The **Plague** return on the third and **Snipes** play on the fourth. The 22M November group of the month, **Flight X-7** play the LR the first weekend of December

Colin Bayley will be in Aussie by the time you read this. **Jon Stevens** is doing a promotional tour of NZ.

GARY STEEL

DUNEDIN

Dragon went down well at their recent Regent concert. **Toy Love** completed a memorable week at the Cook, but apparently their Concert Chamber stint along with young Dunedin hopefuls **Bored Games** and the **Same** and Christchurch's **Androids** was marred by poor sound quality. **The Same** have been asked to submit tapes to 4XO. **Heavenly Bodies** are going into the studio to slap down a couple of tracks. Video also possible.

Growing Pains have definitely split this time but Andy Combe is planning to reform the band with different personnel. Ropati Heibenstreit, vocalist with **After Dark**, is quitting the band to pursue a newer wave career in Auckland

Rockylox are on the verge of the big time as EMI are providing them with free studio time at the Marmalade studios in Wellington under the guidance of David Gignane to record their songs "Radiation For Free" and "Television Games". Four hundred copies of the single will be pressed and they will be released in a couple of weeks along with a clip for *Ready to Roll*. **George Kay**

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Toy Love week in Dunedin

BY ROY COLBERT



Mike Dooley

Toy Love had been back to Dunedin once since they'd replaced Mick with Jane and Paul and stopped being The Enemy. But the week of October 9-13 was the real home-coming. They not only had a single out this time — a six-weeks-in-the-charts-successful single even — but they were playing The Cook.

The Cook is somewhat resignedly rated as the best place in town for a band like Toy Love to play. The sound is white noise fanatics-only at the front, and intercom-dreadful at the back, but in the middle it can be okay. And the right sort of people for Toy Love music come through the door. (Without breaking it down on the way.)

The Cook is more importantly where Chris Knox used to sit night in night out grinding his teeth at the succession of mediocre to malfunctionary bands that passed across its tiny stage. He used to break things from time to time.

So The Enemy were formed. Chris, Mick Dawson, Alec Bathgate and Mike Dooley. Those with leather-bound volumes of early *Rip It Ups* will have a report of their very first gig in fact. (The Dec-Jan 1978 issue.)

But things were still being broken. The Enemy, who hardly ever played at The Cook, still drank at the Cook.

The Enemy were banned from The Cook. The manager denies it, but the ban was still there when Toy Love made their first return to the city earlier this year. And it wasn't until October that Mick Dawson's new band The Heavenly Bodies were allowed in to play because (mild-mannered) Mick had been in The Enemy.

"It was mainly directed at me, and also at the crowd The Enemy used to attract. We used to smash a bit of glass and stuff" says Knox.

TUESDAY

First nights can be awkward, and Tuesday is no exception for Toy Love. The fans are there expecting too much, the cynics and the local band musos (often one and the same) are there hoping the singer will trip over the bass player and the drummer's eaten too much acid. Or at least that he will be out of time.

The sound hasn't been worked out yet.

The band are really nervous. But "The Crunch" is designed to drive nerves right into the floor. It's a great song for a welcome-back opener.

The old Enemy songs — and the cover versions — are just so fast. Great songs, but I close my eyes and I see Knox beating a flaming piece of prime steak to death with a huge mallet.

You can't hear the keyboards. But the new songs — phew! New to me anyway "Ain't It Nice". A killer first time. "Death Rehearsal". "Queueing" (Mick, who can't get over how much Toy Love sound like The Enemy, really likes this one) (And the covers "No Matter What" and "People Are Strange").

Bathgate and Dooley have made astounding progress since Knox enticed them away from Polytech two years ago. Dooley hammers away at his tom-toms like a little street fighter cornered in a back alley. Head bowed sideways, he never lets up. Neither does Bathgate, the perfect rock rhythm guitarist. The two of them used to almost race each other to slow down during such demoralisingly quick exercises as "Pull Down The Shades". But no-one slows down in this band any more. "Pull Down The

Shades" has got a good deal quicker.

Bathgate is a walking advertisement for the potential of Ibanez guitars. Has he ever tried the real thing?

"Yeah, I played a Les Paul once. Didn't like it much. I had a Stratocaster too, but I prefer the Ibanez. Though I don't think they've quite got the same life-span. The older one I've got doesn't sound quite as good as this new one I'm trying out."

Those who know the Harlequin demo tapes wonder where the thrust went — guitar principally — on the single version of "Squeeze". Bathgate agrees it was missed.

"I wanted more guitar. I hope to get it on the next one."

Tuesday has been decibel-dangerous and overpowering, but memorable. The kids, who couldn't pass for 20 even inside coal sacks, have spent the night on the pavement outside. They seem happy as everyone moves out.

WEDNESDAY

Musically, Wednesday was the one. You could hear Jane, and with everyone moved around (Alec atypically playing on the left) the sound wasn't too bad at all. In fact, as good as I think Toy Love could ever expect at the Cook.

"Have you seen their mixer?" asks Ewan, a fellow steeped in hi-fi. "I think they must be saving on wires."

Pretty loud" I reply, keeping it technical. "Very. I've got the old cotton wool in though" he says. In a voice that says hasn't everyone.

The covers are distinct tonight, and "Arnold Layne" and "Yummy Yummy Yummy"/"Positively Fourth Street" medley (medley?) aren't to be done better all week. The band blaze into the night with "Squeeze", which people are calling out for ("they never do in Auckland" — says Knox), and a numbing "Death Rehearsal".

I retreat home with an Island of Real cassette clutched in my hand, thankful I won't have to wait another 24 hours to hear "Ain't It Nice". And "Sheep". And ...

THURSDAY

A chance encounter in a second-hand record shop. An old friend, school maybe, excitedly stumbles upon Knox pouring over a box of old singles.

"Chris! Chris Knox!!! How's it going? I hear you're in a band."

The guy looks like a young missionary.

"Yeah" replies Knox. A winning smile.

"Must be a real interesting life."

"Aaaaahhh...yeah. How about you? Still at Cadburys?"

"Oh yes, still there."

"You must be, ummm, moving up the hierarchy a bit by now" enquires Knox tactfully.

"Oh, not really. I haven't got any big ambitions or anything."

"We'll be seeing you at the pub then?"

"Maybe Better go — late for work. We'll see you Chris — good luck with the band."

"Ta."

Thursday night was a bit aggressive. It was probably best the young missionary stayed home with his chocolates. It was a feature of the week that every night brought a different audience, and the Thursday edition seemed rather intimidating.

Knox of course loves this sort of atmosphere. So does Iggy Pop. "Anger is great to work with" he told me in Christchurch. "You can turn it into anything you want."

Alec Bathgate



Paul Keen

Jane Walker



Chris Knox

PHOTOS BY CRAIG LAWSON



Knox asks the crowd if they'd like to know about the Auckland scene. Derision drowns him out. He sticks a safety pin in his cheek.

And then at the end of the night, he decimates a beer jug. Teeth-gritted but happy (again) the punters file out into the street.

The bouncer at The Cook is a former wrestler, Tiger Taylor. He can be really friendly. Just don't ever try and remove a thorn from his paw.

He strikes angrily through the Cook debris as the band pack up, clutching the base of the jug in one hand, the other clenched tight (there is precious little difference between the two).

"You call that singing?" he shouts to absolutely no-one in particular. "I'd like to ram this right up his f**king arse."

Knox apologises to Tiger later. Hand meets paw in guarded friendship.

FRIDAY

The band return to the second-hand record shop. Over a large brown bag of rotting takeaway food, we get down to some fundamental interview material.

I recall Chris and Mick arguing about cover versions back in The Enemy. Chris was adamant they wouldn't do them. No point. Even wrote a rather fine song called "Cover Version."

So what's with all these cover versions then?

"Because we didn't have enough songs as Toy Love" says Knox simply.

"And also because these songs are really good songs" adds Paul Kean.

Toy Love have no contract with WEA, which seems to suit both parties. But Knox says there will be a follow-up single to "Rebel". Regardless of who it's for. And hopefully, an album.

It's quite essential that Toy Love do get to do an album. It's not just that they have enough songs — and enough really good songs — but an album is crucial to their future. Toy Love are eyeing England, as opposed to Australia or America, and at this stage Knox thinks their best chance of getting over there is through someone hearing the album, and being sufficiently impressed to back up praise with dollars.

"Australia has an air of inevitability about it" says Knox. "Most bands come back from there worse. More bland. It sucks the balls out of you."

Kean says the band only sees America in terms of getting to England.

"In terms of the energy coming out of the countries at the moment, England is definitely the place" he says.

But if someone — record company or whoever — sink a lot of money into the band, there could be some demands.

"We want to be free. That's why it's good having one song on WEA and another on the Bomp compilation. We won't compromise" says Jane.

"If it looked like we were being sucked into a corporate deal, or something like that. I think we'd recognise it and pull out" says Knox.

Who would the band like to produce the projected album?

"Someone who's never produced anyone else" suggests Dooley.

"No New Zealand producer seems to be able to get that power the English bands get on their records" says Knox. "I was listening to something the other morning and I thought 'shit, what's this? It's amazing'. And it was 'A Must To Avoid' by Hermans Hermits. Stupid

old Hermans Hermits. But it had that sound."

Everyone seems pretty happy with the general forward momentum of the band, but there are drawbacks to the increased touring and playing.

"We're not getting much time to practice, write songs, or rearrange old ones" says Knox.

"Pubs only let you practice first thing in the morning, and that's no good" says Ken.

What are the good pubs? The good cities to play in?

"The Cabana in Napier is an amazing place" says Knox. "Hastings was good, and Wellington was great at the Town Hall concert. All those kids just went straight to the front of the stage from the start. They were giving us phone numbers and everything."

"Every place seems to have the same sort of punks too" says Kean. "Like a blond one, a fat one. And every place has their Sid Vicious copy."

Discussing bands, Toy Love are less than complimentary.

Predictably the name recording bands come under a lot of fire, though it should be pointed out too that while "Rebel" was enjoying its six weeks on the charts, the vaunted competition from Citizen Band ("Rust In My Car") and Th'Dudes ("Walking In Light") was nowhere to be seen.

"We liked The Vacuum and The Androids in Christchurch" says Knox. "In Auckland, ummm, The Furs and Snipes. And Proud Scum are learning "Rebel" and "Squeeze". They've already learnt "Swimming Pool". They haven't got any shame."

On Friday night, there are crowds right down the stairs by 8 pm. No-one inside is leaving, so those on the stairs are in for a long wait. But they do wait.

Tiger smiles as we enter, pointing to his ears above the cacophony of "Arnold Layne". It's another good night though the news from Auckland that the single has dropped out of the charts might just have taken a thin edge off the top of the performance. Maybe.

SATURDAY

The afternoon has been set aside for nostalgia and fun. A few Heavenly Bodies and maybe even a Mother Goose or two will be singing and playing a bit. There will be the reggae version of "Pull Down The Shades". Dunedin hasn't heard. And possibly even, gasp, an instrumental run through of "Smoke On The Water."

But the bar is absolutely packed (it's free this afternoon and all the Under 20s have sneaked in as well) so the original plan is thwarted somewhat. A packed Cook aren't going to be too interested in a herd of miscellaneous bim-bos playing "Sweet Jane" when they've come for more Toy Love.

So we get a brief 'Greatest Hits' set from Toy Love at the end, after a most enjoyable hour of musical chairs. Jane on drums (very good) Mike on guitar (not as good on Jane on drums) and Mick back on stage with The Enemy doing back-up vocals. But in spite of some cajoling, no bass playing.

Saturday night is again different — for the audience. And again it's a full house. The songs, new to many at the start of the week, have assumed real shape for those who have been most nights, so it's an evening of confirmation.

Behind me, a voice.

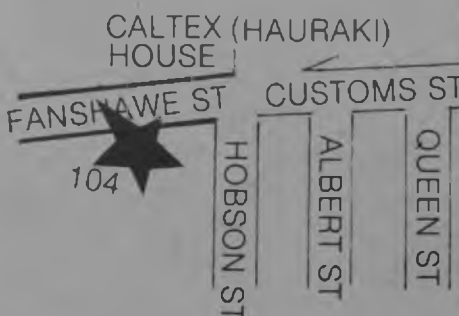
CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

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The British Invasion Supplement

The Joe Jackson Story

Picture this; freezing cold weather. London in January 1979 was one miserable place to be when the snow was on the ground and you were sleeping on someone's floor, with only a two-bar electric heater to take the chill off the air.

It's in this environment that English rock'n'roll makes sense; hundreds of sweaty bodies packed into a tiny club with warm beer by the pint, and a high energy band assaulting the person with decibels. It's a great way to suffer til tube time.

I was lucky enough to catch Joe Jackson at Dingwalls on one of those nights, at his first headlining gig in London. From the start it was obvious that he had push; record company posters, new look in polka-dot ties and pinstripe suits, and a kind of wired up confidence that spelled rehearsed. Which he was. I don't know how his band sounded so tight with all that leaping around. Jackson stood dead centre, hands in pockets or wrapped around the mike, and sang. I guess he just can't dance.

You get the picture. This was no kid with a stolen drum kit, a lot of energy, and the desire to please. Joe Jackson is a pro who has paid at least some of his dues, and knows how not to get screwed by the business. Or that's what he says.

He was born in 1954 and he grew up in Portsmouth, where, he says, he was a little out of the ball game.

"I was really into classical music, as it happens. I was a slightly odd teenager. I didn't play football because I've been a really bad asthmatic all my life. I didn't try to pick up girls because I used to think that I didn't stand a chance, and I didn't go to youth clubs because the other kids who did go seemed to be pretty boring."



"So I started getting into music in my early teens. I thought 'this is great, I'll be an intellectual, not like the rest of them.' So I was an odd one out all the way through my childhood and teens."

Although he started with violin lessons at eleven, it was at fourteen that he became interested in piano, and at the age of sixteen he took formal lessons on the instrument. Worse was soon to follow. He went on to a three year course at the Royal Academy of Music. So much for street credibility.

"I wasn't very much into rock music as a teenager. The first rock music that I liked was the Beatles and the Stones. Even though I really liked that stuff, I wasn't really old enough to think about forming bands or anything. So it was quite a while later that I came full circle, and started liking rock music again and started getting into bands."

The first of these was a straight Top 40 club band called Edward Bear, not to be confused with the Canadian band of the same name. Arms and Legs followed — a pro band with original music, written by Joe and Mark Andrews, the band's lead singer. As well as also sang, Joe played keyboards, harmonica, and (yes, friends) electric violin. They even scored a record contract before the band died of the not so unusual 'management hassles.'

"When I left Arms and Legs, I went through an intense period of getting my writing and singing together, because I wanted to do it for me rather than for a band. Just ego, I guess. Just becoming aware of what I had to offer and thinking that I had to be able to do more than this."

To flog your songs and yourself around the companies, you need demos. To make demos you need money. Joe took a job as 'musical director' (read piano player) at the Portsmouth Playboy club. "If you can play and you're able to read music, then you're able to work in cabaret. I needed to do it so I could get some money to finance my own music. I wanted to do it properly and not make compromises."

But the rot did not stop there. After nine months he left to play behind a MOR act, 'New Faces' winners Coffee'n'Crete. It was at this time that he began checking the bands of the then-happening London punk scene.

"I was very excited by it at the time, but I was trying to save enough money to launch my own band and album so I was gonna keep doing that for a while. During this time while I was doing cabaret, on my nights off I was going to places like the Vortex and seeing punk bands. It was sort of a double existence. After a while it was the right time for me."

The right time came via his Arms and Legs contact at UA records, who didn't offer him a record deal but sent him to Albion Music, a publishing company. Albion signed him, and supplied him with manager John Teller. They sent the demos to A&M producer David Kerschenbaum, from LA. Kerschenbaum was so keen that he booked studio time and had half the album in the can before a contract was signed.

The rest is no news. "Is She Really Going Out with Him?" has been played (and played) on your radio, and Charles Shaar Murray's huge in America prediction is coming true. And he gets press. He gets the kind of press that people get who haven't offended anybody yet. And he gets compared to people.

"I don't really mind being compared to Graham Parker — that's flattering. But Elvis Costello... He's produced some great music, but as a general sort of character, and as a stage performer especially, I find him totally obnoxious. I'd rather not be identified with him at all."

"No one's compared me with Ian Dury, and I think I've got a lot in common with him. I just get the same sort of feeling out of seeing him onstage as what I feel people must get off us. His band are similar to the guys I've got — very tough but very versatile."

In fact, Jackson's songs reflect the change in 80 percent of the British pop music industry since 1977. He writes short, to the point songs about things that bother you'n'me, and he presents them matter of factly. The voice is not pretty, but then, neither are many of the sentiments.

"I wanted to present a realistic outlook, because I felt that before the New Wave came along everyone seemed to be writing fancies and repeating the same old cliches. Then the Clash came along and all of a sudden people started writing about real things. But the thing to do seemed to be to react totally, be really angry, and just sort of shout slogans. I didn't really want to do that either. I wanted to put across this attitude of being realistic and seeing things as they really are."

Joe Jackson's second album is called *I'm The Man* and his approach hasn't changed. The songs cover the bases well, with revenge ("On Your Radio"), consumerism ("I'm The Man"), and sex ("Kinda Kute") all featuring. His patented ironic twist shows up on "Different For Girls" in which he reverses the sex roles. He touches on the loss of innocence of the mid seventies in "Friday", and he justifies his cabaret days in "The Band Wore Blue Shirts."

In fact, there's a lot of lost innocence about this record. He stated his intentions with "Look Sharp."

You gotta look sharp

And you gotta have no illusions...

By now, illusions are right out of the question for him, a sad fact reflected upon in "Amateur Hour."

The world would be a better place

If some of us could stay

Amateurs

Now as the legions of attitude bands and cult figures become increasingly irrelevant, the way is open for people with something interesting to say or some interesting way of saying it. Whether he can continue to cut it or not, Jackson's first two albums have at least made his point.

Here's to the new realism.

John Malloy

EAT TO THE BEAT

Blondie



Produced by
MIKE CHAPMAN

DREAMING
THE HARDEST PART
UNION CITY BLUE
SHAYLA
EAT TO THE BEAT
ACCIDENTS NEVER HAPPEN
DIE YOUNG STAY PRETTY
SLOW MOTION
ATOMIC
SOUND-A-SLEEP
VICTOR
LIVING IN THE REAL WORLD



Chrysalis

Blondie is a Group

No other band in recent times has had more accusations levelled, more labels attached. The media, and to a lesser extent, the public, have laboured under many misapprehensions when talking about this band.

Their emergence at the height of the British New Wave landed them with the unwelcome 'punk' tag, and this severely retarded their breakthrough in their home country.

Guitarist Chris Stein once claimed that Jimmy Carter put a stop to new wave music, considering it politically dangerous. Whatever happened, American radio stations at first refused to play Blondie's music because they were considered a new wave band.

ROUGH AND READY

Their first album, produced by Richard Gottehrer, was certainly a rough and ready effort, with a sound that Debbie Harry says was much rawer than their live performances of the time. Titles like "X Offender" and "Rip It To Shreds" simply helped to reinforce the notion that here were a bunch of upstart Yanks trying to cash in on a trend that was not native to them. Reviews ranged from condemning to condescending, and the British press, in true hypocritical fashion, later turned around and said *Blondie* was their best effort.

The follow-up, *Plastic Letters*, was again produced by Gottehrer, but a change was evident. Numbers like "Youth Nabbed As Sniper" and "Cautious Lip" were reminiscent of the first album, but the best moments were "Denis" and "I'm Always Touched By Your Presence, Dear," which were pure Phil Spector, first class radio music, the like of which hadn't been heard in years. This, then, was the new direction, to be consolidated on the third album.

Parallel Lines saw a switch of producers, and while the choice of Mike Chapman, he of Suzi Quatro, Smokie and now Racey fame, may not have looked impressive on paper, there was little doubt about how it worked on vinyl.

Parallel Lines made Blondie a pop band to be reckoned with. Their slightly leathery image was swapped for something much cleaner and more wholesome, and "Heart Of Glass" went to No. 1 in the States. "Picture This", "Sunday Girl" and "One Way Or Another" had that happy, bouncy feel that no radio programmer worth his salt could afford to ignore. Jackpot.

SELLOUT

And out came the knives, the cries of "sellout!" Credibility, whatever that is, had been dumped in favour of commercial success and the Almighty Buck. NME's Tony Parsons ridiculed Debbie for treating hecklers nicely, instead of stepping on their faces.

Not that this worried Blondie too much. "Everyone asks if we're selling out by going commercial," said Stein in '78. "But I view it as a challenge to try to produce something that has mass appeal. To me, it's more a challenge to try and write hit songs than to do something esoteric."

The band's biggest problem, however, has been That Lady, Debbie, after all, is hard to ignore, and nobody can deny it was her looks that gave Blondie their start.

"My image is really strong," she admits, "but that's like a gift. That's my gift. The glamour is part of Blondie, the best sort of groups have always had that visual, plus music, plus entertaining."

Keyboards player James Destri puts it more succinctly:

"If The Rolling Stones were called The Big



Lips after Mick Jagger, it'd still be the same unit of energy. It's just like identifying with the singer, and she's the focal point. It's worth the occasional slagging from the press that the band are just her backing musicians, which we know personally is not true. After a while, the press will realise there's something else here."

Not for nothing have their more recent promo ads carried the heading 'Blondie Is A Group.'

STOP THE HYPE

Blondie, the group, have always had the maturity not to let the hype throw them. And with their fourth and latest album, *Eat To The Beat*, they can happily wash it away once and for all.

Eat To The Beat is their most consistent effort to date, and also marks the emergence of Harry and Stein as a truly awesome songwriting team.

Debbie and Chris have between them produced four of the songs, and Debbie co-writes four more with other members of the band. The girl is no Dumb Blondie.

The album opens on a gloriously high note with the single "Dreaming", for my money the band's best 45 ever. A neady, irresistible romp, propelled by Clem Burke's exuberant drums, it leaves you with an idiotic grin and feeling 10 years younger.

"The Hardest Part" is a slightly disco-fied tale of a plot to heist an armoured car. It has a

New York toughness about it, mean but sharp as well. Debbie makes a great gangster's moll.

SPECTOR SOUND

"Union City Blue" invokes the ghost of Spector again. Chapman's production is six miles wide, as lyrics that are barely more than random couplets depict a beautiful pair of people, out to get noticed.

"Shayla" puts Debbie firmly among the ranks of the great lady pop singers, the Dusty Springfields and Petula Clarks. Stein's tearfully lovely song tells of a golden girl who quits the humdrum existence of a factory to seek some experience and memories:

*Green trees call to me
I am free, but life is so cheap....*

The title track is a surfie romp, recalling the Ventures and the Surfaris. A transistor radio in one hand, a pizza in the other, and a junk food hangover to follow.

More interesting is Destri's "Accidents Never Happen", a stylish rocker plotting a similar course to "Detroit 442" and "Contact In Red Square". Destri doesn't believe in love at first sight:

*I don't believe in luck
I don't believe in circumstance...
Accidents never happen in a perfect world
complications disappear
Like a Magi on a hill,
I can divinate your presence from afar
Now you love me, I can tell.*



When the final tally is taken of the best singles of 1979, well up on the list will have to be a number called "Roxanne."

Its creators, The Police, are a trio of misfits who look like punks, are as old as hippies, play like jazzmen and take care of business like Adnan Khashoggi.

"Die Young, Stay Pretty" quotes freely from the philosophy according to Nick Romana in the Bogart movie *Knock On Any Door*: 'Live fast, die young and have a good-looking corpse.' For inexplicable reasons, the song contains the line 'Dylan is senility.' Draw your own conclusions while sampling the reggae beat, which Blondie handle with a good deal of panache.

"Slow Motion" is probably the weakest track, danceable and well sung, with more Spector treatment.

MORE DISCO

"Atomic" could be another disco smash, but it has more meat to it than "Heart Of Glass". To a thumping backbeat, a jiving couple gaze soulfully into each other's eyes, each one demanding the ultimate performance from the other, on the dance floor, and hopefully later:

Make me tonight, make it magnificent ...

"Sound-A-Sleep" is a post-coital lullaby. How many red blooded boys have dreamt of having Debbie sing them to sleep? Too bad it's lulling them into a false sense of security.

"Victor" is the nightmare that follows. Over searing power chords and a maudlin Gregorian chant, Debbie screams "Don't leave me alone, I don't want you to go." It jars the senses, to be brought back to reality on the closing track, "Living In The Real World."

Debbie prays before the altar of stardom, and gets stretched on the rack for it:

Every day you got to wake up, disappear behind your makeup ...

Take away your calendar watch, you can't keep track until your heart attack

Hey, I'm living in a magazine, page to page with my teenage dreams

I'm not living in a real world no more.

The song is Destri's, but it reflects a dilemma that Debbie is only just coming to terms with. Her candour about her early days as a groupie and a junkie has led to media concentration on her image and its associated sexuality.

"Yeah, it's my own fault," she says. "I should have kept my big mouth shut."

Never mind, Debbie. Everyone has a past they want to forget. You now have something to be proud of.

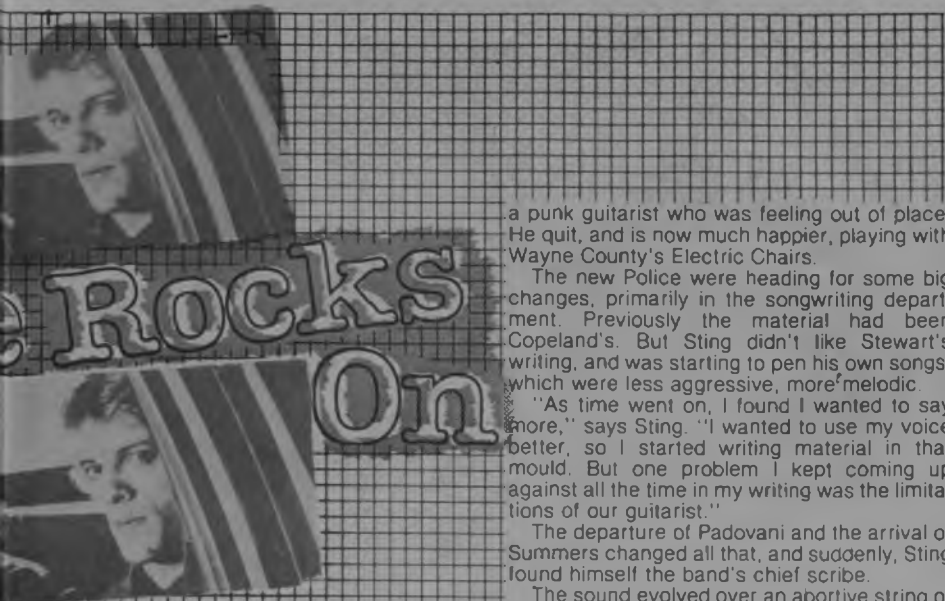
Eat To The Beat is a notable achievement, melding the 60's and 70's, working from strength and not weakness, to produce pop music taking us into the next decade.

Blondie should now be able to create on their own terms, without taking ill-judged flack. Their sound is now as distinctive as Abba, and I'm not being derogatory. The band has a collective identity too strong to be ignored.

Blondie is a group. And don't you forget it.

Duncan Campbell





With "Roxanne" its successor, "Can't Stand Losing You," and the criminally (sorry) fine album *Outlandos D'Amour*. The Police have stormed both sides of the Atlantic this year. They owe debts to nobody for their unique sound, which makes it all the more difficult to describe on paper.

Sting and Stewart Copeland make up one of the most flexible and inventive rhythm sections since Little Feat, counterpointed by Andy Summers' intelligent and sensitive guitar. Nobody, ever though such a simple trio could create so many nuances of sound. On top of it all you have Sting's rich, smoky voice, at times recalling Jon Anderson of Yes, but far more versatile.

They have energy, style and depth, but never sacrifice one for the other. The Police make music for the thinker, the rager and the dreamer.

CURVED AIR

The band was formed in January 1977 by drummer Copeland, an ex-patriot American who fled to Britain in 1975 to join his brother Miles (now manager of The Police) in Darryl Way's band, made up from some of the fragments of Curved Air. Stew thought he'd finally made it big, until he sat down and did some figuring, and worked out just how much they'd have to sell to recoup the 80 thousand dollars just spent recording one album.

"It suddenly began to dawn on me that the whole thing was completely bogus," he says. "The advances were so preposterously high that every album we made had to be a 100 thousand seller just to break even. Consequently we just couldn't take chances. Everything had to be commercial."

So while Curved Air withered and died, Stewart cottoned onto the new sound that was coming from the Vortex and Roxy clubs in London. This started a train of thought, and he readily acknowledges today that punk was his musical salvation.

"The new wave made it a lot easier for us. Kids were rejecting radio waves, listening to local bands, and selecting their own heroes. The new wave broke down that whole star quality thing."

Stewart started putting his own band together. The first recruit was a guy named Gordon Sumner, better known to everyone, including his mum, as Sting. At the time Copeland first met him, he was playing bass and singing in a jazz band in Newcastle, called Last Exit, supplementing his daytime teaching income, and feeding his actress wife and baby son.

"I went down to one of his gigs and saw an incredible stage performer, playing with a jazz band," Copeland recalls. "And in spite of playing jazz, which bored me stiff, the one person — the stage performer — blew my mind. I called him up for that and for his singing."

The band's first guitarist, Henri Padovani, was picked at random, and was soon to prove incompatible. Copeland took care of the business side himself, booking all the gigs, and even forming his own label, Illegal Records, on which the band's first single, "Fall Out/Nothing Achieved", was recorded. It cost them just under \$2000 to make, but has since sold about 10,000 copies.

Stewart says it sold mainly on the strength of the cover, and because it was one of the first bona fide 'punk' singles recorded.

The Police rode the crest of the new wave popularity for a time, playing the punk venues, but 1977 was a difficult year for them. Sting's heart was not really in the three-chord thrash and he felt restricted by Padovani's obvious limitations as a guitarist.

FRENCH ENCOUNTER

A stroke of luck came while Copeland and Sting were in France, at the behest of Mike Howlett, playing at a Gong festival in Paris. There, they were joined by a guitarist called Andy Summers, for a short-lived musical project of Howlett's called Strontium 90.

Summers' credit list, which included stints with the new Animals, Zoot Money, Soft Machine, Tim Rose, Kevin Coyne and Kevin Ayers, made him a prime contender in the Boring Old Fart stakes, by the standards of the time. But when he expressed interest in joining the Police, the others welcomed him with open arms. Summers, to his credit, is proud of his past.

Summers' first gig with the Police, as a four-piece, was at a Paris punk festival in September 1977. On their return to Britain, they went into the studio with John Cale. The union was not fruitful.

"He misunderstood the group," says Andy. "He thought we were a bandwagon band. So he came to produce a band with a genuine punk sound. He wanted Sting to scream the vocals, and distortion on the guitars."

End of sessions. And end of Henri Padovani,

a punk guitarist who was feeling out of place. He quit, and is now much happier, playing with Wayne County's Electric Chairs.

The new Police were heading for some big changes, primarily in the songwriting department. Previously the material had been Copeland's. But Sting didn't like Stewart's writing, and was starting to pen his own songs, which were less aggressive, more melodic.

"As time went on, I found I wanted to say more," says Sting. "I wanted to use my voice better, so I started writing material in that mould. But one problem I kept coming up against all the time in my writing was the limitations of our guitarist."

The departure of Padovani and the arrival of Summers changed all that, and suddenly, Sting found himself the band's chief scribe.

The sound evolved over an abortive string of European dates, and lots of promises from various companies of big things to come. None of these materialised, until brother Miles came back onto the scene, and offered to finance an album.

ALBUM SESSIONS

They began sessions in January 1978 in Surrey Studios, and it was here that Sting produced a touching song about a French prostitute, which he'd begun cooking up while the band was in Paris. They'd been experimenting with reggae, so they tried that feel behind the verses, with a hard-rock chorus. The combination of the two styles has become a Police trademark, as has the song. When the band first played "Roxanne" to Miles, they just did it as a throwaway.

"We played it to him with trepidation, feeling that he would hate it because it was totally the wrong thing," Sting recalls. "And he flipped out. He thought it was great, a classic song, and the next day he took it to A&M."

The single and the album which followed became sleepers on the British charts, only breaking through when the Police became big news in America. Part of this can be attributed to a backlash from the British press, who felt the Police were too old for punk credentials, and had just dressed up and dyed their hair to get on the bandwagon. The truth is, the peroxide jobs were done for a chewing gum commercial on TV. The makers wanted a 'punk' group for the ad, and the Police accepted the job to help pay the rent.

Their breakthrough in America was carefully planned, so they didn't blow out and bankrupt themselves. They flew Freddie Laker, stayed in cheap hotels, had only a handful of vital people in their entourage, played small but important venues, and managed to break even. "Roxanne" got airplay, *Outlandos D'Amour* hit the top 30 album charts, and everybody started falling over themselves to praise the band.

Copeland's experiences with Curved Air have ensured that the Police have made money much sooner than most up and coming bands. *Outlandos* only cost \$6000 of their own money to record, and the follow-up, *Regatta De Blanc*, was recorded in the same tiny Surrey Studios.

INSIDIOUS

Once again, Sting's compositions dominate the album, and show clearly that he's far from running out of steam. The opener, "Message In A Bottle", which is also the hit single, bears all his trademarks, the switching of tempo, the insidious, but subtle melody, which never leaves you once heard. It's a song of desperation, of a lonely man who suddenly discovers there are millions of others like him. The discovery is only all the more frightening.

Subtlety is the keynote of this album. Textures of sound are concentrated on, creating moods in layers of guitar lines, in delicate shifts of the bass patterns, changes of inflexion in the drumming.

It's absorbing listening, as Sting recites the wordless lyrics of the title track, and Summers spins little webs of guitar around him.

"It's Alright For You" is the closest Sting has ever come to the new wave. His jazz leanings are much stronger on the rest of this album. For that reason it bears more listening and could prove more durable than its predecessor.

"Bring On The Night" is a sterling effort, and has to be the next single, with a memorable chorus, and a spellbinding array of licks from Summer, who ought to be stood in the corner for showing off.

Elsewhere, we have "Walking On The Moon", an atmosphere piece, and "The Bed's Too Big Without You", another superlative reggae number.

Copeland contributes three songs, which would probably work better outside the context of a Police album. His writing is more orthodox, which is why it jars slightly among Sting's efforts, whose open-endedness lets the band extend itself. Copeland sings "On Any Other Day" with sardonic humour, but it's plain who is the better singer.

I've heard this album nearly a dozen times, and I'm still totally immersed in the variety of it. Something new emerges with every listening. Sample it once and I guarantee you'll want a replay. By then you'll be hooked.

The Police are consummate musicians, yet their energy and commitment is unflagging. They may be getting on in years, but they believe implicitly in what they're doing. You'll believe too.

Also, watch for Sting, who's no mean actor, in the upcoming movie based on the Who's *Quadrophenia*. He plays Ace, the bellboy. His previous roles include the part of a drag queen, raping Paul Cook, in *The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle*.

"My heart," he confides, "was not in it." Listen to *Regatta De Blanc* and you'll know where his heart lies.

Duncan Campbell



New Recruits Old Guard Specials Tull Talk



The Specials



Gary Brookers



Tull LP out for Xmas

Ska band **The Specials** have their debut album out in the UK. It's produced by Elvis Costello. About the production *NME's* Tony Stewart wrote — "they sound as though they just turned up, plugged in and bashed it down. They've lost none of their live impact, nor their ramshackle enthusiasm, nor any of their indelible character."

Apparently another big name, Mick Jagger, representing Rolling Stones records was among the record men chasing the Specials. But, the band wanted to maintain their own label '2 Tone' (complete with its own budget) within a larger company's structure. Chrysalis signed the Specials and '2 Tone', June '79.

The Specials came from Coventry, the nucleus being formed in mid '77. Early 1978 guitarist Roddy Byers (from punk band, Roddy Radiation & Wild Boys) and two singers joined. They toured the UK with Clash in the summer of '78 and released an independent single ("Gangsters") with another ska act called the Selector on the flip (it sold 5000).

Their first Chrysalis album is out soon and titled *The Specials*.

Ex-Stiff act **Mickey Jupp** has a new single out titled "You Made A Fool Out Of Me" and produced by ex-10cc lads, and Creme.

Out in NZ is **Gary Brookers** solo LP *No Fear Of Flying* (produced by Beatles' George Martin). Brooker was vocalist and writer for Procul Harum — the "White Shade of Pale" people. Brooker does a couple of Mickey Jupp tunes on the album and co-writes several with Pete Sinfield.

A few newbies to look out for are *Live Wire Pick It Up* (produced by Glyn Johns), **Robin Trowers** *Victims of Fury* (he plays with original Trower three piece of himself, James Dewar on bass and Bill Lordan on drums — the LP was co-produced by Trower working with Geoff Emerick) and **Buggles**, their single is called *Video Killed the Radio Star*. Buggles are Trevor Horn and Geoff Downes and they're into making "electronic pop for the eighties."

Not wanting to work with a hired man, Ian Anderson played bass on the sessions for the new Jethro Tull album *Stormwatch*.

Not being a fan of the music press, Ian interviewed himself and kindly sent us a copy.

Has Tull bassist, John Glasscock left the group?

"John had an emergency operation on his heart last summer. He had to have a valve replaced. We toured America with a stand-in bass player. When John re-joined us, he was obviously not in great physical shape. We weren't getting the results from him, musically, that he is capable of giving. He needs to take a year away from playing music and get himself sorted out and face the restrictions that his illness has placed on his life — I've no doubt however that he will return to a musical career."

Do you have a new bass player?

"Dave Pegg joined the group after the final, final Fairport concert. He fits in well. His musical tradition is not too dissimilar from our own — he's played everything from commercial jingles to ethnic folk."

The songs on *Stormwatch* seem to have a theme running through them?

"I think the songs on an album have to have a thread, something that holds them together, there are a few exceptions, but generally if a song doesn't fit in then it's thrown out."

Do you enjoy writing lyrics?

"I think I'm an achronism at this time, because I try and write lyrics that mean something. I try to avoid most of the cliches of pop music lyrics. I know that sounds awfully snotty, but I think that most pop lyrics are so much rubbish. There aren't many people whose lyrics I could pretend that I like. Ian Dury is a very good lyric writer."

How much of the new album will you feature on the US tour?

"Most of it. We will feature the material as a set piece. It will be nice to dress up the new work and present it as a whole, rather than playing another best of Jethro Tull tour."



On his recent Chrysalis album *Photo-Finish* the durable Irish guitarist Rory Gallagher includes a song called "The Last of the Independents". The title fairly sums up Gallagher himself.

One of those who made blues-rock trios fashionable, Gallagher stuck to this format through thick and thin. A man who shuns the trappings of showbiz, Rory Gallagher appears always to be dressed in checked lumberjack shirt and jeans, toting a well-worn Fender Stratocaster. His unchanging image and the constancy of his music have made him the butt of jibes from the more fashion conscious.

But Rory Gallagher has endured, staying true to the musical vision he developed as a journeyman guitarist in Irish showbands when he left school in the mid-sixties. As the eighties approach there is probably more interest in the roots music that is Gallagher's foundation than at any time since the sixties' blues boom.

Gallagher's last two Chrysalis albums, *Photo-Finish* and *Top Priority*, show no flagging of the man's spirit. He looks set to face the next decade head-on and spitting hot licks.

To uninitiated ears, Gallagher can sound as if he has made one album many times over. There is a grain of truth to this. A check of his very first recordings (released as *In The Beginning*), made prior to the first success of Taste in 1969, shows he had a firm concept of blues-

based rock way back then. Each album since those early days has been a fine tuning of that vision.

To be sure, the difference between Gallagher's better albums is a matter of degree only, vehicles as they are for guitar playing; Rory is a limited songwriter and something of an acquired taste as a vocalist.

The move to Chrysalis a couple of years ago marked an improvement in his studio albums, with the jazz inflected title track of *Calling Card* being one of the highlights of his career.

Of the earlier albums, the two live records are the best. It is in front of a crowd that Gallagher shines. His New Zealand tour of five years ago must rank as one of the best, with the guitarist setting a hot pace without resort to the baser kinds of flash that too often accompany guitar pyrotechnics.

Gallagher's music of this period was a major influence on Hammond Gamble. A good proportion of *Street Talk* material was gleaned from Gallagher.

In 1972 Gallagher augmented the guitar-bass-drums format with keyboards, but the effect remained that of a trio with the piano adding texture rather than another solo voice.

For a bandleader who runs his group his way Rory Gallagher has kept a fairly constant line-up, but recently he regrouped, firing keyboards man Lou Martin and drummer Rod de Ath. He kept his longtime bass player Gerry McAvoy and brought in drummer Ted McKenna.

The move meant a lengthy delay while *Photo-Finish* was re-recorded. The result is, if anything, better than ever. The new trio is solid and Gallagher is sparkling on all cylinders. The new album, *Top Priority*, consolidates the hard-nosed approach of *Photo-Finish*.

Working from a twin base of blues (he played guitar on Muddy Waters' Grammy award-winning *London Sessions* album) and Gaelic/folk melody, Rory Gallagher has time and again proved himself his own man. The last of the independents.

Ken Williams



The Storm explodes as Jethro Tull's newest album breaks. Ian Anderson intensifies the fury with his electrifying musical directions. Jethro Tull ... Lightning Strikes ... Again.



Chrysalis



JETHRO TULL STORMWATCH



Alive & Kicking

RECORDS

Jo Jo Zep

It's A Steal

Various Artists
Virginity
Virgin

There's nothing new about the concept of a sampler album as most record companies in the past have released compilations usually aiming to draw public attention to a new group of unknown talents. Years ago Vertigo, then a new label, released a double album hotch-potch to parade their new progressive hopefuls, Phillips let the world in on their *Revolutionary Sampler* for a dollar and CBS assembled *Fill Your Head With Rock*. To name but three, and now *Virginity*.

It is a carefully conceived (sorry) double album devoted to artists, as the title pun implies, on the Virgin label and it's available only in this country. It's designed not only as an advert for the represented acts but as an album in its own right with each side containing compatible music.

Side One is not only the first but the best, seven tracks seven bullseyes — XTC's "Are You Receiving Me?", Magazine's "Shot By Both Sides" (album version unfortunately) and Penetration's "Life's A Gamble" amongst them. Side Two focuses on disco after the Records' opening shot "Girls That Don't Exist", and Sparks meander through "La Dolce Vita" before Supercharge ("I Can See Right Thru You") and Noel ("I Want A Man") put matters right.

Record Two, Side One with tracks by Mike Oldfield, Tangerine Dream and ending on the Sex Pistols' "The Complex World of John Rot-

Magazine



ten" is disappointing and perhaps only Kevin Coyne's "I'll Go Too" is worth your time. Side Four, though, is a telling marriage of punk and reggae, two forms of music not a million miles apart, with contributions by the Members, Skids, the Ruts and Culture, to name a few.

Virginity is available through normal retail outlets and if you're lucky you'll pick one up. Otherwise post five bucks to RTC, PO Box 3825, Auckland, and quick. Either way it's a steal

George Kay



Falcons Fly

Jo Jo Zep & the Falcons
Screaming Targets
Mushroom

Generally the Aussies produce very competent but uninspired rock'n'roll. Bands like Cold Chisel, Midnight Oil, and Little River Band typify this. *Screaming Targets* is Jo Jo Zep's third album, and it verges on the inspired.

Jo Jo is a bloke called Joe Camilleri, who sings and plays sax. The rhythm section came from Daddy Cool, and it was Daddy Cool's Ross Wilson who produced the band's first two albums. The guitarists are Jeff Burstin and Tony Faehse, both of whom co-write with Camilleri, and Wilbur Wilde adds the other sax. Together they sound a lot like the Asbury Jukes, a resemblance that carries through to Camilleri's vocals. They play R&B with a class that transcends their influences.

On this album, the band uses a reggae feel on three or four numbers, especially the superb "Hit and Run". It's hard to pin down why the song is good, but it's easily the closest I've heard a white singer come to capturing the Toots feel.

Other reggae songs such as "Katschra", or the brilliant "Open Hearted", reflect both the JA influence and the New Orleans style that originally influenced the Jamaican musicians. The Falcons use the reggae feel in a rock setting without sounding derivative.

In the same way, the R&B that has been their forte up till now comes out of the grooves sounding more natural than ever. "Only the Lonely Hearted" and "Don't Wanna Come Down" sound like the Falcons, tough but sentimental, arranged but jumping. The one slow tune on the record, "Close to the Bone", is carried like it was the Stax house band at the wheel. They more than do justice to Mickey Jupp's "You Made a Fool Out of Me".

The package comes with a free live album that makes it a bloody good deal. Our own Alastair Dougal has seen them live, and he assures me that these cuts capture the band's abilities in a way that their first two albums

never did. I believe him. It's tough, exciting soul music played with the Cropper/Dunn feel you can hear on Otis Redding or Sam & Dave albums.

It may be that the production has finally done the trick for this band. There's not a note out of place here, the mix is faultless, and the effects, such as didgereedoo and female backup singers, never intrude. Pete Solley makes the band sound good without stamping his own mark all over the music.

If any criticism can be levelled, it is that their influences (Southside Johnny, Parker, Jagger, and maybe Tosh) are fairly obvious. But the fact that they can sound this good puts them out of the class of mere imitators.

Don't miss it

John Malloy

The Ruts



TUBEWAY ARMY REPLICAS

INCL. "ARE FRIENDS ELE

CTRICY



REPLICAS

Album / Single

WEA records

GARY NUMAN

THE PLEASURE PRINCE



THE PLEASURE PRINCE

Album / Single

Born Again Randy

Randy Newman
Born Again
Warner Bros

New look Randy Newman



Fleetwood Mac



trified laments. The singing is probably as good as these two get and the instrumental support is as strong as ever, but it is rather too familiar.

The remainder of the songs (nine, in fact) are the work of Lindsey Buckingham and they are a jolt. Propulsive and energetic, they rescue *Tusk* from any accusation of fatigue, while at the same time underlining the lack of adventure in the other tracks.

Buckingham's songs for Fleetwood Mac have always been strong in rhythm, but it is stressed to the near-exclusion of melody, as in the title track, which has added support from the University of Southern California Trojan Marching Band.

It is not that Buckingham's songs are so peculiar, rather that alongside the more conventional approach of McVie and Nicks they can sound downright weird. Or more to the point is it that the modes of McVie and, especially, Nicks have languished, but the structure of the group requires a sharing of the songwriting profile? If so, it's a pity. The dichotomy sits uneasily.

Ken Williams

Blue Oyster Cult



Blue Oyster Cult
Mirrors
CBS

Wherein Murray Krugman's and Sandy Pearlman's whizz-kids embark on yet another phase in their careers. Their previous stages of development have been marked by two monuments of heavy metal cut'n'thrast — the double *On Your Feet Or On Your Knees* which closed their science fiction razmataz, and last

year's broad perspective *Some Enchanted Evening* signalling an end to their toned-down period. Or did it?

Mirrors is really a profitable extension of the second phase which included the important *Agents of Fortune* and the patchy *Spectres*, but their new album is a departure in that it is their first album to be produced by someone other than the Pearlman-Krugman team. Tom Werman, fresh from Ted Nugent and Cheap Trick production chores, has taken over and has replaced the Pearlman-Krugman satanic shades of past works with a dab hand of commercialism and keenness of sound.

As usual the Cult have come up with the right album formula of knife-edged songs honed to a fine point by Roeser's guitar ("The Vigil" picks up from where "Reaper" left off) and mellow lower-key efforts full of melodic moods like "In Thee" and "You're Not the One".

When it comes to superbly crafted rock'n'roll BOC are still the guys in America calling all the shots but what narks me is the fact that there are very few other bands there willing to follow their example.

George Kay

Other songs on *Born Again* explore the quirky themes one has come to associate with Randy Newman — Japanese and Russian spies infiltrating an unsuspecting America, transvestitism and exhibitionism, John Travolta clones up against real street punks, and (hilariously) the Electric Light Orchestra.

Some of the best songs are the deceptively simple ones about not much at all — family life, old girlfriends, people caught up in the job of making ends meet.

Newman's consistent stance of detachment sets him apart from other rock songwriters. Even when he adopts the first person he remains the storyteller and not a protagonist. The diary approach to writing is not for him.

Supporting some of the most literate lyrics one is likely to hear this year or any year is equally superb music. Every note seems selected for maximum effect, whether it be the pared down cocktail trio noodlings of "The Girls in My Life (Part 1)" or the synthesised composites of "The Story of a Rock and Roll Band".

Born Again is unreservedly recommended to those looking for more than just a head-bang.

Ken Williams

Fleetwood Mac

Tusk

Warner Bros

Tusk is an unresolved paradox. It is almost like two albums (apart, this is, from being a double), as if there was an abrupt shift of direction during its preparation. This could account for its being more than two years since Fleetwood Mac's last album, *Rumours*, and its remarkably high production costs (reportedly about \$1.2 million, although no doubt a fair bit went to the name photographers who contributed to the overdressed packaging).

Of the album's 20 songs about half are written by Christine McVie and Stevie Nicks, sharing the burden more or less equally. The effect is of déjà vu. There are Christine's aching, "love hurts" blues ballads and Stevie's coun-

ENO



Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy
Another Green World
Music For Films
Polydor

Music For Airports
Ambient

AFTER ART SCHOOL

Brian Eno is one of a rare breed — a survivor, like his colleagues Bowie and Ferry, of the recent rock'n'roll transition and a man revered for his forward thinking and electric imagination. He's lasted the pace because, like the aforementioned gents, he's not only a leader of sorts in his particular niche but he's also in possession of the prerequisite talent and contemporaneous outlook.

Educated in a religious environment until he was sixteen he then studied at Ipswich and Winchester Art Schools where he formed his interest in avant garde music and cybernetics. Eno's public career can be dated from his collusion with Bryan Ferry, January 1971 to July 1973, on the first two Roxy Music milestones, and it's more than apparent his contributions were vital to the band's glossy ritiness. But Roxy was too small to contain the disparate abilities of both Ferry and Eno so the latter left after heated arguments and later that same year collaborated with Robert Fripp on *No Pussyfooting*.

SOLO STRATEGY

Great things were expected of the man with the release of his first solo album proper, *Here Come the Warm Jets*, but despite the presence of gems like "Blank Frank" the album was something of an anti-climax. Never mind, *Taking Tiger Mountain By Strategy*, followed quickly and made amends although even it was ridiculously underrated at the time.

Eno has often referred to himself as a 'non-musician' and in many ways you can see what he means as he doesn't adhere to acceptable songwriting/arrangement norms or patterns. *Tiger Mountain*, like its predecessor, affirmed his belief in simplicity ("When I listen to my previous albums I am surprised by my confidence in simplicity") and highlighted his unusual songwriting abilities in the rock idiom. Because of his lack of a traditional rock background and his long-standing interest in electronic music, Eno's dabbings with rock have been very personalised and off-beat. He juxtaposes a variety of different elements. For example on *Tiger Mountain* his everyday deadpan vocal drone, styled very much on Robert Wyatt's approach, is often urged along by some weird instrumental pairings: bagpipe synthesisers leading into a singalong on "Back in Judy's Jungle" and the nursery rhyme qualities of "Put A Straw Under Baby" illustrate this eccentricity.

But *Tiger Mountain* is really Eno ruled by straightforward notions especially when Phil Manzanera strides out on "Third Uncle" and "The True Wheel". The album ends on the tranquil note of the title track, a glimpse into the peacefulness of *Another Green World*. *Tiger Mountain* made its point and must be noticed.

ANOTHER WORLD

Another Green World is really an aural landscape incorporating a balanced combination of the Two Sides of Eno — the man as vocalised rocker exemplified in *Jets* and *Tiger Mountain*, and as expansive synthesiser instrumentalist later to find fruition on *Low/Heroes* and *Music For Films*.

AGW is a beautiful album in the true sense of that word: beginning with the atypical harshness of "Sky Saw" Eno eases into melancholia in songs like "St. Elmo's Fire" (which boasts an authoratative guitar solo from Fripp), "I'll Come Running" and the quaint "Golden Hours". Yet it's the pensive melodic instrumentals that steal the prizes, notably the

hymn-like "Big Ship", "Sombre Reptiles" "Becalmed" and the title track.

The album is the nearest thing Eno has recorded to a folk album and it's reminiscent of the pastoral pangs of the best of the Incredible String Band's earliest output. With the exception of *Before and After Science* it is probably his most satisfying and complete album.

SONIC REDUCER

"At one extreme I am a singer/songwriter, and at the other a sonic experimenter."

After the acclaimed *Before and After Science* and his well documented contributions to *Low/Heroes* Eno released *Music For Films* last year. The album could have been more accurately titled *Music For Moving Picture Interludes* as the contents are a collection of fragments, some of which have already been used in films and television programmes and others which are just begging to be snapped up as provoking soundtracks.

There are no bombastic grandiose film themes here riddled with cliched major chords, so forget the implications of the title, *Music For Films* from that angle. Eno has used his electronic inquisitiveness to shape eighteen pieces of atmospheric instrumentation similar in texture to their counterparts on *Another Green World* and *Low/Heroes* but different in that they are more mood orientated and less melody-conscious.

The album is Eno on his home ground creating what he feels he is best at — "contemporary electronics and recording technology without lapsing into quirky gimmickry that normally characterizes this pursuit." *Music For Films* is rich in a diversity of tone and texture stretching from the crystal acoustic picking of Fred Frith on "From the Same Hill" to the chillingly mournful 'orchestral' mood of "Sparrowfall 2&3". *Music For Films* then is an unqualified success, electronic music with purpose and discipline that easily avoids trivial gimmickry.

The same can't be said for *Music For Airports*, the first in a planned series of albums presenting music as an integrated part of a particular environment, in other words muzak. The problem is that this idea is contradictory to the concept of music as something to listen to, consequently *Music For Airports* doesn't shape up under close scrutiny.

Robert Wyatt has collaborated with Eno on one track but his acoustic guitar is well immersed in the cold lindelum arrangement. The album consists of four pieces, two using multi-tracked female vocals to provide an ethereal effect/backdrop for Eno's hesitant piano inclusions.

The album achieves what it sets out to do, that is the creation of a certain mood or atmospheric background, but for my money Eno is really cheapening himself on this venture no matter how grand or worthwhile he may believe his ambitions are.

So there you have it, four albums representing four stages or facets of someone called Brian Eno — rock as in *Tiger Mountain*, the fifty-fifty world of rock and instrumentation on *Another Green World*, the contemporary electronics of *Music For Films* and finally the wallpaper strategies of *Music For Airports*.

Take your pick.

George Kay

Citizen band



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B52s

The B52s
Warner Bros

You should buy this record immediately. If, come the summer, it isn't sitting prettily in your record collection you'll be hopelessly uncool; absolutely *no-one* will invite you to beach barbeques anymore. The B52s are as fashionable as Kate and Cindy's go-go boots and you've got to be 'in' to win.

The truth of the matter is that The B52s' album is not all that the hype promises. It is new and fun and danceworthy; a knock-out it isn't.

Almost a year ago the B52s — three men, two women, from Athens, Georgia — broke in the US with a single called "Rock Lobster". It was an idiosyncratic but catchy bit of whimsy and seems to have formed the masterplan for this album.

Repetition is not always a bad thing. Here, it means that "606-0842", "52 Girls" and "Dance This Mess Around" are all beautiful little dancers. It also provides a continuously pulsing drumbeat and hollow, but mostly appealing, Goldfinger-type keyboards throughout.

On the other hand, the lyrics are repetitive and silly rather than funny. The delivery is flat and toneless: the girls are the worst offenders, at times sounding like a distorted hybrid of Kate Bush and Patti Smith.

But, for all that, they've got some crazy sense of rhythm that taps those toes without even trying. Looking like they do — bouffants for the girls, Yankee tourist get-up for the boys — they've just got to be faddish, but that doesn't mean they can't be fun too.

Louise Chunn

X-Ray Spex
Germ Free Adolescents
EMI

X-Ray Spex were my first live acquaintance with the new wave, during a brief visit to London.

I dragged an equally inquisitive mate along to Islington's notorious Hope and Anchor, one of the birthplaces of the sound, to investigate this punk phenomenon.

In the basement of the Hope, which makes Zwines look like Mainstreet, we squeezed up amongst about 100 other sweaty souls to be assailed by Poly Styrene's vocals, backed by three-piece thrash combo and sax.

It was here too, that I first experienced the Pogo. In such a confined space, you either join in or get flattened. Try doing it with a pint in your hand. Lotsa fun and a free shampoo to boot.

At that stage, the Spex only had about six numbers in their repertoire, including the now-classic "Oh Bondage, Up Yours!", which they did twice to fill in time. An experience it certainly was.

Ah, but that was back in '77, when punk was in its heyday. The Spex now have a string of hit singles under their belt, they've played in the States, Poly's had a nervous breakdown, barely at the age of 20, and it's 1979.

Adolescents has taken too long to record, and so spiky-top faves like "Identity", "Artificial", and "The Day The World Turned Dayglo" sound a little dated now, though they still retain all their original power.

On the title track and "Warrior In Woolworths", where a change of tempo is introduced, along with fresh ideas, X-Ray Spex show that they haven't been left behind, unlike many of their contemporaries from the early days.

This album, then, provides the Spex with a clean slate. Providing they follow the new directions evident here, and Poly keeps her head together, Britain could have its own Blondie.

Duncan Campbell

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THE RUTS
"THE CRACK"

Skids: Days in Europa



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SKIDS "DAYS IN EUROPA"

COWBOYS INTERNATIONAL
— "THE ORIGINAL SIN"

Cowboys International
The Original Sin

V2136/TCV2136

"The Crack" — the explosive debut LP by The Ruts, charted in Britain at No. 16 only 2 weeks after release. Featuring their Top 5 UK single "Babylon's Burning" Record Mirror acclaimed it as: "a pure package of rareness". Sounds stated: "The Crack" is a fine album. The Ruts are an inspiration and they're going to grow!" You bet! The Ruts have all the ingredients of a classic band who are destined to become a cornerstone of rock music in years to come.

The Skids' debut "Scared To Dance" was described by Gordon Campbell in *The Listener* as "my bet for the best debut LP so far this year." With their 2nd album "Days In Europa" The Skids retain the qualities that made their debut one of the year's best. "Days In Europa" is a masterful album — The Skids stake their case as a true progressive band.

With "Coming Up For Air" the brilliant second LP from Penetration, firmly established in the Top 50 UK album chart, the band's hard work and enthusiasm has paid off. Pauline uses her voice with more passion and point than ever before. "A crackling, quicksilver, constant happening... Penetration will pull you up, up, up." (Sounds)

Soon-to-be-discovered geniuses Cowboys International are Ken Lockie (writes the songs),

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V2131/TCV2131

PENETRATION
"COMING UP FOR AIR"

FINGER PRINTZ
"THE VERY DAB"



V2119/TCV2119

Terry Chimes (used to be with the Clash), Jimmy Hughes (with The Banned) and Alan Rawlings (with nobody in particular.) Their story begins with a superb debut album "The Original Sin" acclaimed by Record Mirror as "THE debut album of the year. Brave, original, almost certainly unique, but no amount of journalistic jargon can properly communicate how superb the "Original Sin" really is unless you've listened to it."

Fingerprintz, a sensational new band from South London who recently received considerable acclaim in the States where they toured with Rachael Sweet. "The Very Dab" their first album features 11 songs written by lead vocalist/guitarist Jimmie O'Neill (who wrote Lene Lovich's hit "Say When").

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Ellen Foley
Nightout
Epic

Meatloaf's lady cuts her first album, an event which is doubtlessly a major piece of emancipation for the lady. And she has got lots of big names behind her on it — including Mick Ronson and Ian Hunter. They co-produced the album and play throughout it.

On the cover Ms Foley is the ultimate word in elegant chic, looking like a cross between some doll-like automaton and one of the Shangri-Las ready to go out on the town. Inside the cover is some of the best rock I have heard this year. Driving cuts like "Hideaway", "We Belong to the night" and "What's a Matter Baby?" are raunchy abrasive music coloured with some searing guitar work from Ronson.

On the ballads there is a fair range from the very simple "Don't Let Go" with Foley's tremulous voice taking the song through its paces over the keyboards and vocal accompaniment, to ones which operate more clearly within a straight rock context. "Night Out" has, for me, the same edgy chic which characterised the better work off Mink De Ville's first album.

It's really rather a lovely album. Depending upon your taste try "Don't Let Go" or "Hideaway" and if you are ready for a really driving version of Jagger and Richard's "Stupid Girl", give it a spin.

William Dart

Waylon Jennings
Greatest Hits
RCA

Waylon Jennings would have made a perfect hero for the westerns of the late John Ford. He has the weathered, lived-in qualities Ford drew from John Wayne. Like Wayne at his best, Waylon Jennings has an heroic stature and a fiercely independent spirit. His *Greatest Hits* collection demonstrates that there is probably no-one in country music who can match him in this regard.

It is this very independence that made him for so long an outcast — or, by his description, an "outlaw" — from the mainstream of country music.

At a time when Nashville country (and that meant country music, period) had atrophied into a bland and predictable formula Waylon recorded songs by Bob Dylan, Billy Joe Shaver, Gordon Lightfoot and Jim Webb and employed a rock-oriented backing band, the Waylors, which offended the C&W establishment. Jennings was also one of the first to step outside the Nashville norm by demanding personal production rights.

Jennings' don't-back-down attitudes inevitably led him away from the tightly controlled Nashville scene. The early seventies saw the growth of the so-called "outlaw movement" as a new generation of country singers and writers gathered in Texas and made it known that a new day had dawned.

Jennings' best music has a gritty strength seldom heard in the candyfloss of Nashville. The *Greatest Hits* package is an essential one. The music spans the period 1972-78 and includes such classic performances as "Honky Tonk Heroes", "Are You Sure Hank Done It This Way" and "Only Daddy That'll Walk the Line". For good measure, Waylon's Outlaw partner, Willie Nelson, appears for a couple of duets. (The album is also available on a picture disc, at \$12.99).

Waylon Jennings epitomises the rough-hewn integrity most other country performers just sing about.

Ken Williams

Culture
Harder Than The Rest
Front Line
Two Sevens Clash
Lightning

In a career spanning only three years, Culture have achieved an enviable position in reggae circles. This vocal trio sings with wisdom and passion which belie its youth.

The three are men from the hills, hailing from Jamaica's Clarendon County district. Their heritage shows strongly in their earthy, urgent, primitive harmonies, and leader Joseph Hill's voice closely matches that of Burning Spear.

Hill is the kingpin, having an infallible ear for a good hookline, and drawing unflagging support from Albert "Ralph" Walker (his cousin) and Kenneth Paley.

Their songs are typical Rasta themes: slavery, oppression, poverty, and the love of Jah. The difference, as with all good reggae, is in the telling.

Thus Hill thunders defiance without cliché:

*Jah, Jah see them a come
They are coming to accuse I of things I
know not about
But I and I a conqueror
I am not afraid.*

He also preaches hope:

*Black man, meakly wait and murmur not
For the Black Starliner shall come.*

Two Sevens Clash is Culture's first vinyl outing, voted top reggae album of 1977 by Britain's music press. The title track recounts the prophecy of Marcus Garvey just prior to his death: of the disaster that would befall the earth in the year '77.

The prophecy may not have come true, depending on how you view things, but the album, on Jamaica's Lightning records, has now been brought here through the good people at WEA. Essential for lovers of Jah music.

Harder Than The Rest was the group's debut on Virgin's excellent Front Line subsidiary. Its never-less-than-fine successor, *Cumbolo*, has already been here a while. *Harder* possibly has the edge, probably purely for containing "Work On Natty". Sweeter righteous riddims are few and far between.

Harder also has a slight advantage over *Clash* in the production field, with Sonya Pottinger doubtless having access to better facilities than Joe Gibbs. But the quibble is a small one.

Really, there is nothing to choose between these two albums. You should have them both. Forget Detroit and Philadelphia. Kingston is the world soul capital now, if only because it refuses to rest on its laurels.

Come and get your Culture.

Duncan Campbell



Jaco Pastorius
Epic

Jaco Pastorius has no small opinion of his own abilities. He free acknowledges that he is *the best* bass guitarist. That's as may be. Such superlatives are nigh impossible to substantiate, but Pastorius is indeed a player of awesome power.

This album, previously available only on import, was recorded in 1976, before Pastorius became a permanent member of Weather Report, a group which shares Jaco's high self-esteem. It presents a vivid portrait of one of today's major musicians.

The album encompasses Pastorius' range of musical interests, from small group jazz to eloquent bass solos (his rendition of Charlie Parker's "Donna Lee" is an exercise in tonal beauty) and to the rhythm and blues he says was his staple as an adolescent ("Come On, Come Over" is a relatively undistinguished song given life by those secular preachers, Sam and Dave, who have been sadly neglected in recent times).

If there are grounds for criticism they are that Pastorius perhaps attempting too much, but he is never less than interesting. *Jaco Pastorius* is an album that bears close attention.

Ken Williams

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BAND FILE THE TERRORWAYS



HISTORY

Rooter formed April '78 with Eddie Clangeron on drums and Jonathon Jamrag on bass. Played Zwines with Scavengers. Gradually got enough songs together to play a few sets. Late '78 Jamrag left for Aussie. When Jamrag left, Dean (rhythm guitar) joined but we still needed a bass. Played without bass for two months until Chris Orange returned from London. Name changed to Terrorways to keep promoters/managers happy. Got more gigs around Auckland. Clangeron left in April '79. Got Gary Hunt because he's the best drummer in NZ. Since April have toured North Island and played everywhere worth playing Auckland. The band is presently in suspended animation.

RECORDINGS

Demos — "She's A Mod"/"Never Been to Borstal". (Will be released on an compilation album soon.) Produced by Terrorways. Engineer was Simon Alexander, Harlequin.

FAN CLUB

c/- Social Welfare, Wakefield Street (7th floor).

MANAGEMENT

Sunset Promotions, PO Box 9492, Auckland. Phone 543-048.

GARY HUNT

Born November 22, 1957. **Education** not much (at Kelston Boys) **Musical Career** played in Purple Hearts then went to UK, played in Droner (Scotland). Back in NZ played in Gary Havoc and the Hurricanes, then Terrorways. Tuition by Frank Gibson Jr, Neil Dunningham and Mike Walsh **Other Jobs** fixing Mike Walsh's car

FAVOURITES

Albums *The Image has Cracked*, ATV. *Pink Flag*, Wire. *Transformer*, Lou Reed. *Generation X*, Generation X. *Highly Inflammable*, Stiff Little Fingers. *Conversations*, Buddy Rich, Kenny Clare and Louie Bellson. **Singles** "Hong Kong Garden", Siouxsie and the Banshees. "Clash City Rockers", The Clash. "I Have Loved Me a Man", Alison Durbin. "Itchycoo Park", Small

Faces. **Drummers** Charlie Watts, Tommy Vornit, Spike Bastard, Keith Moon. **Musicians'** Howard Devoto, illfated Terrorways guitarist! Dean Martelli. **Singers** Jonathon Jamrag, John No-One, John Lydon. **EQUIPMENT** Ludwig drums, Zildjian cymbals and a cowbell. 5A Promark sticks, Tama stand and seat.

DEAN MARTELLI

Guitar and vocals

Born April 29, 1961 **Education** went to school but they didn't teach me anything. **Musical Career** mainly self-taught, by watching other bands. Been in Fire Sharks, Soul Machine, Johnny Seven Combo and Rooter **Other Jobs** kidney research, pilot, game hunter, dole

FAVOURITES

Albums *The Ramones*, Ramones. *The Clash*, Clash. *Tell Us the Truth*, Sham'69. **Singles** "Anarchy in the UK", Sex Pistols. "White Man in Hammersmith Palais", Clash. **Guitarist** Nick Cash (999) **Musician** Ronnie Recent (Marching Girls) **Singer** Joe Strummer, Mark Perry.

EQUIPMENT

Jansen 12-100 amp, 200 watt Quad box, Burns Flyte guitar.

PETER MESMER

Guitar

Born December 18, 1956 in New York, New York **Education** Kohi Primary, Selwyn College and Northside School (USA) **Musical Career** Played in Shaft Phallus and Oedipus complex for a year. Gave up and then joined Rooter and Rooter became Terrorways. **Other Jobs** oyster opener, Govt clerk, dole bludger, jeweller.

FAVOURITES

Albums *With the Beatles*, Beatles. *Rolled Gold*, Rolling Stones. *Station to Station*, David Bowie.

Singles "I Call Your Name. Beatles. "Jailhouse Rock", Elvis Presley. "Everybody's Girl", Larry Morris. **Guitarists** Frank Zappa, Julian Bream.

Musician Bogdan Kominowski. **Singer** Johnny Rotten.

EQUIPMENT

Musicman, Gibson Marauder and Burns Split-sonic guitars. Jansen CA 120 amp. Quad box, broken harmonica, melodica, two classical guitars.

JOHN NO-ONE

Vocals

Born February 27, 1959. **Education** Rosmini College. **Musical Career** none except Rooter. **Other Jobs** clerk, dole.

FAVOURITES

Albums *Cycledeleic*, Johnny Moped. **Single** "White Man in Hammersmith Palais", Clash. **Singers** Joe Strummer (Clash), Gary Hunt singing "Punk Blues". **Musician** Peter Mesmer **Band** Terrorways.

EQUIPMENT

Nothing

CHRIS ORANGE

Bass guitar, guitar.

Born November 1, 1959 **Education** Dean taught me all I know **Musical Career** seeing Clash, Damned, Ramones in London. Playing in Rooter and Terrorways. **Other Jobs** scrub-cutting, packing quilts, unloading trucks.

FAVOURITES

Albums *Front Line II*, Various reggae artists. *Inflammable Material* Stiff Little Fingers. *The Clash*, Clash. *Sladest*, Slade. **Singles** "Suspect Device", Stiff Little Fingers. "White Man in Hammersmith Palais", Clash. "Love Song", Damned. **Bassists** Glen Matlock (Sex Pistols), Mick Dawson (Enemy), John Entwistle. (Who), Debbie (ex-Idol Idols, ex-Clean). **Musician** none **Singers** John Lydon, Jake Burns (S.L.F.), Johnny Moped.

EQUIPMENT

Fender Precision bass, Holden Wasp 200 watt.

looking mothers on the stand, and played rough but effective. Dave McLean went completely over the top with simulated aggression and machismo, and the crowd loved it.

Loose and the Machine Heads were the only band to look like themselves, and put up some clever, well constructed songs with real lyrics. They got my vote for the most interesting band of the day.

Proud Scum's Pistols imitation went down big with a certain sector of the audience. The Primmers played well, with only their sometimes dire vocals letting them down. The Clones looked suburban and played nicely. The Rich were one of the few bands with real expertise, most of it wasted on poorly chosen non-original material. Slowburn were a true garage band of the old school (should do well in pubs). Klappe looked bored while they did *their* Pistols imitation. There was a band called Radial Ply which I don't recall much about, and someone else whose name I can't even recall. It's not easy sitting through eleven half hour sets.

And the Windsor sold beer. The music played on.

John Malloy

Superettes

Occidental — October 20

Saturday night, Vulcan Lane. The city's hardcore punks and skinheads are out in force. In fact, many of them are out literally — on the seats in the Lane. (The bouncers are being awkward again.) But the bar's packed anyway.

A relatively new three-piece — the Superettes give their originals and covers a treatment that's certainly something different. The obvious creative force behind this musical mayhem is lead vocalist/guitarist Jed Smith. His 'wall of noise' playing dominates the band — with vastly overdone, high-pitched solos and feedback throughout both sets. It's loud and fast, with plenty of good high speed rhythm work from Jimmy Pinker (drums) and Rick Stilwell (bass).

The sound lends itself well to several Damned covers and Wire's (ever popular) "12XU". But for me, their lengthy instrumentals border on 'heavy metal boredom' and the highpoint came when members of the audience invaded the stage for an impromptu jam session.

The Superettes are definitely worth a look — Just don't try to dance.

Paul McGowan

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XTC

"DRUMS AND WIRES"

With their magnificent third album, XTC have achieved the kind of powerful and adventurous maturity which confirms them as trail-blazers for the '80's. Currently charting high on the NZ LP charts, "Drums & Wires" features their magnificent new single "Making Plans For Nigel".

"XTC proved they were in the first division ages ago, and this album, their best so far, endorses that." (Music Week)



V2129/TCV2129

JANE AIRE AND THE BELVEDERES

"JANE AIRE & THE BELVEDERES"

In keeping with several songsters of our time Jane Aire comes from that modern day creative hotbed — Akron, Ohio. Jane was discovered by producer/composer Liam Sternberg singing along to a juke box in an Akron bar. In true storybook style he decided there and then that her voice was destined to grace the airwaves and whisked her away to fame and fortune.



V2134



V2133

THE HUMAN LEAGUE "REPRODUCTION"

The band everyone is talking about (from Devo to David Bowie) have released their long awaited debut album, "Reproduction". The music of the Human League is considered by many to be inspiration behind more than one recent No. 1 hit.

CULTURE

CULTURE

"HARDER THAN THE REST"

Recorded in 1978, "Harder Than The Rest" picks up where Culture's debut LP "2 Sevens Clash" left off. They have succeeded in encompassing the gamut of Jamaican musical and spiritual motivations on one album, all presented in unpredictable yet immediately accessible music that transcends nationality to become universal.



FL1016

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LIVE

Rock Quest

Windsor Castle — October 22

Frank Zerox and the Duplicators took line honours in a Labour Monday rock'n'roll marathon. Rock Quest took place at Parnell's Windsor Castle, eleven bands were heard, and a splendid time was had by a bunch of (mostly) friendly drunks.

Zerox turned in a good set with some strong original songs and enough leaping about to complement the band's energy. His sax playing was terrible but his singing was strong, and the band played well as a unit.

The Furys got points for being the meanest

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Music Studio CHART SURVEY

(Last week's placings are in brackets)

NZ ALBUMS Oct 28, NZFPA

- (1) **Don't Walk - Boogie On** Various
- (3) **Dream Police** Cheap Trick
- (7) **Breakfast in USA** Supertramp
- (2) **The Long Run** Eagles
- (5) **Slow Train Coming** Bob Dylan
- (4) **Dynasty** Kiss
- (10) **Tusk** Fleetwood Mac
- (11) **Discovery** ELO
- (6) **In Thru Out Door** Led Zeppelin
- (8) **Replicas** Tubeway Army
- (29) **Against the Wind** Jon English
- (13) **Midnight Magic** Commodores
- (-) **Greatest Hits** 10cc
- (9) **Bop Till You Drop** Ry Cooder
- (22) **At Budokan** Cheap Trick
- (20) **Rust Never Sleeps** Neil Young
- (12) **Get The Knack** The Knack
- (18) **Communique** Dire Straits
- (14) **Into The Music** Van Morrison
- (24) **Drums and Wires** XTC

NZ SINGLES Oct 28, NZFPA

- (1) **Born to be Alive** Patrick Hernandez
- (5) **Don't Stop** Michael Jackson
- (3) **I Don't Like Mondays** Boomtown Rats
- (2) **Made for Lovin' You** Kiss
- (6) **We Don't Talk Anymore** Cliff Richard
- (7) **Sail On** Commodores
- (4) **Sad Eyes** Robert John
- (18) **Lead Me On** Maxine Nightingale
- (8) **Are Friends Electric** Tubeway Army
- (9) **Dream Police** Cheap Trick

USA ALBUMS Oct 27, Cashbox

- (1) **The Long Run** Eagles
- (2) **In Thru Out Door** Led Zeppelin
- (6) **Midnight Magic** Commodores
- (7) **Cornerstone** Styx
- (5) **Head Games** Foreigner
- (3) **Off The Wall** Michael Jackson
- (8) **Dream Police** Cheap Trick
- (22) **Rise** Herp Albert
- (4) **Get The Knack** The Knack
- (9) **Candy-O** The Cars

UK ALBUMS Oct 13, NME

- (1) **Pleasure Principle** Gary Numan
- (3) **Rock'n'Roll Juvenile** Cliff Richard
- (2) **Oceans of Fantasy** Boney M
- (4) **String of Hits** Shadows
- (5) **Discovery** ELO
- (16) **Eat to the Beat** Blondie
- (-) **The Raven** The Stranglers
- (14) **Off the Wall** Michael Jackson
- (-) **Regatta De Blanc** Police
- (7) **Slow Train Coming** Bob Dylan



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FRAMED BY W.DART

A WEDDING

Director: Robert Altman

After the basically chamber work piece of *Three Women* Robert Altman again returns to the broader canvas which characterised *MASH*, *Nashville* and *Buffalo Bill*. 48 characters, a 3 day time scale in the film, and 8 weeks work on basically the one set — This is *A Wedding*. All of which is executed with such panache and energy that even two viewings makes one realise there is a lot one is missing. One can imagine Altman being dissatisfied with the limitations of the single screen and if anyone was to try and develop the Warhol/*Chelsea Girls* approach in commercial cinema his would be the first name to spring to mind.

As the title indicates the film concerns a wedding: Southern nouveau-riche bride marries groom from established Mid-western aristocracy, a Catholic ceremony followed by a reception and party at the estate of the groom. After a fairly broad satire of the wedding itself (although it is restrained beside the finale of Michael Ritchie's *Semi-Tough*), the reception gets to a good start when the grandmother (Lillian Gish) expires upstairs just as the wedding cortage is coming up the drive. From then on it is a series of scenes which strip away the defences of and secrets of the various characters: the groom's mother (Nina Van Pallandt) is a drug addict, his father (Vittorio Gassman) is rumoured to have Mafia connections, his great aunt is a card-carrying socialist, his best man (Craig Richard Nelson) is gay and the groom himself is responsible for getting his new sister-in-law (Mia Farrow) pregnant. And so the plot or rather the situation develops, involving the characters in various inter-relationships. Even the non-family characters have their moments: the caterer (Viveca Lindfors) gets quite blotto after alcohol and pills and seems hellbent on causing embarrassment wherever she goes and her counterpart, the official wedding organiser (Geraldine Chaplin) is revealed to be fighting a penchant for young ladies.

Crown this off with surprise ending — an audacious touch that only Altman could really bring off — and you have a slight idea of what *The Wedding* is made of. It is really a little like a Bosch canvas come to life with the characters transposed to a new time and social setting. And it is probably one of the best films to make it to New Zealand this year.

THE NEVER-DEAD

Director: Don Coscarelli

A lovely little piece of junko-horror, a real assembly-line piece with moments of such delicious silliness one just sits back and gasps. Am I the only one who finds timewarp hippies worth a giggle? Some chuckles seem intentional such as the storing of one of the never-dead's bodies in the back of an ice-cream truck, whilst some seem less so. Still there were some genuine nasty gulps and frights,



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

"Shit, that's Chris Knox. Remember him?" "Yeah" comes the reply "Mad bastard."

Toy Love leave the Cook with a fittingly blistering version of "Frogs". Cray-zee, cray-zee. The words hang in the air long after the band have finished.

By now I've gone beyond thinking Toy Love are a great band. I now think they're very lucky — I mean, there's not only the fact that most of them are completely raw to the whole rock band circus, but the chemistry seems almost suspiciously fine as well.

Knox smiles. And agrees the whole thing really has come off remarkably well so far since The Enemy were assembled indecently fast at the end of 1977.

"Paul always wanted to play bass, but he wasn't happy when he did join and Phil Judd was still in the band. Then when Phil left and we asked Paul back, he said Jane had to come too. I guess we have been pretty lucky."

And how does it feel to be back in the Cook — performing for money this time?

"Vulnerable" he replies. "I was shit scared the first night, but it's been a good week hasn't it?"

Not bad. Not bad at all.

Live. Toy Love need to be seen a few times. For a whole lot of reasons. But the songs are there. Everyone shares in the writing, though Knox writes most of the (excellent) words, and these songs seem to have come from the right places.

The Beatles sit above Toy Love's writing as a sort of Godfather influence (as in the idea of "The Good Song") and they've harnessed that to the surge and thrust of all the best late 70s punk/wave bands. It's a very logical sort of hybrid to lead us into the 1980s, but all too few bands seem to be awake to it. Or doing it well.

After returning home from hearing the Pistols' first album, Knox rang up the people who had previewed it to him and screamed "SEX PISTOLS!!!" through the phone. And hung up.

The record made its mark. As did quite a few before it. The Beatles, the Velvets, the Kinks...

What you're hearing now in Toy Love is partly the result of all that. But you're also hearing the musical reality of what seems to be a wholly communal instinct and understanding of just what a good rock band — a good exciting rock band — should be.

I really do think they're world class.
Roy Colbert

one of which involved an airborne mini-satellite, so it must rate some degree of success. Don't expect a *Halloween* but you might score a minor coronary out of it if you're lucky.

SONS FOR THE RETURN HOME

Director: Paul Maunder

A disappointing adaptation of Albert Wendt's novel about the tensions of living in a mixed culture. Somehow between novel and film, the message has become rather naively critical of the shortcomings of our European society, underplaying a lot of Wendt's fairly hard-hitting criticism of the Samoan attitudes. Still, considering New Zealand films don't appear every week, it is worth a look. Alun Bollinger's camera work is eloquently conceived and Uelese Petaia and Moira Walker give first rate performances.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF MARRIED MEN

Director: Robert Young

This farrago derives from a novel by Jackie Collins who was also responsible for *The Stud*. Need one say more. Probably not apart from a moan that Georgina Hale who was so marvellous in Ken Russell's *The Boyfriend* (remember her with Max Adrian in "It's Never Too Late to Fall in Love") and *Mahler* is now turning up in bit parts as the wisecracking friend-of-the-leading-lady (in this case the ubiquitous Carroll Baker).

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BRIEFLY

By George Kay and Ken Williams

Jerry Lee Lewis, Jerry Lee Lewis (*Elektra*)

When Jerry Lee arrived in Los Angeles for these sessions producer Bones Howe told him he'd booked four days in the studio. "All right," said the Killer. "but what do you need the other two days for?" Of such stuff is the Jerry Lee Lewis legend. Of such stuff, too, is made great rock and roll. Make no mistake, this is great rock and roll.

Years of dabbling in Nashville C&W has not dulled the edge of Jerry Lee Lewis. He sounds as lively as a squirrel out of the trees and his material is just right, a mix of rockabilly, R&B and country that allows Jerry Lee to touch all bases and come home free. The Killer rocks back. K.W.

T. Rex, A History of T. Rex (*EMI*)

It's hard to believe that it was only a few years ago that Marc Bolan was the teen idol and a few years before that the hippie pixie founder of Tyrannosaurus Tex. Water under the bridge but some of his songs have lasted the distance, notably "Get It On", "Hot Love", "Jeepster", "Telegram Sam" and "The Groover", as they all have a steady R&B feel beneath Bolan's twee vocals.

All of these and more are on the intelligently compiled *History of T. Rex*. G.K.

Doll By Doll, Remember (*Warner Brothers*)

There are certain bands you can't pigeonhole and Doll By Doll are one. It would be convenient to label them as an enlightened English heavy metal four piece but this would ignore the weighty ballad and thoroughbred rock elements in their approach.

As a songwriting force they generally fall into the traps of predictability and repetition but key-man Jackie Levan shows that he has the ideas to develop the band into an effective unit. Stay tuned. G.K.

Sad Cafe, Misplaced Ideals (*RCA*)

This is the second album from the Manchester based Sad Cafe. Pseudo-sophisticated (which means they feature sax and keyboards) and indirect in their approach, they nevertheless have enough old-fashioned charm and a care-for-the-music attitude to make the album worth investigation.

"Here Come the Clowns" and "Run Home Girl" have an easy fluid West Coast feel and the rest of the album, although vulnerable to accusations of blandness, is flawlessly arranged. G.K.

Plastic Bertrand, J'te Fais un Plan (*RCA*)

"Ca Plane Pour Moi" had enough tacky idiot catchiness to make it stick (unfortunately) and "Super Cool" should do the same if released as a single. But Plastic Bertrand is a blatantly mercenary and effete glitter-punk crashing in on aimless copies/satires of the fashions of the new wave. Credibility zero. G.K.

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Johnny K, an enzeded living in London has sent us a copy of the *New Musical Express* (13th October 1979) with a review of the recent Toy Love single. The NME writer is Danny Baker.

TOY LOVE: Rebel (Electra)

New Zealand? A good record from New Zealand? I thought only Fred Dagg would put Auckland on the world map and he's a comedian. We better keep spinning around cos the other side of the world is liable to leapfrog us at this rate. An exquisite double header from the unknown import Toy Love (lousy name). They must have bleedin' good eyesight cos they appear to have sections of this fair land sussed:

Credit cards and Maserati
Don't go to films unless they're arty
Likes Womens Lib and The Values Party
He's a Rasta and he's new wave
And don't do nothing less he's told exactly
how to behave ...
Incongruously on a big label yet in the trapp-

SINGLES



Hit singles have eluded **XTC** so far and it's high time this was rectified. Colin Moulding's "Making Plans For Nigel" is oddly funky and commercial with perceptive lyrics, a stroke of sheer genius probably too good for the radio. **The Stranglers** have regained lost melodies on the John Cale-sounding "Duchess" and **UK Squeeze** produce more catchy unpretentious common life stories on "Up the Junction". Virgin have generously doubled up the **Flying Lizards**' two British hit singles — sparse quirky electronic adaptations of "Money" and "Summertime Blues" — musts for the collector of anything novel or unusual.

Which is one way of describing **Talking Heads**' choice of single from FOM, "Life During Wartime". Sure it's a great song and it's solid restless disco but there were more suitable songs available on the album, "Air" and "Heaven" in particular. (I hope I'm proved wrong.)



Locally there's a bit of everything and most of it pretty impressive in its own way. Newcomers **Jacqui Fitzgerald** and **Jon Stevens** show real class and character on their respective disco manoeuvres "Stand Up For Your Love" and "Jezabel". **Kevin Bayley** is rapidly scaling the stairway to the stars and his new single with **Short Story**, the Jay Lewis produced "Halfway to Paradise", is a Frankie Miller styled mid-tempo rocker that builds effortlessly towards each chorus, a neat song well arranged/produced. Unfortunately this is not the case with **Mi-Sex's** "Computer Games" which tries too hard to be topical and expressive but ends up as a glossy exercise in nothing-much-in-particular.

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ings of an indie, neither "Rebel" nor its reverse "Squeeze" are over-frantic or wasteful of studio time and vinyl. Maybe a little bit late '60s in the overall form but that shouldn't stop them right now, so track it down and earhole it. New Zealand, eh? When it gets to Chinese I'm packing it in.

The management of the Auckland Town Hall has declared that dancing is a no-no.

This may be practical for something along the lines of a Joan Armatrading (yawn), or even a Graham Parker gig (provided he didn't do "The Raid" or "Hey Lord Don't Ask Me Questions") — but to expect Nielson fans to sit still through hours of adrenalin inducing sounds is like expecting Neil Young's next album to be noticeably different from his last.

The Town Hall management's decision must surely reinforce the call for an indoor stadium — of 10,000 capacity, and constructed with rock concerts foremost in the mind of the architect.

A Bourgeoisie Anarchiste Tauranga
P.S. OBE's to everyone who had anything to do with *Virginity*.

Who or what are Carlos Daze and the Xemp-tions?
Confused New Plymouth

I hate the B-52's.
Voucher Winner Royal Oak
P.S. I hope B.J. can take a hint!

I've read your mag since it was in its nappies. I've waded through your articles on new wave, new wave and new wave.

I don't mind two full page articles on our home-grown talent. But when poor old Ken Williams is only allowed about half a column to intelligently discuss John McLaughlin down under, I draw the line.

Point taken?
Miles Davis Wellington

Yes John Arthur, I know who your Mother is — she is Mrs Arthur and your Father is Mr Arthur.

Who loves ya baby?
Harry Ratbag Remuera

Thanks for your great mag which is finally being distributed in Greymouth. It pleases me to see that you are not writing the incredible

critical and rubbishing crap which is coming from the UK rock press.

But why are you printing such idiotic letters from fanatical punks and disco fans? I can only feel sorry for people who are so stupid that they can't see the merits of different types of music. I'm speaking as a fan of good new wave, punk, disco etc.
Justin Greymouth.

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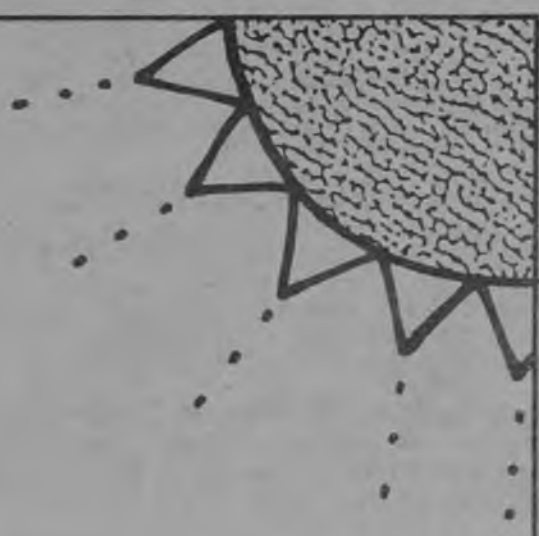
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