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THE GREAT
MUSIC
COMPETITION

DAYZ IN LIFE OF NZ ROCK BAND PART 1 ROUGH JUSTICE

Peter Boyd, Peter Kennedy
and Mike Gubb at Last
Resort Cafe, Xmas '78.

John Dix (RILU) and Rick, Pakuranga.

At Gluepot. Left to right, Dennis
Mason, Rick Bryant, Nick Bollinger
and Tony Backhouse.

Tony Backhouse &
Martin Highland, Pakuranga

THE GLUEPOT, THURSDAY 1.00 PM

"Hey you crazy guitarists! Can you shut up for a minute please?" Peter Kennedy and Tony Backhouse exchange glances, slightly peeved. Us? Crazy? They've just been doodling away waiting for the rest of the band to get their shit together. They reluctantly comply with Malcolm Prenderville's request.

"Hit your bass drum, Martin." Martin Highland does as asked. Boom. "Again." Boom. "What's the problem, Mal?" Boom. "Bit of harmonic hum." "Oh that," says Martin as if what-the-hell that's f**k all, "a bit of tape might cure that."

"I've got the tape here," Rick Bryant says while securing a broken mike-stand. Rough Justice, that ever-growing bunch of Wellingtonians, are setting up their gear. No easy task, ask any muso that's played The Gluepot. Those damn stairs. Lugging instruments, amps, speakers, monitors and boxes of bloody wires and shit. Thank Christ the heavy work is over. The Roughos have been here three hours and the sound check proper is just about ready to get under way.

The day started pleasantly enough. Nothing like a court summons to start the day. Rick's gonna have to find his way down to Christchurch to answer a charge of having no hubdometer on the bus. A silly charge seeing as you can't get the damn things anyway. 10am found all eight members of the band plus roady/soundman Malcolm struggling up the steps with the gear. This is the band's third gig

Around five o'clock Rick finally gets home (his lady's house that is) after more phone calls, a couple of personal visits, more phone calls and more phone calls. For all intents and purposes, Rick is Rough Justice's manager, and he knows full well the implications involved in a manager-in-the-band scene. "You can never sell someone in the first person as well as someone else can in the third," he says. Well why not get a manager? "The best person to get is so smart he's in some other type of business."

HISTORY

It's not easy running a band like Rough Justice. Now an eight-piece (plus roady/soundman), other bands, below the Roughos status and income, can earn more money per member simply because there are only half as many people to pay. Consequently, Rough Justice, after two years continual touring are still scratching. Although they've laid down two tracks for Radio Windy's forthcoming "Homegrown" album, are due to feature in ZM's "Band Of The Month", and have appeared on *Ready To Roll* and *Radio With Pictures*, they have yet to generate enough interest to pull in a recording contract. The recent addition of such an accomplished composer as Tony Backhouse has already boosted their original material dramatically but as they now stand Rough Justice's major claim is The Most Experienced Road Band In NZ, a title they win hands down.

The original Rough Justice were together for a mere six months in 76-77 before disbanding amid musical and personality clashes. Some of Wellington's finest passed through that original unit: Patrick Bleakley, Mike Farrell, Fane Flaws, Steve Garden and John Tee. After the split Rick took three months off to assess the situation. Rick is one of NZ Rock's Elder Statesmen, a former English lecturer at Victoria University who has literally given it all away for rock'n'roll. He's fronted such bands as Gutbucket, Windy City Strugglers and Bleria, all heavyweights in their day.

In mid-77 a new Rough Justice appeared. Rick lured old friend Peter Kennedy out of

retirement then contacted Nick Bollinger, a teenage bassist whom he'd seen several years previous playing in a high school. Nick in turn suggested friends Marlin Highland, Peter Boyd, Steve Jessop and Simon Ward. The last two eventually left and Mike Gubb was enlisted. From the beginning, although run along autonomous lines, the band has belonged to Rick — lots of r&b dominates the material (Stones, Wilson Pickett, etc). With the likes of Chicago and Blood Sweat & Tears long out of fashion, the future of Rough Justice looked dim at the beginning. But there's a certain level of excitement in a saxophone section and the band's mixture of experience and raw energy saw a following develop.

Virtually foregoing hometown Wellington (even now the city has only two rock venues) the band hit the road in their trusty bus and toured the provincial pub circuit. Basing themselves briefly in Auckland last year ("We blew it," admits Rick. "The Gluepot and Windsor, the two main gigs, were abysmal. We were lousy.") the band have since remained housed in Wellington, when not on the road.

GLUEPOT, THURSDAY, 10.00 PM

"Good album, good album," says Tony Backhouse. We're talking about NZ bands *Street Talk* at the moment. "Toy Love are supposed to be good, aren't they?" asks Rick. Being on the road most of the time the Roughos don't catch many of the up-and-coming bands. "The only NZ band I've been impressed with lately is Spats," says Boyd, faithful to Wellington to the end.

Rough Justice have just finished for the night. About 200 people turned up and gave the band a good reception, even gave them an encore. Peter Kennedy joins the table. "I've just overheard a couple of guys talking," he says. "One of them said 'What do you think of the band?' and the other guy said 'Not bad, a bit laid back.' And I guess that's it, isn't it? Twelve months ago we were considered to be ragers. Now we're laid back. That's Punk Rock, I suppose. But what can we do? None of us are into New Wave."

TI RAKAU PARK, PAKURANGA, SUNDAY 3.30 PM

The Rough Justice bus is parked alongside the stage for Radio Hauraki's final summer concert. Inside the bus the band look — how shall I put it? Pissed off. Yes, pissed off. Two minutes into their set the hired p.a. (BSP) packed in. The band continued regardless until someone pulled out the plug. The ignominy! They managed to get it on again and make the best of a bad job and now seated in the bus it's no consolation that Larry Morris and Shotgun are going through even worse hassles. "We're at the mercy of the p.a. team on gigs like this," Rick complains. "Jeez, it was bad."

Malcolm enters. "How did it sound Mal?" "Pretty bad." "What about our playing?" "Aw that wasn't bad under the circumstances." "Well I was bloody awful," Nick says. Murray Cammick, *Rip It Up's* fearless photographer comes in. "G'day Murray. How did it sound to you?" Rick asks. "Ah... shuffling of feet here." "Well I didn't get here until the last chord. My life seems to run an hour and a half behind time. I can't seem to catch up."

Something prompted me to jot down Murray's profound aphorism. It seemed relevant at the time. Can't think why the f**k it was though. And really it doesn't actually matter. But as I watched the band pack away their gear, expertly manoeuvred by Malcolm, I thought you poor bastards. It's a hard life on the road. Tomorrow it's the long haul down to Wellington. Then after two weeks it's off on their annual South Island tour. Back to batching, living on the bus, the occasional motel. Back to printing posters, pasting them up, distributing them. Back to hassling newspapers and radio stations for a column or two here, a minute or two there. And for what? Maybe \$100 each a week. So remember that next time you catch the band. For here's a band that works hard, damn hard, for very little, too little thanks. Me, I'll catch them every time they pass through. I acknowledge their efforts and what's more, well, I guess I just like their music.

John Dix



PHOTOS BY MURRAY CAMMICK

Top: Rick, Martin, Nick etc. Bottom: Martin. Outside after Gluepot gig.

since arriving in Auckland two weeks ago — Island of Real, the Windsor and after their term at the Gluepot ends on Saturday they've got one final concert for Radio Hauraki on Sunday. Then it's back to the Windy City.

Rick is back down at the pay-phone hassling again. Peter Boyd and Dennis Mason are fixing their sax mouthpieces. Nick Bollinger plays a run on his bass. Mike Gubb lets rip an arpeggio. Everyone's fidgeting, anxious to get out into the sun. They decide to run through a couple of numbers without Rick. They're half-way through Tony's "Elastic Spumante" when Rick returns. "Hey listen everybody," he shouts above the music, "we've just been offered a gig on Tuesday night. We're playing on Wednesday night in Wellington but we may just be able to do it."

It's apparent from the boys' faces that enthusiasm is low. "How much does it pay?" Martin asks. "250."

250? Assuming the figure relates to dollars, that means, let's see... 250 divided by nine equals, hmm... about \$27.77. Not exactly worth waiting around for two days is it dear reader?

"We'll be too flat out on Wednesday," Tony complains. "Yeah", Nick agrees, "I'd prefer to get back to Wellington on Monday." Rick returns to the pay phone, the rest of the band return to "Elastic Spumante."

When Rick returns Tony steps down. Tony, late of Spats, has only been gigging with the band for a few weeks and at the moment plays on only half the band's repertoire. "There's no point in getting up there to make extraneous noises to justify my existence," he says. "I might just as well f**k off and listen to the music."

At three o'clock, sound check and rehearsal over, the band packs up as Gluepot personnel wipe and rearrange tables. Rick remains to talk with the Gluepot's lightman about the lighting. Rick would prefer to have his own lightman (an Auckland friend), someone familiar with the band's repertoire. However, that's not possible so Rick has to go briefly over what he would like tonight.

Bad Company

DESOLATION ANGELS



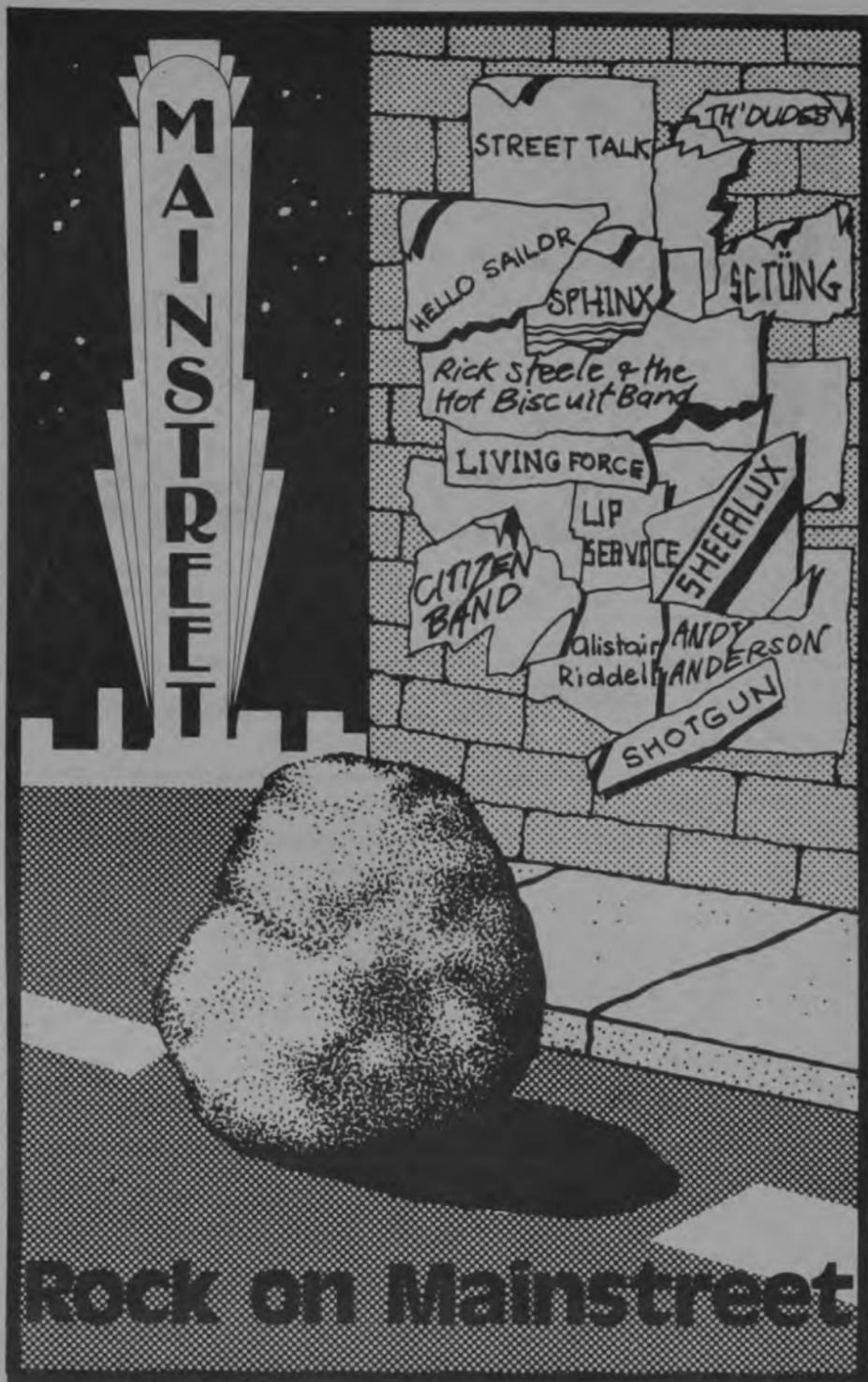
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RIGHT NOW IS THE TIME TO GET INTO BAD COMPANY.



Small Stuff

The Who are to make their debut with their new line-up — drummer Kenny Jones replacing the late Keith Moon — in France this month. The decision to play the gig in an 8,000 seater Roman amphitheatre near Cannes, has been prompted by the fact that two films with which The Who are involved — *The Kids Are Alright* and *Quadrophenia* — are premiered at the Cannes Film Festival on the following two days. To follow this one-off date an open-air concert is set for early September in Britain, and as a run up to this show, it is expected that The Who will play several secret gigs in clubs.



Ron Wood

Later in the year they will undertake an American tour... **Elvis Costello and the Attractions** have just completed a US tour that has sparked more than its fair share of controversy. The major source of trouble has been an incident in Columbus, Ohio where Costello and his band were involved in a brawl with Stephen Stills and his band. Reports suggest that the fight broke out when musicians from Stills' band accused Costello of stealing his ideas from black artists. The conversation became heated and Elvis is said to have begun an outburst against blacks. This tirade developed into a full-fledged battle in which Elvis and bassist Bruce Thomas were firmly trashed. Several newspapers in the following days denounced Costello as a "racist" and many threats to his life were received. As a result once Costello reached New York, a press conference was called. Costello apologised for his racist remarks which he attributed to being goaded by Stills' band... **The Doobie Brothers** have lost two members: guitarist Jeff "Skunk" Baxter and drummer John Hartman. These departures are all the more surprising when you consider that the Doobies are currently holding down the number one and two spots respectively on the American singles and album charts. Baxter intends to put his time into production work while Hartman is to retire from the music biz altogether. Remaining members of the Doobie

Brothers — Mike McDonald, Keith Knudsen, Pat Simmons and Tiran Porter — are to undertake their US tour next month as a four-piece... also on the departures front: Singer Greg Walker and keyboardist Chris Rhyane have quit **Santana**... **Ron Wood** is to tour in the States promote his forthcoming solo LP, *Gimme Some Neck*. Joining Woody on the boards will be fellow Stone Keith Richards together with Neil Young and saxist Bobby Keyes...incidentally Keith and Woody were seen checking out **Dire Straits** at a New York concert...meanwhile the recording process on the **Eagles'** long-awaited album continues in Florida. Guitarist Joe Walsh has however taken a break to assist **Warren Zevon** in work on Zevon's new album... **Peter Gabriel** is reported to be looking into the possibility of making a film version of the Genesis' album, *The Lamb Lies Down on Broadway*. Gabriel has discussed the project with Chilean-born director Alejandro Jodorowsky (of *El Topo* fame) and is now looking for financial support for the film. Gabriel will not appear in the film...Joan Jett of the girl-group **The Runaways** has recorded a single in London with **Sex Pistols** Steve Jones and Paul Cook. The song they recorded was Leslie Gore's 1964 hit "You Don't Own Me"...The Vienna Symphony Orchestra is to perform a concert of **Frank Zappa's** music in June. Frank intends to drop in to contribute guitar solos, and **Van Morrison** is reported to have recorded the vocals to a Zappa song called "Dead Girls In London"... **Robbie Robertson** will co-star with **Buddy Holly** story star Gary Busey and Jodie Foster in *Carney*. Robertson will also produce Busey's debut album...it's been confirmed that **Teddy Pendergrass** will play **Otis Redding** in a biopic based on Redding's life. Philly soul producers Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff will produce the music for the film...and **Paul McCartney** is looking for a director to make a movie based on the *Band on the Run* album. A script by Will Russell, who wrote the film will feature all the members of Wings with Paul taking the lead role. Joe Cocker's one-time backing band, **The American Standard Band**, who appeared behind Joe on his last NZ visit, have been signed by Island Records as their first US act... **The Boomtown Rats** turned down offers to play at the Whiskey and other such venues while in Los Angeles and instead played at Frederick's of Hollywood. Frederick's is a ladies underwear store...because **Iggy Pop's** current band features ex-Sex Pistol **Glen Matlock**, several dates of his British tour have had to be rescheduled. This is because the Sex Pistols are still banned from many British venues... **Chuck Berry** is to publish his autobiography. How about *Take the Money and Run* as a title Chuck?...**XTC** have replaced departing keyboard player Barry Andrews with guitarist Dave Gregory... **Aerosmith's** Steven Tyler is reported to have celebrated his 31st birthday by making a special visit to his money in the local bank. **Tom Verlaine**, ex-Television, is recording in New York with Patti Smith's drummer Jay Daugherty and former Television man Fred Smith... **Nils Lofgren** is working on a new LP with Bob Ezrin producing... **Dr Feelgood** are set to release their second live album in May...Will Blondes now have less fun? **Rod Stewart** married steady date Alana Hamilton last month...and **Bob Dylan** granted an interview to Rona Barrett's *Hollywood* magazine and confessed that if his career faded away, he wouldn't worry. After all he said: "I could be perfectly happy and content being a bus driver or I could still go back to making pizza or something".

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June 20-23	Captain Cook Hotel - Dunedin
June 26-30	Waikiwi Hotel - Invercargill
July 2-7	Rutherford Hotel - Nelson
July 11-14	Hillsborough Tavern - Christchurch



Sire recording artists, **Talking Heads** are coming to town. The band is performing in Dunedin — June 2, Christchurch — June 4, Wellington — June 5 and Auckland — June 6.

Their current album, *More Songs About Buildings and Food* is at number 12 on the NZ sales charts, after 10 weeks on the chart. That is pretty good for an intelligent New York rock band that is known for pleasing music critics and live audiences not for selling large numbers of records. After New Zealand, Talking Heads will tour Australia.

If you don't believe Talking Heads will come, then you won't believe that **Dolly Parton's** new album is called *Balls of Fire* or that Dolly will perform one concert at Auckland's Town Hall on July 11. The primary purpose for her lighting tour of Japan, Australia and NZ is to promote her recordings and to plan for a more extensive tour next summer.

After turning hundreds away from their final show in Auckland, New Zealand's own, **Split Enz**, are back on the road for three days. Enz have rehearsed new tunes and changed their clothes, stage clothes, that is. They will perform at the Auckland Town Hall — Friday May 25, Palmerston North Opera House — Saturday May 26, and Wellington Town Hall — Sunday May 27.

While chatting about kiwi blood, **Midge Marsden** (of Country Flyers fame), returns to NZ with the **Phil Manning Band**. A four day tour takes place in May to promote an extensive late June tour. They will perform at the Christchurch Town Hall — May 6, Canterbury University — May 7, Last Resort Cafe — May 8 and Auckland's Gluepot — May 9.

The September **Dire Straits** tour has been postponed until March next year. **John McLaughlin** tours in June with The One Truth Band. He plays Auckland Town Hall — June 26, Wellington Town Hall — June 27, Dunedin Regent Theatre — June 29 and Christchurch Town Hall — June 30. A new album *Electric Dreams* will be released to coincide with the tour. If you have not noticed, the **Burton Cummings** tour was cancelled.



THE GREAT STIFF COMPETITION

Win exclusive/rare UK Stiff T-shirts, picture discs or Stiff/Sounds Samplers, just by completing the following five questions.

Post your entry by Monday May 28, to Rip It Up, PO Box 5689, Auckland 1.

Wright - On the line



It's pretty crazy trying to interview a stranger thousands of miles away on a bad-line telephone. But we persevered. I called him Gary, he called me John. Friends via the magic cable.

Gary Wright graduated from New York University in 1965 then enrolled in Berlin University for a post-graduate course in psychology. It didn't last long, he concentrated

instead on his main love in life — music. After fronting a number of bands he ended up in England where he formed Spooky Tooth, who went on to become one of England's most popular acid bands. The group stayed together, on and off, up until 1974. The following year saw Gary Wright turn pop star with the international success of the single and album "Dream Weaver". Since then he has led a four-piece (three keyboards, one drummer) band that has, if not inspired critics at least confounded them. His latest album, *Headin' Home*, however, features guitars and horns, back-up vocals c/o Crosby & Nash, while still retaining the Wright trademark of layered keyboards.

The new album seemed an obvious starting point for the interview. "I just wanted to open up my sound a little", Gary says. "I got a little tired of everything being the same texture of sound, too much keyboards. I wanted to include real instruments and nothing can really replace the guitar."

Headin' Home is a far cry from the Spooky Tooth days. Wright, I suggest, is now aiming at

a more commercial market. He disagrees: "I'm not aiming totally at a pop audience. I like to aim at as broad an audience as possible. Music has gone a lot more progressive but you can only get so progressive and still get played on the radio".

Ah, so you are aiming at the pop audience? "No. I'm not just a pop artist. I just became labelled as such because I had a hit single. But I've got my own style. I try to make my music accessible, I like to please people but I keep my own style."

Talking to a Sixties veteran the topic of New Wave naturally came up. "I don't see New Wave as competition," says Gary. "It's all a matter of taste. There is no particular direction, there are many kinds. New Wave has not caught on in the States in a big way. Disco is the biggest direction at the moment."

Gary Wright is embarking on a world tour later this year and NZers may have the chance to see how he holds up in the new decade when he hopes to visit here early next year. **John Dix**

THE QUESTIONS

1. Who produced Lene Lovich's album?
 2. What town does Rachel Sweet come from?
 3. Who is wearing the Stiff T-shirt in the above photo?

4. What is the title of Ian Dury's second album?
 5. Complete the slogan (imaginatively) — If it ain't stiff, it ain't

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CARLOS



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- May 10, 11, 12 - Shotgun
- May 17, 18, 19 - Living Force
- May 24, 25, 26 - Short Story
- May 31, June 12 - 1860 Band

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Rumours

AUCKLAND
The May school holidays look set for action! **Citizen Band** will be performing with **Electrabeat** at Takapuna RSA Hall on May 18 and Titirangi War Memorial Hall on May 19 ... May 15 features **Living Force**, **Hello Sallor**, **Th' Dudes** and **Street Talk** at the 12M Rock Festival (bring your own beads) at His Majesty's Theatre ... On May 19 at the Town Hall, **Aellian Blade** are performing an original show featuring material from their debut album **Aellian Blade**. The recording of the album was self-financed, took place at Mandrill (where else?) and will be marketed by WEA. Opening act at the Town Hall is **Jonny Different from everyone else Yen**.

New vocalist for **Living Force** is Pabs Dadiva (not to be confused with *In A Gada Dadiva*) from the Phillipines. He has had a number one hit in his home country. The band, Eddie Hansen, Matt (Ephraim Matepi), Mike Fisher and Johnny Pepper have just completed a knock-out NZ tour and are playing in the South Island, including the West Coast, in May. That reminds me, **Toy Love** were a hit in New Plymouth. A flying beer bottle missed Jane Walker and smashed a pub light fitting. Will these provincial lunks never civilise?

New band in town is **Shotgun** — Larry Morris (vocals), Bob Jackson (bass), Bob Smith (keyboards/guitar), John Kristian (lead guitar), John Parker (lead guitar) and Billy Nuku (drums/percussion). The manager is **Hugh Lynn** and a single ("A Taste Of The Devil"/"Rain") has been recorded. Larry insists that he's just the singer in the band — "They are not a backing band for me" ... **Richard Wilde's** latest single is "It's Magical"/"The Last Time". The A side is a Russ Ballard tune, previously recorded by Colin Blunstone. Richard's version is arranged by Dave Fraser and the tunes and promo video produced by Dale Wrightson. Wilde is currently working in the North Island with his band, **Terraplane**. The boys in the band are Steve Holyoake (guitar), Steve Hughes (guitar), Paul Dunningham (drums/cars) and Wayne Cowlishaw (bass).

Seen lately at the Royal George, **Al Hunter** back in **Loophole** with Steve Butler (vocals and percussion), Gary Harvey (bass), Peter Mason (guitar) and Mike Adams (guitar) ... No news this month of resident **RIU** rumour **Phil Judd** Hamilton's **Nick Chape** and **Bob McKinnon** have a single out on Crash records entitled "Liquidated Again" ... **Hookers** packed out Hamilton Hotel's The Corner. As well as touring

Windy Record

Radio Windy Homegrown Album Volume 1 (there's to be another if this is successful) is the title of an album for release in late May. Unlike Auckland's **AM** album, which is a hotch-potch of disparate styles, this is described by producer Graham Nesbitt as mostly "orthodox rock and roll". 65 tapes (groups and artistes) were auditioned and a further 8 groups auditioned in the Rock Theatre before choosing the best of the bunch. The album was recorded over a two month period at EMI's Lower Hutt monolith, and was engineered by David Ginnane. The 10 tracks are all originals. Groups and artistes are as follows: **Rough Justice**, **Hot Ash**, **Spatz**, **Bill Lake**, **Bacchus**, **The Wonders**, **Wide Mouthed Frogs**, **Paul Schreuder**, **Smashed Executive**, and **Half Moon**. "Every track has singles potential", says Graham Nesbitt.

bands (**Russia**, **Sheerlux** and **Amyl Turf Turd Band**). **Hamilton** bands are performing at The Corner — **Busker Band** are playing there May 30 to June 2.

Hello Sallor are not going to Oz before LA. However a week of work, sun and fun in Noumea is a distinct possibility ... **Bob Gillies**, **Red McKelvie** and **Al Hunter** performed with **Bamboo** at the Maidment Theatre ... **Alastair Riddell** is preparing for an assault on the American Music Industry. Departure dates are not finalised however his manager Pat Cox is still at large ... **Radio With Pix Special** featuring **Citizen Band**, **Lip Service**, **Th' Dudes** and **Living Force** will be screened on May 15. It's a cracker so don't miss it, see you jokers next issue.

VINCE EAGER WELLINGTON

The Queen city fave raves **Th' Dudes** let Wellington down on Anzac Day when they pulled out at the last minute from their headlining gig at the Opera House. They didn't like the sound gear, natch. The gig went ahead with support band **Rough Justice** (not to mention the **Wide Mouthed Frogs**) playing to a sympathetic audience. Promoter Stuart Thwaine loses out financially, but **Th' Dudes** go down 10 points in credibility stakes. (see letter page 22). **Crocodiles**, who recently osmosed out of the very spirit of Spatz, have secured **Kim Street Talk** Fowley's enthusiasm. He's been in touch with **Fane Flaws**, and wants some demos immediately! ... **Short Story** have a single "Julia" out thru CBS and an album in the works at Marmalade Studios. Also recording at Marmalade are **Ready To Roll** perennial **Tina Cross** and ex-Rockinghorse keyboards man **Wayne Mason**.

The Wide Mouthed Frogs are to concentrate on recording and TV work over the next few months. The six feminine froggies have yet to venture from homeground as they are determined not to get trapped in the pub circuit. IYC will get the proceeds from **Sharon O'Neill's** self-penned, soon-to-be-recorded theme from Telethon, and Sharon has already cut a couple of tracks for her next album ... **Neville Purvis**, **Rough Justice**, **Limbs**, and **Ian Watkins** are tentatively set to star in what promises to be an off-beat (at the very least) TV variety show in September. Keep your fingers crossed that this gem doesn't become a victim of Government TV spending restraints.

Australia's revered **Phil Manning Band**, featuring ex-Country Flyer **Midge Marsden**, play the Last Resort on May 8 ... Also here in May are Auckland's **The Plague** and the just-signed to WEA **Toy Love** ... Last Resort features jazz Wednesday nights this month with gigs organised by Colin Hemmingson and featuring different guests each week ... Christchurch band **Bon Marche** are coming up in the world. They play the Rock Theatre the second week in May, and if successful, plan to head still further North!

GARY STEEL DUNEDIN

Touring Dunedin band **Cruze** were back in town for a week, just long enough to play at the Cook and lose drummer **Barry Blacker**. He has been replaced by the original man, **Gismo Moore** ... The bass player from new band **Tibet** has left. The band are looking for a new bassist. **Mother Goose** are back in Australia for a few months to gather money for a further assault on America. Guitarist **Peter Dickson** has left to form a band with ex-Bare Wires **Jim Taylor** and **Stiletto's** old drummer. There's a wild rumour circulating that **Dragon's** vocalist **Marc Hunter** may be joining them. **After Dark's** demo tape for **Radio With Pictures** is getting air play on 4XO ... **Heavenly Bodies** are leaving for Christchurch shortly to play a three nighter at **Dux de Lux**. **GEORGE KAY AND KEITH TANNOCK**

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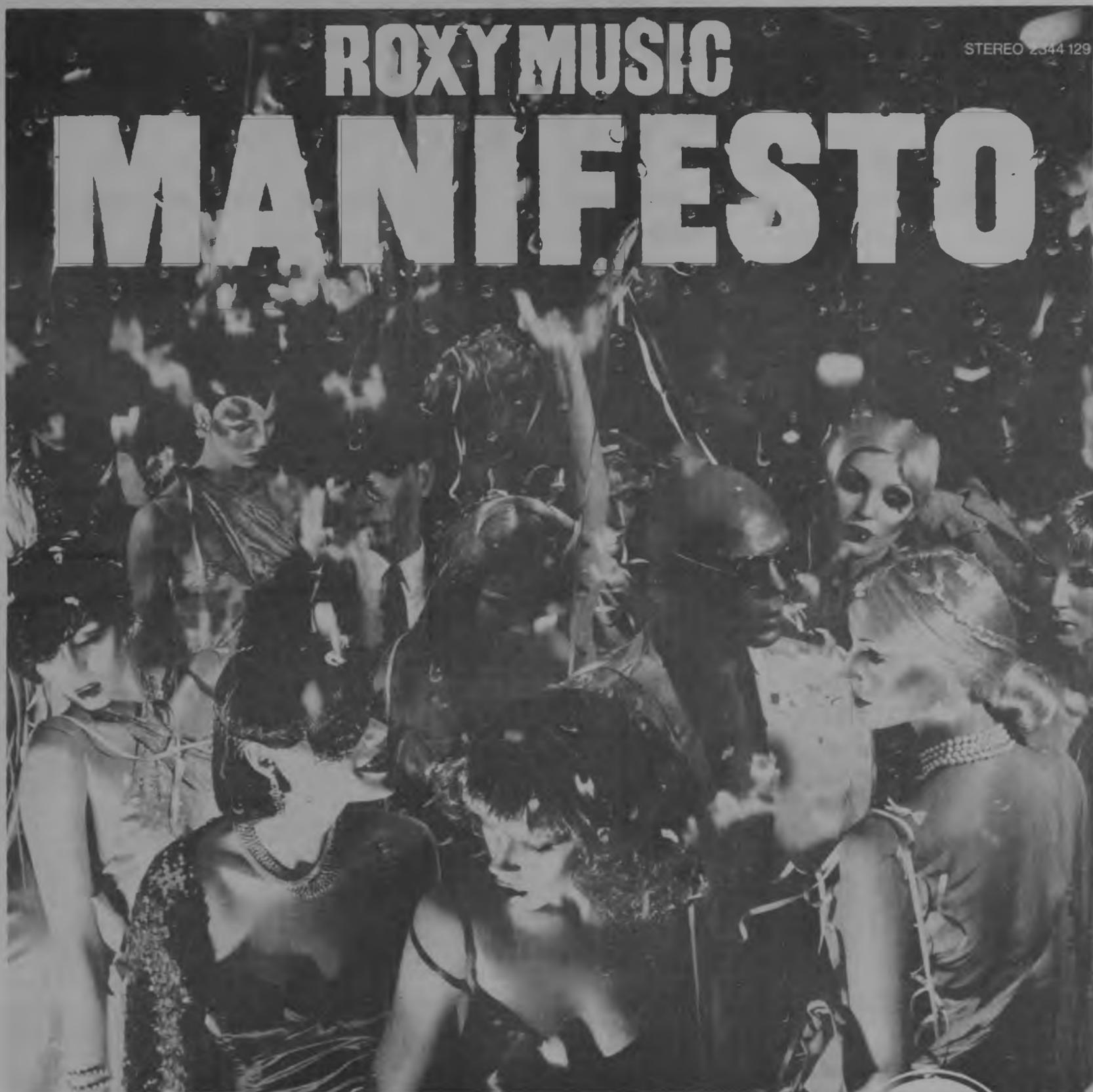
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USA ALBUMS April 28, Cashbox.

- 1 (1) **Spirits Having Flown** Bee Gees
- 2 (2) **Minute By Minute** Doobie Brothers
- 3 (4) **2 Hot!** Peaches & Herb
- 4 (7) **Breakfast in America** Supertramp
- 5 (5) **Desolation Angels** Bad Company
- 6 (3) **Dire Straits** Dire Straits
- 7 (6) **Livin' Inside Your Love** George Benson
- 8 (14) **Go West** Village People
- 9 (11) **Parallel Lines** Blondie
- 10 (9) **Blondes Have More Fun** Rod Stewart

UK ALBUMS April 21, NME.

- Last week's placings are in brackets.
- 1 (1) **Greatest Hits II** Barbara Streisand
 - 2 (6) **Very Best of** Leo Sayer
 - 3 (3) **C'est Chic** Chic
 - 4 (5) **Dire Straits** Dire Straits
 - 5 (4) **Manilow Magic** Barry Manilow
 - 6 (8) **Spirits Having Flown** Bee Gees
 - 7 (7) **Parallel Lines** Blondie
 - 8 (9) **Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle** Sex Pistols
 - 9 (2) **Breakfast in America** Supertramp
 - 10 (15) **Lionheart** Kate Bush

NZ SINGLES April 29, NZFPA

- 1 (1) **Heart of Glass** Blondie
- 2 (1) **Muscle Box Dancer** Frank Mills
- 3 (11) **Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick** Ian Dury
- 4 (1) **Tragedy** Bee Gees
- 5 (3) **Blame It On The Boogie** Jacksons
- 6 (4) **Stumblin' In** Quatro & Norman
- 7 (13) **Ca Plane Pour Moi** Plastic Bertrand
- 8 (10) **Song For Guy** Elton John
- 9 (6) **Instant Replay** Dan Hartman
- 10 (9) **Dance Across The Floor** Jimmy 'Bo' Horne
- 35 (1) **Still in Love With You** Dragon

NZ ALBUMS April 29, NZFPA

- 1 (1) **Don't Walk Boogie** Various
- 2 (1) **Breakfast in America** Supertramp
- 3 (1) **Spirits Having Flown** Bee Gees
- 4 (3) **Parallel Lines** Blondie
- 5 (2) **20 Smash Hits** Marty Robbins
- 6 (10) **A Single Man** Elton John
- 7 (4) **Blondes Have More Fun** Rod Stewart
- 8 (5) **52nd Street** Billy Joel
- 9 (6) **Dire Straits** Dire Straits
- 10 (19) **Minute by Minute** Doobie Brothers
- 11 (13) **The Cars** The Cars
- 12 (7) **Buildings & Food** Talking Heads
- 13 (15) **Frenzy** Split Enz
- 14 (22) **New Boots & Panties** Ian Dury
- 15 (16) **Stranger in Town** Bob Seger
- 16 (1) **Manifesto** Roxy Music
- 17 (14) **20 Golden Greats** Beach Boys
- 18 (8) **Greatest Hits Vol 1** Earth Wind & Fire
- 19 (18) **Armed Forces** Elvis Costello
- 20 (32) **Q. Are We Not Men?** Devo

Late News

The Rolling Stones played two concerts for the blind in Oshawa, Ontario on April 22. These concerts fulfilled the terms of Keith Richards' sentence imposed in Toronto last year when he was found guilty of heroin possession. However it appears that very few blind people attended the concert at the 5000 seater ice hockey arena. As one commented "I think many were put off by the thought of a rock concert. Its quite an ordeal for a blind person". Instead ticket touts, who were commanding \$150 a ticket, benefitted. Nor were the concerts a success as fund raisers - the promoters reported that ticket sales would barely cover costs, despite the fact that the Stones played for free. Meanwhile the Canadian Government has given official notice of its appeal against the alleged leniency of Richards' sentence. However the appeal procedure could take more than a year and Richards has already left Canada. David Bowie's next LP is set for late May release overseas. Titled *Lodger*, the album was recorded in Switzerland and New York and includes all of Bowie's touring band as well as Brian Eno on synthesizers. First single from the LP is "Boys Keep Swinging"/"Fantastic Voyage". *Lodger* was produced by Bowie with Tony Visconti. It's also rumoured that Eno will replace synthesiser player Roger Powell on Bowie's forthcoming US tour...the group backing Ron Wood on his 17 date US tour goes under the title of the New Barbarians, and is now confirmed as including Keith Richards, bassist Stanley Clarke, pianist Ian McLagen, saxist Bobby Keyes and ex-Meters drummer Joseph "Ziggy" Modeliste. Neil Young is not now listed as a member although, along with other celebrities, he is expected to drop in along the course of the tour...Marty Balin has announced that he has left Jefferson Starship. Replacement will likely be one-time Elvin Bishop Group singer, Mickey Thomas bass player Ed Gagliardi has quit Foreigner and will be replaced by Rick Wills, who most recently was a member of the reformed Small Faces. The third Foreigner album is currently being recorded under the supervision of producer Roy Thomas Baker... Chicago is to use producer Phil Ramone on its next LP...the US Navy has decided against using the Village People's "In the Navy" as a recruiting anthem, due to the group's "gay connection"...Doobie Brothers' current hit "What a Fool Believes" was written by Mike McDonald together with ex-Loggins and Messina man, Kenny Loggins...drummer Stan Lynch has rejoined Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers...the next Osmonds LP is to be produced by Maurice Gibb...while Rod Stewart has begun work on his next with Tom Dowd producing once again. And Brazilian composer Jorge Ben has withdrawn his complaint that the melody for "Do Ya Think I'm Sexy" (as written by Carmine Apice) was stolen from his song "Taj Mahal"...Crawdaddy Magazine, which recently changed its name to Feature, has suspended publication. However the magazine may be bought out...Lou Reed's forthcoming LP, *The Bells*, features three songs co-written with Nils Lofgren...the double album *Bob Dylan Live at the Budokan* is set for New Zealand and Australian release. CBS Records have it scheduled for late June at a retail price of \$14.99 complete with full packaging...also note that the next pressing of Split Enz's *Frenzy* will include their current single "I See Red"...Bob Dylan is reported to have co-opted the services of Mark Knopfler and Pick Withers of Dire Straits to play on his next album...Aussie group Sherbet have changed their name to Highway. The name change has been brought on by RSO Records decision to push the group to the adult rock market in the United States. It was felt the name Sherbet was too "immature" for such an audience...it's now predicted that Springsteen's next will be a double live set released in order to head off the ever proliferating number of bootlegs...Elton John's next 45 release will be a maxi-single of three tracks recorded with Philly-soul producer Thom Bell in Seattle in 1977...The Clash are to release a four track EP featuring previously unreleased material. The EP includes the Bobby Fuller Four's "I Fought the Law", "Groovy Times" and "Gates of the West"(out takes from the Give 'Em Enough Rope sessions) and "Capital Radio"...ex-Deep Purple basist Roger Glover has joined Richie Blackmore's Rainbow...Public Image have yet another new drummer. New skinsman is Dave Humphrey. Ry Cooder is reported to be working on an R & B album...

RIP IT UP No. 22 MAY '79

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ADVERTISING ENQUIRIES
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Film Fun

Despite the fact that *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* is one of the biggest grossing films in cinema history, it is to be relaunched in the near future. It will, however, be different in form to that already screened. Director Steven Spielberg is shooting more footage to supply a new ending and editing will be undertaken to make room for these changes...John Huston is to direct *Wise Blood* with Brad Dourif and Ned Beatty. This will be Huston's first since his 1975 film *The Man Who Would Be King*. Woody Allen's co-writer Marshall Brickman is directing *Simon*, a comedy set in New York...good to note that *Hardware*, a 13 minute short that spoofs *Star Wars*, is to see local release accompanying Everard distributed films, initially *The Adventures of the Wilderness Family*. *Rolling Stone* called it "the hottest short subject to hit the screen" May the Force be with You...Superman Christopher Reeve is to be paid \$1/2 million for his part in *Superman 2* and will collect \$1 million for *Superman*...director Delbert Mann is to remake *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Lauren Bacall has been signed by Robert Stigwood to play in *The Fan* to be scripted by *Saturday Night Fever* man Norman Wexler...Alan J Pakula is filming *Starting Over* with a cast including Burt Reynolds, Candice Bergen and Jill Clayburgh...Blake Edwards is shooting *10* with Julie Andrews and Dudley Moore (standing in for George Segal)...Mike Hodges has replaced Nicholas Roeg as director of *Flash Gordon* while Richard Lester has completed work on *Cuba* with Sean Connery and Brooke Adams...

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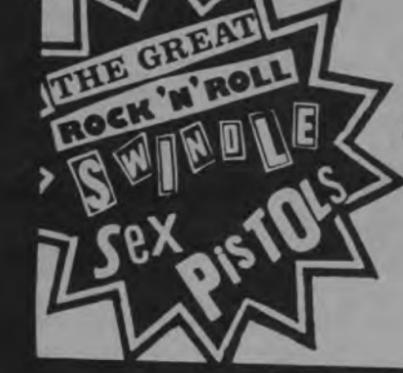
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CARS MADE IN USA

Greg Hawkes Benjamin Orr
Elliot Easton Ric Ocasek David Robinson

Anyone with half an ear to put near a radio can't help but notice that an ounce or two of quality has oozed lately through the disco slush. You have to listen hard, but it's there. The art of making good radio music seems to be undergoing a small, but energetic revival, pushed along by such bands as Blondie, Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, and The Cars.

The Cars make a sound that is pure magic, filtered through a four-inch speaker. Great bouts of solid bass and guitar, right where it hurts, mannered vocals that would give Brian Ferry a complex, and an android choir in the background, reminiscent of Queen on downers. Couple that with a finely-honed feel for a catchy chew, and lyrics about good times and love won and lost, and the Cars are onto a winning formula. The singles, "Just What I Needed" and "My Best Friend's Girl", have made a sizeable dent in the Top 20, and the album has gone platinum in the States.

Visually, The Cars are memorable too. Centre of attention is chief songwriter Ric Ocasek, a great gaunt piece of exhaust pipe, standing umpteenth centimetres tall and possessing the voice of a foghorn. Pretty boy bassist Benjamin Orr handles much of the upfront work on stage, while Ocasek hovers around in the rear, looking like a dispossessed traffic light, clutching a guitar. Lead guitarist Elliot Easton and drummer David Robinson do a nice line in the mean n' moody looks, while keyboards and sax player Greg Hawkes plays it strictly for laughs, a perfect foil for the slightly-reserved Ocasek.

The Cars are a product of Boston, like that city's zillion-selling namesake, Aerosmith, J. Geils, and The Modern Lovers. Robinson drummed for Richman for a while, but Richman said he was too loud, and kept cutting down his kit until he was left with a solitary snare, and he was only allowed to tap the side of that. It was still too loud, so he quit.

So what's so great about Boston, surely the bastion of New England conservatism? Ocasek says it's "progressive", while still being able to mix the old with the new. It's reasonably close to New York (about 500 miles), meaning record company execs don't have too far to go.

"They come in once a year, take one band and leave," says Ocasek.

But Boston does boast a thriving club scene, especially The Rat, its own equivalent of CBGB's and Max's Kansas City. Most of Boston's prodigies got their start in such clubs.

Also a great help is a lady named Maxanne Sartori, who regularly plays tapes of local bands on radio station WBCN. It was Sartori who gave The Cars their early exposure, which attracted the record companies. But we're getting a bit ahead of ourselves here. Cue nostalgic music for a little history...

Richard Ocasek (the 'i' was dropped to make it snappier) is of Polish extraction, born

in Baltimore. His introduction to the heady world of modern music was Buddy Holly's "That'll Be The Day", and a guitar his grandma gave him when he was 10. He was writing songs while in his teens, as an alternative to university study.

"After I started writing songs, I figured it would be good to start a band," he says. "Sometimes I'd put a band together just to hear my songs."

Orr (his original name is unpronouncedly Polish) comes from Cleveland, where he played in the house band for a local TV show. Ocasek's father transferred to Cleveland to work, and the two got together. They played songs as a duo for a time, drifting and starving from state to state. Ocasek once pawned Orr's guitar to buy food.

After being threatened with physical violence in several midwestern venues, the two headed back east, finding their niche finally in

Boston, with a folk trio called Milkwood. Their one album, in 1972, is best forgotten, by all accounts, but the recording sessions introduced them to Hawkes, and another loud click was heard.

Ocasek and Orr formed a group called Cap'n Swing, with Boston axeman Elliot Easton, while Hawkes undertook session work. Cap'n Swing made one abortive trip to New York, bombed magnificently, returned to Boston, and split.

Ocasek, Orr and Easton decided to give it one more try, calling Hawkes to the fold, and recruiting Robinson with the promise that he could play as loud as he liked. They spent half of 1976 in Ocasek's basement, writing, arranging and rehearsing. When they re-emerged, Sartori taped them, Elektra said "sign here", and The Cars were on their way.

Robinson, who has a background in fine arts, coined the band's name, a memorable one which conjures up all sorts of images. He also

designed their flashy stage gear and did the graphics for the inner sleeve of the album.

The Cars' sound is more English than American in its influences, and the band wanted a producer who could mix their sound well for radio play. Roy Thomas Baker, whose major work has been with Queen, was the choice. A surprise to some, who felt Baker's work to be a little sterile, but the right choice, as it turned out.

Recording and mixing the album, at London's A.I.R. studios, took only 21 days, and everyone went home happy. The dense, heavy sound mix gives The Cars a distinctive air, like those ostentatious American automobiles of the '50's; all chrome and fins. All for show, and great fun.

Don't expect hidden depths from The Cars. None of them is into changing the world. Ocasek, despite his highbrow appearance, only listens to music while driving, rapidly flipping from one station to another till he finds something that sounds right, that fits his mood. He's not even very illuminating about the lyrics of his songs.

"Good Times Roll": "It's not really about good times at all. Actually, it's about paying for things twice and not knowing it."

"My Best Friend's Girl": "I suppose it puts the one night stand in a slightly different perspective. It became the song everyone wanted to hear on the radio."

"You're All I've Got Tonight": "When things get too quiet, and you're willing to put up with any company, or you're not willing to accept the prospect of being alone, you might find yourself needing what you've got."

See? Analysis doesn't help. But then, good music doesn't need it, and often defies it.

"Cars are great," says Ocasek. "They go through all the changes that musicians do, too. They all wear out, they get broken parts, some are better than others, and some go to the junkyard..."

Their debut album put The Cars in the inside lane, where the tough competition is. Good first albums are notoriously hard to follow up. At the time of writing, their second album is well under way, and all reports so far have been thumbs up.

Let the good times roll.
Duncan Campbell

4TH TRICK FULL HOUSE



Cheap Trick
Cheap Trick Live At The Budokan
Epic

Mercifully the spate of double live albums, which had followed the success of Peter Frampton's effort, seems to be coming to an end. Appropriately Cheap Trick, perhaps the finest band to come out of the USA in recent years, leads the return to the pithy single live set. On this one Cheap Trick continue to impress. *At The Budokan* provides a neat statement of the band's live excitement.

Casting a glance back over Cheap Trick's two year career, two features really become obvious. First there is the band's commitment to simple rock'n'roll fun and second there is their prolific rate of output. Cheap Trick's brand of pop metal is both lively and uncomplicated, owing an apparent debt to the British sixties, especially The Beatles. Lead by zany guitarist Rick Nielson their idea is simply to have a good time. Arguably this is the reason that they have not yet turned out any truly great songs. Not everyone can write a "My Generation" or

"Satisfaction" and maybe Rick Nielson is not even interested in trying.

As for the second feature, turning out three solid albums in under 14 months is a prodigious output by anyone's standards. Cheap Trick also have the reputation of being one of the hardest working touring bands currently operating out of the States. Putting these two features together the obvious question is can they keep it up? Well, if this display is anything to go on, the band's live performance certainly hasn't slipped any.

The set contains most of the highlights from Cheap Trick's three studio efforts. On side one the band races with little ceremony (as any repartee between songs would be lost on the Japanese audience) through lively renditions of "Hello There", "Come On" and "Look Out". Closing the side, the version of "Need Your Love" does drag a little but then the band has been pushing the pace all the way and are bound to be feeling it. Side two fires away with a spirited cover of Fats Domino's "Ain't That A Shame" and then — "I Want You To Want Me", "Surrender", "Goodnight Now" (a

reprise of "Hello There" with the obvious alteration) and "Clock Strikes Ten". A good stuff and the only regret is that there isn't more of it.

Though his painfully slow enunciations of song titles for the benefit of the audience become grating after a couple of listens Robin Zander's singing voice has a real edge of excitement throughout the set. Rhythm men Bun E. Carlos and Tom Petersson get down to the work right from the start and don't let up. With the emphasis as it is, on simple fun rock'n'roll Rick Nielson keeps his soloing pretty well under wraps for most of the night but what he does let fly is choice stuff. Pity we can't see the onstage antics that go with it.

Here it is a fourth offering from Cheap Trick in under 18 months. Still the band has yet to disappoint. My angle on Cheap Trick is simply this, they are a band looking fit to burn themselves up by giving too much too soon so get into them while the going is good.

Dominic Free

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Jah smile on a Western Spring; Dreadlock in a Auckland City; Rastafari for I and I; Bob Marley; Seen! Stone delight on an Easter Monday, as only Jah Music can provide. Ras Bob did it, living up to all expectations. Neither mud nor petrol cuts could detract from such a gathering. The Wailers raised the autumn temperature a dozen degrees.

Marley on stage is rivetting. A Presence. A diminutive figure, he starts off stroking his Les Paul through a couple of numbers, then discarding it as the music takes hold of The Man and his audience, shanking wildly about the stage, locks flying.

Them belly full but we hungry, a hungry mob is an angry mob.

The years, the success, the hype have not eroded Marley's conviction one iota. Put de heathen back deh, on de wall. He bores into the soul. You running and you running and you running away, but you can't run away from

yourself. There is dark anger in "Burning And Looting", and pure joy in "Lively Up Yourself." "Cause Jah say so

He says nothing during the performance, except to announce: "We come a long way." Seen, Bob. A long time coming, too. But worth the wait. His message is his music, and he prefers playing football to giving interviews.

Standing still is a physical impossibility. The music makes demands, grabbing you by the scruff of the neck. It could revive a corpse, as the I-Threes join Bob to shake a shapely rump. Get up, stand up. And not just for your rights.

Only Bowie's band has equalled this one for lautness, precision and drive. Reggae rhythm is the hardest in the world to create well. Aston "Family Man" Barrett, Carly and Seeco make it seem effortless.

Junior Marvin is the clown, exhorting the audience to sing, dance, clap, rage, fall on its bum. Everyone loves him. The dual keyboards

of Tyrone Downie and Wire Lindo concentrate on the counterpoint rather than melody. Collectively, The Wailers build a stupendous wall of sound. It envelops you, whisking you along on a tide of righteous rhythms. We're jammin' in the name of The Lord.

As the concert progresses, Marley works himself into a frenzy. All eyes are on him, as he proclaims his faith and his genius. His intensity is frightening, as he points an accusing finger at the crowd.

You must have done something wrong...

How can you pick the high points in a show like this? The pace never slackens for a moment. There's a tense, menacing "Concrete Jungle", ferocious readings of "The Heathen" and "War/No More Trouble", a beautifully moving singalong "No Woman, No Cry." Every number is perfect, and there are so many others you'd like to hear.

I and I leave well pleased.

Back at the hotel, the Man looks natty in tracksuit top and tweed trousers as he smilingly receives a multitude of gold discs. Everyone else gets in on the act, and he makes no effort to upstage them.

The following morning, it's up and out for a game of soccer, lasting a couple of hours. Short for the Wailers, who have been known to play 12-hour games, often into the wee smalls.

Interviews are politely, but firmly declined. The Man don't wanna talk, but a kid who comes up brandishing a piece of paper is able to interrupt the game momentarily for a signature.

Whither Marley now? Musically, he seems to be marking time at present (witness *Kaya* and *Babylon By Bus*). But the present, as over 20 thousand will testify, is most healthy.

Time alone, oh! Time will tell...

Duncan Campbell

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STIFF RECORDS PULL - OUT



WIN FAMOUS UK STIFF T-SHIRTS, PICTURE DISCS, CAN'T START DANCING UK SAMPLER IN THE GREAT STIFF COMPETITION PAGE 3



Ads from Record World (New York) Stiff Supplement.

Elton John on stage during Be Stiff UK tour.

WHAT'S STIFF?: THE DAVE ROBINSON INTERVIEW

Stiff Records label boss Dave Robinson is the kind of man an American would call a go-getter. In 1970 as manager of the band Brinsley Schwarz, he found himself in the Catch 22 of the London rock 'n' roll scene: booking agencies were not interested in the band unless they had a record deal, record companies weren't interested unless you had an agency.

The bright idea was therefore conceived of putting the then totally unknown Brinsley Schwarz on the bill at New York's prestigious Fillmore Auditorium and flying 150 media people to the States to cover the event.

Robinson rang up Bill Graham, hard-nosed owner of the Fillmore. Graham suggested a tape of Schwarz be sent over from London to New York for his approval. The next day when Graham arrived at the Fillmore, Robinson was

waiting in his office. They got the job, tape unheard.

It's that kind of eye for a commercial chance and bravado bordering on insanity that prompted Dave Robinson and label co-founder Jake Riviera to start Stiff Records.

As Riviera put it at the time, "For far too long there has been a gap between the million quid advance and scuffling about in a cellar. There has to be a middle ground. I believe Stiff is it." Robinson recalls the beginning in a less purposeful light: "It was just pure blind luck. We stumbled into it."

Launched in August 1976 with borrowed capital of \$800, Stiff Records takes its name from a curious source. "We named it after an American term. A Stiff is a record that doesn't happen" says Robinson. A position, he adds,

they thought they could improve on.

The label quickly signed an array of artists who've subsequently proved to be of enormous musical importance — Nick Lowe, Elvis Costello and Ian Dury — as well as a number of others who proved to be less than pivotal to the future of rock 'n' roll.

Stiff was immediately different from other record companies in several respects. Initially many of the acts were signed for one-off deals. They delivered one single and the contract expired. Robinson's explanation for this is simple: "Every band, or nearly every band, has got one number in them that could be a million seller. Most times after we released that single, they got signed by a major company. That's alright."

Stiff were also distinguished by their wacky advertising style. T shirts that read "If it's not a

Stiff, it's not worth a f**k". Records that carried Stiff slogans — "Undertakers to the Industry", "Where Money Makes Money" and on a greatest hits package the assurance that it "Contains No Hit Single Whatsoever." To Robinson these ploys were "... obvious. It's just to credit the guy who buys the record with a bit of intelligence. To appeal to him on a slightly intellectual level. I mean you take the major record companies — do you think the guy who's selling that stuff likes it? Does he hell. He's 45 or 50 and he has nothing but contempt for the people buying his records and his advertising shows it. Our advertising was just to attract attention.

"After all you can't make people buy records, all you can do is aim to make them interested enough to consider it."

But the factor that has ensured the success of Stiff has been Robinson's policy on talent. Stiff have always been prepared not only to take a chance on unconventional talent but also on singer/songwriters that Robinson, with his vast experience at the roots level of the rock scene, has been able to back with the best musicians.

For as Robinson notes: "Musicians are ten a penny. Pebbles on the beach. There's hundreds of them. But the man out front, the singer with the ideas is a rarity." And Robinson's eye for talent has, as he none too modestly admits, "been mostly proven right." In the last three months Stiff or ex-Stiff artists have held the number one single spot in Britain on three occasions.

Such a success rate and a fostering of the idea of a company built round the performer has meant that now the talent comes to Robinson. As he explains: "That was always the plan. Credibility is even more important than actual finance at the beginning of a venture like Stiff. It's got to the point where if a major record company hears Stiff is interested in an act, then they become interested. Acts come to me and I send them off to others and tell them 'Say Stiff sent you'. What do I care?"

Credibility. So would Stiff sign anyone Dave Robinson didn't like? Robinson's reply is swift. "No ... well, if someone came to me with a song I knew was going to be a million seller that I didn't like, I'd take it. Of course I would. But ..." he adds sheepishly, "my conscience would bother me."

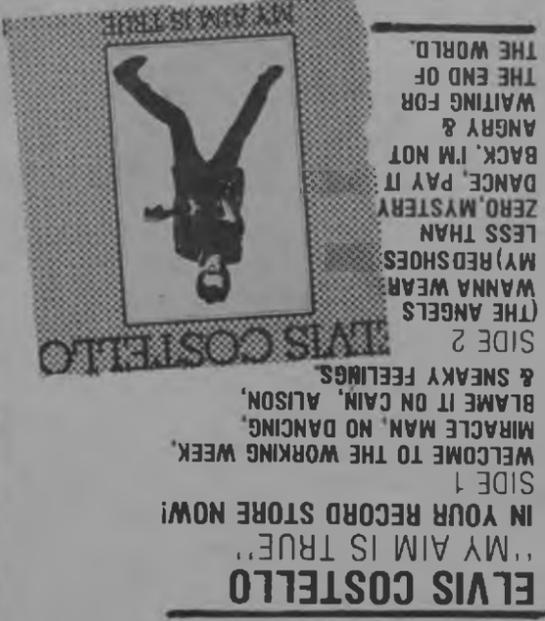
Alastair Dougal

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH IT!!!

Ian Dury



IAN DURY NEW BOOTS AND PANTIES!!!



ELVIS COSTELLO

“MY AIM IS TRUE”
IN YOUR RECORD STORE NOW!

DON'T FORGET! “HIT ME WITH YOUR RHYTHM STICK” IS ONLY AVAILABLE IN A COLLECTOR'S UNLIMITED 7 INCH BLACK VINYL EDITION.

DO IT YOURSELF IS IAN DURY AND THE BLOCKHEADS' FORTHCOMING ALBUM.

“WAKE UP AND MAKE LOVE” WITH
“NEW BOOTS AND PANTIES”
IAN DURY AND THE BLOCKHEADS



STUFF FROM STIFF
MARKETED BY
polyGram



IAN DURY



LENE LOVICH



RACHEL SWEET



JONA LEWIE

MICKEY JUPP



THE RUMOUR



WRECKLESS ERIC

Left to right: Charlie Charles, Dury, John Turnbull, Derek Payne, Mickey Gallagher and Norman Watt-Roy



Back in the early days of the so-called New Wave, two fellas came almost out of nowhere with some strong tunes and a little extra putsch. One was a nastily little computer operator calling himself Elvis Costello, with an ear for the 60's pop tune. The other was a tricky bloke with a sometime cockney accent and an eye for the finer things in life. Mr Dury, none other.

He's thirty six. When Johnny Rotten was proclaiming loudly that rock'n'roll belonged exclusively to people under twenty (how old are

WIN FAMOUS UK STIFF T-SHIRTS, PICTURE DISCS, CANT START DANCIN' UK SAMPLER IN THE GREAT STIFF COMPETITION ON PAGE 3

you now, Johnny?), Ian Dury had a single out called "Sex and Drugs and Rock'n'roll" that said it all. Most of it anyway.

Here's a little bit of advice
You're quite welcome, it is free

*Don't do nuthin that is cut-price
You know what they'll make you be
They will try the tricky device
Trap you with the ordin'ry
Get your teeth into a small slice
The cake of liberty.*

It was obvious from the start that this was no ordinary geezer. For a start he looked a little strange for the times, short hair, ducktail, jeans rolled up, white jacket, scarf around the neck. He didn't exactly sing either, just sort of talked in tune. It was different. And all it took to get his name heard was the "Sex and Drugs and Rock'n'Roll" Tour with the guts of the Stiff stable (Costello and Lowe included) in 1977, and some heavy touring in Europe and the States. Add in an album that's been on the charts for eighteen months and a number one single, and you've got a phenomenon. A star.

Young Ian didn't get off to a great start, contracting polio at the age of seven and spending five years in various medical institutions. At twelve, with metal calipers on each leg to help him walk, he drew the line. The choice was a trade school for crippled kids or a regular school and he took the latter. But the time in hospital had given him a different perspective. "I can put it into a nutshell. The only two fings that matter in life, one is tits and the uvver is prison. I've been incarcerated for quite a long time myself, that's

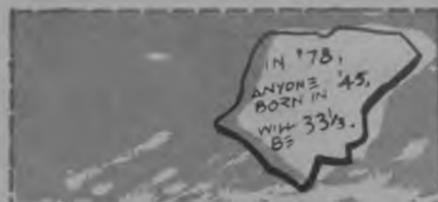
why I am like I am, a hard case. To do something that requires your concentration, it's necessary to lock yourself up, stop fings getting in your way if you're writing. That's where I do the fings that I care about most. Prison'd be solitude, study, and tits'd be all those fings which I enjoy, starting wiv tits 'cos I'm a red-blooded, half-cocked little chap."

In 1959 he escaped (did he fall or was he pushed?) school with three O-levels (English for school C) out of five, and started at the Walthamstow Art School. As Keith Richard could tell you, in those days, Art School was where they sent the bad kids, no future. But for Ian it was more than just an excuse to be hip. While he was getting into his art he was also taking in the British "trad" jazz thing and picking up on the jive talk that was current with the beatniks. An artist called Peter Blackie turned him on to painting what was important to him, rock'n'roll, wrestling, boxing and the like. "From then on I started going downhill or uphill or whatever. It was meeting Peter and finding out that art didn't necessarily have to be a refined thing. It was alright to be a bit exciting."

He can't have been too bad at it. He was accepted for the Royal College of Art in 1963, and he was later an art lecturer at the Canterbury School of Art. Even then, he was equally interested in words. "I useta put words on me pictures, right from when I was at Walthamstow Art School. I'd do a self-portrait and put on the bottom, 'Pig-nose and Pierce and Petty Theft', or 'Al came down from Cicero'. Just little statements. After six years I got fed up wiv photographic reproductions and I started doin' purely lettering paintings."

In 1968 he met up with tenor sax man Davey Payne who was then with the People Band (a fairly irregular 60's outfit), and they played together in Kilburn and the High Roads. This was a band more famous in retrospect than at the time. They were managed by Charlie Gillett, until recently the best DJ in London, and author of the most solid book on rock'n'roll ever, *The Sound of the City*. Gillett had the Kilburn's on his Oval label, but had never had the financial resources to get the band heard.

A key meeting in Dury's career was with his tunesmith, guitarist/piano player Chas Jankel,



From sleeve of Stiff sampler *Heroes & Cowards*

who was responsible for "Rhythm Stick", "Clever Trevor", "Sex and Drugs", and "Wake Up", not to mention most of the forthcoming album, *Do It Yourself*. "I met Ian when he was in Kilburns — I was looking for a gig and got the word about him from a music store I was shopping in in Shepherd's Bush — and it really was one of those relationships that began with him telling me to fuck off after I'd walked into the dressing room. Anyway, he eventually go to hear something of mine; we got together, and it's usually me that presents the song to him for the

adding of the lyrics ... I have this riff or idea about knocking about for ages and I'll wait till something else turns up which I'll tack on and develop."

In addition to the indispensable Chas Jankel, The Blockheads are a bunch of individually talented musicians, not to mention being one of the tightest and most melodic units around. Davey Payne is one hell of a sax player, while Norman Watt-Roy (bass) and Charlie Charles (drums) are capable of being sold anchor men in the funk numbers, or providing slippery rhythms in the Music Hall numbers such as "Billericay Dickie" or "Clever Bastards."

Dury is an amazing performer. Not having the mobility of a Jagger or Marley, his visuals are restricted to a smaller scale. He has a brilliant range of facial expressions, from the leery sexuality of "Partial to Your Abracadabra" to the complete change of personality he undergoes in "Billericay Dickie", in which he starts out as an overconfident stud and winds up as a man trying to convince himself of his own prowess. He has a series of visual props, scarves, hats, brollys, you name it. He makes the *mike stand* work for him. He's liable to turn up with a black leather glove on one hand and a pair of handcuffs on the other, or wearing a pearly's jacket.

He's studied. His influences are too many to be counted, but they include Music Hall comedians, American comedians such as Woody Allen and Lenny Bruce, painters such as Artaud, musicians as different as Kurt Weill and Raahsaan Roland Kirk, and a host of novelists and poets such as Nelson Algren and Patrick Kavanagh. And that's for starters. He's into words and he has a sense of humour. "Funniness has always been a supremely important natural part of having verbal. It seems to be the main reason to 'ave verbal is to laugh, cos verbal won't get you very far if there isn't laughter."

He says he does it for the love of it. "I'm thirty five and I've been skint all my life but I don't honestly want a lot of money. I am tryin to be famous but what my motives are I haven't got a clue. It seems I can't prevent gettin' rich if I do my job the way I do it now. The main fing is to work out 'ow to get wot I need without needing too much."

"The activity of being active is the most wonderful thing in the world."

You can look forward to seeing a bit of the Dury phenomenon on the viddy soon. Don't miss it. His new album should be a little beauty, but take heed, neither of the two gems on the single ("Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick"/"Clever Bastards") is on the album. But you can get "Sex and Drugs and Rock'n'Roll" on the local pressing of *New Boots and Panties*, thanks to those lovely blokes from Polygram, who now make Stiff records in NZ.

Van Gogh did some eyeball squeezers
He must have been a pencil squeezer
He didn't do the Mona Lisa
That was some Italian geezer ...

("Clever Bastards")

With the amount of rubbish that sells in the thousands and the number of competent but boring bands damaging hearing around the world, it's sad that it takes so long for a diamond such as Dury to shine through the schlock. Maybe we just weren't ready for the man.

He's a genius.
John Malloy

STIFF'S FIRST LOVES!



RACHEL SWEET
THE ALBUM
FOOL AROUND
THE SINGLE
B-A-B-Y

YOU'LL REALLY LOVICH
... AND RACHEL TOO!



LENE LOVICH
THE ALBUM
STATELESS
THE SINGLE
LUCKY NUMBER



MARKETED BY
polyGram



ingfield standard "Stay Awhile" to the grittier Sternberg tunes like "Suspended Animation" and "Cuckoo Clock" and then right on down to

pure country/pop.

Lene Lovich, by comparison (which is hardly a good idea) is playing with a completely different set of tricks. Where Rachel is coy, cute and quite possibly a pain in the arse, Lene plumps for the aged and proven enigma formula. She won't even reveal her nationality, for Chrissakes, although word has it that she too is an American.

But there's more to separate the two than Ms Lovich's secrecy or even her kooky, feet-long plaits. There's not a jot of the Yankee country sleaze on Lene's debut album, *Stateless*. And it's far more of a total component too, with co-writer/companion, Les Chappell contributing a fair amount to production.

With a few exceptions — notably Nick Lowe's "Tonight" and the re-working of the already re-worked-by-The-Rubinoos "I Think We're Alone

Now" — almost all the tracks on *Stateless* are written by Lovich and Chappell. It seems she favours her own tunes above the others; she sings them harder and harsher in a voice not unlike Television's Tom Verlaine or, with a stretch of the proverbial imagination, a tuneful Patti Smith. In addition to the backing provided by Chappell (guitar), Nicky Plytas (keyboards), Bobbi Irwin (drums), Ron Francois (bass) and Jeff Smith (synthesizer), Lene herself plays a fair saxophone, though not a great deal of it.

NME has, rather curiously methinks, compared both Lene Lovich and Rachel Sweet with Deborah Harry from Blondie. Results were favourable on both counts. Which doesn't really mean that either of these women are stunners. But they're sure as hell not whimpy.

Louise Chunn

SWEET & LOVICH

Lene Lovich and Rachel Sweet are the only women currently signed to Stiff Records. Although distinctly different from one another, both have managed to avoid what seems to have become the prevalent pitfall for a lady at the mic; neither of them is a 'whimpy woman' singer of the doe-eyed, sugared-up voice variety. And that's a relief.

Rachel Sweet first. At 4'11" and 16 years of age, Rachel Sweet is something of a phenomenon in the business. Sure, her hometown Akron, Ohio and numerous American cities undoubtedly produce girls of her ilk with terrifying regularity. What's rare is that a girl like that — the drum majorette, the star jock's girlfriend — should end up touring Britain with the likes of Wreckless Eric, should sign with a record company which also promotes a somewhat degenerate Cockney cripple. But, as far as Ms Sweet is concerned, it's all a part of the bid for fame and fortune.

Rachel Sweet started in show biz at the age of 5. Seven years and several TV commercials later, she toured the States as the support act for Mickey Rooney. At 12 she made her first recording, a country single which flopped badly. Her next effort, a tune culled from seven she recorded with Ray Baker in Nashville, hit the American Country Charts; it reached No 94.

But the answer to her dreams proved to be lurking far closer to home. Long-time friend and neighbour in Akron was Liam Sternberg, producer of Stiff Records' *Akron Compilation*. He included Rachel in the local talent recorded for that disc and went on to produce her first album late in 1978.

Critical reaction to *Fool Around* was mostly favourable. *NME* was impressed, saying she sang like a 'girl re-incarnated' and praising her subject matter — anything that was adolescent, female and twittish. But, as Ms Sweet says, *Fool Around* is a 'showcase' — a selection of all that is possible. Which takes us from the Dusty Spr-

BE STIFF UK Tour (Oct-Nov '78) — Left to right: Lene, Mickey, Rachel, Jona and Wreckless Eric.



WHO'S STIFF?

Ian Dury

One of the better known personalities who has, unlike Elvis Costello and Nick Lowe, remained within the Stiff stable once the going got better.

Ian Dury started out with Kilburn and The High Roads; his time with The Blockheads marks a second time round success. *New Boots and Panties*, his one and only album, remained in the English charts longer than anything else but Abba; "Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick" did similarly stupendous things as a single.

Albums: *New Boots and Panties!!* (Stiff, 1977)

Mickey Jupp

On the scene for many years now, Mickey Jupp is one of those curiosities who "for some reason known only to God and the fates, has been passed over while lesser men achieve fame and fortune." (Max Bell of *NME*)

His influence as singer and songwriter has been felt by such notables as Eddie and the Hot Rods and Dr Feelgood whose "Down At The Doctors" is a Jupp original. And the albums recorded by his previous band, Legend, are now collectors' items.

Jupp was signed to Stiff Records last year.

Following critical approval of a compilation album of old Legend material, he recorded *Juppanese* in August of 1978. Pressed in blue vinyl for the colour conscious, it features Nick Lowe as producer on one side and Gary Brooker for the other.

Albums: *The Mickey Jupp Legend* (Stiff, 1978); *Juppanese* (Stiff, 1978)

Jona Lewie

Keyboards man Jona Lewie was a founding member of Brett Marvin and the Thunderbolts. In 1972 they changed their name to Terry Dactyl and the Dinosaurs and, with the Lewie composition "Seaside Shuffle", rose to the top of the charts. And that was that.

Now Jona writes and produces all his material for Stiff Records. Providing a clue to the content: his latest single, "The Baby, She's on the Street", was described as "a cross between Fats Domino and Kraftwerk!"

Albums: *On the Other Hand There's A Fist* (Stiff, 1978).

Lene Lovich

Born in Detroit, Lene Lovich studied sculpture at art school in England. There she joined The Diversions, a soul band featuring Les Chappell, currently her guitarist and co-writer.

When The Diversions split up she signed with Stiff, recording *Stateless* with Chappell, Nick Plytas and two of the Sinceros, Ron Francois and Bobby Irwin.

Late last year, with Jona Lewie, Mickey Jupp, Wreckless Eric and Rachel Sweet, Lene Lovich toured Britain on Stiff Records' chartered train. This was followed by eight nights at the Bottom Line in New York with the Be Stiff crew, then a British tour as the headliner earlier this year.

The release of her first single — "Lucky Number" — came at about this time; in the second week of release it had already reached the Top 20.

Albums: *Stateless* (Stiff, 1978)

The Rumour

Best known for their support of Graham

Parker, The Rumour have always remained a band in their own right. They came together in the mid-seventies, after assorted beginnings which included the ill-fated and much-maligned Brinsley Schwarz amongst other outfits.

In 1975 Parker and The Rumour fell upon one another in a London pub; they have played together since. This partnership has not prevented The Rumour from following their own directions. In 1977 Phonogram released their 'solo' album *Max*; Stiff Records are behind the latest contribution and also their first single, Brinsley Schwarz's "Frozen Years."

Albums: *Max* (Vertigo, 1977); *Frogs, Sprouts, Clogs and Krauts* (Stiff, 1979).

Rachel Sweet

Positively precocious, and only sixteen, Rachel Sweet hails from Akron, Ohio. In 1977 she recorded two tracks for Stiff's *Akron Compilation*, and soon after signed with Stiff Records.

Fool Around, her debut album, was produced by Liam Sternberg and features Brinsley Schwarz and members of Ian Dury's Blockheads. Single from the album, "B-A-B-Y", reached the Top 30 in the UK and was followed this year with "I Go To Pieces."

Albums: *Fool Around* (Stiff, 1978).

Wreckless Eric

Having just quit his job as a quality control inspector in a lemonade factory, Wreckless Eric, in late 1976, became one of the first to sign with the newly conceived Stiff Records.

His musical background far from extensive, Eric has nevertheless featured heavily in the Stiff promotion, starting with a 45, "(I'd Go the) Whole Wide World" produced by Nick Lowe and a B-side, "Semaphore Signals", under Ian Dury.

Since then Wreckless Eric, with his band, The Firm, has recorded two albums, in addition to appearing on numerous Stiff compilation records.

Albums: *Wreckless Eric* (Stiff, 1978); *The Wonderful World of Wreckless Eric* (Stiff, 1978).



LENE LOVICH
"STATELESS"
SEEZ 7
CSEEZ 7



IAN DURY &
THE BLOCKHEADS
"NEW BOOTS
& PANTIES"
SEEZ 4
CSEEZ 4



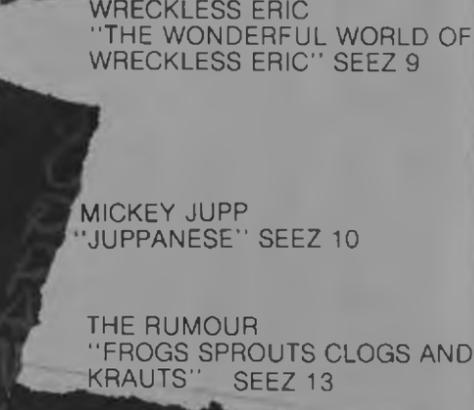
WRECKLESS ERIC
"THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF
WRECKLESS ERIC" SEEZ 9



RACHEL SWEET
"FOOL AROUND" SEEZ 12



JONA LEWIE
"ON THE OTHER HAND
THERE'S A FIST" SEEZ 8



MICKEY JUPP
"JUPPANESE" SEEZ 10



THE RUMOUR
"FROGS SPROUTS CLOGS AND
KRAUTS" SEEZ 13

SUPA-STIFFS

HARD ROCKERS
HARD TO IGNORE EASY TO BUY

STIFFS SHOWN ABOVE
ARE AVAILABLE AT
RECORD STORES
EVERYWHERE



Records

Passion is no ordinary word

Graham Parker and the Rumour
Squeezing Out Sparks
Vertigo

It's over three years now since Graham Parker, ex-petrol pump attendant and full-time nobody, made his break. It's also three years since the hallelujahs that were heaped on Parker's first two albums — *Howlin' Wind* and *Heat Treatment* — dried up into the critical indifference that greeted his subsequent projects.

Squeezing Out Sparks then marks a significant chapter in the can-Graham-Parker-and-the-Rumour-find-true-happiness-in-rock'n'roll-saga, as it represents the first new material from GP in over a year and a half and a further attempt to establish him as the major artist so many know he deserves to be.

Well the news is both good and bad. For while *Squeezing Out Sparks* is the best album since the first two, it is I suspect less than the album it ought to be.

One of the problems here seems to be with the production work of veteran studio-man, Jack Nitzche. On paper he would have seemed an ideal choice — as an arranger with Phil Spector and later as producer on the Mink de Ville albums, he seemed to have a foot in both the grand Spector style and simple small scale production work.

With Parker, however, he has aimed for simplicity and a unity of sound rather than the subtle interaction of instruments that was the feature of the best sounding Parker album, *Heat Treatment*. As a result *Sparks* seems to be built around Martin Belmont's choppy rhythm guitar work — an idea which works fine on the upbeat songs but which robs the more dramatic numbers like "Passion is No Ordinary Word" and "Love Gets You Twisted" of a great deal of their authority. The Nitzchean production method has also buried Bob Andrews keyboards to the point of inaudibility, apart from some obtrusive in doodlings on "Protection".

Indeed it's those songs which I'm most familiar from the tour last year that I find the most disappointing here. The single, "Protection", is literally a failure — Parker's singing seems curiously detached and the arrangement only falls into place when Steve Goulding's disco drum pattern hauls it together in the chorus. And "Passions" and "Twisted"

seem to suffer from a crisis of confidence. These are emotional songs that deserve to be played in the technicolour, larger than life style in which Parker delivers them on stage. Here they seem underplayed and it's only by reaching for the ridiculous that you can sometimes achieve the sublime.

But my criticisms arise out of my own high expectations. For me, Graham Parker has been one of the artists of the last few years, uncompromisingly clawing his way out of the rubble of 70's rock'n'roll on his way to the next decade. And *Squeezing Out Sparks* is his strongest collection of songs in some time.

From his package tour view of the Orient in "Discovering Japan", till the album pulls off with his ode to indifference in "Don't Get Excited", Parker is prepared to cauterize his wounds on vinyl in a way which reveals his humanity and connects to our own.

This is the best new Graham Parker you're likely to hear this year and that's almost enough. I wouldn't live without it.

Alastair Dougal

The Rumour
Frogs Sprouts Clogs and Krauts
Stiff

The Rumour, along with The E Street Band and the Blockheads, are everyone's dream rock backing band. They ventured alone in late '77 with *Max*, a straight-shooting honest blend of R & B and Band influenced rock'n'roll, but they showed few signs of being able to achieve greatness in their own right, even if they wanted to.

The heart of the band was formed from the remnants of Ducks Deluxe (Belmont) and Brinsley Schwarz (Schwarz and Andrews) and back then they had little opportunity to develop any distinctive songwriting mode under the egotistical Tyla and the copious talents of Nick Lowe. On *Frogs* Schwarz displays (or maybe just shows) understandable heavy Lowe influence on "Euro" and "Frozen Years". Good songs but they would have been more appropriate on *Jesus of Cool*.

Belmont's songs have always been orderly and level-headed veering towards tough love emotions and "Loving You" is no exception, but on "Leaders" and "One Good Night" even he falls prey to Lowe vocal phrasing.

If the Rumour are to evolve their own songwriting identity then their best chances lie with Bob Andrews. On the album he sounds as if he's just discovered the synthesiser which gives *Frogs* the desired European feel as opposed to the American leanings of *Max*. His songs, particularly "Emotional Traffic" and "We Believe in You/New Age" are definite and full of good ideas, mostly his own.

Frogs is an enjoyable album of borrowed music, glossier than *Max* but posing a few problems for the Rumour if they ever attempt to make it on their own.

George Kay



Back in the Lounge

Roxy Music
Manifesto
Polygram

Although the title and title track portend something different, *Manifesto* is a relatively light album from the re-formed Roxy Music, and it might therefore be tempting to dismiss it as yet another half-arsed reunion effort that someone should have smothered in the mother. But that's too easy and wide of the mark. Any new Roxy Music album has a lot to live up to, following on stunners like *For Your Pleasure* and *Stranded* (...or you name 'em) and their last studio album *Siren*, a record of such lyric interest and instrumental power that any subsequent release would have to really jump to look it in the eye.

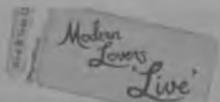
Manifesto, probably wisely, makes no pretence at being a trail-blazer and is instead a collection of largely pop oriented material some of which is couched in a subtly textured lounge-funk that reminds me a little of The Commodores, or someone like them.

The 'new' Roxy is Bryan Ferry, Phil Manzanera, Andy Mackay, Paul Thompson and ring-ins Gary Tibbs, Alan Spenner, and Paul Carrack. They play with little of the fire that ig-

GO Berkeley

"Home of the Hits"

THE MODERN LOVERS



CL-36651
MODERN LOVERS LIVE
(features "Egyptian Reggae").

L-36650
THE MODERN LOVERS

CL-36879
**ROCK & ROLL WITH
THE MODERN LOVERS**

THE RUBINOOS



CL-36649
THE RUBINOOS
(features "I Think We Are
Alone Now").

CL-36882
**BACK TO THE DRAWING
BOARD**

GREG KIHN



L-36652
GREG KIHN AGAIN
L-36653
THE NEXT OF KIHN

JONATHAN RICHMAN

CL-36846
BACK IN YOUR LIFE



Records

nited parts of most other Roxy albums, there's no "Street Life" or "Both Ends Burning". There is, though, an attention to details within the traditional verse and chorus structures that gives density to what at first listen seems rather unadventurous music. The principals of Roxy Music are all prone to the occasional blooper but they have a consistently creative approach which shines through the craftsmanship and light touch of *Manifesto*.

And as always the Ferry persona is never less than interesting. At the beginning of *Manifesto* he sings "I'm for life around the corner, that takes me by surprise". It's not a convincing entry by any means. He sounds as if he could hardly be bothered getting off the sofa to answer the door let alone strut down life's sidewalk with the "what else ya got?" bravado the lyrics suggest. However the closing lines provide a nice hint of awareness of exactly this contradiction. "And when you find the answer, bring it home to me." followed by a sort of mellow freak-out. You see he never intended to leave the house and curiously enough he knows it.

I especially like "My Little Girl", a Ferry/Manzanera composition on side two that has the lines, "There's a small cafe where lovers take their time", which is just the sort of thing Ferry sings so well, you can probably hear him in your head. It's these popier numbers on *Manifesto* that work best for me, "Trash" with its trashy organ, "My Little Girl", "Dance Away", rather than the less immediate "Stronger Through The Years" and "Spin Around". I've been playing this record a lot and I like it but I'm not sure how much, which is exactly how I've always felt about Roxy Music — inexact. Let's say it's much better than *The Bride Stripped Bare* which is an obvious but useful comparison.

Terence Hogan

The Stranglers Live X Cert United Artists

No doubt it's a dodgy business attempting to sum up an album in a word. Nevertheless you could safely call this album the *essential* Stranglers. Not because it is some greatest hits package in disguise. Far from that, several of the band's standards are conspicuous by their absence. The reason is that The Stranglers have dispensed with any refinement and relied solely on the two essentials of their style — an undeniable power and their abrasive macho stance.

This is not to say that Dave Greenfield's melodic support is lost altogether. But the rhythm section, especially the brutally powerful bass of Jean-Jacques Burnel, dominates the sound. As to the second essential frontman Hugh Cornwell plays the macho wide boy to the hilt. Limited the approach may be but the album has real vitality especially the first side opens "Grip" and "Dagenham Dave".

So you know what to expect The Stranglers only more so. Put it this way, if you like The Stranglers despite their grossness you should at least listen to this album, if you like The Stranglers *because* of their grossness you should immediately buy this album.

Dominic Free



Tom Robinson Band TRB Two EMI

Tom Robinson, the original Trendy Lefty, started out playing solo acoustic sets in London's gay clubs. The emergence of Punk gave rise to his hope of siring a new generation of 'politicised' musicians, committed to a Brave New World by roundly condemning the old one in song.

His first album, *Power In The Darkness*, disappointed as many people as it impressed. High hopes had been held for Robinson, after the excellent singles, "2-4-6-8 Motorway" and "Glad To Be Gay", but many felt the album stressed the politics at the expense of the music.

TRB Two is produced by Todd Rundgren, bringing the band's sound up much stronger than before, improving the album's listenability immeasurably.

Robinson is an able tunesmith, still displaying a debt to Raymond Douglas Davies in places, but nonetheless writing strong, memorable melodies. A collaboration with Peter Gabriel produced the excellent "Bully For You", which, coupled with the snarling "Blue Murder", would make a first class single.

"Law And Order", sung by keyboards player Ian Parker, could have been written by Randy Newman, though singing about redneck cops in a pure Glasgow accent sounds — er — incongruous.

Robinson writes topical material, and New Zealanders unfamiliar with British life and politics might find some of the lyrics bewildering. Don't let that put you off. TRB have got the grit, though perhaps a gentle reminder is needed that you can't play guitar with a clenched fist.

Duncan Campbell

Buzzcocks



Sham 69



999

Genius in the kitchen?



999

999

Tell Us the Truth Sham 69

Another Music in a Different Kitchen Buzzcocks Wizard/RCA

Three of last year's white punk hopes, all debuts and all graciously released courtesy of Australian independent label Wizard who took second option on the albums when the original labels declined to release them in Australia.

The worst first: 999, headed by guitarist-songwriter Nick Cash and springing from the boom of 1977, have identity problems arising largely from Cash's directionless songs which are fickle mixtures of phoney paranoia and self-indulgence. The band sounds fresh and competent and they're certainly colourfully packaged spiky haired clones of the new age, but unless they can improve on their present superficial repertoire, then 999 don't deserve to be any further forward than they are now, and that ain't far.

Identity crisis was not a problem suffered by the now defunct Sham 69, in fact the opposite was the case as the Cockney rebel stance of the band led to them being passionately adopted as the new heroes of the English working class. Vocalist Jimmy Pursey has often

been compared to Paul Weller as London's social rock scribe but he lacks Weller's insight and general writing talents. That aside, Pursey has lived a hard life and his unfrilled, straightforward views of life have enabled him to communicate with the kids on his street, and communication is the operative word in describing the live side of *Tell Us The Truth*. With the audience right behind them the band tear through a dated pogoing set of naive political anecdotes but you can't help admiring their earnestness and fervour. The studio side is more durable especially "Family Life" which is opened by a very realistic scenario between a mother and rebellious son, and "What About The Lonely?" wherein Pursey becomes our social conscience. He has focused many of his lyrics on the teenage working class and as a result restricted the scope and appeal of the band. Apparently their second album is less specialised, and *Tell Us the Truth*, despite its obsolescent heads-down aggression, is a convincing reflection of the teenage wasteland that was rock in 1977.

Pursey maybe the Cockney watchdog but the Buzzcock's claim to the position of genius, Pete Shelley, is a quiet little romantic. Magazine's Howard Devoto, you'll remember, started with the Buzzcocks and along with Shelley they wrote some of rock's recent greats: "Shot By Both Sides", "Spiral Scratch" and "The Light Pours Out of Me". On his own Shelley has that rare ability of consistently writing great singles, generally with neat guitar hooks and driving arrangements.

Another Music offers you this side of the Buzzcocks on four songs, and another harsher side that almost re-defines the idea of heavy rock in "Fiction Romance" and "Autonomy". Guitarists Shelley and Diggle latch on to the rhythm laid down by John Maher and Steve Garvey and propel the songs along with sheet neurotic energy. Good melodies too.

Another Music is not a comfortable or a particularly satisfying album, it is, as the title implies, another music formed from a number of different and ostensibly conflicting elements—Shelley's lost love vocals planted in dense guitar chords and spinning romantic melodies. The Buzzcocks are easily one of the most important bands around at the moment because they have successfully fused energy with sentiment, (as in the gentler emotions). Sick of nihilism, tired of anarchy but still need the energy, try the Buzzcocks.

On the Wizard label, a true star.
George Kay



TRB: left — Danny Kurstow, middle — Ian Parker and above — Tom Robinson.

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The Six Pistols

The Sex Pistols The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle Virgin

In rock 'n' roll there's nothing so gratifying as a great band living up to its own legend. Trust The Pistols to do both on one album. This is the sound track from their movie of the same name and what I'm saying is that it's a real mixed bag. As such the only way to tackle it is in terms of individual tracks.

The first side kicks off with cover versions of "Johnny B Goode" and "Roadrunner" from the early (1976 vintage) but previously unrecorded Pistols' repertoire. Already evident is the blockbuster power of the young band and though Rotten has forgotten the words on these two they are still good value. Better things are to come though, in the form of a ram-paging version of "Anarchy In The U.K." where Rotten's vocal is positively laden with menace. This is preceded by a disco medley of "God Save The Queen", "Anarchy" and "Pretty Vacant". What to make of this you had better decide for yourself, my opinion is pretty clear from the opening paragraph.

More early Pistols' material opens side two. First up is a truly classic reading of "Substitute"



propelled by Steve Jones' guitar firepower and featuring a raucous attempt at the chorus harmonies. Following this are covers of "No Lip" and "Stepping Stone" displaying all the raw menace of the band. The side also contains that matchless exploit in bad taste "Belsen Was A Gas". Now this is the sort of thing which makes the album worth buying. Never mind the ballad pace french version of "Anarchie Pour Le U.K."

But its side three that really makes the album a big event. Among the seven tracks there is scarcely a dud but more significantly still, the best cut, "Lonely Boy", is a new composition by the Steve Jones/Paul Cook writing team. Whatever you think about John Lydon and Public Image it is clear that they are not another Sex Pistols. From the showing given here it is equally clear that Jones who masterminded the Pistols' sound is quite capable of repeating the feat. "Lonely Boy" and "Silly Thing", another Jones/Cook newie should warm the hearts of Pistols' buffs.

The side also boasts a couple of curios in Sid Vicious' cover of "My Way" and Ronald Biggs' vocal on "No One Is Innocent". Good for a laugh to be sure but it's a bit worrying to see Steve Jones wasting his incendiary guitar on this sort of throwaway. No one has got enough talent to afford to squander it the way he does. An unexpected success is Sid Vicious' sympathetic treatment of Eddie Cochran's "Something Else". Paired with more of Jones' guitar hero raunch it's a real winner. Sid does almost as well with another Cochran standard "C'mon Everybody" on side four. As for the rest of that side the less said the better.

Whether you decide to purchase the album will depend on your interest in the tracks which only have value as collectors' items. Nevertheless the inclusion of the early Sex Pistols material and the new Jones/Cook compositions make this an important release. Important for what it provides from the past but more important for what it promises for the future.
Dominic Free

The Allman Brothers Band



The Allman Brothers Band Enlightened Rogues Capricorn

The break-up of the Allman Brothers Band was an acrimonious affair. Gregg Allman turned state's evidence over the drug bust of his personal road manager. The incident was the final straw in a tired group tottering on the camel's back. Guitarist Dickey Betts, since the death of Gregg's brother, Duane, the other leader of the band, swore never to work with Gregg again.

All in all, it left a nasty taste. It was the end of an era. The Allmans represented something more than their music. They were the personification of the Southern 'family' music that was to play a large role in the emergence of the so-called New South of Jimmy Carter.

Rumours of their impending re-union were as rife—and as wishful—as those surrounding the defunct Beatles.

Now, after three years, the wish is realised. The Allman Brothers Band rides again. And rides high. *Enlightened Rogues* is good Allmans, a far cry from their patchy final studio album, *Win, Lose or Draw*, where Allman and Betts seemed to have no interest in the work of the other.

Past differences seem to be settled, both Gregg and Dickey are singing better than ever (especially Betts, whose playing is also as sublime as it can be) and the new songs rival their best.

"Crazy Love", delivered with the vocal assistance of Bonnie Bramlett, is as good a piece of high-stepping Southern good-time as you're likely to hear. "Pegasus" is another of those high-flying instrumentals that are Bett's forte, and Gregg delivers Little Willie John's pleading "Need Your Love So Bad" with a rasping dignity. "Sail Away" finds Betts in mellow mood, his simple message given eloquence by his other-worldly slide guitar.

From the old Allmans comes the twin drum combination of Jaimoe and Butch Trucks, from the remnants of Bett's Great Southern band guitarist Dan Toler and bassist David Goldflies. With the revitalised Gregg and Dickey they make one mother of a band.
Ken Williams

Plastic Bertrand



Plastic Bertrand An 1 Elton Motello Victim of Time RCA

One doesn't really associate RCA with new wave music. Village People, Arthur Rubenstein, Leontyne Price...all the company's contemporary sound seems to be tied up in Iggy Pop and David Bowie.

Now two more out-of-the-way albums show RCA's nouvelle vague ambitions, and when Plastic Bertrand's opus is all sung in French, the nouvelle vague bit is quite justified. The Gallic version of "Sha La La La Lee" is a shriek (in more ways than one) and there are plenty of spunky little numbers to provide a corrective to all the Edith Piaf and Françoise Hardy we endure in local French restaurants.

As for Elton Motello (sic) his record is really all much the same thing in our own mother tongue. This was a fairly strong album with a lovely ditty called "Artificial Insemination" (Do the spurt) and lots of other delightfully catchpenny apocalypics.

All great fun, not adding much to the music scene but gives you a reason for persevering with School Cert French, duckies.
William Dart

Record Warehouse speaks for itself



The Angels The Angels Dwight Twilley

The Angels
Face to Face
Albert Productions

In Australia, 1979 has been dubbed The Year Of The Angels. This five-piece band, relatively unknown here, like many Aussie groups, swept the board in a readers' poll conducted by RAM Magazine, topping The Stones and Dire Straits.

Formed in Adelaide in 1974, from the remnants of the Moonshine Jug and String Band, The Angels command a large and fanatical following among Ozkids. No fancy stuff here. The Angels have cottoned on to a very lucrative market, providing hard, driving pop music to drink and rage to.

Vocalist Doc Neeson has the mean, hungry looks of Lee Brilleaux, and is a better-than-average, though no exceptional, singer. The rest of the band, John Brewster, Rick Brewster, Chris Bailey and Graham Bldstrup, have plenty of flair and energy, that suggests on a good night they could strip the paint from the walls.

Each song is light and tuneful, aimed at maximum effect on the dancefloor, since live is obviously where The Angels shine. Harry Vanda and George Young oversee the production, which is crisp and solid, and with volume and bass turned up, it shakes the foundations very successfully.

Face to Face was voted Album Of 1978 by RAM readers, and The Angels supported Bowie on his Australian tour. (they nearly came here as well). Though New Zealand audiences are not normally quick to respond to this type of sound, definitely a band to watch for.
Duncan Campbell

Dwight Twilley
Twilley
Arista

Dwight Twilley has a very clear, personal vision of what soulful white pop music sounds like and he doesn't just go around talking about it like you and me and most of these other mugs, he makes records out of it, and he hasn't made a bad one yet.

Twilley is essentially a Dwight Twilley solo album with his former partner Phil Seymour taking a back seat, in fact he only sits there long enough to sing some backup on "Darlin'". And nothing much has changed to tell the truth, in fact some of the vocal and instrumental devices which sounded so fresh on the Dwight Twilley debut have begun to take on the appearance of a relatively limited pool of stylistic mannerisms. But that's nothing new in rock & roll and giants built their whole careers on such limited foundations (e.g. Chuck Berry). A talent of real strength can overcome such flaws and Twilley still does it although the edges are starting to fray and a fourth album might prove too much.

But a stylist Twilley is, echoed vocals, lots of hooks, lots of space, everything in its place, a breezy unreality. His songs aren't about first-hand feelings but are the distillation of the emotions of a teen heart through a man's head and crystallized in the melodrama of a pop music that can't go back. Back home that is "I Wanna Make Love To You" is sensational and I'll listen to it forever, or the rest of this week anyway. It's about looking at girls and wanting to cry, but what it's really about is Twilley's beautiful vocal entry, the kick in the chorus and those few seconds later in the song which suggest a possible memory of a dream about the Velvet Underground jamming with Badfinger on some Abba hit. "Standing In The Shadows Of Love" is a Twilley composition like the others and despite it's title owes nothing to the Four Tops and quite a lot to The Left Banke. More of the same, that's about the size of it. If you like the size wear it.
Terence Hogan

Hank Williams
24 of Hank Williams' Greatest Hits
MGM

Although he was dead before rock and roll hit, Hiram 'Hank' Williams epitomises the myth of the music. Born of poor Southern stock, Williams was elevated to national, and international, fame through a series of recordings which touched a public far wider than their country origins.

Williams lived life as intensely as he sang of it. He boozed and took pills, coughed up blood as he sang. On New Year's Day 1953, while driving to a show in Ohio, he died - in the back seat of one of his five Cadillacs. He was 29.

Hank Williams left behind a musical legacy that is still being tapped. Songs such as "Your Cheatin' Heart", "Hey, Good Lookin'", and "Jambalaya (On the Bayou)" have been recorded over and over again. Recent recordings of Williams' material have been made by such rock-oriented performers as the Grateful Dead, Emmylou Harris, Dave Edmunds, Elvin Bishop and George Thorogood.

Don't be put off by the unsubtle album title. There's a wealth of fine music here, the best of a truly major artist. At the list price of \$5.99 it's not to be missed.
Ken Williams

Lowell finds his feet

Lowell George
Thanks. I'll Eat It here
Warner Bros

Little Feat has not produced an album of new material for well on two years now. Going by the credits on a number of Californian-born record albums, one might imagine they had been too busy helping out in other people's studios. The notes on Lowell George's solo album seem to indicate otherwise; this album took a total of two and a half years to complete.

Thanks I'll Eat It Here, is a good record. Whether or not it was worth 30 months of labour is merely academic. Anyway, with all that time, it enabled George to gather together the mandatory star-studded session team which provides an excellent service to George's rough'n'ready vocals.

Strangely enough, I can only profess to being wholeheartedly sold on Side One of this album. Kicking off with Alain Toussaint's "What Do You Want The Girl To Do" is lovely. It's a very easy version, eclipsing that of Boz Scaggs with its casual build-up and extra length. "Honest Man" is rather predictable and ploddy, but next up is George's only cover of a Little Feat number, "Two Trains". Perhaps, for some, it loses some finesse in the transition, but the spontaneity gained is infectious. That looseness (here, used positively) is maintained in the final track, "Can't Stand The Rain", originally recorded by Ann Peebles, then butchered by the disco group Eruption. It's good to hear the song given its due again.

Side Two fails to grip, although "Find A River" and "20 Million Things" are quietly pleasant tunes. In general, however, it's a one-side album. But don't fee hard-done-by. Lowell George at his own controls is worth twice the price.
Louise Chunn

Devadip Carlos Santana
Oneness: Silver Dreams Golden Reality
CBS

This is a solo project by Santana. An album of essentially devotional music, it burns with an emotional inner fire lacking in recent manifestations of the *Santana Band*. The *Santana Band's* re-treads of past rock hits have proved a formula for commercial success, but they're not very interesting.

Oneness, however, stands with the limited edition *Lotus* set as a peak in Santana's development. This album is cast from the same mould as *Lotus*: largely instrumental, with strong jazz-influences, and with a wide range of musical textures and colours.

In an interview in *Guitar Player* magazine, Santana said: "It's going to be a very interesting album, because it covers such a range of music just with people who are very close to me."

These people include his wife (recitation of a poem by Santana's guru, Sri Chinmoy), his father-in-law, (guitarist-singer Saunders King), Greg Walker (former Santana Band vocalist), Tom Coster (keyboards) and Narada Michael

Walden, whose piano playing on "Guru's Song" is as refreshing as Santana's soaring, singing guitar is throughout the album.

One doesn't have to adhere to Santana's faith to enjoy *Oneness*. It is sheer music.
Ken Williams

Supertramp
Breakfast in America
A&M

After two unsuccessful albums Supertramp, or rather Rick Davies and Roger Hodgson, hit on a winning formula with *Crime Of The Century*, a masterpiece as it turned out with a brilliant production, incisive lyrics and strong melodies. The following two albums have been mere variations on that success and though both had some fine moments they were rather samey and unimpressive. Nevertheless, Supertramp have firmly established themselves as one of the best-selling groups of the Seventies.

And so to *Breakfast In America*. Davies and Hodgson still dominate, contributing all the songs and vocals while the tunes are still built around their keyboards. The tunes are all vaguely familiar; "Child Of Vision" for instance is culled straight from the "Dreamer"/"Lady" arrangement. Davies' compositions have a more humorous approach this time 'around while Hodgson seem intent on continuing the spiritual exercises that dominated *Even In The Quietest Moments*. Despite the big PR build-up this is just another Supertramp album loaded with singles material (it must be admitted that several of the tracks cling to the memory cells, defiantly clinging for days after only one listening).

Supertramp, it seems, are wary of attempting any new formulas and as such could be dismissed as an innovative force.
John Dix

Poet and the Roots
Dread Beat an' Blood
Virgin

Poet is a guy called Linton Kwesi Johnson and the Roots are a bunch of London reggae musicians. This collection is the first time to my knowledge that sociopolitics, poetry and reggae have got together. And it seems to work, unlikely as it sounds.

Linton Johnson may be Jamaican, but his roots are in Brixton, home of the London Jamaican community, and his politics are those of an angry radical. He is concerned with race and violence.

Poet's poems are all in Jamaican patois, chanted in his deep resonant voice, and are good to listen to. Phrases stick in your head, like hook lines of a good rock tune. He takes it one step further than even Burning Spear, whose songs are poetry that is sung. Here the band is actually synchronised with the poet, emphasising the rhythm of the poetry, while he savours the sounds of the words.

Like a lot of dub, the album is sometimes heavy on echo, but mostly it's kept at a level that's acceptable to mainstream ears. The major problem that crops up is the lack of variety of theme. Like the Rastas, Poet is obsessed with violence.

"It Dread Inna Ingran" contains the only production defect on the album, with the inclusion of LKJ leading the crowd in chanting at a demonstration. It may lend authenticity but it sounds half-assed.

Right. If you haven't heard the patois yet go listen to it at least. If you're a reggae freak you'll buy it anyway.
John Malloy

Here Comes the Weekend (Punks)

The Clean The Heavenly Bodies
Toy Love
Beneficiaries Hall

The Clean had their debut here over a year ago, and back then it was good to see young guys getting up on stage and playing something other than disco and trite cover versions. They were bad, but they were serious which meant their hearts were in the right place, and they have improved. But not enough. Vocalist Hamish Kilgour has style, granted, and his brother, David's guitar technique is better, but the band's overall industrial trash and incompetency cuts no ice this year. A change in attitude would help coz the punk revolution's over, so let's see ya smile, eh boys?

The Heavenly Bodies know they won't change the world, so they entertain instead. Old Enemy bassist, Mick Dawson, fronts the band consisting of Kim Barron (vocals), Miles White (guitar) and Neil Dodia (drums). They've taken good local rock back to the pubs and their performance at the Beneficiaries Hall was a surefire balance between sixties rock and Dawson's own stuff written with the Enemy. They stole the show.

Toy Love have everything going for them: a batch of great original songs, a fluid tight fast-moving band and a natural character up-front, Chris Knox. Why then, don't they leave the stage to screams for more from an ecstatic audience. Simple, even though the P.A. was bad there was still no apparent structure or deliberate pacing to their double set; it came across as a mindless and unrelenting attack resulting in terminal boredom. Potential classics like "Squeeze" and old Enemy standards like "Don't Catch Fire" and "Swimming Pool" are buried in flat non-arrangements. There's no contrast, no colour, the songs are stifled by a two year old aggression which now sounds incongruous.

With a record contract on hand Toy Love could brush up and become truly lethal without any danger to their original uncompromising stand. They deserve it.
George Kay and Keith Tannock

Cockroach
Mainstreet, Auckland.

I was attracted to Mainstreet to catch Cockroach because of their word-of-mouth reputation stemming from an apparently superlative gig at Nambassa. That in itself sums it up — Nambassa was something of an anachronism and cockroach at Mainstreet trying to recreate a festival-type atmosphere had a touch of the absurd about it.

Most of Cockroach's repertoire is culled from the Sixties. Nothing wrong with that, you may say. A lot of the young bands around town play Kinks, Stones and Who material. But Cockroach lack the pure energy of, say, Johnny and the Hookers.

The band perform only occasionally so you can't expect a really tight sound. They were formed, apparently, to raise funds for a Maori Land dispute and no-one, least of all myself, would question the noble intentions behind such a birth. But although they may very well come alive at such occasions they miss the mark when a degree of professionalism is desired.

There's some good talent in the band but the line-up needs to be stabilised and more care exercised in arrangements and choice of material. Their loose carefree sound may be infectious at a festival but in a regular rock venue it just doesn't cut.
John Dix

Electrabeat
Zwines

Giving credit where credit is due, Zwines deserves an honourable mention for its liberal policy towards new bands. Many of Auckland's top new outfits have debuted there and though the New Wave boom is clearly over, exciting new bands still come through the club. This Friday was a case in point when newcomers Electrabeat turned in a couple of impressive sets.

Comprised of two guitars (Ben Michael and John Harper), bass (Jules Maldney) and drums (Torey Leggett), the band was formed by Maloney and Michael from the promising new wave combo Get Smart which unfortunately split last year. Though maintaining the emphasis on live action the band appreciates the increased scope given by two guitars. Thus besides their dance favourites some more demanding material has been added, both original and covers of the likes of Devo, Magazine and XTC.

Their wealth of original material is an apparent asset. Almost all of it is fast paced and some of it is very catchy indeed. However some of it should definitely be steered back to the drawing board. Also on the negative side there were too many mumbled song titles and too much shagging about between numbers.

Nevertheless the final impression has got to be favourable. Electrabeat have an exciting repertoire and firepower to spare. They are definitely contenders.
Dominic Free

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MATUMBI

SEVEN SEALS

MATUMBI "SEVEN SEALS"

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Formed in 1972, Matumbi released 3 albums prior to their signing to EMI. In 1978 Matumbi toured with Ian Dury, were voted Britain's Top Reggae Band (in the 'Black Echoes' Music

Awards Poll) and wrote and produced themselves. "Seven Seals", their first album for EMI Records. (Matumbi means 'born again').

PETER TOSH "BUSH DOCTOR"

CUN 39109



Peter Tosh was a founder member of the Wailers alongside Bob Marley and Bunny Wailer. "Bush Doctor" is Tosh's first album on Rolling Stones Records and features his hit single "(You

Gotta Walk) Don't Look Back" and eight more tracks recorded in Kingston, Jamaica with Tosh's band, Robbie Shakespeare, Sly Dunbar and Mikey "Mao" Chung.



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Singles

White man's disco and the Mael boys, **Sparks**, make something of a comeback bid with "The Number One Song In Heaven". Produced by Giorgio Moroder, Donna Summer's mentor, the song bulges with fast calculated synthesiser. Blatantly opportunistic, and the same could be said for **Paul McCartney's** "Goodnight Tonight" but it boasts a great bass line easily outdoing the funk-by-numbers formula of **Foxy's** "Hot Number". **Dan Hartman's** "This Is It" and **Parliament's** "Aqua Boogie".

The **Average White Band** are still going but they sound tired on "Atlantic Avenue" unlike **Amil Stewart's** hyper-active gutsy version of "Knock On Wood", buy it. Three out of three ain't bad as **Village People** chalk up their third dumb irresistible hit, "In the Navy".

It's marking time this month **Elton Motello** looks dangerous on his album *Victim of Time* but sounds pretty safe on his up-dating of the instrumental "Pipeline". Auckland's new hopes **Russla** make a very promising start with the tentative but tastefully arranged/written "Lissa", and Ensign's new signing, **Robert Johnson**, has guitars flying all over the place at

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breakneck speed on "I'll Be Waiting". He could be worth watching.

New on the scene **Jules and the Polar Bears** supply tuneful heavy metal on "You Just Don't Wanna Know", similar in content to **Toto's** heavily airplayed "I'll Supply the Love". Stiff are still plugging away even though they lost Lowe and Costello. Out front they have two red hot females, aloof **Lene Lovich** who makes the mistake of putting her best song "Home" on the flip but A-side "Lucky Number" is catchy enough, and schoolgirl prodigy **Rachel Sweet** who proves on "B-A-B-Y" that she has the best country rock voice to emerge from anywhere in sometime.

The great rock and roll swindle has been going on for years and now the **Sex Pistols** are onto it with a cartoon pic-sleeved 45 "Something Else", "Friggin' in the Riggin'" taken from their double album *The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle*. Eddie Cochran's standard "Somethin' Else" features a surprisingly reasonable vocal from the late Sid Vicious and a slightly laidback performance from the band. They almost sound American. "Friggin'" is a drunken baawdy novelty. You'll only play it once. I hope the double album is a helluva lot better than this.

GEORGE KAY

Letters



Marching Girls

We're playing now! The first time was a support to Jo Jo Zep and the Falcons. There were 600 in the audience. After a 4 month holiday, we were a little nervous at first but got a good reception.

Audiences have been really good, quite a lot different from NZ. They actually think of us as musicians, probably 'cos they don't read *Sunday News*.

We are doing a theme song for a movie with a guy called Derek Hambly on vocals and harp, and may be in the movie. It's called *Can't Judge A Book By Its Cover*.

We've got a couple of gigs, one this weekend, with NZ'ers The Tourists. Thanks for the *Rip It Up*, its much better than the local ones.

Johnny Volume Carlton, Melbourne.

Hi, how are you? I am fine, well not exactly fine, in fact I am closer to completely pissed off.

After getting all psyched up and having a bath! (Yes I actually got my balls wet). I set off on my intrepid journey to the Christchurch Town Hall for some *Homemade Jam*. But to my horror a few people had the same idea and after standing in the line for five minutes a wee lady came out saying it was sold out.

Well, after kicking the Pakistani in front of me in the crutch, I stormed off completely irate (pissed off, for those less educated).

To all CB fans who missed out, what a waste of a bath, eh?
Little Dix Christchurch VOUCHER WINNER

How about giving the real musicians a chance. All *Rip It Up* readers seem to hear about are those thread bare ego-tripping new wave bashers who are giving the whole music scene a bad name.

Granted there are some flattering articles on top NZ acts — Split Enz, Street Talk, Hello

Sailor and Sharon O'Neill, who (to quote Hammond Gamble) have all "paid their dues". I and many others think *Rip It Up* is very one-eyed. What do most of the punks that have been given a rave-up in this mag know about music?

Most of your new wave reading is for under 14 year olds and I think the *music* (or should I say clamour/clatter/din/racket) is for the same age group.

You only have to go as far as your local clubs or pubs to hear tighter acts than you see and hear on the big stages. If you can handle it, let's have some intelligent reading about some of the Steely Dan / Doobie Bros / Al Jarreau / Stanley Clarke musicians who are in many of your clubs and hotels.

Club/Hotel Musician Auckland

Dudes PA Blues

An hour before showtime, Th'Dudes made a public announcement of their decision not to appear at their heavily booked State Opera House concert, in Wellington.

Th'Dudes are particularly aware of their responsibility to their paying public regarding the quality of their sound, and after an afternoon of sound tests, negotiations and fruitless efforts on the part of the promoter to procure the type of professional sound system that should have been provided, the group made their decision.

Promoters be warned. New Zealand rock groups, as they become more professionally aware will no doubt become capable of similar strong and resolute action.

Charley Gray Manager of Th'Dudes
Ed Only days before Th'Dudes show, Shotgun were forced to leave the Radio Hauraki concert stage without finishing their set, due to continual PA problems. There will be more comment on the PA scene in June *Rip It Up*.

Pink v. Disco.

The other night I had the misfortune of being dragged to a disco by my olds, who I am sorry to say are disco freaks, and when I got home I was so tensed up I put on Patti Smith in order to relax, got out my copy of *Rip It Up* and collapsed — only to find the first article was on Rod Stewart. However the rest of the mag brought me back to sanity and I was able to rest in peace.

In reply to Mrs McLean, Otahuhu — where I come from disco freaks drive by and hit over the head (usually with a beer bottle) anyone who is obviously punk. Luvly eh!

While I'm at it I may as well have another groan. Why must the majority of the radio stations play disco almost continuously I haven't listened to the radio for months, I gave up. I don't appreciate having my ears abused and my brain f**ked by mindless repetitive noise.
Prissy Punk Rotorua



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