



Neville's Column

NEVILLE PURVIS AT YOUR SERVICE...

I'm warnin' ya. I'm two hours past the deadline, there's a stack of lagers in front of me and already I'm fractionally more than half-cut. So this month it's RAVE ALL THE WAY.

Amazing what passes for comedy in this laugh-starved land of milk and money (bit of verse from Purvis there). Last night I went to a club to see this stand-up comic called RAZOR LARF — just checkin' out the opposition yunnerstand... I needn't have worried. His big finish was an impression of ELVIS PRESLEY in which he lay in a coffin and never moved for two minutes... As an encore he said he'd do a VOLCANO. He whipped off his shirt, lay down again and put Talcum Powder in his navel. Then he coughed.

CORBEN SIMPSON is back in town. A weirdo from way back. Corben was with BLERTA and later FEATURED at Ngaruawahia. Last week he hit the Big A after sitting out in the country for a few years. He's already auditioning a band. He's rumoured to have a lady singer signed up. And it looks like pretty soon it's BACK ON THE ROAD AGAIN.

I swear I had nothin' to do with it... Some kind of factory cock-up meant thousands of the new JOHNNY MATHIS/DENISE WILLIAMS single went into the shops with the NEVILLE PURVIS DISCO SONG on the A-side... By the time they discovered the mistake and recalled stocks, most of them had sold. Purvis fanatics everywhere must have rushed the shops. And as a result Johnny Mathis is on the charts for the first time since Noah was a COWBOY.

If you weren't quick enough, don't worry.

The OFFICIAL RELEASE is now in the disc boutiques — that's if it hasn't sold out. And that's both hits plus a picture sleeve.

The BIG QUESTION is WHAT'S NEXT after NEW WAVE and DISCO?

Believe it or don't, the answer is LOCAL PRODUCT. The energy is already building solidly. Nineteen-seventy-nine looks like the year we FINALLY discover that our music is as good as anyone else's.

When the Kangaroos can hype OLIVIA, NEWT & JOHN and ANDY GIBB to the top of the overseas charts along with the Re-Processed Bee Gees — then it's time we PULLED FINGER. Of course the RECORD COMPANIES and the RADIO and TELEVISION people are gonna have to wake up. The fact of the matter is that these days it's BIG BIKKIES! Kiwis spend thirty million bucks a year on records. And compared with the overseas market that's a SPOONFUL OF CHICKENSHIT.

A bit of HYPE (or MARKETING as they call it in business circles) is all that's needed... Far be it from me to criticise Rob Muldoon but someone should point out to him that ABBA have creamed VOLVO as Sweden's top money-earner. I'll tell you one thing for free — be a hulluva lot easier than exporting DEAD COWS.



As a contribution to the export drive I had the best graphic artist in the country design a logo. "ONE HUNDRED PERCENT KIWI ROCK" could become the key line in seventy-nine.

Neville on the level,

Neville

SINGLES



Todd Rundgren

This month it seems most appropriate to arrange the new singles in descending order of punkness (or curliness if you subscribe to the New Wave theory). The only difficulty is the steadily increasing numbers of performers who are knocking out either imitations or parodies (sometimes it's hard to tell). Still, here goes.

We're on safe ground with "She's So Modern" by the Boomtown Rats. It has the right words — although perhaps a little too right to be ahead of the fashion — the guitars go chunka-chunka and they should love it on the jukebox down at Zwines. Still and all, if "Looking After No. One", complete with neat T.V. clip, couldn't make it, it may not be able to see much action against the Bee Gees.

Also in the easy category are the Tom Robinson Band. Their words are well and truly in the style — not to mention extremely appropriate, and rather amusing in a black sort of way. "Up Against The Wall" is not quite the MC5 rant you might expect, but rather a wry look at the problems facing Britain's leaders, and a few tips on how to make them worse. The guitars here don't just confine themselves to going chunka-chunka, there is also a very fine guitar solo which clocks in well inside the allowable maximum. I suspect that this will get the airplay that the

closeted ones didn't dare give the TRB's last effort.

We step onto shakey ground with the normally dependable Motors. Where their previous releases have been a little too close to Status Quo to win the hearts of the true punk (I hear there's one left — living in Remuera with his mum and dad) — "Airport" is a different kettle of vinyl. Piano and string synthesiser don't augur well, and when the acoustic guitars and da-da-da-das come in, you just have to face it. It's pop music of the minor key kind — and damn good too.

Mink De Ville have credentials all right, but they got theirs rather differently from their English competitors. Here the Marty Robbins arrangement, and the production by Jack Nitzsche give the record an indefinable air — perhaps it will remind you of Gene Pitney. And just for the hell of it, listen to the harmonica solo and see if you can convince yourself that it isn't Bob Dylan. This has been an instant rumour.

Our very own Neville Purvis comes next — neatly straddling the line between Disco and Punk, in a shameless attempt to sell out. The main trouble with "It Takes Money", is that somebody forgot to tell the drummer that it was the New Wave side of the record he was playing on — although I suspect if Boney M get to hear it they could make a mint out of the style. Meanwhile, over on side two, Neville and the girls whoop up a storm of 'Get Downs', 'Right Ons' and 'Whassa Guts'. "Disco on My Radio" — the morals of the BCNZ allowing — might be just the sellout Neville is looking for.

The British Lions may have seemed like a clever name in 1977 — but the All Blokes soon put a stop to that. Unfortunately the sight of a lot of ageing Welshmen trying to keep up with the flower of New Zealand manhood is closely paralleled by the performance of their namesakes in trying to foot it with the punks. Despite the title, (and almost the right amount of chunka-chunka) "One More Chance To Run" is not going to score in the corner. I'd say it was comprehensively out-scrammed.

Finally, amongst all the sickly outbreak of 'Power Pap', I've sneaked in something from somebody who knows better. Todd Rundgren made the all-time best pop album, *Something/Anything* (gunna argue?) and after all that Utopia drivel it is good to hear him do it again with "Can We Still Be Friends". This is my record of the month — all the rest sound like ashtrays on my turntable by comparison.

Francis Stark

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