



Music Studio CHART SURVEY

(Last week's placings are in brackets)

NZ ALBUMS Oct 28, NZFPA

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

NZ SINGLES Oct 28, NZFPA

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

USA ALBUMS Oct 27, Cashbox

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

UK ALBUMS Oct 13, NME

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



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A WEDDING

Director: Robert Altman

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

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

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

THE NEVER-DEAD

Director: Don Coscarelli

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



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Not bad. Not bad at all.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SONS FOR THE RETURN HOME

Director: Paul Maunder

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

THE WORLD IS FULL OF MARRIED MEN

Director: Robert Young

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

BRIEFLY

By George Kay and Ken Williams

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

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

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

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

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

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

Doll By Doll, Remember (*Warner Brothers*)

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

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

Sad Cafe, Misplaced Ideals (*RCA*)

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

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

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

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

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