

RIP IT UP

FREE NZ ROCK'N'ROLL MAG. 20,000 MONTHLY

**RIU
EXCLUSIVE
FROM
SUNNY
ENGLAND**



MAGAZINE

No 37 August '80



TOY LOVE NEWZ RAMONES

TOY LOVE

L.P.



deluxe thr' wea

SINGLE

TOUR

AUG.

4-9 AUCK.

10-12 NAPIER

13 LEVIN

14 WANGANUI

15-16 WELL.

18 NELSON

19 CH-CH

20-24 DUNEDIN

27-31 CH-CH

SEP.

3-4 N.PLYM.

5-6 HAM.

7-10 AUCK.



incl. 2 songs -
not on l.p.

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Trooper
The Push
Good Question
Midge Marsden

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AUGUST 13, 14 Ngamotu, New Plymouth
15, 16 Castlecliff, Wanganui
21-23 Windsor Castle, Parnell Station Hotel, Auckland
27-28

Brian Jones, Personal Manager.
Bookings, MUCHMORE Auckland 796-272.

LIX

AUGUST 13-16 TAINUI, WHAKATANE
AUGUST 22-23 OXFORD, LEVIN
AUGUST 29-30 WESTOWN, NEW PLYMOUTH
SEPT 3-6 TREES, TOKOROA

TOP SCIENTISTS

SEPT 17
STATION HOTEL

AUGUST 24-16
WINDSOR & KICKS

AUGUST 20-23
HILLCREST, HAMILTON

AUGUST 27-30
NGAMOTU, NEW PLYMOUTH

AUGUST 31
LAST RESORT, WELLINGTON

SEPT 4-6
DB ONEKAWA, NAPIER

SEPT 7
MAJESTIC CABARET, WELLINGTON

SEPT 7
HILLCREST, HAMILTON



SMALL STUFF

The Professionals

Roxy Music concerts in France and England were cancelled when **Bryan Ferry** collapsed in his French hotel room. He was flown to London where his illness was diagnosed as a serious infection of the kidneys ... new **David Bowie** album is *Scary Monsters*. The album features a Tom Verlaine song "Kingdom Come", Pete Townshend on one track and a surprisingly 'commercial' single, "Ashes to Ashes." Bowie is currently acting in US stage play, 'Elephant Man' while 1974 D.A. Pennebaker film of Bowie's final *Spiders From Mars* performance, is showing in New York ... mod man **Sting** may play chief baddie in James Bond flick, *For Your Eyes Only*, if **Police** commitments allow ... Malcolm Owen, **Ruts** lead singer was found dead in his bath. Cause given was heroin overdose ... currently mixing their live albums, are the **Eagles** and **Supertramp** (*Paris*, a 2LP set) ... next **Bruce Springsteen** is entitled *The River* and Jon Landau, his producer-manager, says there's more ballads but the rockers are very aggressive ... the shelved Capitol Records album by **Mink De Ville** (*Le Chat Bleu*) will now be released ... the fourth **Talking Heads** is not yet titled, but David Byrne summed it up, it's "psychedelic ethereal funk." The Byrne/Eno project will be released after the Heads album ... new **XTC** album is *Black Sea* (out in NZ in September). We're told that XTC fitted all 11 songs (9 Partridges, 2 Mouldings) on one album with some difficulty, as there's 26 minutes a side ... Tom Robinson's band, **Sector 27** has been dropped by UK EMI ... wrong as usual, England's **NME** (July 26) reports that "New Zealand band **Split Enz** reformed recently, a year after breaking up." ... after stealing their own album's master tapes to improve their bargaining position with their record company, **Dexy's Midnight Runners** then placed ads promoting their debut album and knocking **NME**, *Sounds*, *MM* etc. The ads read, "we won't compromise ourselves by talking to the dishonest hippy press." The LP is entitled *In Search Of The Young Soul Rebels* ... in studios are the Who, Rod the mod, and the Buzzcocks (with brass and strings) ... solo releases are planned by Cheap Trick's **Tom Petersson** and Boston's **Barry Goudreau** (John Boylan producing) ... asked to leave **Jethro Tull**, were John Evans, Dave Palmer and Barriemore Barlow. New members are Eddie Jobson (keyboards) and Mark Craney (drums) ... Steve Jones and Paul Cook, the ex-Pistols, have a new band, a three piece known as the **Professionals**. Eat ya heart out Bodie and Doyle ... **Magazine** guitarist, **John McGeoch** has left to pursue a solo career. He is replaced by ex-Ultravox sideman Robin Smith ... **Bob Andrews** does not play on the new **Rumour** album, *Purity of Essence*. The keyboardman was fired and now produces records for Stiff ... Do it yourself department: *Emotional Rescue* cost the Rolling Stones a mere \$1.3 million to record ... new Arista signings are soul man **Eddie Floyd** (wrote "Knock On Wood" and "Raise Your Hand") and ex-Capricorn act **Sea Level** ... producer of next **Blondie** album is once again Mike Chapman as Giorgio Moroder is still busy on **Donna Summer** newie ... **Yes** have scrapped tapes recorded with wiz producer Roy Thomas Baker and are now working with Eddie Offord again. Tentative title is *The New Yes Album* (wow, cool man) ... ex-Dury band guitarist **Chas Jenkel** is recording a solo album for Stiff. Also Stiff is new UK four piece **Any Trouble** whose debut *Where Are All The Nice Girls* prompted *Melody Maker*'s Allan Jones to write — "the most exciting new rock and roll group since the

Pretenders." ... first **Ultravox** album for Chrysalis is entitled *Vienna* ... **Nils Lofgren** has signed to Backstreet (Tom Petty's label) ... **Wilko Johnson** has not disbanded his **Solid Senders** ... in London, three skinheads bashed Lynval of the **Specials**, shouting, "you bloody nigger." Though hospitalised, his recovery was rapid ... new and vinyl in foreign lands: Chic *Real People*, Carlene Carter *Musical Shapes*, Professionals *The Professionals*, Desmond Dekker *Black And Dekker*, Jah Wobble *Blueberry Hill* (his second Virgin solo album), Jeff Beck *There And Back*.

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MOUTHS." COLIN HOGG,
AUCKLAND STAR, NOVEMBER 1979

AUCKLAND TOWN HALL
FRI AUGUST 22, 8.30PM

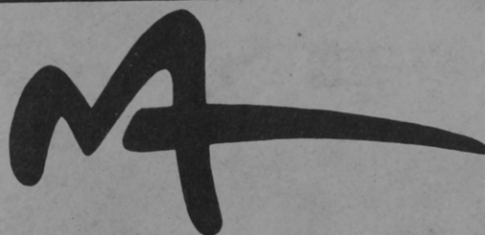
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Ann Gray Charley Gray Brian Jones

The *Son of Rock and Roll* is the title of Rocky Burnette's debut album. With a hit single in the US, Australia, and here, Rocky, son of Rockabilly star Johnny Burnette, is making a determined attempt to live up to it. Burnette was in New Zealand recently to promote his album, and he hopes to return in January and tour here with his band.

Son of Rock and Roll has taken years to put together. Frustration with the disco trend in America saw Rocky head for Britain, where the much-sought after recording contract was signed. The British public, however, didn't warm to the 'Son of Rock and Roll' tag, and, tapes in hand, Rocky retreated to the US.

With all this moving around, the album was made in a number of different studios, and features hordes of musicians.

Rocky explains, "There are only six musicians in my band, but I've made so many friends over the last few years and I wanted everyone on my album." Among those featured are Dave Edmunds and ex-King Crimson member, Mel Collins, who now plays sax permanently in Burnette's touring band.

Live, Rocky Burnette performs almost straight rock and roll. On record it's a different matter. "I worked for many years as a professional songwriter. Consequently, I sometimes produce commercial songs subconsciously. 'Tired of Toeing the Line' is a prime example."

Despite that song's success, Rocky maintains that the next album will be far more rock and roll. "I think we shall stick to one studio, one producer and just my touring band. It will be back to roots a bit more."

Mark Phillips

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Rocky TOURS

Hot news for this month is that **XTC** will tour NZ mid September. Their new album *Black Sea* will be released to coincide with the tour.

Dates for Howard Devoto's **Magazine** have been confirmed. They play the Town Halls: Christchurch August 30, Wellington August 31 and Auckland September 1. Rumoured support for Auckland is revamped Pop Mechanix.

But first act on your calendar is the **Members** who make a return visit to Auckland playing the Town Hall with Spelling Mistakes on August 22. They play Christchurch Town Hall August 20 with the Hoovers and Wellington's Winter Show Building August 21 with Puppettz, the Red (ex-Ambitious Vegetables) and Backstreet.

Both **Toy Love** and **Sharon O'Neill** & band have commenced homecoming tours. Lovers dates are August 10-12 Napier, 13 Levin, 14 Wanganui, 15 & 16 Wellington's Billy de Club, 18 Nelson, 19 Christchurch's Gladstone, 20-24 Dunedin's Cook, 27-31 Christchurch's Hillsborough, September 3 & 4 New Plymouth, 5 & 6 Hamilton's Framptons, 9 & 10 Windsor Castle and 11-13 Gluepot and Kicks.

Sharon's dates are August 11 & 12 Palmerston North, 13 & 14 Hawkes Bay, 15 & 16 Gisborne, 18 & 19 Hamilton's Framptons, 20 & 23 Auckland's Mainstreet. Guest for the Auckland dates is **Kevin Borich** and band.

Members Return

The Members are the first bona-fide new-wave band to make a return visit to this country, and they can't wait to get back. Why? Quite simply because they like it here.

Vocalist Nicky Tesco goes so far as to say, "New Zealand was the best part of our last world tour. I'm really looking forward to sitting around in those fish restaurants eating oysters."

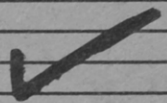
Right now, the Members are touring the US. Having been there before enables them to play the prestige New York venues like Hurrahs and the Mudd Club. Guitarist Jean Marie Carroll is very happy with the shows to date. "It's been packed every night so far — really great. Mind you, New York is in the middle of a heatwave at the moment. Maybe they are only coming in for the air-conditioning."

Although things may be hot in the Big Apple, back home in Britain the climate for the Members is decidedly cooler. So much so that late 79 — early 80 saw them virtually gig-less for eight months. Nicky comments, "Things in Britain are not very good for anyone at present. We are all just very pleased to be away from it all."

And keep away is what they intend to do. From New York they go cross-country to LA for more shows, then hop a DC10 for Godzone. After that? Not even a passing thought for Australia, but back to America for repeat performances in LA and New York.

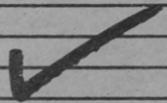
Mark Phillips

BUZZCOCKS



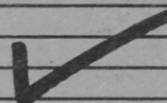
Different Kind of Tension

THE BEAT



I Just Can't Stop It

THE VAPORS



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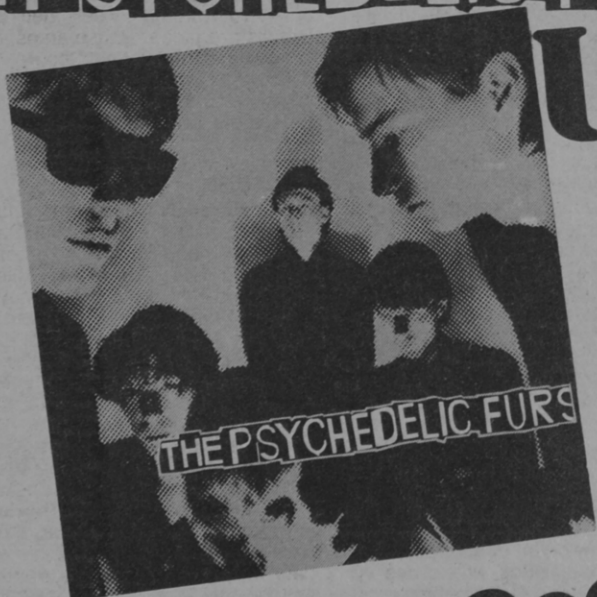
Entertainment

DIXIE DREGS

MUST BUY

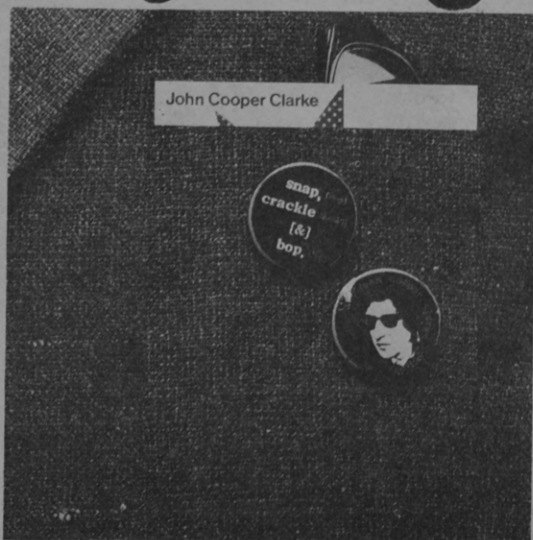
Dregs Of The Earth

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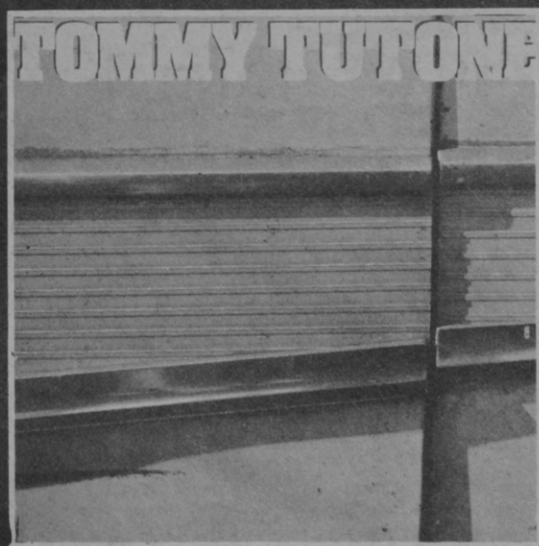
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HARRY TOLEDO - SUICIDE
PERE UBU
NEW YORK
NEW WAVE

WAYNE COUNTY
THE JOHN COLLINS BAND
THE EAST

FOUND IT YET?

CHEAP TRICK
FOUND ALL THE PARTS
Day Tripper
Can't Hold On
Such A Good Girl
Take Me I'm Yours

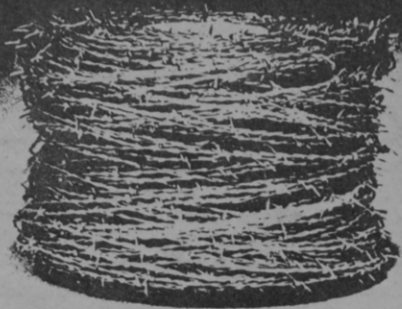


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CAFE



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the acts to see in August ...

August 14-16 Shoes This High

August 17 Dave Hollis

August 21-23 Survivors

August 28-30 Respectables and Screaming Meemess

Sept 5-6 Valentinos

Sept 7 Crocodiles

RUMOURS

AUCKLAND

Mid-August the **Swingers** will record several tracks with Splint Enz producer, **David True Colours Tickle**. Mushroom Records will release a single from the sessions. 2 Demos were recorded ("Shona", "Counting The Beats") in July at EMI Studio 301. The **RtoR** clip of "One Good Reason" was screened on **OZ RWP** show, **Night Moves** and their tour with Sports is going OK ... **Greg Clark** will rejoin **Citizen Band** shortly in Sydney ... **Features** intend to go their separate ways. Some will head overseas ... **Graham Brazier** has demoed four new songs for CBS ... **Fane Flaws** has quit the Crocodiles and while **Tina** is in Oz for 10 weeks, **Mike Chunn** is standing in on bass ... a song to look out for is **Dave McCartney's** "Pink Flamingo". Chorus goes "Getcha, getcha feathers away from my nose." Very catchy ... in August the **Valentinos** are playing Mon to Wed every week at the Windsor Castle ... new Charley Gray venue is open, it's the **Rumba Bar** Victoria St West just yards from Queen St. **Space Case** resides there on Wednesdays.

Coup D'Etat have sacked their drummer. Replacement is not known yet ... **Steamshack** posters read 'South Island's No.1 Rock Bland'. Have they not heard of Toy Love or Newz ... **Ripper** has released **Pop Mechanix** single (vocal by Andrew Snoid). "Now" is A side. **Ripper** have scrapped **Terrorways 45** plan ... **Propellor** have **Marching Girl's** Aussie version of "True Love" out ... late August the **Comics** from Christchurch hit town ... **Airstrike** have done demos at Mandrill ... **Spelling Mistakes** were deleted from **Platinum Plus** compilation as tapes were mislaid ... **Respectables** have recorded four originals at Harlequin. The band will do 51 gigs in September ... Polygram Australia will release **Flight X7** single "I Lose Control" on August 11. Manager, Mike Corless is negotiating a 10 day Australian promotional tour for X7 in September.

Tigers will record their debut album at EMI's Lower Hutt Studio August/September, with production by Bob Randle and Dave Marett (the Mi-Sex engineer). Like their new single, "All Night", the LP will be recorded in NZ and mixed at EMI 301 Studio, Sydney ... new drummer for **Modes** is Rob Wilson ... new Radio Hauraki Programme Director is Milt Barlow, John Hood is in Perth and Barry Jenkin is back 8pm onwards at 12M. Was Barry late for the Ramones because he got a speeding ticket or did he get a speeding ticket because he was late for the Ramones? ... **Lix** broke the door attendance record in Hawera set by Mi-Sex in 1978.

The Finns from **Split Enz** will holiday in NZ for a week prior to the US of A invasion. Recording of the new Enz LP is complete. David Tickle is mixing it all up.

THE CORPORATION

WELLINGTON

Devotees of things Wellington may well rejoice, Connie D. Martin has taken over the **Rumours**.

Former singer for **Ambitious Vegetables** Fagin, now fronts **Mockers** who played the Last Resort recently. Management refused entry to punks as there were too many mods in attendance. Obviously they didn't ask the band the obvious, are you mods or rockers? Meanwhile the rest of Veges became the **Red** and supported the B52s to screams of, 'listen they're playing Th'Dudes' 'Bliss'.

Supporting the **Ramones**, were Auckland band the **Techtones** and supporting the **Cure** were **Lip Service**, who went down surprisingly well and **Puppettz** who didn't despite many successful gigs at Willy's. By their fifth song the Cure realised they weren't playing to the apathetic audiences they had in Auckland and Palmerston North and ceased doing covers of their own work. They transformed into a brilliant band dedicating "Boys Don't Cry" to **Life In The Fridge Exists** and other songs to Shane (who they know) and Palmerston band **Condemned Sector** (who are looking for a bassist and are yet to make their debut).

The **Terminus Hotel** opened its doors to bands starting with **Comics** who hail from much further south. Unfortunately the only thing that hippies and mods have in common is 1968 ... **Billy de Club** is changing policies, not hairdressers as I once heard. Now they only take name bands from out of town and grimace at the chords while they count their dollars.

The exception is **Whizzkids** who broke up here over a two week period of excellent gigs. They suddenly appeared at a party organised by Life In The Fridge Exists and joined by Otis Mace played a fast "Thunderbirds Are Go".

Wallsockets teamed up with Life, played all the covers your band wouldn't let you. Conspicuous by his absence was Phil O'Brien.

Wallsockets have now laid down 12 tracks at Sausage Studios. Highlights are "Snerl", "H & C" and "The Muppet Song" which are all likely to appear on an independently produced album of underground Wellington music. If you were lucky you may have caught them on John Barry's show ... the **Steroids** have a single in the works.

Ricky from **Close To Home** is playing the King in **The King and I**, and I still haven't received the comps, but this will come as no surprise to those who know what a lucky girl I am. O, well, till next time ...

Connie D. Martin (and flatmates)

PHOTO BY MAURICE LYE



Newtones

CHRISTCHURCH

Androidss have just completed four BIG weeks in town, including the British, which is in use again as a rock'n'roll venue. When Droidss return in October, they hope to have vinyl to their name.

Narcs look set for a residency at Doodles (ex-Adam's Apple) and the Doodle plan is to go for the mainstream rock market ... **Vacuum** is now known as **Kaza Portico** and also are the nucleus of two new names around town, **Superior Background Music** and the **Volkswagens** ... **Playthings** will support **Toy Love** at the Hillsborough. Knox and Co will play Brevet Club on Sunday 31. Tickets are available at usual outlets or phone Martin at 790-512 ... Lance Parkyn's **Hoovers** will support Members. **Newtones** probables for XTC.

Richard Wrench's new outing is **Hard Sums** ... expect to see soon — Heavenly Bodies, Flight X-7, Pop Mechanix and Crocodiles ... don't expect to see the **Ambitious Vegetables**. After two months of planning Christchurch gigs, they failed to come up with PA or transport ... Mike Waldegrave and the **Cowboys** are looking for classy vocalists and/or JBL horns.

Ray's lounge bar at the Gladstone, on Saturday afternoons will feature lesser known bands who are too hot for evenings at Gladstone or Hillsborough. Watch for the **Straights** ... competition between Hillsborough and Aranui hotels is still fierce with both managers recently seen driving newish BMWs.

Mike Parker is no longer with the Jets ... Peter Trumic will leave **Wolf City** ... **Superior Background Music** are once again the Victor Dimich band ... new are Roy Montgomery's **Murder Strikes Pink**.

And we leave you with the **Newz** who are currently wanting to sell their 2800 watt PA. Details are Linear Phase amps, JBL speakers, 16 channel mixer and Schure mics. Contact them at ... um...er... the Aranui. If you're into sixties hits, see the temporary Newz spin-off. **Eels** is the name, covers is the game. JW

DUNEDIN

The **Heavenly Bodies** are definitely splitting up in September. Bassist Mick Dawson is going to Australia and Bevan Hudson may follow suit at a later date. That leaves Miles White, Neil Dobia and Kim Barron who may form a band with ex-Tibet bassist Hank Van Der Vis. The band are still scheduled to appear on **RWP**.

Static's lead guitarist Alister Penrose has left and is replaced by one time member Jan Breward who returned from Edinburgh at the beginning of the year. Singer Alan Blackman has left the **Drones** and so guitarist Lee Wood now handles lead vocals. The **Drones** and **Flex** will play at Coronation Hall on August 23.

Powerhouse now called **Prowler** have returned from a North Island tour. **Cruze** have lost bassist Robin Murphy and he is replaced by Paul McCarthy ex-Stilleto. Another personnel change this time with **Scotter** who have lost drummer Bob Kennedy and is replaced by **Hoax's** Brent Kennedy, no relation. GEORGE KAY

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THE M E B R O

AT THE CHELSEA NIGHTCLUB V2120

1980 — THE CHOICE IS YOURS V2153

The Members


August 20 Christchurch Town Hall
August 21 Wellington Winter Show Bldg
August 22 Auckland Town Hall

Magazine

August 30 Christchurch Town Hall
August 31 Wellington Town Hall
Sept 1 Auckland Town Hall

REAL LIFE V2100

SECONDHAND DAYLIGHT V2121



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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE

- 1 Split Enz, Mike Chunn Interview (about Enz in Europe & USA 1976-7) & Janis Ian/Phil Ochs.
- 2 Mark Williams, Joe Cocker, Chunn Interview Part 2 & Frankie Miller.
- 19 Steely Dan, Sire Supplement (Ramones, Talking Heads etc), Chicago, Malcolm McCallum, Hello Sailor Band File & Kim Fowley.
- 21 XTC, 5 Bands (Toy Love, Terrorways, Sheerlux, Hookers & Gary Havoc), Eddie Money, Beserkley, Mi-Sex & Jazz History I.
- 22 Rough Justice, Cars, Cheap Trick, Bob Marley, Stiff Supplement (Ian Dury, David Robinson Interview, Lovich & Sweet etc) & Split Enz Band File.
- 23 Th'Dudes, Phil Manning Band, Talking Heads Interview Part 1, Jazz II & Street Talk Band File.
- 24 Dragon, Talking Heads Part 2, Swingers Band File & Clitzen Band.
- 26 Devo, Knack, Mi-Sex, Wellington Supplement (Short Story, Crocodiles, 1860 Band etc).
- 27 Bob Geldof, Kid's Are Alright, Cheap Trick Supplement, Sheerlux Band File, Ry Cooder & Radio Radio.
- 28 Cheap Trick in NZ, Toy Love, British Invasion Supplement (Police, Joe Jackson, Blondie etc) & Terrorways Band File.
- 29 Graham Parker, The Members, Radio Radio II, Sweetwaters & Mother Goose.
- 30 Sweetwaters Issue (Programme, Elvis Costello, John Martyn etc), No Nukes and Squeeze.
- 31 Sweetwaters Report, Swingers, Mi-Sex and Writers' favs.
- 32 Police, Split Enz Interview, Poll Results, Sharon O'Neill & CBS.
- 33 Fleetwood Mac, Crocodiles, Ellen Folley, Russell Morris and Marching Girls.

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Say "Newz" in Christchurch and you'll find the city is divided. Twenty four hours after their debut album *Heard the Newz* was released, Record Factory had sold their 100 pressings. Yet a local bumper sticker reads, 'NO NEWZ IS GOOD NEWS'.

When in Christchurch the band plays six nights and Saturday afternoon in the Aranui Hotel lounge bar. Popular they are, with their own tunes shuffled among the numerous new wave covers they've learnt in two years on the same stage.

The odd bumper sticker could hardly unsettle frequent wearers of such sticky labels as 'cover band', 'resident band', particularly when their all-original album has been in the NZ Top 50 for seven weeks.

To Aranui or Not to ...

RIU was confronted with the Newz over chips cooked in newspaper on their last visit to Auckland. Indulging in conversation and hot food were, Simon Darke (vocals), Bryan Colechin (bass) and Phil Jones (guitarist).

"The Aranui is not the biggest venue, but it's the best venue in NZ in terms of stage, lighting, size and soundproofing," says Simon.

Phil adds, "in a residency, we can practise six nights a week." They used to like it a lot but admit it's getting very boring now. Simon sums it up.

"When I joined Bon Marche, I had no idea that we'd stay in the residency situation we're still in now. I was expecting to stay for three months. We're still there now. I've f---ed my voice from overwork."

This year, the recording of their debut album and now their singer's voice hassles has confined the band to Christchurch. At their last Aranui gig (July 27) prior to his throat operation, an XTC cover was appropriately introduced as "Making Plans for Nodules", as plans can't stay the same if your singer is off the road for four weeks.

In the meantime, the rest of the Newz are gigging as the Eels specialising in sixties favs — Kinks, Spencer Davis, Small Faces etc.

Phil Sherry likes the...



Recording

The year started with the name change, from Bon Marche to the Newz. Keyboard player Lance Parkyn had left in December and Tony Rabbet (rhythm guitar) and Brad Coates (keyboards) joined in February, the month Newz began recording. For five weeks they recorded at night after playing at the pub. They mixed the album by mid-May.

Producer was ex-Heatwave man, Eric Johns.

How did working with Johns compare with recording with Jay Lewis (In June '79 Bon Marche recorded a 45 for Stetson Records at Marmalade Studios — Phil Judd's 'So This Is Love', and BM's 'I Want To Be An Arab').

"It was different," says Phil Jones, "when we recorded with Jay, we didn't know what we were going to record. Jay said, 'here's a song I think you can do it well.'"

"It was really good working with Jay, but he

didn't understand the band like Eric, who has played with us. (Johns played with BM for three weeks in mid '79.)

The band were not happy with the Jay Lewis single.

"We walked into the studio with Jay as Bon Marche. We came out as one of Jay Lewis' bands. Even 'Arabs' is far prettier than it should be. Eric captured the humour in the band and got the band sounding pretty much like we do on stage," says Colechin.

"As far as arranging the songs went, Eric put in ideas, but he didn't tell us to do it. Jay Lewis said, 'No don't play that, play this.' Which is a subtle but important difference."

How did Johns cope with 8 track equipment?

"He enjoyed it. It was a challenge for everyone: the little studio; gear stacked up to the ceiling; wires for miles. Most of the time the studio was trying to get everything to go at once."

The Covers Brand

'Cover Band' is a misleading label to attach to Newz. They do play too many covers but words like safe, predictable, emotionless and clinical, that go hand-in-hand with the covers label, just don't fit.

Bryan Colechin insists, "we very rarely work off a set list on stage. We just choose songs as they come."

"Even that RWP concert in Wellington — they said, 'we need an exact list of songs for camera angles.' But by the third song that list had gone by the wayside. The producer nearly had a heart attack. We f---ed it all up for them."

Soundman, Grant Frazer agrees, "I never know what's coming up ... or anything."

So Newz don't go on stage like safer acts such as Toy Love — like mothers going shopping — they list-less-ly blunder around and what you get is what you get.

Why so many covers? To make big bucks?

"It's partly true," says Mr Darke, "we want to make money to go to Australia."

"We don't make a lot of money," says Phil.

Bryan's turn this time; "I don't think it's fair to say we do covers to make money. That's never been in anybody's mind. It's necessary to play covers because we play in Christchurch."

"It's different in Auckland where a high percentage of gigs use a support band. A headlining band never has to play more than two 45 minute sets.

"You can't write three original songs a week and expect a high standard of material. It takes a week to arrange a song, where as you can learn three covers in one morning.

"We're very fussy about original material, maybe that's why we haven't got a lot," says the now chipless vocalist.

"Every band I've heard, apart from Hello Sailor, that does straight out original material, I've been bored. There's nothing to relate to."

A historical perspective is provided by Bryan Colechin: "For NZ bands to play original material has only developed in the last few years. New bands are learning material before they're playing.

"We were on *Ready To Roll* four times doing Elvis Costello songs before you were allowed to do original songs. Now if you've got a song, you're on there."

Phil (the band's 'major bulk writer') makes a point; "You can learn from covers. I've got a lot of ideas. If you work a song out you learn something from it, a certain chord, a certain riff or something."

Christchurch, Australia

Are the Newz reluctant to tour away from Christchurch?

"No", says Simon, "it was a matter of getting some original songs together to get out and play. Last time we played Auckland, we had eight, this time it's 15, and next time it will be 25 to 30.

When did they decide they wanted to work outside NZ?

"That's been our goal right from the start, says Phil," any professional band's goal is to work overseas."

With *Heard the News*, Newz prove that they can write, they're not just a jukebox. You also have to agree with Phil when he says; "We're increasingly conscious of what direction we want to go in."

Did someone say "North"?

Murray Cammick

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You couldn't call the Ramones a bunch of lazy punks. Already this year, they have toured the US, Europe and Australia. After their New Zealand visit they returned to New York for two weeks before heading off for Europe again.

Johnny, the band's guitarist, explains. "We play as much as possible. It keeps us all in shape. We like to think of ourselves as trained athletes."

Going Soft?

The release of their first album in 1976 motivated a generation of juveniles all over the world to start Ramone-clone bands. Initial critical reaction was good, and the band seemed set to take the Seventies by storm. Instead, they have had to watch the British bands who came after them climb higher and higher into the American charts, while mass acceptance has so far eluded them.

Johnny feels that the Ramones have never deliberately aimed for commercial success. "People accuse us of making attempts at commercialism, but they really don't understand that we are just making Ramone music. We would never go soft for monetary gain. It disappoints me to see bands like the Clash going soft to try to make it."

End of the Century

It has been said that if the Ramones had never existed, there would never have been a band for Johnny to play in. He agrees, and adds, "The Ramones is right where I want to be. I wouldn't change it, no matter what."

The latest Ramones release is *End of the Century*. It further displays the maturity that has been evident in their song-writing since the departure of drummer/producer Tommy. He has been replaced behind the desk by legendary producer Phil Spector, who had been making vain attempts to work with the brudders since first seeing them in 1977, at LA's Roxy. Johnny comments, "All of a sudden it seemed like a good idea, after all, we had nothing to lose. The chance to use a real producer really started to excite us."

The end result was a wonderful synthesis of sixties and eighties pop, with the Wall of Sound giving depth Ramones songs have never known. Although the band were delighted with the result, Johnny insists that Spector won't be with them when work starts on the next album in October. "We try to make every album unique. It's a supreme challenge to keep giving the fans something new."

Despite Johnny's desire for freshness, *End of the Century* includes a song that dates back almost to the days of Ritchie Ramone (commemorated on the *Rocket to Russia* cover) who was fired for having "absolutely no musical talent". Titled "Chinese Rock", it was first recorded by ex-New York Doll, Johnny Thunders. Both parties claim credit for it.

Johnny Ramone explains the brudders' side of the story. "Thunders stole the song from us. He just changed a few lyrics, and then went around claiming he wrote it. We decided to include it on *End of the Century* because we do a better version."

Rock and Roll High School

The Ramones made their screen debut in a B-Grade comedy, *Rock and Roll High School*. It featured the band doing ten songs and small bit parts and was well-received in the States. The British music press were not so receptive. Johnny is quick to defend the film.

"English critics always try to dig too deep, trying to find hidden meanings that don't exist. We did the movie purely out of fun — it wasn't meant to be any kind of profound statement of youth."

"The kids in England don't take any notice of the music papers any more, they only read them to find out who's playing where."

Johnny's confident dismissal of the band's critics is more than justified by their live show. Joey, the prize geek, with his head dropped, body rigid, seems to be supported by nothing but the microphone stand, while his sweet soaked brudders, Dee Dee and Johnny, bounce across the stage like runaway pneumatic drills. Mix this with some powerhouse drumming by newest member, Marky and you have pure and simple Ramones music — timeless headbanging pop.

Just what the world needs to make it through to the end of the century.

Mark Phillips

Ramones, Hoovers

Christchurch Town Hall, July 24.

Expectations, naturally enough, play a large part in determining whether or not a rock'n'roll act is going to deliver the required kick. Some rise well above, some crash well below but the Ramones remained pretty close to expectations partly because of the quick-fire

homogeneity of their repertoire which leaves little margin for error, and the predictable gabba-gabba response of the crowd.

A Ramones concert must always be like this — jammed stage-wise close enough to be doused in Dee Dee's sweat, close enough to touch Johnny's gym shoes and wonder how Joey manages to keep his hair the exact same length.

So flag behind them they full-throated into "Blitzkrieg Bop", what else? And if you weren't pogoing in the squash you were dead. I moved discreetly out of the way and proceeded to watch them try to live up to their legend and for the most part succeed. Dee Dee's work-rate on bass never faltered, perpetual motion, Johnny ditto and he even managed to get a couple of kicks at a guy up front who was throwing his weight around. Joey stood permanently with one hand on the mike, legs apart and occasionally bellowed intros — and Marky played drums.

The emphasis, song-wise, fell on their first three classics as blocks of Ramones' chords blasted out with the ease of four years frenzy. Disappointments were there — imprecise hammerings of "Commando" and "Chinese Rocks" and they didn't do "You're Gonna Kill That Girl". But the high points were plenty with "Surfer Bird", echo vocals included, being perfect, and the first album bracket of "Let's Dance", "I Don't Wanna Walk Around With You" and "Today Your Love" registering a k.o. rock and roll and how.

They were on stage one hour ten but it felt like three hours ten. I still haven't figured if that's good or bad.

Hoovers are a new Christchurch trio and let it be said that they opened for the Ramones. Combining an incongruous choice of non-originals ("So Lonely", "Delilah" and "Back in the USSR") with their own hastily assembled unsympathetic material they failed to elicit anything other than indifference bordering on antagonism from their local crowd. So they weren't about to blow Dee Dee and co off the stage.

George Kay

By the time I'd found Magazine's rehearsal studios in the maze of Chelsea backstreets, I was a pack of nerves. Just how do you approach a band fronted by the man described by Virgin Records as "one of the more ... enigmatically fascinating figures of the new wave"?

I pushed open the studio door and muttered something about an interview. They reacted as if to a roll call, all squashing onto one couch along the studio wall. Howard Devoto was absent. "This is quite a scoop innit ... really?"

It was the first interview Robin Simon has given as the replacement for guitarist John McGeoch who has decided to pursue other projects, according to the press statement released that day. John's activities outside the band have included work with the Banshees after Siouxsie's original guitarist left her in the lurch last year.

The line-up I am facing now is Robin Simon, drummer John Doyle, keyboard player Dave Formula, and Barry Adamson, the bassist.

There is speculation that John McGeoch will join the Banshees. The possibility is not denied. DF That's up to them. I think they've got three people to decide between.

John left within months of Magazine's American and Australasian tours. Hadn't his decision come as a surprise?

DF It wasn't a day (he snaps his fingers), then (snap) another day. There wasn't really any horribleness — and I'm not being diplomatic.

Robin Simon played on Ultravox's *Systems of Romance* before going to the States where he married, and played with David Johansen (among others). He returned to England and joined Magazine in late June. How did he come to join the group?

JD Sneakily.

RS I knew Raf (Magazine's manager) from two years ago, but I hadn't met any of the others.

JD But now we're one big happy family.

DF We like what we heard on the Ultravox album, and we've also got various bootleg tapes of him that he doesn't know about.

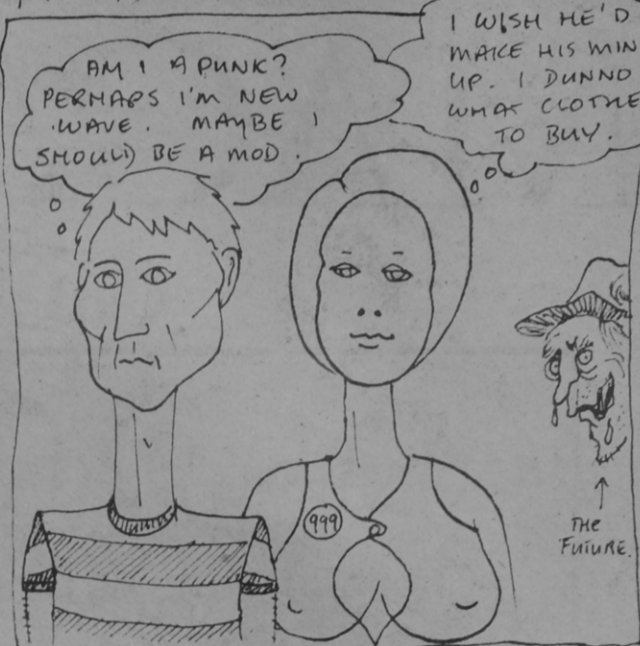
Some time after *Secondhand Daylight* had been delivered, Magazine came out with a round of releases — three singles: "A Song From Under the Floorboards"/"Twenty Years Ago", Sly Stone's "Thank You (Falettinme Be Mice Elf Agin)"/"The Book" and "Sweetheart Contract"/"Feed The Enemy". They topped these with their most impressive album to date, *The Correct Use of Soap*.

BA There's something our manager said to us.

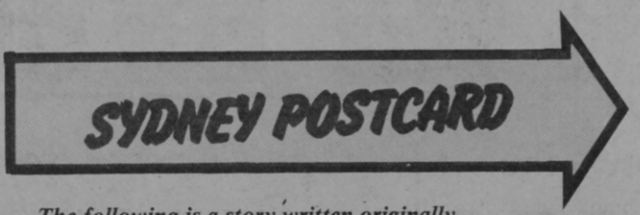
We rehearse, get a song together ...

DF Then our alter egos come down on a

YER SIDNEY FAN...



THE VIEW FROM ON-STAGE AT FRNCH'S



The following is a story written originally for the 'Rip It Up' May 'X-TRA' (a publication that never happened, but there's still time yet!) by Chris Knox, about Toy Love's first few months in the land of Oz.

Since the date of writing, the band has recorded their debut album at the EMI 301 Studio in Sydney, had good work in Sydney and Melbourne, and they are now back in NZ to see Mum and promote the album.



Dave Formula, Robin Simon and Barry Adamson, Magazine.

spacecraft and start working on what we've done.

BA "Are you sure that's what you want to play?" We were trying really hard with the third album to knock down those barriers.

They even went so far as to record in the rehearsal studio. "Twenty Years Ago" is perhaps the furthestest they've gone towards what Howard calls the "Five-Minute Snapshot". It has been described as funk, and I likened it to "Contort Yourself" by James White and the Blacks.

BA The contivance! Funk's a term that I totally disagree with that has been applied to a series of notes, a rhythmic style. "Twenty Years Ago" is just a basic groove — a Magazine dance number with free-form icing. It turned out to be an experiment in spontaneous playing. Just going for it.

DF It was destructured.

JD And the same goes for the lyrics. There was no premeditation.

I don't know the meaning of hegemony and who is Raskolnikov? Is Howard writing for some elite?

DF Oh no. You mean you've never heard words that you've not understood but you've thought, "Wow ... that's a good word. That sounds really good"? It's all music. Us talking is music — we're pitching and modulating. Using difficult words is like using an elaborate chord. Sometimes it works and someone who's just starting to play might think, "What's that? Perhaps I'll try to work it out."

Everyone knows "Saw my baby on the corner ... she really wiped me out."

Howard owns the saxophone that John McGeoch used to play. Now he's gone, Howard's been applying the spontaneity theory.

3xMAGAZINE



There's a lot of money being made over here — by PA hire firms, light hire firms, promoters, agents, accountants, poster printers, power companies, phone companies, landlords and other supposedly necessary people and corporations. These snivelling swine receive about \$900 per week from us. We make between \$600 and \$900 per week from an average of seven gigs.

But!

"Things will get better once you've got some product out." "Soon you'll have more money than you can handle." "Look what happened to Mi-Sex." "You're doing it the right way; starting at the bottom and working your arses off to get a good audience."

On The Other Hand

(From an article by Stuart Coupe in *Sydney Shout* — "What's Wrong With Sydney Rock") "Toy Love are energetic and tedious." This is the extent of our Australian media coverage.

So

We've all gritted our teeth, tightened our belts, set our sights, blown our noses, and looked Sydney square in its glossy, Americanised face, and said in strong, unfaltering voices, "Help ..."

The Good News

We've recorded an album.

We've got new songs.

We've had several good gigs (almost up to standard of the average Windsor-Last Resort-Gladstone-Cook night.)

Late night TV's great — dumb movies and 'personalities' getting pissed in the commercial breaks.

Beer's cheap.

There are at least two good bands in Sydney.

BA He says "OK — I'm a saxophone player". And it just happens.

I was struck by the bass line on "A Song From Under the Floorboards" when I first heard the song. On subsequent listenings I was convinced the song would be a hit — it wasn't. I wondered if Virgin had given them enough publicity.

BA No. A quarter-page advert in a music paper. You can just skip over them.

DF We got a full page in *Motorbike Weekly* but that didn't seem to help. Virgin were quite surprised that "Floorboards" got as much attention as it did. Probably if they'd cottoned on sooner, they may have put more into it. It's nothing personal. We're not considered an overtly commercial proposition.

Robin denies that they are anti-commercial.

RS It's selfish to say "We play music for ourselves."

BA Another thing is that we don't get enough airplay.

The rush of Magazine material is the result of their fruitful relationship with a producer who has been in the studio with Factory acts, Joy Division and A Certain Ratio, and many others (including John Cooper Clarke and Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark). Martin Hannett was also the whizz-kid producer of the Buzzcock's classic *Spiral Scratch* EP.

DF Martin was much more in tune with what we were doing than our other two producers.

What was working with him like?

DF He's got that spontaneity that we were sympathetic to.

BA When you get to the fifth night without sleep you start to wonder ...

JD A competition goes on. Who can stay up the longest?

All those sleepless nights seem to have got the better of John — he ducks out while the rest of us opt for a drink in the local.

Sitting around a table we divide a little. The other two talk to each other while I find out about Barry's musical tastes. He likes jazz — Coltrane, Davis and Parker. Do the others have any favourites?

DF Well, yeah ... the best one is listening to him, listening to jazz.

It's obvious I'm not going to get a straight answer to this one, but I try again.

DF I listen to Capital Radio. I don't buy albums, or very rarely. I have got a large jazz collection.

RS Have you really?

DF I whip one out every now and then ...

BA ... to lend to me. (Laughter all around).

DF Honest to God. Don't you know that's the



Other Stuff

Don't believe what you hear about great Australian audiences going bananas at the drop of a drumstick. They do, but only for bands that *Ram* and Aussie *Rolling Stone* have told them are great. 99% of bands here are light shows and street theatre with a New Wave soundtrack. A couple, notably the Sheiks, dismiss the crap and provide good, unslick, honest music.

We've got a residency at a good pub, the Civic, on Friday nights which is sometimes shared by that most gentlemanly of bands, Proud Scum.

Posters are really bland over here — just the name of the venue, and who's playing there. We've rectified that by having our talented Alec Barthgate do a lovely one of a digger consoling himself with a sheep. Good on yer, Alec.

Australians talk funny, and some still gob. Mods hit punks, and Greeks hit mods, and Kiwis hit up and go to the Astra in Bondi (a large-scale Occidental, for all you Queen St habitués). Everybody likes Madness and the Specials and flavoured milk. Boots are cheap, but there are no boot boys — except for a handful of New Zealand imports.

TV rock shows are even worse than in NZ. They have the same film clips with real dorks introducing them and dreaming of their very own prime-time talk show.

Takeaways are generally pretty good. Everybody and his pekinese has a synthesiser or a female bass-player. Mi-Sex have an awe-inspiring influence on some local bands, all of which stick to one style and do it to death. You can safely bet that if the first song of a show is fast heavy metal, then the rest of the night is going to be pretty similar. Even if a band is good at its style, you are bound to be sick of it by the end of the evening.

worst question you can ask? Why do you want to know ... so you can go out and buy them?

A dog is sniffing around Dave's feet, as he suggests I write an article on Magazine and animals. Things are more relaxed, though Simon gets quieter. I don't think he likes me.

DF I was saying to Barry, had he read the Malcolm McLaren article in *Sounds*? He maintains that the emphasis is going to shift from the album to the cassette because of all the things you can do with it. But the medium is going to be live performances which will be great for us.

BA People say, "I never realised quite what Magazine were all about until I saw them live."

Their last London show was at the Lyceum on May 1. I remember wondering if the fact that Howard and Dave had the same haircut meant there was a new trend on the way in. I now realised that the style was dictated by the receding hairline common to them both. Simple as it was, the use of backdrop and lighting was as creative as any I'd seen.

DF We try to use lights to complement what we're doing — not to be flash or anything.

RS In the eighties it is going to be video discs — visual as well as aural. Movies are a major influence for us, I think.

DF Some of us are interested in film music. Something came up — a film of Samuel Delaney's "Dhalgren", a science fiction book about the apocalypse. The new status quo — or un-status quo.

Mention of the end of the world leads us inevitably to the Thatcher government.

DF The present government worries me a lot. I've always been very anti-discipline, very anti-authority. Punk pre-dated the extreme right-wing government we've got at present. I wish it'd happen now.

Often, it seems, those who share Dave's views on authority choose a stance which is just as authoritative. Rock music is not free of these dogmatists. It strikes me that what has been criticised as ambiguity in Magazine's lyrics may simply be an evasion of dogmatism.

DF Overt stances have never been for us. I think I can do best by displaying and improving my talents as a musician. I've got to reconcile my own survival with the idea of trying to provide something for my fellow man. It's very idealistic, but I'm a romantic. If I was stronger, or brought up on a different level, I might have been an activist of some sort in a different way. I've chosen music because that's what I'm best at.

Mairi Gunn



Graham Parker is The Up-Escalator

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TOY LOVE DE LUXE

When Todd Hunter last passed through Dunedin, heaving the rotting Dragon carcass behind him, he mentioned he'd really like to do something with Toy Love. They've got the songs, said Todd, and they're GOOD songs. Todd got his wish, and nothing on this debut album, produced by him in Sydney, villifies that belief. Above all this record is crushing confirmation that Toy Love have songs to burn. There are fifteen here, and even allowing for the fact that some date back to the 1977 Enemy embryo (and that band's bass player Mick Dawson) the writing range is still astonishing. Imagine a *Billboard* reviewer with his box of labels grappling with this one — post-punk power, pure pop, macabre melodrama, whoop an' holler bizarro bop, sublime ice-cold beauty, three-chord thunder, chaotic psychedelia ... the bard could go on forever. And realise too there are a number of fine Toy Love songs not even ON this album. Whew.

So much for Toy Love (and Mick) as writers. As a record mirroring that ability, this is not quite in the same league — not that anyone, fervent followers and doubting dissenters both, really expected the full sweep of the band to make it onto vinyl at this stage. That full sweep, after all, covers a lot of ground. There are times on this album when, technically, things do come together, usually on the slower, more dramatic and instrumentally spare material, but when the band are raging, all five, limitations are laid bare. During such moments we listen in vain for Dooley's drum anarchy, the bass drum especially, we strain to hear the keyboards, and we wish Johnny Ramone had been brought in just to produce Alex. It sounds almost as though someone panicked every



time the VU needles went into the red, not realising that the best rock'n'roll only starts there.

Back to the songs. Track placement must have furrowed a few brows, but a daunting task has been handled pretty well, though the album should really end with "Frogs", leaving the frantic "Fast Ostrich" in the studio can for bootleggers to creep in and steal at night. As mentioned, the slower more skin-crawly stuff has come up solidly, and it's amazing that Chris Knox, who, incidentally, writes some damn fine lyrics, can still wring life out of such thousand-times-played chestnuts as "Cold Meat" and "Green Walls". The same big plus goes to Knox — and band — for somehow getting a good cut down of "Shades". Not definitive, coz it's too late for that, but at white noise volume, this is at least magnificent. This song could still bring the NZ singles chart to its knees. Which leads me on to the album's actual single "Bride Of Frankenstein". More evidence of that off-the-wall writing ability, sure, but querulous stuff for the 45 market nevertheless.

The glorious pop visions of "Swimming Pool" and "Ain't It Nice" have battled with the sobriety of the studio and the still-developing instrumental skills of the band — the result is a draw — and "The Crunch", a song to open ANYTHING (a record side, a set, a day) is one of those ones Johnny Ramone should have been in on. "Don't Catch Fire" has a great atmospheric opening, but when everyone climbs aboard to drive this anthemic rocker home, the amplifier has to be driven into clipping to get the required climax.

"Bedroom" I leave till last coz it's so good. One of Knox' best vocals, the keyboards swirl beautifully, and the drums reveal subtlety and taste hitherto untried for. Melodically, it's the album's supreme achievement.

I like the first Toy Love album a whole lot. Strengths and weaknesses have both been underlined, but if your criteria is songs, as mine ultimately always is, then you'll find them here. Any overseas big-name big-dollar record producer who heard this one couldn't fail to realise Toy Love have the machinery to move mountains. Someone's just gotta turn on the power.

Roy Colbert



GANG OF FOUR ENTERTAINMENT EMI

When Bob Last launched the Fast label in Edinburgh a few years ago he had three main bands in the throes of forming their own highly specialised view — the Mekons, Human League and potential world-beaters, the Gang of Four.

From Leeds University, the Gang consisting of Andy Gill (guitar), Jon King (vocals), Hugo Burnham (drums) and Dave Allen (bass) recorded one record on Fast, the oft-cited "Damaged Goods" EP which thrust forward three tracks lethal enough to pare flesh from bone. The title track was a counter-revolution against the cliched and sentimental notions of love ("Your kiss so sweet, your sweat so sour."), and the ground-breaking "Love Like Anthrax" opened with malevolent guitar feedback and slid into a double vocal with Jon King knocking love on one channel and Andy Gill (?) describing the recording process on the other. Both songs appear in a slightly re-mixed toned-down form on *Entertainment*. "Armalite Rifle" concluded the EP with similar concerned venom.

A record deal with EMI followed last year and a single "At Home He's A Tourist", also on the album, proved that they were determined to continue their fight against complacency as the song tore at the foundations of ambition and pleasure and Andy Gill lacerated anything that moved with his famous guitar irregularities.

Entertainment, the title itself being an ironic put-down and questioning of the methods we use or accept as "entertainment", was therefore eagerly anticipated, and although it's not the killer blow I hoped for, it still dictates its own terms and position in rock'n'roll.

The band's unwavering honesty remains intact but the savagery of their sound has been levelled out somewhat especially on the aforementioned classics "Damaged Goods" and "Anthrax", and songs such as the marital undercut of "Contract" and the mail-order blues analogy of "Return the Gift" pull their punches a little. But as bad news that's as far as it goes and the rest produces smiles (hardly of humour) all round. "Ether" digs at the "dirt behind the daydream" until you're no longer under the anaesthetic; "Natural's Not In It" hacks at the exploitation of pleasure and "I Found That Essence Rare" and "Glass" strip away the "polarised glasses" view of things. But it's the concluding trilogy of "Tourist", "5.45" and "Anthrax" that conclude the album with the most passionate frenzy, especially on the TV images of "5.45".

For complete perfection the Gang of Four should have released this debut album on Fast where the small label enthusiasm could have matched the band's idealism. But as it stands, *Entertainment* is a fierce and fanciful indictment of things we take for granted, and the flaws of occasional compromise are lost in the harsh new standards set by the band.

That's *Entertainment*?

George Kay

BOB DYLAN SAVED CBS

Veteran R&B producer Jerry Wexler compares Bob Dylan's new, and 23rd, album, *Saved*, which he and Barry Beckett produced at Muscle Shoals, with the great soul records he cut in the '50s and '60s. "This one was like when Ray Charles used to call me up and say, 'Hey, pardner, I'm coming in in three weeks, let's do a record.'" High praise.

Of Dylan's new-found Christianity (which some more ardent admirers see as tantamount to betrayal), Wexler says, "Whether you're an agnostic or a leftist or whatever you can view him as a seminal artist who has reached a turning point in his life, as he has before."

On the first count, Wexler's comparison is not the absurdity it might at first appear. At best, the gospel music of *Saved* is rousing, uplifting, and not far removed from the secular church of Ray Charles or Aretha Franklin.

This is the music of self discovery and self affirmation. Which pretty well takes care of the second point. The album opens with a gospel church reading of the old country song "A Satisfied Mind". In other hands it often sounds merely smug. Dylan, sounding possessed in



LIP SERVICE CBS

I can remember seeing Lip Service at the Cook a couple of years ago and my impressions then were that they were a band with everything but a plentiful supply of memorable songs. Now, even after numerous personnel changes, they still face the same problem.

Their first album is an asset from many angles — Graeme Mhyre's full-bodied production, the unflagging punch of the band, the intelligent construction of the songs and the occasional perceptive lyric ensure that as a debut *Lip Service* has plenty going for it. But the lack of consistently strong material still plagues the band and this can't be disguised by their instrumental prowess or animated song structures.

The opening two tracks, "Eating Out" and "Mr. Right" establish the feel, brisk and dynamic, that characterizes most of the songs. "Playschool", with its Members' influenced social pressure/futility theme, veers too close to Mi-Sex mannerisms, as does the first track on the second side "Ventriloquist". The appropriate bustle of "Rush Hour" makes amends, and "Situations" which has an effective menacing guitar line and "Elim N 8" which sports a neat recurring guitar piece that leads the band into their best tune, would be the album's best moments.

Lip Service are groomed, stylish, full of contemporary slickness and compete favourably in the Mi-Sex race for streamlined form-over-content. Strip away these trappings and you're left with a band and an album that are on the favourable edge of mediocrity, but as the man said maybe it's early days yet and if they can improve their writing abilities they will be a force to be reckoned with on the local scene.

George Kay

ROXY MUSIC FLESH + BLOOD POLYDOR

Rather bravely, Roxy kick off their new album with a re-run of Wilson Pickett's classic "In the Midnight Hour" that substitutes for Pickett's impassioned soul shriek the languor of Bryan Ferry, and succeeds brilliantly. Ferry's detached manner and limited voice ought to work against him, but I find Ferry's occasional foray into soul music (for example, "Take Me to the River" on *The Bride Stripped Bare*) enormously, and unexpectedly, satisfying. The spacey sax of Andy MacKay deserves special mention on "Midnight Hour" (and throughout). As the innovations/image games of Ferry and Roxy Music have been overtaken, they have met the challenge by turning into one strong rock band. For proof, try "Oh Yeah", a song about the pleasures, pain and loneliness of the rock and roll radio. Phil Manzanera consolidates his guitar rep. on this one, and on "Same Old Scene", "My Only Love" and the Byrds' old "Eight Miles High", which winds up to a closing so "psychedelic" in its echo effects it surely is tongue-in-cheek. As an example of that rare thing, genuine British funk, "Rain Rain Rain" rivals "Ain't That So" from *Manifesto*.

Ferry, MacKay and Manzanera remain the nucleus of Roxy Music. Drummer Paul Thompson has gone, but his place is more than adequately filled by session drummers (mainly Allan Schwartzberg, who did overdubs on some of the posthumous Jimi Hendrix releases). Ex-Grease Banders Neil Hubbard and Alan Spenser handle guitar and bass duties on most tracks, while Gary Tibbs (bass) and Paul Carrack (keyboards) are back from *Manifesto*.

To one who far prefers today's Roxy Music to the early work, *Flesh + Blood* is a very entertaining, very musical album.

Ken Williams

GRAHAM PARKER AND THE RUMOUR THE UP ESCALATOR MERCURY

It's difficult, if you've followed GP and the Rumour from their early instinctive beginnings, to be less than moved by their unerring and total investment in rock'n'roll. With four mandatory albums behind them it's not too surprising or disappointing that *The Up Escalator* is an understandable exercise in marking time.

Not that it's a bad album, in fact by most standards it is excellent, but there's a little of the deja vu creeping into Parker's music as many of the songs merely mimic their superior counterparts on earlier albums. Familiar Schwarz guitar lines ("No Holding Back", "Stupefaction" and "Endless Night" especially), those taut Parker sentiments ("Devil's Sidewalk") and the tight, maybe too controlled, arrangements have made a more indelible impression on *Heat Treatment*, *Stick To Me* and *Squeezing Out Sparks*.

Parker is in danger of becoming too distinctive, a quality which can lead to straight-jacketed music and eventually self-parody. Costello has tried to side-step it and Springsteen isn't prolific enough as yet to worry about it but on *The Up Escalator* GP, although still pouring his heart out ("Love Without Greed" and "Empty Lives") is too close to being hamstrung by the characteristics that have made his music so essential in the past.

George Kay

the sense that the best bluesmen and the best rockers can be possessed, injects the banal lyric with a quality to make it live. "I'll leave this world with a satisfied mind." This Dylan reminds of the guileless face of *Self Portrait*.

That Dylan is "satisfied" does not, mean he has lost any of his skill with a song. *Saved* contains some of his finer ballads, and certainly several of his best rockers ("Saved", "Solid Rock" "Are You Ready") since "From a Buick 6".

Dylan's band this time contains some of the leading musicians in the areas of rock and soul — Tim Drummond (bass), Jim Keltner (drums), Spooner Oldham (keyboards) and Fred Tackett (guitar) — and, throughout, the playing is stunning. Listening to the exquisite textures of "Covenant Woman", a love song of the order of "Just Like a Woman", it is, very easy to disregard the unsettling picture of Bob Dylan as Christian.

What is intriguing is that as with earlier Dylan — once the writing became denser, anyway — one can still read into the songs as one likes. To expect Dylan to become uncharacteristically explicit is clearly a mistake. Draw from the songs as you will. To dismiss *Saved* unheard because of a man's (even Bob Dylan's) personal belief is as misguided as those who won't see *Life of Brian*. To this infidel, it sounds like some ace rock and roll.

Ken Williams

BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS UPRISING ISLAND

Coming so hard on the heels of the angry, prophetic *Survival*, *Uprising* will inevitably be judged alongside it, and may be found wanting. It's not a weak album, but its best moments are offset by some undistinguished tunes and cliched lyrics.

Chief culprits are "Work" and "Zion Train", neither of which is worthy of Marley. "Real Situation", meanwhile, wallows in depression and lacks focus:

Well it seems like total destruction

The only solution

And there ain't no use,

No one can stop them now...

"Pimper's Paradise" is uncharacteristically vicious, attacking women who, in Marley's view, are immoral:

She love to party, have a good time,

She looks so hearty, feeling fine,

She loves to smoke, sometime shifting

coke,

She'll be laughing when there ain't no joke.

A pimper's paradise, that's all she was

now...

On the positive side, there's "Coming In From The Cold", a song reminiscent of the *Bur-nin'* period. The men in the band get to sing harmony, and again on "We And Them". Those nostalgic for the days of Tosh and Livingston will lap these up.

"Could You Be Loved" is Marley's most up-tempo song since those of *Natty Dread* and he seems to regain his optimism:

Love would never leave us alone,

In the darkness there must come out light...

"Forever Loving Jah" is held together by the I-Threes' chorus, and Marley is at his most poetic:

Only a fool lean upon his own misunderstanding

and

And what has been hidden from the wise

and the prudent

Been revealed to the babe and the suckling.

But it's "Redemption Song" which makes *Uprising* more than just another Bob Marley album. Accompanying himself on acoustic guitar, he sings a song that could become a hymn for the black movement:

Old pirates, yes they rob I,

Sold I to the merchant ships,

Minutes after they took I from the bot-

tomless pit.

But my hand was made strong by the hand

of the Almighty,

We forward in this generation triumphantly.

All I ever had is songs of freedom...

Its strength lies in its simplicity, and you can forgive the album's shortcomings. *Uprising* doesn't equal the heights of *Survival*, but its good parts are still proof of Marley's pre-eminence.

Duncan Campbell



JOIN THE CLUB
DETAILS IN
SEPTEMBER 'RIP IT UP'



Syl Sylvain

SYLVAIN SYLVAIN
RCA

Somewhat surprisingly, former New York Dolls guitarist Sylvain has couched his solo debut in teenage terms, deceptively simple and very welcome.

Sylvain Sylvain is an album with a New York accent, reminiscent of the alley beat of Mink De Ville, but minus Willy De Ville's posture of menace. The sound is very up, straight-ahead adolescent rocking, street corner harmonising, and greasy saxophone (good work by Jon Gerber). The opening, and best track, "Teenage News", has that rare surge of elation that distinguishes the best rock. The rest of the album almost equals this rush.

Sylvain poses on the album cover like a sexually ambivalent Elvis, a manifestation of the dreams of millions of kids who clutched imaginary guitars as they stared down the mirrors behind their millions of locked bedroom doors. Fanciful perhaps, but it is an album to conjure up that kind of affectionate self-mockery. I like it very much and I find it remarkable in these times that Sylvain can make a record rooted in the past but pulsing with a freshness that augurs well for the future.

Teenage rock, yes, but pleasingly devoid of the self-conscious "dumbness" that makes one so mistrustful of such as the Knack.

Ken Williams

CURE
BOYS DON'T CRY
STUNN

With the band on hand the time is conducive to back-track a little to ascertain the Cure's formative position in the scheme of things.

Boys Don't Cry is the Australian-American release of their first album *Three Imaginary Boys* with a few track changes. Unfortunately out goes their version of Hendrix's "Foxy Lady", their "Sunny Afternoon" steal "Meat Hook" and the bitter, pugnacious "It's Not

You". A pity about those but "So What" is no loss and you gain their first three singles "Killing An Arab", "Boys Don't Cry" and "Jumping Someone Else's Train" and I presume, two flip sides, "Plastic Passion" and "World War", both, lyrically, sombre and dejected.

The best of *Three Imaginary Boys* remains, namely "Accuracy", "Object", "Grinding Halt", "Fire In Cairo" and the title track, the



Psychedelic Furs

latter two being signposts to the chilly sparseness of *Seventeen Seconds*.

On balance *Boys Don't Cry* is a slightly superior proposition to the original *Three Imaginary Boys*, but if you have the Cure's Stunn EP (and you should) then you've covered the odds.

George Kay

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS
CBS

Britain's Psychedelic Furs have drawn attention in the last few months for their planned, enigmatic music which, they would like to think, places them in the same category as the real heavyweights like Joy Division and Gang of Four. But the Furs, who can trace their ancestry as far back as 1977, the year of their first line-up, are little more than charlatans playing with concepts that they haven't the skill to cope with.

Butler Rep, vocalist and lyricist, is a man

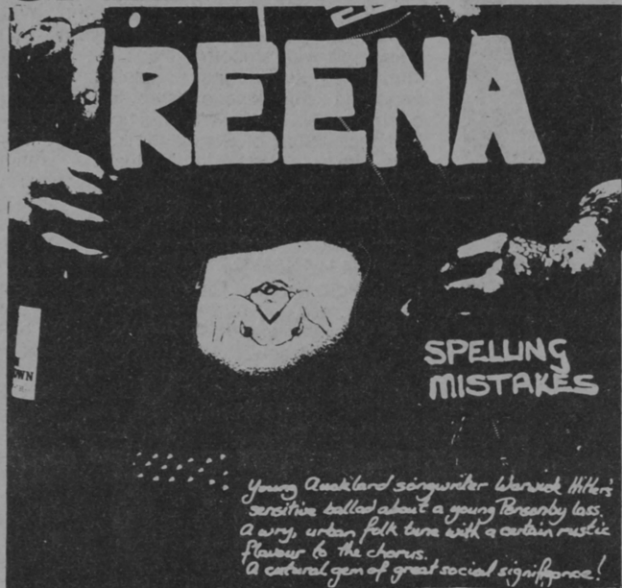
with a penchant for lyrical 'subtleties' and wordplays and as a vocalist he's a by-product of the Reed/Bowie academy as evidenced on one of the album's few successes, "Sister Europe". Another plus is "We Love You" their first ever single, a sneering cynical song, the sort of thing the Adverts used to do so well.

Elsewhere the album's dense obvious textures, especially on "Fall" and "Pulse" where Rep is barely audible (small blessings), smother any potential the songs may have possessed. The guitars of John Ashton and R. Morris and saxophonist Duncan Kilburn fail to establish anything other than a heavy handed empathy on most of the songs and this creates a barren atmosphere on the album.

The message then is that the Furs will have to improve on the dodgy material on this their first album, and as a band they should aim to be more imaginative and sympathetic to the needs of the songs.

George Kay

SPELLING MISTAKES

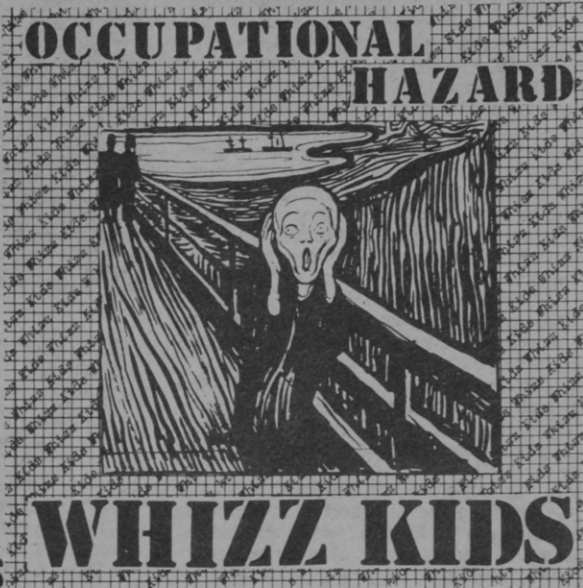


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THE THIRD
ALBUM FROM
THE CARS



PANORAMA
RELEASED AUGUST '85



**LINTON KWESI JOHNSON
FORCES OF VICTORY
HEPTONES
PARTY TIME
ISLAND**

The racial tension that frequently turns to violence is as threatening to Britain today as inflation and industrial unrest. The black communities of areas like Brixton, Bradford and Notting Hill have been the scenes of bloody battles between black people, racists and the police. Such scenes are painted with eloquence and fervour in the musical poetry of Linton Kwesi Johnson.

Johnson (28) was born in Jamaica and raised in Brixton. He holds an honours degree in sociology and earns a living as a freelance writer and broadcaster. But his passions are politics and verse. Johnson is a former member of the British Black Panthers and is steeped in the ideology of activists like Huey Newton and Eldridge Cleaver, adapting their visions to the British climate.

His two books of poetry, *The Living And The Dead* and *Dread Beat And Blood*, have been widely acclaimed, the latter forming the basis for his first album, as Poet and the Roots, which was released in 1978 on Virgin. Johnson says he always has a reggae bassline in his head when he's writing, and the cadence of his verse fits perfectly into the musical setting.

His new album, *Forces of Victory* (Island), is a significant progression. The music, provided by members of Matumbi and other friends, is more melodic and able to stand alone, rather than functioning simply as background rhythm. Tracks like "Want Fi Goh Rave" and "Sonny's Lettah" seethe with fury and frustration. Dennis Bovell enhances the starkness of Johnson's work with some neat dub effects.

Some say that the likes of Linton Kwesi Johnson only serve to aggravate racial strife. Those who saw the recent TV documentary on Blair Peach and the interview with Martin Webster of The National Front will think again. *Forces Of Victory* is a vital work.

Space is running short, but I must give a pat on the back to Festival for releasing The Heptones' second Island album, *Party Time*. Now sadly defunct, The Heptones' lovely vocal harmonies graced some classic rocksteady tracks on Coxson's Dodd's Studio One label, and their later signing to Island enabled them to keep pace with the birth of reggae. Produced by Scratch Perry, who leaves his unmistakable mark on everything he touches, *Party Time* is an essential companion to its predecessor, *Night Food*. Rude boy never gwan go down.

Duncan Campbell

**THE HUMAN LEAGUE
TRAVELOGUE
VIRGIN**

The Human League really started all this latter day synthesiser dance stuff (Eno, Kraftwerk and co work on a parallel plane) but they have been unable to find the balance between eccentricity and satisfying music. Their debut *Reproduction*, just missed the mark that Orchestral Manoeuvres have recently bulls-eyed, and now *Travelogue*, which emphasises the League's weakness for dressing up sociology lessons in ponderous electronics.

The idea of the League is a good one. They're humane, concerned, committed and even clever but their music fails to register as either accessible "avant garde" or as contrived synthesiser manipulations. In fact Numan, the villain of this whole genre, at least manages to concoct a keyboards tune that is difficult to shake off, something the League seem to think is beneath them on *Travelogue*. Even "Being Boiled", their pioneering single, loses its otherworldliness under a more highly-charged reworking, and only the novel "The Black Hit of Space", "Gordon's Gin" and Ronson's "Only After Dark" rise above the doldrums.

The Human League should have achieved the popularity that has been bestowed on Numan's shoulders but somewhere along the line they've had their wires crossed.

George Kay

**GENESIS
DUKE
CHARISMA**

Having staunchly defended Genesis over the years, in these pages and elsewhere, it hurts when their new product only serves to confirm many prejudices expressed by non-believers.

Duke is a mere shadow of past glories, old riffs re-hashed, and with a strong smell of depression, disillusionment and lack of ideas. I never thought I'd be writing this about a band which has given me so much pleasure.

The album seems to have a loose linking concept of love lost and dreams shattered, which makes for depressing listening. Illustrated with the peculiar drawings of French cartoonist Lionel Koechlin, it gives little clear impression of its purpose. Lyrically, it is a portrayal of loneliness and despair. The old wit and wisdom is gone.

Playing and production (David Hentschel) are immaculate as ever, with great bouts of keyboards from Tony Banks, firm and meaty bass from Mike Rutherford, and Phil Collins' ever-reliable drumming. But it's all been heard before, and there's barely a decent tune to support it.

Brightest moments in a very dreary set are the bluesy "Misunderstanding" and the serene pastoral atmosphere of "Heat Haze". The rest passes by, making little impression.

The lyrics from another track, "Duchess", could well describe the current dilemma of Genesis:

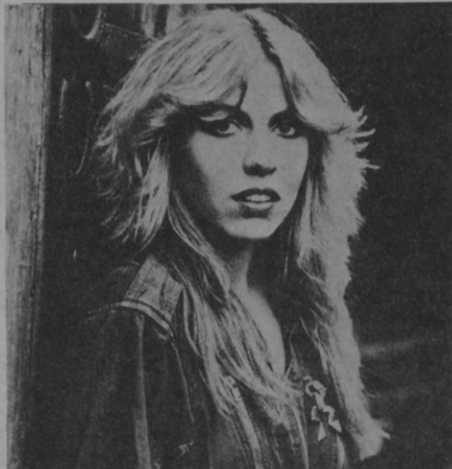
*But time went by
It wasn't so easy now, all uphill, and not
feeling so strong.
Yes times are hard,
Too much thinking 'bout the future and what
people might want.*

Duke went to number one in Britain, first week of release. Why, I will never know.

Duncan Campbell



Linton Kwesi Johnson



Judie Tzuke

**JUDIE TZUKE
WELCOME TO THE CRUISE
ROCKET**

Even the most savagely cynical would have to admit this lady's got talent. There will always be a market for pretty songs sung by pretty people, and Judie Tzuke has more resources than most of her genre.

This 24-year-old Englander is still largely an enigma, but those who've heard "Stay With Me Till Dawn" and felt the gooseflesh rising will already be fans.

Tzuke has a rich, welling voice with a husky edge that makes it unique. She evokes memories of Sandy Denny, especially on the folksy acappella of "For You". Tzuke and her beau, Mike Paxman, write songs that compliment her voice perfectly. She's at home with her material, be it a lush ballad like "Stay With Me" or the sweetly funky "Southern Smiles".

Welcome To The Cruise is an album for those quiet, private moments, but also tends to turn heads when it's played. If you have an ounce of romance in you, and like to let yourself drift occasionally, have a listen to a rather beautiful album.

Duncan Campbell

**VARIOUS ARTISTS
MAX'S KANSAS CITY VOL I & II
(NEW YORK — NEW WAVE)
CBS**

This two album set (for the price of one) is already showing its age.

Volume One, recorded in 1976, features lewd Wayne (later Jayne) County and his Back-Street Boys, contributing three songs: "Max's Kansas City 1976", "Flip Your wig" and the infamous "Cream In My Jeans". Also notable are Suicide's "Rocket USA", and cult heroes Pere Ubu, who provide the best thing on either album with "Final Solution". Cherry Vanilla's "Shake Your Ashes" is borderline, as are the Fast with "Boys Will Be Boys" and "Wow, Pow, Bash, Crash". The John Collins Band and Harry Toledo are plain dispensable.

Volume Two dates back to 1977 and is as relevant to that year as the Grateful Dead. Working on the theory of playing the best shot first, Side One opens with Phil Rambow's "Night Out" — a song later covered by Ellen Foley. The remainder of the record features the forgettable Just Water, Grand Slam and the Brats. The even more forgettable Andrew Pearson and Lance get two and three tracks respectively.

Although the first volume has a certain shambolic charm, the second part of *New York — New Wave* leaves you wondering. Did the Ramones, Talking Heads, Jonathon Richman and others really play in New York in 1977?

Mark Phillips

**BAD MANNERS
SKA 'N' B
MAGNET**

The ska revival bangwagon rolls along, and hanging on at the back, like the Keystone Cops, are Bad Manners.

There are nine of them, they formed in North London about 18 months back, and they claim little musical experience, though they are known to rehearse relentlessly for several minutes a day. Actually, they are much more competent musically than they care to claim.

They tread similar paths to Madness, with their sound dominated by loads of honking brass. Well and truly upfront is 17-stone Douglas Trendle (alias Buster Blood-Vessel), with a build and voice like King Kong. His aim in life is to eat 30 hamburgers in one sitting, a feat he nearly achieved one night, consuming 27 until the band ran out of money.

Their roots are actually closer to the Coasters and Sam The Sham (they cover "Woolly Bully") than to Jamaica. Buster is right in his element singing "The Monster Mash", while their version of "Caledonia" is note perfect and rendered with love.

Bad Manners are in it strictly for laughs. One to put any party on its ear.

Duncan Campbell

**DIANA ROSS
DIANA
COMMODORES
HEROES
JERMAINE JACKSON
LET'S GET SERIOUS
MOTOWN**

It's been twenty years since Berry Gordy, a struggling Detroit songwriter, established Tamla Motown records. To mark the occasion comes *20/20* a collection of twenty number one hits from the label. But make no mistake, this is no historical overview. This double album is weighted heavily towards the seventies, a period when the company continued to produce great records but the magic moments were becoming rarer. On *20/20* you'll find such classics as Smokey Robinson's "Tears of a Clown", the Temptations "Papa Was a Rolling Stone" and Stevie Wonder's "Superstition" mixed in together with schmaltz like the Commodores' "Three Times a Lady" and Diana Ross' "Theme from Mahogany". It makes for variable listening.

Smokey Robinson, once the label's prime songwriter and now vice-president of Motown, has had an erratic recording career since he left the Miracles in the early seventies. However, his recent hit "Cruising" has thrust him back into the spotlight and *Warm Thoughts*, his latest album, displays his continuing skill with smooth ballads. It's Smokey's immaculate singing that enables him to transcend the limitations of even the most soft-centred of his material. That's not to say this is the best album of Smokey's solo career but Side Two here hits the kind of mellow, romantic groove that was once considered perfect late-night seduction fare.

Another old Motown stalwart, Diana Ross, links with Chic masterminds Bernard Edwards and Nile Rodgers for her latest album, *Diana*. The Chic boys give Diana typically bright and rhythmic backing but the songs are too often weak and the whole project lacks the kind of urgency and soul that made so many of her singles with the Supremes classic.

The Commodores new LP *Heroes* provides few surprises. It continues their successful light funk-based style with little change except that this time round there seem to be fewer melodically interesting songs than their norm.

Last on the Motown release heap is Berry Gordy's son-in-law, Jermaine Jackson. Jermaine lacks the distinctive vocal personality of his little brother Michael, so what individualism there is on *Let's Get Serious* is on three tracks produced and written by Stevie Wonder. Two of these are lovely, wistful ballads but the third, "Let's Get Serious", is a slice of aural madness — it's an overloaded, loud piece of disco mayhem and a pleasant relief from the undistinguished fare on the rest of the album.

Alastair Dougal



Randy Crawford



Blues Brothers

IN BRIEF

The Blues Brothers, Original Soundtrack Recording (Atlantic)

The Blues Brothers' debut album was, I thought, one of those extraordinarily rare things, a recording both musical and funny in which neither the music (mostly '60s R&B) nor the humour suffered. Very funny stuff, but could it be done more than once? Apparently, because this soundtrack album from the forthcoming movie *The Blues Brothers* is just fine. Once again, most of the vocals are taken (appropriated?) by Joliet Jake Blues (John Belushi) and, if anything, he sounds more in charge of his material than on the previous record. His songs include Steve Winwood's "Gimme Some Lovin'", "Jailhouse Rock" and a blockbuster version of "Sweet Home Chicago" which allows plenty of blowing time for everyone in their fabulous band (Steve Cropper, Duck Dunn, Matt Murphy, Tom Malone etc). There is the added attraction of guest appearances by James Brown (doing some downhome preaching), Aretha Franklin, Ray Charles, and 1930s bandleader Cab Calloway ("His Highness of Hi-De-Ho") singing his own "Minnie the Mocher".

Randy Crawford, Now We May Begin (Warner Brothers)

Continuing her rewarding collaboration with

the Crusaders and lyricist Will Jennings, Randy Crawford demonstrates that the triumph of "Street Life" from the Crusaders' album of the same name was no isolated wonder. Crawford's sinuous vocals are suited perfectly to the choppy dance rhythms of Sample, Felder and Hooper, and their songs extend her range beyond previous recordings. The music is elegant, sensuous and exciting. A pleasant prospect for the future is that one of the album's most affecting tracks, the wistful "Tender Falls the Rain", was written by Randy Crawford herself.

KW

The Vapors, New Clear Day (EMI)

Guildford's Vapors seem to have their finger on commercial bouncy punk-pop. "Turning Japanese" is a hard song to get out of the way of, and their debut album is filled with songs that could do just as well given that same blanket radio exposure. "Trains", "News At Ten" and "Letter From Hiro" are but three in that category, and when they move sideways stylistically, which isn't often, they can still score points — try "Sixty Second Interval".

RC

Malcolm McCallum, Victim In Paradise (Epic)

McCallum is another ex-patriot local making professional albums in Australia, and *Victim In Paradise* is nothing if not thoroughly professional in every respect — musicianship, production (Mike Harvey) and arrangements all ooze taste and panache.

As a writer McCallum also covers most bases ranging from the crisp more aggressive angle of "The Fugitive" to the more laidback sumptuousness of "I Don't Care" and various degrees of slickness, the title track and "Forever" standing out.

This album would fit snugly beside Felix Cavaliere's last effort and lose nothing in the process.

GK

Al Jarreau, This Time (Warner Brothers)

I have felt, and many will disagree, that the potential of Al Jarreau was probably enormous, but that, on record at least, it fell short of fulfilment. Until now, he has been unable to achieve an entirely satisfactory balance between voice, material and accompaniment. Until now, that is. Producer-guitarist Jay Graydon has created the perfect vehicle for the imaginative flights of Jarreau's vocal phrasings (his control on Chick Corea's "Spain" is remarkable). This time, indeed. Al Jarreau has been too long in the wings.

KW

John Cooper Clarke, Snap, Crackle (&) Bop (Epic)

A droll nasal satirist from Manchester, Clarke has lasted and remained pertinent since his slight emergence in 1978 probably because he manages to combine biting perceptive humour within the framework of direct competent music.

His I've-seen-it-all dry North-of-England pub delivery stands him in good stead through another album of irony, imagery (try the epic "Beasley Street") and overstatement ("Evidently Chickentown").

GK

Rory Gallagher, Deuce, Tattoo (Chrysalis)

In the wake of Rory Gallagher's tour we have re-issues of two of his most enduring early albums, *Deuce* from 1971 and *Tattoo* from 1973. *Deuce* features the trio line-up Gallagher has reverted to, while *Tattoo* has the addition of keyboards by Lou Martin. Hammond Gamble used to be partial to the songs on *Tattoo*, and the albums probably represent the best of Gallagher's earlier studio recordings, although choosing between one Gallagher album and another can be a task.

KW

Tommy Tutone, Tommy Tutone (CBS)

New York band Tommy Tutone must have sore necks from looking over their shoulders at the likes of Parker, Seger, Springsteen and to a lesser extent the Cars.

The songs contain hallmarks of the above thanks mainly to the authentic vocal delivery of Tommy Heath and Jim Keller's economical guitar style which commits the songs to the borrowed but safe fringes of streetwise pop.

This is an enjoyable debut with songs such as "Rachel" and "Sounds of a Summer Night" suggesting that if they are around long enough then their best is yet to come.

GK

Mike Aldridge, Blues and Blue Grass (Takomallage)

This mainly instrumental album demonstrates the art of dobro playing, and in Aldridge's hands it is an art. The dobro has been largely superseded by the pedal steel guitar, but few pedal players can match the emotional range of Aldridge's steeling. The album was recorded in 1974, so one is able to enjoy once again the electric slide guitar of the late Lowell George who sits in on a tour-de-force called "Everybody Slides". Other noteworthy contributions come from multi-instrumentalist David Bromberg and the ace country fiddler Vassar Clements.

KW

Herbie Hancock, Monster (CBS)

Most disco music is a shame, but jazz musicians trying to play disco is a downright tragedy. I thought Herbie Hancock would have better things to do with his time. His recent live acoustic piano album with Chic Corea was a joy, and in his younger days he laid down some superlative tracks on Blue Note.

Monster has a credit list a mile long, including His Holiness Devadip Carlos Santana, Alphonse Mouzon, Wah Wah Watson and Ray Parker Jr. Even his lineup can't relieve the tedium, as cymbals hiss and everybody makes a lethargic effort to get *fonky* and *paarty*. Disco is declining, and the sooner Hancock learns this the better. Graham Wilson, the guy who draws macabre cartoons in *Playboy*, makes the most valid contribution with the cover.

DC

Chrome, Red Exposure (WEA)

London's Beggar's Banquet label has already foisted Gary Numan and Duffo on an unsuspecting public and with those two I thought the pits had been reached.

But no, because now we have Chrome, a duo, Helios Creed and Damon Edge, of pretentious learnings who are full of their own importance and the belief that their garrish tasteless muted nightmares are extending the frontiers of rock'n'roll.

Indecent exposure.

GK

Crazy Horse, Crazy Moon (RCA)

Crazy Horse without Neil Young is like a hamburger without meat. Their gritty thunder has provided Young with some of his finest movements, but behind him is where they should stay. This is the third album recorded under the name Crazy Horse, but the first with the current line-up (Molina, Talbot and Sampedro). Young's presence overshadows the work, since he plays guitar on five tracks and provides most of the interest. Some of the song intros are pure Young, and you feel cheated when you don't hear his voice.

The songs are an assortment of loose rockers and weepy pedal steel ballads (Ben Keith on steel), none of which stick in the memory 10 seconds after playing. Leave the singing and composing to the boss, boys. DC

Eric Carmen, Tonight You're Mine (Arista)

As a Raspberry, Eric was the best Who/Small Faces/Beach Boys/Bee Gees/etc clone around. At this stage of his solo career, he's sounding like Mink De Ville, Chuck Berry and Barry Mannilow, and if you think that doesn't make sense, then you at least understand the man's problem. You could say "Sleep With Me" is honest, but you could also say Loudon Wainwright did it so much better on *Motel Blues*. But for all the desperate pleas for women and fame, the opener "It Hurts Too Much" is a real pleasure to listen to. RC

Sky, Sky 2 (Ariola)

Sky are John Williams, Herbie Flowers, Kevin Peek, Tristan Fry and Francis Monkman, all well respected within the British music industry in their own right and with countless sessions to their credit. There's no doubting their abilities, but they are musical technicians, with little soul or spark.

This album, which runs to four sides, reads and sounds like an academic exercise. The background to each piece is carefully explained, historical references and all, in the liner notes. For a musicologist it may be quite fascinating, but if you're looking for something to make you laugh, cry or catch your breath, forget it.

Music is joy, music is despair, music is passion. On *Sky 2*, all you can hear is the sound of pages of sheet music being turned. DC

The Yachts, Without Radar (Radar)

This second album from Liverpool's Yachts is indicative of the middle order mediocrity that seems to characterize many of the new British pop outfits.

Keyboards' player Henry Priestman is the man out front and he writes organized accessible ditties which, although stymied in many cases by Martin Rushent's muffled production, provide the band with a solid pop platform.

No risks taken and no rules broken. GK

Jon and Vangelis, Short Stories (Polydor)

Jon Anderson has quit Yes, to be replaced by a Buggie (very appropriate, some will say). Vangelis Papathanassiou (pause to untie tongues) was once set to replace Rick Wakeman in the same band, but was pipped at the post by Patrick Moraz.

With Yes, you could at least ignore Ander-



Malcolm McCallum

son's ravings about cosmic consciousness and focus on the group's musical virtuosity. On *Short Stories*, there's nothing vaguely resembling a tune.

Anderson spouts his usual mixture of science fiction, mythology and eastern religion, while Vangelis pays off another instalment on his battery of keyboards. Demonstration music for stereo shops. DC

Various Artists, Bread and Roses (Fantasy)

Bread and Roses is an organization headed by Mimi Farina (Joan Baez's sister and the wife of the late exceptionally talented Richard Farina) which is devoted to the introduction of free music into institutions like hospitals and prisons where people have limited contact with the outside world.

The double album is a recording of the first Bread and Roses festival held in 1977 and it is a diverse trip into folk nostalgia. Buffy Saint Marie, Jackson Browne, Tom Paxton, Jesse Colin Young and Richie Havens all dip into their back ages for songs long associated with them.

The legendary Pete Seeger, Ramblin' Jack Elliott, Dave Van Ronk and Joan Baez all deliver the bread but when it comes to roses Britain's Boys of the Lough win hands down with humour and an Irish reel.

Bread and Roses is a deserving venture and the album is a pleasant, if introverted selection of American folk. GK

Judas Priest, British Steel (CBS)

If Motorhead are one of the contending Princes in Heavy Metal Brit-style then Judas Priest are surely the Monarchs.

With unerring bravado and flailing tastelessness they hammer home nine perfectly crafted power-propelled riffs-masquerading-as-songs on their expertly produced (Tom Allom) *British Steel* album.

Judas Priest make no pretence at subtlety but they ain't about to apologize. Buy your cod-pieces here. GK

Alice Cooper, Flush the Fashion (Warner Bros)

Vince Furnier is still trapped in his own private nightmare/view of the world. He hasn't

been able (or willing?) to shake off his past associations with the theatrical and the macabre and so he remains the Vincent Price of schlock rock.

Flush the Fashion is a topical attack on the current American social problems and be they nuclear ("Nuclear Infected"), chemical ("Aspirin Damage") or teenage frustration ("Grim Facts"), Cooper has a dramatic shot at them all.

With the advent of a new decade he wants a new start by getting rid of the bad habits of the seventies. GK

Motorhead, Bomber (Bronze)

Motorhead's stint with the Stiff label gained for them a credibility that eluded most of their other hapless heavy metal counterparts.

Bomber, their latest orthodox mission, blocks all exits and further confirms their growing status and commercial standing as one of Britain's top group of reactionaries. Of its type *Bomber* will be hard to beat. GK

Chris Rea, Tennis (Magnet)

Chris Rea must be one of the few British soloists to have emerged over the last few years apparently untouched by post-1977 trends.

In fact his style is closer to the considered impeccability of the LA set than to anything you'd associate with the contemporary barrage. This album, therefore, doesn't make waves but like most elpees these days it has one or two highpoints which, although unable to justify the record as an album, do save it from the frisbee bin.

The title track is well-shaped and builds nicely and "Dancing Girls", kitsch lyrics and all, should be a single if it isn't already. The rest tick over with the accent on law and order and as such the music contains few surprises. GK

Anyone for Tennis?

10CC, Look Hear (Phonogram)

10CC long ago (around their third or fourth album) degenerated from inspiration to machination. Maybe they know that but even if they do it hasn't stopped them from turning out the annual studio artefact.

Look hear with its weak pun, astonishing production, sprinkling of clever songs ("One Two Five" and "Love is Anonymous") and expert musicianship reeks of complacency.

10CC have long been an institution and like all institutions they're far removed from what's goin' on. GK

Terence Boylan, Suzy (Asylum)

A who's who of West Coast session names ensures Suzy is at least well-played. Apart from this measure of competence the record has little else to recommend it. As writer, singer and producer, Boylan, a brother of former Linda Ronstadt producer, John Boylan places his indifferent songs in glossy West Coast settings. This sort of immaculate bland-out has given LA studio craft a bad name. KW

Girl, Sheer Greed, (Jet)

Girl is a new heavy metal band with slight glam inclinations. You might have caught them on *Radio With Pictures* firing on all cylinders with "Hollywood Tease", the opening shot

from *Sheer Greed* and a fair indication as to what they're all about.

The album pouts comfortably with all the rest of the rock heavy set that reckon they have style and bravado in reserve. Potentially a bristling three guitar assault the album instead falls into a predictable streamlined heavy-fisted affair and only "Passing Clouds", some sorta warped reggae, makes a pretence at expansion. GK

The Shadows, Rock on with... (EMI)

Before the Beatles there wasn't a group to touch the Shadows in Britain. Among countless guitarists to come under the influence of Hank Marvin are Elvis Costello and Pete Townshend. The 16 tracks on this compilation cover a period from 1960 to '63 and along with the inevitable Shads' biggies ("Apache", "FBI") there are some more obscure tracks, including a restrained (but of course) "Bo Diddley" and a cover of Santo and Johnny's "Sleep Walk", spiritual forbear of Peter Green's "Albatross". KW

Neil Larsen, High Gear (Horizon)

Keyboard man Larsen is now making albums under his own name after playing backup to such as Gregg Allman and Rickie Lee Jones (Rickie Lee contributes backing vocals here). Larsen's music is tight, richly-textured instrumentals, light and breezy. It won't set the world afire, but it ain't wallpaper either. KW

Hawkwind, Hawkwind (United Artists)

Hawkwind always had the odds stacked against them. For a start Pink Floyd had the whole electronic aimlessness field tied up and so when Dave Brock and his four sidemen appeared comparisons to Waters and co placed them at a disadvantage.

Which was a pity because the 'Rock File' release of their first album shows that the band had a naive grit and a working-man's electronics vulnerability and obviousness that isn't without charm. GK

Fleetwood Mac and Christine Perfect, Albatross (CBS)

This compilation features some of the best music to come out of the late-60s British blues boom. Side One is devoted to eight tracks from Peter Green's Fleetwood Mac, including the ubiquitous "Albatross". Personally, I could have done with more of Green and less of Jeremy Spencer's melodramatic Elmore James' impersonations. More satisfactory over the distance is Side Two — eight of the 12 tracks on Christine Perfect's 1969 eponymous solo album, a brilliant showcase for Perfect's fine bluesy singing and affecting songwriting. KW

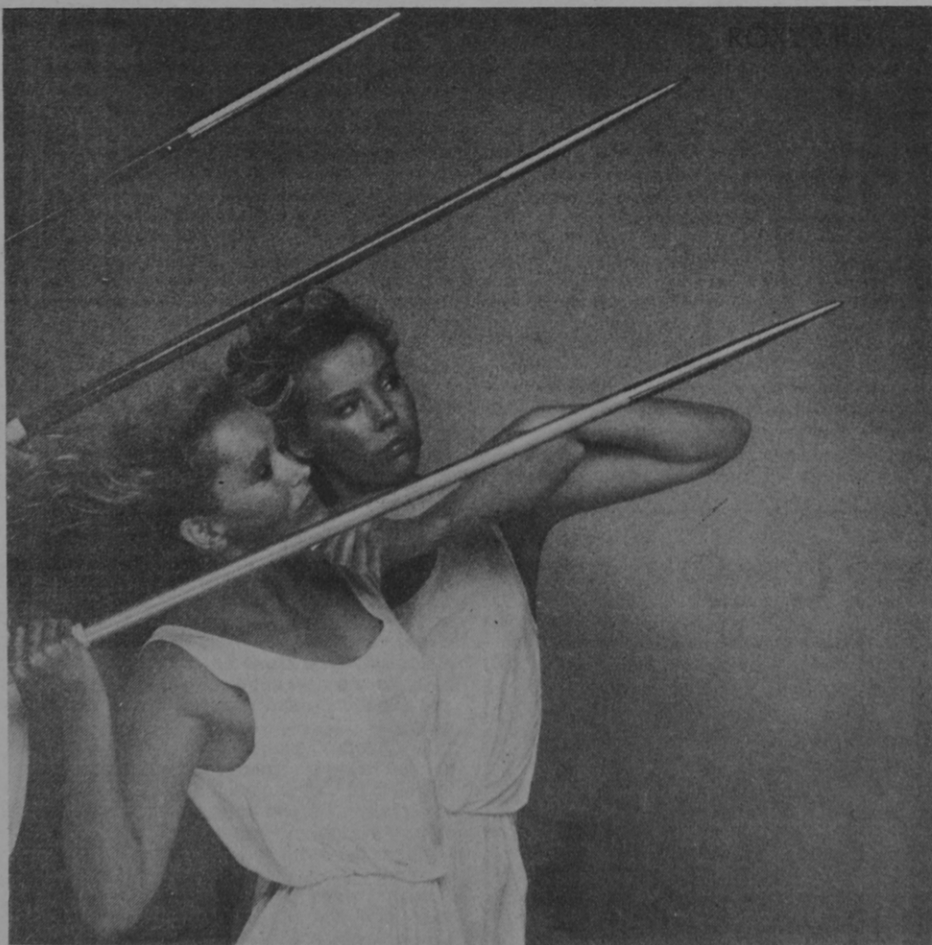
Roger Voudouris, A Guy Like Me, (Warner Bros)

Voudouris, the "Get Used To It" man has seen fit to extend his favours into the realms of the album art.

The result is a homogenised series of songs with only the Costello-like snappiness of "Guys Like Me" being able to rise above the overall bland stupor.

Wallpaper sold here. GK

Their most successful album yet:



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Dave McCartney, Virginia (Polydor)
The emphasis of this month's singles pile again falls on the home-spun rock'n'roll mainly Auckland based that is growing up fast. McCartney's "Virginia" is a case in point. The ex-Hello Sailor guitarist has been around long enough and this shows to his advantage in the song's instantly memorable hook chorus and chunky Stones' swagger that is clipped and disciplined to singles' perfection. The flip, "Lonesome Old Star" is similar in design but without the latter's commerciality. Nice start.

Marching Girls, True Love (Au-Go-Go)
Auckland's Marching Girls walk away with a few prizes this month for their Melbourne recorded self-produced Jilted John influenced jewel "True Love". It has the same energetic positiveness that makes the Spelling Mistakes' "Feel So Good" so palatable. The B side, "First In Line" is more sombre but makes the grade. The Marching Girls have a winner.

Street Talk, Feminine Minds (WEA)
Make no mistake this is a great song. Bruce Lynch has given Street Talk the best recorded sound of any NZ band ever and to match that Andy MacDonald has provided three minutes plus of undoubted class and structured poise in the form of "Feminine Minds". Gamble's vocal is, as usual, colourful and expressive without being affected (I hope Steve Gilpin's reading this). Flip over to Gamble's stop-go R&B flavoured "Goodbye Good Fortune" also taken from the *Battleground of Fun* album. Watch these guys.

Toy Love, Bride of Frankenstein (De Luxe)
And so it's funtime. For their third single Toy Love have decided to opt for a crisp even clever if disposable C&W romp/hoedown which is at least notable for Todd Hunter's improved production and the band's growing studio confidence. The two songs on the flip are more typical of their flair and eccentric lyrical spasms. "Amputee Song" successfully rocks between humour and compassion and "Good Old Joe" is Knox dementia, controlled of course. Both of these songs are not on their album.



Clark and Chunn, I'm So Up (CBS)
On the same wavelength we have one half of the old Citizen Band who have come up with an-everybody-sing-along pop song written by Phil Judd. Unashamedly marketable and difficult to dislike as is the controlled dub gimmickry of the flip, "I'm Souped".

Pop Mechanix, "Now" (Ripper)
Christchurch's abbreviated Popular Mechanix might just have something here. Chunn produced, the single fronts up with two above-average songs that work within convention. "Now" features a nagging keyboards' motif behind an appealing choppy guitar arrangement. The flip is equally commercial and is also bereft of rough edges or popular discor-dancy able and profitable.

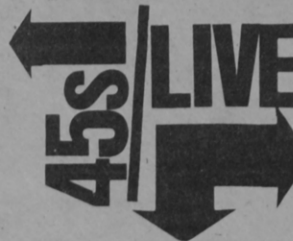
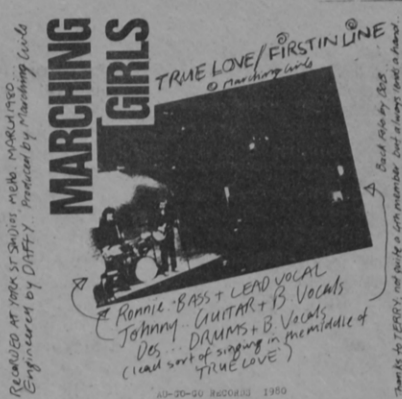
The Knobz, "I Like It" (EMI)
Not the old Gerry and the Pacemakers song old-timers, but an original Kevin Fogarty ditty. Knobz (ex-Rockyx) from Dunedin, name-changed to provide EMI with a more marketable proposition, and Knobz is it? The song has a certain old pop naivete that is easy to mistake for simpering weariness. Teenagers won't like it but their mums and dads will.

Whizz Kids, Occupational Hazard, Spelling Mistakes, "Reena" (Ripper)
The Whizz Kids have a busy, intelligent song here rendered impotent by Chunn's pale production. Flip over and the Spelling Mistakes sing one of their own rugby songs. "Reena", apparently a fun-filled stage favourite that on record becomes a lesson in you-hear-it-once-you-don't wanna-hear-it-again. All good clean fun after all. Gutsy production.

UK Squeeze, Pulling Mussels (From the Shell) (A&M)
There seems to be some sort of conspiracy afoot to keep UK Squeeze stranded on the bottom rung. Their pithy often catchy domestic vignettes have usually failed to take-off locally so that's your loss. "Pulling Mussels" is the first and probably best song on their Argy Bargy album. Tight, unassuming but good.

Heading the heap are the **Members** with their gate-fold, pic-sleeved "Flying Again" EP. The title track is another breathless social commentary but light-heartedness dominates the three-tracked flip side starting with flippant reggae "Disco Oui Oui" and "Rat Up A Drainpipe" but finishing with a revamping of the ordinary "Love In A Lift" from their first album. Value. Ferry hit the right forlorn note with "Dance Away" and on the new **Roxy Music** single "Over You" he repeats the same formula with heart-aching ease. **Billy T.K.** is still helping Robin Trower to keep alive the Hendrix touch but "Dance With the Spirit" and "Rhythm of Your Love" don't make the grade in the revivalist stakes or in the current song writing norms. Back to the plectrum. The **Selecter's** haunting sixties' "Missing Words" is Ska Single of the Month and **Pat Benatar's** "We Live For Love" sweeps up the Blondie sound-alike prizes, if there's any. **UB 40** are eight men from Birmingham who have evolved their own smooth jazz-tinged reggae on the British chartbuster "Food For Thought", a song that gradually makes its mark as does "A Forest" from the **Cure**, crystalline and spartan it's probably the best song on *Seventeen Seconds*. Sydney's **Mental As Anything** make another right move on the yearning Plaza rock'n'roll love song, "Come Around", with a mellow instrumental. "DC 10" on the flip.

GEORGE KAY



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THE CURE
MAINSTREET, JULY 30

Lip Service have got the big break they were waiting for, supporting the Cure nationwide. They've worked hard to earn it, and this shows clearly in the precision of their stage set. But the band still has room for improvement, not so much in its musical skills, but in its material. Some of the songs still seem half-developed. Occasionally they hit the mark, as with "Ventriloquist", but much of the time, they lack focus. Lip Service would do better to develop on one good idea in a song, instead of seemingly throwing half a dozen other ideas in on top. Still, they are a young band yet.

The Cure, on the other hand, show superior songwriting ability, but have problems in other areas. Their sound, especially when playing the *Seventeen Seconds* tracks, is too one-dimensional. Robert Smith's chiming guitar chords sound fine for a couple of numbers, become repetitive after half a dozen, and make you wonder if he knows any other way, by the end of the show. The same can be said for his vocals.

The other three imaginary boys keep an almost anonymous profile, concentrating on their playing, which was admittedly excellent. But at no stage did they raise a sweat.

The volume at the start of the show was far too polite, and the Cure gained considerable impact when Smith responded to audience requests to turn it up.

"Seventeen Seconds", "M", "A Forest" with its green lights and whooshy noises, "Boys Don't Cry" and the legendary "Killing An Arab" were highlights of a very lowlight performance. Maybe Mainstreet, with its tinkling glasses and cabaret days hangover, is not a fitting venue for the Cure's cerebral outpourings. Whatever, they would have been well pleased with the almost Islamic fervour bestowed by their hardcore fans.

For me, the Cure seem to be bringing back acid rock in revamped form. Bet there'll be more synthesizers next time around. Take a listen to Pink Floyd's "Careful With That Axe Eugene", then listen to "A Forest". Head music for the new generation. The birth of the Psychedelic Wave (thanks for that line, Jim). **Duncan Campbell**

VALENTINOS
WINDSOR CASTLE, AUGUST 2.

The Valentinos are rapidly developing into a major drawcard around the inner city. Though essentially a new outfit, they possess the skill and experience sadly lacking in so many new bands.

Ex-Sheerlux vocalist, Paul Robinson, seems to have found his niche, and contributes a worthwhile batch of original material. The Windsor crowd were there in force, as non-committal as ever, although some cretin did heave a bottle through the window. They witnessed a short, but nonetheless enjoyable set of home-grown songs. "Walking Tall", "Look Over Your Shoulder", "Young Moderns", and "It Only Hurts (When You're Crying)" all gain momentum with each airing.

Saxophonist Dave Spillane competently handles vocals on his own "What Does It Take", and this proved a highlight of the set. Exceptional lead guitar by ex-Snipes man Simon Lynch shone through in Dave McCartney's "Infatuation" — surely one of the best New Zealand rock tunes in a long time. Unfortunately, sound problems rendered Joe Gill's bass barely audible.

Over the last six months, a large gap has opened in the local music scene. The Valentinos look like prime contenders to fill it. **Mark Phillips**



Cure, Mainstreet

It took them a while, but Jo Jo Zep and the Falcons finally got here — at the tail end of a 30-day world tour. The best reception of the tour, says Joe Camilleri. The welcome is tumultuous. And they haven't even played a full song, just a little horsing around while everything is teed up for the simultaneous broadcast on Radio Hauraki. When the Falcons launch into "Hit and Run" and Camilleri starts exercising those golden tonsils things get intense.

It is not to disparage the others in the band to say Camilleri is where it happens. He is the voice, the presence, the focus, the personality of the band. And what a personality, a leaping, wailing, storming little monkey man, a rhythm and blues voice par excellence. A measure of the man's way with his audience is that he must be one of the most "unhip" looking people since Van Morrison, all checkered trousers and thinning hair. What you hear is what you get.

Get it we did. Almost an hour and a half of high octane R&B, laced with Jo Jo Zep's reggae-styled originals. Highlights? There are so many. Maybe "Only the Lonely Hearted", "So Young" (dedicated to Elvis Costello), "Shape I'm In", the moody ballad "Don't Hand Me Down Your Hand-Me-Down", "Don't Go", and the absolutely superb encores of "Open Hearted", a honking version of the venerable "Honeydripper" and a rousing finale of "I Need Your Loving".

Afterwards, someone described the band as basic. It wasn't intended to sully their reputation. Jo Jo Zep are basic; their music is the basis. It is where rock and roll came from and it is where it keeps coming back to for renewal. I wish them well. They certainly gave me a night to remember. **Ken Williams**

REEL TO REAL
CAPTAIN COOK, JULY 31

Wellington's Reel to Real seem to have the field covered. They play confident, gliding rock'n'roll that contains more than its fair share of guts and resonance. Rhythm section Graham Potter (drums and lyrics) and Geoff Keith (bass) never stumble, always tight and so provide the ideal anchor for the disciplined playing of Peter Allison (keyboards) and Mike Tait (alias Gigantor, guitar). Vocalist James Cameron can sing and he works hard at Geldof stage-craft and thankfully avoids the I-want-to-be-a-robot stance too many vocalists wanna get into these days.

Ninety per cent of their material is original with the remainder being made up of sixties' age-betraying hallmarks that they flick out with just the right amount of reverence and flair. "Do You Believe in Magic", "Happy Together" and the Yardbirds' "Shapes" were nostalgia plus relevance and their version of Louis Jordan's swing number "I Want You" hit the mark audience-wise.

Their own songs were lively and interesting but strongly derivative, especially "Shops" which was really just "Cold Turkey" with different words. But they made up ground with "Time To Leave", which is just panting to be a single, and their version of Wayne Mason's "Million Years".

Live, Reel to Real have got what it takes with maybe a bit left over, but there's definitely a need to wrench themselves away from their obvious songwriting influences. **George Kay**

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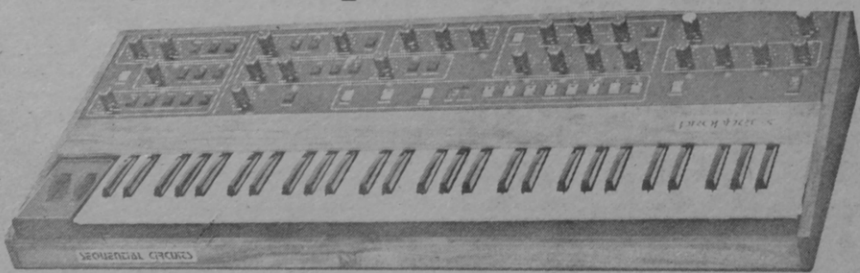
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LETTERS

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I would like to say a bit about the best band to come out of Auckland over 1979-80, the Whizz Kids. The Kids played support for the Ramones at the Logan Campbell Centre. During the set when they announced to my horror, that it was their final gig, all the audience did was cheer.

Kids, if you want to bow out in the best way, play another final gig at XS or Titirangi War Memorial Hall (I'm under 20 and live in Titirangi see). You deserve a better reception than those wanks-gave you.
NOISE BOY Auckland

First and foremost, Ultravox did it three years ago and much better to boot. It disgusts me to see words like "epic", "intelligent", "progression" and worst of all "music" appear in any review of the latest offering from Steve (I hope they've forgotten what I looked like on *Studio One*) Gilpin and his painted jesters. But coming from a magazine that purports to be an independent publication, it is nothing less than sheer blindness or stupidity or bribery or something.

I suppose it is too much to ask that *RIU* print an honest review of *Space Race*. Naturally a bad review would mean a smack on the hand from CBS who kindly pay for many of the ads in *RIU*, thus helping *RIU* to reach the masses. That would never do.

Well as far as I'm concerned there is no point in publishing a mag too frightened to print honest reviews of important product from big record companies.

How about some integrity, then Mi-Sex (see first Ultravox album for origin of name and 90% of material) would go back to Australia, or even better to the USA where we would never hear from them again.)

R. Montgomery Christchurch
DUNCAN CAMPBELL replies:

If you read my review properly you will see that I said *Space Race* was "an extension rather than a progression." It's hardly fair to take a single word totally out of context.

As for the rest, I'm unrepentant. *RIU* is well aware of the Ultravox connection. In early days Mi-Sex performed two Ultravox numbers. Everyone has traceable influences including Ultravox who always had a strong Bowie-Eno flavour.

You seem to equate "honest reviews" and "integrity" with knocking Mi-Sex (a popular trend since they became successful). I don't happen to subscribe to your view, but that doesn't make me either stupid or blind.

When reviewing records, I keep the album but receive no payment. Neither *Rip It Up* or myself is in anybody's pocket.

Last year in *RIU* there was slight mention of AC/DC's *Highway To Hell* as — "heavy metal album of the year, no question." But Motorhead's *Bomber*, Scorpion's *Lovedrive* and UFO's *Strangers In The Night* to name a few, never got mentioned at all.

This year we've had offerings from Iron Maiden, Rush, Triumph and UFO again, to name a few, and still no mention in *RIU*.

Instead of wasting space and letting seasoned reviewers say that the *American Gigolo* soundtrack is rather tedious disco and that Live Wire is imitation Dire Straits (if an album is hopeless, why even mention it?), why not get someone who gets off on HM to review the latest heavy metal albums?

B. Wallace Christchurch

Dear Nearly Mod (c/o *RIU*),

I feel I may be in a position to put you on the right road to becoming a MOD. I suggest that you contact your local Army Recruiting Office. They will be able to supply you with all the information that you require and put you in touch with New Zealand's largest MOD movement, the Ministry of Defence.

Remember it's a man's life in the army.
Adolf Hitler Forrest Hill

I think Toy Love are obKNOXious.
Elsie Pickwart Epsom

OK, so Robert Muldoon doesn't think rock music is culture. So what are we gonna do now, ask Mickey Mouse if he thinks Iggy Pop is nice?
UAF Karori

The Crocodiles are the best thing since the 'Tune-O-Matic Bridge'. Pity Bruno's left.
No Agro Eric, and Faceless Walter Whangarei

Hi, you dashinglly decrepid, dull, dopey, demented, dry, dormant, downright disgusting droll, dejected, despicable, destitute, disillusioned, disruptive, disjointed, devilish, deteriorating, dishevelled, disrespectful, decent, distinguished, dazzling darlings.

Prepare yourself for the latest new wave sensation from that well known breeding ground of sophisticated music: Gore. Jymshoe Jive — the biggest thing since Hindu Gymshoe (Richard Hodgekinson).

Lots of Love
Gary (I've got a hairy chest) **Gitter** Christchurch

Aren't Americans just plain silly? In the April 1980 *Playboy*, I read:

"**XTC / Drums and Wires** (Virgin): *Devo clones that sound more like the old Maxwell House percolator than like a rock band.*"

Mind you, they thought up disco.

Brett Dunedin
P.S. Hello Paul Mynott in Wellington

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