

RIP IT UP

SPILL IT

THIS
RANDY
SPORTING
CRAWFORD
LIFE

THE
FALL
MARK E. SMITH
INTERVIEW

ALTERED
COLD
IMAGES
CHISEL

ON THE ROAD STORY

BY ENZ LIGHTING WIZ RAEWYN TURNER

At the end of last year Altered Images had taken time off from an extensive British tour to record a clip of their new single 'I Could Be Happy' for the Old Grey Whistle Test. It was during this interlude that I spoke to an optimistic John Image who was on a London line.

So let's slip back into the present tense.

Altered Images are five Glaswegians who don't quite tally with Glasgow's hard drinking rock 'n' roll traditions. Singer Clare Grogan and ensemble, John (bass), Tony and Jim (guitars) and Tich (drums), exude an enthusiasm that's often mistaken for naivete.

These days to be Scots is to be fashionable, as far as the music press is concerned, so to what extent is their rising popularity attributed to their nationality?

"None. Because we kept away from this Scottish scene that has suddenly grown up. But since we've made it into the charts this will help Scottish bands, but before that it was only music press hype and not anything with substance. We've kept away from it all as we didn't want to be accused of capitalising on any fashion."

In effect John is denying the existence of a 'Scottish rock 'n' roll consciousness'!

"Yeh. Because a lot of bands up here are just bitchin' against each other — it's just like anywhere there's bands coming out, like it used to be the Liverpool scene and before that it was Manchester and now the press have nowhere else to turn to so they've turned to Scotland. The band's have always been there. It'll be Wales' turn next."

When Altered Images started out they made no secret of their reverence for Siouxsie and the Banshees and this led to inevitable categorisation:

"Because of this girl singer thing we were just called Banshees' clones. But 'Happy Birthday' came out and destroyed all that so instead the press decided that we were so young and naive in an attempt to categorise us."

Bitching about the press aside, there were plenty of sceptical side-swipes when the supposedly gullible young Images signed with the CBS empire instead of doing the now compulsory formative independent label jaunt. Any qualms about signing with the

biggest record company around?

"No. It's really weird 'cos there were a lot of independent and big record companies after us and all of them said no matter what you do don't sign to CBS. But the funny thing was CBS were offering us the best deal and giving us the most control. If you've got ambitions you've got to sign with the biggest record company and they've been brilliant to us. We're

with Epic and with us they've now broken a contemporary band in Britain and so it's boosted them. We've had phone calls from the chairman who likes us a lot. There's a family atmosphere on the label."

Smiles all round but back to the Banshees' connection, and Steve Severin particularly as he has produced Altered Images' first album, with the exception of the

title track, which was handled by the more experienced Martin Rushent.

The album lacks thrust and character, faults caused by Severin's indifferent production and the band's pleasant but insubstantial material. Pop innocence/exuberance or angular realism with a sweet little singer out front? A choice or a compromise? Whatever, it was a dilemma Steve Severin couldn't solve:

"Working with Steve was good as he was a close friend. When we started out we didn't know who to trust but he offered to produce us and for a time it worked well but he didn't have the experience for a commercial sound so we had to go for someone like Rushent. It's been five months since we recorded the album and there are things on it we could have done better that we'll improve on the new album (*Pinky Blue*) which will be produced by Martin Rushent."

"We've got six or seven new songs and we'll be doing a cover version of Neil Diamond's 'A Song Sung Blue'. It's something unexpected, a challenge. The first time we did it on this tour we got so many requests for it that we put it as an encore."

Ambitions? "At first our ambition was to appeal to everybody and with 'Happy Birthday' we've done that. We even get played on the Tony Blackburn show. That's one ambition and we just want to go on and cover as many markets as possible. Later on if we get big enough we want to branch out and maybe do film soundtracks."

"Just now we're concentrating on getting into the charts again so that we're not a one-hit wonder. And once we sustain ourselves in Britain we can think of Europe and elsewhere. We've got it roughly planned out and as we're all really young, 18 or 19, we can afford to just build gradually."

Since the phone interview Altered Images have certainly found their niche. Their *Happy Birthday* album was tentative and multi-influenced but now they're pure pop as borne out by the excessively high sugar count of *Pinky Blue*.

All in all it's a childlike success story — pinch them they're dreaming.
George Kay

The Great Kid Creole and the Coconuts COMPETITION



First four correct entries opened on closing date will receive a picture disc of their new album 'Tropical Gangsters'.

Post your entry to 'Rip It Up', PO Box 5689, Auckland 1, by Sept 30.

The Kid Creole Questions:

1. Names of both dudes in the band?

2. KC & the Coconuts last album was?

3. On what label do they record?

KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS

TROPICAL GANGSTERS

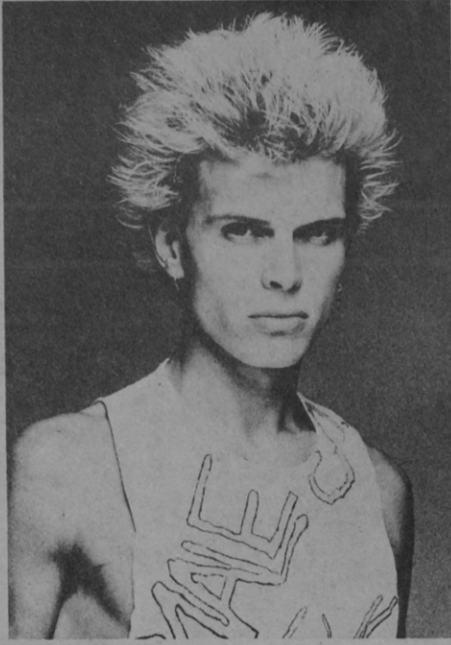
KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS are washed upon the shore of B'Dilli Bay-Island of sinners ruled by outcasts where crime is the only passport and RACE MUSIC the only way out!



J U S T P I C S



All the great artists have glassy eyes ... JOHN LYDON is living most of the time in New York and having just made his acting debut opposite Harvey Keitel. The movie, made in hothouse conditions in Rome, sweated off 50 pounds of unsightly fat which John accumulated in an armchair, watching TV, last winter.



Punk's favourite bottle blond, BILL IDOL, is now under the wing of Aucoin Management, who also look after KISS, and his new self-titled album was recorded in Noo Yawk.



"We write pop songs and music for housewives," says BOY GEORGE, androgyny specialist and lead singer of London's newest rave group, CULTURE CLUB. The band plays a mixture of funk, reggae and salsa, and George calls the shots much tougher than you'd think.



And here we have ABC's MARTIN FRY, modelling the Henley Regatta look, a must for every young funketeer this summer. Note the casual angle of the straw boater and the sulky, intense expression.

I'm definitely not *your* daddy! AUGUST DARNELL denies all knowledge and tells a fellow COCONUT where to get off.



Who dat up dere? COATI MUNDI stretches a seam or two. Both pix by Adrian Boot, taken during CREOLE & THE COCONUTS' recent British tour.



Il Casino Restaurant, August 31, at the 22M 'Party of the Decade' for SPLIT ENZ, Polygram Records' Managing Director Stuart Rubin presents TIM and NEIL FINN with Double Platinum discs for over 30,000 sales of their *Time And Tide* album.

Below: EDDIE and NOEL lost in the crowd and TIM pictured while cutting ENZ' Tenth Birthday cake.



ABRIDGED FUNKADELIC GLOSSARY

A-1: quickie for "What's happening?"
B-2: "Let's check each other out ..."
BONDO CONDO: high priced apartment.
COSMIC SLOP: survival gig, big city hustle. Working for the mahn.
E.T.: a personal problem (as in ego tripping).
FUNK-A-LOGICAL: something that's perfectly clear before you understand it. Once you understand it - it makes no sense.
FUNKASAUROS: veteran P-Funk fan, circa 1970.
FUNKAKAZI: oriental Funkateer.
GEEPIE: a youngblood Funkateer age 1 to 10.
G-3: a foxy lady with skinny legs.
KRAZOID: a socially unacceptable Funkateer.
LUNCHBOX: a portable tape/radio player.
MAGGOT BRAIN: flashy. Hendrixian guitar player.
MUCKLE HEAD: a poobut personality; a fool.
OZEER LAYER: heart.
PULL-A-TICS: an inside connection; ass-kiss situation or bribe.

'P': the best of everything (except that of Electric Spankic nature).
SPLANK: funk formula for bustin' loose! Anti-toxin for Electric Spanking.
SPLANK DECADE: 1980-1990 A.D.
THUMPASAURUS
PEOPLE: foot stamping, hand clap Funkateers.
U.F.O. (Universal Funk Object): for instance George Clinton.



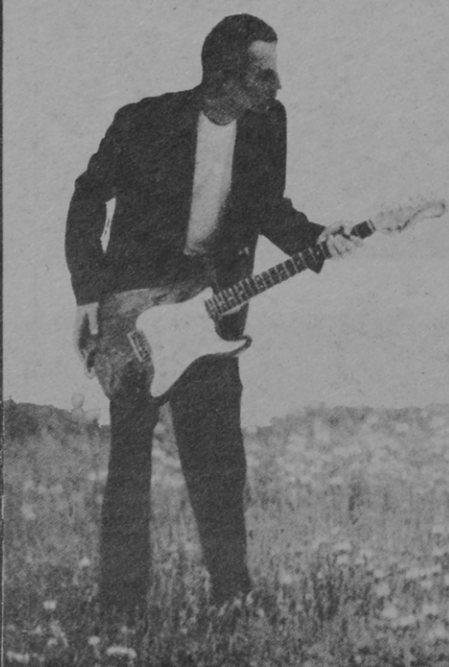
ULTRA WAVE: laid-back, sleazy-serious Funk. Splank to-the-9th-power.
ZERO-LOID: professional Sir Nose or Dozo.
ZEE-BARGE: a car or van with a custom paint job.
ZONE OF ZERO
FUNKATIVITY: the space and place wherever Funk is a virtual zero.

adrian belew
lone rhino

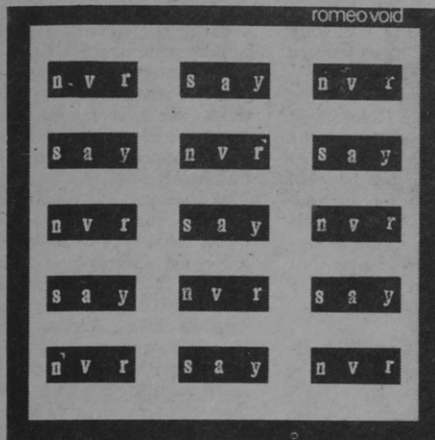
You can tell a lot about a musician by the company he keeps ... like David Bowie, Robert Fripp, Talking Heads, Tom Tom Club, Brian Eno and Frank Zappa ...

ADRIAN BELEW
his solo album
'LONE RHINO'

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ON RECORD & TAPE



NEW RELEASES...



4-track EP produced by Ric Ocasek.

romeo void

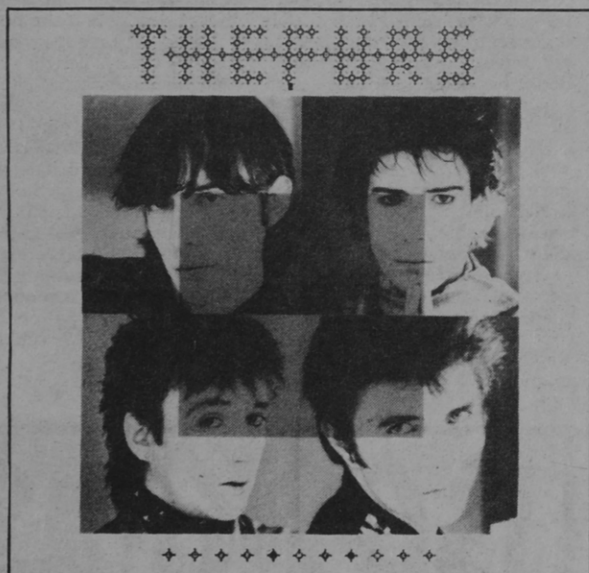
Romeo Void come via 415 Records, a San Francisco based label. The band have probably created more interest in the UK than in the States:

"415 have struggled for a while to find a truly gifted group. They can stop worrying now."

Max Bell N.M.E.



'It's A Condition' their debut album



B-side, 'Aeroplane'.

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Your Secrets Safe With Us...

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"Although it's very advanced for right now, this sort of thing is the music of the future."
MARTIN RUSHENT

(producer Human League, Pete Shelley, Altered Images)

What
is
soul?
Randy
Crawford



Photo by William West

"It's not going to work. I think the batteries are dead." Randy Crawford is examining the *Rip It Up* cassette recorder while I sheepishly search my pockets for pen and paper.

"You've got a noisy camera too." She grins at our photographer (who thought he was being unobtrusive).

This interview does not seem to be starting well but Miss Crawford is patient. Her gentle, obliging manner is particularly welcome considering she's lacking sleep after fifteen hours of flight delays before reaching New Zealand. She has only an hour or so before catching another plane to Dunedin where she is to tape a guest spot for the Miss NZ Final. Surprisingly, seated in a hotel lounge chair

sipping a fruit juice, she seems both relaxed and attentive.

I ask which songs she'll be performing on the show and groan inwardly when she mentions her new single 'One Hello'. Randy Crawford possesses one of the richest female voices currently recording and this Marvin Hamlish/Carol Bayer Sager MOR dirge does little to showcase her distinctive powers. However I merely comment that the song seems an unusual choice of single for such a soulful singer.

She looks at me shrewdly. "What is soul? 'One Hello' is so well written. It's words are so true to life and that seems like soul to me."

But in 1977 she made a fine R&B tinged album in Muscle Shoals (called *Miss Randy Crawford*).

"Yes," she smiles, "and that record was totally rejected by my record company."

But why? "I don't know. It's totally baffling to me sometimes how these things are chosen."

I wonder whether she still has problems with her record company over what material to record. I'm thinking about the fact that her two commercial breakthrough albums were produced by Tommy LiPuma, the man behind George Benson's *Breezin'*.

"Well first of all, George Benson was responsible for his breakthrough, no-one else. He's the man with the wonderful talent. And for myself, I'll never sing or record anything that I don't like."

But the LiPuma-produced Benson albums and her own seem to share similar types of song — Leon Russell ballads for instance.

"Well 'Windsong' (the new album's title track) was my choice. Certainly Tommy brings me songs he thinks are good commercially but sometimes maybe I don't want to do them. I think he's a wonderful producer but we've had our disagreements." Her voice is soft, her smile is warm, but I don't doubt her determination.

'One Hello' was her choice of single then?

"Well yes, sort of. I love the song but we also had an agreement with the film company — it's a Neil Simon film theme — to release it with the movie. The film didn't do very well though. But I'm very pleased; it's given me my first personal chart success in the States."

It seems odd that until now Randy Crawford's been relatively unknown in her home market

while becoming a huge star in Europe. In England, for example, she sells albums by the truckload and recently won the British Phonographic Industry Award for the Best Female Singer of 1981. How does she explain this situation?

"I can't. But it doesn't worry me. In America I'm sort of a cult figure and I kind of like that." The smile again. "I sell about the same amount of records as being number one in the UK."

I ask about her jazz background, about the fact that she made her first recordings with Cannonball Adderley and first tasted chart success on the Crusaders' 'Street Life'.

"I don't think I'm a jazz singer. I really don't think so. I don't know what type of singer I am. I grew up singing in church. I listened to Billie Holiday, Dinah Washington. These days I listen to Top 40 radio, Aretha Franklin, Donna Summer, all sorts."

Well with all the success she's now gaining, is there anything that she feels she may be losing?

"Oh yes — time to myself. Just after recording the vocals for *Windsong* I had to go to Japan and leave everything with Tommy. If there's one thing I regret about the album it's that I wasn't around to see it through to the finish. If I had more time I could perhaps be more objective about certain things, stand back and say 'Yes, I'll change that, improve that, subtract that'. Oh yes, more time to myself."

I think she is about to continue when the record company representative interrupts to request that we finish soon because they have to catch a plane.

Crawford grins and holds up her hands. "See what I mean?" Suddenly she asks me a question. What song from the album would I prefer as a single? I give Don Convay's 'Letter Full Of Tears' as my favourite and she nods.

"Oh yes I love that one. I used to love Gladys Knight singing it. But no matter what choice you make there are people who would prefer something else. I've talked on the phone to disc jockeys from all over the United States and they all had different favourites."

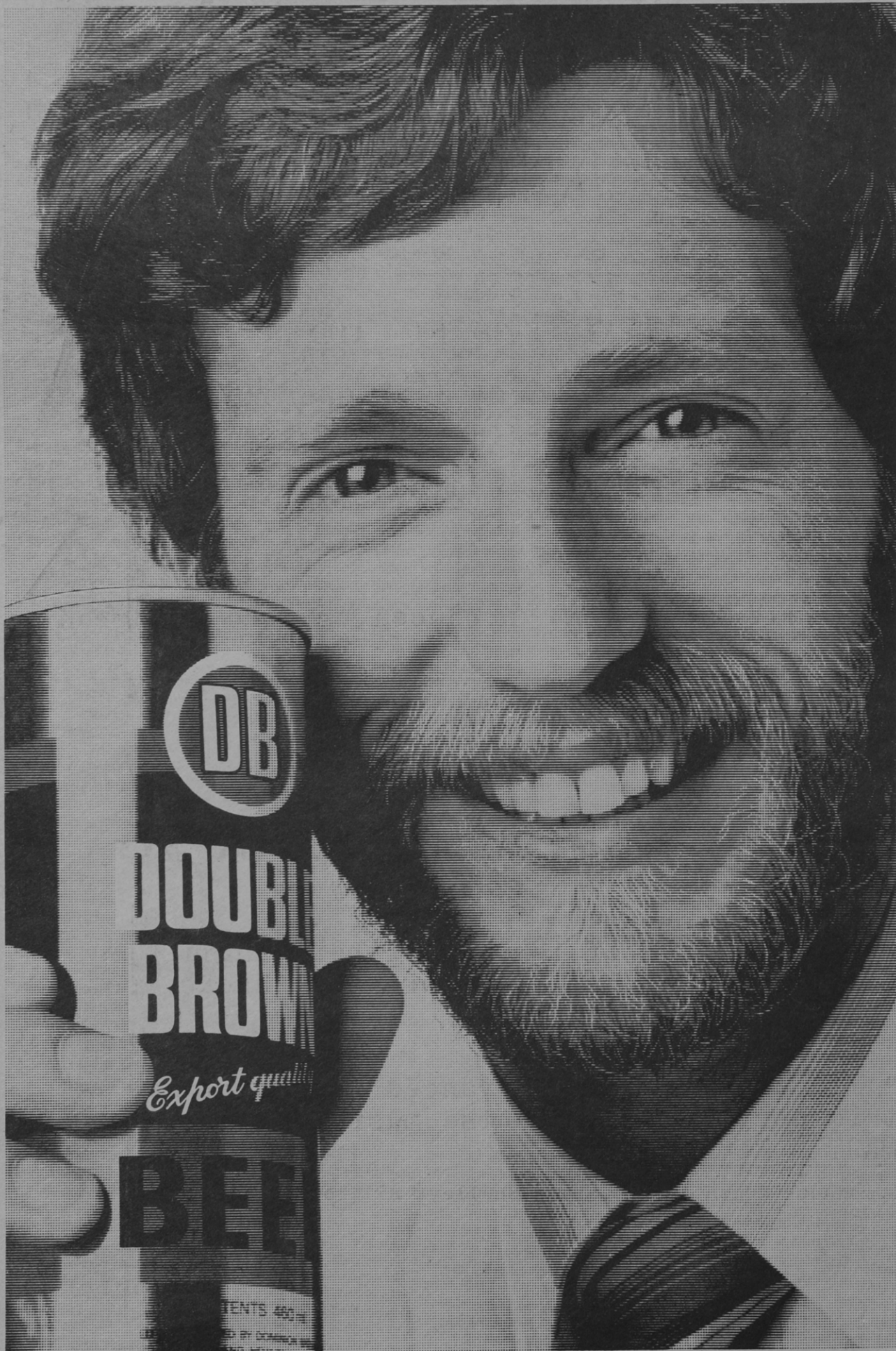
The record company rep is hovering and I rise to go. Still, regardless of Marvin Hamlish film themes or Tommy LiPuma, Randy Crawford is about the only female singer I'll put on the same cassette as Aretha Franklin.

Peter Thomson

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RECORDS

UK & USA

A London band is looking for a vocalist. Their line-up so far is Fast Eddie (ex Motorhead), Peter Way (ex UFO) and Topper Headon (ex Clash). Fast Eddie told NME: "Topper's not definite. He's been really great and it's possible he will be drumming with us" ... Blondie have cancelled their UK tour due to insufficient ticket sales. Jimmy Destri has quit the band ... black music's original rapper, Joe Tex ('Show Me', 'Skinny Legs and All') died of a heart attack Friday, August 13 ... John Sykes (Tygers of Pan Tang) will replace Snowy White in Thin Lizzy ... due to his throat ailment, Billy McKenzie cancelled the Associates' UK tour and his *Rip It Up* phone interview ... original schoolboy member of the Jam, Dave Waller, was found dead in his Woking Hotel bedroom. Suspected heroin poisoning. Waller co-wrote *In the Streets Today* and his poetry *Tales From Hostile Street* was the first book published by Paul Weller's publishing company ... Echo & Bunnymen have pulled out of UK Sept-Oct tour due to recording commitments ... UB40 have new album *UB40* out on their own Dep International label. Former label Graduate is rush releasing a singles LP to coincide ... new Jam single 'The Bitterest Pill (I Ever Had to Swallow)' features Belle Star Jeanie McKeown on backing vocals ... Birthday Party guitarist Rowland Howard is recording album with ex Magazine bassist Barry Adamson ... albums from Iggy Pop, James White out in UK soon on Chris Stein's Animal Records thru Chrysalis ... Velvet Underground drummer Maureen Tucker has joined Washington based



THE DABS EP
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Backstage at Right Royal Rage: Dance Exponents, Prime Movers and newcomers (?) Geoff and Mike Chunn and Greg Clark.

XX00 ... beat poet Allen Ginsberg is working with the Clash on two songs ... expect unreleased tracks from Paul Butterfield Blues Band and interview segments on Columbia 2LP set ... new Tony Parsons book *Winners and Losers* is about fashion and tennis ... new PiL album is underway in Manhattan. Plan distribution by Stiff, on own label Pep, Public Entertainment Productions ... *Laughing Clowns* are based in London for the next year. New single 'Mad Flies Mad Flies' is out (Prince Melon via Rough Trade) ... Viv Albertine (ex Slits) is taking work-out classes in Brixton ... new Haircut 100 single is 'Nobody's Fool'/'October is Orange' ... bigger than ever Dexys *Midnight Runners* hold top spots in Britain with 'Come On Eileen' on the singles chart and *Too-Rye-Ay* on the album chart ... *Bananarama* booed off stage in New York's Danceteria. The invited crowd didn't expect lip syncing to their records ... Bebop saxophonist - Sonny Stitt has died aged 58. Forthcoming albums: The Who *It's Hard*, Gillan *Magic*, Monochrome Set *Eligible Bachelors*, Lacksley Castell *Morning Glory* (produced by Robert Palmer), Mike Rutherford (Genesis) *Acting Very Strange*, Pat Benetar *Get Nervous*, Magic Slim *Raw Magic*, Aswad *Not Satisfied*, Trio *Da Da Da*, Crossfire *Hysterical Rochords*, Marc Almond (Soft Cell) *Marc and the Mambas* - (Some Bizarre), Saxon *The Eagle Has Landed*, Orchestra Makassy *Agwaya* (Virgin), Art Blakey *In Sweden*, (with Wynton Marsalis), Au Pairs *Sense and Sensuality*, Frida *Something's Going On*

(produced by Phil Collins), Yazoo *Upstairs at Eric's* (Mute), Simple Minds *New Gold Dream*, Gregory Issacs *Night Nurse*, The Dance *Soul Force*. **Dunedin** Promoter Malcolm Overton's underage club has opened. Called the Pitz, it provides another badly needed outlet for young bands. Red Rooster have called it a day ... ex After the Fall drummer John Collie has joined Gamaunche ... Stones have a ten-song tape in circulation. Fraser Batts' new band is looking for a name and a singer ... Chills, who are still looking for a permanent keyboard player, are organising a private party above the Cook in October ... Battle of the Bands winners, Foreign Agent are off the road to re-think and re-model. George Kay **Christchurch** The Newz return from Oz to play Hillsborough for three weeks from Sept 15, followed by a Dunedin week, then the Hillsborough until Nov 21. They intend to record and release a single while here. New lineup *Thanks to Llamas* is: Paul Keen on bass/guitar (ex Playthings) Jane, drums/keyboards (ex Toy Love) and Robert (ex Clean) on bass and guitar. We're informed that they're an impromptu line-up which intends to avoid pub gigs totally and play when the moon is full ... other former Playthings have formed a band. *Dodgems* comprises Jays Clarkson, Nick and Dave Toland. They may play Auckland with

Dunedin's Stones in near future ... Simon Beall (ex Vertical Smiles) has new band provisionally named *Fill in the Hole* ... *Wastrels* in Auckland until Sept 16 recording at Harlequin and gigging. Sidewinder expect to play their "raunchy rock" in Dunedin late September, then in Hokitika, Greymouth and Blackball ... the Pedestrians have released their first single, 'Looking Out Of My Window'/'The Boys and Girls', 'The Pedestrian'. They'll be playing after *Gum and Goo* at Ngaio Marsh Theatre, Ilam ... the Imperial (cover charge 13 cents) has new resident duo *Flatmates*, Mike C. Force (ex Road Angel and Equinox, guitar/vocals) and Stephanie (pianist). They plan to record an album later this year in Auckland and Christchurch ... *Tall Dwarfs* may do the last Gladstone weekend before Cowboys enter for a residency Sept 21 ... Annie Davies (ex Nude Wrestling) is getting a new blues/jazz band together. Any interested musicians?

PJs nightclub re-opens, second week in September with new decor and hopefully a licence. *Farfisa Beat* play opening week ... the adjacent Kings nightclub is now licensed and catering for funk/disco lovers. *Ikista* continue Doodles residency until their tour starts, Sept 22. The four week tour includes a four hour party gig on the Earnslaw (Queenstown's Ferry) on Sept 25 ... the Eels will be playing Doodles in their absence. Academy Cinema screens a 'Science Fiction Festival', Sept 24 to Oct 1 includes *The Man Who Fell to Earth* (directed by Nicholas Roeg, stars Bowie), also George Lucas' first film *THX1138* (now a cult classic). Sunday, Sept 19 doubles *American Graffiti* and *More American Graffiti*. JW & GG

Auckland

Danse Macabre have completed their album for Reaction Records and parted company with singer Nigel Russell. Grammar Boys have signed a record deal with EMI NZ. Peter Dawkins (Dragon, Mi-Sex) is remixing their album at EMI's 301 Studio, Sydney for October OZ/NZ release. First single is 'World of Our Own' ... *Milltown Stowaways* (includes three once Newmatics) have recorded four tracks at Last Laugh ... on Real records expect a 12 inch compilation with Smelly Feet, Kiwi Animal and Real Theatre ... next *Blond Comedy* single is 'Rebecca' ... D.D. Smash single 'Repetition' has been remixed by Robert Ash (B52s) for release in Oz ... Dance Exponents' 'Victoria' is released in Oz. Their next vinyl will be a 3-

track 12 inch. Now Henchmen have released 'I Got A Right' they need a bassist and a drummer ... Derek Zilch (ex Vivid Militia) has formed *Falling Step* with Cathy Moart (Modes) and Trisha Young. Militia's drummer David Larsen is now playing for Paul Agar Set ... Harlequin are planning their fifth birthday party. So if you've recorded there, send your name and address for invites, to Harlequin Box 7125, Auckland 1 ... Daggy and the Dickheads have new bass player, Les White from the Legionnaires ... meanwhile Graham Brazier rhythm section is Paul Woolright (Flamingos) and Lyn Buchanan (Blind Date) Gurlz are recording for a Harlequin Studios based label. A Propeller compilation album **CONTINUED ON PAGE 8**



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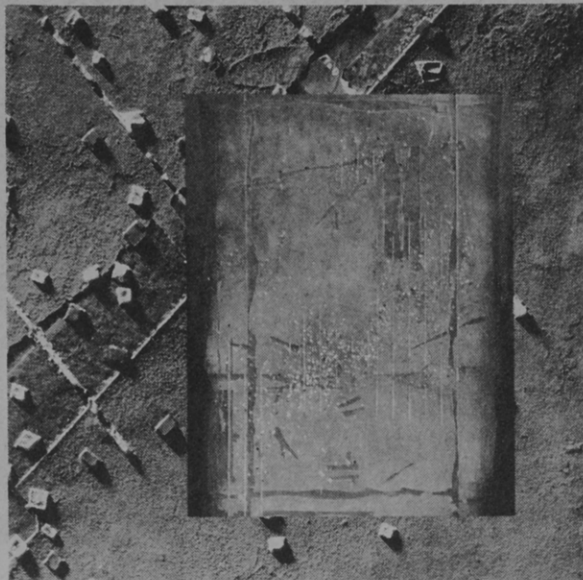
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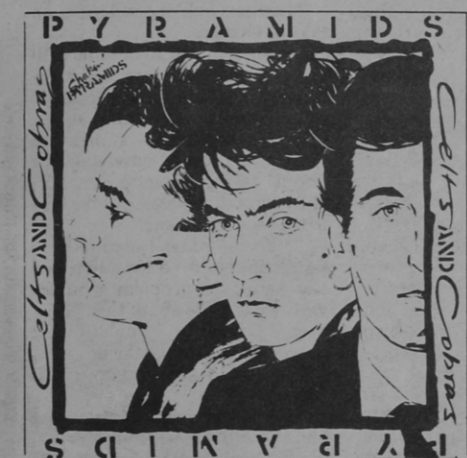
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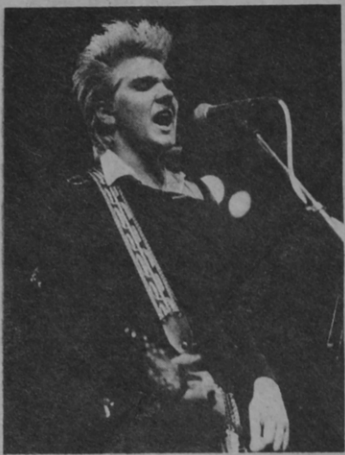


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RUMOURS

'RUMOURS' FROM PAGE 6
Doobie Do Disc will be released with rare and wonderful Propeller recordings ... is Screaming Meemees' Day Goes By' 12 inch recording a record at 10 minutes and 39 seconds ... Don McGlashan/Ivan Zagni mini-LP likely in October.

There's still bucks in the Arts Council coffers for their Demo Recording Subsidy Scheme for 1982. Maximum grant is \$200 and the purpose of the scheme is to assist artists to record good quality

demos to stimulate record company interest in their work. For more info, write to Demo Recording Scheme, PO Box 6040, Te Aro, Wellington.

There's no *Industry* column this month because AnnLouise Martin is no longer the *Rip It Up* Assistant Editor. AnnLouise is now Assistant to Programme Director at Radio Hauraki ... infamous record industry cricket team, Extended Players move up to Business House Division 2 this season. Captain Tony Smith reports that the team are shaping up well under fire from the Association's cricket ball throwing machine.

Jenny Morris (Crocodiles' leading lady) was in town to promote her recording of Tim Finn's 'Puberty Blues'. Jenny is mid-way through recording her own album, produced by Charles Fisher (Moving Pictures, Air Supply). Release will be early 1983.

Scrummy Yummy this month is peanut butter, flakey yeast and apple slices on vogel toast. Thank you Linda ... thin white dukes: local musos in cast of 100 caucasian-thins who fly to Rarotonga for David Bowie movie *Merry Christmas* Mr Lawrence include Steve Roach, Peter Dyer and Nigel Russell ... Closet Artists' Gallery *Independent Releases Show* includes three hours of video, band clips, Chris Knox RWP Specials etc.

Australia

New Mental As Anything single 'I'm Just A Country Boy' is produced by Elvis Costello ... Zoo (once Pop Mechanix) have a new single 'Keep It Up' ... Dragon are knocking them dead, sounding as tight as ever. They are recording gigs for a possible live album. Meanwhile Marc Hunter stars in Southern Comfort ads on TV ... Tim Powles (ex Flight X7, Knobz) along with Steve Lunn (ex Tigers) have joined Ward 13 ... Sharon O'Neill is in Los Angeles recording her new album with John Boylan producing ... I Am Joe's Music did first gig in Sydney. People were knocked out ... in spare time Brent Eccles edits in-house Angels

photocopy-zine *Ramatizer*. Promising. Snap of the Yard

Rip It Up No. 62, Sep '82
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CHISEL

show must go on...

At the Logan Campbell Centre, Saturday August 7, Cold Chisel broke attendance records with 3750 adrenalin-primed people. With medicine from the wings and something else in front of Steven Prestwich's drum kit, Jim Barnes gave all he could — "I'm really sick," he said. What can a man do when he's trapped by the physical? He raged against it, delivering the best the band could under the circumstances. The crowd passed a unanimous vote of confidence in Chisel's showmanship.

Sounds like they need a rest? "No," says Don Walker. "A change. This band was always like a shark. Extremely mobile and flexible. It keeps alive by moving on."

Cold Chisel are free to chance it anywhere. The next tour is likely to be Europe. More recording is scheduled in the new year.

The USA received the band well, the only date which didn't "happen," according to Jim, was an afternoon family picnic mis-match with Marshall Crenshaw. He was not, however, enamoured with some of the people he met. 'You Got Nothing I Want' was written about his experience with the Porsche driving, cocaine snorting type of dude.

The other songs on *Circus Animals* are a mix of Ian Moss, Steve Prestwich and Don Walker tunes.

For Jim the album has a more R&B feel than earlier material. The arrangements are less deliberately pop. Don Walker explains they set out to achieve a sound which would hold up on radio and record, but one which would also allow variation in the live performance.

"We've always been good at arranging songs for live presentation because that's what we've always been, a live band that somehow managed to con its way into a recording studio. Then we hooked up with Mark Opitz for *East* and learned how to arrange songs for radio and record."

"What happens with most bands when they start to record is that the methods for arranging songs on record eventually take precedence over all else and the live performance becomes a clinical reproduction. This was starting to happen to us after *East* because none of the songs had any room to stretch. On *Circus Animals* I wanted to get away from that so there would be room to move live, because whatever you record you have to play for the next 18 months and we're not very good unless we're having fun."

"It's numbing to play 'My Baby' (East) for the 654th time. Not because it's worse than the others but because there is only one way of playing it that works, whereas in a song like 'Taipan' you can do just about anything you like and it won't fall apart."

This approach is also evident on the spacious 'Numbers Fall' and 'Wild Colonial Boy' where, as Don points out, the rolling bass and drum could go on for hours without depending on other instruments for support.

'Numbers Fall' is a reflection on taking chances.

"In the space of 18 months with bits and pieces of tape and stray lines there were maybe three or four things I was writing about. Obviously there's something which has been obsessing me about taking chances or not, although I didn't realise at the time it was worrying me."

"In the old days I used to have more time and I'd sit down and say here is a problem with the world. I'll write about this. Now, even if I had time, I wouldn't write like that because it's the height of conceit. What you end up with is shallow."

There is something streetwise about Cold Chisel. Perhaps that is why New York has accepted the band and their material gets air-play while LA chooses to look the other way.

AnnLouise Martin

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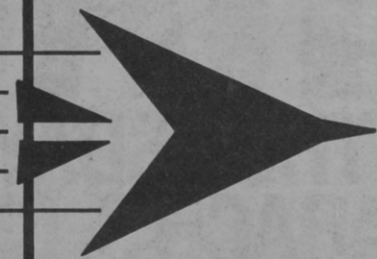
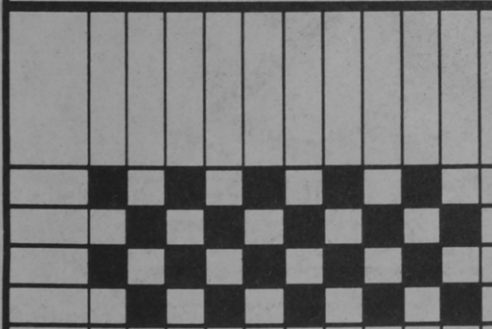
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This Sporting Life ...



Gary, Ben, Simon (sound), Paul, Daron.

This Sporting Life are Auckland based, the remnants of Alms For Children, and newly linked up with Christchurch's ubiquitous Flying Nun leisure combine. I met them on top of the Government Life building on the afternoon before they were due to support the Fall in the Christchurch Town Hall. As it happened the view of Christchurch from ten stories up left something to be desired for them and a hasty trip to the nearest pub was arranged where the lack of Mac's Real Ale notwithstanding we managed a semi-coherent conversation.

If This Sporting Life bear a distinct visual resemblance to Alms For Children then it has probably got something to do with the fact that Gary Charlton, Daron Johns, Ben Hayman and Paul Fogarty were AFC. When that band folded, vocalist Charlton and drummer Johns went their separate ways leaving guitarist Fogarty and bassist Hayman formulating plans with a new drummer. Charlton returned and This Sporting Life came into existence. After one gig their new drummer found Christianity and left. Johns returned.

"There has to be a similarity because it's the same people playing the same instruments, but we hope it's a progression, hopefully we're better. There's a different overall view and different structures."

Since their formation in February, This Sporting Life have played occasionally but their major project has been the recording of tracks for their upcoming debut, *Show Me To The Bellope*. That title comes from a practise session to set levels that saw Gary and Paul taking liberties with 'Happy' and apparently turning it into a mini epic about hunchbacks. 'Happy' appears on the record in that form at Doug Hood's insistence but the band aren't quite so sure. Perhaps you had to be there ... ?

Bellope's ten songs and thirty minute duration makes it close to a debut album. They're happy with the \$6.99 price and very happy with the final tapes — but why not a single?

That they didn't want to start off with a single is probably explained by the fact that they've been that particular route with Alms For Children although in markedly different circumstances. The AFC record was done on Harlequin's 24 tracks, a process not entirely suited to the band as they were.

"To record at Harlequin you need to use one of their people and that means you end up with their sound."

Recording at the new four track studio, the Lab, with Doug Hood, was far more appropriate.

"It's really big and relaxed. You

can run round and scream at the Lab, but you can't do that at Harlequin, as we found out."

Recording this time around has also been easier on their wallets.

"The AFC single cost us five hundred dollars for those three tracks and it's money we've never seen back again. It also cost five hundred to do the ten tracks on *Bell Rope* and we hope to come out of this one with a slight profit."

They are unconvinced that the Auckland scene is as dead as some would like to make out.

"There is a shortage of venues, there's only one we can play now, and you can't hold dances because people come along and fuck them up. But it serves no purpose to just criticise, Auckland needs support."

Gary is full of praise for new bands, particularly Coalition (ex Hercos), Fish School, Nocturnal Projections and the Bombers. On the live front Auckland has its problems. They have a suspicion that A Certain Bar (new music disco) represents an unhealthy trend because it is drawing away people who would otherwise go and see live music.

"But it's a better bar to meet people probably, because it isn't quite so loud and it's fairly respectable. Most of the band venues are real dives, really grotty."

And some valid observations on the insularity of Christchurch.

"You have to have a record out to play down here. Last time at the Gladstone (with AFC) it was alright because we had a record. This time we didn't and the audience was very reserved. It was like it took them the three nights to decide whether we were good or not. And it would have been really uncool to get into it when everyone else was so laid back."

For the future they hope to play occasionally in Auckland if anyone will have them, make it down to Wellington at some stage and hopefully get to Dunedin. But This Sporting Life is not a fulltime concern. All have other projects, jobs and things.

Playing with the Fall was great but they had little contact with the band with the exception of some constructive criticism from one of their guitarists. He suggested Paul should take his amp down to a quarry and blow it up.

Michael Higgins

Dragon

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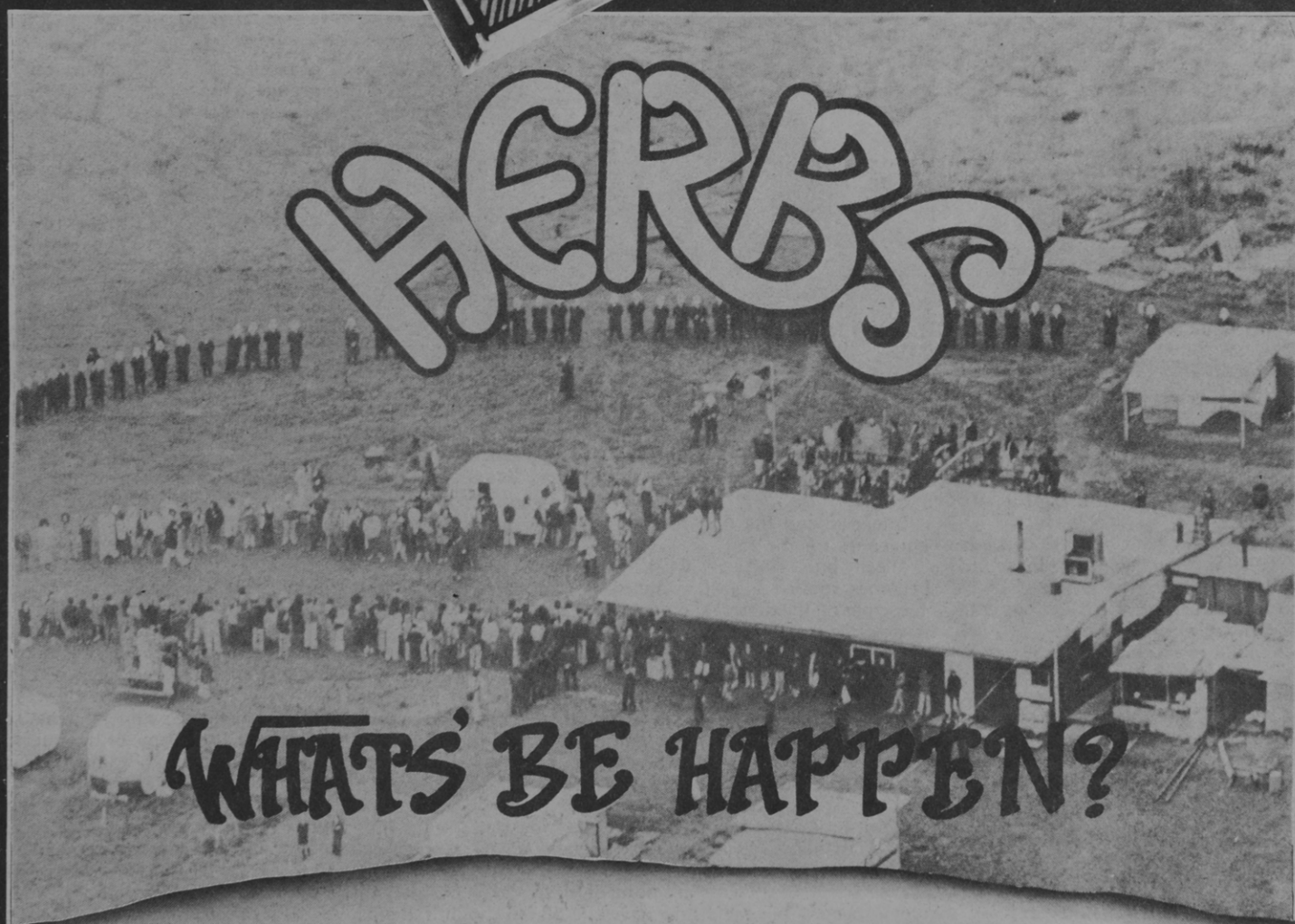
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In the gentle art of subversion, the Fall have been persistent. Since 1978 they've been undermining the myths and morals of the rock 'n' roll edifice in order, not so much to tear it down, but more to strip it back to the raw necessities of honest, unfilled communication.

In another sense they've become the last true survivors of the late 70s clearout, the last articulate disciples of a truth tainted by the hollow virtues of the 'new wave'. So, for many, the Fall have become unhip priests.

The Holiday Lodge, Christchurch, is a fancy sounding name for what are a collection of ageing, roughcast motel units in Colombo St. A far cry from the usual rock star sumptuousness of the Vacation Hotel or Noah's.

Unit 5 and after a brief chat to Kay Carroll, the band's manager and number one fan, Mark E. Smith arrives from the shops with a bottle of Rochdale dry cider among other things. Pale and thin, Smith is also sporting a black eye and a cut with three stitches over his eyebrow; injuries suffered during a friendly game of soccer against some 'macho Aussies'.

Smith and I have an hour before the band's soundcheck in the Town Hall, the second of their two Christchurch gigs, the first having been played the night before at the varsity, so he grabs the cider and I start the tape. How did it go last night?

"There were a lot of people there, which was great, and they loved it and the band were happy but I wasn't and I told them that it's going to be different. I had a row with the lads over it. Sometimes they tend to slip into formulaisation. It goes down well with the audience but I don't think it's a good thing coz it ends in rock and becomes complacent."

By formulaisation I take it you mean cliché?

"No, anything can become a cliché and we've got a lot of innovations in our songs but when you get a song off pat it seems to take all of the reason out of it. The band don't know what they're gonna play each night before they go on and this keeps the tension there. And last night the main bulk of the set was new material that no-one had heard before."

Smith's hurried Manchester accent conveys a dogmatism and determination that has kept the Fall on the rails ever since their recorded emergence with 'Bingo Master's Break-Out' in 1978.

What prompted you to start a band?

"I was doing a lot of writing of prose and poetry and then the sort of new wave happened. I used to kick around the bedrooms a lot with two of me mates on guitar and we decided to make a group of it. I thought a lot of the new wave was going wrong as you just got old bands dressed as new wave bands. The really good bands around Manchester like the Worst and the Prefects never got anywhere. And then you had groups who played cabaret for years and they got their hair cut and they were it. That was my main motivating force and I just thought I could do it better than them."

As a vocalist did you model yourself on anyone in particular?

"Naw, not really. I used to like Lou Reed a lot as a kid. I saw him a couple of times and I think I picked up a couple of his mannerisms."

Live, are you aware of any image up there?

"Naw, I try not to take any notice of it. When we were in Sydney people were going 'look, he's got his back to the audience, that's a great new thing'. But it's not, I don't formulaise it like that. Last night I had my back to the audience only because the fuckin' equipment was shit. I do it as a means of getting everybody together as a unit. I treat it as a job of work, bein' on stage, and I try to concentrate which is why I was so annoyed last night because when the equipment crapped out we had the road crew walkin' across the stage every ten fuckin' minutes and it breaks the concentration. You can make a lot of things up on stage often by accident, and it's good."

Do you still believe the Fall can change the nature of rock'n'roll?

"I think we already have done. People have been influenced by us but I don't know if it's a good thing. There are loads of groups who just copy us and then water it down."

If they're copying then that's a calculated, self-conscious act and that's surely against the principles of the Fall?

"Yeah, exactly. I've been thinking about that a lot lately and it really pisses me off."

Interlude and look around. Count the number of New Zealand bands who've adopted the harsh no-compromise stance of the Fall. It goes well into double figures. The Dunedin scene alone echoes the beliefs initially touted by Smith five years ago. The conversation turns to Toy Love and Chris Knox whose phone interview with Smith appeared in last month's issue:

"I was very arrogant with him actually because when he rang me up he was sayin' do this and do that when you come over here and I said to him you can't even do a fuckin' interview, man so don't start tellin' me what to do. Coz he couldn't, he was goin' 'ahmm, ahmm, ahmm, like this, and I said gerraway and reverse the bleedin' charges on the phone. And he was sayin' get your sound right coz they don't know anything about sound in New Zealand, which was right, that was a good tip."

Did you like Australia?

"We stayed in Kings Cross, what a fuckin' nightmare, I was bloody horrified. I'm no moralist but in the street I was accosted by prostitutes, drunks, people tryin' to borrow money, everything's open 24 hours and there's junkies everywhere. It's all cheap stimulation."

"New Zealand seems to be good like that. There seem to be quite a lot of restraints and sometimes they work for the good. It's very Anglophile here, like the North of England really. The people are friendly like the Northerners. And this is the only country where we've got into the bloody Top 20."



The Fall of Slick

Mark E. Smith's Enduction Hour



Some Fall: Steve Hanley, Paul Hanley, Karl Burns, Marc Riley.

Integrity and the fear of compromise must be important guidelines for the Fall?

"Yeah, but I don't get worked up about it. The minute it becomes routine is just as much of a compromise. To be conscious all the time of should we do this or that is bad. I work in a sort of organic way where I follow my heart."

"Our time on Rough Trade is a typical example of where their so-called integrity became routine. They had loads of bands and they were pressin' the same number for every band, and we were sayin' look the Fall's bloody unique and you should be backin' us. And they would say oh so you want to be a pop star now. And I'd say no I don't want to be a pop star I want the bloody respect I deserve, and I'd ask why wasn't the record in that shop and why are you sending it to some stupid left wing magazine and not to a daily paper? And they say, oh that's sellin' out. That's just like all those muddled socialist ideals. And they'd go, this song sounds a bit fascist to us and what are you doing on this song. And I'd say it's none of your fuckin' business. If they'd been a big label and gave me 50,000 pounds then I might've let them have a say."

"I'd had enough of them and they're all middle class. They didn't know what the Fall was about and they were signing all these bands that sounded like the Fall."

The Fall and Rough Trade always seemed like a marriage made in heaven?

"Naw. They went out to sign us and in the end we were that bloody desperate we had to for money, like. They were good in that they always gave you your royalties. Not like our first label, Step Forward, for whom we did those first singles and first two albums but we never saw a penny. That's a fact, we were bloody starving to death. It's A New Thing' was single of the year and we had no fuckin' money in our pockets."

Slates was the last thing you did for Rough Trade?

"Yeah, and that was the one we had the trouble over. They thought that the 'Pink Press' sounded a bit fascist, but I told them that was what I was gettin' at, fascism doesn't have to be the men in suits."

"I was just so sick of the whole Alternative Chart thing so Kay said we'd do *Slates* as a 10 inch and we had the price so low that it wasn't an LP or a single, it was like nothin'. So we avoided the whole alternative thing of being top of the charts."

"*Slates* was also a very class conscious thing and it was a retort to Rough Trade in many ways."

The Fall aren't exactly easy listening, which is the point that they're trying to make — life isn't easy living. They come from the ugliness of the less fashionable parts of Manchester and fashion takes a hammering on the liner notes to their recent single on Kamera, 'Lie Dream Of a Casino Soul':

"Nobody's ever asked me about those liner notes before. Very bitter weren't they?"

The blows seemed to be aimed at the new romantics and the synthesiser bands?

"Yeah but there was also a dig at the Liverpool scene, Echo and the Teardrops. They're OK but at the time they were pissin' me off because they were goin' on *Top of the Pops* and imitating our stage mannerisms. The Fall never go on TV in England and

Echo used to play a lot with us in the early days so it was almost like a betrayal. You talk to Echo these days and it's like they're tryin' to be Dave Bowie."

If *Slates* was the Fall's most concentrated venom then *Hex Enduction Hour* must rank as their most direct and simple album?

"Most people thought it was more complex in musicianship which was a surprise to me because, like you, I thought the exact opposite. A lot of it is very simple. There are two or three numbers there that I wrote on the spot. It's a departure from *Slates*. If we'd gone on from *Slates* it could have become a big rock sound, which we're not into really."

Speaking of a big rock sound, how are the two drummers working out?

"Good, but we've toned it down as it was becoming a bit heavy so we've got Karl (Burns) doin' other things as well, so sometimes we've got three guitarists."

The two drummer line-up is a real Gary Glitter touch:

"Yeah, yeah. Actually the way it came about was that we used Karl last year on a tour of America as Paul (Hanley) was under 18 and too young. We brought Karl back permanently after that. The Gary Glitter and Adam Ant angle did appeal to me after that. But Karl's really there for the balance. He's a very high tech musician and he could play in any technical band easy and Paul's a self-taught drummer."

In the band is there a pride in their musicianship?

"Yeah, there is. But I don't encourage them to practice all the time. I don't think it's good for them. A bloody guitar is a guitar, it's like a piece of wood. I think you get more interesting things from applying it and looking at it differently each time. In the original band with Martin Bramah (now with the Blue Orchids) I gave him most of the tips on how to play, and I can't play."

"It's the same when I write the tunes or lyrics. If it's getting too formulaised, slick or proficient I rip it up no matter whether it's good or bad. And I'll change the line-up and peoples' instruments if it's getting too slick."

The most interesting critique on the Fall was written by Barney Hoskyns and appeared in *NME*, 14 November last year. Hoskyns described Smith as a Hip Priest engaged in the fight to promote working class credibility and supremacy. What did Mark E. Smith think of the article?

"It was very retrospective. I was pleased with it although it was pretentious in parts."

Are you fired up with working class zeal?

"No, that was one thing I didn't like about Hoskyn's article. That stinks that sort of thing. I just write about it. It was one of the reasons for forming the group, like there were other groups going on about the working classes and they obviously weren't working class, they were bloody art students like the Stones."

"I wrote about it because you'd get bands from the North and they'd be singing bloody love songs yet where I come from you'd be lucky to find a girl in the street. Or you'd go to a pub and they'd be doin' this sort of laid back stuff and you'd think fuck, nothin' to do with what's happening."

The middle class seem to view their poorer cousins through rose-tinted glasses as if the working class is an easy way to respect and credibility:

"Yeah, right, this is what I hate about the left wing. It's only guilt manifest. I went to grammar school and all the other kids were middle class and I envied them in some ways. I didn't lead a particularly working class life; my dad worked with his hands and we went up and down, but we never wanted for anything and we were dead 'appy."

"I often felt sorry for the middle class kids what with all the pressures on them. I don't hate them but they think they're better off and nobody's better off really."

It seems to me that the Fall are being accepted as the safe working class alternatives and so everybody's happy, but if the band threatened real change then the critical acclaim could turn sour overnight through fear of insecurity. What do you reckon Mark?

"Right, that's what's happening. Hoskyns has done an about turn. I saw him at the opening of this stupid club Factory in Manchester and he comes over like 'I'm with Mark Smith' and I say get out of my way. He was trying to lick up me arse and make like he was a life long mate and I was gettin embarrassed. Anyway at the time of the interview he had been pestering an old French friend of mine, Claude, who started Slash Records years ago, and we told Hoskyns that the Gun Club and Fear were good. So he starts pestering me and Claude for tapes of Fear, which were pretty rare, so Claude got him a couple. Then he writes these things in the paper that Fear are a load of shit after fucking annoying us to hear them. That pissed me off because he used a friend of mine."

"He's been hanging around the Birthday Party and he's seeing an Australian girl and so he's mentioning Australian bands all the time. And the next thing you hear he likes the Blue Orchids now. But he's a fuckin' good writer."

Politically, where are you?

"A lot of people think I'm just a bloody fascist but I don't believe in left wing paranoia and I don't believe in the Tory attitude either."

"The Falkland thing was a shock to me. I thought the Army did a great job, and these communists and revolutionaries in the pubs were goin' 'Thatcher's War' and every bloody group was bringin' out anti-war singles, it was fuckin' disgraceful. At the Labour Club I started rowing with these guys and I said if the Russians came they wouldn't let you sit here bleedin' all day on the dole drinking yourselves to death. And they say the war's costing a lot of money and I'd say what's fucking money anyway, I thought you were socialists. Don't kid me, everybody likes a war, as long as I don't get hit, its true innit?"

A lot of writers these days seem to equate mental depression with art:

"I agree and I'm wary of that with the band. Everybody does the paranoid music. I thought that about Joy Division; they were very slushy, very depressing in a maudlin way. And the Joy Division copyists are pretty funny. Like you could go to a club an see this gangly dick tryin' to do this sorta paranoid fit. I prefer catharsis, that's healthy, that's not depressing."

Future noises?

"Before we came over we went into the studio and tried an experiment. Instead of doing the songs we had been rehearsing we did seven songs of about five minutes each and some of them are just me and Karl double-tracked. It worked well as each song is just like a different band and that stuff should be out as a 10-inch record by the time we're back."

Is the Fall the last garage band in town?

"No, although it would be very cosy for us. I think a lot of our stuff is serious, contemporary classical."

Mark E. Smith laughs, rock music quivers.

George Kay



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Six months in a leaky boat and that story nears its end for the second time in two years, as Split Enz round the bend on their last lap of touring, finishing in New Zealand. The past five months have been a variety show, the star hosts mingle with us, briefly, from their conveyor belts, flanked by the extras who are directed to have walk-on and bit parts for the day. The many famed and fabled buildings and cities roll on the big rollers past the car windows, and lots of people pass us, in a hurry, to and fro, people with different accents, different smiles, clothes, lifestyles. While we sit and stand, walk and work, moving from car to aeroplane, airport to motel to theatre, the big rollers roll in the world's projection room, on to the screens, which are our windows.

Split Enz the audience, the judge, in the van with the video sensurround windows. The selection committee. In a chartered plane, seated in rows until a kind man appears and opens the exit door, ushering us into another windowed room. We sit there, breathing in the muted greens and browns and admiring the blue sky, until we're told to get out and into another room, where soft musak whispers that life is a breeze. Water flows from taps, milk is instant non-dairy whitener, food is but a phone call and an hour's wait away, all-night television to lull to sleep, air comes from an air conditioner.

10.00 am on Monday, August 16 in Melbourne, and the band are making a film clip, 'Never Ceases To Amaze Me', that Noel has worked out with the director over long phone calls from Darwin. It doesn't finish until 6.00 pm. Last night at the same time, the band had just come off stage, completing the last date of their Australian tour, an 'Under-18's' show in Melbourne.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 17

Melbourne, 7.00 am. Grant Thomas, the tour manager, dutifully makes wake-up calls and in six homes scattered over Melbourne, the entourage is busily preparing and packing to make the flight, leaving at 10.00 am to Auckland. 9.00 am we're at the airport, tired and grizzly, only to learn that the plane has been delayed for five and a half hours. Back home for some more sleep, while the road crew opt to stay at the airport and busy themselves making badges to display their membership of an exclusive social club — the crew's very own 'Split Enz Sports And Social Club' — crew only.

The same day, 10.30 pm, arrive Auckland and proceed to Hamilton, going by the itinerary. Oops, Noel has left his bag at the airport, so we have to double back. Check into hotel, and the band settle for some sleep while I go down to the Founders Theatre to set up for the first show of the NZ tour. The stage set, which has some technical peculiarities, has to be explained and put up and the special effects projectors babied out of their case and wheeled around. Although the lighting plot was sent over a month in advance, the rigging, cabling and colouring of lamps takes forever on the first set up, so we do all but focus tonight. 6.00 am we call it quits and go back to the hotel for a few hours' sleep. Laurie Bell, the production manager works on, there are many details to be taken care of before the stage and sound people begin work at 9.00 am.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18

Sound check is early, everyone expects the first show to be difficult because of the new, unfamiliar NZ equipment — PA, foldback and lights. The Finn elders arrive, Finn cousins playing with the beach balls backstage.

The dressing room is newly painted and most of the band find they have severe headaches the next day. But battle dress donned, they take the stage with enthusiasm and anticipation, because it's great to be on home soil. The audience is quiet, polite and serious. It's been a whole year since Split Enz toured NZ and they're playing new material, working hard. There are a few technical difficulties, but only minor ones. Back to the hotel for some hot chocolate with friends, before retiring.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 19

1.30 pm. Wake up, and Eddie and I go down to the theatre to work on improving our computer programmes (Eddie's synthesisers are digitally controlled and store many different sounds in computer memories). Computers and synthesisers are relatively new developments and computers, like humans, were not designed for the rigours of the road. Just as Eddie wanders around his hotel, wondering where he is and what he is doing there, these computers become similarly vacant and he is often to be found in a state of panic, trying to reprogramme his sounds minutes before a show. The lighting desk computer is but 120 channels of memories which can be reprogrammed for particular lighting scenes or progressions of lighting changes. However, it too has a habit of becoming vacant, or worse, storing more than its share, which means it could reveal the total lighting show at the press of one memory button.

The sound crew have been working all day, trying to iron out the creases in last night's sound.

Ed and Noel go off for a walk into town, looking for water pistols. The Ed Water Pistol Collection has swelled to number 120 over three years.

Soundcheck, dinner — Noel enthuses over the six veges — back to the paintstricken dressing room an hour before the show, to put on the 'cossies' (costumes), paint the faces, discuss song lists, tell a few jokes, wet the whistle (or sip a lemonade), do armstretches and leg raises, eat some peanuts or whatever is offering in snacks. The show goes 'averagely well' (probably 'very good' in another's words), but we have our own rating system.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 20

6.00 am, get up and drive to Auckland. The car breaks down on the way, but is fixed by a kind mechanic, free of charge. We feel that this could only happen in NZ. The production crew have been waiting outside the Logan Campbell Centre since 8.00 am, but the truck doesn't arrive till 10. They begin work frantically and irritably, but still able to make light-hearted jokes, and the stage set slowly appears.

Meanwhile, Noel has gone to visit his folks, Tim and Neil arrive in Auckland with theirs, to spend the day together. Nigel, being the most boring (he is aware of the fact) member of the band, has experienced nothing of any interest whatsoever since

SPLIT ENZ

Raewyn Turner has been lighting director for Split Enz since 1975. She painted the cover for *Frenzy* and last year at Dennis Cohn Gallery exhibited drawings in her show entitled 'On The Road Again'. Raewyn has written for *Rip It Up*, about behind-the-scenes, staging the 1982 *Time And Tide* tour of New Zealand.

ON THE ROAD STORY

arriving in NZ, nor on this day, except for a sleepy interview with Colin Hogg. Eddie visits his sister and his friend Paul Crowther and they spend the rest of the day babbling about synths.

Backstage in the dressing room the champagne arrives — a greeting from the record company. The band have another of their 'average' performances, the crowd was ecstatic but the band are tired. The sound men aren't feeling happy, so they make plans to spend all day tomorrow on improvements, to further dampen the echoes.

Back to the White Heron, now affectionately known as the Red Herring (no offence meant), for a few drinks with friends in the Carriage Bar. This is the first piece of glamorous living I've experienced for about a month or more — other people might call it just having a drink — but it means a lot being able to have the luxury of changing from work clothes to casual and being with friends.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21

1.30 pm. Wake up and with Noel and Eddie go to Parnell Village where we have breakfast with Noel's folks, who are in Auckland for both shows. A flying visit to a friend strapped in traction in hospital and it's on to soundcheck and an early show.

Nigel has spent the day sleeping, jigging and walking, his three favourite pursuits. Neil and Tim are having dinner with their folks at the table over from us. They bribe the resident pianist into playing 'Feelings' as an after-dinner tribute to the band. (This song was on the top of the list for singing at the top of one's voice while bumping along in a van through North America.)

Show over, after dismantling and loading out the equipment from Logan Campbell, half the crew drive overnight, without sleep, to Palmerston North. Half the band goes partying.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 22

9.00 am. Depart the hotel for the airport. 9.55 flight departs Auckland for Palmerston North, without breakfast.

Tim feels detached from everything, and so opts for the hair-of-the-dog treatment, which will see him through until the end of the performance. The drinks backstage in the dressing room are there to be a starter motor, to kick a tired man into action. It's an early show again, and it feels good to commence the performance about an hour after soundcheck. It's still early enough to relax afterwards over dinner and watching TV.

MONDAY, AUGUST 23

10.30 am. Bags are being loaded into five cars, room bills are being paid, and we're off to Christchurch. It's a day off, everyone is anticipating what they'll do, and probably they'll do nothing. We've taken all the back seats in the plane and Ian Magan's (tour promoter) Air New Zealand voice (fondly remembering "Ladies and gentlemen, have you see this?" on flights to London) booms from three seats away. Tonight he has promised the entourage a free dinner.

Eddie and I miss the free dinner — we've been invited to his brother's house. This is one of the advantages of this job — seeing family and friends in all corners of the world at least once a year — where distance and fares would normally prohibit this. The visits are, however, usually too short and sweet.

The band enthuse over the selection of old cars in 'perfect condition' being driven around Christchurch, reeling off the makes as we drive around. Austin, Morris, Zephyr, Vanguard ... Tim's been after a Studebaker and is delighted to hear that people in the entourage have spotted three so far. Back home the Split Enz Club boasts a green FJ Holden (Neil's), a black Mark II Zephyr (Tim's), a pink Morris Major Elite 1963 (Eddie's), a 1950 Black Triumph Renown (Noel's) and a brown 1954 Fiat station wagon (Nigel's).

Today Noel went shopping and got the costumes drycleaned. Nigel went for a five-hour walk along the Avon, Neil joined the road crew for a trip to the snow, where they used big plastic rubbish bags for sliding down hills and threw snow at each other.

Tim stayed in and did an interview, then cruised around, went for a walk, I think. Ed, Clark Flannigan (Polygram Records' man on tour) and I finally got ourselves away from the hotel and went swimming at the QEII pool. It's the first day of the school holidays and Ed and Clark get swallowed up in the crowds queuing for the hydrotubes. Clark can do 50m overarm in 35 seconds, he tries out the high diving board, but Ed and I only manage the lowest. End of day off.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 24

7.00 am. Get up, shower and down to the Christchurch Town Hall by 8.00 am. It's a beautiful day, warm with blue, blue skies, the smell of blossom, cold air and woodsmoke, peculiar to NZ.

The stage set is constructed quickly and looks good. I'd anticipated, with sinking stomach feelings, that as far as equipment and organisation of technical details go, the NZ section would be the worst and most difficult of this six-month tour (probably because it has previously been that). However, there have been vast improvements made in the expertise of the hired technical personnel and in the equipment to be found here since we toured last year. It has taken a lot of hard work to elevate it to this level, and although the equipment is different to the systems currently available in Australia, this in no way makes for a compromise situation.

At 10.30 am, I offer to get the food — three dozen donuts, one dozen cream buns, three dozen filled rolls, a bag of apples. We work on until 4.00 pm and soundcheck is at 4.30. After a while, the band drift into playing their oldies, searching for the perfect replacement for 'Hard Act', which they're sick of.

The band are tired. After five months of constant touring and only two weeks off in the period — no weekends — they are finding it hellish to think clearly and with enthusiasm about their shows. They want to try a new set, a different way of playing particular songs, but the energy somehow keeps being channelled the same way. The shone for the Auckland shows and will probably shine for the rest, but they try to break out of their feelings of exhaustion and automatic gear.

Tonight's performance is once again good, although lacking the fire that the band are striving hard to produce. The audience is enthusiastic. The band and crew and managers return to the hotel bar, where we tell each other jokes until the small hours, winding down for sleep after a long day.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25

8.00 am. Woken by chainsaws, jackhammers and the noise of concrete being made in a wheelbarrow. These are quite regular occurrences in hotels where we have stayed, so I drift back to sleep. But Eddie has had enough and has decided to move over to the posh hotel, where Tim and Neil have recently moved, to escape the noise. The hotel is twice the price and offers a complementary morning newspaper, but we prefer the squat NZ motels, having spent too long in high-rise hotels, with Coffee-Mate (powdered non-dairy whitener) for tea milk.

Soundcheck at 4.30, still the search for the perfect song replacement. 'In The Wars', 'Jamboree', 'Under The Wheel' and a few others are fiddled with and discarded.

Tim, Neil, Eddie and I drive off for dinner and discuss our fatigue and the artistic value (or not) of the song produced under pressure of having to be sold by a record company. The issue of touring arises and they talk about giving it up in Australia and NZ for two years, except for the occasional 'spectacular' — an alternative that would provide opportunity for lots of ideas to be exercised. Or perhaps they'd like to do a film, taking a year off to make it and write songs, using that period to develop their musical ability as individuals.

Showtime, the crew are lying around on couches drinking coffee and the first band are pounding away. Eddie is in the dressing room playing his other favourite song, 'Loving You' by Minnie Ripperton, accompanied by Neil singing. He breaks away into Chopin.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 26

A day off for some, but the three lighting technicians leave Christchurch at 9.00 am and arrive at Invercargill at 7.00 pm. (The truck has a sleeper and they take turns at driving.) The rest of the crew fly down at 11.00 am and spend the rest of the day in the hotel's spa pool. At 8.00 pm, Laurie, Glen (the set and projectors man) and three loaders unpack the truck, having first to remove a fleet of five city council vans that were parked across the stage door. Glen gets to work putting up the stage set and is back at the hotel by 11.00 pm.

Tim, Neil, Clark, Eddie and I have made plans to drive to Akaroa for some fish and chips and scenery, but Eddie and I spend until 2.00 pm buying second-hand furniture for future use, by which time Clark isn't to be found. The free day has just about slipped away. We make rearrangements with the cars and Tim and Neil go to Akaroa. Noel, Eddie and I take a drive that meanders along a peninsula beyond Lyttelton, and we end up driving along a tractor path up a mountainside. The green pastures, trees in blossom, the mountains and valleys, we can't wait to settle back here and enjoy the countryside. Tim and Neil return with tales of spectacular scenery, quite in awe of the beauty of the countryside. Neil, in surprise, says it's always so much better than he's remembered. Of course, all this talk about 'nature' crops up in our conversations especially after a few months on the road, staying in orange and purple hotel rooms. At the same time, the touring lifestyle has another advantage — it provides the blinkers and forces a total commitment to work.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 27

9.00 am. Wake up call from Grant, we move quickly and tiredly into the day.

Arrive Invercargill and greeted by an over-officious officer on the sidewalk at the airport. Magan has an argument with him and Neil throws him a coin as we drive away. Later, Magan receives a speeding ticket from the same officer.

Stop off on the way to the hotel, at the art gallery for a typical photo of the band posing next to a huge anchor for the local papers.

I go straight to work. The crew, having become accustomed to the equipment, are working very fast these days and focus is early. The set works well in the Civic Centre, because the tiers of balconies tower over the stage, which is shallow and therefore the sail has a steep incline. I don't have a good show, getting my fingers jammed in the faders, despite a grand performance by the projector operators, Glen and Keith, who are by now quite skilled.

Noel apparently just about falls backwards off his drums, fatigued and the rest of the band are tired. But there are only 11 more shows to do, so they attack each one with enthusiasm.

After the show, the musos' club is less than hospitable, hassling the band at the door. Eddie, Tim and Neil leave and end up 'helping out' Magan, who is hosting a three-hour radio show.

The road crew have busily packed clean socks for the Saturday soundcheck before heading off to Queenstown in search of the thrillseeker jetboats. Bed.

Part two of this feature will appear in next month's 'RIU'.

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If you haven't heard of this band by now, you must have been hiding under a rock for the last few months. 'Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag' has been an enormously successful underground single in Britain *and* on this side of the world. But don't expect an album full of matching shirts and ties.

Dr Heckle is an album that experiments and triumphs as an example of what free-thinking musicians can do when divorced from the desire for pure commercial success.

The six Pigbaggers are hardly well-known, with the exception perhaps of Simon Underwood (ex Pop Group). All are multi-instrumental, though no-one claims great expertise on any one instrument. They've produced a bold and heuristic album, bursting with ideas and promise.

Pan-African and quasi-Latin polyrhythms play a vital part in the Pigbag sound, as well as a hefty nod to free jazz in some of the horn playing. Tracks like 'Getting Up' and 'Big Bag' slap on layers of percussion over bustling rhythm sections, allowing the horns to carry the melody lines in sharp, concise motifs. It's as tribal as it's funky.

'Dozo Don' and 'Brian The Snail' are even more adventurous, dwelling in darker jungle regions, where cello is especially well used to eerie effect over throbbing backgrounds, similar to the Brian Eno-Jon Hassell *Possible Musics* collaboration. Little spots of cartoon-style tootling with a New Orleans flavour provide the comic relief. Ollie Moore must get special mention for some exciting tenor sax work, especially on 'Orangutango'.

Mr Heckle and Mr Jive is a challenge to old precepts and some slightly immature notions of what constitutes 'jazz' and 'funk', two much-abused terms. I use them here only as very vague guidelines. Don't let them put you off. Pigbag is a brand new kleensak.

Duncan Campbell



ABC

ABC
Lexicon Of Love
Mercury

Let it be said here and now that this is a great record. Many people are already arming themselves for the ABC backlash, with accusations of slick, dull or worst of all, trendy. But this record is ample proof that ABC have a greatness that transcends mere fad. They have rescued the sly, slightly tongue-in-chic romanticism that Roxy started to lose around *Siren*.

I don't want to make them out to be a dance department Jodel Division, a bunch of do-no-wrong heroes (after all, 'Show Me' does have a dud chorus), but this record is strong enough to withstand all the praise and hype heaped on it.

The singles are all here, including their first, 'Tears Are Not Enough', but the rest of the tracks are strong enough not to be overshadowed (witness the excellent 'All Of My Heart' or the somewhat darker '4 ever 2 gether').

ABC's problem is going to be



Pigbag

time unravelling its obvious resonance and scope to reveal a series of obscured subtleties and asides.

Sister Feelings Call is the perfect complement. In the past year we have caught glimpses into its content: '20th Century Promised Land' and a live 'League of Nations' have appeared on the magnificent 'Sweat In Bullet' EP (the re-mixed version of which is *not* on the *Sister Feelings Call* album contrary to the label notes), and Theme For Great Cities' is included on the 'Promised You A Miracle' 12" EP, the year's best single.

The remainder of *Sister Feelings Call* is equally interesting. The American, 'Wonderful In Young Life' and 'Careful In Career' are Simple Minds in typical stride – aggressive and sure. Finally, 'Sound 70 Cities', an extended, purely instrumental reading of *Sons and Fascination's* '70 Cities As Love Brings the Fall', seals the album's promise as delivered. And now all you've gotta do is collect. **George Kay**

Various Artists
Your Secret's Safe With Us
Stunn

Two years ago, Nigel Burnham compiled an album of northern English bands, under the banner *Hicks From the Sticks*. It was a chance to showcase some of the lesser-known unreleased groups from around his homeground. One in particular, Wah! Heat, went on to record one of 1981's better albums.

Two years on and the exercise is repeated, only this time with a double album. An indication, perhaps, as to how many bands exist in the Lancashire, Yorkshire, Teeside area. Eighteen bands in all are featured, many with obscure names, such as Sepp Maier's Gloves or Blue Chips or Asama.

Although a lot of the material is dated, some of it in fact sounding like songs that didn't make it on to *Hicks from the Sticks*, a good percentage is interesting, to say the least. The Chameleons (not David Balfe's band) have a good, catchy song in 'Here Today', as do Thrash!, with the mock funk of 'Time Will Tell'. At the other end of the scale is Gentle Ichor with 'Psalm 151', a strange workout



Simple Minds

foreign climes, which he is searching for, is lost for want of the touch of Hernandez.

Coati is still performing live with the Coconuts, and reviews of the live shows have been ecstatic. Maybe the music loses something in translation to vinyl. Darnell seems to take himself too seriously, a grave error when you're trying to have fun.

Skids
Fanfare
Magazine
After the Fact
Virgin

Two almost Greatest Hits albums from two defunct Virgin bands.

The lesser first. Skids, a Scot's confusion of post-punk aggro, rock orthodoxy, paperback literacy and high profile Jobson pretensions. At their individual best – 'Into the Valley', 'Working for the Yankee Dollar', 'Masquerade' and 'A Woman In Winter' – they could be forceful, pertinent and imaginative and so avoid the aimless and self-conscious fashion drift of their albums.

As it is *Fanfare* is a Skids without the weeds and so ranks as their best album, albeit posthumous.

Magazine's *After the Fact* is a reminder, should you need one, that this band pioneered post 1977 art school punk. Their albums remain provocative and literate and their singles were flashes of light.

This retrospective collection starts with the rare single version of 'Shot By Both Sides' and is worth the price of the album alone. It remains white heat, no less. The remainder of *After the Fact* is a carefully chosen selection of songs, some of them classic singles – 'Rhythm of Cruelty', 'This Poison' and 'A Song From Under the Floorboards' – and some a hand-picked line-up of album highlights, notably 'Back To Nature', 'Motorcade' and 'You Never Knew Me'.

After the Fact is a representative glimpse of Magazine's best moments. An ideal starting place.

So both albums easily transcend the usual Greatest Hits gold watch good-bye.
George Kay

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RECORDS

Junior
Ji
Mercury

British acts have enjoyed remarkably little success over the years with their attempts to break into the American soul market. This makes it pretty remarkable when an erstwhile unknown like Junior Guiscombe, from the South of London, comes out of the blue and has his debut single ('Mamma Used to Say', which opens the album) reach number two on the USA soul charts. Subsequently he became only the second British act to appear on *Soul Train* TV show.

The key to the success is that Guiscombe and producer, keyboardist, co-writer Bob Carter have formulated a sound far more American than the general run of the current British 'funky-disco-pops' and yet is sufficiently dif-



Junior

ferent to stand out in the crowd. The obvious points of reference are American. Junior's vocal style is at times very reminiscent of a younger Stevie Wonder, as are a couple of the songs. The overall sound of the album is not unlike Michael Jackson's *Off The Wall* but with a bit more sharpness about the sounds that are woven into the overall smooth mesh.

It is also distinguished by an emphasis on melody rather than the groove for the groove's sake, which probably results from



Russell Smith

Junior's not playing an instrument. The eight tracks range from out and out dancing stuff like 'Mamma...' and 'Love Dies' through to the ballad 'Darling (Don't You Know)' which features the most impressive vocal performance on the album. An impressive debut.

Don Mackay
Russell Smith
Capitol
This is one for the converted, for people like me who regard the

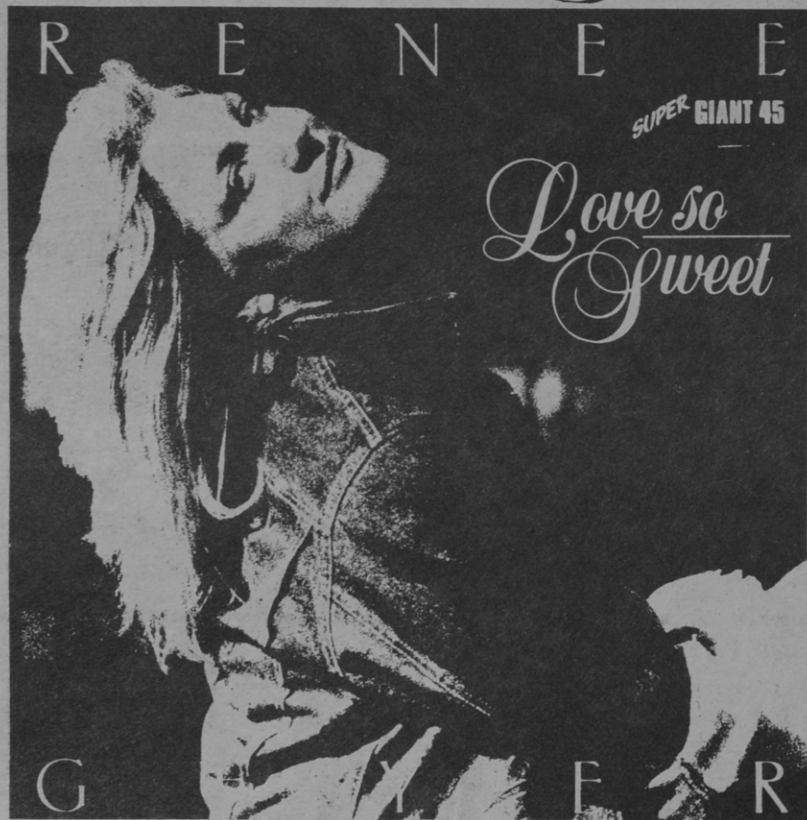


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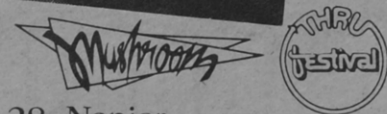
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Amazing Rhythm Aces as the greatest unsung band of the 1970s. If you saw them in the Auckland Town Hall, in the last concert they made before breaking up, then you'll remember Russell Smith as the tiny lead singer whose voice live proved as stunning as it had always been on record.

As a singer Smith has always reminded me of Al Green. There's the same soul, the same remarkable range, the same way of twisting or stretching words to rhythms only their minds hear, which makes both of them singers who can be recognised after only a couple of lines. Green has been a superstar in the United States, but Smith and the Aces, have struggled most of the way. The career battles — Smith said in Auckland that he cried when the record company decided to issue a straight country song, 'She Used to Sing Amazing Grace', as the follow-up to the Aces' debut single hit, 'Third Rate Romance' — have had their effect on Smith's music.

Early in his career Smith often displayed a keen sense of humour. By the time of this album, made in November last year, only one of 10 songs, 'Mississippi Gal', shows that side of his character, with the lines:

*I swear, you were born to please
Freckles on your shoulders,
Freckles on your knees.*

This first Smith solo album is largely serious stuff, with lots of love gone wrong ('That's What I Learned From Loving You') or maybe about to go wrong ('Some-day We Will').

The more you listen, the more it may dawn on you that this album has no bad songs, and several ('Our Lady Of The Blues', 'Your Eyes' and 'Southern Music') that rate with the best of the Aces. If that interests you it might pay to cherish this record.

Smith also said in Auckland that if this album was not commercially successful he would give up music and work full time on the farm he owns near Memphis. Russell Smith did not make the Top 200 albums in Billboard.

Phil Gifford
Burning Spear
Farover
EMI

Another pleasant surprise. First, those dandy Trojan reissues from Music World, and now a major label retrieves JA's foremost artist (now you-know-who is gone).

After four albums for Island, Spear (Winston Rodney) formed his own record label and publishing company and produced his two most eloquent works, *Social Living* and 1980's stark and stunning *Hail H.I.M.* The latter LP was recorded with almost all of the Wailers and the association continues with *Farover*, recorded at Tuff Gong and with Aston Barrett among the musicians.

The album is more up than its predecessor but with the same haunting call-and-response backing vocals and Rodney's impassioned singing building on simple things to intense climaxes. Always that incessant, mesmerising rhythm and sweet brass punctuations.

What sets *Farover* apart is its feeling of optimism. As always, Rodney quotes extensively from the thoughts of black visionary Marcus Garvey, the father of the back-to-Africa movement. It's not all messages. 'Rock' is a reworking of an old track, an invitation to the skank, while 'She's Mine' is one of the very few straight love songs Spear has ever done. Mellow and tender, and something he should

try more often.

Take the politicising according to your own lights, embrace the music without prejudice. Spear may be a preacher and a teacher, but he's also a loving man and a dancing man. A magic man.

Duncan Campbell
Romeo Void
It's A Condition
Epic

Romeo Void's *Never Say Never* EP was a much sought-after import this year, especially in Auckland, where it was thrashed by Radio B to the enlightened masses. Few who listened will forget the rush of adrenalin from the boisterous drums, manic sax and superbly judged vocals, with that brilliant chorus:

*I might like you better if we
slept together...*

Romeo Void are one girl and four guys from San Francisco. The lady with the voice and a big share of the songs is Debora Iyall, a physically large but incredibly graceful figure, whose singing is always beautifully judged and controlled.

It's A Condition dates from early last year, and suffers in comparison with the later EP, recorded last October and produced by Ric Ocasek of the Cars. The songs are just as good, a mixture of 60s surf and psychedelia and the post-punk rhythms of Britain, especially the Cure and (dare we say it?) Joy Division. The songs are assertive and lyrically mature, but the band is too tentative. A few months of gigging and a better producer made all the difference, especially for Debora, whose vocal presence on *Never Say Never* was right upfront.

Still, *It's A Condition* is important for its best songs, 'Talk Dirty (To Me)', 'White Sweater', 'Drop Your Eyes' (very close to 'People Are Strange') and the slow burning 'I Mean It'.

The LP shows a band finding its feet, confirmed by the later recording, which should now be given general release here. But both still prove that America does have life beyond AT 40.

Duncan Campbell
The Yardbirds
The Single Hits
Charly

As the informative liner notes so rightly point out, the Yardbirds' influence on music and musicians was quite out of proportion to their brief period of fame.

This compilation album contains the A and B-sides of the group's second through fifth singles (1963-66). After that the hits stopped coming. Unlike many other groups of the time, the Yardbirds are not really served especially well by a "hits" collection, for while their singles were among the most exciting music of the mid-60s they also were unusually experimental on albums. (Notably the so-called "Roger the Engineer" album, where Jeff Beck trots out some of his best guitar licks and Keith Relf plays with nursery rhymes as a basis for pop — all very trendy in '66.)

That said, this collection can't be faulted. Here is 'For Your Love', 'Heartful of Soul', 'Evil Hearted You'/'Still I'm Sad' (one of those rare, double-sided hits), and 'Shapes of Things'/'You're a Better Man Than I' (and another double-sided), as well as such B-side gems as 'I Ain't Got You' in which Eric Clapton delivers one of his best solos and Jeff Beck's slinky slide outing 'Steeled Blues'.

If Charly has missed anything, it is the Yardbirds' last single of

any worth, 'Happenings Ten Years Time Ago' backed with the manic 'Psycho Daisies' — not a hit, but a beaut. Oh well, next time maybe.

Ken Williams
George Thorogood
and the Destroyers
Bad To The Bone
EMI America

Lonesome George crashes back on to the scene with what is arguably his best album yet.

Thorogood himself is in the same manic form he has displayed in the past, but the Destroyers as a whole seem to be getting a better response out of the recording studio. Production credit goes to the Delaware Destroyers themselves — and it's hot and punchy. The band sounds tighter, an improvement from earlier days when Thorogood seemed to be carrying the others. New member Hank Carter has settled into the group and blows some gutsy sax. He's a primitive, but that suits the Thorogood philosophy perfectly.

Thorogood contributes three songs himself, all in the style of the R&B killers he loves. Best is the title track, a menacing variation on Bo Diddley's 'I'm a Man'. Very few can worry a riff until it screams in agony the way Thorogood can.

Also included are songs by John Lee Hooker (a raving 'New Boogie Chillun'), the Isley Brothers (a 'Shout' variation), Bob Dylan (an acoustic 'Wanted Man'; don't know the song myself), and Chuck Berry ('No Particular Place To Go', too frantic), as well as the lovely blues ballad 'As The Years Go Passing By', perhaps definitively done by Albert King and on his new Masterworks collection.

Top-notch, Mr Thorogood.

Ken Williams
The dB's
Repercussion
Liberation

Many new bands try to avoid comparisons with established acts. The dB's slyly suggest them. *Repercussion's* pop-art cover has affinities with Elvis Costello's debut. Their song title 'From A Window To A Screen' is a play upon one from Costello's *Trust*. The vocal harmonies on the very first track recall Squeeze. All of which means that the dB's are after some pretty prestigious company. Happily, however, this New York-based quartet have talent to equal their nerve.

And like Squeeze and Costello, the dB's are revitalising pop song-writing. Chris Stamey and Peter Holsapple, in each of their six songs apiece, show an originality that explores and tests the structural limitations of pop while at the same time maintaining its heritage. But while, say, the horns on 'Living A Lie' are redolent of 60s Rascals, or the bongos and backwards guitar on 'I Feel Good (Today)' recall (the original) psychedelia, there is nothing remotely nostalgic going on here. These witty songs and assured performances are thoroughly modern in their sharp, angular lurch and sway. There's nothing dumb here and there's plenty that's smart.

The dB's debut album, *Stands For Decibels*, was released here late last year and sank without trace. It seems they appear too pop for the cultists and too cult for the pop-pickers. A bit like Squeeze in fact. Another victim of rigidified New Zealand music tastes.

Here's our chance to get smart. The dB's are a band to love as much as to admire.

Peter Thomson

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LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL

I AIN'T GOT YOU

FOR YOUR LOVE

GOT TO HURRY

STEELED BLUES

SIDE TWO

HEARTFUL OF SOUL

EVIL HEARTED YOU

STILL I'M SAD

SHAPES OF THINGS

YOU'RE A BETTER MAN THAN I

CHARLY
RECORDS

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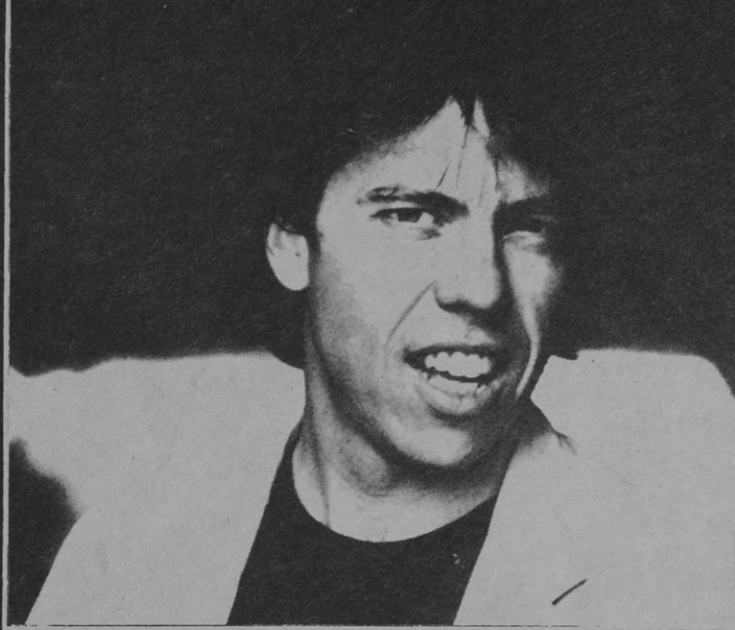
GEORGE THOROGOOD & the DESTROYERS

Back To Wentzville
Blue Highway
Nobody But Me
It's A Sin
New Boogie Chillun

Bad To The Bone
Miss LuAnn
As The Years Go Passing By
No Particular Place To Go
Wanted Man

EMI

GEORGE THOROGOOD & the DESTROYERS



BAD TO THE BONE

Produced by The Delaware Destroyers

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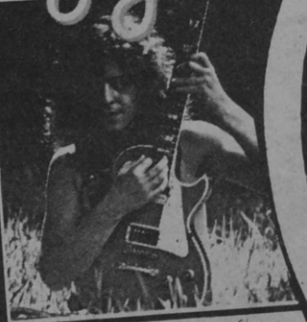
T-REX
Telegram Sam



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LP: '20 Golden Greats'

20 Golden Greats



Solid Gold Easy Action

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THE MOTIVATOR
JEEPSTER
LEAN WOMAN BLUES
RIDE A WHITE SWAN
SUMMERTIME BLUES
JITTERBUG LOVE
SOLID GOLD EASY ACTION
HOT LOVE
I LOVE TO BOOGIE
ROCK ON
THE SLIDER
COSMIC DANCER
LADY
20TH CENTURY BOY
THE GROOVER
CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION
YOU SCARE ME TO DEATH



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FAROVER

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RECORDS

Warren Zevon The Envoy Asylum

His first studio album since his purported recovery from alcoholism marks a brilliant return for California's toughest songwriter. Still shooting from the hip but tempered with diplomacy, Zevon combines rock and ballad styles with witty lyrics.

The title track opens the album — an epic in the tradition of 'Lawyers, Guns and Money'. Zevon offers his services as the envoy. 'The Overdraft', a barbed mid-tempo rocker, sets the stage for 'The Hula Hula Boys', a masterly ballad about losing out in Hawaii (outstanding chorus). 'Jesus Mentioned', an acoustic item, continues Zevon's unflattering examination of Southern heroes — Elvis Presley fans beware! 'Let Nothing Come Between You' is mainstream pop, and could even herald his return to AM radio in NZ.

Side Two opens with the maso-

chistic 'Ain't That Pretty At All', reminiscent in tone to the earlier 'I'll Sleep When I'm Dead':

So I'm going to hurl myself against the wall,

'Cause I'd rather feel bad than not feel anything at all.

'Charlie's Medicine' follows, featuring punishing guitar in a story about the death of an LA pusher shot down by a doctor in Beverley Hills — neither felt a thing. 'Looking For The Next Best Thing' is smooth rock with underlying bite and the side ends with a poignant Zevon ballad, 'Never Too Late For Love'.

The Envoy is Zevon's best studio album since the self-titled masterpiece of 1976 and is proof that not everyone in LA has nodded off to sleep. Great rock music requires tension, the crashing chord when you least expect it. There is tension aplenty in this hunk of vinyl. Make the effort to listen.

David Perkins

Black Uhuru
Chill Out
Island

Having raved at some length

over last year's *Red*, my favourite of 1981, and picked this group as a pacesetter, this album makes me feel a shade uncomfortable. It would be tough to match such a heady, forthright predecessor, but this one doesn't even get halfway.

The fault lies largely with the material, though there are also problems with the reggae-funk fusion that is Black Uhuru's hallmark.

To put it bluntly, it appears Michael Rose now only has one song in him, and he's intent on rewriting it a dozen different ways. 'Darkness', 'Eye Market', 'Fleety Foot' and 'Mondays' all bear a very familiar stamp, pale duplicates of the last two albums. Only Rose's vocals save these tracks from mediocrity.

The only two worthwhile songs, are the title track, which is a collaboration with Duckie, Puma, and the ever-present Sly and Robbie, and Simpson's 'Emotional Slaughter', a sombre piece underlined with a growling synthesiser bassline. 'Chill Out' is a tough New York song, a bleak picture of the city that is Black Uhuru's home. Rose must be

wondering whether leaving JA was a good idea.

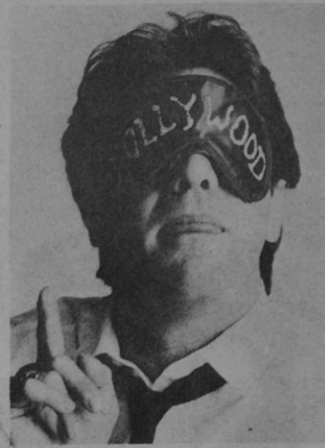
Dunbar and Shakespeare do their best to dress up some very tired tunes, but you can't disguise what is now sounding like a formula. The rhythms are generally sluggish, suggesting an uneasy period of transition from a Jamaican to an American sound. Maybe they'll do better next time, and get some new ideas sorted out. Hope so.

Duncan Campbell

Don Henley
I Can't Stand Still
Asylum

With the aid of Danny Kortchmar and others, Don Henley has produced a fine album of honest songs — the baring of the soul in the wake of the demise of the Eagles.

The title track opens the album, a slice of the Eagles at their peak, distinguished by the quavering keyboards of Kortchmar, co-writer of a number of tunes on the album. 'You Better Hang Up', a Kortchmar song, is almost country honk — a fun item. 'Long Way Home' is a love song with a



Eagles: Don Henley and Glenn Frey.



Albert King

stunning guitar arrangement complementing Henley's plaintive vocal. 'Nobody's Business' boils with urgency, evoking a sense of total freedom — the catharsis after his cocaine bust.

Side Two opens like the thud of a howitzer. 'Dirty Laundry', featuring adroit use of mocking keyboards, hammers the sensationalism in the presentation of TV news.

We all know that crap is king. Give us dirty laundry ...

'Johnny Can't Read' is a rolling rocker about educational disadvantage leading to tragedy and Henley asks who is to blame. 'Them And Us' delivers the two sides of the nuclear issue with the punch of John Fogarty at his rollicking best. 'La Eile', an interlude from the Chieftains, is the backdrop for 'Lilah', a story of love set in the midst of turmoil in Northern Ireland. The album ends with a tinge of optimism, on the reworking of the old gospel standard 'Unclouded Day'.

Don Henley, the guiding spirit of the Eagles, is alive and well. The album avoids the sentimental blandness of much of the West Coast sound and compares favourably with any album the Eagles recorded. It has all the ingredients of a massive seller.

David Perkins

Glenn Frey
No Fun Aloud
Asylum

When I mentioned to friends that I had this album to review they were sympathetic. When I told them that I was enjoying it they expressed surprise. Such is the low esteem — not to say contempt — with which many of us regard the Eagles and those who flapped therein.

And with good reason. The Eagles took the folk-rock of the Byrds and early Burritos and smoothed off all the edges with limpid harmonies and slick rhythm guitars. Passion was replaced by sentimentality in the interests of commercial viability.

What is so pleasantly surprising about *No Fun Aloud* is that, while it obviously sounds like the work of an ex Eagle, it largely transcends the smug, detached efficiency of old. Of course it's all very professional but, freed from the glistening harmonies, Frey's vocals carry commitment and responsibility. The slow songs are yearning and tender without being bland. ('She Can't Let Go' is the only exception.) The medium to up-tempo numbers — all very catchy — successfully combine Californian laid-back with a Stax-like punch in the horns and rhythm section.

So there you are: mellow music strengthened with real fibre. Glenn Frey certainly no longer deserves to be critically tarred and Eagle-feathered.

Peter Thomson

Albert King
Masterworks
Atlantic

Albert King's *Born Under a Bad Sign* album of 1966 was one of the most — perhaps the most — important blues albums of its time.

It changed the thinking of virtually all the blues-based electric guitarists from Eric Clapton to Jimi Hendrix. They in turn changed the sound of rock. If that seems too simplistic, take a listen to the seven tracks from that long unavailable Stax album (sadly, never released in New Zealand) which are included in this 18-track compilation.

The scorching scream of Albert King's Flying V guitar, coupled with his gently gruff, almost-spoken vocals, is a sound you'll never forget.

This excellently selected compilation features Albert in several contexts from 1966 until the present day, but there can be no argument that he is at his strongest in the *Born Under a Bad Sign* situation, with the exemplary assistance of Booker T and the MGs. (What a terrible loss to music was the late Al Jackson, the MGs' drummer cruelly murdered in his Memphis home a few years ago!) These tracks, from the menacing 'Born Under a Bad Sign' and 'Laundromat Blues' to the haunting 'As The Years Go Passing By' are vintage King, possibly the best-ever meeting of blues and the then-emerging Memphis soul sound.

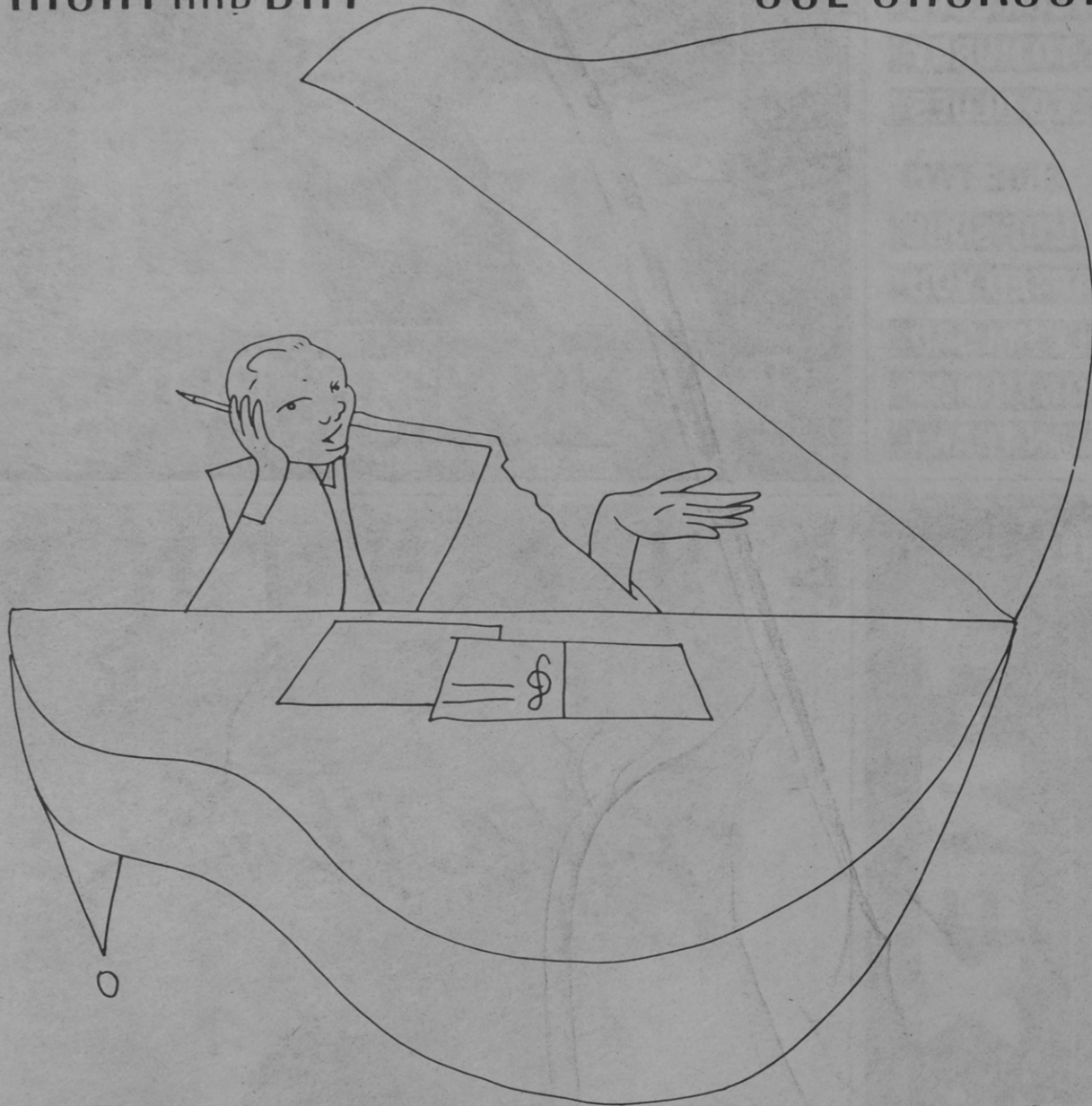
Elsewhere, Albert is heard in more modern surroundings under the direction of producers Allen Toussaint (from the excellent *New Orleans Heat* album), Don Davis, and Bert de Coteaux, as well as a superb live version of 'Blues at Sunrise' recorded at Montreux.

Very little of Albert King's work has been freely available in New Zealand. Don't miss this one at any cost.

Ken Williams

NIGHT AND DAY

JOE JACKSON



NEW ALBUM ON RECORDS AND TAPES



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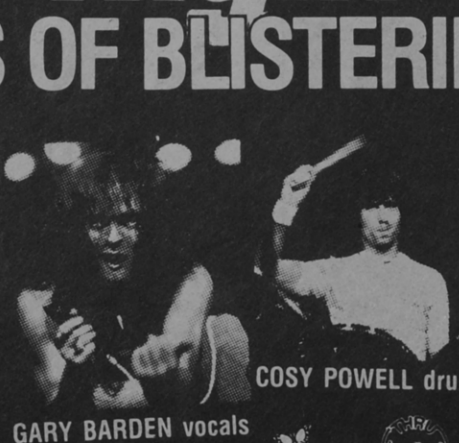
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Bobby McFerrin



David Johansen

David Johansen
Live It Up
Epic

Mucho fun. That appears to be David Johansen's creed. He fronts a band that's New York mainstream in sound but he's not into macho posturing himself.

Neither is he into marketing. It's a pity, because he has recorded three albums all deserving greater exposure and sales. Surely a live album should give a second chance to these overlooked songs.

Instead Johansen has plenty of fun performing old faves (an Animals' medley, Four Tops' 'Reach Out I'll Be There', Foundations' 'Build Me Up Buttercup', Goffin/King ballad 'Is This What I Get from Loving You'), four from his critics' rave debut and only one track each from his underrated *In Style* and *Here Comes the Night* albums.

The cover version that epitomises Johansen's good humour is the Cadets' doo-wop epic, 'Stranded in the Jungle' — an ambitious undertaking where the band prove that they ain't just

thrashers.

Syl Sylvain is out on his own now. None of the musicians here were with Johansen for his 1978 promotional live album and *Live It Up* isn't as raw as the Sylvain dominated promo album. We get yet another side to the elusive David Johansen.

Murray Cammick

Bobby McFerrin
Elektra/Musician

Bobby McFerrin is possibly the most exciting new singer to bridge pop and jazz vocalising since the emergence of Al Jarreau in the early 70s. And if that sounds like a record company hype then consider the following:

1) McFerrin takes three pop chestnuts and successfully renders them anew. 'Moondance' is treated with a moody piano figure and a lovely wordless-vocal/instrumental solo. 'Dance With Me' becomes a popping samba and 'You've Really Got A Hold On Me' has hit potential in a duet with Phoebe Snow.

2) His covers of jazz composi-

tions are equally impressive, from Horace Silver's hymn of 'Peace' to Bud Powell's leaping 'Hallucinations'. The latter is a dazzling display of double-tracked, unaccompanied wordless vocalising.

3) McFerrin's own pop songs are excellent and easily stand beside the quality of the material he's chosen to cover.

4) His original jazz numbers are virtuoso exercises. Making full use of multi-tracking, he swoops, slides, grunts, hoots, flutters and becomes everything from a horn section to a chicken. All this with seeming ease and to largely enjoyable effect.

If the above comments make the album sound like a mish-mash from another smartass singer who can't find his own style they're not meant to. *Bobby McFerrin* is a debut to showcase the man's range and abilities and as such, completely succeeds.

5) Oh yeah, the backing musicians are great too.

Peter Thomson
Al Green
Higher Plane
Myrrh

Al Green is not just another religiously-inclined pop singer. As the cover of *Higher Plane* reveals, he's also the Reverend Al Green of the Full Gospel Tabernacle, Memphis, Tennessee. Indeed, since Green assumed sole control of his musical direction in 1977, he's worked on a closer alliance of his twin preoccupations — sex and salvation. They're reconciled so well these days that the same intimate, loose musical style can carry both his secular and his popular material, yet be spontaneous and energetic enough to perfectly convey his spiritual joy.

On *Higher Plane* you get eight gospel songs — a couple, like 'Amazing Grace' and 'Battle Hymn Of The Republic', are treated in a very standard way — but the rest are so seamless, so distinctively Al Green that he could have written every one.

His first gospel album, *The Lord Will Make A Way*, was perhaps a stronger overall collection, but both of these albums are so lively and good-natured that while they may not convert the heathens, they definitely provide uplifting music, even for unbelievers.

Alastair Douglas

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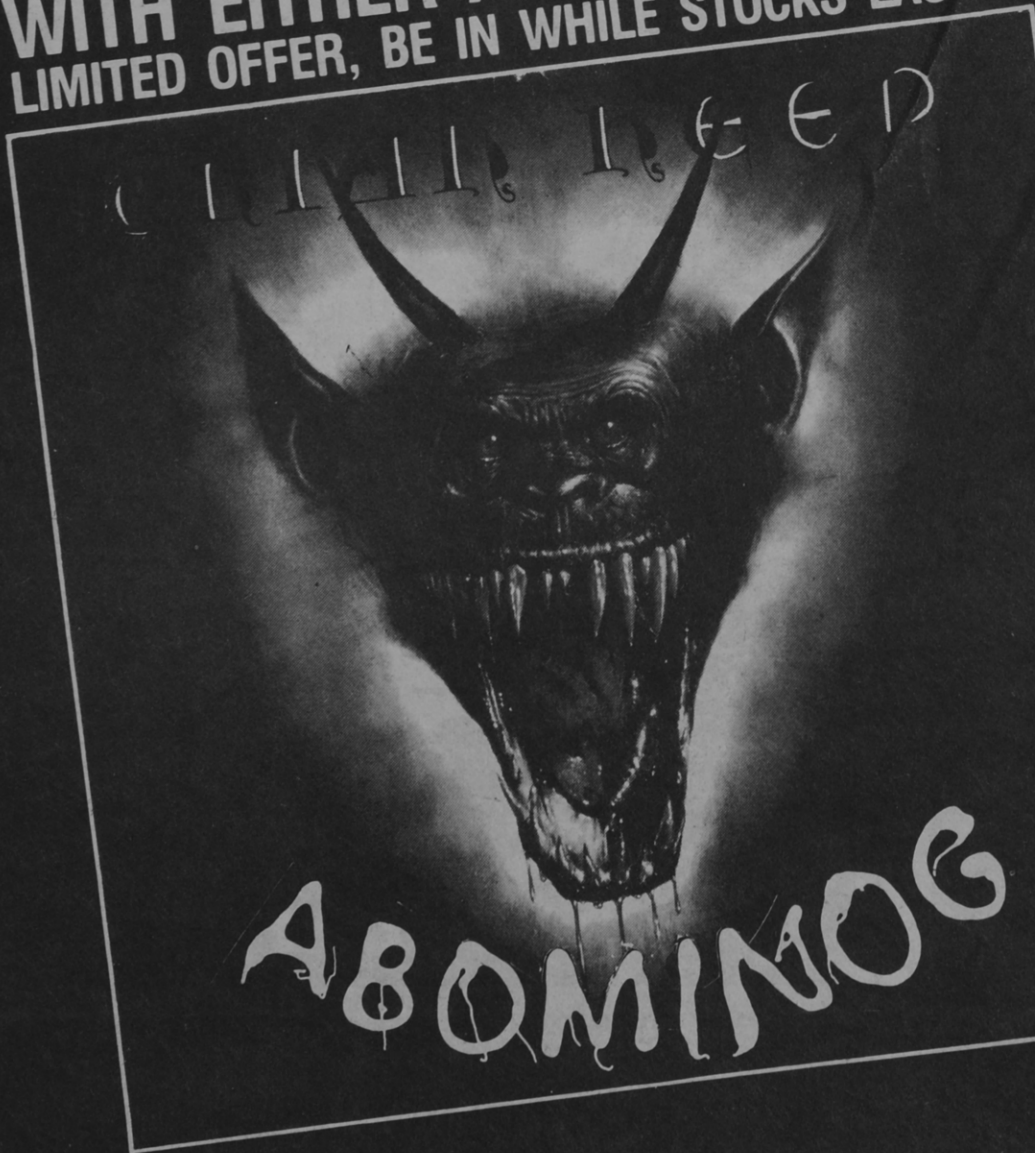
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Uriah Heep
Abominog (Bronze)
Original member Mick Box has resurfaced Heep after an 18-month layoff, and with inspired performances from new members Pete Goalby on vocals and John Sinclair on keyboards, has produced an absolute blitzkrieg hard rock album, far and away Heep's best ever. Bearing little resem-



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The Psychedelic Furs
Love My Way, 12" (CBS)
After slimming down to a four-piece, the Furs resurface with a song teeming with compassion. A smooth, blissful record of textured synthesizers and tortured voices, instantly memorable and very saleable. Their best yet. 'Aeroplane' on the flip is more the Furs of old. Terse, temperamental guitar — overdone.
Monsoon
Shakti (The Meaning Of Within) (Mercury)
I was quite enthralled with Monsoon's meanwhile-in-down-town-Delhi theme, 'Ever So Lonely'. 'Shakti' attempts to retread the structure, but fails as it's totally forgettable. File under Indians in Islington.
Bow Wow Wow
I Want Candy, 12" (RCA)
It's a shame this doesn't come in the original, sensuous UK picture sleeve. An old song that bears Richard Gottehrer's name and the riff from 'Willie and the Hand Jive'. Not one to write home

about. Turn it over for 'Cowboy', a thumping rocker not far removed from TOH's 'Westworld'.
The Dabs
Love The Army, 12" (Propeller)
I haven't seen the Dabs live since early days, so this EP comes as a pleasant surprise. Snappy, mid-60s pop played with lots of vigour and style. Best cut is obviously 'Love The Army', though 'Remember When', with its McGlashan cornet, is also worthy of attention.
Pigbag
Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag (Powderworks)
If you worry about your credibility, you already have this. Coolest of the cool and former half of the Pop Group, Pigbag mix jungle rhythms with jazz/funk horns into a luscious, rich pot-pourri that's new and danceable. The backside is 'The Backside' — very ordinary.
Culture Club
I'm Afraid Of Me (Virgin)
A four-piece featuring photographers' favourite Boy George

and others sporting this season's clothes. Tropical flavour ensues over-dub drums, melodic vocals and Rico-like trombone, all held together by a crisp, clear production. The other side is occupied by 'Murder Rap Trap', heavy reggae dub, best suited to the early morning hours.
Romeo Void
Never Say Never (Epic)
A four-song EP, previously available on import. Coming out of San Francisco, Romeo Void are a five-piece, solid, modern rock unit, featuring a strong Patti Smith-type vocalist in Debora Iyall. Produced by the Cars' Ric Ocasek and Roy Thomas Baker's engineer, Ian Taylor. Quite good.
Bauhaus
Spirit (Beggars Banquet)
Other than 'Telegram Sam', Bauhaus have so far failed to impress me. This is a very average tune (yes, it does have one) that gives the ears nothing solid to latch on to, and consequently appears to meander aimlessly.
The Clean
Getting Older (Flying Nun)
Live, this is one of my favourite Clean numbers. Unfortunately, they have chosen a mix that gives the impression of a hundred people playing in a garage, and not all playing the same song. Bound to be huge. Flip has two songs, 'Scrap Music' and 'Whatever I Do It's'.
Pedestrians
Looking Out My Window
The Pedestrians (from Christchurch), using a similar line to Danse Macabre's 'Skyline', concoct a nifty little pop song that demands repeated playings. Two songs on the B-side, 'Boys and Girls' and 'The Pedestrian', quite good, but a bit of a shambles.
Soft Cell
Non-Stop Ecstatic Dancing
Mini LP (Vertigo)
Six tracks in all. Three previously unreleased in NZ, two from the album 'Chips On My Shoulder', 'Sex Dwarf' and the old Supremes' number 'Where Did Our Love Go'. Fortunately, everything has been drastically remixed, making for better value than it would initially seem. Definitely worth checking out for Soft Cell fans.
Instigators
Hope She's Alright (Ripper)
I've never liked the Instigators' copybook ska, but this parting shot by them is very different.

Hard-edge punk, strong guitar lines, vicious singing all make for their best effort ever. The flip is 'No Problems' and 'No Problems Dub' at 33rpm.
No Tag
Oi Oi Oi, 12" (Propeller)
This record needs no description, its title speaks for itself. Manic, full flight rock and roll for the anti-everything brigade. Three tracks, best of which is probably 'Mistaken Identity', with its thumping bass line.
Blue Zoo
I'm Your Man, 12" (Magnet)
After playing the seven-inch version a couple of times, it wore out its welcome. But the 12-inch is quite different. Repetitive, over-produced and derivative but it seduces and sedates — likeable dross. 'Fate' on the flip is like the Fate cake at John's Diner, heavy and dated.
The Waitresses
I Know What Boys Like (Polydor)
Hailing from New York, they're nearly all boys. This delves into the white funk trunk, dusts off a few fave riff-raps, but except for the horn break, it's dead boring. Flip 'It's My Car' is turgid ska.
Mark Phillips

Tall Dwarfs
Louie Likes His Daily Dip (Flying Nun)
Once Chris and Alec were pop stars, recording artists or whatever. But now Chris is a producer, doing more with four tracks than those with 20 more. Songs take a backseat to sounds. There's no lyric sheet but there's a 'how we did it' sheet. The guitar sound on 'Maybe' and 'Pictures' is so live, if ya didn't know they were tall, you'd think they were in the speakers. My fave sounds? There are lots to choose from, well, ah, the psychedelic guitar on 'Song of the Silents', umm, there's so many. It's like a funny radio show, there's talk too. 'Louie' is rap. Chris knows you don't have to be black to waffle. Recommended.
Renee Geyer
Love So Sweet, 12" (Mushroom)
Renee Geyer is a great singer like Ray Charles is a great singer and here Renee's found two good songs, both written by ex Crocodiles, 'Love So Sweet' by Tony Backhouse and Jonathon Swartz wrote the flip. Ricky Fataar (*So Lucky*) produces again, the result is Renee at her best.
Daggy & the Dickheads
Brothers (WEA)
A five track EP produced by Ian Morris. Some great rockers, try 'Standing in the Corner', the obvious airplay tune. Their twin guitar sound is even better on stage. I am still thinking about the six minute number with the Bonanza guitar break.
Neighbours
Watching Westerns (WEA)
Don't be fooled by the cowboy trappings, this band's honky tonk is R&B based. Trudie sings a nifty, throwaway ditty about cowboy

politics. Production is none too flash but horns are neat. Flip 'Hand In Hand', ideal for Mexican wedding.
No Clapping
Pie And A Pint (Ode)
A five track EP from four once Rank and Filers. No Clapping are a goodtime band, known to get pissed and have a goodtime while the audience suffers. However there are songs here. Full throttle (with trumpet) on 'Lie To You' is exciting but it's not much fun for the listener when the recording is rank. Fans only.
Tommy Adderley
Gimme That Wine (Ripper)
Fronting an all-star band (with three horn players), Adderley delivers a fine vocal proving he's alive and well, Flip is a song about an ex-girlfriend, I hope.
Narc
Over My Head (CBS)
This band write catchy melodies, they're bound to have a hit one day. But there is little else about 'Over My Head' that I haven't heard too many times before. Lowest common denominator rock for radio. Few achieve anything aspiring to so little.
Murray Cammick

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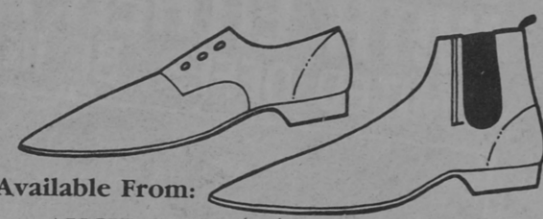
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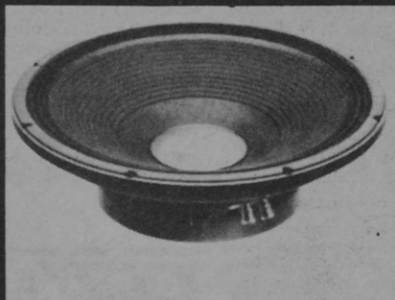
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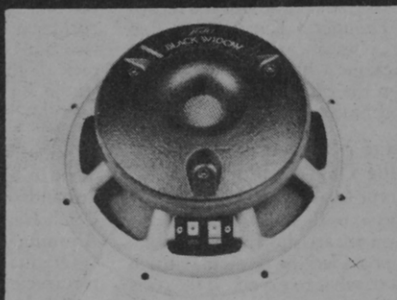


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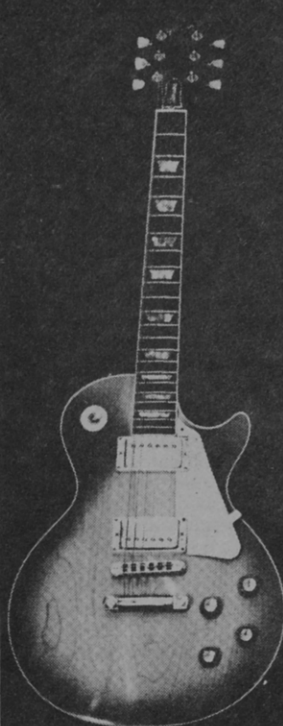
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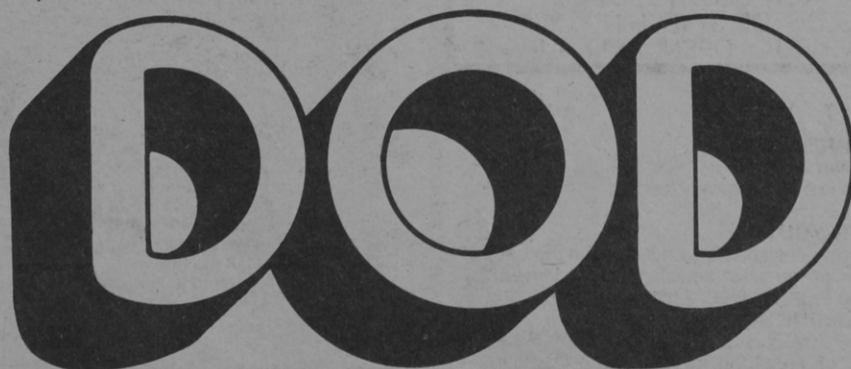
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LIVE

Netherworld Dancing Toys My Three Sons, En Can MA Gladstone, August 21

My Three Sons (and a daughter) don't fall into any of the neat categories the Christchurch music scene has established for itself. Singer-guitarist Bevan Rapson always said he wanted the band to sound like Dave Edmunds. They don't.

Rapson has the band's entire quota of stage presence. He sweated, shut his eyes and sang as hard as he could. His lyrics are built through a constant process of improvisation and evolution, even on stage. This is how a song called 'Gladstone' can be about the Crucifixion.

Rapson's voice is coarse, strong and occasionally tuneful. Bassist Bruce Findlay's tenor is an ideal harmony and should be used more often. Deb's sweet, jazzy sax is an ideal contrast to Rapson's earthiness. Her break in 'Look Away' was heavenly.

Some of the songs were just too clumsy, however. They are capable of better and will achieve it. Watch them next time.

En Can MA weren't supposed to play, they just went backstage and asked if they could do a couple of songs. They were loud, arrogant ('This song is called ... 'Eat Shit'') and played too long. I liked them.

Netherworld Dancing Toys' name made them sound like some sort of third-rate Danse Macabre. To be approached with trepidation? No fear. NTD are a Dunedin soul band. Dexys take their place alongside Sam and Dave and Wilson Pickett among the covers.

The crowd loved NTD, the dancefloor was full before the end of the first set. All kinds of dancers, from the hip to the

decidedly non-hip.

The trouble with being a soul band is that you gotta *have* soul. NTD didn't always. They were thoroughly genuine, just sometimes a shade wimpy. Songs like 'Midnight Hour' fizzed where they should have burned. Guitarist Malcolm Black should be doing most of the singing. His was the strong voice.

Highlights included Sam and Dave's 'Hold On, I'm Coming', a great 'Louie Louie' and 'Where Are the Flowers?' by guitarist Nick Sampson. The horn section was excellent.

NTD were good, honest fun. I'd go and see them any day of the week. But young soul rebels? Nah. Russell Brown

Urbs, Bombers

Windsor, August 25.

The Bombers are Deineke Janson (guitar), Webster (bass), Larry DeZoete (drums) and Sonja Waters (ex Instigators, keyboards). They are the original Bombers who debuted over a year ago, except Sonja, who joined about three months back.

Despite having strong frontpersons, the band were messy and the sound wasn't that good. However, playing to about 25 people on a Wednesday night can't be that inspiring and judging from previous nights they are capable of better things.

Urbs won the 'Best Band' title in this year's Christchurch Battle of the Bands. They are comprised of principal songwriter and guitarist Bill Direen (ex Builders), sometime songwriter and fulltime bassist Campbell McLean and drummer Malcolm Grant.

By Direen's own admission, it wasn't a good night. For a start, Campbell kept hiding behind the speakers. They started off the set with slower songs which tended to run together in a long, monotonous yawn. But when they hit their stride, they seemed to gain more



Urbs' Bill Direen, Reverb Room.



Jordan, Dance Exponents

confidence. The excellent 'Moderation' and a great mutated 'You Can't Do That' stood out. Barry Morris

Urbs

Coloured Pencils

Reverb Room, August 28.

Well, what a night! When did people last stand on their seats and scream for more at an Auckland pub gig?

What about the stripper?

What about Bill Direen?

What about Chris Knox playing the keyboards with a Fosters can, his elbow, his head? Coloured Pencils and Urbs playing for the last time in their present incarnations. Coloured Pencils — noise, verve, no monitors ... kinda like punk rock, remember punk rock? These guys are drastic, booping saxophones, slash/strummed guitar, overwhelming drumming from Rex Visible, forget the lyrics, peg it all on Frank Steentjes playing consistent bass all the way. Urgent message to the nervous system — get loose.

Best songs: 'Collapsed', 'Festering', 'Social Welfare'. The Coloured Pencils are Rex Visible (guitar and drums), Steve Marsden (drums or guitar), Frank Steentjes (bass), Pat Pencil (vocals), Brian St John (sax and beer bottle), Bruce Pencil (sax).

In contrast Urbs play so clean and tightly structured they seem almost tame to start with. But this band has massive cumulative effect. They start slow and work up to hysteria level, siren guitar and sustained scream on 'Accident'. Bill Direen is a giant talent as guitarist and vocalist — it was his night. He was ably assisted by Campbell McLean on bass and Malcolm Grant playing drums, with occasional Chris Knox on keyboards.

RECORDS

'eavy

MSG, One Night At Budokan (Chrysalis)

Cracking double live recorded just prior to the release of MSG. This marvellous album shows an ace line-up of rock heavies really clicking and enjoying it. Featuring two old UFO favourites and the pick of the tracks from the two studio albums, it's a positively vibrant, technically excellent album from Schenker at his imaginative best. A fitting testament to a group Schenker's now disbanded.

Uriah Heep Abominog (Bronze)

Original member Mick Box has resurrected Heep after an 18-month layoff, and with inspired performances from new members Pete Goalby on vocals and John Sinclair on keyboards, has produced an absolute blitzkrieg hard rock album, far and away Heep's best ever. Bearing little resemblance to Heep's dull efforts of the last six years, it's a glorious amalgam of Foreigner-type bombast and British heavy metal. CC

Girlschool Screaming Blue Murder (Bronze)

Girlschool bring in a new brass player and a new producer (Nigel Gray of Police fame) for their third album and emerge with their toughest effort yet. No tracks stand out like 'Yeah Right' from *Hit And Run*, though a great version of 'Live With Me' comes close. Girlschool could do well to spend more time crafting their songs, rather than rushing them out in an adrenalin burst in the studio. Scorpions, Blackout (RCA)

Veteran metal purveyors, the Scorpions' ninth album reaffirms their standing after the disappointing *Animal Magnetism*. Klaus Meines' voice (following an operation last year) is back to full steam ahead and makes the title track the year's premier headbanger to date. A consistently strong album. Rudolf Schenker has written some real winners for this one, and

Mathias Jabs' stinging lead guitar is predominant throughout. Love the cover.

Ted Nugent Nugent (Warner Bros)

Ted's changed labels and abandoned his Tarzan of the Amplifiers approach to spend time constructing an album of songs with more variety than his last six put together. Unfortunately, without a loincloth and a slice of raw venison between his teeth, Ted becomes very ordinary. Even Carmine Appice on drums cannot save this dull outing. Forget the social commentary and get on with the axe attack, Ted.

Chris Caddick Aldonova (Epic)

Debut album from 24-year-old Canadian studio hand turned overnight superstar. With a Toto/Loverboy sound beefed up with stunning speedfingers guitar solos on every track, it's not hard to see why this album has shot to the Top 10 in America. Aldo not only plays guitar and keyboards, but also produced and engineered this very slick selection of self-penned tracks. Should appeal to everyone from Pat Benetar fans to hard-core metal lovers. A real winner.

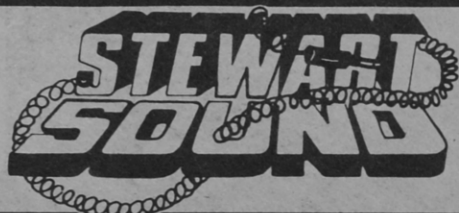
BRIEFS

Morrissey Mullen

Badness (Beggars Banquet)

Veterans Dick Morrissey (saxes) and Jim Mullen (guitar) lead a sextet through highly-polished, mild-mannered jazz-funk. Pretty much a British Crusaders if you like, although perhaps with an even lighter touch at times. Sweet fem-vocals here and there too. Good music for housework. Standout track is Stevie Wonder's 'Do Like You'. PT

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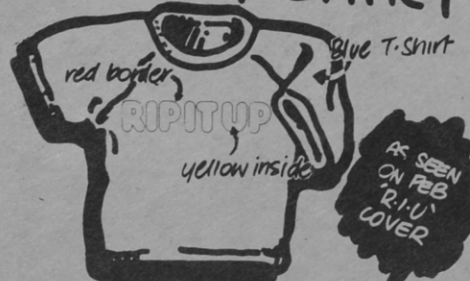
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BRIEFS

Various artists: Lovin' Spoonful, Paul Butterfield Blues Band, Eric Clapton & Powerhouse, Al Kooper, Tom Rush What's Shakin' (Elektra)

Reissue of an early 60s compilation album, featuring tracks unavailable on other recordings. Four Lovin' Spoonful, more bluesy than their later Kama Sutra material, and four by Paul Butterfield playing magical harp. Eric Clapton and band perform three prototypes for material later recorded by Cream. Al Kooper's superb 'Can't Keep From Crying Sometimes' is superior to the Blues Project version and Tom Rush contributes 'I'm In Love Again'. Essential for R&B aficionados and 60s collectors. DP

B.B. King, Love Me Tender (MCA)

Despite an over-sweetening of strings and horns, King's foray into country music has its share of fine moments, especially the dovetailing of Willie Nelson's 'Nightlife' and Percy Mayfield's 'Please Send Me Someone to Love', easily the standout performance. With a powerful Nashville rhythm section in tow, B.B. (and too infrequently Lucille, his guitar) works his way through songs by such middle-of-the-roadsies as Conway Twitty, Mickey Newbury, Troy Seals and Don Gibson. The over-exposed title song is treated well. B.B. feels the song and 'Fathead' Newman blows a nice sax break. KW

Mondo Rock

Nuovo Mondo (WEA)

These people are enormous in Oz by all accounts, and having caught their set at Sweetwaters it's easy to see why they should be a popular live act. On record however it is all a bit of a non event — an ingress by one auditory receptor and egress via the other situation as Alexander Haig might say. While the polish of their musicianship is beyond question, it's all a bit of a waste when the material is so lacking in point, passion or personality. With the exceptions of 'Mondomania' and 'Up and Down' which lodge in the brain chant-a-long fashion, the songs are all sadly forgettable. Without the energy they generate on stage, there's not a lot left. Maybe they should make a live album. D.Mck

Judie Tzuke, Shoot The Moon (Chrysalis)

At her best, Judie Tzuke is a great atmosphere artist, the richer the sound texture, the better. The lushness of *Welcome To The Cruise* still forms an excellent backdrop to my late night senti-

mentality. This album, Tzuke's fourth and her debut for Chrysalis, doesn't make it on the atmosphere score, the beauty of her voice being too often drowned by aggressive arrangements. Some of the lyrics also descend to high school imagery of the worst kind. DC

The Steve Miller Band, Abracadabra (Mercury)

Although the hit title song sounds like 'Steve Miller stock song number three', it's a catchy, if undemanding, little opus. After a spell out of the spotlight, broken only by the patchy *Circle of Love* album, Miller seems to have hit the motherlode again. The album has that degree of polish one has come to expect of the one-time Space Cowboy. However, pleasant as it is, there is nothing to compare with Miller's previous best — and his once irrepressible sense of humour seems to be one of the victims of time. KW

Rory Gallagher, Jinx (Chrysalis)

New drummer Brendan O'Neill adds a lot of push to Gallagher's tight little trio and with Rory rattling off some of his best guitar lines, *Jinx* is highly recommended to those looking for a bit of virtuosos head-banging. That's not to suggest that this is for the thick-eared, just that it's not music to sit still to. Gallagher shines on the title song and plays some searing slide on the uptempo blues, 'Ride on Red, Ride On'. Nothing new, but a fine reworking of old territory. KW

Marshall Crenshaw (Warner Bros)

Marshall Crenshaw is a man with a knock-kneed pose, glasses, a Fender guitar and a bag full of snappy pop tunes. It's an image with a good history. After all, the last couple of guys who came on like this proved to have more than their share of talent. But whereas Elvis Costello used the image as a launching point for his own concerns, Marshall Crenshaw uses it to take on the standard teen concerns of the US male — girls, cars and fun. And if he brings no new melodic twists to these well-worn themes, any of the songs here would currently make appealing radio fare — they're bright, light and enjoyable three-minute packages. An album of stuff this calculated and toothless is, however, just plain hard listening. AD

Crossfire

Hysterical Rochords (WEA)

Jazz fusion from the now disbanded Sydneyside sextet that supported Michael Franks on his tour downunder. What Crossfire may lack in soulful roots is compensated for by exemplary musicianship and interesting arrangements. Ace basswork from Auckland's own Phil Scorgie. PT

LETTERS

Post to 'RIU LETTERS', PO Box 5689, Auckland 1.

Want to know something? I'm telling you anyway! *Rip It Up*, TVNZ, record companies (even little ones) and all the rest of you (nearly forgot the Arts Council!) are conceited, constricted, bland, boring, hypocritical, dishonest, bigoted controllers with no feeling for music, who set (or try to) in everyday media fashion, has-been tin-music trends. No wonder we're laughed at as a record-producing country overseas. No one gets to see its real heart and soul. People who make *genuine* effort (without the help of the fucking dole!) are too often forced to give up after being pressured into being paranoid over what they do or/and starving.

Some people who make *music* in this country are spending their time playing, organising, advertising and arranging more or less 24 sweaty hours a day and the efforts might pay the bill for the venue hire, maybe covering the cost of the posters as well. Other people laze around all day on the dole or behind a counter or a desk and play in pubs to make a second income and pick up lollipops to dribble over after a gig.

These sort of "bands" (sick of the word yet?) are promoted by some or all of the above mentioned bureaucracies because they comply to an idea of what a band is — you'd probably say "music".

Aren't you sick of going to see groups who play in the same old song construction way with bass player turning on the motor and driving the rest of the band's

members around the paddock, lead singers strutting half-pissed and singing about rebellion and other standard procedures in song-writing.

Isn't it time this: "It's not what you are, but who you know" rubbish was given the boot, including has-beens like Brazier, Lyon, Split Enz, Blams, Chris Knox and all the love-toy love crap. Scrap it! Step aside boys. You've had your turn. Admit you're tired old swindlers.

And as for This Sporting Life, No Tag, Dance Exponents and such-like you're just the same old re-hashed shit churned out again and given the thumbs up by scene-setters or rather scene-stay-the-samers.

And as for you personally *Rip It Up*, are you owned by the breweries now? All taken care of are we so we don't even have to go outside to see what's happening in music. Or even if you do venture out to see a "band" you've probably been spoon-fed by some friend previously into believing they're good, hence a good review of them.

Take heed please! Give *music* a go, forget has-beens, tried and true formulas and step out of your cells. There's lots and lots and lots to open up to and it's to your benefit.

JC & BH

It's a glad day in this deadly time when Music World of Christchurch release another Trojan record.

It shows class to release *African Herbsman* with its original track listing and sleeve, like they did with *Rasta Revolution* earlier this year.

If you're into Bob Marley and the Wailers, these are as hot as

you'll get and they're budget priced, buy them both. Barry Linton Auckland

We think you are wonderful, but Wellington *Rumours* said our name was Cardinal Sin. Although this is close, it is in fact not our name. We are CARNIVAL DIN. Why?

Because we came out of the Wellington Summer City circus and because we play original songs in all kinds of styles — zulu, funk, pump, slam, smooth, dumb, funny, brilliant, simple, crazed and straight.

Carnival Dinner Club Wellington

KING SHAG COLUMN

Meanwhile, back at the pub, it has been decided upon to check out the Agency's answer to Club Garage — Blecchro, or Retro for South Island readers.

It's Friday the 13th, so the night has been deemed for Horror. And horror it was, at the bloody prices. The \$10 entry fee got you in (obviously), a seance, a

magician and this godawful red cocktail which frothed. 'Ere, 'ang on — someone once told me cocktails are supposed to have alcohol in them. Yeah, so has scotch, and the one I paid \$3.20 for didn't taste like it. Better stick to those little white cans. At least you know what you're getting for \$2.60.

Onto the music. Well, they played 'I Ran', 'I Ran', 'I Ran', and if I hear 'I Ran' once more, I grab that executioner's axe and chop that 16-stone DJ in a skeleton suit's head off.

'Ere, where's the *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* video with guest appearance from Vincent Price? Oh well, Jon Zealand will have to do, but 'e's posing as Ian Curtis — trying to 'ang 'imself in the middle of the floor. Pity it didn't work properly.

So bring on the seance and turn out the lights. "All silence please, I can hear ghosts." I 'eard them too, they were chanting oi oi oi.

'Ere, what's that goat doing in 'ere, and a virgin. She's no virgin, her tits are too big. Ah, they're stabbing 'er, and everyone's getting covered in 'blood'. Oh, it's probably the leftovers of that bloody awful cocktail.

It's 3am and the bar's closed. Hmmm, can't pinch any glasses, so no beer, and no fear am I staying.

ARRY

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&
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RUNNERS

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Bad Blood
 Director: Mike Newell
 When script-writer Andrew Brown read Willis' 1979 *Manhunt*, an account of the 1941 Stanley Graham murders, he sensed that an exciting movie could lie in this tale of a simple dairy farmer whose paranoia caused a blood-bath.

Set around Hokitika with two leading players from across the Tasman and English-based production and direction, *Bad Blood* is a smooth and well-paced piece of film-making geared to the international market. But such considerations don't detract from the essentially New Zealand flavour of the proceedings.

Gary Hansen's evocative camerawork catches this mood with some stunning landscapes and dazzling night scenes. Set pieces like the rural dances are superbly handled and throughout, period details such as the bus-stop and the shop scene are so well caught that one becomes aware that one is being cheated a little in the church sequence by being given only a glimpse through the window.

At the centre of the film are two mighty performances by Jack Thompson and Carol Burns as Stanley Graham and his wife Dorothy, but, as always, it is in the growing number of assured performances by local actors such as Pat Evison, Donna Akersten, Phillip Holder, Kelly Johnson and David Copeland that one can see the new maturity of New Zealand cinema.

Poltergeist
 Director: Tobe Hooper

We may not be able to see Hooper's *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (thanks to the censor) and his second film, the splendid *Fun House*, has disappeared into the Sunday night horror circuit, but at least *Poltergeist* with its Steven Spielberg associations (he co-wrote and produced it) seems to be getting to a wider audience.

Spielberg didn't direct it himself because he was occupied with his other film *E.T.* and I suspect it would be most interesting to see *Poltergeist* alongside this film. But Hooper's film is a delightfully quirky and offbeat horror film, an allegory on bourgeois greed and rapaciousness which only makes its full impact in the final moments of the film where coffins are shooting out of the ground like surreal rockets.

The bourgeois family of *Poltergeist* inhabits a characterless "clone



**THE DABS EP
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Cathy Moriarty, Dan Aykroyd, John Belushi in 'Neighbours'.



John Cleese as Robin Hood in 'Time Bandits'.



Stanley Graham (Jack Thompson) with wife (Carol Burns) in 'Bad Blood'.

home" in the middle-American equivalent of Pakuranga, their lives a succession of trivial events. And of course the initial catalyst in the drama is the ubiquitous television as the young girl sits in front of the set communicating with the spirits within.

The success of the film lies in its elegant visual style, crisp, well-pointed script and laconic humour, but Beatrice Straight (the only 'name' in the film) provides a suitably flamboyant supporting role and there is one wondrous sequence involving airborne objects in the haunted bedroom which, to New Zealanders anyway, is the nearest thing to a Paul Hartigan painting on film.

Making Love
 Director: Arthur Hiller

... or, Hollywood makes a gay *Love Story*. Scriptwriter Barry Sandler may have poured his heart and soul into his script but it hasn't made the voyage to celluloid very successfully.

To some degree the blame can be laid at Sandler's feet. To start with the three main characters at the centre of the film are such lifeless stereotypes. There is Kate Jackson (*Charlie's Angels*) now relegated to a role as an up and coming television executive set on

bringing culture to the American television audience. Add to this Michael Ontkean as a notably wimpish doctor and Harry Hamlin as a cynical young novelist either prowling after a casual pick-up or relaxing over old movies on his VHS, and the conflicts of this unholy triangle are pretty predictable.

It's indicative of the movie that it all creeps along at such an elephantine pace that it takes at least 45 minutes before its gay theme becomes apparent. Perhaps the makers viewed it as a middle-class antidote to *Cruising* but it all seems hopelessly old-fashioned without the style to compensate. The theme song was written by Burt Bacharach and Carole Bayer Sager and sung by Roberta Flack which just about sums the whole thing up.

Evil Under the Sun
 Director: Guy Hamilton

It started with *Murder on the Orient Express*, it resurfaced as *Death on the Nile*, suddenly there was *The Mirror Cracked* and now the latest Agatha Christie star spectacular is *Evil Under the Sun*.

Guy Hamilton offers a promising opening scene on the Yorkshire moors but after that it is all disappointingly routine. Just as

Elizabeth Taylor and Kim Novak proved amusing sparring partners in *The Mirror Cracked*, Maggie Smith and Diana Rigg make the most of Anthony Shaffer's script.

But with stunning Christopher Challis camerawork, a score from Cole Porter and a cast list that includes Roddy McDowall, Jane Birkin, Colin Blakely, James Mason, Nicholas Clay and the wonderful Sylvia Miles, is one wrong to expect more?

Grease 2
 Director: Patricia Birch

The main culprit in this leaden sequel would seem to be the totally unmemorable collection of songs which form the core of the film. The first *Grease* did at least benefit from a ready succession of fairly catchy numbers, thanks to its Broadway origins.

Two other grave mistakes involve Patricia Birch's unadventurous filming of her own, fairly pedestrian, dance sequences and, as in *Grease 1*, the producers repeat their folly of giving performers of the stature of Eve Arden, Sid Caesar, Connie Stevens and Tab Hunter so little to do.

Stevens, looking like a bizarrely ageing Barbie Doll, seems ripe for a new career as a John Waters star. Tab Hunter certainly had the pluck to be Divine's leading man in *Polyester* (a brilliant film that must come to Kiwiland) and maybe Stevens should investigate something in the same line. They say Divine's a nice girl to work with ...

William Dart

Steven Spielberg, who's currently raking in the dollars with *ET: The Extraterrestrial*, recently paid \$60,500 to purchase a balsawood version of the famous Rosebud sled from Orson Welles' 1941 film *Citizen Kane* ... Francis Ford Coppola has put his American Zoetrope Studios on the market.

The studios, which Coppola bought in 1980, are for sale at a price of \$26 million. Coppola is currently at work on his next feature, *The Outsiders* ... *Halloween III* is now in production ... Sam Peckinpah is to direct his first film in four years. The film is based on the Robert Ludlum novel *The Osterman Weekend* ... Italian director Sergio Leone is to film *Once Upon A Time In America*, a gangster sequel to his *Once Upon A Time In The West*. Robert De Niro takes the leading role ... the Beatles' *A Hard Days Night* has been re-released overseas in Dolby stereo ... Blake Edwards is at work on two further Pink Panther films - *The Trail of the Pink Panther* and *The Curse of the Pink Panther*. *The Curse* will introduce one Ted Wass as the successor to Inspector Clouseau ... Dustin Hoffman, Jessica Lange and Terri Garr are the leading players in the Sidney Pollack produced and directed *Tootsie* ... newest Ridley Scott (*Alien*) film, *Blade Runner*, is another sci-fi flick. This one's based on a Philip K. Dick novel ... Alan Parker's *Pink Floyd: The Wall* has opened overseas to favourable reviews. The London *Guardian* described it as "a considerable achievement: 95 minutes of not playing safe" ... Geoff Murphy is at work on post-production on *Utu* at Waimarama in Hawkes Bay ... Alan J. Pakula is filming William Styron's novel *Sophie's Choice* with Meryl Streep ... Olivia Newton-John and Bryan Brown are the lead players in *Undercover*, a musical comedy to be filmed in Sydney about the beginnings of the Berlei undergarment empire.

FORTHCOMING FILMS

Bad Blood ... grim story of Stan Graham, West Coast farmer who went mad and shot several people during WWII. Stars Jack Thompson (*Breaker Morant*, Claytons'

ad, etc), Carol Burns and Dennis Lill. Written and produced by expatriot Kiwi Andrew Brown, filmed in Hokitika. Starts Auckland, Wellington, ChCh Sept 24. **Neighbours** ... the last film made by John Belushi before his death, teaming up again with fellow Blues Brother Dan Aykroyd, along with Cathy Moriarty and Kathryn Walker. Based on Thomas Berger's novel, it's a comedy about the upheaval in a very average suburban household, caused by the arrival of zany new neighbours. John G. Avildsen (*Rocky*) directs. Starts Oct 22. **Time Bandits** ... Surreal semi-cartoon fantasy, the work of ace Monty Python illustrator Terry Gilliam. John Cleese and Michael Palin are in there somewhere, along with Sean Connery, Shelley Duval and Ralph Richardson. Python fans will need no further persuading. Auckland Sept 17. **Prince of the City** ... lengthy, complex story of a man who tried to take on the powers that be and the disasters that resulted. A true story, starring Treat Williams (*Hair*) and directed by Sidney Lumet (*Serpico*, *Dog Day Afternoon*, *Network*). Starts Oct 15. **Victor Victoria** ... Julie Andrews breaking further out of the mould, playing a man playing a woman playing a man ... er ... Blake Edwards directs. **Evilspeak** ... horror movie with black magic overtones, made by and starring nobody of any particular significance. Starts Oct 10. **Death Wish II** ... Charles Bronson on the prowl again as the one-man crusade against crime. Wife Jill Ireland co-stars, along with Vincent Gardenia. Starts Sept 10. **Union City** ... Debbie Harry apparently makes a better effort with this than in *Roadie*. Murder and paranoia in a 50s setting with an industrial backdrop. Pat Benatar makes her screen debut, Chris Stein writes the music.



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- 2 Mark Williams, Joe Cocker, Mike Chunn interview (Split Enz in Europe).
- 19 Talking Heads, Ramones, Sire label, Steely Dan, Kim Fowley
- 24 Talking Heads Part 2, Citizen Band, Swingers bandfile, Dragon.
- 26 Devo, Knack, Mi-Sex, Wellington Special.
- 27 Bob Geldof, 'Kids Are Alright', Sheerlux, Ry Cooder, Radio Radio.
- 29 Graham Parker, Members, Mother Goose, Radio Radio 2.
- 30 Sweetwaters Issue programme - John Martyn, Elvis Costello, Renee Geyer, No Nukes, Squeeze, NZ Band profiles, Split Enz, Toy Love, Hello Sailor, Citizen Band, Th' Dudes, Street Talk.
- 31 Sweetwaters, Swingers, Mi-Sex.
- 32 Police & Split Enz interviews, Sharon O'Neill.
- 33 Marching Girls, Crocodiles, Fleetwood Mac, Ellen Foley, Russell Morris.
- 34 Tom Petty and Street Talk interviews, Mi-Sex, Virgin supplement, Whizz Kids and Pop Mechanix bandfiles.
- 35 'Quadruphenia', Bob Geldof and Kevin Stanton interviews, Newz and Flight X7 bandfiles.
- 36 Ray Davies, Cure and Jo Jo Zep Interviews, Neil Young supplement, Stones.
- 37 Magazine, Toy Love in Oz, Newz, Tim Finn interview, Ramones.
- 38 Howard Devoto interview, Flight X7, Tim Finn interview.
- 39 XTC, Lip Service, Motels.
- 40 Martha Davis, David Byrne and Dave McCartney interviews, Doors, Bruce Springsteen, Hammond Gamble.
- 41 Coup D'Etat, Flowers, Clash, John Lennon, Elton John.
- 42 Clash interview, Cold Chisel, INXS, Tigers, Jo Jo Zep, Borich/Tiders.
- 43 Bryan Ferry interview, Sweetwaters report, Flowers.
- 44 Adam Ant, Associates and Police interviews, Stevie Wonder.
- 45 Split Enz, Pop Mx, Meemees, Wgtn '81, Class Of '81, Newmatics, Herco Pilots, Swingers, Madness supplement.
- 46 Pil/John Lydon London interview, Cure, Ellen Foley, Dire Straits.
- 47 Jam in London interview, Reggae/Bob Marley supplement, Madness, Joy Division.
- 48 Cold Chisel, Blams, Wgtn Zone.
- 49 Angels, Beat, Lemmy Motorhead and Desmond Dekker interviews.
- 50 Swingers, Psychedelic Furs and U2 interviews, the Clean.
- 51 Newmatics, Cramps, Stray Cats, UB40, Blind Date and Gordons interviews.
- 52 Echo & Bunnymen, Danse Macabre, Penknife Glides, Mockers, Valentinos, Jimmy & Boys.
- 53 Screaming Meemees, Ian Dury interview, Mental As Anything.
- 54 Dave McCartney & Pink Flamingos, Go-Go's interview, Sunnyboys, INXS.
- 55 Clash interview, Sweetwaters, Pop Mechanix, Devo, Sharon O'Neill.
- 56 Teardrop Explodes, D.D. Smash and Mick Jones Part 2 interviews, Neighbours, Richard Burgess.
- 57 The Clean, Pretenders, South Island bands, Mental As Anything, Chas Jankel.
- 58 Blams, Teardrops, Hall & Oates, Bill Wyman, Kottke/Redbone interviews.
- 59 Human League, Men At Work, Chills, Tim Finn, Motels interviews, Elvis Costello and Furtive EP bands.
- 60 Split Enz in Canada, John Hiatt, Dance Exponents, Narcs, Moving Pictures, Lindsay Anderson.
- 61 Graham Brazier & Harry Lyon, Fall, Jim Carroll, Daggy & Dickheads, Hip Singles, Dropbears.

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FROM THE ARCHIVES!



EXTRA 1

Split Enz 2 page pic history, Cramps, Toy Love (pic, last gig photos, TL by Toy Love), Ramones (interview, pic, NZ profiles), why Spelling Mistakes split, Zwines Family Tree (2 page history AK bands 1977-80, by Simon Grigg), Cure, XTC, Tom Petty, Life in the Fridge, ChCh band history.

EXTRA 2

New Wave dates (75-80), Last Weekend in Auckland (Newmatics, Pop Mx, Penknife Glides, Techtones), Kinks profile, mod Ray Columbus, David Bowie pic, UK Scene by Jeremy Templar, Newtones, Heavenly Bodies, Chris Knox pic.

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CORUBA CALENDAR

RIU, SEPTEMBER 9 TO OCTOBER 10

MON.

TUES.

WED.

THURS.

FRI.

SAT.

SUN.

Watch Out For . . .

Visitors from Oz this month include **Mondo Rock** (Mainstreet Sept 17, 18), **Renee Geyer** (Sept 22-Oct 1) and **Dragon** (Marc and Todd Hunter and Paul Hewson etc) play Bacharach's, Hamilton Sept 31 and Mainstreet Oct 1 & 2 ... the **Newz** return from Oz to play the Hillsborough from Sept 15 ... **Midge Marsden Connection** undertake an extensive NZ tour this month to promote their 12 *Bars From Mars* album ... Sept 16-18 hot double gig at the Gluepot is **Herbs** and **Willie Dayson Blues Band**. The same two bands feature along with **Neighbours**, **Midge Marsden** and others at

Turangawaewae Marae, an excellent indoor venue at Ngaruawahia. This 'Soul, Reggae, R&B Revue' starts 6.30pm and tickets cost \$7.50 ... Sunday nights **Hattie & the Hotshots** are playing King Creoles, under Auckland's Civic Theatre. Hattie's banana frock has inspired a 'Fruit Party' Sept 19 at Creoles. Admission is free if you wear a fruit fantasy dress ... ChCh band **Wastrels** play Mainstreet with **Gurlz** Sept 10 & 11 ... **Screaming Meemees** play usual haunt, Mainstreet of course, Sept 24, 25 ... by the way, **Herbs** play a freebie, Aotea Square Sept 17.

9

Wastrels, Dabs Windsor Castle
Willie Dayson Furlong, Hawera
Midge Marsden Gluepot
Hip Singles Homestead, Masterton
Narcs DB Rotorua
Royales Ohakune
Split Enz Mainstreet
Ladders Albion, Auckland
Otis Redding b 1941.
Released: **Dexys** 'Too-Rye-Ay'.

9,10,11

Mantra DB Onerahi
Dance Exponents Station

10

Neighbours Gluepot
Wastrels Reverb
Willie Dayson Bellblock
Midge Marsden Esplanade
Hip Singles Cabana
Narcs Hillcrest
Royales Taupo
Dance Exponents,
Wastrels, **Gurlz** Mainstreet
Tree of Wooden Clogs' commences, Regent 2, vvgtn. 'Death Wish 2' starts.

Picture This Manukau
Whizzkids Hillsborough
Herbs Pinelands, Kawerau

11

Neighbours Gluepot
Willie Dayson Bellblock
Midge Marsden Esplanade
Hip Singles Cabana
Narcs Hillcrest
Royales Chateau
Dance Exponents,
Wastrels, **Gurlz** Mainstreet
Stones 'Satisfaction' No. 1, 1965.

Hammond Gamble
Gladstone
Ikista Doodles

12

Narcs Ohakune
Monkees TV show debuts 1966.
Hattie & Hotshots King Creoles

CORUBA FEST ANYTIME

13

Sharps Jazz Gluepot
Hip Singles Alberts, PN
Narcs Ohakune
Midge Marsden Greerton
Plastic Ono Band live in Toronto, 1970.
Released: **Midge** Marsden's 12 *Bars from Mars*, *Psych*, *Furs* 45 'Love My Way', *Go-Gos* 'Vacation', *Icehouse* 'Primitive Man'.

14

Smilers Gluepot
Hip Singles Rutland
Narcs Ohakune
Midge Marsden Pinelands Kawerau
Release of new *Elektra* Musician Series, includes **Jimmy Smith**, **Chico Freeman**, **Tom Scott**, **Joe Albany**.

TAKE IN A CORUBA AT THE GLOBE

15

Meemees Windsor Castle
Smilers Gluepot
Hip Singles Furlong
Narcs Cabana
Midge Marsden DB Rotorua
Newz Hillsborough
5.20 TV2. *Queen Special* on RTR Video.

16

Narcs Homestead
Midge Marsden Tainui
Ladders Albion, Auckland
B.B. King b 1925.

16,17,18

Herbs, **Willie Dayson** Gluepot
Neighbours Esplanade
Paris DB Onerahi
Hip Singles Bellblock
Rose Bayonet Hillcrest
Royales Rutland
Sound FX DB Rotorua
Hammond Gamble
Cabana

17

Herbs Aotea Square
Nuclear Free Zone Concert, Auckland
Mondo Rock Mainstreet
Neighbours Esplanade
Dance Exponents Windsor Castle
Narcs Quinns Post
Midge Marsden DB Gisborne
Hank Williams b 1923.
Time Bandits' commences, Auckland.

Cuban Heel Lady Hamilton
Newz Hillsborough

18

Mondo Rock Mainstreet
Neighbours Esplanade
Dance Exponents Windsor Castle
Narcs Quinns Post
Midge Marsden DB Gisborne
Jimi Hendrix dies 1970.
Indie Releases Show closes at *Closet Artists*, 520 Queen St.

Ikista Doodles
D Faction Cook, Dunedin

19

Herbs Orakei Marae
Gram Parsons dies 1973.
Hattie & Hotshots 'Fruit Party' at King Creoles

20

Sharps Jazz Gluepot
Hip Singles Tainui, Whakatane
Narcs Motueka
Rock Extrusion Albert, PN
Midge Marsden Cabana
Released: *Dire Straits* 'Love Over Gold', **John Lee Hooker** MCA compilation.

21

Paris Gluepot
Hip Singles DB Rotorua
Narcs Gladstone
Midge Marsden Cabana
A miserable 48th birthday to Leonard Cohen.

TRY A CORUBA AT THE BLUEBERRY

22

Renee Geyer Invercargill
Hammond Gamble
Windsor Castle
Paris Gluepot
Hip Singles Greerton
Narcs Ashburton
Rock Extrusion Rutland
Midge Marsden Homestead
Teddy Boys Hillcrest
Newz Hillsborough
Ray Charles b 1930.

23

Renee Geyer Dunedin
Neighbours Station
Hammond Gamble
Windsor Castle
Narcs Timaru
Rock Extrusion Rutland
Midge Marsden Quinns
Ladders Albion, Auckland
Bruce Springsteen b 1949.

23,24,25

Rose Bayonet Gluepot
Paris Explanade
Sound FX DB Onerahi

24

Renee Geyer Christchurch
Neighbours Station
Dance Macabre Windsor C
Narcs Waikiki
Rock Extrusion Taupo
Midge Marsden Quinns
Meemees Mainstreet
Bad Blood' commences
Ak, Wgtn, ChCh.

Hip Singles Hillcrest
Dance Exponents Cabana
Royales Greerton
Teddy Boys DB Rotorua

25

Dance Macabre Windsor Castle
Narcs Waikiki
Rock Extrusion Chateau
Midge Marsden Victoria Uni
Screaming Meemees Mainstreet
'The Twist' No. 1 1960.

Newz Hillsborough
Herbs Manakau Arms
Cowboys Gladstone
Willie Dayson Windsor C

26

Renee Geyer Wellington
Bryan Ferry b 1945.
Hattie & Hotshots King Creoles
'Room Service' art gallery opens, 53 Fort St.

27

Renee Geyer Palmerston North
Sharps Jazz Gluepot
Dance Exponents Tainui
Narcs Alexandra
Released: *Simple Minds* 12" 45 'Glittering Prize', **Graham Parker** 'Another Grey Area', *D.C. Nighthawks* (R&B).

28

Renee Geyer Napier
Willie Dayson Shoreline, Dunedin
Dance Exponents Greerton
Narcs Cook, Dunedin
Midge Marsden Rutherford
Ben E. King b 1938.
DEMAND A CORUBA AT THE STATION.

29

Renee Geyer Rotorua
Willie Dayson Shoreline, Dunedin
Dance Exponents Greerton
Rose Bayonet Cabana
Narcs Dunedin
Newz Hillsborough
Jerry Lee Lewis b 1935.
Freddie King b 1938.

30

Renee Geyer Auckland
Midge Marsden Terminus
Dragon Bacharach's Club, Hamilton

30,1,2

Neighbours Hillcrest
Willie Dayson Aranui
Sound FX Gluepot
Hip Singles Esplanade
Ikista Doodles

Oct 1

Renee Geyer Hamilton
Graham Brazier Windsor Castle
Midge Marsden Shoreline, Dunedin

Bronx DB Onerahi
Rose Bayonet Cabana
Dance Exponents Rotorua
D Faction Brevett, ChCh
Narcs Gladstone, ChCh

2

Graham Brazier Windsor Castle
Genesis with Peter Gabriel, Milton Keynes Bowl, London
Midge Marsden Shoreline

Royales Bellblock
Newz Hillsborough
Dragon Mainstreet
Cowboys Gladstone

3

Eddie Cochran b 1938.
Hattie & Hotshots King Creoles

4

Sharps Jazz Gluepot
Narcs Albert, PN
Janis Joplin dies 1970.

5

Mantra Gluepot
Narcs Rutland
Midge Marsden Waikiki
President Ford's boy admits to odd toke, 1975.

6

Mantra Gluepot
Narcs Bellblock
Royales Hillcrest
Midge Marsden Brydone
Sound FX Lady Hamilton

INSIST ON A CORUBA AT THE HILLCREST

7

Royales Hillcrest
Ladders Albion, Auckland

8

Royales DB Rotorua
Graham Brazier Hillcrest
Johnny Ramone b 1951.

7,8,9

Willie Dayson Esplanade
Hip Singles Gluepot
Narcs Esplanade
Politicians DB Onerahi
Rose Bayonet Bellblock
Dance Exponents Mainstreet

9

Herbs Tangaroa College fair (Otara) and King Cobras' Reunion
Royales DB Rotorua
Graham Brazier Hillcrest
John Lennon b 1940, son Sean 1975.

Midge Marsden Hillsborough
Straight 8's Cabana
Sound FX Lady Hamilton

10

Neighbours, **Herbs**, **Willie Dayson** and **Sonny Day**
Blues Bands Reggae, R&B Revue, Ngaruawahia Marae
Hattie & Hotshots King Creoles

More To Come

October 18 & 19 **Simple Minds**, heaps of gear and heaps of people will be packed into Mainstreet. Can't wait ... also in October, the fabulous **Dobbyn** and his **D.D. Smash** embark on a four week tour starting October 14. He may tour an enlarged line-up ... **Joe Cocker** will play the four main centres in November.

LATE NEWS: the forthcoming **Bruce Springsteen** album *Nebraska* is a solo effort, recorded on 4-track in his home, he plays all instruments, wrote the tunes and co-produces with

Chuck Plotkin and **Mike Batlin** ... **Peter Gabriel** recorded his new album (entitled *Peter Gabriel*) at home on 8-track ... new **Elvis Costello** single is 'From Head to Toe' (**Smokey Robinson**) and 'World of Broken Hearts' (**Pomus/Shuman**) ... **Shalamar's** 'There It Is' is NME Single of the Week, only five months after *Rip It Up* raved about their *Friends* album and 'There It Is' ... new **Beat** 45 is 'Jeanette'/'March of the Swivelheads' ... on NZ release soon is *Greatest Rap Hits Vol.2* (**Sugarhill**) with **Grandmaster Flash**



and the **Furious Five**, **Funky Four + 1**, **Sugarhill Gang** and more ... **RTC Records** have imported 20 titles from the **Alligator Records** catalogue, Chicago's finest contemporary blues label. Artists released include **Albert Collins**, **Fenton Robinson**, **Son Seals**, **Buddy Guy**, **Professor Longhair** (with **Dr John**) and the **Living Chicago Blues** compilations ... in October **RIU** read Part 2 of 'Split Enz On The Road' and an interview with **Simple Minds'** **Jim Kerr**.



Mondo Rock, Mainstreet 17, 18.

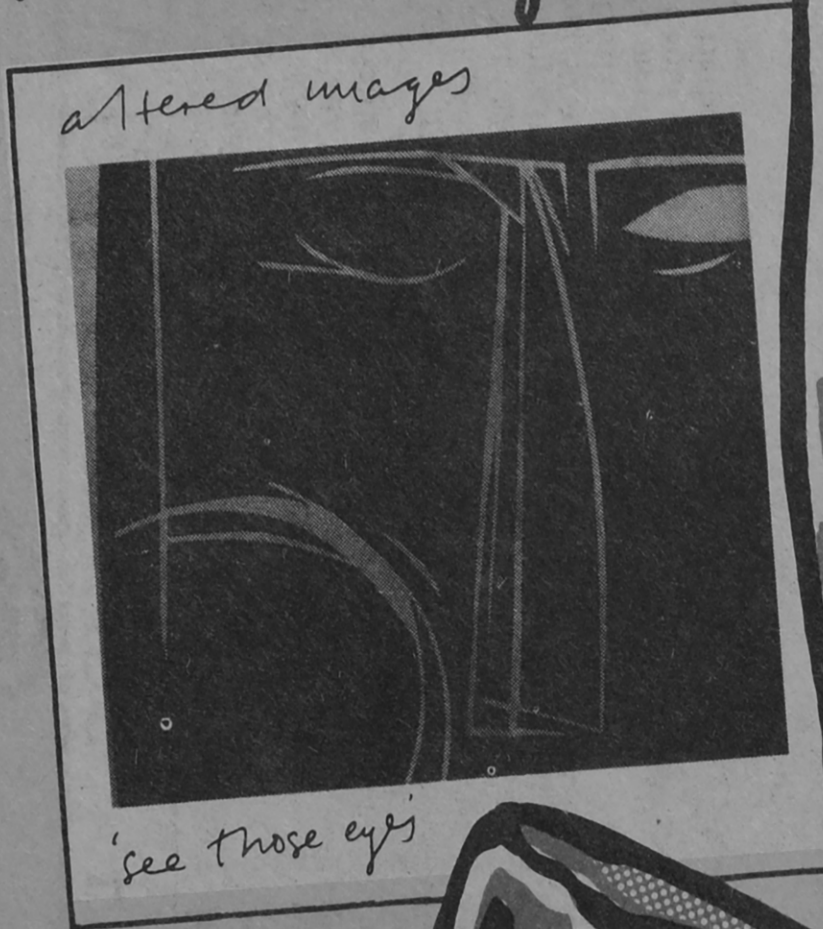
Never ask for dark rum by its colour. Ask for it by the label.

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