

SUNDAY, AUGUST 29

10.00 am: Leave Invercargill by car. The crew departed at 7.00 am this morning. They have gone straight to the town hall, Dunedin, to set up the equipment for the show tonight.

Arrive Dunedin about 1.00 pm, where we wait in line at reception behind the beautiful Miss World. I wish that I could wear a dress more often.

Down at the theatre, a shallow town hall stage without a proscenium, presided over by grand organ pipes. The lighting truss needs to go 10 inches higher to allow the balcony audience a good view, but the extension ladder that Kevin uses to reach the truss will not extend that far.

The show tonight is the best so far this tour — magic — it's impossible to estimate whether a performance is to be so, however the ingredients include a responsive audience. Several Miss NZ contestants are backstage after the show and later join us in the bar, grouped singing around the piano.

MONDAY, AUGUST 30

The day passes in a blur. I buy some woollens for the cold NZ weather, despite reports that the temperatures are already soaring in Melbourne. Yesterday John and Bear arrived back from their excursion to the jet boats, attired in new souvenir cardigans with tiki patterns.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 31

11.30 am: Fly to Wellington, check into hotel. 2ZM have invited the band to a 'cocktail party' at which the entourage arrives dressed wholly as though they've just been fished from a washing machine, crumpled. In marked contrast are the general public, celebrities and MPs, all beautifully dressed in their cocktail party finery.

Mr Rowling makes a speech about the band's influence in NZ, managing to slip in one line for self-promotion. Tim whispers that he'd make "a brilliant Santa Claus." Marilyn Waring's speech was quite moving, and her best phrase was "...we're all fans, but we don't know how to tell you." The boys are struggling hard with their tears — let one roll and there might suddenly be a torrent of howling throughout the room. The cake is cut (an unusually painted 10th anniversary sponge cake), the band are presented with double platinum albums with silver kiwis set between them. Black and silver, the emotion of nationalism is flowing proudly in the band's veins.

Glen goes grizzling to the town hall at 11.00 am to rig the backdrops and sail — it seems that everyone except he is out partying.

The three lighting techs, Kevin O'Connell, John Griffiths and Michael Hedges (Hedgy), have arrived in Wellington after an overnight drive from Dunedin. John and Michael insist on stopping at several roadside fishmonger stalls with the intention of selecting a perfect crayfish. They are late arriving at the ferry, the ramp is just about to be raised as they drive the truck on.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1

Get up, walk to the dairy for supplies for breakfast, after which I spend the rest of the day at the town hall. Capital city shows always make me nervous. The crew have been working since 9.00 am. By Friday they will have forgotten the details of the town hall despite spending the best part of 15 hours there today.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

Events are beginning to fuse in a blur, indistinct details. The band are visiting a young man in hospital, returning to sound-check feeling humbled and uneasy about the apparent inequality of fate.

Soundcheck, dinner, show.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3

Wake up at 8.00, load the cars and arrive in Napier by 1.00 pm. Finish setting up in theatre, lighting focus, soundcheck, dinner, show, coffee with some friends, bed at 2.00 am.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4

Go for a run with my brother around the old racecourse that we used to frequent on horseback many years ago.

The road crew and band have spent the day walking the Marine Parade and exploring Hastings. They discuss their activities backstage while making ready for the show.

It's surprising how different two consecutive performances in the same theatre may be. Pre-show, during the preparations and powdering backstage, it is an idle speculation to try and gauge the calibre of what will happen on stage tonight.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 5

Up early and drive to Gisborne. The sun is shining, we stop for a swim in some hot pools near Wairoa, buy some pies and cakes for breakfast and move on, passing the others doing the same thing. We wind our way between rugged hills, fluorescent green with bush and pasture, to arrive at a modern Chinese-roofed hotel, our accommodation for the next two nights.

The wooden stairs and flooring in Gisborne's YMCA become the ship's deck for the night.

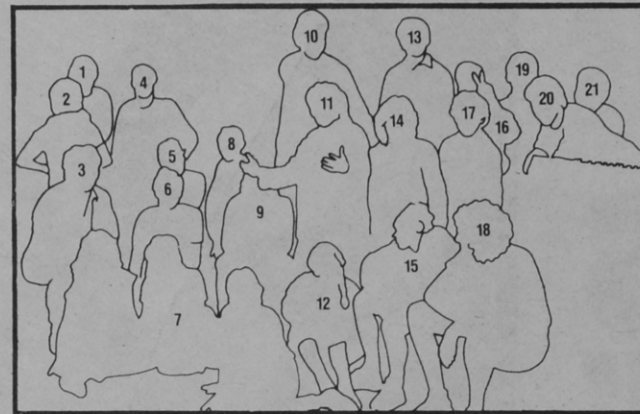
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6

Day off, get up late and take a drive up the coast with Tim,

# SPLIT ENZ ON THE ROAD STORY

Raewyn Turner has been Split Enz' lighting director since 1975. This is Part 2 of Raewyn's feature on the staging of the 1982 Time & Tide Tour.

## RAEWYN TURNER



1 Grant Thomas (Tour manager). 2 Kevin O'Connell (Lighting tech). 3 Ian Magan (Tour promoter). 4 Greg Peacocke (Oceania managing director/sound tech). 7 Balloon-put-er-uppers, Mainstreet. 8 NIGEL GRIGGS. 9 Laurie Bell (Production manager). 10 NOEL CROMBIE. 11 TIM FINN. 12 Raewyn Turner (Lighting director). 13 NEIL FINN. 14 Wendy Boyes Hunter (Promoters' secretary). 15 Jem Raynor (Stage manager). 16 B. Bear (stage). 17 Clark Flannigan (Polygram promotions manager). 18 Paul Jeffrey (Sound tech.). 19 Glen Nacey (set, projectors tech.). 20 EDDIE RAYNER. 21 Peter McArthur (lights tech.).

Noel and Eddie. We pass a 'murder house' and Tim becomes nostalgic for the fear and dread of primary school dentistry. Everything in Gisborne is as it was in the 1950s, the childhood years of the band.

5.30 pm: Check out of hotel and fly to Auckland. Check into hotel, dinner, bed.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

The last page of the itinerary. Up early, Eddie and I drive up to Whangarei via some coast roads.

In Whangarei's large, rectangular Kensington Stadium, Laurie and Glen make an impressive proscenium arch, suspending black and green velvet tabs and drapes around and above the stage. Tonight the gym and weightlifting room serves as the dressing room, but no one attempts to stage any feats of muscular fitness.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8

Tonight is the second show at Kensington Stadium. Noel, Eddie and I drive up to some hot springs near Kaikohe where we soak for hours in the bubbles, enjoying the privilege.

Back for the soundcheck, dinner with Eddie's folks, the show — which I go to town on, savouring the last treats of the full stage set. (It probably won't be used after Mainstreet, and the small amount of space in Mainstreet doesn't allow for the full set).

Drive back to Auckland, check into hotel at 3.00 am.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9

8.00 am, wake up call, arrive at Mainstreet at 9.30 am. The crew have had very little or no sleep between load out in Whangarei last night and driving to Auckland this morning. The truck has a puncture on the way and doesn't arrive till 11.00 am.

All day the club is a hive of activity. The crew work on the stage and the builders finish work renovating the place. Jill, Ian Magan's wife, strings streamers and blows balloons for a party atmosphere.



The equipment is shifted piece by piece, like a Chinese puzzle, each piece must be shuffled and reshuffled into place, due to lack of space.

The finale of a season of public entertainment draws to a close and the men who worked behind the scenes were:

JOHN FARRELLY (Sound mixer): Born before 1945. Grandfather of the crew. Has a secret past, hates accountants, but there is a rumour that he is one himself. Cigarette with a man on the end of it, he is devoted, loving, caring, hurting, unquestionably loyal. Has a small vocabulary with big words in it. He is the scrabble supremo. Also a crazy eighster.

JEM RAYNER (Stage manager): Born London 1958, left school at 16, worked in a hifi factory building speaker cabinets, worked in studio instrument rentals in London, played in bands in Cambridgeshire. Owns and wears the 'most patched' jeans (bellbottoms) and holds a degree in impersonating elephants and barking like a dog. Has an extraordinary repertoire of funny jokes.

B. BEAR (Stage): Wayne Rafferty, Jack of all, Australian born, most impressive chest in crew. A qualified A-grade mechanic who used to build swimming pools and worked as a landscape gardener. Earrings in both ears.

KEVIN O'CONNELL (Lighting tech): Young, boyish, hardworking and of small stature. Has been employed many times, the most daring job was fitting windows in multi-storey buildings. This is how he got his head for heights. Used to work with a Wellington band, the Steroids. Often to be spotted swinging upside down in the lighting truss, trying to do the impossible and succeeding.

LINDSAY McTAVISH (Lighting tech): Almost a pharmacist, youngish, boyish, 26, hardworking, also of small stature, nicknamed 'Greenlegs' once at Sweetwaters. Drinks only white tea with two sugars. Can't help laughing a lot.

PETER McARTHUR (Truck driver and lighting tech): A pharmacist, he studied at the same tech as Lindsay. The biggest and strongest on the crew, with freckles. Drives the truck and owns the lighting company, which he built up from scratch.

GREG PEACOCKE (Sound technician): Signs the cheques for Oceania PA, used to fire Glen at least five times a day for bad coffee making. Obsessed with hygiene, wears white and takes his coffee black. Rolled his car twice on the way to Nambassa and escaped without a scratch. Likes Mickey Mouse.

PAUL JEFFREY (Sound technician): A well-respected techno wizzo from

Auckland. Very interesting person, and man with a double first name. Played keyboards in Schtung, has a degree in electrical engineering, builds sound mixers and maintains everything, including PA gear and studio equipment. Has produced the best stage sound so far this tour (includes USA).

GLEN NACEY (Stage set and projectors technician): Tauranga born, Auckland resident, now aged 24. Once went to Australia. Worked for Swingers, Dudes, Flamingos, Lip Service. A relaxed, happy person who's always got a crescent in his pocket.

LAURIE BELL (Production manager): Born in Auckland 27 years ago, has worked as a fireman, fought with fire, worked with bands in America (Hollywood, actually). Straight, doesn't drink or smoke, sometimes called the 'father of the crew', his favourite activity is relaxing with several Phantom comics. A really nice bloke (like the others) — highly efficient, fairly bossy, has a nice smile. Wears sunglasses often when the sun's gone in, shows strong macrobiotic leanings and wears a digital watch.

IAN MAGAN (Tour promoter): A pre-war baby, he spent three and a half years working in private radio, after working as a teacher. Has been in broadcasting for 16 years, promoting for six years and sails plastic boats in the bath. Married with two children. Big loud voice, a handsome macho man, he wears pink booties to bed and eats his pudding with a teaspoon. An opera-maniac.

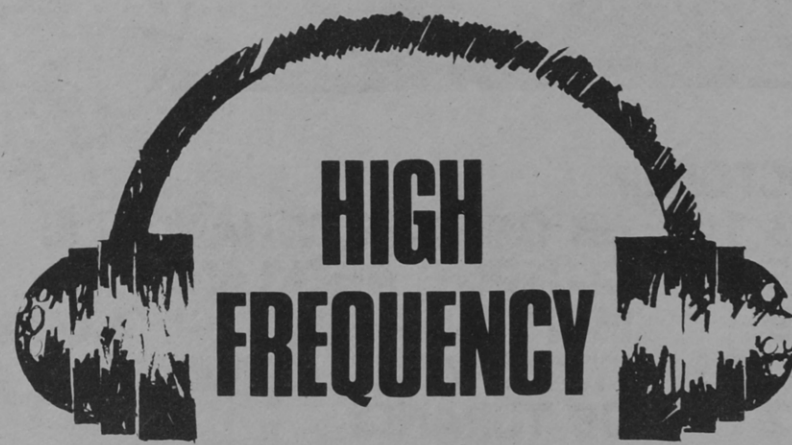
GRANT THOMAS (Tour manager): Another really nice bloke who doesn't drink or smoke or do anything vile. Married with a son and lives in Sydney. Worked for years as a hotel manager in Invercargill, before he was snapped up by Magan. Since then he has become Sharon O'Neill's manager and tour manager acts in Australia and NZ. Honest and endearing, this man won the 'best jeans' competition.

ROBERT from Christchurch: Lives in Christchurch. Caught a bus from there to Invercargill. Hitch-hiked to Dunedin. Flew from there to Wellington. Hitch-hiked to Napier, then to Gisborne. Lost after Gisborne. Was a helping hand to everyone, thank you, Robert.

...And this shall be for music when no one else is near  
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear:  
That only I remember, that only you admire,  
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.  
Robert Louis Stevenson

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