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GELDOF INTERVIEW
BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL
RADIO RADIO
BY LOUISE CHUNN
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The Kids Are Alright

15 Years of The Who



The Who biopic *The Kids Are Alright* opens on a wonderful note of mayhem. It's all the more amusing when one considers that this pop anarchy was perpetrated before millions of unsuspecting Americans on traditionally bland network television.

The sequence is from a September 1967 airing of *The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour*. Tommy and Dickie Smothers were a kind of comedy Kingston Trio — button down collars, Ivy League.

Tommy Smothers wanders among the assembled members of The Who, introducing each in turn ("My friends call me Keith," says Moon. "You can call me John"), before announcing the song. America wasn't ready for a "My Generation" like this one. Neither was anyone except Moon.

Ever the loon, Keith had worked up a surprise ending for the number, the climax of which was always orchestrated chaos ("auto-destruction" was the word Who management coined for it). Moon had had his bass drum rigged with gunpowder. But in the time between rehearsal and the show he had been plying the stagehand charged with loading the explosives with booze and money. The result was that the bass drum held 10 times the amount of explosive it should have.

"My Generation" comes to its close with Pete Townshend pummeling his guitar into his speakers and trashing mikes. And then Moon's drums explode. On screen, the effect is shattering. There's smoke everywhere and the image seems to ring with the concussion.

"ME EARS, ME EARS"

Townshend is too close to the blast. He staggers around, holding his ringing ears (years later he is to attribute the serious deterioration of his hearing to this moment). A shocked Tommy Smothers enters from the wings, an acoustic guitar strapped around his neck. A manic expression on his face, Townshend snatches the hapless axe and reduces it to matchwood.

This is the Who, rated by many the best rock band in the world and certainly among the topweights. *The Kids Are Alright* traces the Who's 15-year career from silent footage at London's Scene Club in 1965 to the final concert with Moon at Shepperton Film Studios last year. In between there was the big rock festivals, Monterey (more guitar trashing) and Woodstock ("I hated it," says Townshend, who said later he was tripping), the projects — *Tommy* and *Quadrophenia* (now made into a film) — and personalities. Unlike other rock bands of their time the Who made no secret of the fact that off-stage they didn't get on. Often their shaky personal relationship would crash in acrimony and fistcuffs. Music from *Quadrophenia* was withdrawn from their repertoire after an introductory tour because of serious disagreement between Townshend and Roger Daltrey. Daltrey, the only member of the Who to try to develop a career outside music, is described by Townshend in an early British television interview as a Shepherd's Bush geezer who wants everything to be a laugh and who gets upset when it isn't. To the young Townshend, bassist John Entwistle who acted as the film's musical director doesn't seem to be interested in anything very much. Apart from his rock steady playing, the only glimpse we get of Entwistle the person is a fantasy sequence showing him emerging from his palatial country home with a clutch of Who gold records and proceeding to use the discs as clay pigeons as he skeet shoots them with a Tommy gun.

KNICKERS

Moon is unlike anyone Townshend has ever known before. Or since. If there is a star of the film it is Moon. Daltrey says Moon showed the others how to live. Keith offers some of the funniest footage — the funniest footage of a rock star, whether he is disrobing to his red briefs for a television interviewer struggling to retain control or cutting up with his drinking buddy Ringo Starr. Only towards the end, overweight and struggling a bit to keep up, does Moon's spark seem to fade.

Townshend himself is the personification of working class genius. A lanky, sometimes brooding figure, Townshend mumbles in an early interview about the importance of disregarding "quality" as a concept. This is the key to Pop. Its qualities have little or nothing to do with "quality" and this gormless-looking kid understood it better than any of them (asked if he doesn't think the Beatles' music has "quality" Townshend says he has been listening to a stereo recording of the Beatles where the voices are in one channel and the backing track is in the other "and their backing tracks sound lousy.")

FROM THE VAULTS

The Who are unique in having access to a backlog of film stock dating back to their days as the Mod High Numbers. Director Jeff Stein has assembled the mass of footage into a superb documentary/entertainment. Those who haven't followed the Who closely may find themselves a little at sea because Stein hasn't signposted the way. The film jumps back and forth in time and place, apparently haphazardly. Stein has been criticised for being "willfully uninformative." He says his aim was to make a film as self-referential and potentially alienating as rock is at its best. That's as may be, but I think those who let the rhythm of the piece carry them will have no trouble charting the passage of the Who.

For Stein, the film is a labour of love. Now 25, he has been a Who fan since 1965. He believes *The Kids Are Alright* "proves that the Who are the greatest rock and roll band in the world."

It wasn't an easy project to set up. The story goes that when Stein first approached Townshend and the Who's manager, Bill Burbishley, and asked whether he could make the movie he sat and cried for two hours when the proposal was rejected.

"I said to Bill," Townshend recalls, "anyone who cries for two hours can never make a film about the Who. But Bill said, think about it the other way..."

IMAGE BLAST

The film abounds in pop imagery — Moon's exploding drums, the Union Jack jackets and POW! T-shirts of the Mod days, Daltrey's bulging biceps and Townshend's windmilling guitar chording.

My never-to-be-forgotten image of the Who is the concert they gave at the Auckland Town Hall in early 1968. They topped the bill over the Small Faces and Paul Jones. It was the days before the big sound systems and all the vocals were done through the Town Hall's P.A. Needless to say, it was totally inadequate for the task. The Who played very, very loud and, apart from some rather silly stuff with some bombs, were very good. The memory that stays is of Townshend hurling his Strat high above his head and catching it as the others created the customary "My Generation" cacophony. I was awestruck, and genuinely fearful that should Townshend miff his catch the falling Fender

would split Daltrey in two.

Outrageous behaviour on the tour by both the Who and the Faces put an abrupt end to rock tours of New Zealand. It seems incredible but there was a dry spell that lasted more than two years before another major rock act visited this country.

There are rumours (always the rumours) of the Who touring here early next year with new members Kenny Jones and Rabbit Bundrick. Reviews of the new Who have been en-

thusiastic. As Townshend says of the band, "We're still learning." The Who's continuing development and refusal to settle into a rut spared them the contemptuous wrath the punks directed at other old lags.

"Whatever we did we did for real," says Daltrey. "We weren't pretending. No matter what, we kept our credibility and that's the most important thing for any band."

Ken Williams

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SMALL STUFF



Patti Smith



The Eagles

With *Slow Train Coming* out, it's clear that **Bob Dylan** has seen the light. How did it happen? Well, a few of his mates saw it first — ex-Byrd Roger McGuinn and post-*Rolling Thunder Revue* regulars, Steve Soles (rhythm guitar), T-Bone Burnett (bass) and David Mansfield (violin). The crunch came when the girl he was living with found the Lord and left Zim. She showed Bob the way and he wrote a tune, "Precious Angel" about her ... not to be outdone by an ex-folkie the flamboyant **Little Richard** is back on the fundamentalist revival trail denouncing rock'n'roll and preaching that drugs are the cause of "homosexuality and lesbianism and unnatural affectations in their different forms" (this mag is named after "Rip It Up", one of the rock'n'roll pioneers' many classics) ... support act for **Pope John Paul II** at his outdoor Dublin gig, is the **Chieftains** ... back in Florence, **Patti Smith** raised an American flag and was joined on stage by hundreds of angry Italian leftists. Communist stewards chanted "Vietnam! Chile!" as Smith walked off ... Arlington County medical examiners office reports that **Lowell George** died of an accidental drug overdose. The identity of the drug has only been disclosed to Lowell's immediate family. Final mix has begun on the last **Little Feat** album, *Duck Lips*, with production chores now in the hands of a team of band members and friends of Lowell George ... **Iggy Pop** is recording in the UK with his new band, Glen Matlock and Stevie Nicks of Rich Kids, Barry Andrews (ex-XTC keyboardist) and Klaus Kruger (Iggy's drummer). Ian McLagen is likely to contribute a song and some keyboards to the session. Other songs are penned by Iggy or Matlock and Pop ... only hours before the first concert of **Siouxsie and the Banshees**' UK tour, drummer Kenny Morris and guitarist John McKay quit the band. Roadies found the missing member's backstage passes attached to pillows propped up in their respective hotel beds. Siouxsie, bassist Steve Severin and members of Cure performed "The Lord's Prayer" before informing the Aberdeen crowd that all ticket money would be refunded ... John Lydon's image conscious **PIL** newie is entitled *Metal Box* and a limited edition of 50,000 will be released in the UK consisting of three 12 inch singles in a metal box not unlike "a cross between a film can and a can of biscuits" ... new mod clothing label in Britain is **Succhi-Who's** "Quadrophenia", "the Mary Quant of the eighties", says the "Quadrophenia" clothes promoter. No Who members were present at the launching. **The Who** sell out? ... A merchandising deal between **Devo** and Japanese clothing

manufacturers will allow Devo garb and sunglasses to be manufactured in Japan ... **Diane Keaton** was up and dancin' at **Al Green's** London gig and **John Lydon** was seen at **James Brown's** show elsewhere in the same city. Were Townshend, Geldof, Lynott and Sting flicking pop corn at the premiere of the **Who's Quadrophenia**? Backstage socialising at Knebworth after Led Zeppelin's performances were the Clash's Mick Jones, Pistols Cook and Jones and Gen X's Brian James ... the **Jam** are not happy about their current association with the mod craze in the UK. The always tidy lads are adamant — "we're a punk band, we started with punk and that's where we're staying" ... on the first gig of their second US tour the **Clash** invited on stage for two of their encores, country rocker **Joe Ely** ... **Mike Chapman** will produce the second **Knack** album. Capitol thinks they've got another smash hit with a song on the album, "Girls Talk Dirty" ... **Cars** were able to choose who appeared with them on their *Midnight Special*. The guests were Suicide, Iggy Pop, M, The Records and Lene Lovich ... **Phil Collins** of Genesis is playing with **Brand X** on their USA tour ... nationally distributed in the States will be *Thunder Road* a mag devoted to New Jersey's own, **Bruce Springsteen** ... Epic will release a best of **Southside Johnny** album with a not previously released title track, a live version of "Havin' A Party" ... to make it clear that he is unhappy about the release of the MCA album *Better Than the Rest* (material recorded in 1974), **George Thorogood** is not currently touring ... following the release of their new album *The Long Run*, the **Eagles** commence a US tour on October 8 ... both **Dolly Parton** and **Genya Ravan** have started their own labels. Dolly's is LA based White Diamond and Genya Ravan's unnamed label's offices are in New York. First signing is **Ronnie Spector** ... ex-Supreme **Mary Wilson** is recording her first solo album for Motown ... new albums to look out for are the Boomtown Rats' *Fine Art of Surfacing*, **Blondie's Eat to the Beat**, **Elton John's Thunder in the Night**, **XTC's Drums and Wires**, **Pere Ubu's New Picnic time**, **Buzzcock's A Different Kind of Tension**, **Penetration's Come Into the Open**, **The Kinks' Low Budget**, **David Johansen's In Style**, **Burning Spear's best of (Harder than the Best)** and **Joan Armatrading's double live, Steppin' Out** ... in the RSO pipeline is a double **Bee Gees Greatest Hits**, new **Andy Gibb** and a compilation, **RSO's Greatest Hits** ... guitarist **Larry Coryell** is recording an acoustic album for Arista records.

ROCK QUEST

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OCTOBER 25-27, AWAPUNI, PALMERSTON NORTH
 NOVEMBER 1-3, MAINSTREET, AUCKLAND
 NOVEMBER 1-3, GLUEPOT,
 NOVEMBER 7-10, HILLSBOROUGH, CHRISTCHURCH



RADIO RADIO



Elvis Costello & the Attractions

The science of radio programming is not within the ken of the masses, nor — it seems — is it meant to be. Complicated by extraordinary and intimidating jargon, it is a hefty tool crafted out of such awe-inspiring matter as the random listener survey and the attitudinal research results. Like all such methodology these deal a fair clout, and they've been bashed around in Auckland a lot in the last couple of weeks.

Of course, all radio stations employ some form of programming; it is what makes one station different from another in musical content, approach, advertising sponsorship, disc jockeys and so on. The formula which makes up the average radio hour, its variations and the actual playlist from which the DJs chose to play, are all decided upon by the station programmer.

There was really only one exception to this radio rule in Auckland and that was Barry Jenkin whose three-year contract had given him programming rights for his own 7-10pm slot on Radio Hauraki. For the past year or so Barry Jenkin has sunk his teeth deep into the current stock of new wave material, playing up a storm on the station's stereo. For his troubles he got the sack at the beginning of last month.

Dismissal did not come, says Barry Jenkin, like a bolt from the blue. Things had been changing at home base. It had been David Gapes who had hired Barry Jenkin to do a free format show; he was no longer with the station. Graham Parsonage was the programme director for most of Barry's employment at Hauraki.

"He seemed to have made the decision to leave me alone as far as my show's content went," says Barry. But he'd gone too.

It was with the hiring of Australian programmer Gary Roberts that penance began. A just-released survey from McNair put Barry six per cent lower than his previous rating. Additional research commissioned by Hauraki had up-turned comments that Barry Jenkin's show was "too heavy", "too way out" and "too specialised". Worst of all — for a radio station which as Gary Roberts says is here to make money — some listeners found Barry Jenkin a "specific turn-off factor".

Says Gary Roberts: "Something had to be done. People just aren't accepting wall-to-wall new wave. It's nice in fits and starts, but it's punishing listening to three solid hours of it."

Barry Jenkin was asked to "broaden" his appeal. Among the artists proposed by Gary Roberts were Bob Seger, Steely Dan, The Cars and Led Zeppelin. These, Roberts said would be complementary to Barry's usual content and make the show "accessible to the mainstream rock listener."

Finally Barry agreed to give it a whirl. He hadn't even left Callex House after his first "broadened" show when he was assailed by a petrol-pumping fan who thought he'd lost his marbles. Compromises like that don't satisfy either party, decided Barry Jenkin.

Feeling that he owed his audience an explanation, he disclaimed his programme's content on air. Hauraki were aghast. The next day Barry Jenkin spoke to the press. Although he himself had replied to *The Star* before Barry

Jenkin had, Gary Roberts was incensed by this public airing. "It was the last straw, so I fired him", he said.

Had Hauraki forgotten that Barry Jenkin — through his spot on *Radio With Pictures* and because of his almost unique appreciation of new wave music — was probably the best-known disc jockey in the country? Regardless, publicity for the sacking must have exceeded management's wildest dreams. *The Auckland Star* printed updates on the saga every couple of days and even devoted half a page to letters berating the station for its actions. At the same time a group called "Save Auckland Radio" started up with a petition and a call to boycott Radio Hauraki.

The publicity everyone agrees will soon blow over. But the taste in the mouth will remain. Says Barry Jenkin: "People have seen this as another abrogation of their personal freedom." It is particularly ironic remembering Hauraki's humble beginnings in the mid sixties as an alternative to the schlock then available from the NZBC.

The winners of this round are undoubtedly 1ZM. They hired Barry Jenkin — with a completely free format show — within a week of his leaving Hauraki; then they also grabbed Fred Botica, for their breakfast show. Hauraki meanwhile had snatched up Alan Beagle. Bryan Staff was dismissed but was re-instated by 1ZM in the production side of things.

Meanwhile Hauraki are brave-facing the changes. The ratings game is what matters, says Gary Roberts. Barry Jenkin wasn't making the grade; he had to go. As for Fred Botica, he was never going to knock off Merv Smith on the 12B breakfast session, so he'd been shifted to 9-12am. He wasn't happy about that, says the programmer.

1ZM on the other hand are not out to catch Merv Smith's audience. The whole brouhaha timed itself to fit in with the visit of an American consultant who'd fired the station up for an onslaught on the radio audience. Whether by chance or design, it's a useful promotional device, further publicising "the switch". It could even be called coming in fighting.

Which is more than can be said for 1XI. Their consultant was from Australia, and he had plans too. He suggested 1XI go into "album orientated rock" with a "young adult" emphasis. Sniffing competition if 1XI veered away from its "beautiful music" content, Hauraki bought itself major shareholding status in the station, 1XI has now dumped its finer aspirations and turned even further to the "right" (radio jargon for mostly mainstream schmaltz).

All in all it's still a lively battle that's heating up on the dial. Both Gary Roberts and Graham Bolton are convinced that they'll be tops of the very next set of surveys. Hauraki looks all set to pull more money out of its coffers as audience enticement; 1ZM's carrot is offering listeners the chance to state their fancy. May the nobler sentiment win.

Louise Chunn

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The question that stumped lots of entrants in the Citizen Band *Just Drove Thru Town* competition was — In what band did Eccles and Clark make their recording debut? Space Waltz is the answer, not Citizen Band, Vox Pop, Stewart & the Belmonds or Split Enz. The album (*JDTT*) was of course produced by Jay Lewis and the instrumental is named, "Just Drove Thru Town".

Winners of T-shirts and autographed LPs are Aucklanders Russell Grove, David Plunkett and Murray Campbell. Alister Cain (Christchurch), G. Walker (Hamilton) and Brent Cardy (Auckland) win autographed albums.

RIP IT UP No. 27 OCTOBER '79

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If you want to hear new music, you're not going to hear much by listening to the radio. The programmer's job is to make sure that most of what you hear is already familiar to you.

Thankfully, in the last 12 months a lot of material that radio rarely plays has been released in NZ — eg recordings on Virgin (thru RTC), Stiff (thru Phonogram) and Sire (thru WEA) labels.

When did you last hear Virgin acts — XTC, Magazine, The Ruts, Penetration, Culture, Skids, the Members, Sex Pistols, Public Image, Steve Hillage or Sparks on the radio? Have you ever heard all the above?

RTC with Virgin UK have produced a double album for NZ entitled *Virginity* from which no artist, manufacturer or retailer gains any profit. This double album compilation of Virgin acts therefore able to retail at \$4.99. With *Virginity* Virgin, their artists and RTC do 'hope to make some friends in the process' among NZ record buyers.

The 23 track 2LP set is a good-looker and the track selection good. *Virginity* seeks to interest you in Magazine with "Believe That I Understand" and "Shot By Both Sides", the XTC tracks are "Radios In Motion" and "Are You Receiving Me?" On the same side as Mag and XTC are Interview's "Love Fallout", Penetration's "Life's A Gamble" and Public Image's "Low Life".

As we rapidly approach the day when three radio stations in Auckland will play the same song — at the same time — this compilation is a great idea.

Programme yourself.
Murray Cammick

TOURS

Big rock'n'roll thrill for October is the visit of **Cheap Trick**. With the success of their live album *At Budokan*, they're no longer just rock press/concert-goers' favourites. They're big and getting bigger but still gigging as much as ever. They play Auckland Town Hall October 16, Wellington Winter Show Building October 18, Christchurch Town Hall October 21. Don't miss out cos they only do one show a night.

New dates for **Joan Armatrading** are Dunedin October 24, Christchurch October 25 & 26, Wellington October 28 & 29, Auckland October 30 & 31.

Dates for **Graham Parker & the Rumour** are Christchurch Nov 20, Wellington Nov 23, Auckland Nov 26. If you don't have fond memories of last year's gigs, you weren't there.

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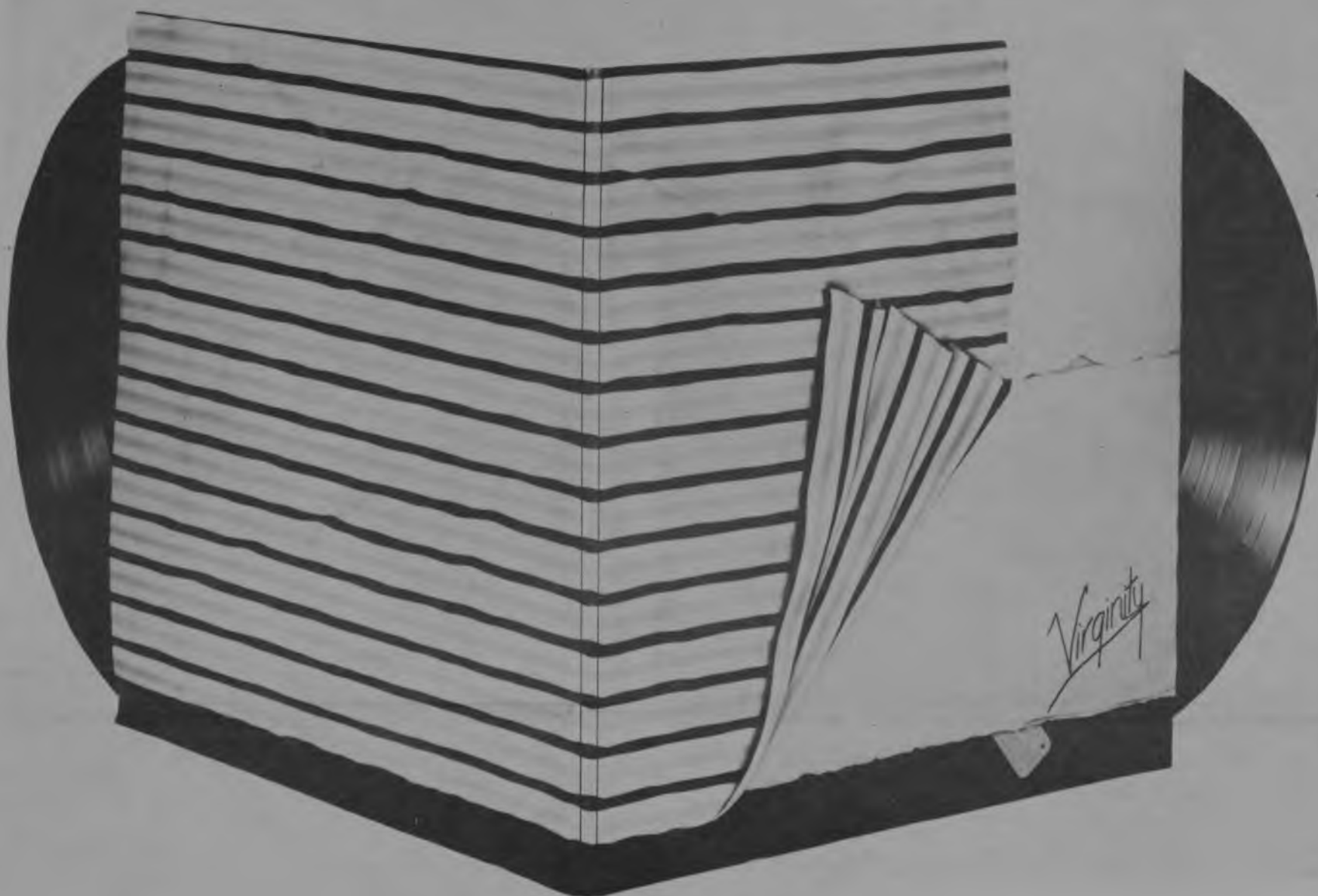
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AUCKLAND

Both **Th'Dudes** and **Citizen Band** are planning brief Aussie jaunts to coincide with the release of their albums in Oz. Th'Dudes may disappear in late October to support a major overseas act touring Australia. (Despite rumours, Dude guitarist, Ian Morris was not married last month.) CB intend to visit Aussie mid November staying for about four weeks.

All ya Nambassa addicts be warned, there's a big festival this summer two miles south of Ngaruawahia with 30 NZ bands, six Aussie bands and one over-the-big-seas act. Festival dates are January 26, 27 and 28.

Current drummer in **Havoc and the Hurricanes** is Warrick Steel. He replaced Graeme Scott ... Carl the **Primmers'** vocalist has left the band ... while in Oz Mike Caen of **Street Talk** witnessed one of the **Marching Girls'** rare performances. The lads were support act for the Models at Armadale Hotel, Melbourne ... **Street Talk** will be recording demos soon for their second album.

On the new Rick Wakeman album, musicians' credits read, "drums and percussion — Frank ('I'm an animal, I want to go home') Gibson, bass guitars — Bruce ('I can't work under these conditions') Lynch". In the next few months **Bruce Lynch** and **Suzanne, Dave McCrae** and **Joy Yates** (Pacific Eardrum) and **Frank Gibson** are all expected to return to NZ to live and work. Gibson is currently touring with Leo Sayer in the UK.

The **Mi-Sex** debut album *Graffiti Crimes* will be released in the USA by Epic records. Their new single "Computer Games" will be added to the album (in NZ too) ... overdubs are completed and mixing has started on **The Crocodiles'** debut album (Producer Glyn Tucker). Cover art will be by Fane Flaws and the band is working on film clips and plans for a promotional tour to coincide with the release of *Wall to Wall Sharkskin* ... working on albums at Auckland's **Mascot Studios** are Appaloosa, Shotgun and Golden Harvest.

Hello Sailor may tour NZ in December and **Split Enz** are thinking about visiting us next February ... **Terrorways** are back in town Oct 11-13 at Windsor Castle and Oct 14 at Squeeze ... **Snipes** are touring the country (the South Island too) October and November. **Son of Dr Tree** (Murray McNabb, Andy Brown, Mike Walsh, Kim Patterson) play every Monday night at **Liberty Stage** ... **The Clean** are looking for a drummer.

THE CORPORATION

CHRISTCHURCH

A bleak starting note. Too many fights finally closed down **Wayne Manor**. Christchurch venues have a short life. However, there's a new venue **Rock City** down beside the Odeon Theatre. There are bands there most Fridays and Saturdays.

Several weeks ago, the **Heavenly Bodies** made a lot of people happy at **Dux de Lux** (on one of the rare evenings the cafe could have amplified music). Mick Dawson proving he hasn't lost his touch since the Enemy split ... **The Vacuum** are stealing much of the glory down here with some excellent appearances lately at Rock City and the British, Lyttelton.
JANIE JONES

WELLINGTON

Common belief that **Short Story** play their last gig at the Last Resort this month 18-21, and that on the Sunday **Wayne Mason** and **Rockinghorse** will re-unite for a probable rave-up. More locals at LR — **Medusa** 11-13th and **Reel to Real** 25-28th.

Binge of singles stemming from **Marmalade Studios** includes recently released waxings by

Hotlove ("He Just Can't Dance"), Short Story ("Halfway to Paradise"), Sharon O'Neill ("Words"), and out soon Wayne Mason's "Rain For a Blue Sky", and John Steven's "Jezebel".

Sunday night at the Rock Theatre is **Stiff Bix Cabaret**. A two hour show of original music, mime, dance and comedy. Musical director is Spats/Crocs keyboardman, Peter Dasent. Stiff Bix is the Wide Mouthed Frogs, John Bailey and May Lloyd (ex-Chameleon Theatre), Paul Wilson (ex-Mask Theatre), Garth Fros (Capt Frootkake's Punch and Judy) and Marshall Napier (Larry Lucas on Nev's TV show). By the way, if you've got an unusual act, contact John Bailey or Garth Frost Phone 850-241
GARY STEEL

AUSTRALIA

A new **Split Enz** 45 penned by Neil Finn is to be released this month. It is titled "Things" and hopefully will give them their long awaited hit single. In the pipeline is a brand new album. Plans are that it will be recorded in Oz with UK wonderboy David Tickle producing. Tickle is the child protege of Mike Chapman.

It's rumoured that **Hello Sailor** bass guitarist Lisle Kinney has retired from the band. He will continue working with them until a replacement is found.

The **Mi-Sex** debut album *Graffiti Crimes* was a hit at the CBS International Convention. To date the album is set for release in Sweden, Greece, Israel, Austria, Canada, Germany, Britain, Norway, France and Denmark. The album will almost certainly be released in the USA. The band were going to tour NZ again this year but plans have been shelved.

Aussies **The Sports** leave for the UK mid October where they will record at Eaton Studios in Chiswick. Peter Solley, ex-Procol Harum keyboardist, will produce the album.

Johnny & the Hookers are finding gigs a little hard to get but have done a couple of supports at the Civic Hotel. Their first night was fraught with PA problems but since then they seem to have held their own.
JON ADAMS

DUNEDIN

New band, **Red Tape**, formed around May, are managing to surface in the pub scene. **Growing Pains** are still together says member Andy Combe. Rumours of their split originated from a band squabble. Two three-piece bands, **Splash** (ex-Velvets) and the bluesy **Flying Backwards** are arousing interest ...

Heavenly Bodies are now a five-piece with the addition of another guitarist, Bevan Hudson. The band recently had a successful stint in Christchurch. It's about time the Cook picked up on them. **Rockylox** have recorded two original songs at 4ZB's studio for local airplay.
GEORGE KAY

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BOOMTOWN RATS' BOB GELDOF INTERVIEW

At the time of writing, The Boomtown Rats have scored their sixth hit in the UK, and their second number one, with a quite untypical song called "I Don't Like Mondays."

They're the most successful, commercially, of the new wave acts, being a little bit punk, a little bit R&B, and a lot of good time, and are thus able to transcend most barriers and reach a wide audience. Only the US of A remains unconquered, but this is only a matter of time, according to one of the biggest mouths in the business.

We are speaking, naturally, of Modest Bob Geldof, whose sometimes-overpowering stage presence and superb ability to manipulate the media have contributed no little to the Rats' success.

A chance to speak with the man himself was jumped at, thanks to Polygram, who are doubtless sweating blood over the cost of an hour's toll call to London.

Geldof is an interviewer's dream-cum-nightmare. He is articulate, witty and full of quotable quotes. The only problem is, you can't shut him up. Still, better too much copy than not enough.

The Boomtown Rats started out in Eire in 1976, the various members having known each other for sometime, and having been inspired by seeing the Feelgoods into having a go themselves. At first, they were called The Nitelife Thugs, but Geldof changed the name after reading Woody Guthrie's "Bound For Glory". Their first gigs, in the republic's boozers, drew some negative reaction.

"I think it was similar to the resentment, and fear possibly, that was happening in England at the same time with the new bands," says Geldof. "But it wasn't necessarily just the promoters and the club owners, it was also the established musical clique that existed in Ireland at the time, of other bands. I think they were afraid."

"When we started, within three weeks we had a huge popularity, precisely because we were doing things that seemed to be the antithesis of what they were doing. We weren't getting up on stage and ignoring the audience. It seems ridiculous now, but it was only three or four years ago. The guitarist would play long-winded solos for half an hour, and mainly they were just indulging in tedium, self-indulgence and boredom, that had very little to do with the audience."

"We were the very opposite of that, so we got popular very quickly as a result. I think it was the danger we posed to the established

musicians that resulted in resentment from them.

"I think if you do something that is completely different and new, people are afraid, not of what you are doing, but afraid of the unknown."

In Britain, things were different. The Rats were no longer alone in the fight to shake the business by the throat. A movement had started which could not be ignored, and the Rats arrived at the right time.

Their debut single, "Looking Out For Number 1", was the first new wave single to be played by the BBC, and the Boomtown Rats made another breakthrough, being the first new wave band to appear on the prestigious *Top Of The Pops* TV programme. This paved the way, and the British singles charts took on a much healthier look, which continues today.

Geldof, as we said before, is a very skillful media manipulator, especially television, where he plays to the camera, rather than ignoring it.

"I was always dying to appear on TV or hear myself on the radio," he says. "And the reality is almost as good as the dream, it's one of the few things that we've found to be true."

"TV has always struck me as being an immensely powerful medium, and I think in the 80's it will probably be the primary medium for rock and roll. Video, too, will just explode soon, because video discs and equipment are cheaper than videotape."

"But you must be aware of this power, and I think a lot of the new bands are intimidated by TV. You must regard the camera as a lump of glass and metal, which is a direct line into somebody's house."

"To try and get across what the band is into, you must react to that situation, so I put myself in the situation of the person watching TV. I've got to make that person, sitting there with his can of beer, react, and I've got to reach through his TV screen, as the camera allows me to do."

"When we appear on TV, I constantly address the camera, which always pisses off the director, because you're supposed to be not aware of the cameras. But on one show recently, I asked them to come over to the set. I pointed out where the volume control was, and told them to turn it up really loud. Apparently they did a survey, and about 56 percent of people who were watching went and turned it up."

"I don't think you'll ever transfer the excitement of a live gig onto TV, so you've got to find another way of portraying some excitement."

Is it possible to get ahead these days without compromising yourself?

"I think the industry in Britain is at present in a huge state of crisis. I think it's a compromise anyway. When you go to a record company, you're saying: 'Here's my talent, exploit it, but exploit it for my use.' The problem comes when the bands are ripped off and exploited for the record company's use."

"I think, to sum it up, it's a "You scratch my back, I'll claw yours" sort of ethic, and the Boomtown Rats tend to keep their nails fairly well sharpened."

The Boomtown Rats have completed a new album, *The Fine Art of Surfacing* and are planning to feature in a film. Details are confused, but Bob says it's a satirical vampire movie, for which they'll probably write some music as well.

Also in the pipeline is another American tour and a chance of seeing them down this way in the new year. (Visiting NZ in October to look at venues etc are Rats manager, Fachtna O'Kelly and Ensign Records boss, Nigel Grainge.)

Bob could have talked all night, but the phone bill had started to run into three figures, and we called it a day, much to his disappointment. Only a fraction of what was discussed appears here, but it shows well the value of complete self-confidence and hustling power.

Take a leaf from his book and you could become The Next Big Thing. Failing that, you could probably be a first class used car salesman.

Duncan Campbell

Back in 1978, when the Boomtown Rats were already well on their way, Bob Geldof was asked to write an article with some basic advice for would-be rock stars, wanting to start a band. The resulting article appeared in May '78, in the first issue of a magazine called *Rock On!* Geldof tells us the mag was simply a tax write-off for a large publishing house. *Rock On!* vanished without a trace after only a handful of issues, and Bob says he "never got a cent" for the article. However, he graciously gave his permission for us to reproduce it here. Read and learn!

How to start a Band and not get Screwed BY BOB GELDOF

Way back in my head I can remember hearing this plastic freebie my sister had years ago. It came in the first edition of some short-lived rag called *Serenade*. It had Cliff Richard on it saying things like, "Well hi there this is Cliff. I don't know about you but right now I'm excited. (Oh really Cliff? I thought that was a sin.) Yeah it's an exciting business making records."

Now listen I don't agree with Cliff Richard about anything but this time the sentiment remains true even if the situation has changed.

It is exciting. I'm not about to start denying that I love playing rock'n'roll in front of a couple of thousand people at the Rainbow, the Marquee or anywhere else. It's a gas (if embarrassing) seeing yourself on TV, hearing yourself on the radio. Just like when you get your picture in the local paper for being at a match or wedding or whatever, we get a kick from seeing ourselves in the weekly music comics. I love it — and so do most other guys in the other bands even if they don't admit it. I'll tell you one thing it's a helluva lot better than any other job I've ever had and that's for sure.

I mean the whole point of this thing is fun. The whole point of anything should be fun, amusement — anything that keeps the blunt teeth of boredom away from the brain. Look, we didn't start the Rats to be "rich and famous", we started it for a laugh, something to do on Saturday afternoon. There was no positive motivation, no huge philosophy, no giant idealism, no cause, only six guys who hung out in someone's garage and in some south Dublin record shop. We were playing at being big stars — we still are. But at least we were playing.

That was the loosing end of '75. We played in Ireland through '76 and made it to England with a bunch of songs in time to contribute to the greatest year of rock in the last decade.

Over these past two years, we have I suppose, as much as anyone else, run the rock'n'roll gauntlet. When you, eventually, as a band, move into the record making area of rock the rarest word in the vocabulary will be "music". The most common ones are "net", "gross" and "percentage", you understand? Learn fast — everyone wants to screw you. Now look, assuming you like the music and you check out the bands and you read the papers and listen to the records etc., assuming all this why don't you actually play in a band? Listen, you follow football — you play it with your mates, follow rock'n'roll — play it with your mates. It's e-e-e-zee. All ya need is ... a little bit of gear, maybe a couple of acoustics to practise on or better still an electric and amp. Quality doesn't matter.

If you can actually play, great. If you can't, follow the "Geldof Duff Guitar Players Guide to the Stars". Learn a chord — let's say 'A'.

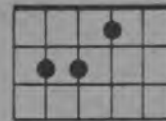


Hammer that out together then learn another

say 'D' do the same thing with that,



then learn 'E' Hey when's your new album coming out maaaaan?



Listen, you can play almost any rock song with those chords. For example, "I-I-I don't wanna be like you" E ... E ... E ... A from that brilliant classic "Looking After No. 1" reproduced by kind permission of us.

If you can, try writing a few songs of your own. If you can't, learn something right. Now you've got a bunch of songs together, try and get a few gigs. You don't need a manager for a good while yet, but if there's a mate who'll do the job for a while — fine. If not get one of the band to do it, someone with a good enough business sense, because when you actually begin playing as a working band that's all people want to know about — business. Whether you're gonna make money for them or not. You've just got to be better at business than they are — it's easy.

Now the next bit seems really stupid, but getting a good name for yourselves is really hard. We had a bitch of a time finding one. We were called Mark Skid and the Y-Fronts for a day, the next day we were the Dockside Demons. We actually played half a gig as the Nightlife Thugs. We were always farting around with names until we got the Boomtown Rats which seemed to fit. And that's the important thing. It's kinda like naming a kid — you might be stuck with it for a long time. You'd better like it, it's you who's got to live with it.

The only way to get gigs is to check out the local pubs, clubs, schools, dance-halls etc., give them a ring and try not to be your normal obnoxious self. You must brown-nose for a little while, a little bit of smarm goes a long way ... well it might get you onto that bit of plywood they probably call a stage. It doesn't matter if you're crap. It doesn't matter if people are shouting abuse at you — forget it. It's a helluva lot better to be playing in a band than to be watching one. At least you're living your dreams. They say in sex you should always enact your fantasies — same in life Chester. Any way you'll get better as time goes on, let's face it you can't get any worse.

Once you start getting a name, obviously you'll find it easier to get gigs. You get to know the managers and other people from the clubs. Always do a lot of publicity. I think all the new bands understand that. Most them have bigger hype jobs than Grand Funk Railroad and the Rollers put together — little more subtle maybe but unfortunately in a lot of cases it's worked. Try and get some posters done. Get a mate to design them, save about \$20 if you can and go down to the local instant print. You should get a thousand done for that. Plaster them everywhere. We printed our own cos Simon (the drummer) had a small silkscreen press. There might be one in your school. Anyway you can always get a spray can.

If you can, put most or all the money you're making back into the band. If you're doing it strictly as a hobby and a once-a-week is fine for you, great. You should end up with a lot of good gear and a bit of beer money. If you find that the band has gotten too big for your area, then maybe it's time to get a manager to get the gigs (later through an agency) and the highly-prized record contract. It's best to find a mate you can trust and who has his shit together. The chances of being ripped-off are very slim, and it's the best method. If you can't do it that way, find out about someone (a guy who's managed bands before etc.) check him out and tell him he has to give your band 24 hours a day. You do, so why shouldn't he. He'll ask for between 10 and 20% of your total income, and you'll have to start dealing for a figure. For that sort of money expect the world. It might be only 12% of \$60 now but what about later after your smash American six million selling album? It's about now you start thinking about giving up the job or whatever. One rule — stay on the dole, you're gonna need it pal.

Bob Geldof

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RICK NIELSEN INTERVIEW

Interviewing Rick Nielsen, Cheap Trick's guitarist, songwriter and Olympic gymnastics prospect, is a task many writers turn pale at the thought of.

I mean, this guy is meant to be one step off being certified. He never gives a straight answer to any question, and he's replied to similar questions so many different ways that you're not sure he hasn't put everybody on.

Cheap Trick is meant to be a band without a history, the illegitimate child of a chance liaison in some obscure amusement park, which flourished in spite of seemingly insurmountable handicaps. Many stories are told, but how many can you believe?

The stories about Nielsen's baseball cap alone would fill an encyclopaedia. Does he really wear it even when he's in the shower? Is he a reformed longhair? Does Tom Petersson really give him haircuts in a darkened room? Is he getting thin on top?

The same can be said for the band's past. Stories have been told of them bumping into each other while taking the waters in the South of France. Petersson, in a previous incarnation, is rumoured to have earned a living as a busker in the Paris subways. See what I mean? Confusion mounts.

Talking with Nielsen is both disappointing and a pleasant surprise. Disappointing because he wasn't bursting out with the zany quotes that have been previously attributed to him, and pleasant because it makes him a damn sight easier to interview. He doesn't have to constantly live up to the hype these days. It's served its purpose, and he now seems happy to convey that under the baseball cap lurks a regular guy, albeit one with a sharply honed sense of humour and a taste for the ludicrous.

EARLY DAYS

Nielsen, Petersson and Bun E. Carlos originate from Rockford, Illinois. Robin Zander comes from Loves Park, a nearby suburb.

Nielsen is from a musical family, his parents being the proprietors of a music store in Rockford. His mother, who has survived five Cheap Trick gigs, says he started out like many others, with a band that threatened to demolish the walls of the garage.

Nielsen and Petersson are old buddies from way back, and have played together for some 12 years.

"We were actually doing things very similar to what Cheap Trick is doing today," Nielsen says. "It wasn't successful, but we weren't in it for the money, we were in it because we liked it."

The story goes that after playing with Fuse, a band which is about as well known as Whistler's Father, Nielsen and Petersson split to England. This was in 1969, when Beatlemania was all but dead. The two had a great love for British music, and wanted to see what was cooking across the Atlantic.

On their return home, they teamed up with some former members of Todd Rundgren's old group Nazz, and gigged anywhere they could, under a variety of names. This lasted only briefly. The inevitable split was followed by another European jaunt for the dynamic duo, where they met up with Carlos, and then Zander, who'd been up in Scotland trying to deny Nessie's existence, and Cheap Trick was born.

Carlos, a shy individual who had a sheltered upbringing, started out at the tender age of 13 in a Rockford band called The Pagans, with his big sister driving him to the gigs.

Before meeting Nielsen, he'd played with Bo Diddley, Freddy Cannon, The Shirelles, Chuck Berry (Who hasn't?) and many others.

A self-confessed vinyl junkie, Carlos collects records by the score, and never travels without a selection of tapes.

Zander, who can imitate anyone from Robert Plant to Neil Young, at first turned down an offer to join the tricksters. At the time, he was making a good living, singing folk songs at a resort in Wisconsin. But that didn't last forever, and on the second approach, he agreed.

"NO GOOD"

By this time, the Nielsen songwriting talent was starting to bloom. In 1972 the band was in New York, cutting demos for CBS. Among the songs used was "So Good To See You," which finally emerged on the *In Colour* album, "Mandocello", which appears on the debut LP, and a version of the infamous "Surrender."

"They told us the songs were no good and we were no good," Nielsen recalls, "which is crazy, because it was sort of similar to what

we're doing now. But that's the way it goes. At the time, they didn't want what he had."

So it was onto the road, gigging places where most people would think twice about dying, getting laughed at, and having things thrown at them.

It wasn't until 1977 that they were finally signed by Epic and recorded *Cheap Trick*, with Jack Douglas producing.

The first album placed the accent on the band rather than the songs, and the sound was decidedly heavy metal. Douglas, who has produced Aerosmith, went for a raw, live sound, with very little overdubbing. It was fine for a first shot, but Nielsen decided a change was needed for the next outing. The choice was Tom Werman, another heavy metal man, who's also worked with Ted Nugent.

"Werman was more interested in the songs, and decided to put them across, rather than showcasing the band," Nielsen says. "That record (*In Colour*) wasn't as powerful as the first one. Each record since then has shown off the material, but it's also shown off the band."

MEDIA DARLINGS

In Colour was the album that made Cheap Trick a name to be reckoned with, and also brought them to the attention of the media. The British and American rock press have a strong need to occasionally show that they can let their hair down and enjoy music purely for the fun of it. That's as long as they don't compromise their often warped sense of values. Sure, the music can be 'fun', but it must have its intelligent side as well. Cheap Trick's visual appearance, coupled with Nielsen's ability to write snappy melodies and witty, incisive lyrics, made them media darlings overnight.

Being a favourite with journos is no picnic, as any former member of Little Feat will tell you. It can be the kiss of death, by alienating you from the public, as though you're the exclusive property of the rock press. Cheap Trick, because of their sense of fun, have managed to elude this trap, and be accepted by both the media and the public. No small achievement in itself.

Heaven Tonight barely bruised the American Top 40, but it gave the band its first decent shot of FM radio airplay. It also contained the magical "Surrender," perhaps one of the perfect pop songs, and still Cheap Trick's best known number. It was, however, a non-hit single, for reasons unknown to its composer.

"Everywhere we go, everyone knows 'Surrender,'" he says. "It wasn't a hit, but everybody's heard it. If you had a radio, you heard the song."

"I don't know all the details of why it didn't do better, and why it did so good."

The lyrics, which are a trifle risqué, may

have had some effect on radio programmers, but Nielsen says they had already been tamed down, and were much lewder in their original form.

BIG IN JAPAN

The land of the cherry blossom now beckoned, on the strength of three number one singles and a couple of gold albums. Cheap Trick are simply enormous in Japan, especially among the little girls, who go for Tom and Robin in a big way. Every time they arrive, they are greeted by mob scenes matched only by the Beatles.

Touching on the sons of Liverpool, Nielsen obviously resents the constant comparisons with the way his songs sound.

"I don't think we ever consciously try to copy, or emulate or steal from anybody. To be compared with the Beatles is obviously the highest form of flattery a group could ever have, but we don't try to copy them."

"There are four personalities in the band, maybe that's part of it. There's a lot of melody and harmony, I think intelligent lyrics, good chord changes... maybe that's it. Plus we speak in English. I mean, if we were Russian band and had the same tunes, nobody would notice."

The words of a man who's had the comparison drawn a few times before. But like it or not, the influences stand out a mile, not only of the Beatles, but other British bands, such as the Move and the Kinks.

Cheap Trick did the Move's "California Man" on *Heaven Tonight*, and their current stage show includes a Beatles number, though Nielsen says we'll have to wait and see which one it is.

Dream Police also has a strong Beatles sound to it, but more of that later.

Suffice to say Nielsen, like many other prominent tunesmiths, grew up with a radio glued to his ear, and a guy has to draw his inspiration from somewhere. Also, if you're going to borrow the odd idea, you might as well borrow the best, and Nielsen has in turn made them his own.

Live At Budokan exceeded all expectations. It was recorded purely as a souvenir of the triumphant 1978 Japanese tour by CBS/Sony, and was never intended for release outside Japan. The band concedes it's fairly rough in parts, some of the numbers being just first takes.

Nielsen, exuding self-confidence, was pleased, but not entirely surprised, by the hysterical reaction from audiences on that tour.

"It was a pleasant surprise, put it that way, but by the same token, we always felt the music was that good too. We wouldn't sit and scream at it, but we always liked what we were doing, and when we went there and found lots

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of people liked it, that was the way I think it should be.

"I mean, we don't just stand there and expect people to go nuts, we entertain our audience, and they like our music."

BREAKTHROUGH

Whatever the reasons, "Budokan" sold a bundle in Japan, as expected, but then it started to do very brisk business on import in other countries, including the USA. Suddenly, Cheap Trick began to get that vital AM radio airplay. The decision was made to hold up the release of "Dream Police," which had already been in the can several months, and release "Budokan" worldwide instead.

The decision was a wise one. "I Want You To Want Me" was lifted from the album, and Cheap Trick suddenly had their first Top 10 American single.

All in all, the rise to the top has been far from easy. The band's distinctive visual appearance, two good lookers and two weirdos, has undoubtedly been a contributing factor, though Nielsen is loath to call it a major one. The visual side, he says, was unplanned and simply evolved from the four personalities.

"If we had a plan, what did we take so long for?" he asks. "I've always felt I should have been a baseball player, but I know how to play guitar better, so I've always worn a baseball cap. Robin's not in the band because he's good looking, but because he sings great. I always find it weird when people think the band is put together."

DEMOCRACY

Over the years, the band has become a very democratic organisation, as shown in the songwriting credits on the new album. They may go into the studio with 20 songs, and the final selections are mutually agreed on. Nielsen says the studio work can be 'pandemonium' at times, with arguments over all aspects of production. But the band always has the final say, and in fact they took Werman's final mix of *Dream Police* and re-mixed it themselves because they weren't satisfied. The packaging concept is theirs, too. However, their manager, Ken Adamany, claims to have a certain degree of autocratic control, at least when they're on tour.

The toll call bill to the United States is looking threatening, so we decided to call it a day. But we still don't really know the real Rick Nielsen. So now comes the 64 thousand-dollar question; Is his on-stage persona an extension of his real self?

"Well, the whole time I've been doing this interview I've been hanging by my knees from a tree, and strumming a guitar with my toes."

Say goodnight, Rick.
Duncan Campbell

Dream Police, Cheap Trick's long-awaited fourth studio album, marks a crossroad in the career of a band that's made a living out of walking crooked miles.

The Cheap Trick 'sound' is established beyond dispute with this record, and the next step will prove very interesting.

Nielsen says it could well be the time for a change, but they've still yet to decide whether to use Werman as producer again.

Compared to many bands, Cheap Trick's recording process is brisk and businesslike. They only spend a couple of days in preparation for recording, and all their studio albums have taken little more than three weeks to lay down.

Experience tells too, and there is no hesitancy in *Dream Police*. It's a confident, energetic platter with tons of clout.

"We don't want to go to the mainstream," Nielsen says. "We want to have the mainstream come to us. It's easy to make records that sound just right for the AM radio, but I think it's more difficult to have your own sound. Maybe because of that, radio will have to go in your direction, rather than you going in its direction. When we go in to record, we do what we like."

This uncompromising stand is now paying dividends. One of the most popular tracks on *Dream Police*, radio-wise in America is "Gonna Raise Hell," a highly orchestrated tour de force which runs for some nine minutes and 20 seconds at the end of Side One.

"People would say to us: "No-one would ever play a song that long," but they do," says Nielsen, with a trace of satisfaction. "Songs like that and "The House Is Rocking" (a real steamer with a very memorable riff and Jagger-like vocals from Petersson) are a long way from "I Want You To Want Me."

"The House Is Rocking" is a joint Petersson-Nielsen composition. Nielsen had the lyrics and the melody line, but he didn't like them. Petersson produced the guitar riff, they combined the two and found another winner.

Petersson also co-wrote "Need Your Love," a slower number which closes the album. "I'll Be With You Tonight" is the first number to be billed as a complete group composition.

"I actually wrote the song, but we'd been doing it for years. We nearly threw it out. I decided that everyone had contributed his own part to that song, so we all got a credit."

The title track is set to become another standard and just screams 'hit single'. It's got enough hooks to equip a Kontiki, and cooks in the best traditions of "Southern Girls" and "Surrender". It also features some of Nielsen's best lyrics:

You know talk is cheap and rumour ain't nice.

And when I fall asleep I don't think I'll survive the night ...

"I wrote the first version of that tune over 10 years ago, but I never liked the complete tune, which was not like the way it is now."

To these ears, it's a classic putdown of paranoia:

... And when I fall asleep, bet they're spying on me tonight ...

Sort of the reverse of the "Reds under the bed" syndrome, digging at every closet radical who ever thought he was a worthy target for the CIA. Nielsen agrees that's part of it, but by no means all.

"It's like your conscious and your subconscious, the devil on one shoulder, telling you to do it, and the angel on the other, saying "Don't do it." The Yin and the Yang, the yes and the no, the positive and the negative, the moral and the immoral, just about anything else you can think of."

... They persecute me, they're the judge and jury all in one ...

So how's your ID these days?

Elsewhere, "Tonight" features a murderbus guitar riff that would be frightening on stage, while "I Know What I Want" steals just a trifle from "Anarchy In The UK." Just listen to the title words, which make up the hookline. They say the greatest compliment you can pay a man is to copy him. Take a bow, John.

The other killer, though, is the very un-typical "Voices", an achingly lovely ballad, which Zander handles superbly (he sings better than ever throughout the record). The harmony is very reminiscent of "Nowhere Man", from the Beatles' "Rubber Soul" period. God, it's beautiful. Wait till those little Japanese girls hear Robin sing this one. He may not get away alive.

Rick couldn't pick a standout track, he likes them all equally. Whether it's the best thing they've ever done is debatable, but for sure, it's the one everybody has been waiting for. Advance orders in the USA topped the three million mark.

Dream Police will make these boys rather rich and only the cruelest of fate will keep it out of most top tens. A guaranteed earthshaker, it thunders along like a steamroller on corrugated iron, and is sure to liven up the odd party.

Ere long, we will be treated to the aural and visual experience of Cheap Trick. This band has worked too hard and too long to risk disappointing, and trying to avoid them would be a big mistake.

For the future, they just want to conquer the world. *Dream Police* will help them on the way to domination. Tricky Ricky and the boys sure do make arresting music.

Duncan Campbell

QUESTIONS

1. THE PHOTO ABOVE IS ON WHAT ALBUM COVER?

.....

2. NAME THE TRACK ON DREAM POLICE PETERSSON SINGS?

.....

3. WHO HAS PRODUCED 3 OF THEIR 5 ALBUMS?

.....

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AND ADDRESS?

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Cheap Trick
Dream Police

A
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Cheap Trick
at Budokan

A
♣



Cheap Trick
Heaven Tonight

A
♦



Cheap Trick
In Colour

A
♠



Cheap Trick



SIMPLY XTC



Andy Partridge
Colin Moulding

XTC
Drums and Wires
Virgin

To be honest I thought XTC had peaked with the unparalleled cleverness of the first side of *Go 2*. Keyboard player, Barry Andrews, had left earlier in the year and took with him (or so I thought) an important facet of the band's sound. The decision to replace him with a guitarist was greeted with consternation as it appeared to be a self-imposed restriction, a move backwards and a relinquishing of their status as the fastest most inventive group around in favour of a more conservative bid for chart popularity. How wrong could I be? And looking back now over their two previous albums it's quite obvious that beneath their endless rhythm changes there lurked the fettered makings of one of the best beat groups of the seventies. And *Drums and Wires* reveals the best.

The single that preceded this new album by a few months was a Colin Moulding song, "Life At the Hop", released after Andrews' departure and an indication that XTC were invading rockland proper:

Prepare yourself for the boys in the band at the hop

The cheap guitars, too young for the bars at the hop

Effervescent, exuberant, youthful sixties' energy and dash, Moulding emerged as a potent songwriter in his own right on his trio of



greats on *Go 2* — "Buzzcity Talking", "Crowded Room" and "The Rhythm" — all on the first side. On *Drums and Wires* he does everything but steal the limelight from Partridge with his brilliant flashes of conventional insight, "Making Plans for Nigel", "Ten Feet Tall" and "That is the Way".

The album though ultimately belongs to Partridge who has retained much of his highly charged electric fidgeting especially on "Helicopter", "Scissor Man" and the irresistibly love-sick "When You're Near Me I Have Difficulty", but he has expanded his ambitions on the slow, amorphous "Millions", and on "Roads Girdle the Globe".

After listening to the greatness of *Drums and Wires* (the title probably refers to the fact that the band have now three guitarists and a drummer although new-comer Dave Gregory does contribute keyboards) it's apparent that XTC had reached the height of their particular style on *Go 2*. It's probable that a *Go 3* would have been greeted with a series of catcalls and comments like "marking time" and it's with this in mind that you must view the new album. Dave Gregory has added a desirable edge to the band without subtracting anything from their original qualities or causing the band to abandon their essential style. XTC have not only become one of the most inventive guitar bands around, they have also emerged with one of the best albums of '79 to boot.

George Kay



ROLLING
BRIMSTONE

Bob Dylan
Slow Train Coming
CBS

A good many stones have rolled around this world since the release of a new Bob Dylan album hustled up a storm — either in the critics' dens or amongst the buying public. Dylan's recent albums are not ignored; but no longer are they met with the automatic deference once deemed due.

Now, as if to put the lie to possible tales of aged decrepitude, back the old boy has come with *Slow Train Coming*, probably his best and most consistent album in years, and providing lots for all concerned to chew upon.

Musically it is distinctly redolent of older Dylan. Coming out of the studios at Muscle Shoals, the album was made under the direction of Jerry Wexler, a producer responsible for Ray Charles and many others in the past. The backing band is small and includes Mark Knopfler and Pick Withers from Dire Straits, along with a horns section and a good-sized choir of back-up singers. Even so, the feeling is spare but powerful.

The real push is coming from Dylan himself,

and his emotive singing of a bunch of heart-felt lyrics. For Dylan, you see, has converted from non-practising Judaism to evangelical Christianity and he's not letting one song slip by without pinning a message to its back.

The single from the album, "Gotta Serve Somebody" starts Side One. With the modest use of gospel singers in the background, Dylan runs through a multitude of options for life — whether you're rich, poor or ugly, pretty or weak, powerful. Still like every page of The Bible will tell you "It may be the Devil/It may be the Lord/But you're gonna have to serve somebody."

"Precious Angel" is a beautiful song delivered in aching devotion — seemingly to both God and the woman who'd introduced the pair. His voice, in this song especially, harks of a return to the days when every strained muscle was audible, it's strong and gnarled and quite superb.

Throughout almost all the album Dylan is in fine voice, but it's weighty stuff he's preaching. Starting off Side Two with "Change My Way of Thinking", he announces the "golden rule": "There's only one authority and that's the authority on high." To be soon followed by "Jesus said to be ready/For you know not the hour in which I come ... he said/Who's not for me is against me."

"When You Gonna Wake Up" is similarly harsh, painting a grim world of seduction and fakery by the evil and corrupt. The message is never clearer: "There's a man on a cross/And he's been crucified for you/Believe in his power/That's about all you have to do."

Such righteousness will be unacceptable to some. So too will Dylan's preoccupation with retribution. But lyrically — looking beyond the obvious religious aspects — Dylan is still hitting targets for derision with the same accuracy as in his early days of protest. And, from Arab oil interests ("deciding America's future from Amsterdam and Paris") to the hippies of yore ("I don't know which is worse/doing your own thing/or being cool") no-one avoids the arrows.

Mercifully a couple of tracks escape the Old Testament tinge. "When He Returns" is positively devotional, but unthreatening for the non-believer; "I Believe in You" is about withstanding persecution for religious beliefs; and "Man Gave Names to All The Animals" — the only track on the album which I really don't like — is a silly song of stories making fun of mankind's reasoning.

But these are the exceptions. Elsewhere Dylan comes on like the sledgehammer/cross wielded on the album cover. It may be a slow training coming, but he's certainly not shunting.

Nor, God be praised, is he really selling his conversion to his audience, he's not crazy. Rather, he's telling them what he believes in the best songs he's written and played for many years.

Louise Chunn

HOTEL CALIFORNIA WAS A LANDMARK IN SEVENTIES
ROCK MUSIC. NEARLY THREE YEARS LATER COMES
THE LONG RUN
ANOTHER MASTERWORK BY AMERICA'S GREATEST BAND



EAGLES
THE LONG RUN

wea



Dave Edmunds
Repeat When Necessary
Swan Song

Nick Lowe
Labour of Lust
Radar

Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe are rock brothers of different mothers and it's appropriate to consider them together. Their band, Rockpile, is now billed as "featuring Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe" and, moreover, the same musicians appear on both albums.

Each man has handled production for his own album and it shows the differences in their musical characters. Edmunds' work is perfection itself, running close competition to his landmark album *Get It*. A precise vocalist and guitarist, he has a command of rock forms which enables him to turn unfamiliar songs into instant classics (witness his magnificent reading of Lowe's "I Knew the Bride" on *Get It*). No writer himself, Edmunds has a finely honed facility for finding new or neglected material. *Repeat When Necessary* numbers among its better songs tunes by Elvis Costello ("Girls Talk"), Graham Parker ("Crawling from the Wreckage") and Cliff Richard ("Dynamite").

While Lowe will never have Edmunds' voice or his meticulous approach to his material, Lowe has a goodnatured sloppiness that fits his "have a go" approach to songwriting. Standout tracks on *Labour of Lust* include "Cracking Up", "Big Kick, Plain Scrap" and a truckers' lament, "Endless Grey Ribbon". I find "Cruel to

be Kind", the most catchy song, also the most disposable.

There's enough material between these two blokes for more than one terrific album, but less than two Who falls short? It probably comes down to a matter of choice — between a polished gem (Edmunds) and a rough diamond (Lowe) Myself, I would opt for Edmunds, whose craftsmanship gives him the edge. Perhaps next time they will consider a *Rockpile* album with the spotlight shared. It could be the answer to the problem of selection when you have to choose between two albums by such complementary geezers.

Ken Williams

B.B. King
Take It Home
MCA

The Blues boy is again teamed with the Crusaders. The album takes a similar route to their previous collaboration, *Midnight Believer*. Perhaps it is a shade too close. There is a nagging feeling of *deja vu* throughout. One song is titled "Same Old Story (Same Old Song)" and that about sums it up. What seemed fresh and exploratory on *Midnight Believer* has settled comfortably into a fusion formula.

Not all is lost. He handles an absurd encounter with the Queen of England in "Better Not Look Down" with tongue-in-cheek aplomb and he injects "I've Always Been Lonely" with the depth of feeling that stamps his best material. It's also one of the few occasions when his guitar penetrates the dense arrangements. To relegate Lucille to the background is to misunderstand that the complement of voice and guitar is integral to B.B.

The Sinceros



Nils Lofgren



B.B. King



King's work.

On the superb title track (a reworking of Wilton Felder's "Way Back Home" which I used as a theme on the *Big City Music Blues Show*) Felder takes a singing sax solo which hints at what the album might have been if B.B. had asserted himself more.

Sadly, Felder's fading sax closes the album. This moving fragment serves to underline that too much time has been spent going through the motions.

Ken Williams

The Ramones/Various Artists
Rock'n'roll High School
Sire

This is an oddly mixed bag to be sure. What we have here is the sound track from the movie *Rock'n'roll High School* which features The Ramones. Side one boasts three new Ramones' cuts and a live medley of their past greats. On the flip side is a selection by various artists loosely centre around the theme of youth.

For the Ramones' fan side one is pure joy. The title track is the Beach Boys in overdrive right down to the gorgeous backing vocals. Quite simply it is a latter day classic. Though the other two newies are less rave worthy, they are still good fare.

As for the live medley, "Blitzkrieg Bop", "Teenage Lobotomy", "California Sun", "Pinhead" and "She's The One", that's five songs in ten minutes. The only break comes when Joey delivers one of his two lines in the movie and appropriately he mumbles it. This is the best side of dancing music in a long time.

The rest of the album is certainly pleasant enough. Highlights are offerings by Nick Lowe, Devo, The Hot Rods and Chuck Berry. About Alice Cooper and Brownsville Station you can make up your own mind. By now any Ramones fans are on their way to the record store but for the rest it's not too late to start having fun.

Dominic Free

The Sinceros
The Sound of Sunbathing
Epic

The art of making good summer music seems to have been lost in recent years, and more's the pity.

The last really good summer single was Bob Marley's "Waiting In Vain", and that was nearly three years ago.

So what is the summer sound? It's that sparkling clean feeling, like emerging from the surf after the first dip of the season. It sounds magical blaring from a thousand trannies on Piha Beach. It should be as sweet as a cold ale when the temperature hits the 30's, and as memorable as a roll in the sandhills.

Maybe the Sinceros have rediscovered the art. Their previous claim to fame is helping out on Lene Lovich's album. Now, on their own, this nifty little four-piece has enlisted the help of Boz Scaggs' producer Joe Wissert, and made a platter that deserves thrashing to death in the coming months.

They have high, clear voices, harmonise beautifully, and write concise, catchy pop tunes that are not too heavy, not too light, and are just made for the radio. The title says it all. Londoners they may be, but the Sinceros have sand between their toes.

Buy this record, petition your station to play it, and pray for a long, hot summer.

Duncan Campbell

Nils Lofgren
Nils
A & M

Nils is Nils Lofgren's first studio album in over two years and happily, marks a return to form after the serious tapering off in quality evident on his last three albums. Lofgren emerged from his several year's stint with Grin and his work as guitarist and piano player with Neil Young with a larger reputation than audience. As a result his first solo album, *Nils Lofgren*, was an unjustly overlooked work. He allied his ability to write nifty pop songs with hard-hitting power chords and turned out several minor masterpieces — "Back It Up", "I Don't Want to Know", "Keith Don't Go" and "The Sun Hasn't Set On This Boy Yet". It was a style that was only to become fashionable in the hands of

new wave brigade a couple of years later.

Lofgren's albums after this first displayed a sorry lack of awareness of his strengths — as the guitar work became more dominant, the songs became less interesting — a process which reached its nadir in his last release, the live album *Night After Night*, where many of the songs were undermined by the overemphasis on solos and a curiously lifeless attack.

The new album marks a change in several respects. For the first time Lofgren works with producer Bob Ezrin — whose earlier work includes Peter Gabriel's first album, Lou Reed's *Berlin* and several Alice Cooper albums. Here, Ezrin's everything-and-the-tubular-bells approach is often at odds with Lofgren's modest songs. His use of ring-side sound effects on "No Mercy", a song about the rookie taking on the champ, succeeds only as parody. But Ezrin's method has its successes here too: on the beautiful "Shine On Silently" he provides a brilliant gloss that enhances the translucent melody.

But for all the unevenness of the remainder of the album, it's heartening to see Lofgren back on course doing what he does best — making quality pop music. Welcome back.

Alastair Dougal

Ted Nugent and Band



Earthquake
Levelled
Beserkley

Ted Nugent
State of Shock
Epic

Two faces of heavy metal.

Over the years Ted Nugent has carefully nurtured a wild man persona, a tough guy who eats raw meat and strangles buffalo with his bare hands just to keep in shape for his women. The ultimate chauvinist, but he sells records. Initially, Nugent's play-acting was great fun but his lunkeheaded stance has stifled and ran rough-shod over his music for too long. Okay he's a good guitarist, flashy, and that's what heavy metal's all about but I'm tired of his albums being all the same and all designed to advance the folklore of Ted Nugent.

If you're a fan then Nugent will never disappoint, but if you're looking for something new from this man then forget it. Try Earthquake instead.

When Matthew Kaufman launched the first big little label, Beserkley, in 1975, he pursued a policy of variety-is-the-spice-of-a-successful-record company when he signed up his super-heroes. So he grabbed hold of the Milky Bar Kid (Jonathan Richman of course), all-rounder Greg Kihn, Raspberry-ites the Rubinoos and, to add good rock'n'roll muscle, he signed Bay Area's Earthquake.

A five piece, Earthquake, by their very name, the title of the album, *Levelled* and the send-up photo of the band on the sleeve, make it plain that their aim is fun, not the heavy metal credibility martyrdom that Nugent has adopted. Playing just as a good mainstream rock band they zip through worthwhile covers of "Kicks" and "Emma" and they play popular HM with the same sense of good-naturedness that has made Handsome Dick Manitoba and the Dictators household names.

Yup, Nugent sure could learn from these youngsters, if it's not too late.

George Kay

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Louise Goffin



Leah Kunkel
Leah Kunkel
CBS

Carly Simon
Spy
Elektra

Louise Goffin
Kid Blue
Asylum

Joan Baez
Honest Lullaby
Portrait

Four lady vocalists, two of which are new to the game and two which are almost establishment figures these days. Actually Joan Baez doesn't come off too badly for nothing seemed to develop from her fine *Diamonds and Rust* of a few years back. On *Honest Lullaby* she sings for the most part other people's songs such as Janis Ian's "Light a Light" and Jackson Browne's "Before the Deluge" (not a bad version, although as always Baez's distinctly folksy voice is a thing one has to get accustomed to). Her own three songs are pleasant. "For Sasha" is an anti-war number (after all it is a Baez album), and "Michael" explores a similar folk styling. The title song, "Honest Lullaby" is indeed curious being just a little too close to Janis Ian's "At Seventeen" for comfort.

Carly Simon is obviously more assured of an audience and stylistic approach than Baez, and her style is more contemporary having really come before the public when artists were 'singer-songwriters' rather than 'folksingers'. With a very smooth Arif Mardin production and class names in the ranks of the backing musicians (John Hall, David Sanborn, David Spinozza) it is certainly not a lack-lustre album. The only thing that I find hard to take sometimes is Simon's over-personalised approach to most of the songs. "Vengeance" has some treatment of the material in the third person, but elsewhere the enforced viewpoint of Ms Simon becomes a little overpowering at times. And this seems a carping criticism really when songs such as "We're so close" and "Memorial Day" have a genuine strain of lyricism to them. But back to this personalised approach, even the Anais Nin quote on the in-

ner sleeve reads "I am an international spy in the house of love."

Leah Kunkel's first album has been a long time coming for a lady who has been round the business since the early 70s. Apparently no relation to Russ Kunkel, the noted LA drummer who is playing during these sessions, Leah has written a number of songs including "The Road is No Place For a Woman" for Mama Cass. As a vocalist she has backed James Taylor, Carly Simon, Jackson Browne, Dan Hill and Art Garfunkel. Her material is mainly by others including of all things the Gibb brother's "I've Got to Get a Message to You". A pleasant voice, a pleasant album but a somewhat tame follow-up to Karla Bonoff's first album of a year or so ago.

Louise Goffin is the 19 year old daughter of Carole King and Gerry Goffin and her debut album absolutely reeks names. Produced by Danny Kortchmar, the backing musicians include Waddy Wachtel, Kenny Edwards, J D Souther, Don Henley, Andrew Gold, Peter Asher and mother Carole King. The songs tend to cover a teenage experience, ranging from the whimsical "Kid Blue" at its best to the raunchier "Jimmy and the Tough Kids", which seems a little contrived somehow. Goffin may get after 2 or 3 albums but at the moment it is indeed hard to consider her as anything but Carole King's kid.

William Dart

**Tubeway Army
Replicas
Atlantic**

Is Gary Numan the Next Big Thing? Or was he just lucky? This album doesn't answer either question satisfactorily.

Numan is the leading light in a loosely-assembled group called Tubeway Army. In essence, he is Tubeway Army, writing all material, singing, and playing synthesisers, roping in a mate or two for the rhythm.

"Are Friends Electric?" was one of those nagging singles, probably memorable to many just for the quirky little two-note synthesiser riff which never gave you any rest, like toothache. The lyrics were 20th century paranoia, being lonely but still with the uncomfortable feeling of being watched.

So was it just a flash in the pan? An album usually proves the pudding, but *Replicas* merely begs more questions.

One thing it does show very strongly is Numan's debt to Bowie (in looks and vocal style). He also borrows from Bowie's *Low* period, and from Ultravox, for some melodies.

However, on numbers like "The Machman", a jaunty rocker, and "When The Machines Rock," a mechanised shuffle, he shows again the spark of originality that flickered on "Friends".

Numan already has a second album out in Britain. I'll reserve further judgement till then. Hopefully, Numan will discard the borrowed ideas for some more of his own.

Duncan Campbell



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BLUES/FOLK

- Bobby Bland**
Nothing You Can Do
Call On Me
Reflections in Blue
Driving Wheel
Touch of the Blues
Soul of the Man
Fly With Me
Live (with B.B. King)
1st
East/West
- Paul Butterfield**
New Orleans to Chicago
Father of R n' R
At Newport
Blues of
Hold That Plane
This Is
Man & the Blues
Solo
Footwork
Country Blues
So Many Roads
Today
Immortal
Best Of (Double)
London Sessions
Today
Devil Got My Woman
Stepping Stones
Delta Blues Vol. 1
Delta Blues Vol. 2
Coming At You
Live Wire
To know you is to
love you
Blues on Blues
Midnight Special
Dowling Street
Roots Of
Stand Back
Tennessee Woman
Stone Blues
One Grain of Sand
Best of
Driving Wheel
Going Train Blues
Essential (Double)
Listen to the Blues
Essential (Double)
1st
Say
Shake
Legendary
Junior Wells
Woody Guthrie
- Champion Jack Dupree**
Arthur Big Boy Crudup
Reverend Gary Davis
Sleepy John Eagles
Buddy Guy
- John Hammond**
- Mississippi John Hurt**
- Howlin Wolf**
Skip James
- Bert Jansch/John Renbourn**
Robert Johnson
- Junior Wells**
Albert King
B.B. King
- Leadbelly**
Little Hopkins
- Charley Musselwhite**
- Odetta**
Junior Parker
- Peg Leg Sam**
Rambling Jack Elliot
Jimmy Rushing
Pete Seeger
Siegel-Schwab
- Son House**
Junior Wells
Woody Guthrie

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- Blues at Newport
- Broad Side At Newport (Folk 1963)
- Country & Bluegrass at Newport (1963)
- Old Time At Newport (1963)
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Tyranny & Mutation
Secret Treaties
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- Cal Mother & All Night**
Newsboys
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Gene Clark
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Cream
- Crusaders**
- Derek & Clive**
- Dr. John**
- Doors**
1st
Soft Parade
Strange Days
Waiting for the Sun
Universal Radio
Scented Gardens
Another Side Of
New Morning
- Dylan**

Family

- Chris Farlowe**
Fireballs
Firesign Theatre
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Janis Joplin
- Jefferson Airplane**
- Kingdom Come (Arthur Brown)**
1st
Galactic Zoo Dossier
Journey
Diamond Head
Bless the Weather
Bluesbreakers (With Eric)
Laurel Canyon
Memories
Turning Point
Crusade
- Phil Manzanera**
John Martyn
John Mayall

Mothers

- Only in it for Money
Absolutely Free
Burnt Weeney Sandwich
Pregnant
Uncle Meat
Mothermania
Filmore East
Just Another Band
Shazam
The End
Call of the Wild
Cat Scratch Fever
Tooth, Fang & Claw
Marble Arch
Talking Picture
G.P.
Kings of Oblivion
Sometime in N.Y. City
Live Peace in Toronto
Idiot
Raw Power
Lust for Life
1st
Just for Love
What About Me
Comin' s Thry
Anthology (Double)
1st
1st
Give It Up
Solo
1st
Ashes are Burning
Prologue
1st
Flowers
Milestones
12 x 5
Slaughter on 10th
Avenue
Play Don't Worry
Aladdin
Rotary Connection
Rotary Connection
Better than Food
Here Comes the Sun
Space Waltz
Grace Slick
Stone the Crows
- Mick Ronson**
- Rotary Connection**
- Roxy Music**
Nina Simone
Space Waltz
Grace Slick
Stone the Crows
- Tonton Macoute**
Traffic
1st
2
Mr Fantasy
Last Exit
Live at Leeds
Own Album
New Look
Ruth is Stranger
Remember
Time Fades Away
Journey Through the Past
200 Motels
- Who**
Ron Wood
- Robert Wyatt**
Yardbirds
Neil Young
- Zappa**

PICTURE DISCS

- The Beatles**
Abbey Road
- Pink Floyd**
Dark Side
- Rush**
Hemispheres
- Sex Pistols**
Bollocks
- Waylon Jennings**
Greatest Hits
- Presley**
Legendary Vol. 1
- Oldfield**
Bells



Interview
Big Oceans
Virgin

Every now and then you run into a new band or soloist who has that indefinable, intuitive rock'n'roll appropriateness. So far this year Joe Jackson springs to mind as a talent in this mould and on the band scene interview look like taking on all-comers.

Formed in Bath two years ago they were courted early on in the piece by near neighbour Peter Gabriel who offered them a publishing deal. The band turned him down in favour of an eight album contract with Virgin and they concluded last year by supporting Gabriel at the Hammersmith Odeon. Recognition was building up, slowly.

Big Oceans then is their first album and it is one of flowing unerring maturity utilising basic rock styles and a hefty dose of sheer collective flair and instrumental dexterity that very rarely lapses. Vocalist Jeff Starrs has a penchant for hardened romanticism in his lyrics, guitarists Peter Allerhand and Alan Brain are responsible for the actual music and Phil Crowther (bass) and Manny Elias (drums) provide a gliding and often funky platform for the songs.

The album begins with the unrepresentative clean rining harmonies of their single "You Didn't Have to Lie To Me", crisp and catchy belying the intensity of Starr's self-annoyance: "I'm so sick and tired of my infatuation I'll never get into another situation".

"Here Comes the Cavalry" demonstrates, in a Steely Dan vein, how the band can be both punchy and sophisticated, and, next up, "Feet Start Walking", a Gary "US" Bonds' song, is just so right, swinging gently with real class. Side One concludes with the band's live tour de force, "Fire Island", a haunting account of actor, Montgomery Clift's last days. What else?

The second side matches up and that's a tall order. "Blow Wind From Alesund" is unhurried, uncluttered funk with a nice guitar bridge followed by a leisurely, confident ballad "St. Jean Wires". But it's the aggressively eccentric "Hart Crane In Mexico" (the story of the suicide of homosexual poet Hart Crane, of course) and the no-nonsense head-on riff structured "Shipyard" that are the main talking points of the second side.

Interview do far more than merely eschewing the safe as milk rock cliches posing as angst. Also they've produced an album that, in some ways, is unmistakably derived from the Parker-Costello-Jackson mainliners but interview have added so much that is refreshingly refined without losing the all-important inspired power. Brain and Allerhand have evolved a style that is not only distinctive but also subtle and imaginative when the occasion demands — qualities always in short supply.

Word has it that Virgin have pinned their hopes on Interview cracking the American market and, on the evidence of *Big Oceans* alone, the band and the record company have reason to be confident.

One down, seven to go.
George Kay

Iggy & The Stooges
Raw Power
CBS

Rock and roll survives because right at its core — right down there at the nitty-gritty in amongst the hucklebuck is a truth that matters, and we keep on looking for it body and soul. There have been periods when rock & roll didn't look too healthy, when you even felt like giving up on it although you knew you never would, which was doubly depressing somehow.

But there is always, suddenly, an album or even a single that you stumble across that is so straight-from-the-core, so real and undeniable that it seems to make up for all the dross around just by being there. Sustaining your faith with the news that the secret isn't lost, yet. Back in '73 *Raw Power* by Iggy & The Stooges was that kind of record.

Now re-released in New Zealand, *Raw Power* was recorded in London during a prolonged and strange period in Iggy's career between the break-up of the original Stooges following *Fun House*, and his more recent and as yet unresolved game of tag with the rock mainstream. Surviving some dubious mixing by David Bowie, *Raw Power* still has the impact of an aural firestorm. Whipped into a frenzy by James Williamson's incendiary leads and fuelled by Iggy's sheer naked persona it sounds now like an expression of the most acute frustration, in a way that was so powerful it was cleansing not merely for the participants but, for all who subsequently heard and felt the music. You are either in it or you're not in it, you feel it or you don't, it's the kind of great rock and roll which works at that extreme where a luke-warm response is no response. *Raw Power* is a touchstone — white hot if you need it.

Terence Hogan

Iggy Pop in *Raw Power* days.



Herman Brood and His Wild Romance
Ariola

I figured this was just what I needed; a thirty-three-year-old Dutch rock singer with a voice sorta midway between Robert Palmer, Roger Chapman, and David Johanssen. Actually it's not bad at all.

Brood's band is a standard American guitar and piano outfit that rocks. You may have heard it before, but you haven't heard it done this good in a while. Most of the songs are written by Brood and various members of the band, and they are short, funky, and to the point. There's no kitschy art-pretensions Euro-rock on this album.

The band claims production credits, and for musicians, they did well. The mix is even, just obnoxious enough to be rock'n'roll without drowning the piano, and they even got some lady singers to beef up the chorus. What else could you want?

The themes are the standard rock'n'roll concerns, discernable from titles like "Saturday Night", "Rock'n'Roll Junkie" (dedicated to Paul Kossoff, by the way), and "Dope Sucks", the latter presumably the comment of one who knows. There's even a not bad version of Otis Redding's "Champagne and Wine".

Seven points. Great to dance to. It's only the proverbial rock music but that's all right with me.

John Malloy

J.J. Cale

5

Shelter

Cale is one of the few idiosyncratic performers making records today. Like Ry Cooder, another left-fielder, J.J. Cale has cut his niche with persistence and a determination to please himself. *Troubadour* received a fair slice of airplay thanks to the single, "Cocaine", and there's been a healthy pause since. Is the public ready?

5 sounds like a home made album, folksy as you can get. The mix is rough and irregular, and several tracks have been cut with just J.J. and a drum machine. The sound varies from track to track. It's crazy but it fits.

5 starts out slow and spreads the goodies over two sides; it's not programmed for FM airplay. Cale's songs have never been of great consequence, relying more on feel than on content or structure. The songs here are less than immediate — what with shapeless arrangements and Cale's vocals sitting right back in the mix — but "Katy Kool Lady" and "Lou Easy Ann" stand out early as high spots.

So if it contains no surprises, 5 at least hits you with a few more good songs than *Troubadour*, and a no-bullshit, low-rent production job that enhances rather than detracts from Cale's simple music. The way I see it, with summer coming, a change of pace could be in order. It may not be the peak of new wave chic, but then, nobody pogos in Baton Rouge. Bring on the long, hot, summer nights.

John Malloy.



The Sex Pistols
Some Product
Virgin

Another swindle by the Pistols? Not really, but definitely not an album for the casual fan after easy access to the band. Although hardly a collector's item, it is one for the hard core aficionado only.

The album consists of press, radio and television interviews conducted in the US and Britain with banned radio ads — for various singles and the two albums — dividing them up. The only music on the album is that which backs the ads and like the entire recording, the sound quality is uneven, not to say rugged.

The interviews range from a few minutes with Johnny Rotten's mother to Sid Vicious being precious about the pogo and some serious chat on the power of record companies. All very interesting, but most of it over and out in one good listen.

The one exception to this is the end of side one, "Big Tits Over America", a totally tasteless, vulgar, ridiculously funny phone-in radio session in California.

But, for all its chaos and admirable honesty, this album is really only of sociological interest, and that only fleeting. But it is only \$5.99.

Louise Chunn



Bill Nelson's Red Noise
Sound on Sound
Harvest

Simple Minds
Life In A Day
Arista

Ever since the Jam's Paul Weller coined the phrase "the modern world" in a rock context, it has become a leading cliché in the hands of writers trying to describe what's happening/aspiring in British rock'n'roll. Bill Nelson's *Red Noise* and new band Simple Minds are both trying in different ways to come to terms with the pressures of being relevant in music's current hyper-activity.

Guitar hero Bill Nelson came to prominence some years back in Be Bop Deluxe when he used to write songs like "Sister Seagull" and "Music in Dreamland", but now with his new band, *Red Noise*, he has re-focused his abilities to keep in step with the discordance of the times. *Sound on Sound* proves that all he has managed to achieve is an assimilation of those various superficial trappings considered by him to be particularly characteristic of present trends. Nelson's songs are now purged of all romantic imagery replaced instead with harsh pictures of alienation and indifference, fashionable visions of the "real world", the only trouble being that he hasn't the insight or depth of intensity to convey such emotions as do the likes of Bowie or Devoto.

Too often, also, the music falls in the quirkiness for its own sake, staccato melodies and XTC cleverness, but when he lets a song settle down as in the case of "Furniture" or "Revolt Into Style", he can develop his music into something that is worthwhile independent of his present Music For Young Moderns. I wouldn't write him off just yet.

Simple Minds from Glasgow are indicative of the new open-minded bands that are emerging from 1977's clearing of the decks in that they not only embrace the belief of telling-it-how-it-is, but also believe (unlike many of '77's purist headbangers) that some degree of musical sophistication is not necessarily a bad thing or contrary to the unwritten primitivist rules of that year. The Sex Pistols stirred up the tired old men but the resulting back-to-the-roots rock'n'roll resulted in a temporary suspicion of anything that smacked of musical ambition or diversity. But now the dust has settled and some sort of equilibrium has been established wherein bands like Magazine, and now Simple Minds can borrow from pre-1977 "progressive" sources without feeling unfashionable or self-conscious.

John Leckie, who not only produced Magazine's two awesome albums and Nelson's *Sound on Sound* reviewed above, also does the honours on Simple Minds' debut, *Life In A Day*, and he has the knack of creating a very contemporary sound landscape. The band actually draw much of their inspiration from the hey-day of Sparks, *Tweeter in a Wooter's Clothing*, *Kijmono My House* and *Propaganda*. Vocalist/songwriter Jim Kerr is a refreshing Mael brothers' protege but without the same falsetto range, and the band headed by guitarist/violinist Charles Burchill are accomplished in the Ron Mael-Adrian Fisher straight rock mould.

But there's a lot more to Simple Minds than come-back-sparks-all-is-forgiven. *Life in a Day* is no holds barred anti-sentimentalism, harsh and often fierce modern stories, "Wasteland", "Murder Story" and "Chelsea Girl", harrowing and frantic, music not to be ignored.

Simple Minds can take their place with the present front-runners, and that's saying something.

George Kay

BRIEFLY

By George Kay and Ken Williams

Larry Carlton. Mr 335 Live in Japan (Warner Bros)

This is that rarity — an album with a former session man as leader that isn't weighted down by tedious technicality while being essentially devoid of personality. On the contrary, Larry Carlton soars. He has the rare ability to make music that is at once impeccable and fiery.

Carlton's guitar is the centrepiece and the pacesetter, but there's ample room for some sizzling playing by the rest of the quintet, especially keyboards man Greg Mathieson.

Mr 335 Live in Japan more than fulfils the promise of Carlton's immaculate, economical session work for as the Crusaders, Steely Dan, Michael Franks and Joni Mitchell. He also displays a pleasant singing voice (reminiscent of Elvin Bishop) on "I'm a Fool". K.W.

Mallard. In A Different Climate (Virgin)

Mallard sprang from Captain Beefheart's legendary Magic Band when he left them for further musical liaisons with Frank Zappa in 1975. Bill Harkerload (guitar) and Mark Boston (bass) were in the Magic Band for six years and as you'd expect Mallard are high on instrumental attainment.

The album, originally released in Britain in 1976, is certainly an accomplished jazz tinged country-rock foray with the bonus, I suppose, of vocalist Sam Galpin sounding like a Joe Cocker understudy. Pick of the crop would be "Your Face On Someone Else" and "Mama Squeeze" where the band slip and slide in fine Little Feat fashion.

Old hat, but it has worn well.

GK

Gary Brooker. No More Fear of Flying (Chrysalis)

Procol Harum's old vocalist/song-writer and general all-round stalwart has gathered together a group of weathered session musicians (Renwick, Maltacks and Lynch) for this, his first of many threatened solo albums.

Brooker is now writing with ex-King Crimson lyricist, Pete Sinfield, who, thankfully, has lost most of his gauche lyrical excesses. Surrounded by such safe talent Brooker sounds satisfied, almost complacent but he has at least dropped the doomy melodrama that plagued much of his work with Procol in favour of a smoother more commercial style.

Carefully put together but the album founders on predictability and mediocrity. GK

The Amazing Rhythm Aces. The Amazing Rhythm Aces (CBS)

If this album lacks the emotional depth of last year's *Burning the Ballroom Down* it more than compensates in warmth. The emotional crises that haunted *Ballroom* are not in evidence, replaced by a feeling of sunlit space.

New Aces member Duncan Cameron contributes an instant country classic in "Homestead in My Heart", which has a back-up vocal from Joan Baez, but the fulcrum of the group is Russell Smith. Few singers can inject a phrase with such heartbreak as Smith. He contributes fewer of his own songs this time around but his sensitive readings of Al Green's "Love and Happiness" and New Orleans singer Benny Spellman's "Lipstick Traces (on a Cigarette)" are worth the price of the album. Nobody since the early Band has created such an individual synthesis of the voices of the American heartland. K.W.

The Pop Group. Y (Radar)

The Pop Group are from Bristol and they don't play pop music. Their name is a deliberate irony of the fact that their music is the absolute antithesis of what pop music is and stands for.

The Pop Group are post-holocaust stridency, pretentious dissonance of the ilk that characterised the too-clever-for-its-own-damned Public Image album. Y plays with pain in a studio setting with the sound mixed to provide a hollow alien backdrop over which vocalist Mark Stewart screams "Don't Call Me Pain" and "We Are Time", the most accessible of the 'songs' therein University anguish, can anyone feel this bad?

Like *Public Image*, this album has an air of self-importance. Too conceited by half. GK

Bobby Darin. Sold Out (K-tel)

The career of Bobby Darin blew with the wind. Starting as America's answer to Lonnie Donegan, he went on to write and perform light rockers (notably "Splish Splash" and "Dream Lover") before becoming an ersatz Sinatra, later he modelled himself on Ray Charles and, later still, Tim Hardin before his early death in 1973.

This album covers Darin's middle period for the late '50s and early 60s. How 'great' these '20 greatest hits' were is open to conjecture, but despite Darin's image shifts there is a surprising continuity. Many of the songs are delivered in a dated, finger-snapping nightclub style, but at best it is an interesting, though not arresting, portrait of a pop craftsman. K.W.

Fischer-Z. Word Salad (United Artists)

If Leo Sayer went new wave then odds on he'd sound like Fischer-Z on their debut album, *Word Salad*.

The band, a four piece with keyboards, sprung a couple of years ago from various places around England and are propelled chiefly by one John Watts, ex-choirboy (and he sounds like it) and psychology graduate who now writes Fischer-Z's inoffensive lightweight songs.

These guys are opportunists who have drawn nearly all of their ideas from other sources, particularly from XTC, but even then they have failed to produce anything of consequence. Their best song, and it is good, is the white reggae toy keyboards sound of "Remember Russia" but it is still too polite, too tame.

Pleasant but trivial.

GK

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Citizen Band Electrateat
Auckland Town Hall — Sept 28.

If the Town Hall is going to shake, what better way than to the sound of an NZ band. Even the PA was jumping up and down. Ropes and roadies were required to hold the stacks firmly on the stage.

The audience was great. Unlike the usual 'discerning' Town Hall crowd, most people witnessed the opening act. Electrateat faced a receptive audience.

The care this band takes in arrangements, backing vocals etc., shows and there are some good originals, but the band appears to lack the bite to get them across. Yeah, they're underselling their own tunes.

The lights went out, the recording of "Just Drove Thru Town" boomed out, everybody started yelling and screaming. We were standing before the band had even started. Two songs later (now standing on our seats), Bryan Staff (an experienced concert-goer) summed it up — (shouting) "I've never seen a crowd like this before."

It's a year since CB opened for Graham Parker at the Town Hall. They learnt something from Parker & the Rumour — and it shows. Gone is Geoff's indulgent epic "Blue Lagoon" and the stop/start pacing. Currently CBs are at their best on their own stuff or covers that make use of the band's considerable energy (eg "Rust in My Car", "We're the Boys" or the Beatles' "Birthday").

It was a 'beauty' evening. CB got about as excited as the audience (well, not quite) and it was great to see young NZ'ers getting off on intelligent, rockin', NZ music.

Murray Cammick
Renee Geyer, Mainstreet



Renee Geyer
Mainstreet — Sept 24.

It's been a couple of years now since Renee Geyer last performed in New Zealand. At that time she was predominantly a soul singer working the material from such albums as *Moving Along*, and packing a real punch with a powerful, competent backing band and a slick stage show.

There was no dearth of energy when she returned last month. Renee Geyer has a luxurious voice at any time, with almost any song. She's an excellent performer, and heavy on the audience rapport. Her bands are always top-line, and she never fails to give them room to prove it. Witness Geoff Oakes' sassy sax-playing and the unleashing of Rex Bullen at the keyboards.

Most of Renee Geyer's repertoire was culled from *Blues License*, her latest album, made up of solid, traditional blues. Me, I found myself wishing for a bit of the subtlety of her soul-side, but the power of her treatment of the blues, can certainly not be denied; she belts those vocals out in a syrupy slow motion.

Mainstreet was, of course, the perfect venue for a cabaret show of this ilk. Bamboo — with a stylish selection of songs from the likes of Jimmy Cliff, Bob Marley and Allen Toussaint — played the curtain raisers very nicely, and Renee Geyer was followed up by Pyramid. But on a Monday night — with the headliner starting after 10 pm — blockbusters are hardly a bonus.

Louise Chunn

The Plague
The Last Resort — Sept 23.

Plagueing Wellington's gammy boots this restful Sunday eve we have an Auckland six-piece of sorts — drums (tiny kit), bass/vocals, guitar/vocals, vocals/organ — plus, two lovely ladies richly endowed with facial mock-up, ad-

ding immensely to proceedings theatrical-wise and, my god with vocalese attributes such as would... entirely devastate tonites programme, if it were not for the sparsity of their contributions.

The Plague are different. They do play uncompromisingly 'original' material, and some of it's quite interesting too. "Fwank Gill (Idiot)", "Officialdom", "Businessman", and a whole hoard of others amply illustrate the band's social conscience if hardly making The Statement.

Elsewhere, we have choons about Auckland (called "Auckland", naturellement), necrophiliacs, TV, violence, audience/band relationships, cancer and other pleasant (read 'provocative') topics.

Provoke the Plague do. Their brand of nihilism either turns you on or forces a hasty withdrawal on the part of the listener/viewer. (The show is musical/visual, although the theatrics are often only forced token gestures).

It's negative, depressing. The music is (top)-heavy-(going), complex, minimal, thick wedges of sound. Indescribable.

We are warned "don't compromise" as the troupe depart stage left, but like stars they return for three encores. They hit every pothole they purport to avoid — too much like fashion.

You'll probably love 'em, or like me, hate 'em. I'm still glad I saw 'em, you may be too.

Gary Steel
Dragon at Mainstreet.



Dragon. Th Dudes. Street Talk
Mainstreet — Sept 19.

With three bands to play and all the attendant delay, these *Rock War* shows can become more of an endurance test than anything else. On top of this all three bands had to struggle with a murky PA. In these conditions it's a tribute to all three that they kept the dance floor packed all night.

First up Street Talk played their way through most of their album and a few pre-Fowley selections. Despite the band having all the credentials to be up on the big stage, Hammond Gamble looked as though he'd be happier back at the Globe playing the blues. He didn't even leave the stage before coming back for the encore. This man is clearly not interested in being a star (and good on him too).

On the other hand Th Dudes are very interested in being stars and are rather good at it. For me at least they headed off the other two for the best of the night. Good material, tight performance but above all they work hard at entertaining. (You'll still succeed without the make up though lads).

Dragon with newly added violin and saxophone gave a spirited show, if a trifle directionless. Unfortunately they are not the clever pop rockers of past years. To do them justice their more complex sound suffered most at the hands of the PA, but it was still an uncertain performance. After the Enz, Dragon are probably the land's finest and like Enz it's sad to see them further than ever from the world-wide success they so richly deserve.

Dominic Free

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Music Studio CHART SURVEY

NZ ALBUMS Sept 30, NZFPA

- (Last week's placings are in brackets)
- 1 (1) **Slow Train Coming** Bob Dylan
 - 2 (3) **Dynasty** Kiss
 - 3 (2) **Breakfast in USA** Supertramp
 - 4 (1) **In Thru Out Door** Led Zeppelin
 - 5 (5) **Get the Knack** The Knack
 - 6 (4) **Fate for Breakfast** Art Garfunkel
 - 7 (6) **Discovery** ELO
 - 8 (7) **Eve** Alan Parsons
 - 9 (13) **Rust Never Sleeps** Neil Young
 - 10 (9) **Candy-O** Cars
 - 11 (17) **Midnight Magic** Commodores
 - 12 (10) **I Am** Earth, Wind & Fire
 - 13 (8) **5 J.J.** Cale
 - 14 (15) **The Cars** Cars
 - 15 (11) **Into the Music** Van Morrison
 - 16 (12) **Communique** Dire Straits
 - 17 (11) **Fear of Music** Talking Heads
 - 18 (18) **Best of** Leo Sayer
 - 19 (14) **Rickie Lee Jones**
 - 20 () **Raw Power** Iggy Pop
 - 24 (20) **Just Drove Thru Town** CB
 - 34 (27) **Graffiti Crimes** Mi Sex

NZ SINGLES Sept 30, NZFPA

- 1 (2) **Made for Lovin' You** Kiss
- 2 (1) **Sad Eyes** Robert John
- 3 (3) **Some Girls** Racey
- 4 (5) **Bright Eyes** Art Garfunkel
- 5 (7) **I Don't Like Mondays** Boomtown Rats
- 6 (4) **My Sharona** The Knack
- 7 (6) **Don't Bring Me Down** ELO
- 8 (9) **After Love Is Gone** E.W.&F
- 9 (14) **Are Friends Electric** Tubeway Army
- 10 (8) **Pop Muzic** M
- 34 (38) **Rebel/Squeeze** Toy Love
- 44 (40) **But You Just Don't Care** Mi-Sex
- 45 (40) **Everybody Dance** Tina Cross
- 35 () **Words** Sharon O'Neill

USA ALBUMS Sept 22, Cashbox

- 1 (1) **In Thru Out Door** Led Zeppelin
- 2 (2) **Get the Knack** The Knack
- 3 (3) **Candy-O** The Cars
- 4 (4) **Breakfast in USA** Supertramp
- 5 (5) **Midnight Magic** Commodores
- 6 (6) **Risque** Chic
- 7 (8) **Off the Wall** Michael Jackson
- 8 (7) **Discovery** ELO
- 9 (9) **I Am** Earth, Wind & Fire
- 10 (10) **1st Under the Wire** Little River Band

UK ALBUMS Sept 22, NME

- 1 (1) **Discovery** ELO
- 2 (4) **In Thru Out Door** Led Zeppelin
- 3 (2) **Slow Train Coming** Bob Dylan
- 4 (17) **Rock'n'Roll Juvenile** Cliff Richard
- 5 (3) **I Am** Earth, Wind & Fire
- 5 (9) **Street Life** Crusaders
- 7 (7) **Best Disco** Various Artists
- 8 (8) **Breakfast in USA** Supertramp
- 9 (19) **Pleasure Principle** Gary Numan
- 10 (24) **String of Hits** Shadows



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Ry Cooder at Press Conference



Ry Cooder
Auckland Town hall — Sept 26.

A night with Ry Cooder is a musical lesson in American history. From the trigger-happy saga of Billy the Kid through the Thirties Depression years, World War Two and the absurdity of "F.D.R. in Trinidad", rock and roll, and on to the New Depression of the seventies, Cooder chronicles life through his music, a meld of the prairie and the ghetto, balmy breezes and pulpit preaching. His music pulses with life. He plays the roots of rock and roll with a vigour few who trade under the name could hope to match.

An appreciative audience (and a very mixed one, with a sizeable smattering of time-warp hippies) was right behind Cooder from the start and he and fellow guitarist David Lindley responded well to the enthusiasm.

Some nasty sound mixing marred the opening song, Johnny Cash's "Hey, Porter", but after that it was plain sailing for an hour and three quarters of spellbinding and, at times, sublime string music.

Cooder is a masterly guitar and mandolin player who never allows his abundant technique to interfere with the engaging musical portrait he paints, whether it is Sleepy John Estes silting alone and blind on his Tennessee porch with mice playing at his feet or the New Mexico punkhood of psychotic William Bonney.

The back-up work of David Lindley, especially on lap steel, added textures and shadings that had been necessarily absent when Cooder played solo here last year. The rapport of the



Undertones and The Clash

two men was such that it could have been one man with four hands.

Where excellence is the standard it is hard to isolate highlights — perhaps "Tattler", "If Walls Could Talk" which segued into a delightful workout on Freddie King's "Hideaway", the encore of (a restructured) "Blue Suede Shoes", and the angry "Bourgeois Blues" ("I'll sing this for Jimmy Carter — his days are numbered").

If there was a disappointment it was "It's Going to Work Out Fine", which fell short of the perfection of the rendition on *Bop Till You Drop*.

It was the only song from the new album. Cooder says the complex backing and vocal arrangements of *Bop* make the songs largely inapplicable to the duo situation, but he does intend to get the superlative *Bop* band together again in the future. The group performed publicly for the big New York anti-nuclear rally just days before Cooder and Lindley played in Auckland, but Bob Dylan has now spirited away drummer Jim Keltner and bassist Tim Drummond.

Cooder regards *Bop* as his most successful album to date and his next record will explore similar paths. He feels *Bop* brings him closest to his long-time ambition — to create an idiom for himself in which to play.

We can look forward to great music from Ry Cooder for quite some time to come. He expects to be playing guitar when he's 80. After all, "it's not a job, it's a lifework."

Ken Williams

FRAMED BY W.DART

MEAN STREETS

Director: Martin Scorsese

Scorsese's films all seem to share the common theme of disintegration, whether it be the Band's farewell concert in *The Last Waltz* or the eventual split up of Minelli and De Niro in *New York New York*. The earlier films such as *Boxcar Bertha* and *Taxi Driver* also present this vision, although in somewhat grimmer terms than these two 'musicals'. In fact this bleaker territory of Scorsese's work is where we might place *Mean Streets*, the director's second film.

Mean Streets parallels the lives of four men coping with the pressures of living in New York's Little Italy. Two, Johnny Boy (Robert De Niro) and Charlie (Harvey Keitel) are at the core of the drama and much of it centres around their endless bickering and quarrelling, culminating in a climax such as we would expect from the director of *Taxi Driver*.

The film is not really new (1973) and probably its delayed release is the result of our relatively enlightened censorship of the late 70s. Six years ago certain expletives would have had to be cut out, and if one was to do this in the last 15 minutes or so of the film, it would mean excising a good deal of the dialogue. Whatever

could be said of *Mean Streets* it could not be accused of pulling its punches. It portrays an edgy nervous world with a probing camera always trapping the characters in corners, hallways and bars. Certainly the bleak red lighting of Tony's bar where quite a few scenes take place is as effective an image of hell as the most fervent revivalist could conjure up.

Music plays an important part in *Mean Streets* from the evocative use of r & b numbers on the soundtrack to the snatches of the opera in a plusher restaurant scene. Indeed, this musical dichotomy is reflected in the shooting style of the film which often juxtaposes the seedily realistic with a more stylised operatic treatment.

Performances are quite exemplary, and Amy Robinson in the role of Charlie's epileptic girlfriend, Teresa, is one of those marvellous women that the American cinema seems to find for us, from the same mould that gave us Lauren Bacall, Suzanne Pleshette and Angie Dickinson (in her pre-Policewoman days).

WHO IS KILLING THE GREAT CHEFS OF EUROPE?

Director: Ted Kotcheff

Comedy-thriller is a genre which often seems to be a last ditch attempt to categorise something which fail dismally on both counts. This clumsy little effort seems to have had the baking powder forgotten somewhere along the line and the only oasis is Robert Morley who, as usual, plays Robert Morley. And, if you don't like Robert Morley, and I don't, it all just ends up being rather dull.

NOSFERATU

Director: Hans Werner Herzog

A stunning film. The German director's interpretation of this Bram Stoker classic is the purest quintessence of Romantic mal de siècle, and Isabelle Adjani's pale heroine makes one realise just how nauseatingly inept all those Hammer heroines were/are. Here Dracula emerges as a sympathetic character; thanks to a moving performance by Klaus Kinski. *Nosferatu* is not without its touches of sardonic humour or occasional nudges at the genre, but this homage to the great German director Murnau is a total success, right down to the tips of Nosferatu's long talons.

A LITTLE ROMANCE

Director: George Roy Hill

About 15 years ago this director made a rather touching film about the trial and tribulations of teenagerhood called *The World of Henry Orient*. This is a flabby scamper over the same territory, oozing with sentimentality and directed with a sledgehammer. Even Delerue's score is a little on the leaden side with its rather crude pastiches of Vivaldi whenever the real article isn't being piped through the auditorium. Sally Kellerman and Broderick Crawford look embarrassed and Laurence Olivier seems a little more hardened, but then he was in *The Betsy* too.

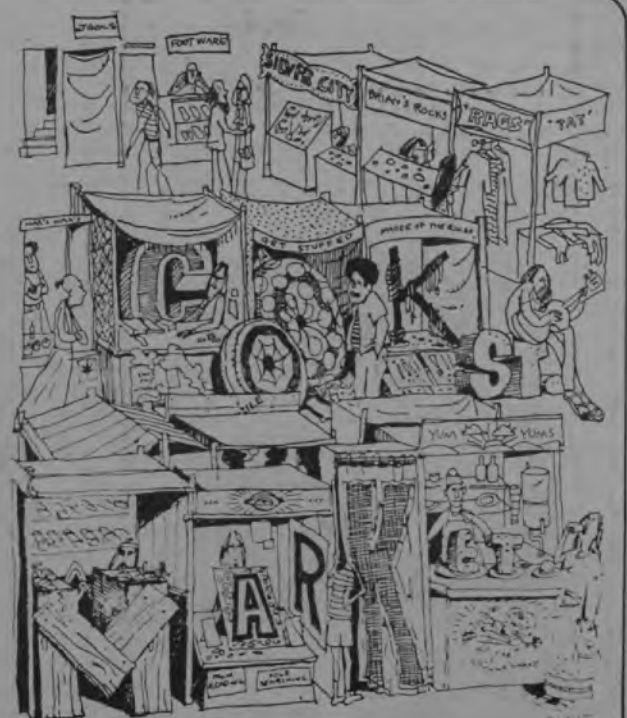
William Dart

FILM FUN

Meatloaf heads the cast of *Roadie*, a comedy about the high jinx of rock touring. *Roadie* is directed by **Alan (Welcome to LA) Rudolph**, and when are we going to see that film, I wonder? ... **Dennis Hopper** is busy trying to get a new project *Honky Tonk Heroes* into production — could be the elusive success that has been avoiding him ever since *Easy Rider* in the late 60s ... By now the soundtrack for the film of *Quadrophenia* should be released stateside, and talking of the Who, the film script of *Life of Brian* bears a dedication to **Keith Moon** ... This last film has been much criticised by church groups for its blasphemies, but they seem mild compared to **Marty Feldman's Last Supper** where Jesus is presented with a bill for his last meal on earth, itemised as "gefilte fish for eleven and four pork chops for Judas" ... If you liked *Up in Smoke*, you will no doubt be pleased to know that the dope fiend's Homer and Jethro have just started filming *Cheech and Chong Go Hollywood* ... **Ry Cooder** is to write the score and give a cameo performance in *The Long Riders*, a Jesse James western ... **Jeff Lynne** is to write five songs for the new **Olivia Newton-John** vehicle *Xanadu* and **Joni Mitchell** will contribute a ten minute screen play for an anthology of short films on women, love and sex.

COOK STREET MARKET

IT
TAKES
ALL
SORTS



Roland Kileen



Paul Robinson



Graeme Schnell



Steve Roach



Jimmy Juricevich



HISTORY

Roland, Jimmy and Graeme (with Nick Rutland) formed the Stimulators in Feb '78. Marlon Hart replaced Nick in May. Name changed to Sheerlux in Sept. Played mostly at Zwines, Occidental or HQ Rock Cafe. Marlon left for overseas in Dec and in Jan, Paul and Steve from Berlin joined the band. Opened Nambassa Festival, won Radio Hauraki expo band competition in Feb '79 (won Polygram sponsored studio time at Mandrill — recorded three originals) and built up following playing pubs, Island of Real and the 12M Rockquake at His Majesty's. May-July '79 toured NZ and in August recorded debut single. Now play 50 percent originals.

RECORDINGS

Demos Nov '78 — "Satday Nite" and "Sweetheart" at Harlequin. Demos April '79 — "If This is Tragedy", "Fat Boys" and "I'm Concerned" at Mandrill. Single — "Lonely Hearts"/"Chinatown", Warner Bros, Sept '79. Recorded at Mandrill in August and produced by Alastair Riddell.

FAN CLUB

Sheerlux Fan Club, PO Box 72025, Northcote Point, Auckland.

MANAGEMENT

Brian Jones Promotions, PO Box 6992, Auckland 1. Phone (9) 481-717.

GRAEME SCHNELL

Drums
Born June , 1956. Education some Musical Career Played in Phantoms before Stimulators. Other Jobs mostly labouring jobs.

FAVOURITES

Albums Roxy Music, Roxy Music, Sgt. Peppers, Beatles, Axis Bold as Love, Jimi Hendrix, Duty Now for the Future, Devo, New Values, Iggy Pop, Meaty, Beaty, Big & Bouncy, The Who. Singles "Mysterex"/"True Love", Scavengers, "Lonely Hearts"/"Chinatown", Sheerlux. Drummers Alan Myers (Devo) and B52s drummer. Musicians David Bowie, Brian Eno, Elvis Presley. Singers Andy Partridge, Iggy Pop, Mark Mothersbaugh, Elvis Presley.

EQUIPMENT

Tama drums, Paiste cymbals. Clothes by Zap-O

STEVE ROACH

Guitar and vocals.
Born Jan 7, 1953. Education Hastings Boys High School etc. Musical Career Studied music at Training College, played in nasty band Asquith in clubs in 1975. Stopped playing same year and recommenced late '78. Joined Berlin until it folded at Xmas. Joined Sheerlux in January. Other Jobs Spraying bitumen, driving MOW shovel, trucks, landscape designing.

FAVOURITES

Albums Rock'n'Roll Animal, Lou Reed Before and After Science, Eno. Singles "God Save the Queen", Sex Pistols. Musicians Brian Eno and Devo. Guitarists Dick Wagner, Andy Partridge, David Byrne. Singers Andy Partridge, Lene Lovich, Iggy Pop, David Byrne.

EQUIPMENT

1964 Fender Stratocaster, Hot Cake distortion, Ibanez Flanger, Ibanez Analog Delay Unit, Old Rockit 100w amplifier. Clothes by Zap-O.

PAUL ROBINSON

Vocals
Born June 6, 1955 (in Otahuhu). Education Lynfield College and Auck Uni. Musical Career

Numerous social/dance bands from schooldays. Joined touring band, Biggles mid '75. Biggles fell apart mid '77. Formed Berlin Nov '77. Broke up Dec '78. Joined Sheerlux in Jan '79. Other Jobs Postman, driver wharfie, labourer, shop assistant, gardener, storeman etc.

FAVOURITES

Albums Berlin, Lou Reed, My Aim is True, Elvis Costello, Fear, John Cale, For Your Pleasure, Roxy Music, Ha Ha Ha, Ultravox. Singles "Hong Kong Garden", Siouxsie & Banshees, "Virginia Plain", Roxy Music, "Casablanca Holiday", Hello Sailor "Make Me Smile", Cockney Rebel. Vocalist Bryan Ferry Musicians Brian Eno, David Bowie.

EQUIPMENT

Throat and Benadryl.

ROLAND KILEEN

Bass guitar and vocals.
Born Jan 13, 1958. Education Sacred Heart

College. Musical Career The Stimulators from Feb to Sept '78. Brief encounter with stardom in the Suburban Reptiles in April '78. The Stimulators became Sheerlux and in January joined up with Paul and Steve from Berlin. (I forgot to mention six years classical guitar tuition and four months piano tuition). Other Jobs 24 totally shitty jobs such as dustman, potato picker upper and cleaning bird shit off city buildings.

FAVOURITES

Albums Roxy Music, Roxy Music, Meaty, Beaty, Big and Bouncy, The Who, The Ramones, The Ramones. Singles "Virginia Plain", Roxy Music "Albatross", Fleetwood Mac, "Pop Muzic", M. Bassist Tina Weymouth, Bones Hillman. Musicians Graeme Schnell, Steve Roach and Brian Eno. Singer Lillian Prince.

EQUIPMENT

Smelly Musicman Stingray bass, Ibanez Renometer, JBL K140 Reflex bin, Jansen 135W Slave amp, Jansen pre amp.

JIMMY JURICEVICH

Guitar and vocals.
Born January 3, 1958. Education three catholic schools in Ponsonby, four years with the Post Office and 18 months in the band Musical Career Played in a band called Adrenalin in '76 (mostly practicing), another garage band in '77 (unnamed). Joined this band in Jan '78. Self-taught. Other Jobs Making chips, storeman, machine operator, electricians.

FAVOURITES

Albums White Music, XTC This Year's Model, Elvis Costello. Singles "Under, Over, Sideways, Down", The Yardbirds, "Another girl, Another Planet", The Only Ones. Guitarists David Byrne, Andy Partridge. Musicians Devo Singer Johnny Foxx.

EQUIPMENT

Marshall 50 watt amp, Marshall 8x10 speaker box, Fender Telecaster Thinline, Holden distortion box.



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