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Road Runner 6(1) January 1983

Donald Robertson

Editor

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JANUARY 1983

Jim Kerr Exclusive Interview

Mentals Back In Oz

Tim Finn At 30.

The Beautiful Reels

New Cabaret In Australia

Ivan Lendl Tennis’ Rising Star

Africa Beat Travels In Gambia and King Sunny Ade

Plus: Films, Style, Fiction, The New Beatmix, Instruments, Oz Albums ’82
Merry Christmas and Happy 1983
CONTENTS.

UPFRONT .......................................................... 2
THE REELS ......................................................... 8
GQ ASK ALICE .................................................... 11
MENTALS RETURN ............................................... 14
DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS ................................. 16
THE NEW CABARET ............................................... 20
INTERVIEW — TIM FINN ........................................ 24
TENNIS — IVAN LENDL ......................................... 28
AFRIGABEAT .......................................................... 32
BEATNIX ............................................................. 40
JIM KERR — .......................................................... 42
A NOT SO SIMPLE MIND .......................................... 42
FILM ................................................................. 44
NEW YORK, NEW YORK .......................................... 50
OZ ALBUMS '82 .................................................... 55
FICTION .............................................................. 60
A phone-call’s as good an excuse as any for a Furs roundup I guess. It’s 2 am in New York, 6 pm in Melbourne. I’m hanging out for dinner, and no doubt Tim Butler’s in need of some sleep, but, it’s to be a conversation nevertheless. Before the bells, I’m pondering why most of the stuff I’ve read lately has been kept bogged down in five year old questions, like “Why ’Psychedelic’?” and equally diversionary drivel. Well I mean, at long last, P.F. have an album out that should joyously excite the masses, and the lads are coming out in January, fresh on the crest, boarding on to even greater heights. Tim does sound a little battered but says he’s O.K., “just the bass player” indeed. They’ve just finished their last performance in New York, at Radio City — went well apparently. A solid three weeks of rehearsal starts soon, in preparation for the Australasian leg of the tour, a major date being the Sweetwater Festival in N.Z. Tim’s quite excited with the prospect. They’ve had five Top 10 singles in the Land of the Long White Clud and “Forever Now” is already doing well there.

I ask about the state of the band, general feelings, line-up, the usual guff. Things in the Furs’ past have been quite tense, but the last reshuffle has left an air of ease in its wake. Touring’s getting better, band members are getting along surprisingly well and all is set for a period of healthy growth. Apart from the core of Tim on bass, Richard Butler on vocals and John Ashton on guitar, the touring band includes a cellist, a new sax player, a keyboard person, and the latest addition of interest, Phil Calvert (ex-Birthday Party) on drums/percussion. The rehearsal period will be the first chance the new team will have to get down to some writing, to feeling the new shape out. Tim describes Phil as “sort of avant-garde, with some weird sounding rhythms running across things,” but seems pleased at the prospect. I must admit after hearing “Forever Now” as the first
Todd Rundgren/P. Furs collaboration, I'd be quite chafing at the bit to hear what Todd's transparent production could bring out of this new combination.

On the question of the recent vinyl effort, the matter of stand-out choruses comes up ("Forever Now" being full of the brazen beasts). More than previous songs, these have quite simply been written from the chorus out, keeping Richard's rambling phrase listings to a minimum. "The earlier stuff was more abstract, but you should talk to Richard about that."

Things keep swinging back to the upcoming tour, with a strange set of references to Tim's curiosity about the layout of Australian cities. He wants to know if everything's as square as in the U.S., or more interestingly structured, like London. As usual, he has the impression that this is quite a 'fun' place, and relative to Britain, or even the States, it could well be. The impression will probably be helped along with Phil Calvert's impending engagement, to be celebrated during the tour, "a chance for a good piss-up!"

On the final leg of the conversation, Tim very closely echoes Jim Kerr's sentiments about breaking thru in the U.K. and the U.S., radio-wise. "People are starting to listen more and more, and its just been mounting over the last five years and three albums. And now its starting to break thru those barriers, where people that never took any notice are having to, because of the sheer pressure." In the U.S., the College radio network has been the key to a wider audience, and at last that's starting to shift the Furs from the 'small time' circuit of recognition to the more rewarding 'international' level that bands like Simple Minds and Human League now (well, at least for the moment) work on. Buy the record, catch the tour, and as for the superlatives, time will tell.

TYRONE FLEX

“We're pretty pissed off with a lot of music being played around, especially funk bands. They've just taken that rhythmic idea, simplified it and made it dead and boring to the point where there is no energy.”

It was this disgruntled feeling, shared by seven musicians which led to the formation of Great White Noise, according to the band's drummer, John Gillies.

Great White Noise are inextricably linked with jazz, but play like few groups you're likely to encounter at jazzy haunts like The Paradise Jazz Cellar or The Basement.

Groups like Kill The King and the now London-based Laughing Clowns have also been noted for their passion for jazz, but Great White Noise are a lot purer.

The sound is fresh and spontaneous with a subtle order that carries you over yonder, away from the tedium of live electronic music, above searing heavy metal and clone rock 'n roll. It's a nice change.

The group has no vocalist, no semblance of a prescribed treatment to their music and an almost offhand approach to a performance.

John Gillies assures me that Great White Noise don’t expect an audience of well-informed jazzites ready to scrutinise and compartmentalize.

"Great White Noise means a lot of things, really it's a bit confused. Categories don't seem important."

Often found playing in small city pubs, Great White Noise assemble themselves a bit like an orchestra. There's soprano, alto and tenor saxophone, trumpet, guitar, bass and drums. The members originally come from Toowoomba, Brisbane, Melbourne and New Zealand, and now call Sydney their musical home.

Patricia Sheahan

The Saints have just completed their 'Return of the Son of Grogg' tour. But it looks like Chris Bailey and bass player Janine Hall will be staying in the country for at least a little while longer.

The tour certainly lived up to its name with Bailey spending just about all his spare time in the pub. The tour kicked off with a wild party at the North Sydney offices of Ogilvy and Mather, the large advertising agency, where the Saints played a loud and enthusiastic set on a gravel floored balcony above the traffic (shades of 'Let It Be!')

YA YA CHORAL

I found an ordered run of the mill eight track studio, surrounded by the built up domestic disarray of the M Squared office and adjacent living areas. An industrial street, Surry Hills Sydney. One purpose overrules all others in this office, that of idiosyncratic work. YA YA CHORAL have the means of artistic production firmly in their grasp, and the necks in which to bear the consequences. The unfairly hoisted banner of elitism the flaps above M Squared should at least be lowered for this enterprise. YA YA CHORAL comprise: Fiona Graham on Keyboards and Vocals, Patrick Gibson on Keyboards, Rhythm Box and Vocals, and Michael Tee on Keyboards, Guitar, Vocals, and benevolent fund.

TC — I must admit I’m in two minds concerning your music. The temptation is there to call it purely decorative music, however a niggling amount of depth and substance pulls me back from dismissing it in that way. Undoubtedly it has rhythm and soul, are you releasing soft cerebral disco on the populace or something?

(Laughter occurs, and leads to general sniveling and sniggering)

PATRICK — It has a beat so it’s disco. It’s soft because it’s soft. It’s cerebral because we thought about it. You defined it very well.

MICHAEL — We all like rhythm, everybody can tap their feet to it.

PATRICK — We all like melody too. I suppose it’s decorative in the sense that it gives off an atmosphere of feel.

MICHAEL — Did you get much feeling off of the EP or was it just something to fill up the room?

TC — I got a very warm feeling from it, a very peaceful feeling.

PATRICK — We are nice people aren’t we?

MICHAEL — I guess we are. We’ve got no contempt for the world so that would manifest itself in the music.

PATRICK — I suppose it’s decorative in the sense that it isn’t functional.

MICHAEL — Yeah. You don’t play it to get your rocks off.

PATRICK — Or you don’t play it to get angry at the government or something . . .

TC — When is the perfect time to play your music?

PATRICK — In the shower . . .

FIONA — We haven’t got a shower . . .

PATRICK — . . . Because we made it for our own enjoyment and hopefully for the enjoyment of other people. I suppose you can play it when you want to enjoy yourself.

TC — Do you think YA YA CHORAL would have surfaced if M Squared never existed? Is the development of your music linked to other bands under the M Squared umbrella?

PATRICK — If M Squared never existed I would have probably never met Michael Tee. And Michael Tee would have never met Fiona.

MICHAEL — That’s one good thing M Squared could possibly become, if some of the bands on the label don’t initially come up with the goods they may form new combinations with other musicians on the label. It signifies that M Squared could well become an important breeding ground.

TC — Do you find that Australian audiences in general still resist and attach some sort of stigma to electronic bands?

PATRICK — We haven’t played to Australian audiences in general.

TC — Could you play to Australian audiences in general?

PATRICK — I don’t know. If they saw the humour in it then maybe we could.

MICHAEL — I think that what helps us is that we don’t approach it like Gary Numan, or anybody like that who has attached this image of robots of the future sent back to the twentieth century to play electronic music. I think if only people realised just how accessible it is in terms of buying a rhythm box or synthesiser, when compared to buying a guitar or getting a drummer. Less hassles all round. And coming to the realisation that it’s not a cerebral wank or whatever, just because we are using different instruments. Then I think we would become more accessible.

Squashed could well become an important breeding ground.

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A Revolution in Sydney Real Estate!

Brand New ‘Loft Style’ Apartments! ‘New York’ Living Comes To Sydney! So run the pamphlets, so it must be . . .

Haysons of Mosman are offering apartments in the heart of East Sydney — “They’re dynamic, they’re exciting” — a revamped four storey building, two blocks from Hyde Park. On the corners of Crown Street and Stanley Street, amidst Café Society (Reggio’s, Bill & Toni’s etc), a major thoroughfare, the squatter’s domain and a warm-red light district — New York!

Eleven flats (sorry, lofts), have been sold already. These apartments offer an open-style gourmet-style kitchen, a large raised sleeping area “overlooking the apartment”, a living room (a sort of off-gourmet kitchen, cum dining room), and a private bathroom/laundry. Cat-swinging areas are optional. Priced between $67,950 and $81,000, they’re a steal.

Just walk the red carpet into “New York”, and check out the avante-garde interiors — why there’s a David Hockney print of Celia, and there’s a David Voight! Perhaps the helpless cosmopolitan New (York) Wave has already hit your immaculate three-bedroomed brick veneer! Don’t be disturbed. Loft-style apartments need loft-style paintings . . .
MIDNIGHT OIL

New Album Now Available

LP SBP 237868 Cassette PC 7868
I WOULDN'T ADVOCATE WANDERING AROUND SLAUGHTERING GOATS . . ."  

Bruce Dickinson, Maiden’s Iron Lungsman

Since the days of Deep Purple, Black Sabbath, Jethro Tull and others, there have been many bands trying to follow in their footsteps. Most have failed, and it’s only recently that Heavy Metal has started to make a comeback in Australia. Credit has to be given to English band, Iron Maiden, who have strived to reach their goals and done things their way to achieve their current success.

The 24 year old frontman, Bruce Dickinson, has only been with the band since September of last year, replacing Paul Di’anno who left because of personal problems which stemmed from being on the road too long. ‘He wasn’t really into the kind of music that the band was playing. That obviously screwed you up if you’re on the road for six months doing something that you don’t want to do.’

Before joining Maiden, Bruce was with a band called Samson after leaving college in the summer of ‘79. ‘I haven’t always wanted to be a singer though. When I was 14 I passionately wanted to be a drummer. I’d just got hold of Deep Purple In Rock, it was like the greatest thing since sliced bread — still is actually. I really wanted to be able to play the drums like Ian Paice who was then Deep Purple’s drummer. But — that was never to be.’

Since its beginning, Heavy Metal has been linked with Devil Worship and the Black Arts in general. With album titles like ‘The Number Of The Beast’, Iron Maiden are continuing the connection. I asked Bruce what he thought of the link. ‘I think it’s a load of rubbish! As far as any belief goes that I have, I wouldn’t advocate wandering around slaughtering goats or stuff like that. But, at the same time, I don’t think you have to be involved in Heavy Metal or anything else to see that there are elements of the supernatural that people don’t understand fully. And obviously there are things that happen that people can’t explain or abilities that people possess which are not explicable by conventional science. I’m not a worshipper of devils or a practitioner of the Black Arts, and neither is anybody in the band at all. It’s great for a bit of publicity, but the thing is that we didn’t even initiate it. Our albums are about as satanic as a good Dracula movie!’

In an idle moment I dredged the pile of local albums I’ve acquired this year and I made a personal top ten. Zoo’s debut Cowboys and Engines was very close to the top of my list. It came as a surprise then to find that editors of rock magazines, this one included, aren’t keen on Zoo stories.

The reason for the media aversion stems from the problems Zoo have had over front men, their name and their connections. The fact that the original four members continued in the face of media contempt and public ignorance and were able to make an outstanding album is interesting.

The appearance of Pop Mechanix in Sydney with a CBS contract and the single Jumping Out A Window brought a Sydney band with a very similar name jumping out of the closet waving legal documents.

The name changed to NZ Pop and Ritz, like Window was ignored by commercial radio. Again there were no golden eggs.

 NZ Pop were the uncoolest band in town.

Andrew Snoid left in frustration to join Phil Judd and fledging Swingers.

The name changed to Zoo and the album went ahead. Andrew’s voice was removed and Paul’s replaced it.

Keep It Up, the first single from the album, has unaccountably been totally ignored.

Window was Donovanish; dreamy, melodic and whistful. Ritz was bright and jumpy. Keep It Up has a reggae air with a melodramatic ghost house organ; Paul Scott’s voice is not unlike Bob Geldof’s. Private Military, the single due in January, is a glorious uplifting anti-war anthem, and one of the songs Andrew Snoid didn’t want to do.

But why in the face do it all odds, do they persist? Paul: “We enjoy it. It obviously got to Andrew, but the fact is that when we started we enjoyed sitting around and writing songs.

And then we played live and it’s very hard to explain to people who haven’t played live, but you have one of those nights where it’s like a series of frozen moments . . . everything else: record contracts, the press, are subsidiary to the whole motivation of being in a band and enjoying playing music.”

Arch Brown
Singles

Culture Club: 'Do You Really Want To Hurt Me.' (Virgin)
An achingly poignant British No. 1 which seems destined to go all the way here too. Boy George is the latest and most extreme case of androgynous British pop stars but given the fast fashion turnover in the UK I get the feeling that this is the only 15 minutes of fame he’s likely to enjoy. Still, it’s a lovely song.

Human League: 'Mirror Man' (Virgin)
Mega-success always raises follow up problems. The Human League have opted for consolidation rather than innovation with a Tamla-Motown flavoured upbeat synth-rocker, complete with falsetto harmonies by the gels. Different enough to sound fresh, but not too radical a departure from past glories, 'Mirror Man' does its job well.

Sacred Cowboys: 'Nothing Grows In Texas' (White Label)
Immediately reminiscent of early Models, which isn’t too much of a surprise as Sacred Cowboys boast the Models’ early rhythm section, Mark Ferrie and Janis Freidenfelds. The song trots along in authentic Cowboy fashion with a metallic ring and catchy chorus. Pure Melbournism.

Paul Carrack: 'I Need You'. (Epic)
Warm and soulful solo single from the ex-Squeeze keyboard player with help from drinking mates Dave Edmunds, Nick Lowe and Martin Belmont. Musically it’s pure and wonderful Tamla, vocally, well Carrack proved on Squeeze’s ‘Tempted’ that he can croon soul with the best of them and his Smokey Robinson-inspired effort here is nothing short of wonderful. Deserves to be a hit.

Divynals: 'Science Fiction' (Chrysalis)
Pummelling drums carry this mixture of rinky-dink keyboards and Lene Lovich vocal inflections. Chrissie’s little girl vocals sound like they’ve been influenced by her on-stage costume. A disappointment.

Die Dancing Bears: 'Drug Dance' (Independent)
Adelaide-based Birthday Party clones’ debut single. Unfortunately the Birthday boys have already worked this mine dry.

Young Homebuyers: 'She’s A Girl' (Rough Diamond)
Impeccable pop song, verse/chorus/harmonies, all that stuff, with a flavour not a million miles removed from Paul Kelly. Commercial as hell though, and should hit high.

Donald Robertson

NEW WOMEN IN ROCK
(Omnibus Press)
The Shattering and sometimes humorous truth has been revealed about female Rock Stars in a colourful paperback released through Omnibus Press. All you ever wanted to know about female singers — and more — is all here in ‘New Women In Rock’. Some of the names include Blondie, Nina Hagen, Kate Bush, Hazel O’Connor, Joan Jett and Grace Jones. These are just a handful of over 70 women whose careers have been traced in this book.

Women have managed to make their mark in the previously male dominated music industry in the 70’s, and now even more so in the 1980’s. ‘New Women In Rock’ contains their hardships and achievements as they faced their struggle to a seemingly impossible success. But — at the same time, it proves that there is no longer a barrier between men and women in rock and roll, as women have overcome what was once there, and are now as competent as many of today’s leading male stars and enjoy equal status.

This book, compiled by various writers, would make interesting reading for any rock fan. It also contains a wide selection of colour and black and white photos in it’s 96 pages and a complete discography of all the artists is included.

Jodi Hoffmann

The Belle Stars are an all-female seven piece whose latest 45, the infectious ‘Clapping Song’ seems poised for summer chart success. Formed in London two years ago from the ashes of 2-Tone group The Bodysnatchers (who had a minor hit with ‘Do the Rock Steady’) the new aggregation combined ska, soul, funk and pop into a highly dancable musical concoction. Record company interest was immediate and strong and the Belle Stars signed with Stiff Records four months after they formed.

Despite support spots with Madness, the Clash, the Police, the Beat, Pretenders and Elvis Costello, it wasn’t until their fourth single, ‘Iko Iko’ earlier this year that the Belle Stars showed up in the British charts, but ‘Clapping Song’ and the follow up ‘Mockingbird’ have both done well there.

Roadrunner 7
That the Reels have never had massive popular success is perhaps one of the great injustices in Australian music over the past ten years. Despite critical acclaim of the highest order and a string of classic pop songs, stunning live performances and an attitude of equal parts fun, intelligence and subtlety, the Reels have never really cracked it.

Well, all that may be just about to change. In what could be seen as a ‘sell out’ (whatever that means) of the highest magnitude or a piece of inspired strategy, the Reels have recorded an album of straight MOR covers called ‘Beautiful’. ‘This Guy’s In Love With You’ is only the tip of the iceberg, as ‘Beautiful’ contains slow reverential versions of ‘The Last Waltz’, ‘He’ll Have To Go’, ‘Where Is The Love’, ‘La Mer’ and other evergreens. What’s more, although the Reels signed with RCA at the beginning of 1982, ‘Beautiful’ is released on the K-Tel label, and is being marketed just like any other of that company’s ‘TV Special’ releases.

What gives? David Mason called into the ROADRUNNER office to explain.

RR — Well David, tell me when you first had the idea for this beautiful record.
DM — When I had the idea? Well, it’s been an idea for a long time, ever since we started, we always wanted to make a K-Tel album. It wasn’t till we did This Guy, that we thought, well, it worked so wonderfully, that we thought, this is the best time for us to do it. Let’s do it. Get it out of our system.

RR — And how did you go about choosing the material?
DM — Well, we all sat around and brought in our favourite records and worked out whether it was Beautiful enough. If the structure was beautiful, everything had to pass the beautiful standard. Otherwise we wouldn’t accept it.

RR — What is the ‘beautiful’ standard — can you define it?
DM — It had that really strong melodic melody. Where verses, chorus and bridge worked. The chord structures had to be beautiful to the ear. No clashing chords. Lyrically, it didn’t matter. The more mushier, the better. There’s all the standards.

RR — Who bought in La Mer, was that Stefan?
DM — Stefan yeah. He used to sing it with his sister when he was a kid, he said. That was a last minute one.

RR — Why do a slowed down version of Pre Fab Heart? Did you feel that was your most beautiful song to date?
DM — No, cos we were playing it live for so long. And we had to get our own royalties in there somehow. So we had to get some of our songs in there.

RR — Did you ever consider perhaps just re-arranging a lot of your other songs? In that way? Doing it that way instead of doing covers.
DM — It was going to be half covers — half our stuff. Then we decided not to do that. It wasn’t K-Tel’s idea, to do all cover versions. Even though it sounds like it would be.

RR — How has it been working with K-Tel? What’s different between them, and say — RCA or Polygram?
DM — Well, the three of them are all really different. K-Tel are very straight compared to the others. Which I sort of like better, because they’re sort of more down to earth, realistic. They’ve sort of got a chip on their block about
being K-Tel too.
RR — From lack of credibility?
DM — Yeah. That sort of thing. Like — that’s a K-Tel record, ha ha ha . . . And they feel really bad. They’ve got this complex about it, which they’re trying to overcome.
RR — Any idea how many they expect to sell — K-Tel?
DM — I don’t know, 100,000 probably.
RR — A lot more than any of your other albums have done isn’t it?
DM — Yeah, but it’s a lot more open album. It’s aimed to a bigger market. It’s not aimed to a rock market so to speak. Whatever a rock market is. It’s aimed to kids and to everybody.
RR — What do you think of a 45 year old married couple will think of it when they buy it? If they buy it.
DM — I don’t really know, cos I’m not 45 or married and living in suburbia. But I think they’d like it. If they have a nice little intimate dinner for 2, sitting around listening to it, you know. They’d probably get into it. I don’t know. It’s hard to say.

DM — To do, oh it was easy, it took us 10 days to do.
RR — And what about all the negotiations and all that kind of thing?
DM — Well, that sort of all fell into place.
RR — Once you’d actually done it?
DM — Yeah. We did This Guy, and we took that to K-Tel and said — this is what the album is gonna sound like and that was it. They went for it, they didn’t want to know anything else, just, give us the album that sounds like that and we’ll be happy. So we did.
RR — It does sound as though you had a fair degree of control over it?
DM — That’s one of the things with joining RCA, they’ve given us freedom and they’re amicable to our ideas and marketing and all strategies and stuff.
RR — What about on stage? What sort of instruments do you use? Are you using tapes?
DM — Yeah, tapes and keyboards. I sing mainly, I play keyboards in a couple of songs and Craig plays bass, guitar and keyboards, Stefan plays drums and keyboards and then we’ll probably expand on that too. We might see Stefan playing a bit of guitar, he’s singing La mer of course, which is a start with getting him out the front and doing things. Swapping roles is really neat. I quite like that. If we can keep our interest going and keep on doing different things, then we can last longer. Cos we won’t get bored and if we expand ourselves and our various companies into working for us, we can keep on going as long as they make money for us.
RR — What do you think about — going back to the past again, are you at all annoyed or angry that you, even though you’ve had great critical acclaim with the music that you’ve done in the past, that you’ve never really had . . .
DM — Record sales? In a way, a lot of that is our fault.
RR — In what way can it be your fault?
DM — With the 2nd album, a lot of it was our fault. We mucked around a lot in the studio. We’d been too adventurous probably on that album. Then Polygram really fucked it up for us in the marketing sense and in pushing the album. And it was my fault, cos I’d bad mouthing the album to the press. Which didn’t help. But now looking back at it I think it should have sold lots more than it did. It could have been a really big seller, that album. The marketing behind it, there was a big argument between the band and the record company. Like, we didn’t want to call it major bands, than for new bands.
RR — With all the overheads and everything?
DM — Yeah, it’s really hard to go on the road. We find that we earn about $10,000 a week, getting paid for gigs, and that’s working 6-7 nights a week. And it’s costing us $8000 to run the show, so we make a $2000 profit, then that all gets dispersed into percentages to managers and that sort of thing. So we don’t end up with hardly anything. And then we’re paying off so much gear, so we end up with nothing really. As long as we can still survive, that’s the main thing. $8000 a week is just ridiculous. I get paid $150 a week.
RR — Have you written many songs of your own recently?
DM — I’ve written one. By myself. I find it very hard to write now, mainly cos my standards have gone up so much. The Beautiful Music album is sort of, made me realise a few things about songs. A whole sort of format of writing a pop song has gone down the drain for me.
RR — That’s strange, cos I mean, this year to me, seems to be the renaissance of the pop song. With people like Hot Chocolate and ABC.
DM — But it’s all formula pop.
RR — I wouldn’t call ABC formula.
DM — Ooh Don! Come on . . . I wouldn’t call Hot Chocolate formula. ABC are fucken horrible. Bunch of cretins.
RR — You really don’t like them?
DM — Oh I love them! They’re really great marketing. Their marketing is just fantastic. They’re a prime example of doing everything right except for the songs. I mean, the songs are really good, but they’re just so formula. You know?
RR — How do you mean?
DM — They’ve got all their pop sensibilities together and that guy’s writing the songs, they’re just rip offs — one line from here and another line from another song and sticking it all together. It’s like getting a computer and writing 5 songs, putting 5 songs in there and saying — right, now jumble them all up together and write me a song.
I like the way ABC market their stuff. They’ve really got their heads together and I think bands sort of have to be that way now. Bands have got to be more than just musical groups. If you’re just gonna be a musical group then you can play around Darlinghurst all you like or whatever, just play to your friends. And put out your little independent records that sells $500, that’s 500 copies, that’s really good. But when you want to survive, I think it’s a different matter altogether. And make a living and a career for yourself. Especially a career that you like. If I didn’t like doing what I do, then it would be a waste of time. But now if you want to make a career, you’ve got to think about survival and money and stuff like that. But I think we’re on the right track with the 3 piece. And using the computers and everything.
RR — So what computers did you use? Is the whole album done on computer?
DM — Yeah, this album is. 50% you’re probably hearing is. The Chinese song is all computer.
RR — Is that a Chinese cover version?
DM — Yeah, it’s a Chinese cover version. 1958 or something. The thing with the 3 of us too, is that there’s not much prejudice in the studio. One song I don’t play on. At all. And there are a couple of songs that Stefan doesn’t play on. Craig being the multi instrumentalist and mainly in charge of music, plays on most things. There’s a couple of things he doesn’t play on, it’s just computer, a Fairlight — which actually plays the music in sequence how you want it. So that cuts down our recording costs as well. Because you’ve got an 11 piece band, you know. 8 of them are on computer, and it’s all one tape. If it was a band, you’d have to spend hours and hours getting that part down on a tape and it’s good that you get it clear and cleaner, sound too.
RR — It’s a very slow album in a lot of ways.
DM — Yeah, well we pick the songs and we’ve got the records of them and we play around with the feel. We just use a Varispeed. This Guys In Love With You is almost the exact tempo of playing the single at 33. On the album, my voice is real about twice.
RR — So is that any kind of problem when you’re re-producing it live?
DM — With songs like, Last Night I Didn’t Get To Sleep At All, Where Is The Love, which I sing very low on record, I have to sing low live, which is a bit of a hassle. With the live stuff too, we’re just starting, so we’ve got to up-date and perfect them too. Just from playing 4 times we know what mistakes we’ve made.
RR — So how flexible is the show? Will you take it on the road for an extended period?
DM — The idea is to get a show that we can play for a long period of time, that’s easy on us. People don’t even notice that we’ve got tapes. And we’ve got the tapes sitting right in front of us, it’s just sitting there.
We’ve been really honest about it. The only thing with the tapes and the computer is that it takes you right away from rock and roll. And we’re finding that our whole set is becoming really clubby. Very cabaret, in lots of ways. To me it is pop music, it’s what pop music should have always been, and not pop bands making pop records and then going out and being a rock and roll band. For me, it’s the first time it’s ever worked for us that we’re a pop band on record, and we’re a pop band on stage as well. It’s great. It’s just like being on Countdown. For an hour and a half. Basically.
The Laughing Clowns have just released a compilation album in the UK. It is similar to the 'Throne of Blood/Reign of Terror' compilation that was released in Australia last year. The Clowns recently toured Scotland with the Birthday Party and are currently touring England with the Fall. Expect them back in April.

Goanna Band album 'Spirit Of Place' debuted at No. 1 on the 3XY album chart. Anyone remember the last time that happened for an Australian band's debut album?

2JJJ-FM will be broadcasting a radio play by James Griffin, lead singer and songwriter for Sydney band, The Agents, sometime in mid January. The play is called Rumours and Whispers and features the voices of Angela Webber and Adam Bowen, with songs by James Griffin.

Film to watch out for in early '83 is 'Party Party', an account of a New Year's Eve party that gets rather out of control. The soundtrack album, recently released by Festival, features well known people like Dave Edmunds, Madness, Bananarama, Sting and Midge Ure doing cover versions of pop evergreens (Bananarama doing the Pistols' 'No Feelings'?)

Divynals debut album Desperate released on Chrysalis on January 17th, produced in New York by Mark Optiz with Bob Clearmountain mixing.

FACT. Andy Summers of the Police, and Robert Fripp, who have just collaborated on an album of guitar music, 'Advance Masked', were rival teenage England guitar heroes in their home town of Bournemouth.

Shame. Shame. Due to complaints that 'Derek and Clive' are obscene, all records featuring the Peter Cook and Dudley Moore characters will be deleted by their distributor on 31st January. Stock up now!

The Church, back home after a successful European assault, will record their third album in January, prior to performances at the Narara Festival, north of Sydney and the Sweetwater Festival in New Zealand.

Exhibit A, ex-Adelaide and Darwin combo, have their first single 'Confusion' released by Green Records in early January. The single was co-produced by Tony Cohen (Birthday Party, Models etc) and the band will be doing a tour of psychiatric hospitals in February prior to some more normal performances around Sydney (true!)

"A disquieting study of the lost tribes of Lon-
"don" is how the Times described 'Rough Cut and Ready Rubbed' a film which begins a two week season at the Paddington Town Hall Cinema on January 1st. Originally shot on Super-8 by two enterprising 20 year old Londoners, it's now in 16mm. Featured in the film are John Peel, Stiff Little Fingers, A Certain Ratio, and Sham 69. On the same bill are two short films on the Models and the Swingers, which, using interviews, live performance and animation, examine aspects of the groups' relationship with the music industry. Also commencing a three week season at the Paddo is 'Burning An Illusion' a contemporary film about black life in Britain. It concerns a young black woman, Pat, who becomes an ambitious militant as a result of her experiences with the legal and prison processes.

Hunters and Collectors recently signed a release deal for the UK and Europe with Virgin Records. Virgin are to release an album by the band, comprising most of their Australian debut release, plus some tracks from their new E.P. 'Payload' in January. The band fly to England for a month in mid-January and according to percussion man Greg Perano, will probably base themselves in Hamburg for a while after that.

The Numbers, whose record contract with Deluxe Records has now expired, are playing live again with a line-up of Chris and Annalise Morrow (d'accord), Craig Bloxam recently of Spy vs. Spy on bass, Marcus Phelan, late of Brave New Works on guitar and one time drummer Simon Vidale behind the kit. The band plans to record in January.
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NARARA’83 INFORMATION HOTLINE 358 6002
Greedy & Reg chronicle the recent Mentals travel saga

Greedy Smith and Reg Mombassa, of famous Australian band Mental as Anything, are sitting here telling me that the band members are now officially citizens of the world.

The lads we love are fresh from the United States of America and do I mean fresh.

Untainted, enthusiastic — just as frothy as ever, and playing as well as ever. But then again they were only supporting that other famous Australian band, Men At Work.

The itinerary went something like this: "The first time we played in America was in an LA car park — it was actually the record company's car park. Then we flew to Seattle. From that point we travelled by road — up to Vancouver and right across Canada. We split up with Men At Work for a week and did some shows in Chicago, Detroit, New York and Wisconsin, and then it was back to Toronto and Montreal (where we sang Let's Cook in French). The journey continued to Atlanta, Florida, Dallas and finally back to LA."

"Phew."

"We worked it out. We covered 8½ thousand miles during the 2 month, 2 day tour."

Most of the time we travelled in this beautiful piece of junk called a Winnibago — a sort of a mini-bus with a few beds and a stove."

"Eating, sleeping and driving — that's all we did."

"Yeah, there wasn't much of a chance to see anything," Reg laments. "When we were in New York for two nights we had to squash all the sightseeing into one afternoon, because we didn't get up till 3 o'clock."

The Mental's album was released one week after they arrived.

Greedy Smith says people seemed to like it but compared the band's sound to Lovin' Spoonful, 10CC, Squeeze and Mungo Jerry.

"It never occurred to me, but I suppose there are some vague similarities between us and Lovin' Spoonful," says Mr Mombassa.

"All sorts of people came to see us, basically just a straight, average pop audience, perhaps in their mid 20's, but most of them would've been coming to see Men At Work."

"As far as the record's success goes, there really is good reason to expect nothing to happen. America is such a big place with so many bands and radio stations. But since we left we heard the album is really picking up on radio stations."

"The album was called If You Leave Me Can I Come Too and had most of Cats and Dogs, plus Egypt, Nips are Getting Bigger and I Didn't Mean To Be Mean."

Reg and Greedy agree that it was pretty good to get back.

"Yeah, it was pretty hard digesting food from motels and truckstops, and the beer there is very weak, but it was good for playing, y'know a bit of a change from touring Australia. When we go back next year it will probably all seem different."

But there's no time to get blase about touring, recording and playing. The Mentals have a new album featuring, according to Greedy, unusual songs — a lot of moody sensitive numbers, a bit of country and western and a smattering of hard rock.

And there's a tour of Eastern Australia beginning on 27 December.

"So what is America? Reg Mombassa: "It's really hard to buy meat pies in America except in New York, so when I've retired from rock 'n' roll I'm going there to open a few pie shops."

And the Americans are talking about the Australian music invasion.
SIDONE
BOYS! (WHAT DID THE DETECTIVE SAY)
WALK IN THE ROOM (PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED VERSION)
RECKLESS (PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED VERSION)
DON'T THROW STONES
SUSPICIOUS MINDS
LIVE WORK AND PLAY
BIG SLEEP
WHO LISTENS TO THE RADIO

SIDE TWO
WEDDING RING (PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED VERSION)
THE LOST AND THE LONELY
PERHAPS
STRANGERS ON A TRAIN
BLACK STOCKINGS (FOR CHELSEA)
BLUE HEARTS
STOP THE BABY TALKING
HOW COME
ARROGANT?  
EGOCENTRIC?  
INSPIRED?  
OH YES.

Ladies and Gentlemen,  
Kevin Rowlands of  
Dexy’s Midnight Runners.

Dexy’s Midnight Runners exploded onto the British rock circus in 1980 with a look, an attitude and some tough, exciting reworked R&B/soul. Singer, songwriter and visionary Kevin Rowlands immediately became the focus of media attention, but distained talking to the ‘dishonest hippy music press’, preferring instead to release ‘statements’ which EMI, his record company of the time, paid to have inserted in the said music papers.

A picture emerged of Rowlands as a hard man. The original Dexy’s left him, claiming he was driving them into the ground. Undaunted, he replaced them and did a tour of Britain called the ‘Projected Passion Revue’, complete with change of costume, which ended with a series of dates at London’s famous Old Vic Theatre.

This year he added three fiddlers, The Emerald Express, to the line-up and started incorporating elements of Irish music into Dexy’s soul base. The clothes changed again, to overalls, scarves and berets. ‘Come on Eileen’ was released and shot to the top of the charts. The album “Too-Rye-Ay” did likewise. Rowlands started talking to the press.

Even on the telephone, Rowlands’ impatience and barely concealed contempt for the interview process shone through. His mood swung wildly from sardonic aloofness to passionate declarations of intent. Any attempt to get him to analyse his music was met by cold rebuttal. Arrogant? Definitely. Egocentric? For Sure. Inspired? Oh yes. Ladies and gentlemen, Kevin Rowlands.

RR — When the original line up of Dexy’s were together, quite a thing was made out of not talking to the press. What caused you to change your attitude?

KR — What, that we’re now talking to the press? Er . . . Let me think . . . Well, I dunno. Just purely to promote the record. We now do interviews. Perhaps that’s the only reason that we now do interviews. Before, it was important for us not to talk to the music press. But now we’ve made an LP that we want everybody to hear. Yeah.

RR — Was there any one event that decided you to include celtic music influences in what you’re doing now?

KR — No, not at all. I mean, I’ve got a basically Irish background.

RR — So, when you were growing up, did your parents have records or did you go out and see people playing Irish music?

KR — Yeah yeah. They had a few records, they used to sit around singing Irish songs. But I didn’t sing very much, they didn’t have many records, really. They had a few, you know. It was just always there. It was an influence, and I suddenly thought, oh let’s do it. It was a very natural influence. I just found myself turning to it really. It’s a very
instinctive thing, you know. It wasn't like it was so much a planned thing. I think it's just the roots really. We don't go around listening to Irish or Scottish music, it would be a waste of time really.

RR — Right. Did you listen much to the electric folk people, when that was really big about 10 years ago?

KR — Never did actually, no. I've never heard any of that stuff, no.

RR — It's interesting that you've included the Van Morrison song, Jackie Wilson Said. Cos Van's probably the only person I can think of that's managed to combine Celtic and black soul music. And make it work.

KR — Yeah, well I've gotta say, I don't know how Van Morrison looks at it, but I just look at it now as a very natural thing. Obviously I've got a lot of respect for Van Morrison. And I like the song, Jackie Wilson Said. But I don't look at it as combining soul and celtic music. I just look at it as a natural thing now. I don't write a song and try and write it a bit celtic and a bit soulful. Just, I write it, you know. And it just comes out that way. That's what's actually happened now. Admittedly, we have chosen to use a framework of basically soulful and acoustic and maybe celtic instruments, like fiddles and banjo's. But, I don't know . . . Yeah. Anyway.

RR — Do you know much about the Tinkers? Have you heard of the Tinkers? Sort of like Irish and Scottish gypsies.

KR — I do yeah, I know a little bit about them.

RR — Yeah, I just thought that the photo in the album insert, you looked like photos of Tinkers I've seen.

KR — Yeah? I spose we do look a bit like Tinkers, you know. There's bits of gypsies, there's bits of hillbilly even. It's the same with the music really. I wouldn't call it any one thing. Admittedly, it is a bit tinkerish.

RR — What would you say the importance of roots are to you then? You seem to have taken, you seem to have synthesised a whole lot of different things. Into something that is very much yourselves. How important is it to have those sources?

KR — I'm not really sure I understand what you mean.

RR — Perhaps, I haven't expressed it accurately, but on the first Dexy's album, Searching for the Young Soul Rebels, there seemed to be a celebration of a certain style of music and this (album) seems to be a celebration of a broader range of music. But the innovation is in the synthesis, not in anything that you're doing that's new. Do you know what I mean?

KR — No. What does synthesis mean?

RR — The combining of different things.

KR — But surely its combining different things to make something new. Surely that's all one can ever do, you know.

RR — You think that is all one can ever do? You can never do anything completely new?

KR — Well, what can you do? I mean, I think it is completely new. It is. Have you ever heard a sound like that before?
By Donald Robertson.

RR — No, I haven't. I must admit.
KR — Well, there you go. People have an idea of what is new. It's just people's threshold of what is new. People automatically relate the future to synthesizers and bleepy noises.
RR — I wouldn't say that that's new. I think that's a very old thing, just done with different instruments. I wouldn't say that the sort of synthesizer music that's around at the moment is in any way innovative really.
KR — It's a totally old hat.
RR — Yeah, in fact it has very little roots. Well, very little soul, I suppose. Rather than roots.
KR — Yeah.
RR — The concept of soul does crop up quite a lot on the last album, and this one. What does soul mean to you?
KR — Soul — I've got to be honest, I hardly would ever want to use the word. I'm very wary of using the word soul. I would just say, it's not soul and it's not celtic, I would just say its Dexy's Midnight Runners. Soul is such a cliche now. Every fucken group you hear is talking about soul and passion and everything. So, I'm really reluctant to talk about those things. It's not a kind of music, you know.
RR — No, I wasn't meaning in terms of a style of music. The song on Side 2, Until I Believe In Soul.
KR — Yeah?
RR — What do you see as your soul? What is it you're wanting to believe in there.
KR — Well ...
RR — Is it a religious concept?
KR — No it's not really religious. It's just more of a self thing, you know.
RR — A self thing — right.
KR — Yes, it definitely is just more of a... 
RR — An essence?
KR — Well, I do believe in the soul, you know. I do believe in the soul, I believe it's there for something. But I don't know quite what. I do feel some force from the soul. Within, you know. But I feel like it should be channeled somewhere, I don't always know which way.
RR — How important is will power in your scheme of things?
KR — Yeah, it's very important. Yeah, I do really believe in determination.

RR — Do you think you have the power and the capability to change yourself through using your will?
RR — I mean, it does seem to crop up as recurring lyrical theme if you like.
KR — Yes.
RR — Like in Let's Make This Precious.
KR — Uh huh. Let's Make This Precious is about striving... go on, carry on, what were you saying?
RR — Well no. I was just trying to get you talking about the importance of will, because I think particularly today, a lot of people almost have given up with their life. They lack will power.
KR — Er, I don't know about that. I just know about ourselves. I can only talk about myself. Let's Make This Precious was just like, I don't know, it's not just like one thing where you have will power. It was last year that Let's Make This Precious was written, and there was a line in there that said — From now on I refuse to listen to the radio, I'll take earplugs everywhere I go. Those lines got taken out because I couldn't fit them in. But that's just how I felt about all the shit that was coming out of the radio and I wanted to make something that was pure and honest. And I wanted to pledge myself to do that. To do something that was brilliant. No bullshit, just fucken truth. Do good things and just really strive to make perfect, brilliant, powerful, beautiful music. I wanted to do that. And I really wanted to do it so badly. That's what I wanted to do. I wanted the group to swear to it. I wanted them to pledge that they would do this and they would work until they'd achieved it. That's what Let's Make This Precious is about.
RR — And do you think you are achieving that? Do you think you're getting the message through?
KR — Yes, I think so. Obviously yes. We haven't got there yet, I still think we can do better.
RR — Yeah.
KR — But yeah, I'm really pleased with the LP. I play it, you know.
RR — That's quite unusual. I've talked to quite a few musicians and most of them, once they've done an album, they're already thinking about the next. And they always kind of see a flaw somewhere. That they would have like to have corrected.
KR — I must admit, to tell you the truth, when we made the first LP, Searching For The Young Rebels I played that for about 3 months non-stop. I couldn't stop playing it. I thought it was the best thing I'd ever listened to.
RR — I think you had quite a lot of company in that respect. It really did land and make a very big impact at the time, didn't it?
KR — Yeah. I think it stood the test of time.
RR — Is there anything else you'd like to particularly say?
KR — Um... No, I don't think so. I can't really think of anything. I'm really pleased that the LP and the single are doing so well here, because it's a personal victory to me to come through with something that is new and fresh. And also gain commercial success. Without having to go along with all the other stuff that's happening, cos as I said, I don't like what's currently happening here. So I think it's really good that we're cutting through.
RR — Without having to make any compromises.
KR — Absolutely, without having to have to many any compromises.
RR — Well that's very praiseworthy.
KR — Well, its a personal victory. It makes one feel good. It's very encouraging. Our record Celtic Soul Brothers was released here before Come On Eileen, its the first track on side 1, and it flopped, you know. It's the sister record to Eileen, I was really disappointed. I was beginning to think there was no hope. I was very disappointed. But anyway, I'm really pleased now. Things are working well here.
RR — How far ahead are you thinking about what you're going to be doing say, for the rest of the year? And next year? Have you any idea?
KR — Yeah, but is not good talking about it.
RR — What are the two lines of Irish at the end of All in All?
KR — Oh, it just means, won't you join me in one last wild waltz.
RR — I was just wondering, it's a lovely language, Irish.
KR — It is.
CHAJ featuring TAXI MARY ..... "one of the finest releases of this or any other year." RAM Dec. 1982

LIMITED EDITION 12" PICTURE SLEEVE
WALK ON BY including instrumental version of LONLEY MAN.
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Monday night in Newcastle, and the city centre shows all the marks of a company town whose company has fallen on hard times. The pubs are almost empty, the restaurants devoid of diners, and even the candy-coloured child-attracting lights of the American fast food chains fail to haul in the paying public. At one end of town, a restaurant shows most clearly the battle for survival. New, smart, spacious, it has a handful of diners and a couple of people at the bar. A slow start to a slow Monday night. It’s seven o’clock and a police paddy wagon cruises down the centre of town, the deserted Hunter Street shopping mall, inducing an eerie 3a.m. feel. In a taxi, the driver tells the B.H.P. story over and over, the familiar tale of lay-offs and threatened lay-offs. An industrial centre of Australia, 1982, makes pretty bleak listening. His own trade is shot to pieces, too, because no-one has the money to go out any more. He motions towards the empty pubs and cafes.

But there is an exception. It’s a place called the “Castanet Club", off Hunter Street. The doors opened at 6.30 that night, and closed ten minutes later, the “Full House” sign on the door. Inside were 170 young people, eating good, cheap food, drinking, but mainly there for the four hours of non-stop, live, new cabaret. This is the sort without strippers, and without the endless tired club jokes about penile dimension or bowel function; without all the things that have tainted “cabaret”, and have turned off the young and intelligent until recent years.

The bill comprises two comedians, including one who cut his teeth in the fertile Melbourne scene, a vocal ensemble from Sydney called Quietly Confident, and the resident orchestra, the Castanet Club Combo, young and highly energetic, eight piece with brass, violin and vocals whose remarkable sixties repertoire includes Presley’s “Viva Las Vegas” and the Sinatra-Hazlewood evergreen “Jackson”. Around midnight, satisfied if not exhausted, the clubgoers step from the cabaret and back into the real world of declining Newcastle, with its empty streets in silence.

The new cabaret, what does that really mean? It’s essentially a movement that takes its style and form from the youth culture which developed in Australia in the seventies, with a different (Max Harris would perhaps sneer “trendy”) perspective on the way society works, and the individual’s role in it. This meant a new perspective on work, the political process, sexual relationships, drugs. The new humour is informed, critical, and invariably black, because for many of its exponents this society is riddled with contradiction and
New Cabaret

hypocrisy. Feeling unable to change it, and often even barred from participation, the young can at least laugh at it. Some of the style of new humour comes, too, from the New Wave movement in Britain of the late seventies, with its full-on, aggressive music, and its dark, jagged fashion.

Thursday night in Adelaide, and after four nights of being near-deserted, Hindley Street in the city centre begins to bustle as the weekend approaches. The restaurants, cafes and amusement halls do their share of trade, as do the occasional nightclubs along this brass quarter mile, but one club is consistently packing them in. This is Adelaide’s new cabaret venue, “Lark & Tina’s”.

A year ago it was a basement restaurant, “La Cantina”, which served better than average European food, and eked out a living alongside the other Hindley Street restaurants. Then Wally Sellis had the idea of converting it completely. This came perhaps from the unqualified success during the Adelaide Arts Festival in March of a venue called the “Focus Club”, which hauled in hundreds nightly with that the crowd might have seen the best new comedy act in Australia, Los Trios Ringbarkus, or the fast, dark Chris Windmill, from Melbourne, or heard Speedboat, the brilliant jazz fusion band.

The new format was so successful during the winter that diehard clubbers were known to stumble into the grey at around eight o’clock. The resident band, Crab’s Cocktail Hour, had only given up playing a couple of hours earlier, and Wally Sellis might have buoyed the last patrons out of the door with a parting glass of champagne. On mornings like that, they found themselves alone in the cold air of a deserted precinct, feeling unable to change it, and often even barred from participation, the young at least laugh at it. Some of the style of new humour comes, too, from the New Wave movement in Britain of the late seventies, with its full-on, aggressive music, and its dark, jagged fashion.

beer, comedy and song. Sellis opened his doors in May, just as Adelaide people were beginning to wonder whether there was entertainment to be found anywhere by those unexcited either by Heavy Metal or the Bull ‘n Bush; and his idea became an immediate success.

The place is a cavern affair, with a tiny, flat stage area cordoned off by a crush of tables. On Friday nights perhaps 80 people jam into this limited space, with another 80 or so further back, crowded around the bar. On most nights, many of the young, often Bohemian clientele don’t make their entrance until around 2 o’clock. By that time the noise from the bar has risen to such a pitch that the only entertainment worth providing is background jazz. But before Hindley Street, Adelaide, capital of the Shrinking State.

Sydney has a somewhat grander flagship for the new cabaret. It is Kinsela’s, formerly a funeral parlour. Just off Taylor Square in Darlinghurst, it’s been converted into a salubrious restaurant-theatre-cabaret which appears to aspire to bring in the young well-heeled of the eastern and northern suburbs. But despite the gloss, the late night shows at Kinsela’s bring to Sydney the same new, sometimes challenging entertainment.

A mass of smaller, more intimate venues have also sprung up. If this new concept in either to momentary fame, or to gonged oblivion. A restaurant in Darlinghurst, the “Blue Cockatoo”, is also in on the cabaret act with a show called “Low Life Cabaret.”

The birthplace of all this, however, was Melbourne. During the seventies it was the only centre that had an indigenous movement, and that is still largely the case. It has been growing and developing since John Pinder, the “Big Daddy” of cabaret, opened a little shopfront theatre-restaurant in Brunswick Street, Fitzroy called the Flying Trapese.

The “Fly Trap” as it was affectionately known, took on the standard format of dinner...
and a show, but the acts were predominately young inner-city Carlton-Fitzroy performers who brought to the stage a combination of contemporary lifestyles, a verified Australian culture, and standard theatre-circus skills. Yes, there was still a strip act, but beneath the outfit of the pouting transvestite was a bloke in stubbies and footy jumper.

Some nights were set aside for impromptu sketches. Performers worked with new material, and complete newcomers were encouraged to try out something, anything. There’s the storybook tale of two odd-looking men who came off the street, got up on stage and brutally works the espresso.

Among this newest generation of performers is Mark Little, with his Australian pantomime of Doug God and Jeff Christ; Chris Windmill, who exposes his artists’ soul in a race on stage with clock and onion; and Polyphony, a choral act who are on the bill at Pinder’s current venue, The Last Laugh in Collingwood. Many new acts perform upstairs in a small club there called “Le Joke”. Downstairs, in the main auditorium, the people from the suburbs are arriving in group bookings to see the more established acts.

Among the Last Laugh successes are Los Trios Ringbarkus, two men in ill-fitting, filthy dinner suits who present a programme of classic black comedy, slapstick and mime. They begin too frightened to make their entrance, funny but also genuinely pathetic. During the performance, through a range of new and classic routines, the pair grow in confidence and stature until they are in a position to bully their audience. The performance ends with their remarkable version of Eleanor Rigby, with guitar and piano accompaniment to recall the Zoot’s Heavy Metal version of the Beatles classic.

Steve Kearney and Neil Gladwin began evolving the act three years ago, and it is still developing brilliantly for them and their audiences. A film is now being planned for Los Trios, an aspect of the newest phase of the cabaret world of Melbourne. Virtually every week this year, one of the new wave of performers made another way to the Darryl Somers or Don Lane shows. Alan Pentland, former director and compere of Le Joke, is a gag writer for the Darryl Somers show. On a more modest scale, the Open Channel in Melbourne runs an occasional video show called “Sunday Live” where performers and musicians try out new material in front of the cameras. Radio 3 RRR provides a medium for comedy on radio, and is a general switchboard for the Fitzroy scene, the eighties generation version of the seventies Carlton of “Monkey Grip” and the world of the Pram Factory.

Women are involved in a new cabaret. Sue Ingleton is regarded as the precursor, through her work at the Last Laugh and the Pram Factory. Wendy Harmer writes and performs for “Catch A Rising Star”, while Tracy Harvey plays two character parts well known to Melbourne audiences, Teresa O’Reily, the naive Catholic girl, and Tammy Whittle, with the country singing Whittle Family. The Salomon Sisters Mandy and Melanie have performed for the past six months at Le Joke, with their routines about ocker Australian girls overseas (ocarinas?) and Shere Hite-style American feminists. Wendy de Waal, from the Globos is probably the best known woman in cabaret at present.

The spread of this sort of scene to Sydney has been slow in coming. Argument has raged for years over whether it’s the different intellectual climate — or is it just the climate? Anyway, perhaps there’s little surprise that one of the top acts at Kinsel’s has been the Phil Stine Revue, with Gary Mc Donald as Phil Stine, The Conway Brothers, from the old Captain Matchbox, are popular with their brand of jug, spoons, kazoo and Ukule Lady. Perhaps more innovative are Funky Stories, who like Los Trios Ringbarkus appear in ill-fitting (but in their case nicely-pressed) dinner suits. Their brand of humour is anarchic, with chanting, chatter, and a performance derived from the roots of classic comedy. Then there’s Austen Tayshus, a big bloke with wrap-around dark sunglasses and an American accent. Half his routine is built around Azaria jokes, the rest around an Aussie creek of consciousness. He’s the love him or hate him stand up comic, with an awful lot of stage presence provided he keeps the sunglasses on.

New to Sydney are Quietly Confident, a nightclub act ex Adelaide, described by “Sydney Morning Herald” writer Tom Thompson as an “act to watch out for”. Three men croon to piano about Love — its Births, Deaths and Miscellaneous. These, and performers like them, are the core of the movement which this year spread away from Melbourne to other cities, and is slowly making its way into the mass media as well. As yet it’s far too early to say whether it will succeed in every place it tries, but early indications are that Australia is looking for something new and black enough to match its mood of depression. This may well be the funny story it needs.
THE VERY BEST OF
SPLIT ENZ
1975-1982
FEATURING 14 TRACKS
★ ALL THEIR HITS ★
INCLUDING
I GOT YOU
I SEE RED
SIX MONTHS IN A LEAKY BOAT
I HOPE I NEVER
DIRTY CREATURE
LATE LAST NIGHT
HISTORY NEVER REPEATS
★ BONUS FULL COLOUR POSTER
"As long as you can fall in love you can stay young forever."

Tim Finn at 30.
By Larry Buttrose at 30.

1982 produced two landmarks for Split Enz in their continuing reign among the most creative pop music bands in Australia. "Time and Tide" was one of the year’s successful releases, and singer Tim Finn recorded his 30th birthday.

The decade since Split Enz arrived in Australia from New Zealand has been marked with the highs and lows one would expect from a band whose initially bizarre work has come to be more and more accepted, and acceptable. In the interview that follows, Tim Finn says that had it not been for the arrival of his younger brother Neil five years ago, with "I Got You" in his song folio, the band would have broken up. Neil breathed new life, youth, into a band which otherwise appeared to be on an inevitable downward path. One only has to see the band on stage now to realise that Neil and his energy are things that saved, and do still save, this band from eclipse.

But in the years before Neil arrived, it was Tim that was the sole focus, and the foundation. He wrote, sang and performed, giving everything in pursuit of his ambition of national and international success. Like most people who try for that, the ambition got him part of the way there, but after ten years at it there are still the unrealised dreams, the unsatisfied desires, and bitterness at what has been sacrificed in the attempt.

At the interview, his prepossession and self confidence dominate, but the face is no longer that of the ambitious youth who started his run a decade back with some good acid songs and a collection of costumes we all found pretty fucking weird. Now the new generation of young performers are "lapping at his heels", and that last great success which has not evaded the perhaps less creative and less honest, like Air Supply, or AC/DC, or the Little River Band, still eludes him. We talk at length, but he rarely looks the interviewer in the eyes.

RR — How does it feel to be 30?
TF — Pretty good. I didn’t experience any traumas or anything. I think I’m gonna have a better time in my 30’s, it was a bit miserable in my 20’s. By putting all those songs down, I’ve really got a lot of bad things out of me. And I really look forward to my 30’s. Age is irrelevant anyway. Nigel Griggs, our bass player, always says that unless you know the exact day you’re gonna die — age is irrelevant. And I sort of believe that. You have to rationalise it that way anyway, as you get older.

RR — Yes, I think there are endless rationalisations. You did work a lot of those bad things out in the Time and Tide songs.

The thing that was interesting for me, was that Six Months In A Leaky Boat and Haul Away are both very beautiful songs, and they’re about such terrible things.

TF — Well, I mean, Haul Away has got a bit of humour in it. It’s not entirely a bleak song. It talks about lost love and growing old and what ambition has done to me, and all sorts of things. I think it also has a positive sort of buoyant attitude. The music is quite soothing and has a fairly happy sound to it. The lyrics can be quite bleak. Split Enz do that a lot. We’re trying to cover both things. Cos we’ve always believed that there are two sides. Nothing’s ever that black, and nothing’s ever light.

RR — One gives an edge to the other perhaps.
TF — Yeah, you need one to have the other. So that’s about the size of that one, but I think there’s a lot of positive spirit on Time and Tide, despite the way I was feeling. We were very emotional during that album really. Rejoicing almost inwardly that the band was still strong and we sort of felt young again. With Noel on the drums and a lot of that comes through I think.

RR — Six Months In A Leaky Boat — is about a nervous breakdown as well?
TF — No, not really. No. Not so much. It’s more about various things. It starts off with — When I was a young boy and talks about that, and how you lose those sort of feelings. It’s a song about the spirit of adventure, that’s still alive in everybody, but sometimes it gets a bit suppressed. And also it does talk about a
relationship. Any bad time can be referred to as six months spent in a leaky boat. It's sort of general in a way. Dirty Creatures is more to do with the dark side of my psyche if you like. That's more of a darker song. Six Months is quite a jaunty positive song.

RR — You say you were brought up as a Catholic. Have you got any sort of residue influence from that?

TF — I think so. I have a certain openness to spirituality. To any thoughts or feelings or opinions that people might offer, about God or religion. Or man's destiny and the world's destiny. Whatever — the deeper sorts of subjects or the bigger subjects. I'm very open to all of that and I'm less open to wordly persuasions really, so its helped shape my personality. But organised religion leaves me cold. There's lots of side aspects to religion that can be really useful and beneficial. I believe in love and loving your fellow man, and basically being good. And I believe the world will eventually improve and become a much better place. I am an optimist about it all. Whilst recognising the dangers.

RR — You spoke about ambition earlier, are there enough rewards in the rock music business for you?

TF — The rewards come almost by accident, you don't even notice them half the time. Coming back to Australia and having a single and album doing so well, is a real reward, gratification. Although, it's not just that — because we really pour our hearts out on the album and it seems like the fans or the people who, follow us are appreciating the openness almost. Of the album. So there's a reward in that. And there's a few financial rewards obviously. I'm better off than I used to be, because of music. I don't like being too ambitious, I think ambition can be quite a deadly sort of virus almost. You have to realise what you can achieve and lower your sights a little sometimes. You can't always hope for the best. I'm not really clear on ambition because I've got a lot of it. And I can't really be objective about it, because it still governs my life, to a large extent. My ambitions are for the band, and my music.

RR — What are your ambitions for the band?

TF — I still think that eventually we'll be accepted internationally. Hopefully the same way we are here. That's been my dream right from the start. That we'd be seen in a larger internationally. Hopefully the same way we are here. That's been a position to be quite powerful, in that field. And raise money. So that the songs will be the instigator of that particular cause. I'm more interested in things that are closer to home. Like the French nuclear thing — that makes me angry. Chile and El Salvador, it seems, are that far away. I know it's all part of the same global struggle though. But I also feel interested also in things like developing alternative energy sources. Like developing solar energy, and wind energy, and harnessing the ocean. And all those ways that we could be powering the world.

I find all that really fascinating and interesting, and really important because it will change the economic structure of the world too, if the ways of developing other energy were developed. For example, you wouldn't have this one big nuclear reactor and employing, say, 500 people. You'd have 500 factories all over Melbourne or wherever, creating solar panels or whatever, and it would just create jobs and break the stranglehold of the oil, etc etc. But you can't just come out and do a benefit for "solar energy". I don't know — maybe you could.

RR — Landrights for instance.

TF — Landrights in New Zealand too, with the Maori people. They're angry deep down about the way they've been treated. It's not as severe as here with the Aborigines. There's a lot of injustice in the world.

RR — But you'd have to be approached to do something like that?

TF — I think so yeah. Yes and no. We're talked about it enough times, we really want to do it, we feel guilty almost that we haven't yet come out and done anything like that. And we are in a position to be quite powerful, in that field. And raise money. So
I think we will do it. But, somehow you do get caught up in the treadmill of ambition. And it’s like, we’re off to America now, we’re off to Canada now, then we come back to Australia and do a tour, and then we’ve got to rest. You don’t necessarily think about planning a benefit. Maybe that’s a cop out, I don’t know.

RR — What are your favourite Split Enz songs?
TF — I don’t want to go right back cos its another Split Enz almost. My songs — I would say, Charlie, I Hope I Never, Poor Boy, Dirty Creature.

RR — Roughest Toughest Game?
TF — Yeah, there’s quite a few on that “Frenzy” album. That one almost got overlooked. I think that one could be done by some other artist, I could almost sell that one.

RR — Like Body and Soul?
TF — Yeah, sort of simple and gutsy. It could be done quite well.

RR — What did you think of Jo Kennedy’s version of it?
TF — No comment.

“I don’t like being too ambitious. I think ambition can be quite a deadly sort of virus.”

RR — Could you ever foresee playing with Phil Judd again?
TF — Yeah, we’ve talked about it, we’re still mates and if it happened, it would happen. I’d like to do it, it would be good fun. But only if we both wanted to do it and if there was a reason for it. Like, if there was an EP or just a single or something. And we decided for the hell of it — 10 years anniversary — let’s do a single, I wouldn’t mind. Be quite good, but I think we’ve realised over the years, we’ve probably grown apart quite a lot. We were obviously very close in the early days.

RR — What’s it like to have Neil in the band now?
TF — Oh it’s great. I thank my lucky stars every day. He’s right up there and away with me writing songs, but there’s no ego, no nastiness or trying to suppress each other, which there used to be a bit with me and Phil. We’re brothers and we can say anything to each other, and half an hour later we’ll be friends again. Or brothers again. You can’t beat it. Also, Neil’s provided that youthful aspect and he came out and wrote some simple good pop songs and he saved our arse. I Got You, if that hadn’t come along, we would have broken up. That would have been the end of Split Enz. So he really saved the band — it’s quite amusing.

RR — If that hadn’t eventuated?
TF — Yeah, before “True Colours” we were facing the end. We were floundering really badly for a while. Really desperate people. It was terrible, an awful period. I can hardly remember now how bleak things looked, but they really did.

RR — Now, you’re wearing lots of orange today. Is that significant?
TF — I’m one of the ORANGE People. (laughs). No — I just love orange. Three years ago I used to get away with purple, but now there’s a few guys wearing purple. So I’m just clinging to orange because it’s the last bastion of originality. Orange People — the whole idea of it is so amusing. Wearing orange clothes and having as much sex as you can, wearing this thing around your neck that say’s you’re a holy person. I don’t know, I don’t knock it. I like orange, its a good earthy colour. It’s of the earth, of the world.

RR — What about costume in general — on stage. You’ve sort of dispensed with all of that.
TF — A lot of it yeah. We’re not sure where we’re going next though. We might go violently extreme again in the next album. We’re really not sure. Who knows! At the moment we’re just wearing what suits “Time and Tide”. We always go with the album. Whatever the album suggests.

RR — Is Noel dreaming something up?
TF — Yeah, he’s got a gleam in his eye I think.

RR — At the age of 30 do you feel completely open in your directions and ideas? Have you closed in at all?
TF — No, I feel very open. As long as you can fall in love you can stay young forever. No comment.
Ivan Lendl, the bouncing Czech, seems poised to topple McEnroe, Connors and Borg as the No. 1 in world tennis. Jillian Burt profiles Lendl and examines the behind the scenes machinations of big tournament tennis.

Tony Parsons and Julie Burchill were a mean writing team, siring the boots deep into rock and roll. They wrote "The Boy Looked at Johnny — The Obituary of Rock and Roll" after just two years of active duty on the staff of New Musical Express, denouncing perfect punk credibility.

Tony poured everything he knew about the rock industry into a punchy novel, "Platinum Logic," a gutsy, hard and fast read. He barely caught his breath and lunged into the just released follow up novel "Winners and Losers" (Pan paperback, $4.95). It is far more pessimistic and unpleasant than "Platinum Logic" and betrays carelessness of prose through haste.

Torn Sayre — fashion model (at least partly Jerry Hall) and Johnny Sangster — tennis champ (equal parts Jimmy Connors and John McEnroe) are the "Winners and Losers", in what the author describes as a "vicious love story".

I telephone Tony Parsons. We talked about his books ... the film rights to "Platinum Logic" have been sold ... the new novel (yes another novel!) is to be called "Limelight" and is about mods ... but mostly we talked about tennis. Tony revealed that he used the N.M.E. writers major perk, the trip to New York, as a front to see Jimmy Connors play tennis. Tony would accompany some dodgy band like Thin Lizzy and slip out of the back door of Madison Square Gardens and hot foot it down to the Flushing Meadow Tennis Stadium. He disclosed, sheepishly, in his gruff Sarf East London drawl, that he had joined the John McEnroe fan club — the only fan club he's ever been in!

There's a general feeling that the pop stars of tomorrow are the tennis celebrities of today. Concert promoter Paul Dainty is on record saying just that when explaining the rationale for moving from touring ABBA and David Bowie to Bjorn Borg and John McEnroe. It makes sense. Good tennis is magnificent entertainment and tennis champs are young, rich, jet setting and superbly athletic (as if to compensate for not being — on the whole — wildly handsome). And tennis players command performance fees, just like entertainers.

John McEnroe and Vitas Gerulaitis, no slouches on the court, are going to be rock stars; seizing every opportunity to leap onstage with rock bands. While in Melbourne for the 1982 Mazda Super Challenge, Vitas renewed a friendship with a band called the Racket — that nobody else in Melbourne has heard of. A photograph of Vitas and his band buddies, posed Status Quo style, appeared in the Melbourne Sun. Vitas gushed about wanting to appear on Countdown with them. Well, you saw Molly Meldrum and John McEnroe in the milk ad John McEnroe and Carlos Santana are in Rolling Stone looking buddy buddy, and the first chapter of the premature biography of McEnroe, "A Rage For Perfection" reviews McEnroe sweating out Rolling Stones covers with a band at a small New Years Eve party. Every inch the kid with stars in his eyes, who, with his guitar in the privacy of this own room IS a rock hero. I have a vision of McEnroe and Gerulaitis in the dressing room before a match, with a radio turned up loud strumming away on their racquets. To be a rock star is a genuine old fashioned ambition.

The pop star treatment was accorded tennis champs in Honey Magazine. Honey, an English teenagers equivalent to Dolly, carried a breathless, giggly pre-Wimbledon feature this year. It doesn't tell you that the fast afoot Vitas Gerulaitis doesn't mind the grass surface at Wimbledon, but prefers something speedier like supreme. Honey says: "Vitas may not be the world's number one tennis ace, but he's certainly the tennis circuit's number one heart throb. A still diesty 27 ... etc." Honey has been entirely dismissive of the player destined for number one, 28 year old Czech Ivan Lendl because: "he's something of an also ran in the pin-up stakes (duck teeth are a problem). Lendl and Gerulaitis played out the final of the Super Challenge this year, with Lendl triumphing in straight sets 6-2, 6-2, 7-5. Lendl was completely the champion, topspinning ground strokes on both sides of the court; repeatedly breaking Gerulaitis' serve and placing remarkable passing shots. Gerulaitis' own game wasn't really at fault, he rallied and served well enough, but Lendl was in another realm.

The smooth, incident free final was a marked contrast to the preceding days of the tournament. As it progressed John Brown had only to stand in the press room gazing wildly, rubbing his hands together and announce "I think its time for another beer" to have us scattering for tape-recorders and notebooks. It was our signal that the tournament director was about to unfold another drama in the soap opera.

On finals day a cartoon appeared, tacked on the wall of the V.I.P. Lounge. Captioned Mazda Super Headache 1982, it made much of the first three and a half days worth of drama. Ivan Lendl was drawn chained to the net for unpunctuality. Jimmy Connors was crumbling under a heavy slap on the back. Vitas Gerulaitis was tearing off court after the call was "two blondes in the dressing room", Johan Kriek had fashioned his unflappable calm manoeuvring of each disaster into a winning combination.

The Challenge is a 'special event', a series of exhibition matches in the guise of a tournament. Players receive no points, towards their world rankings, but can command the big appearance fees that they are not allowed to accept for Grand Prix tournaments. Grand Prix tournaments are about reputations and exhibitions are about bank balances. The genuine competitiveness of this sort of event is questionable, but the hand-picked limited field of the world's top players promises entertaining tennis nevertheless.

The names Donald Dell and Mark McCormack don't mean much, if anything, to the man on the street, but one of these two names is behind virtually every major tennis player on the circuit. They're agents — 'super agents' — that manage players, tournaments, television rights for events and more ... Mark McCormack's International Management Group (IMG) even handles the affairs of Captain Mark Phillips, Michael Parkinson, royal dressmakers the Emanuel's, and — surprisingly — the Pope! And a hefty slice of the tennis market.

Donald Dell's nickname is apparently "Donald Dell", his company Pro Serv, was responsible for the situation that had Johan Kriek crumpling under the pressure of three major tournaments in 14 days (he'd been in Naples, come to Melbourne and was on route to a tournament in Tokyo). Pro Serv, it has been alleged, provided Ivan Lendl with scant details about the Super Challenge schedule and didn't make sure that he caught his plane. He started his matches three days into the tournament.

One could be forgiven for charging Pro Serv and IMG with treating their players as merchan- disable commodities before treating them as perfectly human tennis players. Connors, Mayer, Lendl and the rest ... all ad- mitted impossible schedules of around 30 weeks of tournament tennis this year. Lendl's guess was closer to 40 weeks. The players,
spurred on by their agents, are cartwheeling around the world collecting an enormous amount of money, but are the public or the tournaments getting value for money?

Tournament director John Brown comments on the management groups issue: "I think that as far as the management companies are concerned, although they now exert tremendous influence on the game, there'd be a danger of that being to the detriment of the game if they become tournament organisers, tournament promoters and also managers of the players as well. They'd have a very nice little cartel type operation going and that wouldn't be too good."

"IMG in particular run a lot of their own tournaments and Pro Serv also run tournaments. The difficulty at the moment in that (the cartel) occurring is that the two management groups don't get together. If those two management groups started doing joint exercises then that could be a real danger."

"We're tending to paint the picture of the management groups as ogres, but really they are a very essential part of the tennis organisation. The players need the management groups just as much as the management groups need the players. Ivan Lendl, all he really has to do is say "yes, I'll play this, no, I won't play that" and turn up at the tournament. He doesn't have to worry about his racquets, his clothes, his airline bookings or anything. The management group does everything for him. So all the player has to do is play tennis. Not only is all of that taken off his hands, but most times the player is not competent at handling that sort of situation. The danger is when the groups step outside of that role, and start to exert influence in areas other than just that — managing players."

The joke became that the final would be played between the "last two men left standing"... "This is ABC Sport, bringing you the final of the Mazda Super Challenge. Live from St. Vincent's Hospital." Gerulaitis hugged an ice-pack to a groin injury after coming off court (a slipped disco?), Gene Mayer exhibited an arm injury, and Lendl was asked whether his elbow problem would cause him too to withdraw, "just for fun I'll say yes" he replied mischievously.

Lendl was the undisputed star of the tournament. He rose to the occasion — jet lagged or not — and went a long way todispelling the Stonefaced Ivan the Terrible image that has built up around him. He smiled a lot on court, and joked with his opponents even, but the final was another matter. On finals night Lendl was an impenetrable wall of aggression and determination, working for the quick, clean kill.

The Lendl style of tennis is merciless. His presence suggests that he believes that it is his God-given right to destroy the game of his opponent. He has the demeanour of a champion and the ability to summon even more drive and precision if the game should wander from his control. After coolly wrapping up Vitas Gerulaitis in the final, Lendl commented: "I was playing really well. I missed how many shots I don't know — not too many, and any time I needed a point I just got it, with an ace or a passing shot or whatever." It reads like conceit, but is merely the product of his extraordinary mental strength and icy self control.

Lendl is a fascinating character, mysterious and unfathomable. Off court he exhibited a great deal of boyish charm, a devastating smile and an unexpected sense of humour, but still held a lot in reserve.

Polish tennis player Wojtek Fibak, Lendl's coach, advisor and close friend, is reputedly responsible for softening Lendl's character and encouraging his reading in arts, languages and politics. During the tournament Lendl confirmed that Fibak has been campaigning for him, "Since Wojtek as been saying it many times, around and around, that I enjoy tennis and like having fun, people notice it now. Before they would not see it."

There's an unbridgeable gulf between Lendl and his competitors with pop-stars in their eyes. Solitary pleasures... golf, chess, solving a Rubiks Cube... are Lendl's forms of relaxation. He doesn't join McEnroe, Gerulaitis, Lott (and even Borg of late) et al at disco and rock concerts with armfuls of blondes, and it could well be that Lendl's iron will and dedication to task will be the factor that will move him past Connors and McEnroe into the number one position and hold a firm grip on it.
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In Dakar, the capital of Senegambia, the sand drifts into the street, people doze on pieces of cardboard at the foot of pale painted buildings, while in the diplomatic quarter lepers beg from shoppers buying imported Beaujolais and Camembert. The days are hot and steamy but at night when the sea breeze comes in people go out onto the streets and dance to radios, sit and play cards, or eat small meat brochettes over charcoal burners. The night air is full of the sounds of crickets, cockerels, the mullahs’ cries from the mosque, and radios playing kora music, and Central and West African reggae.
Some of the first music we heard in Africa was “Les Etoiles de Dakar”, (the Dakar Stars), a popular, local highlife band, featuring electric guitars with a Carribean influence, a blaring celebratory brass section, and African drums handmade from wood and skin. Among these drums was a ‘tama’ or ‘donno’, an hourglass-shaped drum with a top and bottom skin, connected by loops of leather thonging. The tama is held under one arm and hit with a curved stick held in the other hand. By squeezing the thonging under the armpit the tension is altered on the drumheads, and the pitch of the drum is made to rise and fall. Bottlegs of the band were available everywhere, the music advertised by being blared out of the massively distorted portable cassette players one finds throughout the developing world.

We spent out days in Dakar going back and forth from the Ministry of Cultural Archives. The ministry was a marvel of nepotism, and we were always being introduced to someone’s brother or cousin or auntie. But at the same time the institution was very open and we were allowed to listen to their collection of recordings and even to dub samples from all the language groups of the country. These included a Diola exorcism, a Serer and Peul praise singing, a Wolof marriage, a Badik fecundity ceremony, and songs from the Bambara, Bassaris and Serer and Peul praise singing, a Wolof poet-praise singers who sing or speak, often accompanied by drums. Because the Wolof language was oral, they were often the historians of their people, telling of old wars and kings. They praised people who paid them well, and also had licence to abuse publicly those who didn’t. We waited for four days at Richard Toll, a town near the Mauritanian border at the southern extreme of the Sahara. Eventually the centre of the town was closed off with long sections of cloth, and fourteen drummers arrived in a truck, along with the girots and some khalam players. Many of the players and some of the girots were in their twenties, indicating a healthy tradition. When the townspeople had gathered, the music began and continued all night.

Extremely intricate rhythms were compounded by the fourteen drummers, and the girots rasped out their histories and praises of their Muslim chiefs into battered loudspeakers powered by a line of car batteries. The Wolofs (perhaps due to strong Muslim influence) did not get their kicks out of dancing, but by walking up through the crowd, dressed in their finest silk or printed cotton robes, and putting money into the performers’ pockets.

With our collection of recordings already growing, we decided to head south towards the more tropical region of Senegal. Crossing the Gambia River, we were invited to stay in a tiny village of mudbrick houses with thatch roofs, without electricity, or running water though even here was to be found a portable cassette with a collection of tapes, mostly reggae. I remembered seeing “Vivre Bob Marley” painted on a mud wall.

In the Gambian village of Tendaba, one night down by the river we came across an unusual sight. Three women drummers were performing on tin drum, wooden barrel, and a drum made by floating a gourd upside down in a basin of water. They were backing a male singer, but grew tired of him and suddenly broke into a racing beat, at which sign the singer was swamped by fifty young girls dancing wildly, forgetting the day’s hard work: In these villages the dawn is accompanied by the sounds of roosters crowing and the steady thump of the women pounding rice, one of their heavy round of chores.

From the Gambia we travelled down to the Casamance river and stayed in the town of Ziguinchor which was alive each night with music. One evening I was lying on my bed, when my ears were astounded by beautiful music floating through the window. Sitting on a mat in the courtyard outside was a man called Abdoulay Cissako, playing a kora. The kora is made from a large gourd covered with cali hide — this section being used as a sounding box. From the sounding box, gut strings of different thickness are stretched up to a central pole, two or three feet long. This kora had twenty one strings. The strings are played with a plucking motion by the thumb and first finger of each hand, one hand producing a bass line on the thicker strings, and the other hand working a melody.

I asked Abdoulay to play for me, and paid him as was the custom. The first song he did was a standard piece for kora, but the following songs were more particular, and good examples of the “Casamance Style”, with a strong syncopated bass line. Sometimes he sang in Mandinka and was joined by his wife who tapped on the side of the kora and also sang. The kora is an instrument unique to the Mandinka’s. To western ears it often sounds out of tune with itself, but in fact has been scrupulously tuned to sound just as it does. The kora is the most “classical” of the Afrikan instruments we came across, and seems to have some faint echoes of Arab music.

As we progressed further towards the Guinea Bissau border the forests grew taller, the country more lushly tropical, and we entered the territory of the Diola. We built a camp on the beach at Cap Skirring and tried
to accustomed ourselves to our visitors, who would sometimes form a ring around us and mutely stare. One day we heard drums in the distance and rushed into the village. The music was coming from a celebration held to mark the birthday of the Diola village chief.

The party lasted for three days and nights, though most of the drumming was done at night to avoid the heat. The palm wine was flowing, and powerful trance-like mental states were produced by the non-stop drumming. One man, Malamin Gaudieby, played drums and was partnered by Baba Dieudhiou, a magic man playing a unique cross-shaped flute. Groups of women beat tapping sticks made from palm tree wood, and once again the dance style was the frenetic shaking bird dance.

I was taught to dance here, but my first attempts were so stiff and jerky that I earned the nickname “the chicken”. Dancers entered the centre of the ring one or two at a time, often carrying handkerchiefs in order to give them to other dancers waiting on the perimeter of the ring. Giving a handkerchief meant “I’d like to see you dance”. We began to notice the mental effects of long repetitive sequences of drumming. The ear begins to hear different parts of the beat, and recomposes them so as to hear rhythms within rhythms. After hours of continuous dancing and drumming and palm wine drinking, everyone forgets their background, their money, their problems, and simply becomes part of the beat; of the dance.

At the chief’s birthday party we also recorded a solo performance of Baba Diedhiou playing cross-shaped flute. Back in London at the British Institute of Recorded Sound they told us that this was probably a unique flute. They had never heard of it before. The flute had a large vertical pipe in the centre and at a right angle to this on each side was a small lateral pipe. Baba got eight different sounds out of the flute — although it only had three holes — by half stopping the holes, and using overblowing techniques. Baba Dieudhiou bobbed up everywhere in the Casamance, wearing his head dress of white horse hair and was something of a magic man, being hired for many different occasions.

As we explored the Casamance region we encountered different groups of Fetishists. In the village of Mlomp we saw a talking drum and near it, in a mud brick shelter, a death drum which was only used to send messages of bereavement. Both these drums were taboo, and not to be touched by strangers. The talking drums were large hollowed out wooden logs with a slit in the top. Different hollowing under each side of the slit gave the drum a high toned lip and a low toned lip. It is by imitating the tone pattern of the spoken language with drumming on the high and low toned lips, that messages are sent by talking drum. Traditional poetic phrases are used, to help the listener interpret the tone patterns in the drumming.

Drums are still religious objects to certain people, and an English friend spoke of how at a fetishist party recently he had tapped lightly on a drum he found lying around, and the owner of the drum had jumped up instantly and demanded a pig from him in repayment for interfering with the drum’s spirit. The man was eventually talked out of it with the aid of some of the fetishists.

After returning to Ziguinchor we recorded drumming involved with common social events such as soccer games, wrestling matches and child naming ceremonies. At the wrestling matches the entire programme was set to drums, and whenever a wrestler won a bout he danced around the sand arena followed by a train of drummers who changed to an especially fast celebratory beat. This was also a sign to give money to the winning wrestler and the drummers.

It was always treated as the “done thing” to give money to musicians, and all but one of the events we saw was free to watch, the musicians depending on the “donation” principle for a living. They almost never had to ask for payment, people considering it normal and natural to pay for such a community service, although we recorded an example of some Serer drummers playing a beat that meant “give money now”.

We next headed off for a small island called Carabane, located where the Casamance river comes out to sea. We lived on the beach not far from old slave buildings, crumbling and overgrown with bougainvillea. One afternoon we heard music coming from across the water, and saw three long boats approaching the island. The drummers were seated in the back, playing, and we recognised the flute playing of Baba Dieudhiou. The islanders put on their best robes, picked up their tapping sticks, and gathered in the town square where a dance was held. A man wearing a devil mask terrorised the young children with his dancing. After some hours of intense music we asked a bystander what the occasion was. He said it was a meeting of the Socialist Party of Senegal.

Michael Ladd has produced an hour long cassette of recordings, including the Diola village chief’s birthday party, kora by Abdolai Cissako, cross-shaped flute by Baba Dieudhiou, Mandinka women drummers, the Wolof girot and other items. Those interested in obtaining a copy should write, enclosing name and address, to Matjara Music, 6 Alison Ave. Blackwood, S.A. 5051!
Notwithstanding the twin tribal scars that rise up vertically from around the chin-line of his moderate beard to just below each eye, the trim-haired King Sunny Ade is an unassuming, mild figure.

His synthetic serge trousers are in that powder blue that is so popular a colour of the safari-style suits worn in tropical countries. They make a sort of match with his navy-blue cotton anorak, which is worn over King Sunny’s only exotic garment, a collarless, floral-patterned, pink and grey shirt.

When I climb up to the top floor of Island Records’ West London offices, and suddenly come face to face with a devastatingly imposing, grey-bearded, tall man in traditional African robes I assume that he is King Sunny. But he is only one of the Nigerian Juju musicians’ several managers — he has a full complement with him of such people, a contract of managers is, I suppose, the collective noun.

King Sunny Ade has made 40 albums. These days none of them sells less than 200,000 copies. In London, CHRIS SALEWICZ meets the man who is spearheading a cultural revolution.

King Sunny Ade himself really does look rather too nice to be someone who is spearheading a cultural revolution. For following Island Records’ statement of intent with its two Sound D'Afrique compilations, King Sunny Ade And The African Beats have become the first African artists to whom the label has given a full LP release — namely, to the ‘Juju Music’ album. Island intends to push African music with the same passion it devoted to reggae ten years ago.

Certainly Africa is the current hip continent.

In England this is only now becoming apparent. But in France it has been unquestionably evident for at least eighteen months. A French journalist friend recently told me that these days you can hardly turn round in the darkest heart of Africa without tripping over whole editorial teams of Gallic newshounds, all searching desperately for the true pulse of a continent. True to form, the next French writer I ran into informed me that the purest form of music — its very primeval essence, as it were — is only made by Zairean pygmies. It is not believed that Zairean pygmy music is as yet widely obtainable on record.

In fact, this sudden espousal of Africa is understandable. After all, the Back To Africa theme is part of the iconography of reggae, and Jamaica itself was one of the very hippest countries of the seventies. Malcolm McLaren himself also partially instigated what will be the inevitable plundering of African culture through his lending failed punk starlet Adam Ant a collection of recordings made by The Warrior Drummers Of Burundi — which, almost predictably, McLaren had acquired in Paris. Meanwhile, the British Funk movement has no doubt gone some of the way to persuading British musicians and music fans to look to the source of the music they are playing: the rhythms in most Western popular music having come from Africa in the first place — though despite the notion’s appeal to liberal consciences, Africa is by no means the only inspiration of Western pop.

It is apt that Island Records, who nearly bankrupted themselves in breaking Bob Marley, should be leading the field with the Sound D'Afrique records — attempts, one suspects, at offering an African equivalent of what the label’s ‘Harder They Come’ LP proved to be for reggae.
King Sunny Ade has released forty albums in Nigeria over the past twelve years, and these days none of them sells under 200,000 copies. Rather than just the title of his first English LP release, Juju Music is a mass market genre. The liner notes of his last album state that Juju is "a tough modern music freely drawn on the traditions of the Yoruba, Nigeria's largest tribe. Juju Music is rooted in the complex call-and-response between the talking drums and the singers."

Those sleeve notes do not prepare you for the elements of salsa and jazz and dub and Western pop that fuse together in the music of The African Beats. Nor do they ready you for the sense of calm and clarity that descend upon you as you listen to the record. It is inspirational stuff, as is much of the Sound D'Afrique music.

It was to find out more than those sleeve notes offer that I talked to King Sunny Ade during the visit he was making to London to supervise the cutting of a further LP — this will only be released in Nigeria, much of King Sunny's prolific output as yet being reserved only for domestic consumption.

This is what I learned: Juju was first heard of sometime in the 1920s. In the late 1950s Western instruments began to be used by Juju musicians. But "talking drums" remained the basis of the music, fulfilling the function in Western pop of the bass guitar — all the same, electric basses have now been introduced into Juju groups to supplement the sound.

Juju is a music that appears to be peculiar to the Yoruba tribe, of whom there are eighty million in and around Nigeria: the whole of Western Africa, incidentally, is influenced by the music that comes out of Nigeria, whilst Southern Africa takes its sounds from Zaire. (From pygmy music? ...)

Fuji Music is big in Nigeria as well, and has been since the sixties. Fuji also consists of the sound of talking drums, but with very complex rhythms, over which vocals are laid.

Fela Ransome Kuti's music is no longer as popular as it once was, its sound now being regarded as rather dated. There is a connection between Fela and King Sunny Ade that is not just due to the former's decline and the latter's ascendancy. Appropriately enough, it is a French Connection.

Last year French record producer and entrepreneur Martin Meissonnier put on a Fela show in Paris. But he did not reckon on the musician bringing with him a seventy-strong entourage, whose upkeep bankrupted him. Attempting to return to solvency whilst at the same time removing himself from the attentions of his creditors, Meissonnier disappeared down to Nigeria. There he teamed up with King Sunny Ade, arranging his deal with Island, and also producing the 'Juju Music' LP as well as playing keyboards on it.

King Sunny himself hails from the Nigerian town of Ondo, and he is a crown prince of the Ondo tribe. In 1963 he first took up the guitar. He was inspired by I K Diaro, the founding father of Juju, and in 1966 formed a group, The Green Spots, who based themselves in Lagos, the Nigerian capital. The line-up of this eight-piece consisted of guitar, conga, maraccas, native maraccas, samba, gongoes, short conga, talking drums, and bass drum. In 1967, King Sunny tells me, "I waxed my first record." It was called 'Alamu Mi Oluwa' which translates as 'God Is Merciful'. But, King Sunny says with a laugh, "we only sold twenty or thirty copies."

Obviously calling on what seems to be a shrewd commercial sense, The Green Spots' second 45 was entitled 'The Flaming Flamingoes', the name of one of Nigeria's most popular football clubs, to whom the record was dedicated. It was a big hit, at least with Flaming Flamingoes' fans, of whom King Sunny himself is one.

A succession of hit singles followed. In 1970 The Green Spots recorded their first album: side one consisted of just one piece of music, whilst a number of songs made up the second side. "It was the first time that Juju Music had been stretched like that over one side of an LP," proclaims King Sunny proudly. The record was one of the year's most successful albums, selling 130,000 copies. From then on, King Sunny Ade has made three albums a year. "I work very hard," smiles the King. "But in those early days there weren't any multi-track machines in Nigeria, so we would just record the band straight. Now that there are multi-tracks, everything takes much longer. There are twenty-two musicians now, so we need at least sixteen tracks."

This transition in size came about in 1973 when the group's name was changed from The Green Spots to King Sunny Ade And His African Beats.

"A cigarette company named a new product, 'Green Spot Cigarettes'," explains King Sunny. "I really didn't want to be associated with it. It meant that every time our name was mentioned it was like a commercial for the tobacco firm."

"At the time we were introducing a lot of Western instruments into our music. As we had to change our name, we called ourselves The African Beats, so that we wouldn't seem too Westernised. In fact, the sound was itself becoming much more African, so we took a name that would actually describe the beat. At the same time we really expanded the line-up."

In keeping with this image re-fit, the group leader also altered his own name, from Sunday — the day on which he had been born — to Sunny!

These early recordings were all for the African Sounds Ltd label. But in 1974 King Sunny set up his own company, which in Nigeria has released his records ever since. There are at least 600 independent labels in Nigeria, he says, as well as eight or nine majors.

The music on their records is written by The African Beats. King Sunny's function is to write the lyrics that, as lead vocalist, he sings himself.
"They are philosophical songs," he says. "They preach for love. Occasionally a song may be dedicated to an attempt to heal some aspect of society, like eradicating tribalism or corruption. But they are not political songs."

However, as most of his songs are sung in King Sunny's native Yoruba tongue — one number on the 'Juju Music' LP is in English — there will presumably be considerable difficulty for Europeans who want to understand them: though the spirit of the music certainly comes through.

"As time goes on," stresses King Sunny, "I will include more tracks in English. But English is not my mother tongue, and I don't think I speak it as well as I speak Yoruba. But at the same time to pass through the communication I will be singing in English occasionally, though never entirely."

"I think," he suggests, "that I might sing in Yoruba and write lyrics in English, so that you can sing along with them."

"Anyway," he adds, "music is a communication on its own. It's an education, as well as an entertainment."

During the Biafran war of the late sixties, in which the Ibo tribe attempted to secede from the state of Nigeria, King Sunny says that his music attempted to reflect what was really happening: "It was important to point out that the people in charge of the two sides must know for sure that wherever the battle is taking place, the young ones are there who know nothing about why it is going on. The average people didn't understand why there was a war — none of them ever expected it to happen. So we tried to remind them that whoever faces your gun is supposed to be your brother. Any war I take to be a bad war, even the war of words."

In the Island Records press office much emphasis was being made of the supposed fact that King Sunny Ade will have to retire from music on the death of his father, the reigning king, whose position Sunny will then take over. This proved a handy hook on which to hang a story for the angle-hungry Fleet Street newspapers. Unfortunately, it turns out to be utterly untrue. In fact, King Sunny looks rather amazed when I innocently quiz him about this.

"No," he denies this scurrilous attempt at PR, "I have chosen my way, and it is music. You can never leave music, because it is in you. The moment you get involved in it you can't get out. Even on your dying day you will still find yourself singing. And when you are laid down in your coffin they will sing to you. I would never believe anyone who said they were going to retire from music. Even if you just have a radio you will continue to think about it.

"I am automatically a prince, King Sunny continues, "but I was also crowned Best Musician Of The Year since 1976: so then I turned into the King of Musicians. So I'm King of Music instead. If you have a household name as a musician, you can be much more popular than a tribal king."

"By birth I am a crown prince, but I am not interested in becoming a king. I wouldn't be able to perform onstage, or do the things I like, or sleep outside the city."

"Anyway," he comes to the crux of the matter, "there's a lot of other brothers before me."

If things go according to plan, King Sunny Ade And His African Beats will be undertaking an extensive tour of Europe before Christmas. What sort of stage show should we expect, I ask him.

"Well, I don't like to blow my own trumpet until you see it. But I have won so many awards for being Nigeria's best performer and showman."

"I can play for six or seven hours nonstop. In my country, you know," he chuckles benignly, "we always enjoy ourselves from morning to night."
HISTORY CLASS

Remember to back when Zen wasn’t just another brand of laundry detergent that didn’t get your clothes white? You should. It was the 1980’s. Some of us were born then. Those who weren’t will be able to recall the era by dint of the fact that the decade since, little Nah Nah’s has done its worst to harness the supposed naivety of those years to sell everything from motorcycles to Chico Rolls. A look at the 50’s, minus the Chico Rolls, then, Eisenhower, De Gaulle, Menzies, John Wayne (pre the idiotic sentimentalism for the contaminated virgin gunman), McCarthy and the black lists. An attempt to outlaw the Australian Communist Party. The D.L.P. The Australian film and music industry in a state of total collapse. Harrington and the British A-Tests (following Churchill’s policy of 1915 of “sizing the Australians...”)(1) and still on cricket, Bradman was gone and we were vulnerable again. World politics weren’t exactly bright either. The USA was doing its best to destroy the Chinese revolution (failed but developed the method in the 70’s with operations such as Chile and Portugal). The USA and the USSR were holding the bomb at each other’s heads, and it’s still not clear why war didn’t start in 1957. The fifties were nylon, ugliness, an age of unparalleled optimism for those with the greatest greed. As soon as the rough and gutsy edge had gone from 99% of the new (rock) music, it became an era of musical stupidity. And with the few notable exceptions, expression, philosophy and art all seemed to come to a full stop — at the same time as the mass mediæ began to realise Goebbels’ dream of total control.

Remember, this was before the Beatles. Before Cuba. Before Gough Whitlam or McEachern or even Harold Holt. Only Max Harris existed (1). This was long before the USA (although it had been synthesised for some time). Before Woodstock Rockin the Mini Minor, Op Art, the Velvet Underground, large-scale American and Australian involvement in Vietnam that not before Dien Bien Phu, before all that West Coast stuff, before Charles Buckmaster and Nigel Roberts, before “Tubular Bells” and “2001”. Hard to think none of them existed in 1959, isn’t it? But they didn’t.

WHAT DID THEN?

Here we had bodgies and widgies. We had mass migration and racism. We had massive anti-Italian feeling, and we still have it, despite all efforts to make this country less racist. We had the destruction of Aboriginal Society, and we still have that too. We’ve had that as official policy for 200 years. But we did have something else, something interesting. We had beatniks. Beatniks. It rhymes with Sputniks for those of you born after 1960 but with a great interest in the history of the Russian space programme.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

In the suburbs mostly. At best, mixed up with media resource or urbic radio, but much changed if so. Their world, though beat and beat, was the 50’s and the movement to liberate women (all of us implicitly) had been dead since the 20’s on a mass level. So they married each other, and the women raised the children and the men went out to work. The berets, tights and guppy coats, the black hair, these were put away in the top of the closet with the extra linen. “Cats” became the things the kids wanted, “chicks” became a generally abusive term for young women, and that was where the beatnik movement and lifestyle rested for 20 years — dead. Until the affluent west had been ‘through’ hippies and yippies and decadents and punks. Now the Lemon Tree is in bloom ten miles to hear a poem if it was rapped half-mocking look in the eyes. Later it was Peter, Paul and Mary on the record player or perhaps some savagery from Lenny Bruce or the more light hearted Tom Lehrer.

The Beatniks were so many things that the hippies became except they were ten years earlier and were interested in “ideas”. They liked Buddy Greco, they went to see “A Streetcar Named Desire” and loved Vivien Leigh as much as Brando. They drank coffee in shops, late at night, even in Adelaide. Their clothes were old, they made love hot war. They were, invariably, politically naive. And, probably, like Kequoc himself, still Catholics. They lived in ‘pads’, they’d walk ten miles to hear a poem if it was rapped right.

WHO WERE THEY?

In Australia, they were a pretty insignificant fringe group, but not so in Britain and the USA. They were middle-class, they had seen before, marriage, They were in the Peace Movement and the Bomb movements, which, of course, failed. They were in the extremely small minority of well-educated young people who didn’t outfit themselves in blue or grey suits or twin-sets and get jobs that would bring them lots of money. They were ‘into’ Kequoc, They were beat. They had some kind of energy, which was hard to believe if you could see them slouching along in berets and duffie-coats from a couple from China, They swore and read Jean-Paul Sartre. They listened to hip music and were, as a group, quasi-pseudo-hip-intellectual, long hair, these were put away in the top of the closet with the extra linen. “Cats” became the things the kids wanted, “chicks” became a generally abusive term for young women, and that was where the beatnik movement and lifestyle rested for 20 years — dead. Until the affluent west had been ‘through’ hippies and yippies and decadents and punks. Now the Lemon Tree is in bloom again, and the desolation angels are all out there on the streets. You might not have noticed it in your city, but look close and you’ll see. The beatnik have returned!

ECONOMIC ANALYSIS

Part of the reason for the Beatnik Revival is that the western world is the Depression. The Arabs no longer get skinned for their oil, and just running itself costs the industrialised world more all the time. The cybernetic revolution is cutting the jobs needed to be done by our hands. The dope is becoming the new wage of the masses — and this situation can only become accentuated. But the
people who are in this position are far better educated than their unemployed predecessors . . . and have different cultural aspirations. They are also different from those around them in that they 'll spend their dole cheque on a new pair of runners or an old coat plus a cinema ticket, rather than a chenille bedspread.

"Jack Kerouac sat beside me on a busted iron pole; companion, we thought the same thoughts of the soul, bleak and blue and sad-eyed, surrounded by the gnarled steel roots of trees of machinery."

from "Sunflower Sutra", Allen Ginsberg

WHERE TO SEE THEM

Any street, any coffee shop, but especially "Reggio's", or the "Black Cat". They're the people in second-hand record shops combing the baskets of 50's and early 60's discs as they seek out PP&M or Buddy Greco. They come in all shapes and sizes, and the only adjective that can really link them is 'beat'. No, beat isn't just something that XTC use to convince young people they're making music, it's a whole way of life. It's like Young. But you don't have to be young to be a beatnik.

Sydney for instance, is crammed with older beatniks. Socialites with tatty jumpers, politicians who want to colonise the moon, they're all here. It's on in your city too. You just haven't noticed it yet. Australia is being peopled by a silent army of beatniks, with soft eyes and cashmere jumpers. Go out and look. Beatniks are everywhere, with Kerouac under their arms, and the brooding shirt of Neale Cassidy. They are the energy resource of tomorrow. See them click their fingers.

Felix Ward

The Bard of Salford

John Cooper Clarke

Nineteenth century clobber in a twentieth century hotel room. Surrealism, baby.

"I lean towards the nineteenth century poets," says John Cooper Clarke, who also happens to dress like them. "Percy Shelley, all them. I want an all female audience, y'know."

What, Shelley used to read live?

"Oh yeah, yeah, he used to do gigs. When he wasn't 'anging around graveyards, or trying to drown himself."

On stage, John Cooper Clarke is a mass of hair and suit and shades with a million mile an hour mouth. Offstage, and to be specific, in his hotel room at the Cosmopolitan Inn, Bondi, he's an even bigger mass of hair, suit and shades. His mouth doesn't move as quickly, but he can still be very funny.

Other favourite poets? Baudelaire, yup, and Coleridge. "In fact," says Clarke, in his unmistakeable Manchester drawl, "When I first started in this business I was thinking of calling myself John Kubla Khan."

Popular poets are a rare commodity in the machine age, but then John Cooper Clarke is very much a machine-age poet. He reads 'em fast, a veritable torrent of words and images punctuated only by gasps for air. You have to strain to catch them all — a valuable asset in holding an audience's attention, and one that a new generation of punk/skinhead poets in the UK have adopted with alacrity. For example:

"Seeing Wells, 'e's from Leeds. 'E's a skin 'ead. He does poems about . . . beer. Attila the Stockbroker, 'e's from Harlow New Town. 'E's alright, but 'e's a bit of an obvious Trotskyist. He wears 'is political heart on 'is sleeve."

As well as the new poets, who like Clarke, perform in rock pubs, the 'established' poetry scene have sought JCC's patronage. British poet Michael Horovitz organised an event called the Poetry Olympics last year which saw new and established poets sharing a bill at Westminster Abbey, "That's where the Queen gets married, y'know."

It was a success, says Clarke, in as much as the established poets are working and making a living again.

Cooper Clarke's favourite new English poet is Lynton Kwesi Johnson, a young black whose poetry, like JCC's, is strongly laced with social comment and reality. The two poets did a British tour together, the best tour he's ever done, according to Clarke.

"We complemented each other perfectly, cos he's a slow, intense, moody reader and I'm, y'know, fast."

Cooper Clarke came to Australia with fellow Manchurians, New Order, some of whom have played on the Bard of Salford's albums. In fact Cooper Clarke often supported Joy Division, before singer Ian Curtis committed suicide and the remainder of the band became New Order. Cooper Clarke sees the two acts as complementing each other, but adds wryly that he can be as depressing as them if he wants.

The tour has been an undoubted success for JCC, large crowds everywhere responding enthusiastically to his work and performance. In fact in Perth he did his longest set ever, one and a half hours, because the crowd wouldn't let him go.

Clarke confesses he's going through an indolent period at present, but isn't too worried as his muse is an erratic one. One plan he has is to rent an office and write poetry 9 to 5.

"I'm a great believer in routine," he states seriously. "It puts you in the frame of mind where you recognise inspiration when it happens. I respond very well to deadlines."

Another (half serious?) project is a recording of Shelley's 'The Mask of Anarchy', "That's a real long one that. A double album. Or even a boxed set?" he laughs.

Donald Robertson

Roadrunner 41
Jim Kerr sprawls across his bed at the Coogee Bay Hotel, the largest capacity rock pub in Sydney. In his distinctively Scottish brogue, punctuated by a stammer when his mouth can’t quite work as fast as his very agile mind, he says, “Quite honestly Donald, I feel more at home here than I do in London.”

Outside his room, as the late afternoon sun splashes on the courtyard below, the queues of people for tonight’s performance are already hundreds long and making more than enough noise to drown out the sound of the Pacific Ocean crashing onto the beach fifty yards away. The feeling is strictly reciprocal you see. Jim Kerr likes Sydney and Sydney definitely likes Jim Kerr.

A year ago when Simple Minds first ventured down under, Jim recalls reading an article on the day he arrived. It said, ‘Toss a coin to decide who are the most unknown, Simple Minds or Echo and the Bunnymen’. There was no doubt who was the most popular when both bands left the country however. Quite simply Australia took Simple Minds patented brand of Caledonian funk to its large heart, whereas the Bunnymen stayed young.

There was no doubt who was the most concerned about earthy values.

“Earlier this year,” says Jim, “we were on television a couple of times and my parents never seen the fucken sky before, or the sea. Growing up in Glasgow you’re told that anyone looking at the sky is a dreamer, or mad. They teach you to look right, and look back and look sideways to make sure that no-one else is coming, but don’t look up at the sky. But I found myself looking up and thinking, fucken hell, we live!”

The boost of self confidence generated by conquering such a far away place at their first attempt also had a relaxing effect. As Jim puts it, “Before I was always confident we had good ideas, but we were possibly trying too hard. A bit too forced. And this time, things, I don’t know, we just seemed to get things much more in perspective.”

Getting a perspective on Simple Minds is no easy task. On one level, the surface, they run with the contemporary electro-pop pack. But look closer and there’s a wildness, something old, very old, strange and yet familiar in their music. It’s almost as if they tap into some primordial wellspring of knowledge, or at least energy. Trance and dance.

“As I thought,” says Jim, “we were on television a couple of times and my parents really freaked out because they didn’t recognise me. And I can never recognise the look in my eyes either. The same with the way I move. I’m really quite a stiff person and yet playing I seem to loosen up and I can get into any form I like. I don’t know what it is.”

Strange states are not limited to stage performance for Jim either. His oblique lyrics, phrases and images darting out of the heavily conscious mind and touch deeper, hidden levels. Unlike the more contrived Bowie/Burroughs ‘cut up’ technique, where different phrases are combined randomly, often by shuffling pieces of paper, Jim Kerr’s lyrics seem to come spontaneously.

“I can just sit and look at a blank page for hours and suddenly these lines come. I don’t think about them — I don’t analyse. When I look at them later I often think, ‘What the fucken hell made me write that? What is it that came through? Because a lot of the language I would never normally use.”

Although Jim Kerr is the most recognisable element in Simple Minds, its obvious that the combination of elements within the band is what provides its crucial chemistry. Jim is quick to concede to guitarist Charlie Burchill and keyboard player Mick McNeill the collective mantle of ‘brains of the band’. Derek Forbes’ bass is the band’s main propulsion unit, although Jim candidly states that Derek’s main motivation is to be a pop star, rich and famous. The drummer at the moment, Mike Ogletree, is more or less a hired hand and provides a much less dominant sound than that provided by previous drummer Kenny Hyslop, whose playing was such a highlight of Simple Minds’ last trip down under.

But if the live performances this time didn’t quite live up to the shocking intensity of 1981, or the precision and depth of ‘New Gold Dream’, there were still precious memories to treasure. The mass sauna that was Cronulla Workers Club reverberating to the chants of ‘The American’ from a thousand sweaty throats; the eerie hush during the ‘Big Sleep’ at Sydney’s Capitol Theatre; the rush of pleasure at Selina’s during the first bars of ‘Glittering Prize’, and many others.

And now they’ve gone, there’s still ‘New Gold Dream’.

‘With this album,’ states Jim, “there was a desire to make an album that just shone. Whether it was getting played on the radio, in a discotheque or just sitting at home, it really had to shine and be bright. And have a feeling of hopefulness and optimism.

“I remember when we recorded ‘Promised You a Miracle’. We had two days to go before going to Europe and we had the song and we rang Virgin, our record company and said, ‘We think we’ve got this hit single.’ And they said, well you’ll have to demo it first and Martin Rushent’s busy at the moment so . . . and we said ‘No, we want to do it now, fresh, trust us this time.’ And they said O.K. It was a real rush job — I remember we had three hours to catch the boat to Sweden, the sun was coming up when we were doing the final mix and I was thinking ‘This isn’t us.’ And then I thought, ‘Well, what fucken is us? Because if we’re this and that and tied up in a box then we should quit right now.’

‘Promised You a Miracle’ was the first glimpse of the butterfly breaking out of its cocoon. To complete the metamorphosis, the band retired to an old farmhouse in the Highlands of Scotland. With previous albums Jim likens the bands attitude to that most students feel before an exam. ‘We almost felt we had to shine and be bright. And have a feeling of hopefulness and optimism.

A year ago when Simple Minds first ventured down under, Jim Kerr in Sydney by Donald Robertson
SMALL LEGS BUT OUR HEARTS ARE AS BIG AS CABBAGES!

“We really willed ourselves into making things happen.”

Success brings pressures as well as rewards, but because Simple Minds have evolved gradually, Jim Kerr seems aware of the dangers of going overboard on popular acclaim.

“We’re very very selfish. We want to be up there on the top, we want to be on the front pages, but we want to be private people too. I can never understate the importance of the fans or the kick we get when people identify with what we’re doing. But having to live up to what is expected of us, after the show, is a lot. I don’t want to be ignorant, and I don’t want to be a monkey having its picture taken. Because we’re people first.”

What’s more, through the services of garrulous and jovial manager Bruce Findlay and efficient and unflappable tour manager Lenny Love, Simple Minds seem very much in control of their own destiny. Their decision to kick off their world tour in Australia caused some raised eyebrows at home, but the band felt like demonstrating their gratitude for last year’s welcome.

“You all gave us a chance last year. Every other country we’ve been to, we’ve had to fight like hell for the chance. And even then sometimes it felt begrudged. We came here, we got the attention of the record company, we got the attention of JJJ, we got the big spreads in ROADRUNNER, and we hadn’t had anything like that degree of recognition from N.M.E. then. We really were knocked out.

“I mean, we’re just getting into a money making situation now, but we couldn’t afford to bring Bruce, our manager out with us. Bruce had to borrow the money to come. And he came because he wouldn’t f**k miss it for the world. He knows what it’s like, he knows the buzz here.”

The crowd noise from the courtyard below increases as the interview draws to a close. We walk to the balcony and gaze out at the throng. With the sea in the background it’s a quintessential Australian scene, yet Jim Kerr, the young man who still lives with his parents in the Gorbals area of Glasgow, doesn’t look at all out of place.
DARK SIDE OF THE WALL

THE WALL
(DIRECTOR: ALAN PARKER)

"So ya thought ya might like to go to the show To feel the warm thrill of confusion That space cadet glow Tell me is something eluding you, sunshine Is this not what you expected to see?"

In the Flesh Part 1
The Wall

The Wall is not for your average cinema goer seeking escapist entertainment. Even avid Pink Floyd fans may well feel cheated and disappointed at being subjected to Roger Waters heavy handed binge of paranoia. However, 'The Wall' stands on its own as an alienated, disturbing masterpiece. It is a compelling and extremely demanding audio-visual experience.

The film is set in the crumbling, hallucinating brain cells of a hung up and strung out rock star called Pink, played surprisingly well by Bob Geldof. We join Pink just as he realises he’s skated too far — right into the cracks in the thin ice of his psyche. We are about to witness his nervous breakdown.

Without compromise or consolation, Pink’s mind claws through itself, tearing at the most fragile and basic of emotions and instincts — loneliness, parental obsessions, sexual paranoia, self doubt etc. Intense and heavy stuff, which is remarkably portrayed on screen through superbly crafted camera work and graceful, symbolic animation, courtesy of Gerald Scarfe. The Wall’s sheer technical imagination and excellence is hard to fault.

The Wall contains a minimum of dialogue, relying almost totally on the score and lyrics from the Pink Floyd album of the same name for soundtrack. This device works extremely well and is a crucial factor in grasping the film as a whole.

Pink’s mental vomiting throws up many bleak and critical views on modern day living. Parallels are drawn between the horrors of World War II and the war zone lifestyle of modern big cities. The power of figures such as politicians or supergroup pop stars is likened to Nazism and modern day fascism. While some of the blows are off-balance and will relate only to shoulders with corresponding chips, others do hit the proverbial nail on the head.

The traumatic journey through the vortex ends with the inevitable destruction of Pink’s identity as a sane individual but also, positively, with the explosion and destruction of his wall. We hear him emerge on the outside at last, crazy but triumphant and as if with a wry grin.

"The bleeding hearts and the artists make their stand And when they've given you their all Some stagger and fall, after all it's not easy Banging your head against some mad bugger's wall."

— 'Outside the Wall'.

If you’re willing to make the effort, and are not afraid to see how your own wall measures up, then you’ll find The Wall a worthwhile experience. Recommended for all would be explorers, shrinks, anarchists, lunatics and geniuses. It’s a thin line after all.

Eilís Ni Thuathail.

I LOVE YOU E.T.

Take every major insecurity of twentieth century Western middle-class society, add the plot of 'Lassie Come Home', the worst scenes from Mary Poppins and breakfast cereal style sci-fi imagery, and there you have it. It makes Star Wars look like a literary classic.

An appallingly pointless story about a cutesy extra-terrestrial being that walks and talks like one of those battery powered life size baby dolls that cries Mama and wets itself. A being with awe inspiring psychic powers like the ability to make BMX bikes fly.

Spielberg manipulates our emotions with the precision of a sniper. He preys upon the main anxieties of our age; the search for God in temporary spiritual crisis; the desire for manifestation of the powers of the intuitive mind in the face of the oppression of rationalism, and the yearning for love both in adult and child.

Even the running dogs of patriarchy are there, every male adult in the first three quarters of the movie is shown headless, (hardly subtle), until one man appears as a pseudo father figure. The domestic setting itself typifies all the excesses of over-wealthy Californian failed family life. Spielberg engineers all this, but to what constructive end? This is pure cinematographic Onanism in the interests of profit. A thoroughly depressing movie.

SIMON PENNY
Kissing to be clever

Their first album includes

White boy (dance mix)

Do you really want to hurt me

CULTURE CLUB

LP V 2232 Cassette VC 2232
AN INDEPENDENT SINGLE

So you’re in a band, you’ve got a pretty good live following and you feel it’s time you had a record out. What do you do?

Arch Brown details the production of the Hoodoo Guru’s first single, ‘Leilani.’

Phantom Records is an independent label run from a specialist import record store in Pitt Street Sydney. Their first single was released May 1980 and since then the label has earned a reputation of being an A and R department for the major record companies, a tag the label and store partners don’t mind having.

The label and store partners are Dare Jennings and Jules Normington. Jules looks after the store and Dare runs the T-shirt factory. The label has been a great promotion for the store and achieved its own credibility and viability. Dare and Jules are quick to point out though that the label is not big business. Even big independents with runaway sales of up to 5,000 copies, which some Phantom releases have done, are not money earners.

Dare and Jules have seen the limitations and risks involved in trying to make best selling records and don’t see the risk and effort being worth the trouble. Besides, the business of the store and factory are sufficiently rewarding and time consuming.

Dare’s only too aware of the total dedication required to push bands to the top and the kick in the teeth from unsatisfied artists, who’ll move onto another label as sure as there’ll always be taxes.

Phantom operate on tape lease deals. “We only deal in finished tapes,” said Jules. The Phantom deal is 10% of 100% of sales minus Sales Tax and 5% of 100% for publishing. These terms are roughly double those offered in standard major label and publishing deals, but obviously total sales are limited.

Dare and Jules go out and see a lot of bands. Jules keeps a diary of who he sees and he may see 100 bands in a year. Earlier this year one of the bands they saw were the Hoodoo Gurus.

The clouds of fortune were gathering above the Hoodoos, a bassless/ Cramps like band. “They were riding their initial city hipness,” Dare tells, “but as soon as they thought someone else was paying they got overindulgent... they redid guitar bits and had masses of visitors in the studio to do backing vocals. Usually the good thing about independents is that people have a strict budget and they get into the studio and make them quickly.”

They went about ten hours overtime in the 24-track studio, which means the label will have to sell up to 5,000 copies to break even.

Martin Fabinyi expressed an interest in XL Capris at one time. So when Kimble Rendall asked Martin if he’d like to produce the Hoodoo’s single, he agreed. The recording took place in May and the band was there the whole time.

When the band approved the mix a lacquer was cut and the test pressings arrived at the shop two and a half weeks later. Test pressings are the first records pressed from the plates which stamp the records. One test pressing went to the band and the other was kept at the store.

After the test pressing was approved by the band an order was placed for an initial 1,500 copies, with EMI. The exact number of pressings can’t be controlled and due to a manufacturing problem only 1,135 were delivered.

Meantime the printing of covers and labels had been underway.

Two labels, one for each side are needed. The labels need to be at the record factory when the order for the first run is placed. The labels are moulded onto the surface of the record.

EMI can arrange printing and artwork of labels, but Phantom prefers to arrange their own. The stock Phantom label is kept in quantities of printers (at $221/1000). Specific details of each release are overprinted at $19/1000.

Phantom singles are distinguished by their covers, always colourful and made of durable cardboard. Jules: “It exists that way forever and so we make them so that they’ll look good forever.”

Artwork is left entirely in the hands of an artist. Dare: “They’re paid a token amount, but we allow them to do what they want. They do it for the enjoyment and a chance to see their work printed.”

Four plates were needed for the covers at a cost of $130. The printing and cardboard came to $346/1500.

The posters too, were printed with four colours. Dare: “They cost a packet, but it’s all in the spirit we approach it.”

The covers and the records were delivered to the store where they were packed by the staff. When the work load is too great helpers are hired for this process.

By middle October it had sold 841 copies; 150 in the shop, 352 elsewhere in Sydney and 189 interstate.

Manager Stuart Coupe decided which radio stations and magazines to send the record to. Phantom mailed a copy to New York Rocker magazine which failed to review it.

JJJ-FM Sydney and RRR-FM Melbourne both picked the record up immediately. In Adelaide, not only did the progressive alternative MMM-FM play it, but the record rose high on the charts of SSA-FM, a commercial station.

Phantom have more releases planned, including a Flaming Hands live EP.

Jules said the label is unaffected by the general slump in record sales. “People don’t mind paying $3.50 for a record of a band they go and see,” he said. But independents have lost the importance they had two or three years ago. Interest in them outside the hard core band followers has diminished.

Dare wishes that bands could be more clearly sighted in their approach to making their own records. Given that someone has resigned themselves to making an independent, he feels they should approach the process as a quality promotion to take to a record company. To this end he feels the high cost of Phantom covers and posters is directed.

Both Dare and Jules agreed: “Our criterion is whether we’d buy the record ourselves.”
JUST RELEASED LINN VAN HEK'S DISCO HIT 'INTIMACY' AVAILABLE AS 7 AND 12 INCH SINGLES WITH EXTENDED DUB 'B' SIDE.

THE NEW FOUR-TRACK 12" 'PAYLOAD' EP BY HUNTERS AND COLLECTORS - ONLY $4.99

HUNTERS AND COLLECTORS
This is pop porn, says Les Bean, her marraca earings flapping against the fridge as she reaches for a teapot coated in the same green, blue, purple and grey brushstrokes as is every visible surface in the flat.

More than just living with your work, this is “living conceptualism” — where everything matches. Face, hat, clothes, shoes, furniture, apartment, crockery and ornaments. Even the pop porn record cover has been painted.

“Bloodless Coup Decorating” is Les Bean’s “combat against urbanity” — a sort of palliative assault on the landscape.

Armed with paint, she hires herself out as a stylist and defines her field as fashion and furniture.

The urban combat concept began last autumn after the closure of a [name] fashion/furniture shop off Bayview Parade in which she was a partner.

Before that she was involved in the Vertica, a Mod antique shop in Paddington in which she ran dressed in Mod drag.

Besides studying economies at Wollongong, Les Bean says she’s read a few books and hasn’t seen a modern film for years. She confesses to being an art world neophyte. The rest of the world she’s seen a bit of, starting with a trip to England in 1968 and then to Japan in 1972.

Nowadays travel is beyond her means. But her clothes travel. She painted a suit for Tiny Tim which he wore onstage here and at the Confetty Club in Dallas.

In Darlinghurst she’s done a door and a wall outside a compound and was hired by a reptile enthusiast, which was quite an experience. She appeared the next day with imaginary reptiles on her arm.

“Reptile, a Kings Cross chameleon cum pre-cursor of style). Les Bean considers it important that hand finishing be carried on in a technological age.

A minimalist’s opposite, she says she’s annoyed by the “banality and commercialism of Sydney’s established people.”

“‘I feel I’m creating a fashion which I don’t expect people to want to understand or in any way be absorbed in.”

Edwina Shannon
Let's get down to business. You're contemplating making some noise of your own. But you want something a little less phallic than a guitar, less linear than brass and not quite as basic as stick on skin. This tends to leave you in front of the keyboard section—a grinning array of creatures that seem 'all teeth' and not much bite. The way most salesmen demonstrate them, I'd tend to agree, but the shape and price of keyboards in general is getting much better.

The 'shape' being more functional and accessible, and the price more in terms of a few weeks pay (if you have a job) than a home loan. Companies like Lowrey, Yamaha and now Technics will be vying for your consumership, but as far as sheer quality of tone and playability go, Casio's the one to search out. This is no sales pitch by the way, just a personal recommendation born of many hours spent with the instruments in question.

To start at the top of the fully-fledged 'real musical instrument' line, dig up a 202, new ($510) or secondhand, matters nought. You'll have in front of you a spartan, compact unit — a full-sized 8-note polyphonic keyboard with simple controls. Take little notice of the preset sound names, they range from silly to almost accurate, but note the goodly supply (49, one per key) and the simple memory access system. The only other controls are an on/off sustain switch and a three-step vibrato slider.

Being digital means that these machines run on specific programmes, which makes tone and sound shape more a matter of 'on/off' than 'continuously variable', but then you can't have everything, well, not all at once. No rinky-dink drum-machines here either, or other automated bits to make things 'easier'. This is a successful attempt at a 'professional' machine in the budget range.

To get the most out of any Casio, you should at least use a chorus pedal (a Boss CE-2 or Electro Harmonics 'Polychorus'), but, especially with the 202, to really open up the device's potential, get it properly modified. For a mere $140, it can be made capable of two separate sounds per note (attack/decay), 4-stage vibrato (and sustain) on each sound, and 2 individual outputs. For details on these and other modifications, contact Robin Whittle (03) 819 8191, 42 Yeneda St. Nth. Balwyn. After that is just a matter of finding a reliable technician to do the job. You can carry the 202 under your arm, it sounds good at home thru the built-in speaker, holds up excellently on stage and is very quiet as far as studio use goes. Every home should have one.

Enough of the pet raves, on to the rest of the menagerie. Fast becoming a classic workhorse for the unw wealthy among us is the MT--30, well worth picking up second hand, as the new model (MT-31, $140) isn't quite as good, although $50 cheaper than the original. Its basically a cream plastic pint-sized version of the 202 - half-sized keys (payable thol), on/off vibrato and sustain and a single silicon chip to generate the 22 sounds. The tones aren't as crystalline as its bigger brother's, but sounds like 'piano' and 'clarinet' are actually a little richer. Because of the short keyboard, useful modifications to have done involve adding an 'octave drop' and a 'half speed' (effectively another octave drop). A 'filter bypass' also doubles the number of potential sounds and adds a razor-sharp top edge, eminently useful.

Casio's don't really function as proper synthesisers, but there are quite a few good sounds they're capable of that are difficult to find even on synths ten times their retail price. More in the home organ line, you may come across the 101, a chintzy but full-sized version of the MT-30, and the horrifically comical 'automated' models. Starting with the rather lame 403 (dinky rhythm machine, 'auto-chords' and ten so-so sounds) at $460, things escalate up to the super-whizzy 701 ($820).

Not only does it simultaneously arpeggiate, bassline and 'auto-chord', but it also reads/stores tacky arrangements of pop tunes with its very own light-pen, and even lets you programme in (after a fashion) a tune and arrangement of your own. Very exciting as tepid variations on blandness go. I really wish these designers wouldn't insult the average person's intelligence/creativity with such trade-offs.

But, in keeping with Casio's progressive policies of integrating 'good' ideas and scaling down prices, there is now a 501 model, more compact, better designed and a tad gutsier than the 701. For $595, an ideal Chrissy prez for the family.

A cut-down version of this is also available in the MT-30 format. As usual, the drum-machine and basic woolly tones let the side down, but at $348 it's a better proposition than its nearest Yamaha counterpart.

The next model down, the MT-60 ($256), actually has more (better) tones, stronger rhythms, plus the standard left-hand one finger tricks — a reasonable buy for those who wish to plonk along under headphones on the bus or train. All in all, these machines aren't bad, but if you a little more serious about things, you'd be better advised to invest in a MT-30, a Roland TR-606 drum-machine and a TR-303 Bassline (both $395).
New York was dramatically shaken out of the musical doldrums into which it had fallen over the last couple of months by the arrival of Nina Hagen. The temporary closure of the Peppermint Lounge had left the Ritz as just about the only place in town where anything seemed to be happening. And even there, on most nights, you could be forgiven for thinking you had stumbled into an undertakers' convention by mistake. Nina Hagen changed all that. Solidly built East German women who are classically trained sopranos are rather rare in the rock world. And Hagen's formidable voice, filtered through an ultra-modern punk sensibility, makes Siouxsie Sioux look like Lady Di.

I'm not too sure how Hagen managed to get to the West, but I'm sure as hell the authorities didn't put up much of an attempt to stop her. She landed up in Amsterdam and fell into a much publicised liaison with Herman Brood, a lumpy Teutonic junkie and would-be pop star. When rumours of a marriage began to rumble through the European underground, one or both parties panicked, and Nina, none the worse for her association with such a terminal degenerate started to infiltrate the English-speaking world via some cinematic experiences with that other delightful (and under-rated) eccentric, Lene Lovich.

Sporadic and generally frightening recorded works revealed Hagan to be rather confused as to which side of the beast to assault first. She tried a version of the Tubes’ White Punks on Dope, long after they were fashionable, and made a sometime hit out of a travesty of Jamaican music called African Reggae, which is definitely her crowning recorded moment to date. For the rest, it’s mostly Germanic punk thrashings of no great note. Which is why her performance was such a blast of unexpectedly bracing air after all the predictable stodge and synth synthesiser cuties that have paraded through here of late. God only knows what it was she sang about, but it was certainly exciting, absorbing and funny. Unlike Australia’s Jean Lewis who never seemed relaxed when her uptown voice found itself slumming downtown among rock’s threadbare trappings, Hagan manages to meld her glorious tones to a rock and roll attitude and come out with something (gas, choke) new.

Unashamed of rock’s tackiness, she and her band (a motley collection of waifs and strays from around the globe) work their way through a bunch of songs, impenetrable not only because I have apparently not heard any of them before, but also because they are sung in German.

Hagen allows her voice to try anything within the range of the possibly imaginable, and then some. The orbit of her vocal chords is expanded by some electronic doo-hickey she twiddles throughout the show. The yelps and growls, operatic straining and full-throated roars astound. The accompanying facial contortions are positively gripping. Just what is all this ruckus about? Some words manage to fight their way out of the miasma — God, religion, the cosmos and other matters metaphysical. But what she thinks of them is impossible to discern. One thing is for sure, though. This portly figure, with the elaborately cut and decorated meta-punk haircut and sash bearing the legend “Dr Death”, isn’t afraid of much.
Someone else who made some pretty bold moves on an NY stage recently is home-town girl Laurie Anderson. Like Hagen, Anderson comes to rock and roll from across the tracks, having been comfortably ensconced in the international world of art (as a performance artist) before coming to rough it in the sweaty beer-halls of the nation. It was not so much Anderson seeking out a rock audience with work tailored to please, more a case of discovering that what she did (make music with a variety of instruments and devices, illustrated with films and slides) could find an interested audience beyond the confines of art galleries and museums.

Capitalising on the surprise success of her independently released single, 'Superman,' in Britain (thanks to the gumption of the BBC in going with an eight minute single), she signed with Warner Brothers and is now touring in support of the album she has put together subsequently, 'Big Science.'

LAURIE ANDERSON — COMING OUT OF THE GALLERIES

It's hard to imagine how her record has been received in the American hinterland, and impossible to contemplate her reception at the Boise, Idaho, Palladium (if such a thing occurred). Here in New York, the impact of Laurie Anderson in an actual venue usually hosting Miller Beer concerts with the likes of Ozzie Osbourne, was softened by the presence of many who would rarely find themselves at the Palladium, but who have followed Laurie Anderson from art gallery to rock venue with unwavering devotion. For such fans, the show offered little that was new.

Anderson concentrated on material from 'Big Science' (in itself a good sampler of the Anderson oeuvre), but ran the full range of her on-stage arsenal. Vocoders altered the pitch of her voice, brass players, singers and even a bag-pipe player augmented the sound, and synthesisers combined with slides on the big screen to create everything from the mundane sounds and images of everyday life to the eerie howl of a wolf in the depths of a desolate night. Small vignettes were created with just a mike and a telephone, and, when everything threatened to get a little too serious, a dash of humour leavened the whole affair (at one stage, she flashed on the screen the words: "I am only doing it for the money").

While it was hardly a big test of Anderson's potential as a mainstream rock performer, the concert did show that she is not so far removed from the pop world that she could not carve out an odd but legitimate niche for herself. Rock music is nothing if not electric. Laurie Anderson may not challenge Foreigner for their crown, but those rock fans who do fall into her clutches will have an evening of intriguing music at the very least. The more perceptive will look into a mirror, subtly reflecting, in a way that leaves interpretation quite open, their own society. As for me, I await with anticipation the presentation of the entire 'United States Parts I-IV' (the opus from which all Anderson's "numbers" are drawn) at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in late October.

Following on the heels of these two unusual members of the rock community, came the long awaited NY reappearance of Marianne Faithfull. Last time she was here (1980), she was musical guest on...
the then booming Saturday Night Live. Whether she had, as she claimed, a voice laid low by influenza, or whether it was simple terror that held those vocal chords firmly constricted, she certainly made a very poor showing, in spite of the good press she had received for her “comeback” LP, Broken English.

That she has survived at all, let alone put out (now) two albums (one stunning, the other merely good) is a testament to Faithfull’s perseverance ... or perhaps just good luck. From the frittering of her talents in the sixties as part of the Swinging London scenario, to her suicide attempt while in Australia for the filming of Ned Kelly with Mick Jagger, to her persistent involvement in heavy drug use (leading to her arrest on a heroin charge as late as last year) she seems to have been determined to throw away whatever chance she had for a successful career as singer, actress and even just plain old human being. Perhaps such excesses are what have made it possible for this latest upward twist in the story of Marianne Faithfull. She has certainly exploited her troubles to considerable effect on disc. Broken English and Dangerous Acquaintances reveal Faithfull’s experiences on the dark side of the street — failed relationships, the ghastly realisation of the passing of time, and sexual jealousy at its ugliest.

Such gloomy concerns however, did not prevent large numbers of NY glitterati and real people from turning out to the first of Marianne Faithfull’s three nights at the Ritz. Even David Bowie and Dustin Hoffman were reported in attendance at this most unexpected event. As with any Johnny Thunders “performance”, there was an element of ghoulish curiosity in the air. Would this wreck of a human being be able to hold up through the rigours of a live show, especially one which required such exposure of emotion to be convincing?

Unlike a Thunders’ show, though, this was not the ONLY thing of interest to the audience, and, as the singer picked up confidence through the set, the increasingly warm response held none of the prudish interest that would have turned the night into some sort of freak show. Faithfull started off unsteadily, sucking cigarette after cigarette, trying to calm herself. The early part of the set came largely from Dangerous Acquaintances, and although her attitude was uncertain, her voice was easily as good as it is on disc, putting paid to the rumours that she “couldn’t sing”. Surprise covers of the night included Springsteen’s Because The Night and the old Buffalo Springfield number, For What It’s Worth. The turning point of the night came about half way through the set when she unleashed a powerful rendition of John Lennon’s Working Class Hero. While you can’t complain about Lennon’s version of the song, in Faithfull’s hands it became absolutely overwhelming, a moment of intensity that was almost terrifying. She became positively superhuman, delivering a performance that transcended just about anything I’ve ever seen on stage. It was utterly transfixing — an experience that sears the memory forever.

After that, anything else had to be almost anti-climatic. That’s not to say she relaxed her grip on us, though. She even delivered a convincing Why D’ya Do It, a courageous gesture I hadn’t expected from so fragile a live performer. Almost as an added bonus, her band was great, too. A couple of the players had worked on her LP’s — guitarist and song-writer Barry Reynolds and drummer Terry Stannard. Fernando Saunders, a highly regarded bass player, added his share of rhythmic punch to the ensemble. While it is unlikely that Marianne Faithfull will sustain a commitment to live work that will take her much beyond the occasional gig and there, the chance to see her must not be missed.

Ecstasy of a different kind was to be found at a recent gig by Nona Hendryx, veteran of Labelle (whose substantial success in the seventies included the disco hit Lady Marmalade) and, more recently, the expanded line-up of Talking Heads. I’m not too sure of all the permutations of Hendryx’ career since she, Patti LaBelle and Sarah Dash parted company, but I do know that following the break, she attempted to establish herself as a rock performer with at least one album of competently executed but unexciting material. I lost sight of her until she reappeared on Remain In Light with the Heads and subsequently joined them for their 1980 tour as a nine piece. She can be seen in the snaps on the cover of The Name Of This Band Is Talking Heads, along with another superb singer, Dolette McDonald and ace percussionist Steve Scales, who are both now working with Hendryx.

In the twenty months I’ve been her, Hendryx has appeared with a variety of outfits and, until a couple of months ago, I had always put off seeing her, bowing to the “she lives here, I’ll catch up with her sooner or later” philosophy. Having seen her with her present band, Propaganda, I have become an instant convert and must say that this musical aggregate is the most exciting local act treading the boards at the moment.

Hints of this can be glimpsed on her (sadly) meagre vinyl output during this time. There is Busting Out with a band called Material on the ZE records sampler Seize The Beat, and two twelve inch singles — her version of the Motown classic, Love Is Like An Iching In My Heart, produced by Jerry Harrison and Busta Jones and available here as a French import, and Do What Ya Wanna Do, produced by Rusty Egan, London Blitz kid and featuring a band called The Cage. This rag-tag collection of names and connections illustrates Ms Hendryx apparent modus operandi for the eighties — do what you want to do — and although it’s early days yet, news of her signing to WEA means that a wider audience than New York will have the good fortune to be able to find out just what that is.

NONA HENDRYX — JUST DO WHAT YA WANNA DO

I’ve seen Nona Hendryx and Propaganda three times in the last two months and each time has been better than the last. The most recent outing was in a small downtown club, and was one of those rare, joyous occasions when band and crowd communicate on a more “real” level than the usual going through the motions that passes for a rock “experience”. And everyone, including the performers, seemed to recognise that it was a special night. There’s no real point in my discussing the songs since so few of them are on disc, but this was one of the most exhilarating moments since ... well, since Marianne Faithfull sang Working Class Hero the week before.

MARIANNE FAITHFULL — UTTERLY TRANSFIXING
Roadrunner looks at just about all the Australian albums and mini-albums released in 1982.

JO JO ZEP
Cha
(Mushroom)
****
Joe Camilleri has been about for yonks, he began as an R 'n' B singer, but when The Falcons dabbled in up-tempo ska in 78 they cracked the Australian charts. 'Cha' is the most interesting work since 'Screaming Targets'. It's infused with Latin, soul, dixie-land and funk. The album contains Joe's first ballad, the excellent 'Walk On By'.

FLASH AND THE PAN
Headlines
(Alberts)
***
Basic rehash of previous ideas; slick, smooth and simple constructions overlayed with dry repetitive monologue.

THE SPORTS
All Sports
(Mushroom)
*****
The now defunct rockerbilly band before it's time. Their first two albums were by far their best work . . . when each song was full of fresh melodies, dancing beats and simple lyrics.

HUNTERS AND COLLECTORS
Hunters and Collectors
(White Label)
***
An improvement on the first maxi-single, but almost impossible to listen to all the way through due to the Hunter's main asset/drawback — their repetitiveness. If you're in the correct mood — fabulous, if not it's a bore. Best track, 'Moto Chant' is actually on the bonus 12" single.

AUSTRALIAN CRAWL
Sons of Beaches
(EMI)
**
After the sophistication of 'The Boys Light Up' and 'Sirocco', the Crawl engaged top pop producer Mike Chapman to drag their sound down to its live level. Perplexing.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
The Mushroom Evolution Concert
(Mushroom)
****
A triple album momento of last February's Woodstock on the Yarra, lavishly packaged, but, with very few exceptions, none of the tracks equal or exceed their studio versions.

SAINTS
Casablanca
(Lost)
****
The whole range of the Saints' output is on this album, from the slushy Irish-style title track, to the Chuck Berry style 'Come On' to the brass and breeziness of 'Follow The Leader'. Recorded in February but not released until the end of the year.

THE EUROGLIDERS
(RCA)
A TV commercial producer's idea of a new wave band with a girl singer; very soft and innocuous.

LITTLE HEROES
Play By Numbers
(EMI)
****
Singer, writer Roger Hart produces some of the most interesting commercial material but never polishes it the way Iva Davies would. His melodies are infectious and the material is populated by unassuming and endearing characters. Little Heroes are the unlikeliest of romantics.

CHEETAH
Rock'n'Roll Women
(Alberts)
***
In a nutshell, this is a great rock and roll album. Lyndsay and Chrissie Hammond have great voices, their rightful spot is out front of a hard cooking rock'n'roll band, singing a brace of fine Fanda and Young melodic stompers.

RUPERT-B
(EMI)
Sweaty young jazz-funk amalgam from the plush north shore suburb of Sydney.

REVIEWERS KEY
AB — Arch Brown
DR — Donald Robertson
CNP — Craig N. Pearce
LB — Larry Buttrose
TC — Toby Cluechaz
BC — Ben Cheshire
JH — Jodi Hoffmann
AR — Adrian Ryan
ER — Earl Grey
Span — Span.
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Musical Instrument Revolution!
As the new Casiotone Series reads the score and teaches you to play, it's great fun for all.

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- Combines FEET, ENVELOPE, and MODULATION to create a total of 1,000 great sounds
- Programmable arpeggio function
- Dimensions: 916.5(W) x 363.5(D) x 117(H) mm
- Weight: 10.2kg

Casiotone 601
- 20 musical sounds
- 16 rhythms
- 4 types of vibrato, sustain
- 61-key, 5-octave keyboard
- 16 auto-rhythms
- Casio Chord System
- 8-note polyphony
- Dimensions: 958(W) x 341.5(D) x 127.5(H) mm
- Weight: 12kg

Casiotone 501
- 20 beautiful sounds
- 10 auto-rhythms
- Casio Chord System
- 49 keys, 4 octaves and 8-note polyphony
- Convenient size (771 x 303 x 111mm) and weight (8.0kg)

Casiotone 202
- 20 musical sounds
- 4 tone memories
- 8-note polyphony
- Dimensions: 866(W) x 284(D) x 90(H) mm
- Weight: 7.15kg

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- 1,000 Sounds Creator
- 61-Key Full-range Keyboard
- 49 Beautiful Musical Sounds
- Anyone Can Easily Play It

Now Everyone Can Share the Fun of Playing Music.
Casio's electronic technology is your key to the exciting world of musical pleasure. Auto & Manual keyboard series lets begin-ners play like ex-perts, and experts play like profes-sionals. MS Memory uses Casio's unique Bar Code Reader to read bar-coded scores, and memorize musical pitch, length, and chord. Manual Memory uses keyboard and program buttons to store your favorite melodies and chords.

With Auto-Play, stored music is played back with rhythm, bass and arpeggio. If you've always wanted to play music, let the Casiotone 501 or MT-70 make your dream come true. Beautiful sounds—Casiotone.

Casio's electronic technology is your key to the exciting world of musical pleasure. Auto & Manual keyboard series lets beginners play like experts, and experts play like professionals. MS Memory uses Casio's unique Bar Code Reader to read bar-coded scores, and memorize musical pitch, length, and chord. Manual Memory uses keyboard and program buttons to store your favorite melodies and chords.

Casiotone MT-11
- 8 preset musical sounds
- 8-note polyphony
- Dimensions: 421(W) x 181(D) x 54.5(H) mm
- Weight: 1.2kg

Casio Electronic Technology Presents a New Frontier of Sound.
BILLY FIELD
Try Biology
(WFA)
**
Another dose of slick swing from the goggle-eyed warbler.
DR

WARD 13
Too Much Talk
(Mercury)
*Dull seventies guitar based rock music from Sydney.
AB

UN TABU
Un Tabu-E.P.
(Larrickin)
*Spiritless and bland cocktail hour reggae.
DR

GOONNA
Spirit Of Place
(WFA)
**
A true Austro-American hybrid in the tradition of Richard Clapton and The Dingoes. While there is no doubt that the Goonnas have a genuine Australian heart their admirable sentiments sit slightly uneasily in their chosen musical framework. Already huge and quite possibly another Men At Work in the making.
DR

PAUL MADIGAN
Paul Madigan
(Laser)
****
An album of classic black Australian humour, delivered with caustic verve and sneering panache.
DR

ORIGINAL CAST
Dingo Girl Soundtrack
(Green)
Variety, sometimes catchy but ultimately patchy collection of stage songs. Humour and authorship are both there, but if you didn't catch the show (West Side Story Comes to the Outback) it probably doesn't make a lot of sense.
DR

THE REELS
Beautiful
(K-Tel)
*****
And it is! The Reels delight and amaze with a collection of classic MOR covers done ABSOLUTELY STRAIGHT. This is pure hommage, no parody.
DR

MONITORS
Back From Our Recent Illness
(Festival)
Two producer team with an album of fillers.
AB

MARK GILLESPIE
Sweet Nothing
(Wheatear)
Gillespie's listless vocals are backed by his own tinkling keyboards and guitars and lounge room funk rhythm tracks that are as about as exciting as watching toothpaste being squeezed out of a tube. The lyrics are uniformly apocalyptic in their imagery, alternating in reference to "tongues of fire" and "strange things happening" (maybe the born again Dylan has found an antipodean disciple).
AR

IGNITERS

JON ENGLISH
Beating The Boards
(Mercury)
**
Perhaps a little monotonous after all four sides have been played through. One of the highlights is the powerful ballad "Hollywood Seven". Jon's vocals remain intact and the song is sung with emotion.
JH

GEORGE YOUNG AND
THE ROCKING EMMUS
(Mushroom)
****
This is rockabilly, solid and simple, and Gary Young does it pretty well. He's got a good voice, deliciously scratchy at times, and he pumps out the rhythm with real enthusiasm. But that's just the problem; there's too little variety.
EC

SUNNYBOYS
Individuals
(Mushroom)
****
Doesn't really tread any new ground, instead it contends itself with consolidation — refining the sound by stretching and experimenting slightly with arrangements and production. The Sunnyboys have managed to turn themselves halfway around, the third album must necessitate a complete change of view or else the band will suffer the consequences of the listeners familiarity.
TC

NEW ALBUM
JOIN THE WINNERS' CIRCLE

 Barry Manilow
THE SHERBS
Shaping Up (Razzle)
* Former teeny bop heroes dishing out their usual dull songs about dull little girls.
AB

THE KEVINS
Club Rome (White Label)
** Simple pop with pretty words. The Kevins lack fire.
AB

THE HITMEN
It Is What It Is (KCA)
*** Longest surviving Radio Birdman offshoot, still soldiering an unfashionable rock sound.
AB

DO-RE-MI
Do.Re.Mi (Green)
**** Recorded before this Au Pairs-ish sounding lineup took to playing live. Social commentary lyrics and the song 'Standing On Wires' attracted much alternative media attention. The recording is unusually stark and sparse. It was recorded on a four track recorder and the line-up includes former Thought Criminals guitarist Stephen Philpips.
AB

SILENT MOVIES
Silent Movies (Polygram)
* A band in dire straits.
DR

MOTHER GOOSE
This Is The Life (Parole)
* A band out of time.
DR

ROCK DOCTORS
Now Hear This (Mushroom)
** Close your eyes and you’re immediately in the Station Hotel, Chapel St, Prahran. Hot and heavy blues rock.
DR

DD SMASH
Cool Bananas (Mushroom)
* Incredibly ordinary.
DR

JIMMY AND THE BOYS
In Hell When You Mother (Avenida)
* Leave your mother out of it. This is just a very unpleasant and without any redeeming features at all.
DR

ROSE TATTOO
Scarred for Life (Alberts)
**** Loud, clean and solid, rabblerousing rock’n’roll.
DR

TACTIS
The Bones of Barry Harrison (Larrikin)
* A skeleton that would have been better left in the closet.
DR

JEWEL BLANCH
Send All The Ghosts Away (CBS)
** Gentle Country soporific for lonely young girls.
AB

HEAVEN
Twilight Of Mischief (Deluxe)
* Macho, Mad Max outfitted Adelaide band who are both unimaginative and unashamed AC/DC clones. Heaven’s real control rests with its management which has complete hiring and firing authority of lineup.

MIDNIGHT OIL
19-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1 (Spunk)
**** One of the great things about Midnight Oil is the way they combine power with intelligence. 19-9-8 etc is undoubtedly their most subtle and intricate offering to date and while it may not have the straight ahead crashing power of Head Injuries it is still a very powerful record.
It’s as if, during the band’s time in the UK, the whole structure of their music was completely dismantled into its individual components and then reassembled in a different way.

THE CHURCH
Blurred Crusade (Telephone)
**** A brilliant evocation of neo-psychedelia with Steve Kilbey’s haunting love and reincarnation songs superbly captured by Bob Clearmountain. A mature and original work.
DR

DON WALKER
Freedom (WEA)
**** An intriguing and oddly compelling mainly instrumental soundtrack album from Cold Chisel’s piano man. Various Chisel’s, INXS’ Michael Hutchence contribute to a collection of tracks that more than stands up on its own merits. Shame the movie was so bad.
DR
SPLIT ENZ
Time and Tide
(Mushroom)

Very much a positive step for the Enz, with Tim Finn literally baring his soul on the album’s standouts, ‘Six Months In A Leaky Boat’ and ‘Haul Away’ and the Enz getting into a bit of social comment in ‘Small World’. The folk component provides an interesting parallel with XTC’s ‘English Settlement’ which Hugh Padgham also produced.

DR

RICHARD CLAPTON
The Very Best Of Richard Clapton (Festival)

Like Australian rock and rollers of the fifties, Clapton in the seventies was prepared to do more than just take on an accent. West Coast is the style... you can be a nice Australian boy, just wanting to give the crowd everything they understand — American ones — and still the US dollar won’t flow.

16

MIKE RUDD AND THE HEATERS
The Unrealist
(Mushroom)

A one time hero still searching for a new niche.

DR

INXS
Shaboo Shoobah
(WEA)

Their best album to date, consolidating their high standing among Australian groups. The album is consistently high quality and contains their best single “Don’t Ever Change”.

DR

NEW RACE
The First and the Last
(WEA)

A Birdman fan’s paradise but one can’t help feeling the tour, and this album, were basically a cynical exercise to fan the flames of the Birdman Death Cult... Burn My Pocket

DR

MONDO ROCK
Nuovo Mondo
(WEA)

Super packaging of a slick and smooth bunch of songs.

DR

CRACKAJACKS
Little Heart Attacks
(Missing Link)

Australians have shown a real knack for re-creating period pieces over the last ten years or so. The Crackajacks not only uphold this fine tradition of reproduction they bring vigour and new life to this brand of 1950’s music they choose to work with.

TC

GOTHAM CITY
Radioactive
(Boulevard)

Polished adult rock with a voice between Al Stewart and

DR

MIGHTY GUYS
Be Cool Be Smart
(Festival)

Competent but basically uninspired rockabilly.

DR

PEL MEL
Out Of Reason
(Gap)

Quirky funk for inner city mods and punks.

DR

Warren Zevon... fodder for the neon night-time army.

AB

XERO
Lust In The Dust
(M Squared)

Vapid mood pieces from the Brisbane desert.

AB

THE CLEAN
Boodle Boodle Boodle
(Flying Nun)

Sharp and intriguing new Kiwi pop.

GO-BETWEENS
Send Me A Lullaby
(Missing Link)

Self conscious and evocative pop.

DR

BLAM BLAM BLAM
Blam Blam Blam
(Propellor)

Blam Blam Blam are a very casual group whose songs have a string and cello tape sound to them. They throw their collective energy into the maintenance of a steady jarring beat, full of deliberately slipped discs and sharp edges thrown like knives. Sometimes they hit, sometimes they miss, sometimes they just nick the corners of your earlobes and make you swear.

Span

LISA BADE
Suspicion
(EMI)

* Australian answer to Janis Joplin, without a weight problem but ten years too late.

AB
NO FIXED ADDRESS
From My Eyes
(Rough Diamond)
***
Truly Australian sounding record by the Aboriginal sextet led by writer, singer and drummer Bart Willoughby. White oppression of the Aboriginal people is mixed with reggae, country, mid-70s guitar riffs and didgeridoo. A rare instance of a successful mix of music and serious politics.

LAUGHING CLOWNS
Mr Uddich Scmuddich Goes To Town
(Prince Melon)
****
An all too painful coupling of extraordinary grace, guts, innuendo and pulverising reason in motion. On this record the Clowns better, more precisely effective than I've every heard them before. The Clowns are laughing louder and more maturely and more excitedly than anyone around right now.

WILDLIFE DOCUMENTARIES
(M Squared)
***
Band was led by the original Saints drummer Ivor Hay. Their success was limited to the inner city of Sydney and Melbourne, with interest from alternative radio. Music refreshing and a little different, with a slight jazz influence. Feature of the band was the two piece brass section. Broke up late this year.

JO KENNEDY AND CAST
Starstruck
(Mushroom)
**
All light and frothy, like the film.

HUNTERS AND COLLECTORS
Payload
(White Label)
****
This Mike Howlett produced mini album is their most fully realised effort to date. Howlett has cleaned up the sound remarkably by giving the different elements more separation, and 'Tow Truck' and 'Drop Tank' manage to avoid the monotony that marred their previous efforts. 'Tow Truck' in particular displays an unprecedented willingness to experiment.

ZOO
Cowboys And Engines
(CBS)
****
Originally from NZ with several well publicised name and lineup changes during the last eighteen months. Strong socially and personally aware lyrics combined with eclectic pop borrowings. The album sounds very much like The Boomtown Rats and was extremely well produced.

BOYS
Inside The Cage
(Parole)
**
A suburban garage's dream, full of sound and fury but signifying nothing.

REDGUM
Cut To The Quick
(Epic)
***
Mini album sees Redgum return to their folk/acoustic roots, ending a never totally successful flirtation with rock 'n' roll amplification. New member Hugh McDonald weighs in with a traditional ballad, but the standout is John Schumann's sensitive portrait of a King's Cross prostitute, 'Working Girl'.

SWANNEE
This Time It's Different
(WEA)
****
A well crafted album of high musical quality which somehow didn't spark the general public into mass fits of acquisition. Unfortunately the subtlety exhibited on vinyl didn't show up on stage where things were definitely 'wham bam, thank you ma'am'. Still worth a listen however.

DIVINYS
Monkey Grip
(WEA)
****
The only band since The Easybeats to infuse successful radio pop music with excitement and toughness.

DECKCHAIRS OVERBOARD
(Regular)
****
Debut mini album of considerable merit from a Talking Heads inspired group of ex-university students. Vocals are shared equally and they defy the laws of the compulsory front person with some success. Producer Cameron Allan delivers a plush hi-fi mix.
COLD CHISEL
Circus Animals (WEA)
***
Unmistakably Australian. They revel in their Australian-ness, and seem to capture a lot of the hard edge of this country without pretending or overdoing it.

DYNAMIC
HEPNOTICS
Strange Land (Missing Link)
***
It's very difficult for a red hot R&B outfit to make it in the big vinyl jungle, but the Hepnotics, with the help of Ross 'The Boss' Wilson, manage to capture at least some of their live swing and sway on this mini-L.P.

PAUL KELLY AND
THE DOTS
Manila (Mushroom)
***
Kelly possesses a hedonistically exhausted voice in the vein of Keith Richards. This second album is less commercial, less tight and not as structured as its predecessor. The arrangements are almost informal and the songs progress lazily. To date only the cheery single Alive And Well, untypical of the album, has found popular approval.

NUMBERS
39.51 (Deluxe)
***
A largely misunderstood band with the uncompromising approach of primary influences The Jam and The Banshees. To their credit, but counter to their chances, they have voided voyeuristic marketing of singer Annalise. Instead, unlike typical entertainment people, they choose to stand solely by the merits of their music.

ICEHOUSE
Primitive Man (Regular)
***
Over derivative but consumately executed pop that crosses the teen and adult FM markets. Apart from the masterful Great Southern Land, Iva's lyrics really do sound as if written at the last minute in the studio. Astute handling disguised the fact that Iva had sacked the band and recorded almost the entire album alone.

DUGITES
No Money (Rough Diamond)
***
Mini-LP. No Money is less wimpy than either of their previous albums, however Crosbie's real calling, the writing of advertising jingles, continues to deny the Dugites any chance of becoming anything other than a poor man's ABBA. Lead singer Linda Nutter's nasally strine continues to give them non Scandinavian accent.

SERIOUS YOUNG INSECTS
Housebreaking (Native Tongue)
***
Debut album for this quirky and clever Melbourne threesome didn't really find a receptive audience, but its a worthy first offering.

WENDY AND THE
ROCKETTS
Live (Mushroom)
***
Sultry voiced Wendy Stapleton and her suburban-sounding, guitar-obsessed, pub-rock Rocketts are captured live with all the atmosphere previously missing on their studio recorded singles. The simple 'girl lusts after boy' material does nothing other than suggest that Wendy is Renee Geyer's logical successor and that she can write her own material.

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MEO 245
Rites Of Passage (Mushroom)
***
Burt Bacharach meets the Models. MEO's second album is a lot more abrasive than their first. Paul Northam's voice and guitar possess the fiery edge reminiscent of Sean Kelly. However, the band is more orderly and melodic than The Models.

60 Roadrunner
It was time to be gone. Of that, there was no question. In the city, it could be said that the writing was on the wall. And it would be. Out here in the pastoral regions, walls were few and far between, and there was little to be learnt, even from those that were to be found.

It had been explained to me that my services were no longer required. A redundant station-hand, at twenty three! I should have finished my degree, as my mother continues to point out, and become one of the mythical Philadelphia lawyers. I’m told they find it hard to hold down a job these days too. To be honest, my redundancy was a merciful release from an unhealthily stagnant social puddle, from which no new life could be encouraged to evolve, let alone be forcibly evicted.

Time to put the old maxim “portable is flexible” into a reality like context. With my customary distaste for goodbyes, I nevertheless endure the farewell rituals, and depart the station compound, my home for the last two months. Driving past the landmarks that had become as familiar as suburban street signs, I mouthed blasphemous obscenities into the blameless countryside. Ripped off again by rapacious lieutenants of industry. Forever ungrateful, these people. Assuming command in the absence of the corporate body, the
For this I would normally be grateful, but not rueing the lack of roadside attractions, I party in progress at what I knew as Kay's old house, but no Kay. I wouldn't want to spend a weekend in Orroroo either after my experiences. Again, it was time to be gone from this place. Roy and Maurice back to their lives at the station, and me, to the road, that cuts across this country like a welt.

As I restarted the drive, I wondered about the environment to which I was returning, hoping that it wouldn't be the one I left behind. The moon-rise distracted me from my maudlin pre-occupation. The moon first appeared, as a bush-fire like emanation in the distance, and then slowly revealed itself as a deviant orb, floating above the Flinders Ranges. The vista uncovered brings home to me what it is that I'm leaving behind. As if I needed reminding.

Still the road stretches before me, hours into the future. I ponder the dialectics of a detour as the stock-grids and road signs flash past. If synchronicity should be in rhythm with my trip, then I would converge on a friend, and if not I would be going miles out of my way. I had met this friend under similar circumstances the last time I made this trip. It seemed worth the risk, so I opted for the detour.

I drove through Horrocks' Pass and the wheat-sheep belt. Upon arriving, I found a party in progress at what I knew as Kay's old house, but no Kay. I wouldn't want to spend a weekend in Orroroo either after my experiences of country social life, so I sympathised with her, and returned to the claustrophobic confines of my crowded little Japanese vehicle.

I've tired and become bored with the night-time road. Satisfied at least that I've managed to avoid the traffic of Highway One, but rueing the lack of road side attractions, I counted the cost of my detour. No fast food, fast conversation or fast gratification of any kind. For this I would normally be grateful, but not this night. It was cold, bitterly cold and my eyelids were sagging with weariness. There was nowhere to stop and spend money on that road, and I had no enthusiasm for pulling over to the roadside and slowly freezing, so I drove on.

I drove, it seemed, in a half-world of semi-consciousness, paying only superficial attention to the ghost towns it appeared I was passing. Even the bigger country towns on this road were deserted at this hour, so it was with surprise that I noticed a petrol station in a hamlet, with lights on. In my stupor, I drove straight past, reasoning that no one would be crazy enough to attempt business on this backroad, especially at such hours. No one else had thought it worth the effort, so why here? Maybe this was the proprietor's secret. But the lights were definitely on, so in desperation I turned around and found that, yes, the roadhouse was open.

Not only was the roadhouse open, but it had prompt, almost urgent service. I bought petrol and talked with the proprietor. He had a curious accent, vaguely East European, but very hard to place.

"Are you still serving coffee?" I asked, an undercurrent of pleading in my tone.

"Yes, the cook has gone home, but I can make you a cup of coffee, if you would like to wait a little while", he replied.

"Great," I sighed. "Have you got a large coffee?" I whined.

"What do you mean, a large coffee?" he asked.

"A mug, a large cup, aaahh," I stammered, gesticulating what I thought was the appropriate sign language.

"Oh, I don't like these things, mugs you call them — no, we don't have mugs here. This is not that sort of place. If you want, I can give you two cups for eighty cents," he offered.

I assented. It seemed a reasonable compromise, so I went with the proprietor, inside the roadhouse, to wait for my coffees.

Apart from the headlines in the newspapers, displayed on a low counter by the door, this roadhouse could almost have existed anywhere in Australia in the last decade. The only wall decorations were poster advertisements for Coca Cola, Chico rolls, chocolate bars, ice-creams and cigarettes. In the dining area, partitioned from the other half of this front room, stood about ten tables with their companion green vinyl chairs, all empty.

I sat down, looked around and noticed an old glass-fronted shop refrigerator that separated the dining area from the serving area. The old refrigerator was filled with colourfully dressed hand-made dolls of various sizes. All the dolls were female. Some appeared to be dressed in national dress type civilian uniform, while others were in more glamorous apparel. This display did not fit with the other surroundings.

While I waited, I felt a strong wash of impressions flow through me. It was as if my dulled consciousness had become sensitised to such feelings, that, in a more normal state of mind would be ignored, or absorbed without detection — Loneliness, resignation, neatness, — indeed fastidiousness borne of boredom, — service as a work ethic, a dark past of stories untold and gladly forgotten. As I attempted to reconcile this impressionistic montage, my coffees were delivered in silence.

As the man bent and placed the cups in front of me, explaining in the process the location of the sugar bowl and spoon, I studied him. His face was friendly, as was his manner. Interested but not intrusive. I looked for indications of the source of the impressions I felt so strongly seconds before, but there were none forthcoming. The proprietor returned to the privacy of his kitchen, leaving me to drink my coffees alone. For some reason I expected conversation, about the dolls or something, but no, this was not included in the price. I drank and thought, and wanted to be gone. Having finished the lukewarm second cup, I picked up the cups and saucers, and walked them towards the counter.

As I placed the crockery on the counter I looked up, and was struck by a three dimensional picture, framed in the doorway, of the proprietor pouring himself a beer over an opened out newspaper, and the LOOK, the look on the man's face was devastated. This private viewing returned me to the impressions which had startled me earlier. I have seen that face before, on the living and the dead. It is a haunted, haunting look. It is that look on the face of the woman in the painting by Degas, called "L'Absinthe".

I watched guiltily, as if this event was one that I had no right to witness. My presence was unsuspected, so I scuffled nervously in order to attract his attention, my restlessness returned. The proprietor returned to the newspaper in his kitchen, his home on the road, and I left his front room feeling unnourished by the coffees, bewildered by my experience. Again, it was time to be gone. Again, there was no question. I no longer felt indecisive about returning to a familiar environment. I pissed on his side-lawn, and was glad to be going.
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ALL 7 ALBUMS FROM THE WINNERS’ CIRCLE

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Entries close loose mail received 31st January 1983

Complete the form below and mail to:

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Name one album from the Winners’ Circle

Entries close loose mail received 31st January 1983

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Dine Holida guests have complimentary use of all

Champagne Gold Hi-Fi system model Symcom 5

Key component features

• SX5 RECEIVER: AM/FM stereo, quartz PLL digital synthesizer, full preset tuning, 30 watts RMS per channel with an HD LED INDICATOR, a tape player switch and loudness control.

• CT3 CASSETTE DECK: Quasi touch operation with music search, rec mute, one-touch recording, Dolby B’ noise reduction, metal tape facility.

• PL2 TURNTABLE: Belt drive system with semi-automatic operation, anti-skating force control and anti-Turning Stabilizer.

• CS1082 SPEAKERS: 20cm (8in) 3-way, 3-way speaker with glass door cabinet.

• Matching glass door cabinet.

OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN: GREATEST HITS VOL. 3 52015

DIONNE WARWICK: HEARTBREAKER 52026

ULTRAVOX: QUARTET 52025

PAT BENATAR: GET NERVOUS 52023

BARRY MANILOW: "HERE COMES THE NIGHT" 52024

SPLIT ENZ: ENZ OF AN ERA 52027

CHAMPAGNE GOLD HIFI SYSTEM MODEL SYMCOM 5

LEADS THE WORLD IN SOUND.
The cream of December's new releases is all black, you cats. Put aside those pale pomegranate imitations for the moment, and cock your ear to the source. Funk, sex, groove, smooth, these dudes and dudettes have got the whole scene wrapped up with a big black bow.

Take Marvin Gaye for example. Been a little quiet since his magnificent early seventies run (What's Goin' On', 'I Heard it Through The Grapevine' etc.) but his new platter, 'Midnight Love', featuring the red hot single 'Sexual Healing' finds him once again at the height of his considerable powers.

As well as putting his magnificent vocal chords through their paces, Gaye demonstrates the pleasures of total control by writing, arranging and producing the whole album which was recorded in a piecemeal fashion in studios in Belgium, Germany and California. With Gaye playing all synthesizers and keyboards as well, the only other musician on the album is one Gordon Banks, who provides guitar, bass and drums.

Equally pleasureable as a listening treat or a slow dancing hip swivel, 'Midnight Love' is a must for lovers everywhere.

I suppose it is possible to sit still while Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards of Chic strut their stuff, but it takes more self control than I can muster. Ever since they exploded onto the scene with 'Le Freak' and 'Good Times' (which by the way, Sydney's Machinations cover superbly) there hasn't been anyone to touch Chic for sheer funk and 'Tongue In Chic' (love that title!) maintains that reputation.

Prince is the self acclaimed master of black sexual funk. He's been called the new Jimi Hendrix, but on his latest (double) 1979, he reminds me more of a young black Springsteen — the same obsession with love, cars, freedom — except where Springsteen's songs often sound like they were written in cars, Prince's songs sound like they were written in bed.

With Prince, sexuality is unashamed and explicit and direct. The croons, moans and other vocalizations of the sexual act are the crucial cornerstone of a lot of his songs. Rather than viewing his guitar as a phallic symbol, I would venture to suggest that Prince regards his phallicus as a musical instrument in its own right.

Michael Jackson's latest, Thriller, is very much a slick and smooth exercise, sitting very comfortably (complacently?) on the pop/MOR borderline. Like the Reels' Beautiful, a perfect accompaniment to a romantic dinner, candlelight and wine, but unfortunately no monster dance tracks in the vein of 'Don't Stop...'. Ah, well.

After the austere, diamond sharp 'Nightclubbing', voted album of '81 by N.M.E., Grace Jones' follow up, 'Living My Life' is, as the title suggests, a more personal record. For a start, there are no cover versions here. Grace wrote, or co-wrote all the material. The tightly controlled image, 'feels like a woman, looks like a man', is relaxed enough to allow us a peek within, and not surprisingly 'Living My Life' is as a result a significant number of degrees warmer than its predecessor. With Sly and Robbie at the controls again it doesn't sound that different; the rhythms are definitely Compass Point, but 'Living My Life' is a very positive step for the lady with all the angles.

And last but certainly not least, a feast for the ears. Donna Summer's 12" version of 'State of Independence' is five minutes and fifty seconds of heaven. Production by the mighty Quincy Jones, backing vocals by Michael Jackson, Stevie Wonder, Dionne Warwick, Kenny Loggins, Michael MacDonald (Doobie Brothers), and about ten others and a vocal performance by the lady herself that is nothing short of cataclysmic. Hear it!

Donald Robertson
WISHING YOU AND GIVING YOU THE BEST FOR '83.