

Knox is clearly not interested in behaving like a pop star. For the rest of the song, he does a silly dance while those in the immediate vicinity screech:

*"Credit cards and a Maserati
Don't go to films 'less he knows
they're arty
Likes women's lib and the Values*

—throwing chunks of watermelon into the crowd, covering his head with tinfoil or simply painting his face. This afternoon, he uses adhesive tape, securing the microphone to his mouth and, with head completely covered, lurches onto the dance floor, through the crowd and onto the tables, knocking over drinks,

hair and face, thanks the crowd, reminds them that Toy Love are playing Zwines later on, and it's all over.

The Toy Love story begins with Christopher Alexander Knox, born in Invercargill on September 2, 1952. It would be hard to imagine a more

But young Christopher gave his adoptive parents little trouble as a boy.

There were no early indications that Chris Knox would become such an important part of the rock culture he so loved. His first public performance was during primary school, a duet with another of

Beatles, Stones, Kinks, Dylan ... moving onto the Doors, Velvet Underground, Captain Beefheart.

Leaving school and shifting to Dunedin, Knox drifted through a variety of jobs. It was at the Cadbury chocolate factory in 1974 that he met another loner, Mick Dawson, a former skinhead and recent arrival from England. They found common interests in trash culture, literature and music; eventually they began making their own. Mick was the guitarist, the man with the know-how; Chris was the non-musician who wrote these strange, spontaneous songs.

In August 1977 Knox was working part-time in a Dunedin store when

Enemy's set of 20 original songs. Roy Colbert wrote a rave review for *Rip It Up* No 7.

In the new year the Enemy continued to improve musically, while building up their original song list. The band had songs to throw away, of a quality which the pioneering Auckland bands couldn't compete with. Record companies were approached, but remained unimpressed. A rough tape, recorded in April, was sent out. They all gave the thumbs down. WEA's Tim Murdoch wrote, by way of reply, "I could hear nothing original in the music or the lyrics ... the guitar playing is average to say the least and the singing is well below average ..." To



Toy Love 1980 (L-R) Chris Knox, Mike Dooley, Paul Kean, Jane Walker, Alec Bathgate.

PHOTO BY MAURICE LYE

Party
*He's a Rasta, he's new wave
Don't do nothing 'less he's told
exactly how to behave ...
He's a rebel, he's so fine, he's like
me."*

"That was the last one," says Knox after the song. "Do you want an encore? Yeah? Good. Saves us leaving the stage." The encore is 'Frogs,' a tour de force, a song about insanity and nightmares, a free-form piece allowing Knox to sing whatever comes into his head while executing some demented theatrics

getting pulled down, crawling across the room, all the while delivering his maniacal message.

Throughout, the band rage on, peaking with an excruciating feedback crescendo while Knox, somewhere out there, possibly under a table, having exhausted his vocal repertoire, is down to babbling guttural noises. One by one, the band members leave the stage until only Knox's weird monologue remains. Finally, he too shuts off, makes his way to the stage, disentangles the tape from his head,

complex character than Knox. Widely read, he's capable of intellectual discussion, but generally shuns academic pretensions; he is also a fanatical follower of trash

Toy Love's first single, 'Rebel', was a charming slice of 60s pop. It should have been a huge hit. The band would have enjoyed that. Or would they?

culture — comic books and B-grade movies. It was Chris Knox who introduced New Zealand rock to the dubious practice of self-mutilation.

Invercargill's now-famous comedian Jon Gadsby. The pair sang 'Edelweiss.'

A loner, Knox found teenage solace in books and rock'n'roll.

School out, he would retire to his bedroom, with the phonogram gradually challenging the reading lamp, listening to the music of the

two teenage art students walked in, looking for the Damned's 'Neat Neat Neat.' Their names were Alec Bathgate and Mike Dooley, and they were forming a band. Knox volunteered. So, with Bathgate and Dooley on guitar and drums, and Mick Dawson on bass and Knox as vocalist, the Enemy were born. The band's first performance, at an "Anti-Disco Rally" on November 16, attracted about 300 kids, many of them dressed according to the *NME*. The nervous Enemy hit the stage a little after 10pm. There's only one way to do this, Knox thought: *over the top!*

He threw himself around the stage, leaping, crawling, staring demonically, spitting, screaming, wrapping his head with bandages, dribbling, demented. In the space of just one hour, Chris Knox had become ... Chris Knox.

It was as if Dunedin's teens had been waiting for this very moment. They followed Knox's lead, pogoing, hurling themselves around, the hysteria building through the

cap it off, "... I don't think you should treat this opinion as in any way discouraging."

The Enemy arrived in Auckland on September 22, 1978, parading down Queen Street in their black van with *The Enemy, Dunedin* stencilled on the sides. With the mohawked Knox giving bemused pedestrians his mad-eyed stare, there was no indication that this bunch of hoons was anything other than some out-of-town juvenile gang.

The punk fraternity knew exactly who the Enemy were, their reputation had preceded them. Their first gig was at the Student Union cafe with the Scavengers, Rednecks and Sheerlux. The gig was dogged by violence, including one unfortunate who was thrown off the balcony in a scuffle. The Enemy didn't exactly steal the show, but they did create an immediate impression.

The next day, the Enemy supported the Scavs at the Windsor Castle in the afternoon, and again later at Zwines. They won fans at



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