

# RIP IT UP

NO.2 JULY 1977



# FREE

## ROCK PAPER

# JOE LOCKER

**PART 2  
MIKE CHUNN  
INTERVIEW**

**HOW A NO. 1 RECORD  
DOESN'T SOLVE  
ALL YOUR PROBLEMS**

**NEWS & REVIEWS**

# RIP IT UP SMALL STUFF

Little Feat, Split Enz, Kiss, Dr Feelgood, Eric Clapton, Ray Davies Wailers, Jethro Tull and lots more.

First of all, congrats to our most successful musical export **Split Enz** for placing 13th in NME's Most Promising Emergent Act section in their readers poll. That may not sound so hot, but if you consider that in 12th place was Joan Armatrading and 14th were AC/DC, then I reckon they did all right. Well done and all that... similarly in a poll taken at prestigious gig, the Friars Aylesbury in Buckinghamshire, the **Enz** were voted best support band of '76, and the Jack the Lad/Split Enz tour was voted 2nd most enjoyable gig of the year... Oh My God!! Marvel Comics who brought you Spider Man, Captain America and innumerable other wonders is to start production of a series of **Kiss** comics based on the painted quartet of the same name. Just to add a suitable grisly note, the members of Kiss actually poured some of their blood into the vat of red ink that will end up on the pages of the first run of Kiss comics... theme for the upcoming James Bond movie *The Spy Who Loved Me* is to be sung by **Carly Simon**... while we're on the silly stuff, since David Bowie's last album was entitled *Low*, ex-Brinsley Schwarz **Nick Lowe**, has decided to call his new EP, *Bowl*. (Do you get it??) The EP will include such wonders as version of Sandy Posey's 1966 hit, "Born a Woman".

**Linda McCartney's** solo single is called "Seaside Woman" and released under the pseudonym of Suzy and the Red Stripes. It's produced, of course, by hubby, Paul... **Kiki Dee** has put together a new band for her latest US tour. It includes such well known names as Dee Murray on bass, together with Jerry Aiello (keyboards) and Donnie Dacus (guitar), both from the Stephen Stills band... following in the footsteps of New York and London, comes a flood of **New Wave bands** from Los Angeles. The legendary Kim Fowley (father of the Runaways, among other things) predicts: "Hollywood will have a new wave summer similar to the summer of love in '67 San Francisco. The LA bands include: the Screemers, the Weirdos, Backstage Pass, Boys in Bondage, the Zippers, the Zeroes and Dirty Diapers replacing Wilko Johnson as lead guitarist in **Dr Feelgood** is John Mayo, who seems to come from an unknown background. Singer Lee Brilleaux swears that Mayo has now been a professional musician for three weeks... rumour of the week / month / year / decade is still that Lowell George is to

quit **Little Feat**. These stories have been reinforced by George's absence from the new album and the fact he is working on/has completed his first solo album. George's declining presence on the last two albums is apparently part of a conscious decision, on the band's part, to downplay his role in the group. They felt the press they were getting was putting too much emphasis on George, to the point where they were almost becoming known as Lowell George and Little Feat. That's what they say, anyway... ace pedal steel player **Red McKelvie** has put down a steel instrumental, "Can You Feel It" for release as a



single. It's produced by Murray Grindlay and recorded at Stebbings in Auckland... the new album from **Yes** is *Going for the One*. Yes again feature keyboards player Rick Wakeman on this, their first album in about three years. It includes 5 tracks recorded in Montreux, Switzerland and produced by the band... **Boxer**, who originally started as a reformed version of Patto, have announced the latest in a long series of personnel changes. This time round the group includes: Mike Patto on vocals, Chris Stainton on keyboards, Tim Bogart on bass, Eddie Tuduri on drums and Adrian Fisher on guitar... Hooray! **Dusty Springfield** is working on a comeback LP. Regrettably, it's with Queen's (over) producer Roy Thomas Baker... **Emerson, Lake and Palmer** are to play two nights at Edinburgh Castle (that's not a pub, by the way) supported by the Royal Philharmonic and a ballet company. Then the complete entourage moves on to Earl's Court, London for a full week of performances. They'll play all the material from their new album



## Stones to Play Without Richard?

If Keith Richard receives a long sentence when he appears on a drug trafficking charge on the 27th June, then the Stones will work without him.

The charges arise out of an incident in Toronto, Canada earlier this year. Mick Jagger has stated that if Richard were to be absent from the group for a few months, then they would shelve all plans for that period. However, if he were to receive a sentence that would put him out of action for some time, then the Stones would have to find a replacement. The decision was made after lengthy discussions among all members of the group.

Even if Keith Richard escapes a long sentence, it is likely that the Rolling Stones may have to consider replacing him on certain tours. It is considered unlikely that Richard would be granted a visa for the United States, if convicted on the charges in Canada. The main charge, that of drug trafficking, carries a maximum possible sentence of life imprisonment.

*Works Vol 1*, as well as selected highlights from earlier albums... **Eric Clapton** has gone on record as saying that he wished he had stayed with John Mayall and never invented Cream. **Ringo Starr** (quoted on *Sergeant Pepper's*) said he found recording the album an unsatisfactory experience, "like playing on someone else's ses-

sions". What's more he says the Beatles didn't feel like a band again until the *White Album* and *Abbey Road*, which is his favourite... **Ian Hunter's** new band is called Overnight Angels. It features Earl Slick on guitar, Rob Rawlinson on bass, Peter Oxendale on keyboards, and Curly Smith on drums. **Continued over page**

## SEX PISTOLS NUMBER 1?

The Sex Pistols first 'official' single entitled "God Save The Queen" has rocketed into the top 10 in Britain. It's leapt to number 6 position from number 27 and seems almost certain to take the number 1 spot. However, since several chain stores have refused to stock the single it is possible it may not reach Number 1, as their sales play a large part in the computation of chart placings.

The phenomenal sales have happened despite the total ban on TV and radio in Britain. The BBC has stated that the single is "in gross bad taste". Another spokesperson at the BBC is believed to have said that it was "unfortunate for the Sex Pistols that their chart success coincided with Jubilee week. If it had been at any other time, we might have given it the occasional play."

The single is released on Virgin in Britain. The group signed with the label for a reported 45,000 pound advance about one month ago.

Meanwhile Johnny Rotten's (of the Sex Pistols) mum told the *Islington Gazette* she was proud of her little boy. "My boy is doing his own thing. He's not going around murdering people. In fact, groups like Johnny's help society by bringing kids in off the streets. I can understand people being shocked at something new. But that's no reason for the press to invent stories about my son's group vomiting all over Heathrow Airport and spitting at air staff."



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## SMALL STUFF

Continued from page 1

Their new album, *Overnight Angels*, is produced by Roy Thomas Baker (this boy gets around) . . . **Bob Marley and the Wailers** are on the road promoting their new album *Exodus*. Attending their concert in Paris were: Pierre Cardin, Yves St Laurent, Jean Paul Bemondo, Francois Truffaut, Alain Delon, Ahmet Ertegun and Bianca Jagger (pew) . . . the **Wailers** this time out are the Barrett brothers rhythm section, keyboard player Tyrone Downie, and on guitar, American Junior Marvin . . . the **New Riders of the Purple Sage** were flattered at the news that a fan recently gave birth to a baby girl while listening to a NRPS album and thus christened the child, Sage. Drummer, Spencer Dryden, wrote to the lucky lady, saying, "Congratulations on a healthy birth and your good taste in music." **Stevie Winwood's** long awaited solo album is to be released soon. Featured musicians include Willie Weeks, Andy Newmark, Jim Capaldi and Alan Spenser; all the material is Winwood originals . . . another album not-too-far-off is the new **Doobie Brothers'** one, *Living On the Faultline* . . . **Brian Wilson** (of the Beach Boys) is currently working on a solo album with producer Earle Mankey. It apparently features a heavily orchestrated approach . . . a rock musical is to be made out of the Kinks' *Preservation*. Written by **Ray Davies**, it will play on London's West End later this year, but it will not include the Kinks. However, Ray Davies will be involved in casting, production and will also contribute new musical arrangements. A theatre cast album of *Preservation* may ensue; a film is also being considered . . . **Led Zeppelin's** tour of the States earlier

## RENEE GEYER TOUR



Top tour attraction for July is undoubtedly the Renee Geyer Band. They will play the four main centres.

Her dates here follow a highly successful homecoming tour of Australia in June. After New Zealand, Renee flies on to the United States for a series of shows in August.

Renee Geyer's new album, *Moving Along*, was recorded in Los Angeles and produced by Frank Wilson, famed for his work with Diana Ross, Eddie Kendricks and Stevie Wonder. It features musicians from Stevie Wonder's band, Wonder Love, together with guests such as Ernie Watts on sax and famous Motown bass player, James Jamerson. Recorded at a cost of \$80,000 it includes a re-recorded version of Renee's biggest Australian hit "Heading In the Right Direction".

Touring with her here will be her Australian band of: Mark Punch on guitar, Mal Logan on keyboards, Russell Dunlop on drums and Phil Lawson on bass. Extra singers and horn players may also be included.

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## Asleep on the Aerial Railway?

Maidment Theatre, Auckland  
Thursday, June 16.

*A Night on the Aerial Railway*: mimics, loons, jellybeans, recitations, Strauss, tricks and trapdoors, dry ice and dancers — a four hour marathon in all, and buried amidst it the efforts of half a dozen songwriters. Well, with our brightest young hopes recently stolen to gad about the globe with the Enz, or like Geoff Chunn receiving exposure of unfathomable irregularity, *A Night on the Aerial Railway* gave opportunity to assess what some local songsters offer at present.

Heading the act was Malcolm McCallum. McCallum, with one album already released and another planned is probably the most successful singer-songwriter hereabouts (excepting, I suppose, John Hanlon). As a performer, he seems unsure whether he wants to try it alone or with a band.

Nevertheless he is a competent solo performer, even if his material does suffer when stripped of electric instrumentation (rocky numbers "Don't Save All Your Good Loving" and "Is It Cold in Your Heart" beg for a rhythm section, notwithstanding some valiant thrashings on guitar). McCallum puts together as good a set of displaced electric songs as one could expect and I'm tipping the next album will be worth attention.

Not that he hasn't his weaknesses. He particularly needs to learn to edit his own material. His wind up number is an apocalyptic vision of city night-life, an attempted Jackson Browne treatment of a Bruce Springsteen theme. The quality of the lyric is patchy to say the least. McCallum draws a compelling picture of the working musician who becomes inadvertent piper to the languid frequenters of Auckland clubs. But after setting his scene he has an embarrassing weakness for self explanation. Who needs lines like, "you wonder why they prostitute their feelings so



Malcolm McCallum

mercilessly" and this from a man capable of the genuine image of "midnight cleaners with their fateful brooms". Still don't get me wrong. Malcolm McCallum is good value.

But if McCallum is a little indiscriminating in his sentiments the gentlemen from Waves, Dave Marshall and Graham Gash lose themselves wholly in linguistic excess. Dave Marshall is the main culprit, principally because he writes about things remote from his experience. Songs about being old, or being a fugitive bankrobber are frankly presumptuous, and lose impact in a maze of catchphrases. As far as Waves are concerned (though I realise the whole band was not represented here) the honeymoon is over. People no longer accept the band on its undoubted technical competence alone. If soon they don't start moving with some kind of purpose they'll find themselves without a public.

The remainder of the evening was a pleasant frolic interspersed with moments of inspiration. Limbs, the newly formed dance group lent polish, the Momba band was relaxed, loose, but never chaotic, piano player Mathew Brown amazed with digital dexterity, Steve Robinson (ex Tamburlaine, Heartbreakers) exhibited once again versatility as an entertainer. And as a

surprise package in the middle of a pleasantly inoffensive routine Dave Calder unwound the best tune of the night, a little dittv by the name of "Sleeping Dogs". Unhappily by that advanced stage of the evening most were dozing quietly in their seats.  
**Bruce Belsham**

this year played to an estimated 700,000 people and one source predicted a gross taking of \$10 million . . . **Stone the Crows** have reformed. Guitarist, Miller Anderson replaces Les Harvey who died on stage several years ago and was replaced at that time by Jimmy McCulloch who is now with Wings. Got That? . . . now for the super small stuff . . . **Mick Taylor** is recording a solo album for Atlantic . . . **The Rumour** of Graham Parker and fame are to record an album on their own . . . new wave/punk band **The Jam** are managed by the guitarist's dad . . . next **Jess Roden** album to be produced by Joel Dorn . . . **Kenny Passarelli**, ex Joe Walsh and Elton John bass player, is now with Hall and Oates . . . new **Elvin Bishop** album to be a double live *Raisin' Hell* . . . **Felix Cavaliere**, a founding member of the Young Rascals, has a new band called *Treasure* . . . **Neil Diamond's** *Live At the Greek* is the first album in New Zealand to ship double platinum. That is, advance orders of 30,000 copies according to *Cashbox* . . . **Genesis** have just completed 3 concerts at London's Earls Court stadium to a total of 51,000 people. Something tells me they're popular . . . as you've probably noticed **Nina Simone** didn't tour here. Sorry if we put anybody wrong but the tour was on at the time we printed. Honest . . . also cancelled are the **Jethro Tull** dates in August. Seems the cost of transporting 37,000lb of gear and 18 people makes playing here totally uneconomic . . . but as a substitute, a date is now set for **Fleetwood Mac** to play here, it's November 29 at Western Springs stadium, Auckland . . . also on the cards is a visit from Jackson Browne in October . . . and Little Feat are now said to be coming in February. OK?? but no promises. That's just what we're told . . .

## NZ NEWS

**Hello Sailor** have completed the recording of their first album and it will be released during late July or early August. The tracks included are: "Latin Lover", "Gutter Black", "Hooked", "Vermillion", "Good Gun", "Special Kind of Girl", "Lying in the Sand", "All Round This Town", "Watch Your Back" and "Big Bum". The album is currently being remixed before release.

**Vox Pop** have undergone a line-up change. With the departure of Andrew Kay for Australia, Greg Clark (ex Space Waltz) comes in on guitar.

**Living Force's** first album is to be released in about a month. Recorded at Mascot Studios, it was the first album done on their new 16 track machine and is engineered by Doug Jane and produced by the band. The LP will be mastered in the States and has been described as 'a sort of upbeat Santana sound in the jazz-rock vein'. Other NZ musicians into the studio in the near future include: Waves, Malcolm McCallum (to record a single), John Hanlon, Alistair Riddell (to put down tracks for a couple of singles), Richard Wilde and Lea Maalfred.

**GLOBE** **TUES - SAT** **JULY**

Peter Cuddihy, Brent Eccles, Greg Clark & Derwent Gordon

## SPLITS, QUILTS & BREAK UPS

In which *Rip It Up* tells you who's broken up and who's left who. **Steeleye Span.** Bob Johnson (guitar) and Peter Knight (fiddle) have both left Steeleye Span to work on their own projects. Replacing them in the band are, well-known folk guitarist Martin Carthy, who was an original member of the group; and accordionist John Kirkpatrick who has worked with Richard and Linda Thompson among others. Johnson and Knight quit the band on the eve of its world tour which includes dates in NZ in August.

Rumours have suggested that this could be a substantially different Steeleye Span, in sound, to the one seen in NZ last.

**Procol Harum** guitarist, Mick Graham has quit. He replaced Dave Ball five years ago, who in turn replaced Robin Trower. Graham's departure is apparently amicable, but both he and Harum seem uncertain of their respective futures. Mick Graham has hinted that he may form his own band.

**The Supremes.** The last original member of the Supremes, Mary Wilson, has left. The remaining two, Scherrie Payne and Susaye Green, are understood to be searching for a third member. There's also a strong possibility that Mary Wilson's first solo album will be produced by Marvin Gaye.

**Labelle** have also broken up. All three members are working on solo projects, of which Nona Hendryx's album will probably be the first released.

**Black Oak Arkansas** have changed their name to Black Oak. With the name change comes a massive personnel upheaval. The only remaining members from the old line-up are Jim Dandy Mangrum and "Little Jimmy" Henderson.

## Springsteen is Recording

The legal dispute which has prevented Bruce Springsteen from recording for over a year has been settled out of court. The proceedings between Springsteen and his manager Mike Appel give Appel a "substantial economic benefit". He gains a share in the profits of Springsteen's first three albums, while Springsteen regains control of all his publishing.

Appel it appears won't the lawsuit but Springsteen is now free to work with the producer he wants and is currently working on his long-delayed fourth album with Jon Landau as co-producer.

Springsteen's guitarist, Miami Steve Van Zandt told *Record World*, "Bruce has 13 or 14 really good, 3 and 4 minute songs with a sort of mid-'60's British-American rock feel to them and good, strong melodies."



## THE LATEST FROM EDDIE

This letter is being wrought frantically before a photo session for the album cover, which is being designed by Noel and Chrysalis records.

The final gigs of the tour went real well, but they seem so far away now that, at present, I can't even remember whereabouts they were.

Well, in between eagerly-received narrations from Geoff Emerick about *Sgt. Pepper*, McCartney and his recent trip to the Virgin Islands to record the next Wings LP; and brief encounters with George Martin (who is a director of Air Studios) we have managed, over the last week or so, to lay down the rhythm tracks (i.e. bass, drums, piano and acoustic guitar) for the album, which is tentatively entitled *Dizrhythmia*.

As from tomorrow, we will be starting overdubbing, which will last for anything up to a couple of weeks.

Then mixing begins which will last one to two weeks also, with Geoff producing and us acting as influential underlings. Time will be tight as we lost a week with six of us down with pommie flu.

At present working at Air Studios are Wings, Shirley Bassey, Lonnie Donegan and us. Marc (ugh) Bolan, Bryan (green) Ferry and Elton John have also been recently doing sessions there.

The album is tentatively comprised of nine songs: "Crosswords", "Parrot Fashion Love", "Charlie", "My Mistake", "Sugar n Spice", "Jamboree", "Bold as Brass", "Wouldn't it be Nice to Know", and another as yet untitled.

That's about all I can think of really, see you in July.

Regards,  
Eddie.

## WHO'S WHERE

Auckland

**The Suburban Reptiles** with **The Scavengers** Auckland University Cafe (Saturday July 9)

**Vox Pop Globe** (July)

**Malcolm McCallum** Thursday and Saturday nights at the Leopard Tavern, Saturday afternoons at the Windsor Castle and Monday nights at Clichy wine bar.

**Hello Sailor** Windsor Castle (July 4-16)

**Hunter** (featuring Alan Hunter and Tony Pilcher) Inner Circle (Saturday afternoons on July 2 & 9)

**Lennie Oakes** Poles Apart Folk Club (Friday, 22 July)

If you're not here that's because you didn't let us know. For listing write Box 5689, Auckland

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## A Losing Bette!

By William Dart

It is interesting to speculate on what might have become of Bette Midler if the clientele of the New York steam baths had been blessed with taste. What would that nice Jewish girl be doing now? — one-night-stands through the Mid-West in the back chorus line of *Fiddler on the Roof*, finally marrying a man from Montana and helping out on the dental floss farm.

As a sort of one-girl showbiz Yankee Steeleye Span, putting kitsch and camp within reach of the average man on the streets, Bette has had some minor successes. "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy" was something of a *succes d'echoc* in 1972, but her version adds little to the original Andrews Sister's one, apart from an-phetamines. Shunting a career that has featured more lows than the average Chaliapin aria, the divine Miss M had proceeded by bumps and grinds until we are treated to her fourth album, *Live at Last*.

Even if we forgive her musical excrescences, who could tolerate a glut of Sophie Tucker jokes, many of which are unfunny in the extreme, and all of which pale beside vintage Tucker patter.

The divine Miss M *does* tend to paint with rather a bold palette. It probably carries well in a swinging steambath — or after a sufficient number of cocktails at the Copacabana. Others, however, have done the same with a little more astringency.

When Randy Newman included the Gordon-Revel classic "Underneath the Harlem Moon" in his *Twelve Songs* album, it gained a characteristic Newmannesque irony in lines such as:

*They just live for dancing,  
They're never blue for long.  
Ain't no sin to laugh or grin,  
That's why darkies were born.*

Geoff and Maria Muldaur were amongst the first to review some older songs. Their second album *Sweet Potatoes* includes a charmingly diffident "Dardanella" by Geoff, and a version of Billie Holiday's "Lover Man" by Maria (a number she repeated at her recent Auckland concert). Now work-

ing separately, the Muldaurs frequently use older material in their own albums, from Marla's reading of the surreal little love song "We Just Couldn't Say Goodbye" to Geoff's frenetically disco-ised "Hooray for Hollywood" on his second album.

It may be that the nostalgia boom is rooted in the basic discontent and malaise of our society. As in life so in music. Compared with atom bombs, pollution, energy crises and contemporary political events, even the Depression of the thirties takes on a warm glow. When you've sat through forty-five minutes of Chuck Berry you might well hanker after the harmonic variety, the lyrical freedom and the literate words of the standard popular song of the twenties to the forties.

As well as a dearth of artists today (outside of the cabaret circuit) who know what to do with these songs, we are faced with a rather unimaginative re-issuing policy of the original recordings. The Andrews Sisters' version of "The Coffee Song" (which Osibisa have just disco-ised) is worth scouring junk shops for in 78 form! It doesn't appear on any of their compilation albums. Nor do the classics these girls sang with Danny Kaye — "Civilization (Bongo! Bongo! Bongo!)" and "Beating Banging and Scratching" being two notables.

Some of the Andrews Sisters' recordings have been re-released in versions that the girls themselves recorded in the 'fifties — recordings marred by the Latin American schlock plastered on every second track. Eartha Kitt, that eminent lady of fifties 'cool', has had her LP re-issues ruined in similar fashion.

Who then is using all this material to any advantage these days? Randy Newman, of course, never grew up the R&B way. His songs register in the vein of a latter-day Hoagy Carmichael. In her album *Hejira* Joni Mitchell gives us a song "Blue Motel Room" wherein she has infused her own style into a 1940's mould. And Sparks did a similar feat with "Looks, Looks, Looks" from their *Indiscreet* album. Ian Whitcomb keeps the flag of nostalgia flying with his books *After the Ball* and *Tin Pan Alley*; but his album, *Underneath the Ragtime Moon* has never seen release here.

There have been pleasant surprises here and there: Genevieve Waite's version of Irving Berlin's "Slumming on Park Avenue" (produced by husband John Phillips) and Ronnie Lane's "Brother Can You Spare a Dime" from his *Slim Chance* album. On the local scene, Hello Sailor's "Rum and Coca Cola" was a surprisingly successful recasting of an Andrews Sisters' number — deserving of a bigger success than it ever got.

And then there is that very special man, Ry Cooder, the rich man's Leon Redbone. Cooder takes his material from a variety of sources from Guthrie on the left to Bacharach on the right. And he subjects this material to the most amazing transformations. Who else would give us Jim Reeve's "He'll Have To Go" in Mexican garb?

Back to Bette. Maybe if we all sent her a pair of zircon-encrusted tweezers, she would get the message and ride her pygmy pony off into the setting sun.

## SMALL SCOTSMAN MAKES BIG

New Zealand is a funny place. In case you hadn't noticed it, it's a bit out of the way. And this has its good points and its bad points. The good points lie in its way of life. Its probably not the worst place in the world to live.

One of the bad points is communications. There seems to be a cultural filter which cuts down the flow of information from overseas, so that, while the mainstream is well-served (by television for example) minority groups with special interests can suffer from cultural isolation. This has greatly improved over the last few years (certainly as far as music goes) so that papers like *Rolling Stone*, *Melody Maker*, and *New Musical Express* are now readily available throughout most of the country.

I recently heard a Radio Hauraki DJ say on the air that he had never heard of Frankie Miller. I guess you can't blame him for that. Until recently, Frankie has featured prominently in the bargain bins of a few of the local record stores, largely due to lack of airplay and apparent lack of record company backing. Record companies are often unable to predict what will sell, and therefore generally release a bunch of albums on spec. They then deplete or stop promoting those albums that don't sell. Its a sensible and economical policy.

Which is one reason why our boy ain't been selling too well. His first album was released on Chrysalis and went largely unnoticed in New Zea-



land. It's called *Once In a Blue Moon*. There may still be a few copies of it in the sale bins. Buy it. It is a boomer. Frankie's raunchy voice and simple songs are backed by Brinsley Schwarz, a now defunct British pub band (some of whom now play in the *Rumour*, of *Graham Parker and the Rumour*). They were a solid working outfit who tended to underplay and go for simplicity, and they gave the songs the power base needed to complement Mr Miller's intense vocals.

The only flaw I could find with OIABM was that the simplicity of the music and the negligible production on the album led to a slight sameness about some of the songs. His second album, *High Life* overcame this problem. It was produced by the master of tight production, Allen Toussaint, and it never misses — every track a gem. The only fault I could possibly find with it is that it is almost too good. With half of the songs written by Allen Toussaint, and his impeccable production and musicians on every track,

some of the rough edges that make Frankie Miller so exciting are gone. But it's worth the loss to hear the combination of two such important artists on the same vinyl.

So who is Frankie Miller? I'm glad you asked. He's a short Scot from Glasgow who's noted for his taste in hats and his vocal ability. He grew up on all the right influences — Little Richard, Ray Charles, Otis Redding — and was singing from the age of four (or so the promo sheet would have us believe). He played in local bands while still at school, and took a job as an electrician when he left. He didn't last long — a familiar story in rock and roll — and began singing with local R'n'B bands for a living. He played with Jim Dewar (of Stone the Crows fame) in a semi-pro soul band called Sock it to 'Em JB (after a Bar-Kays hit). When that split up he moved to London, and in the late 60's played with the Stoics, an R'n'B band signed to Chrysalis. The Stoics toured Germany with Ten Years After before their demise. Their differences, Frankie says, "weren't musical, they were physical. There were one or two of us who never got along." He then joined Dewar and Robin Trower in Jude, sharing the writing chores with Trower. Clive Bunker (of the original Jethro Tull) played drums. Dewar was later to play in Robin Trower's power trio. When Jude broke up, our boy was out there on his own.

Since going solo, he's had two problems that haven't helped his career. He had no regular band, and he had little or no management. For a while, he was mentioned mainly for sitting in with other bands, in what must have been a fairly friendly scene, the so-called pub rock scene. Eventually he moved to San Francisco, where he got together the band which appeared on his third album, *The Rock*. It was a band which fitted his style of writing and singing more than any of his previous cohorts had done. Their music was raw and powerful, a synthesis of British and American influences. With Henry McCulloch on guitar, Mick Weaver on keyboards, Chrissie Stewart on bass, and Stu Perry on drums, they couldn't fail to be good.

*The Rock* was written almost totally by Frankie and had the benefit of a sparse production job, courtesy of Elliot Mazer. It's on this record that Frankie's Otis Redding influence is most apparent, particularly on "All My Love", where the Stax-like horn lines and the slow, soulful feel stand out like they were written by Otis himself. It's not the only influence detectable, however, and the overall sound is Frankie Miller, the distillate of all that rhythm and blues.

The latest FM record, *Full House*, is out in New Zealand now. It's brilliant. He has come up with just the right musicians this time, guys with little previous reputation but a real sense of what his songs need. Ray Minhinnet is the best rock guitarist he's had since Brinsley Schwarz (sorry Henry). The rhythm section (Chrissy Stewart, bass, and Graham Deakin, drums) put across a fat bottom line, and Jim Hall is a fine pianist, both as a lead and a rhythm player. The first side is mainly other people's songs, including John Lennon's "Jealous Guy", and a shattering rendition of that great oldie "Love Letters (straight from your heart)". It sounds quite different in Frankie's hands. The second side is mostly F. Miller cuts. They're all so good its virtually impossible to pick a standout track. The band push harder than just about any you could name, and I think it is his best work yet.

A singer needs three things; talent, good management, and good musicians. Frankie Miller has always had the first, and lately he seems to have connected with the other two. His band is getting rave reviews in Britain. He is now managed by Keith Reid, Procul Harum's lyricist. It looks like it might just do the trick.

More importantly, he has been and is making excellent music. Good music is supposed to make you happy. Frankie Miller's music makes me ecstatic. Try some. See for yourself.

John Malloy



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# MARK WILLIAMS

## OR HOW A NO. 1 RECORD DOESN'T SOLVE ALL YOUR PROBLEMS



Whatever happened to Mark Williams?

That would have been a pretty reasonable question a few months ago but there's no avoiding him now. With a number one single in "I Guess It Doesn't Matter Anymore" and a fine new album *Taking It All In Stride*, he's once again coming at you on all fronts. So, what did happen to Mark Williams in 1976?

"We kept pretty much out of the public eye last year because we realised what was happening... one of the biggest mistakes in a country this size is to keep on pouring things out as fast as you can. After all you can only do it for so long and people get bored with you. It's happened to every entertainer in New Zealand, after so long you just become totally overexposed."

"And exposure in the year of 'Yesterday Was Just The Beginning (Of My Life)' almost went overboard. I saw myself on TV, I heard myself on the radio... so the lull wasn't so much planned as that we felt we weren't going to do anything else until we had something that was, for want of a better word, legitimate."

"We felt there was no point churning things out and riding on a bandwagon that was formed by having a Number 1 record."

The we Mark Williams is talking about includes his producer and manager Alan Galbraith. Williams is reticent, even shy, and Galbraith tends to leap in to expand and clarify Mark's short statements. That may sound to some like a Svengali-like situation, with Galbraith pulling the strings, but I don't think it is. In the four years that Williams has been a solo singer every step has been carefully created and acted upon by the two together. There's a mutual respect between them for the other abilities — a team I guess you'd call it. For instance, at the

Dr Hook concert Alan Galbraith was down at the mixing board making sure it came out right. And it certainly did.

Galbraith's position is that he advances Mark Williams' career on any front he can. He freely admits: "I'd gladly hand the management over to someone else who knew more about it than me if there was anybody around involved in it. But all there are in New Zealand are booking agents. I'm basically a record producer, but I happen to manage Mark Williams and Sharon O'Neill for want of anyone else to do it."

The new album gains both their enthusiasm. "We both feel it's so much better than the two previous albums in every respect. Mark's got an obvious style which is being allowed to come through. And it's only recently that he's got to feel confident doing a lyric like 'Taking It All In Stride', a song which relies purely on performance and not on how the guys in back are playing."

Mark agrees: "I sort of know which direction I want to go now, although the direction is still varied. I don't think I could ever settle with just one style."

Galbraith clarifies that statement, "I think we're trying to create an original style. On the album there are disco-funk Commodores style things which he performs in his own way, and there's a couple of sensitive ballads. Somewhere in there an original style emerges."

"That's the only way to go. We don't want to consciously be like anything else, nor do we consciously try to be not like anything else."

Mark agrees: "The good thing about what we're doing now is that nobody's trying to mould me."

So who tried to mould you in the past?

"I think EMI did in a lot of ways, in their expectations."

And what were they trying to mould you into?

"God knows. They'd come along and suggest songs to do. One Christmas, they brought along a corny Christmas song that Stevie Wonder had done and tried to make us do that."

"Mark was horrified," Galbraith interjects, "and he really felt the pressure of his record company saying 'do this, do that.' But it's also fair to say that EMI have been incredibly good. There were a few instances of certain people not really understanding what Mark Williams was about. But that would happen in any record company anywhere in the world. Now I think they've got total faith. After all, he's got a Number 1 record, so they must realise that they can put their faith in him."

Galbraith also sees a change in the audience's idea of Mark Williams. "I think a lot of people, say in the 18-25 age group, weren't giving Mark a fair hearing because they were put off by the fact that he appealed to a wide audience and that he was quite unashamedly commercial in his ap-



photos by Murray Cammick

proach, which doesn't go down well with a lot of people."

Mark affirms this. "I got kickback on that too. If I'd go to a club there'd always be one or two who'd really despise what I was doing."

"Yeah, I think they probably thought that Mark was going out of his way to be as commercial as possible. But I think they're beginning to realise now that what he's doing is legitimate Mark Williams. It may not entirely appeal to them but at least it's honest. We should have called this album 'Honesty'," Alan says with a smile.

So after a lay-off and the release of the new album, where now? Alan Galbraith realises the problem. "This year we said 'Well, what do we do now?' So we decided to set up a Mark Williams show, with Mark upfront with his own band and a guest artist."

This far they've toured through a few pubs but there have been problems. "New Zealand Breweries just aren't interested in entertainment. They see shows as a way to sell booze which doesn't help us very much because they don't promote the show. But now, we've put the basis of the

shows together and we hope to be able to do it properly in concert halls."

You're pushing for that?

"Yeah, but it seems silly to me that we have to push for it. It seems crazy to me that a promoter is bringing the Hues Corporation here to do a major 3 week tour and they haven't had a hit in what... a year and a half? Here's a guy who's undoubtedly got a big following, he's got a Number 1 record and yet nobody's approaching us to do a tour. Promoters are just scared of local artists."

Assuming that they manage to convince a local promoter to take the tour on, you'll see a Mark Williams Show with Rocking Horse and Sharon O'Neill doing the country within the next few months.

Where then? "I'm working towards going overseas. I know I've got to get out of here now. I didn't want to and I've always maintained I didn't want to, but..."

Alan Galbraith comes in. "We all know with 3 million people and the sort of venues which we have to perform in, we can't do much else. It's quite nice living here but there's just not enough to do. As far as I'm concerned we don't really want to just get up one day and leave the country. We feel we live here and so we want to expand from here and the obvious thing, first of all, is to go to Australia."

"We haven't planned to go to Sydney and start grovelling around working all the clubs. We think we can do it better by establishing ourselves in the area without leaving here. So, we'll try to work ourselves into the area by going there and coming back."

"We've got some fairly positive offers on the lease of Mark's recordings and it's a matter of going there and saying 'Will you do more if we bring the artist to you?' And after Australia we'll try the same strategy in Japan, so that by the end of the year we'll have an agent and a recording company in each place and we'll return here to plan our strategy."

"We've got to get something moving because if we're gonna stay in these pubs much longer, we're all gonna die."





## Mike Chunn Interview

# ENZ IN USA AND BEYOND

Interviewed by Alastair Dougal

To play in the United States is the dream of many a rock band in Britain. Few get the chance and even fewer make any great impression. It's a common fate for a band to tour the States 6 or 7 times before they even begin to show a small profit on their work. But it is undoubtedly the largest single market for music in the world and all that hard work can pay off. Ask Peter Frampton.

In February, Split Enz were booked to play a 6 week 'showcase' tour of the US dotting about from city to city. The aim of the tour was definitely not to be profitable, but rather to try to arouse interest in the group and, thereby, in the album, *Second Thoughts*.

Since the Jack the Lad Tour of Britain in September '76, Split Enz had been touring almost constantly and for some in the band this tour was to be the last. Two of the founder members were to quit after this, the most bizarre tour in the group's history.

"We were met at the LA airport by two huge limousines, thanks to Chrysalis, who were greasing us up, and we were taken to stay on Sunset Boulevard and all those magic places which was, of course, very exciting. I was sharing a room with Phil and our balcony looked out on the city, the street outside's covered in those huge billboards and the Roxy's right across the street. It's a real musicians city.

After 2 or 3 days in LA we drove up to San Francisco where we were booked to play 3 nights at a club there called the Boarding House. Chrysalis took us out to lunch on a point that overlooks the harbour, the Golden Gate Bridge, Alcatraz and all that sort of hoo-ha. They had hired photographers going all the time; it's all very showbizzy with hired limousines again, of course. But it was a free lunch and quite a lot of fun.

The Boarding House was excellent. We were headlining because Chrysalis had bought the show out and so it was very cheap to get in. We played there three nights; two shows a night at 8 and 11.30, but the club only holds about 280 people. I'm sure it's a good place to see a group but it's not such a good place to play. Everybody kept

**"Consequently all these Southerners who like to boogie along to Lynyrd Skynyrd, stayed away in their droves."**

banging into each other because it was so cramped. I'd go out of tune because Tim would whack into the neck of my bass.

"But the reception was very good. For things like 'Another Great Divide' they'd give us a standing ovation and that wasn't even the end of the show! It was the first time we'd ever had anything like that. If you got 280 New Zealanders in one room nothing would happen, it's hard enough with 2,000 of

**"By then fatigue had hit everybody pretty hard."**

they actually thought of us. It was a bit of a chore but a necessary one.

Another part of the tour was also to become a chore, albeit a necessary one. 'Everyday we had to go to these stupid record shops. You'd walk in and they'd blast through the shop 'Acme records welcomes Chrysalis recording artists Split Enz,' and everybody's looking at you and you feel so conspicuous! Then you had to parade around and get introduced to the people who run the shop because that's the object: to get them interested in the record. We'd have to go to two or three of these shops every day. It was extremely boring."

From the West Coast, Split Enz headed into the heart of America, the South and Texas. Here, the promotion was less effectively handled, the interest slackered and the band's morale began to go down.

In Houston, they were booked into a



Mike and Nicholas Chunn

the buggers. All the first shows were sold out and the second shows were about half full. So, in actual fact we didn't play to that many people, but the reaction was just so good that we were relying on word of mouth to spread the good word.

"One night at the Boardinghouse this long-haired guy came backstage and said 'You guys are good. I want you out of town by midnight.' So everybody went 'uh, ha, ha...' what a good joke. Then the guy said 'Do you know who I am?' and Noel said, 'You're not anybody unless you've got our record.' So that's how we met the bass player in the Tubes."

However, their next gig in Los Angeles at the Roxy to an invited audience of record industry and press people was less successful. 'There were quite a few big people there and it was a big event, but they were very reserved. In LA you've got to be cool and they seemed more concerned about what other people felt than what

club called the Texas Opry House. As Michael tells, 'it was just as you'd imagine it. They'd all got ten-gallon hats, boots and jeans. There weren't that many people there but the show went

**"We were still playing 'Stranger Than Fiction' ... and I was extremely sick of it."**

well and the ones that were there liked it a lot."

From Houston to Dallas, and then onto Atlanta, Georgia. Here the promotion was particularly ineptly handled. The main promotion was, wait for it, a Split Enz look-a-like contest! 'The first prize was a free trip to see Jethro Tull play anywhere in America, the second prize was 50 free Chrysalis albums, and, because the contest was co-run by a haircut shop, the third prize was a

years free haircuts. It was just so gross.

"The guy who won it looked like me. In fact, he looked more like me than I do and he was the only one who entered. They'd had heats every night we played, and on the third night they still had only one guy for the final. So they got two characters who worked in the place, put make-up all over them, and shoved them in to take second and third prizes. Shit it was hopeless, just so bad.

"Consequently all these Southerners who like to boogie along to Lynyrd Skynyrd stayed away in their droves. They thought we were another Kiss. We probably averaged about 20 people a night. There were almost more people on the stage than in the audience on some nights.

"I remember Tim thought up the idea of calling out on stage 'Are you having a good time?' And everybody would shout back: 'Naah, we want to boogie!' So Tim was going to say, 'That doesn't matter we're having a good time and the majority rule.'"

It was after the infamous Atlanta dates that Phil Judd decided to quit. "One night he decided he'd had enough and he had in a way. He doesn't like playing live much and he told us then that he'd be leaving but he'd do the rest of the tour which was good, we couldn't have done it without him."

So just why did Phil quit? Mike explains it as best he can. "Phil never says much so I really just have to speculate. For one thing, I think he had an inferiority complex about his guitar playing, and he missed his wife and kid whom he hadn't seen since December and that's very hard. He was probably just sick of the whole mindless existence of touring and of being constantly at the mercy of whatever the agency tells you to do.

**"I'd just had enough of the pace of the whole thing."**

Even with the news of Phil Judd quitting, the tour carried on regardless. From Atlanta to Boston and onto New York, where they were booked to play the prestigious Bottom Line Club. "It might be prestigious but it certainly doesn't look it. We were supporting a 50 year old comedian Henny Youngman who does all these Jewish and Polish jokes. I used to have one off pat ... oh yeah 'Have you heard about the latest jigsaw puzzle from Poland? It's got one piece!' Of course, everybody's killing themselves laughing because they're all Polish and love laughing at themselves. Very strange. But the reception we got was very good considering most of the crowd was quite old and had come to see Henny Youngman."

Through Chicago and Philadelphia the tour continued. By now the band had gone under to fatigue and being advertised as Split Enz in Chicago probably didn't help. But even with everybody feeling ordinarily 'knackered' they all realised it could have been much worse. "We were in Philadelphia for radio interviews and press and saw Genesis play in an ice hockey stadium. Afterwards we went backstage and ate all their food because they weren't hungry. They were half way through their American tour of 2½ months and they looked anaemic. They looked shithouse and I've been complaining about the 5 weeks we'd been on tour.

"But we were pretty tired. By then fatigue had hit everybody pretty hard. I was coming back to New Zealand for a holiday, the others were going onto London and Tim and Eddie were going to Baltimore to write songs. It seemed just like that last period in class before the end of school when it doesn't matter what the subject is, you're just so keen to have it over with and get out. By Chicago we were just sick of the whole thing."

Continued on page 14

Photos by Murray Cammick

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# JOE COCKER

## The Concert

For my money Joe Cocker has put on some of the best concerts Auckland has ever seen. His first show in 1972 with the Chris Stainton band, was widely misunderstood. Cocker unveiled new material and the large audience, familiar only with his well-known songs, became disgruntled.

They don't know what they missed. His versions of "St James Infirmary" and "Do Right Woman" were killers, that most of the crowd in their resentment at not hearing their favourites, ignored



Cocker's second appearance in Auckland was even better. I'd rate it as one of the best rock concerts ever seen here. With a totally immaculate band that positively reeked of class, Cocker put on a show of immense subtlety and power. With Richard Tee on piano, Cornell Dupree on rhythm guitar, Gordon Edwards on bass and the amazing Albert Lee on lead guitar, he couldn't miss. I've yet to hear any other band achieve such a full and mellow sound at an outdoor concert and Cocker more than matched them.

This time through Cocker was billed as "The Return of the Mad Dog". But he no longer looks so mad. In fact, he was distinctly subdued, his hands no longer claw at the air or at his hair in the way they once did, and his vocal power seemed more limited than in the past.

However, with his new band, American Standard, and well-known session players Nicky Hopkins and Bobby Keys, together for only the second

time on stage, it was perhaps no surprise that no chances were taken either vocally or instrumentally.

Indeed, his versions of some of the old favourites such as "Space Captain" and "High Time We Went", were pretty lame stuff. American Standard are not the class unit that either the Chris Stainton band or Stuff were, and predictably Nicky Hopkins' contributions on piano and Bobby Keys' sax solos were the instrumental highlights of the night.

But the most encouraging note of the concert was the energy Cocker put into many of the new songs. "Worrying Over You", "Wasted Years" and "All Because of What You Did to Me Last Night" were proof enough that there's life in the mad dog yet.

Hell, I'd go and see the man anytime. For Joe Cocker's gift is the ability to throw himself into a song. Not just vocally but mentally and physically too. So, when Joe gets it right, he doesn't just sing a song, he lives it, and that makes him the consistently compelling performer he is.

There's too little genuine passion around to ignore someone like Joe Cocker.

Alastair Dougal





The first thing you notice about Joe Cocker is that body.

The strangely bloated torso on spindly legs, the ragged hair pushed behind his ears and the stubble of a beard. His movements off-stage are exactly like those on. He can't keep his hands still, he wrings them, pulls at his beard and, most characteristically of all, tugs at his hair which is now not only receding but streaked with grey.

But this ravaged appearance belies his character. He's maintained that outward going working-class manner. Friendly and ingenuous. He answers questions in a low mumble, his conversation punctuated with 'you know' after every few words.

He's not articulate, sure, but the rounds of a thousand interviews have long ago killed any idea of maintaining a front and he seems prepared to answer anything.

In fact, vulnerability and a certain gullibility would seem to be his downfall. His career shows him as being controlled alternately by musicians and managers, few of whom have ever had his better interests at heart. Poor old Joe.

So do you think the music business has given you a pretty rough deal, Joe?

"Maybe I have been isolated in some ways just because I got in a lot earlier. Some of the younger sort of guys they don't want to know anything about their business affairs as long as they've got their guitars and a few organs, you know? But I've got to keep a check on what's happening with my own financial status as well as the music.

Like Jerry Moss A & M's president. He came through from a sad background, out of Brooklyn and the Bronx, and I suppose once you've got \$200 million in the bank you ain't about to part with it, right? So, they've missed a lot of the rough times you have to go through because once they get that bit of fatness around them they can't see it any more. They're dedicated never to go back to that.

"So they can be a bit heartless at times.

The music business hasn't paid too well either, Cocker says. How about the story that he came out of the Mad Dogs and Englishmen tour with only a couple of hundred dollars?

"I thought I came out of it with less than that. I don't know where it all

went... we didn't even get any royalties out of the film."

At the end of that tour Cocker disappeared for a couple of years and, reputedly, was living with his parents in Sheffield. He only re-emerged when Jim Price managed to convince him to record the *I Can Stand a Little Rain* album. What was that seclusion all about?

At the end of that tour I was physically drained and disillusioned. I thought that we'd achieved something getting that far with the show and creating so much interest. But I could see what was coming up was to carry on for another five years until I crumpled up in a heap, or I'd put a gun to my head or something, you know?

The only way I could hit back was to say 'No product!'

And what about the accusations that Leon Russell used that tour as a launching pad for his own career?

A lot of people accuse him of that but I've never had any grudge about that 'cos he's got his own talent. But he still has that domineering thing. I mean we couldn't work on that scale or any way with him having that dominant bit inside him, you know?

I've seen him since, about nine months ago and we just talked. I fell asleep on his sofa and I woke up and heard this church organ music and gentle piano. And there's Leon and Mary, his wife's playing the organ, and it's about four in the morning. Leon just looked at me and said 'Well, are you ready to start work?' So I said, 'and Cocker emphasises the next sentence, "I'm going home!" He gets a little bit overbearing you know.

The piano player and arranger from Cocker's last band, Stuff, Richard Tee had similar high handed tendencies.

"Yeah, he had his own little way. I remember in the States we were doing this song 'The Moon's a Harsh Mis-



Gillian Chaplin

stress and I mis-cued on the intro. I did the same last night but Nicky Hopkins realised and changed the chords to suit me, but when I did it with Richard he wouldn't budge. I kept glaring at him but he would not move.

"For some weird reason it came out all right. But I don't know what the audience must have thought.

What about the boozing, Joe? Stories say you've been told to ease up or die?

"I'd been having these sort of puking deals for about a year and a half. So the doctor said the classic example is Brendan Behan. What happens is your liver just blows up and you're dead, you know?

I mean I've not been drinking that madly, you know. Just a day off every now and then when I get swamped, just like anyone else.

It's often escapism. In my position,

you know, everyone's scared to give me grass because they think someone will throw them in jail for selling it to me. So if I feel dryheaded and need something to calm me down. It just depends on what's going on in my mind. If the future seems slow and I can't see any real progress coming up I get to feel disinterested.

Cocker and his new manager Michael Lang seem determined to put a new front over to the audience. His last album didn't do too well. As Cocker admits, 'Denny Cordell who used to be my producer said it was the epitome of what I'm about, blues oriented music, you know? So, it's hard luck it wasn't more commercial.'

So for the next album they're aiming for a more accessible approach. 'I'm going to try and select a few more rockers, but unless you write your own, they're very hard to pick up, good rock and roll songs.

The change on the album is also reflected in a stage act that Cocker views as more energetic than in the past. 'We're trying to bring the rock n roll spirit back into it. The young guys in this band leap around something cruel. I feel like the old man stood up there.'

As fits the man, Cocker's ambitions are pretty modest too. 'It depends on what you mean by ambition. I have no ambition to own a record company but just to get around to writing my own things and learning to play an instrument which I've been saying for ages. Nicky's been saying he's going to teach me the rudiments.

"I've also had these weird things lately because I'm living out of Hollywood. All these people suggest I should have a go at acting — I'd be quite amusing I suppose.

Do you ever feel nostalgic for those days when you were just an anonymous gas fitter in Sheffield then?

I sometimes think they were good days. I was really fit and I used to do a lot of physical work and had no big tax worries. You got your booze money and just had a lot of fun. But there's no way I could look back and regret what I've done.

"Some of the old timers in Sheffield must still be saying 'Ee bah gum, that Joe's doing really well you know.

Alastair Dougal (with special thanks to Geoff Chapple for his incisive questioning)

## The Interview



## Nils Lofgren I Came To Dance A&M

Last year's *Cry Tough* must have caught the people at A&M on the hop for, despite the commercial pressures for a follow-up album that would push him from cult hero to superstar, Nils Lofgren opted to indulge in experiment. *Cry Tough* was centred around the harsh ferocity of Lofgren's guitar-playing and employed two producers, David Briggs and Al Kooper, with a variety of backing musicians. By its very nature then it was inconsistent, Briggs had produced all four Grin albums and Lofgren's solo debut with a minimal use of studio effects and, by comparison, the five songs produced by Kooper sounded overdone.

But now with his third solo album since he disbanded Grin, *I Came to Dance*, Lofgren has a steady backing band — Wornell Jones on bass, Andy Newmark on drums, Rev Patrick Henderson on piano, with Nils' brother, Tom Lofgren, on rhythm guitar. And Nils has seen fit to chance his arm at production (with help from Andy Newmark).

So from all indications it seems that somebody has given him the hard word, perhaps it really was his manager —

*Well my manager kept telling me  
If I want to be great  
I'd better wise up  
And sing my songs straight  
I said "Listen here, fool,  
In order to survive  
I've gotta be my dirty self  
I won't play no jive"*

But in fact the addition of a full-time band presents still more problems, on record anyway. When Nils pulled Tom into the line up for Grin's third album the addition of another guitar player to what had been a three-piece band seemed to cramp Nils' style, similarly on *I Came To Dance* Nils' guitar is nearly always present but his playing is always restrained, and he is denied the chance to stretch out. The intention seems to have been to preserve a band entity — even to the extent of adding a piano player although Lofgren is a reasonably able pianist himself — and to mould as image the combination of brash confidence and innocent honesty that has made his best songs so endearing.

But, taken on this album alone, the innocence, the brashness, the "dirty self" is an image without substance. Even to initiate it must appear that Lofgren is playing what is now a contrived role. The songs are lavished with superfluous nuances — horns, even strings and an overworked bevy of backing vocalists — to obscure, it would seem, the simplicity and catchiness which are their essence. Besides, it was in his songs of teen innocence and boy/girl relationships that might have been — songs like "Take You To the Movies Tonight", "I Don't Want To Know" and "Mud In Your Eye" — where this image fitted most neatly, and there are no similar songs here.

The one chance that Lofgren gives himself to step outside the sameness of his own compositions on this album — a version of the Stones' "Happy" — dissipates the song's original excitement to a lacklustre show of technique.

Nils Lofgren is not down for the count and nor is he likely to give up. But by the next studio album he would be better to take a greater role in the band himself and to work for a simpler and stronger sound.

But he should be left to dictate his own terms. And even though he still promises more than he delivers, rock'n'roll is healthier for his presence. Oh, and Nils — the Supreme Court of Rock'n'roll has reserved its decision.

Jeremy Templer

## Steve Miller: Rocking Roots

### The Steve Miller Band Book of Dreams Mercury

O.K. let's get this straight from the outset: The Steve Miller Band is one highly competent bunch of rockers. Sure, they play around with synthesizers and all those clever production techniques, but when it gets down to it — and these guys certainly do — it's those big crunching guitar chords and pounding riffs that're going to slay you. This is a rock band in the classic mid-sixties style; that is straight and simple. (In case you're wondering, that's a big compliment.)

All too many bands of modest ability have sought to 'progress' beyond their inherent musical limitations by extending their electronic sophistication, with the result that the fragile musical offerings buckle beneath a heap of studio technology. Where groups such as Pink Floyd have begun to sink into meretricious boredom Steve Miller has kept a firm grasp of his rocking roots. No matter how much he plays about in the studio the results always evince a sure sense of control. The synthesizer vignettes on this album carry no pretensions to 'Art'; they are just simple, pleasant space-noises. (He even named one to pun on a well-known vacuum-cleaner.)

Steve Miller *knows* his limitations and works within them. As a result nearly every track on this album carries the stamp of achieving exactly what it set out to do. When the band rocks you know they're really getting it on "Swingtown", for example, is simple yet has magnificent drive, the

singer's inviting his girl to "come on and dance" and nobody listening's going to stay seated either. "The Stake" is similarly stunning. One of those very smooth yet heavy rockers in the best Joe Walsh manner, it may be so basic as to be predictable, yet, as my good friend Lindsay aptly put it, they're all the things you *want* to hear.

The ballads, too, are all simple, yet succeeded by the way Miller's clean vocals are augmented by minimal yet deft arrangements. Listen to the tasteful harmonica and sitar work on "Winter Time", and the beautifully floating slide guitar and electric keyboards on "Sacrifice". It's the *restraint* that makes these tracks work so well.

Caveat: Although the basic uncluttered directness of this music contributes much of its appeal, this same quality can at times jeopardise its having really lasting strength. I fear that there are at least four tracks I'm going to get tired of before long. "Jungle Love" is your archetypal rocker sure enough but I've heard it all before. "Babes in the Wood" is little more than an electronic Gaelic backing-track in need of a lead.

All in all, however, this is a fine record, it's bright and it's fun and Miller is singing better than ever. Check this one out.

P.S. A game for those old farts who are grounded in sixties rock: how many groups can you hear distilled into Miller's sound — The Who? The Kinks? Jay and The Americans? The Zombies...? ("True Fine Love", in fact, seems specifically written and produced for nostalgia freaks.)

Peter Thomson

### Redeye EMI

These boys have been around and it shows. They are excellent musicians and they bring a wide collective experience to their session work and live playing. You've heard them on Grunt Machine. They played on the superb Mark Williams album, *Taking It All in Stride*. The band consists of Dennis Mason (sax, vocals), Bob Smith (keyboards, vocals), Tom Swainson (drums), Fritz Stigter (bass) and John O'Connor (guitar).

This is their first album together and it's a good effort for first time out. The first side is a punchy collection of songs with a variety of detectable influences, most notably Little Feat. Like the Feat, our boys are musically solid, and Rick White's production is unobtrusive and clean. One track, "He's My Man" is blatantly Lowell George-influenced, but the slide playing is good, and the rhythm section cooks so, what the hell — it's a good song.

But the second side lets you down a trifle. The trouble is that Bob Smith and Dennis Mason write good music but mediocre words. On the first side this flaw is overshadowed by their musical prowess, but on the second side the music is less prominent, and the lyrics become more obvious. It's not that they are terrible lyrics, but they lack fire and imagination. It's the

same flaw that mars Rockinghorse's songs, but it may not be one which concerns many of their audience.

In all, it's an album well worth a listen, and it stands up well to the Critical Ear. The info sheet states that these are the first songs the band has written, and if the excellence of the first side had continued into the second, I would have given it a better rating. When they get their lyrics up to scratch, they'll be a hard band to beat.

John Malloy

### Rufus Ask Rufus ABC Records

Rufus have in the past produced at least one consistently exciting album, *Rags to Rufus* and one great single, the Stevie Wonder song "Tell me Something Good". They've previously been an aggressive and tasteful unit fronted by one of the best female vocalists since Aretha Franklin. Chaka Khan has all the hallmarks of a talented singer; pitch, range, power, and phrasing. So I expected good things from this record.

Foolish lad! Those with high expectations are easily disappointed. *Ask Rufus* is a good record, but possibly not their best. There are several minor problems with it. Rufus naturally lack the freshness their



Rufus' Chaka Khan

sound had the first time round, so there is less immediate impact. It's a record that grows on you gradually rather than nailing you to the wall the first time round. There is perhaps a little more sophistication and a little less energy than was evident on *Rags to Rufus*, which opens with the potent "You Got the Love". And then there's that clichéd disco beat that mars the first track, "After Midnight".

There must have been some changes in the lineup of the band, and this perhaps shows up in the songwriting. The album lacks the peaks of previous albums. That is not to say that the songs are poor, but there just isn't the outstanding track that would make this a brilliant album. The high points are songs like "Better Days", which stealthily invades your subconscious until you find yourself singing it at odd moments.

Other goodies are "Earth Song", and ironically, "Slow Screw Against the Wall", which despite the name is a tasteful and striking instrumental, an improvement over their previous frenetic and slightly grating efforts without C.Khan.

Julie Burchill recently slagged this album in *NME*, apparently because it wasn't as good to screw to as she had hoped. I feel it deserves better treatment than that. Isolated from their earlier work, it's a tasty collection of soul music that grows on you as only music by a righteous singer and a tasty band can. If the producer had cut back on the strings, I might be forced to admit that it's bloody good.

John Malloy

### Supercharge Horizontal refreshment Virgin

Supercharge are a British band with a name as a funk act which dabbles in comic asides. They appear to make a specialty of potty humour (one song on earlier album *Local Lads Make Good* is an idyll a la Drifters on the theme of a girlfriend who urinates in the kitchen sink) and acting like fruitcakes on stage. On *Horizontal Refreshment*, however, the gags are played down with all-round benefit. What stand out instead are a couple of fine songs, some impressive playing, and an excess of energy.

## Iggy's Line Out Advantage Tells

### Iggy Pop The Idiot RCA

I read an article in the *Auckland Star* recently that labelled a Tubes' film clip as an example of punk rock. Tut tut. Obviously Loosehead Len wasn't around to fill them in. "The Tubes are as much punks as the Ponies are poofs", to quote. Essentially (essentially?), Iggy Pop is no punk either, but most groups of that genre have a soft spot for him as a result of the raucous ramblings he produced with his group, the Stooges, in the early seventies.

Mr Pop is now a more sophisticated member of the industry and is managed by NZ's old favourite, David Bowie. Bowie's role on this record is very dominant. He is arranger, producer and co-writer of the songs. The end result is a curious cross between Bowie's *Low* album and John Cale's *Slow Dazzle*. If you are not familiar with either of these albums then it will be sufficient (sufficient?) to say that *The Idiot* is a lot like modern rugby, strategic with plenty of action replays and edited highlights.

While listening to the album (I'm doing it at the moment. Conscientious, eh?) I was

reminded of Traffic in their meandering moments, never really getting anywhere but then, man wow, who cares man... oh shirt... far out... I'm going to put my head on the 22 line and say that *The Idiot* is a '77 version of an album like *When The Eagle Flies* (??).

Mr Pop's singing is straight New York with an authoritative tone so often lacking in today's music. A lot of groups are on their knees (usually a result of desperate measures) in the hope of success. Head music?

The band has a good feel, and it is the atmosphere, coupled with Mr Pop's assured approach that makes this album so palatable. There is no sparkling production, no multiple instrumentation, no harmonies; nothing really but the basics.

Kevin Wildman (*Waves*) was describing the sort of music he likes. "Music where if one instrument drops out the song falls apart. *The Idiot* is like that. The necessities are there and the result is simple and direct. Like good football. (Football?) By the bye, Mr Pop was last seen crossing the 10 metre line after a brilliant intercept..."

Mike Chunn

It only takes a glance at the blurb sheet for *Horizontal Refreshment* to figure out that Supercharge are a rather excessive bunch. Would you believe there are over fifty names acknowledged? Take away the eleven who play anything, and five producer/engineer people and that leaves a lot of edded extras. So it is less than surprising to discover that such extravagance filters its way into arrangement and playing; *busy* is what I'd call this mob.

Sadly, Horizontal Refreshment is a case of promise disfigured. The good songs are indeed there, the two best being "After the Show" and "Let the Feeling Grow". The first is nearly a country song and incorporates both a purposeful melody and an extra-catchy horn riff. "Let the Feeling Grow" is a likeable Allen Toussaint imitation and grows on one. Toussaint gets more mileage in the form of his own number "Last Train", but the master's version on *Southern Nights* is much more convincing, more crisply recorded and more sparsely instrumented.

This last point is the telling one. So often Supercharge lay everything on, and at breakneck speed. It's damn tiring to listen to; the end of "Purple Avenger" just about drives me silly. I do wish someone in there would tame them — then this poor reviewer wouldn't have to sit by his turntable taking the needle from selected highlight to selected highlight so to avoid bouts of exhausting frenzy.

**Bruce Belsham**

#### Booker T. & the M.G.'s Universal Language Asylum Records

*Universal Language* is the first album recorded by the reformed Booker T. & the M.G.'s. They disbanded in 1970 and their drummer Al Jackson was killed in 1975. Willie Hall, another old hand from Stax Records ably takes Jackson's place.

Booker T. & the M.G.'s major contribution to recording in the sixties was as studio musicians. Working with such artists as Otis Redding and Wilson Pickett they created many classic soul records. Their demanding studio role with Stax Records restricted their time and energy for their own recordings so, too often, their albums were rushed and consisted largely of competent versions of current popular hits. Though their later recordings "Hang em High" and "Time is Tight" were popular, their first hit, "Green Onions" remained their greatest recording.

Time allowed all the tracks on *Universal Language* to be written by Booker T. Jones, Steve Cropper and Donald "Duck" Dunn. Booker T. Jones' organ is less dominant than on the Stax albums, while Steve Cropper's guitar is featured more, particularly on "Reincarnation" and "Love Wheels". But the basic sound is still the same. With no horns or strings Booker T. & the M.G.'s cool but funky music remains unique. Freaky keyboards and voice box on the odd track add little, but neither do they detract significantly from the basic sound.

*Universal Language* is their first album consisting entirely of their own compositions. There are no new ways of making good music but *Universal Language* does have nine new songs and is the most consistent album I have listened to by Booker T. & the M.G.'s.

**Murray Cammick**

#### 10CC Deceptive Bends Mercury

In 1973, I was in a Direction record shop (before they took a ride on Plummet Airlines) and while listening to one of the latest cosmic efforts, I read a review of a debut album by an English group, 10cc. My interest aroused, I asked Mr Direction to play me the album. I was immediately impressed; the strong humour and satire appealed to me (still does), so I completed a purchase much to Mr Direction's relief. "I never thought I was going to get rid of that," he said as I scurried out of the shop and down Swanson St, stopping briefly to throw a brick into Sydney Eady's.

The band is now a spin-off from the original four-member group which split into two camps due to the fact that their wives didn't get on. Eric Stewart (guitar) and Graham Gouldman (bass) produced 90% of the product with some help from Paul Burgess on drums and percussion i.e. congas, claves, cabasa, a go-go bells, wood-blocks, vibes, tambourines, bell-tree, rototoms, handclaps, gongs, piano stool and triangle. Get the picture? These lads have decided to put everything including the sink on this record which could have been courting disaster unless the arrangements had been carefully thought out. However they pull through as Stewart and Gouldman are very good at arranging. The songs are never cluttered and there is still that emphasis on their excellent vocals, always the focal point on previous 10cc albums.

## A Barefoot Walk In Deep-Pile Carpet

#### Flora Purim Nothing Will Be As It Was ... Tomorrow Fantasy

This is Flora Purim's 5th album under her own name yet only the 2nd to be released in New Zealand, the other being her 4th: *Open Your Eyes and You Can Fly*. Ms Purim is a South American singer who has recorded with many of today's jazz elite such as pianists George Duke and Chick Corea, bassist Stanley Clarke and percussionist Airtio, (to who she is married.) Although her high sweet voice and penchant for latin styles have at times occasioned such comments as "Sounds like Sergio Mendes", these snubs are quite superficial and therefore inaccurate.

Purim's prior albums were of uneven quality and she seemed to work best as a member of a group, in a context where her fellow musicians were given plenty of room to move. (If you're lucky enough to find the imports, hear her on E.C.M.'s *Return To Forever* or the superb "Light as a Feather" own name yet only the 2nd to be released. Leon Chandler seems aware of this, as on the new album, he has placed her within arrangements that make considerable use of the impressive 'backing' lineup. In fact this is only nominally Purim's album, she must share the credit with the phalanx of excellent musicians and the dominating control of producer Chandler. There is even one track, "I'm Coming for Your Love", that is virtually instrumental. Purim's role minimised to the occasional wordless vocal.

Chandler, also known as 'Ndugu', is the poly-percussionist on George Duke, Weather Report and, more recently, Santana records. His 'busy' musical approach has carried over into the arrangements and there is often so much going on that some

instruments seem alternately mixed forward and back to avoid a cluttered sound. Hear, for example, the title track. Despite the plethora of instrumentation, it is only in the above-mentioned "I'm Coming for Your Love" that things get somewhat excessive, and this is largely due to Airtio's voice-bag playing. (I still think the thing's a gimmick and sounds like a Dalek gargling.) The general effect of the arrangements is a rich fullness; witness the pulsating excitement of "Corre Nina".

After the basic jazz combo approach of previous records the arrangements on this album suggest that Ms Purim is trying to broaden her appeal, and nowhere is this more evident than on the two ballads "You Love Me Only" and "Bridges". Both numbers have attractive melodies and are beautifully performed by all concerned, yet there almost seems something too calculatedly tailored about them. It's as if there has been a definite strategy to reach the Roberta Flack audience. Is that bad? As my friend Lindsay said after listening to these tracks: "It's like walking barefoot in deep pile carpet". A little bit of plush opulence is all right at times.

Side two's opener, "Angels", begins promising to strut to the funky guitar of Earth, Wind and Fire's Al McKay but instead turns into a merely pretty piece of wordless-vocal fluff, much in the style of Dudley Moore's "Song For Suzie." ("Angels", however, is not as catchy.) "Fairy Tale Song", the only other track not mentioned so far, is characterized by a punchy rock-influenced rhythm section discreetly filled out by strings. Its approach seems to be that of the album as a whole: don't compromise the musicianship but fashion things to reach a wider audience.

**Peter Thomson**

Lyrically, the tradition isn't carried so well. Kevin Godley, the previous drummer, was the true wit of the group and attempts on this record to continue in that vein don't really come off. However they can be clever as in "I Bought a Flat Guitar Tutor".

*I bought a flat guitar tutor  
Diminished responsibility  
You're de ninth person to see*

On the other hand, songs like "The Things We Do For Love" have little substance, relying on the sprightly, poppish melodies.

Musically, the songs are too straightforward, direct, gutless etc. to leave any real impression. The album reminds me of an "English" version of something like the Four Seasons' *Helicon* album (yes, I have heard it) and if I had to categorize this record it would be in that Four Seasons category — "AM Music". There's no creative

spark, no charisma; nothing to keep my ears peeled. I will add that while listening to the album, I left the room to change my son's pants and I thought of something which I will use to finish.

This record was made from many splendid things, however the end result doesn't really smell too good.

**Mike Chunn**

#### Dave Edmunds Get It Swan Song

There are probably a good half-dozen of us who still remember Dave Edmunds as the guitarist with Love Sculpture, the group which in 1968 had an album, *In the Land of the Few*, and a stunning single which topped the British charts. A frenzied rock ver-

sion of Khatchaturian's "Sabre Dance".

But Love Sculpture never managed a follow-up hit and soon broke up after a six-week tour of the States. Dave Edmunds headed back to his own recording studios, Rockfield Recording Studios, in Monmouthshire, Wales. He was next heard from in 1970 with another chart-topping single, this time a remake of the old Bartholomew/King song, "I Hear You Knocking", originally made popular by Smiley Lewis. An album on Regal Zonophone, *Rockpile*, followed.

Since then Edmunds has appeared as session guitarist on various worthy albums, including Graham Parker's *Howlin' Wind*, and as producer, most recently on the Flaming Groovies' excellent *Shake Some Action*.

Edmunds' greatest strength is as producer but what distinguishes his new album, *Get it*, from the usual 33½ collection of tepid reruns that anyone from Linda Ronstadt to the Bay City Rollers (and more besides) makes of what were once rock 'n' roll classics is the affection and enthusiasm he imparts to the songs he covers. If you've any doubts just listen to the authenticity of his arrangement of Arthur Crudup's "My Baby Left Me".

While *Rockpile* held only one original composition — "Hell Of A Pain", written with John Williams, the bassist from Love Sculpture — amid such as Willie Dixon's "Egg Or The Hen" and Chuck Berry's "The Promised Land" and "Sweet Little Rock and Roller", *Get It* makes an attempt to redress the balance. There are 13 songs here (count'em), none much more than three minutes long. Between Edmunds and Nick Lowe (ex-Brinsley Schwarz) there are five originals but, more importantly, it's not immediately obvious that they are originals. While for other artists that might be a condemnation the reason it's not here is that all the original songs — and my favourite is Nick Lowe's "I Knew The Bride (When She Used To Rock'n Roll)" — are treated to the same approach as the rest of the material; an approach which generally favours acoustic guitar and a dense mix of backing vocals and rhythm section in Phil Spector-like sound.

And surprise, surprise — *Get It* includes Bob Seger's "Get Out Of Denver" from Seger's album *Seven*, and Graham Parker's "Back To Schooldays" off *Howlin' Wind*.

Dave Edmunds is a multi-instrumentalist but he limits himself here to playing all the guitars on this album, helped by such friends as ex-Brinsleys Billy Rankin, Bob Andrews and the aforementioned Nick Lowe (Brinsley Schwarz's *Nervous On The Road* was recorded at Rockfield). Stephen Goulding (who with Bob Andrews is now a member of Graham Parker's band) and Terry Williams of the Man band. For having such a fine bunch of friends and for showing such good taste you should probably show your support for this man, but I'd wager he won't be too put out if you don't. And really I'd recommend this album a little more warmly if it weren't for the sneaking suspicion that maybe *Rockpile* was a little better (try looking through the deletions for that one) and that maybe he shouldn't have used fade-outs so casually on the songs here. But I always was just a bit too hard to please.

**Jeremy Templer**

#### Murray Grindlay Key Rick Steele Take it or Leave it Mandrill

The New Zealand recording industry probably uses fewer feet of recording tape each year than are consumed by the average 10cc single. There are only three recording studios in Auckland capable of turning out a creditable modern record, and precious few local performers ever see the inside of them.

It is all the more frustrating, then, that so much of the local recorded product suffers from apparent lack of motivation. You would think that New Zealand musicians would be bursting to get into the studio. An abundance of ideas, only barely held in check by experience. If these two records are anything to go by the contrary is more the case.

Murray Grindlay has been a paid-up member of the local music scene since the majority of us were in the fourth form, and it's him who's responsible for all those naggingly successful country music commercials that float by behind pictures of grain fields and such on television. For his debut solo album, he has stuck to green pastures with the same studio, and the same musicians, who collaborate with him on those jingles.

It would be too easy and fundamentally pointless to make some crack about the commercials and Grindlay's performance here. There can be no doubt that his considerable skill as a tunesmith, his comfort-

**Continued over page**



#### Bonnie Raitt Sweet Forgiveness Warner Bros

Bonnie Raitt's albums have a habit of sneaking up on you. On initial playing they often tend to sound like aural wallpaper. Pleasant, sure, well played, certainly, but seemingly nothing to get you excited.

But after a few days strange things begin to happen. After that initial casual three or four plays, you find you keep putting it back on the turntable. I'd even go so far as to nominate her first NZ-released album *Taking My Time*, as one of my all-time favourites. In the three years I've owned it, it has suffered constant playing.

So how does *Sweet Forgiveness* stand up against such an illustrious predecessor? In an effort to remove the over-produced studio feel that Bonnie felt marred her previous album, *Home Plate*, this one has been recorded largely "live" in the

studio with a minimum of musicians. Consequently it's a rockier sound. More electric guitar dominated than any of her previous efforts, it also allows Bonnie to flash her considerable skill on slide guitar and believe me, she's good. She once told *Rolling Stone* that she was no Ry Cooder. With evidence like this, I wouldn't be so sure. Regrettably, though, her major slide work-out is a fairly boring boogie, "Three Time Loser".

And her singing has improved too. With a lower, grittier sound, she becomes the most convincing of all the West Coast female song stylists. Maria Muldaur may be more stylish but Bonnie Raitt has me believing.

She may never push back the frontiers of popular music but she is more consistently enjoyable than just about anybody recording these days.

**Alastair Dougal**





## RECORDS

Continued from page 11

able country-rock voice and the effortless professionalism of his cohorts make it hard to point to any part of this record and say that it could have been done better. What is at issue is more deep-seated than that.

Basically, I find it difficult to know exactly why this record was made. There are a batch of love songs that don't seem to express much more than pleasant contentment, a funk instrumental by the band, a country song by the pedal-steel player, a cover version of 'Happy Days are Here Again', and a couple of songs about what Grindlay knows best — being an underemployed, dissatisfied musician. Grindlay has little to say, but says it winningly.

Unfortunately, Rick Steele's record has a lot less going for it. I found it really upsetting to listen to this record and think of some of the people who could have been using the studio time that went into it. In England a small, new, record company built around a studio — like Stiff Records — is free to produce a different, and energetic kind of output. Here, Mandrill Records, an offshoot of Glyn Tucker and Dave Hurley's Parnell recording studio, opens its catalogue with a record which could have been rejected any time in the last five years.

The same musicians, in the main, who perform on Murray Grindlay appear on *Take it or Leave it*. They contribute perfunctory backings to such numbers as 'Bloody Daggaville', 'Hangover Blues', 'Numb Bum Blues', and 'Life Gets Tedious', pack up, and go home. The worst of it is that they have probably done the songs justice.

As a final blow, Rick Steele pitches into the autobiographical Jackson Browne song, 'Ready or Not'. It is as well that Browne, who reportedly acts with anger every time the song (about his dead wife) is requested, will never hear this version. I'm sure that he would be less than pleased to hear a simple statement like, 'Next thing I remember, she was all moved in', turned into, 'Next thing I remember, she was on the pill'. That kind of mistake, and there are a number of others in the same song, speaks volumes for the degree of commitment that went into this record.

It is really a shame to have to criticise these records, and if there were no signs of anything better on the horizon, the decision would be doubly difficult. However, the Mark Williams album, the Hello Sailor single, even the Malcolm McCallum do-it-yourself album, show that while there is no reason for shame about the New Zealand record industry, there is no excuse for shoddiness.

Francis Stark

**Marcia Hines**  
*Shining*  
*Miracle*

Sultry she looks on the front cover, cutesy on the back. She's American and she's black and she works in Sydney. Apart from that what is there to tell about Marcia Hines? Unfortunately, not a helluva lot. In her fact *Shining* is a frustrating record because it is a completely unsatisfactory measure of

how much talent Marcia Hines does, or does not possess.

Throwing proverbial caution to proverbial winds, I'm inclined to believe she might really be quite good. True, her voice is schizophrenic — it too vacillates between the cutesy and the cutesy — true, in her worst moments, she sounds like Millie Small trying a hand at Philadelphia soul, but just sometimes she shows off a flexibility and power that may one day be exploited.

Whatever her promise, Marcia Hines is at present in the doldrums. Or rather, she seems to be in the clutches of one Robie G Porter, her Australian producer. Porter writes songs, helps arrange, and produces on *Shining*, and more undistinguished song writing, arranging, and producing one could go a long way to find. No, it's not incompetent, it's just boring. And if Porter was responsible for the choice of other songs covered I wouldn't be at all surprised. All good MOR stuff, fit to have you begging for Joan Armatrading — even for Eddie and the Hotrods.

Believe me I do not indulge in anti-Australian rhetoric — I'll even mention that the best treatment on the album is of a song called 'Love is the Key' by Australian songwriter Rick Springfield — but if Marcia Hines is determined to record in the Antipodes, she would do a lot better to seek out Alan Galbraith. Mark Williams' new one, aimed at roughly the same market shows its heels to this uninspired piece of plastic.

Bruce Belsham

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## Colin Hemmingsen's Column

Now that it is rumoured that pubs are going disco, what are young rock groups going to do to make a living? Of course there is an opening in the cabaret scene, but, unfortunately, most rock musicians are unable to read floor show charts. How then, can the rock musician be made to see that he needs to be able to read, or for that matter, that he needs a musical education at all, beyond learning the technique of his instrument.

When I was younger, I would ask older, more experienced musicians what they did, how they played those things I wanted to play. More often than not, I would be told, "just blow man". Soon after arriving in the States, that myth was exploded. Here were high schools, colleges and universities which taught answers to those questions I had been asking. Although I had gained a Diploma of Music at Auckland University, I was assessed and then placed in the first semester at Berklee. This showed me how inadequate my high school and university training was in New Zealand, in relation to the idiom in which I wanted to express myself as a musician — jazz.

After four years of studying, teaching and playing in the States, I returned to New Zealand, and after taking a workshop at the Wellington Jazz Festival, realised how much I now took for granted, and how little the average musician knew of the tools to his 'trade'. I took a series of classes in Wellington, then moved to Auckland to start a school. I found as I was taking these courses, that it was difficult for some students to grasp the theoretical concepts of improvisation, when they couldn't even read music. Now the subject has been scaled down to the point where the course begins with a rudimentary reading course.

Of course there have been many problems running a school, including lack of financial support from the Arts Council and many other bodies and business houses to which I have applied, but the most unexpected and disappointing problem, has been the lack of support from the musicians themselves. They admire the musical achievements of their counterparts in the States, and yet at the same time deny the amount of time, effort and study which has gone in to make that musical experience so good. A young rock guitarist shook his

head in disbelief when I said "of course John McLaughlin knows what he is doing, of course he could write it down". He had to concede the point when, a year later, a book containing the full scores of some of the tunes off Mahavishnu albums, started appearing in music shops.

Common myths regarding a musical education are, but if I learn too much theory I will become mechanical, or, theory will inhibit my creativity. Naturally theory alone or without practical application would tend towards a mechanical attitude, but at some stage a musician must pass through that mechanical stage. It's after the mechanics have been taken care of that a musician can become truly innovative. That is not to say that there are not many talented musicians around playing some good original music, but with the quality of talent there is, the standard should be much better.

An American musician and university educator, Jerry Coker, who has written three excellent books on jazz (translate jazz as meaning improved music), said in a letter of support for the music school, "so long as our schools and universities spend 95% of our monies on a musical style which supports only 6% of the working population, then they are not serving us properly". For New Zealand, that would translate as nearly 100% of our monies. That means of course, that musicians not only get an unfair deal educationally and supportively, but they get no deal at all. This reverts back to the musicians themselves, who through lack of knowledge (we are at least 15 years behind America in music education), or apathy (the old New Zealand "she'll be right" attitude or "it's a great idea — maybe later") or pride (how can I admit after playing all these years that I don't know everything).

Aside from not being able to handle simple floor show charts, musicians are unwittingly missing out on the satisfactions to be gained from not only playing, but also being to understand *what* they are playing.

This article has been written to improve the understanding and shake the wide spread apathy which is now preventing young musicians from gaining a firm foundation and a secure future in their chosen profession — *modern music*.

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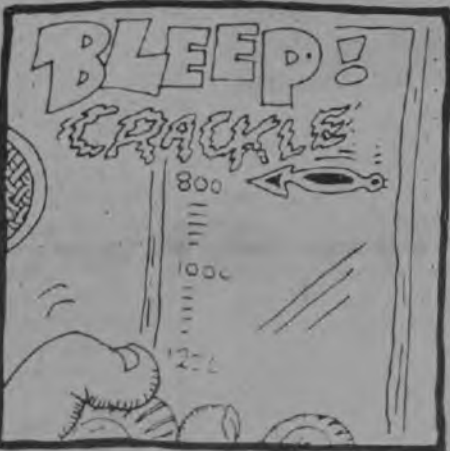


*Hell Hauraki*

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# Mike Chunn Interview part 2

Continued from page 6

Although the press and publicity they'd gathered had been on the whole fairly small, the reaction from other artists had been good. Boz Scaggs had told Phil Judd he liked the album, while members of the Tubes and Darryl Hall and Oates had gone to the trouble of letting Split Enz know how much they had enjoyed their shows.

In March, Michael Chunn flew back to Auckland to spend some time with his wife, Paula and son, Nicholas and also to recruit a new guitarist. Alistair Riddell was the band's first choice. "Everybody was hoping he'd join so they delayed advertising in England until he'd made up his mind. Alistair took 10 days to decide and then gave us a no. So they rushed off an ad into Melody Maker in Britain.

"I arrived after they'd had 60 phone calls and the whole thing looked pretty dull and chaotic. Half the group had nowhere to live and Mushroom had tightened up on the money."

But it wasn't the chaos that brought on Michael's decision to leave. "I was going to leave early in 1978 but when I arrived in England the place was in such a mess and just so disorganised. So I suggested that they might as well get Neil Finn, Tim's brother, over to replace Phil. Everyone was verging on the idea of doing it, so I just kicked them in the arse and they did it."

"There was about 5 days until Neil came when nothing could be done so I thought, this is it. I wouldn't have quit if there hadn't been someone to move into my place but Malcolm had a friend who'd been playing in a band called Carmen. Malcolm gave him a call and the next day he was practising with them. So I had no guilt feelings that I'd upset the whole works, whereas later on it would have meant yet another session of them teaching someone the songs. Now they could teach two people at once."

"I don't think anyone was really very surprised. All the others in the band being single has a lot to do with it. As someone once said to us, a band is only as happy as the girls in the band and with children it just doesn't work."

"I had decided to leave because of what I was talking about with Phil before: the fact that we had no control at all over what we were doing. It's a very ordered existence. While some in the band like it that way and enjoy having everything done for them, to the ex-

**"A financial breakdown could kill them . . . but audience interest will never die."**

tent of someone washing their underwear. I like to be quite independent. I found that my brain was doing very little. My fingers were plunking away O.K. but we were playing 'Stanger Than Fiction' and I'd been playing that since '73 and I was extremely sick of it. And there's just no room to move inside the pace the group's going."

The geographical problem also lies at the heart of the problem that faces an NZ band in England. "Phil Manzanera has an ideal set-up in that he's based in London and he can live at home. He's got a nice house, nothing fancy, with his wife and he can just go into town to do the concert and then come home. But we had to live together for economic reasons and that's not easy, especially when you've been living with the same people since early '75. You just get to know them too well. There was no privacy and no control over what you're doing."

"Your whole future's a big blank



until someone says 'Right, next month we've organised such and such', and they have to do that because the band's very much in debt."

"I was very sick of the whole thing. I'd really had a stomach full because I'm not the sort of person who likes to have everything done for him and I wanted to be with Paula and Nicholas but financially it was disastrous to do that because of air-fares. The group's so mobile it was totally impractical."

And really it wasn't my life; it wasn't the thing I had to do, to play music in the bid to be famous. I like playing music and I always will. I don't mind playing in the toilet if necessary. I don't mind the conditions under which I play even though I agree that the standards Split Enz set were one of the main reasons it was so successful."

But I'd just had enough of the pace of the whole thing and living away from the family. I wanted a change of style of music too. I just couldn't stand playing 'Stanger Than Fiction' again on stage. Basically I'd just had enough of that band."

"I'd had two ambitions in the group and until I achieved those I felt I wouldn't be happy. I wanted to play on an English stage and to go to America and now I'd done those. And suddenly I didn't have any urge anymore to do anything. I didn't even want to do the next album and I don't think that's a temporary thing. Admittedly, if they became very successful I'd be envious but then I'm envious of anyone who does that and I know to become successful like that, I'd have had to go through all the crap of living in hotel rooms and interviews and the same old things over and over. For regardless of how big you are you still have to do these things."

"I have no qualms about anything I've done. I'm sure I'll always be saying I did the right thing at the right time. After all I've been playing with them for 5 years, so I don't think anyone can complain."

When Phil Judd left after the American tour, Split Enz not only lost a guitarist and occasional vocalist, but also their major songwriter and perhaps the person most responsible for their distinctive style. Hadn't that been a serious worry to the band?

"Yeah, that initially was a worry but I have confidence that the other group members can pull out songs of a pretty good standard. Maybe they won't be as interesting as Phil's, especially in the lyrics where Phil was particularly gifted, but then the melodies of the songs were usually Tim's and that's what often gave them their sparkle. Overall, I don't think people will miss Phil's lyrics. It's a thing people like when it's there but if it's not, they won't worry. They won't dislike the songs. I heard four of the songs before I left and I think things will be O.K."

But on the next tour of NZ, it seems we're likely to notice differences greater than just two new members. The new material too, will be different. "The new songs are written by Tim and Eddie and they're much more simple than Phil's songs. They're not like his songs, things like 'Late Last Night' or 'Sweet Dreams'. They're not like that."

With Phil Judd now earning his living as a songwriter will Split Enz take any of his new material? Mike seems uncertain. They'll probably use some of his old ones but at the moment they're keen on doing their own and that's what they'll concentrate on.

"The choice to do simpler songs is I think partly due to . . . well, I don't know how capable they are of writing things like 'Stanger Than Fiction' or 'Nightmare Stampede'. Also, after America Tim especially felt the need to get back to some simpler music because people there found the music pretty difficult to pick up on."

"I think the next album will be very interesting especially with Neil Finn on

guitar. It'll be quite a different sound I think. They needed another good singer because Tim's voice is too dominant. The review of the album in *Rolling Stone* was right when they said that Tim's got a sprightly poppish voice whereas Neil's got a stronger more mellow voice. So I think there'll be a good balance."

Also Tim's got very good at handling an audience. On the US tour he developed very well as a frontman and I think you'll notice the change when they play here in September."

And what of the future for Split Enz? They've just finished recording their new album. The producer replacing Phil Manzanera is triple Grammy award winning engineer, Geoff Emerick. He's worked on all the Beatles albums from *Rubber Soul* onwards and lately has worked with Supertramp, Robin Trower and more particularly Paul McCartney.

He's the new one mainly because Phil Manzanera was touring with Bryan Ferry, and also the band felt they wanted someone with more experience at producing and Geoff's done a hell of a lot. He's been going since the early '60's. He heard the tapes and was quite keen and the album will be a co-production job with the band probably."

Mike himself is unsure of the band's future. All he'll guess is, "Anything's possible. The greatest danger for them, I think, is that the record company or management could decide that it's not worth pumping more money into the band. A financial breakdown like that could kill them but I don't think audience interest will ever die."



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## ROCK TV

## Rock Follies

It was a surprise to us all when it first appeared on the Box (at a suitably late hour of course — the Channels like to screen their adult viewing after ten) . . . those naughty words, that knowing argot, those facts of modern life that just are not discussed in tellie-land here. From the jazzy credits to the crisp style (one or two degress off realism — expressionistic even) it was something strikingly individual on the old down-under wavelenghts.

Perhaps someone had made a mistake in the planning department? Or were there winds of change sweeping the corridors of electronic power?

Whatever the cause, we're always grateful for small mercies. We liked the way Howard Schuman had put this whole thing together. It was disjointed of course, but that was a relief after all those hours of carefully-crafted Drama from the mother-country. And the Little Ladies themselves — neatly contrasted in terms of sexiness and social milieu — they could all act, and Julie Covington can even sing.

The only trouble was, the series was

over almost before it had begun. It had ended on an up-beat too. The moment of exhilaration when a new rock-form was born (Austerity Rock — it took psychological insight to realise that the English might still be made to feel nostalgic about the good old days of deprivation), the denouement in The Blitz Club, with patrons being served their rations and the aftermath of the bomb explosion still hanging like an enigma in the air, so to speak.

Meanwhile, back in London, there were those that frankly hated it! *New Musical Express* rechristened the series the Schlock Jollies, as they grilled Schumann and Roxy's sax object Andy McKay. And Suzi Quatro, in a huffy piece in *New Musical Express* confided that it didn't take her long to realise that she was watching yet another cut-em-off castration of 'Girls in Rock'. She said it wasn't realistic — that it gave Rock a bad name. That looked to me like missing the point. Satire is not meant to be realistic. And anyway, an affectionate element is often there in that kind of humour.

Dear Auntie Broadcasting: if you want to give us a present, please give us another chunk of Rock Follies. We know it wasn't perfect — it was naughty — and a little bit silly. But we loved it! Honest we did!

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