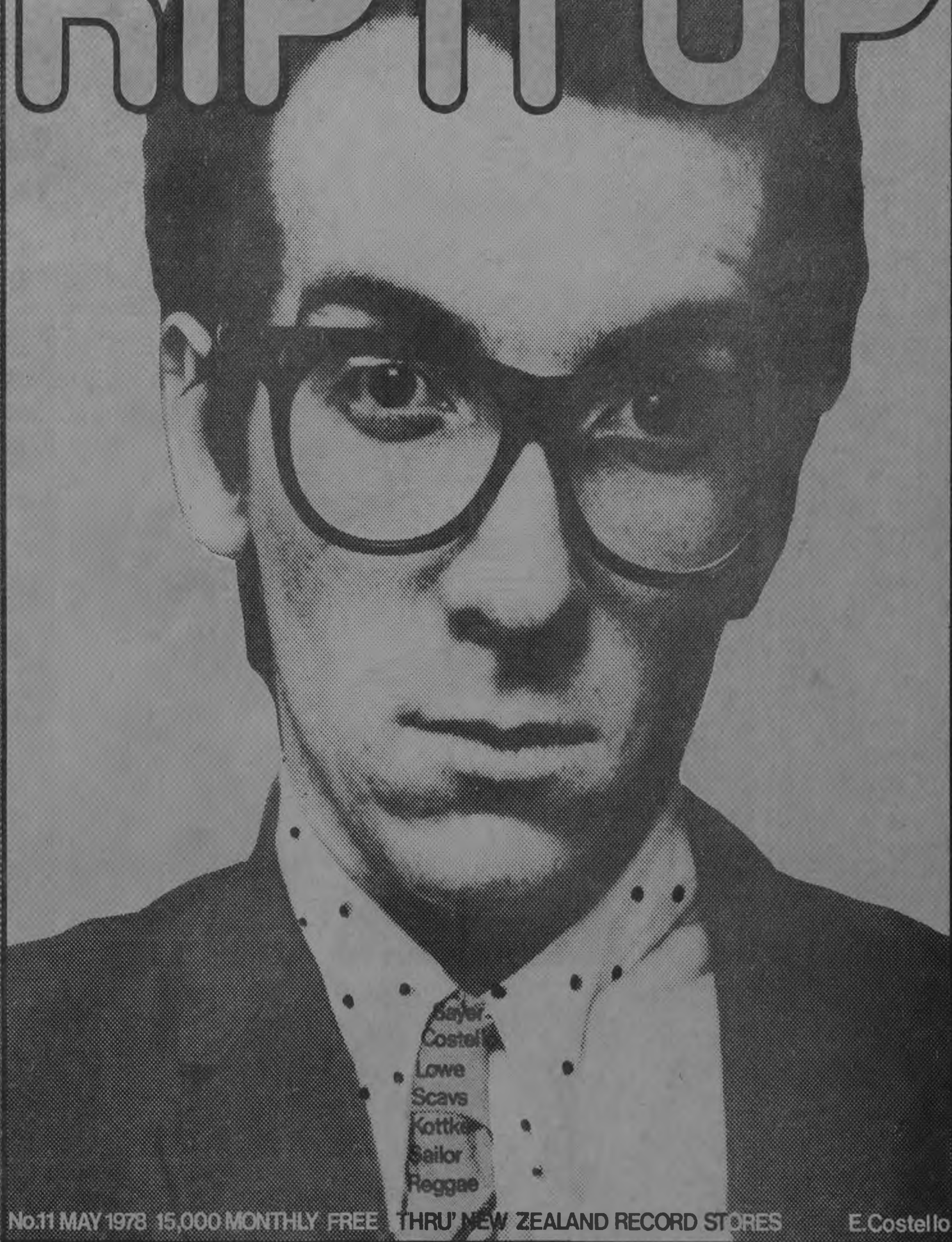


RIP IT UP



No.11 MAY 1978 15,000 MONTHLY FREE THRU' NEW ZEALAND RECORD STORES

E. Costello



Leo Sayer bounces into the airport interview room, looking like he's just finished a five-mile run, followed by a brisk shower, a rubdown and a couple of dozen vitamin pills.

Surprising, really, since he's just flown for nearly 12 hours solid and should be jet-lagged beyond all reason. To cap it all, the flight made him sick to his tummy.

But then, the little chap always has had a reputation for having plenty of guts and a determination to succeed.

When it comes to hard knocks, Leo Sayer wrote the book.

He started his long climb up the dizzy stardom ladder busking in the streets of London, an experience he won't forget and which he later wrote a song about:

"... You find a nice soft corner, you sit right down, pick up your guitar and play ... but then the lawman comes and says 'move along', so you move along all day. I'm a one-man band. ..."

Later, he really pushed his luck in pubs and clubs, getting up on stage and singing without being invited. One such episode earned him a beating at the hands of several goons.

He teamed up with Dave Courtney to write songs, and was later picked up by one Adam Faith.

Roger Daltrey recorded "Giving It All Away", and hey presto, Leo Sayer is suddenly A Name.

At first it scared the little guy stiff, performing in front of big audiences. To hide this, he dressed up as a clown.

"That was good at the time," he recalls, "it used to shock people, y' know, but people would listen to my lyrics, so it was good in that respect. But I don't think about it now, I practically walk on like I am now (i.e. in street clothes).

"The ultimate balance now is to try and be as natural as you can, and I don't try now to approach it as a separate thing."

When the opportunities came, Leo was determined not to compromise himself for the sake of success.

"I wanted to sing my own songs. I wanted to write my own lyrics," he says. "I thought 'If I get involved in music it's got to be on my own terms. I wanted to make my own music, I didn't want to get up there and sing Dylan songs.'"

The groundwork was laid on the hard British provincial gig circuit, playing the universities and the little town halls.

Leo reckons he was working "367 days a year."

Adam Faith produced Leo's first album "Silverbird", and since then, he's never looked back.

The next album, "Just A Boy", showed Leo again paying a debt to his past, the back cover portraying his visual transition from the clown to the natural guy who makes it on his own talent. The hit, "Long Tall Glasses", broke him Stateside.

"America was the place I was always aiming to go to. Most of my influences are American. America was always a dream ... I used to sit with an American atlas, saying 'Cor, I'd love to play there.'"

His introduction to America also brought him into touch with ace producer Richard Perry. Together, they've made pop magic, and Leo, though he's still a British citizen, spends most of his time today in the States. Wouldn't you, with two consecutive number one hits to your credit there?

"I've certainly developed a lot more as a singer with Richard," he says. "I think he's really made me concentrate on the fact that I am a singer. Before that, I was always the songwriter, and then I'd sing the songs. I used to get so worked up singing the songs, thinking 'Oh Gawd, the songwriter will kill me', then realising I was the songwriter. I used to be really mixed up, but Richard made me realise that it doesn't matter, that I'm the singer, and to just concentrate on that."

"America can be a frustrating place, a dreadful place to be in, if you've got nothing to do. But if you've got plenty to do, then it's a fabulous place. The lifestyle is very much geared to the music business, so it's easy to get work done."

His last two bands have been practically all-American and past members have included the infamous Nicky Hopkins.

At one stage, Leo was working with an 11-piece band, but now it's down to a five-piece, which he enjoys working with, because it's easier to control.

"I'm quite happy now, because we've achieved the same big sound we used to have, but with a smaller outfit."

The current stage show features material from all the current albums, and three tracks from a new album, which will just be called "Leo Sayer."

The likely single will be a tune called "Dancing The Night Away", written by Russell Smith of the Amazing Rhythm Aces. The new album, Leo says, is a lot simpler in its approach, after the dense, glittery disco of *Endless Flight* and *Thunder in My Heart*.

Some of the older numbers have come in for a bit of a reworking, mainly because they've evolved over the years through the different bands. Leo has a totally new band on this tour, with the exception of synthesiser player Don Preston, whose previous credits include The Mothers of Invention. Preston has been with Leo for two years.

And, of course, we cannot pass here without mentioning the truly wonderful Frank Gibson Jnr, Local Boy Made Good, on drums.

And what's the stage act like? "Wait and see," says Leo. "It's very difficult to describe it, really, because I'm always putting things into the act that I'm not aware of ... unconscious things that come in."

"I live for every performance of every song. The live performance is very important to me."

Leo wants to record a live album, but your chance to catch him on stage is here, now. One thing for certain is you won't be disappointed. The lad's come too far and been through too much to give it all away now.

Duncan Campbell



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Sing if you're glad to be gay? Not on Radio New Zealand you won't. **The Tom Robinson Band's** second release, the *Rising Free* EP, includes one song, "Sing If You're Glad to Be Gay" which has been banned by RNZ. Their purchasing officer, Jim MacMillan, says the song's "homosexual content might be offensive to listeners and it may only be played in cases for documentary purposes." EMI, who distribute the record are urging all concerned persons to send a telegram to RNZ protesting against the ban ... when Carl Wilson was in NZ with the Beach Boys he told a reporter that **Lowell George** was ... uh, well let's say he was reported to be very unhealthy. All the more surprising then to see Lowell in *People* magazine minus a beard and looking at least a couple of stone overweight. Nevertheless he has suffered from continual medical problems. At the time of recording *Time Loves a Hero*, he went down with hepatitis and more recently, while working on mixing *Waiting for Columbus*, George was thrown off a motor cycle and shattered several discs requiring delicate spinal surgery. But the double live album has finally broken El Feat through to a wider audience and earned them a gold album. At a recent Feat show James Taylor, Carly Simon and Phoebe Snow made an appearance and James and Phoebe made it on stage for the show's encore ... **Elvis Costello and the Attractions** have also been suffering from medical problems. Seems bassist Bruce Thomas was demon-



strating the correct way to smash a bottle. It didn't quite work and he badly gashed his hand, requiring 18 stitches. As they're currently touring Britain this presented a bit of a problem. The redoubtable Nick Lowe stood in for one gig and a replacement bass player will have to be found for the remainder of the tour ... as **Graham Parker's** last album, *Stick to Me*, makes NZ release, his next hits the stands in Britain. Titled *Parkerilla* it's sort of a double live album. By sort of I mean it's actually 3 sides of live material, while on the fourth side there's a 45 version of the pink Parker's current single, "Don't Ask Me No Questions". The live material is drawn from all three of GP's album's and by all reports it's a killer collection. P.S. It sells for the price of a single album in Britain ... other British New Wavers. **The Jam** have just completed their first US visit. The response they received ranged from audience abuse when they supported Blue Oyster Cult to mad enthusiasm at a gig with The Ramones. **Ian Dury** is also making his premier visit to the States and, in one of the

No Enz Split

Contrary to rumour, NZ's Split Enz are not disbanding. The group is at present living in and around London and preparing to change from their Australian based record co. Mushroom Records, to an English one. Since the demise of their former management co., Mental Management, the group has been sorting through interested parties and it looks as if they will sign Barry Dickens (who has worked previously with the Kinks and others) to the managerial role.

Dickens has been negotiating on their behalf with English record companies and there are at least four interested. As well Ray Davies of the Kinks has approached the band to see if they were interested in his producing them and Ian Anderson recently invited them out to his Maison Rouge recording studio to do some demos for a single.

At this stage the group is keen to start recording on the next album, so live work in Holland has been cancelled so that this can go ahead.

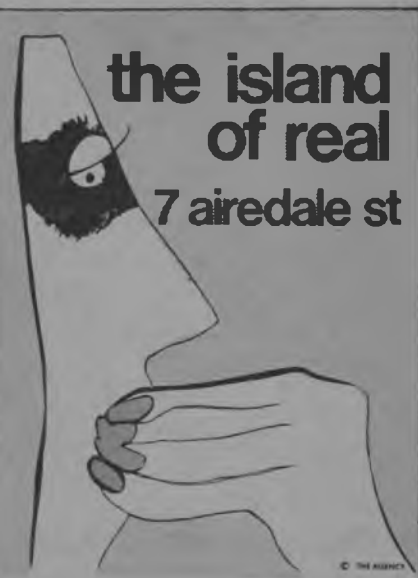
Mitch Ryder best remembered for his hits with "C.C. Rider" and "Devil With a Blue Dress" is trying to make a come-back and begins with a series of US dates ... **Allen Clarke** has quit the Hollies. He previously left in 1971 only to return three years later. It's not known if the Hollies will seek to replace him or continue as a four-piece ... on the merchandising front all you members of the **Kiss** army will be pleased to hear that they're marketing Kiss cosmetics so you can look just like your heroes. Gosh, you could wear it while reading your Kiss comic book and listening to your Kiss records in your Kiss T-shirt and ... three CBS acts **Les Dudek, Mike Finnigan** and **Jim Krieger**, each with solo albums out, are combining to tour and will appear as the DFK band ... News on forthcoming vinyl: **Bob Seger** has finally finished mixing on his new album ... **Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers** newie titled *You're Going to Get It* ... and I don't believe it but **Bruce Springsteen's** album is now also due for May release overseas ... **Maria Muldaur's** first elpee in two years *Southern Winds* contains three Leon Russell songs ... **Maddy Prior** (ex Steeleye Span) releases her first solo album. It features songs written by Maddy, it's called *Woman in the Wings* and it's produced by Ian Anderson ... **Television** newie is *Adventure* and **The Stranglers** is *Black and White* while **Allen Toussaint's** is titled *Motion* and produced by Jerry Wexler and **Van Morrison's** *Let the Cowboy Ride* is set for June release ... and with that last piece of information it's goodnight from me. Three dots please ...

RY COODER



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weirder pairings of the decade, is playing clubs with Lou Reed ... and speaking of **Elvis Costello**, well we were a few minutes ago, it seems **Elton John** was being presented with an award by a major British radio station when Elton said he hadn't cut any records for two years and so "this award really belongs to Elvis Costello." Magnanimous gesture what? ... **Bryan Ferry** has apparently finished work on his new album and returning to Britain, went hunting ... ex-Roxy Music saxist **Andy MacKay** has signed a solo recording deal. For the past few months he's been concentrating on TV work particularly on the second series of *Rock Follies* ... **Elton John's** partnership with Bernie Taupin may well be over. He's now working with lyricist Gary Osbourne and a very busy pair they've been too ... **Mink de Ville** have lost piano player Bobby Leonard and are scouring the bars of New Orleans for a replacement. Their second album, *Return to Magenta*, gets overseas release this month ... **Bob Dylan** wasn't just jiving when he said his next album would be a more carefully recorded project. Likely producer is Jack Nietzsche, and it'll probably be recorded in L.A. Reports have the Zim netting a cool \$1 million from his Australian tour ... and while we're talking money, the **Bee Gees** will reportedly take home \$1 million in publishing royalties alone from the *Saturday Night Fever* project ... and one source has estimated that the **Eagles** sell a million albums every 30 days. Gulp ... success on a slightly smaller scale for **Dragon**. Their last single ("April Sun in Cuba") has gone platinum in Australia, as has their album. A new single titled "Konkaroo" is set for imminent release ... **George Harrison** has decided on the musicians for his next album. He'll use as a basic band Neil Larsen (keyboards) Willie Weeks (bass) and Andy Newmark (drums) as well as young Eric Clapton on guitar ... Ringo meanwhile told an interviewer that John (Lennon, that is) was recording. But no-one else seems able to confirm this. Come on John, how about it? ... **Wings** are auditioning replacements for the drum and lead guitar positions in the band. A spokesman cautiously confirmed that, yes, this could be construed as Macca and the rest getting ready for further touring ... that nice boy **Johnny Rotten** is currently holidaying in LA with his mother ...



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I'm tempted to call Ry Cooder a musical archivist for American music but there's nothing dry or academic about Cooder's music that such a pompous title might suggest. Cooder manages to draw on 20th Century popular music from R&B and country to calypso and blues and invest these old songs with new life. He observes none of the sacredness of the traditional song and so Cooder manages to transform the varied material he uses into something as relevant to today as it was to its own period. As one writer observed: "When Cooder does a song it ceases to belong solely to its time."

He can turn a song the Stones made popular, "It's All Over Now", into a reggae or the Ben E. King standard "Stand By Me" into a Tex-Mex bolero, while equally he can give an emotional and straight treatment to the American Civil War song "Rally Round the Flag."

Cooder is an effective singer but probably his principal claim to a place in the rock 'n' roll hall of fame is as an instrumentalist — *Rolling Stone* called him "the finest, most precise bottleneck guitar player alive today, as well as reviver of the lost art of blues mandolin."

He first came to prominence in the late 60's as an sideman on the Stones *Sticky*

Fingers and *Let It Bleed* albums, but Cooder had at this time already been a member of LA band The Rising Sons along with Taj Mahal. From here he was to go on to work with Captain Beefheart on his first album (*Safe As Milk*) and also on Little Feat's first vinyl excursion. His session work since that date has been more limited but has included work with Maria Muldaur and, particularly, Randy Newman.

But his six solo albums are the best indication of the Ry Cooder we're likely to see here. Last year he sacked the Tex-Mex band he featured on his *Chicken Skin Music* and *Showtime* albums, so the band we're likely to get is unknown. But it'll undoubtedly match the high standards he's set throughout his career.

Catch Cooder in Auckland, Christchurch and Wellington from May 16 to 19. I don't think you'll regret it.

RIP IT UP No. 11 May 1978

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Thanks to Radio Hauraki for the Leo Sayer tape. Thanks to Fraser and Andrew.



It's at least five years since Dr Hook got their smiling faces on the cover of the *Rolling Stone*, but they're still going strong and return this month for three dates — one each in Wellington, Auckland and Christchurch.

It's not been a smooth ride for Dr Hook since those initial hits first won them attention. The band, in fact, went bankrupt but fought back via "Only Sixteen" and "A Little Bit More"; hits which broke the band through to a straight country audience.

Their shows here last year were big hits with most audiences, allying their music to the lunatic antics of all seven members. This month you get your chance at a second dose of Dr Hook.

8 Monkees for \$ 90

A rare records auction held in Auckland on April 1st and organised by the Rock'n'Roll Records shop threw up a few surprises.

The principal interest among the 200 people who attended seemed to be in British music of the mid and late 60's but albums by Captain Beefheart, Nico, The Stooges, Alice Cooper and the BeachBoys fetched highprices. Some albums by these artists sold for around \$20 but the main surprise was the sale of a complete set of eight Monkees records (plus a solo outing by Davy Jones) for \$90.

Equally, many albums sold very cheaply. The success of the venture ensured that another will probably be held in another 6 months when more sought after items have been collected together.

who's where

The Bruce Morely Little Big Band May 14. 3-5 pm, Harmony Hall, Devonport.
Golden Harvest May 3-6 Milford Marina. May 9, Founders Theatre Concert, Hamilton. May 12 & 13, Otara Tavern, Waiuku. May 17-20, 24-27, Ponsonby Club Hotel. May 29- June 3 & June 5-10, Grand Hotel, Whangarei.
Magnum Crazy Horse Disco, 26 Airedale St, Auckland.
Rock Candy Aladdins, Auckland.
Spatz May 1-6, Hillcrest, Hamilton. May 17-20, Cambridge Tavern. May 22-27, Butts Tavern, Kawerau.
Easy Street May 4-6, Oxford Hotel, Levin. May 8-13, Hotel Cabana, Napier. June 6-10, Albert Motor Lodge, Palmerston North.
Th'Dudes May 18-20, Island of Real, Airedale St.
Lip Service May 11-13, Island of Real.
Chapman & White May 10, Island of Real.
Rough Justice May 4-6, Island of Real.
Moods May 4-6, Masonic Hotel, Devonport.



Dr Hook Auckland May 6, Wellington May 7 and Christchurch May 9.
Ry Cooder Auckland May 16, Wellington May 17 and Christchurch May 19.
Seals & Crofts Auckland May 8, Wellington May 9 and Christchurch May 11.
Leo Sayer Hamilton May 21, Auckland May 22, Napier May 23, Wellington May 24, Invercargill May 26, Dunedin May 27 and Christchurch May 28.
Joan Armatrading Christchurch June 9, Wellington June 11 and Auckland June 12.
Roger McGuinn, Gene Clark & Chris Hillman (founding members of the Byrds) Dunedin June 10, Christchurch June 12, Wellington June 14, Palmerston North June 15, Napier June 16 and Auckland June 17.
Renee Geyer Auckland June 7 & 8. Hamilton June 9.

MASTERPIECE.



SIDE ONE:

Knockin' On Heaven's Door
Mr Tambourine Man
Just Like A Woman
I Shall Be Released
Tears Of Rage
All Along The Watchtower
One More Cup of Coffee

SIDE TWO:

Like A Rolling Stone
The Mighty Quinn (Quinn, The Eskimo)
Tomorrow Is A Long Time
Lay, Lady, Lay
Idiot Wind

SIDE THREE:

Mixed Up Confusion
Positively 4th Street
Can You Please Crawl Out Your Window?
Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues
Spanish Is The Loving Tongue
George Jackson (Big Band Version)
Rita May

SIDE FOUR:

Blowin' In The Wind
Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall
The Times They Are A-Changin'
Masters of War
Hurricane

SIDE FIVE:

Maggie's Farm
Subterranean Homesick Blues
Ballad Of A Thin Man
Mozambique
This Wheel's On Fire
I Want You
Rainy Day Women #12 & 35

SIDE SIX:

Don't Think Twice, It's All Right
Song To Woody
It Ain't Me Babe
Love Minus Zero/No Limit
I'll Be Your Baby Tonight
If Not For You
If You See Her, Say Hello
Sara

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RUMOURS

The Dunedin rock scene seems to revolve principally around the pubs, which, from many points of view, is a drawback, but without them there would be very little work here. Understatement.

Ragnarok have just completed a stint at the Sheraton. Pubs seem to suit them artistically and financially after their brief and not entirely successful tour of concert halls last year. The European regularly feature **Velvet Stillwater** and **Chaseband Manhattan**. The Captain Cook, Dunedin's University pub, prefer outside acts rather than local bands, however, **Cruze**, one of the best local outfits, have future dates at the Cook and they require a lead vocalist as

bassist/vocalist Neil Henderson believes they need a specialist singer to give them that additional presence.

After **Richard Wilde** and his band played at the Garden's Tavern two months ago the local residents have succeeded in banning "loud" rock acts from performing there. Wilde was only the straw that broke the camel's back as the locals had been irate for months over so-called "noise" pollution.

Kevin Lynch whose song is high on the "Entertainers" list has left **Expende**, one of Dunedin's longest surviving rock outfits, to write advertising jingles. Drummer Ivan Hamilton has also left **Expende** to join **Cozy**, a great two man acoustic blues band who are regularly playing at the Cellars and who are rumoured to be adding a brass section to augment their sound.

Personnel changes have also struck **Shuffle** with the talented Jeff Dickie replac-

ing Allie McDougal on lead guitar. Christchurch's **Odyssey** have had a few rows and have undergone a few consequent changes. New vocalist Rob Corey has been drafted from **Skylord**, and **Thoroughbred** guitarist has replaced Mike Sheil.

Punk rock is alive but only breathing in Dunedin as **London SS** are finding work hard to obtain because of the reluctance of most pubs to hire high energy bands. The **Enemy** Dunedin's foremost New Wavers who play only their own material, are having more success playing odd halls and the Polytech. They have just completed a one nighter in Christchurch, and they have a tape which is circulating Dunedin and a copy has been sent to Bomp's Greg Shaw in America.

Eat yer liver, Iggy man. More next issue. Play that fast thing one more time **George Kay** (& K.B. Tannock)

L.B. SANDS

Living Force have been doing some recording at Mandrill Studios and reportedly deafening the receptionist... **Schtung** have wrapped up their Auckland season with some fine concerts. They will return to Wellington to start recording and playing there. They will probably return to Auckland after working in the South Island... Watch out for the **Tourists**... **Golden Harvest** are continuing their smash national tour with appearances at the Glenfield Tavern in Auckland... Philip Buckleton is rumoured to be joining **Squash**... **The Phantoms** are doing well with appearances now and then. Along with the **Assasins** they rate as one of the more interesting and certainly more capable rocker outfits sprouting in the city... Reports that the **E. Kilbride Band** was taking up residency at the Masonic Hall are untrue.

L.B. Sands

Swayed are now known as **Rock Candy**. The current members are Jim Joll, Paul Town, Gordon Joll and Trevor Judge... If you got **Schtunged** at 12M's Radio Workshop last month, get ready for **Citizen band** in May. If you want to join the CB fan club, write to Christine, P O Box 6537, Auckland for details... **Midge Maraden** has left for Australia to join the Phil Manning Band and at home **Paul Crowther** has quit Bamboo... Sunday afternoon concerts at Charley Gray's **Island of Real** have resumed with the demise of the long hot summer... and lastly **Rip It Up** is nearly one year old. Bloody good! Eh? Bleedin' miracle if you ask me...

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Wellington is warming up a little on the music side of things for May — some good new local groups are popping up — like **Panama**, a five piece band with a lady singer doing some tasty country/rock/blues stuff. Really strong, clean vocals and a good tight sound. **Red Rose** have resur-

face with two members from their old lineup and they are excellent — playing the late-night spot at **Slack Alice's**... quite a change of style, right away from the disco stuff they were playing before, and getting into some great rock numbers. Guitarist/vocalist **Colin Bayley** is one of the most talented musicians around and their act is incredibly slick and energetic.

Redeye have finished their residency at **Slack's** and have returned to the **Cabin** and Greg Christiansen has been playing there for the past few weeks.

The Wellington leg of the **NZUSA Hello Sailor** tour went off well, after bookings looking grim right til the last minute. **Spatz** opened the Opera House show. Wellington hot shot actor **Mike Wilson** was an interesting addition to the lineup and contrary to popular opinion, he wasn't just a back-projection of **Tony Backhouse** — that'll teach you to leave your spatula at home. **Spatz** left this bleak city the week after the Sailor gig and are sure to do good things in Auckland.

Rough Justice are flitting between Auckland and Wellington these days, playing the **Windsor**, **Gluepot** and **Island of Real** til 6th May, then back to the **Cricketers Arms** til 26th May. They're a good band, getting better all the time, and drawing good crowds too.

Changes in the **Rockinghorse** stable, drummer Jim Lawrie has left and gone to Auckland, and Steve Garden has replaced

him. They are playing one week (May 10-13) at the Wellington Show, plus three weeks with **Red Mole's** new Cabaret at **Ziggy's** (May 4-21). **Rockinghorse** are getting a lot of local exposure, being 22M's Group of the Month for May. 22M record 6 tracks from a local artist or band, and over 4 weeks play the tracks as part of their format. The feature starts with a 30 minute programme of music and interviews on the 1st of the month.

Quite a few Wellington bands and songwriters are getting material into the **Entertainers** — **Sharon O'Neill** has a superb number "Luck On Your Table"; **Rockinghorse** have "Never In A Million Years", written by **Wayne Mason**; **Coast to Coast** are performing an **Ally McQuillan/Gavin Peacock** number, and the **Rodger Fox Big Band** are appearing in the new artist section. The **Big Band** have just finished recording some tracks to be played on 2YC's jazz show, and they're looking towards another album of mostly original material, to be recorded in June. They have another Opera House concert coming up later this month.

Annie Whittle will be recording out at EMI studios soon, under the direction of **Dave Fraser**. Dave has been over in Australia for the past few weeks recording with **Malcolm McCallum**. Annie will be doing some **Sharon O'Neill** original songs on the album.

Lynne Attwood

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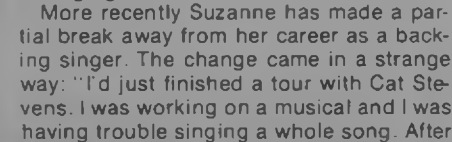
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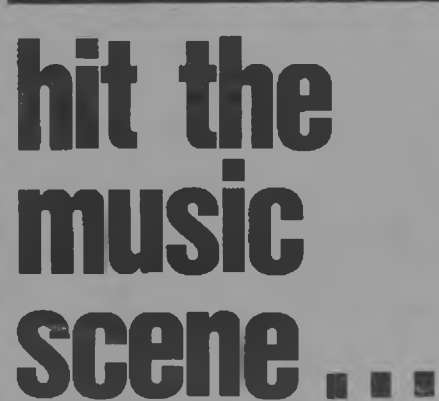
COSTELLO



THIS YEAR'S MODEL



The success of the single may not be huge but it is none the less surprising in the competitive British scene. Suzanne's happy to have done so well. "Micky Most once said you had one chance in 20,000 of getting a world-wide hit. So it really is a miracle to break through at all."



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Foundering or Setting Sail?

In just over a year Hello Sailor have grown from a respected but workaday Auckland band into the nearest thing we have to indigenous rock stars.

When Sailor appear today in the course of regular work they find themselves overfilling venues, having to minimize advertising. Sailor at the Ponsonby Club create a milling crush in a bar others can barely fill. Recently an unadvertised Windsor Castle gig drew a standing room only, flesh-pressing throng of devotees.

As the Sunday night finale to a national Student Arts Council tour displayed, Hello Sailor are able to nearly fill a major venue with fans, many of whom were paying four dollars for their tickets. The band is pleased with its tour which has seen ecstatic Wellington and Dunedin crowds and which incidentally secured a profit for its promoters.

Hello Sailor are probably the only N.Z. band ever to stir such a level of interest without an overseas stint. Both Dragon and Split Enz are now major drawcards, but it has required foreign approval in these

cases to give us the confidence to flock along. Yet T.V., radio exposure, and an excellent album have bounced Sailor into national prominence as a homeborn, homereared phenomenon.

Predictably it was a willing, entreating audience that greeted them last Sunday night. Citizen Band, wooing its own budding band of followers, had opened extremely well. The newly founded C.B. fan-club sitting near me was not disappointed by their exuberant set. Covers of beat oldies "Don't Bring Me Down" and Larry's Rebel's "I Feel Good" created an ambience within which the band's more complex originals were enthusiastically accepted. "Julia", "The Ladder Song", and "Holy Fulale" all went down a bomb and after more than a dozen songs the audience was whistling and stomping for more.

So it was all on for Hello Sailor when they introduced themselves in an atmospheric parody of *Close Encounters*. Sadly they let their audience slump almost immediately into a misplaced version of the Stooges' "All Aboard for Funtime". And

from there they were working on a salvage job. There were minor problems all night, broken strings, a poor sound mix, but nothing to explain the listlessness that beset the first half of the show. "Let's Spend the Night Together" fell flat, Graham Brazier's sax playing failed to add its usual bite.

Apparently none of the band members were very happy with the Auckland gig in comparison with the rest of the tour — and it showed. They didn't look happy. Not until well into the programme and new song "Kick It", were consternated looks discarded for any sense of co-operation. There were commendable features: Dave McCartney's and Harry Lyon's backing vocals, Ricky Ball toiling at his kit, but only once or twice did it all fall into place. The encore bracket ended with Brazier unable to quite find his harmonica break in "Blue Lady". It was somehow reminiscent of the evening, a clearly proficient band operating at less than peak efficiency, suffering problems of inconsistency that will have to be conquered before Sailor try the overseas market they seek.

Yet it appears that the lure of bigger things is certainly there. Hello Sailor have dropped their local recording tie with the Key label and are pondering an, as yet unsigned, contract with Phonogram. If the deal goes through a new album will be recorded in E.M.I.'s Wellington studio starting on June 19th. Bruce Lynch, ex-patriot

N.Z. bass player who works, amongst others, with Cat Stevens, will produce.

And if Sailor sign with Phonogram it will be on the condition that the album is given world-wide release. Manager David Gapes and possibly a Phonogram team intend to take a live video-tape to Europe, Britain and the States for promotion. Hopes are set on the big-time.

Meanwhile, as if to add to the requisite mystique of a successful rock act, rumours of internal politics have been circulating. Suggestions, none of them apparently true, have been made concerning Graham Brazier's tenure. Brazier, so it seems, is staying. Nevertheless the other four members may take a couple of weeks off for relaxation, playing as a four-piece pub-band under the improbable title, The Fabulous Fabrications. According to one band member rumours of internal splits have merely been nurtured by frustrations that derive from an unresolved recording and touring future.

For all of Hello Sailor's remarkable success here, for all the size of the market they seem to have created for themselves, poor old N.Z.'s atmosphere is still too stifling for comfort. The next few months should indeed see if they have the ability to escape it and if they have the constitution to breathe rarer air.

Bruce Belsham



David Bowie has completed work on his second movie role, this time with Marlene Dietrich and Kim Novak.

The film, in which Bowie takes the starring role, is titled *Just a Gigolo* and is directed by

actor David Hemmings, perhaps best remembered as the mod photographer in *Blow-Up*.

Just a Gigolo is filmed mostly in Berlin where Bowie has made his home for the past 18 months. He plays a young Prussian officer who returns penniless to Berlin after the First World War and becomes a gigolo. Kim Novak plays the society matron who seduces him and Marlene Dietrich, making her first film appearance for a number of years, plays the baroness who recruits Bowie into her service.

Meanwhile, David Bowie is part way through a 13 week concert tour with Carlos Alomar (guitar), Dennis Davis (drums), George Murray (bass), Roger Powell (synthesiser), Adrian Belew (lead guitar), Simon House (electric violin) and Sean Mayes (keyboards).

A tour of the Far East and Australia and New Zealand is scheduled for November.

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The Scavengers are leaving. Quitting. Splitting. Goodbye, not coming back for a long time. Don't cry for us, Rangitoto.

In a bit over a fortnight, if all goes as planned, they're off to Britain, via the States. Selling their gear will give them their plane fares, plus just enough to buy new equipment when they reach that far-off shore.

Quite a move for such a young band, none of them over 21, and with no previous gigging outside this country.

A big gamble, but one they feel they have to take.

"The scene (i.e.: local New Wave) is now where it was when we started out," says Johnny Volume. "All these boring bands trying to imitate bands like us and the Reptiles, which started the whole thing off here. They're even doing the songs we were doing when we started."

"We were the ones who got beaten up in the street all the time and got all the shit from everybody, and now these guys come along and think they're f***in' great and it's all such a f***in' put-on. It's typical New Zealand... about two years late."

It's the views and attitudes of Godzone that really get the Scavs' backs up.

"You know, Mum would say 'That nice boy Stephen down the road, why don't you go surfing and play rugby like him?'... it's that sort of attitude," says Des.

"In New Zealand the audiences just don't mix like they do in England," says Johnny, "you're either one thing or the other. Most of the punks here are just weekenders."

"But it's not so easy for them," interjects Ronnie, the Londoner, "they've got to hold down jobs, they're not in bands, so they can't afford to look or act like that all the time. I mean, everyone likes money, and you've got to support yourself."

The Scavs admit they don't make a fortune, most of their funds being sunk back into the band, but how they survive is something they keep strictly to themselves.

The road has been far from easy for them, since their inception back in 1975, playing New York Dolls and Stones numbers for fellow ATi students.

When it became a fulltime occupation, they were playing halls and dives you wouldn't shoot a sick dog in. Their graduation to the pub scene was full of hassles, too. The audience, says Des, loved them, but the manager kept telling them to turn it down.

"That was a bloody awful night," he re-



SCAVS leave home

members. "We felt so depressed because we couldn't deliver, the guy was threatening to pull the plug on us, and we played really bad. The next night we said 'stuff it, we'll play the way we want to and to hell with it.'"

"That night he had one of the biggest crowds in there he could ever remember, and they were going mad, jumping up and down and loving it."

Since then, the Scavs have adopted what has become a universal approach for New Wave-type bands; If you don't like us, too bad. They play the way they want to, and now people are listening. A pity they left it so late.

Landing the residency at Zwines was a good break, but by this time, they were having problems with lead singer Mike Lesbian, now departed. The spraycan sign on the wall of Zwines says it all. Once, it said "Mike Lesbian is God." It has now been altered to refer, in rather obscene terms, to



that gentleman as a certain portion of female anatomy.

The band tells stories of vital rehearsals missed, star-tripping, and a general lack of commitment.

"He just walked out," says Ronnie. "He didn't even bother to tell us, just rang our manager and said he was quitting."

"As it is, it could have turned out really bad, but instead it's turned out really good," says Des. "We feel more of a band now."

After a nervous start, Ronnie has now assumed command of the vocals, and the Scavs intend remaining a three-piece. Former plans to take on the singer from Christchurch band the Vandals were shelved when he backed out of an audition.

The loss of Lesbian has meant gains in the song-writing field. There was a stock of original material that now dominates the show, but Lesbian's reluctance to show up for practices meant little or none of it could be performed. It was down to playing punk standards with a minimum of rehearsal and suffering accordingly.

Thankfully, all of this has now changed, and the Scavs are establishing an identity of their own.

And now they're off, hoping to seek their fortune.

"We're just getting so bored with this place," says Johnny. "We're working all the time and making f**k all money, just enough to survive on. We were reading a March copy of NME and it seems what's going on over there is what we're into, so we decided to go."

"Even if we've got nothing, we're just going to go there and start from the bottom, and if we crap out, it doesn't matter. All we're going there for is to have a good time, 'cause we're not having a good time here."

And that's just another sad chapter in the history of New Zealand rock. The country makes the bands and stifles them at the same time. Progress is still impossible, and it means a bunch of creative, talented young guys taking off overseas with no contacts and slim prospects. Anything but stay here and drown in a sea of pavs and quarter-acre sections.

The Women's Institute mentality of this country costs us yet another great band. Catch the Scavs while you've got the chance.

Haere Ra, Johnny, Ronnie and Des Duncan Campbell

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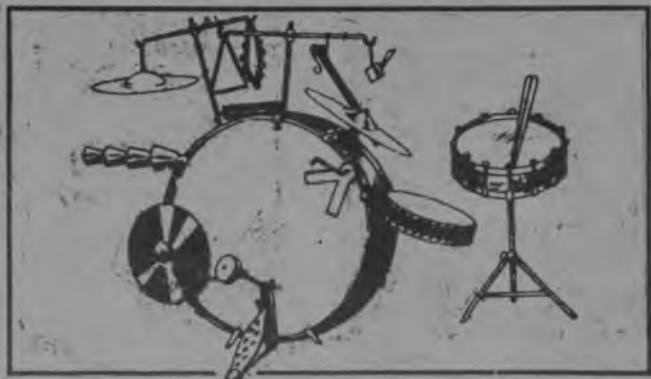
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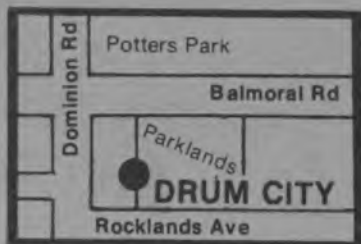
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Judging by the quite remarkable interest in his recent New Zealand visit, Leo Kottke makes a better living out of being a cult figure than most.

Certainly, it would have been a brave pundit who was prepared to bet that he could attract around eight hundred Aucklanders out on a Saturday night, and it must be a real comfort to the promoters, Australian Concert Entertainments, in view of their string of forthcoming attractions.

Kottke was relaxed, if a little saddle-weary, at his Auckland press conference, where he answered the obligatory questions about his singing ability and lack of classical training, his days in the navy, and whether he had been 'down this way before'. I didn't hear anybody ask him what he thought of Godzone, but I wouldn't have been surprised.

At that stage, though they probably weren't telling the star, seats were selling about as well as two-piece bathing costumes in July, and everybody who wasn't looking worried was probably just putting a brave face on it. Signs that things were on the up came with the interest of the *Auckland Star*, who even went so far as to pose a special outdoor shot in the threatening drizzle for publication the next night.

In fact, whether because Leo Kottke fans are late bookers, or because a lot of people decided to try their luck at something a little different, the foyer of His Majesty's was quite respectably full as the lights went down for the beginning of Lea Maalfrid's opening set. Ms. Maalfrid certainly oozes confidence at the keyboard as she runs through her repertoire of songs, but I can't help wishing for a little more variety in subject matter. Three or four songs about snaring sexy young men I can take — my attention had begun to wander by the sixth. Still, there is no doubt that she has the chops — her piano playing is strong and her voice was at times quite remarkable.

Certainly, the crowd gave her a rousing reception — a lot better fate than she has suffered at the hands of other audiences in her stint as an opening act. I suppose Leo Kottke attracts a nicer type of person than Lou Reed.

It's not really surprising. The most striking aspect of his personality from the stalls is a rather large-scale affability, which extends to good-natured remarks about his singing and a constant flow of muttered asides which were not there, as in many cases, to put the performer at ease, but rather to help the audience along.

Between the jokes, anecdotes and background information, Kottke delivered a re-

markably varied show. While I had been expecting something a little more mortal than the 'virtuoso's virtuoso' promised in the pre-concert bumf, I was still surprised by the vigour and energy of his playing. Sitting on a high stool was his only real concession to the concert hall. In most respects, like Englishman, John Martyn, he treated his show as if it were taking place in a folk club.

He played quite a large proportion of things that were in some way influenced by ragtime and country music — from Tom T. Hall's 'Pamela Brown' to his own guitar pieces, and sang in what was really a most impressive country and western bass baritone. Despite the references to his inadequacies, and his famous likening of his singing to 'geese farts on a muggy day', Kottke has, to my ear at least, a better voice than the likes of Johnny Cash. On some things, like the quite spectacular version of Roger McGuinn's 'Eight Miles High' which introduced his voice to the audience, he showed considerable skill as an interpreter.

His guitar playing was in a similar vein. Rather than dazzle with lightning runs, he preferred to stay with the basic chord sequence and melody, and work more and more complicated rhythmic patterns into them. When he turned to a classical guitar to play the Bach fugue which he claims as a blockbuster hit in Poland, he showed no more than average ability in the more academic format. It was on the twelve-strings, with and without bottle-neck, that he shone.

Where the occasion demanded, he was quite willing to strum along through the chorus of a song in his best play-in-a-day manner, but there was always some touch in the playing — more often than not leaving the audience admiring not exceptional dexterity, but wit or appropriateness. While he didn't do much that many guitarists in the audience couldn't have understood, he did a lot they probably would never have thought of.

After remarkably unrestrained demands for first one, and then two encores, Kottke shuffled out of sight, clutching his guitar and looking almost sheepish. No-one could deny that he had worked hard, perhaps as hard as any musical purist through town in the past few months. Not for him the guaranteed thirty thousand at the Springs. Just another Saturday night in another small concert hall — making a living as a cult figure.

Francis Stark

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Just a-robbing and a-stabbing, and a-looting and a-shooting,
You know you're too bad.
One of these days you may hear a voice say, come.
Where you gonna run to?
You're gonna run to the law for rest, where there will be no more run.

Slickers

"Hey maan you heard the next big ting, tis reggae maan ... or have yor heard it all before?" Well it seems you probably have but I wouldn't let it put you off, after all Marley's next, *Kaya*, will be the plant's first platinum reggae album, and the rasta prophet will be just that much closer to reaching into your hearts and heads. And he'll be taking the punks (are there any left?) with him. As Don Letts, the rasta D.J. from the renowned London punk palace, the Roxy Club, says: "Like, to me, the reggae thing and the punk thing ... it's all the same f**kin' thing. Just the black version and the white version. The kids are singing about change, they wanna do away with the establishment. Same thing the niggers are takin' about, 'Chant down Babylon', it's the same thing."

And now punk's been sold, or enveloped, by the major record companies of the world, the companies that inspired the rebellion against the boring old farts grown fat, or thin, that punk sought to squeeze. Even Tim Blanks in a recent letter from London refers to "punk's dying embers".

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Johnny Rotten's new band is a reggae outfit. Elvis Costello's had his roots reggae hit. The Clash recorded Junior Marvin's "Police And Thieves." And everyone knows Patti Smith's affliction with the holy land ... Ethiopia.

What the white boys lose to the white bosses, and coke in the pocket, the black man needs but knows better than to take ... unless it's on his terms ... and dinner at Sadi's isn't one of them. So white rage is just in vain cause it can't hit home ... it just revolves up it's own arse ... sucks it's own cock.

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Reggae's not the next big thing ... it's only a big thing. Just take a listen to the pathetic, if understandable, selection of reggae elpees available. Big Bob and the Wailers. Seven albums on release now and all well above the average dross. Toots and the Maytals. *Funky Kingston* remains the one. Burning Spear. The ghost of black retribution with a vengeance. *Marcus Garvey, Man From The Hills, Dry And Heavy*, and now *Live!* Jimmy Cliff and company's *The Harder They Come* is essential buying. Bunny Wailer's *Blackheart Man* is great. Peter Tosh's two albums are also interesting. And yes ... *Jimmy Cliff Live* is a ranking disc.

But ...

Where are the other reggae artists now on the scene via the English rock press. Where are The Heptones whose *Nightfood* and *Party Time* are classic albums in the vocal harmony tradition. These guys, Leroy Sibbles, Earl Morgan and Barry Llewellyn sing the pants off any ... any ... soul group. Just grab a listen to their version of the Four Tops "Baby I Need Your Loving" off *Nightfood*. Where is Dennis Brown. Where is Junior Marvin's *Police & Thieves*? (Marvin is now in the Wailers). Culture's *When Two Seven's Clash*? Dub records?

The list of reggae artists now making waves among the punks is a long one. Asward (currently being produced by Eno). The Meditations. Joe Gibbs. Big Youth. Gregory Issacs. The Ethiopians. Dillinger. John Holt. And the bands in residence that are forging a distinct U.K. reggae: Steel Pulse, Matumbi, Black Slate.

What reggae is doing is saying and playing the beat of the bad street. The street you and I never have to live in. The street that provokes a response in music that the rich and decadent "stars" simply cannot attain.

So ...

Damn near every current album, be it from L.A., New York, Manchester, Sydney or for that matter Auckland, has a reggae track ... or tracks. From Warren Zevon to Nina Simone, from Ray Charles to Wet Willie. Reggae

So ...

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Nick Lowe is best known as producer of the Graham Parker and Elvis Costello albums but he's also a songwriter and singer with his first album, most recorded with The Rumour, about to be released. Pure Pop for Now People is what you'll find on the record. So here's an interview with the High Priest of Hip . . . Jesus of Cool.



Jesus of Cool

Not meaning to be a name dropper y'understand, but T.S. Eliot once said that the mature artist steals while the immature artist borrows.

Well this makes Nick Lowe a mature artist of gigantic proportions. For this is a man who *steals*.

When a member of Brinsley Schwarz, Nick Lowe had an uncanny ability to write in the style of other tunesmiths, and Brinsley's first album was very noticeably influenced by Crosby, Stills and Nash.

. . . if I hear a good lick on a disco record or something I'll just pinch it . . .

But that's all over now, says Nick Lowe. "Nowadays I just steal the stuff. I don't try and write in anybody's style. If I hear a good lick on a disco record or something I'll just pinch it and by the time it's come out only students of the genre know where I pinched it from."

Nick Lowe continues to expound his plagiaristic philosophy: "Everybody does it. It's all been played — C, A minor, F and G been going for donkey's years. They've all been strummed. I mean look at Jeff Lynne. Nick says laughing, "look what he's done and he's made a fortune out of it."

Nor is Nick above nicking a good song title as well as a good lick. You see there's this song called "Little Hitler" on Lowe's soon-to-be-released album, *The Jesus of Cool*. Nick explains: "Elvis Costello was going to call his album *Little Hitler*. I thought it was a really good title and he changed his mind, so I thought I'd pinch it. **I try to make records in a very quick way so you almost don't know what you're doing**".

and write a song." Elvis it seems was a little piqued at Lowe's light-fingered methods and suggested Nick's next album be titled *Grand Larceny*.

Nevertheless, Lowe has won the respect of his fellow musicians. Dave Edmunds said: "there are loads of guys around in bands or whatever writing songs but Nick Lowe is a songwriter in the classic sense."

Nick Lowe agrees: "I mean I can write those hard-rock songs like two a penny. Playing bass is nothing to me. I'm a songwriter. Period. If this was the 60's I'd be . . . no I don't think I'd be good enough to work for the Brill Building. I'd be one of those Tin Pan Alley junk-pop tunesmiths knocking out an album worth of tunes for the Peters and Lee of my time. Christ, I could write any song to order."

Since Brinsley Schwarz split, Nick Lowe has shown an uncommon ability to be where the action is. He produced the first and third of the Graham Parker albums, the first British punk rock album (*Damned, Damned, Damned*) and both Elvis Costello albums.

Somehow in the middle of this kind of activity, Lowe has assembled his first

album. But he admits he resisted the idea for some time.

"Solo albums always seemed a bit of a joke. They always smack a little of sensitive singer/songwriter photographed by shady nooks. But Lowe's methods of working — recording songs in skeleton form as he writes them — soon put the idea into his head."

"Whenever I wrote a song I was just recording it. I'd recorded 70 or 80 tracks, most of them were terrible but as time went on and some of my singles became popular, it became obvious that I'd have to do a solo album. I listened to some of the stuff I'd done and thought 'Hmmm, with a bit of work here and there this could shape up.' Before I knew it, I had enough stuff for the record and it was very varied which I liked."

Varied is the word. The album moves from the semi-disco rhythms of "Breaking Glass" to the wimp-rock of "Tonight" and the appalling heavy metal of "Music for Money". All are distinguished by Nick's "instant" style. His methods at best give a raw, vital quality to the music and at worst the songs seem merely underdone.

"I try to make records in a very quick way

Pop has been an ugly word for so long. Now suddenly it's good news.

so you almost don't know what you're doing. I think as soon as you start thinking about what you're doing, you start to sound pompous and pretentious."

"I generally throw them down quickly. I hardly think about the words or anything like that. I can hardly even recall writing a song. It's a process over which I've got no control at all, it just sort of comes out. Sometimes I listen to some songs I've written and I think — 'I don't remember doing that at all.' But I did." Nick says laughing.

It's people like Nick Lowe who've helped restore credibility to pop music. Pure pop for now people was a slogan he coined that has now become the American title for his album.

"Pop has been an ugly word for so long. Now suddenly it's really good news. With a poppier approach and a bit of common-sense you can do whatever you want."

The sort of songs I write are generally very obvious—they've got a beginning, two verses, a middle eight, a little bit of a solo, another verse and ride out. It's a very straight pop song formula I got from listening to the radio."

With the success of the single "I Love the Sound of Breaking Glass" and the album attracting similar interest, Nick Lowe seems to be sure of success for the first time in his lengthy career. And Nick Lowe is glad of that: "I want to be a commercial success. I want to sell lots of records. That's success to me now. I don't want to make clever little recorded statements for a small clique of admirers . . . and besides," he adds hurriedly, "I want to get the girls."

Alastair Dougal



STIFFS LIVE — Lowe, Dury and Co



E. Costello

From Gracelands to Chelsea ELVIS COSTELLO

It was only a matter of time before the New Wave (and I promise not to use the phrase again in this piece) grew out of its initial, 'today I learned my fourth chord' idealism and faced up to the necessity to progress or die.

The Pistols died, the Damned died, and I still have hopes for the Clash. The people who are making the real headway, both in their work, and the ultimately vital U.S. market-place are those like Graham Parker who obviously aren't hampered by the same conscious antagonism towards technique. However admirable they may be as statements about the validity of session-man rock and roll, out-of-tune guitars eventually get too much to bear.

In the midst of this second generation, and allied closely with the rise of its major outlet, Stiff Records, is Elvis Costello.

Elvis has had a number of aids to success aside from questions of ability. The unlooked-for publicity surrounding the death of his illustrious namesake last year, the extraordinary set of stories surrounding his penchant for threatening his multitude of enemies with a six-inch steel nail, or his little black book, in which he kept their names, all added up to create considerable interest in him.

Looking like the result of a union between Hank Marvin and Woody Allen, Elvis Costello is not everyone's idea of the future of Rock and Roll, and it may have been this factor as much as any other which made it so hard for him to gain release for his songs. After a fruitless tour of virtually every label in England, he answered an advertisement for demo tapes for a new label — Stiff

Records. His was virtually the first tape submitted and Stiff boss Jake Riviera says that he was immediately impressed.

After listening to some of the competition, Riviera jumped in and signed up Elvis. His first single, released in early 1977, was "Alison", and it was a line from the chorus of that song which provided the name of his first album *My Aim Is True*.

Received with almost universal praise, *My Aim Is True* contains some *bona fide* classics. Apart from winning any prizes on offer for unusual lyrical content, "Less Than Zero", his attack on the British habit of canonising their national villains — in this case the former leader of their Nazi party, Oswald Mosely — contains more passion than is normally considered decent in a rock song. And it is passion that characterises the whole album.

That is not to say that Elvis indulges in a little Barry White after hours porn. Far from it. Every track on *Aim* is delivered with vehemance but the general theme is failure. Whether it is the failure to master the complexities of sex ("Mystery Dance"), failure to hold his lover ("Alison"), or failure to do anything ("Pay It Back"), Elvis is prepared to own up to the kinds of inadequacies we have been paying rock stars to deny for years.

That album, a single released soon after — "Watching the Detectives" — and a solid bout of touring with his newly-formed band, the Attractions, began to establish Costello as a sizable force in Britain last year. The album reached number eleven in the English charts while "Watching the Detectives" went to number nine.

On-stage, besides tours on their own, and support shows, Elvis and the Attractions took part in the Stiff's Greatest Stiffs tour, with Ian Dury and producer of *Aim*, Nick Lowe. A subsequent American tour featured Lowe and Martin Belmont (of the Rumour) on a couple of guest spots. Reaction to the American tour can be gauged by the entry of "Watching the Detectives" into the US charts within two weeks of release, and the *Rolling Stone* review of *Aim* which compared it with Randy Newman's *Little Criminals* and asserted that Elvis won hands down.

At around this time, there were ructions back in Britain which led to Jake Riviera splitting from Stiff and setting up a new label — Radar Records — and promptly signing to it the cream of the Stiff roster. Elvis, not surprisingly, was amongst these, and his second album, *This Year's Model* has just been released on Radar in New Zealand.

The first reaction to *This Year's Model* is to say that it is just that. It is really remarkable how similar in style and feel it is to *My Aim Is True*, especially since the earlier album features Clover, an expatriot American band in England, while *This Year's Model* has backing by the Attractions. The same slightly archaic sound built around the 60's organ style of Steve Mason, is retained, and Nick Lowe's production once again lingers in his normal territory — the middle.

After a few listenings, however, it becomes obvious that there have been changes and refinements. The new album (which for local buyers includes "Watching the Detectives", making a total of thirteen tracks) has a more var-

ied feel to it, especially in the rhythms used. The odd, almost-reggae style of "Watching the Detectives" seems to have encouraged Costello to risk moving farther away from the basic set of rock and roll stylings. The next single, "I Don't Want to Go to Chelsea" also has indefinable Carribean overtones, and "Little Triggers" comes on like reluctant R'n'B.

The other major area of difference is the words. While *Aim* was essentially, almost painfully a personal record, *This Year's Model* makes much more use of narrative and characterisation. In "I Don't Want To Go To Chelsea", for example, the lyrics are largely composed of snippets of dialogue from 'swinging London' movies, including *Blow-up*. The song includes a gem of a line in:

They call her Natasha, but she looks like Elsie.

I don't want to go to Chelsea.

Similarly, "This Year's Girl" is an attempt at defining a character — not just expressing an emotion, and this is a more sophisticated style of writing than the bulk of *My Aim Is True*. Interestingly enough, this technique throws up stand-out lines from the body of the song much more readily than was the case before. Everybody has their favourite little catch-phrase from "Watching the Detectives" it seems.

While I am reluctant to say that this is the ultimate Elvis Costello album, and you would need a bed of hot coals to get me to call him the future of Rock and Roll, I am sure that Elvis is going to be around to see the future — whoever it is.

Francis Stark

"Baby is a Rock'n'Roll Nigger"

— a skinny poetess who looks like Keith Richard's sister has a new career, a new town and a new album (her third).

Maybe you think I enjoy this, that I get lots of free records writing for this magazine and that, what the hell, I only have to play each record a couple of times to review it. Well, let me tell you, this job isn't all it's supposed to be. Sure, I get a few free records, not many. The inserts are usually missing and there's a stamp across each record: PROMOTIONAL COPY ONLY. NOT FOR SALE. If I don't like an album I still have to play it about ten times. And I don't get paid, hell no.

So why do I bother? After all, you shouldn't need people to tell you that right now rock'n'roll is in pretty bad shape, that it has become an industry more concerned with making money than good rock'n'roll. But what makes it worth it are the albums which every so often stand above the rest of the dross. Only the Talking Heads album, *Talking Heads: 77*, and Patti Smith's *Easter* have shown up so far this year.

Great rock'n'roll is born, you see, not made. Or, as Patti Smith once put it, "... when you clear away the tons and tons of bullshit, the heart of rock'n'roll is integrity." And with all great rock'n'roll there is also an element of myth.

Patti Smith first fell in love with rock'n'roll when she saw the Rolling Stones on the Ed Sullivan show. Up until then she had liked black music, had harmonised to early soul records in the back of the high school bus. She was a skinny and frail child, the eldest of four children, born in Chicago, December 30, 1946, and raised in Pitman, South Jersey. Her father had been a tap dancer before working in a

factory, her mother had given up a singing career for waitressing. At seven Patti had scarlet fever. She hallucinated.

I lay there at seven / swirling in my bedroom / felt everything pumping blue around me / I am still, still not sure / but I feel, feel feel, feel deep in me / oh, hey Lord, come into my room / I want to open up your 98 wounds ...

Her parents were Jehovah's Witnesses. They taught her to read the Bible and they kept UFO magazines around the house.

When / when will you be landing / when when will you return ... deep in the forest / awoke / like I did / as a little girl / then my eyes rise to the sky / looking for you ... Will you take me / high in the sky ...

She was sent to Glassboro State College. There, as Patti once told a friend, the cases of epilepsy were so many that all the kids carried popsicle sticks in their pockets to use as tongue depressors if one of their classmates had a seizure.

While at high school she started working for a toy factory, a job which she continued after leaving school. She hated it.

Sixteen and time to pay off / I get this job in a Piss Factory inspectin' pipe / 40 hours, \$36 a week / but it's a paycheck Jack / It's so hot in here / hot like Sahara / I couldn't think for the heat / But these bitches are too lame to understand / too goddamn grateful to get this job to realise they're gettin' screwed up the ass.

In 1967 she moved to New York, hoping to be an artist. There she met and befriended Robert Mapplethorpe, an artist who encouraged her to do larger drawings and to combine them with poetry. She wanted to go to Paris to study art but eventually went with her sister, Linda, to travel



rather than study. They were taken under the wing of a street theatre troupe, saw the Rolling Stones playing "Sympathy for the Devil" in Godard's *One Plus One*. Patti began dreaming about Brian Jones a few days before his death. Then she began dreaming of her father, about his heart. The two girls returned to Pitman, where they found their father recovering from a heart attack.

After a brief stay, Patti returned to New York. By 1973 her paintings had become poems. She had co-authored a book of plays with Sam Shepard, "Mad Dog Blues", and three books of her poems had been published: "Seventh Heaven", "Kodak" and "Witt" (pronounced white). Her poetry readings — with former rock critic, Lenny Kaye, backing her on guitar — had given her a minor cult following. Among those interested in her was Steve Paul, manager of Johnny and Edgar Winter, who wanted her to drop the poetry and start singing. But, she told him, she wanted to keep the poetry too.

Should I pursue a past so twisted / Should I crawl, defeated and gifted ...

She was writing occasional pieces for *Rolling Stone*, *Creem* and was a staff writer for *Rock* magazine until, it's said, she interviewed Eric Clapton and asked him only one question — what are your six favourite colours? She was living with Allen Lanier and writing some song lyrics for the band he was in, Blue Oyster Cult.

Jane Friedman, a partner in the Wartoke publicity firm, became Patti's manager and convinced her to try singing. "I always wrote like rock'n'roll," Patti later said. "And I always listened to rock'n'roll as poetry." She began singing at home at the piano. Soon she had a band and was playing guitar. In the band with Lenny Kaye were Richard Sohl (keyboards), Ivan Kral (bass) and Jay Dee Daugherty (drums).

In the middle of 1974 she recorded a single, "Piss Factory" b/w "Hey Joe" on Mer Records, a label financed solely for that release by Lenny Kaye. Robert Map-

plethorpe and Wartoke. To "Hey Joe" Patti added an introductory piece about Patti Hearst:

I was wonderin' were you gettin' it every night / from a black revolutionary man and his woman ...

Patti Smith and her band played for several weeks at Max's Kansas City and later at CBGB's. Clive Davis signed them to Arista Records in early 1975.

Bob Dylan showed up to see her when she played at the Other End in May. "We never discussed nothing," Patti said. "You know how I felt? I've been talking to him in my brain for 12 years, and now I don't have nothing to say to him. I feel like we should have telepathy by now. Me and my sister don't talk."

Dylan asked her about a poem she had written. "I felt like I'd been caught writing about a boy in my diary," she said.

Have you seen / dylans dog / it got wings / it can fly

"I didn't decide to do a record out of the blue," she said during the recording of *Horses*. "I've been deliberating for many years. I'm not interested in having a family. My creative instincts are with art, poetry and music. I don't have any other motivation than to do something really great; I mean, I wouldn't want to do a Captain & Tennille record. I'd rather be a housewife, and a good housewife, admired by all the other housewives in the area, than be a mediocre rock singer. The only crime in art is to do lousy art."

Horses was praised by everyone from *Rolling Stone* to the *New York Times*. The album opened with a re-working of Van Morrison's "Gloria", retitled "Gloria (in excelsis deo)":

Jesus died for somebody's sins / but not mine!

"Elegy" was dedicated to Jimi Hendrix, "Kimberly" was about Patti's then 18-year-old sister, "Birdland" was inspired by Paul Reich's dream about his father, psychiatrist Wilhelm Reich, and "Break It Up" was co-written with Tom Verlaine of Television and based on a dream Patti had about Jim Morrison.

Patti had chosen John Cale to produce the first album and it had been, she said, "like *A Season In Hell*". For her next album, *Radio Ethiopia*, the producer was Jack Douglas. Douglas had produced Aerosmith's platinum album, *Rocks*.

"Radio Ethiopia/Abyssinia" was the album's intended masterwork, 12 minutes ten, recorded live and dedicated to Arthur Rimbaud and Constantin Brancusi. Patti described it as an extension of "Birdland" but it was too long and tortuous and it marred an otherwise excellent album.

The hand of God / I feel the finger / hand of God / I start to whirl / and whirl / and I whirl / Don't get dizzy / Do not fall now / Turn God / like a dervish / Turn around, Lord, make a move / turn, turn / I don't get nervous / Oh, I just move in another dimension ...

A year ago Patti Smith fell from the stage during a concert, breaking her neck. The band had been playing "Ain't It Strange", Patti had been spinning, dizzy, half in trance.

After a long break she is performing again. The new album, *Easter*, is better than any she has done; the songs are stronger, the band equal to the challenge. "Ghost Dance", with tambourines and a group chant, is the album's benediction, "Because the Night", co-written with Bruce Springsteen, its anthem. The title track is a haunting and evocative paean for resurrection:

I am the sword / the wound / the stain / the scorned, transfigured child of Cain / I rend / I end / I return again ...

"Babelogue / Rock'n'Roll Nigger" is recorded live; Patti attests that "at heart I'm a Moslem / at heart I'm an American artist". The artist is the neo-nigger, a stigma to man, a stigma to God, "a mutant who will be once again forceably dealt with ... this time within the glittering circus of rock'n'roll".

Do you like the world around you / are you ready to behave?

Rock'n'roll, Patti Smith says, is royal warfare. Her weapon is a Fender Duo-Sonic with a maple neck and the original pickups. It once belonged to Jimi Hendrix. **Jeremy Templar**

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Mad River First & Second
Miller, Steve Children of the future (import only)
Nico Marble Index
Rolling Stones Decemblers' children
Rolling Stones Unstoppable Stones
Ronstadt, Linda Evergreen
Ronstadt, Linda Stone Ponies 3
Ronstadt, Linda Linda Ronstadt
Split Enz Mental Notes
Springsteen, Bruce Greetings from Asbury Park
T. Rex Dandy in the underworld
Vagabonds of the Western World
Who My Generation
Yardbirds (Live)
Yardbirds (1966)

Most of the LP's in this list are English or American pressings in mint condition.

Aerosmith Aerosmith
Alquin Marks
Armstrong, Louis Louis in L.A. 1930
Armstrong, Louis I Love Jazz
Astaire, Fred and Adelle Funny Face
Atlantis Ooh Baby
Baldry, Long John Long John Baldry
Baldry, Long John Wait For Me
Beck, Jeff Truth
Bees Make Honey Music Every Night
Bennet, Duster Justa Duster
Big Brother and the Holding Co. Big Brother and the Holding Company
Big Brother and the Holding Company. Cheap Thrills
Bill Evans Trio. Moon Beams
Blind Lemon Jefferson Volume II
Box Tops Cry Like a Baby
Box Tops Dimensions
Brown, Ray and Milt Jackson. Much in Common
Cale, John Paris 1919
Cale, John Animal Justice (12" Single)
Captain Beefheart and the Magic Band. Blue-jeans and Moonbeams.
Captain Beefheart and the Magic Band. Mirror Man
Captain Beefheart and the Magic Band. Safe as Milk
Captain Beefheart and the Magic Band. Trout Mask Replica.
Caravan For Girls who grow Plump in the Night
Chicago Live at Carnegie Hall
Chicken Shack 40 Blue Fingers freshly Packed and Ready to Serve
Christmas, Keith Stimulus
Christmas, Keith Brighter Day
Christmas, Keith Fable of the Wings
City (featuring Carole King) Now That Everything's Been Said
Clove Unavailable
Cochran, Eddie The Very Best of Eddie Cochran
Cold Blood Cold Blood
Cold Blood Sisypheus
Cold Blood Lydia
Cooke, Sam This is Sam Cooke
Cooke, Sam Sam Cooke
Count Basie and the Mills Bros. The Board of Directors
Count Basie and the Mills Bros. The Board of Director's Annual Report
Count Basie Half a sixpence
Country Joe and the Fish Life and Times ... from Haight-Ashbury to Woodstock
Coyne, Kevin Blame it on the Night
Coyne, Kevin In Living Black and White
Coyne, Kevin Marjory Razor Blade
Cupsd Inspiration Cupids Inspiration
Dave Brubeck Quartet Play Cole Porter
Derringer, Rick and the McCoys Outside Stuff
Derringer, Rick and the McCoys Outside Stuff
Derringer, Rick Derringer
Donovan Barabajagal
Doors Doors
Doors Waiting for the Sun
Doors The Soft Parade
Doors Strange Days
Duke & the Drivers. Cruisin'
Eliz Carolina County Ball
Elif L.A./59
Elif Elif

Elvin Bishop Group. Elvin Bishop Group.
 Elvin Bishop Group Raisin' Hell
 Elvin Bishop Group. Feel It
 Elvin Bishop Band. Rock My Soul
 Evans, Bill. The Best of Bill Evans
 Everly Brothers Original Greatest Hits
 Fitzgerald, Ella Mack the Knife
 Fleetwood Mac The Original Fleetwood Mac
 Focus Live at the Rainbow
 Focus In and Out of Focus
 Four Seasons Rag Doll
 Gillespie, Dana Weren't Born a Man
 Gonella, Nat The Georgia Boy from London
 1935-1941
 Grateful Dead Grateful Dead
 Gun Gunsight
 Harley, Steve and Cockney Rebel Timeless Flight
 Hodges, Johnny & Wild Bill Davis. Blue Rabbit
 Hodges, Johnny & Earl "Fatha" Hines Stride
 Right
 Hot Tuna Hot Tuna
 H.P. Lovecraft We Love You Whoever You Are
 H.P. Lovecraft H.P. Lovecraft II
 Idle Race Idle Race
 Impressions Greatest Hits
 International Submarine Band. Safe at Home
 It's a Beautiful Day It's A Beautiful Day
 Jack Bruce Band How's Tricks?
 Jacques Loussier Trio. Play Bach/5
 Jade Warrior Last Autumn's Dream
 Jagger, Mick Interviewed by Tom Donaghue
 Jefferson Airlane Takes Off
 Jobim, Antonio Carlos Wave
 Jobim, Antonio Carlos Tide
 Johnson, Bob and Pete Knight. King of Elflands
 Daughter
 Johnson, Robert King of the Delta Blues Singers
 Jones, Elvin and Richard Davis. Heavy Sounds
 Jones, Thad and me! Lewis Potpourri
 Jonesy No Alternative
 Jonesy Growing
 Jonesy Keeping Up
 Joy of Cooking Close to the Ground
 Juicy Lucy Life Back and Enjoy It (Multiple
 Gatefold)
 Julian Priestor Sextet Spiritsville
 Julie Driscoll, Brian Auger and the Trinity.
 Streetnoise.
 Kansas Kansas
 Kantner, Paul Grace Slick and David Freiberg.
 Aaron Von Tollbooth and the Chrome Nun
 Kaukonen, Jorma and Tom Hobson. Quah
 King, Ben E. The Beginning of it all
 Kinks Percy
 Kooper, Al Easy Does It
 Lamp Bring Out the Sun
 Lee, Peggy Pass Me By
 Left Banke Walk Away Renee/Pretty Ballerina
 Mahogany Rush Mahogany Rush IV
 Manfred Mann Mighty Garvey
 Mark Almond Mark Almond II
 Mark Almond Rising
 Marley, Bob and the Wailers. The Birth of a
 Legend.
 Mayall, John The Diary of a Band (Box Set)
 Merryweather, Neil Space Rangers
 Miller, Glen The Best of Glen Miller
 Montgomery, Wes and Jimmy Smith The
 Dynamic Duo
 Montgomery, Wes and Jimmy Smith A Day in the
 Life
 Montgomery, Wes and Jimmy Smith. Down Here
 on the Ground
 Montgomery, Wes and Jimmy Smith Road Song.
 Mother Earth Make a Joyful Noise
 Mother Earth Living with the Animals
 Mother Earth Bring Me Home
 Mother Earth Satisfied
 Mother Earth/Tracy Nelson Poor Mans Paradise
 Mother Earth/Tracy Nelson Mother Earth
 Mountain Climbing
 Mountain Nantucket Sleigh Ride
 Newbury, Micky I came to hear the Music
 Parker, Charlie Jazz Perennial
 Paul Revere and the Raiders All Time Greatest
 Hits
 Pearls Before Swine The Use of Ashes
 Pearls Before Swine Beautiful Lies you Could
 Live In
 Phillips, Esther Burnin Live at Freddy Jetts Pied
 Piper
 Phillips, Esther From a Whisper to a Scream
 Pickett, Wilson Wilson Picketts Greatest Hits
 Pretty Things The Pretty Things
 Rapp, Tom Familiar Songs
 Rascals Freedom Suite
 Rascals Timepeace
 Rascals Once Upon A Dream
 Rascals Peaceful World

Raspberries Side 3
Raspberries Raspberries
Redding, Otis The Otis Redding Dictionary of Soul Complete and Unbelievable
Redding, Otis The Dock of the Bay
Redding, Otis The Immortal Otis Redding
Rhinoceros Better Things are Coming
Rhinoceros Rhinoceros
Rhinoceros Satin Chickens
Rolling Stones Burning at the Hollywood Palladium
Ronson, Mick Slaughter on Tenth Avenue
Rotary Connection Rotary Connection
Roxy Music Champagne and Novocaine
Santana Lotus
Savage Rose Refugee
Savage Rose Travellin'
Scaggs, Boz Jump Street Jive Drive
Simon Dupree and the Big Sound Without Reservations
Skhy, A.B. Ramblin' On
Sledge, Percy The Golden Voice of Soul
Slick, Grace Manhole
Small Faces Small Faces
Small Faces Ogdens Nut Gone Flake
Small Faces The Autumn Stone
Smith, Bessie Any Womans Blues
Smith, Bessie The Empress
Smith, Bessie Empty Bed Blues
Soundtrack Revolution
Spectrum Part I
Spectrum Miles Ago
Spirit Twelve Dreams of Dr Sardonicus
Spirit Spirit of 76
S.R.C. Milestones
S.R.C. S.R.C.
Starry Eyed and Laughing Thought Talk
Steve Miller Band Anthology
Steve Miller Band Living in the U S A.
Steve Miller Band Children of the Future
Stoneground Stoneground
Stoneground Stoneground 3
Stories Stories
Strawbs Strawbs
Streisand, Barbra People
Streisand, Barbra Barbra Streisand Album
Swallow Out of the Nest
Taj Mahal The Real Thing
Taj Mahal Giants Step — De Ole Folks at Home
Them Repackage Double
Them Rock Roots
Thompson, Richard and Linda I Want to see the Bright Lights Tonight
Thornton, Big Mama Saved
Thornton, Big Mama Sassy Mama
Thornton, Big Mama Stronger than dirt
Troggs, The Troglodynamite
Troggs, The Wild Thing
Troggs, The The Best of the Troggs
Trolano, Dominic Dom
Trolano, Dominic Tricky
Turner, Joe Jumpin the Blues
Various Lights Out; San Francisco
Velez, Martha Escape from Babylon
Velez, Martha Hypnotised
Velvet Underground Velvet Underground Live 1969 with Lou Reed
Wackers, The Hot Wacks

Wackers, The Shredder
Waves Waves
Williams, Duke and the Extremes. A Monkey in a
 Silk Suit is Still a Monkey
Williams, Duke and the Extremes. Fantastic Fed-
 ora
Witherspoon, Jimmy Spoonful
Womack, Bobby Safety Zone
Wonder, Stevie Signed Sealed and Delivered
Wright, Gary Footprints
Wright, Gary Extraction
Young Rascals Groovin'
Young Rascals Groovin'
Young Rascalls Collections: The Young Rascalls
Zappa, Frank Hot Rats
Zawinul, Joe Zawinul
Zephyr Sunset Rise
Zephyr Goin' Back to Colorado
Zombies Odyssey and Oracle
Zoot Money's Big Roll Band Zoot

The Rolling Stones Hot Rocks 1964-71
Grateful Dead Anthem of the Sun
Captain Beefheart and the Magic Band Clear Spot

Reinhardt, Django The Legendary Django
Clark, Gene No Other
Schloss, Danny Dreams and Illusions
Fanny Fanny
Improved Sound Limited Improved Sound Limited
Grinderswitch Honest to Goodness
Everly Brothers The Everly Brothers Show
Simone, Nina Nuff Said
Beach Boys Surf's Up
Pretty Things S.F. Sorrow
Barrett, Syd Mad Cap Laughs/Barrett
Various Hard Up Heroes
Yardbirds Yardbirds
Jackson, Millie Free and In Love
Nlco Desert Shore
Ayers, Kevin Bananamur
Beatles 10th Anniversary, limited edition
Greatest hits Vol. 1 & 2.
Beatles Meet the Beatles (Capitol, U.S. 1st album).
Savoy Brown Hellbound Train
Savoy Brown Street Corner Talking
Beatles Live in Holland
Cale, John Fear
Frlpp & Eno Evening Star
Soundtrack Performance
Brown, James Best of
Alquin The Mountain Queen
Earth Wind & Fire Last Days & Time
Renaissance Renaissance
Soundtrack Banjaman
Nemetz, Shelly Nemetz, Shelley
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Golden Age of Pop Returns

RECORDS



Blondie Plastic Letters Chrysalis

Blondie have shattered another myth that surrounds so-called New Wave bands ... that they can't lay aside their punk chic and break through into a wider, more lucrative market.

This platter, quite simply, is one piece of gorgeous, sensual, invigorating rock 'n' roll. The British, exhibiting their usual good taste, have taken Blondie to their hearts. Us colonials would be well advised to do the same.

Their influences, as stated by themselves, are too diverse to list, ranging from the Fab Four to the Raspals, to the Vanilla Fudge, to the Doors, to Dave Brubeck, and more.

But the overriding one, their raison d'être, has to be Phil Spector. The main reason here is that he produced singles which sounded great on radio. "We all remember when you'd switch on the radio and hear at least 20 great singles in a row, but all that's finished," says a wistful Debbie Harry.

Blondie have set out to at least try and recapture some of that feeling, and if they don't get a healthy slice of airplay here, then there's no justice left in the world.

But then, this band has to succeed, with the two terrific assets it has. One: the ability to write first-class songs, with the emphasis on mel-o-dee and tight, non-nonsense arrangements. Two: Debbie Harry, rock's very own Marilyn Monroe.

Debbie just has to be one of the best things that happened to rock since Grace Slick appeared topless on stage. A deceptively-fragile creature of exquisite grace, she combines the pinup appeal to drive men wild with the mental toughness and self-assurance that makes her more than just a divine face and come-hither eyes and magnificent legs and ... oh, sorry, that won't happen again. Promise.

What's more, the lady can sing. No whispy, breathy, Donna Summer fantasy trips here. Debbie switches effortlessly from belting boogie on "Kidnapper" to the charming innocence of "I Didn't Have The Nerve To Say No" without having to resort to cheap, singing hooker tricks. This girl ain't owned by nobody.

The rest of the band, Chris Stein, Clement Burke and James Destri, visually take their places beside Willy De Ville as super-hip street boys. They play with a consummate skill epitomised on the breakneck "Detroit 442" and the psycho scream of "Cautious Lip." It demands attention and cannot be confined to the background.

The track that screams out "single" is "I'm Always Touched By Your Presence, Dear." Small wonder Spector is itching to produce Debbie. Too late, Phil. Richard Gottfeller has got there first, and done the job just as well, with Debbie sounding just perfect over a wall of strumming guitars and clashing tambourines.

Following close behind are "Denis" and "I'm On E", where Debbie brings back all those dumb, teenage crush vocal inflections that the Ronettes, the Shangri-Las

Sanctified Soul



Al Green The Belle Album Hi Records

Not since Percy Sledge's heyday, and before him Sam Cooke, had a soul singer taken as firm a hold of me heartstrings as when I discovered Al Green. I have a compulsion to acquire new Al Green albums as they arise, can't wait to get my scone-grabbers onto them. Of his last half-dozen or so I guess I've liked them all ... some better than others but I've liked them all.

Al Green has one of the best voices in popular music, and I'd bring that down to a company of about seven or eight. His backings are at best, simple and direct, as is his songwriting, and his choice and treatment of cover versions is consistently interesting. Most importantly he has amassed a body of work that radiates personality and vision. He's a soul singer who embodies all that the label might hope to suggest. A major artist in an idiom overburdened with mediocrity.

You guessed it ... I kinda like this record.

To my mind *The Belle Album* is Green's best since the superb *Al Green Explores Your Mind* (a bad title for a great album). On this one he forsakes the Hi studios session band for a new rhythm section and sounds all the fresher for it. The songs are all self-penned — it's an album of love songs with religious overtones or religious songs with sex undertones — and either way it's one of the best so far this year. (And there've been some goodies.)

There's nothin' like having a good rave about a favourite!

Terence Hogan

and a dozen other '60s girlie groups made famous. Totally charming and lovable.

"Plastic Letters" has something for everyone. It sounds every bit as good on a stereo as I know it'll sound on radio. Do your ears a big favour and start listening.

Debbie, yer luvley.
Duncan Campbell



The Ramones Rocket to Russia Philips

"Hello children. Today's Tuesday ... T-U-E-S-D-A-Y. Now what day is it? That's right. And Crumpy the Clown and I have got a little suprise for you today. We're going to have a little test, just a fun test, nothing to do with school all right? Have you got your pencil and paper ready? Well I'll wait here while you go get your pencil and a piece of paper. A crayon will do. And just a small piece of paper; this isn't going to be hard. Now off you go ... hum de dum, da dum, um ... ready? Ah huh ... um, I can't wait much longer ... good. All right, now take your paper and write down the first thing that comes into your head when I say these words. Just write down what you first think of, remember. Ready? 'CAT' ... 'HOUSE' ... 'DADDY' ... heh, heh ... 'LOBOTOMY' ..."

"Lobotomy? Gee, this is getting hard ..."

"Turna TV off, Tommy! I'm tryna do an interview here ... Hey, is that ya taperecorder, is it? Hey, this t'ing working? Where d'ya speak into? Hey!"

"Just press that button there."

"Ah ... you do it."

"Sure. There you are ... you can go ahead now."

"Er ... ah hem. I'm Dee Dee. I'm the brains in dis band THE RAMONES, see, and this is our manager, Danny ..."

"Please to meet you ..."

"He's gonna explain the words we dunno. Ah ... this is Joey. Ah ... Joey! He don't talk too much. An' this is Johnny ..."

"Hiya."

"... An' that's Tommy over there. Turn it off, Tommy! He don't listen too good."

"What I wanna say is dat this here is our

third album, we called it ah ... lessee, where's de cover? Uh ... yeah. We called it *Rocket to Russia*. That was Danny's idea. I was gonna call it *The Return of the Pinheads* cos I wasn't allowed to call the last one dat ... uh ... hey, Danny, you say somethin' ..."

"Tell 'em about the songs."

"Uh ... okay. Dere's "Sheena Is a Punk Rocker" which ya shoulda heard ... "Teenage Lobotomy" ... "I Can't Give You Anthing" ... "I Don't Care". The words are someplace ..."

"Hey, this working? Yeah? Ah ... this is Johnny. The words don't mean nuthin'. We put 'em in because they rhyme. It's total nonsense ..."

"This is me back again. We wrote all the songs 'cept for ah ... lemme see ... "Surfin' Bld", which the Trashmen done ... It's real good an' uh ... "Do Ya Wanna Dance" which was uh ... Bobby Freeman. Ah ... er ... oh, yeah ... people say we're punk rock an' they say we 'ave a real '60s sound an' that. *Cream* thinks we're the new Beach Boys h'yuk! Hey, ah ... Johnny wants to say somethin'."

"We're Influenced by old hit singles: Freddy Cannon, Buddy Holly, Presley, Roy Orbison, Peter Lemonjello. Joey likes Peter Noone. There's more recent things ... heavier rock, MC5, the Stooges ... Danny used ta manage Iggy. An' the Doors an' the Dolls ... an' Lou Reed ... the Dolls were already breaking up when we started ..."

"Uh ... this is me again. That was Johnny an' ah ... what else can I say, Danny? Danny?"

"Huh? Oh ... ah, tell them this is the best album you've done."

"Yeah, this is de best album we done. Honest ... ah ... hey, how you stop dis ting?"

Jeremy Templar

Hoarse Foreman of the Apocalypse

Death of a Ladies' Man Leonard Cohen CBS

I am sure that one of the principal attractions of Leonard Cohen's first three albums was their perverse accessibility. Despite the determined obliqueness of the words, the songs were performed in such a way that a whole generation of girls with long, shiny hair could take up their Yamaha classic guitars and plunk out a fair rendition. Ideal for bed-sit identification points.

Cohen's fourth studio album, the notably less successful, *New Skin for the Old Ceremony*, stretched this premise somewhat by the inclusion of a fuller band, and then there was a long period of silence.

On *Death of a Ladies' Man*, we are confronted with a paradox. At last Cohen has bowed to some of the dictates of the popular song. Without losing his rather overbearing sense of irony, he has shed the more impenetrable lyrical mannerisms of his older songs. At the same time, he has given up on the readily-identifiable sound of these songs.

By teaming with Phil Spector (even to the extent of sharing all the song-writing credits) and a whole army of New York session men, he produces a huge, leaden sound, which far outstrips even the Spector-John Lennon albums. The voice is still there, but now it rides on an extraordinary backing of Spector's teen-dream melodies played by no fewer than fifty-nine musicians (often it seems that they are all playing at once).

I'm not altogether sure who is going to buy this album. After all, all those girls with



the shiny locks are long gone, and their Yamaha guitars bequeathed to their little brothers to pose with in front of the bedroom mirror. I hope somebody out there can temper a taste for the melancholic with an affection for the Shangri Las.

Francis Stark

'Above Street Level'



Rufus with Chaka Khan
Street Player
ABC

As an album title it's rather misleading. The band has never sounded further away from the raw, rough energy we normally associate with street-life. The cover photo suggests the music's style more closely: some folks may be playing basketball but group leader Tony Maiden wears a smart white suit as he dances with an elegantly gowned Ms Khan. What, no more bare midriff and denims? Have they sold out, plumped for Las Vegas?

I don't think so. It's more that this album continues what seems to have become a carefully modulated change of focus. The funk'n excitement is still there but it tends to be channelled into more sophisticated settings now. And, as the beat becomes

more complex and the arrangements more subtle, the band itself is playing with a greater restraint and cohesion. It's as if there's a reliance on power coming through instrumental interaction, rather than simply the sum of individual output. But does it work?

On the whole, yes, and largely because Rufus' most effective instrument is still the remarkable voice of Ms Khan. (It's no coincidence that two of the least successful tracks are the instrumental and the title song on which she provides only support vocals.) As a singer she's got it all: power, pitch, range, fine-phrasing, and the taste not to show off by indulging in gratuitous pyrotechnics. She, too, has modified her style however. On a number of tracks one is more likely to compare her to Dionne Warwick than Aretha Franklin. Nonetheless, her performances are a joy to hear.

Inevitably I suppose, because of the changing style, there will be some old Rufus/Khan fans who will feel disappointed with this album, bemoaning the 'weakening' of the band's earlier, more earthy sound. Yet Rufus has always been a very eclectic outfit, performing an assortment of styles and often with considerable success. On *Street Player* they continue to borrow and with no less achievement; it's just that they're drawing from different sources now. So, if you lament the use of strings — although I find they work well — then enjoy, say, the crisp and tasty horn work. If you think something's lost, something's also gained.

There are no bad tracks here and some are outstandingly good. The whole album is thoroughly professional. I'm pleased to own it.

Peter Thomson.

Parliament
Funkentelechy vs The Placebo
Syndrome
Casablanca

Strange things tend to happen when you play Parliament albums in the privacy of your own home.

First, the dust that has inevitably formed on your Led Zeppelin records starts to jump. Small objects start to rattle and vibrate, in time, of course.

As your temperature starts to rise, you feel your shoulders starting to drop and your arms push themselves away from your body, anthropoid-style. Your neck sinks

down into your body and your eyebrows start to wiggle and revolve rapidly in opposite directions around your face.

By now, the lower half of your body is moving totally independent of the upper half; hips, knees, ankles and booms-a-daisy shifting in directions you didn't know they could, and guaranteed to slip a disc

under normal conditions.

But these are far from normal conditions. Starchild, as you fall a helpless victim to the irresistable supergroovalistic pro-funkstacation of George Clinton, Bootsy Collins and their retinue of faithful funk-eteers.

Parliament make body music without parallel. It not only moves, it can remove. It spins all around you in an insidious fashion, urging you on to greater physical feats, and you just don't ever want it to stop.

Here, for your delight, brothers and sisters, six new tracks from one of the only three bands which know the true meaning of the word 'funk' (the other two being Funkadelic and Bootsy's Rubber Band, of course).

Every track is chocolate-covered, freaky and habit-forming. If you ain't yet ridden on the Mothership, it's high time you took the trip. It makes you smile, keeps you fit, and probably cures warts as well.

Dig, baby, Dr Funkenstein is gonna getcha, stick a bolt through your neck and turn you into funk-crazed little clone. Is there funk after death? Is Seven Up?

You too can be a walking lobotomy. Get off your ass and jam. Saturday Night What?
Duncan Campbell

A Street Called Straight
Roy Buchanan
Polydor

The success of Buchanan's collaboration with Stanley Clarke, *Loading Zone*, has resulted in the belated release (in New Zealand) of this two year old album.

As with other Roy Buchanan efforts versatility is the keynote. The sounds range from the blues through gospel and country sounds a la Tony Joe White to a personalised version of Jimi Hendrix' "If Six was Nine" and the pyrotechnics of the foray with studio electronics, "Guitar Cadenza".

Buchanan is a guitarist of superlative technique, often blindingly beautiful, as in the haunting "The Messiah Will Come Again".

But his voice, while pleasant and down homey, is limited, and lacks the easy charm of a Tony Joe White. Consequently, interest must centre on his extraordinary guitar playing (Side Two is almost entirely instrumental), rather than the too-alike contrived vocals.

Ken Williams

AH-OOOO!

Warren Zevon



Excitable Boy





Second Time Round

Ry Cooder
Boomer's Story
Reprise
The Stooges
Funhouse
Elektra

With Ry Cooder booked for an Auckland concert in May it is particularly apt that WEA records have chosen to re-release various Cooder material.

This man's following, though perhaps cultist, is founded upon deserved respect for a brilliant musician's adaption of his surrounding culture. And it is a following that will be grateful for any Cooder repeats.

The re-issue of *Boomer's Story*, as an example, allows easier access to a superb album and affords a chance to re-state Ry Cooder's public service in bringing diverse and ethnic American music to a rock audience.

Boomer's Story, his third album recorded in 1972 is a characteristic collection of musical Americana, ranging from the traditional 'Boomer's Story' to the wartime anthem 'Comin' in on a Wing and a Prayer'. The Cooder treatment includes those virtuoso, if shambling, picking and slide styles of his and of course his voice. The latter is a truly remarkable instrument, graced with a blend of cynicism and drunken reverence for the music of his birth-

place. Like personal friend Randy Newman, Cooder projects a laconic indulgence in his native America. And like Newman's his is likely to be a lasting contribution to a Yankee tradition. *Boomer's Story* is simply recommended as a fine exhibition of that achievement.

Apart from country of origin and roughly comparable vintage the Stooges' second album *Funhouse* bears no relation to Cooder's in any way at all. Why mention it here? Solely because it too is a re-release, emerging through the same distribution company.

Recorded in 1970, *Funhouse* claims historical merit as prefigured punk, a splash of the new wave much before its time. However Iggy Pop and friends pound through seven compositions, sadly obscuring in the process a reputation the Stooges have as a crunching guitar-riff outfit. At fault is an appalling production, all mush and middle, and some wildly irrelevant sax playing by Steven Mackay. *Funhouse* was recorded without Stooge guitarist James Williamson and will disappoint those who expect a driving new-wave anachronism. Only Iggy's voice, raucous and bluesy, really escapes the acid rock time warp in which the backing is enmeshed. Sadly *Funhouse* is as dated as *Boomer's Story* is timeless.

Bruce Belsham

Denny Laine and lyrically they are quite insubstantial.

I know a tiny waterfall

A magic little place

Where we can play together

And watch the fishes race

As well as Laine on bits and pieces, guitarist, Jimmy McCulloch, and drummer Joe English, help out to a questionable extent. (Both have now left the group although it appears that English wants to re-join. Sap).

Overall however, it is the songwriting that really fails. Late last year McCartney was talking to old friend Tim Finn and he mentioned that he liked 'Charlie'.

Now if he could write songs like those boys, old *London Town* would be a great deal more interesting. As it stands though, I guess it's bye bye Macca.

Mike Chunn

London Town
Wings
Capitol

Well, blow me over with a bikie's b.o. McCartney manages to sound like everybody (including Abba, Fairport Convention, Elvis Presley and Peter, Paul & Mary) except himself. He seems to have deserted his excellent bass-playing and singing for old age. He still hasn't deserted his wife, alas. (OK, Fems, start moaning).

The songs on the album are fairly weak particularly in relation to his successful commercial stuff (eg 'Let Em In', 'Letting Go') and as well, the usual high standard of arranging has gone. Instead we have an acoustic bias in the strum-strum vein (a la Matamora on Saturday night) and Linda's keyboard work is particularly unadventurous.

Many of the tracks are co-written by

Jefferson Starship
Earth
Grunt

Like the roofpaint, this band just keeps on keeping on. Can you credit, it's 12 years since it took off? Sure, things got a bit turbulent there for a while, what with pilot trouble and all, but now the Starship enterprise seems to be cruising more smoothly than the Airplane ever did.

It seems more popular too. Fancy getting a Grammy award. Has middle America embraced the revolution? Hardly. Flight plans became modified; that's all. The only sign of Kantner's old hippies-plumb-the-galaxy ethos on this album is the title and cover. The only whiff of politics is on one track 'Show Yourself'.

Many things, however, do remain the same. The music still has vestiges of that amateurism-made-good feeling which characterized so many 60's San Francisco bands. Often, ideas displayed in both song structure and performance seem dated. This is particularly evident in the guitar and keyboard soloing.

Yet there's also a positive side of the retaining of things past. Many tracks are redolent of that semi-structured, 'psychedelic' free-flow so appealing of the Airplane. (This is not to belie the tightness of the band; simply to emphasize that even though musicians may change, the sound remains defined by the three original copilots.)

But then, hasn't the whole flight-log itself become a bit of a bore by now? Surprisingly not. *Earth* is probably a better record than it's immediate predecessors. While it may not contain a single of the magnitude of, say, 'Miracles', (though that remains to be seen) as an album it's far more unified and of higher overall quality. There's not that impression of a couple of good tracks standing out in an uneasy mixture containing too much filler.

The singing, too, is better, more assured. Although the odd strain still shows, Grace and Marty are sounding more comfortable now.

My initial reactions to *Earth* were largely negative. I was going to write about aging rockers who refuse to retire gracefully. But, dammit, they do still pack a wallop in their own, somewhat atavistic manner, and besides, the tunes have been hanging around my head for days.

Peter Thomson



A GIFT OF...
scarlet lilies
sundogs
smokey quartz
and a
new
album
FROM...



...the people who
gave you the dog
and the trumpet

Karla Bonoff
CBS

Hot on the heels of Libby Titus, another new songwriter from C.B.S.. This is Karla Bonoff — ex-back-room-girl for Linda Ronstadt, everyone's favourite Girl Guide. Bonoff's first album is produced by her own husband, Kenny Edwards who just happens to be Linda Ronstadt's bass player.

Ronstadt fans will like the Bonoff album, although mercifully, she abstains from attempting the Buddy Holly revival that Ronstadt seems to be always forcing on her audiences. This is a rather gentle and reflective album, which I think will grow in my estimation the more that I play it. Perhaps I was lucky to start by listening to "Isn't It Always Love" the rather catchy little opener to Side 2, by far the better half of the disc.

Lyricaly the songs seem to treat, if not indeed harp upon, the problems of love. This is something of a danger when you have an album being basically written by one person, because it can become pretty unvarying. True, Ronstadt also favours love songs but different writers give the albums the variety they need. In fact the two non-Bonoff songs, Craig Safan's "Faces in the Wind" and Steve Ferguson's "Flying High" really stand out which may be taken as some criticism of Bonoff's own songs.

Let's face it, you're brave if you write and sing words like

*I'm not telling you lies now
I need you*

You know how

*I think I can see how to let you grow
I've got to let you go*

unless you're Andy Pratt.

Session musicians like Waddy Wachtel, Russell Kunkel, Leland Sklar, Andrew Gold, Wendy Waldman etc. etc. etc. make it all smoothsville, but I suspect it does lack a little bit of variety as an album.

William Dart

Isotope
The Best of
Gull
Tangerine Dream
Cyclone
Gong
Expresso II
Virgin

Tangerine Dream is one of the few groups to survive the early 1970's interest in experimenting with strange electronic sounds.

It is no longer trendy to venture into the avant-garde but this group is still pursuing the unknown.

The group's latest *Cyclone* takes these musicians a step further. Tangerine Dream has always been among the most subtle and accomplished of the groups trying to create electronic masterpieces. Many such works have been rejected because of their cold distant approach and their overdose of synthesizers. They'd play with the new toy and forget about trying to create good music in the process.

Early Tangerine Dream used an impressive lineup of keyboards plus the occasional guitar. The group borrowed ideas from leaders in the 20th century classical electronic field like Stockhausen and Ligeti (whose works were included in the film *2001*). They sought to help create the music of the future.

Vocals feature on *Cyclone* perhaps not as successfully as one may have hoped. It inevitably draws comparisons with the Alan Parsons project or even Pink Floyd. Possibly this album will make the group more accepted by a wider rock audience.

Gong has had a more unstable career. It was founded by poet-guitarist David Allen who also founded Soft Machine. At one time it achieved cult status in France but has gone through many line-up changes. This album includes Mick Taylor.



Eddie and the Hot Rods
Life on the Line
Island

Eddie and the Hot Rods play fast. Very fast.

On Side One of *Life on the Line* they burn through five songs at a high velocity. A wall-to-wall adrenalin rush that speeds in on the best song on the album, the great single "Do Anything You Wanna Do", and exits at much the same speed sixteen minutes later.

In fact that's the problem here. The songs are mostly so fast that there's no room for dynamics. The same buzz-saw guitar solo recurs and little apparent variation is achieved in the flat-out format. So you get several rewrites of the same style which range from the classic ("Do Anything") to the

good ("Telephone Girl") to the dire ("Don't Believe Your Eyes").

Thus, although only half of this album is a total success, the Rods have solved the where-do-we-go-from-here problem. They arrived as a tough R&B based guitar band. A precursor to punk they became swamped in the flood of the New Wave.

The addition of guitarist Graeme Douglas from the Kursaal Flyers has moved the band in the direction of what's currently termed powerpop. The Rods have got power aplenty and with a little more concentration on the material and pacing, the next album should see them safe and well away from having to put their lives on the line.

Alastair Dougal

Expresso II is late night meditation. If you enjoyed Michael Oldfield's *Tubular Bells* this is your sort of music. The soothing experiments involve a wide range of instruments including vibes, congas, violins, tubular bells and even a glockenspiel.

At times it becomes bland and drifts too much into supermarket background noise. One track is even called "Boring." At its best it is pleasantly refreshing — soft unobtrusive jazz, at the end of a hard day.

The Best of Isotope is an easily accessible and interesting compilation of musical experimentation from a group formed by India-born Gary Boyle, ex Julie Driscoll-Brian Auger Trinity.

Isotope's works are often described as

jazz-rock — one of those horribly meaningless tags often put on groups which can't make up their mind where they want to head. Whereas Tangerine Dream has at times mixed starkness with emotion and made it work, both Gong and Isotope seek a simple rhythmic pulse which often fails to jump out and involve the listener. Trying to add some art and colour to hackneyed rock chord changes is not enough. At times Isotope do not appear to understand where their ideas are heading but this best of compilation provides an interesting variety of their attempts to achieve credible results in this difficult sphere.

Nigel Horrocks

'thefanclub'



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Singles Singles Singles...

It seems that the *Nouvelle Vague* is commanding more and more interest among the singles releases these days — partly because of the abysmal quality of most of the competition, but also because those surfing on it put more faith in the singles market than the rest of the (white) rock business. Consequently, if you want more than the single-from-the-album-of-the-same-name syndrome you are going to have to look to the punks for salvation, however much it grates.

Ironically, the first company to have the distinction of firing the Sex Pistols has now released a record by the band formed by the first musician to have the distinction of being fired by them.

Glen Matlock fell out with the other Pistols because of his publicly-stated affection for sixties pop, and this single shows it. If "Rich Kids" by **Rich Kids** is (ahem) New Wave at all, it is in the American idiom — Richard Hell, Tom Petty et al. — but apart from the obligatory buzz-saw guitar, it is really Pure Pop for Now People.

If the New Zealand release of the Rich Kids album depends on the success of their single, I can't see it taking much more than a month.

The Tom Robinson Band second release, featuring "Sing If You're Glad to be Gay" has plenty of the expected sloganeering and clenched fist rock and roll, but there is also an almost vaudevillian taste for a singalong.

"Glad to be Gay," which I imagine you won't be hearing on your transistor, has a tune which Kurt Weill would have been proud of, and the sloganeering is carried off with more wit than likes of the dreary Clash will ever manage.

Of all the so-called punk bands, **The Stranglers** got off to the quickest start into the limelight, and have come closest to establishing some kind of cross-over audience. Even if their macho posturings make them fair game for taunts of being the Bad Company of the safety pin set, it still can't be denied that they have a real flair for well-constructed, hammer and anvil rock and roll.

"Five Minutes," which is not on *No More Heroes*, slams its way into the subconscious very quickly, and it is obviously its obsessive drive which has made it into a stage favourite. I haven't got the faintest idea what it's all about, and even less about the flip, "Rok it to the Moon" which may well

be an advantage.

Of course, punkdom is not a movement — it's a market — and some of the strangest things wind up popular. **Bob Marley and the Wailers** released one of the several potential singles off *Exodus*, "Jamming" which gives physical overtones to the word that I don't think the Allman Brothers had in mind. Not particularly notable you'd think.

On the B side, however, is an obscure little ditty called "Punky Reggae Party" which has become quite a fave amongst London punks I am told, and even locally has been racking up plenty of play on the juke box in the Globe.

It is a description of a mind-boggling shindig where spike tops rub against dread locks, the Wailers fraternise with "The Damned, The Jam, The Clash", and "No Boringoldfarts will be there". It must do wonders for the self esteem of your average punk.

But, despite their pre-emption of the interesting end of the singles market, the New Wavers haven't got it entirely to themselves. Some of the oldest warhorses can still pull off a good one now and again.

Elton John, who has always had more re-

spect for singles than most of his contemporaries, has chosen to make his comeback on the hit parade rather than with an album.

The rest certainly seems to have done him good. "Ego" is a more convincing attack on the pop world than he has managed for some time. The hooks are catchier, the pace more frantic, the words less self-indulgent. In fact, if I didn't know better, I'd say he'd been listening to Split Enz.

The flip is notable too. It is a song (with real words) that is credited simply, "E John". Perhaps he's finally shaking off the eminently disposable Bernie Taupin.

If you listen to "I Can't Hold On," you notice the oh-so-solid rhythm vocals, the immaculate harmonies by the gentleman back-up singer, the instantly-memorable hook-line. It just has to be Fleetwood Mac.

But it isn't

Karla Bonoff is one of a small collection of women singers who are currently scuffling in Linda Ronstadt's shadow, and on the evidence of this record, she has chosen the Mac Method for Making Good.

There are worse ways to make a mint. **Francis Stark**.



Rock'n'Roll Record Exchange would like to thank all those who supported our recent **Auction of Rare Records** and we hope everyone was successful in obtaining what they wanted.

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Letters

Now that the Easter 'jazz bonanza' is behind us for another year, many musicians and enthusiasts must be asking themselves 'what now?'

On looking back to the festival at Trillos, it serves as a painful reminder of N.Z.'s lack of confidence in its own artists. Those local musicians performing, or at least improvising, can be counted on one hand.

Granted, the accusation that the Jazz Festival committee were excluding not only local musicians but all contemporary forms of the music was alleviated by the late addition to the line-up of Mike Nock. Mike, however, was given a paltry twenty minutes at the start of each programme and returned to the States very dissatisfied with the slapdash organisation. Still let's not have those weird avant-garde chappies going on far too long before we get down to the real old-fashioned bebop everyone's come to hear!

One good thing came out of it though — the decision of some of N.Z.'s top jazz rock groups to combine in their own festival later this year. Let's hope readers of *Rip It Up* will give us their full support and come and hear where jazz is today, not where it was twenty years ago.
Phil Broadhurst



The management promises not to ever again delete the letters column as been the habit in the past.

We refer to your review of the Earth, Wind & Fire album "All 'n All" in your very fine March issue. The second to last paragraph states that only the first shipment of this album received the original deluxe double cover. We would like to advise your readers that this statement is not factual, and that all copies sold in New Zealand of this album are in the deluxe cover.

We take your reviewer's comments as a compliment to our New Zealand produced sleeve and we are pleased that he could not tell that it was a locally printed version.

You have probably noticed that since CBS Records New Zealand opened (this January), all our sleeves have been four colour front and back, and where the overseas version features a deluxe fold-out, this has been retained for New Zealand.
John McCready CBS Records

Them'n'Us By W. Dart

Let's make up sides. We're the left-wing and they're the right-wing. You know — all those people who go to Symphony concerts and squat on hard chairs in the Art Gallery every Thursday lunchtime to hear some pianist or other. Fair makes ya sick to see 'musicians' who haven't even heard of Joni Mitchell and Randy Newman. Anyway, we know that it takes the magic name of Tchaikovsky to pull them out of their padded cells, part money from wallets and plop plump posteriors in town hall seats for two hours. And one day they will all be lucky enough to hear the *1812 Overture* with real cannons. It is certainly pretty vomitous to see the dreck that they seem to enjoy when they let their hair down — good old Ron Goodwin or Leroy Anderson.

It's a bit sad the way their music seems to stop just before Christmas and gather up to a creaking start in March sometime. And all that decadent ritual that the right-wing seems to go in for! Like all those *Messiahs* every Christmas. Just imagine Johnny Rotten writing a Christmas album which could be regurgitated every Yuletide by amateur punk groups around the country.

They all have sealed ears — the safety pins in our ears are purely for deco, darling. Watch them trying to lay the heavy word on our music — doesn't work, does it? But then are we doing the same thing? How many of us know this right-wing stuff only via Emerson Lake and Palmer. This would be the equivalent of a right-wing reactionary knowing Joni Mitchell's new album through a cover version by James Last.

Well the Auckland Festival has come and gone, and there certainly wasn't much of our music being offered, apart from the regular at the Island of Real. But what an opportunity. Siouxsie, for some of us to unglue the old headphones from our ears, and drag into town to pick up some opera or something.

And there were three on in town At the

Maidment we had a double of Mozart's *Impressario* in thirties deco and *Tristan and Iseult* by our own Gillian Whitehead, which was brilliantly staged and performed but perhaps a little lacking in blood and guts for some tastes.

But Purcell's *Fairy Queen* — now that there Purcell, he's a pretty approachable guy and with that line-up of overseas soloists it was almost like a minor supersession in rock terms. But Purcell as a punk rocker? Well, when the two fairies were pinching the Poet black and blue (a concert version, so cheeks weren't bruised) who would expect the poor man to scream out "Hold, you damned tormenting punk!"

Certain Purcell is able to compete with Johnny R for sensationalistic lyrics, take this little catch for instance — and it is not the only example by any means:

*As Roger last night to Jenny lay close,
He pulled out his budget and gave her a dose.*

The tickling no sooner kind Jenny did find,

But with laughing she purged both before and behind.

*"Pox take it!" quoth Roger; he must himself be beside
that gives Pulls, against wind and 'gainst tide.*

Anyway, it was rather sad to see so few bobs at this Purcell opera, and an average audience age of about 40 to 45. It is just tremendously vital and "alive" music. There is high camp (with even a drag scene), low comedy (a drunk song), astonishingly beautiful moments of pure romanticism and above all, a sheer revelry in the pure and unadulterated sound — which is what I thought a lot of rock was all about.

So let's stop getting our classics in minimal doses at fourth hand, get out and wrap your ears round something new — P.S. I took my safety pins off first.

NEVILLE'S COLUMN



NEVILLE PURVIS AT YOUR SERVICE

BEING AN underground cult sensation is all very well, but when a record company waves a contract under your nose — what can a poor boy do?

On the strength of being pissed as a rat at the time, I signed. Neville's show-stopping hit IT TAKES MONEY will be on 45 release for PHONOGRAM later in the month.

THE BACKSIDE of the disc was a piss in the hand. Having been driven mad by the Bee Gee's Disease (White Disco), I tore off a song last Wednesday night after a 24-hour saga on the lager. The band learned it on Thursday and we recorded it on Friday.

DISCO ON MY RADIO came out so well that the record company are releasing it as a double A-side. It's a chunk of pure funk. The band were tight and so is the music (backed up by the sweaty soul of the PURVETTES). Me Mum likes it.

COMINGS AND GOINGS: As the number of live venues shrink in other centres, Auckland continues to be the Mecca of Music for Kiwi Bands. SPATS are thinking of moving up semi-permanently. ROCKINGHORSE are in Auckland with a new drummer — ex-ROUGH JUSTICE man Steve Garden. Garden replaces Jim 'criss-cross' Lawrie who is now skinning for POWERHOUSE. JUSTICE are in Auckland after rocking Wellington's Cricketer's Arms. The new FLYERS line-up brings in guitarist Paul Clayton and pianoman Dave Gandar. LIP SERVICE fast creating a following in Auckland.

HEALTH researchers have found that the reason so many NEW WAVE bands play so LOUD is that they're becoming stone DEAF. It's one of those vicious cycles — the louder they play the deafer they get. And the deafer they get, the louder they have to play. A health official suggested the musicians could wear ear-muffs. That's OK but

what about the poor bloody audience — assuming there's anyone listening?

MET a muso in the pub the other night and told him if he bought me a lager I'd give him a mention in the Neville Purvis Rock Column. He turned pale and offered me all the piss I could drink if I DIDN'T mention him. Funny bastards, musos.

BLOODY TYPICAL of a Mickey Mouse rock and roll magazine to spell me name wrong like they did in the first line of last month's column. It's not PERVIS it's PURVIS! That's U as in UNLEASHED, UNDERATED, UNIQUE and UNFORGETTABLE.

ON THE LEVEL

Neville



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- 1 SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER — Bee Gees/Various Artists
- 2 GOING PLACES — Ron Goodwin/N.Z.S.O.
- 3 THE STRANGER — Billy Joel
- 4 LONDON TOWN — Wings
- 5 I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE WITH ME TONIGHT — Neil Diamond
- 6 RUMOURS — Fleetwood Mac
- 7 SILK DEGREES — Boz Scaggs
- 8 DOWN TWO THEN LEFT — Boz Scaggs
- 9 ABBA — THE ALBUM — Abba
- 10 SIMPLE DREAMS — Linda Ronstadt

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