

RIP IT UP

No. 14
August 1978
FREE!



Michael Jagger

Inside: Parker/NZ Recording/ Petty/ Stones & Dylan/ FFWD/ 155 Van Lear

GRAHAM PARKER LIVE

...BY PHONE FROM SURREY, ENGLAND



Talking to overseas musicians in New Zealand can be a harrowing experience. Press conferences tend to be conducted on a gang rape concept — you line up and attack at the first opportunity. Phone interviews are prone to their own set of troubles, not the least in this case a telephone exchange full of confused operators as Graham Parker was switched from Auckland to Wellington to Christchurch and finally back to Auckland for a series of interviews. 12,000 miles and a three second time lag do not ideal interview conditions make, but hell let's not be picky about this. After all, this was Graham Parker.

But why should anyone pay for all these phone calls to Graham Parker, you ask. Well, there's a very simple reason. Graham Parker and the Rumour are coming to our very shores. So if you happen to be in Dunedin on the 3rd of September or in Christchurch on September 4th or in Wellington on the 6th of September or Auckland on September 8th, then the boy himself will be tearing your local Town Hall to pieces. That's guaranteed.

If you should require evidence of Parker's ability to do this after August the 7th you can rip along to your local record emporium and pick up a copy of GP and the Rumour's excellent live album — *The Parkerilla*. And if that doesn't convince you, you're either deaf or a Seals and Crofts fan.

In fact, *The Parkerilla*'s three live sides (the fourth side is taken up with a 33½ version of GP's latest single "Hey Lord, Don't Ask Me Questions") neatly sum up the Parker story — so far. An opinion I'm happy to report Graham agrees with, "Yeah, it's supposed to sum up what we've done and sum up all those changes in type of material and put it into one thing with the live album."

The album goes far beyond merely recording the established stage favourites. For in nearly every instance the live rendition cuts the studio recording dead. This is particularly true of the tracks which failed on Parker's last album — *Stick to Me*. Here, "New York Shuffle" and "the Heat in Harlem" work with a tension and drama that was almost totally lacking in the originals. *Parkerilla* may not present any breakthroughs — there are no new songs here — but the ground gained so far is held with ease.

One could do a lot worse than heed Parker's words on the subject: "A lot of people think we're a good live band. Live we certainly put as much percentage as we can into it and I think probably the live album is our best."

The live album comes at a much earlier point in Parker's career than is standard practice. To what extent was its release influenced by the fact that reaction to the band's live shows had always been so enthusiastic?

"Yeah, it is largely to do with that," says Parker. "But I dunno... after *Heat Treatment* I was thinking: one more album and then a live album out quickly and get this stuff over with. Then, when we get into newer and better material, we'll put out a newer and better live album."

"So maybe we'll have another live album out in a year or so. I think that'd be great."

The Parkerilla, besides boasting a somewhat unusual title, on the cover presents

Parker as some kind of half man, half ape creature, while the inside cover states: "The Parkerilla, He's Part Gorilla". So what's the story behind all this, Graham?

Graham's long distance chuckle echoes down the line. "There's some kind of insane reasoning behind it but I wouldn't take it too seriously," he asserts. "We got the word *Parkerilla* from a Swedish review. We couldn't read Swedish but this word *Parkerilla* popped up and it seemed extremely funny. There was another word too, *Parkerin*.

"Dunno what either of them means. Parker's feet or something. Dunno. So I thought that was a great name for an album — *The Parkerilla*. I was talking it over with my manager and I said something about part gorilla and he said: 'Part Gorilla! Great Idea! Let's do a thing where you look like a gorilla and then you take the shades off and underneath there's a gorilla.'

"It's a big joke really," Parker assures me, "You take sunglasses off and look like that! There are actually people who think I really do look like that with sunglasses on."

Indeed, shades have become such a familiar part of the Parker image that he must be the only case on record of a celebrity who takes his shades off when he doesn't want to be recognised.

"More and more often it's happening that someone recognises me. So sometimes I don't wear them if I'm gonna get out of the car and go into a shop. I take them off just in case.

"Not that I mind being recognised, it's just that people tend to treat you differently and I don't want to be treated differently all the time."

Graham, a little earlier you said that *Parkerilla* is the end of Graham Parker Part 1. So how will things change?

"Well it must be different from now on. Like we've relied on brass a lot and now we're cutting it down so that at the moment we use brass on only about half the songs. So we're getting away from that and relying on ourselves a bit more. The next album's gonna be different."

Any more concrete ideas on how it'll be different?

"Not really. No. It'll be a different producer. It's not gonna be either Nick Lowe or 'Mutt' Lange who did the other albums. We're gonna look around for something a little bit different."

"And I'm hoping to get a lot of different things out of the band. I think that certain things we've relied on we've got to look at closely and get some changes."

"I want the songs to be more... uh, I want the songs to speak more for the whole thing this time instead of perhaps the musicianship of the band... I want it to be more the songs that come through. I want us to look at that a bit more. So I think it could come out quite different."

For all the critical acclaim Parker's managed to stow away under his belt, he's still not a big record seller in most markets. Young Elvis Costello, for instance has left him for dead in the sale stakes, particularly in the vital American market. Graham Parker has very definite views on why this is.

"That's completely due to Mercury Records. They just have no idea of how to break an act. We started off with such incredible enthusiasm in America but it just wasn't followed through with any promotion. So it's

just been very hard work for us. The only audience we've got in America is the audience we've got out and played to and banged them on the head and said 'Listen to this you stupid idiots.'

"We could have cut a lot of corners with brilliant promotion and that's what you want to do, because it's quite soul destroying going to America over and over again and gaining a little bit every time. The process has to be speeded up."

But despite such setbacks, Graham asserts the band has not lost impetus.

"No, we're probably stronger than ever right now. The new songs are coming out very strong and the band have just made their second LP and that's all freshened things up a bit if they do something removed from me. So I think things are looking really good, You know?"

Parker makes no secret of his determination and ambition. One writer termed it the ambition to matter". The tough little working-class guy with nowhere to go but up. Does he still feel this as strongly as ever?

"Yeah definitely. That just keeps coming back all the time. If it didn't it wouldn't be worth bothering. You'd just find yourself doing it cos you're supposed to be."

"That sometimes happens in certain parts of tours. It's like: what am I doing in this ridiculous European country playing to these idiots. But you get a good gig or you write a song and you realise what you're doing it for."

"In fact, I've just grown back to the original feeling that I've still got to give people what I think is me."

Alastair Dougal

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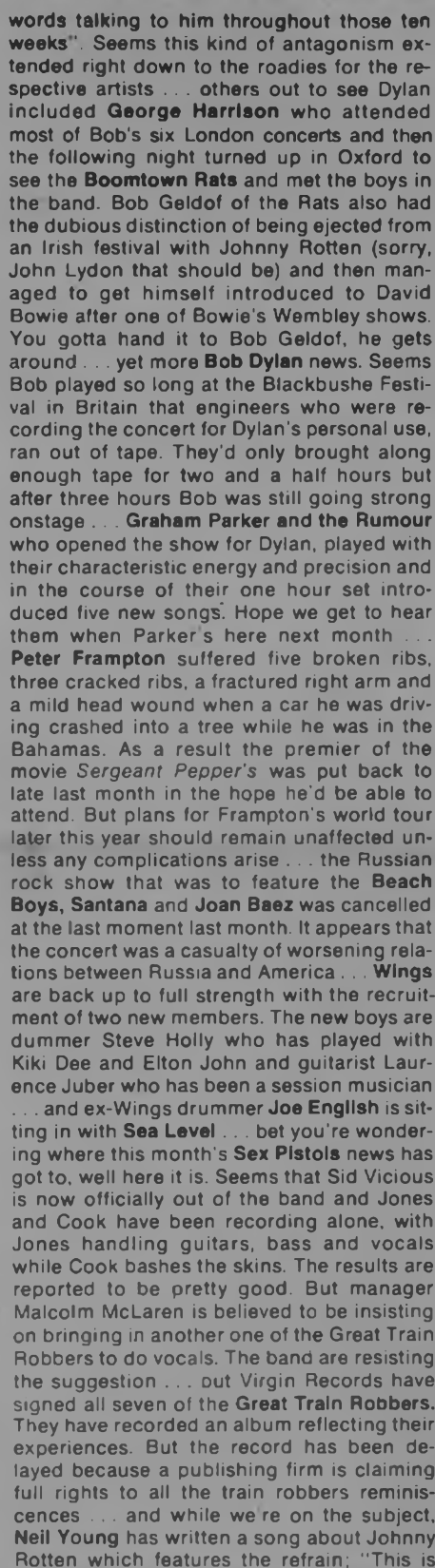
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steen on your album seems to be essential this year (notable sightings include appearances on Patti Smith's *Easter* and Lou Reed's *Street Hassle*) **The Dictators** are claiming that Bruce counts off "one, two, three" at the beginning of their forthcoming album *Bloodbrothers*. Yeah, sure boys ... meanwhile back at the Roxy in LA when **Billy Cobham's** band played there recently, they were joined onstage by **John McLaughlin**, **Lenny White**, **Narada**, **Michael Walden** and **Tom Scott**. They then jammed for a half hour. **Jeff Beck**, who was also present, showed admirable restraint and remained firmly in the audience ... however **Beck**, **Lenny White** and **Stanley Clarke** are currently playing together as a trio for a tour of Japan and a possible album ... and yet more scam on the Roxy. Local loonies, **Mother Goose**, are virtually assured of signing to recently formed American label Atlantic/Scotti. Mother Goose are to move to LA for an appearance at the Roxy Theatre before an invited audience. They'll also record their second LP in LA ... also recording in LA is **Linda Ronstadt**. She's back in the studios with virtually the same band she used on her last album. Among songs under consideration for the new LP are Little Feat's "All That You Dream", Chuck Berry's "Back in the USA", Elvis Presley's "Love Me Tender" and Doris Troy's "Just One Look". Tentative title for the album is *Living in the USA* ... meanwhile the album Ronstadt was recording with **Emmy-Lou Harris** and **Dolly Parton** looks as though it may be permanently shelved. Some sources blame business problems but it appears all three are keen to try again with a different producer in a few months ... time for some **Bob Dylan** news. After Dylan's LA concert the usual crowd of hangers on asked to meet Dylan. But Dylan said the only person he wanted to meet was **Elvis Costello**. Seems Costello went backstage twice to yarn to Bob. Dylan when asked his opinion of Costello said: "He's a pretty normal guy". And when in Rotterdam, Dylan repaid the compliment by taking thirty people to Costello's concert there ... but Costello did less well at winning friends and influencing people on the recent **Costello / Mink de Ville / Nick Lowe** tour of the States. **Willy de Ville** told NME that Elvis was "just a little f***ing arse hole ... I didn't waste more than two



break up two years ago ... seems that Atlantic Records are recording the Stones' US dates. Surely not another live album already? ... Anyway after the **Stones** finished a concert in front of 100,000 people in Philadelphia, Jagger flew by helicopter to Madison Square Gardens to catch **Bob Marley** in front of a crowd of 20,000. Marley returned the favour two days later by turning out to catch the Stones at their Palladium gig in New York ... also while in New York, **Marley** was awarded the Third World Peace Medal by the Senegalese Ambassador at a reception held at the United Nations. The award was made on behalf of the African nations in recognition of Bob's peace activities in Jamaica ... latest white blues sensation **George Thorogood**, whose debut album has become something of a cult success, has re-signed to the tiny Rounder Records label despite the fact that many major record labels were out to woo George. George's first album has been Rounder's biggest success so far, selling in excess of 40,000 copies ... **Jack Casady** didn't waste much time after **Hot Tuna** broke up. Casady and three other musicians from the San Francisco area are now playing new wave music under the name of the Jack Casady Band ... **Cream** reformed to play a benefit for Ginger Baker's polo club in Ash-

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The Little River Band — Beeb Birtles, Graham Goble, Derek Pellicci, George McArdle, Glenn Shorrock and David Briggs.

LRB STORY

The moral of Little River Band's story is simple: even in these enlightened times, success is seldom unearned. Take Glenn Shorrock, for instance — back in 1965 he was lead singer of the Australian band, the Twilights, and later he was with Axiom when they went to England. They disbanded and he stayed in England; spending two years in a band called Esperanto and barely making a living from session work. Shorrock met Graham Goble, Beeb Birtles and Derek Pellicci in London in 1974.

Goble, Birtles and Pellicci had all been in an Australian band, Mississippi, whose first single ("Kings of the World") was a top ten national hit even before they had made any live appearances. That was in 1972: an album followed and it was named "Album of the Year", there were two more hit singles. In April 1974 Mississippi went to England and eventually disbanded. Charlie Tumahai had been playing bass — he went to play alongside Bill Nelson in Be-Bop Deluxe. Goble,

Birtles, and Pellicci returned to Australia with Shorrock — as the Little River Band.

In Australia the Little River Band picked up a guitar player (Rick Formosa) and a bass player (Roger McLachlan), signed to EMI and was working on an album within two months.

Little River Band sold 60,000 copies in Australia and went platinum. A second album, *After Hours*, sold 40,000.

In April 1976 Little River Band began its first tour of Europe, Canada and the U.S. Formosa and McLachlan soon left; David Briggs and George McArdle took their places.

"It's A Long Way There" was edited down from 8½ minutes on album to make a 2½ minute single; it made the US top 30. The band's first two albums were combined into one album for American release and it sold an estimated 300,000 copies. A third album, *Diamantina Cocktail*, produced a single that made America's top 15. The album sold over 160,000 copies in Australia, went gold in the States and platinum in Canada.

Little River Band's fourth album, *Sleeper Catcher*, has just been released and the band will be performing in Auckland on September 4.

TOURS

1978 has turned into a bonza year for those of us who like to view the overseas stars in action, and you'll be pleased to hear the remainder of the year is shaping up just as nicely. As you'll have read elsewhere Graham Parker and the Rumour, the Little River Band and War are already definite and the list of acts rumoured for later in September is



Johnny Cougar



According to dispatches, War is imminent. The seven-man American group, whose initial fame was as support for singer Eric Burdon but later achieved No. 1 hits on its own, is to tour New Zealand early next month.

Four of the group began playing together

growing rapidly. Roberta Flack, Muddy Waters and Johnny Winter, Mink de Ville and the Patti Smith Group are being talked about. And there's even talk of Bob Seger heading out of Michigan to check out Australasia in October. And for dessert what could be sweeter than Olivia Newton-John and Peter Frampton concerts in November? That's not forgetting the possible visits by David Bowie and Bob Marley.

And when Rod Stewart's manager visits Auckland on August 14 and 15 to discuss the possibility of Rod doing a summer gig down this way he will be accompanied by Riva Records recording artist Johnny Cougar and promoting Cougar's debut album, *A Biography*.

TOUR DATES

Little River Band September 4, Auckland Town Hall.

Graham Parker and The Rumour September 3, Dunedin — Regent Theatre, September 4, Christchurch Town Hall, September 6, Wellington Town Hall. September 8, Auckland Town Hall.

War September 3, Wellington Town Hall. September 5, Christchurch Town Hall. September 7, Auckland Town Hall.

Irish Rovers August 4-31, national tour.

continued on page 4



Blonde on Blonde

Includes Rainy Day Women, I Want You, Just Like a Woman, Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowlands.



The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan

Includes Blowin' in the Wind, A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall, Corrina, Corrina, Masters of War.



Desire

Includes Hurricane, Mozambique, Black Diamond Bay, Romance in Durango.



Blood On The Tracks

Includes Tangled Up In Blue, Shelter From the Storm, Simple Twist of Fate, You're a Big Girl Now



The Basement Tapes

Includes This Wheel's On Fire, Goin' to Acapulco, Million Dollar Bash, Long Distance Operator.



Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits Vol III

Includes Positively 4th Street, She Belongs To Me, My Back Pages, Man of Constant Sorrow.



Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits Vol II

Includes Don't Think Twice It's All Right, All Along the Watchtower, The Mighty Quinn, All I Really Want To Do



Includes Knocking On Heaven's Door, Cantina Theme, Turkey Chase.



Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits

Includes Blowin' in the Wind, Mr Tambourine Man, Like a Rolling Stone.



Highway 61 Revisited

Includes Like a Rolling Stone, It Takes a Lot to Laugh, It Takes a Train to Cry, Desolation Row.



Hard Rain



RECORDS

Includes Lay Lady Lay, I Threw It All Away, Stuck Inside of Mobile (With the Memphis Blues Again).

THE COLLECTION

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Rip it Up August 1978 Page 3



R. HORSE QUIT

Anyone who has seen them in action over the past six months wouldn't say that they were flogging a dead horse . . . or even dare to suggest that they should be put out to pasture. In fact Rockinghorse have reached a musical peak, which is ironical since they have decided to call it a day.

R. Horse are one of the most successful, and longest established rock bands in New Zealand. They formed five years ago with ex-Formyula singer Carl Evenson and the only founder members remaining are keyboardist Wayne Mason and bass player Clinton Brown. Guitarist Kevin Bayley joined 3½ years ago. They write some great songs.

Rockinghorse have had highs and lows. When Carl left, about a year ago they went down musically and in morale but with the arrival of zany singer Barry Saunders, they rose to the occasion and have been playing 100 miles an hour ever since. Only a few months ago Steve Garden joined the band as drummer and he's driven them to an even tighter, more driving sound.

Rockinghorse haven't had all the breaks that they deserve in this country. To a great extent it has been a matter of not being in the right place at the right time. They had come to a crossroad, and under the management of Danny Ryan, had reached the point where an album for overseas release was on the cards. And that involved overseas travel and promotion.

That's when some of the band dug their heels in — after five years slog up and down the country Clinton felt that the travelling life wasn't for him. And the rest of the band were adamant that they went together or not at all. So they stalled — came to an abrupt halt and fell apart.

Nobody has any immediate plans . . . Wayne will keep writing and hopes to get an album together and Steve has some gigs with Auckland band Bamboo. Clint and Danny will work on getting their club *The Last Resort* together.



Jefferson Starship — Paul Kantner, Grace Slick, Marty Balin (front), David Freiberg, John Barbata (rear), Peter Sears and Craig Chaquico.

GRACELESS EXIT FROM STARSHIP

It appears that Grace Slick, one of the founding members of Jefferson Starship, has quit the band.

Her decision was brought on when, at a German rock festival, Slick became seriously ill with what was at first thought to be a ruptured appendix. After examination by a doctor it was decided that Slick could perform at that day's show if she acted cautiously. But Slick refused and told Starship founder and ex-husband Paul Kantner that she didn't want to play with the band ever again.

She reportedly said: "I'm fed up with rehashing the 60s. I'm fed up with the bitchery in this band. I don't like the sound and there hasn't been any publicity for this f**king tour."

As a result, Jefferson Starship pulled out of the festival. The crowd at the Loreley Amphitheatre outside Weisbaden, who had already been promised the Atlanta Rhythm Section, only to have them not appear, rioted at the announcement of Starship's cancellation. They invaded the stage and took to the equipment with axes, while others heaped gear into a pile, poured petrol over it and set it ablaze. Others from the audience dismantled the stage and smashed lighting equipment. Jefferson Starship lost nineteen guitars and suffered damage amounting to \$200,000!

At a gig the following day in Hamburg, Grace Slick had become seriously unbal-

anced by alcohol. Commented bassist Pete Sears: "She shouldn't drink at all. She's an alcoholic. Just a single drop will send her over the top."

At the concert, Slick wandered around in the audience, missed many of her cues and sang from the lap of a man in the audience. It was after this show that Slick quit and flew out for the States.

Meanwhile the band who had one show left to perform at Britain's Knebworth Festival, worked at restructuring the show. Marty Balin took over some of Grace's vocal parts, while both David Freiberg and Johnny Barbatta sang lead on others. But by all accounts the show went very well, and while in Britain they assured reporters they'd be returning to Britain as soon as possible with Grace Slick to compensate for her absence at the Festival.

'War Declared' continued from page 3

L.A.-based group: Night Shift.

Enter Eric Burdon, having just disbanded his New Animals and hanging out with a Danish harmonica-player named Lee Oskar. Burdon was impressed with Night Shift. He (and Oskar) began working with them. He also changed their sound by trimming away most of the brass. He also changed their name.

Eric Burdon and War then cut a single — "Spill the Wine" — which went straight to No. 1 all over the world. They had two successful albums and toured extensively during 1970 and '71. When Burdon collapsed from exhaustion the band completed their itinerary handling all vocal duties themselves.

The split became permanent and War soon gained fame as a highly proficient street-funk/soul outfit. With their combination of smart musicianship, an often jazz-influenced beat and catchy melodies War have achieved considerable success, particularly in America where at least five of their albums have gone gold. Not quite so popular here, they are probably best known for such singles as "Slippin' into Darkness", "The Cisco Kid" and "Low Rider".

If your taste runs to soulful black funk, you will get the opportunity to make War in September.



The Eagles — Glenn Frey, Don Felder, Don Henley, Joe Walsh and Timothy B. Schmit.

'Smallstuff' continued from page 2

ton, England. The show was open to members of the club only at a cost of \$25 a head who had the pleasure of witnessing Eric Clapton, Jack Bruce and Ginger Baker who were also joined by Steve Winwood . . . The Stranglers may have to perform in London under an assumed name. The Greater London Council has repeatedly blocked attempts by the band to find a venue and now promoters in the area are refusing to book them because of the expected reaction from the council . . . LA hipster, Tom Walts has finished scoring the music for and acting in Sylvester Stallone's new movie *Paradise Alley* and is now to write the text for Guy Peellart (of *Rock Dream's* fame) new book *Vegas* . . . 10cc to reform in original line-up? . . . Now for the recording news. Joni Mitchell is currently recording in New York. Nothing unusual about that but she's recording with veteran sax player Gerry Mulligan and bass player Stanley Clarke. The music they're recording has been written by jazz bassist Charles Mingus with lyrics written by Joni Mitchell . . . Yes have finished recording their new album, only mixing remains to be done. September release is likely . . . Jethro Tull's next LP likely to be a live double and Ian Anderson is on record as saying that Tull

will return to hard rock and his acoustic material will be featured on a solo album . . . Fleetwood Mac have booked 6 months in an LA recording studio to work work on the follow-up to *Rumours* . . . Ron Wood has completed the backing tracks for his new solo album which is being produced by Queen producer Roy Thomas Baker. Among those helping out Ron are Charlie Watts and Mick Fleetwood . . . Van Morrison is remixing his *Wavelength* album with producer Brooks Arthur . . . the Doobie Brothers are working on their next LP with producer Ted Templeman . . . Emerson, Lake and Palmer have completed recording in New York and are believed to be aiming for a hit single . . . The Eagles have finished the basic tracks for their album . . . Carlos Santana's working on a new solo album . . . and Mick Ronson is to reunite with Ian Hunter for an album . . . enough of this rubbish. This is where we get to the really important news. Right first . . . Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich have reformed though without Dave Dee . . . Al Green has opened the Al Green Hair Salon in Memphis . . . and finally Graham Nash and David Crosby went bowling together and silly Graham dropped a ball on Dave's foot and broke it. Shucks . . . for more news of equally vital importance to the nation, tune in next month to *Rip It Up's* Small Stuff. Remember you read it here first or second or third . . .

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What is a Hot Chocolate freak? Is it a child with a drinking problem or a youth with a transistor radio lodged in his ear? This confusion has been evident since 1969 when multi-racial British band Hot Chocolate released their version of "Give Peace a Chance" on Apple Records.

In July the band's lead vocalist, Errol Brown, visited New Zealand to promote Hot Chocolate's new album *Every 1's a Winner* and examine the possibility of a tour here in October.

Errol Brown has been the main songwriter for Hot Chocolate since the departure of Tony ("I Like Your Style") Wilson in 1974. Brown, resident in Britain since childhood, regards British rock'n'roll as important an influence as that of black vocal groups on the Hot Chocolate sound. "I like to be free to do anything", Brown says emphatically, stressing his desire not to be placed in any restrictive category.

So just what direction is the band heading in?

"I cannot tell you now what will happen in the future," says Brown, "I write songs and I will keep on writing songs". But Brown has not yet commenced writing for Hot Chocolate's album to be recorded in February 1979.

One factor is certain. The band will continue to work with hit making producer, Mickie Most. Brown regards Mickie as "a vital part of our set up and very important to Hot Chocolate's success."

After an initial 4 years of playing in the clubs, discos and ballrooms of Britain, Errol Brown is pleased by their recording success. It has allowed Hot Chocolate now to perform in concert halls and put more energy into their songwriting and recording.
Murray Cammick

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Charlie Watts

Stones In America
A certain amount of trouble is guaranteed to accompany any tour of the United States by those bad boys of the Old Wave, The Rolling Stones, and their current tour has been no exception.
Their latest album,

Some Girls, is well on its way to becoming the Stones' best-selling album in recent years. But the title track has caused some black radio stations to ban the album from airplay for the "racial attitudes" they claim are revealed in its lyrics. There are reports that the Stones American record company, Atlantic Records, is pressuring the band to drop the cut from the album.

There also appears to be a strong possibility that several of the celebrities pictured on the sleeve of *Some Girls* will apply to the American courts for an injunction to have it withdrawn from release. Raquel Welch has already sent an angry letter to Rolling Stones Records. As a result of this, many collectors in the States have been buying large quantities in anticipation of its withdrawal.

Despite such pressures or perhaps be-



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cause of them, *Some Girls* has made Number One in the States, breaking *Saturday Night Fever*'s six month run in that position. Similarly in NZ, the album reached the Number One Spot in its second week on the charts.

Meanwhile, the Stones tour of the States rolls on. The band has continued its policy of interspersing its eight scheduled outdoor concerts with a few 10-15,000 seat venues and a select number of surprise small shows. After the first few small dates, rumours of supposed Stones appearances were rampant.

In New York they played the 3,000 seater Palladium Theatre. Two radio stations announced a lottery for tickets for a Stones' show somewhere in a three state area, interested persons to send in postcards with a phone number.

Several hundred thousand postcards were received overnight, the winners were drawn at random and then phoned and told of their identification numbers and of the three loca-

tions where they could purchase tickets. Only when they paid for the tickets did they find out the location and time of the concert.

The Stones have also revealed a new stage specially built for the outdoor dates. Large panels on the top and sides of the stage form a giant mouth, while a tongue-shaped runway extends from the front.

Some new material has been added to the song line-up reported last month. Additions are Chuck Berry's "Sweet Little Sixteen", the Elvis Presley/Big Mama Thornton oldie, "Hound Dog", and, surprisingly, "Satisfaction".

The tour has not been all plain sailing. At the date in St Paul, Minnesota, Bill Wyman fell off the stage as the band was exiting. The fall rendered him unconscious for about 10 minutes but only required his hand to be taped up, and he made the following night's performance.

The estimated gross takings from the tour are \$6 million.

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JAZZ

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Rumours Rumours Rumours

RUMOURS

Christchurch Christchurch

Lately *Club de Rox* has attracted a number of interesting visitors to our flat lands. In recent weeks we have seen Dunedin's promising **Enemy**, Auckland's **Scavengers** and even more recently, fellow Queen Citizens - **Citizen Band**.

The **Scavengers** came and went a number of weeks ago, and the reaction was mixed, but then, as **CB** were to find out, reputations are harder to keep than to obtain.

Citizen Band happened to be doing a filming session in Ch-Ch for "Radio with Pictures" and apparently decided/were persuaded to do a guest appearance at the *de Rox*. They were received with approving applause rather than absolute enthusiasm, although an encore was ultimately achieved. Next on the bill after **Citizen Band** were local punk-rockers **The Doomed**. Alas, T.V. does not always bring fame and fortune and true to their name **The Doomed** were given a rather cold reception. Will their appearance on "Eye Witness" become known as Johnnys Abortion?

Meanwhile Jazz-Rockers **Night Musique**, who tend to make television appearances of a more impressive nature, have introduced a new concept at the Aranui Hotel. They have started playing a month long "Space Cabaret" with a good light-show.

A final bit of news... **The Kippers** have parted company with their Maude but they will, however, continue to play their tight efficient music without her aid. So there!
M. Moore

Wellington Wellington

Sharon O'Neill is putting finishing touches to her first album which will contain totally original material and is being recorded in Radio New Zealand's Studio 2. Dick Le Forte is producing the album and it is to be released through CBS. Sharon has just completed a half hour television special for TV1, and screening is scheduled to coincide with the album release in September. Meanwhile a re-mixed version of her *Entertainers* entry "Luck's On Your Table" is available on single. Throughout August 22M is pushing several of Sharon's tracks as Artist of the month.

Ex-Shiner vocalist **Merv Owen** has joined **Coast to Coast** and they're resident at the Woolshed... Wellington keyboardist **Dave Gander** is playing with **Rough Justice** while they're in Auckland, but **Mike Gubb** is re-joining them for Wellington gigs... **Cricketers Arms** residency has gone to **Buzz** - they're a relatively new band and singer **Linda Cole** (ex-Grace Poole) recently joined them.

Rocky Horror Show has the town buzzing, with a midnight preview at the Opera House preceded by a reception (ghoul's blood and frankfurters provided).

The Last Resort has done great things for Wellington music - **Rough Justice** got a roaring reception there and are due back 17-19 August. Also lined up for the next few weeks are: **Alastair Riddell**, **Bamboo**, **Spats**, **Mahana**, and **Citizen Band**. **Reel to Real** played two excellent Sunday nights. **The**

Rodger Fox Big Band played a good set there and hope to make it a regular gig. Next one is Sunday 20 August. Their album *Time Piece* is due out any day. **Colin Hemmingson** has joined the band - he is playing in Wellington with the Symphony Orchestra as well as running creative workshops.

Kim Hart LP has been held back until after the Tokyo Song Contest due to copyright of her entry... Early September scheduled for release of new **1860 Band** album - includes some original material... **Red Rose** have



Sharon O'Neill

joined the long list of break-ups.

Schtung and **Marmalade Studios** parted company on amicable terms but without completing an album. **Schtung** unfortunately only played four gigs the whole three months that they were back - once in the new Motorway tunnel, and three concerts over Queens Birthday weekend at the St George Hotel.

Lynne Attwood

Dunedin Dunedin Dunedin

The Enemy recently went down a storm in Invercargill. Apparently the audience was full of freezing workers who expected Des O'Connor but they were more than over the top when the **Enemy** gave them rock - young, fast and scientific. The band did a new **Clean** song "I'm in Love With These Times." Which reminds me the **Clean** are coming up with some excellent new material and are maturing into a fine band. Anyway the **Enemy** have been asked to do a free gig at the Invercargill borstal - puts the old punk credibility up a few notches. Within a few weeks the band should be in Auckland for a spell - judge them for yourselves.

A new band with comparatively young players, **After Dark** have started up. Apparently they are more than promising and have jazz inclinations unlike the punk leanings of most young bands. Christchurch's **Baby Boogie** has lost lead singer Nancy Purvis - she is going back to America and the future of the band remains uncertain. Steve Larkin, keyboards player with **Thoroughbred** is leaving to join Jim Taylor's **Cheap n' Nasty** who are eventually going to be based in Christchurch.

Telethon has come and gone and many of the local bands who played complained of the inadequate PA and bad lighting. Kevin Lynch and **Expende** were wise enough to have pre-taped "Country People".

Hope there's more news next time.
George Kay and Keith Tannock



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THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY

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Alastair Riddell has formed a new group to be known as the **Alastair Riddell Band**. The band includes Ruth Hall (vocals), Gavin Beardsmore (bass), Lisa Marsh (keyboards), John Treseder (guitar), and Noel Lamberton (drums) together with Riddell. Alastair Riddell's new album is nearing completion and should see mid-August release ...

ENTERTAINMENT SYMPOSIUM

Sunday, September 3 will witness a first for the NZ Entertainment Industry. At Trillos in Auckland an all-day symposium to discuss problems in the Entertainment Industry has been organised and financed by the NZ Entertainment Operators Association (NEOA).

The symposium, which begins at 9am and will run through to 9pm, is open to anyone involved in any way with entertainment on TV, radio or stage. As many entertainers, actors, TV or radio personnel as possible are urged to be present to air their opinions and grievances.

Speakers will include the Minister of Internal Affairs, Mr Highet, Kevin Moore of TV2, Des Monaghan of TV1, Tim Murdoch representing the Phonographic Federation, as well as representatives from both private and public broadcasting, QEII Arts Council and the Entertainment Unions. All speakers will be open to questions from the floor.

Living Force have finally quit our shores. We are informed that the band flew out of Auckland for Honolulu in mid July. They will rehearse in Hawaii for a couple of weeks and then fly to Manila in the Philippines for a week of concerts. From there it is hoped a tour of Japan will be organised. The band is being financially supported by a Philippines promoter ... **Flight 7-7** is a new group whose better-known members include Smartie (ex-Neutral Smith and Father Time) on drums Jeff Clarkson (lead vocals) and Warwick Keay (ex Forever, Gasworks Band) on bass ... **Th' Dudes** have reached a management agreement with Charley Gray, proprietor of the Island of Real. Their 12M Radio Workshop will be broadcast on August 13 ... meanwhile our roving reporter espied well-known-man-about-town **Johnny Volume of The Scavengers** at the Windsor watching Th' Dudes. Seems he was so moved by the sight that he approached the stage, ripped up vocalist Peter Uhrlich's song list and then proceeded to gnaw on the microphone cable ... The 12M Pop Quest was won by **Lip Service** with runner up being **Johnny and the Hookers**. The show was "a disappointment in terms of crowd response but the musical standard made up for it" ... **Citizen Band** went south in July to film sessions with *Radio with Pictures* and *Ready to Roll*. It appears likely that the group has landed the Graham Parker support which should coincide with their album release. **Citizen**

Watches are now sponsors for the group and apparently the marriage is "working just fine" ... seems likely that *Radio with Pictures* may alter somewhat under its new producer. They could be on the look out for new talent. It's understood those submitting bios and demonstration tapes could be considered ... yeah meant to mention while we were talking about **Citizen Band** that the boys received a mucho enthusiastic call for an encore at the end of their three night stint at the Island of Real last last month, reports proprietor Charley Gray ... **Rick Steele's** new single will be the Rick Nelson standard "Lonesome Town". Release date is September 11 ... ex-Rockinghorse drummer Steve Garden to join **Bamboo** ... **Spats** were in at Harlequin Studios in Auckland putting down demos "in the prevailing new wave sound" ... it's rumoured that **Schtung** have lost their drummer Geoff Bowdler ... the Auckland rock scene shrinks even further — the Globe Hotel is closing for renovations, at this time the manager is unsure whether

bands will be used when the hotel reopens ... the Exchange Tavern has stopped having live entertainment ... just a little warning that **Rough Justice** will be embarking on a South Island tour between the end of August and the beginning of October. The tour will take in such metropolitan centres as Christchurch, Barrytown and Blackpool ... **The Suburban Reptiles** are out of action till late September as vocalist Zero has joined the cast of *The Rocky Horror Show*. But the Reps second single — "Saturday Night Stay At Home" will be released in early September. Written by Buster Stiggs and produced by ex-Enz member Phil Judd, the single will be released in a picture sleeve and the first 40 million will be pressed on a special edition of black vinyl ... watch out for Henderson's answer to the Travolta disco coloured lights multi dimensional polydynamic disco-as-in-the movie and all that bullshit nightclub. It's called the Penthouse and it's out of sight ... well from here it is anyhow ... **L.B. Sands**

FLYERS SPLIT

The Flyers have decided to split. The band which was called the Country Flyers until the sacking of singer Midge Marsden earlier this year, found a combination of financial problems and personnel troubles brought on the decision.

Bassist Neil Hannan commented: "We thought there was no future in staying together in the same way. The band lost the initial direction which Midge had provided. And as well as this we just weren't making enough money. We were moving too slow to build the band up again. So once Murray McNabb quit for financial reasons, I wasn't prepared to find another keyboard player."

The members of the band will pursue independent careers. Neil Hannan will continue on the music he's writing for *Skin Deep*, a locally produced movie, as well as continuing on an occasional basis in Hard Jazz with Murray McNabb.

Beaver has become resident vocalist at Cleopatra's in Auckland.

Guitarist Richard Kennedy has joined together with Red Mole musicians Jan Preston



(keyboards), Tony McMaster (bass) and Jean McAllister (vocals) as well as drummer Stan Mitchell to form Red Alert.

Guitarist Paul Clayton who joined the Flyers earlier this year, then quit a couple of months ago, is now playing with Auckland funk band, Urban Road.

The activities of drummer Bud Hooper are unknown.

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Rip It Up August 1978 Page 7



Donna Summer and The Commodores in *Thank God It's Friday*.



Olivia Newton-John and John Travolta in *Grease*.

DISCO DISNEYS

The second wave of music movies is about to hit our shores. After *Saturday Night Fever* and *The Last Waltz* comes *Thank God It's Friday* and *Grease*.

Thank God It's Friday is the brainchild of Motown Pictures Division exec Rob Cohen and Casablanca Records chief, Neil Bogart.

Their aim was to make a purely comic film with, as the publicity asserts, "no desperate undercurrents".

The film stars Donna Summer and Paul Jabara and features a guest appearance by The Commodores. The soundtrack features these artists plus tracks from Diana Ross, The Village People, The Fifth Dimension, Santa Esmeralda and Meco. The film tells the story of more than twenty characters whose lives intersect in the crazy world of the Zoo

disco.

The film has already been a massive success in the States and is set to be launched in New Zealand on Friday, 11th of August in Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, Rotorua, Palmerston North, Hamilton and Dunedin. The soundtrack of the album is released through Phonogram Records.

Also due for release in the next couple of months is the film *Grease*. This film too is a huge success in the States — in its first three

days of release it grossed \$9.3 million, a record for Paramount Pictures. The film's massive success is, of course, linked to the Travolta fever reigning in America after *Saturday Night Fever*, and also to the massive sales of the song from the film, sung by movie's two feature actors — Olivia Newton-John and John Travolta. The song is, of course, "You're the One That I Want". Another single from the film was written by Bee Gee Barry Gibb — it's the title cut "Grease", performed by Frankie Valli in the movie.

Grease is set in the 50s and mixes songs from the period with material written especially for the movie. The NZ premier of *Grease* is on the 27th of August. Full commercial release should be shortly thereafter.

S H A D O W D A N C I N G

ANDY GIBB

HIS LATEST ALBUM IS OUT NOW!



Lea's leaving home

Lea Maalfrid, New Zealand's most notable female singer-composer, has left Auckland to market her talents in Australia. Her sleek cabaret style has gained her the Silver Scroll award for her composition "Lavender Mountain" and prestigious support acts to overseas artists — Joe Cocker, Manhattan Transfer, Lou Reed, Leo Kottke and Ry Cooder.

Lea flew to Sydney on June 20 to work and produce demonstration tapes which she intends to take to Los Angeles.

"You can work your guts out here — you may as well go somewhere else and work your guts out to more people," Lea says. "I think in some ways this is quite a good place to get established — there are so few hassles — it's easy to live here. If you're sufficiently motivated it's easy to go places."

She wants to change the format of her act, to get a backing band while she's in Australia. Lea says she's limited by the piano, physically, and because her vocal ability exceeds her piano playing skill. She believes a backing band could make the difference between being the opening act or the headliner.

"I've got to bring more out of myself, create more pictures on stage ... I want the band as a whole act ... and what I want is what I gets ..."

Lea aspires to a glossy co-ordination at the height of sophistication — she's a long way from the female vocalist of Ragnarok that she once was.

"I didn't really like performing until I could do my own songs — it wasn't honest. When you write your own material you can work on projecting yourself. I don't believe in handing the audience anything morbid or ugly — everybody wants to feel good. I actually believe entertainment is very important for spreading positivity."

Lea's determination and professionalism have given her wide exposure here — surprisingly, since her nightclub presentation is not a commercially popular formula. A lot of people like what Lea does because she does it so distinctively, and that's a ticket. It could be a ticket to the United States — or anywhere.

Jewel Sanyo

THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY THE DISCO COLLECTION OF '78 2LP SET PLUS BONUS 12" SINGLE \$10.98 LP & MC.



UN FOCU ISED

Tys Van Leer would be one of the most unlikely candidates for superstardom you could ever imagine.

Classically trained, at home with chamber orchestras, a player of superb classical flute, and previously known in this country only for his associations with Focus ... not a big drawcard, the ignorant would think.

Tys proved them all wrong, as the star attraction of Music Expo '78.

A professional to his fingertips, Tys arrived here with only days up his sleeve to get his act together.

He had to play rock, jazz and classical music, and without even taking a rest from the gruelling flight, had to plunge straight into rehearsing.

A work schedule that would cripple a mule, and he took it all in stride.

Problems started as soon as Tys arrived. The musical scores which had been ordered didn't arrive from New York, so he wrote all the scores for a 15-piece orchestra, for the rock show, by himself, in the two days he was meant to be resting up.

"It made me feel tired," he says in his lilted accent, "and proud."

Tys isn't an arranger by profession, and the experience, he says, was worth it.

"My minority complex in writing has diminished a little now," he says (I think he means inferiority).

Focus no longer exists as a touring band, but Tys is far from idle.

"When I am in Europe," he says, "I try to compose a lot. I just sit at the piano, open one window for some fresh air, and work, which is hours and hours of blood, sweat and tears."

In between composing, practising the flute and studying other composers, he's also doing two film scores, and contemplating a follow-up to his new album, *Nice to Have Met You*.

Previously, Tys's solo work has been in a classical vein, a series of fine albums under the common title *Introspection*.

Nice To Have Met You is joyful, energetic jazz-rock, played with America's finest session men, including Ralph MacDonald and Tom Scott.

"It has always been my desire to play with the hottest New Yorkers," says Tys. "Ralph is one of the most beautiful percussionists on earth."

His manager had been trying to convince him for some time that he should record in the States, and a jam session with players like Billy Cobham and George Duke on the final night of last year's Montreaux Summit clinched the idea.

Tys was signed to CBS in America, and off he went. Half the album's material was written in the studio, the rest had been accumulating for some time. An old favourite or two was added for some spice.

Tys was amazed how professional and yet

how relaxed the American musicians could be. Cracking jokes and serious recording just don't mix in Holland.

The future is as full as the present. In the next 12 months, there's a European tour with a symphony orchestra, a series of promenade concerts, another tour with a string quartet that's already sold out, two new classical albums, a chamber concert in a church, recording his film scores, then maybe forming a new group.

Friday night at the Auckland Town Hall. The ground floor is full of musical exhibits, but the balcony is nearly full of people, come to hear the second show, which is jazz-oriented.

Tuesday night's rock show was a great success, and hopes are again high.

The Bruce Morley Little Big Band kicks off the first half, and immediately gets plagued by the sound system, which never quite comes right during the entire show.

Despite the handicap, the band is a delight, with the horn section striking sparks, and each player earning his solo applause in the old style. Everything from be-bop to the more contemporary sounds of Hancock and Corea is covered, and the climax is a spectacular drum duel between Bruce and Billy Nuku that draws a well-deserved ovation.

Bruce has a band to be proud of, and when is someone going to get him into a studio?

Tonight, Tys has a six-piece brass section, the first time he's played on stage with horns, a four-piece backup ensemble which includes Tui Timoti on guitar, and two backup singers.

On he strides, dressed like a travelling troubadour in purple and black. Tys describes himself as an "exhibitionist", and certainly his stage presence exceeds all expectations.

He prowls the stage, dancing like a dervish, controlling the band with expansive waves of his flute.

His playing first displays all the classical purity of touch, and then all hell breaks loose, as he spits out the notes in a style equalled only by Ian Anderson.

The new material is fresh and clean, and includes a number written only that day and rehearsed in just over an hour, in honour of Music Expo.

The old Focus standard "House Of The King" is given a fine airing, with the brass and lead guitar providing a fine underpinning to the flute.

Mention must go to Timoti, who plays one raging solo after another, shining even when lost in the sound mix, which is often appalling.

The finale is, of course, "Hocus Pocus", which is more like a riot set to music. Tys lets his lunacy run wild, and everyone goes home well satisfied.

Tys himself is overjoyed, and full of praise for the local session musicians, some of whom were only recruited the day of the show.

"It's an experience to play music with people you've only known one and a half days, who are thrilled by your presence and you are thrilled by their presence," he says.

"Maybe we didn't play perfectly, and you wouldn't expect that. But there was a very intense communication, and something happened that was very dear to me, very warm."

One can only hope that New Zealand has been half as enriched by this amiable Dutchman as he has by us.

Duncan Campbell



NEW ZEALAND TOP FORTY

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. F.M. Various | 21. Rumours Fleetwood Mac |
| 2. Some Girls The Rolling Stones | 22. Shadow Dancing Andy Gibb |
| 3. Saturday Night Fever Bee Gees/VA | 23. Natural High Commodores |
| 4. Bat Out of Heli Meatloaf | 24. Everyone's A Winner Hot Chocolate |
| 5. Kamahl Kamahl | 25. Here At Last, Live Bee Gees |
| 6. The Sound of Bread Bread | 26. The Legendary Jim Croce Jim Croce |
| 7. Opera Andre Kostelanetz | 27. Masterpieces Bob Dylan |
| 8. Pyramid The Alan Parsons Project | 28. Silk Degrees Boz Scaggs |
| 9. City to City Gerry Rafferty | 29. This Year's Model Elvis Costello |
| 10. The Stranger Billy Joel | 30. I Robot The Alan Parsons Project |
| 11. Darkness on the Edge of Town Bruce Springsteen | 31. Even Now Barry Manilow |
| 12. Greatest Hits Vol II Olivia Newton-John | 32. Hotel California Eagles |
| 13. The Last Waltz Various | 33. Street Legal Bob Dylan |
| 14. Simple Dreams Linda Ronstadt | 34. Will Anybody Marry Me Pam Ayres |
| 15. And Then There Were Three Genesis | 35. Footloose & Fancy Free Rod Stewart |
| 16. The Kick Inside Kate Bush | 36. You Light Up My Life Johnny Mathis |
| 17. Octave The Moody Blues | 37. All 'n All Earth Wind & Fire |
| 18. Before & After Science Eno | 38. Greatest Hits Linda Ronstadt |
| 19. Stranger In Town Bob Seger | 39. Dark Side of the Moon Pink Floyd |
| 20. Barry Manilow Live Barry Manilow | 40. Going Places Ron Goodwin/NZSO |

(National Sales Chart No. 150 July 30, 1978)



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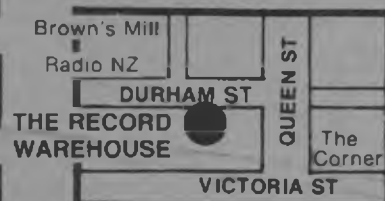
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Whipping boy, ravaged innocent, misshapen midget, *infante terrible*, neglected duty, lucky dip — all these epithets might be applied to New Zealand recording. As a race, New Zealanders are healthy consumers of those little round miracles of captured sound known as records. According to a 1976 National Business Review article our *per capita* purchase of pressed vinyl was in the world top six. That rating may have slipped, but the fact remains that we play host to branches of most of the world's multi-national phonographic distributors and they show no signs of quitting. Yet if New Zealanders are high on the global list of record buyers, they must set



Nigel Sandiford

some kind of world mark as devotees of other nations' music. It is nearly impossible to put a figure on imported recordings relative to locally made product, but they constitute over ninety percent of our purchases. Besides that of most nations, New Zealand's recorded output is woefully small.

Thus the multitude of cynical descriptions given the tiny N.Z. industry. Local recording is a subject of frequent and acerbic debate. As one major record company executive says, "It is virtually impossible to say anything on the topic without offending somebody somewhere." Regarding the bitterness that hangs around the entire question, there is some truth in the description of the industry as stunted and unhappy. Suspicion seems to surround easy appraisal of the situation like the smell around a brewery on hop-burning day. Distrust exists between musicians and record companies, between one record company and the next, between both companies and musicians and commercial radio stations, and between the government and absolutely everybody.

If accusing fingers are to be pointed, then the first must be at our government's attitude towards the music business. Many would agree with the image of the wronged maiden. The major act of brutality occurred on May 22nd 1975, budget night. The, then Labour, administration doubled an already high sales tax on records, to impose a staggering 40 percent levy, the stiffest in the world. The answer given to inquirers was that the moneys were needed for welfare.

Even accepting the government's social concern at face value, there was a logical, and desirable solution. Overseas records could remain taxed whilst locally made items should be exempted. The musician's union and some of the record companies made overtures to those responsible. Having argued with some success that a distinction must be drawn between recordings originating here, and not just pressed here as all releases are, they were stone-walled. New Zealand, it was pointed out, is a signatory to various international agreements, including several like the GAT tariff agreement which prohibit protectionism or selective taxes on imported, but not homemade, products. Ironically such trade policies are encouraged by multi-national organisations which, of course, include most of our record companies. Since then little progress, despite extensive efforts, has been made.

Neil McGough, secretary of the musicians union, explains that several moves are underway, but when asked whether a change of government has made any difference he simply states that where the Labour party at least had a policy, National has none at all. "Once Labour had taken all the kicks in the shins, National were quite happy to accept the tax as a source of revenue." The only lamp in the administrative gloom is that government might be persuaded to make the money from record tax available for recording subsidies. In many ways this would be admirable outcome because it would defi-

nately benefit the industry here. To just wipe the tax completely would mean more money to distribution outfits with no responsibility to do anything for New Zealand performers.

What chances there are of real moves to set up funding for homegrown music is an exercise for punters. As McGough says, "it's one thing discussing this — it's another getting those in control to produce the money and put it in a special bank account." A better metaphor for the industry than the ravaged maid might be the neglected spinster.

No-one is willing to take responsibility for her. Everybody, bar none, thinks that more local recording would be a grand idea. Few, it seems, will initiate it. For those with an eye to excuses, they are large and abundant.

In defence of the people who decide when and where records are made, difficulties arise. Because capital expenditure is so high on imported equipment, studio costs are high. "Gear," maintains Tim Murdoch, chief of WEA records, "once you have brought it into the country and paid duty on it, can be up to twice as costly as in other countries. You're starting behind the eight ball."

Murdoch goes on to describe the further limitations of a small and sheltered market. "If you spent money on making a single and you were getting an average ten or fifteen cents a copy towards costs, you might have to sell ten thousand to really cover outlay." Those are not the sort of sales our small population supports. "It's difficult dealing with people who just don't know what they're up against," Murdoch continues. He points to a shelf-full of cassettes next to his desk. "Those are all sent to me by hopefuls — most of them garage bands three weeks old," he adds. "A record company makes an investment. It needs some kind of security. I get people who come along one week and then come back two weeks later and say — Oh we're much better now. We fired our old bass player — and then one more week they come again — hey, we've got a new piano player now — I mean what sort of consistency is that?"

Whether Murdoch overstates New Zealand's isolation, diminutive size and the naivete of its musicians or not, he expresses commonly held views. Companies are tentative about making records while contemplating small sales, disproportionate expenditure and instable performing combinations. And, naturally, because few albums or sing-



Tim Murdoch

les are pressed, few are heard to alter public tastes and buying habits.

Somewhere, somehow, the circle effect has to be upset. Unfortunately each party points to his neighbour as responsible. Record companies wait for musicians to prove themselves. Musicians argue they need recording experience to improve standards and to educate consumers. And while people sit around, *Saturday Night Fever* directs tastes, swamps the market, and devours available consumer dollars.

Nevertheless, there are possible answers. The most obvious is some kind of legislation requiring radio, commercial stations in particular, to have a minimum of 15 or more percent local content. Minimum local content has been kicked around as an idea for some time. The theory is that Mr, Miss, or Mrs record buyer hears New Zealand material and so will ask for it at a retail outlet. Similar requirements have boosted recording in Australia immeasurably in the past five years. Nigel Sandiford of Polydor Records is one company executive who favours the concept. "Minimum local content should be there as a reminder and a commitment. They have it good in Australia. If we were in Oz we would be in boots and all." He however adds a caution, "Stations should not

play product because it's local, but because it's good." Polydor, he informs, is looking to doing a better job on a carefully selected stable.

Sadly, the old dilemma recurs. Selecting a few privileged acts does little to encourage depth in the experience of our musicians, nor does it stimulate variety — both factors required by a rapacious public.

Selectivity has been the policy of most companies who have made attempts to stimulate local production. 'Lottery' may however be a better term. We all have favourite acts we believe deserve studio time, and others we think flattered by a recording contract. Such differences of opinion rankle when the amount of recording done is so small. The iniquity of the set-up is that the band, singer or performer who receives a record company rebuff has no real measure of whether he or she is untalented or just plain unlucky. Crises of competence and confidence must be sorted out before a pool of musicians capable of fulfilling minimum local content can be established. This means that companies have to start planned cam-



Terence O'Neil Joyce

paings of recording rather than perpetuate the infamous hit and miss techniques of earlier days.

Much depends on the commitment of those involved towards local musicians. When one major record company director states, "We are successful because we listen to more stuff around the world. We keep listening and sending stuff away. If we hear something that has potential internationally, the money will be found to make a record," one gets the feeling that this is not regard for N.Z. talent. If New Zealand is to be a distant outpost of a global talent quest, there is not much going to develop in the way of distinctive N.Z. musical styles for the satisfaction of a New Zealand audience. The King-Hit approach to recording will never fulfil week by week radio, T.V., and concert needs.

One man who has grasped all this is the director of one of N.Z.'s few independent recording enterprises. Terence O'Neil Joyce has run Ode records for ten years. While much of his catalogue is not to the taste of rock fans (he covers indigenous styles from brass bands to Prince Tui Teka) he is a remarkable example of what can be done for a local demand. Terence O'Neil Joyce claims to have started off with \$200 which was borrowed. "If there weren't money in N.Z. recording I wouldn't be sitting talking in a record company chair, in a record company office," he points out. If he makes one comment which damns larger undertakings it is: "the big companies don't make money on their local work because of inefficiency, they haven't had enough experience." Efficiency in studio use, in packaging, in avoiding over-production is vital in tailoring for a small market. It needn't mean a reduction in quality.

In the past year Ode records have released approximately 30 albums and 8 singles, more NZ recordings than any other single company in N.Z., multi-nationals included. They range from classical recordings, through Polynesian music to the Roger Fox Big Band. Why does this sort of output not emerge from the companies that have the backing of much larger budgets. Perhaps the answer is contained in the warning O'Neil Joyce sounds out to those in the business, radio programmers and record moguls alike, "If they wanted to know they would do something about it. They have to get away from what is the thing to do outside New Zealand. That's not creative, it's standing on the end of a very long line. Really there is no excuse."

Bruce Belsham

MADE
INN

Last Char



Dave McCartney slashes out the song's lead riff and the vocalist plays his role: Graham Brazier is David Berkowitz. "Son of Sam"
"Well I walk the streets of New York
I look but I just don't talk
I gotcha 44 in my pocket
Gonna shoot it off like a rocket
atcha!"

The song collapses two bars later and, after nine unsuccessful attempts to record "Son of Sam" live in studio with the impact it has in concert, the band gives up. Hello Sailor decides not to include the song on a new album, their second.

A few days later the album has a possible title — *Islands in the West* — and recording is nearly finished. All that remains is for Brazier to sing the vocal tracks to "Do the Silver Jive" and "Tears of Blood", and for keyboard and various percussion overdubs to be added. Thirteen songs in all, may appear on the album: Brazier wrote "Dr Jazz" and "On Parade" before he joined the band, others like "I'm a Texan" and "Tears of Blood" were largely written in the studio. While on holiday here Paul Hewson of Dragon turned up to play piano on "Blackpool Can Can", "Boys in Brazil", "Disco is Dead" and "Street Boy" are among the songs the band has recorded over the last three weeks at Stebbing Studios in Auckland.

By the time Hello Sailor's first album had reached gold, selling over 9000 copies, the band had a manager. David Gapes, a former director at Radio Hauraki, began looking for a new contract that offered Hello Sailor overseas release, with a good recording and promotion budget. He wanted a guarantee that the band would be involved in all decision-making. Phonogram met his terms with what he described as "an extraordinarily attractive offer".

Eldred Stebbing closed his studios to Hello Sailor when he realised Gapes' intention to take the group to another company. He told Gapes that if Hello Sailor wouldn't do what he wanted, he could get another band off the street and do the same thing. Hello Sailor returned to Stebbing Studios when it became obvious there were new advantages in the arrangement. Although the contract remained the same, Stebbing offered unlimited studio time with a producer who had worked with them before; Hello Sailor's first album was recorded on a 16-track, this one would be recorded with newly-installed 24-track equipment.

nce to Dance...



at studio LP is
near completion
Dave holds
evidence of first
Sailor LP sales
Harry looks
for more

Most of the extra tracks are used for percussion overdubs. On some songs Rob Aikin, working with studio engineer Ian Morris, fills all the 24 tracks — often to allow a choice between tracks at the mixing stage.

By the time the album is released Hello Sailor will be in Los Angeles, living in a rented seven bedroom house in Hollywood. Although promoters have billed all their recent concerts as farewell performances, when Hello Sailor played as support act to Tys Van Leer at the Auckland Town Hall it was almost certainly "the last chance to dance".

The Town Hall held unpleasant memories; a year ago the band had opened for Melanie and drummer Ricky Ball remembers the event as "disastrous". But for this night the band's in top form, with the killer instinct of those who are driven to prove themselves: they reminded me what rock 'n' roll is all about with every song they played.

It has been Gapes' policy to work the band extensively in New Zealand, playing high schools, pubs, clubs and halls to create a home market that includes an audience "between 11 and 31-years-old". He says it has been important to establish "a broad popular base of support"; for the first time a local band has been able to ask for a thousand dollars a night, plus expenses.

Like others in the band, Graham Brazier is tired of touring New Zealand: "from Christchurch to Dunedin and back to the Windsor, to the Glenfield Tavern, back to Christchurch, back to Hamilton; round and round and round." Brazier's recurring ill health has been one of the group's major problems; after six months he is still recovering from infectious hepatitis.

America, Brazier says, will be his saviour. McCartney says it could "give us a kick in the arse" because he knows that it will be like the old days when the band shared a house, played at the Hotel Kiwi and had to stick together to survive. They will take their chances, working around California for three months and perhaps making a national tour of Australia during the summer.

But if things start working Hello Sailor's way in the States anything is likely to happen. Gapes has arranged Air New Zealand's sponsorship of the band, says he had good contacts in LA, that Hello Sailor will stick out like a sore thumb there. And, he says with infectious confidence, he believes the band to be so good that people will have to notice. **Jeremy Templer**



For a time, it seemed Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers would become victims of the Label Syndrome, where people are classified by their looks or their clothes and duly pigeon-holed with a particular, and often very limited audience.

This magazine has vigorously campaigned against labelling, especially when applied to the terms "Punk" and "New Wave", which have successfully stifled too much fine music from reaching a mass audience.

It was a combination of Petty's image and the "New Wave" tag which nearly consigned him to the also-rans.

So what went right? The answer lies in a large number of concert venues, and also in the UK. But we are getting a little ahead of

Gainesville, Florida. Not a ready source of indigenous music, so kids were exposed to just about everything that was new and imported, especially that four-piece Pommy band with the mop-top haircuts.

Petty remembers the Allman Brothers starting out in a band that imitated the Beatles. He also heard the Stones and the Kinks, along with homegrown talent like Wilson Pickett, Otis Redding and Percy Sledge.

"We simply liked the AM radio," he says. That's what we listened to. We didn't have no money to buy records."

Petty played with a number of Florida bands, his first one of any significance being Mudcrutch, which recorded one single for MCA, then broke up.

was filled with joyous, brain-bending music that just ripped the trousers off the bland, wholesome, don't-offend-the-public slush that pervaded the airwaves. It was the strongest debut record anyone could remember.

It laid an egg as big as a Moa's. Just because of the stupid Label Syndrome.

Lesser men might have been discouraged. Not Petty. The Heartbreakers set off on the backbreaking American gig circuit, determined to get someone to listen. Luckily, people did, and the reviews started to come in, hailing the Heartbreakers as the salvation of music that combines good times with good taste.

The reaction was starting across the Atlantic too. British rock writers have always had the ability to look at music without the desperate need to associate it with their own culture and lifestyles. They took to Petty like a duck to water.

"I think the press played an important part in keeping the band alive," Petty says. "They were there from the beginning and it's great they can use their influence in a positive way like that."

A British tour clinched everything. The album went top 20, the rave reviews flowed forth, and suddenly, interest back home in Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers was revived.

"Breakdown", a classic AM single, was re-released, and this time it made the American Top 40, which requires a considerable amount of airplay. Suddenly, Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers were a headlining act.

These days, Petty and his boys get mobbed by fans as fanatical as those who once followed the Bay City Rollers. Through a long and complex round of legal negotiations they now get all their dues from those who own and promote them, and not before time either. Petty played over 200 gigs during 1977, and refused to go back into the studio until the record company gave him the advance he felt was due.

Now the wait for the second album is over, and it's been well worth it. *You're Gonna Get It* may well be the ultimate cruising album. Petty himself thinks the album is too short. Its entire playing time clocks in at less than half an hour, but it still works splendidly.

Every song forms a picture in its own right, yet follows a pattern, with each number drifting in and out of the consciousness, like scenes flashing by on the side of a road. This album could have been written in the back of a car.

The runaway American Dream, celebrated in Springsteen's *Born To Run*, nurtured by Dylan and Kerouac, lives on in Tom Petty. Living for the moment, and nothing else.

The influence of the Byrds and the British rock scene is much stronger here than on the first album. The vocal harmonies recall such bands as the Searchers, the guitar work Roger McGuinn in "I'll Feel A Whole Lot Better". Byrds freaks will buy this album for "Listen To Her Heart". Other songs like "Magnolia" are pure magic, showing Petty to be a truly great rock singer.

Unlike its predecessor, this album does not derive its strength from individual songs. There are no weak links, and *You're Gonna Get It* stands as a whole project, as well as being a band album, with Petty giving everyone a chance to contribute.

Denny Cordell once again produces, and the sound is sparkling clear; obtrusive even at low volume and devastating with the sound turned up.

An album that will come into its own during the summer months; that every radio station worth its salt should play. A tribute to a man who refused to be beat by the Label Syndrome.

Tom Petty is both a survivor and a realist. "Last year it wasn't chic to want money," he says. "I always thought that was bullshit. Money — shit, give me all you've got. I can have fun with it."

A man with that attitude just has to have something going for him. Tom Petty has also put some much-needed fun back into music. How long since you've had some fun?

Duncan Campbell



ourselves here. Historical information, please...

For a start, Petty wore a leather jacket, and the cover of his debut album portrayed him with as cocky a sneer as you ever saw. So he was a punk. In addition, he came along about the same time as the New York New Wave, which included such bands as Television, Mink DeVille and Talking Heads. New Yorkers have often been thought of as a separate race from the rest of the Average Americans, and their music has been thought of in the same way. Strictly for the Big Apple and unpalatable elsewhere.

Despite the fact that Petty has not even the remotest connection with such bands, he was lumped in with them as part of the weirdo scene that lovers of Fleetwood, Frampton and all could not understand or just wouldn't listen to.

Petty and the 'Breakers hail originally from

Petty stayed with MCA as a solo artist, fooling around for a couple of years on a retainer, and achieving very little, until he ran into the Heartbreakers in 1976 in a recording studio.

The band had been assembled by keyboards player Benmont Tench for a solo album he was working on. All were from Gainesville, and something just clicked between them and Petty.

In they all went on Petty's solo recording deal, their first move being to scrap all the songs he'd written for his solo album, plus Tench's efforts. New songs were written in 15 days.

The resulting album was a triumph musically, if not commercially. It was true American Music not heard since those heady days of the Byrds at their peak. The fact that Roger McGuinn himself was sufficiently moved to record "American Girl" says it all. It

RECORDS

Ocker Rockers

Various Artists
Lethal Weapons
Suicide
Skyhooks
Guilty Until Proven Insane
Mushroom
Little River Band
Sleeper Catcher
EMI

One of the most popular party jokes of last year, the leading candidate for a "who needs it" award, was Australian punk rock. If the idea itself wasn't funny enough the Australian interpretation of it was: a *Time/Newsweek* idea of "punk" that led to one Australian punk rock group calling themselves the Hitler Youth Movement. Even Auckland's Suburban Reptiles (with their own reputation for bad taste) turned down the suggestion to rename their lead singer Mona Blades.

So nobody should have been surprised to hear of an Australian who had worked with Muff Winwood — Barrie Earl — forming an Australian record company with a roster of "new wave" bands called Suicide Records, and describing Suicide as "an alternative to boredom".

Suicide's first release is a compilation album of Australian new wave, pressed on white vinyl and titled *Lethal Weapons*. Of the album's seven groups, Teenage Radio Stars win extra points for their name but also sound best, like the Ramones with overtones of the Easybeats. They can be plain dumb as on "Wanna Be Ya Baby" or (ha!) intellectual — "(We're) The Learned One".

Wasted Daze re-work the Who's "Magic Bus" under its new title, "Mona", while the Boys Next Door do Nancy Sinatra's hit, "These Boots Are Made For Walking", and that's okay too. X-Ray-Z do the only political song — "Three More Glorious Years" — but they don't sound like real subversives and these aren't lethal weapons at all. Three points for audacity: this album will be a valuable artefact within five years, or it will still be a party joke.

Skyhooks were included on Vertigo's compilation, *New Wave*, but unlike Suicide's aspirants they have a greatest hits collection, O.E. and originality to their credit. Roger Jarrett's wild-eyed claim in 1975 that given two years in the States Skyhooks would be as big as Led Zep didn't really seem that impossible then because the band itself had the persuasive confidence and ambition to be a rock'n'roll success story. I'm prepared to believe it was only bad marketing that stopped them from conquering America in their short stay.

On *Guilty Until Proven Insane* there are evident changes in Skyhooks' established style; most noticeably as a result of Bob Spencer replacing Red Symons as guitarist. The Aerosmith and Alice Cooper production team of Jack Douglas, Eddie Leonetti and Lee Decarlo has shaped a hard rock sound that dispenses with such throwaway sing-alongs as "Blue Jeans" and "All My Friends Are Getting Married". "Women In Uniform" benefits most from this approach and would almost certainly have been a hit single if radio-land could have heard it through 18-inch speakers.

Like the Rolling Stones, Skyhooks still feel something of an obligation to be outrageous but they remain as strikingly original as when they first began.

The Little River Band's founders perfected their synthesis of LA country-rock in a band called Mississippi, formed in 1974. As a vocal harmony group the Little River Band is most often compared to the Eagles but their style is, more correctly, a combination of the best and the worst of a genre that began with Buffalo Springfield.

At best Little River Band are capable of songs like "Statue of Liberty", "It's A Long Way There" and "Help Is On Its Way". But they also have an unerring ear for clichéd lyrics (including the largest collection of "life on the road" songs I've ever heard) and they can be as bland as the group Chicago.

Their greatest strength is their vocal harmonies but *Sleeper Catcher* (co-produced by American producer John Boylan) is an unfortunate attempt at a "serious" work; over-orchestrated and too gushingly pleasant to be listened to comfortably. Only "So Many Paths" comes close to the material this group is best doing, although the song is almost destroyed by awkwardly matched allegorical lyrics. That aside, perhaps EMI need to be reminded that nobody listens to this sort of stuff during winter.

Jeremy Templer



Some Boys

The Rolling Stones
Some Girls

Rolling Stones Records

Let's lay it on the line. If the Rolling Stones never made another record this one would be perfect to go out on. If the RCMP hang it on Keef they'll be dancing to this in Cell Block Number Nine. The best thing since maybe *Let It Bleed*.

Culled from a total of 42 songs, the material is stro-o-ong. "Miss You" is a mid-tempo Stones instant classic. The sax of Mel Collins (ex-King Crimson) and the harp of Sugar Blue (said to play in the Paris Metro) add the sauce to one of the headiest brews from the Stones in a long time. Electric piano from Ian McLagan (Woody's old Faces compadre) and Charlie's no-frills drumming push this one to the limits. In a recent *Rolling Stone* interview Jagger indicates that somewhere a 12 minute version featuring Sugar Blue has been released. I'd love to hear it; he's seething as the track fades.

"When the Whip Comes Down" is one of the Stones' most insistent pieces. Just a

chorus driven into the ground. Meant to be about a gay garbage collector. Can't decipher the lyric. Unrelenting.

The Temptations' "Just My Imagination Running Away with Me" is given a similar treatment to "Ain't Too Proud to Beg" on *It's Only Rock and Roll*. Jagger suggests it's just an English band tuning up on a three chord song. He's too modest by half.

"Some Girls" is more than a passing nod in Dylan's direction, right to the "lethal dose" quote. The phrasing is straight out of *Blonde on Blonde*, and the lyrics seem to refer to recent Malibu marital follies as much as the Jagger soap opera. More great harp on this one.

"Lies", which closes Side One, is a Stones party song, four to the bar and a chanting chorus, more a pulse than a tune.

Side Two opens with Mick Jagger reincarnating Gram Parsons (sort of) with "Far Away Eyes". Sunday morning in Bakersfield, gospel radio and truck drivin' cafes. The best country music the Stones have done. Tear-drop steel guitar from Woody.

"Respectable" is the Stones ripping the joint. Frantic pace, jeering vocals, a wall of guitars.

Then comes the oddity of the album. Keith Richards' "Before They Make Me Run." Is this Keith saying goodbye? "I'm gonna find

my way to Heaven/cause I did my time in Hell." Apparently Keith's last complete song since "Happy", Keith's vocals are as poignant as they were on the more lyrical "You Got the Silver" from *Let It Bleed*. A disturbing song, more desperate than defiant.

Ringin' guitars evoke Otis Redding and Wilson Pickett in "Beast of Burden", perhaps the Stones' best soul strut since "That's How Strong My Love Is."

"Shattered" is pure New York in a New York album (despite its Paris recording). Stuttering jive vocals, Sha-dooby back-up, a tight rhythm groove, occasionally shattered by squalling guitar.

This album is a total success. Every song is potent and the parts sum up to a greater whole. As Jagger said: "People expect a lot more of us than they do everybody else."

"I think it's a good album and I'm not going to be too modest about it. I think it has a continuity in the characterisations. It doesn't have the holes, it's a bit better than the others."

Some Girls is a highpoint for the Stones. The threat of Keith's court case still hangs over the band. Did that uncertainty draw from them this superlative performance? What value surmise? This is superb. Perma-styled with elasticized inner pockets.
Ken Williams.

Positively Main Street

Bob Dylan
Street Legal
CBS

A notable American magazine recently published an essay on the politics of fame. Its author discussed the inadequate machinery the modern world has for disposing of its celebrity overstayers. Amongst those he supposed the public to feel uneasy over, the name Bob Dylan was prominent.

Dylan, I'm sure won't lose any sleep over the comment, but it does illustrate that blended with other of his talents, Dylan has a genius for remaining contentious. The man has to be a P.R. wonder who, sixteen years and some twenty albums after his first record contract, can still arouse anticipation over a new release. The 'has - he - still - got - what - it - takes' speculation surrounding all he attempts is an ironic headstart many of his contemporaries must envy.

After the recent world tour of which we were privileged to catch a segment, appetites were particularly whetted for the recording which has taken the title *Street Legal*. Dylan has worked of late at assembling and maintaining a regular band. The advantages were manifest at his concert here. The combination he brought were a rehearsed, talented and dynamic unit. Musicians like

Steve Douglas, rock and roll sax-man from way back, Bobbye Hall who is an extraordinary percussionist, gave more zest to the performance than most of us had dared hope for.

Street Legal uses the basis of the band which came to N.Z. — Hall, Douglas, David Mansfield, Steven Soles and Dylan's three lady back-up singers, being of particular value. Theirs is a major contribution towards the sound of the album. The months spent together re-arranging old songs, rehearsing and touring have paid dividends. The first impression of *Street Legal*, before any evaluation of Dylan's new songs, is of the coherent, simple, yet inventive nature of the arrangements. To my mind *Street Legal* far outshines the rather rambling *Desire* in this respect, and may even have the edge on portions of *Blood on the Tracks* where backings do not always match song quality.

The songs to which this treatment is given on *Street Legal* need more cautious appraisal. Dylan himself, in an interview given in Australia, maintains that his style has established boundaries for itself over the years. Asked about where his work might move in the future he replied that it is in "the same old place it's always been . . . It won't get any more complicated or simple than it is." This

does not mean that Dylan has exhausted himself of new ideas or of his experimental urge, but suggests that he will continue to utilise the same raw materials.

Street Legal is a record which illustrates the point. It is, in several ways, a catalogue of Bob Dylan's song writing characteristics, the good and the bad.

Unfortunately there are no songs to lyrically match the best he has done in the 70s — no "Tangled Up In Blue's" or "Idiot Winds" — none to match the sophisticated love songs on under-rated *Planet Waves*. Dylan does nevertheless produce effective images. "Baby Stop Crying", opens with the brief statement:

You've been down to the bottom with a bad man babe

But you're back to where you belong.

Simple it is, yet with an underlying strong melody, it's the sort of song that in the good old days might have become a soul standard.

A gutsy sax break and the girly back-ups contribute to the impression.

The winners on *Street Legal* are all similarly direct. "True Love Tends to Forget" and "We Better Talk This Over" are more genuinely pop songs than any since "Knocking on Heaven's Door". In them rests the strength of the release.

I am less taken with the one or two numbers which are residue from surrealist - mystic - mumbojumbo days. In my humble opinion Dylan has always worn the garb of a good songwriter more comfortably than the robes of a latter day Ezekiel. The one opus on *Street Legal*, a thing by the name of "No Time to Think", wanders through vaguely metaphysical metaphors for eight minutes, stopping in the middle of each verse for a random sequence of abstract nouns. It sits uncomfortably with the rest of the material.

However, these are small gripes for I'm easily won over to an album which sounds so good. Douglas's understated saxophone style, a lovely mid sixties organ sound, soul backing vocals — of such things enjoyable records are made.

Despite our cynical essayist, I'm happy to see Bob Dylan around a while yet.
Bruce Belsham



THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY

THE DISCO COLLECTION OF '78
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Magazine
Real Life
Virgin Records

Magazine is a five piece British band lead by a young Mancunian (native of Manchester, twit!) named Howard Devoto.

He is arrogant, reclusive, even slightly paranoid. He also exudes a personal magnetism exceeded only by the likes of Bowie.

To top it all, he sings like he could spit in your face, writes songs that grip you by the throat, fronts a screaming bitch of a band, and has produced a debut platter that has to stand alongside the first Roxy Music album as a milestone in British rock.

Elvis Costello doesn't have the patent on Uneasy Listening. Devoto will have you nervously glancing over your shoulder.

"Shot by Both Sides" already has classic status, with a hookline that sticks like a leech and the band playing with the impact of a knife to the jugular.

This, and one of the album's other strongest numbers, "The Light Pours Out of Me", was co-written with Pete Shelley of the Buzzcocks, with whom Devoto sang for a short time.

Lyricaly, Devoto seems determined to remain an enigma. Although only in his twenties he seems already to have been through

his private hell. He had his scars, but he is not about to bare them.

He acknowledges debts to Roxy Music and Cockney Rebel, but fulfills promises made and not kept by both. At the same time Devoto makes some promises of his own which hold out well for the future. Let's hope he can sustain this initial creative burst.

Real Life will not make you smile or dance. It will simply stun you.

Duncan Campbell

Cheap Trick
In Color
Epic

In Color is Cheap Trick's second album, released in most other parts of the Western World some time in 1977. The first album is still currently unavailable and there's now a third in existence so we'll keep our fingers crossed. In fact we ought to keep everything crossed that's crossable because this is an extra-good elpee and we need more of the same.

Cheap Trick are one of the finest American bands extant. They carry the banner so courageously waved in the last few years by bands like the brilliant Big Star, Blue Ash and other commercially unsuccessful outfits who put a lot of stock in good writing and vocals,



aggressive and inventive playing, and 100% magnetic hooks. For some reason they just don't play a lot of that stuff on the radio in this merry old decade. But you should buy this record 'cause Cheap Trick have got it all, the complete rock/pop band.

Hints of The Beatles can be detected but they're used to the very best effect, and who better to hint at anyway. And what do they look like? ... well, there's a couple of yer standard rockstar pin-ups and a couple of nutters. They've got it all covered.

Terence Hogan

Gerry Rafferty
City to City
United Artists

With this album Gerry Rafferty's name is becoming big enough to send people out scouring bargain bins for his earlier work, and while *City to City* is a considerable distance from the first recordings, elements of his Scottish folk background are still retained in the sound. All to the good. The use of, say, fiddle or accordion as lead instrument is symptomatic of the album's engaging freshness.

The arrangements, for example, though straightforward, are imaginative in their simplicity: from the churning 'train-song' har-

monica on the title track to pure vocal harmonies and discreet moog on "Whatever's Written In Your Heart".

The lyrics are tempered by a tough realism but, although Rafferty has a clean, clear voice, his words tend to be subsumed by the lovely melodies. Side One alone contains four sure-fire hit singles; Side Two is almost as good.

My one complaint is that the album's production tends to blend all instruments into one smooth texture. To this listener at least, a clearer contrast of tone and timbre would have afforded more enjoyment. As it is the tracks somewhat suffer from overall 'sameness'.

But, gripes aside, it's a fine set which ably maintains the standard of the single. *City to City* is worth the fare.

Peter Thomson

801
801 Live
Polydor

Any Citizen Band devotees in the audience will have noticed that they do funny things to "You Really Got Me" by the Kinks. This record is of interest to those who might like to be able to shout out witty things while they are playing it. Note for note, their version ap-

"headed into fourth gear towards the future"

CREEM MAGAZINE



THE CARS
Top-down music in a hardtop world.
THE CARS

Elektra

THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY

THE DISCO COLLECTION OF '78
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pears on Side Two of *801 Live*.

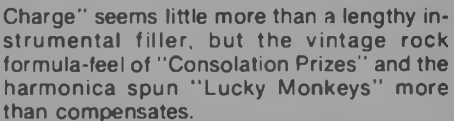
It serves as an adequate introduction to the work of the two — it even contains what might be called their respective 'greatest hits', "Diamond Head" and "Baby's On Fire". At the same time, it is hardly a collaborative effort, featuring only one track credited to the two of them, and it does neither of them full justice.

Francis Stark

Radars

Contrary to popular opinion Iggy's long-awaited *Kill City* is not a collection of outtakes culled from the *Raw Power* sessions, but a 1975 Williamson arranged bid by Iggy to get back into the world after heavy emotional problems. Williamson has finally managed to unleash the album via Bomp's Greg Shaw.

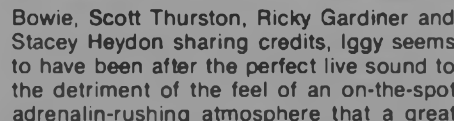
If you're expecting *Kill City* to be the son of *Raw Power* then forget it as it is easily Iggy's most conventional and mellow proposition ever. But it's great, especially smooth-honed, tightly structured classic Flamin' Groovies. Stones rock 'n' roll of the first side. Even if he has nicked Dylan's intro to "Knocking on Heaven's Door" on "I Got Nothin' ". "Sell Your Love" borders on the unbelievable, a superbly sensitive melody complemented by some great sax lines from John Harden. Side Two is less impressive, mainly because the closing track, "Master



In many ways *Kill City* can be seen as a bridge between his *Raw Power* days and his present *Idiot/Life* phase. But whatever way you want to look at it, what you have here is a damned fine album.

On the other hand we have *TV Eye*, the story of a good album that should have been great. The first ever legitimate live Iggy recording and he bows out of the spontaneous audience baiting that made the second side of *Metallic KO* such a great performance. In fact there is no evidence of his renowned cut and thrust at all on *TV Eye*.

Taken from three separate concerts with the Sales brothers as his rhythm section and



Bowie, Scott Thurston, Ricky Gardiner and Stacey Heydon sharing credits, Iggy seems to have been after the perfect live sound to the detriment of the feel of an on-the-spot adrenalin-rushing atmosphere that a great live record can capture. Five of the eight songs are bludgeoning renditions with all the menace and power that you dreamed they should have, but each song is in isolation, encapsulated through lack of continuity in Iggy's and Bowie's production and mixing. There's none of the sheer magic for example that's present on *Parkerilla* when "Tear Your Playhouse Down" slides into "Don't Ask Me No Questions" or when Williamson himself crashes into "Louie Louie" on *Metallic KO*. That's what I expect from top-notch live albums.

TV Eye then is cold-cut and clean. For nine out of ten rock bands this would be the ultimate live album, but for rock's number one performer we have a case here of underachievement.

George Kay.

There is a school of thought that maintains that Todd Rundgren fried his brains completely about three or four years ago. The adherents to this theory point to the various Utopia debacles as pretty convincing evidence. It certainly seemed that some major psychic or chemical damage must have intervened to turn *Something/Anything* into the cosmic debris of *Another Life*.

Hermit of Mink Hollow is going to come as something of a shock to those theorists. While it does not capture the magic moments of *Something/Anything*, it ranks with others like *A Wizard/A True Star*. It certainly shows that Rundgren's voice, arranging skills and ear for a classic tune were not dependent on those brain cells which have gone west these last few years.

The single, "Can We Still Be Friends" is the standout, but others like "Fade Away" are good enough to set your mind at rest. The Wizard is doing very nicely in Mink House, and the popular song is in good hands.

Francis Stark

We all hoped that when Joe Walsh joined the Eagles he'd pack some beef into those western wimps. So far "Life In The Fast Lane" provides scant evidence. But Walsh is hardly a prolific writer; it's been four years since his last set of new material — the marvellous *So What* — and now we get a mere six songs plus one "developed-in-the-studio" instrumental.

Although only drummer **Vitale** remains of the former musicians — some from the live album also feature here — his influence is vital in retaining the Walsh sound. Most numbers are firmly cast in the "medium-slow/heavy" mold of classics like "County Fair" and while Walsh may still play the same guitar licks, he and Vitale remain the one rhythm combination I know who can plod without becoming elephantine.

If the similarities to *So What* provide some initial disappointment because there's nothing here which quite reaches the peaks of that album, there's no blunder to compare to synthesized Ravel either. *But Seriously* Folk ... the music, while not great, is certainly

One fear however. This is Joe's least ragging set yet. Could the Eagles be getting to him?

Peter Thomson

FM is a double album of songs selected from the myriad of tunes that form the soundtrack accompaniment to the razzle-dazzle action of the movie of the same name.

As with *American Graffiti* most of the soundtrack songs are represented by often little more than a chorus or so to complement the visuals. Unlike *American Graffiti* the album is not a complete and expanded soundtrack. The artists and songs selected here appear to be the most saleable of those used in the film. In other words, by and large they're big hits.

But even while the album looks like a swept up version of those "twenty golden greats of the past fortnight" records that keep cropping up on the tube, it must be stressed that it does work as an album. Songs have been juxtaposed intelligently to ensure a coherent flow.

Steely Dan wrote and performed the title song and it may be the best thing on the record. Other artists include Bob Seger, Steve Miller, Foreigner, Eagles, Boz Scaggs, Linda Ronstadt and Jimmy Buffett (the latter two perform live in the movie).

The Cars could be one of the more promising new groups — or they could be a flash in the pan. A group out of Boston they have put together a rich first album. So did Nils Lofgren, one of my favourite newcomers, who, alas, failed to do much afterwards.

The Cars have a similar punky stance to Lofgren, with strong overtones of Roxbury Music in their vocal phrasing and the insinuating use of synthesiser.

The strong pulse of Richard Ocasek's songs has been boosted by the production of Roy Thomas Baker, who displays the dramatic style he used with Queen. Perhaps there's a little too much of the Baker aural histrionics on occasion (phased drums can be a bit wearisome), but there's no denying the edgy atmosphere of the music. There's a good helping of muscular basslines, hard claps and hooks and a great juke box song "My Best Friend's Girl."

It's a night driving sound, maybe slightly sinister, an American nightscape.
Ken Williams

This record depresses me beyond mention.

After two excellent albums that set British rock on its bum, who would have thought the Stranglers could blow it so easily?

The opening track, "Tank", says it all. Two minutes and 54 seconds of Strangler mayhem it may be, but the tune is so close to "Grip" and "Dagenham Dave" it's embarrassing.

The only sparks of originality come from the slightly reggae-fied "Nice N' Sleazy" and the curious "Outside Tokyo", which is taken at waltz time and is the most subdued number the band has recorded. The rest is mere filler.

Lyricaly, things seem to have gone to pot as well. Most of the words seem to be concerned with the city as a disaster area after someone has dropped The Big One. That's the only conclusion I could reach after half a dozen listenings. Obscure is putting it mildly.

About the only thing that survives unscathed is the rhythm section, still as tight as an iron fist, but that's little compensation, and Jean Jacques Burnel's grinding fuzz-tone bass is starting to grate on the nerves.

I never thought the Stranglers would bo
me. This album smacks of either a rush j
or a lack of ideas. I really do hope it's t
former, as to see such a band sink withou
trace would be a tragedy.

Get a grip on yourselves, lads.
Duncan Campbell

The six tunes on this double album, recorded on the final night at last year's Mo

treux Festival, can be placed into two camps — full ensemble and combo. The ensemble numbers — "Montreux Summit", "Blue March", "Andromeda" — suffer from hurriedly written, arranged and rehearsed scores; and at times, due to differing styles, there are clashes between soloist and rhythm section. Still, it was more a jam than a finely rehearsed gig, so these numbers are

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Rip It Up August 1978 Page 14

Of course Chuck Mangione feels that way; his album hit No. 2 in the States (and not a vocal or disco track on it.) The only other contemporary example of a jazz-man creaming the pop market is Geroge Benson and he made the initial impact with a vocal single from an album of disco funk. Besides, he plays guitar which is the standard rock instrument . . . but flugelhorn?

Mangione's startling success is no fluke. He's been steadily building popular support for the last fifteen years and preparing for it long before that.

The son of a New York grocer, Chuck began piano lessons at eight, switched to trumpet at ten, and during his teens was able to see many of the 1950's leading jazz musicians perform, often in the lounge of his parents' home. It seems Papa would take his two sons to a concert and then invite the band home for spaghetti and wine afterwards. At

Records continued

merely vehicles for the thirty-odd musicians to demonstrate their improvising prowess and, indeed, there are some fine individual performances here.

Alphonso Johnson's "Bahama Mama", Dexter Gordon's "Bananas" and Stan Getz's "Infant Eyes" all benefit from the freedom of the smaller unit (septet, sextet and quartet respectively).

Tenormen Gordon and Getz are already, of course, jazz giants.

Gordon solos on all the ensemble numbers but it's only here on his own composition that he really proves what a truly magnificent musician he is.

Getz's lyrical rendition of the Wayne Shorter ballad is an exceptionally inspiring performance. With only a brief interlude from pianist Bob James, Getz's inimitable breathy tones make this the highlight of the set.

Despite its shortcomings, it's an interesting album. With too many soloists to list here, Billy Cobham, premier skinsman, deserves a special mention for his stamina alone. The album is for the converted rather than the casual fan; rock fans wanting to supplement their record collection with some jazz would be advised to seek out the artistes' individual works.

John Dix

The Motors

Approved by the Motors

Virgin

The Motors appear to have abandoned (on record, at least) their tendency toward the heavy metal end of the New Wave spectrum. Their new album is pure pop, in the sense that the Beatles, the Hollies, the Foundations and Edison Lighthouse were pop. Those names aren't chosen randomly; they're among the more pronounced influences on the album.

The record starts strongly with the single "Airport." Not a guitar in sight here. All keyboards. Somewhere between the Beatles and 10cc. "Mamma Rock 'n' Roller" is a John Lennon-ish cruncher. The other songs on Side One are a varied lot, ranging from "Forget About You" (a crib from an old Edison Lighthouse hit), the monotonic "You Beat the Hell Outta Me" (more like the old Motors), and, perhaps the most interesting cut, "Do You Mind," with its sadistic lyric (puts one vaguely in mind of Ian Dury, and that's no bad thing).

However, the rest of the album seems sluggish, heavily chorded rockers and windy ballads. The Motors are not without skill, but eclecticism in itself does not pre-determine excellence.

Ken Williams

Alessi

All For a Reason

A & M

It's clear that Alessi hold a special key. If you have a heart-felt response to that certain vein of pure pop that these guys mine then, at some point in every one of their best songs, you'll feel the key turn.

B.B. is a clue to Alessi. They were once in a band called Barnaby Bye, their most apparent influence is the Beach Boys, their names are Billy and Bobby, and I'm picking that they'll soon be in the big bucks.

Alessi's harmonies sparkle like wired-up Coke and their melodies seep in through your nerve ends. Their teen angst themes sit comfortably alongside more universal ones that somehow also make it, partly because the settings are so damn charming that the word "kitsch" is almost correct but certainly irrelevant.

The Alessi debut was among my most played LPs of last year, this second album *All For A Reason* is in some respects more ambitious, featuring fashionable (but good) sidemen like Steve Gadd. But it's ultimately less satisfying, with a few highs just as high but scarcer than on the first. Check Alessi out if it sounds like your cuppa . . . no I just changed my mind, these guys are too handsome, forget'em.

Terence Hogan



worked with the big bands of Kai Winding and Maynard Ferguson, then at the end of '65 was offered the trumpet chair in boyhood idol Art Blakey's quintet. (During this 2½ year stint the Jazz Messengers also included Keith Jarrett and Chick Corea on piano.)

Subsequently Mangione wrote for a rock group (The Outsiders), returned to Eastman to teach, began exploring the mixture of jazz with orchestra, and generally worked hard touring with his own groups of various sizes. All the while his popularity was steadily growing.

These past 6 years have been full of Grammy nominations, appearances and musical support gigs on American T.V., and high poll placings.

Although he's recorded over a dozen albums, only the recent A & M selection is available here. *Chase The Clouds Away* and *Bellavia* (both '75) demonstrate Mangione's experiments in orchestral/jazz fusion, sometimes with marked success. The latter album won considerable praise for its orchestration and performance, the title track scooping a Grammy for composition.

Main Squeeze ('76) showed Mangione forsaking orchestra and his quartet to employ top sessionmen on a number of styles encompassing R & B, rock, ballads and (yes) disco. *Feels So Good*, continuing the popular music orientation, is recorded with his current four-piece group.

It's inevitable, I suppose, that any critical response to music of such broad-based appeal betrays one's own musical predispositions. To an easy-listening audience Man-

gione must blow like fresh air, however if your idea of horn playing runs to Miles Davis and Freddie Hubbard then he often sounds bland and passionless.

On the credit side are the Man's considerable talents as performer, composer and arranger of attractive melodies, and the impeccable standard of musical support; (dig the snappy guitar solo on "Feels").

Not so engaging, perhaps, is Mangione's tendency on the last two albums to spin musical ideas out for too long, to allow the lush tunes to lapse into mere mood music. Things tend to be played safer now with less varied dynamics. Mangione can burn with the best — witness *Bellavia*'s "Torreano" — but increasingly he'd rather lull us with those haunting melodies. Which is, of course, precisely the reason for his wide appeal.


It is also his intention: "The music is very accessible. . . . Our music always has a strong melodic content. I think that's one thing that appeals to people."

This is not to say that he is, in any sense, 'selling out' however. "There's no attempt to reach a specific audience of any kind. We're just doing what we do and the audiences have been getting bigger."

And, when you consider some of the dreck we suffer on top 40 radio, one can only wish all power to Mangione's horn. Allow him the coda: "My goal is to play the music and get it to as many people as possible — to keep playing the music I believe in . . . people feel good and the record company feels good. I'm not looking to get out."

Peter Thomson

FOREIGNER



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One time Auckland legend, Streettalk, have shuffled back onto the sidewalk.

Nostalgically, it seems like yesterday. But two years back this crew ravaged the live circuit — pumping out groggy blues and stomp, spear-headed by the twin lead attack of Hammond Gamble and Mike Caen. Windsor Castle die-hard fans must cherish those performances from a street band that steamed when stoked by the input from their hard-earned following. It all appeared to be on a haphazard casual basis then, with Hello Sailor churning along steadily behind them in the ranks.

With fusible, potent elements you will have ignition. So with old time buddy, bassist Andy MacDonald, and friend, Jimmy Lawrie, prised out of Rockinghorse, it is full tilt. With no leaning upon the lurking laurels of the past.

The bondage of the band dissolved when Caen did a do or die effort on the enticing pastures abroad and Gamble abandoned guitar to unite with his dying grandmother in the north of England.

Hammond didn't play a note whilst away, but Mike trod the hardworn treadmill of London. "I was existing day by day on a \$22 dole cheque with \$18 rent, waiting for *Melody Maker* to come out, trying to get a

job. Put my own ad in at one stage. You smartly sort your feelings out about playing when you're competing with hundreds of guitarists to work in a crummy band doing long hours for no pay."

He slogged it out for nine months with a band called Mister Sister. "You're fortunate if you can get work in a pub. You have to give it your utmost even though you're depressed about it all cause you never know — there might be someone important out there."

Gamble evaluates the English situation: "It's not that the standard of musicianship is better, there's miles more people thus miles more good and miles more worse bands. You get to the top through clever management and marketing."

It has been 20 months since they all plugged into the same P.A. They resurfaced at their home stable — the Windsor Castle — where they have been tightening their form. But they are labouring under mixed feelings.

"We've come back to a situation where there is animosity directed at us from many sides." The premise of resorting to the old-time success formula has drawn some resentment — "Breeze in and make a buck and expect to be treated as hotstuff still."

"The reality is that there is no money to be made. It is tougher to eat than ever before with so many outfits competing for dwindling space. When we were in it before there were only a few regular bands working the track."

The situation is this: you have the essence of two ace axemen, if it is still cool to use the term, presently doing 70% their own thing, but edging along a tightrope with a now dissipated audience. Also the tenuous task of retaining the old appeal with the blues-based standards but, with a rip, snort or bust attitude towards the new refurbished feel.

The founder of the band — Hammond Gamble — the man that moves people with his gritty blues, says: "We'll still be doing blues based things, but will be kicking out the 68 and bringing in the 78." He reckons the spark occurs when Caen charges the 70's rhythms to it all, with the traditional duel guitar crossfire.

But today's fashionable rock has guitar leads quashed. Can they fuse the blues with the present packaged form? Can they become commercially viable?

The real chemistry that counts, Streettalk has. Is it in good taste to suggest that they might pull off a Bee Gees-like comeback and return with an onslaught?

Ray Castle

Postscript: Chris Hillman of the newly reformed Byrds returned to Auckland after the Byrds' Australian dates to assist Streettalk in recording a single — the tracks recorded were "Leaving the Country" and "Falling to Pieces". It is possible he may return later in the year to aid the band in recording an album.

LIVE

Tys van Leer, Hello Sailor, Schtung.
Auckland Town Hall

Schtung were simply Schtung. There is no way to describe what they sound like, but you can count on them always sounding much the same. Up on the Town Hall stage, battling a sound system as grim as any turned on in the Town Hall this year, they still turned out note-perfect renditions of the bulk of the songs from their debut album — passing up the chance to plug their new one, but obviously impressing the majority of the audience.

In an evening obviously designed for the technoflash fans, the next act, Hello Sailor, in their farewell to Auckland, were a little out of their element. Where Schtung might be described as restful, Sailor went for the throat.

With Graham Brazier's leather trousers, and a smear of nasty rock and roll, largely culled from their new record, they may have

been a little too strong for the stomachs of those who had come to see Tys van Leer. Nonetheless, they put the other acts of the evening pretty firmly in their place. When van Leer spoke about rock and roll later, it seemed a little hollow beside the real thing. Sailor-style. And, most important of all, they left Auckland begging for an encore.

Tys van Leer, the much-touted star of the show, thrilled most of the audience and bored me rigid. He alternated between interminably 'progressive' four chord frauds and the odd Focus number to wake up the stalls. With the backing musicians huddled over their charts, it was all too much like a supercharged Henry Mancini concert for me. Tui Timoti just proved once again that he should get out and play some jazz rather than waste his time on the occasional solo in some big band, and the rest of the band played what was set down in front of them like good boys.

Don't get me wrong. If you are a Focus fan, or something similar, you would have loved Tys, just like 750 others in the Town Hall. But you just wouldn't have much excuse for calling it rock and roll.

Francis Stark



Rough Justice
Island of Real

A good, cooking crew Rough Justice. They play solid rock and roll, none too subtle for the most part, but who's complaining? The band is strong instrumentally, although there are no virtuosi, but the spotlight must fall to Rick Bryant.

Bryant is an archetypal hood, black tee shirt and all. Barrel-chested and sullen-looking, he dominates. Without him, the band would lack focus. He's a fine singer and plays a bleating saxophone.

The material is essentially rhythm and

blues, drawing on tunes by Aretha Franklin, Chuck Berry, Fats Domino, Muddy Waters and the Rolling Stones. Dylan's "Ballad of a Thin Man" was a brave, and effective, choice. The highlight for me was a slow-burning version of "The Thrill is Gone" with the band smouldering for chorus after chorus until Bryant emerged from the band-room, beer bottle in hand, to launch into a heart-felt vocal.

You may have seen Rough Justice's bus around town. If not, watch for it. It's worth tailing.

Ken Williams



AIREDALE ARTISTS

Bamboo
Th' Dudes
Citizen Band
Street Talk
Rough Justice
Spats
Lip Service
Tama
Berlin
Johnny & the Hookers
Blue Lightning Band
The Alastair Riddell Band

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LIVE

Misex
The Windsor

Misex are Steve Gilpin (vocals and new punko image), Kevin Stanton (guitar and psychotic stare), Don Martin (bass and bare feet), Murray Burns (keyboards and collegiate blazer) and Richard Hodgkinson (drums and very old leather jacket). Their nucleus is from Fragments of Time, their image New Wave with a nod to the Old, mainly through an Alice Cooper-style hanging sequence that climaxes their stage act, and a splendid rendering of Joe Walsh's "Meadows."

Their first two brackets are other people's material, except for a poetic little introductory monologue by Stanton. They play the best known of Costello, Mink De Ville and Thin Lizzy and throw in a dynamite shot of Graham Parker's "Stick To Me" for good measure.



Kevin Stanton, Misex

The third set of the night is their own material, the centrepiece being a concept work entitled "Camera Kaze". An absorbing piece, with each song revolving around a central theme of movie freaks discussing their favourite flicks.

Other numbers like "High Class Dame" and "The Man Who Dies Every Day" (forgive me if that last title is wrong) show considerable songwriting assets, and from this vantage point it seems even better work will be produced in the future.

The reincarnation of Steve Gilpin is a pleasure to see. He's left the days of *Studio One* and hairy-chested Tom Jones-style ballad singing behind. On stage he exudes confidence, and his fine reading of Willy de Ville's "Mixed Up, Shook Up Girl" confirms his status as a highly proficient rock singer.

Visually, it's Stanton who grabs the attention, looking lean and mean and carrying his guitar like a Colt '45.

A tighter or better-rehearsed band would be hard to find. It's not often you see the band pogoing instead of the audience. And they never miss a beat.

Misex are a highly addictive way of having a good time. They're shortly off to ply their trade across the Tasman, and should be seen by local punters without delay.

But please, Steve, howabout giving your Elvis Costello records another listen? The line goes: "They call her Natasha, when she looks like Elsie."

Duncan Campbell

Gavin Nannestad
Island of Real

Instrumentation / electronics / 2 synthesizers plus speakers plus tape machine plus loop plus video monitor (unfocused) / loop / unfocused.

Music / sound textures / unstructured? / random / loop / random structures / indeterminism / music in pieces / loop / pieces / 4 'prepared' plus 1 impromptu plus 1 borrowed.

Participants / Nannestad plus 10 audience plus 1 cat.

We perform Cage in "Silence" / loop / mostly anyway / spoon rattles / whispers / feet scrape / steps / door opening / closes.

He performs "Obscure Beach" / taped waves / keyboard hands / machinery rebels /

Hard Rain, Bob Dylan
Bob Dylan TV2

There is a point in the rise of a musical superpower where reviews of what they have done is pretty much irrelevant. By the time you have been around for seventeen or eighteen years, have more money than you could decently ever spend, and a band of fanatical followers, it simply doesn't matter what some upstart with a typewriter says about your latest effort.

When Bob Dylan made his television special, *Hard Rain*, there was quite a queue of the typewriter wielders who got stuck into it — and I don't imagine that it mattered a damn to him or to the devotees who watched it. And in some ways, that was the point of the special.

It conformed to none of the rules of one-hour musicals on TV — none of those formulated through endless re-runs of the Andy Williams show anyway. The sound was the roughest possible, rather than the silkiest, the camera angles were scarcely flattering, the audience were demonstrably not having the time of their lives in the non-stop drizzle. But what did you expect from Bob Dylan?

The day that Bob Dylan starts making 'good television' to please the tastes of the media critics is the day he will be slagged for selling out. Until then, you might as well settle back and make the best of it you can.

Francis Stark

tape disgorged / gathered in 1 hand (as earlier gathered cat) / other plays / "Time to disentangle" / loop / his ideas.

Some potential / as yet fragmented / unlearned technique / un-read synth. manual? / un-explored range / un-remarkable tonalities / un-inhibited confidence / loop / mis-placed / missed.

Peter Thomson

WHO'S WHERE

Bamboo August 3-6, Last Resort, Wellington. August 9-10, Takaka. August 11-12, Motueka. August 14-19, Rutherford, Nelson. August 23-26, Hillsborough Tavern, Christchurch. August 31-September 2, Last Resort, Wellington.

Spats August 11-13, Headquarters Rock Cafe. September 7-10 and 14-17, Last Resort, Wellington. August 10-12 and 13-19, Island of Real, Auckland.

Golden Harvest August 7-12, Cannon's Creek Tavern, Porirua. August 14-19, Furlong Motor Inn, Hawera. August 21-26, White Hart Hotel, New Plymouth. August 28-September 2, Rutherford. September 4-9 and 11-16, Gladstone Hotel, Christchurch.

Th'Dudes August 7-12 and August 28 - September 2, Windsor Tavern. August 17-19, Gluepot, Ponsonby. August 23-26, Potter's Wheel Tavern, New Lynn.

Johnny & the Hookers August 9, 16 and 23, Island of Real, Auckland.

Alastair Riddell Band August 5, Island of Real

Tama August 10-12, Island of Real, Auckland.

Red Alert (Jan Preston, Richard Kennedy etc). August 6, 8pm, Island of Real. August 16-29, Lady Hamilton's, Hamilton. August 24-27, Henry VIII, Whangarei. August 13, 8pm, Maidment Theatre, Auckland University. August 10-12, Gluepot, Ponsonby.

Lip Service August 8-12, Globe. August 23-26, Gluepot, Ponsonby.

Claire Raine & Spring Waters Every Thurs, Fri and Sat, Potter's Wheel, New Lynn.

Misex August 9-12, Gluepot, Ponsonby.

Charisma August 16-19, Potter's Wheel.

Bruce Morley's Little Big Band Every Mon & Tues, Station Hotel, Auckland. August 13, Cotton Club, Auckland railway yards.

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Rip It Up August 1978 Page 17



Neville's

Column

NEVILLE PURVIS AT YOUR SERVICE...

News of the break-up of THE FLYERS recalls the time Midge Marsden and Richard Kennedy just failed an audition for the GREAT ROCK'N' ROLL BAND IN THE SKY.

It was back when I was doing my Stand-Up Comic act with Red Mole at the Balcony. The Flyers were doing the end-of-the-night dance bracket when something screwed up in the electrics and the vocal mikes became live... Half-way through the fast-rocking "Too Much Fun" there was a flash and down they went. At the hospital they told Richard Kennedy there was a fifty-fifty chance it could have gone the other way. When he woke up Kennedy's first thought was for his guitar which had been thrown several yards... It was undamaged and the next night they were back up their playing...

NEVILLE PUTS HIS FOOT WHERE HIS MOUTH IS: In the last issue I talked about



The movie *FM* is no *Network*. It's not even kissing kin to Sidney Lumet's sour look at network television. *FM* harks back to a grand, and hackneyed, Hollywood tradition: the amateur show. You know, the whole-some kids who are denied their chance to take part in some social event like the college prom by the fuddy duddy adults so they decide to hold their own show and are a sell-out.

In the case of *FM*, the kids are this bunch of disc jockeys who run this hot FM station in Los Angeles. They work pretty hard, but it's not really work. I mean they're on the radio,

LOCAL PRODUCT needing a push and said that the record companies, the radio and the TV people were gonna have to wake up. Which has got me into trouble with the record companies, the radio and the TV people. So this week I'll go further. *RIP IT UP* needs to wake up as well. When you look at an American pop rag it's almost all American stuff and British mags are full of British stuff. But when you read a New Zealand rock rag it's mostly American and British stuff... Like the Purvettes sing on "Disco on My Radio", WHAT'S THE GUTS?

I walked into one of me locals the other night and saw this GORILLA playin rock n roll on the piano. Not only that, there was a MUTANT on guitar and a PLASTIC SURGERY CASE punishing an electric stand-up bass. It transpir... It transp... It turned out they were a band called SPATZ... half a dozen genuine crazies who also play under the tag of LES HOTS.

Apart from the visuals I was knocked out by their music — it's mainly original, it's tight, and it rocks... Fact is I was so impressed I talked them into letting me do a few

and they smoke a lot of dope, and they get laid a lot (sometimes even while they're on the air), and, well gee whiz, it looks a whole lot of fun.

The hard-hearted adults are these backstabbing sales guys from Chicago (out-of-towners) who aren't satisfied with being number one in "the second biggest market in America," but are ravenous for profits. They clash with swinging station manager Jeff Dugan (Michael Brandon) when they try to invade the airwaves with a series of albums-oriented Army recruiting commercials.

But it's all for the larfs. Fast-moving absurdity — there's even a car chase — with a strong American Graffiti-type rock soundtrack (you must have seen the TV campaign) and Martin Mull, wickedly funny as a jock who intones preciously about his "art" and has a hilarious breakdown on air when his girl deserts him for his agent.

Of course, everything works out in the end. As you knew it would, as it always does in Hollywoodland.

Ken Williams

gigs with them. So it's Purvis back on the road with the first stop at Whangarei in the far north.

I was downing a lager in a pub yesterday and this guy was describing the place he worked at. "It's one of those jobs that's like smoking a joint — the more you suck, the higher you get." (I admit it, I steal half the jokes I use — how else am I gonna get them?)

What with these extra-tough DRUG LAWS coming up here and various spokesmen calling for the death penalty for hard trafficking, I'd be surprised if we ever see THE ROLLING STONES touring here again. Keith Richard might forget himself like he did in Toronto and end up gettin' LEGALLY EXECUTED... Still, Mick could write a great song about it

On the level, Neville

Neville



The Rocky Horror Show — written by New Zealander Richard O'Brien (take a bow, Hamilton) and now to be performed on New Zealand stages with a line-up which, with the exception of the inimitable Gary Glitter and a couple of other players is entirely NZ based. Fair makes you proud, don't it?

The Rocky Horror Show was written about seven years ago in London by O'Brien and the show reflects its times. With the main character, Frank-N-Furter, based on Gary Glitter and David Bowie — the show puts a rock'n'roll musical together with many of the elements associated with the glitter-rock phenomenon: bisexuality, garters, corsets and, least likely of all, science fiction.

Whatever its origins, the show proved an immediate success and is still running six years later in London. Productions have also been staged in New York, Paris, LA and Australia. It also led to a film version, *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

The Rocky Horror Show is the first professional rock musical to be staged in NZ since *Jesus Christ, Superstar* in 1975. The cast of eleven (which includes Zero from The Suburban Reptiles), supplemented by a five-piece band (which includes the talents of ex-Redeye member Dennis Mason), are working under the musical supervision of Wellington composer/musician Dave Fraser.

All this and Gary Glitter too. *The Rocky Horror Show* starts its tour in Wellington on July 28 and proceeds through Palmerston North, Auckland, Hamilton, Rotorua, Napier and Dunedin before closing in Christchurch on the 23rd of September.

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SINGLES

This month, premature Spring fever seems to have gripped the record moguls. Amongst the usual stack of releases are a disproportionate number of what could politely be termed, 'funny' records.

Mushroom Records are obviously keen to show off the often-admired Australian sense of humour. **Norman Gunston**, a phenomenon a number of people have failed to describe to me, is top of the heap with "Delilah" and "Howzat?" a pair of little beauts, that, topped with the requisite Fosters, will probably be huge in Aust. Unfortunately, except for his truly wonderful harmonica playing, I can't see Norman making much of a transtasman go of things.

Skyhooks, despite their rather grander credibility rating, probably have about the same chance with "Meglomania", which perhaps isn't all that much of a pity. If they stopped making all these jokey ditties, they might find that they were still capable of capturing the pop feeling that made them a lot more money and friends a couple of years or more ago. "Bbbbbbbbbboogie", on the flip side sounds too much like the real thing to be a joke.

Proving that New Zealanders are by no means behindhand in the humour situation are **Simon and Jane Gomez**, who have recorded "Reggie Reads the Gravestones", a pretty standard country jokealong. It's a shame really, because "Got Nothing to Find", the flip, is a rather more indigenous country weepalong, and I always did like a good cry.

If you really want a good laugh, though, you can't go past the amazing noise made by the **Stranglers** as they attack Reggae with big steel hammers on "Nice 'n' Sleazy". The words are an amusing parody of Led Zeppelin's "Immigrant Song" and the synthesizer solo is a real giggle. If I had ever seen one of the Stranglers smiling, I would think that they were in on the joke too.

The essence of humour, I've heard, is surprise, the unexpected. That must be what got me laughing at **Steve Hillage's** stabe at the

Beatles' "Getting Better". When you put together a psychedelic classic with the world's greatest effects peddle customer, you know what to expect, all right. But, what do you get? Disco!

Jimmy Buffet seems to have finally got off that porch in Margueritaville to knock out a song which will probably spend months on the radio. "Cheeseburger in Paradise" has none of the delicate tough of a Loudon Wainwright III, but at least it doesn't take itself too seriously. And by this stage of the



column that is starting to look more and more like a virtue.

I've saved the best until last, though.

You've all heard about some or most of the **Sex Pistols** going down to Rio to team up with **Ronald Biggs**? Well, despite predictions to the contrary, they actually did make a record — "No One Is Innocent (A Punk Prayer by Ronald Biggs)". And a very effective piece of "Anarchy in the UK" recycling it is too, with a nifty line in tongue-in-cheek punkisms but it pales into insignificance against the flip side.

"My Way", um, *rendered* by **Sid Vicious** has to be heard. It is without doubt the worst-sung three minutes ever put on vinyl, but done with such conviction that you can't help but love it. Me, I'd like to be there when Frank Sinatra and a few of the boys get to hear it.

Francis Stark

LETTERS

Rip It Up,

PO.Box 5689, Auckland.

So, you all reckon Wellington's dead and a capital Bore — but take note we've got The Civil Servants.

So go file it.
Mike The Civil Servant.

For over a year now this town has put up with the pretentious music of Hello Sailor. Not a happy group internally, as we all know, they continue to bullshit their way around fronting up under their newly bought masks.

Four times I have listened to them since their album and not once have they sounded anything like the recording. New 24 track equipment at Stebbings should excite them.

Still, best wishes for the States boys, it will be the real testing ground for Brazier's Nova magazine lyrics.

Nobody's Business Ponsonby

I love the new Pistols single. It takes the cake — who says Ronald Biggs can't sing?
Jeff Smith

Dear Chris the punk — I thought your letter was fab, but I couldn't find you at Zwines on Saturday.

Alan Arsehole

Upon reading your fine paper one gets the impression that disco music is last and new wave is tops. Yet the music charts sing a different tune. Ten of the top twenty singles are disco and new wave score none.

Let's face it. Disco is more rhythmic, great to dance to and a lot of fun. There is a message also — you should be dancing and grooving with your brother and sister.

New wave is merely rehashed rock 'n' roll.
Captain Starlite Birkenhead

You say there are inbetweens when talking about Lou Reed. There are no inbetweens with that man. You either love him or hate his guts and there's never been doubt in any lou reeders mind that he ever lost his balls — maybe some age on the way — but no balls, no spunk and no talent.

You say Lou's the Granddaddy of punk. I reckon the King is more apt.
K.C.

Cut down on the New Wave and sack Neville Purvis and you've got a really hot stuff rag. Us music lovers are fed up to the eyeballs with the now dead New Wave and Neville Purvis and his snide remarks do none any particular service.

The American scene is where it's at. I was particularly delighted to see that Steely Dan has rated a mention on several occasions, as well as an excellent review for Aja some months ago. Thank God some people in this musically ignorant population realise class when they hear it.

Danny M Christchurch

ALBUMS COMING

Dates are approximate only.

August: Alvin Lee — Ten Years After; The Jam — This Is the Modern World; David Gilmour (1st solo album from Pink Floyd guitarist); Willie Nelson — Stardust; David Johansen (1st solo album from ex-New York Doll); John McLaughlin — Electric Guitarist; Herbie Hancock — Sunlight; Neil Young — Comes A Time; Larry Carlton (ex-Crusaders and Steely Dan guitarist); Leon Russell — Americana; Jesse Winchester — Touch on the Rainy Side; Yellow Dog — Beware of the Dog; Magazine — Real Life; Best of Stealers Wheel; The Brothers Johnson — Blam; Racing Cars — Bring On the Night; Leo Kottke — Burnt Lips; Golden Harvest (1st LP); Dwight Twilley Band — Twilley Don't Mind; John Cale — Guts; Flora Purim — Every Day, Every Night; Steve Hackett (second LP from Genesis guitarist, now gone solo); Thin Lizzy — Live and Dangerous; Rita Coolidge — Love Me Again.

September: The Who — Who Are You; Leon Redbone — Champagne Charlie; Joe Cocker — A Luxury You Can Afford (produced by Allen Toussaint); The Dictators — Blood Brothers; Van Morrison — Wavelength; Lowell George — Thanks I'll Eat It Here; Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders (ex Dr Feelgood guitarist's new band); Mike Oldfield — (New LP); George Thorogood and the Destroyers (American blues sensation).

October: Dolly Parton — Heartbreaker; Bryan Ferry — The Bride Stripped Bare; Julie Covington (1st Virgin LP); The Sex Pistols Soundtrack — The Great Rock and Roll Swindle (This is a very tentative release date).



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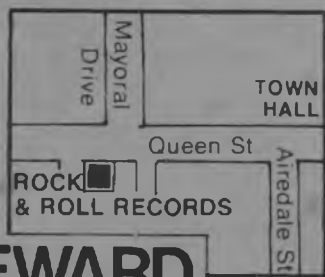
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