

RIP IT UP

No.15 September '78



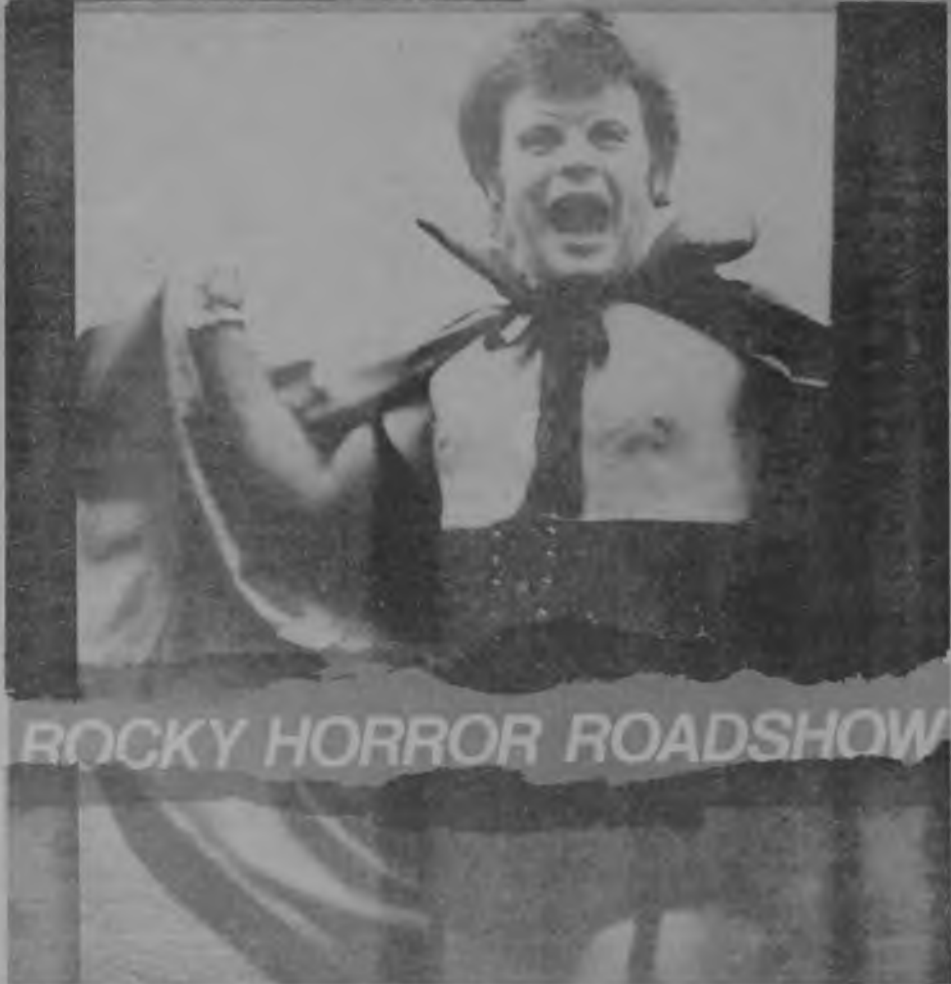
MC

RIP IT UP GOES DISCO CRAZY
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Citizen Band

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ROCKY HORROR ROADSHOW

A Wednesday night at Auckland's His Majesty's Theatre. *The Rocky Horror Show* has been on the road in New Zealand just over a fortnight, and is into its fourth night in Auckland.

6.30pm: Two hours to showtime and counting. The sound and lighting crew, a couple of band members and the first of the cast arrive. In the short time they've been together, they've already built up a strong sense of unity. So strong that the hapless writer seeking a story feels like an intruder as he stumbles around backstage, though everyone is friendly and helpful.

Out front, lighting operator Debbie Sanders is flitting back and forth between her complex control board and the stage. Every light (and there are plenty) must be checked before every performance, along with all the special effects, such as the explosives and the slides, which are used to great effect during the performance.

Images are projected onto an enormous screen of shark's-tooth gauze, which forms the back of the stage. The screen, nearly 20 feet high, had to be imported from Australia, along with the projector, the fishnet stockings worn by most of the cast, and the glitter (not Gary, the stuff he made famous.)

This checking ritual takes about an hour every night. Cleaning is a constant operation, with the way the set is used.

Out into the audience juts a ramp, about 15 feet long. Debbie can raise and lower it hydraulically from her control desk, enabling performers to make their entrances from the body of the theatre. It's this kind of staging concept that makes *Rocky Horror* the attraction it is.

The ramp was built locally by Ray Channon, who's been responsible for staging some of the biggest rock concerts this country has seen. In addition to the main stage, the action also takes place on two scaffold constructions, each one 18 feet tall, on either side of the proscenium.

It's in the top of these that Rocky himself is created, and where Eddie, the greaser, makes his entrance and untimely exit. The lower halves are occupied by the show's narrator, Keith Richardson, and the backup singers.

The scaffolds are never completely dismantled, and the whole thing has been erected in a day and a half, though that was working very fast and practically without a break.

One of the biggest trucks in the country has been hired to transport the enormous

amount of equipment. There are 15 people in the road crew, some of whom work 20 hours at a stretch, loading and unloading the truck, erecting and knocking down the stage, driving from one centre to another.

As tour manager John Griffiths says, working like that tests the sense of humour, and your ability to get on with other people.

Originally, it was intended to bring the Brisbane show to New Zealand, lock, stock and barrel. But Griffiths says that show was so bad, it was decided to start here from scratch.

Finding the right people for the various parts was the biggest problem. The parts are all demanding roles, some of which just couldn't be filled with local talent, though just about every actor and actress in New Zealand auditioned for the show.

Stewart Macpherson of Stetson was in London, and decided to ask Rayner Burton, the original Rocky from the London show, if he'd help out. Luckily, he agreed to play the part and to act as director.

Gary Glitter was the perfect choice for Frank-N-Furter, since he was one of the inspirations for writer Richard O'Brien in creating the part.

Australians were brought in to fill the roles of Brad and Riff-Raff, but the rest are Kiwis, and Burton says he's been most impressed with them. He leaves the show half-way through the Auckland run, not wanting to be committed to a full provincial tour, and having work to do back in London. The part is taken over by an Australian who played Rocky in the Sydney production.

Rocky is no shoestring production. In fact, it's probably the most elaborate and expensive touring show this country has ever seen. With 31 people on the road, budgeting has to be tight, but even so, it's estimated about 300 thousand dollars will have been burnt up by the time the tour is over.

Fortunately, audiences have been good. 6.45: Gary Glitter arrives, says hello briefly and dashes for his dressing room. It takes time to get his makeup on and he doesn't like interruptions. Meanwhile, some of the cast are onstage, rehearsing vocal harmonies. The show is constantly being polished, new touches are added, some things that don't get are dropped.

7.15: rehearsal is over, and some of the cast wander off for a quick coffee before makeup time. From one dressing room come the dulcet tones of Sharron Skelton, running through her opening number for what must be the umpteenth time.

8pm: people are starting to arrive, and backstage the pace quickens. Some of the cast don mutant masks and clothes and go out to warm up the audience a little. Shrieks of laughter testify to the effectiveness of this piece of business.

8.30: A piercing scream stills the conversation from the auditorium. Everyone jumps. Another *Rocky Horror Show* is under way.

It has been said by one much wiser than I that rock operas are made for people who don't like rock music. With *Rocky Horror* that is not the case.

One has to have a certain süss about rock 'n roll and the impact it had on the 50's to best appreciate O'Brien's dippy piece of camp satire.

Brad and Janet are the innocent youngsters, suddenly plunged into a nightmare of hunchbacks, hard rock and kinky sex. Many parents of the 1950's must have had similar visions of the effect this "new music" was having on their offspring. And, like Brad and Janet, they were powerless to resist.

Frank-N-Furter is moral degradation personified. He also plays Colonel Tom Parker to Rocky's Elvis Presley. Rocky is another innocent, his image created by Frank to satisfy his baser urges, just as Parker groomed Presley for stardom and reaped the benefits.

"I made you, and I can destroy you," Frank threatens Rocky at one stage, and Rocky knows he is beaten. But Frank is also a pathetic figure, his image in his own mind being larger than reality. This becomes clear when he is finally exposed and disposed of.

Who knows what O'Brien's ultimate message is? Is there one? Are all heroes human? Is there more in heaven and earth than we could ever know? Do the good guys always win? Does true love always triumph? Is there a Santa Claus?

Brad and Janet learn a lot about themselves from their experiences with Frank, especially that they too have their flaws and should not judge others too hastily. Whether the audience gets the same message is debatable.

Enough of this academic posturing. The show is a delight. The pace doesn't slacken for a moment, the cast is superbly uninhibited, and as entertainment, *Rocky Horror* is a triumph.

There are too many individuals contributing to this show to mention, but praise must go to Gary Glitter for his magnificently poncey Frank, to Sal Sharah for convulsing everybody as Riff-Raff, to Zero for just being Zero, and to Jenni Anderson for casting off her sweet little girl image gained in TV commercials and *Personality Squares* and really getting to grips with the part of Janet.

Staging a show of this magnitude in New Zealand is a challenge and a big risk, but *Rocky Horror* has come through with flying colours.

"We're extremely pleased with the level of achievement we've reached," says John Griffiths. "We've got a first-rate production, and we can be proud of what we've done collectively."

Duncan Campbell

LINDA



Living In The USA

A NEW ALBUM OUT SOON



Paul Johnstone, Zero & Dennis Mason

Small stuff

The first anniversary of Elvis Presley's death passed relatively quietly last month, despite the fact that Memphis, the rock 'n' roll singer's burial place, was attempting to cope with the effects of a strike by police and firemen. Fewer fans than expected turned up at Presley's Graceland mansion, but the commercial bonanza that began just over a year ago continues unabated. Since his death Presley associated products have grossed over \$1000 million and the flood goes on... a new scheme is the merchandising of 2 acres of Elvis' Circle G ranch, the idea being that for an outlay of \$7 the lucky purchaser gets a square inch of land. Now if my calculations are correct that makes 6 million pieces at \$7 a time, which makes lessee, uh... a hell of a lot of money... also Elvis' reputation can hardly have been bolstered in the eyes of many of his fans by the news that the big El had contacted J. Edgar Hoover with the idea of enlisting as an FBI informer. Seems Presley was disgusted at the effect the Beatles and other unkept rockers were having on American youth... meanwhile El's namesake little **Elvis Costello** has been holidaying in Nashville with his wife and son and, reportedly, has recorded some duets with longtime country music stalwart, George Jones. Jones, it is known, has been working on an album of duets with such stars as Willie Nelson, Linda Ronstadt, Waylon Jennings and Emmy-Lou Harris. Could the Costello tracks be connected with this, *Rip It Up* asks? ... and to draw a further connection with the two Elvis's, collectors of trivia will be pleased to know that the new **Linda Ronstadt** album, *Living in the USA*, besides featuring Linda's latest single, Chuck Berry's "Back in the USA", will also include a track from each of the two El's — Presley's "Love Me Tender" and Costello's "My Aim is True"... and while we're on the West Coast of the States, we can report that the new **Eagles** LP, the first to feature their new bass player, Tim B. Schmit, will be a double album of material recorded in Miami which should hit the shops in time for



Different folks, different strokes! Both Linda Ronstadt and Debbie Harry (of Blondie) have new albums soon to be released, and both have new hair styles. Debbie Harry has chosen the more seasoned Bardot look while Linda Ronstadt... well, who's idea was it, Linda?

Christmas... and conflicting reports are filtering through about the new **Fleetwood Mac** platter. One set of reports has the album completed, while other sources note that the band has booked time in an LA studio for the next 10 months. You figure it out... ex-Eagles bass player, **Randy Meisner** doesn't seem to be exactly starving to death. The observant among you will have noted that Randy, on the cover of his first album, is

photographed with a '50s Mercury auto. Seems this is one of 25 classic cars that Randy owns, he's a specialist in Fords and owns a 1915 Model T, a '31 coupe and a '31 pick-up among others... and diminutive **Irv Azoff** (he's 5 foot three for the record), manager of the **Eagles** and **Boz Scaggs** among others, was approached by an RSO records executive to inquire about the possibility of having Scaggs' "Lowdown" put on the soundtrack of a film they were putting together. Azoff was unimpressed with their offer and told the exec where to put his soundtrack. Of course, the film turned out to be *Saturday Night Fever* and Scaggs would have made \$1 million minimum from its inclusion in the film. Boz Scaggs' reaction? "I'm disappointed obviously," he said, "but I was glad to have "Lowdown" in *Looking for Mr Goodbar*." ... and what would *Small Stuff* be without some **Sex Pistols** news? **John Lydon** (once Johnny Rotten) has changed the name of his new band from the Carniverous Buttock Flies to the more acceptable title of Public Image. The band's first single, also titled "Public Image", will be released in September and an album is due a couple of months thereafter. A tour of Britain is scheduled for November. According to a spokesman for Virgin Records, "Public

work out on a new Pistols number; second bassist, Jimmy Bain from Rainbow, was then added and the complete aggregation pumped out the last Pistols's single. "No-One is Innocent". Enter ace guitarist, Chris Spedding who sang his "Motorbikin" and then the assembled congregation combined to churn out a little ditty entitled "Pretty Greedy" (sung to the tune of "Pretty Vacant"), the chorus of which is: "We're so greedy/Oh so greedy/We're bastards"... and it should be noted about here that this gig marked the unofficial debut of guitarist Gary Moore as a permanent member of **Thin Lizzy**. Moore replaces Brian Robertson who sustained various injuries earlier this year (three broken ribs and a fractured cheekbone) which would have prevented him touring with the band. He therefore seized on this opportunity to reassess his future. Gary Moore, besides being a fulltime member of Thin Lizzy in 1974, stood in for Robertson on an American tour last year... and **The Who**'s new album, *Who Are You*, should see NZ release in the next couple of months. The album features three songs by John Entwistle, while the remainder are Pete Townshend compositions. The band are aided on the record by **Andy Fairweather-Low** on background vocals and **Rod Argent** on keyboards. But there is to be no Who tour to promote the album. It appears that while Moon, Daltry and Entwistle are keen to go out on the road, Townshend refuses to leave his wife and family... and while we're talking about the big league, it's about time for the latest gossip on the **Rolling Stones**. Firstly, the next pressings of the *Some Girls* album throughout the world will have the faces of Raquel Welch and Lucille Ball blacked out on the cover. This comes as a result of threatened legal action by the two ladies. The American cover will bear the legend: "Please accept our apologies, we are being reconstructed", in place of the two faces... and the next Stones single is in doubt. Jagger wants it to be "Beast of Burden" but the record company are holding out for "Respectable"... the paternity suit filed in Los Angeles in mid-August which froze Mick Jagger's share of the 1/2 million dollars earned from two LA concerts, has been settled out of court. The action was brought by actress-singer **Marsha Hunt** on behalf of her daughter, Karis, who allegedly is also Mick's child. Mick was reportedly paying \$17 a week for the child's upkeep, but Hunt was claiming \$2,300 a month. No details of the settlement were disclosed... **Keith Richard** has been putting down material for a possible solo LP. He's now stacked away nearly an album's worth and is keen to put out his version of Chuck Berry's uletide number "Run, Rudolph, Run" as a single... and Keef when asked why the Stones album is titled *Some Girls* replied: "Because we couldn't remember their f**king names"... and **Keef**, **Ron Wood** and **Mick** all make guest appearances on the new Peter Tosh LP which will be released on Rolling Stone Records... as **Dylan**'s world-wide gigs draw to a close, I guess we can say goodbye to Dylan, the public figure, but over the last month he's continued to be in the news. When asked by a *Melody Maker* reporter his reaction to **Elvis Presley**'s death, he replied: "I had a breakdown! I broke down... one of the very few times. I went over my whole life. I went over my whole childhood. I didn't talk to anyone for a week after Elvis died. If it wasn't for Elvis and Hank Williams, I couldn't be doing what I do today." ... meanwhile the Zim has been tidying himself up. He bought \$4,000 worth of leather jackets in London and reputedly rang up **Willie deVille** to get the name of his tailor. Seems Dylan was especially interested in purple polka-dot shirts and sharkskin suits... as we reported last month **Jefferson Starship** had their fair share of problems on their European tour. The band are now back in the States and various American shows have had to be cancelled while **Grace Slick** recovers from "emotional strain"... and the other Starship vocalist, **Marty Balin**, who has consistently refused to commit himself to Starship on a permanent basis, is finishing up a rock-opera titled *Rock Justice*. The opera, a "business parody", shows a rock musician put on trial for failing to produce a hit. Balin will play the role of the luckless musician... **Peter Bardens** long-time creative mainstay of British rock band, **Camel**, has quit the group on the completion of their new album *Breathless*. He now intends to work with **Van Morrison**, with whom he played in Them, and Bardens is also featured on Morrison's forthcoming LP *Wavelength*... but Morrison doesn't maintain such good relations with all the musicians he's played with. **Ray Parker**, now guitarist and creator of the group **Raydio**, who once played with Morrison had this to say of him: "He's a total asshole. I was trying to play his music and he kept accusing me of deliberately messing up. He said I was a conspirator from the record company. I mean do I look like a Warner Brothers spy?" he told *NME*... at **Genesis**' recent New York concert ex-vocalist, Peter Gabriel, joined the band onstage for their encore. "I know



Image are far more concerned with being a busy touring band than were the Sex Pistols"... meanwhile Lydon's colleagues in the Pistols, guitarist **Steve Jones** and drummer **Paul Cook** popped up on the final night of **The Clash**'s recent British tour to aid them through their encores... Jones and Cook also feature on **Johnny Thunder**'s first solo album, alongside Phil Lynott of Thin Lizzy, members of the Hot Rods and Steve Marriott... and various Thin Lizzy members, Jones and Cook, and assorted other rock 'n' roll celebrities turned up under the name of **The Greedies** at a recent London club date. First on were Thin Lizzy, who roared through typical numbers such as "The Boys Are Back in Town" and "Don't Believe a Word", as well as some songs you'd be unlikely to find in a more usual Lizzy set, such as Mink deVille's "Spanish Stroll" and Stevie Wonder's "Jesus Children of America". Then Jones and Cook joined the Lizzy line-up to

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Graham Parker & the Rumour

By now you shouldn't need to be told about **Graham Parker and the Rumour**. The intelligent among you will have booked seats, the rest of you bozos will just have to take what's left. Parker begins the tour in Dunedin on September 3 and concludes in Auckland with two shows, September 7 and 8. Don't miss it. The only other confirmed dates are for a **Don McLean** tour (this time with a band) which begins in Auckland on October 10, continues in Wellington on the 11th and concludes in Christchurch on October 13. **David Bowie** is also confirmed for two dates in NZ. He'll play Christchurch's QE II Park on November 30 and Auckland's Western Springs, December 3. Beyond that, all we can offer you is **Peter Frampton** and **Olivia Newton-John** in November, and some very intriguing rumours ... one of which claims that **Elvis Costello** is booked for three dates, 8, 9 and 10 of November. Who knows? And even more intriguing is the gossip that has the **Stones** playing Auckland on Guy Fawkes night, November 5 ... but we can definitely tell you that **Patti Smith** will not make NZ this year, but there's a possibility for early next year. Meanwhile the proposed tours by **Roberta Flack**, **Muddy Waters** and **War** have all been postponed but may well be rescheduled ... and that's all we could find out.

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 and September 7 & 8 — Auckland Town Hall.

Don McLean October 10 — Auckland, Oc-

tober 11 — Wellington and October 13 — Christchurch.

Dragon September 26 — Auckland Town Hall, September 27 — Claudelands Showgrounds (Hamilton), September 28 — Regent Theatre, Palmerston North and September 29 — Wellington Town Hall.

Dragon Tour

Dragon, one of the top rock band's in Australia, return home to play a North Island tour in late September. The dates are: Auckland Town Hall, September 26; Claudelands' Showgrounds Hamilton, September 27; Regents Theatre, Palmerston North, September 28 and Wellington Town Hall, September 29. The support act throughout the tour will be Auckland band Th' Dudes.

This short tour will presumably be the group's last concerts in this part of the world for a short time as, on October 9th, **Dragon**



Mark Hunter, Dragon

fly to the United States for a promotional visit. This visit will be to promote their new American album, *Are You Old Enough*, which is in fact assembled out of **Dragon's** second Australian album, *Running Free*, and their new Australian album, *O Zambezi*. The American released album will include a re-



mixed version of "April Sun in Cuba", which has been issued there as the new single. The new single in Australia and NZ, however, will be "Are You Old Enough" from the *O Zambezi* album.

John McCready, NZ manager of CBS Records, who has recently returned from the CBS Records Convention, reports that the **Dragon** album was received enthusiastically by American representatives of the company and was one of only five albums to be so acclaimed. McCready is confident that this augurs well for the Stateside promotion the album should receive, and predicts that **Dragon** with such organisational muscle behind them, should make a substantial impact there.

Roxy Music Back Together

Roxy Music have reformed. The core of the group — namely, **Bryan Ferry**, **Phil Manzanera**, **Paul Thompson** and **Andy MacKay** — are currently rehearsing at Ferry's country home in England and working on new material. The band, which last played together in 1975, is joined by one other musician, who is unknown at this stage, and Ferry is handling bass as well as vocals. It is believed that a further two musicians will be added.

At this moment it remains uncertain what will come of these rehearsals. A spokesman commented: "They are together, but with a view towards what I really don't

LATE NEWS

Late News: The **Stones** US tour is now finished and several members of the band are now holidaying on the West Coast of America, prior to a short European tour in September. **Keith Richard** comes up before a Canadian court in October charged with trafficking in narcotics ... and **Mick** is reportedly set to play the role of **Antonin Artaud**, French actor and writer, in a film titled *Wings Of Ash* ... **Be Bop Deluxe** leader **Bill Nelson** has decided to split the band. Nelson was "bored with the limitations of a rigid group structure" and has now moved on and formed a new unit called **Red Noise** ... **The Temptations** longest serving member, bass-singer **Melvin Franklin**, was shot and wounded in a mugging incident. The group will continue without him on a forthcoming European tour ... **Pacific Eardrum**, the group comprised largely of NZers based in London, have had their second album *Beyond Panic* released in Britain ... **The Beach Boys** and **Jan and Dean** are to perform together on a short American tour. It will be the first time the two acts have played together since 1966 ... **Bernie Taupin** and **Alice Cooper** have got together to write songs for Cooper's new album *From the Inside*, which is reportedly an autobiographical examination of the drying-out period Cooper underwent when he stopped his large alcoholic intake ... **The Darts**, British doo-wop band have lost vocal bassman **Den Hegarty** and pianist **Hammy Howell** ... and to finish the news on a low note, **Charlie's Angel Cheryl Ladd** when asked what it was like recording her debut album, replied candidly, "Making an album is like losing your virginity. It's a real agony-ecstasy situation — scarey yet wonderful."

know. The music is very different to what they did before. It's really not the same kind of band."

Up until this point, Ferry has been reported as being against such a reunion, but now has obviously changed his mind and as the other members have no future commitments, a permanent regrouping could be the result.

Bryan Ferry's new solo album, *The Bride Stripped Bare*, will be released overseas in a couple of months and solo albums from **Andy MacKay** and **Phil Manzanera** are also completed.

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Alan Parsons is a professional polite person. As he says himself, "There's a whole lot of bluff in producing — you give them a technical reason for not doing something when it's really a creative reason, even if the guy is singing totally flat." Equally, I guess, you chat politely about pyramids and Pink Floyd, even if you'd rather be back home making another record.

Parsons was in Auckland last month to promote the latest in a series of albums which bear his name. The churlish have suggested that calling *Pyramid* an Alan Parsons project is a little extreme, bearing in mind that he does not perform on it at all, and his compositional credits stem largely from what he calls, "constructing like a jigsaw" the elements provided by the performers and fellow-writer Eric Woolfson. Still, a conversation with Parsons leaves one with the impression that he is very much in charge in the studio, and never more so than when working on a Project album.

His increasing reputation as a producer of others' work, and now as a recording personality strong enough to warrant top billing on three top-selling albums, put him in the forefront of those who could be said to be instituting a new era of the producer-star. "Obviously," he says, "the producer is becoming more recognised now. Phil Spector in the old days was ridiculous: there was so



much of him in his records, it was like the Ronettes and the Righteous Brothers were nobodies. I think it is wrong, and I always have considered it wrong for a producer to try to extract a group's credibility or talent

and overshadow them. Even if Nick Lowe is the strength behind the people he produces, it's wrong that he should get more credit than he is actually due." He obviously doesn't feel, however, that the producer is only there to get down on tape whatever the artist actually presents in the studio. "At the end of the day, in the event of a dispute, it should really be the producer who has the final decision."

In the light of that, it is interesting to hear his opinion of Geoff Emerick, the producer of Split Enz's *Dizrythmia*. Where Split Enz apparently found him a little too powerful for their taste, Parsons obviously admires him as someone who can walk into a studio and set everything up as he wants it within minutes. That kind of control of the technology is one of the strongest feelings one gets from Parsons' work — especially on the Project records — but it is often tempered with an apparent shortage of spontaneity and humanity.

That also shows up in the reluctance that Parsons has to put the Project on stage. He puts it down to a risk of undermining the imagery built up by the album. "A band playing on stage takes the abstract out of the kind of music that I do." It is as though the appearance of flesh-and-blood musicians producing those sounds would bring home to an audience that Parsons' music often has little

to do with the conventions of rock and roll, and perhaps also that his own role is so much a non-performing one, that there is no place for him in the performance of his work.

He does concede that his new-found reputation might put a strain on relationships with performers who are new to him, but still maintains that he is much more interested in producing a new act than in working with established acts, and that is borne out by his obvious affection for artists like Pilot, Ambrosia and John Miles — none of whom could be classed as major league acts — rather than those who made his name: Wings, Cockney Rebel and Al Stewart.

Perhaps it is the lack of the ego-stroking received by public performers, or simply the essential diplomat in him, but Alan Parsons shows few of the less pleasant characteristics one would expect from a man who has had three platinum albums in the United States. He sat calm and affable through an hour-long press conference, then an impromptu Maori concert, apparently equally at home describing how to keep the Sunday roast fresh in a cardboard pyramid, or why he prefers Abbey Road studios to any others.

Whatever it is, he sits and smiles and chats, the professional nice chap, making his living the way he always has done, by being polite, and getting what he wants in the end. **Francis Stark**



What I Like in Your Wardrobe". Gabriel shared a mike with Phil Collins and was seen to bang a tambourine, mostly in time according to all reports ... after a meeting at a benefit concert at CBGB's in New York, there were reports that Deborah Harry of Blondie and Robert Fripp had agreed to appear on each other's albums. But, with both records now finished, Fripp appears on one track of

Blondie's LP, *Parallel Lines*, and Debbie is totally absent from Fripp's *Last of the Great New York Heartthrobs*. Apparently, some corporate executives heard of the intended collaboration and put a stop to it, claiming that Debbie Harry's voice is so identifiable that it should be used for Blondie only ... Frank Zappa has reportedly completed a new film, his first since *200 Motels*. The film's called *Baby Snakes* and, according to the man himself, there are, "a bunch of really famous people in it. You have these baby snakes, see, and you have the universe and they relate to each other." Uh, yeah, I think I see ... and on a less cosmic plane Frank reports that he has three albums ready for release. They are: *Studio Tan*, *Hot Rats 3* and *Orchestral Favourites* ... Aerosmith are often accused of being little better than Rolling Stones' imitators, and the they're copying their betters once again. This time they're playing gigs under an assumed name in order to "get closer to their fans" and also to lay down material for their live album, *Bootleg*. The inconspicuous name that Aerosmith chose was Dr J. Jones and the In-

terns ... The Rumour have recently completed a tour behind American singer Carlene Carter who is Johnny Cash's step-daughter. Bob Andrews and Brinsley Schwarz produced Carlene's album (titled *Carlene Carter*) which features tracks written by Carlene, Rodney Crowell and Graham Parker ... The Rumour have now quit the Mercury label and will now record for Stiff Records ... the new Joe Cocker album, *A Luxury You Can Afford* is produced by Allen Toussaint and features a "Whiter Shade of Pale", together with Cocker's version of Dylan's "Watching the River Flow". Among the musos on the session were Cornell Dupree, Dr John, Donnie Hathaway and Bernard Purdie ... Olivia Newton-John who has been trying to get out of her MCA recording contract has encountered a setback, as the American courts have issued an injunction which prevents her from recording with any other company ... and her *Grease* sequel to be titled *Summer School* ... and news on some forthcoming albums ... the next Steely Dan album will be a *Best Of* compilation from ABC Records ... the next

Ramones LP will be a live double. It's produced by ex-Ramone Tommy (now Tommy Erdelyi) who reports that "It's the whole show from beginning to end." ... the new Chicago album is to be titled *Hot Streets* and will not have a roman numeral in the title. For a further change Phil Ramone has co-produced the album, providing, according to drummer Danny Seraphine, "a breath of fresh air" ... Lol Creme and Kevin Godley's second solo enterprise since splitting with 10cc is a single album titled *L* ... the next Cheap Trick LP after the shortly-to-be-released *Heaven Tonight* will be a live album ... the three Nick Drake records which, since the singer's death have become very rare, are to be repackaged in a boxed set, together with a fourth album comprised of unreleased material ... Rick Danko of The Band is working on a second solo album ... and finally Status Quo have had their hair cut! Have they become members of the Hare Krishna movement or are they just cashing in on the New wave? For the answers to this and other important questions of the day, tune in to *Rip It Up* next month ...

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RUMOURS



The **Doomed**, as you may have gathered, have called it quits following a somewhat less than successful appearance at the **De Rox** last month. Oh, win a few, lose a few. **M. Moore**

Auckland

A message to all of you boys and girls who have been dying to get your ugly mugs on TV — your chance has arrived. **Graeme Hodgson**, producer of **Radio With Pictures**, is keen to hear demos from aspiring bands, singers and performers of any kind. You can send tapes, bios etc. to Graeme at SPTV, Box 3819, Auckland. ... also new music show **Starzone**, produced by **Andy Shaw**, begins its season in late September. The show will beam out on Saturdays between 5 and 6pm and will be a showcase for NZ entertainers and bands, says Andy. Again the compilers of the programme are interested in new acts, bands etc., so get in touch if you feel you've got something to offer. The first show, all going well, will feature Rick Steele (first performance of his new single), Sharon O'Neill and, if negotiations succeed, Dragon. ... seems we erred last month in saying that Midge was fired from the Country Flyers. We have it on good authority that he quit. ... has Midge left the Phil Manning Band in Australia?? ... joining the regular **Suburban Reptiles** on the **Radio With Pictures** clip for their new single "Saturday Night Stay at Home" was Phil Judd on guitar and Des from the Scavs on drums. Usual drummer Buster played guitar. But **Phil Judd** will not be doing any live work with the Reps. ... Phil has been into Harlequin Studios recently laying down

Robman Revue

By the time this issue is published "Robman and Brian Up the Bloody Bluepot" will already have premiered. However, the **Radio Hauraki/Rumpelstiltskin Revue** will be doing the rounds so watch out for it.

Total Theatre, the show encompasses the talents of Spats, Limbs, as well as actor/writers Ian Watkin and Derek Paine. Inventor, Robin White has designed the props as well as handling the Special Effects Department.

The script, songs and dance routines are all original so the show promises to be a good night's entertainment.

some demos with Messrs Chunn and Eccles of C.B. ... **Split Enz** recently completed a session in Manchester which has apparently produced a "great single". No-one knows who's releasing it or whatever but at least they've recorded something. Makes a change from writing letters to your friends

Hello Sailor left for the States at the end of last month and they've left producer **Rob Aitken** to mix the tapes of their second album. Rob reckons the album will be "realistically" at least two months away, though a single will be released before then. The tracks that will be on the album (in no particular order): are "I'm a Texan", "Here Comes Johnny", "For the Hell of It (On Parade)", "Disco's Dead", "Blackpool", "Boys in Brazil", "Dr Jazz", "Mexican Stand-In", "Chained All Round", "Tube and Train", "Do the Silver Jive" and "Tears of Blood". ... **The Scavs** are currently playing less Sex Pistols and working on some new material while saving for a leap across the Tasman. ... **Philip Buckleton** has joined **Gibbons Rd**. The Assassins have split, Dave Burgess is forming a new band, the activities of the others is unknown. ... during the August 19th performance of **The Rocky Horror Show**, Zero plunged 25 feet from the scaffolding into the orchestra pit. The show stopped and **Gary Glitter** inquired in a cam-



pish tone whether she was O.K. Zero, largely unhurt gave a plaintive cry of "Yes Master". In her plummet downwards Zero bent two mike stands, put a microphone through a drum, grazed her leg and cracked sternum (that's a breast-bone we're informed) and the show went on. ... **Johnny and the Hookers** have loads of energy but a limited wardrobe. Dave of the Hookers wants to buy a second-hand black leather bike-jacket, so write to **Rip It Up** if you've got one for sale. Yet another **Rip It Up** community service. ... **The Suburban Reptiles** will have two songs featured in forthcoming NZ flick, **Angel Mine** — the two songs will be — new single "Saturday Night Stay at Home" and an old song "Razor Blade Rosie". ... **Vince Eager**

Sixty per cent of their material is original, mostly written by key boards player **Liam Ryan**.

Local boys make good **Mother Goose** are in Los Angeles for recording and they are playing at the Whiskey-A-Go-Go. They are writing frantically to try and get a song in the American charts.

Cozy have changed their name to **Back to Back. After Dark**, Dunedin's aspiring young jazz-rock band have picked up a few hints from **Night Musique's** very polished presentation. **The Garden's Tavern** is re-emerging as one of Dunedin's major pub scenes with rock acts once again being booked.

Things are looking up, be sure to tune in to next instalment.

George Kay

Wellington

Are there any bands left in Wellington? **Redeye** have joined the long list of disintegrations. Ex-Redeye keyboardist **Bob Smith** has gone to England to work alongside **Mannfred Mann's Earth Band** member **Chris Thompson** in a band that also includes **NZers Billy Kristian** and **Mike Walker** and also includes a drummer of unknown origin who's worked with **Robert Palmer**.

Recent Opera House gig with **Neville Purvis, Rough Justice** and **Alastair Riddell Band** was a flop — unfortunately all the promotion was mucked up with the newspaper strike. Nobody deserves that to happen in this city — it only makes things bleaker. **Rough Justice** and **Neville Purvis** went down with a storm at the **Last Resort** drawing a record Friday night crowd. **Rough Justice** are working up to being one of the best bands we've ever produced.

Would you believe that there's an album in the wind from **Roger Gascolgne**? And maybe a children's storytime one by **22B's Dick Weir**. EMI report remarkable sales of the **Jodi Vaughn** LP among Country and Western clubs etc.

September's Group of the Month of 22M is **Dave Luther's** band — he used to be in **Hogsnot Rupert's** Original etc etc.

Apolitical blues? **Bunny Walters** has just recorded the non-political version of the Labour Party theme song "Born to Be Free".

Still no definite release date for **Kim Hart's** album but the **Mike Harvey** album is almost finished. **Alan Parsons** sat in on some of the mixing on his recent trip to Wellington and was very impressed with Mikes songs and production.

Good response to the Children's theatre at **The Last Resort** — there have been two shows of "The House at Pooh Corner" through the school holidays. The **Last Resort** have been granted a BYO wine licence and are opening earlier for pre-theatre meals, and for lunch too.

The **Royal Tiger Hotel** was once Wellington's oasis of good bands and music — four years ago **Midge Marsden** and the **Country Flyers** were packing the place out. Now there are ugly stories that they are dropping their live bands and going disco. **Buzz** had the **Cricketer's Arms** residency but that's all fallen through and they're putting a disco in too.

Ziggy's don't want to be forgotten — on Thursday nights they have new wave band 52, Fridays they have a disco, and dance competitions, Saturday is rock 'n' roll night and there's a talent quest, and Sunday nights are sleaze with cabaret and burlesque.

Rocky Horror Show has had disappointing reaction in Auckland but bookings are good in other centres — they've put an album together in a 3-day session at the EMI studios for **Stetson** records and there's a chance that it will get international release because of **Gary Glitter's** involvement.

Dunedin

The **Enemy** are leaving for Auckland this month where they are going to record under the auspices of **Derek King** (an Assassin) who is organizing a punk compilation album. The **Enemy** will be playing in the North Island until early next year and by the time this goes to print they will have played their farewell concert in Dunedin along with the **Clean**, **Johnny Velox** and the **Vauxhalls** and the **Vamp**. That's the night before the **Graham Parker** concert, it's definitely going to be a great weekend.

Doug, lead singer with the continually improving **Clean**, is also manager of the **Enemy** and since he will be in Auckland with them the future of the **Clean** is in jeopardy.

The excellent **Night Musique** have just completed a very successful two week stint at the **Cook**. They have a new line-up since Canadian sax player **Bob Olofon** left/was dismissed two months ago. **Graham Webb** has been recruited on lead guitar and has really added edge to the band and **Kim Bryant** (ex **Glide**) has come in on percussion.



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Johnny be Good

Was it something that I said? One boring question too many and Johnny Cougar followed his rubbishing of the British music press by abusing poor little me.

It is obvious that a blunder like that daily and there's a future for me in New Zealand radio. But seriously, all was well until I mentioned a comment from the music paper that Cliff Richard will not have in his house — *New Musical Express*.

It was clear to Cougar that *Melody Maker* and *New Musical Express* are just for hip people who care for Elvis Costello. The future was also clear, "This time next year, no one will give a about Elvis Costello."

Referring to the cover photograph and his stropo lyrics, I asked Cougar my final question. "Why is this well dressed man angry?" "Why am I angry?" said Cougar, "Because I have to put up with a bunch of idiots all the time." "You are so caught up in the hip world, you make me sick!" "Well dressed? That coat cost four dollars. You wouldn't know well dressed if it bit you on the dick! You read something. You obviously haven't given any thought yourself. I am sure every record you have in your collection, you wouldn't have a clue what it was about!"

"I would obviously disagree", I stated quietly in my defence. Anyway it was time to take a photo and leave Johnny to his morn-

ing of interviews. Cougar later told Wayne Munro (8 o'clock) of my concluding question, saying how "he only just stopped himself from pulping the guy's head" and how I was real scared.

Why was Johnny the kid Cougar in town? Well, when "I Need a Love" started climbing the Australian singles chart, phone calls were made and a promotional visit to Australia and New Zealand organised to promote the new album, *A Biography*.

This album of Cougar's own compositions, was recorded in London with his hometown band Streethart. Formed in Indiana, July 1977, the band have also toured Britain and Europe with Cougar.

A Biography is recorded for Riva Records, a company owned by Rod Stewart's manager, Billy Gaff. Cougar also recorded two albums while managed by ex-Bowie manager, Tony De Fries in 1976 and 1977.

The first album, *Chestnut Street Incident* in Cougar's words was "just an 8 track demo tape", that De Fries insisted on releasing. The second album, *The Kid Inside*, was completed but shelved when Cougar sought to end his association with De Fries. He got free with the assistance of Billy Gaff who had "a lot of money and a lot of contacts", said Cougar. Gaff now manages Cougar.

This time next year will no one care about Elvis Costello? Murray Cammick

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Long Time Coming

Neil Young has a new record ready to release. It's called, *Comes A Time*, and if it was anybody else's you would have heard it months ago. But Neil isn't anybody else, and *Comes A Time* has been a long time coming.

Initially, the album was going to be called *Gone With The Wind*, (probably a reference to the giant hair dryer effect on "Like A Hurricane") then it was *Give With The Wind* — and those are just the ones he told people about. Of course, there was quite a bit of bother over the cover art work — often a source of difficulty for Young. There were four complete sets of covers not only designed, but actually printed, before he settled on the final format.

And that's not to say that what comes inside the package hasn't caused its share of soul-searching too. It seems that Young rejected no fewer than thirty-seven test pressings of the album in America for technical reasons, and when they finally got the masters right, he demanded to be given two samples from each of the twenty or so countries where it would be pressed under licence. As you might be able to work out for yourself, all this takes a certain amount of time.

Probably as much as anybody, though, Young commands the kind of loyalty in his audience that puts up with delays like that, in return, I guess, for a loyalty towards them which tries to ensure that what they lay out their money for is at least going to be technically worth it. However you like to psychoanalyse the relationship between Neil Young and his public, you just can't get away from the feeling that he's, well, different.

Far too many people think of Young as some kind of Southern Californian Leonard Cohen — hunched over an acoustic guitar, keening away about how lonesome he is — an image unfortunately further promoted by the decision to use only "Helpless" in the movie, *The Last Waltz*. For those of you with a bit of nerve, and a dozen or more dollars to spare, the recent compilation album, *Decade*, should serve as convincing proof just how inaccurate that picture is.

Decade was intended to be a retrospective over the first ten years of Young's career, but unfortunately, it was held up for twelve months for various reasons (!). Even Young's ingenuity for titles couldn't figure a way to say 'eleven years' snappily, so *Decade* stuck. It is completely different from the standard "Greatest Hits" set, as it has been carefully collected and annotated by Young himself, and includes five songs not available previously. It is a triple album, and it is the sheer scale of the undertaking which really drives home the scope of Young's talent.

It encompasses work with Buffalo Springfield, with Jack Nitzche, solo, with Crosby, Stills and Nash, Crazy Horse, the L.S.O., Nils Lofgren, with Emmylou Harris, with just Stills, and with the Stray Gators. The last thing it sounds like is a folk song record.

There isn't really space here to go into a full history of Young's recording career, but a few of the liner notes from *Decade* give a good picture of his idiosyncracies. He began with Buffalo Springfield, along with the Byrds, an essential West Coast band. Of singing with them he says, "The boys gave me some uppers to get my nerve up." After the final demise of the band — essentially a break between Young and Stephen Stills — he recorded with Jack Nitzche, and then with a pick-up band called Crazy Horse. As a footnote to "Down By The River", he says, "I remember Crazy Horse like Roy Orbison remembers "Leah" and "Blue Bayou"."

From the full-out rock and roll of Crazy Horse, he turned to the style with which he is still most commonly associated on *After The Goldrush* and *Harvest*. His summary of fame and fortune? "This song ('Heart of Gold') put me in the middle of the road. Travelling there soon became a bore, so I headed for the ditch. A rougher ride but I saw more interesting people there." And at the same time, he was entering Rock Dreamland as a member of CSN&Y. His stay was pretty shortlived. He sums up playing with rock and roll's answer

to the Andrews Sisters by saying that he had to wait until 4 am to record "Helpless", 'when everybody got tired enough to play at my speed.'

It was at this point — as he reached the ditch — that the behaviour which had simply been temperamental, became downright wierd, at least by the standards of the LA aristocracy. His next album (and the only one not represented on *Decade*) was the live *Time Fades Away* which went out and rocked like nothing since "Cinnamon Girl". This obviously came as something of a disappointment to the millions who were waiting for another *Harvest*, and gained him his first foothold on the bargain bins.

After the interim *On The Beach*, which mainly proved that playing acoustic guitar didn't make Neil sweet if he didn't feel like it, he produced an album called *Homegrown* which was apparently stone country music. On the eve of its release, he is reputed to have got drunk, gone into the tape library and dug out some material he had recorded months before — during and after the death of two of his closest friends through heroin. He decided that this stuff — "Out of pitch but still in tune" — was what he really wanted to release, and over the objections of the record company he put out *Tonight's The Night* instead of *Homegrown*.

In my humble opinion (and also in Young's) this record is probably his best.

"Coincidentally" he says, "it was my least commercially successful record ever made." The horrifying yet rivetting despair over the deaths of his friends and the drug that killed them drives his singing to painful flatness, and astonishing effectiveness.

There is only one direction from *Tonight's the Night*, and that's up, and that's pretty much where Young has been heading these last two or three years. His ties to country music have strengthened, and at the same time he has reformed Crazy Horse for *Zuma* and *American Stars & Bars*. Don't be mistaken though, he's still the same old Neil. Last year he turned up in various little North California bars with a band of locals and played dance music. This year, he conducted a 'World Tour', which consisted of one week at a 300-seat night club in San Francisco, playing by himself and trading one-liners with the audience. When someone shouted out for Stephen Stills he fixed him with a psychotic stare and said, "I am Stephen Stills".

Neil Young's new album isn't here yet — and heaven only knows when it will be — but I can't imagine it won't be worth waiting for. Meanwhile, the way I see it, you've got a choice: *Decade* and a conducted tour; or *Tonight's The Night* and the heart of the matter.

Francis Stark

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If you still think a hustle is something Fast Eddie is likely to pull off in a pool-room, if you think the bus stop is the place you study your ARA timetable, all is not well with your social barometer. For virtually any kid, in any secondary school in the country, could tell you these things are features of a great movement, a cultural, commercial and psychological condition called Disco.

Disco, taken narrowly, can refer to the style of record currently on your radio, an incessant, bass oriented derivative of soul. But the social symptoms are far broader than a vogue in pop music. Disco, the thing, takes in dancing, dating, social codes, clothes.

And it has hit New Zealand. Massively. In the past year, literally thousands of New Zealanders have formally learnt disco dancing through dance studios. Several schools enter teams in disco competitions, the team members taking status second only to the first XV. *Saturday Night Fever*, the great disco icon, has sold more than 140,000 copies here.

Disco, of course, is not a miraculous and sudden creation. Discotheques were fre-



quent structures in the landscape of the 60s pop world. The modern disco fad originated in New York three or four years ago as an inner city, black oriented craze. It spread through New York's outer boroughs and was adopted by the city's Latin immigrants, Italians, Puerto Ricans. Along the way the dancing picked up Latin American features and was smoothed out. The fashions became more sophisticated, the emphasis less tri-dently urban. In its latter form the movement was beamed out to young white America, and in its wake, to New Zealand.

Saturday Night Fever carried the message. John Young, whose Auckland ballroom dance studio picked up on disco tuition early, dates the boom back to March of this year. It was then promotion for the film and record hit.

Young's studio is one of the most tangible symptoms of disco impact. The owner estimates that some 9,000 people have had lessons with him since March. He employs eight part time teachers and twelve teacher's assistants. He says his wage bill is the largest he has paid out in his life. That presumably means he is also making more money than ever before. Those 9,000 people, ranging in age from seven to sixty, all paid \$25. In six one and a half hour lessons they were taken through a basic course, learning ten separate routines, most of which are variations on a rudimentary hustle and a basic busstop.

At four dollars a lesson studio tuition may seem an expensive indulgence (Limbs, the modern dance company, take their public 1½ hour lessons at \$1.50 a head). However Greg McBurney, head teacher for John Young, says that almost everyone comes through the course happy. And many enrol in

the subsequent advanced course.

Sitting in on one of McBurney's classes is quite something. In a small subsidiary studio in Victoria Street, little bigger than two cricket pitches laid side to side, thirty five students are practising the Brooklyn Hustle. The initial sequences learnt are group or chorus dances. Earnest looks of concentration occupy the faces of all bar the demonstrating assistants dotted about the room. In the middle a perplexed housewife, two steps behind, watches the feet of her nearest colleague. As the entire class turns in unison she whirls in the opposite direction just avoiding collision with three people. Further over, a very small man determinedly sticks his chest out, flaps his elbows and wiggles hips with a tacit assertion that he's got it right at last.

From the expression the hustlers assume, there seems to be unique fascination in synchronised movement. Maybe disco has appealed to that character trait of New Zealanders which loves marching girls and pipebands. At least, it's the numbers becoming involved as much as the fad itself which attracts new practitioners. Disco dancing is fast becoming a social grace, something to be done with others in an orgy of common understanding. Much like Saturday drinking or watching telethon. How else can you explain John Young's record class of 92 dancers, all learning to hustle in his big Khyber Pass Road studio?

This fraternal sentiment is strongest where disco has really taken hold. Amongst teenagers in the suburbs. The disco thing is only touched upon by media stories of disco-kids who come into town each weekend. There are vast reserves of disco freaks who don't venture into the city but still practice disco as a participating sport. Schools, community centres, even churches provide venues. A few coloured lights, a flashing yellow traffic warning, and a nice loud sound system are all that are needed. A contract disco operator brings the lot himself.

The kids provide their own atmosphere. For years community centre dances have been affairs where a few crazies hurl themselves around the dance floor while the majority skulk in shadowy verges. In past months the trend has been completely reversed. Everyone is dancing, the peacocks displaying their finery.

Disco has halted the long standing fashion to dress down. Sixteen year old boys wearing white three-piece suits aren't uncommon. The urge to imitate the beautiful people who inhabit the 2001 disco palace in *Saturday Night Fever* is strong. Almost as strong as the compulsion to imitate the dances.

But the dance maintains first place. Lots of kids whose musical tastes go far beyond disco will lap a solid evening of the stuff just to dance. All around a hall small groups will be spontaneously forming to synchronise a step. And when "Night Fever" or "Stayin' Alive" is put on, an entire hall will break into the Brooklyn Hustle. Two hundred teenagers in long lines dancing in unison, turning, clapping exactly together is an awesome sight. Beyond the studios there must exist vast networks of pass-it-on learning.

It's during the competition part of a disco evening the finer points come out. Some competitions are formalised, but the most intriguing are loose freestyle contests in which judges circulate to pick out the half dozen best individuals. These are then left to fight it out between each other while the remainder look on. A politics of cool operates. The caesars of the dance floor do their stuff with totally deadpan faces and apparent indifference. They go through the motions eyeing one another for the right moment to show off a piece of flashy technique. Suddenly one of them drops into a splits, springs back, twisting 180 degrees before going into another split then back into his standard shuffle

Disco has gone beyond the point where you could even call it a trend — it's now a phenomenon. When over 20 million copies of *Saturday Night Fever* are sold world-wide, when as many as 140,000 of those are sold locally, and when 9,000 New Zealanders learn how to bump and hustle at just one Auckland dance studio — from all that you'd have to say something is happening, even if you don't know what it is.

So, extricating our heads from the sand, we dispatched several of our writers to examine this phenomenon face-to-face (or perhaps that should be eyeball to hipbone), and they filed the following reports —



without breaking the rhythm. Shortly, another contestant breaks into a high stepping, hip wriggling frenzy. And so it continues. The crowd applauds whatever takes its fancy and sooner or later a winner is chosen. He or she accepts the prize with studied nonchalance.

This is not the disco of the funtime studio class, but a more serious business. Across the street from Young's downtown studio

you can see Chido Kan karate students practicing lethal kicks. Sometimes they appear to do so in perfect time with the record playing.

It's been called a fad, hysteria, product of the computer age. But perhaps disco with its regimented movement, dedicated followers and inscrutable masters is nothing less than man's latest and greatest martial art.

Bruce Belsham



Rick Dees — "Disco Duck". At the time I thought this had to be the death of disco, I was wrong. But it certainly shows up its inanity — Harry Lyon (of Hello Sailor).

Wild Cherry — "Play That Funky Music". Because it gives me happy feet — Ken Williams.

George McRae — "Rock Your Baby". I invariably get a kick and a turn out KC and the Sunshine Band's singles but the beautiful KC/George McRae collaboration, "Rock Your Baby", is a favourite. It's something to do with personality overcoming the formula — Terence Hogan.

Bee Gees — "Nights on Broadway". A compelling number from the days when the Bee Gees' comeback still seemed brave and slightly romantic — Bruce Belsham.

Alastair Riddell — "Smile". A great song and not as bland as the usual American shit — Greg Clark (of Citizen Band).

Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes — "Bad Luck". A great Gamble-Huff production, a nifty tune and the amazing voice of Theodore Pendergrass. Oh, yeah . . . you can dance to it too — Alastair Dougal.

KC and the Sunshine Band — "That's the Way I Like It". Because KC and the Sunshine Band are the prime exponents of the creative repetition that is disco — Roger Jarrett.





Double or Nothing

Everybody has a secret vice — or at least an inclination towards one — and the time has come for me to own up to mine. For the highest of motives, I assure you I like the *Double M Disco* in the basement of the DB Tavern.

I only go to watch, though I admit I have never gone so far as to take notes. I suspect that it isn't typical of discos generally — the age limit and the alcohol alone probably take care of that. Still it fascinates me.

At the *Double M*, the real object doesn't seem to be to dance — instead the people are there to practice social mobility. All is very rigidly arranged in a hierarchy of *chic* radiating out in concentric rings from the dance floor. At the heart of the crowd are those who look like they are waiting for Central Casting to call them up for their role in *Is It Wednesday Yet?* These people do dance, but only to those songs they know well enough to be able to execute faultless routines. Generally they prefer to be still-life studies — the classy version of a wall-flower.

In the next rank are those who probably did come to dance, but who find occasional trouble organising themselves into sufficiently homogenous mobs to tackle the Hustle. I suspect these people can actually dance better than the first group — but they do it much too indiscriminately to be of the remotest interest to Central Casting.

The third ring contains almost only males. These are the predators of the disco world. Their ceaseless trek from table to table asking the same question and getting the same answer never seems to tire them, although I suspect that it is from their ranks that the fourth row is recruited. These fringe attenders — whose territory, significantly enough, also includes the bar — seem to have missed their turning at the public bar. They are here to drink and sleep, and to see them in action is enough to discredit Brahms lullaby in favour of "Stayin' Alive".

But the real attraction is not in the crowd — interesting though they may be — nor is it the music, which is pretty standard fare. The real focal point, and the delight of the third row, are the go-go girls.

Up at the front, in a little cage straight out of *Blow-Up*, two underdressed, but not underfed, young women thrash violently against the bars in ten-minute shifts. Their energy is remarkable, and their popularity unquestionable. At less regular intervals a young man enters the cage. He labours under a number of disadvantages. He is svelte. He can dance. He is fully-clothed.

Still, I think I can say that there is something for everybody at the *Double M Disco*. Francis Stark

John Travolta Moustache Competition

Add the ideal moustache and send entry to Rip It Up, PO Box 5689, Auckland 1 by Sept 25. The finest 2 entries get a \$7.99 LP of their own choice.



the Hollywood Hustle

Since the fifties, and even before, Hollywood hasn't been slow to see the bankability of movies about youth trends. Often, however, the movie moguls have been loath to spend money. *Rock Around the Clock* looks as if it was filmed in a weekend with a cast of dozens; the Beach Party flicks just needed sand and Annette.

Disco, the latest trend, has so far spawned two movies. Both are playing in Queen Street. They make an interesting contrast in the manufacture of what are inarguably exploitational films.

Saturday Night Fever is not a cheap film. It's from the Robert Stigwood mint and stars well-dressed, well-choreographed John Travolta, with a soundtrack dominated by the Bee Gees.

Thank God It's Friday is a cheap, cheap film. It's a Casablanca Records project "starring" badly-dressed non-actors who can't dance. The music is as strident as the murky visuals which plumb new depths in ugliness. Like the audience in the storyline, one hoped for something from the Commodores. Sadly,

they mimed and most of it was lost in the forced frenzy of the dance contest finale.

Both films have simple stories. *Saturday Night Fever* is a calculated melding of the hoary old riff about Brooklyn boy trying to break out of the ghetto with the appearance of today: clothes, dance, attitudes. *Thank God It's Friday* is just plain dumb. There's a disco called The Zoo, everyone from two pubescent girls to a suburban couple celebrating their anniversary goes along, finds or loses romance, and there's a fast-talking DJ (isn't there always?) who's meant to supply comedy interest but in fact is a real wimp.

Saturday Night Fever has been made with care; *TGIF* was made. Personally I can't see the latter having anything like the success of *SNF*. Its ineptitude is insulting. But, as they say, nobody ever went broke underestimating public taste. *TGIF* has one big advantage, of course. Even though the *SNF* we're seeing is a "soft" version, it's still restricted. *TGIF* is being pushed as the disco film everyone can see certified GA. God Awful.

Ken Williams



Let's face it, the Bee Gees are a phenomenon, but not in the rock 'n' roll field; they've notched into what is probably best termed the 'glossy wave' (most people call it show business) where artists are part of some master plan engineered by a Mr Big. But rather than get the horse pushing the cart let us go back eleven years to 1967 when the Bee Gees burst upon the international charts with "New York Mining Disaster 1941", their first million seller. They were certainly distinctive, and as was to become obvious, prolific.

Between February and August 1967, they had three singles reach the English top ten. Basically in the romantic mould (I should have said *entirely*), their music was based on three facets: the songwriting of the Gibb brothers, their excellent vocal work and the production of their manager, Robert Stigwood, with, more importantly, musical arrangement and direction by Bill Shepherd.

From Feb '67 to March '69, the group released four albums which is a remarkable output, although no-one would deny that the three ingredients of the Bee Gees sound only produced satisfactory results on less than half of the material. "To Love Somebody" (June '67), "The Singer Sang His Song" (March '68) and "I've Got To Get A Message To You" (Aug '68) are perhaps the best examples of just how fine a production the Bee Gees and Bill Shepherd were capable of. In contrast, their fourth album (a double) entitled *Odessa* was the prime example of just how gross they could be. An album of excesses, it should really have been titled 'Bill Shepherd and his Orchestra with Special Guests, the Bee Gees'.

In late '69, with personnel problems (Robin fell out with Barry and Maurice . . . tut, tut) and touring pressures, the group split but, due to the fact that they were worse on their own (those who witnessed Robin Gibb's appearance at the Redwood Festival in Auckland in 1970 must agree) they reformed in early '70. Thus began phase two; the worst in their career.

Initially things looked good with "Lonely Days" achieving considerable chart success but then things slid and record sales of fu-

ture singles crashed. The problem? It was now 1973 and the Gibbs were singing sappy stuff that no-one was interested in. In mid '74, Robert Stigwood, still their manager, stepped in (shortly after the release of the unpopular *Mr Natural* album) and said "You guys are a bunch of saps. Cut out all this poofa stuff and give us some decent funky stuff that people can get their feet into".

Now the Bee Gees, it must be realised, are very good at doing what they're told, particularly if they are in the pits, so they sat down on command and produced the *Main Course* album which was released in '75. The single from the LP, "Jive Talking", was a huge success and surprised everyone with its disco orientation.

Robert Stigwood, renowned for his keen sense of the show-biz market, realised the Bee Gees had got into a rut so he told them to pull finger, as he puts it, "I had a confrontation with them." With the success of "Jive Talkin'" and obvious record company pressure to continue in that vein, the Bee Gees have been producing American music (principally white disco) ever since.

Old fans, of course, jumped up and down complaining of a cop-out but the Bee Gees replied "We were always writing this kind of music but we weren't putting it down right. We were writing R & B but we weren't going in an R & B direction." Very interesting, methinks, but I suspect it's all bullshit.

Children of the World ('76) saw a change in production crew although the basic slick feel remained (Stigwood saw to that) and then in '77 Stigwood realised his golden opportunity. A disco film with the Bee Gees dominating the soundtrack . . . showbiz . . . bright lights . . . white disco music for the dudes . . . and once again under instruction from Stigwood, the Gibbs came up with the goods. Well, good on them. It's bland, yes, yes, but it has sold phenomenally, and money in the USA speaks louder than anything. So the Bee Gees are now more popular than they probably ever imagined (if that's a desirable thing). It took eleven years and a certain Mr Stigwood . . . Phase three complete and what next? You guessed it. Movies.

Raymond Hooper

Neville Purvis

Let Bee Gees be Bygones

They've asked me to say something nice about disco music.

After a solid hour meditating with a couple of tubes, the nicest thing I can think of is that this time next year disco will have disappeared.

I said it all on me underground hit single. If the radio stations hadn't banned it I wouldn't have to repeat myself:

Ain't nothin' in the world

Bound to make me feel sick (Eurgh!)

Like tuning in to

Crappy Disco music

— words & music by N. Purvis

Don't get me wrong. Not all the music is bad and there are some good groups playin' it.

What tends to inflame my ulcer is the effect it's having on the local music scene. For a working band to stay alive they do mainly pub work with whatever extra gigs they can get.

In the last three months, all over the country, pubs have been switching from live music to disco. It still keeps the patrons dancing — and thirsty — and it's cheaper than paying a band. And without pub gigs Kiwi bands are up the well-known creek.

I've just got back from a week in Wellington workin' with Rough Justice — the story down there is the same as Auckland. Two of the best of the Capital's live pub venues have

switched to pimples and a turntable.

At a time when the local product should be being encouraged, bands that have been professional for years are splitting.

So don't ask me about disco music. To say I'm against it is like sayin' Mt Cook is a steep hill.

The way I see it, the Hustle is a hassle, white funk is commercial junk and the sooner the Bee Gees are Bygones the happier I'll be.

I'm supposed to write more than this but I think I've made me point, and frankly I've got better things to do. So instead I'll ask for a bit of white space.

You kin look at it and meditate on the fact that the people are gettin' fooled again.

On the level,
Neville Purvis

RECORDS

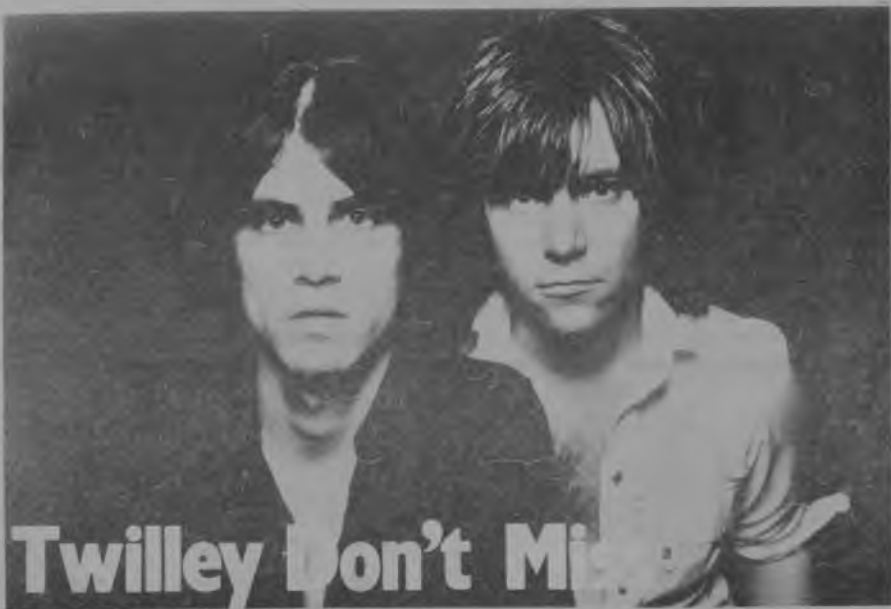


Thin Lizzy Live and Dangerous Vertigo

Early last year Thin Lizzy were seen locally as guest act on a Rod Stewart T.V. special. Playing live, they damn near blew the miming, mincing singer off his own programme and we were left gasping for more. Well now we've got a live album to quench our thirst, a four-sided tour de force which completely confirms the impact they made on T.V.

Lizzy are a classic four-piece working in the hard rock mainstream. An American critic once dismissed them as "another bunch of 60's power-chorders" which may be true but it's a little like calling Henry Rono "a middle distance runner." Not only are Lizzy, on comparing this album with the Stones' *Love You Live* and Led Zep's movie, probably a number one in their field, but they have brought renewed vigour to a format which was falling comatose under a blanket of heavy-metal drones. Many of the HM brigade have become lumbering dinosaurs under the onslaught of punk (oops) power-pop, but not Lizzy. They swagger and dance where other H-M plods, and command a dynamic sense so often lacking in the modern buzzsaw-guitar gangs.

This album boasts a powerhouse rhythm section and one of the greatest guitar teams in rock (although unfortunately Robertson has since departed). Lizzy can coddle you with mellow sweetness, roar and sting as if gone berserk and then suddenly stop on a dime, under complete control.



The Dwight Twilley Band Sincerely Twilley Don't Mind Shelter

Nobody asked me to name my favourite disco single this issue, but that's just as well. I don't have a favourite because, even in 1978, I still prefer pop to disco.

Over the past month I tried Cheap Trick's *In Colour* but only came away bemused, suspecting a too liberal mix of rock with pop. *Misfits* re-established my fondness for the Kinks; healthy survivors are rare in rock but they boost morale and even Clive Davis may be smiling. Later I turned to Dwight Twilley, a spirited newcomer with an unabashed love for pop.

The Dwight Twilley Band relies on the pairing of Twilley with Phil Seymour. Twilley writes the songs: both of them sing. Working together under the pseudonym of Oister (the band's original name), they produced most of their first album, *Sincerely*. Twilley played guitar and keyboards, Seymour played bass and drums. Robin Cable produced one track — "England" — at Trident Studios in London; most of the other songs were recorded at Leon Russell's Tulsa studios.

"I'm on Fire" went to number 16 in the U.S.

But their ultimate trump card is Philip Lynott. A very capable bassist and clear, expressive singer, the black Irishman is also an excellent songwriter. (That's as in *real* songs: you know, strong melodies, snapping riffs, intelligent words.) Lynott is a thoroughgoing romantic whose residual Catholicism often surfaces in his lyrics and, while he can write slow love ballads of aching sweetness, here we are more often treated to his macho swashbuckler stance. Fittingly the majority of tempos are fast. Of his role as writer and performer Lynott has commented: "Anybody can be anybody in rock 'n' roll. It allows people to exist within and live out their fantasies. I mean I certainly do." "Warrior" ... "Johnny the Fox meets Jimmy the Weed" ... "Jailbreak" ... "The Boys are Back in Town."

The material here is drawn from the last four albums, plus a couple of new songs and Bob Seger's "Rosalie" (performed with skullcrushing force.) Sides One to Three are superb but unfortunately Side Four lapses through weak compositions, crowd cajoling and overextended solos. However a storming version of "The Rocker" returns the concert to its earlier, exhilarating heights to close the album.

Now that Parker has graced our shores, Thin Lizzy, (along with Bruce Springsteen,) would be the band I'd most like to see perform here. Until then *Live and Dangerous* is the next best thing.

Peter Thomson

singles charts while Denny Cordell and Leon Russell were suing each other at Shelter. *Sincerely* was held in litigation for a year and eventually released in the States in mid-1976. *Twilley Don't Mind* followed a year later.

It's taken longer than it should have for these albums to be made available here but, as they say, the wait was worth it. Twilley combines English and American influences (notably the Beatles, the Everly Brothers and Elvis Presley) in songs that embrace pop culture. As he told *Rolling Stone* in November last year, "Pop is my favourite word".

Twilley knows the formula to the two minutes-plus hit. He writes pop for car radio, songs like "Looking For the Magic", "Baby Let's Cruise", "Just Like the Sun" and "Trying to Find My Baby". The albums mix a.m. and p.m. driving songs: pop songs about true love and drive-ins, freeways and takeaways, girls and TV:

*Thursday night, got my baby at home
Turn the lights down low and the TV on...*

Sincerely is marginally the better album, but I also like the first side of *Twilley Don't Mind* a lot too. And "pop" is one of my favourite words.

Jeremy Templar



Citizen Band Mandrill

About a year ago, I reviewed the first Hello Sailor album and said then that I thought it was the most convincing rock and roll record that I had heard from a New Zealand studio. At almost the same time, Citizen Band began work on their first album. As they might have guessed, it takes a long time for the wheels of the local recording industry to grind, and it is only now that that project is about to see the light of day.

Superficially, there are similarities between Sailor and C.B. — especially in the mechanics of the two-guitar lineup — but where *Hello Sailor* had clearly definable origins in foreign musical forms like reggae, HM) or funk, *Citizen Band* forges a much more consciously local style — in the footsteps, dare we say, of Split Enz.

The role of Split Enz in Citizen Band has to be faced squarely. There can be no doubt of the continuity of style in Michael Chunn's bass-playing and the singular effect that his combination with drummer Brent Eccles has on the rhythmic structure of many of the songs. The introduction to "The Ladder Song" or the inserted passages in "Counting the Regiments" refer directly to such Enz pieces as "Stranger Than Fiction" and "Lovey Dovey" (although it should be stressed that these touches left Split Enz along with Michael).

Other parallels are less easy to pin down — the willingness to deal with recognisably local themes (whether American tourists at Whaka, or a "Glide Time" office party) — the absence of any geographical tinges in the singing — the less-than-straightforward arranging. Still, they are no more than parallels and parallels with a band which hasn't really existed for two or three years at that.

What they have that sets them apart is an affection for and an understanding of the beat-group rhythms which underlie so much pop music of the last fifteen years. Their eclecticism, and use of different rhythms serve as a startling reminder of the grip that American music has on the bulk of New Zealand musicians. Citizen Band use the melodic and rhythmic vocabulary of Ray Davies or the Beatles rather than Lou Reed or the Commodores. Somehow, perhaps simply because of that novelty, they are able to cut themselves loose from the stereotyping which afflicts the music scene here. Paradoxically, they thus become much more New Zealand performers than their peers. They don't ape the "real thing" — they just take what they want.

All this is not meant to imply that *Citizen Band* is a compendium of styles borrowed but not assimilated. The material ranges from the beat-pop of "Out In The World" to the grand balladry of "Julia" and the Light Metal riffing of "Tex Goes To The Tinema," but there are strong unifying elements in the lead vocals by Geoffrey Chunn (who wrote or co-wrote all but one of the songs) and the consistent guitar-based sound, which relies heavily on the melodic sense of Greg Clarke.

The songs themselves — even the punk pastiche, "Dig That Tex" — all possess extremely strong melodies and a hatful of telling lines which keep popping out at you. The only quibble that might be raised about the writing is the extreme brevity of the words in a couple of the songs. "Out In The World", the most obvious example, has only four lines. Aside from that, though, the longer, sly pieces like "Office Come Alive" and "Ladder Song" offer lyrics which repay lengthy deciphering.

Aside from the fact that this is the first time many of those words have been audible, repeated listening to the album confirms it as a good indication of Citizen Band on stage — the willingness to keep most of the songs short (although "Tex Goes To The Tinema" sins here) and a refusal to resort to more than a sprinkling of outside help, mean that the set is always firmly based in their live sound. The principal added attractions are Warren Sly, co-writer of a couple of the

songs, and keyboard player, and Rob Gillies who contributes sax and trumpet to two songs. Their role as performers is strictly subordinated to what emerges as a distinctive CB sound.

But, however much one makes a case for *Citizen Band* not being comparable with its local predecessors or competitors, it is inevitable that such comparisons are going to be made. As far as my reference to *Hello Sailor* is concerned, I think it's most accurate to say that the difference is one of emphasis. *Sailor* may have been the most convincing New Zealand rock and roll album I'd heard, *Citizen Band* is the most convincing New Zealand rock and roll album yet.

Francis Stark

The Jam This Is The Modern World

Polydor

The Jam's debut album *In the City*, despite its clear debt to early Who, was one of last year's highlights as it proved that Paul Weller was one of the new whiz-kids with an acute awareness of the "phoney" in society and the ability to smack these messages through with powerful driving melodies.

Although *Modern World* doesn't reach the same heights, it's still a neat attempt by Weller to streamline his songwriting into more well-defined themes. His songs all deal with contemporary situations or conditions and many of them are tinged with an almost working class cynicism, not unlike a lot of Ray Davies' recent songs. For example, in "In the Street, Today" he sings of "Murder on the terraces/fools in high places/lts all so sickening/and we're so satisfied."

"All Around the World" one of the three singles ripped from the album, is the Jam at their best-trimmed direct guitar chords from Weller, no superfluous guitar solos here mate. "London Girl", "Standards" and the angry "Here Comes the Weekend" display the same tight structure, but bassist Bruce Foxton's "London Traffic" and "Don't Tell Them You're Sane" are too ordinary. Foxton is improving as the Jam's current single "News of the World" (unavailable here) testifies but he hasn't Weller's perceptive abilities.

Modern World is a progressive step for Weller which largely pays off. Not bad for a geezer from Woking nudging the ripe old age of twenty-one.

George Kay

The Flamin' Groovies Flamin' Groovies Now

Philips

The Flamin' Groovies are stayers. Emerging in San Francisco in the mid-sixties, by '68 they were being booed off that city's stages for playing rock of the most basic and vital kind at a time when psychedelic meandering and spiritual posturing were the order of the day.

Since then they've hung on through various personnel changes, untold tours, numerous setbacks and a scattering of brilliant high points that seemed to give the Groovies enough charge to take on yet another year and another tour.

Flamin' Groovies Now is their first album on general release in N.Z. and, although not consistently A-grade, there's still plenty to enjoy. The producer, as on last year's great *Shake Some Action*, is Dave Edmunds. Cyril Jordan's souped-up guitar leads the Groovies through a number of mostly excellent originals, plus a classic or two from the Byrds and the Beatles, and a powerful version of the primal English rocker "Move It". The early Byrds sound is a touchstone for three or four of the tracks, but these are not empty rehashes or nostalgic indulgences, this music lives and breathes and rocks its arse off.

With "power pop" being the current phase it means that the Groovies are running shoulder to shoulder with a trend, but it's purely coincidental. They have always gone their own road, seldom compromising, and have paid the price with a prolonged obscurity. They may never be hugely popular but on *Flamin' Groovies Now*, as always, they ooze the spirit of rock 'n' roll.

Terence Hogan.

Diana Ross and the Supremes 20 Golden Greats

Motown

If nothing else this album serves to prove what a highly-developed music production-line can do. So what if Diana Ross had a narrow emotional range and songwriters Holland-Dozier-Holland altered the tunes enough only to distinguish each single from its predecessor. A combination of just these factors produced a series of incandescent singles that, today, sound as fresh and vibrant as ever they did.

More than anything else Holland - Dozier - Holland perfected a *sound* — Diana's breathy vocals over a beat that became tougher as the years passed and culminated in 1966 in H-D-H's finest work — The Supreme's "You Keep Me Hangin' On" and the Four Tops "Reach Out, I'll Be There".

Thereafter they continued to mine the for-

mula, but increasingly the results had less urgency. In 1967 Holland - Dozier - Holland left Motown and new tricks had to be found to fuel the Supremes. Social comment was tried with "Love Child" and "I'm Living in Shame", and though undoubtedly sincerely felt, lines like: "Came the telegram/Mama passed away while making home-made jam", sounded more artful than heartfelt. And Diana was already being groomed for greater things and left the Supremes for the movies and the middle of the road.

Happily the recorded evidence of that productive period remains, and this intelligently compiled album contains all the classic Supremes cuts and few more besides. Indispensable stuff. If only Abba had been born in Detroit.

Alastair Dougal

Daryl Hall and John Oates Livetime RCA

The inevitable "live" album. This time from two of the best purveyors of blue-eyed soul. Is this the result of a slide in creative ability? Certainly nothing startling is offered here. In some ways, it makes an effective sampler to the duo, although it doesn't chart their peaks.

There's nothing wrong with the album. It's very competent, but only on occasion is it

more. "Sara Smile", "The Emptiness", "Abandoned Luncheonette" and "Do What You Want" are exhilarating, with the vocal interplay on the latter a particular highlight. The band is skintight: Caleb Quaye on guitar, Kenny Passarelli on bass, Roger Pope on drums. But, again, only sporadically do they do more than simmer sympathetically (the soaring intro to "Sara Smile" is a notable exception).

The eight minute "Sara Smile" lifts Side Two to a level not achieved on the previous side, but the delicate mood set up by the following "Abandoned Luncheonette" is shattered by the clamour of an anonymous rocker, which seems redundant here. Its aggression seems forced, and the band swings better at slower tempos. Still, I suppose concerts are meant to end on a big bang, although despite the sound of applause there is little of a live "feel" about the record.

Ken Williams

Willie Nelson Stardust CBS

Willie's been saving this one up for a long while. *Stardust* is a treatment of the old singer's ten favourite standards. Nelson says the songs on the album are all pieces from youthful days and all have a special attraction for him.

He also confesses that until recently, the songs being mostly sophisticated ballads from the forties, they were too complicated for him. "They have a lot of chords in them," he maintains. Consequently he sought the help of Booker T. Jones to do the arrangements. Booker T agreed and the album went ahead.

Covering classic material is not new to Willie Nelson. His much touted *Red Headed Stranger* album included ten country standards, and took in his brilliant version of "Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain". What is new is the Broadway territory Nelson explores.

For all that he's still securely Willie Nelson in his gentle, understated versions of numbers like "Stardust", "Georgia on My Mind" and "Unchained Melody". *Stardust* is a tender but persistent record. The backings are sparsely effective relying on guitar and the quiet emphasis of a harmonic line or piano.

It's all very tasteful. But I can't help thinking that a man of Nelson's intense talent should have more fruitful ways of spending time than playing around as a musical curator.

Bruce Belsham



Althea and Donna

Various Artists The Front Line II Althea and Donna Uptown Top Ranking Virgin Records Front Line

The Front Line label was created by Virgin to exclusively promote reggae acts.

In one trip to Jamaica, aided by Jah Johnny Rotten, self-confessed reggae freak, they signed up about a dozen acts, many of which appear on this new sampler.

The first *Front Line* collection was an intelligent assembly, giving the uninitiated a chance to hear reggae acts that might otherwise have escaped them, including the Mighty Diamonds, U-Roy and Johnny Clarke.

This second volume is again an education to those who know of Marley and Toots, but have probably never heard of Poet And The Roots, The Gladiators or Prince Hammer.

Jamaica is a dangerous country, the bastion of the Third World, where violence is ever-present, and the man who carries no protection in Trenchtown is a fool. The music reflects this life-on-the-line existence. Just listen to Prince Fari's "Foggy Road", mon, an' feel de chill.

Other goodies herein include a track from Culture, the vocal trio whose *Two Sevens Clash* was voted the reggae album of '77 by the British rock press, and will we ever see it here?

Front Line also offers an introduction to dub artists like Ranking Trevor and I-Roy. Listen to Roy's rendition of "Rivers Of Babylon" and you'll see where Boney M get off. Even better are toaster Tapper Zukie's righteous "Tribute To Steve Biko" and Big Youth's "Love We A Deal With."

But what must be remembered is that such

collections are merely a taste of what the complete product is like. With that in mind, when will we see some of the albums used here released in their entirety? I, for one, would like to see the release of albums by The Gladiators and U-Brown, along with more product from The Diamonds.

Althea and Donna also get a track on the sampler, but they alone have had their album released here on the strength of a hit single albeit a foreign one.

"Uptown Top Ranking" was a surprise Number One in Britain, but didn't even get airplay in this country. For Althea Forrest and Donna Reid it must have been a surprise too, since they did the song only to prove to the rather chauvinistic Rastamen that women too could compose.

Both come from affluent Jamaican backgrounds, but say their sympathies are "strictly roots". The album takes a mild political stance, but this is not where their strength lies.

It's singing agonised teenage love songs (self-penned) where these girls shine. If the Shangri-Las had been born in Jamaica, maybe they would have sounded like this: "He's my dreadlocks boy and I love him so."

If they can write more like this, maybe they can continue the success of "Ranking." When they try to talk of the Rasta faith, they get out of their depth.

Meanwhile, New Zealand's Jah contingent waits anxiously for further developments to satisfy our craving for Rastaman vibrations.

Duncan Campbell

Larry Carlton Warner Brothers

Fans of Joni Mitchell, Steely Dan or The Crusaders will be familiar with the work of Larry Carlton, one of L.A.'s most sought after session guitarists. His style is smooth and flowing (as befits the L.A. ambience) and much admired for its clean economy. Joni Mitchell called it "admirable editing". Not for Carlton the intense flurries of notes a la McLaughlin; his emphasis is on spareness and subtlety.

The slight pity with this album is that, while it showcases Carlton's talents, the quality of basic material is somewhat desultory. Consequently, unless one is tuned into his fine soloing, the music tends to become aural wallpaper. Sometimes numbers sound like pale references to work the musicians have done elsewhere: "335" recalls Aja's "Peg", elsewhere drummer Porcaro uses a beat from Scaggs' *Silk Degrees*.

JOE COCKER



LEON RUSSELL



VAN MORRISON



SPRING BRINGS OUT THE BEST FROM wea



RECORDS

Nonetheless the musical standard, apart from Carlton's singing on two tracks, is quite exemplary and there are highlights. Carlton can attack the type of furious up-tempo beloved of Al DiMeola and, by doing more with less, emerge supreme.

This record should be heard by guitar students because Carlton is an important stylist. But, much as I enjoy his playing, I prefer it on consistently stronger material.

Peter Thomson.

The Tubes What Do You Want From Live A&M

All that is gross, grandiose, offensive and excessive is grist to the mill of The Tubes.

This bunch of loonies from San Francisco has taken rock theatre and turned it upside down, making satire and burlesque incredibly hip.

Their studio albums have only hinted at their impact on stage, and this live offering is still only a partial salve, since we still lack the visuals.

Never mind. Here, you can revel in the delights of Fee Waldo Waybill, extolling the virtues of giveaway quiz shows, wrapping barbed wire around his torso and poking fun at punks, tying up willing young nubilees . . . all good, clean fun.

If nothing else, this album shows what a fine rock band The Tubes are, proficient and disciplined, yet still abel to rattle your gold fillings.

Drool over the gatefold pictures, tingle with delight as Re Styles sings "Don't Touch Me There", surrender to the sheer aural attack of "White Punks On Dope", chew on the sleeve . . .

This album only makes me yearn even more to see The Tubes here, on stage.

Betcha we never do.
Duncan Campbell

Etta James Deep in the Night Warner Bros

The collaboration of singer Etta James and producer Jerry Wexler sounds like one of those unions made in heaven. Etta is a highly regarded (but never highly successful) singer who's been around for nearly 25

years. She's one of the black R&B singers who missed the rock and roll boat. She's probably best known for "I'd Rather Go Blind", recorded by Christine Perfect and Rod Stewart, and re-done here.

Wexler is one of the key men in the development of soul music. With Atlantic since its formative days in the early fifties, he has worked with almost everybody.

The record could have been outstanding. It's not, and the fault lies with the choice of material. Alice Cooper's "Only Women Bleed" is a case in point. It's literally shredded before the hurricane force of Etta James. It can't take it. Neither can the Eagles' "Take it to the Limit".

That the album doesn't live up to its potential is made even more apparent on full-bodied tunes like "Piece of My Heart" and Allen Toussaint's "Sweet Touch of Love". With songs that can withstand the intensity of her attack, she is sublime. After years in the wilderness, she deserves to be heard with this fine album, which just misses delivering its promise.

Ken Williams

The Boys NEMS

Well its like this, last year after a short apprenticeship in London SS, Matt Dangerfield, Honest John Plain and Casino Steel formed the Boys along with Kid Reed and Jack Black. Halfway through the same year the album in question is released amidst good subjective reviews with comments like "this is hedonism as opposed to nihilism". Because the album was so delayed in being released here I have the advantage of time the great leveller and can safely say that much of the music is passe headbanger antics. Fast, furious 'n' futile. But there are five songs here that show more than just promise.

"Soda Pressing" is racy, good tune, crisp chords; "No Money" is supercharged pop with Beatlish harmonies anticipating the Pleasers. It gets better with Plain's paean to teen romance "First Time" — chugging guitars and doe-eyed vocals. You've gotta hear it. "Cop Cars/Keep Running" is built around Dangerfield's guitar simulating a police siren, very effective!

If the Boys can continue in the vein that these songs indicate, then their new album *Alternative Chartbusters* will be worth waiting for. Meanwhile *The Boys* would make a great EP.

George Kay



Herbie Hancock, VSOP

The Kinks Misfits Arista

The wisdom of Greta Garbo. At the peak of her career and she decided she wanted out. No Gothique twilight for this lady, hacking and hatcheting her way into the audience's collective heart, her wrinkled visage pulsating with the kind of insanity that only Hollywood could create.

James Dean, Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, Jim Morrison all had the good fortune to die at their peak, and leave us with nothing but good memories and the stuff that legends are made of. What about the survivors? Now Ray Davies — there's a man that must be one of the real personalities that the 60s British scene spawned. The Kinks have survived, more or less, into the late 70s and yet, on the basis of *Misfits*, one has one's doubts as to whether they should have.

"Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy" is a beautiful song, but is it enough to carry a whole album? "Out of the Wardrobe" gets a giggle out of transvestites, but that sort of humour seems to be more the territory of Shel Silverstein and Billy Connolly these days. And Ray Davies' arch comments on the racial situation in Britain in "Black Messiah" just seem a little self-indulgent. Add to this some really noisy and uninspired group playing and the least informative cover of the year, and it is indeed a worrying album. Perhaps the new wave lot will win by default.

William Dart

VSOP The Quintet CBS Oregon Violin Vanguard

Modern jazz comes in varying shapes, as can be heard on these two albums. One unit embraces classical and Indian music forms and the other is comprised of jazz musicians who have made forays into the rock format.

The Miles Davis Quintet of the mid-Sixties was the most innovative jazz band of the day. From the acoustic *Miles In The Sky* through to the seminal electric albums *Silent Way* and *Bitches Brew* the unit (augmented by people like Chick Corea, Keith Jarrett and John McLaughlin) paved the way for the so-called fusion music of today.

Miles Davis is "replaced" on this album by Freddy Hubbard, the other members all belonging to the Quintet of the Sixties: Herbie Hancock (piano), Wayne Shorter (tenor and soprano sax), Ron Carter (double bass) and Tony Williams (drums). Taking a break from their (generally electric) bands, The Quintet have taken their knowledge from their jazz-rock experiemnts and applied it to their use of acoustic instruments.

The first VSOP album was purely a Herbie Hancock outing, on which he assembled three different units, including this one, as a tribute to Miles. The Quintet on that album failed to really fire due, in part, to Hubbard's erratic playing. However, although not quite the maestro Miles is, this time around he's got all his fingers in the glove and even provides the highlight on the album — the delightful duet with Shorter (on soprano sax) on "Lawra". Not just a nostalgic album, the musos are all in top form and have put out a set that demands repeated airings.

Oregon is Paul McCandless (woodwinds), Glen Moore (bass), Ralph Towner (guitars) and Collin Walcott (percussion). They have, including solo and joint efforts, over a dozen albums out yet remain largely unknown outside the States. Their music owes nothing to rock and seemingly little to jazz; their main influences appearing to come from Bartok and Shankar. On *Violin* they are joined by Polish violinist Zbigniew Fiefert, whose debts to Coltrane and Tyners' tonal experiments are apparent here. Not quite the virtuosa that Ponty is, he does, however, embellish the lyrical qualities this unique unit possess. No foot-tapper this, place it alongside *Astral Weeks* as perfect lone listening at 3am.

John Dix

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NZ TOP FORTY ALBUMS

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| 1. Grease Various Artists | 21. Poems & Songs Pam Ayres |
| 2. Bat Out Of Hell Meatloaf | 22. Kamahl Kamahl |
| 3. Thank God It's Friday Various | 23. Shadow Dancing Andy Gibb |
| 4. Night Flight To Venus Boney M. | 24. And Then There Were Three Genesis |
| 5. Saturday Night Fever Bee Gees/VA | 25. Opera Andre Kostelanetz |
| 6. 20 Hits Diana Ross & The Supremes | 26. Greatest Hits II Olivia Newton John |
| 7. Elvis In Hollywood Elvis Presley | 27. Will Anybody Marry Me Pam Ayres |
| 8. Some Girls The Rolling Stones | 28. Here At Last, Live Bee Gees |
| 9. F.M. Various | 29. The Kick Inside Kate Bush |
| 10. Street Legal Bob Dylan | 30. Stranger In Town Bob Seger |
| 11. The Stranger Billy Joel | 31. Everyone's A Winner Hot Chocolate |
| 12. The Sound Of Bread Bread | 32. Rumours Fleetwood Mac |
| 13. City To City Gerry Rafferty | 33. Kaya Bob Marley & The Wailers |
| 14. Pyramid Alan Parsons Project | 34. Before And After Science Eno |
| 15. The Last Waltz Various | 35. Barry Manilow Live Barry Manilow |
| 16. The World's Greatest Voices Various | 36. But Seriously Folks Joe Walsh |
| 17. Greatest Hits Irish Rovers | 37. I Robot Alan Parsons Project |
| 18. Darkness On The Edge Of Town Bruce Springsteen | 38. Simple Dreams Linda Ronstadt |
| 19. Rocky Horror Picture Show Soundtrack | 39. Dark Side Of The Moon Pink Floyd |
| 20. Natural High Commodores | 40. Double Vision Foreigner |

(Nat. Sales Chart No. 154 Aug. 27 1978)



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RECORDS

Jimmy Buffett
Son of a Son of a Sailor
ABC

Jimmy Buffett has by now well established his laid back style. "Margueritaville" was achetypal Buffett, rest easy picking, wry lyrics, slow cruise. He likes the yachting life (part of the legend is his dope-running activities), and his music is reported to be perfect for matching sea rhythms.

He certainly has an easy roll. It's pleasant music, relaxing, enjoyable, certainly not apocalyptic.

The humour is apparent in some of the titles, "Cheeseburger in Paradise", "Cowboy Jungle", but that can wear thin rather too quickly. Buffett is most appealing on the slow drifting ballads. "The Last Line" and "Manana" are especially nice, putting one in mind of Caribbean islands. One cheeseburger too many, but overall a shot of summer looseness. (Kenneth Buttrey's country drumming is a bonus.)

Ken Williams

Pere Ubu
Datapanik in the Year Zero
Radar

This 12 inch extended play gives us two of te American group's singles — "Heart of Darkness/30 Seconds over Tokyo" from 1975 and "Cloud 149/Untitled" from 1976 — plus a 1977 track "Heaven". Reasonable value for \$3.99. But let's not be bourgeois. The very name of the group implores us not to be so. The lurid pink and yellow cover screams out at one across a darkened record emporium.

Anyway, back to the music. Lovely, lovely stuff. Stark chants over endless instrumental riffs. Recipe for Pere Ubu record — take a bit of Lou Reed, a pinch of Iggy, stir together with a touch of Sky Saxon. But this is not taking into account the fabulous electronic barrage in the latter stages of "30 Seconds". "Cloud 149" is pure West Coast late 60s punk — Standells, Thirteenth Floor Elevators and all t'others. Unbelievable instrumentals in "Untitled" (note the way I avoid acres of tricky verbiage with vague adjective) and a freaked-out La Bamba off-shoot in "Heaven".

In the immortal words of Wayne County, "Pere Ubu 4 ever!!!!"

William Dart

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Band File no.1 CITIZEN BAND

History Mike Chunn returned from UK and approached Geoff about forming a band. Geoff suggested CBs (Chunn Bros.) but Big Brother had a flash and it became Citizen Band. The group was based around the songwriting of Geoff Chunn and Warren Sly with Eccles on drums. The first performance at a Ray Columbus Showcase was a certified crapout. Greg Clark joined and they debuted at the Island of Real in September 1977. Warren did not perform live but helped out on recordings. Concentrated live work started in 1978 with a spate of outdoor festivals.

Records Singles — "In a Lifetime" / "Good Morning Citizen"; "I Feel Good" / "My Pohutakawa" and "The Ladder Song" / "Martin — A Spaceman" (September release). Debut Album — *Citizen Band* (September release).

Producer Glyn Tucker Jr.

Fan Club c/o Christine, PO Box 15329, New Lynn, Auckland 7.

Management Citizen Management PO Box 3924, Auckland. **Agent** Airedale Artists, PO Box 6537, Auckland 1.

Record Company Mandrill Records, Distributed by Polydor.



Geoff Chunn Guitar and vocals.

Born October 25, 1953

Education Hutton Street kindy, school in Otahuhu. Sacred Heart, Auckland.

Musical Career Started on drums at school playing with Mike and Tim Finn. Then took up guitar and songwriting. Played in acoustic group called Rosewood with Kevin Wildman and Graham Gash from Waves. Split Ends drummer for 18 months and two singles. Then solo work and a drumming stint with Dragon.

Other Jobs screen printing

Favourites

Albums *Pretty Blue* — Wes Montgomery,

Sergeant Peppers — The Beatles

Single "Hello Goodbye" / "I Am The Walrus" — The Beatles

Guitarist Wes Montgomery

Singers Kevin Wildman, Neil Finn

Musician Warren Sly

Equipment

Madill Electric Guitar, Gibson Acoustic, Fender Twin Amp and Paul Crowther Fuzz Box



Mike Chunn Bass Guitar

Born June 8 1952

Education St. Joseph's Convent, Otahuhu. Sacred Heart College. Auckland University.

Musical Career Farted round with Geoff and Tim Finn at school. At University played in Moses (a noisy three piece), with Wally Wilkinson on guitar. Helped out Space Waltz and Rosewood in 1974 during Enz limbo

period. Joined Split Enz in late '72 and left in early '77.

Other Jobs Management Services (Fisher & Paykel), Maths Teacher (St. Peter's College).

Favourites

Album *Revolver* — The Beatles, *Songs For a Tailor* — Jack Bruce, *Bandstand* — Family.

Single "Day Tripper" — The Beatles

Bass Guitarist John Wetton (Family)

Singers Tim Finn, Kevin Wildman

Musician Graeme Gash

Equipment

Peavey 200 watt amp, Fender 4 x 12" cabinet,

Peter Madill bass guitar with custom pre-amp by Paul Crowther



Gregory Clark guitar and vocals

Born January 19, 1953

Education St Mary's Convent and Marcellin College, Auckland

Musical Career Learnt piano for 6 years, then guitar and started playing in bands. Recent ones being Stewart and the Belmonts, Space Waltz and Vox Pop.

Other Jobs nothing interesting

Favourites

Albums *Sleeping Gypsy* — Michael Franks, *Layla* — Derek & the Dominoes, *Pretzel Logic* — Steely Dan.

Single "Penny Lane" — The Beatles

Guitarist Eric Clapton

Singers Donald Fagen, Lowell George

Musician Donald Fagen

Equipment

Fender Stratocaster, Fender twin reverb amp, Paul Crowther fuzz box.



Brent Eccles Drums

Born September 9, 1954

Education S.C., U.E., St Kentigern College, Auckland

Musical Career First band hardly got started. Helped start Stewart and the Belmonts with Peter Cuddihy and Alastair Riddell rehearsed original material and entered Studio One as Space Waltz. Band played on EMI album *Space Waltz* by Alastair Riddell. Space Waltz plunged into oblivion. Joined Streetwork and later Vox Pop. Then home to Citizen Band.

Favourites

Albums *Sheet Music* — 10cc, *Can't Buy a Thrill* — Steely Dan

Singles "I'm Not In Love", "Clockwork Creep" — 10cc

Drummers Maurice Greer, Ainsley Dunbar, Kevin Godley

Singers Maurice Greer, Hammond Gamble

Musician Jeff Baxter

Equipment

Hayman showman kit, Gretch kit, three Roto toms, Ludwig timbales, Zildjian and Paiste cymbals.



Get Smart



Sheerlux

Sheer Lux Get Smart Zwines

Though I doubt if there was ever any truth in it, that old line about punks only knowing three chords is just laughable when you're confronted with a tight powerful outfit like Sheer Lux. Their solid programme of gigging has arguably established them as Auckland's premier New Wave band. They'll be hard to overtake if the night I saw them at Zwines, the punks' home ground, was anything to go by.

The band gave little away to anyone in terms of consistent tightness and measured energy. Bassist Roland Killeen and drummer Graym Schnell always had the rhythm firmly under control. Jim Jurecivich on guitar slipped in some sharp lead when not powering through the chords. Recently added vocalist Mal ably handled the front-man's role and his delivery was strong and confident.

As for the material there has been a trend away from the punk standards. Though the Pistols, Clash and Ramones were still featured there was more from Ultravox, Bowie and Tom Petty. This newer material was still given the New Wave treatment so it was faster and louder than the original form (Tom Petty might have to listen twice to recognise his own stuff). A good dance band they are.

The question is will they only progress as far as becoming an excellent dance band. As yet the act lacks that quality which will stamp them as something special.

The same problem does not present itself for Get Smart. Previously tipped in these very pages as a band to watch, they continued to establish themselves as an exciting live act. At times a little lacking in tightness and evenness of pacing, they compensated by energetic performance. There may be a cause and effect relationship in there because leaping about the way this band does it's easy to miss a beat.

At the fore was vocalist Nick Hanson. Full credit to a man who can sing while rolling backwards over the edge of the stage. For his part guitarist Ben Free had the power play well sorted out. The rhythm partnership of Jules Maloney on bass and Julian Hanson on drums provided solid drive for the material which was mostly taken, in true punk style, at top speed. Alongside their cover versions were a few original numbers. These showed promise especially as first efforts. With more practise and regular gigging these boys should capitalise on their live excitement and then the competition had better watch out.

Dominic Anthony

Rocky Review

Rocky Horror Show His Majesty's Theatre

A mere five years after it was the darling of London and New York, *The Rocky Horror Show* has made it. His Majesty's Theatre on a cold windy August night.

The show opens with a histrionic shriek and a very strange usherette with fake ice-creams singing about the late night picture show. Odd? Well it might have been a few years back when camp humour was the next thing. But now it's the day before yesterday's thing and we have to settle for pleasantly amusing.

Thus it trots along. Nice American couple sing about love and marriage. Drive off to visit friendly high school teacher, have a blow out. Knock on door of ordinary gothic castle. Neither Janet (Jenni Anderson) or Brad (John Collingwood-Smith) have great rock and roll voices but they carry the story adequately.

Nice American couple are invited in by hunchback butler, caught in the evil domain of nefarious Count Frankfurter. But oh ho, some real decadence at last. Gary Glitter. Er-

stwhile glam rocker going a shade seedy, bursting out of his corset and reduced to touring the provinces with a stage burlesque.

Glitter, a real rock and roll singer with some oomph and more than real performing personality lifts the show. He camps it outrageously, pumps his arm up and down in accepted Glitter style. This man has class.

So, with a genuine degenerate to marvel at, the story, familiar to those who saw *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, develops. Frankfurter creates an Adonis from the dead, deflowers Janet, deflowers Brad, seduces them to decadence. High school teacher alias FBI agent arrives, warns the Count, performs wheelchair acrobatics.

Throughout the music is competently handled by musical director Dave Fraser. The sound effects from the synthesiser are nicely managed. However, with few exceptions ("Dammit Janet", "Do the Time Warp"), the songs have little to distinguish them. Arrangements tend to be flat. Backup singers are useful, but only Columbia (Zero of Suburban Reptile fame) attacks with real gusto. Doesn't matter that she's no nightingale.

Goodies win in the end. Naturally. Glitter's excesses in the death scene do him proud. You know, it was nice they left it for us till Gary could make it.

Bruce Belsham

LIVE

Spatz

Island of Real

Stewart Crooks' face is a mask of determination and perspiration. Shortly before Spats moved to Auckland four months ago Stewart took over the skinsman's seat vacated by Bruno Lawrence. No easy task for a young drummer's first professional band. But any difficulties that may have been apparent four months ago aren't visible tonight as he pounds the drums embellishing a stony-faced Patrick Bleakley's powerful bass runs.

The other major change in the band comes in the form of Annette Morrison, who replaces Julie Needham. Whereas Julie merely added harmonies, Annette takes the mike several times throughout the night for some solo spots. Appearing nervous much of the time, there is no need as her vocals show a great deal of promise.

Spats have been together for just over a year, the last six months based in Auckland. Their earliest gigs tended to be a bit patchy,

mainly due to erratic playing from guitarist Fane Flaws, who formed the band after a two year break from music, and a lack of confidence from pianist Peter Dasent. However, the problems have been ironed out with Fane's playing showing few flaws and Peter, no longer content to add mere rhythm to the sound, coming to the fore with some inspired solos.

The line-up is completed with Tony Backhouse, who's been one of the most dominating guitarists and composers on the Wellington scene for a long time. Tony and Fane contribute most of the band's original material, which covers 75% of their repertoire.

With one or two brackets a night set aside for some theatrics and Fane's out-front showmanship, an evening with Spats is pure entertainment. Although the evening is likely to begin with a dissonance, once fingers have been found Spats perform with an adroit energy and proficient musicianship. With possible hit singles on their hands like "Red Hot Mamma" and "New Wave Goodbye", Spats are one of the most original bands in the land and may very well be — DA! DA! — The Next Big Thing.

John Dix

WHO'S WHERE

Th' Dudes September 7-9, Island of Real, 7 Airedale St. September 1, Panmure Young Citizen's Centre. September 15, Mt Roskill War Memorial Hall. September 16, Howick Community Centre. September 21-23, Gluepot, Auckland.

Bamboo September 13-16, Gluepot, Auckland. September 29 & 30 Coromandel.

Bruce Morley Little Big Band Monday & Tuesdays, New Station Hotel. September 16, 23 & 30, 1am. Ace of Clubs. September 24, 3pm, Little Theatre, Hamilton Teachers College.

Reel to Real September 6-9, Quinns Post Hotel, Upper Hutti. September 12-14 & 16, Royal Tavern, Lambton Quay, Wellington.

Alastair Riddell Band September 6-9, Potters Wheel, New Lynn. September 11-16, Hillcrest Hotel, Hamilton. September 29, Nambassa Concert, Napier.

Tom Sharplin & the Rockets September 1 & 2, Potters Wheel, New Lynn, the Crypt, Queen Street, Auckland. September 6-9, Milford Marina.

Shady Lady September 11-16, Awapuni Hotel, Palmerston North. October 2-7, Cabana, Napier.

Magnum Bellamy's, Lake Road, Takapuna.

Rough Justice September 5-8, Canterbury, Lincoln and Christchurch Teachers College and September 8, Otago University. (September 5 to 8 with Gary McCormack) September 18-23, Rutherford Hotel, Nelson. September 9-11, Lakeside Hotel, Queenstown. September 13-16, Hillsborough Tavern, Christchurch. September 28 Takaka, 29-30 Motueka, October 1, Nelson, 4 Hokitika, 5 Blackball, 6 Barrytown, 7 Westport. (West Coast dates with Neville Purvis). October 12-15, Last Resort, Wellington.

Sheerlux September 15 University Cafe Dance, 16 Zwines, 22-23 HQ Rock Cafe. 29 Zwines, 30 St Heliers RSA Hall. October 1, Island of Real.

Easy Street September 4-9, Ngamotu Tavern, New Plymouth. September 12-16, Valley Lodge Motor Inn, Dunedin. September 18-23, Lion Tavern, Dunedin. September 25-30, Whitehouse Hotel, Invercargill. October 4-7, Hillsborough Tavern, Christchurch. October 11-14, Waikiki Tavern, Invercargill.

Hard Jazz September 10, 7pm, Island of Real.

Lip Service September 21-23, Island of Real.

Mirage September 18-24, Last Resort, Wellington.

52 Thursdays at Ziggys, Wellington.

Spats September 4-10, Last Resort.



RICK BRYANT'S TOP 20

- 1 Terraplane Blues Robert Johnson
- 2 Little Boy Blue Robert Junior Lockwood
- 3 I Cover the Waterfront Billie Holiday
- 4 I'm All Shook Up Elvis Presley
- 5 I Was Made to Love Her Stevie Wonder
- 6 Stranger on the Shore Acker Bilk
- 7 Save the Last Dance for Me The Drifters
- 8 She Loves You The Beatles
- 9 Satisfaction The Rolling Stones
- 10 Fool for You Curtis Mayfield
- 11 Like a Rolling Stone Bob Dylan
- 12 I Heard it Through the Grapevine Marvin Gaye
- 13 Sweet Sixteen B.B. King
- 14 Goodbye Pork Pie Hat Eric Dolphy
- 15 There Was a Time James Brown
- 16 Bring It on Home to Me Sam & Dave
- 17 Drifting Jimi Hendrix
- 18 First Snow in Kokomo Aretha Franklin
- 19 Golden Lady Stevie Wonder
- 20 Little Boy Blue Rufus
- 21 War Bob Marley
- 22 Best of My Love Emotions

Nambassa Winter Show

Nambassa, the people who brought you the Festival in Coromandel in February of this year, have now mounted a winter show which plays Napier, Wellington, Auckland and Hamilton during late September and early October.

The *Nambassa Winter Show* is in two parts — the first, titled "Return of the Ancients", is a theatrical piece in three scenes, mimed and arranged around specially selected music, and featuring some 25 actors and dancers. Special effects, rock music, fire eating and a few special

surprises are promised.

The second half of the show will be opened by country-folk singer Rick Steele (he also opens the Little River Band's Auckland show). The final act of the *Nambassa Winter Show* is rock group Mahana, who will be performing a 45 minute-long rock opera, written by the band, that is a view of early New Zealand life beginning with the arrival of the Maori canoes.

The *Nambassa Winter Show* plays: Napier — Municipal Theatre on September 29; Wellington's Opera House, October 2; Auckland's His Majesty's Theatre, October 9 & 10 and Hamilton's Founder's Theatre, October 14. Admission is \$5.50 for adults and \$4.00 for students and children.

Competition Results

The winners of the Festival Records Stranglers competition are Christopher von Ballekom (Invercargill), Mark Field (Stewart Island), Tony Holland (Masterton), J. Woods (Kohi, Auckland), Pater Maurer (Wainuiomata, Wellington) and Michael Williams (Papatoetoe, Auckland).

The correct answer was No. 1 Jean Jacques Burnel (bass), No. 2 Jet Black (drums), No. 3 Hugh Cornwell (guitar) and No. 4 Dave Greenfield (Keyboards). Copies of the Strangler's new album *Black & Blue* will be posted to the six winners.

The Phonogram Records Boomtown Rats Colouring-in competition was a great success. The entries will be exhibited at Taste Records, High St, Auckland when the Boom-

town Rats new album, *Tonic For the Troops* is released in September. The winners were Terry Bishop of Hamilton and Neville Zephyr of Auckland.

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Perfection in a Wrapper

By W. Dart

First things first, and I suppose the first question is whether we should take rock music seriously anyway. It is a music that is riddled with negative aspects — the role of commercialism, for instance, and coupled with this commercialism, the part played by all the 'middle men' (record industry execs and radio personnel).

The concept of genre is fairly central to the whole aesthetic of rock music. Take a classical symphony for instance. In such a work the form itself is so complex that the composer can concentrate on a complex and highly developed working-out of the musical content. In the slighter musical forms, the content is limited and the composer may place more emphasis on style, within the piece's particular genre — Chopin's *Waltzes* are a notable example. And this is really much the same as a film director working with a form like the western or horror film.

The use of genre may favour a stressing of style rather than content — in the film world, perhaps Sternberg is the ultimate example here. In rock music this deliberate imbalance can be something of a mercy. Who would not rather have Tom Robinson doing a neat little piece of auto-rock in "Grey Cortina" than the rather naive political rhetoric of "Power in the Darkness". I often find a bit of a credibility gap when successful rock stars pull out a soapbox — Phil Ochs must have been one of the few who did not compromise his beliefs and he came to a rather sorry end.

Anyway, let's leave the murky waters of politics and go somewhere where genre is everything, and where commercialism is almost an aesthetic touchstone.

Bubblegum music. A difficult term to define, this one. Lillian Roxon avoids a straight definition and the best she can come up with is "music that sells to subteens and sub-subteens". As a rule it is refreshingly commercial music utterly stripped of any preten-

Company's "The Song Song" is completely built upon titles of other bubblegum and related songs — in a kindred spirit to "You Can't Do That", Nilsson's pot-pourri of Beatles' songs. And Bubblegum was never afraid to beg, steal or borrow. The internal borrowings in 1910 Fruitgum Company's recordings would even make Handel blush.

Whither Bubblegum? Is it just a late sixties phenomenon, like psychedelia, these two areas of music are closely inter-related. Perhaps it is a clearly defined musical period, although Dave Laing argues for such British exponents as Jonathan King, Marc Bolan and Sweet. Certainly Abba hit a peak with their "Dum Dum Diddle" and lines such as "You're only smilin'/When you play your violin".

Anyway, viva Bubblegum! Your chewing gum may lose its flavour on the bedpost overnight, but those old bubblegum records that your mother still has kicking around your old wardrobe at home are as fresh as they ever were. If you cleared them out for her she could probably take in a lodger and have some fun herself.

William Dart

Montreux Jazz Festival

The Twelfth Annual Montreux International Jazz Festival kicked off on July 7th with an evening of European jazz-rock, starring Jan Ackerman and friends, and finished on July 23rd with a night of Country Rock, headlined by rapidly rising American bands, Dixie Dregs, and Sea Level; in the two weeks separating these two events, more than 30,000 people saw some 500 musicians performing in concert and taking part in impromptu jam sessions. Almost every type of popular music was represented with, naturally enough, the onus being on jazz.

Despite the unusual venue for the festival, it has now taken over both the longer-running Newport and Monterey Festivals as the pinnacle on the jazz calendar. Rock music doesn't have anything to compare to the Montreux Festival. Besides the nightly concerts and jam sessions, there are daytime musicians' workshops, drum clinics, "New Orleans" boat rides, and three separate venues where one can see up-and-coming stars performing free.

Montreux is a small town (pop:17,000) set in the heart of Switzerland on the edge of Lake Geneva. The festival is the brainchild of Claude Nobs, whose interest in music is paralleled only by his commitment to give young musicians from all nations a chance to prove themselves to their peers at the festival. As well as appearing at the "Free Entertainment" venues during the day, nine of the visiting big bands (from the States, Canada and Japan) recently had the

privilege of performing under the direction of Clark Terry, Harry Edison or Bill Evans. The three week programme this year boasted a history of 20th Century music: Count Basie, Milt Jackson, Buddy Rich, Mary Lou Williams, Stan Getz, Oscar Peterson, Sonny Rollins, Pharoah Saunders, Etta James, Brecker Brothers, Freddie Hubbard, Junior Wells & Buddy Guy, Taj Mahal, Stanley Clarke, Billy Cobham, and Larry Coryell amongst others.

There were also four "World Exclusives" at the festival. Ray Charles put together a special band for the occasion including Dizzy Gillespie, "Fathead" Newman, Kenny Burrell and guest singer Esther Phillips. Xanadu was a ten-piece band put together by drummer Frank Butler; musicians included Blue Mitchell and Ronnie Cuber. John McLaughlin premiered the third Mahavishnu Orchestra, mainly comprised of new musicians. But the highlight of the festival was "Viva Brazil", a night of almost all-Brazilian musicians headed by master percussionist Airtio Moreira and wife Flora Purim. The event drew the largest crowd ever assembled at the Montreux Festival.

With the festival over and preparations well on their way for the next, one can only hope that, with the ever-growing development of accurately capturing live concerts on celluloid, someone may decide to film a future festival so that the rest of the world can share some of the highlights of this unique festival.

John Dix



sions, put across with humour and a strong sense of genre. When the 1910 Fruitgum Company gives us a social message in "The Year 2001" they walk a delicate tightrope between the naive and the archest camp.

The 1910 Fruitgum Company must be one of the doyens of the phenomenon. Even Meltzer in *The Aesthetics of Rock* admits that they are, with the Beatles and the Stones, "unassailably the finest". Taking their name from an old chewing gum wrapper in someone's suit pocket, they were the biggest bubble in Buddah's blowjob.

Their first hit, "Simon Says" set the pattern with its driving mindless beat, tinny organ and repeated guitar riffs all backing a nursery-rhyme message of conformity. And a characteristic rose-tinted philosophy comes through in most of their other songs such as "Bubble Gum World", "Happy Little Tears" and "Magic Windmill".

Bubblegum is conscious of its genre. If Peter Wollen ever turned his attention to rock music, bubblegum would have to be his first research area. 1910 Fruitgum

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"Lennon and McCartney are the greatest songwriters since Schubert," or so wrote T.V. producer and music critic Tony Palmer when considering the *Sgt. Pepper* album in 1968. For many years Palmer has lamented that popular music is deemed culturally inferior, "not worthy of proper analysis", and consequently has been earnestly seeking to rectify the situation by providing "a higher standard of appreciation."

His major attempt at cultural edification to date is the T.V. series *All You Need is Love* currently screening on T.V.1. He has also written a book as companion to the series.

Now while all this is a highly laudable activity, Palmer does suffer, as the opening quotation demonstrates, from a lack of balance. The trailer to the series boasted having shot almost a million feet of film and acquiring as much again in archival material, 300 interviews, and specially commissioned essays. Yet with all this available, Palmer has failed to achieve fresh insights into his subjects and has often plainly misused his resources.

The episode on Rhythm & Blues provides a typical and (considering that this is a Rock paper), pertinent example. On the

credit side we saw performances by Wilson Pickett, Stevie Wonder, Aretha Franklin, the Meters, rare film of Buddy Holly and an equally rare interview with Phil Spector. For this we are grateful. However, other material was, as elsewhere in the series, either spoiled or wasted in the pursuit of slick, filmic effects.

Much time and good film was wasted through editorial imbalance. We spent four minutes while a white gospel peddled religious knick-knacks and then gave us a tour of her mobile home but had barely 1½ minutes devoted to the whole of Tamla Motown.

Editorial imbalance was also responsible for several glaring omissions. Any program on R. & B. should include such seminal figures as Bo Diddley, Little Richard, Muddy Waters, Ray Charles and Fats Domino. Yet only Bo Diddley appeared. Furthermore, we had to suffer Pat Boone's milk-sop rendition of Richard's "Tutti Frutti" only seconds after being told that R. & B. caught on because people were "fed up with bland faceless music." Irony upon insult.

Such important omissions are symptomatic of what is perhaps the series' (and

book's) central flaw: that Palmer seems to lack a clear conception of what he means by "popular". He recognises that popular music is a totally capitalistic enterprise yet, at the same time, despises obviously manufactured pop (eg. Osmonds) and admires those artists who "express themselves" without selling out to commercialism. Palmer, it seems, is an elitist on the side of the underdog, a white liberal purging his guilt over the manipulated black.

If the series (and book) does contain a thematic argument it lies only in the recurring motif of commercialism, manipulation and exploitation: whites exploiting blacks (minstrels, ragtime, blues etc.), whites exploiting whites (the music business), blacks exploiting blacks for whites (Motown etc.)

So don't expect any critical enlightenment on popular music from *All You Need is Love*. All you get is the chronological, production-line treatment. But stay tuned anyway. There's always some good film clip... and wait till the final episode when Palmer presents Mike Oldfield as the future of pop!

Peter Thomson

ant surprise of the month with "Take Me, I'm Yours" (A&M). One of those quirky little minor-key melodies, a bouncy beat with a clever little synthesiser line and smart lyrics; sort of like 10cc on acid. Coming from a radio speaker, it can only do good.

REO Speedwagon have been knocking around the American gig circuit so long they've probably forgotten where home is. They've yet to crack the big time, despite a solid following in the Midwest, where they go for heavy metal histrionics. Their new single, "Roll With The Changes", won't do much for



them either. Plenty of attack but very little substance. Thin Lizzy walk all over them with a sizzling version of Bob Seger's "Rosalie" (Vertigo). Taken from their forthcoming live album, it's guaranteed to destroy stereos and wake up neighbours everywhere. One of Ireland's better products.

For those still unexposed to the earthy pleasures of Ian Dury, "What A Waste" (Vertigo) is as good a place as any to start. Sleazy, cheeky funk as delivered by a master. The flip is the sublime "Sweet Gene Vincent" and it is quite capable of speaking for itself.

Local girl Sharon O'Neill makes a strong debut and lives up to all expectations with "Luck's On Your Table" (CBS). Though slightly spoilt by indifferent production, Sharon's voice and the strength of the song carry the day and the future looks bright.

Richard Wilde, on the other hand, falls flat on his face as he tries his hand at Spencer Davis' "Gimme Some Lovin'" (Polydor) and manages to remove everything from the number that made it so exciting in the first place.

And the last word goes to "I Think It's You" by Mother Goose (Mushroom). The word was made popular by The Sex Pistols. Only I said it this time.

Duncan Campbell

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SINGLES

Best news in the singles market this month is provided by a re-issue. Island, in their infinite wisdom, hath said to the Melodians: "Go forth, and sing ye one more time thy "Rivers Of Babylon", which thou didst, after all, do first."

And so we have another chance to hear an immortal song the way it should be done. Taken from the soundtrack of *The Harder They Come*, it is backed by Jimmy Cliff's gospel-tinged ballad "Many Rivers To Cross" and is thus very good value. The Boney M backlash begins here.

Second-best news is Bruce Springsteen's "Prove It All Night" (CBS), which escaped last month's batch and is already making its presence felt. All I wish to do here is to command people to repeat after me: "I will buy Bruce's new album... I will buy Bruce's new album"

British band Squeeze give the most pleas-



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LETTERS

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The Sex Pistols have had it. First Johnny Rotten leaves to become John Lydon, and now Sid Vicious goes. They were the Sex Pistols and the mouldy residue which now remains has no right to use the honoured name of the Sex Pistols.

Ronald Biggs is just a pulljoy with an IQ of 30, and even Jones and Cook are getting rid of him. Biggs isn't a punk deepdown and that becomes obvious in "A Punk Prayer". He escaped conviction and this sort of music needs to be sung with conviction — how's that for a pun(k).

So I cling to *Never Mind the Bollocks* and say 'up yours' to Biggs lovers.

Loyal Rotten/Vicious Fan Tauranga
P.S. If Neville's fired — Danny M, Christchurch, gets his Steely Dan collection smashed.

"The American scene is where it's at", writes Danny M of Christchurch. Why is he so keen on that sort of crap? Why doesn't he get where it's at?

Here in Wellington there's not much New Wave or Punk, and we appreciate what we get through *Rip It Up*.
Liz Wellington

Dear *Rip It Up* — We do like you really, it's just the awful Anti-Punk letters that we don't like.
Anti-Saturday Night Lovers Wellington

I just wanna say that I'm sick to death of the totally fatuous letters that are continually appearing in your basically excellent paper. Most of the time, Neville Purvis writes the funniest and most enjoyable column in *Rip It Up*.

Captain Starlite, there's more meaning in the lyrics of "Foxhole" than there are to "Night Fever".
Benjamin Mitchell Mt Eden

P.S. Go jump in the lake Nobody's Business of Ponsonby. You cynical old fart, I'll betcha didn't like Dylan either on *Hard Rain*, cause he didn't sing quite right.

Jeese some of you guys on the *Rip It Up* rag staff, make me sick. What do you mean *Black and White* depresses you?

It's up to typical brilliant Strangler's standard. Every song on the LP has good hooks and Jean Jacques' bass work never grates on

my nerves.

The Lyrics are certainly stranger than their other albums, but they definitely have not gone to the pot. So Duncan Campbell, your rotten thoughts are yeuch! All I can say is "Something Better Change".
An SPASR (Society for Prevention of Rotten Strangler Reviews) Nubile

You lower the tone of your otherwise excellent rock magazine, by printing letters from such obnoxious disco crazies as Captain Starlite.

Disco freaks have had it their own way for too long, it's time for rock fans to stand up and say enough is enough. We're getting hammered by disco from all sides, simply because it's middle of the road, plastic soul that society feels safe with and therefore encourages. The radio stations thrash it (God Save Barry Jenkin), because it appeals to the mindless masses, who make up the bulk of the audience.

Serious music fans are entitled to at least one media outlet that caters to our tastes. *Rip It Up* is going from strength to strength — Keep it up, and leave the boogie-down-funky-fiends out till their disco balls drop.

One word of warning to Captain Starlite — Do your shadow pouncin' round my sister, and I'll slash your throat with my razor blade. May you burn in a disco inferno.
Johnny Gravel Whakatane

Dear Captain Starlite of Birkenhead — Next time you boogie down to your *Saturday Night Fever* album and are staring at your John Travolta posters, wake up!
Zec. X. Viola

Long live punk, disco is crap. Who wants to do the Brooklyn Hustle when you can pogo! Bring on the Scavs, or the Reps or the Pistols or the...
Jeff Jockstrap

Dear Captain Starlite — It's up to you if you want little girls selections to rule your life, because let's face it, the 45 market is aimed at them.

As for me, I find plenty of rhythm in songs like "Peaches". The pogo is great to do and if you ever took the time to listen, you'd find a much more urgent message in New Wave than grooving with your sister.
Dave Bish Ponsonby

I think Captain Starlite and Danny M are wrong, to put it mildly. Disco sucks, long live rock 'n' roll. *Rip It Up* comes close to the one and only NME for quality. Keep up the new wave news and views, and give Neville a rise.

Lastly, Misex have got to be the hardest working, highest energy and most exciting band in the country. We are going to lose them to Aussie if we don't show them how

much New Zealand loves rock 'n' roll.
Dave the Dude Palmerston North

I beg to differ with the comments of Nobody's Business of Ponsonby regarding Hello Sailor's music. Their music is unashamedly accessible rock and the band makes no pretence at being anything other than straightforward.

At the many Sailor concerts I have attended this year, I can honestly say that they do justice to their promise on vinyl.
Mike Nielsen

Hello Sailor are a very exciting and magnificent band live and on record. I've seen them play about 11 times and that's still not enough for me.
S.L. Titirangi

I fail to see how Peter Thomson, in his review of the new Joe Walsh album, can confidently dismiss the Eagles as "those western wimps", we had hoped Joe Walsh would "pack some beef into".

The Eagles are the classic rock ensemble to which Walsh is purely another addition. Brilliant (and grossly underrated) guitarist Don Felder would be an invaluable asset to any band, and with the genius of Walsh these two must form one of the world's most potent guitar combinations.

The arrival of Tim Schmit from Poco and Steely Dan sessions ensures that if the Eagles tour here this summer it will be a summer we never forget.
Danny McCabe Christchurch

I'm sick of merks writing in to a good magazine and saying cut down on New Wave. Kindly refrain from printing any disco wankers letters.

Furthermore the next who insults New Zealand's most outstanding talent, Neville Purvis, I will personally track to the ends of the earth and kick his or her head in.
George Armpit Rotorua's Greatest Punk

RIP IT UP No. 15 September 1978
Postal Address: PO Box 5689, Auckland.
Editor: Alastair Dougal
Ads & Design: Murray Cammick
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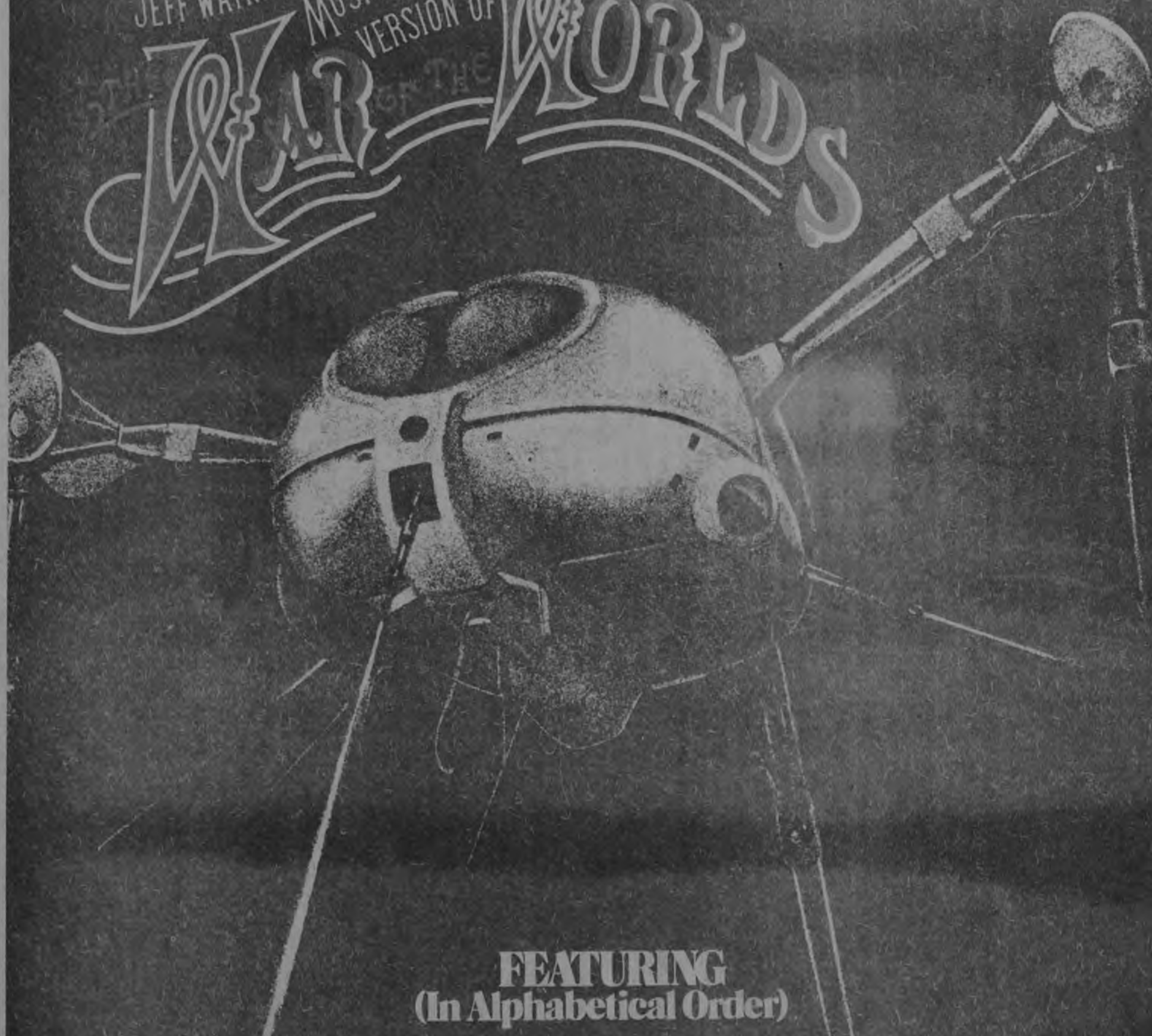
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