

SEPTEMBER 1977

RIP IT UP

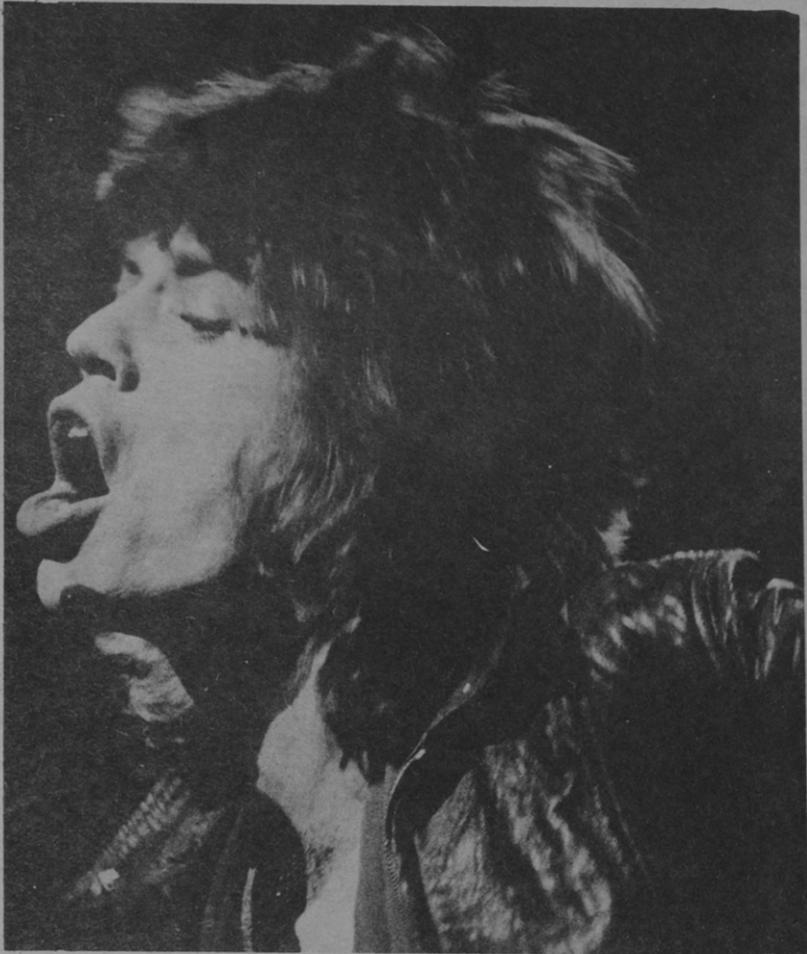
NEW ZEALAND'S FREE MONTHLY ROCK PAPER



MORE
INSIDE

RIP IT UP

psssst!...keep your eyes skinned for Cap'n Wild-hips inside!



Stones Live - Warhol?

Track listing for the new Stone's album is out. It now reads like this: Side 1: "Honky Tonk Woman", "If You Can't Rock Me", "Get Off My Cloud", "Happy", "Hot Stuff", "Star, Star". Side 2: "Tumblin' Dice", "Fingerprint File", "You Gotta Move", "You Can't Always Get What You Want". Side 3: "Mannish Boy", "Cracking Up", "Little Red Rooster", "Around and Around". Side 4: "It's Only Rock 'n'

Roll", "Brown Sugar", "Jumping Jack Flash", "Sympathy For The Devil". The album features two new songs never before recorded by the band, namely Muddy Waters' "Mannish Boy" and Bo Diddley's "Cracking Up". The album is titled *Love You Live*, and features the following extra musicians: Billy Preston and Ian Stewart on keyboards and Ollie Brown on percussion. The sleeve is by Andy Warhol.

TOURS



Manhattan Transfer tour New Zealand, as printed in last month's issue of *Rip It Up*. Dates again are: Christchurch, August 31st; Dunedin, September 2nd; Wellington, September 4th; and Auckland on September 6th.

Split Enz play their second NZ tour of this year between September 7th and September 15th. With new members and new material, this should be an interesting series of concerts. They start in Dunedin on September 7th followed by Christchurch Town Hall (Sept. 8), Wellington Opera House (Sept. 10), Palmerston North's Regent Theatre (Sept 11), Napier Municipal Theatre (Sept.12), and Auckland Town Hall (Sept. 15). Support act for the tour will be Malcolm McCallum.

The Tina Turner Revue featuring one of the most dynamic female performers ever, Tina Turner, plays two shows in New Zealand. Auckland on September 12th and Wellington on September 14th.

Zeppelin tour stops!

Led Zeppelin's current tour of the United States has been hit by a series of mishaps. Firstly, drummer John Bonham and manager, Peter Grant were arrested on battery charges after three employees of well-known promoter, Bill Graham, filed complaints after an Oakland, California concert. The charges arose out of a fight between the band, stage hands, security

guards and the concert management. Just who was fighting whom, and why, is unclear. In addition to the battery charges, Graham's employees have brought a \$2 million lawsuit against Led Zeppelin. Graham, one of the States most influential promoters, is considering not rebooking the band. Some days following this event, news reached Singer, Robert Plant, that his five year old son, Karac, had died of a virus infection in England. Plant together with guitarist, Jimmy Page, flew out to Britain and the dates lined up for the following week were cancelled. It was not known whether the tour would be continued.

EVANS GUDINSKI

presents

SPLIT ENZ

WED.	SEPT. 7	DUNEDIN REGENT THEATRE
THURS.	SEPT. 8	CHRISTCHURCH TOWN HALL
SAT.	SEPT. 10	WELLINGTON OPERA HOUSE
SUN.	SEPT. 11	PALMERSTON NORTH REGENT THEATRE
MON.	SEPT. 12	NAPIER MUNICIPAL THEATRE
THURS.	SEPT. 15	AUCKLAND TOWN HALL

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Hot News

Meanwhile here's some last minute rock'n'roll trivia. Itinerant guitarist Mick Ronson last seen playing behind Van Morrison, now pops up behind Peter Gabriel on his British tour... now here's a rumour for you: **Lowell George** to work with **Bob Dylan**???... **Mick Taylor** gets a helping hand on his solo elpee from Mick Jagger, Ron Wood and Lowell George... **John Hall**, guitarist and writer for US band Orleans, has quit the band for a solo career... **The Damned** have added a second guitarist (made enough noise with one if you ask me) by the name of Lou. They're also working on their second album, this one's to be produced by Pink Floyd drummer Nick Mason... **Frankie Miller** has fired all the members of his Full House band except for bass player Chrissie Stewart. He's working with a scratch band at the moment that includes: Ace Keyboards man Paul Carrack; ex-Procul Harum drummer B.J. Wilson; guitarist Neil Hubbard and sax player Chris Mercer...

SMALL STUFF

The Latest and the Greatest Rock News

In California **Tom Waits**, that lovable drunk, was found not guilty of disturbing the peace after he'd been in a scuffle with a plain-clothes sheriff . . . a bit of film news **Milos Forman** (director of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*) is to be the director of the movie version of the musical, *Hair* . . . and a bio film of Buddy Holly's life is also currently being considered. A possible Buddy Holly is Willie de Ville of New York group, *Mink de Ville*. If you've never heard of him, don't be surprised . . . meanwhile, Martin Scorsese director of *Taxi Driver*, *Alice Doesn't Live Here* etc is putting together a film to be called *The Last Waltz* which will feature footage from The Band's farewell-to-performing concert with Van Morrison, Bob Dylan, Muddy Waters, Joni Mitchell, Neil Young, Neil Diamond, Ronnie Hawkins, Eric Clapton etc, etc. Other acts shot in the US and Europe, may also be included . . . black musical *The Wiz*, based on the *The Wizard of Oz*, which has played on Broadway for some time, is now to be made into a film. It will feature **Michael Jackson** of the Jacksons, **Diana Ross**, **Richard Pryor** and **Bill Cosby** . . . **Ronnie Lane**, late of the Faces, played a gig in the carpark of his local pub in Shropshire, *The Drum and Monkey*. He was joined by mates Tom McGuinness (late of McGuinness - Flint), Eric Clapton (late of . . .), and occasional Rolling Stones' piano player Ian Stewart. They treated the locals to a set that included such favourites as "Dead Flowers", "Willie and the Hand Jive", "Oh La La", "Key to the Highway", "Little Queenie" and Clapton did a solo spot on "Stormy Monday" . . . meanwhile the reformed **Small Faces** with Steve Marriott, Ian McLagen, Kenny Jones and new bass-player, Rick Wells, replacing Ronnie Lane, have a new album out on Atlantic records, *Playmates* . . . **Ronnie Lane** has also been working on a duet album with Pete Townshend. It's now finished and is titled *Tough Mix* . . . ex-Pentangle bass player, **Danny Thompson** is recovering from a heart attack and therefore currently unable

Recording News

The **Rumour** have resurfaced with a single out on Phonogram. Entitled "Queen of Paradise", it was written and produced by Shade and Gerard Smith, and recorded at Mandrill Studios.

WEA (Australia) have expressed interest in releasing **Alistair Riddell's** "Wonder Ones" and **Rick Steele's** "Trains Can Fly" across the Tasman. Nothing has been drawn up but at least the attention is there.

Harlequin Studios in Mt Eden, which was started last year by Doug Rogers and Mike Dodds, has been very busy with demo work. Split Enz, Lea Maalfrid, Malcolm McCallum, the Scavengers, Cirrus (with Paul Crowther, ex Split Enz, on drums) and many others have put down tracks there. The studio is well-equipped and ideal for groups wanting to record



Split Enz at Harlequin Studios.

demo tapes. Anyone interested in booking time there should ring Mike or Doug at 779-353. Go to it, Eeerhor.

The soundtrack for the film *Sleeping Dogs* has been completed and features **Mark Williams** and **Murray Grindlay**. An album of the soundtrack has been compiled by Alan Galbraith who is quite excited by the project. The tracks from Murray Grindlay are "Murray Grindlay as Murray Grindlay should sound", says Galbraith.

Meanwhile at the end of August, Alan Galbraith and Mark Williams are leaving for Australia for an indefinite period.

Wellington rock group **Schtung** have just completed the backing tracks for their first album. Rick White is producing, and dubbing and mixing is scheduled for the last couple of weeks in August.

The **Heartbreakers** first album is due to be recorded early in September.

Riddell Rides Again

The latest product of new local label, Mandrill, is a single for Alastair Riddell. Shedding the Space Waltz front, Riddell has virtually single-handedly produced a remarkable little piece — "Wonder Ones".

Playing at last count; piano, organ, a couple of guitars, synthesisers, various vocals, and perhaps bass, Riddell has produced a more compact and purposeful arrangement than Space Waltz ever managed. The jerky piano intro and characteristic harmony guitar work are the most prominent thing about the early stages of the song, until a really great chorus sweeps in to carry all before it.

Yes, they were the Wonder Ones

If they wanted more they were very sure

They were Wonder Ones

And they fight for all, for nothing,

They have wonder fun.

Of course it sounds a little too close in lyrical content to "Oh, You Pretty Things" to be completely comfortable, but with a tune like that you could forgive it anything, and as it rides its honky-tonk piano and guitar solo out to the end it takes its place alongside "Gutter Black" as single of the year so far.

Francis Stark

to work . . . all-girl Californian group **The Runaways** have recruited a new bassist to replace Jackie Fox. Seems Jackie quit after two suicide attempts and several disagreements with the rest of the band. New member is Vickie Blue . . . new British sensation is **Elvis Costello**, who has already been compared with Bruce Springsteen, Van



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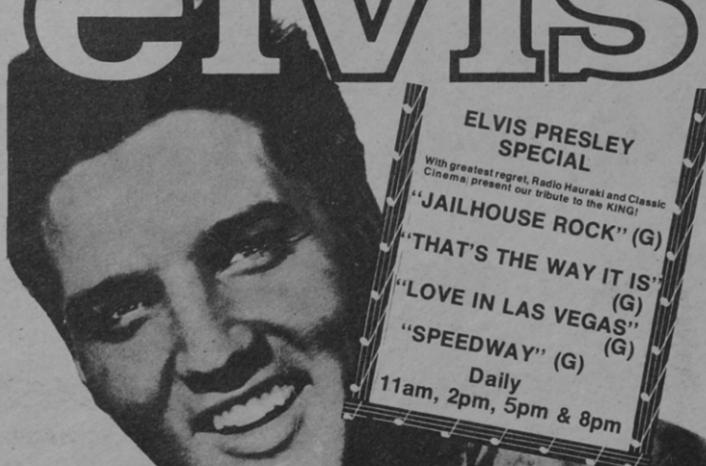
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Morrison etc, etc. His back up band includes ex-Sutherland Brothers bass player Bruce Thomas and ex-Chilli Willi drummer, Pete Thomas. The man's slogan goes — Elvis is King. Figures . . . **The Rumour's** first solo album without Graham Parker is out and it's called *Max*. Why, you may ask. Well, seeing as Fleetwood Mac called their album *Rumours*, then The Rumour just had to call theirs *Max*. There's logic for you . . . **Randy Newman's** first LP in quite some time is released in the States in September. It's titled, *Little Criminals* . . . Dan Peek one third of **America** has quit the band. This leaves Gerry Beckley and Dewey Bunnell to work as a duo or hire a new man . . . new **Linda Ronstadt** album, *Simple Dreams*, is yet again produced by Peter Asher and features the Rolling Stones, "Tumbling Dice". Sounds interesting . . . **Bill Bruford** ex-Genesis and Yes drummer, is now working on a solo album with a band comprised of Dave Stewart on keyboards, Allan Holdsworth on guitar, Jeff Berlin on bass and vocalist, Annette Peacock . . . Sid Vicious, bass player for the **Sex Pistols** was fined 100 pounds in London on a charge of possessing an offensive weapon, namely a flick knife . . . after a considerable lay-off before his last album *The Idiot*, Iggy Pop has now swung into action again. Iggy has another David Bowie produced album out in September. Titled *Lust for Life* it features nine songs, seven of which are co-written with Bowie . . . meanwhile rumour has it that **Bowie** may hit the road later this year with Iggy in his backing band . . . **The Beach Boys** are now signed to CBS via James William Guercio's Caribou label. But they still have one album to complete for Warner Brothers that's to be called *Adult Child*. The switch to CBS has

been brought on by the less-than-impressive sales of their last two albums, *15 Big Ones* and *The Beach Boys Love You* . . . **Marc Bolan** is to have his own half-hour TV series in Britain called *Marc* . . . **Jeff Lynne** of the Electric Light Orchestra has put out a solo single, "Doing That Crazy Thing" which features Elton John among the backing musicians . . . **Levon Helm** of The Band is working on a solo LP . . . while **Rick Danko's** first solo album is released on Arista . . . **Rod Stewart** is in the process of mixing his new album . . . **Sea Level** (with Chuck Leavell, Jai Johanny Johanson and Lamar Williams — all late of the Allman Brothers) have drafted in new members Randall Bramblett on keyboards and sax and David Causey on guitar . . . and the **Gregg Allman** band drafts in Kenny Burke to replace Willie Weeks on bass . . . **Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow** have had constant problems since they lost keyboards player, Tony Carey and bass player, Jimmy Bain, some months ago. Now, latest bass player, Mark Clarke, has quit and they have not yet found a replacement for Carey on keyboards . . . **Kursaal Flyers** release a live LP later this year recorded at the Marquee in London . . . The **Grateful Dead's** new LP *Terrapin Station* features orchestration on the title track by Paul Buckmaster and using the English Chorale . . . **Johnny Winter**, after working as a sideman on Muddy Waters last LP, *Hard Again*, has now recorded a straight-ahead blues LP with the Muddy Waters band, called *Nothing But the Blues* . . . new band recording on George Harrison's Dark Horse label is **Attitudes**, which includes ace sessioners Danny Kootch and Jim Keltner together with bassist Paul Stollworth and keyboards player David Foster . . .

elvis



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MELANIE



Melanie at Auckland Press Conference

Melanie, in person, is a far more attractive proposition than her album covers might suggest. The flashing brown eyes and her face surrounded by glossy brown hair you might expect, but she's dressed kind of flashily. She wears a long dress, natch, but she's also got a silver shawl that sets off her dark, mature beauty rather nicely. She's 29 now and the mother of two children, so a flower-child she's not.

However, for many years she was saddled with an image that represented only one aspect of her character. She frankly admits: "I was over-sold and over-packaged. I don't know if I should say that they shouldn't do it that way, but I don't think it worked for me."

As Melanie views it the promotion she received pegged her as a 'twit'. "I didn't want to be invalidated by the media just because they say I'm too

cute. I'm not a twit! I wrote a song that said: 'there's a part of us that's eternal', but that was a valid sentiment that applied to the part of everybody that I was directing the song to."

Melanie has also come under criticism for her audiences. Critics have sneered at an audience who lit candles, brought her gifts and were generally regarded as 'too adoring'. Melanie sees it quite differently. "I've never had an audience I didn't like. Some people said they were too adoring, but I just felt they were with me. I don't do my shows for me, I do it for them and I do it so that they get the best. There's no magic if there's no feedback."

Her last visit to New Zealand was her first breakout from a self-imposed isolation of over two years. After her tour here, she recorded her latest album, *Photograph*, under the direction of Ahmet Ertegun of Atlantic records. The LP got consistently good reviews for being a taste of a more forceful Melanie. "Sure, *Photograph* is punchier but it's not that different. There were rock songs on my first album, but it's just that now I have to really hit people hard before they'll bother to listen to me. It seems I needed the time away for people to be able to approach me honestly without misconceptions."

Unfortunately, Melanie's new-found artistic confidence on record, does not come across so well on stage. She's got the material to put on a really good show and she had a fine band behind her but, on the night of her Auckland concert, the pacing of the show was lamentable. Every time the show threatened to take off, she'd perform several slow songs that tended to put everyone off to sleep. The new songs were, however, undoubtedly the most successful, notably "Groundhog Day" and Jesse Winchester's "Yankee Man". And yes, in reply to consistent requests, she did play "Alexander Beetle".

Alastair Dougal

Who's Where

SEPTEMBER 1977

Vox Pop Friday 2nd and Saturday 3rd, 10pm at Island of Real, 7 Airedale St.

Hard Jazz Fridays 2nd and 9th and Saturdays 3rd and 10th, midnight at Island of Real.

Hello Sailor Sunday 4th, 4pm at Island of Real.

Cohesion Royal George, Newmarket, 2pm Saturday afternoons.

Rick Steele 5th-10th Nelson, 12-22nd Christchurch and 23rd-26th Oamaru.

Tiger Rose Moody Richards, Airedale St, 10pm Wednesday to Saturday.

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

Billy Star 12th-17th Quinns Post, Upper Hutt and 19th-31st at Broderick Inn, Johnsonville.

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RIP IT UP Vol.1, No.4 September 1977.

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Thanks Terry Hobin for Wellington news.

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Thoughts on the Passing of PRESLEY

The McGarrigle Sisters



SISTERS

One of this writer's earliest tele- memories was Rosemary Clooney and her kid sister singing the song which contained the immortal couplet:

*God help the mister who comes between me and my sister
But God help the sister who comes between me and my man.*

Sibling rivalry on such a scale has not been a feature of the rock world to date. From the Ryans through to the Pointers, Winters and the McCartney/McGear duo, co-operation seems to be the order of the day. And now a new team has come on to the musical horizon — Kate and Anna McGarrigle. Their two Warners' albums, *Kate and Anna McGarrigle* and *Dancer with Bruised Knees* should now be nestling in the shelves of your local record dealer.

Like Randy Newman, Joni Mitchell and other 'class' writers, the McGarrigles got their first break when the big ones started recording their songs. Maria Muldaur included a McGarrigle song on each of her albums, and the current 'c&w' goddess of the *Time* cover, Linda Ronstadt, named an album after Anna's *Heart Like a Wheel*.

The McGarrigles' background is very similar to Maria Muldaur's. After years singing with her husband, Geoff, in the Jim Kweskin Jug Band, and two albums with husband, she retired to do only session work. And then in 1973 came the first of her solo albums. Muldaur is not the world's greatest singer but she has a shrewd sense of style, and a great taste which enables her to hand pick her material. This runs the gamut from straight nostalgia through country and western (she was taking Dolly Parton seriously in 1973!) to the best of contemporary writers such as the McGarrigles.

The McGarrigles share Muldaur's basic 'folkie' background with years singing around folk clubs in their native Canada as well as in Greenwich Village. Anna's "Heart Like a Wheel" at times sounds like a cunning composite of about three American folk-songs, and this same spirit has led them to include various arrangements of French Canadian folk songs in both their albums.

The first album opens with a terrifically gutsy "Kiss and Say Goodbye" with a stunning arrangement — let's face it, how can you fail with Joe Boyd producing (unless you're Vashti Bunyan) and Lowell George in the background (unless you're Robert Palmer).

The celebrated "Heart Like a Wheel" is also on the first side of the album, and I think this must be one of the premier love songs of the past ten years, with its simple but affecting imagery:

*Some say a heart is just like a wheel
When you bend it you can't mend it
And my love for you is like a sinking ship
And my heart is on that ship out in mid-ocean*

I think that, with Eric Kaz's and

Libby Titus' "Love Has No Pride" (Check Bonnie Raitt's *Give It Up* album), this must be one of my all-time favourite songs.

The sheer magic of the McGarrigles' arrangement deserves comment. Opening with eerie organ harmonies, and accompanied for the most part by banjo and effective vocal harmonies.

Side two opens with "Complainte pour Ste-Catherine" which is the only French song on this album. This is another memorable opening number and had a fair chart success on the Continent. In a 1973 interview, Maria Muldaur commented on the McGarrigles' individual sense of harmony, and perhaps this contributes a lot to the charm of this number. But this underplays the brilliant arrangement which is a sort of West Coast refinement of the British Albion Band style, with stunning use of button accordion (shades of Flaco Jimenez).

I think freshness is the key to this album, and to the whole of the McGarrigles' work. In England they were slightly roasted by the musical press for their inability to handle crowds of thousands at the various temples of rock. So who wants to emulate the Bay City Rollers and Adolf Hitler?

Some of the same critics were a little reserved in their judgement on the second album, *Dancer with Bruised Knees*, but this is a fine work and shows a definite development from their first album.

The highlights range from "Be My Baby" with its bouncy Caribbean feel and John Cale marimba solos, to "Southern Boys" with its rather sly eroticism:

*Oh let it out, Oh please don't hide it,
All that good old stuff down below
that Mason Dixon line*

And "Perrine Etait Servante" is a lovely tale telling how an unfortunate seducer was turned into an altar piece. Mystifying? Take it as a challenge and try to invest in either of these albums, if you have anything over after buying Ry Cooder's new one.

William Dart

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Elvis in *That's The Way It Is*, now showing at the Classic Cinema

At the time of writing Elvis has been dead a mere 24 hours. The news made front-page headlines in both Dailies, television plans and extravaganza and no doubt *Time* will do a special feature, maybe even a cover. Why add to the media blitz? Simply because Elvis was not just a cultural phenomenon who made news; he was, and, despite the decline of his later years, he remained one of the few rock artists of genius. He was the spearhead of a movement that turned popular music inside out. Put bluntly, without Elvis this paper probably wouldn't exist.

The established media will discuss and dissect the details of his life/legend: the truck driver who sang nigger music, the two-way hysteria of teens and parents, the army, those movies, Las Vegas, blah blah. Hopefully, in all the orgy of information they will mention the *music* and its *performance*.

The poet Thom Gunn once wrote of Elvis: "He turns revolt into a style." It is true Presley created rebellious fashions in greased-up hair, tight trousers and drape jackets, but the revolt went a lot deeper — to his art. Presley, almost single-handedly, brought the raw sexual excitement and rhythms of Black music to a world-wide white audience. His sound overlapped all the American fields of popular music; to the white strains of tin pan alley and C & W, he blended R & B and original rock & roll. Those early recordings — "That's Alright Mama", "Mystery Train", "Heartbreak Hotel" and so on — still retain a power and energy that is incandescent. Great Elvis records are not just classics to remain respectfully filed in archives; they get thrashed regularly at parties all over town. Check out the pub juke-boxes; they'll be there too.

Thom Gunn went on to write:

Whether he poses or is real, no cat
Bothers to say: the pose held is a
stance.

Therein lies the Presley enigma: a rock genius who could alternate intensity with effortless nonchalance: who could take greater risks in his music with greater success than any comparable singer, yet who increasingly palyed it safe as his career developed. He exhibited brilliant intuitive musical taste in early years but later showed a distressing inability to distinguish his strengths from his weaknesses. Did Elvis really lay waste to his talents or simply squander them on efforts not worth his energy? The latter interpretation seems more accurate.

After his army stint, Elvis went into isolation, protected by his 'Memphis Mafia' from the world in general and his adoring fans in particular. The problem was that this very inaccessibility isolated him from all cultural input. Coupled with this lack of feedback from the outside world went

Elvis' absolute faith in the judgement of manager Tom Parker. These two factors combined are said to account for the poor films and steady decline in the quality of Presley's recordings. He simply did what business advisors considered most profitable, and so his career slowly sank beneath the accumulated weight of saccharine ballads and the sad imitations of his own imitators (Tom Jones et al).

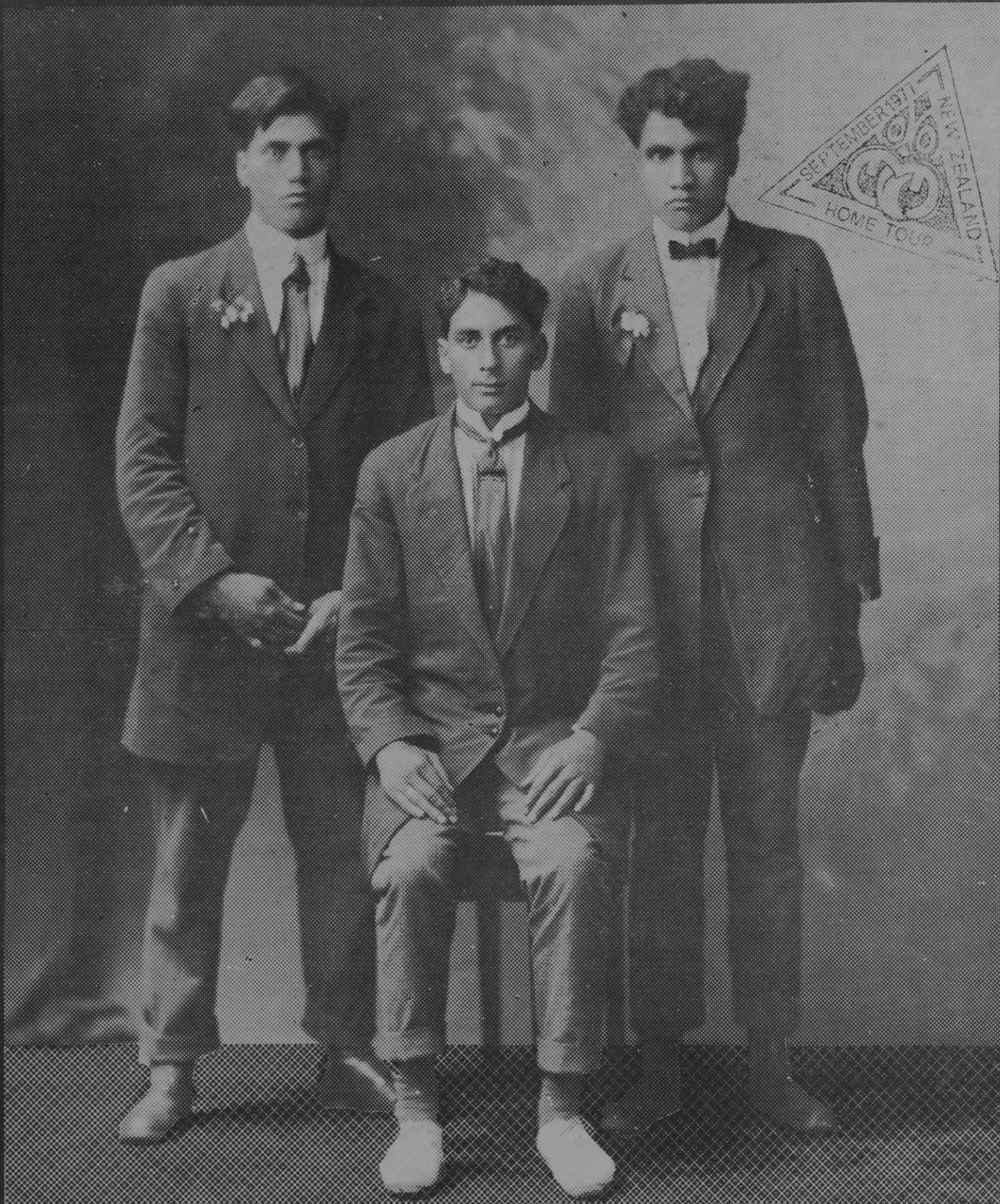
Evidence of this can be readily identified in the last two Elvis musical films seen in New Zealand: *That's the Way It Is* and *Elvis On Tour*. Gone is the lean young man in white shoes and black shirt with, (as Mike Farren put it) 'the sullen good looks of a successful hub-cap thief.' Instead, we see a paunchy, sequined, posturing, Las Vegas lounge singer crooning "The Impossible Dream". Yet that is by no means the whole picture. While there is the lamentable self-parody there are also sparks of that original rock'n'roll fire; it's just that they are carefully modulated within a context that is glorifyingly middle-of-the-road. The pretentious "American Trilogy" is there but so is a dynamite version of "Polk Salad Annie" that has all the verve and swivelling snap of vintage Presley.

When the camera pans the audience we get some indication of the breadth of this man's appeal — ranging from pre-teen to post-menopausal. Elvis had, and has, a devoted following that covers the whole spectrum of society in age, race, and social class. Perhaps in recording and performing some of his, to my mind, inferior material, he was simply catering for different elements of his huge audience. And like the flashes in those films, there was always an occasional performance to prove that Elvis was still a master of rock. (for example: the Memphis T.V. special, the *Back In Memphis* album, the singles "Guitar Man" and "Suspicious Minds".)

It is testament to Presley's greatness as a rocker that he generated enough energy during those first five or six years to carry him through the minimal creative activity of the following one and a half decades. Any lesser star would have burnt out long ago. Stardom in any medium is the goal that becomes a burden. It is frequently antithetical to the growth of the individual's art, and in rock music it frequently becomes self-destructive at high personal cost. Elvis was not just a star, he was a superstar, the biggest of them all, yet he came through superstardom without ever forgetting what it meant to rock. There are a lot of people who would rock to Elvis who wouldn't consider listening to Rod Stewart or the Stones. I know of two grandmothers who will miss the King as much as I do.

Peter Thomson.

SPLIT ENZ



'DIZRYTHMIA'

LET IT GET YOU



TOURING SEPT. 7 DUNEDIN REGENT THEATRE SEPT. 8 CHRISTCHURCH TOWN HALL
SEPT. 10 WELLINGTON OPERA HOUSE SEPT. 11 PALMERSTON NORTH REGENT THEATRE
SEPT. 12 NAPIER MUNICIPAL THEATRE SEPT. 15 AUCKLAND TOWN HALL

An oasis of rock in a desert of disco, is how Radio Hauraki's, boogieing, disc-jockey, Barry Jenkin feels about his nightly, one-man-band show, in which every record is a spontaneous decision.

Given total freedom to compile and present his three hour programme from rock albums, says 29 year old Jenkin, is a deal he is grateful to have. "You would never get me stuck playing top forty, I'd rather be driving trucks."

His lust for rock, which he dedicatedly gives exposure, radiates through in his quirky comments and sincere knowledge. Every single record is a decision, which has to be right for the moment, according to his feel. He rides along empathically with everything he plays; with a love, as if he were cooking the music himself.

It is quite natural for Jenkin to exuberantly sway and shuffle about his studio, with albums scattered amass, and monitor speaker wound up loud; it all being an involved, raving, presentation. You soon find yourself eagerly letting go and moving with the groove that Jenkin lives for each night.

Frequent dashes are made out into Hauraki's vast library, scrummaging through albums, hunting for the right

I don't want to fill the place with disco crud.

track to catch his eye, to excitedly load onto the turntable.

Chicago's "Lowdown", I mention to him. His face lights up. "A hell of a good song, I've got to play it next." Zipping through more stacks of albums, but "Lowdown" eludes him and another Chicago song has to suffice.

His 'minority radio', as he puts it, gets more refined on Sunday nights, with five hour specials that he researches and prepares.

Assistance comes from various guests on the show who he says, "know a hell of a lot more about rock than I will ever know. I learn more from them than they do from me, on these rap sessions." 'Dr Rock', as he is known, is a label he hates for its pretentiousness: "I'm only just scratching the surface of rock, let alone claiming to be an authority of some kind."

He has done specials on Little Feat, facets of American rock, women in rock, a 'Rolling Stones' night, progressive rock and has traced back the highlights of the history of the local recording industry, with ex-Split Enz member, Mike Chunn. Frustratedly, Jenkin laments, "I would like to put a lot more effort into it, I don't seem to get enough of it; it is a busman's holiday for me. I get off after a five hour shift and go home and listen to music till four in the morning. It is mad."

For eight years Barry played cello, and was brought up on classical music. "I didn't hear a line of rock music until I was eighteen, and missed out on all the early stuff. I would love to be still playing an instrument now."

He takes a deep breath of contemplation when I ask of his latest undertaking — shaping up the shambles that TV 2's *Radio With Pictures* has become. "The biggest hassle is the costs and supply of quality film clips of which I will give rock material top priority. I don't want to fill the place with disco crud."

He explains that it can cost record companies up to \$300 in overseas funds to buy a reel of film clip. Companies pay for a proportion of the film-making costs. "It is a lot of bread for them to supply, that's why I am easier on them. There are heaps of film available but it is old, or the wrong stuff."

Working with T.V., he felt awkward at first. "I had to knit in with a whole team of people. I didn't know how to handle it. In the end, I just threw away the script, and boogied on, like with radio, where I can do my own thing."

Barry has always been free to do as he liked, and has always resisted commercial music's pressures, even in his early days with the NZBC, at 2ZA, Palmerston North, where he



Jenkins plays after show pinball.

spent three years. He then joined 1ZM, in Auckland where, at night, he was known for the rock album material that he liberally played. Last year Radio Hauraki invited him to join them, but on his terms — that he had a 100% free hand with programming.

"It's only because I have been around long enough, and am big and ugly enough, that I have been able to get this sort of a deal, to play the music I want to play, it is the only deal worth having."

For many, his efforts in venting album music is the only means of getting in touch with new releases, and albums in general. One Queen St record retailer, regards Jenkin's show as "the main music mover around". He says he has people coming into his shop, buying him out of certain albums, that they heard on the show the night before.

Jenkin acknowledges that it is the only game in town — catering for the discerning music listener. "Everything I play is my decision. I make an arrogant stand, and try and play the best track off each album. So when you see that one on the shelves, that is one you might listen to." He is thankful for having a light advertising schedule, allowing for more music time, and adamantly says: "I've got no commercial consideration, whatsoever. It doesn't matter a stuff whether an album sells one, or ten thousand: if it is good music I'll play it". Obscure second hand records and quality bootlegs,

that he finds interesting, get spun also.

"We get the tip of the iceberg here, as far as what is released. I'm not blaming the record companies, they're there to make a buck; they release accordingly, knowing what will sell. I'm getting through to some of them though. With The Crusaders album, *Chain Reaction* and Chuck Leavell's *Sea Level*, every time I play them I get four to five phone calls — they are going to release them now, but what a wait."

It doesn't matter a stuff whether an album sells . . . if it is good music I'll play it.

Stations won't programme more rock during the day, because they know it won't do them any good. Audience research ratings prove disco is where it is at. That is why Hauraki is a top forty of basically disco. "I'd like to tune in and hear my sort of music at nine in the morning, but precious few others would. It's obvious most people like shit, that is why Abba is big. Most people aren't the discerning sort of people that like serious, good, music, who I want to talk to."

Where they are wrong with their programming, he complains, is that after his show they go back into disco.

"They should keep on playing the "good stuff."

The majority of the daytime listeners tolerate his show, rather than hate it, he calculates. "As far as I am concerned, if two people are getting off on what I do, then I've done my job, but you can't think that way in radio. I'm lucky though, it does appeal on a reasonable level." According to Jenkin, his is the top-rated night radio show.

If God had intended us to listen in mono he would have given us one ear.

Little Feat and Steely Dan are religion for Barry, with their albums never being far from his turntables. "Steely are a legend, absolute purists. For me, Lowell George is God and Bill Payne, an arch-angel." He remarked that, during a trip he did to the USA, this year, he phoned George up to say hello. "The idea was that I was going on a concert pilgrimage. They say that if you wait long enough in L.A., every act in the world will come to you. While I was there, there seemed to be a big hole."

Americans appear to be making tremendous strides in musical appreciation, he observes, saying that Peter Frampton's live set was a watershed in rock, spearheading the trend in America away from lush production back to a tougher, live sound.

The English rock scene, with its punk rock — the 'new wave', is not well. Punk rock is all about a feeling, that is not enough. A lot of people say that feelings and attitudes is where rock is at. Not necessarily. Music has to be where rock is at. There are few that I think are worth it, exceptions being, the Stranglers, and the New York band, Television. Their stuff blows me away. The punk rocker is hard and heavy, not very melodic; certainly the English rocker is this repetitive deal, there is not a hell of a lot in it, with its chord after chord."

With the local rock scene, Jenkin is appalled and will not patronise it by playing local artists' music, unless it measures up to the standard of the overseas albums that he has access to. "It is absolutely disgusting the shit that a lot of local bands end up playing."

We can't compete on a world scale because we have fewer musicians to draw from. Shit it really is in its infancy," he says strongly, "and to compete on a world scale is ludicrous. We can't do that more than once every few years, somebody will happen soon."

F.M. radio is the ideal medium for Barry Jenkin. "Without it we are an underdeveloped country. If God had intended us to listen in mono he would have given us one ear. It is logical, the stuff is produced in stereo, you might as well listen to it in stereo — it is brilliant. While in the States, I shut myself up for days at a time and listened to F.M. Most of the jocks have got taste, it's like never having to change your stereo again. The fidelity of the gear is wonderful."

In New Zealand, he explains, everyone is interested in setting a station up, "but nobody actually does anything. The Government does not want to know. They keep giving us the story, 'it will cost millions of dollars to set up' — absolute rubbish. The students, with 'Radio Bosom' proved they could put a transmitter together for 250 bucks, at 2 to 3 kilowatts, which covered a lot of Auckland," he stresses: "It doesn't cost big money. Local manufacturers already have the equipment ready."

Meantime Barry, with his chunk of the airwaves explores rock with an extension of his own head, in the belief that such jollies will edify all. "It is a bloody easy life really," he admits and laughingly says, "there is nothing else I could do. Some day, some one will wake up to me and realise that I'm just being myself — and getting away with it."

Ray Castle

Mending the Enz...

Four years ago, Split Enz had a song in their repertoire which has only occasionally surfaced since. It was called "True Colours" and featured the lines:

Supposing we knew all about the blues,

Could we still pick and choose?

These words were an ironic reaction to the sterility of the tail-end of the blues boom which still dominated the New Zealand music scene.

It is intriguing, then, that *Dizrythmia*, the latest Split Enz album, to be released early September, eschews the romantic sweep of such pieces as "Stranger Than Fiction" or "Nightmare Stampede". In its place, the new song-writing axis of Finn and Rayner exploit mainstream formats. For example, the most intriguing song on the record "Charlie", uses as its basis recognisably blues chord changes.

When the band was young, it was refreshing to rediscover old jazz styles, 60's pop music, ragtime, and to find an act which adhered to high standards of presentation and arrangement. Now, "progression" is seen as a blind alley, and nostalgia is last year's thing. Never the last to leave the party, Split Enz have begun to dabble in styles new to them. The break from the past which seemed imminent in the aftermath of the last tour has come.

Whatever the variety shown by the various songs on *Dizrythmia*, most of them have in common a deliberate newness. Stylistically, the one song most like the old Split Enz, "Jam-boree", is the least successful. It is the

only instance of the band trying to imitate their former selves — a band that disappeared with the departure of Philip Judd. It is interesting to note that the other song which survives from last year, "Sugar and Spice," has been drastically rearranged, and even when new did not have the same kind

of lyrical content which ran through the old band's repertoire.

The symphonic approach has been dispensed with. Rather than accumulate melodic and lyrical ideas within a song, they now prefer to take a theme and work it to its logical conclusion. The departure of Michael Chunn and



From September 12, *Radio With Pictures* will revert to late-night Mondays and extend to one hour in length. It will screen as the last programme before shutdown on South Pacific Television, at about 10.40 p.m.

Radio With Pictures, in its late-night format will operate on a three week cycle. The first week will follow the present format with film clips of overseas and local artists. The second two weeks will be comprised of material from the US show *Don Kirschner's Rock Concerts*, the first of which will feature an hour-long tribute to Jim

Croce, plus the Eagles with Linda Ronstadt. Also scheduled for the first week is the first screening of the Sex Pistol's "God Save The Queen", which the censors have ruled can be used, but only after 9 p.m.

Some of the material to be used in the weeks when the Kirschner Rock Concerts aren't playing includes: an hour-long Bachman Turner Overdrive special; a half hour of Van Morrison recorded during a US *Midnight Special*, a live concert performance from Bette Midler; and a recording of the most recent Paris concert by the Rolling Stones.

In addition, the programme will feature local acts. Planning is under way to have contributions from Tommy Adderley, Lea Maalfrid, Hello Sailor, Odyssey, Alastair Riddell and Rick Steele.

The move to the late night spot has apparently been brought on by poor ratings for the late Saturday afternoon show. So, if your Mum will let you stay up late, or you don't have to go to work too early in the morning, check out the new *Radio With Pictures*, Monday nights from September 12th.

Emlyn Crowther has meant less use of counterpoint: in its place is a rhythmic directness which belies the album's title. There is also less emphasis on Rob Gillies' melodic contributions, and more on traditional saxophone styles. The result is a feel to the recording much more like a live performance than a process of layering in the studio. Formerly, they were remarkable for their ability to reproduce a complex, studio sound on stage, now they aim for a directness in their recorded product.

The single from the record, "My Mistake", will be New Zealand audiences' first introduction to the new-look Split Enz. In keeping with the new approach, it takes a simple melodic hook-line and restates it just often enough to be nagging but not so often as to grate. The musical whimsy of earlier recordings is not totally dispelled — there are strains of a calliope organ in its syncopation — but the dominant impression is of the straightforward melody. Similarly, "Bold as Brass" adopts immediacy as its principal aim. The closest reference point to this kind of song is probably "Maybe", on the first (New Zealand) version of *Mental Notes*.

"Without a Doubt" features the most well-shaped melody on the record, suggesting that all has not been lost with the departure of their dominant song-writing force. The Finn-Rayner team maintains a long standing tradition for tune writing, even if musical phrases tend now to be shorter and more tied to a vocal catchphrase. In all *Dizrythmia* has as its cardinal virtue a fighter's ability to come back at you, be you bathing or whistling your dog.

Most insidious, winning and puzzling of all is "Charlie". Immediately hummable, "Charlie" is, for all its instant appeal, eccentric. For starters, listeners are bound to speculate on the subject of the song and not to appear churlish *Rip it Up* joins the fun with the polite query — *is it perhaps about Philip Judd's break with the band?* At any rate "Charlie" deals with confrontation and heart-felt regret which brings us once again to the blues. It may come as a surprise to fans to find Split Enz doing something as commonplace as a melancholy ballad, but "Charlie" emerges as an honest, original, superior song.

Out of it all comes the plain fact that the Enz have changed, mainly with a view to survival. It might even be appropriate to say that *Dizrythmia* experiments with survival techniques, in that there are nine songs here and they all use distinct approaches. In particular every song is rhythmically different from its fellows. The former band were rhythmically complex within numbers but uniformly intricate from one to the next. Yet for this new incarnation of Split Enz *dizrythmia* means a directness within songs and a diversity from one to the other. Damn clever plot we call it.

Francis Stark
Bruce Belsham

Pussyfooting

Amused
Inviting
Mysterious
Alluring
Amused
Split
Bewitching
Mysterious
Enz
Inviting
Split
Exotic
Saucy
Luxurious
Enz
Sophisticate



witching
Coy
Alluring
Saucy
Girlish
Lively
Exotic
Split Enz
Sophisticated
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Luxurious
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RETAILERS THE STAFF
AND MANAGEMENT OF
THE MUSIC STUDIO
MOURN THE
PASSING OF THE
KING OF ROCK 'N ROLL



ST LUKES SQUARE
HENDERSON SQUARE
SHORE CITY



Tim and Lizzie



Neil Finn



Malcolm Green and Nigel

TIM ON ENZZ

New Year — New Band — New Company was the title of a John Mayall album, as I recall. But it could very effectively apply to Split Enz back home for their forthcoming tour of the country.

For make no mistake, it's a different band in many ways. It's the new deluxe Twin Finn model with Tim's brother, Neil, replacing Phil Judd on guitar, and Nigel Griggs replacing Jonathan Michael Chunn on bass. And the stage act and, more particularly, the stage material has changed. On this tour, the show will be largely made up of material from their new album, *Dizrythmia*.

As Tim Finn affirms, "it'll be 95% new stuff. We're not gonna do very many old ones. I mean, we'll probably do 'The Woman Who Loves You', 'True Colours' and 'Another Great Divide' and we might do some of the older ones like 'Maybe'. I'm not sure. But it'll be a very few anyway."

"We just want to try out a whole lot of the new stuff and see what the reaction's like. For New Zealand, it was getting a bit much the same, especially on the last tour. People felt it was just the same thing over again."

Split Enz debuted the new material on their last British tour, a strategy that they were a bit dubious about at the time, but which worked remarkably well. As Tim views it, "We were lucky to get away with the new material as well as we did, actually. At every concert the crowd was really happy. A typical reaction was: 'We'd like to have heard more of the old ones but we don't want you to stop playing the new songs, because they're so interesting!'"

Any further doubts about the creativity of the new band were soon dispelled for me by watching them working in a studio, one night in Auckland. Despite the fact that the new album isn't out anywhere in the world yet, they're already working on 'demos' for the next album. Putting down songs, fragments of melodies and ideas that will enable them to work more successfully and productively when it comes to record later this year. One of the two songs I saw them working on, "Best Friend" is a veritable block buster. A great melody played with even greater power. The second song, "Misshap", is a more

traditional pop-song, sounding slightly Beatles-ish. Both boast naggingly catchy melodies. The main problem was that it'll probably be at least a year before I can satisfy my lust to hear them again, once the Enz have recorded them. Until then, I'll just whistle them in my sleep.

A few days later, we managed to corner Tim Finn to tell us about the new album, the new band and the changes over the last few months. So take it away, Tim.

"Perhaps we could go back to the period just before the album. After Phil left, Eddie and I did a lot of writing in America and that was a really important period for me personally because suddenly I was on my own. I'd been with Phil for so long and it really was a good writing partnership and suddenly it was just me."

"But I arrived back in England and I was euphoric and so was Eddie. We wrote lots of songs quite quickly. And then getting Geoff Emerick to produce the album was another boost, we didn't know much about him, but just the fact that he's worked with the Beatles and all that . . . and he liked all our songs."

"So we went into the studio for four days before the British tour and that was like him testing us out, and us testing him and it worked really well. So he decided to do the album."

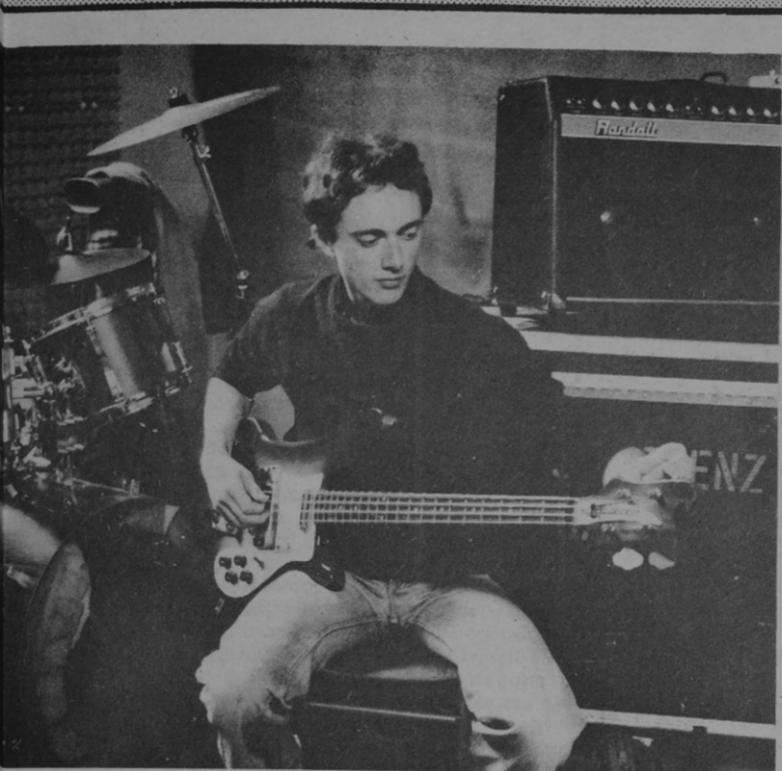
How do you feel about the album?

"I think it's a more commercial album and stands a far better chance of selling well than the last one. People who buy it should be really pleased with it . . . I don't know, it's really hard for me to say. Like with *Second Thoughts* and *Mental Notes*, I grew to hate both those records and I haven't listened to either of them in years. I can see the good in them, but I don't like them much anymore."

"Also with this album we got very rushed towards the end, with less than a week to mix it all. The vocals got rushed and Noel's percussion was very rushed. We just ran out of time. But I learned a lot doing the album with Geoff. I learnt how to go about recording. He taught us a lot."

You don't think you'd record with Emerick again?

"Probably not. He's a great guy and he really cared about the band. I think we appealed to him as people and I



Griggs



Edward Rayner

think he liked the fact we were doing fairly short songs. But I think next time round we're going to try and do it on our own with an engineer. And we'll try and do it in New Zealand."

Why in New Zealand? Do you feel happier here, or what?

"It'd be nice to come back in summer and be in New Zealand. I also think it'd be a good thing to do. To do an album that was going to be released world-wide from here. It'd be a boost to this country and it'd be a good challenge to see if it can be done."

"I've heard a lot of New Zealand stuff since I've been back and I'm very, very impressed. The standard of recording here is just so high and I think we can do it. I mean you don't have to get the sounds everyone gets in America or England. I think it would be more possible to get a distinctive sound here, to get a really unusual production sound. And I think we're ready to be in control of things ourselves now. We certainly wouldn't have been two albums ago. But now I think we've got a fair chance of being able to produce ourselves with a really good engineer."

Tim, you are now the only remaining original member. When Phil Judd left, the pressure, especially in terms of writing, went on to you didn't it?

"Yeah, it did really."

Do you still feel that pressure?

"Yeah. I still feel it. I alternate between being really happy about it and being really unhappy about it. It's a real shame in a way because it was a great partnership, but at the same time it really only lasted for a year. For the last three years we've been writing separately."

"With those sorts of things, you can never hope for them to last too long. It was very, very intense while it was going, but it was an experience I wouldn't have missed because I drew it out of Phil and he definitely drew it out of me."

So what happened?

"It broke down because Phil became increasingly disillusioned with the lack of success here, and once we went to Australia, we became a working band and had to worry about surviving financially."

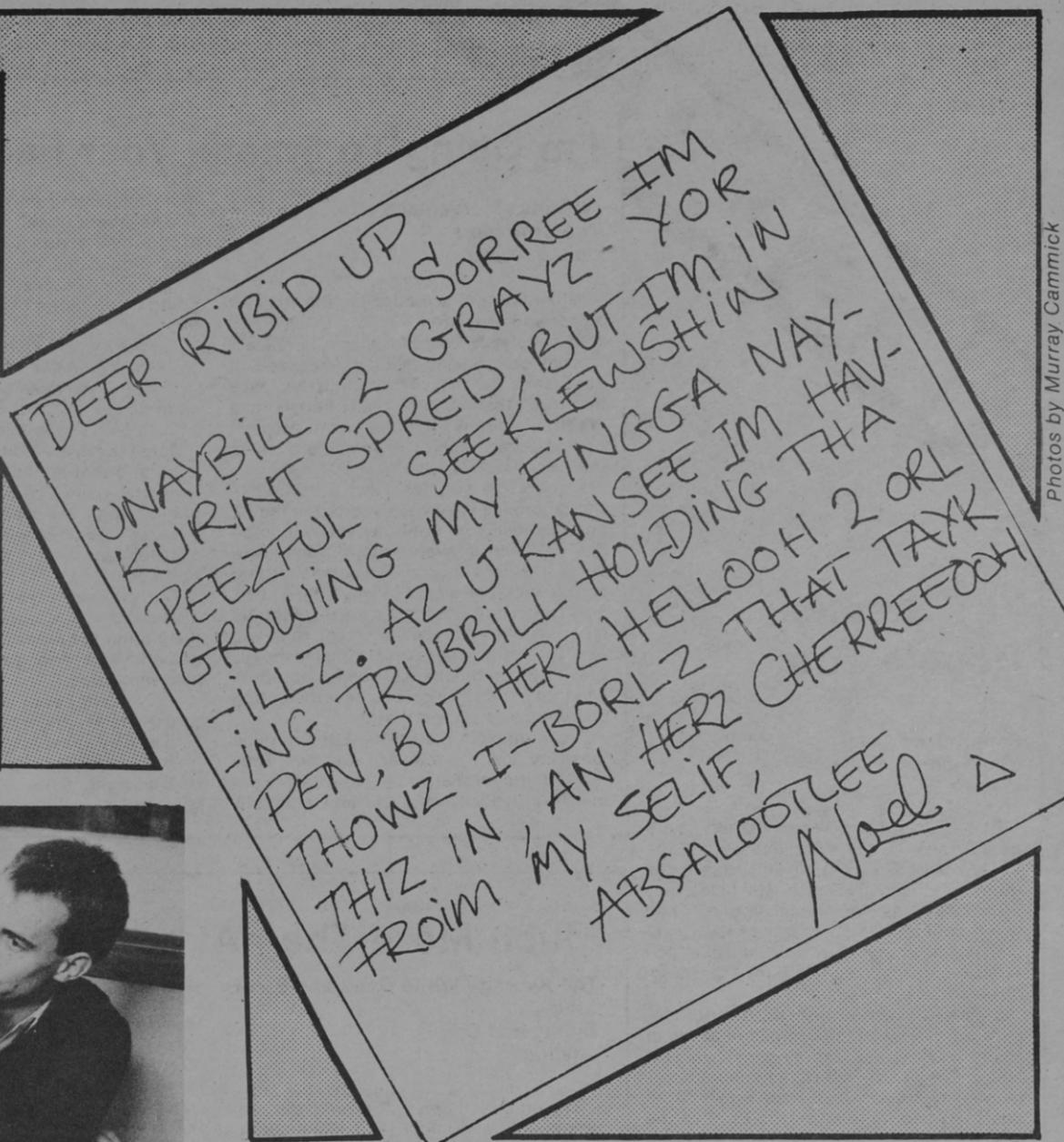
"I mean those early days were pretty idyllic, we were very romantic — just writing songs and dreaming about the future. It became real in Australia and particularly touring America and England. It all became just a bit much for Phil. He began thinking that the music was fairly low on the priorities. It would have been easy to see it that way, but it wasn't really true. Not for any of us... Phil writes very fast. Writes a lot of songs so quickly. And one out of every ten songs was being used. So he just had all this material piling up. He just became really frustrated and his health wasn't the best."

What's Phil doing now?

"He's living in England. He's writing a lot and he's very happy and healthy again and enjoying family life. He's going to try and write songs for other people, write hit singles and that for other people. I'm sure he can do it too."

"He intends to write anonymously and turn out what he considers to be rubbish but I think it'll still be good. He wants to write songs that are fairly blatantly commercial and just make a reputation for himself. Eventually I think he'll be a monster, because he's got something everybody needs now — he can write in a romantic sort of vein, yet at the same time it's really gutsy and powerful. He writes so strongly and his lyrics are so good. I just think he'll be huge one day."

The new album, *Dizrythmia*, contains predominantly new songs, barring one or two 'oldies' — there's one of Phil's songs, "Sugar'n' Spice" and a Judd-Finn collaboration, "Nice to Know". The new songs see a move towards simpler structures, they're not necessarily any shorter but they are perhaps more basic. Is this a deliber-



Photos by Murray Cammick

ate move?

"No, not really, it's just the way I write. A lot of people see it as a conscious attempt to be commercial but I've always written that way. 'Maybe' is more my type of song than say "Late Last Night", which is more Phil's kind of song. The songs we collaborated on — "The Woman Who Loves You", "Amy", "Under The Wheel" — have perhaps got a bit of both styles in them. But the new stuff we're writing now is really exciting and should come across really well on stage. The new ones are much rockier."

"We've always told people that our roots are in the Beatles, the Kinks, the Move and so on, but I think that's becoming more obvious now. I'm getting more drawn to using chords like G, D and C rather than A diminished and F minor ninth. It's possible to write a really good melody over three simple chords like that."

Has the change of rhythm section helped that move towards a simpler approach?

"Yeah, they're more solid."

The other distinctive aspect of Split Enz has always been their very visual stage act, which in England has extended to some of the audience, known as Frenz of the Enz, dressing in like fashion. Is there much of that happening?

"A bit. Most people don't want to look like us, though. But people over there are dressing so extremely anyway."

"That whole visual side of things has taken more and more second place with us. We're far more interested in the music, so I think we'll tone that whole aspect down a little. It's not that we want to change — I think what we've done has been good quality entertainment and if we didn't do it we might as well change the name of the band, because it wouldn't be Split Enz anymore. And there's no denying that the act has gone a long way towards getting us where we are. But at the same time, it's a sort of trap in a way because people expect it of us now. It's quite a tricky dilemma really."

"I haven't formulated any clear ideas about this. It's just an idea I have at the moment. In America, in general, they liked the way we looked. They really appreciate the fact that we are so

totally different. They've seen so many things over there, that to have something come from New Zealand that is different, is quite a shock to them."

So how do they react to the fact you are from New Zealand?

"It adds a certain fascination or mystique to the band. A lot of people especially in America didn't know where it was or anything about it. They think it's over by Africa or up by Norway. It just made us seem very, very strange to them."

Did they think you were a typical product of New Zealand?

"Yeah, we used to tell them that everybody looks like us back there. You could tell them anything — there's no roads, it's all dirt tracks, we used to train by running around with two sheep under our arms. They believe it!"

We'd definitely live here if it was possible, and, eventually, when it's all over, I'd like to live here."

How long is that away?

"Who knows? Could be six months, could be six years, it's impossible to say. The new band is going well and it's definitely more stable in terms of personalities. I mean there are things about the old days I miss, but you can't stop. You've got to carry on."

"I've put a lot of work into the band and I just want to take it as far as we can go. I'm ambitious. I want to make a big splash. I feel confident now that I've got a talent for writing songs and that everybody in the band is talented in some way. So, if we had to stop and start again, we would."

"But we'd still like more than anything for this band to succeed and I'd like to get it to the stage when we're getting hit singles and we're really a success. I want to take the band as far as we can go. Ego comes into it a little bit."

"But I don't like the way music's heading at the moment and I'd like to try and nudge it, in a small way, back into what I think is the right track. To me music is about people who are born with musical talent and who either devote themselves to learning an instrument or who have melodies running around in their heads and can write songs. It's people like that who matter in the long-run."

Alastair Dougal

The Staples Boogie Too

Family Tree
The Staples
Warner Bros

Pop Staples and his three daughters are now known as the Staples. Before the albums *Let's Do It Again* and *Pass It On* (both produced by Curtis Mayfield) they were known as the Staple Singers. Then they were recording primarily gospel or social issue songs such as "I'll Take You There", "Respect Yourself" or "Washington We're Watching You".

Mayfield's songs and production focused primarily on the expressive ability of Mavis Staples, the lead singer. Their new album *Family Tree* returns to a more familiar Staples Sound. Once again Pop is heard and Cleo and Yvonne are up-front of the mix with Mavis. The one track featuring Mavis alone, is disappointing.

Eugene Record's production on *Family Tree*, featuring strong vocal and rhythm tracks captures the energy in the Staples performance. "Boogie For The Blues" and "Let's Go To The Disco", two of the best songs on *Family Tree* are written by Aretha's sister, Carolyn Franklin. "Let's Go To The Disco" has the fastest bass line in town and the strings make Van McCoy sound plain.

Nowadays, the Staples message may not be very substantial, but the sound is still good. Even their social issue lyrics in the old days were simple, and here, the exhortations to boogie are no more trite than the lyrics of their classic, "Oh La De Da". The only difference is that "Oh La De Da" was about clapping your hands.

The more extrovert lyrics and sound predominant on this album are preferable to the more restrained albums recorded with Mayfield. I certainly would not knock an album because mention is made of that five letter word — *disco* or because I cannot boogie.

Murray Cammick

Blondie Chaplin
Blondie Chaplin
Elektra

I never heard of this guy before, but that ain't particularly surprising. He's from South Africa, but he's no Boer, despite his deceptive moniker. Apparently he's been around the British and American scene for a few years, and has played for the Beach Boys on some of their studio efforts. This is his first solo outing.

And it's not bad. There's a whole bunch of solid rock'n'roll songs that (accompanied by the appropriate medication) could get you up on yer feet and rocking at any all-night boogie session. Mr Chaplin has got a fine set of musicians behind him. Famous names include Richard Tee, Kenny Gradney, and Gareth Hudson. His own guitar work is consistently good.

The problem that stops the album from being an out and out success is the lack of any real flair. There isn't the originality and fire that immediately distinguishes a Lowell George or a Frankie Miller. While his guitar playing is good, it's no better than a legion of rock guitarists, and while his songs are good, his voice lacks the personality and range of expression required to drive them home in true rock style.

What can you say about an album that doesn't quite make it (witout sounding like a blase and bored critic)? Give it a listen. Great to dance to — play it a lot — Four Stars?

John Malloy

I'm Going To Smack Your Face

IV Rattus Norvegicus
The Stranglers
United Artists

When you put a record on and the first words you hear are:

"Sometimes I want to smack your face" it is obvious something is up. After years of success and, lately, a lot of wind, the "pace and love" that made so many florists rich, is retreating down the most worn paths of contemporary music... people are losing interest; simple as that.

Frankly, I'm surprised that a group like the Stranglers hasn't evolved out of the NZ community. Every Saturday, on every football field and in every hotel (I don't know about the race-tracks) someone wants to smack someone's face so why is 80% of NZ music so nice? I guess it's because the NZ circuit is one of those "once you're in you can't get out" affairs and complacency is rife. With complacency comes boredom and that's that. The groups become boring and you can't escape them.

The Stranglers played the London pubs for many, many moons and it shows. They remind me of Television though more amusing, lyrically stronger and musically

more interesting (in other words, better). The keyboard player and bassist have very distinctive styles (and sounds) being most noticeable on "Grip" their current single, and "Peaches", a great song about going down to the beach to check out the tits.

Looks like I'm stuck here all summer
What a bummer

Still I could think of a lot worse places to be

... like down in the sewer ...

Dare I say it, the album is very male oriented and that is half the attraction. Apart from the gaudy packaging with terrible photographs, the album is very good. If I were a judge on New Faces, I would give it a B plus but then I'm not likely to go bankrupt soon.

The playing is very strong and Hugh Cornwall's vocals (really the focal point of the album) put across the crazy lyrics particularly well. And guess what? *You can hear the words.*

I admit I even stole
But the worst crime that I ever did
was play some rock 'n roll
But the money's no good ...

He's so right.
Mike Chunn.

Much More Than Average

The Average White Band and Ben E. King
Benny and Us
Atlantic

The uniting of Ben E. King with the Average White Band might seem like a curious pairing on paper. But fear not. On vinyl, the collaboration works surprisingly well, producing the most energetic and creative work from both parties in some time.

There are few surprises. Instrumentally, it sounds exactly like the Average White Band and while Ben E. King sounds less distinctive than he did in his prime, he's nevertheless in fine voice. He's still a classic soul singer and, though occasionally mixed too far down here, he remains a stronger voice than either of the Average White Band's vocalists.

There's no new material from the Average White's here. Instead, they've opted for a wide selection of outside material including oldies from both collaborators. One of

the best performances is the opening cut, "Get It Up For Love", which manages to be danceable without descending into disco-dreck. The other killer on the album is Donny Hathaway's "Someguy We'll All Be Free", a soul ballad with a grandly quirky chorus which segues into a funky version of John Lennon's "Imagine". The closing song of the album is Alan Gorrie's "Keeping It to Myself", which was featured on the AWB album, and here is performed in even more convincing style.

A fruitful collaboration then, that only once or twice descends into wasteful jamming. Producer, Arif Mardin, has given the album the best soul production heard in some while. It's a no frills job that allows Steve Ferrone's muscular drumming to power the whole thing alone.

If you've ever been a fan of either Ben E. King or the Average White Band, check this one out. It's a collaboration that seems to have brought many of the best features out of both of them. Recommended.
Alastair Dougal.



A Winning Hand?

Poco
Indian Summer
ABC

Rock'n'roll, as Ian Hunter once sang, is a loser's game. But there are winners as well as losers. Too bad then that Poco has been losing for nine years now.

Since their move from Epic to ABC Records in 1975 and the beginning of a production collaboration with Mark Harman, the band's improvement has been notice-

Michael Nesmith
From a Radio Engine to the
Photon Wing
Stetson

Listening to this record creates difficulties for your average cynic. It is reasonably common knowledge that Michael Nesmith, after discovering country music, made the logical next step into religiosity. He became a fully-fledged Christian Scientist. Like many a believer, he does not confine his religion to getting all purried up of a Sunday, and subscribing to *Plain Truth*. It is lying right there in the grooves for all to see.

The doctrines of Christian Science are rather more, um, cosmic than those expressed in the usual run of country music, and this is often the cause of overstatement. Evidence of this can be found in Nesmith's ill-fated *Prison* project where he attempted to deliver an unabashed slice of religion to a determinedly deaf public and then compounded the commercial folly of sincerity with marketing suicide by attempting to sell it mail-order.

At the same time, that very sincerity, as the handful who saw his 1975 Auckland concert will agree, is the most winning aspect of Nesmith's approach. It is a very risky attitude for a rock 'n' roller, but like Townshend's *Who Came First*, *FARETTPW* is a tribute to the cardinal song-writing virtue of actually wanting to say something.

Once you have taken the preliminary step of throwing away the lyric sheet, it is possible to appreciate the virtues of the artist's deceptively easy songs. With ingenious chord changes over a frequently Caribbean rhythm, they insinuate themselves into the most resistant subconscious. So many of them have the same kind of simple directness (probably more self-conscious) that makes the McGarrigle sisters' work so charming.

That's what this record is. It's downright charming.
Francis Stark

Carole King
Simple Things
Capitol

Tapestry must be one of popular music's all-time great selling albums, up there with *Dark Side of the Moon*, *Hot August Night* and *The Sound of Music*. It has continued to sell another million copies every year since its initial market blitzkrieg. (I know of three people who are onto their second copies.) No similar fortune has befallen any of Ms King's subsequent albums, two of which can be found languishing in fair numbers in sale bins around the city. How

able, developing a more polished sound that is further away from their country/rock roots. The first album for ABC, *Head Over Heels*, was their best up to then, producing a top 50 hit in the States, "Keep On Trying". The next album, *Rose of Cimarron*, looked set to further improve their fortunes. But the title track, which with any justice would have been a king size hit, bombed and the album sold less than any of its predecessors.

Poco nearly called it quits during the recording of this, their thirteenth album, their third for ABC. But, after consideration, Rusty Young, Timothy Schmit, Paul Cotton and George Grantham have stayed together as Poco to keep on trying.

Indian Summer is undoubtedly Poco's best album to date, marking the complete transformation from country to rock that earlier albums had begun. But unfortunately the album lacks the potential hit single needed to attract new listeners to a group name so well-worn.

Poco's perfect vocal harmonies form the basis of their distinctive sound but their harmonies sometimes threaten to outweigh the songs themselves. And, with the lead vocal spot seldom shared around, it is too easy for an air of sameness to prevail over an entire album.

The sameness is an illusion which disappears after close listening. In the meantime, though, the Eagles — the most successful group to plough the fields originally sown by the Buffalo Springfield and the Byrds — are more readily accepted.

While it can only be small comfort to Poco, it is the Eagles' lyrical banality and more simply structured songs which makes them the more popular group. And why compare diamonds to dust?

Jeremy Templar

to account for this situation: Are the later albums all that poor; were too many printed; or does the reason lie in the habits of her average record buyer? Probably a little of all three, but, in fairness, we should credit Joe Average with more taste than simply buying up *Love at the Greek*. He has recognised Ms King's artistic decline; that with odd exceptions, such as the stunning "Jazz Man", she has pursued the same musical approach that gave her the success of *Tapestry*, but with ever-diminishing returns.

There are (says the reviewer, fingers crossed), a couple of songs on *Simple Things* which show glimmerings of a new direction for Carole King. Both numbers concerned are co-written by one Rick Evers, who, I assume, is the gent in the cover photo and possibly Carole's new love. It just could be the lady has found another song-writing cum inspirational partner... and, yes I do miss the Goffin-King combination. Of the three joint efforts "Hold On" is perhaps the best, being both laid-back and powerful, centred around Carole's strong rhythm guitar — a bit like David Crosby but with guts. "To Know That I Love You" initially threatens 3½ minutes of wimpy slush, yet with a good arrangement develops into a strong and memorable song. This one also features Evers in vocal harmonies. The title track sounds too carefully formulated, almost as if she wants it covered by the Carpenters.

Of the songs she wrote alone, only the gentle paean "In the Name of Love" and her single "Hard Rock Cafe" really succeed, the latter largely due to its punchy brass arrangement. The other five songs are various hackneyed reruns of old themes — you've heard them before and probably in fresher form. (Her muscular chord-pounding piano is also beginning to wear thin.)

Ms King's lyrics have been ever sweet and sentimental, whether dealing with boy-girl relationships or simple friendship and loyalty. Most of her songs have been addressed to someone, but now the 'You' is becoming generalised, and not always with success. When her direct audience is extended within strict limits, such as the city-dwelling workers in "Hard Rock Cafe", she can still write intelligent lines, but in addressing herself to the whole cosmic condition she flounders in mystical banality.

Romantic phrases come to me
Whenever I see injustice being done

He is one
She is one
Tree is one... etcetera ad nauseam
However I don't wish to end on a sour note; but to restress what, hopefully, are the beginnings of a new musical partnership. Have a listen to "Hold On".

Peter Thomson

Dr Feelgood Sneaking Suspicion United Artists

Somewhere between the British rhythm and blues revival of Graham Parker and the Rumour and the uncompromising rawness of Johnny Rotten lies the music of Dr Feelgood. In all fairness though Dr Feelgood predates both Parker and the punks as champions of hard nosed, no nonsense rock 'n' roll and as such have a deserved following amongst British audiences.

By listening to the Feelgood's classic live album *Stupidity*, we dismembered limbs of the rock market, stuck here on t'other-side-o-th' world can at least applaud by proxy the indignation of Dr Feelgood who ignore the super clean studio sound required by today's pop and soul market. What's more a few listenings suffice to have us believe that this is a band who know what they want to play, and play it tightly and fiercely.

Sneaking Suspicion, Dr Feelgood's most recent studio recording is made in much the same tradition as earlier material. Real Feelgood aficionados may note that this studio material is a little less gusty than their live recording, some may feel that with only 10 songs, compared with 13 on *Stupidity*, the band is stretching itself thinner, but in essence Dr Feelgood remains the same.

On *Sneaking Suspicion* several blues oldies are covered including Willie Dixon's "You'll Be Mine", but in terms of treatment oldies and originals sound much the same — that is punchy, basic, and to the point. The one feature that does emerge from this album is a greater use of singer Lee Brilleaux's slide playing. As a slide player Brilleaux has a snarlingly dirty sound and a sense of what is effective. Matched with Wilko Johnson's driving rhythm style the slide part makes "Sneaking Suspicion" itself an A-one rocker. The remainder of the record never really recaptures the excitement of the title track but nevertheless does an honest half hour or more's work.

Bruce Belsham

Amazing . . .

The Amazing Rhythm Aces Toucan Do It Too. ABC

The Amazing Rhythm Aces are essentially a studio band, and for my money they are one of the tastiest units around. Their first album, *Stacked Deck*, was a vinyl masterpiece of evocative songs, restrained playing, and fine harmonies. They play rhythm'n'blues with strong overtones of country music, and their lead singer and songwriter, Russell Smith, has one of the best voices in popular music.

Toucan Do It Too is their third album, following the superb *Too Stuffed to Jump*, and it maintains their high standards. The songs are simple and direct, although there are maybe a few too many "pain of love" lyrics for my taste. Barry Burton's guitar and steel are consistently good. James

Hooker's Piano is the other virtuoso instrument, providing fills and lead breaks with understated brilliance.

The emphasis on this album has shifted slightly from country and R'n' B to more rhythmic stuff. There is reggae and calypso influence, but they always sound like the ARA, and not some cheap copy of a Jamaican band. Butch McDade's drumming retains the light touch of the earlier material and copes well with the less rigid styles required on tracks like "Never Been to the Islands". Other Standout tracks are "Two Can Do It Too" and "Never Been Hurt".

Southern Bands certainly aren't all they were reputed to be a couple of years ago, but there seems to be tradition evolving from the meeting of country and R'n'B in the South. The Amazing Rhythm Aces are one of the finest bands in that tradition.

John Malloy

Tasteful Elkie Brooks

Elkie Brooks Two Days Away A & M

Any singer who doesn't write her own material or who doesn't have a strong vocal personality, has got problems. Many solo singers flounder by failing to ever establish an identity for themselves.

Elkie Brooks has suffered from this very problem. Once the wild-haired lady at the front of hard-rocking British band, Vinegar Joe, but since their break-up, she's seemed a little confused about quite which direction to take. She directed her first album in a hard rock direction, as she admits: "I tried to make a commercial album for the media and the punters, not for jazz fans or rock fans." On this, her second solo album, she's trying to be a sultry jazz-blues singer. And it works.

Together with 'producers historic', Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller, she's put together a superbly tasteful album that features her talents set in varied styles, in all of which

she is uniformly successful. In fact, I'd call this a classic pop album, if I didn't think that would turn off more people than it would convince. For there are at least two great pop performances: Ellie Greenwich's "Sunshine After the Rain" and Elkie's song, written with her husband, "Spiritland". But the album covers several musical styles, including two great gospel influenced songs: "Mojo Hannah" and "Do Right Woman". The remaining tracks offer a variety of Elkie Brooks' musical mainstays: blues, rock'n'roll and jazz-influenced songs.

I mean, her version of "Do Right Woman" may not improve on Aretha's classic, but it comes bloody close. There are very few female singers today who can match that kind of power and Leiber and Stoller's production consistently finds the right setting for each song. A productive partnership then, that one can only hope will be continued. There can never be too many singers around with this kind of quality.

Alastair Dougal.



Your Feet Not Your Head

The Crusaders Those South Knights Blue Thumb

You could say that the Crusaders are experienced musicians: four members have been together for twenty-five years, while all six have appeared, either individually or in various combinations, as session men on well over 150 albums. (Joni Mitchell's *Hissing of Summer Lawns* and Al Jarreau's *Glow* are two that come to mind.) Their own albums number nearly thirty and they play, as the blurb-sheet states, "an engagingly smooth blend of R & B, jazz and contemporary funk."

Die-hard jazz purists tended to write them off for diluting the True Art to suit mass consumption and, while it is true the Crusaders have never forged new musical pathways, criticism on this account is irrelevant. They have no aspirations to join the avant-garde, being quite content to rework more familiar ground — which they do very well indeed.

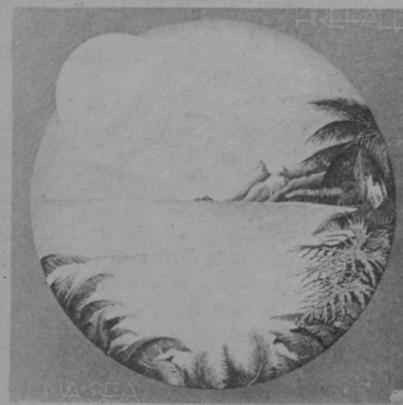
If, like me, you enjoy dancing (around the lounge or whatever), but remain unmoved by 95% of disco because you suspect it was

produced by a computer, than take heart. This band can get down and strut with the best. Not only do your feet move to the impeccable rhythm section but there are some meaty solos to keep your mind happy. Five of the seven numbers are danceable; in fact their very structure makes them most enjoyable this way. Although not quite a 'Let's find a groove and take turns to blow' approach, the pieces do tend to rely on arranged, simple riff-type themes and extended soloing. Over a whole album it can begin to pall if one simply sits and listens; even exemplary musicianship needs a varied format. Of the two slower numbers, however, guitarist Larry Carlton's "till the Sun Shines" impresses with its brooding controlled dynamics.

The Crusaders' chief asset is their sheer instrumental talent and wealth of experience. Their only drawback is a certain thinness of basic material and, perhaps, a tendency to play it safe — no-one is venturing anywhere near his edge on this record — but, as I've been saying, this music is aimed primarily at your feet, not your head. I play it all the time.

Peter Thomson

THREE GREAT WAYS TO START AN EARLY SUMMER



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LIVE

Tattiebogle

There is a lot to be said for the old-time Variety concert, and this is just what local group Tattiebogle organised at the Maidment recently.

The strongest feature in the first half was Rat Theatrics, a clown troupe with some brilliantly funny sketches, and some fairly pungent political satire, apart from an embarrassing late sixties disarmament routine. Their most effective sketch, with each of the five members playing different food-items in a take-away bar, was unfortunately let down at the end by fluffed lines. Still let's hope that Auckland sees more of Rat Theatrics for they added much to the evening.

The first half was completed by the College Consort, a group of young mediaeval instrumentalists and singers (what a paradox!) under the able guidance of musical whizz, Steve Rosenberg, with Mrs. Nora Batt showing us how vintage Keaton and Sennett movies ought to be accompanied on the piano.

On to Tattiebogle who filled the second half. This was an interesting performance. As the group they are almost unabashedly derivative — their Sweeney Todd melodrama in mid-act is obviously inspired by Steeleye Span's mummer plays, and their material leans heavily on the early 70's English folk-rock people.

The group has some strong assets. They are working in a style of rock that is not done-to-death in this country, and they have some pretty solid musicians amongst their personnel — Andrew Judd's flute playing and Yvonne Keeling's energetic dulcimer playing are two instances that spring to mind.

However, the audience was not the type of audience such a folk-orientated group is used to, and between-songs raps somehow failed to make the impact that they could have. The sound the group produced too was a little overdominated by organ tones, when a good strong bass line would have given the songs much more spirit and drive.

Indeed their most effective song as a whole was James Taylor's 'Fire and Rain' in which the organ was used for most of the song as a bass instrument.

Still the format of the concert was terrific, and Tattiebogle are to be congratulated on the organisation that went into it. A most enjoyable evening.

William Dart



Living Force

Living Force

Recording an album seems to have done Living Force the world of good. It's given them an opportunity to focus their creativity more narrowly than they have in the past, and their audience gains the benefit. New bass player/guitarist/vocalist, Matt Matopi, provides a more solid bottom than his predecessors in the job, and with drummer Glen Absolum and percussionist Mike Fisher, provides a dynamic rhythm section.

They're working in a vein that must ultimately be described as Santana influenced—largely guitar oriented instrumentals in which Harvey Mann now displays great control, and

utilises his Santana-ish guitar tone on the melodically strong material. The odd percussion work-out went on too long but the audience loved every minute of it.

Also full praise to Living Force's natural and unpretentious way of putting their music across to the capacity crowd at this concert. The show is an extension of their obvious joy at making music, they can get an entire audience jumping three feet in the air with no great amount of coaxing.

Look out for their album when it comes out or, better still, go and see them soon.

Alastair Dougal



Phil Broadhurst Group

Phil Broadhurst Group

We went along to check out the band but stayed to enjoy the poetry.

'The Island of Real' cafe is the sort of place Auckland has lacked for too long — a venue for performing arts in an ambience of wood-fire, percolated coffee and superb bran muffins. Praise to owners Charlie and Anne Gray. While the Phil Broadhurst Group

set up on stage, I watched the poets huddling over their manuscripts at a nearby table. Fantasies of Ferlinghetti et al in San Francisco. Well, if not as auspicious, certainly the vibes were there. This cafe has a nice feeling to know.

Broadhurst's group opened their set with a Herbie Hancock number, sounding very competent. Later on, however, things began to get unsettled. The line-up of electric piano, trumpet, guitar, bass, drums and percussion was ideal for their material, some of it self-penned, yet they were under-rehearsed. In order to launch successful solos a group must be cohesive, participating in a unified feeling no matter how disparate the individual elements. Broadhurst's group were often not together and one got the impression that some members had different ideas on the direction in which the music should flow. Johnny Banks' drumming overpowered the bass and seemed to cover the guitarist into uncertainty. Yet it's easy to criticise. The group has set its sights very high and, heaven knows, there is little enough of this type of music being played in Auckland. These guys need both encouragement and more time together. I hope they get it.

After the group's first set Russell Haley read from his poetry. He was followed by Herman Gladwin. Haley's introductions were helpful in setting a context for the audience to approach his very personal pieces. Gladwin, on the other hand, immediately alienated many of his music-oriented listeners by swearing about the band. I switched off at this bigotry, missing his first two poems, but was caught by an hilarious one on conversing with Scientologists. Although sloppy at times, Gladwin certainly knows how to tickle one's auditory nerves. Haley's work also had a good sound, his language perhaps the more disciplined. It's always a joy to hear the music of words lovingly read by those who have laboured to shape them. The sounds and pictures that hit my brain from those readings were an ideal complement to the Gray's coffee and muffins.

Peter Thomson

Waves

Waves have become a cracker outfit and judging by the crowds at the Pumphouse a couple of weeks ago, a popular one. The concert began acoustically and immediately impressed with what is still their main attribute — extraordinarily good singing. All have progressed remarkably since their first album and their harmonies were world class. The material covered a wide range from the Waves album such as 'Eloise', 'On the Beach', etc., however their new songs which feature electric guitar from all three guitarists as well as some brilliant piano work from Graeme Gash, really shine. Particularly outstanding were 'Second Honeymoon for Mrs X' and the gambling song 'Vegas':

*he was almost there
When a one-armed bandit got him
from behind.*

Although still a little self-conscious, the electric guitar work is excellent with some great slide work from Kevin Wildman.

The rhythm-section was particularly tasteful; driving the songs where necessary, otherwise embellishing the unique structures.

With the group playing more often these days, they should really take off and achieve the recognition they deserve.

The show was opened by Malcolm McCallum who handled the solo role really well. His songs perhaps would be more interesting with a band behind him, however with the limited scope of acoustic guitar or piano, he did very well. His voice is as good as ever, and that after all is what Malcolm McCallum is all about.

Richard Geard

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Colin Hemmingsen's Column

Popular Music In Schools?

On a breakdown of the programme ratings for the various radio stations in Auckland, it can be seen that the main percentage of the listening audience prefers music other than classical, and yet an education in popular music is almost unobtainable in New Zealand.

In my last article, I talked about music education in relation to music reading, and I would like to take this subject further and discuss how the government in its various bodies and forms, supports music education. As also mentioned in my last article, "so long as our schools and universities spend 95% of our monies on a musical style which supports only 6% of our working musicians, then they are not serving us properly".

In high schools, for example, Jazz is the only concession to popular music, and in the University Entrance exam, it is an optional question worth only two marks. In the actual syllabus, it is represented by studying three works, the most up-to-date of which is the Modern Jazz Quartet. What about Herbie Hancock, Dave Sanbourn, Stanley Clark etc? Will we have to wait another ten years before this music is included in the syllabus?

Wellington Polytech has a part-time Jazz course run by Roger Fox, and this would qualify as the only state supported popular music education in New Zealand.

Now for universities. A clearer picture is gained by comparing what a classical musician is given with what a popular musician is not given. Firstly it must be established that traditional harmony is not the same thing as modern harmony. It has different values, terminology and points of view, so a modern musician would find much that is irrelevant to his field, and so it can be said that universities do not provide an education for the popular musician. If you wish to study guitar, saxophone or electric bass for example, you will find that universities do not even offer tuition in these instruments.

The classical musician is supported by public funding of his education and of his orchestras, operas etc, and he may further his studies overseas by gaining a government grant (Arts Council). It seems then, that support can be obtained from the Arts Council for advanced study, but since there is no education available for the popular musician on the rudimentary level, it would be difficult for him to obtain a grant for advanced study, unless he first spends time at a university, studying a curriculum totally unsuited to his needs. I think it is accurate to say that the Arts Council has spent around \$800 in the popular music field since its inception and yet according to an article in the *Listener* a month or so back, music receives a generous slice of the total money allocated by the Arts Council. Popular musicians miss out once again.

I had applied to the Arts Council for a grant to help run the Music School I have established on a limited basis in Auckland, but was turned down as the Arts Council deems it within the realms of the Education Department rather than themselves. I find that reasonable to a point, but the wheels of bureaucracy turn slowly, and in the

meantime what happens to those who want education now; where do we find the teachers, qualified theoretically and practically to fill these positions?

I know personally, of several musicians who are seriously thinking of taking the trip across the Tasman to join the thriving Jazz course offered at The Conservatorium of Music in Sydney. The question to ask now is, "will they return, or is this just another part of the 'brain drain'?"

There are many misunderstandings and prejudices, both by the 'classical' and 'popular' musician, but having studied and performed in both areas, I know that there are worthwhile intellectual and artistic satisfactions in both. I can therefore see no real justification for placing educational emphasis on the music of the past, while at the same time neglecting to educate for the future. Like any other art or science, music evolves, and if we neglect to educate for the future, we will continue to be dissatisfied with the standard of innovation and creativity in popular music.

It seems that it is now up to you, the Musician, to start demanding the right to a music education, the right which is long overdue. Write to your local university requesting a course in modern harmony and improvisation, in arranging and modern composition, in electronic music (related to the modern idiom) and film writing. Ask for tuition in guitar, electric bass and saxophone, and any other instrument you wish to study.

In my experience in New Zealand, classical musicians are treated as artists and popular musicians are treated as labourers. Until you, the musicians, make your needs known, standards and conditions will remain the same, not only musically but also professionally.

Letters

RIP IT UP P.O.Box 5689, Auckland.

Punks Reply

It was nice to see the article on the Reptiles and The Scavs in your last issue. However there are a few points that need to be sorted out.

- 1) His name is Billy Planet not Billy Boots.
- 2) The Reptiles play nearly all their own stuff. The non-original material consists of two Damned songs, one Stooges song and one Stones song, all of which are so re-arranged that they are practically unrecognisable.
- 3) It was a charity gig and not enough of you bastards (the great apathetic general public).
- 4) Potential? Who needs potential when you're one of the few worth listening to in Auckland.
- 5) Ask anyone at the Elam gig how loud we can play.
- 6) Shaun Anfrayd and Sissy Spunk have now both left due to "Musical differences" and are now being replaced by one fella who will be unveiled at the next gig.
- 7) Who pissed on the floor? Somebody said it was Frank (sorry Francis) Stark, but we could be wrong.
- 8) You're bloody right it will happen soon. People are getting pretty bored with the same old Steely Dan, Stones and Disco re-treads coming from people like Voxpop and Hello Sailor.

Keep listening for more.

Symin p.p. Partisan Politik
Auckland

Colin Hemmingsen's article in the second issue of *Rip It Up* impressed me greatly. I agree with him on all fronts — the

discos are robbing musicians of their livelihood and there is an apathetic attitude among musicians.

I also agree with the fact that learning theory can only lead to greater heights of inspiration and improvisation, Steely Dan couldn't possibly play what they do by ear, and guys who do play by ear can, at their best, only copy them and imitate them and imitate their style. One thing you should consider however is the NZ public itself. Idiots in pubs don't demand great musical proficiency from musicians. It doesn't take much skill to plough through "Baby Blue" or "Pearly Shells". Despite this sickening fact, this article struck me as a ray of hope — particularly the part about Colin's school in Auckland. Perhaps the public is better educated in Auckland or at least has some taste.

J. Telford
Christchurch, 5

Over the last few months, it has been a growing Sunday night habit to go for a training run for next Saturday's game. At least as far as everyone else is concerned I'm going for a run. In fact, I do run — for about 100 yards, then — I sit on my bum and pull out... no, not a plum, but the product of a plant that will soon replace the Silver Fern as our national emblem.

I then cruise home and listen to the best damn jock in the land on Minority Radio, 1480, 7-12. This would be the best source of radio music available and one helluva education to boot.

But I'm constantly surprised at the number of people completely unaware of this amazing source of entertainment. The last month or so has been nothing short of brilliant — especially the show Rock Doc did on guitar players. Never in my life have I experienced such a brilliant line-up of music on radio and just like the magazine you're reading now, it's absolutely free. Keep it up Barry.

Anonymous

Congratulations on the birth of *Rip It Up* — the only periodical in New Zealand giving adequate coverage to rock and other contemporary musics.

Nitpicker that I am, I would like to draw your attention to a goof in the second issue. In the otherwise fine piece on Frankie Miller, his early band Sock It To 'Em JB was not named after a Bar-Kays hit but a disco favourite by Rex Garvin and the Mighty Cravers.

Trifles aside, *Rip It Up* is doing an excellent job particularly in giving exposure to NZ artistes and little-known major overseas talents such as Flora Purim and Al Jarreau. Keep it up.

Graham Donlon

New Plymouth

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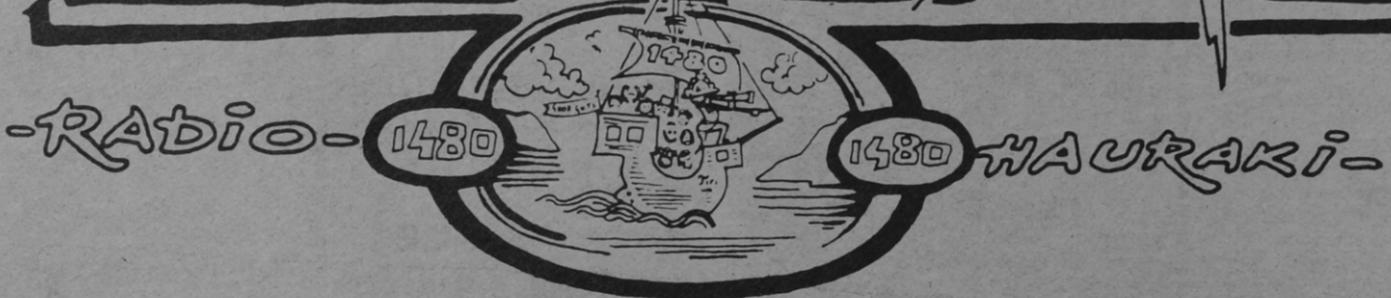
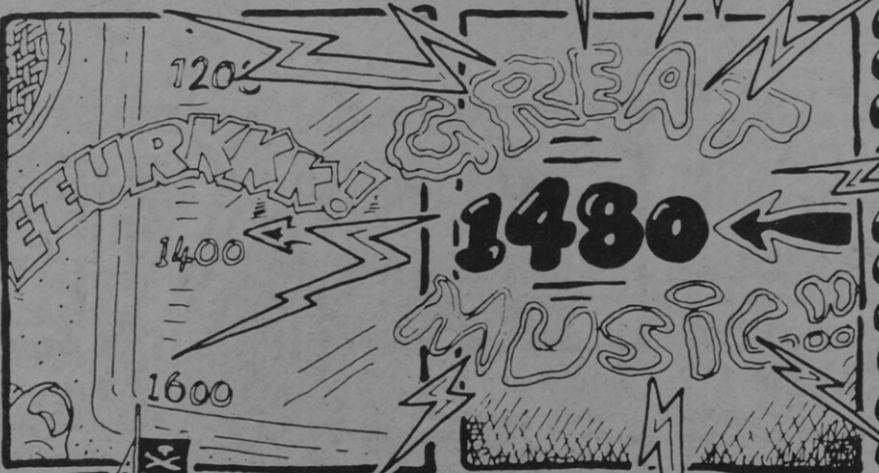
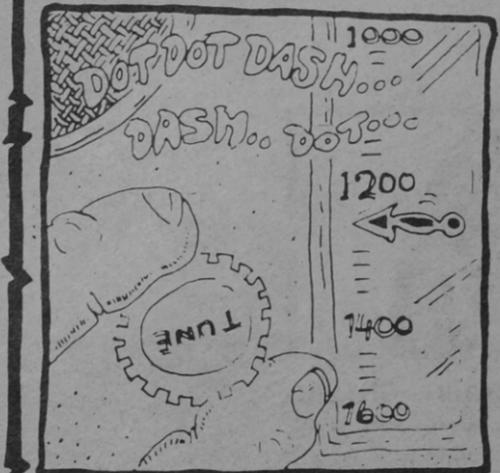
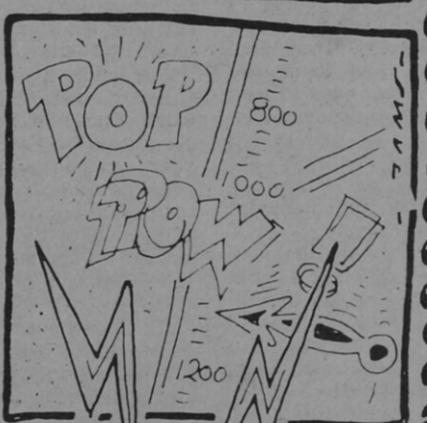
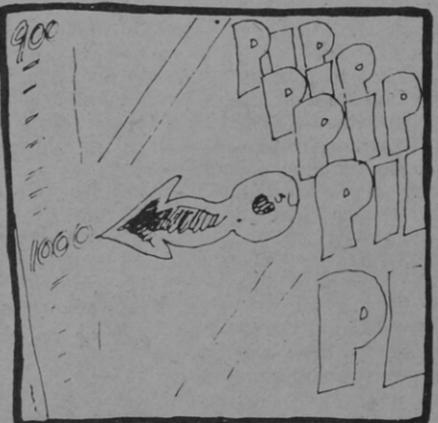
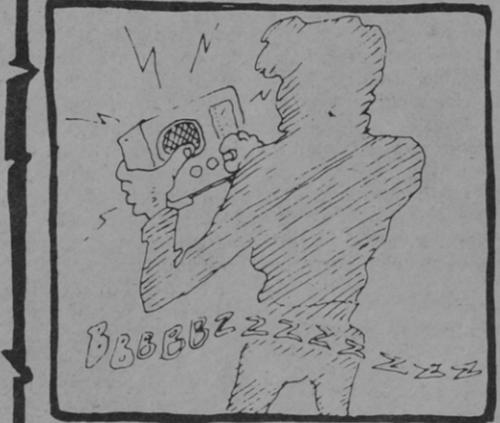
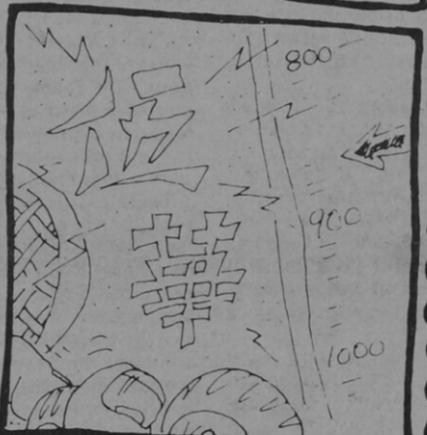
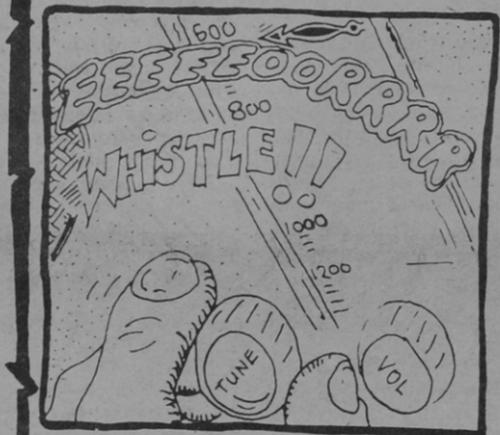
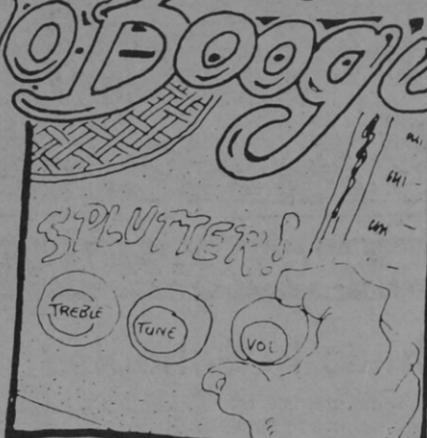
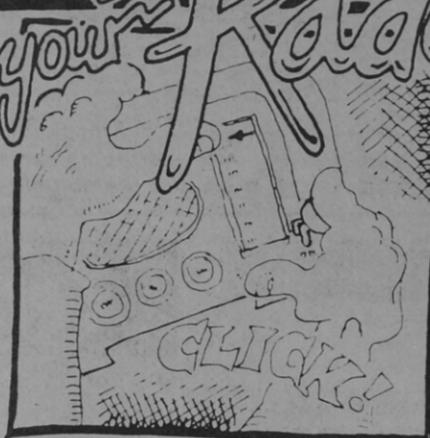
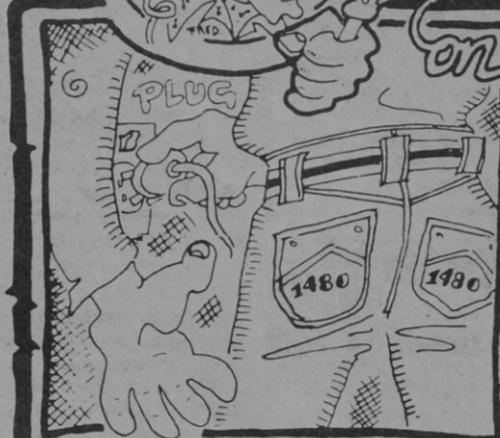
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Hellauraki

GET DOWN



on your *Radio Boogie*



Waves
Surface with electric licks



Rex Carter, Dave Marshall, Mike Mason, Kevan Wildman and Graham Gash.

Waves in a pumphouse, earthen brick, bodies thickly wrapped huddled warm on the floor, cold cutting night on a lakeside.

Scattered up front, just as many electric instruments as wooden, an upright boogie piano in the corner.

Exactly a week later I have Kevan Wildman and Dave Marshall cornered in their loft in a downtown building where the band unceasingly practised, surrounded by heaped, empty freight crates. We are slouched around the piano.

Appropriate opener in this cosy Pumphouse, North Shore's intimate locality of the arts, is up-and-coming Malcolm McCallum — a buddy of Waves. He deals out his originals with compelling personification of real life; perceptive feelings from the stomach; clever compact playing with strong convincing vocals.

Even with phlegm clogged sinuses the smell of burning hay wafts about the old time building and wine bottle swigging is in order. On stage they amble, seating themselves on high school chairs, Graham Gash in factory overalls and slippers with Wildman being introduced as the band's sex symbol, Marshall immediately hangs his straggly blonde head over the frets of his Ovation and lets his fingers fly. The band — with its new fractions, bass player Michael Mason and drummer Rex Carter — now loosely shuffle us into their evening of fresh offerings, with a somewhat more electric edge.

Publicly surfacing with strong urges to circulate more, the three year old band have a surplus of ripe new-fledged songs. "We'll have to do another album shortly . . . our songs will become stale . . . for they will lose their immediacy . . . in fact we have too many. After the album we will tour the country," says Wildman. The group is humming and harrang about pub work, considering the pressures it would put on their elaborate arrangements. Marshall resolves: "People want to hear what they know, our songs take a few hearings for you to get into them. It gets very disheartening when you are

singing your own stuff, and for people it is background music."

With all-out electric songs such as "Vegas" and their augmented punchy rhythm section, Waves could just be the 'pick me up' that the musically bland, pub-piss-jug-drool, needs.

Plucking bass with bite and more electric guitar lines being overlaid on their acoustic themes, Wildman now always with a bottle slide on his finger, wailing subtle frills all through the night. With their ripe batch of compositions, electric and acoustic instruments are being picked up and put down constantly.

"We want to retain the acoustic thing but are exploring electric playing, we have got it blended in some songs and not quite there in others," explains Marshall. "We are trying for a sort of mixture, develop the song so that it builds. Playing acoustic and electric are two different things," Wildman adds.

Their first album was characterised by applying an electric technique to an acoustic guitar. They reveal that it is easy to become messy using both electric and acoustic sounds.

The previous bassist worked around a laid back style; they developed through that with him. The new bassman is described as "thinking in a more jazzy, dynamic way, and is into progressive bass playing. He feels that bass is one of the most neglected areas in music, he is trying to do something about it."

They want to make their music more accessible and maintain a higher energy level as well as admitting that they need to get more consistency in performing live and feeling out an audience. "I would like to start an evening with an electric number. Walk on stage, wham hard with super charged energy, the best you can give, then go right down with an acoustic passage. The recent concerts have been an easy, comfortable build up. Getting onstage is showmanship, its like being Muldoon," Wildman declares.

Marshall maintains: "The average New Zealander's taste doesn't go into very adventurous stuff. When you have

a limited population you can't live off doing concerts. Earning a buck is the compromise and sacrifice."

The songs are corner glimpses of life, metaphorical imagery, sketches around neuroses, the guy along the road who is spooked because he thinks he has demons in his house, "Ocean Neon", "Schooners", (traits of their seaweed image), "Party Pooper", "Second Honeymoon for Mr X" and one of their ripping swayers — "Harry Rock Star Meets his Match". Musically dexterous and co-ordinated, their glowing clear vocal harmonies rap you in goosepimpled feelings. Doing their classic — "Arrow" — written by Wildman, he forgets a couple of lines; "while playing it, I thought 'what the hell am I playing this for, I get lost in it,

done it untold times, we enjoy doing it though."

The flavourings and extensions are evolving, with Marshall playing harp, Wildman always sliding on his guitars and Gash often venturing over to the upright piano in the corner. There is also talk of gongs and triangles. These diversifying ingredients are not causing Waves to waver and waffle from their wooden roots which they love. As always there are three acoustics serenading and picking, now it is pumped along with funk bass and a full kit of drums.

All in the early half of their twenties, there is nothing fancy about their presence, just undressed friendliness. "We seem to be able to write songs," says Dave, "we might as well play them, if people don't mind listening. We are not expecting everyone to like the different areas we are moving into. We are not playing up to the public, and 'hoping for the best.'" Echoes Kevin: "What we are is pure self indulgence," he goes on to say: "It's like going out on the sidewalk with some chalk and drawing an expressive picture and everyone comes around saying, 'shit look at that', it's the same thing, you've got to have the guts to go out and do it."

Most of their sound still touches you in a delightfully playful way, just as the joker who is sitting next to me remarks: "You float with it."

Just when their lengthy concert wanes, with seat restlessness setting in and you are trailing behind in their more elongated and hollowed pieces, the lift you seek comes from their new fired rhythm.

Tailing off the rocking peak the concert is coming to, McCallum joins his mates and leads them through two of his swing numbers.

Exciting out into the night chill, it is with a well fed feeling.

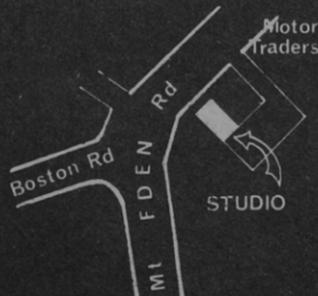
Ray Castle

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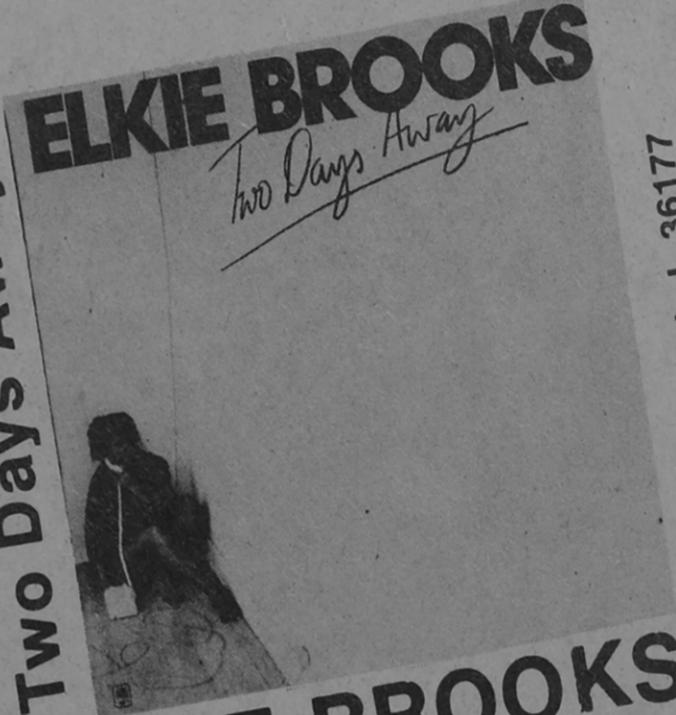


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Two Days Away
Two Days Away
ELKIE BROOKS

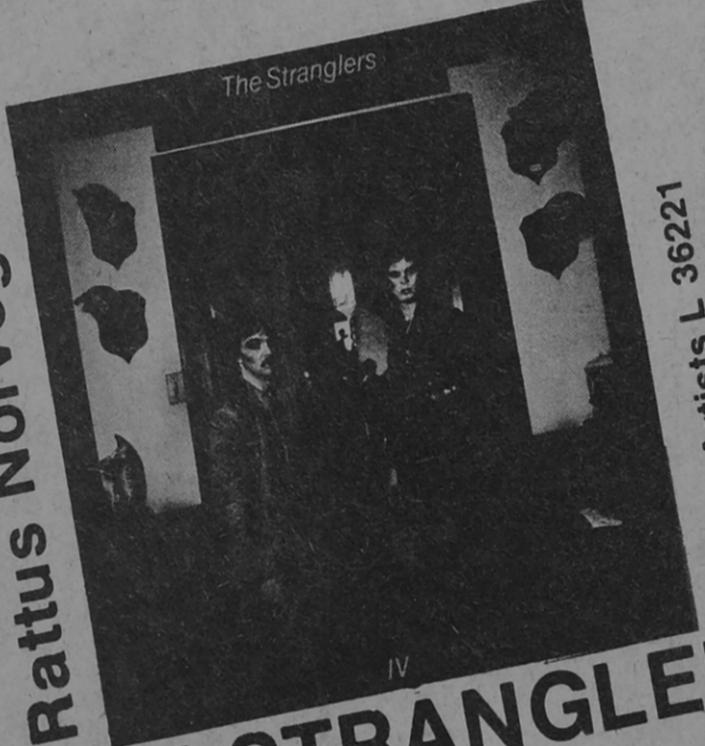


ELKIE BROOKS

A & M Records L 36177

The album cover features a black and white photograph of Elkie Brooks sitting on a floor, looking down. The title "Two Days Away" is written in a cursive script across the top.

Rattus Norvegicus
THE STRANGLERS



United Artists L 36221

The album cover shows the four members of The Stranglers in a dark, industrial-looking setting. The title "Rattus Norvegicus" is written vertically on the left side.

Right on Time
BROTHERS JOHNSON



A & M Records L 36156

BROTHERS JOHNSON

The album cover depicts the Brothers Johnson performing live on stage. One member is playing a guitar while another is singing into a microphone.

Stevie Winwood
STEVE WINWOOD



Island Records L 36232

The album cover shows a black and white photograph of Stevie Winwood standing in a doorway, wearing a light-colored suit. The name "Steve Winwood" is printed at the top of the image.