

Vol. 1 No. 5
October 1977

RIP IT UP

NEW ZEALAND'S FREE MONTHLY ROCK PAPER



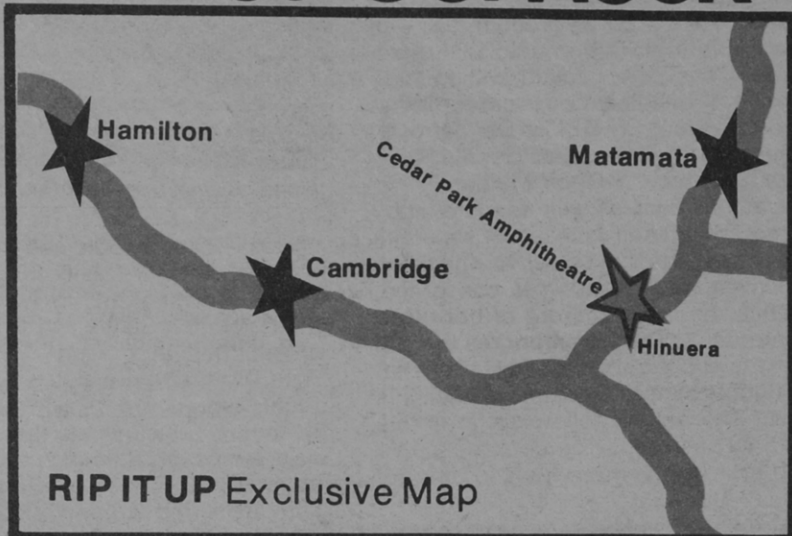
**Inside: Punks,
Sparks, News and Reviews**

On Sunday October 23rd (Labour Weekend) the first big outdoor concert of the summer will take place at Cedar Park Amphitheatre, Hinuera. Headlining the show will be Mother Goose, the New Zealand band that after touring successfully in Australia, have recorded an album on Mushroom Records.

Other acts appearing are Soul Factory, Living Force, Rocking Horse, Malcolm McCallum, Rick Steele, Les Hots and the Andy Anderson Band. Acts will be on stage from 2pm to midnight. Mother Goose are scheduled to perform soon after 9pm.

Even with a 5000 watt P.A. you will have to get to Hinuera to hear the music. The concert site will be well signposted. Travel 12 miles south of Cambridge on Highway No. 1 and turn off at Highway No. 29 (to Tauranga) and travel 3 miles, and you will be at Cedar Park Amphitheatre, Hinuera.

10 Hours of Rock



TOURS

It's a pretty good month for tours and before this coming summer is over expect to see about 11 major acts. That's one promoters estimate anyway. Confirmed tours for this month are:

Janis Ian Christchurch, October 3. Auckland October 5.

Jose Feliciano Auckland October 6, other centres also.

Lou Reed, the doyen of New York decadence, tours NZ for the third time. Dates: Hamilton- October 18, Auckland- October 19, Wellington- October 20, Dunedin- October 23, and Christchurch- October 24th.

Ray Charles and Orchestra with the Raelettes play Auckland at the Shoreline Cabaret. One night only at a cost of \$20 per person for dinner and show — Wednesday, October 26th. **Mother Goose**, NZ band return to tour with their first album, *Stuffed*, just released. Dates are: Dunedin- 18 October, Christchurch- 19 October, Hamilton- 23 October. A more extensive tour will follow in November.

Marcia Hines tour in November, supported by **Richard Wilde**. Dates are Christchurch Town Hall — 11th, Wellington, St James Theatre — 13th and Auckland, His Majesty's Theatre — 14th.

Fleetwood Mac will be supported by **Kevin Borich** when they play at Western Springs on Sunday the 27th November.

Rumours

Top Wellington band **Redeye** will at last play some live gigs in Auckland, late in October. Ex-Radio Hauraki boss, **David Gapes**, is Hello Sailor's new manager. At Auckland Club, Crofts **Johnny Volume** of the Suburban Reptiles pulled drumkit and drummer of an Auckland punk band off the stage on Saturday October 24. There were threats and fists so the police were called. There will be no more punk bands at Crofts. The club has a new band.



Janis Ian Is Coming

So is Jesus, some people say, but Janis' arrival is far more imminent. Five or six years ago when I had what amounted to a personal fanaticism for this singer I resigned myself to the fact that she must have been the person least likely to tour our little country.

Janis Ian has been around for quite a while now, cutting her first big hit, "Society's Child" in 1967. Part of this song's impact at the time was an emotional one, because Ian herself was only 15. However this doesn't explain the immediacy of the song in the late seventies. Well, it's just a damned good song!

Janis worked at her music over the next three years and released four under-rated albums for Verve (the first is again available in record shops). She herself has dismissed these albums, but they are full of terrific music. The second, *For All The Seasons of Your Mind* was released in New Zealand.

However her audience did not want to see their little wunderkind extend-

ing herself and soon shifted their attentions to other new faces.

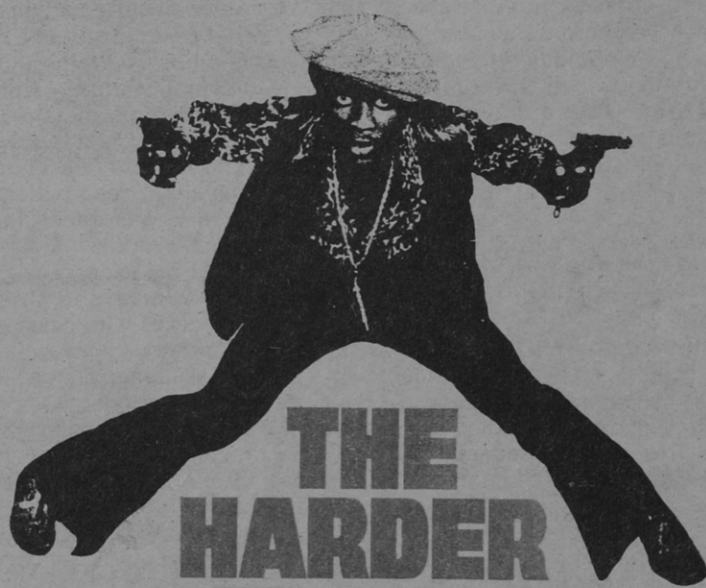
A change of record company to Capitol, and an exquisite album called *Present Company* still did nothing for Ian's career, and no one seemed to notice her except Penny Valentine in the British *Sounds* paper. So then there was the much-publicised retirement to study songwriting.

In the 1973 the hits started to appear. "Jesse" was a hit for Roberta Flack, and eventually Janis had a big hit herself with "At Seventeen". Of all the recent albums (*Stars*, *Between the Lines*, *Aftertones* and *Miracle Row*) I think the first remains the best because it is the most personal. Songs like "Stars" are telling you about the singer's own hang-ups and problems, whereas some of the later songs lack this immediacy.

Still, Janis Ian has always remained a very literate song-writer and it will be interesting to see the lady perform later in the year.

William Dart

Rebel with a cause !!



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SMALL STUFF

The Latest and the Greatest Rock News

Julie Covington, who's made her name through the hit "Don't Cry for Me Argentina" and her starring role in the TV series *Rock Follies*, is to record a solo album later this year. The producer will probably be John Simon who's previously worked with The Band and John Hartford among others ... new albums on the way over the next few months include: **The Stranglers** — whose second LP, *No More Heroes*, follows their highly successful debut, *IV Rattus Norvegicus*, which has racked up sales of over 200,000 in Britain to make them by far the biggest album sellers of the British new wave so far. **Graham Parker and the Rumour's** new album, *Stick To Me*, is due for October release overseas ...

while **Lowell George** is working on the *Little Feat* live LP as producer, as well as preparing his first solo LP for release. The solo project will include versions of Allen Toussaint's, "What Do You Want the Girl To Do" (already recorded by Toussaint, Bonnie Raitt, Boz Scaggs and Geoff Muldaur — to name but four) as well as material by Fred Tackett and Jackson Browne. Bill Payne asserts that Lowell has hit a 'dry spell' as far as writing is concerned, hence the large amount of borrowed material ... **The Commodores** are still on the US leg of the same tour that brought them to Godzone earlier this year. The natural follow-up to all this live exposure is, of course, a live album — what's more it's a double (of



Lionel Richie, Commodores.

course) — and should see US release in mid-October ... **Nils Lofgren** also weighs in with a double-live recorded at dates in the States and Britain. Nils is mixing it at present ... **Electric Light Orchestra** are also working on a double album, but it's a studio outing for them ... meanwhile the on-again-off-again **Gregg Allman** and **Cher** duet album is ... on-again. A rumour that it is to be titled *Allman and Woman* (groan) could not be confirmed ... and **Rod Stewart** and **Britt Ekland's** relationship, which is now off, will cost young Rod over 1,400 pounds a week until, the court case decides who gets what ... EMI, the company who fired the Sex Pistols, have signed a British band led by gay, Tom Robinson. The **Tom Robinson Band** have recorded for forthcoming release a single entitled "Glad To Be Gay" ... singer for **The Runaways**, Cherie Currie, follows bassist Jackie Fox in quitting the band. Internal squabbles appear to be a major reason ... the musical film, *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, now has a director. It's Michael Schultz (who?) who'll direct Peter Frampton, the Bee Gees and a cast of thousands — all financed by Robert Stigwood ... **Ace**, the band who broke through with one great single, — "How Long" — only to disappear again, seem to have called it a day. There's been no official announcement but, currently, Ace mem-

bers are engaged in outside projects. Paul Carrack is playing with **Frankie Miller**, while Tex Comer is in the band put together by the **Sutherland Borthers and Quiver** for touring purposes ... others in the Sutherlands temporary touring band include Alan Ross on guitar & Mick Weaver on keyboards. On their new album, *Down To Earth*, the Sutherlands augmented the basic three piece with session musicians Brian Bennett and Mick Grabham ... **Wayne Kramer**, ex-MC 5 guitarist, who's currently serving a 4 year sentence in Lexington Penitentiary in the good ol' US of A for trafficking in cocaine, has a single released overseas. Distributed by two independent British labels, Stiff Records and Chiswick, they've printed a limited edition of 10,000 and all proceeds go to a fund to give Kramer some cash on his release ... **David Bowie** is to make another film. This one's to be directed by Clive Donner whose past work includes *What's New Pussycat*, *Luv* and *Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush* ... **Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow** have found the missing two members for their line-up. Joining the basic unit of Blackmore, Cozy Powell and James Ronnie Dio are new members Bob Daisley (late of Chicken Shack and Widowmaker) on bass and David Stone on keyboards ... **Status Quo** have revamped and re-shaped their stage act. The live album was the end of an era, they assert, and they're recording a new album in Sweden for release later this year. Does that mean no more "Roll Over, Lay Down"? Promise? ... famed early British rock'n'roll band **The Pirates** — as in Johnny Kidd and the Pirates — have reformed. They've recorded their debut return album for Warners and it's called *Out of Their Skulls* ... the **Kursaal Flyers** have now lost pedal steel player Vic Collins. He's replaced in the band by a rhythm guitarist, Johnny Wicks ... **Jimmy McCulloch**, guitarist in Paul McCartney's Wings, has quit to join the reformed Small Faces. Meanwhile, Wings are off the road because of Linda McCartney's pregnancy, but a new album is due later this year ... **Bowie's** new LP, recorded in Berlin, sees overseas release this month ... **Split Enz's** new style, "My Mistake", will be released in Britain as a 12" maxi single, at least for the first 10,000 copies. Thereafter it'll be your common 7" job ... much-awaited **Joan Armatrading** album has also hit the shops overseas. Titled *Show Some Emotion*, it includes backing musicians Tim Hinkley, Georgie Fame, Jerry Donahue and the Small Faces drummer, Kenny Jones ... **Ry Cooder** has fired his Tex-Mex musicians; the Chicken Skin band after "disagreements" ... Ex-Roxy music guitarist **Phil Manzanera** has completed his second solo album with the aid of various firends including Lol Creme and Kevin Godley late of 10cc (who feature on gizmo and voices), Eno and Eddie Jobson. A touring band will be put together once the album is released ...

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★
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Summer Festival Rock

What live music will the summer bring? With the exception of Fleetwood Mac in November, the identity of overseas acts appearing in New Zealand is a mystery. The live music event of the summer may not be an overseas act's one night stand but the *Nambassa Festival*. This Festival of Music, Crafts and Alternatives, will take place January 28th to 30th at Golden Valley near Waihi.

The Nambassa Trust, a non-profit organisation, staged the successful *Waikino All Day Music Festival* last summer. Their site this year is larger and near the coast. The organisers with the assistance of community

groups will provide facilities and food for a crowd far in excess of last year's 3000.

The main stage will operate for 15 hours a day and seventy percent of the performers on this stage will be rock acts. *Nambassa* should be a big event not only for people who are into music but also for people into handcrafted goods and alternative living. The Festival's top acts, local and overseas, will mainly appear at night when activity ceases in the handcrafts market and alternative living workshops.

If you want to know more, read future Rip It Ups or write to *Nambassa Festival* P.O. Box 113, Waihi.

Kiwis Hit Australia Big-Time

A number of New Zealand bands are striking success in Australia at this moment, so here we've assembled everything we could find happening with expatriate kiwis in Ocker land.

Mother Goose have signed to Australia's Mushroom label and their first album, *Stuffed*, is soon to be released. Originating from Dunedin, Mother Goose made some impact on the New Zealand rock scene in late '75 and early '76 before moving to Australia in October of last year. They started working in Queensland and then moved down to Melbourne where they caught the eye of the Mushroom people. Their theatrical stage act has, of course, won them comparison with Split Enz, and caused several commentators to call the sanity of the average New Zealander into doubt. No matter, it has enabled the band to make an instant impact on Australian audiences, and the album and single, "Baked Beans" are predicted to sell well.

Dragon, with one Australian recorded album behind them and two successful singles, are rapidly becoming one of Australia's top acts. They get their picture in the *Australian Woman's Weekly*, no less. Now they've been signed to the Portrait label which guarantees them international release alongside such other Portrait acts as Burton Cummings, Joan Baez and Heart. Meanwhile, ex-Dragon guitarist **Ray Goodwin** features in a band signed to the Mushroom label who go by the name of Punkz. They've already recorded a couple of singles under the direction of ex-Easybeats, Vanda and Young.

Split Enz are also off to conquer Australia on their most extensive tour of that country to date. They play 15 dates there before moving on to Bri-

tain for a 21 date tour. They return to NZ in December and over January and February will probably record their fourth album in Wellington.

Collision, featuring **Dalvanus** and **The Fascinations**, have just completed an Australian tour supporting Tina Turner. **Collision** moved to Australia in February this year and have already signed a 5 year recording deal with Festival, Australia. A single was released to coincide with the tour and both Dalvanus and Collision have been involved with session work with Aussie artists.

Mark Williams and **Alan Galbraith** have also moved across the Tasman and will now be based in Melbourne. Their original intention to establish Mark in Australia while maintaining their base in New Zealand proved to be unrealistic and, with the expiry of Mark's contract with EMI, he's signed to CBS, Australia. Their intention is to form a backing band for Mark and to work in Australia before recording there. Alan Galbraith will relinquish Mark's management but will remain as record producer via his new job as staff producer and A & R man for CBS. There's a possibility Mark Williams will do a New Zealand tour early next year.

Other emigrants doing well in Australia are **Peter Cuddihy** and **Andrew Kay**. Both are ex-members of Auckland bands Human Instinct, Street Talk and Vox Pop, and now Andrew (keyboards) and Peter (bass) have joined Australian star guitarist, Phil Manning, in the Manning-Keays band. The band has already completed a single and they're working on an album to be produced by David Hitchcock who did the honours on Genesis' *Foxtrot* album among others. Thereafter the band hit the road with work around Australia.



Sleeping Dogs

Sleeping Dogs, New Zealand's first full-length, feature film made in some time also boasts a totally indigenous soundtrack. Already on release as a single on EMI are two songs taken from the movie and performed and written by Murray Grindlay. The A side is "Don't Look Back" with a flip of "Night-train to Waiuku". Due for late September release is *The Sleeping Dogs Original Soundtrack* which will, of course, feature the two songs on the single as well as two other songs from Murray Grindlay, two from Mark Williams and one from Josie Rikka. Dave Calder and Mathew Brown, who wrote the bulk of the incidental music for the movie, have one track. The album is produced by Alan Galbraith.

Sleeping Dogs, based on C.K. Stead's book *Smith's Dream*, is perhaps best described as a political thriller set in some unknown future time when New Zealand is in social turmoil and a violent guerilla movement emerges.

Made at a cost of \$450,000 it's the first ever colour 35mm film made in New Zealand and goes into commercial release on October 7.

Schtung, Awards, Enz Hassles, Heartbreakers, 1860 Band etc.

One of the most acclaimed rock acts during the recent week-long Festival of the Arts was Wellington band **Schtung!**... they like an exclamation mark and oom-laut, but oom-lauts don't come easy in this part of the world.

Schtung! is a six piece band with high hopes and an almost frightening amount of initiative. They have designed, printed and distributed Schtung! posters and have bought advertising inside city council

New Bands

New bands who've formed and doing the rounds include — **Coast to Coast** who are Wellington based and feature some well-known names. Bruce Robinson on Guitars (late of Rockinghorse), Daryl Kidd — percussion, Gavin Peacock — vocals, Richard White — bass, Paul Beyes — keyboards, and Alistair McQuillan — guitar. They've backed Mark Williams of late, as well as working on their own.

Les Hots is again a Wellington based outfit and includes ex-Blerta members Bruno Lawrence (drums), Patrick Bleakley double bass) and Fane Flaws (guitar), with Peter Dasenton on keyboards (late of Mammal and Tapestry) and Tony Backhouse on vocals and guitar. Les Hots aims to play New Zealand music which can't be bad.

Fragments of Time are Hamilton based and feature well-known singer Steve Gilpin as well as ex-Father Time members Smartie on drums, Don Martin on bass, and Alan Moon on keyboards. Completing the line-up is ex Brigade and Think guitarist Kevin Stanton. The band have already spent some time recording original material and are currently working down Wellington way.

buses. Last month, Schtung! took to the studio and put down tracks for their debut album on Phonogram — it'll be simply called *Schtung!* and it'll contain totally original material.

Andy Hagen and Morton Wilson write all the *Schtung!* schtuff — Andy plays guitar and keyboards and shares lead vocals with co-keyboardist Paul Jeffery. Morton plays guitar, Geoff Bowater plays flute and sax; Robby Sinclair, bass; and Geoff Bowdler on drums. The *Schtung!* album is due for release late this month or early in November — it'll be resplendent in a real *Schtung!* schtyle cover designed by graphic bassist, Robby.

In the absence of **Rata Awards** this year, it was encouraging to see the New Zealand Students Arts Council incorporating a Rock Composers competition in the Festival of the Arts. Auckland musician **Dave Calder** won the \$500 first prize for his song "Conversation — Over to You". The Australasian Performing Rights Association put up the Prize money — it's in lieu of the Apra Silver Scroll which is normally associated with the Rata Awards. Apra has a big interest in the future of New Zealand music, and honour this commitment with monetary incentives. All too rare, Ray Columbus and Radio Windy D.J. Ted Seymour judged the entries and were impressed by the high standard. The Rock Composers Award was presented at a small ceremony at the Travelodge on 9th September. **Tim Finn** assumed the role of presenter with ease.

Dave Calder is currently in the States, where he'll stay till the new year. Before his departure, he completed the soundtrack to the movie "Sleeping Dogs".

And Friday 9th September was a bad day for **Split Enz**. Their truck was held up at Picton, and missed not one, but two ferries. Consequently their gear didn't reach the Opera House till 7.50pm, and the show finally started a little after 10pm. The amazing Angelo had to be dropped from the bill — he wouldn't have stood a snowballs show at that late stage. Split Enz showed their true colours with a brilliant performance, and the audience finally let the Enz leave the stage at 5 minutes to midnight.

Wellington's **Heartbreakers** (as opposed to Tom Petty's) are also on the verge of recording an album. Guitar playing/singing/songwriting Simon Morris is optimistic about the future for the Heartbreakers — they have written a lot of

The Harder They Come

the best rock movie in ages

The Harder They Come was here last year as part of the International Film Festival. In Auckland it was screened once at a mid-afternoon session and then re-screened one night at the Lido. It seemed that if you missed both sessions you were just plain out of luck, having lost the chance to see one of the best rock movies to hit New Zealand. Thankfully, the situation has now been rectified. The film is returning on general release — so those of you who weren't fortunate enough to see it before better plan now because all we second-timers will be booking early in case it doesn't last long.

The Harder They Come is set in Jamaica and it's about reggae. Yet this is not to suggest that it's simply a series of film clips showing singers and groups performing. Nor is it one of those sugary musicals with minimal story line involving young lovers laughing and dancing their way through a summer holiday. This movie deals with Jamaican reality: the squalor, the violence, the grass, and the raw energy of life in the slums of Kingston that all go to produce reggae music.

Its protagonist is played, with obvious authentic feeling, by singer Jimmy Cliff. We see his progression from the total naif arriving in the city on a crowded bus, through his initiation to the lifestyle where dope and music are

almost the mainstays, to his increased rebellion and eventual emergence as a sort of Robin Hood with a gun, a vicious hero who challenges the corrupt establishment as champion of the oppressed poor. Along the way we learn much that is informative as a background to reggae: the economic viciousness of the recording industry where young musicians are paid a flat \$20 for their record which may go on to be a highly profitable hit, and the pervasiveness of marijuana in a society where a huge illegal market flourishes with police cooperation.

And then, of course, there's the music — lots of it — not only by Cliff, but by the Maytals, Desmond Dekker and others. The film sound-track has been around for a while and its a beauty. If, like me, you can't quite handle many of Marley's Rastafarian ravings, then this album is the place to start. It's very accessible reggae and sells at a budget price.

Look, forget all that Alice Cooper, Pink Floyd filmcrud. *The Harder They Come* is simply the best rock movie in ages. It has all the important ingredients — sex, violence, dope, music, and is a rattling good thriller besides. What more do you need? Go see it. I bet you come out of the cinema humming the title song.

Peter Thomson.

new songs over the last few months and have over a dozen to chose from for the album. The Heartbreakers have earned a reputation for being a remake band, especially since their "Romeo and Juliet" single. They'd like to lose the image but acknowledge the need for a hit.

Until last year when the Heartbreakers got their residency at the Cricketers Arms, they spent a lot of time trudging up and

down the country playing the pubs. It's soul destroying and pretty tiring. Simon says "There are a handful of clubs to play now, but they're just pubs that stay open till 3."

This all points to the inevitable — overseas. The Heartbreakers will stay at the Cricketers until the album is completed, then they'll stay around to promote it.

Continued on Page 6

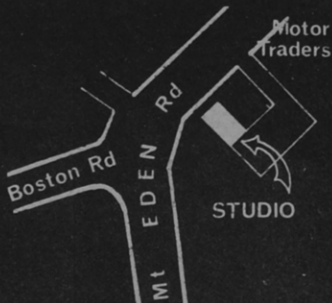
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Rock Music has almost got itself into the same state that German music had been reduced to by the end of the nineteenth century. Richard Wagner and his disciples (remember *Lisztomania*?) had written ultra-tricky harmonies, endless flowing melodies, all written for gigantic orchestras. Musicians started to feel that nothing else could be done without some radical break from this tradition — and this is where Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Bartok and the rest come in.

Rock has led a very eclectic existence in the last ten years — its post-Pepper period. Everyone has just had such a wealth of styles and material to

borrow from or be influenced by. Faced with such temptations, Handel wouldn't have written one note of his own music.

Musicians today can borrow anything from mediaeval music (Gryphon) to Stravinsky (Alice Coltrane, Zappa), from Bach (Nice, Focus) to Bartok (Blood Sweat and Tears) or from Liszt (Rick Wakeman) to Wagner (Andy Mackay). Thus producing musical cocktails of varying degrees of potency.

The only 'original' thing that has eventuated recently seems to be punk-rock and even *that* is hardly innovation of a high order. Although one

can understand the premises behind its crudity, it is a crudity that is very limiting. Perhaps it is meant as something akin to Stravinsky's anti-romantic period. During these years Stravinsky wrote deliberately aggressive, dissonant and harsh music to escape from the lushness of some of his earlier ballet scores.

I'd swap a whole padded cell full of Strangers, Damned and Sex Pistols for one Sparks album. Now there's a clever group, Virginia.

Their first album just bristles with "production" and the second, *A Woofer in Tweeter's Clothing* has some lovely jokes, musical and otherwise: a frenetic electric version of the same "Do-re-mi" that made Julie Andrews notorious before she gained family approval as a continuing guest on the Alice Ghostley show. There's a little song about the Louvre, as well as one which advocates bashing your car into buses for a bit of the old group sex.

Sparks' third and fourth albums, produced in England, showed a much simpler approach, and they even started having popular singles, such as "Hasta Manana" (nothing to do with the Clearasil Quartet).

The 1975 album, *Indiscreet* showed the group slipping back to their earlier style, although the songs were far more catchy than their American releases. Musical styles range from classical chamber music approach ("Under the Table") through 1940's Big Band Jazz ("Looks Looks Looks") to a sort of country/Cajun-type number ("It ain't 1918").

The newest Sparks' album, *Big Beat*, shows the group facing the same problem that the punk groups are presumably trying to solve. That is, how to get your style stripped down so that it is not aesthetically flabby — a lean and economic musical approach.

The group still keep some of their characteristically twee lyrics. The rather tongue-in-cheek suggestiveness of "Big Boy" or "White Women", the song most likely to offend every liberal:

*I've tried most every package,
From Peking to Berdoo
I'm sticking with a brand name
I'm sticking with you
Because you're a white woman, so
very fair.*

Or "Throw Her Away", the song next most likely to o.e.l.:

Just like everything else in this world

*Time wreaks havoc on every girl
What do you do?*

Throw her away and get a new one.

Well, of course they're ironical, but irony is not always a sense that is well developed in yon armchair liberals. And irony is as much a part of Sparks' armoury as it is Randy Newman.

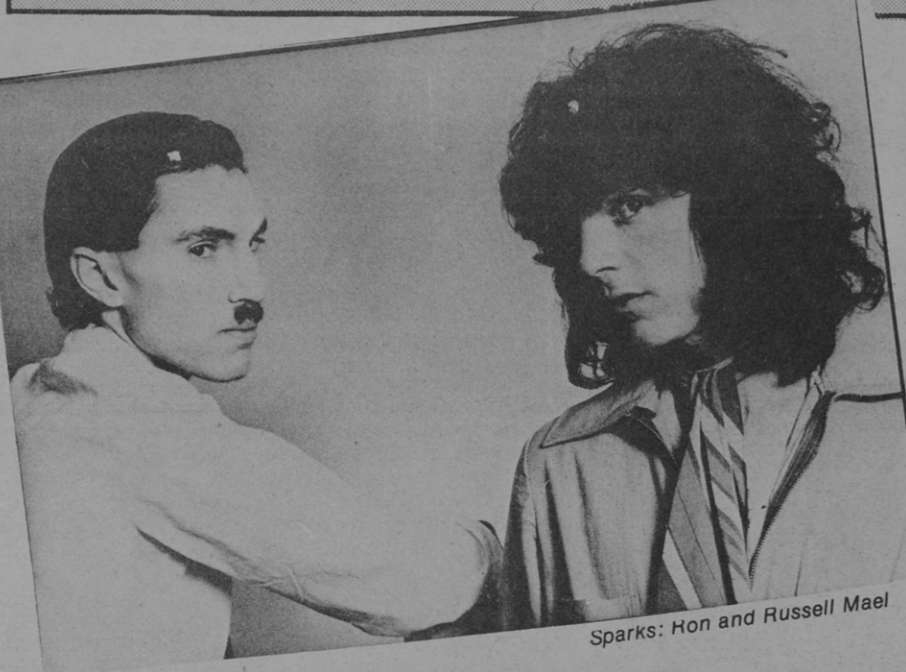
Musically, the songs in *Big Beat* are stripped to essentials. They just use a straight rock group in all except one song, and any other influences (e.g. the Spanish touches in "Confusion") do not get out of control within this basic group sound.

But the reason for Spark's success is the care they take with the *sound*. Music has textural qualities like painting, and these qualities are very much tied up with the quality of the sound. There is variety, or attack and respite if you wish. Not just noise non-stop for three minutes at a time.

We tend to classify rock music by its sound, talking of the Tamla-Motown sound, the Philadelphia sound and so on. Sound equals style. Therefore a limited sound such as that of Punk rock must mean a limited style. My God, buy a copy of *Big Beat* before it's too late.

William Dart

MAKING SPARKS FLY



Sparks: Ron and Russell Mael



Arts Festival Music

It was a bit like a dumbbell: weighty at both ends, with a thin stretch in the middle.

The music programme of the National Festival of the Arts opened with Jazz. Colin Hemmingsen held the fort for two hours, in workshop, persuading his audience that Jazz is not dead, that it is alive and well and living with a funky drummer.

The audience for the Jazz concert that night took the Jazz-lives message to heart, and they stamped and they cheered and they whistled for more. The Golden Horn Big Band co-operated by playing with full enthusiasm. It's good to see an entire horn section jiving, clicking fingers, swaying hips and mouthing rhythms. Showbiz razzamatazz, but kind of exciting. The 1860 Band appear by contrast a little timeworn, but with the aid

of Hemmingsen's alto, they too worked up a good lather.

However the highlight of the Jazz concert came as an utter surprise, with Palmerston North band **Earthborn**. An intriguing collection of people, including farm boy bass player, Turkish drummer and eccentric pianist, Earthborn are as exciting a N.Z. prospect as I've heard in a long while. I only hope that they, and their tasteful and inventive repertoire, get more exposure in the future.

With the exception of **Hello Sailor**, who played at times brilliantly to unappreciative audiences, and **Living Force**, the middle of the week sagged. I suppose that with both these bands bringing albums out soon, prospects on the local market are buoyant. What is more disturbing, particularly in relation to Hello Sailor's reception was New Zealand rock'n'roll's green eyed monster: regionalism. There is just too much division between Auckland's and Wellington's music scenes, let alone between the North and South Islands.

At the tail end of festivities were scheduled the big names. The **Bert Jansch** — **John Martyn** concert was filled to the point of mass suffocation. Bert Jansch came on sporting an alcoholic barrier between the co-ordinating parts of brain and hands. So much for an erstwhile folk-guitar hero. Martyn on the other hand, downed a third of a large bottle of rum on stage, smoked half a joint, and thereby oiled his components nicely. Martyn is a captivating performer, whether he plays his role as the world's only heavy metal acoustic guitarist, or whether he sings the blues. Drunkard, stand up comic, musician extraordinaire, John Martyn executes things in style and that was a nice way to round off.

Bruce Belsham.

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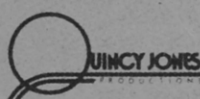
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Red Mole are going on the road. Until March they'll be based in Auckland and will tour the beach resorts of Northland, hoping for warm receptions and warmer weather.

Red Mole have become an integral part of the somewhat incestuous, too-close-for-comfort Wellington social scene. Since the beginning of this year they have been based at the Balcony where they have produced a series of well attended cabarets three nights a week, all going under the name *Cabaret Capital Strut*.

Local body electioneer Carmen has sold the Balcony and it's to become a disco, but Red Mole were ready to move, feeling restless, and wanting a change. They had long been aware that physically running a venue could drain the creative resources of its performers. Sally Rodwell, co-founder of Red Mole commented earlier in the year, "A lot of good theatre is hampered because it is held in the same theatre. Vibrations and atmosphere and even the audiences are the same with fixed theatres, even though the plays are different."

To some extent this is what has now happened to Red Mole and writer

Te Puhia, Tolaga Bay and Mahina Beach. They got 180 people in Kawhia and 12 at Te Puhia Springs. They also encountered the wettest summer in history.

The White Rabbit Theatre continued its career throughout 1976 with the help of a small Wellington Regional Arts Council grant. They performed at schools and kindergartens and got a regular gig at the Performers Theatre in Courtenay Place. In August, *Ace Follies* opened for a 12 day season at the Town Hall concert chambers, and it's interesting to note that they got as many people in those 12 nights as they do in one Sunday night at the Balcony. They took *Ace Follies* on a self-financed South Island tour, travelling from Picton to Waldronsville south of Dunedin. White Rabbit played schools and matinees and Red Mole did evening performances.

1977 started with a bang — Red Mole were asked to open for the Split Enz *Courting the Act* tour. It was an unusual and unexpected show which combined masks, music, mime, song and topless fire-eating.

Red Mole are now solvent. They work under a lot of pressure to put out

Citizen Band's Subtle Success



Warren Sly, Greg Clarke, Geoff Chunn, Brent Eccles and Mike Chunn.

Citizen Band "In a Lifetime" Mandrill

There must be something a bit weird about me. I think I own the world's only complete collection of singles by both Split Enz and Brent Parlane. There they sit, along with an Alastair Riddell single, and "Gutter Black" as my collection of 45s — more memorabilia than music.

The latest addition to my far from encyclopaedic collection is a little number called "In a Lifetime" by the Citizen Band. Like all those others, I own it and play it, not solely for its musical merit, but because it represents another little piece of local history. The most encouraging thing of all is that it is worthwhile on its own terms too.

The song is not what I had expected from the band; it is altogether much more gentle and calm than the offspring of Split Enz and Geoffrey Chunn's

taste for the Latin has any right to be. Because of its very limpid quality, and admittedly slight content, "In a Lifetime" lays itself open to a charge of being just too undemonstrative for its own good. Certainly, I fear, it will fail to take the Top 40 by storm. I only hope that the days of success by stealth are not yet over.

The song is an unashamed love song that contains a gem of a line in:

Yes, I believe in love

(Oh, boy! You fool.)

and generally exudes a sense of well-being that would be hard to match anywhere. Whether or not is an accurate indication of how the band's later material will sound, or how their stage act will turn out, remains to be seen, but it is reassuring to know that Warren Sly and the Chunnns are not here to rip our ears off, or tell us great truths.

I believe, and I'm no fool.

Francis Stark



founder / actor Alan Brunton comments: "It was a long hard grind — we reached a definite peak with the '60's show but everyone wanted to travel overseas. Auckland is the first logical step away." Getting away from the Balcony will allow a freedom to develop and change. They're eager to perform to new audiences, although Alan acknowledges that the prospect of leaving the security of the Wellington crowd that they know so well, is daunting.

Red Mole is a troupe of actors, musicians and dancers ranging in number from 15 to 20. They are principally: Alan Brunton — poet, actor, scriptwriter and puppeteer; Sally Rodwell — actress, dancer and puppeteer; Deborah Hunt — actress, contortionist, fire-eater; Peter Fantl — stunt man, singer, administrator; Jan Preston — composer, musician and singer; Arthur Baysting — scriptwriter; Jean Clarkeson — graphics and design; and Neville Purvis — MC, and no cabaret is complete without a MC to tie it together with socio-political comment. Musicians include the Country Flyers, Rockinghorse, Beaver, Kris Kloczek, Jean McAllister and Andy Anderson.

Red Mole had its beginnings back in 1974, when Alan Brunton and Sally Rodwell returned from overseas. They joined forces with Jan Preston and Jenny Stevenson to produce shows blending music, mime, dance and song. In 1975 they mounted the first of their cabaret shows while the rest of the year was spent rehearsing and getting a regular company together to form the White Rabbit Puppet Theatre for a debut performance in the toy department of James Smith's store! In January of 1976, Red Mole (White Rabbit — Red Mole — get it?) put together a touring company called Vargo's Circus. They played holiday resorts on the West and East coasts of the North Island, places like New Plymouth, Kawhia, Mokau, Te Kaha,

a new show every four weeks. While one show is in season, another is in the formative stages. And no show is ever the same, because they aren't actually scripted — they're more in scenario form, and then ad-libbed once the scene is set. It's back to the old repertory days. There's an enormous amount of tension onstage every night for each person to entertain his fellow strutters. Alan Brunton says, "It's so stimulating. Everyone works incredibly hard. Each person contributes and is creatively involved. For example, the Country Flyers came up with the theme for the A&P Show. Normally what happens is that the theme is suggested, then developed in discussion, and Arthur and I sit down and put it on paper, in scenario form. Each entire cabaret fits an A4 page."

Red Mole are totally self sufficient. Each member is responsible for his own costume, props etc, while management, publicity and promotion is shared.

Fifteen members of the Red Mole entourage are going on tour, including Midge Marsden and the Country Flyers. They are booked at the *Ace of Clubs* in Auckland for four nights, and the show that they present will be based on the Freak Show, although they will inject Auckland characteristics into the Cabaret.

Cabaret Capital Strut has such a strong Wellington flavour — it's characters and it's street names, it's hangouts and its humour, that one finds it hard to imagine it transformed into another setting. At best, the Red Mole shows are brilliant New Zealand entertainment and theatre... at worst they are risqué, on-the-nose, no-holds-barred fun. As Alan says, "People want to know where the New Zealand plays are — well they're here. Our shows are as totally New Zealand as a can of Watties baked beans — home grown theatre."

Lynne Attwood

Continued from Page 3

The 1860 Band and the Golden Horn Big Band have just returned from a 10 day trip to Sydney where they encountered streaming sun, great press and played seven exhilarating, ego-boosting, encouraging shows.

I spoke to Peter Blake — keyboardist with both bands, and he told me that, although they were all a little apprehensive before they left, once there they realised that they were as good as any Aussie band. The Golden Horn Big Band filmed the "Theme from Rocky" before they left and it was shown on network tv the week before they got there. The day of their arrival in Sydney, they played an open-air lunchtime show in Martin Place — a big shopping mall with a sound shell. It was sweltering, and they played to a crowd of 5000.

That night they played at the *Basement*, Sydney's biggest jazz club... it was jam-

packed and about half the audience were either New Zealanders or bands, including Supercharge. They received standing ovations and encores, and every solo was cheered. The whole night was recorded, and there's a possibility that the tapes will be released as a double live album of the 1860 Band and the Golden Horn Big Band.

The bands also played the Sydney Musicians Club and Selinas, which is a disco, but since the bands play some disco material like "Salsoul Hustle" and "Rocky", they went down really well.

Peter said that he was approached at *The Basement* by two guys after their first concert, and asked where the bands were from. When Peter told them that they were New Zealanders, the reply was "Oh no, not again"... the New Zealand musical influence is so strong there now with bands like Mother Goose, Dragon and Airlord following on the success of Split Enz.

Lynne Atwood

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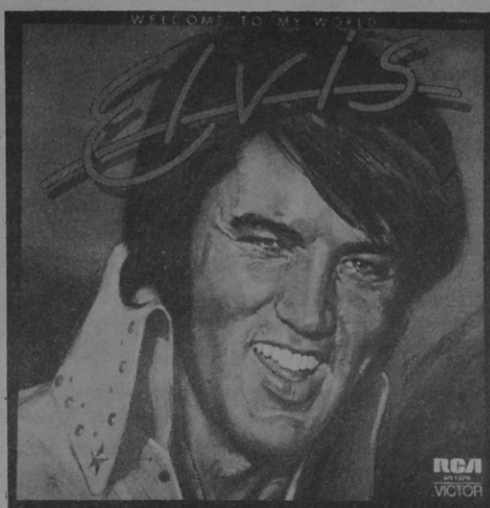
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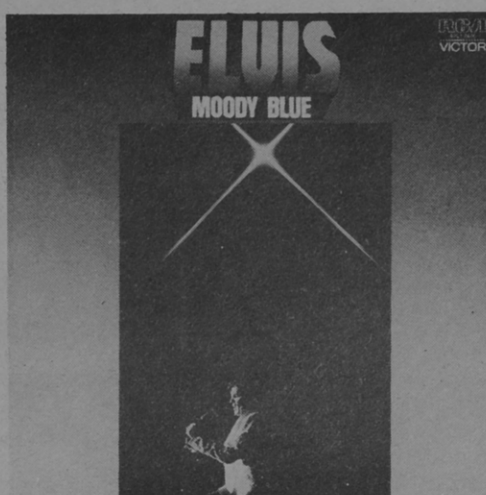
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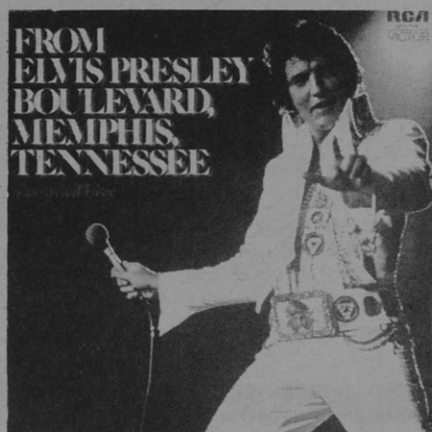
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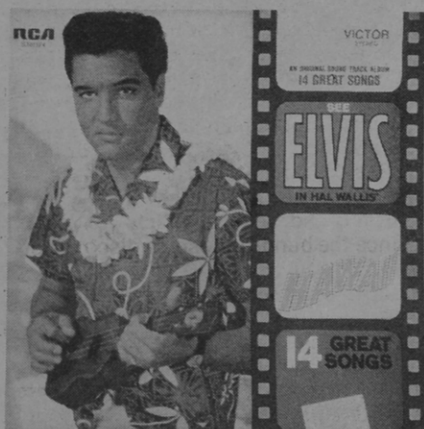
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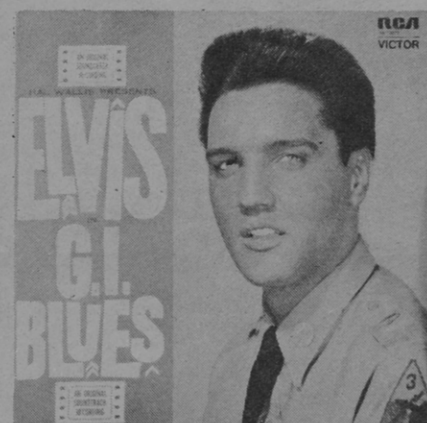
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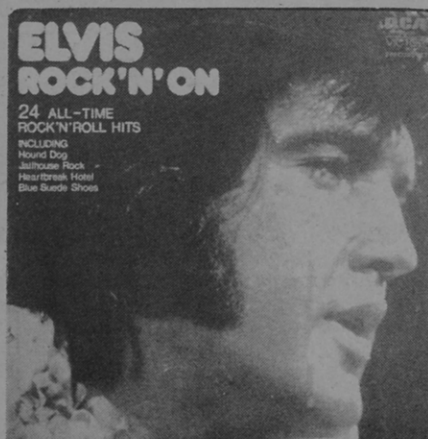
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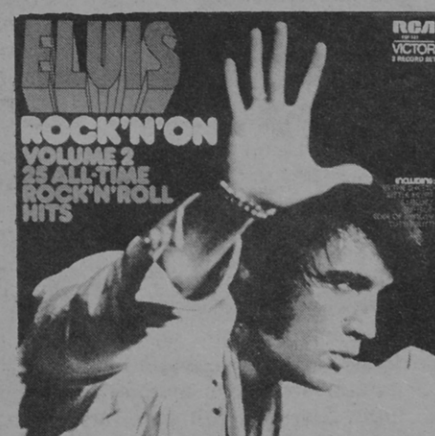
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Mr Louis Couttolenc, President, RCA Records, New York.

Pix & Reviews

Tina Turner Revue

High energy levels steaming up the Auckland Town Hall. Rocking with Tina Turner, last of the tent show queens, spangles, flashing things and glistening body sweat.

The split with husband and mentor Ike hasn't brought significant changes to the Tina Turner Show. There's some seventies instant nostalgia — the dinner-jacketed band, the lounge-y non-funk singer-dancers — and an attempt to establish a broader base (her three-piece pimp suit, complete with flop-brim hat, evoking Diana Ross evoking Dietrich). But mostly it's the Tina of old, that unique paint-blistering voice, the unbelievable nakeder-than-thou costumes, the heavy innuendo in both movement and manner. Above all, that keening, shattering voice and the tireless body.

Her show is turbo-charged. That's

its strength and its weakness. From the outset she builds to incredible climaxes, but having driven each song into the ground her only recourse seems to be to tackle the next one in the same stomp-it-to-the-bricks manner.

The exception is a high spot of the show, a languid "Funny How Time Slips Away".

Otherwise, she cools the audience by relinquishing the stage to the band and the dancers, and the energy levels drop appreciably.

Her show lasts an hour and five costume changes — a rush of R & B classics, "I Want to Take You Higher", "River Deep Mountain High", "Honky Tonk Women" and the crusher, "Nutbush City Limits" — but it seems abbreviated abruptly. A quick reprise of "Nutbush" and over. Ecstatic cries for more. Maybe one more? Maybe next time.

Ken Williams

Tina Turner at Press Conference, Auckland.



Manhattan Transfer

Well, the Manhattan Transfer have been and gone and left many many people with full and happy hearts. Aching ears perhaps, but happy, happy hearts. It was a pleasant and enjoyable concert, but marred by a few things.

Mainly there was the sound itself, which was a preview of Hell for us sinners who are interested in a quick repentance. I'm sure many a delicate blow-wave collapsed under the surging waves of decibels. A pity, for here we had what is basically a slick, cabaret group performing in rock-concert conditions. It's just bloody ridiculous performing all this tricky-dicky scat stuff with 120 words to the minute if you are competing with a loud rock band.

However the group were very professional, and gave Manhattan Transfer a sensitive background when they weren't surging into prominence (final chords of songs were particularly painful to the old ears).

What about Manhattan Transfer's music? Well, the show had *terrific lighting* — from the eerie, looming

shadows during "Don't Let Go" to the ripely kitsch mirror-ball effect in "Blue Champagne".

And in the more subdued numbers such as "Java Jive", or "Scotch and Soda" you were able to really relax and sink into the group's superb professionalism. The fifties rock songs, complete with the final ripping of Alan Paul's singlet must have got a few girls and boys in the hall into a state. One was lucky and got a kiss (a girl of course).

The group's only big hit here, "Chanson d'Amour" made me feel a little sorry for the reeds man whose job was obviously to just play the solo off the original recording note for note.

I think this sums up the group. Are Manhattan Transfer really extending themselves enough musically? God knows, they obviously have capabilities and possibilities. But are they quite happy performing a well-rehearsed hour-long cabaret act? Let's face it, most of the material in the concert was off their two albums, and their last release is over eighteen months old.

And like a lot of other nostalgia groups/artists, they sometimes pale beside original artists. Let's face it, when did you last hear Lambert, Hendricks and Ross?

William Dart





Photos by Murray Cammick



Split Enz

The night before Split Enz's Auckland concert a revealing anecdote came my way. Story has it that in an Auckland kindergarten a pupil was listening to the radio, when single "My Mistake" was played. "Oo", crooned the four-year-old, "the clowns' music".

Testament to the blanket coverage of the Enz tour? Certainly. But the tot's reaction is also eloquent for the band's newest image. Can you imagine a pre-schooler doing anything but fleeing in terror from Phil Judd's scary-eyed enunciation of "Spell-bound", or even from the extreme stylisation of *Courting the Act*.

I've no doubt that this youngster would have found the live act a lot more puzzling than the safe television clips she'd seen. All the same, Split Enz were this time bouncier and brighter than they've been since the Pantamonium concerts of 1974.

Entertainment it was before theatrics, energy before aura. And that

appealed to the house. I wouldn't have been personally surprised to find the band facing a crowd jaded by media barrages, but not so. Perhaps it was the impact of short songs snappily put together (17 in total), perhaps absence endears the heart, but Auckland clamoured for its favourite sons.

It wasn't one of the best sets Split Enz have played locally — we haven't seen that vintage for a couple of years. Yet, considering the Finn, Griggs, Green rhythm section is still establishing itself, we got a satisfying rendition of *Dizrythmia* material and adequately played extras.

More telling in terms of projected success is the impetus given songs by the visual performance. "Crosswords", leaning towards tedium aurally, is enlivened by a clownish mime of mass bitching and mutual abuse. The spoons solo in "The Woman Who Loves You" is in about its sixth generation. Tim Finn's stage manner is now

as evolved as Neil Finn's musical resources are still to be tapped.

Antics as opposed to dramatics are back on the bill — from announcement advertising "mementoes of dis-rhythmic evening", to a Noel Crombie violin debacle. Nigel Griggs stumbles around in his pinstripe like a crazed hood who has fallen in the make up basket. Neil Finn looks startled. Malcolm Green loses his drumkit on stage.

A dozen and a half songs there were, some like "True Colours" disappointingly performed, some like "Without a Doubt" more unified than on record, most adhering closely to their originals. But in the end, more than material, it was the band's mere presence that served them best. I mean it shows we've still some claim to them. Like Lord Rutherford and Bluff Oysters.

Bruce Belsham

A Stone's Throw Away Valerie Carter C.B.S.

As far as I am concerned, Valerie Carter has a lot going against her before the needle even hits the vinyl on her debut album. Before hearing her, I had read that she was too mild for an Eagles audience, that she was signed to C.B.S. because some record company executive thought she had a 'bankable face', and that so many of the L.A. session army played on *A Stone's Throw Away*, that she couldn't recall one of them even being there.

Imagine my surprise then, dear reader, to discover that this album is every bit as good as its reputation was fishy. *A Stone's Throw Away* may not quite be the album that Little Feat fans everywhere are looking for, but it cuts the latest offerings from both Linda Ronstadt and Bonnie Raitt.

The album starts slowly, with a faithful retread of an old soul near-standard, "Ooh Child", and a rather uncomfortable feeling that this is the way that James Taylor likes to get under way. All such thoughts are dispelled by the truly soulful "Ringin' Doorbells in the Rain" — a collaboration between Lowell George and someone called Ulv, who is rumoured to be an inmate of a local institution for the insane. From that moment on Valerie Carter is set.

While the rest of the first side, and much of the second side doesn't quite match those heights, the album's closer, "Back to Blue Some More" is worth seven dollars on its own. With words by Lowell George, a stunning melody by Ms Carter, and arrangement by William Payne, the song leaves for dead anything on the Feat's *Time Loves a Hero*.

It's a sad commentary on the rock and roll world that women like Valerie Carter have to battle to overcome the kind of hype they are landed with in record company promo sheets, and rock magazines. It shouldn't be a surprise that she has talent, just a shame that we have to be told 'what a lovely little lady' she is before we can appreciate it.

Francis Stark

Eric Carmen Boats Against the Current Arista

Perhaps it was a bad morning, but I had a fright when I spent two hours yesterday listening to transistor pop.

As production line single after sing-by-number chorus was slapped down, it became harder and harder to tell top 40 material from ad jingles. When it came to Donna Summer's machine written and machine played "Theme from the Deep" I gave up. And for somebody who places a lot of faith in pop music that was worrying.

Meanwhile I'd been pondering on Eric Carmen's *Boats Against the Current*. First of all, it is clear that Carmen is a top 40 operator and a good one. He has as strong a voice as you are likely to find in a consistent chart scorer. He's expressive, controlled, and just that bit bluesy. He is, further, a convincingly melodic writer and he can afford good studio musicians. In all you'd expect to conclude that this record should stand out as top popular product.

Well yes it does: but that's just the point. Eric Carmen's is by nature an imitative talent. Remember people calling the Raspberries the new Beatles because they sounded like the old Beatles? Remember "All by Myself" 's resemblance to Nilsson's "Without You"? Well, so too with this album. Carmen feeds off established pop styles in exploiting a little of Roger Daltrey, a little of Elton John, a touch of the Beach Boys (Bruce Johnston arranges backing vocals), and custom built West Coast production.

All credit to Eric Carmen's ability as a blender of styles — and by all means buy the record for songs like "She Did It" and "Love Is All That Matters" — but it's no hopeful reflection on current levels of innovation that a retrospective talent like this shines so bright.

Bruce Belsham



Tom Petty with cigarette and the Heartbreakers.

An All-American Hero

Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers Shelter

Rock'n'rolls real heroes are few and hard to find but Tom Petty... well, he just looks right. Though, as listening to this album makes immediately obvious, there's more to this band than good looks.

It was a stroke of genius on somebody's part to pair Petty's Heartbreakers with Nils Lofgren, giving them the opening spot on Lofgren's recent UK tour. Lofgren is one of the few rock'n'roll heroes worthy of the title and with Petty he shares a similar stance; that of the punk (in the old sense of the word) who is doing his best, trying to make an honest stand though everything conspires to try and stop him. From all reports it seems that Lofgren was hard-pressed to equal the performances of his show-opener (though I'd like to see Petty do an open backward somersault).

On their first record Petty and the Heartbreakers have found a near-perfect balance between band and vocalist, neither suffering at the expense of the other. Denny Cordell's production is simple yet sympathetic and the band work in well with Petty's songs, playing brashly, fast and energetically without sounding too raw.

But the main strength of this album lies with Petty's vocals. He bites at the words slurs them, runs them one into another:

*Some friends of mine and me
Stayed up all through the night
rockin' fairly steady till the sky went light*

*And didn't go to bed, didn't go to work
I picked up the telephone
Told the boss he was a jerk.*

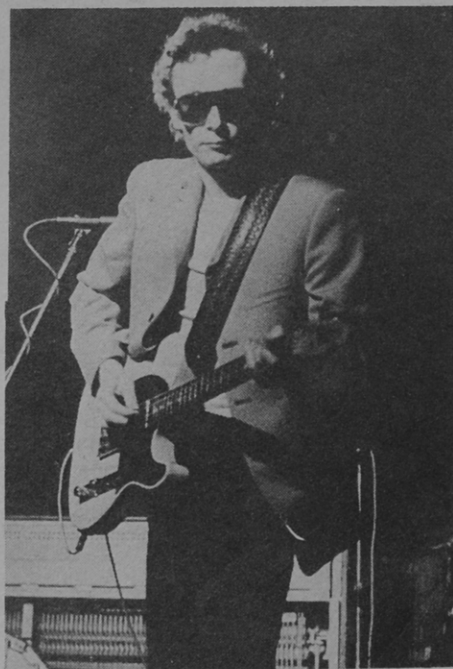
The influences aren't immediately obvious but, now and again, it's possible to detect some similarities with the Byrds — a jangled guitar line, the chorus vocals on "Hometown Blues", the lead vocal on "American Girl" — a song which Roger McGuinn has recently covered. "Mystery Man" has a wonderfully fluid bass line and could almost be a Van Morrison song. But these are Tom Petty's songs, none more than four minutes long, and while this album has more than its share of songs that I'm sure will eventually be recognised as bona-fide rock 'n' roll classics, it's "American Girl" that stands out. Not yet a woman, but dangerous all the same:

*Well, she was an American girl
Raised on promises
She couldn't help thinking that there
Was a little more life somewhere else
After all it was a great big world
With lots of places to run to...*

Petty's tour with Nils Lofgren launched the Heartbreakers into headlining status virtually overnight. And, though I'm not sure that Bob Seger's "Rock'n'Roll Never Forgets" isn't just determined optimism considering the years in which Seger has had to work the pits to get where he is now, it is nice when rock'n'roll remembers.

Jeremy Templar

Graham Parker: Howlin' Success!



Howlin' Wind Graham Parker Vertigo

Reviewing records is dead simple really. If it is a debut record, you can say whatever the hell you like, because nobody has heard enough of the artist to be able to call down too much wrath on you. If it is a second record, it is either an advance or a disappointment compared with its predecessor about which there is a generally-

accepted theory of worth anyway. If it is a third record or more, then the artist is by definition an old fogey, and is fair game.

Dead simple.

All this falls apart, however, in the face of the vagaries of the local record business' policies on release. In the case of Graham Parker, for example, New Zealand first encountered his second album, and only now do we have the chance of hearing its predecessor. Where does that leave the Stark system then?

After hearing *Howlin' Wind*, I now know all the things I should have been saying at parties about *Heat Treatment*. In fact, it is not a carbon copy of the second album so much as a first draft.

It is almost possible to match up the two records track for track — "White Honey" with "Heat Treatment"; "Nothing's Gonna Pull Us Apart" with "That's What They All Say" and so on, the only difference being that the Rumour, interestingly not given equal billing on *Howlin' Wind*, seem to have mastered the style much better by the second time around. The record still has all the Parker trademarks, enormous energy, streetwise lyrics and suspiciously familiar melodies. It is just less confident in its working out of those elements than *Heat Treatment*.

Let me put it this way. If you know about Graham Parker, but don't own any of his records, buy *Heat Treatment*. If you have *Heat Treatment* and your neighbours are getting sick of hearing it ten times a day, buy *Howlin' Wind*. If you haven't heard of Graham Parker, gently return your head to the sand.

Dead simple.

Francis Stark

The Chieftains Live

Interfusion

Well, the Chieftains are back with us, even if it is only on record. Those of you who feel deprived at missing their recent New Zealand concerts (and you should) can sample the group's magic on this new album.

The Chieftains are a seven man group who have a tremendous repertoire of Irish traditional music, played on instruments such as the uilleann pipes, bodhran, tin whistles, fiddles and harp. This live release is their seventh recording, and I would heartily recommend any of their recordings from *Chieftains 4* onwards.

In their live album, the group have produced a programme which is very close to their Auckland concert (although this set was recorded in Boston and Toronto). Time obviously did not allow the inclusion of their "Bonaparte's Retreat" a 15 minute suite showing the Russian defeat of Napoleon in 1812.

This album doesn't tend to duplicate material on other albums, but has many of the highlights of the Auckland concert. The opening number, "Morning Dew" sets the spontaneous atmosphere, with Paddy Moloney suggesting new ideas to the other players during the piece itself. "Round the House but mind the Dresser" is just as jolly a reel as it was in concert, and we also have all the solo items by the various members of the group.

In way of a digression. In their records the Chieftains usually include quite a few tunes by the blind Irish harpist Carolan (1670-1738). Carolan is a fascinating figure in the history of Irish music, whose beautiful melodies often have more than a hint of Corelli's influence. There are three Carolan melodies on *Chieftains Live*, a lively jig, "George Brabazon", "Carolan's Concerto" and a harp solo, "Carolan's Farewell to Music". The Irish group Planxty have also recorded some of Carolan's numbers on their albums.

Anyway, back to the Chieftains... *Chieftains Live* is a terrific record, and if you want it, be in quickly. Like all the Chieftains' records, it is an Australian import and probably won't turn up in sale bins.

William Dart

The Doobie Brothers Livin' On The Fault Line Warner Bros

You'd wonder how the Doobies can keep the toons coming after seven albums, six of which have cleared a million in sales. The answer is simple; they ain't the same band any more.

The Doobies that made "Listen to the Music" and "Long Train Runnin'", compulsory standards for every rock band in the country, featured Tom Johnston's songs, voice, and guitar. Since then he has been officially out of the band at various times for health reasons. He was absent from the band at their excellent gig at Auckland. On this album he is credited with guitar and vocals, but his actual influence is minimal.

The man this time is Mike McDonald. His keyboards form the basis of the music, his voice stands out over the super-slick harmonies, and his songs are the high points of the album. "You're Made That Way", "Nothin' But a Heartache", and "You Belong to Me" are fine examples of white soul, with McDonald's intense vocals pushing them well beyond the ordinary.

Two longstanding Doobies, Pat Simmons and Tiran Porter, also contribute songs. Unfortunately, they detract from the clarity of an otherwise well-made album. The exception is Simmons' piece, "Larry the Logger Two-step", which is a great example of short-and-sweet acoustic guitar picking.

So what you get is an inconsistent set with little resemblance to early Doobies work (which may or may not be a good thing). If you like white soul, you'll probably like this rather sophisticated and polished album. And if their previous record is anything to go by, they'll probably rack up another million.

John Malloy

Waylon Jennings Ol' Waylon RCA

The first time I played this record I found myself (not having heard too much of the boy) having to get used to Ol' Waylon's sometimes-not-un-Johnny Cash-like-voice. I quickly did and now he just sounds like Ol' Waylon.

Rah-ooh Waylon!!

At the second playing I had reached the conclusion that, although he included McNeil O'Diamond's "Sweet Caroline", which incidentally nearly cost him a demerit, there isn't a bad song on the whole

Gregg Allman Band — A Quiet Storm

The Gregg Allman Band Playin' Up A Storm Capricorn

In all the furore a few years back over Southern rock and the Allman Brothers Band, Gregg Allman always got forgotten. In a band that became known for lengthy guitar work-outs, he was the guy who held down the droning organ chords. He was the singer certainly, but nobody seemed to attach much importance to that, and he was more often mocked for the drawling southern inflection of his vocals.

Well, Gregg Allman's just weighed in with his second solo album and I'm prepared to stick my neck out and call it the best Allman Brother's associated project since *Brothers and Sisters*. Gregg's first solo album, *Laid Back*, was a patchy affair — part of it was very fine, but at least half of it was marred by ponderous orchestral arrangements. *Playing Up A Storm* continues the use of strings and horns but, under the expert direction of ace West

Coast producers Lenny Waronker and Russ Titelman, the arrangements play a more subsidiary and more successful role.

Indeed, for a band that contains three guitarists, the most surprising aspect of the album is the tasteful and discriminating way they're used. On the whole the album is dominated by piano. Gregg being no threat to Chick Corea for digital dexterity at the keyboards, he's hired a piano player by the name of Neil Larsen to handle the tricky bits. He comes out of the same school of blues orientated piano players as ex-Allmans' Chuck Leavell, and is equally as tasteful and effective.

If forced to classify the album, I'd say it was a blues album for the '70's. It isn't an elpee full of 12 bars but from the opener, a re-working of the *Brother and Sisters* track "Come and Go Blues", through to the revived Ray Charles' song "Brightest Smile in Town", the blues shine through.

The title *Playin' Up A Storm*, is deceptive for energetic it isn't, and it may well be too laid back for some. But Allman shows a sure sense of his roots and also of how to achieve his ends, and that's better than a thousand and one half-pie country-blues-rock fusion bands.

Alastair Dougal

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

album. Outstanding are: the Jimmy Webb song "If You See Me Getting Smaller", Buddy Knox's "Think I'm Gonna Kill Myself", Willis Alan Ramsey's "Satin Sheets", "Luckenback Texas", Jennings own "Belle of the Ball" and ... Why hell, they're all great!!

Viva Waylon!!

By the third time I had been totally enveloped by the not so typical Nashville production (phased guitars and funkboxed bass) and the gently rocking feel of Ol' Waylons magnificent lil ol' band, which features ace guitarist Reggie Young (remember Dobie Gray's Albums) and pedal Steeler Ralph Mooney, Richie Albright — drums, Sherman Hayes — bass, Cliff Robertson — keyboards, with Gordon Payne, Rance Wassan, John Christopher and Jennings himself taking various guitar playing roles, completing the band.

I read the other day where someone referred to Disco Music as the "Heartbeat Music". I'd hate to call this music "Disco Country". Ugh! But within it there's a strong pulse and it surely throbs.

Ole Waylon!!

Alan Hunter

Andy Pratt Shiver in the Night Nemperor

Andy Pratt is one of those oddities of the rock world. To start with he is the progeny of a fairly well-heeled Bostonian family. What's the son of a millionaire doing in the record business anyway?

His first album, on Polydor, is a most interesting item but did nothing overseas, and wasn't even released here. Lyrics-wise it is Pratt's strongest album, although the production values are perhaps a little obtrusive.

A change of company brought a song "Avenging Annie", a bold reworking of Woody Guthrie's "Pretty Boy Floyd". This even almost made it as a single.

Now Andy is under the Nemperor label and he has mellowed a lot these days. Most of the songs on *Shiver in the Dark* are fairly straightforward love songs, with fairly straightforward to minimal lyrics.

Therefore the onus is put on the musical side, and Pratt makes it all right. Listen to "So Faint" as pure music and sound and see what you feel about Pratt's tremulous voice, the fragmented piano, and Arif Mardin's brilliant string writing.

So many technical niceties in an age where so much is downright crude. The brilliant openings of "Landscape" and "Mama's Getting Love" — the latter using only voices and percussion. Andy gets up to his usual rhythmic tricks in "Rainbow" with the repeated line "I got a rainbow in my life".

The three numbers written in collaboration with the other members of his band could actually be called more or less funky, so if you ever wanted to dance to Andy Pratt, these might provide the opportunity.

A pleasant enough album, which I think will improve on repeated listenings. P.S. (A week later). It does!

William Dart.

Grateful Dead Terrapin Station Arista

The conventional line on the Dead used to be that one needed to see them 'live' in order to really feel the magic. Since the band are not known for touring and certainly never venture south of the equator this meant that we antipodeans would always have to rely on a second best — their recorded product. And if the early albums

smacked of psychedelic constipation, glimmers of the 'truth' floated through on the *Live Dead* and *Grateful Dead* 'live' sets. Gradually, however, the band became more studio oriented, starting with the acoustic and vocal-harmony albums and pursued through the multi-layered effects of some of the later works. Now, it seems, they have gone the whole hog and for the first time hired a producer — one Keith Olsen.

Olsen has done a good job. Although the arrangements incorporate synthesizers, strings, brass and, in one instance a choir to give a full sound, he maintains a sense of space in the mix. He has also preserved the band's essential feeling that, no matter what the pace, things are being taken at ease.

The albums consists of two distinct parts: Side one has a batch of five songs in the normal Dead oeuvre, while side two contains a sort-of-suite, "Terrapin Station".

First the songs. "Estimated Prophet" is co-composed and sung by Bob Weir and must rank with the Dead's greatest performances. A superb mellow rocker with quirky lyrics, it may take a few listenings but eventually its melody, shifting rhythm and Garcia's sinuous wah-wah will haunt you for days on end.

"Dancing in the Streets" may never threaten Martha and the Vandellas but is a happy summery arrangement with bright percussion. As my friend Lindsay put it, 'this one is ideal skateboard music.'

"Passenger" has a driving beat with fine unison vocal work that suggests the Dead are gunning for Fleetwood Mac, (or is it Jefferson Starship?).

The traditional "Samson and Delilah" is given an unusual rhythmic treatment which never quite achieves the lift it needs. It is nonetheless moderately successful.

Donna Godchaux sings her own ballad "Sunrise" to close side one. While contributing considerable vocal strength to all the previous tracks, here, on her own, she betrays a rather tacky coyness and the grandiloquent arrangement and slight melody don't help. This lapse in judgement mars an otherwise worthy set of performances.

"Terrapin Station" on side two is an excursion into the artistically dangerous ground of extended-conceptual performance. As with virtually all the rock attempts at quasi-orchestral 'suites' that I've heard it doesn't succeed, lacking the necessary internal musical coherence to make it a unified whole. It does, however, have some impressive, albeit scattered, moments. Definitely the strongest section is its first third which is very competent and more or less orthodox Dead. Significantly, this part, (actually three segments,) is written by the old firm of Garcia and Hunter. From there on things degenerate into pretentiousness and, despite a short, exciting percussion workout and Garcia's only cosmic guitar solo on the album, the side ends as a failure. The finale of a repeated choral singing the word 'Terrapin' is simply embarrassing. To be fair, I must admit my bias here: I think the Dead are a fine rock band, when they stick to playing rock. I don't believe they have any place amongst banks of strings and heavenly choirs.

So there you have it — an album which runs the full gamut from brilliance to banality. The Dead are now a massive institution and have become so largely on their own terms. They continue to explore new directions according to the dictates of their own very corporate muse. If they sometimes stumble they also ascend higher than many other bands. They are certainly not, as some quarters would have us believe, at a Dead end.

Peter Thomson

Winwood Sound Wins Through



Steve Winwood Island

I guess I am biased because I have always liked Steve Winwood, right since his teenage days with the Spencer Davis Group. Basically it's his distinctive sound that appeals so much — that blend of rhythm and blues, jazz influences, rock, and 60's soul. His singing convincingly employs the phrasing, pitch and timbre of black vocal styles, wedded to white rock. Furthermore his prowess extends to keyboards and guitar. Throughout his career Winwood has usually shown a solid sense of accepting his technical limitations, working within a scope that paradoxically has allowed him to expand his musical horizons. If Blind Faith was never more than the bare bones of a very promising group, some of Traffic's best moments are supreme examples of rock's greatness as an eclectic musical form.

Apart from the mixed success of *Stomu Yamashta's Go* last year, this album represents Winwood's first recorded work since Traffic folded three years ago. It is also his first solo L.P. (although the Traffic classic *John Barleycorn* was originally in-

tended as such). On one track Winwood plays all instruments, while on the other five he handles vocals, assorted keyboards and virtually all guitars. His musical sense is consistently sound. The arrangements are impressive, his soloing sure, and the vocals as warm as ever.

Bass and drums are respectively supplied by the famed soul duo, Willie Weeks and Andy Newmark (Remember Bowie's *Young Americans*). They are something of a mixed blessing. To their credit they provide the buoyant, flowing pulse behind Winwood that he needs. Traffic's rhythm section had become stodgy towards the end, often clogging up the songs till they sounded static. Weeks and Newmark move. (Listen to Traffic's *Where the Eagle Flies* and this L.P. back to back. The difference is obvious.) In providing this rhythmic lift however, the duo do tend to sound a mite formulaic, particularly behind Winwood's instrumental solos where they don't seem to be listening too hard. It suggests either a lack of musical commitment or, perhaps, that the rhythm tracks were recorded at an earlier date than the rest.

Ironically, the most sympathetic drumming is on a track not using Newmark, viz "Vacant Chair".

None of the material is in itself particularly notable; after playing the record constantly for a week I can remember only melodic fragments rather than tunes. This is not an adverse criticism however because they admirably succeed in their purpose as a vehicle for Winwood's stimulating musical gifts. The numbers are all at least co-written by Winwood; his lyricist is usually ex-Traffic-controller Jim Capaldi and in one instance that bizarre gent Viv Stanshall. Capaldi's words are over-ambitious and quite forgettable, so don't strain for them; simply enjoy the rich emotive singing.

Finally, as expected, it is the Winwood sound that makes this album the success it is. In a musical field particularly prone to fashion — be it disco, punk, or whatever — Winwood eschews current whims and has made an album that is at once up-to-date, yet reaffirms his original musical values. To me, this record is a propitious omen that Steve Weinwood is still a vital musical force. Welcome back.

Peter Thomson

A Living Dolly — If you'll Parton the expression.



Dolly Parton New Harvest ... First Gathering RCA

If you've ever seen Dolly Parton you'll know she's a remarkable anthropoid. She's the sort of girl Opie Girffiths might have a crush on. Rumour has it that she stands a foot higher than her due when she dons wig and heels — and then there's the all American bosom ...

If you've ever heard Dolly Parton you'll know that she's a remarkable musician. Hereabouts she is an unaccountably obscure performer. I think I've only heard Dolly thrice on local radio. But in the States she has become a cause celebre. Devotees Maria Muldaur and Emmy-Lou Harris think the sun shines out of her bouffant, as do a

hard core country following. Emmy-Lou calls her "one of the great writers ... and one of the great singers of the generation" and Muldaur talks of "one of the really great voices issued to a human being".

Yet Dolly Parton has never been a great seller outside the country belt. That fact she seeks to modify with her latest and more populist recording, *New Harvest ... First Gathering*.

Ironically, in doing so, Dolly risks the displeasure of hitherto devoted fans. In turning her talents to more popular forms, including a soul number by Smokey Robinson and gospel-rock of her own like "Holdin' on to You", she takes her chances outside the strict confines of her Nashville market.

Dolly Parton is gunning for a less esoteric audience. Her song writing prowess is being turned to pop, her voice to a synthesis of country, soul and hit parade.

Horrors, you might say, another Olivia Newton John. Absolutely not.

When Dolly Parton says "I don't want to leave the country but to take the country with me," she speaks with the self assurance of her most sentimental lyrics. And genuine sentiment is one of Dolly Parton's absolute strengths. When she talks about roots you believe it.

The proof is on *New Harvest ... First Gathering* for, in spite of the updated backing, most tracks are palpably country, and all are strong. "Light of a Clear Blue Morning" is as direct a statement as the songstress has made.

There is a real danger that in the pop arena Parton's country emotion might degenerate into saccharin. Once or twice this album comes perilously close to doing that. But Dolly's ability to work on a song and set it steaming saves the day. Even the breathy production job "You Are" surfaces through its mushy backing. And when she opens out as on "Getting My Way" one begins to think that Muldaur doesn't exaggerate in her praise.

If you're a Dolly Parton fan and a country purist then, apart from being a very rare creature indeed, you may have to readjust to Dolly in commercial voice. Make the effort. If Dolly Parton is just a name to you, get investigating.

Bruce Belsham

PUNK: Animal, Vegetable or Mineral.

The most misleading aspect of New Wave is that given by Rock Skins trying to write the definitive article about it.



The Damned Rat Scabies, Brian James, Dave Vanian and Captain Sensible

Rock at Razor's Edge

While punk rock has undoubtedly been accepted as part of a reaction, against the mechanical discipline of disco music, its importance lies in its emergence as a marketable fashion. Its password is a surrender to primalism. But this could be the early '60s: the music is once more outrageous, but it's also antagonistic, creating its own tension, dividing, sometimes conquering. And the kids are excited. The battles between the Mods and the

Teds could break out again tomorrow — Punks versus Rockers.

The music itself isn't really important. The music is only that of its audience — who are aggressive, self-conscious and who feel victimised. Its intention is to shock and to alienate those outside its devotees, which makes its following all the stronger. The music is minimal, with little but the titles to distinguish one song from another. The vocals are mostly inaudible but the sketch of each song is left faintly traced under the layers of sound. It's rock stripped to its raw essence, the energy and excitement left bare. The only important part of the music is the attitude. And the attitude is one of anger, frustration and desperation — a total despair that can find no purpose other than itself, that can do no more than scream out for everyone to hear.

Most of the bands to play London's original punk rock venue, the Roxy, sounded much the same and, on the evidence of the live album *The Roxy London WC2 (Jan-Apr 77)*, all that separates a band like Wire from the Sex Pistols is good management. In most of the new punk groups the musicians' ages range between 14 and early 20, though Eater averages out at 15 years. But, as with all bandwagons, there are some here who look out of place and some musicians who've come around for a second or third try at the business.

But that by no means invalidates the music. Just as it doesn't matter that most of the punk rock vocalists never escape a monotone and manage a three note range at best, that the

guitars are way too rough for the chords to be distinguishable. And, because the punk rock movement is overly anarchic, the ultimate achievement has to be that of the Unwated on the live Roxy album. The Unwated then known as Smak — were playing their first gig and had only been playing together for a week.

Of course it can't last and I don't think anybody's expecting it to. It may have already ended — after all it has been hard to take the Sex Pistols seriously since they originally signed to EMI for 40,000 pounds.

£40,000 so what!

Nobody mentions that the record companies' stranglehold on youth culture may well have been weakened were the punks refuse to record, carrying on playing the clubs instead. And once the Sex Pistols had been signed to a major company, every record company was looking to sign any punk rock group.

While some bands, like the Damned, signed to independent or privately-owned labels, it's becoming apparent that commercialism is already taking

who wants to be a cult

the guts away from the music. It's happened before of course and, just as then, the record companies are getting rich on the anger of youth; an

anger directed at all the record companies represent.

It would be hard to understand why the Sex Pistols signed a recording contract in the first place were it not for all the dictum of nihilism: nothing really matters at all. And, besides, I'm sure they gave EMI and A & M a good time.

The punk rockers have vitalised an otherwise jaded music scene but what's most interesting now is to see what will follow. The Ramones are playing faster (17 songs in half an hour), the Clash are said to be improving, the Sex Pistols are currently forced to play under a different name because of their reputation for inciting violence. The professed amateurism that separates the punks from the New

it's not virtuosity it's ENERGY

Wave groups holds punk rock in embryo, but it must eventually develop — if not progress. And some of the more exciting groups loosely enveloped by the punk movement — the Jam, Johnny Thunders and the Heartbreakers among a few others — look fit to go on to better things.

In many ways we're right back at the beginning, still waiting for the next Beatles. Not that that really matters.

Jeremy Templar.



Back Row: Buster Stiggs, Zero and Jimmy Vinyl. Front Row: Billy Planet and Johnny Volume.

Reptilian Talk

Rip It Up, culls subjective info from the Suburban Reptiles. Zero, Jimmy Vinyl, Billy Planet, Johnny Volume, and Buster Stiggs. Interviewed by none other than Jilly Tweeter.

Rip It Up: A lot of people lump Television, The Damned, the Stranglers and Eddie and the Hot Rods together and call it punk, maybe New Wave. Are they right?

Buster: Na. Shit no. Animal, vegetable and mineral.

Jimmy: Eddie and the Hot Rods are revivalist, Television's sort of New York slow stuff, the Stranglers are shit and the Damned are ... neat. People think these groups are the same 'cause that's what they've been told by the radio stations.

Rip It Up: Well, punk and New Wave; is there any difference?

Billy: Well, I suppose punk is New Wave, isn't it? But New Wave isn't punk.

Zero: Punk's more the really rough stuff. The Ramones are punk. New Wave encompasses people like Iggy Pop and Patty Smith. They've been around a while but they're starting new material.

Jimmy: Stuff like Ultravox too which

isn't punk really but still new wave. It's all a matter of definition really, which is difficult apart from naming the bands.

Billy: I don't know; the Sunday News seems to know what punk is.

Zero: ..because of the media there are too many connotations on the word punk. Associations with razor blades, vomiting etc.

Rip It Up: Then you don't like the way the media handles it?

Jimmy: TEENAGE SHOCK.

Zero: All the time you're asked "Why don't you swear more on stage?" or "Do you vomit on stage?" and "If not, why not?"

Billy: You know people ask if the music stands up on its own. I don't think it does.

Zero: I do.

Jimmy: I do.

Both are dismissed by the priest.

Billy: Yeah, but its different from anything that's been happening in the last ten years. That's one of the things that makes it what it is. So it's more than just music.

Rip It Up: There's a lot of mud thrown by groups like the Pistols etc. at the big acts that enjoy 'continuing' success. Do you agree with them?

Zero: To a certain extent. People like Elton John, Rod Stewart. The big names ... I don't like their music. I get really irritated when they keep churning out the same self-indulgent stuff. Like Chicago where they've got 14 or 15 albums and it all sounds the same.

Billy: Yeah, it's like I hate Woodstock. This term 'blank generation' seems so appropriate. People just don't know how to react. It seems all they've got to relate to is Woodstock. Like those Albert Park concerts ... people just sit there embarrassed and think it's a Woodstock. They're really blank. I mean a place like Wellington. Hippies everywhere. Still all tassels and beads. I mean in '69-'70 it was all hippies and they were just followers. I mean this is the whole thing about ****in' hippies; they're just so ****in' weak you know. I mean hippies are happening now. People are starting to wear razor blades cause it's hip — they're just ****in' hippies again. In the early 60's there was a real intensity but then it just got hip to grow your hair and just sort of you know bloody hippies.

Mike Chunn

After Me The Savage God

Wellington will not forget the punks for some time. As ambassadors of the "new wave" they certainly got a reaction. Aesthetic objections aside however, the punks may have something to offer. Watching the "Wizard" whirl to "Anarchy in the UK", the conflict between the sixties and seventies was never more apparent. Whether we like it or not the punks are 1977.

We went to watch the Scavengers on the Tuesday. Using two guitarists, drummer and lead singer, the band makes a sound like a sawmill. The rhythms were basic and the songs short. No, they can't play for pussy and the poses they struck were derivative. But their energy was true and refreshing.

Watching "Living Sailor" and "Hello Ragnarok" at the Town Hall the same night, I saw paraded a tired, obsolete science, "an old bitch gone in the teeth". Then I appreciated the mission of the punks.

Wednesday night did get a little out of hand. The Suburban Reptiles al-

most had a riot on their hands. Yet, as with most of the "new wave" bands, the bravado and aggression is purely style.

The Reptiles had the build-up but they fluffed musically. A female singer in a band like this is not a good idea. Especially if she can't sing. And the saxophonist was worse than David Bowie.

Buster Stiggs spat out the required amount of venom, but over reached himself in his indiscriminate hurling of that drumstick.

Punks are, in theory, unemployed, working-class youth, "fed-up with the strictures of an urban environment". The irony is, of course, that none of our Auckland friends have ever been, nor ever will be hungry.

Last Wednesday the Reptiles angst was papier-mache. Theirs was a cold-blooded performance.

Punk rock is, I think, something of a consequence. But it needs to keep a sharp eye on its own direction.

Redmer Yska



Letters

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

Scavengers are Tighter!

I would like to take this opportunity to air my views on a certain article in your August issue written by Mike Chunn dealing with two Auckland punk bands — The Scavengers and The Suburban Reptiles.

To begin, Mike Chunn is a moron. Secondly, The Scavengers and The Suburban Reptiles are the only bands brave enough to throw themselves in at the deep end by playing totally new music with a totally different style (in New Zealand, at any rate)

and one should admire them for that.

Chunn states that he would prefer the bands to have no potential. Is this possibly because he is afraid that these bands do, in fact, have a very great deal of potential and are threatening his own little realm? Perhaps too many are no longer interested in listening to apathetic, luvvy-duvvy Split Enz lullabies and would prefer something new, different and exciting.

Chunn seems to have some of his facts wrong as well. He is right about The Scavengers being a four-piece and The Reptiles a six, which goes to prove that even a moron can count, but then he goes on to say that The Reptiles are more together than The Scavengers. Anyone who has heard these two bands can vouch for me when I say that it is actually the other way round — The Scavengers being tighter by far.

In closing, I would like to compliment you on a fine publication that I'm sure anyone interested in the New Zealand music scene would be happy to see.

Mark Halson
Mt Eden, Auckland

It's not my fault that your mother made you learn the violin at school — Mike Chunn.

Illegal Recordings

We draw your attention to an advertisement that you recently published at the bottom of page 4 in the August edition of your rock paper. Of particular concern to us was the following statement: "Taping Deal — ½ refund on albums you buy to tape and return"

We have to advise that it is an offence to copy a record on to blank tape, either direct from the record or indirectly by means of any other media such as radio or television broadcasts of records, and regardless of whether it is for a person's own private use.

As you are no doubt aware the unau-

thorised copying of copyright sound recordings is a major problem facing the New Zealand recording industry and in respect of which it is our policy to take appropriate action in respect of any party who in any way promotes the suggestion that sound recordings may be copied. For this reason we seek your co-operation in not accepting for publication any advertisements which could imply in any way whatsoever that the copying of records on to tape is permissible.

We would be pleased therefore if you

would publish this letter in the next edition of your paper so that readers are properly informed that it is an offence to copy records on to tape.

We would add that we are making every endeavour to inform the public of the illegality of home taping and the gravity of the problem it poses for the recording industry, and your co-operation in this matter would be greatly appreciated.

G.A. Chance

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Ode to a Record Freak

There was an old lady from Fife
Who knew she'd never make a wife
So into the world of sound she went
And all her friends thought she was bent
* * * *

Rip it up was the Bible to read
Headphones were a part of the creed
But still a problem did remain
With no solution she went insane
* * * *

She wanted a shop to buy her wares
A place with quality value and care
Her sanity was saved at last, and lo
It was the folk at the STUDIO
* * * *

And now our lady from Fife
Is an expert on musical hype
And all because she finally did go
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(1425 AD Author unknown)

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ST LUKES Square
SHORE CITY

To ALL RIP IT UP Readers!

Sorry No Mail Orders!

Cut this ad out and get any \$7.99 album for only \$6.60



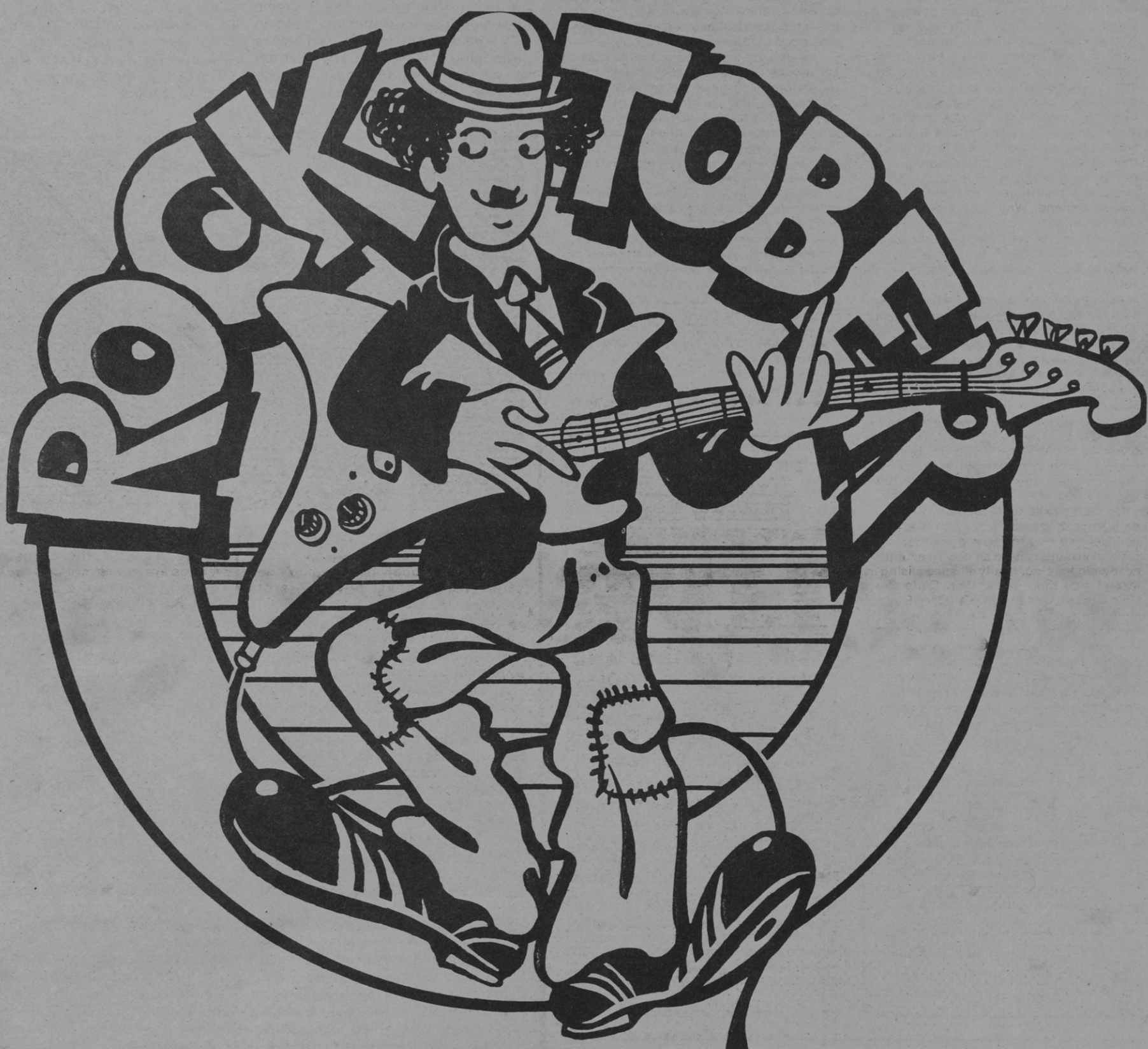
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RADIO HAURAKI 1977

Colin Hemmingsen's Column

Rock in Schools Part 2

I thank William Dart for the correction to my last article regarding jazz in the UE syllabus, but the fact that it is an aural and not theoretical question further exemplifies the misconceptions about jazz being a subject without a theoretical background.

Mr Dart questions the validity of jazz being a university subject at all, and further states that one of the virtues of rock music is its non-academic nature. Why should a lack of knowledge improve the music, when in any other field, profession or activity in life, knowledge enhances understanding, ability and performance? When jazz first evolved, it was not considered an academic subject, but since then, the number of books published on or about the subject show that this is no longer the case (George Russell's "Lydian Chromatic Concept of Tonal Organisation", Jerry Coker's "Improving Jazz", David Baker's numerous books on improvisation are only a few). To the average orchestral player the contents of these books would be new ground. Can all the colleges and universities around the world and especially in the U.S., be wasting their time in teaching jazz theory and improvisation? Even those already in existence are insufficient to cope with the steady demand. Why should jazz/rock be singled out as the one subject not requiring advanced education? How can knowledge possibly inhibit creativity? I have had personal experience of just how "putting jazz and rock into the Faculties of Music Conservatorium" can solve a great deal. As I mentioned in a previous article, when I would ask older musicians how they did those things I wanted to do, I would be told, "just blow man", but on arriving in the States I found this was definitely not so. I spent some time at Berklee College of Music, which specialises in jazz and at New England Conservatorium, which has an excellent jazz department, and I know that practice alone, has not been the only reason for an improvement in my playing over the years, but knowing what to practise and why.

On reading the profiles of any American or European jazz or jazz/rock musicians, you will find that the best performer, writers and arrangers have all had an extensive academic training, nearly all specialising in jazz at one time or another. Carla Bley, Chic Corea, Jean Luc Ponty, Gary Burton, Woody Herman, Al De Meola, Billy Cobham, Herbie Hancock, John McLaughlin, Stanley Clarke — the list goes on.

When talking of rock in schools, I mean more specifically jazz/rock, not rock alone. If students were to study solely punk rock, I might agree that it may "promote philosophies and life styles at odds with many classrooms", but a study of the broader spectrum of jazz/rock would reveal as many diverse philosophies as there are musicians. I cannot, for example, imagine a wider difference in philosophies than those of a punk rock group and those of Seals and Crofts, who are believers in the B'hai faith. I feel that a similar approach should be made to the content of a music programme for schools as should be made by a group performing for an audience. There must be something that the student/audience can identify with, and this can be used as a basis from which to build an understanding and appreciation of more interesting, advanced and complex music.

If Mr Dart's definition of labourer is the same as mine — an unskilled worker, I can see nothing wrong with being a labourer, except to say that if the musician or person has the potential to be something more, he is not serving himself or his audience if he does not try to improve his standard of education and performance to the best of his ability.

As to whether healthy jazz/rock would result from varsity courses, in my experience, (and in the experience of many students from Creative Music School), I know that it most definitely does. There are selfish and greedy people in all walks of life, and music is no exception, but an environment where ideas can be exchanged in a musical and a social sense must benefit musicians, as it does any group or profession with a common interest.

Colin Hemmingsen

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Dart's Letter

There were some good ideas in Colin Hemmingsen's Column.

One correction: Jazz is not an optional question in U.E. music, but the student's knowledge of the jazz works is tested in the aural paper rather than in the written paper. One total agreement: The three jazz works are very old-hat, especially if the Modern Jazz Quartet is supposed to live up to its name in the late 1970's. I think they chose it 'cos it opens with a bit of the old fugue. I would like to see some Carla Bley because I think her works are more discussable as an isolated piece of music than one piece by Armstrong or Ellington.

One query: I am not sure it is the duty of Universities to school rock musicians. I think Universities must, to some extent err on the side of the academic. One of the virtues of rock is its un-academic nature, and I am not sure whether healthy jazz/rock would be produced by too many varsity courses. Possibly there is a place for this at another tertiary institute.

Rock music in schools is wasted on a lot of the kids and a fair amount of it promotes philosophies and life-styles that are somewhat at odds with many classrooms.

The closing idea about N.Z. classical musicians be treated like artists and popular musicians as labourers is rather sad, but I don't feel putting rock and jazz into the Faculties of Music Conservatorium will really solve much.

P.S. What's wrong with labourers anyway?

William Dart

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The Heartbreakers Hello Sailor

Hello Sailor

Island of Real, Auckland.

I'll admit it, I like 'Hello Sailor'. They've had their problems transferring effectively into larger venues — witness their support of Melanie in Auckland and their top-billing spot at the Wellington Arts Festival rock concert — but in a smaller venue there's no one to touch them. The supreme hard-working, hard-rocking band in NZ at the moment. In Auckland they're developing a very large and well deserved following, so it's no surprise that the Island of Real was packed. The Sailors played what has now be-

come a standard set for them; Originals that will be included on their album and a wise choice of others material — Iggy Pop's "Nightclubbing", Thin Lizzy's "The Boys Are Back in Town", Desmond Dekker's "Shantytown", and as a finale the Velvet Underground's "White Light, White Heat". In the right sized venue such as this, they're a pretty superb unit, and Rickey Ball's muscular drumming was particularly impressive. Me? I'm waiting for the album. So when is it gonna be released? Huh?

Alastair Dougal



Heartbreakers Cricketers Arms, Wellington

If you had been listening to the radio over the last few weeks of summer, you might have heard a revamped version of the old rocker "Romeo & Juliet", over the airwaves. Wellington's Heartbreakers were the band that belonged to that song.

The Heartbreakers have been playing Wednesday to Saturday nights at the same Wellington pub for over a year now, and have built up a regular following. Despite their occasional T.V. appearances and record release, it is when performing live that they are at their best. They have developed a great rapport with their audience, combining a good line of patter with goonish antics to advantage.

Their material has plenty of appeal to a refugee from the nineteen-sixties like myself, but also to those who can enjoy the pure energy of the music from that era. A whole range of old favourites are covered, from the Beatles through the Kinks, Beach Boys, Yardbirds, and Hollies, to a cover of an early Dusty Springfield number. The occasional original tune, usually written by lead singer

Don Wilson, adds variety to their repertoire, while the nineteen-seventies are not completely ignored with the inclusion of some 10 c.c., and Sailor's "Girls, Girls, Girls!" On my last visit they had also added a tight version of Smokey Robinson's "Tears of a Clown" to their act.

The band's lineup consists of the standard two guitars, bass, drums, and lead vocalist who doubles occasionally on rhythm guitar. Familiar faces are Simon Morris (guitar) ex-Tamburlaine, Don Wilson (lead vocals) ex Ebony, and drummer Danny who had a stint with the Bulldogs Allstars Goodtime Band. Besides good musicianship, their main strength lies in vocal arrangements. Although a shade weak individually, they put together some decent harmonies, that are heard to best advantage on their versions of "Mr Tambourine Man", "Good Vibrations" and others.

Anyway, suffice to say that if you are in Wellington with nothing to do any Wednesday through Saturday night, go and take in the Heartbreakers over a beer. You'll find it extremely worthwhile.

Glenn Barclay

Who's Where

October 1977

Red Mole 9th to 12th, at the Ace of Clubs.
Fragments of Time 3rd-9th Lion Tavern, Wellington. 10th-15th Quinns Post, Wellington.

Golden Harvest 3rd-15th Awapuni Hotel, Palmerston North. 17th-18th Post Office Hotel, Pihitua. 19th-22nd Oxford Hotel, Levin. 24th-29th Te Mata Hotel, Hastings. 31st-5th November, Sandown Park Hotel, Gisborne.

Hazy Daze Wednesdays to Saturdays, Wiri Trust Tavern, Manukau City.

Hello Sailor Mon to Sat at Windsor Castle, from October 3rd.

Cohesion Royal George, Newmarket, 2pm Saturday afternoons.

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

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