

RIP IT UP

No.12 June 1978

RY COODER
INTERVIEW

LEO SAYER

**ALL THE
HOT NEWS**



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Rental Car Rock'n'Roll Star...

Ry Cooder is, I guess, as unlike a rock'n'roll star as you'll ever find in the contemporary music business. He rolled into his Auckland press conference dressed sedately but easily in a black and brown checked sports jacket with blue corduroy pants and blue canvas shoes. After his concert, he disdained the use of the chauffeured limousine in favour of a rental Holden. You see all he wanted was to get back to the hotel to finish his evening meal.

His manner reflects his dress, or perhaps that should be the other way around. He's relaxed but surprisingly guarded. His attitude to the press is somewhat mixed. He told one rock paper that critic's praise was the only thing that kept him going. "That stuff means something — even to businessmen. I suppose without that I wouldn't be recording at all." Yet he makes no secret of the fact that he doesn't like doing publicity work and answers questions politely but warily.

When one interviewer asks Cooder how he reacts to being called "the guitarist's guitarist", Ry's dumbfounded.

"Uh, well... it's a nice tag." He thinks about it for a moment, "I don't generally think about those kind of things. Some guitarists might not agree with that. It's not a universal statement surely? It's OK with me if people want to say that..." He trails off with "I suppose."

Yet for many people that tag holds true. It was Cooder's reputation that won him an invite to play with the Rolling Stones on the sessions that were to produce *Let It Bleed* and *Sticky Fingers* — originally intended as a double album. According to legend, an argument developed with Keith Richards over who invented the opening guitar riff to "Honky Tonk Women" and Cooder left the sessions early — although his mandolin work is still present on "Love in Vain", as is his bottleneck playing on "Sister Morphine".

The Stones' sessions are a subject Cooder understandably doesn't care to talk about. His contribution was small and the years have only exaggerated it. As he said at the time, "I never was and I'm not in any way an integral part of the Rolling Stones or their music... there's really no story. I just happened to be there, that's all."

Modesty continues to be one of Cooder's traits. In fact it almost leads him into denying the worth of the music he has recorded. When I asked whether Cooder felt in any respect a "mission" to bring the ethnic musics he has consistently recorded to the attention of the great American record-buying public, Cooder smiles at me indulgently. This is a man who would not admit to anything as pretentious as a mis-

sion even if he was John the Baptist. But he politely explains why he does what he does, though he's a little unsure himself.

"You have an opportunity to make a record see. And then you have to do what you want to do the most."

"What's important to me or, what I should say, what I like to do, is to experiment and keep furthering myself a little bit. I could do a solo album but I don't think I'd care to do it. I know I can sit down and play a song and then another one — on stage that's one thing because you feel the immediacy of it. It's kinda fun. But in a recording studio, when you're confronted with all the possibilities, it seems like the least interesting thing I can do."

"When you get an opportunity to go into the studio and somebody's paying for it, you ought to try to do something strange. You know, try your imagination out a little bit."

Over the seven albums that Cooder's released, he's exercised that imagination on

the Chicken Skin project, Cooder has now weighed in with his latest work, *Jazz*, which, in the words of the sleeve-note which Cooder penned, attempts "to provide a thread of alternative jazz settings to some great music that falls within the one hundred year scope of jazz in America." All the songs on the album are either jazz pieces from between 1880 and 1930 or spirituals played with a jazz-style parade beat.

Sounds like a kind of concept piece but, if it is, Cooder insists it's purely accidental. "Well, I don't know... I just do what I like really. This new record isn't folk music hardly at all, it's just that you get interested in things and then you look for a reason to sort of study something and making a record is like a good excuse to get together with people and try something."

"What that's gonna be you never know until you do it. You say, 'Well, here we are sitting in a room what'll we do? Somebody think of something.'"



a variety of music. He has appeared to consciously work away, mining various facets of the American musical heritage. On his first four albums this took the form of random shots at blues, folk and country with casual swipes at reggae, calypso and the popular song. But with the Chicken Skin band and album, Ry began to concentrate on one style — the application of what's known as a Tex-Mex sound, utilising accordions, to his choice of country and R & B songs.

Following a live album, which continued

The Tex-Mex project was the exception to Cooder's haphazard planning. "There I had the idea, then I had to find the songs to suit it. The songs were just a vehicle for the instrumentation. It was an awful lot of work but it turned out to be real good on record. That was a good discovery to make."

So why is Cooder touring solo at the moment?

"Well I mostly tour alone. The band thing I've had for three years as a project — the Tex-Mex Chicken Skin band — and it was just a financial..." Cooder pauses and

chooses the next word carefully, "... problem. Put it that way." He decides to put it more plainly: "I ran out of money. I couldn't support it and those guys had their own careers to pursue. So we were together for a while and it was interesting but it's not a thing you could do forever."

On stage, Cooder is a changed man. I accepted as an already proven fact his mastery of the acoustic instruments he played, so the surprise on stage was the crazed sense of humour that he'd kept largely hidden at the confrontation with the press. In front of an audience, he uses this wit to provide telling introductions to the songs and a repertoire of grotesque faces provide punctuation for the humorous songs in the set. Those were the pluses.

On the debit side for my taste, there were a few too many undistinguished blues tunes occupying space that could have been better used on some of the stronger songs from Cooder's archives. And there was an absence of any one chilling moment such as he achieved on the recorded versions of "Dark End of the Street" or "Rally Round the Flag" but then, playing as a one man act requires him to be both accompanist and soloist. So the limitations are inevitable.

A satisfying show nonetheless that would have been stronger with the addition of the band that Cooder can't afford. That's the problem when you're a cult figure. You don't make that much money.

At the interview I'd reminded Ry that he'd once said that an album of accordion music (such as *Chicken Skin Music*) was not exactly the highest priority on any record company's list of commercial endeavours. So surely a record of 20's and 30's styled jazz would rank similarly in profit potential.

Well no, Cooder explained, he'd had a call from Warner Brothers in the States and they really liked this one.

With US sales at around 50,000 per album, just what was his relationship with his record company like?

Cooder puts it bluntly: "They tolerate me I guess." And in one of his few off-guard moments, he admitted, "After all there's some reason for me to be doing these things and I guess that's why they let me make records."

As Jonathan Cott put it in *Rolling Stone's* Tenth Anniversary issue — "Cooder plays guitar, mandolin and banjo just like ringing a bell, preserving and synthesising, modestly and clearly, everything valuable in authentic American music."

It's real nice to think his record company knows that too.

Alastair Dougal

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Hot News Rip It Up Hot News

The rock'n'roll horizon is brightening for us boring old farts who still have a little faith in some of the relics of the 60's. Over the next few months several old wave heavy-weights are weighing in with new LPs. Number One on the eagerly awaited list is **Bruce Springsteen's** newie, now titled *Darkness on the Edge of Town*. With the album safely delivered, Springsteen kicks off an 80 date, 4 month tour of the States ... **Dylan** (as you can read elsewhere in this issue) delivers his new album, *Street League* ... and the **Rolling Stones** also have an album completed and awaiting release. Although track listing and release date have now become uncertain, early July release in Enzed seems likely. Title is *Some Girls* and it was recorded in Paris, and mixed and mastered in New York. It's all Jagger-Richard's compositions, except for a cover of the Temptations' song "Just My Imagination" ... and following in the footsteps of Margaret and Tony, comes news that after seven years of marriage, **Blanca Jagger** has filed for divorce from Mick ... **The Who** had an album reportedly released in the States on June 4 and will continue to concentrate their efforts on a movie that will be a combination of rare film, TV programme footage and new material shot this year — all featuring the Who. The movie's to be titled *The Kids Are Alright* and, for inclusion in the film, the Who are planning a one-off secret gig somewhere in Britain ... **Rod the Mod Stewart** will start work on his next album as soon as they can drag the lad off the soccer field. Recording plans have already been postponed in order to allow Rod to write and record the official single for Scotland's World Cup Squad, titled "Ole Ola", and also to enable Rod to attend the World Cup in Argentina in June. Then Rod'll begin recording in L.A. with his eye on September release for the finished product — just in time for Christmas, of course ... the return of **Johnny Rotten** is also imminent. Seems Sex Pistols' Svengali, Malcolm McLaren, is now something of a nuisance to Mr Rotten. Said Johnny: "I'll form another band as soon as I

get him off my back. Until then I can't do a thing without him taking a big fat share of the profits." Rotten also stated that he did not intend to form a reggae band and neither does he intend to quit the music game, "it's the only business I was ever any good at." And on being questioned on the material for his new songs, he replied, "The same sort of thing ... misery, depression,



Ramone Quits

self-indulgence — all those petty little obsessions" ... Mmm, yes we see ... meanwhile, ex-Pistols **Steve Jones** and **Paul Cook** have been performing with ex-New York Doll **Johnny Thunders**. It's unknown if this alliance will be permanent ... some other returns: **Lindisfarne** have reformed with their original line-up — Alan Hull, Ray Jackson, Rod Clements, Ray Laidlaw and Simon Cowe ... **Chicken Shack** have reformed with original guitarist, Stan Webb ... and **John McLaughlin** returns to the electric guitar for his next album entitled *Electric Guitarist*. He's aided by a few mates, namely, Carlos Santana, Chick Corea, Stanley Clarke, Billy Cobham and Jack Bruce ... and rumours are floating about suggesting **Creedence Clearwater Revival** are to reform ... and rumours are also in the air about a **Blind Faith** revival since the news that **Steve Winwood** and **Eric Clapton** are recording together ... now here's a strange one. Seems that that reclusive genius of the recording studio, **Phil Spector**, called a press conference in L.A. He announced that he will host a syndicated TV show that will be a kind of Battle of the Bands, in which amateur groups will

be judged by the audience. When one reporter enquired why Spector had come out of hiding to host such a show, Phil replied, "Why not?" ... Now. Some departures ... **Tommy Ramone**, drummer in the infamous **Ramones**, has decided to quit touring with the band, although he will continue to work with brudders Ramone in the studio. He will work as an independent producer under his real name of Tommy Erdelyi ... British band, **Deaf School** have split. Seems they were unable to get enough work to keep the 8 person unit going ... and **Mannfred Mann** has fired most of the **Earth Band**. Departing members are guitarist Dave Flett, drummer Chris Slade and bassist Pat King. This leaves Mannfred and vocalist Chris Thompson. New members will be recruited to get, said Mann, "a fresh approach" ... and **Hot Tuna** the band formed in 1969 by Jefferson Airplane members Jack Casady and Jorma Kaukonen have also split. Both of the main members will now concentrate on solo projects ... Last month also saw a few rock'n'roll casualties. Up-and-coming CBS recording act **Meatloaf** was thought to have broken his leg when he tripped during a show and sent his 250 pound frame crashing off the stage. But it turned out he's merely wrenched his ankle ... but **Fee Waybill** of the **Tubes** was not so lucky. One segment of the show on the Tubes' British tour required Fee to leap to the front of the stage with chain-saw in hand in his role as punk-satirist, Johnny Bugger. But Fee misjudged the distance and fell off the stage. Result: one broken leg, one sprained wrist and one cancelled British tour ... all four members of **Kiss** are working on solo albums which (gulp) will all be issued simultaneously ... Still if you can't wait for that, the next Kiss LP will be a greatest hits package called *Double Platinum* ... **Blondie** have severed their connection with producer Richard Gottehrer and are to work with an as yet unnamed British producer in future ... some more albums due for release in the fairly foreseeable future include **Iggy Pop's** *TV Eye: 1977 Live* (recorded on last year's US tour it features David Bowie playing keyboards on four tracks); Dave Gilmour of Pink Floyd delivers his first solo album under the title **David Gilmour**; the **Moody Blues** eighth is *Octave*; **Talking Heads** — *More Songs About Building and Food*; **Van**



mer Phil Smith ... and Ocker band **Sherbet** have just signed to prestigious RSO label in America which should guarantee them big things. The band are currently gigging with Andy Gibb ... and an anecdote to finish the evening ...

Seems the editorial staff of rock paper *Rolling Stone* challenged the Eagles, well-known country-rock band, to a baseball game. The loser to donate \$5000 to UNICEF. Well, the Eagles cleaned up, beating the journalists 15-8. But what really hurts is that there was a side bet, made before the game to the effect that if the Eagles lost, they'd grant the paper a short interview (something their manager, Irv Azoff, does not commonly allow them to do). But if the Eagles won, they were to be allowed to write up the game and *Rolling Stone* would print it unedited. How embarrassing ... and as the sun rises slowly in the East, you'll be pleased / amazed / disgusted to learn that this is *Rip It Up's* first birthday. All presents will be gratefully received.

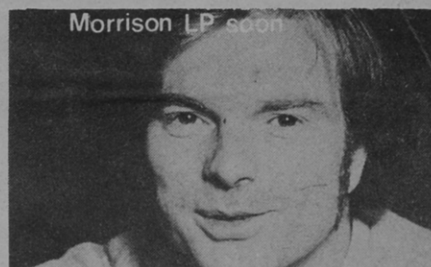


Bob Dylan's new album was due for American release on June 5 under the title, *Street League*. The album is reportedly produced by veteran studio man, Jack Nitzche, and engineered by Biff Dawes.

And with Dylan now playing dates in both America and Europe, it's enough to make New Zealanders thankful that he played outdoors here. In London, 98,000 seats for six shows at Earls Court sold out in eight hours, with a limit of four tickets per person. Those near the front of the huge queue for tickets had camped outside the box-office for two days. Similar scenes occurred in Los Angeles when one show at the 35,000 seater Coliseum went on sale. The concert sold out in two hours.

The band Dylan will take on his European tour remains basically the same as the unit which toured NZ. However, Jerry Scheff replaces Rob Stoner on bass (Stoner is reported as saying that his role in the band had become obsolete), and Carolyn Dennis takes over from Debi Gibson in the back-up vocal trio. The other change will be that Dylan intends to premiere many new songs, some of which will be on the new album.

South Pacific Television has purchased the Bob Dylan TV special *Hard Rain* which features Dylan with Joan Baez and the Rolling Thunder Review in a show taped at Colorado State University in May 1976. This special will screen in July, probably in the Wednesday 6.30 special spot.



Morrison — *Wavelength*; **The Stranglers** — *Black and White*; **Neil Young** — *Comes A Time* (recorded with Crazy Horse, all Young compositions except a version of Ian and Sylvia's "Four Strong Winds") ... and now some news from the Australian front ... **Dragon** have completed their 52 date Aussie tour which included such highlights as Marc Hunter unveiling his new hair cut which was greeted by a standing ovation. The boys also found time to prepare material for their new album on which they've just started work ... more expatriot Kiwi news. Ex-Beech members **Brent Parlane**, **Andrew Forrer**, and **Andrew Kay** have formed a band in Melbourne under the name **Tourists**. Others in the band are NZ guitarist Co Tipping and Australian drum-

Fabulous? Solo Sailors

It must have been the worst-kept secret since Dolly Parton's wig. Hello Sailor, the darlings of Auckland, were having a short rest, largely for the benefit of singer Graham Brazier's voice, and the rest of the band in search of (depending which story you fancied) that old-time pub-rock feeling, a few extra dollars, or a future without Brazier, were out on their own for a couple of weeks.

On the evidence of their show at the Island of Real, under the name the Fabulous Fabrications, the first motive must have been the most important. There were no new directions, and not a huge crowd to watch the show. There was, however an abundance of rock and roll.

The band split singing duties fairly evenly between Harry Lyons and Dave McCartney, and it seems reasonable to guess that they were largely responsible for the choice of songs they each sang. There were two new numbers — one each — which will in all probability find their way into the Hello Sailor repertoire, McCartney's "Two Bit Train" and Lyons' "Morrocco Roccoco", and a clutch of

other Sailor songs to compare with the original. Strangely, it was on two songs from their album which Brazier does not sing that his absence was most marked. The lack of saxophone in "Gutter Black" and harmonica in "All Around This Town" made them uncomfortably hollow by comparison with the Hello Sailor versions.

For the rest of the evening, the Fabrications picked over the last fifteen years of rock and roll with Lyons' taste inclining more to the Kinks and Buddy Holly, while McCartney favoured Iggy Pop and Lou Reed.

If the little excursion was all just to have and give a good time, it was an undoubted success, with the added bonus of revealing just how good a singer Harry Lyons is. As for all the other speculations, suffice it to say that at the next appearance by the Fabulous Fabrications, at the Windsor Castle, they featured none other than Graham Brazier. You work it out.

Francis Stark

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Byrds - McGuinn, Hillman & Clark

As Alfred Hitchcock once phrased it, "The Byrds is coming" — well some of The Byrds anyway. Founding members, Roger McGuinn, Gene Clark and Chris Hillman tour here this month. The concert format will involve individual solo spots followed by a combined performance. Apparently they are touring without a drummer so whether this indicates a totally acoustic evening is anybody's guess.

Acoustic or electric, McGuinn is well prepared. He began his career as a folk guitarist (supporting the likes of Judy Collins) before going it alone on the cafe cir-

cuit. One night in '64, Clark and Dave Crosby approached him from the audience and so began the primal stage of one of the decade's greatest bands. In many ways McGuinn was the Byrds. The one constant factor in its 9 year history, he always directed flight, utilising the talents of a changing membership. As a guitarist, he contributed the famous electric 12-string sound, being the only original member proficient enough to play on their first record. As a writer, he co-authored "8 Miles High", "So You Want To Be A Rock and Roll Star" (with Hillman) and "Chestnut Mare". Since

the band's demise he has made 4 solo albums, the latest of which contains a song Dylan gave him after McGuinn toured with the Rolling Thunder Revenue.

Missouri-born Gene Clark first travelled as a guitarist with the New Christy Minstrels but after a hit and two albums he quit to settle in L.A. The Byrds capitalised on his songwriting skill and when Clark eventually departed, (during the recording of the *Fifth Dimension* album in '66) it was, ironically, because of his fear of boarding planes. Subsequently he has made two solo albums and two with a group as co-leader. Clark's best post-Byrds work is probably his latest, the solo *White Light*.

Chris Hillman was a bluegrass mandolinist who switched to bass on joining The Byrds, and developed a great flair for

the instrument. He was a fine musician and songwriter and his departure in '68 marked the beginning of the demise of the group. Since then Hillman has worked with three other bands and made two solo albums, but the most satisfying remains his first with The Flying Burrito Brothers and the first with Manassas.

All three men are '60s survivors, ex-members of the group which introduced Dylan to the masses, created a new rock genre, put a passage from The Bible on the top of the charts, wrote the first 'duggie' hits, sparked the country-rock resurgence, helped the *Easy Rider* soundtrack, and generally gave us a great deal of wonderful music. If you've any sense of history you won't want to miss them.

Peter Thomson



By the time you read this, tickets for Joan Armatrading's shows around New Zealand should be nearly, if not totally, sold out. Which is as good proof as you'll ever need of the following Ms Armatrading has developed. After five years and four albums, Joan Armatrading is here to stay.

Unlike most artists, she admits to being a reluctant performer: "I just wanted to write, maybe join a band and play the guitar. But not be the front person." But circumstances forced her into the limelight. "People heard me singing and tended to go on about my voice... I fell in with that because I thought it was a good way to start and to get my songs heard."

But with her third album, *Joan Armatrading*, her status was confirmed. It gave Armatrading her first top 10 album in Britain

and was received with much critical hurrahing. It also marked her coming of age as both singer and live performer.

While the follow-up, *Show Some Emotion*, has failed to do quite as well, it has consolidated her popularity. The possibility of Joan Armatrading ever being, as she once hoped, "famous but faceless" now looks an ever more distant prospect.

TOUR DATES

Joan Armatrading Christchurch June 9, Wellington June 11 and Auckland June 12.
Roger McGuinn, Gene Clark & Chris Hillman (founding members of the Byrds) Dunedin June 10, Christchurch June 12, Wellington June 14, Palmerston North June 15, Napier June 16 and Auckland June 17.

Marley Peace Concert

"Imagine Mr Callaghan and Mrs Thatcher emotionally shaking hands with each other and with Johnny Rotten on stage at a rock charity concert organised by the Kray brothers." That's the comparison one British newspaper made when describing Jamaica's One Love Peace Concert, when Bob Marley, at the climax of the nine hour show, brought on Jamaica's Prime Minister, Michael Manley, and opposition leader, Edward Seaga, and clasped their hands over his head. The two leaders then embraced Bucky Marshall and Claude Massop, the notorious top ghetto gunmen for the two political parties.

The concert had been organised by the Peace Movement to celebrate the ending of the politically motivated war which had waged for a number of years in Kingston's ghettos. The show also marked the 12th Anniversary of the visit of Haile Selassie to Jamaica.

The former gunmen organised the concert to raise money to improve ghetto conditions and 28,000 people paid to witness the event in which 18 top reggae acts appeared, including The Mighty Diamonds, Big Youth and Peter Tosh as well as Bob Marley and the Wailers.

It was Marley's first appearance in Jamaica since the attempt on his life in Kingston in December 1976 and a triumphant return it was. And although the show of onstage solidarity was undoubtedly more symbolic than real, it's still a tribute



to the high regard in which Marley is held as spiritual leader and musician.

Trouble has, however, dogged Marley's prospective tours. His American tour was suspended indefinitely after Wailers' guitarist, Junior Marvin, was refused a visa because of a previous drug offence involving cocaine. However, the US Immigration Department relented and granted Marvin a visa and the concerts were swiftly rescheduled.

Similarly, Marley's tour of South East Asia, taking in Japan, Australia and New Zealand, was postponed when Marley refused to play Japan as part of a personal protest against Japanese fishermen's netting of dolphins. Dates are now being renegotiated and an appearance by Marley in New Zealand later this year is still a possibility.

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6. Simple Dreams — Linda Ronstadt
7. Disco Magic Vol. 2 — Various Artists
8. Endless Flight — Leo Sayer
9. Rumours — Fleetwood Mac
10. Down Two Then Left — Boz Scaggs

National Sales Chart —
No. 141 May 28, 1978

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rumours Wellington

Schtung! are back in town for a few weeks. They are wrapping up warmly while they rehearse before going into the new **Marmalade Studios** to record their second album for Phonogram. It's to be called *Once Bitten Twice Schtung*, and again will be made up of all original material.

The Wellington Golden Jubilee Trade Fair during the May school holidays featured a series of 22M live concerts, featuring bands like **Rockinghorse**, **The Richard Wilde Band**, **Greg Christensen** and **The Rodger Fox Big Band**. ZM's Group of the Month for June is the **1860 Band** who are currently putting down an album in Radio New Zealand's **Studio Two** — the 16 track facility in Broadcasting House. The **Rodger Fox Big Band** is also working on an album and both will be released through Ode Records.

A new 8-track recording studio called **Crescendo** has opened up out at Miramar, and they are specialising in recording demo tapes for local bands. They have a wide range of instruments available for artists at no extra charge — a grand piano, guitars, amps and a Fender Rhodes. The studio has been set up by Suzy Dobos and Derek Archer and they're keen to provide recording experience for young bands at reduced rates.

21A Courtney Place — remember that — cos it's **The Last Resort**, Wellington's new cafe, open Thursday through Sunday with music and munchies. It opens on June 15th with **Rockinghorse** for two weeks and it's just what we need. Good bands are lined up from round the country and the atmosphere is very relaxed and "cushiony". Reasonable cover charge too — only two bucks.

Red Mole and **R.Horse** played three weeks at Ziggys through May with a brilliant show called *Goin' to Djibouti*. Great crowds every night proving Red Mole's popularity back home. They take off for overseas end of June after playing a week in Dunedin and some shows in Auckland.

Sharon O'Neill has just completed the Leo Sayer tour, and it was good to see her song "Luck's On Your Table" placed in the final three songs of "The Entertainers". Sharon is currently recording some more of her songs in RNZ's **Studio Two** and they

have been produced and arranged by Dick Le Forte.

The Rocky Horror Show is coming to New Zealand with the original "Rocky" — **Raynor Burton**, **Gary Glitter** is playing the role of Frank N. Furter and the rest of the cast will be made up from local talent. Dave Fraser is music director, and the show opens in Wellington at midnight on July 28th at the State Opera House.

Redeye members **Bob Smith** (keyboards/vocals) and **Denis Mason** (sax/vocals) have quite the band. Bob is going to England, and Denis is working with the Rocky Horror Show prior to getting another band together. The rest of Redeye are staying together with the addition of Hamilton keyboardist **John Martin** and they are remaining up at the **Cabin**.
Lynne Attwood

Dunedin

Dunedin punk bands the **Enemy**, **London SS** and newcomers the **Clean** played the Old Age Beneficiaries Hall, 11 May. London SS, as usual, played cover versions of Sex Pistols, Stranglers and Ramones classics, but the PA wasn't kind and their bravado went under. The **Enemy** recently returned from their successful one nighter in Christchurch, laboured under the same PA but their entirely self-penned repertoire and vocalist Chris Knox's stage persona were nothing short of inspirational. Their set featured a new song — "(What's at the Bottom of Your) Swimming Pool" — a melodic pop formula and a ready made single if only the record companies would show some initiative and hard cash.

Contrary to my last report Steven Lynch, despite being a full time advertising jingle writer, is continuing with **Expence**. However drummer Ivan Hamilton has left probably to join **Cozy**, and is replaced by Steve Gillies of the old **Heavy Leather** and more recently **Zeubus**.

Velvet, residents at the Casbah have acquired a female lead singer, **Renal**, to augment their already polished vocal performance. Rumour has it that **Thoroughbred**, who have been touring up north for the last few months, are due back in Dunedin at the end of June. No definite word is available as to whether their tour was successful.

Christchurch band **Baby Boogie** reformed from the legendary **Baby** and containing original members Nancy and John Purvis have just completed two weeks at the Captain Cook.

Garry Reddington, manager of the Cap-

Punks hit Wellington

Everybody get their gymshoes on and start sweating with excitement. New Zealand's first New Wave Special Concert featuring Auckland's Scavengers and Suburban Reptiles will be presented in Wellington at the Town Hall on June 18 from four to nine p.m.

Other bands playing will be Wellington's 52 and Auckland bands the Assassins, Stimulators and the Idle Idols.

The organisers aim to present the best of what is musically significant in New Zealand at the moment.

The Scavengers and Suburban Reptiles top the bill in both performance and reputation. The two bands epitomise New Wave in New Zealand in entirely disparate styles — the Scavengers with rock based manic excitement, the Reptiles with dramatic stage presence and the weird throbbing chord progressions that underlie their music.

The Wellington concert will be the first time the two bands have played together since their origins. The contrast and exist-

ing competition between them should generate a pretty solid basis of interest for the audience and the performers.

The other bands play various forms of punk based contemporary music, with the possible exception of 52 who have achieved remarkable notoriety since their opening night with a vacuum cleaner salesman at Ziggy's nightclub in Wellington. Their music is difficult to describe and definitely futuristic.

The Idle Idols are all girls whose appearances have provoked strong response from Auckland audiences.

This is a fair line-up for a five hour concert, although South Island bands are notably missing. The organisers say they cannot risk the cost of flying the Enemy from Dunedin or the Aliens from Christchurch. It's a pity, and it's indicative of the lack of support in New Zealand for local bands.

The Wellington concert is an important representation of the direction of popular music here now. The growth of New Wave in New Zealand has parallels with the roots of British punk in rising unemployment, failing economy and political uncertainty. This is our own contemporary music and it is worth hearing.

Jewel Sanyo

tain Cook was telling me that he hopes to have **Night Musique** for a three night stint in the very near future. He already has **Golden Harvest** confirmed for six nights in September.

With so many outsiders playing in Dunedin you can imagine the restrictions this places on the opportunities of work for the local bands. Cities on flame with rock and roll? Maybe, but very little of it local.

George Kay

Auckland

There's a new rock venue opening soon, eh boy. The **Exchange Hotel** in Parnell. Musicians are apparently pleased with the move as Parnell has lacked a decent venue over the last 12 months. **Alastair Riddell's** new single, "What Good Does It Do Me" looks likely to be released in Australia. Phonogram (Sydney) have shown more-than-a-passing interest. **Radio With Pictures** has Citizen Band, Th' Dudes, Cimmaron and Night Musique lined up for showing in June. Although **Golden Harvest's** new single "Give a Little Teensy Bit of Love" has failed to take the Best Lyrics of the Year Award, it did feature on the charts. The group had a successful concert at Boystown over the school holidays. **Te Kuiti** had a great Monday Night Fever Disco Travolting Competition last month. They would have had it on a Saturday but they couldn't get anyone to leave the pub. An interesting quote from an Aussie rock magazine: "Hello Sailor will be the biggest band in the world in a year..." Who would have said that??? **Eunuch Of The Year Award** is a tie: Leo Sayer and the BeeGees. Gorgeous. Interesting to see **Phil Warren** thinking that **Night Musique** should listen to Sergio Mendes. (ref: *The Entertainers*) That reminds me, I want to suggest to Th' Dudes that they listen to Rob Guest. Neat, eh??? **L.B. Sands**

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ART BY BARRY LINTON.



SIDE 2



BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS THRU FESTIVAL



SANDY DENNY

With the death of Sandy Denny, the world has lost one of the finest exponents of folk and rock music ever, and a beautiful person besides.

She suffered serious head injuries after falling down some stairs at a friend's house in London, and died in hospital.

She first came to prominence in the 1960s around the British folk clubs as a solo performer, before joining the Strawbs, with whom she recorded one album.

In 1968, she joined Fairport Convention, performing alongside other British folk greats Richard Thompson, Ashley Hutchings and Simon Nicol.

Always an innovator, she formed her own band, Fotheringay, in 1970, and their one album remains a folk classic.

For the next four years, she pursued a solo career that saw her voted Britain's top female singer two years running.

Her albums were filled with passion and rich sentiment, particularly the late 1972 release, *Sandy*, which contains her best commercially-known number, "Listen, Listen." It still sends shivers down the spine, and time hasn't eroded it one bit.

The earlier album, *The North Star Grassman and The Raven* is a more sombre

work, epitomised in the blazing anti-war song "John The Gun".

As a solo performer, Sandy never quite equalled her successes with Fairport Convention, as shown in the lukewarm reception she got at the Ngaruawahia Music Festival. But she later returned to play with Fairport, performing on the same bill, and blew everybody away.

In 1974 she returned to fulltime live performing with Fairport, and her powerful voice and charming stage presence graced two excellent New Zealand tours.

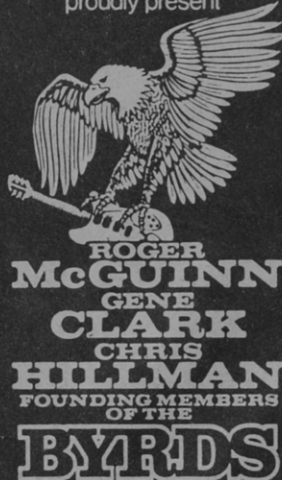
She could compose songs capable of bringing tears to your eyes; she could rearrange traditional material and make it her own; she could interpret Dylan nearly as well as Joan Baez.

Nobody will ever replace Sandy. She had a voice that could make you feel warm on the coldest day of the year, and that's how she should be remembered.

"Listen, listen to him do, he is the one who is for you. Listen to him they say, he'll come and take us all away"

Duncan Campbell

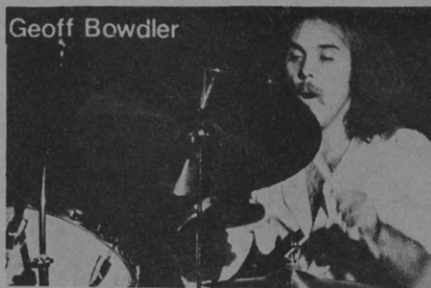
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Geoff Bowdler



Schtung Maidment Theatre

Schtung draw heavily from classical rock, with their two keyboard players dominating the sound throughout.

The show bears all the marks of long hours of rehearsal, with special emphasis on sound dynamics and sparse, but effective lighting.

Atmosphere is what it's all about here, weaving musical spells and creating images in numbers like "A Child's Dream", conjuring up pictures of being chased by overgrown tin soldiers and teddy bears.

It's all very clever, with brooding vocals and solid walls of instrumental sound, but it still lacks something.

Chewns, man. Ya gotta have some chewns what people can remember. Just when Schtung seems to be creating a melody line that just might stick to the

memory, they go off on another tangent. Abrupt shifts of mood keep you on your toes, but they don't give you anything to latch onto.

The most memorable number was the encore, a moody instrumental called "Au Revoir", where a descending guitar line was started off and improvised on, with very effective use of phasing and reverb, spinning little waves of nostalgia all round the auditorium.

The stage show is just fine, fellas, but the songwriting needs to be consolidated if you ever want to do anything more than write soundtracks for the Goodies or Ken Russell movies.

Duncan Campbell



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Van Morrison — Blowin' In Your Mind
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Wings — Maple Leaf Gardens — Landing Clear Down
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Pearls Before Swine — These Things Too
Little Milton — Little Milton

Everly Bros. — The Hit Sound Of
Janis Joplin — Janis
Jackson Heights — Kings Progress
The Humble Bums — same
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Zappa — Uncle Meat
Everly Bros — Sing Great Country Hits
Status Quo — Messages From The
Nick Drake — Pink Moon
Jethro Tull — Heavy Horse
Pearls Before Swine — The Use of Ashes
War — War
Grateful Dead — Live Dead
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Derek & Clive — Live — Come Again
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Iggy Pop — Kill City
Eagles & Joe Walsh — Welcome to the Late Show
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Eric Clapton — Slowhand Live in Boston
Beatles — Second To None
Canned Heat — The New Age
Babe Ruth — Kid's Stuff
Chicken Shack — Imagination Lady

Beatles — The Tour Album
Beatles — The Last Beatles Record
Captain Beyond — Sufficiently Breathless
Beatles — Back Upon Us All
Brownsville Station — same
Chicken Shack — 100 Ton Chicken
John Cale — Vintage Violence — Fear
Crazy Horse — Crazy Horse
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Can — Landed
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Beatles — Introducing Vols 1 & 2 — Wizards Greatest Hits
Beck & Yardbirds — Shapes of Things
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Spirit — Twelve Dreams of Dr Sardonicus
Randy Pie — Randy Pie

Kevin Ayers — Banamour — Rainbow Takeaway
Audience — House on the Hill
Animals — Early Animals with Eric Burdon
David Ackles — American Gothic
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Fleetwood Mac — Mr Wonderful
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Neil Young — Rocky Mountain Review
Rod Stewart & the Faces — Same
Elton John — Radiocord
Twink — Twink Pink
Zager & Evans — 2525
Robert Wyatt — Ruth is Stranger than Richard
Stones — Between the Buttons
Rush — All the World's a Stage
Nasty Pop — Mistaken I.D.
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Beach Boys — Surfs Up — Surfin' Safari
Grand Funk — Phoenix
The Fugs — Golden Filth
Jimmy Castor Bunch — Phase 2 — It's just Begun Butt of Course
Tom Waits — Closing Time — The Heart of Saturday Night
John & Bev Martyn — Road to Ruin
Jackie Wilson — Very Best Of
Arlo Guthrie — Alice's Restaurant
Henry McCullough — Mind Your Own Business
Neil Young — At The Los Angeles Music Centre
Quicksilver — Shady Grove
Stones — Out of Our Heads
Terry Reid — Bang Bang Your Terry Reid
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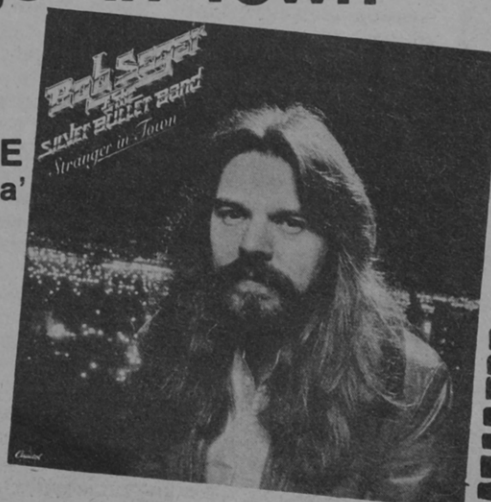
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It's half ten. Out the back of some hotel, past the crates and an overflowing drain, a van stands with its rear doors open. A lanky character with a two day stubble or pimples (take your pick) swings his guitar case in and pulls the doors to. Meanwhile three other young men clamber in up front. They all project a studied absence of expression and are determinedly incommunicative.

Probably they have a right to be dull eyed and weary. They've just played a two and a half hour set, being paid on a doortakings basis. Tonight no-one much came. The forty bucks they cleared will hardly pay for the blown mixer channel that packed up on them. Still things are not so bad. They're off to play the second bracket of a student union dance, winding up at two.

Actually this is still pretty much a romantic cliché. The fledgling musician paying his dues and all that rubbish. The real picture is even less appealing. Imagine writing "8pm., June 1st, \$1.50" on two hundred posters, or sweeping the cigarette butts out of a hall you hired because you were enterprising enough to promote your own gig. Or trying to wheedle the promised fee out of some blubber-headed bar manager.

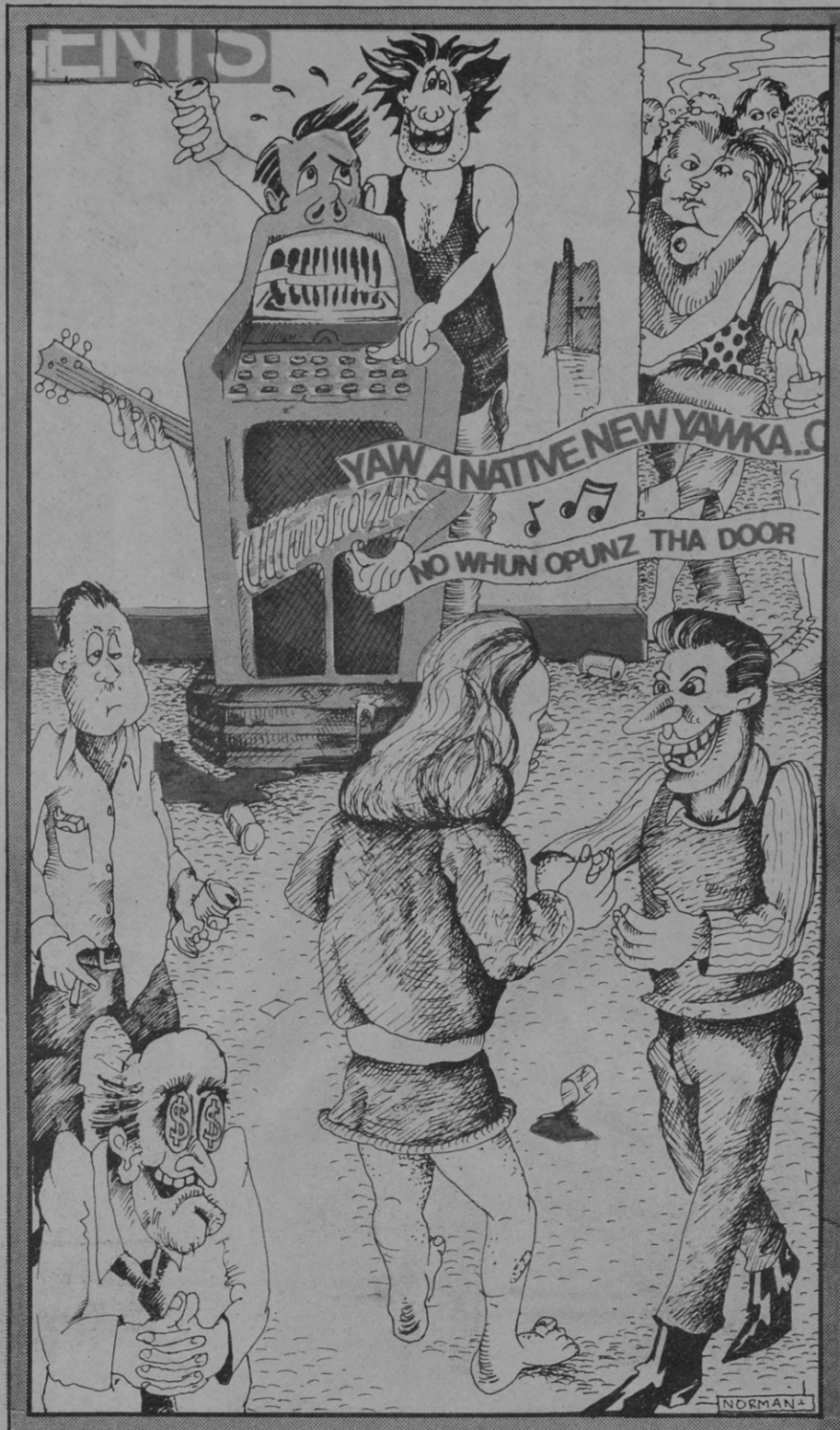
To be a popular musician in N.Z. involves all those things and half a hundred more extra-musical tasks. Besides that your girlfriend, boyfriend, spouse, bitches because they never see you, except when you are sallow faced and bad-breathed in the morning.

Naturally such things are not endemic to N.Z., but at least elsewhere, even in Australia, there is the vague illusion of possible success and then of managers and roadies and nice folks like that who do all the hard work. What musician can afford roadies here?

So why do musicians persevere in a limited market? Are there advantages to being a pro in a small field like New Zealand? There must be compensations for lugging gear, pasting bills and phoning promoters.

The answers several fulltime musicians give to that query vary. Tony Backhouse, guitarist with Spatz, and a man who has been playing pubs in N.Z. a few years says flippantly "There aren't any," then, trying to be a little more balanced in his answer, is serious and is still unable to remember any. Murray Grindlay, ex-working rock-and-roller, now involved in the ad game and producing, says bluntly "None at all." Perhaps most damning is the comment of Julian Lee, the exceptional N.Z. jazz pianist, arranger, composer who left a comfortable position with Capitol Records in the States to return, trying to make a go of New Zealand. Asked if the young musician has any advantages breaking into the professional circle here, in comparison with his American counterpart, Lee answers, "The problem is really that there is nothing to break into."

The very sad fact is that Julian Lee has given up his struggle to make a living in N.Z. and is flying out to Sydney in a week or so. He labels himself disappointed. He praises local musicians, both rock-and-roll and jazz players, but clearly he is disillusioned with those who pull the strings in the entertainment business. He is critical of record company people and promoters. It



Life as a Human Jukebox

The Plight of the NZ ROCK'N' ROLLER

is their business to try to open up, in the interests of all, the market. "Somewhere along the line the record companies have a debt to local entertainment. But it's not honoured."

Lee cites his own case. "I was a producer with Capitol. I thought I could get something here, but it didn't happen. I went to Sydney for a fortnight and already I've got three albums to produce." He subscribes to the theory that recording interests must chance their arm before they'll ever record at a profit. "But the trouble is," he says, "the people at the top have accountant mentalities. The local industry suffers."

Julian Lee launches further into the business world of popular music by countering the timeworn and plaintive cry "New Zealand is too little to sustain local recording". He calls it "the great New Zealand cop-out". Promotion and public education through exposure to indigenous product mean a market.

The woeful failings of our recording company policy seem to be corroborated by an astounding story told by Murray Grindlay. Grindlay worked on the soundtrack to the movie *Sleeping Dogs*. "The company obviously put some money into it," he explains, "but they completely refused to promote it. They paid, as far as I know, for one ad in the N.Z. Observer. I mean that movie was a big hit. And Mark Williams was all over the album — but they hardly put a cent into it. I knew one or two people who went into a record shop and asked for it and even the shop manager

said "What — I didn't know there was one". I don't know. Perhaps it was a tax write-off."

The phenomenon of a commercial enterprise not even trying to sell its product is indeed bizarre. Julian Lee's criticism of people who cry the limitations of the market seem justified. In fact similar complaints are made by others. Mike Chunn, a founder member of Split Enz now playing in Citizen Band sees it as a part of an entire pattern plaguing musicians.

According to Chunn the bad promotion of records is in part responsible for the compulsion to play pubs. "You don't make money from records so you can't tour. Groups have to play hotels to earn any money."

But it doesn't end there. A public unexposed to local music is a public that wants what it does hear — the hit parade. Says Chunn, "Groups cater to inflexible pub crowds that insist on cover versions — then everybody gives you advice. Somebody came up to me the other day and asked why we didn't play songs with more continuous riffing. The worst experiences for N.Z. performers come in hotels where lunks sit around talking about how much piss they can sink, insisting on some faceless band that does cover versions."

Tony Backhouse makes this recurring point by objecting to being a kind of "Human Jukebox".

And Mike Chunn continues by claiming, "New Zealand is the only country out of the six I've played in where people don't seem

interested in hearing a group play their own material. Audiences overseas let a band do what they like. Here they prefer to tell a band what to do. Just another step in grinding any true talent out of the business. A group performs 100% better if an audience is behind it. By sitting back, beer in hand, never clapping you are asking for a limp performance."

The worst of it is this sort of public reaction merely facilitates the cavalier treatment bands complain at getting from hotel bosses. Tony Backhouse rates the worst thing in the business people "who can't be bothered treating you like a human being." Julian Lee simply describes a few of the several pub employers he's known as "thugs" while Murray Grindlay mentions a prevailing attitude which believes musicians to be a cheap commodity. "You always get the impression that there is some young band waiting just outside the door who will play for less."

Of course, as with many others in this long list of grievances, musicians can blame themselves for inconsistencies in treatment. Mike Chunn feels strongly as do older, more established members of the musical fraternity, that it is every musician's duty to join the union. Only by agreeing upon rates, blacking promoters who seek out young bands who play for little to nothing, will performers alleviate so many of their moans. A union can do little about a major grumble like the expense of equipment here, but it can standardise conditions of employment.

This issue of self help is one taken up by Schtung guitarist Morton Wilson. Amidst a cohesive phalanx of prophets of doom his is a cheery voice. For while admitting all the problems with record sales, promoters, and media, Wilson takes up a banner of guarded optimism. According to him there are avenues over and above the union for seeking a reasonable deal.

Wilson re-iterates the point that musicians in New Zealand often get what they deserve. "I think with the press for example, if you know what they want you can make it easy for them, and for you. You give them photos and the kind of background information they want."

Much the same thinking goes into Schtung's nurturing of an audience. "We've always found an out of the way sort of pub. People come and listen, and then when they hear us the first reaction is that they argue a lot. But people do keep coming back."

Wilson, unlike others, believes New Zealand audiences can be discerning. "I don't think an artist should blame an audience," is his contention. But, he agrees "you've got to use your brains. I wouldn't fake Schtung to a heavy disco audience somewhere."

This policy of anticipating limitations gives Morton Wilson a hopeful view to the future. "You get surprised," he says, "I think it's opening up."

If it is, other musicians are waiting expectantly. There are several responses to the question which asks "What is the most satisfying thing a N.Z. performer can do in his own country." All are wistful to some degree. "Don't know", reflects Tony Backhouse, "haven't experienced it yet." Julian Lee's answer is, "Playing for your own amazement, if you can afford it." Mike Chunn expresses his reply as SELL RECORDS... SELL RECORDS... GET ON THE CHARTS.

But Morton Wilson probably sums up the whole waiting game best. "I think," he advises, "that as long as you know you are going into this business open-eyed and are prepared to do literally everybody's job, from promotion to video-mixing, you can be pleasantly surprised to find just one or two people along the way who know what they're doing."

It's hardly Churchillian, but it reflects the best we offer our musicians.
Bruce Belsham

THUNDER IN THE TOWN HALL

With 14 New Zealand dates sold out, there must be little doubt in Leo Sayer's mind that he's finally Made It Big.

Forget the US of A. Lots of acts have been a success there. But anyone who sells out in Napier must have something going for him. What is it?

In two words: Star Quality. If you prefer one word: Charisma.

Leo has both in sacksful. Small he may be, but his stage presence is awesome. From the moment he appears, people are eating from his hand. The only person I can recall provoking greater response was Rod Stewart, but then he had the whole of Western Springs to play with.

At heart, Leo is and will always be a clown. He wants to be laughed at. His inner makeup must contain a large portion of the court jester psyche. He plays the fool as though his very life depended on it.

His athletic stage movements are completely spontaneous and always entertaining. A simple thing like a faulty microphone has floored other performers of greater status. Not Leo. Three minutes of fooling around with wires, junction boxes and a screwdriver had the crowd in hysterics.

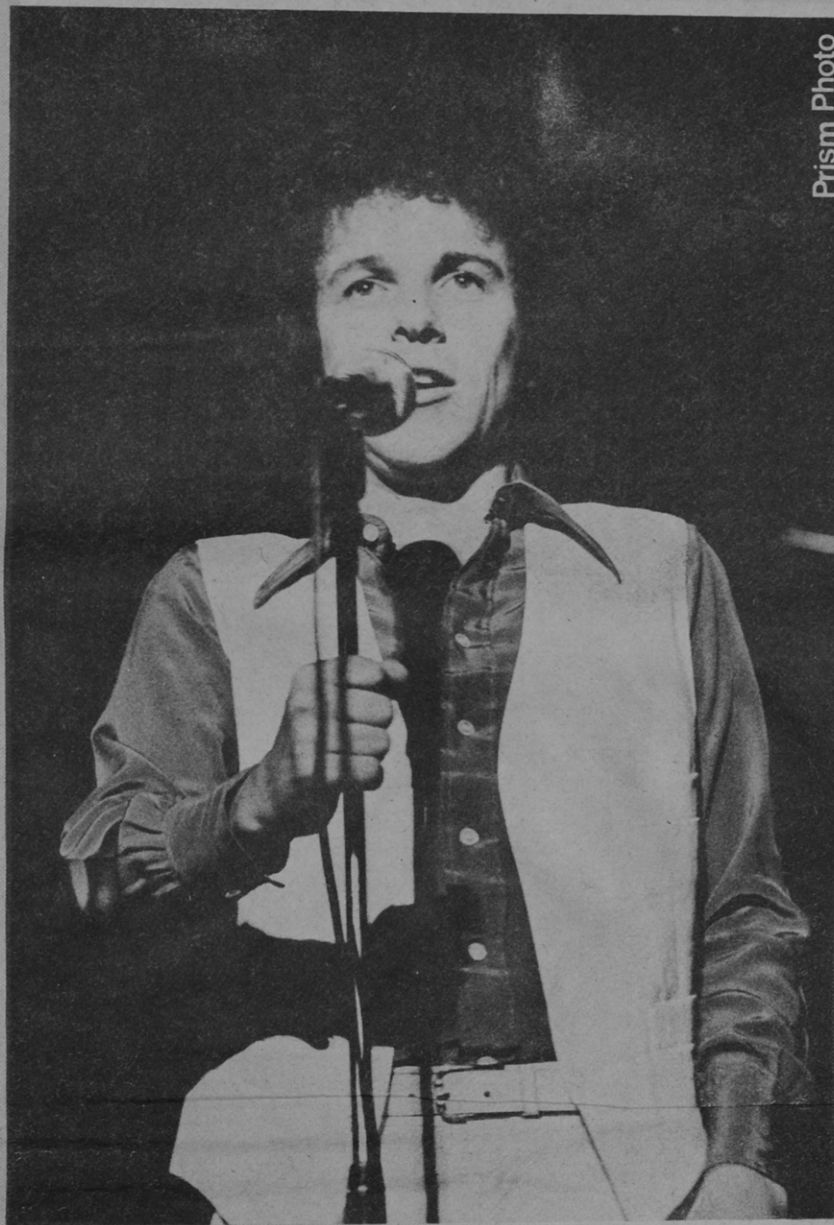
The show lasted little over an hour, but then Sayer is one of those entertainers who only has to give the crowd what they expect to satisfy, and the hits came thick and fast.

Only on stage do you realise just how good his voice is. Strong and clear, with a long range and useful falsetto, adaptability is the name of the game.

"Thunder In My Heart" and "Endless Flight" show the gritty side to its best advantage. "Easy to Love" gives the band a token spotlight, but more of that shortly. "You Make Me Feel Like Dancing" gets a big round of applause and allows more clowning.

The slow and serious numbers work surprisingly well. You could hear a pin drop during "Giving It All Away" and "When I Need You." Leo stands alone, looking vulnerable and in need of a friend. Luckily, his wife, Jan, is watching from the side of the stage, and he's not alone. Pure magic, those songs.

"Moonlighting" has always been my favourite Sayer song, even if it comes from what many consider his least favourite album, and even he considers it a rather rush job. It tells a great story, and he gives



Prism Photo

it that right touch of pathos on stage: two rather unattractive people to everyone except each other running away together for lack of something better to do. Pathetic but engrossing, and a classic song.

Seldom have I felt so in sympathy with a performer, urging him on to greater things. Leo Sayer is a true Star. I wish I could say the same for his band, my only grizzle.

Everything was very competent, very professional. Not a note out of place, not a foot wrong. No feeling, either. Commitment still means something, and the band might as well have been playing backup for Roger Whittaker, for all the emotion they showed.

Not that there was anything wrong with the backing. It's just that they didn't seem to even enjoy what they were doing. Each took a solo when Leo gave the cue, but they'd obviously done it a hundred times before and it gave them no pleasure. In general, they left Leo to carry the can front stage, and treated him like tolerant uncles of an unruly but lovable nephew.

It saddens me to see this negative aspect of professionalism in music. It's all very nice that Leo can get the best to back him, and these guys were very good. I just wish they'd occasionally showed some enjoyment of what they were doing... instead of looking like people out to do their job, collect the money, and think of how much they'll cut off their mortgage.

Only drummer Frank Gibson seemed to be happy but then he's a hometown boy and is obviously overjoyed to have got where he is. I hope he retains that feel.

Anyway, you can't argue with a full house, and Stewart MacPherson would doubtless agree. Leo Sayer is a first class entertainer, and sent a lot of people away very happy. More power to him. There are many others who could learn much from him.

I cannot close without giving mention here to Sharon O'Neill. She's obviously out to capture the substantial Linda Ronstadt market here, and judging by her support performance, she can't help but succeed. She has the songs, she has the band. Most impressive, and one of the best warm-up acts I've seen in many a day. Attention please, all ye who could make Sharon a very popular lady.

Duncan Campbell

THE BLUES ROCKS BACK



The blues, often regarded as music of solitary expression, has yielded some fruitful alliances. Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry, Junior Wells and Buddy Guy, Sleepy John Estes and Hammy Nixon. Now Muddy Waters, the King of Chicago Blues, and Johnny Winter, fast fingered Texan guitar throtter, link arms to breathe new vigour into a form that even die hard enthusiasts feared was a thing of the past.

Last year Muddy Waters joined forces with Winter to deliver *Hard Again*, the most powerful blues album of the seventies and a rejuvenation for Muddy. Now 63 year old

Muddy Waters and 34 year old Johnny Winter present their second collaboration, *I'm Ready*. The CBS album is easily the equal of its predecessor.

Once again, Waters' collaborators are a stellar crew. Apart from Winter, who plays with restraint throughout, there's Pinetop Perkins (piano) and Willie "Big Eyes" Smith (drums) from *Hard Again*. Guitarist Bob Margolin switches to bass and the second guitar seat is taken by Jimmy Rogers, one of Waters' most outstanding 50s' sidemen. Replacing James Cotton on harp are Big Walter Horton, a veteran of the

Chicago blues scene, and Jerry Portnoy, who, like Margolin, was in the last Waters' band that toured New Zealand.

This congregation of heavyweights doesn't play on every track — the album has a thoughtful variety of tone and mood — but when everyone is in there the kitchen gets hot. Winter may be the ideal sideman for Waters, the sting of the younger man's guitar echoing the master's sure phrasing, and the harp duelling of Walter and Portnoy is sheer inspiration.

Hard Again wasn't half bad, but Winter seems more at ease as producer this time out. On the earlier album the instruments seemed crammed up to the front of the speakers. There seems more space here.

The songs are a mixture of old and new. There are superb remakes of such Waters' standards as "I'm Ready," "I'm Your Hoochie Coochie Man" and "Screamin' and Cryin'". B.B. King's "Rock Me" (although Muddy gets the composer credit) and Sonny Boy Williamson's "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl" also get the treatment. The new songs are solidly in the Waters' mainstream.

A big extra is a more than fair lashing of that keening slide guitar that Muddy made his trademark before age and ill-health forced a slowing down. The association with Johnny Winter seems to have shed years from Muddy. The verve of these recordings bears no comparison to the oft-times torpid perfunctoriness of his later recordings with Chess.

Rick Derringer, Winter's former guitar partner, sums it up: "What I liked about Muddy and Johnny together wasn't how good Johnny was playing, but just the fact that when Muddy was on the stage with Johnny he was incredibly alive and aware and energetic."

"If you ask Muddy, 'Which out of the young rock and roll guys turns you on?' he'd say, 'My favourite one is that Johnny Winter,' and Johnny'd tell you that his all-



Waters and Winter

time idol — living, at least — is Muddy Waters. So when they get together it's a real two way thing. That's why they work good."

At an age when most men have given it away, or at least slowed down, Muddy Waters sounds as if he could strut on forever. And Johnny Winter is the catalyst in this formula of funk.

Muddy Waters: "I met Johnny a few years ago in Texas. He didn't have the big contract then and he wasn't a big rock and roll star. He was playin' so much of the old stuff... all the old blues players like me and Jimmy Rogers and a lot more. He was playin' all of our stuff."

"I figured that this was the greatest chance (the opportunity to work with Winter), man, of all my days, to get with someone who's still got it, got that early 50s sound."

Ken Williams

records

Marley Delivers the Goods

Prime Time Television

Television Adventure Elektra

Television have a lot to live up to. Their first record received such universally good press that any sign of faltering, however slight, might be taken as evidence that it was all too good to last.

The obvious way out for their second album would have been to carefully reconstruct their debut, *Marquee Moon*, in the best tradition of second albums. Instead, *Adventure* covers new ground. Side Two has a strong resemblance to *Marquee Moon*, but Side One contains five songs which are more closer to the traditional concept of rock and roll songs, and which could help Television to make the step from being fashionable to being established.

Side one cuts any possibility of Television turning into the Pink Floyd of the Blank Generation, as the long guitar work-outs are kept in check, and a much wider range of styles is revealed, from the neo-Byrds 12-string of "Days" to the rock and roll of "Fox-Hole". It is hard to believe that they

have gone far enough to persuade New Zealand's timid radio programmers to let the record anywhere near their turntables, but they seem likely to impress a lot of those who do hear.

One thing is for sure, *Adventure* should convince everybody who is still in any doubt that Television have nothing whatever to do with the punk label. They demonstrate enough versatility to dispel the possibility of the band being caught in a stylistic strait-jacket, and have nothing in common with the pin-head bop of the Ramones.

As a final pointer to the band's possibilities, the last song on Side One, the ethereal "Carried Away" does away with the usual two-guitar backing to float along on Tom Verlaine's organ playing like some latter-day "Whiter Shade of Pale". Whether he will use this kind of format more is debatable, but it shows up the extent to which Verlaine and his band are aware of the dangers of becoming too highly stylised.

Very few bands could have made *Marquee Moon*, even fewer could have followed it up with an album that was significantly different, yet every bit as good.
Francis Stark

Bob Marley & The Wailers Kaya Island

It's like ... you reach a certain spot, right? In your journey, it's like you're driving down the highway and you reach a rest-place and you go in and get a cup of coffee and t'ing and this an that. Slow down and take it e-e-e-easy ... 'Easy Skanking', y'know." Bob Marley on *Kaya*.

Let's get this right out in the open: *Kaya* is 1978's most rankin' commercial elpee — a celebration.

Well ...
Exodus was for Marley the first record in the new phase of his musical expression. A rhythm & blues, soul, disco synthesis within the bounds of reggae. An approach designed to win him a larger audience without sacrificing any originality. His ploy has proved remarkably successful, especially in Britain and Europe where he has undoubted number one status.

Bob has always had an ear for good music outside the reggae idiom. *Catch A Fire*, a masterpiece and his first Island release displayed art-rock overtones — Pink Floyd, King Crimson etc. A return to a more traditional reggae stance delivered *Burnin'*,

Natty Dread, *Live and Rastaman Vibration*. These albums, all of them excellent, kept his audience growing steadily. It was not until *Exodus* however that the real potential Marley audience could be seen.

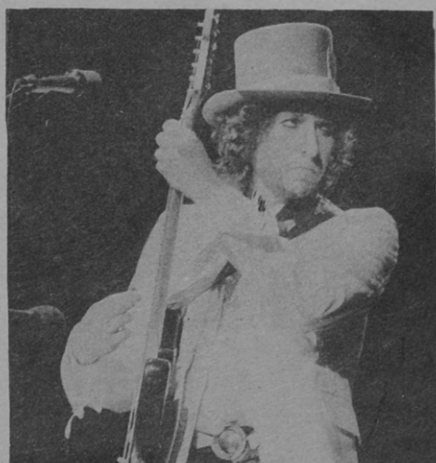
Now *Kaya* ...
These songs were largely recorded at the sessions for *Exodus*. They represent however a lighter more optimistic view of the world, rather than the call to arms *Exodus* portrayed ... and, to my mind, *Kaya* is a superior album because it is so much fun. A party album par excellence! Not one bad note, wasted lyric or indulgent solo. Marley's voice could not be better. Every phrase has that sexual, knowing, lilt.

Obviously Bob Marley is setting himself up as the prophet come superstar of reggae music. Some may dislike his stance but one can't discount his courage and, if you believe in music, he cannot be faulted. Personally I can't wait for the next step in the Marley plan for world reunification.

So ...
If you want one album to wash away those disco overdose blues ... *Kaya* is the one. Rastafari! Seen!
Ras Roger Jarrett



Bob Paints his Masterpiece



Bob Dylan Masterpieces CBS

Bob Dylan may not be in the Elvis Presley class yet, but he is getting pretty heavily anthologised. After *Greatest Hits Volume I*, *II* and *III* comes *Masterpieces*, about two hours of selected Dylan songs, ranging from "Song to Woody", off his first album, to "Lay Lady Lay" from *Hard Rain*. Of course, it doesn't include any cuts from Dylan's two Asylum albums, and thus contributes further to the burial that *Planet Waves* seems doomed to suffer.

For the statistics freaks, the only album not represented is (of course) *Dylan*; the albums with the most songs (four each) are *Freewheelin'*, *Bringing It All Back Home*, and *Desire*; there are six songs not previously available at 33½ RPM (except for those of you who have an original mono pressing of *Greatest Hits Vol. I*, who, of course, have "Positively 4th Street") and

there must be scores of other ways of categorising the contents of *Masterpieces*.

The six sides seem to have been arranged with some kind of thematic plan in mind. Some of them obviously adhere to a common type. Side four, for example, has a representative sample of the 'protest' songs, and side six of love songs. Some of the others are a little harder to typify, but you can't help feeling that they have been arranged, and not just thrown together. I don't know how much Dylan himself had to do with the selection, but it is speculations and little historical considerations that make retrospective albums interesting.

As always, there could be quibbles with various omissions, but it is hard to see how they could have been accommodated without extending the collection out to four discs. Still, I would have liked to have seen "Visions of Johanna", "Tonight I'll Be Staying Here with You", "The Wicked Messenger", "Man in Me", and "You're a Big Girl

Now" in there somewhere. Perhaps we'll have to wait until *Masterpieces Vol II*.

If you don't own yourself any great number of Dylan albums, I suppose this would suffice, although any compilation reduces the feel generated by a single album. For those of you who have some of the more obvious Dylan landmarks, this is an ideal way of fleshing out your stock. For those of you who aspire to the lot, I know there is no hope, and even one new or variant recording, would persuade you to buy *Masterpieces*. The fact that there are seven, including the singles, "4th Street", "Could You Please Crawl Out Your Window" and "George Jackson", means there is no way out.

Some people are train spotters, some collect paua shell jewel boxes, some people look through second-hand shops for original mono copies of *Greatest Hits Vol. I*.
Francis Stark

Talking Heads Debut

Talking Heads Talking Heads 77 Phillips

We have all heard the phrase "new wave". It is a rather silly blanket term for any remotely original rock-and-roll that has surfaced during the last eighteen months. It encourages the foolish association of English punk bands with Rhythm and Blues revivalists and even with current New York experimenters. Such mental sloppiness is lamentable.

American band Talking Heads are perhaps the most misplaced bedfellows of all within this so called movement. It is an historical accident that Talking Heads nurtured an audience at CBGBs, the club in New York also known as a venue for the Ramones and Television. Talking Heads are as different from these two bands as each is different from the other.

For one Talking Heads draw from sources people like the Ramones shun.

Using a standard small band line up the Heads profess and develop a taste for pop, soul, disco. "The big difference between us and punk groups is that we like K.C. and the Sunshine Band," says Chris Frantz, the Heads' bass player, "you ask Johnny Rotten if he likes K.C. and the Sunshine Band and he'll blow snot in your face." After all Talking Heads are reputed to cover an Al Green standard in their live show.

However, the real proof comes in the form of the band's much acclaimed maiden L.P. *Talking Heads 77*. Released belatedly in N.Z. it is in many ways a difficult album. Not because like Television's output it demands a re-thought aesthetic but because it is an amazingly complex welding of rhythms, melodies, catchy arrangements and suggested styles.

Talking Heads 77 takes at least half a dozen listenings before it begins to sink in. One has to accustom oneself to singer David Byrne's peculiarly aggressive voice, to the sheer wealth of melodic fragments, to structural changes that occur with astounding rapidity. There is little wonder that Talking Heads' New York crowd is supposed to be swarming with folk who have intellectual pretensions, college students and young academics. However out of vogue the description, this is intellectual music. I am even tempted to believe that

had Talking Heads first emerged in Britain they would have run into critical flak as art school clever-dicks.

But because Talking Heads are demanding is no reason to run scared. Eventually 77 is sing-a-long. David Byrne is able to conjure more than his fair share of tunes which ingratiate their way into the consciousness. I'm not wholly convinced about the splendid virtues claimed by many for *Talking Heads 77*, but it has slowly become a record I enjoy. And that's not to be sneezed at.

Not the least part of the enjoyment derives from Byrne's lyric talent. As a songwriter David Byrne specialises in persona pieces. This has earned him comparisons with Randy Newman that are misleading. Where Newman is economical and enigmatic, Byrne is prosy attempting to imitate the mental progressions of characters ranging from civil servants to psychopaths. As such he is attempting a fairly original combination of elements and achieves a fair measure of success. Like other features of this album the lyric content takes time to assimilate which is probably as good an indication as any that it will take many more playings before it palls.

And I intend to give *Talking Heads 77* those several more playings.
Bruce Belsham

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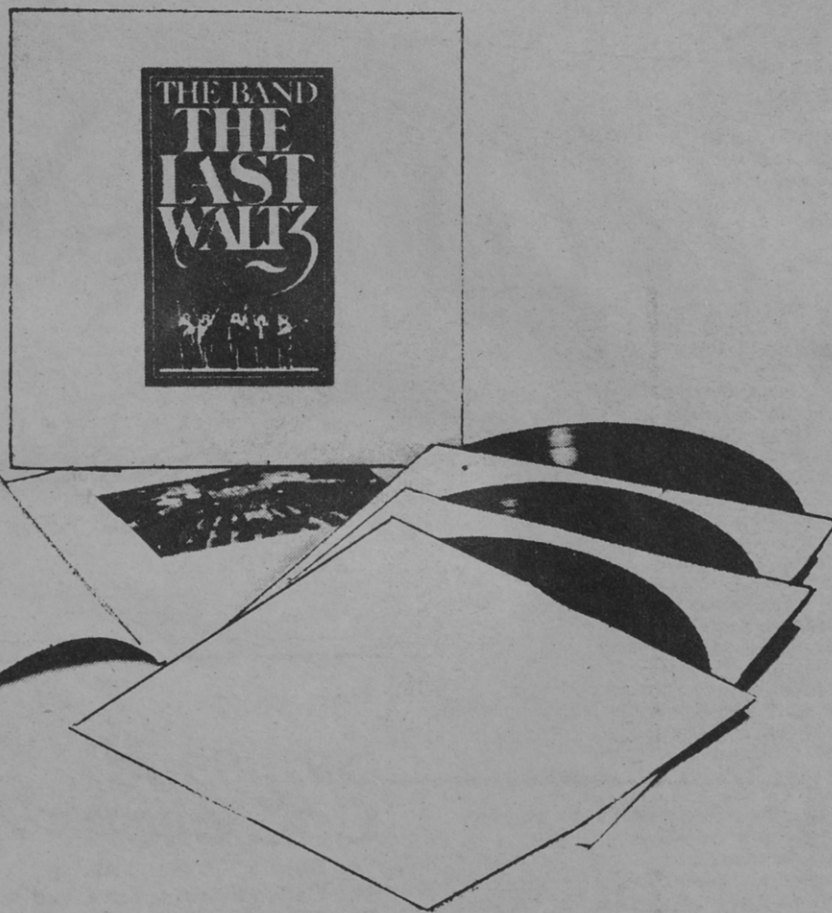
—PETER GODDARD, TORONTO STAR

Warner Bros. Records is proud to present The Band, on record, in their final concert appearance at San Francisco's Winterland on Thanksgiving Day, 1976, accompanied by a majestic group of musicians.

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Van Morrison	Dr. John	Ron Wood

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Granddaddy of Punk Returns

Lou Reed
Street Hassle
Arista

Love him or hate him (and there are few in-betweens), Lou Reed is the Granddaddy of Punk.

Lou Reed was bawling out songs of depression in a moronic monotone when Johnny Rotten was still bed-wetting.

In "Heroin" he wrote what is still the most devastating hard drug anthem ever, in "Berlin" he showed what it's like to be on the brink of suicide and in *Rock 'N Roll Animal* he produced a live work of overwhelming intensity.

How he survived at all remains a mystery, since his personality endears him to very few people, and his work has disappointed as often as it has pleased.

Now, after the less-than-inspired *Coney Island Baby* and the lacklustre *Rock N' Roll Heart*, Lou has finally made the studio album that his devotees (count me in) always knew he was capable of.

The overriding feeling in listening to *Street Hassle* is one of commitment. Lou sounds like he's really worked hard on this one. His singing carries real conviction, as does his guitar playing, and his production, aided by Richard Robinson, has genuine clout to it.

What's more, Lou seems to be baring a little of himself to public scrutiny for the first time. On the opening track, "Gimme Some Good Times", he takes the piss out of "Sweet Jane", playing the smartass, asking what the guy is actually doing standing on the corner, suitcase in his hand.

The title track is a fascinating trilogy of New York scenes; the casual pickup, how to get rid of an O.D.'d body and make it look like a road accident, a love affair breaking up. Bruce Springsteen makes an appearance, and the insidious little string riff that runs right through all three songs just never lets you go. One of Lou's finest hours.

At long last, "I Wanna Be Black" is recorded, and here's betting it took some courage all round. Lou has a rather perverse view of race relations, and the easily-offended should steer well clear. Amazing that Lou ever found any ladies



prepared to sing the backup lines too. Love it.

Also resurrected is the Velvet Underground standard "Real Good Time Together", and I just know the other, new numbers are going to etch themselves inside the skull before long, they rock so hard and so well.

If you thought Lou Reed had no balls left, listen to *Street Hassle*, then think again.

Duncan Campbell

Atlanta Rhythm Section
Champagne Jam
Polydor

Champagne Jam is dedicated to the survivors of the ill-fated Lynyrd Skynyrd plane crash. Skynyrd and Atlanta Rhythm Section are part of a loose fraternity of Southern musicians, often given to mutual bad mouthing (Robert Nix, drummer for ARS and a former member of Roy Orbison's Candyman, used to refer derisively to the hard-drinking, fist-throwing Ronnie Van Zant as "a pussy"), but a family nonetheless.

The southern rocker's credentials are hard work, good playing, and a reputation for boastful booziness.

As personalities, ARS seem divided between excessive roughnecks and more introverted souls, but on record they're superbly together. Ronnie Hammond has more shadings to his vocals than most of his contemporaries and he's backed up by a skin tight quintet. Exemplary stylings are provided by the guitarists, Barry Bailey and J.R. Cobb who use their instruments to provide texture rather than technical flash.

The music is a mixture of Southern funk, thankfully free of cliché, and ethereal ballads, the extended "Imaginary Lover" a meld of the band's two sides. Definitely recommended.

Ken Williams

Punk's 2nd Generation

Generation X
Chrysalis

Along with geezers like the Buzzcocks, Adverts, Johnny Moped and Wire, Generation X form what you could call the second line of punks, that is, bands that have surfaced behind the big media names — Sex P., Clash, Jam and Stranglers (the pensioners???). As it happens these second liners are currently producing the muscle, whereas for my money only the Clash of the old guard have avoided going to fat.

Generation X have got the muscle despite having had a lean time last year with two soft-core produced singles ("Your Generation" and "Wild Youth") by Sweet producer Phil Wainman. Y' can excuse Wainman really because X's vocalist Billy Idol



Generation X

Chrysalis

has the pouting lips and bleached blond hair of a teeny pop hero — not a decimated intellectual punk visage of a Keith Richard. Anyway, exit Wainman and hello Martin Rushent, Stranglers and Buzzcock's producer who has used his ability to the maximum on this Generation X debut by giving Mark Laff and Tony James (drums and bass respectively) depth without losing the treble impact of Bob Andrews' strident guitar work.

From the songwriting angle the band revolves entirely around Idol and James (he used to be in the London SS with Clash's Mick Jones) and they have come up with some perceptive songs and more than a few strong melodies. Some of their material is concerned with the rock biz itself; the dangers of selling out in "Promises Promises" ("And punks are taking over Top of the Pops"); and their tribute to the '60's TV glossy pop series "Ready Steady Go" ("I'm not in love with Juke Box Jury"). Who can blame them?? "Kiss Me Deadly" owes something to Springsteen with its jangling guitar intro and streetkid vocals, "One Hundred Punks" and "Youth, Youth Youth" are songs about being punks. Proud to be punks.

Their songs are delivered with the same positive aggression and emotional commitment that was present in the music of the Yardbirds, Pretty Things, Kinks and the Stones at the height of the '60's. No exaggeration.

If I'm betraying my age then you're betraying yours by not buying this.

George Kay

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Dragon Universal Radio
Drake, Nick Pink Moon
Grateful Dead Aoxomoxoa
Grateful Dead Anthem of the Sun
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Incredible String Band The Big Huge
Incredible String Band The 5000 Spirits or the Layers of the Onion
Incredible String Band Wee Tam
Incredible String Band Changing Horses
It's a Beautiful Day Choice Quality Stuff/Anytime
Kinks Something else by the Kinks
Kinks Kinks (Double compilation)
Mahal, Taj Sounder
Mamas & Papas California Dreamin'
Mandel, Harvey Shangrenade
Mandel, Harvey Baby Batter
Mark Almond Mark Almond
Mayall, John Crusade
Mayall, John The Blues Alone
Mayall, John John Mayall plays John Mayall
Mitchell, Joni Clouds
Mitchell, Joni Joni Mitchell
Mom's Apple Pie Mom's Apple Pie
Move Message from the Country
Oscar Peterson Trio West Side Story
Quicksilver Quicksilver
Raspberries Fresh
Rawls, Lou Feelin' Good
Rawls, Lou The Way it was, The Way it is
Rotary Connection Trip 1
Savoy Brown Blue Matter
Savoy Brown Street Corner Talkin (2)
Savoy Brown Raw Sienna
Savoy Brown Shake Down
Strawberry Alarm Clock Incense and Peppermints
Andy Warhol's Velvet Underground Featuring Nico (dbl)
Vinegar Joe Rock 'n' Roll Gypsies
Zappa, Frank 200 Motels
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Kevin Coyne Dynamite Daze Virgin

Kevin Coyne began his career on the London pub circuit and now, after five years and four albums, he is at last gaining the attention he deserves.

If people can be judged by the company they keep, this album suggests he has come a long way. Zoot Money is there, along with Tim Rice, Bob Ward and Al James. The style hasn't changed from his previous releases, it's just been refined. And his style is an uncompromisingly direct form which owes a little to a lot of people. There are flashes of Ray Charles, of Gilbert O'Sullivan, of Zoot Money and Alan Price.

Had Coyne not been a musician, he might well have become a poet — his lyrics, bizarre at times, have a different feel from the usual singer/songwriter combination. Tracks like "Dance of the Bourgeoisie" and "Are We Dreaming" would have been called protest songs in the 60's. Today they slip past, barely noticed as social comment, but they are still important.

"Amsterdam", "Brothers of Mine" and "Woman, Woman, Woman" are the highlights as far as musical arrangements go, but "Lunatic", a good foot stomping number, is in Coyne's best style. Rough and ready with a lot of feel for the lyrics. One gets the impression that he himself may have spent time dancing with madness. It is a recurring theme of his and he seems to have it in perspective.

In fact, Coyne has his whole act in perspective. There wouldn't be a track here which would make it on the Top 50, but then Kevin Coyne hasn't attracted his following compromising to mediocrity.

Jon Adams

Stiffs Live Various Artists Stiff

Late last year Stiff Records went on the road in England with a tour aimed at presenting itself and its new talent to the hinterland. The album perhaps captures the tour's success and its failure, in that rather than a recording of a concert it has the appearance of an in-performance sampler.

Each artist gets a couple of tracks in which to parade his wares; naturally, some show more promise than others.

Nick Lowe kicks off with his classic "I Knew the Bride" (assisted by Dave Edmunds), but his second tune is a bit of a blank. Wreckless Eric has a couple of goodies, "Semaphore Signals" and "Reconnex Cherie" and Larry Wallis closes side one with a delightfully dumb chant, "Police Car."

Elvis Costello, so far the most touted of the crew, opens Side Two with Burt Bacharach's "I Just Don't Know What to Do with Myself", a good choice rather undermined by ineptitude in the rhythm section. "Miracle Man" is so-so.

But the best for last. Ian Dury and the Blockheads wind up with "Wake Up and Make Love With Me" and "Billericay Dickie". Dury's manic vocalising and his superb band make these two ribald songs the stand out performances of the collection.

To cap his own two brilliant songs, Dury leads the entire cast in his anthemic "Sex and Drugs and Rock and Roll" (that's the song, by the way). A heartfelt finale, well worth the price of the album.

Ken Williams

Dr Buzzard's Original Savannah Band Meets King Penett RCA

Dr Buzzard's Original Savannah Band are mulattoes, sort of half-Negro, half-Spanish. Except their percussionists. They're Mexicans. Some of them look Italian. Their lead singer often sings in French.

Before you tie your brain in a knot, just recall a song called "Cherchez La Femme", which received mucho airplay last year. Sort of Latin disco with a touch of Glenn Miller and the Spanish Salsa sound. Salsa is the kind of music most Poms hum to themselves after returning from their annual dose of food poisoning on the Costa Brava. Put on that silly sombrero and form a conga line.

After the disco overdose, the Buzzards are a welcome breath of fresh air. They describe themselves as being "simple and stupid, like the 40's." Certainly, the wartime big band sound comes through strongly in the brass arrangements. Had Miller survived, it's likely he would have sounded a bit like this.

Buzzard mainman, Stony Browder Jr handles all the songwriting chores, putting together tunes which, while not grabbing immediately, soon become very hummable, and are meat and drink for delicious vocalist Cory Daye.

The Buzzards have got class. This record should come with a free fedora, double-breasted suit and stick-on, pencil-thin moustache. Foxtrot, anyone?

Duncan Campbell

Allen Toussaint Motion Warner Bros.

Allen Toussaint began to achieve renown in the early 60's, first as a producer/arranger based in New Orleans, then also as a songwriter. (Anyone remember Lee Dorsey's "Working in a Coalmine"?) These days, while his Sea-Saint Recording Studio remains continually booked up by top stars, Toussaint's chief fame probably rests on his writing. Many artists, from the Pointer Sisters to Three Dog Night, have enjoyed huge hits with his material.

Motion is the man's third album. His second, released in '75, was entitled *Southern Nights*. (Yeah, Glen Campbell liked it.) It never found great popularity here and can often be seen languishing in sale bins around the town. While Toussaint can be brilliantly successful in producing others it's ironic that he's never quite found the magic for his own recordings. And unfortunately it holds true for this new release.

Basically, I think, the problem lies with Toussaint's vocals. His voice is undistinguished, of limited range and too weak to provide real dynamics.

Under these circumstances, Toussaint's decision to change backing musicians for this album becomes problematic. Whereas, previously, he has relied on The Meters to furnish that dry Southern funk, here he employs some West Coast sessionmen. The result, despite the New Orleans production, is a slick smooth sound which blends with the vocals rather than provide a necessary counterpoise.

Overall, then, I'm disappointed. I guess, as on past occasions, this record will probably be of most value as a lode for other artists to plunder. Hmm, there's a suitable song here for Bonnie Raitt, one for Manhattan Transfer, maybe Lou Rawls...

Peter Thomson

Who's Where

Rick Steele June 6-10, Mon Desir, Takapuna. June 12-17, White Horse Inn.
Bamboo June 7-10 & 21-24, Exchange Hotel, Parnell. June 10, Ponsonby Community Hall. June 19, Waikato University.
Red Mole June 30 & July 1, His Majestys Theatre, Auckland.

Berlin June 7-9, 14-16 & 21-23, Royal International, Auckland.

Reel to Reel June 9-10, Empire Hotel, Wainuiomata. June 14-17 & 21-24, Royal Tiger Tavern, Wellington.

Citizen Band June 6-10, Globe. June 20, Radio With Pictures.

Rough Justice June 7-10, St Amand Hotel, Tauranga.

Mahana June 9, H.Q. Rock Cafe, Upper Queen Street, Auckland. June 10, Auckland University Cafe. June 14 & 18, Island of Real, 30 Airedale St. June 15-17, H.Q. Rock Cafe. June 23-25, Tauhara Solstice Festival.

The Flyers June 14-17, Exchange Hotel.

Strider July 8, Island of Real.

Spatz June 15-17, Island of Real. June 28 to July 1, Exchange Hotel, Parnell.

Sundance June 21 & 22, Island of Real.

Bruce Morley Little Big Band June 11, Island of Real

Don Roberts & Heavy Friends June 23-24, Island of Real



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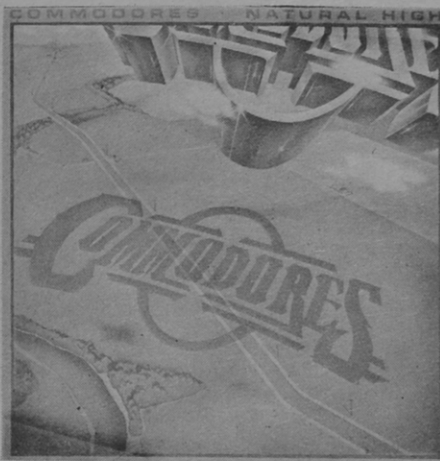
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Singles...

This month there are fewer of the out-of-the-way singles which this column is supposed to cater for. Still, there are one or two you can request late at night if you want to impress your local D.J. Now that Kate Bush is on the way to emulating her English success here, it will be interesting to see if the other fluke hit of the year in Britain will catch on.

Althia and Donna's "Up Town Top Ranking" is fairly innocuous reggae as far as I can see, yet it has been selling furiously in the Old Country. The flip side is an introduction to one of the quirks of reggae — the 'dub'. Basically, it is the same backing track with a different mix and most of the vocal removed. The curiosity in this case lies in the fact that of the three writers of "Top Ranking" none are credited on the flip. Not a record for posterity.

A little more likely to last is New York band **Blondie** (the Brigitte Bardot imitator in the band is called Debby Harry, not Blondie). For their latest single, the band have revived a 60's garage band song, "Denise", and turned it into "Denis" complete with authentic \$60 organ sound, and histrionic lapses into fourth-form French, the song can't miss. It's not often you can dance and have a good weep at the same time.

The other real standout in this month's

releases is one you probably won't need to request, because any station worth its salt should have been playing "I Love The Sound Of Breaking Glass" by **Nick Lowe** for weeks. Lowe was the brains behind Brinsley Schwartz and his production credits include *Stick To Me*, both Elvis Costello albums and Ian Dury's *New Boots And Panties*. 'Breaking Glass' rides shamelessly on the riff to Bowie's "Sound and Vision" with a few cute tricks thrown in by the rhythm section of Graham Parker's Rumour. It's simply irresistible.

NZ Singles

I don't know if New Zealanders buy more or less records per head than people in other places, but I get the feeling we don't compare too badly with our peers. Why, then, do so many of those local acts which do get recorded, and find their way onto the market, sell in such abysmally low quantities?

The last month has seen quite a clutch of local 45 releases, and their success is an interesting pointer to the buying habits of the Kiwi consumer. Already a huge seller by local standards, "Tania" by **John Rowles** almost doesn't count because of Rowles' virtually permanent exile, but is still a sign that the country music audience, especially for Maori singers (viz. Tony Williams) is quite prepared to buy New Zealand product. It is quite blatantly a return to "Cheryl Moana Marie" crossed with the schmaltziest of C & W cliches, but it's doing

MUSO'S MEETING

The Auckland branch of the Musician's Union is holding a meeting that should be of particular interest to both amateur and professional musicians working in the rock'n'roll field. The meeting, to be held in the Symphonia Hall, Dominion Rd on Monday July 3 at 5 p.m., aims to identify the current problems facing the musician and to discuss ways to counter these difficulties. The organisers have in mind such aspects as the impact of discos on the live performer and the disorganisation of musicians as a pressure group. If these matters affect you, you are urged to be there.

very nicely.

Golden Harvest, who are, perhaps coincidentally, another Maori act, are living proof of the value of keeping on the move in New Zealand. Their first single, "I Need Your Love" was pushed into the national top ten by non-stop touring, and a willingness to play outside the big cities. The follow-up, also fashionably discoish, "Give A Little Love" stands a fair chance of doing similarly well. It may well be that it is not just helpful, but essential to get out of the big smoke to shift a lot of local records.

When we get to Auckland bands, this seems even more true. **Citizen Band** are currently sitting on the hottest reputation in Auckland, yet their appearances outside the city have been limited to say the least. Their current release, "I Feel Good," whose flip, "My Pohutukawa" is, in my opinion, the best song amongst this whole batch, seems unlikely to scorch up the charts.

In a similar position is **Alastair Riddell**, with quite a local pedigree, but not the kind of single-minded pursuit of airplay, sales and popularity necessary to strike it rich in the 45 market. His "What Good Does It Do Me?" seems already to have disappeared, and it deserves more than oblivion.

Golden Harvest are succeeding in the same way that Mark Williams and Hello Sailor did last year — constant promotion of their own record. As any number of local acts will tell you, if you don't do it yourself,

the record company certainly isn't going to. Perhaps the most likely candidates for their rewards this year are Hamilton band, **Misex**. Currently thrashing around the country pubs, bringing a rather diluted taste of the New Wave to Middle New Zealand, they seem to be getting through the necessary amount of work. Whether their record, "Straight Laddie", a fairly undistinguished Ramones pastiche, is strong enough remains to be seen.

The trouble seems to be that Auckland is the place with a big enough population to support a band indefinitely, where a lot of the recording is done and where enough good bands and musicians congregate to establish some kind of community. At the same time it encourages a touch of elitism by the presence of a greater number of acts of recordable standard. Who could blame all the Wellington bands who have made long-term trips north? Or the Auckland bands who stay at home?

Ultimately, though, it is south of Auckland that local records are made or broken. Only those with enough drive to succeed on the singles market seem prepared to get to those people. Quite understandably, the ambitions of the likes of Citizen Band and Alastair Riddell extend considerably beyond a local hit single, and it seems that Auckland's rock and roll colony is leaving the others to it.

Francis Stark

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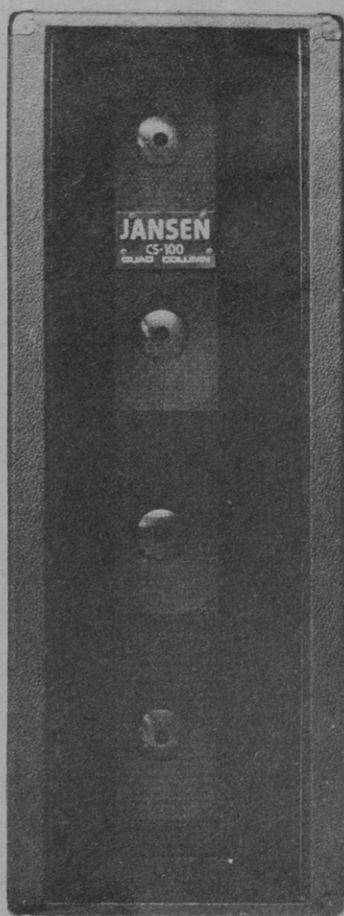
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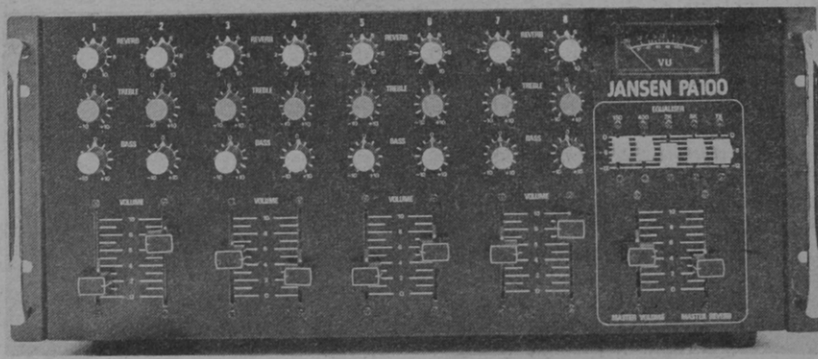
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Neville's Column

PLANNED for Britain soon is a New Wave Musical featuring Her Majesty the Queen as a power-mad Punk Rocker heavily into dogs and horses. The name of the movie will be "CORGI AND BESS".

Also from Britain: Roddy Llewellyn's debut as a pop star went so well he's looking for a serious dramatic role and is rumoured to have a small part in "Charlie's Aunt".

TAKING my job as a rock correspondent seriously (and never slow to smell a free piss-up), last week I conned my way into Ry Cooder's press conference.

Mainly because no-one seemed interested in the obvious question, I asked the man meself: "What sort of car is it on the cover of the *Purple Valley* album?"

A hush fell over the room and even the record company executives stopped drinking. A lazy, almost-menacing eye fell on NEVILLE PURVIS. "A Buick," said Ry Cooder. "Gotta be a '41 Buick."

After that no-one seemed to have any more questions — I guess because they instinctively knew the big one had been asked. I ended up getting just a shade more than half-cut and I missed Ry's show. But me cousin Sheryl told me he turned it on handsomely and that someone called LAY 'EM ALFRED did the first half.

BORN TO FLY: One of his best songs is about a drag race from L.A. to New York between two 747 Jumbojet pilots... He's been called THE GOLDEN EAGLE, the BYRDMANIAC, and even DYLAN'S SHADOW... ROGER McGUIINN is one of the true Rock and Rollers and he's heading this way.

During the sixties I remember hearing Byrds songs on an illegal crystal set I HAD WHEN I was inside. Be interesting to see if he's lasted the distance — we've all passed a lot of water since then.

TALKING ABOUT CARS as I was earlier

— the other night I was havin' a natter to THE WIZARD and he revealed that Christchurch was a Punk Stronghold with bands like the DOOMED, the VANDALS, the HAEMMORRHIDS and JOHNNY VELOX AND THE VAUXHALLS... And the WIZ said he was thinking of forming a Punk band with the help of his Female Slaves... The battle between NEW WAVE and DISCO is hotting up and could well peak with the release in a couple of weeks of NEVILLE'S double-sided disco/new wave smash single on VERTIGO...

Am I excited? You kin bloody bet I am!
ON THE LEVEL

Neville

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Letters

Rip It Up PO Box 5689, Auckland.

Re your last issue review of Wings new album *London Town*.

I feel that the sarcastic remarks in the review were nothing but a personal and biased opinion.

The recording industry in general is enthusiastic over the contribution that *Rip It Up* has made in the business. Should your magazine wish to sustain this respect I suggest that your review page revert back to valid and constructive coverage from your contributors.

I will point out that *London Town* was received with great enthusiasm by Radio Stations and the more professional critics in the Media.

John Potter EMI Records

Just like to say that I really enjoy your newspaper but could ya please slacken off on the Elvis Clowno articles and, if you must print so much "new wave" shit, could you please give us some class acts, such as Television, Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers, Patti Smith, etc. New York is where it's at, in that respect, not England.

Also I'd like to say that Bruce Belsham's *Saturday Night Fever* "review" was too long winded, and took 3 paragraphs to say what could have been said in two words — Commercial Bullshit!

Ben Mitchell Mt Eden

I read with interest Phil Broadhurst's letter concerning the Easter Jazz Festival. Although it is plain that Mr Broadhurst found little to interest him in the music presented at the Festival, it was quite obvious to the promoters that the capacity audiences which attended each of the concerts held an entirely different view, as did each of the newspaper critics who could scarcely have been more favourable in their comments.

Mr Broadhurst is obviously entitled to his opinion, but it is significant that his appears to be a view supported, not by the majority of jazz fans, nor in fact even by a significant minority.

It is disappointing that Mr Broadhurst should be so disinterested in what after all is part of the contemporary jazz scene, whatever his personal likes and dislikes may be, and that as a performing jazz musician he should apparently be so disinterested in the public's views. His consid-

erable ability as a jazz musician is apparently not matched by an awareness of where the jazz listening public's interests lie, nor indeed of the views of the majority of the musicians themselves.

So far as the proposed Jazz Rock Festival is concerned, it deserves the fullest of support and the writer and his committee, along with Mr Broadhurst, sincerely hope that readers of *Rip It Up* and others will turn out in their numbers.

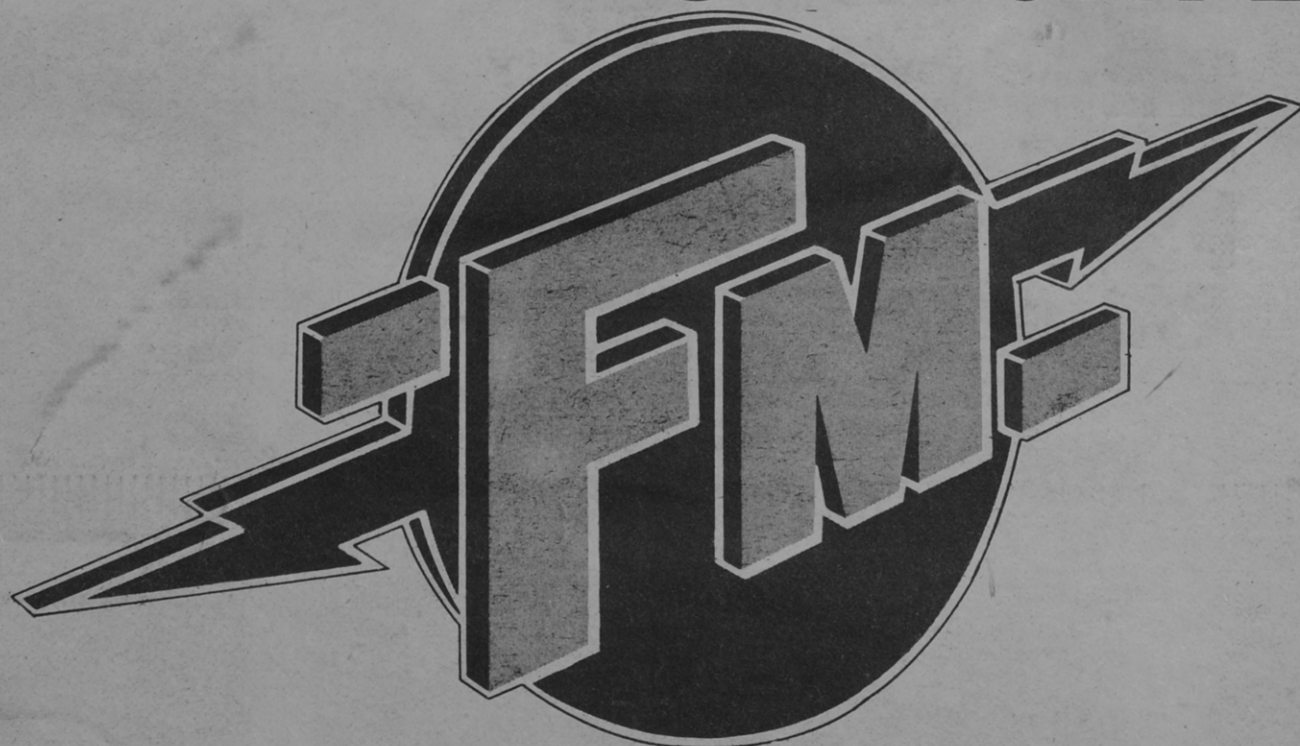
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