

RIP IT UP

No 16 Oct. '78

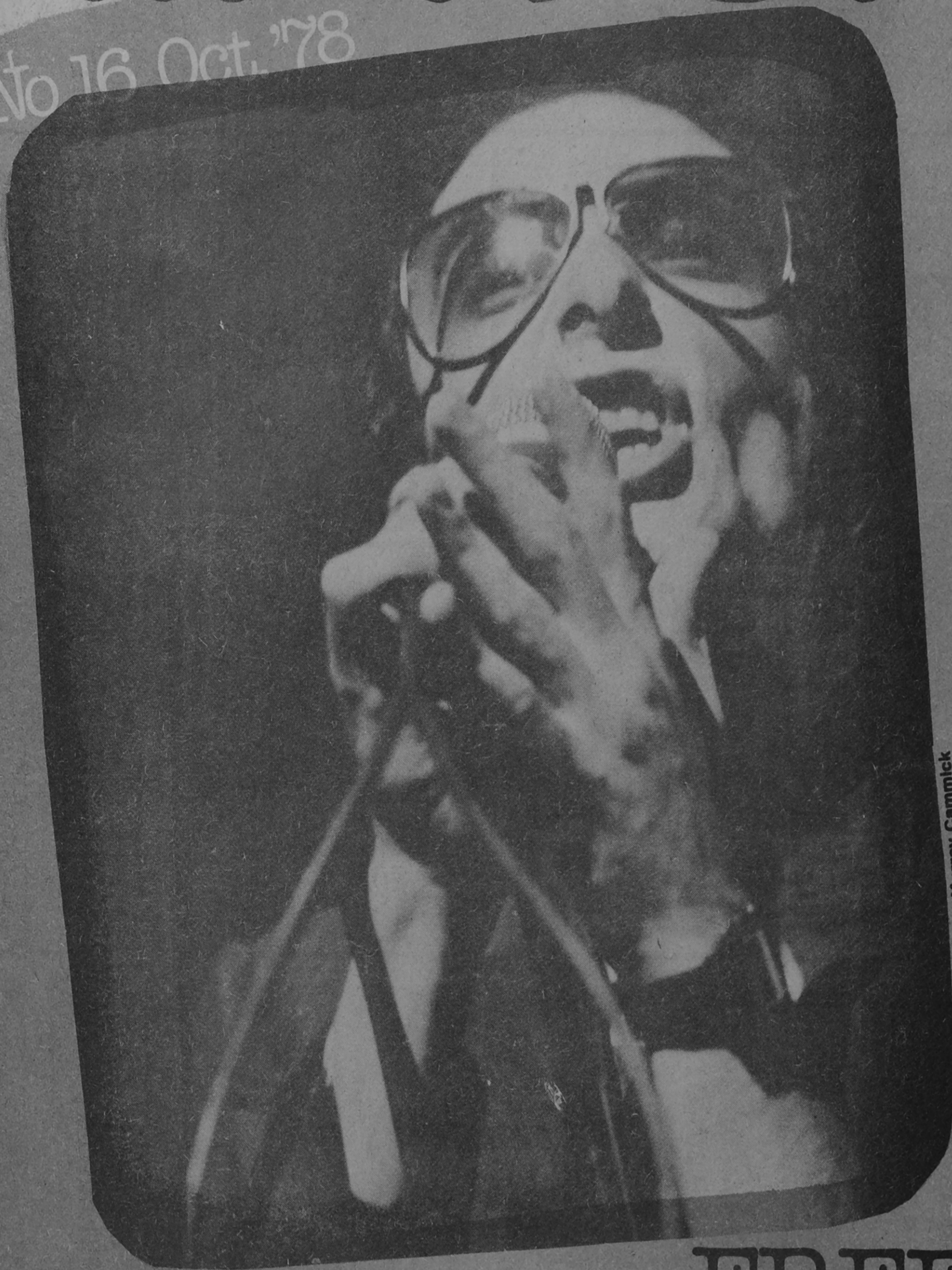


Photo by Murray Cammick

FREE



Th' Dudes profess to be modest people. Guitarist Ian Morris claims that two and a half years ago, when Th' Dudes were born, filling the Windsor Castle seemed a distant pinnacle of achievement. Hardly the reckless stuff that sends young men of ambition into giddy heights of fame. Now playing the celebrated Parnell beer-hall is routine and the band is still making progress. Steadily Th' Dudes are securing a place as one of the outfits of real promise in Auckland.

With their standard two guitar, bass, drums line up and their mixture of nuggety rock and roll covers and originals, they have become familiar figures in Auckland clubs and bars. Th' Dudes have a reputation as a hot dance band and kids follow them around with an enthusiasm which seems a sign of the city's younger music fans.

However, there exists, with Th' Dudes, a healthy feeling that the band means something more than their current working-band status. To an extent the optimism surrounding them has to be taken on credit. Despite the buzz, little concrete evidence of their potential exists — no record contract, no air play, no extensive tours, one cancelled support tour with Dragon.

On the credit side, the band have useful amounts of talent, patience and time. "The progress has been, apparently to other people, slow," says singer Peter Ulrich. "We've been around for a while now, but there's no real hurry cause we're all still young and we're all still learning to play. I'm still learning how to sing —

hold my notes and stuff like that. We don't need to be chart-busters yet."

The band's background explains much of their attitude. The three front men, Morris, Ulrich and guitarist Dave Dobbyn, are school friends, product of Sacred Heart College which has also processed the Chunn Bros, the Finns and Phil Judd. Ulrich, Morris and Dobbyn continue to think of the music world as fun. All in their early twenties, they form the heart of Th' Dudes and assert that if this band folds, none of them want to work in any other. If the sentiment sounds uncomfortably close to young love, major advantages develop from loyalty.

The primary one is that internal unity can ensure time to progress. "I'm not going to say this band's made of concrete or anything," says Ulrich, "I can see problems arising. But we'll just have to hope the music keeps us together. We have a lot of fun. We find things are just happening. It's like going along a road with the mile-stones steadily coming by."

How many further milestones Th' Dudes see pass will depend on how far they develop their undoubted musical talents. At their best, Th' Dudes are very good. They display a compact and economical use of the two guitar set-up. Their rhythm section of Bruce Hambling (drums) and Peter White (bass) is an efficient, cohesive unit underlying what are often highly inventive guitar arrangements. At worst, Th' Dudes can relax the sparseness of their sound to the point where it becomes shambling. Tapes of the live

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JOE COCKER

Luxury You Can Afford

Welcome Back Cocker!



The Man And His Music
Are Rock 'N Roll Magic!

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ROCKTOBER

Radio Hauraki



DAVID
BOWIE
IS COMING

DAVID
BOWIE
IS COMING

DAVID
BOWIE
IS COMING

DAVID
BOWIE
IS COMING

DAVID
BOWIE
IS COMING

SMALL STUFF



Bootsy Collins

Back home in his native Minnesota after his European tour, **Bob Dylan** showed at Minneapolis' Cabooze bar to catch sets by Chicago bluesman Luther Allison. The gum-chewing Dylan went unnoticed for nearly an hour, but was eventually spotted and the cry went up for Dylan to perform. The management thought it best that Dylan didn't play, but paid him off in T-shirts. Dylan offered to help Allison out in finding a record label and Allison said of Dylan: "He was very nice, friendly, straight man-to-man, no ego trippin', you know?" ... **Marianne Faithfull** is going on tour in Europe after 10 years away from singing. ... **Bootsy Collins** has been hospitalised and ordered to remain in complete seclusion because of what doctors call a nervous reaction, forcing the cancellation of several of Bootsy's Rubber Band appearances. ... A first for *Rolling Stone*. In the September 21 issue, Editor Jann Wenner contributes reviews of the latest releases by Bob Dylan and the Rolling Stones, which were recently panned by *RS* critics Dave Marsh, Greil Marcus and Paul Nelson. Wenner leaps into print to say his reviewers blew it in their assessment of the two albums. ... **Fleetwood Mac** guitarist Lindsey Buckingham had a health scare on the group's recent American tour. He collapsed after his morning shower in Philadelphia. A spinal tap, followed by a plane ride to Washington DC left Buckingham in so much pain the band cancelled shows in Pittsburgh and Cleveland. He's now recovered. ... **Aerosmith's** Steve Tyler escaped injury when he racked up his Porsche 911 on a back road in Massachusetts. ... **Boz Scaggs** is a daddy again. He and wife Carmela have a new son, Austin William Scaggs, a brother to 15 month old Oscar. ... **George Harrison** has married 28 year old Olivia Arras, mother of his new son Dhani, Harrison's first child. The couple met five years ago when Mrs H was working for Dark Horse Records. ... **Ray Charles** is to be the subject of a two hour CBS television drama based on his autobiography, *Brother Ray*. ... Blondie's **Deborah Harry** has turned down several film offers, including one from *Performance* director Nicholas Roeg to star in Dino De Laurentiis' *Flash Gordon*. ... Allen Toussaint will produce the next **Albert King** album at his New Orleans' Sea-Saint studios. ... **The Babys** have split with Mike Corby breaking away due to a "difference of musical opinion". ... **Rory Gallagher** is being wooed again by the Stones. The Stones, working on a studio album in Los Angeles, are seeking Gallagher's raw sound for some tracks. ... Suggestions of an **Allman Brothers Band** re-union gain ground with the old band playing at the Capricorn Records Picnic in Macon, Georgia. Reports of disharmony have been labelled as untrue. It was reported that several members of the band walked off-

stage when Gregg Allman came on. Not so, apparently. The confusion seems to have arisen from Allman himself walking off-stage at one point in the set. But only because the organ he was playing was not functioning properly. ... **Jethro Tull's** new live album release has been delayed because of the cover artwork. ... **Rick Danko** is producing his second solo album, his first self-production job. ... Plans are afoot for former **Byrds** Roger McGuinn, Gene Clark and Chris Hillman to record a joint album, following their recent tour together. ... **The Clash** have been in San Francisco working on their second album. The group's first album sold a reported 100,000 copies in England and 20,000 in the U.S. where it's available only on import. ... Shades of Blind Faith: **Eric Clapton** and **Steve Winwood** are reportedly recording together. ... British session guitarist **Chris Spedding**, said to have turned down an offer to join the Rolling Stones, will replace Link Wray in Robert Gordon's band. ... **Jonathan Richman** has left the Modern Lovers to launch a solo career. ... The world famous **Marquee Club** in London is in strife with the English Musician's Union. The Union is threatening to black the Marquee unless support groups playing there are paid more. The Marquee which celebrates its 21st birthday next April has played host to just about every notable figure in British rock. ... **Paul Rodgers** is producing an unknown English singer Terry Morrison. ELP's Greg Lake is in the studio with the MOR act The King Singers. ... **David Bowie** says he'll never produce Lou Reed again. David says Lou is borrowing too much from the Bowie identity. ... **Pete Townshend** is to finance a London bookshop. Known as *Magic Bus*, it will specialise in music and mysticism. The shop was due to open on October 2, but the untimely demise of Keith Moon may upset plans. ... **Willy De Ville** has



Beatles Rool, Okay?

John and Yoko Lennon

Eleven years after its release, the Beatles' Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band is back in the charts.

First released on June 2, 1967, the album is once again climbing the American charts, jumping 52 spaces in a single week.

Following it along is the Beatles compilation The Beatles 1967-1970 and a single, "Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band/With a Little Help from My Friends" b/w "A Day in the Life."

Of course, the interest has been sparked by the Robert Stigwood film extravaganza. But the almost universal rubbishing handed out to Stigwood's Sgt Pepper and its accompanying soundtrack album (Bee Gees, Frampton, Aerosmith et al) seems to have resulted in a hunger for — dare we say it? — "real" Beatles music.



Television Disintegrate

Television, generally regarded as one of the key groups in the American New Wave vanguard, have disbanded. The split follows a critical backlash toward their second album, *Adventure*, and a disappointing European tour where they often played to half-full houses. Ironically, only three weeks before the split, Television presented six shows to capacity audiences at New York's Bottom Line club and for the first time were gaining a popularity in America that went beyond cult status. Despite rumours of disharmony within the band, the members insist the split was amicable. Television's four years together were marked by management problems and ego clash. A fierce battle between co-founders Tom Verlaine and Richard Hell resulted in the latter being forced out. Second guitarist Richard Lloyd has left twice, each time to return within a week. Verlaine and Lloyd are to record solo albums. Of the timing of the split, Verlaine says, "There was a full moon that night. Moby Grape broke up on a full moon. So we wanted to, too."

signed to do the soundtrack for the forthcoming movie *Hard Core*, starring George C. Scott. ... **The Stones** recently-completed 25 date U.S. tour is estimated to have grossed 9 million dollars. No-one's saying how much the Stones are likely to see. ... Ozzy Osbourne, Tony Iommi, Geezer Butler and Bill Ward, collectively known as **Black Sabbath**, are celebrating their tenth anniversary with an upcoming Madison Square Garden concert. ... The English version of the *Essential Jimi Hendrix* collection contains Jimi's version of "Gloria" as a bonus single. ... Devadip **Carlos Santana** will perform for free with his guru, Sri Chinmoy, at the Creative Music Studio in Woodstock. The faithful are promised the debut of a new band, Sri Chinmoy Rainbow, with Santana on lead guitar. ... **The Bee Gees** are expected to gross 10 to 15 million dollars from *Saturday Night Fever*. Stayin' alive. ...

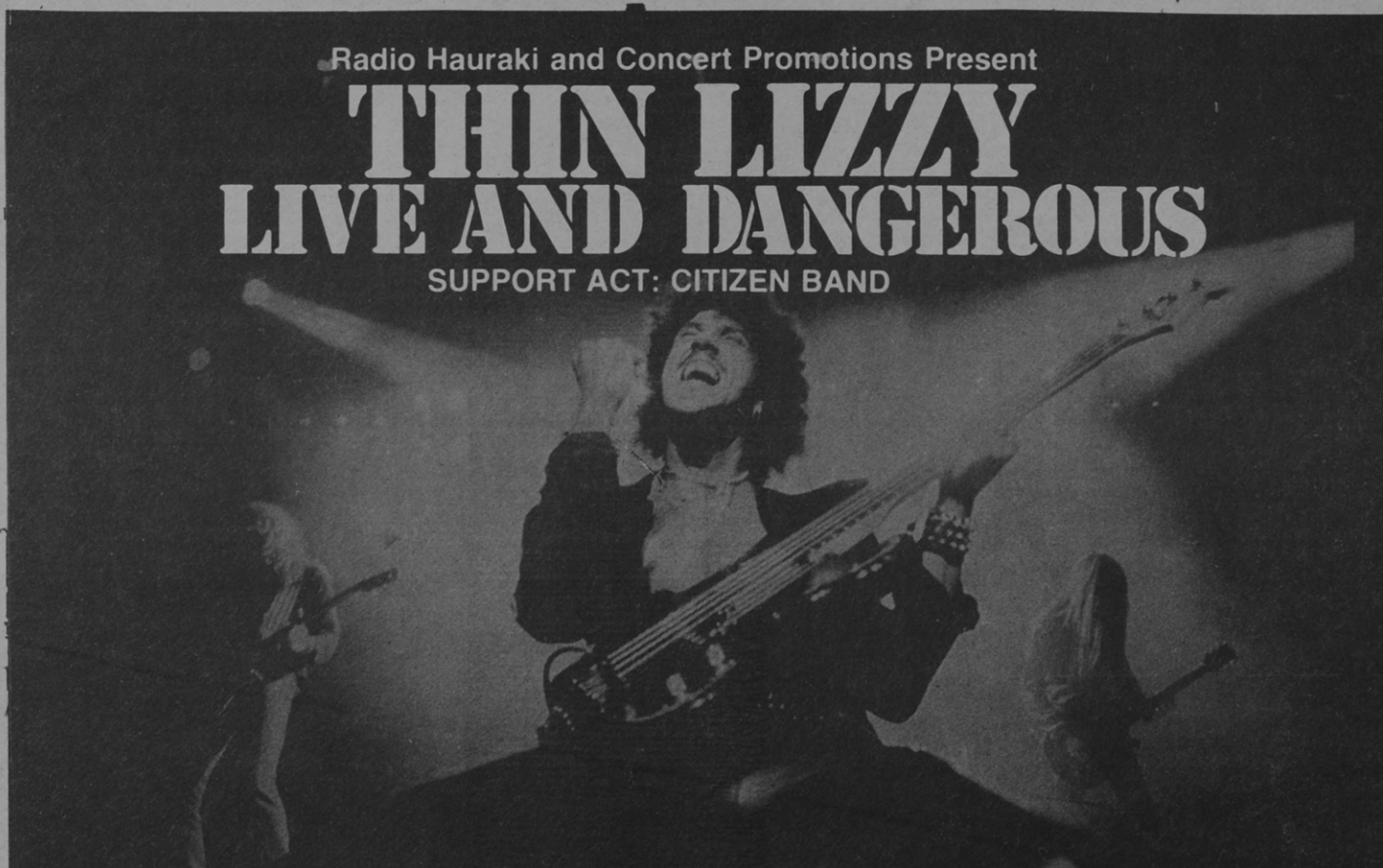
... this month (October) your favourite record store will have the elusive *Pink Parker*, a 12" EP pressed on pink vinyl. A thousand copies are being imported from Australia. The EP features "Hold Back the Night", the Trammps song that was a highspot of **Graham Parker's** Auckland concert. ... **Bryan Ferry's** new album *The Bride Stripped Bare* features re-makes of some classic soul tracks, Sam and Dave's "Hold On (I'm Coming)" and Otis Redding's "That's How Strong My Love Is", as well as J.J. Cale's "Same Old Blues". ... **Sid Vicious** played the famed Max's Kansas City with a pick-up band dubbed the Casualties. Included were the Clash's Mick Jones on guitar, one Arthur "Killer" Kane on bass and Jerry Nolan on drums. Observers noted that the band generated "a tremendous amount of audience response, but

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Radio Hauraki and Concert Promotions Present

THIN LIZZY LIVE AND DANGEROUS

SUPPORT ACT: CITIZEN BAND

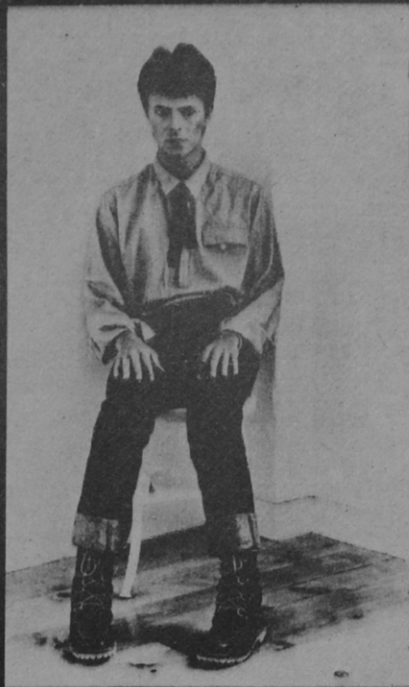


WESTERN SPRINGS WED. 1ST. NOV. 8 PM.

TICKETS \$8.70 THROUGH USUAL AGENCIES

A ROCKTOBER PRESENTATION

IF PURCHASED DURING ROCKTOBER — SPECIAL RADIO HAURAKI DISCOUNT OF \$1.00



Bowie Tours

The David Bowie tour promises to be the year's highlight. By all accounts, Bowie's recent performances have been superb and his new band is described as his best yet (the legendary Spiders included).

Bowie will perform for two hours, at Christchurch on November 29 (Wednesday) and Auckland on December 2 (Saturday).

A definite plus is that the show will be at night, rather than a throwaway stint on a Sunday afternoon. Bowie apparently insists on a night-time staging, because of the lighting effects and the theatrical nature of the show.

Three 12 metre-long rigs are being employed to transport the gear. A Rolls Royce is being used to transport Bowie.

But it won't be taking him to one hotel in downtown Auckland. Being a star of stage, screen and vinyl didn't cut any ice with this mob. The hotel (it shall remain nameless) put moral principles ahead of pecuniary interest and refused Bowie and his entourage on the grounds that they didn't want "anybody here who dresses like a woman." With chaps like that we would never have lost the Empire.

Thin Lizzy's Revenge



Phil Lynott of Thin Lizzy

Great news for rockers. Ireland's revenge, Thin Lizzy, are to play Western Springs on November 1.

Thin Lizzy are regarded as one of the hottest live acts in the world. The show, and the group's image, pivots on the macho swagger of Phil Lynott.

Lynott is the vagabond of the western world, a strutting, bass plunking, horny black Irishman, who has been the driving force behind Thin Lizzy since even before their first, and uncharacteristic, single, "Whiskey in the Jar."

Guitarists have come and gone (and come

back) in Thin Lizzy with scarcely a falter, but Lynott goes on.

Hard work and hard touring have paid off for Thin Lizzy. In Britain it's been an uphill struggle. For a long time the fickle English music press chose not to take them seriously, but undaunted Lizzy just kept on touring, playing muscular rock of a style that had become almost an anachronism.

Their double album *Live and Dangerous* has been widely acclaimed and live is the way they are.

Johnny the Fox is coming to town.

TOURS

Making promotional trips down under in November are Kate Bush and Leif Garrett. The Kinks make their first visit to New Zealand for some 14 years as support act for Peter Frampton.



Kate Bush

ton. Also on the bill: Sherbet. Dragon cancelled their North Island tour. Sickness in the family, apparently.

Olivia Newton-John's November tour has been postponed, and, sad to say, the Elvis Costello rumour was just that.

As summer approaches the rumours grow. Everyone from the Rolling Stones to the Bee Gees. Believe it when you see it.

TOUR DATES

Don McLean October 10, Auckland Town Hall. October 11, Wellington Town Hall. October 13, Christchurch Town Hall.

Peter Frampton, Kinks, Sherbet November 22, Western Springs. November 25, QEII Park, Christchurch.

David Bowie November 29, QEII Park, Christchurch. December 2, Western Springs, Auckland.

LATE NEWS

After two surprise re-unions in little more than a week, the **Allman Brothers Band** appears to be on the verge of getting back together. Despite legal problems and the various solo projects of the former members, Capricorn Records boss Phil Walden predicts the Allmans back together and in the studio well before Christmas. **George Harrison** is backing the next Monty Python movie — to the tune of \$4 million — and may even have a role in it... a footnote to the untimely death of Keith Moon: **Peter Meaden**, 35, one of the first managers of the Who, and the creator of the band's mod image, died of barbiturate poisoning at his parents' North London home. Most recently, Meaden was managing the Steve Gibbons Band... *Purple Haze*, the sequel to *American Graffiti*, is now being filmed in San Francisco and will feature most of the *Graffiti* cast, with the exception of Richard Dreyfuss... while **Foreigner's Mick Jones** was chatting backstage after a show in Flint, Michigan, both his satin stage pants and his street denims were packed and driven away by crew members. Dressed only in his underwear, Jones had to run through a crush of screaming teenyboppers to reach his limo... **Elton John** has been signed by Phonogram International for recording rights for the world, outside the United States. Elton's new album, *A Single Man*, is scheduled for release later this month... Latest in **Elvis** exploitation: a record claimed to be Presley's first ever. Called "Tell Me, Pretty Baby", it's said to have been recorded in 1954 in Phoenix, Arizona. At the time the tape was rejected... is Bryan Ferry seeking literary credibility? At a London after-play party for John Osborne's *Inadmissible Evidence* Ferry was in tow with Irish novelist Edna O'Brien... ever wondered why records cost so much these days? A clue: **ELO's** end-of-tour party in Los Angeles cost nigh on \$100,000, which broke down like so — \$50,000 for hot air balloon, \$9000 for lasers, \$5000 for helicopters and \$3000 for extra security. The remainder was blown on food and booze — and the construction of a casino... expatriate New Zealanders **Monsoon** are getting things together in Australia before heading for the States next year. The five members derive from such bands as Ticket, Space Farm, Dragon, Creation and Freshwater. Their lead singer Trevor Keith is just back from a couple of years in Britain where he worked with Keef Hartley. Trev's an ex-Auckland who's used a variety of stage names, including simply Murt, and peaked locally as Ticket's lead vocalist. The rest of the group are Ray Goodwin (guitar), Bill Williams (bass), John Maloney (keyboards) and Darryl Jacobs (drums).

JEFF WAYNE'S MUSICAL VERSION OF

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

FEATURING
(In Alphabetical Order)

RICHARD BURTON JULIE COVINGTON
DAVID ESSEX JUSTIN HAYWARD PHIL LYNOTT
JO PARTRIDGE CHRIS THOMPSON

A Special Price 2 Record Set
 Includes full colour, illustrated 16 page booklet.

SMALL STUFF

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

were'n't that good." Apart from some Iggy songs and "My Way" Sid included The Monkees' "I'm Not Your Stepping Stone." . . . **Don McLean** in a letter to *Melody Maker*: "It's very satisfying to me to know that my audience can respond to the fact that I charge a reasonable ticket price and give them one and a half hours of non-stop music in spite of the fact that cynical papers like yours continue to sell the disco junk and glitter trash that make the commercial music scene the perverted cesspool it has become, awash with no-talent clowns who'll do anything to sell records, except make decent music." . . . an American **Neil Young** and **Dolly Parton** tour is now a Neil Young tour. Neil apparently decided he didn't want an opening act and would rather play a longer, half acoustic and half electric show with Crazy Horse . . . this month on the US charts, there are 34 entries containing the word "night" (counting "tonight" and "midnight"). Chartophiles say nothing like this has happened since 1967 when every other song had the word "summer" or "sunny" in the

title. . . **Elvis Costello** is working in London on a third album. He reportedly has recorded about 20 songs from which he'll pick 10 or 12 for the LP. . . **John Travolta** snubbed Britain's Royal Prince of Photogs, Lord Snowdon. Travolta refused to sit for a pix session with Tones, saying he didn't "know the guy's work" . . . bootleggers are getting more industrious all the time. At Britain's Knebworth festival no fewer than three professional bootleg crews (French, Dutch and German) were on hand with the most up-to-date portable equipment to capture the set by Frank Zappa. One outfit brought along their own photographer to shoot the cover pics. . . a fan of the **J. Geils Band** is filing a law suit against the band, claiming his ears have never been the same since he attended one of their gigs three years ago. He's asking \$100,000 compensation . . . ah, nostalgia. **The Move** are contemplating getting back together for the bucks in the memory bank. To his credit, **Dave Clark** allegedly turned down a huge fee to reform the original Dave Clark Five for a one-off US tour/album/movie/T-shirt . . . rock vets **The Pretty Things** have reformed yet again with a line-up of Phil May (vocals); Dick Taylor (guitar), John Povey (keyboards), Wally Allen (bass) and Skip Alan (drums) — all previous members at some stage of the Pretties' turbulent past.



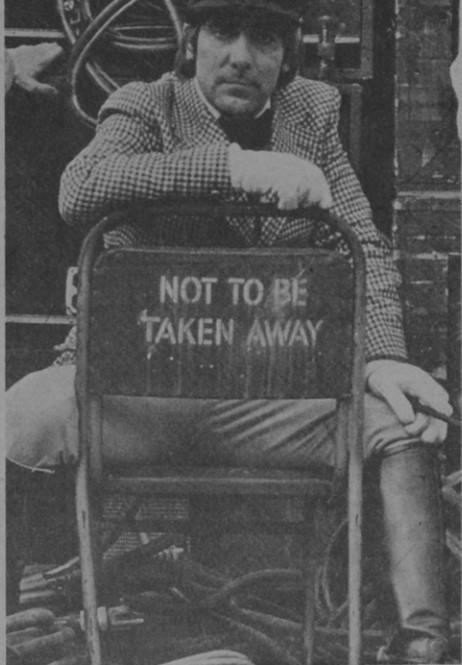
Parkerilla/Badges Caption Competition

You are now reading about the great Phonogram Records Graham Parker Competition. The booty this month is 3 copies of Parker and the Rumour's live 2 record set — *Parkerilla*, plus 20 sets of 4 Graham Parker Tour badges.

The finest 3 captions for the above photo of our hero meeting the Prime Minister at Wellington Airport will receive a copy of *Parkerilla* and a set of badges. There will also be 17 other talented runners-up who will receive a set of Graham Parker Tour badges.

The winners of the John Travolta Moustache competition in the September *Rip It Up* were P.D. Jenkins of Kohimaramara and J. Lee of Birkenhead.

Keith Moon as pictured on The Who's new album sleeve.



Keith Moon 1946-1978

Things they do look awful cold, Hope I die before I get old.

The Who, 1975

The Who were one of the three best groups to emerge from the great British beat boom of the mid 60s and they were the only one to have survived through to the 70's without casualty. Until now.

On September 7th, drummer Keith Moon, aged 31, was found dead of a drug overdose in his London flat. The previous evening he had been celebrating his engagement to a Swedish model at a party hosted by Paul McCartney.

Although Moon's death was unexpected, to any follower of the Who it cannot really come as a shock. Ever since the group began Moon had lived a life of personal excess and often deliberate social outrage.

The Who lineup was formed one evening in 1964 when, as the 'High Numbers', the other members were performing in a London pub. Keith Moon, 17 years old and in a drunken stupor, staggered on stage and challenged them to play with him. He promptly demolished the drumkit, delighted the band (except their drummer) and was hired. It was his twenty-fourth job since quitting school.

As a drummer Moon was unique. His style seemed to owe more to spontaneous frenzy than orthodox technique. Wild-eyed and mouth agape he flailed and thrashed at the kit as if demented. (On the Who's N.Z. tour roadies nailed his drums and stands to town hall stages so that they withstood his onslaught.) Drummers of jazz discipline were horrified by Moon but for the Who he was perfect. In the early days, when the group's stage act would climax in an orgy of destruction, Moon would literally climb onto his kit hurling drums and cymbals about, (although sometimes he just attacked it with an axe.)

In a recent tribute to Moon, Who leader Pete Townshend said: "We have lost our great comedian, our supreme melodramatist, the man who, apart from being the most unpredictable and spontaneous drummer in rock, would have set himself alight if he thought it would make the audience laugh or jump out of their seats."

Probably true enough, for 'Moon the Loon' was nothing if not the consummate showman. Besides the onstage antics he was continually grabbing headlines. At public functions he loved to masquerade as a werewolf, or nun, Nazi officer, or cheap tart. His performance as Uncle Ernie in the film *Tommy* exemplified this bizarre theatricality.

The destructive element was not confined to the stage either. Although all Who members were graduates in the rock stars' art of hotel-trashing, no other quite had Moon's originality and flair. Perhaps his most famous feat was to drive someone's Lincoln Continental into a hotel swimming pool (which was full.)

Originally the Who was the musical representative of the British 'mod' sub-culture and a band which operated at alarming levels of creativity, spontaneity and insanity. Logically it should have burnt itself out before the 70s. Instead it gradually stabilised, becoming almost respectable over the years. As success, particularly after the *Tommy* phenomenon, became more secure there seemed less necessity and opportunity to work together as regularly. Individual careers and albums were pursued. Although Keith's *Two Sides of the Moon* ('75) was the least successful solo venture, he, like the others of his generation, appeared to be settling down comfortably into the rock establishment.

The question now remains as to the future of the Who. Can the group survive without its distinctive drummer and with a changed personality? Pete Townshend: "We are more determined than ever to carry on and we want the spirit of the group to which Keith contributed so much to go on, although no human being can ever take his place."

Peter Thomson



Devo

LPs COMING

Dates are approximate only.

October Van Morrison - Wavelength; Derek and Clive - Come Again; Leon Redbone - Champagne Charlie; Devo - Q: Are We Not Men? A: We Are Devo?; Beach Boys - M.I.U. Album; Yes - Tormato; Frank Zappa - Studio Tan; Funkadelic - One Nation Under A Groove; Staples - Unlock Your Mind; Dave Edmunds - Trax On Wax; Dion - Return of the Wanderer; The Who - Who Are You; Go - Live in Paris; Blondie - Parallel Lines; Golden Harvest - Golden Harvest; Leo Kottke - Burnt Lips; Robin Trower - Caravan to Midnight; Brothers Johnson - Blam; Grace Jones - Fame; George Thorogood and the Destroyers; Sesame Street

Fever; Kate Bush - Lionheart; Boston - Don't Look Back; Dragon - O Zambezi; Malcolm McCallum - Naked to the Sky; Teddy Pendergrass - Life is a Song Worth Singing; Herbie Hancock - Sunlight; Lol Creme and Kevin Godley - L; 10cc - Bloody Tourist; Kiss - Double Platinum; City Boy - Book Early; Lynyrd Skynyrd - Skynyrd's First and Last; Dire Straits - Dire Straits; Pacific Eardrum - Beyond Panic; Poet and the Roots - Dream Beat and Blood; Wilko's Solid Senders - Solid Senders; Penetration - Moving Target.

November MC5 - Back in USA; Hall and Oates - Along the Red Ledge; Chet Atkins and Les Paul - Guitar Monsters; Hello Sailor - Pacifica Amour; Bryan Ferry - The Bride Stripped Bare; Dictators - Blood-brothers; Tom Waits - Blue Valentine; Queen - Jazz; Doobie Bros - Minute by Minute; Rod Stewart - Blondes Have More Fun; Todd Rundgren - Live; Richard and Linda Thompson - First Light; Chaka Khan Chaka; Bowie - Stage (live double); Peter Tosh - Bush Doctor; Dave Edmunds - Early Works 1968-72; The Emotions - Sunbeam; Kate Taylor - Kate Taylor; Lindisfarne - Back and Fourth; Fairport Convention - Tippler's Tales; XTC - GO2; Mick Farren - Vampires Stole My Lunch Money; Mike Oldfield - Incantations.

December Bob Marley and the Wailers - Live double; Jethro Tull - Bursting Out Live; Doctor Feelgood - Private Practice; Captain Beefheart - Shiny Beast (Bat Chain Puller); Poco - Last Round Up; Steely Dan - Best of (double); Crusaders - Images; Lou Reed - Live (more 1974 *Rock 'n' Roll Animal* tapes).

NEW ZEALAND STUDENTS' ARTS COUNCIL (INC.)

DESIGNER

The Services are required of a talented person capable of producing high quality original artwork for publicity material for the Council's 1979 activities.

Approximately ten designs will be required to publicise various art forms. Details of the majority of these will be available shortly.

Fee paid by negotiation. There is no requirement for the person to be based in Wellington.

For further information please write to: **The Director NZSAC**

**P.O. Box 9266
WELLINGTON**

By October 31st, 1978

There is only one word to describe the new Brothers Johnson album: BLAM!!



ON RECORDS & TAPES

It's a musical explosion of the first magnitude — a dynamic fusion of pop and funk, soul and jazz that can only mean The Brothers are back. All the sounds you'd expect from these two talented artists.



"... the most convincing New Zealand rock 'n' roll album yet."
Rip It Up

"This is New Zealand music, the way I want it..."
Auckland Star

"A class A album, that's for certain."
Barry Jenkin, Radio Hauraki

"New Zealand rock 'n' roll has come into its own at last."
Bryan Staff 12M

"... Citizen Band work their own distinctive changes on the beat group era ... The Chunns grew up in this era and the love affair enjoyed with it by all concerned is what makes the disc the sunny successful event it is."

Gordon Campbell N.Z. Listener

CITIZEN BAND

Debut Album

Marketed by Polydor Ltd on Mandrill

Band Directory

The New Zealand Students' Arts Council is putting together a directory of New Zealand bands and other performers, including theatre groups and poets, who are interested in campus work. The information will be made available to the student organisations in universities, training colleges and technical institutes.

A campus can often offer work at lunchtimes or Sunday nights, free time for bands making their rent in the pubs.

Send information, including photo and/or cassette recording if available and projected itinerary, to Paul Davis, NZ Students' Arts Council, PO Box 9266, Wellington.

Write now and make sure they know about you before the 1979 orientation controllers' meeting in early November.

Dude Raunch

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

show they did for the 12M Radio Workshop seem to indicate that they could pick up the tempo occasionally for increased impact.

But assuming little inconsistencies are ironed out (and the band are very critical of their own mistakes) more significance will lie within song-writing. At present Th' Dudes are able to present a full bracket of original songs to receptive audiences. "We're getting a lot of real good positive encouragement lately from people saying 'have you written any new songs?'" "When we announce a new one," says Dobbyn, "people are actually clapping. The people we've been playing to lately, they want to hear original stuff. Maybe next month we'll be doing two brackets of our own material."

Even if there are arrears of someone like Citizen Band who have firmly established a right to play originals, Th' Dudes are thinking carefully about their songs. For dances and pubs, they play a

large measure of gutsy, primitive rock and roll — Rolling Stones, MC 5, Troggs. But this tendency is discarded for Morris's and Dobbyn's own song composition. In the future, the band claim, there will be a leaning away from the heavy metal approach. "Any of the heavy stuff we do is just for fun. It's a lot of fun doing that raunchy material," Dobbyn, in claiming that his real idols are the Beatles and not MC5, speaks for the rest of the band.

Of the fourteen or fifteen originals at Th' Dudes' command, there are several which fit the three minute, pop song prescription the band gives as an ideal. Ian Morris's "Right First Time" a song that is about a year old, has a chorus which might have felt at home with the early Kinks. Dave Dobbyn's "Tonight Again" evokes memories of The Dave Clark Five. Songs like "Here comes the Money" display that while Th' Dudes also have their aggressive side, it is in the tighter and more strictly melodic of their songs that they shine. Dobbyn, with numbers like "On a Sunday" and the tense, insistent ballad "Quite Frankly" is Th' Dudes greatest asset in this regard. His songs (although Morris does most of the arrangements) are the ones in which the band sound most committed.

There is no doubt that Th' Dudes as a whole have become committed to their own material. Criticism is sometimes levelled at them for putting more energy into the half of a set that contains their own work and Th' Dudes themselves say they have lost interest in cover versions over the past two months. Their noisy version of "White Punks on Dope," a crowd favourite, comes over as much more jokesy than tough. It characterises much of the heavy covers they do.

Yet provided the song writing continues to develop, such an attitude is no real hazard. Ulrich is becoming a strong and flexible singer, a useful frontman, and the band behind him is learning its business well. There is no reason for Th' Dudes not being able to stand on their own merit in the near future.

The band thinks the same way. They intend to go fully professional in early November. A tour is on the books. Around provincial towns for promotion and in the words of Peter Ulrich "to toughen up". Suitably toughened and polished, Th' Dudes should return as obvious candidates for recording. Surely not even New Zealand's wayward recording policies can ignore them for long.

Bruce Belsham

RUMOURS



Citizen Band's guitar corps.

AUCKLAND

Suburban dances (remember them?) may be the latest rage. Promoter Charley Gray ran some in September with **Citizen Band** and **Th' Dudes** which were particularly successful. More are planned... ever pondered on the mentality of some pub managers? "If people see a group with three or four members on the stage they know they're not getting value for money," said a representative of the species to an Auckland band manager when offering low money for a four-piece... **Bamboo** have returned to Auckland to stay a while and air their new bass player John Dodd, drummer Bud Hooper and pianist Derek Gander... **Rough Justice** are finding their national tour an expensive treat. Some promoters aren't helping either... **Stiff Records** boss **Dave Robinson** has cabled for tapes of **Johnny and the Hookers** following interest from **Graham Parker** who caught their act while in Auckland... **Flight 7-7** have added guitarist Bruce Leyton... **The Rockets** have left **Tom Sharplin**... it's rumoured that the **Windsor Castle** pub faces a blacklisting by top Auckland bands... **Streetwork** are in the studio recording two tracks, "Blood of Stone" and "Echoes", for WEA... 12M's Bryan Staff has a Kiwi quarter hour from 10.30 nightly, featuring in-performance recordings and interviews with local groups. A boost for the local scene. Thanks, Bryan... Sunday nights on Radio Hauraki (7 pm) is a series of live concerts (known in the States as the **King Biscuit Flour Hour**) sponsored by Frank Curulli Stereo... that charming Italian animated film **Allegro Non Troppo**, a hit at the Auckland Film Festival, returns for a season at the Lido in November... Auckland bands took the two major titles in the New Zealand Phonographic Federation record awards. Predictably, Hello Sailor waltzed off with the album title, while Golden Harvest received the single of the year award for "I Need Your Love"...

Vince Eager and L.B. Sands

WELLINGTON

Rocky roads? Ex-Rockinghorse vocalist **Barry Saunders** becomes the third Rocky in the **Rocky Horror Show** New Zealand season. The season was extended in Christchurch, and returns to Wellington early in October for an extra week, including another midnight session.

Reel to Real are having their share of traumas too, as singer David Bates has a bad case of laryngitis, and the band have had to cancel several gigs.

Jazz muso Colin Hemmingsen is currently working in about four bands simultaneously — he occasionally gigs with the **1860 Band**, is a soloist in the **Rodger Fox Big Band**, and also has two new bands — **Filter** (with vocals) and **Cohesion** (without vocals). **Cohesion** played a successful Sunday night gig at **The Last Resort**

and are putting some of their original material down at Crescendo Studios.

Slack Alice's nightclub was closed by the owners some weeks ago, and doesn't show any signs of re-opening for a while. When they do however, it'll be with a new name and decor.

Sharon O'Neill is getting together with some of Wellington's best-known professional musicians to form a casual working band... other members include Brent Thomas — guitar, Clinton Brown — bass, Kevin Bayley — guitar, and Steve Garden — drums. The three latter members are all ex-Rockinghorse, but emphasise that they won't be performing any Horse material — they're rehearsing a whole bunch of new rockers, along with some of Sharon's original music. You can catch the band at **The Last Resort** mid October.

Lynne Attwood

DUNEDIN

The Enemy have left for Auckland after a lukewarm gig down in Invercargill. A month ago they had their own private video performance and the results have been submitted to **Radio With Pictures**. **The Clean** have entered a period of intensive rehearsal following the departure of Doug, their lead singer, who is also the Enemy's manager.

Christchurch's **Cheap 'n' Nasty**, formed from the remnants of **Odyssey**, have changed their name to **Bare Wires** and have just completed a stint at the Cook. **The Cruze** are contemplating a North Island tour after Christmas and they are rehearsing some **Graham Parker** material for future gigs.

Speaking of the great man, apparently after his comparatively disappointing reception in Christchurch (the TV cameras didn't help) he said that when he was driving into the city he could tell "that it wasn't a rock and roll town". I could have told him that. Nice to have it confirmed though. Needless to say this part of the world is still talking about GP's concert. **Citizen Band** weren't bad either.

Rocky Horror Show meeting similar success here. Gary Glitter seen to walk by Geoff Ruston's **Eureka** shop window, and didn't go in. Raven ya snob.

George Kay and Keith Tannock

CHRISTCHURCH

A little blue on my part last month. Our promising new bluesy-rockers should be more correctly termed the **Waterfront Blues Band**. Sorry chaps.

Graham Parker came and went and left a couple of interesting sidelines. 32B, the local output of the Tonight show network monster, managed to broadcast an ambiguously advertised Graham Parker "live" show at exactly the same time as yer actual concert in the Town Hall. The advertising went on to use the "if you can't afford the real thing" line. So you can see what we're up against with the radio in this part of the woods.

After Mr Parker's concert (the real one), many headed off to a post-Parker party at Mollitt Street (alias **Club De Rox**). Two bands played, and first up the multifarious **E.S.T.** were in one of their quieter moods, but still managed to reveal one or two interesting things. Playing next, **The Kippers** included in their methodical set Elvis Costello's "Mystery Dance". Now that wouldn't mean a hell of a lot of anyone, but alas, included in the audience was Mr Costello's discoverer, creator and general nurturer **Dave Robinson**, who also happens to be GP & the R's manager and supreme at Stiff records. Mr Robinson was seen to tap his feet politely as the song was performed.

More recently the multi-membered **Tearoha** headlined a group of four bands in a concert at the Chateau Comodore. The classy sounding line-up was completed by **Vivre**, **Spiral** and **Bon Marche**. Most seemed to enjoy themselves despite a four dollar entry fee and a 60c glass of beer levy. However proceeds did go to charity.

Did you know that **The Vauxhalls** are travelling around the country? Minimalism at its best! Now try to work that one out.

M. Moore.

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Sailor on the Coast

Hello Sailor are playing campus and club dates in Los Angeles. A UCLA gig is to be followed by a stint at the Starwood with expatriates Mother Goose. Dave McArtney reports an enthusiastic response from Sailor's audiences and manager Dave Gapes says his boys are playing well. McArtney says the pressures of trying to break into the West Coast have been the catalyst for a more "up-and-at-'em" approach.

The group's material is centred around "Pacific Amour" and Graham Brazier has been introducing "Son of Sam" with a rap about how America's killers aren't unknown in the Antipodes.

The group has new amplification (Music Man and Ampeg) and McArtney reports able-bodied assistance from various expatriate New Zealanders, including former Hauraki DJ Brian "Rocky" O'Toole and the staff and stewardesses of Air New Zealand.



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Jeff Wayne was in New Zealand to promote his quasi-musical version of H.G. Wells' novel *The War of the Worlds*. *Rip It Up* were to be given an interview—as it turned out so were the daily papers, T.V. news (both channels), *Radio With Pictures*, *Spot On* and the private radio stations. A press conference would have been faster but Wayne is concerned that all news avenues be given a chance for an individualised story.

In appearance Wayne resembles more a gentle lumberjack than musical entrepreneur: short yet solidly built, tanned, dressed in check shirt and suede boots. He is friendly and offers me a drink. We relax. There is no sign that for the last umpteen days, all around the world, he has been repeatedly dealing with similar queries about his work. Except, that is, for his adeptness at handling questions which might pursue views he'd rather not discuss. He speaks quietly yet volubly and, with imperceptible shifts, leads the conversation back to the important aspects of his project.

His project? Well of course it began with Wells—although through some oversight the novelist's name was omitted from the album—and Wayne emphasizes how concerned he was to ensure that the script and music remain faithful to Wells' original.

Wayne's stepmother wrote the condensed narrative and she has indeed retained much of Wells' central concerns: man's naive assumption of his cosmic supremacy, war's destructiveness, the erosion of conventional value systems. She has also developed the book's concluding hint that mankind's reprieve from alien invasion may be only temporary.

In discussing Richard Burton's vocal delivery Wayne stresses—imperceptible shift—that the narration basically serves as a catalyst for his music.

Ah yes, the music. I've been readying to suggest to this polite affable man that his music is rather bland for a tale about earth's invasion and the destruction of civilisation. I hint by suggesting that Philip Lynott's performance as the parson is the most dramatic point on the album. Wayne smiles and begins to explain how he chose the singers specifically for the type of role required.

I shall have to be more explicit. A deep breath and... the phone rings. Fate? T.V.1 are calling to discuss accessories marketing. After the phone call Wayne comments that he owns merchandising rights on the T-shirts, toys and posters which will proliferate from the album's burgeoning success. Film rights are more involved. Paramount own them and made a *War of the Worlds* in '53, but now with Wayne's hit album they're considering a remake using his music. Negotiations are under way.

Can we return to the music? Wayne's wife enters with gurgling baby in arms. Disarming fate. My moment has passed. Wayne chats about the album's production for a while. Some polite questions and I take my leave—someone else is waiting for an interview.

Wayne is covering all the commercial media and now Radio N.Z.'s national programme is running a B.B.C. dramatised serialization of the novel. Coincidence surely.

The gods—or is it the martians?—must smile upon a successful entrepreneur.
Peter Thomson

Last Stand for Ned Kellys



Members of Australia's Little River Band admit to staging a last-ditch stand. They are, they say, indulging themselves in their final effort to earn a crust in a working band. When The Little River Band folds the boys will go their separate ways, disappearing into the bowels of Australia's recording studios and entertainment industry.

But, as final efforts go, Little River Bands is a remarkably productive one. At present they hold the record as Australasia's most successful rock and roll export; at last count the band had sold over a million and a half albums, had four singles reaching the Billboard top forty and had made three full American tours. The latest LRB album *Sleeper Catcher* has sold 650,000 copies in the States and is shifting fast enough for Capitol to withhold its due gold award in anticipation of the million sales mark and a platinum disc. The second single from the record "Reminiscing" is positioned at fifteen on the American Top 40 and continues to make progress.

The success of this Melbourne band is responsible for their interest which is more commercial than musical. LRB provides another example of the process Aussie filmmakers have already mastered, tailoring product for a consumer market. Their style, a studio-polished, hybrid of California pop and boogie, is accomplished, but never innovative. During their first, 1976 American tour LRB were criticised as a poorman's Eagles, a not unfounded contention. Guitarist/songwriter Graham Goble admits they keep an ear to popular formulas, but denies that they have become as stylised as bands like the Bee Gees. He adds that they haven't heard the Eagles comparison for some time.

Nevertheless local musicians could learn more from LRB's tactical approach to international fame than from their musical approach. LRB hold one or two lessons. They are adamant that essential factors in their success have been patience, luck and good management. The rigours of the American scene are stressed. "You can't be naive," says lead singer Glenn Shorrock. "The States are like nowhere in the world. We're only just becoming a part of it. It's such a big machine."

Not being naive adds up to being prepared to work hard and to lose money on tours. The band pay tribute to Glenn Wheatley, their manager who ensured they were working for exposure from the onset of their first American excursion. Each year since 1976 has seen a major tour for them. On their first they ran to a \$60,000 deficit, on their second they broke even. The accounting has still to be done for the three month tour that ended in Auckland on September 7th, but this time a profit is expected. That, in the terms of U.S. touring economics is good progress; a daunting reflection.

If nothing else, Little River band's American acceptance is return for a hard slog, not merely with LRB, but in 34 year old Shorrock's case with countless earlier bands. (He visited N.Z. once previously in 1967 with the Twilights). The undoubted slickness they showed in their Auckland

land gig is born of long service as is, I suspect, their certain tendency to blandness.

Nowhere is the proficiency of LRB more obvious than in the opening of their set. House and stage lights cut, the three vocalists, Shorrock, Goble and guitarist Beeb Birtles sing three part *acapella* harmonies—strong, confident harmonies that stretch out in the darkness with stunning effect. In Auckland, after Rick Steele's shoddy support set, it seemed an act of dazzling competence. If Steele was embarrassing, the show promised instantly to redeem itself and even if it never fulfilled the promise, the contrast was a timely blow for professional standards.

The undistinguished series of boogie numbers which followed were frankly a disappointment of early hopes. Not until the wind up, when LRB strung together half a dozen of their more immediate pop songs, did the image of a good-time band start to suit. And not before they had displayed that three guitars, however well played, cannot do all the things LRB use keyboards and strings for in the studio. However, rarely ones to despise a decent tune, the Town Hall and I warmed to "Reminiscing", "Shut Down, Turn Off", and an encore of the old "Return to Sender". Meanwhile there was that comforting if predictable feeling that Auckland had been treated with a scrupulous similarity to each of the other 66 venues on Little River Band's tour. Which pretty much typifies this sample of Ocker rock.

Bruce Belsham

TOP 20's NO.2

GRAHAM BRAZIER'S TOP 20

1. Night Has a 1000 Eyes Bobby Vee
2. Paint It Black. Stones
3. Terraplane Blues. Robert Johnson
4. Waterloo Sunset. Kinks
5. 36" High. Nick Lowe
6. People are Strange. Doors
7. Hong Kong Bar. Tim Buckley
8. Substitute. Who
9. Little Games. Yardbirds
10. Who Do You Love. Bo Diddley
11. Penny Lane. Beatles
12. Younger Girl. Lovin' Spoonful
13. Sex and Drugs and Rock 'n' Roll. Ian Dury
14. Space Oddity. David Bowie
15. China Girl. Iggy Pop
16. New Age. Velvet Underground
17. Berlin. Lou Reed
18. Get The Picture. Pretty Things
19. Johnny Toobad. The Slickers
20. We Gotta Get Out of This place. Animals

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NZ Top 40 Album Chart

1. Grease Various Artists	22. David Gilmour David Gilmour
2. Bat Out of Hell Meatloaf	23. Me Poems and Songs Pam Ayres
3. War of the Worlds Various Artists	24. Peter Gabriel 2 Peter Gabriel
4. Night Flight to Venus Boney M	25. Tonic for the Troops Boomtown Rats
5. Saturday Night Fever Bee Gees/VA	26. The Cars The Cars
6. This Is My Life John Rowles	27. Luxury You Can Afford Joe Cocker
7. The Sound of Bread Bread	28. Leo Sayer Leo Sayer
8. Natural High Commodores	29. Citizen Band Citizen Band
9. Some Girls Rolling Stones	30. Rumours Fleetwood Mac
10. The Last Waltz The Band/VA	31. I Robot Alan Parsons
11. Street Legal Bob Dylan	32. Darkness on the Edge of Town Bruce Springsteen
12. City to City Gerry Rafferty	33. You Gonna Get It Tom Petty
13. The Stranger Billy Joel	34. Greatest Hits Irish Rovers
14. Kaya Bob Marley	35. Running On Empty Jackson Browne
15. Pyramid Alan Parsons Project	36. Diamantina Cocktail Little River Band
16. Stranger in Town Bob Seger	37. Hits II Olivia Newton-John
17. Sleeper Catcher Little River Band	38. Darkside of the Moon Pink Floyd
18. Thank God It's Friday Various Artists	39. And Then There Were Three Genesis
19. 20 Hits Diana Ross and Supremes	40. Will Anybody Marry Me Pam Ayres
20. F.M. Various Artists	(Nat. Sales Chart No. 159 October 1, 1978)
21. Elvis in Hollywood Elvis Presley	

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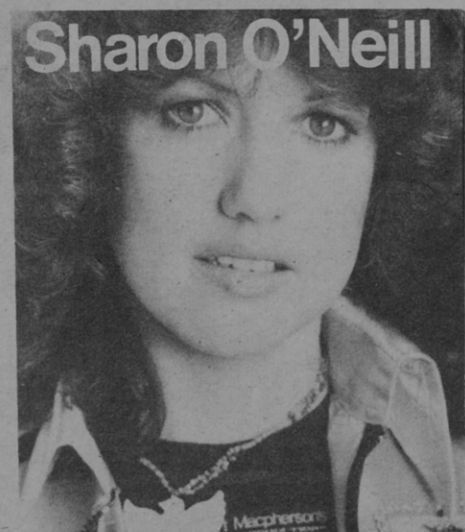
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In the last 18 months, a self managed, Sharon O'Neill has directed her energy successfully towards writing performing and recording her own songs.

Prior to 1977, Sharon was singing other people's material in touring bands. On her own in 1977, with guitarist Brent Thomas, Sharon

joined Mark Williams and Rocking Horse on Mark's last tour and recorded the track "If There's Still A Little Love" with him.

Though having recorded three of her own songs (including her current CBS single "Luck's On Your Table") as demos for EMI in 1977, it was not until the Leo Sayer tour in May 1978 that Sharon first performed her own compositions on stage.

Reflecting on 1977, Sharon speaks of the frustration of being "so close to being able to record and yet nothing happening." Before Williams or his manager/producer Alan Galbraith left EMI and moved to Australia, Sharon O'Neill was already there.

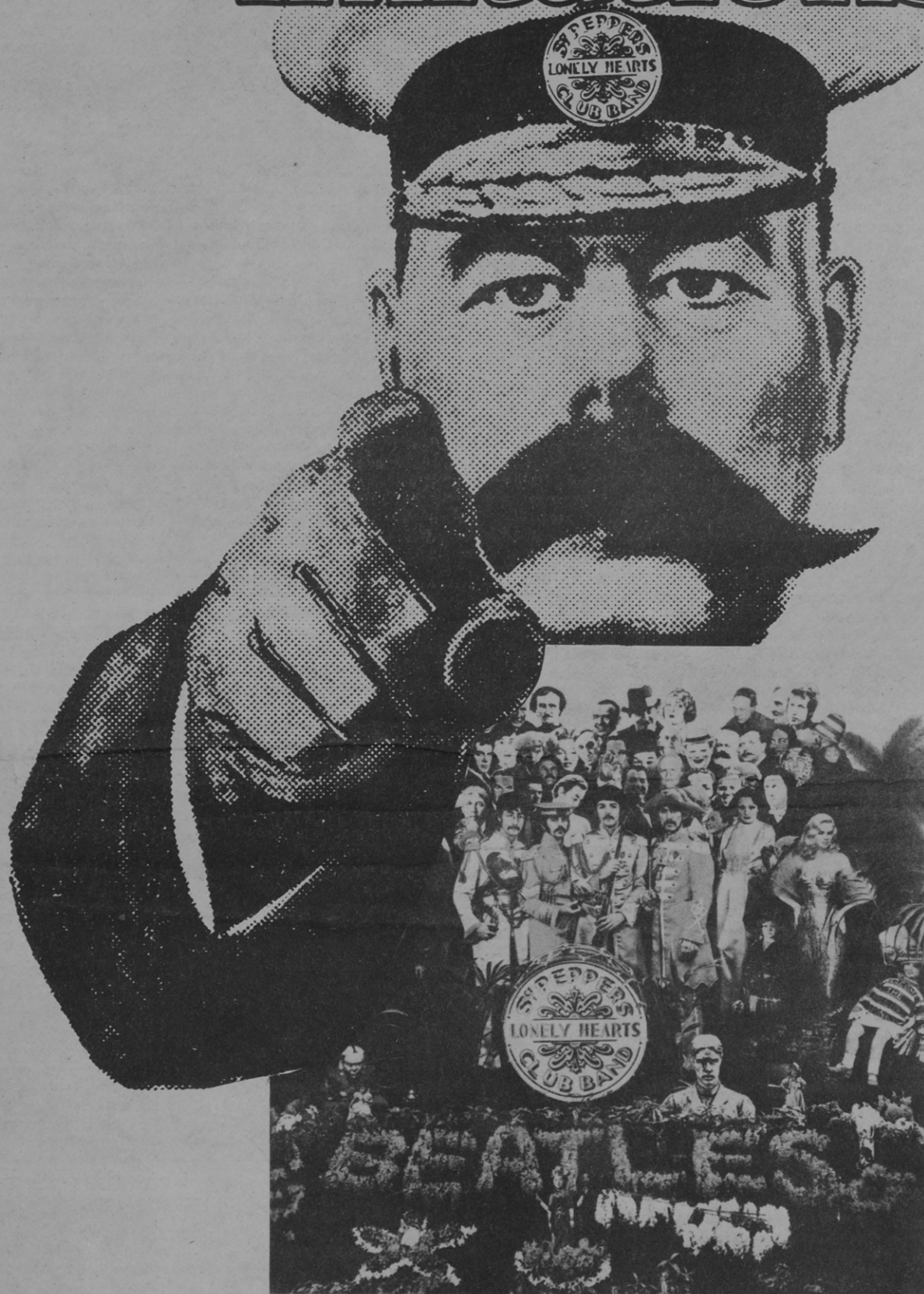
"I went to Melbourne on my own, with just my little bag and my songs (laughter), to try and get something happening," explains Sharon O'Neill. But record companies were interested only if she had the resources to work live in Australia.

Sharon is completing work on her album for CBS Records. On the album she has written all the songs, arranged and performed all the vocals, arranged the music and played keyboards.


What next? — Sharon is now looking forward to returning to live work and playing with some really good musicians.

Murray Cammick

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Graham Parker arrived in New Zealand to a full Maori welcome. Parker stood there looking alternately bewildered and amused as the thirty Maoris in front of him hakaed and chanted while the Rumour, who had flown in the day before, stood behind him, clicking their pocket cameras and quietly jeering at Parker's plight.

Parker looked even smaller than his real size — which is about 5ft 6in and 8 stone — as he hunched over beside the squat Maori woman who led him through the correct reactions to the ritual. That over, Parker, the Rumour and others entered the reception itself, rubbing noses with the welcoming party as they went.

For Parker it was Day One of a media blitz that was to last the seven days of his New Zealand stay and would undoubtedly accelerate once they hit Australia and Japan. Inside, he was whisked upstairs for an interview with TV1 and while the more gregarious members of the Rumour mingled with the media, the others sat about looking either dazed or bored.

Among the dazed was keyboards player Bob Andrews who, remarking on New Zealand's similarity to Britain, was finding it a bit unsettling to come 12,000 miles and seemingly end up where you started. Only the jetlag told him different, he explained between yawns. Parker, once released, rushed over to drummer Steve Goulding who was sitting morosely in a corner and furtively mumbled: "Are you sane? I've gotta have somebody sane to talk to." Gradually the other members of the Rumour joined the huddle and when it appeared decent to do so, they left for an Auckland night club, dragging along an unwilling Bob Andrews complaining that he wanted to go to bed.

The following day was bright and clear, a perfect spring day, it contrasted nicely with the summer these Englishmen had just fled from which as Parker's manager, Dave Robinson, caustically explained is "three months spent in Wellington boots". By midday the stage of Dunedin's Regent Theatre was already covered in cables, equipment and road crew striving to put it all together. Tonight was to be the first night in more than one sense of the word — besides being GP and the Rumour's first NZ date and everybody's first night with the equipment they would use throughout this leg of the tour, it would also be the first time in over two months that Graham Parker and the Rumour had played together. Their last gig had been as one of several support acts to Bob Dylan at Britain's Blackbushe one-day festival before an audience of ¼ million people.

Bookings for the Dunedin concert stood at about 500.

This highlights Parker's strange position today. Graham Parker is a media star and no other kind. Treated by critics, the rock press and those dedicated to rock 'n' roll as one of the biggest things to emerge in the seventies — legend has it that Dylan requested his presence on the bill at Blackbushe — he has yet to make

much impact on the sales charts anywhere. The bookings for his New Zealand tour reflected this: the second show in Auckland was largely sold out but in Christchurch and Wellington sales stood at about half the venues capacity, while the first Auckland show registered a paltry few hundred seats sold in a hall that holds close on two and a half thousand. Sales were to pick up as the tour went on — a result of the current economic recession seems to be that door sales make up an increasingly large part of most audiences — but the second Auckland show was to be the only sold out date in a tour that would ultimately only break even for its promoters.

Sunday night. After a typically rousing opening set from Citizen Band, Graham Parker and the Rumour take the stage. As the Rumour hit the opening chords of "Stick to Me", the lights go up and Parker, dressed down from his cardigan and shirt day wear to a t-shirt and old suit jacket, moves forward, grabs the mike and instantly defines both his stance and his intentions:

*Every last drop will go into this now,
Don't want to miss now,
I don't know when to stop,
I just pump and pump till that's all there is...*

As the band swing into the instrumental break, he falls back and, staring defiantly at the audience through his translucent blue shades, smashes his fist into his palm in time with the music.

The Dunedin audience went crazy. By the second song "That's What They All Say", large numbers were dancing and by the third, a new song "Protection", over half the audience was on its feet. For a group that had not played together for two months, playing their first date in an unknown country, it was just the reaction they needed. As Bob Andrews had confessed before the show, they were itching to play and it showed. The Rumour rocketed through the set that, with minor variations, was to form the basis of all the concerts.

The excess of energy they were pumping out overwhelmed some of the songs — "That's What They All Say", "Love Gets You Twisted" and "Fools Gold" — pieces that demand to be taken in a stately fashion, were bashed through at speed. But as a show of brash rock 'n' roll, it was unsurpassed. Bob Andrews idiot danced behind his keyboards, his co-ordination destroyed by his excitement; guitarist Martin Belmont's lanky frame staggered about the stage his lips mouthing the words, while Brinsley Schwarz, dressed in a white drape jacket, coolly chewed gum, only becoming animated when he moved to the very edge of the stage to toss off a perfectly realised solo. Bassist Andrew Bodnar hunched intently over his bass, the neck of his instrument lurching up and down, while drummer Steve Goulding becomes bug-eyed with intent, laying furiously into his kit.

Parker's control of the enthusiastic throng was complete. He worked the very front of the



Parker/ Goulding/ Schwarz/ Belmont/ Robinson/ Bodnar



2 interviews for breakfast

stage and at one point was hauled into audience. He laughed it off. As the excitement increased the final numbers passed in a blur the Rumour only recovering their poise for a creditable reading of *The Pink Parker's* "Hold Back the Night", before they quit the stage.

That night, back at the hotel, Parker and the Rumour were elated. It had been the perfect introduction to New Zealand.

That impression was not to last long. As they flew into Christchurch the next day, Parker observed that it didn't look much like a rock 'n' roll town. He was to be proved right.

The Christchurch Town Hall is no rock 'n' roll venue either. For despite its architectural splendour and plush decor, on this night it proved itself an acoustic hell-hole. From the circle you could see Parker and the Rumour flailing away uneasily on the stage below and it was only when, with their single "Hey Lord, Don't Ask Me Questions", a few people started dancing self-consciously around the television camera, that they visibly relaxed. But as Dave Robinson noted after the show "it sounded as though we were playing under a blanket at the bottom of a swimming pool" and the sound improved beyond that standard only occasionally. It had been a depressing sight.

The following day was free — that is there was no show that night. But for Parker that still meant five interviews on arrival in Wellington and a day taken up with various other pieces of business. That night most of the tour party went to the movies to take in *The Last Waltz*. It was the fifth time Brinsley Schwarz had seen it and he had no intention of quitting yet. When I asked his favourite part of the movie, he smiled and said, "The more I see it, I like it all more and more and Neil Diamond less and less."

Wednesday morning was spent filming two songs for *Ready to Roll* at TV1's Avalon studios. Despite Parker's strong image and the Rumour's best efforts at enthusiastic miming, it proved that one band stuck in front of *Ready to Roll's* barn-like set, looks much like any other. Only the music marks the difference.

The Wellington concert was to prove the turning point of the tour. Although plans were already being made to double the size of the P.A. for the Auckland dates, even at the sound-check that evening an improvement was apparent.

That night from the moment the Rumour hit into "Stick to Me", it was obvious we were witnessing something else again. Everything fell into place. The Rumour played at their best and, unlike Dunedin where the response had come too easily, or Christchurch, where the response had not come at all, the balance tonight was right — they proved they could deliver and the crowd was with them. Parker became not the capable rock 'n' roll singer I'd already seen but a manically intense figure glaring at the audience, all the more powerful because of his smallness.

The intensity GP could put into a song like "I'm Gonna Tear Your Playhouse Down" was frightening. He'd single out a woman member of the audience stare at her over his dark glasses and snarl:

*You think you got it all set up,
You think you got the perfect plan,
To charm any man you see,
And play with every one that you can
But I got news for you baby,
I hope it don't hit you too hard,
One of these days when you're at play,
I'm gonna catch you off guard.*

It was sung with the kind of vitriol and strength that should have made the unlucky recipient shrivel in her seat.

The show went from peak to peak, Parker for the first time taking chances, changing vocal phrasing. The notes I'd been scribbling in the dark became ridiculous. I'd write "brilliant" beside one song, only to follow it with "very brilliant" beside the next.

The following day I told Brinsley how much I'd enjoyed the show, he smiled and said, "Yeah, we haven't played that well in a long while." It was the kind of show that could tempt a person to say they'd seen the future of rock 'n' roll. And I confess I did. It was hard to know what I'd witnessed — genius perhaps or some psychopath acting out his fantasies onstage. Either way it was real, staggeringly real.

Ask Graham why he has the compulsion to perform and he confesses "You just know that it's the closest to something real you're ever going to get to . . . you're just trying to be a normal person by writing songs."

"It's like its my only way of fitting in the world, you know. Before when nobody knew me, I was just totally . . . an escapist really. Just do the normal things — go out and drink a lot and I knew I shouldn't be doing it. I knew I should be writing songs and when you write or perform that completes a circuit in yourself . . . it's like completing yourself, you know."

Enquiring into his song writing habits, you find some disturbingly odd information. Is he a compulsive writer or could he, as Randy Newman once did, spend three years sitting around doing nothing? "Yeah, I could do that quite easily. I find I'm inspired at times and I don't even realise it. I play a guitar and suddenly something is happening where ten minutes ago I didn't even want to write another song again. I find I'm forced to do it. I am literally forced to do it . . . it's



hard, you know what I mean?"

"You can't be a normal person if you write songs. You're a king hermit. I am anyway. I can't sit around with the group and get an idea and say: 'What do you think of this?' I can't stand rejection or . . . interference, you know what I mean. I can't take it. I have to be a unit. You have to be lonely. You have to be on your own," he states flatly.

But this compulsion has its reward. "It's better than sweeping the road . . . I mean the feeling of when you've got that song there, you know. There's nothing like it. When the band are doing it . . . there's nothing like it."

Auckland, the next night, was a performance easily the equal of Wellington. But surprisingly the Friday night, the sold-out Auckland show that all the fans had booked for was, comparatively, a disappointment. Parker's voice had been giving him trouble and he had noticeable difficulty singing. Bob Andrews had also gone under to the flu and had spent the day in his room drinking brandy (strictly for medicinal purposes, of course). That night, Bob was reluctant

to stay behind his keyboards and spent much of his time dropping mikes or dancing inanely about. But if this final night lacked the intensity I'd witnessed in the two concerts before, it was still a triumphant evening. In front of an audience of devotees, it ended with the brass at the front of the stage blowing into the vocal mikes. Bob Andrews blowing drunken kisses to the crowd and G.P. shouting "Graham Parker and you together. Yeah."

It was clear that when Graham Parker and the Rumour won an audience too easily, they eased off. Present them with a cold crowd that has to be won over and they could blow you out of the back of the theatre.

In a band that has not yet had the success that it so obviously deserves, everyone around Graham Parker is possessed to some extent with his determined spirit. As Graham puts it, "I

feel the same as when I started, I feel as though nobody quite understands me, you know, nobody quite understands us. I liked the Eagles when nobody did. Little Feat when not even America liked them en masse. I liked the losers. When they become winners something happens . . . it's a fight, it ain't easy. I know what it takes and it excites me . . . every new person that gets into our music excites me."

But what happens if you're career stalls pretty much where it is, Graham?

He becomes thoughtful and taps his coffee cup with his spoon. "I don't know. I'll have to wait and see. If record sales don't keep on accumulating . . . I don't know. I just think I'm talented, I can't help thinking that. It's really hard to know what you should expect to have . . . it's too . . ." he trails off.

But he gathers his thoughts and resumes. "So far the fact that we haven't reached masses of people has really inspired me. I'm on a mission," he laughs self consciously at the use of the word, "to get as many people on my side as possible. Cos all I want is to be loved really like any other child . . . you just want to increase the chances of people understanding you and understanding themselves."

"It is profound. You can put it down as just rock 'n' roll . . . I don't want to analyse things but it does have an effect on people. It is real."

The audience Parker has won so far has to a large extent been the audience he's gone out and won. Can they sustain this constant work load? Brinsley Schwarz has his reservations. Now 31 and married with two children, he's been on the road for the 14 years since he left school. "We've done an awful lot of work. We've done more in three years with Graham than I did in six with Brinsley Schwarz. In the first year with Graham we did two albums, six tours of England, two tours of Europe and two tours of the States. Which is . . ." he laughs, ". . . a lot."

"I look for an easing up. It cannot go on at the pace it has done for very much longer. I mean if we're going to spend a year in the States next year then that's it. There's nowhere else to go after that that needs any intensive work. We can't play England any more, that's saturated."

So is he with Graham if that intensive work becomes a reality? "Yes I think so. I'd go to the States and try it. I don't know how long I'd last. You need time. It sounds like you're whining but a musician needs time to sort things out, to gather yourself together before you do it again. If we get time enough then I think we'll last, if we don't then I don't think we've got much longer."

Ask Dave Robinson, Parker's manager, if he's prepared to accept that they might only be able to sell as many records as they do at the moment and he gets mad. "I won't accept that. I think Graham Parker has the potential to be the biggest thing since fried bread. I know we can do better."

A lot of the blame has been put on Mercury Records. Parker has even written a song for them. As Graham says "It wouldn't matter if I was singing *Saturday Night Fever* with Mercury, it would still be a flop."

"Mercury Poisoning" makes his attitude even clearer:

*Is this a Russian conspiracy,
No, it's just idiocy,
Is this a Chinese burn,
I've got a dinosaur for a representative
He's got a small brain and refuses to learn.*

I comment that it sounds like he wrote that with a great deal of glee. Seems that's an understatement. "Glee . . . I was grinning my head off. Especially the part: 'Their geriatric staff think we're freaks/They couldn't sell kebabs to the Greeks.' Terrible rubbish really but it's true."

But the most encouraging aspect for the future must be the quality of the songs he's written that will feature on the next album. "Protection", "Love Gets You Twisted", "Passion is No Ordinary Word", "Nobody Hurts You Harder Than Yourself" and "Saturday Night Is Dead" are fully realised, adult songs.

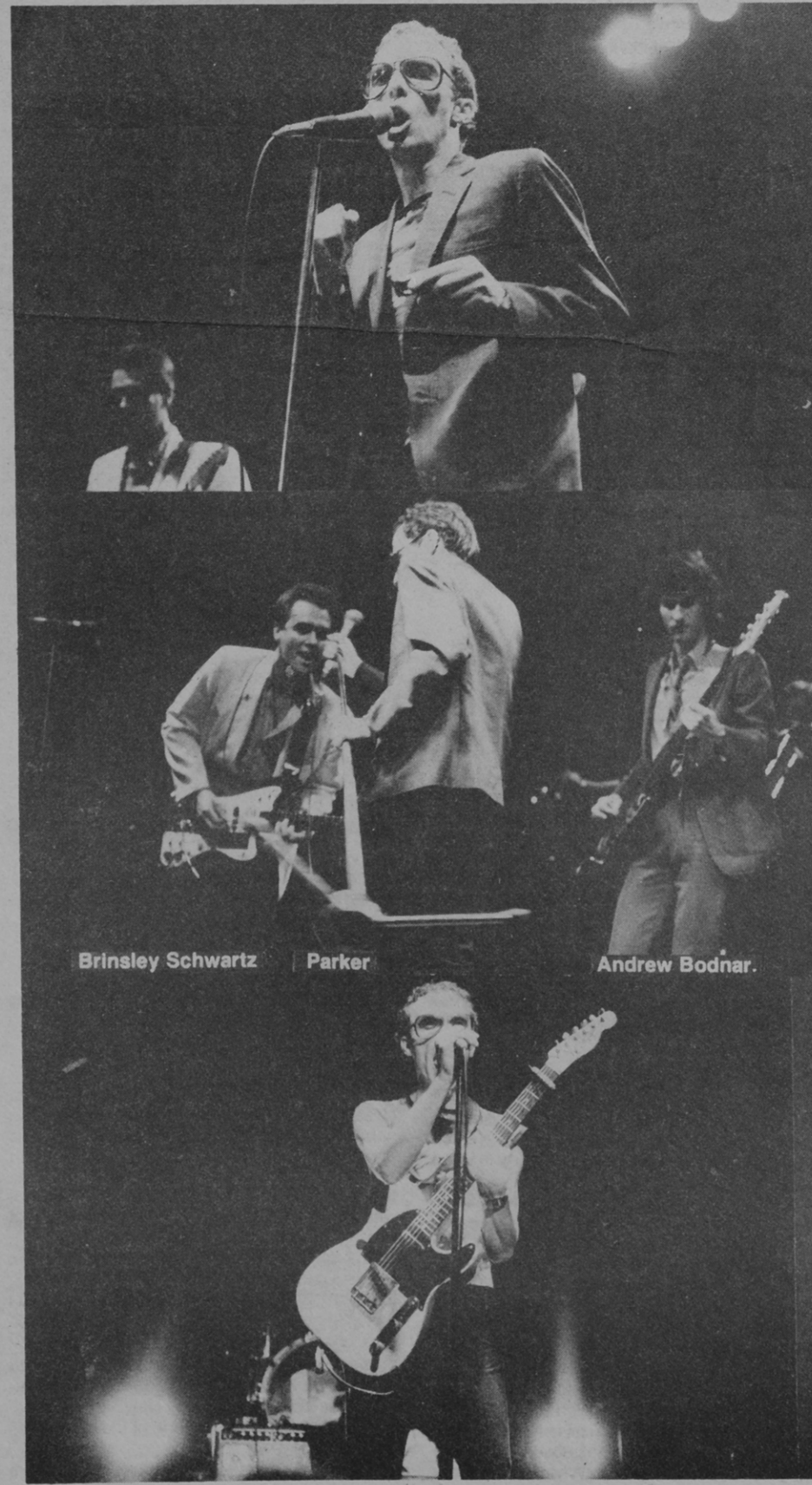
Graham admits he's happy with the new material and if pushed concedes that, as the titles make obvious, "there is a bit of a thread running through them. I've been sitting around in my parents' place and I've suddenly come down from all that New York vibe that ran through *Stick To Me*. I've got back to simple things that are happening between people. The album will reflect all those kinds of things . . . it'll actually be a bit more sensitive, you know."

But could it be the one to crack it for them? Graham doesn't know and doesn't intend to lose too much sleep about it. "With every record, I've felt it'll be the one that cracks it. It could be a great album but after the relative non event of our other albums I'd be surprised if this is the one. I don't care as long as I can make a living and reach more people every time. A little bit more . . ."

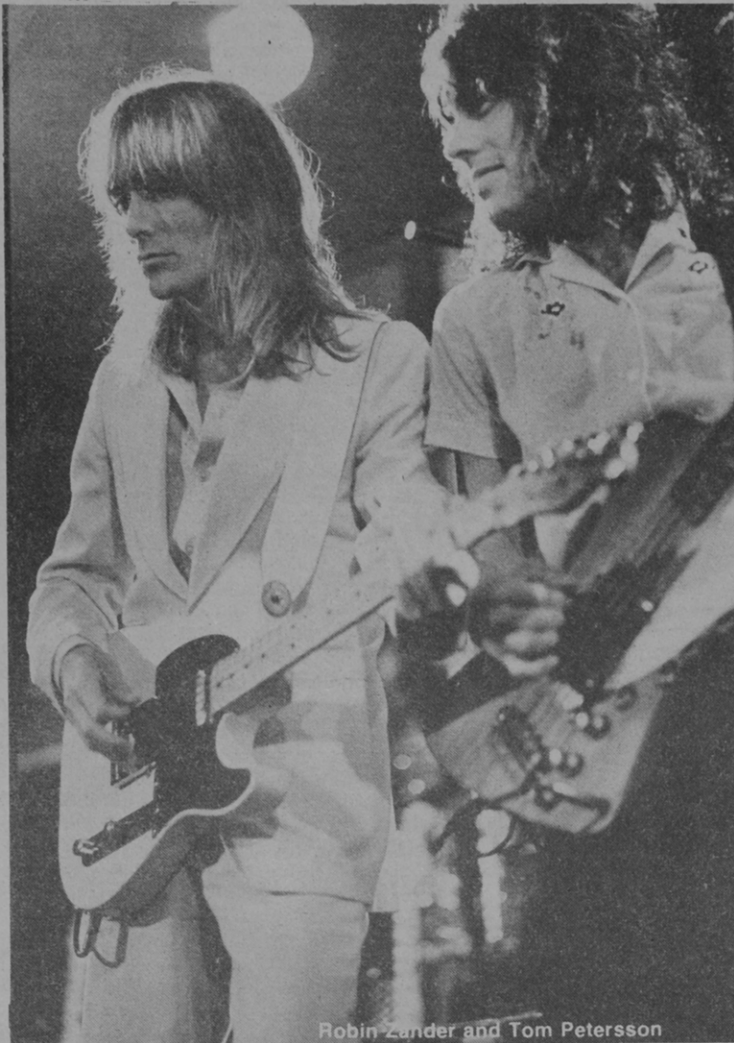
Graham Parker is convinced of his talent. He's not brash about it as many performers with barely a hundredth of his ability are, it's a quiet self assurance. If pushed, he'll concede he's brilliant. After two of the shows I saw, I'm prepared to agree. At it's worst, Graham Parker and the Rumour put on a great rock 'n' roll show but at its best there was another dimension that went beyond the music into that area, overused in the Parker vocabulary, *reality*.

After the Wellington concert I asked Brinsley whether they were capable of getting any better. He replied, "We actually can get a lot better." I'd love to see it.

Alastair Dougal



RECORDS All This And Heaven Too?



Robin Zander and Tom Petersson



Bun E. Carlos and Rick Nielsen

Cheap Trick Heaven Tonight Epic

Although their approach is different, Cheap Trick, like the Twilley Band, the old Raspberries and the Shake Some Action/Now Flamin' Groovies, are a contemporary American band drawing many of their ideas and moods from the diverse '60's British scene. Yet despite their obsessive borrowing from the Beatles/Who/Move vein of achievement, there are signs that Cheap Trick are managing to develop something of their own mainly through the sweat of chief songwriter/guitarist Rick Nielsen.

Nielsen is an eccentric character whose gawky Marx Brothers image is in direct contrast to the pin-up features of vocalist Robin Zander and bassist Tom Petersson, and whose bizarre lyrical slant gives the band an original edge. This much came out on their second album *In Colour* which, although uneven, contained some exhilarating songs, namely "Southern Girls", "Big Eyes", "Come On" and "Downed" which boasted some of Nielsen's wackiest lyrics:

*I'm gonna live on a mountain
Way down under in Australia,*

*It's either that or suicide
It's such a strange strain on ya.*

Heaven Tonight sees Cheap Trick steppin' out more confidently and consistently, intent, it seems, on becoming household names. "Surrender", their new single, opens the album and immediately Nielsen's Townshend guitar style and Zander's classic pop vocal technique become obvious; all these to a knee-slapping chorus and lyrics like "Then I woke up, Mom and Dad are rolling on the couch Rolling numbers Rock and rolling, got my Kiss records out," and it's got to be one of the best 45's so far this year. "On Top of the World" with its jumpy rhythm belies the hard luck story in the lyrics, in fact Nielsen seems to prefer a half-humorous downer touch in his words. "California Man" is done well but the Move did all that needed to be done with that song. *Way* get sex and a hard driving Stones' feel (sic) on "High Roller" and tongue is well and truly in cheek for the word-play of "Auf Wiedersehen", "Sayonara oh suicide hari kari kamikaze." See what I mean.

Side Two provides a sharper focus as to Cheap Trick's influences to the extent where it is actually possible to pinpoint specific old British classics from which Nielsen and Co have stolen,

or recreated odd pieces as a basis for their 'own' songs. The title track, slow and threatening, is built around Lennon's tortured guitar refrain on "I Want You" from *Abbey Road*; the closing song, "How Are You", bears a close rhythmic resemblance to "A Day in the Life Of"; "Stiff Competition" has a rushing chord structure which the Who had prior claim to, and "Takin' Me Back", a great song, has an arrangement and vocal delivery that Jeff Lynne would have been proud to call his own, and probably did, when he heard this.

It's easy to be negative over Cheap Trick's hero-worship plagiarism but they are saved from a landslide of lawsuits through their ability to arrange the ideas of others with snatches of Nielsen's nifty melodic twists and turns. In fact, Cheap Trick show more gusto and sheer nerve on *In Colour* and *Heaven Tonight* than most bands can muster during entire careers. If you can suspend judgement on their passion for re-creating British rock standards and concentrate on their own fresh qualities, then Cheap Trick will serve quite adequately as this year's palliative.

George Kay

obviously did not possess the raw menace of The Sex Pistols. Indeed the musical debt The Rats owed to the likes of Bruce Springsteen, Lou Reed and Dr Feelgood was all too apparent. So much so that, despite its melodic strength and powerful execution, it was far from satisfying in terms of originality.

All this has changed with the new album. In places it is quite boldly original with apparent experimentation in both melodies and arrangements. This is a risky proposition for a band which cut its teeth on hard rock and conventional balladry, but it works well. To make the transition more palatable for the cautious, the set includes some familiar rock'n'roll swagger in "Blind Date" and The Rats' patented power chord race on "She's So Modern".

But there is a lighter pop feel to much of the new material. This is best displayed on "Don't Believe What You Read" and "Can't Stop", where Johnny Fingers' excellent keyboards are to the fore with all their tuneful bounce. Also new for the band are the appealing calypso overtones of "Living In An Island" and the choppy rhythms of "Like Clockwork".

The songs may be lighter but there's no chance of the delivery becoming flabby. Always just below the surface is the unmistakable ripple of true rock'n'roll brawn. Simon Crowe on drums and Peter Bricquette on bass know what hard tight rhythm is all about and they're supported by the rugged power of Garry Roberts' rhythm guitar. Garry also contributes the guitar solo on "She's So Modern" which is a gem of tunefulness and really good fun besides. Gerry Cott who holds the lead guitar spot scorns the buzz saw approach. With his grasp of the guitar's more melodic potential he serves as an excellent foil to Fingers' keyboards.

Vocalist Bob Geldoff's pursuit of Mick Jagger's crown takes him well over the top at times but you've got to admire the man's enthusiasm. Modest Bob's lyrics are usually worth a listen too. But he simply can't resist imitations. This time out it's Phil Lynott of Thin Lizzy in a number called "Rat Trap".

This is the first *true* Boomtown Rats L.P. On the showing given here they remain a band to watch. Though the apparent potential is still greater than the actual achievement, this is not an album to be dismissed lightly.

Dominic Free



Genya Ravan

Genya Ravan Urban Desire 20th Century Fox Records

How can this seductive street animal, with her glycerine sweat and tattooed stars, qualify for the status of rock and roll veteran? But Genya Ravan (once Goldie Zelkowitz of Goldie and the Gingerbreads) has been around since before most of us got long pants.

Starting off in a New York group led by Richard Perry, now a not unknown producer, Genya went on to fame with the all-girl Gingerbreads, touring with such luminaries as the Animals and the Stones. Later she cropped up with a brassy soul band, Ten Wheel Drive, before dropping out of sight.

Now she's back with a superb self-produced (she's produced the Dead Boys) album that could be one of the all-time sleepers.

Vocally, her phrasing is based heavily on the best soul singers. She exudes power, but beyond the incendiary drive of a "Back in My Arms Again" she can conjure up the heartbreak of one of Phil Spector's heroines.

In fact, the opening "Jerry's Pigeons (Are Above Us All)" has the thrust of Spector at his best. As the song fades, Genya starts crooning lines from "Da Doo Ron Ron" that "sound" like an afterthought, but they're so perfect they can't be.

The song seems to sum up the album, a New York tenement view of rock and roll, just as the neglected Kenny Vance album *Vance 32* was rock from behind the eyes of a doo-wopper. Vance's album deserved better than relegation to the deletion bins, but perhaps it was a trifle on the esoteric side.

Genya Ravan, on the other hand, is pure, straight ahead raunch. As a bonus, Lou Reed duets on a track. The blistering heat generated by Genya Ravan and her superlative backing band are a perfect complement to the icy Lou.

Ken Williams

Who Must Change

Who Are You The Who Polydor

In all fairness, I ought to state my prejudices now. My favourite Who albums are *Who's Next* and *Quadrophenia* — most of *Tommy* brings me out in hives.

I suspect that those fans whose tastes incline the same way as mine will love this record. Those who are looking for *My Generation Part VI* or another *Tommy* are pretty much out of luck. You will probably fit in with that portion of the press in Britain which has taken *Who Are You* as a sign of collective senility on the part of the band — a sign that they can't get up and do it even one more time. However, that attitude begs the question of whether they have any intention of trying.

The album kicks off with Townshend's statement about those knockers — "New Song". He says, "I write the same old song with a few new lines, and everybody wants to cheer it..." Townshend at least is determined not to end up like some of his contemporaries, eternally recycling the same old song (despite what some of his audience might want). The rest of the record seems to be an attempt to live up to the promise of its opener.

There are obvious innovations throughout. John Entwistle contributes three songs out of the nine here, and at times he makes startling departures from his usual 707 bass style. Keith Moon also has times when his playing is unrecognisable as the Moon of old — sharp and crisp where once he might have been florid.

Townshend returns to synthesiser — adding touches which link *Who Are You* closely to



Quadrophenia. He also displays a remarkable advance in piano technique over his previous forays. His playing on "Guitar and Pen" is especially accomplished — showing out as well as Rod Argent's contribution to the title track. Even his guitar playing shows touches not visible on previous Who albums: he verges on jazz stylings in "Music Must Change", for example.

Roger Daltry is in many ways the least convincing performer on the album: in fact both Entwistle on "905", and Townshend on "Guitar and Pen" turn in vocal performances which, while less 'grand' and technically impressive than Daltry's, have the humanity that seems to have drained from his voice a little. In some ways he is the performer who maintains the strongest links with the old Who.

The album closes with Townshend holding forth on the subject which has obsessed him for two years or more — punks. While so many are

acknowledging him as the source of the English New Wave, he is still canny enough not to be tempted into an imitation of his twenty-one year-old self. "Who are You" is something for the punks to aim at, not something for them to feel at home with. It combines all the advances made on the record boiled down into one song — with everyone turning in a performance unmatched since "Won't Get Fooled Again".

Keith Moon doesn't need an epitaph — but I still feel glad that his last record with the Who should be this good.

Francis Stark

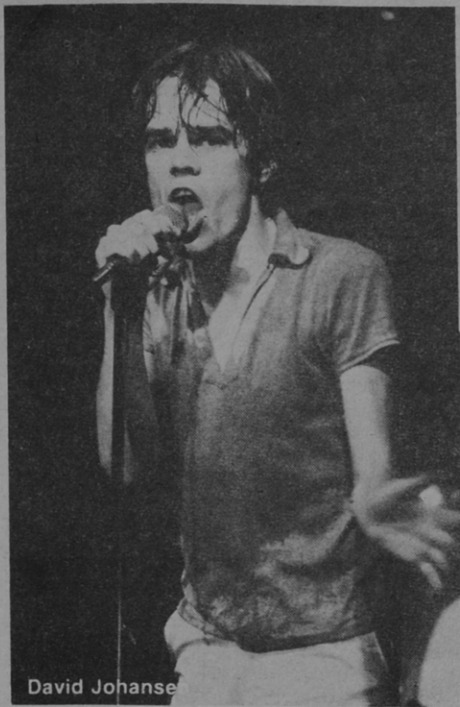
No Traps For Rats

The Boomtown Rats A Tonic For The Troops Ensign

It would be something of an understatement to say that 1977 was a year full of promising debuts by new bands. But if past experience is anything to go by, for every band to make it with a strong second offering there will be at least two who blow it. The Boomtown Rats make it with *A Tonic For The Troops* but not without playing with fire.

Though The Rats titled themselves "The Sex Pistols Of Ireland" when they emerged in 1976, the resemblance between the two bands was certainly not musical. Rather it was a reference to a common history of attempts by the rock music establishment to first ignore and later to stifle these noisy, energetic newcomers. Matters were not improved by The Rats' spokesman, Bob Geldorf, having one of the fastest lips in town.

When their debut album appeared last year it



David Johansen

Red Hot Peppers Bright Red Oz

It seems the Australian trip is becoming more and more a vital part of the New Zealand rock and roll world. It is a pity that the trip home hasn't quite assumed the same importance.

Red Hot Peppers have been in Australia for the best part of two years now, and perhaps more than any local band since Dragon, they have profited by the shift. Their second album, their first Australian one, shows a very considerable improvement over *Toujours Yours*. While their sound is still based around Marion Arts' voice and Robbie Laven's ability to play anything musical, the tendency of the former to quaver and the latter to over-embellish have both been considerably reduced.

The weakest part of the record is their re-recording of the song, "Preacher Woman" which was also on their debut album. The rest of the material shows a considerable advance, both in writing and arrangement in the last couple of years. In "Angel", Arts and Laven have come up with a really remarkable song, and many of the others are not too far behind.

It looks like Red Hot Peppers went to Australia for finishing school— not to be finished off like so many others.

Francis Stark

David Johansen CBS

The heavy brigade of American rock and roll has, during this decade, centred itself upon New York city. Perhaps the *prima donna* status the city enjoys within American cultural life is the perfect foil for the similarly self-dramatising egos of its rock heroes. Whatever the reasons, the names associated with New York, Patti Smith, the New York Dolls, Lou Reed, and (who could forget) Kiss, are the modern purveyors of melodrama. The traditional New York pose is somewhere between theatre and self confession, a part cynical, part narcissistic expose of urban life, orchestrated with fuzzed guitar and ever-so-slightly psychotic vocals.

New Yorkers have become very good at such drama, as is evidenced by this solo album by ex-New York Doll, David Johansen. Johansen has written a group of songs in the accepted mould and done it very well. His love songs are not quite love songs:

*You come on like its natural darling
But you know its really only naturalette*
his dance songs are that little bit sadonic — "Funky but Chic".

When you add the panache of a band who thrash out rock and roll with insistent aggression, you are left with uniquely stylised music. And if, like me you believe New York cynicism is in its own way as romanticised as Elvis doing "Love me Tender", it's no reason to deny that it's great fun.

Bruce Belsham

Peter Gabriel Charisma

Hands up those who hate Genesis. I'll bet most of you think of Genesis as that pretty insipid bunch of techoflashers who warble away over banks of synthesisers.

But the fact is, they have quite a respectable past to sell out, and most of it was the work of Peter Gabriel. As he puts it, he walked out of the machine, just when the band began to make a fortune in the States. Instead, he preferred to keep his life at a level where he could look after himself, and to make the occasional record the way he wanted to.

This is his second album (although it has the same name as his first) and it continues to develop the musical and lyrical style which he began on his last Genesis album, *The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway*. It is a much more rough-edged and urgent sound than the steadily-romanticising output of his former colleagues, but it also shows a much broader-based melodic sense. While Genesis more and more seem to be rewriting the same tune, Gab-

riel can easily juxtapose the introspective "Mother of Violence" with the mutated Heavy Metal of "D.I.Y." and the three-legged calypso of "A Wonderful Day In A One-Way World".

On the evidence of the last two Genesis albums and Gabriel's two, while they are painting themselves into a lucrative corner of the market, he's got his freedom, and two considerably better records.

You can put your hands down now.
Francis Stark



Dirk Hamilton

Dirk Hamilton Meet Me At The Crux Elektra

In 1968 Dirk Hamilton — 18 years old, growing up absurd in California and taking too much acid — was cracking up when he first heard Van Morrison. As he now recalls: "Somehow *Astral Weeks* kept me from killing myself . . . it hit me like magic."

Understandable then that Morrison should be a major influence in Hamilton's music. It is also blatantly obvious. At least half this album copies Morrison's punchy, white R & B of the early 70's. Even more overt is Hamilton's vocal delivery which virtually plagiarizes his mentor's style: its staccato phrasing and semi-scat improvising.

But while this similarity to Morrison inevitably

invokes comparison it is not necessarily to Hamilton's detriment. He has some fine songs here and, with band and horn section, performs them damn well. Furthermore he goes beyond mere imitation by using a variety of tempos and writing quite distinctive lyrics.

Although his lyrics occasionally lapse into banal imagery, at best they paint interesting, if pessimistic, portraits. In "How Do You Fight Fire?" a mad bomber about to destroy a city imagines himself as a sly lizard purifying the world of flies.

Dirk Hamilton does possess considerable originality but the crux he must meet is to subsume his influences. The result, as this album indicates, could be a major talent.

Peter Thomson

Solid Senders Virgin

This album (a double — one studio album, one live, retailing here at \$8.98) highlights the quandary of Wilko Johnson. Since his departure from Dr Feelgood, Wilko has put together a powerhouse band that's obviously great for a night on the tiles. Real kick out the jams stuff. But on record it leaves something to be desired. And on the studio album the Solid Senders are more wanting. Which is a shame, because in Britain the live record was a promotional freebie.

The whole problem with the band is pinpointed in the opening track of the studio album, "Blazing Fountains." Chuck Berryish car-horn guitar wails jump into a raging highway race-track. Not unlike Bob Seger's "Get Out of Denver", the same sort of verbal overload. Seger could handle it. Maybe Lee Brilleaux could, too. Wilko can't. It's a garble. There's tasty piano from John Potter, who does a passable Jerry Lee Lewis impersonation, but it lacks definition.

Johnson tries here and there for something distinct from his well-worn twelve-bar path, but the efforts often seem forced. The writing just isn't there. A fully realised song like Smokey Robinson's "Shop Around" really stands out, even though the version here would never challenge The Miracles'.

If nothing more, the live album is fun. Wilko striding through his piston riff that reached its height with the robotic "Roxette" and tossing off some high octane R&B ("Highway 61," "Neighbour Neighbour" and "Rock Me, Baby"). But without the visual impact of Wilko's psychotic stare, the music often sounds unfocused and chaotic.

Sure, Wilko's a great guitarist — he virtually re-invented rhythm guitar — but on this showing he's no frontman.

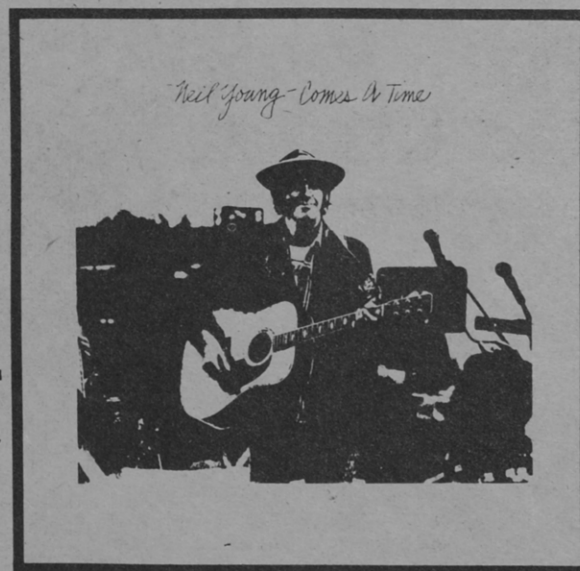
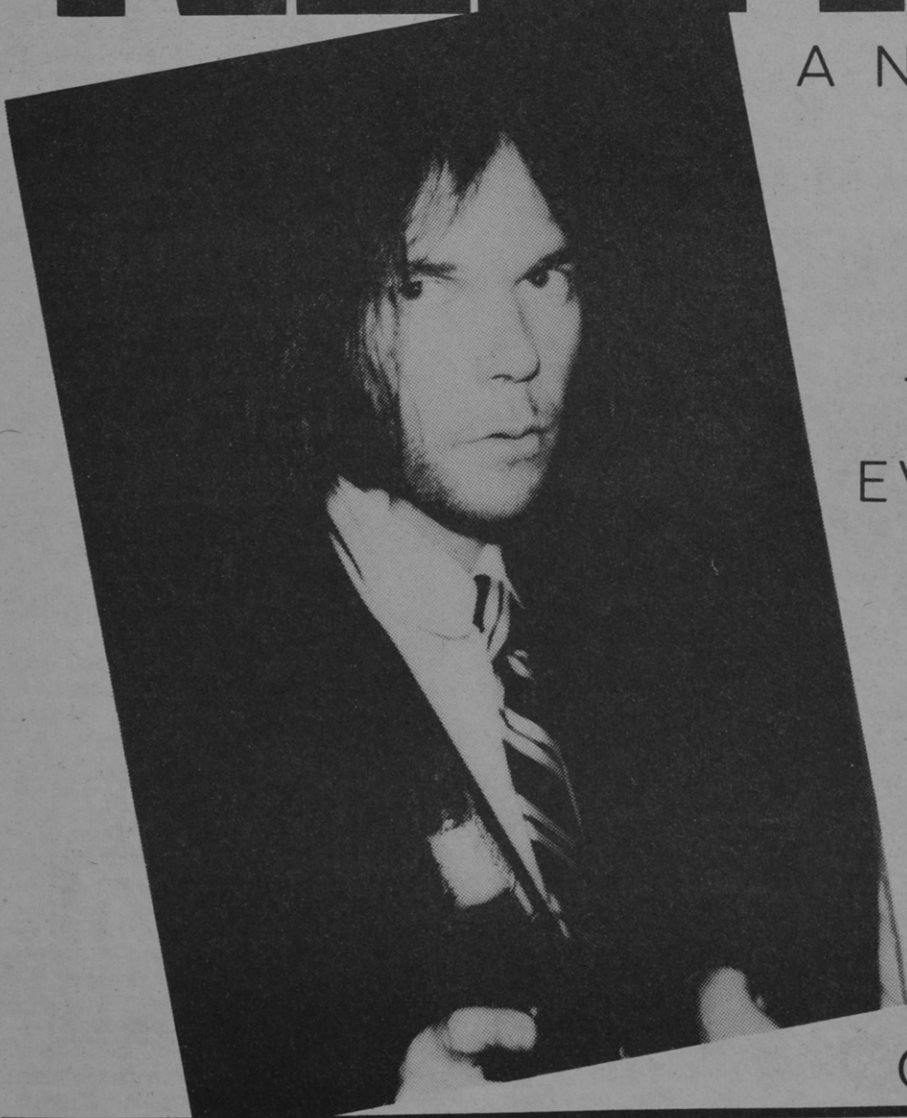
Ken Williams

NEIL YOUNG

A NEIL YOUNG
ALBUM IS
ALWAYS
WORTH
THE WAIT—
EVENTUALLY
THERE

Comes A Time

ON REPRISE RECORDS & TAPES





Kraftwerk — Ralf Hutter, Florian Schneider, Karl Bartos and Wolfgang Flür.

Kraftwerk **Man Machine**

Capitol

KRAFTWERK — MAN MACHINE — I WISH TO SAY THIS TO YOU — IF YOU BUY THE ABOVE NAMED RECORD YOU MIGHT LIKE IT A LOT — I HAVE THE RECORD AND I LIKE IT — I LIKE MOST OF ALL THE SONGS CALLED: THE MODEL: AND: NEON LIGHTS: THESE SONGS ARE ON SIDE TWO OF THE RECORD — THIS IS MODERN MUSIC OF A TYPE —

IS IT YOURRRR... * IS IT YOUR THING — I DON'T KNOW — DO YOU... DO YOU WANNA... DO YOU WANNA DANCE — LEANARD JACKSON WHITFIELD RECORDS MIXED THE RECORD — THE AFRO — GERMANIC CONNECTION — SOME SAY DISCO IS THE REAL AVANT GARDE — IT MAKES YYY... * YOU THINK — IT MAKES ME HUM IN THE DARK — PLUG IN AND DDB DBDBBB BBB BEE... EE... EE... EE... Terence Hogan.

Steve Hackett **Please Don't Touch**

Charisma

What we have here, basically, is a surrogate Genesis album.

This is Hackett's second solo album, and his first since he split from the band. *Voyage of the Acolyte*, his first, was a great guitarists' album, but lacked direction in other areas, chiefly songwriting.

Don't Touch is much stronger material-wise, and shows Hackett extending his musical abilities as displayed on the extensive inner sleeve credits.

For all that, the Genesis hangover is omni-

present. None of these songs would have been out of place on a group album, and the whole project hints at the frustration Hackett must have felt at having his songs dumped in favour of Collins-Rutherford-Banks compositions.

English eccentricity and heavy keyboard riffs abound. Richie Havens is called in to sing on two tracks, "How Can I?" and "Icarus Ascending", both lovely songs, Havens' warm, expressive voice enhancing them even further.

Elsewhere, Hackett shares vocal chores with Steve Walsh and Randy Crawford, and proves to have a passable set of pipes.

There is nothing at all wrong with this record. Au contraire, Arnold, it is a fine effort, showing

Hackett to have plenty of ideas and a great deal to offer.

But let us hope that he can shake off the yoke of his old band and have something more individual to offer next time round.

Duncan Campbell

Carole Bayer Sager

... Too

Elektra

Ms Sager has spent many years writing lyrics for popular tunesmiths. It was she, for example, who informed us that "Nobody Does It Better" than James Bond. This is her second album as interpreter of her own words and other people's melodies.

Sager's vocal delivery has been kindly described as conveying an air of vulnerability, (an interpretation calculatedly implied by the sympathetic sleeve photos). A harsher assessment would call it weak and cracked. Judy Garland she ain't. Nonetheless, although unable to sustain the notes, if the tempo and backing is supportive, her voice can become rather engaging with familiarity.

Which means, of course, that she's only as



good as the tune and arrangement. She has worked here with such divergent composers as Melissa Manchester, Alice Cooper and Marvin Hamlisch. Consequently the material encompasses a variety of styles. The first track has the lush 50's Ballad sound once identified with Julie London, while track two, after a shaky start, struts with confident funk. What's more both of them work.

Not all however, Side One is fairly good, if predominantly in the 3am-listening mould. Side Two starts well enough but gradually drifts into vapidly.

As pop singers go, others certainly do it better but, given the right setting, Carole Bayer Sager can give a fair account of herself.

Peter Thomson

Wha-koo **Berkshire**

ABC

Ken Caillat co-produced Fleetwood Mac's *Rumours* and this album, *Berkshire*, with similar adroitness. But Wha-koo isn't Fleetwood Mac, nor even Steely Dan. Lead vocalist David Palmer did sing with Steely Dan though and, with guitarist Danny Douma, he writes most of Wha-koo's songs. Palmer writes smooth pop ballads like "Mother of Pearl" that would have sounded at home on *Can't Buy A Thrill* or *Countdown to Ecstasy*. Under his direction this band would be best known for quality 45 rpm pop.

On their second album, however, Wha-koo still alternates between pop and rock with no clear sense of direction and though "(You're such a) Fabulous Dancer" may yet be a medium-sized hit it is the album's only strong single. Eclecticism is easily confused with versatility and competence seen as excellence but *Berkshire* tries too hard for perfection to be anything more than ordinary.

Jeremy Templar

Maddy Prior **Woman in the Wings**

Chrysalis

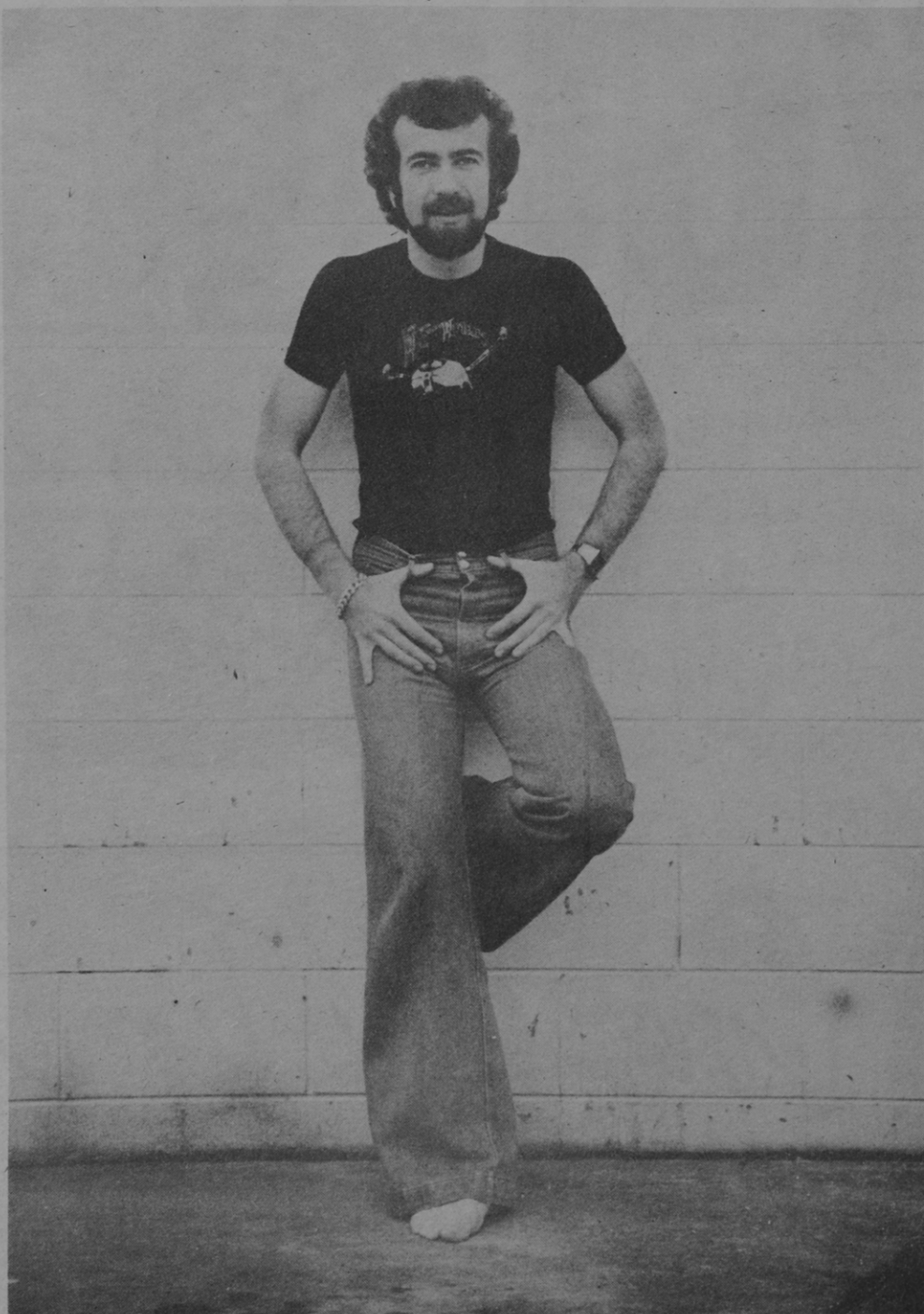
I am sure I was not the only person to be curious as to what the little lady from Steeleye Span would do on her solo album. And having Ian Anderson for producer could only but sharpen that curiosity.

Surprisingly, Maddy Prior doesn't use any traditional numbers on the record, they are all self-penned numbers written during Steeleye Span's numerous years on the road. Because of the intrinsic differences from song to song, as well as in their treatment, it is hard to summarise the album, but here are some of the songs that made a fairly sharp first impression.

On the lighter side, Maddy does an Andrews sisters pastiche in "I Told You So" recalling some of Maria Muldaur's recent work. "Woman in the Wings" is an analysis of the problems of performers and their night-by-night lives. This is the longest track and features a typically elaborate David Palmer arrangement. In fact some of Palmer's arrangements make songs such as "Deep Water" sound like art-songs, which gives the album an incredible range of styles, but might also hinder its popular appeal.

A lovely album, although Festival have reduced the packaging and omitted all the players' credits.

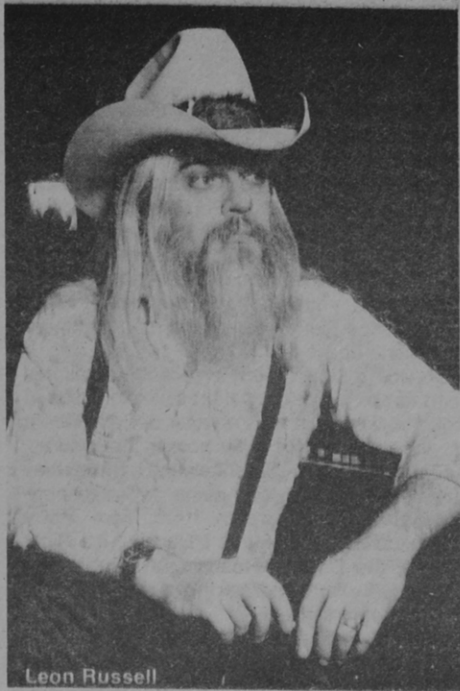
William Dart



WARREN THOMAS
12PM—3PM

...are you listening to me?

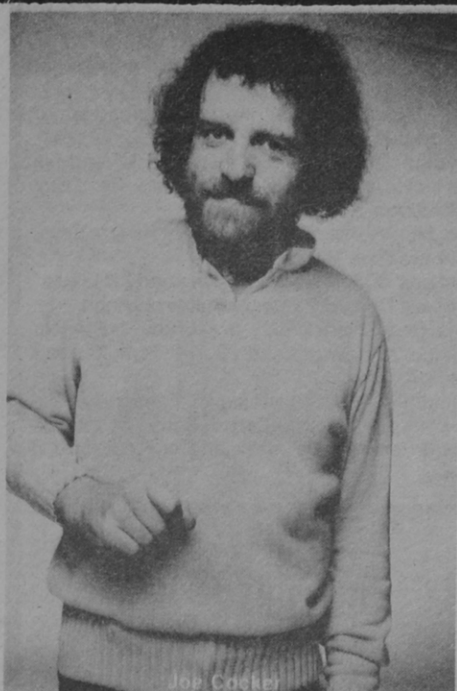




Leon Russell



John McLaughlin



Joe Cocker

RECORDS

Johnny McLaughlin
Electric Guitarist
CBS

John McLaughlin has dropped the Mahavishnu tag. The title of this album derives from a business card McLaughlin used to proffer when he was a kid guitarist on the way up. Remember that name, right?

One might argue that McLaughlin's devotion to the mystic Sri Chinmoy led him down paths that were to the detriment of his music. The severing of the public association with his guru has put the guitarist firmly back in the musical vanguard, breathing new life into a form that he (and his associates) virtually invented, the so-called jazz-rock fusion.

Fusion had become a cul-de-sac for so many musicians attempting to milk its commerciality. Here, McLaughlin, with a stellar cast, drives so hard toward the end of the tunnel that the light blinds.

For the seven tracks, he has assembled five different groups of the most noteworthy jazz-rock players, most of whom have been prominent in McLaughlin's past. Included are Billy Cobham, Stanley Clarke, Jerry Goodman, David Sanborn, Jack Bruce, Tony Williams and David Carlos Santana.

The music ranges from the propulsive opening "New York on My Mind", which duplicates the sound of the original Mahavishnu Orchestra, to the closing solo guitar piece, "My Foolish Heart," which broods gently after the hectic guitar-drum dialogue between McLaughlin and Cobham on the preceding "Phenomenon: Compulsion."

After some meandering albums and a spell away from the electric axe with the acoustic intricacies of Shakti, John McLaughlin is back with what may be his best album yet.

Ken Williams

Janis Ian
In Concert
Interfusion

This album is virtually a song-by-song recording of the concert which the singer gave in Auckland last year. So if you enjoyed the concert, this review is quite superfluous. There is the obligatory "Jesse" and "At Seventeen", as well as a selection of songs from her four other Interfusion albums.

I complained of the concert that Ian didn't have enough variety in her songs, and a touch of humour here and there would not be amiss. The one light touch of the concert, "New York in the Springtime" unfortunately gets off to a bad start with a cool audience response and an underrecorded opening.

Ian is a smooth craftsman, albeit a trifle cynical. And considering the horrendous reception that the beautiful *Present Company* album got, who can blame her for not making waves these days.

I'm not really knocking the album, as it is rather a pleasant reminder of the concert, but if anybody had the other four Interfusion albums, they might be worried about the paucity of new songs on this live set.

William Dart

Joe Cocker
A Luxury You Can Afford
Asylum

It's a slimmer Joe Cocker that graces the cover of his latest album, his first for Asylum, to the twelve - pints - a - day - man who toured here with the American Standard Band last year. Cocker's congeniality and easy going attitude have put him at the mercy of many sharp rock businessmen (Leon Russell springs to mind) with the result that he has continually slipped from the formidable R & B presence of his first album.

His new album seems to be an attempt to put much of his past chaos well and truly behind him. As he comments himself on Phil Driscoll's very moving "Wasted Years" — "Phil Driscoll wrote this especially for me. Some might say it sums up my life!" Driscoll is a young writer from

Jacksonville whose two songs on the album, the aforementioned "Wasted Years" and the beautiful "Boogie Baby", aided by Cocker's interpretation easily steal the thunder from versions of "Watching the River Flow" and a rather heavy-fisted "I Heard It Through the Grapevine".

Allen Toussaint, who produced the album at Muscle Shoals with the usual collection of flawless musicians, has one of his own songs, "Fun Time" included, an excellent piece of funk written especially for Cocker. "A Whiter Shade of Pale" was tailor-made for Cocker's Sheffield soul treatment and guitarist Larry Byrom leads

the melody line with plenty of feeling.

Luxury is a well organized and professionally executed album which proves that Cocker is still one of the finest blues singers around, but in 1978 people don't seem to care anymore.

George Kay

Leon Russell
Americana
Paradise

My friend Phil and I always disagreed about Leon Russell. Phil claimed Russell had a horrible voice and made annoyingly eccentric al-

bums but occasionally wrote beautiful songs which, mercifully, someone else recorded. I defended Russell's singing as distinctive and always found the albums impressively original. I regard *Carney* ('72) as Russell's masterpiece, with *Will O' the Wisp* ('75) close behind. Phil hates both but likes George Benson singing their ballads.

Since '76 Phil's been happier about Russell's new music than I have. Russell got married and with his wife made two albums full of smooth love songs. Phil liked the vocals and production; I feared marital bliss was driving Russell to the middle of the road.

Now on *Americana* Mrs Russell is absent, apparently having left hubby alone with the dog. And if there's some ensuing maudlin lovesickness it's well balanced by numbers which show a resurgence of Leon's old spirit.

However he must share the credit for this. The jaunty brass work is courtesy of Chicago and nearly all the songs are co-written by that inveterate oddball-cum-hustler Kim Fowley.

The songs remain conventional but are strong with it. The sound is still polished but there's fire too.

Phil and I are both pleased with *Americana*.
Peter Thomson

RIP IT UP

Rip It Up No. 16 October 1978

Postal Address PO Box 5689, Auckland 1.

Editor Alastair Dougal

Ads & Design Murray Cammick

A special thanks to Ken Williams for news editing, Mr Wrap it up (Bryan Staff) and Mr Help with the paste-it-up (Andrew Green).

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BOOMTOWN RATS TONIC FOR THE TROOPS



IT'S GETTING HOTTER
(and I don't just mean the weather)

THIN LIZZY
LIVE AND DANGEROUS



Western Springs Nov 1

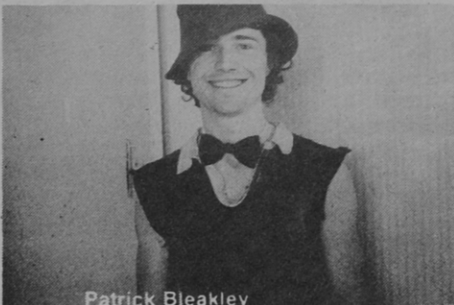
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BAND FILE No.2 SPATS

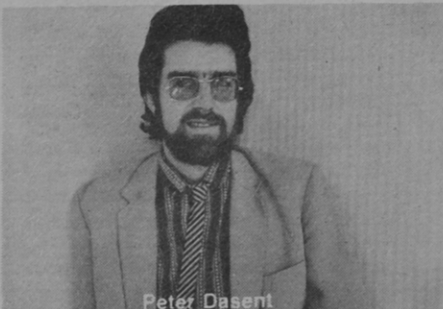
History Formed August 1977 when Fane got all these jokers together to play his songs. First gig (with Bruno Lawrence and Julie Needham) at the Olympic Hotel, Naenae, as Les Hots. For obscure reasons, Spats' took over as the official nomenclature, about the time the band went on the road in the Blerta bus. Untold pubs, clubs, snubs and grubs later, the line-up changed to what it is now. Joined up with Ian Watkin's Old Steam Wireless Factory in August 1978, to do *Robman's Roadshow* with Limbs. **Records** A few demos that no Big Gun has had the perspicacity to spend Big Bucks on. Look out for the bootleg *Live at Kawerau*. **Management** Old Steam Wireless Factory, Box 56-106, Auckland. Ph. 771-249.



Tony Backhouse Guitar and vocals.
Born May 23, 1947.
Education Five years at Victoria University.
Musical Career Learned classical guitar. Went through usual sixties folk and blues scenes. Sacked from Original Sin. Played bass guitar and piano in Mammal for four years. Learned to play guitar with Tapestry, then Kneedeep, formed *Hired Help* and then lured into Spats by Fane. Written music for radio plays, TV, films and commercials.
Other Jobs Cleaner, Wharfie, music programmer, cleaner, proof reader, cleaner . . .
Favourites
Albums *Best Of* - James Brown, *The Last Record Album* - Little Feat, *Young Americans* - David Bowie, *Kind of Blue* - Miles Davis.
Single "Sister from Texas" - Aretha Franklin.
Guitarists Larry Carlton and Steven Apirana.
Singers Lowell George, Natalie Cole and James Brown.
Musicians Jeff Beck, Bill Payne and Mark Hornbrook.
Equipment
Fender Stratocaster, Fender Bassman 100, 2 JBLs, untold useless pedals, 27 useless leads, pair of spats and a pale blue dinner jacket from L.A. tuxedo centre.



Patrick "Paddo" Bleakley Double bass.
Born November 1, 1953.
Education St Brigids Convent, Johnsonville.
Musical Career Studied for diploma of music at the Blerta conservatory under the professorship of David Charles Lawrence L.S.R.M.
Other Jobs Babysitting and hanging out the washing.
Favourites
Albums *Ah Hun* - Charlie Mingus, *Jack Johnson* - Miles Davis, *8th Street Nites* - Back Door.
Single "Albatross" - Fleetwood Mac.
Double Bassist Richard Davis.
Singer Mahia Blackmore
Musician Bernie McGann and Stewart Crooks.
Equipment
Rockit Amp (haven't tried it yet), K140, German Double Bass, Schaller magnetic pick-up for loud music, Polytone contact pickup for acoustic sound and plastic nose.



Peter Dasant Piano
Born February 10, 1954.
Education Wellington College, Victoria University.
Musical Career Learned classical piano (8 years), studied music at University (2 years), tootling on piano (4 years), early 1977 played in boogie bands with Andy Anderson - the last

version of which Fane joined and thus begat Les Hots and Spats.
Other Jobs Postman, dreamer and codger.
Favourites
Albums *Striking It Rich* - Dan Hicks and his Hot Licks, *Kind of Blue* - Miles Davis, *Can't Buy a Thrill*, *Aja* - Steely Dan.
Singles "Heroes and Villains" - Beach Boys; "Set Me Free" - The Kinks.
Pianists Bud Powell, Bill Payne and Bill Evans.
Singers Donald Fagan and John Lennon.
Musicians Patrick Bleakley, Bruno Lawrence, Django, Andrew Delahunty and Frank Zappa.
Equipment
Yamaha CP70 electric piano, Fender twin reverb amp with built in Barcus Berry hot dot box, rubber latex gorilla mask and one pair size 8 spats.



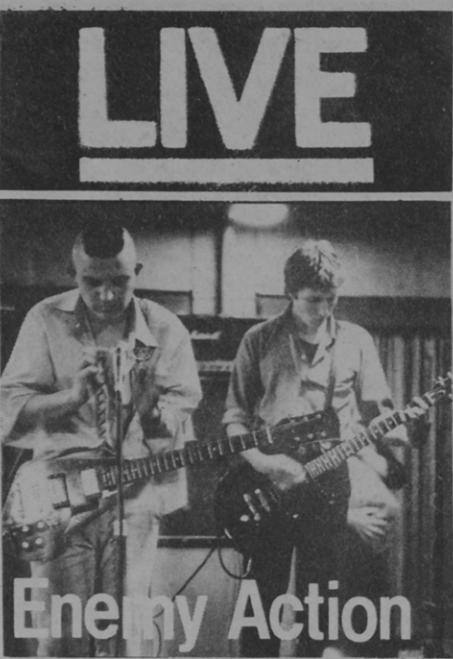
Fane Flaws Guitar and vocals.
Born May 25, 1951.
Education Wellington College, Polytechnic School of Design and Blerta.
Musical Career Wayne and the other guys, The Dukanes, Blerta for 3 years, Andy Anderson's Express (3 weeks) and sixteen months of 'Beautiful Music and Dangerous Rhythms'.
Other Jobs Freelance illustration phone 775-235.
Favourites
Albums *Bird & Diz Live at Birdland*, *Reuben and the Jets* - Frank Zappa, *White Album* - Beatles, *Parisienne Swing* - Hot Club de France, *Blues and Roots* - Charlie Mingus.
Singles "Eagle Rock" - Daddy Cool and "Sittin in the Rain" - Underdogs.
Guitarists Django and Jimi Hendrix.
Singers Billie Holiday, Aretha Franklin and Captain Beefheart.
Musicians Lester Young, Mark Horrybrooke, Bud Powell and Sonny Rollins.
Equipment
Gibson Les Paul deluxe, Marshall 50 and McKenzies Kazoo.



Michael Knapp Drums and cymbals.
Born August 24, 1956.
Education Christchurch, Auckland and Hamilton Schools.
Musical Career Airwaves 1 & 2.
Other jobs Post Office
Favourites
Albums Any Stones or Beatles.
Single "Saw Her Standing There" - John Lennon and Elton John Band.
Drummer Bruno Lawrence
Singers Mick Jagger and Mary Knapp.
Musicians Keith Richards, Dave Maybe and Phil Tait.
Equipment
Gretsch drum and Paiste cymbals.



Annette Morrison vocals
Born December 5, 1959.
Education St Oran's, Lower Hutt
Musical Career Short periods of piano, guitar, recorder and violin training. Upper Hutt Operatic Society.
Other jobs Usherette and candle seller.
Favourites
Albums *Second Childhood* - Phoebe Snow, *In the Pocket* - James Taylor, any Beethoven, *This Is the Life* - Blerta and *Little Criminals* - Randy Newman.
Singles "Dance All Around the World" - Blerta and "Disco on My Radio"/"Money" - Neville Purvis.
Singers Beaver, Rick Bryant, Ian Watkin and Charles Naylor.
Musicians Randy Newman, Terry Grayford and Neil Hannan.
Equipment
Cowbell, tambourine, maraccas and vocal chords.



The Enemy
The Scavengers
Sheerlux
Auckland University Cafe

The Enemy from Dunedin gave their first North Island performance to mixed reactions. About 400 people sampled a good and bad programme, the concrete dance floor, canned beer and incidental violence. A lot of them had a good time, a few got hurt and one of them souvenired a \$100 microphone.
The Scavengers, Johnny Volume - guitar, Des T - drums, Ronnie Recent - bass and vocals, with Buster Stiggs (on loan from Reptiles) on second guitar did a pretty professional first set.
The audience liked "True Love" and "Mister X" songs which the Scavengers hope to release as a single, and the Enemy liked "Glad All Over" and "Get Me to the World on Time". Dave Clark 5 and Electric Prunes oldies.
They were followed by Sheerlux with punk standards and some Ultravox and Bowie. Roland Kooreen and Graham Schnell on bass and drums form a competent rhythm section, Jimmy Jurecivic distinguishes the band with fine guitar playing. Mal Licious is a truly ghastly vocalist. He can slaughter a song that was good two years ago.
By contrast. The Enemy's whole act is their vocalist. Chris Knox free ranges the stage and audience - a grotesque, shambling figure leering under a mohawk head shave - delivering an off the cuff manifesto on misogyny and the modern world within a two and a half octave range with weird vibrato.
They are unbalanced but impressive. I liked "1978" and "I Can't Get It Up". The vocals are overwhelming and Mike Dooley, their sweet little drummer belongs up the front. Bass player Mick Dawson has a classical background and knows his stuff. Alec Bathgate plays rhythm guitar and the band is consequently limited by its lack of a strong lead instrument.
The Scavengers' second set was drunken, dirty dancing music. This band can excel at real tough rock 'n' roll, their own and others.
Sheerlux again . . . dull . . . while somebody got done outside. A lot of the audience left.
The Enemy were limited to two last songs, "Green Walls", a song about death . . . "I can't believe it could happen to me," and "Iggy Told Me", a manic voodoo chant and their *piece de la resistance*. All stops out. The survivors were devastated.
Jewel Sanyo

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THE ENEMY

THE SCAVENGERS

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Easy Street
Lion Tavern, Dunedin
Easy Street are a six-piece Gisborne band formed eighteen months ago, and for the last twelve of these months they've been professional, pounding the North Island pub/club circuit. The members, Mark Barnes (lead vocals), Lennie Lawton (guitar, vocals), Maurice Priestly (guitar, vocals, harp), Dene McLeod (drums), Phil Young (bass, vocals) and Ian Fussell (keyboards, vocals), have never played in bands before, but a year on the road has more than made up for that.
Dunedin's Lion Tavern in recent months has been forced by residential pressure to suspend rock bookings, but with a week of Easy Street playing there, rock 'n' roll is back in the suburbs. It's difficult trying to pigeonhole the band as they play a diversity of well-paced, volatile non-original material drawn from Tom Petty ("Breakdown"), the Motors ("Dancing the Night Away"), the Doors ("Roadhouse Blues") and Boomtown Rats ("Looking After No. 1") amongst others.
Much of their repertoire is staple pub band boogie designed to get people on their feet and keep them there, but they are slowly accumulating their own songs, two of which, "Suicide Mission" and "Smash Your Television", they play regularly and hope to feature when *Radio With Pictures* film them early this month. Easy Street are ambitious but they are more than aware of the realities of pub gigs, the restrictions of playing songs the crowds are familiar with, yet playing with taste to keep people coming back for more. The Lion's Tavern was jumpin' and I was more than happy with a few under the belt to get into muscular deliveries of "Roadhouse Blues" and Tom Robinson's "2-4-6-8 Motorway".
Time will tell if Easy Street can extend themselves beyond the pub scene, and to do that they would need a record contract, something for which they are hopeful, and a wider selection of their own songs. If they can continue their present work rate, something must happen.
George Kay

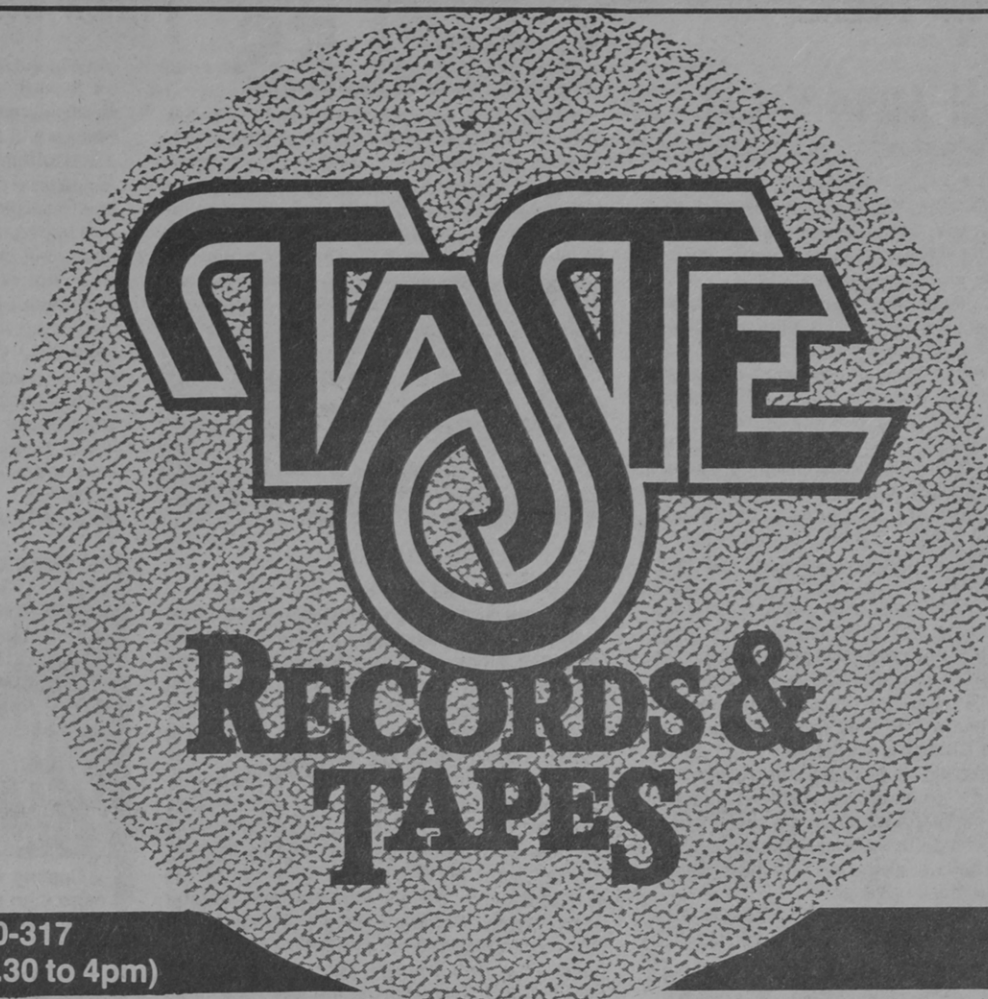
TOP BANDS
TOP GEAR
TOP SHOP

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Shady Lady October 2-7, Cabana Hotel, Napier. October 9-14, Mayfair Hotel, Hastings. October 16-21, Te Mata Hotel, Havelock North. October 23-28, Awapuni Hotel, Palmerston North.
Flight 7-7 October 11-14, Headquarters Rock Cafe, Auckland. October 16-21, Windsor Castle, Auckland. October 26-28, Gluepot, Auckland.
Rough Justice October 12-15, Last Resort, 21A Courtenay Place, Wellington.
Rockets October 9, 10, 11, 30, 31 and November 1, 6, 7, 8, The Crypt, Auckland. Wednesday to Saturday, Esplanade Hotel, Devonport.
Reel to Real October 11-14 and 18-21, Quinns Post, Lower Hutt.
Uncle Remus Wednesday to Saturday, Caspar's Cabaret, Park Avenue, Otahuhu, Auckland.
Citizen Band October 18-21, Gluepot, Ponsonby.
Golden Harvest October 5-7, Castlecliff Hotel, Wanganui. October 19-21, Otava Tavern, Waiuku. October 23-28, Potter's Wheel, New Lynn. November 13-18, Hillcrest Tavern, Hamilton.
Godley Head October 5-7, 19-21, Headquarters Rock Cafe, 54 Upper Queen Street, Auckland.
Berlin October 4-7 and 11-14, Globe Tavern, Auckland. October 19-21, Island of Real. October 12, Auckland University Cafe.
Alastair Riddell Band November 9-11, Last Resort, Wellington.
Luna Sea October 26-28, Last Resort, Wellington.
Sam Hunt and Gary McCormick October 11, Island of Real.
Th' Dudes October 5-7, Island of Real, Auckland. October 12-14 and 19-21, Gluepot, Auckland. October 30-Nov 4, Sandown Park Motor Hotel, Gisborne.
Lip Service October 12-14, Island of Real.
Hard Jazz Sunday October 15, Island of Real.
Johnny & the Hookers November 2-4, Last Resort.
Equinox October 8, Island of Real.
Half Moon October 16-21 and 23-28, Lion Tavern, Wellington. October 29, Last Resort.
Rough Justice October 12-15 and 19-22, Last Resort, Wellington.

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Angel Mine Fever

Angel Mine — A New Zealand feature film with a musical soundtrack — will premiere with a concert by the Suburban Reptiles and the Plague at Auckland's Winter Garden Theatre on October 19.

The film takes its title from a commercial wonder drug for people with marital problems, a product of scriptwriter-director David Blyth's imagination with heavy implications for all the Lockwood housebound couples in Pakuranga.

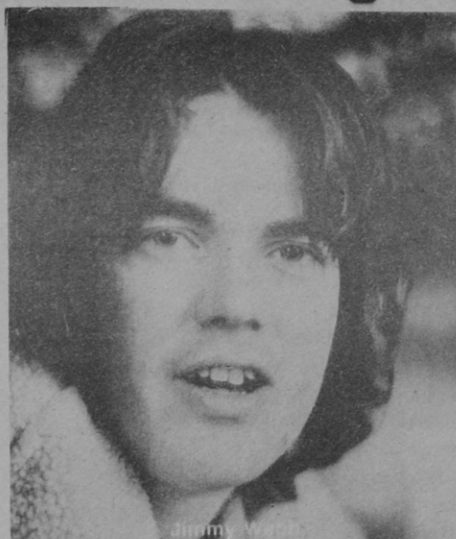
Both bands playing at the premiere are involved with the film. Richard von Sturmer, of the Plague, contributed to the scriptwriting, and two Suburban Reptiles' songs, "Saturday Night Stay at Home" and the previously unreleased "Razorblade Rosie", are on the soundtrack.

Angel Mine carries little dialogue "because New Zealanders don't speak that much," David Blyth says. Communication rests mainly with familiar commercial voice-overs — in *Angel Mine* the TV is always turned on — and expressionistic use of music linked to the visual images: The Reptiles for the suburban couple's sinister "shadows" in their fantasy sequences, funk bands Charisma and Urban Road for the soft sell fantasies the couple absorb from the ubiquitous TV commercials, "African gumboot music" for the sex scenes, with a score written by Mark Nicholas, an Auckland Music Conservatorium graduate, and played by the Auckland Youth Orchestra.



Parkerilla/Tour Badges (20 sets of 4)
Competition page 4
CAPTION THIS PHOTO!

Webb Untangled



BY W. DART

In a world of punk rock, new wave and disco, the very name of Jimmy Webb almost seems an anachronism. Perhaps because his early successes such as "Galveston" and "By the Time I Get to Phoenix" have become the tramping ground of the Val Doonicans of this world. And yet one of the most sympathetic assessments of Webb as a songwriter was written by Karl Jenkins of Soft Machine.

Webb started his career with a series of ambitious concept albums for artists such as Richard Harris, Thelma Houston and the Fifth Dimension. The latter's *Magic Garden* album is a gem, and will be an ear opener if you have been judging the group solely by the drek they have been vinylising over the past few years. The two Richard Harris albums, *A Tramp Shining* and *The Yard Went on Forever* have similarly proved to be the peak of that singer's career.

There are six Webb solo albums, if you count the rip-off *Jim Webb sings Jim Webb* which Epic records produced to coincide with the singer's growing popularity. But the Reprise album *Words and Music* was the first "official" release, so to speak.

Words and Music is a surprisingly raw and gutsy album, considering the lush romanticism of Webb's work with Harris and the Fifth Dimension. The singer himself plays everything from accordion to 6" power saw, and Tom Scott is amongst the three other backing musicians. Some classic songs about the throes and woes of the music business ("P.F. Sloan", "Dorothy Chandler

SINGLES

Listen, let's forget all the rules for the moment. In the world of the 45rpm single, time is everything. When a new song is played on the radio it's likely to be sandwiched between an ad for bigger blocks of cheese and whatever the John Travolta single is that week. These three or four minutes have to count.



THE FASTEST SINGLE OF THE MONTH

"Saturday Night Stay at Home" — **Suburban Reptiles (2.26)**. Auckland's New Wave has lived and since died; the Suburban Reptiles were there to present both its worst and its best moments on record. Not a 12-inch single this time but, in losing five inches, the Repts have gained a million miles on "Megaton".

Indeed, this may signify the end of the Suburban Reptiles (as we know them). Former Split Enz Phil Judd is the lead guitarist, arranger and producer for "Saturday Night" and its flip, "45 Single", and his presence is no doubt the reason for the band's improvement. Buster Stiggs wrote "Saturday Night", providing five-star accommodation for Judd's fast-moving guitar riffs. And vocalist Zero can at last be heard. Aural stimulation is the key here; from metal machine to lounge lizards in one easy lesson.

RUNNERS-UP

"Two Tickets to Paradise" — **Eddie Money (3.07)** Eddie Money was once a New York cop but it's obvious that at heart he always wanted to be a rock star. He attacks this song with the gusto of a true fan and, in his hands, even a theme as well-worked as this sounds new.

"Like Clockwork" — **Boomtown Rats (3.23)** This could have come from any Sparks LP, but it's probably better off where it is.

"The Ladder Song" — **Citizen Band (3.28)** Their songs can be both frustrating and embar-

Blues", "Songseller") and a rather clever medley in which he combined "Let It Be Me", "Never My Love" and "I Wanna Be Free", but this must have been one of the floptros of all time in New Zealand, so there are lots of copies round to be pounced on.

The second Reprise album, *And So On*, never got NZ release which is a pity considering it had Larry Coryell on guitar and Webb's own versions of "Marionette" and "All My Love's Laughter", both of which eventually appeared on Art Garfunkel's recent *Watermark* album.

1972's *Letters* got local release and after some of the harshness of the second album, showed Webb aiming at a smoother style — he sings his own "Galveston", redoes "Songseller" and offers a smooth version of Boudleaux Bryant's "Love Hurts". Webb's own "Campo de Encino" shows he can slash at the trendies when he wants to ("A chamber group playing without any clothes/Good for the oboes but hard on the cellos"), and Joni Mitchell lends her talents on one track.

Webb had still been busy as a producer of other people's albums — his album with the Supremes, for instance, is an absolute delight, Glen Campbell's *Reunion* and, more recently, Art Garfunkel's *Watermark*. The poor man even tried to cope with the Cher Bono/Allman monolith in the lady's *Stars* album.

1974 and Jimmy Webb had become one of the Asylum stable, together with Jackson Browne, Joni Mitchell et. al. His Asylum album *Land's End* is underestimated and painfully so. If you are a Joni Mitchell nut, you just have to hear her vocals on the infectious "Feet in the Sunshine". At the other extreme the orchestral pyrotechnics of "Land's End" recall his earlier lushness.

After a three year recording silence, Atlantic released Webb's *El Mirage* last year, which is now around New Zealand shops on import. This is no disappointment, produced by George Martin and featuring such sidemen as Lowell George, Larry Knechtel and Kenny Loggins. Most interesting is Webb's new version of "P.F. Sloan" with the Nixon reference updated for the post-Watergate generation and he also includes "The Moon is a Harsh Mistress", already recorded by both Joe Cocker and Judy Collins. Like the Art Garfunkel-Jimmy Webb *Watermark* the songs range over Webb's career — from 1970 to 1977 in this case.

If you find a copy of *Words and Music* (and you should both easily and cheaply) you will have one of the most important albums of the early seventies. If you can get hold of *El Mirage* you will see how you can write intelligent and craftsmanlike rock music in America today without throwing your lot in with the Linda Ronstadt stable.

William Dart

rassing but here the lads have got it all together, as it were. Shorter than the album version, Geoff Chunn's tale of broken ladders rocks with energy and suspense.

"Surrender" — **Cheap Trick (3.39)** in little over a year Cheap Trick has released three LPs and Rick Nielsen continues to write sure-fire hits with apparent effortlessness. "Surrender" is the best song on *Heaven Tonight* and, with its flip side "Auf Wiedersehen", combines heavy pop with often bizarre humour. More weirdness of this kind is to be encouraged.

"Are You Old Enough?" — **Dragon (3.57)** Dragon's worst songs are both simple and bland but this song is appealingly simple with enough good hooks to trip all but the deaf. One thing, however, still worries me: can Dragon become Americans as easily as they become Australians?

Jeremy Templer

Istanbul Horror Show



Coming to Auckland soon is a movie of more than passing interest to the rock audience. *Midnight Express* is a gripping tale of the dope smugglers who don't make it.

Based on the true story of an American kid who tried to smuggle two kilos of hashish out of Istanbul in 1970, it charts the agonies of five years in a Turkish prison.

Director Alan Parker (*Bugsy Malone*) develops an atmosphere that is almost palpable as we endure the horror that is the lot of the hash smugglers confined in Sagmalcilar Prison.

The cast never misses a step, with perhaps the outstanding performance coming from John Hurt (*The Naked Civil Servant*) as an English addict who has eked out seven years of imprisonment in a drugged oblivion.

Midnight Express (prison jargon for "escape") is a film of extraordinary power, definitely recommended to those who travelled the Hash Trail... and to those who merely knew it by repute.

Ken Williams

LETTERS

P.O. Box 5689, Auckland.

First off I'd like to say on behalf of every disco lover in New Zealand that punk rock stinks worse than month old yoghurt. Furthermore, to compare punk with disco is like comparing Phyllis Diller's hair-do with Farrah Fawcett-Major's hairdo.

May I say that never in my entire eighteen years have I heard anything as totally ridiculous as punk rock. This sweet'n'soulful message is intended to get those punks to come back down to reality and get into the funky-up sounds of the Bee Gees, Isaac Hayes, Parliament, Barry White, the Emotions and Earth Wind and Fire.

As sure as punk is a dying phase for dope soaked freaks, disco is here to hussle and bump to—until all eternity.

Boogie on Always

Donna Summer Te Atatu North

Mr Templer says in his review of *Lethal Weapons* (August issue) that, "Wasted Daze re-work the Who's 'Magic Bus' under its new title, 'Mona'! This is impossible as 'Mona' was written and recorded at least a decade before the Who's 'Magic Bus'".

"Mona" (and the other Wasted Daze track, "Road Runner") were in fact both written (as credited on the album) by one Elias McDaniel, also known as Bo Diddley.

G. Jordan South Canterbury

Last year I saw the new wave at its peak in London. It was exciting and mostly genuine. Back in New Zealand we have pseudo-punks doing hackneyed imitations of British bands. The social environment that spurred on the punk scene in England is totally irrelevant to New Zealand.

Originality is the most important trait for any new band. Split Enz and Citizen Band are to be admired for the unique New Zealand flavour of their music.

However, it is great to see that British punk has inspired many bands to at least put the balls back into their music. Let's also see more politically motivated bands (and less art school ones). There are a hell of a lot of issues, brought about by our fascist government, to get angry about. It shifts me to see people so apathetic. What better way to vocalise this anger and stir up reactionary New Zealanders everywhere than through high energy music.

Watch out Auckland! Dunedin's Enemy has got to be the most original (all their own songs) and gut-level-exciting band performing in New Zealand.

Dave Dunedin

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Captain Beefheart Spotlight Kid/ Unconditionally Guarantee Billie Holiday Lady Love
John Cale Paris 1919 / Vintage Violence
Pearls Before Swine These Things Too /
The Use of Ashes Hurricanes Hotwheels
The Fugs It Crawled Into My Hand Honest



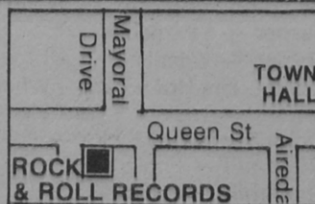
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The above albums are for sale. Send offers to PO Box 6812, Auckland 1, by October 31st.

MORE LETTERS

Firstly, could we have more nudity in *Rip It Up*? Secondly, since you promote local talent reasonably well, when do we get at least a brief mention of Rooter or The Atrocities?

Also, to anyone interested, that little smudge in the bottom right-hand corner of Sheerlux's picture last month was me.

Alan A.

Wellington is dead in the way of punk or new wave (except 52 Thursday nights at Ziggy's). Graham Parker and the Rumour blew my mates and my minds out! So do you reckon Elvis Costello and the Attractions could blow the town hall off the map? I do and I will give my eye teeth and body to science to see Elvis in Wellington. **Seductive** (on the crest of new wave) **Sue**

Jeeze your whole mag's on punk wankers and rock suckers with a little disco scene. Let's see some down to earth funk Bootsy style or better still Dr Funkenstein.

Duncan Campbell had the right idea in a recent *Rip It Up*. Funk is its own reward. **S.W. Manurewa**

Francis Stark epitomises the narrow outlook of many Kiwis. Why does he have to compare

Citizen Band's brilliant debut album only with New Zealand albums, and only one at that.

Their album is of international standard and stands alongside the best releases of the year to date. Isn't it time we grew up and stopped treating our recording industry on a local basis only and elevated it on to the international scene where it can surely hold its own. **S.S. Auckland**

Just to create a stir here's my review of a Spats gig in (Ah, let's see . . .) May. Our college hall was packed with rock-mad kids expecting some good music. What a let-down. They played four 'rock' songs (including "So Into You" — Jeeze . . .), and twenty minutes of 1920's jazz-not jazz-rock, but the real thing. Some jerk said a few pukeable jokes, and a weird lady did the Charleston.

The next big thing, eh, Dix? I think it's back to the ol' drawing board for Spats. **A.D.S. Paraparaumu**

Dear Captain Starlite — it's obvious you are an *disco freako* and have no knowledge of punk music.

Disco is the lowest form of music there is. Everybody spends hundreds of bucks on stupid

clothes and then pay hundreds of more bucks to learn stupid dances. Then they pay to listen to records — What rubbish, what ~~rip~~ off. Wake up to punk you sheep.

P.Niss

P.S. Do your paper a favour and print this!

Thank God it's Friday, Saturday Night Fever and disco are crap!

Why let this non-crap magazine go crap with disco?

More Patti Smith & TRB (etc) and less John Travolta is what this world needs.

Will the Pill Lower Hutt

A warning to New Zealand! 'Mopex Labotomy', the exponents of groove rock will shortly take over the entire muzic industry.

Mopex Labotomy Wellington

P.S. Benjamin Mitchell and Johnny Gravel write fab letters.

You guys really ed up No. 15 didn'tcha. Those *Goes Disco Crazy* articles gave me a pain in the groin. If you are trying to fill up space in your otherwise brilliant magazine, I think I'd rather hear about your Auntie Dot's trip to Taihape.

I'd like to say "great stuff" to Barry Jenkin. *Ready to Roll* is my Saturday afternoon low. **Sex Drugs and No Disco Ian**

Dear Loyal Rotten/Vicious fan — You reckon the remaining Sex Pistols have no right to use the honoured name, the Sex Pistols. But if you carefully look through your previous editions of *Rip It Up*, you will find that Jones and Cook are the only two original Sex Pistols and Sid and Johnny came along later. However I do agree that they should shoot Ronald Biggs and recruit someone who is more punk at heart. **Colin Contraceptive**

Hey! When are CBS records gonna release the first two Aerosmith records in Godzone? I've heard one of them and it's bloody good.

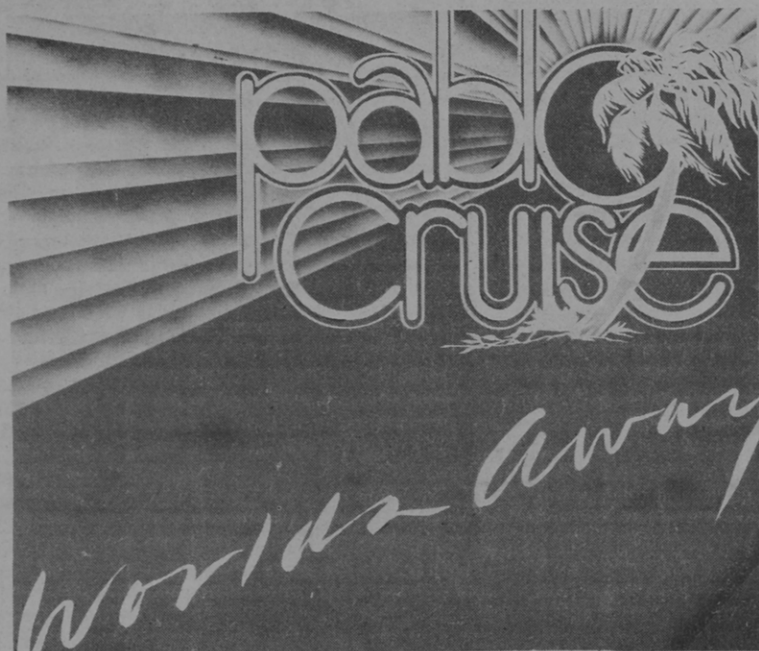
These boys sure ain't Stones imitators. Who would want to be? I hear the kids dance to "Miss You" alongside "Grease" at the discos.

Long live Aerosmith and the Sex Pistols! **Hard Rock Fan** Wellington

I checked out your rag for the first time, today. Wow man! You have a shit hot paper! Where's it been all my life?

Dedicated Rock Freak Wanganui

SIX OF THE BEST



WORLDS AWAY Pablo Cruise — L36592

"... happy, vibrant and extremely well-executed"

Rolling Stone

"You can almost taste the salt spray and feel the ocean breeze ... summertime music at its best!"

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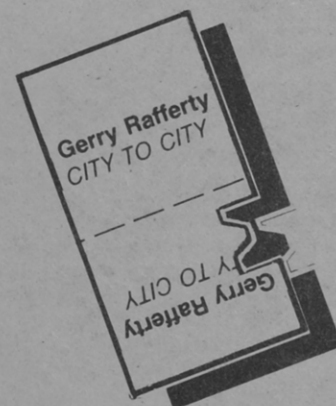
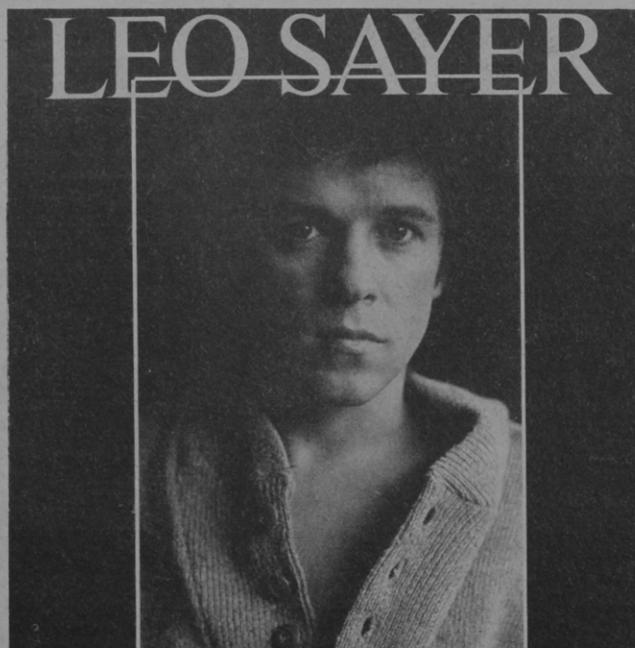
LEO SAYER Leo Sayer — L36601

"... his best L.P. to date ... the music is bright, melodic and spirited."

Billboard

"... Leo's performance betters everything that has gone before."

Melody Maker



CITY TO CITY Gerry Rafferty — L36520

"... a rich tapestry full of varied musical textures and nuances — a unique pop sound"

Billboard

"Rafferty's singing transforms ordinary words into stunning hooks"

Cashbox

"... this album is a classic"

New Musical Express



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