

RIP IT UP

NO. 21 APRIL '79 FREE



5

NEW
BANDS
IN AUCKLAND

NAME
THE BAND
MEMBERS AND
A NIGHT
WIN AT HOME
WITH YOURSELF
ANSWERS
PAGE 14



EDDIE MONEY
BESERKLEY
ENZ MI-SEX
JAZZ



That's What I Want! The Eddie Money Interview

Eddie Money is making it and he's feeling the pressure.

After 10 years of scuffling between Long Island, New York, and Oakland, California, Eddie Money can taste impending stardom. It's that close. He has had a moderate record hit ('Two Tickets to Paradise') and his second album, *Life for the Taking*, is Number 14 on the *Cashbox* chart. It may go higher.

Speaking by telephone from across the world in New York, Money, seemed pre-occupied by the pressures of success. His conversation returns constantly to a dream of 'making it,' but always it's countered by a desire not to lose touch with those things which have brought him this far.

His conflict seems summed up by his latest gig, opening for Santana at Madison Square Garden. "I've always wanted to play Madison Square Garden. But I'm not too compatible an act for Santana. Some of the people gave me a hard time, they didn't like the old white soul."

"Still, it was great. We played to 19,000 people." Eddie is still an opening act on such shows as Santana's or the Stones', but his management is not trying to push him too fast. And that suits him.

"Some people try to turn rock artists into machines, but Bill Graham (he of Fillmore fame) is of the old school. He wants me to get famous, but not too famous. We want to stay away from the big business aspects."

"What's really important to me is my songs and Jimmy's guitar playing." Jimmy is Jimmy Lyon, lead guitarist, saved from the drudgery of a tomato canning factory to join Money's band.

"Jimmy Lyon is a great, great guitar player," says Money who gave sleeping room on his couch to Lyon for several years. His new album has a heavier, harder edge than the earlier *Eddie Money* and Eddie says he felt people should hear more of Lyon's fretboard flash.

It has been a long road for Eddie Money. As Eddie Mahoney, he grew up in New York, the son of a staunchly Irish-Catholic family. In the tradition of the family he joined the police

force. Much has been made of Money's time among New York's finest. The stories have tended to take a "man gives up badge for saxophone" sort of line. He doesn't see it quite that way.

"I was a police trainee so I wouldn't have to go to Vietnam. I typed for the police during the day and I had a rock and roll band at night. I was making more money then than I do now."

Then it was a cross-country split to California in the late sixties, various jobs, and the formation of "a real fire escape band." Playing the Oakland clubs got Money together and today his sound has a biting edge, reminiscent perhaps of an American Frankie Miller. Bob Seger, an earlier exponent of the genre, has mentioned Miller and Money in the same breath when talking about the new singers.

"I wanted more punch on the second record. I didn't want to be super slick or commercial. Rock and roll has to have dirt. I don't like to taste dirt, but I like to feel it under my feet."

"My songs are about growing up, not just in the United States, but in the Western World. I'm just a product of the United States, and all I heard on the radio. I used to shovel snow for 45s, even steal 45s."

"My songs reflect my being a singing bum from New York, as my mother would say. It beats working for a living. It's life for the taking. I love what I'm doing, but I could get another job tomorrow. I don't have to be famous to be happy."

The tenuousness of that fame was demonstrated to Eddie on a recent tour of Britain. The crowds were small, very small, but Eddie remains unphased. "Instead of opening for Santana or Alice Cooper, and playing 35 minutes, I went out there and played an hour and 20 minutes, and the people who were there loved it. It was tough, but big deal. It was tough for 10 years."

"I don't give a damn how many turn up. Whoever turns up I entertain. I'm from New York, I'm used to being miserable." Momentarily miserable or so, Eddie Money will keep singing.

"I dig the entertainment business - from *Midnight Special* to Lawrence Welk. I'm an entertainer, a performer, I want people to get off. Music is an escape to me."

"I never thought I was going to make a record. Being a rock star, that was a dream. It came true."

Ken Williams

A GREAT N.Z. BAND

STREET TALK

A GREAT FIRST L.P.



wea

Indendents Hold the Key?

In February's *Rip It Up*, the virtues of America's premier new wave, independent label, Sire Records, was extolled.

In New Zealand, it's significant that barring CBS's involvement with Sharon O'Neill and Citizen Band, WEA's interest in *Street Talk* and Polygram and EMI's investment in various Middle of the Road acts, it's the independent record labels that are recording our homegrown rock'n'roll. It's also notable that the independents here are based around recording studios - Marmalade and Mandrill around the studios of the same name and, the most successful of all the Enzed indies, Key, is centred around Stebbing's Herne Bay (or Ponsonby, if you prefer) studios.

Rob Aickin in studio with Hello Sailor



Eldred Stebbing, managing director of Key Records, attributes this relationship to good old-fashioned economics. Only such set-ups can sandwich "real recording" between the bread and butter lines - advertising jingles and the like.

But Key Record has been significantly the most successful in the use of its spare studio time. In the last twelve months it's racked up five gold discs (one from Toni Williams and two each for Golden Harvest and Hello Sailor) and, while each gold record only signifies sales of 7½ thousand units, the income is sufficient to justify the services of a full-time producer working exclusively on record production.

It's producer Rob Aickin who's been instrumental in establishing an identity on vinyl for Golden Harvest, Hello Sailor and, most recently, Th' Dudes. He's obviously this country's foremost rock producer although when I put this proposition to Rob, he reminds me that

he's probably the *only* such producer, full-time at least.

In typical Kiwi fashion his beginnings in production were accidental. A member of the sixties pop combo The Clevedonaires; Rob found himself, together with the guitarist from the group, recording in London with producer Muff Winwood (elder brother of Stevie and producer for Dire Straits, Sutherland Brother etc.). Comments Rob: "Nothing came out of the sessions but the experience was useful. That's where I really learnt about production watching Muff work."

On his return to New Zealand, Rob visited the Stebbing's recording studios. "Eldred played me a few bits and pieces that had been done here. I thought they were terrible. So I said give us a go... I went down the studio and remixed a couple of tracks. Eldred liked it, the record company liked them. From there on things took their natural course." Hello Sailor's

debut single was his first project and work with Toni Williams and Golden Harvest soon followed.

Eldred Stebbing firmly believes that the label's success is due to the fact that Key is prepared to put an investment of time into each artist. Time that allows Rob Aickin to get totally involved in each project. As Rob puts it, "I'm not recording Golden Harvest one day and doing a yoghurt commercial the next. I think that's half the reason I have been successful."

Along with this investment of times goes a commitment to whoever he's working with currently. "The best thing I've ever done is the thing I'm working on at the current time. Generally I'm most excited about what I'm working on at that moment. I have to be cos I have to inspire that enthusiasm in the band."

In line with this theory Rob's current fixation is Th' Dudes with work on their debut album nearing completion. The single "Be Mine Tonight" is an impressive achievement - it has a punch that sends it springing out from your average three inch transistor speaker. Full credit goes to Dave Dobbin's song and vocal ability but it was Rob Aickin who edited the song down from its five minute plus recorded length to commercial air-play size. (The longer version will likely appear on the album).

It's that kind of eye on the commercial main chance which has produced the solid string of successes Key has enjoyed. And Eldred Stebbing is predicting more. He picks that within six months they'll have a hit outside of NZ via their newly-arranged distribution deal for Australia and Europe.

After all there was a time when Abba was Sweden's biggest money-earning industry. Maybe Th' Dudes could pull Muldoon out of the red.

Alastair Dougal

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The Concert Station



Radio
Hauraki

Roxy Music



Small Stuff

So you weren't old enough to be there in '69, huh? Well don't worry, our chance has come again. Yup, it appears there's to be a second Woodstock Festival. Certain interests in the States are negotiating with the owners of the original festival site with a view to staging a festival there on the tenth anniversary of the first **Woodstock festival**, August 21 this year. Already approaches have been made to many of the acts involved in the original event, such as Blood, Sweat and Tears, Jefferson Starship, Joe Cocker, Johnny Winter, Paul Butterfield and Joan Baez. It's also hoped that The Who could be persuaded to debut their new line-up. Many of the acts involved in 1969 who have since broken up or no longer appear live, have also been approached and the organisers hope that Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, Creedence Clearwater Revival and The Band could be persuaded to reform for Woodstock II. Once again the event would be both filmed and recorded. As well as the geriatric acts detailed above, bands, who have come to prominence since 1969 would also appear..... a promotional film for the **Village People's** new single "In the Navy" was shot recently on board the USS Reasoner. At first the Village People's record company were concerned that permission to film on a Navy vessel would not be given. Now they're even more concerned. Seems the Navy's so taken with the song they intend to use it as part of a TV recruiting campaign. A worried label exec confessed: "I hope the Navy doesn't find out what they're really into, it might be embarrassing"..... and **Mike Oldfield** (of Tubular Bells fame) has cut a disco single. Titled 'Guilty', the song was recorded in New York late last year with session musicians..... The Ocker Section: George McArdle, bassist for the **Little River Band**, has quit the group to pursue a three year Bible study course. Filling in while LRB record their new album in Melbourne with producer John Boylan is Aussie session bass player, Clive Harrison.....**Dragon** began recording their next album last month and have added vocalist and sax and piano player Billy Rogers has been drafted into the line-up. First gigs suggest that the band is introducing a more 'sophisticated' sound with added instrumental variety from the new members **Skyhooks** have also added a new singer. Tony Williams (no, not that Tony Williams) replaced the famous Shirley Strachan, who has retired for parts unknown..... and one-time **Split Enz** manager Barry Coburn has compiled an album containing all the band's early singles together with some previously unreleased material. He is negotiating with record companies to secure a deal..... it's a month for having trouble with your record company.... Paul Simon has paid \$1.5 million to CBS Records to release him from the obligation to deliver the final album of his contract. Simon has also begun proceedings against CBS charging that they did not give him a proper accounting of record sales and failed to pay royalties due.... **George Thorogood and the Destroyers** are to remain with their original label, Rounder Records, despite the fact the major labels have offered them contracts into the seven figure range. However, MCA Records have purchased twenty tracks that were recorded at the same time as the material on Thorogood's second album. *Move It On Over* (as yet unreleased in NZ) and will release half of these tracks on an album entitled *Better Than the Rest*. It's understood that the material is being released without Thorogood's approval.... **Southside Johnny**

and the **Asbury Jukes** have been released from their contract with Epic Records. The group were reported to be very disappointed with the performance of their third album, *Hearts of Stone*, which despite considerable critical acclaim, sold less than 200,000 copies. The Jukes were, reports *Rolling Stone*, several hundred thousand dollars in debt to Epic and both parties felt a clean start would be an advantage. As well as looking for a new recording contract, the band have taken on a new manager, Dave Sonenberg, the man who handles Meatloaf.... and speaking of giant singers - the Meatloaf has got married. Mrs Loaf is one Leslie Edmonds and the best man was Meat's song writer Jim Steinman.... and the Vicious family are continuing to have a bad year. Last month Sid's mum was busted for possession of 25 pounds of cannabis Fleetwood Mac singer **Stevie Nicks** has been signed to play the title role in the film, *Rhiannon*, based on her song of the same name. The script is to be provided by Paul Mayersberg who wrote the script for *The Man Who Fell to Earth*. The film's soundtrack will be composed by Nicks.... **Iggy Pop** has shelved any further alliances with David Bowie and, in a bid to go-it-alone, has been learning how to play guitar. He's now using ex-Stooges guitarist James Williamson as producer. However Iggy does not play guitar on his new album, *Don't Look Back*, instead Scott Thurston handled guitar chore. Joining the Iggy Pop band for touring purposes is ex-Sex Pistols bassist Glen Matlock. Now a Rich Kid, Matlock is taking a leave of absence from that band to play with Pop....also hitting the road later this year is **Bob Dylan** but an album will be recorded before the tour begins. *Rolling Stone* reports that Dylan has denied that this album will be produced by Barry Gibb **Kiss** are planning a tour that Casablanca Records president Neil Bogart claims will "redefine rock'n'roll staging and set standards for the future". The tour will take two years and the fearsome foursome will take their act around the world....**Eric Clapton** and **Muddy Waters** are to join together for a three month tour of the States Roxy Music are currently on a four week Stateside tour to promote their new album *Manifesto*. The tour personnel is Bryan Ferry, Andy Mackay, Phil Manzanera, Paul Thompson, together with bassist Gary Tibbs and Dave Skinner on keyboards.... **Stephen Stills** is touring once again and played his first club gigs in thirteen years. The band he's put together includes Bonnie Bramlett on backup vocals, Dallas Taylor on drums and Mike Finnigan on keyboards.... **Kate Bush** has assembled a large band to accompany her on her first live gig this month. The band comprises her brother Paddy Bush (mandolin and vocals), Del Palmer (bass), Alan Murphy (lead guitar), Brian Bath (rhythm guitar), Kevin McNally (keyboards and sax), Ben Barson (keyboards) and Phil Hayman (drums) **Bruce Springsteen** is rehearsing with the E Street Band at his home and it's hoped to record their next album there. It appears that there will be no live album from him in the near future, which means that the bootleggers will continue to do good business. On sale overseas are bootleg three album boxed sets of Springsteen concerts **Mike Patto**, the singer and keyboards player who at various times fronted Spooky Tooth, Patto and Boxer, has died of cancer of the throat. Patto was 36 **Fairport Convention** are to split up after a farewell concert tour of Britain. The decision to split has been brought on by the fact the Dave Swarbrick is suffering from serious ear trouble and has been advised not to play in an electric band**Tom Robinson** has written lyrics for four new songs of **Elton John's** one-time Yes drummer and more recently a member of UK, **Bill Bruford**, has put together a band that includes another former UK member, Allan Holdsworth, on guitar. This as yet unnamed four piece is completed by Jeff Berlin on bass and Dave Stewart on keyboards **Wax Fax**: The **Eagles** have decided to expand their new album (which was due to be released this month) into a double set. The release date has been postponed indefinitely but tour plans suggest that the album will have to be completed in the next few months Little Feat's **Lowell George** is believed to have completed work on his much delayed solo album, *Thanks I'll Eat It Here*. Guests on the LP include Bonnie Raitt, J.D. Souther and a couple of members of El Feat next **Blue Oyster Cult** album will not be produced by Sandy Pearlman but by Cheap Trick's studio man, Tom Werman**Ian Hunter's** newie is now titled *You're Never Alone With a Schizophrenic* and, as previously reported, is co-produced by guitarist Mick Ronson and backing is provided by E Street Band members Gary Tallent, Max Weinberg and Roy Bittan the reformed **Guess Who** which includes veteran members, Jim Kale on bass and Don McDougall on guitar, have released their new album *All This For a Song*.... **Robbie Robertson** is to produce the debut album from actor **Gary Busey** (*The Buddy Holly Story*; *Big Wednesday*) **Beach Boys** next is *L.A. (Light Album)* Jazz composer and arranger **Quincy Jones** is set to produce what could be the last album from **Rufus** with Chaka Khan David Bowie's new album, which is the third part of the *Low, Heroes* trilogy is due for May release. Bowie remains with RCA Records....

The New Zealand Students' Arts Council presents

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AUCKLAND — MAIDMENT THEATRE —
TUES 22 & FRI 25 MAY

Students — check campus publicity for special performances

Tours

Dire Straits



The observant among you will, of course, have picked last month's deliberate mistake and realised that **Bob Marley** appears at Western Springs on Easter Monday the 16th of April at 3pm. You should not need any encouragement to get along and grab yourself a genuine slice of Rastaman Vibration.

We are also now able to confirm that Burton Cummings and Dire Straits are set for NZ tours later this year.

Burton Cummings hits our shores in May and brings along with him Gary Peterson (drums, from the original Guess Who), Jack Daniels (guitar), Ian Gardiner (bass) and James Phillips (keyboards). Sharon O'Neill tours as support act. The tour takes in Auckland, Wellington and Christchurch between May 10 and 14.

music etc fest

Every two years the New Zealand Students Arts Council holds the country's biggest arts festival on the campus of one of its members. This year, the Festival is going to be held in and around Canterbury University and Training College, at Ilam, Christchurch.

As in previous years, a large part of the Festival programme is given over to rock and roll. Virtually every major-league New Zealand band will be featured at the Festival, as well as hosts of up-and-comers. Auckland acts confirmed already include Citizen Band, Sichtung, Plague and the Phantoms, but there will almost certainly be others.

As well as music, the Festival contains every area of the performing and visual arts — movies, drama, multi-media, dance, video, painting, sculpture, and debating are all included — and the whole thing retails for fifteen dollars, which ensures free entry to every event of the eight-day programme. With an average of thirty completely separate shows each day, no one is going to be bored.

Tickets are already on sale at the nearest University, Training College or Technical Institute, and they will be able to give you details on travel arrangements and billeting.

Dire Straits, who are currently riding a massive wave of world-wide popularity, tour in September. Concert Promotions have the band booked for three dates: September 15, YMCA Auckland; September 16, Wellington Town Hall; and September 18, Christchurch Town Hall.

Cheap Trick have now cancelled both the NZ and Australian dates that were to follow their Japanese tour. It's now hoped that a separate Australasian tour can be arranged for later in the year.

And a reorganised recording schedule for **The Cars** has meant that dates in this part of the world now appears highly unlikely. The contract for **John McLaughlin's** tour in June is, however, signed and sealed, although dates and venues are still to be announced.

Limbs, the highly rated Auckland dance company, hit the road this month in a tour that takes them as far south as Dunedin and includes dates in Hamilton, Palmerston North, Wellington and Christchurch. They will feature at Christchurch's University Arts Festival in May. This tour, organised by the NZ Student's Arts Council, follows a highly successful North Island tour last year.

TOUR DATES

BOB MARLEY April 16, Western Springs, Auckland. Support act — Golden Harvest.

SPLIT ENZ April 11, Founders Theatre, Hamilton. April 12, His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland.

DIRE STRAITS: September 15, Auckland YMCA; September 16, Wellington Town Hall; September 18, Christchurch Town Hall.

HELLO SAILOR April 12, 14 & 16, Gluepot. April 18, Westown, New Plymouth. April 19, Awapuni, Palmerston North. April 20-21, Rock Theatre, Vivian Street, Wellington. April 23, Angus, Hastings. April 24, Cabana, Napier. April 26-28, Windsor Park, North Shore.

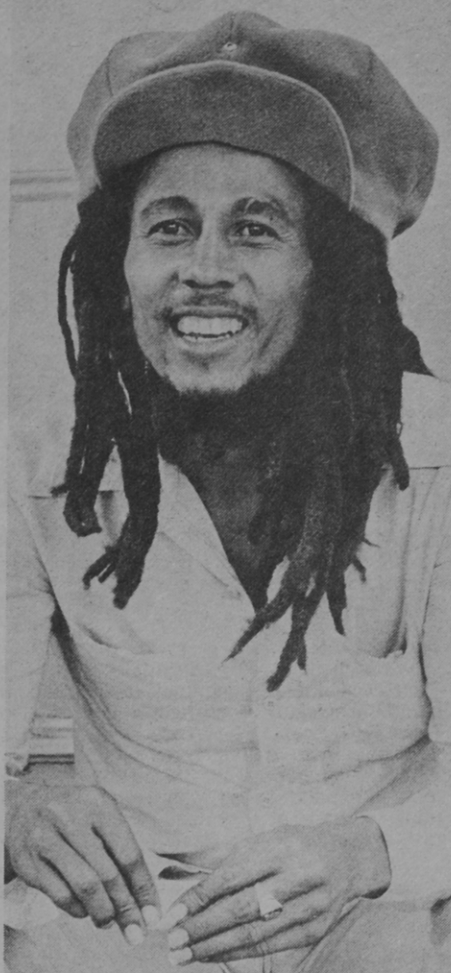
LIMBS April 12, Founders Theatre, Hamilton. April 17-18, Centrepoint, Palmerston North. April 22, State Opera House, Wellington. April



27-28, Ngaio Marsh Theatre, Christchurch. April 30 to May 1, Fortune Theatre, Dunedin. May 22-25, Maidment Theatre, Auckland.

BURTON CUMMINGS: May 10, Auckland Town Hall; May 12 Wellington Town Hall; May 14, Christchurch Town Hall.

Bob Marley



Dreadlock Springs

If reggae hasn't quite achieved the sales and impact expected of it over the last five years, there is at least one artist that has made the crossover. About half the meagre reggae catalogue in NZ is made up of Marley records, while Bob commutes between his home in one of the wealthier suburbs of Kingston, and Babylon, which pays for it all, doing a fine public relations job for Rastafarianism and ganja, the Islands' two most interesting exports.

This was not always so. Many years ago, Marley, Peter Tosh, and Bunny Livingstone were the Wailing Rudeboys, cleanheads with suits singing for the local market long before the word reggae was invented. As ska and

bluebeat was followed by rocksteady, and then (after Toots) the insidious reggae rhythm, so the band became the Wailers, stealing the Barrett brothers from another band to hold the beat down. Thus was combined the superb Wailer harmonies and the incredibly tight Tosh/Barrett brothers rhythm section.

It was in this form that they surfaced in London in 1973 to put out two made-for-Babylon records, *Catch A Fire* and *Burnin'*, the covers featuring the well-known Marley-with-spliff combination and the not-quite-dread locks. Of the two, *Burnin'* is my favourite, being the first reggae I ever heard. This was the Wailers peak, an album of songs of religious intensity, played with a snap that made your feet move and your heart beat with the reggae pulse. It opens with "Get Up Stand Up" and includes the much-copied but never topped "I Shot The Sheriff". Two Tosh songs and two Jean Watt songs, featuring Bunny Livingstone's high vocals, make for one of the most richly varied albums around.

Catch A Fire is another excellent album, once more predominantly Marley songs but with two excellent Tosh tracks giving that added dimension. "Stop That Train" is a Tosh classic, and Marley contributes two great tunes in "Baby We Got A Date" and "Stir It Up", the latter a minor hit for Johnny Nash.

In 1975 the Wailers split up, Tosh and Livingstone leaving for solo careers. Marley added an American guitarist, Al Anderson, and a keyboard player (Touter). The record that resulted, *Natty Dread*, contained some militant Rasta songs such as "Revolution" and "3 o'clock Road Block", but also included the rockers "Lively Up Yourself" and "Bend Down Low". It was a strong album, but the I-Threes tended to sound like a soul backup outfit instead of the Wailers' gospel-influenced harmony.

Next came the live album which probably got the band known in this country, and it was followed by *Rastaman Vibration*, released at a time when more interesting reggae such as Toots and Burning Spear were starting to get heard here. Marley's more recent records, *Exodus* and *Kaya*, have shown a consistency that is unnerving. Both are excellent productions, and Marley keeps coming up with good songs. *Kaya* was criticised in some quarters for being bland, but I do not agree. The only problem is the sameness of some of the material and of Marley's voice, a problem that may not bother Marley's newer listeners as much as it does me.

We get to see the band, which now includes Junior Marvin on guitar, on Easter Monday. Marley has a superb reputation as a live performer, and from the film clips I've seen, and from a listen to "Babylon By Bus", I can see why. No band rocks you better than the best reggae band, and Marley's outfit are strong contenders. Come we go down deh. Catch a fire.

John Malloy

But Amanda... You promised to come home and listen to my new Citizen Band LP

Forget him Tootsie, I've got Give Em Enough Rope by the Clash

Decisions
Decisions



WHY FIGHT IT-GET BOTH!

WE'VE
GOT THE
HITS



Rumours

WELLINGTON

Spats' last gig at The Rock Theatre turned into a party with Hello Sailor, Mike Gubb, Pete Kennedy, Mark Hornybrooke and others getting up on stage to jam with the band ... The Bleakleys, it seems, are moving out en masse. Patrick is off to Sydney to join a jazz band, and brother Joe is off to New York to join Red Mole. At Joe's farewell party local entity Dave The Rave stole the show with his composition "Are You Man Enough To Be A Woman?" Is there anyone out there game enough to discover Wellington's own Wayne County.

With the demise of Spats it's up to the Roughos to keep the Wellington flag flying. Rough Justice have gigs coming up in Christchurch and Auckland. The band is 2ZM's Group Of The Month in May.

I wonder, I wonder, I wonder. I wonder how The Wonders fared in their debut gig at the Mi-Sex concert? A high energy band, they play 90% original material. The Wonders are: Steve Ross (guitar and vocals), Peter Henderson (guitar), Don Hicks (bass & vocals) and Knocker The Rocker (drums).

New Wave band, The Amps, are hassling for work. Any offers? Lead singer Kevin Hawkins can be found doing solo spots on Friday nights at Natural Juices Cafe.

Finally, can it be true that our intrepid hero, Neville Purvis, has retired to the West Coast? Some say he's preparing for his TV One series.

Kevin Bayley, Short Story.

Buster, Bones & Phil, Swingers.

Hot Biscuit Band.



Karl Gordon and Barry Corlett, Golden Harvest.

Methinks Neville merely decided against his annual holiday at Mount Crawford.
JOHN DIX

AUCKLAND

The second single by Th'Dudes, "Right First Time" will be released in April. Th'Dude album is due in mid-May. Their debut LP is entitled Right First Time ... the minds behind the NZ single Rip It Up readers voted second best in 1978, Phillip Judd and Buster Stiggs have formed a band called with Swingers. With Bones on bass, all they need now is an inventive keyboard player ... Alastair Riddell and the

Alastair Riddell Band have disbanded.

Eddie Rayner of Split Enz and Bryan Staff asked 12M listeners what key "I See Red" is played in? F was the answer. First caller, Mike E-Man Chunn failed to win a copy of the Enz's latest, Frenzy ... Sheerlux are not supporting Enz on NZ tour. Enz are supporting themselves ... opening act for Bob Marley is Golden Harvest. The band has recently added a keyboard man, Barry Corlett.

Dunedin lads, Mother Goose are in the middle of an extensive tour of Australia. Guitarist Pete Dickson has quit and returned to NZ ... Smartie is no longer drumming for Flight 7-7. The band is now called Flight X-7 ... new Rockets are vocalist Stephen Driver (ex-Shady Lady) and Colin Muir on keyboards ... Rick Steele has added guitarist/vocalist Mike Myers (ex-Cherry Pie) to the Hot Biscuit Band ... Auckland bands rocking Hamilton in April include Rick Steele's Hot Biscuits (11-16) and Johnny and the Hookers (18-21). Both acts are appearing at The Corner, Hamilton Hotel.

Following their South Island tour in April, Toy Love will record a single for WEA ... Citizen Band will be recording their second album at Mandrill Studios in May.

Hello Sailor intend to leave these shores in the week following their Auckland gigs in late April. The band will visit Australia before returning to the States ... Appaloosa is the name of Harvey Mann's new band. The line-up is Michael Smith (ex-Rockets), John Solomon, Glen Absolum and Harvey. First performances will be South Island gigs in late May.

VINCE EAGER

DUNEDIN

At the beginning of March, local private radio station 4XO organised a very successful open air Sunday bash in the Botanical Gardens featuring the Peddlers, Richard Wilde and various local bands. A couple of weeks previously Alastair Riddell played the same venue to a fairly reserved Saturday afternoon crowd.

Neil Henderson is back from Scotland and has joined Shuffle on bass guitar and vocals. Shuffle have now moved out of the Prince of Wales because the pub aren't paying their rock acts too well. A new nightclub, the Hatchcover, has opened and Shuffle hope to be playing there.

Heavenly Bodies are playing occasionally at the Prince of Wales to enthusiastic response. They were impressive at a recent Polytech hop along with a promising new band Lear Jet. More about them next issue.

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Blues 'n' Radio

Auckland's 1XI is broadcasting the country's only blues show. The station broke new ground in New Zealand radio with its popular In The Mood which offers 'a taste of jazz' for four hours (8-12) on Friday nights.

Hosting and producing the show is blues fan Ken Williams, Radio 1XI's chief reporter and a regular Rip It Up writer. Ken's Big City Music Blues Show follows In The Mood from midnight till 1am.

The show's aim is to present a wide spectrum of music in the blues idiom, and to be both informative and entertaining. Artists featured so far include Muddy Waters, B.B. King, Robert Johnson and Bukka White to name but a few. Recordings range from the late twenties through to the present day.

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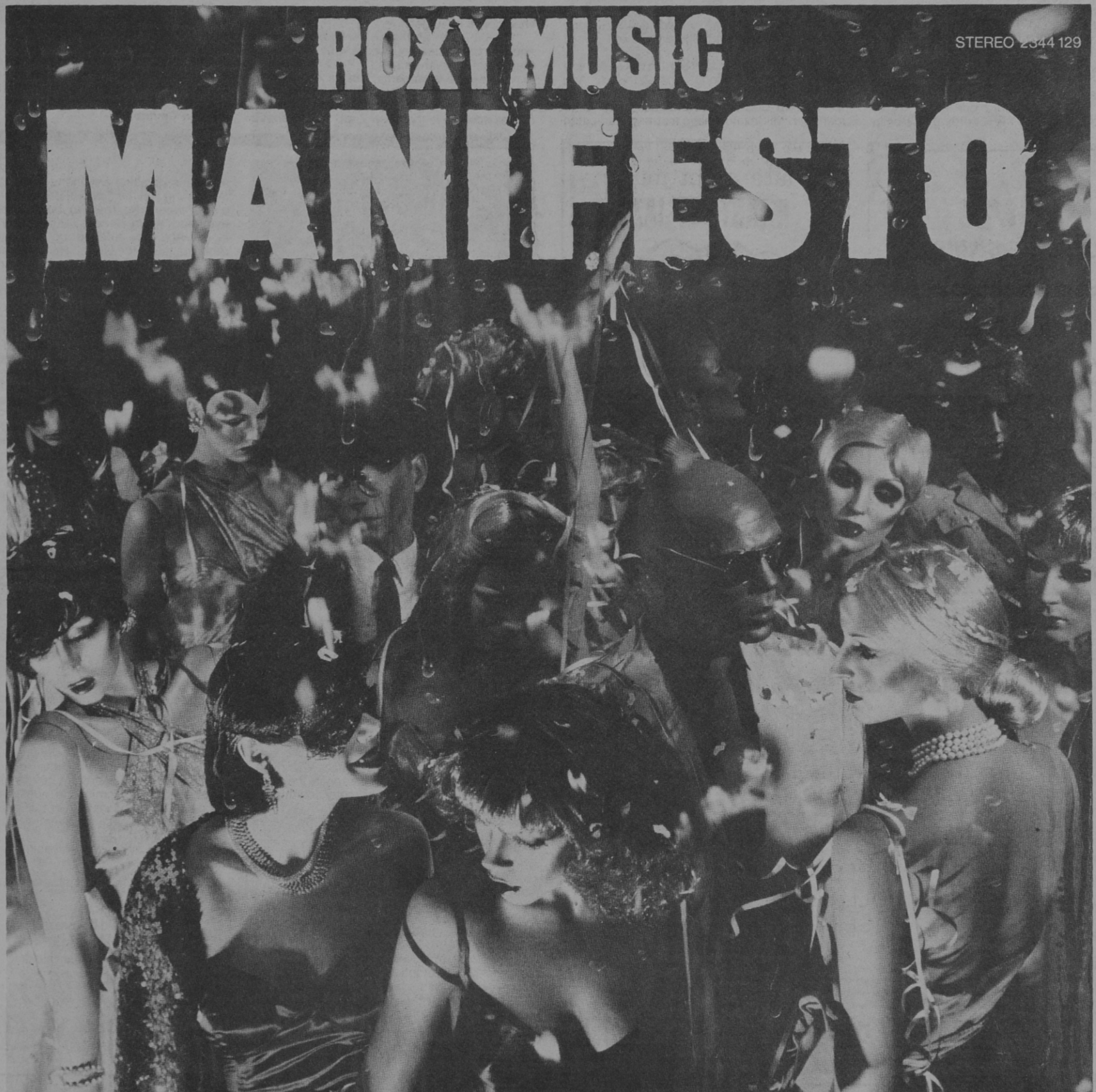
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Mi-Sex, if you didn't already know, have been back recently for a quick two-week tour, to keep a promise made when they left to seek their fortunes in Australia.

Steve Gilpin, lead vocalist and ace acrobat, holds court in his Auckland hotel room with bassist Don Martin and guitarist Kevin Stanton. Gilpin reflects on the past five months away, which have seen Mi-Sex rise to dizzy heights of fame: "When we left New Zealand, we'd done virtually all we could do here, without actually recording here, which is not really profitable," he says. "Nearly every LP, whether it be Hello Sailor or Mark Williams, ends up in the cheap bin after three months."

"We wanted to go to Australia or further afield, so we could record our own type of music, because we felt the recording studios in

Mi-Sex: On Up'n'Up

New Zealand wouldn't do it justice."

The band arrived in Sydney with virtually no contacts, but a very firm idea of what they had to do. Martin set up the living quarters, Stanton handled publicity, and Gilpin went out to sell the band.

Dedicated readers of *Rip It Up* will have read the rest of the story in last month's issue. Ace entrepreneur Bob Yates got them a support gig for Jeff St John, flipped, and is now their manager. Mi-Sex now have a strong, dedicated

following, some of who fly all over the country to see them. A few are even flying from Australia to catch them in Christchurch.

"Can you believe that?" says Gilpin.

With the establishing of an enthusiastic audience came a burst of creativity in the song-writing field. Most of the New Wave cover versions Mi-Sex had become known for in this country went out the window.

"We didn't have many original songs when we went over there," says Gilpin, "but we did two gigs, and then went into a pub, sat down and wrote about 10 songs."

"The audiences kept shouting out 'Play original!' 'Play original!'," Martin chips in. Everyone in the band agrees that the shift to Oz has been the making of them.

"That country is just geared for rock'n roll," says Martin. "It's got specialists in every field, no matter what you want, and the people go out to rage. Here, people finish their daily work and they go to relax. They just sit back and watch and clap, but there (Aussie), all the tables and chairs have gone, and they're standing up shoulder to shoulder."

"If you play and you don't present the energy, they'll let you know. But if you do, they'll just rage and rage."

A few more comments, not all complimentary, are exchanged about the state of New Zealand audiences and equipment. What it comes down to is that New Zealand audiences

are basically cold fish, afraid of human contact, compared to our cousins across The Ditch. And while Mi-Sex are careful not to knock New Zealand completely, they do feel the lack of response, and perform accordingly.

The band has signed what they say is a very favourable recording deal with CBS, and work begins next month on their new album, producer still to be chosen. They have enough material for more than two LP's, and will be asking the Sydney DJ's to pick the singles. Everyone exudes confidence. The same confidence shows on stage, as Mi-Sex warm up an already very sweaty Gluepot crowd.

One thing Mi-Sex have gained in making the break is identity. Their songs bristle with strong hook-lines, flash-points of pure, white energy. The sound has a tautness that only constant gigging can produce.

They have to work hard on the audience, which has its usual quota of mindless hecklers, but in the end, their polish and vigour win the day.

Afterwards, Gilpin, bathed in sweat, says he's satisfied with the performance, though he says they can do better.

By the time you read this, Mi-Sex will have departed once more for the greener pastures. If you missed them, tough luck. It could be some time before they grace our shores again. This band's time has definitely come.

Duncan Campbell

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Hello It's Me
Todd Rundgren

still wasn't making any money. But the double *Something Anything* was the breakthrough; an album where he tried to be everything and everybody from Hendrix, Beach Boy to Badfinger. And he notched up his second hit record, "I Saw the Light." Hello it's me (again), well at least this time round we knew who "me" was.

A Wizard A True Star followed, and for my money still stands as his most complete album/vision/self analysis. The synthesis of styles he got away with on *Something Anything* was tapered into a Tamla rock ballad fusion of fragmented images and admissions of self-doubt and naivete. How can that be followed but with *Todd*, a blend of the more pensive melodic aspects of Rundgren's music with the cacophonous future that was to become Utopia. It was different, fresh and lyrically honest but there were signs of self-indulgence or as some people insisted, signs of being ahead of his time.

For the next couple of years he concentrated on Utopia, Rundgren as an integrated band member committed to the Egyptian philosophy of life (whatever that maybe). Whatever it was it sure as hell wasn't conducive to good music, and I certainly sighed relief when *Faithful* produced his most mature love songs ever on Side Two. Side One was his homage to past influences; he re-created the exact sound of the originals, "Good Vibrations, "Strawberry Fields" and so on — interesting but ultimately worthless. I always play the originals.

Ra and *Oops Wrong Planet* are best forgotten Utopian adventures into fantasy, but *Hermit of Mink Hollow* is Todd the way I like to remember him — romantic, melodic and accessible. Certainly one of the ten best albums of last year, so why aren't you buying?

Yet Todd is his own worst enemy, as he fails, unlike say Bowie, to provide predictably excellent albums. He's now into rock as video (records with pictures) but a guy as talented as he is should be coming up consistently with pace-setting songs instead of this one step forward two steps back involvement with Utopia and electronics.

He owes it to himself at least.

George Kay

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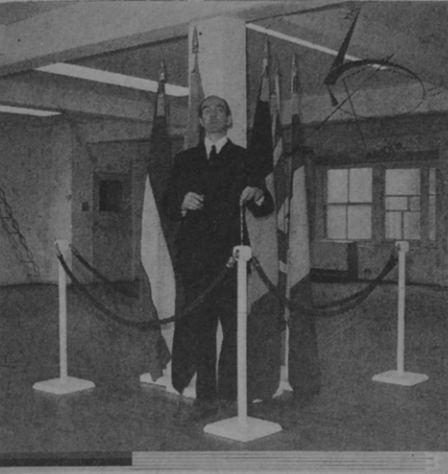
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Late News

Rod Stewart is being sued by a Brazilian composer for allegedly stealing the melody for "Do Ya Think I'm Sexy" from a song titled "Taj Mahal" ... but Rod should worry. His tour of NZ grossed \$1,060,000 topping the estimates made by Rod's management. 100,000 kiwis

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Johnny & the Hookers 11-14, Awapuni, Palmerston North. 18-21, Hamilton Hotel. 23-28, Windsor. May 3-5, Gluepot. May 9-12 & 16-19, Globe. **Toy Love** 17-21, Capt. Cook, Dunedin. 13, Beneficiaries Hall. May 17-19, Island of Real. June 11-16, Hillcrest, Hamilton. **Rockets** 11-14, Onerahi, Whangarei. 18-21 & May 9-12, Bayview, Napier. 25-28, Mayfair, Hastings. 30-May 5, Hillcrest. **Citizen Band** 19-21, Island of Real. May 2-5, Awapuni. May 9-12, Hillsborough, Christchurch. **Debbie & the DumDums** 11-12 & 17-18, Island of Real. **Rick Steele Hot Biscuit Band** 11-16, The Corner, Hamilton Hotel. **Th'Dudes** 11-14 & 18-21, Hillsborough (Chch). 15 Chateau Commodore. 25, Opera House concert. 25-27, The Rock Theatre, Vivian St, Wellington. 28-29, Last Resort. May 2-5, Cabana, Napier. May 9-12, Gluepot. **Desiree** 14, Mt Maunganui RSA. **Short Story** (Kevin Bayley etc.) 9-14, Hillcrest. 19-21, Last Resort. May 3-5 Henry VIII, Whangarei. May 8-12, Sandown, Gisborne. **Saraband** 25-28, Trees, Tokoroa. 30-May 5, Ngamotu, New Plymouth. **Rough Justice** 9-14, Windsor. 19-21, Gluepot. 26-28, The Rock Theatre, Vivian Street, Wellington. May 2-5, Hillsborough (Chch). May 7-12, Gladstone, Christchurch. **Bamboo** 12-14, Island of Real. 18-21, Globe. 26-28, The Corner, Hamilton Hotel. **Plague** 26-28, Island of Real. **Odyssey** 9-14, White House, Invercargill. 16-21, Shoreline, Dunedin. 23-28, Sandown. 30-May 5, Westown, New Plymouth. May 7-12, Cabana. **Golden Harvest** 24-28, Glenfield Tavern. May 2-6, Onerahi, Whangarei. **Sphinx** 17-21, Ngamotu. **Rock Candy** Tues-Sat, Aladdins Cabaret. **P'Zazz** 9-14, Sandown. 17-21, Albert, Palmerston North. 23-28, Ngamotu. **Living Force** 15-16, Island of Real. **Flight X-7** 18-21, Gladstone. **The Streets** 12-14, Redwood, Blenheim. 16-21, Rutherford, Nelson. 25-28, Hillsborough (Chch). **Sheerlux** 22 & May 3-5, Island of Real.

turned out to see Rod ... **Pink Floyd** are working on their next album, *The Wall*, in Europe with producer Bob Ezrin ... True Love Wins Out: **Eric Clapton** has married his Layla. Clapton wed his long-time companion and George Harrison's ex in the States last month ... **Paul Simon** has confirmed plans to star in a film he's written. Seems Simon refused to sell the property unless he also got to play the lead. The semi-autobiographical movie will come complete with 14 new songs from Paul ... Roy Thomas Baker is set to produce the next **Foreigner** LP ... **Phil Spector** is almost certain to produce the next **Ramones** album. A groups spokesman described the projected album as "The two walls of sound meet at the corner" ... forthcoming **John Stewart** album is produced by Lindsey Buckingham with backing vocals contributed by Stevie Nicks ... the **Public Image** album will have some songs replaced and be remixed before it gets US release ... Keith and Donna Godchaux have quit the **Grateful Dead** ... the next **Jefferson Starship** LP may feature a number of singers. Grace Slick, Jess Roden, Al Stahaley and ex-Elvin Bishop Band singer Mickey Thomas have all been rehearsing with the band ... **Nico** and **John Cale** have done a series of performances at New York's CBGB's to sell-out crowds ... **Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes** have signed to Mercury Records ... and for all you vinyl junkies in the audience more goodies are on the way. April should see the release of **Tom Robinson's** second *TRB 2*; and the newbies from **Graham Parker** — *Squeezing Out Sparks* and from the **Rumour** — *Frogs Sprouts Clogs and Krauts* and in the merry month of May watch out for the very highly regarded reggae album *Two Sevens Clash* by **Culture** getting a local release along with the first albums from the **Buzzcocks**, **Sham 69** and **999**. Also the new **Lou Reed** live double *Take No Prisoners*. And some time later **The Jam's** *All Mod Cons* should get an airing. Awright?.....



Music Studio CHART SURVEY

UK ALBUMS March 24, NME. Musical Express

- 1 **Spirits Having Flown** Bee Gees
- 2 **Parallel Lines** Blondie
- 3 **Armed Forces** Elvis Costello
- 4 **C'est Chic** Chic
- 5 **Manilow Magic** Barry Manilow
- 6 **Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle** Sex Pistols
- 7 **Marty Robbins Collection** Marty Robbins
- 8 **Dire Straits** Dire Straits
- 9 **20 Greatest Hits** Three Degrees
- 10 **Greatest Hits II** Barbra Streisand

USA ALBUMS March 31, Cashbox

- 1 **Spirits Having Flown** Bee Gees
- 2 **Minute By Minute** The Doobie Brothers
- 3 **Dire Straits** Dire Straits
- 4 **Blondes Have More Fun** Rod Stewart
- 5 **2 Hot Peaches** and Herb
- 6 **52nd Street** Billy Joel
- 7 **Love Tracks** Gloria Gaynor
- 8 **Briefcase Full of Blues** Blue Brothers
- 9 **Cruisin'** Village People
- 10 **Livin' Inside Your Love** George Benson



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NZ SINGLES April 1, NZFPA.

- 1 **Tragedy** Bee Gees
- 2 **Stumblin' In** Quatro & Norman
- 3 **Blame It On the Boogie** The Jacksons
- 4 **YMCA** Village People
- 5 **Dance Across the Floor** Jimmy 'Bo' Horne
- 6 **Fire Pointer Sisters**
- 7 **Heart of Glass** Blondie
- 8 **Le Freak** Chic
- 9 **Do Ya Think I'm Sexy** Rod Stewart
- 10 **Song For Guy** Elton John

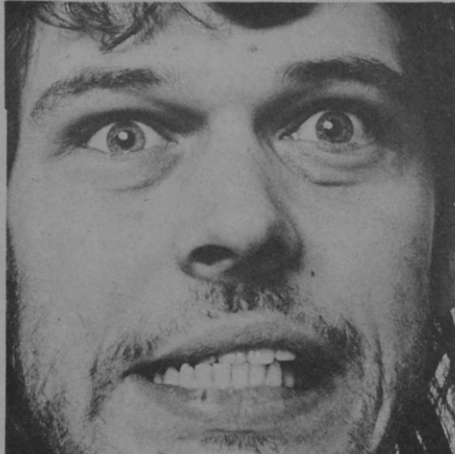
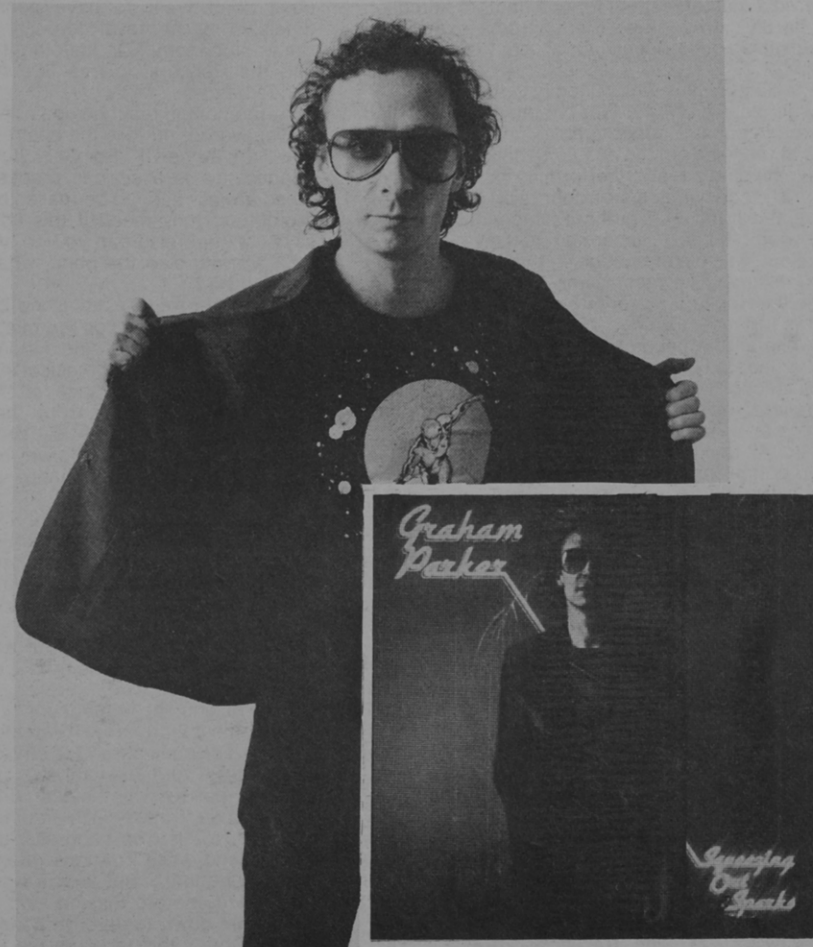
NZ ALBUMS April 1, NZFPA.

- 1 **Spirits Having Flown** Bee Gees
- 2 **Smash Hits** Marty Robbins
- 3 **Blondes Have More Fun** Rod Stewart
- 4 **Smile** Kamahl
- 5 **More Songs About Buildings & Food** Talking Heads
- 6 **52nd Street** Billy Joel
- 7 **Dire Straits** Dire Straits
- 8 **Parallel Lines** Blondie
- 9 **Greatest Hits** Earth, Wind & Fire
- 10 **Classic Rock** London Symphony Orchestra
- 11 **A Single Man** Elton John
- 12 **Greatest Hits II** Barbra Streisand
- 13 **The Cars** The Cars
- 14 **War of the Worlds** VA
- 15 **Stranger In Town** Bob Seeger
- 16 **Cruisin'** Village People
- 17 **Golden Greats** Beach Boys
- 18 **Totally Hot** Olivia Newton-John
- 19 **Armed Forces** Elvis Costello
- 20 **Incantations** Mike Oldfield
- 29 **Frenzy** Split Enz

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This is XTC

Well I successfully resisted the agony and the XTC pun, only just. I suppose that it's not very often that a band can complain of an overabundance of musical ideas, but that was one reason, ostensibly, for keyboards player Barry Andrews quitting XTC at the end of January this year: "too much rock music to come out through the same outlet" read part of his official press statement. His departure was just after an acclaimed ten date tour of America in association with Talking Heads, so the band after so much favourable press coverage were on the verge of the Megabuck. Overnight sensation, not quite.

Swindon is hardly the last word in rockin' out but it was a good enough stamping ground for Maltese born guitarist Andy Partridge and the Colin Moulding-Terry Chambers rhythm section. In the early seventies these three formed a local band, Star Park, but like everybody else yearning for some badass rock'n'roll they discovered the New York Dolls and as a result formed the Helium Kids, Swindon's NYD's. At the beginning of 1977 when the Clash were singing "Nineteen seventy-seven I hope I go to heaven" and people wore safety pins through their noses Barry Andrews from South London who had been shuffling around Swindon joined the formative XTC. Their emergence coincided with the Great Rock Revival of that year, and because of this far too many people expected them to adhere to the phrenetic monotony that was characterizing much of the pogo drone.

Needless to say their first record, the much-sought-after "XTC 3D EP" which appeared here in 2D form, received conflicting reviews. The main track "Science Friction" was a clever hyper-active little song built around a neat chorus, and "She's So Square" had a fifties pop organ intro which quickly transformed into the same infectious restlessness. The question everyone was asking, well almost everyone, was, were these guys being smart just for the hell of it?

The answer came with the release of their first album, the fresh but childish *White Music*. It was as Andrews pointed out "a two dimensional comic thing, a clearing of decks", but all the same it had some damn good pop songs: "Statue of Liberty", their second 45 banned by the BBC because of the line "And in my fantasy I sailed beneath your skirt"; "Radios In Motion", "Atom Age", "Neon Shuffle" and of course their third single "This is Pop" all displayed Partridge's aptitude for welding a few tricky rhythm changes into a good song.

Yet *White Music* as a whole comes across as a superficial album designed to impress. Like kids with a new toy, XTC wanted to show you how wise they could be, an easy mistake to make on a first album. Over eagerness.

"Statue of Liberty" sold a measly 30,000 and the following re-mixed version of the album track "This Is Pop" disappointed the band with its failure to make any headway in the charts, but their four-gigs-a-week work rate rarely eased up. They completed a European tour with the Talking Heads in the middle of last year, and as a result of that tour Andy Partridge and David Byrne formed a mutual admiration society which was later to be very beneficial for XTC on their 1978-9 ten date tour of the States.

By the time of their second and very accomplished album XTC had grown up. Mind you the environment was different as the 1977 explosion had long since subsided and people were becoming a little more objective and discerning in their tastes. But no matter the tenor of the times, *Go 2* is an album of depth and subtlety, two qualities obviously missing from *White Music*. Two songs, "Meccanik Dancing" and "Battery Brides" both written by Partridge, have often been singled out as the outstanding songs. "Battery Brides" with its droll melody is a not too unkind jibe at the predestined fate of most girls — the wife and mother syndrome awaiting them. "Meccanik Dancing", without going into too much detail, is a comparison of the regimentation of work with the so-called freedom of dancing at the Mecca — the local nitespot. *Go 2* is also notable for the true emergence of Colin Moulding as a sharp songwriter in the Partridge mould. His "Buzzcity Talking", "Crowded Room" and "The Rhythm" are important contributions to the fluid and intelligent music of the first side. The second side is less impressive with only Partridge's "Life Is Good In A Greenhouse" covering any new ground, but taken as an entity *Go 2* was a far more durable and rewarding proposition than *White Music*. XTC, it seemed, were here to stay.

Barry Andrews had other ideas. He had contributed two songs to *Go 2*, and just after the release of the album he began bitching about the idea that the band wouldn't last very long. The brilliantly catchy "Are You Receiving Me" single was released (it was included on the *Go 2* album here) but it was another commercial flop. The brief but rave American tour followed, and then Andrews left to pursue his own career on Virgin records.

XTC are auditioning guitarists and keyboards players prior to their next single and UK tour. They are resigned to the fact that success is going to take a little longer than they planned. What disappoints me is the fact that they have not reaped the commercial rewards that they certainly deserve. Their music is full of drive and novel ideas, and needless to say enjoyment — that's the point of it all, isn't it?

George Kay

TERRORWAYS

For almost a year now the word has been going around that Terrorways are the undiscovered talent among the local bands. No one catching their gigs at Zwines has come away unimpressed, and there is no advertising quite as good as word of mouth. In fact it may not be too long before the band's current cult status gives way to a wider audience.

Chiefly Terrorways go in for amped up covers of 60's gems from the likes of The Who, the Dave Clark Five and Tommy James and the Shondells. Their originals like "Short-haired Rock'n'Roll" and "Never Been To Borstal" give little away in terms of wit or melody, yet the true measure of the band is still in their handling of the covers.

The key to their distinctive sound is in the guitars of Dean Martinelli and Pete Hoffman. While Martinelli supplies the power chord muscle, Hoffman chips in with some nifty hooklines and quick lead breaks. Behind the guitars, the no-nonsense rhythm section of Eddie C on drums and Chris Orange on bass provides the power which makes Terrorways the peerless dance band they are. Up front vocalist John Noone completely typifies the band's anti-heroes stance and emphasis on rock'n'roll for fun.

Fun is what Terrorways are about. Check them out now. Soon you will be the only one who hasn't.

Dominic Free

GARY HAVOC AND THE HURRICANES

Only the wealth of new talent about at the present could account for the fact that you could get to see an outfit as exciting as Gary Havoc and The Hurricanes for free at the Occidental these past few weeks.

Gary Havoc and The Hurricanes are a power trio who truly merit the title. Comparisons with The Jam spring readily to mind. There is the same tough, high energy sound and aggressively youthful stance. Equally tempting is the parallel between Gary Havoc and The Jam's Paul Weller. No one could fault the powerful support of Frank Skipworth on bass and Gary Hunt on drums but there is no doubt it's Gary Havoc's show.

Not only is he a handy rhythm/lead guitarist and able vocalist but most importantly he can put across the excitement of live rock'n'roll. About half the material is penned by Havoc and it really is good stuff. Numbers like "Little Rock'n'Roller" and "Havoc Rules" were always as well received by the audience as the standards from the Troggs, The Who and the Beatles.

You have probably missed your chance to see this band for free. Still, don't miss your next chance to catch them. This brand of rock'n'roll is worth paying for.

Dominic Free



Johnny and the Hookers at Windsor

A couple of months ago *Rip It Up* decided to run a feature article on a number of Auckland's newer bands. Contributors with an interest in specific groups were sought out. Within the time limit their opinions were received, and all was proceeding according to plan.

But — somewhere in the tossing between two editors the introduction to these articles hit the floor. It lay flat on the ground: It gathered dust. It was almost forgotten. And, with only hours to spare, the reality of the situation was discovered. What to do?

Now, *Rip It Up*'s solution was somewhat unorthodox, not to say dicey. Although the original intention had not involved any attempt to combine these five bands in a specific 'movement', a precis of the Auckland 'new band scene' demanded something akin to that. Or, at least, a statement applicable to all five. Who better to compose their own press releases than the bands themselves.

So, on a balmy Wednesday night when the pubs had closed, *Rip It Up* sponsored its own Meet The Boys session. The response was heartening. From the Hookers came Dave McLean, Paul Andrews and Johnny Batchelor. Toy Love provided Chris Knox, Alec and Mike. John, Chris and Dean represented Terrorways, and Gary Havoc spoke for his own band, the Hurricanes. Through a spot of confusion regards timing, only Sheerlux remained absent.

Of course, the dangers with this sort of thing are fairly obvious. Either the bands will stay tight-lipped and superficially buddy-buddy towards one another through a torturous few hours. Or, more exciting by far, they'll rip each other to shreds. Mercifully, for *Rip It Up* anyway, those present shared a mutual respect for one another, although it hardly prevented them from expressing themselves quite openly. Or at least that's how it seemed.

Predictably the kick-off point was money and how to make it. Of the four bands, those who had played in pubs all seem to have suffered a similar fate at the hands of the hoteliers. Initially all preferred to be paid a fee for performing rather than suffer the inconsistencies of door-takings. However, once the band had gathered momentum and a following, the fee, according to Dave from the Hookers, was never enough — that is, equal to the door-takings. The most highly paid of those present, the Hookers currently pull \$100 each for four nights at the Globe.

While all the bands represented felt they were being underpaid, Gary Havoc felt that the discontent among local bands was caused by a more complex problem: radio stations and record companies and the lack of interest both display in NZ bands. All four bands want to record; as yet none have gotten further than demo tapes.

Which still leaves the problem of venues, specifically in Auckland. The Hookers, who of these bands probably get the most work, principally in pubs, bemoan the shortage of suitable venues. Dave: "There are still only three pubs which will take on bands like us — the Windsor, the Gluepot and the Globe. I mean, could anyone of these bands here play the Glenfield or the Pottery Wheel? No way!"

Regardless, the Hookers want to play pubs and they get the work. By contrast, Terrorways find themselves in something of a bind. They feel a touching responsibility to the audience they've built up through months of regular work at Zwines. Pub work would exclude large numbers of their fans as most seem to be under twenty. They're quite content to settle for the occasional Saturday avo at the Windsor. As Chris says, "You can be the worst band in Auckland and still get work; you can be the best and still only play the Windsor."

There's a vast difference between the lot of these two bands alone. The same is true to varying extents with each of the five bands grouped together as new to the Auckland music scene. *Rip*

It Up seemed to think there was a linking factor. There was even a word — 'overwound' — banded about. Sitting on cardboard boxes drinking beer together, did they themselves believe there was common ground?

Gary Havoc cited energy as the sole meeting point. So, what's energy? "Taking off my t-shirt at the end of a gig and wringing the sweat out of it." To Chris Knox, energy is magic. "And I think that all of us here have at some time created some sort of magic." But who falls under the spell? "If playing doesn't do anything to you it can't affect the audience and vice versa."

Still Chris Knox: "Bands like Sheerlux don't have magic. They can do conjuring tricks, but it's all to a formula. Mi-Sex are an even better example. Steve Gilpin has even admitted that he just looked around for what was happening and then did it. If it had been jazz-rock then he'd be into that now."

Then Chris from the Terrorways: "You can't define what it is. All you should know is that you don't have to worry about whether or not a band is sincere. You can feel that." And Paul from the Hookers: "Exactly. It's a feeling. If you make people feel good they'll come and see you ... it doesn't matter about original material and all that shit."

Next, John from the Terrorways: "The first time I saw all of these bands — the Hookers, Gary Havoc and Toy Love — I fell in love with them straightaway. We've all got energy in common. We all play music you can dance to."

And, of course — it had to come — no-one can agree on that. To Chris Knox, ex-patriate Dunedin boy and don't ever forget it, Aucklanders don't dance, they pose rather fast. And anyway, Toy Love don't want to have people showing enthusiasm or approval through dancing. "We'd rather stun them." On the other hand, Terrorways and the Hookers, in true 60s style, want to be dance bands.

Agreement is reached again. All of the bands, it is discovered, nurture the desire to leave NZ and find work in the UK. For Gary Havoc and the Hurricanes this is a serious proposition. The demo tapes are all ready to be mailed off to prospective promoters; they mean it this time. For, as Gary says, "Where else can you go after the Occidental?" Or, more to the point, what is there big to make in NZ?

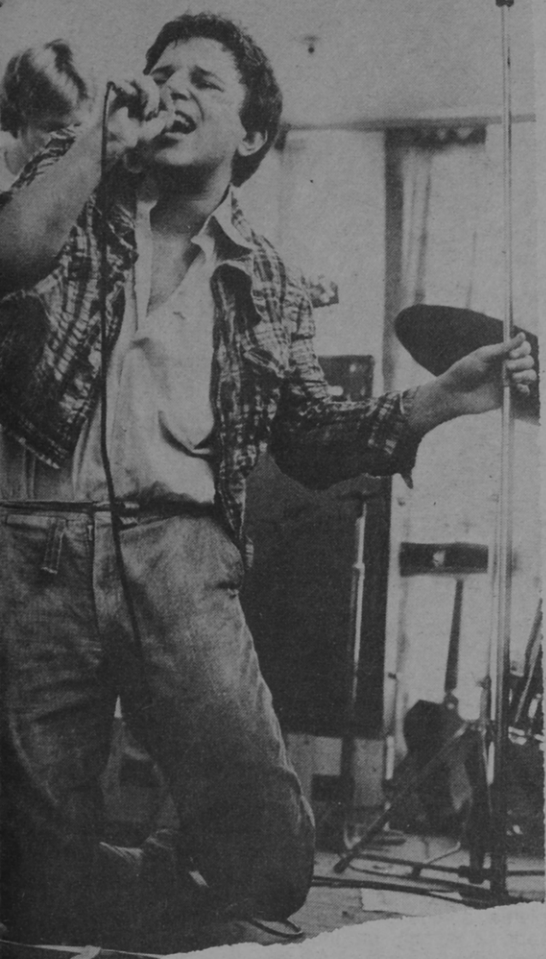
Unlike the more established bands not one of those present opted for the customary migration to Australia or the US. And although no two bands named the same set of musical influences, they all agreed on the importance of the last decade's British pop. As Dave from the Hookers said, "Everybody in this room is trying to capture the feeling of the 60s and that's why most of us started out. Because we weren't happy with what's going on now."

So, if you're counting, there's another common factor. But is anybody? The bands themselves felt quite content to be grouped together, with the only objection being a unanimous rejection of the sadly absent Sheerlux. Jealousy was not the reason, they claimed. John from Terrorways: "We're really different from the others. But all of us here are much more alike than us and Sheerlux. They're a jukebox band."

But raising no objections to the gradings doesn't constitute any form of agreement. On almost every musical count one of the bands excludes itself. And justifiably so. They are different and that may be why they can enjoy each others' work with such ease. Why Paul from the Hookers can refer to his own band as "just trying to be a dance band while Toy Love are making relevant social comment." But then it was the same man who shortly before leaving said: "If you analyse something down to its bare bones you destroy it. So let's throw this tape out the window." But we didn't.

Louise Chunn

ove at Windsor.



Photos by Murray Cammick

TOYLOVE /JOHNNY AND THE HOOKERS

Toy Love and Johnny and the Hookers were almost the same person. They were in fact joined at the elbow until, at a still young and tender age they were struck at an awkward angle by a bus on a school pedestrian crossing. The accident separated the two entities who eventually grew up in different parts of the country to become the closet siamese twins of New Zealand rock. They are now destined by fickle fate to play periodic gigs together of such co-mingled musical ferocity and human mirth that even the most casual and blase of onlookers are obliged to mutter to themselves - 'why surely that is rock'n'roll.'

One such series of state-of-the-art performances took place recently at these venues over a period of thirty-odd hours: The State Theatre wherein lurk the ghosts of a thousand Chinese movies, The Windsor Castle wherein lurk the ghosts of the Society Jazzmen, and Zwines - the most consummately and irredeemably trashy flowering of NZ punkdom and itself now a ghost. At the State the Hookers were very hot and Toy Love had to work their arses off to finish the night at a raging explosive dead heat. The next afternoon in Parnell it was tooth and claw, the Hookers' galvanizing heartblood R&B and Toy Love's grubbo-flash sturm and drang picked up a full house and rung it out. Watermelons flew and folk jumped up and down, you could have been there. Everyone was stuffed by sat. night but it was at Zwines when Toy Love's Paul or Alec broke their umpteenth string of the day that a bunch of ladies and friends stood on stage to sing Flick the Little Fire Engine while things were put right. That too is rock'n'roll.

Okay, Toy Love are my favourite NZ rock band and I'd rather go and see them play than anyone else right now. There are lots of reasons the great songs they keep writing ("Pull Down The Shades", "Swimming Pool", "Fifteen", "Don't Catch Fire" etc), Chris Knox's riveting stage presence, their love of classic pop (their "Venus" is dynamite). They are loud, funny, real as hell, and they keep surprising me. And no they aren't the tightest band in the world but they're getting tighter.

Chris Knox (vocals & occasional watermelon), Mike Dooley (drums!) and Alec Bathgate (guitar & Johnsons baby powder), were all in Dunedin's The Enemy, while Paul Kean (bass & jaw bone) and Jane Walker (keyboards & Paul Kean) were once in Ch-ch's Detroit Haemorrhoids. The original Enemy bassman was Mick and he's got a band in Dunedin called The Heavenly Bodies but that's got to be another story.

Terence Hogan

JOHNNY AND THE HOOKERS

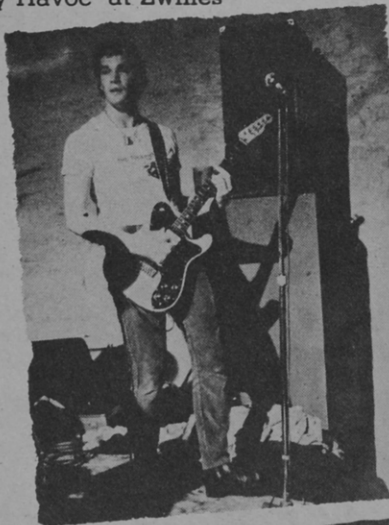
And a little more about Johnny & the Hookers. If you haven't seen them yet then you haven't seen how it's done and you owe that to yourself right away. Kinetic cut'n' thrust push slip and slide the night away with Johnny & the Hookers. You can tell these guys are good by the way they walk on and plug in and by the time they plug out and walk off you won't have a worry in the world. They dislodge fillings at twenty paces, toupees at fifty, I know it's possible and you ought to see it. They are the right band to get legless by 'cause you'll forget your leglessness, you'll forget lots of things but you'll remember how to dance the way you used to!

Johnny & the Hookers play a lot of R&B, a lot of rock'n'roll, this that a bit of the other and they do it all just fine. They've got an answer to the question "what feels good?" and if you catch them you'll get it too.

The Hookers are: Paul Andrews (vocals), Dave McLean (guitar), Johnny Batchelor (guitar), Joey Gill (bass) and Jeff Warr (drums). Their ambitions for the remainder of the current year are to get tighter, break up and reform again three times or so, (the best part of breakin' up is when ya makin' up), and to be the best dance band in the land, which is right there in their pocket.

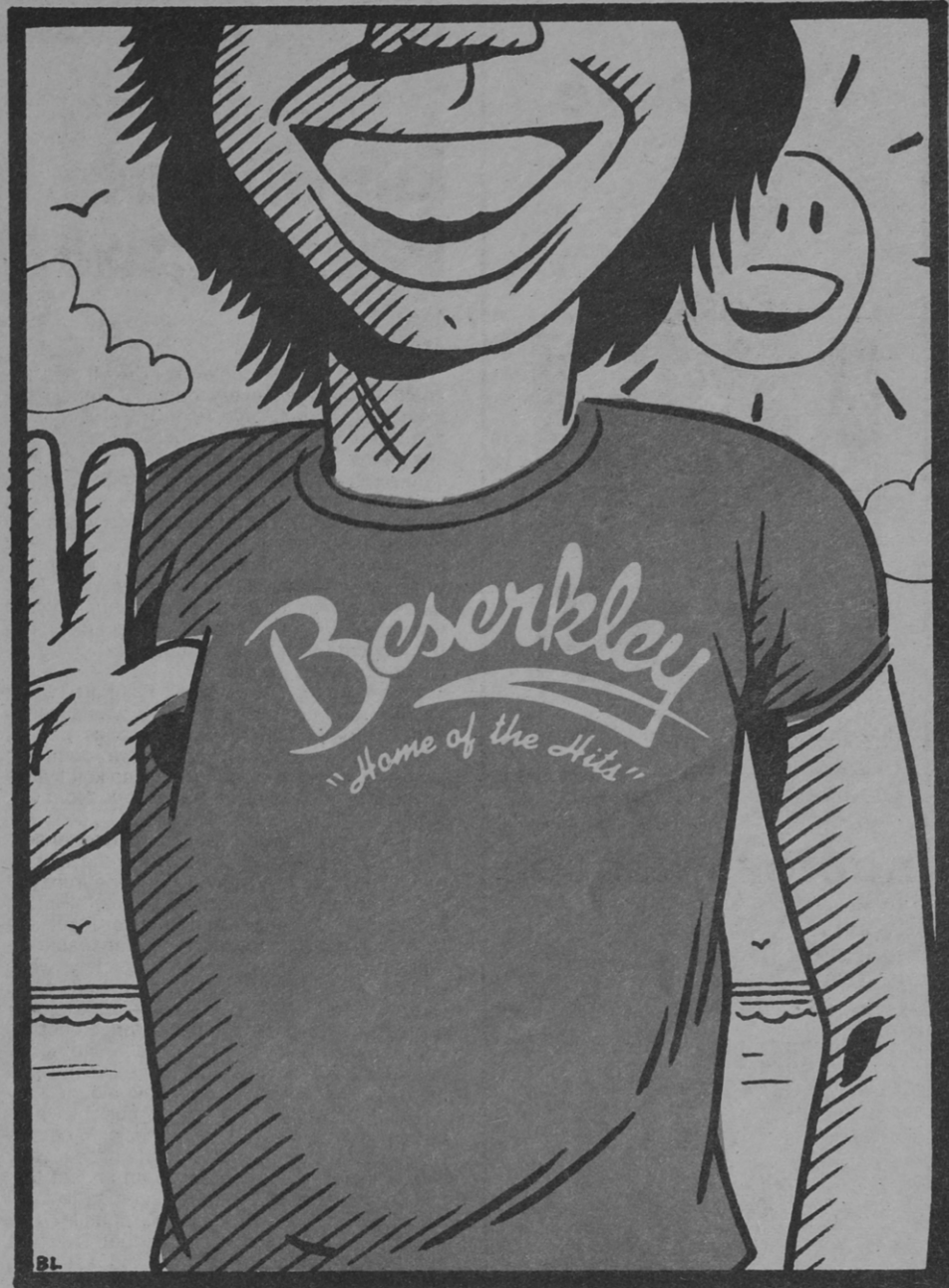
Terence Hogan

Gary Havoc at Zwines



Terrorways at Zwines

Records



The Rubinoos Beserkley

Yes, Rubinoos is a funny name, but so's Beatles. So's everything. This kind of record has been a pretty rare thing in the seventies - buoyant, fun, meticulously crafted pop rock - for what was once a live-and-kicking genre of mainstream rock'n'roll was beginning to take on the aspect of a curio from another time. Something that could still be fully enjoyable and affecting due to the inherent beauty and strength of the form and the commitment brought to it, while remaining a slightly used-to-be kind of thing. Most of the bands working this mine in the last eight or nine years, The Raspberries, Stories, Big Star, Badfinger, Dwight Twilley etc, incorporate varying degrees of deja-vu for its own sake amongst the normal weave of influences in their music, but these bands have produced some of my favourite albums of all time, so I guess it doesn't bother me much.

If it doesn't bother you, and you think that Tommy James's "I Think We're Alone Now" is better than anything Led Zeppelin ever did, then you're gonna like this record, *The Rubinoos*. They do the Tommy James song and they touch a lot of other bases like The Coasters and The Grass Roots. It's on the Beserkley label, same as Jonathan Richman, Earthquake and Greg Kihn (nice label!) and it was first released in '77. These guys are pretty young and they know what they're doing.

Terence Hogan

The Modern Lovers The Modern Lovers Live Beserkley

If you're looking for a cult band to impress your friends with (you know, the band too good to make it big) you could not do better than Jonathon Richman and the Modern Lovers. These two albums, the debut from 1976 and the live album from 1977, are simply brimming with eccentric brilliance and wacky charm. Be warned though, the operative words are 'eccentric' and 'wacky.'

Richman began his career, musically speaking, as a neurotic American teenager badly hung up on Velvet Underground. Consequently the influence of Lou Reed permeates most of the first album. Nevertheless Richman's touching naivety and refreshingly crisp guitar playing made the set uniquely his own. *The Modern Lovers* boasts such offbeat classics as "Roadrunner", "Pablo Picasso" and the hands down winner in the bizarre love song stakes, "Hospital."

By the time of the live album Lou Reed was merely a skeleton in the closet. Instead Richman gave full rein to his child-like innocence and whimsy. Thus were born gems like "I'm A Little Dinosaur", "Hey There, Little Insect" and "Egyptian Reggae". Even if you can't believe he's for real (I have my doubts) there is no way the songs are throwaways. Richman and sideman Leroy Radcliffe have developed a delightful Shadows-style guitar sound and their harmonies can't be faulted.

So, if you like your brilliance completely off the wall The Modern Lovers are for you. Maybe all that is said about the line between genius and insanity being a thin one is true after all.

Dominic Free

Greg Kihn Again Next of Kihn Beserkley

Oh, more Beserkley stuff, good! I've had *Next Of Kihn* for a little while now and I especially like Side Two. "Secret Meetings" is a beautifully played and untypically heavy track, and the first two songs "Sorry" and "Everybody Else" have a mature pop/rock feel that calls to mind Kihn's own comments on his music - "We're coming from a known area of rock'n'roll, the Byrds, Buddy Holly etc". There is strong evidence of both those influences on these two records, with *Next of Kihn* to my mind having a richer sound and more fully realized and satisfying style. But then I'm much more familiar with it, and after just a couple of playings *Greg Kihn Again* looks like it'll be a good record to have around too.

The same band features on each album and the increased sureness of the ensemble playing in the later one is quite noticeable, they're sounding like a real band and one that I'd go a long way to see play. Fat chance.

It's getting late and this review is really boring, but that mustn't reflect on these records. Greg Kihn is a highly enjoyable and interesting talent that you'd do well to check out. It's neat that this stuff is finally getting released here.

Terence Hogan

SHEERLUX

Sheerlux have their roots in the early '78 p**k scene in Auckland when bassist Roland Killeen and drummer Graham Schnell played in a band called the Stimulators, holding the residency at Zwines after the Scavengers left. They became Sheerlux when they teamed up with singer Marlon Hart and guitarist Jim Juricevic, taking their name from a brand of satin sheets advertised in an early 60's cheesecake magazine. Their early repertoire included covers of the Sex Pistols, Ultravox, Flaming Groovies, and Iggy Pop.

Late in 1978, Marlon Hart left for greener pastures overseas, leaving the band at a hiatus. The gap was filled in early '79 by singer Paul Robinson, and guitarist Steve Roach, both recently retired from Berlin (now defunct). Prior, to that, Paul had been around in Biggles, a pub band with heavy leanings toward British music. The band had been together only four weeks when they played at Nambassa, turning in a high energy set that won them a mention in *Rip It Up*, if nothing else.

Subsequently they have become the band with the fastest growing following in Auckland, playing most anywhere from the Windsor to the Island to Zwines and back again. They cut out 39 other bands to win a grand in the ANZ-Radio Hauraki Youth Expo 79 gig, a trick which also got them recording time at Mandrill in April, to record a demo for Polygram Records. The band have been writing, and while Jim and Steve come up with most of the hooks and chords, Paul does most of the lyrics, and the whole band gets a say in how it sounds. They plan to get down three tracks, "Fat Boy", "If This Is Tragedy", and "I'm Concerned".

A further result of their dedication is a *Radio With Pictures* spot in April, and a South Island tour of the major centres set for mid-May through to early July. Before they leave they play the charity concert at His Majesties for Year of the Child, along with a few other notables such as Citizen Band, Hello Sailor, and Golden Harvest.

While some of their current influences include Talking Heads and XTC, they are concentrating on their own material in an attempt to break out of the copy-band bracket. They believe in their music and their performance. Steve Roach says, "We're trying to stimulate, rather than just play music."

You can make a living at popular music in this country. Sheerlux have been pushing harder than most and it will be interesting to see how far they can take it. Already Bob Yates, manager of Mi-Sex, and John Hopkins (Split Enz) have shown interest in the. But then, as Paul Robinson says, "There's room for politeness in rock'n'roll." Uh huh.

John Malloy

New Wave is The Rave



BLONDIE

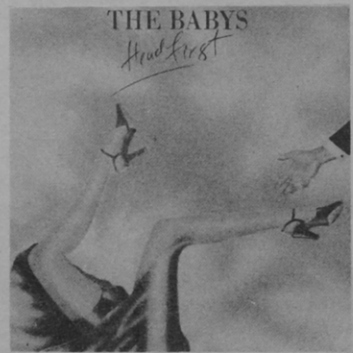


- CL-36694 Parallel Lines
- CL-36448 Blondie
- CL-36504 Plastic Letters

DOCTOR FEELGOOD

- L-35720 Malpractice
- L-36058 Stupidity
- L-36229 Sneakin' Suspicion
- L-36365 Be Seeing You
- L-36688 Private Practice

THE BABYS



- CL-36708 Head First
- CL-36079 No Problems
- L-36436 Broken Heart

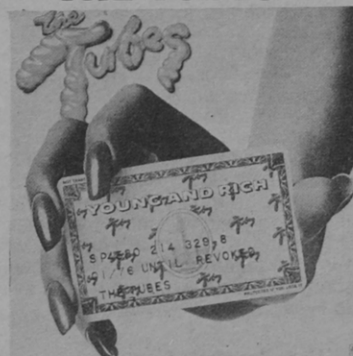
EDDIE & THE HOTRODS

- L-36118 Teenage Depression
- L-36434 Life On The Line

ULTRAVOX

- L-36197 Ultravox
- L-36456 Ha! Ha! Ha!

THE TUBES



- L-35892 Young & Rich
- L-35682 The Tubes
- L-36120 Now

THE STRANGLERS

- CL-36221 Rattus Norvegicus
- CL-36370 No More Heroes
- CL-36618 Black & White

TOM PETTY

- L-36112 Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers
- CL-36622 You're Gonna Get It

U.F.O.

- L-35163 Phenomenon
- L-35576 Force It
- L-35878 No Heavy Petting
- L-35977 Lights Out
- L-36603 Obsession

Get Into It!

Records

Life without Phil part two

Split Enz Mushroom

The Split Enz Struggle To Make It has encountered almost every difficulty imaginable from management and financial problems to numerous disruptive personnel changes. It seems that only Finn's increasing maturity as a songwriter and the band's belief in themselves have kept them from folding under the various pressures. When Judd left over two years ago few people expected them to continue, never mind the chances of conjuring an album as fresh or commercial as *Dizrhythmia*. Judd always appeared to be the deep, sombre Brains Behind but suddenly it became more than apparent that Finn could write better melodies, better songs.

Frenzy, then, is life without Phil Part Two, if you like, and just as *Dizrhythmia* was a transitional retreat from their long songs period, *Frenzy* is a confident and more complete assertion from a rock band who can knit twelve songs into one cohesive framework. No mean feat.

Finn's love songs, "Stuff and Nonsense", "The Roughest Toughest Game in the World", and "Betty" convincingly convey the frenzy of that emotion in its various forms. "Hermit McDermitt", "Frenzy" and "Master Plan" are more lighthearted tracks, itchy danceable attacks on the crazy demands of society, while on "Give It a Whirl", "Abu Dhabi" and "Mind Over Matter" Neil Finn's hard-edge guitar gives those songs an intense arrangement.

In the past Split Enz have been quite rightly compared with Genesis, but since *Dizrhythmia* and most noticeably on this new album, they have incorporated a more accessible mid-sixties approach to their music. The arrangements are now tighter and consequently less complex giving the songs an impact that the "Nightmare Stampedes" seemed to lack. Don't get me wrong, the more complex Enz repertoire has its place, it's just that *Frenzy* is easily their most sure-footed and satisfying album to date.

If there's a better New Zealand record I'd like to know about it.

George Kay

B.B. King Midnight Believer ABC

B.B. King has covered more ground, more convincingly, than virtually any other bluesman. Not only does he stand among the half dozen giants of the blues, but his vocal and instrumental versatility and sophistication have enabled him to move successfully beyond the confines of a strictly blues format.

He has worked with swing style bands (still his favoured performing sound), rock musicians and jazz guitarist Kenny Burrell with no loss of face. He achieved an artistic high spot with the strings-laden drama of "The Thrill Is Gone".

Naturally, not all the experiments have been blessed. The Philadelphia-styled *Friends* album was much.

Midnight Believer finds B.B. at the peak of his form. His collaboration with the Crusaders delivers outstanding music, drawing on blues, jazz, soul and gospel influences for a sum far in excess of its parts.

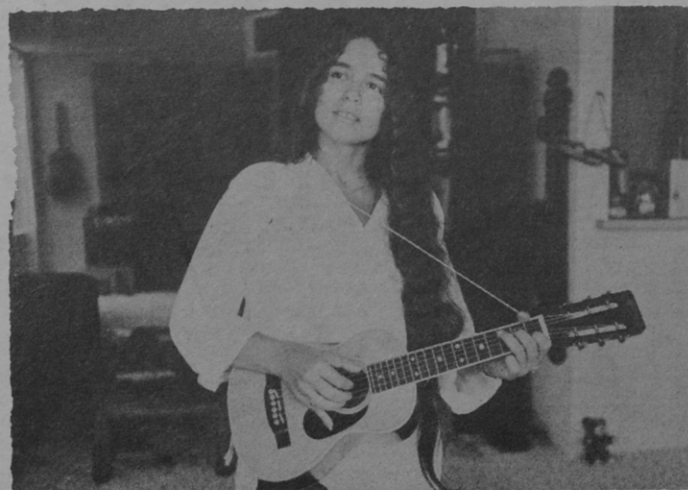
Crusaders pianist Joe Sample has written most of the songs and they have his brand of densely rhythmic cool, a perfect vehicle for B.B. King's mellow vocals. Not a lot of space is given over to his guitar playing. When he does latch on to Lucille he tends to knock out single-string lines which function as rhythmic device rather than solo voice.

The result is perhaps B.B.'s most uniformly successful album, certainly of recent years, maybe since the legendary *Live at the Regal* set. Having heard it done, the pairing of B.B. King and the Crusaders seems so obvious that one may wonder why it didn't happen sooner. Superlative.

Ken Williams

Phoebe Snow Against The Grain CBS

Like those before it, Phoebe Snow's latest album is a mixture of tunes written by herself



Nicolette Larson



and others. But, unlike its predecessors, far and away the best tracks on this album are those written by the woman herself. Their musical strengths and Snow's delivery leave the cover versions for dead.

Take "Every Night" for example. Paul McCartney's original bash at it, on his first solo album, wasn't so bad. In fact Snow has added very little other than an excess of "oooo's". By contrast, her own "You Have Not Won" is an absolute beauty. Snow throws her voice into it with passionate intensity and the lyrics - concerning the final score of a lovers' quarrel - defeat poor Paul's hands down.

Likewise with the lovely "Oh, L.A." and "Random Time", which is a gem in the annals of put-upon women songs. In fact, the only non-Snow number that comes close to comparison is Margaret Roche's "Married Men", sung in a giggle and lots of fun.

As a whole the album hangs together most happily. Snow is definitely concerned with packing the punches by stepping up the number of rock'n'roll tracks. And, with a competent band behind her, she does it nicely. Her voice, slightly husky and mercifully different from the imitable Ms Ronstadt, takes kindly to a bit of rocking. See if you don't too.

Louise Chunn

Blues Brothers Briefcase Full of Blues Atlantic

With the horns blaring the riff to Otis Redding's "I Can't Turn You Loose" the MC announces: "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Universal Amphitheatre. Well, here we are in the late 1970's going on 1985. You know, so much of the music we hear today is pre-programmed electronic disco; we never get a chance to hear master bluesmen practising their craft any more. By the year 2006 the music known today as the blues will exist only in the classical records department of your local public library."

"So tonight, ladies and gentlemen, while we still can, let us welcome from Rock Island, Illinois, Joliet Jake Blues and Elwood Blues, the Blues Brother..."

If that seems a lot of space to give to an opening announcement it's because it sets the tone of this hilarious album so perfectly.

I mean, Joliet Jake Blues? Elwood? Someone's kidding.

Jake is John Belushi and Elwood is Dan Aykroyd, both graduates of the *National Lampoon* school of humour and mainstays of the outrageous American satirical television show *Saturday Night*.

The Blues Brothers grew out of the TV series. Visually, they're arm-breakers for the Mob (dark suits, dark shades, a mysterious briefcase.) Aurally, Joliet Jake can be anything from a down and out Chicago blues singer to a vibrating rastaman (if you caught Jack Nicholson's film *Goin' South* you'll recall Belushi as the greasiest of Mexican *frijoles* and Elwood is no mean harp player.

The music runs the gamut from Chicago-style blues through reggae to Stax soul without losing a beat. It helps that the Brothers are backed by one of the best kick-ass bands ever assembled (Steve Cropper, Duck Dunn, Matt 'guitar' Murphy, Tom Scott et al).

Best of all, it's very funny. Too often, people who love something as much as Jake and Elwood do render it lifeless by their stultifying seriousness.

Ken Williams (who's not too serious)

Nicolette Larson Nicolette Warner Bros

On the strength of this debut album *Rolling Stone* magazine declared Nicolette Larson 1978's female singer of the year. However that accolade probably says more about the magazine's increasingly bourgeois editorial drift than it does about the album. *Nicolette* contains some fine tracks but is by no means consistently good, let alone brilliant.

The problem lies with the occasional song choice and the general production. Ted Templeman's sound is just another bland from L.A. and it is only on the more up-tempo numbers that Larson's personality shines through the mix. Consequently the country and slower songs (including another damn J.D. Souther) seem fairly insipid.

But the rockier tracks do deliver and suggest promise for Larson's future. Of all the interpretive singers emerging in the light of la Ronstadt's star, Larson seems to be most at home rocking with a band. The soul classic "Baby, Don't You Do It" is given a commanding performance and Jesse Winchester's "Rhumba Girl" struts with a sexy funk. Sure, there's a couple of Little Feats in support but, nonetheless, Larson sounds positively exuberant.

These numbers (and the hit "Lotta Love") more than warrant Larson's move from backing vocalist to solo performer. I hope she makes a whole album this strong.

Peter Thomson

Willie Nelson Willie and Family Live CBS

Yet another double live album. Yeah, well I suppose it's a good way to keep the product on the market. Record a series of concerts then take your pick. In this case we have mostly oldies, a few newies and a bit of patter — standard live album formula.

There's nothing better than a good concert. Unfortunately, there are very few good concert albums. Something precious is lost in the transition from auditorium to vinyl. Namely participation. This isn't bad, I suppose — I'd certainly liked to have been there. But I wasn't and listening from an armchair doesn't quite compare. Still, for those interesting in an introduction to the Old Man of the Outlaw Clan this is recommended. We have here a good look at Nelson's career, from "Funny How Time Slips Away" to his version of "Georgia On My Mind" (released on his last album). In between we have some of his better-known songs, including a medley from *Red Headed Stranger*, as well as Willie's version of Rodney Crowell's "Till I Gain Control Again" and a lovely solo rendition of Leon Russell's "Song For You."

All in all a pleasant album but all rather pointless, don't you think?

John Dix

McGuinn, Clark & Hillman Capitol

There weren't too many people disappointed with the polished nostalgia and new songs content of the Original Byrds tour of last year. The emphasis, if anything, was placed naturally on past achievements whether with the Byrds or on solo ventures. *McGuinn, Clark and Hillman*, however, is not a retrospective album pining for the long lost glorious days of *Fifth Dimen-*



Phoebe Snow



sion, but a 3-D view of where they are now. The album is certainly no country rock landmark but it is a pleasantly balanced selection of their individual material. Hillman, along of course with McGuinn and Clark, was responsible for clearing the ground in the sixties for guys like the Eagles, and it is ironic that of his three songs here two of them could fit quite easily onto any Eagles' album with their lightweight rock breeziness and tight harmonies. Clark contributes four tracks but his style is generally more pensive particularly on "Little Mama". Surprisingly McGuinn takes the backseat and of his two songs the new 45 "Don't You Write Her Off" is the most Byrds reminiscent song on the album and even then don't expect a barrage of twelve string guitars. Nothing adventurous, but then again nothing embarrassing. It's quite painless.
George Kay

**The Steve Miller Band
Greatest Hits 1974-78
Mercury**

The date in the title is the giveaway. This is by no means a true retrospective of Steve Miller. Apart from "The Joker" the tracks are from his two most recent albums, *Fly Like An Eagle* and *Book of Dreams*. Miller's recent work has been governed by a contract whereby Capitol distribute him in the U.S., but distribution for the rest of the world is handled by Mercury. This may dictate the limited span of the material. Or it may have been felt that earlier works were adequately summed up in the *Anthology* album. Be that as it may, this compilation works very well as an album in its own right. Miller was one of the first to realise the potential of

the record album as a programme of music and his records have always been assembled meticulously. It's arguable whether all the songs were genuinely 'hits' but they represent the peak of Steve Miller's creative skills in the late 70s, from the bounce of "Swingtown" through the supercharged rhythm guitars of "Take the Money and Run" and "Rock'N'Me" to the spacey drone of "Fly Like an Eagle" and the hoedown of "Dance, Dance, Dance." If you're a collector of Miller, this record is redundant, but as a summation of his later work it's nigh perfect (it's only personal taste but I would have liked "Mercury Blues" in there). For earlier material look to the locally-compiled "greatest hits" set put out by EMI. For Miller in performance, I recommend the *Midnight Toker* bootleg.
Ken Williams

**Chaka Khan
Chaka
Warner Bros**

There were signs on Rufus' last album, *Street Player*, that Khan was about to embark on a solo career yet, despite the weakness of tracks where she didn't sing lead, *Street Player* demonstrated that Rufus could command jazz-influenced styles as convincingly as the soulful strutting of their early work. *Chaka* continues the move towards sophistication but there any continuity between the albums is ended. *Street Player's* success was rooted in the cohesion of a long-standing performing unit, particularly its fine sense of controlled dynamics. *Chaka* is a debut and as such seeks redefinition. Restraint is out. Producer Arif Mardin has opted for the big-

ger is better approach, so not only do all the classy sessionmen show off their chops but they're mixed forward and loud. Numbers may start off subtly enough but by mid-way through the arrangement so much is happening that Khan has to yell to get out front. And that's a pity because her voice sometimes get disconcertingly shrill. Nonetheless *Chaka* does have some successes here: a duet with George Benson, for example, has the funk'n' breezy appeal of his hit formula. On the whole, however, despite the big names and big sound, this listener prefers *Chaka Rufusized*.
Peter Thomson

**Marvin Gaye
Here, My Dear
Motown**

In which Marvin Gaye once again invites us into his bedroom, and takes us through his personal traumas, fight by fight, homily by homily, woman by woman. *Let's Get It On* was the first encounter, the seduction and still stands out as a classic nooky record. Its successor, *I Want You*, was the post-orgasmic sigh, placid and self-satisfied, and not nearly as meaty. *Here, My Dear* details the break-up and subsequent divorce. Curtis Shaw's overly efusive liner notes say it's based around a 'personal experience' of Marvin's and a very messy business it must have been too, since it takes four sides to tell a story. The split is reported to have left Marvin more than a little financially embarrassed, and a tad bitter too, by all account. Certainly, this bitterness is reflected in the cover art, and the inner sleeve, which shows a man and a woman playing a king of Monopoly game to divide up the property.

The music? Just what we've come to expect from Ol' Marv. Mellifluous, seamlessly soulful, weaving patterns of fluff around the listener and causing little pain. Whether it justifies four sides is still debatable. The melodies are the subtle type that bear repeated encounters. Take a bottle, a cut lunch, and someone with whom you are more than friendly. It's worthy trying. Personally, I could do with less of Marvin's soulful raps on love and pain, and the pointless "Funky Space Reincarnation" is a disco bandwagon-jumper that could have been dispensed with altogether. The rest, judge for yourself. Me, I'm just content to say that Marvin's voice still makes my eyes water. Wonder if any of the ladies in his life could be so successful telling *Their* side of the story?
Duncan Campbell

**Valerie Carter
Wild Child
CBS**

Every now and then stories filter through the record company hype of an artist objecting to the release of her/his latest album. Professional integrity, pride, the eternal search for perfection - whatever, it's always a rather impressive story. But what if that person is wrong? Valerie Carter doesn't like her first album, *Just A Stones Throw Away*. In spite of overwhelmingly positive reviews when it came on sale early in 1977, she came out against its release; even now it gives her "anxiety attacks". By contrast her newly released *Wild Child* has met with a happier reception from its star. She likes it, and I can't help wondering why. True, *Just A Stones Throw Away* was something of a mish-mash of styles and influences, its eclecticism only emphasised by the presence of 35 'renowned' musicians and singers helping out. Regardless, it was a quite exceptional first album, putting Ms Carter's voice through a most impressive set of paces. *Wild Child* is almost a regression from that high standard. It's not that it's bad; even worse, it's bland. Not a single track stands out from the middle-of-the-road selection, almost all cruisy, lightweight numbers sugared up with strings or synthesizers. Mercifully, Ms Carter's clear, strong voice shines through at times, most notably on the uncluttered "Lady in the Dark". But this is an exception. Even the lady's song-writing abilities, unequivocally proved on her debut album, seem to have been adversely affected by her partnership with producer James Newton Howard. I don't deny that there's a place for easy listening background music. But such a shame that Valerie Carter, with the promise of such good things, is the one to fill it.
Louise Chunn

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Live

Sure-footed Frenzy

Split Enz

Regent Theatre, Dunedin.

"They get better everytime" would be a fair comment on Split Enz's unerring rapid fire concert in Dunedin at the end of March.

Finn led the men in the funny suits through most of *Frenzy* and *Dizyrrhymia* but it was what they didn't play that was the most revealing. Gone are the epics, Split Enz as *Frenzy* testifies, have moved with the times and are now closer to being classified as a mainstream rock band than at anytime in the past. They still have that on-stage loonery and Crombie on spoons and percussion, but it was the almost offhand confidence of the band as they ripped through their two part show that had the crowd on their feet in the second half.

"Abu Dhabi" stood out. "True Colours" and "Maybe" were dusted down for old time's sake and the future was catered for with "Hypnotised" and "Mongolia" and they sound good.

Two encores and the band left it at that. They may look like they believe in the art school tag landed on them by the media two or three years ago, but *Frenzy* and the all-out, danceable, live Split Enz spells the beginning of a new era for the band. I think it's their best yet.

George Kay

Hello Sailor

Main Street

So this is what happens when your local guitar band goes to LA, plays a few gigs, and returns. They get a new manager. They get lean. They get tight.

Main Street on a Sunday night is loaded with musicians, business faces, elegant ladies in elegant clothes, all sorts of pretty boys, and for good measure, the waitresses in (their usual?) tiny-skirts-and-cleavage rigs. Oh my. All a person can do is hold on to the table and order another drink.

A band called Baker opened. They were terrible. I don't know how they thought they could get away with it. They did. Polite applause ensued.

At length les matelots bonjours appear, causing instant dance floor space-in, instant ranks of the wide-eyed. They plug in and whack into it and it becomes obvious that they are together. Not only that, but for once their sound is clean as clean, if as always well above the pain levels up close.

Ricky Ball plays like a steamhammer, solid. Harry and Dave, in addition to their gapless guitar, hit the backup vocals hard and right on the note. You can hear them too. Lyle Kinney doesn't put a foot wrong. And Graham Brazier, well, the boy's lost weight. His act has got slicker, but he doesn't look any happier. They do "Boys From Brazil", and his puppetlike movements are so convincing I start to wonder. His voice is in great shape.

What you get, mostly old stuff, with the emphasis on the tougher tunes. No "Lying In The Sand", tonight, this is a rock'n'roll band. I wanted to hear "All Around This Town", but you can't have it all your own way. The new tunes aren't an instant K.O., but then the old ones took a while to sink in too. Gimme a few listens and I'll let you know.

They no different, but they better than ever.

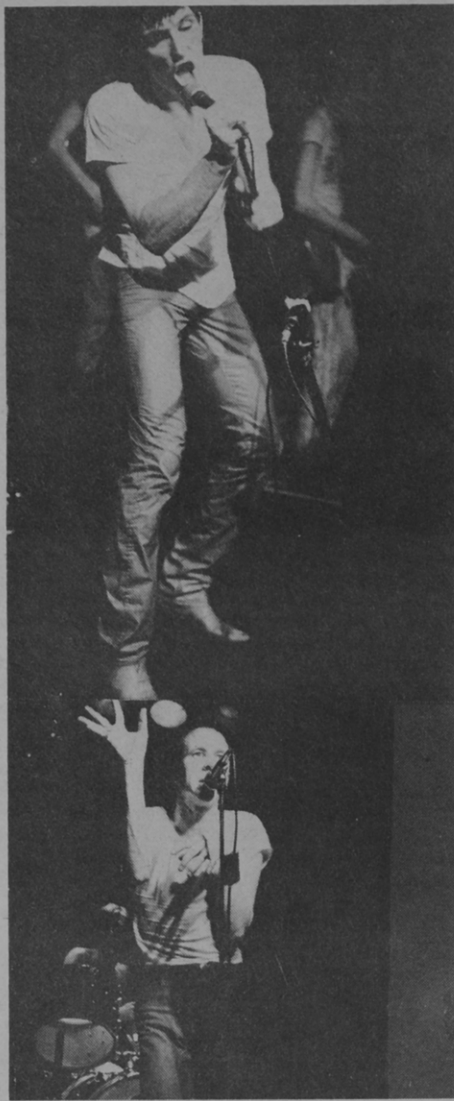
John Malloy

Mi-Sex Th'Dudes

Maidment Theatre

Far from accepting as a foregone conclusion the sort of welcome reserved for local boys made good, Mi-Sex came on strongly right from the start. The pace seldom slackened throughout the set which displayed the band's undoubted professionalism and controlled energy. Arguably the enthusiastic response of the audience was predictable but no one could deny that Mi-Sex had earned it.

As for their new original material, it was primarily hard rock based with futurist and theatrical overtones. Ultravox is an obvious



Steve Gilpin, Mi-Sex.

reference point. If it was a shade samey or a little over extended in parts the uniformly enthusiastic audience response showed no sign of it.

Similarly the leather pants, light show and assorted theatrics went down well with the audience. So it seems Steve Gilpin and his men have got on to a winning formula here. Though personally I am not a fan, no one could begrudge the success of a band that is willing to work so hard to entertain their audience.

If Mi-Sex have already proved their worth internationally then the show openers, Th'Dudes, look set to do so in the not too distant future. Musically the band has had the necessary credentials for a good while. Now they appear to be putting together the image and live act to do full justice to their musical prowess. The frontline, vocalist Ulrich and the guitars of Morris and Dobbyn, is especially impressive. All in all it was a night local rock'n'roll could be proud of.

Dominic Free

1860 Band 1860 Tavern

Residencies breed lethargy. A band that starts off red hot can find itself devoid of inspiration after two years or more playing the same gig. That can't exactly be said about the 1860 Band as yet, but there's no doubt that, after three years at the tavern that gave them their name, they are in danger of falling into that trap of complacency.

Yes indeed, many an afternoon I've weaved in and crawled out of the 1860 with modern jazz still ringing in my ears. However, it's been a while since my last visit and there have been a couple of changes in the band. Rob Winch has replaced Dave Pearson on bass, while Rob's brother Martin has joined on the guitar. For those not familiar with the group, Rodger Fox (trombone), Geoff Culverwell (trumpet), Peter Blake (keyboards) and Billy Brown (drums) complete the line-up.

All six musicians have the opportunity to display their individual virtuosity during the afternoon and all never fail to impress. The big-

gest reception is usually reserved for Billy Brown but on this day Rob Winch's rendition of "Bahama Mama" stole the show for me. My one complaint is the synthetic over-kill (almost all use some type of electronic gadget) which threatens to camouflage their obvious talent.

Territorially, the band are home and hosed, but one wonders how they'll fare elsewhere. Say Auckland's Main Street, where they are booked to appear in late May. I see no problems though. Anyone with a musical ear should recognise their collective talent as a unit and as individual instrumentalists.

John Dix

Debbie and the Dum Dums

Auckland University

Answering a call from the NZ Students' Arts Council, Debbie and the Dum Dums recently got their schiz together for an orientation campus tour. What a way to start a year!

Their lineage, of course, is impeccable: Derek Ward, a founding member of The Ratz, The Boys and Zazou Clowns; Miles McKane, of diverse talent and a Snoid from the Plague; Deborah Filler, ex-Ratz and once the singer for the sadly defunct Big Deal; and Sarah Peirse, a recent graduate of Theatre Corporate's drama school.

First off in the three-part programme was *Politiks Can Be Fun*, a series of short schiz including old favourites from The Ratz and Zazou repertoire. With their overblown characters



Since the introduction of rock & roll in the fifties jazz has taken a secondary role as Youth's cultural music. It's a great shame that jazz has been largely ignored by the young, for great music speaks for itself, regardless of labels; true genius is axiomatic, whether it be Miles Davis, Claude Debussy or Bob Dylan. In the coming months I shall endeavour to introduce to the interested, cynical and sceptical to the world of jazz. Hopefully the ensuing articles won't sound too supercilious or pedantic — my aim is not to flaunt the music, merely to point out its merits.

There has been much debate over the origins of jazz. Suffice to say that a syncopated music surfaced in New Orleans at the turn of the century. Basically the music was a fusion of European styles (marches, quadrilles, scherzos etc) and established Negro music forms (blues, gospel, ragtime) — European melodies and African rhythms.

In 1917 two events were responsible for bringing the music first national and later international fame. The first was the recordings of the while Original Dixieland Jazz Band — a tepid variety of jazz to be sure, but the band put the word "jazz" in the public mouth. Later in the year Storyville, New Orleans' red light district, was closed sending hundreds of unemployed jazz musicians searching the country for work. Chicago, with its abundance of illegal speakeasies, became the new jazz capital.

It was there in 1923 that the first memorable jazz recordings were cut by King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band. The Oliver tracks are typical of the New Orleans style: the cornet (Oliver) performing the melody, a second cornet

and somewhat deflated social comment, these pieces may have rankled the self-consciously political. But so what? Parliamentarian-eating frogs are funnier than more miss than hit Muldoon jokes anyway.

But then perhaps they were reserving the venom for their central piece, *Love Circus*. Slated by some as yet another arty-intellectuals-attack-marriage-and-suburban-lifestyle-about-which-they-know-nothing-anyway bit of theatrical fluff, this was, for me, the highpoint of the show. The targets were well-chosen with no facile solutions offered. Best of all, they were achingly sympathetic to all sides, which is surely not the approach of the self-satisfied or snide.

Wrapping it all up was *Cafe Liveria*, a day in the life accompanied by those crazies, Heart, Melancholy, Madness and Ego. Sardonic, witty and perceptive it nevertheless lacked something of the strength of the previous piece. Perhaps, in spite of their poetry, the rhyming couplets into which the entire piece had been transcribed, were to blame.

But this is to quibble. Debbie and the Dum Dums are a potent and complementary mixture of exceptionally talented individuals, full of fancy and fun. If the straight shooting confrontation techniques adopted so successfully by The Ratz have been all but rejected, their replacement with a more whimsical style can only a test to the maturity and professionalism of this new troupe. Long may they loon.

Louise Chunn

embellishing it, the clarinet echoing the notes gospel-style, the trombone forming a counter-part to the melody, and the rhythm section laying down a non-syncopated beat.

The second cornet player in that band was young Louis Armstrong, who was responsible for the general switch from cornet to trumpet and, in fact, revolutionised the whole jazz sound. In 1925 Armstrong formed his own band The Hot Five who recorded some of the greatest sides ever produced in jazz. Over the next four years The Hot Five (and later Hot Seven) gradually moved away from the polyphony of the New Orleans style to produce the first signs of the individual improvisations that are the jazz trademark. Although in later years Armstrong went on to concentrate on "pop" songs and showmanship his contribution to jazz cannot be over-estimated. Almost all of his recorded material deserves a listen, particularly that recorded before 1945.

Armstrong's greatest contemporary was Jelly Roll Morton, whose band The Red Hot Peppers also made considerable musical advances. Not just a pianist Morton proved to be a seminal force as a composer and arranger, although he was not recognised as such until his final days. Today he is acknowledged as the father of orchestrated jazz.

There were other great innovators in the Twenties: Sidney Bechet, the clarinetist who, like Morton, was rediscovered in the late Thirties during the "revivalist movement" when jazz had become a respected music; and Bix Beiderbecke the brilliant white trumpet-player whose work unfortunately is marred by the inferior company he kept.

These people played a jazz style that has been dubbed Dixieland, an easily identifiable music due to the emphasis on cornet/trumpet, trombone and clarinet. But elsewhere throughout the Twenties other jazzmen had been experimenting with larger units. By the time the Thirties drew closer jazz was in danger of being forgotten as a fad. But the big bands of Earl Hines, Fletcher Henderson, Duke Ellington and a few others made it quite clear that jazz had only just started.

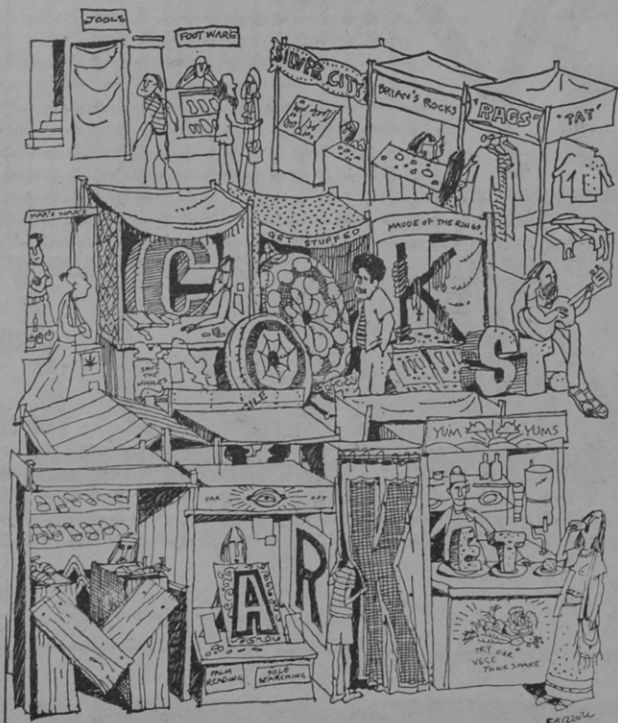
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Rip It Up No. 21 April 1979
Postal Address (for Rumours etc.) PO Box 5689, Auckland 1.
Editor Alastair Dougal
Managing Editor Murray Cammick
Advertising Enquiries Phone Murray Cammick, 370-653.
Rip It Up is typeset by Typesetting Systems Limited, Phone 370-272. *Rip It Up* is printed by Putaruru Press.
Graphics Assistant Andrew Green
Distribution Assistant Bryan Staff

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Film Fun

Well-known film critic **Pauline Kael** is to quit the *New Yorker* to work for Warren Beatty's production company. She commented that she was finding it harder to write intelligently about bad films, and decided she needed a breather ... Beatty's company is already well into pre-production work on a film based on the book about the 1917 Russian Revolution, *Ten Days That Shook the World*. The film will likely be titled *Red Square* ... Eagles' manager Irv Azoff is to produce a Western entitled *Desperado*. Music will be provided by the The Eagles ... The Band's drummer **Levon Helm** is to play Loretta Lynn's father in the film based on her life story, *Coal Miner's Daughter*. The part of Loretta Lynn will be taken by Sissy Spacek ... **The Blues Brothers**, Joliet Jake and Elwood Blues, as portrayed by *Saturday Night* mainstays John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd, are to make a film. The movie will tell the tale of Jake and Elwood's attempts to reform their band after Jake escapes from prison. The Blues Brothers' album has sold 2,200,000 copies in the States and a soundtrack album from the movie will be released in mid 1980 ... the producers of **I Wanna Hold Your Hand** are to follow it up with *Just Us Kids*. The sequel will centre on the lives of six teenagers during the height of Beatlemania ... **The Who Ltd** (that's the film production company established by The Who) is to follow up its first two films — *The Kids Are Alright* and *Quadrophenia* — with *McVicar*, the story (based on fact) of John McVicar who escaped from a supposedly escape-proof prison ... **Milos Forman's** movie version of *Hair* has been released to let's just say less than enthusiastic reviews ... **Forman** is now set to film *Hadrian VII*, the story of an ordinary man who becomes Pope ... **Michael Cimino** has won the Director's Guild of America's feature directing award for *The Deer Hunter*. Many are picking Cimino to take an Oscar for his direction ... **Cimino** is now set to film *Heaven's Gate*, which Cimino modestly describes as the story of the birth of the American nation. Players set for the film are John Hurt and Kris Kristofferson ... **Ken Russell** is to direct *Altered States*, a film scripted by Paddy Chayefsky. Originally scheduled director, Arthur Penn, quit due to creative differences with Chayefsky. This film was dumped by Columbia when the budget shot from a projected \$12 million to \$19 million due to special effects costs. But one of the other major studios has picked up the project ... **Otto Preminger** is to film Graham Greene's novel, *The Human Factor* ... director of *The Eyes of Laura Mars*, **Irvin Kershner**, is shooting the *Star Wars* sequel *The Empire Strikes Back*. Scripted by George Lucas and others, the cast once again includes Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford and Carrie Fisher ... **Robert Altman** is filming *Health* with Lauren Bacall, Carol Burnett, Glenda Jackson and Dinah Shore among others ...



In the March *Rip It Up* George Kay poned about describing *Give 'Em Enough Rope* as having "a fatter, almost conventional heavy metal drive".

Why can't he get to the point and say they're punks who have sold out to rock'n'roll regular, it's lost its grunt and Strummer sounds like a gummy. He worms his way around "All the Young Punks" when it's obvious that it describes the Clash as well as any other 3rd generation punk outfit. It's bloody hypocrisy!

Whatever happened to "Garageland". The Clash may not have devalued to the level of Park Lane but watch out for them, the worst is yet to come.

Kelly Tauranga Taste voucher winner

To those who complain in *Rip It Up*. I am sick of reading the usual shit in the letters column. The complaints and criticisms are getting boring. Does it achieve anything? Disco, punk, unsatisfactory radio and *Rip It Up* writers won't vanish under your abuse. I suppose you get a cheap thrill about seeing your moaning in print.

And what will I get out of my complaining? Stuff all, but I would like to see in the next issue a letter of praise about anything pertaining to today's music!

R. Burkett Avondale

I am writing about a review that appeared recently in that illustrious English chronicle, *NME*.

To my horror I read that the Suburban Rep- tiles were Australian and that "in no way are they about to do a bleedin' Bee Gees on anybody". Another constructive comment was that "they should either be put down or go back to where they came from!"

All in all, the review was entirely derogatory about one of the best new wave bands NZ has been able to produce. I am sick of NZ bands being termed Australian. When will our Elvis Costello, Graham Parker or Johnny Rotten make a place for NZ among the new wave acts?

My vote for NZ band most likely to succeed in 1979 goes to Sheerlux.
C.V. Pakuranga

Dear Horris Horrible - If only you knew how destroying punk rock can be. It is anti-everything and it has nothing to offer but anarchy.

By W. Dart TV Giggles & Disease

It doesn't seem four weeks ago that I was sitting in my little hidey-hole breathing polyurethane fumes and listening to lotsa Pere Ubu - a pretty potent cocktail and worth trying if you are sick of glue sticking to your nose. Now podgy fingers are on typewriter keys again, Yoko Ono is doing her feminist thing on the stereo, images of Lana Turner are coursing through my tiny mind and all seems well with the world. In such Sirkumstances it's not really surprising that one remembers it's been ages since the lovely Lana was on the tube, so what has there been on the tele of late ...? Obviously it's time for a grizzle about Baird's bogie.

Occasionally one gets surprises from the box. Take *Kaleidoscope* for instance which has so far devoted two programmes to fairly lengthy documentaries on the rock scene.

Well, confession time I must admit that I missed the first few minutes of the David Bowie programme because I couldn't tear myself away from Joan Masochisma Crawford and Clark Machismo Gable in *Strange Cargo* on TV1. Bowie came across as a shrewd artist, and being a few years old it gained slightly in interest. Perhaps, like many rock programmes it suffered a bit from Palmeritis. This vogueish disease was instigated by Tony Palmer, the producer of *All You Need Is Love* and it involves substituting critical wanking for musical performance wherever possible. I mean, who wants to hear and see Bessie Smith sing when one can listen to a fascinating commentary on the marble content of her gravestone?

For the morbid amongst us, a sad case of terminal Palmeritis can be seen in Frank Zappa's film *200 Motels*, and if you want a generous dollop of Palmer cynicism in written form, look up his book *Born Under a Bad Sign*.

As for the Rod Stewart documentary, this had the marvellously ironic title of *Rod the Mod Comes of Age*. Its main virtue was Britt Ekland who was camping it up no end and doubtlessly making Kiwi teenagers cringe with self-effacing embarrassment. Honestly, why doesn't the man grab the loot he's already made, and retire with a team of hunky football jocks to some desert island?

Radio with Pictures still fills a gap but the material varies fairly drastically, anyway who

Letters

I feel that all mothers like Mrs McLean should restrict their daughters from attending these punk rock dances because you don't know what can happen. It is alright for boys, they can't get pregnant.

I am a young woman and hope my children, when I have them, go to nice clean discotheques. Me, I'd rather experience an air-raid myself.
Olivia Newton Christchurch

I would like to say a few words on behalf of Dunedin's most progressive band to date - The Clean.

Since their creation just over a year ago, The Clean has evolved from an extremely primitive noise into a strong musical force. Their music is their own, it is different and it's inventive, unlike many bands who have followed the adopted norm of HM (*Heavy Metal*) at 100 mph.

To say that The Clean is "stagnating" is definitely not on. If your two critics (George Kay and Keith Tannock) removed themselves from the Gardens Tavern and listened to The Clean play, then they could level some honest criticism or praise at the band instead of just passing them off as just another garage band.
Clean Aficianado Dunedin

Dear 12M — Auckland does not need three radio stations playing the same type of music. Why can't you leave Hauraki and 12B to fight between themselves for control over the middle-of-the-road?

What Auckland needs is an alternative rock station, and 12M, that should be you. The interest shown in the recent broadcast by the Auckland University Radio B, should be ample evidence that a lot of people are not just into top forty.

This group should have its needs catered for on a permanent basis. How about it? You have got nothing now, so what have you got to lose?
Johnny Gravel Blockhouse Bay

A Poem

While listening to some disco tune upon my radio,
I felt like writing to John T
to tell him where to go.

This time it was so horrible
I ran out of the door,
I couldn't get outside in time
so I chundered on the floor.

Then I had a great idea
to bring my mind to peace,
I went into my sister's room
and spewed all over *Grease*.

As far as I go, Andy Gibb
can take a running jump,
And I'll go smash my radio up
and take it to the dump.

Grant G. Christchurch

Thanks for the idea Big T of Christchurch. I have started a petition against disco on the radio. Anyone wanting petition forms can get them by sending a stamped addressed envelope to:
Mean Eyed Pete 133 Elizabeth Street, Mount Victoria, Wellington.

wants to sit up till midnight plus to have a bit of rock music? What have we had in the last few weeks? - a veritable orgy of Joe Cocker, some clever and effective production numbers (Elvis Costello, Sid Vicious, Supercharge) and a lot of boring straight-at-you performances, many of which emanated from local studios. And one night, a Christchurch group, who shall be nameless, chugged through "Miss You" on the same night that Mr. Jagger himself was duetting with Peter Tosh. Need more be said?

Oh, but leaving aside ubiquitous Tracy on the *Good Time Show*, surely the giggle of the month was that f-r-i-g-h-t-f-u-l Year of the Child production. It was packed with stars covering the gamut from Andy Glibb to Olivia's Neutered John and others too numerous and horrible to mention. And every two minutes David Frost seemed to be popping up and stressing how all the royalties from these songs would go towards the needy children of the world. And as each song meandered on to its forgettable but welcome conclusion, one realised how few royalties would accrue from these dirges. They probably made more from the cocktails at the end of the show, my dears.

It'd be nice to have something a little left of Abba on the box occasionally. Even a Linda Ronstadt special would be a welcome relief My God, what have I said?
William Dart

Kingsley Smith

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Keith Richards

So you thought the rock 'n' roll single was dead?



The Members

Singles

After last issue's motley parade of 45's this month's releases come on like a full scale revival:

First and probably best is the fascist but chic chiming power chord push of **Siouxsie and the Banshees'** "Hong Kong Garden". Emphatic forceful melody reinforced by some interesting, almost innovative lead guitar from John McKay, it has already been hailed as a classic. Good, but not that good. It's on their soon-to-be-released album *The Scream*.

From the new to the old and **Keith Richards** goes back where he started (which isn't really a bad place to be) and does a fine Dave Edmunds' impersonation on the vintage "Run Rudolph Run" and a sleepy version of Jimmy Cliff's "The Harder They Come" on the flip. Kid's got taste but a couple of self-penned numbers would have been preferable.

The Feelgoods meanwhile do everything right and do what they do best on "Down at the Doctors", throbbing R&B with guitarist John Mayo trading muscle with Lee Brilleaux, but old sweats like the Feelgoods have this sort of thing down to a fine art.

The Stranglers have produced some of the best jukebox hits in the last couple of years but they have a lot to answer for with their dire inappropriate version of "Walk On By". Hugh Cornwall is hardly a pop romantic — "Sometimes you're gonna get some stick."

New Virgin signings, **The Members** take the sentiments of the Monkees' "Pleasant Valley Sunday" and the Kinks' "Autumn Almanac", reverse them and add some Joe Strummer vitriol to come up with a nicely controlled and

dynamic "Sound of the Suburbs". If this is indicative of their ability then they should go far.

Tom Robinson has a mission in life other than being Britain's most humourless derivative songwriter, that of being left wind media man via his songs. On "Bully For You" he is still preaching, but Peter Gabriel's powerful melody arrogantly gives Robinson his best song to date. Like Springsteen's salvage of the ailing Patti Smith on "Because the Night."

U.K. Squeeze cruise pleasantly enough on the swaying "Goodbye Girl", and the **Rubinoos** prove that they are worthy new Raspberries with a sleek 1977 version of the Tommy James' classic "I Think We're Alone Now". About time the Beserkley catalogue was released here.

"A Stitch in Time" and the man in the leotards is back again (**Ian Anderson**, who else?) with his band of merry minstrels and another hearty tune. Anderson's forced wryness and self-satisfied tone have long since discredited **Jethro Tull**, and this 45 is unfortunately no exception.

"High On Your Love" and **Rick James** puts his best foot forward on some fairly predictable Tamla-disco, and on "Cool Meditation **Third World** continue on their smooth path of blending reggae rhythms with glossy soul harmonies.

Burton Cummings turns out another gushing, and dare I say it, convincing ballad in "I Will Play a Rhapsody". Only if you insist. On "I Will Be in Love With You" **Livingstone Taylor** sounds too much like his brother. Heavily orchestrated love songs I thought were a thing of the past. Sadly **Eddie Rabbit's** "Every Which Way But Loose" is a thing of the present and uses every country cliché in the book. Still I suppose its only a movie theme. Keep your jukebox well oiled.

The wispy acoustic "Dog and Butterfly" makes a change from **Heart's** previously aggressive line in singles but it's tacky philosophical romanticism is too much for me. Still with females and **Tanya Tucker** is certainly one of the few women around that could sing "Not Fade Away" and sound like she meant it. Chunky and raunchy with a mouth harp in there somewhere, it's not to be dismissed as just another version of that old classic.

"You Can't Win" is a funny title for ex-child protegee **Michael Jackson**, who just turned twenty last year. He is still one of the soul voices around, and this song with disco rhythms, natch, is okay but no more.

Kim Fowley adopted sons of the suburbs, New Zealand's own **Street Talk** make an eclectic bid for superstardom with the 12 inch "Street Music". Springsteen in sentiment and pacing, with touches of Phil Lynott in vocal delivery and a Terry Hogan — Murray Cammick cover, they have all angles covered. Densely produced, it's definitely a fine song of the times and they deserve to make it on opportunism alone.

GEORGE KAY

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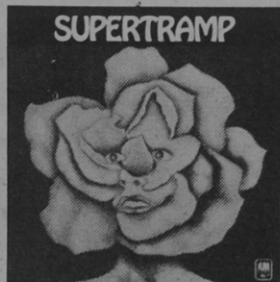
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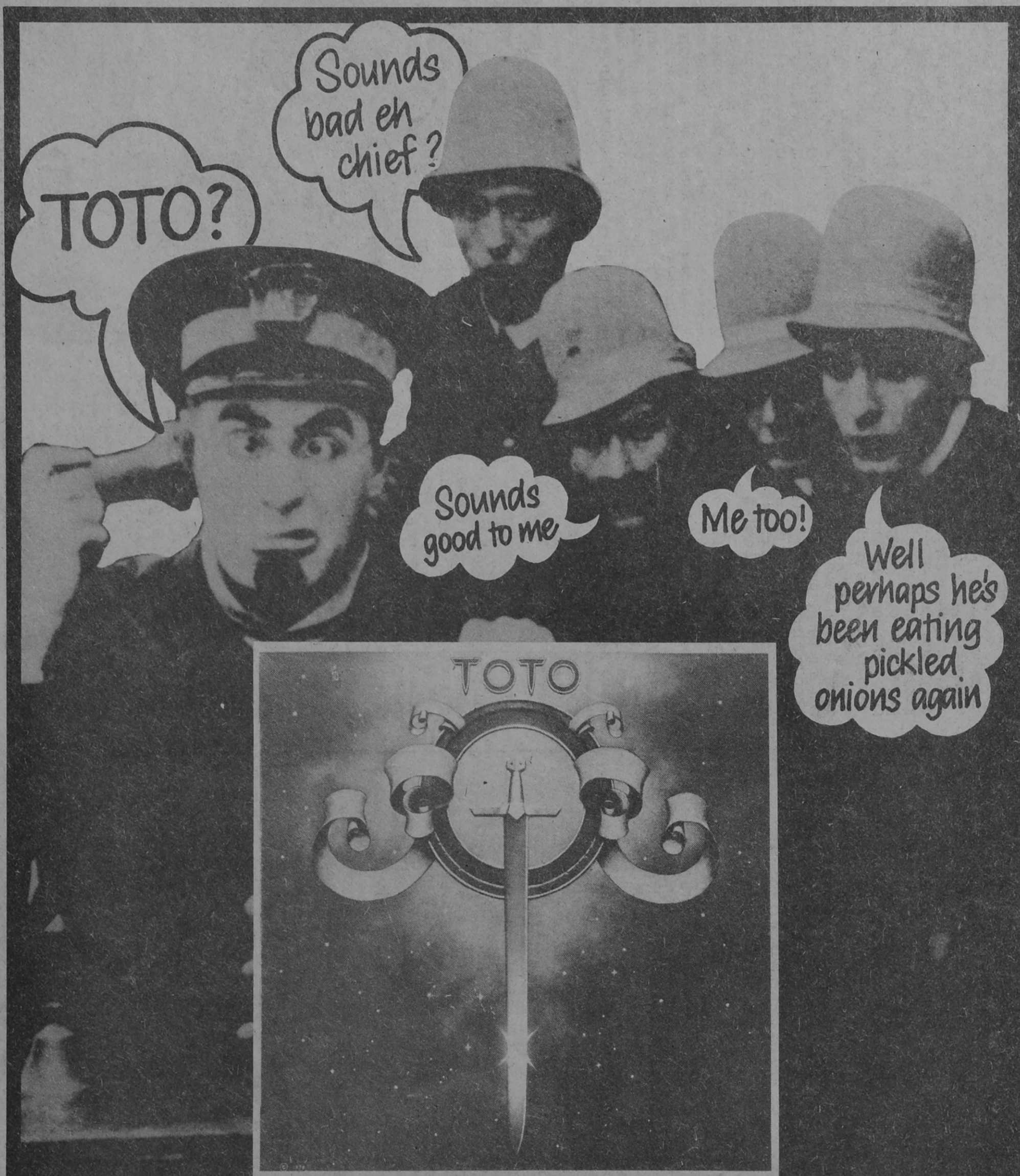
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