



Soul music's man of passion is dead, a victim of the violence he so despised.

Marvin Gaye was shot at his parents' home in central Los Angeles on April 1st, and later died of his injuries. It was the eve of his 45th birthday. His father, 71-year-old Marvin Snr, has been charged with murder. Police allege the two had a furious argument over arrangements for the birthday party.

Gaye, a minister's son, came to prominence in the 1960s with solo hits including 'Stubborn Kind of Fellow' and 'Can I Get A Witness'. He also had a number of duet hits with female singers, such as Tammi Terrell and Kim Weston.

At the end of the 60s he was named top R&B singer by Cashbox, mainly on the strength of 'I Heard It Through The Grapevine' — his remake of a song originally done by Gladys Knight and the Pips.

In 1971, Gaye surprised the music industry by switching his attention to global matters, releasing the stunning *What's Going On*. It was the first time a pop performer had made such an overtly political statement, a lament on war and prejudice.

That having been said, Gaye returned to human relationships two years later with *Let's Get It On*, an album which epitomises human sexuality. This was Gaye at his most sensual, an LP packed with magical singing, and songs that ached in their intensity.

The next 10 years were

something of an artistic and personal wilderness for Gaye, with severe financial strains, plus the breakup of his marriage to Anna Gordy. The latter crisis was dissected rather bitterly on the 1978 release *Here, My Dear*.

Gaye finally split from Motown in 1982, switching to CBS and hoping for a fresh start. Last year, it came, dramatically. A number one world-wide smash, and a Grammy Award. 'Sexual Healing' utilised an absurdly infectious synthesised discobeat, and Gaye the lover was back with a vengeance:

Baby, I got sick this morning I need some loving...

In subsequent interviews, Gaye spoke candidly of the pain he'd been through, and which still dogged him. His marriage and his family relationships left him in a state of semi-permanent sorrow. Wryly, he admitted that in sorrow he found some of his greatest inspiration. The tragic circumstances of his death somehow seem ironically inevitable. A man of peace and love, who never seemed to get enough of either.

Duncan Campbell

In an industry geared for the palatable and clean, certain bands have problems — Christchurch's ECF are one of those bands.

Right from their debut gig, where they were hauled off stage after a couple of songs at a 3ZM-sponsored outdoor concert, ECF and authority have had a strained relationship. Individual brushes with the gendarmes aside, they've somehow developed a reputation

which has made hiring halls and the like difficult at times. And then there was the fuss over what the initials in their name stood for.

"People can do what they like but we're not going to change what we're doing," says guitarist/bassist Shayne.

What about the name?



ECF in a tight spot. Missing is Ljimon.

"Basically, it's there for people to take what they want from it. The name you're thinking of, the one that caused all of the fuss, never came from us. It came from a 3ZM promoter."

Probably the main reason for prejudice against the band has been its predominantly hard core punk audience. Do you consider yourselves a punk band?

"No," says singer Chris. "We never used to know what to call our music but now we've got a name for it — undisciplined jazz."

"We experiment with different tunings and that sort of thing, just to try and find our own sound," explains Shayne. "We're really only now, after a year, starting to find that sound."

Does it disappoint you, then, that you mainly only attract punks?

"Yeah," says Chris. "But in the paper in Christchurch that came out as us saying we didn't want punks to come at all. So for a while *no one* came. Our music's for all sorts of people."

ECF are in the midst of their first tour. It's a casual affair — few gigs have been booked in advance and they "found" their soundman Klaus in Palmerston North on their way up to Auckland.

"Our van only does 40 miles per hour but we're in no great hurry. We want to enjoy ourselves."

Russell Brown

"We've got this problem in Christchurch. Almost all the bands and audiences there fit into little cliques — we don't, so we tend to attract the people who aren't into a certain image."

The band is YFC, the speaker is bassist/singer Johnny Ogilvie: "We're not part of the punk set and we're not one of the Velvet Underground-influenced bands. I



Jonny: No, I'm not hungover — I always look like this in the mornings.

quite like that. I think there are only four or so real independent bands in Christchurch — I'd include the Haemogoblins and the White Boys in that."

YFC have a six-track EP entitled *Between Two Thieves* out soon on Hit Singles Records. They went with the label after its boss John Doe heard their tape on Auckland's Campus Radio and was moved to make enquiries. The recording was done mainly live at Progressive Studios.

In case you didn't realise, YFC stands for Youth For Christ. Their adoption of the name has driven genuine Christians into a frenzy, with Ian Grant of *The Herd* threatening legal action and, no doubt, divine retribution unless the name is changed. There have also been episodes of poster defacement and even threats of action against a pub manager if he let the band play.

"I didn't think they'd be so humourless about it," he says. "All the fuss was quite unexpected but I find it quite amusing."

The name was born when drummer Michael Daly was evicted from his Chester St flat after the Youth For Christ organisation bought the block to turn it into their base for the city. In an effort to soothe the organisation the band always tries to refer to itself as simply YFC.

Young Farmers' Club?

RB

ESSENTIAL HITCHCOCK

One might criticise the French economy or their almost paranoid xenophobia, but one can't deny their taste in cinema. It was the French, after all, who started to take Hitchcock seriously. Writer-directors like Goddard, Chabrol, Clouzot and Truffaut found more in the Englishman than just a master of suspense. Their faith was justified. Working within the confines of the thriller format, as well as within the structures of the Hollywood studio system, Hitchcock produced films which retained their integrity and individuality, as cinematically literate as they were eloquent statements on the Human



Condition.

For well over a decade, many of the films of the 50s were withdrawn from circulation. France seemed to be the only place where they surfaced, and I know of one acquaintance who made a special trip across the English Channel to see *Rear Window* in the late 70s. Such is the passion of a true cineaste. Now, five of these classics have been re-released in a season of Hitchcock films.

Two of the five are flawed films. The 1948 *Rope*, based on the Leopold-Loeb murder case of the 20s, was the director's first colour film. It was also an experiment in using a series of uninterrupted 10-minute takes to convey the "real time" of the film's action. The result is a rather static film, in spite of the fine ensemble playing of John Dall and Farley Granger as the two murderers. Three years later *Strangers on a Train* would treat a similar subject more incisively as well as lashings of Hitchcock's characteristically macabre sense of humour.

The 1955 *The Man Who Knew Too Much* has Doris Day rather uncomfortably moulded into a Hitchcock heroine even singing 'Whatever Will Be, Will Be' at one point in the movie. Most of the film's impact lies with the brilliantly choreographed finale in the Royal Albert Hall, in which a political assassination hinges upon the crash of a cymbal during a choral performance.

Rear Window and *The Trouble with Harry* use a humour in completely different ways. Harry is resolutely tongue-in-cheek, and autumnal Vermont landscapes prove an ironic background for a plot in which a body

keeps on disappearing and re-appearing in the most unexpected places. This marked the debut of Shirley Maclaine and was one of Hitchcock's favourite films. It was also the progenitor of such later comedies as *North by Northwest* (1959) and *Family Plot* (1978).

The humorous element in *Rear Window* is rather darker in tone. Whether in Thelma Ritter's wise-cracking nurse or the witty banter between James Stewart and Grace Kelly, it forms an effective counterpoint to the more disturbing aspects of the film. Stewart's apartment-bound photographer becomes a voyeur, escaping from his own frustrations into the lives of the other characters in Hitchcock's carefully manipulated microcosm. One remembers in particular the cool finesse of Kelly as a comedienne and Robert Burks' precise and evocative camera work.

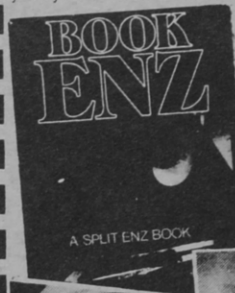
Obsession is the key to the last film of the series, *Vertigo*, as James Stewart pursues Kim Novak in both her incarnations. Highly stylised, *Vertigo* has a brooding power that comes from an astute balancing of various aspects of the film from Bernard Herrman's edgy score and Novak's undeniable presence to the film's wealth of detail and its shrewd use of colour.

We don't yet have Repertory Cinema in this country along the lines of those in Europe and America, or even in Australia. Perhaps this selection of films, with their crisp new prints, might pave the way to other similar revivals.

William Dart

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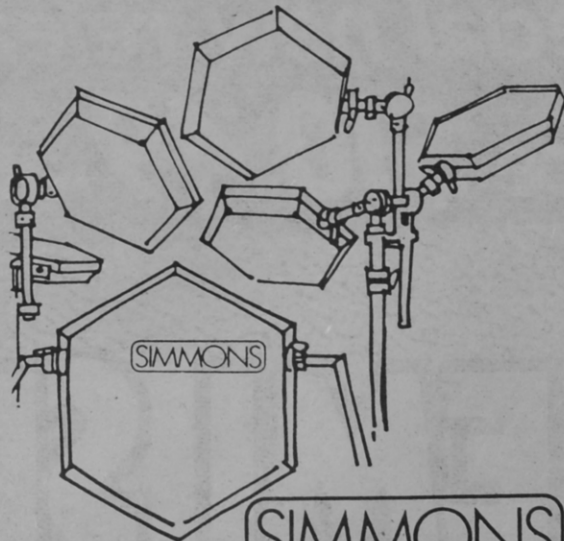
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