

Hot Licks

NO. 1 VOL. 1 FEBRUARY 1974

AN ELECTRIC NEW
ROCK 'N' ROLL MAGAZINE



SOUND of MUSIC

1480 AM
RADIO HAURAKI
1480 AM



BARRY STEVENS



Here you have it. The first issue of Hot Licks. A publication that probably needs some explaining. After all, these days it's not often, that you get a magazine free of charge.

The idea behind Hot Licks is two-fold. Firstly Hot Licks is published to fill a gap. To provide for those people who consider themselves reasonably aware a vehicle through which they can express themselves and state their point of view. The second consideration is to publish a magazine for young Aucklanders. That is, the idea is not for a national publication, but rather one that caters for Auckland's particular needs.

The format for the magazine was fairly obvious; music. Music in its many forms remains one of the most cohesive elements of society. It provides a common

ground for differing ideologies.

It is envisaged that Hot Licks (like several overseas publications) will contain both cultural and political articles under the guise of a music magazine. With the first few issues the emphasis will be on music until the prospective corps elite bear fruit.

Last, but certainly not least, Hot Licks is to entertain you. One cannot expect to agree or be entertained by every article published, but every effort will be made to present both articles and graphics of a high standard. To quote Robert Hunter "... Don't dominate the rap jack if got nothing new to say* Here's hoping.

Roger Jarrett, Editor



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CONTRIBUTIONS

Hot Licks encourages unsolicited contributions. Payment is subject to length, character and format of said contribution. Material submitted need not be of musical content but should be of interest to the readers of Hot Licks. Preference is given to those articles which are pithy and express a relevant point of view. Photographic material, illustrations, cartoons etc. should be properly packaged to avoid damage. Hot Licks will not be held responsible

for material damaged in transit. Only contributions accompanied by a self addressed, stamped envelope will be returned. Letters to Hot Licks will be published at the discretion of the editor.

ADVERTISING

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Hot Licks requires a high standard of advertising. Both in content and representation (Graphics and copy). Hot Licks reserves the right to withhold advertising containing false or misleading statements.

COVER

Pen and ink drawing by Dick Frizzell.

CONTENTS

SHORT CUTS:

Hot News and trivialities from the world of rock.

INTERVIEW:

Murray Grindlay and Mike Wilson of Cruise Lane.

PERFORMING:

Up On The Tightwire.

A few words and pictures of Leon Russell at Western Springs.

COVER FEATURE:

Ngaruawahia — One Year On. An introduction and interview with Barry Coburn on the Great

Ngaruawahia Music Festival and the future of festivals in New Zealand.

NEW RELEASES:

The latest records reviewed. Some in the shops and others just around the corner.

MOVING PICTURES:

Malcolm McDowell's fast fox-trot down the road to enlightenment in Lindsay Anderson's 'O Lucky Man!'

PROFILE:

The bad boys from Boston. The J. Geils Band.

SHIRT CUTS

Hot Licks gossip column

Hot News from the world of Rock . . . Joni Mitchell's new album subject to rave reviews. "Court and Spark" is the title and helping her genius on the album have been David Crosby, Graham Nash, Robbie Robertson, Jose Feliciano and believe it or not Cheech & Chong . . .

Marty Balin, founding member of Jefferson Airplane is back with an excellent album "Bodacious D.F." It's been three years since the former lead singers last recordings and apart from an occasional jam with the Airplane and a spell at producing Grootina he's been very quiet.

The new band is Mark Tyan (bass), Davey Dagreaze (drums), Vic Smith (guitars), Charlie Hickox (keyboards) with Balin doing the vocals. Apparently they are all superb musicians. Where do they all come from . . . ?

Allman Brothers having their first big tour outside the States, are playing 20 gigs in Britain and the Continent. The tour has now been extended twice and the clamour for tickets has been frantic even by English standards. Now they have broken the ice, maybe it wouldn't be too presumptuous to think of an Australasian tour in the future. Are there any promoters listening, please . . .

Joe Cocker is reportedly recording some new tracks for an album. The production is being handled by Jim Price and the friends include his old associate from the Grease Band, Henry McCulloch . . .

José Chepito Areas has left Santana. He left after the band's recent British tour (where one critic wrote that they were far and away the best performing band in the world) and returned to Leone, Nicaragua, his birthplace . . .

Flash, the group founded by ex Yes guitarist Peter Banks has split up on completion of an American tour. Banks will form a new group in England while the other members of Flash will stay on in the States . . .

David Bowie has recorded a single with Lulu. The A side is "The man who sold the World" a Bowie composition as is the B side, "Watch that Man" . . .

Van Morrison has opened a record store near San Anselmo. If you can't beat 'em, join 'em! . . .

Bobby Darin, the famous flame of the late Fifties, died recently during a heart operation. Darin had had a recurring heart disease which had hampered his acting career in recent years.

His hits included "Splish Splash", "Dream Lover", "Mack the Knife" and in 1966 "If I Were A Carpenter". Darin,

the rest of the night with the Who . . .

The band that for better or worse is getting all the hype these days is the New York Dolls. Some critics love them, some hate them, but everyone agrees as musicians they leave a lot to be desired. The reaction to their concerts has been one of total disbelief of their musical approach to adora-

the disastrous "Billy the Kid". For the tour, there have been over 6,000,000 applications for a total of 600,000 seats.

Dylans new album will be on his own label, Ashes and Sands Records, and will be distributed by David Geffen's Asylum/Electra. It was recorded in California with the Band and will be released in America late January to coincide with the tour. A live L.P. is also expected.

CBS plan to release up to 9 albums of unreleased Bob Dylan material now that he has left them. The first of these has already appeared as 'Dylan' and features material recorded around the time of John Wesley Harding — Nashville Skyline. Many of the tracks are not composed by Dylan, 'Mr Bojangles' among them. Dylan attempted to buy the masters from Columbia but was unsuccessful . . .

The Mahavishnu Orchestra have split. Following weeks of speculation the news was given by a CBS spokesman. The reason for the split reported to be that McLaughlin is moving into still more innovative music.

Mahavishnu featured Rick Laird (bass), Jan Hammer (organ), Jerry Goodman (violin), Jerry Cobham (drums), who's new solo album 'Spectrum' has met with great critical success, and John McLaughlin (guitar). A live album recorded in Central Park entitled 'Between Nothingness and Eternity' has just hit the shops overseas.

A new Mahavishnu will be formed, being a larger band with more instrumentation, to back McLaughlin's flying fingers . . .

Boz Scaggs, ex Steve Miller Band and solo artist (none of his albums have been done here, a hideous crime as they are excellent) has joined Blood, Sweat & Tears for a British tour.

Also new to BST is Jerry LaCroix, formerly with Edgar Winter. With Scaggs, La Croix and current singer Jerry Fisher it will mean BST have three vocalists. An unconfirmed rumour is that guitarist Jon Mark (of Mark-Almond) is also about to join. Some band . . .

There are persistent rumours of a Cream reunion but the Stigwood organisation denies it. Still you never know!

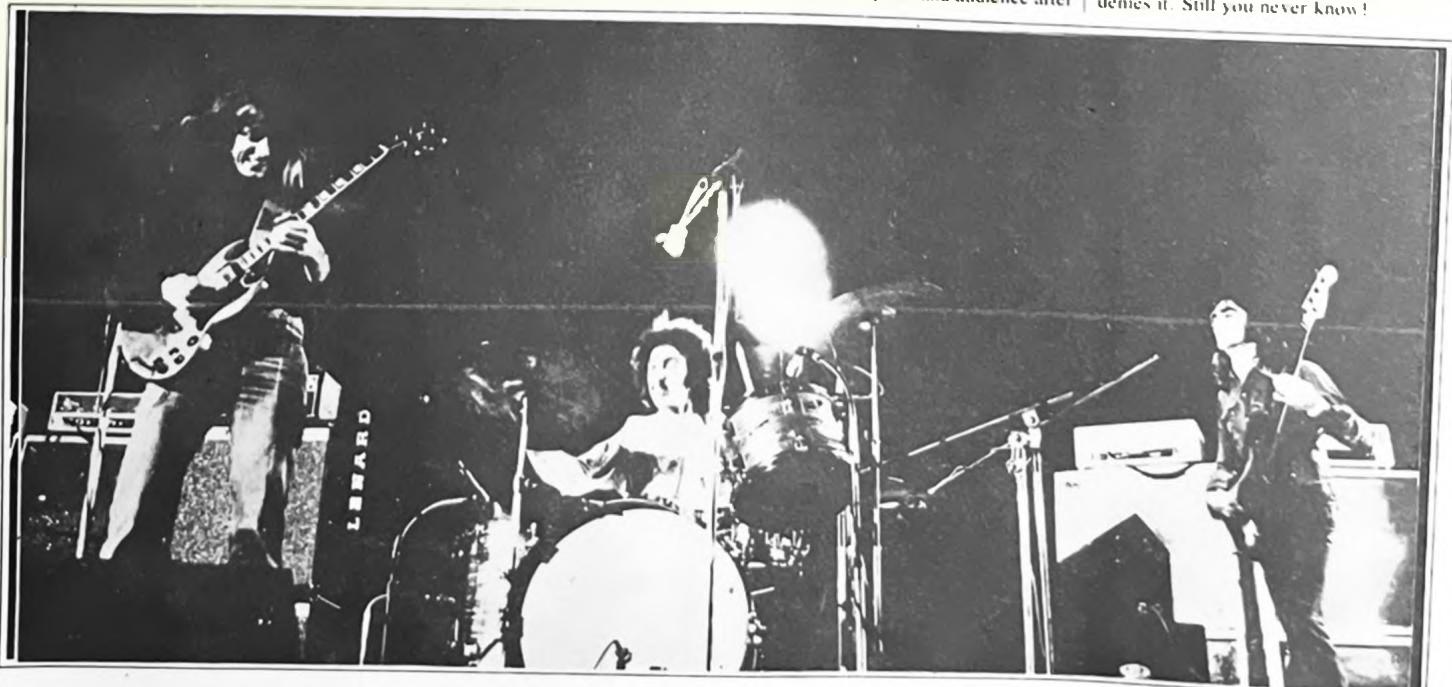


who was Atlantic Records first successful white artist, died at Cedars Of Lebanon Hospital in Los Angeles.

Keith Moon collapsed on stage during a Who concert at the Cow Palace, San Francisco. It seems someone had slipped some animal tranquilizer into his drink. Townsend called for a drummer from the audience and some young guy got to play

for their dementor . . .

The man is back, Bob Dylan is in the news more than ever. Apparently he has just written a whole bunch of new songs, some for his new album "Love Songs", and others for his mammoth tour through America with the Band. His singing is said to be better than ever, which it'll need to be to appease the press and audience after





Muscle of Love.
“Give it to someone.”

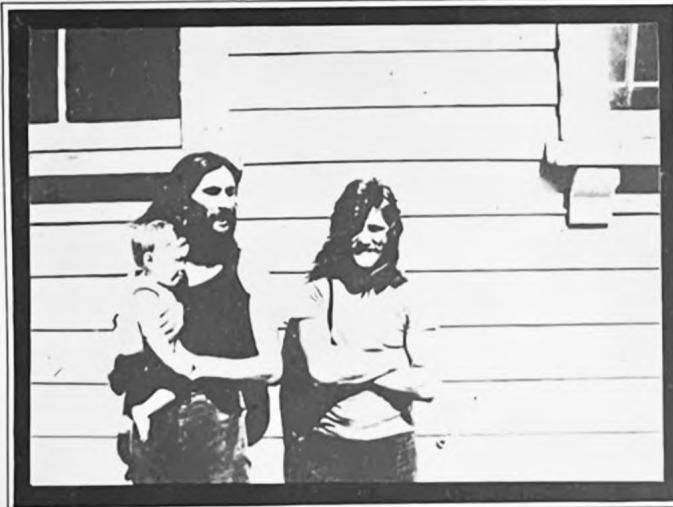
INTERVIEW

This is the first in a series of interviews with local musicians. The premise being, the more you know about the scene, the more interest you're going to take and the more you're going to get back. Many local musicians of considerable ability get virtually no exposure in the media due to the fact that they are either too far out or not commercially viable. After all, freaks just don't rate in the mass communication marketplace. Have you bought the new super-deluxe model yet? If you have you shouldn't be reading this magazine.

In the mainstream, the public (the audience) is ignorant of the rock music business. The musicians, the venues, the managers, the recording industry, the hassles and the bummers. To appreciate rock, it is necessary to appreciate the involvement of musicians with their music and their scene in general. So who better to ask than the rock musicians themselves?

Murray Grindlay & Mike Wilson

For the first interview Murray Grindlay and Mike Wilson were chosen, not because they are better than other local musicians but because they represent the talented professional who scrapes together a living, playing four nights a week for a pittance because they love to play. They have been around the scene both in Australia and New Zealand for many years. As a songwriting team and members of Cruise Lane, Grindlay and Wilson have much to offer New Zealand rock music.



MURRAY, YOU'VE BEEN IN IT RIGHT FROM THE START, RIGHT FROM THE UNDERDOGS.

MURRAY. I was in other bands before that, but the Underdogs would be the first presentable — SEMI presentable — band. In those days we were really hot on image. We were terrible musicians, but we used to kill it just on our image. We were all pretty mad.

WHO WERE THE ORIGINAL MEMBERS?

MURRAY. Well, there was an Underdogs before I was in it. But the members when I was in it were — myself, Harvey, Neil Edwards, Tony Walton, and Lou Rawnsley.

WAS THAT THE TIME I REMEMBER SEEING THE TELEVISION PROGRAMME WITH THE UNDERDOGS AND ALL THIS DRY ICE FLOATING AROUND?

MURRAY. That was the sort of drugs

period that we got into. I remember doing that programme. We were all stoned. I'll never forget old Kevan Moore the producer standing on the floor saying, 'What's the matter. You're giggling like a bunch of girls!' LAUGHING. We were all smashed trying to mime these songs. That was the whole thing, just turning on.

But that programme was much later on. Originally there was myself, Louey, and Harvey, and we were all living in a flat on National Assistance. We didn't have a drummer then and when we had gigs we'd get a drummer called Trixy Willaby. But I'll never forget that programme; it was like a real breakthrough for television in New Zealand. And of course then Kevan Moore used to have a certain amount of respect for us, only from the point of view that we had made a fairly good name for his programme in the past. Because the Underdogs had been on three times in the past, and we'd been a real big hit in that loads and loads of people had run in and

complained!"

The first time we went on, and that was years and years before the time you're talking about, we went on in firemen's jackets. And the fire department was on the phone complaining like hell! Oh, we used to wear everything. Swastikas — the works. This was the days of Jeff Beck and we used to copy them. And most of the people who went on that show, Kevan Moore would say to them — 'Here's the songs you're doing . . .' But when we used to go on he'd say — 'What do you want to do?' Because he knew we'd come up with some sort of outrageous thing that people could complain about, and he really dug that.

MIKE. Then there was the Happen Inn thing. You know, you had to stand there like bloody idiots and try and mime the record and make like you're playing. And there's no lead coming out of your guitar — the whole thing's really bad news.

MURRAY. They didn't even show that one.

MIKE. No. They sent us a cheque but they didn't show it. We wondered why.

MURRAY. I think the reason they never played it was . . . LAUGHTER.

MIKE. Yeah, but look — that was their fault, man. Because that's their job, you can be there for as long as they like till they get it the way they want it. They were very off-hand about the whole thing . . . 'Oh yeah, she'll be right, okay see you later, fellas.'

SO THEY WEREN'T REALLY INTERESTED IN THE FIRST PLACE.

MIKE. They didn't seem to be. They said — It'll be on next week. Well I sort of told a few people, including some of my relatives, who told a few more of my relatives, so that two hundred of my aunts and uncles were glued to the television sets to see their nephew and the thing never appeared.

THE OTHER DAY I WAS WATCHING AND THEY HAD 'CRICKLEWOOD' ON AND THEY MUST HAVE BEEN ON FOR ABOUT A MINUTE AND A HALF!

MURRAY. It's what they call a 'Middle-Of-The-Road' type of thing, they don't want to offend ANYONE. But of course they do offend people — they offend all of us. But they don't care about us; because we're a minority.

WHAT ABOUT THIS NEW PROGRAMME THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE CALLED — FREEFORM. KEVAN MOORE WILL DO THAT.

MURRAY. Well, if it's Kevan Moore that's doing it I'd be very doubtful how

it'll turn out. Though his David Frost programmes weren't too bad.

MIKE. David Frost said afterwards that he was pretty knocked out with the production.

MURRAY. Well, I reckon the Happen Inn programme is a disgrace! It's on a par with something like the Black and White Minstrel Show, but not nearly half as good. It's got all the same sort of scenery. It's too old fashioned for words, and old Pete comes up.

WHAT'S THAT GUY LIKE?

MURRAY. Oh, I know him quite well. He actually nearly got me in goal once. I was on a C'mon Tour with him in the Underdogs — I must have been about sixteen! We were in this restaurant, and they had these old salt things with the aluminium sort of top. And old Pete says 'I'd really love one of those. How about just sticking it in your pocket, eh Murray?' And me, being sixteen, I say 'Shit yeah, Pete!' So I bloody took it! LAUGHTER

I was going to give it to him outside, but when we got back to the place where we were playing there was this Sergeant and two policemen waiting for me. One of the waitresses saw me. But old Pete came up to me and said 'Don't say it was me told you to take it, Murray. I'll fix this.' The sergeant just gave me this warning cos I said to him — 'Oh dear! I've never done anything like this before.' LAUGHS. I nearly shit myself.

MIKE. That guy Des Monaghan — he does the sports thing — he wanted to get this thing going that's happening in GTK in Australia — with a ten minute thing happening before the news about two or three times a week. And each time they feature a different group live. Des Monaghan was putting that before the NZBC.

WELL, APPARENTLY THEY'LL HAVE THIS PROGRAMME: THERE'S TWO — ONE FOR THE ANGELA AYRES AND THE BUNNY WALTERS, AND THE OTHER WILL BE FOR THE MORE PROGRESSIVE MUSIC.

MURRAY. It's a pity they look at it that way. Why don't they have simply GOOD music for everyone instead of this for these people, and this for the long hairs.

MIKE. Half the trouble is that there's only one channel to listen to. In Australia there was this programme with four hours of top groups on Saturday afternoons. It was full of mistakes because it was live and it was filmed as it was shown. But if people didn't want to watch it they could always switch to another channel. Whereas here you're sort of stuck. But you

can't do anything about that so what the hell?

LOOKING BACK ON THE OLD UNDERDOGS DAYS, THAT SEEMED A VIRTUAL PEAK OF THE WHOLE NEW ZEALAND POP PROGRAMME THING, TODAY THEY'VE GOT ALL THOSE FLASHY CAMERA ANGLES AND TECHNIQUES, BUT THEN THAT FLOATING ICE THING WAS COMPLETELY ORGANIC...

MURRAY Well, musically it was really humble, because we were really fucked. But image-wise it was really great.

MIKE I think you guys in the Underdogs were really lucky because you were allowed on TV.

MURRAY GOES INTO CONVULSIONS Yeah — that's true!

MIKE Because there were all those other bands around. People like the Dark Ages — the Shapes Of Things.

MURRAY But those bands didn't have as much commercial appeal as what the Underdogs had.

WHAT YEAR WAS THAT?

MURRAY '67 and '68. The whole Underdogs thing lasted about three years. But only two of those were really peaking.

MIKE Because if you have a hit record here, you can cash in on it for years! Guys like Ray Woolf are still cashing in ... and the La De Das have been away from New Zealand for years and they can come back and draw a crowd — and that's with only ONE original member in the band!

BORICH PLAYED NICE GUITAR AT NGARUAWAHIA, DID YOU GO TO THE FESTIVAL?

MURRAY No. That's another sore. We were actually advertised for that but we were never asked to go. They stuck our names down for their publicity but never invited us to play.

DID YOU HAVE A BITCH ABOUT THAT?

MURRAY No — what can you do? We've had so many bitches in the past with people like that.

MIKE You see, you go mad at them and you've wiped out half your living ... just trying to stick up for your rights.

IN A WAY YOU SOUND LIKE THE BAD BOYS OF THE LOCAL ROCK SCENE.

MIKE It's only because we've tried to get more bread. And it's not as though we're asking outrageous bread — all we're asking is a reasonable living. And if every group did that the promoters would have to pay. In fact quite a few years back a guy called Bob Gillette, an incredible horn player — well, he came out from the States and tried to get this union thing going. All the bands in Auckland got together one day around at his place — there was about one hundred people there. — and we worked out all these rates of pay. So we said — Right! This is it! And if we starve it's just too bad. So we all went back to our respective bosses, and I know ours threatened to sack us right on the spot. He just said 'I can't pay you!' And it was some RIDICULOUS sum like \$24 a week each! **LAUGHS**. 'No, it just can't be done' he said as he drove off in his Jag. **LAUGHS**. But one band let us down.

MIKE Once one band let us down the whole thing collapsed. All the promoters — the ones who own some sort of Establishment — they've just got you!

MURRAY They've got you, man. The only way you can get in there is if you're a pretty good businessman. And we are just complete crap-outs!

WHAT ABOUT A MANAGER?

MURRAY We'd love a manager! If a manager could get us \$80 a week we'd pay a wage out of it, or count him in as a sixth member of the band.

MIKE This advertising success we're having at the moment is about the biggest success we've ever had!

MURRAY It's really ironic. We may spend time on the arrangement of an ad, but the writing is bugger all. But an original song, we'd spend hours and hours on that, and we'd pay it down the pub and it just goes over their heads.

MIKE It sort of seems the wrong way round.

DOES IT GO AGAINST THE GRAIN TO DO THE ADVERTISING CRAP SOME PEOPLE MUST ASK YOU TO DO?

We haven't had to sacrifice anything yet — except once in the lyrics — but most

of the time they haven't been too bullshitting. **LAUGHS**. Insane, man ... but what the hell ... we just try to make them musically as good as possible, so we're not sacrificing anything musically speaking. We haven't made a hell of a lot of money, but we've made more in the last few months than we've made in the last few years!

IS THE COMMERCIAL WORK CUTTING INTO YOUR SERIOUS STUFF?

MURRAY Not I wish it was!

MIKE You see, at the moment I'm pretty hung up because two guys in the band are working in day jobs — from necessity — because we're only earning forty dollars a week, and so we can only rehearse one night a week and so we can't really get things together. When we were down at the Embers we were working five, six nights a week for about five hours a time so we could really get the band together. Whereas this band is a lot better musically, but as a band it's not as together.

MURRAY In this band we've got Red MacKevie — a really good guitar player and he's been with Flying Circus — Paul Houston the piano player and he's a good song writer — we all write songs — but the songs I write are more country orientated and not so suitable for the band ...

WHAT SORT OF MUSIC IS THE BAND PLAYING?

Rock and roll, with quite a few country techniques because our guitar player is a really good country player.

COULD THE BAND PULL OFF 'SIX DAYS ON THE ROAD' WOULD THE AUDIENCE APPRECIATE IT?

MIKE At the moment we're working at a hotel. In one way hotels are good to work in because everybody gets pissed and has a good time. They don't care too much. But in another way it's bad because they get really obnoxious when they're pissed and if they don't hear the top twenty — like if you're not some sort of human juke box — they don't want to know you. At the moment at least.

MURRAY About fifty per cent — seventy five per cent — of our material is original songs — which is a pretty reasonable achievement I feel. There's a lot of people down there digging our original songs. They know them and sing them.

DON'T YOU THINK THE ADVERTISING WORK WILL HELP SELL THE BAND?

MURRAY I don't know ... I really don't know. Mike and I might get a bit of a reputation, and maybe the same guys will dig us and maybe you guys will dig us, but as for the guys that own the clubs ... I don't know, man. I don't know.

BUT I THINK THOSE ADS ARE SOME OF THE MOST PROFESSIONAL THINGS I'VE HEARD ON RECORD IN NEW ZEALAND.

MURRAY Oh yeah ... no blowing our own trumpets ... they are good ... and we do them cheap.

MIKE We pay our session musicians twenty bucks a track, which is pretty reasonable because the actual rates — the union rates — are twelve dollars fifty. So we're paying them almost double. And as for the club scene, we weren't charging outrageous sums of money ... we were charging fifty dollars a spot — an hour spot for the band — which is pretty reasonable — and a hundred dollars for a whole night. Well shit, we're lucky to get ONE night. If we could get three nights it would still be only sixty dollars for the band, which is not a GREAT wage.

MURRAY We've actually become lethargic. We don't even try now. Because you can actually do it for only so long — and I don't want to sound like I'm bitter, but it's hard not to be — you start to become disillusioned and you think, 'I've known these people for so long — we've been dealing with these people for TEN years at least. You know them so well and it doesn't mean a thing. I mean, these people are hard and they've got a lot of money. And they've made their money by being hard.'

AS PROMOTERS GO, ARE THERE GOOD ONES?

MURRAY I couldn't recommend any.

MIKE I'll give you three classic examples of dealings we've had with promoters. About three years ago Murray and I got so pissed off trying to get a band together

that we formed a duo.

MURRAY Yeah, that duo still has a soft spot in my heart ...

MIKE We went down to see Nick Villard. I tell you, Nick would be the best club owner in New Zealand. He had some pretty funny sort of ways.

MURRAY He was weird, man. He didn't want to make money. He was really far out, a great guy!

MIKE Anyway, we went down to play for Nick and he gave us work straight away, the only guy in town who would. We had gone down to Dave Henderson, a guy we've slogged our guts out for for years. It was the first time we'd ever played. And we approached the door very nervously, thinking they might be able to use us between the bands, instead of playing records. So we went up to see Dave. He wouldn't even let me in because I had sandshoes on! I was just about in tears! Then we rang up Phil Warren and he sounded very interested. He came in and sat right up the front. So we blew our arses off. We worked so fucking hard ... and later we went down and he said he was knocked by it ...

MURRAY He came up to me and shook my hand and said — 'Murray, I thought it would be good, but never thought it would be this good!'

MIKE He said 'Give me a ring on Monday' so we did but he put us off and put us off!

MURRAY He didn't see any commercial appeal in it ...

The next one we tried was Barry Coburn. He rang us up and said 'Ticket' are leaving and I want another band. I think you guys are really good, (laying this big rave on us). We can pay you really good bread.' We said 'Shit-hot' because we knew the Embers was going to fold. So when the Embers crapped out we called him, and it was the 'Don't call us ... we'll call you' thing. So that was the end of that. And just toward the closing of the Embers Dave Henderson and Tommy Adderley came down and they were really knocked out. They said, 'We'll have a job for you guys!' Needless to say So, that's why we're a little disillusioned.

MURRAY But honestly, I can't see why we're not really successful. Buggered if I know! We've tried really hard. This band we've got at the moment is fairly good. It's as good as the other bands around town, but nobody comes knocking on the door — only if they're in a tight spot. I think the promoters have got it just too good. They hold all the cards.

MIKE The musicians union is completely fucked! I saw where that guy — the secretary or someone — actually recommended that bartenders get earmuffs! Who's side is he on?

MURRAY Yeah, I saw where the president of the Union or someone said 'Do you know that these hotels actually hire musicians who can't read music!!! Shit! Some of the best fucking musicians can't read bloody music! They're the Establishment you know?'

HAVE YOU TRIED AUSTRALIA?

MURRAY I was in Aussie for ages ... so was Mike. Moneywise, I made a fair bit of money there. We worked in a place called The Whiskey-A-Go-Go. It catered for the yank soldiers from Vietnam on R. and R.

MIKE They couldn't get into the country unless they bought at least six hundred dollars into the country and they had to spend every last penny of it. We used to get about one hundred and twenty bucks a week which was a lot of money! We were stoned or pissed every night just to be able to handle it, to be able to work those long hours. We used to start at six and finish about half past three in the morning. There was that band Harmful I was in. We played at a place called the Groovy Room, right in the middle of the Cross.

MURRAY We worked from twelve till three in the afternoon and six to twelve at night. That was HARD. **LAUGHS**.

MIKE We had to play at a volume so that when we were playing you could hear a pin drop. It was really insane.

MURRAY Hey, I've got to tell you this. I used to work at this other place with a band called 'Grindlays Choo-Choo' **LAUGHTER**. It was me, Doug Harrison, Tim Piper — a famous guitar

player — and we used to play just across from the Groovy Room in a place called 'The Down Under'. And this was the most hardcore place you could ever imagine. There was this special system with these lights above the stage. When it flashed red the band had to play real loud and fast straight away. Then this bouncer would leap across the room and knock over about ten guys. There was blood everywhere, and then he'd throw them out and sit down again. It was just these sailors trying to feel up the waitresses after they had bought them hundreds of dollars of drinks. Once the guy started getting out of hand, the bouncer would be there and whack! Whack! I used to just close my eyes.

MIKE It's a really funny scene over there. You've got to have an agent and a manager. Agents won't speak to you unless you've got a manager, and the clubs won't speak to you unless you've got an agent. So you're giving at least ten percent to a manager, and at least ten, fifteen percent to an agent.

MURRAY When we sort of talk back about it — about the hard luck and all that — one hell of a lot of it has been completely our own faults. We just goof things up!

MIKE All we want to do is play music. We don't want to hassle for money. A manager HAS to be a hassler.

MURRAY Yeah, you've got to be that way inclined. I know some people who love to hassle, and they're good at it.

MIKE We had this manager, when we were absolutely starving living in this house, and he used to come around with this big box of groceries twice a week. Anyway we finally got three gigs in a row and we went down to pick up our bread and they said — 'Oh no, your manager just came down and picked up the money yesterday.' So we said, 'That's cool, he'll be around soon with the money.' And he always used to bring us these huge big bags of grass and we used to be BLOTO for days on end, not knowing what was going on. Like zombies. Anyway, he picked up for us about five - six hundred dollars. He put it all on a horse in the Melbourne Cup, and lost!

HAVE YOU SEEN HIM SINCE?

MIKE Shit yeah! He came around and said, 'Oh sorry boys, I lost all your money on the Melbourne Cup. Here's another bag of grass. We'd say, 'Wow', Thanks Bob. PUFF. PUFF.'

MIKE The original Cruiselane was a very good commercial sound. Very flamboyant, individually, not very incredible, but they used to sound good as a band.

COULD YOU EVER SEE YOURSELVES GETTING INTO THE GLAM-ROCK THING?

MIKE No. Never!

MURRAY We were just talking about that tonight man. Because we're starting to think about how we can get this band of ours popular. We were talking to people like Dave Russell who used to be in the Invaders. He's just come back from England and he's got a lot of good ideas. We were thinking about all these bands that are making it on the world scene, like Alice Cooper. But the main thing we aim for is to be FUNKY and to SWING! With really good lyrics. But this glamour thing doesn't seem to cut it.

MIKE Visually, we must look pretty insane, eh? Our drummer looks like he just walked out of a clerk's office ... white shirt and tie. And we've got this guitar player who's a real hokey ... a real cowboy ...

MURRAY Mike and I have talked about dressing up, but it's just no us.

MIKE There's guys down the pub with their whole faces painted GOLD! They look ten times more far out than we do.

MURRAY You come into the pub and see all these fat-out people in the audience, and you look up on the stage and see all these straight guys in Lee shirts!

BUT THERE'S BANDS LIKE THE ALLMANS WHO ARE PRETTY STRAIGHT.

MURRAY Well, that's America. And the Allmans are just SO good! They're ten trillion times better than we are. I think if we were just as good as them, NO ONE could ignore us. Even if we came on in underpants! We're not that good, but as the same time, we're a lot better than a lot of bands around town. Sometimes I feel just a little pissed off because we slog our

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bloody guts out trying to be tight and good and we don't get any recognition.

MIKE. You never get paid according to your talents. Think of those incredible painters like Van Gogh, people like Beethoven, they didn't get any recognition till they died. You have to be quick and cash in on what's going. Look at people like the Band. Only now are they starting to reach ends. They played for ten years just doing real dives and two-bit dances before they met up with Dylan. And it was simply because Dylan happened to dig them, so they were lucky. I should imagine there'd be quite a few bands just as good as them that are starving! It's just luck.

DO YOU THINK NEW ZEALAND IS TOO SMALL?

MIKE. I think so. To make real big bread it is. Look at the La De Das. They had a couple of really big hits like 'Hey Baby' and 'On Top Of The World' and they sold thirty to forty thousand copies. In the States that wouldn't put you in the top hundred hardly! But over here it's a gold record. They never made bread with those. The royalties and copyright scene here is very weird.

MURRAY. It's something else we don't know too much about. It's a very dicey business.

MIKE. You used to get cheques in the Underdogs for four cents, eh?

MURRAY. If an LP ever sold anything I'd get about a hundred bucks. For the rest of the year I'd get cheques for tuppence halfpenny.

ARE YOU HEAVILY INTO SONGWRITING?

MURRAY. I used to be but today I'm really into advertising. LAUGHS.

MIKE. Most of the stuff Murray does write isn't really suitable for the band. It's more suited to the duo thing we had. I like sort of arranging. Because my knowledge of guitar is somewhat greater. Then Paul will come round and will play it to

us on the piano, for songs anyway. That way we work on our own parts, put it together, then criticise it till we're happy with it. We leave it basically the same. In the old Cruiseland we used to have these gigantic raves . . .

MURRAY. You can't really in a pub.

MIKE. At the end of the night perhaps, when there's only six alcoholics left in the place . . .

MURRAY. That's the five of us and one other guy . . . LAUGHTER. We used to drink in that band!

MIKE. Nick was real funny about that. You HAD to play till three o'clock if there was anyone there or not. We used to have these gigantic blows that went on for three quarters of an hour! And it was good because you learnt a lot through that.

MURRAY. There's about forty minutes of SHIT, and five minutes of good playing.

MIKE. We used to BLOW! Bruno the drummer would just get a feel going, and we'd make up our minds what key it was in and away we went. Murray would start singing something . . . 'Going down the station got to find my own way home.'

SINGS.

MURRAY. SINGS. 'Oh why am I so alone??'

MIKE. ANY sort of shit.

MURRAY. My favourite used to be 'You've got hair like sunshine.' Remember that? Well, how could you forget it? I sang that about ONE MILLION times!

APPARENTLY THE PUB SCENE IS CHANGING. IN THE FUTURE THERE'LL BE FEWER OF THE GREAT DRINKING BARNS AND MORE SMALLER MORE INTIMATE NEIGHBOURHOOD . . .

MIKE. We think the 'drinking barns' are the one thing that's going to save us . . .

MURRAY. We've resigned ourselves to the fact man, if they come and ask us

to play in a big pub, we'll be there, man — dead on time!

MIKE. Because they pay good bread.

MURRAY. But we can't even get in the Mickey Mouse scene! Because there's three types of scene: the best one is where you play exactly what you want to play and get good bread, and the next one is the Mickey Mouse scene playing in a big pub getting a hundred bucks a week and not playing exactly what you want, and then there's where we are — playing more or less what we want and getting NOTHING.

MIKE. The pub thing is changing. The younger generation, once they start going to pubs, are more into the sort of music we're playing than SINGS — 'Oh Oh Oh Beau-tee-ful Sunday' or Green Grass of home! They want to hear more rock and roll; so I think there's really big future in pubs. The kids are starting to demand good music. We proved that at De Bretts in the first week. There were twenty derelect sailors and twenty derelect women before we started. In a matter of about three weeks the place was absolutely packed.

MURRAY. And still they won't pay us anymore bread.

MIKE. The barman told us they were taking over five hundred dollars more a night than when before we started. They were making fifteen hundred dollars a week out of us and wouldn't give us a fifty dollar a week rise! They wouldn't give us another night, the reason being that they would start to depend on us too much!

COULD YOU TELL THE PUB TO GO TO HELL, HOLD DOWN A PART TIME JOB AND WAIT TILL SOMETHING BETTER TURNED UP.

MURRAY. Well, then the situation gets worse. Once you take a daytime job you can't rehearse; the band breaks up. All you can do is keep playing and hope for a good gig.

MIKE. Any band that gets a job in town holds onto it, because they're so hard to come by.

DO YOU THINK IT WAS A PITY THE BAND 'CRUISELANE' WASN'T MORE STRONGLY ASSOCIATED WITH THE 'NORMA JEAN' SONG ON HAURAKI?

MURRAY. No, really, that was good. Because it was so far removed from what the band does. It was just Mike and me.

MIKE. That got more airplay than our record.

MURRAY. That was so simple that song, I wrote that in about five minutes. We recorded it and they dug it. It was just one of those things that was real spontaneous, and as it turned out it was a fairly good tune. I mean, I can hear that on the radio now, and think, 'That's alright'. I don't cringe or anything.

MIKE. They thrashed that song all the bloody time.

HAURAKI HAS A SPECIAL SYSTEM WHERE THEY PLAY A LOCAL RECORD EVERY FIFTH OR SIXTH OVERSEAS SONG . . .

MURRAY. I think that's slightly unfortunate, that they make that difference.

IT WOULD BE NICE TO SEE THE SAME THING HAPPENING HERE AS IN CANADA, WHERE THE MAJORITY OF THE MUSIC IS LOCAL.

MURRAY. I think about thirty per cent is about all the local industry could handle. AND keep the standard up. There'll be a lot of shit to start off with.

SO WHAT'S THE FUTURE FOR YOU GUYS.

MURRAY. Well, after talking to you I don't think there is a future. I mean, the whole thing is just SO depressing!

LAUGHTER.

MIKE. Please don't you get the idea that we're bitter. We've had a lot of bad luck, but most of it has been our fault. And we've always stuck it out. Because we love it.

WIERD DRIVING

Up on the Tightwire.



The giant of the music business. The greatest name in rock. The musical attraction of the decade. Gates close at 40,000. Read the advertising for the Leon Russell concert at Western Springs on December the 2nd. Now a big name star, an impressive musician, a presence. Leon Russell may be, but the musical attraction of the decade he certainly is not.

A Sunday newspaper proclaimed that Russell was outselling the Rolling Stones and that the gates would close at 40,000. 40,000 people being ripped off to the tune of \$4.90 or \$5.50 a throw. Oh happy day when only 12,000 turned up on a day that was beautifully fine and clear. One wonders that if price of entry had been \$3.50 how many would have turned up to watch the man perform then? More than enough to cover any loss of profit by the promoter

Also if the advertising was to have been believed it was interesting to note that the security employed was nowhere near as comprehensive as for the Stones concert and there had been no special walkways built as for last February. When will all this shit end.

The performance as it stood, while not \$5.50's worth, was great. After a fine half hour set by Chapeaux playing rock 'n' roll and a standout "Queenie", the Rev. Patrick Henderson and the Heavenly Bodies appeared. Backed by the rest of the Shelter people (two Carl Radle man, remember Eric?) Henderson on piano and the bodies sang a beautiful four song gospel bracket before Russell drifts on stage. After a few introductory guitar licks plus the chance to let us know that Leon is after all the master of this performance (a good half

of the audience would lay their money on Henderson) he positioned himself behind the grand and it was all on.

For the next few hours it never stopped. Tightwire, Mighty Quinn, I serve a Living Saviour, Great Day, Jumping Jack Flash, Youngblood and others rolled together in a repetitive rock 'n' roll, gospel, collage. Songs ending after layers and layers of instruments build up to Russells standard screams to bring the band to an abrupt halt and a chance for some brief sing song patter before thumping out the chords of introduction for the next piece.

The only real breaks in the show being a small sermon from the Book of Solomon, the wait for the encore and an introduction from Russell for a Rev. Henderson song. A sample of Russells patter and arrogance was when he asked the crowd to call out

their names and then announced, "the voice of the people is the voice of God."

As the show progressed it became obvious that this was one of their better performances. Henderson danced around the stage with Carolyn Cook one of the Heavenly Bodies and even Russell became animated when the girl split her pants (Henderson was seen to goose Ms Cooks arse. Now tell me is that the way for a man of God to behave?) Russell charged round the stage like a man possessed, standing on the pianos playing his guitar and generally having a good time, even getting to smile once or twice. Ms Cooks vocals, Patrick Hendersons holly rolling dancing, Leon's control and the Shelter Peoples excellent playing made for a bloody good show. Almost worth the price of entry.



Malcolm
McDowell

Lindsay Anderson's

O LUCKY MAN!

Music and Songs by ALAN PRICE

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Continued from page 1.

Ngaruawahia One Year On



The following is an interview with Barry Coburn on the Great Ngaruawahia Music Festival. The interview was conducted with the object being an explanation of the problems involved in running the festival. Why it was a success socially but not financially. And what the drawbacks would be to holding another.

WAS IT NOT THE STORY WITH Ngaruawahia THAT YOU HAD TO HAVE A BIG NAME BAND TO ATTRACT THE CROWDS?

COBURN: Yes, that was the whole idea, and it worked; and I guess the people who look upon themselves as being the intelligent music listeners said 'Black Sabbath! Yuk!' The fact was that Black Sabbath had some sort of aura about them and probably a few thousand of those people wouldn't have come if Black Sabbath hadn't been there.

We wanted more acts of a better quality and we got very close to getting that. Essentially that was my part, to try and do the acts. I went overseas last year and spent four and a half months away, in Japan having a look at the rock scene there and I went to England then to the States. I went to a few Festivals and I spoke to a few artists, but at that time we weren't absolutely positive we were going ahead with the festival. It wasn't till later in my trip that we decided to go ahead with it positively, and I started speaking to people then, but I didn't have a lot of material to back myself up with.

If I'd had the brochures on the festival with me I probably would have got a lot further. But the problem was that I was saying 'Look we're running a festival' and although Robert Raymond Associates was at that time a fairly well known concert promoter in this part of the world every promoter in the world is always sort of going to run a festival! So many people talk about running festivals and so few of them come off. So people were a little reluctant to tie up dates at that time, and also quite a few of the acts wanted to take

time off around that time.

The other problems were none of them wanted to come down and play one date. We had Kris Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge all set up right till just a few weeks before. But they insisted they had three dates and we couldn't get a promoter in Australia to take two other dates, and we didn't want to get tied up with promoting an Australian tour immediately after the festival because it was an immense physical and mental strain.

I was up three o'clock every morning on the phone to England. I was really getting a bit knocked around. There was just no, way we could get people in Australia to take dates at that time. It's always been a bad period in Australia, you know, early January. Everyone's out of town. There they have the same thing as here, when it's Christmas, it's summer and everybody leaves and goes to the beaches, or whatever, and nobody wants to go to concerts. And besides nobody has any money.

IN THAT CASE IF THERE WAS EVER ANOTHER FESTIVAL WOULD IT BE BETTER TO RUN IT AT ANOTHER TIME, AT EASTER?

COBURN: Well, then you've got the risks of weather, you know. That period in early January, we went to the meteorological office and we got a report on the last sixteen years. And we did a survey on what the weather was. In that weekend, or the first few weeks in January over the past sixteen years, eleven years of it have been good, and five years it's been bad, or something, so we decided that was a good period. It was a pretty good basis to work on.

IT SEEMS EVERYONE WHO WENT

TO THE FESTIVAL ENJOYED IT AND FROM THE SOCIAL ASPECTS, IT WAS A SUCCESS.

COBURN: It was certainly a... we aimed it at a first for New Zealand and it was probably more of a social success than anybody ever anticipated. People could meet and be there together and there were so few areas of agitation. There were very few things happened that were predicted.

ONE ASPECT OF THE FESTIVAL WAS THAT WHEN THE NEW ZEALAND GROUPS GOT BEHIND GOOD EQUIPMENT THEY WERE AS GOOD AS THE OVERSEAS GROUPS. MAYBE THEY DIDN'T HAVE THAT PROFESSIONAL EDGE, BUT THEY WERE PRETTY GOOD. I THINK THE FESTIVAL WAS A GREAT STIMULUS.

COBURN: Somebody came back to me just after the festival and they said they thought it was the birth of New Zealand Rock music. It really just seemed like it was hatching with people like Blesta and so many groups. Even the Bulldog Allstars band were there at that time. There were so many people who got up there and really did it. I can remember some of the things that happened and some of them were quite amazing! Because down there I was fairly free and I wandered around and tried to take as much of it in as possible. I remember putting Brent Parlane between Fairport Convention and Black Sabbath.

It was a hell of a hard thing to do. He and I were standing in the audience watching Fairport Convention and dancing with Fairport Convention and it was just getting dark, and Brent wasn't due on till the next day. It just came to an end, and I told him 'Go and get your guitar, you're on next.' Black Sabbath actually refused to play after the Fairports, they wanted an acoustic act just to break the mood before a heavy rock act. They felt the mood should be broken. So I put Brent on the other stage while they got the equipment ready. I mean, he just about died! He was standing beside me and I told him to get his guitar, and he said, 'Oh no! Barry! I can't!' And I said, 'C'mon, if you can pull this one off, it'll do you a lot of good; and over

all he came off really good.

DO YOU THINK THE PROBLEM OF BEING UNABLE TO ACCOMMODATE OVERSEAS GROUPS BECAUSE OF THEM WANTING MORE THAN ONE DATE IS INSURMOUNTABLE?

COBURN: To me, in future, the only way would be, I think... there's a festival just outside Melbourne and it seems to be coming an annual event because they've run it twice. It's called Sunbury, and it's been a huge success. I think last year they got forty thousand, and they've never had an international act yet. They have people like Billy Thorpe — people like that. They're running again on January the twenty-sixth. The ideal situation I think would be to tie in and perhaps get a festival there, one here, and perhaps one north of Sydney. So you tie in and perhaps offer dates in that manner for all the big name acts. So three, promoters could get together and try and work out some sort of system whereby they try and bring out the acts. The problem is to get acts that everyone would agree on, and to get those promoters together. That would be the ideal situation, I think.

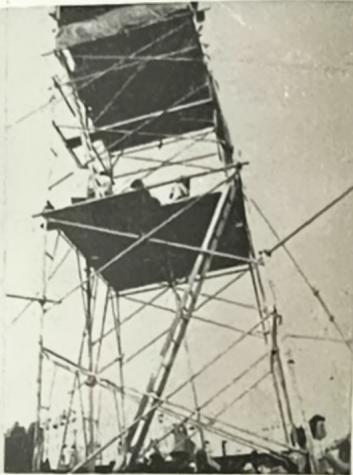
WHAT ABOUT A LOCAL FESTIVAL JUST USING LOCAL AND AUSTRALIAN TALENT?

COBURN: Yeah, I like the idea of using that, because at Australia at the moment, I was over there the other week, and there's some great things. You see, Billy Thorpe now earns two thousand dollars a night.

DO THE ECONOMICS OF IT MAKE IT IMPOSSIBLE TO MAKE A PROFIT?

COBURN: Well, we learnt a lot of things — an incredible number of things. Essentially the budget for the festival was one hundred thousand dollars, that was the budget, it was set, and we weren't going to go above that. We anticipated spending ninety thousand dollars prior to the festival and we allowed sort of ten thousand extra. And we had financial backers who were guaranteed their money and they got their money. They were in fact straight sort of lawyers around town who put up the money.

We worked from the budget and in the



last week we almost lost control of everything, we didn't lose control of what was going on we lost control of . . . you know. 'We need some rope to make a fence here. We need some plastic to cover the equipment if it rains. The people are coming in and they're finding it hard walking on the stone road — we need a truck to ferry them in and out.' One truckers bill was six hundred dollars — just to drive in and out with people on the back! That was toward the end of the festival we hired him for the last day, but he worked twenty-four hours, or something with a big truck, and he charged six hundred dollars. We knew we were losing at that time. But we went ahead and did a few things.

We didn't really know just how much we'd lost, because we weren't clear on what the costs were going to be; we didn't have any idea that costs were going to go that high. But everything went up! It just skyrocketed in the week prior to the festival and during the festival. There were just so many things that we hadn't counted on. The Ngāruawāhia Council was charging us to dump rubbish with something like a hundred dollars a ton! All these things that added up and added up and before we knew if the thing had cost us a hundred and forty thousand!

WHO TOOK THE LOSS?

COBURN. We paid a lot of it . . . fortunately some of the creditors, who still haven't been paid, have been fairly open and very friendly towards us. They've sort of sat and waited and gradually everything is being paid. But it takes time. We personally lost a lot of money. Robert Raymond and I were partners in the festival and we both lost a considerable amount of money.

HOW DID MOST OF THE LOCAL MUSICIANS GET ON?

COBURN. There were a couple of reports in the newspapers that some of them had been done badly. I think one person, Billy T. K. complained. That was because he thought he should have been paid a thousand dollars for his performance because he did such a good show. Every act that appeared on the show were under contract at least three weeks before, and it was just a standard contract that we drew up, which we changed for different people.

And they all knew in advance how much they were being paid, and they all accepted it. They were all happy. At the festival when some of the musicians saw how big it was, they felt they had been done badly. But what they forgot was there were sixty acts at an average of something like one hundred and twenty dollars each, and the local act bill was something in the area of eight thousand, and we really spent a lot of money on those people, and there were probably one or two complaints.

If I went back and asked those people to play again there would probably be one or two who wouldn't. Billy T. K. might not. He rang me up and gave me this line that he wanted a thousand dollars and he'd been paid two hundred. I think his group got two hundred and twenty because they had to travel a long way. He would be about the only one that I know of. He was the only one who complained. We had a long talk and since then we've talked and we get along fine.

IF THERE WAS GOING TO BE ANOTHER FESTIVAL HELD, WOULD THAT SITE BE USABLE?

COBURN. I think so. I think it's a perfect site.

IS THERE ANY EQUIPMENT STILL LEFT ON THE SITE?

COBURN. The plumbing is still under the ground, all the power lines are still up, all the water tanks are still there, all the rubbish bins, all the toilets, all the showers are still up. There's quite a few thousand dollars worth still sitting there. It's the perfect place to do it.

One of the major losses was a box of arm tags went missing. I reckon we lost ten thousand dollars. That's where one of our major losses was. We had those arm bands which was an idea we came upon, and we actually got made, with white ones for the staff, and green ones for the people who came to listen. And a box of green ones went missing, was stolen from the gate because . . . obviously there were lessons learnt about staff, about how to operate it. Most of the things worked rather well, the idea of the glass check, while it hassled a lot of people, overall it was a great success. That was something I'd picked up from being in the States.

DID YOU ACTUALLY TAKE A LOT OF GLASS AT THE GATE?

COBURN. Incredible! We had a little shed that everybody came through and it was all stored in there. The stuff that they could get back. And the shed was just stacked high! We took anything that was classed as an offensive weapon . . . like axes . . . there was nothing like that on the site. Which is a little bit hard but at the same time this was for the protection of a large number. Things that could be used for cooking — sure! Anything that the police thought was offensive, we took. And we took a huge amount of stuff, and most people got them back. There were rifles . . .

HOW MANY PEOPLE DO YOU THINK THAT SITE COULD HOLD?

COBURN. I think . . . you could comfortably get twenty-five thousand on the site . . . which is what we aimed at. There's actually more land down there just adjacent to it which is available for camping also, and over which we had an arrangement with the farmer if we did get a huge influx of people he was going to lease that to us.

HOW WAS THE FARMER?

COBURN. Well, there were two farmers who owned the land. There's an Indian guy. He owned the hill; all the major camping area, the water tanks, the shops were all owned by a farmer on the way out, in the house that overlooked the site. He was a really nice guy, he worked collecting rubbish and stuff for us. I've seen him a few times since then. He was just a really plain guy, a real sort of kiwi farmer, and he enjoyed it. It was nothing like he'd expected. No, that's wrong. He really believed it would work. He was the first one to agree. He said, 'Why not. Let's prove that the kids can really behave themselves. That was his attitude, and I think that was really good.'

RATHER LIKE MAX YASGUR.

COBURN. Right! We've actually got tapes of the festival, recorded through the sound system of some of the acts. And we've got a speech from Charlie Bray. He does a sort of Yasgur type thing. And we've got recordings of the Lu De Das and Sam Hunt

COULD IT EVER HAPPEN AGAIN?

COBURN. There's something about FIRST times, you know? But there's also the thing about New Zealand being too young in this area. With it being a first time there was so much talk about . . . the ONLY festivals parents could read about in New Zealand would be when the Herald published a report that, you know, 'Such and Such a festival in the States. There'd been three deaths and ninety-six convictions for LSD. It all was a frightening experience. Music festivals are! My daughter's not going to that! And I feel, despite the Sunday papers printing nude photographs and things. The general feeling, and the general comments in the press were that there were no troubles, you know, and the whole thing ran smoothly.

I feel that probably at least fifty per cent of the parents who said 'No!' last year, would probably say 'Yes' this year. They would be more likely to accept it and the kids would at least have a bargaining point. And where there were probably also the straighter kids — you know, the bank clerks — who might want to go, thinking, 'Aw no; it's going to be all motorbike boys! There's just this area where there's the suggestion that there might be violence, and a lot of people would stay away because of that. They are more likely to be damaged going to Eden Park to a football match.'

DO YOU THINK THE FESTIVAL WILL EVER HAPPEN AGAIN?

COBURN. I don't know. As a personal experience I'd love to do it again. It was really worthwhile apart from all the shit. To think back on it — even at the time — to look at it and think 'wow', it's actually happened in New Zealand. I probably would have felt the same if I'd been in the audience. It just felt good. I just couldn't bring myself to believe that it all had been created by the two of us. It was just an incredible thing — so much of it worked. There were so few things that didn't work. And it was done on the right scale. The sound was right, the lighting was right. There couldn't be many complaints about the presentation of it. There were very few complaints.



Gregg Allman Laid Back

Gregg's first solo album.

THE VINYL CRISIS!

Louise Warren and Ken Williams

The effects of the world energy crisis are already known to you. You are driving your car less often, you're driving more slowly, buying petrol is now a transaction requiring some careful thought. This is the tip of the iceberg in car-oriented New Zealand. Before long, you will be feeling some effects that no-one was really prepared for. Not the least of the sectors of industry hit by the energy crisis is music, both live and recorded and the various spinoffs that depend on music.

The last two years have been boomtime for the music industry. Never has there been such demand for music, and especially recorded music. Never have so many new names appeared — and disappeared. Never has the product been presented so lushly, so extravagantly.

In other areas too, there was a boom in consumer demand. But the record industry had extraordinary success. One British record company reports a 250 per cent increase in turnover for the past year.

But as in the other consumer areas, the enormous demand far out-distanced the availability of materials.

There is a chronic shortage of vinyl for the manufacture of records. Vinyl is a by-product of oil. The shortage was aggravated by the Arab oil boycott. It has been emphasised further by large American and Japanese concerns paying outrageously high prices for vinyl so they can create their own stockpile.

Supplies of vinyl, it's suggested, may become more available by 1975. But there's no end in sight for the desperate shortage of paper. Paper was in short supply even before we started to feel the pinch of energy emergency, and predictions are that it will remain difficult to obtain until at least the end of the century.

Paper is so much a part of our lives that it's hard to envisage areas where we don't use it. The record industry uses it as much as anyone. Singles are released in paper sleeves, albums are packaged in paper sleeves and are often accompanied by vivid promotional material, all printed on paper. Overseas, rationing has already been imposed on record companies. One com-

pany that required three million sleeves for singles, was given 400,000. Soaring demand for product over the Christmas period plunged the British record companies into the worst stock shortages for many years. Pressure on pressing plants, raw material and board shortages, coupled with high consumer demand and power cuts have resulted in serious shortages.

Where will it all lead? Immediately, it seems, there will be a world-wide reduction of records produced; only big selling artists will be given the opportunity to record, record packaging (which has grown like Topsy in the past few years) will be curtailed. Already record companies overseas are planning the production of one double set instead of three separated albums for major artists in 1974.

Low price or Budget records will be harder to obtain. The general tightening up in terms of repertoire, lessening of cut-outs and a move away from oversaturation of album product could result in a general higher standard of product.

Directness, simplicity, economy: those will be the watchwords. Where once a record company was willing to record anybody on the off-chance that they might be another million-seller, only established million-sellers will be recorded. While this is no good thing, some record companies did hasten the day by their lack of discrimination when it came to signing new performers.

Already the shortage of vinyl and paper has delayed the release of several major albums, overseas and consequently in N.Z. and, in one bizarre situation, a potential smash single was recalled simply because it was too popular. The record was a revival of Cliff Richard's "Move It" by Stray. The record sold like your proverbial hotcakes. There was no way the company, Transatlantic, could keep up with the demand. Every record plant in Britain was approached but none could produce the requisite 50,000 singles. Eventually, it was decided to hold the record back and re-release it at a later date.

Naturally, those who follow specialist

areas of music, such as jazz and blues, will be hard hit. Fewer records of this nature will be pressed and older copies will rapidly become unobtainable. It will become more difficult for the individual to obtain imported mail-order records. Record companies have always recycled plastic from deleted records. But they are doing it more often and even now there is a marked deterioration in the quality of English imports. Two examples are the new Genesis and Santana albums which are said to be full of crackling and popping. Is this just the beginning?

Not even tapes have escaped. Here, too, the demand has far exceeded the ability to supply. These will be in short supply. Already the record companies are paving the way for further price increases for both both records and tapes in the New Year.

The follower of live music will also suffer. The last year has been a high spot for the New Zealand rock fan. Where once we were starved, we are now overfed: The Rolling Stones, John Mayall, Chuck Berry, The Jackson Five, Bo Diddley, Leon Russell, Santana, Muddy Waters, Procol Harum. There are more great performers promised for the New Year, but it may be the end of the boom.

Fuel restrictions are going to limit the touring capacity of musicians both local and foreign. Already English groups are cancelling European tours because of the fuel shortage and Sunday driving ban. Restrictions on motoring will keep people away from shows that were more a part of life than an event. Making it to a rock 'n' roll concert may become as hard as getting into an R18 movie was when you were still in shorts.

How does the crisis directly affect us? Initially, we will have to contend with a price increase and perhaps we won't have the opportunity to see so many overseas artists, but when we spoke to the N.Z. managing directors of EMI and Phonogram, we were assured that the paper and vinyl shortage should not have serious repercussions in New Zealand — at least, for some time.

John McCready of Phonogram Records assured us that they have stocks to last at least a year and Leslie Hill says EMI has been building stocks since early '73. He added: "However, with the world shortage expected to continue for several years, it will be difficult to maintain output at the present high level. We are having to take additional steps to protect our situation." "One informed opinion I have listened to on the American scene maintains that the present materials shortage will, in the longer term, be good for recorded music in the USA as the record will become a 'valuable property' again, no longer subject to massive discounting."

Although the availability of recorded music in New Zealand won't be badly affected, the music lover will probably find himself listening to his collection less often, perhaps, but more carefully. He will buy less, less often. He will find experimentation nigh impossible; the new names just won't be there.

With the possibility of power cuts, especially in Britain where power cuts are already a fact of life, perhaps rock music will turn away from electricity and acoustic guitar will reign supreme. One trend that one might safely predict is less of an 'international' flavour to rock. Speed of travel and shipping, and simultaneous releases throughout the world have created something akin to an international rock music, where once regional differences were clearly defined. Curtailment of product availability and restricted shipping facilities may give rise to regional music, deriving its energy from its time and place as Van Morrison's Belfast was Them and the hardness of Liverpool in the early sixties was the Beatles.

At each stage of the picture, the ramifications of each factor are immense. It's a very complex situation where cutbacks mean jobs, jobs mean economies and that means all of us.

We're all in the same boat. We can only sweat it out until it becomes apparent which direction we're travelling in.



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RELEASED IN NZ BY EMI

NEW RELEASES



Brain Salad Surgery

Emerson, Lake & Palmer — Manticore

Certainly the jacket for BRAIN SALAD SURGERY is worth the price of the album. The magnificently designed folding inner and outer sleeves are superbly consistent with the haunting mood ELP attempted to create on the record. The stark black and white lettering of the title behind the grey/blue shadings is typical of the trio's all-too-conscious development of bizarre paradox gimmickry.

So in this offering ELP demonstrate the newest gadgetry from England's finest electronic engineers — completely synthesised, castrated, co-ordinated and disinfected. Even Carl Palmer operates percussion synthesisers on this album. Yet it is their best, but not being a real admirer of ELP's music, the merits upon which I evaluate the album are probably unlike those of the band's fans, who will surely love it enormously.

Side One opens with an arrangement of the Parry interpretation of Blake's JERUSALEM! — Greg Lake breathes Listening and tries to sing well, but I can enjoy this track if I try . . . the instruments are so full and ripe, the sound rolls in perfectly matched tones along the carpet.

Ginastera's 1st Piano Concerto, 4th Movement — TOCCATA, is the second track (even ole Alberto Ginastera himself once mumbled . . .). Even Keith Emerson has beautifully caught the mood of my piece . . . of . . . Really this is the best thing ELP has done. All the zaps, kicks and blows of Emerson's custom-built Moog Synthesisers and Moog Polyphonic Ensemble sound curiously musical, and for once I found such a thing thoroughly captivating. It certainly makes all other Moog pieces sound horribly inadequate, for I must concede that Emerson does have a superb sense and knowledge of keyboard timing and co-ordination. It is a thoroughly sensual attack and leaves the air heavy with the smell of burnt-out brain cells. Of course this is the best thing on the album, and things soon deteriorate into the expected ELP clinicism.

Next is Lake's "STILL . . . YOU TURN ME ON," which is an attempt at a Roger Waters — styled song. But Greg Lake is not Roger Waters.

And then comes the Bizarre Paradox Gimmickry — (BPG) — BENNY THE BOUNCER. A honky-tonk piano barroom-brawl-type 'humorous' rest from the initial cerebral assault (theoretically)

"Sidney grabbed a hatchet, buried it . . . in Benny's head. The people gasped as he bled: 'The end of a Ted?' . . . A warning of the impending doom?"

Reviews of the latest albums in town

— for we are to be again caught under their demonic spell as the stylus spirals into the opening notes of KARN EVIL 9 — the album's intended major piece. It is composed of Three Impressions in four parts, over the last of Side One and all of Side Two. On the Third Impression, the much overrated Peter Sinfield collaborates, (a garland of martian fire flowers to him) but it in no way improves.

This is typical of the English Cerebral Clinicism (EEC) which I find thoroughly devoid of any inspirational sympathy or reality. I do not find such abstract symbolism distressing — for it would then be virtuous, — but merely boring. But this album is art. It will be very popular.

David R. Withers

• Count Down To Ecstasy

Steely Dan — Probe

If any group deserved the title of 'most exciting undiscovery of '73,' it would have to be Steely Dan . . .

Formed by 6 musicians, all distinguished more by their spectacular anonymity than by anything else, Steely Dan sneaked in with a sound guaranteed to breathe new life into the flagging zeal and pretentiousness that plagues much of contemporary rock.

With one highly individualized album already released, and undaunted by the great surge of public apathy that greeted it, the Dan have honed their music even finer in 'Count Down To Ecstasy', their second grab for attention.

Steely Dan's unique sound could possibly be best described as "Latin American Ballroom Rock", and if that sounds highly improbable believe me, it is.

Basing much of their writing on mutated Rhumba, Tango and Cha-Cha rhythms, they weave subtle tales of the erotic and bizarre.

Somehow they impart a slightly nostalgic 'acid days' sound reminiscent of the

great groups of the day like, 'Moby Grape, Peanut Butter Conspiracy' and 'Ultimate Spinach' — in fact, one feels that had acid rock not lost its direction in the great overkill that buried its spirit, this is what it may have sounded like.

In a complete contrast to the wave of super-hype that attempts to push most new groups to the pinnacle of rock stardom, Steely Dan seems to be determined to get there absolutely on its own merit.

With albums like 'Count Down To Ecstasy' they stand a better than average chance of getting there.

Dick Frizzell

Ringo

Ringo Starr — Apple

More than any of the others, Ringo sums up the Beatles. He's unpretentious, he's fun, and he's solid.

When all the others were going through their heavy changes, Ringo stayed at home with the wife and kids, read Westerns and played pool. Life has always been simple for Ringo. 'Sometimes I go down to Johns place to play with his toys, and sometimes he comes here to play with mine.' When all the others were running around suing each other, Ringo kept grinning and staying good mates with them all.

So now when he's making a record he climbs on the phone and everyone falls to writing and arranging and calling up their friends. The personnel list on his new album reads like the Who's Who of Rock. Harry Nilsson, Marc Bolan, the Band, Wings, Voormann, Preston, Bobby Keyes, Nicky Hopkins, and of course John, George, and Paul.

The album contains some of the truest Beatle music in years: John Lennon's delightful tongue-in-cheek 'I Am The Greatest', and McCartney's gently infectious 'Six O'Clock'. Photograph and 'Sweet Sixteen' are the type of easy material where Ringo excels.

If there's any light at the end of the tunnel for the Beatles perhaps it's here on this album, and perhaps it's in the hands of the little Liverpudlian percussionist whom everyone's still on talking terms with.

Simon Rodway

Eric Clapton's Rainbow Concert

Eric Clapton — RSO

Stamped over the cover of the new Clapton offering should be the words "caveat emptor" — let the buyer beware.

With an impressive line up like Clapton, Pete Townshend, Rick Grech, Jim Capaldi, Ronnie Wood, Steve Winwood and Rebop you'd expect something really good for your cash. But like so many combined star records, Rainbow Concert is a let down.

Eric and the boys sound like the Pukeman pub band playing at the Ponsonby Club social.

Admittedly the record is like the curate's egg — good in parts. The Cream standard, Badge, though a little laboured shows that Clapton has lost none of his ability. But the presentation is slow and sloppy and really the best guitar work comes at the tail end of the track when Clapton plays on while the rest of the band presumably bows to the applause.

Roll It Over has the musical force you'd expect from such a line up with the music really flowing off the instruments. The best track.

Presence of the Lord, never a strong musical piece anyway, should haunt Steve Winwood for the rest of his life. He murdered it.

Although the band seems to tighten up on Pearly Queen, Winwood's voice gets drowned out by the roar of the backing. Once again there are flashes but the effect is more like a battle for supremacy of individual solos.

Like Roll It Over, Little Wing is the saving grace of the record. Clapton and Townshend have a musical empathy which shows through and their playing is a joy to hear after the other unmusical bumps and grinds. But the version doesn't quite reach the Layla effort and consequently sounds a bit laboured.

After Midnight is the sixth track but I'd rather not talk about that.

No doubt the music sounded better live. There is something about being right in the audience that no technician, and no amount of remixing, can catch in the can.

Individually the musicians could be classed as masters of their arts, but I feel that if an unknown band turned out an offering like this it would never have been released.

Lynne Tuxford

**Laid Back**

Gregg Allman — Capricorn Records

The unique quality of **LAID BACK**, which is very unlike that of previous Allman Bros material, may upset the pre-suppositions of many — but is well worth perseverance.

It is unusual to find among the growing number of West Coast - Country musicians, one personality with enough intensity to fill an album and concept, infecting the musicians and production entirely. The mood saturates every aspect of the album's execution and presentation, even the title.

The power remains throughout the statement, from the opening: **MIDNIGHT RIDER** to a precise closure with undoubtedly the grandest version yet of the trad. **WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN**.

Between these tracks are a series of songs with a curiously introspective, but essentially rustic imagery. His strong impressiveness is perhaps the most consistently reassuring I have heard among the recent W. Coast - Country crowd. The hollow feeling of post-acid paranoia and self-suspicion which one always experiences and expects upon first playing an album of this category, disappears as one realises that this is someone who has genuinely found something real and concrete, and is expressing it well, rather than merely testing patterns of abstract symbolism for validity against the masses.

The music is among some of the best country-rock to be recorded, and is certainly more important than the lyrics in supporting the main conveyor of the message, which is Mr Allman's singing. He never sang so well with the Brothers. His high, eerie voice creaks, crackles and pops, lazily but harshly, and is never tiring.

The forman of many tracks on the album is similar, but somehow the pleasure that was obviously present with the recording makes every minute intensely listenable. Gregg co-produced all and wrote four of the eight tracks, and all are strong compositions, especially his **MIDNIGHT RIDER** and **MULTI-COLOURED LADY**. Side Two opens with Jackson Browne's (who is appearing as song-writer on so many new albums) **THESE DAYS** and progresses in a deliberate anti-climax to **WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN**, when you being to hope that he will let go; then abuse yourself for your madness.

The jacket is good, and proper. **D.R.W.**

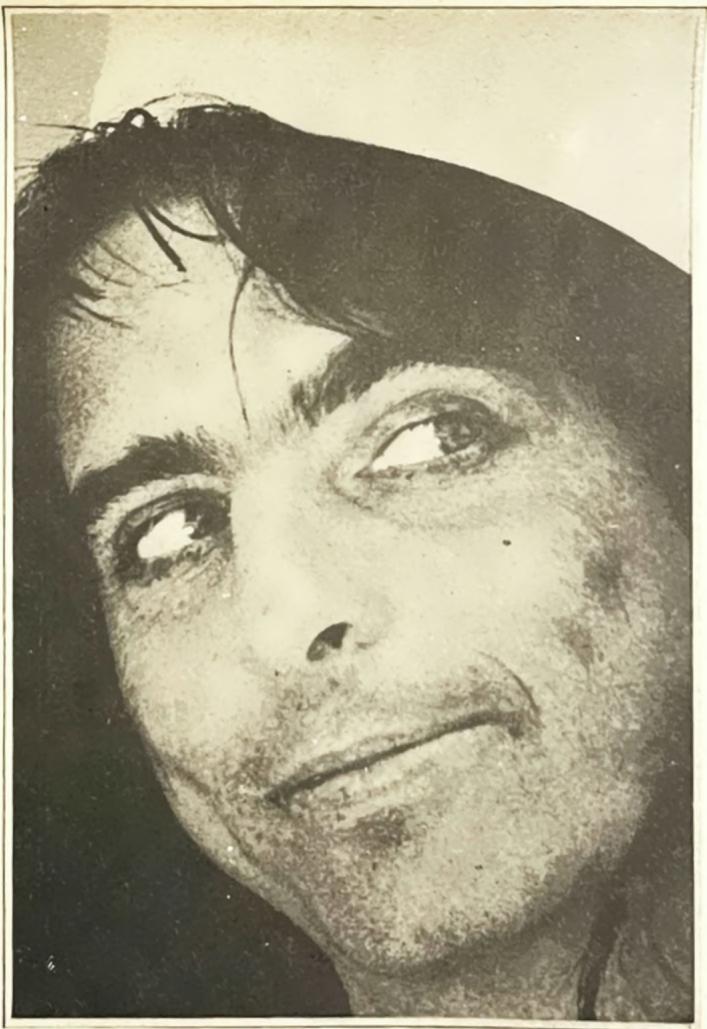
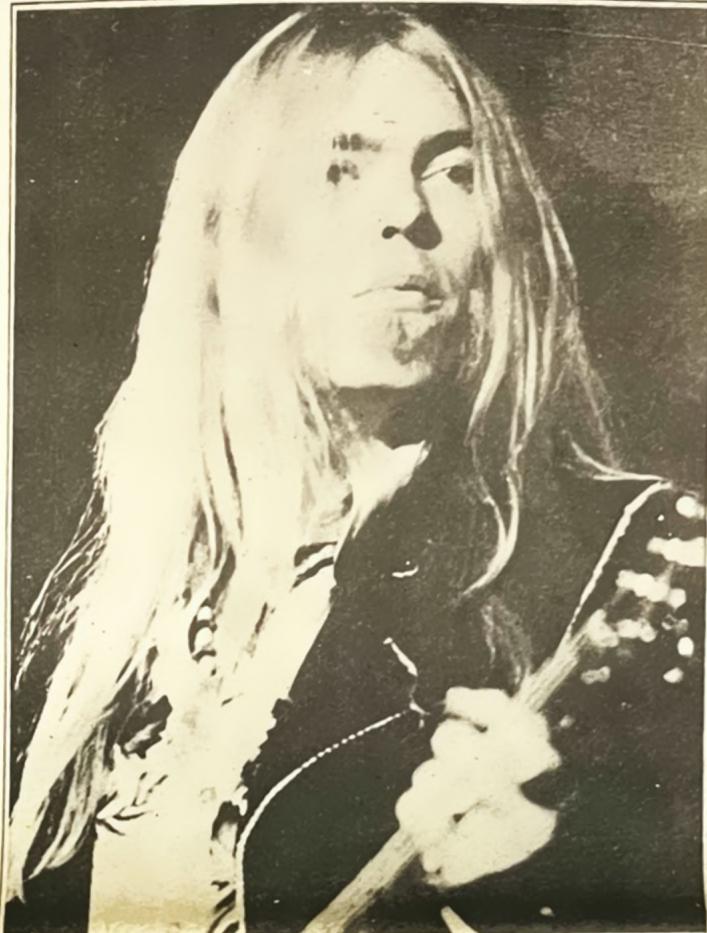
Muscle Of Love

Alice Cooper - WBS

Alice Cooper is theatrics! Alice muscles in on this slice of life with more concept packaging and masses of production, which all adds up to more raunch on the fire. Alice once again testifies to the American ideal — Mr Fallguy. I call him the chief **Sleazoid Yank Rocker**. Noo Yuck is the scene and sex and violence are our dear wee Alice's credo.

Side one kicks off with "Big Apple Dreamin'" which of course is inner city visions "Skyscrapers and subways and stations . . . staring up at the United Nations". It's an invitation to every American Babe to go to N.Y. to see what they're made of — guts or verbal gusto. "Never Been Sold (B4) . . . and I'll never be sold again" is a medium-paced rocker with subtle sax augmentations. "Hard Hearted Alice" is the slow acoustic number — "Love is cheap when you live in a bedroom" — the American manifesto for sex reaffirmed. The last cut is "Crazy Little Child" comes on with a slow blues start a la Dixieland jazz and then bleats with honkytonk piano and clarinet — outrageous honk.

Side two is faster and more uptempo. "Working up a Sweat" the first slice is just that. J. Geils harpwork (harmonica) with plenty of indulged foreplay. "Muscle of Love" — what's holdin' it back Alice? "Man with the Golden Gun" has got to be the theme for the next James Bond Movie. Hmmmm. "Teenage Lament '74" is Alice at his/her best, a really great choice for a 45. From "I'm 18" to "School's



"Out", to "Elected" to "No More Mr Nice Guy" and now this. Actually it's "I'm 18" revamped so it's kinda "I'm 15". The song is about a guy who hates conforming to long hair and jeans. There's an added bonus with Liza Minelli's and Ronnie Spector's back-up chorus vocals. "Woman Machine" finishes the record and reminds me a bit of "Sex Machine" one of Sly and the Family Stone's records. But I don't know why. Here's the old production again. Anyone would think Alice was breast fed with the Phil Spector sound.

In my final analysis of this record I think it's fair to say Alice has come up with some real music this time (consciously or otherwise) whereas his other LP's have had some good numbers on them they were always accompanied by songs that can only be described as the usual dross. Each song works, and although the lead guitarist has a heavy hand towards repetition, and the drummer can't stay his hand from military rolls, and Alice still sings as if he's dying from asphyxiation, this record is a fine tribute to funk-punk.

Paul Hetet

Hank Wilson's Back Vol. 1.
Hank Wilson — Shelter Records

"Sometimes I live up in Tulsa. I take a little trip down to Nashville too. If there's one thing I can prove to you in this life. It's just I want to make love to you. Yes. Yes". So run the lyrics of Hank Wilson's version of "Goodnight Irene" and therein lies the clue to Hanks identity.

Yep folks as the picture on the album cover confirms its old Leon Russell in the guise of Hank Wilson, country singer extraordinaire. And a bloody good job he makes of it too. In fact Leon sounds so at home and laid back one wonders whether singing this sort of material wasn't his true vocation. Sure he can get that gospel, hollyrollin' boogie going, like very few contemporaries but listen when Leon sings these country ballads he sounds like he's been playing the **Grand Old Opry** every night of the week for years.

Leon cruises through a selection of standards from such country great as Hank Williams, Hank Thompson, Lester Flatt, George Jones and others rendering them all with the respect they deserve. Songs that you heard as a kid. Cat radio songs. Melodies that you recognize by ear but never knew who they were by. Good stuff before being bastardized by the Black & White Minstrels and the like.

"Rolling in my sweet baby's arms, I'm so lonesome I could cry. Jambalaya, (the most recorded song in history?) Battle of New Orleans, Goodnight Irene" roll off the tongue with consummate ease. Backed by Nashville's finest musicians, some who played on the recordings of the original artists, and and members from his own band Leon never sounded better to these ears. Gone the posing, pretentious, showbiz shit that rock so often thrusts upon musicians and instead a seemingly honest attempt to play the tracks without extensive elaboration.

Some of the songs work better than others but with the expert backing and the authority with which they are put down they do nothing to detract from the overall feeling of the album. Some country musicians have called this the "country album of the year" and although that would be exaggeration it is indicative of the standard of musicianship.

Before he died earlier this year Gram Parsons was quoted as saying that it was his aim to bridge the gap between country rock and country proper. The gap between New Riders, Eagles and Merle Haggard, Doc Watson, Russell must have been listening. With this album and presumably the others to follow, there were 36 tracks recorded at the section, 14 of which are included here, he seems to be doing just that. Making music that will appeal and please both rock and country freaks.

Roll on Volume II.

P.S. If you get off on this one try Gram Parsons, G.P. with a little Merle Haggard to follow.

Roger Jarrett

**'Baron Von Tollbooth
& The Chrome Nun'**
Paul Kantner, Grace Slick
& David Freiberg — Grunt

As the psychedelic days of the mid-sixties crumbled under the blows of the Press, and its followers scratched frantically at the earth in search of a new identity, Jefferson Airplane flew on above, undisturbed. For the Airplane had found a reality which was timeless, and by being that reality, had the security and freedom to develop and progress unrestrained. But while each album in the Airplane's career demonstrated a changing pattern of influences, the flight has always been fuelled by acid.

It is a real delight, therefore, to find, while the Airplane members are enjoying so much freedom and satisfaction in their individual pursuits, that the three principal directors of the Airplane institution should produce such a fine album, wallowing in the real colour of psychedelia. The only changes from the first fine Airplane outings are technical improvements in musicianship and co-ordination — the products of studio experience. All the original flash and ecstasy is present: every grand and timeless Airplane characteristic is there in a blaze of respectful glory.

It appears that much of this album's motivation was respect — in acknowledgement of the proven success of the original Jefferson Airplane Vision. And the band has worked unusually hard to successfully fit every characteristic of that vision into the record.

All members of the Airplane appear somewhere on the album, plus extras who naturally include Jerry Garcia, David Crosby and Papa John Creach. But all the musicians fall under the spell of the director on whose track they are appearing. Here Paul Kantner shines magnificently, building his subtle climaxes as well as ever through such superb numbers as **YOUR MIND HAS LEFT YOUR BODY** and others, to the album's final and finest track: **SKETCHES OF CHINA**. Grace Slick has never been better: her voice twists and squirms tightly between those typical, delighted staccato cross-rhythms.

The inner and outer sleeve designs are amazingly complex and provocative, and to add yet another delight to the already overwhelmed beholder, the jackets have been imported for New Zealand distribution.

D.R.W.

Black Byrd
Donald Byrd — Blue Note

People who regard themselves as being heavily into music generally regard easy listening music with a certain amount of derision.

It's pushed aside as background music, nice noises to dine by, or something to chase away the quiet around the house.

But easy listening music has its definite advantages as I have found with Donald Byrd's **Black Byrd** album.

Here is a collection of good solid music, neither overbearing nor insistent. It's nice to put on when you'd like company, but is also an incredible album for those who like music which stands up to careful attention without sounding trite.

Donald Byrd is a brilliant jazz trumpeter who, like so many black brothers, is getting into tracing the African roots of black soul jazz.

He blends instruments, rhythms and voices to give the Afro-American sound a shot in the arm.

In **Flight Time** for example, he keeps the percussion and the bass up front with an irresistible force while his trumpet, a flute and the brass section weave tremendous patterns just in the background.

There are tempo changes, key changes and lots of very funky, soul bass which make for very pleasurable listening.

The title track, **Black Byrd**, features a brilliant interplay between a very skilfully played wah wah guitar and the bass. The effect, coupled with tremendous percussion, brass, flute and vocal work is electrifying.

Love is So Far Away is a smooth, tight sound with the flute/trumpet interplay very much in evidence.



There are four other tracks, **Mrs Thomas**, **Sky High**, **Slop Jar Blues** and **Where are We Going**. Each one is a masterpiece.

If you like quality music, **Black Byrd** is for you. It cannot be missed.

Lynne Tuxford

Goodbye Yellow Brick Road
Elton John — Rocket Records

You've got to admire someone like Elton John: the guy's basically sane. He's been in the business for years, mixing it up with the best of the glitter-rock freaks with his two-foot wide battery-operated spectacles, and somehow he's kept his head together. Nowadays he's accepted the reality of a receding hairline and is an established record producer and publisher. But at the same time he remains one of the most spectacular performers and most prolific songwriters.

Yellow Brick Road is his latest album, and contains a very satisfying collection of up-tempo rockers and some beautiful heart-tugging ballads. In **Yellow Brick Road** Bernie Taupins lyrics display a good conciseness and economy, an ability that he was sadly lacking between **'Tumbleweed'** and **'Honkey Chateau'**. **'Forget us, we'll be gone very soon/forget we ever slept in your room/ and we'll leave the smell of the sea in your bed/ where love's just a job, and nothing is said.'** say the sailors to the **'Sweet Painted Ladies'**.

'Goodbye Norma Jean though I never knew you at all/ you had the grace to hold yourself/ while those around you crawled . . . **Goodbye Norma Jean**, from the young man in the 22nd row, / who sees you as something more than sexual more than just your Marilyn Monroe."

But it's rock and roll where Elton John really shines. **Your Sister Can't Twist, But She Can Rock and Roll** leads you into the breathless **'Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting'**. Some fast, furious work from Elton's new guitarist Davey John-

stone, together with the crisp, tight drum work of Nigel Olson give you a dazzling insight into the mean 'Bovva Boys' mentality, in just 4:50 minutes flat.

Goodbye Yellow Brick Road contains the same professionalism of production, and the same versatility of material that has always marked Elton John as a reliable best seller and good entertainment. And this is one of his best.

Simon Rodway

Bowie Pin Ups
David Bowie — R.C.A.

The latest from our favourite Angloid wimp. But he isn't doing the normal outpourings of genius that he is noted for, rather a more reflective look at his old faves from 1966-67 — schlock nostalgia no less.

His versions, though reinstated, with the Bowie finesse come through successfully only on three songs — **'Here Comes The Night'** (Van Morrison's oldie) what an intro. **'Sorrow'** (Merseybeat) with **'Cosmic Farts on the Sax'**, is solid gold. Plus the incredible **'Where Have All The Good Times Gone'** (Kinks). They are brimming with the chugging and urgency we have known Bowie for previously (e.g. **'Running Gun Blues'**, **'Suffragette City'**, **'Panic in Detroit'**). Now maybe I just don't like the other ones because they are so low-key. I would rather listen to the original versions of **'See Emily Play'**, although this has a beautiful classical ending (sudden glissando strings), **'Friday On My Mind'** and **'Don't Bring Me Down'**. Bowie's voice quaver tends to dissipate on some of these tracks.

Compared with **'The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust'**, perhaps his greatest LP, **'Pinups'** seems to fall flat on its face.

Bowie still pumps his orange bouffant quaff image to the hilt though, what with **Twig the Wonderkid** on the cover and the equally phallic inside liner where David has swapped the cliche faded **Les Paul** for

the equally erotic rock'n roll sax. I mean you can always buy a record for the art cainch! No, not true, it's what goes down on those plastic grooves that counts and I'm sure all the true Bowie buffs will be thus inspired — getting it on in front of the mirror and mincing in their stack shoes to the music of the MainMan. This is the first of his efforts after his retirement from stage performances and it goes to show that David Bowie will still remain one of the great Dons of Rock.

This record isn't a must but it is enjoyably playable. Inventiveness and originality are still his forte. Android to the end. Love on ya.

Paul Hetet

Wake Of The Flood
Grateful Dead — Atlantic

Reviewing the new Grateful Dead album, **Wake of the Flood**, is no simple matter.

What can be said about a band that at times sound like, heaven forbid, Marty Robbins, Tamla Motown's worst bands and an English madrigal ensemble and get away with it?

Wake of the Flood is not your ordinary album, no sir. As my illustrious husband puts it — "well it's the Dead sound with a lot of other sounds as well".

Considering it's their first studio album for something like four years, one cannot expect the Dead to come out singing Uncle John's Band again.

On a whole it's a fuller, richer sound with a few elements which jar the ears a little.

Side one comes as a bit of a shock. The opening track **Here Comes Sunshine** has, well I must be honest about this, a thump, bump and grind sound about it. The sort of sound you'd never expect from the band. It's a fuller sound but it has this "weighed down" feel about it.

Eyes of the World is more the Dead we used to know with Garcia running up and down his guitar like an athlete in training. That almost rollicking touch is there that makes the Dead's music such a pleasure to hear.

The **Weather Report Suite**, I suspect, shows the new space which the Grateful Dead is in.

There's definitely a fuller sound which in no way overpowers the band's basic elements. Rather it augments an already rich sound with generally good results.

Weather Report Suite is one of the rare tracks in which Garcia uses steel guitar. There is a hint of the English madrigal interwoven with organ and that incredible steel sound. There's a churchy touch which is by no means unpleasant and I'm sure this is a track which could convert many doubtful Dead listeners. Unfortunately the vocals are a bit weak which is a pity because the melody merits more.

Pardon my blasphemy, but part of the suite sounds remarkably like that Marty Robbins nightmare, **Come a Little Bit Closer**. But in with that dubious touch is Garcia master mining steel guitar and a sax solo straight from the **Mark Almond** sound. Yet with all these elements, it's still the Grateful Dead — amazing!

Side two is definitely the old style Grateful Dead with a few minor exceptions.

That story telling influence in their music is there in **Mississippi Half Step** Uptown **Toodloo** augmented by some magnificent electric violin work.

That ghastly Tamla Motown saxophone grates its way through **Let Me Sing Your Blues Away** and massacres an otherwise good track. Whoever decided to put that in should be shot down in flames.

Row Jimmy has that very tight sound where all the instruments are crystal clear and make up a complete unit. This is a tremendous track.

Stella Blue I cannot seem to get into. Maybe it's a bit ponderous or something but I find myself losing patience with it and switching the sound off.

I'm sure **Wake of the Flood** will dismay many Grateful Dead fans and delight many others. It's one you have to listen to over and over again to catch the many subtleties.

It is definitely not an album to be dismissed out of hand just because it's different.

Lynne Tuxford

MOVING PICTURES

O Lucky Man!
Lindsay Anderson — Warner Brothers.

"Smile while you're makin' it! Laugh while you're takin' it! Even though you're fakin' it! Nobody's gonna know . . ." So sings Alan Price from the soundtrack of Lindsay Anderson's "O' Lucky" Man and it is about as accurate an anthem for this film as you're going to get. For Mick Travis, our hero in these adventures, indeed get to smile while he's makin' it, laugh while he's takin' it and even though he's fakin' it nobody seems to know. Because you see he's a lucky man, and more than that he's a lucky innocent.

From an original concept, based on his own experiences, Malcolm McDowell, screenwriter David Sherwin, and Lindsay Anderson collaborated to produce this film of part fact, part fiction, complete satire and brilliant fantasy. The film, is the second by this trio using the character Mick Travis from "If . . ." The Mick Travis this time round however, although possessing the same name, has nothing really in common with the revolutionary schoolboy from the previous effort as becomes obvious in the last scenes of "O' Lucky Man" where Mick auditions for the previous role (in front of Anderson who plays himself) and receives a clout on the head for his efforts.

Basically "O' Lucky Man" is about the road to success and ultimately enlightenment.

Whereas "If . . ." had been about injustice and rebellion against the system by using the boarding school as a microcosm of the world outside, "O' Lucky Man" attempts to take a far broader attitude, and for the most part succeeds. "In 'O' Lucky Man,'" says McDowell, "the problem was that our material was as broad as the world itself and we had to have some guiding principle, some force of nature that would help us define our attitude to it. 'Luck' was that force, a way of restructuring life so that its essential absurdity is made manifest."

McDowell on the road



Mixing fantasy with reality, logic with absurdity, Anderson has created a piece of cinema that compels the audience to become involved, in the sense that many of Micks mistakes as the episodes progress, relate to oneself. Anderson uses Mick as a metaphor for all those around him. The total innocent while the rest of the cast indulge themselves at every opportunity.

Whether it be the voyeuristic North Country mayor and dignitaries, the bent policemen pilfering food from a deadman's lorry, Vicars wife breastfeeding Mick in a church full of food or the millionaire industrialist profiteering at the expense of five years of Micks life.

The film is a series of loosely linked episodes and apart from some being a little

too long, where the pace seems to slow a little, are extremely well put together. The cast are superb, many appearing in more than one role, more from economy than from a symbolist point of view, although in some cases there are obvious connections. McDowell obviously feels at home with the film and his performance shows it. An academy award nomination for sure.

Throughout the length of the film there are interjections for Alan Price and his musicians to appear and play the soundtrack music. These sequences are a joy to hear and see, as they appear at precisely the right times to keep the film buoyant. The soundtrack itself is superb, truly the best since "Superfly". Prices compositions, written before the film was produced, are a complete commentary and in album form, whether having seen the film or not, stand up on their own. His vocals may not appeal to everyone, but his skill with lyrics and keyboard work can not be denied. The album is freely available and a lot of turntables are the films release.

The collaboration on the film by those involved with "If . . ." also extends to the photographer Miroslav Ondricek. His camera work creates just the right atmosphere for scene after scene and as Ondricek has worked on several of Anderson's previous projects the affinity shows. The sequences with the band playing are particularly effective, with cigar smoke, spot lights and casual camera crews moving in and out of view behind the musicians.

From most aspects this film is a treat and certainly goes to prove that Malcolm McDowell is one of the more astute and creative actors working within the medium. Ultimately however, this is Lindsay Anderson's work, which enhances his reputation as one of Britain's foremost filmmakers. Anderson is not prolific (he's been five years since "If . . .") but if the product is always of this standard it's well worth waiting for.

Roger Jarrett

PIRIFORME

The bad boys from Boston



In 1967 Boston was becoming a major centre for rock music on the Eastern Seaboard of the United States. The Boston Tea Party (Boston's answer to the Filmore's) was rocking and the house band filling the place up every night of the week. Rumours soon spread of the bands performances when big name acts refused to play after the J. Geils Blues Band (as they were known at the time) opened the show and stole the thunder. The Tea Party audiences couldn't get enough and three encores were the rule rather than the exception.

The band ripped it up locally until signing up with Atlantic, at Peter Wolf's request, and produced their first album The J. Geils Band. The album was no gold recording but won lengthy praise from the critics in the rock music world. The

demand for performances came in and with the success of the album under their belts they began a long series of tours.

Continual touring and the hassles involved paid their toll. The band soon became known for their motel wrecking and wild parties. Habits many touring rock groups delight in. After one particularly heavy night the famous photo on the cover of their second album *The Morning After* was taken. The record met once again with praise but was basically a repeat of the first l.p. Great rock 'n' roll and high energy blues numbers.

"Full House — Live", a live l.p. composed of numbers from their first two albums followed. It seemed that the band had suddenly burnt itself out. Repeating old songs and adding no new material.

Recording albums was a problem. On stage they were great but when it came to the recording studio the band couldn't keep it together. It took them almost 5 years till their fourth l.p. "Bloodshot" to get what they wanted.

"Bloodshot" sold a million copies. The album, all new material, cooked and gave the band a whole new confidence. From "Ain't nothin' but a) House Party" to the last bars of "Give it to me" "Bloodshot" generates the power of the live band into new and ambitious Justman-Wolf compositions. As in the reggae influenced "Give it to me", the single from the album.

Having had their first really big album they were now one of the top rock bands around. Guitarist J. Geils, who makes a point of insisting that the band bears his

name only by happenstance, is a complete musician rather than just another flashy lead guitarist. He often remains in the background, underpinning the dance rhythms with soul shuffle licks, but when he steps out for a solo, it can set the stage on fire. The onstage excitement that Peter Wolf's cowboys create are further enhanced by Seth Justman's total command of the keyboards, and Magic Dick's blazing harp work. Magic Dick's name is a tip of the hat to the Chicago school of blues and an era which included the definitive masters of blues harp: Little Walter and Sonny Boy Williamson. Bass chores are handled by Danny Klein and the rhythmic drive is supplied by Stephan Bladd on drums.

All the musicians are indebted to the blues. Southside Chicago, Memphis, and a lot of R & B are the bands musical roots. Peter Wolf is said to have one of the best blues record collections anywhere. The Drifters, La Verne Baker, The Clovers, Clyde McPhatter, Ray Charles, Otis Redding and so on and so on.

The band seem to have the ability to assimilate what went down before without descending into witless mimicry. Drawing from both the past and contemporaries to forge their own distinctive style.

The band's new album, entitled "Ladies Invited", picks up where "Bloodshot" left off. Consisting of all new material played at the high energy level the group is renowned for, it is a more mature offering than any of the earlier work. The arrangements have become complex, giving a polished sound, but leaving the bite that is the groups distinctive style.

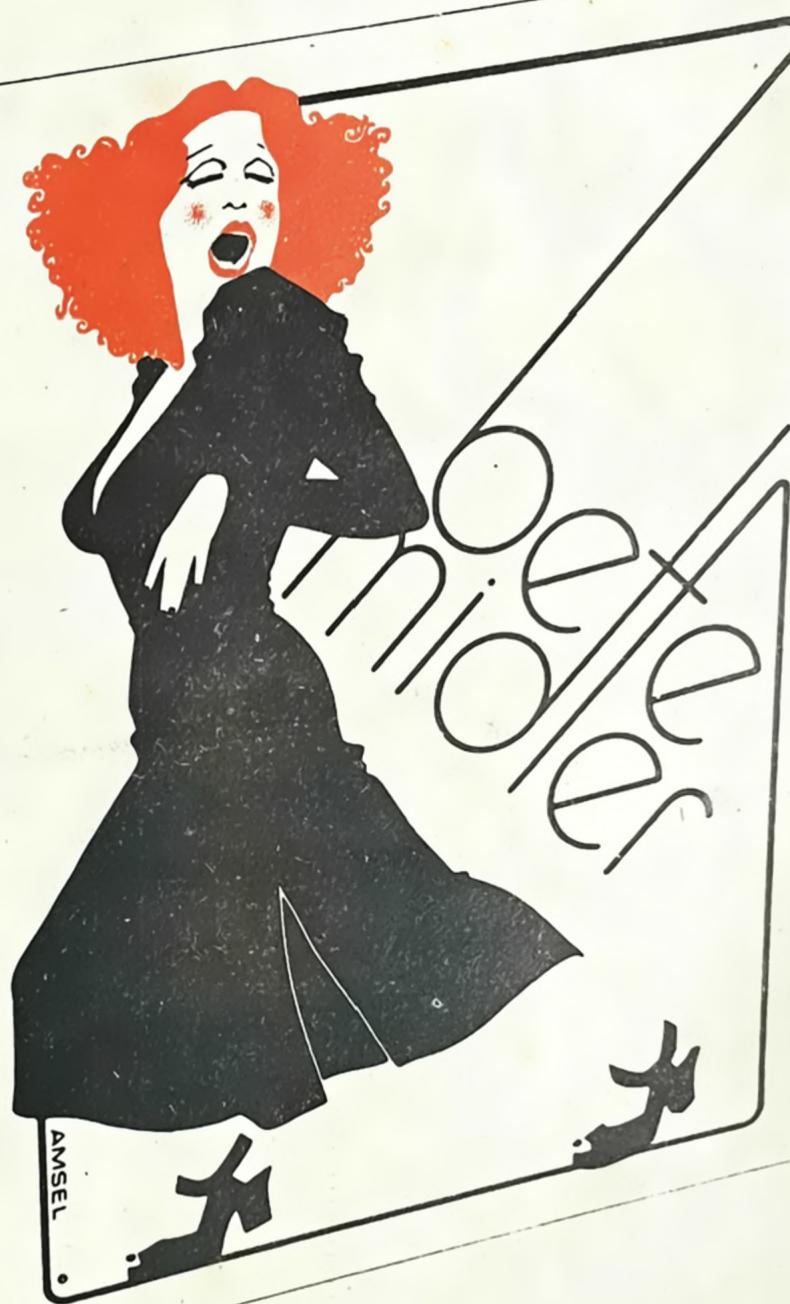
It promises to reaffirm that the J. Geils Band are near the top of the heap and as exciting as ever. As J. Geils says, "Our music isn't for the brain, but for the groin."



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