

40 Rockin' Pages

NO 17 THE ROCK 'N' ROLL MAG 1975



+ PLUS +
GARY GLITTER
SUPERSTAR
CHEECH AND
CHONG



Short Cuts



Mod that vestibule of English glitz has changed from R&B to Private Stock which is also Sha Na Na's new label.

Rod Stewart and Britt Ekland admitted people had said their relationship wouldn't last. But they were wrong, argued Rod. "We've been together two months now."

Bryan Ferry's new single 'You On My Head' is a number from 1970 written by Elton John, Gillespie and Fred Foothills. The flip side is a slow-stomped rock remake of Reinhard Kühn's.



Eco and a London movie got me a surprise recently. The Loser Eco - here's another won't.

Allen Klein has rejected a new album set offered him by the Stones presented him with a parting gift: poor piano to Blokes instead. The album was a collection of largely blues tunes his man considered a sensible crutch in the early days of the Stones.

Jamie Soobrook Reportor, including Neil Finnegan's new album "The Band," composed concert is sure to direct Neil's music in a new direction. According to one associate, I would assume to get back into his old groove after all this crap (especially the Jonathan Livingston Seagull soundtracks and Serenade).

Ron and Russel Meel Blame with Jacques (left).

The Basement Tapes. Bob Dylan's new double album has been released to Britain and the States. It consists of tracks recorded at Big Pink in 1967 when Dylan was recuperating from his car-fatality motorcycle accident.

This one track from these tapes has previously been released, (excluding the bootleg double which is all tracks from the tapes). "I Shall Be Released" was included on Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits Volume 1.

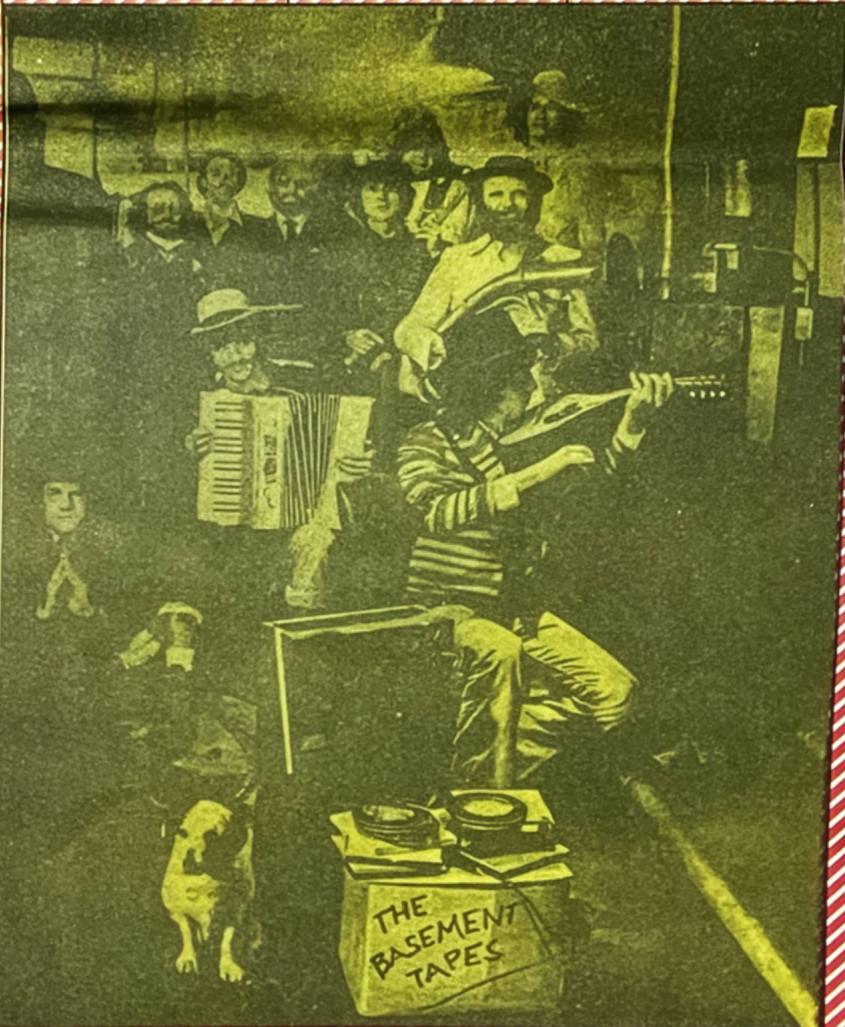
Mickey Dolenz and Mike Nesmith who were the last of the Monkees to break up have joined a few gigs with one-time Monkee songwriter Tom Jones. Jones and Bobbi Gail. Presumably to gauge the success of a comeback. They did all their old stuff and are considering a tour of Japan with Peter Tork...

Paul Perkins has written a tribute to Elvis Presley. It's the E.P. "Elvis" and it's available on vinyl in the U.S. singles rockabilly style.

Now look. Paul Stoope of Faces and Status Quo fame has a second solo album now. "Tunk."

Endy McEntee has a guitar bus, alias Gold Unit, due for release soon. The union will include such groovily carnivalesque madmen truckin' in France in 1971.

After 9 days of marriage in Las Vegas, Linda Lee married 4 days after her divorce from Sonny Bono. She has since filed for divorce.



Forbid the New York Police Stop sobbing over the Stones' latest mishmash. Those perpetrators of ravens irresponsibility (and don't backfissers variety) the troops ate back. With a nos album yet.

Jefferson Starship here a nice album too. Red Octopus with Grace Slick, Paul Kantner, Poco, John Cale, John Bushman, David Freiberg and Harry Nilsson.

Led Zeppelin leaving Britain for tax reasons (from Bonham's oil in an undecorated destination). Peter Jenner and Page may take up residence in the south of France, where will they leave.



Paul McCartney releases first solo LP ever by an ex-Beatle

Remember the Beatles' original line-up? Well, it's still there, whatever the last seven members of the band are doing. The reason is that it's the album. But just LP and his wife as well as to complete our Paul's solo effort, which included a well done (but not necessarily the best) cover art. So the others changed to with their own albums, and there was no doubt the Beatles are no more.

Ken Russell's Film
Tommy

the
Movie



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Hot Licks

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Hot Licks encourage 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 packed 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.

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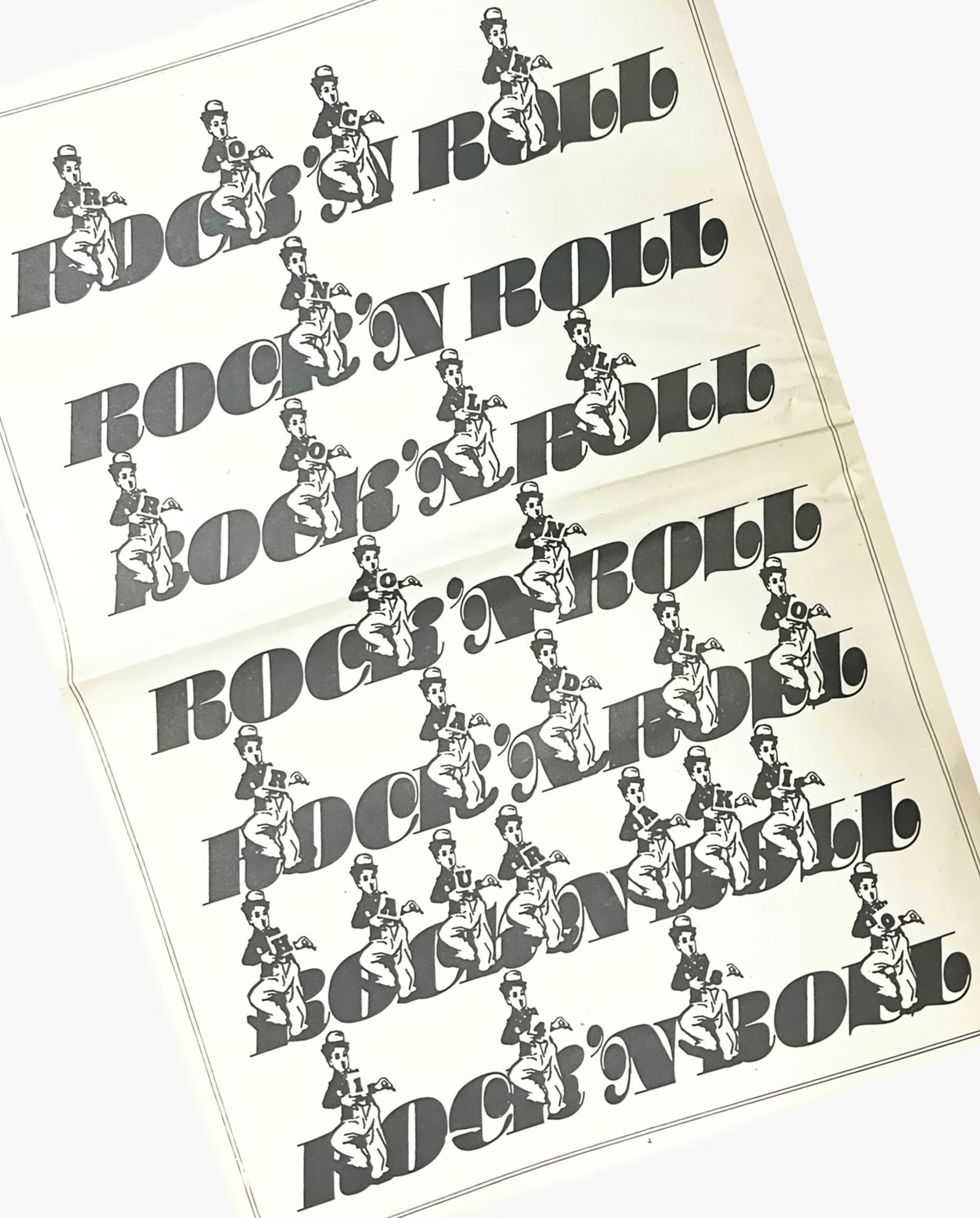
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AWOPBOPALOOBOPALOPBAMBOOM

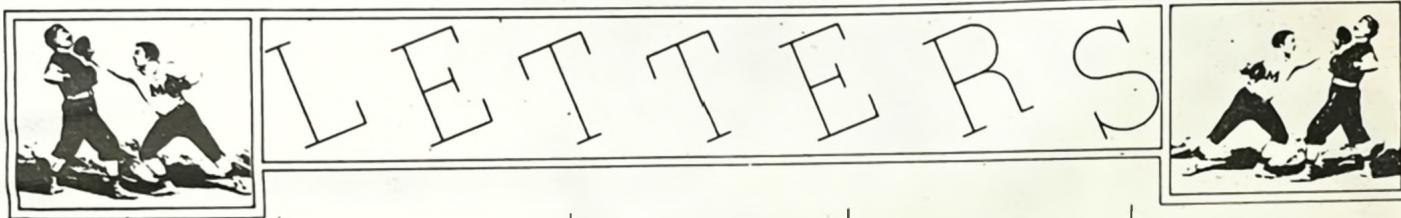
This is it! Hot Licks' first 40 page/40 cents a copy issue. No. 17 is also the first copy of Hot Licks to feature a New Zealand group on the cover. It is, hopefully, indicative of the growth of the New Zealand scene that a local group has made enough impact in the music industry, both here and overseas; amongst musicians again both locally and from other countries — Bryan Ferry's and Phil Manzanera's favourable comments are worth special note; and amongst the most important element you the readers of Hot Licks. Hot Licks readers comprise a large section of the record-buying/music listening public and it is your interest and enthusiasm for Split Enz that has convinced me that placing a local group on the cover for the first time on the first issue of Hot Licks

to be distributed nationwide is not a mistake, artistically or commercially.

And it does appear that the New Zealand scene is looking better than ever. Albums are in the pipeline from: Waves, produced by Peter Dawkins, Living Force, a new band from Harvey Man of Underdogs and Space Farm, Ragnarok and Headband, Mental Notes should be out by the time you read this. It is also rumoured that Alastair Riddell is recording again. Anyone with any news of Alastair's current whereabouts please contact Hot Licks immediately. I have a pile of fan letters here for him. It's funny but they're all in the same handwriting. Actually there's a lot of people writing in requesting pictures of Alastair and asking whether or not he does indeed eat chocolate sandwiches.

Well, if you're reading this now, you've already thought Hot Licks worthy enough to pay 40 cents for, unless you're one of those types who spends hours reading the magazines in a bookshop then leaves empty-handed.

In the immortal words of Brian Eno, "You'll have to make a choice between the Paw Paw Negro Blowtorch and me!" Remember you saw it here first.



Dear Ed,

We're all gentlemen, I think Hot Licks are about to witness yet another Rock n Roll Suicide. And who, you may ask, will the next candidate in the long procession of musical deities to dash their wrists (metaphorically speaking...) be? I predict that the all-consuming rock medium's next victim will be none other than NZ's brightest hope — Alastair Riddell.

Yes, I can envisage the stunned silences (or the paroxysms of fury) as the countless, dyed-in-the-wool Space Waltz fans out there read this. But the more perceptive among you might have an inkling as to what I'm on about. I think it has perhaps been evident to a degree since the infamous Dragon/Space Waltz set ... though admittedly only in the form of a slight undercurrent then. But I feel those who attended the June Hamilton Cavus Concert probably felt the full force of it. At least I'm convinced most were certainly aware of it.

Riddell seems to have embarked on the ultimate ego-trip. A fatal step for someone in his present position. He's smart alright, but perhaps too smart for the audience he hopes to conquer and we all know that a performer who is unable to relate to his audience on THEIR LEVEL soon finds himself back in the breadline. Yes, I was totally disillusioned by Riddell's Hamilton performance.

Gone was the Alastair I viewed in concert with Split Enz last year, the Alastair who obviously and unabashedly enjoyed his music and his enraptured audience to the full. The Alastair who took an exacting pride in his unique personal performance and graphic stage presence. The Alastair who worked his butt off to evoke that magic and vital audience-performer communication which makes a good live concert so satisfying and worthwhile. The genuine pathos and hypnotic charisma which emanated from his performance that night was breathtaking.

In comparison the recent Hamilton event was the most in-

troverted, boring, self-centred, egotistical, musically inadequate, depressing occasion I have ever had to sit through. Riddell was insufferably condescending, even openly hostile at times, disinterested in his music, sullen towards his doting audience, most who had paid \$3.00 a head for the privilege of seeing him ... Indeed he seemed to expect instant frenzied hysteria in view of his mere presence alone, and became markedly cold when he did not receive the ecstatic reception he obviously considered due.

On top of all this, the group started late, took a prolonged intermission, and a fair amount of the precious stage time was devoted to Alastair's cool, calculated and cultured stage rap. Presumably intended to serve as a "quieting balm to quell our fears...." (Or at least to pacify some of the more irate members of the gathering) And probably also as a half-hearted attempt at compensating for the inade-

quacies of the onstage activities ... (I can't be fucked playing for you tonic folks so I'll lecture you about how cool I am instead ... Howz dat?)

So understandably enough when the final curtain fell, the bulk of the audience still sat there in a state of quandary wondering whether we'd just experienced Space Waltz or whether we were still awaiting their entrance. Yeah, it was THAT bad. Perhaps, all things considered, it could have been described as a memorable occasion, although certainly not in the sense Riddell might have predicted.

I for one will be praying for an appropriate miracle in the near future, in the hope that Alastair reverts into the Beautiful Boy he undoubtedly once was. But if that does not transpire? Then I guess its... Goodbye Angel

Luv a Bowie fan

P.S. Hot Lix is a far-out publication...keep on truckin'

"DEAR SIR"

Well, while you sat there and faced up to Fidel Ferry and his avant-garde Panzer division, relishing in your defen lessness signed up as a bulldozer-driver out in the white yonder of der McKenzie Country, and let me tell you, driving one of these things is like turning into a Leslie West Dictatorship - all things become relative - because they're smaller. Except of course the Southern Alpenheimers looming mad and strange off to heaven. I could see these mountains for what they weren't. Suddenly I looked around the THIS GIGANTIC BLACK YETI was standing there intoning something to the effect that this reservoir over there, MATE, wasn't meant to be filled in - You workin' for DOWNERS? Eh? It occurred to me at this point that to turn the bulldozer on this creature of the earth would be tantamount to A Darker Shade of West spreading slowly over the landscape thereby creating some kind of rock and roll mutation of Twizel. I'd like to publicly apologise here in this paper for failing to respond to my commitments....no, I shrank from them just as fast as I could leap down from that machine and hit tail it across the terrain to the contractor's office where I signed off and Gonzalfered off to The Hermitage where I sat in the foyer till rescued by a lady from the United States of Malady. Then I shrank again, nnnnn-no-started to shrink, in some way. My bone structure became more apparent, and as the senorita put it - "You are translucent in my hotel room". I can see these things for what they aren't - only because the vision is marred the moment it leaves its source: whatever chosen reality I was at the time.....(?)

Thirteen commas after I has talked about time I gotta talk about it again so let me put it this way -- it's not inconceivable to

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letters continued....

me, (whether or not is conversely not conceivable to me, depends on nothing) that your next issue could cost eighty dollars to purchase. It's not fair-play at all to expect any of us to live in uneasy queasiness just because there's no guarantee against the SUDDEN ADVENT of a HUNDRED DOLLAR HOT LICKS MAGAZINE. Christ Almighty it happened in '65, it could happen again. (Who said that?) I mean, you can't expect people to go around complaining about your present price...it isn't even there! And it would be consolation to the Average White Citizen to have a reasonable excuse for getting fire-engine red one-hundred-dollar bills specially from the Bank of the New Riders of the Enzed Sage just to swap for what they could never in their whole lives be sure was a fair exchange! Look, I feel the least you can do is run large headlines on the front page to the effect of DO NOT BE ALARMED CALM DOWN ALL OF YOUR KEEP A STEADY HEAD (YOU THERE IN TASTE - STOP FARTING) DO NOT WORRY MELLOW DOWN EASY NOW GO LISTEN TO AN AMERICA ALBUM OR SOMETHING TAKE A CRAP BUT BE REASURED - THIS PAPER WILL REMAIN REPEAT WILL REMAIN AT ITS SAME NON-existent price as long as...as long as there is heat to keep these hot licks hot....

well look, I mean you can't discount the possibility of this ice-Age. Comeback just like that! I mean, if Neil Sedaka can come back then so can the Ice-Age. It makes me shiver just to think about it. Talk about whose dominance, although it'll certainly make the negroes stand out! Disregard the semi-oriental cynics and their haughty "Ice Age my Eyes". I mean, did you know that Hanna-Barbera's CHILL-Y-WILLY is one of the three or four horsemen of the apocalypse.

Now you're beginning to see why I must scrutinise the credentials of something named hot licks, I mean you're gonna have to do one hell of a lot of licking as those icebergers....no, no, I confess - this is all a pose, it's not really my mission here to discuss the temperature of your accountancy, it's just that I'm SCARED no, not the fucking ice....LIFE ITSELF!!! Hot

Christ-Dogs, I tried a social complaint there but I'm afraid my entire life is a complaint....Why don't we all get a reasonable deal AT LEAST? Why shouldn't we?? these things have been asked before and they're GONA BE ASKED AGAIN!!! AND AGAIN!! Why have a temporary mind and an eternal soul? ("It don't work" - J. Cleese) Why should external beauty piss of leaving y'all in decayed skin for the all-important judgement day? It's a hideous process whichever way you take it on. You'd think they'd do it the other way round. Maybe if the earth spun the other way....Ever since the dinosaurs emigrated the God Government has taken leave of its senses and lately has been taking liberties with mine. Guru Marshmallow Pie will snuff it two and look a lot worse than he does now...It's HORRIBLE. I feel safe inside rock and roll. I mean, it's just as well it's here!!! Look - I really want to be saved from WHATEVER'S OUT THERE! WHY DOESN'T THE TYPEWRITER WRITE BIGGER LETTERS? I MEAN THEY MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO SEE THIS UP THERE, OR WHATEVER INEXPLICABLE DIRECTION THEY'RE IN!!!

They are probably the same ones that said "It happened in '65" "HELP! HELP! HELP! COME IN BEFORE WE'RE

OVER AND OUT! I'LL BE YOUR BEST FRIEND!! JUST TELL ME WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO DO HERE!! IS LOWELL GEORGE A "FAKE IDOL?" MIKE NESMITH? HUH? ARE THERE ANY SUPER-GOOBERS AVAILABLE?? IS FANTASY A FEASIBLE FLIGHT-PLAN TO HEAVEN? WILL YOU PAY FOR THIS CALL?

Lissen, hot licks - I'm sick of all this refinement - what about the RAW ANGUISH!! All this tone-down presentation... Why am I not able to make an ALBUM? Talking of bums, they're saying on the radio, that the old crusty's are drinking melted down records! Now who said recycling couldn't be a rock and roll rampage? I'd like to think that that has some wonderful implication. But think! What is John Denver doing right at this very moment? You can bet your sweet ass (if you're a girl) that he's not out on a mountain hauling in the casual replies! Or sitting by the fireside! I'll be he's having SEXUAL INTERCOURSE!!!

Anyhow, just the other day I came around the corner to find the Salvation Army ADVANCING DOWN THE ROAD. There were all these girls and big trombones pointing at the sky and honking hymns to the Bible and military precision that was impossible to equate with any form of cosmos or even Jonathan Livingston Sealion! Well, I'll tell you, I turned and ran....the realisation clearly manifest to me that it would have put a WHOLE BUNCHA SOULS through a WHOLE LOT MORE CHANGES if the SalArmy girls had valued what would be just one of endless opportunities to turn the mundane corrosion of the human spirit that is life in an enzed city, into pure poetic explosion without even lifting a finger. No they'd just have to lift their skirts....oooh can't you see it fresh white female bottoms above the regulation black stockings to flash like disbelief through the eternal innocent bystander as the first step to gleeful social re-surrection.....

But no way, the predictable-schmictable goes on, my pineapple-penelope yearning left in a sewer for a manger. You can't even be an air hostess these days without being a stiff. It says so here in Petticoat magazine. I read ALL the magazines. I write to all of them. Most of them don't print a single word I write. Women's Home Journal, Wrestling, House & Home, Penthouse, Circus are among the periodicals that have discarded my scripts.....YACHTING magazine once printed something I wrote, however, I told them I'd never sailed a yacht but I wouldn't mind!

I saw Sally Kellerman....awesomely and unutterable beautiful, blessed presence and beckoning, in movie Last Of The Something - or others.... and well anyway she would have given of her self to tormented Alan Arkin, but he BLEW IT!!! AAAAAARRRRGGH. A distinct possibility that I..... That I will never in my life get to make love with Sally Kellerman. It makes me cry. Or with Candice Bergen, come to think of it - or Dana Halpin, or Barbara Hershey, or Claude Jade, or Jane Birkin, or Marilyn Wilson..... or Nico and Melanie and Sally Struthers all at once. Why am I writing to this paper anyhow? EGO. Of course, the only thing that appears to link me to all the others skating around on the imminence ice in front of me, at perpendicular angles to me, and behind me.....BEHIND me? WAK! - Where? But now I have to go and take my Valium, so don't let me catch you calling yourself "the rock an roll mag" until you can REALLY PUT A

BOGIE IN THE NOSE OF THE LORD!! In its present state of corporate coma, all I can say is if that is rock and roll, then I hold the publishing rights to my anus. Peter the Polinating Puma. (Can't print my name, the Devil might see it.)

P.S. THE PUMA-PIZZA'S HANDY HINT OF THE MONTH:- The best thing to say to the Jehovah's Witnesses when they thump on your door is: - "AH HAR, I'll be watching Armageddon on my New Colour Set Have you got a COLOUR set, mister? Betcha you've just got a black and white! YAR-HA-HA-HAR-HAR!"

N.B. STOP PRESS

Lo and Behold. As I went to post this, I noticed the new copy, in a store where I was attempting to purchase nothing, and it was oozing amber ooze at the edges. It was indeed. What could have possessed this young filly of a monthly to issue forth in such a manner? ICK. Venturing further through the haze of warm brown jets on the inside page, I soon realised that none other than the unmistakable reincarnation of R. Ramjet III, formed out of the Afterburn of a 747 flight to Casablanca, had indeed taken over the helm. Well, talk about GASP! Why, with this man in such a position you can be sure the media will mould forth and come festering fearlessly into your every pore, scouring every nook and cranny of your baked-beans being with a bourbon-builder's lime solution burning through all you well-meaning jive, JIM, to the CORE, wherein lies a curled-up, smouldering cinder of irreparable debauchery..... Take it away, Rodge.

There were waiters pissing on waterland the effluvia ran into the seal There was music, yes there was music but no-one had a place to pee.

Dear Editor,

You've got a good mag and, I was pleased to see a small article on Streettalk in No.15. Now, I don't have the effrontery to try and tell you guys how to run a magazine by sayings things like "about time too", so I'll just think them.

Streettalk are a great band - and deserve a more appreciative audience than they got in His Majesty's Theatre in the last Buck-A-Head. Particularly Mike Cun was superb in Little Wling or did you prefer Clapton's version? The point is that these guys are good musos - not just a good local band - but a good band.

Did I detect a hint of things to come during the song which was introduced as "This one our bass player wrote"? If so, lay it on me fellas.

Now, I don't normally write to anyone, but I feel strongly enough to say that when Radio Hauraki had a good blues band, a very good blues band, like Streettalk get together and give an hour of superb blues, you people in the audience might try clapping or even whistling, maybe a little cheer.

Wouldn't it be a pity if Streettalk disbanded cos they thought no-one got off on them? I think so.

Yours faithfully
"Blues Power Listener"

Dear Ed,

For goodness sake, don't you know people are dying, dying, dying!! for Alastair, if it wasn't the thought of getting to know him, I'd have been dead years ago.

If Alastair was the teen scream of year, why at the concert was there nobody screaming, going mad over him, I think I was the only person screaming though you couldn't hear me, come on girls and guys, don't be afraid to express your feelings, if you love

Alastair let him know it, write to him, go out on the street and find him, let yourselves run wild, nobody can stop you, it's meant to be a free world.

The world is slowly going to go to pieces if we don't get him in our hands.

By the way get a picture of Alastair not in disguise and underneath it please put his name so we know which picture is which. What about a 9999 foot poster of the Group (Space Waltz) in colour wow!!! (fans back me up) if you can't do that, stick all the pages of your mag together and paint one.

I'll leave you now, to sort out what I want, you've tried and you haven't left Alastair completely out of your mug, but I'm afraid we want more.

Good mag, keep going.
A ever gallant, fan, fan, fan of Alastair's.

(P.W.) Miss

Dear Ed,

I would just like to congratulate you on a superb magazine. Hot Licks being New Zealand's own mag, I am wondering when colour photos of NZ groups or overseas groups will be published in book form in NZ. At the moment, I am relying on Circus Magazine but soon I'll have to stop because \$1.05 a book is becoming too much for me. I'm not putting down your magazine because it gives the reader a whole lot of reading and info but if you could fit in a few colour photos you're tops.

Dedicated Yes Fan

Sorry four colour printing is far to expensive a process for Hot Licks to consider at this stage - Ed.

Dear Editor,

I happened to be at what I think was the last Radio Hauraki Albert Park Concert for the year. Usually, I'm afraid to say, I'm not impressed by most NZ groups at all, but my prejudices were forgotten when I heard a band called Cherry Pie (lots of thanks to Radio Hauraki for putting them on). Surely they must rank as one of the best bands in NZ?

All the musicians in Cherry were competent, and they managed to play clean, tasteful, exciting music for the whole concert. I think I speak for a lot of people when I say that this concert was one to be remembered. I hope we hear a lot more of them. (Many thanks also, to Hot Licks for last issue's article).

M.Ritchie

Dear Ed.

Alan Galbraith's references to Jacques Brel will most likely draw a lot of wh? from your average Hot Licks readers, and I'm not too sure about his rather long-range equaling of Alastair Riddell with Brel, but then he knows Riddell and I don't... perhaps (delicious thought) he knows Brel?

Anyway, that's not the point of this letter.

The point is, simply: Alan Galbraith's letter is certainly the most SENSIBLE thing ever written in the NZ rock press and possibly in the rock press anywhere.

Regards,

BRUCE MORLEY

Dear Sir,

What a good, unbiased review D. A. Campbell gave of Captain Fantastic and the Brown Dirt Cowboy in the last Hot Licks issue. I agree with most of what he said and would like to offer my suggestion as to the meaning of the LP's brilliant cover. The half-bubble with people with clocks on their backs symbolises our ignorant world of trivialities and people living by the clock and constantly rushing around not even giving themselves time to think. But

Elton is on a different level; he has risen above the trivialities of life through his music and his only contact with our world of so-called reality is through the leg of the piano (hence the line "From the end of your world to your town" in the title track). But in his so-called fantasy world, Elton faces reality more so than we do — he is susceptible to both good and evil and recognises life for what it really is. Corruption and evil, on the other hand, so much a part of our world are only disguised by our superficial society making our morals seem a bit of a farce.

Bernie is also on a different level to both Elton and our world. His world is a kind of spiritual one, of nature and peace. This is displayed in his lyrics. His "bubble" symbolises his peace of mind and happiness through lack of pretentiousness and in it he and his wife are sheltered and protected from the sinfulness and evil of the outside world. They unselfishly live in their own world of goodness and sincerity.

The rest of the band are also on a level comparable to Bernie and their world of peace and freedom from evil is gained through music (their bubbles are in the shape of musical notes).

The general idea of the cover is the closer we are to nature and the real things of life, the happier we will be, likewise if we take the time to stop and think once in a while. Also it shows how much music can help us to do the latter.

The more of an understanding you have of Elton's and Bernie's characters, the more you can understand the cover.

Anyway, I think this LP is a summary of their life right from the music and lyrics of Empty Sky to Captain Fantastic itself. Both musically and lyrically it provides this summary. In fact songs like Someone Saved My Life Tonight and We Fall in Love Sometimes could almost be one of their earlier songs if it wasn't for the wider use of, and more advanced, musical instruments. Also on this LP, Bernie's lyrics have been a little less subtle than usual. This time most of them are directly related to him and Elton whereas before, they were more indirectly put. Bitter Fingers so much displays Elton is or wants to change his music style: "I'm sick of tra la las and ta das, no more long days hocking hunks of garbage . . ." Elton's sick of the rip off business which he's a part of. Bernie can read Elton like a book: "I know you and you know me, it's always half in half" — Writing.

But Bernie Taypin's lyrics are never soppy sentimental, likewise with this LP. Musically the LP isn't Elton's best (nothing will ever beat Madman Across the Water and Goodbye Yellow Rick Road) but moreover its significance plays such a great part in its success. The question is what will Elton do next, what shape will his music now take? Captain Fantastic makes you feel as if this is the end of Phase I, now let's start Phase II. Let's hope Elton's got a Phase III!

Eternal Music Lover

Rosemarie Ozich (Miss)

P.S. Incidentally could you please tell me why Dogs In The Kitchen wasn't included on the LP whereas its lyrics were?

P.S. My prediction of the week — Skyhooks and Supertramp, the two new phenomenal groups of the seventies!

OTHER hot STUFF

Rockin' Round the World



with Roger

First Despatch

Howdy doody from the first stop, S-e-e-dknee, O-z-z-ustralia. Must say the place has changed a little from when I was here last and on the whole, not for the better. For the five days I've been here, Woolahra has been home. Wall to wall Volvo Station Wagons attached to these beautiful terrace houses, all decorated with amazing furniture that would never see the light of day in New Zealand thanks to our pretentious import restrictions. Really quality stuff lurks here, with prices to match of course, the problem is, however, there is just too much produce. Every shop is crammed to overflowing with saleable items, good and bad, mostly bad. Meanwhile everyone bitches about "hard times" and "recession". If they hatched the cars in Sydney - halved everything - their cup would still runneth over.

One of the first items on my itinerary was to find Dragon which I did by running smack into Mark Hunter in my first and only walk through Kings Cross. Brother has this place degenerated. "Over 21" sex shops, porno magazines sold on every corner, hookers giving you the come-on at 11 o'clock in the morning for Christ's sake. "It's bad... we've seen a hell of a lot of chicks we used to know back home working the place", says Mark.

Sydney remains a lucrative city for expatriate New Zealand rock 'n' roll bands however. Dragon live in a shabby house they rent for \$90.00 a week! The roof leaks but they can practice all day. So far, work for them has been patchy but the money's good. Two nights work a week pays for living expenses.

Mark says they have had to change their style quite a bit to become at all acceptable over here, more of a punk rock stance. (This week they haven't had a gig so I haven't seen them playing in their new guise). Reaction has been good and Dragon obviously going to make it. Ray said the first album was to have been released but they scrubbed it as it was too far removed from their new material.

Reaction to Split Enz in Sydney has been very mixed. Rum the Sydney rock 'n' roll paper likes them and is running an article this month. (Enz are going down a

bomb in Melbourne).

The mixed reaction is understandable and even inevitable if Enz' Whangerei concert, the first of their NZ tour, was any criterion to judge their development by. Marred by a smallish audience (it was teeming with rain) and a diabolical mix, the concert didn't spark at all.

Enz are obviously at the stage that every major group reaches - how to cope with their new-found reputation. (Elton John, a credible sage on the subject, claims "I don't know anyone who can handle success.") For many, Split Enz' complex music is made palatable by their credibility as a band of creative and intelligent rock 'n' rollers not above sending themselves up - a humorous parody if you like of rock 'n' roll in general. At Whangarei I felt that parody had been replaced by misguided cynicism - if so, their credibility rests on a very fine line and any loss could cost Enz success before it even rears its gilded head.

As a rock 'n' roll theatre of the absurd Split Enz have no equal but as Townsend says: "Take your audience with you."

Respecting Judd, Finn, Ruynor, Chunn and Co as I do, however, I'm sure they'll clean up the act before serious damage occurs.

Tole Puddle are getting plenty of work around Sydney and are very popular within the pub/disco scene over here. They are in Canberra at the time of writing and apparently an album could be in the works.

Beech are winding up their Australian tour with gigs around Sydney - reaction has been mild but well worth cultivating. The fact is, rock 'n' roll here in Sydney is in the hands of 12-15 year olds. All the big names Skyhooks, Sherbet, Hush, Richard Clapton, Captain Matchbox, Buffalo, AD/DC, etc cater to this audience - hi-energy.

With Enz and Dragon, however, cracks are beginning to appear in this bubblegum facade - Australia's ripe for the taking.

Next despatch will be from... "the mother country": Also a few photos of Tiger Balm Gardens and the Acropolis etc. Thrilling huh. Take care.

Roger Jarrett.

CHARTER ABBY'

Trisha Dixon

Oh My God! I'm going down slow because one of my intimate acquaintances has just commented on my lack of 'personal freshness'. It's a problem which faces everyone at some time or another but now of all seasons, it's a little hard to take. So I'll wrap myself up in plenty of Revlon's 'Charlie' the scent of the moment and quite rightly so. Amazed myself when I lasted through Gary Glitter without so much as a coronary. Quite an occasion with all those nubile misses throwing themselves at a fathish 40 year old (I didn't know I loved him till I saw him rock and roll.) The audience was a real treat. Children in glitter (and I do mean children) and one amazing ensemble, purple and silver sequinned mini sported by a shapely miss with her hen's name embroidered on her ample pubescent chest. Quite a lot of trash around too, just when I was applauding the surfacing of good taste (but then, NO taste is good taste). Gary has my lifelong admiration for cutting across such a wide range of people so well even if the back rows sat resolutely glued to their seats. It's always triffids-ville in the back stalls at the Town Hall. Gary's garments as ever done as we'd hoped. Who said Elton was the Liberace of pop?? But the real surprises of the evening were the all-round brilliance of the Glitter Band and the fantastic show put on by Mark Williams, who you might remember as the lead singer

though. He is the ig bananas in that group mark my words. Oh ... but as a postscript, Trisha sneaked a listen to the album MENTAL NOTES and I just want to say that if the live performance can be tightened up to the degree the album has been, then maybe the boys will go where we've been told they're going. The album is sheer debut disc dynamite. Watch for 'Walking Down the Road' and 'Under the Wheel'. Two tracks to rivet and follow that train of thought to the end of the line.

Thanks to Teevee Two for the Telethon. Twenty-four hour viewing just like the States and all of it worthwhile. Liberals could kid themselves along about the good cause, mere mortals sat back and



'Trash! Don't pick it up!!! It Burns.'

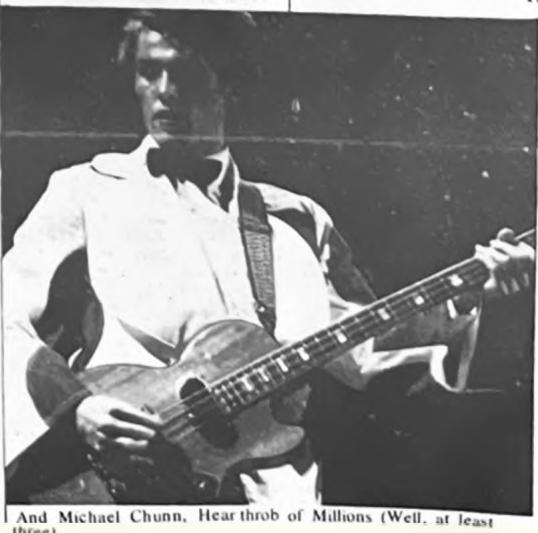


'There go my gonads with someone new.'



'Scratch my Back, Mark.'

of Face, a group who were glam before it was right to be (and at least THEY managed to carry it off). Look at any edition of the Grunt Disaster or Norman if you want to know what I mean. A lot of disastrously unpleasant looking young men whose hideous Kiss-style makeup does absolutely nothing towards concealing their total musical inadequacy. Let's just see what the Sweet can do. You know, they have an awful lot to feel guilty about.) A few weeks later it was revealing to watch Split Enz. A band from another planet bug I'm not sure if I'm willing to follow along. I thought they were as overdone as Gary but without a lot of the redeeming humour. The onstage madness grew a little wearing, nay, boring and I sat longing for a break if the nonstop rush of music which was a little hard to take in view of my total unfamiliarity with the material. Couldn't take my eyes of Phil Judd during his too rare solo spots



And Michael Chunn, Hearthrob of Millions (Well, at least three).

TOMMY has failed to match the hype. Ken Russell has built his career on excess but maybe this time he's gone a little too far. Probably because he's not using his own material as much. Sure there's a million ~~two~~ ~~three~~ songs but all the same there's still that drab DRAB music. Ann-Margret just as good as Roxy said she was though. Finally had my hair done (Crimps of course) all swept up a La-Shapiro to go with the Welcome to my Nightmare look so soon to sweep these shores. It's all cartoon-style chic and I think a lot more people will start reading Stan Lee instead of Vogue. The Bowies made a few moves in that direction before their split and it's down to us South-polers to make the next moves. Everyone agrees that this is where it's going to be happening over the next few decades. Just look at Australia now. All the signs are there. If only we could do something about D M McIntosh our official censor, who I'm quite sure still parts his hair in the middle. And on that note I'd better go out to the car (my new fire-engine red Toyota. Sooooo manageable) and strap on my skies before I have another libel suit on my hands. I'm not much good on the slopes but you should SEE my apres-ski...

Catch ya later!

TRISH

Red Hot Peppers

Robbie Laven has hung up his tiger fur suit from his 1953 Memorial Society Rock 'N' Roll Band days and launched a great new band.

The Red Hot Peppers, named after Jelly Roll Morton's legendary jazz band, played a Saturday afternoon concert at the Poles Apart Folk Club in Newmarket recently and received an enthusiastic reception from what could have been called a fairly critical audience.

The band (comprising Marion Arts - vocals and guitar, Robbie Laven - vocals and various instruments, Mike Farrell - lead guitar, Paul Baxter - bass guitar and Jim MacMillan - percussion) felt their music would also appeal to folk audiences, and set out to prove it.

The concert started fairly low key with a 17th century classical guitar duet and built up to a wild version of "Autopsy" which is early Fairport Convention.

Marion Arts handled the blues material which included Bessie Smith and Phoebe Snow numbers, effortlessly. Ella Fitzgerald's Cowgirl Boogie Blues and dixie flavoured Long Tail Cat using soprano sax were particularly memorable, as was Ma Rainey's Lost Wandering Blues accompanied by tenor banjo.

The old Chuck Berry standard 'Maybelline' may never be the same after the treatment given it by the Red Hot Peppers. The mandolin intro sounded incongruous enough, but I was convinced I had misheard the song title when I recognised the Sailor's Horn Pipe among several other reels. However, all ended well as they swung into the real thing, with lots of audience participation.

The crowd was amazed by the incredible variety of instruments used throughout the afternoon. What other group would think of using or even dare to use a hammered Yang Ch'in (Chinese multi-stringed instrument) for the introduction to the "Straws" number Witchwood and also feature an electric sitar and tabla break?

Mike Farrell does an excellent job on lead guitar and writes for the group as well. Steel guitar and mandolin were used extensively plus flute and dobro. Other unlikely instruments used by the "Red Hot Peppers" were Yuchi Ch'in (a Chinese banjo-looking thing), appalachian dulcimer, mando-cello, washboard and a homemade ukulele with genuine coconut shell body and palm tree decoration!

Really, the only fault I could find with the concert was that perhaps they were overcautious in choosing material to please a folk-oriented audience, as many I spoke to later agreed that they would have liked to have heard more dixieland and jazz numbers. The band say they try to gauge audience tastes and at dances etc. they use a different approach altogether and would include a lot of rock and more brass work.

I did think the presentation for a concert of this type could have been a bit more "together", but here it is probably only pinpricking as others claimed not to have noticed anything wrong in this area.

Musically, the Peppers couldn't have been better, the whole thing being a showcase for Robbie Laven's virtuosity - he owns and plays around 50 different instruments and is well known in folk circles.

The Poles Apart concert was the band's first Auckland appearance as they are Hamilton based with no shortage of work in that district, but with their talent and versatility it's to be hoped that they can be lured away from the wilds of the Waikato more often in the future.

Marilyn Winter



Sweet Suck-all

Blockbusters of the Ballroom Blitz, ze English Monkees, as if that made any sense, Sweet are touring New Zealand from the 9th to the 15th August, stopping in each main centre for one concert.

This time da boys has got their full arsenal of stage props wid dem. Bumbs, movies and whatnot eh they've got enough power in their amplifi-

cation equipment to play at Western Springs but they're playing in the Town Hall. "We like to be loud," says Brian Connolly, the group's lead singer "and we are loud".

Dey's Beautiful Boys too. The kind Hitler and his friends ussta keep in the back of the house. I'm sure Trish will go apeshit over them.

Roger Roxx

LOU REED

The man who took all the thrill out of decadence, then proceeded to wet-mouth his way through the same tacky scene, Lou Reed is to perform onstage in New Zealand again.

Lou is back to playing guitar, or rather, holding a guitar in his hands and performing a hysterectomy on it. Lou's legendary non-guitar playing was hot stuff in the days of the original proponents of sleaze, the Velvet Underground. Lou hadn't played guitar since his first solo album and his music is bound to have improved now that he has taken up the first instrument of rock again.

Also playing with Lou at present is Doug Yule who presided over the keyboard semantics in the second incarnation of the



Velvet Underground replacing that Welsh halcyon of paranoia, John Cale.

Whether Doug Yule will come to New Zealand with Lou is debatable. Lou is notorious for changing bands often as last year's tour showed when everyone came expecting to see the band on Rock 'n' Roll Animal and got, instead a preview of the group who recorded Sally Can't Dance with Lou.

Still, if Lou is still playing guitar and Doug Yule is with him New Zealand can expect to see and hear something approaching the sheer outrageous intensity of the original Velvets.

Lou will be touring in August, for the sake of your mental health, don't miss him.

Roger Roxx



Layton and Trent

Layton and Trent are a newly born partnership on par with Seals and Crofts.

TV2's 'Opportunity Knocks' lassoed them together despite earlier resolves to go it alone in the entertainment industry.

Mike Trent (22) originally went along to the 'opportunity' auditions to provide some piano accompaniment for Grey Layton (21).

Both guys have known each other since they attended school together. In 1967 they took second prize in the Battle of the Bands contest as a duo.

But since then they've more or less gone their separate ways. Mike has just completed a Bachelor of Science Degree at Auckland University, and Grey has moved from band to band as guitarist and singer.

He has also done a couple of spots on the TV pop show 'The Grunt Machine'.

Greg's last minute decision for some piano accompaniment, and fate in the shape of talent promoter Ray Columbus built this new duo, who are being pushed by entertainment heads as potential big recording artists.

Ray pulled them off the 'Opportunity Knocks' floor fairly quickly, and placed them in rehearsals for 'The Goodtime Show'.

But the agreement there stand for only a couple of appearances, so both of them are going to have to

make a rocket impact to bring in more television work.

Plans are afoot to do some demos to send to Nashville, which would certainly boost Layton and Trent's ambition to make a record in the new year.

Their image is soft and clean-cut. They call themselves moody rock, with lyrics designed to carry messages without moralising, or to tell stories that audiences can personally relate to.

The only place they miss out on in Seals and Crofts areas, is the latter's seal of religious faith.

Although Greg, the song-writer of the partnership, did go through an 'honest religion-seeking' phase, which produced a collection of songs relating to that.

'I tend', he says, 'to write about things that have directly happened to me, or things that I see as I live'.

Mike 'ties up the harmony' once the song gets going, but neither guy puts anything between treble and bass clefs on paper.

This means a different backing every time they perform.

As far as cutting a successful niche in New Zealand goes, they both think the going could be fairly touch.

'New Zealanders are incredibly critical of their own artists', said

fellow musicians. Such was not the case however with one of the newest arrivals on New Zealand's musical scene, a group calling themselves 'Salty Dogg'.

Salty Dogg got together just a few weeks ago in Auckland for Tommy Adderley's Granpa's late night scene, a meeting place for musicians, entertainers and others in show business. Within days they were being acclaimed by this, perhaps the most critical of audiences, as "brilliant". On their third night together one of the country's best-known promoters, responsible for bringing out several overseas acts in the past year, described them as "the country's best hand, vocally and instrumentally".

Salty Dogg is made up of five of New Zealand's most experienced musicians, from widely diverse backgrounds. Vocalist and conga player is Graham Chapman, who hails from Brisbane, Australia. Graham has been singing professionally since he was 10 years old! He won his first major talent quest at the age of 11, and part of the prize was a trip to Sydney - to appear in hotels. While still a teenager, he topped hit parades all over Australia for several weeks with Gee I'm Gonna Miss You, and went on to become one of his country's busiest entertainers. Graham moved to New Zealand in 1972 made several appearances on television and was engaged in cabaret work before the opportunity came to help form Salty Dogg and get back to his first love - rock.

Keyboard player and group leader is Mike Harvey, whose back-ground reads like a Who's Who of New Zealand music. Mike has twice won the coveted RATA Arranger of the Year Award (1971 and '74) the Producer of the Year Award ('74), the APRA Silver Scroll ('74 in conjunction with Ray Columbus), came third in Studio 1 ('73, in conjunction with John Hanlon) and is undoubtedly New Zealand's most eagerly sought after record arranger/producer. Mike had classical training for nearly seven years, and this gives him a virtuosity on keyboards unequalled in this country, a technique which has sparked frequent comparisons with Rick Wakeman and Elton John.

Salty Dogg's guitarist is perhaps better known overseas than in New Zealand. Martin Winch left our shores some years ago to tour Australia, the Philippines and Japan before returning to work with several groups in Auckland, most recent of which was Frank Gibson Jr's jazz-rock oriented "Dr Tree". Martin's technique is brilliant. A true "guitarists guitarist", he often attracts crowds of fellow musicians and incorporates a Leslie unit (similar to that used on a Hammond Organ) to give a soulful wailing effect that adds much to Salty Dogg's unique sound.

Bassist Basil Peterkin needs little introduction. Bas was a foundation member of the legendary Kiwi Rock group the Dallas Four which toured New Zealand and Australia in the late '60's. More recently, he was with Crackwood until that group broke up, and he was offered the chance to join Salty Dogg.

Drummer Vic Williams has played professionally since he was in the fourth form at school. He joined a succession of groups before settling for some years into the drumming stool of Freddy Keil's Kavaliers Show Band - one of the country's hardest-worked rock groups in the 1960's. With this band, Vic toured New Zealand several times, visited New Caledonia twice, and finally flew back to a two year break from music when the group broke up in Tahiti, other members going on to Honolulu, Las Vegas, Sydney and London.

All five members of Salty Dogg sing, and their widely varied musical backgrounds give them a unique repertoire. There is a strong influence from Stevie Wonder and Elton John but numbers chosen



From the man who brought you James Taylor, Neil Young, Van Morrison, and the Doubles, Joe Smith, seen here signing Rod Stewart to Warners earlier this year, some more great talent.

Fleetwood Mac have established themselves as one of the most consistently popular British bands in the United States. Their records sell in impressive quantities, their personal appearances are well-attended and their appeal is wide-ranging and broad-based. Yet, oddly, as the records have sold and the concerts have sold out, the band has been out of the media spotlight. A hardworking, thoroughly professional group, Fleetwood Mac have over the past few years been making high-quality music instead of high-publicity headlines.



The band came together in 1967 through a common dedication to the blues. Fleetwood Mac then comprised Mick Fleetwood and John McVie (from whom came the group name) on drums and bass (as they still are today), abetted by guitarist/vocalists Peter Green and Jeremy Spencer (soon joined by another b/v, Danny Kirwan).

The headlines started in late 1968, when a melancholy, melodic instrumental called "Albatross" suddenly became a Number One British hit single and made Fleetwood Mac inadvertent pop stars. Three more hits followed in 1969-70; *Man of the World*, the dazzling *Oh Well* and a frighteningly intense *Green Man-*

nalishi. Then Peter Green, composer of the above chartbusters, stunned the British pop world by announcing his summary retirement and renunciation of material trappings, because of his strong religious convictions. He became a laborer and has maintained a low profile in music ever since.

John McVie's wife, Christine (who'd become well-known as Christine Perfect in a blues band called *Chicken Shack*), joined the band on keyboards and vocals.

Their 1974 album, *Heroes Are Hard to Find*, containing some of the best Fleetwood Mac material ever, went a long way toward accomplishing that goal and again achieved high chart positions. On the last day of 1974, after four years with the group, Bob Welch

The most visible portion of Gary Wright's musical career is tied up with Spooky Tooth, a band he organized, wrote, sang and played organ and piano for from 1967 to 1974. Albums like *Spooky Two*, *Last Puff* and *Witness* identified the Wright byline with high, black-inflected vocals and dense keyboard texture that accounted for at least one sizable English hit (Wright's "Sunshine Help Me"), seven albums' worth of material and a stateside reputation as an impressive live show.

In February of 1975 Gary began recording *The Dream Weaver*, an album notable both for the power of its music and for the fact that, with the exception of drums and occasional guitar, Gary produced all of the sounds by himself, using Moog, ARP, clarinet and assorted keyboards to simulate bass, guitar, horn and string parts. The complex procedure involved overdubbing and mixing which stretched the average recording time of each of the nine tracks to "about twenty-four

hours."

Wright was born in New Jersey in 1943 and wasted little time in jumping into show business; he performed as a child actor in the Broadway musical *Fanny*, rocked and rolled through high school in a succession of combos with names like the Coachmen V and Buddy Randell & the Twistabouts.

Following *The Dream Weaver*'s release in July of '75, Wright embarked on a concert tour which took him, a drummer and two support keyboard musicians to new audiences across the country. The recent progress of his solo career, Wright feels, is a direct result of "my goal to be as alert and clear as I can."



Larry Graham, the leader of Graham Central Station, has been releasing himself since he was five years old, the age at which he began playing piano.

Six years later, Larry took his rhythmic bottom (musically speaking) away from the



Family Stone and, together with some friends from a funky group called Hot Chocolate (produced by Larry) formed Graham Central Station.

1975 turned out to be a bonus year for the band. They recorded their third Warners album, *Ain't No Doubt About It*, in five weeks' time, moved their headquarters from their manager's home to downtown San Francisco offices and were the unexpected stars of the Warners Music Show which toured Europe in the spring. *Ain't No Doubt About It* was released that summer.

IN THE STUDIOS



include several good-time rock classics, and tracks from the Guess Who, Deep Purple, Steely Dan, Jim Croce, Santana and numerous others. The group's approach is refreshing "We don't believe in self-indulgent music," Mike says. "We play for people to enjoy it. We really dig our music, and it's great to see people getting off on our enjoyment".

Salty Dog is currently appearing at Granpas and Auckland taverns. Don't miss them - they're great!

With a Bullet

HOT LICKS INTERVIEWS MICK CHRISTIAN; CONCERT MANAGER FOR BARTON SOUND SYSTEMS — PAUL HETET INTERVIEWER

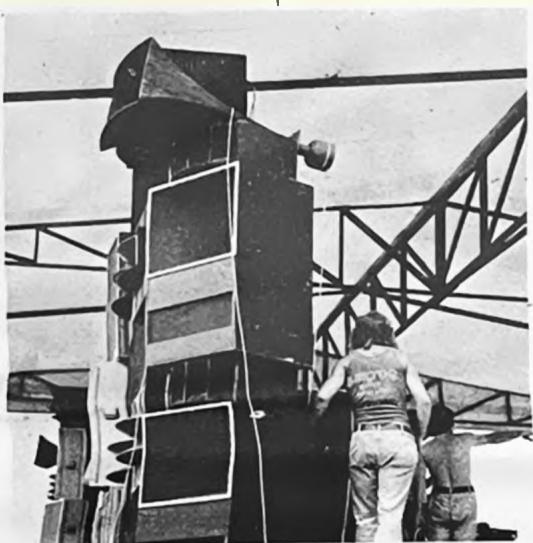
Barton Sound Systems was started by Bruce Barton who died a year ago. Barton Sound Sys-

Sound Systems handling 3 tons of equipment — outlaying \$40,000 and another \$15,000 this year — 1975.

What initially happens is the promoter rings up and asks to do the capital cities. Then there's a meeting with the promoter, me and Dave Omerod. Then we go over the requirements and itinerary and then we'll go back and spend anything up to 16 hours working the technical side. I get the costing of the trucks, work out the roadies to be used, hotel bookings etc, then we move as one unit — a family. At the gigs we work out the acoustics (indoor) and start setting up which will take about 4 hours and 6 hours outdoors.

WHAT'S THE CHRISTCHURCH TOWN HALL LIKE?

It's the best indoor venue in the Southern Hemisphere and the Bowl of Brooklyn in New Plymouth would be the best outdoor. We do a lot of work for Chris Cambridge, Coburn Artists, Benny Levin, Russell Clark



tems have Mascot Studios and did the Sing Specials for NZBC. Muriel, Bruce's wife, has taken over as Managing Director and Dave Omerod is the head sound technician.

I have roadied for 11 years and I've worked overseas for 2 years working for Robert Stigwood in Australia handling the Aztecs, Chair, Friends and Leo Castro. I started roadying with Lobby Loyds and the People Hearts and went thru the Bop era with the Masters Apprentices and the Valentines (Australia). I was offered a job with Cleo Lane and Johnny Dankworth and I spent a month touring with them. Through Dankworth's suggestion I went and roadied in England doing three gigs a night, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. I then went on tours with the Bee Gees, The Who, and got the Thunder Clap Newman tour through Townshend's help. Back to Australia for world tours with Deep Purple, Free, Manfred Mann "Earth Band", about '68. Then I went back to the States, roadying with Sly who did only about four gigs in '68 and went through Canada with Flying Circus (Australian group) and ended up as tour manager. Came back to Australia as stage manager for Sunbury and then back to New Zealand and worked in the office and learnt about tour bookings etc.

WHAT DID YOU DO IN '74?

Elton John at Western Springs, Little Richard, Steeleye Span, Harry Secombe, Osibisa, Roger Miller, the first biggest one was the New Seekers, Gladys Knight & The Pips, Roy Orbison, The Hollies, Blood Sweat and Tears, Tony Christie and the Doobie Brothers in a few weeks (which we all know never eventuated).

WHAT SPECIFICALLY IS YOUR JOB?

I'm tour manager for Barton

and Phil Warren. I find them just as professional as any overseas promoters. You get a lot of complaints about the P.A. systems but what a lot of people fail to realise it's not the P.A. it's the guy that's mixing it and in most cases the groups bring their own mixers who don't have any familiarity with the venues. Our main concern is to get what the public and artists want. I would like to see more NZ artists sharing the billing with overseas acts.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE LOCAL SCENE?

Well, I like Dragon, Rainbow (now deceased), Chapeaux (the same) Jimmy Sloggett is one of the most talented artists around. The best female vocalist would be Josie. I dig Bunny Walters, Craig Scott, Erina Clark, got a lot of potential. These people lack a lot of public support and I'd like to see record companies push local talent more. They don't push enough.

Steeleye

Span

Steeleye Span, the electric folk minstrels from merry olde England are touring here again this month.

The six piece band had audiences jiggling on their last tour as they gave electric renditions of traditional English folk music.

Waves, who performed the remarkable feat of holding an audience waiting to see Split Enz enthralled to the point of being asked for an encore at Split Enz's concert in the Auckland Town Hall on July the 9th, are currently recording an album at Stebbings with the production being handled by none other than Peter Dawkins, erstwhile producer of Shane and other artists of the swinging sixties.

Waves are recording for Kerry Thomas' new Direction label which has been formed with the intention of encouraging local talent. Waves will be the first local group to have a release on the label.

Recording sessions are in progress as we go to print and Peter Dawkins, who flew over from Australia to produce the album is extremely impressed with the group's overall sound and presentation.

Additional music support on the album is being supplied by Mike Chunn, Murray Grindley, Mike Harvey, Vic Williams, both of Salty Dog, as well as Mark Kahn of Streettalk. A hann solo was also contributed by Paul Lee.

Peter will fly back to Australia to produce the tapes there.

Waves are Grame Gash, Kevin Wildman, David Marshall and Michael Matthew.



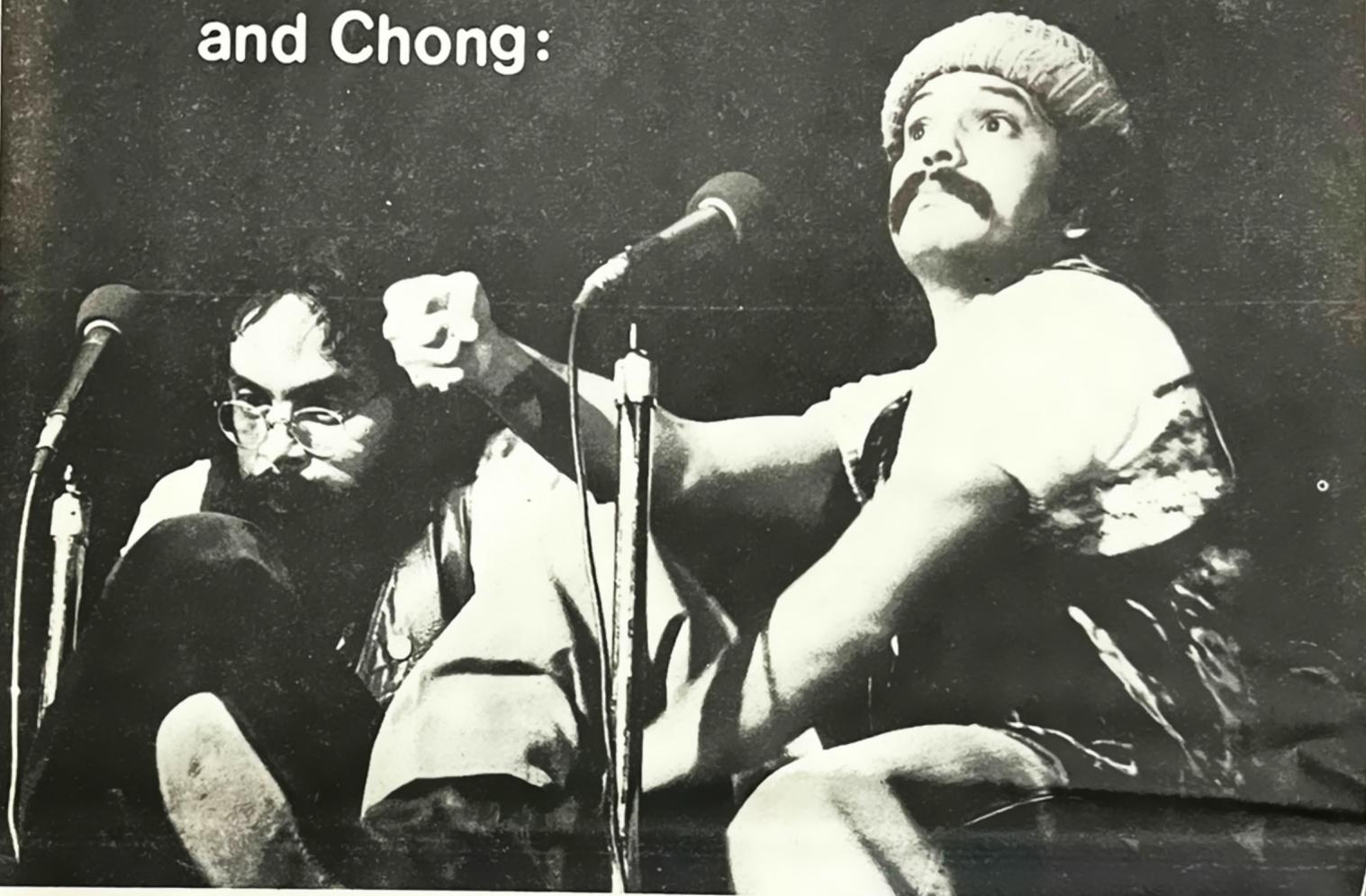
Living Force

Harvey Mann of the Underdogs and shortlived Space Farm is putting the finishing touches to an album in EMI's Wellington studio with his new band Living Force. The sound of the group is earthier and more accessible than the Space Farm album with demo

tapes highlighting Harvey's slide and lead guitar. Also featured in the group are: Murray Partridge, ex Freshwater an Australian group; Gary Clarke from Carson, another Aussie group and Glen Absolum who was in Ticket and

also in Space Farm with Harvey. The album was laid down at both Mascot and Stebbings studios as well as EMI. Harvey is to produce the tapes at EMI's studios and EMI should release the finished LP soon.

Cheech and Chong:



Dope(s) Incorporated

So what do you say about two of the world's biggest dopes? Don't get me wrong, I'm not saying Cheech and Chong are stupid. Far from it. They had the brains to see that there was a whole audience out there with no-one to laugh at. Everybody laughs at something. Right? Well Cheech and Chong saw that the whole "drug culture" laughed at anything and everything including themselves. "Oh wow, man, I thought giggle, giggle, that you were an elephant or something." Not very funny, huh? Only when you're stoned, it is.

"How many of you are stoned?" asks Chong in his opening gambit. After most of the audience replied in the affirmative he continues, "good, then you'll laugh at anything".

There is a whole cast of characters and accoutrements in the drug culture and Cheech and Chong have taken all these things, roach clips, coke spoons, water pipes, jeans and T-shirts etcetera and made them their own. When you listen to a Cheech & Chong record you hear yourself and your friends, it creates a feeling of being part of the whole charismatic drug scene.

Everyone who smokes dope has been through all the kinds of experiences Cheech & Chong relate on their albums. You know, things like breaking off the key in the lock, being paranoid about the phone being bugged, etc., etc.

Cheech & Chong have been through all these experiences too. When I asked them what they would be doing now if they hadn't become successful in comedy, Chong's two word reply was straight to the point: "Dealing drugs". That's right folks! The sixties revival is happening!

Watch for all those veritable paraphernalia of the sixties which are all re-appearing as "headshops" spring up everywhere, remember roach clips and water-pipes? Peace signs? Flowers, beads, patches, long hair? They're all coming back and Cheech & Chong are here to bring em to you.

Of course New Zealanders will have no trouble catching up on the sixties revival. Chong told us "There's a lot of freaks here man, it's like back in the sixties, y'know? Long hair and ladies overcoats.

The only place you see that is on the West Coast." You see New Zealand never left the sixties so consequently they have welcomed Cheech 'n' Chong into their midst. We missed out on Lenny Bruce the first time round (and now for the second time too, as we go to press Lenny has been banned by the censor) so no-one minds or even notices their great debt to his stand up 'n' swear at em comic genius.

The older generation too, missed our Lenny. Consequently they don't even realise what Cheech 'n' Chong are talking about. The drug culture is foreign to them too, which enables Cheech 'n' Chong to act out smoking a joint on stage and say "fuck" loudly. Chong: "I don't think they understand what we're saying man, you know they just kinda stand there and go hunhhh?"

In the show however, Chong explained that, "there are some people who don't laugh at anything. They hear us and they say, that's not funny, so if there is anyone out there who we've offended with some gross act or obscene word we just want you to know from the bottom of our

hearts we sincerely don't give a shit!"

Esoteric freaks will claim that the Firesign Theater is much funnier but it's not true. Firesign Theater albums are serious above all else, concerned as they are with racial injustices, social inequality, ad nauseum. Cheech & Chong, like rock 'n' roll are "about" their audience. Sure they're stupid and racist but so are their audience and it's true their performance relies on responding in a Pavlovian manner to familiarity but so does rock music.

Onstage Cheech and Chong showed us that they have realised all this as they cultivated a sense of familiarity with the audience. "You got good weed here man, Boodah Sticks is it? Ooohh, that's good stuff man, and New Zealand Green? Yeahh, it's good dope. Oooee!" They are openly into dope and, in New Zealand at least, that makes them something special. Face it, anyone who got up onstage, was obviously in favour of grass and cracked jokes about it is sure to get a laugh. They are to the drug generation what Dean Martin is to the drunk generation. The "middle road between addiction/alcoholism and straight/normal life." Like all good entertainers they are a stimulant to their audience and this is perhaps not as obvious here as it would be to an American audience. When Chong came out as Laid Back Lenny, a stoned deer, he was slow and stoned, then sniff, sniff, he snorted the back of his hand and his dialogue sped up. He took the audience with him on this speedy rap but not many in the Auckland Town Hall noticed this little allusion to snorting cocaine.

The supposed reaction to the drug had the same effect on the audience not through their perception of the joke but their complete acceptance of the act.

But Cheech 'n' Chong's comedy works best when the audience know what they're talking about. The monologue about seeing "lotsa UFOs when I dropped acid" got good laughs because those in the audience knew you

don't see spaceships on acid but you may think you do.

Chong summed the whole scene up best when as Sergeant Stedanko he pointed to a member of the audience who was in hysterics and said, "Sure go ahead and laugh sonny, but remember while you're in here laughing at me, we're outside searching your car."

Roger Ross





The majority of people I know think that Fan Clubs or anything connected with the adoration of the pop star persona sucks! Well I betcha they wouldn't have said that back in the days of the Blues Boom that hit New Zealand. When we had a Fan Club called 'Blues Crusade' based in Dunedin and the overseas John Mayall Fan Club. Every budding blues fanatic would have given up his/her eye teeth to play a twelve bar riff or shake the honourable Eric Clapton's hand.

I remember joining the John Mayall Fan Club some 5 years ago after spotting the address on the back of the Crusade LP. A hurried letter and a 4-month wait - I got a reply. My membership lasted from April 1965 till August 1968. The fee was 25 shillings airmail or 10 shillings by sea. Doreen Pettitt was the secretary and although one couldn't expect a handwritten reply all queries were answered. Mayall had over the tenure of my membership elected and similarly disposed of, 40 sidemen of whom dignitaries were Eric Clapton (lead guitar) and Jack Bruce (bass) who went on to form the now defunct Cream. Mick Taylor (leads) who used to handle the more explicit guitar playing for the Rolling Stones and Andy Fraser who joined up with the now dissolved Free.

It sure has been a long time since the actual Blues Boom. Now it's T. Rex bopperism, Slade - white trash with flash, Bowie eccentricism, Mott seadiving and Alice theatrics. These groups are part of the pabulum of the seventies.

Here is that list again with addresses and prices for joining their speculative influences, contributions, and would you believe, some new groups.

THE BUMPTIOUS BOPPER - COCHIRAN NOUVEAU

T rex london wia 4Q ENGLAND
The service though not so good does have its compensations such as tour programmes, tour analyses, colour glossies etc.

T. Rex's main figurehead is Marc Bolan. There is no denying it that when you talk about the group, you're really talking about him. His main influences have been mainstream rock from the early fifties, which was virtually where rock 'n' roll started and the sixties. A mixture of crude adrenal rushes, through to smoldering flower power ecstasy, to the high-powered technology of the early seventies. His contributions have been the mammoth ones of bringing back the magic the boogeying, the fine art of rock and roll madness, the birth of the glitter babies, a new dress sense that assimilated almost feminine boundaries while remaining basically masculine.

Bolan, or should I say Zinc Alloy, comes from a long line of rockers. Right back in the days of Eddie Cochran and Marty Wilde, Zinc was formulating the essence of Elv-ord boogie. Sure his singles don't sell like hot cakes these days. He's come under fire from most critics but I remember read-

ing a recent Rolling Stone magazine review of his latest LP Light of Love (to be released elsewhere as Zip Gun Boogie) that looks like there could be a change in the offing. Anyway, 1972 will be marked as his most memorable year - when one would have thought it was Beatlemania all over again.



Marc Feld, his real name, started life in the uninspiring London suburb of Hackney touting himself as the original mod and ending up with his image plastered in Town magazine. He then spent part of his teenage life studying under wizard in Paris, got his spells down and learnt a few chords. Then it was back to England and a hastily cut 45 for Decca called The Wizard and an even hastier appearance on "Ready Steady Go" - that was 1965. Decca gave him the name Marc Bowland which he changed to simply Bolan. Columbia released his next record Hippy Gumbo. Bolan was then snapped up by the new label Track Records to head the group John's Children. They had a minor success with Bolan's composition Desdemona. This particular stint lasted 3 months. From there Marc formed a five-piece electric outfit called Tyrannosaurus Rex but Track repossessed the group's equipment so Marc decided to make everything more basic. It would consist of Marc sitting cross-legged on stage amidst incense sticks playing acoustic guitar, aided by Steve Peregrine Took on bongos. The pair looked like the Giggling Guru Brothers. Took had taken his name from Tolkein's book "Lord of the Rings" as he had Bolan for much of his mythology strew lyrics of the time. Other authors much in vogue for this period were Kahlil Gibran, Moorcock, and William Blake. This was the first murmurings of English psychedelia and acid visions - already full-blown on the West Coast of America. Marc began playing in Hyde Park and then gradually to places like Implosion Round House, Middle Earth and the college circuit. The first LP for the duo was My People Were Fair and Had Sky In Their Hair But Now They Are Content to Wear Stars on Their Brows and from this came the hit single Deborah that was played by underground DJs, Jeff Dexter, and John Peel on his programme The Perfumed Garden. This helped OLAN TO GET A LOT MORE EXPOSURE. The group also released another LP that year Prophets, Seers and

FAN CLUBS: A SENSE OF THE OL' HISTRIONICS

Sages. In 1969 a new LP was recorded and released in America to coincide with Stateside tour. Its name, "Unicorn", and one of my personal favourites. The tour, though, didn't fare so well. When they played the Fillmore, a staghead said they weren't good enough for an encore. The same year Marc issued a volume of poetry called "Warlock of Love" which was very much in Bob Dylan's "Tartanula" vein - that is, overboiling buckshot from a severed brain. The book sold 20,000 copies in its third printing which was the time Marc's popularity was at its peak. Took and Bolan parted ways that year. Marc wanted to rock whereas Took wanted something that echoed the socio-political issues of the day. Marc was not dis-

LPs started to roll in. Marc also had the help of Tony Visconti as producer. Hot Love was the next hit 45 as was Get It On, Electric Warrior LP and Terpsichore. In 1972 Bolan formed his own recording company T. Rex Way Co and also handled the management side too. The earlier LPs for Tyrannosaurus Rex began to sell well also. Bolan's collection of new and old hits was released in May, also Metal Guru, The Slider LP reached No. 5. Children of The Revolution (45) went to No. 2 Solid Gold Easy Action followed it into the charts. 72 was also the year Bolan collaborated with ex-Beale Ringo Starr to produce the film "Born to Boogie" which had clips of the tumultuous Wembley Concert 1973, 20th Century Boy 45 was released and got to No. 3, the Tanz LP released in April. The Groover 45 got to No. 4. This was the year Marc set out to conquer America which has not yet been forthcoming. In early 74 Zinc Alloy and The Hidden Riders of Tomorrow - A Creamed Cage in August LP was released and Whatever Happened to the Teenage Dream? if it was released as a 45 for the charts. Marc and Visconti parted after the LP. The new T. Rex no longer has Bill Legend on drums but has instead the duo of Davey Lutton and Paul Carmen and Marc is also helped by Jack Green on guitar. There is a sax section (naturally) and vocals are boosted by a black female trio that go by the name of The Cosmic Choir which of course brings us to the present. Marc no longer resides in England because of tax problems and has two homes, one in Monte Carlo and one in Los Angeles. Marc is a Libran, a staunch vegetarian, a non-smoker, has never had a pimple in his life, can't drive a car although he has a chauffeur, is now 28, has divorced his once leading light and planet queen June Child, and is preparing to act as a psychopathic killer in a film with David Niven. Admit it - Bolan was not flash in the pan.

THE BOVVER BOYZ CUM CLEAN

SLADE FAN CLUB BOX NO 4SF LONDON 4SF UK

The Slade Fan Club has possibly the best service of the ones I have tried so far. There are great offers like the incredible Slade T shirts and Slade cube transistor radios, all of course at reasonable prices.

Slade certainly aren't trying to make it in the intellectual department. As long as you get the initial buzz that's all they're worried about - it is for the most part,

body music. "Get down and get with it".

From listening to their music, I would say their influences would be Little Richard, early Beatles, early Stones, Music Hall, anything with an easy melody and a singalong chorus.

Their greatest contribution to pop would be bringing back the single. All their early hits came as 45s getting the crowds back on their feet, placing more importance on live performances than any technical perfection in the studio and of course, bringing in that ridiculous clothopper stack-heeled shoe fashion.

Slade are real yobs. That is, they are the archetype louts - more concerned in getting pissed and having a good time than finding suitable careers and always always coming from a working class background. That's exactly what they are - working class heroes. This of course make them a mirror for their audience that think Slade might just as well be a "couple of the lad" up there onstage. It's all instant empathy. Slade have even tried to make this even more recognisable by living at home with their mums in Wolverhampton but their success has meant their moving to London.

Slade I suppose are a bit "over the hill" now but success dictates also that your popularity soon falters. Such is the world of pop. Slade are comprised of Noddy Holder (vocals, guitar), Jimmy Lea (bass/violin/piano), Dave Hill (lead guitar/bass) and Don Powell (drums). They are managed by Chas Chandler who was once the motivating power and manager behind the late great Jimi Hendrix. The group's history begins with Don and Dave playing in a group called the 'N Betweens after leaving school and immediately turning professional. Noddy was playing with a group called Steve Brett and the Mavericks and Jim was still at school also learning violin after hours. The 'N Betweens broke up and auditions were held from which Don and Dave elected Noddy and an overshy Jim. They toured Germany and played a long stint in the Bahamas where they entertained the coloured kids with would ya believe it, soul. They then auditioned for Fontana and were asked to make an LP and a single. The LP was Begonians and later Shapes of Things to Come all of which have since been deleted. Then came a publicity manoeuvre with the group cultivating a skinhead image and playing reggae to the kids. This was the late sixties but also put promoters off booking them because of the notorious skinhead manner - bovver. Noddy still clings to a part of that dress order with his braces and short-legged trousers. Then came a change of label to Polydor, the

(Continued on page 24)



APPEARING IN N.Z.

14th August
Ch.Ch. Town Hall
15th August
Wgtn. Town Hall
16th August
Auck. YMCA
17th August
Founders Thtre.
Hamilton

ALBUMS

BELOW THE SALT L34716
PLEASE TO SEE THE KING L34599
NOW WE ARE SIX L35100
PARCEL OF ROGUES L34898
COMMONERS CROWN L35406

STEELEYE SPAN



also RICHARD CLAPTON & BAND

.. hear his current hit from album

'GIRLS ON THE AVENUE'

L35508



previous album

'PRUSSIAN
BLUE'

L34956

infinity

BOOK NOW

UNACCLAIMED FREIGHT

Meanwhile, back in the vinyl jungle, I should have annotated the Lovecraft reviews in the last issue to acknowledge the fact that Phonogram (N.Z.) Ltd did release the first Lovecraft album here in 1968.

While on the subject I'm sad to say that the new Lovecraft album does not quite live up to expectations. It's called 'Love You Whenever You Are' and it's on Mercury SRM-1-1031. Contrary to indications the original keyboard player David Michaels is not in the group who are now dominated by the fabled Lomi Washburn and that redoubtable stalwart Michael Tegan. However, more about this in days to come.

Further information to hand also on Loading Zone's latterday drummer Frank Davis. He went on to play for another San Francisco Bay area band, 'Billiard Street' and thence to 'Cold Blood' with old friend Raul Matute.

This time around Rog Ross has managed to squeeze four acts in, including two soundtracks which have always been of particular interest. I had thought that 'The Trip' was the Electric Flag's sole venture into movie music however I recently noticed that they are also featured, along with several other notables, on the rather odd ball soundtrack to the Zappaqueque 'You Are What You Eat', issued here some years back on CBS. Any further information on this would be appreciated.

Anyone with any information on a group called Valhalla who did an album for United Artists please get in touch. Their organist Mark Mangold now fronts a trio called 'American Tears' for Columbia and I'm curious to find out more about them. Also a guitarist name of Jefferson Kewley and keyboard player Geoff Weston who were in a group called C.K. Strong with Lynn Carey, must be around somewhere.

All due respects and kudos to Justin Morse once again. Credit also to Mr Marbeck for his recent tale.

To work, to work.

J. Henry Burnett The B-52 Band & The Fabulous Skylarks
UNIT 73125

To say that J. Henry Burnett is an enigma is somewhat understating the issue. This album, certainly the only one he ever had issued is remarkable mostly for the material, all of which J. H. wrote in conjunction with somebody called Paul Potash, the production work of Daniel Moore and the vocal workouts by J. H. and the Fabulous Skylarks. The B-52 Band would appear to be a basic, familiar session unit with the name of guitarist Dean Parks outstanding, although, paradoxically, here he's credited with playing saxophones first, guitar last. Matthew Benton is the drummer and occasional pianist (once a touring member of a Delaney & Bonnie line-up). Tom Canning plays organ and piano and David Jackson plays bass guitar (both unknown to me). The B-52 guests include one Gary Montgomery, featured vocalist on two songs 'Bring Me Back Again and You Been Away for So Long' (not so good a singer as J. H., but closer) and famed Rodney Dillard playing dobro.

The Fabulous Skylarks are Rita Jean Bodine (whose names rings a definite bell, anybody know?) and Linda Carey Dillard (Rodney's wife perhaps?) and they really sing up a storm behind J. H., so much so in fact that in the mix they're as prominent as J. H. and the ensemble effect when all three are singing is kinda strange. J. H. sings slightly off-key in a hoarse wail, it's very melodic but he sings so intensely he comes off as slightly out of breath and with the



other two he seems embroiled in a struggle to get above it all and be heard. The girls are stylistically very gospel-influenced (which is strange in the context of these songs) and leap in at every opportunity with great gusto to merely add harmony to the lead lines rather than wail away. It sounds quite odd because in the mix they seem to be subordinating J. H. The tension created is very effective and the whole thing drives along with marvellous fervour.

The songs are distinctly odd but very accomplished. Such titles as 'We Have All Got a Past, Don't Mind No Light Sermon and Money Changer' give the hint that J. H. is no ordinary lyricist. Potash is clever but lacks the former's cryptic style. A verse from 'Light Sermon' goes:

"Now I don't mind no light sermon/But I don't care for being preached to/So you might try to hold back your words/When you think you're been reached to/If what you were doin' was alright with you/You wouldn't care what someone else did/So why make it harder for me and my friends/For something that you yourself did."

The songs are all less than four minutes in length and yet J. H. manages to get his fairly complex lyrical messages across within a strong melodic framework, whip in a catchy chorus or two and still leave room for careful instrumental workouts, mostly electric guitar from Parks (plus quite amazing sax) and really driving piano and organ from Jackson. Hot Rod Banjo is a real classic, written about a country boy who was considered modestly endowed with picking ability until he met a hot-shot city manageress (named Josephine) who convinced the boy and all and sundry, that he was the hottest banjo player around and tied him up so tight contractually that he couldn't quit even if he wanted to. All this is melodically about as uncountry as could be with a

powerful organ/banjo riff and heavy backbeat. It's all great stuff and there isn't a song on the album that fails on any level.

Daniel Moore is perhaps most famous as the composer of B.W. Stevenson's hits including 'My Maria' and 'Shambala'. He's done a great job for J. H. allowing a fairly dense texture for an album of this vintage (1970) featuring what is basically an odd-ball pop format. Perhaps if this had come from the right place, at the right time it could have done really well for J. H. As it is, despite the obvious careful effort put into this, it would seem that J. H. disappeared completely after these ten insights into his more-than-average talent. An unqualified four star success (with a really nifty black and white cover pic of J. H., a sixties Lincoln Continental, with a B-52 bomber above a barbed wire fence as backdrop). J. H. really had class!

The Electric Flag: Original Motion Picture Soundtrack "The Trip" (Sidewalk ST 5908)

Quicksilver Messenger Service, Mother Earth, Steve Miller Band Original Motion Picture Soundtrack "Revolution" (United Artists SULP1226)

To my knowledge, neither of these pictures ever made it here, and if the soundtracks are anything to go by, more's the pity. Admittedly, 'The Trip' contains music that is largely completely unrelated to the Flag's later two mighty studio albums and consists mostly of short improvised passages, all bar two less than two and one half minutes but still valid in this context. These improvisations are largely unstructured and have a very "free" feel to them, perhaps best described as "spacey". The guitar and horns play separate seemingly unrelated themes, intertwining, rising and falling in cadence and graced by lightweight rhythm from Harvey Brooks and Buddy Miles. All

the material here with the exception of 'Inner Pocket' and 'Fine Jung Thing' lack structural arrangements and for that reason I like these last two tracks best. What little Nick Gravenites vocal there is is well given and received but surprisingly the outstanding contradiction here comes not from one of the Flag nucleus of Mike Bloomfield, Barry Goldberg, Brooks, Miles, Gravenites, Peter Starza and Marcus Doubleday but from the violin of Bobby Notkoff. Notkoff plays brilliantly every time and really evokes the atmosphere unfortunately lacking elsewhere without benefit of viewing the movie itself. An interesting album from one of the brightest musical hopes ever to surface in the States — a two star collectors piece.

As for Revolution, the cover notes are enough to make you retch with such homilies as "Politicians take your pay. Now get out of our way" but the album is great value. There are three tracks each by Mother Earth and Steve Miller and two by Quicksilver — all basically good value. Mother Earth open with 'Revolution' and Tracy Nelson's vocal stands out immediately although it is used to better effect on the slow blues 'Without Love'. Mother Earth come off as the most accomplished band on this album, certainly they have the best material to perform, also the best arrangements. On their third selection 'Stranger In My Own Hometown' the horn section of Martin Fierro, Louis Gasca, Link Davis Jr., Frank Monn, Ron Tormona and Bob Salisbury is allowed to really work out and in this album context it tends to show both Quicksilver and the Miller Band in a slightly poorer light. Stranger also features R. Powell, St John Jr., the harp player and fellow vocalist with Nelson in the first three years of

Mother Earth's existence. Together they were a formidable team but in late '69 St John dropped out and has yet to surface in any other band leaving Tracy Nelson to carry their flag right up to the present time. Mother Earth were the most proficient of the three groups appearing here and while this album provides an adequate insight into their early style, much more can be gained from the seven complete albums the group made over the ensuing years. The Quicksilver offerings are beautiful versions of 'Babe I'm Gonna Leave You' (the traditional folkie favourite) and 'Buffy St Marie's Codine' which does not fare as well. However both offerings are tremendous vehicles for the talent of John Cipollina (guitarist extraordinaire). While Gary Duncan, the second guitarist (and a great rhythm player) David Freiberg (bass) and Greg Elmore (drummer) were a tight unit with few equals in their musical sphere Quicksilver always lacked a great vocalist — (discounting the later sorties with Dino Valenti after Cipollina had left) and it shows on these two cuts. Vocals apart, and Cipollina's sterling lead work to their credit, Quicksilver acquitted themselves admirably and their contributions are well worth attention.

Steve Miller's line-up at this time included Jim Peterman (organ), Tim Davis (drums, vocals), Lonnie Turner (bass) and Curley Cooke (rhythm guitar). These three songs had replaced him before the first official Miller album 'Children of the Future' was recorded. I must say that apart from 'Mercury Blues', their three cuts are less than exciting, mostly due to the material again. Superhyde is an original Miller instrumental, basically just three chords and a pedestrian solo but redeemed a little by a beautiful acoustic rhythmic guitar. 'Your Old Lady' is somewhat more sprightly but lacks lyrical content beyond endless repetition of the phrase "Your old lady sure looks good to me now, yes she does". Nice solos from Miller throughout though. These groups were obviously selected at random for this soundtrack and I cannot imagine how their widely differing styles jell in the actual film. However, despite the ill-conceived situation the album is worth having to provide an insight into the earliest work of all these first citizens of the West Coast. Two stars again.

The Wizards From Kansas (Mercury SR 61309)

Who knows where this group came from, or where they went. I'm not even sure how many albums they made but they were bloody miles ahead of their time (along with contemporary Cipollina dominated Quicksilver who they are stylistically similar to).

This album is one of the best sixties representations I have ever heard, with an incredibly beautiful cover (art by one John Michael Chippindale) inspired perhaps by an amalgam of sorcery and the I-Ching. In fact, from the liner notes one gets the distinct message that the whole thing is basically occult-inspired.

Thordyke Jones Magic Music Presents The Wizards From Kansas who are: (quote)

Robert Joseph Menadier — Monster Bass and Vocal Grace; Marc Evan Caplan — Snakey Shakes and Footer Breaks; John Paul Coffin — Guitar Lead and Strings that Bleed; Robert Manson Crain — Twelve String Roll and Songs of Soul; Harold Earl Pierce — Rhythm Machines and Vocalised Dreams; with a full supporting cast of PIG Newton, Mark Naftalin, Bob Keno, Charles Fach, Bob Sarcoza, *Continued on page 37*

Joe Smith has been president of Warner Bros/Reprise for seven years. He has been with them for fourteen years serving in various positions: Artists and Repertoire, Vice President and General Manager and Executive Vice President. He has been actively involved with the artists on Warner/Reprise and has succeeded in acting as a liaison between the artists and the company by getting to know people like Neil Young, Lowell George and others personally.

Joe is in the music industry because he likes music, and was a Dee Jay before his employment at Warners. He is most definitely not the sort of stereotyped money-mogul most record buyers imagine Company Presidents to be and has been influential in changing the face of the current music scene to its present state where previously 'underground' artists like Little Feat and Emmylou Harris have gained much wider acceptance.

JOE SMITH — PRESIDENT WARNERS WORLD/ KERRY THOMAS INTERVIEW

COULD YOU DEFINE YOUR POSITION AT WARNER BROTHERS?

It's listed that I am the President of Warner Brothers, uh. President is equivalent to Managing Director I assume, here. I have run every phase of our company from the acquisition of talent to recording. When I say I run it I supervise it. But most of my own time is spent in signing talent, working on projects with them, much more on the creative side of the record business than on the business end but the most successful Presidents of record companies have been those involved with artists. When you talk about Ahmet Ertegun of Atlantic records and Clive Davis of Arista, formerly of CBS, of David Geffen, of Jack Holtzman, people like that having the most success are the ones involved with talent. And that's what I have been doing. I have been at Warners for 14 years through various positions but through all of them I have been involved with the signing of talent and then when the talent is there working on projects and talking about their albums and so forth.

ALRIGHT JOE, THE NEXT POINT WE'D LIKE TO HAVE A LOOK AT IS HOW YOU CAME ACROSS BEING IN THE POSITION OF PRESIDENT OF WARNER BROTHERS. IF YOU COULD JUST GIVE US A BIT OF BACKGROUND AND WHAT YOU ACTUALLY DID LEADING UP TO YOUR PRESENT POSITION.

I came out of University in America — Yale University — and became a disc jockey. I used to broadcast sporting events but I became a disc jockey and a rather successful one. I was in broadcasting for a number of years in New York and in Boston, Mass., and in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and during that time developed quite an interest in, and love for the music — obviously as I was playing it. I moved to California in '60 and decided that I would work part-time only in radio but I would get in the record business and I started as a local promotion rep for various companies and then joined Warner Bros. in 1961 as the head of National Promotion and moved through various positions, head of A & R — which is Artist and Repertoire, was Vice President and General Manager, Executive Vice President and I have been President for the last seven years at Warners.

TO US, JOE, WE WOULD IMAGINE THAT THE PRESIDENT OF AN AMERICAN RECORD COMPANY WOULD BE AT THE TOP OF SAY A CORPORATE STRUCTURE. WE FIND IT A LITTLE UNUSUAL, PERHAPS THIS HAS A LOT TO DO WITH THE SUCCESS OF THE WARNER BROTHERS GROUP. WE FIND IT A LITTLE UN-



Hotlicks Talks to Warners President Joe Smith

USUAL PERHAPS FOR A PRESIDENT TO BE SO ACTIVELY INVOLVED IN THE ARTIST REPERTOIRE AND IN THE SIGNING OF ARTISTS. COULD YOU JUST ENLARGE A LITTLE ON THAT?

Once again, when I say the most successful people have been talent-oriented, it's not that you can take a guy like Phil Spector who is very creative but not a businessman as such, and he can't do it. First of all, the President of a corporate structure like a record company should be a businessman — there should be some business instincts and some knowledge and some respect for what constitutes running a business at a reasonable profit and so forth but if it is restricted to that, artists and talent especially in the '60s and '70s have been younger people who tend to drift towards people they believe in, they want people to understand what they are doing. It doesn't matter for Dean Martin — Dean Martin is an artist, yes — but wherever the money is the best he'll go and that's it. For someone who's writing songs — that's their blood and their life on the line. They like to go somewhere where they feel their music is being treated with some degree of taste and respect when it could be marketed most efficiently — and they want a contact there. I represent Warner Brothers to James Taylor, to Van Morrison, to the Deep Purple group, to Jethro Tull, to Greg Allman and Dickie Betts of the Allman Brothers. When they want to know that they can talk to someone there who has enough clout if they have got a complaint with the advertising or sleeve of their album — they want to be able to talk to someone who is going to be able to do something about it. And having a close relationship with A & R Director, or an Art Director or Advertising head is not going to do that, so

that it seems to me that when I approach artists to join my company, Warner Brothers, I should have an understanding of his music, it's not just finances we're talking, deals you make with solicitors, managers and so forth but Ahmet Ertegan who is the President of Atlantic Records, says a record producer, a song writer, has found talent overseas and still retains business sense. I still know how to run a profitable company and I try to put people around me who are expert in what they do and knowledgeable in what they do but we would all fall apart immediately without the artists. You can get the best well-oiled machine, have an unlimited amount of advertising money but if you can't put projects like Caril Simon and Joni Mitchell and the Doobie Brothers and Yes and so forth into it, you haven't got any company at all and it seems to me that that should be the top priority with the Managing Director President of any record company. Not so selling automobiles, or typewriters or computers. From our standpoint, the artists want to be able to feel they can talk to the head of the company and it seems to me that again the biggest success stories over the last ten years in the American record industry is with Presidents who have been artist-oriented.

JUST COMING ON TO THE AMERICAN RECORD INDUSTRY AS A WHOLE, DURING THE LAST YEAR OR SO WE HAVE SEEN QUITE A RECESSION IN AMERICA, WE HAVE SEEN A PRICE INCREASE IN RECORDS. I THINK IN AMERICA OF UP TO \$6.98, \$7.98 IN SOME CASES. COULD YOU JUST QUICKLY GO OVER THE PRESENT STATE OF THE AMERICAN RECORD INDUSTRY.

Well obviously our country has been hurt economically, not to the

extent of some others, our inflation was about 11% rate last year which was run-away for us but compared with England which had a 20% inflation, that was moderate. Our unemployment figures are somewhere between 9 and 10% but those are cold statistics. What has happened is, a lot of young people who buy records have been unemployed. I mean the unemployment rate among young people, young black people who are good record buyers has been staggering, is about 20-40% of our workforce. Records are a low-price item comparatively speaking with refrigerators, television and things like that. Our sales have been affected — 1974 was a better year than 1973 but we didn't sell many more units. The price rise accounted for much of that. I would think that we are looking in our country for a recovery towards the end of 1975/76 and that the record market will expand gradually. I do not think we are any more an industry that's going to boom ahead. I think we have reached a certain peak if our growth and it will be a gradual one, holding on to what we have got and trying to keep costs under control. There is still exciting new talent and exciting new artists around in America, a great many black artists who are surely breaking through and into the pop world. When you talk about Stevie Wonder and Marvin Gaye and Gladys Knight and so many others they're popular artists, they're not popular black artists. That has been an important new development. Also jazz music is making its impact felt in the pop scene. A lot of great jazz soloists are integrating their music with rock musicians and you're getting a rock rhythm pattern and jazz music on top and that's been an exciting innovation as well. Warner Brothers is getting into the jazz area, we're signing some important artists, we hope, and hope to develop them.

Well, we normally think of it for the American market first. We know there is a great big world out there and we're not as insular as we once were, but the primary task is for us to break that artist to the United States, 220 million people, I mean there's enormous potential. The country is stupendous in size, physically it's not much larger than Australia but you're talking about so many cities, we've 7,000 radio stations, each one programming independently, I mean they do whatever they want to do. And nobody in New York really cares what's happening in Kansas City. And nobody in Philadelphia cares what's happening in Seattle. They are powerhouses areas unto their own. New York is the size of Australia. You have got a marketing area of 13 million people around greater New York and so what you've got to do is we have 30 promotion men who work for just Warner Brothers Records in various markets around the country, and they try to get a radio station to play that artist's record. Radio is still the singular most important source of exposure for us, and then we try to put that artist on tour to play in clubs. We will subsidise those tours, we'll come up with money and support them because they cannot make much money working and while they're in those markets. They're interviewed, and we try to get radio interviews and press reviews of their act. We try to get important opinion makers from the broadcasters and press world to come down and see them and hear them and then if you get a bite out of one market, San Francisco, Atlanta, Georgia or Chicago, you get on the phone with your promotion men and say, hey, we got that hit. Now go into that programme director and say they're selling records in Chicago, and it's a tough process. Very seldom happens with the first record or the first album. Sometimes it takes two or three before you truly break an artist. And a record company has to believe in that ability of the artist to continue to grow and make good music. We've had enormous success with people like Van Morrison, James Taylor with second and third LPs, Neil Young, Joni Mitchell, Gordon Lightfoot, Grateful Dead — over the years they have grown with us. We have seen Jethro Tull boom and explode and we have seen other acts we're currently working on to develop. I think without any question if you were to ask anybody in the States, Warner Brothers would fall among those trend-setters. We've never been reluctant to try new talent and develop it and about everybody of our roster was signed by us when they had nothing and were developed during their period at Warner Brothers from Jimi Hendrix to Peter Paul & Mary, back

years ago to Neil Young who was a non-entity and Jethro Tull and so many others. So we are trend setters. The cost of developing a new artist is enormous in the States, enormous, but of course the payoff is also enormous.

SOME MONTHS AGO WE SAW SOMETHING NEW IN THE WAY OF PROMOTIONS. WE SAW THROUGHOUT EUROPE 'THE WARNER BROTHERS ROAD SHOW' WHICH I THINK WAS SOMETHING. I AM NOT TOO SURE IF IT WAS ORGANIZED BY YOU. COULD YOU JUST EXPAND A BIT MORE ABOUT THIS AND WHAT YOU FELT THE END RESULTS WERE.

We know, in America, Kerry that to really get full impact for a new artist that artist has to be seen and toured about as I was saying, and in Europe they tell us it's even more so. And, sporadically from time to time, an artist went over and we subsidized and we finally decided, look, we've got some great artists on our label, five marvellous bands that hadn't fully made it — one had, The Double Brothers had succeeded. But bands like Tower of Power, Graham Central Station, Montrose, Little Feat and a new band called Bonaroo. We said OK, let's put on a tour. Europe is the most logical place — you can make more countries in a short space of time but let's do it right. Let's really mount the show. Get the great lighting that the Stones had, and the crew that the Who would take on tour and put the best people possible together and we ran two shows, split our acts, three acts one night, three acts the next night. And we played Manchester, England and then the Rainbow Theatre in London and then we were off to Germany and played four sets there, we played four sets there, we played Holland and Belgium, and Paris and Warner Brothers undertook to pay for that whatever the deficit was and that was enormous because we now realize there is an enormous world market that young people all over the world are interested in the good music we can put out. They won't buy the rubbish but they will buy the good music. And the tour was startling in its impact on those countries — it's the kind of thing that if it were economically feasible we'd love to do it here in New Zealand and in Australia and in the Pacific. Unfortunately, the distances are so great and the markets are so relatively small, even though we could get 35,000 people out here in Auckland, or should do in Wellington, or Christchurch some of the major cities, the potential record sales in the market are limited strictly by the size of the country and the distances are enormous and you have to go over water and we can't put them in big trucks and lorries and go from city to city as we could in Europe but the purpose of our doing the tour was to expose to the other countries and other audiences the best that America has in rock music — certainly the best that Warner Brothers has, and while we know Neil Young and James Taylor could do it on their own, some of these acts could never draw anyone on their own and we made it reasonable for people to buy tickets for both concerts and we sold out every seat all over Europe and found just a marvellous reaction to it and perhaps on a streamline cut-back way we can look forward to doing something like that in this part of the world. Maybe two acts and underwriting some kind of tour but it was a smash success in Europe and the kind of thing we're very proud to have pioneered. Nobody had ever done that before.

IN NZ OVER THE LAST RECENT EIGHTEEN MONTHS, WE HAVE SEEN A CONSIDERABLE DECLINE IN THE SALE OF 45s. WE HAVE ALSO SEEN INCREASE IN SALES OF ALBUMS IN SOME AREAS. IS THIS A

SIMILAR TREND IN AMERICA AND WHAT'S YOUR POINT OF VIEW ON IT?

That happened a long time ago in America. Singles represent about 15-20% of the dollar volume in the record business in the States and albums represent 75-80-85%. I don't know what your breakdown is now but we went through that decline a long time ago and album sales will continue to be more important than single sales. I think our record industry just made a serious mistake in raising the price of our singles and that's cut sales even greater and frankly from a record company standpoint, the most important meaning of singles to us is that they are advertising for albums. We make very little profit on singles. Of course, we operate in a crazy way. Suicidal. We guarantee all those records. We get about 35-40% back. And there isn't much you can do with a dead single as you know. I mean, it's over. Pretty much, and so we

have to say 40% of that is lost because there is nothing we can do with them but scrap them. And the singles for us, as Warner Brothers are really representing a sell-out, they're advertising our LPs more than anything else.

LET'S HAVE JUST A QUICK TALK ABOUT THE GRATEFUL DEAD. YOU PEOPLE SIGNED THE GRATEFUL DEAD AND YOU RELEASED QUITE A NUMBER OF ALBUMS WHICH WERE LARGE SELLERS RIGHT THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. NOW AFTER A PERIOD OF TIME, THE DEAD APPEARED TO BECOME RATHER DISSATISFIED WITH THE WHOLE TREND OF THE RECORD INDUSTRY. THEY FELT THAT THERE WERE TOO MUCH PROFITS BEING MADE BY CORPORATES AND THAT THEY WOULD RATHER PERHAPS EVEN HAWK THEIR OWN RECORDS ON STREET COR-

NERS AND ALSO THAT THEY WERE NOT SATISFIED WITH THE QUALITY OF PRESSING. AND YET AFTER A COUPLE OF YEARS WITH THEIR OWN LABEL WE NOW SEE THAT THEY HAVE SIGNED A DEAL WITH UNITED ARTISTS FOR DISTRIBUTION OF THEIR OWN LABEL AND PRESSINGS. YOU MUST HAVE SOME THOUGHTS ON THIS IN RETROSPECT LOOKING AT THE WHOLE SITUATION.

The Grateful Dead as musicians and as a musical aggregation are outstanding. One of the truly great rock and roll bands and trailblazers in the world. I have enormous respect for Jerry Garcia and all the members of the Dead. As people in respect to their relationship with the world and so forth, I find them hypocritical. I find them less than honest, less than candid, as you say. They wanted to form their own company for a number of reasons (1)

that the normal methods of distribution did not reach the people quote, unquote, and that they wanted their records more available to the people (2) that record companies were charging too much money for their records and making an inordinate amount of profit and that they could correct that by running their own and thirdly the quality as you say of the product was inferior. They proceeded to form their own distribution network which was the same as they had had before, they charged the same for their records actually gave the customer a little less for his money because with their product they were making less expensive packaging, they were making very simple packages, i.e., they were open-up, double-jacket and so forth. Even with that and some moderate success with their couple of albums, running a record company is a lot more difficult than turning on the engine of your car in the morning and getting it started and they found they were not getting the kind of monies money they thought and they proceeded to come right back into the mainstream again, one out of necessity and secondly because they don't mean what they say all the time. JUST DIVERSIFYING A LITTLE FURTHER. YOUR COMPANY'S JUST WON A COURT CASE IN ENGLAND WITH REGARD TO ROD STEWART AND YOU NOW HAVE

WORLDWIDE RIGHTS TO ROD STEWART FOR RECORDS AND TAPES. CAN YOU JUST GIVE US A BIT OF BACKGROUND INFORMATION AS TO HOW THIS CAME ABOUT?

Early on when we had signed the Faces, I was not even aware that Rod Stewart had a contract with anybody else because he had not put out a solo album as yet. When we did find out we worked a kind of agreement with Mercury Records which was Phonogram in the US at the time that we would have the Faces and they would have Rod Stewart and they went along. After a year after that, Stewart, while still under contract to Mercury, and I, discussed his feelings about record companies, he liked Warners, liked what they had done and said I'd like to sign with you guys eventually and I made a contract with him at that point to take effect upon the expiration of the Phonogram contract. When that expiration came about, Phonogram felt that they still had rights to Rod, the courts ruled otherwise, that our contract was valid. He is in the process of completing his first album for us, produced by Tom Dowd, great producer, recorded mostly in Muscle Shoals, Alabama, some of the great American funky musicians — Steve Cropper and some others, and will have that album for release very shortly, worldwide, on Warner Brothers and we are proud to have acquired such an enormous worldwide artist. We have no complaint with Phonogram, it was an honest dispute — they felt they still had rights as we felt we had and the Courts in England settled, obviously to our satisfaction.

YOU'VE ONLY BEEN HERE JUST A COUPLE OF DAYS BUT JUST IN THAT TIME AND WITH SAY, YOUR RESEARCH THAT YOU'VE DONE BEFORE YOU CAME HERE, COULD YOU JUST GIVE US YOUR INTERPRETATION OF WHAT YOU THINK THE STATE OF THE NEW ZEALAND RECORD INDUSTRY IS?

The record and the radio industry both seem ... uh, they're the US five years ago. The record industry can expand but it's going to take some kind of dramatic breakthrough like the States with rack-jobbing which simply means putting things where the largest number of people can get at them.

Joe versus the Colonel

You know about who Colonel Tom Parker is. Colonel Tom Parker is like a medicine man out of the south, a guy who promoted a product called Hadacol which supposedly was going to cure impotence — and everything else, it was going to take care of everything and it was a fake, it was a bullshit scheme but Parker developed the career of a guy named Eddie Arnold who was a great big country music star in the States and then he found Elvis Presley. At the time I was a disc jockey, I was in Boston Massachusetts and used to cover about 6 million in the States with a radio show and I used to do something on my show every week that you could get the picture of an artist free if you sent in a postcard with your name and address and we used to take all the big artists, Buddy Holly, the Everly Brothers, Pat Boone, Fats Domino, whoever was big and the record company of the artist used to be thrilled to get those lists of names because they could develop a fan club, get a mailing list, then they could send these things to them and every week I'd do it and we'd get somewhere between 40-50,000 a week of these cards because the radio stations covered a lot of people, a lot of territory and it was a free picture. At the time, I had been a Presley fan when he was on Sun Records which was a little record company in Memphis, Tennessee that a guy named Sam Phillips had started and he used to send me records and I knew Sam and I loved Presley, and I'd been pushing him to a lot of people and then RCA bought his contract for \$40,000 and that was a major thing at the time. He had made one record on RCA Victor that was not a success, but I just believed he was a smash and then there was a big American television show on a Saturday night the Jackie Gleason show and for some reason, they hooked Elvis Presley on the show. I had seen the show that Saturday night, I had decided that on Monday I would make that week the Elvis Presley week because they were releasing their new record called *Hearbreak Hotel* — which was the first hit he ever had. And so I usually cleared these things in advance with the record company or the Manager and I call. So on Monday morning — my show as on at night, from 7 to midnight, so I called RCA Victor Records in New York and I said I'd like to do this of Presley. They said well look, we can't do anything with Presley without Tom Parker so here's his number, he's in Nashville or somewhere and you can reach him there. So I tried reaching Parker that day and I couldn't get him, he was out of town and they didn't know where to find him and so forth but the artists and their management had so loved that

situation with the mailing lists that I never felt any problems so that Monday night I went on and I introduced the *Hearbreak Hotel* record and I said Presley made this one, you've seen him on Saturday night on television and I think he will become one of the big stars the world has ever seen and the next day there was a few hundred pieces of mail because the show was off at midnight and some kids put in the mail, it didn't seem unusual, and I still couldn't reach Parker, I was trying ton Tuesday to reach Parker and I couldn't get him and then on Tuesday night I did it again and on Wednesday morning I had 36,000 pieces of mail for a picture of Elvis Presley and I knew we were in trouble. I mean 36,000 pictures of Elvis Presley on one day from one artist was unheard of — certainly in what I was doing there anyhow and now I was really sending out the call for Parker to call me. I was calling anybody who might have known him around the country. Well by the time Friday came we had over 125,000 pieces of mail and we were in serious trouble because I had no clearance. I had no pictures, I had nothing to do this and I got Parker, on the phone on Friday afternoon. Now Tom Parker is a big old Southerner who — hold on to all your jewellery while you're talking to him — even on the telephone because if it's possible to be stripped naked on the telephone Tom Parker could do it. So, he says Hi Joe, how you doin? I said Hey Tom I want to tell you about this thing we're doing with pictures. Yeah, I heard about that, that's wonderful news. That's really exciting! That you'd do that for Elvis he says. Boy, Elvis is going to be really thrilled when he hears about that. Well, let me tell you something about this, Tom, I said, we now got over 130,000 pieces of mail in here that looks like it's going to become crazy because now we get the mail over the weekend and we're not going to have a lot of pictures. Now I am going to need a lot of pictures. Tom and I will tell you where you can send them. And he said wait, wait, let me get a pencil, let me get this down so he gets a pencil and takes it down and says that's fine, he says, now I've got some good pictures of Elvis, you're going to like these pictures. That's good, he says, and they're wonderful they're action shots of him and I can sell you them, three for a quarter. I said What!!! are you crazy? three for a quarter! I got 130,000 requests for pictures. Where am I going to get three for a quarter. He says, they're good pictures, wonderful pictures, you're going to love them, they're great action shots of Elvis, he says. I said wait, wait on, I don't care if they're shots of Elvis un-

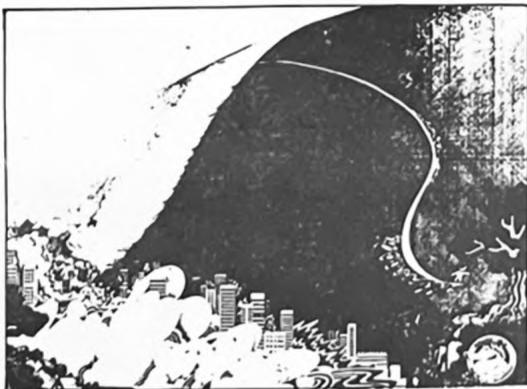
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ROCK 'N' ROLL PART 75

The Leader of the Gang is back

Gary Glitter



Never send Gary Glitter carnations. It's an old showbiz superstition that carnations before the show are bad luck. Marilyn Monroe reportedly threw a fit when some wellmeaning soul unloaded a bouquet of the unfortunate flower on her. And Gary, like Marilyn, is one whole mass of superstitions. Which somehow fits with the wunnerful showbiz style that Gary and Elton John purvey in the midst of the rock scene. They're oldtime style stars. There sits Gary, sipping Tio Pepe ("wonderfully refreshing") in his blue-tinted sunglasses, tight (TIGHT) white jeans and Chelsea Cobbler booties and he doesn't really look like a rock idol. He certainly speaks like someone off another circuit. "I owed New Zealand a trip because I blew out last time. I really felt that I ought to come because I've always had this theory that if you sell records, any records at all, you owe it to the public to go and say thanks even if you can't do it more than once in a lifetime, just go and do it that once". Well, it looks like Enzed gets more than a once because Gary liked it so much he'll be hotfooting it back ("this time I'll be bringing my rainbow and the hydraulic lifts and everything" and that promises to be a little more spectacular than the last time the Red Sea parted). After initial misgivings because he's heard "New Zealand was slightly puritan in outlook, he's found that the response has been amazing. And after the Auckland concerts where he got his best response yet according to the Oracle himself, he must be even more chuffed. Especially because the local kids have picked upon a Gary gesture all their own. In England it's all clenched fist salutes but here the audiences latched onto the swaying arms of the I LOVE YOU sequence from the promotional film. GG says "the whole audience at the end of the show looks as if they're about to strip. It's really nice". It reminds him of the early days of his english success. In fact, New Zealand itself reminds him of earlier times. Not quite to the extent of Bryan Ferry who thought Auckland was like an English market town (!!!) But Gary has found that the kindness



and willingness to help of everyone he has encountered are like his childhood "when people had time to talk and be generous with themselves". And the Glitter entourage has certainly demanded a wide range of services. A bike mechanic in Oamaru helped GG reset the time on his fancy magnet-controlled watch and when Gary said "Oh great, what time is it here in New Zealand?" "he must have thought I had dropped straight from space you know, his mouth dropped wide open". And of course the gang ran out of petrol outside Palmerston North and up rode two gals on horseback who offered their services. Anyway he's impressed enough to want to come back for a holiday, do some fishing in the Bay of Islands. He's already had his obligatory swim in the hot pool. "I went to that

Rotorua, I didn't feel as though I was really in New Zealand till I went there."

The Glitter saga is too well documented to bear repeating. What's interesting is that GG has survived this long when he seemed like a sitting duck for the one hit wonder syndrome. Now when the big news is on the wane, GG plans to branch right out into the more tried areas of showbiz where trends and faddy doings don't make the waves they do in rockville. Maybe recognising his success in that side of music was due to a very astute sizing up and seizing of the time. But future plans include a film (rock stars are always very reticent about their film projects) and a musical which Gary has been working on for the last nine months. This will be done as a panto over Xmas in London. Then there's the new album which is also something of a departure. "It's my American album. It's totally different. The songs are really old, fifties, sixties, and I'm doing them with a black orchestra". Which means that even Gary Glitter has succumbed to the wave of blackness sweeping the big league at

your stage show. And it DOES REST TOO ... A PRETTY STRONG DEFENCE FROM THE MINUTE THE LIGHTS DIM AND THE Glitter Band take the stage. But first, all praise due to MARK WILLIAMS (take note Mr Gailbraith) whose droll approach to his part in the proceedings won him many fans among people who had been only too prepared to rubbish him. He announces one song as being about the last time he got laid, which is pretty funny when you consider the average age of the audience. But then it's no longer a question of age is it? It took GG to make me see that. His act is aimed right below the belt. (Two bopping preteens next to me were busy pondering on Gary's imagined sexual prowess and the conversation was closed with "I bet he's a rooster") But back to Mark. Polished and funky and the only thing wrong was that he didn't sing Disco Queen which is about the best track on the album. Then the Glitter Band did a dash and I loved them actually a little more than GG himself because their material seems a lot spunkier and *Angelface* IS a classic after all. But there's no holding back the screams when Gary finally takes the stage and it's something new to see a local crowd responding with this amount of fervour. Throwing themselves at the stage like animals. Grrrr. I watched while Trisha was crushed nearly to death and the act went on with Gary not really doing anything different from any other time he performed, right down to "this is the happiest night of my life". One particularly neat ploy was his exhortation of the back half of the Town Hall. You couldn't help but notice that past the melees by the stage, the rest of the audience was sitting in conspicuously stony silence. Gary had the spotlights trained on them and told them they must be playing with themselves and serenaded them with My Ding-a-ling. Very clever and funny too. There were some other

nice moments. Just when you were a little bored with that wide-eyed stare which took on

rather a cretinous tinge after a while, Gary would flash a smile which oozed the pleasure he must feel at winning over a new audience. And when he was pulled into the audience at one point (I feared for his manhood) he re-emerged with that glassy stare intact, just like a crazy rock and roll doll. And his band of dolls hop on behind. But GG is an entertainer in the traditional sense of the

world, an old hand at giving all types of shows. He comes from the breed of rock stars whose experience has taught them to respect the wishes of their audience, to give them what they want when they want it. So criticism is almost defeated even before it starts and if Gary and the Glitter Band are rock and roll androids that's what their audience wants. You know what songs are going to be sing and how he's going to sing them and that's probably why you go. Because GG goes on to give a show, even if, as in Auckland, his throat is so sore he can hardly sing. Mutual satisfaction ... he gets the adulation, the audience gets the show they paid for. Yes, somehow I think Gary Glitter would be ideal for pantomime. Because it's the people who are the spirit of rock and roll and they must be respected for that. That's partly why the Glitter Band and their Mainman are the true revivalists of the Seventies, much more so than fifties style rehash courtesy of others I could name. They might be accused of calculation but it is more of an intelligent awareness of what rock 'n' roll is than a calculating hardsell. It's to the credit of the Glitter Gang that their music has been contemporary enough to survive the fad with which they were linked when they first appeared. Glitter's gone but Gary's here to stay. Because he's the leader of the Gang.

Blaxx



moment. Bryan Ferry is making a new album with Arif Mardin of Atlantic and ... that reminds me GG nearly lets slip a choice epithet on said Mr F. but withdraws it in the nick of time. I said shame, shame.... Suddenly GG's manager clears the room. Muhammed Ali is going to mash Joe Bugner and Gary and the Glitter Band are going to watch it in the solitary somewhat less than splendour of their hotel rooms. So all the probing questions prepared by Blaxx and Roxx are well nigh useless. Never mind, I have a feeling that GG is so totally experienced in hedging the thorny side of stardom that he would remain as tactful and pleasant at the end as he had been when we first entered the room.

Besides, when you're Gary Glitter your credibility rests on



"and if you all had room, would you still have room for me?"

Opinion in fact, not opinion in fact not

Spoilt Teens
Split Beans
Pithed Dreams
Split Means
Cert Eens
Slim Wrens
Soiled Ends
Slit Tents
Split Seconds
Split Slacks
Split Spleenz
Split Leans
Split Enz

However, whatever, wherever they relate, titillate, depressiate, captivate or exonerate you, you can draw your very own conclusions, delusions, confusion, allusions to this seemingly seemingly, redeemingly, unassumingly, outrageously, courageous, vivacious, tenacious, falacious, palacious, new, fatuous, assemblage, resemblage of transfigured, well triggered, dynamic, pragmatic, yet not dogmatic drabs, grads, lads, in the latest fads consisting of the latest and greatest in black and white suits to suit their suitor.

This had to be the best one yet, you bet. Did you see it well if "no, unfortunately" is your answer, don't worry you'll hear them soon you crazy goons who "sit at home and watch the news", for a record is waiting to be released and placed upon the record wracs just begging to be cashed and rapped and rapt you'll be by the cover alone let alone the contents.

Enough, enough, enough of all that, now let's get back to the land of slap-stick in your mind routines, stepped up and stepped out by none other than tricky sticky slightly trity, lightly spritely and flightily rightly so, the tenebly, credible twins of foolish gain with expressions always short-changed MR most whose the host manning his post with much haste and much taste no time to waste is Mr Micky Finnigan and his wake Mr Noel (the mole) author McDartha Winston

S P L I T E N Z

Ernst Earnest. These two together in all sorts of whether you approve or not you can't keep your eyes off this ere mental twosome. At best a jest in a vest and a mouse in a blouse guaranteed to bring down the house with a flick of a spoon.

God what was that "Oh hell, oh hell, oh hell. Lay you ya". Lordy noes mumma what dez guyz iz up too Wow! I just can't take no more oh diz here bunch oh white hinkies takin da minkie out oh me! Daze crazy man. Whatz wid dat air kut daze gird ya Micky. Datta shordiest sidlest, none off da topz, shord back and sidz get may Affro done in to a aircut jezt like dat Micky's Mumma. An whose dat cat in the Leo Tards man and doze bootz. Why daze army

Hey whatz dat boy doin now. Aint nothin like I seen before dem spoons must be goin least hundred A.D. miles an how Foo wee. That has to be a world record with a bullet. "Maybe", "You'll come along — I need all the help I can get", plea (from PJ who stays in the background until he has his say in Spellbound Under the Wheel and several others too numerous to say) if you please for all those of you at point A or point B for what is a tree with no roots or no leaves. So keep on trunking or step up unto the Marylebone Stage where "Blue boys quite the rage and he does it just for you just for you just for ... you

He took me by surprise".

1973 Split Ends as they were known by then, released their first

single For You a Judd/Finn composition needless to mention. With little publicity and a write-up in the now defunct N.Z. Rolling Stone by one Stewdip Landmine. Small wonder No 6 on the Christchurch Hit Parade was its commercial limit. Fill her up Judd "writing letters to his friends telling them all about Split Ends" the Phil side of the record knew that this indeed was just a beginning as did Michael moldarious McTavious Octavius Chunk and Brinus O primus McFinn.

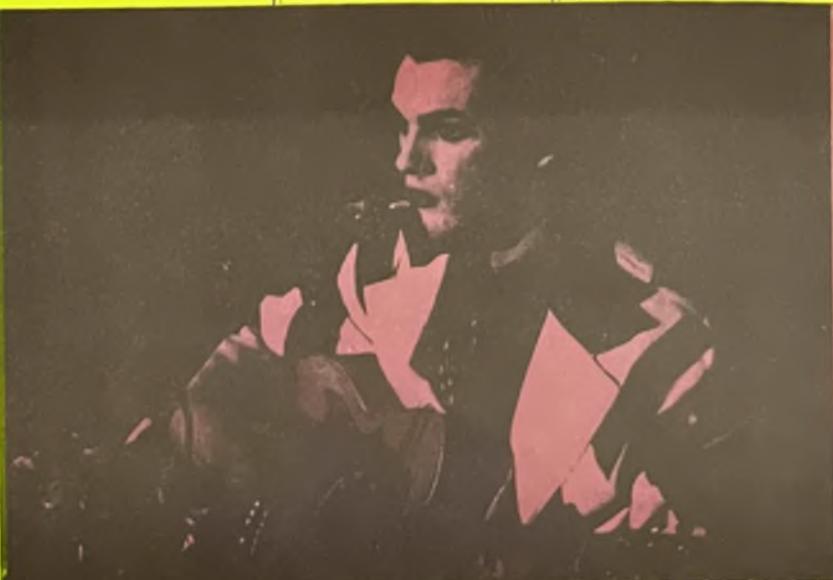
Then saddened hearted one of their number departed. The first End to Split over the water across the Miles Golding was his name a sprightly chap with a tie yet no cane for in his hands he took command of a violin and bow. He left behind red cheeks and the

looks of a clown to take up a residency in London town with their local Symphony Orchestra playing second fiddle in this role I'm sure they'll catch up to him once more in later yeas and noes really. It's hard to say. Because of this a new line-up was sort right away. One flautist had left to further his study yes some new members were needed in a hurry for now there only remained Flip, Mick and Tim. The acoustic group then came to rest as a young brother was called in to give his best on drums for on this instrument PJ was more fingers than thumbs so he traded them in for a new guitar and went on strumming (more fingers than thumbs). The rhythm, the rhythm, went on electric guitar came one Wilky Wallenseen (but not heard) Wilkinson bringing his axe and cutting in from behind the scenes know by those who got too close as the blade for his grass cutting humour and ability to play the most tasteful of leads in the heat of the frazzled fray a position he's held right to the present day in loose threads a cross reference to fray.

Brinus McTimeless once wore a leopard skin suit but soon changed into a coat of red and green a complimentary delight that only a few early followers would have seen. Now those days have all been and gone as Split Enz now have a seamstress in the name of Noel Crom, who with the aid of an Arty Fitter and Turner and ability to sew has led to the lads being outfitted outsized and outwitted in finest apparel from head to toe.

Suits to suit each member so well it could only add to the spectacled spell of Split Enz in concert at the local Town Hall. Black and White was the order of the day. Black and White in every way.

A stunted bass player in squeaky tuxedo "you ain't heard nothing till you heard dis cat" fly you down to Holy Toledo for his playing is as bold as the four polka dots upon his back. Telling it like





It really is! "Lordy" was the one in which to see him do that. "Is it funk, is it rock, is it jazz is it soul. Well it is neither nither nor tis Jonathon Michael Chunn." Then followed a bass introduction second to none and with this number the audience was won one more time.

A bountiful bouncy drummer in the steakiest of striped waistcoats and pedal pushers to match for pushing those pedals which like most of him remained out of sight for most of the night. His authoritative style does well to keep in time with the random rhythm and mime that is the forte of one Noel Crombie harvesting a succession of glances, relaying and displaying by playing an array of instruments each adding to the arrangement (for those of you whose eyes do stray) may appear to be in a too subtle way ... but then with a proud burst all eyes look his way for he jumps across on to keyboards and with the accompanied effect of lightning flashing reveals some Quasi una fantasia upon the synthesizer keys. Rapidly playing decisively, firmly with Feurig Expressivo beating at the keyboards with boldness and spirit taxing its resources to the very limit, proving that he too can play the keyboards like all the rest as 3 other Enz take their turn to turn out a tune on the ivories but most of the strain falls upon the back of Edwin.

A task that until but a year ago had belonged to Brian Finn but the electric piano sound was to think he raved it away came centre stage and called himself Tim giving all time to dance and

sin for his supper by singing the songs written by Philip Judder and him and employing the talents of Edmonton Anthony Rain or shine to take on the keyboard arrangements in a manner so grand piano is where he takes his stands for it is where this maestro performs best giving an added dimension to the general suspension and it is here I should mention in particular the energetic epics stronger than friction and five-minute-wonder were ones to stand out amongst the programme of outstanding standards as in Beneath the Squal, Smile for a Chang and Stalking up the Lane and outstanding standards Sweet Staling Spoon Song and One Til Nine and the latest outstanding standouts Titus and Taint Me Bay, bay me Be may, may be to name but a few. Adieu.

There's too much seasoning in this stew. There was so much these fellas did do that to touch on the surface is the best I can do. "Hiding in the wings forever we'll take the stage, it's now or never". You must all know the rest by now. Anyhow — an entry in New Fatiots brought wider acclaim for these six young lads eager for fame. However as expected this attempt fell lame as they were considered "Too cleaver" for whoever I don't know according to "Ole What'sis name".

Sweet Talking Spoon Song was written at this time one of the few to be written other than in that period of time Split Enz was Split Ends and in good need of a hair trim and shoe shine.

Soon after this TV debut P.J. took temporary leave to set up his

envelope and the band was seen with a saxophonist called Weasel. But this flirtation was of short duration, just time enough for an appearance on Pop show called "Pop Co." and now historic first Buck-a-Head concert which achieved a first in NZ Rock Music setting a standard which so many have tried to follow and have yet to catch up with as Split Enz are the first and only NZ group to abandon the inferiority complex that accompanies NZ bands. Using the prerequisite "Good For NZ" as a catch phrase for their own lack of originality, Split Enz and originality are synonymous.

Shortly after this triumphant stand, P.J. hung up his brushes and rejoined the band. The man on the skins moved off to take up a career in songing his own sins. A search for a replacement went deep and wide until an old acquaintance of Eddie's they did find. After initial stage fright when not everything sounded right, the new drummer far from being an embarrassment became an embellishment embodying and emphasising the emphatic yet emphatic musically musical idea. A definite definitive winner, which judging by the backstage repartee the Auckland concert failed to be.

It seems that the capital city are more attuned to these ranting buffoons than those of us up here ya hear. Dear, dear, dear me, well golly gosh wot could the matter be. Oh my oh well. You can't winimal but I'm sure they did in the Auckland Town Hall.

By now Split Enz would have made it to Straya for their second luxurious land fall. A handful of well-meaningfuls with gainful experience of yet another tour of this southern isle of sandy shores and open doors, souls in the sun and all battles one of expatriate goons and sinking moons.

But now it's over too soon, casa nova, next stop maybe Dover. As sure as eggs are eggs Split Enz have left NZ after only a short stay and it seems they'll be



going far away. With three short years of scrimping and scraping they put back what they've taken in their strides and all flipped their wigs about the land of a stride ya. Little chance we'll see them again, but then who knows when they'll spring up again so full of surprises always one more than one surmises. A brief surmise:
Unless you come and return to us soon We'll not be worthy of picaninny's picayune
Their mystic art as may be found On pages now in volumes bound All at once they all appeared Some laughing and lurking one smeared and one leered When safe the seven stood within the hall
A pleasant time was promised all They performed with such grace and ease
At times like performers of the high trapeze
They turned and tumbled Left and right as though they held existence light
They're far outside the age you'll find
If once you note the human kind And never did they chuckle more when at times a finger tip was all between them and a fall
On strength of toes they did depend or on
the coat tails of a friend and had that cloth been less than best that looms could furnish
east and west some members of the human race might now be missing from their place
With pallid cheek and popping

eye they took their places to testify they gazed at the sadness in the air and the audience listened with intent care for a concert of such magnitudeness size was destined to hold the hidden prize.
Yet such a scene there was to view a pitiable shame that only a limited few had the chance to view
Then they left of the first adieu only to return after the crowd much ado to sing with great gusto Sweet Talking Spoon Song and "one nine two" forgive the rhyme for it is really "one two nine"
But the stars at length began to wane and outside it began to rain tell tale droplets creeping down the window pane and much against the will of all the rogues were forced to leave the hill, for said and painful is the fate of those who roam abroad too late. And well you may bear in mind the hills and valleys they leave behind when far from native land they run across the water in search of fun for another page in the Split Enz Songbook has begun as the battle for recognition in their own country has been won.

Run and Con Jectcha

Hiding in the wings forever

We'll take the stage

It's now or never"



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REMEMBER THE FUTURE

PART 1

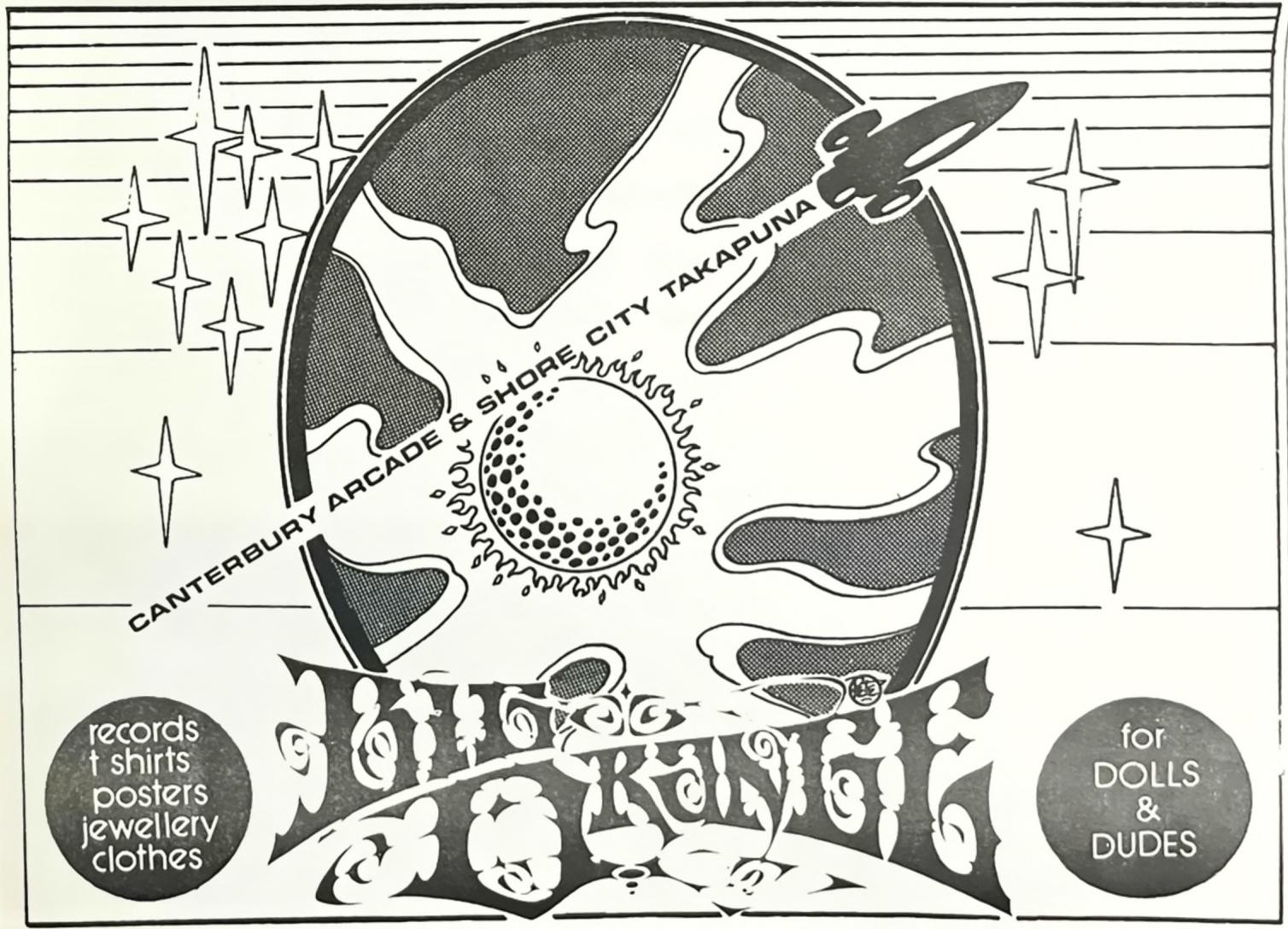
REMEMBER THE FUTURE

PART 2

REMEMBER THE FUTURE
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Owing to the interest (?) shown in my introduction on this subject, featured in the March issue I would like to take this opportunity to offer a little insight and information (maybe) on the German music scene.

The "music" of which I speak being of German origin or nature is gaining increasingly widespread popularity. That's great, but we're still faced with the never-ending problem, who has released how many albums and what the hell are they? This something of a mammoth task and would take at least half of the content of one issue of Hot Licks to cover it. Not having that kind of influence I'll do what I can with one page.

"Krautrock" as it stands at the moment has acquired sufficient status in terms of record sales to be recognised as an individual form of music. Who knows "Glitter?" may get the elbow and Krautrock develop into a new cult following. I'll believe that when I see it.

Firstly, contrary to popular opinion, Krautrock doesn't begin and end with Tangerine Dream, far from it in fact. There are well over 25 successful German bands performing and recording throughout the world. Their mus-

bands like Lucifer's Friend give them a bad name. They would indeed make an ideal identikit German Led Zeppelin, having recorded what sounds like a pile of old Zeppelin tapes edited down to an album aptly entitled Banquet.

At least some progressive steps are now being made in the field of German music in New Zealand but we've got bloody long way to go yet. After all, out of all the German bands in existence, albums by only six of them are available here! (sad but true). That's only old ground re-trodden though.

As for an appropriate beginning to this informative exposé, why not Tangerine Dream, the group that really opened the doors to Krautrock in this country. Since formation in the late sixties, Tangerine Dream have recorded six albums, Electronik Meditation (1971), Alpha Centauri (1971), Zeit — double (1972) and Atem (1973). Phaedra (1974) Edgar Froese Aquan (1974) Solo Album; and Rubycon 1975. Their influence stem mainly from the burgeoning Berlin jazz scene and were known for ceiling splitting concerts, in the early days of their existence. The works of Edgar Froese, Peter

as a band were revealed in 1970, from there they have recorded four albums in succession (one per year on average). Faust IV (1974). Upon mentioning Faust as a predominant band living and recording in Germany, as only one of Faust's four members is German, the others consist of an American, a Frenchman, and an Austrian, they also have a Dutch manager of all things. Faust is not the only band in this position though. Nektar and Magma are known as German bands when they are of Welsh and French origins respectively. So in future careful attention must be paid to what constitutes a German band.

Another band making waves at the moment is Kraftwerk, their single Autobahn from the album of the same name has had more than its fair share of commercial overtones (it's easy to listen to). Kraftwerk were previously unheard of in this country until the release of Autobahn their second album, the first being Kraftwerk (released as an import), another kettle of fish altogether. I think this reveals the fact that our German friends are feeling the pinch, and want to make some money or

three remaining groups who have available (or soon becoming available) albums. Firstly, Amon Duul, a group within the class of veteran groups like Tangerine Dream and Faust, Amon Duul owe much of their success to groups like Pink Floyd (so does Nektar incidentally). Their present format is verging on Heavy Rock and they currently have seven albums to their name after the reforming of the group. As for albums, all but two, (III Jack and Lemmingmania) have been released (at one time or another in NZ and to my knowledge they are all available). However (much to my displeasure) this doesn't apply to one of Germany's most successful bands Can. Can's repertoire consists of seven albums, Monster Movie, TagoMago, Egg Bamysa (the only available album) Limited Edition, Future Days, Soundtrack and Soon Over Barhooma. Their musical influences extend throughout jazz, rock and electronic-orientated music, and they have the ability to make a substantial mark on the record market if only given the chance.

One German (Welsh) band that

In actual fact it is slightly reminiscent of an English band called Home and if you haven't heard of their music, you're in for a totally new experience. Remember the Future is a two-part venture, side one being Remember the Future I and side two of course, Remember the Future II and both pieces are extremely pleasing to the ear, and if I was going to place this album in one of my categories which I all too often do, I would file it under "I" for Interesting. While I'm on the topic of interesting things I should mention that Nektar's lead guitarist Roye Albrighton plays an eight string electric guitar and their lighting man Mick Brockell is listed as the fifth member of the group. Now knowing that, and also hearing whispers that Nektar were going to tour NZ makes my blood rapidly boil, but there is little I can do about that it's a regular occurrence now y'know.

I seem to remember saying for the purpose of illustrating the music in which Faust devote most of their time creating, would be Frank Zappa and the (Irrepressible) Mothers of Invention. Reasons for this will become im-



ical influences extend from basic bubblegum rock, right through to Velvet Underground and the avant garde. In my previous writings I have stated that German bands are predominantly influenced by electronics and such-like. This is so, but not solely of the German sound. Not unlike the rest of the world the Germans turn out their quota of Rock 'n' Roll bands. Lucifer's Friend is one of a numerous quantity of common or garden rock bands. I wouldn't like to knock the Germans for originality, because there's more original sounding bands coming out of Germany than most countries, it's just that

Baumann and Chris Franke ans Tangerine Dream are second nature to most of us by now, so I'd like to say something of the lesser known bands. I made a small mention of Faust in the March issue, but since their presence is being felt more and more lately, I think a little expansion is called for. An ideal comparison to draw is not presently possible (barring Faust IV which could disappear at any time) take a pinch of Zappa's chronic Anti-Society approach to music, coupled with Faust's electronic wizardry. The combination is nothing less than phenomenal, I can assure you. The meagre beginnings of Faust

just make ends meet. That's a fair enough attitude I suppose, after all music purely for the sake of art is financially restricting unless you're already sitting on a pile.

Now that we've established that the Germans are not totally devoted to the manufacture of Volkswagens and are not a musically unproductive race, I will proceed to rave incessantly about the copious quantities of unearthed talent on the German front.

For fear of involving myself in the mammoth task I mentioned previously I'd like to conclude with a light run-down of Amon Duul, Can & Nektar, the only

has been given a chance is Nektar and deservedly at that. Their first album Remember the Future is to be released shortly on the Direction label and Down to Earth, their second is soon to follow (times are changin' aren't they?) and I think the release of this tasty piece will give Krautrock the shove it needs. By the way if you're thinking 'cipes! this sounds very much like a review to me, well folks you're right, it is, only because I thought it would be quite fitting to include it. As it, the album, is the first of its kind to reach our shores, I can't exactly ramble on and say ah, well it's ah, a little bit better than their um, ah, last one can I.

mediately obvious upon listening to one of Faust's albums. As this soemthing about concluding so I'd better do just that, but I must warn you that only this small retrospective is being concluded and not the subject that could and probably would, go on forever after all just some of the odd one or two remaining bands I didn't even bother to mention include Atlantis, Ash Ra Tempel, Birth Control, Egg, Frumpy, Golem, Neu, Omega, Planet of Man, Popul Vuh, Sameti, Trace, etc, etc . . . one final work is anyone has any relevant information on Krautrock that they wish to contribute, Hot Licks would be more than glad to hear from you.

Mark Millman

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beginning of the hits and eventually a change of image. *Get Down and Get With It* was their first hit 45. It's an open invitation to join the band, to feel the sweat and the fun, to lose total abandon and enjoy one's self. That was 1971 in October of that year. *C'm On* was You went to number one. In 1972 *Look Wot You Dun* goes to No 4 and the *Slade Alive* album goes to No 1 as does *Mama Weer All Crazee Now* and in November *Gudgin T Jane* gets to No 2. In December the *Slashed?* album goes to No 1. *Slashed?* is a certified party album. Play it and you'll find it hard restraining your guests. 1973 found the boys with further successes. *Cum on Feel the Noize* went on to No 1 within the space of a week and in June *Skweez Me Pleez Me* did much the same. Slade suffered their first blow in July that year when Don received severe concussion in a serious car accident that killed his girlfriend. Fortunately for us, Don recovered and the band are doing a fine job of winning over the States to their particular form of rock. *My Friend Stan* gets to No 2 and *Sladest*, a compilation of deleted songs, goes to No 1. *Old New Borrowed and Blue* LP is also released. *Merry Christmas Everybody* goes to No 1 and 1973 ends happily 197 started well with that smashing single *Everyday* and later on The *Bungin' Man*. It's 1975 now and Slade look like becoming box-office winners with their movie *Flame*, that has the group in a 1967 setting. There will be an LP from the film called *Slade In Flame*. *Far Far Away* has done great things also.

My fondest memories of Slade was their blockbuster concert at Te Rapa racecourse in 1972. "So come on feel the noise, Girls grab the boys, We get wild, wild, wild...."

Here comes the hard part: naming Bowie's contributions. Bowie to a great extent only expanded what other people had started - but what an expansion! Where others were slightly inaccessible for interviews, Bowie became impossibly remote. To this day, a reporter could expect a lot of money if he was to score a personal interview with David. All this of course added to his personal charisma - that of the elusive distant star - the dream of millions of ordinary work-a-day people. Where others wore a bit of makeup and came on like corrupt angels, Bowie was bisexual (gay/heterosexual) without mirrors - had the looks and had the clothes. But at the moment he's coming on like a latter-day Johnnie Ray, getting into that spade-driven music and being altogether quite wholesome. Whereas I can remember at one stage thinking of him as the Dylan of the Seventies ("comedian, cominhan and caricature") cold and shieing. He also introduced the use of theatre props which on his last American tour consisted of colossal mock-up skyscrapers, bleeding penises, skulls and boxing gloves.

David Robert Jones, his real name, is the product of fairly middle-class parents from Brixton, London. At an early age he showed prominence in graphic design although at the ripe age of 15 he was playing tenor saxophone with a Modern Jazz Group and one of his prime interests was Buddhism. 1963 found him in an advertising agency for six months where the book "On the Road" by Jack Kerouac seemed to influence his thinking and that year he formed a progressive blues group. A dubious word that - progressive. In 1964 he formed David Jones and the Lower Third with which he cut

acted, wrote and produced with a mime company under the guidance of England's very own troubadour Lindsay Kemp. This gave him the verve to form his own mime, music and mixed media trio called Feathers that believe it or not, went on a tour with the old Tyrannosaurus Rex.

The Arts Lab failed because of local apathy. Mercury then demanded another album and got the classic *The Man Who Sold the World* which sold well in America at the time, flopped in Britain and never gained popularity in New Zealand till Ziggy first did. From the outset, the eelpie is a definite bone-chiller. The original cover has Bowie clad in a "mans" dress (believe it!) and lounging on a couch looking more like Lauren Bacall than "Mr Paranoia". The album is produced by Tony Visconti - who also plays bass and the rest of the band is made up of ex-Hull blues band The Rats; guitarist extraordinaire Mick Ronson and drummer Mick "Woody" Woodmansey. The next year also brought a multitude of changes. Visconti parted company and Ken Scott the producer of David's two previous albums was re-elected. He also got a new manager Tony DeFries who untangled Bowie's financial commitments and negotiated a new recording contract with RCA. Early 1972 and *Hunky Dory* carves a quick path into the hearts of everyone. The emergence of the Homo Superior. Also a new bassist is added; Trevor Bolder. But by summer *The Rise And Fall of Ziggy Stardust And The S0ldiers From Mars* LP really meant the boy was here to stay. This, then was his opus work with Bowie slipping on his supreme disguise *The Life Of A Star* - a 21st century rock and roll idol from beginning to end.

Following a moderately successful tour of America, David released the tumultuous LP *Aladdin Sane* that was a paramount assumption of the U.S. of A - loveless and decadent. The critics by and large jumped on the LP but by now should have realised the nature of their ways. The new addition on the record is Mike Garson, veteran New York piano jazzman. But in July 1973 after a gig in London, Bowie decided to give up performing. A very calculated move at a time when he was most popular. Even when he was in seclusion, he made sure that no-one forgot him by releasing *Maggies 1966-67*, a double album, that was a collection of older songs and also pinpoints a nostalgic look at his own old favourites from the sixties. Sorrow an old Merseybeat tune came off the LP and zoomed straight up the charts. During this ensuing period, Mick Ronson left the group some hope in sterner fields, and there was a slight flutter in the press about the departure but Bowie remained unscathed. Bowie retaliated with another piece of Doomsday with *Diamond Dogs*, almost a reinterpretation of *Ziggy*. Toasted as a supposed Broadway-type production show based on the book by George Orwell "1984" but ending on vinyl as the basis for his next for touring America. Its futurism taken to the zenith with the theme being the subsequent downfall of mankind, not just a small hint of decadence but far

juicy globs of atomic fallout. Bowie does a complete tour de force by doing most of the playing and producing himself while being aided and abetted by Herbie Flower on bass and Aynsley Dunbar and Tony Newman on drums. Which brings us up to 1974 and the new/improved David emerges being somewhat more sophisticated and not a little bit Bryan Ferryish. No strange wonderful costumes now, but a simple forties zoot suit and live elpee, *David Live*. Putting himself in the annals place, creating history, and looking somewhat dated. This double album bonanza then eclipses Mr Mannman's career. The recording is taken from David's live concert at the Tower Theatre, Philadelphia. The new version of *Sweet Thing* is David Live's opus with *Knock On Wood* thrown in to echo the ensuing album's soul content. That album everyone should know by now is *Young Americans*, the best track on this LP with *Fame* coming in a close second. There seems to be a total lack of theatre props in Bowie's act now and the emphasis now is strictly on good performances with particular attention to good harmonies and strict arrangements. Tony DeFries had this to say about Bowie in 1972 in an interview to *Rolling Stone*: "Bowie is setting a standard in rock and roll which other people are going to have to get to if they want to stay around in the Seventies. I think he's very much a seventies artist. I think most of the artists who are with us at the moment are sixties artists, and Bowie, certainly to me, is going to be the major artist of the seventies. In 1975 he will be at his peak in music, what he does after that is going to depend on what his talents are in other fields."

You'll Never Make It In
Hollywood Kid
The Continuing Saga of Jesus
Christ Superstar

No longer controversial. Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice's version of "The Greatest Story Ever Told" has said all it has to say.

By now everyone is aware of the writers' idea, "to view Jesus as a man, not a god". The various albums (the "original" opera, the film soundtrack, the original Broadway cast, etc.) have managed to convey to anyone who cared to listen the idea Weber and Rice had in mind.

The film succeeded only in giving the audience faces to look at while listening to the music. It added nothing of any importance to the "message" of Superstar. "I only want to know, who are you, what have you sacrificed?"

Harry M. Miller's production has succeeded in doing more than just fleshing out the soundtrack. With relatively simple, but effective, staging and excellent casting he has conveyed not just the idea of Jesus seen as a man with human faults and virtues, he has made this concept believable.

It has always seemed plausible



that Jesus was never a god. No man can be a god, the Stones expressed this sentiment accurately when they sang, "don't wanna talk about jesus, just wanna see his face." If he did exist as a god then I wanna see him, man. But if he was a man, the question is still there, how did the whole thing happen? How did one man gather a band of faithful followers, enrage the authorities, then find the crowds turning against him up until his death, creating a martyr who grew to godlike stature? Harry M. Miller's production makes it believable to a rock/pop oriented audience — that there existed a kind of folk hero who muffed it somewhere along the line.

This is done firstly by emphasising the fact that it is a rock opera on stage about a rock hero. Instead of utilising overblown props, costumes and stage settings to give an unreal larger-than-life dimension to the performance, he has chosen to use simple effective stage design and excellent lighting, in the tradition of the best rock bands, and achieved both a spectacular and a believable show.

The crucifixion scene in particular is not a Catholic-type we-inspiring view of Jesus' death but is a rather chilling realistic portrayal as dry ice simulates a cold, frosty evening's air and blue lighting adds to the effect.

Unfortunately, all is not well with Superstar as presented by Harry M. While the casting is mainly excellent, with Jon Entwistle in particular outstanding in his role as Judas, the central character is miscast. In fact, Jesus has always been portrayed by actors unsuitable to the role in both the movie and the Broadway show. So it is with the Australasian Superstar. Trevor White as Jesus is simply not strong enough to play such a demanding role.

Views of Jesus' character are blurred and covered with preconceptions, myth and plain prejudice that for an actor to understand the role of Jesus, especially as he is seen by Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Weber try to attain, a long study of Jesus is necessary.

Of all the actors portraying Jesus on stage and screen none have come anywhere near understanding their role. They have all seemed to portray him as a hippie campaigning for human brotherhood. Yet surely with all the pressures existant upon him and even other, the foreknowledge of Judas' betrayal and his own crucifixion would have made him aware, not only of his own sin but the relative insignificance of the whole affair. A blasé attitude of non-conditional acceptance would surely be Jesus' basic attitude during the events leading up to his execution.

The song Jesus directs at God
the garden of Gethsemane
takes this point of view as he
says: "Alright, just watch me
See how I die!" Yet nowhere
is this attitude displayed and
not treated as forcefully as it
is in the Gethsemane scene
Steve Wright either.



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Bowie has some influences that are totally non-pop such as Edith Piaf, Anthony Newley, Lindsay Kemp and Jacques Brel. But then again there are the usual ones: Elvis, Bob Dylan, Stones, Jimi Hendrix, Lou Reed, Iggy Pop, the sixties period (as evidenced on *Pump Up*) and of course, the spectrum of music is even wider than the ones mentioned here.

his first record You've Got a Habit of Leaving Me for the colossal sum of 12 quid. But the group had more success scrumming left-over clothes out of the rubbish bins in Carnaby Street than with hit records. In 1967 David changed his surname to Bowie and went less conspicuously with Davy Jones of the Monkees, and formed another group, David Bowie and the Buzz. At 18 he dropped the electric sound and went acoustic and went back to Buddhism. The next year Bowie released his first LP, called The World of David Bowie which successively went nowhere and encouraged him to opt from the music scene completely to devote his time to the Tibetan Society and help get a Scottish Monastery underway. At 21 he



INITIATION

Todd Rundgren — Bearsville

Could this be paranoia? Am I imagining things? Or is the sixties revival already well underway, are we really going to have to go through all that love, peace and dope crap again, or will it all be so much better this time round?

All the stalwarts of the mid-sixties psychedelic rock scene are re-emerging at present, often in their original forms, and carrying albums with acid covers and ahem 'spiritual' lyrics.

First there was the Electric Flag reforming, then Spirit made a comeback. The reformed Turtles, under the maniac guidance of Flo and Eddie, have reformed and are betting out Happy Together to thousands of crazy stoned freaks. So much the better ... even that leader bunch of elephantic sensibilities, Iron Butterfly have put a new album out.

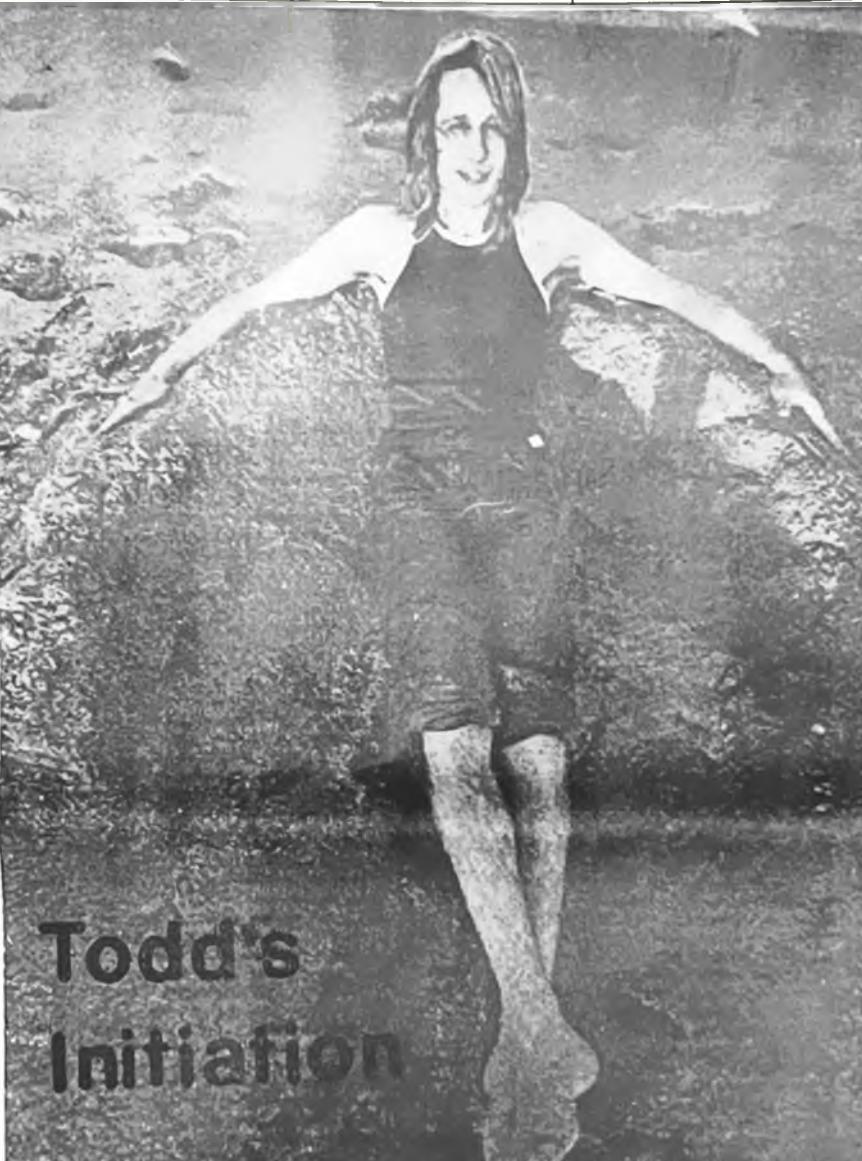
And while we're on subject of Iron Butterfly, remember the 'underground' 'heavy music', 'relevant' lyrics, and albums like *In a Gadda da Vida*, with a side of reasonably tight tracks with the lyrics displaying spiritual sensibilities, while side two, 'the other side' usually featured a long rambling piece like *In a Gadda da Vida* which the group could, and usually did unfortunately perform as the 'highlight' of their live shows?

I can't see Todd performing his *Treatise on Cosmic Fire* as a concert highlight but the general mood of *Initiation* is right back into the sixties mold. Geezus, even the cover features Leonardo Da Vinci's 'cosmic man' drawn over a colourful geometric acid inspired design. Todd is no newcomer to the psychedelia scene however. Fronting Nazr in 1967 he put down some of the most definitive music of that era. Sadly its quality has never been realised. In 1967 Todd had not smoked dope or dropped acid. Now it's 1975 and both these 'drugs' have been experimented with by Mr Rundgren and he has received the usual enlightenment. I dunno if he saw god, but that's the kind of crap mindgames Rundgren's playing now. By now, most of those who experimented with acid in those fabulous sixties know it was all a colossal joke. Anyone who 'saw god' and claimed mystical revelations realised sooner or later they were probably just talking to the cat and listening to the radio anyway.

Todd plays a clever game though and while he may have preached the message while sitting cross-legged in his kiltan in Creem, telling us all the wonders of LSD his tongue was probably firmly in his cheek.

Eastern Intrigue is a put down of all organised religions 'Sell your wife and pawn your heater! Buy the new Bhagavad Gita.' Yet Todd had better watch that tongue of his, it's liable to slip down his throat and he'll die of self-suffocation. For in the very next track *Initiation*, Todd informs us 'When the golden ray/Of the dawn signifies a new day/Initiation/And when love grows strong/And the spheres join together in song/Unification.' Tell me it's not true Todd! You can't believe that!

Todd's image has always been obscure and enigmatic. One day he'd be seen going to a Pink Floyd concert with flaming orange, silver and green hair, next he's in goofy-kid-next-door look in T shirts, jeans and sneakers.



Todd's Initiation

His lyrics too, have always probed the extremes of human posturing. In *Heavy Metal Kishe* he takes the punk stance of a group like New York Dolls to its logical extreme. 'I know this world would be so peaceful and calm/If I would just get my hands on a hydrogen bomb.'

Then in *Sons of 1984* he became the 'people's' advocate, preaching 'Worlds of tomorrow/life without sorrow/Take it because it's yours/Sons of 1984'. He even had the audiences singing this and on the album Todd used the audience response of both a New York concert and a San Francisco concert in a kind of duet between 10,000 people.

So just what do we make of Rundgren's present stance? He seems obsessed with the vision of a new, more aware Woodstock/Altamont nation, expanding their consciousness. A lot of what he says is palatable. 'I'm only in the position that I am now because I've taken control of myself as a person, not because I'm just me and I happened to fall into this lucky break. Any everyone who's in this position has done that to a certain extent, but some of them do it in blindness. And they wake up later and think "How the fuck did I get here?" But when he turns to the telephone like 'Be a real man/Don't

take no crap from no-one/be a real man/Get your trip together/Be a real man' his stance is as ridiculous as the worst of the Woodstock nation. Remember Graham Nash? 'A man's a man who looks a man/right between the eyes.' Oh yeah?

Musically Todd emerges victorious once again, on side one of this album at least. His melody experimentation is continued in *Born to Synthesize* where Todd's multilayered voice tracks are synthesized to give an instrumental feel to what is basically an acapella track. This seques into *The Death of Rock and Roll*, an all out Rundgren rocker where Todd blames the death of rock 'n' roll on us for selling out! Critics are panned for starting up a game where, 'You get your records for nothing and you call each other names/Things got out of hand', says Todd. 'Now we're all toonin' up for the Rock and Roll War.' At the death of rock and roll, Todd reckons 'Nobody paid, nobody stayed, nobody played/Just my lonely guitar.'

Side two sounds like Todd stumbled upon a tape of all his previous instrumentals bundled together and decided to segue them together with electronic wizardry and put it out as a *Treatise on Cosmic Fire*. Whether the music has any merit is best left

up to the individual, whatever state his mind is in, but with a title like that it's dangerous to take any of it seriously.

Roger Russ

Machine Heads Custom Built

Nazareth's *HAIR OF THE DOG* VERTIGO and Golden Earring's *SWITCH POLYDOR*

Metal machine music, like all other kinds of popular music, is all pinnacle and plains. (Let's not trouble ourselves with the pits this time). A few peaks of genius standing on a foundation of solid rock. It's been said that the rain in Spain falls mainly on the plain but I can help feeling that most of the time it's just tears of boredom trickling down the face of the weary consumer, foiled by yet another minor talent with a good

line in one-off chart smashers. Like Nazareth and Golden Earring who've had me fooled before with stunning singles like 'This Flight Tonight' and 'Radar Love.' Both groups are wholly representative of the common garden heavy metals (of which there are a huge number) producing albums of variable material fleshed out with one or two tracks which keep you coming back for more. Very few of these groups ever have the courage to opt for the sheer simplicity of Kiss and very few of them have the technical ability to equal the artrockers (after all, people like Genesis, Supertramp et al. can be just as heavy as Uriah Heep when they want to be.) So most of the time you have an uneasy combination of the two. Rill music going down in a tide of electronic mayhem with a few chord changes just so the people know that Our Gang knows how to use the guitars in their hands. But really, one can't expect much more in a genre of music where the ultimate statements have already been made. Who can possibly top Iggy's *RAW POWER* and who is there who can cope with competition like Led Zeppelin, forever and always the best of the heavy groups? You're right, there is NO ONE, well, at least no one that we know of at the present time. But of course, Iggy is a little 'tardy' with product. Led Zeppelin release an album once every eighteen months (though I'm sure we'd wait for ever if they came up with a *PHYSICAL GRAFFITI* every time.) So if we can't get the best we'll settle for the rest. Which is why Groups like Nazareth and Golden Earring have a very distinct role to play. And I suppose they play it very well. Just think of the look-alike sounds people will buy in other musical zones when they can't get their laces. You have nightmares like America pastiching Neil Young, synthetic fab raves like Cockney Rebel filling the Bowie-Ferry gap. UGH! I'm growing to like Nazareth and Earring more every time I think like that.

And it's not hard because these two albums are actually rather palatable. Each features a bona fide track which leaves you weak at the knees and most of the remaining stuff is listenable (except when that afore-mentioned 'uneasy combination' rears its head as in Nazareth's 'Please Don't Judas Me' or Earring's 'The Lonesome D.J.') *HAIR OF THE DOG*'S brain teaser is an out-and-out heavy rifler '*CHANGING TIMES*' a very cheap trick but I am such a sucker for this routine, especially when I try to imagine the tredding hordes, bashing their little neurons out against the stage. It opens in a 'Black Dog' vein before warping away into boogie overkill, like a very meaty Status Quo. Golden Earring pull the same trick. Along slow buildup into eventual annihilation called '*Kill Me (Ce Soir)*' which is a rock 'n' roll suicide fantasy sung in a pigeon European language throwing together bits and pieces of French and English and rock vocalese. An orchestra rides in at the end to lend a bit of credibility but don't let that put you off.

And the rest of the albums meander along through the various clichés which seem to dog the metal men. Numbers like the Naz's 'Miss Misery' and Earring's 'Troubles' and 'Hawkins' pass the time at a party. And as I said, if you're sucker for those clichés (riffs, fast solo breaks, roaring and largely unintelligible lyrics

which still seem to fit the music so well) you'll enjoy these albums. I enjoyed them as a diversion, from the serious business of being absorbed by the real vampires of solid lead waxing — the one and only Blue Oyster Cult. Have I mentioned them already? If I haven't I'd just like to say that they release albums quite regularly which are lyrically unintelligible (but oh so meaningful) and musically complex enough to qualify for the epithet 'sophisticated' while at the same time churning out a nightmarish and thoroughly destructive hurricane of sound which will eat you to pieces. Nazareth and the Barracuda are the kid's stuff. One day you've gotta grow up...

Blanks

THE MIRROR

Spooky Tooth Goodgear
Spooky Tooth emerged in the late 60's along with Traffic and other assorted British "heavies". Unlike Traffic, however, Spooky Tooth has been unable to make the transition from its origins into the 70's. The band remains firmly entrenched in the blues-rock format that took it to fame.

Through Gary Wright, leader, composer, keyboard-player and part-time vocalist, Tooth has moved through various fases and innumerable personnel changes but always within the confines of the band's roots. It is a tribute to Wright's strength that this group retains both name and style yet the responsibility of Tooth's current dilemma must also rest with him. Another detraction from this line up is the absence of Mike Harrison, vocalist and longest surviving member, with Wright. Mike Patto (from the band using his surname) has taken Morrison's place and, sadly, lacks the character, the feeling and the insight of his predecessor. *Mirror* suffers for lack of these three things.

On a more positive side, Wright still manages to capture much of the old beauty with his dexterous pen. *Fantasy Satisfyer* and *Hell on High Water* especially display his knowledge and expertise within his chosen musical environment. The new lineup is in no way inferior to the old (with the exception of Patto) the rhythm section for instance, is a well-polished working relationship, and one which could do even better things.

Musically, there is nothing wrong with *The Mirror*. It falls only in its failure the shrug the stigma of the 60's. For people who remember those wild and wonderful days with pleasure, there will always be a place for Spooky Tooth and the like, but we must be honest. Are there really that many of us left?

Neville

Comic Consciousness

VENUS AND MARS - Wings • Capitol

Paul McCartney has finally made the album we all knew he was capable of. *Venus and Mars* puts all of his other solo albums in perspective. The important thing is that this is not Beatle-music (sic) neither is it an album by an ex-Beatle.

Paul was apparently so pleased with *Venus and Mars* he was prepared to put it out as a Wings album and not Paul McCartney and Wings as he has done in the past.

McCartney has been developing his own style of writing since

the break-up of the Beatles and with the New Orleans session musicians he has finally found the right musical backdrop for his compositions. Instead of the light, often sickly sweet, backing which so often turned his past albums into candyfloss, there is now a stronger, though still not ultra-heavy, sound which complements the songs rather than overpowering them. His lyrics, too, have improved. It is by now a well-known fact that Paul is a comic freak and this influence can be detected on *Red Rose Speedway* and *Band on the Run*. But in *Venus and Mars* the influence has been assimilated. While it can be seen most clearly in characters like Magneto and Titanium Man, "The Crimson Dynamo/Come along for the ride" Paul has always written his songs about characters like Rocky Raccoon whereas John Lennon by way of contrast usually writes his songs in the first person, baring his skinny soul. But the comic influence in Paul's work now comes out in lines like: "In my green metal suit I'm preparing to shoot up the city", which Stan (the man) Lee, Marvelman supreme would be proud of. Instead of confining himself to fantasy figures who mean nothing to any-



body Paul has made his characters real, using them to comment on current realities.

"The lights go down - they're back in town OK/Behind the stacks you glimpse an axe/The tension mounts, you score an ounce Ole/Temperatures rise as you see/the whites of their eyes."

Rock Show which is where the above lyrics originate, is a great song, in the tradition of Chuck Berry's R.O.C.K.'n' Roll Music. "If there'd a ROCK SHOW at the Concertgebouw/They've got long hair/at the Madison Square Garden/You've got rock and roll/At the Hollywood Bowl/We'll be there.....Oh yeah!"

Rock Show manages to give a simultaneous view of both the performing and the spectators, or fan's eye view, aspects of rock 'n' roll within a tight pop-rock format.

With McCartney's talent for developing characters within a song even such pretentious names as *The Man* become believable, even if only because they are in the song. The man is one of those god-like characters who know. What he knows is superficial, it's the simple fact that he does know which earns him this respect. And *The Man in Listen To What The Man Said?* Well he said....."Oh yes indeed we know/That people will find a way to go....." Pretty profoundly innocuous stuff indeed!

Drugs, drugs oh lawdy it's dem drugs agin. It must be pretty obvious to any intelligent individual by now that Paul and Linda do indeed smoke dope. Their attitude towards getting busted is strange to say the least. First Paul gets caught with some incredibly well-grown plants and claims a fan sent him the seeds and he grew them out of horticultural interest, "to see what they were", "Paul is a keen gardener" - Linda. Next Linda gets busted in possession of couple of joints and asks that the charges be dropped if she writes an essay on the quote, "evils of drugs" unquote. And now there is *Medicine Jar* which contradicts the favourable reference to "scoring an ounce" in *Rock Show*. I say, I know how you feel/now your friends are dead/Dead on your feet, you won't get far/If you keep

on sticking your hand/in the medicine jar."

But if nothing else, Paul has taught us not to look for clues and personal statements in his lyrics. He delights in creating songs purely for their own sake. There is no deeper meaning to Magneto and Titanium man but the trap is there, could Magneto be Nixon or Agnew or Lennon? The answer is irrelevant and not worth consideration. Similarly in *Spirits of Ancient Egypt*, with its backbeat and vocal phrasing, borrowed from Lennon. *Spirits of Ancient Egypt/Echoes of sunken Spain/Hung on the phone/u-hung on the phone/... again...* McCartney's tongue is stuck so far into his cheek here he can't stop his mouth from smirking.

Similarly the title *Venus and Mars* does not refer to Paul and Linda, it's another trap possibly for McCartney himself this time. But he refuses to fall into taking the stars seriously and instead stands waiting for S. tarzan 21ZNA9 in the hall of the great cathedral.

Venus and Mars are alright tonight, how are you?

Roger Roxx

NUTHIN' FANCY

Lynyrd Skynyrd MCA

This, the third album from Al Kooper's pride and joy marks little or no deviation from the tried and true formula of both its predecessors. Third time around, Skynyrd's aggressive assault becomes a little too predictable. It's definitely time for a change. *Saturday Night Special* as you know is excellent, the highlight of the album; ripping through a chain of rhythm



guitar sequences that fairly has the foot stompin', the fingers snappin'. An invisible guitar sitting at hip level and it's all systems go. After this song though the foot is still, the fingers suspended, the eyelids closing in quiet boredom. *Cheatin' Woman* is too lazy, too dreamy, drifting haphazardly in a fashion which prevents any structure or formation coming about, consequently there is no excitement, no climax, no nuthin'. Only Koopers keyboard control prevents the spill of tears at this drastic waste of talent.

Railroad Song speeds the tempo up and almost brings you awake. But not quite.

It is not until I'm a Country Boy has concluded side one that you do spring into action and that's a major effort thwart with uncertainty as you upend *Nuthin' Fancy* and prepare for side two; Instantly awake! *On the Hunt* is a gem of wondrous dimensions. Slow, but powerful, with those guitars bleating in perfect unison. Ronnie Van Zant voices a sensuous complaint and once more Lynyrd Skynyrd hold an audience captive. Ed King steps in on the closing stages of *Am I Losing* for a neat imitation of Jorma Kaukonen. This is a quiet song interesting, for it presents a mellow side of a band known for its brutal tendencies.

Accoustic dexterity is next up on *Made In The Shade*, a song completely misplaced, unworthy and self-indulgent. Finally it's high-blown, rip-

roaring rock 'n' roll in the best tradition, closing off an album; inconsistent in its entirety, incomplete in its satisfaction.

But no matter, with Al guiding them, these boys will no doubt come to fore again. They still have it in them, it's just been lost for a short while.

Neville

Ox Flash

MAD DOG

John Entwistle's OX - Decca
FLASH FEARLESS versus...
Various - Chrysalis

These two albums are grouped together because they have many players in common, most notable is John Entwistle (bass, various synthesizers), Graham Deakin (percussion), Howie Casey (saxes); Eddie Johnson (violins & keyboards); and producer on both, John Acock. Robert Johnson, who provides most of the lead guitar on *FLASH* has subsequently joined OX so we could almost call *FLASH* another OX album.

The albums are also grouped together because both are backward-looking. *FLASH* is a take-off on *Flash Gordon*, our space opera hero of old, while *MAD DOG* is predominantly Rock 'N' Roll.

FLASH is related to a radio show of the same name, wherein Flash Fearless and his trusty crew battle with evil, Zorg women and space pirates etc. The songs are intended to add a 'modern' dimension. The album is absolute rubbish of the worst kind. Not only are the songs either drab or outright atrocious, but they're also in the wrong order. Only Elkie Brooks and Thunderhighs manage to add any life to this five minute wonder (the opening track, *Trapped*).

The idea behind the concept has had not more than five minutes thought. The songs have had not more than five minutes thought each. The story (ho, ho,) has had less and I'd hazard that most tracks were put down on the first take. Alice Cooper chatters his gravelly way through two un-tuneful and drab songs. Jim Dandy's are abominable songs, abominably sung, suffering also from inane, irritating repetition. James Dewar is also drab. Entwistle's track is more Rock 'N' Roll. Frankie Miller is the wrong vocalist for another dull song. Eddie Johnson adds 1:22 minutes of synthesized fade-out, and that's it. The music is as shallow and worthless as the story, and vice versa.

MAD DOG, although certainly much better musically, is almost as inconsequential. Side one is all Rock 'N' Roll, adequate (I suppose) and competent. *Mad Dog*, on side two, is girly vocals and all that goes nowhere, and speaking of going nowhere, so does the pseudo-soul second track. The other two on the side are more R. N. R. Barely a spark of life, my friends. Where is the driving, often exceptional Entwistle of *SMASH YOUR HEAD AGAINST THE WALL?????* Lost to the '50s, I'm afraid, so stick with the WHO or the aforementioned *SMASH YOUR HEAD*.

Brian Turgood

Bad Byrd

ROGER McGUINN AND BAND CBS

Roger McGuinn still hasn't convinced me that he can rock 'n' roll, something that a man who supposedly invented folk-rock shouldn't have to do. This is the guy who, along with

his 12 string Rickenbacker formed the Byrds and turned use back onto rock 'n' roll with his version of *Mr Tambourine Man* isn't it?

When the original Byrds reformed for the disastrous Byrds album on Asylum in 1973, McGuinn contributed a little number ... *Born to Rock 'N' Roll* he claimed, and as he and the band plodded through the maudlin lyrics with lead cowboy boots I wondered at the demise of a group that had always been synonymous with rock 'n' roll. McGuinn acquitted himself with his solo album later that year and I decided the Byrds rock 'n' roll disaster was probably due to David Crosby's heavy handed production. True McGuinn did very few outright rockers on his album but I was entranced with the album and figured he hadn't lost his songwriting abilities at all. *Born to Rock 'N' Roll* must be a throwaway, he was just saving all his good tunes for his solo albums.

Well either Rogers hit a dry spot lately or he's just not critical enough in choosing his material cos he's resurrected *Born to Rock 'N' Roll* on this new album. He has tried to make the song rock but he can't. It meanders along then McGuinn breaks into some horribly cliché, and empty in this context, wop du bop rock 'n' roll.

Of the 10 tunes on this album only four tunes are written by McGuinn. None of them are great songs either. *Lover of the Bayou* would be alright if Roger didn't sound so detached from his material. *Gone* is his expressive singing and warm harmonies.

The cover shows Roger before a mixing/recording console with the band only faces on monitor screen and it would appear he has become obsessed with studio effects while neglecting things like musicianship, vocal strength and choice of material.

Knockin' on Heaven's Door is a song any journeyman hack songwriter could have done. Only because it was done by Dylan it became a classic. When he sang "Come take this badge off of me/I don't need it anymore", it seemed to have a personal meaning, a comment on Dylan's role in the rock scene at the time. When McGuinn does it here, the "man who Dylan once named as the man who did Dylan songs better", exposes the song for what it is, a simple piece of sentimental shit for a movie that just barely held together. Trying to sing this song as if he feels it, McGuinn sounds rather lost and uncomprehending.

The songs contributed by the band are a mixed bag. *Bulldog* is a simple unpretentious piece of chunky rock 'n' roll. It's not very original but certainly sounds as if they had more fun than on some of the other tracks.

Circle Song for instance. After Gene Clark's *Full Circle*, which failed miserably I haven't heard one Circle song which works. Even Bachmann Turner Overdrive have one. Nuff said.

Painted Lady is an innocuous enuff thing. Pretty at times but still not great stuff. And that goes for the majority of stuff on this album. The band are a good one but lack of strong material and reliance on flashy production rather than good strong honest singing and playing has stopped them from making a great album.

I'm still going to see them when they arrive and I don't dislike this album. It's just that McGuinn has shown us he is capable of better than this.

Roger Roxx



Hollywood Cowboys

ONE OF THESE NIGHTS

Eagles Asylum

One of these days... I'm going to cut you into little pieces. One of these nights... I'm going to wring your scrawny little neck. Too bad.

Seemingly folks, just how long can we go on takin' the Eagles seriously. I've always regarded them as about as serious and real as Bonanza and Laramie but now the Eagles are moving in on more sacred territories...

The Sorcerer, for example. A long rambling banjo/synthesiser-dominated instrumental, it conjures up visions of the Good, the Bad and Don Juan stumbling across the desert in search of peyote. There's stuff on this album that's stronger than anything the Eagles have ever done before. Tracks like One of These Nights and Lyin' Eyes are great and the rest of the album is almost as good. But 6 minutes and 39 seconds of The Sorcerer is 6 minutes too much, particularly when it's at the end of side one. Doesn't make you feel like turning it over much.

Roger Roxx

Even when you've been enjoying listening to Too Many Hands and the superlative Hollywood Waltz.

When you do turn the disc over there's Lyin' Eyes, Take It to the Limit, Visions and After the Thrill is Gone to enjoy. Then they blow it all over again. I Wish You Peace is the last track on the album and it leaves an icky sweet taste in your mouth, and nose and ears. Like drawing in candyfloss. Not nice.

It's a pity that two tracks should ruin the potential impact of so much good music together on one album. That steer's skull on the front doesn't fool me. It's the soft focus picture of these boys on the back that exposes their true nature. These boys are soft rockers in the excellent tradition of the Hollies, the Raspberries and America. The sooner they stop trying to write soundtrack moosie for nonexistent Sam Peckinpah movies and concentrate on hit singles the better.

Roger Roxx

case, surprising and constantly delighting you with the freshness and alienness of each track.

BURSTING AT THE SEAMS % (Feb '73 - Aug NZ) and **CHOICE** (Aug '74 - NZ) show the unparalleled development of the STRAWBS. CHOICE % PROVIDES an historical overview of their styles, from the blue/grass and folk beginnings, through the folk/rock period (that insufficient phrase, but they were leaders in the field), on to their now distinct mixture of styles and approaches. BURSTING captures the band at the peak of their 'pop' phase.

HERO AND HEROINE (Mar '74 - July NZ) provides (for me) one of the most well-constructed and powerful opening statements in rock. John Hawken's *Iliad*'s Theme. A very important feature with STRAWBS music is the continuity, from track to track, album to album. They are dynamic and hard-working group, taking the raw compositions (no matter whether from Dave Cousins or from one of the many other fine musicians who have played in the group - Rick Wakeman, Tony Hooper, Blue Weaver, Richard Hudson and John Ford...) and adding, shaping, extending, crafting each song until it feels just right. Thus, each musician adds his special talents, but always within their rich tapestry of sound. Listen to **HERO AND HEROINE** for acoustic music at its finest (*Deep Summer's Sleep*; Cousins, the balladeer and poet (*The Winter Long*); song-writing at its refined best (*Sad Young Man, Shine On Silver Sun* etc); and a group of great power and grandeur (*Hero and Heroine, Out in the Cold, Round and Round, Lay a Little On Me*). Their might is returned on the new album:

GIANTS

The STRAWBS - A & M When a member of the

Two Virgins

RUBYCON
TANGERINE DREAM - Virgin

With Rubycon, TANGERINE DREAM continue their captivating and successful campaign to bring a new, peaceful, and yet lively, type of music into the Rock field. The sounds float along, entrancing the listener - a theme here, a surging, vital piece there - providing a restful but mentally stimulating listening experience.

"How so?" perhaps you wonder. I suggest the following: Most music is aimed at you - it wants to tell you something. Thus, most of the time, a musician is communicating to you. When you hear more than just a song; when you feel a special empathy for either the melody, the lyrics, even a special instrument or voice, that is great music. And when you feel something special from and for the whole sound (the whole album even), that is truly outstanding and moving music.

There are many albums, of course, that are outstanding in their particular style and intentions: great soul albums, great dancing/blues/rock/medleys/folk/(etc) albums. But the 'special' albums move out of their category - they become meaningful to you as whole person, an organic being, not just as a listener/dancer/particular-type-of-music freak.

RUBYCON, then, is not aimed at you. As with many 'special' albums, the musicians have created and presented the music in such a way that integrity and sincerity are unquestionable - there is no posturing, simulation or 'design' to the music or its effects. In a way, then, it is pure. You will or won't respond to it depending on your mood, attitudes, desires or likes. As music, it is suggestive,

poetic in the way it touches (strokes) your imagination and feelings, stimulating mentally, but in an unusual way, which is why I said it's also restful - it stirs those gentle, fantasy-oriented parts of your whole being.

Brian Thurgood

ROCK BOTTOM

Robert Wyatt - Virgin

This album has been hailed as a landmark of the 'avant garde'. It is undoubtedly an innovative, uncompromising set. Sea Song, an eccentric and beautiful love song opens, with a very wistful feel, especially from the keyboards and synthesizers. A Last Straw, gentle and gliding, highlights Wyatt's distinct vocal style. There's a definite 'underwater' feeling to this track. Hugli Hopper stands out on this track, as he does also on the first two tracks of side two.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD HIT THE ROAD and **ALLIFE** are strange. That's the only word for them. Allife is more approachable and then a Tubercular Gong sound (yes, Oldfield's on the album too, and he's good), but with Wyatt's surprising voice, leads into **LITTLE RED ROBIN HOOD HIT THE ROAD**. The album closes with an odd Scottish-West-Indian-accented gentleman reciting over Ivor Cutler's *certina*, plus other instrument's squeaks and things.

No, I'll say no more. Listen for yourself.

Brian Thurgood

GREENSLADE: SPYGLASS GUEST (Vertigo)

This is Greenslade's third album, and although not a gigantic step forward, it defines their direction positively. They are a logical extension and successor to that breed of band in the sixties which concerned itself with playing good music and advancing their musical expertise. The members are all of that tradition where solid playing counts most,

having served with such bands as Colosseum, Alan Brown and King Crimson, among others. The band's two keyboard players explore every facet of their instruments, employing all the funge and tones available from the numerous keyboards at hand. And the two Daves (Lawson on vocals) are ably supported by an excellent rhythm section. Tony Reeves on bass (since departed, replaced by Martin Briley) and the up-front precision drumming of Andrew McCullough.

This time around they have added the talents of Dave Greenslade's ex-Colosseum buddy Dave Clempson on guitar, featuring on two tracks. The music itself hasn't changed dramatically, but is nevertheless engrossing and entertaining. *Spirit of the Dance* is a typical Greenslade. Infectious, seemingly complex, yet basically very simple. *Little Red Fry-Up* is a Dave Lawson number, once again showing his increasingly twisted/demented humour. It's the slightly odd tale of a persecuted chicken ('he may be Colonel Sanders to you, but to me he's Adolf Eichmann') who eventually loses his head. Clempson's guitar injects a healthy dose of funk here. *Rainbow* is a tribute to the elements, with Lawson once more taking the lion's share. It includes genuine rain and thunderclap courtesy of Jeremy Ensor. Pretty neat. Side one ends with *Tony Reeves composition, Stom Seesaw*, which has a suitably swaying beat. Dave Greenslade returns and Clempson leaves his mar with another fine solo. Andy Roberts also makes an appearance on acoustic guitars. Lovely.

Jole de Vivre is one of Dave Greenslade's best compositions. Clocking in at eight and a half minutes, it adds Graham Smith on violin to bring out (by painless extraction) the drama of ceremony be it church inspired or otherwise. Next up is another Lawson loony tune *Red Light* a song of love for a hooker. "Saw the red light in your window/Read your alias on the door."

Melancholic Race is another instrumental and it's a bit thin, without a particularly strong theme. It sounds like an exercise piece for the band to loosen up with during rehearsals, and Greenslade's Hammond appears to have a very slight case of Emersonitis.

The piece is only saved from total lack of identity by a synthesiser/piano solo which Lawson rips out at break-neck speed. The set rounds off with *Jack Bruce's Theme For an Imaginary Western*. Greenslade re-hashed this when he was still with Colosseum, and Bruce's version is definitive anyway, so I'll say no more.

Throughout, Dave Lawson's vocals are very good, he improves with each album, and the musicianship is first class. I hope Greenslade go onto great success. They deserve them.

One very minor quibble. Phonogram have released this album here (the band are still with Warner and his crazy Bros in England), and have graced it with one of their cheap-looking glazed covers. What's more, it isn't even a fold-out like it's supposed to be. Typical. Still, that's the way the metaltron mummies.

Eric Gerritsen

KOKOMO

KOKOMO (Kokomo (CBS)) Critics overseas are almost universally touting Kokomo to follow in the wake of the Average White Band's success in the States. There are obvious similarities between the two bands - basically, both are made up of white musicians playing what is generally regarded as a negroid artform, soul music - but these comparisons must end for Kokomo are definitely their own men/women. For starters, Kokomo aren't so smooth as AWB and this may just make them more acceptable to the NZ rock fan, and although Kokomo

lack a single vocalist as distinctive as the Average White Band's Hamish Stuart, they can still sing the pants off most groups. Keyboard-player Tony O'Malley takes the lions share of the lead vocals, but to tell you the truth I find his voice a little weak at times, but the other singers Frank Collins, Dyan Birch and Paddie McHugh - known to the rest of the group as "the girls" - are superb. The other members of Kokomo are: bassist Alan Spender; Neil Hubbard, guitar who along with Spender was member of the excellent but sadly defunct Greaseband; guitarist Jim Muller; Terry Stannard, drums; Jody Linscott, congas; and the ubiquitous Mel Collins on flute and saxes.

The only faults I can find with this album is that Chris Thomas' production occasionally jars with Kokomo's style which is scarcely surprising when you consider that his previous credentials include the likes of Procul Harem, Roxy Music and John Cale - not blue-eyed soul brothers, and the material from within the band is not as strong as it could have been. This is perfectly illustrated by the fact that Bobby Womack's *I Can Understand It And Angel*, Aretha Franklin's hit of a few years ago, are the albums most satisfying cuts. However, songs like *Forever* with lovely vocals from Dyan Birch, *It Ain't Cool (To Be Cool No More)* and *Feeling This Way*, which features some beautifully restrained guitar, indicate the quality of material to aim for.

All in all, an auspicious debut set, excellent cover art too!!!

Graham Donlon.

The Fool

LOOK AT THE FOOL
Tim Buckley — (Discreet Import)

This album marks the return of Tim Buckley in his more familiar role of horny young buck. No doubt about it, in this day of bisexual rock, the World's Most Elongated Lunyx plainly states which side of the fence he's on. This here record finds him in similar territory to *Greetings from L.A.* After the eclectic *Sesfronia* his last album, which featured songs by other people, this is also a return to material solely composed by Buckley, or Buckley and Larry Beckett, his poet friend of long standing. For the most part, it's South of the Border, with Tim drinking mucho tequila and making it with the local senoritas. *Bring It On Up* is funky stuff with Buckley spelling it out: "I'm talking about belly to belly, darlin'". On the subsequent song *Helpless*, the opening line "I don't know why you bring my sex alive". Oh yeah. *Freeway Blues* and *Tijuana Moon* are the album's two Buckley-Beckett collaborations, and they alone make it worth paying money for. The latter has a lovely chorus with back-up singers (all girls, of course) crooning "Ooooh, Tijuana Moon" in a most fetching manner. *Ain't It Peculiar* has red-blooded Buckley wailing and moaning in that (ahem) peculiar style which belongs to him alone. He sings in a most uninhibited way, using his voice to its fullest extent, almost as an instrument and it is this quality which rates him as one of my favourite vocalists. His lyrics are also an education in themselves.

Mexicali Voodoo is my pick of the bunch, standing out immediately from the rest by virtue of a highly infectious riff. Brass is used effectively, and our boy has this little line for us, something about "Painted lady in the elevator ... you done met your maker". And he don't mean You-Know-You, neither Wanda Lou seems to be Buckley's attempt at rewriting *Louie, Louie*.

He wrote *Starsailor*, but like Frank Zappa and Suzy Cream-cheese he could never actually have written *Louie, Louie* (one reason being that he was a bit too

young at the time).

Anyway this album is little short of brilliant. The band plays terrifically throughout, so like Tim, they get five stars. One extra star for Joe Falsia, who arranged and produced the set, and who plays raunchy hot'n nasty guitar all round. Music to con chicks into the back seat of your Nash by.

Now all we need is for WEA to import some copies of *Starsailor* and *Greetings from L.A.* (slim chance), and at least a few of us will be happy. Meanwhile anyone for a collection of songs by a man destined to become Self-Propelled Pole Vaulting Champion of the World?

Erik Gerritsen

Alices Nightmare

Welcome To My Nightmare — Alice Cooper (Anchor)

Any credibility that Alice Cooper once had has now gone forever. It's not that he's taken to playing golf with people like Bob Hope or appearing on American TV quiz shows, it's simply that he is no longer even vaguely amusing, let alone musically inspiring. It didn't really matter when we found that Alice was not a schizophrenic psychotic and was perfectly well disposed towards innocent young babies. A bad taste began to develop as each successive album showed little or no variation from the format originally laid out on such works as "Love It To Death", which is now something of a classic. It contained the first hit single, "I'm Eighteen", which begat "School's Out" and numerous others, and among other Detroit-rock things a believable, if hilarious version of Rolf Harris' "Sun Anse". When Alice gave way to his showbiz yearnings and toured with stage sets and as much theatrical props as PA equipment, the ensuing albums were relegated to the position of mere soundtracks, and "Welcome To My Nightmare" is no exception. What is now apparent is that the horror-show schtick is beginning to wear thin, and Alice has had to enlist the help of super-producer Bob Ezrin and his sidemen. This team, which includes Whitey Glan on drums, Steve Hunter and Dick Wagner on guitars and Prakash Joh on bass, were responsible for beefing up Lou Reed's live sound no end, and were also instrumental in the creation of Reed's dubious masterpiece, "Berlin". Similarly on "Nightmare" they all perform excellently but they still can't make up for the major drawback of the album. The concept that runs through, loosely based on the



supposedly universal fear of insects and creepy-crawlies, is uninteresting and displays a lack of originality. In an effort to remedy this Cooper appears to have dredged up some old ideas to fill another album out. "Cold Ethyl", like "I Love The Dead", is simply another boring paean to necrophilia. "Department Of Youth" sounded good on the radio but is still, nevertheless, another reworking of "School's Out". Taste has never been one of Alice's strong points, but he hits new lows with "Only Women Bleed". The last thing one wants to hear on an album like this is Cooper crooning lines like: "She spends her life through pleasing her man/She feeds him dinner or anything she can." On "Nightmare" you get it, with a wimpish strings-and-chorus backing to boot. The worst moments are on tracks like "Years Ago" and "The Awakening", where there is a minimum of music and a maximum of tiresomely creepy sound effects. On "Devil's Food" Vincent Price is heard saying a few words on behalf of the black

widow species. The best track is probably the last one, "Escape". As well as the fact that it is based on a mutated "Sweet Jane" riff, the lyrics appear to be somewhat autobiographical, indicating Cooper's dissatisfaction with his image. Even if Alice Cooper's American stage show is a success I doubt the fact that it is a soundtrack it still does not stand up as an elpee's worth of tunes.

Fire

THE OHIO PLAYERS:
Fire — Mercury

It seems somewhat ironic to me that it took the Average White Band to make me listen to soul music. It wasn't the colour of the guys playing it that caused my prejudice, just the music itself. Now, along comes this album and although I haven't heard any of their previous albums, the Players are once more beckoning my intense dislike forward.



If you haven't bought Split Enz' new single, please do so immediately. It would be nice to see *Maybe (White Cloud in the Top Ten)*, and it doesn't seem so unlikely, either. It's several times better than any other single they've released, including 129, and also it's ... wait for it ... commercial. I never thought I'd use that word in connection with Split Enz, but it does have a certain something, must be that scream of Phil Judd's towards the end which I thought at first was a guitar but found out otherwise when they performed it at the

Town Hall. If airplay is any indicator of popularity Betty Wright's *Where Is The Love* should have been released three times by now. Hopefully someone at Pye will take the hint, and the same also applies to EMI and Mark Williams' amazing version of *Love The One You're With*.

Has anyone noticed the similarity between the Sweet's *Fox On The Run* and the Yardbirds' *Shapes Of Things*?

Decca have dusted off another Stones outtake and released it. *I Don't Know Why* sounds as though it could have been re-

corded about 1969-70 and would have fitted in well on *Sticky Fingers*.

I think it's safe to assume that the soul/pop crossover is complete. One wonders whom the Bee Gees have been associating with after hearing their next single on Festival. The effect of *Jive Talkin'* is stunning. It's not up-front, self-consciously white r'n'b, moe like a slice of slick, super-cool funk. I can now look forward, I'm sure, to Lulu's version of Aretha Franklin's *Respect*, probably done better than the original.

With the line-up in this band, I actually expected music along the lines of AWB/Tower of Power. AWB, particularly as Scotsmen, never fail to amaze me with their proficiency in playing in an idiom that is a cultural alien to them. They don't emulate soul music, they play it as if they live it, (they practically do) but retain a proper perspective and a reverent attitude. It is as ethnic as if they were black themselves, full of guts and emotion.

The Ohio Players, on the other hand, along with a host of others, as people growing up in that music as opposed to with it, seem to be going sterile. Its immediate appeal, directness and joyousness are slipping for a lot of people. It is losing its soul. This, to a certain extent, is coupled with a burgeoning racial awareness/consciousness, a growing feeling of having to tell everybody who they are and where they stand. It is becoming synthetic and there's more than one band in America trying to beat people over the head with that attitude. Either that, or just go and bury everything under a lush profusion of violins. Yech!

Anyway, onto the album. *Smoking O.P.'s*? More like a wet rag. Some of this is pretty good dance music if you like sitting down.

The title track is repetitive, fairly good foot-tapping stuff, though also solid. It gets worse. *Together* is a slushy ballad (for want of a better word) and *Runnin' From the Devil* is a more up-tempo, dare I say, almost funky stuff with a worn-out brass arrangement, and a truly ridiculous piece of dialogue? in the middle. You've heard it all before, Rastus. I think the operative word is "flunk". Ending side one is a seven minute magnum opus entitled *I Want To Be Free* (just let yourself go, Bro), which moves at a pace closely resembling the proverbial elephant in lead overalls. *Magnum opus* isn't quite the right term, but one gets the impression that these cats tried so hard on this one.

Flipping the disc we encounter *Smoke (Smoke ... Fire ...)* are you picking up on this? Hey, I thought: I'd just turned it over, I'm sure this isn't side one again. Wouldn't you know it, it's not either. *It's All Over (I Wish It Was)* is another four minutes and fifteen seconds cleverly disguised as a "ballad" and then comes *What The Hell*, an instrumental mishmash with some vocals and the boys chanting "It's hell" over the top in castrato fashion. You have no idea, lellas. Rounding off this damp squib is a reprise of *Together* off side one. I think they're trying to tell us something.

I'm not making any excuses for all this self-optimised diarrhoea. I've just written because this album is every bit as bad as it sounds, it really is. And to think it shot up the US charts with the speed of a Ferrari in sixteenth gear (or whatever). I've always maintained those crazy Yanks will swallow almost anything. This proves it.

Stick with AWB 'cos dose boys got soul. Yassah!

Erik Gerritsen

THE ORCHESTRAL TUBULAR BELLS

Virgin

Composed by Mike Oldfield. Arranged and conducted by David Bedford with the ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA. With guitar by Mike Oldfield and produced by Oldfield and Bedford. In other words, Mike Oldfield, aided and abetted by Bedford is playing his *Tubular Konk* for all it's worth (and about now, that's not much). All power and bite from the original has been eroded away by Bedford's arrangements, making side one sound like oscillating crescendos and diminuendos, with absolutely nothing around which to put them. In fact, side two is complete *sustenuto*. Although that sounds pretentious, it is quite ac-

curate - and nothing could be as pretentious as this limp re-packaging.

Come to think of it, there've been quite a few limp albums around lately, most of which have sold bubbles: JOURNEY and the even limper KING ARTHUR from Wakeman; the soundtrack from TOMMY the dreaded AUTOBAHN; even PHYSICAL GRAFFITI (sorry Neville). Sets one to wondering who bys them? Whoever you are, here's another one.

brian Thurgood

DANCEHALL SWEETHEARTS
Horslips (RCA)

Bejabbers! It's Blarney Stone and the Shamrocks ... No, no quite. After producing one of the only albums I have encountered which truly fits the description "concept album" — The Train — without restoring to the overblown pretentiousness of some of the other more publicised 'epics', Horslips now present us with this charming record!

These five Irish lads have an innate way of adapting the music of their heritage and marrying it to today's rock rhythms. Nearly all the songs are traditional Irish tunes cleverly juxtaposed with Horslips originals, and it all sounds great. They also play a combination of modern and traditional instruments, the line-up being Barry Devlin: bass, vocals; Johnny Fearn: guitar, banjo, vocals; Jim Lockhart: keyboards, flute, tin whistle, vocals; Eamon Carr: drums, bodhran, percussion; Charles O'Connor: mandolin, fiddle, concertina, vocals.

Nighttown Boy is based on a jig and moves along nicely. The Blind Can't Lead the Blind is based on a slow air, and has female voices singing the original melody with the band playing against them, and it succeeds in every aspect.

Stars is blessed with an extremely catchy hook, and simple but effective chorus, with Johnny Gean adding some raunchy guitar, which he does throughout most of the album. The tracks you notice most are the two non-rock ones: We Bring the Summer With Us, with its keyboards unlimited, and the poignant The Best Years of My Life which closes the album.

These are just five of the ten songs on Dancehall Sweethearts and I don't think I'm neglecting my responsibilities by failing to comment on the others at length. Suffice to say that they're equally as diverse and enjoyable and that there is absolutely no reason why this band shouldn't be a top rock draw with the wealth of talent they so obviously possess. The self-derogatory sleeve note says "We under Reasonably Popular. Dancehall Sweethearts should change all that for the better."

Erik Gerritsen

The Way

THAT'S THE WAY OF THE WORLD Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)

For two years I've been waiting anxiously for Earth, Wind & Fire to surpass their peerless Head to the Sky album but neither Open Our Eyes nor That's The Way of the World, despite massive sales in the USA have artistically bettered that classic record. Nonetheless That's The Way of the World is a beautifully balanced set that is streets ahead of what most black (and white) groups are trying to put down. The credit for this must fall squarely on the shoulders of the brothers Maurice and Verdine White (who are the only members left from the original group) and Philip Bailey who between them take care of the rhythm duties, lead vocals and a large percentage of the composer credits. Maurice White's work on electric kalimba (African thumb-piano) also lends that distinctive touch to the Earth

Wind & Fire sound. Most of the featured instrumental work on the album falls to guitarists Johnny Graham and Al McKay (the latter previously with the Waits 103rd Street Rhythm Band) and Andrew Woolfolk on saxes and flute but it is Earth, Wind & Fire's percussive "group" sound that gives them such an advantage over their contemporaries. As with previous albums, the emphasis is not on egotistical displays of virtuosity but on overall texture, and subtle shifts in it. All the first side of the album, especially Shining Star and the title track, are obvious examples of sophistfunk although some may find the rap at the end of All About Love a little trying. As a matter of personal preference I find Earth, Wind & Fire most satisfying on the slower numbers but if you like soul music in general That's The Way of the World is well worth a listen.

Graham Donlon

The Original Soundtrack — 10cc (Mercury)

With their third album 10cc have come up with a minor masterpiece, and I don't know how they're going to top it. Their previous album, Sheet Music was a collection of musical farces and satires, a style that has become the norm with them. No matter how they approach a song, it always seems to end up sounding like aperitif piece, a parody of a particular genre. Those who are familiar with them know of 10cc's infinite reverence for the musical cliche, though they are fascinated with apparent musical banalities is hard to tell. Because of their total expertise and knowledge of the recording studio they are able to obtain the sound they want very accurately, and the result is often what makes 10cc unique. They aim for effect, and to this end the melody of lyrics are no more or less important than the

technical effects they have at their disposal in the studio. This preoccupation with the studio sound has resulted in an inherent sterility which can be detected in all their albums. Yet when one digs down through the musical layers to the lyrics, the humour and affection are always surprising. What makes The Original Soundtrack so accessible is the fact that all the tracks are more or less continuing serials in the same story. In what has to be the ultimate exercise in musical nostalgia, 10cc have written a scenario in music for a film which almost everyone has seen at one time or another, usually on late-night TV. The details are suitably vague, but one gathers from the opening track, Una Null A Paris, that it is the story of a young American in Paris who stays in a seedy lodging house and falls in love with a prostitute who, no doubt, has the proverbial heart of gold. Superb production evokes the atmos-

pHERE of Parisian sidewalk cafes brilliantly, and 10cc also manage to fit in their own version of movie music, the best example of which is "I'm Not In Love". Essentially a statement by the hero that he does not want to recognise his love for the girl, the song is made spine-chillingly beautiful with a wordless, ethereal chorus that swells and falls gently in the background. The crowning touch comes when the chorus fades away and the girl repeats gently, "Be quiet, big boys don't cry . . ."

"Blackmail, the track that follows is in complete contrast a hugely funny song dealing with someone who has photos of the hero in a compromising situation. The contrast in moods is uniform throughout, going from the innocent celebration of "Life Is A Minestrone" to an obvious send-up like The Film Of My Love, wherein vast choruses join in with lines like "We'll be on location forever . . .". If you think that's pure corn, don't buy the album, but if you're sitting around waiting for Casablanca or Brief Encounter to show up on TV, The Original Soundtrack is definitely for you.

Keep it in the Family

KEEP IT IN THE FAMILY
Leon Haywood (20th Century)

Leon Haywood is a singles man in that he has always expressed himself more concisely in three minutes or so than in the duration of an album. Leon Haywood has been around for a long time . . .

Then years ago a brilliant instrumental Hole In the Wall by The Packers was a Stateside smash hit, The Packers, it was thought, were Booker T. and the MG's recording under a pseudonym on a different label, a rumour that was given much credence as some of the MG's were mentioned in the composer credits. As it transpired, The Packers were not Booker T.'s group but anonymous musicians led by another keyboard player and vocalist, Leon Haywood. In the late sixties, Haywood re-emerged as a solo artist with hits first for Imperial and later, and more successfully, for U.S. Decca. The Decca hits (In the Mellow Moonlight and Got to Be Mellow to name two) were subsequently imported into Britain where they became firm "disco" favourites.

Keep It in the Family, the title track of Haywood's new album, is similar in format to his Decca hits and, perhaps not surprisingly, is the most successful cut on the album. Much of the other material is abominable — why the old warhorses A Hundred Pounds of Clay and You'll Never Walk Alone? There is also a dreadful stereotyped instrumental-piece named BMF Beautiful which probably stand for Black Music Forever Beautiful or something equally tedious and sounds like the soundtrack of one of those blaxploitation movies. When It Comes Down on You In The Middle of the Night in spite of the intriguing title, is trite cabaret-soul a la Sammy Davis Jr. The remaining tracks are at least acceptable and Sugar Lump I can imagine will probably end up as a Northern Soul scene disc jockey's save-rave/hit pick/golden olde in a year's time as it has the plodding beat that the northern England, that is) dancers go for, not to mention a catchy hookline.

"Keep It in the Family" suffers from trying to do too much — everything from neo-Motown to Las Vegas super-spot soul — but doing it badly! More discriminating choice of material and more numbers along the lines of the title track should make for a better album next time around.

Graham Donlon.



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One of the casualties of the 40% Sales Tax will surely be local jazz releases. Unless they can sell a packet of an album, no local company is going to chance their arm with a jazz LP that has limited appeal. This may result in either no jazz at all, or more hopefully, the importation in limited quantities of overseas pressings. This could result in a feast or famine situation, and right now there's a bunch of imports that would drive anyone well into overdraft if they were to buy the lot — and, alas, there are a lot worth the buying! In this batch are albums from Strata-East, Charles Tolliver's company ENJA, The European New Jazz Association, and Manfred Eicher's ECM catalogue. Let's start with some of the ECM's.

7 SONGS FOR QUARTET & ORCHESTRA

Gary Burton — Mike Gibbs

December 1973 seems to have been strings month at ECM, for we have this album, and also the excellent German bassist, Eberhard Weber, recording the same month with strings from Stuttgart. This Burton album is excellent, and it is interesting to compare Mike Gibbs' orchestrations here with the album he did 5 months earlier in New York, with Burton and a big band. This latter album, IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST came in as an import some four months ago, and is well worth searching out, if any copies are still around.

Your initial reaction on listening to the start of track 1, side 1 may well be muted, more bloody strings, but do persevere, gentle reader, as it develops into a fascinating Burton/Swallow duet, THROB, first recorded on an early atlantic LP in the late sixties by the Burton quintet, and composed by Mike Gibbs, gets an impressive orchestration by Gibbs, with Burton's quartet both cushioned, and supported by the string section. It is a good example of Gibbs' ability and both it, and the following track, By Way of Preface, make interesting comparison with the New York Polydor album mentioned above. By Way of Preface has a particularly good workout by Burton.

Phases has a fine cappella solo by guitarist Mike Goodnek, with the strings, and the rest of the quartet, out; none of the frantic stuff we were given when the Burton quartet came out here last year. The writing for the orchestra evokes memories of In the Public Interest, so I only hope Gibbs doesn't get into a rut with pet phrases as time goes by. On Rain the quartet has a good workout alone, picking the tempo up from the moody opening. Again, the orchestra comes in as appropriate, but the ending is a bit messy.

Anyone who has the Polydor album will not need any persuasion to buy this one — for disbelievers, you would do worse, try Three, the final track, if unconvinced.

THE JEWEL IN THE LOTUS

Benny Maupin

First let's get a couple of things straight. If you look at the personnel, you could expect Herbie Hancock's Headhunters in disguise, or even his Mwandishi WB group. You won't get either, this is Maupin's thing. Second, there's a bit of background or surface noise on the disc — nothing to get alarmed about, but so good is ECM's standard that this is the first time I've come across any drop in their norm. Third, yes Virginia, there is a waterfilled-garbagecan used by Bill Summers — you can hear it at the start of Song for Tracie Dixon Summers behind Maupin, and toward the end of the track, the sound of the fluid level being increased.

This is an album that grows on you — to start, it didn't seem very



eight of Dave Brubeck's Summer Song.

STRATA EAST The Piano Choir

Seven piano players in concert — the mind boggles at the thought if they have seven Steinways on stage at once. Even though the textures get pretty thick as in ESS, maybe there were 3 acoustic players at a time, the rest of the gang backed up with percussion, an organ, electric piano or just plain chanting. Still, there must have been a fair amount of piano stool swapping, and from the applause, the audience had a ball. Of the participants, only Stanley Cowell and Harold Mahern ring a bell; the other five must be relatively unknown to the scene. Two, Hugh Lawson, with his Jabouille's March, and Webster Lewis, with Nation Time, have written a couple of catchy, riffy items, another, Sonelius Smith, composed the sometimes dissonant Sanctum Santorum, and everyone has crack at a theme by Danny Nixon Man Extensions, that runs for 31:25 on side C. If nothing else, it must also take the cake for being the longest side on a jazz LP since side 1 of Miles Davis Miles Davis in Europe LP, which also went over 30 minutes. Man Extensions commences with some rollicking stride piano by Cowell, playing You Took Advantage of Me, some rather anonymous music from Lawson and Mahern, then an organ chorus or two from Lewis that took the crowd's fancy, a reminiscence effort from Smith, one in similar vein from Nat Jones, and finally, the composer or acoustic, then harpsichord, and after a false finish, piano again. Almoravids develops into a brooding, but driving piece, with more of a group feeling about it, and the double album set ends up with Cowell's Klosers. An apt title, and it could only come at the end of the concert — by the time the boys finished, the piano would be sadly in need of a tuning.

Definitely an album to be taken seriously, although with such a gaggle of pianists, recorded live, there is a number of rough moments, especially on the opening track. The music is stimulating, and my only other regret is that there are no liner notes. They would have been helpful, for I'd like to know more about the why and wherefores of this interesting joining of forces.

For those interested in multiple pianists, this is not the first 14 hand album, in 1965 RCA put together an album featuring another seven pianists — Duke Ellington, Earl Hines, Billy Taylor, Mary Lou Williams, Willie The Lion Smith, Charles Bell and George Wein. They played at two piano's, and amongst other delights, had a mass attack on Rosetta! Maybe it was that album that gave these boys the idea to have a workshop meeting as re-

cored here.

RAGTIME — HAVE WE MISSED THE BOAT?

Just as Ragtime was one of the precursors of New Orleans jazz, so too was ragtime spawned from the amalgam of music of the late nineteenth century in America: from the cakewalk and turkey trot, Sousa's marches, quadrilles and polkas, melded in with the American negro's finely honed sense of rhythm. In Scott Joplin there came the Numero Uno of ragtime, ahead of James Scott, ahead of Joseph Lamb, and well ahead of a host of followers, eager to write in the rage of the day. Ragtime's glory ran from the time of Joplin's first success, Maple Leaf Rag in 1899, through to around 1910. By then, sated with the music, the public looked for other novelties, and by 1920, with Joplin dead, and Lamb no longer actively writing, it was all but over.

The definitive book on the subject was published in 1950. They All Played by Rudi Blesh and Harriet Janis. Interest perked up. In 1959 Blesh and Janis found Joe Lamb still living in Brooklyn, and Folkways issued an LP of Lamb, then playing a number of his original and talking of his early days when Joplin and he had the same publisher, John Stark. Still no waves.

Then two things happened — in 1970 Joshua Rifkin, a classically trained pianist, recorded an LP of eight of Joplin's rags for Nonesuch, and The Sting was filmed. Eureka! Ragtime was back, and between 1971 and 1975 a whole slew of ragtime records came out — some good, some damn good, some plain terrible — but they were all ragtime, from Gunther Schuller's Red Backed Book to Max Morath's piano solos for Vanguard. In New Zealand, we have not had available the two most interesting LP's of ragtime: the first, released in Australia, is of pianola rolls transcribed to record of Joplin playing his own rags, including The Entertainer, and Pineapple Rag.

Such was the popularity of the first Rifkin album that he put together a second volume, and it is these two records that have, at long last, reached these shores. (There's also a third volume, recorded in September 1974, in much the same vein). The recordings are very good, Rifkin has a fine touch, and he reads the Rags well. But, and it's a big but, ragtime is not improvised music — Scott Joplin made a bundle from the sale of sheet music copies of Maple Leaf; copies to be set up on the parlour piano, and faithfully played "as is" by America. Certainly the rhythm is syncopated, but to take liberties — tut tut! Rifki hasn't taken rhythmic liberties, these are careful, even loving playings of the rags, and it is not inappropriate that on the sleeve of Volume 3 Joshua is seen decked out in stiff white shirt and bow tie. His renditions are impeccably played, but compared with the pianola transcriptions of the composer, his tempos for the most part are too slow, too thoughtful and a bit TOO genteel drawing room.

Maybe this was as Joplin would have liked to have his music rendered, he attempted to aspire to greater things than Rags, as his folk ballet Rag Time Dance, and opera Treemonisha, would indicate. They failed in their day, and a recent revival of Treemonisha merely proved that the public of 1911 was right — Joplin wrote damn good Rags, but not opera. Anyway, the pianola rolls of Joplin have a rhythmic vivacity, an emotional joyfulness that somehow seems to have been left out of Rifkin's readings. Maybe then, for the most part, Rifkin is bloodless, but the quality of Joplin's writing is there, and Rifkin draws much from it. Not to be missed.

W.T. Choy

ILLUSION SUITE Stanley Cowell

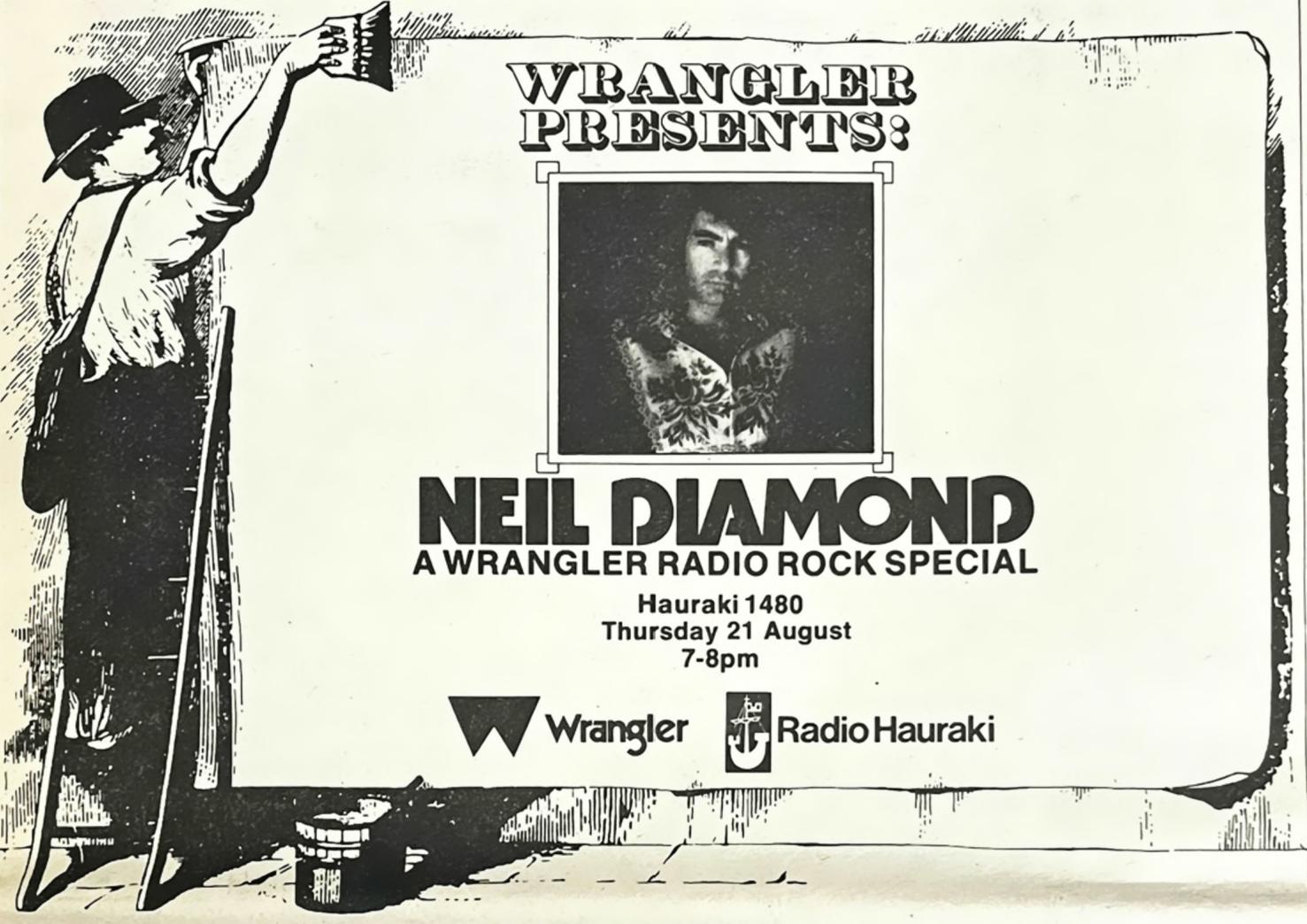
This is an album that shouldn't be passed over. Cowell is probably best known as the pianist in Music Inc., the quartet led by trumpeter Charles Tolliver. And I'll bet there aren't too many in Godzone who have heard of Music Inc., anyway! Hopefully you will have the chance to rectify this shortcoming through the availability, albeit in small quantities, of Tolliver's own label's Music Inc album, plus another on ENJA.

Returning to Illusion Suite, what is here is a piano led trio with Stanley Clarke on bass, and Jimmy Hopps, the Music Inc. drummer. Recorded November 1972, it gives us an opportunity to hear Stan Clarke on acoustic bass in company of near equal stature. The recording, although done in New York, is as good as any of ECM's European studio jobs, and enables all three members of the group to be heard extremely well. All the tracks were composed by Cowell, and appear to be titled after some person, the final one excepted.

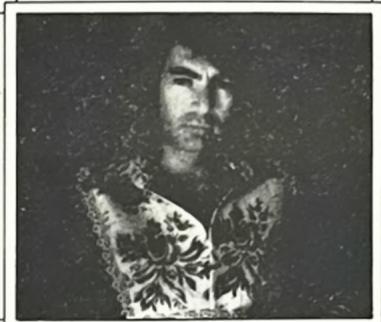
This is not a conventional piano trio of the likes of Eroll Garner or Oscar Peterson — although Cowell has a style similar to the approach of McCoy Tyner, the tightly integrated teamwork of the three makes for a unity that is worth carefully listening to. Miss Vicki has Cowell on electric as well as acoustic piano; on the opening track, Maimoun it sounds as if Clarke has overdubbed an arco solo over his plucked bass — little matter, it too is an excellent track, try it, my guess is you'll wind up buying the album.

WITCHI TAI TO Jan Garbarek

This is a thoroughly satisfying LP, as the two principals work over a heavily vampied, choral base associated with John Coltrane. Unlike the Red Lanta ECM, Garbarek here concentrates on tenor and soprano saxes, although his tone on soprano is



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1	1	3	CAPTAIN FANTASTIC & THE BROWN DIRT COWBOY	Elton John
2	—	1	VENUS AND MARS	Wings
3	3	8	AN EVENING WITH JOHN DENVER	John Denver
4	2	6	MARK WILLIAMS	Mark Williams
5	4	3	GARY GLITTER'S GREATEST HITS	Gary Glitter
6	7	13	DARK SIDE OF THE MOON	Pink Floyd
7	8	13	ELTON JOHN'S GREATEST HITS	Elton John
8	5	7	STAMPEDE	Doobie Brothers
9	6	6	FOUR WHEEL DRIVE	Bachman Turner Overdrive
10	9	10	THE MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF KING ARTHUR AND THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE	Rick Wakeman
11	11	8	AUTOBAHN	Kraftwerk
12	33	2	BLUEJAYS	Justin Hayward & John Lodge
13	10	13	HOT AUGUST NIGHT	Neil Diamond
14	22	9	TOMMY (Original Soundtrack)	Various
15	12	13	JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL	Neil Diamond
16	14	4	MORE AMERICAN GRAFFITI	Various Artists
17	17	8	ROCK 'N' ROLL	John Lennon
18	18	13	GREATEST HITS (First Impressions)	Olivia Newton-John
19	26	3	NEWCASTLE SONG	Bob Hudson
20	19	4	LOU REED LIVE	Lou Reed
21	15	13	BLOOD ON THE TRACKS	Bob Dylan
22	16	4	AMERICAN GRAFFITI	Various Artists
23	38	2	WEDDING ALBUM	Cheech and Chong
24	25	13	NOT FRAGILE	Bachman Turner Overdrive
25	13	10	YOUNG AMERICANS	David Bowie
26	21	13	SERENADE	Neil Diamond
27	30	13	BACK HOME AGAIN	John Denver
28	20	13	GOODBYE YELLOW BRICK ROAD	Elton John
29	24	12	I'LL PLAY FOR YOU	Seals and Crofts
30	28	12	HEARTS	America
31	27	12	FREE AND EASY	Helen Reddy
32	—	6	PLAYING POSUM	Carly Simon
33	—	6	BAND ON THE RUN	Paul McCartney
34	23	13	PHYSICAL GRAFFITI	Led Zeppelin
35	32	3	VISIONS OF THE EMERALD BEYOND	The Mahavishnu Orchestra
36	36	11	KATY LIED	Steely Dan
37	34	4	HAVE YOU NEVER BEEN MELLOW	Olivia Newton-John
38	—	9	CRIME OF THE CENTURY	Supertramp
39	—	5	CHICAGO VIII	Chicago
40	40	13	BEST OF BREAD	Lead

National TOP 20 singles

This Week	Last Week	No. Weeks	Record Title	Artist
1	1	10	YESTERDAY WAS JUST THE BEGINNING OF MY LIFE	Mark Williams
2	4	9	THE NEWCASTLE SONG	Bob Hudson
3	2	12	BEFORE THE NEXT TEARDROP FALLS	Freddy Bandler
4	3	11	LAST FAREWELL	Roger Whittaker
5	5	6	PALOMA BLANCA	George Baker Selection
6	10	12	ANOTHER SOMEBODY DONE SOMEBODY WRONG SONG	B.J. Thomas
7	17	6	NO NO SONG	Eating Starr
8	7	13	MY EYES ADORED YOU	Frankie Valli
9	20	10	FOX ON THE RUN	Stevie Wonder
10	6	13	CHEVY VAN	Sammy Johns
11	—	1	SWEARIN' TO GOD	Frankie Valli
12	11	9	STAND BY ME	John Lennon
13	12	6	HEY YOU	Bachman Turner Overdrive
14	18	3	SANDY	The Hollies
15	—	1	LISTEN TO WHAT THE MAN SAID	Wings
16	8	11	AUTOBAHN	Kraftwerk
17	9	5	THE BALLAD OF ROBBIE MULDOON	Gray Bartlett and Brendan Dugan
18	16	2	I DO I DO I DO I DO	Abba
19	14	8	PLAY ME LIKE YOU PLAY YOUR GUITAR	Duane Eddy
20	29	4	SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT	Eric Clapton

Radio Hauraki



TOP 20 playlist

TOP 20 SINGLES

- 1 LOVE WILL KEEP US TOGETHER — The Captain & Tennille — A&M

- 2 I'M NOT IN LOVE — 10cc — Mercury

- 3 YESTERDAY WAS THE BEGINNING OF MY LIFE — Mark Williams — EMI

- 4 LISTEN TO WHAT THE MAN SAID — Wings — Capitol

- 5 SOMEONE SAVED MY LIFE TONIGHT — Elton John — DJM

- 6 THE LAST FAREWELL — Roger Whittaker — Columbia

- 7 I'LL PLAY FOR YOU — Seals & Crofts — Warner Bros.

- 8 ONLY YESTERDAY — The Carpenters — A&M

- TAKE ME IN YOUR ARMS — Doobie Bros — Warner Bros.

- 10 SEND IN THE CLOWNS — Judy Collins — Elektra

- 11 FOX ON THE RUN — The Sweet — RCA

- 12 STAND BY ME — John Lennon — Apple

- 13 OLD DAYS — Chicago — CBS

- 14 ONE OF THESE NIGHTS — The Eagles — Asylum

- 15 HEY YOU — Bachman-Turner Overdrive — Mercury

- 16 THE HUSTLE — Van McCoy & The Soul City Symphony — Avco Embassy

- 17 PLAY ME LIKE YOU PLAY YOUR GUITAR — Duane Eddy — GTO

- 18 SHAME, SHAME, SHAME — Shirley & Company — Mercury

- 19 WALKING IN RHYTHM — Blackbyrds — Fantasy

- 20 MY EYES ADORED YOU — Frankie Valli — Private Stock

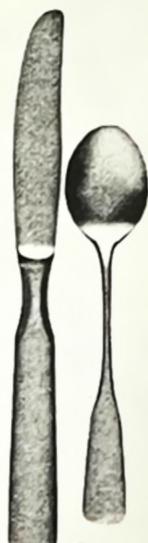
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FOUR TOPS PROLP 8083

THREE DOG NIGHT

PROLP 8084



LONDON

probe

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FILM FESTIVALS

If you live in Auckland or Wellington, you've just got through a Film Festival. How did you like it? Get to many of the films?

The trouble of course is that you've no way of knowing which of the films are going to be any good. If it's of any comfort to you, the organisers have exactly the same problem. They seldom get to see any of the films before they make up their programmes. If they do, they often have time only to see the first and last reels, which can be and this year often was quite misleading. Usually they have only overseas reviews to go on.

So it was that this year's films were a mixed bunch. There were a few from overseas Big Names that went in our reputation: Fellini's 'amarcord', Bunuel's 'Phantom of Liberty', Malle's 'Lacombe Lucien', Ivory's 'Bombay Talkie'. Unexpectedly, these all turned out to be only so-so.

Some of the entries from minor directors were a lot better: Delvaux's 'Belle', Rohmer's 'Love in the Afternoon', Mak's 'Love'. Many of the best of the lot, though, were films you might have expected nothing of: 'Take it like a Man, Madam', a funny and perceptive feminist film from Denmark (home of 'Bedside Dentist' and suchlike adolescent crap), 'The Cars that Ate Paris' and 'Between Wars' from, of all places, Australia, a thriller called 'It's Either You or Me' from West Germany, with a director I'd never heard of (Wolfgang Peterson), and a lusty Finnish saga called for no reason I can think of 'Earth is Our Sinful Song'.

No surprise that a lot of the films turned out to be absolute rubbish by anyone's standards: 'The Secret' (Poland), 'The Tilted Garden' (France). No way you can guard against that sort of thing; it's just a reminder that, although most Festival films are foreign-language ones, simply because the cinema chains here (Kerridge more than Amalgamated) seldom show them in the course of their normal distribution practice, a film isn't necessarily good merely because it's not from Hollywood.

The Festivals also serve the purpose of catering for film freaks, of whom there seems to be a reasonable number around. Such people would have found many films which, though probably boring to the average viewer, had something to offer in the way they were made to the student of the cinema. Films like 'Himiko', 'Catsplay' and the New Zealand film 'Test Pictures' fill that bill.

Then again, there's a group of eccentric pictures which had some minor appeal because of their subject matter: Frederick Wiseman's documentaries, or the satire 'Werewolf of Washington'.

The idea is, in the end, that although no Festival can hope to please everyone all the time, there should be something in it at least for everyone, even those who don't usually go to the pictures. A few of the films will later go on general release: 'amarcord', 'Phantom of Liberty', 'Lacombe Ludien', 'Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams'. Usually, though, Festivals are a once: you see the films now or never.

The big pissoff is still censorship. One of the films meant for the Auckland Festival was cut so badly it had to be rejected. A couple of French films shown in Wellington (they had been meant for Auckland too but didn't make it), 'Celine and Julie Go Boating' and 'The Mouth Agape', were cut, prompting protests from the French Consulate about showing films in an incomplete form. If this sort of thing continues, as the Festival organisers in both cities

wasn't obscene merely to print them. So if you hear them, you're corrupt; if you just read them, in the same film, that's okay. Crazy, huh?

Anyway, thirteen Festival films were cut in some way. Several were given 'Film Festival Only' certificates, meaning that if anyone wanted to show them commercially they would have to be resubmitted and more cut out. 'The Secret' was one: if you looked real close you could see

anyone. (They're also pondering the 'Night Porter' incident.)

Meanwhile, though, it's quite on the cards that the archaic censorship laws, which Minister Henry May is so coy about he wouldn't even give a straight answer to a question about his favourite comedian on a recent TV interview, will spell the end to Film Festivals. And whether you like every film in a Festival or whether you could find only one or two worth seeing, this would

dimensions of a super-impossible epic full of brave soldiers, spirited women and children, gallant leaders, even honourable politicians. You might remember the opening words of "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean," for which he wrote the script. "Maybe this ain't the way it was, but it's the way it should have been."

The characters do have their human frailties. Raisuli (a tremendous performance by Sean Connery, totally in tune with the larger-than-life air of the project) falls off his horse. Miss Pedecaris (Candice Bergen) has a sort of primness common to Victorian ladies in films, but usually only English ones. Roosevelt (Brian Keith, looking very like photos of T.R.) goes into a long, pretentious-sounding soliloquy about how the grizzly bear should be the symbol of America — and I'm not sure Milius didn't mean this to be taken seriously, nor that Roosevelt didn't actually say something like this during his lifetime.

It's this old-fashioned but still potent heroism that's at the film's heart, though. Raisuli on one side of the ocean and Roosevelt on the other are the last of the romantic heroes: neither of them really belongs in the 20th century. Both want to fight the whole thing out hand-to-hand, like medieval knights; single combat seems to be the ultimate glory and test of manhood. Mrs Pedecaris is just as brave, despite her prissy appearance, she soon comes to respect Raisuli's code of honour and when he is captured she leads the American soldiers to the rescue, spurring them on by telling them that Roosevelt is also a man of honour, who certainly wouldn't break his promise of safe conduct for Raisuli.

There are overtones of all sorts of things here: desert romances (more Valentino than Lawrence of Arabia perhaps), knights of the round table. The whole thing is imaginary, of course, nobody in real life ever believed in this virtue of gallantry and honour in bloodshed (except maybe Milius). But it's perfect for a film, and Milius makes good use of the theme. The scope and lavishness of the fantasy is reflected in the luxurious buildings of Tangiers, the hugeness of the outdoor scenes.

Sometimes real history does appear, in the presence of Germans the entourage of Roosevelt, sometimes in the mock-elevated dialogue, the characters are being gently put down. Sometimes the film manages to conjure up many moods at once: the sight of the invading Marines jogging through the streets, feet thundering and rifles at the ready, is both silly and breathtaking.

That's true all the way through, actually, parts of the story clearly could have happened, maybe could still (like the Mayaguez incident), and Milius both demonstrates the silliness of waving that one character keeps calling "the big stick", and makes the exercise of such uncomplicated authority — might-right — seem rather enticing, an appealingly simple way of solving problems. How nice to be able to boost a nation's morale by abducting Candice Bergen. Of course it's poppycock, the stuff of a kid's daydreams.



have pointed out, people with films to show may refuse to submit them to New Zealand for fear of having them cut, result would be no Festivals. It's worth noting that although other countries do censor films (usually much less than New Zealand does, however), exceptions are customarily made for Festivals.

A film called 'A Stranger Came by Train', seen in Auckland, provided a perfect example of the lunacy of our censorship system. It was made in Sweden, with some of the dialogue in Swedish, translated with subtitles printed at the bottom of the screen, and some in English. In both languages, characters used the dreaded Four Letter Word (the word in question is 'fuck'... there now, corrupted?). When it was said in English, it had to be bleeped or otherwise removed from the soundtrack. When it was said in Swedish and translated into print, it was left on the screen. It's illegal to say rude words, you see, you could be arrested for obscene language, but the Indecent Publications Tribunal long ago decided that it

this Indian temple carving of one statue sucking off another one. I didn't notice anyone coming out afterwards licking their lips ...

But this is supposed to be the cultural value of seeing foreign films, getting acquainted with exotic foreign native customs and that sort of thing. For instance, seeing 'Love in the Afternoon' and 'The Empty Chair' would have shown you that French office girls kiss each other when they get to work in the mornings. The idea behind censorship, however, is directly opposed to this broadening of cultural horizons; it's aimed at keeping out any alien ideas about (in particular) sexual conduct.

A court case may be looming. Michael Thorntill, director of 'Between Wars', attended its screening in Wellington, and removed from its soundtrack a strip of tape the censor had put there to obliterate a Four Letter Word or two (this doesn't count as a 'cut', though obviously it should). The audience cheered when they heard The Words and the Internal Affairs Department has to make up its mind whether to prosecute

affect just about everyone interested in films; a leap back into the nineteenth century.

THE WIND AND THE LION

School holidays produce mostly pap in the cinemas, so it's a pleasure to see one film, "The Wind and The Lion," which should bring out the kid in everyone. It's dimly based on fact: in 1904, in Morocco, a Berber pirate, Mulay Hamid el Raisuli, Lord of the Riff, carries off an American woman, Eden Pedecaris, and her two children, in an effort to get rid of the presence of various foreign powers in Morocco. President Theodore Roosevelt responds with military intervention.

Director John Milius has said before how much he likes heroes: not many people do these days, so it's to his credit that he's made a film about heroes and made it so well that most people are going to enjoy it.

He doesn't satirise it, but he does use a fair amount of irony, blowing the whole story up to the

FRAME FOR FRAME

Biggest moneymaker in America: 'Jaws', overtaking box office records set by 'The Godfather'. Seems to have set off shark fever among Yanks who thought sharks were things that hung round pool tables (Kiwis, used to shark scares interrupting their surfing, may not be so terrified). A new disco has called itself 'Jaws' in New York and jokers are asking which local model appears in the ads as the shark. People are flocking back to older movies like 'Blue Water, White Death.' Ah, such hysteria ... brings back the old days of Beatlemania, doesn't it?

And number two grosser: 'Return of the Pink Panther', giving Peter Sellers his biggest success for years. He's played bumbling Clouseau twice before, and Alan Arkin tried it once.

Speaking of Sellers: Stanley Kubrick's admitted that the lead role in 'Dr Strangelove', as played by Sellers, was based on Henry Kissinger, whom he met at a party in 1962. Co-scenarist Terry Southern ('Candy') says Kissinger's living up to Strangelove very well, and has got the accent off perfectly.

All that fuss about 'The Adventures of Barry McKenzie' being banned from Oz tv turns out to have been a publicity stunt: tv censor says Bazaar hasn't even been submitted yet. Remember when it was banned from NZ theatres?

The Woody Allen version of 'War and Peace', entitled 'Love and Death' going down big overseas. Apart from 'Everything You Ever Wanted to Know about Sex...' Allen's never gone down well in NZ, alas; 'Sleeper' lasted a dimly short time.

You're big if you get your name above the title — a film by Joe Bloggs etc. You're even bigger if your name is part of the title. After 'Fellini's Roma', the next one is 'Jacqueline Susann's Once is Not Enough'.

What's bald and wobbles? Jelly Savadas. Okay, enough of that.

In Paris, director Michel Madoire wants a blonde Anglo-Saxon actress for his film 'Marilyn'. Stipulated she must be able to claim she's a virgin without seeming absurd. Those fitting the bill asked to gather in the Place de la Concorde; if raining, in the phone box opposite.

Somebody did make a film about Idi Amin overseas, showed on tv in England, but may never get here. Pity. Meanwhile, British satirist John Bird has made an LP of some of the Bulletins of Idi Amin, as written by Alan Coren for Punch and on sale here in book form, but these got held up too while the Dennis Hills brouhaha was going on. Looks like we may never hear de beloved Pres VC, DSO, Al-haji, either.

Disney's latest, 'The Apple Dumpling Gang' and 'One of Our Dinosaurs is Missing' with Peter Ustinov, released overseas, but another Disney film has been CUT! A reissue of 1950's 'Treasure Island' in order to get an American G certificate (they've sworn never to release a film without one) had to have a scene removed of a man being shot in the head. If Walt was alive today he'd be turning in his grave.

Porn filmmakers overseas being chased by music publishers for not paying royalties on the music they splice in as background. A few use original scores, but most just play in old songs: Rodgers & Hammerstein's 'Getting to Know You' is a favourite for sex scenes, apparently. Meanwhile, bigtime American conman Richard M Nixon is ap-

pearing in a hardcore porn film, 'The Presidential Peepers', as portrayed by Nixon lookalike Richard M Dixon.

Washington Post newsroom duplicated on a Hollywood set for 'All the President's Men', cost, half a million. R. Redford and D. Hoffman mobbed by Hollywood journo when they turned up there. They evidently found the Washington press much more courteous.

Now lessee, who's making what films?

Nicolas Roeg ('Walkabout', 'Performance', 'Don't Look Now') making 'The Man Who Fell to Earth', described as 'a mysterious American love story spanning a quarter of a century'. Among the cast: Well-known Astral Hound David Bowie.

Films based on Bobbie Gentry's 'Ode to Billie Joe' (will we get to see what they were throwing off the bridge?) and on

Peter Boyle.

Gene Wilder ('Blazing Saddles', the redhead) writing and directing 'The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother' with Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman, John le Mesurier.

Cartoonist Ralph Bakshi making one called 'Wiz Wizards'. As both his previous ones, 'Fritz the Cat' and 'Heavy Traffic', have been banned in NZ, we'll probably never see any of his films ... back to the Flintstones, then, kiddies.

David Frost's company making a musical of 'Cinderella' with Gemma Craven as Cinders and Richard Chamberlain as the handsome prince. Songs by supercalifragilisticetcetera Sherman Brothers, who did 'Tom Sawyer'. Will Frost play the Fairy Godmother?

Sam Peckinpah ('Straw Dogs')

Ingmar Bergman just started on 'Face to Face' in Stockholm, getting Liv Ullmann back from the ghastly American films ('40 Carats' and all that) she's been making. Bergman's 1972 film 'Cries and Whispers' due here someday soon.

Charlotte Rampling doing one called 'Foxtrot' with Peter O'Toole and Max von Sydow in Mexico.

Glenda Jackson making a film of Ibsen's 'Hedda Gabler', the play the Royal Shakespeare Co took to Oz while it brought only a couple of cheap anthologies here.

If you can't stand Gene Wilder, try Nicol Williamson as Sherlock Holmes, Olivier as Moriarty, Alan Atkin as Sigmund Freud and Vanessa Redgrave as an abducted soprano in 'The Seven Percent Solution', allegedly an undiscovered Holmes story. (The 'solution' is of cocaine, not of a crime).



Muhammad Ali — 'Float Like a Butterfly, Sting Like a Bee' starring Godfrey Cambridge, the hero of 'Watermelon Man' seen here recently on tv — planned.

Even Ms Magazine (the feminist organ) going into films, with one based on an article they ran in April called 'The Case of Karen Silkwood' about a nuclear power plant worker in Oklahoma who was on her way to testify about nuclear dangers when her car mysteriously crashed and killed her.

Richard Lester ('Four Musketeers', 'The Knack', 'Hard Day's Night', etc etc) making 'The Ballad of Robin and Marian' with Audrey Hepburn, Sean Connery, Robert Shaw, Nicol Williamson, Richard Harris.

Martin Scorsese ('Alice Doesn't Live Here Any More', due here Septemberish, 'Mean Streets' maybe never) doing 'Taxi Driver' with Robert de Niro and

filming 'Killer Elite' with James Caan and Robert Duvall.

And Bob Rafelson, one of the most underrated directors of our day — you might have seen 'Five Easy Pieces'; bet you missed the Monkees' 'Head' and 'King of Marvin Gardens'; all three involved Jack Nicholson before he became a superstar — making 'Stay Hungry' without Nicholson (but with Jeff Bridges).

Arthur Penn ('Bonnie and Clyde') has got Nicholson, and Marlon Brando, for 'Missouri Breaks'; quite a pairing. Nicholson is a horse rustler in 1880 and Brando is a Bible-toting gunslinger. Penn's latest, 'Night Moves' with Gene Hackman, getting mixed reception; already been to Wellington and didn't last long.

Hitchcock doing 'Family Plot' — that's a great title — with 'Gatsby's' Karen Black and Bruce Dern.

And some British films (didn't know they were still making any): 'The Likely Lads', 'Enter the Goodies', and a new version of Alec Guinness' 'Kind Hearts and Coronets' to be directed by Lionel Jeffries, the ex-character actor who made 'The Railway Children'.

Meanwhile, down under ... what's the censor been up to? Decisions for May:

Chosen Survivors — R13
Forbidden Decameron — R18 cut
Dragon Blows — A cut
The Prodigal Boxer — A cut
Colinot Trouse Chemin (France) — R18

I Kiss the Hand (Italy) — R16 cut
Report to the Commissioner — R16 cut

Brannigan — A cut
Au Pair Girls (on appeal; banned by the censor) — R18 cut
I Am Frigid — Why? (France) —

Banned
Lacombe Lucien (Louis Malle) — R16
Rancho de Luxe — R16 cut
The Great Chinese Boxer — A cut
Monkeys in the Attic — R18 cut
The Monk — R18
The Twelve Chairs — Mel Brooks? — Y
On the Black Street (Hong Kong) — A cut
Stone (on appeal; banned by the censor) R20 cut
Images (Robert Altman) — R16
Kamouraska — R18
The Legend of Frenchie King —

At Long Last Love (Peter Bogdanovich) — Y
La Grande Bouffe (Blowout; France) — Banned
The Dirt Gang — Banned
Willie Dynamite — R16 cut
The Little Prince G
The Mean Machine (The Longest Yard) — R16 cut
The Chinese Tiger — A cut
The Spoilt Girl — Y
Carry on Constable — G
Charley and the Angel (Disney) — G
Capone — R16 cut
Hong Kong Connection — A cut
Man of Iron — A cut
The Great Conspiracy (Hong Kong) — A cut
Blood for Dracula (Italy) — Banned
Slipstream — A cut
The Secret — R18 Film Festival only
The Dragon Kid — A cut
The Police Story — A cut
Sexual Freedom in Denmark (precut) — R18
Belle — R16
Test Pictures (NZ) — R18
Tommy — R16
Between Wars (Australia) — A
The Battle Giants — Y

The new Censorship Appeal Board has started producing decisions. Oz bikini film 'Stone' was cut and given an R20 certificate; Board member Andrew Sharp told an audience in June there might be quite a few R20 certificates given out in times to come. 'Last Tango in Paris' banned again (Sharp dissenting). Board member and mother of 10 Margaret Nolan said the standard to use isn't Auckland but the small towns where films are the only entertainment (wot, no tv?). So if 'Last Tango' isn't on and the theatres are empty, what will the farmers do, go out and rape each other in the streets?

Big fuss over 'The Night Porter', with an uncut version showing in Wellington for two weeks. 16,000 people saw it, eight complained — that's some pro-censorship lobby. Miss Bartlett, obviously paying close attention, carefully detailed everything she saw and sent a letter about it to MPs. Censor suggested this letter was an indecent document. He had, in fact, cut a phenomenal eight minutes out of the film before passing it.

Wellington Film Society running a Film Seminar over the weekend from September 19 with guest speakers and films shown. Topic for IWFY: 'Women and Film'.

According to 'Variety' (haven't seen it in any local publications), the National Film Unit and Film Australia are going to make a film about each other's country. At the end of the year, the NZNNU will film in Australia and FA in NZ, out to explode traditional myths held by each about their own country. Seeing ourselves as others see us, so to speak. Apparently FA have done this before with the BBC and the Canadian NFU.



THEATRE

New Zealand stage drama appears to be rising from the depths of mediocrity at last. Not too far and not too fast but at least in the right direction. One advantage of a scene virtually devoid of quality material is that things can only get better.

Three home-grown one act plays were produced in Auckland recently: "Smack" by Dean Parker and "Basement Blues" and "Will You Marry Me Faye Dunaway?" by Darien Takle.

"Smack" was directed by Bill Smith for University Theatre Workshop. The title refers to the dope Quinn, the central character, is getting into big dealing but he needs finance. So he plans to coerce a bank manager, father of a dead addict friend, into doing a deal. In fact, after numerous ranting diatribes (against the capitalist system, bourgeois morality and the usual things some people rant about) he ends up killing him. The core of the play is Quinn's antagonism to the banker and what the man represents to him. Some of the rage is half-explained on a personal level through past circumstances but there is a further level concerned with Quinn's alienation by . . . whatever it is he's alienated by. Parker fails to make it clear why Quinn is so enraged and thus the murder is not as convincing as it should be and the play is weakened. "Smack" seems to make a powerful statement but leaves one unsure as to what the statement is.

Theatre Workshop's production rested largely with Ross Selwood as Quinn. A fine comedy actor, he succeeded with the comic effects but lost some of the character with an interpretation that was perhaps over-simple, expressing passion with volume too often for example.

Chris Neilson, however, gave quite a subtle performance as the banker.

Despite its several flaws "Smack" is an interesting play and one looks forward to the work which Parker has been commissioned to write for production at the new University theatre.

Darien Takle is an actress at the Mercury, a playwright and very nice-looking. So now you know. Gerard Bonk produced a couple of her plays at the New Independent recently for lunchtime performances.

"Basement Blues" is a conventional short one act play about the problems and fantasies of a shy, sheltered girl and her reclusive existence. Simple but effective. Judy Boyle gave a sensitive performance in the lead.

"Will You Marry Me Faye Dunaway?" is in contrast a heavily stylised work employing a surrealistic use of language; much stream of consciousness and cryptic references. Though derivative and contrived the play is interesting and amusing, but I often felt something

was written purely for effect, e.g., you are made to laugh at an action because it is ridiculous but it has no meaning beyond being ridiculous. This of course is perfectly acceptable assuming there are no pretensions to significance. I may be wrong, but I got the feeling there were. However, the presence of intellectual self-indulgence need not stop one from enjoying the play at face-value which I'm sure quite a few people did.

The main show at the New Independent was Ibsen's "A Doll's House" competently produced by Audrey Brown with fine performances from Celia Russ and Robert Leek. The play is a social drama about a male-dominated marriage, presented for International Women's Year. It was written nearly a century ago but has lost none of its relevance and little of its appeal despite an outdated style.

Following this was Joe Orton's satirical farce "What the Butler Saw" produced by Zane Kidd. The play is destined to become a classic of English comedy, combining brilliant epigrammatic wit and risqué low comedy with sharp moral and social criticism. This production didn't do much for it though.

Possibly half the funny lines (with which the play is crammed) came across successfully; the rest were thrown away through misjudged emphasis and intonation or just plain bad delivery. There seems little point in listing further shortcomings . . . perhaps the production improved during its run, but it could certainly have been a lot funnier than it was.

The New Independent's September production is "The Great War", excerpts from plays and novels concerned with social changes in the period 1914-18, devised and directed by Kenneth Porter.

Central theatre provided some middle-of-the-road drama with "My Fat Friend" an innocuous domestic comedy directed by Derek Wooster.

The next production looks more promising — "Kennedy's Children" by Robert Patrick, directed by Chris Sheil. Set in a New York bar in the early 1970's, "it consists of a series of monologues by five characters, each shell-shocked into a privacy of both the excitements and the sorrows of the 60s, whose final grief is that they never meet nor even exchange one word of dialogue with each other. Behind them lies an era of defeated hopes, in front of them only 'the portentous menacing road of the new decade'." (Scott Fitzgerald)

The play is about the children of the period that produced Ghandi, Martin Luther King, James Dean, John Lennon, Marilyn Monroe and Jackson Pollock as well as Kennedy. — "Plays and Players". Looks interesting.

The Mercury's annual Shakespeare was "The Taming of the Shrew" produced by Anthony Richardson, who took an artistically innovative ap-

proach to the play and succeeded in creating a fresh and interesting production.

When the company returns from its Northland tour Richardson produces Tom Stoppard's "Travesties". Stoppard is generally considered one of the leading contemporary dramatists, something of a playwright's playwright in that he often uses aspects and conventions of theatre in ways best appreciated in the light of related theatrical and literary knowledge. In "Travesties" he employs (not for the first time) the play-within-a-play device.

Set in Zurich in 1917, the play is a mixture of facts and fiction, of memories and history. The memories are those of Henry Carr, a minor British diplomat, as he recalls life in Zurich with three prominent figures who happened to be there at the same time: James Joyce, Lenin and Dadaist Tristan Tzara.

The interior play is Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest" which Joyce organised an amateur production of, featuring Henry Carr as . . . not Ernest, the other one. The play shifts in and out of Wildean dialogue very humorously, as Carr's memory focuses and fades on Joyce dropping witticisms, reciting limericks and debating the nature of art with Tzara, who is busily cutting up pages of literature into tiny pieces and juxtaposing them to fascinating or philistine effect, depending on your point of view. Meanwhile in the library, Lenin is working on his book on imperialism and Joyce on "Ulysses"; and of course Cecily (the librarian) and Gwendolen (Carr's sister) have to be wooed.

Rabbits are pulled out of hats and language is stood on its head and turned inside out.

Gwen: Hoopsa, boyaboy, hoopsa!

Joyce: Hoopsa, boyaboy, hoopsa!

Gwen: Likewise thrice?

Joyce: Uh-hum.

Tzara: Clara avuncular!

Whispers ill comparah!

Eel nut dairy day

Appletzara . . .

. . . Hat!

Cecily: Ssssssh!"

David Lawrence.

Continued from page 15

Noah and his Big White Boat.

There are a lot of "small type" people too numerous to mention and all original material was written by The Wizards Wand and Jakes Flying Baton. The whole thing was wrapped up and produced by Jake Fleder.

I've never heard of any of them before or since except of course for Mark Natafalin (Butterfield Blues Band, Brewer & Shipley, Mother Earth to name a few) but they were so good I can't believe they disappeared off the face of the earth unheralded. There are nine songs, all originals by the band I guess, except for a definitive version of Buffy St Marie's "Codine", that great standard of folk rock High Flying Bird and a tune called Flyaway Days by one R. Sandhaus. The originals are of a very high standard, all have occult connotations and herein lies the similarity to Quicksilver. If

you've heard Pride of Man, Edward the Mad Shirtgrinder and The Fool among others, then you have a fair idea of the Wizard's capabilities.

While not as brash as Quicksilver in interpretation, the Wizards compensate with superior vocal and, in some cases, instrumental arrangements and ability. Their version of Codine is pinned down by a marvellously raunchy slow electric guitar with fuzz growling underneath the vocal which is sung as a real lament. Freedom Speech features more great electric guitar work with a great solo in completely different time to the song itself and a chorus of one line: "Feeds on Me" repeated harmonically in sequence which gives the song a strong climax after the guitar workout. Actually the guitar work throughout is outstanding as is the drumming, there are quite a number of complicated time changes and clever use is made of the drums to offset the actual rhythm-melody line against the lead guitar. The Wizards are marvellously accomplished musicians for people so little known.

Also they have been lucky in obtaining the services of the mysterious Jake Fleder as producer for his compliments the band's inherent sound so beautifully. I can only assume he was either a good friend of the band or perhaps their manager. I am not aware of any other work by him on record.

Last I should mention that the name C. Manson Roberts has been credited on all bar the three compositions I have previously credited. I am assuming by the similarity of material and the feel of this album that this is a composer's pseudonym for the whole band though I could be wrong. Certainly the "C. Manson" is a curiosity but I don't think it could be the same Charles

Manson despite the preoccupation with the occult throughout this album. The lyrics credited to him on "Avatar" the Lyman Family's album is all credited to "Charles Manson" and I can't be certain but I'm sure his publishing credits differ from those used by the Wizards (all in the name of Thordyke Jones Magic Music). Irrelevant perhaps.

Needless to say this album should never have been ignored the way it obviously was. The Wizards have as much or more to offer than most of their CO contemporaries working in the then progressive rock style and their production was a hundred times better. Maybe it's because they were from the Mid-West. A true classic and another four stars on its chest.

Well there's lots of loose ends left untied there. I did unearth an early Delbert and Glen album on Clean records that J. Henry Burnett co-produced with Matthew Moore and the B.52's are playing on it! It's pretty good too. Tracy Nelson has recently signed to MCA, hopefully with Mother Earth in tow, so there should be something worth while from there shortly. Some recent goodies to watch out for from W.E.A. are a great Robbie Robertson produced item for W.E.A. by a guy called Hirth Martinez titled "Hirth from Earth" featuring several of the Band doing chores, and "Hey Good Lookin'", the first Dan Hicks movie sound track ever, also on Warners.

Apart from that there does seem to be a flicker of enthusiasm somewhere for the effort expended so far so maybe we'll be back next month.

Keep a card or a letter coming - somebody?

T. Paradise.



CONTINUED...

The busy, somewhat muddled last days of July's magazine preparation co-incided with the pre-departure confusion surrounding Roger J. Even that sentence doesn't capture the chaos. Anyway, the normal proof-reading for July's column didn't get done, so we got *The Dispossessed* (once), *The DISPOSSESSED* (thrice) and the *DISPOSSESSED* only once (right at the end). It was spelt right on the original copy every time, so this is an example of an error being compounded rather than corrected - the brain 'sees' what it thinks is right, rather than what is actually before it (a common trap for type-setters and proof-readers). Let's hear it once more for the correct spelling - *THE DISPOSSESSED* (sorry Ursula).

Further, a paragraph and a half got left off the end of the *NEBULA AWARD STORIES 7* review. It should have continued with: "Anderson discovered that Hard Science stories, with a pro-technology attitude, are the type that formed the backbone of popular and award winning sf in earlier years. This type is still flourishing, he found, holding its own against newcomers and 'New Wave' with little trouble.

As Anderson's is the closest story to this type, and as many of the other stories in this anthology are barely sf, no matter how broad the label, perhaps it is little wonder that this book gets a one star rating. In next month's column I will look at some of the definitions of sf, perhaps looking at Anderson's types in greater detail. I also want to look at some related areas - science speculation, ancient civilizations, ufos - and see where lines can be drawn."

The other confusing error was - who wrote what? To keep the record straight, yours truly provided the Nebula Awards info, plus the *DISPOSSESSED* and *NEBULA AWARD STORIES REVIEWS*, WHILE FRIEND AND TRUE FAN Deborah provided the JACK OF EAGLES, PEBBLE IN THE SKY, SOS THE ROPE and Edmund Cooper reviews.

NEWS: The third volume of Frank Herbert's *DUNE* was completed earlier this year. Analog will be running it as a serial, beginning January 1976 and continuing through four or five issues. Called *CHILDREN OF DUNE*, it will then be published in April '76 hardbound and April '77 paperbound.

The promise to look at definitions of sf can be left till next month. A book of great importance to every reader of sf, whether casual or regular is worth looking at first. It is:

BILLION YEAR SPREE

Brian Aldiss - Corgi

This is one of the very few critical works on sf available in NZ (in paper, there's not many more hardbound either). Sub-titled *The True History Of Science Fiction*, it is, at the least, the best history available at present. Every fan, all librarians, and most 'book people' cannot be without a copy.

Aldiss has an encyclopedic knowledge of the field, as well as an extensive grounding in literature in general. Further, he has great style and wit to match his scholarship. You are led from the 'Origins of the Species', through 'Victorian Visions', out 'To Barsoom and Beyond' and eventually to 'Yesterday and Tomorrow'. Every chapter provides information, humour, and food for thought. He states: "Any definition of sf lacks something. I give my definition in Chapter One..." (from the Introduction). But more importantly, he goes on to say: "Definitions should be like maps: they help you explore the ground; they are not substitutes for exploration."

He states and defends the proposition that Mary Shelley's *FRANKENSTEIN* was the first 'true' sf book. Nonetheless, he looks at the precursors ('Lucian and All That'), then moves on through the eras of sf since

SCIENCE FICTION



FRANKENSTEIN.

"He gives the back of his hand to Jules Verne, thereby winning points with your reviewer: he appreciates the great talents of Ballard, Drisch and the serious efforts of Moorcock, thereby winning more points... Most important of all, he analyzes and labels clearly the sword-and-sorcery and space-opera schools of sf. 'Power Fantasy', Aldiss calls them. An apt phrase of which we have long stood in need" - Richard Lupoff (in *Algol*).

The last two or three chapters are (necessarily) somewhat cursory, dealing with sf in the 40s, 50s and 60s, but that is a small matter in this excellent and very essential book.

(Perhaps next month I'll get to look at definitions, but I've got a feeling I might be raving about AussieCon).

Brief Mentions

RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA

Arthur C. Clarke - Pan

This is Arthur Clarke's major new work and it's very good in its way. That way happens to be 'old-fashioned' sf: imaginary invention, lots of 'hard' science, plenty of the sense of wonder so necessary to this type of work, with straight forward plotting and characterization. Just as the explorers and their advisors back on Earth try to work out Rama, so will you - Clarke's masterly hand provides the story with all the

suspense and surprises necessary to keep you engrossed in his vision. You can believe the cover write-ups on this one.

CITIES IN FLIGHT

James Blish - Arrow

"Of all contemporary writers, Blish is most noticeable for the persistence with which he has moved into new areas for exploration. Many writers pretend to invent futures when they are only busily rewriting past sf, with its tattered backdrop of telepathy, FTL drives, galactic conquest and other shoddy goods; Blish stubbornly chooses difficult themes and pursues his own course." - Brian Aldiss, in the excellent *BILLION YEAR SPREE*.

The four volume *CITIES* is one of Blish's seminal works: a galaxy-spanning series about the 'spindizzy' cities (they can travel at sub-light speeds through the galaxy) and their virtually immortal crews (thanks to anti-agathic drugs). More classic sf.

SF HALL OF FAME

The Novellas - Bks 1-3

Ben Nova (Ed.) - Sphere

And more! These are the 'retrospective Nebula' stories (see *Hot Licks* No 9, Oct '74, for details on this series). Twenty-four novellas and novelettes from pre-1966 were chosen as being of Nebula standard and the first ten are presented in these books. Call Me Joe is an engrossing, worrying

tale of 'exploration' within our solar system. Who Goes There? is an odd synthesis of horror and 'science-fiction', while Nerves is a hard science thriller.

Book two brings Universe, a very typical Heinlein tale of (eventual) 'scientific' triumph; Vintage Season, a puzzling, powerful and finally disturbing story; The Ballad Of Lost C'Mell, one of Cordwainer Smith's excellent tales from his 'mosaic epic' (see *Hot Licks* No 13 for more details); and With Folded Hands, a grisly, neo-Gothic, horror-sf type of thing (?).

Book three has The Marching Morons, a disturbing extrapolation on the population problem, with a nasty (inevitable?) solution: ... And Then There Were None, by Eric Frank Russell, is an absolutely brilliant and delightful tale, and Sturgeon's Baby Is Three is the novella that went on to become part of his superb novel, *MORE THAN HUMAN*.

As you can see, they are indispensable volumes - check them out soon.

NOVA 1

Harry Harrison (Ed.) - Sphere

Here's another reason I want to look at definitions and styles of sf. So many stories in this book are pointless/no hum/hack and non-sf that I wonder why it's not marketed as a general fiction collection. So many of the stories are such absolute trash that the odd

good one (*Faces and Hands*) and half-good one (*Higher Things*, Jean Dupress) is not worth hunting for. If it's solid, straightforward, inventive and stimulating if you're looking for, steer well away from this misleadingly packaged bunch o' junk.

THE GREEN GENE

Peter Dickinson - Panther

Part one of this sf labelled novel is quite well-written, even if it isn't really sf. That's 100 pages. Part two (60 pages) is definitely non-sf, hackneyed, racist and starting to get boring. Part three (30 pages) is contrived, second-rate mainstream-commercial winding up of a contrived, second-rate mainstream-commercial novel. And don't believe the cover - this "brilliantly satirical SF thriller" is nothing more than a clumsy satirical third division junk pseudo-thriller.

Brian Thurgood

Now for some more good news:

NINE PRINCES IN AMBER

Corgi

GUNS OF AVALON

- Avon

SIGN OF THE UNICORN

- Galaxy

Roger Zelazny

"Amber was the Perfect world — the real and only world. There were many Shadow planes, curious imitations of Amber. Arden was one, Earth was another, but the only world that mattered was Amber...."

Such is the setting for these three brilliant books, the first three of an as yet un-named RED SERIES DEALING WITH Amber and its custodians, 9 brothers and 4 sisters. The family plots and counter-plots against each other in strange and intriguing ways, but the 'hero' throughout is Corwin. The books are about his attempt to rescue the throne of Amber from an older brother and his adventures along the way. Though that sounds like every other tale of knights and princes, don't be fooled... these are stories which combine modern psychology, myth and legend, super-human qualities, and heroism in a unique and captivating way.

Zelazny writes beautifully about each one of the family, about Amber, and about Shadow, that imitation of Amber. The books are difficult to review because of the complexity of Amber and of the family itself, and the depth of portrayal of each character is definitely lost in a sketchy outline of plot. But once you start with *NINE PRINCES OF AMBER* I guarantee you will speed through the other 2 books, and eagerly await Zelazny's next books about Amber.

THE DREAMING JEWELS

Theodore Sturgeon — Corgi

This is a beautiful story, truly a classic, and aptly included in Corgi's SF Collector's Library. A little boy, Hortsy, runs away from a cruel father, joins a carnival where amongst freaks and misfits he finds love and friendship. One amongst the troupe, Zena, a lady midget, takes Hortsy under her wing. While teaching him all she possibly can about himself and the world, she tries to keep him from learning the special secret about himself. Eventually he finds out, and so does another person, the one who can hurt and destroy Hortsy and others like him.

This is a very tender story about a boy, but also about dreaming jewels, crystals containing magical qualities... to say more would spoil it. Sturgeon is a master story-teller, and this is certainly a valuable re-issue of a sf classic.

Deborah Kampf

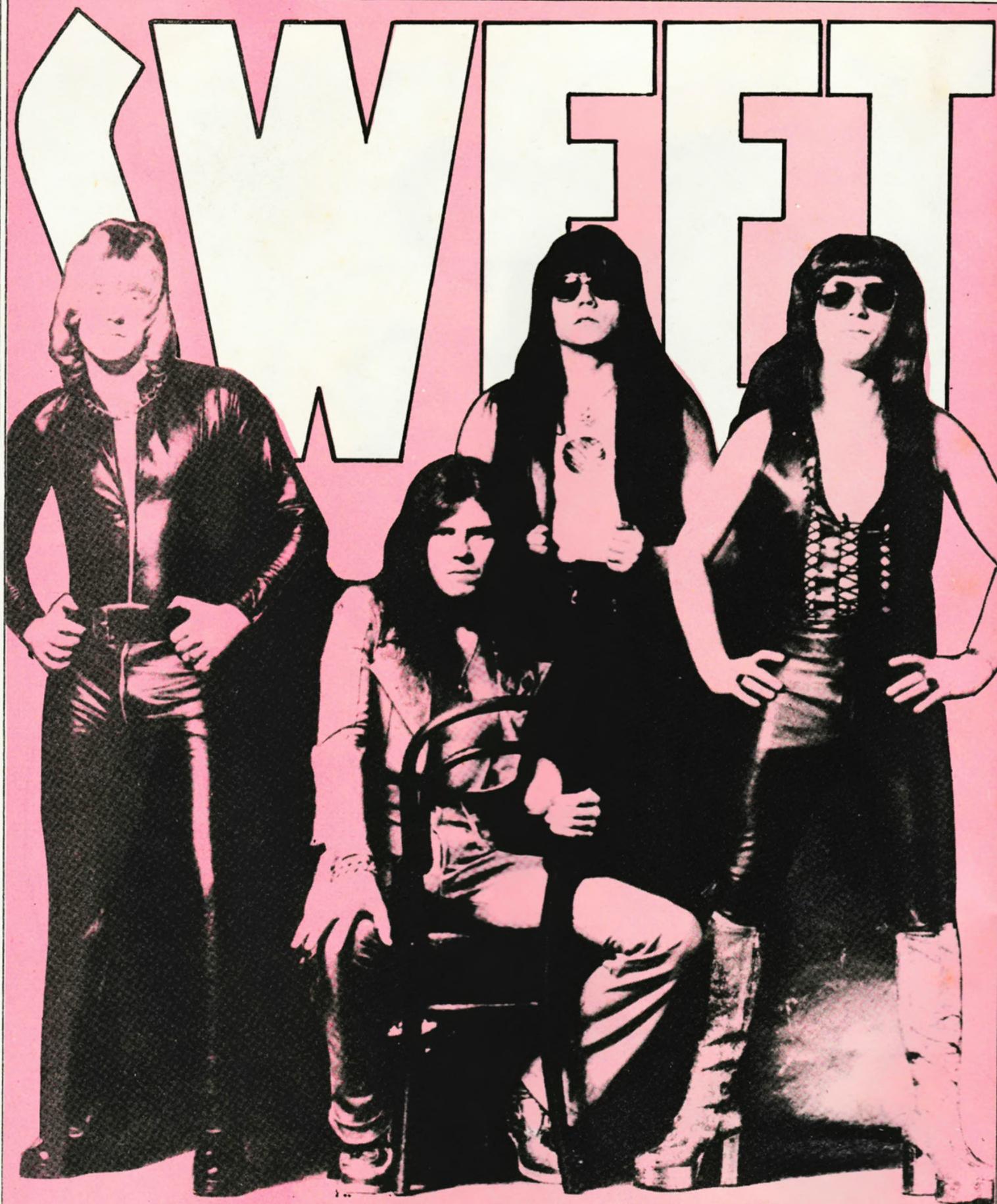


On White Cloud Records

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MENTAL NOTES

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