

RIP IT UP

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NEW ZEALAND'S FREE MONTHLY ROCK PAPER



RIP IT UP

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SMALL STUFF

The Latest and the Greatest Rock News

The latest in a series of no-show concerts is **Renee Geyer**. Renee Geyer will not be playing here in September. This is apparently due to a sudden change in her Australian management. There is, however, a possibility she may be here later in the year, but I wouldn't start crossing your legs in anticipation. It's only a maybe.

Little Feat are to record a live album when they play 4 days at London's Rainbow Theatre in August. They'll play the entire show with no support act, however, they will be using the Tower of Power horn section behind them. ... others in on the great live double album stakes for 1977 are: Rainbow, Steve Harley and Cockney Rebel, and Laura Nyro (hers is called *Season of Light*), while further off, there are projected live LPs from Jackson Browne and Streetwalkers.

Surprise, Surprise. The New Wave bands are in the news again. **Sex Pistols** Johnny Rotten and Paul Cook have been injured in separate assaults. In both cases it appears they were identified as members of the Sex



TRANSFER TOUR

Four-person vocal group, the Manhattan Transfer, tour New Zealand between August 31st and September 3rd. They play Christchurch on August 31st, Dunedin, September 2nd; Wellington, September 4th; and Auckland on September 6th.

Originally pegged as a nostalgia group, the Manhattan Transfer have now moved on to mix more contemporary material with the show-biz style songs for which they originally became known.

Group members, Tim Hauser, Janis Siegel, Laurel Masse and Alan Paul come from varied musical backgrounds that include R & B bands, folk trios, New York girlie groups and straight Broadway musicals. Together, the four have been described as putting on a show that features them as "humourously agile dancers" as well as fine singers.

Pistols and beaten. Johnny Rotten had his face slashed with a razor, while Paul Cook required 15 stitches for a head wound. Meanwhile, their manager Malcolm McLaren was beaten by the police after the Pistols played a promotional gig on a boat on the Thames. After the owner found to whom he'd hired his boat, he tried to get the band thrown off and in the subsequent scuffle McLaren was beaten. **The Sex Pistols** first single "God Save the Queen" has now racked up British sales of 1/2 million, even though it only held the number one spot for one week. Their second single, "Pretty Vacant" with a flip side of the Stooges' "No Fun" was released, even though their first single still held a number 5 position in the singles charts. ... meanwhile **Jonathon King** who's never been slow to cash in on a trend, has released a single called "God Save the Sex Pistols". This time he's used the name Elizabeth. ... two members of **The Clash**, Joe Strummer and Nicky Headon, were arrested for petty theft in Newcastle after it was alleged they'd stolen pillow cases and the room key from the Holiday Inn where they'd stayed the previous night. Guitarist, Joe Strummer was also arrested in London after he'd been caught spraying the word 'Clash' on a wall — well, at least it's cheaper than hiring billboards. ... and the fun goes on. New York punks **Johnny Thunder and the Heartbreakers**, while on a British tour,

were arrested in Birmingham on suspicion of theft. ... and attempts in Britain to organise a punk festival have been consistently thwarted. One organised for the Windsor area had a line-up featuring **The Sex Pistols, The Stranglers, The Vibrators, The Clash, The Damned** and **The Jam**. It had to be cancelled when the local council found out what the organisers were up to. ... meanwhile, back at the Old Wave it's Name Dropping Time. See how many of these well known names you (yes, you!) can recognise. ... checking out **Bryan Ferry's** New York gig was an audience that included: Mick Jagger, Andy Warhol, Lou Reed, Ace Frehley (from Kiss) and Deborah Harry (of Blondie). ... back ups on the new **Roger Daltrey** album, *One of the Boys*, are provided by the likes of Rod Argent, Alvin Lee, Andy Fairweather-Low, Mick Ronson and John Entwistle. ... signed to appear in the musical film of *Sergeant Pepper's* are Ringo Starr, Peter Frampton and the Bee Gees. ... also those of you with perceptive ears will detect the presence of the rubber-lipped one himself, Mick Jagger, singing back-up vocals on one track on Peter Frampton's new album *I'm In You*. Stevie Wonder can also be heard on aforementioned LP blowing a rather nice harmonica solo, while Little Feater Ritchie Hayward lays in with a little drumming skill on one track. ... NZ bass player for Be-bop Deluxe, **Charlie Tumahai**, has finally been granted a work permit for Britain. Tumahai has had continual problems since his work permit ran out in 1975. He was ordered out of the UK earlier this year, which forced the rest of the band to move to France to work on their next album. Their latest album, *Live! In the Air Age*, recorded live on a recent British tour, should be released shortly. ... that enigmatic man **Van Morrison** popped up recently in Britain, and played an impromptu gig at a press reception held for him. He had a mere 48 hours of rehearsal time with a pick up band that included



Mac Rebennack, also known as Dr John, on keyboards, Mick Ronson on guitar, Mo Foster on bass and Peter Van Hook on drums. At half-time, various other old fogies were added to jam on blues standards. The extra musicians included Brian Auger, Peter Bardens, Roger Chapman and Bobby Tench. By the way, Van assured interviewers that the title of his last album, *Period of Transition*, did not refer to the music therein, but rather to the series of photographs on the cover. So, now you know. ... **Bob and Sara Dylan** were formally divorced in early July, although a formal division of property has yet to be decided. ... the individual members of Roxy Music continue to follow independent careers. **Phil Manzanera** has completed his second solo album, and is



Johnny Rotten of the Sex Pistols.

RY COODER

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organising a band to tour later this year to promote it. **Bryan Ferry** is currently resting in Los Angeles after his world tour, and will work on a new album there using American musicians. **Chris Spedding**, star guitarist on Ferry's tour, is meantime getting a band together, while **Eno** is off to Berlin to work on **Bowie's** next LP... after **George Harrison** finally settled out of court with Bright Songs over his supposed unconscious plagiarism of "My Sweet Lord" from the Chiffons' "He's So Fine", he might have thought he'd seen an end to that. Well, now the whole matter's back in court again. This time the guy who holds the non-American copyright is taking George Harrison to court in Britain. Some days you just can't win... **Marc Bolan** (you all remember T. Rex don't you?) has announced that he's completed a joint album with none other than David Bowie and Iggy Pop. He also reckons there'll be a British tour by all three together. Bowie and Iggy seem to be keeping a very low-profile on the matter... **Guitarist, Larry Carlton** has quit the Crusaders. It was announced he was to pursue a solo career, but rumours have persisted that he will join Steely Dan. Even if he doesn't join Steely Dan as a permanent member, he'll likely be touring with them in a forecast tour later this year. Steely Dan have completed work on their last album for ABC. To be titled *Aja*, it features contributions from Jeff Porcaro, Steve Gadd, Chuck Rainey, and Jim Keltner... **Neil Diamond** is to make a movie based on his life in the '60s. Titled *Free Man In Paris*, Diamond will take the lead part, while Brigitte Bardot will also feature... **Gladys Knight** is working on a solo album without the Pips. Not to be out done, the Pips are working on a solo album without Gladys... Yes!!! It's the **Logistics of Rock 'n' Roll Department**. Featuring a cast of thousands and costing empty-thousand million dollars... Here's what it takes to get **Genesis** on stage before a large crowd (in this case London's Earls Court): 8 lighting men, 2 laser beam operators, 4 sound men, one rigger, 4 roadies, 4 truck divers, plus 10 to 15 'humpers'; (that's men to fetch and carry.) That makes 33 at a low count... meantime, **Emerson, Lake and Palmer's** tour of the States with an orchestra and chorus of 70, was apparently costing in the vicinity of \$400,000 a week to keep on the road. So, I guess it's not surprising that ELP abandoned the idea after a number of less-than-sold-out dates in America's Midwest... the attendance record for a concert by a single group was broken when **Pink Floyd** played a Cleveland concert. They attracted 81,337, breaking the record held by Led Zeppelin for drawing 76,000 to a Detroit show... **Led Zeppelin** have been causing their fair share of destruction on a current US tour. Apart from the lads jolly destruction of the odd hotel room, the fans have done their bit too. At their Houston concert, 40 people were arrested for drug possession, while the crowd caused \$500,000 worth of damage. Their gig in Tampa, Florida was even more eventful. Twenty minutes after Led Zepp took the stage, rain forced them to leave. When the 70,000 strong crowd were asked to leave, the response was a flood of bottles and cans thrown at the stage, and 125 people were hurt, 50 of them requiring hospital treatment. And, in the resulting traffic jam, there were 26 smashes. C'est la rock'n'roll... **The Who** have bought Shepperton Film studios for the trifling sum of 350,000 pounds. They'll use it as a rehearsal venue and will hire it out to others for the same purpose... **Queen** are the latest in a flood of British tax exiles. They move to Los Angeles for a "protracted stay"... and finally in this coverage of the money aspects of the music biz, **Abba** have signed a release deal with the Eastern European countries. Seems the stumbling block in all dealings in the past has been the restrictions on currency leaving these countries. So,



Richard Released / Live Album Out

Keith Richard's case has been adjourned yet again, this time until December 2nd. On his second appearance in the Toronto court on charges of possession of heroin and cocaine, his lawyer advised the court that Richard was currently being treated for heroin addiction at a New York Clinic, and an adjournment was accordingly granted until July 19th. On this date the case was again put back, this time until December 2nd.

Meanwhile, mixing and track selection of the Rolling Stones' new album, a double live, is almost completed. A

tentative track selection has been made, and includes material recorded on the 1975 US tour and at 1976 concerts in London and Paris. The probable tracks are: "Honky Tonk Women", "Can't Always Get What You Want", "Ain't Too Proud to Beg", "Brown Sugar", "Hot Stuff", "Star, Star", "Tumbling Dice", "Hey Negrita", "Hand of Fate", "If You Can't Rock Me/Get Off My Cloud", "Fool to Cry", "You Gotta Move", "Happy", "It's Only Rock 'n' Roll", "Jumping Jack Flash" and "Street Fighting Man."

Abba have agreed to sell their records for the local currency, which will then be used to buy vegetables and oil (that's right — vegetables and oil). There has to be a moral in there somewhere. The first person writing in to say that all Abba is worth is a load of old cabbages will be ignored... following on from the world of high finance, we bring you, **Concept Dept**. Weighing in with concept albums this month are **Jeff Wayne**, who has written and produced a double album based on HG Wells' *The War of the Worlds*. Taking featured roles are: Phil Lynott of Thin Lizzy, David Essex, and Julie Covington. The album is narrated by Richard Burton. Other singers include Justin Hayward and NZ-er Chris Thompson, vocalist for Manfred Mann's Earthband... departed Steeleye Span members **Bob Johnson** and **Peter Knight** have released their first project, titled **The King of Elfland's Daughter**, the album features contributions from Frankie Miller, Mary Hopkin, P.P. Arnold and Chris Farlowe. Christopher Lee acts as narrator. There is a possibility that a stage play and animated film may ensue... well, that's the end of the concepts. Now some trivia. Would you believe **The Muppets** have a top 10 single in Britain in "Halfway Down the Stairs"?... on the other side of the Atlantic David Cassidy's little brother **Shaun** holds the number 1 spot with "Da Doo Ron Ron", and the Bee Gee's little brother **Andy** has a top 10 single with "I Just Want to be Your Everything"... **Olivia Newton-John** is to make her film debut with John Travolta in *Grease*... **The Strawbs** may put on a 'Strawbs through the Ages' show as part of a series of concerts for the Royal Jubilee. The concerts would, of course, feature such past Strawbs' members as Rick Wakeman and Hudson-Ford... the

Band have signed a five album deal with Warner Brothers. Seems the first release under this new deal will not be the live album recorded at their farewell to performing concert, but rather a studio album... **Edgar Winter** has reformed White Trash. Original members in the band besides Edgar include: Jerry La Croix on sax, harmonica and vocals, Marshall Cyr on trumpet, Floyd Radford on guitar and Jon Smith on sax... ex-Edgar Winter band member, **Dan Hartman** is meanwhile involved in cutting demos with ex-New York Doll David Johansson... **Albert Finney** has an album out on Motown records (that's right, Motown). The LP goes under the startling title of *The Albert Finney Album*... **Brand X** gain their second drummer in as many months. The last one, Joe Blocker quit due to good old artistic differences, while new man in is American, Kenwood Dennard...



Thin Lizzy guitarist, Brian Robertson has rejoined the band. Robertson withdrew before their last US tour for health reasons, and former Thin Lizzy guitarist, Gary Moore, stood in for him. It was later announced that Robertson had left the band permanently to work on a solo project with ex-Rainbow bass player, Jimmy Bain.

However, Moore's departure after the US tour left the way free for Robertson to rejoin the band. At first, it was unclear whether Robertson would be free to tour with Thin Lizzy, but it now appears that he will undertake a world tour with them.

Whether Robertson will remain with the band permanently is still unclear. They have, however, completed recording of their new album in Toronto. Provisionally titled, *Bad Reputations*, it's produced by Tony Visconti who has previously worked with T. Rex and David Bowie among others. The album features sax contributions from Supertramp man John Helliwell and back-up vocals from Visconti's wife, Mary Hopkin.

The Average White Band have recorded an album with veteran R & B singer Ben E. King. They are currently on a tour to promote the album, *Benny and Us*, and the shows include King doing a set with his own band, followed by an AWB set, and as a finale, Ben E King performs with the Average Whites. This partnership will continue on an occasional basis.

Sutherland Brothers and Quiver have lost their star guitarist Tim Renwick. Currently helping out while they record their next album is the guitarist from British band Meal Ticket, Ray Flake.

Jack the Lad, British folk-rock band, have decided to disband. Their split was brought on by the fact that they were unable to get a new record contract, as although they had been a consistent concert draw, they had never sold many records.

The band was formed in 1973 by ex-Lindisfarne members Simon Cowe, Rod Clements and Ray Laidlaw. Laidlaw, meanwhile, has joined another ex-Lindisfarne man, Alan Hull, in a band called Radiator.

Eddie and the Hot Rods have gained a second guitarist, bringing them up to a 4 piece. The new addition is ex-Kursaal Flyers guitarist, Graeme Douglas.

Frankie Miller's Full House have lost their piano player, Jim Hall. Replacing him on keyboards is ex-Procol Harum member, Chris Copping.

Jess Roden Band have split. Roden left for the States to record a solo album and rather than await his return, the band has decided to split. Roden is also involved in work on Stomu Yamashta's second concept work following up last year's *Go*.

Alex Harvey has rejoined the Sensational Alex Harvey Band after a one year layoff, in which time the SAHB functioned without Alex. Although the temporary retirement was claimed to be intended to give Alex time to work, in fact, it was brought on by a back injury caused by scaffolding that collapsed onto Alex during the band's last British tour.

As from August, Alex will rejoin the band for touring, even though he will still have to wear a back brace.

Sailor have lost one of their two nickelodeon players. Phil Pickett has left to pursue a solo career.

Deep Purple may take part in a one-off reunion as part of the Jubilee shows in London. Regardless of this reunion, Jon Lord will be appearing in his own right in the Jubilee shows with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and the New York City Ballet.

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Arts Festival

The New Zealand Student Arts Council are presenting a national Festival of the Arts in Wellington between August 20 and 27th.

International Music — On Friday, August 26th in the Student Union Hall at Victoria University, there will be a concert featuring **John Martyn** and **Bert Jansch**. This will be their one New Zealand appearance. Bert Jansch is perhaps best known for his guitar work with fusion band Pentangle. But before and since, he has worked as a solo performer, acclaimed for his distinctive guitar style. John Martyn has also been pegged as a folk performer, although his style extends far beyond the limits of traditional music. For instance, one of his earlier albums, *Stormbringer*, was recorded with members of The Band in the States. His concerts, which feature acoustic guitar altered by the use of electronic devices, have consistently received rave reviews.

NZ Rock — NZ bands that will appear over the course of the Festival include: Rockinghorse, Hello Sailor, Country Flyers, Ragnarok, Rough Justice, Living Force, Heartbreakers, Tattiebogle, Cirrus, Schtung, and Crazy Mamma.

There will be socials in the Cafe of Victoria University every night featuring two bands. There will also be informal concerts held every day in the Union Hall.

A concert in Wellington Town Hall on Wednesday, 24 August will feature the top bands of the Festival.

Jazz — Sunday the 21st of August will see jazz workshops conducted by Colin Hemmingsen, together with impromptu jams. Sunday night, there'll be a concert with the Golden Horn Big Band with Colin Hemmingsen, Early Bird and Earthborn, 1860 Band and the Kevin Clark group.

Other features of interest in the Festival will include a screening of that classic reggae film, *The Harder They Come*, as well as an extensive programme of film, dance, theatre, art and folk and experimental music.

Registration entitling the holder to entrance to all events will cost \$10 for students and \$15 for non-students. Door sales will be available for most events, though registered people will have preference. Billetting will also be available in Wellington.

For further info contact Paul Davis at Box 9047, Wellington or your local Student Arts Council rep on your nearest campus.

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Geoff and Mike Chunn of Citizen Band.

Recording News

Brothers, Geoff and Mike Chunn, have recruited two Auckland musicians, Brent Eccles (drums) and Greg Clarke (guitar) and are going by the name of **Citizen Band**, with plans to do some performances in early September. Eccles and Clarke are members of Vox Pop and will continue to play with the group. Citizen Band are putting down some original songs at Mandrill studios in Parnell, Auckland, that will result in an album release later in the year.

A single entitled "Julia" written by Geoff Chunn will be released on the Mandrill label soon. Some notable musicians guest on the tracks (the B-side is an old M. Chunn/B. Finn song) — namely Kevin Wildman,

Graeme Gash, Alistair Riddell, Malcolm McCallum and Warren Sly.

Speaking of **Alistair Riddell**, he has a single released, also on the Mandrill label, entitled "Wonder Ones". He has done a clip for Radio With Pictures which should appear shortly. **Waves** were recording recently at Mascot studios. They put down a song entitled "Vegas" and did a film of it for overseas promotion. It hasn't been decided yet whether it will be released as a single.

There is a healthy quantity of local material at present on the airwaves. Rick Steele (Trains Can Fly), Richard Wilde (Ever Since I Felt You Slipping Away) and soon Alistair Riddell and Citizen Band. And of course we can't forget Mark Williams. "It Doesn't Matter Anymore. Oops... almost forgot Hello Sailor and their fine song, Gutter Black."



Harvey Mann of Living Force.

Living Force Energy and Devotion

Living Force are rocking out. Those who experience them are interacting enthusiastically with the warm, motivating energy they make; this is evident on their album, to be released this month.

The album, recorded locally at Mascot Studios and backed by WEA, comes after 2½ years of trial and error for the band, which was founded by Harvey Mann, Glen Absolum and Eddie Hansen, all of whom have played roles in milestone bands on the local scene. Mann and Absolum together in The Underdogs and Spacefarm, with Hansen out of Ticket.

"Eddie left halfway through the album to do his own thing. The players in the band haven't been on the scene." Replacing Ed is Matt Matopi. He is a talented guy, plays bass, guitar, percussion, sings and we are combining well writing lots of songs," says Harvey.

"Glen is a real musician, not just a guy who sits behind the drums. He and Mike Fisher, who plays congas and percussion, are combining well, giving strong and creative rhythms."

John Pepper works out on keyboards. Prior to Living Force he ambled around the country playing a beat-up, old guitar in communes. He sees the purpose of the band as, interaction. "We want to feel off one

another, get people involved where they are getting off on the vibes that we generate from our feelings, instead of the band and crowd segregated; us up here and them down there. We are doing a concert-come-dance sort of thing."

Matt notes, "One guy who came to see us danced till his feet blistered."

There is inner purpose in the band, not because all members are Krishna devotees. Harvey explains, "We want Living Force to be a loose vehicle for the people in it to express themselves, for the music to be tight, with the themes to be clean and clear. We are into getting the mood of the music across and it saying something — the words, melody, rhythm — and it all saying the same thing with full intensity, so that it has a powerful impact. People are going to be surprised when they hear us, there will be a time when this music will make an impression on people. We're ambitious and want to do it."

What about saleability of their new album. "Anything will sell, or appeal to the mass public, if you are right into it and the vibe is really nice."

We are aiming for the lowest common denominator, playing simple music," Mann states with forthright conviction.

"I hear all these bands, even with

Songwriter's Showcase

The 12th of July saw the second in a series of "Songwriters Showcases" that are held monthly in Phil Warren's Ace of Clubs nightclub, Cook St. Auckland. The evenings are organized by Ray Columbus and his wife, and provide a platform for songwriters, especially those that don't perform publicly, to air their material to anyone who might be interested. Judging by the House Full sign and the number of radio, TV and record company people present, there is a healthy selection of interested people.

The performers on this occasion were Larry Killip, Rick Steele, John Hanlon and Waves, and the standard of composition, although at times a little lacking in substance, was good.

Hopefully presentations of this type will spread to other centres, as it gives NZ songwriters a chance to get their knees knocking and let *real* people rather than the living room wall, hear their songs. Anyone interested in performing should send a tape of their material to Ray Columbus, c/o TV2, Auckland. The next showcase is on August 30, so if you're interested, come along, but make sure you're early.

Who's Where

Hello Sailor White Hart, New Plymouth (August 8-13) Wellington (August 22-27).

Biggles Globe Tavern (August 6-13), Windsor Tavern (August 15-20)

Living Force at Island of Real Cafe, August 7.

If you're not here that's because you didn't let us know. For listing write Box 5689, Auckland.

talented guys in them, who have all these flowery arrangements, effects and zoned-out words, but it is nothing. It is like listening to a couple of old ladies talking, they talk for hours and hours, not managing to say anything, yet a lot of people think what they are saying is so hip, 'cause that's where they're at. If they could step back and look at themselves, they would laugh.

"We are not following the rock scene; we are not there just to entertain, nor are we ramming Krishna down people's throats. We are treading our own path, having a ball doing our thing and if people can relate to that, we all have a good time."

Mann's soft, sincere nature comes through and he readily confesses that Krishna consciousness has given him spiritual direction and a central point and dedication to his art. "We have so much original material coming forth all the time. We are perfectionists by nature. I'm very self-critical of my playing. Only 10% of what I play is worth anything, but I am enlarging that 10%."

Reflecting on his 12 years of playing guitar, and the feeling of being pretty broke, he gives off an agonising sigh. "Shit, it has been a constant battle and struggle with costs. Playing music is a richman's luxury — you've got to play your own stuff. If you don't it is like being a painter and painting someone else's picture. I can't put on any act. I just love playing music."

A listen to the album, on Harvey's car cassette, reveals well shaped tracks with richness and plenty of mood variance — hard riffy rocking, funk; gospel soul; soaring melodies and an eastern influence skillfully executed on one track, with the use of a sitar type guitar called a tamedoura. Pockets of emotional jamming make it an album of dynamic energy. The songs to be released as singles don't downgrade the album at all with their commercial palatability.

The only reason why Living Force's album shouldn't sell well, without inflated hype or a succession of hits behind them, will be because of New Zealanders' indifference to their artists.

Ray Castle

FILM KULTURE

By William Dart

Well, the 9th Auckland International Film Festival is over. 37 films in two weeks. Phew! The great audience can now truckle back home and catch up on other cultural activities around the city. After a month all that will remain for some is that half-empty bottle of Optrex in the bathroom cupboard. Looking around the festival audiences it would be interesting to take a survey of their film-going habits. What is the state of the seventh art in Auckland (and New Zealand) to cause this mighty bottleneck each July. Some pertinent questions might be posed.

Are the films that good? I would question the necessity for Widerberg-schmaltz like *Stubby* or what sounded like a rather drawn-out essay in French sophistry in Marguerite Duras *India Song*. Even Jancso's *Private Vices, Public Virtues* was a bit of a disappointment lacking the power and fibre of his earlier films. In the first half welcome touches of humour livened the film but the script seemed to run out half way through the film to the overall detriment of the work. Minor quibbles, admittedly, but as these films come as part and parcel of our annual fortnight of good movies, they seem to bask in a *noli me tangere* critical quarantine.

Are the films that recent? The average date of production tends to be 1974/5. There is nothing wrong with that but, in view of the 'high art' atmosphere of the festival, it seems that Time has offered some substantiation of their worth. What it does is to lend a scholarly caution to the festival which I am not sure is a good thing.

Censorship doesn't help either, and the magical 'RFF' (Restricted to Film Festival audiences) after a good proportion of the films must attract some people for the wrong reasons.

Then there is the programming itself. This reached a peak of ridiculousness on Sunday, 17th July when four fine films (*The Memory of Justice, Duella, Meat and The Mother and the Whore*) were screened with a few minutes in between each. A total of twelve hours viewing for the dedicated cineaste.

Shorts are an irritant too. With the exception of a brilliant Canadian short *The Street*, I have found these to be eminently forgettable. The worst was a 50 minute Australian horror on Spiders screened with Welles' *F for Fake*.

Have the distributors done their duty now that the Festival is over? How does this Festival reflect New Zealand's film release policy in general? I speak for Auckland only, but when are we to see Penn's *Night Moves*, Altman's *Buffalo Bill* or Ritchie's *Smile*?

Attitudes to American films are still very undeveloped in this country, although we did manage to get five in this festival. A backlash of conservatism still equates the 'art film' with foreign movies. Subtitles maketh the film, as they say. As if one can really appreciate a film without understand-

ing the language the characters are speaking. Seeing Myra Breckinridge with French subtitles would make you realise how limited they can be in conveying the inflections, nuances and literal meaning of the original.

Obligatory reading to anyone interested in American cinema is Andrew Sarris' *The American Cinema* (Dutton, 1968) in which nearly every American director is rated and discussed. A quirky and personal book in many respects, but still a very level-headed and thought-provoking assessment of directors such as Preminger, Fuller, Sirk, Garnett etc. etc.

Anti-American attitudes also permeate many people's feelings towards the small screen. But let's face it, for literate scripts, acting and production values, recent American comedy shows such as *All in the Family, One Day at a Time, Tony Randall Show* are hard to beat. And, with your Andrew Sarris in hand, you will be more prepared to deal with those lovely pieces of esoterica that crop up in the old movie slots. In the past twelve months we have had such delights as Lang's *Blue Gardenia*, Tashlin's *Cinderella*, Karlson's *The Brothers Rico*, Boetticher's *Comanche Station*, Siodmak's *Cry of the City* and Lubitsch's *Cluny Brown*.

I wrote my first column about Phil Ochs' sufferings at the hands of an unsympathetic rock world. In film a parallel could be drawn with Frank Tashlin. The same Frank Tashlin who made *The Girl Can't Help It* which must be the best rock film ever. Now, such brilliant Tashlin satires as *The Disorderly Orderly, Who's Minding the Store* and *Hollywood or Bust* are relegated to local kiddie's matinees, as Jerry Lewis pictures. And Lewis' own directorial efforts, including the brilliant *Big Mouth* do not even merit that much attention.

There are many parallels between the rock and film world. They both use a lot of money for both production and distribution of the article. You're only as good as your last film or record seems to be the golden rule. You also have to be very careful to retain ultimate control over your work — Peckinpah's *Major Dundee* and the Stones' Decca recordings offer two instances of this pitfall. Both arts seem to inspire attitudes of antipathy and condescension in some people — there are always those who think Chabrier's *Espana* is 'serious' music whilst Joni Mitchell and Chick Corea would remain fair and square on the other side of the fence. They are arts where some are forgotten because they choose to carefully cultivate their own plot of ground, whether it be Boetticher's Westerns or Van Dyke Park's Caribbean musings. They are both arts in which the public taste is caught by the big, the vulgar and the obvious. They both seem to have a tough time making it down under.

William Dart



Round the House but Mind the Dresser

It was sad to see empty seats at the Chieftain's concert in Auckland late last month. These seven fine Irish traditional musicians gave us a fine earful of evocative Irish music that (for once) was not ruined by tons of distorting electrical hardware.

With a range of instruments from fiddles and Uilleann pipes to the bodhran, harp and timpan, the Chieftains did treat us to some rapturous sounds. At their most romantic, like the love theme from *Barry Lyndon*, the group produced a rippling translucent wall of sound — a sort of Gaelic Phil Spector. When they get a beat going, their reels live up to titles like "Round the House but Mind the Dresser".

There were some personal highlights. Paddy Moloney's inventive playing on the pipes and his strong leadership of the group; Derek Bell's stunning harp work and the timing of the two fiddlers.

Generally, their music took the form of collections or medleys of various traditional airs or dances. However, at centre of the concert was a more ambitious work, *Bonaparte's Retreat*.



This was an attempt to portray the rise and fall of that unfortunate Frenchman in music, a few sung verses of the ballad being sung by Kevin Conneff.

I went to this concert with some mixed feelings, but I was won over completely. Within twenty-four hours I was on the record-shop-crawl looking for Chieftains' records.

Don't miss them next time
William Dart



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LIVE

Auckland Punks!

**The Scavengers and The Suburban Reptiles
Auckland University Cafe
Saturday 16th July**

The dance at the Varsity cafe featuring the Scavengers and the Suburban Reptiles was notable not only for the beer and urine on the floor, but for a more interesting aspect (this is of course based on the long term algorithm) — potential. I'm not talking about the potential of the groups; they have little, and I myself would prefer them to have none. No... there was audience potential, and although on this occasion there were too few people, not enough hot tempers, not enough volume etc. to spark the crowd, it will happen soon.

If you are the sort who is sick of the "Shut up and listen" concerts or the "Oh, how do you do" and "Shirt, Steve, Arm frakin pithed" clubs and pubs, then your presence at a Scavs and Reptiles do is probably what you, and they, need.

The Scavengers are a four piece, the Reptiles a six. The Scavengers were more straightforward, very unpolished, out of tune and hectic. The Reptiles sounded better, were more

together and extraordinarily out of tune. Billy Boots (bass) and Buster Stix (drums) were a pile-driving unit that could go on to greater things. The others suffered from the self-conscious bug but, with a couple of cans on the head, that should sort itself out.

There was one major disappointment. I didn't want to hear songs by the Damned, early Who and Sex Pistols but I got them all, and so any real down-to-earth flavour was lost. With this standard of music, there is no need for cover-versions — stick to your own stuff, lads, as it's more direct and with your confidence should drive through much better. On the by, the music should have been twice as loud — it should have been deafening.

I have one scene that summed up the night for me. A lawyer, from Kōhī, went along to the cafe after a pleasant evening at a Parnell hotel. During the Reptiles, he spat most of his beer on the heads of unfortunates and the beer that did make it to his person was released in a great torrent onto the cafe floor. Aesthetically, it was nothing spectacular — but it had potential.
Mike Chunn

The Suburban Reptiles



Bamboo

Bamboo / Debbie Filler

For those not already in the know, Auckland has at last sprouted a genuine patron of the arts. Mr Charlie Gray who keeps the *Island of Real Cafe* in Airedale Street has started a programme of music and entertainment on selected week-nights and on Sunday afternoons.

On this chosen Sunday, Debbie Filler, well known Joni Mitchell devotee about town, and Bamboo, newish and punchy rock n roll band, combined to provide diversion for we languid souls who sought to fritter away an afternoon. Deborah sang songs written by (amongst others) Ms Mitchell, Geoffrey Chunn, Randy Newman and herself. Bamboo exhibited a generally exemplary taste in material (Allen Toussaint, Little Feat, The Stones), and as a highlight, Deborah joined the band for a stirring rendition of Randy Newman's "Guilty".

Barring the tedious theatre group, a pleasant enough time was registered by most, in this venue to be noted.
Bruce Belsham

Hues Corp.

Three years ago in the Auckland Town Hall, I was surprised to find that the Hues Corporation were an energetic act with a tight band and some good material. Their hard work made them comparable with the Motown vocal groups that had toured New Zealand, even though they only worked with a four piece band.

The Hues Corporation was an appropriately bold name for a group that had achieved recording success independent of the companies that specialise in black music. Behind the Hues Corporation is their manager Wally Holmes, who writes most of their material, produces their albums and helps with their choreography.

In sixteen days of one night stands the Hues Corporation travelled by car from Greymouth to Gisborne. In many centres they had two shows. I talked to St Clair Lee after the Hamilton show about the tour and their current standing in the music world. Everything was 'cool'! They loved their manager and their record company, they were happy to perform anywhere, and St Clair Lee never mentioned any aspirations that were not fulfilled by the release of their new album, *Not Too Shabby*.

They delighted the Hamilton audience with their energy and fine presentation. St Clair Lee's dancing with members of the audience as "Rock The Boat" (the final number) rocked on, was an effective climax to the show. But I was not the only person surprised that they chose not to perform "Rockin' Soul" and Toussaint's "Freedom For The Stallion", the highlights of their first tour. The concert

featured songs from their new album and popular songs such as, "For Once In My Life" and "Puppet Man".

Looking back, St Clair Lee says to young acts coming up — "Prepare yourself totally, make yourself ready and when the train gets there, you can get on board". The Hues Corporation have been on the train for a while now and their first albums, that three years ago looked like a good start, now are the highpoint of their recording. Their new album, *Not Too Shabby* is pleasant, "I Can't Put My Finger On It" is a fine song but the album is not a step forward. In the future more energy will have to be directed from the athletics of touring to the studio, if they are going to move beyond their first recordings.

Murray Cammick



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Al Jarreau: Shoo be doo and all that



I first saw/heard Al Jarreau on Grunt Machine one Friday night. There was this guy miming a flute solo while some flautist blew the tune off camera. It wasn't till thirty seconds into the cut that the truth hit. He was *singing* it. Not only that, but he sang the first verse in a high, sweet-soul style (a la Al Green), and then hit the first bass note that introduces the chorus — right down there with the bass player.

I couldn't believe it. He was so good. Every word came out perfectly phrased by lips more mobile than ever Jagger's. His control was superb, and he went from restrained and sweet to the raging power of the chorus of "Lock All the Gates" within the same song. He was about the best singer I'd ever seen.

You don't get that good overnight. Al Jarreau was born in Milwaukee, and gained a Master's degree in Psychology from the University of Iowa. In 1965, he moved to San Francisco where he was working as a counsellor. For two years he sang with George Dukes's trio in clubs. In 1968 he moved to Los Angeles where he started doing club gigs with just a guitarist. It was then that he found room to move vocally. "I colored the music with sounds very much like musical instruments." But his beginnings were the church choir and "street quartets, shoo be doo and all that.

In early 1975, he played the Troubadour in L.A. with Les McCann as the headliner. It was on the last night of the gig that Warner Brothers board chairman, Mo Ostin, saw him. Jarreau's manager, Pat Rains, tells it. "Halfway through the first song Mo said, 'Would you like to make a deal?' " He was signed to Warner Brothers the next day.

His first album, *We Got By*, is the kind of record that redefines the genre. It has elements of funk, jazz, cabaret and gospel music, but the net result is something else again. I wouldn't be caught dead with a cabaret album on the turntable. But fired by Al Jarreau's imaginative lyrics and ecstatic vocals, a song that would be cabaret material in anyone else's hands, is just simply a good song. He's got the feel.

Looking at him, you get the impression of youth. He's thirty seven. He's been there before, and it shows in lyrics that, on one hand reflect a first-

person understanding of poverty, and on the other, carry a sort of gospel mysticism that hints at his roots — singing in his father's church. It takes one hell of a singer/songwriter to get religious feeling into a song and not sound like he's pushing it down your

throat. And his handling of sex in the lyrics can be playful and earthy.

Listen mama when you finally walk on in

Don't forget to bring along your sweet potato tin

When you serve him a slice of your sweet potato sin, girl

He won't want pumpkin again.

His second album, *Glow*, included several versions of other peoples' songs. It's not as good as the first, but it's good. Some of the covers are to my mind bad choices (e.g. Elton's "Your Song"), but others such as Sly Stone's "Somebody's Watching You", and Leon Russell's "Rainbow in Your Eyes", make the originals look weak. And that's not something that happens a lot to Sly. His own "Hold On Me" is pure Jarreau — a choirful of Jarreaus scatting a street-corner doo-wop that can't be beat.

Lately I've been soaking in the glow of his latest, a live double called *Look to the Rainbow*. Live jazz and soul seems to record best in Europe (e.g. Otis Redding *Live in Europe*), and this is no exception. It's a set made up of Al's oldies and newies, and then some other people's stuff as well. It's more jazzy than the studio stuff, which tends to use a solid funk bottom (courtesy of ace drummer Joe Corriero). *Look to the Rainbow* shows the man's vocals stretched to their limit — scatting, straight singing, playing vocal percussion — the lot. Unlike a lot of live rock and roll, which loses in quality what it gains in energy, this record shows a man who has no need to fake it. Simply stated, he's brilliant.

Fats Waller once said about jazz, "If you have to ask what it is, don't mess with it." While Al Jarreau doesn't fit neatly into any category, it's notable that *Record World* named him their top Jazz Vocalist of 1976. Leonard Feather (and he does know about jazz) did the same. I don't know much about jazz and I don't think you have to. I'm just crazy 'bout the boy.

John Malloy



Hard Times. Soft Focus.

Bound For Glory
Directed by Hal Ashby

Woody Guthrie is one of those legends of American music for which we all profess reverence — but most of us affix that proclamation with a silent prayer that nobody will ask embarrassing questions, because beyond the name, a few titles, and a vague notion of an American nomad, we feel thoroughly ignorant. One accordingly assumes that a film about Guthrie would be mandatory viewing, a painless way to fill in your historical gaps. Not so. If you were thinking of seeing *Bound for Glory* for that reason alone, don't bother.

Bound for Glory selects material from Guthrie's autobiography of the same name, which in turn only covers three years of his life. We see Woody leave Texas, jump trains and hitch his way to California, where he witnesses the persecution of Okie migrants and works for his first time in radio. But there is more incident than pattern to this narrative: Guthrie's political sentiments are only patchily shown, his

songs presented in bits and pieces, and his character never developed. In its script, imagery, and compilation, this is a fractured movie; one further inhibited by radiant soft focus photography which belies the harshness of migrant life.

However, *Bound for Glory* is not an openly offensive film. It maintains anecdotal interest and, surprisingly, David Carradine manages creditable performances of Guthrie songs. The music, excepting Leonard Rosenman's limp incidental score, is kept simple and a little rough. "Do Re Mi", "This Train is Bound for Glory", and "Deportee" all retain some edge, which makes for a pleasant surprise. In that respect, *Bound for Glory* is more informative than the Kingston Trio singing "This Land is Your Land" — but why oh why must the Cinema of Nostalgia insist on administering to every subject, even brutal violence and social rage, this patina of pretty inconsequence?

Bruce Belsham

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Rock musicians keep unusual hours. Or so editor, Alastair Dougal, and cub reporter, John Malloy, were to find when they tracked Dave McArtney and Graham Brazier (of Hello Sailor) down to their hideout — a disused fallout shelter in Newton. There, amid the vicious noise of the relentless Sunday traffic, they taped the interview that was to appear below.

But it was not to be. Our heroes de-

THE SIX MILLION D

By John Malloy

For them what don't know, Hello Sailor are a rock band. In fact, they're a rock 'n' roll band in the classic mould: a two guitar, bass and drums line-up, fronted by singer/saxophonist Graham Brazier. Auckland based, they've been playing round the country for about two years, in which time their music has changed, as has their personnel.

Their guitarists, Harry Lyon and Dave McArtney, play complementary parts with an ease that comes from long hours of playing together, while the rhythm section of Lyle Kinney on bass and Ricky Ball on drums provide that essential solid foundation. The music is an eclectic collection of songs with such diverse influences as reggae, latin music and British rock; while their original material is so much a part of their act that their audience take it for granted. Their single, "Gutter Black" backed with "Latin Lover", has been getting a lot of airplay lately, and they have a soon-to-be-released album in the can for Key records. And, right now they're hot.



Dave McArtney and Graham Brazier



Can you first tell me about the beginnings of the band?

DM Well, for a start, Graham and I were living in a house in Ponsonby with a whole lot of people, playing acoustic music just for our own enjoyment, and we had the odd gig together; writing all our own songs. I'd known Harry years ago — we played in a band together once — and he appeared back on the scene, playing in a band called Beam. He used to come along, and gradually we got a lot of gear together and started playing. So, we just decided to form a band. There was just the three of us for a start. We started off playing our own music really, and we searched around for a few suitable cover versions — but not with the idea of working. We just wanted to play, at first. Then we decided to take it seriously and we got the band together and rehearsed for a couple of months, and it just took off. We played at Napier, came back, and played a gig at Dunlop's Gym. That's in Grey Lynn — a really old colonial place with a boxing ring.

What were you doing for jobs at that time?

DM Well, up till then I'd been a gardener. Harry had been a professional musician for about a year. Graham was a gardener, dustman, and a few other things. See, Beam sort of broke up, and I joined them but we didn't play anywhere. It broke up after a week, and then we got Graham in, and then the rhythm section left. We just rehearsed with two guitars and a bass, Harry and I swapping round on bass, and then we got a drummer (which was Graham Turner). Then Beam's bass player joined us for a couple of months. Then, we got another guy filling in for a couple of weeks (Bob Taylor — he plays with Larry Morris now), and then we got Andy McDonald out of Streettalk. He stayed for about six months, and then we got our present bass player.

How do you find working around New Zealand without a manager?

DM No trouble. Probably the reason we've gone so long without a manager is that some of the guys in the band — Harry, and recently, Rick — have had a lot of experience in things like that, so they can handle that side well. Because you need to be quite firm in what sort of money you want, y'know? In New Zealand there's lots of different sorts of promoters. There's honest ones, and friendly ones, and there's ones that won't pay you, and there's

ones that'll pay you in advance. You really need experienced people. And also you need someone to represent you. You can't really represent yourself. You can't go along and say, "They're a really good band, really shit hot, you wanna hire us!" But we seem to have survived all right without one. We'd like one now. There's lots of things to handle now. There's lots of dealing with record company people, and things like that.

At the moment you are doing a lot of fairly solid rock material. Does this reflect the needs of your audiences?

DM Yeah it does. You gotta project energy. You can't project it in a pub playing more introverted material, which is what we started off doing. On the album we've got coming out there are a few numbers like that. We've got quite a mixture. Not all of it is danceable material though.

When did you start making the album?

Graham Brazier About two months ago. We spent a week in there and a week out, depending on how the studio was booked. If it was free we'd be in there from eight thirty till five.

That's a long time to spend in the studio.

GB Specially when you gotta go and play that night.

Did you have much trouble getting the sound the way you wanted it?

DM I don't think it ever sounds how you want it. There's always something wrong with it.

What's the point of releasing an album in New Zealand?

GB Hope like shit it goes to Australia. That's the only point. If it doesn't you're gonna see it in a junk shop in two weeks time.

DM If you're a band writing your own material, it's good to get an album out. It's good to do. The single is more promotional. The album is sort of the art form of rock 'n' roll — getting a good forty minutes of music.

Would you like to go to Australia?

DM Yeah. We'd like to go to Australia, but under the right conditions — guaranteed work. We'd like to have at least two albums behind us before we go, really, and a good single so that you can go there and get pushed. If you just go there like Dragon, you have to start from the bottom again, and it takes three years. But we don't wanna go before we're ready.

parted in their converted MIG, (the words *Rip It Off* emblazoned in gold upon the fuselage). But both were killed instantly when their plane shattered against the side of a low-flying DC 10. Only desperate efforts by a team of top surgeons saved the last remnants of tape, reconstructed using the newest and most expensive technology. So, with fingers up our noses, we bring you . . .

DOLLAR INTERVIEW



Harry Lyon, Lyle Kinney and Ricky Ball



GB We'd like to stop work for a coupla months and just get a good act together. I think the thing in New Zealand is that you have to play too long. They don't sort of concentrate on quality. Especially in clubs. A club expects you to play from ten till three in the morning. In Australia they've got so many bands, they can afford to have three a night, whereas here they get one band. That's why bands don't last very long in New Zealand. They get stuck in the same club for six months or so, playing every night from Wednesday to Saturday, ten till three. By the end of that time, they're sick of each other, sick of the club, sick of the people around them.

Is it any better touring around New Zealand?

GB Yeah. Much better. It's a new sort of thing all the time.

You seem to have a big enough following now to do what you want.

DM We need to be doing a little more in that direction now. We're just making that transition, I suppose, from playing what we have to, to playing what we want to play. I think that a lot of songs we do that are originals, people don't know it. They find out eventually. There's nothing worse than some smartass standing up there saying, "here's one we wrote last week". Personally, that irks me. Some of the most popular songs over the last five years have been versions of songs that are already established . . . even people like Bowie. There's an album that a friend of mine's got, that's taken live in Berkeley, and he doesn't do one of his own songs. And it's really good.

It doesn't bother you doing cover versions?

GB No. I quite enjoy them as long as I like that particular song. But if we were in the position where we only played two hours a night we could do all originals. Then you'd have to go overseas.

There's not many promoters in New Zealand.

GB There's two categories. There's people that have the general interest but no money, and there's people that have money but no interest.

DM There's not that rapport between the bands and the promoters in New Zealand. The bands aren't expected to do much but play. If you're talking about the commercial side — it's a whole package really — putting on an act.

GB To do it really successfully in New Zealand — once you'd established the name — you'd have to go and hide for two months, just disappear, to create the demand. Whereas overseas, you just play another town.

DM We still feel like a working band. We just haven't got much time to really do something and we wish we did. And this is what we expect to be doing a lot between this album and the next one.

GB We've had two weeks off in two and a half years, and even that was not time off. We were still having to fix up work for the next month.

DM The place is just not big enough really. In fact, the dealings we've had in Christchurch have been far more professional. Like they try, and they really look after you, and you're presented, and you get your reaction

from that. The pressure's on us to really perform down there, so we do it. But up here we're playing five weeks in the Globe . . . it's really hard to maintain that special thing. People enjoy it at the Globe at the moment, but more often than not we're not feeling quite up to it, just from the pressure of playing every night. The buzz happens, say, nine o'clock every night. — from then on. But we've been playing since half past seven to just a few people, getting up set after set. The whole thing with music is: you've got to project, and if you're feeling bad you can't, and the audience will pick up on that. That's why there's this big thing built up around rock music — roadies and managers — it's very cleverly worked out.

GB Most of the promoters or would-be promoters that have approached us have had all the ideas for making it big but they've had no experience or financial backing.

DM See, we've spent our thousands. We've got twenty thousand dollars worth of gear. You're getting a return on it in the long run. After all, it's what we wanna do. There's great restrictions in this country. I can see us hitting the top, bouncing off, and just going down again. A lot of bands do that. There's no incentive.

GB Anybody that's good goes to Australia. But if they get good here and don't go anywhere, they just stop. Negativity sets in. They start off here as tadpoles, and as soon as they turn into frogs, they hop off to Australia.

DM We don't really want to do a theatrical thing. We just want to do a set that covers all the music we can do. We did a couple of concerts recently and we really enjoyed that, just doing two-hour shows. It has taken us a long time to work up to where we can really play a steady stream of rock and roll. I think that's because of all the changes in lineup. We've had four bass players and two drummers, and a lot of numbers have been ditched. In the beginning, we had a lot more energy than we had a couple of months ago. But we've got the energy back now.

You've really got the Globe sewn up.

GB Well, we were the first band that ever played there. We built the stage — just out of pallets and boxes

What sort of stuff do you listen to?

DM Well now, I just listen to Al Green mostly. When I'm listening to music it's usually late at night or early in the morning.

GB I really like the thing that Bowie's doing, and I like Iggy Pop.

DM And that sort of new rhythm 'n' blues, like Graham Parker.

Who does all the writing?

DM Graham and meself really. Harry does a bit. We write together sometimes. We're just starting to, actually.

What's "Concrete Jungle" based on?

GB Urban frustrations

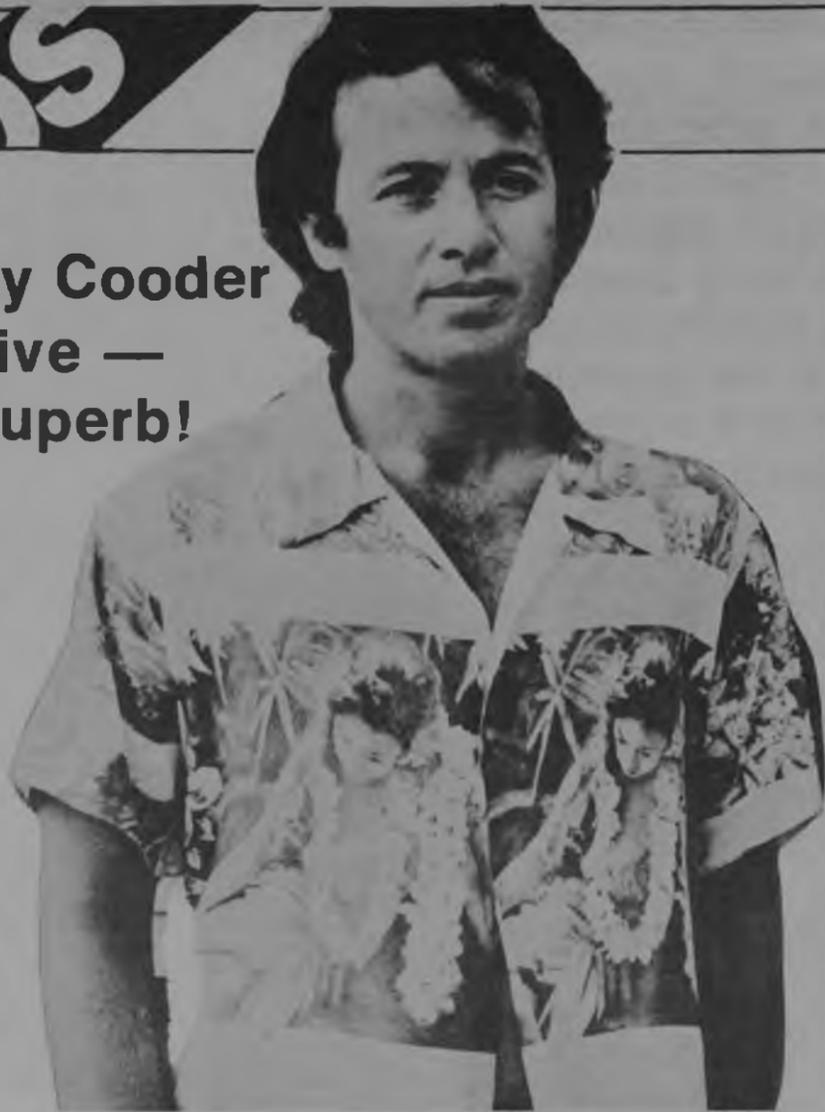
Do you have a statement about punk rock, or would you rather not talk about it?

GB I think it's really good. If I was young enough I'd be a punk rocker.

DM We were punks when we started. Punk rockers.

GB I'd like to see Kiri te Kanawa wearing black leather, PVC, and safety pins.

Ry Cooder Live — Superb!



**Ry Cooder
Showtime
Warner Brothers**

A real treat from W.E.A. this time with Ry Cooder's new album, this is *Showtime*, a dazzler of a live album which may be one of the best records of the year. Cooder's albums usually are

A session guitarist *par excellence* (with Captain Beefheart, Randy Newman, the Stones and other big ones), Cooder has now released six albums. All feature his instrumental virtuosity in a variety of styles, as well as his idiosyncratic choice of material, from fairly traditional blues through Woody Guthrie to Burt Bacharach and Jim Reeves. There is often a wry touch of humour in such strange stylistic juxtapositions as his Tex-Mex version of the country-and-western "He'll Have to Go".

To the songs. The opening song, "School is Out," a companion piece to Berry's "Schooldays", is done with the same gusto as Cooder's Guthrie songs. This means it has more drive and guts than forty thousand disco songs. A fadeout to this particular track indicates perhaps that it was not a live song.

Other treats on Side One are the gospel-

style "Jesus on the Mainline" (remember Muldaur's "As an Eagle Stirreth in Her Nest?") and Blind Willie Johnson's "Dark End of the Street." "Street" is sung by the backing vocalists (Eldridge Cleaver, Terry Evans and Bobby King) and Cooder contributes a brilliant bottleneck solo in the middle of the song.

The second side opens with a rip-roaring polka-version of Guthrie's "Do-Re-Mi" in which Flaco Jimenez's accordion shows its colours. How appropriate Guthrie's Depression-laments now seem to the spirit of our times, and the same mood runs through Alfred Reed's "How Can a Poor Man Stand Such Times and Live". Those who know Cooder's first album with its fairly raunchy reading of this song will be surprised by the quiet restraint of this version. How cunningly Cooder inserts a quick chorus of "He'll Have to Go" into the song.

Even though superlatives put off as many people as they convince, I think this is a superb album. Two grizzles: firstly, the cover is a bit messy by Cooder's usually high standard, and secondly why wasn't it a double album, using some of the other highlights on his overseas concerts?

William Dart

Al DiMeola Elegant Gypsy CBS

You can understand a lot about this record by examining its cover.

Consider the photo. A swarthy bearded dude in black waistcoat stares coolly at you, his arms confidently folded over his black electric Gibson. Behind him a dark, immaculately-coiffed woman swirls her expensive black gown and glances over her shoulder at our guitarist. He has his back to her but seems well aware of her presence. His demeanour is almost arrogant, indicating that he chooses to disregard her. This sense of cool assurance also pervades the music. DiMeola is a gifted young musician who confidently commands a number of modern guitar styles. He is not yet 22, yet this is his second album as a leader, after three as a member of the highly esteemed unit, Chick Corea's Return To Forever.

All the music here is set in more or less Spanish-influenced styles in attempt to provide a thematic unity to the album, however DiMeola, much in the way he snubs the gypsy in the photo, will sometimes ignore his context and launch into improvisations that focus the music elsewhere.

Consider the photo again. On closer inspection the woman seems not so much a gypsy as some Fifth Avenue model holding a pose. Is this what the music is really doing — Well, yes and no. In the sense that it is really North American jazz affecting Latin American styles, we can concede the point, but it is not true in the sense that the music could be accused of dishonesty. We have only to turn the record sleeve over and read the track titles to realise that DiMeola is quite candid about his object. The pieces are so aptly named as to give one the sense that they were composed subsequent to the conception of the titles. It is up to us as listeners (readers?) to decide whether we want what he openly offers.

"Flight Over Rio" is about as close to indigenous South American culture as the tune gets. It has the hectic pace and volume of today's commercial Western lifestyle. Sound appealing?

"Midnight Tango" is just that. Do you want the soundtrack to an after-hours deserted dancehall?

Ponder on this one: "Race with Devil on Spanish Highway". You may remember a sixties, fuzzed guitar rave-up entitled "Race with the Devil" by a group called Gun. Update that little monster by a decade, give it to some highly proficient young jazz honchos, toss in a soupçon of Latin flavouring and let it cook. Interested?

On two numbers DiMeola plays acoustic guitar. "Mediterranean Sundance" is a duet that exudes vibrant warmth. "Lady of Rome, Sister of Brazil" offers a short, gentle meditation on the shared culture of the old world and the new.

"Elegant Gypsy Suite" seems intended as the focal point of the album, being both the longest track and supplying the cover motif. Fittingly, it also summarises the strengths and weaknesses of the music as a whole. Surely an elegant gypsy is virtually a contradiction in terms: someone of dark and brooding passions which are capable of erupting into fiery abandon, yet who, at the same time, is always graceful and refined. Therein lies my reservation about this record. The playing is very fine indeed and beautifully polished — just take a note of the musicians involved — and the pieces all move attractively. However, with the possible exception of "Mediterranean Sundance", when it's all over there is a sense that something was held in check when it might have been released. In an effort to remain well-groomed the music foregoes risking any great passion, and risks are what makes improvised music so exciting. Like the girl in the photo who can't quite pass as a gypsy, this music needs to let its hair down for a little more sex and violence.

Peter Thomson

After the Goldrush



**Neil Young
American Stars 'n' Bars
Reprise**

Time was that a Neil Young record was greeted with fervour and anticipation by the hordes of devotees who probably wished that they had been the one to yell out "Helpless!" in the middle of *Four Way Street*. All of that faded a bit about the time

that Neil stopped thinking that buckskin jackets were the secret to convincing country music, or that trading interminable licks with Stephen Stills was the ultimate Rock 'n' Roll high. Records like *Time Fades Away* and *Tonight's the Night* were instrumental in reducing his sales category from superstar to steady seller.

The theory is that the whole slide from adulation was carefully planned by Young as an attempt to avoid the fate which he could see in store for the first generation of L.A. rockers. A fate, which although considerably more lucrative than death, was probably more boring. Instead, Neil Young like Bob Dylan, the artist whose career his own most closely parallels, has plotted an idiosyncratic path through recent American music.

Like Dylan, Young draws heavily on country music as a source: not the bland harmonising of the Eagles, more the boozy gurglings of Hank Williams. Nonetheless, *American Stars 'n' Bars* is the first unquestionably country record that he has made. It opens with a resurrected cut from 1974, which features none other than Emmylou Harris (from the days when she was little more than the lady who used to sing with Gram Parsons). Called "Star of Bethlehem", the track is pure country, and it sets the tone for the remainder of Side One. By the same token, the first side, composed of more than two years' worth of outtakes, also contains such oddities as a living-room opus, "Will to Love", and a heavy-metal ballad, "Like a Hurricane". On the former Young carries a passion for the unadulterated — perhaps also garnered from Dylan's methods — to the extreme of leaving an inordinate amount of tape hiss on

Deaf School Don't Stop the World Warner Bros

Last year's debut album from Deaf School, *Second Honeymoon*, established them as among the leaders of the new wave of British art school rock groups which followed the demise of Roxy Music. Of these groups, among which were Be-bop Deluxe, City Boy, Sailor and Nasty Pop, Deaf School looked the most promising and, like Sailor, they were on occasion able to approximate the stylistic nuances of Bryan Ferry's vocal, so increasing their chance of acceptance.

But Deaf School wholly embrace the romantic vision rather than adopt the cynical detachment which Ferry exhibits. And although this means they are occasionally self-conscious in image and verse, they have quickly proved their musical sophistication.

Don't Stop the World unfortunately covers no more than the same ground their debut left well-trodden. But there is a greater sense of urgency here at the expense of simplicity and clarity, although any band starting out with a personnel of nine will have problems when it comes to sharing out the solo spots, even if they've lost a guitarist between albums.

Cliff Langer is the band's guitarist and the main songwriter, writing his songs with either Phil Allen or Eric Shark, one of the three vocalists. Together they have the band image clearly tagged, the title track could also be an epitaph for their audience, an accordion setting a romantic atmosphere before the vocalist launches in.

*Don't stop the world! I'm staying on
You'll be sorry when it's gone
Give me money, don't forget
I haven't seen the whole world yet.*

"Darling", a Beatles-like track written by bassist Steve Lindsey, is followed by "Everything for the Dancer".

*She looked, she moved
Then once or twice
She smiled a bit
To break the ice
I laughed as if to answer
Everything for the dancer*

Bette Bright, the group's female vocalist deserves more lead vocal spots and on the one track where she does sing lead,

"Operator", she shows herself as a very stylised and controlled vocalist in what is evidently a live studio recording.

It is, of course, possible that Deaf School may be just a little bit too clever. "Rock Ferry" includes a rhyme which matches "ferry" with "beret" and "Taxi" includes a neat little play on words — "while the nameless pass us by (passers by)". And "Capaldi's Cafe" is punctuated with a chorus of the McCoy's "Hang On Sloopy".

*Heard the news, took some pulls
Put on me shoes, turned off the radio
Out I go lookin' for thrills*

*Might take some spills but that's all right
Yes indeed. And you know sometimes
just being alive can be really terrific.*

Jeremy Templer

the recording, and also a background noise which sounds convincingly like a log fire crackling in some Laurel Canyon grate. The song itself is downright weird — a one man band effort, the likes of which Young hasn't attempted since his debut album, dealing with such privaevalities as return to the womb, and the sea, and so on.

The second side is more significant, representing Young's current output, and not the scrapbook of the first side. Once again the country strain is uppermost, through "Saddle Up the Palomino", and "Hey Babe" to "Hold Back the Tears", with a scratch outfit called the Bullets added to the standard Crazy Horse rhythm section. Featured among the Bullets is one Linda Ronstadt, who does an admirable job of the back-up vocals. She's no Emmylou, but

As on the first side the quality is uneven, but Young is always in fine voice (for Neil Young, that is) and the strong frameworks of the country music he is working with give his writing a discipline lacking on the less-focused *On the Beach*.

The extent to which Neil Young has kept his head while all about him have well and truly lost theirs is particularly clear on *American Stars 'n' Bars*. While his collaborators on the CSN&Y projects have become firmly locked into a tight little round of guest-starring on each other's solo albums, Young is quite free to produce two such completely different projects as the Rock 'n' Roll of last year's *Zuma* and the country charm of *Stars 'n' Bars*.

Young is doubtless relieved there is no such thing as a Neil Young fan anymore to recommend this record to, but if there was, I would.

Francis Stark

**Peter Frampton
I'm In You
A & M**

To call Peter Frampton a phenomenon would be something of an understatement. Overnight, the man turned into a veritable industry. In one year he sold 11 million records and 2 million concert tickets and what's more, his name generated a total of fifty million dollars worth of sales of various products — records, T-shirts, posters and other Frampton ephemera. And all this on the strength of one album, *Frampton Comes Alive!*, as until that time he'd sold a mere 750,000 albums in the States. So, it's not surprising that the man with the golden grin is worried. As he told *Rolling Stone*, "I do know this — the next album better be bloody good."

Well, the album's out and bloody good it ain't. But I would call it a partial success. Its most disturbing feature is a certain slackness, both in conception and execution. Too many of the songs here seem reminiscent of past work — both his own and others. "I'm In You" sounds like a Todd Rundgren outtake in the days when Todd used to write songs, while "St Thomas (Don't You Know How I Feel)" has a chorus very reminiscent of Frampton's own "Baby, I Love Your Way", featured on *Comes Alive!*

Similarly, in tackling two well-known Tamla Motown songs, Frampton comes away with mixed results. Junior Walker's "Road Runner" he attacks enthusiastically, but it goes un-er in messy guitar phrases. "Signed, Sealed and Delivered" fares much better. Sure, Frampton can't sing like Stevie Wonder, but he does a creditable job of matching the energy and snappy rhythms that Tamla achieved on the original.

The major blunder however is "Won't You Be My Friend" which is inspired by, and dedicated to Frampton's favourite group, Little Feat. All it goes to prove is how far from the precise and funky style of that band Frampton's unit really is. What's more, at eight minutes, it's about six minutes too long.

But *I'm In You* does have its good moments. On "You Don't Have To Worry", Frampton combines an extremely attractive melody with some nicely tuneful guitar soloing. "Tried To Love" finds him creating a catchy little rocker, which really takes off when Mick Jagger's drawling vocals beef up the choruses. While "Putting My Head On the Line" is a nicely conceived song in the pop-rock mould, it's marred somewhat by a back-up chorus of mouth-bag singers (sounding like a choir of Daleks, in fact).

In the end Frampton's saving grace is his lack of pretention. He's trying only to give us an elpee worth of toons and here he achieves some successes and some failures. But the most unhappy aspect of this album is that it marks his first excursion into the studio in over two and a half years, so you might have supposed that he'd be bursting with good songs to commit to vinyl. Not so.

If I was Peter Frampton, I'd still be worried.

Alastair Dougal

**Isilzo
Cat Stevens
Island**

Last year at the Basing Street studios, I was playing table-hockey with Eddie Kilbride (a drummer doing some work with Chris Stainton), when we heard from the studio next door a tape start playing with the distinctive voice of Cat Stevens at the helm. Mr Kilbride informed me that Mr Stevens was in the throes of putting an album together after a couple of years of "finding his head" and that although the music was put together better than his earlier works, the songs, particularly the lyrics, were not as good.

It is now a year later (one must assume that Mr Stevens' head was not quite totally found at the time), and Mr Kilbride's comments stand as firm as his hairy legs.

The lyrics, although relatively better than those on many current albums, are not up to the standard he set in the early seventies.

*I'm crazy 'bout you, baby, my, my, my
Your love just drives me cuckoo,
Heaven knows why*

The musicians behind Mr Stevens play very well and there is excellent use of percussion on the record. New Zealander Bruce Lynch plays some fine bass and other musicians Jean Roussel, Andy Newmark and Dave Mortimer, with guests Chick Corea and Rob Mawdsley, all contribute to some very precise playing.

However, it is the arrangements of the songs that are the strong point for me, and I will mention, again, the excellent use of an often neglected section of the orchestra (except of course by Noelata Crumble of Shplayed Oinds) — percussion. In fact in a recent survey by an American market research firm, Tell It Like It is Vibrations Ltd, Mr Stevens was rated in the top five of the

Fine and Sunny

**Weather Report
Heavy Weather
CBS**

Weather Report have never had a broad appeal in godzone, yet the other night five people of diverse musical tastes all thoroughly got off with this L.P.

To be honest I hadn't been expecting much from the album. I owned only one of the previous six L.P.'s and didn't play that too often. I was suspicious that the group's stable nucleus of Josef Zawinul and Wayne Shorter were running out of ideas, that their development had become technological vis-a-vis musical. (There's my bias again.) Zawinul had been steadily adding to his array of electronic keyboards and Shorter was filtering his soprano through all sorts of gizmos. True, the leaders' policy of regular change of rhythm section helped ensure variety, but I felt this was not always sufficient to provide real direction. I'd found the music getting increasingly cold. It was always exceptionally well played but was there still real human feeling behind all those electronics?

I had my answer before we'd finished hearing the first track, "Birdland" — a decided Yes. Weather Report is not only as lively as ever but they're sounding positively joyful. This edition of the band plays with a lighter touch than I'd heard on, say, *Black Market*. There's exhilaration to their music where once I'd feared calculation. "Birdland" sets the tone for the whole record with its bright arrangement and sparkling energy. Julie said it's like a super-hip Milo advert. I bet the people clapping time on this one had a ball.

What has brought about this change of mood in Weather Report? A good deal of credit must go to the new rhythm section. Jaco Pastorius is not only a superb bassist, playing with tremendous lift and drive, but he has composed two of the album's most exciting tracks. He, furthermore, provides some very witty drumming on his own "Teen Town" (If you don't believe that drumming can be witty then go and hear it.)

I believe Pastorius has released a solo album: it should be worth checking out.

The percussionists are an extremely exuberant pair of South Americans. They open side two with an almost rambunctious vocal and percussion workout but otherwise contribute a very tasty and disciplined pace to the music.

However not all the credit for this band can go to the new members. Both Zawinul and Shorter are sounding fresher than they have for some time. It's almost as if they've pursued technology about as far as they could and are now returning to, if not a totally acoustic sound at least a more sparing use of electronics. It's great to hear the pure tone of Zawinul's Steinway and Shorter's unmodified soprano and tenor. Try the haunting "A Remark You Made".

And that's another thing — the melodies. There are quite simply some delightful tunes here. You know, things to find yourself happily humming while doing the shopping. Groovin' at the supermarket! Look, I really can't get critical about this record. I love it. I'm bopping along to a group that previously I'd, well, often only respected.

Different people obviously approach music in different ways and this is especially true with improvised instrumental music such as this. I often start with the bass-drums combination, latch on to the beat and explore from there. Emlyn's a drummer and he was fascinated with Pastorius' basswork. Lindsay goes in with the keyboards. He raves about Zawinul's harmonies. Other people look for a melody. No matter which way you approach this record, *Heavy Weather* is a winner. It contains some of the group's best music to date and certainly their most accessible. Before this album, Lindsay was the only real Weather Report fan amongst us that evening. Emlyn likes Genesis. Yes and Split Enz. Christine prefers Leon Russell and Maria Muldaur. Julie normally listens to Roberta Flack and James Taylor. Yet we all liked *Heavy Weather*. Maybe you will too.

Peter Thomson

Marley Escapes Rasta Retreat

**Bob Marley and the Wailers
Exodus
Island**

The editor tells me I'm fickle. I suspect he's right, and looking around the general rock audience, I get the feeling that I'm not alone. Today, you're a star, tomorrow we may not want to know you. So it is with Reggae. Last year it was cool, but this year its status is dubious. So, I was not approaching *Exodus* with as much enthusiasm as I might have shown twelve months ago.

For a start, my favourite Wailers' album is *Burnin'*, made before Peter Tosh and Bunny Livingston (two of the three original members) left to follow solo careers. *Burnin'* had the advantages of the distinctive high harmonies of the Wailers, and the contrast provided by Tosh's simple, direct tunes. *Natty Dread* just doesn't sound to me like the original Wailers did. I preferred Peter Tosh's *Legalise It!*

So I was pleasantly surprised by this album. It's consistently good, and the band is starting to sound like a unit again. Part of the difference is that the melodies on *Exodus* are consistently catchy and tuneful, whereas there were one or two fairly uninspired songs (eg. "Natty Dread", and "Three O'clock Road Block") on *Natty Dread*. As usual, the Barrett brothers lay down their distinctive rhythm. The keyboard work (Touter) is classically reggae-simple. Al Anderson, their American



guitarist, is featured slightly more than previously, and adds a definite American influence (compared, for example to the distinctively Jamaican Hux Brown, who plays on many Kingston sessions). It comes out sounding a bit like reggae for the masses — white man's reggae.

And that presents some problems. The further Bob Marley gets from the streets of Kingston (and he probably hasn't lived there for years) the more meaningless his Rastafarian Philosophy is. After all, while Jamaicans can get off on the idea of leaving Babylon, how many New Zealanders would want to go and live in Ethiopia? And when, in *Guiltiness*, Marley talks about the "hopeless sinners", who does he mean? Finally, when the man who owns a mansion in Jamaica and a BMW claims to be one of the oppressed, a "small fish", his credibility sinks to an all time low. I'm sure he's *Been There* but just look at him now.

Not only is his hypocrisy outrageous, but he doesn't even sound convincing any more. Take a listen to *Burning Spear* and then see if you think Marley sounds for real. I don't believe he is.

In short, Bob Marley would do well to stick to songs with less Rasta propaganda if he wishes to keep his large Western following. The songs on Side Two of *Exodus* are free of heavyhanded biblical cliché, and they are better off for it.

Lyrics aside, though, *Exodus* is probably Marley's best album since the original Wailers broke up, and the first to reach the heights of *Burnin'*. It remains to be seen whether there is still an audience for good reggae in this country.

John Malloy



"Most Grooviest Use of Percussions" section. The winner was, of course, The Salt Lake City Mormon Percussion Ensemble.

The percussion magazine from Rio de Janeiro, "Pig Skin", said of the use of percussion by Mr Stevens, "Hey... that cat is isome cat... Haile Selassie and assorted happiness... who?... Of course such accolades don't just come from privileged countries. A rock weekly from the capital of the New Arab State, London, said of Mr Stevens album: "The gentility and colorful intensity of this divertimento, exemplified by the palpable employment of the plexor, nurtures a truly toothful coalescence."

As Donny and Marie so aptly put it: "That's why we're leavin' it all up to you."

Mike Chunn.

**Al Green
Greatest Hits Vol.2
Hi/London**

As well as tracks from his last five albums, *Greatest Hits Vol.2* contains Green's recent single "Love and Happiness" and "For the Good Times" (a Kris Kristofferson song) from an early album. All the tracks were not great hits, but they are some of Green's finest recordings, and his two biggest chart successes "L-O-V-E (Love)" and "Sha La La (Make Me Happy)" are on the album.

Al Green has worked with the same musicians and producer (Willie Mitchell) throughout his career. Green's distinctive Memphis sound has been described as a restrictive format by reviewers who mistakenly equate obvious change with musical achievement.

Al Green's recordings stand out beside current black music where often the all-powerful producer records the backing in one city and the vocals in another. The musicians Green works with are aware of the lyric and are not distant from his vocal performance.

On his recent recordings this expressive relationship between lyrics, vocals and backing is still important, whether on the slow "Love and Happiness" or the faster paced "Keep Me Cryin'".

What's more, the Memphis Horns are heard at their best on Al Green's albums. The horns play a more integral role in Green's ballads than they do playing behind the rock n' roll of Rod Stewart or the Doobie Brothers.

If you want to find out that Al Green is making fine music and that the "Memphis sound" must still be taken seriously, then pick up *Greatest Hits Vol.2* or any recent Al Green album. He makes consistently good records and that is pretty rare these days.

Murray Cammick

**Crosby, Stills and Nash
CS&N
Atlantic**

It's a funny old typewriter that I've got, and some of the keys are in the wrong place. Up where the ampersand (that's one of these — &) should be, there is a dollar sign (viz — \$), and when I was typing out the title of this record I struck it by mistake. Thus the record was rendered as CS&N, I was awfully tempted to leave it that way.

This record, more than any other that I have heard in recent times, seems to me to typify the great record company word — product. Faced with declining sales for a steadily-accelerating output of Stephen Stills albums, less than capacity houses for a Crosby and Nash tour, and a Neil Young who was quite happy to make a living rather than a killing out of his music, what else could three hippies do but make a reunion record? In fact, with the Byrds' reunion record, this makes two turkeys in a row for David Crosby. We can only hope that Stills never gets Buffalo Springfield together, and that Nash has no influence on the current Hollies.

For even after the invective has cleared, it still comes down to a question of songs, and this record just doesn't have them. I was never one to write off *Renaissance Fare* or *Deja Vu* as rubbish — in fact they came as a real blessing after *Led Zeppelin II*, and they are still sitting somewhere at the back of my stack of records. Whatever the gripes some had about the lack of vigour in those records, and there were plenty, they had strong songs, with triumphantly memorable melodies. CSN is more like a free ticket to the performers' therapy sessions, conducted against a distant background of tasteful instrumental tapes by Los Angeles finest.

But much as I am prepared to defend those earlier gems, there is no chance that I would lay my tarnished reputation on the line for such an irredeemably crass record as this. When Stephen Stills comes right out and says

*And I don't know the answer
Does it even matter?*

I am awfully tempted to say "No", and take the blasted thing off. Nonetheless, there is a certain fascination about hearing those familiar voices, taking off in quite

remarkable close harmony, twining themselves around nonsense like:

Hey would you dig to be alone?
And tell me when will you be back home?
And why did you leave me all alone?
You blew my mind

And all the time, the likes of George Perry, Craig Doerge (who wrote the only memorable melody on the album), Joe Vitale, and Russ Kunkel (naturally), are pouring out seamless backings.

Of the three, Crosby comes off best, at least demonstrating some modesty in his arrangements, and some self-deprecating humour in his lyrics. Graham Nash, refusing to stay within his well-known limitations, embarks on a magnum opus in "Cathedral", which unfolds the gripping story of an acid trip in Winchester Cathedral, man. Stephen Stills is just plain embarrassing — like one of those recently divorced drunks who accost you at parties and tell you how they realise it was all their fault.

There is an inner sleeve with a lyric sheet(!), a genius-is-pain picture of the boys recording on the back, and a genius-is-wealth picture of them living it up on Crosby's yacht on the front.

Perhaps they needed the money.
Francis Stark

Dickey Betts and Great Southern Arista

I have a problem of perspective with this record. I feel I ought to regard Great Southern as a new group and approach its music free from preconceptions, however I can't avoid viewing it in the light of The Allman Brothers Band. Indeed, this album seems almost to beg for comparison.

If Betts had not gained fame with the Allmans would he have given his name such prominence with this group? Is it just a coincidence that both bands share the same line-up of two guitars, organ, bass and two drummers? Is Great Southern's keyboard work minimised due to deliberate musical policy or because, like Gregg Allman, the organist simply hasn't the ability to share the spotlight with the guitarist? (Like the Allman Brothers Band, Great Southern is heavily guitar-oriented; the organ role usually limited to filling out the overall sound.) Is Betts here calculatedly using some of the distinctive guitar phrases and voicings he employed with the Allmans, or are they simply a normal part of his musical stock? And am I imagining things or are his vocals sounding increasingly like Gregg Allman's, emulating that plaintive drawl?

It is questions such as these that cause my slight ambivalence to Great Southern. Despite similarities, they are certainly not the band the Allmans were and I guess I am a little disappointed. If I wasn't quite expecting another "Jessica", I did hope Betts might write something developing from, say, "Ramblin' Man" or "Southbound". No such luck. This is not to say there aren't any good tracks on this album — there are — only that none of them quite measure up to Betts' best work in the past. "Sweet Virginia", for example, is a fine ballad and a worthy addition to his repertoire, as is "The Way Love Goes", yet both lack that little extra-something to make them truly memorable.

Their part of the trouble lies in the musical settings. Allman Band, with its solid but subtly complex rhythm section, provided the ideal ambience for Betts' fresh gentle melodies and mellifluous guitar work (Nowhere was this better shown than on the classic "Blue Sky"). Great Southern's rhythm section is a lot more direct: both drums and bass play generally simpler, more straightforward lines. I confess I have long had doubts about the merits of two drummers. Whereas the Allmans' situation worked because their music flowed upon the light pattering beat, Betts' new band sometimes seems to suffer.

There are times on this album when the second drummer doesn't add anything except sheer weight. When, for example, the guitar is trying to soar in "Bougainvillea" the heavy drumming stubbornly keeps the tune earthbound. "Bougainvillea" begins as a gentle ballad, (again somewhat redolent of the Allmans — "Melissa" from *Ear A Peach*), builds steadily in the extended guitar outing, but instead of taking off, simply becomes boring and too long.

The rhythm section is by no means always a liability however. It packs a mean punch on "Nothing You Can Do", a straight-out boogie that struts and swaggers with the confidence of fine musicianship and offers some biting guitar lines. Bass and drums also kick hard on "California Blues", providing the urgency to what is just another of those kitset-blues album-fillers. On the above-mentioned "Sweet Virginia" the drums display some of the old Allmans' subtlety, ably cushioning an attractive melody.

Fascism a Go Go



The Dictators Manifest Destiny Elektra

The Dictators, with the Blue Oyster Cult and Pavlov's Dog, are part of the Sandy Pearlman/Murray Krugman roster. But, unlike the Blue Oyster Cult, the Dictators have been allowed some artistic control. Their first album, *The Dictators Go Girl Crazy*, combined heavy metal with occasional humorous throwaways like

I'm just a clown walkin' DOWN THE STREET

I think Lou Reed is a creep
In "Two Tub Man"

The album was released on Epic and produced, of course, by Pearlman and Krugman. It sold a mere three thousand copies in the States and wasn't released here.

But these boys have smartened up for their second album, without sacrificing their artistic control. *Manifest Destiny* holds nine simply structured but effective songs whose strength lies in the band's unflinching energy and their convincing aggression. All the songs were written by Adny (sic) Shernoff (with Scott Kemper and

Dick Destiny for "Hey Boys"). From "Exposed" ("But they just ain't gonna get me!") until Dick Manitoba's near operatic introduction to "Diseased" the pace is relentless and the lyrics echo an angry frustration. "Heartache" carries lines that Status Quo might deliver convincingly.

Situations Exist
Where I must clench my fist
Swear I'll tear the whole world down.
But Shernoff is all too aware of the elements of parody and when, with "Hey Boys", the pace slows it's only to say:
Marie is in love again
For the second time this week
And God knows how long I've wished
She'd fall for me.

Most importantly, Shernoff's keen sense of humour hasn't been lost. "Diseased" tells of a sailor who falls victim to various terrible illnesses but ignores his doctor's advice. And as he eventually starts to go blind, he screams protests against being singled out by fate for this terrible injustice, shouting "I don't even know who J.J. Cale is!" But that's the breaks.

Jeremy Templar

All in all, however, I remain somewhat disappointed. Although the guitar work is extremely competent, always controlled, never messy, it is certainly not extending anything. This is well-played music. It is often pleasant listening but it is seldom compelling, and at his best with the Allmans, Dickey Betts could be very compelling indeed.

Qualification: If you read the above with no knowledge of the Allmans' music you will be unencumbered by my critical bias, so don't let the carping put you off. Great Southern is a very proficient, unostentatious band with roots in Southern blues and country. It has the earthy appeal of these forms expanded to a rock synthesis which, if somewhat predictable, can provide considerable enjoyment.

There, I can't be fairer than that now, can I?

Peter Thomson

Melanie Photograph Neighbourhood

Were I Melanie, apart from wearing mascara, to which I am not at all partial, I would be rather chagrined at the advertising for my Auckland concert. This "Melanie the Flower Child of the Sixties returns" stuff performs considerable disservice to the poor girl, for contrary to popular opinion, today's Melanie is a lass who has grown new teeth.

I have reservations about *Photograph*, but whatever is to be said for and against this record, it sets Melanie up as a songwriter worth thinking about. *Photograph* is anything but recycled hippiedom. The biggest change in her approach is the adoption of a laconic sense of humour, best evidenced in the wry, "Groundhog Day":

I've grown fat, I've grown a beard, I've grown alone... I'm out of luck, but I'm not done. Today is Groundhog Day.

"Groundhog Day" is my pick from the album, but other songs treat similar themes of loneliness and loss with varying degrees of irony. Even a song with as unprepossessing a title as "I'm So Blue" is remarkably objective.

Mama told me this man would leave me eventually
I couldn't see the trees from the forest or
How does that saying go?
I'm so blue.

Despite unevenness of the lyric quality, my one major objection is not to words, but to treatment. There are good tunes, first-rate session musicians, some good singing, but I should mention that Melanie still has that weakness for overdramatising her voice. It marred the early cover version of "Ruby Tuesday", and continues to mar

songs like "Save Me". Basically, she has a limited voice, and carried too far her vibrato takes over, like a mad oboe with palsy. If you think you can cope with that, by all means look this record up, if not, still think again before making disparaging comments to your friends about Ms Salka.

Bruce Belsham

Dragon Sunshine CBS

Back in the dim past, when such was the fashion, Dragon were a group of local lads who did their own material whilst despising audiences which wanted mindless boogie. Even when Dragon did boogie it was with the sardonic weight of Marc Hunter growling, "If you don't play what the people want/then son you're out the door." Their disdain of the lowest common denominator even culminated in one concert where the audience were treated to a bald and pregnant stripper. Dragon were frustrated with a market that had reached saturation point for them, so there was no surprise in Auckland when the band trod the yellow brick and moved to Australia.

Close to two years later, after little or no news, save that of the death of drummer Neil Storey, this album has been released — and yes, it does signal an immense improvement on work recorded in Auckland. Whether undermined by smiling Aussie faces, or mellowing with age, Dragon have this time produced a sound that is accessible, well-paced, even straightforward.

In their days of neo-psychedelia the band were a talented soul act if they wished it, but this is their first album to date to really show off those skills within a suitable framework. Where *Universal Radio* and *Scented Gardens for the Blind* suffered from a lack of form, Sunshine is a collection of short, tightly-played tracks, most of which exhibit tuneful content and convincing rhythm arrangements.

Happily the best points of the old band have not receded. Todd Hunter's bass playing and Robert Taylor's guitar solos retain punch and melody, yet gain control. Marc Hunter's vocals, though not mixed up far enough, have filled out, and song writing with numbers like "Get that Jive", "This Time", "Same Old Blues", and "Sunshine", has matured.

A few might argue that Dragon, in adopting a more commercial format, have forsaken their Art. A few more may grumble about the weaker songs on side two, but I for one see their adoption of a tried and true style as good discipline. After all, as that old rocker T.S. Eliot said, the immature artist borrows, the mature artist steals.
Bruce Belsham

Aretha Franklin Sweet Passion Atlantic

Aretha Franklin's lengthy career has given us the definitive recordings in various musical styles — a) her early jazz-influenced work for CBS, b) the fantastically energetic early Atlantic singles such as "I Never Loved a Man" or "Think", c) her stunning gospel styles on the *Amazing Grace* double album or d) that superlative 'art-soul' album *Young, Gifted and Black*. Her 1975 album, *You*, seemed to be attempting a synthesis of soul, sensitive MOR and discreet disco.

Her latest, *Sweet Passion*, is not as explorative as *You* and has its disappointing aspects. There is a pervading blandness over much of the album, and this is not helped by rather undifferentiated arrangements. Aretha falls into old vocal tracks too readily and the content, lyrics-wise, is not outstanding, even by soul standards.

When a song like "Meadows of Springtime" is given a rather lush spoken intro, are we meant to interpret this as Aretha being ironic? I just felt a little uncomfortable, as I did when Chuck Berry intoned the six minutes of "My Dream" from his *San Francisco Dues* album.

There are some nice moments though. "What I Did for Love" (co-written by Marvin Hamlisch of *Entertainer* fame) is a pleasant ballad which benefits from Aretha's smooth styling. I liked the neat little chorus of her own song, "A Tender Touch", and the closing minutes of her own "Sweet Passion" affirmed that her vocal powers are not diminished.

In an age when Stevie Wonder is going from strength to strength, Aretha is not really showing enough faith in herself. It is significant that two of the most interesting numbers were self-penned. Did the fault lie with producer Lamont Dozier? *You* had Jerry Wexler co-producing with Franklin, and produced much happier results.

My affection for this album is growing with repeated listening, but really it could have been a lot better.

William Dart

Geils Monkey Island WEA

I first heard the J. Geils Band at three am at a party in Herne Bay while the woman I was with was off screwing another man (record reviews — the new soap opera). At two hundred and fifty decibels it was hard to tell, but they sounded to my damaged brain like the meanest, nastiest, black Rhythm 'n' Blues band I'd heard (this was years ago, mind). I shoulda known better. No self-respecting black band would play with so little taste.

But in the cold light of day, and over the influence, they lost a lot of their charm. Their high energy act sounded a bit out of place, in fact, quite lame. I more or less lost interest in them. They did make the odd classic — I still love "Hard Driving Man" — but as an anonymous Memphis musician said when they opened for the Stones there, "These guys should know better than to put on a second-rate blackface act in Memphis." Got the picture?

What do you know? Things have changed. I listen to this new record of theirs, and I see the light. These guys aren't for real. They are a beautiful satire on fifties and sixties Rhythm 'n' Blues, and even pop music. How else, but with your tongue in your cheek, could you sing:

You're the only one
or (how about this one?):
Do I love you?
Yes I do.

Who else would start a song with the organist's rhythm maker playing an electronic rumba pattern? The answer is nobody. They're unique. They're original. They're silly.

They're also not bad musicians. They've always been competent but they've never really flashed it. J is a sparse guitarist. The keyboard player was always playing organ chords. The rhythm section never stopped thinking. The only standout was Magic Dick on harmonica, but he seems to be featured less here, as the other players stand out a bit more. They've got a whole lot better. Listen to "I'm Not Rough". They've got some great hired help also. Cissy Houston takes lead vocals on "Surrender" (can you guess what it's about?) and Michael Brecker plays the odd tenor sax line. Here the musicianship shows through the satire to the point where it's almost possible to take them seriously. Then they go and do a song like "Monkey Island", with the plot of a third rate horror movie, and I fall off my chair laughing.

Rock and roll often falls into the trap of taking itself too seriously (as do rock critics). It takes people like T. Rex, and occasionally Bowie or Ian Hunter, to remind us that rock and roll is good fun, lightweight stuff. J. Geils is only rock and roll, and they are awful, but I like it. Why not?
John Malloy



**SPLIT ENDS
'FOR YOU'**



Once upon a time, there were two benevolent rock and roll promoters in Auckland (well, we thought they were, but we were much younger then). From the middle of 1971, when a balding Englishman called Elton John, touted as the next big thing, played the first true international rock concert at Western Springs Stadium, Robert Raymond and Barry Coburn hauled New Zealand music kicking into the sixties, and (eventually) the seventies.

For a while it seemed that they had the sole option on success in promoting overseas rock acts through New Zealand, and their golden touch didn't finally start turning to brass until New Year 1973 and Ngaruawahia. But that disaster for them, and their creditors, was undoubtedly a triumph for a new generation of New Zealand performers. A number of acts made the huge leap from folk-clubs and dance-halls to an audience of 15,000. People like Blerta, Lindsay Marks, Brent Parlane, Rosewood (two-thirds of the frontline of Waves), Tolepuddle, Orb (Alistair Riddell) and Split Ends gave their first nervous curtsey to really large audiences, and most of them profited immensely.

Another of the Raymond/Coburn enterprises at the time was Levis Saloon, which featured the pneumatic-drill rock and roll of Ticket generally, but which, on Sunday nights, was given over to the rather inappropriately-titled "folk nights". It was these sessions which were the breeding ground for many of the successes of Ngaruawahia and a band who were one of its biggest failures — Split Ends(2).

The band grew out of a group of people who had played together at

school, in the 1972 Students Arts Festival, and at the Wynyard Tavern before the line-up had been settled. It comprised Phil Judd, Brian Finn, Michael Chunn, Miles Golding (violin) and Mike Howard (flute), and it was the last-named pair, who both departed soon after, who were in many ways the backbone of the group. The first Split Ends record, "For You" b/w Split Ends (on Vertigo) was released in May of 1973, or thereabouts, actually after Golding and Howard had gone, but still featuring them. This single demonstrates the basis on which they built an audience of devotees who took them through two years of scant reward. It is also interesting to note the reappearance of Miles Golding on the group's album *Second Thoughts*, recorded in London in 1976. He had gone to Britain to continue his classical music training and, along with two friends, provided the string parts for "Matinee Idyll" and "Stranger than Fiction".

"For You" is built around two major characteristics of the band at that time: the almost atonal harmony singing of Phil Judd behind Finn's sweeter lead, and frantic duets between the violin and flute. In fact, it is in many ways a duet of duets, held together by the punchy bass of Michael Chunn and a drummer who may well be brother Geoffrey, who joined the band after the departure of Golding and Howard. There is also a brief electric guitar foray which points to the arrival of Wally Wilkinson, the band's guitarist, at about the same time.

The song itself is an enigma — presumably chosen as the first single because the band considered it so strong, and still sounding remarkably effective, despite the Coburn non-

production. However, it virtually disappeared from the group's live act thereafter. A little heavy on the glitter rococo, the song nevertheless produced a gem of a couplet in

*For nights on end
You've been my friend,*

I turned the lights on just for you and an astonishing instrumental bridge which has Golding and Howard trading solos rather faster than the eye can see, before Chunn wades in with the most memorable bass figure since "Sunshine of Your Love". All in the space of less than three minutes.

The other side is more overtly bizarre. It can't be many "progressive" bands (still a heavy word in 1973) that ran to your actual theme song, but, at the same time it was a long way from "Hey, hey, we're the Monkees" to "Split Ends".

*Guess there's no words can beat
Sunday treat and rigamortis meat,
Wish you'd never found your feet,
Sniffing toe-jam's really neat*

Apart from such grotesqueries, the song still demonstrated Phil Judd's ear for the lyrical possibilities of the mundane.

*Writing letters to my friends
To tell them all about Split Ends*

It opens with manic acoustic guitars, and once the metamorphosed country bass-line comes in, there's no looking back until the final gong, some two minutes later.

Together, the songs were a revelation. New Zealanders weren't supposed to produce records that sounded like nobody else — sadly, New Zealand punters weren't supposed to buy weird records either. The band split and reformed as a rock band of sorts and they were on their way — a little less strange, a little less distinctive and a little more in step with their audience. Perhaps the history of the band has been a long retreat to musical acceptance from when they once said

*We're outside the times,
Seen the break of day
My parents beat me because I
laughed —*

Or something like that...

Francis Stark

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TOURS

Several overseas artists are under discussion for tours later this year. It must be stressed that these are possibilities only, so don't go setting that night aside to go and see your favourite band, it might not happen. Watch your local paper for firm dates. O.K.?

Janis Ian: 3rd October, Christchurch. 5th October, Auckland. **Joan Armatrading** may tour between October 7th and 11th. Don't forget **Bert Jansch** and **John Martyn** on August 26th in Wellington. While later in the year at Western Springs in Auckland expect to see the **Carpenters** on the 20th November and **Fleetwood Mac** on the 27th. (P.S. **Nils Lofgren** and the **Electric Light Orchestra** are under negotiation for October.)



Letters

RIP IT UP P.O. Box 5689, Auckland.

I have read the last two copies of *Rip It Up*, but after reading the July issue I am prompted to write to you.

I would like to know the qualifications one must have before one has the honour to be a record reviewer. Does one have to have a record collection of 500 plus, have played music and are now frustrated, be a record buyer for an oldies club — what ever? I would certainly like to know and question Francis Stark's position.

I have listened to Rick Steele perform at a local Auckland hotel on a Friday afternoon on several occasions. I was impressed by his vocal ability, personality and actually, was so impressed that I bought the record *Take it or Leave it*. I don't know what sort of music Mr Stark enjoys, but he obviously lacks a sense of humour. To me the record contains traces of Jim Stafford (humour), Jerry Jeff Walker (laid back feel) and Kristofferson (country feel). Obviously, Mr Stark has never heard of these artists.

It also seems strange that such a "dreadful record" is getting a lot of air play on Hauraki and also that, as I'm an ex-Waikatoian the album is known of, and selling well, in Hamilton.

To me, it is a light, fun record and intended to be taken that way. I realize Mr Stark can criticize as that is a reviewer's right, but I think he does the album a gross injustice and I wish you to do me the courtesy of publishing this, so that others will not condemn this record without listening to it first.

Noeleen Jenkins
Mt Eden, Auckland

I was delighted, as I am sure many other people in the industry were, when your paper was released. The concept of *Rip It Up* is good and I have found Mike Chunn's story very interesting reading.

It is unfortunate therefore that I had to be on the receiving end of some of the worst journalism I have ever encountered anywhere. You being the editor must take the blame for this inept display. Mr Stark is entitled to his opinion, but it is your job to edit and make sure his comments are valid.

To print a statement like — "I found it upsetting to listen to this record and think of some of the people who could have been using this time", is to me, and a lot of people in the industry, a bad joke.

Incidentally, it is not only my review under criticism. The whole concept of your record reviews seems to be wrong. Surely a review should portray something about the record, not merely the reviewer's comments about his mates who haven't been in the recording studio lately.

Stark's final blow that I have changed lyrics is an interesting point. He calls it a "mistake". That kind of mistake and there are a number of others in the same song".

Many a cover version over the years have changed a lyric or two. To call it shoddiness is wrong. Perhaps it was poor hearing Francis but the word was "off", "off the pill". There are no other changes in that or any other songs on the album.

However, I will continue to change the odd lyric in songs when it suits me.

Rick "Take it or Leave it" Steele
Auckland

P.S. Did you see me on Radio With Pictures? I sang "Ready or Not".

P.P.S. The album is selling well.

P.P.P.S. I dare you to print this intact!

This letter is intact-Ed

I am writing regarding the Joe Cocker write-up in your current issue. I am so glad to see that someone has finally revealed the truth about Cocker's past concerts in this country. I think we have to commend the man himself for coming back to play for audiences and news media who have so ignorantly rubbishised his obvious quality.

Malcolm MacGregor
Forrest Hills, Auckland

It was with keen interest that I read your reported interview with Mark Williams in the most recent edition of *Rip It Up*.

It was interesting to read of Alan Galbraith's four year association with Mark — that every step has been carefully planned and acted upon by the two together. I, in fact, launched Mark in 1972, personally managing Mark and his band Face from February of that year. It was always my intention that Mark pursue a solo career, and this eventuated when we disbanded the group at the time of the Free Ride TV series. I continued to manage Mark as a solo act until our return from Sydney in March of last year. During this time Galbraith was in no way associated with Mark's management.

During my time with Mark, I saw the guy achieve almost every major award in this country — he was of course the first ever recipient of the Professional Performer of the Year Award.

I am reluctant to boast too openly of my personal contribution to Mark's career, but I likewise take exception to reports that Mr Galbraith may have in fact done the graft work. This is certainly not so. Up until April of last year he worked merely as a record producer for Mark.

When I first introduced Mark to the New Zealand public, it was difficult to accept the

prejudice from all quarters. Today, it is indeed amusing to see those who originally criticised, jumping on the bandwagon and applauding the talent. Oh, for short memories.

In closing I would compliment you on your publication.

Lew Pryme
Herne Bay, Auckland

I must add that neither Mark Williams nor Alan Galbraith stated that they were solely responsible for the growth of Mark's career. From our conversations on Mark's musical development I inferred, perhaps incorrectly, that Alan Galbraith's direction had extended beyond musical control as, in fact, it now does. — Ed

As the Hocken Library has recently started building up an archive of New Zealand music, we were interested to obtain a copy of your new rock paper *Rip It Up*, and pleased to see a large New Zealand content. We found your magazine very interesting and helpful reading and we wondered if you would be able to help us by printing the following information.

The Hocken Library in Dunedin has recently started building up an archive of all types of New Zealand music. The aim is to preserve every kind of New Zealand music for the benefit of future generations. We are collecting records, tapes, sheet music and biographical material on recording artists, etc. The time span we are trying to cover ranges from the early cylindrical discs, through 78's by people like Gil Dech, to recent recordings by such groups as Dr Tree and Split Enz.

Because records older than 2-3 years are not usually currently available we are having to rely on purchases, loans of material (so we can tape the music, always with the permission of the copyright holder), and donations of any outdated records that nobody wants.

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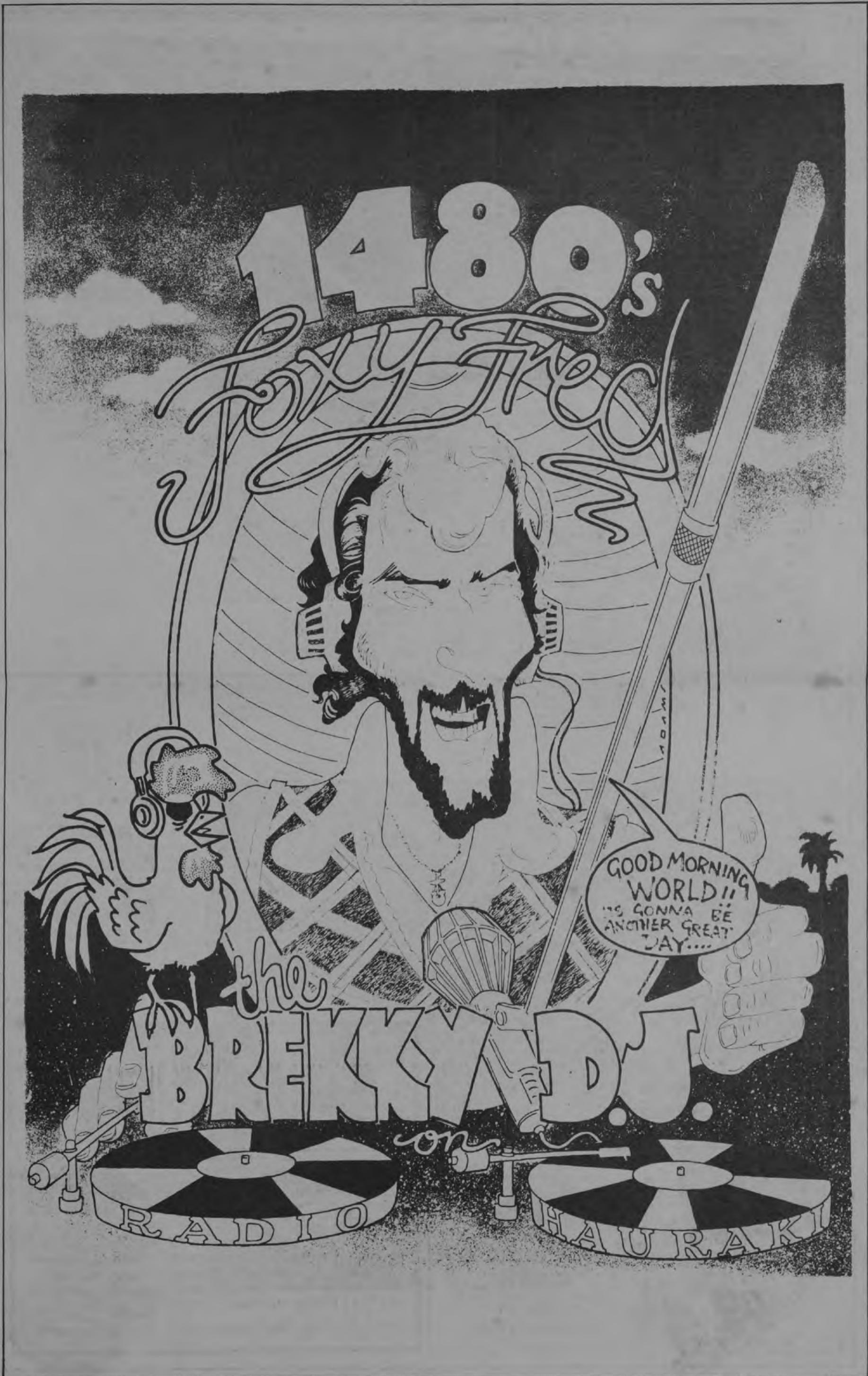
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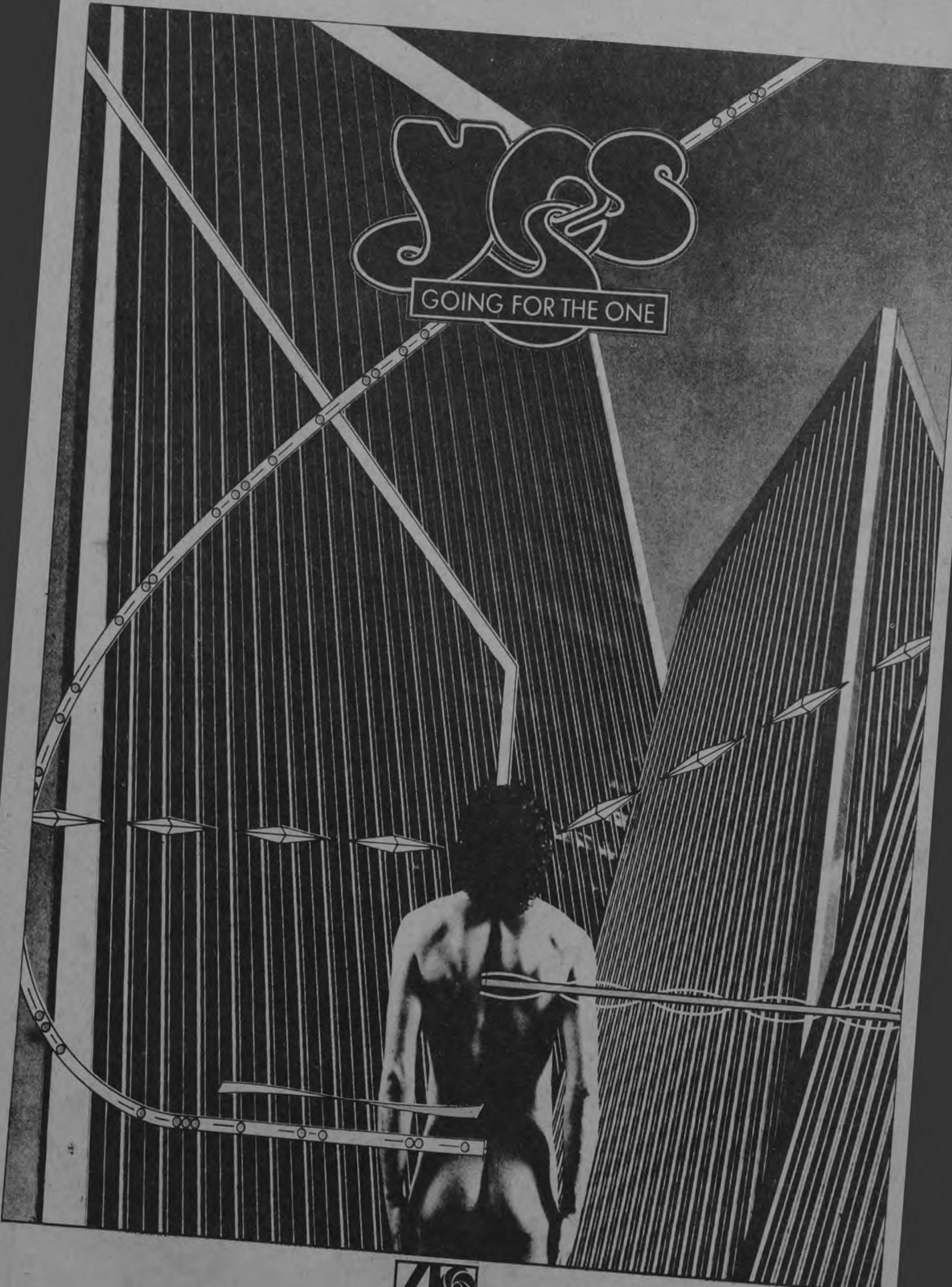
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