

November 1977

# RIP IT UP

NEW ZEALAND'S FREE MONTHLY ROCK PAPER



TOURS



Graham Brazier and Lyle Kinney, Hello Sailor

Fleetwood Mac are currently on a leisurely tour of Australia. They will perform at Western Springs on Sunday afternoon, November the 27th. Their current album *Rumours* has topped American sales charts for 25 weeks. Fleetwood Mac will have a new Clair Brothers matched sound system from Australia. The Kevin Borich Express is the support act.

Though they were a big hit at Hinuera, Labour weekend, Mother Goose have cancelled their New Zealand tour.

Marcia Hines will finish three months of touring in Australia with three concerts in New Zealand. Her new album *Ladies and Gentlemen*

Marcia Hines, has been released to coincide with the tour. Concert dates are November 11th — Christchurch Town Hall, November 13th — St James, Wellington and November 14th — His Majesty's, Auckland. The support act will be Richard Wilde.

Hello Sailor have been on the road on a sponsored tour (*Rum and Coca-Cola Tour*) since October 26th. They have had big crowds even in Whangarei, Rotorua and Whakatane. Though playing small venues, the band are travelling with a soundman, mixer and lights. Hello Sailor's tour dates are listed below.

Tentative dates for New York band, Blondie are December 16th — Auckland, December 17th — Hamilton and December 19th — Wellington. Detroit black vocal group the Spinners may do one concert in Auckland on November 30th. Also not confirmed are dates in December for the Stylistics.

**Hello Sailor Tour Dates:** Nov 7-9 — Dr John's Disco Wellington. Nov. 11 — Chateau Commodore, Christchurch. Nov. 12, 18 & 19 — Gladstone Hotel, Christchurch. Nov. 13 — Radio Avon Concert, Christchurch. Nov. 16 & 17 — Sheraton Shoreline, Dunedin. Nov. 24 — Palmerston North. Nov. 25 & 26 — Oxford Hotel, Levin. Nov. 28 — Homestead Tavern, Masterton. Nov. 29 & 30 — Leopard Inn, Napier. Dec. 1-3 — Mayfair Hotel, Hastings. Dec. 4 — Soundshell, Gisborne. Dec. 5 & 6, Sandown Park, Gisborne. Dec. 9 — Rotorua Racecourse. Dec. 14-17 — Milford Marina, Auckland. Dec. 19-21 — Ponsonby Club Hotel, Auckland.



Marcia Hines



Genesis: Phil Collins, Mike Rutherford, Tony Banks and Steve Hackett

Genesis quartered

Steve Hackett, guitarist for Genesis, has quit. His decision was given to the band some months ago but the announcement of this fact comes on the eve of the release of a live double album from the band. The remaining three members have meantime cut a follow up album in Holland. Titled, *Then There Were Three*, it features bass player Mike Rutherford taking over the guitar chores. This arrange-

ment will probably be continued for stage work with an occasional bass player hired for tours.

Hackett's decision to quit has been prompted by the glut of material he has written that the band has been unable to use. He will now work on his second solo album, a follow up to his *Voyage of the Acolyte*, recorded 2 years ago.



Randy Meisner

Goose tour off

Mother Goose have cancelled their New Zealand tour. High overheads meant they would have had to compromise on equipment (P.A., lighting etc.) to make a New Zealand tour pay.

Mother Goose will return to Australia late November. Craig Johnston writes, "We should clear up our debts after a few months in Australia and then we can go and get a whole lot more in America." Their manager is in the U.S. now.

In Australia they'll headline their own national tour. Aussie television loved them after their single, "Baked Beans", made the charts. Their first album, *Stuffed*, has already sold 12,000 copies there, but like Dragon they have not yet received due recognition in New Zealand. Be Warned, Mother Goose intend to rectify the situation in the coming year.

An Eagle flies

Eagles bass player Randy Meisner quit last month and was immediately replaced by Poco member, Timothy Schmit. In fact, Schmit replaced Meisner in Poco in 1970, when Meisner left to play with Rick Nelson before he once again moved on to win the Eagles. The new Eagles line up are working on an album for release next year and both Meisner and current member, Joe Walsh, are working on solo albums. Poco's future is believed to be uncertain.

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Ray Columbus



New Zealand's first New Wave record may be released this month. The **Suburban Reptiles** have recorded their own compositions, "Megaton" and "Desert Patrol". The single was recorded at Harlequin Studios and will be released by Phonogram.

**Ray Columbus** has a new single out on RCA records. The A side is "I Wanna be the Singer", a song recorded in Los Angeles with top session musicians.

**Yolande Gibson** has recorded a single entitled "Save Me".

**Tommy Adderly** and **Jimmy Hill** are currently working on recordings for release by Phonogram.



1



2



3

### Hello Sailor competition

The first four **Rip It Up** readers to identify correctly the members of **Hello Sailor** in the above photographs will win a copy of Hello Sailor's album and a *Rum and Coca-Cola* Tour T-shirt. Send your entry to **Rip It Up** P.O. Box 5689, Auckland.

Members of **Hello Sailor** from left to right on the tour ad, page 5, are Dave McCartney, Ricky Ball, Harry Lyon, Lyle Kinney and Graham Brazier.

# SMALL STUFF

The Latest and the Greatest Rock News

What's a gizmo? Ah well, it's a device that fixes on the bridge of an electric guitar and vibrates the strings thus enabling the guitarist to create a variety of sounds including a pretty fair imitation of a string section. So what, you say? Well, this fiendishly clever device caused the split in 10cc, with **Kevin Godley** and **Lol Creme** splitting to pursue work on the gizmo. Now, the product of this work is about to be put on sale at a mere 50 quid a throw in Britain. Also, the twosome's first album is due for release. Titled *Consequences*, it's a three album set with guest appearances from jazz singer Sarah Vaughan and Peter Cook... with the **Rolling Stones** *Love You Live* out, the Stones are already working on their next. It's being recorded in New York (where Keith Richard's undergoing a cure for heroin addiction), and is due for release by March next year at the latest and will be on EMI. The aforesaid record company paid 5 million pounds for the rights to the Stones contract. Meanwhile Keith Richard comes up for trial in Toronto next month and, in that respect the Stones have paid to

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## Wellington

Redeye have been in New Plymouth recently, and a new local band **Smiler** has been standing in for them at Slack Alice Nightclub. Smiler haven't been together all that long, but the members are individually well-known musos — Greg Christiansen (ex-Creation) vocals, ex-Avengers Clive Coburn on keyboards and Eddie McDonald on bass, Kemp Turirangi — guitar and Mike Phillips — drums.

Another new local band to make its mark on the recording scene is **Met Office**, with a self-penned number called "Let's Hear it for Summer". The song is inspired by the Wellington weather and asks for a summer this year.

Phonogram Records have postponed the recording of the **Heartbreakers** new album until next year, but the band say that they probably won't stick around till then. They have spent five days in the studio recording a song called "Heartbreak" and will put it onto a single with "No Scene At All" on the other side. "No Scene At All" was actually recorded six months ago. We can't decide if "Heartbreak" is a long single or a short LP — it's 7 minutes long. The Heartbreakers will be at the Cricketer's Arms till Christmas. In the New Year they're booked to play Auckland's Glenfield Pub and a few clubs, then they plan to go directly to Australia.

The **Schtung!** single is to be released on Guy Fawkes Day and it's called "They Sleep Early in Cologne" — an Andrew Hagen composition.

The album is still a few weeks away. The band have got a gig at the St George Hotel every Monday and Tuesday evening and Saturday afternoon for a few weeks... they are also doing a series of school concerts around the Wellington area, plus a special charity show at Porirua Hospital. Singer Andy Hagen says that the band is looking forward to the show... they're very sensitive people there and we play very sensitive music instead of brash rock 'n' roll.

**Rough Justice** have just returned to Wellington after playing the Milford Marina and doing a week in New Plymouth on the way back. They have completed a North Island tour — places like Whakatane, Tauranga and Hawkes Bay... they'll be playing Wellington pubs till Christmas. Let's hope that we'll get some concerts in '78.

Lynne Attwood

suppress a film made on their '72 US tour. As it includes various scenes involving groupies and drugs, it was felt that it might prejudice Richard's trial... **The Sex Pistols** are also involved in making a film. It's to be directed by Russ Meyer (infamous for his work on *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*). The film will feature Rita Hayworth as Johnny Rotten's mum and Marianne Faithful as leading lady... other Rockflick under production include a film version of William Burrough's book *Junky* which will star **Patti Smith**. It'll be directed by Dennis Hopper (*Easy Rider*), the script will be written by Terry Southern (*Candy*, *The Magic Christian*)... also in the planning stages is a filmed biography of the life of **Janis Joplin**. It's to be based on Myra Friedman's book, *Buried Alive*... Rock 'n' Roll retirements never seem to last long, and **Elton John's** has been no exception. He's currently touring using a band called **China** as back up. China includes ex-Elton John band members Davey Johnstone on guitar and James Newton-Howard on keyboards... ex Mott the Hoople members Morgan Fisher, Overend Watts and Buffin Griffin have joined together in a new band, **British Lions**. Other members are ex-Medicine Head singer John Fiddler and guitarist Ray Majors... Christmas is coming, and in the music biz that means a glut of goodies are due for pre-Xmas release. They include: Live doubles from Little Feat, Jackson Browne, Crosby and Nash and Elvis Presley. Also *Live at the Aladdin Theatre, Las Vegas* from Alice Cooper and *Zappa Live in New York*. Studio sets are due from Gregg Allman and Cher — *Two the Hard Way*, David Bowie — *Heroes* (features Robert Fripp and Carlos Alomar, Dennis Davis and George Murray), The Stranglers — *No More Heroes*, The Sensational Alex Harvey Band — *Rock Drill*, Robin Trower — *In City Dreams*, Graham Parker and The Rumour — *Stick to Me*, Phoebe Snow — *Never Letting Go*, and a double set from Joni Mitchell titled *Don Juan's Reckless Daughter* with backings provided by members of Weather Report. Leo Sayer also weighs in with his newie titled *Thunder in My Heart*, it's once again produced by Richard Perry... on the horizon is the product of a surprising

Ronnie Van Zant



### Skynyrd deaths

The curse of Icarus has fallen on the Southern raunchy roll group Lynyrd Skynyrd. Three members of the group, lead singer Ronnie Van Zant, guitarist Steve Gaines and his sister Cassie Gaines met their end when their plane dived into a Mississippi swamp. The irony of it all is that Lynyrd Skynyrd's latest album cover, *Street Survivors* shows the group engulfed in flames. Still, perhaps through their deaths Lynyrd Skynyrd may be able to gain a taste of the immortality that is Buddy Holly's, Otis Redding's and all the rest.

William Dart

partnership. It's **Leonard Cohen's** new album *Death of a Ladies Man* and producer is none other than the mad maestro, **Phil Spector**. The album has contributions from Joni Mitchell and Bob Dylan and has led to rumours of a possible Dylan-Spector link-up... **Split Enz's** *Dizrythmia* has received generally favourable, though sometimes uncertain press in Britain. *Sounds* said: "it's a great improvement, a step closer to what the Enz are all about, it's confident and it's entertaining. Frenz of the Enz will have already bought it... you at least should try it." *New Musical Express*: "Dizrythmia is deliberately more accessible than the group's first release... and should please those who like *Mental Notes* and intrigue those who didn't." The only bad review was for the single, "My Mistake" and came from *Melody Maker*, "not only mannered to the point of limpness but also boring in the extreme." Can't please everybody, I guess... watch out for Enzman Eddie Rayner's contributions on keyboards to the new Phil Manzanera album, *Listen Now*... Daryl Hall of **Hall and Oates** is working on a solo album and this has sparked off rumours of a split between the two, which have of course been vigorously denied. Meanwhile, they're off on a world tour with a band that includes ex-Elton John band members Caleb Quaye (guitar), Roger Pope (drums) and Kenny Passerelli (bass)... Drummer for **The Damned**, Rat Scabies, has quit... and the **Bay City Rollers** have joined the ranks of British tax exiles in the US. Manager Tam Paton said the band were not being accorded the respect they considered due to them in Britain, and had been unable to shake off the teeny-bop image there... the US of A has certainly been kind to certain other exiled Britons. **Paul McCartney** has been given an award for being the most played rock artist ever, with over 11 million plays on US TV and radio. Second was John Winston Lennon. Both are ex members of well known best group the **Beatles**...

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Proof reading by Marianne Street and Bruce Belsham.

**LIVING FORCE**  
Saturday, November 12th at 4pm.  
EDDIE HANSEN RETURNS IN THE LAST AUCKLAND GIG FOR SIX MONTHS.  
AT THE ISLAND OF REAL.

**Rumours**

Is it true, that Andrew Kay, Brent Parlane and Andrew Forrer have reformed **Beech** in Australia with a new guitarist and drummer?

**Johnny Volume** has left the **Suburban Reptiles**. Billy Planet moves to lead guitar and Bones Hillman, ex-**Massochists** comes in on bass.

**Dragon** are coming back! The Hunter boys are coming to New Zealand on **Rockcruise 1**. The Rockcruise is a Pacific Islands Cruise, December 21 — January 1, with top Australian rock acts, including **Dragon**, **Skyhooks** and the **Renee Geyer Band**. Outdoor concerts are planned in Suva, Noumea and Auckland.

After **Ray Charles'** successful cabaret appearance in Auckland, **Phil Warren** is negotiating for **James Brown** and his band, the **J.B.s**, for early 1978.

**Roy Colbert** tells us that Dunedin New Wave type band, **Enemy** (N.M.E.!) are now writing their own songs and that **Mother Goose** are resting and working out a new stage act.



Mark Hunter, Dragon

"Slaughter on Cockroach Avenue" is the title of **Red Mole's** new show. "Slaughter ..." is about a private detective who lives in Ponsonby. The music is by **Beaver** and the **Country Flyers**. Catch **Red Mole**, 8.30 pm Sunday to Wednesday at the Ace of Clubs. The door charge is \$3.75.

If you are into movies or music, don't miss **The Harder They Come** at the Century Theatre (Auckland) from November 4th. **Jimmy Cliff** takes the lead role as a young singer trying to make it in the corruption and violence of Kingston. **The Harder They Come** has a brilliant soundtrack (Jimmy Cliff, Maytals etc.) and plenty of action.

**Nambassa Festival** of music, crafts and alternatives takes place January 28th to 30th at Golden Valley, Waihi. Pre-sold tickets are on sale now. In early December acts appearing (Both New Zealand and overseas) will be announced and preparations will commence on the festival site. Festival organisers will construct 2 stages, 90 craft or food stores, toilet facilities and a cultural village.

A costumed alternatives parade (buses and trucks welcome) will take place in Auckland's Queen Street on Friday December 16th. For additional information contact — Nambassa Mother Centre, P.O. Box 113 Waihi.

**Who's Where**

**Panacea** (Phil Broadhurst and friends) on Thurs. and Fri. nights and Sat. afternoon Globe.

**Cohesion** Sat. afternoon at Windsor Castle and Sun. evening at Alladins.

**Red Mole** Sun.-Wed. at Ace of Clubs. Cabaret with music by Beaver and the Country Flyers.

**Harness** Wed.-Sat. at New Station Hotel.

**Hazy-Daze** Wed.-Sat., Wiri Trust Tavern.

**Fragments of Time** Until Nov. 12 Milford Marina. Nov. 14-19, Glenfield Tavern.

**Rough Justice** Nov. 14-26, Royal Tiger. Dec. 5-17, Lion Tavern, Moleworth St, Wellington.

**Andy Anderson's Band**, Nov. 26, Tauranga Entertainers' Club.

**Golden Harvest**, Nov. 7-12, Cabana Hotel, Napier. Nov. 14-19, Palace Hotel, Rotorua.

Nov. 21-26, Hillcrest Tavern, Hamilton.

**Citizen Band**, Nov. 20, Island of Real, Airedale St.

**Acoustics**, Nov. 13, Andy White, Ted Chapaman, Graham Gash, Harvey Mann, Matt Matepi, Bill Taylor and Glen Cross at the Island of Real.

**Rocking Horse**, Dec. 4, Island of Real Dec. 12-17, Windsor Castle

If you are not here that's because you did not let us know. For Free listing write to **RIP IT UP** P.O. Box 5689, Auckland.



**Letters**

"Punks are in theory unemployed ..." writes Redmer Yska in the October issue. **Suburban Reptiles** are not punk. You should stop categorising. We have never pretended to be unemployed, working class or hungry.

Of course the Wellington sound wasn't the best — the sound technician pissed off. You should stop reading the Sunday papers and think for yourself!

**Suburban Reptiles**

Your magazine is one of the best but I can't stand the amount of 'punk rock' rubbish you stick in it. Why don't you put in something on the Eagles (the best group in the world), Bee Gees, ELO or Fleetwood Mac.

**Punk Rock Hater**

**STEELY DAN**  
Aja

RCA abc Records

# Love You Beach Boys

By way of being a totally balanced and unbiased rave review of the Beach Boys' latest album. A cool and level-headed explanation of why it is so superb. Cut the chatter though and let's look into these immortal grooves.

Quotation, quotation . . . that's it. 'Mona' is a lovely little song full of references to the iconography of pop-culture from 'Gimme Some Loving' to the hallowed name of Phil Spector himself. Later in the record another icon or rather monstre sacre of American teleculture is exposed in 'Johnny Carson'. Well . . . attacked? At least nudged in the ribs a bit. When the Beach Boys talk about Johnny there is more than a suspicion in my mind that there are a few smirks in between the notes:

*It's nice to have you on the show tonight  
I've seen your act in Vegas—  
—outta sight!  
Don't you think he's such a natural guy  
The way he's kept it up could make you cry.*

It is the Beach Boys' musical treatment of these lines that adds the irony, the melody ricocheting between high and low notes, the harmonies just so precise. Listen to the way they sing Johnny Carson's name. Harmony and rhythm combine to provide an extra dimension to the lyrics.

More samples of their rather gentle humour are scattered throughout the album. The extended double entendre of 'I Wanna Pick You Up' (Brian



Wilson's own explanation was that this song is 'descriptive of a man who considers this chick a baby'). The tongue-in-cheek male chauvinistics of 'Love is a Woman':

*123, she's falling in love with me  
456, she fell for all my tricks  
789, she makes me feel so fine*

Everyone must be aware of the almost manic care Brian Wilson takes with the production side of Beach Boys records. And the poor man is enduring a lot of hyping lately—vide recent Rolling Stone article and the enclosure to this record which reads 'To Brian whom we love with all our heart'—signed by the other four Beach Boys.

But, in the final analysis the sheer sound of the album is very inventively handled. Listen to the chunky menacing tones of 'I Wanna Pick You Up' or the buoyant harmonies of 'Airplane'. What about the very apt use of moog in 'I'll Bet He's Nice'. What a nice corrective these burbling synthesised sounds prove to the innate romanticism of the lyrics. Further evidence

that the Beach Boys have constructed these songs to work on more than one level.

From the standpoint of harmony, the Beach Boys must still be one of the most interesting groups around. So much so that in an age of simplistic three chord opuses it perhaps does make their music seem a trifle mandarin. Such a song is 'Solar System' with its rather fey account of the influence of the planets, a parallel to 'Transcendental Meditation' from their *Friends* album. Wilson was inspired to write this song on the way to a school meeting for his daughter—hence the charming and deliberate 'kitsch' of the words:

*Then there's the Milky Way  
That's where the angels play  
You've seen the lover's moon  
Looks good in the month of June  
Neptune is God of the sea  
Pluto is too far to see*

I know some people just hate this sort of stuff, and I am obviously not one of those. It is just that same whimsy that I think distinguished some

of the numbers on their Christmas album as well as 'Take a Load off Your Feet' from *Surf's Up*.

These are very much random thoughts on the *Love You* album and it certainly seems to have been fairly unsuccessful round the country judging by the numbers of shops who feature it in their sale bins. Wilson was disappointed when the previous album *15 Big Ones* didn't really have a single success, and I think 'It's OK' could have made it with the right promotion. A snippet of it certainly distinguished Radio Hauraki's collage-advert for its summer rock programme.

Best bets for single success on *Love You* would probably be either 'The Night Was So Young' or 'Good Time'—a song that was performed by Spring in 1972. And as Wilson says, 'Why waste a song?'

So why not give *Love You* a try? I have probably won no more fans for *Love You* than I have dissuaded camp followers from the Divine Miss M. . . but one must keep trying.

William Dart



Harry Lyons, Hello Sailor

## Hello Sailor Key Records

Receiving this record gives rise to a quick mental review of its competition—New Zealand conceived and recorded albums of the last few years. Quite honestly, I can't find anything in them to make me believe any the less that this is the best local album I have heard.

Hello Sailor have been gigging around the country for the last two years or more, building up an impressive personal following, and an unequalled log of playing hours. It is a tribute to them and their material that *Hello Sailor* shows none of the professional lethargy which afflicts so many of New Zealand's experienced musicians.

Quite a proportion of the material on the album will be familiar to avid T.V. watchers, radio listeners and habitués of the pubs of Auckland.

A great deal of the record's appeal stems from the range of styles of the different writers (there are five different credits—combined and individual—for the eleven cuts) and also from the different effect created by the three lead singers used. While they are very much a two guitar band, they have none of the limitations which that formula can give rise to, nor do they seem to feel the temptation to use the studio to radically alter their live sound. What you get on *Hello Sailor* is substan-

tially the same as you might get at your local on a night when things are running hot.

The degree of sophistication which they pack into their tight format is obvious throughout, but most obviously on 'When Your Lights Are Out'. With the addition of piano, by John Mitchell, they put together a classic rock and roll song, no more than four minutes long with a neat guitar solo, a raunch sax honk and a fading hook that just won't die. Coupled to this are words which throughout the record don't disgrace their place on the sleeve:

*Can't outclass the classy  
Can't out mean the nasty  
You can't do nothing when the lights are out.*

Song after song is reeled off in this fashion, all of them in the style but not defined by it. Guitar music has always been the heart of rock 'n' roll (and the reason Elton John doesn't rock 'n' roll) and *Hello Sailor* is as much an affirmation of that fact as any other mid-seventies album I can name. It soaks up its influences well, from Jimmy Cliff to J. Geils, from Graham Parker to Steely Dan, but comes out as definitely 1977 as any more overtly New Wave effort. I suppose you can say that skilful farming of influence was as much a credential for rock 'n' roll success as any other.

The rhythm section is as sweaty tight as you have every right to expect from such an accomplished bar band, with the two

guitars carrying everything between them and making a suitably nasty background for Brazier's often inspired singing. Even in their less than auspicious days as the fag end of 'Vamp Rock', the band had a gilt-edged asset in Brazier's voice, which has paid off handsomely.

Brazier has developed as a singer to the extent where he can effectively throw in one line references to other singers' styles—a little Bowie in 'Big Bum', a touch of Gabriel in 'When Your Lights are Out', Fagan in 'Hooked', Rotten (or is it the Scavs?) in 'Last Chance to Dance'. The leavening provided by McCartney's two lead vocals and Lyon's one, as well as their harmonies not only extends the range of the band but it also highlights Brazier's contributions.

It is usual, at the end of a review of a record you like to hunt around for some strong point of the artist or recording to hang the approval on. In this case there is an embarrassment of riches. Everything about *Hello Sailor* from the cover, through the songs, the bionically intertwined guitar lines, the so tough rhythm section, the singing and the swagger with which it is all carried off, spells out success.

This record is sitting beside *Heat Treatment* and *Period of Transition* as my favourite new record for 1977, and who am I to say that come Christmas it won't have outstripped them?

Francis Stark

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Four foot ten inch. Janis Ian, sits cross-legged in Oriental slacks, in an Intercontinental armchair, sipping fruit juice — punching back decisive answers to a drilling of lens and tape.

This 25 year old, child prodigy is known here mostly for her emotional portrait, 'At Seventeen', but in America has had the same songwriting acclaim as Mitchell and Jackson Browne. She has received a Grammy for the 'Between The Lines' album and a best female vocalist award.

I have fulfilled my desire to be a star — being a star right now mainly means I get hassled during dinner. On tour I just do my job.

Success, over the last three years, means 'I've been doing what I want, and how I want to do it, with people who I enjoy doing it with.' After she catapulted into the spotlight in 1965 with 'Society's Child', the precocious songwriter became bewildered with the arena of acid rock she had been thrust into. She introverted into self-exile for a long spell.

I couldn't cope. All child performers should have to go through it. It gets you back some kind of perspective on yourself.

She has been touring for four years and a live album will soon be forthcoming. The cuts will come from her recent Christ-

church and Japanese concerts.

Touring takes its toll. You become so insular and incestuous. On the last tour, out of twelve people on the road, ten of their old ladies or old men left them. Perhaps this accounts for her premature, greying, afro, hair.

It is true that women don't end up to the same status as men in rock. It's a problem! I don't know how much of it is a cultural backlash or because women haven't been writing and performing as long, in the same sense as men.

Joni Mitchell has come the closest, as a status writer — but she is still a chick, a chick who plays guitar.

It is no big deal to Ian playing electric guitar on stage. She maintains one vision — to be a great writer, any kind of writing. I write songs now, that is the craft that I have trained in. But you are limited, all you can write about is sex, love and living.

Then in another tone, this cross examining lady of means will say, 'I'm a terrible writer. I'm embarrassed to be a writer.'

Yearnings are 'To write music without words, and words without music. I would like to fall in love and have somebody fall in love with me; if you think about it too much, you realise it is not happening.'

Ray Castle



Five years ago when Janis Ian's career was at its lowest point, she must have seemed the last performer likely to visit our shores. But, 1977 is the year that Janis made it to Kiwiland, and October 5th saw a concert by the lady in our illustrious town hall.

I remember reading Variety in 1971 and noticing a review of a Janis Ian concert in Los Angeles. She was being pestered by the audience to sing 'Society's Child' and they were not really very receptive to her newer songs. These would have been songs from her 'Present Company' album which is a lovely disc.

Nowadays Janis wears her hits well and the expected. 'At Seventeen' was saved almost till the end of the concert with a rather droll introductory rap on long socks and teenage years in New Jersey.

I have a few queries about the concert. There seemed to be a clique of a somewhat feminist nature in the front of the hall who responded just a little too enthusiastically at times. And, as far as the songs went, they were remarkably lacking in a sense of humour at times. One exception being a one-minute ditty in the middle of the con-

cert with Janis describing New York in springtime, with rapists, gays, muggers etc. etc. etc. coming out to gambol.

I feel a bit of a cad picking holes in the evening, cos I really did enjoy it. And, having admired the lady consistently now for almost ten years, it was rewarding to see her in person. The opening number was her 'Hymn' from the 'Altertones' album, Ian's reworking of Martini's 'Plaisir d'Amour'. This featured some lovely harmonies from the very visual Claire Bey with her waist-length tresses in distinct contrast to Janis Ian's chic butch look. And 'Party Lights' from the 'Miracle Row' album was another treat — a classic Janis Ian song thematically and musically.

Janis Ian had a fine backing band but still went out of her way to prove her musical versatility, dividing her attentions between acoustic guitar, electric piano and guitar during the evening.

The lady says she is retiring now for a few years. It will indeed be interesting to see what she comes up with for us in 1979.

William Dart



Rick Bryant, Rough Justice. Roy Colbert spoke to Rick Bryant in August when the Wellington band were in Dunedin.

## Rough Justice

Dunedin's European Hotel Burgundy Bar is hardly known for its music. But as Rick Bryant says, when someone offers you work, you don't turn it down.

Bryant recently put together a new Rough Justice. The last Rough Justice were really starting to get somewhere when they broke up. Rough Justice Mark I played pretty well down this way late last year, and Bryant reckons they got even better after that — culminating in a particularly fine performance one night in Auckland. But then it was back to square one, and for the battle-hardened but thoroughly likeable Bryant, there have been a lot of square ones. Mammal, Blerta, Windy City Strugglers — even before Mammal I dimly recall a blues band — maybe Gutbucket? A single even. And of course a period courtesy, as they say, of the government (rough justice).

This Rough Justice has less Little Feat influence than the last, though this hasn't been entirely intentional. The music Bryant has always liked, and always sung, is once

again very firmly rooted in the band's sound (label freaks can grapple with 'tight-rhythmic-earthy-bluesy-R&B-rock' if they so desire) with their strong devotion to the 60s including even a few Beatle tracks — but mainly Atlantic-Tamla blacker things. James Brown even.

In the bus, the records that get played are Aretha, the first Hendrix, Stones, Howling Wolf — we agree pretty well over the songs we do in the band too. I chose about the first 20, and then the other guys threw in a few Pete's a Beatles freak. The other guys are much younger than me, but they like the same things. We'll start writing soon, and hopefully that will come out something like the stuff we're playing.

Most singers tend to be a bit fussy over what they'll sing, and Bryant is probably fussier than most. He has very little time for a whole variety of very popular rock artists. Rod Stewart is Vera Lynn. He hears Lou Reed and he hears only 'Get Off My Cloud' and 'Satisfaction'. Bowie? Bryan Ferry? No, no-one who sings with an affectation is allowed. New Zealand bands don't escape either, but it's not negative criticism.

Bryant tore into every song over those last two nights, and ended both nights very tired man. Which is hardly surprising if you've seen the man perform. One of our premier no-bullshit rock singers of this past decade, Bryant seems to have a particular affinity with Streetwalkers Roger Chapman — not so much for the sound, but for the total commitment to both a lyric and a rhythm within a song, and to rock 'n' roll itself — despite all hardship. Bryant clearly still has plenty to offer. He's really pleased with the way the band has turned out. The bass-drums (Nick Bollinger and Martin Highland) have come on really well he says, while the development of second guitarist and saxophonist Steven Jessup has been amazing. Guitarist Peter Kennedy is a longtime friend. Bryant knew his capabilities before the band got under way, and Kennedy hasn't let him down.

Rough Justice are really worth seeing. They don't make too many compromises — if they take you up onto a certain plateau they might just as well leave you alone where a metal band would endeavour to blast you into nowhere with an overkill of noise and trickery.

Roy Colbert

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 **Chrysalis**

# LOU'S STILL ALIVE

## And There's Nothing You Can Do About It

Just what do you ask Lou Reed when you're given the chance? The press kits don't give any clues — Reed was laughing when he read through one later: "characterised by urban malice... ah, malaise Jesus I wish they'd told me." And, after all, this was a third tour and there'd been press receptions before and Lou's pretty much Lou all the time, depending on which drug he's on.

And yet about 30 people turned up at the press reception in Auckland. There weren't to be any individual interviews. Instead everyone was to form into something like a firing squad. But who was the target? Reed was going to videotape the interview — one of the band would operate the video.

The questions began well enough, someone asking him about the poetry prize he had received. He had been one of five poets to be presented an award by Senator McCarthy.

And then, an obvious question, too obvious

"Will you be playing any new songs at the concert?"

"Of course not."

"Why not?"

"You might enjoy it... I'm just going to do exactly what I did last time. And that's the same answer I gave to that question last time too. Jesus... Mumble, mumble."

Somebody asks about the video.

"Are you filming this for a particular reason?"

"This is for a BBC biography of the death wish."

"Your death wish?"

"No. Yours."

Laughter.

Reed's next album is titled *Street Hassle* and has been recorded in binaural sound (he calls it "a new German technique"), rather than stereo. The technique really isn't new — it preceded stereo and was first demonstrated at the Chicago world's fair of 1933-34. To explain it simply, binaural sound can be thought of as the sound recorded by a pair of microphones placed at exactly the same distance apart as the human ears. The result is far more realistic than stereo where the sounds are recorded with the microphones a far greater distance apart. When someone speaks into the left microphone in a binaural recording it sounds as though they're speaking into your left ear.

Until recently binaural sound has only been effective when played back through headphones; when played back through loudspeakers it sounded just like a single-channel recording. Now a special processor makes the binaural effect possible through a pair of loudspeakers connected to an ordinary stereo system.

"You'll want to have my new album just to hear the glorious sound... you close your eyes and you're there."

"People..."

"I'm serious."

"People have been saying that about stereo for years."

"Well I'm saying that about this. I mean... you know me, I'm not kidding. That's true. You do know me and I don't kid like that. It's really true. Close your eyes, you're there. 360° sound. There's no left and there's no right."

"But it's played from a regular system?"

"Yeah, yeah. It's amazing. Absolutely the most amazing thing I've ever heard in my life. Just amazing."

"Are you the first person to do this... out of Germany?"

"Ah... there've been some small unknown groups who've taken a crack at it but the records haven't got outside Germany..."

"Since you've taken it back to the States have you managed to enthuse anybody else about it?"

"No. I'm proud to say that I've been fought on every level, because there's a lot of money invested in stereo. But I think everything's going to be binaural soon."

"Whereabouts did you cut the album?"

"At my mother's place with a fork about that big."

Silence. A run-down of what's on the new album.

"Do you figure the record company will put any of the tracks out as singles...?"



"I think it's choc-full of singles. Choc-full!"

Mumble, mumble. He lowers his voice: "My God! I never thought we'd hear Lou Reed say 'choc-full'. He's as pure as Griffin's snow. It's amazing. How can we have been so mistaken about him before?"

Silence. A cough.

"Are you using the same musicians on *Street Hassle* that you're touring with?"

"Yep... yep."

"And they're your regular band now?"

"Yep... as they have been. The unheralded few."

"How long have you been with these people?"

"It's going on three years now. It's just 'cos nobody's told them yet."

Laughter.

"So why did you come to New Zealand?"

"Money."

"Is that why most people come to New Zealand?"

"Well after looking around here I'd have to say 'yes'."

Silence.

"Lou... on your previous visits here you've been very reluctant to hold press conferences. I wondered why there'd been a change — obviously a major change — of attitude now?"

"How do you figure that? I didn't say I was happy to have this."

"Who decided that you would have it?"

"Don't I have one every year during the summer solstice?"

The point is missed.

"What? Here? Or overseas?"

"Overseas is America."

And missed again.

"You have an annual press conference overseas do you?"

"No. That just went full circle to nowhere. I'll let you start again."

"The question originally was..."

"Whose question?"

"My... question... originally was..."

"Since it's yours you can start from scratch as though there was no original question. Why don't you just ask me whatever your question is?"

"The question is: on previous visits to New Zealand you've been reluctant to have a press conference..."

"That's not true."

"Isn't it?"

"No."

"You've actually held them?"

"Certainly."

"Here? In Auckland?"

"Absolutely."

"Never in Auckland?"

"Yes I did."

"Where? Here?"

"Yeah."

"What... what year?"

"Seventy... five."

"Was that on your first visit?"



Photos by Murray Cammick



## Recent Reed releases

**Velvet Underground**  
**Loaded**  
*Cotillion*  
**Lou Reed**  
**Walk on the Wild Side**  
*RCA*  
**Lou Reed**  
**Rock and Roll Heart**  
*Arista*

*Why shouldn't there be all that crap for kids? Nobody's making you buy it. There's plenty of attention for everything. Besides I've always had somewhat patrician taste. I've worked so much I've earned the right to be awful. They've got a head start.*

Lou Reed on punk rock. The master of cynico-minimo-rock himself commenting on would be competition. All the Reedian characteristics are here — the flipness (I've always had somewhat patrician taste) as well as the camp. I've earned the right to be awful. Add to all this a dash of Dada and a pinch of Warholian minimalism and what do you have — a Lou Reed.

Three records are now out which show three different phases of Reed's work. The first is the 1971 Velvet Underground album *Loaded* (*Cotillion*). This was the last album that the group released with Reed amongst its personnel, excluding the later posthumous live albums.

*Loaded* has material which is still near enough to Reed's contemporary style for him to include on his current concert programmes — *Sweet Jane* being an obvious example. Some of the songs seem just a little ineffectual, but that is sometimes part of the Velvet's rather casual-sounding style. *Who Loves the Sun* is a lovely pop song, Beatles harmonies and all, and contrasts strongly with *Sweet Jane* and *Rock and Roll* which are quintessential Reed, screaming out for a machismo live performance.

Reed's Solo career started with a bang in the early seventies, right in the middle of the rising Gay Consciousness. Green finger-nail polish, drag, where would it all end? Reed's second album, *Transformer* even had a young man with a rather stunning credential on its back cover. Just as monstrous as the young man's credential was the song *Walk on the Wild Side* which was a big hit for Lou. It was a typical Reed song in its cataloguing of the seamier sides of the side, a sort of corollary to Nico's *Chelsea Girls*.

RCA have titled their new compilation disc of the best of Lou Reed, *Walk on the Wild Side* and it is a rather super slice of the singer. As well as the title track we have such decadent

lovelies as *New York Telephone Conversation* — one minute plus of breathless campy trivia. There is my favorite Reed song *Satellite of Love* as well as five versions of *Sweet Jane* and *White Light White Heat* — both old Velvet songs. Add to this *Wild Child*, *Sally Can't Dance* and *Coney Island Baby* and what do you have — a helluva lot of good ole decadence for your \$7.99.

Lou's latest offering is on Arista and has the delightful title of *Rock and Roll Heart* — the significance of this title is explained in the song.

*I don't like opera and I don't like ballet*

*And new wave French movies they just drive me away*

*I guess that I'm dumb cause I know I ain't smart*

*But deep down inside I got a rock and roll heart.*

The cover shows Reed in a blotchy television exposure, a brilliant visual image for the sound he seems to be aiming at. A deliberately fuzzy sound with lots of distorted guitar and organ whilst he intones his visions of our sinking Western culture. Even when he gives us his version of tongue-in-cheek raunch in *I Believe in Love* he cannot resist a little dash of decadence.

*I believe in good times now*

*And I believe it shows*

*And I believe in the Iron Cross*

*And as everybody knows*

*I believe in good time music*

*Good time rock and roll*

Hard to imagine Adolf Hitler and Chuck Berry as locker room buddies. Even more cynical is Lou's concept of a *Sheltered Life*, replete with a rather jazzy backing.

*Never been to England*

*Never been to France*

*Never really learned how to dance*

*I've never taken dope*

*And I've never taken drugs.*

And when Lou is exercising his Right to be awful as in the repeated title line of *Banging on My Drum*, he really gives us a two minute equivalent of Warhol's seven hour *Empire State Building* epic.

A snazzy little album this. Now a word from Auntie Rotter. Kiddies, when Mummy is busy watching *The Young and the Restless* sneak in and make off with her little bottle of valiums. If you sell 32 of these at 50 cents each to your little playmates with well-adjusted mummies, you will be able to buy *Walk on the Wild Side* and *Rock and Roll Heart*. With two cents left for a wine gum.

**William Dart**

Seventy-six. It was on one of them. Since there's only been two it must have been the other one.

Silence. Reed is tapping his fingers on a table in front of him.

"What's the new album going to be called?"

"*Street Hassle*."

Silence.

"Was *Rock 'n' Roll Heart* influenced by the Ramones?"

Reed looks around. Who is this?

"What?"

"Was *Rock 'n' Roll Heart* influenced by the Ramones? It was like... you know, pretty simple."

"The Ramones came after that, I think." Mumble, mumble.

"The way the songs are though, you know..."

"It was probably a direct copy of them. I was probably trying to rip off the way they do things. You know, try to kill a new group before they get a chance to get started. Jeeze, I... I was hoping you wouldn't notice..."

No more questions.

"All right. Is that it? Yep. Going once, going twice..."

People start to move away, to talk among themselves. Reed stands up.

"I wanna thank all a ya for a really... time... really bin a f\*\*kin' plesha..." Mumble, mumble. "Turn off that camera! Oh... it's my own camera."

On the following night Reed played the first concert of his tour — Founders Theatre, Hamilton. All but a few seats were sold. After five songs he muttered something about a technical problem and left the stage. The band followed him. Ten minutes passed. The people who had left their seats to stand at the front were asked to sit down.

Reed came back on stage. *Walk on the Wild Side* was followed by a too-perfect *Satellite of Love* with a chorus in nursery rhyme rhythm. The people standing at the front were asked to sit down again. After an hour Reed left the stage, to return for a 40-minute encore of *Waiting for my Man* and *Heroin*. Up until then the concert had seemed too well-rehearsed, the band had attacked every song with an indiscriminate

ferocity and the addition of a female backing vocalist only seemed to work against the songs rather than for them.

But the audience, now all standing, pushed Reed to his best. *Heroin* was definitive and 20, maybe 25, minutes long yet spontaneous. For the first time that evening the band didn't know what was going on when Reed motioned to them to stop playing. Unaccompanied now he sang on, calling the backing vocalist back onstage to join him as he repeated over and over, the audience clapping in time:

*Feel just like Jesus' son*

*feel just like Jesus' son...*

It lasted maybe five minutes. Maybe only three, maybe longer. And when his supporting vocalist faltered, Reed took a sudden swipe at the mike and knocked it to the floor. "Sing the same f\*\*king line!" He glared at the audience as he put the mike back in the stand. "You think I don't mean it?"

**Jeremy Templar**



## Love You Live? Sure Do!

**The Rolling Stones  
Love You Live**  
Rolling Stones Records

This on-again off-again live album finally delivers the promise of years. The Rolling Stones at their live best, giving full force to that greatest rock and roll band in the world reputation.

Four sides is usually a bit much to take in at one time with any artist. With this album I just wanted to press on. Anyone who has seen the Stones and/or heard bootlegs of their concerts, knows only too well that they have off nights. They can be sloppy and out of tune and, in some ways that is the Stones. But when they're on they can be sloppy and out of tune and great. And that's what this album is all about.

Sometimes the rhythm section is stumbling behind (they're all over the place in "Tumbling Dice") and most of the time the sound is the sort of blur concerts used to be before all that PA.

In some ways the whole album is a bit like those early ones, *The Rolling Stones, 12x5 Out of Our Heads*, it has that two-track R&B distortion that Keith Richard actively campaigns for. It's an affirmation of those rhythm n blues roots. The frenetic cacophony of *Around and Around* shows that maybe the *Crawdaddy Club* is not so distant a memory for the Stones.

Three sides of the album are from Paris concerts, the fourth the celebrated Toronto club recording, the "El Mocambo" side.

The concert material is the Stones at their hottest, from "Honky Tonk Woman" through to the encore of "Sympathy for the Devil". The material has all been recorded before, but the arrangements are, in most cases, new. The addition of Ron Wood gives the group added punch, a sort of shadow Keith Richard.

But it's the club recordings that bear repeated listening. The intimate situation provides the basis for the more electric music. Two numbers here haven't been recorded before by the Stones, Muddy Waters' "Mannish Boy" and Bo Diddley's reggae "Crackin' Up". The others are Little Red Rooster (two slide guitars going here) and Chuck Berry's "Around and Around". To me, the club material has the overwhelming excitement of the first time I heard "Route 66" opening song on that first album. The whole record jumps in a way that their previous official live album, *Get Yer Ya-Ya's Out*, seldom achieved. It's no step forward, rather it's a statement of what they are and where they're from. Solid rocking. And maybe the rest of those Toronto tapes will find their way on to vinyl.

Ken Williams

## Steely Dan! Best Nongroup Around

**Steely Dan  
Aja  
ABC**

From the outset, with *Can't Buy a Thrill*, Steely Dan have attracted audiences of distinctly differing tastes. Rockers would boost the volume on "Change of the Guard" while more languid souls praised the smoochy cha-chas. So it went on, reel in the albums as Becker and Fagan's writing embraced styles from pop to be-bop. (A friend dislikes precisely the tracks which are my favourites, and vice-versa.) Gradually however, a more unified approach began to take shape; that blending of rock rhythms with jazz harmonic sophistication which has produced such delights as "Kid Charlemagne".

Now, *Aja* signifies further development. It is a considerably more relaxed album than *Royal Scam*, as if witness to a greater ease and confidence in the emergent style. Although the pieces generally run to longer times than previously — the title track is eight minutes — there is never any slackness, despite extensive instrumental soloing.

The musicianship shows a restraint that belies its skill. The horn charts, for exam-

ple, are more discreet than those on *Scam* yet more effective for their subtlety. Becker and Fagen have stated that Steely Dan is more a concept than a rock band. Although they still write the material and Fagen sings lead, instrumentally they have become merely two of two dozen session men. But what session men. As usual, nearly all are names in their own right and play here with consummate taste.

The lyrics are typically elliptical, not to say obscure. While *Scam* turned on a theme of urban decadence, I'm not sure whether *Aja* has any such unifying motif, but I'm working on it. William Burroughs *did* write that Steely Dan III came from Yokohama, Fagen *does* sing that Chinese music always sets me free: "Aja" is pronounced "Asia" and there's the cover photo. Oriental inscrutability perhaps, or just my pretzel logic?

Seriously though folks, this is one of my favourite albums this year. If you expected Steely Dan to develop as hard rockers you may be disappointed, so stick with *Katy Lied*. If, however, you enjoy their mellow side *Aja* will convince you that Steely Dan are still the best nongroup around.

Peter Thomson

Though Bill Nelson, lead guitarist and songwriter for *Be-Bop Deluxe*, makes no pretence to be human. This is the age of the machine. And that's why *Live! In the Air Age* almost succeeds, despite the odds.

*Live! In the Air Age* is completely professional, no notes missed, as close to the original studio recordings as possible but without the final polish. With a bonus EP, a bonus of four new songs and none from *Axe Victim* or *Modern Music*. Nothing to say where the album was recorded — al-

though it's probably safe to assume the recordings are from concerts on tour in the States.

*Modern Music* may have only slowed Bill Nelson's rush to imminent fame but it's also going to take more than *Live! In the Air Age* to recapture interest. And it's sad but true that most live albums, this one included, are seen as the next obvious move only because it is the artist who is marking time, not the audience.

Jeremy Templar

## A Bunch of Stiffs Stiff Records

Stiff records are an independent British record company who not only don't believe that the sixties never died, they don't even believe they faded away. Their anachronistic attitude is typified by the slogan displayed on the cover — "Undertakers to the Industry — If They're Dead We'll Sign Them. What can you say to honestly like that?"

But fear not, this is not a bunch of dull half-beens on a bunch of even duller re-treads. Nope, this is just a bunch of seventies kids with their feet firmly rooted in sixties pop, and R & B. Noticeably the most successful tracks here weld their nostalgic tendencies to a firmly seventies feel in lyrics and approach. Which brings us to the one unabashed classic contained herein. It's Elvis Costello and "Less Than Zero" — A song about Britain's fascist leader of the thirties Oswald Moseley, of course. What more logical subject for a pop-calypto song?

But sprinkled throughout the album are several minor delights, that more than repay the price of admission. There's The Takaways amazingly accurate Dylan take-off, "Food", The Tyla Gang's New York take "The Young Lords", Dave Edmund's crazy version of Chuck Berry's "Jo Jo Gunne" and tucked away at the end of Side One and uncredited on the sleeve, is Graham Parker and the Rumour with an alternative version of "Back to Schooldays" to the one found on *Howlin' Wind*.

A set that allows you to reverse into tomorrow today. Yesterday's Sound Today as Phil Spector might say.

Alastair Dougal



**Sanford and Townshend  
Smoke from a Distant Fire**  
Warner Brothers

Time was when a debut record with the technical quality of *Smoke from a Distant Fire* would have attracted immediate attention. As it is, it seems to shuffle along in the current herd of immaculately produced West Coast material.

That anyway was the attitude of the buying public when *Smoke from a Distant Fire* was first released overseas. Since then the excellent title single has done business for Sanford/Townshend, so the album is re-released.

It deserves re-appraisal. Closer perusal shows, for example, that the album is recorded at Muscle Shoals, Alabama, not in L.A. And there is more musical meat to songs and arrangements than an average West Coast band like Firefall can muster.

Sanford/Townshend's style is derivative — early Steely Dan, Allen Toussaint, believe it or not Elton John, came through strongly, but John Townshend's strong voice, a very good band, Otis Hale's sax playing, and punchy songs render a certain distinction.

The patchiness of the lyric quality, and its general smoothness disqualify *Smoke from a Distant Fire* from a major place in recording annals. New wave it isn't. But it's an attractive second-hand wave. Maybe nostalgia is on its side.

Bruce Belsham

**Linda Ronstadt  
Simple Dreams**  
Asylum

W E A certainly seems to have a monopoly on the lady singers these days. For your poetry there's Joni, for your classy camp there's Bette, and for your good old eclectic quality stuff there's Maria Muldaur and Linda Ronstadt. And when I say eclectic I mean eclectic because this Ronstadt

## Mother Goose Stuffed Mushroom

Kee-rist! another bunch of loonies from New Zealand. That's what the world's going to say, as the Aussies cast furtive glances in this direction to see who's coming their way next and how crazy they look.

Over the last couple of years Mother Goose have plied their steadily evolving music and appealingly loopy group image around much of New Zealand, and latterly with more success in Australia where they recently recorded this album.

A keen sense of the absurd is a valuable asset for any rock band and it's of the essence in what you might call Mother Goose's collective vision. However it would quickly wear thin if it weren't for the band's abilities as a musical unit. That's at the heart of the matter when considering their potential to survive because on the surface their image is very lightweight and contrived, and without the secure foothold of some very solid pop music they would have floated away to toytown on a cotton wool cloud by now.

As a band they've walked a fine line with the pitfalls of terminal cuteness and rampant eclecticism on either side. The good news is that in the cold light of vinyl they continue to walk the line better than many folk might have anticipated, although it remains a thin one.

Well-absorbed lessons in rock dynamics and a freshness and originality that reveal a genuine love and talent for pop are all exhibited to varying degrees on *STUFFED*. These guys sound as if they're close to the music and get a big kick out of it themselves, that's not so common.

Pop virtues abound — the music is fun, the guitars are aggressive and lyrical, the arrangements are inventive and the grab-bag of studio effects is intelligently used. Craig Johnston's vocals do well by the material, which is all original and the plaintive quality of his voice contrasts effectively with the instrumental drama of a song like "Last Of The Fools".

My favourite track is just about the simplest and shortest on the album. Tucked away on side two between a couple of numbers that are the closest Mother Goose come to heavy metal lies "Only You". Lyrically it's a better than average little song about being a rock band and it's brought to life by a brilliantly sung chorus reminiscent of Badfinger's best. This is sustained through the guitar passage into a final chorus that's a highlight of the album.

*Stuffed* doesn't strive for profundity, the title alone tells us that, but it succeeds as a well-crafted and entertaining record of what one of our finest bands has achieved to date.

I don't like the cover though.

Terence Hogan

## Be-Bop Deluxe Live! In the Air Age Harvest

I've lost count of the number of live albums, most of them double albums, released since Peter Frampton made it the trend. And why should I care? Most live albums are no more than lightly disguised attempts to recycle old material. And I'm sick of hearing live recordings which have been meticulously edited and overdubbed to the point where you wouldn't know them from the studio originals if it wasn't for the applause at the end of each song.

A live album should be able to tell more about the artist than you would learn from the clinical professionalism of half a dozen studio albums. Above all it should be true to the original concert or concerts. It should include the bum notes, the semi-intelligible introductions, and the false starts.

Even these days Jackson Browne probably sleeps uneasily knowing that the bootleg album *The Return of the Common Man* shows just how sloppy he was at that Pennsylvania concert in 1975. But he really shouldn't worry, he's a little more human because of it.

Brian Robertson, Scott Gorham, Brian Downey and Phil Lynott



## Thin Lizzy Retain Good Reputation

**Thin Lizzy**  
**Bad Reputation**  
Vertigo

Now, I'm no fan of Heavy Metal music. That has to be said. But I love Thin Lizzy. Indeed I'd rate them as one of the premier bands at this moment cos for my money they contain more than a few extra added attractions that put them way above the standard of your average bunch of guitar thrashers. For one, they have Phil Lynott. A black Irishman, Lynott is not only a great singer but an even better songwriter, a rare animal in most HM product. Added to this they have a dynamite pair of guitarists in Scott Gorham and Brian Robertson, who can not only sustain the expected guitar posturing but also manage to inject enough in the way of variety and dynamics to prevent the all out attack from lapsing into a cliched rifferama. And it's because of this sense of dynamics that tedium rarely, if ever, sets in.

At their best, as on the *Jailbreak* set of a couple of years ago, Thin Lizzy is a stunning combination of all these factors. What's more, they managed to sustain this standard on last year's *Johnny the Fox*, which was only marred by the last track on Side Two, "Boogie Woogie Dance," a throwaway piece if ever there was one.

*Bad Reputation*, their latest, represents a departure in several respects. They've switched producers from John Alcock who was responsible for the last two albums, to Tony Visconti who's well-known for his

work with Bowie, Bolan and others. At the same time, Lynott has traded in his penchant for lyrics on love and kids on the street for an attack on the big subjects in "Soldier of Fortune" and "Dear Lord". Now I don't mind that, but allied to the more sophisticated production job, it's resulted in arrangements that are marred by their over-literality. That's to say, "Soldier" gets an arrangement complete with military drumbeat in the bridge, while "Dear Lord" has, yes you guessed it, a heavenly chorus courtesy of Mary Hopkin, who you have to admit always was a little bit angelic and ethereal.

In fact it's a credit to Lizzy's cutting edge that these elements grate as little as they do. And they are, after all, only minor aberrations on an album that overall maintains the band's amazingly high standard. For instance, there's the snappy single, "Dancin' in the Moonlight", which is reminiscent of Springsteen's "Spirit in the Night", (but that's a compliment), a couple of great rockers in "Bad Reputation" and "That Woman's Gonna Break Your Heart" and two of Lynott's finest songs yet in "Southbound" and "Downtown Sundown".

An album then that can only reward the attention of the growing number of Lizzy fans and perhaps by virtue of it's more sophisticated production sound, it'll seduce some new listeners into the fold. But I vote for a return to the basics next time. O.K. Phil?

Alastair Dougal

**Sandy Denny**  
**Rendezvous**  
Island

Sandy Denny always has had one of those voices. Despite the charms of *Full House*, Fairport Convention was never half the band without her. On the evidence of *Rendezvous*, however, she may need Fair-



**Blondie**  
**Chrysalis Records**

It's the influence of Richard Gottferrer (co-writer of "My Boyfriend's Back", producer for the McCoys) that makes Blondie's debut album more old wave than new, more like '60s nostalgia for the '70s audience. Blondie is a New York group from CBGB's; Gottferrer is the producer of this, their first album.

The song titles ("X Offender", "Rip Her to Shreds") suggest something of the aggressive and raw sound Blondie are said to have in concert but on record the songs are tempered by Gottferrer's '60s approach; altogether too cute question and answer choruses with occasional handclaps and finger snaps. To be honest, Gottferrer is only exaggerating the essential character

port Convention every bit as much as they need her.

In many respects, *Rendezvous* is typical of the genre. It is hard to name an English folk-rock album which does not feature one or many of Dave Mattacks, Jerry Donahue, Pat Donaldson or Dave Pegg. Where the album differs is in its use of weighty string arrangements to cover the impeccable playing of these musicians. Ostensibly, this seems intended to mark the maturity of Denny as a singer; not just a folk singer, but somebody who can get up there and belt out a cover version of "Candle in the Wind" with the best of them.

There is no doubt that she has the vocal ability to do it — her version of "Candle in the Wind" is a hell of a lot better than Helen Reddy could manage in her wildest dreams. The question that remains is, why?

Just as on her previous three solo albums and the truly great "Fotheringay" album, she proves here that she is a songwriter to be reckoned with, and the Fairport mafia, assisted by Richard Thompson, certainly do her justice. It is not as though she and husband/producer Trevor Lucas have wholeheartedly embraced the attractions of the middle of the road. Rather they seem to have struck to the hedge.

It is, in fact, a song by Richard Thompson which best illustrates the shortcomings of this approach. "I Wish I Was a Fool for You Again" opens the album and, while Denny comes close to matching the aching original vocal by Linda Thompson, the decision to take the song at half pace and to bury it beneath a huge, echoed tambourine orchestra and a banal vocal arrangement leaves the listener hoping for a taste of the spare grace of Ms Thompson's version.

All is not grim, however. On many tracks like "One Way Donkey Ride" and the vaguely Mitchellesque, "Gold Dust", Sandy Denny proves she can write and sing as well as ever, just as her cohorts are still in the top league. It is in the control room that this record falters, and even if you have got one of those voices, you can't compete with production.

Francis Stark

**Bob Johnson and Peter Knight**  
**The King of Elfland's Daughter**  
Chrysalis

Chrysalis have one of the best track records (ouch! no pun intended) with the electric folk thing. Let's face it, they have Steeleye Span on their books, and the members of that group have had various individual projects of note. Maddy Prior's *Silly Sisters* album with June Tabor was one that I had to travel to Hamilton to catch up with.

Bob Johnson and Peter Knight are two S.S. men and this record, *The King of Elfland's Daughter*, represents their personal project. It is a concept album based on the book by Lord Dunsay, telling a tangled plot of the King of Elfland (Christopher Lee), his daughter (Mary Hopkin), a handsome young hero (Frankie Miller), a wicked witch (P.P. Arnold) and a troll (Alexis Korner).

There is a very English feyness to the whole album that many Kiwis will find hard to take. Perhaps Hello Sailor might try a concept album based on the drawings of Trevor Lloyd? And Christopher Lee's commentary between the songs does rather force one to accept it as a total album. This was perhaps a mistake as the

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girl even sang on Carla Bley's *Escalator over the Hill*. But Carla Bley and Top 40 are um, well let's say they're just poles apart. So perhaps that's why we know Ronstadt mainly for her more mainstream musical activities.

*Simple Dreams* has some really lovely moments. For those who liked her "That'll Be the Day", there's another Buddy Holly number, "It's So Easy". The other two tracks which approach the raunch are Warren Zevon's "Poor Poor Pitiful Me" and her version of the Stones' "Tumbling Dice". And when Linda has an opening line like "People try to rape me" it just sounds a little more believable than when the divine Mick himself rasps it at his audience.

Rolling Stone mag seems to criticise the predominance of softer ballads, but they do admit that Ronstadt deals with them superbly. And, after all, I think a lot of Ronstadt followers will prefer this approach. The single from the album is (I think) "Blue Bayou", a reworking of the old Roy Orbison number. Linda transforms it into a rather beautiful experience, all shimmering and undulating sound. It has the same sort of feel as Maria Muldaur's "Sad Eyes". The stuff indeed that dreams are made of.

Other highlights: A very beautiful duet with Dolly Parton on the traditional "I Never Will Marry", and a final "Old Paint" with some of the most subdued and subtle dobro works from Mike Auldrige that I have ever heard.

Like Maria Muldaur, Ronstadt is just the singer to do your reputation a lot of good if she tackles your songs. After listening to her version of J. D. Souther's "Simple Man, Simple Dream", I am finding myself digging out an old Souther record to listen to the man himself.

Simply Ronstadt, simply dreamy.  
William Dart

record could have functioned just as well with the plot being either explained in the songs, or on the liner notes.

Are the voices really what one expects? Well, Frankie Miller sounds a little out of keeping with the rest. And perhaps the different voices add to the confusion of the record. After all *Tommy* survived very well with the basic Who sound throughout. Perhaps the whole album may have been more successful as a Steeleye Span concept? As Johnson and Knight do not seem to be songsmiths of the first order, some traditional melodies could possibly have been used to advantage.

It is super though to see Mary Hopkin back on vinyl. Sad to think all she does nowadays is the occasional single and backing vocals (e.g. on Bowie's *Low*).

The only rider that I could add is that with the paucity of intelligent children's records around, this could appeal strongly to imaginative under-12's, so it might pay parents and primary teachers who read *Rip It Up* to check this record out

William Dart

### New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival Various Artists 1976 Island

The New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival is an annual event, commemorating the best of New Orleans' varied musical past and giving promise of the future. This double album concentrates on the rhythm and blues aspect of the festival, and it's extraordinarily fine.

The best music comes from the king of the Crescent City studios, Allen Toussaint, who gets a whole side to run through insistent versions of some of his best songs ('High Life', 'Play Something Sweet (Brickyard Blues)', 'Freedom for the Stallion'). Toussaint's influence isn't confined to his own performance, however. Lee Dorsey does the Toussaint-penned 'Workin' in a Coal Mine' and 'Holy Cow' and Ernie K-Doe has a fitful stab at recreating his 1961 hit 'Mother-in-Law', also a Toussaint composition.

K-Doe and Robert Parker turn in performances well below the standard set by their classic 60s singles, 'Mother-in-Law' and 'Barefootin'' respectively, but the other artists acquit themselves admirably. Irma Thomas is in fine, strident form on 'You can have my husband, but please don't mess with my man' and Texas bluesman Lightnin' Hopkins offers three of the most exciting performances of his long (and perhaps over-recorded) career.

The final two tracks are left to the man credited with inspiring New Orleans pianists from Fats Domino, through Toussaint to Dr John, and they're a revelation. Professor Longhair, dubbed by Toussaint 'The Bach of Rock,' was 57 at the time 'Tipitina' and 'Mardi Gras in New Orleans' were recorded, but he could well be 157, so ghostly and eccentric is his piano and vocal style.

## SSik? Kiss?



Kiss  
Love Gun  
Casablanca

On browsing through a selection of children's records at the Mangere kindergarten, I came across what appears to be the latest offering from a talented foursome of actors in the States going by the collective name Ssik. Based on the Warren comic strips, the record is an original rock opera that tells the story of four uglies from an underground garage that menace eardrums, entice eyeballs and make a lot of money.

The opera is essentially a social comment designed to express, in a childish medium, the steady decline of today's living standards, inflation, the upsurge of suburban depression in the home and other related sociological elements of life in developed countries. Of course for your average 12 year old all this is incredibly boring so Ssik portray these topics with incredibly boring music. The effect is as one would expect — mass boredom.

The rest of the opera spells out a numbing plot, describing tortuous journeys through fantastic situations and yet as in the first song, echoing a continual, monotonous drivel. Absolutely effective. Incredible. And then of course there's the climax; the apex of satisfaction and pinnacle of relief.

The end  
Mike Chunn.

Professor Longhair, dubbed by Toussaint 'The Bach of Rock,' was 57 at the time 'Tipitina' and 'Mardi Gras in New Orleans' were recorded, but he could well be 157, so ghostly and eccentric is his piano and vocal style.

Toussaint opens this immensely enjoyable album with solid 70s rock, it seems appropriate that it should be left to Professor Longhair to ring down the curtain with an eerie breath of swamp wind.

Ken Williams

## Colin Hemmingsen's Column

What has the Union done for me? That's a question often asked by non members, and I can only reply, "much more — if YOU were a member". Every body of workers, professional or otherwise, Architects, Lawyers, Doctors, Teachers have their guild, association, federation or whatever, and they all recognise the necessity of being able to speak with one voice for their common good. Why should musicians be an exception? I think many musicians are put off by the word 'Union', which conjures up impressions of striking and militancy, so perhaps if it was called the 'Association of Musicians', or the 'Musicians' Federation' it would have more appeal. However, regardless of the name, the aims and purpose of the musicians Union would remain the same, that is to improve the conditions of employment for the working musician.

Some say, "But I don't need the Union, I get paid above award anyway". That may be so, but it's certainly not the rule and besides, if there was no Union, there would be no basic rate to rise above, 18-20 year olds would not be permitted to work in licensed premises and the Immigration department would not have an agreement with the Union to prevent an influx of overseas players taking work from New Zealand musicians, especially in licensed premises.

The Union handles approximately 30 disputes a year, but according to the National Secretary, Neil McGough, most of these arise because of musicians failing to make adequate contracts with their employers in the first place. The Union has a stack of standard contracts and letters of engagement available to all members as a safeguard for any contract, be it for an engagement of one day to one year. I don't know how many times I've heard musicians complain about the treatment received from employers, breaking contracts, lowering fees at the last minute, dismissing without adequate reason etc, etc. When I

suggest that they join the Union and then make a written complaint, they say, "great idea" and then do nothing. Of course the Union can do nothing about complaints it never hears.

I regard being a member of the Musicians' Union in the same light as having my instruments insured — a necessity. And it's not only for my benefit, but for the benefit of my fellow musicians, 'United we stand', etc, etc. I may not agree personally, with the basic rates as they stand now; generally I think they are too low when it is considered the outlay a musician has today in instruments, electrical equipment etc, but rates and conditions can only improve in direct proportion to the strength of the union.

Before you dismiss it as unnecessary, at least visit your local branch, ask them what they are doing, why they are doing it, how can they help you, and then make a balanced judgment for yourself. For example, are you aware of the basic rates for touring within New Zealand, how much should you be paid for rehearsals? Branches of the Musicians Union in Auckland, New Plymouth, Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin and Invercargill would be pleased to answer your queries. If you are not happy with the Union as it stands, attend the next Annual General Meeting and at least make your views known.



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Andy Anderson Band, Hinuera



**Cedar Park Music Festival  
Sunday October 23.**

Bucolic Hinuera hosted the first of (hopefully) several summer music festivals. A fair sampling of local talent came out to play for 7000 well-behaved music lovers. Neither strong winds in the mid-afternoon nor light rain in the late evening hampered the mood. There were the usual gripes (food too expensive, long toilet queues, litter by the megaton etc) but nothing to really moan about — except possibly one or two of the acts. And for \$5 00, it was a really good deal.

I arrived a little late (all the best people do), which was a shame since I only caught the last two numbers by **Rockinghorse**. However, it was enough to confirm that their new more muscular line-up will make real waves — both here and possibly overseas.

On to **Living Force**, for me New Zealand's most dynamic band — both visually and musically. No flash, no gimmicks, no absurd posturing — just an infectious bubbling, joyous sound that while strongly reminiscent of Santana, is definitely their own. And if Matt Matepi lacks the supernatural edge Eddie Hansen gave with his bass playing, his voice gives Living Force an added vocal dimension they formerly lacked. Original songs, freewheeling jamming, power, grace and style. I could have listened all night.

The only 'overseas' act was **Soul Factory**. They have played the club circuit here and had a ball in the Telethon. The first two numbers cascaded and it looked as if the crowd could come alright. When all of a sudden, like a Sixties All Black team, (go on you punks — snigger), the game was tightened up with two dreary slow opuses (e.g. "Why I go on the road" — ugh) and the crowd was crushed into waiting for...

**Mother Goose**, lost sons of Dunedin they gooned about a la Split Enz in assorted costumes. The usual Satire-Rock cliches

(Sound-of-Music mimicry, solos that would not die etc). Rather a pity really, since musically they were really together. Cut the ham, lads and the real big time should be ripe for the plucking. But that lead singer, the one in the sailors' hat, does have a mellifluous voice.

Speaking of sailors' hats and things, it was left to Auckland's only real punk/new wave aggro band, **Hello Sailor**, to wind up the night. Musically miscast, they had to work hard to rouse the dwindling audience who were huddled around fires, sleeping or just watching and thinking about what they would be doing tomorrow. On earlier they would have whipped up a storm. Them's the breaks.

And, those Barton people are getting rather good at providing sound systems that are clean and full. A good concert. There are, I am told, more planned. Check them out.

Adrian Picot



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for summer

Midge Marsden, Country Flyers



**Country Flyers**  
*Island of Real*

The Country Flyers are more than a band. They're a collection of musicians whose combined experience includes a wealth of diverse influences. And they're hot.

They opened up their Sunday afternoon set at the *Island of Real* with a fine Junior Parker blues, sounding more than just a bunch of white boys with the blues, a cruise beginning. They followed with the Amazing Rhythm Aces' 3rd Rate Romance, which I've heard them do better, and from then on, they never missed. Some of the high points for me were "It Should've Been Me" (Ray Charles), "The Harder They Come" (Jimmy Cliff), and a reggae version of "It's All Over Now". Surprise of the night was a song with a slow rhythmic intro which took a tasty ten minutes to turn into a very different version of Randy Newman's "You Can Keep Your Hat On".

Country they're not. Certainly, they play with a light, clean guitar sound, but any

band that can play that range of stuff ain't no bunch of rednecks.

It's hard to pick a standout in a band like this (and I couldn't get close enough to see too well), but for my money, Richard Kennedy stood out on guitar with some blues solos. Freddie King would have thought twice about Midge Marsden as a commanding frontman as well as a singer, which is a nice change from your typical NZ band. George Barris held down the other half of the guitar section with taste born of years of playing. I couldn't catch the names of the rhythm section, but they were holding the whole thing together with a flair rare in this country. In short, a bloody great little team.

John Malloy.

**Citizen Band**  
*Island of Real*

Once to a packed Sunday afternoon audience, once to six assorted family and the rubber plant, Citizen Band played the *Island of Real*. Formed around a nucleus of the Chunn brothers, Geoffrey and Michael, Citizen Band convincingly introduced themselves to Auckland. It was just sad that their exemplary midweek show went so unattended.

On the Sunday the band were noticeably nervous, only unwinding in the second half. But in the subsequent gig they attacked their eclectic (Pacific pastiche to new wave) range of songs with real energy and no little skill.

With brother Michael on bass and drummer Brent Eccles behind him, Geoff Chunn is at last given a rhythm section of class. His melodic talents and Greg Clarke's tasteful guitar contributed to a highly encouraging debut. There is an album due out in the intermediate future, "In a Lifetime", the single is out now. Don't miss them: Citizen Band promise much.

Bruce Belsham

**Cohesion**  
*Windsor Castle*

If you can remember when 'punk' was a colloquialism for 'worthless' and if you think that instrumental solos should be more than gaps while the vocalist catches his breath, then you may get off to Cohesion. Colin Hemmingsen, Berklee Jazz College alumni, ex-national orchestra bassoonist, saxophonist, highly respected music teacher, (not to mention magazine columnist) gathered some of the cream of local talent to form his group and they are currently appearing on Saturday afternoons at the Windsor Pub. The line-up of reeds, electric piano, guitar, bass, drums and percussion, provides scope for varied colourings. The material is basically jazz-rock, largely drawn from the likes of George Benson, Tom Scott, and the Crusaders, although the occasional original is added. Tommy Adderley has a vocal spot; in this setting he sounds strikingly like Georgie Fame.

The playing is, at the least, very able and at times quite brilliant. The rhythm section pushed things along nicely and I particularly enjoyed Martin Winch on guitar. It would be peevish to niggle when I enjoyed the band but I hope that given time, they come to rely less on such close copying of others' material and produce further fine originals. With continued experience together they will surely get tighter.

Look, if you feel like a jug this Saturday afternoon and fancy grooving to a bit of live music without risking your eardrums, get along to the Windsor. It's very pleasant.

Peter Thomson

**Ratz Theatrix**  
*Island of Real*

What do you expect of something called 'Ratz Theatrix'? Stage vermin? Dancing rodents? RaRa the clarinet playing rat?

In fact Ratz's guerilla theatre grown up. At the *Island of Real* the players presented three sketches, all in the satirical mould of street theatre, all on the subject of victims.

The first introduces notorious Dr Volt and offspring Lobotomy and E.C.T. (electro-convulsive-therapy). Like the Specials in *Sleeping Dogs* the Volt family are called in to deal with a wayward New Zealand. All three million of us plug dutifully into the national grid and go out on a rousing chorus of "Today's the Day the Citizens have Shock Treatment" (sung inevitably to the tune of "Teddy Bears' Picnic").

And so it continues. The second is a charmingly cyclical tale about love, neurosis, jealousy, Dr Paul, Hospitals and suicide. To finish the programme a fast foods epic: what happens to a country bread, toasted sweetcorn sandwich when she comes to town? Will she escape the clutches of the greasy American hot dog? Who is Madame Hawaiianburger?

Well, ferret out the Ratz at their next appearance for illumination. As it used to say in large red letters in View Rd, Mt Eden Ratz are alright.

Bruce Belsham

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WAIHI

NAMBAASA

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SEE PAGE 15