



## Living Force

## Tattiebogle

There is a lot to be said for the oldtime Variety concert, and this is just what local group Tattiebogle organised at the Maidment recently.

The strongest feature in the first half was Rat Theatrics, a clown troupe with some brilliantly funny sketches, and some fairly pungent political satire, apart from an embarrassing late sixties disarmament routine. Their most effective sketch, with each of the five members playing different food-items in a take-away bar, was unfortunately let down at the end by fluffed lines. Still let's hope that Auckland sees more of Rat Theatrics for they added much to the evening.

The first half was completed by the College Consort, a group of young mediaeval instrumentalists and singers (what a paradox!) under the able guidance of musical whizz, Steve Rosenberg, with Mrs. Nora Batt showing us how vintage Keaton and Sennett movies ought to be accompanied on the piano.

On to Tattiebogle who filled the second half. This was an interesting performance. As the group they are almost unabashedly derivative - their Sweeney Todd melodrama in mid-act is obviously inspired by Steeleye Span's mummer plays, and their material leans heavily on the early 70's English folk-rock people.

The group has some strong assets. They are working in a style of rock that is not done-to-death in this country, and they have some pretty solid musicians amongst their personnel - Andrew Judd's flute playing and Yvonne Keeling's energetic dulcimer playing are two instances that spring to mind.

However, the audience was not the type of audience such a folkorientated group is used to, and between-songs raps somehow failed to make the impact that they could have. The sound the group produced too was a little overdominated by organ tones, when a good strong bass line would have given the songs much more spirit and drive.

Indeed their most effective song as a whole was James Taylor's 'Fire and Rain' in which the organ was used for most of the song as a bass instrument.

Still the format of the concert was terrific, and Tattieboole are to be congratulated on the organisation that went into it. A most enjoyable evening. William Dart

Recording an album seems to have utilises his Santana-ish guitar tone on done Living Force the world of good. It's given them an opportunity to focus their creativity more narrowly than they have in the past, and their audience gains the benefit. New bass player/guitarist/vocalist, Matt Matopi, provides a more solid bottom than his predecessors in the job, and with crowd at this concert. The show is an drummer Glen Absolum and percussionist Mike Fisher, provides a dynamic rhythm section.

**Living Force** 

They're working in a vein that must no great amount of coaxing. ultimately be described as Santana instrumentals in which Harvey Mann now displays great control, and Alastair Dougal

the melodically strong material. The odd percussion work-out went on too long but the audience loved every minute of it.

Also full praise to Living Force's natural and unpretentious way of putting their music across to the capacity extension of their obvious joy at making music, they can get an entire audience jumping three feet in the air with

Look out for their album when it fluenced-largely guitar oriented in- comes out or, better still, go and see them soon.

## Waves

Waves have become a cracker outfit and judging by the crowds at the Pumphouse a couple of weeks ago, a popular one. The concert began acoustically and immediately impressed with what is still their main attribute - extraordinarily good singing. All have progressed remarkably since their first album and their harmonies were world class. The material covered a wide range from the Waves album such as "Eloise", "On the Beach", etc., however their new songs which feature electric guitar from all three guitarists as well as some brilliant piano work from Graeme Gash, really shine. Particularly outstanding were "Second Honeymoon for Mrs X' and the gambling song "Vegas"

he was almost there

When a one-armed bandit got him from behind.

Although still a little self-conscious, the electric guitar work is excellent with some great slide work from Kevin Wildman.

The rhythm-section was particularly tasteful; driving the songs where necessary, otherwise embellishing the unique structures.

With the group playing more often these days, they should really take off and achieve the recognition they deserve.

The show was opened by Malcolm McCallum who handled the solo role really well. His songs perhaps would be more interesting with a band behind him, however with the limited scope of acoustic guitar or piano, he did very well. His voice is as good as ever, and that after all is what Malcolm McCallum is all about. **Richard Geard** 



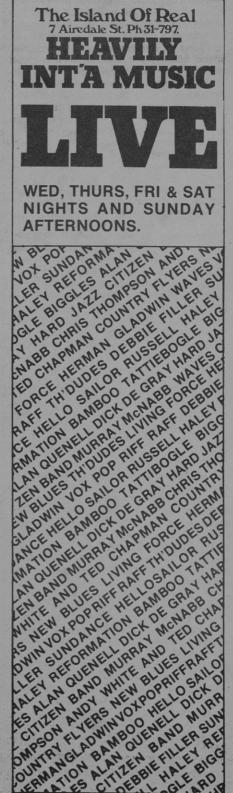
Phil Broadhurst Group

## **Phil Broadhurst** Group

We went along to check out the band but stayed to enjoy the poetry. The Island of Real' cafe is the

sort of place Auckland has lacked for too long — a venue for performing arts in an ambience of wood-fire. lated coffee and superb bran muffins. Praise to owners Charlie and Anne Gray. While the Phil Broadhurst Group set up on stage, I watched the poets huddling over their manuscripts at a nearby table. Fantasies of Ferlinghetti et al in San Francisco. Well, if not as auspicious, certainly the vibes were there. This cafe has a nice feeling to know.

Broadhurst's group opened their set with a Herbie Hancock number, sounding very competent. Later on, however, things began to get unsettled. The line-up of electric piano, trumpet, guitar, bass, drums and percussion was ideal for their material, some of it self-penned, yet they were under-rehearsed. In order to launch successful solos a group must be cohesive, participating in a unified feeling no matter how disparate the individual elements. Broadhurst's group were often not together and one got the impression that some members had different ideas on the direction in which the music should flow. Johnny Banks' drumming overpowered the bass and seemed to cower the guitarist into uncertainty. Yet it's easy to criticise. The group has set its sights very high and, heaven knows, there is little enough of this type of music being played in Auckland. These guys need both encouragement and more time together. I hope they get it. After the group's first set Russell Haley read from his poetry. He was followed by Herman Gladwin. Haley's introductions were helpful in setting a context for the audience to approach his very personal pieces. Gladwin, on the other hand, immediately alienated many of his music-oriented listeners by swearing about the band. I switched off at this bigotry, missing his first two poems, but was caught by an hilarious one on conversing with Scientologists. Although sloppy at times, Gladwin certainly knows how to tickle one's auditory nerves. Haley's work also had a good sound, his language perhaps the more disciplined. It's always a joy to hear the music of words lovingly read by those who have laboured to shape them. The sounds and pictures that hit my brain from those readings were an ideal complement to the Gray's coffee and muffins. Peter Thomson





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