

# Pix & Reviews

## Tina Turner Revue

its strength and its weakness. From the outset she builds to incredible climaxes, but having driven each song into the ground her only recourse seems to be to tackle the next one in the same stomp-it-to-the-bricks manner.

The exception is a high spot of the show, a languid "Funny How Time Slips Away".

Otherwise, she cools the audience by relinquishing the stage to the band and the dancers, and the energy levels drop appreciably.

Her show lasts an hour and five costume changes — a rush of R & B classics, "I Want to Take You Higher", "River Deep Mountain High", "Honky Tonk Women" and the crusher, "Nutbush City Limits" — but it seems abbreviated abruptly. A quick reprise of "Nutbush" and over. Ecstatic cries for more. Maybe one more? Maybe next time.

**Ken Williams**

High energy levels steaming up the Auckland Town Hall. Rocking with Tina Turner, last of the tent show queens, spangles, flashing things and glistening body sweat.

The split with husband and mentor Ike hasn't brought significant changes to the Tina Turner Show. There's some seventies instant nostalgia — the dinner-jacketed band, the lounge-y non-funk singer-dancers — and an attempt to establish a broader base (her three-piece pimp suit, complete with flop-brim hat, evoking Diana Ross evoking Dietrich). But mostly it's the Tina of old, that unique paint-blistering voice, the unbelievable nakeder-than-thou costumes, the heavy innuendo in both movement and manner. Above all, that keening, shattering voice and the tireless body. Her show is turbo-charged. That's

Tina Turner at Press Conference, Auckland.



## Manhattan Transfer

Well, the Manhattan Transfer have been and gone and left many many people with full and happy hearts. Aching ears perhaps, but happy, happy hearts. It was a pleasant and enjoyable concert, but marred by a few things.

Mainly there was the sound itself, which was a preview of Hell for us sinners who are interested in a quick repentance. I'm sure many a delicate blow-wave collapsed under the surging waves of decibels. A pity, for here we had what is basically a slick, cabaret group performing in rock-concert conditions. It's just bloody ridiculous performing all this tricky-dicky scat stuff with 120 words to the minute if you are competing with a loud rock band.

However the group were very professional, and gave Manhattan Transfer a sensitive background when they weren't surging into prominence (final chords of songs were particularly painful to the old ears).

What about Manhattan Transfer's music? Well, the show had terrific lighting — from the eerie, looming

shadows during "Don't Let Go" to the ripely kitsch mirror-ball effect in "Blue Champagne".

And in the more subdued numbers such as "Java Jive", or "Scotch and Soda" you were able to really relax and sink into the group's superb professionalism. The fifties rock songs, complete with the final ripping of Alan Paul's singlet must have got a few girls and boys in the hall into a state. One was lucky and got a kiss (a girl of course).

The group's only big hit here, "Chanson d'Amour" made me feel a little sorry for the reeds man whose job was obviously to just play the solo off the original recording note for note.

I think this sums up the group. Are Manhattan Transfer really extending themselves enough musically? God knows, they obviously have capabilities and possibilities. But are they quite happy performing a well-rehearsed hour-long cabaret act? Let's face it, most of the material in the concert was off their two albums, and their last release is over eighteen months old.

And like a lot of other nostalgia groups/artists, they sometimes pale beside original artists. Let's face it, when did you last hear Lambert, Hendricks and Ross?

**William Dart**