



AKA-TS-85

When I first took photos of musicians I was just a teen fan photographing my heroes but I soon became aware that "Rock Photography" (as it was once called) was a serious subject and I tried to document the music and the scene as a "fly-on-the-wall" documentary photographer. As a photographer you either contribute to the myths of rock 'n' roll or you try and show some of the grind of promotion and touring.

IGGY POP

Shooting un-rock 'n' roll photos became something to aspire to, so I was pleased to get Iggy Pop in his clunky reading glasses laughing at the Talking Heads story in *RipItUp* magazine. As we arrived at Iggy's White Heron Hotel room he was still in his pyjamas and I sneaked what seemed like a very un-rock 'n' roll shot but he heard or saw the camera and made it clear, "No photos in my pyjamas." I guess the original punk had an image to maintain. "You have to remember," said Iggy. "I was in the Stooges."

DEBORAH HARRY

For years I've regretted that I did not capture the beauty of Debbie Harry in my 1977 photos, but now I am starting to appreciate that they show a tired young woman who briefly leaves an international flight in Auckland to do a day's promo. She is giving copies of the New York "Punk" magazine to the *RipItUp* writer Jeremy Templar.

DOLLY PARTON

Hippies, freaks, punks and members of Split Enz, I could cope with, but meeting Dolly Parton in 1979 was a culture shock. In the middle of the punk era, the singer visited New Zealand and she ended up in the *RipItUp* centre-spread sandwiched between Iggy Pop and Toy Love. I understood the country outlaws Cash, Jennings and Willie Nelson, but most country music made my stomach uneasy. In walked the diminutive Dolly in a lime green cat suit, making eye contact with every writer and every photographer. Dolly was in control of the room and soon showed her down-home smarts and taught us the basics in controlling your own career. "I moved to Nashville, still with the big hair-do, long since out-of-style. People started telling me I should change my look. And I thought - well, for somebody to tell me that - only means they're noticing the way I look. So I decided to change it alright, by exaggerating it."

KIM FOWLEY

When L.A. legend Kim Fowley visited Auckland in January 1979 I was in awe of his intelligence, his humour and his namedropping. He was in awe of the fact that I was in awe of him. He'd book toll calls to rock royalty like Bruce Springsteen to impress us locals. One call was timed to take place when I visited the studio. Fowley liked music journalists visiting the studio - he liked to hold court. Kim spun me, so he ended up looking like the President of the USA. I was not a portrait photographer, I was a documentary photographer, but Fowley only did portraits!

GIRLS AND BEER CANS

Taken after an early 1978, Hello Sailor gig at Auckland University Recreation Centre. As I walked towards the exit, the beer cans caught my eye. Before I pressed the shutter Suzanne and Shoana walked into the frame. The photographer is only one participant in the making of a photo.

GRAHAM BRAZIER

I have more good photos of Graham Brazier than every other local musician in total. To be blunt, Graham was into having his photo taken, but in my case I think he liked to help me get good photos. The musician who performs off stage as well as on stage, to some, is a "rock star poseur" but photographers appreciate a little bit of help. Graham was a poet and a book collector - he had empathy for poets and writers, and he was not above helping me to get a good photo. On occasions when I had camera in hand, I'd get that nod or glint from him that said: "this will make a great photo."

BOB MARLEY

Anyone who asks me to play soccer has smoked too much dope. Marley asked me that question - after I had retrieved a stray ball, at the park outside the White Heron hotel, where he was staying. I interpreted his question, as an indication that he would prefer that I stopped taking photos. As a young man I was not too keen on doing photos of gold disc presentations or pōwhiri (Maori welcomes) but "Yes" was the answer when the recipient was Bob Marley.

CHRIS KNOX

When *RipItUp* decided to put five new bands on the cover of the April 1979 issue Louise Chunn wrote, "To Chris Knox, expatriate Dunedin boy and don't ever forget it, Aucklanders don't dance, they pose rather fast. And anyway Toy Love don't want to have people showing enthusiasm or approval through dancing. "We'd rather stun them," says Knox." Chris Knox never failed to stun.

JOHNNY RAMONE

Such a Republican dick this guy. He'd love Trump, great that he's upstaged by an old phone.

ZWINES

I would have more photos of the punk club Zwines if I hadn't put my opening night film through the camera twice and if you didn't have to run a gauntlet to get there. The punk club Zwines was above Babe's disco and the skinny white punks had to get past the burly disco kids to get to the Zwines entrance. The "Westie" punks would have taken it all in their stride but us middle class types from the other side of town had to meet friends nearby and do the final distance to the club, as a group.

SHOANSIE SHOANS

By the time Siouxsie and The Banshees made it to Auckland in 1983, punk had become post-punk and Siouxsie was post-punk too. She was polite and pretty and seemed to enjoy being surrounded by adoring music fans masquerading as journalists. Robert Smith was there too, having a cup of tea, making this suburban hotel press conference, a very cool occasion.



PHOTOS BY MURRAY CAMMICK



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DARREN KNIGHT GALLERY
840 ELIZABETH ST. WATERLOO, SYDNEY AUSTRALIA

Front image: Murray Cammick. Bob Marley pōwhiri, White Heron Hotel April 1979 (smiles)
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