

Queen, Leo Sayer, Elton John, Baker Gurvitz Army

new MUSICAL EXPRESS

March 1, 1975 US 50c/Canada 35c 12p

**Average
Whites
double top
in USA**

P. 9

IAN ANDERSON

Happiness is
a plate of
curry, a
warm body
... and a
matched
pair of JBL
Heavy Duty
Double Cone High
Efficiency
Monitors

Page 5

Pic: RICHARD CREAMER

THRILLS

Money doesn't talk—it mutters out of the side of its mouth.

THE NAUGHTIES OF THOSE NAUGHTY RHYTHMS

THE 1975 Naughty Rhythms tour looked, when first mooted, to be one of the most exciting experiments that rock 'n' roll had been involved in for a very long time. It was the logical extension of the bar and pub rock situation that had breathed so much life into what was beginning to look like an incredibly stagnant scene on the lower levels.

The advent of serious pub rock some three or four years ago created a whole new spectrum of bands: Ace, Chilli Willi, Dr. Feelgood, Gonzales, Kokomo, Kilburn and the Highroads; and it gave a new lease of life to already semi-established outfits like Brinsley Schwarz.

The bar scene generated a whole bunch of music, but not an incredible amount of money. For most of the bands involved it was a hand-to-mouth situation of living day-to-day and constantly having to work to make a minimum wage on top of the running costs. The great problem for all the bands was how to make the jump from 300-plus bar crowd up to the large hall concert circuit.

Prior to the Naughty Rhythms concept, the only way to cross that Great Divide was either to score with an elusive hit single (as Ace did) or to get on to a major tour (as Hawkwind did with

Man) although this has more than occasionally embroiled the up-and-comers in less-than-satisfactory relationships with the bill-toppers' management.

The only other alternative was to spend a fortune financing a major promo job.

THE NAUGHTY RHYTHMS tour attempted the gamble of presenting a cut-price bill of three tried and tested, but hardly massive club acts. It operated on the simple premise that people would come to a concert just to be entertained rather than to gawk at star names. It was to be an exercise that removed all the frills, wastage and unnecessary indulgent expense from the rock rout.

It seemed to take the philosophical position

that rock 'n' roll audiences might even be intelligent.

The advance information blew into a music business — and particularly a music media — that was turning green from the sickly overkill of projects like Steve Harley or Jobriath. It was like a clean sweet breeze. Plans liked pooled expenses, an equal billing policy and a vigorously-maintained low ticket price made the thing sound like it could, if successful, be a turning point in the presentation of live music.

What made it even more intriguing was that it coincided with the vastly more expensive Warner Music Show.

Now, with the entire exercise about to roll to its final conclusion, the question has to be asked: was it successful?

On one level, as far as doing what it set out to do, the response seems to be a somewhat qualified Yes. On a more idealistic plane it turns out to be a shamefaced No. But then again, did somebody say that the rock 'n' roll industry had anything to do with principles?

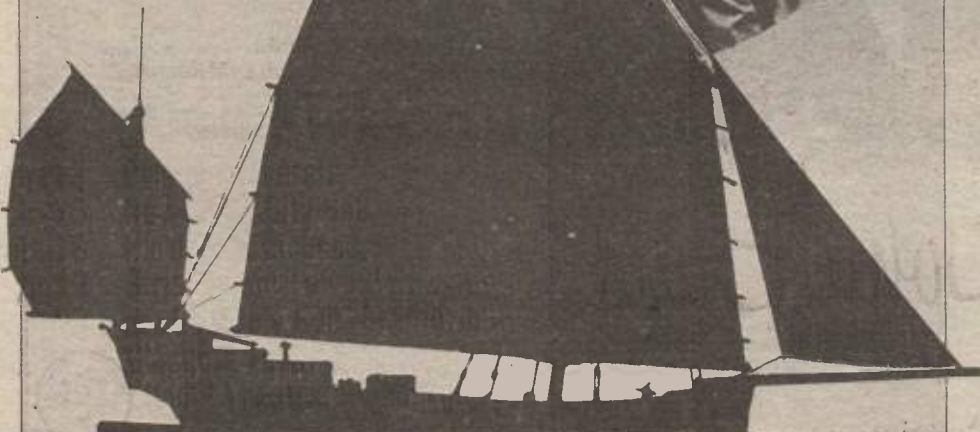
Unfortunately, at the start of the Naughty Rhythms tour, principles were being bandied about like Guinness at Finnegan's Wake. It seemed as though a definite wind of change was blowing through the rock and roll business. Words like Democracy, Equal Opportunity and Fair Dealing were being heard more often than at a South Wales Labour Party rally. Unfortunately, somewhere towards the end of things, the word started to filter through that the high idealism was getting bogged down in the same old big money versus



SHANGHAI

ARE OUT AND A COMIN' TO GET YA!
WITH THEIR NEW ALBUM
'SHANGHAI'

WARNER BROS.



CHINA LIGHT

THE NEW SINGLE FROM

SPLINTER



PRODUCED BY GEORGE HARRISON
ON DARK HORSE RECORDS
AMS 5502



THRILLS

little money rodeo.

Not that anyone was actively disappointed. Nobody got ripped off and nobody got short-changed. The only unfortunate situation that anyone could put a finger on was a certain deterioration of the "some bands are more equal than others" variety, and, of course, Chilli Willi *did* break up during the course of the tour.

IN THE Dr. Feelgood camp the considered opinion was that the tour had been a total success. Indeed their jovial Canvey Island manager Chris Fenwick was satisfied that they had achieved everything that they had set out to do: the band had got across to a far wider audience; they had received by far the most favourable press; they developed a solidly vocal rooting section among audiences who shortly before on the Hawkwind tour, had been impatient for them to get on with their act and make way for the headliners.

At the Naughty Rhythms' Rainbow stop it was plainly evident that Feelgoods were gouging fast into the affections of the stomping section of the crowd. The tour had put them on their way and manager Fenwick had no complaints. The band had covered their initial outlay, paid the wages, and even had a few pennies in the kitty after all the expenses had been cleared.

Most important of all, Chris Fenwick now felt that Dr Feelgood were ready and able to tour the same venues that they'd played with Naughty Rhythms — and to fill them all on their own.

He also confirmed that there was a deal made over the Rainbow show. Kokomo got to be top of the bill return for letting the other acts use their PA and the Pink Floyd's lights, which their manager, Steve O'Rourke, who also managed the Floyd, had installed for the evening. Fenwick was glad of the lights, and also felt that the middle spot was just as advantageous to Feelgood as closing the show.

At a Phonogram press reception for 10 cc, Chilli Willi's manager Andrew "Jake" Jakeman was quite as amiable — but a long way from being as happy — as Chris Fenwick. The Naughty Rhythms tour had, after all, been the scene of his band's break-up. He made it clear that the band's demise was in no way directly connected with the tour itself, although the strain of undertaking the project immediately after a gruelling series of gigs may have been a contributory factor.

But he obviously felt there was a definite imbalance, firstly between the way Kokomo lived on the road and the way the other two bands lived, and secondly in the way Feelgood and Chilli Willi started the tour tired from other gigs, while Kokomo were fresh after a fairly considerable period of rest.

Apart from the deal over the PA and lights, he also pointed out that the supposedly three-band encore at the Rainbow — the first encore, incidentally, of the whole tour — was in fact a rehearsed Kokomo set piece in which the other musicians were only given room to shake tambourines.

If not an actual plot, at least the rumours of plots were thickening.

THE CONVERSATION with Glen Coulson, spokesman for EMCA, was far from amiable. In fact, it bordered, at times, on the openly abusive.

The first direct indication we had received that EMCA was wielding possibly more than its righteously democratic share of muscle on the tour was when Coulson called NME Assistant Editor Tony Tyler and demanded that Nick Kent should be taken off the reporting of the tour. Apparently, he was ill pleased with our Nicky's treatment of Kokomo (which was in fact openly praising).

Ever one to support his boys, Tyler enquired if the other bands on the tour (and their managers) felt the same way about Kent's coverage. Kent had, after all, supported Feelgood in their early days over and above the call of duty. Coulson replied that What He Said Went ("I'm the Face around here"), and if he wanted Kent out, he was Out.

My own conversation with Coulson started with a lengthy harangue about "wanky little journalists" who caused trouble just to boost their own egos. I pointed out that I might fall into this category myself, and was informed it'd be fine if I bothered to find out the truth.

So, okay, what was the truth? It seems that, yes, EMCA did put up twice as much money as any of the other organisations involved, and there were deals done over the Rainbow lighting and PA so Kokomo could top the bill. The musicians in Kokomo did receive a weekly wage of £50 against everyone else's £30, but the additional cash came from EMCA, not from tour receipts. They did, at times, stay in separate and more expensive hotels, but that again was EMCA's problem and no one else's.

Fair enough.

There was a pause for a second, shorter diatribe against the ingratitude of audiences in places where gigs weren't so fully attended, and then we got back to the business at hand: Kokomo wouldn't be playing in Britain again in the near future; a lengthy tour of the States had been arranged with Lynrd Skynrd, so really the live British market was kind of irrelevant as far as EMCA was concerned.

At risk of being considered a trouble-maker, and even maybe a wanky little journalist, I wondered what had become of the much-vaunted democracy. Mr. Coulson's reply was straight to the point. EMCA had money, and if they wanted to spend it on their band it was nobody else's business but theirs. In any case, if Kokomo stood out on the tour, it was because they were the best band. It wasn't down to money or manipulation.

I felt I had received The Message. I ventured one last question. Did he feel that there could be other tours like this?

Glen Coulson was adamant.

"Never. Never again." He didn't think there

were either the bands or the people to do it. That really did seem to be the last word.

So, friends and neighbours, we've had the advance promo, the promises, the reviews, the ugly rumours and the summing up. As a rock 'n' roll tour, Naughty Rhythms was both a fiscal and aesthetic success.

As an experiment in democracy it was hardly a can of worms, but certainly not what it was made out to be. Have the media and the public been sold a bill of goods on that score, or were we just being naive in thinking that a rock show could be truly democratic and find a way round big money gobbling up the free will of little money? Maybe the one hope is that the aggro didn't include the musicians, all of whom played their best, attracted a wider following and, by all accounts, co-existed quite happily in a very competitive environment.

Perhaps true musical democracy can only occur in a totally anarchic set-up like the Windsor Free Festival. Certainly the Naughty Rhythms tour hasn't done much to prove otherwise. As an experiment in new forms of rock presentation it has fallen short of its first bold protestations.

It's a pity.

It remains to be seen if anyone will be daring enough to repeat the adventure. As the UK becomes increasingly less viable for money-making rock tours, we need all the experiment and innovation we can get.

□ MICK FARREN

THE LONE GROOVER

BENYON



"Philadelphia Freedom"



B/W "I SAW HER STANDING THERE"
Recorded live at Madison Square Garden,
New York, November 28 1974
and featuring JOHN LENNON
and THE MUSCLE SHOALS HORNS

Produced by Gus Dudgeon
Released February 28th on DJM Records
DJS 354
John Lennon appears by courtesy
of EMI Records Ltd.

The Elton John Band



THRILLS

Just Dandy to be a Tart with a Heart

BLACK OAK ARKANSAS SPREAD THEIR SEED

"SHOOER NAHCE to play some inteeemate theeatars agin," says Mr. Jim Dandy. "Just two, mebbe three thousand pipples, real inteeemate."

Yeah, well I suppose if you are used to playing in front of 12 to 20 thousand people in America, the run-of-the-mill British rock emporium is kinda intimate. And for the next two weeks Black Oak Arkansas, the band fronted by Mr. Dandy (the Rudolph Nureyev of rock), are on the road again.

Jim Dandy sure oozes charm. I feel certain you could look like the back end of a bus and Dandy would still call you a "nite purty lady" if you just happened to be female.

He was oozing on Saturday, the opening night of their tour. Smiling till it must have hurt, flicking back his long bleached mane of hair and generally being agreeable.

"Yeah ah guess we have ssex appeal. we shooer use bodee language..." he starts then continues with "We purty well liberate all the wimmem we get close to."

Fascinating.

Certainly the rumours of Dandy spreading a little love around have reached our ears. Does he ever. I venture, receive any demanding letters from young ladies claiming he is the father etc. etc.

"Oh yeah, ah git some letters like that."

"Ah take it for what it is."

"Ah have left mah seed all ovah the world — let 'em grow."

He has one child (a son of 8) that he does, however, acknowledge. "He's bah mah furst marriage."

First?

"Yeah, ah hav bin marrid twahce — since then ah haven't needed to. Ah'm an extremist, ah'm the seembol of virility, the potent man. Filth is in the mahnd, not in the bodee."

Really.

Back home in Oakland, the band are purty much big heroes. They own the local post office, built the school and all live together in what is known as The Lodge.

"We don't" says Dandy, as if anticipating the question, "geet on each others' nerves. We quit bickering as kids. Most groups don't lahk each other, they tear up hotel rooms — we don't bother with that. Yah see, for us, Unity is Powah. We all grew up together and we all live together."

It was some 12 years ago that Dandy and the rest of the band had what they describe as a "feasible" dream of the life style they now have back in Oakland. About three years ago it became a reality and now back home they have "tha wimmen and tha chieldrin."

ON STAGE, Dandy is, as ever, the focal point. He rushes on stage after the rest of the band, flicks his hair, postulates his body, and smiles again.

He is in many ways portraying a hooker. But mix it with the smile and he becomes a Tart with a Heart. The trousers are tight enough to give him a sex change so it's a surprise that his voice is so low and growly. He is total flash, very blatant — yet he gets the fellers off as well as the chicks.

"In America they look on me as sahm kind of ssex education teachah. Ah git reporters comin' ta see me and asking me questions about how they can solve their sex problems. It gits so ah git fed up with talking about ssex."

Yeah, communication is the name of the game and, while British bands like Quo provide gut rock, Black Oak are decidedly churning out below-the-belt music. Dandy proves the point when he starts playing washboard. Now nobody plays washboard quite like our Jim, who places the aforementioned object between his legs, turns sideways, and plays in such a way that there is no doubt what is on his mind. And all the time he keeps on smiling!

"Ah hoird your Queen gotta raise, nah what d'ya think of that?" he asks the crowd before the band launch into their new single "Tax Man".

The Beatles' track is played loudly, in a sort of hit-you-between-the-ears-way, with Dandy strutting out in true tarty fashion: bum out, flick of the hair, beeg smile.

"Ah don't believe in taxes or policemen," he tells me. "That's one of the reasons why we've put out this single."

The big number of the night is "Up" where it is souvenir time for the crowd. Not only drum sticks, but a real genuine smashed Dandy washboard and right at the end two gettars, also in fragments. All good entertainment.

"Ah weesh the sound could've bin better," says Dandy afterwards, "but it's real nahs playing inteeemate halls again."

□ JULIE WEBB



Jim Dandy grins and bares it. Well, almost.

Bring me the head of the Average Teenager

LIKE SYSTEMS for winning at roulette, or the car that runs on water and a handful of pills, there's always someone who fancies they have a better way to create a hit single than actually sitting down and writing one.

A few years ago they fed the major factors of about a decade's worth of number one hits into a computer and instructed it to produce the ultimate song. Unfortunately nobody bought the result, and it was back to the drawing board. Now "Psycho" Tom Turicchi of Dallas Texas has a new system which he claims has a 92 per cent success rate in predicting hits among a sampling of 1,200 singles.

Turicchi's technique is to strap a sample of potential record buyers, divided into groups of male and female, to a device rather like a lie detector. Responses to the song are registered by movements of a pen on graph paper. A fast upward movement of the trace indicates the subject is stimulated by the tune, a jagged line shows irritation or boredom. It's hardly a surprise to learn that references to sex, death and money produce the three most positive responses.

An oblique reference to abortion in Paul Anka's "Having My Baby" showed a definitely negative reaction among girl subjects in the 18-24 age group, which didn't, however, stop it becoming a hit.

Turicchi is currently touting his system to the entertainment industry via an operation called Psychographic Research. He claims it can also be applied to commercials and even T.V. shows. With the wide-eyed enthusiasm of the techno-evangelist, Turicchi says his work will add a new dimension to broadcast media, maybe that of absolute predictability.

MICK FARREN



Yamash'ta grins and hairs it.



Directors
defend
status
quo

From The Guardian 17/2/75. Sent by Keith Joseph (retd.), Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex.

Just awful to have a Rap with a Jap

STOMU YAMASHTA REMAINS INSCRUTABLE

TO THE casual theatre goer that Thursday night at the Roundhouse nothing seemed to be amiss.

The production that was playing, a music and mime event by the name of 'Raindog', was just an everyday story of simple Japanese country folk who craze themselves out during a prolonged rain ceremony, and how the chieftain's daughter sends her doggy to the Gates Of Heaven to put the screws on the Rain God.

It seemed like simple harmless stuff. As thought-provoking and saturated with Cosmic Truth as the rock opera version of Hey Diddle Diddle. It seemed that way... but we were wrong. Tucked in between the Kung Fu and the towel that kept slipping off was... A Message.

The next day I scoured all the daily papers to see whether their critics had noticed. The Daily Express were playing it a bit cool, suggesting only that the cry of the baby at the end of the show (after the poisoning of the dog) is a 'symbol of rebirth'. The Times, favouring a more popular approach, plumped for a 'cryptic tale about exorcism'. The Financial Times didn't really know. The Evening Standard thought it was all 'an excuse for some impressive choreography', and The Guardian found the best adjective was 'tosh'. I was getting nowhere — fast.

The man behind the message that no-one understood was, natch, Stomu Yamashta, 27 years old, musician, composer, actor, director, choreographer. A real artist. My assignment: to interview him.

HE GREETED me with a bow, Japanese style, but I came straight to the point. "Is there," I said... "a philosophy behind the Raindog story?"

Yamashta smiled a little, then said, "Yes." I thought I was onto something. Yes... The Guardian, The Evening Standard and The Times would be blushing over their typewriters about this one. "And is it, er... easy to discover?" I asked tentatively.

"Difficult," he said firmly, fully aware of the power he had over me.

I tried to bide my time looking at the paintings on the wall but I knew the questions had to be delivered. "Why make it difficult?" I blurted.

"Because no-one can answer about your life," he replied in faulty English. "Who can answer life what it's about? Philosophy is about why you live. No-one can describe why."

"But you say you're offering something?" I countered quickly.

"Well... nothing is explained," he smiled, bouncing his way off the ropes. "I feel something in an abstract way but when it comes to showing it — it's difficult. The only way I can do that is in the theatre."

"Are you using this ambiguous medium," I said accusingly, "because you're frightened to lay what you believe on the line?" He looked pensive for a few seconds. "I not be frightened... but if I say something people who disagree with it might get very annoyed if I say it so. That's why I don't say it. I am not politician and I am not philosopher neither."

Just as I thought. The slippery oriental was frightened to let on what The Message was in case the public disagreed — he was scared of the risk. Still, I thought, that doesn't negate the fact that this guy told me earlier that there was a message. I had to press on.

"What's behind Raindog," I snapped, hoping to catch him out with this clever rephrasing of my earlier question.

"I think it's just creation," he muttered, "... new creation... for mankind. I mean, like if the dog dies he might come back tomorrow."

He chuckled a little hoping to break my icy countenance but I wasn't playing that game today. To emphasise my point I read aloud to him Michael Billington's review from The Guardian: "I think part of the trouble is that Yamashta applies a battery of sophisticated effects to a story of utter folkloristic naivete. The result is a

little bit like getting the London Symphony Orchestra to play Three Blind Mice." I watched his face carefully for any signs of pain... but there were none.

"I would say it's not so simple at all," he laughed. "I would say can he answer about why he living? Right? The simplest things are always more difficult — to become nothing is the most difficult thing of all."

"I don't care whatever they think but I like people, especially reviewers, to understand the story because few critics, even the good ones, understood what the story was about."

I COULDN'T take any more of this. It was like being strapped to the seat in a Circle Line train.

"And what was it about?" I asked patiently.

"As I said," he beamed — why you live. Nothing is explained."

Be rational, I told myself. Be calm... stop stroking that trigger. "Perhaps," I said with the assurance of a bank manager, "that is why they didn't understand. How can it possibly be understood if you yourself say that nothing is explained?"

"But I am saying great biggest things," he exclaimed suddenly. "Nothing is explained — that is biggest things! How important is actually living with this nature? Without this nature man cannot survive."

At last we were getting somewhere. 'Nature'. I scribbled the word down on a scrap of paper.

"So, that's what you were saying?", I said, relaxing for the first time in half an hour. "Well, it's very clear isn't it?", he carried on excitedly. "One subject was the rain! Because there's no rain people is killed!"

Rain, I scribbled the word down beneath Nature.

Had I got the guy right. Was he saying that Rain was The Message? Could this be the key to the mystery behind Dyan's "Hard Rain's A Gonna Fall" and "Rainy Day Women"? Was this what the Beatles were getting at when they sang "Rain"? Quietly I put to him the question that was at the forefront of my mind at that moment in history. "It doesn't take a two hour production to tell people they need rain does it?"

"Well I think it takes more longer," said Yamashta still undeterred. "It takes 'til they get that situation — three or four years without rain. It takes that long but you have to explain this in two hours."

So this was it. This was The Message I'd missed and which countless thousands of other humans were also bound to miss. I bade farewell to Yamashta before slinking down the street. The sky was dark that evening, but fortunately it was dry.

□ STEVE TURNER

MILK 'N' COOKIES

FIRST SINGLE

'LITTLE, LOST AND INNOCENT'



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- 13th. Leicester University
- 14th. Sheffield University
- 15th. St. Andrews Hall, Norwich
- 17th. Branwin Hall, Swansea
- 19th. Liverpool University
- 20th. Bristol University
- 21st. Guildhall, Plymouth
- 22nd. Town Hall, Torquay
- 23rd. Johnson Hall, Yeovil
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THRILLS

THE COLUMN THAT CARES FOR YOUR PROBLEMS

The heartaches when your marbles depart...

DEAR UNCLE EDDIE,

I'm fifteen, nobody understands me, I suffer from the gnawing pains of total isolation, I don't know where to turn to for spiritual guidance, my doctor can't help, my parents can't relate to anyone, let alone me, the police couldn't care less, I don't know what a peer group is. Please help, I'm desperate.

The other night I woke up to find myself tearing a Donny Osmond poster to pieces. I have nightmares about "Killer Joe". I can't go on like this... Perhaps suicide is the only answer, but we've got an electric oven which, as everyone knows, is not recommended. You are possibly my only hope. What is wrong with me?

Pink Gin Mullock

Dear "Pink Gin",

Don't worry about the Donny Osmond poster. You are to be congratulated on your tremendous powers of perception and good sense.

You mention suicide, and I must make it quite clear that this is no way out and might lead to problems in the after life (see *Tibetan Book of the Dead*, chapter on Bhardol). However, if you see no other way out of your dilemma and decide to end it all, wear an Edgar Broughton Band T-shirt and do us a favour. This way we get still more publicity thereby more cash to set up clinics for head bangers like yourself, and work towards preventing future suicides all over this already-messy planet.

See you on the Other Side and don't forget the T-shirt or badge. Or carry one of our albums as you plummet earthwards from Centre Point in protest against all the ugliness in the world.

DEAR EDGAR,

I have a problem: my girlfriend wants me to wear a ten-gallon hat next time we go shopping at Waitrose. We have been arguing over this for weeks. Thank NME for starting this advice column just in time, for I fear if we do not get this problem sorted out she will leave me. I don't want her to leave me. Please help.

My preference of headgear is a bald wig (baldies are supposed to be virile). This situation is impossible. She says I can wear my bald wig under a ten-gallon hat — but then how will other women know I'm virile? Doesn't she want me to be virile? I want to wear a bald wig. I don't want to wear a ten-gallon hat. I don't want her to leave me. I want to be virile. What shall I do? — Yours sincerely, Alfred Monaham-Coombes.

Dear Alf,

You must be firm (otherwise you'll roll around all over the place). Your girlfriend seems quite reasonable. My advice is to wear the baldy wig under the ten-gallon hat and then you'll both have something to look forward to for your times together. For a start, you'll have a job getting together in a ten-gallon hat, and this will be a challenge.

However, she'll be just as thrilled as you when you remove the hat and reveal the symbol of your virility. This is called "making a compromise". Have fun.

DEAR MR. EDGAR SIR,

I wish to become a big rock star, but I cannot play any instrument or sing. Do you think I have any chance of following in your footsteps? Failing this I would settle on becoming a rock journalist, but I know nothing about rock music and am unable to write coherently. So do you think I could possibly emulate Charles Shaar Murray or Nick Kent?

Yours Despairingly, El Cap.

Dear El,

First things first I would suggest you change your name. You seem well equipped to emulate many of today's hitsters, possibly including that well known rock star Nick Kent who I'm sure is very flattered. Charles Shaar Murray is, I'm afraid, a very different kettle of fish. Good luck anyway.

DEAR MR. BROUGHTON,

Nothing like a good "Dear Sir" to start a letter — but if you're not appreciative I've failed to make a good start so I shall zoom straight to my problem I'm a failure. I shall fail to say that again. I'm a failure. Not only will this literary literature fail to be replied to but also I will fail to persuade you and your band to play a gig for no apparent reason in my home metropolis. My failing to make myself into a normal person with normal utterly rubbishy appreciation for a good band is a good thing so perhaps I'm a success—or maybe I've just got a split personality and both cancel each other out so I'm nothing at all but a pair of sweaty feet wot stink so all my best friends won't talk to me. But if you've managed to read this far then you deserve a pint of brown ale for perseverance and translation. In that case I'll buy one copy of "Bandages" when it comes out in the near future I hope??? But if it is not ever



ASK EDGAR

released I will fail to buy it and I will turn into a failure.

Yours failurely, Pete

Dear Pete,

If you decided to make a career out of being a failure perhaps you might think about the financial reward in being a politician. This way you could be both a failure and a success all at the same time. Here's to it, mate.

DEAR EDGAR,

You're nice-looking and all that, possessing all the external credentials for a fine spiritual teacher: but I am decidedly sceptical about your ability to even help yourself, never minding anyone else.

You see, Ed, I get rejected by my girlfriends because I am so nice to them. This, (which is enough in itself to drive any young man to rack and ruin) combined with communication problems and lack of physique, is producing much frustration. That gives me loads of energy, in my reckless abandonment and all other pursuits in life, except to become a top drummer (albeit a spiritual one).

Yeah, Ed, I play the drums, am an ex-student, and am now saving for a new kit. I play heavy stuff and have a great tight sound all of my own.

Will you help my spiritual advancement by letting me join your band? Or are you yet another false Guru?

Li Jai Edgar, Michael Luckey, Hendon

DEAR MICK,

First of all, let's deal with your girlfriend problem. Get tough and be mean. Practise a few paradielles and daddy-mammys on their little heads, and maybe things will start looking up. Put your foot down and sort 'em out. Assert your strong and vital masculinity and they will respond. If this doesn't work, try playing guitar.

With regard to your drumming, I was greatly encouraged by your remarks about having "a tight sound all of your own," as economy plays a large part in any band today.

You say that your physique is somewhat lacking and yet you want to join the Edgar Broughton Band. Perhaps electric shock therapy might rid you of this suicidal urge.

The Daily Telegraph, Thursday, February 6, 1975

TIP-OFF LEADS TO DRUGS FIND ON FERRY

Ferry gets death sentence

TRANSPORT Minister Mr. Fred Mulley last night pro-

Says like it's all up with Bryan... thanx to Reader J. Hart of Rainhill, Merseyside and to Two Frisky Frauleins of Edinburgh

Why you should make an effort to hear a band that's never been successful in Britain.



The short answer is that they're a unique British band who've been massively successful outside of Britain.

They've been in the States for the past two years.

During which time the critics have raved. (More of that later.)

Their latest album was six months in the American charts.

And they were voted 18th most popular band in the entire United States.

Their name?

Renaissance.

Their music?

Probably the most original around today. It's a combination of soft rock and classical influence and orchestrations.

And if you think Emerson Lake and Palmer and Yes have done it all before, you're way out.

Now Renaissance are back here with their unique music and to release their new album, 'Turn of the Cards'.

Before we're accused of showing partisan bias we'll let you hear what the American press have been saying about Renaissance over the past couple of years.

What the American papers say.

'Of the orchestral kind of rock or high bred sort of popular music, Renaissance manages to carry it off with an expertise and professionalism that makes others seem like poor emulators. The vocal

prowess of Ms. Haslam is complemented by the tight integration of the instruments which accompany her. Renaissance are truly a rebirth of an all too jaded rock scene.'

CASHBOX, May 1974.

'The band has a unique sound, based around the solid classically-orientated piano of Tout, the flowing melodies composed by Mick Dunford... and Annie Haslam's hauntingly lovely voice... never sounding like any female vocalist you've ever heard before.'

THE PRESS, November 24, 1973. New York.

'They are, quite simply, a superb band.'

RECORD WORLD, May 1974. New York.



'Adding classical thunder to rock and roll rhythms, they create a Wagnerian atmosphere with their music that can't be matched... Whether you like them or not, you have to admit they sound different from anyone you've ever heard.'

RAVES, July 1974. New York.

'The lyric is strong and imagery laden. The glorious vocals of Annie Haslam are complemented by the powerful group instrumentation. Have a rebirth and dig Renaissance.'

CASHBOX, October 19, 1974.

AND FROM THE BRITISH PRESS:

'Mother Russia' is a mind blower.'

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS, June 8, 1974.

Where you can hear Renaissance.

Renaissance are on tour with Caravan. This is when they're in your area.

February 27th	BOLTON—Town Hall
February 28th	SUNDERLAND—Locarno
March 1st	NOTTINGHAM—University
March 4th	SWANSEA—University
March 5th	CARDIFF—University
March 6th	LIVERPOOL—University
March 7th	DURHAM—University
March 8th	LEICESTER—University
March 9th	LONDON—Rainbow
March 10th	BRISTOL—Colston Hall
March 12th	HANLEY—Victoria Hall
March 13th	EDINBURGH—Leaf Hall
March 14th	GLASGOW—Apollo
March 15th	NEWCASTLE—City Hall
March 16th	MANCHESTER—Palace Theatre
March 17th	EGHAM—Royal Holloway College
March 22nd	CAMBRIDGE—Corn Exchange
March 23rd	BIRMINGHAM—Town Hall

Renaissance



Manufactured and distributed by RCA Records.

CAPITAL



MARSHA HUNT

London's 24-hour
music and entertainment
station
on 539 metres mw
and 95.8 vhf stereo

SATURDAY, MARCH 1st.

- 7 a.m.—KERRYGOROUND with KERRY JUBY.
- 9 a.m.—"CAPITAL COUNTDOWN" with ROGER SCOTT.
Capital's Top 40 Records of the week.
- 12 noon—TIM RICE with "AMERICAN PIE", the U.S.
Top Thirty and the best of the foreign charts.
- 2 p.m.—LONDON LINK with KEITH ASHTON. Four hours of
hits from the Commonwealth including Canada,
the Caribbean, Hong Kong, New Zealand and
Australia.
- 6 p.m.—"SOUL SPECTRUM" with GREG EDWARDS. Four
hours of pure soul.
- 10 p.m.—TOMMY VANCE and his LATE SHOW.
- 2 a.m.—NIGHT FLIGHT with SARAH WARD.

SUNDAY, MARCH 2nd

- 7 a.m.—KERRYGOROUND with KERRY JUBY.
- 9 a.m.—"SOLID GOLD SUNDAY"—TONY MYATT plays
the hits of today and the greats from the past.
- 11 a.m.—GERALD HARPER with "A SUNDAY AFFAIR"
Sweet Music dedications, Champagne and
Roses of lucky listeners.
- 2 p.m.—JOAN SHENTON with "PERSON TO PERSON"
from London Hospital requests.
- 4 p.m.—HULLABALOO presented by MAGGIE NORDEN
and TONY LEE with PETER FAIRLEY
introducing "Fairley's World" and "Wow". Also
featuring each week young DJ spots and
Teenswop.
- 6 p.m.—"THE COLLECTION" with PETER JAMES. A
collection of classical music.
- 8 p.m.—ALTERNATIVES an Arts Review with SUSANNAH
SIMONS, David Williamson author of "The
Don's Party" a new play at the Royal Court is
Susannah's special quest.
- 9 p.m.—"A QUESTION OF FAITH" a phone-in on religion
on 388 1255 with LOUIS ALEXANDER.
2nd March, George Gorman, a Quaker,
discusses Quaker prayer and worship.
- 10 p.m.—"MARDI GRAS" music of the twenties and thirties
with BRIAN RUST.
- 11 p.m.—TOMMY VANCE with his LATE SHOW.
- 2 a.m.—"NIGHT FLIGHT" live from Capital.

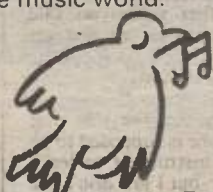
MONDAY MARCH 3rd to FRIDAY MARCH 8th

- 6.30 a.m.—KENNY EVERETT. Two and a half hours of
Music and Madness.
- 9 a.m.—MICHAEL ASPEL. Music. Features. Advice and
Swopshop 388 1255 plus SUE COOK with
"Super Savers".
- 12 noon—"CASH ON DELIVERY". DAVE CASH with Music
and a BIG PRIZE COMPETITION plus MONTY
MODLYN AT LARGE on Tuesdays and
Thursdays.
- 3 p.m.—ROGER SCOTT and Music with special features.
"People's Choice" and "Three o'clock Thrill"
taking you back to a week from your past.
- 7 p.m.—"LONDON TODAY". Capital's feature magazine
programme which tells you what's happening
in London and who's doing it. Presented by
JANE WALMSLEY AND TONY LEE.
- 7.30 p.m.—"OPEN LINE" on 388 1255 BRIAN HAYES with
Advice, Argument and Comment.
- 9 p.m. NICKY HORNE'S Rock Show "YOUR MOTHER
WOULDN'T LIKE IT".
- 11 p.m.—TONY MYATT with Music for your evening's
entertainment.
- 2 p.m.—NIGHT FLIGHT.

FRIDAY NIGHT SPECIAL

- 2.15 a.m.—MARSHA HUNT will be singing with her own
group—THE NATIONAL DEBT—and chatting
to some of the top names in the music world.

NEWS EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR
This information supersedes all previous
bulletins.
Programmes are liable to alteration.



in tune with
LONDON

NME: Earlier, you said that when you first met Taupin his lyrics were somewhat influenced by the Flower Power fad. It was a period when many musicians "experimented" with all manner of "mind-expanding" stimulants... Did you ever indulge?

EJ.: Never, I'm petrified of all that kind of thing.

You never ever did a J?

What's a J? Oh, one of them. I don't smoke at all. I once tried puffing on a cigarette to the great delight of the band and almost choked myself to death. I've never touched anything... pot or LSD, though a lotta people think I'm into cocaine.

What was the first song that you ever had that was covered by another artist?

A lot of people think it was "Country Comfort" by Silver Metre and then Rod Stewart, but in actual fact "I've Been Loving You" was covered by a Roy Tempest discovery for Decca — but without getting my scrap-book out I couldn't tell you his name. Silver Metre did "Country Comfort" and also "Ballad Of A Well Known Gun" and then Rod did "Country Comfort" and got the words wrong. Apparently he'd got the words off Silver Metre.

We remember reading that you were a bit pissed off about that and that if Rod had bothered to get in touch, you'd have given him the correct lyrics?

Yeah, but I've had that out with him since then.

You didn't know him then as a friend, did you?

No. The first time I ever met Rod was when Rod, Lesley Duncan and myself got together to sing back-ups on Baldry's "Iko, Iko" on "Top Of The Pops".

Which brings us to the sessions that both you and Rod produced for Baldry in '71. I was on tour in New York and Baldry rang me up from London and told me that Warner Brothers wanted him to do an album ("It Ain't Easy") and he had this idea for Rod to produce one side and for me to do the other side. I hadn't ever done any producing and the idea gave me the horrors but nevertheless I said yes, because I like John. When we started discussing material, Baldry started talking about Della Reese numbers and I said, "No, John, that's just going back." The actual sessions were very hard to fit in, 'cause mine were

done in five days and Rod's were done in two weeks because he had to fit them in with a tour. One of my favourites on that first album was "Flying".

The second album we did with Baldry ("Everything Stops For Tea") was even more rushed than the first. Actually, I think Warner Brothers did a very bad job on Baldry's second album, because his first got to something like No. 60 on the *Billboard* chart which is quite good, and he also did well when he went over there to tour. I know Warners used our names to promote it a lot, especially as Rod was then the No. 1 artist in the States but... I played that second album again just the other day and I quite like it. Sure, it had a lot of silly things on it, but then it's very hard to get Baldry together as far as choosing material because he's very finicky, but they were still very enjoyable sessions.

Viewed as my first efforts as a record producer, it's a little naive in parts, and there were some mistakes like doing "Wild Mountain Thyme". That song was out of context with the whole album.

Of all the covers that have been

By ROY CARR and CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

done of your material, which do you find the most appealing?

I just love Aretha Franklin's "Border Song" purely for the fact that it is Aretha. But I must tell you that I felt very guilty about it, because she'd had six gold records in a row and "Border Song" only got to about No. 23 and then dropped. Despite its chart placing I think she did a great job on it. I also like Rod doing "Country Comfort" because it's him, and also "Let Me Be Your Car"... I like Ringo's "Snookeroo" because he did it exactly the way I wanted to hear it... Al Kooper's "Come Down In Time"... I like people who do something different with songs and that's why I like Billy Paul's R&B jive version of "Your Song".

Rod's interpretation of "Country Comfort" was much simpler than yours.

It was much better than mine. My version is just disgusting, because I didn't play on the original session...

"I don't play on my own records — Elton Exclusive."

No, I was away doing a TV show in Holland and Gus booked the session... this was still at the time when economics prevailed when it came to making an Elton John album. You've got to remember that by the time we were making "Tumbleweed" we still hadn't had any success, so we were forced to keep the expenditure down. As I said, I was over in Holland when they recorded that particular track. Pete Robinson played piano and when I came back I dubbed a piano part over Pete's.

When I listen to it now, I hate it. When we'd finished the album we took it round to Muff Winwood, who lived just around the corner from Taupin and I, and Muff said, "The album's good but 'Country Comfort' is terrible." At the time we thought it was great and we were so hurt — but now I realise that Muff was right. Rod's version is so much more natural and laid-back. But you only realise these things in retrospect.

You appear to relish being a star. Whereas far too many musicians get inhibited by success... take too many drugs, screw themselves up and then hide in seclusion you appear to be able to handle everything that goes with the gig.

Well I thrive off criticism for a start, and at least I own up about it... I think this whole business is all down to owning up and a lot of musicians don't own up if they've made a good record or a bad record. I know when I've made a good record or when something could have been better. I mean, there are some things that I made that I've really detested and won't listen to them any more.

Such as?

The "Madman" album or "Blues For My Baby" and "Levon" which I think is disgusting crap. Let me say: though I might be disgusted with them, I don't regret them coming out. I'm not ashamed of anything I've done and that includes all the bad things. Sure, I think that some of them are really dreadful but I did them and that's it.

I like "Empty Sky" because of its naivety, "Elton John" because it was panic stations, "Tumbleweed" because, aside from the bits I don't like, there are bits I do like. It was funky and in retrospect, it was quite a bold step to take after the "Elton John" album.

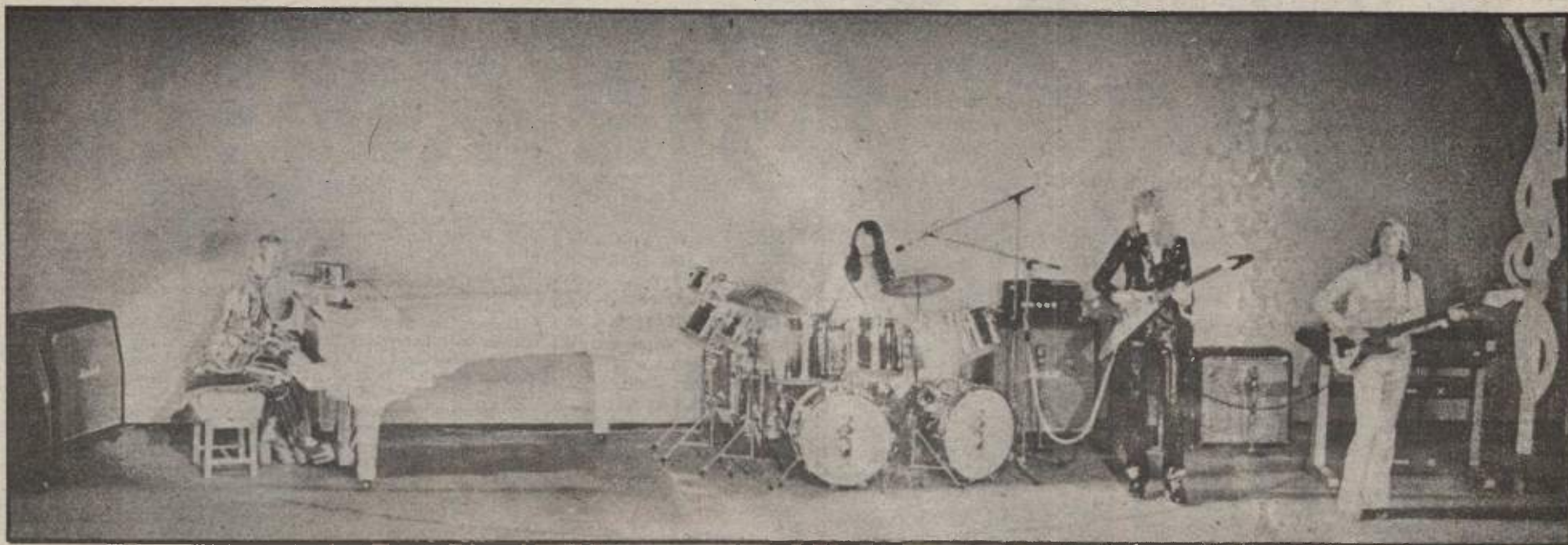
Weren't there a couple a songs that you liked which were originally intended for one of your own albums but which ended up on the soundtrack album of "Friends"?

We did the "Friends" album before we ever became famous. We were asked to write a film score and were paid a certain amount of money for it and so we had a go. Basically, they just wanted three songs, but then they decided to put a soundtrack album out which, again, was before we had made it.

But soundtrack albums... I bought "In The Heat Of The Night" because Ray Charles did a number on it, but the rest of the album was just absolute garbage. And Taupin and I decided we just can't put three songs on a soundtrack album and reprise, reprise, reprise, so we wrote "Honey Roll" and "Can I Put You On" which we were going to put on "Madman", because we felt it was much better to give people five new songs than just three songs and a load of garbage. Funnily enough, it was the first gold album we got in the States which was certified gold the day it was shipped and probably the only gold album for which every copy was returned. You can now buy it for 50 cents anywhere you go with a hole pun-



Elt at the Troubador



Part Two: They laughed when I stood up to play the piano

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ELTON JOHN

ched through it and I heard that the guy who put it out lost his job.

If you only knew the circumstances under which "Friends" was made. It was recorded in 1971 when we made "Madman" and countless tours of England, Europe and America. Getting that soundtrack album was a real joke because Buckmaster might be brilliant but as a person he's not very together. That album was done for experience and I would never ever do another soundtrack album again.

But what about "From Denver To L.A." which came out as a single in America on the Viking label?

Actually, that record was withdrawn so if you've got a copy it's worth a small fortune. It was a 25-quid session I did at Olympic Studios and I just sang this song and it was for the Michael Winner movie "The Games". And that's it. When the film was released "EJ" had just become successful in The States and so they thought 'Ahh ha!' and rushed it out but we quickly put an injunction on it and stopped it.

Can we now talk about the evolution of your performance style from Simple Youth With Piano And Orchestra through to the full-blown rock and roll extravaganza of today?

Well, I've only ever done two orchestral gigs, that's why I feel the "Elton John" album misled such a lot of people. The "Empty Sky" album didn't because that's exactly how we were. I didn't want to go and appear at The Troubadour Club in L.A.

or for that matter even go to the States but I was forced into it. Up until then, I'd had so many disappointments because I felt that the record company couldn't break the album and that they were just bullshitting, so I agreed to go but primarily to pick up some records and it all happened from there. We just played rock 'n' roll and right from the word Go, we've always been a rock 'n' roll band and people were amazed. We played "Sixty Years On", "The King Must Die" and did them better than on the records . . . and if you listen to "Empty Sky" you will realise that I've always been a rock 'n' roller. "Empty Sky" has a Stones influence, "Valhalla" is Leonard Cohen, "Lady What's Tomorrow" is Tim Hardin . . . we were very influenced in those days.

But after the release of "Elton John" everyone regarded you as a romantic?

If the cover for the "Elton John" album hadn't been so mean and moody it wouldn't have been so bad, but everyone thought I was going to come out on stage and be very sensitive like Peter Skellern.

Just to backtrack a little. You say that you've never intentionally attempted to write a hit. Do you then have to discipline yourself to work to a tight recording schedule?

Yes, because it's come so natural to all of us, I mean, we'll be recording in May, which is the time that the new "Captain Fantastic" album will be out and I'm really dying to get back in the studio because the last

time we recorded was in June. The television documentary that Bryan Forbes did on you placed great emphasis on the fact that both you and Taupin actually write much of the material in the studio. Was this accurate?

Quite true. On "Yellow Brick Road" no, but on "Honky Chateau" it was probably true. Taupin would be upstairs writing away, then his wife Maxine would re-type it and bring it into the studio and I'd put the melody to it there and then. On "Yellow Brick Road" he'd written all the lyrics beforehand because I had the bright idea of recording it in Jamaica. But that didn't work out.

Why not? The Stones got it on. Well, it took them X months to do it and they used a different studio to the one we tried. So what went wrong?

Gus went in and checked the studio and it seemed fine and then the rest of us arrived the day after the Frazier-Forman fight and there was pandemonium everywhere. First of all, we couldn't get into our original hotel so we checked into another one feeling totally shattered and went to bed, but at 10 o'clock this great noise started going on which sounded like the rising of The Third World, and we all leapt out of bed and found out that it was Les McCann playing outdoors to nobody. So we went and listened to him. The next day, we moved over to the Terra Nova where the Stones stayed and while the group pissed off for three days, I went down to the Dynamic Sound Studios and wrote all the songs there in the studio in those three days. It was great, the weather was beautiful and the atmosphere really fantastic. The trouble was, everybody at the studio was extremely helpful but the Jamaican philosophy is that anything can wait until tomorrow. Originally, they had promised us a Dolby and a piano three months before we arrived. When I got in the studio, I found that the piano was awful and there was no way in which we could use it for recording . . . it was just a bad piano.

Anyway, we tried to put down "Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting" and it sounded terrible . . . but we did try, we spent three days in the studio attempting to get a decent sound but in the end we decided to quit and go back to the Chateau. Then overnight all our hired cars were driven away and we began to panic. Next they impounded all our equipment and wouldn't let us out of the Terra Nova Hotel, because the studio was supposed to pay our hotel expenses and it became quite frightening and there was most definitely a very

dodgy feeling in Kingston towards us. If that wasn't enough, there was a strike at Dynamic Sound so every time we drove in there were loads of pickets at the gate. We had a Volkswagen bus and they'd blow something like crushed fibreglass through the window at us which made us break out in a big rash. So after all these very heavy scenes I split to New York and then went onto the Chateau. I can tell you, I've never been so glad in my life to leave a place.

I suppose the Jamaican escapade was all my fault. The Stones had been to Jamaica. Roberta Flack had recorded "Killing Me Softly" and Cat Stevens had done his "Foreigner" album there, so we thought we'd give it a try.

Apart from the hassles, and there were a lot, Kingston was still very conducive to songwriting. I loved it because of that, and also because of all the music that I heard blaring out of all those record shops on the street. The only other bring-down was that I caught crabs after sitting on the toilet seat . . . publish that if you dare! They all say that.

I did, I did, I did! That was at the first hotel, and the living conditions left a lot to be desired.

Your live performances are better now than they've ever been in terms of quality, content and sound.

Yeah, I feel that over the last year we've become more of a unit. We're happier, we enjoy doing live gigs. Dee Murray leaps about all over the stage so that I don't have to jump about so much. It's become more of a five piece band than just one person with supporting musicians. From now on it is The Elton John Band. It should have been The Elton John Band on "Lucy In The Sky" but the company forgot to put it on the label.

The last year has been a very heavy one for all of us, what with the crisis meeting after the Australian and New Zealand tour and the decision to cancel both the big British and European tour. We sat down and we became close, because we had never really talked to each other before about those things that we all felt very strongly about, and so we got all that ironed out. From then on, everything has been smooth sailing. At the moment, we're all feeling very happy but also very cautious now that we are in this position of being up there at the top with several others. I just don't want to go around doing my Greatest Hits all the time, because that's the great temptation: to just go out every time and perform "Rocket Man" and "Crocodile Rock" and pick up the bread. We've done that, so now we've got to go out and do something a little bit different.

Just the other week you said that you want to try and get away from being anchored to the piano all the time.

Right, I'm desperately trying to learn the guitar. I'm told that the saxophone is supposed to be the easiest instrument to learn how to play, but I just don't like saxophones . . . I like to hear them, but I wouldn't feel comfortable holding one. Ray Cooper plays excellent saxophone and we're trying to persuade him to play it . . . I'd

like to play the guitar on stage.

Actually, I'd like to add yet another member to the band, it's just a matter of the group sitting down and talking about it. I'd really love to add another keyboard player, for the simple reason that I can't understand moog synthesizers, organs or things like that. There are far too many knobs to push, so if we added another keyboard player I'd be very happy.

Is the band very democratic in its musical policy, as opposed to the idea of the rest of the band being almost totally subservient to the front man?

Yeah. The others resented it in the early days when there was just the three of us — Nigel, Dee and me — because I got all the press interviews. To be honest, I never set out to be Elton John telling everyone else precisely what to play. Nobody has ever been told what to play on a record. Someone in the group might suggest a riff . . . I might suggest a riff to Davey or he might suggest one for me to play, but nobody has actually been told that they must play what they're told. In that way, we're a very democratic band. After playing together for four or five years, it's much more like a band, and it's become a very close and spiritual relationship, therefore I feel that it's only right that we should now call ourselves The Elton John Band. It's not just me. Okay, I write the songs, and Taupin writes the lyrics, but when we come to record it's very much an equal thing.

Do you wish you'd thought of calling it The Elton John Band a couple of years ago or do you feel that now is more the appropriate time?

I guess it just sorta happened now. When we made the new "Captain Fantastic" album it all came together. As far as personalities were concerned, "Caribou" was a disaster period for us, because I was in

such a state. We'd been working non-stop and we had to go and make this album just after Christmas, and then go to Japan and Australia. The album was cut in ten days, two days of which were lost because of the studio going wrong. In the end, we more or less cut 14 tracks in three or four days. Then, I did the vocals and I wasn't happy with them. One of the most ironic things is that I've been nominated in this year's Grammy Awards Best Vocal Performance for "Don't Let The Sun Go Down On Me." After I did the vocal on that one, I went into Gus (Dudgeon, EJ's producer), and I said: "If you put this on the album I'll sodding well shoot you." I was in such a rage with myself, 'cause I thought it was the worst vocal of all time, and I said: "I hate the song, I hate it. I hate my vocals so don't you dare put this on the album." If I win the Grammy, he's going to reveal all.

Now, the new album that we've done is all about ourselves and it's very open and very honest about our personal relationship and also, it's very honest about all the business things we went through. That's why I probably think that the songs are better and so, too, is my singing because I could relate to everything on the album. Of course, I could always relate to things like "Your Song" and "I Need You To Turn To" because I knew all the things Taupin was going through. For Chrissakes, we lived together and I was around when he went through that period of being Lincolnshire obsessed. Taupin's changed a tremendous amount as a person, 'cause at one time he was very deep and a very hard person to get to know. Did his marriage make a great deal of difference to his lyrics? A tremendous difference. You see before that he was very

● Continues page 42



Aw shucks, it's Bernie

YOUNG AMERICANS

RCA 2523

A New Single From

DAVID BOWIE



MAINMAN
RCA

PLATTERS

NME SINGLES HANDICAP: HONEST CHARLIE GILLETT LAYS THE ODDS

Barbara Acklin: "You Give Him Everything, But I Give Him Love." (Capitol).

A telephone rings, a lady speaks, and then she sings. Play it softly, and thrill to the story. Turn it up, and the throbbing music will shake your tambourines.

We don't know why, but Capitol have made this the 'B' side to a very ordinary song called "Special Loving", but thanks to *Black Music* we turned it over and found yet another in the series of "Woman To Woman" dialogues started by Shirley Brown's hit of that title on Stax.

People in the office here feel that special credit should be

Roll over Ms Acklin, and tell your DJ the news...

given to producer Willie Henderson and arranger James Mack for their crafty interplay of strings, horns, guitar and funky rhythms. Write a letter to your favourite dee jay right away.

him for an opus styled after Little Richard called "Down On The Farm", and he can do good take offs on Fats Domino and Ray Charles, too. Here he comes on like the Four Tops (all four of them? — Ed; yes, yes, yes — Al). Anyway, the beat won't let go, and there's even a banjo break at the end. Rhythm and bluegrass.

24. Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show: "Ballad Of Lucy Jordan" (CBS). Came out in November, and at the present rate of progress should make the charts in April. Sad lament of a lady left lonesome, hopes all gone and nobody to console her.

30. Tito Simon: "This Monday Morning Feeling" (Horse). When Ken Boothe's "Everything I Own" made the top of the chart, it seemed the door was opened for well-made reggae records like this one. Instead, John Holt's "Help Me Make It Through The Night" sneaked in, and only last week did Tito Simon appear at the bottom of the national top 50. Good song, well sung, and now being "repromoted".

Outsiders (Hedge Your Bets)

NME SINGLES reviewers are imprisoned for a day in an 8' x 8' room, which is not necessarily the best place to hear records, particularly records made for dancing groin-to-crotch at midnight. The nearest I can get to the right atmosphere is by turning the lights out and hugging the typewriter.

Millie Jackson's "If Lovin' You Is Wrong (I Don't Wanna Be Right)" (Polydor) comes over pretty well, but doesn't quite match the expectations built up by all the advance press she has received. The five-minute "Rap" on the B-side is entertaining, but works better as part of her concept album, "Caught Up".

Al Green's records are hard to assess the first time through, but "L-O-V-E" (London) could be a grower. Dooley Silver- spoon's "Bump Me Baby" (Seville) has a nice jumpy rhythm but he stole too many ideas from George McCrae.

Popcorn Wylie's "Funky Rubber Band" (Tamla Motown) sounds to me like the best Bump record since Oliver Sain's "Bus Stop", but it could be that he's too late; the kids are into street dancing, and Bohannon and the Average White Band have the hits.

Three records which could get radio play and still not make the charts ("turntable hits"): "What Became of Me" by First Class (UK) may be slightly too clever to register in the minds of the thousands who go into record shops and ask for the first song that comes into their heads. Harry Chapin's "Cats In The Cradle" (Elektra) has already had generous air-play without matching its

Would you put your money where their mouth is?



THE RUBETTES: a good each way bet, strongly fancied for the number two spot

success in America, where the nostalgic rhymes have melted iron hearts.

Jimmy Scott's "We All Need A Hero" (Deram) could make him this year's Gilbert O'Sullivan or Peter Skellern, which isn't meant to be as unkind as it might sound.

Personal Preferences (I want to take 'em home)

Seventh Wonder's "For The

Good Times" (Contempo) is a ridiculous extension of Al Green's style, a minute's instrumental introduction, and then the laziest voice I ever heard barely manages to whisper the words, while a gospel group helps him out when he falls asleep. Hypnotic. The Dells have a singer who not only has a voice as deep as Barry White, but can sing with it; the effect is magical on "Bring Back The Love Of Yes-

terday" (Chess).

Having been let down by Swamp Dogg's recent Island single, I'm not expecting much from the reissue of the title track of his 1969 album, "Total Destruction To Your Mind" (Contempo), even though it confirms that the guy is some kinda wayward genius.

For rock fans who have searched the page for something of interest, don't blame me. Hardly anything boasting a fuzz guitar solo was issued this week, and the only record worth mentioning is Wishbone Ash's "Silver Shoes" (MCA), neat little story strung around some good guitar sounds. Hardly a hit, probably intended to plug the album, "There's The Rub".

My unaccountable weakness for certain American sing-along soft rockers is catered for by Fallenrock's "Mary Anne" (Capricorn), Johnny Rivers' "Sitting In Limbo"/"Geronimo's Cadillac" (Atlantic), and Jim Weatherly's "I'll Still Be Loving You" (Buddah), but unless you also have a secret admiration for occasional songs by Bread and the Carpenters, don't expect to like these.

Unclassifiable: a four-song EP by a Welsh rockabilly outfit, Crazy Cavan and the Rhythm Rockers, which they sell at their gigs or mail order for 70p from 100 Constable Drive, Newport, Gwent. Trying to get the pure sound of 1956 rockabilly, they've made a really exciting record — unless you think Black Sabbath are exciting, in which case don't waste your money on this.

Jona Lewie's "Piggy Back Sue" (Sonet) is a singalong chant based on a boogie piano with a dixieland band backing up; I kinda like it.

Out on the Streets Again: Reissues

Tammy Wynette's "Stand By Your Man" (Epic) has been out here two or three times before, and here it comes again to tie in with her forthcoming visit as headline act at the Wembley Country Festival. The record is a classic, and should have been a hit already. Get it while you can.

Same goes for "Maybe" by The Three Degrees, reissued by Pye as the 'B' side of the ordinary "Sugar On Sunday"; if you never heard the long talking intro, ask John Peel to play it again. "Seven Days Too Long", a rousing Motown copy by Chuck Wood, is also consigned to a 'B' side by Pye, this time behind their Northern dance anthem "Footsie".

For the same Northern audience Contempo-Raries have reissued Jackie Lee's "The Duck", which for once has a beat which makes sense south of the Trent.

Uh-huh, I didn't mean to start an argument... see ya later.

AS YOU may have noticed, this singles page changed format a couple of weeks back. But there's still a problem in how to approach the pile of 80 singles which are released each week. Are we supposed to identify the future hits, or simply report on those which appeal to us personally? Having just joined in the game of trying to make hits, as a producer, I'm more confused than ever.

I used to believe that every record should be made without taking account of what was considered to be "commercial". Make a good record, I thought, and worry about how to get it on the radio later. But now I'm beginning to see that it's futile to produce and release records which take no account of the taste of radio producers, unless they have some sort of a disco beat.

And it can be equally futile for us to rave about records on this page if they don't get regular radio or disco play. How many of you ever ordered a single purely on the basis of a review on this page? So the reviews below try to take account of how they are likely to be treated by the people who play them to the public.

Last time I wrote this column (November 23), I tried to predict the position each record was likely to reach; six of eleven actually made the top twenty. Here's what happened, my guess first, and the actual position in brackets last.

4. Ila Van (miss); 5. Donnie & Marie (8); 6. Billy Swann (6); 7. Status Quo (1); 8. Gloria Gaynor (2); 9. Faces (13); 10. Swamp Dogg (miss); 13. Elton John (8); 14. Paul Simon (miss); 17. Tito Simon (see below); 20. First Class (miss).

Okay, now place your bets on the latest crop:

2. Rubettes: "I Can Do It" (State). If I say this record is aimed at the top of the charts, I hope John Fruin, head of State Records, won't write in to tell me he has ART engraved on his heart. Well produced, with a good beat, the let-down comes with the words, which are just too phoney for me to listen to. With better lyrics, the same record would easily make number one.

3. Kenny: "Fancy Pants" (RAK). Infinitely preferable to "The Bump", it races along like a Status Quo boogie, and has words that are bearable. Could sneak all the way to number one.

7. Jim Gilstrap: "Swing Your Daddy" (Chelsea). Oh George McCrae, what did you start! Never mind, with records like Shirley's "Shame" and this in the air, we can forgive the calculating mind that put them together. Jim wails over a slowly rocking beat while a vocal group chants "oop-bop, voody-oo-aah" and lifts a disco record onto every radio. It would be nice to think this could go all the way to the top, too.

9. Reunion: "Disco-Tekin'" (RCA). Another bunch of clever clogs. The singers chant a list of every soul star you could think of, while the beat goes on. Even better than "Life Is A Rock".

14. LaBelle: "Lady Marmalade" (Epic). CSM, leading mouth-blower for the Rocking Oracles, wisely picked this out for praise on its release in November, but only recently have radio producers stopped worrying about all the kids whose O-level French has trained them to understand the implications of the song's punch line, "Voulez-vous coucher avec moi, ce soir."

16. Al Downing: "I'll Be Holding On" (Chess). This guy is amazing, he can sound like anybody. Rock 'n' roll fans love



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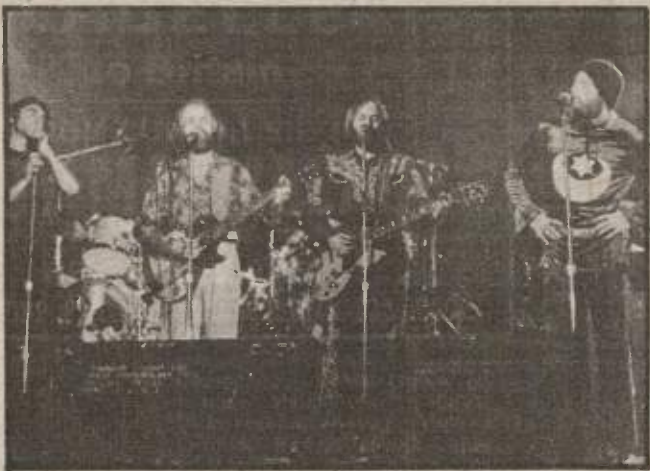
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Edited: Derek Johnson



BEACH BOYS IN SUMMER

THE BEACH BOYS — for whom a British visit has been the subject of speculation for the last 18 months, although it has so far failed to materialise — are now expected to play dates in this country during the summer, as part of a full European tour.

A spokesman said this week: "They recently signed a new management deal and are now being handled by Larry Fitzgerald. As a result, they are now getting themselves together and are determined to play Europe this summer."

Fitzgerald is also the manager of Chicago, and it is understood that the Beach Boys may team

with Chicago on their European jaunt. Promoter Arthur Howes, who has previously presented both acts in Britain, commented: "Normally it would be an uneconomic proposition. But there is so much happening this summer, in terms of European festivals and British football stadium gigs, that the link-up of the two bands becomes feasible."

Leonard Cohen is expected to tour Britain in the autumn cables our U.S. correspondent. No details are yet available, but it is understood that up to a dozen major dates are planned for him here, as well as selected concerts in Europe. Also being planned for the autumn is a British and European tour by the Carpenters, but no information regarding its duration is yet available.

HOGS SPLIT?

THE GROUNDHOGS are to break up at the end of March, when they have completed their gig commitments, according to sources within the band. Leader Tony McPhee has not confirmed the split, but other members of the Hogs said this week that McPhee has informed them of the impending disbandment. He is evidently anxious to develop his own solo career, they say.

Osibisa itinerary

OSIBISA, newly returned from a successful tour of Australia and New Zealand, undertake a ten-venue British concert tour during March. Dates are Leicester University (this Saturday), Newcastle City Hall (Sunday), Hanley Heavy Steam Machine (next Tuesday), Hastings Pier Pavilion (March 7), Norwich East Anglia University (8), Coventry Warwick University (9), Redruth Regal (13), Plymouth Top Rank (14), Dagenham Roundhouse (29) and London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (30). Following these gigs, the band leave for France (where their "Who's Got The Paper" single is currently No. 1), Yugoslavia, Belgium and Switzerland.

ANDY FRASER FOR RAINBOW CONCERT

THE NEW Andy Fraser Band — who, as reported last week, set out on their debut British concert tour in March — have now confirmed their major London date. It will take place at the Rainbow Theatre on Saturday, March 15, and it now becomes the opening date of the itinerary. Mike Heron's Reputation are the guest act on the bill, as they are on all other dates, and promoter is Peter Bowyer. After completing this schedule, Heron and his new band leave on April 14 for a three-week European tour, including selected dates with Nico — and this is immediately followed by a six-week U.S. tour.

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Rainbow survives the first hurdle

LONDON's Rainbow Theatre survived an instant closure threat by the Greater London Council last week and, although the final curtain is still scheduled to fall on March 25, there is now a 50-50 chance that the capital's foremost rock centre will be preserved on a long-term basis.

As reported last week, the GLC stepped into the picture last Tuesday, stating that the Rainbow must close within 48 hours because it constituted "a hazard to public safety". This was immediately countered by Biffo Music, operators of the Rainbow, with the claim that the theatre would remain open until its official closure date. And the GLC responded with a threat to obtain a court injunction ordering the Rainbow to shut at once.

The GLC's involvement was evidently the direct result of the Rank Organisation obtaining a Statutory 146 Notice in December, giving Biffo two months' notice to complete specified repairs. The Council's intervention came when the time limit was reached

without repairs having been started.

The immediate bone of contention concerned the first 15 rows of the stalls, where the flooring was said to be rotten. But as soon as the closure threat was issued, Biffo got to work on the stipulated repairs.

Terry Connolly of Biffo told NME: "We had men working day and night laying a new concrete floor. We have now completed all the work required by the GLC, and it has been passed as satisfactory by their inspector. We have not yet heard from their legal department, but we presume that the Council will not now be going ahead with their injunction to close the theatre. This means that it will remain open until March 25."

The uncertainty over the Rainbow's immediate future led to an instant drop-off in ticket sales, but Black Ark Arkansas were able to go ahead with their scheduled gig last Friday, even though some seats had been removed while repairs were in progress. Chuck Berry's two concerts yesterday (Wednesday) were also going ahead — as are concerts by the Edgar Broughton

Band (tomorrow, Friday), Chick Corea (Saturday), Suzi Quatro and the Rak package (March 8), Caravan and Renaissance (9) and the Andy Fraser Band (15).

As reported last week, an attempt is now being made by Biffo to keep the Rainbow open after March 25. The theatre is due to close on this date because Biffo are not prepared to meet in full a huge bill for repairs to the theatre (which are over and above the immediate repairs required by the GLC). Biffo, who sub-let the venue from leaseholders Rank's, had reached a state of deadlock with the Rank Organisation on this issue. As a result they were making a direct approach to the freeholders, Par-Key Investments, who instituted the repairs claim.

Said Terry Connolly on Monday: "Our surveyors met with Par-Key's surveyors, and they are now going through every point in fine detail. We want to ascertain which of the dilapidations they are prepared to accept as not being our responsibility. If we can reach a compromise, there is a chance that the Rainbow may be saved."

RECORDING NEWS

Clapton album

ERIC CLAPTON's new studio album "There's One In Every Crowd" is released by RSO on March 15. It was produced by Tom Dowd in Jamaica and Miami, and features sidemen Carl Radle, Dick Sims, Jamie Oldaker and vocalists Yvonne Elliman and Marcy Levy. Clapton's last album "461 Ocean Boulevard" has gone platinum in America, and has worldwide sales of almost two million.

Polydor are launching a new mid-price "Best Of" series, retailing at £1.47. The first six albums are due out in March and feature Rory Gallagher, Jimi Hendrix, Cream, John McLaughlin with Jack Bruce, the Mothers Of Invention and Julie Driscoll with the Brian Auger Trinity. All albums will run a minimum 50 minutes.

Sweet have a new single released by RCA on March 7 titled "Fox On The Run". The song is included in their "Desolation Boulevard" album, but has been specially rearranged for the singles market.

A single from the film soundtrack of "Tommy" is issued by Polydor on March 7 — it is the final number in the movie, "See Me Feel Me", featuring Roger Daltrey and chorus. The soundtrack album comes out this weekend.

Other Polydor March 7 singles include "Spirit Of The Boogie" by Kool & The Gang and "Walkin' In The Sun" by R. Dean Taylor, with Lulu's "Take Your Mama For A Ride" following on March 14. Gloria Gaynor's follow-up "Reach Out I'll Be There" is released by MGM this weekend.

Curved Air have a new single issued by Deram on March 7. It couples live versions of "Back Street Luv" and "It Happened Today", both taken from their live album which comes out tomorrow (Friday).

Greenslade have recorded two tracks of their forthcoming "Time And Tide" album with the 40-piece Trevorra Male Voice Choir. Sessions took place last weekend at the Sawmill Studios in Cornwall.

Exactly a decade after his "It's Not Unusual" reached the No. 1 spot, Decca release "The Tom Jones 10th Anniversary Album" this weekend. It contains his 20 biggest hits.

A cluster of big-name albums due from Warner Brothers in April includes "One Size Fits All" by Frank Zappa, "Stiff Upper Lip" by Van Morrison, "Southern Nights" by Allen Toussaint and the Meters, "I'll Play For You by Seals & Crofts and "Hearts" by America. A new single by America titled "Lucky People" comes out on March 14.

Nazareth have now completed work on their new album "Hair Of The Dog". Release date has not yet been set, but the title track is issued as a single by Mooncrest on March 14.

Esperanto's new album "Last Tango", out this weekend on the A & M label, includes an unusual version of the Beatles' "Eleanor Rigby". The album's title track is issued simultaneously as a single.

Yvonne Elliman, who is now a regular member of the Eric Clapton band, has been signed to a long-term solo contract by the RSO label. Her first album, produced by Steve Cropper in Memphis and Los Angeles, is scheduled for May release. She is likely to undertake some solo engagements to promote the set.

The Baker-Gurvitz Army have their first single released by Vertigo on March 7, titled "Help Me". It is an edited version of one of the tracks on their debut album.

Roxy Music guitarist Phil Manzanera has now completed work on his solo album, and it is scheduled for March 21 release by Island. At press time, no title has been set.



MOODY BLUES members Justin Hayward and John Lodge have their duo album "Bluejays" released on the Threshold label on March 14. They are supported on the set by Kirk Duncan (piano), Graham Deakin (drums) and three strings. The album is being premiered in a unique way, by means of a quadraphonic playback in New York's Carnegie Hall on March 10 before an audience of 2,800, who are being specially flown in from all parts of the United States and Europe.

MORE MUD GIGS FIXED

MUD are to headline their first cabaret engagement for over a year when they play Leicester Bailey's for the week commencing March 9. And two further one-nighters added to their current tour are at March Markham Hall (March 17) and Gloucester Leisure Centre (20). The band's film "You're Never Too Young To Rock," which co-stars the Rubettes and the Glitter Band, will have its premiere in Dublin on May 30 and goes on release in cinemas throughout Britain during the summer.

HAWKWIND: GIGS RESET

HAWKWIND have re-arranged three of the dates from the cancelled part of their tour. These are at Port Talbot Alfan Lido (April 5), Yeovil Johnson Hall (12) and Dunstable Queensway Hall (13), and there will probably be one further gig around this period. As reported last week, fatigue caused the band to scrap eight gigs at the tail end of their extensive British tour itinerary, and it is three of these days which have now been re-scheduled.

NEW DATES BY FRUUPP

FRUUPP, whose new member John Mason makes his live debut with the band on March 7, have re-scheduled their plans following the departure of Stephen Houston. Their American tour has been postponed until the summer, and they will now be touring here during March and April. Dates so far confirmed are:

CANTERBURY Technical College (March 7), HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic (14), CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange (15), BIRMINGHAM BARBARELLA'S (18), DERBY King's Hall (19), London drury lane new London Theatre (23), SOUTHEAST QUEEN'S Hotel (30), SHREWSBURY Music Hall (April 4), LIVERPOOL Stadium (5), BEDFORD Civic Hall (18), READING Town Hall (23), GUILDFORD Surrey University (25), GRAVESEND Civic Hall (27).

Prior to Mason joining, Fruupp are appearing as a trio.

NEWS BRIEFS

STRING DRIVEN THING figured in another incident in Zurich last Wednesday, soon after they arrived in Switzerland on tour with Lou Reed. They were set upon by hooligans and drummer Colin Farley suffered a severe beating, while manager Fred Munt sustained a broken nose and lost two teeth. This followed political rioting in Italy which led to Reed's concerts in Milan and Rome being halted.

THE CHIEFTAINS, long recognised as the leading exponents of Irish instrumental music, make their British concert debut in a special St. Patrick Night's event at London Royal Albert Hall on March 17. They are also recording the soundtrack music for Stanley Kubrick's new film "Barry Lyndon".

HOMESICK JAMES, Tommy Tucker, Billy Boy Arnold, Lonesome Jimmy Robinson, Eddie Burns and Little Joe Blue are to form the "1975 Blue Legends" package. It commences a British tour in April, and dates are at present being finalised.

DANA, currently in the charts with "Please Tell Him That I Said Hello" has been booked for a summer season show. She opens a lengthy engagement at Southport Theatre on June 28.

CHARLEY PRIDE is to star in his own "In Concert" special, to be screened by BBC-2 on Saturday, March 15. He also guests in BBC-1's Lulu series this Saturday (11).

RORY GALLAGHER's 90-minute movie "Irish Tour '74" is to be premiered in Ireland during March by way of six-day screenings in Cork, Dublin, Waterford and Limerick. Also being shown is a 25-minute support film of Status Quo at Wembley. British dates will follow in the late spring, and details are at present being finalised.

NEIL SEDAKA has added another major London date to his extensive British concert tour — it is at Hammersmith Odeon on Friday, March 21. This is the direct result of his gig at the Royal Festival Hall on March 15 selling out within 80 minutes of tickets going on sale at the box-office.

STATUS QUO are playing two gigs this weekend as a warm-up for their American tour starting at the end of March. They guest at Bristol University tomorrow (Friday) and appear at Southend Central on Saturday.

"SUPERSONIC", the new Mike Mansfield pop show, is screened by LW-TV to London viewers this Saturday morning at 11 a.m. Featured artists are Gilbert O'Sullivan, Gary Glitter, Rod Stewart, Alvin Stardust, Bay City Rollers, Status Quo, Maggie Bell and Sunny. The programme is in the nature of a pilot which, if successful, may be developed into a series.

HATCHETTS Club in London's Piccadilly are starting a new Monday-night rock season. It opens on March 10 when Shakin' Stevens and the Sunsets are the featured act.

JESS RODEN BAND are to support Rufus on the American band's two most important dates in Britain — at Manchester Hardrock (March 6) and London New Victoria Theatre (9).

R. DEAN TAYLOR returns to Britain in the early spring for a one-night tour which is being set up by McLeod Holden Enterprises in conjunction with Contempo International. He will be here from April 4 to 26, and the first three dates to be confirmed are Carlisle Bubbles (9), Kettering Free-wheelers (9) and Stockport Warren Country Club (17).

JACQUES LOUSSIER TRIO have March concerts at Stratford-upon-Avon Royal Shakespeare Theatre (5), Chichester Theatre (6), Brighton Dome (7), London Royal Festival Hall (8), Birmingham Town Hall (9), Liverpool Philharmonic Hall (10), Bristol Colston Hall (11), Guildford Civic Hall (12), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall (14), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (15), Croydon Fairfield Hall (16), Swindon Wyvern Theatre (17), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (18), London Hornsey Town Hall (19), Preston Guildhall (20), Leeds Town Hall (21), Manchester Free Trade Hall (22), and Norwich Theatre Royal (23).

FUSION ORCHESTRA have recruited lead guitarist Alan Murphy as replacement for Colin Dawson. Rhythm guitarist Andy Blamire has also left the band, which will in future operate as a four-piece under the name of Jill Seward's Fusion Orchestra.

ACE have now confirmed details of their major London concert, plans for which were revealed by NME four weeks ago. It will take place at the Victoria Palace on Sunday, March 23.

TIM ROSE and his new band, the Movies, appear at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Sunday, March 9. Among other bookings for Rose are Sutton-in-Ashfield Golden Diamond (March 7), Harrow Tithe Farm House (23), London Camden Dingwalls (25) and the Calder Valley Festival in West Yorkshire (31).

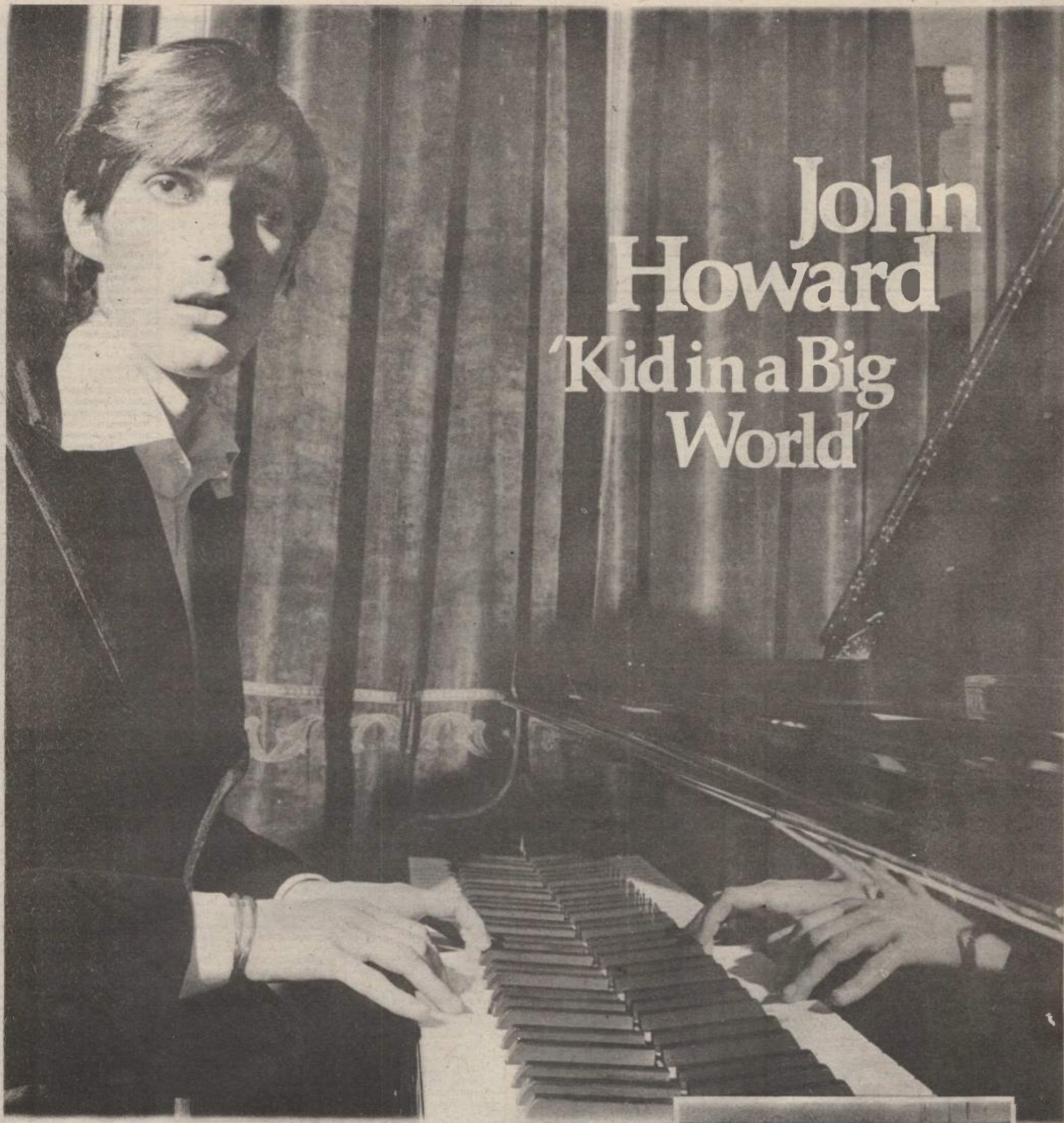
COUNTRY GAZETTE will be returning to Britain in the summer to appear in this year's Cambridge Folk Festival which, as reported last week, takes place on the weekend of July 25-27. It is expected that they will also play other dates here during their visit. Boys of The Lough are also set for the Cambridge event.

Bootleg case won

THE FIRST successful prosecution by the British Phonographic Industry of a concert bootlegger climaxed at the end of last week, when the defendant Peter Weightman was restrained from making and selling cassettes in the future, and costs were awarded against him.

Rod Stewart, Elton John, Jethro Tull and Golden Earring had co-operated with the BPI in bringing the action.

Civil proceedings started on February 7. Weightman admitted to taping live performances by the artists concerned, and to making and selling cassettes.



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PLATTERS

10cc: massacre of the innocence

10cc: "The Original Soundtrack" (Mercury)

By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

AIN'T NO getting round it: 10cc make brilliant records.

Unfortunately, they suffer from the crippling delusion that cutesy lighting and pain-threshold volume constitute an acceptable substitute for stage presence, but once they scuttle into Strawberry Studios and get stuck into their composing, arranging, producing, engineering, overdubbing, compressing, mixing and so on and so forth, they mess your mind around a treat.

Like its predecessors "10cc" and "Sheet Music", "The Original Soundtrack" is a triumph for technique, not simply *playing* technique (which is what is usually referred to when slinging the term around), but applied technique exemplified in every single aspect of the record. The playing is superb throughout, but the production and engineering are exemplary, (except that "The Second Sitting Of The Last Supper", which is 'eavy, has to be played extremely loud before it begins to sound as dynamic as it should. Jimmy Page's production secrets are *still* secret), the melodies are exquisite, the lyrics are absolutely the sharpest, wittiest and most adroitly

constructed that I've heard since ... since 10cc's last album.

In addition, unlike most other bands blessed with a superabundance of technique, 10cc demonstrate an unparalleled ability to *utilise* said technique instead of simply falling in love with their own abilities and remaining content to demonstrate them until the proverbial cows come home to roost or do whatever cows do after work.

This being said, allow me to lay on you a theoretical proposition closely followed by a value judgement, on condition that I wander through the album immediately afterwards and justify both proposition and judgement on route.

Proposition: 10cc are *not*, as has been claimed, the new Beatles. (Anybody who demonstrates an ability to write songs gets saddled with that particular tag, which is by now hopelessly devalued, especially since Pilot are obviously the new Badfinger).

What they *really* are is the new Mothers of Invention.

Value judgement: I hate this record, a hatred which escalates in direct proportion to my admiration for it, which in turn escalates every time I hear it.

IF WE start on the outside edge of the first side and set off in the general direction of the label, the first thing we encounter is 8 minutes and 39 seconds of something entitled "Une Nuit In Paris".

It's a very Mothers-ish piece set in some hell which a mischievous set designer has disguised as a caricature of music-hall Paris complete with people dropping glasses and muttering "Sacre bleu!", whores, bent coppers, street hustlers, con men, comic landladies and a demonically insistent refrain which sneers, "One night in Paris is like a year in any other place/one night in Paris will wipe the smile off your pretty face/One girl in Paris is like loving every woman/One night in Paris may be your last!"

Sung with almost comic viciousness, the mock-French accent and the heavy-on-the-loud pedal rumba beat gives it teeth-on-edge air of menace which leaves the listener thoroughly shook up and totally unprepared for 10cc's next little assault on his sense of calm and spiritual well-being.

"I'm Not In Love" is superficially sweet and innocent, something like a Philly studio band performing a Lennon

song with a McCartney vocal.

The trouble with 10cc is that their sweet songs are all booby-trapped. You pick up what looks like a new-born kitten and find that it's a transitorised sabre-toothed tiger with vampiric tendencies.

The protagonist of this one insists that he's not in love despite overwhelming evidence to the contrary and that he only keeps his lady's pic on the wall because "it hides a nasty stain that's lying there." Halfway through, it's split by a horrific dream sequence in which a girl's voice repeats mechanically "Be quiet — big boys don't cry."

Well, there's two ways you can take that. Either the singer is really in love and doesn't have the courage to admit it — which is incredibly sad when you think about it — or else he really is faking it, which is even sadder.

Either way, it shows a considerable lack of faith in humanity.

The next song, by comparison, is pure comic relief, being about a black-mailing *papparazzo* who shoots doity pictures of a lady only to have her husband order a dozen prints, send them to Playboy and boost her into a movie star.

OVER ON the second side, we find the band slipping effortlessly into another musical style — Intelligent Heavy Metal — for the heaviest song on the album, "The Second Sitting For The Last Supper", which is a cry of rage and pan against the way we've all been betrayed by Christianity.

Lyrics please, maestro:
"Another nigger on the woodpile, another honky on the dole/another trip from off the 15th floor, the greatest story ever told was wrong, so wrong ... another Guru in the money, another mantra in the mail/An easy way from rags to riches, God's little acre up for sale."

Got it? One more time, please.
"The second coming of the Holy Ghost, we need a pocketful of miracles/two thousand years and he ain't come yet, we kept his seat warm and the table set/the second sitting for the last supper."

Okay, George Harrison — back on your head.

(Paranetical note for technique freaks: 10cc's principal lyrical and musical technique is the juxtaposition of incongruous clichés to provide a whole that is infinitely greater than the sum of the parts — which is basically Uncle Frank's turf. But just as Zappa is probably the outstanding example in rock of the old riff about the cynic simply being a frustrated romantic, 10cc come on like kamikaze kids dedicated to trashing for trashing's sake — rock and roll nihilism run intellectual riot, working on the basic governing principle that one devastating lyric is worth half an hour of power chords and blood-enriched peanut butter any day of the goddam week).

The angelic voice of Kevin Godley is next unleashed upon a defenceless little song entitled "Brand New Day", which is so crushingly banal that if it was anybody but 10cc you'd write it off as being simply dumb.

As it is 10cc you have to check out the lyrics and do a double-take when you finally

suss what Godley's actually singing, which is: "You work all day, you sweat and strain/It's getting late, then pearly gates might close before you reach them/Here boy there boy, the devil got you running everywhere boy/I smell cooking and it might be you ..."

I'm not sure I like this. I mean, there are negative world-views and negative world-views but this she is bloody ridiculous.

Onwards.
Next up is the best song about a dealer since Mayfield's "Superfly" song-cycle.

Again, a quick flashenheimer of the lyrics: "He's never got the stuff if you come to him without money/he hasn't got the time for the people who are down on their knees/but if the price is right you won't be asking him where it came from," which is really telling it the way it unfortunately is.

Again that's pure comic relief compared to the next one, unbelievably entitled "Life Is A Minestrone". The corollary, you'll be glad to know, is that "death is a cold lasagne."

This one moves like a "Lady Madonna" dancing on a red-hot floor and contains more gorgeous lyrical flashes, one of which does in M. Ferrari by observing "love is the fire of flaming brandy upon a crepe suzette." The others I'll leave you to dig out for yourselves.

Finally, "The Film Of My Love" utilises every single verbal and musical cliché about movies.

Voici: "A clapper board kiss, there's an Oscar in this, a hit or a miss, whatever/a box office wedding, a premiere for two, we'll be on location forever." It's so close to the real thing that it's damn near as intolerable as the songs in Marx Brothers movies (apart from Groucho's, that is).

Okay, that's the album. As you may have gathered, I find "The Original Soundtrack" an awesome achievement on all levels, but it's unrelenting hatred for anything outside of Strawberry Studios is ultimately as loathsome as the mindless complacency that it so brilliantly seeks to subvert.

I mean, what kinda childhoods did these guys have?

In the final analysis, Uncle Frank has the most apposite line, which goeth like this: "Your whole attitude stinks, I say, and the life you lead is completely empty." Zappa always made it clear, at least by inference, where he stood socially and politically.

All 10cc show us is where they don't stand, and by doing so, they've painted themselves into a social, if not artistic, corner.

"The Original Soundtrack" is brilliant. And I hate it.

CLAIRE HAMMILL:
"Stage Door Johnnies"
(Konk)

CLAIRE HAMMILL's aged 24 if you take notice of the inaccurate bumf from Anchor Records, but considerably younger than that — about 20 — if you're sensible and ignore it.

She's not a new name, but one half-assimilated from a couple of years back.

She's from Middlesbro', and had previously been notable for the early age at which she obtained a recording contract as a singer/songwriter.

Two albums were released on Island Records — "One House Left Standing" in 1971 and "October" in 1972. There was quite a bit of fuss — she was only 17 at all, and the sensitivity of the albums touched even the most cold-hearted critic.

She even boldly told the interviewers that she believed in Truth and Honesty, with capitals like that, and was able to persuade them that it was not out of immature romanticism but positive poetic sensibilities. And then gave the impression a

seal by declaring that she loathed Melanie's songs.

Of late, she's been performing regularly and successfully on the West Coast (Los Angeles, not Aberystwyth).

"Stage Door Johnnies" is her third album then, but between this and the first two, her chances of success have been boosted as she's the first signing to Ray Davies' Konk label. Like Mary Hopkin before her, that could be good news.

Davies himself has produced this album and, I imagine, incorporated many of his own ideas. As a result, the album's amazingly heterogeneous, both in the selection of material and in the various styles adopted, as Ms. Hammill's own compositions are set alongside "We Gotta Get Out Of This Place", "Go Now" and "Oh Daddy".

Claire has a strong, powerful voice, and handles everything with confidence. Davies is an imaginative producer, and the interpretation of each track, and the instrumentation deployed, is always successful. He contrives to place the vocals in a very favourable setting, whether on gentle, reflective songs, or the blues "Oh Daddy" or a rousing number like "Geronimo's Cadillac".

The version of "We Gotta Get Out Of This Place" coincidentally, arrives at the same time that Eric Burdon has found himself back at a similar point, and her version is as gutsy as any of his re-renderings, and certainly more valid. (I can't really endorse Chris Salewicz's review of "Sun Secrets", which I find largely redundant, but that's another story.)

She's not the first, she won't be the last to record Michael Murphy's "Geronimo's Cadillac", arguably the best song written since "Hernando's Hideaway" in 1954, and frankly the song's so compulsive it would take a complete klutz to turn out a bad version. Well, Claire's no klutz, and "Geronimo", as ever, fires on all cylinders.

However, it is a diabolical choice as a single. Diabolical. Most people are by now familiar with the song, and even if it's a hit — which it won't be — it wouldn't help to establish Claire as anything.

The single should have been the title-track "Stage Door Johnnies", which has a superb melody, carefully-constructed words, and a near-lethal nostalgia count, which should give it the necessary air-wave potential. Either that or "We Gotta Get Out Of This Place".

So now the bad news.

Though everything is done just fine and the album gains top marks for musical proficiency, Claire's own contributions are not always as successful.

Her six original compositions have obviously been chosen for their melodic as their lyrical content. The overall result is that the personality of Ms. Hammill is not communicated. Beyond confirming that she, probably fits in somewhere between Joni Mitchell and Dory Previn in the feminine paranoia stakes, she doesn't really create an impression of individuality. I mean, even a relative newcomer like Phoebe Snow has already conveyed her own definite image.

Further, her taste is very eclectic — jazz, blues, 40's crooning style, romantic ballads, and the vocals are hardly equal to the diversity of the material.

The most relevant comparison is with Maria Muldaur (because she's the one who blazed this kind of trail) who knows all the right vocal inflexions to adapt for any style of music. On that sort of level, Claire's still a novice, her vocals ultimately plain and colourless.

In the final analysis she seems less her own woman than someone in the hands of the Image People who, judging by the posing she's done for the cover photographs, are trying to turn her into some kind of singing. Faye Dunaway, (though singing *what* is something they haven't yet put their finger on).

Bob Woffinden



"Oh, that this too too solid flesh would melt ..."

Desperate Straights



Slapp Happy / Henry Cow

SLAPP HAPPY

Of whom it was said on the release of their last album 'Slapp Happy'

"The songs are amazing, all of them masterfully worded.....seedy love songs, quiet intricate fantasies.....the most charming record this month, and for some time"

Hi Fi For Pleasure.

"Some of the most extraordinary lyrics I've heard in a long time.....Slapp Happy are going to be big - no question about it"

Carl Anthony - Audio

HENRY COW

Of whom it was said on the release of their last album 'Unrest'

"A very beautiful, often moving album that's possibly crucial to the development of electric group music"

Steve Lake - Melody Maker

"Basically kids, I think these Henry Cow bods are onto something...."

Charles Shaar Murray - New Musical Express.

CONJUNCTION COMPLETED

Of whom it was said on the release of their new album **DESPERATE STRAIGHTS**

"Yeah. Don't tell me. You just bought the new Dylan. Honestly.....you make me laugh....."

Pete Erskine - New Musical Express.



VIRGIN RECORDS

2/4 Vernon Yard, 119 Portobello Road, W11



The Temptations — still not masters of their own fate, even with the departure of Norman Whitfield.

Producer power: Temptations resisted

THE TEMPTATIONS:
"A Song For You"
(Tamla-Motown);
THE MIRACLES:
"Don't Cha Love It"
(Tamla-Motown, Import)

THE FIRST THING you must notice in dealing with the new Temptations LP is that it is *not* called "A Song For Europe".

In fact, this album is in no way connected to the spirit and aims of the celebrated Eurovision Song Contest. Nor, moreover, has the enterprise anything to do with Cliff Richard in any shape or form.

Understood? Right. There are two presentable tracks on "A Song For You", and these are "Shakey Ground" — which clomps remorselessly to a bizarre trumpet/harmonica riff and gives its main solo-space to a bass guitar — and "Glasshouse", which features virtually nothing at all and is, furthermore, the work of one "Charlemagne T.M." — a formidable contriver of dance-discs for outre parties, whoever he may be.

The rest consists of a lot of

the "Happy People" harangue (brothers, sisters, new days, better tomorrows, and a side-order of good God almighties), a turgid reading of Leon Russell's title tune, and the Percy Faith strings of arranger James Carmichael.

Producer Jeffrey Bowen is behind most of the strange "compositions" the boys find themselves, dropped in the middle of — and he excels himself on an extravaganza entitled "The Prophet", in which Mr. Carmichael conjures pure "Desert Song" kitsch from his fiddlers as a back-drop to fervent assurances from all participants that they have dreamed of "the prophet man from a far and distant land: Ali . . . !" Cue theme from "Lawrence Of Arabia" and cut to Dorothy Lamour belly-dancing.

Carmichael doesn't do so bad when he's handling horns. The thing is Bowen likes *strings*. Awkward, eh?

Amidst this battle of the giants even a powerful (albeit mildly dimwitted) group like The Tempts stand little chance of asserting themselves — although I do recall them explaining in the fearlessly titled "I'm A Bachelor", that they are

a bachelor "not by choice", insisting that they "speak their voice" on the subject and delivering the title phrase as if it were that of some long-lost monster movie of the late fifties.

In the crowning *jeu d'esprit*, "Firefly" (by one J. Boyce of whom the less said), the tormented group is called upon to growl in a virtuoso blending of Paul Robson and Arthur Mullan: "She's a vul-nur-uh-bull flahr — and she believes in me."

Enough. One gets the message.

The Miracles — without Smokey start brightly with an airy "Keep On Keepin' On" and a floating "Sweet Sweet Lovin'", sounding like some kind of corporate male incarnation of Syreeta Wright.

With "A Little Piece Of Heaven", the album nose-dives into Stylisticsville, simultaneously unleashing a dragline's worth of cheap tinsel (a substance in which the recording studio apparently remained knee-deep for the balance of the session).

Then writer-producer disease is again accountable: Christine Yarian and Freddie Perren provide nearly all the material and Perren then proceeds to



A still from The Miracles' forthcoming television series, "Life Without Smokey", dramatised in 48 episodes by Barbara Cartland.

PLATTERS

both arrange and produce it. Dutifully. The Miracles acquiesce to performing (for example) "Gemini", a quintessential representative of latterday Motown G Plan schlock.

And why? Because they know what's good for them. Pity Motown doesn't.

Ian MacDonald

NEIL SEDAKA: "Overnight Success" (Polydor)

SOME KIND of pop Liberace, that's how the football chant generation sees Neil Sedaka. Ageing, chubby, and shining clean. "Sings like a woman, dunnee?" remarked the Covent Garden barrow boy.

No, my child, he does not. He still sings like Sedaka in the days of "Oh Carol" and "Happy Birthday Sweet Sixteen", before you were a twinkle in a costermonger's eye. Was the time he was everyone's favourite highschool romantic; turtle-necked and bouncy, he was not possibly sexy, but never quite a loser either, turning out great hits for other people with a bright smile on his own uncommercial features.

There are signs, though, that he thinks those days are over, and isn't sure how to follow on.

The sleeve shows, not the beaming Neil I personally feel such affection for, but three ridiculously moody portraits of what I take to be his new sophistication — different poses but identically soulful expressions. Put that with the maudering of the first track, "Crossroads" ("a deep uneasy feeling of the axe about to fall") plus a vaguely hysterical piano and string arrangement, and I'm getting seriously worried for his health.

Besides the man's unwonted depression, it seems he's trying to jump on several bandwagons that don't really suit him.

Maybe it's the oldest in me, but I don't care for his neo-Lou Reed efforts in "Queen of 1964", a singalong South American percussion number about a worn-out groupie. Nor do I go nuts on the "Crocodile Rock" rhythms of "Bad Blood", on which Elton J himself sings back-up. (Although it makes you realise just how much he owes to Sedaka.)

Still, not to worry, fans (and you'll find his fancub address on the back sleeve — shades of the way we were), Sedaka Lives: especially on the three approximately 'soul' numbers, "Stephen", "Lonely Night", and "When You Were Lovin' Me".

"Stephen" is a sweet tribute to Stephen 'Old Folks At Home' Foster, complete with black heavenly choir and banjo. O dem darkies how dey sing, in dey cabins in ole Alabama. And "When You Were Lovin' Me" swings into some real hot gospel sounds at the climax.

You can imagine young gifted blacks queuing up to record these two; and that raises an interesting question. Sedaka may believe that "there's something special when a composer sings his own songs," but I think there are still numbers of his that other people could handle better. I mean, he may sing like a woman, but he don't sing like Smokey Robinson. Though the songs could be tough he's got no menace. Hand them over, Neil?

Elsewhere, though, when he falls into the familiar melancholy of the plump boy who never quite achieved Image, there's something very sad and beautiful about Sedaka.

Try the bluesy version of "Breaking Up Is Hard To Do" (boldly preceded by a few bars of the original doobedoo); or, paramount, "I Miss The Hungry Years".

Wipe a tear. That's the kid who never got further in school than holding the lady's hand. Now he's grown older, but nothing's really changed. He's still playing piano like an ace, and hiding the pain beneath a heartbreaking smile.

Kate Phillips

Kiss your skull goodbye...

LED ZEPPELIN: "Physical Graffiti" (Swan Song)

IF YOU take Led Zeppelin's fourth album to be the definitive Zep album in the same way that "Sticky Fingers" is the definitive Stones' album — and I know that's a contentious point — then "Physical Graffiti", in the same way can be seen as Zeppelin's "Exile On Main Street", (and I don't just mean that they're both double albums).

Both the fourth Zeppelin album and "Sticky Fingers" saw each band hitting highs it seems unlikely they'll ever be able to transcend.

Isn't "Wild Horses" the ultimate Stones' ballad, doesn't "Stairway To Heaven" represent Zeppelin at their most creative in terms of composition and musicianship? And can you see them topping the outrageous riffola of "Black Dog", or the Stones writing a rocker that outdoes "Brown Sugar"?

But "Exile On Main Street" over-flowed with peerless rock 'n' roll, while just missing out on the polish that "Sticky Fingers" had. Likewise, with "Physical Graffiti" and "Led Zeppelin 4"; the former does not quite attain the perfection which the best of the earlier album does.

Coming some two years after the fifth (best forgotten) Zeppelin album, "Houses Of The Holy", "Physical Graffiti" is confirmation that the group have lost none of their inspiration and ability, even if it did take them a long time to deliver.

The first of the two albums never lets up in its brute force right from Jimmy Page's opening power-chord riff of "Custard Pie", the riff itself

reminiscent of Page's work on The Kinks early records, to Side two's closing "Kashmir", where the group assume the posture of a giant earnestly stepping on everything in his wake, John Bonham's drums being truly gargantuan.

It's not the kind of music you play before breakfast unless you wake up in a particularly aggressive mood.

"Custard Pie" has all the manic Zeppelin energy you'd expect. Page's riff never lets up throughout the track's four minutes twenty seconds, a clavinet complementing the riff. On top is added wah-wah, Robert Plant's mouth-harp, and a guitar solo that unfolds itself from one speaker before enveloping the whole show.

The side's closing 11-minute plus "In My Time Of Dying" is a dazzling display of the Led Zeppelin rock machine in full flight.

Page's arrangement of the blues song is spacier than those of the two preceding cuts, and his playing almost confuses the listener as to whether he's laying down power chords, or lightning fast slide phrases.

Going through a lot of rhythm changes, the cut showcases Bonham's bombastic drumming, and Plant's multi-tracked vocal has been treated so that it's as if he was singing across a canyon.

Side two continues the skull-crushing with "Houses Of The Holy", which features a lethal bass sound, and "Trampled Underfoot" where the nagging riff gets too much to handle.

The nine minutes plus "Kashmir" brings the side to a close. The number is built around a phrase played on what is presumably a mellotron that seems to set out to mesmerise the listener.

If the first album hammers your brain into your skull, then the second record'll let you think again. It's by far the most imaginative of the two albums, and with numbers like "Down



The sixth LED ZEPPELIN album is officially released tomorrow. It was enthusiastically previewed by NICK KENT last year, and still sounded as good when STEVE CLARKE heard it this week.

By The Seaside" and "Night Flight" features new facets of Zeppelin.

"Down By The Seaside", despite its trite lyricism is a fascinating song in an uncharacteristically relaxed mood, even Bonham's approach being lighter than usual.

Page plays a lot of Leslie-guitar fills, and just when

you think the band are going to head off into one of their hell for leather breaks they slip back into the original rhythm with remarkable ease.

The preceding "Bron Yr Aur" is Page's acoustic, finger-picking number and is likeable enough with a production that allows the guitars to fan from one speaker to the other.

Side three's opener, "In The Light" is a Zeppelin tour de force however.

Starting out with a sustained moog phrase that sounds like a bag-pipe drone, another lighter and more melodic series of phrases are played on top, again by a moog. Plant's vocals zoom in before a cast-iron riff appears, introduced by Page power chords, and then the whole thing develops into prettiness with another keyboard phrase completed by one of Page's more melodic runs.

And so onto the closing side which opens with an uncompromising rocker "Meet Me In The Morning" expertly sung by Plant with just the right amount of energy, continues with Zeppelin as the archetypal rock riff kings for "The Wanton Song", before going into what could have been a throwaway jam, "Boogie With Stu" (Ian Stewart's on piano), but which ends up as enormous fun, the group exposing their blues roots for "Black Country Woman", a work-out for acoustic guitars, vocals and Bonham's ludicrous drums where he gets away with some time-defying tricks, before closing with "Sick Again" which again sees the band as a giant rock machine putting down an incessant riff like only they know how.

There you have it, the new album by the band which you, the readers, voted the best in the world. And if that's what you think, there's nothing on this album that's about to change your mind.

Hard rock lives, and how. Steve Clarke

let me throw a few brief facts in your direction.

Having participated on virtually every track laid down in the legendary Stax Studios (in Memphis) for the best part of the '60s, Booker T. Jones rapidly began to loose interest in his gig soon after Otis Redding and most of the original Bar-Kays perished in an air disaster in December '67.

Exhausted and disillusioned, he managed to hold it together until 1971, when he finally broke away from the MGs and with his wife, Priscilla Coolidge (Restah's sis'tuh), headed for California and the wide open spaces to cut three instantly forgettable albums.

Virtually the only thing of merit that Mr. Jones has done since he split from Stax was the production chores on Bill Withers "Just As I Am" — the album which spawned "Ain't No Sunshine".

Seemingly Mr. and Mrs. Jones have been attempting to get their heads "together" and "back to nature", all very well and good, but as this, Booker T's debut album for Epic painfully shows: he's suffering from acute artistic inertia.

In his ill-starred guise as committed singer/songwriter, Mr. Jones displays all the worst traits of post-Flower Power crassness as he croons wimpy country folk dross.

When he attempts to revert to character on "Flamingo" and "Evergreen", his instrumental prowess completely lacks the kind of positive direction he displayed with the MGs, the result manifesting itself as lethargic nondescript backtracks.

To think, all this from a man who was once considered an innovator.

Roy Carr

ALBERT KING CHICO HAMILTON LITTLE MILTON: "Live At Montreux Jazz Festival" (Stax)

THOUGH it won't rank among the handful of truly great "live" albums, this collection nevertheless has several notable moments.

Not the least of which is Milton's searing version of the soul standard "Let Me Down Easy", featuring what must be one of the most economical backings offered on record for quite some time. Milton carries the full weight of this intense lyric with the pure majestic control of his powerful voice.

Albert King on the other hand turns out his usual competent performance, that oh so distinctive whining guitar and mouthful of grits delivery. It's very rare these days for Albert to perform standards and therefore most pleasing to hear him do something quite novel with the somewhat hackneyed "Stormy Monday".

In the more modern rock influenced Albert King style is the Don Nix penned "For Love Of A Woman", another quite excellent performance.

A good half of the set is taken up by vet jazzier Chico Hamilton, who hardly seems to fit in with Stax's newly rediscovered down-home image, let alone this album. As freeform keyboard jazz of a few years ago goes, it's a pleasant item, the only number being "In View". One can imagine a certain alienation amongst the potential buyers of this set.

For jazzers in general and Albert King fans, it's dispensable, but Little Milton followers must have it for "Let Me Down Easy".

Bob Fisher

TIM BUCKLEY: "Greetings From L.A." (Warner-Straight)

WAY BACK in the dim and distant, old Tim had to sing for his supper, along with the likes of Steve Noonan and Jackson Browne, in the L.A. clubs. They were called the Orange County Three, cute.



Buckley still has a soft spot for Los Angeles and sends his greetings, as well as a smog warning on the cover. Inside he's holding a smog mask to emphasise the social comment but as he's not wearing it, it can't be too bad.

The album was made in '72, hardly noticed at the time, and now Warners have re-issued it. Along the path to relative fame a lot of influences have crept into T.B.'s albums, anything from Kenton to Presley.

"Starsailor" (A year and a half before this one) was a regular voyage into the unknown and only time Tim ever treated his amazing voice.

Herein he sticks to undoc-tored r and b, with a vengeance. "I'd been listening to the radio a lot" he said and if he'd gotten more airplay himself then the album might have taken off like Apollo fifteen. Such being life he didn't and it didn't.

Subject content of "Greetings" was very crude and mostly centred on blatant sexuality, gasp. The lyrics aren't fit for printing in a family paper but that needn't prevent me from assuring you how wondrous an album it was/is.

"Move With Me", his answer to "Back Door Man", kicks the show off at full pace. Very amusing and very funky. Kevin Kelly's barrelhouse piano and the King Curtis style sax breaks are sheer bliss. The whole thing cooks like a sauna in the sahara, hot n' sweaty.

"Get On Top" beats that. No separation of purpose, just one swirling, rhythmic wall and Buckley's voice, a unique vocal range swooping from ball-splitting falsetto to stone bass. "Sweet Surrender" is his most typical singing performance. Snatches of the melody crept into "Sefronia" where they got

a cooler work out but even this is hardly leisurely. Lovely understated string arrangement by Joe Falsia, who also contributes matchless guitar throughout.

Long time poet collaborator Larry Beckett helped on "Night Hawk". Could have been a smash hit too because this was the smartest band Tim ever had and subsequently his most commercial recording.

"Devil Eyes" sways along dreamily, "black silk stockings and tongues", carried by Chuck Rainey's lilting bass and King Errison's muscular congas.

Loosest number is "Hong Kong Bar" where Buckley fluffs some acoustic lines but it all sounds improvised anyway. Lovely bluesy vocal also.

Finally the naughtiest track "Make It Right" with a chorus that goes: "beat me, whip me, spank me". Good clean fun, eh?

Overall Buckley's voice is, as usual, so extraordinary that I wish he'd run the risk of making an instrument free album, but then his problem has always been one of being too far out for general taste.

Not here though, because this was one of '72's most straightforward and committed offerings, which is reason enough for picking up on it now.

Max Bell

TAVARES: "Hard Core Poetry" (Capitol)

LOVE THAT TITLE, "Hard Core Poetry".

Unfortunately the album does not move me as much.

There are now so many soul vocal groups around that in order to come across as anything but merely routine they need something really powerful. Like an outstanding lead singer

or some really interesting harmonies.

And even in today's hypercritical dissection of producer orientated/manipulated vocal groups a good producer can make a competent group sound even better.

Groups like The Temptations, The Dells, The Bluenotes, The Stylistics, The Intruders and The Persuaders all have either incredibly talented lead singers or an ability to harmonise with great originality.

Sadly, in most cases The Tavares are merely routine.

Their album is produced and almost entirely written by the team of Lambert and Potter who also produce the Four Tops, but the Tops have in Levi Stubbs a lead singer of immense talent whose vocal ability can in most cases transcend the most banal material.

Tavares have no such stand-out vocalist and apart from two notable cuts, "She's Gone" (written by Hall and Oates) and "Remember What I Told You To Forget" (both not surprisingly hit singles in America), the material and their handling of it has no real ability to hold the listener's attention.

This is their second album and, as from the first they culled a couple of big singles "Check It Out" and "That's The Sound Lonely Makes", their Greatest Hits set, when it comes, could be a winner. But "Hard Core Poetry" is definitely of the "Soft" variety.

Bob Fisher

BOOKER T. "Evergreen" (Epic)

TRUTHFULLY, THIS is one of the saddest albums that I've come across in many a year. But before I explain why, first



STEVE CROPPER /STAX

DESPITE ALL the innovations of the 70's stylists, the idea of 'soul' for most people remains inextricably linked with 'The Great Memphis Sound' of the sixties that had at its heart the Staxhouse band of Booker T and the MGs which (plus a three or four piece horn section) and also traded under the name of the Markkeys.

The association is not without reason: this was the band that blew back-up for a whole host of soul personalities, from William Bell, Rufus Thomas, Otis Redding, Wilson Pickett, Sam and Dave, on in; the band that provided the original heady delights of sock-it-to-me splendour; and the band which has supplied practically every R&B/raunch outfit since with its basic model.

At the hub of this formidable powerhouse of funk was Steve Cropper, perhaps the greatest uncredited innovator in soul, and certainly the most underrated guitar stylist of the last ten years. Maybe it's because he's white that he's remained so much in the background.

Cropper more than anyone perfected the chopping, clean machine riff that's become the stock in trade of guitarists black and white, punctuating it with terse economical runs and biting solos. Cropper too, wrote a surprising number of soul standards — not just obvious ones like "Midnight Hour", but minor classics like Don Covay's "Seesaw", not to mention Otis' "Sittin' On The Dock Of The Bay".

The tight, spare sound that he and the rest of the Stax crew had patented was tinged with a slightly laid-back southern rural beat, over which the Memphis Horns blew pure, sweet riffs, or hard-driven thunderbolts of brass that answered the lead vocal.

They had announced themselves in 1961 with "Last Night" and established their originality with the brooding "Green Onions" the next year, but it was not until Rufus Thomas and Otis Redding lumbered aboard that the Stax sound came into its own as a backdrop for theirs and other singers' heartfelt vocal extremism.

Partly because of the enormity of its output during the middle sixties, and the ease with which the style could be plagiarised (invariably badly), the Stax sound became embarrassingly stylised in later years, its defects all too evident beside the innovations in white rock.

The notes on the back of "Otis Blue" said that "soul music can't be feigned", but in practice it was all too easy to knock up crude approximations to the Markey's horn arrangements, to learn some Steve Cropper guitar licks and employ a drummer to bat out a dull 4/4, while one hopeful extrovert writhed with the monster he'd twisted from "Midnight hour" or "Hold On I'm Coming".

Nonetheless its originality and far-reaching influence is indisputable; the Average White Band being perhaps the most obvious example among today's chart bands.

OTIS REDDING

EVERYBODY LOVES Otis Redding; or at least, so the story goes.

Otis was the archetypal big boss soul man storming out of the deep south to capture the hearts of audiences, both black and white, shimmying and shoving his two hundred mohair pounds round the stage at Monterey, letting the hippy tribes know that he too was a "Love Man". A genius robbed of even loftier achievements by his tragic death in an air-crash in December '67.

At least, so the story goes. For, by the time that Otis was pleading for "Respect" from the Monterey audience, that audience was already shuf-



Last week he examined the foundations: JAMES BROWN, RAY CHARLES, BERRY GORDY. This week NEIL "Funky Honky" SPENCER presents a further selection of scholarly and often controversial views of (amongst others) OTIS REDDING, SLY STONE, and NORMAN WHITFIELD ... in NME's Soul Spectacular '75 (PART 2)...



ABOVE: Phantom Stax Axe — STEVE CROPPER; ABOVE HIM — ARETHA relaxes after a concert.

filing its feet for Acid Rock and a ride on the Jefferson starship. Its brief flirtation with soul all but over.

Otis' untimely death only served to preserve him as a convenient myth for a white audience who had had little time for the man's early work, and who paid scant regard to those other black singers who remained alive. (Ralph Gleason's liner notes to "A History Of Otis Redding" provide an example of the kind of distortion the truth has been subjected to.)

All of which is not to deny Otis' place as one of the definitive soul greats, but only to put his achievements in perspective — for he was never as popular with a black audience as his reputation suggests.

Certainly as a vocalist, though, he was a true innovator, a pioneer of the raw, staggering vocal style that came to dominate black music so completely in the middle and late sixties.

In part, this style derived from Little Richard who, as a fellow native son of Macon Georgia, had won Redding's early enthusiasm. The crude shouting style of early sides like "Shoot Bama!ama" was not his true forte, though, and even later uptempo sides like "Can't Turn You Loose" and "Love Man" appear contrived in comparison to the simple strength and authority that he imposed on slower numbers.

Redding's way with tender ballads like "These Arms of Mine" (his first record) and

"Pain In My Heart" was modelled more on Sam Cooke — except that Otis took chances, straying from the strong rhythmic backdrop of the Markkeys and allowing his voice to lurch into asides and repetitions that suggested there was more emotion than would comfortably fit into the song.

His great strength was combining forcefulness with sentiment to create what he called "beauty in simplicity", and his best numbers are slow and mid-tempo pieces in this vein, like "That's How Strong My Love Is", "Try A Little Tenderness", "Ole Man Trouble", and "I've Been Loving You Too Long".

The unreasonable quantity of shouts, grunts, and hollers with which most black singers embellished their work during the demise of the soul style are only too evident in Redding's later years — and it was only with "Sittin' (On The Dock Of The Bay)" that he rediscovered his real voice after the excesses of "Tramp", "Satisfaction", and "Day Tripper".

But Otis, despite his "complete and unbelievable" Dictionary of Soul, never sank to the depths that swallowed others. As a writer he was always under-rated (most of his hits were self-penned), and it seemed likely that his lyrical gifts would have developed had he stayed alive.

A rather ungainly stage figure, ("yo" is pure country, Otis), his greatest achievement was perhaps that he ultimately managed to step outside the stage suit of the "Soul Man" and reach the audience as a real person.

ISLEY BROTHERS

ONE OF THE most enduring as well as original of black acts, the Isley Brothers' career could almost serve as an encapsulated history of the rise of soul in all its various forms.

For a start, they produced "Shout" back in '58, a fiercely raw call-and-response piece bristling with the same hollered intensity that had shaken the wooden walls of their local church back in Cincinnati.

No seven-stone weaklings

these boys: Ronald, Rudolph and O'Kelly came on with neobrutish charm, all slick suits, quiffy ties, and hair greased down so flat and shiny you could see your face in it.

Their Revivalist roots have never deserted them since the classic 1962 "Twist and Shout" was straight gospel-whopping mania, and a three-year stay at Tamla Motown didn't dilute their quavering gut-level drive; on the contrary, their association with Holland/Dozier/Holland resulted in some of the best soul to come out of the Sixties on numbers like "This Old Heart Of Mine" and "Behind A Painted Smile".

The brash funk style they developed on their own T-Neck label at the end of the Sixties on "It's Your Thing" and their cover of Steve Stills' "Love The One You're With" gave vocal direction to the growing funk-ecce antics of the black music scene, and came to complete

fruition on "3 + 3" a couple of years back.

With an instrumental complement of brothers Ernie and Marvin and brother-in-law Chris Jasper, the Isleys welded together electrified new-wave seventies soul to their original vocal style and came up with a distinctive and innovative mixture — whether on uptempo shakedown like "Who's That Lady" or reflective ballads like "Summer Breeze".

On the strength of their most recent recording "Live It Up", they remain one of the genuine front-running black outfits, with young Ernie the heir apparent to Hendrix's crown.

BOBBY BLAND

MORE PROPERLY considered alongside B.B. King as one of the architects and masters of the post-war Urban Blues, Bobby "Blue" Bland also played an important part in the evolution of the gospel-based soul style of vocal defined in the early Sixties.

Bland usually favoured a relaxed, personal style, in which the purity and richness of his tone were paramount in casting a gripping aura of sadness (as on his classic outings, "I Pity The Fool", "Cry Cry Cry" and "Stormy Monday"), but he could also handle a rougher, more intense style which found many echoes among the emergent breed of younger singers.

Few of those that followed,



TOP LEFT: the heyday of screen 'n' mohair — SAM AND DAVE get punchy; TOP RIGHT: OTIS regrets he's unable to lunch today; BOTTOM: Queen of the small hours — GLADYS KNIGHT

however, could blend his tough and tender mannerisms into the same song — as Bland did in say, "Call On Me".

Never one for the outsize histrionics of Brown, Pickett, Burke and Co., the Blue Boy's stage style has always exploited low-key intimacy. This, the rather uncompromisingly old-fashioned backing on his records, and the fact that his discs weren't heavily promoted in the pop market, kept the old master unjustly obscure until his recent emergence on ABC with "His California Album" and "Dreamer".

JACKIE WILSON

"JACKIE WILSON said Reet Petite," sang Van Morrison in the Seventies — and he should know, Morrison's vocal style is closely modelled on Wilson's.

For all his musical excellence though, Morrison would never win himself a tag like "Mr. Excitement" — which Wilson did, due to a turbulent stage style which was storming audiences back in the Fifties. Ripping off his clothes with all the righteousness of a sane man removing a strait-jacket, Wilson would whip audiences into a frenzy with numbers like "Baby Work Out" and "Talk That Talk".

You mightn't guess as much from many of his hits, which are couched in every conceivable style — from the Mario Lanza grand manner of "Dan-

ce" to the lachrymose self-

THE ISLEY BROTHERS before they escaped from San Quentin. (L/R) Ronnie, Reggie, and Charles.



pity of "Anna" and the edgy wariness of "You Better Move On" into small epics of desolation.

Though all gifted with more expressive voices, it was precisely that blend of country and R & B that artists like Joe Tex, Percy Sledge, and Joe Simon were later to employ, and which has more recently been explored by Dobie Gray.

JOE TEX

THE JOKER in the sixties soul pack has to be the cool, dapper and dusty voiced Joe Tex who, as his name suggests, came from Texas, and who worked his way out of the Little Richard stylings of his early discs like "Yum Yum" to become the apotheosis of downhome country charm.

His most endearing quality on stage, and on records like "Hold What You've Got" were his raps, delivered in a funky southern drawl that made his soft-spoken homilies about how t' treat yuh woman (or yuh man) irresistible. Making his sermons the proper relations between the sexes, he came on with all the sincerity of a southern country preacher, adding a note of sardonic irony to his strictures that left a wry smile on his audiences' face.

He recorded mainly in Nashville and Memphis, and while his hits like "A Sweet Woman (Like You)", "I Want To Do Everything For You", "Show Me" and "Skinny Legs and All" used the usual rhythm section plus horns formats he also opened up the area where C & W met R & B, and which was later exploited by Percy Sledge. Joe Simon and Dobie Gray.

Though he never got the same recognition afforded to other black artists in this country, he was immensely popular at home, despite a long-standing feud with James Brown, whom he accused of surliness and contempt for rivals (but of course).

His influence has certainly been enormous... the raps developed by the likes of Ike Hayes and Barry White are but banante oil-ups of Tex's original Romeo style, while the current 'cheating' craze sweeping the R & B charts was also predicated by Tex's assumed role as mediator in the black battle of the sexes.

ALLEN TOUSSAINT

WHILE MEMPHIS became the inspiration and backbone of sixties soul, New Orleans, further south, was hardly less active, though the strong regional flavour of its music has always made it pretty much a law unto itself.

Allen Toussaint above all took up the legacy of men like Fats Domino and Professor Longhair and carried it into the sixties. He had already produced classic sides like Benny Spellman's "Fortune Teller" (a great British beat fave this), Jessie Hill's raving "Ooh Poo Pa Doo" and Ernie K. Doe's Mocking "Mother In Law" when he formed his own Minit label with Marshall Schorn in 1960, and embarked on a career that finds him still in the charts this week with Betty Wright's version of his "Sheorah Shoorah".

The pattern of Toussaint's music has changed remarkably little during that time. He has always favoured the shuffling tricky rhythms that have been the trademark of the Crescent City, while he's added a sharp gospel tinge with simple repetitive riffs (usually laid down by Toussaint's piano) and the usual call 'n' reply choruses. Laconic laid-back sax breaks were another speciality.

In the sixties, Toussaint laid down a series of hits with Lee Dorsey, a wiry amiable figure who sang hits like "Ya Ya", "Working In The Coal Mine" and "Ride Your Pony" in a curious nasal whine that carried a wry humour. Another interesting but less successful protégé was Aaron Neville, whose quavering plea "Tell It Like It Is" was a minor classic, and whose recent "Hercules" deserved more attention than it has so far received.

He came out of Alabama, and sang in a parched flat voice that turned the lachrymose self-

Early hits like "Dance To The Music" and "M'Lady" established the Sly Style as a hybrid of musical forms, mixing Hendrix-influenced guitar, sullen jazz horn phrasings, Motown vocals, and a heavily-stated 4/4 soul beat in a unique fusion.

An accomplished producer as well as an inspired writer, Sly's complex arrangements for his songs rendered traditional assumptions concerning the separate roles of band and vocals forthwith obsolete. Instruments constantly altered their function in and out of the rhythm and lead sections while, in numbers like "Hot Fun In The Summertime" and "Thankyou For Lettin' Me Be Mice Elf Again", the



Ladies and gentlemen; it's testifyin' time.

his early sessions that a Booker T and the MGs type foursome called The Meters emerged in '69 as his regular houseband, soon notching up hits with tart, skeletal instrumentals like "Cissy Strut" and "Look Ka Py Py".

Compromising his original gutsy appeal, not a jot, Toussaint and the Meters have retained their importance in the '70s, working with Dr. John to give him his greatest commercial success to date with "Right Place Wrong Time", and leasing their talents out to a variety of comers, among whom the most recent have been Taj Mahal, LaBelle and Frankie Miller.

SLY STONE

FRAKIEST AND FOXIEST of them all, Sylvester Stewart redefined the potential of soul music virtually singlehandedly when he gave up life as West Coast producer and fire-eating radio DJ, re-christened himself Sly Stone, and formed the Family Stone in 1967.

Along with the change of name, he also got a whole new personality to play with. From the first he projected an image of brazenly drug-happy freakishness, garbing himself in outlandish duds that triggered off whole new crazes in black fashion, and which suddenly made the scream 'n' mohair brigade seem very passe.

Nor was it just the clothes that made Sly's stance so dramatic; the very idea of a soul group — which, like white rock bands, played its own instruments and didn't rely on a backing outfit — was itself revolutionary. Sly took it a stage further and made his outfit inter-racial and inter-sexual.

The music too was a departure from anything that had gone before.

Early hits like "Dance To

The Music" and "M'Lady" established the Sly Style as a hybrid of musical forms, mixing Hendrix-influenced guitar, sullen jazz horn phrasings, Motown vocals, and a heavily-stated 4/4 soul beat in a unique fusion.

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Sly himself remained a complex and often obscure personality, speaking in oblique references, increasingly more reticent and aloof from his public. (This attitude extended to ludicrously short live sets and numerous blown-out gigs following the band's triumphant appearance at Woodstock in 1969).

The ironically titled "There's A Riot Goin' On" seemed to confirm an apparently irreversible slide into entropy.

The band's former energy had dissipated into phased-out, laid-back funk, several downer-out miles from reality. The rhythms were humdrum, the melody constantly threatened with extinction by pervasive, loping bass runs — while, above all this, the vocals oscillated between the sardonic and the paranoid.

"Family Affair" typified the incestuous, downward spiral. It was music to await the end of the world by, and its general pessimism has since been only partially relieved by the ambiguous "Fresh" and the comparatively slight "Small Talk".

Currently battling to re-instate his credibility, Sly remains a vastly influential figure in black music.



The Old Mysterioso: Lou Reed period. (SLY STONE gives a few tips on how to be Hip.)

different textures of the vocals were traded off against each other in endless fascinating permutations of high/low, male/female, and solo/chorus.

From the early dancehall style of "Dance To The Music" and such funky instrumental jams as "Sex Machine" (not the James Brown number), Sly's material edged progressively toward social commitment in numbers like "Stand", "Everyday People", and "Don't Call Me Nigger, Whitey"; numbers which avoided the usual trap of triteness and which hinted at the complex web of relationships likely to exist between individual, race, and society... "Sometimes I'm right/but I can be wrong".

Epitomising the New Breed of soul men, he undoubtedly inspired other artists like Stevie Wonder and Marvin Gaye to break away from their previous formats and experiment.

His innovations in synthesising black and white music blazed a trail subsequently explored and developed by a variety of groups out of the funkadelic bag. (The Ohio Players, Kool, Earth Wind and Fire, as well as numerous white funk bands — Kokomo even).

Such bands aped his appearance and stage appearance as well as the tricky riffs that underpinned his songs.

Additionally, in his latter-day role as an explorer of the low energy byways of inner space, he has inspired groups like War (on "Four Cornered Room" for example) to do likewise.

NORMAN WHITFIELD

ALRIGHT, SO these days it's a faux pas to express much admiration for Norm Whitfield and his work as Motown's foremost "progressive" writer/producer. Charges that Whitfield took

TOP: MARVIN GAYE — "I just flew in from Motor City and, boy, are my arms tired!" BELOW: In search of the Lost Riff — ALLEN TOUSSAINT at the ivories.



Charges that Whitfield took

the subtleties of the original Temptations' vocal shadings, melodies, and lyrics, and reduced them to crushingly obvious quasi-dramatic 'message' workouts like "Psychedelic Shack" and "Runaway Child Running Wild" are certainly not without foundation — though they do rather conveniently ignore Whitfield's composition credits on the likes of "Ain't Too Proud To Beg", "I Wish It Would Rain", and many other classics.

Whitfield nevertheless deserves serious scrutiny, if only because his sound and techniques have been so widely imitated — it's impossible to hear such contemporary black music without finding echoes of his heavily-orchestrated funkadelics. Even currently-touted works like Millie Jackson's "Caught Up" and Curtis Mayfield's later output lean heavily on his echoing studio sound (first and most brilliantly used on Gaye's haunting "Grapevine") and liberal instrumentation, while lesser outfits like Creative Source have pinched his pitch wholesale.

Merely by bringing his contribution as producer so up-front he helped open the way for the likes of Ike Hayes, Johnny Bristol, and even, dare I say, the Philly Sound.

Whitfield himself had evidently fallen under the influence of Sly Stone when he and Barrett Strong started to write socially-slanted songs like "Ball Of Confusion" and "Cloud Nine" and "Don't Let The Joneses Bring You Down" for the Tempts. The rather crude interplay between high and low voices in the group also seemed to stem from the same source.

Whitfield went further though, loading the insistent Tamla 4/4 rhythms with incessant wah-wah guitars and chortling electric pianos, slinging a ceiling of strings over the top of everything, and adding a few dramatic pauses and studio gimmicks (gulls screaming, babies crying, etc.) for good luck.

The result was, superficially at least, an exciting and pulsating sound, though the sledgehammer technique of the lyrics (Edwin Starr's "War" is an oft-cited example) frequently palled.

Contrary to expectation, tracks like those listed above have dated remarkably well — the so-called "sell-out" of the late Sixties is already sounding pretty raunchy by the mellow and more extensively-produced standards currently prevailing.

The brilliantly-executed "Papa Was A Rolling Stone" has since emerged as Whitfield's creative peak, since when the likes of "Masterpiece" and "1990" have shown him falling into ever more predictable formulae of his original innovations.

ARETHA/ GLADYS

MORE EVEN than their male counterparts, the ladies of soul have tended to make their names on the strength of one or two hits followed by a lapse back into obscurity.

Easy, the most consistent, influential and classy of all has been Aretha Franklin, whose departure from CBS in 1967 to record with Atlantic is the real start of her uninterrupted reign as 'Lady Soul'. She had however been recording ever since she was eighteen, thanks mainly to the influence of her father, the Reverend C. L. Franklin, who was considered no mean sermoniser himself on the gospel circuit. (Her sister, Irma, also made some fine sides, including "Another Piece of My Heart").

Columbia had done little to bring out Aretha's gospel groundings. Atlantic gave her to Jerry Wexler who promptly put her to the charts with "I Never Loved A Man (The Way That I Love You)", a number whose drama was fully exploited by both the brooding, slowly building backing, and the wailing flights of Aretha's hard-hitting vocals.

In the steady stream of hits that followed in the next few years — most of which were cover versions of standards like "Dr. Feelgood" "See Saw" and the occasional original like "I

Continues over page

SOUL

From previous page

"Say A Little Prayer"—Aretha showed a vocal virtuosity and mastery of pace that has been rivalled only by Mavis Staples. The usual Aretha pattern for a song has been to begin in calm, almost introspective manner at the bottom end of her phenomenal range, and progress steadily upwards to shouts and hollers of frightening intensity.

Her vocal prowess hasn't always been put to good use since the end of the sixties, but even on the lamest of material (and there's been plenty of that), she has turned in performances of power and character. The brilliant and largely self-composed "Hey Now Hey (The Other Side Of The Sky)" produced and arranged with Quincy Jones suggested she may have found a style that took account of her increasing maturity, but she has since failed to maintain its promise.

Though she will undoubtedly continue to produce soul of the highest quality, her current lack of direction and identity—not to mention her age, point to a younger and more individual woman usurping her hallowed position as Queen of Soul in the not-so-distant future.

YOUNGER THAN Aretha but with an almost equally lengthy history, Gladys Knight and the Pips have probably arrived too late to take Aretha's crown from her.

Originally from Atlanta, Gladys and her group (two cousins and a brother) early established themselves in the gospel/blues mould with "Every Beat Of My Heart" in 1961, the Pips supplying the answers to Gladys' calling game.

With their tight, imaginative stage choreography, the Pips

have always provided a visual foil to Gladys' glamour, while their deft harmonies and fills have showcased her voice, allowing her to stray from a song and cut loose with exciting bursts of power.

It was a style that she displayed to devastating effect during her stay at Motown, her version of numbers like "I Heard It Through The Grapevine", and "That's The Way Love Is" and "Take Me In Your Arms And Love Me" eclipsing those of contemporaries like Gaye in their straight-ahead drive and raw power.

But at Motown, she always seemed to take second place to more pop-oriented acts, only really scoring chart success with "Help Me Make It Through The Night" just prior to her move to Buddah, where a clutch of superlative singles like "Midnight Train To Georgia", "Where Peaceful Waters Flow" and "I Feel A Song" have seen her back at her best.

MARVIN GAYE

THEY COULDN'T think of any other name for Marvin Gaye so they called him 'Mr. Professional'.

It was recognition of a superlative vocal stylist, for during the sixties virtually no other Motown artist slugged out hits with the crisp consistency of Gaye. He invariably got the cream of the Holland/Dozier/Holland, Smokey, Stevenson etc. songwriting output, and he despatched their numbers with faultless perfection just about every time, his melodic flexible voice able to handle most styles with ease, and supplying the inspiration for artists like Billy Stewart.

But the 'professional' tag was also an indictment of the disarmingly low profile Gaye maintained on and off stage. Never in the same class as a

score of other black acts as a live performer, Gaye took readily to the tuxedoed safety of the Copacabana and Talk Of The Town.

On record he carried off the part of the sincere romantic with conviction, whether cast as winner or loser, and Motown paired him off with Kim Weston, Mary Wells and Tammi Terrell for a series of successful duet dates.

It was the collapse on stage of Tammi Terrell and her subsequent death that moved Gaye to become a virtual recluse for two years. He emerged from the wilderness with "What's Going On", a powerful statement centring on the themes of urban decay and ecological crisis, and shot through with a freshly discovered religious faith (his father is still a minister in Washington and Gaye had the usual start in gospel).

The influence of "What's Going On" didn't derive only from its ambitious social message—it was also masterfully produced; its sombre and desolate mood established by a complex overlay of instrumental and vocal tracks.

"Let's Get It On" was perhaps less seminal, but no less a masterpiece. Not such a Reichian triumph in its treatment of sex as has at times, been suggested, it nonetheless had a sensuous quality that was entirely its own, while its whooping vocal style has been widely filched since.

Whether Gaye can fulfil his boast of writing "music with no conventional notation" remains to be seen, but his next move is awaited with more than passing interest.

Next week in PART 3 — studies of STEVIE WONDER, ISAAC HAYES, and THE SOUND OF PHILADELPHIA.

Soul Do Me Wright...

Betty Wright that is ... Yeah, the Clean Up Woman's back, claiming her Wrightful place in the charts with "Shoorah Shoorah" Here she talks to ROGER ST. PIERRE about her career

BETTY WRIGHT is, as they say, a lot more than just a pretty face. She's also got a voice that's stacked with burning southern soul, a personality that spills all over the stage, and an unusually sharp and penetrating intelligence.

All of which adds up to something a little special in the Lady Soul stakes.

In case you didn't know — i.e., you've been hibernating over the winter — Betty's "Shoorah, Shoorah" is doing very nicely, thank you, thus at last giving chart status to a lady who should have gained it a couple of years back with the sensational "Clean Up Woman."

Stateside though, a lot of the radio stations have flipped over "Shoorah, Shoorah" and gone for the ballad flip, "Tonight Is The Night."

"It's strange about 'Tonight Is The Night', it was written as a personal poem; I never ever intended it to be put onto a record.

"It's about a young girl making love for the first time. She's held back because of convention, moral standards and so on, but now she's decided she's sure she wants to give herself to this man.

"Now you couldn't do that as a fast, up-tempo thing, it would come across as dirty and get banned, but as a ballad it can be done with taste and sensitivity. Really, it's opened a new field for me because now I've turned 21 it sounds credible, but if I'd sung that kind of thing when I was 15 it would have carried no meaning, people would have said: 'What does she know about those things?' — she's only a little kid."

"Until now the slow ones have never sold really big for me in the States, so I've been loathe to do them. Luckily I've never really had what you could call a 'stiff.' Whatever comes out by Betty Wright sells simply because I've built a strong following through my stage shows."

FOR BETTY it all started very early: "I grew up in Miami. We had a family group; four boys and a girl with my mum playing guitar — 'The Echoes Of Joy' — and I was born into the show. I was working at three.

"We got to appear with a lot of great gospel people, some of whom — like Johnny Taylor and the Staple Singers — later made it big in soul music. You know, I could sing before I could talk.

"Anyway, when I was eleven or so, I think it was round '64, I won a 'Guess The Tune' phone-in competition on a local radio station. It was 'Summertime' by Billy Stewart. I went along to a record store to pick up the prize, a copy of the disc, and sang along to it when they played it. Two guys were standing behind me. They asked my name and said I had a good voice but they bet I couldn't sing the song all the way through. Anyway, I did, complete with all those little chirping bits Billy put on it, so those two guys said they'd like to record me.

"They said they'd ask my mum to let me sing rock 'n' roll. I knew what would happen, she'd hit them with pots and pans — to her, music was a religious thing.

"Now, I was very big for my



age and looked a lot older than I was. Those guys didn't know how old I really was so she told them I was just a kid. After a year though she let me go do some back-up work but it wasn't very successful, I sang too loud. Then they cut a record on me, 'Good Lovin'/Paralysed' and put it out on their own Deep City label. Those two guys were Clarence Reid and Willie Clarke who still produce me.

"It could have been a hit but they had no money to promote it. Besides, people are loathe to invest money in a girl singer. We get married and have babies, pack up singing. Luckily they were aware why the record hadn't sold so next time out they leased the master to Henry Stone whose TK set-up was already well established, so 'Girls

Can't Do What The Guys Do' was a million-seller. I was just 13.

"At 17 I had my own two-hour TV show. I'd have guest artists and chat to them and really I wasn't too aware of records. Around the time of 'Clean Up Woman' Henry Stone said: 'I've got a gold disc for you.'

It was amazing. I never even had the song learned when it was cut, it hadn't even been finished. I stood there reading it off a paper and when I came to the bits that were missing I just filled in by humming.

"See, that's Clarence Reid, he's crazy, he never really finishes anything. He'll get half way through a session and say he's going out and will be back in a couple of minutes and you don't see him again for days!"

this week's HIT



MELODY MAKER SAYS

Featuring David Bedford on vocals, it says on the label. Call them vocals? You must be joking - which of course our brave lads are. Yes, Mr O. and Mr B. are showing us they have a sense of humour. They don't spend the whole day slaving over a hot concerto, you know. Actually, I've listened to this about half a dozen times and I still find it funny. It must be something to do with the ludicrous lyrics - all about a bullfighter working at Oxo - being backed by the most lyrical, swirling guitars. Hardcore Oldfield fans would no doubt prefer their hero to produce perhaps a "Tubular Don Alfonso," but don't worry David Bedford is probably working on the orchestral version already. A hit.

BRIAN HARRISON

JOHN PEEL SAYS

David (Bedford) did this years ago with Lol Coxhill and he sang with the same impressive eccentricity then as he does now. Nevertheless he wends his way through the absurd old song marvelously well, amusing me and enslaving the Pig (who's always said how attractive he is anyway) M.O. plays some slippery guitar which is a joy to hear. Silly - but champion..... We need more and more silliness - and, mercifully, Virgin bring it to us from time to time.

this week's HIT



US IMPORT SINGLES

- THE BOTTLEBataan (Salsoul)
- HJACKHerbie Mann (Atlantic)
- GET DOWNKay Gees (Gang)
- WHAT IT TAKESSoul Survivors (TSOP)
- REALITYJames Brown (Polydor)
- FUN HOUSEBobbi Humphrey (Blue Note)
- STOMP AND BUCK DANCECrusaders (ABC)
- WHO'S GOT THE MONSTER (SOAP)The Rimshots (All Platinum)
- GRAB ITThe Olympic Runners (London)
- I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN MAKE ITDawson Smith (Scepter)

US IMPORT ALBUMS

- ENERGY OF LOVEThe Intruders (TSOP)
- THE MAGIC OF BLUEBlue Magic (Atlantic)
- WOMAN TO WOMANShirley Brown (People)
- PIECES OF DREAMSStanley Turrentine (Fantasy)
- KEEP ON BUMPIN'The Kay Gees (Gang)

UK SINGLES RELEASES

- GIRLSMoments & Whatnauts (All Platinum)
- BERTHA BUTT BOOGIEJimmy Castor Bunch (Atlantic)
- SAVE MESilver Bird Convention (Magnet)
- GET INVOLVEDGeorge Soule (United Artists)
- MIGHTY CLOUD OF JOYMighty Clouds Of Joy (ABC)
- BUMP YOUR BABYDooley Silverspoon (Seville)
- FOR THE GOOD TIMESSeventh Wonder (Contempo)
- SWING YOUR DADDYJim Gilstrap (Chelsea)
- I CAN'T STAND YOUR FUNKMahavishnu Orchestra (CBS)
- BRING BACK THE LOVE OF YESTERDAYThe Dells (Chess)

Listings supplied by Chris Hill, DJ, Goldmine, Waters Edge, Seaford Road, Canvey Island.

BACK DOOR

BACK DOOR'S BRITISH TOUR

FROM WB WARNER BROS

FEBRUARY 28 **HAMPSTEAD** TOWN HALL
 MARCH 2 **HARROW** TITHE FARM HOUSE
 MARCH 3 **LONDON** MARQUEE
 MARCH 7 **DUDLEY** JB'S CLUB
 MARCH 8 **SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD** GOLDEN DIAMOND
 MARCH 9 **LONDON-FINCHLEY** TORRINGTON
 MARCH 13 **MIDDLESBROUGH** TEESSIDE POLYTECHNIC
 MARCH 14 **BATH** BATH UNIVERSITY
 MARCH 15 **BASINGSTOKE** TECHNICAL COLLEGE
 MARCH 17-29 **LONDON** RONNIE SCOTTS
 MARCH 30 **MULL** THE HUMBERSIDE THEATRE
 APRIL 2 **HIGH WYCOMBE** TOWN HALL
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and thanks again,
again, again, again..*



VERTIGO

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"GINGER HAD IT absolutely terrible. Ginger had it so bad... The night of Hamburg he didn't have to keel over to be sick — it was spurting straight out from his stomach all over the place. It was a sell-out audience — packed out — and the promoter didn't know what was happening and Ginger went on and played."

He has a way with words. Adrian Gurvitz, hasn't he?

In more ways than one.

Hadn't Ginger Baker himself, some six weeks previously, informed me with a manic glint in his eye that each member of The Baker Gurvitz Army had got "a bad press reputation" and that the band's lead guitarist and principal songwriter in particular was somewhat renowned for opening his mouth a little too often and a little too wide?

Yours truly subsequently discovered that Adrian Gurvitz was reputed to make a point of stepping on stage sporting some five grand's worth of jewellery.

In fact, without ever — to my knowledge at least — having crossed eyeballs with anything remotely appertaining to the gentleman (except "Race With The Devil", of course), a picture of Gurvitz had been established in my mind of a kind of ideal: the closet prime exponent of all truly gross in rock 'n' roll.

It was, therefore, with a certain amount of surprise that I clapped my mincers on Mr. G. with the Baker Gurvitz Army at the Paris Olympia some three weeks back.

Certainly no signs of lime-light stealing in evidence. Indeed, if anything, he was presenting an impressive display of reserve, his gem-splashed guitar easing out many an impressive jagged-egged run. Verily, Adrian Gurvitz manifested the presence of a heavily-sedated giant panda in negative.

But he had it absolutely terrible too.

Just like Ginger two days previously at that Hamburg gig. Coming out of his bleedin' earholes, it was.

So Adrian's onstage appearances and antics were actually just a shade under par.

ALL IN ALL this was something of a let-down. One had after all anticipated with some curiosity the bizarre, mental cocktail that reputedly was Adrian Gurvitz.

Faintly appetite-whetting preparatory phone-calls ("He's a totally changed person"), eventually led to an encounter the evening prior to the first night of the British section of the band's tour.

The immediate impression was of a person whose natural openness has been hammered into mistrust. After a few quick verbal interplays it becomes apparent that the legendary Gurvitz self-hype was little more than a manifestation of some now out-moded basic nervousness.

Now, however, he's able to present his true personality: a curious kind of kosher King Henry VIII.

Without there being any specific mention of a particular personality transformation, he speaks fairly philosophically of certain peripheral activities during his time as guitarist with the Buddy Miles Band:

"I wrote three of the tracks on his album. He wanted to take all my songs and record them but that was... You know, I didn't want to... I didn't want to get that involved, you know? I was really getting more involved than I can say on tape. I was getting very..."

As for the bad press reputation in which Baker had quite gleefully and almost masochistically luxuriated, Gurvitz reacts with an appropriate shrug of the shoulders:

"I like it too in a way... I mean, if I was REALLY like that — nasty and meanie and horrible — I could understand it, but..."



"My songs had gone from bees falling dead on a flower-patch to... more intelligent." CHRIS SALEWICZ wrote it down. JOE STEVENS took pictures of it.

"Children don't think I'm nasty and horrible."

"Just little old me who's struggling along and writing songs and playing guitar in various little ventures," he laughs.

(Nice one! — Ed.)

He does claim, though, to have been misquoted in an interview he gave to NME last summer in which he reportedly claimed to have "played" with Sly Stone and Stephen Stills; Gurvitz now insists that he merely jammed with them. (And for this he's suing us? — Ed.)

Gurvitz does, of course, leave himself open to being misquoted — if that is indeed, what happened — by the very nature of his conversation which frequently appears to have been constructed by some stoned avant-garde design-consultant. With patience though, a fairly coherent musical *rallentando* can be extracted from a maze of



ABOVE: Ginger has an idea...

digressions and random expletives.

Go get 'em, Adrian:

"I can write songs easy. Easiest thing in the world for me to do is to write songs."

Of course, the apparent rashness of that remark becomes more than a little muted by the addition of:

"So if I can write a dozen songs and give 'em away and somebody can 'ave a 'alf million pound to eat — boy, show me the way to the studio!"

Gurvitz is, in fact, referring to an album which he hopes to make for UNICEF (another matter concerning which he feels the NME misrepresented him) once the Baker Gurvitz Army has made a sufficiently large dent in our willing skulls for such a gesture to be financially fruitful.

When we begin to discuss the Adrian Gurvitz guitar-style it transpires that he wishes to be known "as a writer rather than a guitarist" and seems more interested in shovelling praise over Ginger Baker:

"Ginger takes my songs and rearranges them fantastically. — he really knows how to arrange, that guy."

MENTION of his musical debut — at the age of fifteen he was playing guitar behind Billie Davis — is the starting-point for a reasonably considered exposition on the British music business.

"From seven years old I never wanted to do anything but music," says Gurvitz quietly, swilling his red wine round in its glass.

"I 'ad to be very careful because I started so young... 'Aving an 'it at seventeen years old. I couldn't 'andle it. You know, I'd gone from about three-pounds-a-week spending money..."

"Record companies were suddenly saying to me 'Look, you've got a talent. You've got a talent to write hit songs. Keep writing them and we'll get you top-ten hits'."

"And I said 'No. What about when the hit stops?' And they said 'If you don't conform to what we want, you'll be wiped out'."

"And I was. It's as simple as that. No more hit records."

'Alf a million pound to eat...

... And that. (Featuring the day "They" told ADRIAN BEN GURVITZ, 'If you don't conform to to what we want, you'll be wiped out' — and other tales of lovable confusion...)

"I can actually remember going to the head of my record company who said 'Go and copy 'Race With The Devil'. And I said 'Ow do I copy it? 'Ow do I do it?'"

"And 'e said 'Just do something with a funny riff again — and laugh in it'."

"And I went away and wrote one. And it went nowhere!"

"And then The Gun split and I found myself playing lead guitar for Buddy Miles and I was quite proud of myself. 'Cos I used to think Buddy Miles had one of the best rock bands in America."

"I thought I'd come out of a lousy pop single... I wasn't running my own band again, but I was playing lead guitar with one of the best drummers around. My songs had started maturing — my lyrics had gone from bees-falling-dead-on-a-flower-patch to... more intelligent."

"Oh... What can I say?"

"And then from Buddy to Ginger... And I just think the musical life I wanted to take is paying off."

"I didn't become a has-been."

(It was during his time with Miles that Gurvitz first encountered Baker:) "I did a tour with him when I was in the States. The Buddy Miles Band and the Ginger Baker Band — SALT."

"And I think we both focused on each other 'cos Buddy was going a stormer every night and 'e was blowing Ginger out 'cos Ginger's band wasn't that hot then. But Ginger's drumming was amazing, you know? 'E just didn't have the backing-up for it."

"And I was looking at him and thinking 'If I got together with Ginger we could get a good thing going!'"

"But anyway when we came back I needed a drummer after Tony Newman left."

(Here, Gurvitz's thought-processes have omitted what could be deemed a reasonably important piece of information: the point being that the mention of Tony Newman indicates that we're no longer discussing The Buddy Miles Band but Three Man Army, the outfit which Gurvitz formed after leaving Miles, along with elder brother Paul Gurvitz on bass.

OK?) "We didn't have that magic to make audiences want encores," continues Gurvitz, unblinkingly. "But we had very strong applause because the music was very..."

"I hadn't written in tricks to make the audiences jump about. It was just three people going on and rocking for an hour... It was..."

"I was trying to get across really personalised songs to them, and without those little tricks they weren't going to get up and go crazy — then David Bowie came along and asked Tony to join him for a thousand pounds a week. And Tony just ran."

"'E said, 'I'm sorry, man, I don't give a damn about the group — I'm getting that grand a week'."

"And I begged Tony — and note and underline begged — to stay in the group because I thought 'e was such a good drummer and I needed him in the band to keep the music along."

"So there I was. 'I 'ad all this music in my head. All these songs that I'd got and written and no-one to play them'."



AT WHICH point Mr. Gurvitz commits the classic British rock cliché of re-acquainting himself with Mr. Baker "down the Speak", as they say.

When it comes to analysing the band, he's not exactly tight-fisted with the compliments:

"My brother's a fantastic bass player, a great singer, a good writer... 'E's great to have in the band."

"Ginger is an unbelievable drummer. Unbelievable. 'E's a living legend."

"Snips is really good. 'E's gonna be such a good singer one day. Really on 'is way up... No phoniness, man, 'E really 'as got a great voice."

"Peter Lemer — 'e's technically very brilliant."

"And I'm a load of rubbish but I managed to hustle my way into the group," he grunts, emptying his glass with a final swallow. (Ahhhh. — Ed.)

What, though, of the suggestion that the Baker Gurvitz Army is little more than Formula Rock?

"It wasn't thrown together to take money out of people's pockets. It was thrown together for a need. 'Cos Ginger Baker — the world's greatest ffff flaming drummer — was floating around without a band to play with."

"Right?"

"So there is a need for that person to play drums. A desperate need."

"Isn't there?"

"I could see that Ginger wanted to get back and play. And I could see that he was a special type of man with a lot of pride that needed somebody to be not to forward with him and go 'Hey man. Do you want to go and play?'"

"But someone who went 'Hey, Ginge. 'Ow would you like to come over just to lay?' 'E needed someone to treat him with a bit of care. To consider what he really is inside."

"And I could see it." (You're cheeky, but I like you. — Ed.)



'IT THEM BLEEDIN' DRUMS!!!

News Desk

Yes: big tour in spring

YES are to undertake a giant tour of Britain and Europe in the spring, the NME learned this week. It had previously been expected that the band would confine their activities in this country to two, or at most three, dates. But vocalist Jon Anderson and new keyboards man Patrick Moraz revealed to NME that Yes will be playing up to 25 major concerts in Britain, besides visiting selected venues in key European cities. "We shall tour here during April and May," added Moraz.



JON ANDERSON: "up to 25 UK dates"



ROGER DALTREY in a scene from "Tommy"

Tommy London opening

KEN RUSSELL's movie adaptation of Pete Townshend's rock opera "Tommy" will have its British premiere at London's Leicester Square Theatre on March 26. It will be a gala occasion and all the members of the Who are expected to attend, as well as several of the guest stars in the film — including Elton John, Paul Nichols and possibly Eric Clapton. Meanwhile, Townshend flies out to America in a fortnight's time to attend the world premiere of the movie.

REBEL & BERRY IN LONDON ENCORES

STEVE HARLEY and Cockney Rebel are to play an additional concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on April 13. This is because their previously-scheduled gig there on April 12 has already sold out and is, in fact, over-subscribed. Tickets for the extra date went on sale this week at the theatre box-office and through the usual agencies. A spokesman said this week that the entire tour, which starts in mid-March, is now a virtual sell-out.

CHUCK BERRY is to play another London concert, even though his two performances at the Rainbow Theatre last night (Wednesday) were going ahead, despite a threat to close the venue (see separate story). His newly-booked date is at the Hammersmith Odeon on Thursday, March 6.

Reports in the national Press on Sunday, suggesting that Berry had walked off stage at Manchester Free Trade Hall the previous

night after completing only 25 minutes of his act, were dismissed by his publicist this week.

A spokesman said: "Chuck always invites members of the audience to join him on stage for his last number. On this particular occasion one of the people who came up said something offensive to him, and consequently he left the stage rather more quickly than usual. But he played his full 55-minute act, and simply walked off abruptly."

Brinsleys to continue recording after split

THE BRINSLEY SCHWARTZ band, whose decision to split was exclusively revealed by NME last week, will nevertheless be coming together periodically to record and to tour abroad. But they stressed this week that they have finished as a working group in this country. Basic reason for the split is simply that some of the members of the band have admitted they do not like touring in Britain.

Nick Lowe and Ian Gomm are to devote much of their future time to songwriting, and they hope to be able to place their product with other bands; Lowe also has plans to record as a solo artist. Brinsley Schwarz himself is to join Ducks Deluxe on a guest zastic; and Bob Andrews and Billy Rankin will be doing session work, while considering offers from other bands.

A spokesman for the Brinsleys commented: "The band will continue to record occasionally as Brinsley Schwarz. And they also expect to tour abroad now and then, provided their various individual activities enable all of them to be available simultaneously."

JOHN HOLT TOUR OFF

THE PROJECTED British tour by John Holt, who recently reached No. 4 in the NME Chart with his version of "Help Me Make It Through The Night", has been cancelled. The tour was to open last weekend and to have included a concert at London Rainbow this Sunday. A spokesman for promoter Danny O'Donovan told NME: "At the last minute, we suddenly had additional financial demands put on to us that we couldn't meet. When we tried to sort them out, we found that Holt's management had gone missing, so we had no option other than to cancel the tour."

Thompsons' tour

RICHARD AND LINDA Thompson open their first headlining tour this weekend, supported by Hedgehog Pie. It ties in with the release of their new island album "Hokey Pokey". Dates are Plymouth Guildhall (this Sunday), Bristol Victoria Rooms (March 4), London Imperial College (8), Glasgow City Hall (9), Manchester Free Trade Hall (11), Oxford Town Hall (April 22), Liverpool Mountford Hall (23), Birmingham Town Hall (24), London Queen Elizabeth Hall (25), Colchester Essex University (26), Harlow Playhouse (27), Cambridge Lady Mitchell Hall (28) and Croydon Fairfield Hall (29). Tickets at all venues, except London on April 25, are priced at 80p.

Edited: Derek Johnson

Sinatra at the Albert

FRANK SINATRA is to play two concerts at London's Royal Albert Hall, as part of a European tour in late May and early June. It will be his first commercial tour for seven years, his last appearance here being a charity concert in November, 1970. He will be bringing his own rhythm section, who will be augmented by 36 British musicians. Danny O'Donovan is setting up about eight European dates, and Harold Davison is finalising his Albert Hall concerts.



FRANK SINATRA in his last London concert.

Maddy, McTell link up

MADDY PRIOR of Steeleye Span is at present working with Ralph McTell on his current extensive British concert tour. She has already played several dates in the sell-out schedule and will be featured with McTell in most of his remaining gigs, including London, although she will have to pull out of a few shows due to prior commitments. Maddy is able to participate, as Steeleye are at present largely inactive due to their previously-reported managerial dispute.

ENO IS RELEASING A BOX OF TRICKS!

THE ENIGMATIC ENO bounces back into action this week with the news that he is... planning two new releases, undertaking a string of live appearances with Robert Fripp, working on a film score, and making a lecture tour of America.

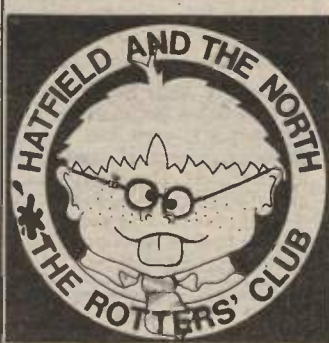
The first of Eno's new releases, due out in mid-March, is called "Oblique Strategies". Speaking of the venture, his publicist explains: "It is not a record or a film, or anything else normally subject to release. It's a box containing a unique set of aids for the ailing musician or non-musician. It can be viewed as a major breakthrough in methodology, providing instant and viable practical solutions to any of the problems, conceptual or otherwise, which frequently confront the musician or producer. Eno suspects it to be his most important production to date."

Details of the precise nature and availability of "Strategies" will be announced shortly. Meanwhile, Eno's next conventional album — his third — is due out at the end of May.

Eno is to tour America during

March and April, lecturing at universities coast-to-coast. These will be strictly speaking engagements and he will not be using any equipment, instruments or band. So far as Britain is concerned, plans are in hand for Eno to play a string of concert dates with Robert Fripp, and one of the venues under negotiation is the London Palladium.

Among other projects currently being undertaken by Eno is a film score, in conjunction with John Cale and Robert Wyatt.



HUNTER-RONSON TO PLAY 13 CONCERTS

IAN HUNTER and Mick Ronson set out in three weeks' time on their first series of concert appearances since they both left Mott The Hoople last autumn. They will be featuring material from Hunter's upcoming solo album, produced by Ronson and now in the final stages of mixing, as well as tracks from Ronson's new album "Play Don't Worry".

Dates and venues are Sheffield City Hall (March 20), Manchester Free Trade Hall (21), Liverpool Empire (22), Glasgow Apollo Centre (23), Aberdeen Music Hall (24), Newcastle City Hall (26), Leeds Town Hall (27), Aylesbury Friars (29), London Hammersmith Odeon (31), Birmingham Town Hall (April 3), Bristol Colston Hall (4), London East Ham Granada (5) and Croydon Fairfield Hall (6).

Support act at all venues will be new CBS band Jet, whose members include Martin Gorman (ex-Sparks) and Davey O'List (ex-Roxy Music). They are handled by Mike Leander, who also manages Gary Glitter and the Glitter Band.

Aylesbury Friars is included in the schedule, as this was originally intended to be Friars' final date at its Borough Hall venue before moving to new premises. In fact, the move to the newly-built Civic Hall will not now be taking place until June, but the Hunter-Ronson date goes ahead as planned.

● The three remaining members of Mott The Hoople are still in the throes of trying to fill the vacancies created by the departure of Hunter and Ronson, and they hope to be able to announce a revised line-up within the next week or two. A spokesman said this week: "They have already recorded 14 songs as a three piece, and seem to be very pleased at the way things are going."

Hatfield: big tour

HATFIELD & THE NORTH are going out on a major British tour in April. Dates and venues are still being finalised, but it is known that their major London gig will be at Chalk Farm Roundhouse.



EDGAR BROUGHTON

Broughtons: new venues

EDGAR BROUGHTON BAND have added seven new venues to their British concert tour, over and above those originally reported in early January. The new gigs are at Plymouth Guildhall (this Saturday), Bournemouth Tiffany's (next Monday), Worthing Assembly Hall (March 5), Southampton University (11), Bristol University (13), Manchester Hardrock (18) and Glasgow Technical College (18). But their previously planned date at Leicester De Montfort on March 11 is now cancelled.

Other dates, already reported, are London Rainbow Theatre (tomorrow, Friday), Leamington Spa Centre (March 6), Liverpool Stadium (8), Newcastle City Hall (16), Birmingham Town Hall (19), Bradford St. George's Hall (20) and Edinburgh Citadel Theatre (23).

It is the Broughtons' first full tour for two years. They are tak-

ing with them a complete scaffolding structure, enabling them to enclose stages in a black box, which will then be lit by 40,000 watts of theatrical lighting. Their show lasts for nearly two hours — including new material, popular old numbers and choreographed mime sequences — and the additional support act is acoustic guitarist Dave Evans.

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Lennon/Walls & Bridges	£1.95	Pink Floyd Album	40p
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Cream/Complete	£2.75	T. Rex/Zinc Alloy	85p
Wakeman/Journey to Centre	£1.25	T. Rex/Ten	85p
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Beatles/Complete (piano)	£3.30	Stones Big Hits Vol. 2	75p
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S & G Greatest Hits	95p	Free Complete	£3.00
Rod Stewart/Complete	£1.75	Neil Young Complete Vol. 1	£8.00
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Whispering Ash/18 Songs	£1.00	Stones Biography	£3.98
Jethro/Aqualung	75p	Cat/Tenors & Firecat	£1.50
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So What		
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NANA MOUSKOURI	2.46	2.05
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The Albert Hall		
STYLISTICS	2.46	2.05
From the Mountain		
THE BAKER GURVITZ ARMY	2.46	2.05
The Baker Gurvitz Army		
STRAWBS	2.60	2.20
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DAVE MASON	2.49	2.05
Dave Mason		
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THE PURPLE SAGE	2.49	2.05
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ELTON JOHN	2.70	2.20
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Brown Dirt Cowboy		

POCO	2.49	2.05
Canlamas		
JOSE 'CHEPITO' AREAS	2.49	2.05
ALBERT HAMMOND	2.49	2.05
Albert Hammond		
BILLY SWAN	2.49	2.05
Billy Swan		
DONOVAN	2.79	2.25
7-Tease		
LOGGINS & MESSINA	2.49	2.05
Mother Lode		
PFM	2.69	2.20
Cook		
DOOBIE BROTHERS	2.69	2.20
Stampede		
RALPH McTELL	2.69	2.15
Streets		
ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA	2.69	2.20
Eldorado		

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Record	Comet	Cass.
Ret.	Price	Price
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Bad Company		
BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST	2.46	1.99
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CAPTAIN BEEHEART	2.49	1.99
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Clear Spot	2.69	2.20
The Spotlight Kid	2.49	1.99
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BLACK SABBATH	2.46	1.99
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Paranoid	2.46	1.99
Master of Reality	2.46	1.99
Volume 4	2.46	1.99
Sabbath, bloody sabbath	2.46	1.99
DAVID BOWIE	2.57	2.10
Hunky Dory		
Ziggy Stardust	2.57	2.10
Diamond Dogs	2.90	2.45
The Man who Sold the World	2.57	2.10
Aladdin Sane	2.90	2.45
Pin Ups	2.90	2.45
David Live (Best of)	5.14	4.35
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ERIC CLAPTON	2.94	2.55
Eric Clapton		
The History of Eric Clapton	3.92	3.40
Eric Clapton at his Best	3.92	3.40
461 Ocean Boulevard	2.70	2.20
Rainbow Concert	2.46	1.99
COCKNEY REBEL	2.75	2.20
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Psychomodo	2.50	1.99
CREAM	3.92	3.45
Heavy Cream		
Live Cream Vol. 1	2.46	1.99
Best of	2.46	1.99
Goodbye	2.46	1.99
Live Cream Vol. 2	2.46	1.99
Disraeli Gears	2.46	1.99
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Graham Nash & David		
Crosby Together	2.49	1.99
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Deja Vu	2.69	2.20
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The Captain and Me	2.49	1.99
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EVERLY BROTHERS	2.49	1.99
The Very Best of the Everly		
Bros	2.49	1.99
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Long Player	2.49	1.99
An Old Raincoat	2.46	1.99
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Overtures and Beginners	2.70	2.20
First Step	2.49	1.99
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to a Blind Horse	2.69	2.20
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Place	2.45	1.99
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Rory Gallagher		
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Deuce	2.46	1.99
Live in Europe	2.46	1.99
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Ret.	Price	Price
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JEFF BECK/ROD STEWART	2.30	—
Masters of Rock		
DEEP PURPLE	4.60	—
Mark I & II (2 LPs)		
THE BEST OF NICE, SMALL	3.45	—
FACES, CLAPTON & MAYALL		
(2 LPs)		
THE BUDDY HOLLY STORY	13.99	—
(9 LPs in Box)		
PINK FLOYD	2.30	—
Masters of Rock		
THE SHADOWS	2.30	—
Shadows Greatest		
CLAPTON, BECK AND PAGE	1.75	—

ELVIS PRESLEY	2.90	2.45
Promised Land		
CLIFFORD T. WARD	2.55	2.10
Escalator		
T. REX	2.75	2.30
Bolan's Zip Gun		
ANDY WILLIAMS	2.49	1.99
You Lay So Easy On		
My Mind		
BRENDA LEE	2.50	2.10
SCOTT JOPLIN	2.25	1.90
Magnetic Rag		
MELANIE	2.49	1.99
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ERIC CLAPTON	2.70	2.20
There's One in Every		
Crowd	2.70	2.20
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Tommy (Film Soundtrack)		
(dble.)		
TANGERINE DREAM	2.70	2.20
Alpha Centauri		
JAMES BROWN	2.70	2.20
Reality		
JOHNNY BRISTOL	2.70	2.20
Feeling The Magic		
JIMI HENDRIX	1.47	1.30
Jimi Hendrix		
RORY GALLAGHER	1.75	1.60
Rory Gallagher		

SUPER SELLERS (Cont.)

Record	Comet	Cass.
Ret.	Price	Price
GENTLE GIANT	2.46	1.99
Gentle Giant		
Three Friends	2.46	1.99
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not necessarily alright

language of white youth revolt, and more than any other art form, it recorded the successes and failures of that particularly convoluted piece of rebellion.

It was a time when even soul music broke out of its purely sexual terms of reference to begin to state the pride and anger that was dominating urban black consciousness.

Then the '60s slid into the '70s, and things began to change. Where rock stars would once chatter about drugs or Vietnam or Chairman Mao or the imminent downfall of capitalism, the outside world suddenly became just altogether too unfashionable.

The revolution ground to a halt, a few incautious militants went to the slammers, and not much more than a year after the Kent State killings, decadence was the new thing, or so they told us.

That was the major change. Instead of the rock star reflecting what was going down on the street, he began to attempt to dictate it in advance.

The mods had wrestled fashion out of the clutches of the haute couture house and set it down among high energy grass roots. At the start of the seventies, a spurious rock and roll high society was trying to put it back into Blake's Hotel and the International Hyatt House. We were witnessing a limp wristed sell-out.

For a while the surreal, spangled Alice Cooper spectacle had its attraction, but it quickly became revealed that the Cooper ethic had much more to do with dollars than with dada.

Next came Bowie and the rest of the glitter crew. The commentators started to talk about how the new generation was experimenting with its innate bisexuality.

But was it? Were there as many kids getting into ambidextrous sex as there were dropping psychedelics in '67? On analysis it would seem not. Max Factor didn't bring out a single brand of male eyeshadow. Was this really a great leap forward for liberation from the genital role, or was it just a bunch of creatively bankrupt rockers falling back on an elaborate drag routine to cover up that they didn't actually know what was happening?

Of course, just because the world passes an arbitrary ten year mark, and we start writing a seven after the nine on our cheques instead of a six, it doesn't follow that all the idols of the previous decade turned back into pumpkins.

Most are still around in force. A few died, and a few more ran scared to God. Krishna, Vishnu, L. Ron Hubbard or fat Maharaj Ji. Some went crazy. The majority simply matured to the point where they realised they were no longer delinquent rockers, but grown up super-stars. They started to write about where they were living.

Dylan recounted his confused attempts to have kids and raise a wife, Lennon ranted about simplistic politics, primal scream therapy and breaking up being hard to do, while Lou Reed kept us up to date with the saga of where the junkies go in the wintertime.

Some of this may have been fine stuff. It is good to know what's going on in that rarefied world, but it didn't have much to do with everyday life.

Even when a punk fantasy was served up neatly packaged by, say, the Stones or Faces, it still had the air of a vision carefully observed while peering from the window of a pent house suite.

So what of the new crop of punks? There really don't seem to be too many. Is it possible to look to Showaddywaddy, Mud or the Rubettes for a picture of the new generation? There seems to be little going on there

except a revamping of stylistic quirks of the '50s, which, if these people's press releases are to be believed, most of them are too young to remember first hand.

The alternative to the *Top Of The Pops* regulars seems to be either Ferry or maybe Feel-good, but once again we have to face the fact that both of them are primarily engaged in recherche stylistic jokes.

Given a choice between Ferry and the far less talented Brian Eno, it would appear that Eno is maybe closer to his tiny minority of ambiguous crazies than Ferry is to his new improved lost generation.

Even when the recording scene drifts into a sterile phase, you can usually hope to spot some measure of salvation in the bands working live. At present that seems to be denied us. From ELP to Hawkwind the prime function of most big touring draws seems to be to produce exactly the right noise for a particular section of public taste to bathe in when they're wasted.

It's a laudable endeavour, but hardly communication on anything but the most simplistic level.

So what does that leave us? A choice of Hello or Bruce Springsteen.

It is an unpleasant fact that if Hello and their like are representative of the '70s youth culture, then God have mercy on our souls. Sure, they're young, they're very pretty, but as far as one can see, they're a manipulated product who know their place and don't talk back. With all respect, they do come on with all the flair and dash of Julie Andrews and give the impression that the '70s have produced a generation of teenage Uncle Toms.

Bruce Springsteen, on first examination, is a much more plausible candidate for new wave punkhood. What makes him a little suspect is the way his imagery is an amalgam of previous archetypes drawn from a range of classics that encompasses Herbert Selby, Bill Burroughs, James Dean and, of course, Dylan.

It could be that the only drawback with Springsteen is that he is labouring under too much pressure, exerted either by himself or by the commercial interests around him, to confirm to his "new Dylan" role. In fact his Fourth Street revisited pose is no more spurious than the young Dylan playing at Woody Guthrie.

The real proof of whether Springsteen can cut it or not is in the response of the younger kids. If they wrap their little legs around his New Jersey waist in sensational ecstasy, the way our lot did with Dylan, then all is well. If not, then he will be relegated to just another nostalgic put-on for the Blonde On Blonde Memorial Society.

The very last ray of hope in this whole depressing examination is that maybe there is the MC5 of '76 working out in a church hall somewhere. A cursory look round only revealed that nobody's working out anything anywhere. The youth of the nation just doesn't seem to be starting up bands with the alacrity and blind determination that they had a few years ago.

There could be a mass of reasons for this. One is economic. Whereas once it was possible to equip a modest band with one fast HP shuffle, a glance round the guitar stores makes it look as though you now need the solid backing of a well founded merchant bank to put a band on the road.

Another answer might be the progressive relaxation in the sexual climate. A lot of established rock stars have cited some kind of sexual inadequacy as the reason they originally took up playing. Pete Townshend is a prime example. He has always admitted that he



found his nose so brutally unattractive that he felt the need to seek safety behind a guitar.

It could be that in these liberal times the kids no longer have that kind of traumatic motivation.

Another, much more serious, reason for the lack of new talent could be the current structure of the music industry. There are times when it really appears that over the last ten years we have produced a new strain of executive fat cat who is just as conservative as the old Tin Pan Alley breed who did their best to stop the flood of creativity during the early '60s.

What once were maverick outfits have turned into big money operations with the big money reluctance to trust their technology and finance to a bunch of raw, ignorant punks from out of nowhere.

Of course, this is all speculation.

Before you pick up your pen to complain, gentle reader, look back over the first half of the '70s and see if you can define a solid, on-going thread in rock and roll that somehow syncs in with the broad stream of social attitudes. See one? No, me neither.

Neither, for that matter, did the scarf-toting kids I talked to outside QPR's ground at Loftus Road — football, after all, being the real crowd puller. They were 15 and 14 respectively. Two ten-years-on mutations of

what mods once were. Fast talking and sharp, they made it perfectly clear that music was no great force in their lives. Their prime motivation was football.

Sure they consumed music. They bought records, and owned something to play them on, but music was purely incidental. They followed no trends, could listen to The Tymes or Gary Glitter with equal enthusiasm.

Their idea of a good album was a K-Tel hits collection because you got a lot of good stuff for your money. They obtained most of their information from *Top Of The Pops* and the radio. They liked to have music around, but it was less important than Bruce Lee or Birds.

Is this the younger generation?

It was certainly two of them. It is hard to say whether they were typical. The thing to remember, dear readers, is that we are hardly typical. We go to the trouble of reading a music paper. That shows a devotion over and above the call of duty. Most record buyers don't.

It could be that rock and roll is sliding out of the pre-eminent position it has enjoyed for so long. It could be that the world is simply waiting for something new to appear, born from the waves like Aphrodite. If the latter's the case it is one hell of a long time coming.



They don't make 'em like this anymore dept.: Dylan, speaking on behalf of his generation.



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SEVEN YEARS on the road. Hardly a nibble at the charts. Solid following in most parts of the country. The freedom to play what they like. Not a lot of ready.

It could be any number of bands. In fact it's Budgie, but I thought it'd be interesting to see what life was like for the average musician; the people who are in it for the music and the performance, not for the cars and the glitter, the birds and the booze.

It started as a conversation in a pub about mistakes on stage. Burke Shelley and Tony Bourge were describing recent occasions when they'd slipped.

"Everyone does it from time to time," said Burke, "Especially if you've been off the road for a few weeks recording and you just do one gig — as I did the other week."

Burke apparently proved worthy of his name, and despite the fact that he leads the band from behind his bass he let them all change into D while he was still pumping out runs in A. "Normally the band notices it and it can spoil your entire evening for you, but you cover up so that the audience shouldn't notice at all."

Bourge said that the worst thing — when a band hadn't played for a few nights — was getting halfway through a number and realising you couldn't remember how you arranged the ending.

"It always comes back to you at the last moment. When you get there, suddenly it all clicks into place."

It's true that mistakes on stage are very difficult to spot because a good musician will always try to cover them up. But another musician can spot them — because he is familiar with the expressions that flit across stage when someone plays a bummer.

It's far easier to make a mess of what you are doing, of course, when your foldback system isn't working properly.



BUDGIE (from left) Tony Bourge, Burke Shelley, Steve Williams.

Playing In The Band

By REX ANDERSON

A decent PA and adequate monitors are the biggest problem facing new bands today. Budgie have been using a Marshall set up with a small Marshall desk. But it's not really big enough for them, and they have been thinking of buying some secondhand bass bins and adding

to the desk.

A ready-made PA to suit their needs would involve them in something like £15,000, which the band just haven't got. So what does the band get?

"We go out for between £400 and £500 a night," says Burke. "But that has to pay for trans-

port, expenses, road crew, maintenance and so forth. Most of the money is ploughed straight back into the band."

In fact Burke estimates that the band members make around £50 a week, which isn't a great deal for working something like a 12-hour day, seven days a week, come rain or shine. Burke remembers having to go on stage with a throat infection because there was a telephone bill that needed paying.

"If the audience were familiar with the songs I don't know what they thought that night, because all I could do was grunt them out like a soul singer."

Fifty quid a week may sound a lot of money if you're still at school or college, but it's not much for a musician with a wife, kids and a mortgage. Why was it, d'you think, that blue denim became so popular with bands? It wasn't fashion so much as the fact that that was all they could afford.

The money Budgie makes from publishing is used to pay for things the band needs. There's no income from the record sales at present because that money was given to them in the form of an advance and is long since spent.

Of course, Budgie are a little different from many bands in that they're attempting to pay for everything themselves — the instruments, equipment and the van they own. Whereas other bands are tempted by offers from backers to set them up with good equipment.

Burke says he didn't fancy taking the risk and finding the band tied to an agency or manager who could dictate what they did under the threat of taking their gear away.

We discussed the system in America. There, with each big town having its own vast stadium, it isn't viable for the band to cart the sort of equipment needed from town to town. Instead they hire it on the spot and the equipment is built to suit the venue.

One major problem with gigging around concert halls is that the PA really needs to be designed for the hall. Inevitably there'll be some halls where your PA sounds dire. Tony remembers one club in Cardiff that's notorious for bad sound. The PA is yet to be designed to cope with it.

"I remember The Who cancelled a gig there once because the sound was so bad."

The American answer to this problem doesn't work in the UK to any great extent. There are PA hire companies — and very good equipment they have, too — but imagine trying to fit together gear of a standard that would sound equally good in the Hammersmith Odeon, Wembley and the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

Budgie, then, are stuck in what Burke and Tony describe as a very pleasant rut. They enjoy being on the road. They enjoy playing the music. They change the set almost entirely every year so they never get bored with what they are doing. They ignore the chart.

This last is unusual. Most bands look forward to the day when one of their records will

No birds No booze No glitter No money

No

... life at
all is it?
So what
motivates
bands like
BUDGIE?
Yes, you've
guessed it
folks — the
answer is
integrity

writing a piece on steel and pedal steel one of these days. I promise to do that as soon as I can set it up. Your trouble is that you have a cheap steel guitar — which you might improve by fitting new strings.

The note is sustained by using vibrato in the same way as on normal guitar. This means that you have to make like you've got palsy in your left hand, which, I trust, is holding a metal slide bar. I also trust that you are not pressing too hard on the bar so that the strings touch the neck.

This will give you both sustain and "that ringing sound". The electric piano effect I should think is produced by using some effects unit, which is something I shall check before I write the piece. Also professional players play very expensive guitars.

Yes, they are fitted with pedals and even knee levers. These enable you to change the tuning of various strings as you play, raising and lowering them as much as two tones. This, coupled with extra strings, gives the player far greater flexibility.

You have, of course, chosen a most difficult instrument. The pedal steel player has to operate a bar with his left hand, pick with his right, using complex finger picking, work pedals with his left foot and levers with his knee and a swell pedal with his right foot.

"OLLIE HALSALL ON 'DOING YOUR OWN THING'." — Top Gear Music Ltd. Letter from the Editor of New Musical Express.

DEAR MR. ACHARD (of Top Gear), the comment to which you refer needs, of course, to be seen in context. In this section of the interview Ollie Halsall is asked if he has any special advice — any special tricks — to pass on to novice guitarists wishing to emulate his own somewhat non-conformist style.

He points out that he practices on heavy gauge strings with a very high action, so that when he comes down to a low action with light strings he reaps the benefits of the contrast.

Having said that, his advice to young guitarists is to make it tough for themselves at first by not buying a conventionally good guitar, by not listening to what the professionals are doing — instead, by implication, to purchase a cheap guitar at first and to find one's own way on the instrument without outside influences.

This, though perhaps an unconventional piece of advice, is stated in sweeping terms and is, I believe, not to be taken too literally. The interviewee is exaggerating to make a point.

In saying that the novice should not go to Top Gear or Orange for his first guitar, I believe he is no more intending that he be taken totally at face value than he is in his subsequent statement: "Don't listen to any music, don't buy any records."

He's saying, in effect: don't buy the best guitar, don't try to copy from experienced musicians. Make it tough for yourself and find your own way. The second stage will then come easy.

I assure you that this was, and remains, the interpretation we put on the section of the interview to which you refer. In fact, if Halsall's remarks are interpreted literally, then what he's saying is that Top Gear and Orange sell guitars that are too good for how he feels a novice should go about learning the guitar.

I would further point out that in our 10-week Guitar Book series — a total of 40 pages on guitar tuition etc. — we feel NME has broken new ground for a weekly music paper in the extent and range of our coverage, thereby encouraging enormous numbers of young people towards enjoyment of the guitar. Yours sincerely, NICK LOGAN.

miraculously take off. Album and publishing revenue will rocket, there will be exposure on TV, the fans will flock to see them and their appearance money can be trebled overnight.

Not so Budgie. They regard that sequence of events with the same cynicism that you do the promises made by Mrs. Jones up the road concerning her forthcoming Premium Bond win. A healthy attitude. The reality is to get to America.

Leo Sayer was commenting this week that on three gigs a week in Britain he just about breaks even, while on one gig a week in the US of A he can make a comfortable living.

The beautiful thing about bands like Budgie is their dedication. They believe in the music they're playing and are prepared to suffer the hardships for the sake of it.

● This Week's Tip comes from Me. When are you lot out there going to start contributing to this scintillating section? It's simply this: play with your ears and not with your fingers.

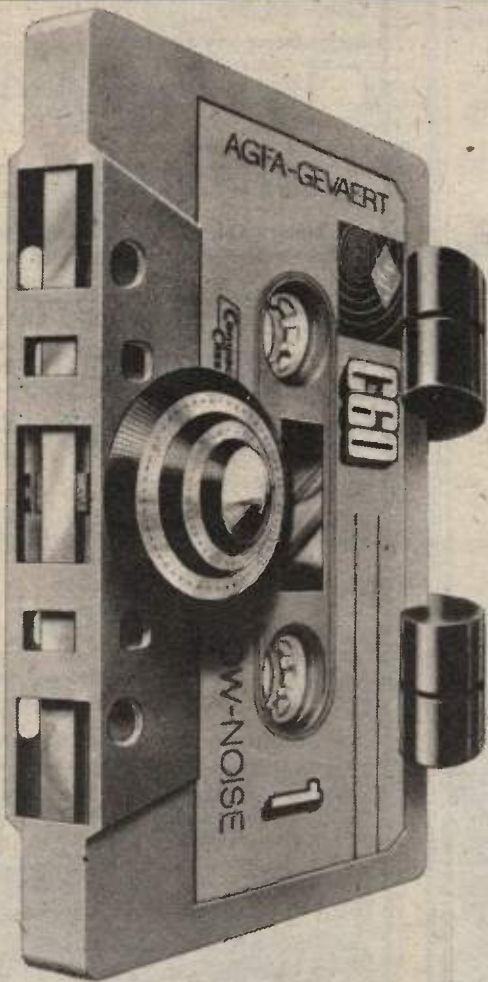
MUSICIANS' LETTERS

I OWN an electric steel guitar and can play a few tunes on it, but am unable to produce the sounds I want. The sound quality is very poor, as is the sustain. The third string never sounds in tune with the others, and the second string is the only one that produces a clear tone.

Could you tell me how to improve the quality of the instrument. I would like to point out that my guitar only cost me £12 when new and my amplifier is only five watts. How do professional players get sounds similar to that of electric piano, and that ringing sound?

I've heard that some steel guitars are fitted with pedals and four extra strings, but I am unable to figure out the reason for this. — M. MURDEN, North Walsham, Norfolk.

● I really do mean to get around to



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JAZZ



JAZZ IS the publican's evacuee. There it stands, label in lapel, horn case in mitten, stirring the hospitable urge with the prospect of some beer-generation custom in tractable as-styled-by-Our-Lord sandals for that empty upper room over the bar.

The billeting usually lasts a month, then the shit hits the fan. Recriminations. Partiality to a bit of Dixieland has failed to put the Guv'nor on the inside track: "I might be a free house, but this is Whipsnade." (Perce)

More brands of audience too. Coupla gavel-faced Red Guards in sock-hats hoarding halves can spread a gang of unemployment. Nobody's idea of the Medici, the average publican is a man of labile temperament, quick to give the elbow.

Jazz venues are blowing out all over; rock, country and wes-

tern, chicken-in-a-basket all make their inroads ... all of which makes the landlord of The Bull's Head, Barnes, some kind of Doge. He's been bungling on jazz seven nights a week for the past 15 years, and likes the stuff.

"In my boozer, the customer knows what to expect."

Tenorman Dick Morrissey has been pulling 'em in there for the past few weeks. There's a lot of frown-talk circulating about sacred missions to move the Bums of the People. Dick moves them all right, says little. They're beginning to suspect him of enjoying himself.

He was one of the boss hard-bop tenors of the '60s; change-runner and fifth-flattener with the fleetest, got his shoulder under the beefy Witherspoon who declared him the finest blues tenor in the world, rapped off the massive challenge of Phil Seaman's drums. So, a pro.

Nowadays, Dick plays funky and out-lays the chicken shack

as surely as Ayler did with his "New Grass" album. Reserve power. He's skimmed off licks from all over — the prefix stutter of Turrentine, on the beat pops like Sonny, screws up the rachets of register to abruptly cuff off the crest and dump a gulping gap in your expectations like ole Wade-In-The-Water Griffin.

And his sound is overwhelming, a big stomping gut-bucket holler that out-royals and relegates King Curtis to Burke's Steerage. Don't play much 'cept blues 'n' boogaloo, but does 'em RIGHT.

The Peanuts Club, King's Head, Bishopsgate, London, has been going for over ten years, and has, under the proprietorship of Ken May — beard, kerchief, artist's smock — a touch of the 7th Arrondissement. Altoist Mike Osborne has been taking care of business for five years, and his latest album, "Border Crossing", recorded live at Peanuts, gives a good idea of what to expect.

Ossie's tone is extra-ordinarily rich, a bowie-knife slicing deep as an oboe in the lower register, etching crowsfeet beside the eyes in the impassioned top. Passages of near-medieval estampe — hautboy and pennants at the court of Charles V — alternate with contemporary squalls of Force 9 ferocity. He's got it all, and he doesn't make a living.

Stan Tracey has been around like a range of mountains is around for 30 some years. Stan's been down and up. Ask him how it feels to be the finest piano-player in the world and scuffling: "I'm numb, man."

He was resident piano at Ronnie Scott's for seven years, blew behind Rollins, Stitt, Dexter Gordon, the lot, very occasionally scores one of the platforms — and pianos — that classical cats take for granted. The night he blew at the Wigmore Hall, the floor moved like the San Antone Fault lay beneath, and cut flowers jumped out of a vase.

That performance, "Stan Tracey Alone", shows why the New Wave beat a path to his door, because this cat KNOWS. Acoustic piano starts here. The long improvisation flows like a river of broken ice, all angularities and jostle. Chords are continually overlaid and undercut by their successors so that the feeling of danger, of lurching off-balance, is continually present — and held in check.

It's as if Stan is the puppet master, strings lifting the actual

keyboard in a weirdly articulated dance. Puts the electric piano — ya there, Herbie, Chick? — back with the Teas-Maid.

The Wolsey Wine Bar chain have been featuring jazz at three of their bars. The Ken McCarthy Quintet plays the Sunday lunchtime slot ... can't get any other bookings, and deserve hundreds. This band really has its shit together, with arrangements worthy of the name and a book bulging with originals.

Much of the material hinges on suspensions and hair-trigger switches in tempo — all devices, in fact, that require seamless professional precision if they are to hit you right.

The rhythm section, Lindsay Cooper on bass, Adrian Mackintosh on drums, has big big ears and gimbel toes that can swivel the cantilevering like a well-oiled gate. Tunes are as sweetly languorous as a senorita in a hammock, but these boys stalk her like cats, prowl the shadows, make for an unquiet siesta.

Scuttlebutt has been rife around the new tenorman. It should get rife. Dave Tidball is a missile. He lays his phrases athwart that sinuous pulse with a tone like the edge of Bruce Lee's hand, saws and chops fuel for a structure that scarcely contains his intensity: Big Boss Berserk.

Dick Pearce wisely skates his trumpet along a different groove and concentrates on his fine full brass sound and lyrical imagination.

The leader, Ken McCarthy, blows fine piano and has a band to be proud of. He's not out to assassinate your mind, invert Western consciousness, just sits squarely in the tradition and, like most artists in any art, swells the ranks on the plain. And in the jazz world, stomachs are rumbling at that altitude too.

The pace-maker of the avant-garde, John Stevens, has recently lost the use of The Little Theatre Club in London's St. Martin's Lane. In the eight years of his residence, he turned that tall narrow building into THE centre of jazz experiment, the Cape Canaveral — ants, I tell you, we looked like ants — of sonic departures.

Everybody sat in: Don Cherry, Steve Lacy, Rashied Ali, Han Bennink. John was committed to non-commercial music, stopped scuffling the pub circuit and picked up the tab on integrity. "I was convinced that what I was doing was right. All the time I was trying to find the

ability to be honest."

The group he established with Trevor Watts — the Spontaneous Music Ensemble — is the best free collective anywhere. Sure it's atonal and non-melodic, abstract to a degree, but the problems that concern these musicians concern artists in every field.

For the revolutionary, the problem is posed at that point when he has won his freedom ... and finds before him a vast, chardless, amorphous and terrifying space: how to devise a new armature that will not, in its turn, cramp and confine and ultimately congeal. S.M.E. has opted for flux.

"I see change as the only constant," said John.

The musical dialogue is self-generating and as rigorously about itself as the Hard-Edge paintings of Frank Stella, who clips the framing edges of his canvases to echo the patterns within. The music is about relationship of shape and pitch that move continually, now folding hermetically inwards, now flaring out.

Amalgam is John and Trevor's swinger. Ornette's ex-trumpeter, Bobby Bradford, sat in on a record with them, "Love's Dream", and it's a winner. So is the new album, "Amalgam Play Blackwell & Higgins". Trevor plays alto in clipped, jiggling units like Goose Tatum bouncing

CHRIS MCGREGOR (left) and DUDU PUKWANA of the Brotherhood of Breath:

up-field for a basket-shot. John's beat is loose, lithe and lean, never any old flash, simple where simple does it, and a pelt-ing cymbal beat.

The caption "British Jazz", never the slickest wrapper for shifting the product, means damn all today with the polyglot and nomadic music scene. There really is something for every taste, like the pitchman says — but no tent. The BBC's cuts have effectively boarded up even that elfin shop-window — try an Apoplectic of Fulham to the Director why doncha?

The two most hopeful developments have been the setting up of Jazz Centre Society to disseminate information and organise gigs. They've got three one-night-stand London venues so far — The Phoenix, Seven Dials and Architectural Association — and scores of top bands on the waiting list. And second, the rise of the small labels under musicians themselves — "Incus", "A Records", "Wives", "Ogun"; and fans — "Cadillac", "Emanem".

If for some reason you've missed any of this, and didn't bring — death, bad leg — a note, a good place to start would be with The Brotherhood of Breath's national tour. They're stumping this sceptred this month and next and are the most exciting big band on the planet.

Somewhere in there, you'll find Harry Miller. It's a long time since the simplest bass solo, like a good loser, drew automatic applause. Bass today can be the whole band, and Harry, Brotherhood's Dobbin, proves conclusively on his solo album "Children At Play" that he can also steeplechase.

"Homeboy" is a delightful South African Township nursery rhyme, jaunty as a cap on the side of the head. The longer pieces are denser in texture, a scramble of strings, a long aching swing of some gum pendulum, a fit bounce of bow on gut. Bass here is felt in the pulses, in the throat, temples, wrists, feet. Harry is playing you. Check it out, then intuit what another 12 cats like that are gonna do to you.

That's The Brotherhood.

RECOMMENDED RECORDS

- Mike Osborne — Border Crossing (Ogun 300)
- Stan Tracey — Alone (Cadillac SGC 1003)
- Bobby Bradford — Love's Dream (Emanem 302)
- Spontaneous Music Ensemble — So, What Do You Think? (Tangent TGS 118)
- Bobby Bradford, John Stevens and the Spontaneous Music Ensemble (Freedom 28 465-3U)
- Spontaneous Music Ensemble — For You To Share (A Records A-001)
- Amalgam Play Blackwell & Higgins (A Records A-002)
- Harry Miller — Children At Play (Ogun 200)
- Brotherhood of Breath — Live at Willisau (Ogun OG 100)

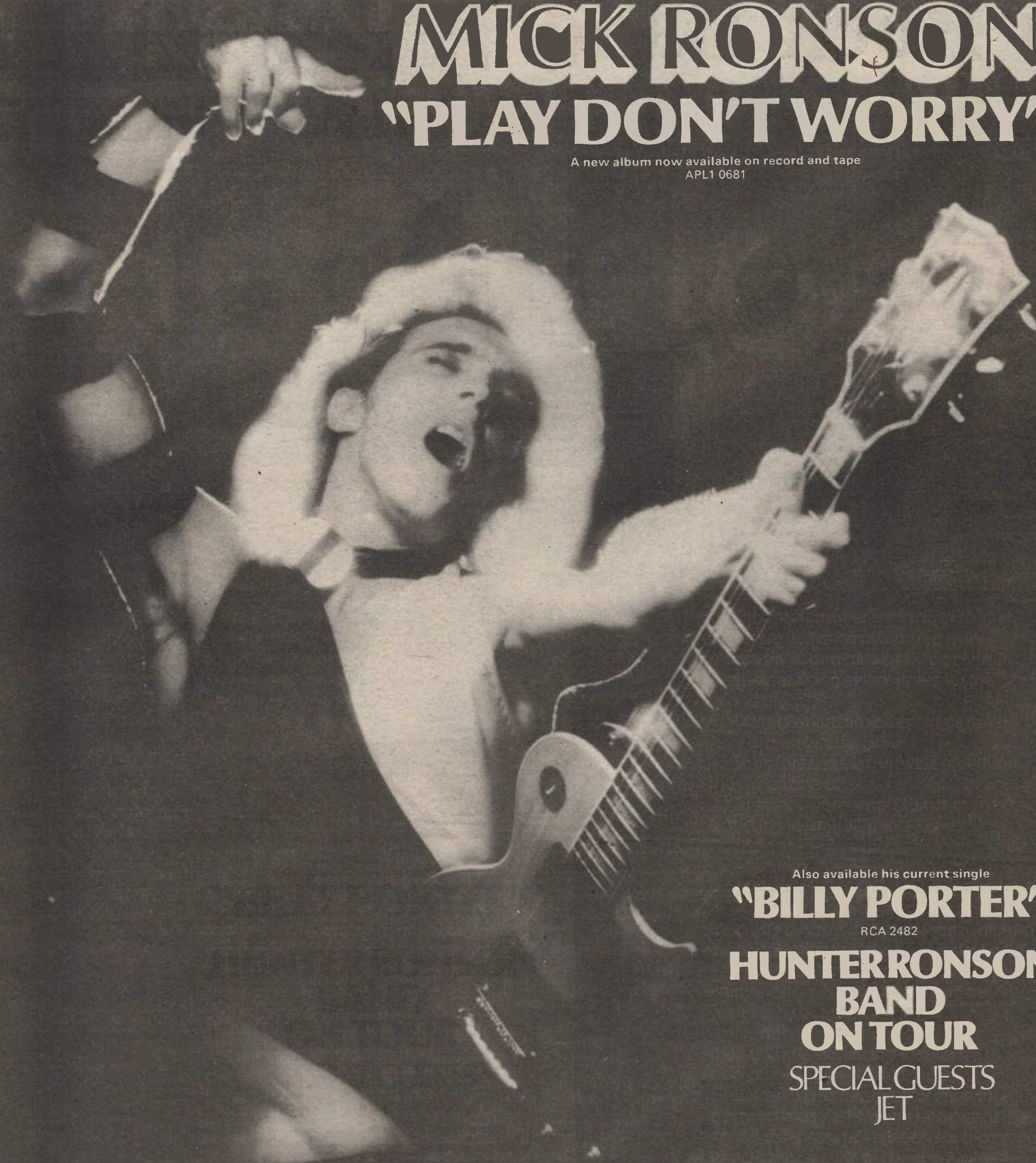
**Bang bang
bang— three
bullets
ripped into
my groin**

**... BUT FIRST, LET ME
TELL YOU A LITTLE
ABOUT THE STATE
OF BRITISH JAZZ**

Well, did that grab you? Yeah? Then pass on to read a cool, fast, hip, turned on, blood-curdling appraisal of the sound publicans love to avoid. Britain in the seventies by our man in the fifties etc. etc.
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Just a Sayer in a Rock Band

In other words, LEO SAYER renounces promoters' dreams of solo superstardom, and pledges to get back to Mad Animal Music. ROY CARR pays attention.

THE FIRST time I became aware of Leo Sayer was a few months prior to the release of his debut album "Silverbird," when he made an unbilled appearance supporting Jon Hiseman's Tempest at Canterbury University.

Though technically his set left a lot to be desired, Sayer, clad only in T-shirt, denim and sneakers, managed to bring off one of the best performances that I've seen him give. There was a raunchiness and spontaneity that particular gig that subsequent grooming has somehow managed to dull.

Since then, Sayer has systematically discarded three distinct images, (with three changes of costume), and the same number of backing bands in a concerted effort to establish his true identity. In every conceivable way, Leo Sayer has gone full circle. As we sit in the lounge of the Cunard International Kip-House in Hamersmith, a denim-clad Sayer makes for sharp contrast against the chrome fittings and the endless blue serge and grey flannel types sipping mid-morning expense-account gins. Reverting to type Sayer reaffirms that a pair of freshly-laundered levis and a bunch of red-hot rock 'n' roll roadsters will (hopefully) never let you down.

"I suppose," admits the man who once hid behind a white greasepaint mask and an equally white suit, "that with my new band, I'm now back to where I first started. With Chris Stainton leading the new band, I've gone right back to the old rock 'n' roll type of enthusiasm that I had with my very first band, Patches. Forget what I've done so far, because basically we're now just a bunch of guys playing rock 'n' roll, and I'm just the singer in the band."

That's a statement which is a direct contradiction to Adam Faith's (Sayer's mentor) original intention of hiring 'n' firing musicians until such time as a band prepared to accept a subservient role—rather than one which put them on equal musical footing—had been assembled to accompany his protegee.

"Now that's where Adam and I beg to differ," says the singer. "Adam was interested in finding musicians whose only function would be to stay in the background and play all the right chords, but I was much more concerned with actually involving the musicians to the

extent that it became The Leo Sayer Band."

IT HAS taken both parties two years of frustration and countless rehearsals to mobilise musicians capable of striking the correct balance.

"The reason why I sacked so many musicians wasn't just to do with what the press term 'differences of musical opinion,' in some instances it was a question of the musicians deliberately trying to work against me."

"Look, I've always paid good money," emphasises Sayer, "but despite this, I discovered that many of the musicians were doing the gig for the bread and nothing else. O.K. fair enough, but they might have tried to enjoy earning their money at the same time. Is that such a lot to ask?" Not really.

"I sacked one complete lineup because the band started getting a bit dangerous and on a number of gigs purposely tried to blow me right off stage; that's when they all decided to show up for a gig. The guitarist would come up to me and tell me to my face that he didn't feel like playing the following night because he wanted to go back to London to audition for another band."

Hopefully for Sayer the rigours of constantly breaking-in a new band are a thing of the past, for with the impeccable Chris Stainton overseeing Les Nicol (guitar), Charlie Harrison (bass) and Steve Chapman (drums), Sayer feels he has the right vehicle with which to break new ground instead of being obliged to replough familiar terrain.

"Ever since I left Patches to go solo, I've been desperately searching for a band like this one... a bunch of highly experienced rockers who are very much into coming upfront and making the most of the music."

"Chris and the rest of the band all love rock, which is a most refreshing change for me, because I've nearly always had jazzers or funkmaniacs who've tried to destroy my music and make it sound either black or like modern jazz and, when it came to the rockers they just couldn't or wouldn't get it on. All that I've ever needed was to get my material together in the right musical context and forget about all those visual images."

But *mon petit choux*, wasn't it all those visual images that enabled you to snare the front covers of some of the World's Most Gullible Rock Weeklies? And seeing that it's owning-up time, did you ever feel comfort-

able masquerading as Coco The Clown?

"Well," he retorts, "in the first place, I only used those very strong visuals so that I could hide behind the over-personal context of some of those very early songs."

"Come to think of it, it was a very funny sorta change-over because, when I first started writing songs, I'd never gotten into them on a very personal level, so I thought, O.K., I'll really go overboard, bare my soul and make it thoroughly upfront, my actually mentioning people by name. When I started performing those songs in public, I got very embarrassed, but even so, I knew I was doing the right thing. I felt honest with myself and so I needed some kind of heavy masks to hide behind... yer know what I mean?"

Sort of... but, please continue.

"In retrospect, I suppose that aside from that it was a damn good pop gimmick to get me known as quickly as possible, but I have to admit, at the time I was doing the make-up trip, I took it very seriously."

So I've gathered. "However, with Chris and the new band, I don't think I'll ever have to resort to those visual images again, because I've decided that with my new band I just want to play rock 'n' roll. I also want to cut an album of the original rock stuff, but differently to anyone else."

"I want to record the entire album, vocals and all, live in the studio with just a four-track machine. We'll just hang 'one microphone over the drums and do away with any overdubbing. As Doctor Feelgood have proved, that's about the only way you can get a half-decent feel."

FROM PERSONAL experience, Sayer insists that sophisticated recording techniques have been responsible for taking most of the spontaneity out of rock music, and that in the confines of the studio an artist is prone to becoming too slick and professional for his own good.

"Now, I don't want people to misconstrue what I'm about to say as being a put-down of either Adam Faith or Dave Courtney (Leo's songwriting partner), but when I was making the 'Just A Boy' album, I tended to feel that I was out there as an emotive voice with very little emotion happening behind me. It was a lonely album for me to make; there I was bleatin' in to



Pic: ROBERT ELLIS

the sunset while everyone else was playing it as written. I was there all on my own without anyone coming along with me."

In fact, Leo Sayer isn't enamoured with recording at all. To be blunt about it, he despises the entire procedure. "If I had my way, I'd rather just play live gigs, but up until now, my greatest frustration has been that I've never had a good enough band behind me to even think of a live album."

"Just A Boy" took two arduous weeks in the studio to complete, and Sayer hopes that he'll be able to cut the next one in half that time; when he can do the whole gig in just one day, then he feels that he will have achieved his secret ambition.

As it is, Sayer goes into every recording session cold and unrehearsed with just a cassette of the demos he's made with Dave Courtney at the piano for reference; he doesn't want to formulate any preconceived ideas as

to how the songs should sound. He concedes that this is a dangerous way to work, but cites country star Roy Acuff as the motivation behind such madness. Apparently, on an album Acuff cut with the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, the country legend is heard to say: "I wanna tell y'all about my policy in the recording studio. A lotta folks believe that you should play a track as though you are going to play it again immediately afterwards. I don't believe in all that. We're goin' for a take first time."

"I believe in what Acuff is trying to say," Sayer confirms. "I like to do things quickly, otherwise I get bored and sometimes my brain works faster than my feet can run." He stops to mull over that last statement, and then adds, "Maybe I should start trying to enjoy recording sessions much more. Maybe I will with this new band!"

"As it is," he continues, "I've got to try and break outta this fantasy world that I'm always living in. Yer know, I walk around all day in a bleedin' daze 'cause I'm so much into myself... there's this great big brick wall around me and very few things can get through it."

"It's my recurring involvement in my own brain patterns," Sayer stops mid-sentence and adds, "He Said", realising that perhaps he's not explaining himself clearly. He smiles and starts again.

"I often find that my life is something of a personal maze

... especially as I'm always writing about my personal experiences... I'm very deaf and blank towards anyone else when I'm writing. I suppose I only write my own songs because I really can't get into other people's material, 'cause I've found it very difficult to recreate other people's emotions and experiences. When it's your own song and your own life you've just got to sing it well."

That may well so be, but Leo Sayer has begun to introduce other people's material into his stage act; "Bo Diddley" being a perfect example.

"That's what I call dangerous animal music and that's what Bo Diddley's music is all about. The only person who has come close to recreating that danger is Captain Beefheart, and that's the kind of feeling I intend to create with Chris and the new band; a cross between dangerous animal music and the basic spontaneity that Bob Dylan and the Band achieved on the Basement Tapes and, that's why I want it to be The Leo Sayer Band."

"When I leave the stage and let Les Nicol take a guitar solo, I would hope that I'm not missed and that the whole thing carries on. With this new band

the thing about the singer and his music completely disappears. I hope that this doesn't sound egotistical, because the band are just as important as Leo Sayer!"



WILL IT GO ROUND IN CIRCLES... T-Shirt to Greasepaint to Gatsby to Square One.

ON THE TOWN

In search of
Percy FaithSoft Machine,
Eleventh House/
Rainbow

COMMENDABLE as it was in terms of thoughtful prime-value programming, the double bill in which American Flash (Eleventh House) encountered British Austerity (Soft Machine) at Jazz-Rock Junction — complete with peremptory drum solo in each instance — amounted to approximately four hours of rapid-action high-intensity instrumental music which left even the most resilient members of a battered capacity audience shuffling into the night in search of Percy Faith.

From the moment Larry Coryell concluded a brief acoustic guitar set and was joined by the remainder of Eleventh House to perform selections from their dexterous-but-derivative album and some new improved compositions, it was evident that the emphasis would lie on full-frontal assault, the wall of sound, the powerhouse treatment. Call it what you will, but you'll have to shout loudly.

So while Eleventh House display a considerable sense of adventure in their playing, such enslavement to volume and disregard for contrast frequently reaches the point of counter-productive tedium.

At their high-spirited best,

however, there's no disputing the band's excellence, particularly Coryell's exhilarating guitar runs, played with intensity rather than mere ferocity, and Alphonse Mouzon's thorough exploration of his massive percussion circus, while keeping perfect time.

Paradoxically, the much lauded Mouzon solo, although spectacularly athletic and leaving no cymbal unturned nor combination of sounds unrealized, was a classic exercise in inconclusive exhibitionism.

These days it has become almost a matter of journalistic protocol to disparage the Soft Machine, a procedure which usually employs a litany of perjorative epithets ("sterile expertise" and "mathematical precision" are among the current favourites) in fully automated sequence.

But the fact is that, following a rather bleak period a couple of years back, they're now playing with great energy and conviction, even if the material is rarely equal to the execution.

With masterful perversity, they began their set to a desensitized, decibel-hungry gathering with "The Floating World", a piece of tinkling hypnotherapy reminiscent of "The Soft Weed Factor", followed by the first of numerous notable contributions from Allan Holdsworth, a guitarist whose lightness of touch makes the most note-crammed sequence sound as if it simply flicked off his fingers.

Chuck Berry/
Lewisham

THE ONLY salvation for Chuck Berry as a serious artist will be when an audience actually turns on him and demonstrates that they just won't take it any more.

There was little danger of that, however, at Lewisham Odeon last week. They were so devout, and so intoxicated by just being close to him, they probably would have cheered if he'd stood on stage eating



The solution is in YOUR hands

There's an increasing tendency, however, to accord him excessive prominence, with the result that once Roy Babbington and Mike Ratledge have taken the spotlight on bass and synthesizer respectively, the pro-

watermelon.

The trouble with Chuck Berry is that he's grown to believe that his audience will accept just about anything he feels like dishing out, and still clamour for more.

This, coupled with his almost transcendental cheapness, has brought his act to an all-time low of moronic chitlin' circuit stupidity that is only made more pathetic by the occasional flashes of brilliance that do occur when he actually bothers to try for a couple of minutes.

In Lewisham last week we were treated to one of the most abject spectacles ever presented under the name of a world class rock and roll star.

For starters, there was a support band called Maxim who were embarrassing in their tedious incompetence. The crime was compounded by compere Bob Stewart, a Radio Luxembourg DJ, who covered the change-over with an excruciating string of smutty jokes.

Then came Chuck.

He certainly came out with all the majesty that you associate with a performer of his stature.

After the crowd had finished going wild, however, it immediately became plain that all was not right.

His back-up band were listed in the programme as Gil Lavis, drums, John Spurling, bass and Lance Dixon, keyboards. From the sound of them they were yet another of the bargain basement bands that Berry is prone to hire for his British tours.

About the only consolation was that Berry's voice and

racted guitar solo is never far away.

It's also slightly dissatisfying that the climax of the performance — a forceful Karl Jenkins composition called "Hazard Profile" which incorpor-



Veteran rocker (with nubile daughter) in grave position.

guitar were nearly twice as loud as the whole band put together.

Berry moved into energetic but perfunctory versions of his all-time greats, "Roll Over Beethoven," "Rock and Roll Music," "Maybelline," and even a picked-up request from the audience for "Rambling Rose."

Every so often we heard a few bars of the guitar work that inspired so many of the great players of the 'sixties. Most of the time, though, he was content to clown and do different variations of the duck walk.

In all fairness, it was the duck walks the crowd responded to, not the playing. If Berry feels that he doesn't have

to bother, the Lewisham fans did nothing to disillusion him. They didn't even kick when he stopped playing and let his British keyboard man mutilate classic Otis Spann solos.

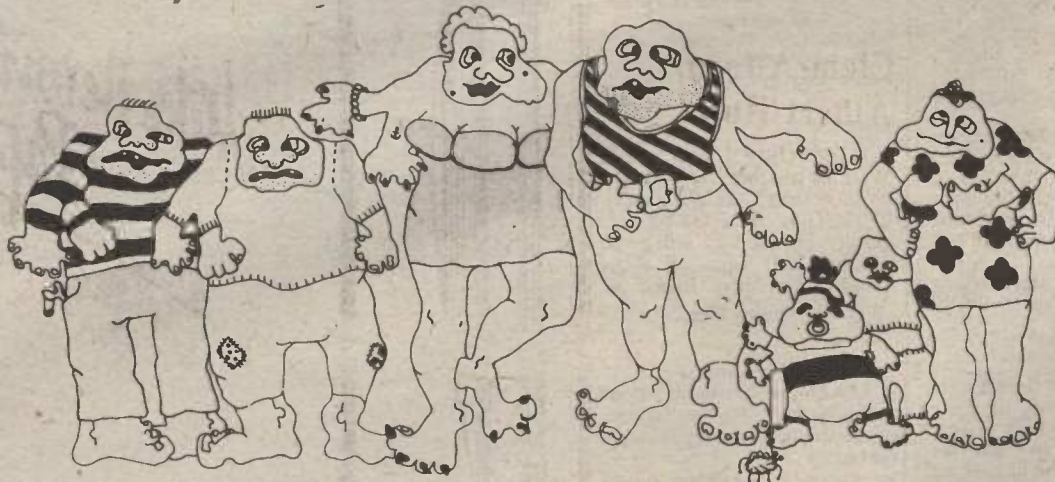
Next came the "My Ding-A-Ling" ritual, with the interminable audience sing-along. Again the crowd loved it, right down to the same jokes as on the live recording. You remember? The one about the two lesbians in the audience.

After twenty minutes or so of the comedy, Chuck did two more of his hits. I was getting punchy by then, but as far as I remember it was "Back In The USA," in which Chuck actually managed a full-scale magnificent solo. Then it was

as Mouzon's and several times more effective — provided any excitement, proceeding as it did into a rather desultory tune which went nowhere and took a long time to do so.

The encore was sheer glut-

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Rancid and smutty (apologists only)

"School Day," during which he constantly paused to let the crowd howl "Long live rock and roll" at the appropriate points.

Finally Chuck brought on his daughter, a nubile black yuppy who shared the honours on an extended version of "Reelin' and Rockin'." The teds were brought on stage and that was it.

The Chuck Berry show was over; no bows, no encores. Chuck was probably collecting his bread and getting ready to split.

It's a saddening sight to see one of the greatest musicians of the last twenty years turning himself into a mediocre clown and pandering to the lowest mass response that can be generated in an audience. There isn't anything wrong with a good raunchy black comedian. Redd Foxx can hold an audience in the palm of his hand for hours and turn his show into a celebration of earthy gut level humour.

Foxx is a master of his craft, and so is Chuck Berry. The only difference is that Chuck Berry's craft is guitar playing and song writing. It just needs someone to remind him of it.

It can happen; Little Richard was brought up short when at

Wembley stadium the crowd decided that his abandonment of rock and his idiot queening had gone too far and they gave him the thumbs down.

I only hope the same shock may wake up Chuck Berry before his musical career slides irretrievably out of his grasp.

Mick Farren



Stop enjoying yourselves, won't you?

tony on the part of the audience.

Still, it was a worthwhile evening. I enjoyed Soft Machine most of the time, and Eleventh House when they weren't being ear-obliterating show-offs.

Al Clark

Big John Wrencher/ 100 Club

"YOU CAN'T get that kinda wah-wah sound," said Big John Wrencher, explaining his harmonica technique.

He lost his left arm in a Memphis car crash some years ago and consequently had to re-think his harp playing.

The result is a slight lack of sustain (what Big John calls wah-wah), but a resulting concentration on notes and melody.

You know how most blues players grasp harp and mike together in both paws and sorta slobber and suck over everything in sight? Well Big John grabs harp and mike together in one paw and sorta plays clean straightforward on-the-beat harmonica. It's rather as if he's reassessed the instrument as a blues medium.

Big John was the surprise success of last year's Blues Legends tour and promoter Jim Simpson has brought him back in again to try and get some solo action (and coincidentally to give the newly-recorded Transatlantic album a bit of a push).

It's unfortunate but a fact of life that many of the US bluesmen can't afford to bring backing bands over. In fact, many of them don't employ regular bands at home since working in Chicago means that you always have access to top pick-up musicians anyway.

John Wrencher was backed in London by the Blueshounds (the old Brunning-Hall band) and while the latter are a competent enough backing unit they really don't get off as anything more than that.

There's no lead guitar challenge for one thing and the pianist seems to think he's playing the Savoy Cocktail Lounge.

Fortunately, Chicago blues protrudes into rock 'n' roll at one end so for much of the evening they were able simply

to provide Wrencher with a basic rhythmic thrash and get a few feet stomping.

It was on the slower numbers that their lack of swing and invention showed up and it ain't no fun to be a blues star then, when your band have lost their way with several minutes of a song remaining.

In terms of funk Wrencher made it through O.K.

His harp playing is straightforward and lyrical and his singing powerfully effective. After the gig he donned his famous broad brimmed hat and an expensive-looking coat to maintain his reputation as the blues dandy, but onstage, both musically and sartorially, he kept things very much to the bone.

The resourceful Jim Simpson certainly throws up some novel characters and this latest protegee will undoubtedly be a popular visitor here in future. Good classic bluesmen are getting rarer and rarer.

A word about this backing business. A great many British musicians made a small packet during the sixties by drawing on blues for their inspiration. As Jim Simpson says, finances are difficult for everyone on these specialised tours. Isn't it possible with a bit of give and take to organise the kind of backing that these bluesmen deserve? How about it, some of you white superstars?

I understand by the way that Big John was playing at the 100 Club to rather more people than he does at home in blase Chicago. He was gratified with the audience here and gratified with the attention they gave his music.

Presumably he goes back to a part-time job on his return home.

David Redshaw

Jeremy Spencer's Albatross/ Marquee

THE PRODIGAL SON returned to the Marquee last Tuesday night and all was well.

After four years of squandering his creativity on various coffee house gigs for the Children Of God and producing a veritable pig sty of an album for CBS entitled "Jeremy Spencer And The Children" the guitarist/vocalist/impersonator beloved of Fleetwood Mac was back on

form for his new band's first London gig.

Although Spencer and the six other members of the band are all members of the Children Of God (a sub-Christian youth cult) no longer are they simply using the medium of rock to communicate The Message.

It's still all there, particularly on numbers such as "Who Are The Rebels" and "Sometimes Lord", but it's implicit rather than explicit — the music isn't having to bow down to the lyrics.

What's more — they're having fun these days (tell George Harrison that!). Spencer hasn't had to destroy his past and therefore comes up with those excellent Presley impersonations that used to be a star spot in Fleetwood Mac concerts.

He starts off with "You're So Square" and then, in order to keep up with the times he says he's gonna sing the title song from his new movie. "You heard of Bruce Lee", he snaps. "Well this is Pres Lee". And it's off into a Spencer send-up entitled "Kung Fu Kapers".

It's not so much that he sounds like Presley, his voice is too thin for that, but he has the movements down to a tee and manages just the right sort of curled lip.

Another side of Spencer that has returned is his bottle neck guitar playing — some numbers were heavily reminiscent of the Mac at their peak. In fact the set started off with "Albatross", at which point you realise that Jeremy isn't trying to pretend he hasn't existed before.

Overall, Jeremy Spencer's Albatross seem interested in presenting a good evening's entertainment full of rockin' fun. It's early days yet and there are edges that need to be honed down, but they're well on the right tracks.

Although Spencer is the only 'name' member of the band he is in no way attempting to dominate on stage.

Vocals are shared with Zac Waxman (who also plays rhythm guitar) and his wife Shelley. Guitar licks are shared with Phil Ham on lead. Also contributing — Solomon (drums), Jed Light (bass) and Isaac (congas and percussion).

Steve Turner

Clem Alford/ Albert Hall

AT ALFORD'S East meets West get-together, the East won by more than a short joss-stick.

The Glaswegian left his electronic sitar and wah wah pedal at home and forgot all about plugging his "Mirror Image" album as he indulged in more traditional exchanges of musical views with Sheik Ismail, a superb tabla player, and Abdul Kadir Durvesh, who impressed with his work on the shahnai, an instrument very similar to an oboe.

Although I assume Alford kept well within the bounds of classic raga — I write from no stance of authority — any passing jazzman would have felt at home if invited to jam and it was easy to imagine what inspired Coltrane and many others to dig deep within Indian music forms.

The first half of the programme featured the remarkable talents of Lakshmi Shankar (Ravi's sister-in-law) who recently appeared on some Hari the G. gigs.

Her vocal dexterity leaves most female rock vocalists sounding like lower class scale learners and though the repetitious, mantra-like nature of parts of her performance sometimes provoked yawns from Western listeners there is little doubt that she had won new admirers by the end of her set. "The Baez of Bombay" she was dubbed by one eminent rockologist — and the description of her seemed apt.

All-in-all then, an evening that demanded some effort on the part of the audience — but one that was ultimately rewarding.

Fred Dellar

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●From page 6

can't ... it has to be more than a juke-box. Christ, even Alvin Lee doing 'Goin' Home' for the 19 millionth time ... it has to mean something. The effort alone must mean something. I mean, for us 'Passion Play' ... in order to play that demands a commitment."

But I'm talking about ... "That raw special thing, right? Like Harper, right? For maybe 40 per cent of the time, it's remarkable. I'm not the emotive indicator of my own mood. Harper's just lucky to be able to play-like that. For me ... my thing is to maintain a consistency in live performance without taking away the possibility of that extra special factor — the spontaneous moment."

"I mean, I could be on talk shows. I could smile and shake the hands of my guests. And, of course, I wouldn't want to, but when we play America, that's the sort of thing I have to get into. I'm amused to take on the character of the ... uh ... compere. How else could I go on dressing the way I do and singing the way I do?"

"You see, my audience ... as a whole, has no desire whatsoever to actually question why I may dress the way I do on stage, or question the lyrics I happen to be singing. They'd rather accept it all *per se*."

"I mean, and again the difference between me and Roy Harper is that I would be prepared to board a jet and fly across the Atlantic in order to be at peace ... to be alone enough to write a song. But Roy Harper is actually prepared to go to Finland with a haversack, to camp in the snow in the Tundra on skis in order to acquire a more romantic, meaningful truth. I would never go that far."

ANDERSON has had weird eccentric camaraderie bouts with both Beefheart and Harper in his time. The latter would phone him up at five o'clock in the morning in order to get him down to a session he was recording and Anderson would grin and agreeably shamble along.

Beefheart though — now Beefheart was something else. Anderson got involved with the Captain and his old Magic Band to an extent where, now, he's more or less taken over a Magic Band regrouping involving Zoot Horn Rollo, Rockette Morton and John ("Drumbo") French with Tull arranger, 37-year-old David Palmer on piano. "Beefheart was too much of a tyrant who demanded too much credit. The music on 'Trout Mask Replica', 'Lick My Decals Off' etc. was really all Mark and Bill (Rollo and Morton) who picked up bits of what Beefheart was bashing out incoherently on the piano and moulded it into an actual musical form."

Van Vliet was a bully, a brilliant bully sometimes, according to Anderson, but a bully nonetheless, who played upon his band's equally brilliant naivety. "At one point I actually said to Mark, listen if you're scared of writing music yourself, I'll get you a monkey to play piano for you so you can take the music from him. Because that's what Beefheart really did for that band."

This time, according to Anderson, it will be better. "I'm determined that this band will be the Magic Band." A record label is being looked into.

"But the thing about both

Harper and Beefheart is that both of them are what they so adamantly proclaim. Harper is a romantic ... Beefheart is far-out. I mean I go through similar situations which I don't want to talk about and which I don't want to use to vaunt myself into that elite. I mean, but I can get so depressed that I cry ...

"I mean, now I'm quite sane! In two hours' time who knows, I might be rampaging around the room on a bed in black rubber underwear. You certainly won't know if I am or not!"

OK, then let's get down to grist of the matter. Chrysalis sent me here to herald the fact that you and your band are veritable titans in the concert halls of this country. That ultimately is the only reason I'm here talking to you and I still have not discovered any key factor — any definitive *raison d'être* for this state of affairs. I've eavesdropped on audience conversations, I've played the jaundiced observer, I've scoured the L.A. Forum to practically no avail. So what do you, the performer and consequent object of all this avid attention think it all boils down to?

"Christ, I couldn't suggest one of the many reasons for my popularity that might exist. I mean, that is your job, isn't it? You're in the 'objective' seat and I'm ... in the 'ejector' seat (laughs). Christ, that sounds like somebody else I know —"

So I've failed. "It's weird because I did a radio show a few days ago and it developed into one of those phone-in marathons. I was really curious to experiment in that field as apposed to taping just another semi-conversation with a bunch of Tull tracks slotted in. So they announced live over the air that Ian Anderson is in the studio and if anyone wants to phone in blah, blah. And I mean, the switchboard was jammed literally ... all these lights going on. And all the people on the phones maintained this incredibly unabashed ability to make quite stunningly stupid remarks like ... how many of them just said 'What's happening, man?' with the token 'How long have you been playing flute?' thrown in for good measure?"

"Christ, there was no real confrontation of any form. Someone asked me what sign I was and I said 'Stop-Go' — but not necessarily in that order." And the next person who phoned up said 'Hi, I'm a Leo'."

So how do you pacify the fans who want to know? "Oh I'm civil, in that classic Graham Greene Englishman style of gruff politeness. Someone who says what is necessary and tries to get out of it. I'm not into preaching at all."

"You know it's funny really. I often wonder some four minutes before I go on ... I mean, they're all out there ... waiting ... anticipating and I'm very casual and calm really with a ciggy and the last bottle of beer around, laughing at it all backstage in my dressing room. I've thought about putting up a screen above the stage and videoing those last minutes so the audience can see it all going on. I mean, it would probably destroy the total impact of course ... but then again it might add something."

"Actually I'm totally normal, really. That's probably my weakness."

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- Last This Week ending March 4th, 1970
- 2 1 WANDERING STAR Lee Marvin (Paramount)
 - 2 2 I WANT YOU BACK Jackson 5 (Tama Motown)
 - 3 3 LET'S WORK TOGETHER Canned Heat (Liberty)
 - 4 4 LOVE GROWS Edison Lighthouse (Bell)
 - 5 5 INSTANT KARMA Plastic Ono Band (Apple)
 - 6 6 UNITED WE STAND Brotherhood of Man (Deram)
 - 7 7 LEAVING ON A JET PLANE Peter, Paul & Mary (Warner Bros.)
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 - 9 9 TENMA HARBOUR Mary Hopkin (Apple)
 - 10 10 VENUS Shocking Blue (Penny Farthing)

Ten Years Ago

- Last This Week ending March 5th, 1965
- 2 1 IT'S NOT UNUSUAL Tom Jones (Decca)
 - 2 2 I'LL NEVER FIND ANOTHER YOU Seekers (Columbia)
 - 3 3 SILHOUETTES Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
 - 4 4 GAME OF LOVE Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders (Fontana)
 - 5 5 I'LL STOP AT NOTHING Sandle Shaw (Pye)
 - 6 6 DON'T LET ME BE MISUNDERSTOOD Animals (Columbia)
 - 7 7 I MUST BE SEEING THINGS Gene Pitney (Stateside)
 - 8 8 THE LAST TIME Rolling Stones (Decca)
 - 9 9 COME AND STAY WITH ME Marianne Faithfull (Decca)
 - 10 10 FUNNY HOW LOVE CAN BE Ivy League (Piccadilly)

15 Years Ago

- Last This Week ending March 4th, 1960
- 2 1 POOR ME Adam Faith (Parlophone)
 - 1 2 WHY Anthony Newley (Decca)
 - 3 3 RUNNING BEAR Johnny Preston (Mercury)
 - 4 4 SLOW BOAT TO CHINA Emile Ford (Pye)
 - 5 5 VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS Cliff Richard (Columbia)
 - 6 6 WAY DOWN YONDER Freddie Cannon (Top Rank)
 - 7 7 PRETTY BLUE EYES Craig Douglas (Top Rank)
 - 24 8 DELAWARE Perry Como (RCA)
 - 10 9 SUMMER SET Acker Bilk (Columbia)
 - 8 10 BEYOND THE SEA Bobby Darin (London)

CASH ARTS

SINGLES

This Last Week

Tuesday, February 25, 1974

Weeks in Chart
Highest Position

- | | | | | | |
|----|------|-----------------------------------|--|---|----|
| 1 | (3) | MAKE ME SMILE | Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel (EMI) | 3 | 1 |
| 2 | (20) | IF | Telly Savalas (MCA) | 2 | 2 |
| 3 | (1) | PLEASE MR. POSTMAN | Carpenters (A&M) | 6 | 1 |
| 4 | (9) | THE SECRETS THAT YOU KEEP | Mud (Rak) | 3 | 4 |
| 5 | (2) | JANUARY | Pilot (EMI) | 7 | 1 |
| 6 | (7) | SHAME SHAME SHAME | Shirley & Co. (All Platinum) | 3 | 6 |
| 7 | (15) | MY EYES ADORED YOU | Frankie Valli (Private Stock) | 4 | 7 |
| 8 | (26) | ONLY YOU CAN | Fox (GTO) | 2 | 8 |
| 9 | (4) | SUGAR CANDY KISSES | Mac & Katie Kisson (Polydor) | 6 | 2 |
| 10 | (5) | ANGIE BABY | Helen Reddy (Capitol) | 6 | 5 |
| 11 | (12) | FOOTSEE | Wigan's Chosen Few (Pye) | 5 | 11 |
| 12 | (11) | YOUR KISS IS SWEET | Syreeta (Tama Motown) | 4 | 11 |
| 13 | (16) | GOOD LOVE CAN NERER DIE | Alvin Stardust (Magnet) | 4 | 13 |
| 14 | (27) | I'M STONE IN LOVE WITH YOU | Johnny Mathis (CBS) | 4 | 14 |
| 15 | (8) | BLACK SUPERMAN | Johnny Wakelin & The Kinshasa Band (Pye) | 5 | 7 |
| 16 | (6) | GOODBYE MY LOVE | Glitter Band (Bell) | 6 | 3 |
| 17 | (13) | STAR ON A TV SHOW | Stylistics (Avco) | 5 | 13 |
| 18 | (10) | NOW I'M HERE | Queen (EMI) | 5 | 5 |
| 19 | (—) | PICK UP THE PIECES | Average White Band (Atlantic) | 1 | 19 |
| 20 | (24) | PLEASE TELL HIM THAT I SAID HELLO | Dana (GTO) | 3 | 20 |
| 21 | (21) | IT MAY BE WINTER OUTSIDE | Love Unlimited (20th Century) | 5 | 21 |
| 22 | (28) | HOW DOES IT FEEL | Slade (Polydor) | 2 | 22 |
| 23 | (30) | SOUTH AFRICAN MAN | Hamilton Bohannon (Brunswick) | 2 | 23 |
| 24 | (29) | DREAMER | Supertramp (A&M) | 2 | 24 |
| 25 | (—) | MY LAST NIGHT WITH YOU | Arrows (Rak) | 1 | 25 |
| 26 | (—) | MANDY | Barry Manilow (Arista) | 1 | 26 |
| 27 | (—) | LOVE GAMES | Drifters (Bell) | 1 | 27 |
| 28 | (23) | SHOORAH! SHOORAH! | Betty Wright (RCA) | 5 | 23 |
| 29 | (25) | ROLL ON DOWN THE HIGHWAY | Bachman Turner Overdrive (Mercury) | 5 | 22 |
| 30 | (—) | SHEET MUSIC | Showaddywaddy (Bell) | 1 | 30 |

U.S. SINGLES

This Last Week

Tuesday, 25th February, 1975

- | | | | |
|----|------|------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 | (2) | PICK UP THE PIECES | Average White Band |
| 2 | (6) | HAVE YOU NEVER BEEN MELLOW | Olivia Newton John |
| 3 | (5) | MY EYES ADORED YOU | Frankie Valli |
| 4 | (4) | BEST OF MY LOVE | Eagles |
| 5 | (3) | BLACK WATER | Doobie Brothers |
| 6 | (1) | FIRE | Ohio Players |
| 7 | (11) | LADY MARMALADE | Labelle |
| 8 | (9) | LADY | Styx |
| 9 | (13) | ROLL ON DOWN THE HIGHWAY | Bachman Turner |
| 10 | (12) | LONELY PEOPLE | America |
| 11 | (19) | LOVIN' YOU | Minnie Ripperton |
| 12 | (10) | NO. 9 DREAM | John Lennon |
| 13 | (29) | SHAME SHAME SHAME | Shirley & Co. |
| 14 | (14) | SWEET SURRENDER | John Denver |
| 15 | (7) | YOU'RE NO GOOD | Linda Ronstadt |
| 16 | (18) | NIGHTINGALE | Carole King |
| 17 | (26) | POETRY MAN | Phoebe Snow |
| 18 | (21) | CAN'T GET IT OUT OF MY HEAD | Electric Light Orchestra |
| 19 | (22) | UP IN A PUFF OF SMOKE | Polly Brown |
| 20 | (23) | DON'T CALL US | Sugarloaf |
| 21 | (24) | I AM LOVE | Jackson 5 |
| 22 | (—) | YOU ARE SO BEAUTIFUL | Joe Cocker |
| 23 | (27) | MY BOY | Elvis Presley |
| 24 | (25) | I'M A WOMAN | Maria Muldaur |
| 25 | (28) | MOVIN' ON | Bad Company |
| 26 | (—) | EXPRESS | B.T. Express |
| 27 | (30) | TO THE DOOR OF THE SUN | Al Martino |
| 28 | (—) | NEVER LET HER GO | David Gates |
| 29 | (—) | NO NO SONG | Ringo Starr |
| 30 | (8) | SOME KIND OF WONDERFUL | Grand Funk |
- Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

This Last Week

Tuesday, February 25, 1975

Weeks in Chart
Highest Position

- | | | | | | |
|----|------|---|---|-----|----|
| 1 | (2) | ELTON JOHN'S GREATEST HITS | (DJM) | 16 | 1 |
| 2 | (3) | SHEER HEART ATTACK | Queen (EMI) | 16 | 2 |
| 3 | (4) | TUBULAR BELLS | Mike Oldfield (Virgin) | 79 | 1 |
| 4 | (1) | ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK'S GREATEST HITS | (Decca) | 11 | 1 |
| 5 | (13) | ON THE LEVEL | Status Quo (Vertigo) | 2 | 5 |
| 6 | (5) | BLOOD ON THE TRACKS | Bob Dylan (CBS) | 4 | 5 |
| 7 | (11) | CRIME OF THE CENTURY | Supertramp (A&M) | 8 | 7 |
| 8 | (8) | THE SINGLES 1969-1973 | Carpenters (A&M) | 59 | 1 |
| 9 | (20) | STARDUST | Soundtrack (Ronco) | 18 | 9 |
| 10 | (6) | DARK SIDE OF THE MOON | Pink Floyd (Harvest) | 100 | 1 |
| 11 | (12) | GET DANCING | Various Artists (K-Tel) | 5 | 6 |
| 12 | (10) | ROLLIN' | Bay City Rollers (Bell) | 22 | 1 |
| 13 | (14) | SIMON & GARFUNKEL'S GREATEST HITS | (CBS) | 118 | 1 |
| 14 | (9) | DAVID ESSEX | (CBS) | 21 | 1 |
| 15 | (7) | CAN'T GET ENOUGH | Barry White (20th Century) | 18 | 3 |
| 16 | (22) | NOT FRAGILE | Bachman Turner Overdrive (Mercury) | 8 | 14 |
| 17 | (15) | BAND ON THE RUN | Wings (Parlophone) | 63 | 1 |
| 18 | (19) | ELVIS PRESLEY'S 40 GREATEST HITS | (Arcade) | 16 | 2 |
| 19 | (25) | HIS 12 GREATEST HITS | Neil Diamond (MCA) | 19 | 11 |
| 20 | (17) | AND I LOVE YOU SO | Perry Como (RCA) | 77 | 3 |
| 21 | (18) | STREETS | Ralph McTell (Warner Brothers) | 2 | 18 |
| 22 | (23) | SHOWADDYWADDY | (Bell) | 12 | 8 |
| 23 | (26) | ORCHESTRAL TUBULAR BELLS | Royal Philharmonic Orchestra/Mike Oldfield (Virgin) | 3 | 19 |
| 24 | (24) | COP YER WHACK FOR THIS | Billy Connolly (Polydor) | 8 | 20 |
| 25 | (—) | PROMISED LAND | Elvis Presley (RCA) | 1 | 25 |
| 26 | (—) | THE BEST OF JOHN DENVER | (RCA) | 11 | 15 |
| 27 | (—) | BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATER | Simon & Garfunkel (CBS) | 180 | 1 |
| 28 | (—) | AVERAGE WHITE BAND .. | (Atlantic) | 1 | 28 |
| 29 | (—) | THE BEST OF BREAD | Bread (Elektra) | 4 | 29 |
| 30 | (—) | MUSIC EXPLOSION | Various Artists (K-Tel) | 10 | 15 |

U.S. ALBUMS

This Last Week

Tuesday, 25th February, 1975

- | | | | |
|----|------|-----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 | (2) | AVERAGE WHITE BAND | Average White Band |
| 2 | (3) | BLOOD ON THE TRACKS | Bob Dylan |
| 3 | (1) | HEART LIKE A WHEEL | Linda Ronstadt |
| 4 | (4) | FIRE | Ohio Players |
| 5 | (5) | ELTON JOHN'S GREATEST HITS .. | Elton John |
| 6 | (6) | MILES OF AISLES | Joni Mitchell |
| 7 | (7) | BARRY MANILOW II | Barry Manilow |
| 8 | (—) | HAVE YOU NEVER BEEN MELLOW | Olivia Newton-John |
| 9 | (11) | EMPTY SKY | Elton John |
| 10 | (12) | RUFUSIZED | Rufus |
| 11 | (13) | SO WHAT | Joe Walsh |
| 12 | (9) | WAR CHILD | Jethro Tull |
| 13 | (14) | NEW AND IMPROVED | Spinners |
| 14 | (17) | PHOEBE SNOW | Phoebe Snow |
| 15 | (19) | B.T. EXPRESS | B.T. Express |
| 16 | (20) | STYX II | Styx |
| 17 | (21) | PERFECT ANGEL | Minnie Ripperton |
| 18 | (—) | WHAT WERE ONCE VICES .. | Doobie Brothers |
| 19 | (15) | JOY TO THE WORLD | Three Dog Night |
| 20 | (30) | NIGHT BIRDS | Labelle |
| 21 | (27) | ALL THE LOVE IN THE WORLD .. | Mac Davis |
| 22 | (8) | DARK HORSE | George Harrison |
| 23 | (10) | ALL THE GIRLS IN THE WORLD BEWARE | Grand Funk |
| 24 | (16) | RELAYER | Yes |
| 25 | (26) | SOUVENIRS | Dan Fogelberg |
| 26 | (18) | BACK HOME AGAIN | John Denver |
| 27 | (—) | SUN GODDESS | Ramsey Lewis |
| 28 | (22) | NOT FRAGILE | Bachman Turner Overdrive |
| 29 | (29) | PRIME TIME | Tony Orlando & Dawn |
| 30 | (—) | PROPHET | Richard Harris |
- Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY

ABERDEEN Capitol: NEIL SEDAKA
BATH Flamingo: JOHNNY WAKELIN & THE KINSHASA BAND
BECCLES Public Hall: GLOBAL VILLAGE TRUCKING COMPANY
BOLTON Town Hall: CARAVAN/RENAISSANCE
BRISTOL Granary: STRIFE
BUCKLEY Tivoli: JIMMY JAMES & THE VAGABONDS
CAMBRIDGE Com Exchange: DR. FEELGOOD/KOKOMO/CHILLI WILLI & THE RED HOT PEPPERS
CHATHAM Central Hall: CHICK COREA & RETURN TO FOREVER/ZZEBRA
CLEETHORPES Pier Pavilion: THE "NEW FACES" SHOW
COVENTRY Mr. George's: RONNIE LANE AND SLIM CHANCE
COVENTRY Warwick University: AL STEWART/BRINSLEY SCHWARZ
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: LABI SIFFRE
FAREHAM H.M.S. Collingwood: JIMMY POWELL & THE DIMENSIONS
GLASGOW City Hall: GRYPHON
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: KIKI DEE BAND/SAILOR
GLOUCESTER Tracy's: MUSCLES
HANLEY Heavy Steam Machine: HUES CORPORATION
HARROW RAF Northolt: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
HEYWOOD Seven Stars: WOMAN
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: NUTZ
LEICESTER Polytechnic: BIG JOHN WRENCHER
LONDON Camden Dingwalls: KURSAAL FLYERS
LONDON Central Polytechnic: GRIMMS
LONDON Fulham Golden Lion: MOON
LONDON Islington Hope & Anchor: F.B.I.
LONDON Marquee Club: JILL SAWARD'S FUSION ORCHESTRA
LONDON Peckham Newlands Tavern: PHOENIX
LONDON Speakeasy: GONZALEZ
LONDON Wimbeldon Southard College: GORDON GILTRAP
MIDDLESBROUGH Teeside Polytechnic: UPP
NELSON Sandy Club: JOHNNY WILDER'S CHICAGO HEATWAVE
NEWCASTLE City Hall: LINDISFARNE
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: SHO-



TOM PAXTON is currently touring and this week visits Lancaster (Friday), St. Alban's (Saturday) Gravesend (Sunday) and Portsmouth (Monday).

WADDYWADDY
OLDHAM Cat's Whiskers: MAC & KATIE KISSOON
PENZANCE Winter Gardens: SNAFU
PORTSMOUTH Jug of Punch: MIKE ABSALOM ROADSHOW
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont: CHUCK BERRY
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: STACKRIDGE
TREFOREST Glamorgan Polytechnic: WISPER

TV AND RADIO

RADIO 1: 7 a.m. Noel Edmonds; 9.0 Tony Blackburn; 12 noon Johnnie Walker (incorporating "Newsbeat" at 12.30); 2 p.m. David Hamilton (shared with Radio 2); 5.0 "Newsbeat"; 5.15-7.0 John Peel presents "Top Gear" with Kokomo/Roy Harper; 7.30 Jack McLaughlin introduces "Folk 75" with Bob Buckle and Talisman; 8.0-9.0 Tony Capstick introduces "Folkweave" with English Tapestry; /Vin Garbutt; 10.0-12.30 a.m. Don Durbridge with "Music Through Midnight".
LUXEMBOURG 6.45 p.m. Tony Prince; 8.30 "Much More Music"; 10.0 Top Twenty Albums; 11.30 Pop News; 12.0 "208 at Midnight"; 1 a.m.-2.30 "Today's Sounds".
TELEVISION "Top of the Pops" with Dave Lee Travis (BBC-1); Lindisfarne/Sweet Sensation/Polly Brown in "45" introduced by Kid Jensen (most ITV areas, but subject to regional variation — London viewers see it Saturday); "The Geordie Scene" (Tyne Tees TV); "Dave Allen At Large" (BBC-2).

FRIDAY

ABERDEEN Dunbar Hall of Residence: JAMES HOGG BAND
ABERDEEN University: ANGE/SUNDANCE
AYR Darlington Hotel: STUART GILLIES
BEDWORTH Civic Centre: THE "NEW FACES" SHOW
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: HUES CORPORATION
BRADFORD University: JOHN RENBOURN & JACQUI MCSHEE
BRIGHTON Sussex University: STOMU YAMASHITA & EAST WIND
BRISTOL University: MUD/ALBERTO Y LOST TRIO PARANOIAS/CHOPYN
CANTERBURY Kent University: PLANXTY
CARDIFF Capitol: CHUCK BERRY
CHATHAM Medway College: RARE BIRD
COLCHESTER N-E Essex Technical College: GONZALEZ
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: FRU-UPP
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
DERBY College of Art: HUSTLER
DORCHESTER Tavern: JOHNNY WAKELIN & THE KINSHASA BAND
DUNDEE College of Art: BIG JOHN WRENCHER
DURHAM University: GRYPHON/G.T. MOORE & THE REGGAE GUITARS
EXETER University: CHICK COREA & RETURN TO FOREVER/ZZEBRA
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: NEIL SEDAKA
GLOUCESTER Tracy's: MUSCLES
GOOLE Vikings: JAVELLS/NOSMO KING
GUILDFORD Surrey University: COZY POWELL'S HAMMER
HARROW Technical College: WARLORD
HARWELL Atomic Energy Plant: MARMALADE
HULL University: JESS RODEN BAND
LANCASTER University: TOM PAXTON
LEEDS Blue Angel: EMILE FORD
LIVERPOOL Page Moss Youth Centre: KURSAAL FLYERS
LONDON Camberwell School of Art: STARRY EYED & LAUGHING
LONDON Camden Dingwalls: FUNKEES
LONDON City University: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
LONDON College of Printing: JUDAS PRIEST
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Town Hall: BACK DOOR/CLANCY
LONDON Islington Kings Head: CAMDEN GOODS
LONDON KENSINGTON Biba's: SPARROW
LONDON LEYTONSTONE Red Lion: SAVOY BROWN



LONDON Marquee Club: SNAFU
LONDON North Polytechnic: DR. FEELGOOD/KOKOMO/CHILLI WILLI & THE RED HOT PEPPERS
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: EDGAR BROUGHTON BAND
LONDON Royal College of Dentistry: MIKE ABSALOM ROADSHOW
LONDON Southbank Polytechnic: CURVED AIR/TRACE
LONDON Speakeasy: F.B.I.
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SYCO & THE NEW YORKER SOUND
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: MOON
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: KIKI DEE BAND/SAILOR
MANCHESTER Peacock Club: COUSIN JOE
NEWCASTLE Mayfair: BLACK OAK ARKANSAS/SASSAFRAS
NORWICH St. Andrew's Hall: STACKRIDGE
OXFORD New Theatre: RALPH MCTELL/GAY & TERRY WOODS
PETEREE Senate Club: MAC & KATIE KISSOON
READING University: RONNIE LANE & SLIM CHANCE
REDDITCH Cloud Nine: FOUNDATIONS
SPALDING Springfield: JIMMY JAMES & THE VAGABONDS
STOKE Wagon & Horses: WOMAN
SUNDERLAND Locamo: CARAVAN/RENAISSANCE
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: STRIFE
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: GRIMMS
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: BLACK-FOOT SUE
WEXHAM Fagin's: CISSY STONE/BODY & SOUL
YORK Vanburgh College: SLACK ALICE

TV AND RADIO

RADIO 1: 7 a.m.-5.15 p.m. As Thursday; 5.15-7.0 "Rosko's Round Table"; 10.0-12.30 a.m. Len Jackson with "Music Through Midnight".
LUXEMBOURG 6.45 p.m. Mark Wesley; 8.30 "Much More Music"; 10.0 "Album of the Week"; 12.0 "208 At Midnight"; 1 a.m.-2.30 "Dimensions".
TELEVISION Stackridge/Dave Evans in "The Old Grey Whistle Test" (BBC-2); Kenny/Ed Stewart in "Crackerjack" (BBC-1); Ballroom Dance Championships (BBC-1); "The Andy Stewart Show" (ITV lunchtime); "Russell Harty" (some ITV regions).

SATURDAY

ASHFORD Technical College: UPP
AYR Darlington Hotel: STUART GILLIES
BIRMINGHAM Incognito: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
BIRMINGHAM Newman College: MIKE ABSALOM ROADSHOW
BIRMINGHAM University: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS / NUTZ
BOGNOR College of Education: GORDON GILTRAP
BOLTON College of Technology: JUDAS PRIEST
BRADFORD University: BLACK OAK ARKANSAS/SASSAFRAS
BRISTOL Polytechnic: GRIMMS
BRISTOL Yate Sterling Rooms: MARMALADE
BROMSGROVE Shenstone College: SNAFU
BURTON Grays Court Hotel: BUSTER
CAMBRIDGE Com Exchange: WALLY / JOHN GOLDING
CAMBRIDGE Technical College: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIO PARANOIAS
CANVEY ISLAND Kings Club: FOUNDATIONS
CARDIFF College of Education: WISPER
CARDIFF University: KIKI DEE BAND / SAILOR
COLCHESTER Essex University: STOMU YAMASHITA & EAST WIND
COLNE Municipal Hall: WARLORD
CREWE College of Further Education: JACK THE LAD
DAGENHAM Roundhouse: DR. FEELGOOD
DEWSBURY Town Hall: THE "NEW FACES" SHOW
DUDLEY College of Education: COUSIN JOE / MIGHTY FLEA
DUNDEE University: LOL COXHILL
DUNSTABLE California: HUES CORPORATION
DURHAM Bede College: BIG JOHN WRENCHER
EDINBURGH Heriot Watt University: ISOTOPE
EGHAM Royal Holloway College: STARRY EYED & LAUGHING
FISHGUARD Frenchman's Motel: FORTUNES
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: MUD

GLASGOW University: SUNDANCE
GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre: CHUCK BERRY
GOOLE Vikings: DRIFTING HARMONY
HANLEY Heavy Steam Machine: RUFUS
LEEDS University: CURVED AIR / TRACE
LEICESTER University: OSIBISA
LIVERPOOL University: SLACK ALICE
LONDON Camden Brecknock: MOON
LONDON Imperial College: JOHN MARTYN / PURE CHANCE
LONDON KENSINGTON Biba's: SPARROW
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: CHICK COREA & RETURN TO FOREVER/ZZEBRA
LONDON Peckham Newlands Tavern: CELEBRATED ARTISTS BAND
LONDON School of Economics: PETE ATKIN
LONDON Speakeasy: HOT ROCKS
LONDON University Union: STEFAN GROSSMAN / DALE MILLER / DAVE EVANS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SYCO & THE NEW YORKER SOUND
LOUGHBOROUGH University: CHOPYN
MANCHESTER Carib Club: JAVELLS / NOSMO KING
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: NEIL SEDAKA
MANCHESTER University: STACKRIDGE
NORWICH Keswick College: GLOBAL VILLAGE TRUCKING COMPANY
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: WOMAN
NOTTINGHAM University: CARAVAN / RENAISSANCE
OAKENGATES Town Hall: JOHNNY WAKELIN & THE KINSHASA BAND
PETERLEE Senate Club: MAC & KATIE KISSOON
PLYMOUTH Guildhall: EDGAR BROUGHTON BAND
PORTSMOUTH Tricorn: CISSY STONE / BODY & SOUL
PRESTON Polytechnic: STRIFE
SCUNTHORPE Baths Hall: LINDISFARNE
SHEFFIELD University: GRYPHON
SHERBOURNE New Digby Hall: KENNY
SOUTHEAST Kersall: STATUS QUO
ST. ALBANS City Hall: TOM PAXTON
ST. ANDREW'S University: ANGE
SUNDERLAND Polytechnic: FRUUPP
WAKEFIELD Ardsey E & W Club: OVATION
WALSALL West Midlands College: RONNIE LANE & SLIM CHANCE

JAZZ

THURSDAY

BARNES Bulls Head: BILL LESAGE / ART THEMEN
BARNET Red Lion: STEVE LANE'S SOUTHERN STOMPERS
BECKENHAM Three Tuns: STEAM
BETHNEL GREEN Rochelle School: MIKE COLLINS REHEARSAL BIG BAND
BRENTFORD Bricklayers Arms: JAKE McMAHON
CHARLTON White Horse: ROSEMARY SMITH TRIO
COVENT GARDEN 7 Dials Club: DON WELLER / RON RUBIN TRIO
CROYDON The Gun: EQUILIBRIUM
DEPTFORD Mechanics Arms: BOB BARTER / ALAN JACKSON
DRURY LANE White Hart: NICKI FRANCIS QUINTET
FULHAM Last Resort: NANCY AGEE
FLEET STREET Wolsey's Wine Bar: TOM BRIDGES TRIO



GLOUCESTER ROAD Stanhope: GOTHIC JAZZ BAND
GREENWICH Mitre: WEST END STOMPERS
HAMMERSMITH Harlequin: PETER THORNTON'S NEW TIGER RAGAMUFFINS
ISLINGTON Kings Head: STEVE PHEASANT QUINTET
LONDON W1 Hoop and Grapes: TONY STRINGFELLOW BAND
LONDON W1 One Tun: WEST END STOMPERS
LONDON W11 Duke of Clarence: YELLOW DOG JAZZ BAND
LONDON W.C.1. New Merlins Cave: DAVE MAWSON'S DIXIELAND BAND
PUTNEY Flanagans: KATZENJAMMER
PUTNEY Half Moon: MIKE DANIELS BIG BAND
STOCKWELL The Plough: DAVE CLIFF / RAY MANDERSON QUINTET
THORNTON Heath Lord Napier: TERRY WILSON JAZZ BAND

FRIDAY

BARNES Bulls Head: DICK MORRISSEY / TONY LEE TRIO
BECKENHAM Three Tuns: WEST END STOMPERS
CROUCH HILL Stapleton Hill Tavern: NEW ERA JAZZ BAND
CROYDON The Gun: WEST LONDON LINEUP
DEPTFORD Mechanics Arms: BOB BARTER / ALAN JACKSON
DRURY LANE White Hart: NEW IBERIA STOMPERS
EARLS COURT Troubadour Coffee House: ERIC LISTERS BLUE JAZZ
FULHAM Last Resort: SUSANNAH MCCORKLE & KEITH INGHAM
GREENWICH Mitre: KEITH NICHOLLS RAGTIME BAND
HARROW-ON-THE-HILL King's Head: DOUG MURRAY SEXTET
LONDON WC1 Birkbeck College: BEBOP PRESERVATION SOCIETY
LONDON WC1 New Merlins Cave: JOHN PICARD BAND
LONDON WC1 Architects Association: AMALGAM
LONDON W10 Prince of Wales: TONY RAINE
MERTON Ye Olde Leather Bottle: STRANGE / PEERLESS SWINGTET
PLUMSTEAD Green Man: ROWAN SMITH QUARTET
THORNTON Heath Lord Napier: BILL BRUNSKILL JAZZMEN
TUFNELL PARK Tufnell Park Tavern: JOHN COX TRIO / PETER IND / TOM GILHOOLY
WAPPING Prospect of Whitby: ALVIN ROY JAZZ BAND

SATURDAY

BARNES Bulls Head: ALAN BERRY TRIO / RONNIE ROSS
BISHOPSGATE Peanuts Club, Kings Head: MIKE OSBORNE
BATTERSEA Rising Sun: GOTHIC JAZZ BAND
BRENTFORD Bricklayer Arms: BRICK SIX
CHELSEA Trafalgar: THE WEST LONDON LINE-UP
DEPTFORD Mechanics Arms: BOB BARTER / ALAN JACKSON
FULHAM Last Resort: NANCY AGEE
FULHAM Fulham Volunteer: YELLOW DOG JAZZ BAND
GLOUCESTER ROAD Stanhope: PETER THORNTON'S NEW TIGER RAGAMUFFINS
LONDON E5 Ship Aground: GRAHAM HUMPHREYS JAZZ BAND
LONDON NW3 Club Calabash: RAM AND THE RAMALITES
LONDON W1 Hoop and Grapes: TONY STRINGFELLOW BAND
LONDON W11 Prince of Wales: TONY RAINE AND FRIENDS
OXFORD STREET 100 Club: MAX COLLIE RHYTHM ACES
WAPPING Prospect of Whitby: ALVIN ROY JAZZ BAND

SUNDAY

BARNES Bulls Head: TONY LEE TRIO
CHELSEA Trafalgar: WEST LONDON LINEUP
DRURY LANE Prince of Wales: LEN SAUNDERS JAZZ BAND
EARLS COURT Wolsey's Wine Bar: KEN MCCARTHY QUINTET
GREENWICH Greenwich Theatre: IAN BIRD QUINTET
GREENWICH The Mitre: NICHOLLS HOT SHOTS
GLOUCESTER ROAD Stanhope: PETER THORNTON'S NEW TIGER RAGAMUFFINS
HOLBORN The Rumbowl: SANDY SAUNDERS / TONY WAINWRIGHT
LONDON WC1 New Merlins Cave: JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
LONDON W8 Kensington Arms: MAX MURPHY 4
LONDON W11 Prince of Wales: TONY RAINE
PUTNEY Flanagans: KATZENJAMMER
PUTNEY Half Moon: JOHN GREENS
SNAP SYNCOPATERS
ST. ALBANS The Goat: ROGER NOBES QUARTET
THORNTON Heath Lord Napier: BILL BRUNSKILL JAZZMEN
TWICKENHAM Turks Head: THE SUNDAY BAND

SUNDAY

EVENING

BARNES Bulls Head: ALAN HAVEN
BECKENHAM Three Tuns: WEST END STOMPERS
CANTERBURY Gulbenkian Theatre: THE BROTHERHOOD OF BREATH
CODICOTE Bell Inn: MARTIN FRANKLYN QUINTET
CROYDON The Gun: MAJOR SURGERY
DEPTFORD Mechanics Arms: BOB BARTER / ALAN JACKSON
DRURY LANE White Hart: MIMI DANIEL AND RUSSELL QUAYLE
FULHAM Last Resort: SUSANNAH MCCORKLE AND KEITH INGHAM
GLOUCESTER ROAD Stanhope: GOTHIC JAZZ BAND
HARROW Kings Head: SONNY DEE BAND
HIGHGATE Gatehouse: CROUCH END ALL STARS
ISLINGTON Pied Bull: BARBARA THOMPSON'S PARAPHERNALIA
KENSINGTON The Kensington: PAZ
KENTISH TOWN Tilly Ho: DICK MORRISSEY QUINTET
LONDON SE13 Rose of Lee: ELITE SYNCOPATERS
LONDON W1 Holyrood: TERRY SEYMOUR BIG BAND
LONDON WC1 Pindar of Wakefield: DAVE JAMES BIG BAND
LONDON WC1 Bedford Comer Hotel: MIKE COLLINS BIG BAND
LONDON W11 Prince of Wales: TONY RAINE
MERTON Ye Olde Leather Bottle: PETER COE BIG BAND
OXFORD STREET 100 Club: CHRIS BARBER
PUTNEY Flanagans: MAX COLLIE RHYTHM ACES
THORNTON Heath Lord Napier: BILL BRUNSKILL
WANDSWORTH The Fountain: BANDANA
WAPPING Prospect of Whitby: ALVIN ROY

MONDAY

BARNES Bulls Head: DICK MORRISSEY QUINTET
CHALK FARM The Engineer: AMAZING BAND
CROYDON The Gun: FOOSH
DRURY LANE White Hart: DOUG LANDAU'S HARLEQUIN STOMPERS
EARLS COURT Wolsey's Wine Bar: DAVE GELLY / JEFF SCOTT QUINTET
ELTHAM Dutch House: CHRIS WATFORD TRIO
FULHAM Last Resort: NANCY AGEE
ILFORD Calflower: EASTSIDE STOMPERS

LEICESTER County Arms: STAN TRACEY TRIO
LONDON SE16 Ship York: TED SIMMONS
LONDON W1 Hoop and Grapes: SUSANNAH MCCORKLE AND KEITH INGHAM
LONDON WC1 Pindar of Wakefield: PAZ
KING GOODIE BAND
LUTON Royal hotel: STAN GREIG SWING BAND
MERTON Ye Olde Leather Bottle: TONY LEE TRIO
OXFORD STREET 100 Club: BROTHERHOOD OF BREATH
STOCKWELL Cricketers Tavern: EDDIE THOMPSON TRIO
THORNTON Heath Lord Napier: HUGH CROZIER JAZZ BAND

TUESDAY

BARNES Bulls Head: DICK MORRISSEY / MIKE CARR
BECKENHAM Three Tuns: SQUIRREL
DRURY LANE White Hart: SIMON MOZER
BEBOP BAND
FULHAM Kings Head: DICK SUDHALTERS JAZZ WITHOUT TEARS
GLOUCESTER ROAD Stanhope: DAVE ELY DIXIELANDERS
LONDON SW1 The Clarence: YELLOW DOG JAZZ BAND
LONDON WC1 Pindar of Wakefield: KEITH NICHOLL
MAIDENHEAD The Bull: ALLAN BERRY TRIO
PUTNEY Flanagans: WEST END STOMPERS
THORNTON Heath Lord Napier: ALAN ELSDON BAND
WANDSWORTH Kings Arms: JAZZ JUNCTION

WEDNESDAY

BLETHCORTH Red Lion: DIRTY HAT BAND
CROUCH HILL Stapleton Hill Tavern: WEST END STOMPERS
GLOUCESTER ROAD Stanhope: MAIDEN VOYAGE
GROVE PARK Chinnbrook Hotel: RON RUSSELL JAZZ BAND
HARROW SOUTH Half Moon: MOONSHINE 6
HARROW SOUTH Tithe Farm House: EDDIE THOMPSON TRIO
KINGSTON Kingston Hotel: MAJOR SURGERY
OXFORD STREET 100 Club: KEN COLYER
PUTNEY Flanagans: NEW ERA JAZZ BAND
PUTNEY Derby Arms: DAVE RUSKIN
THORNTON Lord Napier: BLACKBOTTOM STOMPERS
UXBRIDGE Kings Arms: GIN MILL 6



GILBERT O'SULLIVAN (above left) sets out on his long-awaited British concert tour early next week, opening at Croydon on Tuesday. The following day finds him in Dublin, but there are another 15 home gigs to follow before the tour ends on March 24.
10 C.C. (whose KEVIN GODLEY is pictured far left) begin their nationwide tour at Leeds on Wednesday, supported throughout by Fancy, the British band who recently had a couple of hits in the US charts.
RUFUS (above), the American band whose

principal asset is their explosive singer Chaka Khan, begin their debut British tour at Hanley on Saturday. Other gigs this week are at Croydon (Sunday), Wolverhampton (Monday) and Brighton (Tuesday).
RONNIE LANE (right) is on the road at the moment, with the object of promoting his new album, which bears the name of his backing group "Slim Chance" at its title. He has gigs this week at Coventry (Thursday), Reading (Friday), Walsall (Saturday) and Bradford (Tuesday).



BRADFORD University: RONNIE LANE & SLIM CHANCE
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: RUFUS
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: GORDON GILTRAP
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: GILBERT O'SULLIVAN/CLAIRE HAMILL
DERBY College of Education: MUD
HANLEY Heavy Steam Machine: OSIBISA
HOVE Town Hall: CURVED AIR/TRACE
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: RALPH McTELL/GAY & TERRY WOODS
LEICESTER Free Wheeler: JAVELLS/NOS-MO KING
LONDON Camden Dingwalls: COUSIN JOE/BIG JOHN WRENCHER/MIGHTY FLEA
LONDON City University: JAILBAIT
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: KURSAAL FLYERS
LONDON Imperial College: GAS WORKS
LONDON W.1 Samantah's: MOON
LONDON 100 Club: KEVIN COYNE BAND
SOUTHAMPTON University: PLANXTY
SWANSEA University: CARAVAN/RENAISSANCE
WEYMOUTH Pavilion: THE "NEW FACES" SHOW

12.30 a.m. Jean Challis with "Music Through Midnight".
LUXEMBOURG 6.45 p.m. Kid Jensen; 8.30 "Much More Music"; 9.30 American Top Twenty; 11.30 Pop News; 12.0 "208 At Midnight"; 1 a.m.-2.30 "Today's Sounds".

RESIDENCIES

BATLEY Variety Club: GRUMBLEWEEDS
● Week from Sunday
BIRMINGHAM La Dolce Vita: CRANE (ex-Merseys)
● Week from Sunday
BRISTOL Bailey's: GERRY & THE PACEMAKERS
● Week from Sunday
CHESTERFIELD Aquarius: VINCE HILL
● Thursday for three days
DONCASTER Disco Diner: MONTANAS
● Week from Sunday
GLOUCESTER Tracy's & Mr. George's: JIMMY JAMES & THE VAGABONDS
● Week from Monday
HEDON BIRKOLME Country Club: ROCKIN' BERRIES
● Wednesday for four days
HULL Bailey's: JERRY WILLIAMS & SWEET WINE
● Week from Sunday
LEICESTER Bailey's: MIKE TERRY
● Week from Sunday
LIVERPOOL Bailey's: PAPER DOLLS
● Week from Sunday
LIVERPOOL Shakespeare Theatre Club: CARL WAYNE
● Week from Sunday
LUTON Caesar's Palace: HOLLIES
● Week from Sunday
NEWCASTLE La Dolce Vita (doubling SOUTH SHIELDS Tavern): SMILEY
● Week from Sunday
OLDHAM Bailey's: LIGHT FANTASTIC
● Week from Sunday
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: MUSCLES
● Week from Sunday
SHEFFIELD Fiesta: SHOWADDYWADDY
● Week from Sunday
STOCKTON Fiesta: TREMELOES
● Week from Sunday
STOKE Jollies: THE "WHO DO YOU DO?" SHOW
● Wednesday for four days
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: BRUCE FORSYTH
● Week from Sunday

RADIO AND TV

RADIO 1 7 a.m.-5.15 p.m. As Thursday; 5.15-7.0 Alan Freeman with "Youth Club Call"; 10.0-12.30 a.m. Jeff Cooper with "Music Through Midnight".
LUXEMBOURG 6.45 p.m. Peter Powell; 8.30 "Much More Music"; 9.30 British Top Thirty; 11.30 Pop News; 12.0 "208 At Midnight"; 1 a.m.-2.30 "Today's Sounds".
TELEVISION "There Goes That Song Again" panel game (ITV afternoon); Hedgehog Pie/Pete Scott in "Sounds Like" (BBC-1 North-East).

WEDNESDAY

BINGLEY College of Education: COUSIN JOE/BIG JOHN WRENCHER
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: SUZI QUATRO/COZY POWELL'S HAMMER/ARROWS
BRIGHTON Dome: RALPH McTELL/GAY & TERRY WOODS
CARDIFF University: CARAVAN/RENAISSANCE
CHELMSFORD Mid-Essex Technical College: MIKE ABSALOM ROADSHOW
COLCHESTER Essex University: STOMU YAMASHITA & EAST WIND
DUBLIN Carlton Theatre: GILBERT O'SULLIVAN/CLAIRE HAMILL
EASTBOURNE Congress Hall: NEIL SEDAKA
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: THE "NEW FACES" SHOW
KINGSTON Polytechnic: LOL COXHILL/STEPHEN MILLER
HUCKNALL Miners' Welfare Centre: TYMES
LEEDS University: 10 c.c./FANCY
LIVERPOOL Bailey's: CHI-LITES
LONDON EDGWARE RD. Crown: PADDY GREY/GEORGE ADAIR
LONDON EUSTON Shaw Theatre: BYZANTIUM
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: BRONX CHEER
LONDON STREATHAM Cat's Whiskers: MIKE MORTON SOUND
MIDDLEBROUGH Teeside Polytechnic: G. T. MOORE & THE REGGAE GUITARS
NELSON Beer Palace: STRIFE
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: SCAPELL PIKE
OXFORD Polytechnic: GAS WORKS
SHREWSBURY Radbrooke College: WISPER
STRATFORD-UPON-AVON Royal Shakespeare Theatre: JACQUES LOUSSIER TRIO
SWANSEA College of Education: GORDON GILTRAP
WORTHING Assembly Hall: EDGAR BROUGHTON BAND

RADIO AND TV

RADIO 1 7 a.m.-5.15 p.m. As Thursday; 5.15 Anne Nightingale presents "Review"; 7.0-7.30 Pete Murray with "Pop Score" quiz; 8.0 Wally Whyton introduces "Country Club"; 10.0-



CLAIRE HAMILL reaps her just reward, by landing the plum spot of support act to Gilbert O'Sullivan, whose UK tour opens at Croydon on Tuesday.

TV AND RADIO

RADIO 1 8 a.m. Ed Stewart with "Junior Choice"; 10.0 Rosko; 1 p.m. "The Simon and Garfunkel Story", narrated by Stuart Grundy; 2.0 Alan Freeman; 5.0 John Peel introduces "Rock Week"; 6.30-7.30 "In Concert" with Country Joe McDonald/Barry Melton; 10.45-12.30 a.m. Alan Dell with "Music Through Midnight".
LUXEMBOURG 6.45 p.m. Mark Wesley; 9.0 Kid Jensen's Party Time; 12.0 "208 At Midnight"; 1 a.m.-2.30 "Dimensions".
TELEVISION Repeat of Alan Price "In Concert" (BBC-2); Charley Pride guests in "Lulu" (BBC-1); Top club acts in "The Wheelers & Shunters Social Club" (ITV); Hustler/Half Breed in "The Georgie Scene" (some ITV regions); "New Faces" talent show (ITV); "Parkinson" (BBC-1); Pilot in "Saturday Scene" (London ITV); Gary Glitter/Rod Stewart/Gilbert O'Sullivan/Alvin Stardust/Bay City Rollers/Status Quo/Maggie Bell in "Supersonic" (London ITV).

SUNDAY

BARROW Civic Hall: "UP COUNTRY" with JED FORD / SPRINGWOOD COUNTRY
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: GRYPHON
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: CHUCK BERRY
BIRMINGHAM Shantasea: NIMROD
BISLEY Pavilion: DAVE JANSEN SHOW
CARDIFF New Theatre: MUD
COVENTRY Mr. George's: SUNDANCE
CROYDON Greyhound: RUFUS
GRAVESEND Woodville Hall: TOM PAXTON
HARROW Tithe Farm House: BACK DOOR
KEELE University: COUSIN JOE / BIG JOHN WRENCHER
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: NEIL SEDAKA
LIVERPOOL Woolley Hollow: CHI-LITES
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: LINDISFARNE / HUSTLER / AJ WEBBER
LONDON CHELSEA Nose Wine Bar: GEORGE ADAIR
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: KIKI DEE BAND / SAILOR
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: KELLY'S EYE

LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: STAN WEBB BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: PURE CHANCE
LONDON TWICKENHAM Cabbage Patch: KURSAAL FLYERS
LONDON TWICKENHAM Winning Post: SANDGATE
LONDON Victoria Palace: AL STEWART / BRINSLEY SCHWARZ
LONDON W.1 (Meard St.) Gilly's: MOON
NEWARK Palace Theatre: FRUUPP
NEWCASTLE City Hall: OSIBISA
NORWICH East Anglia University: RALPH McTELL / GAY & TERRY WOODS
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: WOMAN
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: CISCO
NOTTINGHAM Playhouse: PLANXTY
PEMBROKE Freshwater East Club: EGO
SHEFFIELD Black Swan: SASSAFRAS
STOKE Trentham Gardens: SNAFU
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: THE "NEW FACES" SHOW

TV AND RADIO

RADIO 1 8.30 a.m. Ed Stewart with "Junior Choice"; 10.0 Paul Burnett and "All There Is To Hear"; 1 p.m. Jimmy Savile with "The Double Top Ten Show" followed by "Savile's Travels"; 3.0 The Dave Lee Travis Request Show; 5.0 "The Story Of Pop" (part 9), narrated by Alan Freeman; 6.0 Tom Browne with the Top Twenty; 7.0-7.30 "Quiz Kid 75", hosted by Alan Freeman; 11.0-12.30 a.m. "Sounds Of Jazz".
RADIO 3 10.45 p.m. Derek Jewell presents "Sounds Interesting".
LUXEMBOURG 6.15 p.m. Mark Wesley; 7.0 "Much More Music"; 8.45 "Club 208 Show"; 10.30 British Top Thirty; 12.0 "208 At Midnight"; 1 a.m.-2.30 "Dimensions".
TELEVISION Lena Zavaroni / Vernons Girls in "The Bachelors Show" (BBC-2); Vince Hill in "The Golden Shot" (ITV); Freddie Starr in "New Who Do You Do?" (ITV).

MONDAY

ABERTILLERY Youth Wing: JAMES HOGG BAND
BARNESLEY Civic Hall: STACKRIDGE
BARROW Maxim's: JOHNNY WAKELIN & THE KINSHASA BAND
BASINGSTOKE Bass House: GAS WORKS

BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: CURVED AIR / TRACE
BRISTOL The Dug Out: WISPER
BRISTOL Victoria Rooms: PLANXTY
CAMBRIDGE Lady Mitchell Hall: STOMU YAMASHITA & EAST WIND
DONCASTER Bentley Club: REMEMBER THIS
DONCASTER Outlook Club: SCAPELL PIKE
FARNHAM Redgrave Theatre: GRYPHON
IPSWICH Gaumont: RALPH McTELL / GAY & TERRY WOODS
LANCASTER University: SNAFU
LIVERPOOL Stadium: SUZI QUATRO / COZY POWELL'S HAMMER / ARROWS
LONDON City Polytechnic: MIKE ABSALOM ROADSHOW
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: TOM PAXTON
SHREWSBURY Music Hall: FRUUPP
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: COUSIN JOE
STAFFORD Top Of The World: CHI-LITES
WAKEFIELD Norman Hotel: WOMAN
WELWYN Garden Mid-Herts College: GORDON GILTRAP
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: RUFUS

TV AND RADIO

RADIO 1 7 a.m.-5.15 p.m. As Thursday; 5.15 John Peel presents "Top Gear" with the Kevin Coyne Band; 7.0 Alfred Marks says "Be My Guest"; 7.30 Alan Dell with "The Dance Band Days" followed by "The Big Band Sound"; 9.0 Humphrey Lyttelton with jazz records; 10.0-12.30 a.m. John Dunn with "Music Through Midnight".
LUXEMBOURG 6.45 p.m. Mark Wesley; 8.30 "Much More Music"; 9.0 Roy Orbison Story; 9.30 "Much More Music"; 11.30 Gig Guide; 12.0 "208 At Midnight"; 1 a.m.-2.30 "Today's Sounds".
TELEVISION "The Goodies" (BBC-2); "The Georgie Sound" (London ITV).

TUESDAY

BLACKBURN Mecca: CHI-LITES
BOURNEMOUTH Tiffany's: EDGAR BROUGHTON BAND
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: STACKRIDGE

STEVENAGE Bowes Lion House: MR. GLADSTONE'S BAG
SWANSEA University: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
TELHAM Black Horse: FINBAR & EDDIE FUREY/TAM LINN
WASHINGTON Miners Institute: TONY ROSE

SUNDAY

BIRMINGHAM Grapes: FOOLS JIG BAND/RAY COLE
BIRMINGHAM Imperial Hotel: RAZZLE DAZZLE GATEMOUTH SPASM STRING BAND
BRADSHAW Bradshaw Tavern: SEAN CANNON
BRENTWOOD Youth House: MAJOR WILEY
BRIGHTON Stanford Arms: MIRIAM BACKHOUSE
BRIGHAM Golden Lion: MARGARET SEAWARD
BUXTON Royal Forester: CHRIS ROHMANN
CHELMSFORD Three Cups: MICHAEL MOORE
CREVE Brunswick Hotel: HOT VULTURES
DERBY Grandstand Hotel: JACK HUDSON/PAUL RICH/ROARING JELLY
EASTBOURNE Crown: BOB DAVENPORT
EPPING Blacksmiths Arms: ALBION MORRIS MEN/MR. GLADSTONE'S BAG
HANLEY Sea Lion: CHRIS FOSTER
HORNCASTLE Bull: MARTIN CARTHY
INVERNESS Albert Hotel: VIN GARBUTT
LONDON CHALK FARM Enterprise: GEOFF & PENNIE HARRIS
LONDON EAST HAM Central Hotel: DAVY GRAHAM
LONDON FOREST HILL Bird in Hand: BULLY WEE
LONDON REGENTS PARK Engineer: FRASER NIMMO
PLYMOUTH Guildhall: RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON/HEDGEHOG PIE
POTTERNE Kings Arms: ETCHINGHAM STEAM BAND
POYNTON Folk Centre: WILD OATS
QUOBN White Horse Inn: JOHN TIMPANY & AUDREY SMITH
ST. ALBANS Goat: KEMPION

MONDAY

AMBERLEY Black Horse: FINBAR & EDDIE FUREY/TAM LINN
CANTERBURY Kent University: RICHARD DIGNANCE
EXETER University: ETCHINGHAM STEAM BAND

FOLK

THURSDAY

BEDFORD Angel: FILIP THE TOAD
BRIGHTON Sussex University: PIGSTY HILL LIGHT ORCHESTRA
BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel: BILL CLIFTON/RED RECTOR
EPPING Centrepont: TONY ROSE
IPSWICH Gardeners Arms: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER
LAMBLEY Robin Hood: KELSEY
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: SPINNERS
LIVERPOOL Dolphin: JOE ROONEY/BERNIE DAVIS
LONDON BARNET Black Bull: ROBIN & BARRY DRANSFIELD
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Prince of Wales: PEABODY & McNULTY
LONDON HOLLOVAY North London Polytechnic: CLIFF AUNGIER
LONDON ILFORD Town Hall: RICHARD DIGNANCE/FROGMORTON
LONDON FINSBURY St. John St. Library: DOUGIE PORTER
LONDON ISLINGTON Rising Sun: WEBBS WONDERS
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
POYNTON Folk Centre: PEREGRINE-JOE BEARD
ROTHERHAM Masons Arms: NIC JONES
SOUTHEND Railway Hotel: GORDON MACINTYRE/DANNY SPOONER
STIRLING No. 7 Restaurant: BRIAN DEWHURST
THELWALL Pickering Arms: CHRIS FOSTER
WHITTLE Rose & Crown: DICK GAUGHAN
WOLVERHAMPTON Lord Raglan: JEREMY TAYLOR
WORTHING Southdown: STAN ARNOLD

FRIDAY

BINGHAM Wheatsheaf: MATHEWS BROS.
BIRMINGHAM EDGBASTON Bell & Pump: HOSTERS
BIRMINGHAM DIGBETH Old Crown: SONGWAINERS
BRADFORD Star Hotel: MICHAEL MOORE
BURTON-ON-TRENT Barley Mow: WIDERSHINS
CHESTERFIELD Youth Centre: MARTIN CARTHY

DARWEN Boreham Hotel: HORDEN RAIKES
ERDINGTON Roebuck: MAGNA CARTA/MICK STEWART
EDINBURGH Crown: VIN GARBUTT
ETON Christopher: PRAGER & RYE
EXETER St. Lukes College: RICHARD DIGNANCE
KINGSWINFORD Woodman Inn: ROBIN & BARRY DRANSFIELD
LIVERPOOL Blue Coats Hall: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
LONDON BLOOMSBURY University Union: MIRIAM BACKHOUSE
LONDON DALSTON Sugawyn Kitchen: FINBAR & EDDIE FUREY/TAM LINN
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College: JEREMY TAYLOR
LONDON LEYTON Three Blackbirds: TICKLERS FOLK CIRCUS
LONDON STOCKWELL Surrey Hall: GEOFF & PENNIE HARRIS/DAVE CARPENTER
LONDON WEST END Le Macabre: DOLPHIN SMILE
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: STAN ARNOLD
LONDON Red Lion Hotel: JOHN GOODLUCK
MANCHESTER Millstone: FIERY CLOCKFACE/STEVE MAYNE/PETE LEWIS
OXFORD Polytechnic: DICK GAUGHAN
OXFORD Winchester College: CELEBRATED RATLIFF STOUT BAND
PORTSMOUTH FRATTON Railway Hotel: PETER BELLAMY
STALYBRIDGE Rose & Crown: CHRIS & TONI HICKS
STOCKPORT HEATON MOOR Rugby Club: WESLEY, PARKE & SMITH
TIDESWELL First Drop Inn: NOVA

SATURDAY

ABERDEEN University: VIN GARBUTT
BIRMINGHAM University: BOB WILLIAMSON
BURY ST. EDMUNDS St. Edmunds Head: ALEX ATTERSON
CHIPPING SODBURY George: ETCHINGHAM STEAM BAND
EXETER Double Locks: PETE QUIN
HADDENHAM Village Hall: KELLY'S EYE/HUGH RIPPON
LEWES Lewes Arms: PAUL HOLDEN
LIVERPOOL Victoria Hotel: SEAN CANNON
LONDON ISLEWORTH Maria Grey College: JEREMY TAYLOR
LONDON REGENTS PARK Cecil Sharp House: TONY FOXWORTHY/JOHN FOREMAN
SHEFFIELD Highcliffe Hotel: ROBIN & BARRY DRANSFIELD

HERTFORD Balls Park College: MAGNA CARTA
KIMBERLEY Queens Head: MARTIN CARTHY
LONDON CROYDON Waddon Hotel: JOHN BREEZE
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College: CELEBRATED RATLIFF STOUT BAND
LONDON UXBRIDGE Load of Hay: SONGWAINERS
LONDON WEST END Adams Arms: DAVE GOULDER

TUESDAY

BRISTOL Victoria Hall: RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON/HEDGEHOG PIE
BLACKPOOL Kings Arms: JOHN GOODLUCK
BOLTON Deane F/C: IAN CAMPBELL FOLK GROUP
BRIDLINGTON Queens Hotel: BARRY SKINNER
CHATHAM Old Ash Tree: HIGH SPEED GRASS
CHELTENHAM Exmouth Arms: ETCHINGHAM STEAM BAND
GUILDFORD Star Inn: SCARLET RUNNER
KNUTSFORD Angel: BLUE WATER FOLK
LONDON CATFORD Rising Sun: KEITH NELSON
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Three Horse-shoes: FINBAR & EDDIE FUREY/TAM LINN
LONDON ISLINGTON Florence: BOB DAVENPORT/RAKES
LONDON HOLLOVAY North London Polytechnic: BOYS OF THE LOUGH-FIVE HAND REEL
RIPLEY Horse & Jockey: JOHN LEONARD & JOHN SQUIRES

WEDNESDAY

BEESTON Three Horseshoes: GEOFF & PENNIE HARRIS
BLOXWICH Memorial Hall: GARY & VERA
DISLEY Rams Head: MATHEWS BROS.
EGREMENT Rugby Club: STAN ARNOLD
GUILDFORD Surrey University: ETCHINGHAM STEAM BAND

Compiled by Derek Johnson



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SOUL, ROCK, POP

OLDIES FROM 1955 to CURRENT 1975 RECORDS
(SAME DAY SERVICE ON ORDERS)
(DON'T WAIT WEEKS... OURS IS THE FASTEST SERVICE)

SECTION ONE — ROCK/POP 70p each

The Who — Pictures Of Lily
Gene Pitney — 24 Hours From Tulsa
Arthur Brown — Fire
Alice Cooper — Muscle Of Love
Pink Floyd — Money
Pink Floyd — Time/Us and Them
Tremeloes — Silence Is Golden
Rolling Stones — Street Fighting Man
Yardbirds — I'm a Man/Shapes of Things
Four Seasons — Sherry
Four Seasons — Big Girls Don't Cry
Spencer Davies — I'm a Man/Somebody Help Me
Wings — Give Ireland Back to the Irish
Bobby Vee — Rubber Ball
Ringo Starr — Oh My My
Credence Clearwater Revival — Proud Mary
Wings — Uncle Albert
Elvis Presley — Hound Dog
Buffalo Springfield — For What It's Worth
Bee Bumble & The Stingers — Nutcracker
Johnnie Tillotson — Poetry in Motion
Steve Stills — Love the One You're With
The Mindbenders — Groovy Kind of Love
Cream — Anyone For Tennis
Elvis Presley — Teddy Bear
David Bowie — Time
Roy Orbison — It's Over/Pretty Woman
David Bowie — 1984
The Beatles — Let it Be
The Who — Call Me Lightning

The Ventures — Hawaii Five O
Steve Miller — The Joker

SECTION TWO — Soul 55p each

Johnny Nash — Cupid/Hold Me Tight
Kool & the Gang — Jungle Boogie
Kool & the Gang — Funky Stuff
The Chosen Few — Footsie
The Ronettes — Be Me Baby
The Equals — Baby Come Back
Gene Chandler — Duke of Earl
Carl Douglas — Doctors Orders
Jackie Wilson — The Who Who Song/Since you showed me how to be happy
The Outriders — The Telegram Song
Dooley Silver Spoon — Bump Me Baby
Staple Singers — Respect Yourself
O Jays — The Backstoppers
Curtis Mayfield — Superfly
Marvin Gaye — Trouble Man
Isaac Hayes — Theme From Shaft

SECTION THREE — Soul 70p each

Sly and The Family Stone — Dance to the Music
The Toys — A Lovers Concerto
The Carstairs — It Really Hurts Me Girl
Joe Bataan — In The Bottle (inst)
The Fatbacks Band — Nija Walk
Jackie Wilson — Higher and Higher

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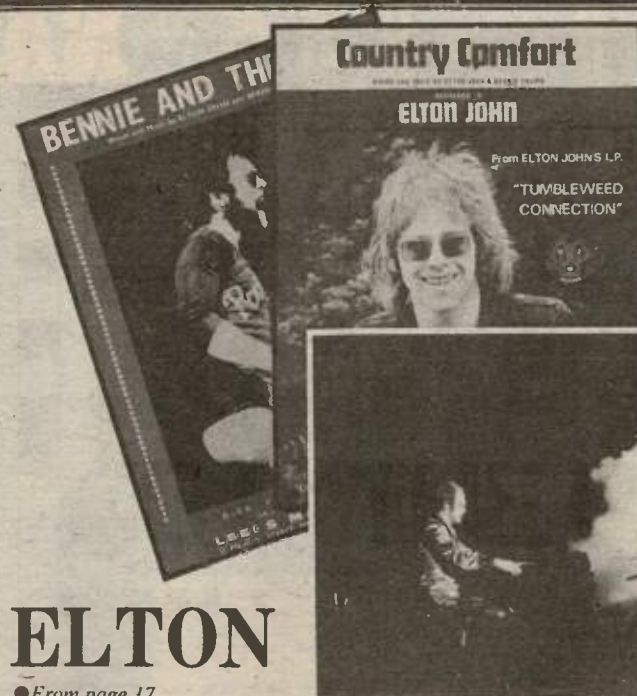
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ELTON

From page 17

narrow-minded — but then I suppose, so was I. But then even now, Taupin is a very stubborn person and he often says the wrong things at the wrong time, but his marriage has helped him to unwind and free him from his prejudices.

Prejudices about what?

I dunno... things about groups and music and the things he said about John Lennon in the Press... Because he only does about one interview a year, he says some ridiculous things that he doesn't really mean. But I think that he really gets hurt when somebody attacks our records because he gets more criticism than I do because he is the lyricist. I think he sometimes feels a little bit left out of things. And, let's face it, he's earned least out of the whole Elton John escapade than anybody. Despite what a lot of people say, songwriting is the least lucrative of anything when you compare it to record royalties and performance fees. It doesn't even compare, but now Taupin gets royalties from the records as well, because he's part of The Elton John Band.

You said just last week that you've never intentionally attempted to write a hit single?

That's right — because I don't know what a hit single is. I can pick other people's hit singles, for instance, I've suggested an old song for Kiki Dee to record which I think could be tremendous for her. During my entire career, the only things I've ever stuck out for have been "Daniel" and "Don't Let The Sun Go Down On Me". I didn't think "Don't Let The Sun Go Down" was a hit single, I just liked the song and it meant a lot to me.

Despite the fact that you were unhappy with the vocal?

Well, let me explain: I wasn't at all happy with the vocal when we did it at the Caribou Studios, but once we got to L.A. it didn't sound too bad and by the time we'd got back to London it sounded all right. It was all very strange, 'cause Gus was telling the Beach Boys not to take any notice of the vocals because they're rubbish and the Beach Boys were saying, "it doesn't sound too bad to us." So finally, I think they brought Gus around to kind of liking it. To be honest, for a time I thought I was going to have to redo all the vocals on "Caribou". . . I did redo one, "Dixie Lily". Have you ever scrapped an album?

No, because we've always made our albums very quickly. "Yellow Brick Road" took 15 days to complete and that's about the longest we've ever taken before we did "Captain Fantastic". All of our previous albums have been recorded and overdubbed in ten days.

Making "Caribou" was a very trying experience. Really, the whole album was put together by Gus because we all pissed off to Australia and Japan. He got the Beach Boys and The Tower of Power together and did it on his own. Before it came out, I knew what the album would get critically acclaimed as...

It got some pretty good reviews, actually...

Personally, I prefer "Caribou" to "Don't Shoot Me"... a lot of the band don't like it; Gus

hates it. But how do you follow up "Yellow Brick Road"? In fact, just the other day, we sat down and listened to that album and I have to admit, it's a pretty good double album. "Caribou" wasn't really meant... it's a miracle it came out and that's all I can say, because of all the pressure within the group, especially with me. I'd just about had it with everything. I was cracking up. But with the new album, we took four weeks to record it, and it shows.

But haven't you always been plagued with the problem of meeting a tight deadline for new record releases?

Well, we're contracted to do two albums a year and we've gotten into the routine of doing just that and nowadays it comes quite naturally. Sometimes however, the strain does show, especially on "Madman Across The Water" and "Caribou"... It's funny with "Madman"... I can't listen to my vocals on that entire album. I hate it, and yet it's the biggest catalogue seller of the lot. Honestly, no bullshit, no Marc Bolan hype, it's my biggest catalogue seller and people really like that album a lot — and yet I can't listen to it. I can't listen to either "Levon" or "Tiny Dancer" because my vocals are so appalling, but yet again, that album was made under night-mare conditions. There were some unbelievable things going wrong throughout the making of it... (Paul) Buckmaster turning up for a session with no arrangements and sixty string players sitting there wondering what the hell was happening, and with all that going on having just ten days to record the entire album.

That's when I decided that the whole thing had to change.

We used to record from ten till two; four till six and seven till ten at Trident Studios with session guys. The first things that the band ever played on were "Amoreena" on "Tumbleweed" and a couple of things on the "Friends" soundtrack album, plus "All The Nasties" on "Madman". So you can't really blame them for being very pissed off about it all. But we were frightened. We had a winning formula — Buckmaster, the session guys, Caleb (Quaye) — and Gus, then suddenly we had to make the decision of adding a guitar to the group and the group had to play on all the records from that point on.

With all due respects to Davey, is there any reason why you didn't try and get Caleb to join the band?

Caleb and I have tremendous respect for each other, in fact Caleb was more or less responsible for getting me together in a lot of ways and we spent so much time together. But egotistically, Caleb and I would have never gotten on together in the same group even though we had the respect for each other as friends and musicians. He wanted to do his own thing and now he's gone to live in Chicago and is playing with all those musicians he originally idolised. Years ago, we used to sit around for hours listening to all the new Chess records that were coming out... Rotary Connection, Charles Stepney, Phil Upchurch, and those were the people he wanted to play

MORE ELTONIA.
Left: Bennie. Centre:
the controversial
"Country Comfort"
("Crap" says EJ).
Below: see what
happens when you get
hot.

with and that's what he's doing now. Personally, I think he should have done that a long time ago.

But Caleb's a very stubborn character. He wouldn't be told. He had set ideas... I love playing with him but no way would it have worked if we'd shared the same band. For one thing he's a much better musician than I am.

Remember you saying that you didn't particularly get off on parties? The only person who has been photographed at more parties than you is Mick Jagger...

That's another thing that I want to clear up: I don't usually go to parties, the only ones that I attend I get photographed at because people say, "Oh look, there's Elton John." I hate parties.

So why do you show up in the first place?

I don't go to many receptions... let me see, I went to a Rod Stewart reception at the Bel-Air Hotel... c'mon, I hate press parties, I know what they're like. It must be bad enough for you lot to have to go. If there's one being held for a Rocket artist then I'll go because it's my job.

It's just like the *Daily Express* printing something about me nearly every day... that I own six yachts and dozens of racehorses and that at this precise moment I'm supposed to be on holiday in Elizabeth Taylor's house... I mean, the only reason why I travelled up to Manchester to see the Warner Brothers Music Show was because I wouldn't have to contend with the same kinda hassle I'd get in London. I mean, I don't like the Rainbow Theatre, period. And I'm glad that it's closing down. I hope we can find somewhere better because I think it's a dump and people have to sit there in the freezing cold. If you're gonna run a place, then run it properly and if you make a loss that's hard cheese, but every time I've been to the Rainbow it's frozen my ass off.

That's one of the reasons why I went to the Free Trade Hall to see the Warner Brothers Music Show. For one thing, it's a funky hall, the Manchester audiences are good and there are no hang-ups. I knew that in London there'd be all the usual hangars on trying to get backstage. In no way can I cope with that kinda scene, because I go to a concert as a fan.

You've got to understand that I don't resent anyone getting into the charts. I don't care if it's "Y Viva Espana" by Sylvia, because the poor cow will probably have that one hit record and that'll be the bane of her life, but I might be wrong. I don't resent anyone having any kind of success, although I used to be bitter about other artists achieving success when I didn't have it. Now that I do I make sure that I enjoy it, and so if any person is capable of getting a hit record, good luck to them because that's when the trouble starts.

PART THREE
NEXT WEEK

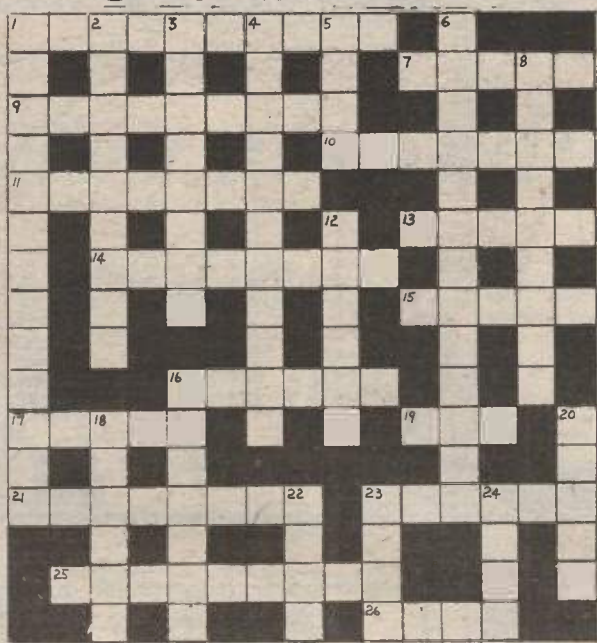
ACROSS

- 1 Made auspicious debut Hyde Park, split few months later after just one album and US tour (5,5)
- 7 & 17 Founder-member Fairport Convention, when he quit in 1973 he was last surviving original (5,5)
- 9 K. Tippett's jazz-rock 'big band'
- 10 Owed initial success to TV series lifting from "Hard Day's Night" and "Help"
- 11 Starred Leslie West on guitar, Sherpa Tensing on synthesizer and Sir Edmund Hillary on bass!
- 13 Currently starring in first feature film
- 14 Remember their "Tel-star" worldwide No. 1?
- 15 & 20 Air, even sky (anag. 5,5)
- 16 McGough, McGear, Patten, Innes, Gorman, Money, Stanhall etc. etc. See 7
- 19 Bad Companion?
- 21 Their lead singer ended up marrying their producer, one P. Spector
- 23 Heavy metal squawkers! To Jack Bruce, what Bernie Taupin is to Elton John (4,5)
- 26 I nod, he sings!

DOWN

- 1 & 8 C-c-c-currently C-c-c-canada's top band? (7,6,9)
- 2 Hauntin' er (anag. 3,6)
- 3 As aimless as a near-legendary black US vocal group
- 4 One theory was that it was about Buddy Holly, another that it was about the Stones... either way, it was 1972's most enigmatic song (8,3)
- 5 The Belfast Gypsy's old band

CROSSWORD



- 6 Drummer — his surname is also first part of his band's name (4,9)
- 8 See 1
- 12 Naughty Rhythm aces
- 16 & 23 *Bitter gland!* (7,4)
- 18 Peaches or Heat!
- 20 See 15
- 22 What must go on, Leo?
- 23 See 16 down
- 24 Smile like Nils Lofgren

ACROSS: 3 "Mama Belle"; 7 "Hergest Ridge"; 10 Neil Sedaka; 11 Merry (Clayton); 14 "Another Day"; 15 "The Bitch Is Back"; 16 Ross; 19 Jess Roden; 21 Russell Mael; 22 Isley (Brothers); 23 (Judge) Dread; 26 Ace; 27 Andy (Mackay); 28 Young.

- DOWN: 1 Johnny Winter; 2 Marvin Gaye; 4 Maria (Muller); 5 Bedlam; 6 Jesse Colin (Young); 8 Everly; 9 Mary Hopkin; 12 Chicken Shack; 13 "Brain Salad (Surgery)"; 17 Orbison; 18 "Surgery"; 20 Diana (Ross); 24 Roy (Orbison); 25 Don (Everly).

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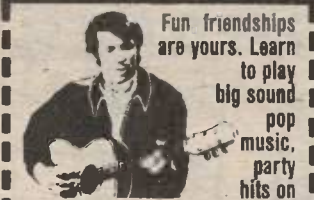
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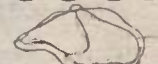
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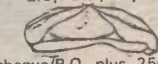
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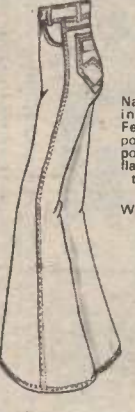
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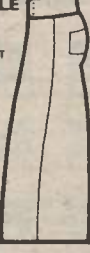
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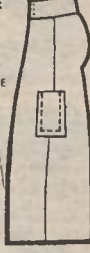
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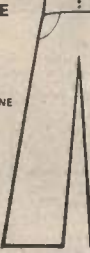
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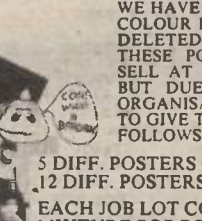
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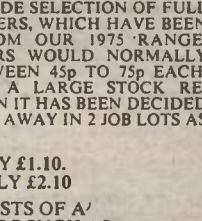
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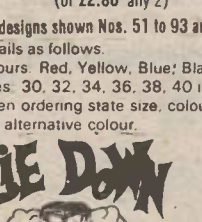
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57. CRESTA



58. FLY UNITED



59. BAD CO.



60. ON TOP



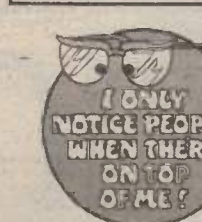
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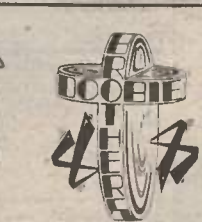
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63. LIE DOWN



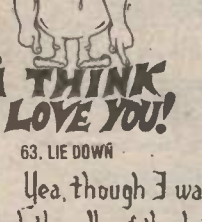
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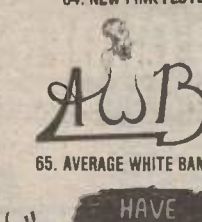
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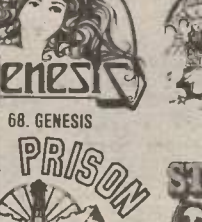
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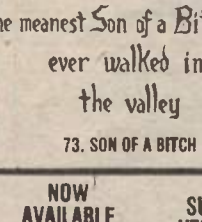
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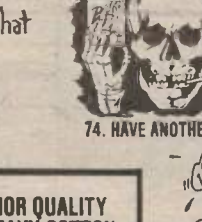
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74. HAVE ANOTHER



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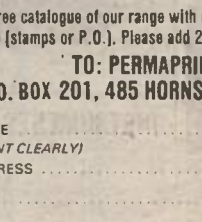
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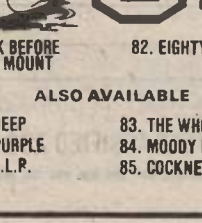
82. EIGHTY EIGHT



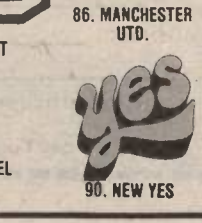
83. THE WHO



84. MOODY BLUES



85. COCKNEY REBEL



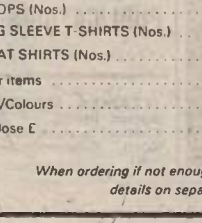
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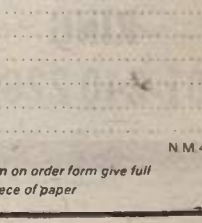
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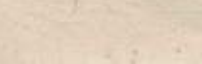
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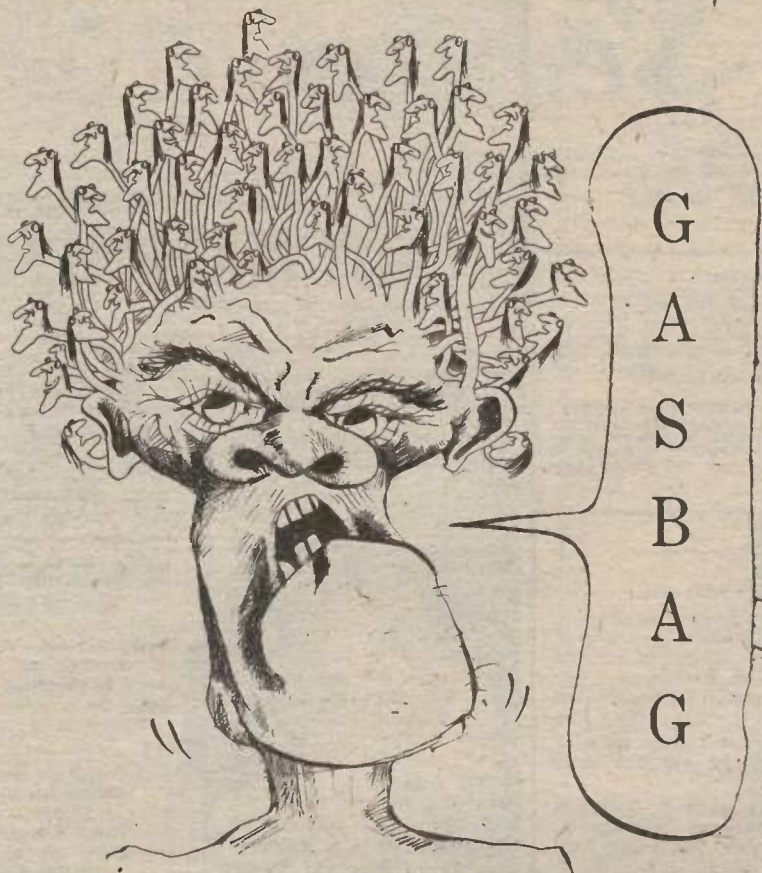
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EDITED BY NICK LOGAN

Reader C. Corry starts Third World War

JUST A MINUTE, just a minute. Do my eyes deceive me, or did I detect, in a letter supposedly slamming the Yanks (Gasbag, February 22) just a teensy weensy hint of Snobbery?

Did C. Corry really want to say that the Yanks played a load of old cobras, or was he just letting us all know what a superhip cool guy he is, and that snobbery didn't die when "Allright Now" got to No. 1?

Are we really to don our

mortar boards, dive into our desks for pens, exercise books and "The Theory of Music," work out the harmonics, rhythmic progressions etc., (yawn), etc., before we can enjoy music?

Suffice it to say that a dictionary says that music is "The rhythmic combination of notes (not "of more than three notes").

Whether it gets you in the head, the gut crutch, hips or the hair on your chinnychin chin, makes little difference.

If Corry wants to tell me what music I should like, let him write to *Record and Pop-*

swop Mirror, or *MM...* I won't have to read it there. — **KIM RICHARDSON**, Shaftesbury, Dorset.

CHRIS CORRY is ultragonzoid to define good and bad music on national lines. The work of Dylan, Joni Mitchell, Jackson Browne, Steely Dan etc. cannot be described as "gonzoid riffs with mucho feedback". Thus "Pretzel Logic" is shallow while Hello's "Game's Up" is Great Art.

Corry's put-down of the magnificent Bad Company doesn't hold water. Rodgers

sings with total conviction, passionate intensity and superb vocal control. Ralphs is a tasteful and exacting guitarist, while the rhythm section is rock-solid.

Corry is a pseud to suggest that driving high energy music is culturally inferior to the stultifying boredom of Supertramp, Gentle Giant, canned Kraut etc. For culture I watch the R.S.C. — to get my rocks off I watch Bad Company or Mott. — **KAREN BRYAN**, Heald Green, Cheshire.

IN ANSWER to Chris Corry's patriotic ramblings, American music gets airplay over here because we rarely get to see the bands playing live in England. And where is this so much airplay? I haven't noticed much Jesse Colin Young on the Tony Blackburn Show.

I call it a gross insult to generalise US musicians as using "incessant repetition of a gonzoid riff with mucho feedback", and having no imagination.

What about Dylan, The Band, Little Feat, Stefan Grossman, Allman Brothers, Steve Miller Band, Bonnie Raitt, Maria Muldaur, Grateful Dead, CSN&Y, Zappa, Joni Mitchell, Stevie Wonder, etc., etc.?

I suppose all British bands play to the head only and such bands as Uriah Heep, Status Quo, Deep Purple, Sabbath and Hawkwind don't repeat gonzoid riffs. What's this paranoid Corry trying to do anyway, start the t'ird world war? — **CRISPIN PARTRIDGE**, Brighton.

● The excrement appears to have hit the fan, eh Mr. Corry?

WHOEVER HAD the nerve to print last week's crossword (February 15) must be bloody sick. I am talking about 1 Down and to quote, "Earlier version of the Monkees!!!"

The only thing that would fit in the space is Beatles. The Monkees don't even begin to compare with the Fabs in music, style or anything else. — **A BEATLES FREAK**.

● Sorry about that, but the Crossword's never been the same since it started hanging out with the Soul Page. To tell the truth it's become a right pain, irritating the Folk Page with its spade-jive raps and up-setting readers with its tasteless humour. And I'll tell you something else, if it turns up for work one more time in those rhinestoned boots and that bloody woolly hat I'm going to... — **STAINLESS STEEL**.

FAN MAIL

Thanks a million. My friends have increased a millionfold. Wherever I go I am treated with awe, amazement, and stares of respect, (even jealousy). I have had begging letters from all over the country, recording contracts, offers to open village fetes, bazaars etc.

Yes, you printed my letter, and though it may not be the cover of *Rolling Stone*, my standing in life has increased incredibly.

You are now listed among my heroes, alongside such notables as Dennis the Menace, Randall McMurphy, and Horton Canale (Nick Kent stands NO chance!)

May the sun shine out of your rear end forever. — **HORTON (R.T.) CANALE**, West Harrow, Middlesex.

SO ROBIN Trower thinks he's the best guitarist in the world. Interesting. You'll get a lot of letters about that. More interestingness. Ted Nugent, who you interviewed several months back, thinks HE'S the best guitarist in the world.

Even more interesting, the reasoning behind their conclusions is the same. New heights of interesting. If you analyse their reasoning you will see that neither of them can be as he claims. Why? 'cos we know that neither of them is the lone groover of his idiom, tho' they both think they are.

So who is the best guitarist in the world? Well, using the Trower/Nugent theory, I am.

I am? Well alright then, maybe you are. Try the test and see.

1. Are you a guitarist? If the answer "Yes", then —
2. Do you know of anyone who plays remotely like you? If you answer "No" then congratulations! We'll have to have a play-off sometime. All six lousy million of us.

Incidentally. **TWO** letters from Deke Roberts in one issue? If that doesn't prove you write your own letters, nothing will. — **DEKE ROBERTS**, Cowley, Oxford.

I LIKE the NME because... it's got style; it's got a crossword (indispensable); it's got what George Melly ("Revolt Into Style") attributed to another so-called music paper, namely 'built-in shit detectors'.

And last, but not least, it's got a sense of humour, eg. "There Is Only One Mention Of Jimi Hendrix in this Robin Trower Review".

However, having seen the latter in concert at Hemel Hempstead for a mere 80p, I can confidently predict that even NME cynics will be able to mention the two in the same breath without a twinge of conscience when referring to live performance at least.

Trower's big problem is records: musically speaking, "For Earth Below" is a consolidation, not a progression, and even that's a bit generous. Still, he can write "I Can't Wait Much Longer", "Daydream", "Day Of The Eagle" and "Bridge Of Sighs" so there's hope yet.

On the basis of live performance alone, I should think that only ignorance, prejudice and the love of technique for its own sake can prevent Trower from topping the Guitar Section of NME Readers' Poll. Accusations of "Hendrix rip-off"? You can't duplicate feel. — **NEIL FOXLEE**, Fitzwilliam College, Cambridge.

■ Cynics? Not us Neil — I mean, we did give him a page 5 article last week.

YOU STUPID, thick turd! Isotope: just "a set of riffs pretending to be compositions"? Whoever wrote that should stick to his Bay C.R.'s because stepping into Isotope's field is obviously beyond his musical experience.

This music is meant to be listened to, concentrated on. It is not music to be slipped on between Helen Reddy and Charley Pride for a quick stop-gap review. To make such ridiculous statements as "a sad waste of musicianship," and to then leave them floating, is in itself a total paradox.

Their musicianship is of the

finest quality to be found today. Witness Gary Boyle's guitar on "Spanish Sun" ("drab and artificial jazz-rock"?); Laurence Scott's electric piano on "Rangoon Creeper" ("drab and artificial jazz-rock"?); Hugh Hooper's fine bass playing on "Golden Section" ("drab and artificial jazz-rock"?); and the general percussive abilities of Nigel Morris, and all of that totally unfounded criticism falls flat on its tin buttocks.

Up to now I have respected the integrity of NME, and have, in general, supported your musical views. Before, your criticism has been backed up, but this entire "Shortcake" idea is just an extremely cheap attempt at cutting down your backlog of albums (both "Illusion" and "Night Life" were available at the end of December).

If the pressure of your reviews means you have to sink to these pathetic 13 line put-downs, I suggest you give up reviews completely. — **PAUL WOODGETT**, Worley, West Midlands.

● Firstly, I stand by the review. Secondly, the short review format is not for "cutting down the backlog of albums" so much as to give more space to the albums needing extensive attention without forfeiting complete coverage of the LP scene as a whole. Please note that they are not all put-downs, too. An album given a short review can, however, be taken to be (in our view) of the less important variety. — **I. MAC**.

I'M NOT jumping on the bandwagon, but I have to agree with Colin Webb and Glynis Cross (NME Feb. 8) about the standards of albums today. In the past few weeks I bought, and changed, "Tubular Bells" four times, "Sheer Heartattack" once, "Best From Mountain" twice, "Bad Company" once and a Goon's album which again had to be replaced.

If the record companies are going to put up prices they should raise the standard of their product. — **SIMON PICKEN**, Southampton, Hampshire.

DUNNO WHAT'S up wiv dese geezers what writes up saying fings like "I just bought 'Wild Turkey Play Semprini's Biggest Rip-Offs' and the first time I played it the record played exploded killing the cat and demolishing the house next door and so I sent it back to the record company and seven months later they sent me back a copy of the wrong record that was so badly warped that I used it as a flowerpot and when I took it back to the record company they said that 48 million other copies had been pressed like it and were selling well at Interfloras and so they swapped it for another one that didn't even have a hole in the middle let alone any grooves on it and as soon as I tried to play it it cracked like Bob the Wolf setting light to his beard."

"I mean, blimey, I can't even afford to buy Wild Turkey's latest single, let alone a whole album."

I mean blimey, I just sit here listening to the same Black Sabbath album over n'over again. I mean, blimey, what's dey got to complain about eh?, that's what I wanna know, eh? I mean, blimey... — **KEEF**, Farnham, Surrey.

■ Quick nurse, the screens, the screens... N.L.

DYLAN WILL come back!!! — **THE BEAUTIFUL STRANGERS**, Desolation Row.

■ Oh no he won't — N.L.

HAVING READ much of the Canvey Island rockers — Dr. Feelgood — I decided to grab myself a slice of the action, and set off in the direction of Finsbury Park to witness some "Naughty Rhythms". Surprisingly, there was a large crowd outside and, not having a ticket, I queued up. Eventually a guy stuck his head out of the door and announced "Standing room only". Ah, so I was not the only one who wanted to witness the Feelgoods.

Hell man, these were some dudes! They looked like relics from the 1950's or characters from "The Loneliness Of The Long Distance Runner." Now, up to this moment, I had heard nothing of their music. Then

KLUTZ KUTZ

MES CHERS nurds. In the current issue of your paper you come close — "but nicht close enough mein leetle popsicles!"

In Teasers (Feb. 22) you ask if anyone's heard of a similarity between Steve Klutzenharley's nouveau disque et Bobby zee D's "Queen Jane Approximately"... well, smart-ass hipsters, dig out yer dusty copies of "Blonde on Blonde" and see if there is any similarity... see punks, no similarity whatsoever.

Now try "Absolutely Sweet Marie"... aaaaaa! Right album, wrong track — comprenez? I take it that this was another lay-out error for which another ten subs will be duly castigated. — **A. J. WEBERMAN VI**, Homer Row, St. Marylebone, W.1.

AS SOON AS I saw the Klutz Of The Year section in your poll, I knew it was gonna be Steve Harley. You could see that one coming. But you could at least have done a review of his new single. (We did — NME 1.2.75).

It's a very nice single. And if you listen to some of the lyrics, it sounds like he could be talking about you lot.

All you groovers who voted for Harley, don't be swayed by journalistic vendettas. Make your own decisions. If you don't you could be missing a lot of good music. — **K.P.D.**, Chichester, Sussex.

WHO RIGGED the Klutz Of The Year Award. Surely C.S.M. must have won by a mile. — **BARRY WOOD**.

ROW, Sprowston, Norwich.

WHOEVER IT was who did that crappy and infantile review of Steve Harley's "Make Me Smile" (It was Steve Clarke) really must be laughing on the other side of his face. Something tells me not many people agreed with the prat's review.

So why not lay off Steve Harley if you just wanna screw him up. Especially, the NME bum-lickers who can't do that properly (i.e. reviewers) without making themselves look two inches tall.

Anyway Steve, see you at the Hammersmith Odeon, and if any boring NME gits are there to screw you up I'll personally kick in their area of masculinity. We're with you Steve, whatever you do, we'll stand by you. — **CHRISTINE**, Sandy, Beds.

WHY DOES Steve Harley sound like a white Eartha Kitt? — **KU KLUTZ KLAN**, Bournemouth.

ANY OF YOUR slaves who were watching TOTP on the 13th (in between nose picks and finger-nail cutting) happen to notice that the Klutz Of The Year's new "hair-do" bears a remarkable resemblance to that of the genius Steve Marriott's at Charlton last year? Did I read somewhere that the Klutz was all originality? — **KEV BROOKER**, Aylesbury, Bucks.

A FEW WEEKS ago, whilst scanning your worthy organ, I came across the word "klutz". I dismissed the word as being a replacement for "cosmic" or

"spaced out".

However, having recently digested your worthy and interesting readers poll issue, I find that Steve Harley is the most popular "klutz" in music. An honour not to be greeted with an upturned nose? Or is it?

One does not have to be an Einstein to realise that, where Mr. Harley is involved, this word is obviously in the derogatory class.

Let's face it, it must be pretty terrifying if the Bay City Rollers are only second! — **PETER PATTENDEN**, Bootle, Merseyside.

STEVE Harley makes me sick. — **SCHMUTAK**.



they began, and Christ they were good. The excitement and potency of their act was amazing. Everything they say about it is true.

Lead guitarist Wilco Johnson was superb, leaping across the stage like a puppet and looking painfully restricted by the length of his guitar lead. Their songs, although plain rock 'n' rollers, the likes of which we've all heard before, were made by the band to sound original. Singer Lee Brilleaux, with his almost monotone voice, is just made for rock'n' roll. We even had him emulating P. J. Proby with a trouser splitting act. And the way he used that microphone. Well man, phallic rules!

Skin basher "Big Figure" has absolutely no style, and is brilliant, and bassist John "Sparko" Sparks is a bass superdude. Most of their songs were, apparently, off their first album, which I haven't heard yet but will beg to get the bread together!

On the subject of their album, I remember a couple of weeks back Nick Kent saying that the excitement of their stage act had not been captured. But hell man, how do you capture that sort of excitement and energy on plastic? I suppose the answer could be a live album, but they seldom work out. If what Nick Kent says is true then give them time and in Kent's own words "We can wait."

Dr. Feelgood are gonna be huge, but we all know that anyway.

I felt sorry for Kokomo. A case of "follow that if you can," but they played a fair old set. The sax player was in good form and the guitarist (Jim Mullen?) played some nice stuff. They are soon, apparently, to set off to the States and should do well there in the same way as the Average Whites.

So the Naughty Rhythms tour has been a success. It has allowed small venue bands to venture into the big halls, and other pub rockers like Bees Make Honey, Ducks Deluxe and the Kilburns could use a tour like this. Howzat for a lineup? — ROB, EALING, London.

See also Mick Farren's piece on the Naughties tour in Thrills. And watch out for a much-comprehensive progress report on the Pub Rock bands in an upcoming issue. — NL.

UNLIKE YOUR correspondent Hugh Taylor-Wilson I do object to paying extra for NME, so it's just as well I always steal it from the bookstall while pretending to leaf through the girlie magazines.

He asks other readers (and I am a reader if not a purchaser) to write *serious* (his italics not mine, I'm kinky about brackets myself) views on NME and the route they would like to see it take.

Well, for a start, stop printing silly letters by people called Hugh Taylor-Wilson who suggest that your writers bear grudges just because they have opinions. I have an opinion about Mr. Taylor-Wilson, but does this mean I bear a grudge? Well yes I do, but that's beside the point.

Keep on the route you are taking already, dear NME! Let your standards vary, only make some articles *better* than others in your paper, not worse! Keep your sense of humour; print smart ass one liners! They don't lower the standard; they just make the rest of the rubbish look superior by comparison!

Just one criticism. When are we going to have some coverage on Elton John, Roxy, Bowie in America and Status Quo? — DAVID CUMMINGS, London, N.W.3

Soon. Soon. — NL.

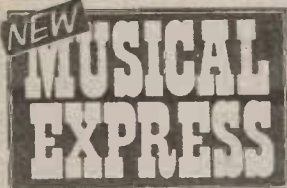
IF DAVID really does look "thinner than ever" every time Lisa Robinson sees him, then I hope she stops seeing him soon in case he disappears.

And which well-known Klutz Of The Year has just shown you lot what it's all about by wallowing in at No. 10? — K. DETTINSON, Bexhill.

WEST HAM????? — KEVIN BEATTIE (no relation), Woodbridge, Suffolk.

Kevin Beattie???? — NL.

NL???? — Stainless Steele.



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TEAZERS

A WEEKLY COMPILATION

SUPPORT YOUR local Bomber: on February 14th's OGWT, Bob Harris introduced a Marvin Gaye flick clip with an aside that he preferred Motown's earlier output

(as opposed to their contemporary stuff — S. Wonder and M. Gaye excepted). So Tamla countered with a somewhat paranoid Round Robin which shot the

Bomber down; comments like "uninformed mind" and "ignorance" were freely used. And guess what? To compensate for Harris's "ignorance" Motown mailed him ten recent elpees — all of which seem to us to be more likely to confirm his viewpoint; incidentally, most of us agreed with his remarks — and most of us are dumbfounded at TM's total inability to take any sort of criticism, informed or otherwise ...

Good News Of The Week: legendary composer-singer-pianist-genius Laura Nyro is recording again, under the aegis of producer-arranger Charlie Calello; what's more, it's all new material too — her album "Gonna Take A Miracle", on which she was backed by La Belle, consisted of oldies ... Other thoroughly wonderful and heart-stoppingly thrilling upcoming album projectoids include Rick Derringer's reggae version of his 1965 McCoys' hit "Hang On Sloop" and a Muddy Waters album to be cut in Woodstock with The Band

Exciting project that you won't be hearing: collaboration between Paul Simon and Bette Midler which collapsed in transit; all together now: "Awwwwww" ... Efforts being made to bring Joe Cocker in this summer for major football stadium gig, possibly Charlton ... Flo, Eddie and Rick Derringer guesting on Mike Quatro (yes, that Mike Quatro)'s album, logically entitled "In Collaboration With The Gods" ...

The lovely Adrienne Hunter takes over publicity for Roxy, Ferrari and Eno from the gorgeous Simon Puxley, who retains his interest in Alex Harvey and Baker-Gurwitz ... George Melly features old Fats

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Waller classic "Ain't Misbehavin'" (also his new single) in film of same name, which purports to be a compilation of "glamour and blue" movies of the 30's and 40's ... Plans afoot for Alex Harvey Band to tour Britain in May ...

Scrubble these down on your Must List: El Clappo's new product to go under the title of "There's One In Every Crowd", and Ian Hunter's new one (now in the mixing stage and scheduled for release next month) will be entitled "Ian Hunter" — fabulous title. Ian, wish we'd thought of it ... Still on the subject of recordings, we are informed that Messrs Stills and Young are at what may be euphemistically termed "loggerheads" — a new studio in the Vermont area ...

Stop Press: Lovely Deborah Thomas of the *Daily Mirror* anguished this week at loss of, not one, but two contact books; the lady implores all rock stars to beware of phoney journalists or odd phone calls, and simultaneously offers a reward plus No Questions Asked for return of the books (which were nicked from her office desk; wot sort of reporters are they employing at the *Mirror* these days, huh?) ...

Mandala Band, currently

supporting Robin Irower on tour, short one guitarist: 19-year-old Ashley Mulford inside for six months after Manchester bust ... Gloria Gaynor arrives London March 10th for strictly promotional visit ... The things publicists think of: according to Les Perrin, it took 550 trees to provide the paper for the first edition of the "Slade In Flame" book ...

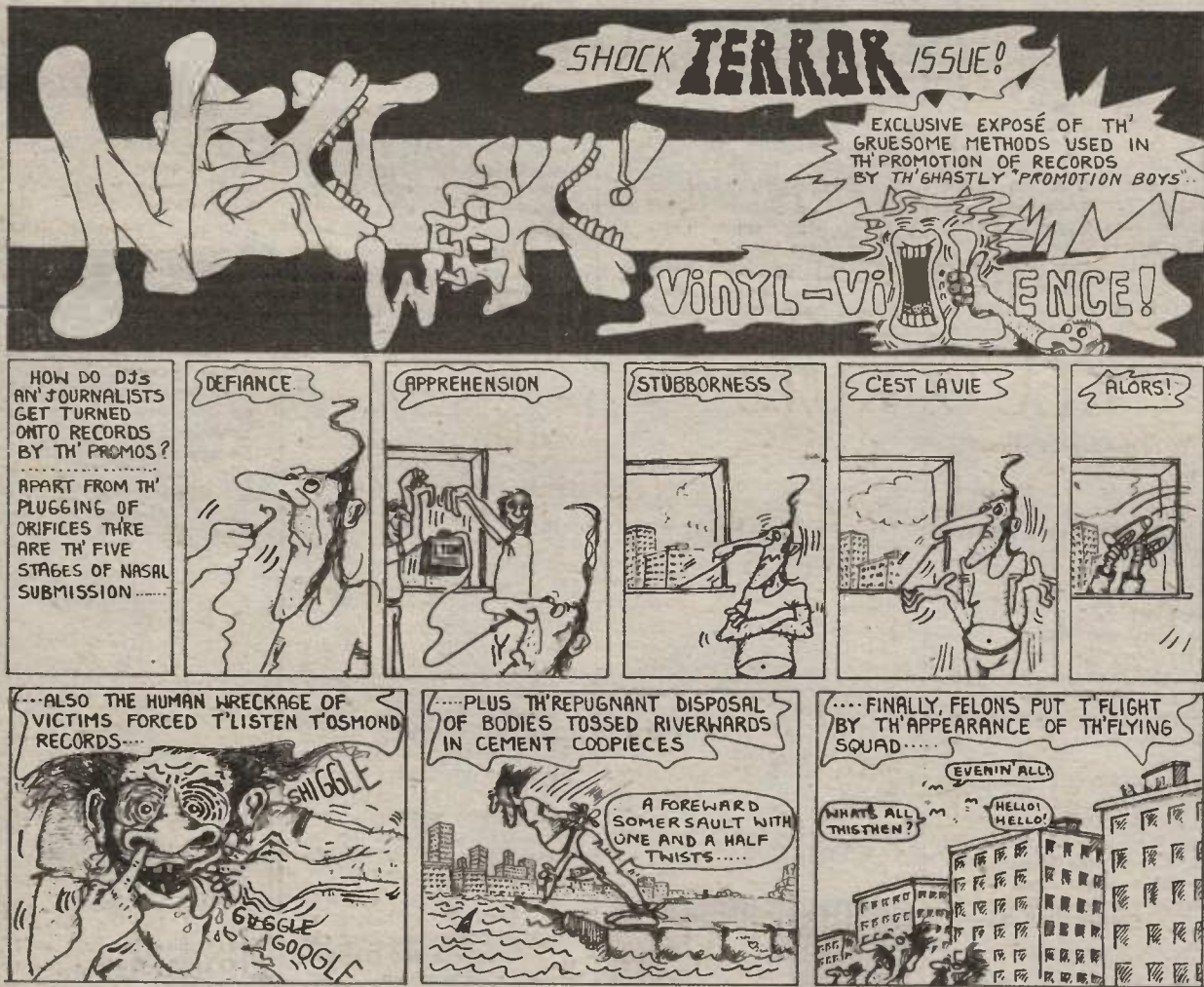
Good noose department: Angie Bowie has finally landed her film role as Ruth Ellis, the last woman to be hanged in Britain ... Letter to NME from MainMan: "Despite rumours, reputed to be close to the source, David Bowie is still under contract to MainMan. Also there is no truth in the rumour of the pending closure of MainMan USA. The office is doing better than ever, following the recent staff changes, as is the English office." ... Tom Jones, currently recording in California, due back in Britain early spring ...

Eton College boys voted in favour of staging the Windsor Festival on the Actual Hallowed Grounds this year; but the school governors predictably dismissed it as "preposterous" — as usual, the kids are hipper ... Judge Dread collapsed last week with the Dreaded pneumonia ... At Ronnie Scott's last Saturday, Jeff Beck, Roger Chapman, Claire Hamill and Bobby Tench joined Linda Lewis on stage — and audience included Rick Wakeman, Mick Ronson and Ken Russell ... Robert Stigwood planning summer US tour by Eric Clapton ... "House Full" notices going up at most gigs on current Planxty tour, including last Sunday's concert at New London Theatre ...

Alice Cooper sets off on three-month US tour next month, using the same bunch of ex-Lou Reed musicians that showed up on his "Welcome To My Nightmare" album; the old band are definitely out of the picture, and young Ms Quatro will be supporting ... Ringo Starr, currently taking acting lessons from Actor's Studio man Lee Strasburg, has acquired the movie rights to Terry Southern's classic "Blue Movie" ... And Jack Nietzsche's supplying the score for Jack Nicholson's movie of Ken Kesey's "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest" — read the book, kids, it'll knock your socks off ...

And the hits jes' keep on kummin': Adrian Ben Loony reportedly anxious to record with John Lennon; best of luck ... news of Lovin' Spoonful's reunion album was of great interest to their original drummer Joe Butler, who hadn't been consulted — which could cause complications, as he owns rights to the name ... Former Easybeats singer Stevie Wright returns to public life with "Hard Road" album, already double-Gold in Australia, already ...

Hot flash from the Department of Public Health: ex-Supreme Florence Ballard is alive and unwell and suing Motown — she's living on welfare in Decece-troit ... B. Ferrari currently hanging out in horse-racing circles; tweed caps are gonna be This Year's Thang ... And finally, music-lovers. Pete Sinfield is quoted in *Ideal Home* magazine as saying (of his home in wonderful, wonderful Clapham): "We tried to keep it organic"; NME Masked Teazers Compiler quoted as saying (in heavy Bronx accent): "We tried to keep it" ... Ya-hiii Allah! Allah Akhbar!! ...



Thank you, thank you, Ladies 'n Gemmun — and you, sir — yes, thank you one and all. Right now at this tahn, Box Productions is proud — *mighty* proud — to present the followin' righteous stuff: first we got some real heavy rappin' with Funky JOHN LENNON ... thank you ... then we got vitriolic weirdness with LOU REED, courtesy Lester Bangs (take a bow there, Lester), 'n we're givin' away a whole passel (150 to be precise — Ed.) of Virgin albums to the winners of an outasite competition, we're hustlin' the asses off of LABELLE (put it away, you inna third row), we're folkin' about with RICHARD AND LINDA THOMPSON, and finally ... thank you ... we're wrappin' it all up with the final episode of ELTON JOHN (*Life and Times of*). It's gon' be fahn, it's gon' be funky (uh!). It's gon' — aw Hell, it IS the hardest-workin' paper in Show Bizness, it's ... it's ... Yo' say *Record and Popsop Mirror* one mo' tahn an' I'm gon' waste yo' buns!

LED ZEPPELIN

New double album available on SWANSONG records,
distributed by Atlantic



PHYSICAL
GRAFFITI

1. Jethro Tull are still fully capable of selling out 92,000 tickets in Los Angeles.

TRUE



FALSE



On your bike. Anderson. Pics: RICHARD CREAMER

2. Ian Anderson has several interesting theories as to why this should be the case

TRUE



FALSE



IT STRUCK ME fully the second time around. The first time — the first of the five Jethro Tull shows that were to take place at the Los Angeles Forum to an overall capacity approximation of 92,000 people — was witnessed by this writer through a fairly horrendous jet-lag indented haze; I nodded out during, I think, a rather tardy rendition of "Aqualung" and had to be driven back to the hotel by the boyfriend of one of the Chrysalis reps.

But that second night, the faculties were functioning again...moreover, they were set on the alert for some sturdy meat-hook of a story on which to hang this whole escapade.

Not that the folk at Chrysalis Records seemed over concern-

ed. They'd furnished me with an open return ticket from London to Los Angeles, got their L.A. office to hitch up a hotel room, and left me in little doubt that my reason for being there was to inform the readers of NME in grand terms that J. Tull are taking the Great American Rock Circuit to the cleaners, rivalling even The Mighty Zeppelin in certain key states. "We don't care that much if you personally like them or not."

I "yassuh-boss'd" it out of that office faster than a speeding bullet with a complete set of Tull records and the haunting remembrance of Jimmy Page, once coming up with the idea of calling the band's first (then-to-be-recorded) live set — "Jethro Tull Bore 'em At The Forum".

As far as I was concerned, I'd given up on Jethro Tull when I accidentally left my ex-army surplus greatcoat on a train commuting between London and Brighton back in the golden hinterlands of 1969.

I remembered them simply as a group of perfectly adequate musicians who'd had the good sense, in 1968, to inject a straight blues vamp with some

Roland Kirk doo-dat scat and come on like ye mangy rat-haired vagabonds, thus establishing a strong platform to bounce off into 'progressive rock' when the blues boom took a creaky down-bound lurch.

From there on in, musical structures had seemed to get more tortuously elongated, pretensions more feverishly gargantuan. I'd missed "Aqualung" out altogether, sat through maybe 20 minutes of the "Thick As A Brick" Royal Albert Hall concert, and even when, attracted perversely by the almost unanimous critical loathing that followed in the wake of "Passion Play," I made an attempt to 'get into' that from that countered standpoint, I gave up in despair after listening to only one side.

I sniggered when "War Child" was greeted with healthy "thumbs-up" critical approval. Actually, I have since discovered "War Child" to be a pleasant album containing a decent quota of interesting and palatable melodies and a couple or more clever arrangements. I noted all this while a cassette of the aforementioned warbled around my hotel room.

I also seem to recall reading at that moment a review of the previous night's concert in the *L.A. Times*. The headline was "Tull rhymes with Dull."

Not that it was anything new. The caption itself had been stolen from a *Rolling Stone* review of the same vitriolic anathematic intent. It was then that I felt almost portentously protective towards the band — if only because it seemed only too easy for any rock critic to get all bully-boy precocious and vicious at the J. Tull Experience. Still, like I said, I wasn't over-concerned either way.

UNTIL, THAT is that second time around it was some time past the initial Tull 'live statement' — a string section plays some "classical music" (note quote-unquote) for some five minutes, the conductor 'browns off' (i.e. pulls down his pants in front of the audience) and then Martin Barre Tull's guitarist, appears in a flash of crimson light, and, looking like a cheap Woolworths teddy-bear coming unstuffed, hits a determined E major. Bam-ba-lam.

Ah ha. Heavy symbolism here. Before even Anderson has strutted on his whole exaggerated roguish jackanapes guise, playing the whole hale-and-hearty bit in front of a band who look like puppet figures from "The Pirates Of Penzance" decked out in what looked like the old Beefheart/Magic Band threads, it's understood that basically we, the collective audience here at the L.A. Forum, should not take all this too seriously.

The real clincher for me though — that point wherein the ever-prone proverbial electric light-bulb positioned over one's noggin suddenly goes 'ping' and is illuminated with an inspired question, theory or otherwise — came some way into the performance just prior to Anderson himself launching evermore hail-and-heartily into "Thick As A Brick".

A quite spectacularly-fanciable space-nymphet — actually Jethro Tull's secretary, Shona, decked out in Bowie inspired flimsy garb — wanders on to hand the maestro his acoustic guitar and as she quickly makes her exit, Anderson makes the classic English lecher's arm-jerkily-erect-from-the-elbow-up manoeuvre followed by some totally 'nada' vaudevillian throw-away line like — "You wouldn't believe she was my mother would you?"

Now I'll swear that nobody in that audience could grasp onto what was basically pretty duff but purely English humour, but they yucked it up all the same in a kind of massed hesitant communal bark.

The question then is "Why?", and that expletive can be easily amplified to a point where it embraces the whole Tull success story with an almost churlish obviousness, thus: Which is — why would some 92,000 peachy-faced inhabitants of a city that has witnessed rock dreams as vivid as those wrought by the likes of Brian Wilson, Jim Morrison and, last to home in this context at least, Frank Zappa — inhabitants of a veritable Promised Land for Chrissakes (I mean, where else in the world could you watch the "Lucy And Desi show" and "The Beverley Hillbillies" daily every morning on your T.V.?) — be wanting to form mighty queues outside obscurely-sited box-offices out beyond the Santa Monica Boulevard to consequently enter this bloated Bat-Cave of an auditorium so as to witness — five blatantly ugly, uncharismatic Limeys — putting on an albeit, slick, professional show utilising oblique vaudeville, blatantly ludicrous theatrics and music which often comes out like a bunch of the wierdest forms... anything from Elizabethan madrigal ditties to grunting heavy metal riffs all thrust through this communal mince-meater of a corporate which is ultimately Jethro Tull.

I was bemused, to say the least.

I mean, with all the other El Supremo hot shot rock auditorium-filling attractions there exists an undeniably obvious reason for their popularity, whether it be 'good Limey charisma' (Zep, The Faces), 'good Limey charisma plus Living Legend schtick' (The Stones principally, also The Who), good techno-flash bombast (ELP principally, also Yes), doper's epiphany (Pink Floyd), or cosmic epiphany (?) (Moody Blues).

It goes without saying — bad taste is timeless and probably a more lucrative commercial faculty in rock than ever (if you don't believe me, just check out Bachman-Turner Overdrive's attendance records here

of late) but when it came to Jethro Tull, well, I was more than a touch bemused.

No Robert Plant pretty-boy-type in sight, no real guitar-hero, no English equivalent to a Mark Farner (God forbid) here.

No wonder the back-stage area was utterly devoid of groupies. No glitter-puss either.

As far as the eye could see, it was all young kids, predominantly male in wind-cheaters and denims and, from what I could see, at the unfortunate age where hair and skin is not all it could be seated gawking wide-eyed at the Tull programme, like the two beside me who stared quite transfixed at the colour photo of Ian Anderson.

Interview: NICK KENT

son muttering... "Yeah, dis guy Ian Anderson... he's so-o-o far-out. He's the one who holds it all together, y'know".

I'll swear I combed that hall one night, trying to find the key via some out-of-the-blue, off-the-wall statement from some solitary genius in the crowd who would unbeknown to himself, strike upon the absolute 'raison d'être' for all this hoopla. But all in vain.

I mean, even my theory of Jethro Tull being some ludicrous teen doper's event of a band was all but blown back by a marked absence of that usually wretched stench of grass wafting through the auditorium.

I GUESSED it was going to have to be down to getting the word from the Big Cheese himself. Ian Anderson, that is.

I'd found myself reading a few of Anderson's interviews of late, long, in fact, before this whole scam was even a twinkle in some bright publicist's cranium.

He'd always struck me as a basically intriguing character — intelligent certainly, rather a radically toned-down Roy Harper in a very distinct way. Both Anderson and Harper hail from Blackpool and the latter used to accompany Jethro Tull around to gigs in a transit van shared with John Peel, then doing a dee-jay spot in between sets.

That same North of England hardness and determination to grapple with some bloated truth; that same predilection towards talking to excess but somehow making it cool by actually saying something amidst all the verbose bamboozlement.

Anderson's main problem though as regards interviews was that he always seemed to be faced with total simps on these occasions.

So anyway, you walk into his suite at the swanky Beverly Hills Hotel with a few string-along questions to throw at him, from whence you presume some mighty dialectic will evolve, and here's Anderson dressed in cheapo functional black sweat-shirt and jeans, legs spread out on the table in a sort of half-hearted 50's punk slouch.

Both his face and hair look distinctly unhealthy, the former sallow and parched, the latter starting to show signs of the years of back-combing and general mismanagement via a slightly receding forehead.

The room itself is sparsely embellished with personal pos-

•Continues over page



Pan's People are the kind of girls I like to go to bed with.

● From previous page

sessions, basically only an acoustic guitar and a motor-cycle jacket stand out.

Anderson will later state that his whole existence revolves around such rooms and his ability to function with the absolute minimum of possessions.

"One of my cop-outs... these mechanisms in my brain, if you like, is that I can carry all my possessions with me down an airport corridor."

Anderson in fact lives out of hotels. Period. He's done so for over two years now ever since he and his wife separated.

Before that, there was a home — "this very small house" which had involved decorating, buying furniture and

all that until... "It was very constructive actually — not to mention instructive. I just realised slowly that there were all these other... options and that those options were what I wanted to pursue."

At this time Anderson's total possessions consist of maybe ten antique guitars, four motor-cycles ("three at Jon (Evan)'s house, one here in L.A. at a friend's house") a couple of tea-chests full of old clothes, some J.B.L. High Efficiency Monitors and a couple of tape-recorders that he considers as merely tools for his work. A Hi-fi system is laying around "somewhere" in storage.

"It's not a frugal existence by any means though it is a very simple existence... uncomplicated."

But expensive. Hotels and taxis do cost money — "approximately £200 a week" plus eating-out — Anderson hates to be cooked for. "I just... I just really like to take a girl out for dinner. That, to me, is it, y'know. A real joy."

LIKE PAN'S People. For example, whom Anderson considers "just really good birds".

That's why he had them perform for four nights at the Rainbow with his band.

"You see," and here he gets almost assertively defensive, "I like Pan's People. I'm attracted to Pan's People. They're the sort of girls I'd like to go to bed with... well, let's say, take out to dinner. My lawyer, for example... now he makes a ritual out of going to his pub and watching Pan's People on the box there. It's a ritual to him and he loves it."

"And I was the same for those four nights. I mean, I was standing there in the wings just positively 'glowing', y'know. I enjoyed the magic of it. It was a personal thing for me. Those four nights were the extent of my sexual contact with Pan's People and it was totally rewarding..."

Above all though, and far and away beyond all the "options" and "freewheeling" that Anderson's current life-style allows him to indulge in, his hotel existence gives him the kind of detachment that ultimately forces him into a creative frame of mind, facilitating the composition of at least "one new riff... one verse... just some-

thing to make a mark" per day. Nothing less.

A day is in fact totally incomplete without some new musical or lyrical conception having been dragged through Anderson's personal wringer of a creative impulse. When the actual 'validity' of such feverish activity is questioned Anderson is, at least, candid:

"I'm more concerned with making music as opposed... sometimes to making good music. I could never see myself pondering over a work... taking two years to bring it to fruition. Most of these rock musicians who've bought houses in the country and to all intents and purposes 'settled down' quote-unquote, actually buy the luxury of making music as a hobby."

"I pride myself on being a musician seven days a week. That is my job. I mean, on my passport it reads — vocation: 'Musician' — and I'm proud of that. I actually glow when I read that."

O.K., O.K., but Anderson will then in another context proclaim forth on the subject of the agonies of being committed to such an all-embracing task.

"Music is something that

doesn't do the pain of it all justice. It's a painful process... it really is. It's not any kind of amputation or exorcism. You're not removing anything... instead you're using it as a model, exhibiting it and having to live with it. Like, I have to live with some songs that I absolutely loathe."

Such as?

"Ah, ha, I knew you were going to ask me that and I'm not going to tell you simply because there's probably some poor frail being out there reading this whose favourite Jethro Tull song is exactly one of those that I detest. I wouldn't tell him that in front of him just as you would never tell me to my face what you think of me..."

Actually, Ian, I think the greater body of your music sucks.

I DIDN'T say that at the time and I'm still wondering why I didn't. Instead I let him get into a further revealing rap about himself, prompted by a question about Anderson the 'artist'.

I mean, surely here was a man with some high-flown theories about the quality of art, the place of the artist in society, or better still, his own worth as an artist.

Instead, he quickly shrugged off the whole schmeer, claiming that the true worth of art and its purveyors could only be seen in a "historical" context and that he wasn't even concerned with the tag for now.

I proceeded to throw up the whole "I quit scam that blew up in the wake of 'Passion Play'".

I mean, c'mon Ian. Of buddy, here you are telling me that you don't particularly "care" for the term "artist" and yet you got involved in something that was to all intents and purposes, the biggest piece of "misunderstood creative soul" boo-hoo since Whistler's Mother died. I mean, come clean.

"Do you really want to know what happened at the time?" counters Anderson. Sure, I retort.

"O.K. well"... and he sets off on an authoritative, believable rap about how the band had been on the road constantly for Christ knows how many years, and just decided to have a holiday. Chrysalis felt they had to document the fact of this temporary retirement by blowing a whole scam up out of all the negative reviews that "Passion Play" had received.

The band mutely went along with it all, settling back in their country homes, cementing relationships, spawning off-spring, buying lawn-mowers.

Only Anderson remained active. His retirement lasted "a couple of days... I had a couple of curries and then decided I was bored."

He consequently wrote three albums worth of material, including a bunch of classical music which he recorded but has refused to put out, fearing that J. Tull fans would buy it on name alone and be disappointed. A film screenplay was also conceived.

O.K., Ian, but this historical perspective. I mean, did I not read in another leading rock weekly how you reckoned you'd ultimately be remembered as a member of a group who had a flute-player who stood on one leg.

I did this phone in... they were asking 'What's happening,' or 'What's your sign?'



I retired for a couple of days... had a couple of curries... felt bored...

"Sure, but you've got to remember that historical perspective will turn, say, Red Indians into guys with red-skirts who carried tomahawks and killed buffalo. I mean... how can anyone satisfactorily picture oneself in such a context?"

Feeling argumentative, I set out on an earnest rap about how, if I was Bob Dylan, say, and some kid came up to me and said "Hey Bob your music really inspired me. It really changed my attitude to life, I feel, for the better, etc., etc. Thanks a lot," then I'd feel really great. Therefore, if history framed me as some cultural benefactor, then I'd be more than satisfied.

Anderson smiles to himself.

"That's amazing because I've never really felt that way, y'know. I've never liked music that much. I've admired musicians, mind but..."

Hey, but that's a pretty self-consciously "soulless" thing to admit.

"Yeah, but that's like me saying I don't smoke marijuana or take cocaine. I'm a human-being, for God's sake, with real ups and downs. I've never been drunk. I can drink beer throughout a day, but I've never ever been drunk in my life. I couldn't cope with it. I've got a certain discipline that can cope with elations and depressions. My approach as such... listen, I can't say anything any more revealing or ultimately impersonal because you... you at some stage along the line are going to have to edit this and fit it out into two tidy pages for the NME. I just can't tell you the truth and by that I don't mean the truth as opposed to lies. (Pause). This is really terrifying... I feel like I'm dragging my guts out and laying them on the table..."

O.K., so why do interviews in the first place, then?

"That's a really good question. It's a weird thing actually, because I feel when I'm doing them, I'm usurping a position that should be allocated solely to new British groups. I mean, I love being British... I love British groups."

OK, Ian, so do you feel a kinship with other artists then? "Sure I do. I feel a kinship with Beefheart... with Roy Harper... with ELP and Yes."

What? I mean Harper and Beefheart? Sure they're trying something, but ELP? A bunch of soulless dimboes piddling out bombastic spews of classical music?

"Hey, are you going to keep that line in? That line about 'watering down the classics'? Great, I hope you do because that'll allow me to defend that particular band. I really like ELP... sure I listen to their records."

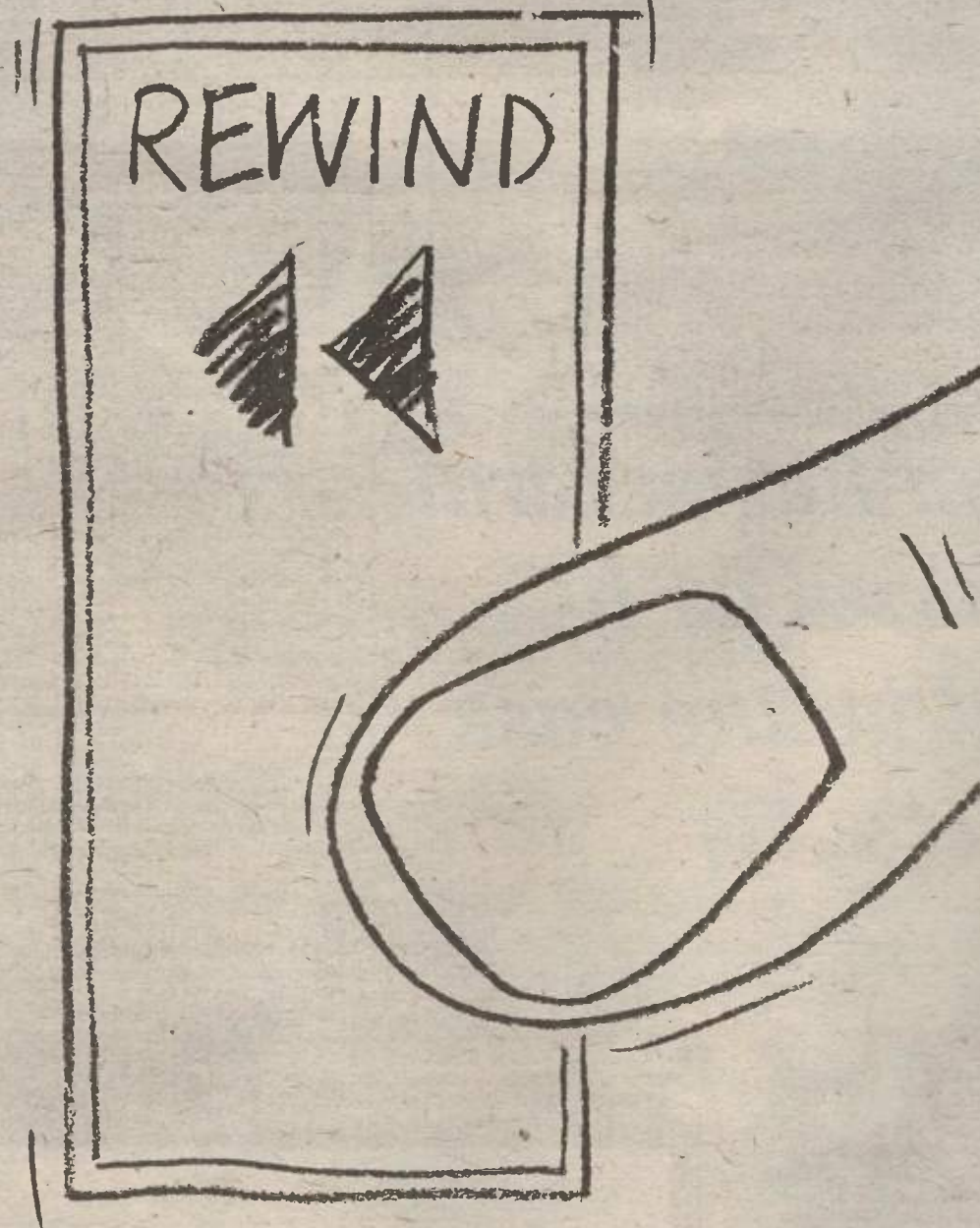
"I can't pretend that I enjoy everything they play but I truly... I truly feel this... that they're trying to elevate their own musical level and there's a kinship there if only because they are part of an attitude that I personally hold very dear — an attitude that instinctively steers away from the obvious. I mean there's Beefheart... sure he's saying something original through this naive school of activity way out on his own. But Beefheart proclaiming this artistry which is what he does just about all the bloody time isn't necessarily more elevating than the accidental artistry of Keith Emerson."

Yeah but Emerson is so bloody mechanical his fingers do all the work.

"I just can't see that. I mean, Christ, playing something like 'Rondo' requires so much physical and mental effort that it

● Continues page 38

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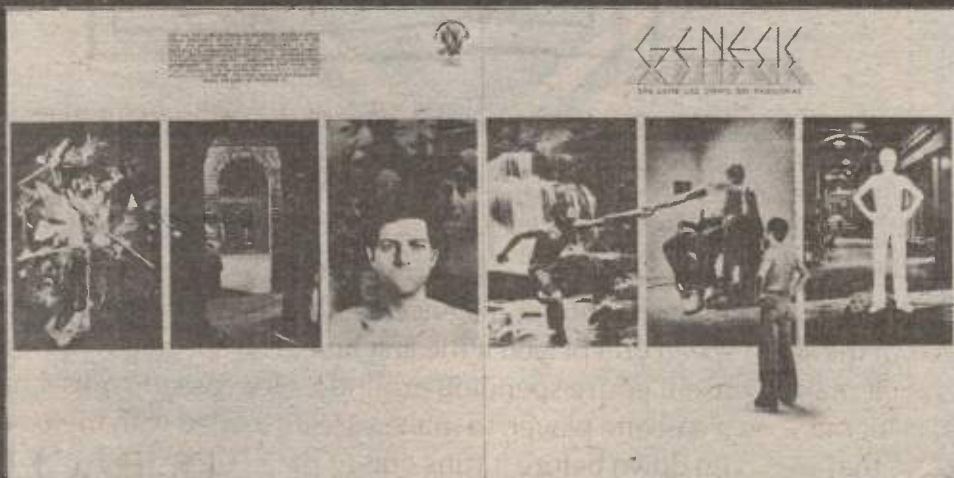
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BRITISH TOUR TICKET DETAILS

All British concerts will begin at 8.00 p.m. and all tickets will go on sale on Monday 10 March except at Bristol where the tickets will go on sale on 8 April. In the case of Wembley 14 April concert, tickets originally issued for 4 November 1974 will be valid, and for Edinburgh tickets originally issued for 6 and 7 November and then validated for 24 and 25 April respectively will now be validated for 22 and 23 April respectively. Ticket prices at all British dates except Wembley, Bristol and Southampton will be £2.00, £1.75, £1.50 and £1.20. At Wembley and Bristol tickets will be £2.00 and £1.50 and at Southampton £2.00, £1.75, £1.50, £1.00 and 80p.



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"Hold the cameras, my toupee's blown off".



Pic: Lee Childers

Freddie Puerto

THOSE NASTY

"QUEEN ... oh the English Queen, well that single of theirs is really good, fantastic production. You know I thought they were quite something. They must have had quite a bit of potential apart from the immediate ... they were immediately sort of acclaimed by the younger kids, so therefore there was some stigma about them. But then they put this record out and they gained so much respect. I think they're going to turn out to be really good. I mean they've only been going about a year or whatever it is ..."

Robert Plant, February 1975

WHAT'S THIS? The entire Avery Fisher Hall (formerly the Philharmonic) has been transformed into a high school auditorium. The scene resembles something out of "Rock Around The Clock" as thousands of Queen fans are throwing paper airplanes, jeering, stomping, lighting mini-flares and waiting for the concert to begin.

Mahogany Rush was to have opened the first of the two shows Queen were doing in New York, but they couldn't get to the gig on time so some folk singer had to fill in, poor guy. Anyway, it was obvious that this crowd was impatient, also that they had no respect whatsoever for the Philharmonic Orchestra's home. I wouldn't be surprised if, after all the debris left behind, rock didn't ever get in the hall again.

As I said, the fans were impatient. Last year Queen had been in New York at the Uris Theater with Mott; they only managed to do a month of that tour due to Brian's hepatitis, but apparently "Sheer Heart Attack" and memories of that gig were enough to sell out a first New York show and require a second. "The nasty Queenies are back!" shouted Freddie Mercury as the band stormed onstage; Freddie in his Zandra Rhodes white satin, stalking and promenading around the stage. A fan handed him a bouquet of white flowers, kids were on their feet cheering.

Smoke is coming out at the audience and I turn to Lee Childers to ask what the name of this song is. "What's the name of this? Are you kidding? 'Smoke Gets In Your Eyes', darling."

Oh. It actually sounds like "Flick Of The Wrist" or "Tenement Funster" — one of those from "Sheer Heart Attack" that remind me of Bowie — but I could be wrong. Anyway, the sound is good — the entire stage production looked dramatically effective (even though the band was to complain later that there were lots of little things wrong and they couldn't take the same kind of effects with them that they do in England ...), and Freddie Mercury's stage presence is simply overwhelming.

"Stone Cold Crazy" in particular, brings kids down to the front of the stage so that the ushers had to keep moving them back. Queen do a medley of four songs from "Sheer Heart Attack"; in addition to "Killer Queen" they perform "In The Lap Of The Gods" (with Freddie at piano) which sounds disturbingly like "Something Wonderful" from "The King & I" ... All of a sudden it is apparent that the dry ice/smoke machine is not working properly. A mixture of smoke and dry ice comes rolling over the stage and nearly

writings of Chinese sage Confucius, each line sung using all one's breath, following certain instructions like: sing as soft as possible, and sing in the same note as someone else you can hear. The result is not unlike Terry Riley's "Rainbow In Curved Air" crossed with the sound of the seashore. Very relaxing.

Since it could take a long time for an ensemble of instruments playing such experimental pieces to produce something interesting, Eno is currently scouting Covent Garden for a suitable location as a studio, a place where he can work without having to think about the cost of 'studio time'. He also implies it will be available for others involved in non-commercial music.

But Eno, m'lud, this pursuit of thine own indulgences isn't likely to bring stardom any closer.

"Yes, but most stars work on the basis of not exposing themselves at all. The whole thing about mystique is you don't say anything. It's as simple as that; if you want to be a star, keep your mouth shut and develop your image. All the stars you can think of, they succeed by being inconclusive. I'm not saying this applies to their music, but in terms of being asked what they're up to, they try and abstract themselves as far as possible from a normal person with normal reactions."

Aha, a true artist, Eno adds, "It only looks mysterious because the public don't see most of what I've done, they only see the successful things, and in between are usually a lot of projects which failed. I suppose that after a while it does build up a mystique of its own, but I am not after the sort of stardom that treats the person itself as a cultural work of art, because it means you have to treat your life with the same respect as a piece of art. The greatest asset in my life is my freedom."

□ JONH INGHAM

ENO WILL SING CONFUCIUS SOFTLY

ON OR ABOUT the evening of January 18, Brian Eno, unmusician, was returning from a session via a party.

At the intersection of Harrow Road and Elgin Avenue he espied a vacant taxi and was crossing against the lights when he noticed another taxi coming towards him at about 50 mph. He tried to move back, but since he was wearing shoes with metal tips that make a clicking sound when he walks (so that he can then tape it to use as rhythm tracks), he slipped and was hit.

Regaining his senses, having been propped up by the roadside, he felt the top of his head, from whence blood was streaming, only to find a large crack. Assuming his head was split open, he replaced his beret to keep his brain warm. Since it was about 11.30, a large group of men, mostly of Irish persuasion, gathered to view the sight.

"He's a goner," was their considered opinion, adding helpful comments like, "Is he getting cold yet?"

Eno, fully conscious and wishing he wasn't, began to think that perhaps he was dying.

The sequence of events at a local hospital were, according to Eno, no less surrealistic. Apart from stating that some 30 or so stitches were imparted into our hero's balding cranium, a veil must be drawn over Eno's lurid account of his experiences with this particular section of the health service due to the fact that the man is currently considering taking the matter up with the authorities.

Finally in the safety of his own home, Eno remained bedridden, nursing torn ligaments and pulled muscles. Recovering via the ministrations of his many lady friends came to play "hospital", his fertile mind soon turned again to the conquering of new musical ground.

TWO PIECES are consuming his interest at the moment. One is based on a person counting numbers like a human metronome. At predetermined points the musicians play in interaction with the other instruments or explore the various properties of their own axe.

The other is based on Pachelbel's "Canon in D", which used to open Roxy Music concerts way back when, and which Eno is transcribing in part from sheet music for a string sextet, over which a group of non-musicians who don't know the score will play parts depending on what they hear. As can be imagined, both pieces have a large random factor and indulge in the vagaries of Eno's beloved repetition. Both also seem to be inspired by Cornelius Cardew's Scratch Orchestra, a record which Eno plays a lot at the moment. (It was his first vinyl outing).

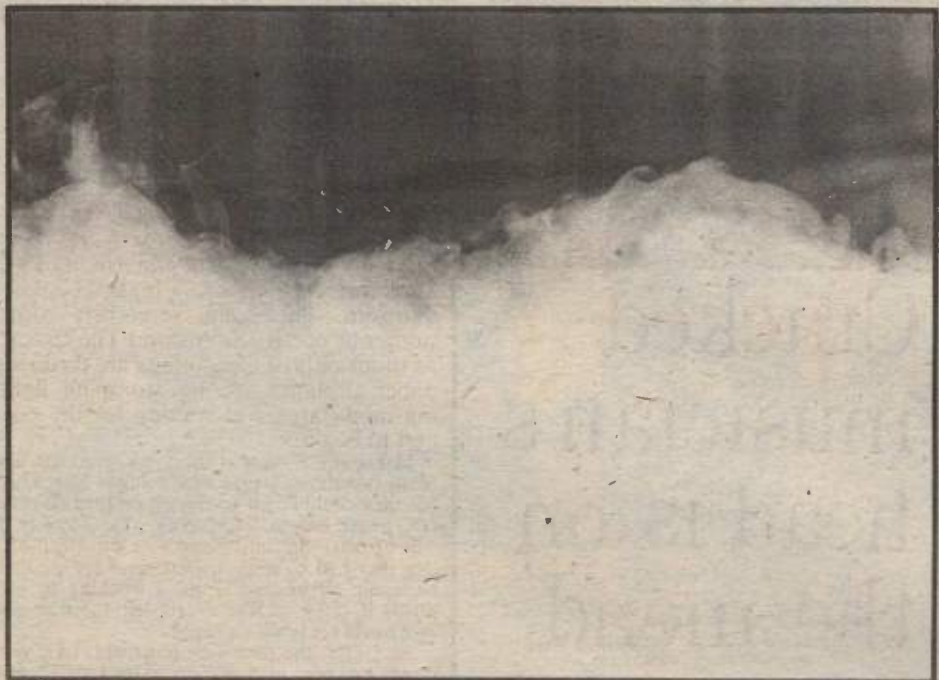
"In the late 60's the only place modern composers could perform their work was in art schools, because that was the only place that understood their work and had people willing to do their things. So I started into a lot of things that didn't require musical skills, and it was fantastic to find that I could make music. There were skills involved, but they weren't technique-type skills, more skills of discipline. A guitarist mentality would wreck a piece like this because he'd be thinking, 'I must get to feature in this'."

The piece to which he refers is based on the

THRILLS

the M plumps for Rican rough trade

QUEENIES ARE BACK AND PROUD IN NEW YORK CITY



Queen at their New York concert.

asphyxiates the front three rows, the rows I might add, in which all journalists have been placed. I think it is a riot, a boy in front of me puts up an umbrella. I also notice that a boy on the aisle to my left is totally nodded out... head slumped over the arm of the chair.

Freddie, by the way, has long since changed from the white Eagle top to a white satin jumpsuit split down the middle, with white cinch belt with rhinestones. About halfway through the concert he changes again (during one of Brian's solos) into the exact same ensemble in black, with the addition of one black satin glove, the tips of the fingernails adorned with silver.

The audience is completely enthusiastic, it's a good reception for a British band who've only been to the U.S. twice actually and not had a huge hit here. They came back for two encores. The first is undoubtedly one of the best songs of the evening — Cy Coleman's "Hey Big Spender" from "Sweet Charity" — *fabulous*: The second is "Jailhouse Rock" — I guess Queen had to end the night on a rock note...

TWO DAYS later, I spoke with Freddie Mercury in his hotel. He had been asleep most of the day, feeling a bit taken with the 'flu, and after a long bath he said he felt "as if I'd come back to life."

"I was very pleased about the concerts, the second show was even better. We did about four in a row, you see; two the night before in Boston, and I was worried where I would get the energy, to be honest. I thought the crowd was pretty amazing, much better than the last time. They were so... you know, chuffed." (He has to ex-

plain what that means to me...).

"You know we had to come over here and do it the way we wanted to do it. Last time was a breaking-the-ice tour, but there were a few setbacks. Yet we still managed to do a month and we got a taste of America, so I think we knew what was needed this time. There's no way you can show the public what you can do unless you headline. When you support there are so many restrictions... you don't get your light show, your playing time, your effects. We're not using the lights we use back home, but they're similar things. Ideally we would take everything on the road with us, but it's too expensive. It's very expensive as it is, the entourage is pretty huge."

I ask him about his clothes, but his make-up — who takes care of it?

"Well," he smiled, "here I've been doing it myself. Sometimes when it's hectic, like at the Rainbow in England, we had a special make-up lady, and that's nice when you're sort of doing interviews at the same time. Just to lean back and have someone else do it."

What kind of makeup do you wear? (I thought you'd never ask Lisa — Ed) "Oh," he laughs, "well, what I put on is just sort of... Revlon... 'Touch And Glow'... it's very, very basic."

What colour? "It's toasted beige, actually. Trust you to ask me!"

What about the, errr... smoke machine?

"Oh, don't talk about that! It's a dry ice and smoke thing and you know sometimes with dry ice the heat from the lights doesn't allow it to rise... See, this is one of the things that I'm sort of annoyed about, that we couldn't bring over the sort of finishing touches we have at home. The

light board we have at home is better, and the smoke machine, and the flares that go off at the end... I'm making excuses aren't I?" Well... yeah, but it's understandable. Anyway, I thought it looked dramatic, just funny that the writers were all choking in the front few rows... "Well how do you think I feel every day? I've got to sing through that fog!"

"Another thing is, I'm having voice trouble, you must have detected that. It's just the hazards of being on the road. My voice can only take so much, especially on the double evenings. But we only add the second ones when we sell out, and you don't complain if you sell out."

"I heard Planty (sic: Robert) had voice trouble on their tour as well I know what it's like... it's so frustrating because you want to make those high notes, and you want to tell the people that you know you can make those, but you're singing an octave lower because you don't want to chance it and croak. Last night there were a few phrases where I opened my mouth and nothing came out... But what can you do? You can't hide it. And I'm taking all the pills, honey and lemon every half hour..." (So you're not having much fun on this tour?) "Well... you know... I'm making the best of it."

"This is only the second time we've been here, and we've never been to the West Coast before." Uh-oh. "I'm looking forward to it, I'm saving myself for that. I've never been to Miami either, but I've been told that there are all these sort of old age pensioners there, is that true? Sort of macabre, isn't it? To imagine that they all go there to die... all of them dropping off in the sun like that..."

AND SO the inevitable question of How Do You Feel About The British Press, and the mumbled comparisons with Led Zeppelin?

"Well I think the press in England have come through, but I think they're very fickle, and I tell them that to their faces. Our fans are such a wide cross-section you wouldn't believe it. Last tour we had from the little ones, the fourteen and fifteen year olds, to the mums and dads. I think we proved our versatility with 'Sheer Heart Attack'... and now daughters are sort of bringing their mums to the shows with them."

"As for Zeppelin, in the early days we were definitely compared to them... maybe the press disliked us in the earlier days because they couldn't put their finger on us and that happened to Led Zeppelin as well. Also people say that the same sort of buzz is happening with us here in the States that happened with them their first time around. But I think now, especially at home, that we've been accepted as having a sound of our own, and in the press there are a lot of new bands that they say sound like us..."

Whose decision was it to do that marvellous "Big Spender" onstage? "Oh," Freddie laughs, "it was my idea actually. I like that approach to entertainment. I like that cabaret-ish sort of thing. I adore Liza Minnelli, I think she's a wow."

"It does appeal to me to think of doing more lavish, stage-production type things," he says in response to my question, "but I would somehow like to combine it with the group, not divorce it from it... and that's a difficult thing. Because I've got to approach the others and convince them that it's going to work. My god, you have no idea how long it took me to convince them to do 'Big Spender'..."

Finally we talk about where the band is going to go that night in New York, their rare night off. I say my role as tour guide has been limited somewhat by the closing of Max's and the generally depressing aura of the Club 82... there's really only Lady Astor's, Le Jardin, and — oh, I know... The Gilded Grape, I suggest. It's *fabulous*, all Puerto Rican drag queens and rough trade... sailors...

"Oh, it's definitely the Gilded Grape, then," Freddie laughed.

□ LISA ROBINSON

A. Whites Hang Loose



WHILE THE national dailies have given extensive coverage to the events surrounding the death of The Average White Band's drummer Robbie McIntosh, recently re-focused by a court case that charges American millionaire Ken Moss with Robbie's murder, they barely mentioned the fact that the band are currently topping both the American album and singles charts.

That in itself is something worthy of your attention. Not that a British act hasn't accomplished this double before, Elton John, Rod Stewart and Bad Company are just three of those that have.

But the Average Whites are a *bona fide* soul band, Britain's finest and their US success is probably the surest confirmation of that, though taking the band's music to America might seem like selling oil to a sheik.

When I talked on a transatlantic line to Hamish Stuart, the group's ace falsetto vocalist, on Friday, he didn't seem exactly high on success, however.

"We're not as knocked out as I thought we'd be," said Hamish. "It's weird. Everybody feels great about topping the charts but I feel a bit sad that Robbie isn't here to see it. That kind of takes it away a bit. If that hadn't happened..."

The group are living together in a house in Southampton, Long Island, just a mile away from the ocean. Their days are spent between writing, rehearsing, and playing football or poker. When they feel ready to record a song, they journey the ten or so miles to New York City and Atlantic's studios, where, once again Arif Marden is producing their second album for Atlantic, (their third in toto).

So far five tracks have been laid down, including one of Roger Ball's, "Why", and a funky band tune called "Schoolboy Crush." Their version of "If I Ever Lose This Heaven", recorded by Quincy Jones on his "Body Heat" album, has also been re-cut. Originally intended as the Average White's follow-up to "Pick Up The Pieces", they're not so sure whether it's going to be the next single now.

Of the album as a whole, Hamish says, "It's different from the present album. We're not repeating ourselves. The songs aren't just re-runs of 'Pick Up The Pieces' (Incidentally nominated for a Grammy Award). It's a progression."

Since returning to America shortly after the New Year, the group have done just one gig, in Indianapolis where, according to Hamish, "The entire black population turned out."

The American tour proper starts on March 3, winding up in late April in Hawaii where the band plan to stay on for a rest. Most of the venues'll be around the 3,000 seater mark, and consequently the Average Whites will be topping.

A British tour was projected for late Spring, but Hamish isn't so sure that'll happen now, "We might have to groove on over here," he says. But with the band's records at last picking up sales over here, "Pick Up The Pieces" entered our charts this week, and the album has done 30,000 copies so it won't be long before that's in the chart too! Atlantic are anxious to get the band to do a couple of dates over here very soon, even if a tour can't be organised.

Meanwhile Hamish is missing Scotland, his friends and family, the football. And of course, Robbie.

□ STEVE CLARKE

If you wanna get ahead, get a midriff



Pic: JOE STEVENS

ON YOUR left, the most exciting midriff in rock and roll. It's the proud possession of Chaka Khan, who is the lead singer of Rufus, and it was displayed in all its mobile glory at a reception held by Anchor Records at Ronnie Scott's club last Thursday as an added fillip to a demonstration set by the band, who play their first British dates in early March, following a rapid transit through Europe.

All kinds of famous freeloaders showed up (see Teazers for full roll call) to watch the band strut their collective stuff, and an RCA reception for the Hues Corporation and the Tymes, which happened to be running concurrently, found itself comparatively unattended, which prompted RCA to organize an amiably bearded gent with a sandwich board (proclaiming the competing delights which they had available), to tromp the pavement of Frith Street in an attempt to do some constructive ligger-luring.

Rufus are, along with LaBelle, performing a highly valuable service; i.e. both acts are doing their explosive best to give soul music back some of the energy and raunch that it right now so sorely lacks. Incidentally, next week Soulful Neil Spencer gets next to Chaka or tries to, and Superhunk CS does a number on LaBelle. You know it makes sense.

Well, it better make some sense...

THE LONE GROOVER HALL OF FAME



No. 1: Alice Cooper

Collect the Set