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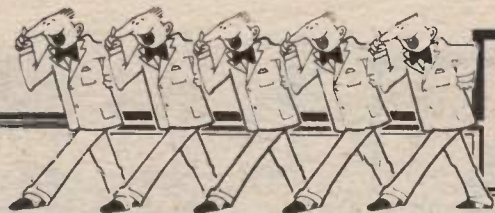
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p.5/6



THRILLS



LEAPING LIZARDS

A new Jimbo album and other strange tales

NEWS FILTERING through from the States indicates that Elektra are going ahead with their plans to release a Doors album comprised of out-takes left on the shelves, many of which are cuts featuring Jim Morrison reading his poetry.

Previously the company had refused to capitalise on what must have been an extensive wealth of unreleased material. Morrison had never wanted the songs put out while he was alive, and likewise former president Jac Holzman apparently considered them too poor to issue. Elektra are also still sitting on the live numbers that never made it onto "Absolutely Live".

Now that Elektra has been absorbed by WEA, Jac Holzman is no longer president, and Jim ain't around to prevent the disc emerging, the three remaining ex-Doors — Robbie Kreiger, John Densmore and Ray Manzarek — are together in Los Angeles completing the mixing of the new album with Bruce Botnick, their first reunion since 1972 and one from which is might be hoped they'll consider reformation as a trio.

Meanwhile back in the 'Jim lives and rools' camp! An American rock journalist, Michael Gross, recently gave me an interesting snippet of information.

Apparently two weeks before his supposed death, Morrison wired his business manager from Paris requesting an immediate sum of loot around ten thousand dollars, the largest amount he'd ever sent home for. The cheque was cashed in Paris but none of the money recovered when Jimbo's body was found.

Morrison archivists still pin their faith on those lines from "Riders On The Storm", the last part of Jim's vinyl autobiography on "L.A. Woman". Depends on how you construe 'take a long holiday, let your children play' but now that the bulldozers have moved into Pre-Lachaise cemetery and Morrison's grave is allegedly

nowhere to be seen, it's time he came back.

On a lighter note, did you know that John Sebastian, intrepid punster and G. Puglese of "Morrison Hotel", fame, invented the Mr. Mojo Risin which Jim sings on the track "L.A. Woman" as an anagram for the Lizard King?

The legend lives. (Only because Max Bell keeps peddling these cheap rumours to make a living. — Ed.)

□ MAX BELL

Holly—Macca: dramatic new link

THOUGH HE didn't use those exact words, Norman Petty (Buddy Holly's former record producer) and his wife were evidently really thrilled to be in our wunnerful country. Petty was also overjoyed that Paul McCartney had bought the publishing rights to Holly's song catalogue, and that Macca had personally invited the Pettys to be guests-of-honour at a champagne luncheon at the Orangery in London's Holland Park (Sept 7) to commemorate the 40th anniversary of the late great singer's birthday.

Petty posed for Polaroids with such celebrities as Paul 'n' Linda, Elton John, Eric Clapton, Adam Faith, Roger Daltrey, 10 cc, three-quarters of Queen, a rather subdued and affable Steve Harley (!), Roxy's Phil Manzanera, Andy

MacKay etc, etc, and later presented Paulie with a pair of Buddy's cufflinks retrieved from the wreck of Beech Bonanza 3794N.

When fellow necrohack Brian Case and myself made "contact" with Buddy Holly on the previous Friday afternoon (see last week's ish), the singer requested that we should tell Norman that "Buddy said 'Hello'" and that we should also extend spectral salutations to McCartney from The Other Side.

I chickened out, not wishing to be ejected as being drunk, disorderly and delirious. Instead I asked Petty the one question forever on the lips of every Holly fan. Are there anymore unissued tapes or are you holding some back for your old age?

"Well", Petty began between sips of champagne, "Mr and Mrs Holly might have some very early things, but as yet they still haven't traced them." They've had long enough to search!

As to persistent rumours that an album of hitherto unreleased Holly tracks is in the possession of a small American specialist record label but, due to the nature of Petty's contract with Holly, can't be made available to the public, Petty said: "There are always stories circulating about people possessing unissued Buddy Holly tapes. Whenever I've heard them, they are just dubbings from existing records doctored to make them sound like different takes. As yet, I haven't come across anything I didn't already know about."

Having heard some of the Holly demo tapes prior to Petty's overdubbing them for commercial release, I ask why an album of the very best of Holly's original demos hasn't been released as a collector's item. According to Petty, he didn't have control over that material, it was MCA who had the final say.

But what, I asked of the supposed live recordings made during Buddy's Australian tour?

"I accompanied Buddy on that tour and I don't know of any tapes. You have to understand that amateur recording equipment wasn't as compact in those days as it is now. It's much easier to make a good tape in the audience than it was when Buddy was around."

Perhaps Thrills knows something that Norman Petty doesn't. Anyway, Buddy sends his love.

□ ROY CARR



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TOP RANK, SOUTHAMPTON
BAILEYS, BRISTOL
TOP RANK, BRIGHTON

Fri. 24 Sept.
Sat. 25 Sept.
Sun. 26 Sept.
Tues. 28 Sept.
Wed. 29 Sept.
Fri. 1 Oct.
Sat. 2 Oct.

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CALIFORNIA, DUNSTABLE
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Tuesday	21st Sept	LIVERPOOL, Empire
Wednesday	22nd Sept	MANCHESTER, Palace
Thursday	23rd Sept	BIRMINGHAM, Odeon
Friday	24th Sept	OXFORD, New Theatre
Saturday	25th Sept	CAMBRIDGE, Corn Exchange
Tuesday	28th Sept	SOUTHAMPTON, Gaumont
Wednesday	29th Sept	BRISTOL, Colston Hall
Thursday	30th Sept	CARDIFF, Capitol
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PRODUCTIVE — TENSION VITAL NEW RESEARCH

RELAX, it's just Manzanera, Eno and Co furthering the boundaries of rock and roll again.

THE VIDEO Room, Island Records, Hammersmith.

Midnight (US Navy) blue carpets and seating, pale lime green walls, all available floorspace cluttered with musical machinery. A soundproof ocean-bed chamber where Poseidon submarines come home to die. The Phil Manzanera Band are in rehearsal.

"Can't we do something with this section in 13/8? I don't like counting it in. Maybe a tap on the cowbell as a call sign?"

"All right, let's try it again. One, two, three . . ."

Take eight. Democracy in action. The laborious minutiae of refinement. Five musicians involved in a Chinese box game. Taking apart, piecing together again.

Manzanera and Brian Eno need no introduction. Their accomplices include bassist Bill MacCormick who played with Manzanera in Quiet Sun, joined Robert Wyatt's Matching Mole, then Gong (for a hectic ten days).

Simon Phillips is a young session drummer, a refugee from Ann Odell's shortlived Chopyn; he combines the exactitude of a Bill Bruford with the versatility of a Dave Mattacks.

Guitarist (sometimes slide) Lloyd Watson supported Roxy Music and King Crimson on various tours, nearly electrocuted himself earlier this year, but survived to tell the unpleasant tale.

Francis Monkman, who contributed electric keyboards, is absent; his credits embrace Curved Air and a short stay alongside MacCormick in Matching Mole II.

"Sol Caliente" began life as a Quiet Sun piece, a heady exercise in armour-plated manoeuvrability. It's been combined with "East Of Echo" and the snappily titled "Mummy Was An Asteroid, Daddy Was A Small Non-stick Kitchen Utensil," two other compositions from a similar period when Quiet Sun, who had everything going for them except interested promoters and record companies, finally resorting to playing village fetes for charity.

When fully rehearsed and re-run one final time, "Sol" plays like unrepentant, arcane "Starless And Bible Black" Crismo — only without any of Frapp's predilection for wilful claustrophobics. Manzanera allows himself a short, ferrous solo over Watson's vital chording, Eno chip-chops his synthesiser keyboard and it's all up in six minutes. And you want more. Commendable concentration.

Manzanera's original intention had been to form a band and play open air festivals through the summer, in France mostly. However a riot at one such event in Arles — Christian Vander's cosmi-mythological Magma were due to appear — persuaded Giscard D'Estaing that all similar events should be cancelled for the duration. So no expense-paying festivals.

Meanwhile the unplanned but welcome addition of Eno has widened the already extensive amount of material (from Quiet Sun's "Mainstream" and Manzanera's "Diamond Head") still further. Eno's conscientiously oblique, 'non-musical' approach in rehearsal has brought about interesting developments.

After an impromptu rendition of The Crystals' "Then He Kissed Me",



PHIL MANZANERA. Pic: KATE SIMON

By ANGUS
MacKINNON

the band place "Sombre Reptiles" under close scrutiny. There's a simple rhythm track on drum box with Phillips embellishing here and there, and Eno joins Watson and Manzanera on guitar.

"This," Manzanera suggests, "is primarily an opportunity for tone control."

"The only problem being," comments Eno, "that my guitar won't oblige. What can one expect from a £9 instrument? I suspect the controls don't work at all."

A compromise is reached. Eno has to rest the machine heads of his guitar against an amplifier to maintain any feedback, then switches everything off for a precise fade out. The extemporisation seems to work; "Reptiles" ends up sounding as malevolent as anything off Can's autumnal "Ege Bamyasi."

Three weeks later the band's Queen Elizabeth Hall concert is recorded for a live album. The set is consistently enjoyable, occasionally stunning. "Diamond Head" itself has

been overhauled, dominated by Manzanera's orbital guitar bled hazily through Eno's switchboard. "Fat Lady Of Limbourg" is mesmeric — Eno and "Warm Jets" — style apparel trapped in a single spot beam; the coda is braced by an (intentionally?) brazen riff. "Third Uncle" and "Baby's On Fire" shudder and swirl as the guitars of Manzanera and Watson flail like the appendages of a mine-clearing tank.

Various moments make me wish that this, the band's first London date, wasn't also their last. For instance, MacCormick and Phillips pace some outrageous rhythmic athletics as the lengthy intro to "Tomorrow Never Knows" swarms in; the two players attain a pulsing, Magic Band-like freefloat. Manzanera's own vitriolic solos seem so much better-placed in this material than in post-"Stranded" Roxy.

All six musicians evidently thrive in the environment despite the inevitable technical problems and the Hall's curiously 'live' acoustics.

Nonetheless I suspect that the resultant album, however interesting, will relegate itself to the status of a comparatively innocuous souvenir of the evening's music and will also become in many ways a mildly infuriating document.

Why infuriating? Because it will represent something of an underachievement. In a matter of weeks this band had mutated into an extremely sophisticated, adventurous unit — and this largely on the strength of rehearsing a preponderance of old material. But impressive though this process of 'reconstruction' has been, all the evidence indicates that the sextet could (and would) achieve immeasurably more if awarded a longer lease of life and especially if let loose on new compositions, possibly in the shape of a group studio album.

Apparently neither Island nor E.G. initially placed much confidence in the project — well, I hope they've found good reason to have a little more faith in the light of the QE Hall performance and the fact that it was sold out.

Manzanera, of course, has his second solo album underway, but it remains in a state of semi-completion. Most of the backing tracks are finished and he's considering releasing it in two parts, one compromising songs, the other instrumentals, rather than alternate the two aspects as he did (albeit successfully) on "Diamond Head." But that album didn't sell as well as it might have done — and I doubt very much whether either the live record or his next solo will reach the audience they merit unless their release is supported by further live appearances.

But that's as may be. More important — in purely aesthetic terms — is the nature of the group beast. The Manzanera Band deal in a currency that tries and tests unorthodox structures without becoming so idiosyncratic as to be completely impenetrable.

Since the demise of King Crimson there's been a noticeable dearth of experimental (rock) music in the UK that still remains helpfully accessible, that may perhaps tax the listener but never antagonise.

Manzanera and Eno themselves approach the theory and practice of making music in ways that are often diametrically opposed, but to find both these methods combined in a group context seems to make for a purposeful, productive tension. Such empiricism can and does fulfill a vital function; it becomes a blood plasma for other musicians, in Eno's own phrase "musical Research and Development" — an infusion that's always needed.

If the Manzanera Band do curtail their activities now, then the outlook could be euphemistically described as bleak.

SO UP SHE CAME AND GRABBED MY . . .

Mr. Thomas Jones of Acapulco remembers

By RITCHIE YORKE

TOM JONES is feeling distinctively mellow. Dressed in brown and white swim briefs, he's sitting back sunning himself beside the large pool attached to Casa Villa Eden which spreads out in the uppermost section of the magnificent estate of Hotel Las Brisas, Acapulco, Mexico. Jones has been soaking up paradise for more than a month now and it certainly shows.

The sun-bleached brown hairs on his deeply-tanned chest are quietly ruffled by the caressing melodies of a balmy breeze blowing across the bay.

The Hotel Las Brisas is a long way from the coal mines and glove factories of Wales where Tom Jones once worked. Now celebrating his tenth anniversary as a world star, Jones sure is escaping from work and the British tax man in an idyllic setting.

So what's it like, Tom, old boy?

"When I'm on vacation," says Tom. "I generally get up around midday because of the night before. Most nights I go out for dinner and then on to a disco later. I don't get home until around five or six am., so I'm never up before 12. Once up I get some sun, swim a little bit and just relax. I have breakfast around three and I usually go and play squash for a couple of hours just to keep fit."

"When I'm not working, I tend to put on weight very easily so squash is a great way of keeping the weight down because you perspire so much. After squash I take a shower and get ready to go out for dinner and the whole thing goes around again."

We settle down aloft on the wings of a second drink as Jones ponders these ten years past and some of the more hilarious adventures which he has experienced.

"Las Vegas has always been a funny place," taking another swig. "One night a girl came up on stage, opened the front of her dress, took her brassiere off and handed it to me. I wiped my brow with it and then handed it back. Another girl behind her thought she was being outdone. She was wearing hot pants, which were in fashion at the time, and she climbed up on the stage. She took off her hot pants and handed them to me. Trouble was she was wearing only a pair of pantyhose underneath. No knickers. So she was standing there right in the spotlight, and all the audience could see that she didn't have any pants on. Everybody got a laugh out of that."

"But the funniest thing that ever happened in Las Vegas was when a girl jumped on the stage and made a grab for me in the

lower region, and squeezed. One of the security guards came out and he didn't know what had happened. He was just smiling and gently pulling her off to the wings — while I couldn't do anything. I couldn't even open my mouth — she'd given me such a grab."

By the time they'd gotten her off, I was speaking to the audience about two octaves higher than usual. Boy she gave me a real grab.

"Anyway, not long after that, I was playing a theatre in the round in Valley Forge. I was talking to members of the audience between songs and I recognised this girl's face. I couldn't remember just who she was but I knew the face from somewhere. 'Haven't I seen you somewhere before?' I asked her. She said nothing. She just held her hand in the air and squeezed her fist together."

But it's not all laughs. There were some grim moments too, such as the time Jones first stumbled into applepie American racism.

"My first U.S. tour was on the Dick Clark Caravan Tour in '65 and when we were down South I ran into the racial problem. There were several black artists also on the tour and I was having a meal with one of them in cafe after the show. A bunch of rednecks came in and they wanted to know who let the nigger into the place. I saw my friend starting to twitch but I told him to be cool. There was only me and him against a whole bunch of them."

"The rednecks kept on taunting him and eventually he got up and began to fight. Along comes the law in a paddywagon, they backed it up against the door and then they threw my singer friend in it. There were no explanations, no questions about how the fight started. He was black and they were white, and that's all that concerned the law."

"So I put on my best British accent and protested my friend's arrest. 'How dare you throw that man in there, I said, 'Let him out at once. The cop comes over to me and tells me to stay out of it. He grabbed the front of my shirt with one hand and pulled out his gun with the other. 'Are you gonna stay out of this, boy?' he demands, and I quickly said 'Yes sir.'"

"I backed off and they took the guy off to jail. I tried to help but there was nothing I could do. They would have shot me. I don't think I'd ever come so close to death before. When you see that gun coming out of the holster and pointing at you . . . phew, I thought it was all over. That was my first taste of racial discrimination in the States."



TOM JONES prepares to welcome fans

I asked him if he could single out the most amusing anecdote of his first decade.

Here it comes . . . "I was touring in England and we were driving down the M1. Some of the orchestra were travelling with me, along with Dave Allen, the comedian. We stopped off at a motorway cafe to answer the call of nature. I stumbled into the toilet and a bunch of girls saw me going in there, and decided to come in after me."

By JOHN TOBLER

HERE'S YOUR starter for ten: what connection is there between two of Terry Boylan's backing musicians on the "Alias Boona" LP and a Scottish lady singer — and please identify who we're talking about?

No? Well, the answer is Elliott Randall, and the backing musicians are Donald Fagen and Walter Becker, better known as Steely Dan, while the Scottish lady is Mae McKenna.

Both she and The Dan have called upon Elliott to add his very fine lead guitar to their records, and you can add to that list such names as Frankie Valli, Sha Na Na and Disco Tex, to just illustrate the breadth.

So who is Elliott Randall?

Well, he was here in Britain to help on the Mae McKenna record, on which he is credited as Randall Elliott, no doubt for tedious legal reasons. So it seemed like a good opportunity to fill in all the details.

Randall is a New Yorker. He "had a little band together with Bobby Colomby from Blood, Sweat and Tears", after which he joined The Capris, who had one of the biggest U.S. records of 1961 with "There's A Moon Out Tonight". Also at this time, he was working at the Cafe Bizarre in Greenwich Village along with such luminaries as Richie Havens.

Next step: he went out on the road, with various small groups of nobodies.

"That lasted until around 1966, when I went to work in Ohio as a straight music teacher, wearing a suit and tie. Then I got taken back to New York with a band called The Druids of Stonehenge, a Columbia University group who made an album for Uni. I stayed with them for eight months — I've never been one to stay with a group for too long — and I ended up playing with Tim Rose at the beginning of '68.

"I was with Rose for four weeks, after which I became a staff producer for Musicor Records, producing a bunch of Southern groups. Then I became personally financially depressed, and went back to

AND NOW, THE ELLIOTT RANDALL CELEBRITY QUIZ . . .



Ace Axeman reveals all

playing in clubs like the Peppermint Lounge."

Come 1969, it was back to real music again. Away from the shadow of Joey Dee, Elliott joined Sea Train — who at the time were looking for a new deal after their first album on A&M.

Almost inevitably, that liason didn't last too long either, because the drummer had a nervous breakdown.

So Randall was getting hungry again — until "a friend of mine called Eric Mercury, a very fine singer from Toronto, being aware of my plight, invited me to join a new band he was putting together, which he called the Eric Mercury Birthright.

"The other members were Carson Whitsett, the organ player who replaced Booker T in the MGs, Willie Weeks, and the drummer who replaced Andy Newmark in Sly's band. We never made any records,

although some nice live tapes were done by Eddie Kramer at the Fillmore East."

That was quite a long engagement by Randall's standards. Nine whole months. He followed up the achievement by becoming perhaps the one and only white member of The Voices Of East Harlem, even playing at the Albert Hall with them. Then as soon as he returned to the States, Rik Gunnell, who had been managing The Birthright, invited Elliott to get his own band together.

The result was Randall's Island, a five-piece, who, according to my calculations, lasted probably more than a year!

"I had Allen Herman and Bob Piazza, both from Ten Wheel Drive, an old friend of mine called Paul Fleischer on sax, and a guy called "Pot" on keyboards — nothing to do with marijuana, he was a pot washer in the Catskills when he was a kid, and he was also one of the original Hudson Dusters with Dave Van Ronk."

Randall's Island visited Britain around the end of 1970, supporting John Mayall, and again Elliott played at the Albert with some success. But the writing was on the wall

"I decided to make the group a co-operative, because I wasn't prepared to be the leader. And that caused the group's failure. We were a bunch of chiefs with no Indians.

"We did a second album (the first coincided with the European tour) which a lot of musicians liked, and which got absolutely nowhere. Conceptually, it sounded like a sampler album of three different people." End of the Island.

Now, a really long gig! *Jesus Christ Superstar*.

"It was good steady money — I did the road show for two months, and then went onto Broadway. Then in the summer of '72, when I was having a break from the pit, I went out to L.A. to do the first Steely Dan album, and made the choice of not joining the group. It would have meant moving to L.A., and it's not one of my favourite towns.

"But we were all friends from way back — Skunk (Baxter) and I grew up together, and Becker and Fagen were always backing up Jay and The Americans, and I ran into them several times because I was friendly with some other people from that group."

So it was back to "Superstar", and making a start on sessions.

Next came a spell with Sha Na Na. "I wound up subbing for a couple of the guys who were sick, doing keyboards on one gig, and drums on the next. Then Vinnie Taylor had his diasaster (he O.D.'d) and I joined the band for a year. It was nice, because we generally only worked at weekends, so I had the middle of the week to play in the studios."

Randall has been on three Steely Dan albums, "Can't Buy A Thrill", "Katy Lied" and "The Royal Scam" — so obviously Becker and Fagen still appreciate his work, even though he turned down the chance to join them permanently. However, Elliott is loose enough to change his mind — for a while.

"There's talk of doing a Steely Dan tour, and the idea is to make it a really spectacular show. There'd be two drummers, and three guitarists — myself, Denny Dias, and we were talking about Larry Carlton for the third.

"Becker and Fagen are interesting characters; sort of isolationists by nature. They live in these houses in Malibu, not near anybody, and I have a feeling that L.A. helps them keep their music going on a certain level — they're almost laughing at the people in their songs."

Since Elliott's British visit there doesn't seem to have been any announcement concerning the tour, so who knows?

"Basically, there are two things you do in a toilet and I was literally caught with my pants down. I was sitting there minding my own business and these girls jumped over the top of the door. There I was with my pants down around my ankles. I got up and started shouting at the girls and pushing them out of the toilet. The guys travelling with me were in hysterics. I was very nasty though . . . I couldn't see the funny side of it.

"I shouted at these girls about not even being able to do that in peace and I must have used some bad language because they said they didn't like my manners. I told them that if this was their way of calling on me, I didn't care if they didn't buy my records anymore. Just as long as I could go to the toilet in peace, you know. That really was the most embarrassing experience that I've ever had."

Success came relatively rapidly for Jones, once he'd put in the obligatory five years of waiting, hoping, and paying dues. Performing on a British pop tour on the strength of his "It's Not Unusual" hit single, he was thrust into the spotlight when P. J. Proby defied tour promoters and split his pants on stage. So they moved Jones up to replace Proby, who was banished to eventual obscurity. And Tom was soon to receive his first taste of acute adulation.

"The first time I went out on stage after Proby was fired, people in the first few rows were holding up signs with pictures of P. J. Proby. All those signs right in front of me was a bit distracting. But gradually as the tour warmed up, people put their posters away.

"One night I was in a pub between shows, having a drink with Cilla Black. A bunch of kids standing outside the pub were screaming at somebody . . . I figured it must have been one of the stars on the tour. Later on I walked straight out into the crowd, a pork pie in one hand and a beer in the other. The people tore my overcoat off and ripped it into tiny pieces. They all wanted a piece. That was my first taste of crowd hysteria and I walked right into it, not knowing that it was me they had been shouting at.

"I went off the deep end and it was a little rough. Finally I broke loose and ran back into the theatre and was saved."

Behind Jones' shoulder, the golden orb of sun is about to dip into the infinite horizon and we get up from the white wrought-iron table to savour its fast fading moments. The dusk slips away and the sky assumes a pinkish glow above the dark waters. Almost at once, a symphony of calls of countless tropical insects rises around us. Pontypool, Wales, seems even further away. In the twilight we talk of fame and the inevitability of fate.

"When I was a little boy, I always had this feeling that I was going to be a star. I told people I was going to be a famous singer. But I guess all kids think that they're going to be something or somebody. Later on I realized it wasn't that easy. There were so many other singers and I knew it was going to be a struggle. But it's been worth it."

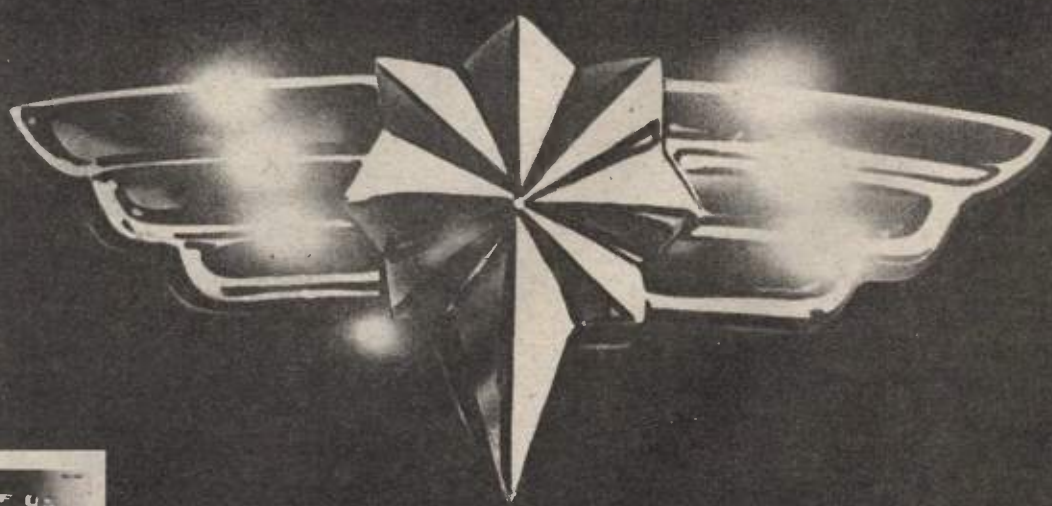


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From the left: David Freiberg, The Victim, John Barbata: where will the skate board strike next?

SKATE BOARD GROUNDS THE STARSHIP

'Member breaks leg' horror

By MICK FARREN

I WAS woken up by the phone. I had some trouble working out where I was. It took a few seconds to realise that I was in the Sheraton Motor Inn in Pontiac, Michigan. It took a few more seconds to work out what I was doing there. I picked up the phone.

"This is Cynthia Bowman, from the Starship."

That was what I was doing in Pontiac, Michigan. I had come to see a concert by The Jefferson Starship.

"Could you get up right away?" This wasn't the week's most popular request. I hadn't slept in a real bed for four days and I'd only been in this one for some five hours. The last 96 hours had been spent in solid travelling. First from Lake Tahoe, 6,000 feet up in the Sierras, to Los Angeles, then from Los Angeles to Detroit and finally from Detroit to Pontiac.

The first leg of the trip had been by road, a manic drive in the company of two friends, an itinerant British disc jockey and an ex-pornographer's helper. It's something like 1,100 miles from Tahoe to L.A. and we have the hammer down all the way except when we stop to get drunk.

During one of these interludes, at a bar in Salinas, slap in the middle of Steinbeck country, the ex-pornographer's helper tries to teach a bunch of bourbon crazed Vietnam veterans the traditional English game of darts.

He also tells them that the three of us are the advance party of an invasion force come to recolonise America after 200 years. The DJ and I drag

him from the bar before he is colonised.

But I digress. Let's return to the Sheraton Motor Inn in Pontiac, Michigan.

"Why do I have to get up right away?"

"The band are leaving in half an hour."

"What about the concert?"

"It's been cancelled. I was trying to reach you all day yesterday. We even had your flight paged."

"I was on a different flight."

By the simple ruse of missing the early indirect flight, I had forced American Airlines to put me on the later, non-stop for New York.

"What happened?"

I had already had one Starship concert cancelled out from under me. The free show in Boston that I'd originally been scheduled to see had been banned by city authorities fearful of anti-busing riots.

"Peter Sears was hurt in an accident."

I conjured up visions of auto wreck, plane crash, electrocution and overdose.

"What happened?"

"He fell off his skate board and injured his leg. He seems to have developed phlebitis. You know, what Nixon had?"

There was nothing else to say. I crawled out of bed, washed, dressed and slung the few things I'd unpacked the night before into my bag. I'd just finished when there was a knock on the door. It was press officer Cynthia Bowman, tall, elegant and dressed from head to foot in yellow.

"Ready?"

Behind her in the corridor, band and crew, whose numbers constituted a fair sized crowd, milled about. I was besieged by solicitous enquiries. The most common was:

"You didn't come all the way from England just to see us, did you?"

I assured all and sundry that I had had other things to do in the USA.

During this chat I began to notice the Starship's luggage. Firmly strapped to quite a few aluminium attache cases (aluminium, rib-sided cases seem to be the in luggage for travelling American rock and roll bands this year) were, yes, you guessed it, skate boards. The hobby that got Sears seems to be of epidemic proportions among the Jefferson Starship. Craig Chaquico has his out and is making trick runs up and down the hotel corridor.

Grace Slick borrows the board and tries it herself. She doesn't have Chaquico's expertise. Despite this manifestation of one-of-the-boys spirit, there seems to be a certain distance between Grace and the rest of the band.

The plan is that we all go to Pontiac airport in a motorcade, get on the Starship's private plane, and make a 15 minute flight to Detroit. At Detroit airport, the band will transfer to a faster, commercial jet for San Francisco while the crew follow in the DC6. I have to head for New York and home.

There's almost a carnival atmosphere. Every one seems to relish the prospect of a week off in Mill Valley. There's nothing more calculated to make a journalist feel like a spare part than to be stuck inside a cancelled tour.

If you ever thought the Starship were a bunch of dignified elder hippies, forget it. Right now they are like a bunch of kids unexpectedly let out of school. While the cars are being loaded there is another outbreak of skate boarding. The downfall of Pete Sears doesn't seem to deter them in the slightest. I suggest to Paul Kantner, a non-participant, that yo-yos might be a safer pastime. He shakes his head.

"They'd only come off the string and hit someone in the eye."

I ride to the airport with Marty Balin, Kantner and David Freiberg. There's some serious discussion as to how and when the tour will be resumed. The consensus of opinion is that if Sears isn't fit by the time they have to play Philadelphia, a replacement bass player will have to be brought in.

It's hardly the time or place for a formal interview, but not having seen the concert I'm interested in who exactly comes to see the Starship, who are the fans who have brought about the amazing renaissance that produced The Jefferson Starship out of the ashes of the supposedly defunct Airplane? Paul Kantner supplies the answer.

"It's a complete cross section of people. You could almost say their ages range from 14 to 40. There's people who used to come and see the Airplane, and there's kids who don't even know about it."

David Freiberg chips in.

"There was a mother and daughter came to see us the other night."

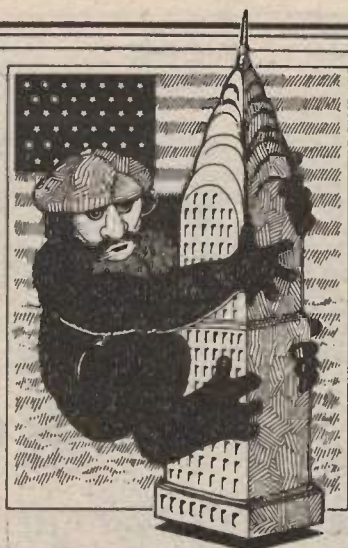
Marty Balin laughs.

"David was after the mother."

We arrive at Pontiac airport and climb aboard the Starship's prop driven DC6. The 15-minute flight to Detroit is kind of bumpy, but the comfortable, living room style cabin and a fast hand-round of comestibles more that makes up for it.

Then we're down on the runway at Detroit. Craig Chaquico is already unstrapping his skate board for a fast spin on the runway. Gliding around on four little wheels seems to be totally addictive. There are handshakes and best wishes for a good trip, and I head for the North West Airlines Terminal and New York.

The postscript comes a few days later. Cynthia Bowman calls me. Pete Sears doesn't have phlebitis after all. In fact he has a leg fracture that wasn't noticed during the first examination. He'll be playing Philadelphia the following week with his leg in a cast. The Starship are back on warp drive.



LESTER BANGS: BACK IN THE USA

Start of a monthly visitation emanating from somewhere around Detroit City

LESSON 1:

THERE ARE ONLY THREE ROCK GROUPS IN AMERICA

I'M LISTENING to The Byrds' "Eight Miles High," contemplating what an American-based column in an British rock paper should be.

Like, news and gossip (no — other people do it better than I do), critical analysis of randoms (like that "Eight Miles High" may have been the greatest guitar idea in rock history that absolutely nobody knew what to do with later including Jim McGuinn, although Lou Reed made a valiant effort on "I Heard Her Call My Name"), perspectives on the American/British perspectival contrast (sounds like something an occultist should attend to).

I finally decided that the column will change shape as it goes along because format is the reason I never did a column before (too restricting) and I gotta get my Patti Smith licks in somewhere besides writing meaningless poems when I'm drunk.

The best column in the world in Simon Frith's "Letter From Britain" in *Creem*, your American sister publication from whose editorship I just resigned so I could do things like this, and the reason it's the best is because reflecting British rock tastes' shifting currents in a singularly non-trendy way IT HAS NO FORM (cf. his recent lists of the best and worst rockers, and totally correct and astute observation that the best German electronic avant-group in the world is Silver Convention of "Get Up And Boogie" fame).

If you don't like the form my column takes, write NME and I'll change it.

Better yet, I'll let you sit in. Best album: "Free Jazz" by the Ornette Coleman Double Quartet, tied with "Symphony For Improvisors" by Don Cherry.

For starters, Detroit doesn't exist. CBGB's does but wishes it could crawl under a rock and whimper itself

to death. The Mayor of L.A. is Michael Blodgett, who wore a Tarzan sarong and got beheaded in *Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls*, not Kim Fowley as recently and erroneously reported in *The Observer*. Idi Amin will be president of the United States; Jimmy Carter is just a stand-in. Finally, most expectably, the day after tomorrow I am going to Pontiac Stadium to see Jethro Tull and Robin Trower. Which has to be the most boring, hopeless, pompous, elephantine show I have ever attended without having to do a story. That's why I'm going.

Ian Anderson? A sham: when I interviewed him last year, he wouldn't let you get a word in edgewise, kept up this absurd meaningless pseudo-intellectual spaced-out monologue. Once I tried to come in with a question so simple that I thought it might just make him jump the track and put things on another, less pompous tack: "What kind of music do you like to listen to when you're at home, Ian?"

Ian became mildly incensed: "You interrupted me! Don't you think that's rather rude?" I apologized, dumbfounded, and he sailed off again on his monorail. Later the subject gets around to jazz, of which he confesses nigh-total ignorance.

I suggest his flute style suggests he's listened to Roland Kirk. Then he confides that several years ago he did encounter one Kirk song, "Song For A Cuckoo," the solo on which he listened to many times. After which he begins to berate "This John Coltrane — who is to tell me this man is not just masturbating for all to see?"

This was not the first time a mercenary and musically attenuated British rock star had belittled an American jazz master while I was interviewing him. Carl Palmer once told me that Charlie Mingus was no good, and American jazz musicians didn't take advantage of the chances given them.

Whereas, of course, English super-bands do. Ian Anderson got his entire flute style from one solo by Roland Kirk.

While I'm at it, the best rock bands in America are The Dictators, Ramones and the Patti Smith group with or without the greatest woman singer alive except, perhaps, for Nadia Comaneci. In fact, they are the only rock groups in America. So come in, hit those arenas, do your stuff and clean up. 'Cause we're clean out.

I was gonna say Patti was also the best songwriter but everybody stresses this literary angle too much and besides I'm not sure The Ramones aren't better, at least until New Year's Eve.

Another column I'd like to steal some good ideas from for this ramble is Dave Marsh's old Loony Toons column in early *Creem*. He used to write things like "I haven't worn underwear in months, but I thought maybe I should start again, but I asked Janey about it and she just looked funny so I decided to forget about the whole deal." Admittedly a bit counterculturesque, but it was cute.

I want to be the Bruce Springsteen of columnists. I'm tired of being Jimmy Carter. Actually they are the same person. Signing off now; time for *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* (in-joke). I forgot to remember to forget to include Kiss on that list of the best bands in America ("They can't even keep their instruments in tune!" snorted Sandy Pearlman. Neither could the Stooges. Neither can the Patti Smith band, just yet, and I have my serious doubts about The Velvet Underground.)

Listening to Roxy live right now — how come they don't play as fast anymore? Don't anyone play fast anymore? When are you gonna send Sex Pistols over here? We'll forgive you for not comprehending the genius of The Ramones. You didn't appreciate the Dolls either. Screw you. Same time, same place, next month.

PETER TOSH

LEGALIZE IT

OUT NOW-RUSH RELEASED ON VIRGIN RECORDS. U2061 SINGLE US140

Next week in NME

FROM JA TO UK

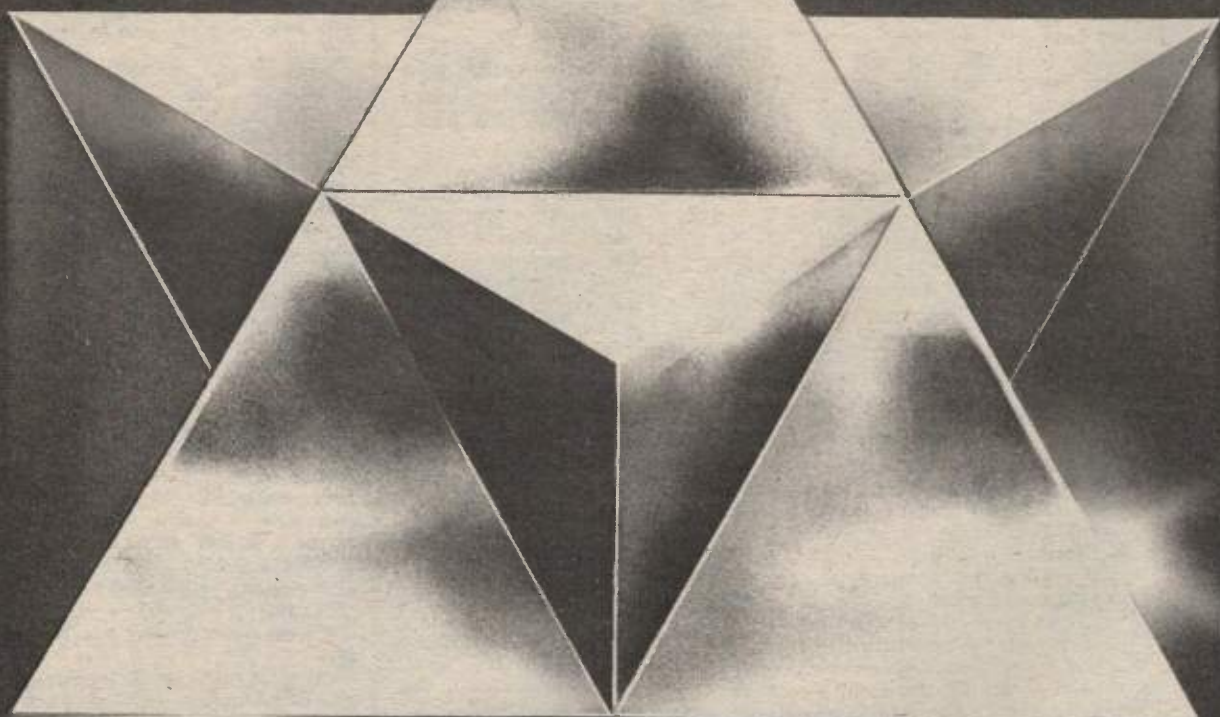
Can Neil Spencer beat his deadline to bring you the story of his titanic ten day stay in Jamaica? Frankly we doubt it.

And introducing the . . .

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You've never seen them like this before fight fans (we mean it).

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Alan Freeman

“Catch them now before they become too big — a most impressive debut. Frankly I don't see how they can fail.”

John Peel

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CURRENT AFFAIRS:

IT IS a cherished and nurtured notion of British democracy that journalists, broadcasters, and others who wield the pen — however mockingly — are at liberty to — really — Members of Parliament, as well as the demeanour of likeable leaders of industry. A tradition that is as peculiarly British as it is trustworthy.

Indeed, it is arguable that no place on this earth (with the possible exception of — offers a climate of judicial reasonableness, constraint and clarity of purpose that is more in keeping with a vigorous and open press; a press free to explore its own instincts, however sharp, without the inhibiting spectre of lofty reprisal; neither a — in the corner of the eye; nor a really — for days at a time until you eventually fall over and wet yourself.

This is good. This is fair. This is right.

Yet no system is perfect. No system satisfies all who fall within its undulations. Perfection is unattainable. Perfection is the peccadillo of — and — Where, then, does the British system go wrong? And how, without inviting the fearful ructions of — can it be put right?

Unfortunately we are not allowed to say. And this is only fair. Neither are we allowed to discuss, except from a distance of not less than three billion light years, the litigation involving businessman Jimmy Goldsmith and the “satirical” magazine, *Private Eye*, even though the criminal libel action brought by the former (soon to be contested at the Old Bailey) is not only a novelty but is being judged in some quarters to be of pivotal significance in regard to the laws of libel as they relate to press —

So let's instead talk about Football, a subject needing very little introduction and one well to the fore when we visited *Private Eye*'s so-called editor Richard Ingrams (sic) at his alleged offices where he talked in a — and uninhibited manner of the pressures that have borne down on him, his staff, his printers, publishers, distributors and undershorts since being visited by the many writs of Sir Jim.

PUSHING ASIDE a not especially attractive beige and grey crinoline mouth harness, Ingrams whispered: “It's been beneficial in so far as it's closed the ranks. Its sort of united everyone very much. It has also made one aware of the support we have from our readers. I had a woman come up to me in the train and write out a cheque. And a man came to my house in a car, wouldn't give his name, and gave me 500 francs.”

Such largesse, while curiously noteworthy, is, at the end of the day, largely an irrelevance. More to the point, why was it that “editor” Ingrams felt unable to accept Sir Jim's offer (a most generous one in the circumstances, it seems to us) of settling for three full-page retractions and apologies from Ingrams in two national newspapers as well as the same in Ingrams' own (alleged) magazine?

“The reason the deal was unacceptable,” says Ingrams, “was that he demanded not just a deal with himself but with this other man Levene (Goldsmith's lawyer). I dithered, I admit, but in the end I took the view that we shouldn't give any undertaking or make any deal with a man who'd never complained about anything in person.”

“The only other thing, when I thought about it, I mean I

spent a long time . . . and we were to-ing and fro-ing between lawyers and a kind of peace treaty was drawn up . . . the only thing I thought was that the criminal libel had to be brought out. It couldn't be left hanging in the air where it would have been used simply as a manoeuvre in a settlement.

“I didn't think this at the time but looking back, the more I think it was right not to come to a deal with him because he had gone to such extreme lengths to shut *Private Eye*. Also, part of the deal would have involved showing him in advance, in other words tipping him off, if we were going to write anything about him.

“There was disagreement about that. I mean, he wanted us to submit the draft to his lawyers 48 hours in advance of publication so that he would then have the opportunity to come at us with an injunction.”

The “tipping off” arrangement the alleged Ingrams finds so unpalatable is, from any balanced point of view, not only thoroughly fair and reasonable but a long-standing tradition in matters where the public interest is at stake.

Combined with the machinery of injunction, contempt of court and other official and semi-official constraints, it provides an inordinately sensible scheme geared to preventing ugly and deliberating episodes such as the Watergate “investigations” from ever occurring in this country.

The mere threat of contempt alone, it would seem, is sufficient to throw a dark and heavy silence upon newspapers that might otherwise feel inclined to insinuate themselves upon matters undergoing legal contemplation.

The *Sunday Times*, in its thalidomide investigations, had the good sense to first publish a warning on September 24, 1972, to Distillers Company that it would soon be reporting its findings, and, for good measure, provided the firm with “an early draft” of the said investigation.

This courtesy allowed Distillers (British suppliers of the body-altering drug) to complain to the Attorney General who in turn applied to the High Court for an injunction to stop publication. The injunction was granted on the grounds that since the thalidomide issue was still subject to a protracted round of damage cases brought by representatives of the altered children, it would be contemptuous to publish.

Not content with this timely chastisement, the *Sunday Times* appealed the decision and in February 1973, had the injunction lifted; whereupon the Attorney General elevated the struggle to the House of Lords which, in July of that same year, reimposed the injunction.

This fortunate state of affairs persisted until June this year when in a four minute hearing, the same judge who'd quieted the newspaper in 1972, cleared way for publication on the grounds that all but a handful of the damage actions had now been settled and that the newspaper would no longer be breaching legal etiquette by publishing its distasteful account of how the drug came to be introduced in Britain.

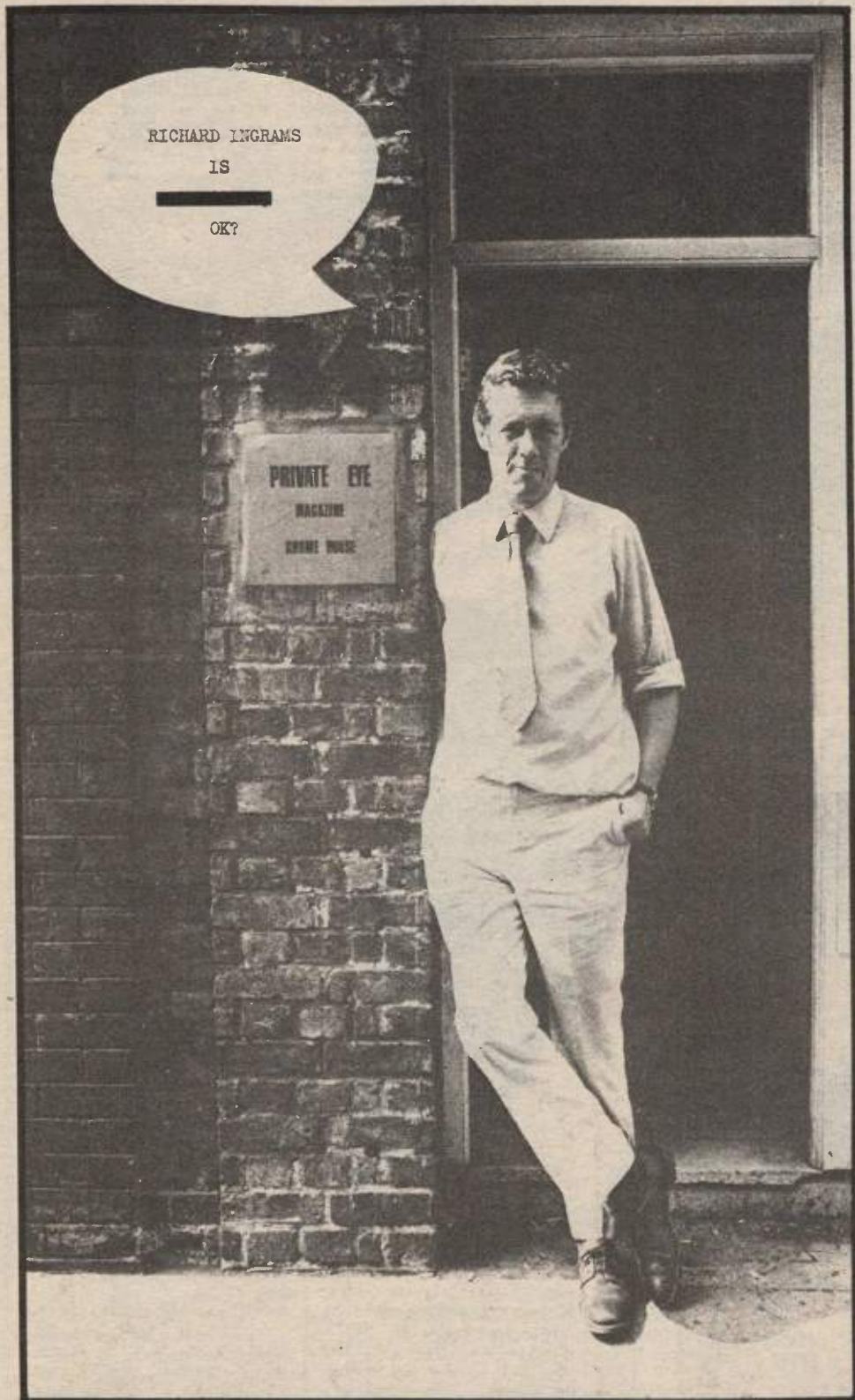
Happily, the subsequent account was purged of some of its more distasteful features due to another action brought against the paper in June 1974.

In this, Distillers successfully claimed that the newspaper had procured internal documents belonging to the firm and that reference to these documents was not only an embarrassment to Distillers good name but, moreover, a breach of the law of confi-

Private Eye



THE TRIALS OF AN EVERYDAY SATIRICAL MAGAZINE



Ingrams gazes gloomily out of the scene of his alleged misdeeds. Pic: IAN DICKSON.

dently and copyright. The result was another injunction.

The *Sunday Times* editor, Harold Evans, has since been heard to mutter: "It is said Britain has a free press. Not true. It is only half free."

That this sort of malevolent extremism is potentially contagious is evidenced by signs of discontent within the legal profession itself.

Lawyer Bill Nash, for example, complains to this newspaper:

"The laws of libel are certainly a mess. And the greatest difficulty is one of proving things... There is no such thing as legal aid for libel. As things stand, whoever has the greatest sum of money has the most potential for exploiting the libel laws."

On the subject of a British Watergate — could it happen here? — Nash was equally obtuse.

"I doubt it very much. My answer is that the problems of D Notices, or the Official Secrets Act would have effectively prevented publication."

DNOTICES emanate from the Services, Press and Broadcasting Committee and provide helpful hints as to the sort of defence information that, if published, would imperil the

country and lead to Yugoslavs on every British street corner.

It is simply not true that D Notices carry any hidden threat along the lines of

for days at a time until It is an entirely voluntary system concocted in a spirit of friendship and common regard by the Government and the media. A point again borne out by lawyer Nash who says:

"If a reporter on *The Times* breaks a D Notice you can bet your dollar that that reporter will never go to another government press conference."

"The Government, it should be remembered, are suppliers of an enormous amount of information and if *The Times* decides not to co-operate with the Government and the Government decides not to co-operate with *The Times*, it would severely curtail that newspaper's potential of keeping abreast with current events."

The Official Secrets Act is another invaluable counterweight designed to keep out the Slavs. Its very ambiguity is sufficient warning to traitors, foreigners and other madmen who want to bring this country to its knees.

It was last invoked in 1970 against the *Sunday Telegraph* following a news story that

quoted excerpts from a "confidential" army report called "An Appreciation of the Nigerian Situation".

It was at the time of the Nigerian civil war when the Nigerian Federal Government (pledged to stability and decency) was fighting off the Biafrans from the south (pledged to the complete opposite, that is, for the country to go downhill and never recover).

The "Appreciation..." report was written by Col R. E. Scott, advisor to the British High Commissioner in Lagos, and purported to give alleged details of massive corruption, waste and stupidity on the part of the Federalists as well as the game-plan of an invasion due to be launched on the south.

Since the British Government were officially supporting the Federalists (that is, supplying arms in company with Russia and Spain) the widespread dissemination of the report was a severe and unwarranted embarrassment.

Upon receipt of the report (under mysterious circumstances) the newspaper made a phone check with Vice Admiral Sir Royal Norman Your Highness Denning, secretary of the D Notice Committee, and Denning inadvertently gave clearance to publish on the grounds that there was no

Freedom of the Press . . .

As *Private Eye* cruises for bruises, MALCOLM TENT talks to RICHARD INGRAMS and examines the larger issues concerned.

. . . and other lost causes

security breach since Nigeria was not British but Nigerian.

The newspaper, nevertheless, was prosecuted under Section 11 of the Act which covers any official information, including the number of cups of tea served in a ministry and any and all ministerial documents whether or not they are classified.

Due to the unforgivably gauche handling of the prosecution, the *Sunday Telegraph* was acquitted and Justice Caulfield, in a trivial outburst at the trial's conclusion declared: "It might well be that the press will have to pause in their quest for official enlightenment and it may well be that inviting comment and advice from official sources is getting close to being told what to print and then, the next step — being told what to think — may be a short one."

"... There is no duty in law for any editor or newspaper to go running to Whitehall to get permission to print an article or news story."

The Official Secrets Act has also been used to warn off the ludicrous pacifists employed by the "magazine" *Peace News*. Although mere warnings have so far been insufficient to still their squeaking pens.

Equally ineffective was the deployment of the Incitement To Disaffection Act which drew one *Peace News* co-editor, one former co-editor plus 12 sundry dissidents to the Old Bailey from September to December 1975.

The charge arose out of the publication of various "information leaflets" designed for use by those soldiers in Northern Ireland who'd lost their patriotic stomach to kill and be killed in the name of

The leaflets, though avoiding advocating any particular action, described a sequence of initiative that, if followed, would "legally liberate" the said soldiers.

All 14 were charged with Conspiracy to Contravene... while the more irksome of their numbers felt the weight

of the more substantial Incitement To Disaffection Act.

Again, due to bungling by the prosecution, and what is described by *Peace News* contributor Albert Beale as "a nice racially and sexually balanced jury", the 14 were all acquitted.

Beale also alleges to recall alleged incidents in 1972 when police officers visited *Peace News* offices muttering "Official Secrets" and "watch it, or you'll get done".

The offending article in this case was one describing how NATO bomb stocks housed in Berkshire were being used by US forces in a spectacular bombing raid on North Vietnam.

"There was a desperate need," says the hopelessly misguided Beale, "to bring the story out into the open. It was a critical fact that the Foreign Office should want to suppress it."

Obviously the Foreign Office did not "want to suppress it" with any measurable energy otherwise there would have been more than "mutterings" and "warnings" and the lamentable business of leak upon irresponsible leak would have been half-way curtailed.

Yet in the case of *Peace News*, there is a ready arsenal of Acts and Near-Acts that serve to slow them in their preposterous "world wide struggle against militarism and ecological mismanagement."

And, of course, the ultimate safeguard is the press itself which through arrangements like the Parliamentary Lobby System ("I won't quote you by name so long as you keep the information flowing") is able to breach most ruptures in the dam of decency, democracy and fair batting averages.

Says Ingrams of *Eye*: "If you take all the boxing correspondents they're all very much, not exactly in the pay, but they're part of the racket. I mean they rely for their information on the boxing promoters so they sort of play along

with them and the controversial side of it doesn't get in the papers at all.

"And the same thing would happen, in particular with crime reporters, say, who get all their information from policemen. These people are not going to write stories, say about police corruption

"And the classic case, which people know about, is the motoring correspondent. A new car come out, all the hacks write it up and say 'fabulous new car', this and that, and I wouldn't be surprised if one or two of them didn't get a free car out of it."

Yet it is precisely these sort of inducements and perks that encourages the British journalist to be so flexible and industry-orientated. How else are we to beat the ruin of inflation and unemployment? How else is the record industry to shift the volume of units it does without reciprocal generosity between label and music writer?

Killjoy Ingrams, however, is already on the trail of irrelevant American trips and the like; "that's the sort of thing", he sniffs, "people should maybe get into."

"It's not something I know much about but I should imagine that seeing how there's a whole lot of money involved in it, no doubt a lot of shadiness goes on which doesn't get reported... rackets of one sort and another."

So there you have it. A fair and vigorous press set against a beautifully subtle mechanism of restraint. An arrangement of class and distinction under which all are beneficiaries and no man need fear cant, hypocrisy or the midnight knock on the door and the catchwords: "Pursuant to Section 409 of the Hand Over Your Money Act..."

For further information send five quid and a photograph of yourself with nothing on to: New Musical Express, House of Lords, London, W999.

IN THE HOT spotlight, on the piano stool like a parachutist on the lip of the leap, facial muscles drawn shudder-tight, crouches a living legend. The cat in the glass enclosure nods nods nods at the burst of applause, lunges abruptly at the mike and — all on one aching, bumping breath — announces his first number: "Round Midnight". Thelonious Monk.

Joe Albany starts to play. Now, it's a jazz truism that Monk's melancholy melody comes complete with sewn on shadow, calls its own shots. You don't mess with Monk. Joe traces the outline of this landmine, goes for the trembler. He starts to re-route the wiring. The interplay between his hands hefts the timing as if to gauge the strength of his adversary, delays the chord resolutions.

Joe probes, prises, the right hand begins to dance with a nervous lyricism in the gap — ah, a Rizla paper chink between the trembler and terminal — as the left wedges the harmonic mechanism apart.

It starts to slip — Joe's Midnight slips. His jaws work. Sweat breaks out on his forehead and the adrenalin of panic drives his hands into double, treble tempo like the running in the air of a cartoon clifftop disaster. On his face the heartbreak of defeat. Monk welded the fuses in some thirty years ago on 52nd Street, destroyed the plans.

The audience explode into applause. They're hip they've been watching a contest of giants and a display of sheer stand-up guts, but Joe is inconsolable. He's somewhere else. He's had the whole damn thing so nearly held in the balance, form and freedom on the parapet edge, and ... oh Jesus.

I catch him at the table later, a jumpy Joseph Cottenish man. I tell him thanks for some of the most creative piano-playing I've heard in my life.

"Oh, but I know how I feel when I feel on top," he says, "just right, my ideas are flowing and I'm at ease. Then again, like tonight, things are pressing on top of me. What I was doing — oh — the significance lost me. I can only hope somebody else...you know."

"Everybody else, Joe. You held that audience spellbound."

He shakes his head. The concert has been an ordeal for Joe, unused to the spotlight. He's nicked his face in about two hundred places shaving for this public appearance.

"Sometimes I feel — mmm — that I can do it — hold them, you know. Then other times — oof — not thinking at all, like you're just going through the motions. But I guess that's the stage I'm in. Working on my technique as I have been, that's become almost the end-all to me, and maybe I'm too conscious of that."

"I'm looking to play right things. Maybe it's gotten too exacting. I felt that I wasn't mentalising musically right tonight, and that bothers me."

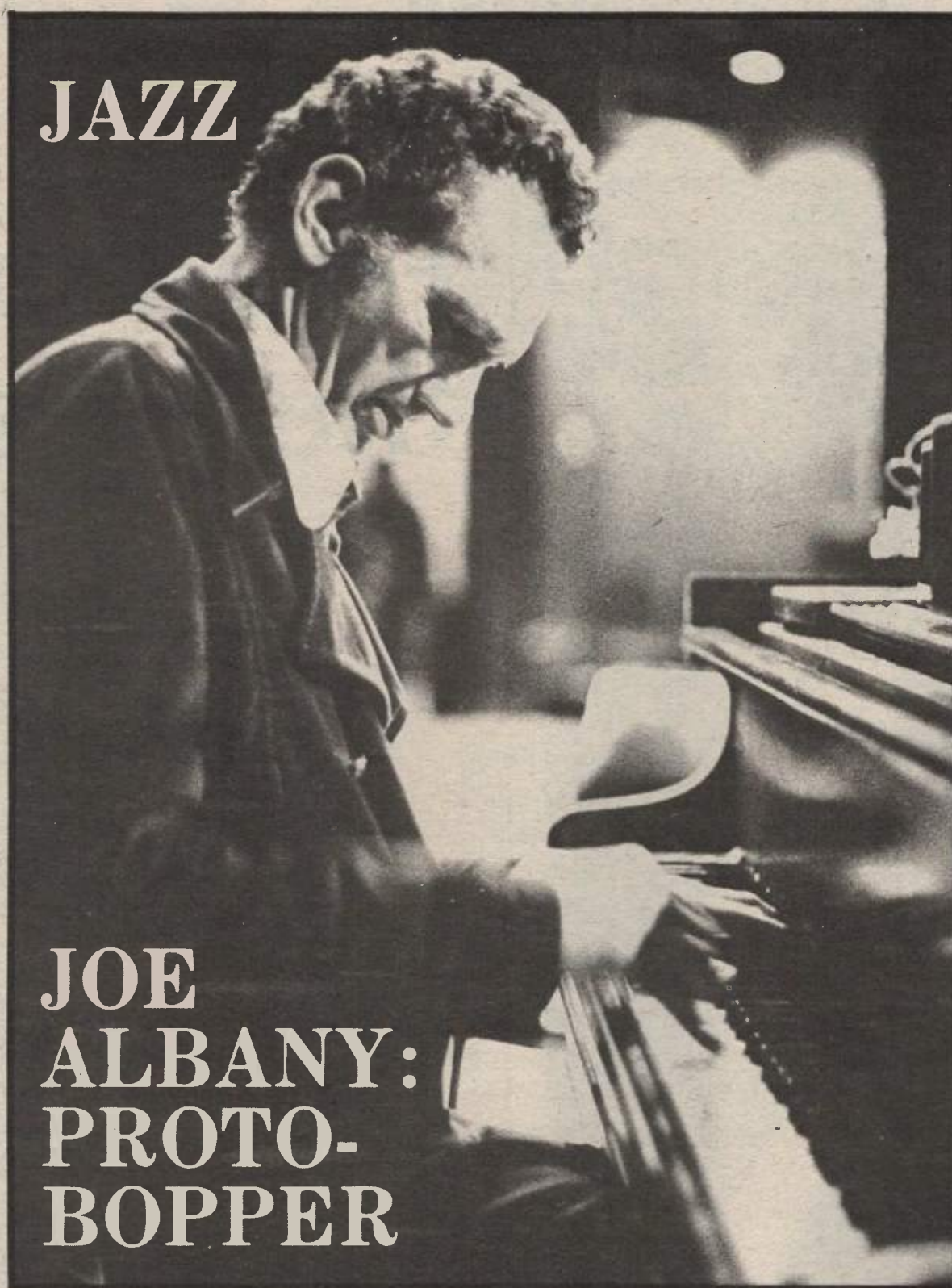
Joe let loose a great hissing sigh, gripped and relaxed his hand in the air.

"I was hoping for that tonight. I don't think I engaged those gears once. You see, when things are liquefying, the overall thing may get a little jumbled and then you lose your context."

We went down a flight of stairs, Joe, his woman Lily, and me, in search of sequestered landings where I could use the tape-recorder. One Jungian scenario.

JOE ALBANY is one of the survivors of jazz's greatest age, the hothouse Bebop Forties when genius, like Moloch, devoured its finest children. Bird, Bud, Fats, shaken apart by the strength of the horsepower within. The force that through the green fuse drives the flower, also cracks wigs. Joe has fought against ill-health and addiction and made it through to middle age with his talent intact.

Next to Bud Powell, he was Bird's favourite piano player. One of the wave of white pianists — Al Haig, George Wallington, Dodo Marmarosa — Joe's work with Bird is only now surfacing. He worked in the band at the Club Finale, Los Angeles, during Bird's ill-fated stay on the West Coast. Ross Russell writes:



"I recall walking into the Finale early one morning during an embittered altercation between Bird and Albany over some musical detail. The Bird was no man to brook under such circumstances. Albany, who is nothing if not sensitive, did what for him has become a pattern. He walked out." The result was that Dodo took over for the recording date.

"What was it like, working with Bird?" I asked him.

Joe looked away down the stairwell.

"Not happy at all," he said. "I couldn't seem to please him. For some reason it got to be a conflict. I couldn't see the keys and Bird was into more advanced things — I wasn't technically advanced enough to sustain things for him."

"Everybody says Bird was this, Bird was that — my association with him in terms of mentalising was — oh, wow ..." Joe shook his hands from the wrists in token of exhaustion. "Tremendous talent. He was saying what I'd have said if I could put my mind to it. It was very difficult. I wanted him to dig that I dug him; he didn't seem to want to dig that I dug him."

Joe first heard Bird on 52nd Street, hung out there despite no bread, no work, slept in parks, because — as he told Mark Gardner — "Bird was happening... it was as if all the wealth of mad beauty, this music, became joyfully heard in my head, my brain. He was swingin' them bells all over!"

"Do you know my A-B Blues? After Bird Blues. That was inspired by my association with him. I should write more — I feel I always had a bent for melody."

"But about those times...I was running around at that time, smoking a lot — oh, it's hard to pin it down. It's like the less said about it the better. There is so much to be said for good things. I'm trying to say them here, and live them too."

By BRIAN CASE

A high-pitched announcer comes over the tannoy, gibbering incomprehensibly.

"You know, that sounds like that sonofabitch PeeWee Marquette," said Joe. "Can you imagine — he threw me and Bird outa Birdland. Threw us out."

I boggle. PeeWee Marquette, the Bebop MC, was about three foot tall.

"He threw you out?" I gape.

"Well, not him. He was too little. A midget. No, he ordered his waiters to throw us out, because we didn't have the price of a drink — and the place was named after the cat. Well, my wife tripped him one time and he went over on his can. Crash."

Which got Joe off on a trail of memories, headlong cab rides with Bird, bad times, good times. After Bird's death, Joe found out that Bird

had written to his parents to say Joe "was getting in deep", and that he'd paid half towards a one-way ticket back to Joe's California home.

"I was involved in drugs and busy throwing my life away," said Joe. "I never really got clear till I came to Europe in 1972. My health was bad, like the end of the piano, and I thought I'd better shit or get off the pot because it was getting late. Well, I'm still at that post, you might say, and it has its rewards now and then."

"Why did you get into drugs?"

"I think — much of it is because you have to draw so much on yourself. Bird was into it, so if you were associated with him, you were into it — well, not because of Bird, but because you were around him. The first time I tried the stuff was six months before I even met him, then once I moved from the West Coast to the East I got really hooked on a steady basis."

"Does it make you play better?"

"I don't have an answer to that. There's a kinda personal detachment behind the stuff, a certain numbness. It affects the sensory areas and numbs the whole mentality as well. For what it's worth, I think it was a protest by a lotta people against a world that was shrinking all the time, no adventures, not many things you could do and still defy authority, you know?"

"It turned out it wasn't worth it. Quote me."

"I was lucky and fortunate enough to get away from it. It's gonna kill you eventually. You realise there's one shot has got your name on it — that, coupled with all the shit you go through."

Joe suddenly burst into song, bebop song, tongue-twister acrobatics.

"That was one of the tunes. The cats that had that strong were like beacon lights. Now, no matter how much you could share in the spirit, play that stuff too, there was always comments like 'You're not black'..."

HE WAS BORN in Atlantic City in 1924. He started out on accordeon, like Pete Jolly and Stan Tracey, didn't get into jazz until he hit High School.

"I think first of all it was Teddy Wilson because he had hands big enough to do all those things. Then when I first heard Art Tatum — phew! Scarey. A fine gentleman. One of those people you wonder how they can be so nice and so great too. Maybe that's part of it. I've heard people talk about his ego-trip, but I never saw it. He had an encouraging manner about him, that's all."

Joe's recording debut was with Georgie Auld in 1945. Bird next, then the four classic cuts with Lester Young: "You're Driving Me Crazy", "New Lester Leaps In", "She's Funny That Way" and "Lester's Be-bop Boogie".

"I'd met Pres in after hours spots on Central Avenue in the early '40s, and I remember he told me the bridge for 'Sweet Lorraine' — very nice of him to take the trouble, you know."

"I did the first concert at the University of Southern California with the Benny Carter band, and I got paired off in the sets with Pres. After the session, he asked me if I'd like to make a record with him. Swell! There were two different unions at the time, one black, one white, and we made it through the black one. I had to arrange my card to go through them, and like that. Chico Hamilton had just come outa the Army — in fact he still had his uniform on. Red Callendar, Irving Ashby."

"Strange, strange session. Bird had already made his mark — not only among listening people, dilettantes, but among the musicians themselves. Everybody was coloured by his great colouring — BOP A DAH DEE—DAH DEE—DAH — so, you know, the phrase was done to death. Even Pres was on that, warming up. He never said much of anything."

"At the session it was strictly music, this key, how many choruses, like that. In fact, next time I saw him he walked right by me in Birdland. I was standing out front, I said, 'Hi Pres' — he walked right by with his eyes some place in another dimension."

Joe clumped his shoes up and down on the stone stairs. Lester's gait.

There's an 11 year gap in the Albany discography after that, then a one-off classic meeting with tenorist Warne Marsh in 1957. The date took place in engineer Ralph Garretson's living room, was intended as rehearsal. The Legend had surfaced again. The gobsmacking gush of Joe's lyrical gifts, the imagination, emotion, range of technique pitched against the weird individuality of the great tenor man: "The Right Combination". They sure spilled a bibful with that title.

"We'd never played together before. Warne took a copy of the tape back East and sold it. In fact that tape has changed hands so many times — it's now back with the original owner, Orrin Keepnews. I got 250 dollars advance royalties although its been pressed any number of times," said Joe.

"Was playing with Warne at all like playing with Pres?" I asked him.

"No — I found him more like Lee Konitz. Tristan School. I useta say, 'Why don't you do more like Bird and forget the rest?' Which is me putting my big foot in it. I meant like swing. I think Warne came out on that."

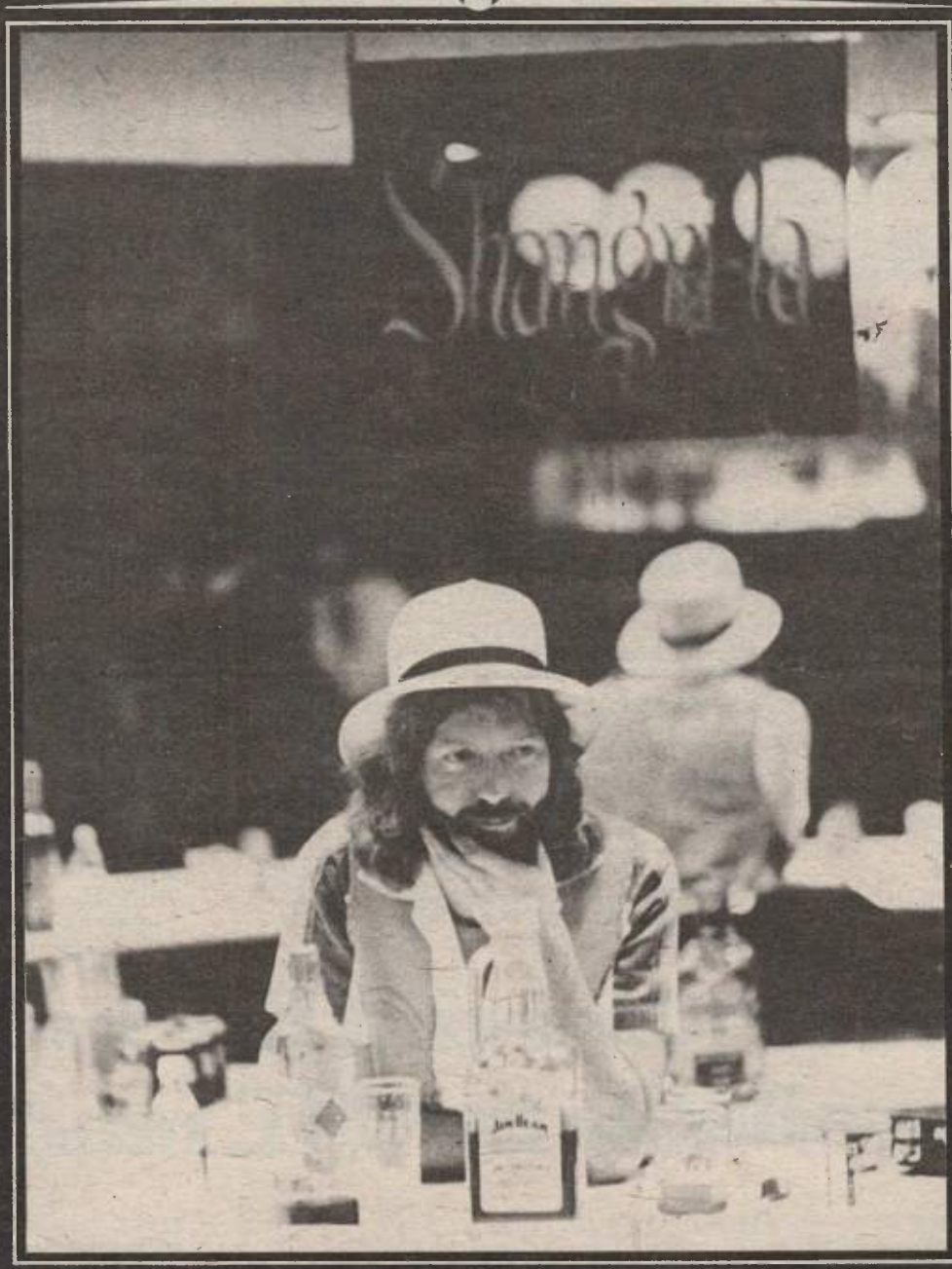
Next, a 14 year gap before Joe sent a bunch of tapes he'd made at his piano at home, snapped up at once by Tony Williams for Spotlite records. Today, Joe keeps up a steady flow of recordings and plays the occasional club date.

"Lily and I have an apartment in Amsterdam with a piano, so I have a chance to study, but the work hasn't been that steady. I don't know if I'm making the right growth or not, but I'm on it. I'm going ahead. I'm not getting about enough, playing enough steady gigs, which is always the key-note anyway you slice it."

"My father useta say, 'No matter how ya slice it, it's still baloney.' If you don't get exposure...Being in front of an audience and doing the thing is the satisfaction — also a matter of money. To feel that people know what you're doing, even if it's not always as good as you'd like."

Joe was back in his cool. Just before his second set, we shared a smoke. "I remember Leo Watson at the Ritz, Central Avenue," Joe smiled. "Useta have a beat-up snare, little cowbell, throw the sticks around and scat. We'd be smoking a joint and if Leo got it he'd start telling a big story — meanwhile he's holding the joint, drawing on it and not passing it. Leo," said Joe. "Nice cat."

ERIC CLAPTON



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News Desk

Kiki in free Queen show

KIKI DEE is to make a special guest appearance in the free open-air concert in London's Hyde Park this Saturday (18), headlined by Queen. The new Steve Hillage Band have already been named as one of the other supporting acts. The event starts at 2 pm, with Queen scheduled to go on stage at 6.30, although the rest of the running order had not been determined at presstime.

Remaining act on the bill is Supercharge. Be-Bop Deluxe were originally invited by Queen to appear, and their spokesman said on Tuesday that they are very upset because the promoter has now decided not to use them.

The new seven-piece Hillage band, which also includes former Jethro Tull drummer Clive Bunker, will be making their debut in the park gig. Subsequently, they are to undertake a short series of bill-topping concerts, playing Glasgow Apollo

Centre (October 2), Birmingham Town Hall (4), London Victoria Palace (10), Newcastle City Hall (11) and Sheffield City Hall (14). A new Hillage album titled "L", his first since leaving Gong last December, is released by Virgin on September 24.

● NME understands that there is a strong possibility of Queen playing a few selected British concert dates in December, probably immediately prior to the Christmas holiday.



ELTON JOHN made a surprise guest appearance in KIKI DEE's headliner concert at Edinburgh Playhouse last Saturday. They are pictured here at the gig, performing their current hit single.

ROUSSOS DATES NOW CONFIRMED

DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for the British concert tour next month by Continental superstar Demis Roussos. Promoted by Robert Paterson, the itinerary includes two days at London Royal Albert Hall. And as the follow-up to his recent chart-topping EP, Roussos has a new single issued by Phonogram this weekend titled "When Forever Has Gone". Tickets for his concerts are now on sale at all venues except Manchester, where the box-office opens next Tuesday.

Roussos visits Brighton Dome (October 1), Bristol Colston Hall

(2), Leicester De Montfort Hall (3), Croydon Fairfield Hall (4), Dublin Stadium (6), Belfast King's Hall (7), Birmingham Odeon (9), Eastbourne Congress Theatre (10), London Royal Albert Hall (11), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (13), London Albert Hall again (14), Southport New Theatre (16), Manchester Belle Vue (17), Preston Guildhall (18), Blackpool Opera House (20), Newcastle City Hall (21), Glasgow Apollo Centre (22), Edinburgh Usher Hall (23), Sheffield City Hall (25) and Wakefield Theatre Club (26).

Runaways: ten shows

AMERICA's latest punk-rock sensation, the all-girl Runaways band, have now had ten dates confirmed for their debut British tour starting next week. They play Glasgow Apollo Centre (September 23), Liverpool Erica's Club (24) and Birmingham Bingley Hall with Graham Parker & The Rumour (25). After a brief visit to Europe, they return for gigs at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (October 1), Edinburgh Usher Hall (4), Sheffield Polytechnic (5), Bournemouth The Village (6), Exeter University (7), Plymouth (8) and Colchester Essex University (9).



LATEST TOUR NEWS

British tour for Williams

ANDY WILLIAMS returns to Britain next month to headline a week-long London Palladium engagement, followed by a short series of provincial concert and cabaret dates. Promoted by Robert Paterson he visits the Palladium (October 18-23), Southport New Theatre (24), Stoke Jollees (25), Brighton Dome (26), Luton Cesar's (28), Manchester Belle Vue (29) and Birmingham Odeon (30). Tickets go on general sale at all venues on September 25. A new album titled "Andy" will be released by CBS to coincide with his visit. The New Seekers will be one of the support acts for the Palladium season.

'Waddywaddy

DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for an 11-city British concert tour next month by Showaddywaddy. They are Glasgow Apollo Centre (October 13), Aberdeen Capitol (15), Dundee Caird Hall (16), Newcastle City Hall (19), Stockport Davenport Theatre (22), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (24), Dunstable Queensway Hall (25), Southport New Theatre (27), Birmingham Odeon (28), Leicester De Montfort Hall (29), and Withernsea Grand Pavilion (30). A support act has still to be named. Tickets are now on sale at all venues, and one or two more dates may be added to this itinerary.

Supercharge

SUPERCHARGE have been confirmed as support act for the Wishbone Ash tour which, as reported last week, opens on October 22. But prior to this, they play gigs in their own right at London Marquee (tonight, Thursday), York College of Rippon & St. John (September 25), London Roundhouse (26), Edinburgh Tiffany's (28), Manchester University (29), Inverness Little Theatre (30), Edinburgh Heriot Watt University (October 1), Birkenhead Mr. Digby's (6), Manchester Electric Circus (8), Dudley JB's Club (9), Liverpool Russell's (10), Liverpool Carnatic Halls (13), Leeds Marquee (15), York (16), Wolverhampton Lafayette (20) and Birmingham Barbarella's (21). Their four-track EP titled "4X6" is released by Virgin on October 22, packaged in a full-colour bag and retailing at 85p.

Full House

FRANKIE MILLER'S Full House go back on the road this weekend to promote their current single "Loving You Is Sweeter Than Ever". Dates are Cromer West Runton Pavilion (tomorrow, Friday), Croydon Greyhound (Sunday), Scunthorpe Tiffany's (next Tuesday), Bedford College of Higher Education (October 2), Edinburgh Leith Theatre (5), Glasgow City Hall (6), Inverness Caledonian (7), Dundee University (8), Stirling University (9), Hull Tiffany's (12), Dublin University (16), Belfast University (17), Hawick Town Hall (19), Middlesbrough Teeside Polytechnic (20), Uxbridge Brunel University (22), Colchester Essex University (23), Plymouth Fiesta (25), Penzance Winter Gardens (26), Bath University (27), Swansea University (28), Birmingham Polytechnic (29) and Bristol Polytechnic (30).

'Misty Blue' girl arriving

DOROTHY MOORE, whose "Misty Blue" single recently reached No. 4 in the NME Chart, makes her British debut when she headlines at the London Palladium on Sunday, September 26, supported by the 30-piece Armada Orchestra. This will be her only gig in this country, and she replaces Gloria Gaynor, who was originally set for the Palladium on this date. Support act is Jimmy James & the Vagabonds, and tickets are priced from £1.50 to £3.50. Starting time is 8 p.m.

Rainbow: gala opening soon

HOPES ARE NOW high that London's Rainbow Theatre will be back in action as a major rock venue before the end of the year. A spokesman for Strutworth Ltd., who have secured a seven-year lease on the venue, told NME: "We are aiming for a December 1 opening, although it's dependent upon the granting of the necessary licences. We hope to have a very big name for the first show, and thereafter present two or three gigs every week." Builders and electricians have been working on the venue for some weeks, carrying out renovations and improvements.

WHERE IT'S AT

MARVIN GAYE is to play two performances at the London Palladium on Sunday, October 3 (6.30 and 8.45). This date has been added to his short British tour because his opening concert at London Royal Albert Hall, on September 27, has already sold out. And his gig at Sheffield City Hall is put back one day to September 29.

CROSBY & NASH are to play a second night at London Hammersmith Odeon on Tuesday, September 28, in addition to their gig at this venue the previous day. For all their British concerts, they will be on stage for three hours, and there will be no support act.

KOKOMO appear for two nights at London Islington Hope & Anchor next Monday and Tuesday (20 and 21), as part of the venue's series of benefit gigs. CURVED AIR have gigs at Ryde L.O.W. Oasis Club (this Saturday), Newcastle Polytechnic (September 24), Ilkley Craiglands Hotel (26), Cardiff Top Rank (October 1) and Manchester UMIST (2).

ROD MCKUEN plays one of his occasional concerts at London Royal Albert Hall tomorrow night (Friday) at 7.30 p.m. He will not be undertaking any other British dates on this occasion.

PASADENA ROOF Orchestra and the Acker Bilk Band star at the London Palladium for the week commencing Monday, September 27, and the Roy Budd Trio are also on the bill. Ticket prices range from £1 to £3.

ABBA are now confirmed for an appearance at London Royal Albert Hall on February 14. During their visit they will also be playing concerts in Birmingham (February 10), Manchester (11) and Glasgow (12). Venues for the provincial gigs have not yet been finalised, although they are likely to be the Odeon, Free Trade Hall and Apollo Centre respectively.

JEAN-LUC PONTY headlines in concert at London New Victoria on Sunday, October 10 (7.30 p.m.). It will be his first London gig for a year, and tickets are now on sale priced £1, £1.50, £2 and £2.50.

MUDDY WATERS, Sonny Rollins and McCoy Tyner headline the "Newport Jazz Festival" bill which plays two houses at London New Victoria Theatre on October 30. From next year onwards, it is hoped to make the festival an annual three-day event.

Mother Superior

Romford Albemarle Club (October 3), Bradford University (6), Arbroath Concor Club (7), Aberdeen University (8), Stirling University (9), Guilford Place Disco (12), King's Lynn College of Technology (13), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (15), Dorchester The Tavern (16), Tiverton The Motel (20), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (21), London City Polytechnic (22), Coventry Warwick University (23), Ulverston Penny Farthing (29) and Liverpool University (30). Further dates are being lined up by Rock Artists Management.



Carpenters

THE CARPENTERS have now added a Scottish date to their November tour itinerary, which becomes the opening date of their tour. Their schedule now comprises Edinburgh Playhouse (November 17), Manchester ABC Theatre (18), Blackpool Opera House (19), Birmingham Hippodrome (20) and a week at the London Palladium (22-27). There will be two performances each night for the provincial concerts. At the Palladium there is one show nightly from Monday to Thursday, and two shows on both Friday and Saturday. The group will be backed by their regular five-piece band of U.S. musicians.

Vagabonds

CHART STARS Jimmy James and the Vagabonds have been set for a string of autumn dates. Latest bookings for the group are Blackburn Bailey's (September 23-25), London Palladium (26), Cardiff Tito's (28), Rhyl Tito's (29 - October 2), Hull Bailey's (8), Oldham Bailey's (12), Sheffield Top Rank (13), Hartlepool Gemini Club (14), Caerphilly Double Diamond (25), Blackpool Locarno (26), Dewsbury Town Hall (27), Nottingham Palais (28), Eastbourne King's Country Club (November 10), Norwich Crookers (11), Leicester Bailey's (15 week), Derby Tiffany's (25) and Cleethorpes Bunny's Place (26-27). More gigs are being added, and the group are also busy recording a new single.

LINDA LEWIS DATES

LINDA LEWIS is going out on the road next month, and the highlight of her schedule - following the pattern she established when she toured last autumn - is a major concert at London's Festival Hall. She will be promoting her recently-released single "This Time I'll Be Sweeter", as well as material from her upcoming album, which hopefully will be ready for release



before the tour ends.

Confirmed dates are Aberystwyth University (October 1), Sheffield University (2), Birmingham Town Hall (3), Bristol Hippodrome (4), Portsmouth Locarno (5), Cardiff University (6), Southport Congress Theatre (7), Newcastle University (8), York University (9), Keele University (13) and London Royal Festival Hall (16).



ROBERTA FLACK



MARVIN GAYE



BARBARA DICKSON

ROBERTA FLACK appears at London Royal Albert Hall on October 19, accompanied by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. She will also be playing some provincial dates without the orchestra, and these are now being finalised.

BURL IVES arrives in Britain for a one-off concert at London Royal Albert Hall on October 20. Ticket prices range from £1 to £4.50, and the show will be filmed by BBC-TV for subsequent screening, probably at Christmas.

MARC BOLAN & T. Rex, whose new single "Laser Love" is released by EMI this weekend, are to headline a major British tour starting in early November and including prestige London dates. Full details will be announced shortly.

BARBARA DICKSON will be the support act on the British tour by the Flying Burrito Brothers, opening in Redcar this Saturday (18).

THE CHIEFTAINS have added another two dates to their British concert tour, already reported by NME. The extra gigs are at Cambridge Sports Hall (October 16) and Leeds University (27).

BELLAMY BROTHERS are to make their British debut at London New Victoria Theatre on November 25. It is not yet clear if they will be playing any other British gigs during their visit.

KRAFTWERK are to headline at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Sunday, October 10. As previously reported, the German band will also be playing two other gigs during their brief British visit - at Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (8) and Sheffield University (9).

MANFRED MANN's Earthband have added two dates to their current tour itinerary - at Leeds Polytechnic (September 27) and Bletchley Leisure Centre (October 2).

GROUNDHOGS are to headline three successive nights at London Marquee Club next month - on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, October 26-28.

HAWKWIND have added Guildford Civic Hall (September 28) and Dunstable Queensway Hall (30) to their current tour itinerary.

CATE BROTHERS make their British debut by way of a one-off London concert next month. Promoted by Barry Dickins of MAM, the Asylum recording team appear at the New Victoria Theatre on Sunday, October 24.

20th Century Steel Band

Newcastle Polytechnic (October 29), Bedford Cranfield Institute (30), Paignton Festival Theatre (31), Barnstaple Chequers (November 1), London Marquee (4), Camberley Samantha's (5), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (6), London Camden Dingwalls (8), Aberdeen University (12), Stirling University (13), Edinburgh Tiffany's (15), Rhyl Talardy Hotel (17), London Waltham Forest College (19), Colchester Essex University (20), Fishguard Frenchman's Motel (27), Birmingham Aston University (December 10), Leicester Polytechnic (11).



Albertos

ALBERTO Y Lost Paranoias are going out on a nationwide tour, visiting Hornchurch Queen's Theatre (this Sunday), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (September 23), Stirling University (24), Redcar Coatham Bowl (25), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (October 1), Birmingham Barbarella's (2), London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (3), Uxbridge Brunel University (6), Sunderland Polytechnic (9), Oxford Polytechnic (13), Coventry Warwick University (14), Maidenhead Skindles (16), Croydon Greyhound (17), Sheffield Polytechnic (21), Guildford Surrey University (22), Reading University (23), Cardiff University (27) and Kingston University (30). Several more gigs have still to be slotted into the interim dates, before the band spend the whole of November touring Europe.

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SINGLES

Zappa in successful ascent of Mount Funk

GRAND FUNK RAILROAD: Can You Do It (EMI). People climb Mount Everest simply because it's there. Artists like Todd Rundgren and now Frank Zappa take it in turn to produce Grand Funk Railroad for much the same reason. The challenge of trying to transform a Heavy Metal Turkey into a beautiful white swan is too much to resist.

However, knowing the way Uncle Frank's brain works, I'm sure he took on the job because (a) he probably needed a fast 50 grand to finance one of his more bizarre projects or (b) here for the taking was the opportunity to produce the all-time hard-rock spoof using straight actors. Now, sometime ago a friend and I, fueled with the burning desire to become rich, discussed in great detail the idea of making the definitive Heavy Metal record — a rapid succession of brain-damaging clichés building to a climax in which the instruments were phased out one-by-one and replaced by steam shovels, road drills, concrete mixers and automatic weapons. Well, Uncle Frank must have discovered our notes, for though he doesn't replace GFR with real Metal Machine Music on this re-make of an old Contours song, he employs every known cliché with truly amazing results. Only Frank could make complete excess entertaining. What else could it be but (joint) Record Of The Week.

RAMONES: Blitzkrieg Bop (Sire). New York's Ramones — the first group to have condensed an entire 14-track LP onto the head of a pin without any loss of definition... well, would you believe one side of a single! Truthfully, I've never heard so much positive rock energy being generated since The MC5's "Back In The U.S.A." The recent printer's dispute may have delayed this record being reviewed, but that ain't gonna stop it being (Joint) Record Of The Week.

STEVE MILLER BAND: Fly Like An Eagle (Mercury); BOB SEGER: Travelin' Man/Beautiful Loser (Capitol). Anything with either Steve Miller or Bob Seger clearly printed on the label is usually well worth investing money in. And I have no hesitation in thoroughly recommending not only these two singles but the superlative albums from which they've been culled. Next time you decide to lay your money take my advice and grab an earful of Miller's "Fly Like An Eagle" album and Seger's "Live Bullet" double and perhaps you'll agree that for the time being the immediate future of no-bullshit rock music is in safe hands.

THE STILLS-YOUNG BAND: Long May You Run (Reprise). "Looking For A Love Parts 34 to 73 inclusive". The Buffalo Springfield it ain't, but nevertheless this could have been the band that Steve, Neil and their fans urgently needed. "Long May You Run" warbles The Loner while his best friend and enemy Wooden Nose keeps a low-profile. Sadly they couldn't keep it together longer than the half-way marker of a 20-city US tour. Anyway, it's a welcome post-script of the way it might have been. There's always next year!

THE GORILLAS: She's My Gal (Chiswick). With the mid-70s still firmly locked into the mid-60s, the (Hammersmith) Gorillas (wish they hadn't truncated their name) come up with a song based fair and

square on the guitar outro of the Stones' "Brown Sugar" and delivered like The Small Faces at their most idiosyncratic. Indeed, this superbly-sleeved bizarre little tid-bit is quite unlike anything around at the moment and its appeal is that it's so utterly left field. Perhaps one day collectors will search for discs inscribed with the name of producer Roger Armstrong in much the same way as they now cheat, lie and steal for Kim Fowley artifacts.

THE DRIFTERS: Every Nite's A Saturday With You (Bell). It distresses me beyond words to see the once magnificent Drifters degenerating into a third-rate parody of themselves with this, the umpteenth re-write of "Saturday Night At The Movies". Surely Johnny Moore and whoever is in the line-up this week is worthy of better treatment.

MARIANNE FAITHFULL: All I Wanna Do In Life (NEMS). Actually, I thought it was Fox. As a matter of fact, I still do! A typical custom-made radio record and a possible minor hit. Expertly produced and well mixed. Can't do Marianne anything but good.

THE BEACH BOYS: It's O.K. (Brother-Reprise). The title more or less sums it up. Far better than that goddamn awful "Rock 'n' Roll Music" but still not up to what The Beach Boys are capable of producing — and they know it.

DAVID POMERANZ: It's In Everyone Of Us (Arista). Thoroughly self-conscious Desideriarrhoea pop hymn whined in a cloying hollier-than-thou tenor voice. Aside from managing to make one's flesh crawl, El Pom gives the impression of being the archetypal All-American wimp who, after stashing a healthy advance, likes to sing songs about how (his) rock 'n' roll records can cure the world of all its ills. Take a tip from me: avoid this like the clap. When I see production credits in the name of Vini Poncia and Richard Perry on the label then I really do begin to have my doubts!

DENNY LAINE... It's So Easy — Listen To Me/T'm Looking For Someone To Love (EMI). What a terrible waste of time and talent. Buddy Holly's repertoire has been absorbed (note-for-note) into the public's consciousness to the point where it's foolhardy to try anything other than a straight cover. It may well be in Paul McCartney's vested interests to gain mileage out of Holly's publishing, but if he was so intent on recording this material then why not with Wings? Indeed, though McCartney is credited as producer, the same kind of care and attention that one expects from Wings product isn't apparent on this. O.K. so it's a quick one-off, but I'd much prefer to hear Denny Laine singing something that will enhance his career. He can't go on singing "Go Now" for eternity?



SINGLES REVIEWED BY ROY CARR

GEOFF APPLEBY: Hey Sadie (Virgin). Roy Wood and Wizzard collide headlong with The Glitter Band two years too late. There are no survivors.

BAY CITY ROLLERS: I Only Wanna Be With You (Bell). O.K. so it's still considered fashionable to sneer at The Bay City Rollers, but let's get a few things straight. It's not their appeal as teenybop kewpie dolls or paederastic poppets that most people object to, but the fact that apart from grinning inanely the Rollers have done practically nothing to justify their lucrative position. If the Rollers made good pop records then believe me, the mud-slinging would stop instantly. But how can the Rollers ever hope to silence their critics or, for that matter, enjoy any degree of longevity by releasing such an appalling rendition of one of Dusty Springfield's all-time triumphs. However, all is not lost. For their sins, the Rollers only help to make one realise just how good Dusty's original version was and still is.

THE COUNT BISHOPS: Train, Train (Chiswick). Though less than 12 months old, Chiswick are one of the healthiest specialist shoe-string labels around at the moment. They kicked off with The Count Bishops ("Speedball" EP) and aside from the obvious appeal of re-releasing Vince Taylor's "Brand New Cadillac", this new coupling by The Bishops is, for all its rawness, the label's most commercial release so far and could well pick up some air-play. A few years ago this atmospheric "beat" record would have quite probably gone Top 50 on both sides of the Atlantic. Chiswick may well be new to the business but at this rate I can see them coming up with a very big hit. How d'ya think most American labels started out in the beginning. Ever heard of Sun?

PETER TOSH: Legalize It (Virgin). And now a word from this week's sponsor: "Legalize-it, don't criticize-it and I will advertise-it." Howzabout that then guys 'n'



THE GORILLAS (ex-Hammersmith) ... and you thought they didn't make 'em like that anymore?

gals urh-urh-urh, ex-Wailer and renowned JA 'erbalist Peter Tosh singing the praises of the burning bush. I really can't see "Legalize It" as being Tony Blackburn's "Record Of The Week", a Radio Luxembourg "Power Play", or a "Capital Climber" — though I'm certain that given airtime, it would become The People's Choice. A most refreshing taste of JA that's not as inflammatory as some might have you believe. Feel free to buy a copy. You can't be busted for possession.

LIVERPOOL EXPRESS: Hold On (Warner Bros). A couple of years back, Badfinger used to get systematically slagged-off for the very same reasons that Liverpool Express are now getting the full VIP treatment. In a Beatle-nutshell, "Hold Tight" sounds like an adenoidal out-take from "A Hard Day's Night", and considering the present climate it could, with a big promotional push, go gold Stateside.

FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE: Loving You Is Sweeter Than Ever (Chrysalis). Thankfully, I've never been able to quite fathom out all the fuss about Russ Ballard's ability as a Big League Record Producer. As far as his credentials are concerned, Ballard seemed to use up an entire well-worn bag of tricks on albums for Roger Daltrey and Leo Sayer. Unfortunately, at the expense of Frankie Miller, this single doesn't help clarify the situation. Though one cannot fault Frankie's thoroughly tasteful interpretation of this old Four Tops standard, the overall performance isn't enhanced by predictable and ponderous production techniques the likes of which were phased out a few years ago. If Frankie is really going all-out with this particular song then it's not too late to re-cut a brand new backing track. Frankie Miller can't be forever poised on the threshold of international stardom — he desperately needs just one record to spark off the chain reaction. Sadly, this ain't gonna be the one to do it. Pity.

SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND: Amos Moses (Mountain). Sensational Alex doing what Sensational Alex does best with Howlin' Wolf's "Smokestack Lightning" riff to heighten Sensational Alex's fine use of dramatics. A hit, what else?

RHYTHM HERITAGE: Disco-Fied (ABC). If you were among the tens of thousands that shelled out hard cash for the AWB's "Pick Up The Pieces" and "Cut The Cake" and wanted even more of the same, then look no further.

LEN BARRY: 1-2-3 (MCA). It wasn't until I peered at the small print that I realised it took no less than six people to pen this one opus. Obviously, this perennial disco-demand is forever being re-released so as to enable the composers to cop more than frumpence from the royalties. A Teenbeat Vocalist by definition, Mis'tah Len Barry (real name Leonard Borisoff) was the Philly Pratt who once proudly boasted

that, as a matter of principle, he wouldn't appear on the same stage as The Beatles or any other long-haired British group.

OHIO PLAYERS: Fire/Skin Tight (Mercury). Such is the vast turnover in the record industry that anything over six weeks old now automatically qualifies as an oldie. Be that as it may, this is definitely the most convenient way of stocking up on two of The Ohio Players' finest Vintage Funk '74 cuts.

ELTON JOHN: Benny & The Jets (DJM). Seeing that all future Elton John material will be released exclusively on Hercules' own Rocket label, could this be the first instalment of The Great DJM Elton John Re-Issue Programme? Will they Blitzkrieg the Buyers in the same way as EMI re-served The Beatles catalogue? Originally, the British B-side of "Candle In The Wind", it would seem that it is being elevated to 'A' status has prompted Benjamin to now sign his name with a 'Y' instead of the more familiar 'IE'. "I don't think it will be a hit", said Elton this week. "Do people buy a song that has already been an album track and a B-side?" Dunno!

BOB LUMAN: Let's Think About Living (DJM). This country rocker has always been in demand and its re-release will be welcomed by those who've experienced some difficulty in locating a clean copy.

BUDDY HOLLY: (New York) True Love Ways/It Doesn't Matter Anymore/Raining In My Heart/Moon Dreams (MCA). BUDDY HOLLY: (Rock 'n' Roll) Peggy Sue/Rave On/Rock Around With Ollie Vee/Midnight Shift (MCA). BUDDY HOLLY: (Crickets Hits) Maybe Baby/That'll Be The Day/Think It Over/It's So Easy (MCA). As Bob Admands covered most of these track's in last week's issue (September 11), there's little to add in the space allowed. I've lost count of the number of times these tracks have been re-cycled, but the fact that they're still readily available at 70p a four-pack is indeed good news. Who's to say they won't appeal (en masse) to a whole new generation who don't view them as golden oldies but simply as damn fine records.

LYNYRD SKYNYRD: Sweet Home Alabama/Double Trouble/Free Bird (MCA). At 70p a taste, what better way of getting acquainted with the South's finest in-person boogie band. Their crowd-pleasing antics at Knebworth must stimulate sufficient action to make this maxi-single chart.

MIKE BERRY: Tribute To Buddy Holly (Polydor). Fifteen years is one helluva time to be on stand-by, but obviously Berry hopes it will be worth loitering with this re-make of his 1961 hit.

THE MAMAS & THE PAPAS: Monday Monday/Creeque Alley (ABC). A far better point-of-sales campaign would have been to pair these tracks with "California Dreamin'" and "Dedicated To The One I Love" and flog them as a maxi-single. As it is, this re-release is 12 months premature; the psychedelic revival doesn't start until "The Summer of Love '77".

THE BAND: The Weight (Capitol). There's something eternal about this record. It still continues to give me the kind of cosmic buzz it first gave me when I bought it in 1968. It really is a cornerstone in any respectable record collection. The Record Of Any Week.



THE DELS: formed at Thornton High School, Illinois, 1955 — still going strong

Ooop shoop shoo-be doop shang-a-lang a lam-a aw fergit it...

It's roots were in gospel church music, minstrel singing, blues and vaudeville acts like The Mills Brothers, Delta Rhythm Boys, Deep River Boys and The Inkspots.

In appreciating the popularity enjoyed by Doo-Wop groups you must understand the climate in which the music began to filter out of the Black ghetto and onto the freshly sprinkled lawns of suburbia.

Popular White music as performed by Frankie Laine, Johnny Ray, Patti Page, Eddie Fisher and Guy Mitchell, was concerned with songs about doggies in windows, hula hula skirts, April in Portugal and crying clouds!

And while all this was going down, across town Black kids were frantically diggin' The Swallows' "It Ain't The Meat — It's The Motion", Bullmoose Jackson's "Big Ten Inch Record" and who could possibly forget The Toppers' endearing "(Baby) Let Me Bang Your Box"!

The competition that existed when the Doo-Wop groups ruled was much keener than it has ever been throughout popular music's history. Emulating the sound of the latest hit record wasn't good enough for these guys — each group had to be as different as humanly possible from the next.

As you might expect, this quest for inventiveness resulted in some highly bizarre mutations, witness the late Clyde McPhatter's moribund outbursts of unrestrained grief throughout The Dominoes' death disc "The Bells", or The Gladiolas' gloriously gimmicky castris opus "Little Darlin'".

The pursuit of individuality extended beyond the complex choreography to the actual names of the groups — although certain styles were in vogue.

Following the tremendous success of The Ravens, "bird" names became extremely fashionable, leading to the formation of The Orioles, Meadowlarks, Flamingos, Crows, Swallows, Robins, Hawks, Cardinals, Pelicans, Hollywood Blue Jays, Swans, Wrens, Larks, Sparrows, and of course The Penguins.

Many groups revealed a car fetish: The Cadillacs, El Dorados, Lincolns, Capris, V-Eights, Corvairs, and The Edsels.

Royalty was always a good bet, as demonstrated by The Earls, Dukes, Crowns, Kings, Queens, Imperials, Barons, and Sultans.

Some chose precious gems: The Rubies, Diamonds, Jewels and Pearls. There were groups who chose to describe their music: The Metronomes, Rhythmites, Rhythm-Makers, Harptones, Chanters, Joytones, Temptones, Velvetones, and Rocketones, and there were hordes

... LET'S JUST GET RIGHT BACK AMONG THE ZOOT SUITS AND HAIR GREASE AND FIND OUT WHAT IT REALLY WAS THAT MADE THOSE GUYS DOO-WOP



THE DEL-VIKINGS

who sounded more like street-gangs than potential entertainers: so let's hear it one more time for The Brooklyn Crusaders, Jivers, Jaguars, Colts, Thrillers, Federals, Clippers and Little Julian Herrera & The Tigers.

At its natural source, Doo-Wop was usually performed 'acapella' (without instrumental accompaniment) and for a time recorded in its original form. In terms of making records, this was as much an economical ploy as it was artistic.

But it was only natural that the time would come when the session musicians would be employed to make their records more rhythmic and therefore much more commercial.

Enter stage right, piano, bass, drums (maybe guitar) played with cretin simplicity and occasionally a gutsy tenor sax player taking time out from blowin' "Night Train" down at the local Burlesque House.

In these formative days, the music wasn't called Doo-Wop. It really wasn't called anything. Blacks referred to it as Rhythm 'N' Blues, Whites called it Jiggerbo, the trade papers "Race Music".

As far as anyone can recall, it became known as Doo-Wop after its demise and immediately prior to the revival of interest in it as a unique and highly collectable form of contemporary American music.

Throughout the best part of the 50s, few whites ever got to hear the original sound unless they found it by accident on the radio dial. Yet to sell to the white markets was the epitome of success for Black artists. Even though Blacks spent more money on records per capita than Whites, proportionately Whites had much more money to spend on leisure activities.

Very few artists made it, and of those who succeeded, the majority were soloists in a somewhat different category, like Little Richard, Fats Domino, Chuck Berry and Sam Cooke. Obviously, one solitary negro isn't nearly half as threatening as five zoot-suited teenagers with processed hair still in touch with their roots.

It was a difficult time for Red-Necked America. Somehow, despite

instead of being content to keep Pat Boone in white bucks.

There was a risque element prevalent in Black music, but the emergence of Doo-Wop suddenly began to reflect the everyday reality of ghetto living. Sure, some groups took White ballads like "White Cliffs Of Dover" and resprayed the body work, but many preferred to update the traditional blues themes of sex, chauvinism, drinks, unemployment and continually falling foul of the law.

No White group in those days could have possibly conceived of recording a song called "Framed" (The Robins) or "(Baby) Let Me Bang Your Box", so they didn't!

IN TERMS of innovations, Doo-Wop was responsible in originating specific musical forms like rock'n'roll triplets and high-voiced block harmonies without which rock as we know it would be impossible.

Without getting into technicalities, a prime example of rock'n'roll triplets is the piano intro to The Platters' "Only You" or in a speeded-up guise, the rhythm pounded out on Danny & The Juniors' "At The Hop".

Rock is full of similar examples. When it comes to high-voiced block harmonies, let's just say they've kept The Four Seasons in hits for 15 years, and at various times have been slightly modified to enable The Beach Boys, Beatles, Hollies and CSN&Y formulate their distinctive vocal sounds.

In fact, though they were tutored by The Four Freshmen and ceremoniously ripped-off Chuck Berry, the fun-lovin' Beach Boys owe more to such Californian Doo-Woppers as Jesse Belvin, The Penguins and Medallions than any other artist you care to mention. For further information check out The Beach Boys' cover of The Students' "I'm So Young".

Dion & The Belmonts may have been the lifeline between the 50s and the 60s, but if The Drifters, Crystals, Ronettes, Supremes, Miracles, Dixie-Cups, Shangri-Las, Chiffons and all those dozens of other Brill Building and Motown acts weren't just an echo of the street corner symphony then who the hell was? No doubt about it, Phil Spector would Doo-Wop as well as the next punk.

Doo-Wop isn't a lost art, an antique to be admired, maybe even laughed at and then stored away. You see, Doo-Wop didn't die, it just lost its innocence when it became apparent that by streamlining itself for the affluent White market at the turn of the 60s it could open a lot of closed doors. As Black artists developed into commercial soul acts, Doo-Wop became the property of the White ghettos while the Cameo-Parkway label dictated that White meant Wimp.

Between them, Pat Boone, The Crew-Cuts, Teresa Brewer, The Diamonds and The Fontane Sisters prevented America's sweet bird of youth from being exposed to the original versions of well over 50 classic Black Doo-Wop records.

If you haven't a strong stomach, don't bother trying to compare The Crew-Cuts' "Earth Angel" with the original Penguins cut, The Fontane Sisters' limp "Eddie My Love" to the Teen Queens' intense blueprint, and Pat Boone's abominable "Crazy Little Mama" At My Front Door" against The El Dorados' tour-de-force.

Almost 20 years after the event, this may be difficult to relate to, try to imagine a situation in which Bob Marley, James Brown, Stevie Wonder, Marvin Gaye and Diana Ross were virtually unknown in Britain and in which every one of their records had been successfully "covered" by Guys & Dolls, The Brotherhood Of Man, Jonathan King, Roger Whittaker and Moira Anderson.

The position of Black Doo-Wop groups in the 50s was akin to that of Jamaican reggae artists in the mid-70s. Reggae may be much more militant in its attitudes but the fact remains, few artists escape from Trenchtown and even fewer make sufficient money to move to Hope Street.

Similarly, after fighting for their country in the Second World War, black Americans, surrounded by billboards proudly proclaiming "The World's Highest Standard Of Living", began to hustle for a piece of the action

EXCEPT for a few isolated successes, the reason why Doo-Wop never caught on in Britain was that we didn't possess the musical heritage to render it intelligible. Neither did we have anything like a large Black community capable of sustaining such acts and influencing the charts.

When Doo-Wop and its audience was enjoying its best years, Britain was totally oblivious to the fact, being far too preoccupied in producing one surrogate Presley after another. Likewise, in terms of collectability, Stateside the oldies market is dominated by the Doo-Wop fanatic — with records changing hands for anything up to \$1,000 (depending on rarity) — whereas in Britain the demand for Southern Fried Red-Neck Rockabilly remains insatiable.

Another factor was that Doo-Wop groups were really obsessed with being flash and flaunting their success, while in Britain such things were considered gauche bad-manners. Presley was much more appealing. He was the countryboy prototype, nice to animals and old ladies, a God fearing boy who wanted

to buy his folks a house with an inside toilet.

POST-WAR austerity didn't allow too much scope for British teen culture. For the most part, it was enjoyed by proxy. Drive-in movies, white walled tired Chevys, surf'n' High School Hops, Hamburgers and iced Cokes were things one only heard of on records or seen in movies, and Black Americans all said "Yessum Boss".

It's only now, in the 70s, when Hamburger pits, ice-cream parlours, American clothes, *American Graffiti* and regular visits from Sha Na Na have become de rigeur, that Doo-Wop records are being released in Britain as opposed to being imported. The result is that hearing The Crests' "Sixteen Candles", The Skyliners' "Since I Don't Have You" or the Silhouettes' "Get A Job" is making people nostalgic for something they never experienced.

Given the opportunity, I'm sure British womanhood would have far preferred to have popped its cherry to The Five Satins' "In The Still Of The Night" than Tommy Bruce's abysmal "Ain't Misbehavin'".

I WONDER, WONDER WHO...?

An A-to-Z of notable and/or notorious Do-wopsters

LEE ANDREWS & The Hearts: Long Lonely Nights (Mainline 102 — 1957). THESE GUYS were all at high school together in Philadelphia, singing at local hops and functions. "Long Lonely Nights" was their first record, though they had several other hits. Some of their stuff is pretty weird, "Girl Around The Corner" for instance (on the 'B' side of "Tear Drops") with its chorus line of: "She fucked him five times in the eye and three times in the knee..." Lee now runs a Los Angeles boutique.

JESSE BELVIN: Goodnight My Love (Modern 1005 — 1956). JESSE WAS killed in a car crash in 1960 but had been a prime-mover on the Doo-Wop scene. He was a buddy of Curtis Williams of The Penguins and had a hand in writing "Earth Angel", in which you can hear traces of Jesse's 1951 "Dream Girl". Alan Freed, inventor of the phrase "Rock

'n' Roll", brought Jesse to New York to promote "Goodnight My Love" and used it as the closing-off song to his radio WINS-NY show every night, and so undoubtedly had a piece of the action.

THE CADILLACS: Gloria (Josie 765 — 1954). THESE GUYS were a Harlem street corner doo-wop outfit called The Carnations for their first year, then Esther Navarro signed them up. She changed their name because there were too many 'bird' names at the time. She put them in flashy suits and finally she took them to Belmont Studios and had them cut some songs. One of these was "Gloria", written by Esther about another of the singers she managed, Gloria Smith. Esther also wrote a song about lead singer Earl Carroll, who everybody called "Speedo". The song opens, "Everybody calls me Speedo but my real name is Mr. Earl." Earl left in 1958 to join The Coasters.

Continues over page

By ROY CARR and MILES

The late **FRANKIE LYMON** (front) and **THE TEENAGERS:** sang outside producer's house on 161st Street

Below: **THE PENGUINS:** rehearsed their act in a backyard garage



THE PLATTERS: "Only You" was a flop first time out

I WONDER, WONDER WHO...?

■ From previous page

THE CHARTS: Deserie (Everlast 5001 — 1957).

THIS BUNCH of delinquents were one of your classic Harlem street corner harmony groups, hanging out, singing, and scanning the record charts — hence their name. Lead singer Joseph Grier wrote the song when he was 17 — and he was the oldest guy in the group. It was their only hit. If he's still alive today, that makes Grier 37.

THE CHORDS: Sh Boom (Cat 104 — 1954).

THESE SIX fellas got together in 1953 and sang at small places round New York. They went into the studio in May 1954 to record "Sh Boom", a number they'd written together. It looked all set to be a hit until the thoroughly agamous and hygienic white group The Crew-Cuts did a cover version, which of course copped all the action and made number one. Many rock critics regard this song as one of the first rock 'n' roll records. Make sure you hear it in the original.

THE CLOVERS: Devil Or Angel (Atlantic 1083 — 1955).

THE CLOVERS were found playing in The Rose Club, Washington DC, in the late 40s when they were all still at high school. They are often credited with recording the first Rock 'n' Roll song, "Don't You Know I Love You?" cut in February 1951. Most of the Clovers songs were about drinking or women, or both. "Devil Or Angel" is one of their best doo-wop numbers, having some of the most beautifully rock piano triplets ever played and some unusually fractured English.

THE CRESTS: Sixteen Candles (Coed 506 — 1958).

LEAD SINGER Johnny Maestro represents a prime example of the Brooklyn school of Italian falsetto wailing — so much so that he thought he could make it on his own, going solo in 1961. He dropped outta sight, though he did emerge briefly with The Brooklyn Bridge in 1968. It's the crazed shrieking of "Sixteen Candles" that he is best remembered by.

THE CROWS: Gee (Rama 5 — 1953).

THESE GUYS were discovered at a talent contest at The Apollo Theater in Harlem after they'd done the usual street corner apprenticeship. Their patch was 142nd Street between Lenox and 7th Avenues — a very popular block at the time. Enter George Goldner of Rama Records. He made so much bread out of "Gee" that he named a new label after it (which Frankie Lyman, among others, was on). The Crows, meanwhile, used to cruise Harlem in their big 1955 Chrysler with "CROWS" painted on the side of it, celebrating the fact that "Gee" sold a million and was one of the first R&B records ever to make it onto the white rock charts. They even tried to play Las Vegas, but white was not yet ready for that! Today both lead singer Sonny Norton and bass Gerald Hamilton are dead. The other guys still live in Harlem but haven't sung since the group disbanded in the mid-50s.

THE DELLS: Oh, What A Night (Vee-Jay 204 — 1956).

THE DELLS began as The El Rays, when they were still at Thornton Township High School, in Harvey, Illinois, just south of Chicago. They released "Darling, I Know" under that name before Vivian Carter of Vee-Jay suggested the name change. In the summer of 1955 they went to a party thrown by some girls and the next day Marvin Junior and Johnny Funches were reminiscing about it: "Oh, what a night!" said Johnny. "Hey, that's a line for a song!" said Marvin. And just like in a big ol' rock 'n' roll movie they went into the studio, recorded it and it was their biggest hit. Twenty years later, The Dells are still chalking up hit records.

THE DELL-VIKINGS: Come Go With Me (Fee Bee 205 — 1956).

THIS OUTFIT met in the US Airforce when they were all stationed in Pittsburgh — which probably accounts for how they come to be one of the first integrated groups. In those days groups would often play to audiences who had formed two lines outside for tickets: one white, the other black. Anyway, Clarence Quick the bass singer, wrote it at the piano in five minutes flat and they all took it to a DJ friend, Barry Kaze, and recorded the song in his basement. The room had such poor acoustics that some of them had to get in the cupboard to get the sound they wanted. You can hear it on the record. They got their name from seeing a book on the Vikings in the camp library and simply added a 'Dell' to it. Easy huh?

DON & DEWEY: Leavin' It All Up To You (Specialty 610 — 1957).

DEWEY TERRY plays piano and sings lead but it's Don "Sugarane" Harris, who later came into his own as electric violin player, that people notice these days (he's on Zappa's "Hot Rats" album). They actually chant "doo-wop" on the chorus line and there are the same Specialty sidemen who played on Larry Williams and Little Richard's cuts: Plas Johnson, Rene Hall and Earl Palmer. So don't be fobbed off with the Dale and Grace hit version — or Donny and Marie Osmond's assassination. This is the original, every bar is beaten out on the cymbal, while Dewey sings like a strangled cat and Sugarane plays a wonderfully mindless eleven note guitar solo and count 'em.

THE ELEGANTS: Little Star (Apt 25005 — 1958).

VITO PICONE and his buddies were hanging out in Staten Island, New York, one day in 1957, drinking whiskey and gettin' loose, trying to think of a name for their new vocal group. They looked on the Schenley's whiskey bottle label at the word "elegance" which they changed to "Elegants". That's called lateral thinking. The next year Vito and Artie Venosa wrote "Little Star" and had themselves a number

one hit. And was life happy ever after? Today Vito is a car salesman and Artie is a labourer on the building sites. So much for overnight stardom!

THE FIVE ROYALES: Dedicated To The One I Love (King 5098 — 1958).

THE FIVE Royales first formed in 1948 as a gospel group when they were known as The Royal Sons. In 1952 they changed their name but it wasn't until 1958 that they cut "Dedicated To The One I Love" and reached the charts. The Shirelles had a hit with the same song in 1961. However, the version that most people remember is that recorded by The Mamas and The Papas.

THE EDELS: Rama Lama Ding Dong (Twin 700 — 1959).

THE EDELS career has much in common with the duff car they named themselves after. In 1959 they were auditioned by a music publisher in a record store listening booth in Youngtown, Ohio. While crammed in there they sang him an acappella rendition of "Rama Lama Ding Dong" which lead singer George Jones had written. They had a lot of trouble finding a record company to release it and when it finally came out they got the name wrong calling it "Lama Rama Ding Dong". It was a local hit in Baltimore and then flopped. The group disbanded. Two years later, The Marcel's "Blue Moon" was a hit and New York City DJ remembered a similar bass voice intro on "Rama...". He found a copy and began playing it. A demand built up. The Twin label bought the tapes and released it — this time under its correct name — and it was a hit. But too late for The Edsels. Amazing innit?

THE EL DORADOES: Crazy Little Mama At My Front Door (Vee-Jay 147 — 1955).

A CHICAGO group from Englewood High School where they began as The Five Stars. The ubiquitous Vivian Carter from Vee-Jay Records signed them up after they won first prize at a local talent show. They made some good records before finally cutting "At My Front Door" which is their best known. The 'oldies' magazine *Bim Bam Boom* is named after one of their later hits.

THE FIVE SATINS: In The Still Of The Night (Standard 106 — 1956).

FRED PARRIS, the lead singer, was on guard duty at 3.00 am. There was not much going down, in fact it was quiet. Fred was inspired to write "In The Still Of The Night" Standard put it on the "B" side of "The Jones Girl" and released it, but DJs soon turned it over and made it an R&B classic. In 1968, the lead singer and tenor singers got together a new group for the Rock 'n' Roll Revival Show at Madison Square Garden. They were so well received by the audience that they decided to stay together. A moving rendition of "In The Still Of The Night" is featured in the rock revival movie "Let 76 Good Times Roll".

THE FOUR DEUCES: W.P.L.J. (Music City 790 — 1955).

WPLJ STANDS for White Port and Lemon Juice, a fairly lethal combination guaranteed to turn your brain to pap if you drink too much of it while standing on the corner of Pico Blvd droolin' at the chicks passing by in the hot LA sun. The lads liked drink songs and followed this one with "Down It Went". "W.P.L.J." became a sort of classic. It was recorded by Frank Zappa on his "Burnt Weenie Sandwich" album and when WABC-FM in New York City wanted to change to a hipper image in the early seventies they took WPLJ-FM as their call signal.

THE GLADIOLAS: Little Darlin' (Excello 2101 — 1956).

THE GLADS originally won a talent show at Barr Street High School in Lancaster, California, in 1955 as The Royal Charms. Maurice Williams, their lead singer, wrote "Little Darlin'" in 1957 and they had an R & B hit, but The Diamonds did a lifeless white cover version which stopped The Gladiolas from entering the charts. In 1958 they changed their name to The Excellos — after their record company and then in 1959 became The Zodiacs. It was when they were The Zodiacs that Maurice Williams wrote "Stay" in 1960 and they finally made it to number one.

THE HARPTONES: Sunday Kind Of Love (Bruce 101 — 1953).

A STREET corner group originally called The Harps, they used to sing under the Manhattan Bridge in New York's Lower East Side. They merged with a Harlem street corner outfit called the Skylarks after the army had torn apart their line-up for selective service. They played The Apollo Theatre in Harlem at their regular talent show and did "Sunday Kind Of Love", the old Frank Sinatra standard. Their blues orientated vocal harmony version attracted Bruce Records. Alan Freed promoted it and so, needless to say, it was a hit.

THE HEARTBEATS: A Thousand Miles Away (Hull 720 — 1956).

JAMES "SHEP" Shepherd got the group together in the Jamaica, Queens, section of New York City in 1955 and they practiced their harmonies on street corners. Hull Records signed them and they cut "Crazy For You". In 1956 Shep's girlfriend moved to Texas and he wrote "A Thousand Miles Away" about their separation and their feelings. The Heartbeats broke up in 1958 but Shep formed Shep And The Limelites in 1961 and had a hit with "Daddy's Home". On January 24, 1970 Shep was found beaten up, robbed, and dead in his automobile on the Long Island Expressway.

THE JACKS: Why Don't You Write Me (RPM 428 — 1955).

THE JACKS were a Los Angeles group who used to record their slow numbers on the RPM label, as The Jacks and their fast numbers on Modern as The Cadets. "Why Don't You Write Me" is a wildly out of tune wailing doo-wop classic re-make of

The Feathers original. They were a very talented group — when they broke up, lead singer Aaron Collins formed The Flares. Incidentally he wrote "Eddie My Love" for his sisters Betty and Rosie, who recorded it as The Teen Queens. Will Jones went on to join The Coasters and sings on most of their tracks.

THE JEWELS: Heart Of Stone (R & B 1301 — 1954).

A LOS Angeles group who were very influential. This track was copied note for note by the dreadful Fontaine Sisters and also by The Champs. But they sold a million copies anyway.

FRANKIE LYMON AND THE TEENAGERS: Why Do Fools Fall In Love (Gee 1002 — 1955).

RICHARD BARRETT, lead singer with The Valentines, began to get involved with the A & R side of the record business. The local kids round 161st Street in New York City got to know this and would gather outside his window and sing to attract his attention. After a full day's work he didn't need this. However, one of the groups. The Teenagers, did attract him — but everytime he went downstairs they would run away. He finally arranged to hear them at Stitt Junior High School, where they all studied. Herman Santiago sang lead then but when Barrett took them to audition for George Goldner of Rama Records, Herman had a throat infection and little 13-year-old Frankie Lyman had to take over since he was the only one in the group who knew the words as he and Herman had written them together. Their first record, "Why Do Fools Fall In Love" was an instant hit. In 1957 Frankie tried going solo. Ten years later he was arrested on a drugs charge and in 1968 he died of a heroin overdose in a friend's apartment in Harlem.

THE MARCELS



RECOMMENDED DOO-WOP ALBUMS

"Chess Golden Decades Volume 1-5." (Chess); "American Graffiti" (MCA); "More American Graffiti" (MCA); "Doo-Wop, Doo-Wop" (DJM); "History Of R&B Volume 1-4" (Atlantic); "The Best Of Frankie Lyman & The Teenagers" (Emu); "The Flamingoes" (End); "The Nutmegs" (Herald); "The El Doradoes" (Vee-Jay); "The Ravens" (Savoy); "The Harptones" (Relic); "The Turbans" (Herald); "The Midnighters" (Federal); "The Moonglows" (Chess); "The Penguins" (Doo-Tone); "The Five Keys" (Capitol); "The Earls" (Old Town); "Accapella Volume 1-4" (Relic).

RECOMMENDED RECORD SHOPS

ROCK ON, 3, Kentish Town Road, London N. W. 1; VINTAGE RECORD CENTRE, 91, Roman Way, London N. 7; HOUSE OF WAX, 38, Broadway Parade, Crouch End, Hornsey N. 8.

THE MARCELS: Blue Moon (Colpix 186 — 1961).

THE MARCELS were named after the hairstyle of one of their members. Manager Jules Kuspis signed them round about Christmas, 1960, and cut an audition tape. Stu Philips at Colpix Records liked Fred Johnson's deep bass voice and decided to have them cut the 1934 Rogers and Hart classic "Blue Moon" as a gimmick. It made number one. That's how records were made in those days.

MARVIN & JOHNNY: Cherry Pie (Modern 933 — 1954).

MARVIN PHILIPS had a duo with Jesse Belvin: Jesse and Marvin, which had split up following the success of "Dream Girl". He found another partner, Joe Joseca, and as Marvin & Johnny they had a hit with "Cherry Pie", recorded in the spring of 1954. It's the epitome of Los Angeles doo-wop, with sexual undertones, superb vocal interplay and a fine example of the use of gospel interjections in the doo-wop setting.

THE MEDALLIONS: Buick '59 (Dootone 347 — 1954).

THIS LOS Angeles group had a wonderfully breathy lead singer, Vernon Green. Their first hit was "The Letter" — well worth finding — but three months later "Buick '59" was a real hit for them. They called it "Buick '59" instead of "Buick '54" so that it could be re-issued in 1959 and be a hit all over again — which it wasn't. It's one of the classic 50s car songs.

THE MELLO-KINGS: Tonight (Herald 502 — 1956).

A WHITE group from Mount Vernon, New York, originally called The Mello-Tones, who everyone thought was Black because of the sound given to them by their Black musical arranger Dick Levister. They still perform for occasional Rock 'n' Roll Revival shows.

THE MONOTONES: The Book Of Love (Mascot 124 — 1958).

THESE SIX guys all lived in the same housing estate and went to the same high school in Newark, New Jersey. Remember the Pepsodent toothpaste commercial, "I wonder where the yellow went?" That's where lead singer Charles Patrick got the line, "I wonder wonder who — who wrote the book of love". He ripped off the title from the Four Lads "Book Of Love" and he had him a song. It was a British hit for The Mudlarks — who were definitely not a doo-wop group.

THE MOONGLOWS: Sincerley (Chess 1581 — 1954).

SEEING immediately where it was at, Bobby Lester took his new group from Louisville, Kentucky, to Cleveland, Ohio, to meet DJ Alan Freed who broadcast his *Moondog Mainee* show on WJW Cleveland. Freed suggested that they call themselves something that sounded like the name of his show and so The Moonglows they became. He got them a recording contract and co-wrote songs with Harvey Fuqua. In July 1958 they recorded "The Ten Commandments Of Love" which became a rock 'n' roll classic — but "Sincerley" shows them showcasing their vocal harmonies. Their success was due to their connection with Alan Freed, the man whose motto was "... to be aware of what's happening in time to make a profit from it."

THE MYSTICS: Hushabye (Laurie 3028 — 1959).

ANOTHER ITALIAN street corner group from Brooklyn. They somehow managed to get a contract with Laurie Records, who asked the hit factory of Doc Pomus and Mort Shuman to write something for them along the lines of The Elephants' "Little Star". The song was "Hushabye" and it became their first hit. In 1960 they cut "All Through The Night" using a singer called Jerry from the vocal duo Tom & Jerry. Jerry's real name was Paul Simon.

THE NUTMEGS: Story Untold (Herald 452 — 1955).

THESE SINGERS began as a street corner group in New Haven, Connecticut, called The Lyres. Early in 1955 they took a commuter train down to New York City to visit the record companies and finished up with a contract with Herald. Al Silver, the owner, didn't like their name. Connecticut is known as "the nutmeg state". Leroy Griffin wrote "Story Untold" which was their first record and biggest hit. After their "Ship Of Love" Alan Freed publicly vowed not to play any more Nutmegs records because of their allegedly obscene stage performance. It's hard to imagine what he would have called obscene but whatever, it broke the group and they never had another hit. Apart from Leroy, who died in a factory accident, the other Nutmegs still do the odd Rock 'n' Roll Revival show in New York City.

THE ORIOLES: Crying In The Chapel (Jubilee 5122 — 1953).

ORIGINALLY KNOWN as The Vibrinaires (naturally!) they were schlepped out of obscurity in Baltimore soon after the end of World War II. In 1948, they changed their name to The Orioles — in honour of the Maryland State bird — and, after one single for the Natural label, were pacted for the next eight years to Jubilee. Revered as the first bona fide R&B vocal group, The Orioles enjoyed what appeared to be an almost unbroken string of hits that reached its apex with "Crying In The Chapel" (53) and "In The Chapel In The Moonlight" (54) which, like most of their records, emphasised the highly emotive ululations of lead vocalist Sonny Til (Earlington Tilghman). If the price is right, Sonny can still be persuaded to step into the spotlight with a new brood of Orioles for nostalgia jamborees.

THE PASSIONS: Just To Be With You (Audicon 102 — 1959).

BACK IN 1959 there was a duo called The Cousins who made demo records for other people. The Cousins were Paul Simon (nee Jerry Landis) and Carole King (Klein, as she was in those days). They gave a demo of "Just To Be With You" to The Passions — a Brooklyn group, like The Cousins, who were originally known as The Sinceres. "Just To Be With You" was their only national hit. At this juncture in his career Simon was heavily involved with various vocal groups and it is believed that he sings on this particular record.

THE PENGUINS: Earth Angel (Dootone 348 — 1955).

CLEVELAND DUNCAN got together a bunch of friends at Freemont High School in Los Angeles and called them The Penguins after Willie The Penguin who used to be on the Kools cigarette packet in those days. Curtis Williams wrote the song for his girlfriend and the guys used it to practice their harmonies on while they rehearsed their act in a backyard garage. Finally, after working at it from June until September, they took their songs to Dootone Records. "Earth Angel" was originally the "B" side but Los Angeles DJs, including Johnny Otis, began to turn it over. It was the biggest doo-wop hit of all time. Cleve Duncan, with a new bunch of guys, still sings in Los Angeles as The Penguins.

THE PLATTERS: Only You (Federal 12211 — 1955).

THE PLATTERS originally recorded "Only You" for Federal but it was a complete flop and they were dumped. It was only after they signed with Mercury Records and re-recorded it, that they had their enormous hit. It was written by their manager, Buck Ram (that's his name), who also managed The Penguins. Tony Williams beautifully controlled lead falsetto was responsible for making this perhaps the first international doo-wop hit and a stone classic. In 1960, Williams went solo and slid into the Vegas supper club syndrome.

THE RAINBOWS: Mary Lee (Red Robin 134 — 1955).

THE RAINBOWS got together in Washington DC in 1955 and are interesting because they were assembled by John Berry and Don Covay. Other fledgling stars in the group were Marvin Gaye and Billy Stewart. Paradoxically, whereas most doo-wop group's didn't spawn solo personalities, The Rainbows nurtured no less than three distinctive soul stars.

THE ROBINS: Riot In Cell Block No. 9 (Spark 103 — 1954).

AN EARLY group who combined beautiful harmonies with lyrics that reflected the reality of Black slum living, with numbers such as "Framed", "Ten Days In Jail" and of course "Riot In Cell Block No. 9" which was tremendously powerful for its day. They made their first record in 1949 and stayed together until 1956 when Carl Gardner and Bobby Nunn went with independent producers Leiber and Stoller to form The Coasters — named after California where they got together — while the remaining group members retained the name The Robins. Retitled "Student Demonstration Time", this Leiber & Stoller classic became a mainstay of The Beach Boys' stage show and more recently has re-emerged as a point number for Dr. Feelgood.

THE ROYALS: Work With Me Annie (Federal 12169 — 1953).

THE ROYALS, led by Hank Ballard (later of "The Twist" fame), were thrown together in the Motor City in 1952 and immediately signed with the Cincinnati-based Federal label. They were unable to provoke any chart action until they came up with the sexually orientated "Get It" banned by innumerable radio stations. Lightning struck twice with "Work With Me Annie" — an ode to copulation, which caused even more controversy. The publicity led to other groups jumping on the bandwagon with "Annie" songs: Etta James did "The Wallflower" with a chorus of "Roll with me Henry..." which was also regarded as smutty. Georgia Gibbs cleaned up the act with "Dance With Me Henry". However things quickly sunk back to gut-level with The Platters proclaiming "My Name Isn't Annie". The Royals, who had now changed their name to The Midnighters to avoid confusion with The Five Royales, continued the saga with "Annie Had A Baby" which was denied by The El Doradoes in "Annie's Answer". Legend has it that plans to release a final Annie record by The Midnighters were aborted. Seemingly Federal could accept "Annie's Aunt Fanny" but never "Annie Had A Miscarriage". Hank Ballard was last seen employed as James Brown's personal M.C. Annie was last heard of on welfare.

SHEP & THE LIMELITERS: Daddy's Home (Hull 740 — 1961).

WHILE FRONTING The Heartbeats, it appeared as though James Shepperd was pre-occupied with recording songs on how he was suffering from night starvation since his grinning not-tailed it to Texas. Around '58, he became so morose that The Heartbeats disbanded. Nothing was heard from Jimmy until he returned with a vengeance in 1961 with Shep & The Limelites — a vocal trio which featured two-part harmonies and no Mr. Bassman. "Daddy's Home" is one of the few records from this era that stands the test of time. In 1972, Roulette put out a double-album (RE 115) featuring the cream of The Heartbeats/Limelites recorded output.

THE SILHOUETTES: Get A Job (Ember 1029 — 1957).

THE SILHOUETTES were originally a gospel group called The Gospel Tornadoes, then they began to do more bluesy numbers under the name of The Thunderbirds. In 1957, Philadelphia DJ Kae Williams of station WDLS decided to manage them and changed their name yet again. For their first record they chose a song written by tenor singer Richard Lewis but it was arranger Howard Biggs who came up with the memorable lines: "Yip, yip, yip, yip, / Yip, yip, yip, / Sha-na-na-na / Sha-na-na-na-na / Baa-dum / Sha-na-na-na / Sha-na-na-na-na / Baa-dum / Sha-na-na-na / Sha-na-na-na-na / Yip, yip, yip, yip, / Yip, yip, yip, yip / Mum mum mum mum / mum mum / Get a job." From these lines — some of the best loved lyrics in rock the group Sha Na Na took their name.

THE TEEN QUEENS: Eddie My Love (RPM 453 — 1956).

ROSIE AND Betty Collins got together in 1955, called themselves The Teen Queens and cut a song written by their brother Aaron. It features some typically Los Angeles honking sax playing. Most of their records were rock 'n' roll but this has a distinctly doo-wop flavour.

THE TURBANS: When You Dance (Herald 458 — 1955).

A PHILADELPHIA group who used to all wear turbans as their gimmick. "When You Dance" has the distinction of having a genuine "doo-wop" chorus line as well as some high pitched falsetto shrieks.

THE VELVETONES: Glory Of Love (Aladdin 3372 — 1957).

A TRAGIC story of heartbreak and male chauvinist outrage when the singer's girl gets too good for him: "You're afraid to present me to the friends in your set," he moans. He holds up his hand, "I have in my hand, three letters..." The classic line was used by Zappa on his "Ruben & The Jets" album in "Later That Night" except that he sings it with a breathy delivery taken from The Medallions. The original has a very stern speakerover and sounds like it might have been written by a manager whose group managed to escape from him. P.S. Don't mistake it for The Four Keys' "Glory Of Love" which we also include here — it's a different song.

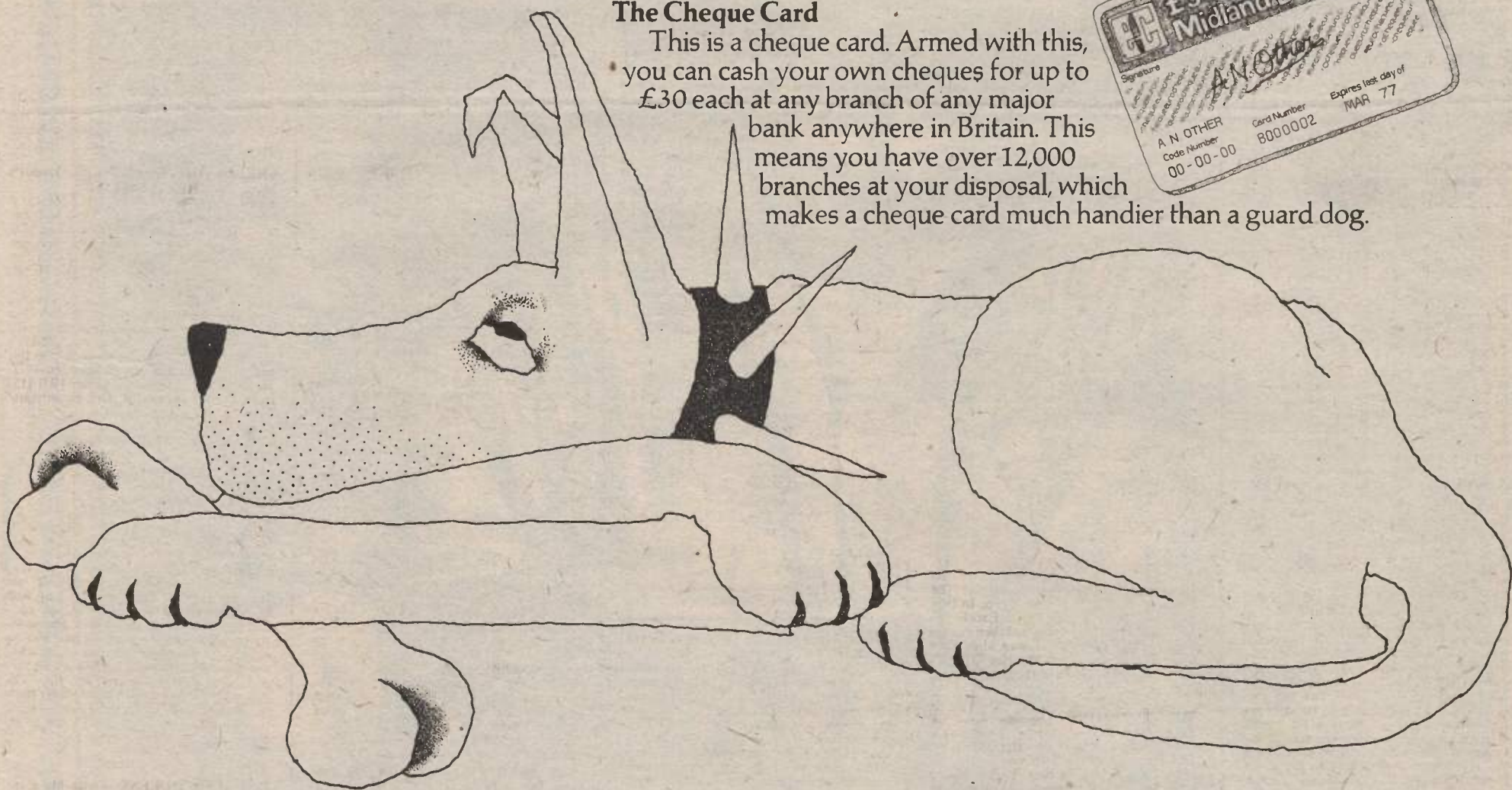
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PLATTERS



Grand Funk photographed in London last year.

What do these and these have in common? Answer: A producer



The Rollers photographed in London last year.

GRAND FUNK RAILROAD: *Good Singin', Good Playin'* (EMI International), **BAY CITY ROLLERS:** *Dedication* (Bell)

ONCE UPON a time, a guy named Jimmy Jenner did some producing for Grand Funk Railroad.

He collaborated with them on such fine recordings as "Born To Die" and "All The Girls In The World Beware" and generally did for them when they weren't being produced by Serious Artists Slumming For The Kicks And The Bucks.

In the past, G. Funk have benefitted from the expertise and credibility of Todd Rundgren (the "We're An American Band" album, source of the "Locomotion" hit single); now no less heavy a heavy than Frank Zappa puts his thumb on Grand Funk's scales.

Grand Funk's musical activities are possibly the closest approximation that rock can muster to the culinary equivalent of a certain fast-food chain, which shall remain nameless. The fact that they make the world's vilest hamburgers should be sufficient clue.

Anyway, I end up eating there about once a year simply because I can't bring myself to believe that their products are as nasty as my memories of past mishaps would suggest. For my sins, optimistic incredulity is invariably drowned in a deluge of stale grease and I emerge a sadder and wiser man. Chastened, you might say.

So it is with Grand Funk. The number of times that I have sworn by the blood of the Living Tarim that I will never ever subject my battered eardrums and increasingly delicate nervous system to another musical pistol-whipping by those guys is strictly between

me and my professional conscience, but I freely confess that if this album hadn't borne the intriguing words "Produced by Frank Zappa" (and the even more intriguing words "Frank Zappa: guitar on 'Out To Get You'"), I'd've just stayed home until "Good Singin', Good Playin'" had been safely assigned to some fresh, enthusiastic young sharpshooter like Bell or McNeill.

As it is, the album ain't quite the stale greasburger I

and has concentrated his energies on making everything sound as good as possible, packing in every cubic centimetre of density and raunch possible, keeping things defined and three-dimensional and simmering on the backburner with typically crisp and witty programming and editing.

Happily, he's prevented Grand Funk from running aground on the treacherous shores of crassness too often,

The Rollers are still two producers behind — but has CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY discovered a missing link?

thought it'd be.

Zappa has butted out of the structure and content of the music (i.e. he's avoided the usual producer/performer temptation trap of charging straight to stage centre and attempting to steal the show)

though Mark Farner's "Don't Let 'Em Take Your Gun" is quite spectacularly unpleasant.

The point of the song is that the way to keep America free and number one and from getting overrun (rhyme Farner's, not mine) is for every

brother to have a gun (ditto).

The unpleasantness is heightened by its musical resemblance to Stephen Stills' all-time worst recorded moment: the "Four Way Street" version of "For What It's Worth."

On the bright side, there's a couple of fine ballads in "Crossfire" and "Miss My Baby" (the latter has a quite splendid lyric which goes: "I miss my baby/I'm looking for a lady/I think I'm going crazy/I think I'll join the navy"), a great party-time absurdist version of the old Motown standby "Can You Do It" (which is preceded by studio goofing and ends with the ultimate crash-blammo over-the-top coda capped by Zappa laughing his ass off in the control room) and "Out To Get You" on which — surreal pleasure to be here — Frank plays guitar.

His solo — laid down with typical authority over a fast hustling groove — starts out in unmistakable Zappist manner

and moves through deadpan mutations of assorted celebrated Beck, Clapton and Hendrix mannerisms before diving back into the vocal. It's a performance of consummate artistry, refusing to bend to Grand Funk but not requiring them to bend to him.

I couldn't honestly recommend this album to anybody but Grand Funk diehards and the loonier breed of Zappa completists, but it's certainly a step in the right direction.

IF THAT'S what Frank can do for Grand Funk, maybe someone ought to contact him about taking on the Rollers next.

Thing is, Todd Rundgren's got to take his turn with them first, and even that can't take place until they've paid their Jimmy Jenner dues; presumably for at least two more albums.

The suspense is gonna be murderous, though.

I can't wait to find out what new springtime psychedelic idealism Todd will bring to the Rollers, or what horrible, perverted 11/8 marimba-and-saxophone hoops Frank will have Tam's Boys jumping through?

I mean, what price Les McKeown singing "Penis Dimensions"?

I have followed the Rollers' career with special interest ever since I learned that many years ago when the original, (now quite old), Rollers were still playing the more hilarious type of Scots youth club, Alan Longmuir made a rather unsophisticated and less than successful attempt to pull my wife (she was younger than Longmuir at the time, and as far as I can ascertain she still is, while Alan has been replaced by an Irishman who's younger than either of them).

Said Irishman — older readers may not know that his name is Ian Mitchell — was originally taken on as bass player, but on this album he's credited with rhythm guitar while former rhythm guitarist Stuart (Woody — not to be confused with any other famous Woodies) Wood is now playing bass, while lead guitarist Eric Faulkner is playing

both lead and rhythm.

Confusing, huh? Hope you're teaching the new kid all your favourite licks, guys.

Anyway ... this album is definitely aimed at an international audience.

The centrefold shot depicts the band — in dramatic Shea Stadium-type monochrome — materialising before a bunch of demented young Canucks in Montreal.

The album was recorded in a Canadian studio, which is a smart move, since records written, performed, produced or engineered by Canadians or in Canada (if you see what I mean) get priority airplay in compliance with the Canadian radio airtime quota system. Just ask Alice Cooper.

Jenner's beefed up their sound quite considerably. The harder rock cuts are driven along more than adequately by Derek Longmuir's whumping drums (he beats the shit out of his kit whenever he gets the chance, and keeps pretty good time) and a lot of fat fuzztone chords.

Wood and Faulkner's composition "Rock 'N' Roller" (in which the lads assert their devotion to rockin' all night long, 12-bar boogies, rhythm 'n' blues, makin' their livin' out of playin' guitar and suchlike) is a valiant, if not completely effective, attempt at shake-it-down rock-out and demonstrates that if they worked hard enough, the Rollers wouldn't take more than a year or so to be almost up to the standard of any one of several hundred groups who work for £50 a night.

Conceptually, the album overflows with Clearasil angst about loneliness and stardom and coy aspirations of adult sexuality, which is weird since the Rollers seem to have little opportunity for even early adolescent sexuality.

On the very first cut — Eric Carmen's "Let's Pretend" — Les woos his sweetheart with wistful references to spending the night and living together, and on the second — Wood and Faulkner's "You're A Woman" — the sweetheart has grown from a young girl into "a woman who knows what love is for".

By the time they get to Tim Moore's "Rock And Roll Love Letter" over on the second side, Les is threatening to "keep on rock and rollin' 'til my jeans explode." Tam Paton had better tell his boy the facts of life, dump him into a few cold baths and buy him some new jeans.

Worst bit: the totally mimsy and unforgivable cackhanded performance of the Beach Boys' sublime "Don't Worry Baby."

Best bit: the genuinely powerful and real-sounding reading of Vanda and Young's "Yesterday's Hero": "Haven't I seen you somewhere before/aren't you the boy who used to live next door/weren't you on television every night/haven't I seen you round?/We don't want to be yesterday's heroes ..."

Jenner has skilfully overlaid their performance with documentary material from their performances (in much the same way that Neil Young used a live performance of the Springfield's "Mr. Soul" in the brilliant "Broken Arrow"), and the way that the fall of teenage idols is evoked and the desperation with which McKeown reacts to this discomfiting vision are utterly convincing.

Not that it's that much of a compliment, but "Yesterday's Hero" is far and away the best thing the Rollers have ever had their names on. Someone should be proud.

Mr. Rundgren ... Mr. Zappa ... your task, should you accept it, is to make a decent album with the Bay City Rollers. The trouble is that this band will self-destruct in five seconds ...



The Rollers' Eric Faulkner (left) and Grand Funk's Mark Farner (right) are put through their paces at a recording session.



The pros and cons of a phenomenon of '76.

George Benson hedges

GEORGE BENSON: Breezin' (Warner Bros)

THEY CALL IT fusion music.

"Breezin'" currently straddles the US popular, soul and jazz listings — the only real surprise about Benson's serene cruise into prominence being that it's taken him so long. The guitarist continues to track the same groove he's cut for several years now.

But if Benson hasn't changed much then levels of acceptability have.

"Breezin'" is coverall catholicism. Benson favours a chaste, 'natural' tone; his brisk scales and phrasing nod amicably towards blues and R&B. He claims he left CTI because he found Creed Taylor's production methods too lavish, but those of Tommy Lipuma here seem little different.

This is lushville. A menthol haze of cool, pliant sound with every surface planed perfect.

The rhythm section is scrupulously well-mannered, with drummer Harvey Mason accurate to several decimal places. Various combinations of electric and acoustic keyboards dapple colour by numbers whilst Phil Upchurch's second guitar remains safely back at chord base.

Benson preens methodically but all too rarely flips out, a bright-eyed buzzard over the pastel wasteland of glooping strings and woodwind.

"Breezin'" has sold a million. It's innocuously domesticated. All six cuts have strong, subversive melodies; there are no tiresome sacrifices to the Great Riff God.

The airy title slice comes by way of Bobby Womack and the one song, a version of Leon Russell's cheerless "This Masquerade", is A1. Benson himself sings, interweaving the verses with scat and guitar unison — ultramarine blues.

This is easy street. Slick but not quite schlock. Benson's present point of departure (his styling's still largely trad) may be far removed from that of crossover contortionists like Return To Forever, but it's infinitely preferable to their histrionics.

Angus MacKinnon.

GEORGE BENSON: Good King Bad (CTI)

WITH "BREEZIN'" scooting up the Billboard chart, now might be a good time for me to gather my hessian wrap about me, make up a knapsack of wild honey and locusts, and come in out of the wilderness to soothsay for a stretch.

Guitarist Benson's albums are being trailed as real frontier dissolvers, winners of soul, jazz and pop polls and no doubt Marsupial of the Year contests, though — fair play — they're staying low profile on that for the present.

Middle-of-the-road stuff then, and patently proving the Traffic Parrot wrong: nothing is knocking George down but confetti.

Most of the numbers follow the same format. Heavy beat beginning with those squelchy salmonella fartings — WATCH YO'ASS! — brass fanfares, then a step down into the tune.

George chunks along throughout, rising to a few familiar blues permutations, playing smoothly when the backing chops and chopping when the backing don't. He's got a lovely tone, bronze and burnished, and he doesn't make mistakes — not that he's likely to down here at the trattoria end of things.

As usual with Creed Taylor productions there's a gang of arranging credits for what sounds merely functional — not unlike the hand-cranked background used in cheapo westerns to animate a sock 'n'broomstick cavalry. David Matthews on the handle throughout, except a bit of subcontracting to Gary King for rhythm arrangements — hit drum twice, team — on "Em" and "Shell of a Man".

None of the old organ combo guitarists — except Kenny Burrell — went on to greater things, despite all the rune-scattering and entrail-reading that went on to elect a successor to Wes Montgomery.

Most of them — like Grant Green and George Benson — just exchanged formulas.

"Sophisticated Rhythm & Blues" sez George in the liner notes. Bit sapping, but nothing actually immoral about it, I suppose, but I can't think why anyone would want to hear it twice.

MOR tastes — hubbie really rather quite likes a chune....in its place — might tell you who's buying the candlewick toilet covers these days, but that's nothing to set your watch by.

Brian Case



MANFRED MANN'S
EARTH BAND
The Roaring Silence
(Bronze)

AT LAST, the acid test for Bruce Springsteen.

Manfred Mann scored top ten singles in the '60s with three Bob Dylan songs, "If You Gotta Go, Go Now", "Just Like A Woman", and "The Mighty Quinn".

So, if Manfred's cover of Springsteen's "Blinded By The Light" fails to go Top Five, the world will be even more certain that Bruce isn't the new Bob Dylan.

As it is, Earth Band have come up with an ingenious arrangement of Springsteen's song, which transcends the original, largely thanks to some nimble keyboards from Manfred himself and crisp vocals from Chris Thompson.

The only doubt is whether the song is successfully sustained over seven minutes, which is how long it lasts on the album. The piece goes a little slack midway, and Dave Flett's churning guitar solo doesn't quite rescue it.

Still, it's very pleasant to be reminded of Manfred's skill as a maker of hit singles. The only mystery is why he's failed to come up with the goods more than twice in the last six years, and in the course of nine albums.

The plot thickens with the second track on the album, a stunning rendition of Mike Heron's "Singing The Dolphin Through" from his sadly neglected "Reputation" set.

That strong, surging melody lends itself admirably to the orchestral sounds that Manfred creates with all those fiendish electronic keyboards. Thompson's vocal manages to recall both Elton John and Rod Stewart, wringing the maximum emotion from the tune, and a heavenly choir appropriately communes with nature.

And just when you think the tune is dying away, an inventive sax solo from Barbara Thompson turns up as an unexpected bonus. Surely another hit single to be issued as the follow-up?

Just to prove that Manfred is really a thoroughgoing rock artist, committed to musicianship rather than singles, the band close the side with a flat-out keyboard work-out.

Called "Waiter there's A Yawn In My Ear", it sounds like it's going to be one of those prissy jazz-pop pieces that used to clutter up Manfred's B-sides.

In the event, it proves to be a good deal more attacking and powerful than that, and by no means an anti-climax.

The Earth Band fare somewhat less well on the second side of the album, which is devoted to songs they've written themselves.

"The Road To Babylon" is something of a novelty thanks to a choir that wouldn't disgrace a Mormon tabernacle, but Thompson has problems sounding convincing with a chorus about "a golden helmet" and other such mythological bric-a-brac.

On balance, then, it's as an interpreter that Manfred is still scoring big, and while he may find that role something of a straitjacket, it's good news for those who've missed the entertaining singles he's helped to create over the years.

Bob Edmonds

THE FATBACK BAND:
Night Fever (Spring)

LOTS OF DANCING rhythm, lotsa energy, and a bouyant party fever pervading most of the album — with a short break for a sweet soul smooch — but little inspiration and noticeably less grit than their early hits.

As The Fatbacks have bumped their way to success they've slowly donned the cloak of sophistication, incor-



A great singles architect resumes the timeless art of making great singles . . .

porating strings/synths, girl choruses and lighter melodies to cross over from being street 'funk' band to join the swelling 'disco' crowd.

That may seem like a spurious divide to you, but from where I'm sitting there's all the difference in the world.

Their version of "December '63 (Oh, What A Night)" won't cause The Four Seasons any heart searching; Gerry Thomas's title track is disco, if not at its best, at least of an acceptable type; their own "Disco Crazy" is of the take-it-off-I-can't-bear-it variety; leaving the best track as "The Booty", which has humour and spirit if little else.

Cliff White

SHIRLEY COLLINS
Amaranth
(Harvest Heritage)

A MID-price album. That means it costs what a full-price record did last year.

"Amaranth" is another worthwhile intelligent record in the tradition of Shirley's husband Ashley Hutchings' excursions on Island's Help label.

The story here is that Harvest wanted to reissue her classic 1969 "Anthems In Eden" suite and she persuaded them to complement it with newly recorded material as a summation of her solo albums of which she intends this to be the last.

The new stuff, produced by Ashley and with the support of Nicol, Donaldson and Mattacks as well as a brace of performers on sackbuts, virginals and the like, illustrates in almost documentary fashion the strengths and weaknesses of the purist approach to recording.

Her vocal style is simple,

devoid of technique as such, with great charm but small attack. Thus it requires a particularly well defined ambience in order to give of its best.

On the earlier "No Roses" she found a springboard in the tensile guitar of Richard Thompson but here, on "Red, White, Yellow and Green" she tends to be seduced into the background by the infectious enthusiasm of her fellow musicians.

No doubt she would defend that as being true to the tradition she holds so dear, but we are unfortunate enough to be listening not in fields of corn but in modern living rooms with hi-fis and through that process it can often sound rather flat and lacking in vigour.

This, however, is carping. "Adieu To All Judges And Juries" vindicates the approach thoroughly. It's a sad, defiant lament, chillingly sung, textured by beautiful electric guitar and given dark drama by the pre-electronic hum of the Bass Sackbut. A magnificent performance.

Side two is "Anthems in Eden," recorded in 1969 with instrumental settings by sister Dolly and accompaniment from an ensemble of Early English instruments under the direction of the late David Munrow.

It consists of nine traditional pieces hung on the concept of the traumatic changes wrought on English life by the Great War. Celebration of fertility gives way to doubt and guilt. The music is at once spare and dense, laconic and intense, full of strange timbre and abrasive tone, with her curiously child-like voice seeming to come from a departed culture.

The almost cinematic breadth and perspective of the cumulative effect is all the

more impressive when you realise that the songs were collated rather than written to a purpose.

An amaranth, according to the dictionary, is an unfading flower. While Shirley Collins is making records like this one then Albion Sunrise does not seem like a polite romantic fantasy.

Let's hope it's not her last.
David Hepworth

PASSPORT: Infinity
Machine (Atlantic)

AN ABSOLUTELY impeccable recorded album — totally clean sound with amazing separation which gives the music lots of space.

It's a treat for your hi-fi if you're a stereo freak.

Passport are German jazz-rock at its most advanced — perhaps a little more rock than jazz, but without vocals and with a jazz structure. Kristian Schultze's piano has to be judged by the same criteria you would apply to, say, Oscar Peterson.

The sheer professionalism and conviction of their playing pulls the listener into their world. They never put a step wrong, each being a fine player — possibly they are all classically trained, I don't know. The soprano sax playing of Klaus Doldinger on "Blue Aura" is certainly tasty.

The title track is very Germanic and probably for the real aficionado of German rock: with oscillators augmented by horns — though Klaus does blow some fine liquid tenor in the manner of Sonny Rollins — Sonny Stitt-Lee Konitz. It's also worth listening to the drums on this track, Curt Cress really knows how to attack.

I wish they wouldn't use such vile covers. It's not quite as bad as their previous albums but it isn't exactly gonna make the browsing punter pay special attention.
Miles

ORLEANS
Waking and Dreaming
(Asylum)

CLASSIC LITTLE bunch of underachievers this lot.

Their first album on ABC was an enjoyable enough debut, impressive if only for the standard of musicianship, though the production was thoroughly unadventurous; while the second, "Let There Be Music" had a more vivacious sound, courtesy of the redoubtable Charles Plotkin, but was marred by the occasional song so bleating and twee that even The Strawbs wouldn't have touched it.

And now "Waking and Dreaming," with the addition of an extra drummer in the shape of Jerry Marotta, their second for Asylum.

John Hall, their main man, writes elegantly turned tunes with good robust hook lines and choruses which occasionally put Orleans firmly in line as natural successors to the Beach Boys classic California sound, forceful yet unforced, salty, clean and optimistic.

"Fresh Wind," on their last record is an example and there's another one here in the shape of "Still The One", their current single and an excellent choice too.

Strong, punchy, hook line, reasonably direct lyrics, well sung, excellent harmonies and a guitar break which amply demonstrates the considerable musicianship they have at their disposal.

But the rest is nearly all downhill.

The cockeyed optimism of the latter inexorably dissipates into a kind of fatuous cheeriness. A fair amount of the blame must rest with John's wife Johanna, who writes his lyrics, many of which — even apart from their failure to communicate anything — simply don't scan.

Outstanding singers can overcome awkward songs, as Michael Nesmith has proved, but Orleans simply don't possess a voice or a phrasing ability of that calibre, and when they try to meander their

way through the prickly wastes of "Golden State", a paean to California of truly extraordinary banality, they sound like nothing so much as lost souls in search of a tune, a riff, or anything to hang on to.

When they're working a good arrangement of one of their better tunes they can make you forget their lyrical shortcomings, but most of this album suffers from incipient bone softening.

David Hepworth

PILOT: Morin Heights (EMI)

"SECOND FLIGHT" Pilot's last album, was released on a wave of "new Beatles" enthusiasm a year ago.

They haven't had a hit since, and two of them have left the band — one since this new LP was cut.

"Second Flight" was an orchestra-laden, handclap-fixated Alan Parsons project (he of John Miles' handclapping "Highfly", and Edgar Allan Poe) with a lot of quite nice but drippy pop songs.

The best were set firmly in the Pilot style, which they've unsuccessfully tried to shake off ever since "January", while the others were either terribly dreamy or uncomfortably guitar dense.

For some reason Pilot's faces never quite fitted on the teen scene — though whose have this past year? — and they found themselves playing music no one wanted.

Keyboards kid Billy Lyall grew a beard, and even as the fanmail begging him to shave trickled into the teenybop institutions he went the whole hog and quit the band.

The other three went to Canada with Queen producer Roy Thomas Baker and ex-Jet keyboardman - to the - teeny - stars Peter Oxendale, who augments the G-Band live, and came home with "Morin Heights".

There's actually a note on the sleeve that says, "No handclaps", and there's also no orchestra... but basically this is "Second Flight" cleaned up,

improved and recycled.

Half of it is still instantly recognisable Pilot stuff: "Lies And Lies", "Canada", "Penny In My Pocket", all curiously British with those twee vocal affectations out of the McCartney / O'Sullivan lexicon, and Eurobeat rhythms overlaid with ridiculously infectious melodies and blindingly clean guitar.

Trouble is, they're so damn clean they've scrubbed out all the colour.

David Paton is a marvellous singer who writes great melodies; Ian Bairnson is an immaculate guitarist; drummer Stuart Tosh has now split anyway; but the voice, melodies and guitar, their three great assets, lack any real character of their own, and the only way they can generate excitement is by using Baker's trick of cramming.

He knows how to bring a sense of invigoration to cleanliness by stuffing a song with ideas till it explodes.

Occasionally here Pilot come close, dragging a couple of the non-original songs out of their inescapable Beatles white album quicksand — notably "Too Many Hopes", which escapes by the simple expedient of layering up the vocals till they reach dry land, and whose subtle rhythmic flow puts dozens of "better" bands than Pilot in the shade.

But the one real success here is "Trembling / Maniac (Come Back)", R. T. Baker par excellence.

"Maniac" is probably Pilot's best track since "January", and it does indicate an escape route from the teenybop bracket they hate so much.

If Bairnson and Paton can stop feeling sorry for themselves, stick with Baker, and encourage their rockier pretensions, there could be a very good album there somewhere.

Phil McNeill



Hall & Oates: the gathering storm

DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES
Whole Oates (Atlantic)
Bigger Than Both Of Us (RCA)

THIS WEEK Daryl Hall and John Oates have three of their albums moving upwards on the US Hot 100.

The only other act currently enjoying the same kind of concentrated sales action are The Beatles — but please, no comparisons. This is just a statement of fact.

Ever since they were introduced to the public at the tail-end of '72, Hall and Oates — like so many aspiring artists before and since — have had *The Next Big Thing* tag.

Usually, that kind of over-worked endorsement is the proverbial kiss of death. But though their name has constantly been kept before the public, thankfully the promotion of Hall and Oates never degenerated into hype and overkill. The success Hall and Oates are currently savouring is the end result of gruelling roadwork, backing up such quality product as their second album "Abandoned Luncheonette" (Atlantic), and their fourth "Daryl Hall And John Oates" (RCA).

Up for review now are the duo's debut "Whole Oates," just issued in this country for the first time, and their very latest bag of tracks, "Bigger Than Both Of Us."

As might be expected, the debut album shows two artists in search of a direction. They were then still somewhat derivative in their approach. In retrospect, it's almost as if "Whole Oates" was put together for market research.

"I'm Sorry", "Fall In Philadelphia" and "Lily (Are You Happy)" are very much in the same straight pop idiom that was transforming Elton John into a household commodity, while "Water-wheel" and "They Need Each Other" depict Daryl Hall's obsession with Joni Mitchell's ethereal mid-period folkies.

They were to do much better on "Abandoned Luncheonette."

A REFINEMENT on the splendid "Daryl Hall And

John Oates", their second album for RCA "Bigger Than Both Of Us" is quite a departure in that it finds the duo moving even deeper into a Philly groove.

For the sake of a little editorial direction, one could (if pushed) described their music as Progressive Soul: yes, you can dance to it. No, it's not the glib TSOP which after a fine start nosedived only to become synonymous with highly computerised bionic disco fodder.

However, such is the instant commerciality of Hall and Oates' melodies and hook-lines that one might at first hearing miss the depth which their work reveals after repeated replays.

Indeed, it's the durability of their music that is ultimately most attractive. Messers Hall & Oates demonstrate that much of the muscle in their music comes from their ability as arrangers. In a climate where clever arrangements can quite often conceal a weak tune, their skills as arrangers only enhance the actual strength of their songs.

As most of the nine cuts demonstrate, Hall and Oates (with the assistance of a fine producer, Christopher Bond) have the expertise to infuse their material with exciting tempo shifts and intricate rhythm patterns; their Curtis Mayfield tribute "Back Together Again" demonstrates this.

Whereas other blue-eyed soul-inspired acts have chosen to return to Stax or Motown roots, Hall and Oates are more concerned with trying to formulate a much more personalized approach.

Indeed, many of their songs like "Do What You Want, Be What You Are" and "Rich Girl" (a potential chart topper) vividly reflect the narcissism and boredom of affluent middle-class American, while "Kerry" is a point-blank put-down of the familiar spoilt little rich girl. The fact that, thematically, much of Hall and Oates' music is concerned with what's happening in America's middle-strata today only gives their work added impetus.

Roy Carr



They finally got it right

DR FEELGOOD:
Stupidity (United Artists)

BOTH of Dr. Feelgood's previous albums were somewhat disappointing to their faithful.

The first one was accused of sounding too thin and tinny and not doing an adequate job of capturing the manic, flailing energy of their gigs, while the second — though it went a considerable distance towards repairing the energy gap — had inferior material to the first.

All relative complaints, of course. The albums were actually pretty good, but they didn't bring the madness and mischief of Basic-Feelgoodery into your home with the same degree of teeth-grinding monomania that you remembered from the gigs.

"Stupidity" renders both of the two studio albums obsolete.

It may seem like a bad case of "I told you so," but every-

body who insisted from the first that the Feelgoods should have been recorded live all along can go pick up their Nostradamus award. This album is the authentic pounding, stomping, slashing, growling Dr. Feelgood that gets down and gets crazy on stages all over Britain and blitzes you into getting down and getting crazy right along with them.

Info: side one was recorded at Sheffield City Hall in May 1975 and comprises "Talkin' Bout You", "Twenty Yards Behind", "Stupidity", "All Through The City", "I'm A Man", "Walking The Dog" and "She Does It Right".

Side two is from a gig at Southend Kursaal last November and features "Going Back Home", "I Don't Mind", "I'm A Hog For You Baby", "Checking Up On My Baby" and "Roxette."

"I'm informed that the first 20,000 copies will include a free single of "Riot In Cell Block Number Nine" and "Johnny B. Goode", but the test pressing I've got doesn't include the freebie.

Basically, six out of the thirteen numbers are new to the Feelgoods' recorded repertoire, though a different live version of "I'm A Man" appeared on one of their B-sides a while back. All the re-recordings of numbers from the previous albums completely trash the studio versions. No trouble, mate. No trouble at all.

Since the Feelgoods have always disdained using the facilities of the studio to cosmetise their work, what makes the difference is not so much the absence of over-dubs and the like (cuz there weren't any in the first place) but the adrenalin rush and the lack of the inhibition and self-consciousness that has prevented them from giving of their best in the studios in the past.

"Stupidity" is nothin' but hard-charging Feelgoods rock and roll the way it really sounds, the way it shoulda sounded all along, an album to play as loud as you can get away with playing it whenever your feel the need to rock and stomp like a maniac in the privacy of your own homelet. It carries you along, sweeps you away on an irresistible adrenalin tide and leaves you drained and happy going "Whoooooeeeeee!" at the end, rocks you good like an album should. It's got their first colour cover, too.

My copy was somewhat bass-heavy, incidentally, so unless you're a relative of Sparko's I'd recommend that you give it a lot of treble.

The only worry is where do the Feelgoods go after this.

"Stupidity" provides a perfect encapsulation of what and where they've been up to now; indeed, it captures them so perfectly that unless they carry on to do something radically new and different they hardly need to make another record.

Still, that's their problem, not yours. For the nonce, "Stupidity" gives everybody who's ever gotten off on the Feelgoods a take-home carry-out souvenir of exactly what it was that got him/her off.

Enjoy, already.

Charles Shaar Murray

NILSSON: That's The Way It Is (RCA)

WELL, at least Nilsson has gone back to singing songs again, even if it takes 90 people to help him do it.

This album is a return to his former approach, when Richard Perry produced him for "Nilsson Schmilsson" and "Son Of Schmilsson".

The alcohol we've heard so much about seems to have reduced his vocal chords to putrescent sponge, because there's no real power or attack here. He chooses to sing erstwhile soul standards such as "Just One Look", "Baby I'm Yours", and sensibly returns to Randy Newman's quirky compositions — this time "Sail Away", which he handles beautifully. Why doesn't he do another album of Newman songs?

His main self-indulgence on this album is to destroy the 1956 Heartbeats doowop hit "A Thousand Miles Away" on which, (presumably in order to divert attention from his vocal shortcomings) he tries to be humorous and fails miserably.

Despite (or perhaps because of) help from the LA studio mafia, including Dr. John, Klaus Voorman, Van Dyke Parks (hear the steel drums?) and Bobby Keys, he is still without identity.

The eccentric charm of his first few albums evaporated many moons ago; his deterioration culminated with his last album, "Sandman."

This album is a step back in the right direction, but it's still thoroughly insipid.

There's only five songs on each side. Product, folks.

Miles

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

ZEP, FRAMPTON, DYLAN, MAC, LINDA

'Test' back with all-star line-up

TV'S MOST consistent rock series "The Old Grey Whistle Test" returns to the BBC-2 airwaves at the end of this month for the 1976-77 winter season. Producer Michael Appleton has lined up an impressive array of star names for the opening shows, details of which are as follows:

September 28: The Bob Dylan film "Hard Rain" — which is, in fact, a performance by the Rolling Thunder Revue shot during a concert in Colorado earlier this year. It features Mick Ronson, Joan Baez and Roger McGuinn, among others, and it will occupy the full 40 minutes of the first edition.

October 5: The first televised extract from the upcoming Led

Zeppelin movie, rare film of Buddy Holly in action, and U.S. presidential candidate Jimmy Carter interviewed about rock 'n' roll. Plus Joan Armatrading and new band Stars in the studio.

October 12: A special "in concert" performance by Janis Ian, filmed at the Television Theatre during her early summer visit to Britain.

October 19: Poco in the studio. Plus a filmed interview with, and music by, Fleetwood Mac.

October 26: A special outside broadcast (probably from Hemel Hempstead Pavilion) with Peter Frampton in concert. This is a "closed" show arranged specifically for TV, and tickets will not be available from the box-office.

November 2: This will probably

be a live Linda Ronstadt special, provided that she arrives in Britain in time. But if her timetable does not coincide, she will film "Test" a few days later, for subsequent transmission.

November 9: So far set are the Cate Brothers and Jean-Luc Ponty.

Larry Coryell is to film his own special, which will probably be screened on November 16, and there is a Jackson Browne special to follow. Sets by Be-Bop Deluxe and Cajun Moon are being filmed this week, but screening dates have still to be allocated. And Appleton is holding a rare TV interview with Brian Wilson, which he intends to slot into the schedule during the first few weeks.

Arrows series

● The Arrows have been booked for another 13-week series of their own Granada-TV shows. The first goes out on the full ITV network on Tuesday, September 28 (4.20 p.m.), with the Bay City Rollers guesting. Subsequent guests include Gilbert O'Sullivan, The Real Thing and Dana. The Arrows, now a four-piece with the addition of guitarist-composer Terry Taylor, will be headlining a ten-day concert tour in November.

FRAMPTON ADDS SECOND POOL GIG

PETER FRAMPTON is to play an additional date at Wembley Empire Pool next month. His previously-reported show at this venue on October 22, the opening gig of his short British tour, sold out soon after the box-office opened. Accordingly, promoter Harvey Goldsmith has now confirmed a second day at the Pool for Frampton — on Saturday, October 23 — for which tickets are now on sale.



PAXTON TOURING

TOM PAXTON maintains his policy of playing an annual British concert tour, by way of a series of mid-autumn gigs promoted by Johnny Jones of Evolution. He visits Leicester De Montfort Hall (October 24), Southampton Guildhall (25), Croydon Fairfield Hall (26), Birmingham Town Hall (27), Newcastle City Hall (28), Bristol Colston Hall (31), Brighton Dome (November 1), Glasgow Apollo Centre (7), Edinburgh Caley Cinema (8), Preston Guildhall (9), London Hammersmith Odeon (11), Wrexham Plas Madoc Leisure Centre (12), Cardiff Capitol (13) and Oxford New Theatre (14).

KURSAALS' TREK

KURSAAL FLYERS set out on a major five-week concert and college tour towards the end of next month, promoted by Alec Leslie Associates. The 23-date itinerary comprises Southend Cliffs Pavilion (October 22), Kingston Polytechnic (23), Oxford Polytechnic (25), Sheffield Polytechnic (27), Norwich East Anglia University (30), Bristol Colston Hall (November 2), Yeovil Johnson Hall (3), Plymouth Technical College (4), Uxbridge Brunel University (6), Birmingham Town Hall (10), London New Victoria Theatre (11), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (12), Loughborough University (13), Guildford Civic Hall (16), Liverpool University (17), Newcastle City Hall (18), Middlesbrough Town Hall (19), Manchester University (20), Aberdeen Music Hall (23), Glasgow City Hall (24), Edinburgh Heriot Watt University (25), St. Alban's City Hall (27) and Canterbury Kent University (28). One or two more dates may be added later.

Renaissance on tour

RENAISSANCE spend the whole of October touring Britain, and so far have 18 concerts confirmed for that month. They are at Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (1), Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (2), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (3), Bath University (4), Southampton University (6), Hull College of Education (7), Newcastle Mayfair (8), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (9), Salford University (15), Bradford University (16), London New Victoria Theatre (17), Leeds University (20), Lancaster University (22), Leicester University (23), Canterbury Kent University (24), Liverpool University (27), Cambridge Corn Exchange (29), Aylesbury Friars at Vale Hall (30) and Guildford Civic Hall (31).

As a prelude to the tour, BTM Records release the Renaissance

album "Live At Carnegie Hall" this weekend. It is a double set, recorded in New York during the band's three-day engagement in June last year.

RECORDING NEWS

MG's re-form

● Booker T. & the MG's have reformed in the States and have signed with the Elektra label, for whom they are currently finishing a new album. Present line-up comprises Booker T. Jones (keyboards), Steve Cropper (guitar), Donald "Duck" Dunn (bass) and ex-Isaac Hayes drummer Willie Hall, who replaces the late Al Jackson.

● The original soundtrack album of "Mahoney's Last Stand", by Ronnie Wood and Ronnie Lane, is issued by Atlantic early next month. It comprises 13 self-penned songs, and among guest musicians are Pete Townsend, Kenny Jones, Ian McLagan, Benny Gallagher, Ian Stewart, Rick Grech, Jim Price and Bobby Keys.

● In France last weekend, David Bowie started work on his latest album which — said a spokesman — takes him in a "totally new direction." Tony Visconti flew out from London to supervise the recording.

● The follow-up to Our Kid's recent impressive chart debut is released by Polydor on September 24. The single is titled "Romeo & Juliet".



● Clifford T. Ward's first 1976 single is issued by Phonogram this weekend, titled "Ocean Of Love". His new album "Waves" follows in November, and he will be playing selected dates to promote it.



TREVOR BOULDER, the former Spiders From Mars stalwart, is the new bass guitarist in Uriah Heep. He replaces John Wetton, who officially quit the band last month, in the line-up.

And in addition to playing bass, he will also be featured on vocals and as a composer. He was chosen from the final short list of applicants because — said a spokesman — he met with the

Ex-Bowie bass man joins Heep

unanimous approval of Ken Hensley, Mick Box and Lee Kerslake.

Boulder played with the Spiders in the days when they were David Bowie's backing group, and again towards the end of last year when they made a brief comeback in their own right. Between times, he worked with Mick Ronson on his albums "Slaughter On Tenth Avenue" and "Play Don't Worry". He

said this week: "I knew Heep were the right band for me — we hit it off immediately."

Uriah are now busy working on new material, to which Boulder is contributing, and their first objective is to produce a "char-orientated" single. There is still no official word on the band's replacement for vocalist David Byron, although it is understood that an announcement will be made shortly.

KIDS SPLIT

Rest of group disown Holton

GARY HOLTON has quit Heavy Metal Kids — or, to be more precise, the other four members of the band have quit him! As a result, the Kids no longer exist as a band, although the remaining members are planning a major new-look comeback in the near future.

The four musicians involved — Ronnie Thomas, Keith Boyce, John Sinclair and Barry Paul — issued a statement on Monday which says:

"We are sorry to announce that the Heavy Metal Kids no longer exist. After four years of concentrated effort, leading to a fair share of success, we realised that we could no longer reconcile the public image being presented by our former lead singer — Gary Holton — with where our musical ideas were taking us.

"We therefore felt we had no choice other than to part company with Gary, and discover how well we could do without him. We are retiring from touring for a while to reconsider our own ideas. We are confident that we shall shortly be in a position to make an announcement of great interest."

The band's summer tour plans were dogged by a nagging injury to Holton, which caused the postponement of their original itinerary, followed by the cancellation of some of the re-arranged dates. Now the remaining Kids say that the public's patience over the past few weeks will soon be rewarded by a major suprise.



GARY HOLTON

Although Holton has long been rumoured as the possible replacement for David Byron in Uriah Heep, it now seems more likely that the Boxer split (see story below) will play a prominent part in his future plans.

BOXER DISBAND

MIKE PATTO is at present in the process of re-forming Boxer with a completely new line-up. The other three founder members — Ollie Halsall, Keith Ellis and Tony Newman — have now left the band, and their various future plans will be announced shortly. A spokesman explained that in the course of Patto's treatment for cancer, of which he is now completely cured, "relations between him and the others degenerated to the point of being irreparable." The new Boxer album "Bloodletting," for October 15 release by Virgin, was begun by the original line-up and completed by Patto with the help of Chris Stainton, Boz, Bobby Tench and Tim Hinkley.

Cliff Richard's two months on the road

CLIFF RICHARD, fresh from his extraordinary triumph in the Soviet Union and with a U.S. Top Ten hit to his credit, is to headline two separate tours of Britain this autumn. The first is a gospel tour, from which he will be devoting all proceeds to the Tear Fund, a relief and development organisation. And this is followed by an orthodox concert tour.

The gospel dates are at Dublin RDS Concert Hall (October 1), Belfast Wellington Hall (2), Watford Town Hall (6), Southampton Gaumont (7), Middlesbrough Town Hall (8), Newcastle City Hall (9), Chatham Central Hall (13), Bristol Colston Hall (14), Reading Town Hall (15) and Eastbourne Congress (16).

After a short break, during which he will be rehearsing with the orchestra accompanying him

on the road, Richard embarks on his main tour. He visits Birmingham Odeon (October 22 and 23), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (27), Croydon Fairfield Hall (28 and 29), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (30), Manchester Free Trade Hall (November 3), Southport New Theatre (4 and 5), Halifax Civic Theatre (6), Coventry Theatre (10 and 11), Leeds Grand Theatre (12 and 13), Stoke Jollees (17-20), Edinburgh Usher Hall (25) and Glasgow Apollo Centre (26 and 27).

Essential!

76 Wardour St., Soho 439 3657
5.10, 7.10, 9.10 (& 3.10 Sat/Sun)

JAGGER ★ STONES in GODARD's

SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL (x)

"Superb" Films & Filming
"Revolutionary" Rolling Stone
"Weird" The Times

'Eagles split' story denied

RUMOURS emanating in the States and reported by NME last month, suggesting that Joe Walsh is to quit the Eagles, have been categorically denied by the band's management.

Coincidental rumours of a complete Eagles break-up were described by a spokesman as "erroneous and unfounded". He added that the outfit have just finished their U.S. summer tour and, after completing their next album, will be touring America again in the autumn.

CAN: 20 VENUES

A 20-venue British tour has been arranged for Can next month. It takes in Manchester Free Trade Hall (October 6), Glasgow Strathclyde University (8), St Andrew's University (9), Doncaster Outlook (11), Birmingham Barbarella's (12), London Strand Lyceum with Mataya Clifford (13), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (14), Cambridge Corn Exchange (15), Aylesbury Friars

(16), Plymouth Woods Leisure Centre (20), Penzance The Garden (21), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (22), Maidenhead Skindles (23), Croydon Greyhound (24), Chester Quaintways (25), Scarborough Penthouse (27), Guildford Civic Hall (28), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (29), Southend Kursaal (30) and Ilkley Craiglands Hotel (31).

FULL LIZZY GIGS

THE REMAINDER OF the dates for Thin Lizzy's autumn concert tour have now been confirmed. In addition to the gigs listed last week, the band play Oxford New Theatre (October 20), Cardiff Capitol (21), Bracknell Sports Centre (23), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (24), Leicester De Montfort Hall (25), Malvern Winter Gardens (27), Liverpool Empire (28), Edinburgh Usher Hall (31), Newcastle City Hall (November 1), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (2), Lancaster University (5), Leeds University (6), Hanley Victoria Hall (7), Portsmouth Guildhall (8), Coventry Theatre (9), Bradford St. George's Hall (10), Southend Kursaal (13) and London Hammersmith Odeon (14 and 15). Tickets are now on sale at all venues. Hammersmith prices are £1, £1.50, £1.75 and £2.50, but they vary elsewhere and readers should check with the respective box-offices.

IMPORTS

By FRED DELLAR

I CAN'T always be definite when reviewing. Not every disc falls into the good, bad or even mediocre range. It would be convenient if it all worked out that way. But sometimes it doesn't.

Take, for instance, the album that in some part seems all set for the good times... yet leaves you with the doubt in your mind that it could still end up a nothing item.

Such a record is "The Humours of Lewis Furey" (A & M), about which I still haven't made up my mind. And neither have British A & M by the sound of things, for at the last report they were still only considering releasing the album here, having failed to give Furey's first album an airing in British racks.

The thing is that Furey has something. The cover shot depicts him as an unshaven, wildweed chested, dog-end taster, replete with one of those tough, to-hell-with-'em looks, snatched from some old Warner Brothers gangster movie stills.

His voice is equally interesting. It has enough campness to bring it on home to lovers of Isherwood rock (i.e. Bowie and points south), but somewhere in there someone's thrown in a handful of gravel, enough to ensure that the guy has something of his own going for him.

As for his songs — well, they're of variable quality. His lyrics only work out about 50 per cent of the time. They fit neatly enough and they're certainly not of the hackneyed variety. But whether Furey's somewhat bizarre little ditties add up to anything more than deliberately tailored attempts at being hip is debatable.

So where does he fit? The nearest I can get is halfway

Furey album inspires confident uncertainty

between Jonathan Richmond and Marc Bolan, if any such place actually exists.

To his credit, Furey is not predictable — he can jam a breezy piece of self-brewed pop together with a Supremes rip-off and make it so's you can't see the Evostick. And he can follow a song like "Top Ten Sexes" — which includes such small ads as "Sally and Jeannie, two young white males 23 and 26 seeking same. Like crowds, into good times/bad times, cryogenetics, rubber and related water sports" — with an oo lah lah love song.

Impeccably produced by Roy Thomas Baker, producer of Queen, Lone Star, etc., "The Humours of Lewis Furey" may not be the answer to anyone's problems and I'm certainly not going to set a value on it at this point in time. But if anybody believes that Furey can make it, then I'm not inclined to argue overmuch.

Another name new to me is that of Boston, a five-piece outfit who've just had their first, self-named, album released by Epic.

Led by guitarist-keyboardist Tom Scholz, who came straight from his success at Polaroid, where as senior research engineer he helped develop the

SX70 camera, Boston are a fairly heavy proposition who can swop a rust-ridden riff with the best of 'em. But they use dynamics intelligently and are not averse to the odd melodic line or two. So they could click — though obviously not in Instamatic fashion!

From Capitol comes "The Best Of The Band", a compilation that includes "Stage Fright", "The Weight", "Up On Cripple Creek", "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" and a few more titles you may care to argue over.

Meanwhile, Gordy's contribution to the newie's list is "The Temptations Do The Temptations", Mercury coming up with "Slumber Party '57", yet another rock-'n'-roll soundtrack affair employing such well-worn material as Jerry Lee Lewis' "Great Balls Of Fire" and Big Bopper's "Chantilly Lace".

On the other hand, you could ignore all the aforementioned items and opt instead for an offer currently being made to dealers by Peerless Records, who import the French Barclay label. It seems that all you've got to do is to buy one pack of 60 Barclay albums and you receive, as a free gift — one four-foot high model of the Eiffel Tower.

Where you put it is strictly up to you.

NEIL ARDLEY

Kaleidoscope Of Rainbows (Gull)

CLASSIC is a category you don't like to squander.

When I reviewed the Queen Elizabeth Hall performance of "Kaleidoscope" last year, I remember beating the gums about 'stretches of aimless globular percolating' marring a classic work.

Cautious, dig.

Well, the album has been tightly pruned, all the wax table-lamp effects cut, and it's owning up time.

A classic is what we've got, I kid ya not.

Composer Ardley's forte is, in short, everything.

Taking the Balinese five note scale as armature, he has conjured up enough rhythmic, textural and melodic invention to fuel 30 or 40 concept albums, and poured the lot into one work like the last of the big spenders.

"Prologue" has the two synthesizers laying a vapour trail which is gradually peopled with instrumental voicings, each following its own motif, a fragment of the overall pattern, a swarming of colour that puts Red Square back in the wienie-bake league.

Infinity promenade. Massive, sure — and light as a soufflé and tasting of lemons. There's room to breathe throughout and a strong bass and drum hook for click-clunk trippers.

If the late unlamented acid culture had come up with an Aladdin's cave like this, I'd have the kisser round a cube instant, but in fact Ardley's wig-bubble comes courtesy of old-style concentration and lateral thinking.

The shiftings of foreground and background, the sheer blending of sounds, makes it difficult to single out soloists for praise, but cop Ian Carr's brilliant transition from stateliness to back of the alley on "Rainbow One," Barbara

Jazzier squeezes 40 concept albums onto one record



NEIL ARDLEY (left) with IAN CARR: seriously... a classic

Thompson's achingly lovely soprano flight on "Rainbow Four," and Paul Buckmaster's stomping cello — Ravi S. meets Country Cousin for some bare feet a-slappin' on the floor — on "Rainbow Three."

Soprano saxes piped with flute, keyboards dappled with vibes — this is shotsilk to savour between thumb and forefinger, swathe yourself and be bewitching for an evening, why doncha?

A magnificent achievement.
Brian Case

TAVARES: Sky High (Capitol)

ONE OF the better black American pop groups; a quintet of capable singers rejoicing in the names Pooch, Tiny, Chubby, Ralph and Butch.

Tiny is of course the tall one, and Chubby looks decidedly slim, so perhaps Butch is the lovely mover of the group.

Anyhow, the point is, Tavares is a collection of distinct individuals, albeit in matching track suits, who take it in turn to lead, harmonise, or mumble, thereby creating albums of marginally more variety than others of their ilk.

So far they've achieved most success with disco groovers like "It Only Takes A Minute" (recently done over by J. King, Esq.) and "Heaven Must Be Missing An Angel" (just out of our charts, and included here) — the first of which was excellent, thanks to Lambert / Potter's production; the second of which was average, no thanks to Freddie Perren's production; and more of which is displayed with reasonable verve on "Sky High".

Titbits extra special

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An intimate moment captured as Stills contemplates smashing his guitar on Young's skull.

Stills and Young run out of powder. Neil takes run-out powder.

THE STILLS/YOUNG BAND Long May You Run (Reprise)

A TEAM-UP tour and album by Neil Young and Stephen Stills may, at some point, have been someone's idea of a good idea.

After all, they'd been the main squeeze of the Buffalo Springfield all those years ago, plus they were the two members of CSNY who played lead guitar, plus the simpler half of that illustrious quartet had already gone the duo route.

Well, as we've seen in *Thrills*, ol' Neil upped and split on Stephen before the tour had even reached the halfway mark. It's a pity he didn't take his run-out powder during making of his album, which conclusively proves that you can never go home again, that going back is going nowhere.

There's precious little upfront collaboration on 'Long May You Run': to be precise, there's *one* song where Stills and Young actually function as equal partners. The rest of the album gives you four songs from each of them and effectively demonstrates that their music has developed in such different directions that they really don't have enough common-ground any more to make joint recordings a viable proposition.

You don't get a team-up; you get a Young song followed by a Stills song followed by a Young Song. If you didn't know that the songs came from a duo album you wouldn't know that you weren't just hearing extracts from two new solo albums.

As it is, none of the material from 'Long May You Run' sounds like a milestone in anybody's career. A milestone, perhaps; a gallstone, possibly.

Basically, Young's work on the album leaves him right open to all the attacks made by the "Poor Neil, dead as a doornail" school subsequent to "After The Goldrush" and prior to "On The Beach", which means that he's pissing in the wind and using his whine voice.

Sad to say, Young's work only makes it when he's using it as a weapon to fight off some fairly serious pain. Here he sounds rather aimless.

Superficially, Stills' stuff sounds more interesting because he's drawing on the blacker, more soulful end of his work, but there isn't a really excellent song within sniffing distance. "Make Love To You" is bad Isaac Hayes redeemed only by Kenny Aiel-lo's organ work, and "12/8 Blues" has a good tough riff but soon degenerates into dumb guitar braggadocio.

Indeed, both men seem to be having a bad phase guitar-

wise.

The collaboration track? "Let It Shine" is a bit of good-natured goofing, which is rather disturbing since it's the only track on the entire album which actually sounds as if Neil and Stephen were in the studio at the same time. What with the high cost of albums these days, guys, it's a real pleasure and privilege to be a party to your private jokes.

Bearing in mind that the listeners state of mind and the circumstances under which he/she hears an album radically affect his/her reactions to it, I've listened to "Long May You Run" as often as I could stand it in as many states of mind and consciousness as were available to me and it still sucks on ice. I hope Neil Young gets back down to business as soon as possible but in the meantime, this album's got a long way to go and I hope it starts as soon as possible. —

Charles Shaar Murray

Far better though are their various ballad styles. Depending on who's leading, they can handle a good sob story with as much delicacy as The Ch-Lites; torture a more dramatic reading out of life's little heartbreaks; or simply portray adolescent dramas with unaffected pop polish, rather like a 70's corruption of The Drifters (while The Drifters themselves stick to a 60's corruption of The Drifters).

"Guiding Star", "Wonderful", and in particular, Luther Ingram's "To The Other Man"

are fine examples of Tavares' mellow moods, though not so endearing as "Fool's Hall Of Fame" and "I Hope She Chooses Me" on their last album, two minor classics of teenage yearning.

If you helped to put "Missing An Angel" in the charts you'll not be disappointed with this set; and if you think this is good, check out the previous L.P. "In The City" to hear what they're capable of when they're really trying. — Cliff White

METHOD (UK)

AN AMERICAN reviewer once dismissed 10CC as "one of Jonathan King's silly little groups". Let's hope no-one makes the same mistake with Method, whose debut is also on King's label.

Method sound 10 years younger than 10CC, but no more than two years away from the same league.

All 10 songs on the album were written by vocalist Mick Brassington and guitarist John

Hughes, and they've got the sort of talent for high-grade pop that Graham Gouldman displayed in the 60s.

But where 10CC's music sounds the product of endless hours of hard work Method's songs seem totally unforced and freshly inspired. No way do these guys sound jaded, aged or faded.

Songs like "So Excited" and "Don't Leave Me Baby" have rather more bounce per ounce than ordinary teenybop singalongs, and come complete with grappling hook

melodies and sharp-witted playing.

But Method clearly amount to more than a group with *Top Of The Pops* potential who just happen to write and produce their own stuff.

The signs of artistic growth are already there. "Yorkshire Lad" ventures onto Skellern territory, retails its cameos with a skill Ray Davies might envy, and rips off "Hark The Herald Angels Sing" in the process. Shades of The Small Faces.

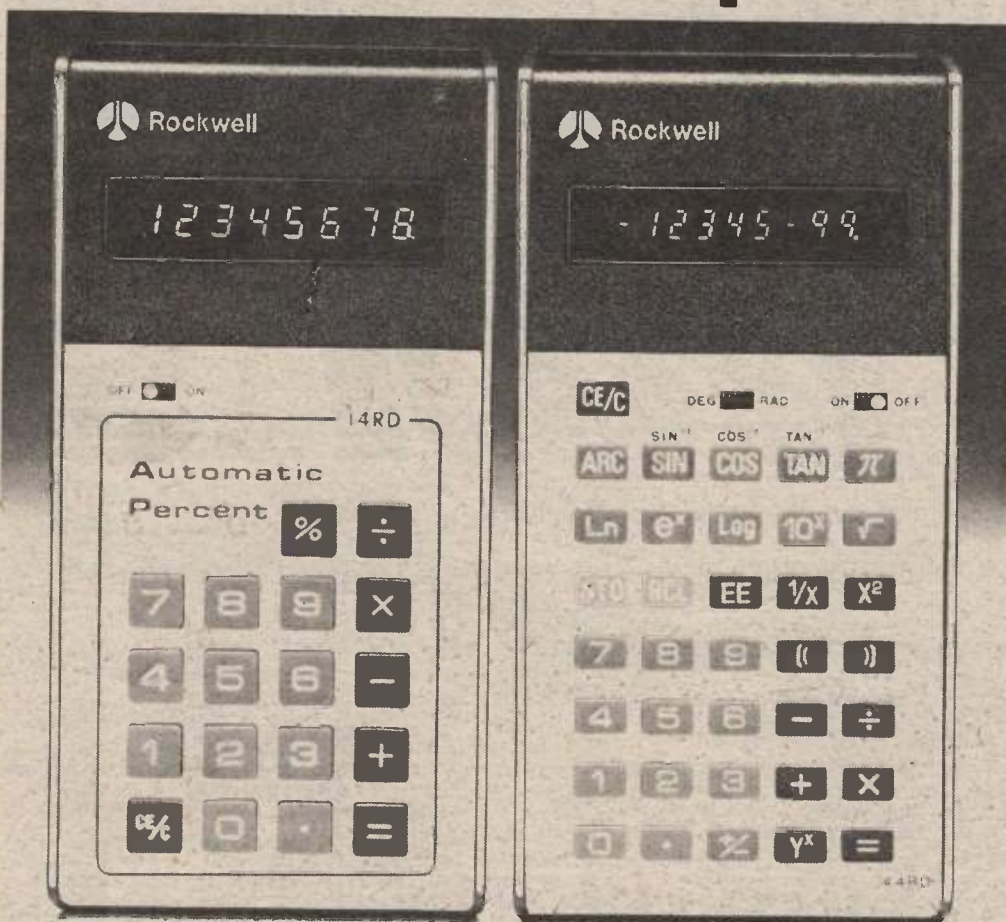
"Lonely Eyes" is a cute,

clean cut chunk of harmony that wouldn't have sounded out of place on The Eagles' greatest hits set. "Passing Strangers" is the classiest Merseybeat re-tread since "Pin-Ups".

Check Method out. If you're over 25, you may find the pace a bit brisk. Few new 70s, pop acts bring the same energy and commitment to their work.

It's a pity UK are under-selling them with limp abstract artwork on the sleeve. Method are good enough to deserve better. — Bob Edmunds

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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY

BEDFORD Angel Hotel: CYRIL TAWNEY
BILLINGHAM Black Horse: FIVE HAND REEL
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: HAWKWIND/TIGER
BLACKBURN Loadstar: STRIFE
BRIDLINGTON Fingers Club: FLYING SAUCERS
BRISTOL Granary: WARREN HARRY & THE YUM YUM BAND
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: JACOB MARLEY
COVENTRY Locarno: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
DUBLIN Stadium: FLYING BURRITO BROTHERS
DUNFERMLINE Carnegie Hall: BILLY CONNOLLY
EDINBURGH Playhouse Theatre: DAVE CROSBY & GRAHAM NASH
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: HOOKER
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: TRAPEZE
GUILDFORD Civic Hall: GREATEST SWING BAND IN THE WORLD
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: ROOGALATOR
IPSWICH Folk Club: MARTYN WYNNDHAM-READ
LIVERPOOL Empire: BAY CITY ROLLERS
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: MOON
LONDON EDMONTON Picketts Lock: MOTHER'S RUIN
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: DARTS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: PACIFIC EARDRUM
LONDON Marquee Club: SUPERCARGE
LONDON PICCADILLY White Bear: JAMBALAYA
LONDON RICHMOND The Beehive: FIDDLER'S DREAM
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DERELICTS
LONDON WOOD GREEN Bumbles: 5000 VOLTS
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: SCREAMIN' LORD SUTCH
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NORTHAMPTON Salon Ballroom: SHEER ELEGANCE
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SF2
PLYMOUTH Good Companions: WILD BILL DAVISON
ROMFORD White Hart: MATCHBOX
ROTHERHAM Arts Centre: RICHARD DIGANCE
SHEFFIELD City Hall: DR. FEELGOOD/GEORGE HATCHER BAND
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: MANFRED MANN'S EARTHBAND/RACING CARS
THATCHAM Henwick Club: CLEMEN PULL
WELLINGBOROUGH Fir Tree Ballroom: CHRIS BARBER BAND
WHITBY Royal Ballroom: MEAL TICKET
WORKINGTON Slyphy Disc: RAYMOND FROGGATT BAND

FRIDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: FATBACK BAND
BRIGHTON Alhambra: RAW DEAL/PLUM NELLIE
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: MANTISS
BRISTOL Reeves Club: GIGGLES
BRISTOL YATE Stars & Stripes: 5000 VOLTS
BROMYARD Folk Festival: JUNE TABOR
BURTON 76 Club: MOON
CAMBERLEY Ragamuffins: CALICO
CARDIFF Capitol: BAY CITY ROLLERS
CHELTENHAM Tramps: RAYMOND FROGGATT BAND
COVENTRY La Chaumiere: BREAKER
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: DON WILLIAMS
DUNDEE Technical College: CASINO
EDINBURGH Playhouse Theatre: ELTON JOHN
GLOUCESTER The Roundabout: MAX MERRITT & THE METEORS
GRIZEDALE Theatre in the Forest: FIVE HAND REEL
HARROW College of Art: BURLESQUE
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Cellar Folk Club: RONNIE DREW
HODDESDON Crown Hotel: CYRIL TAWNEY
HORNCASTLE Town Hall: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
KINGSTON Avery Hill College: FUMBLE
LIVERPOOL Empire: HAWKWIND/TIGER
LONDON ACTON Town Hall: SHEER ELEGANCE
LONDON CALEDONIAN ROAD Prince of Wales: LIMOSINE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: CLEMEN PULL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: MANTRA
LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: PACIFIC EARDRUM
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: KOOL & THE GANG
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: RAY PHILLIPS' WOMAN
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SCREAMIN' LORD SUTCH
LONDON Marquee Club: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: ROD MCKUEN
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TUSH
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: ARTHUR BROWN
LOWESTOFT Gunton Hall Country Club: CHRIS BARBER BAND
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: DAVE CROSBY & GRAHAM NASH
MANCHESTER Middleton Civic Hall: BEN E. KING
MANCHESTER Royal Exchange Theatre: ALAN PRICE
NEWCASTLE City Hall: DR. FEELGOOD/GEORGE HATCHER BAND
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: TRAPEZE
REDDITCH Tracy's Club: J.A.L.N. BAND
RISLEY Blue Ball: MATCHBOX
SAFFRON WALDEN Rugby Club: FLAKY PASTRY
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: MEAL TICKET
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: CHARLES AZNAVOUR

SATURDAY

BATH The Globe: GIGGLES
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: RAYMOND FROGGATT BAND
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SUPANOVA
BIRMINGHAM Polyanna's: CASINO
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: KOOL & THE GANG
BROMYARD Folk Festival: JUNE TABOR
CROMER West Runtin Pavilion: ANDY FAIRWEATHER-LOW
CROUGHTON All Ranks Club: BREAKER
DONCASTER Bay Horse Hotel: ALAN TAYLOR
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: THE REAL THING
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: JIMMY HUTCHISON
FISHGUARD Frenchmans Motel: 5000 VOLTS
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: FOSTER BROTHERS BAND
FROME The Hexagon Suite: J.A.L.N. BAND
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: DR. FEELGOOD/GEORGE HATCHER BAND

AFTER THE summer recession, we're now getting back to business in a big way on the gig circuit. And with the colleges about to commence their Advent Term, we shall soon be up to our necks in gigs as the traditional autumn bonanza gets under way. Meanwhile, there's another impressive batch of tours opening this week, and these are the details.

● **KOOL & THE GANG** are paying their first British visit for years, and have brought along their full U.S. touring show, complete with their own lighting and P.A. system. The soul outfit will be promoting their album "Love And Understanding" and you can find them this week at London Hammersmith (Friday), Bournemouth (Saturday), Southampton (Sunday), Bristol (Tuesday) and Brighton (Wednesday). More dates follow next week.

● **DAVE CROSBY & GRAHAM NASH** are here for what, at best, can be described as a mini-tour. But it's none the less welcome for that, as it's their first visit since 1974 when they played Wembley Stadium with Stills and Young. Their first two gigs are at Edinburgh (Thursday) and Manchester (Friday), with two London gigs to follow in ten days' time.

● **FLYING BURRITO BROS.** are also in from the States, having undergone various personnel changes since they were last here, although such stalwarts as Sneaky Pete and Gene Parsons remain in the line-up. They kick off in Dublin on Thursday then, with Barbara Dickson as support act, play Redcar (Saturday), Glasgow (Sunday), Manchester (Monday) and Birmingham (Tuesday).

● **HAWKWIND** are back on the road again and are, in fact, working every day of this coming week. They play Birmingham



ELTON in Edinburgh



QUEEN in the Park

(Thursday), Liverpool (Friday), Manchester (Saturday), Newcastle (Sunday), Edinburgh (Monday), Glasgow (Tuesday) and Aberdeen (Wednesday). Support act is Tiger, the new band launched by Big Jim Sullivan.

● **TRAPEZE** have re-formed for what was originally intended to be a one-off tour. But now that Deep Purple have split officially, leaving Glenn Hughes as a free agent, it could well be that they will now have a long-term future. Sporting their original

line-up, the band appear at Glasgow (Thursday), Newcastle (Friday), Mansfield (Saturday), Wolverhampton (Sunday) and London (Monday).

● **DON WILLIAMS** spearheads the list of country artists who will be visiting these shores during the autumn and winter. And in view of his current chart success his tour is exceptionally well timed. His initial gigs are at Croydon (Friday), Nottingham (Saturday), Oxford (Sunday), Barrow (Tuesday) and Stockport (Wednesday).

● **HOT CHOCOLATE** are to headline an extensive autumn concert tour, the most important they have yet undertaken in this country. Opening concert is at Croydon next Wednesday.

So much for the new tours... which brings us to the three principal one-off events of the week.

● **ELTON JOHN** plays his final concert of the year, prior to immersing himself in the fortunes of Watford F.C., when he concludes John Reid's highly successful season at the Playhouse Theatre in Edinburgh on Friday.

● **ROD MCKUEN** pays one of his occasional visits to this country for a solitary performance at London's Royal Albert Hall on Friday.

● **QUEEN** are last, but by no means least, in our round-up. Following their shows earlier this month in Edinburgh and Cardiff, they complete their British gig year with a free open-air concert in London's Hyde Park on Saturday. It's the last big outdoor event of the year and, if the weather holds, it may even emulate the success of the Stones' Hyde Park show seven years ago.

Like we said, it's a big gig week. And there's plenty more to follow in the coming weeks. Watch this space!

DEREK JOHNSON



CROSBY & NASH in concert



HAWKWIND on the road

GRIZEDALE Theatre in the Forest: FIVE HAND REEL
HUDDERSFIELD Ivanhoe's: HELLRAISERS
HULL Cottingham The Lawns: BEANO
LONDON BRIXTON Clouds Club: HEATWAVE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: MAJOR BULL
ESSENCE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: DERELICTS
LONDON HYDE PARK Free Open-Air Concert: QUEEN/STEVE HILLAGE/KIKI DEE

LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS

LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SHANGHAI
LONDON Marquee Club: SCARECROW
LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: FLYING SAUCERS

LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: RAY PHILLIPS' WOMAN

LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: BURLESQUE
LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS

LUTON Kingsway Tavern: SUN SESSION
MAIDENHEAD Skindles: KOKOMO

MANCHESTER DIDSBUY Midland Hotel: CADILLAC

MANCHESTER Palace Theatre: HAWKWIND-TIGER

MANSFIELD ABC Theatre: TRAPEZE

NEWCASTLE City Hall: MANFRED MANN'S EARTHBAND/RACING CARS

NORTHAMPTON College of Education: MEDICINE HEAD

NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: MEAL TICKET
NOTTINGHAM Theatre Royal: DON WILLIAMS

READING Target Club: CALICO
RED CAR Coatham Bowl: FLYING BURRITO BROTHERS

RYDE ISLE OF WIGHT Oasis Club: CURVED AIR

SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: BAY CITY ROLLERS

SOUTHEAST Queen's Hotel: MATCHBOX

SOUTHPORT New Theatre: CHARLES AZNAVOUR

ST. ALBANS City Hall: EDGAR BROUGHTON BAND

SWINDON Wyvern Theatre: SWINGLE II

WEYMOUTH Pavilion: ROCKING PNEUMONIA
WILLERBY Grange Park Hotel: BEANO
WINKLEIGH Beaford Centre: STAVERTON BRIDGE

SUNDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS

SOUTHPORT New Theatre: STAN KENTON ORCHESTRA
SOUTHWELL Admiral Nelson: FIVE HAND REEL
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond:
RAYMOND FROGGATT BAND
THORNE White Hart Hotel: BEANO
WINKLEIGH Beaford Centre: STAVERTON BRIDGE
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: TRAPEZE

MONDAY

BRIGHTON Dome: MANFRED MANN'S EARTHBAND/RACING CARS

CHIGWELL Row Camelot: SUMMER WINE
COVENTRY Mr George: CADILLAC

DONCASTER Outlook Club: EDGAR BROUGHTON BAND

EDINBURGH Usher Hall: HAWKWIND/TIGER

ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
FARNWORTH Blighy's: STAN KENTON ORCHESTRA

HOYLAND Birdcage: BEANO
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BOWLES BROS. BAND

LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS

LONDON EDMONTON Picketts Lock: CALICO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: SPITERI

LONDON Marquee Club: GIGGLES
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: TRAPEZE

LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: SEX PISTOLS/CHRIS SPEDDING BAND (and Tuesday)

LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: JO-ANN KELLY
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BURLESQUE

LUTON Cesar's: CHARLES AZNAVOUR
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: FLYING BURRITO BROTHERS/BARBARA DICKSON

STAINES The Bridge Folk Club: JUNE TABOR

TUESDAY

BARROW Civic Hall: DON WILLIAMS

BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BOULEVARD
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: FLYING BURRITO BROTHERS/BARBARA DICKSON

BRIGHTON Top Rank: SAM APPLE PIE
BRISTOL Bailey's: KOOL & THE GANG

CARDIFF Top Rank: CASINO
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: HAWKWIND/TIGER

GREENFORD Jingles Club: FOSTER BROTHERS BAND

GUILDFORD Bunters Club: DIRTY TRICKS
HUDDERSFIELD Ivanhoe's: MEDICINE HEAD

HULL Hoffbrauhaus: BEANO
LIVERPOOL Empire: DR. FEELGOOD/GEORGE HATCHER BAND

LONDON CITY Polytechnic: MEAL TICKET
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: KOSSAGA

LONDON ISLINGTON The Florence: GEORGE SPICER

LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BOWLES BROS. BAND

LONDON Marquee Club: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: FLYING SAUCERS

LONDON PADDINGTON Fangs Disco: BETHNAL
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: ISAAC GUILLORY BAND

LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: MIKE DANIELS
LONDON W.11 Acklam Hall: BURLESQUE

NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: TOMORROW THE WORLD

NOTTINGHAM The Test Match: MENSCH
ROMFORD Three Rabbits: FLYING SAUCERS

WATFORD Bailey's: OSIBISA

WEDNESDAY

ABERDEEN Capitol: HAWKWIND/TIGER

BLACKBURN Lodestar: FACTORY

BRIGHTON Top Rank: KOOL & THE GANG
CARMARTHEN Trinity College: CASINO

CHESTERFIELD Jingles Club: J.A.L.N. BAND
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: HOT CHOCOLATE

DUNDEE Technical College: SEX PISTOLS
EDINBURGH White Cockade: CHARLIE McNAIR BAND

HEREFORD Black Lion: CYRIL TAWNEY
HULL Hoffbrauhaus: BEANO

LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: MANFRED MANN'S EARTHBAND/RACING CARS

LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: ROOGALATOR
LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: ISAAC GUILLORY BAND

LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MEAL TICKET

LONDON EUSTON Shaw Theatre: ANNIE ROSS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BUSTER CRABBE

LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH

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ON THE TOWN

The best trio since Cream do the TUNA FISH BLUES

Hot Tuna

ROUNDHOUSE
AH, CALIFORNIA, "a state so blessed". And the Californians — why, even the Children of Zion, assured as they are of their place as the Chosen Ones, might feel moved to look to their laurels in the face of God's own blonde, blue-eyed, golden brown boys and girls.

We have recently been blessed with a little taste of sweet Californian sunshine and if you missed it brother you missed a lot. After a mini-tour of Europe — France, Germany, Scandinavia ("they love us in Scandinavia") — Hot Tuna made a lightning visit to these shores for two dates at Knebworth and at the Roundhouse. They were dynamite.

Hot Tuna evolved from middle-period Jefferson Airplane towards the end of 1969 centred around Jack Cassidy and Jorma Kaukonen plus floating sidemen including, at one time or another, many with close Airplane family connections like Marty Balin or Papa John Creach.

The original design was an additional musical outlet for them. But the fine blend of tastes and characters that was the Airplane began to dissolve; Balin left and a rift in the camp became apparent, as can be seen on "Bark", say, between



KAUKONEN



CASSADY

the two poles of the rocking Kaukonen-Cassidy caucus and starry-eyed Kantner with ice-cool Grace. Hot Tuna grew in importance and stature, as did the now amazingly successful Starship, until, finally, Jack and Jorma picked up their skateboards and headed East: UDI.

With a minimum of commotion, they quietly but amply filled the Roundhouse — no great surprise. It's been seven years since the one and only visit from Jefferson Airplane personnel at the same venue. At 8.30 sharp they took the stage and settled in for the next two and a half hours.

The line-up has been constant for a while now — Bob Steeler perched behind a large transparent drum kit, short blond hair, Roman nose, stud in left earlobe and stars and stripes T-shirt, looking a little like Charlton Heston plays Mr. America '76; Jack Cassidy, short, styled hair and tie dye top, rocking back and forth on his heel, great flat fingers slapping at an enormous flying arrow bass; Jorma Kaukonen with wild hair and chiselled, slightly Nordic features (no wonder they're big in Scandinavia); at the rear of the stage a cut-out Statue of Liberty surveying the proceedings. All very relaxed.

Extremely relaxed, actually. No prizes for slickness of presentation, but then they would be wholly inappropriate — very timeless, very dreamy. Jack and Jorma huddling together between numbers, whispering and joking while they retune; Bob Steeler wipes his forehead. Then a burst of

notes; Kaukonen's magnificent, unmistakable guitar sound cutting through the smoke and steam, his smoky, nasal voice; Cassidy comes in dipping and weaving, booming underneath, then Steeler pulls in the reins, doubles up on the hi-hat and whips the band into shape.

Not that 'shape' is obviously or easily discernible. Some songs are well-beloved favourites — "Rock Me Baby", particularly good here (though some unavoidable flashes of "Bless Its Pointed Little Head") or "Death Don't Have No Mercy" — others are less well known, songs from their recent, rather erratic, albums "America's Choice" and "Yellow Fever."

But in the end each song came down to providing a basic vehicle for improvisation. A beginning, an end and a loose framework to stretch out from. Just hottunamusic.

This wasn't always entirely successful. For example, "Light Of This World" from Kaukonen's totally neglected but delightful acoustic album "Quah"; it's a light, charming piece and the heavier electric treatment didn't take — not everything lends itself to their style. But "Light Of This World" was very much an exception.

In fact, overall they were staggeringly good. Now, as the Bard would say, if I chance to talk a little wild forgive me, but I don't think there is another three-piece playing anywhere under the general banner of rock and roll to touch them, nor has there been since, dare I say it, the heyday of Cream and Hendrix. Believe it, they're the best.

Total control of time and rhythm, of counterpoint and harmony, interaction bordering on the telepathic matched only by the Garcia/Weir/Lesh axis on a particularly good day. Dammit, if we're going to talk about peers let's mention Keith Jarrett or Cathy Berberian or anybody, anybody who has grasped free music.

The rules have been suspended, the rut has been transcended. I flame in amazement. Mo Geller

Mallard takes off...

Mallard

ROUNDHOUSE

SUNDAY NIGHT at the Roundhouse and the spirit of 1967 still oozes from the rafters with more than a whiff of pot and incense in the atmosphere. The audience sniffs the air with delicate, sensitive noses.

Clover are a good-time music San Francisco band who do some great yodelling, some reasonable slide playing, exceptional harp blowing and have a bunch of infectious energy going for them which earned them a standing ovation for an encore on this, their first UK gig.

During a lull in Clover's set, a plaintive shout was heard: "Where's the fuckin' Magic Band?" Well, they never came on — instead we got Mallard.

At first it looked like they'd replaced Captain Beefheart with his manager Herb Cohen. Sam Galpin is the kind of tough squat Hemingway-like greybeard who you find running the harbourside bar in the Caribbean or the Med: Beefheart replaced by Burl Ives except with a gravel voice like a black Chicago bluesman. The first half of their set was

poor — Harkleroad playing standard 'progressive' guitar licks and Mark Boston seeing-sawing his bass, jumping up and down, and acting just a bit too crazy to be convincing.

They played "Harvest" from their upcoming album. Fortunately they still have time to leave it off.

Then they did "Back On The Pavement" and snapped into gear: mad chunky keyboard playing as John Thomas (attired in a red night-dress) clutched madly at his face and beard and stared ahead, Rasputin-like, as his hands banged out extraordinary free-form chords and jerking runs. He played without preconceptions as to how a solo should sound, only what sounded right.

Harkleroad now took over with a brilliant guitar solo — played with the same freedom. He did a slow motion skeletal dance as he ignored the usual progressions up the frets, which are chosen usually for their ease of fingering, and played instead a musical development which often required some weird fingering indeed. All the time George

Dragotta was rolling the bass drums and toms; Boston slaps a very low tuning; Galpin's voice is so low it has barely emerged from the swamps yet; and even Harkleroad prefers to play the lower end of his axe. What little treble there is comes from the excited peeps and whistles of Thomas's keyboard units.

The solos became starker and more austere. A version of "Winged Tuskadero" established the band's authority. Though they all seem to be playing away with free-form anarchy — even the drummer — they are still able to hold sudden silent spaces which amazed everyone.

Unfortunately the drive and energy which elevated the last few numbers suddenly evaporated half way through their final instrumental. They seemed to tire and ended the number abruptly and left the stage.

They encored with "Big Foot" which was a good number but the audience felt some disappointment and didn't bring them back for a second.

Miles

NUGENT GOES NOVA



Pic: PENNIE SMITH

Ted Nugent

HAMMERSMITH

I WASN'T supposed to review this but the bloke who was had a headache. After I left Hammersmith so had I.

Well... was Ted Nugent as ferociously frightening as when our writer witnessed him manhandle his way across Texas? Did he incite his fans to levels of stomping malevolence hitherto unseen in England's brown and parched land? In short, was he the most outrageous rock'n'roll individual to ever slip into a Gibson and riddle the stalls with hideously demonic heavy metal in the constant search for the fractured ear drum?

Or was he just bloody silly?

Before Nugent did his pieces we had to sit through Dirty Tricks and latecomers to the bill Lone Star, a new hard rock band that a lot of people are saying nice things about. It was the loudest collection I've ever heard. Both bands were plagued by a constant whirring fizz from the left hand side of the PA.

Lone Star played a reasonable high energy set, promise of greater potential. Dirty Tricks were just 'orrible. I've never seen such a dismal rehash of English unemployment rock tedium. Competence and volume, four/four riff clichés, a singer who actually wants to look like Rod Stewart. The guitarist's amps, speakers, strap, volume pedal all failed. He carried on regardless, throwing down the gauntlet of excess. Pshaw!

The whole evening was overkill city. By the time Nugent came on the kids were already totally diz-busted by a diet of HM crunch, kept dribbling by the break-neck assortment of inter-band record filling.

Ted's criteria for success was going to be a battle of volume. It was, and he made it. Apparently the rest of the tour is being recorded for a live album. I reckon they'll burn these tapes fast.

Afterwards Nugent said it was the worst gig he'd ever played. Still, Ted went down the proverbial electronic storm. He trampled the audience

into a state of complete nervous exhaustion. Far be it from me to hold any reservations in the area of dangerous decibels, but after half an hour I felt defeated.

Nugent's steamrolling abilities were confirmed, but occasionally he gave us an indication of something more interesting nesting within his fingertips. If he'd slipped in some more of his tasty stuff the whole event would have been more bearable.

Set *coup de rock* explosions, "Stranglehold", "Hibernation" and "Great White Buffalo", all trundled along apace. Nugent proved his old trooper professionalism too when the bass amp spluttered to a standstill of indignant silent entrenchment. Ted improvised a rather good "Cat Scratch Fever" and none guessed the off-the-cuff taking-care-of-biz going on under their noses.

The feedback during "Great White Buffalo" was dangerous. There's no place further Nugent can take the frequency without driving his following beyond the line. Small wonder all the band wear ear plugs on stage. In future cotton wool, hearing aids and aspirin will be compulsory survival kit for band and audience alike.

Much of the material was filler for the tooth, fang and claw comin' out of hibernation speed kills moments of panic. If it was a duff set, it was certainly heavier than either of the Stateside concerts I've seen and the reaction didn't indicate any dissatisfaction on the part of the paying customers. Christ knows what he'll do with Liverpool and Birmingham.

Me? I'm staying in a corner over Ted until he steps out and delivers the HM tour de force that moments like "Stranglehold", "Pony Express" and "Breast Fed Gator" indicate he has up his sleeve. From what I've heard, "Free For All" promises to go somewhere towards distilling his pearls into solid mud.

Ted's great cos he plays the cause and effect game for keeps and anyone who disagrees better get outta the way. I wish he'd turn it down occasionally mind, I mean three Nugent gigs in a month is enough for even the staunchest devotee.

Till then ambivalence is the best policy.

Can I 'ave me ears back, Ted?

Max Bell

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Soft Machine Kevin Ayers

EDINBURGH
PLAYHOUSE

AN INTERESTING booking, Kevin Ayers — one of the founding members of Soft Machine — playing on the same bill as their present, 14th, line-up which now contains none of the original members.

Soft Machine opened with Karl Jenkins slowly blowing up a bubble of gently moving colours and textures which was finally burst by an explosive entry by John Marshall on drums who sat stage-centre with his enormous kit like a spider in the centre of its web.

They played a mixture of numbers from their last two albums — mostly from "Softs" — and they were really on form, particularly guitarist John Etheridge, who approached his solos with quixotic devotion.

He had some ultimate or grand solo in his head that night which he was sure he could describe if only he could get his fingers to move fast enough, but no sooner had he sketched in an outline silhouette and begun on filling in detail than parts would begin to blur and fade and he would rush back to return it to focus. Several times during the evening he managed to balance the elements and make it hover in thin air — a Crowelean Moonchild surprised to be born in Edinburgh before the bars ran out and it was time for Alan Wakeman to tootle.

They did a very greasy take on most of their numbers — maybe it just sounded that way because the PA was so topky — but it particularly affected Wakeman's sax. In one solo — where he quoted a few Coltrane riffs — he was spitting great wads of cutting treble notes out over the audience like a meteor shower.

The actual tone and feeling of most numbers seems determined by Karl Jenkins, who sat out of the spots to stage-right, setting the mood with his keyboard intros. Karl used an unusually viscous organ setting on one number so he came out cooking like Jimmy Smith.

Their set was cut in two by an extended drum solo from John Marshall which many

people in the audience thought was far too long, and by the time he did his Big Sid Catlett bit of playing everything in sight they were restless. He took an immense run up to the end like an Olympic high jumper while a bell tolled and Etheridge leapt in with a solo neatly encased in notes like the scales of a snake.

They augmented each other's work almost unconsciously: Marshall touring the set to support a single held note from Wakeman, Babington neatly propping up any parts of Etheridge's guitar which might be sagging and Karl always blocking-in with weepy great chords on the grand piano, the secret romantic genius who writes the material. They are well named.

Kevin Ayers developed out of the original Softs in a different direction. Eccentric and unpredictable, he evolved his own form of whimsical alcoholic and, armed with his new band, he is threatening to get quite professional about it.

When he first got the band together they sounded a bit like creative hired guns but now they have gelled into a powerful, free, post-psychedelic rock combo. They are now very tight, in more ways than one.

Charlie McCracken's bass had an edge to it like a pair of newly sharpened false teeth.

Andy Summers plays guitar with slow hydraulic grace on the long jangling intro to "May I".

Zoot Money played an excessively funky introduction to "Whatevershebringswinging" which was followed by yet another booze song, "Shouting In The Bucket Blues". Kevin introduced it: "It's about being very drunk — I guess you know a lot about that up here." The comment fell very flat, but as Kevin got into his act the audience warmed up.

Andy stood stock still as if the slightest movement might cause the whole thing to blow up like a can of nitroglycerine as he pulled together the delicate webs of a well rounded solo. He got in some nice licks, though I've heard him do better. The topky PA made his high note runs sear but also emphasised the deep bass of Kevin's voice.

Zoot did one of the famous one-hand-tied-behind-the-back casual funk solos and he



DAVE JACKSON

liked it so much he did several more later. He danced furiously on the spot using the piano as his partner (he'd have fallen down if he let go).

"Lady Rachel" got through. The audience sat in rapt attention like medieval courtiers listening to a fantastic tale. There were rolls of thunder as Kevin cried for his momma — it was all very dramatic, just like Jim Morrison, chubby in his leather trousers, shouting at his dad.

They managed a very powerful version of "Star" and, though out of tune, the sinister austere structure came over well: "Unless you are prepared to die/Don't try to be a star." At one point it looked as if Zoot was going to hoist his leg up and bang away with his heel like Jerry Lee but he staggered to the right and didn't quite make it.

"Love's Gonna Turn You Round" was a fast Salsa 1-2-3-Bang number leading to "I Didn't Feel Lonely Till I Thought Of You," alcoholic involving long melancholy silences in which Kevin and Zoot grinned stupidly at each other, waiting for something to happen.

The collective spirit of Dantalion's Chariot, Family and early Soft Machine — steeped in alcohol of a suitable vintage — enabled them to dabble a little with extended mid-'60s improvisations now and then — but not too much! In the middle of "It Begins With A Blessing . . . But It Ends With A Curse" Kevin and Zoot got off on a riff from "Teddy Bear's Picnic" with Kevin going down on his knees to deliver the stirring notes of the theme while Zoot pirouetted gracefully, his little Rasta hat bobbing.

Andy stood off to one side just like Brian Jones used to and played with the same brilliance.

The band had just finished a European tour and were shagged out so the performance lacked some of its usual force. They were able to stagger back on and deliver "Stranger In Blues Suede Shoes" as an encore.

At a restaurant afterwards, as Kevin mustered the strength to open the wine list, his manager John Reid gave me a gestalt eye-lock and told me "Kevin's gonna be big — very big. I wouldn't have taken him on if I didn't think so."

I hope so.

Miles

VAN DER GRAAF VINDICATED

Van Der Graaf Generator

QUEEN ELIZABETH
HALL

"AND THAT is the band the music press call boring," reckoned the DJ through the frenzied ovation Van Der Graaf Generator earned after their 2½ hour non-stop marathon at the Queen Elizabeth Hall last week. Boring? No way. Despite what you may have read, Van Der Graaf are in spectacular form these days and, in the opinion of a lot of kids (and Charisma Records), set for the Big Breakthrough.

Yeah, so they are a pretty curious band — technoflash via the Rolling Stones and Rimbaud, or something like that. Unpredictable too, but they're clearly on an up now — for the moment no more moody kamikaze introspection.

Four virtuoso soloists — Peter Hammill, impassioned vocals; Guy Evans, avant-garde offbeat drums; Hugh Banton, funeral keyboard chords; and Dave Jackson, multiple manic saxes — all pulling in apparently opposite directions but still staying dead together. How, I dunno. They haven't even got a bass guitarist.

Meanwhile there's much jamming going on. There's no clinical reproduction of the record here. Arguably the performance was somewhat self-indulgent and often went over the top.

Hammill in a new half-joke boozey persona grovelled around on the floor groaning, "Do you want to play 'killer', boys?" and jumped offstage to watch the band. His delivery was dynamic and suitably schitzo. Okay, so it was all a

little bit hammy, but everybody lapped it up.

The group's long set included large chunks of "Godbluff" and "Still Life" — frequently unrecognisable apart from the vocal passages — plus most of their forthcoming LP, "World Record". Particularly remarkable from this latest opus was a 20 minutes song, "Merglis III", an epic piece of rock and roll paranoia featuring an enjoyable suspect guitar solo from Hammill.

And the band encoored with "Killer" as they had done at Reading — the first time it had been played for five years.

This was one of those rare concerts where you have to laugh 'cos it was so good. Far from being monotonous, incomprehensible and boring, the gig was inventive, moving and over far too fast. The audience, largely under 21 but with a substantial contingent of Continentals come over specially to see the band, loved it.

From little cults mighty superstars do grow. Unfortunately. Jonathan Barnett

Count Bishops

SPEAKEASY

TEN O'CLOCK and the Speak's nearly empty — bliss for me, doubtless the pits for the band, although they may look forward to the probable 12.30 logjam of foreign bodies.

"Welcome to our rehearsal," Johnny Guitar cracked to the multitude. A bit weird, this. After all, the Count Bishops are certified punks and that's all *le rage*, innit? They even played the recent frog punk fest, but they didn't get much publicity 'cause they ain't ugly enough.

Actually, they could stand to do something about their visuals. I'm not suggesting they have to sport pink crewcuts and drainpipes, but Zen de Fleur's potentially strong and nasty stage persona isn't boosted by his middle class suburbia casual wear. And the other three just look like ordinary Joes and sloppy heavy metal freaks. Johnny's leopard print guitar strap's neat though.

Killingly loud, their repertoire of R&B classics is a treat, delivered with galvanic spunk and a satisfying element of fanaticism. From Slim Harpo's "Don't Start Crying Now", Johnny's tortuous vocals and Zen's slapping rhythm guitar over the hammer-headed boogie base of drummer Paul Balbi and bassist Steve Lewins were like a ritual invocation of the spirits of Sun and Chess Records.

Their vocals are a bit strange; nobody could say they're good, but they're either bad or fun depending on your taste. Johnny sounds like a wildcat being swung round by the tail; Zen sings like Paul Jones with a weight on his chest.

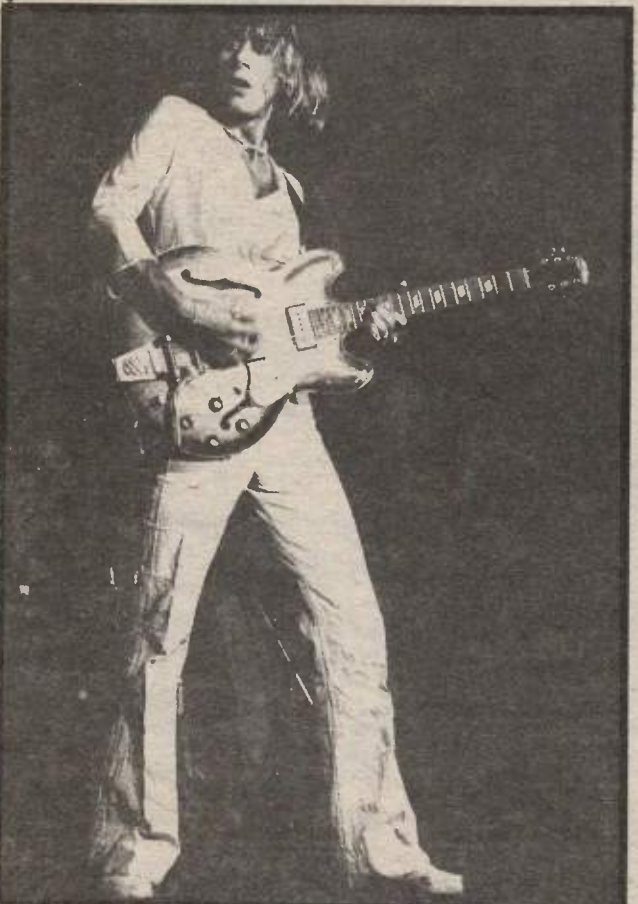
The guitar work, however, Johnny racy on lead and Zen very fluent on rhythm and slide, is really nice. At times, particularly in "Wang Dang Doodle", they sounded a helluva lot like the Yardbirds, which is as terrific as anybody needs to be if they want to please me.

Elmore James's "Shake Your Money Maker" and Mose Allison's "I'm Not Talking" were the other real goodies, but the whole set was cocky, energetic and fun. If you have a hankering for hot R&B they're well worth seeing for a good old shake.

Angie Errigo

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KEVIN wields a hefty guitar

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IRISH MAGIC



Pre-Leather HORSLIPS: Charles O'Connor, Barry Devlin and Jim Lockhart.

Horslips

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL
THERE HAVE been numerous attempts to ferment that potent brew which at least in theory combines traditional song with rock rhythms and instrumentation. More often than not this temperamental amalgam lurches clumsily into a sort of musical no man's land, offending purists in both camps and generally sounding affected, inconsequential and unconvincing. Most troubadours who cross the blood red stream into "the land of faery" seem content to return with a wholesale plunder of archaic lyrical mannerisms, then simply add bass, drums and guitar, well satisfied with their bastard hybrid.

However, the few honourable exceptions to this generalising must include Irish quintet Horslips who played to an enthusiastic full house south of the river last week. For various reasons Horslips haven't made an entirely satisfactory record for English release — either the music has been strong and the production weak, or the other way round — whereas on stage these problems are neatly short-circuited.

The extensive caucus of Irish pre-history and legend the band dealt with in "The Thain" and have returned to again in their "Celtic Symphony" is by turns a brutal, bloody, heroic and magical agglomeration of fact and fantasy. Their performance successfully embraces all these aspects without any stress of strain. Briefly, the "Symphony" concerns the Tuatha De Danaan, a semi-mythical

people who settled Bronze Age Ireland and who were both very musical and, of course, hardy warriors.

Horslips sensibly provide contemporary lyrics, thus avoiding preciousness. The piece is musically complex, with recurrent themes woven about each other as delicately as the patterns in gold on black circumscribed over the band's stage backcloth. There are quiet, pastoral airs — Jim Lockhart's organ playing has a vaguely churchish feel about it — and full-blooded reels, either delivered straight or wound into a song's entrails.

All the band have taken to wearing black leather jackets on stage — in complete contrast to the delicacy of much of their material. Fiddler Charles O'Connor balances precariously on tapering heels and bassist Barry Devlin impersonates Mott's Overend Watts with equal enthusiasm. Above all, Horslips play it loud.

The perennial "Furniture" has been rearranged to include lengthy solos from O'Connor's electric mandolin (plus reverb pedals) and John Fearn's sensuous guitar. The song is built around Lockhart's resigned flute motif and the synthesis is complete — an old air is given an intravenous drip of musical glucose.

The storming "Dearg Doom" repeats the trick, splayed out on a forthright riff, and the obligatory selection of reels follows until close-down.

Horslips display an assured energy and abandon that's been found wanting in this field since Fairport disintegrated after "Liege And Lief." Nonetheless, they're currently without an English recording contract — a poor state of affairs given the audience's reaction at this concert and their own, refreshingly intuitive eclecticism.

Angus MacKinnon

Meanwhile in Merrie England . . .

Albion Dance Band/Watersons

REGENT'S PARK
AFTER THIS performance it looks as if Tyger Hutchings' most recent effort in a line of very worthy group projects is a clear winner.

I'd wondered just how conducive the Open Air Theatre at Regent's Park would be for the Albion Dance Band, conceived essentially to accompany dances, a logical progression of the musical directions mapped out by the Albion Country Band and the Etchingham Steam Band before it. Stick them in a concert situation and the immediate problem is what to do about the missing half of the event, the dancers — for which read audience.

In this case, the problem was solved very happily for the capacity audience by the provision of a morris by the Albion Morris Men. The result was

as full as I'd heard them previously.

The tunes (and dances) come from all over, as far back as the Twelfth Century. Usually one of the older instruments will lead the others in on a dance with Hutchings' emphatic bass playing, his style ideally suited to the dance music, coming in last.

Even with Nicol and Hutchings at quite respectable volumes by electric standards there's no difficulty in hearing the other instruments, which makes the band eminently listenable as well as danceable.

Usually Upton will "call" the dance — that is, demonstrate the steps for the mostly uninitiated audiences. For this gig, though, it was a variety of stick, rapier and clog dancing provided by the Albion Morris in full dress, two of their own musicians complementing the band.

Most successful dance with most crowds is a circular affair for sets of eight. It's called the branle (pronounced "brawl") and dates from the Sixteenth Century. Tom Paxton, among others, waxed wildly enthusiastic about it backstage after the gig.

I'm glad the Albion Dance Band now have the sort of record deal to encourage them to propagate one of the few genuinely fresh ideas to come from the folk scene in years. If Hutchings can continue to marshal the expertise he's gathered about him to revive traditional dance, he'll have done folk audiences an incalculable service.

The Watersons, still for me the finest flower of English folk, provided ideal support for the Albions, and their set benefited immediately from the excellent sound in the auditorium. Full buzzing close harmonies with that one eerily wild voice on the edge of the group's mesh giving their singing so much of its power.

Even a singer of the calibre of Martin Carthy is fully extended as one-fourth of the Watersons. He got one unac-

companied solo spot in the set, "Locks And Bolts" from his new album, and the lead on the sea shanty "Emma", calling to Mike, Elaine and Norma's replies.

But Norma and Elaine sound just as full as a duo on "Flowers Of The Forest" or as a trio with Mike working the rhythmic suppleness of the fox hunting song "Swarthfell Rocks".

With Carthy on the rustic "Chickens In The Garden" or the Manx hymn "The Good Old Way" you could be forgiven for mistaking them for ten voices.

Rod McShane

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Don Harrison

MARQUEE

THE DON HARRISON Band recently did a virtually unadvertised Marquee gig, presumably to reinforce the impression they made at Knebworth, where they opened the show.

Their set was very similar, both in order and content, to what went down at Knebworth, but this time it was possible to get a visual handle on the band — which improved them quite a lot in my eyes. On the other hand, the volume, particularly from Stu Cook's bass, seemed as if it could easily induce a nose bleed.

Instrumentally, this is a magnificent band. Guitarist Russell DaShiell looks set to become a guitar hero before long: with his hair flowing in the breeze from an electric fan, a highly romantic image, he played some fast and fluid solos, while the rhythm section of Stu Cook and his long time partner Doug Clifford inevitably resuscitated memories of their previous group, Creedence Clearwater Revival.

Harrison, the leader of the group and writer of much of their material, has to work hard in this company to maintain attention on himself, but he pretty well managed, although the vocals were indistinct for much of the time and his rhythm guitar and keyboards work was rarely upfront.

There's even a touch of John Fogerty about Harrison's vocals, and, with songs from the same musical area, the result is a kind of déjà vu. Among the numbers played from their current debut LP were "Who I Really Am", "Romance", "Sometimes Loving You", "A Bit Of Love" and the obvious, but highly enjoyable, "Rock 'n' Roll Records", plus the band's first single, "Sixteen Tons", the lyrics changed to indicate that it's not the company store to whom the singer owes his soul, but rock 'n' roll.

A very good new song called "I Love To Do It In The Rain", which presumably will be on the next album, looks the best shot thus far for a hit single, and an encore of "Sweetwater William", which they didn't play at Knebworth, was excellent. Despite audience requests for more, the band claimed they'd played everything that had been rehearsed, and Don Harrison came out to thank the stamping hordes, having obviously gleaned some fresh support from the band's efforts.

John Tobler

JAZZ DIARY

LEMME PULL ya coat to a new music publication. *Impetus* is entirely the work of one man, Kenneth Ansell, and is staggeringly comprehensive: first issue contains interviews with Keith Tippett, Carla Bley and articles on Darius Milhaud, Manfred Mann and Scriabin. At 25p a month, this has gotta be a result. Obtainable from any reasonable specialist shop, or direct from the man at 68 Hillfield Avenue, Hornsey, London N8 7DN.

Another flood release of Impulse records from Anchor. "Coltrane", "Mingus Mingus Mingus Mingus", and "East Broadway Rundown" from Sonny Rollins top the list without which no gentleman's cellar is complete. Also Alice Coltrane's "A Monastic Trio", Benny Carter's "Further Definitions", Coleman Hawkins' "Today And Now", Archie Shepp's "Magic Of Juju", Yusef Lateef's "The Golden Flute", Ben Webster's "See You At The Fair", McCoy Tyner's "Reaching Fourth" and a disco thing called "Hard Work" from John Handy.

Ogun have just released two goodies: Harry Beckett's "Memories Of Baccara", and Keith Tippett's "Ovary Lodge." Ignore them at your peril.

The monumentally successful Camden Music Festival rides again in September with the Stan Tracey Octet — the showstopper of the recent Bracknell Festival — and the Ronnie Scott Quartet on the 20th, Benny Waters on the 21st, Slide Hampton Quartet and Martial Solal on the 23rd, and on the 24th the towering titan of the tenor, Dexter Gordon. The Paul Bley Trio with Peacock and Altschul features on the 25th.

For the punters up north, Slide Hampton and Martial Solal have been booked for the launching of the Northern Jazz Centre society — eh up-aroonie — on 26 September. Venue: the new Royal Exchange Theatre, Manchester. Also featured on this Jazz Sunday are the Kenny Baker & Eddie Thompson Trio, the South Yorkshire Youth Jazz Band and the Blue Magnolia Jazz Orchestra with Will Gaines. Will is a demented jazz tap-dancer, one arcane branch of hoofing, and recently em-ceed the Bracknell Festival.

Later in the month, 27/28/29, the Stan Kenton Orchestra clocks into Ronnie's.

Brian Case

RADIO TV

NOW THAT Mike Mansfield's season of one-off specials has come to an end, London Weekend is bringing back his "Supersonic" series this Saturday (certain ITV regions) — with Rod Stewart, Sutherland Brothers & Quiver, Alvin Stardust and Be-Bop Deluxe guesting in the first edition. Earlier the same day (London region only), the Bay City Rollers are in "Saturday Scene", which also features the Carpenters on film.

Also from LW-TV, Saturday night's "Aquarius" series this week takes an in-depth look at the British reggae scene. Among those appearing are Naswas, the Cimarons, Sharon Forrester, Nicky Thomas, Delroy Washington and Matumbi. It's on the full ITV network.

Best of the batch on BBC-2 is the repeat of "In Concert" with Albert Hammond (Thursday) and the return of "The Goodies" (Tuesday).

BBC-1's "Anno Domini" magazine returns on Sunday with a programme subtitled "David And Paul", which is a tribute to the late Paul Kossoff from his father David.

On the same channel, Noel Edmonds hosts "Top Of The Pops" (Thursday), Charles Anzavours has a star acting role in the Friday film "The Adventurers", Barbara Dickson again guests in "The Two Ronnies" (Saturday), and the admirable "Fawlty Towers" continues its repeat run on Sunday.

North of the Border, Scottish TV are screening the first half of Elton John's concert on Friday, live from Edinburgh's Playhouse Theatre. It's also being broadcast simultaneously by Radio Clyde, who are covering the entire show through until 11.0.

This weekend marks the last of Rosko's Saturday morning shows on Radio 1, prior to his return to the States. It's followed by Dave Cousins selecting his "Top Twelve" and, later the same day, the Murray Head Band and Harvey Andrews are "In Concert."

Stand by next week for the return of "Whistle Test", the Rod Stewart documentary and Radio 1's new look for Saturday.

Derek Johnson

NME EXPRESS WORD

ACROSS

- 1 Aka Volman and Kaylan (3,3,5)
- 7 Boss of RWT-TV (4,4)
- 8 See 4
- 10 Oil City axeman (5,7)
- 11 & 23 across Had a U.S. No. 1 and U.K. Top 20 hit 1973 with "Me And Mrs Jones"
- 13 Their first in line of American hits was co-written with Jackson Browne
- 16 & 6 Ne M. Feld in Hackney, East London
- 17 Stuart/.../McCulloch
- 18 Aka Des going backwards!
- 20 Mr Merritt of the Meteors
- 21 Her father was a Mexican physicist; her mother a drama teacher (4,4)
- 23 See 11
- 25 Mrs Taylor
- 26 One of the most influential of black vocal groups — also one of the most enduring
- 27 One third of Labelle
- 28 Traditional number interpreted by Tim Rose, whose version then came to the attention of Jimi Hendrix (3, 3)
- 29 Scored early hits via songs co-written with David Courtney (3,5)
- 30 Leader of the Gang

DOWN

- 1 Two female cod (anag. 9,3)
- 2 One of slickest, most successful of U.S. city-funk soul outfits (4,7)
- 3 The whining Canadian (5)
- 4 & 8 Biggest group casualty thus far in '76
- 5 Ditto clue for 26 across
- 6 See 16
- 9 Nicholas Roeg directed his movie debut
- 12 Eric's finest hour
- 14 Made their name in the clubs (nudge, nudge)
- 15 Lennon's collective (6,4)
- 19 T. Nugent's old outfit (5,5)
- 20 Label

- 21 Whatever happened to Detroit's Fab 5?
- 22 Ancestor of the Starship
- 23 Ex of Spencer Davis Group, and of duo with Eddie Hardin (4,4)
- 24 It was her party, and she cried if she wanted to

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Clive Davis; 8 "Knock On Wood"; 10 Rainbow; 11 Jack Bruce; 12 Byrds; 13 Apollo; 15 Zombies; 16 Sharks; 18 Spirit; 20 Alan; 24 "Mr Soft"; 25 "Deja Vu"; 26

(Pink) Floyd; 27 Frank (Zappa); 28 (Nils) Lofgren; 30 Carpenter; 32 "Angel (Fingers)"; 33 (Steely) Dan; 35 Ramones; 36 Roy Wood.

DOWN: 1 Clive James; 2 Ian MacLagan; 3 Elkie Brooks; 4 Amon Duul; 5 Kid (Strange); 6 "Angie Baby"; 7 Boz Burrell; 9 Karen (Carpenter); 14 Ozark Mountain (Daredevils); 17 "Spitfire"; 19 Todd (Rundgren); 20 Al Jardine; 21 Alvin Lee; 22 Ariel Bender; 23 John Fogerty; 29 Capital (Radio); 31 (Francis) Rossi; 33 Duo; 34 Eno.

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L AVERAGE WHITE BAND

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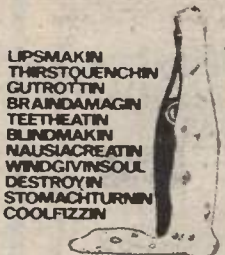


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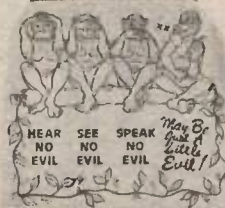


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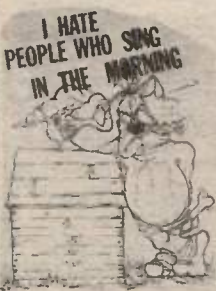
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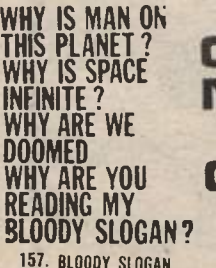
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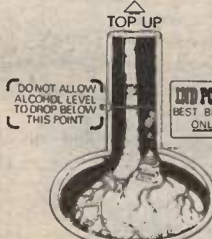
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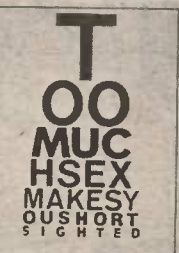
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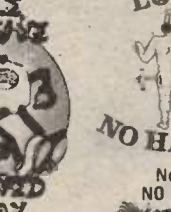
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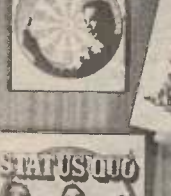
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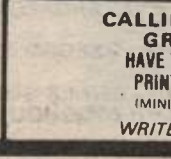
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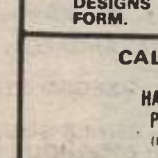
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Week ending September 15, 1971

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|----------------|------|---------------------------|---|
| 1 | 1 | HEY GIRL DON'T BOTHER ME | The Tams (Probe) |
| 2 | 2 | I'M STILL WAITING | Diana Ross (Tamla Motown) |
| 3 | 3 | DID YOU EVER | Nancy Sinatra & Lee Hazlewood (Reprise) |
| 4 | 4 | NATHAN JONES | Supremes (Tamla Motown) |
| 5 | 5 | IT'S TOO LATE | Carole King (A & M) |
| 6 | 6 | WHAT ARE YOU DOING SUNDAY | Dawn (Bell) |
| 7 | 7 | BACK STREET LOVE | Curved Air (Reprise) |
| 8 | 8 | NEVER ENDING SONG OF LOVE | New Seekers (Philips) |
| 9 | 9 | LET YOUR YEAH BE YEAH | Pioneers (Trojan) |
| 10 | 10 | SOLDIER BLUE | Buffy St. Marie (RCA) |

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending September 1, 1966

- | Last This Week | Rank | Song | Artist |
|----------------|------|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 | 1 | ALL OR NOTHING | Small Faces (Decca) |
| 2 | 2 | YELLOW SUBMARINE/ELEANOR RIGBY | Beatles (Parlophone) |
| 3 | 3 | DISTANT DRUMS | Jim Reeves (RCA) |
| 4 | 4 | TOO SOON TO KNOW | Roy Orbison (London) |
| 5 | 5 | GOD ONLY KNOWS | Beach Boys (Capitol) |
| 6 | 6 | LOVERS OF THE WORLD UNITE | David and Jonathan (Columbia) |
| 7 | 7 | WORKING IN THE COALMINE | Lee Dorsey (Stateside) |
| 8 | 8 | GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE | Cliff Bennett (Parlophone) |
| 9 | 9 | I'M A BOY | Who (Reaction) |
| 10 | 10 | LITTLE MAN | Sonny and Cher (Atlantic) |

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending September 15, 1961

- | Last This Week | Rank | Song | Artist |
|----------------|------|----------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 | 1 | JOHNNY REMEMBER ME | John Leyton (Top Rank) |
| 2 | 2 | YOU DON'T KNOW | Helen Shapiro (Columbia) |
| 3 | 3 | KON-TIKI | Shadows (Columbia) |
| 4 | 4 | WILD IN THE COUNTRY | Elvis Presley (RCA) |
| 5 | 5 | REACH FOR THE STARS | Shirley Bassey (Columbia) |
| 6 | 6 | MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT | Lonnie Donegan (Pye) |
| 7 | 7 | WELL I ASK YOU | Eden Kane (Decca) |
| 8 | 8 | CUPID | Sam Cooke (RCA) |
| 9 | 9 | MICHAEL | Highwaymen (HMV) |
| 10 | 10 | ROMEO | Petula Clark (Pye) |

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS C · H · A · R · T · S

SINGLES

Week ending September 18, 1976

This Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(1)	DANCING QUEEN.....Abba (Epic)	5	1
2	(2)	LET 'EM IN.....Wings (Parlophone)	7	2
3	(6)	YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO Chi-Lites (Brunswick)	6	3
4	(3)	THE KILLING OF GEORGIE Rod Stewart (Riva)	5	3
5	(21)	CAN'T GET BY WITHOUT YOU Real Thing (Pye)	2	5
6	(15)	BLINDED BY THE LIGHT Manfred Mann Earthband (Bronze)	3	6
7	(9)	16 BARS.....Stylistics (H&L)	6	7
8	(14)	ARIA.....Acker Bilk (Pye)	4	8
9	(7)	(LIGHT OF EXPERIENCE) DOINA DE JALE.....Gheorghe Zamfir (Epic)	4	7
10	(13)	YOU SHOULD BE DANCING Bee Gees (RSO)	7	5
11	(4)	DON'T GO BREAKING MY HEART Elton John & Kiki Dee (Rocket)	11	1
12	(5)	WHAT I'VE GOT IN MIND Billie Joe Spears (United Artists)	6	5
13	(—)	I ONLY WANNA BE WITH YOU Bay City Rollers (Bell)	1	13
14	(12)	YOU'LL NEVER FIND ANOTHER LOVE.....Lou Rawls (Philadelphia)	7	11
15	(10)	EXTENDED PLAY Bryan Ferry (Island)	6	10
16	(18)	MISSISSIPPI.....Pussycat (Sonet)	3	16
17	(27)	I AM A CIDER DRINKER The Wurzels (EMI)	2	17
18	(19)	BABY WE BETTER TRY AND GET IT TOGETHER Barry White (20th Century)	4	18
19	(26)	DANCE LITTLE LADY DANCE Tina Charles (CBS)	2	19
20	(22)	HERE I GO AGAIN Twiggy (Mercury)	5	20
21	(11)	A LITTLE BIT MORE Dr Hook (Capitol)	12	2
22	(—)	LOVING AND FREE AMOUREUSE.....Kiki Dee (Rocket)	1	22
23	(25)	I CAN'T ASK FOR ANYTHING MORE THAN YOU Cliff Richard (EMI)	3	23
24	(23)	DR KISS KISS.....5000 Volts (Philips)	8	8
25	(17)	NICE AND SLOW Jesse Green (EMI)	5	17
26	(20)	HEAVEN IS IN THE BACK SEAT OF MY CADILLAC Hot Chocolate (Rak)	2	20
27	(—)	SAILING Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	10	1
28	(29)	SHANNON...Henry Gross (Life Song)	2	28
29	(8)	IN ZAIRE.....Johnny Wakelin (Pye)	7	2
30	(—)	SWEET HOME ALABAMA/DOUB- LE TROUBLE Lynyrd Skynyrd (MCA)	1	30
30	(—)	BREAKAWAY Gallagher & Lyle (A&M)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

EVERY NITE'S A SATURDAY NIGHT WITH YOU —
Drifters (Bell); BEST DISCO IN TOWN — Ritchie Family
(Polydor); I WANT MORE — Can (Virgin); GIRL OF MY
BEST FRIEND — Elvis Presley (RCA); BABY I LOVE
YOUR WAY — Peter Frampton (A&M).

ALBUMS

Week ending September 18, 1976

This Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	20 GOLDEN GREATS Beach Boys (Capitol)	12	1
2	(2)	LAUGHTER AND TEARS Neil Sedaka (Polydor)	11	1
3	(5)	ABBA GREATEST HITS.....(Epic)	25	1
4	(3)	A NIGHT ON THE TOWN Rod Stewart (Riva)	13	1
5	(6)	WINGS AT THE SPEED OF SOUND.....(EMI)	24	1
6	(7)	DIANA ROSS GREATEST HITS II.....(Tamla Motown)	6	2
7	(8)	A LITTLE BIT MORE Dr Hook (Capitol)	12	4
8	(4)	FOREVER AND EVER Demis Roussos (Philips)	12	2
9	(9)	PASSPORT Nana Mouskouri (Philips)	11	3
10	(25)	SPIRIT.....John Denver (RCA)	3	10
11	(26)	BREAKAWAY Gallagher & Lyle (A&M)	16	8
12	(18)	FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE Peter Frampton (A&M)	15	6
13	(11)	VIVA!.....Roxy Music (Island)	9	7
14	(10)	BEAUTIFUL NOISE Neil Diamond (CBS)	10	9
15	(12)	JAILBREAK.....Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	15	11
16	(—)	NO REASON TO CRY Eric Clapton (RSO)	1	16
17	(16)	THEIR GREATEST HITS Eagles (Asylum)	27	1
18	(24)	ATLANTIC CROSSING Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	30	1
19	(20)	TWIGGY.....(Mercury)	4	19
20	(19)	CHANGESONEBOWIE David Bowie (RCA)	15	4
21	(14)	BLUE FOR YOUStatus Quo (Vertigo)	16	1
22	(23)	SAHB STORIES Sensational Alex Harvey Band (Moun- tain)	7	13
23	(—)	BEST OF STYLISTICS VOL II (Avco)	1	23
24	(27)	DARK SIDE OF THE MOON Pink Floyd (Harvest)	140	1
25	(28)	HASTEN DOWN THE WIND Linda Ronstadt (Asylum)	2	25
26	(13)	LIVE IN LONDON John Denver (RCA)	20	2
27	(22)	BEST OF GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS.....(Buddah)	27	6
28	(30)	I'M NEARLY FAMOUS Cliff Richard (EMI)	15	5
29	(21)	OLIAS OF SUNHILLOW Jon Anderson (Atlantic)	9	13
30	(—)	ROARING SILENCE Manfred Mann Earthband (Bronze)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

DEREK & CLIVE LIVE — Peter Cook & Dudley Moore
(Island); DEDICATION — Bay City Rollers (Bell); JOAN
ARMATRADING (A&M); WHAT I'VE GOT IN MIND —
Billie Joe Spears (United Artists); BIGGER THAN BOTH
OF US — Darryl Hall & John Oates (RCA).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending September 18, 1976

This Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(1)	PLAY THAT FUNKY MUSIC.....Wild Cherry		
2	(3)	SHAKE YOUR BOOTY KC & The Sunshine Band		
3	(5)	LOWDOWN.....Boz Scaggs		
4	(4)	PD REALLY LOVE TO SEE YOU England Dan & John Ford Coley		
5	(16)	A FIFTH OF BEETHOVEN Walter Murphy & The Big Apple Band		
6	(2)	YOU SHOULD BE DANCING.....Bee Gees		
7	(9)	DEVIL WOMAN.....Cliff Richard		
8	(18)	DISCO DUCK (Part 1) Rick Dees & His Cast of Idiots		
9	(14)	IF YOU LEAVE ME NOW.....Chicago		
10	(11)	A LITTLE BIT MORE.....Dr Hook		
11	(13)	STILL THE ONE.....Orleans		
12	(12)	SAY YOU LOVE ME.....Fleetwood Mac		
13	(15)	WITH YOUR LOVE.....Jefferson Starship		
14	(19)	GETAWAY.....Earth, Wind & Fire		
15	(16)	SUMMER.....War		
16	(21)	SHE'S GONE.....Hall & Oates		
17	(7)	DON'T GO BREAKING MY HEART Elton John & Kiki Dee		
18	(20)	WHAM BAM.....Silver		
19	(25)	MAGIC MAN.....Heart		
20	(10)	HEAVEN MUST BE MISSING AN ANGEL Tavares		
21	(8)	YOU'LL NEVER FIND ANOTHER LOVE Lou Rawls		
22	(30)	THAT'LL BE THE DAY.....Linda Ronstadt		
23	(40)	I ONLY WANNA BE WITH YOU Bay City Rollers		
24	(17)	LET 'EM IN.....Wings		
25	(—)	ROCK 'N ME.....Steve Miller Band		
26	(24)	BABY, I LOVE YOUR WAY.....Peter Frampton		
27	(23)	KISS AND SAY GOODBYE.....Manhattans		
28	(22)	SHE'S GONE.....Hall & Oates		
29	(26)	THIS MASQUERADE.....George Benson		
30	(27)	GET CLOSER.....Seals & Crofts		

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending September 18, 1976

This Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE...Peter Frampton		
2	(7)	SPIRIT.....John Denver		
3	(3)	HASTEN DOWN THE WIND...Linda Ronstadt		
4	(5)	FLEETWOOD MAC		
5	(6)	SILK DEGREES.....Boz Scaggs		
6	(4)	CHICAGO X		
7	(2)	SPITFIRE.....Jefferson Starship		
8	(9)	THIS ONE'S FOR YOU.....Barry Manilow		
9	(10)	BREEZIN'.....George Benson		
10	(11)	WILD CHERRY		
11	(18)	WAR GREATEST HITS		
12	(8)	BEAUTIFUL NOISE.....Neil Diamond		
13	(13)	THEIR GREATEST HITS.....Eagles		
14	(14)	FLY LIKE AN EAGLE.....Steve Miller Band		
15	(12)	AT THE SPEED OF SOUND.....Wings		
16	(17)	ALL THINGS IN TIME.....Lou Rawls		
17	(15)	ROCKS.....Aerosmith		
18	(19)	HOT ON THE TRACKS.....Commodores		
19	(16)	SOUL SEARCHING.....Average White Band		
20	(21)	DIANA ROSS GREATEST HITS		
21	(23)	DREAMBOAT ANNIE.....Heart		
22	(20)	16 BIG ONES.....Beach Boys		
23	(22)	WIRED.....Jeff Beck		
24	(24)	WHISTLE DOWN THE WIRE.....Crosby/Nash		
25	(27)	BEST OF B.T.O. (SO FAR) Bachman Turner Overdrive		
26	(25)	A NIGHT ON THE TOWN.....Rod Stewart		
27	(26)	ROCK 'N ROLL MUSIC.....Beatles		
28	(28)	IN THE POCKET.....James Taylor		
29	(—)	HALL & OATES		
30	(—)	GIST OF THE GEMINI.....Gino Vannelli		

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DENIM WAISTCOATS £9.50
30/32/34/36/38/40/42

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ON SEPTEMBER 5th I went to see Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow at Manchester Free Trade Hall. Before he came on there was an announcement asking the crowd not to do any damage and if there were any smashed seats etc. it would be the last rock concert to be held at the FTH.

All went very calmly until Blackmore started smashing his Fender against the speakers. Then after his guitar was totally ruined he swung it round his head and threw it into the crowd. Apart from half killing the girl it hit, there then proceeded a mass riot as the audience fought to get a piece of the guitar. Fights broke out, and damage was caused.

Blackmore deliberately incited a riot which could cause the end of the FTH as a rock venue. Blackmore is bad for rock. — A. TWAMBLEY, Fleetwood, Lancs.

● I had an attack of the vapours (no, it's not "the change", dears) when I read your letter. I was horrified that the monster you describe is allowed to roam the streets, let alone the Manchester Free Trade Hall. And that poor girl — my blood positively curdles at the thought...

Anyway, I calmed my nerves with a glass of champagne, and then phoned Ritchie's manager, a Mr Booth Payne, who was absolutely charming.

"Yes, he did break the guitar", he began (ah the guilt). "But there wasn't a riot — in fact it's about the only gig on the tour where there wasn't a riot. We purposely turned it down."

And what about that poor girl?

"It wasn't a girl — the guy who caught it came backstage afterwards. And there was no damage; we didn't have to pay £1 in damages."

Oh dear, Twambley. I think you've been telling tales out of school. — VD

AFTER READING Gasbag for the first time and one or two of the articles, I find myself wondering why the NME has to take such a "low" sordid tone by printing such letters as from the young man from Leeds (September 11) who uses such lewd language to express himself and is obviously in need of a course of lessons in the art of expressing oneself intelligently. Also some of your own columnists are guilty of falling into the same groove.

Surely a mouthpiece as influential as NME could cultivate a higher standard and thus make it a paper welcome in any home, not merely another paper which is hidden away from mums' and dads' eyes or for kids to snigger over when they are old enough to understand the articles. — WORRIED MUM, Lancs.

● Dear Worried: I, too, am disgusted at the lewd material that gets past the tranquil eyes of our leader Nick Logan. You have my sympathy, but at least you don't have to work in this den of iniquity. — VD.



VELDA DACQUIRI'S HANDBAG



Be original! Invent a new perversion and brag to your peers about it via GASBAG, NME, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford St., London SE1 9LS. Hmmm?

I JUST cannot sit back and watch a fellow member of the Runaways Depreciation Society (Stephen Oliver) being told that what he is saying is a load of shit. So, standing up for him I would like to tell CSM that I have seen the Runaways live in L.A. and so I think I qualify to give my opinion. Like Stephen said, they are shit.

I don't know how they got a recording contract (maybe sleeping with the manager's son did the trick). It certainly wasn't due to their musical abilities. The only thing that attracts the crowds are their looks. During the whole set Kim Fowley didn't even get a mention and it was mainly due to him that they became known. He wrote nearly all the songs, produced the album and what do the set of bitches do? Chuck him out.

Their set was uncoordinated and loud (volume used to cover up bad playing). They sang out of time, played wrong notes (Lita Ford was the main culprit). Originality is a new word to them — Cherie Curry and Joan Jett have mock battles (didn't Ronson and Bowie do that?); Cherie started to spit blood into the audience (Kiss). Next they'll be smashing instruments or breathing fire.

Let's hope when The Runaways arrive over here they all drown in the Thames. — SECRETARY RUNAWAYS DEPRECIATION SOCIETY, Pentonville prison.

● I note from your address that you haven't always been a winner, my angel. Personally, I'd adore to rip little Cherie's corsets off her back but reserve judgement until I see the little cuties here.

And now some friends of Phil McNeill have some words about their hero... — VD.

PHIL McNEILL's remarks on Queen were utterly biased and self opinionated and I think to write such a critical (to put it mildly) article there would have to be a depth of jealousy.

Shakespeare wrote poetry, let's leave it to Queen to compose music (Huh?? — Ed) Phil really is out of his depth with this group. The biggest insult was when he said that Queen received a similar ovation to that which the Rollers receive. I hardly think you can compare a Queen crowd to a lot of kids screaming their heads off. He obviously needs a brain transplant. Please in future leave the reporting of excellent concerts (such as Queen) to excellent reporters. I am not certain that Phil McNeill is included in this Category. Yours in disgust, E. NEIL, Dundee.

P.S. As for Freddie's outfits being grotesque, I have never seen him look so sexy. Jealous again, I think.

● I do believe you've got the wrong end of the stick, dear. Phil McNeill can hardly be jealous when he has so much more (of the wherewithall) to boast about than Freddie Mercury. And as for you saying Freddie has never looked more sexy I beg to differ — when he's just had a massage he looks far more appetising.

P.S. Isn't everybody in Scotland a Bay City Rollers fan? — VD.

PHIL McNEILL's review of Eric Clapton's new elpee "No Reason To Cry" is a fine example of myopic malobotonousity. — THE PURPLE AVENGER, Fallowfield.

● Yes, I thought it was rather good too. — VD.

Dear Mr Philistine McNeill, You shall drown in a cauldron of cold vomit whilst eating skewered eyeballs, you pompous rat. — MARTIN CONNOLLY (ANGERED QUEEN FAN), Denton, Manchester.

● Pompous yes, rat no. — VD.

AS 'STAUNCH fans of Max Bell, could you please tell us how we can become "special Friends" of Max? — GEZ, LOZ, BRIAN, St. Albans, Herts.

● I feel it my duty, my dears, to inform you that each and every photograph that has appeared in NME of Max Bell has been retouched so that his wrinkles, bags, obesity and old age don't show. The sun tan is also out of a bottle. Therefore, my angels, I can only say if you ever did become "special friends" of Max' you'd be sadly disappointed. — VD.

● Now who's jealous of who? — MB.

IF YOU dare print a nude picture of Margaret Thatcher holding hands with Harry Wilson in socks, garters and winklepickers I will subscribe to NME for evermore. — TOMMY, CLARE, ALICE, Wimbledon, London, SW19.

● See how easy it is to gain readers? — VD.

THERE SEEMS to be a great deal of concern about beef-hungry Teddy Boys who eat thinks like dog biscuits and tins of pet food because they've spent all their money on records and can't afford red meat, but no one to my knowledge has expressed any concern about other, even more serious implications caused by continually rising record prices.

What about the Barry White fan in our street who rummages through the dustbins late at night? The little old lady who spent her pension on K-Tel albums and now boils grass and hedge cuttings in the saucepan she once cooked meat and potatoes in? The family of Rolling Stones fans who climb onto the roof to try and catch sparrows? The Elvis Presley couple who dig their lawn usually at night looking for ant eggs and worms; the Bill Haley fan two doors along who looked at my little brother, smacked his lips and waved one of those Herne Bay souvenir pepper pots?

You would be as bitter as me if you lived on a family diet of daffodil bulbs, stale bread crusts and NME newsprint (lick, smack, lick, mmm). Come on record companies, give us some cheap albums and singles and we won't need to eat insects and plants or quite soon each other.

Yours for boiled woodlice and ladybirds on toast. JOHN BEANPOLE ALEXANDER, Perivale, Middx.

● I'll concede that records are now exorbitantly priced but I'm less than bitter at you, who has provided me with the best diet sheet I have received since I last visited the health farm. — VD.



When the *Next Week Box* had its birthday party, no body showed up except Teazers. When the v. late and v. great *Buddy Holly* has such a wingding thrown for him in his absence, the guest list includes the likes of Paul'n Linda McCartney (such a nice couple), Denny Laine, Eric Clapton, Elton John, assorted Queens and 10cc's, Steve Harley, Phil Manzanera, Roy Carr and — as guest of honour — B.H.'s friend confidant, producer and co-writer, Norman Petty (next to Macca). Not bad for a 40th birthday, you might say. We're just sorry for whoever had to do the washing-up. Unless it was the balding guy behind Roy Carr. Pic: I.M.A. Camera.

TEAZERS

AS WE now enter what *Clive James* referred to as the "season of mists and mellow frightfulness", hope you'll bear with us if we begin Teazers once again with a survey of upcoming product, since it's all assembled on the starting grid in anticipation of sweeping the lucrative autumn market.

First up is the new offering from *Mike Oldfield*, which, gentle reader, is a snip at £7.99.

(Perhaps rarefied tastes require rarefied prices?) Actually, you get three other albums in with it for that price — but since those albums are "Tubular Bells", "Hergest Ridge" and "Ommadawn", we imagine anyone even slightly interested in Oldfield will already have purchased them. Virgin point out that their golden boy has re-mixed his golden epic, and that the albums will come in a boxed set complete with 12-page booklet, but the whole deal still smacks of Product and Marketing.

The new album incidentally, is titled "Collaborations" and contains work with *David Bedford*, previously unissued material and a rare Oldfield vocal item called "Speak (Tho' You Only Say Farewell)".

The new *Elton John* double album, "Blue Moves" (as previously reported) will retail at £5.99, so it looks like being an expensive Christmas. Meanwhile, a *Deep Purple* live album, from the most renowned line-up (i.e. with *Blackmore*) is on the way, as are new albums from *Captain Beefheart* ("Bat Chain Puller"), *Robin Trower*

("Long Misty Days"), the *Kursaal Flyers* ("Golden Mile") and the *Ozark Mountain Daredevils* ("Men From Earth").

EMI are to re-issue the *Tomorrow* album, featuring *Keith West*, *Steve Howe* and *Twink*, and will also put out a compilation album, "Hits Of The Mersey Era" this year; for next year, they have a *Beatles* live album pencilled in. Live albums expected somewhat earlier than that are ones from *Phil Manzanera* and *Lynyrd Skynyrd*.

In new *Andy Warhol* movie "Bad", *Blue Oyster Cult* make a surprise appearance — when the radio is turned on. Warhol is also planning to shoot the *Cult* for his *Interview* magazine (it says here).

News of the central combatants in the erstwhile *Stills-Young* combo. *Stills* is being divorced by his wife of three years, French chanteuse *Veronique Sanson* (she wrote *Kiki Dee's* *Amoreuse*, which this week reappears in the charts), while *Young*, who apparently writes three songs a day (and sometimes it sounds like it) is already planning the release of another solo album, "Chrome Dream"; expect it before the year is out.

Working title of next *Nils Lofgren* album is "I Came To Dance"; musicians involved include *Wornell Jones* and *Andy Newmark*. *David Briggs* will probably be brought in at some stage to help out with the production.

Yet more album news — (i) *Pete Townshend* and *Ronnie Lane*, *Meher Baba* converts both, are making an album together; (ii) the recording of *Van Morrison's* newie is now well under way — rumour is that *Dr John* is not merely

recording with him, but will tour with him as well; (iii) *The Eagles'* new album is now finished. Titled "Hotel California" (that near "Elite Hotel"?), it will be the first to feature *Joe Walsh*.

Those who bought "The Best Of The Band" on import should have saved their pennies; the British compilation is different in several respects and gives a

much better deal!

BASF are apparently closing down their record and cassette operation, despite the fact that last year they grossed 12 million dollars.

Woody Woodmansey's *U-Boat* to sign on the dotted line with *Bronze Records* and start recording this month.

While the masses celebrated a *Buddy Holly*-day at the *Lyceum* in London last

Sir, — They got *Cliff Richard*—we got the *Foxbat*. At that rate of exchange, send them *Jethro Tull* and you could disband *NATO*.— Yours sincerely,

Brian Green.

10 Hemnall Street,
Epping, Essex.

Letter to *The Guardian*,
September 9th, 1976.

NEW
MUSICAL
EXPRESS

Kings Reach Tower,
Stamford Street,
London SE1 9LS.

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Hear him on "New Faces"
This Week

JACK MOZELLE "THE LONELY TRUMPET"

on EMI 2482

EMI MUSIC, 138-140 Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2.
01-836 6699

Thursday, the *real* Holly fans (so they claim) the clientele of *The Castle* pub, dahn the Old Kent Road, held an in memoriam evening of their own, and even attracted as special guest *John J. Goldrosen*, signing copies of his biography "Buddy Holly: His Life And Music".

Tele-power again: after being used as the theme of *BBC1's* "Sailor", *Rod Stewart's* "Sailing" has re-entered the charts. Not only that, the "Atlantic Crossing" album has picked up sales as well.

Title of new *Queen* album "A Day At The Races", suggests that the one after that will be called either "Duck Soup" or "Monkey Business". The one we look forward to is "Queen Go West".

From "Monkey Business" to *Nasty Business* — yes, that's right; we refer of course to loathsome guitarist *Gregg Allman*. Seems he's afraid to leave his LA home at all 'cos several people are Out To Get Him. There are those who'd say he had it coming to him.

Jackie Lomax, who once released "Home Is In My Head" (a *George Harrison* production — sub-conscious or otherwise) on the Apple label, and also recorded for *Warner Bros.* is now signed to *Capitol*, and his debut album for them, "Livin' For Lovin'" will be released in November.

Elton John's recent seven-day gig at *Madison Square Garden* grossed a cool \$1,232,000. The lad 'imself, chairman of *Watford F.C.*, was interviewed by *Brian Moore* last Saturday for *ITV's* "On The Ball" programme.

News of two upcoming film soundtracks. Latest nostalgia buzz: "Slumber Party '57" has a score by *Jerry Lee Lewis*, *The Platters*, etc., while a country music documentary, "New Country", features music by *Charlie Daniels*, *Guy Clark* and *Barefoot Jerry*.

Bellamy Brothers were forced to cancel a coast-to-coast US tour when their equipment truck and \$65,000 worth of hardware was stolen from outside their Chicago hotel.

Capitol are very excited about a new signing, *New York band Starz*; seems they have the same management as *Kiss*, and something of the same outrageousness. Can't wait.

George Terry, from *Eric Clapton's* band, now gigging with *Chris Hillman*.

Curtis Mayfield and *Chicano* country star *Freddy Fender* will form an unlikely partnership in prison movie "Short Eyes", which begins shooting on October 18th.

Finally it's hearty congrats and all that to our wonderful reception lady, *Jill*, who gets married on Saturday.

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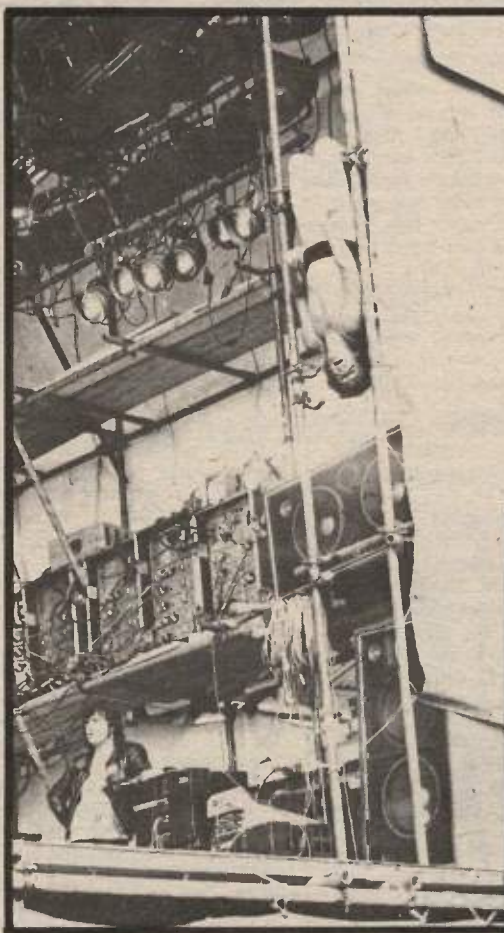
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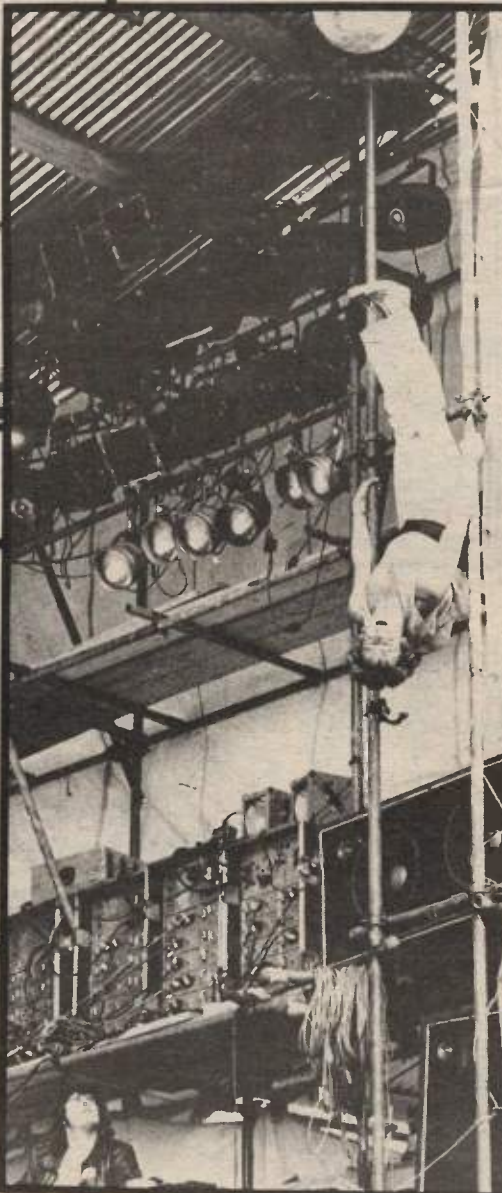
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ROCK AND ROLL WILL STAND



Phrenetic PHIL McNEILL (words) and **Peripatetic PENNIE SMITH** (pix) gaze on benevolently as *Restless Youth* catches up the fallen torch from the palsied hands of the Ancients and rocks out like nobody's business. Read this one F-A-S-T... it's too late to stop now...



AND THE DARING YOUNG HOTROD WITHOUT A TRAPEZE WILL FLY THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE...

PROBABLY FOR THE first time this decade, *Top Of The Pops* was one of those miss-it-if-you-dare shows last Thursday. People rushed madly home to dump themselves in front of the box at 7.10 and — "Uggle-uggle-uggle, good evening guys and gals" — watch Jimmy Savile introduce the hottest new act to make the show in years.

It was worth it, too, wasn't it: Paul Gray pacing malevolently from side to side behind Barrie Masters, who was doing his unlevel best to spit his eyeballs out the screen at the nation, while the very wonderful Eddie And The Hot Rods rocketed their way through the demonic chart climbing "Live At The Marquee" EP. Yours for just £1.00 and worth the price of admission for the one track they did on *TOTP*, their fast-as-lightning-and-twice-as-electric version of Bob Seger's "Get Out Of Denver".

Even more worth the price of admission these days, though, is a live Hot Rods gig because, unless some obscure, nascent, jet-propelled beat group is already warming up to wrench the Rods' crown away before they've even finished trying it on for size, this is undoubtedly the hardest rocking combo in the kingdom.

Cram yourself into the Marquee when they're back there next Tuesday. It's a good summer for that venerable establishment, with the Rods and AC/DC appearing virtually on alternate weeks, each group breaking the attendance record set by the other mob the previous week. Obviously, that can't go on much longer, so you'd better get in while you can...

The doors are closed within an hour of opening; the air is unbreathable; the disco is good — the new Velvets bootleg EP, for instance; semi-rival punks the Damned hang out with the tiresomely-paranoid-till-you-get-to-know-them little clique that surrounds the Hot Rods. It feels special.

WHEN EDDIE and the Hot Rods bounce like a wicked Bay City Rollers (oh, there are links: mods begat Skins begat blank begat Rods; mods begat skins begat Rollers begat a new youth cult) you have to be deaf, dumb and blind not to know it's real special.

The atmosphere is beautiful, so cramped yet really friendly, and how else could it be when these exhilarating kids are bounding their way through "The Kids Are Alright"?

Regressive, innit? Funny that — I picked up that first Who album in a junk shop not long ago, and I'd forgotten just how regressive the 'Oo were back then, Bo and JB and all...

The Rods even clatter their way through Townshend's idiotic windmilled "solo" and the hammering build back to the verse. Good stuff.

They proceed to blitz an ecstatic audience, an endless stream of high energy three-minute shots, Dave Higgs starting each number with a driving guitar riff that unfailingly runs straight out of Barrie Masters' spoken intro just right. Paul Gray and Steve Nicol pile in on bass and drums and within four bars Masters grabs the song and shoves it in.

It's an impressively polished show, for all its vim and its venom, its occasional tight-

rope collective improvisations and its occasional pratfalls uninsured by any safety net except the bravado to get up and swagger on.

One such pratfall comes when Masters' rampaging limbs pass a little too close to the shaded Gray, snatching off his strap and ripping out his lead. It takes an awful long time for Gray to sort it all out; his nervous cool is severely punctured, and the murderous looks he spears at Masters augur dressing-room fights after the gig perhaps.

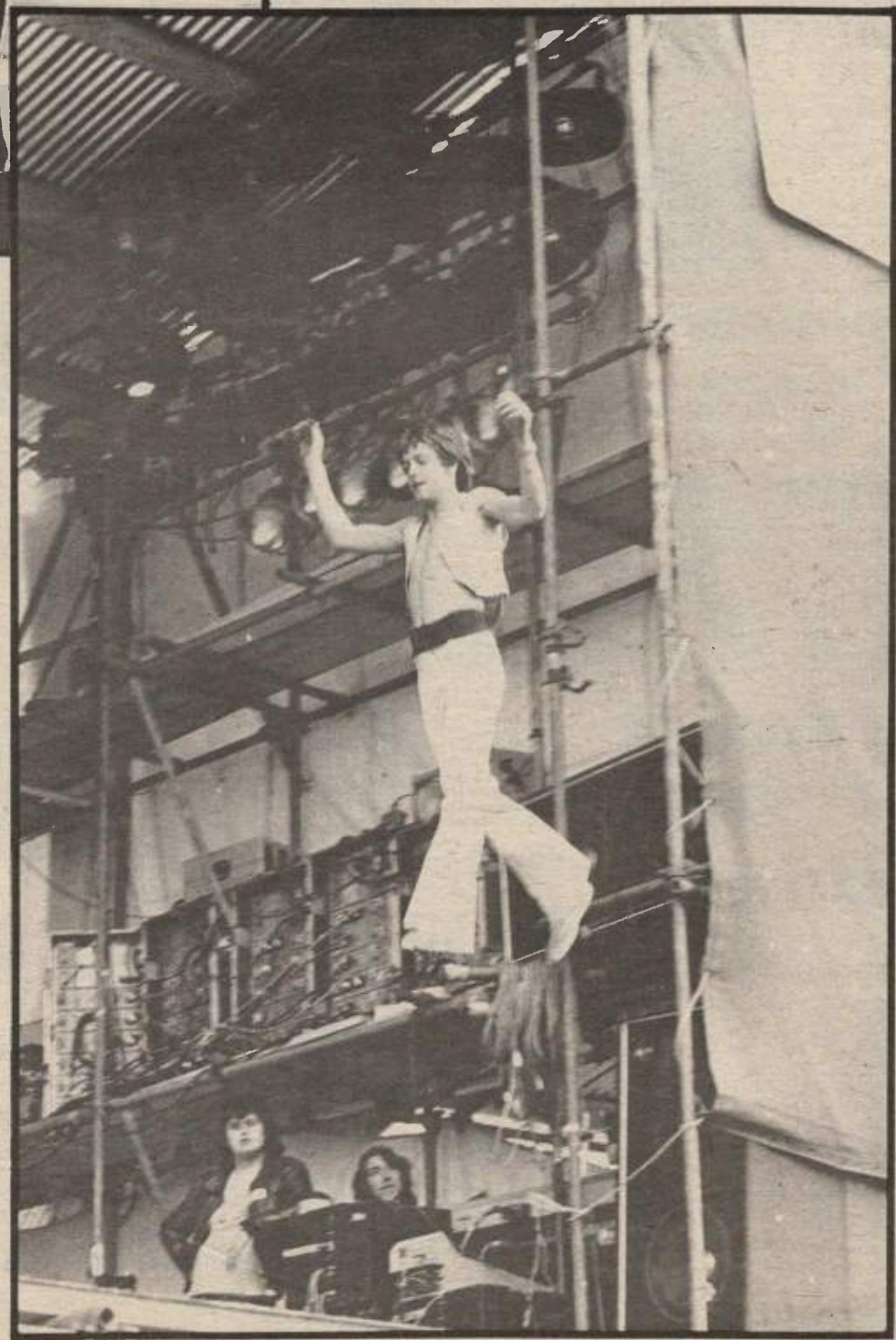
It was Paul Gray who I interviewed after the Rods' midday appearance at the Reading Festival. Trying to get that together was impossible, traipsing around with the band and manager Eddie, getting chucked out of their caravan because the next act needs it to change in, loitering at the bar... I'd just about given up for the day when a friendly coach driver let Paul and me use his coach.

FIRST THINGS first: bread. Are the Hot Rods still on the £20 per week mentioned by Max Bell back in April, or has the impetus of the EP been sufficient, to quote that April headline, for the band to "up their wages to £25 a week and find true happiness?"

"I dunno where 'e got that twenny quid from," Gray says, settling into the coach seat and lighting a fag. "We was on fifteen. We're still on fifteen quid a week, but if things go all right we get a tenner extra."

"But I mean even twenny five quid goes nowhere when like you're on the road. Like,

• continues over page



HOT R THAN YOU'LL EVER B



Barrie Masters, fresh from his flip-flop-'n'-fly act on Page 5, rocks on out with Paul Gray.

● from previous page

fuckin' truckin' up'n'dahn the M1 and the services at four o'clock in the morning... the amount of cigarettes, booze and food you consume is astonishing."

You can't actually live on £25 a week...

"Well, none of us actually live on it," he says, and for a moment I expect him to reveal that Masters is, in the current fashion, bionic. "We all live wiv our parents, see, that's why."

So how do they feel about supporting a bunch of rock-'n'-roll delinquents?

"Me, I was at boarding school, right, an' I got chucked out, and my old man sort of manages a bank an' he's sorta quite high class an' everything, so he freaked out a little bit. I went to the Tech in Southend," (an academy which has vouchsafed the world at least one necrophiliac genius of my acquaintance), "up til last June."

"I didn't know what I wanted to do, I went on the dole for a month, but I 'ad a shitty old guitar and like a Vox amp 'an all that sorta crap — I fort I'd try'n'get in a band just for a laugh. So I put an advert in the local paper, of all fings, and Dave phoned up..."

Love at first sight. Gray auditioned for the Rods at

Feelgood House (Dave Higgs comes from Canvey, used to be in a local ten-piece soul band in the '60s called the Central Heating Big Band) and joined Higgs alongside two other virtual novices, Masters and Nicol, and Lew, the blues harp player who has now moved on.

This was just last July. Since then the group has got its gear together (Gray got his by working for the Civil Service days and the Rods at night all last Autumn), infiltrated the pub circuit (initial introduction via the Feelgoods), landed a contract with Island in December, put out two singles, played Reading and now, with an EP originally intended merely as a gesture to fans who wanted a representation of the live act on record heading for the Thirty, they're one of the most in-demand bands in the country.

A good year. "It 'as 'appenin' very quickly," Paul agrees with the air of one who has adjusted to being on the way up already.

HE CONFESSES to having been into heavy metal before joining the band, while Nicol was "into jazz" and Higgs into blues.

"We had really diverse interests. But the one common denominator was high energy, just goin' out there an' doin' it,

y'know, so that people get off on it," he says, setting the centre of their mutual interest about the MC5 and J. Geils.

Uh huh. And what about the newer US punks? (profuse apologies for using that word — Gray reckons we lazy journalists should coin a new term for the Rods, like "high energy '70s rock'n'roll"). Yet the Rods are probably closer than any other band around today to what "punk" meant, in terms of music, when I was a kid).

"I fink it's great... I liked Patti Smith at first, but I think she's a bit overdone... I dunno, what other punk bands are there?"

The Ramones.

"They're all right for one song, but the album I just can't fuckin' tolerate. The thing that wires me up most is the vocals. Can't stand 'em. But I think the best band in that ilk were the MC5, I should think they're my favourite band really."

So that's where the Rods take their lead from?

"No, because we only sort of discovered the MC5 only like a few months ago," Gray tells me, without the least hint of realising that he may be saying something a little uncool. "An' our ideas were already set."

Moving into the London collector scene by virtue of the music they played, they came into contact with people who could turn them on to such esoterica — though Paul still stands by his liking for Led Zeppelin.

"But the MC5, at the time they were doin' it... what other music was goin' round then... I think that's fuckin' genius, I really do. They shoulda made it, more than any other band."

And the Stooges I like as well, and John Cale... I don't like New Wave, y'know, I prefer the originators. Like them, though I only really 'eard 'em a coupla months ago. 'Cept Lou Reed, everybody's 'eard 'im. But most people'd say, 'MC5? Who's that, a new pub band?'"

And has hearing them affected the way your band plays?

"Not really, 'cause we don't wanna be like no one else: we just sorta play what we play. We all know what we wanna play, so there's no point rippin' off other people. "But I think we're like them in a way, the same sort of high energy thing and vibe that they caused."

ONE OBJECTION to that remark, my knowledge of the MC5's performance being limited mainly to one blurred gig witnessed under the influence of LSD25, or something similar, would be that the MC5 were political animals, White Panthers.

Gray, as if excusing their folly, reckons that was "probably forced on them" — and in a way he's right, just as the current political void in British kids' kulture has "forced" a non-political stance on the Rods and a nihilistic stance on the Pistols.

Gray, as if excusing their folly, reckons that was "probably forced on them" — and in a way he's right, just as the current political void in British kids' kulture has "forced" a non-political stance on the Rods and a nihilistic stance on the Pistols.

"Because we're young" is an extraordinary phrase to hear resuscitated today, but it comes easily to his lips. It's rather like asking Paul Newman what's his appeal and he says, "Because I'm handsome." Gray talks about his success thus:

"Everybody's got a bit pissed off with everything that's been 'appenin'. There's been nothing new, 'as there, since abaat the early '70s. Punk rock's such a big thing. So many bands are doing it, and so many kids are init, and getting pissed off with the older bands like the Stoo and the Hones..."

Who?

"Er, the Who and the Stones. Like, back in 1965 kids

had them two and the Animals and the Yardbirds, and there was nothing like that right up until last year. Now it's all coming back, and kids today, who weren't into all that, they felt a bit missed out — I know I did — and they've got this whole new thing coming on."

"So they think, 'Great, I can get in on it — I'm right at the beginning'. God knows what direction it'll go in. But I was eighteen two weeks ago, so like I sorta know, 'cause I'm a kid y'know, and I know what kids feel like."

"Old men like the Stones can't relate to kids now, they're a completely different generation. So if you're a young band like us you know what the kids want."

"After a gig they'll come up and talk to yer and say, 'it's great that we can talk to yer after a gig,' which may strike cynics as the aren't-we-having-fun attitude to having fun, "and you're the same age, on the same level as us; kids playing to kids."

I'll leave you to draw your own conclusions (he lied) about people who make a virtue of such accidental attributes as their sex or nationality... or their age.

"That's why we wouldn't play 'Amnesmiff Odeon, 'cause it wouldn't be like that. I can't see us doing that like the Feelgoods did," he reckons. "You could do two nights at the Roundhouse, say, rather than one at Hammersmiff. 'Cause fuckin' seats, man, that's not rock'n'roll. You gotta have a floor where you can freak about."

Presumably coming out of the Southend scene — auditions at Feelgood House, etcetera — has helped the Rods a lot. Even now Graeme Douglas of the Kursaals is being very helpful towards the Wharf Rats, who could well be in the position the Hot Rods are in now in a year's time.

"Yeah, there's quite a little sort of community of bands. But there's also a lot of competition. Like when we started we were very friendly with the Feelgoods, but when we started to make it they got a little hostile towards us."

"I don't wanna say much, 'cause it's alright now, but I don't think they thought we'd make it. A lot of people that used to write for Feelgoods information write to us now, and we get a lot of Feelgood freaks coming to our gigs. They're not really interested in the Feelgoods now, because the haven't been gigging much..."

BACK AT THE Marquee, it's obvious the Hot Rods have been gigging a lot. Not only are they right on top of every single number they play, but the audience is well acquainted with most of the set, singing along with many of the songs — particularly "Woolly Bully" which, miraculously, is actually enjoyable.

The rest of the set features R & B oldies like "Gloria", "Satisfaction", "96 Tears" and "Hard Driving Man" — all, notably, associated with white bands — as well as a few originals like their two singles' B-sides, "Cruisin' In The Lincoln" and "Horseplay".

The Rods are far less purist than Dr. Feelgood, their own songs being more melodic and more catchy than Wilko's tend to be. They must stand a much better chance of writing their own hit singles — and getting "Denver" in the charts has already taken them one step beyond their mentors, as well as isolating them as leaders among their peers.

Hopefully they'll still have records in the charts ten years hence, and will laugh at the days when they thought their audience rapport was due to age rather than music.

But in the meantime, whether you're a bright young thing of sixteen or an old fogey of 26 (or even older, if that's possible), take it from one who's been around long enough to know the score, kiddo: the Rods are Hot.

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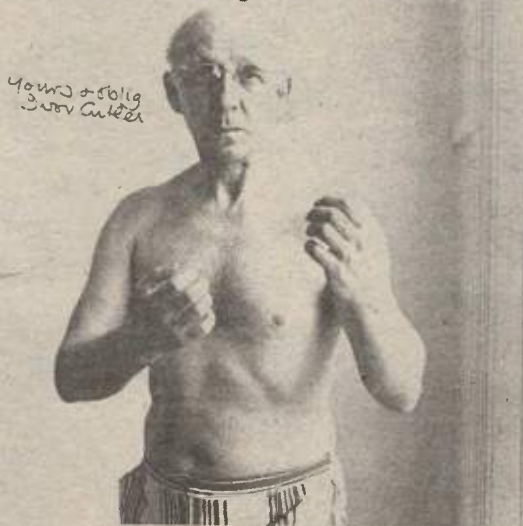
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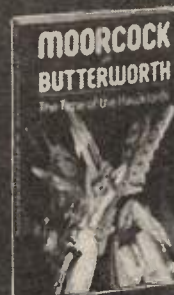
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17th. Empire LIVERPOOL
18th. Palace MANCHESTER
19th. City Hall NEWCASTLE
20th. Usher Hall EDINBURGH

21st. Apollo GLASGOW
22nd. Capital ABERDEEN
25th. New Theatre OXFORD
26th. Capital CARDIFF
27th. Colston Hall BRISTOL
28th. Civic Hall, GUILDFORD

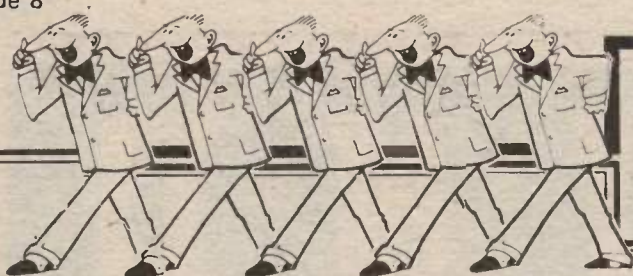
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THRILLS



"I AM NOT A DRUG ADDICT AND I NEVER HAVE PARTIES."

Ageing rock star's shock revelations

LOOK, THE GUY isn't trying to cause a big sensation, he just wants to get on fine with the older generation in Ranelagh Drive, Hounslow.

None other than that famous rock person Pete Townshend has moved to the above address and, in order to curtail the inevitable heart attacks amongst residents that will ensue when Keith Moon — wild jet setting drummer with The Who pop group and unofficial demolition consultant to Holiday Inns International — drops by for tea, the ever responsible Pete has written an open letter to his future neighbours to placate them.

Actually he's only planning to turn an old boat house into a workshop in order to make films about the followers of Indian guru Meher Baba (how incredibly interesting), but the mere idea of having Townshend next door was obviously enough to send shivers up the spine of honest, decent God fearing Hounslowians who were to be seen frantically fitting steel doors, and locking up their daughters.

No need to worry though, Pete's a reasonable sort of chap. Why put a fellow down, just because he gets around a bit? The letter says: "I am not a long haired drug addict and I never have parties. I should make my position clear as a citizen and a future neighbour."

"The most sensitive area to my prospective neighbours must surely be that I am a member of a notorious rock group. In fact, my life is very ordinary. I am not Keith Moon, who now lives in faraway California. I have very few close friends in the pop business.... I never have parties. I never play loud music at home, as it would disturb my family and friendly neighbours."

Our correspondent in Hounslow reports that since reading the open letter, life in that sleepy suburb is back to normal. The wife-swapping, blue movies and illicit mulberry wine stills can continue to operate without fear of rude interruption.

Meanwhile seismologists in "faraway California" are currently estimating the trail of havoc left by the recent earthquake known as 'Keith Moon'. One scientist told me "I'm afraid we'll die before we get old."

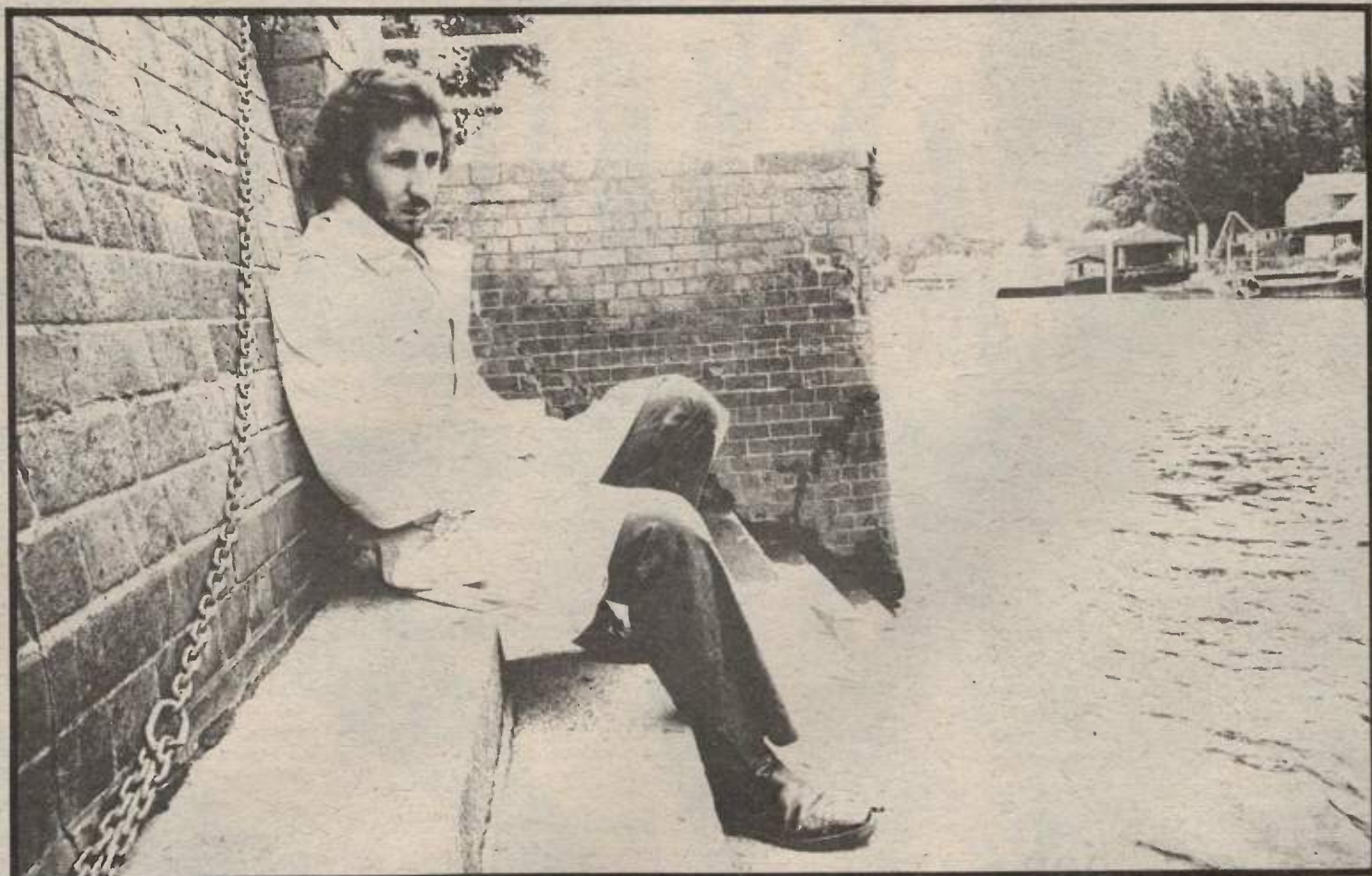
□ MAX BELL

ONE STEP FORWARD, TWO STEPS BACKWARD

IT IS THE shy, retiring chappie who is really the most dangerous.

Although professing his dislike for the spotlight — sly and unobtrusive rather than ebullient and straightforward — he will emerge from the numb shadows of psychosis every so often, and then, snake-like, strike!

LONE GROOVER



PETE: "Why won't my neighbours talk to me?"

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

And when that happens, make sure you ain't the one who pinches his chick's arse!

Eric Clapton — who you may remember made a name for himself by, among other things, copying old B.B. and Albert King licks — plus a lot of money that his habits desperately needed — recently went on stage at Birmingham and told his audience to vote for the "prophet" Enoch Powell, warning of "foreigners" turning Britain into "a colony within the next ten years."

What did it all mean? Wasn't Eric the man who shot the sheriff? We rang the Robert Stigwood Organisation (Eric's record company and management) to ask for a verbatim transcript of Eric's Brum outburst.

"Why do you want to know?" a suspicious Robert Forrester asked at the other end of the line.



ERIC: "I'd had a few..."

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

"We'd like to give Eric some free publicity," he was told.

"You gave him enough last week," the suspicious voice told us, "you were the only fucking paper to slag his album."

"Will you give us the information?"

"I can't speak Eric's thoughts. He said it on the spur of the moment. He regrets it. Haven't you read the letter he wrote *Sounds*?"

And with that he rang off.

We opened our carefully-filed *Sounds*. "Dear everybody," the letter was penned in a hasty, drunken script, "i (small ego asserts itself) openly apologise to all the foreigners in Brum..."

The letter rambled on — "i'd had a few" — and on — "a foreigner pinched my missus bum" — and on — "i think that Enoch is the only politician mad enough to run this country..."

One step forwards; two steps backwards. Still, it's reassuring to know that even Gods have Gods.

□ PENNY REEL

A WHOLE DIFFERENT BALL GAME

HEARD THE strange but true tale of gambling and intrigue down in old Ohio? It all began when the state decided to ban commercial bingo, allowing only games run by charity groups to continue.

Anyone found running an unlicensed game is

now liable to receive a prison sentence up to 10 years and a fine of \$5000.

A few short weeks after the law came to pass, officials in Montgomery County were somewhat perplexed to discover a new game had sprung up named Zingo. Zingo is exactly the same as bingo except that it has one additional space on the board and one additional ball, but because of the precisely worded nature of the Ohio law this was enough to put it in the clear.

Zingo is run by an unlikely trio of mail-order preachers, who got their minister's degrees by sending away money to the Christian Charities Church of Newark, which is affiliated to the Gospel Ministry Inc of Chula Vista, California.

Rev Clippinger runs the Newark operation, Rev George Tuck cleans up in Dayton, and Rev Harry Eaches calls the numbers at Reynoldsburg. Zingo looks like having a short life though, as the Ohio lawmen are fighting to close it down. Shucks.

□ DICK TRACY

THIS IS NOT A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

THERE'VE BEEN some pretty weird drug experiments in the last few years in laboratories around the globe, from feeding LSD to marines to see whether it affects their battle performance (it did) to giving white mice dope in order to see what happened (they fell over).

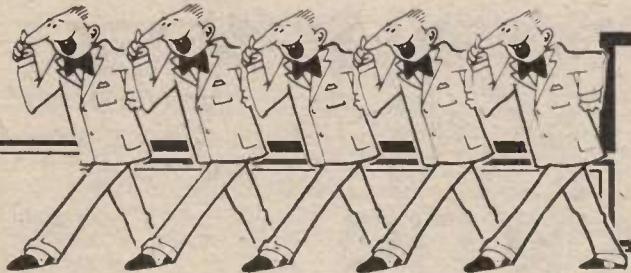
Now, from the Sidney Farber Cancer Institute in Boston come reports of a new experiment involving children ingesting marijuana, which has raised more than an eyebrow or two in the medical world.

What the boffins have discovered is that the active ingredient in marijuana — THC (Tetrahydrocannabinol to you) — can overcome the nasty side effects produced by drugs used in the cancer-curing process. As yet the treatment is confined to the States but if it's successful then other countries could adopt the treatment. The research team has been given immunity from prosecution while conducting their experiments.

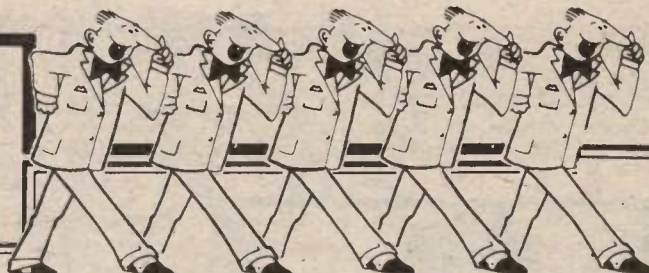
It's good to know that you can now smoke cigarettes, damage your health, contract cancer and then smoke dope as part of your cure.

□ SEXTON BLAKE

BENYON



THRILLS



THE CONTINUING SAGA OF BIANCA



Better late than never, kids

UFOs: Million dollar reward

A FRENCH UFO-watchers association has recently set an optimistic precedent by officially opening what they term a "UFOport" on the West Atlantic seaboard.

The landing field is intended to provide easy access and amenities for UFOs planning an exploratory touchdown or in mechanical difficulties. The area is already renowned for its high occurrence of sightings and is conveniently well clear of civil and military air traffic. However in its one month of operation the project seems to have scared any interplanetary citizens right off. Not a bleep from above.

Meanwhile the US National Enquirer, celebrated UFO-tracker, is offering one million dollars for "positive proof that UFOs come from outer space and are not a natural phenomenon". Applicants have until June 30, 1977 to supply their incontrovertible evidence. Address your claims to UFO Reward, National Enquirer, Lantana, Florida — ph. Lantana 33464.

□ THE ZARKON PRINCIPLE.

LOWRY



"I still don't think it's quite right for your thousands of teenage listeners, Chief. How about if we made it, 'We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills. We shall never let them step on our blue suede shoes'!"

THE LATEST chronicle of off-screen intrigue in the film industry concerns the sultry Bianca Jagger.

From modelling to movies — it's but a kiss and a screen test away. Margaux Hemingway, grand-relative of Ernest and successor to Lauren Hutton as Miss Cosmetic America, recently made her screen debut in 'Lipstick' as a model, strangely enough. But for Bianca, also nestling coyly near the top of the modelling profession, the experience seems to have been less productive.

At one stage her name was mentioned in connection with Fellini's *Casanova*. However a glibly humorous feature in the Sunday Times Magazine has now detailed her first serious celluloid gambit. If Ray Connolly, author of *That'll Be The Day*, and *Stardust*, is to be credited Mrs. Jagger's inaugural bow was at best tempestuously disruptive, at worst calamitous. Connolly portrays himself as a philosophical loser. He needs to be, with £400,000 gone astray.

Briefly — Connolly provided a script for *Trick Or Treat?* concerning two lesbians and their fateful entanglement with a married couple. The project encountered financial difficulties but nevertheless proceeded. Bianca's audition was apparently unsensational. Connolly recalls a comprehensive catalogue of exacerbating behaviour on her part.

She, he claims, requested six drastic revisions of his script, rejected her entire wardrobe, insisting new clothes be made for her by Valentino, generally seemed uninterested in anything except seemingly ensuring the film was never completed. When after months of delay the crew arrived on location in Rome, Bianca's inability — or reluctance — to keep to any timetable frayed already splitting nerve ends.

Eventually director Michael Apted decided he couldn't continue without the confidence of his leading women — Bianca and a Californian 'find' Jan Smithers. Back in London the crew filmed desultorily in the studios before both Bianca and Smithers (a Hefner Playboy Enterprises protege) demanded renegotiation of their contracts. The whole operation was cancelled indefinitely.

□ NOSE GAY

Runaway girl now wife and mother

By ANDREW LOUDON

From The Daily Mail. Sent by Brian Savage, Leicester.

One Man's Week



THIS WEEK: BRYAN FERRY

SATURDAY

First day in my chic new artisan's cottage in Shepherd's Bush. The only casualty of the move was the bathroom cabinet, containing Gerry's vitamins and my Tanfastic and Brylcreem. It proved too heavy for three divinely muscular removal consultants, and fell to the pavement with a dreadful crash. Gerry thinks the resulting mixture will be good for the skin. I suggest she tries it first.

The soot-black, brick-red decor of my new home is simply divine. I always dreamt of a place like this in that mouldering old terrace on Tyneside. Artisan's dwellings are absolutely exquisite — provided there are no artisans cluttering the place up. Dickie Hamilton's plaster ducks will look magnificent over the Gas Miser.

Unpacking my stage wardrobe, I come across my old gaucho ensemble. Sadly, my bolos becomes entwined in Gerry's pampas grass. Extricating it is a delicate and painful job, but I take comfort in a sparkling glass of Chateau Liversalti.

SUNDAY

House-warming. Just a small, select gathering. Invitations to HRH the Queen, HRH the Queen Mother, Prince Philip, Prince Charles, Princess Anne, Princess Margaret, Prince Andrew and Prince Buster. Send regrets to Captain Mark. Commoners only lower the tone. In the event, pressure of engagements means that Gerry and I go halves on a take-away.

MONDAY

Woken early (three pm) by Eno, my butler. He says the repair consultants have arrived to mend the inflatable Andy Warhol in the Games room. It seems they can't find the hole. I direct Eno to tell them that if they can't find the hole by now, they should give up. Thought every home had an inflatable Andy Warhol these days. Repair consultants leave, disgruntled. Send Eno after them. I don't want artisans' grumbles left on my Persian-style, comfy-floor, vino-foam rugs.

Climb into my gold lame jockeyettes and go down to Andy. Nice to see him deflating under my stern gaze. Leak must have been caused by one of the claws of Jobson, our stuffed jaguar, during a wilder moment of the house-warming.

A visitor strikes the front-door gong. Eno brings in a card marked "Enrico Cadillac". Have we got any old suits we don't want? Instruct Eno to tell Mr Cadillac we only have new suits we don't want, and will he please go away.

Nobody phones. I tell him I never asked for a part in "Rock Follies", and will he please stop ringing me up and turning me down.

TUESDAY

Time to draw up plans for going on the road with hot new guitarist Chris Pudding. Send Eno out for bus time-table. Wait at stop with hot new axeman Pudding. When bus arrives, Pudding asks clippie if he can put his hot new axe under

the stairs. She says she's not having any hot choppers in her cubby-hole and throws us both off. Tour cancelled, because of "disagreement over musical policy".

Return home to find Eno in a state of rebellion. Most unusual. He's always displayed the utmost devotion since he was a redundant electrician and I took him in off the streets. Today, though, he says he doesn't mind the "Upstairs-Downstairs" regime, but there's not much room under the front room floorboards.

Nobody phones. Another nobody. I tell him I never asked for a Stylophone gig at Reading, and I'm sick and tired of smug refusals.

WEDNESDAY

A call from my sales representatives in the King's Road. Time for a new chartbuster, they say. I send Eno out for another K-Tel Rock 'n' Roll album. It's amazing how quickly one exhausts them.

The world demands a statement on the future of Doxy Music. I dash one off with my diamond-studded non-drip felt-tip. "Doxy have not split up. They are temporarily concentrating on solo projects for the next 30 years." Send Eno round to the offices of the *Bush and Acton Bugle* to place a small ad.

THURSDAY

Intrigued by an invitation to open the Durham Miners' Gala. Naturally, politely decline. One has to pick one's appearances carefully. Still, it stimulates a thought about a new image. Send Eno out for hob-nail boots, hard-hat, and boot blacking. Take a late breakfast of muffins and kidneys on the patio. Not much room for my nest of Times Furnishing Queen Anne gate-legs next to the dustbins, but style will out. My new ensemble is a total success — despite the boot blacking getting on the muffins. Chanting crowd forms outside. Banners say "N. F." Feel sure they mean "B. F." Retreat indoors as hysteria mounts.

Also in the post, an invitation to a Wincarnis-tasting. I accept.

Spend the afternoon promoting my jet-set image. Write to my agents in Sardinia and Mustique, authorising the mailing of postcards to selected opinion-makers in the business.

FRIDAY

House seems very quiet without Gerry, now she's back in the States, running for President. Just pray she won't fall over her Che Guevara wedgies.

In view of the drought, I decide to take a bath in Perrier water, while simultaneously recording my new solo live album. A solo live album at this stage will allow a break from my solo projects, and let me get on with my social career.

Receive a telegram from Doctor Thompson, my explorer colleague, currently in South America. Says: "Stuck up Amazon Stop Need help Stop". Reply, suggesting he tackles some-one smaller next time.

A visit from hot new guitarist Pudding, who doubles as my coiffure consultant. He's very excited about a new Brylcreem proto-type he got from his Avon lady. Sack Pudding. No style.