

new **MUSICAL EXPRESS**

FLEETWOOD MAC, (P)IGGY, ELTON GIGS

**Sheep kiss floors
Harper. Page 3**

**I'm a hog for you,
baby. Page 24**



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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending February 12 1972

Last This Week

1 1 TELEGRAM SAM.....T. Rex (T. Rex)

2 2 SON OF MY FATHER.....Chicory Tip (CBS)

3 3 I'D LIKE TO TEACH THE WORLD TO SING.....New Seekers (Polydor)

10 4 HAVE YOU SEEN HER.....Chi-Lites (MCA)

1 5 HORSE WITH NO NAME.....America (Warner Bros)

4 6 MOTHER OF MINE.....Neil Reed (Decca)

6 7 STAY WITH ME.....Faces (Warner Bros.)

8 8 WHERE DID OUR LOVE GO.....Donnie Elbert (London)

5 9 BRAND NEW KEY.....Melaunie (Buddah)

7 10 LET'S STAY TOGETHER.....Al Green (London)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending February 11, 1967.

Last This Week

1 1 I'M A BELIEVER.....Monkees (RCA)

4 2 LET'S SPEND THE NIGHT TOGETHER.....Rolling Stones (Decca)

3 3 THIS IS MY SONG.....Petula Clark (Pye)

2 4 MATTHEW AND SON.....Cat Stevens (Deram)

5 5 I'VE BEEN A BAD BOY.....Paul Jones (HMV)

3 6 NIGHT OF FEAR.....Move (Deram)

8 7 HEY JOE.....Jimi Hendrix (Polydor)

6 8 GREEN GREEN GRASS OF HOME.....Tom Jones (Decca)

11 9 RELEASE ME.....Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)

10 10 I'M A MAN.....Spencer Davis Group (Fontana)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending February 9, 1962.

Last This Week

1 1 THE YOUNG ONES.....Cliff Richard (Columbia)

2 2 ROCK-A-HULA-BABY.....Elvis Presley (RCA)

4 3 LET'S TWIST AGAIN.....Chubby Checker (Columbia)

3 4 FORGET ME NOT.....Eden Kane (Decca)

9 5 WALK ON BY.....Leroy Van Dyke (Mercury)

6 6 HAPPY BIRTHDAY SWEET SIXTEEN.....Neil Sedaka (RCA)

5 7 MULTIPLICATION.....Bobby Darin (London)

8 8 I'D NEVER FIND ANOTHER YOU.....Billy Fury (Decca)

8 9 STRANGER ON THE SHORE.....Acker Bilk (Columbia)

13 10 CRYING IN THE RAIN.....Everly Brothers (Warner Bros.)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

C · H · A · R · T · S

SINGLES

Week ending February 12, 1977

This Last Week

1 (2) DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA.....Julie Covington (MCA) 7 1

2 (1) DON'T GIVE UP ON US.....David Soul (Private Stock) 7 1

3 (5) WHEN I NEED YOU.....Leo Sayer (Chrysalis) 3 3

4 (3) SIDE SHOW.....Barry Biggs (Dynamic) 7 3

5 (7) DADDY COOL.....Boney M. (Atlantic) 6 5

6 (4) ISN'T SHE LOVELY.....David Parton (Pye) 5 4

7 (11) SUSPICION.....Elvis Presley (RCA) 4 7

8 (8) YOU'RE MORE THAN A NUMBER.....Drifters (Arista) 6 4

9 (15) DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY.....Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes (CBS) 3 9

10 (9) CAR WASH.....Rose Royce (MCA) 6 5

11 (16) JACK IN THE BOX.....Moments (All Platinum) 2 11

12 (13) DON'T BELIEVE A WORD.....Thin Lizzy (Vertigo) 4 12

13 (6) I WISH.....Stevie Wonder (Motown) 7 4

14 (24) BOOGIE NIGHTS.....Heatwave (GTO) 2 14

15 (10) WILD SIDE OF LIFE.....Status Quo (Vertigo) 8 8

16 (12) THINGS WE DO FOR LOVE.....10c.c. (Mercury) 8 7

17 (22) SING ME.....The Brothers (Bus Stop) 3 17

18 (17) NEW KID IN TOWN.....Eagles (Asylum) 4 16

19 (—) IT TAKES ALL NIGHT LONG.....Gary Glitter (Arista) 2 19

20 (28) DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY.....Thelma Houston (Motown) 2 20

21 (20) WHAT CAN I SAY.....Boyz Scaggs (CBS) 2 20

22 (—) CHANSON D'AMOUR.....Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic) 1 22

23 (—) MIGHTY POWER OF LOVE.....Tavares (Capitol) 1 23

24 (18) DR. LOVE.....Tina Charles (CBS) 9 6

25 (—) EVERYBODY'S TALKIN' 'BOUT LOVE.....Silver Convention (Magnet) 1 25

26 (23) MORE THAN A FEELING.....Boston (EMI) 2 23

27 (—) YEAR OF THE CAT.....Al Stewart (RCA) 1 27

28 (28) WAKE UP SUSAN.....Detroit Spinners (Atlantic) 2 28

29 (19) EVERYMAN MUST HAVE A DREAM.....Liverpool Express (Warner Bros) 4 19

30 (—) HA CHA CHA.....Brass Construction (United Artists) 1 30

BUBBLING UNDER...

THIS IS TOMORROW — Bryan Ferry (Polydor); BODY HEAT — James Brown (Polydor); I WANNA GO BACK — New Seekers (CBS); YOU + ME = LOVE — Undisputed Truth (Warner Brothers); EVERY LITTLE TEARDROP — Gallagher & Lyle (A&M).

ALBUMS

Week ending February 12, 1977

This Last Week

1 (1) RED RIVER VALLEY.....Slim Whitman (United Artists) 5 1

2 (6) EVITA.....Various Artists (MCA) 5 2

3 (2) DAVID SOUL.....(Private Stock) 10 2

4 (4) ARRIVAL.....Abba (Epic) 12 1

5 (3) SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE.....Stevie Wonder (Motown) 17 1

6 (5) HOTEL CALIFORNIA.....Eagles (Asylum) 7 4

7 (15) ENDLESS FLIGHT.....Leo Sayer (Chrysalis) 5 7

8 (8) WINGS OVER AMERICA.....(EMI) 6 8

9 (13) LOW.....David Bowie (RCA) 4 9

10 (28) THE SHADOWS 20 GOLDEN GREATS.....(EMI) 2 10

11 (7) ABBA GREATEST HITS.....(Epic) 45 1

12 (11) A DAY AT THE RACES.....Queen (EMI) 8 2

13 (—) ANIMALS.....Pink Floyd (Harvest) 1 13

14 (10) SHOWADDYWADDY GREATEST HITS.....(Arista) 8 4

15 (12) A NEW WORLD RECORD.....Electric Light Orchestra (Jet) 10 8

16 (9) WIND AND WUTHERING.....Genesis (Charisma) 5 8

17 (—) 20 GREAT HEARTBREAKERS.....(K-Tel) 1 17

18 (14) DISCO ROCKET.....(K-Tel) 10 7

19 (19) JOHNNY THE FOX.....Thin Lizzy (Vertigo) 7 9

20 (17) THEIR GREATEST HITS.....Eagles (Asylum) 36 1

21 (24) MOTORVATIN'.....Chuck Berry (Chess) 2 21

22 (16) THE GREATEST HITS.....Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons (K-Tel) 13 4

23 (23) LOST WITHOUT YOUR LOVE.....Bread (Elektra) 3 23

24 (—) LUXURY LINER.....Emmylou Harris (Warner Bros) 1 24

25 (26) WHITE ROCK.....Rick Wakeman (A&M) 2 25

26 (22) LOVE ON THE AIRWAVES.....Gallagher & Lyle (A&M) 2 22

27 (—) DANCE TO THE MUSIC.....(K-Tel) 1 27

28 (—) BOSTON.....(Epic) 1 28

29 (21) 100 GOLDEN GREATS.....Max Bygraves (Ronco) 14 4

30 (—) YEAR OF THE CAT.....Al Stewart (RCA) 1 30

BUBBLING UNDER...

DOWNTOWN TONIGHT — Racing Cars (Chrysalis); RA — Utopia (Bearsville); ELVIS IN DEMAND — Elvis Presley (RCA); HIT SCENE '76 (Warwick); VISIONS — Don Williams (ABC).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending February 12, 1977

This Last Week

1 (2) TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS.....Mary MacGregor

2 (1) BLINDED BY THE LIGHT.....Manfred Mann

3 (5) NEW KID IN TOWN.....Eagles

4 (6) ENJOY YOURSELF.....Jacksons

5 (8) FLY LIKE AN EAGLE.....Steve Miller

6 (3) I WISH.....Stevie Wonder

7 (9) I LIKE DREAMIN'.....Kenny Nolan

8 (14) YEAR OF THE CAT.....Al Stewart

9 (10) WEEKEND IN NEW ENGLAND.....Barry Manilow

10 (13) NIGHT MOVES.....Bob Seger

11 (16) LOVE THEME FROM "A STAR IS BORN".....Barbra Streisland

12 (12) LOST WITHOUT YOUR LOVE.....Bread

13 (17) DANCING QUEEN.....Abba

14 (4) HOT LINE.....Sylvers

15 (19) GO YOUR OWN WAY.....Fleetwood Mac

16 (7) DAZZ.....Brick

17 (25) THE THINGS WE DO FOR LOVE.....10 c.c.

18 (23) CARRY ON WAYWARD SON.....Kansas

19 (20) HARD LUCK WOMAN.....Kiss

20 (28) BOOGIE CHILD.....Bee Gees

21 (11) WALK THIS WAY.....Aerosmith

22 (27) LIVING NEXT DOOR TO ALICE.....Smoke

23 (26) SAVE IT FOR A RAINY DAY.....Stephen Bishop

24 (30) DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY.....Thelma Houston

25 (15) CAR WASH.....Rose Royce

26 (—) LONG TIME.....Boston

27 (18) JEANS ON.....David Dundas

28 (21) YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A STAR.....Marilyn McCoo & Billy Davis

29 (—) RICH GIRL.....Daryl Hall & John Oates

30 (24) YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE DANCING.....Leo Sayer

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending February 12, 1977

This Last Week

1 (1) A STAR IS BORN.....Streisand, Kristofferson

2 (2) HOTEL CALIFORNIA.....Eagles

3 (3) SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE.....Stevie Wonder

4 (4) WINGS OVER AMERICA.....Wings

5 (5) FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE.....Peter Frampton

6 (6) BOSTON.....Boston

7 (8) FLY LIKE AN EAGLE.....Steve Miller Band

8 (7) GREATEST HITS.....Linda Ronstadt

9 (10) A DAY AT THE RACES.....Queen

10 (9) BEST OF THE DOOBIES.....Doobie Brothers

11 (11) A NEW WORLD RECORD.....Electric Light Orchestra

12 (12) ROCK AND ROLL OVER.....Kiss

13 (16) YEAR OF THE CAT.....Al Stewart

14 (17) TEJAS.....ZZ Top

15 (14) THE PRETENDER.....Jackson Browne

16 (13) A NIGHT ON THE TOWN.....Rod Stewart

17 (15) CAR WASH.....Original Soundtrack

18 (22) NIGHT MOVES.....Bob Seger

19 (18) GREATEST HITS.....James Taylor

20 (19) THIRTY THREE & 1/3.....George Harrison

21 (20) THEIR GREATEST HITS.....Eagles

22 (28) LEFTOVERTURE.....Kansas

23 (24) SPIRIT.....Earth, Wind & Fire

24 (27) THIS ONE'S FOR YOU.....Barry Manilow

25 (23) SONG OF JOY.....Captain & Tennille

26 (21) HEJIRA.....Joni Mitchell

27 (—) LOST WITHOUT YOUR LOVE.....Bread

28 (—) THE LIGHT OF SMILES.....Gary Wright

29 (26) GOOD HIGH.....Brick

30 (25) CHILDREN OF THE WORLD.....Bee Gees

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

News Desk

MAC'S DATES

DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for Fleetwood Mac's first British concerts for several years, and their first ever in this country with their re-shaped line-up. Promoted by Barry Dickins of MAM, they play Birmingham Odeon (April 2), Glasgow Apollo Centre (4), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (5), Bristol Colston Hall (6) and London Rainbow Theatre (8).

It is understood that a further two dates at the Rainbow may be added to Mac's itinerary, but they cannot yet be confirmed.

Tickets are on sale now at all venues, priced as follows: £2.50, £2, £1.50 and £1 (Birmingham); £2.80, £2.40, £1.90 and £1.60 (Glasgow); £2.80, £2.40, £1.75 and £1.25 (Manchester); £2.50, £2, £1.50 and £1 (Bristol); and £3.50, £2.50, £2 and £1.50 (London).

The band — whose current personnel comprises Mick Fleetwood, John McVie and Christine McVie, plus new members Stevie Nicks and Lindsey Buckingham — will be promoting their new album "Rumours", released by WEA this weekend. They will also feature material from their Platinum album "Fleetwood Mac", one of the top U.S. sellers of 1976.

HARLESDEN ROXY OPENING MARCH 4

NEW LONDON rock venue, the Roxy Theatre in Harlesden, has now at last set a date for its gala opening — Friday, March 4. The 2,000 seater hall was originally scheduled to open with two concerts by the Sex Pistols package on December 26 and 27, but licensee Terry Collins scrapped the gigs after the Pistols controversy erupted.

IN BRIEF

LED ZEPPELIN open the American leg of their world tour in Houston on February 28. Details of the band's subsequent 1977 plans will be announced shortly, and these are expected to include British appearances in the summer.

SAM & DAVE have cancelled their British tour at short notice. They should have been gigging here now, but pulled out at the last minute as Sam is suffering from a throat infection. There are at present no plans to re-arrange the tour.

CAJUN MOON have now replaced outgoing member Allan Taylor with guitarist Dick Cadbury, who joins the existing nucleus of Brian Golbey and Jon Gillaspie. After several weeks of writing and rehearsing, they are about to start recording again.

RICHARD JONES has left Climax Blues Band to concentrate on songwriting. There are no plans to replace him.

RECORDING NEWS

● Phil Lynott of Thin Lizzy is to record a solo album in the summer. And guitarist Brian Robertson, who was prevented by illness from accompanying Lizzy on their current U.S. tour, has already started work on a solo elpee. But it is stressed that these commitments will in no way reduce Lizzy's activities as a band.

● Former Beach Boy Bruce Johnston has a new solo album titled "demos" released next month by CBS, with whom he recently signed.

● "Hollies Live Hits" is the title of the group's new album, released by Polydor on February 25 as a prelude to their three major concerts, reported last week. The elpee is to be the subject of a nationwide TV sales campaign.

● Uriah Heep's new single "Wise Man" is due out on the Bronze label at the end of this month.

● Seven-piece band, the Diversions, have their debut album: "Soul Survivors" — issued by Polydor in April. Produced by Mike Vernon, it was recorded at Chipping Norton Studios.

● Steve Hillage Band's new single is the Donovan composition "Hurdy Gurdy Man", issued by Virgin on February 25. Taken from their debut album "L", it has been edited down to single length by Todd Rundgren.

● The double album "Evita", penned by Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice, has achieved Gold status in Britain. And the single taken from it, "Don't Cry For Me Argentina" by Julie Covington, has also gone Gold after selling over half-a-million copies.

● George Hamilton IV has switched from RCA to Anchor, who release his album "Fine Lace And Homespun Cloth" this weekend. His long-running Canadian-TV series is to be screened here by London Weekend, starting this Saturday morning.

● To tie in with their British tour next month, Can's new single "Don't Say No" is released by Virgin on March 4, followed by their album "Saw Delight" on March 18.

● Two tracks from David Bowie's current album "Low" are issued this weekend as an RAC single. They are "Sound And Vision" coupled with "A New Career In A Town".



Roy Harper and his new band Chips (left to right): JOHN HALSEY, DAVE LAWSON, HARPER, ANDY ROBERTS, HENRY MCCULLOUGH and DAVE COCHRAN

ROY HARPER's comeback British concert tour opens on schedule tonight (Thursday). But until a few days ago, it looked as though the tour would have to be postponed, because Harper was confined to his hospital bed suffering from a rare disease — which he caught from a sheep. He was infected by the virus as the direct result of giving the sheep the kiss of life!

As a sideline to his music activities, Harper runs a sheep farm on the Welsh border. Ten days ago, a pregnant ewe became ill and deteriorated rapidly, and Harper eventually decided that resuscitation was necessary.

Soon afterwards, he developed symptoms, similar to severe influenza, and a doctor was called. He was taken to Hereford County Hospital, where toxoplasmosis was diagnosed. This is a disease restricted almost entirely to sheep, though they have been

known to pass it on to humans on rare occasions.

Harper was duly placed in isolation but, after a few days, began to improve. He told NME: "There's no known treatment for it — you just have to take your chance. I'm still awaiting the result of tests, but I feel fine now, and there's no reason why I shouldn't go ahead with the tour. But it was a bit of a shaker at the time, and I'm sure I shall be the brunt of numerous sheep jokes for a long time to come."

HUNTER: flees naked in blizzard as explosion rips house

IAN HUNTER and members of his new band had a narrow escape last week when their rented house in Canada, a few miles outside Montreal, caught fire and exploded — leaving them stranded naked in the snow at four below zero.

The outfit had been living in the house while recording their new album in Montreal. It seems that guitarist Earl Slick woke to find his room on fire and immediately raised the alarm. Everyone dashed outside only seconds before the house literally exploded. The cause is not yet known, but nothing was left



Hunter's house after the explosion.

apart from a pile of rubble. The band lost all their clothes and a few guitars.

The air temperature was four degrees below zero, and they were left shivering in the snow — four of them naked — until help arrived. Bassist Rob Rawlinson and his wife were treated in hospital for minor

burns, and engineer Gary Lyons was detained under observation.

Said Hunter: "Despite this, the album is going well, and I am coming to London very shortly to record the vocal tracks." There are plans for the band to play some British dates to coincide with the album's release, in late spring or early summer.

ELTON'S RAINBOW SEASON

ELTON JOHN makes his stage comeback, following his winter sabbatical, by headlining a week of solo concerts at London Rainbow Theatre in early May. Supported only by drummer Ray Cooper, he plays a gala charity concert on Monday, May 2, in aid of the Queen's Silver Jubilee Appeal. The following five nights (3-7 inclusive) are orthodox concerts.

Tickets are now available for all six nights. For the benefit show they are priced £25, £20, £15 and £10. Admission for the remainder of the week — Tuesday to Saturday — is £5, £4 and £3.

Postal applications only will be accepted, and they should be sent to Box-Office, Rainbow Theatre, 232 Seven Sisters Road, London N.4. Make cheques and postal orders payable to "Rainbow Box-Office" and enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Elton's last live appearance was during John Reid's festival season at Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre in September. He has been devoting most of the winter to his chairman duties at Watford Football Club, but decided last month to begin his comeback by playing a week in London. The Palladium was originally considered, as reported by NME three weeks ago, but proved to be unavailable for the period required.

● Elton and Kiki Dee have been billed to appear in a one-day festival at Folkestone football ground in May. The event is expected to attract 10,000 people, but a spokesman for Rocket Records told NME: "It seems like wishful thinking on the part of the organisers. Certainly nothing has been confirmed and, to my knowledge, no approaches have been made."

● In London's Capital Radio awards, Elton and Kiki were named as top male and female singers of the year, and the best single was their joint "Don't Go Breaking My Heart". The single also achieved similar recognition from the American Music Awards Association, and it has been nominated for a Grammy award.

Dead in Arista deal — British visit soon?

GRATEFUL DEAD have signed a worldwide long-term deal with Arista Records, and their first album under the new agreement will be issued in the spring. To tie in with its release, Dead are to tour America extensively during April and May, and an official statement says that "The band plans to tour during the summer as well". Although not specified, it is believed that their summer plans include dates in Britain and Europe.

Didier Malherbe

"Looking like a mischievous jockey, Didier represented, in his appearance and his playing, the spirit and character of the group. His playing is full of humour and zeal, occasionally beautiful and never without wit and pertinence."

Melody Maker: Allan Jones.

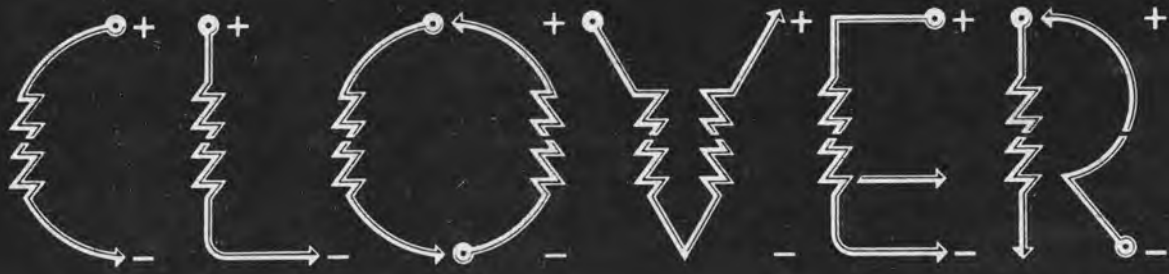
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Frankton Comes Alive.....	£3.95	Rock Guitar Tutor with Record.....	£1.50
Beach Boys/20 Golden Greats.....	£2.50	Bass Guitar Tutor with Record.....	£1.50
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Kinks Greatest Hits.....	£2.50	Wishbone Ash/15 Songs.....	£1.50
Hollies Greatest Hits.....	£2.95	Marc Bolan/Warlock Of Love.....	95p
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74 88 Guitar Chords.....	£4.00	Neil Young Complete Vol. 1.....	£9.95
Beatles Complete/Guitar Or Piano.....	£3.95	Neil Young Complete Vol. 2.....	£9.95
Status Quo/42 Songs.....	£2.00	Sutherland Bros & Quiver Song Book.....	£2.95
Eagles Greatest Hits.....	£4.95		
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4th MANCHESTER, Free Trade Hall
5th SHEFFIELD, City Hall
6th LIVERPOOL, Empire
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9/10th GLASGOW, Apollo
12th LEEDS, University
13th LANCASTER, University
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News Desk

Island boost for new-wave bands

STIFF RECORDS have signed a licensing deal with Island covering all world territories except North America. The agreement runs for two years, and the initial outcome is a new album and single by The Damned, both released later this month.

Stiff, the London-based label launched last September, have been operating mainly on a mail-order basis. Under the new deal, they will benefit from Island's comprehensive distribution and promotion, while still maintaining their own identity and continuing to operate their mail-order network. All eight previous Stiff singles are now being deleted.

The Damned's debut album is also Stiff's first elpee. Titled "Damned, Damned, Damned", it is issued on February 18 to retail at £3.49. Their single "Neat, Neat, Neat" follows on February 25 and is marketed in a picture sleeve.

Among other acts with Stiff are Nick Lowe, the Tyla Gang and Elvis Costello. Jake Riviera, co-founder of Stiff, announced this week that the label has also signed Roogalator, Pink Fairies, the Lew Lewis Band and Magic Michael.

The Damned's fortunes have also been boosted, following their ill-fated outing on the Sex Pistols' pre-Christmas tour, by signing a new representation deal with the powerful Derek Block Agency. They are now working regularly again, and details of their latest one-nighter bookings are listed below.

SINGLE & ALBUM BY THE DAMNED



A get-together to mark the new Island-Stiff deal. Front row: Damned bassist CAPTAIN SENSIBLE and Island managing director TIM CLARK. Back row (left to right): Island general manager FRED CANTRELL, Stiff managing director JAKE RIVIERA, Island A&R man CHUCK MINIM, Stiff director DAVID ROBINSON, and the other three Damned members — drummer RAT SCABIES, guitarist BRIAN JAMES and singer DAVE VANIUM.

ON THE ROAD

GONZALEZ

are back on the road after a three-month lay-off, and have gigs at London Central Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Chatham Ash Tree (Saturday), Liverpool Polytechnic (February 18), Farnborough Technical College (19), Brighton Top Rank (20), Uxbridge Brunel University (23), Derby Cleopatra's (24), Newcastle Freeman's Hall (25) and Chester College (26).

HORSLIPS

have made a few changes in their British tour schedule, reported two weeks ago. They now play Birmingham Barbarella's on March 1 instead of 19, and Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic is put back by one day to March 25. They have new gigs at Edinburgh University (March 4) and Exeter University (21), but previously-announced dates at Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (March 19), Walsall West Midlands College (24) and Northampton County Ground (26) are cancelled.

SASSAFRAS

are gigging again, after spending several weeks rehearsing with their new drummer Peter Stroud, who replaces Robert (Congo) Jones in the line-up. They play Hitchin College (this Saturday), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (February 14), Blackburn King George's Hall concert with Strife (16), Durham University (18), London Queen Mary College (19), Middlesbrough Town Hall (24) and Edgbaston Mason Hall (25).

GORDON GILTRAP

and his band have extra dates at Edinburgh Heriot-Watt University (February 19), Scunthorpe Tiffany's (March 1), Eastbourne Winter Gardens (3), Durham University (4), Plymouth Woods Centre (10), Coventry Warwick University (11), Southampton University (15), Bradford University (16), Derby Cleopatra's (17), Harrow Technical College (18), Loughborough University (19) and Birmingham Repertory Theatre (20). Other tour dates were listed in last week's NME.

KITES

are a new band led by singer and bassist Ian Whitmore. Also in the line-up are guitarist Dave Wellbelove (ex-John Miles), drummer Nick Trevisick (ex-Cafe Society), keyboards man Dave Barker (ex-Mike Heron) and two girl singers, Lucy and Virginia Clee. Among first dates confirmed are Sheffield University (tomorrow, Friday), Coventry College of Education (February 19), Maidstone College (25) and Reading University (March 9).

THE YETTIES

appear in concert at Aldershot Princes Hall (tonight, Thursday), Gravesend Woodville Hall (this Sunday), Grays Thameside Theatre (February 14), Slough Fulcrum Centre (15), Croydon Fiarfield Hall (18), Abingdon The Gaol (18), Harlow Playhouse (20), Worthing Pavilion Theatre (25) and Southampton Guildhall (26).

THE DAMNED

have February gigs at Northampton County Ground (this Saturday), London Covent Garden Roxy Club (14, 21 and 28), Scarborough Penthouse (18), Leeds University (19), Colchester Essex University (22), Norwich East Anglia University (25) and Bristol University (26). No March dates have yet been confirmed, as they are still under negotiation as support act in the British tour that month by Marc Bolan and T. Rex.

FRANKIE MILLER

and Full House have added several dates to their British tour, reported two weeks ago. They are Reading Top Rank (March 13), Derby Bishop Lonsdale College (21), Manchester Free Trade Hall (25), Hastings Pavilion (April 9), Gt. Yarmouth Ocean Rooms (12), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (13), Bury St. Edmunds Focus Cinema (14) and Clacton Princess Theatre (15). Their gig at Sheffield Top Rank is put back from March 13 to April 5, and Redcar Coatham Bowl moves from March 24 to April 7. They play a warm-up date at Lincoln Technical College tomorrow (Friday).

LITTLE BOB STORY

have extra dates at Croydon Red Deer (February 17), Tolworth Toby Jub (21), Wolverhampton Lafayette (March 2) and Manchester Electric Circus (4). Tonight (Thursday) they are at High Wycombe Nags Head instead of Birmingham Barbarella's, and on February 18 at Middlesbrough Rock Garden instead of Bath University. Huddersfield Polytechnic moves forward one day to February 22.

LIVERPOOL EXPRESS

play their first major London concert when they headline at the Rainbow Theatre on Saturday, February 26. Currently climbing the NME Chart with their single "Every Man Must Have A Dream", the group have other gigs this month at Glasgow University (tomorrow, Friday), Dundee University (this Sunday), Southend Talk Of The South (15), Plymouth Castaways (17), Bourne-mouth The Village (18), Bristol Bailey's (19) and Birmingham Aston University (25).

AL MATTHEWS

and his new band have a few selected gigs at Dundee Royal Centre Hotel (tonight, Thursday), Aberdeen University (Friday), St Andrew's University (Saturday), Gloucester Roundabout (February 18), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (25), London W.1 Gulliver's (March 2), Birmingham Barbarella's (4) and Reading Bulmershe College (5).

RADIATOR

are a new band featuring bassist Colin Gibson (ex-Snafu), guitarist Ken Craddock (ex-Lindisfarne), drummer Jeff Seotardie (ex-Pacific Eardrum) and guitarist Pete Kirtley (ex-Global Village). First gigs set are London Kensington Nashville (February 24), Grantham Kesteven College (March 11), Chester Quaintways (12), Reading Top Rank (13), Thatcham Hamilton's (26), Sheffield Top Rank (April 5), Hastings Pavilion (9), London Camden Dingwalls (16), Wolverhampton Lafayette (22), Scunthorpe Priory Hotel (23) and Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (24).

MARTHA REEVES

and the Vandellas, now permanently re-united, are to support the Stylistics in their British concert tour, opening in Manchester on March 13. Prior to this, they appear in their own right at Blackpool Locarno (February 25), Batley Variety Club (27 week) and Camberley Lakeside Country Club (March 6 week). Further dates are being lined up for the girls.

THE STRANGLERS

have added a further three dates to their current one-nighter tour. They are at Newport Alexander Club (February 15), Colchester Essex University (22) and Penzance Winter Gardens (March 24). Their gig at Birmingham Barbarella's is switched from March 1 to 8, and their projected date at Sheffield Top Rank on February 27 is now cancelled.

PETE ATKIN

is playing his first British dates after several months' absence in America. He visits Aberystwyth University (tonight, Thursday), Liverpool University (Friday), Nottingham University (Saturday), Leeds Polytechnic (Sunday), Canterbury Kent University (February 15), Cambridge University (16), Durham University (19) and London W.C.1 Collegiate Theatre (28 and March 1). His compilation album "The Essential Pete Atkin" is released by RCA on February 25.

● DORY PREVIN plays Edinburgh Usher Hall (May 22) and Manchester Free Trade Hall (23) in addition to her London concert, reported last week, at the Royal Albert Hall on May 28. She also appears in BBC-2's "Whistle Test" on May 17.

● OSIBISA headline a few selected concerts towards the end of next month. First to be confirmed is at Croydon Fairfield Hall on Sunday, March 27.

● PROCOL HARUM have added Manchester Apollo on February 24 to their tour schedule, opening this weekend. Their gig on March 5 is switched from Leicester Polytechnic to Southend Kursaal.

● ALBION DANCE BAND support Roy Harper throughout his comeback British tour, which starts tonight (Thursday).

● JACK JONES plays London Palladium (April 11-23), Birmingham Nite Out (25-May 7), Manchester Golden Garter (May 9-14), Stoke Jollees (16-21) and Wakefield Theatre Club (23-28).

● SANDPIPER return to Britain in April for another concert and cabaret tour. During their visit, they will also be recording their next album.

● KATE & ANNA MCGARRIGLE have added Cambridge Corn Exchange on February 26 to their upcoming British tour... Venue for the March 16 Liverpool gig by the JAN ACKERMAN-KAZ LUX Band is now confirmed as the Empire Theatre.

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

Jerry Lee: three dates

JERRY LEE LEWIS is coming to Britain later this month after all! And instead of appearing only in London, as originally planned, he will now also be playing two provincial venues. Supported by his own U.S. band, his three dates are at Manchester Belle Vue (February 25), Birmingham Odeon (26) and London Rainbow Theatre (27).

Tickets are now on sale at the relevant box-offices, priced as follows: £3.50, £2.50, £2 and £1 for Manchester; £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2 for Birmingham; and £4, £3.50 and £2.50 at the Rainbow.

Initial plan was for Lewis to appear only at the Rainbow on February 26 but, as reported two weeks ago, this was called off when he went down with stomach trouble. But he recovered from his illness much more quickly than anticipated, and last week his manager gave the go-ahead for the tour to be reinstated.



JERRY LEE LEWIS pictured during his last British appearance, at the Wembley Stadium rock'n'roll festival.

Noted guitarist and fiddle player Kenneth Lovelace, who has been with Lewis for 15 years, is the key figure of his backing band. Other musicians are drummer Robbie Brown and bassist Joel Shumaker. And to provide vocal support, Jerry Lee is bringing over his sister, Linda Lewis.

Support act on Lewis' British gigs is Shakin' Stevens and the Sunsets.

David Soul: 12 shows

DAVID SOUL plays his first-ever concerts in this country next month when, during a break in filming "Starsky And Hutch", he gives 12 performances in the space of a week. He visits Glasgow Apollo Centre (March 14), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (15), London Rainbow Theatre (16 and 17), Bristol Colston Hall (18) and Birmingham Odeon (20), and there will be two shows each night.

MARCH TOUR BY CHERRY VANILLA

CHERRY VANILLA, the groupie turned rock singer, arrives in Britain this weekend for a fortnight of promotion prior to setting out on her first-ever tour of this country. A former associate of Andy Warhol (she played the lead role in his play "Pork"), she handled David Bowie's publicity for two years, and wrote and appeared in two feature films made by Bowie's then-management company MainMan.



CHERRY VANILLA

She has also written songs and poems but, since 1975, had been performing her own original material in clubs and halls across the States. From all accounts, she is an extrovert performer (one critic wrote "she paws at the piece of black satin that is all that's left of her dress"), and her lyrics are highly erotic.

Dates so far confirmed are London Charing Cross Global Village (March 3), High Wycombe Nags Head (4), Liverpool Eric's (10), Birmingham University (11) and Middlesbrough Rock Garden (12). After spending two weeks in Europe, she returns to play Birmingham Barbarella's (April 5), Plymouth Woods Centre (6), London Kensington Nashville (9 and 10) and Stafford Top Of The World (11).

The Hope is back tonight

LEADING London pub venue, the Hope & Anchor in Islington, resumes its policy of regular live gigs from tonight (Thursday) — with Roogalator as the opening attraction. The Hope closed last month when financial difficulties forced the then-landlord to quit, but it is now back in business under new management. Generation X appear tomorrow (Friday), the Vibrators next Wednesday (16), and the Lew Lewis Band have a Saturday-night residency for the first six weeks. Subsequent bookings include Poodles, The Damned, Little Bob Story, Downliners Sect (February 24-25) and Shakin' Stevens and the Sunsets.

ELO plan May gigs

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA, currently on tour in the United States, are planning a series of major concert appearances in Britain during the late spring — in either late May or early June, according to a spokesman for the band. It was confirmed this week that their hit album "A New World Record" has gone Platinum in America and Gold in Britain. Their latest single "Rockaria", taken from the album, has just been issued here.

Barry White's tour confirmed

WITH PRICES UP TO £7.50

BARRY WHITE'S on-off March Tour is now definitely on again. Three British venues were confirmed on Monday by promoter Jeffrey Kruger of Ember Concerts, including two performances at London New Victoria Theatre on March 16, as originally exclusively forecast by NME two weeks ago. White, together with Love Unlimited, is also set for Manchester Ardwick Apollo (March 19) and Eastbourne Congress Theatre (23). It is expected that two or more dates will be added during the coming week.

The two London shows are timed for 7 and 9.30pm, and tickets are now available from the box-office (if you can afford them) priced £7.50, £6, £5, £4 and £3.

Tickets will also be on sale at Manchester and Eastbourne today (Thursday), although prices were unavailable at presstime.

As reported last week, there had been some uncertainty over White's visit. This was caused by problems with his promoters in Italy, where he performs prior to coming to Britain. But thanks to the intervention of Kruger as mediator, these difficulties have now been overcome, and the tour — expected to be White's only dates in this country until 1979 — goes ahead as planned.

BIG IGG GIGS

A SHORT British tour next month by the near-legendary Iggy Pop was confirmed this week by promoter Ian Wright of the MAM Organisation. He plays Aylesbury Friars at Vale Hall (March 1), Newcastle City Hall (2), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (3), Birmingham Hippodrome (4) and London Rainbow Theatre (5).

Tickets for the London concert are on sale now priced £2.50, £2 and £1.50. Readers should inquire at the appropriate box-offices for booking information regarding the other gigs. There is a possibility of a second Rainbow date being added later.

Iggy will be backed by two former Todd Rundgren sidemen, Tony Sales (bass) and Hunt Sales (drums), plus guitarist Richard Gardiner. Despite speculation that David Bowie may make a guest appearance at the Rainbow, and possibly one or two of the other venues, no confirmation of this rumour could be obtained.



The new-look Van Der Graaf line-up featuring (left to right) GUY EVANS, NIC POTTER, PETER HAMMILL and GRAHAM SMITH.

Jukes guest with Rumour

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY and the Asbury Jukes are to support Graham Parker and The Rumour on their upcoming British tour, opening at Croydon Fairfield Hall on March 6. The ten-piece unit, formed in 1975 — and they established a close rapport with Parker when working together in the States last year. The Rumour will also be augmented to ten-piece for the tour, and Parker will have an EP issued by Phonogram to coincide.

Stones: still no contract

THE ANNOUNCEMENT to the effect that the Rolling Stones have now signed with Polydor Records was, said spokesman for the band this week, premature and unfounded. He added that no contract has yet been signed, and that Polydor is just one of several labels currently negotiating for the band. EMI and MCA are among other companies believed to be in contention.

WEMBLEY POOL'S NOSTALGIA SHOW

MANY OF THE major recording artists of the 50's and 60's are being brought together again for a special concert at Wembley Empire Pool on Sunday, March 13 (3 pm). They include Russ Conway, Lonnie Donegan, Freddie and the Dreamers, Frank Ifield, Billy J. Kramer And The Dakotas, Ruby Murray, Helen Shapiro, Bert Weedon, David Whitfield and the bands of Kenny Ball and Acker Bilk. More names are to be added, and backing is provided by the Eric Delaney Orchestra. The artists involved have, between them, won over 100 Gold Discs with aggregate sales of more than 200 million. The concert marks the 100th anniversary of recording, and is promoted by Maurice Kinn on behalf of the Daily Mirror Pop Club and Radio Luxembourg. Tickets are on sale now priced £3.40, £3 and £2.50.

BIG R.A.H. CHARITY

ALAN PRICE, Barbra Dickson and Scaffold are among acts confirmed for a charity concert at London Royal Albert Hall on Friday, April 1, in aid of brain-injured children. Also taking part are Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias, Grimms, Neil Innes, Jasper Carrott, the Modern Dance Company and Bob Harris. Other artists will make guest appearances, and the event will also include the national final of EMI Tape's Go-Go Dance contest. It is understood that London Weekend TV may film the event.

● Guitarist John Williams headlines a charity show at the New London Theatre, Drury Lane, on March 13 in aid of the Chile Solidarity Campaign.

Changing face of Generator

VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR have re-shaped their line-up following the departure of Hugh Banton and Dave Jackson, both of whom have left the music business. The band's original bassist Nic Potter has returned from a lengthy stay in America to re-join founder members Peter Hammill and drummer Guy Evans.

And the personnel is now completed by electric violinist Graham Smith, formerly with String Driven Thing and at one time principal violinist with the Halle Orchestra.

The new band make their first live appearance when they play their previously reported London concert at Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Sunday, February 20. They then undertake a European tour, which will be followed by further British dates.

Charisma Records chief Tony Stratton Smith commented: "I think the band's new sound will surprise a lot of people, particularly in the use of electric violin."

Graham Smith has already been working on Peter Hammill's new solo album "Over", released by Charisma on March 11.

CHAPMAN TOURING WITH NEW OUTFIT

MICHAEL CHAPMAN, who last year was working with an electric group, has now put together a new three-piece unit on a permanent basis. Joining Chapman (lead guitar and vocals) are the perennial Keef Hartley on drums and ex-Lindisfarne bassist Rod Clements. They are shortly setting out on a British and European tour, billed as "An Evening With Michael Chapman And His Band." He will open the show with a solo set, with the rest of the group joining him at a later stage.

First confirmed gigs are London Strand King's College (February 25), Bradford University (26), Plymouth Woods Centre (March

1), Redruth Mid-Cornwall College (2), Cardiff University (4), Hereford College of Education (5), Preston Polytechnic (6), York University (9) and Cromer West Runton Village Inn (11). About 12 more dates, including a major London concert, have still to be finalised.

Chapman's first label, Cube Records, issue a mid-price compilation album on February 25 titled "Michael Chapman Lived Here 1968-72" — comprising excerpts from his first four albums, all produced by Gus Dudgeon. And there are plans to release his "Live In Hamburg" LP in the spring.

Allan Holdsworth

'Allan Holdsworth, one of Britain's finest guitarists, held down the difficult task of interpreting Gong arrangements with great skill.'

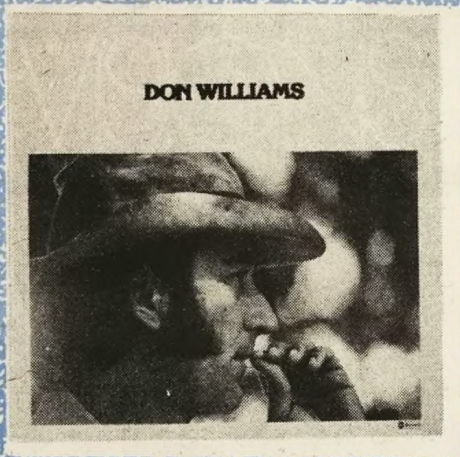
Melody Maker: Chris Welch.

VISIONS

DON WILLIAMS

HIS LONG AWAITED NEW ALBUM
11 VERY PERSONAL NEW SONGS
FROM DON TO YOU

'VISIONS'



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HIS NEW SINGLE
'CUP O' TEA'
ABC 4162

THE HARDEST thing in the world to come down from is live rock 'n' roll. That's why these after-gig parties often get a little out of hand. . .

It's been food-throwing time for about 15 minutes now, and the French guy who had the spaghetti and red wine emptied over his head has had enough and is letting the blitzed assembled company know it.

His stream of expletives *francais* fall upon a pair of deaf English ears and a soggy yellow cream pudding hits him full in the face like a clip from a Hollywood slapstick movie.

SPLAAAAAAT!

But suddenly nobody is laughing anymore, because the French guy has a bottle in his hand and is going for the English guy — who has picked up the nearest piece of cutlery. Everybody watches in silent morbid fascination, because they can smell blood. . .

Except for Little Bob Piazza.

The smallest person in the room, a human snowball under five feet tall and over two feet wide, he throws himself between the two of them with the same determined panache that he uses to hurl himself around a rock 'n' roll stage.

For what seems a very long time Little Bob looks like a candidate for the Dunkirk casualty ward. But he refuses to budge until the fork and bottle have been laid down, and the protagonists turn away with sheepish guilt because they just broke up the party. . .

And everybody looks at Little Bob Piazza with quiet admiration because they all know that they wouldn't have had the guts to do what he just did. The man's a revelation. . .

A FEW HOURS before, Little Bob Story played a set of red hot rock 'n' roll so damn great that the French kids dancing in the Theatre Dunkerque were verging on hysteria. There were two reasons for this and I'm still not sure which is the most important.

One was that it was probably the best gig most of them had ever seen, and the other was that the combo forcing them into the aisles were from France.

Little Bob Story is from Le Havre, a few hours drive down the road. His is certainly the best rock band France has ever produced, and perhaps the first, depending largely on how you rate the worth of those erratic literate thugs in punk band Stinky Toys.

But the most important thing about Little Bob Story is that they're French and unapologetic. Lazy journalism has dubbed them the Feelgoods of France. That's a fine, if somewhat facile, compliment. Actually their set of exactly half Old Masters and self-penned bilingual rrrrrum 'n' blooze and rock 'n' roll is closer to the younger element of the Canvey clan — the Hot Rods.

But let's hand the platform over to Lee of the Feelgoods: "The fmg about them is that they're not hung up about 'zee rock an roll'. They're the first French band like that because the others have all been inhibited by the thought that only Americans or English can play this music. That's been the trouble with these froggies in the past. But Little Bob Story know they can play rock 'n' roll. The supported us in France on a tour about a year back. I was very impressed then and I guess they must have improved in that time. . ."

Reckon they have, Lee. Can't see how they could have been *this* good that far back without everybody knowing about them.

LITTLE BOB Piazza is, of course, the focal point of the band: a cannonball of a man, a 28-year-old Italian who has lived in Le Havre since he was six, who *still* doesn't shave



Pics: CHALKIE DAVIES

This Page Smells Of Gauloises

This page also sorts out bottle fights after gigs. It plays 70s rock'n'roll, invokes the spirit of the French Revolution, and travels in a van. It is about LITTLE BOB STORY

By TONY PARSONS

and probably never will.

On stage and off he's a cross between the raunchy, paunchy bespectacled rocker that Elton John always dreamed of being and never was, and an amphetaminated Bilbo Baggins . . . the mutant offspring of a Jerry Lee Lewis vision and a JRR Tolkien fantasy.

He wears a leather jacket, Levis, pointed red boots with both leather braces and a seaman's leather belt holding up his strides. His voice is a marriage of two of his major idols — Eric Burdon of The Animals and Steve Marriott of The Small Faces.

The first time I saw him I didn't believe him. I've seen him four times now and I still don't believe him. Few people have ever performed rock 'n' roll with as much joy and love for the music as Little Bob Piazza. If Eddie Cochran had lived long enough to see him I swear it would have been love at first sight.

WHAT LITTLE Bob Storey have got over the majority of straight-ahead 70s rock 'n' roll dance bands is that they've got two guitarists to flesh out their sound.

On lead Les Paul is Guy George Gremy (known as Gee). He's the one who looks like a Ramone from a distance; long, lank black hair down over his eyes and poker-faced and immobile on stage, as casual in his fluid brilliance as The Ramones are casual in their beautiful dumbness.

Off stage he's different — the son of a Vietnamese mother and a French father his face is the type that *les jeunes filles* go crazy for; fine boned, delicate, almost feminine. He's the first one to pull. He keeps smiling shyly and nodding. "In each town hee haz a different wife," Little Bob chuckles as Gee disappears with a stunning French lady at the abrupt end of the party. "Tonight eet ees his Dunkerque wife!"

The rhythm guitarist with the Stratocaster is Dominique Guilon, who gets in as many machine-gunning runs as Wilko and is the EXACT resemblance to a red haired Lou Reed with freckles. He knows it and he loves it, got a pair of shades just like Loopy Lou. He's more street-wise and worldly than the rest of the band, looking forward to getting back to London.

"Hey, man, you know Johnny Thunders? In the morning I show you where to get that sweetch-blade for your keed seester, okay?"

The rock solid rhythm section is Barbe Noire (Black-beard) on bass, real name Dominique Lelan, who looks like one of The Grateful Dead and sways on stage like an oak in a hurricane, and Mino on drums — real name Dominique Quartier, the strong, silent hard-man of the band who looks like a French-Canadian lumberjack, which is exactly what his father was.

The rhythm section of Barbe Noire and Mino were given nicknames because three Dominiques would have been just too confusing. . .

THE TWO band supporting Little Bob Story in Dunkirk get good receptions they just don't deserve. Little Bob himself is slightly contemptuous and assures me that it wouldn't happen in his hometown of Le Havre.

"Zay would get killed there," Bob says and draws an imaginary knife across his throat before cracking up into a sadistic but good natured laughter. Gee and Dominique are plugged in to a practise amp and trading licks so sweet that I don't care if the band don't leave the dressing room. That's selfish but inevitable when your getting off on a pre-gig warm-up jam more than you've got off on the majority of gigs you've seen since 1977 was born. . .

The set is performed amidst glorious anarchy, as in the Sex

■ Continues over page

Get Right Side Up in '77

Ralph McTell

CAMPUS CONCERTS Special Guests Magna Carta

February 9th
February 10th
February 11th
February 12th
February 13th
February 16th
February 17th
February 18th
February 19th
February 21st
February 22nd
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March 7th
March 8th



Cardiff University
Aberystwyth University
Loughborough University
Reading University
Leeds University
Manchester University
Warwick University
Bristol University
Bradford University
Surrey University
Southampton University
Oxford Polytechnic
Keele University
Lancaster University
Strathclyde University
Dundee University
Ayr Pavilion
Newcastle Polytechnic
Bath University
Birmingham University
Plymouth Guildhall
Exeter University
Malvern Winter Gardens

Ralph McTell's first album in two years

RIGHT SIDE UP



K56296

Album now available on CD4

Little Bob Story

Zee glory of
rock 'n' roll

■ From previous page

Pistols definition of the word — self-rule.

Kids dance on stage, on seats, in the aisles, everywhere. Photographers step over guitar leads and wander the stage taking shots of the band as they storm through numbers from the good-but-could-have-been-better WEA-Arcane album "High Time" (more of LBS studio problems later) and the ex-single of the week lovingly selected by moi, the Chiswick (label manifique) Little Bob Story EP.

"Like A Rock 'n' Roll" is an original, followed by Little Richard's "Lucille" and The Animals "Please Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood". Their best own number, "So Bad", kicks the set into overdrive; Willie Dixon's "You'll Be Mine", "Baybee Don't Cry", and then a great version of The Small Faces "All Or Nothing"; "I Need Money" from the EP and then Sticks McGhee's "Drinking Wine", done like Jerry Lee. ("I sink that I change eet to "Sniffin' Wine" in England," Bob said); "Come On Home", "I'm Crying" confirming their debt to the legacy of The Animals; and finally "High time".

LEEETLE BOWB! LEEETLE BOWB! LEEETLE BOWB!

There are more people on stage than in the audience for the encore, everybody dancing except for the two guys fighting (got real Overspill temperaments, these Frenchies), and it's all down to "Good-niss, gray-shuss, greet ballser fiar!" and their very own "Suzie!" before the lights come one and everybody who's sober enough decides who they're sleeping with and troops off to the aborted party.

THE NEXT day we cross the stormy *La Manche* (the channel to you, gringo) and when we get in the van waiting to take LBS on the start of their 30 dates in 35 days killer British tour me and Little Bob Piazza settle down for our talk on the road to London.

Why has it taken this long for France to produce a real rock 'n' roll band, Bob?

"Well, there are always good musicians in France but many prefer to talk about music rather than play," Bob says. "But to be professional you must rehearse much and work hard and be determined. We do this... the band eez together for five years now, the last two years as professional. When we start we find eet difficult to find geeegs, because in France they don't like rock as much as in England. But when we play we wake up the rock kids here and now are many small, young bands... we 'ave opened zee door!"

Bob Piazza is fully aware of the importance of his band to France. Transcribed onto paper his words may sound like a speech by a musician with delusions of grandeur, but Piazza ain't into that trip. He merely knows how good he is and how good his rock band is. He leads his band the way a certain editor runs a certain rock paper — his troops have got all the freedom in the world to get into what they want as long as, at the end of the day, they deliver the goods. And when they fail to do that is when they've got trouble.

"When I start to seeng, the people say I'm crazy for to seeng in English because for a few years in France they have laws saying only a small percentage of records can be sung in English. But, for me, English is the only language rock can be sung in. Now is okay. The French rock kids are waking up... in two or three years, eef they work hard, there will be many good rock bands."

How did you get turned on to rock and are you into any other types of music, Bob? "I like blooze when is really

good, and funky when eet's really, really good, but, at heart, I'm a rocker... first heard Leetle Richard and other 50s rockers, then English bands in 60s like Stones, Small Faces and, tops, Eric Burdon and Animals. Later J. Geils band, Bob Seger, all the rockers.

"I like very much the 'Ot Rods and Feelgoods. We play similar music but ees different, yes?"

"When we first support Feelgoods we had not heard them... I have visited Feel-good House in Canvey Island. Ees good."

How do you feel about the so-called punk bands?

"For me the music they play ees good but I saw Iggy — very, very beeg in France — and so for me ees not as new as for you, yes? I start to sing when 12 years old in band so I see, over 16 years, much music and want to put it all into Leetle Bob Story but EET MUST BE 70s ROCK! Eet ees not for us to be a revival band."

At the moment your set is exactly 50 per cent other people's material. Do you want to see LBS get into more writing the songs they perform?

"I want a leetle, but eef I hear a song and I like then I want to sing eet! Like 'All Or Nothing' by The Small Faces, For me this is very good song so I prefer to do it to one that we write..."

How do you write your songs?

"I write the words and the band write the music, mostly Gee and Dominique... he waves his hand in the direction of the two crashed out guitarists."

The album you did was good but lacked the power of your live performances, I thought.



It is difficult for you in the studio to maintain the excitement you generate on stage?

"Yes, same as for Feelgoods until 'Stupidity' album, and the 'Ot Rods live EP ees the best, no? I need energy from audience so, after we do English tour and follow with month France tour, we go into studio for new album and I put headphones on and turn sound up so I think I'm on stage."

Are you the biggest band in France?

"Not yet. Ange are biggest. They play like Genesis. But soon eet will be us... many bands play rock now — Shaking Street are good. Used all bands play jazz-rock. After Leetle Bob Story eez rock 'n' roll..."

A GOOD way to illustrate the determination that will almost certainly make LBS as big as the Feelgoods or the Hot Rods is to recall what happened to them after a gig in the North of France late last year.

They had all had a few drinks and then set out to drive through the night the length of France to a gig the next night in Nice. Mino was driving and while overtaking another vehicle on the foggy road at dawn was involved in a head-on crash with a car coming in the opposite direction. Their van

was a write-off but miraculously the five members of the band escaped with minor cuts and bruises.

"I thought eet was the end of Leetle Bob Story when I see that other car!" Bob chuckles as he remembers the incident.

The band got themselves cleaned and stitched up in a matter of a few hours and then got back on the road, determined not to miss a gig in Nice just because the five of them had been involved in a car accident that had written off their vehicle...

At two the next morning they went on stage and performed their usual set as if nothing had happened. Still got any doubts that these garcons are true blue rockers?

I understand you have trouble with your voice sometimes when you're solidly touring for months on end, Bob. How do you overcome this problem?

"I stop talking when I am off stage," he says.

The van's engine coughs and splutters and finally dies halfway up the motorway to London. The sound man Dadaer carries on in the other vehicle to get the gear to Dingwall's for tonight's gig. The rest of us read the music press as we wait stranded in the rural wasteland of southern England waiting for the AA to come and tow us to civilisation.

Little Bob looks up from Velda's love-lines and takes a slug of Southern Comfort.

"Rod Stewart, heez beetch ees beautiful, no?" he asks me.

His what?

"Heez beetch."

Oh, his bitch...

Ever feel like the straight man in a Benny Hill sketch?

We get a tow eventually to a town so small that it doesn't have a taxi service and, as the van is totally kaput, we have to walk a few miles to the railway station.

It's brass monkey weather and we buy a beggar's banquet of fish 'n' chips to eat as we trudge along the pitch black country lane. Why is Lou Reed grinning at me?

"Ahhh, zee glory of rock 'n' roll!" Dominique cries.

The band make it to Dingwall's just in time and turn a Thursday into a Saturday night. They get some much needed sleep and the next day bring the house down at the North London Poly Chiswick package show sandwiched between the Count Bishops and the Gorillas...

After the gig I'm feeling wasted in the dressing room when Little Bob Piazza strolls in soaked in sweat and grinning triumphantly.

"Steel on your feet, Ton-ee?" he asks me.

Only just. Three great gigs in three days and you've left me wanting more... you got it made, Bob.

"And the three geeegs were all on full moon nights! Leetle Bob Story are like Cherokee Indians! When we are beeg stars we weel only play when ees full moon!" He laughs happily. "S'all right?"

Ca va, Geronimo.

Pssst
Do you
believe
the
RUMOURS



Francis Moze

Bassist Francis Moze has recently rejoined Gong, bringing his very fluid, acoustic approach to electric bass back into the band after spending a bit of time in the ranks of Magma.

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IT'S ONLY A MOVIE

AT EARL'S COURT IN MID-MARCH the wraps are due to come off Pink Floyd's latest 'grande desig'ne' for capturing the imagination of the nation's youth.

Promised, as part of this new age stage extravaganza, are spectacular lighting effects, smoke bombs, inflatable farmyard animals and suchlike idiocies.

Pride of place, though, will go to a 20-minute animated film intended to deliver the *coup de grace* to the collective consciousness of an audience already brain damaged by the preceding fripperies. The story of how this film got made (correction: how it may yet *not* get made) is an intriguing one.

Last summer when one of the band had the brainwave of incorporating a cartoon short into the programme, the others began casting around for a suitable animator / director / mastermind to orchestrate the project. The name they came up with was that of top people's cartoonist Gerald Scarfe, the high-income equivalent of our own Tony Benyon.

Scarfe — whose visually grotesque, but sporadically amusing, cartoons appear in the *Sunday Times* — was duly commissioned to work for six weeks on an idea of his own concocting and report back with a can of celluloid, topped and tailed and ready for screening.

The fee Scarfe scarfed up for this month and half of intensive doodling was, *Thrills* understands, in the region of £60,000.

Where our chums, the Floyd, had gone awry in their calculations, however, was in not grasping the subtle but crucial difference between being a newspaper cartoonist and being a film animator.

Animation is a highly laborious and skilled process which requires years of training and experience before an artist can move about freely inside the medium. Lacking such training, Scarfe was obliged to call in a team of "assistants".

Shortly before Christmas, said assistants were about as multitudinous as American 'advisors' to Saigon used to be and hardly more aptly named. They were, so we hear it, putting in a great deal of elbow work while Scarfe popped in every other day to oversee progress and add his comments.

To date, the film (now still uncompleted after five months of drawing and re-drawing) is now running towards a budget of £100,000. The feeling among those who've worked on it is that the finished 'masterpiece' is unlikely to pick up any award nominations or critical hosannas.

What the four Cambridge lads whose bank balances have been blitzed feel about all this is unknown, but judging from the curious behaviour of one unidentified band member who was seen wandering around Harrods in a highly dazed condition a few months back, dragging a supermarket trolley piled mountainously high with candy bars, the loss of a few thousand here or there is not going to leave them penniless.

□ ARNOLD LAYNE



ABOVE: a pig. (Snapped during a PINK FLOYD concert somewhere in Europe by ROBERT ELLIS.)



A member of BURLESQUE (Pic: GUS STEWART)

Just what the world needs...

... Another art-school rock satire mob. This lot's called **BURLESQUE**. Boys, you'd better be good...

A GROUP WHICH NOT ONLY SATIRISES the popular music of the last thirty years but also possesses enough musical ability to make Weather Report sound like Freddie and the Dreamers, has to be something special and Something Special is undoubtedly what Burlesque are.

They were certainly the most

intriguing live act I saw last year and I was glad to have had the opportunity recently to talk to three members of the band — founders and guiding lights Ian Trimmer (lead vocals, saxophone) and Billy Jenkins (guitar), as well as Paul Warren (drums).

Trimmer and Jenkins met just over four years ago. The former had a

background in jazz after playing with a local big band and busking in France, while the latter had been playing in rock bands.

"Last year", explained Jenkins, "We went to opposite extremes; Ian was totally into rock and I was totally into jazz, but it's levelled out now. At the start we were playing jazz-rock — you can get some idea of what it was like from our repertoire: '25 Or 6 To 4' by Chicago, 'In A Silent Way' by Miles Davis and The Box-Tops' 'The Letter' as well as our own material."

"Eventually the band arrived at its present line-up with bassist Steve Hughes, Welsh keyboard player Steve Parr and Paul Warren from Birmingham who once played drums for Fairport Convention, as well as with various soul, jazz and r'n'b bands."

"They introduced a more straightforward way of thinking into the music. We were getting ahead of ourselves. Some of the arrangements were getting too complicated for our own good."

THOSE OF YOU who have seen Burlesque live will know that it is the visual side of their show that is most immediately striking.

Trimmer, Jenkins and Hughes cavort wildly on stage in parodies of rock choreography from The Comets through The Shadows to the guitar heroes of the past decade, while the music and lyrics satirize and send up the '40s bands, Hollywood, surf music, the folk / protest movement, heavy rock and diverse other subjects (including the tango and acupuncture).

"The stage act just evolved," said Trimmer "through trying something different every night, ad-libbing, and changing the set around. If it worked, we kept it."

"This was the period when you'd go to see a band and they'd just stand there. The songs were great, but they weren't presented right from the audience's point of view. We thought if we got our presentation right, we'd get more work and be able to make a living. At the time, that was our sole long-term ambition."

"At that time", Jenkins volunteered, "we really hated the so-called serious jazz-rock bands. And as much as that we hated over-arranged stage acts and gimmicks constructed just to

A DOG IS A MAN'S BEST FRIEND

A MAN'S BEST FRIEND is a dog; a man's best man is also a dog.

At least, that's how it was for Bobbi Dennis and Wayne Young of Memphis, Tennessee, who pledged their troth beneath the watchful eye of Ralph, Bobbi's tuxedo-toting sheepdog, who escorted his mistress down the aisle and then departed with the happy couple on their honeymoon!

A friend, who described the couple as "40ish" said: "Everyone who knows Bobbi was not surprised, for they knew her affection for Ralph. When Wayne got married, he married Ralph too."

We can only hope that Ralph and Bobbi don't fight over the bone...

□ JULIE BURCHILL



THRILLS



go with one particular piece of music."

Another useful weapon Burlesque own is Trimmer's ability to win over an audience by shooting down hecklers with quick-fire wit.

"It came from watching people like Ronnie Scott and George Melly. They've got their one-liners and you build up a repertoire in your mind, though sometimes it's a spontaneous line that comes out."

People were impressed by the ease with which Burlesque transferred their act from the clubs to the concert halls on their recent tours with Be-Bop Deluxe and the Kursaal Flyers. They came across with unexpected assurance and power.

"Basically we learnt to cope with most audiences," says Trimmer. "We did 230 gigs last year and we've achieved a certain degree of experience in winning over different types of audiences."

"It's all a question of energy and projection", states Warren, "and using all the tricks you know. In the big halls you draw on your club experience to project yourself, and as it happens it's worked out fine."

WITH THE VISUAL emphasis on humour and what they describe as "AFR" (Armed Forces Rock), the group have been numbered along with several others as "Art School" rock and so I wondered just how aware they had been of those other groups.

"We were totally unaware of bands like Deaf School, Split Enz and the Albertos," averred Trimmer. "We



Another member of BURLESQUE (Pic: STEVE EMBERTON)

were still experimenting and it was only in the press that we started to see the occasional article about the others.

"We've also been compared to Roxy Music, but we never heard any of their stuff".

It certainly seems very unfair to label them just another Art School band, because in Art School rock the presentation of the image is either equal to, or usually more important than, the music. With Burlesque the music definitely comes first.

Parr and Warren could both make a not inconsiderable amount of money in session work, (when he was about to join Burlesque, Parr was offered countless keyboards and other exotic luxuries to become a member of Lone Star, but being a man of taste he naturally refused) but they both prefer the challenge of working in this band.

The group were very reluctant to admit to any influences, continually emphasising their reliance on empiricism, although we did agree on Zappa. "He certainly is an influence", says Trimmer, "though I've never seen him live".

"I wouldn't go and see him live", adds Jenkins. "I'd be too jealous."

On stage they get most of their laughs at the expense of rock, something which possibly leads the audience to believe that the band consider jazz to be a more serious type of music.

"It's a higher art form," replies Jenkins.

Trimmer flashes him a don't - you - know - only - Patti - Smith - gets - away - with - that - kinda - talk look:

"Yeah, it's bad denying that good rock and good pop isn't an art form

LOWRY



"It started out as a Mike Mansfield Supersonic programme and escalated like hell."

because it is when you've got amazing bands like 10cc."

Burlesque have just released their first album, a live recording and very good it is too. I shall be surprised if a better debut album is released this year. That it withstands repeated listenings underlines the fact that they are musicians rather than comedians.

But why take the unusual and potentially dangerous move of recording a live album as a debut recording?

"It seemed such an involved thing", replied Trimmer, "to take time off and go into a studio. Being a working band, gigging every night, it seemed perfectly natural for us just to go on, plug in a few extra leads, tape it and see what happened."

"As it's turned out, it works and the album is fine as a first album and Muff (Winwood, the producer) was great to work with."

How do you feel about the prospect of working in the studio later on? "I'm keen to keep on experimenting", affirmed Trimmer, "that's what it's all about — advancement, progression, more experiments, whether with synthesizers or multi-tracking vocals."

"I'm sure there are sounds not yet obtained by anybody that we might find."

What do you think of the *nouvelle vague* then lads?

"Punks? I don't really see anything new in their approach," answered Trimmer, "though their attitude of shaking up the business is ours as well inasmuch as we want to see openings for new talent rather than a reliance on establishment bands."

"The New Wave, if you like — from Deaf School to punk ... Racing Cars too — all they are is bands that come up from nowhere with a certain degree of talent, reach a certain degree of success and things stay the same."

"What we'll avoid when (laughs and touches the table) we become successful are the things I dislike about the establishment bands — they've never really given anything back to the music business."

"How much money to these people want? All we want is a reasonable living and to play everynight to live audiences, to get the live music flowing again."

I point out that if they achieve half the success they deserve, playing clubs and colleges would become impractical due to sheer size of numbers.

"We could play a week at a club",

stated Jenkins, "and anyway, if it gets to that stage I'm sure there's some alternative we can offer."

"But I'm not saying I wouldn't like to play to a 20,000 crowd. I'd like to see what would happen — it's another experience."

And if you still believe that Burlesque are only in it for the diamond-studded pinball machines, then listen finally to Billy Jenkins.

"Happiness", he says "is riffing on an augmented third"

□ DAVID HOUSHAM



I WAS DELIGHTED to see diminutive John Reid last week at a very tedious affair to celebrate the first anniversary of the *Daily Mirror* Pop Club.



Hi. We are richer, and consequently far more interesting, than you.

Actually he was referring to one of his charges, Kiki (Davey Johnstone's long time girlfriend) Dee. "Well she's staying with me at the moment, to be more precise. She doesn't have her own place sorted out in London."

Oh, the relief.

But back to advancing hairline Elton.

Both an anonymous Miss Phillips, who phoned Velda during the week and an I. Amathorn from St. Albans (thanks for the *delightful* letter sweetie) seem most *anxious* to discover the *true* nature of Elton John's association with Cathy (isn't she super?) McGowan.

Well my dears, the *official* answer (see John Reid conversation above) is that they are *merely* good friends.

Yet as I. Amathorn points out, Elton has accompanied young Cathy, 31, to a Watford Football Club Testimonial Dinner, while an intimate friend of Velda's assures me that EJ has presented the lady with a very expensive *diamond* trinket. They must be very *close* friends.

Melanie Greene, the young lady in Switzerland, is said to take credit for ending the rift between Elton and Rod Stewart. If this is true, she will be most angry that when he accepted the "Best Male Singer" award from Capital Radio, Elton announced "I want to thank those who drew up the awards and left out Rod Stewart."

Elton, my *darling*, I do wish you'd come up and see Velda some time so we can get to the *heart* of the matter.

I HEAR Angie (I once *slung* a right hook at a German cabbie and won) Bowie was just one of the many guests at a party given last weekend by Mr. Campbell Palmer, an Indian *millionaire*.

Squired on this occasion by Roy Hodges (the man she has shown more than a passing interest in of late), Angie *complained* halfway through the evening of feeling hot, and in *unladylike* fashion *hitched* up the skirt of her flowing jewelled dress.

Mr. Hodges (who it should be pointed out in no way rivals David for Angie's affections) *took exception* to this move and asked her to *pull it down*.

Angie, I am delighted to report, *refused*. I don't blame you dearie. If I had legs like yours, I'd *flash* them too — hot or cold.

IF BRYAN (picture of sartorial elegance) Ferry ever had any *doubts* about his *leggy* girlfriend, Texan model Jerry Hall being *unfaithful* in his absence, Velda can put his mind at rest.

In fact I can *confidently* state there is *no chance* of the 20 year old lovely straying. For when Bryan is away, as part of her beauty ritual she *smothers* herself in *cooking* oil and sleeps in a cotton nightie.

And that, Bryan *darling*, is far more of a *deterrent* than a chastity belt. After all, who wants to *seduce* a girl smelling of chips?

DESPITE Chicago's great *wealth* (I *understand* they could quit tomorrow and each of the members in the band would receive at least 150,000 dollars *for life*) they did not manage to gain entrance to a very delightful club in Covent Garden named the Zanzibar.

A representative from their record company phoned the Zanzibar and asked if "Several people from Chicago could *come down* for the evening."

They were politely but firmly told "sorry, *members only*." "But", said the exasperated person from CBS, "this is *Chicago* that wants to come down."

"Yes," said the man from the Zanzibar, tongue in cheek "from what part of Chicago do these people come?"

"But it's Chicago," yelled the man from CBS.

The Zanzibar (cute little place that it is) stuck to their guns and refused the lot of them entrance.

PAYING DUES TO THE PUNK MUSE

SORRY TO any of you out there who might've missed this column during the couple of months it's absented itself from these pages. The reasons for my brief vacation are not so complex as I'd hoped and have mostly to do with moving to New York City.

See, when I lived in Detroit, I thought the Big Apple was the most exciting place on the face of the earth. And I suppose it is, but imagine my rue at discovering that living in a fifth floor walk-up on 6th Avenue wasn't like staying at the St. Moritz!

For instance, because we had no money (it takes two weeks for cheques to clear in New York banks), my main squeeze and I subsisted almost entirely on Hostess Twinkies and steaks sent by her mother last week. Meanwhile of course if you have no dollars you can't go out, especially in NY, so we spent every night watching the only slightly used 21-inch colour TV which fellow rock critic Paul Nelson up and gave us, gratis, because I told him I liked the new Jackson Browne album.

We are averaging about eight hours of tube a night, and naturally we never miss the Donny and Marie or Captain and Tennille shows each week (you should see Marie's teeth in colour), but I suppose our real high water mark was the night we watched the Lawrence Welk show and Julie Andrews' Christmas Special in two successive hours.

I'm sure I'll be a better man for it. I already am, in fact. For instance, I know you'll all be reduced to tears when you hear this, but I have lost all



LESTER BANGS: BACK IN THE USA

interest in the music or persona of Lou Reed and stopped writing about him entirely.

On the other hand, such privations as I have been forced to endure are bound to take their toll: not long after arriving in New York, I decided that I hated all rock 'n' roll because it had come to the end of the line and that I would write *absolutely nothing* henceforth about The Scene or any of its appurtenances.

Accordingly, I readied myself to devote the remainder of my music journalism career to writing exclusively about soul. I reviewed the Wild Tchoupitoulas; I wrote a 6000 word Reggae Consumer Guide; and I entered catatonia, perhaps exacerbated by the fact that people were beginning to assume a distant, abstracted look whenever I told another of my Idi Amin jokes.

All I know is that, after dreaming of attending a Blue Oyster Cult concert in Uganda where Idi never showed and the main topic was that Allen Lanier and I still could not agree, I awoke one morning craving a bit of the old yoho wangyank fuzztone feedback catarrh.

Okay. As of today I have lived in New York almost four months. In that time I have attended a grand total of five concerts: Peter Frampton, Jonathan Richman, The Dictators, Lou Reed and Patti Smith. I swore off writing about Lou and I'm so mad at

Patti I can't even be completely rational on the subject, partially because "Radio Ethiopia" stinks and mostly because I think she's blowing a chance at the greatest quantum leap in rock since oh maybe "Astral Weeks" and "White Light/White Heat" combined, and she's as mad at me as I am at her, mostly because I didn't write the piece on her I'd promised.

And I'm not going to, either — what I wrote about instead was Jonathan Richman, which was like writing about David Seville and the Chipmunks, and Peter Frampton. And of all the people I've seen since I got here I actually enjoyed Peter Frampton the most. Why? Because he was the most like watching *Lassie* on TV.

So you can see what a quandary I'm in. If your can't here's a few clues: when I said I wanted to get one of those radio headphone sets — having decided to stop writing about black people and go back to imitating them — that allow you to walk down the street blocking out everything but the music the response from one who should know was "But you're 30 years old!" (Tell it to Patti Smith.)

Mean while, Debbie Blondie calls me up to thank me for writing a favourable review of their album, and I get all lecherous — only to realise, when she calls me up a week later to ask if they should sign with Sid Bernstein, that for her and the boys I am some kind of father figure! Daddy Warbucks!

FINALLY I am sitting over at Danny Fields' house the other night. Danny is one of the great men of our time. Right now he is managing The Ramones, and tonight he has invited me over to play an advance tape of their second album.

We listen to it booming out of his speakers with those unmistakable ka-whoom carom dynamics which are The Ramones' trademark. At one between-songs break he says, "I think this next one is especially great." The next one sounds just like the last one to me.

The Ramones' second album is a great album — it has to be, since it sounds almost identical to their first album, and I loved that. When it's over Danny asks me what I think and I say, "Well, I think you're going to lose some people, but you're not going to gain any people."

I then go on to say that this is all right, because everybody who loved The Ramones sound and has worn out the first album by now needs something new to play.

Danny doesn't press the issue, he knows we're on the same side, and that's what counts. Instead he asks me if I've heard The Sex Pistols, and since I haven't he plays me "Anarchy In The UK".

The speaker starts vomiting a bunch of pidgen guitar all over his rug; he doesn't seem to mind. Then this yap starts yowling about anarchy, not like either Hyde Park or the I.W.W. at all, and eventually the record seems to end in the middle. I sigh. "It's nice to know that people can still be that unconscious."

And it's true: you guys should all get down and kiss Johnny Rotten's curling toenails.

The Ramones may be artfully artless and the Dictators may threaten to co-opt the Ted Nugent audience's risibles, but only in England could anybody be as unconsciously moronic as The Sex Pistols in 1977. It must be your educational system, and I want you to know that it is because of the Sex Pistols and the Sex Pistols only that, just as soon as we have gotten ourselves to a marriage counsellor and patched things up, Patti and I will be moving to England (I mean, Ethiopia is a nice place to visit...) so that our kids can grow up with all the advantages too.



GLUE SCRIBE SPEAKS OUT

"ALL YOU kids out there who read *Sniffin' Glue*, don't be satisfied with what we write. Go out and start your own fanzines...."

So typed Mark P. a few months back in the rancid pages of *Sniffin' Glue* and as 1977 in the UK grinds into month two the fanzines are coming out of the woodwork — the largest, nastiest, funniest and healthiest selection of alternative music press in the history of rock 'n' roll and other habits....

Go down the Roxy and spend the time left over after watching the band by posing, having a few drinks and checking out who's around by seeing what new fanzines have started up on that particular day....

The majority of them have their peroxidized roots stuck firmly in the Airfix snorting legacy left by *Sniffin' Glue* and the Poet Laureate of the Blank Generation — Mark P.

So what prompted this unemployed Deptford yob to start a magazine in the first place?

"Nick Kent's review of the first Ramones album," he says. "When I read his review I rushed out and bought it and after I'd listened to it I decided I wanted to write about it....I'd never written any stuff before but I thought The Ramones were one of the most basic rock bands ever!"

"Right! — I decided that they should be written about on that level, a basic street level, not intellectual.... All I did was take each track as it came and said how great it was....it knocked me head off!"

It seems like the reason *Sniffin' Glue* is the best fanzine is because it's more discerning than the others. Like, if you hear a record that you think sucks, you'll say so, whereas other fanzines let themselves down by praising what they think is fashionable....

"Yeah, when The Flamin' Groovies fucked up we really said so, really gave it to 'em. And we'd wanted them to do well...."

Sniffin' Glue covers the board of New Wave scam from records, gossip and gigs to pin-ups, interviews, and

news, everything as up to date and as informed as a monthly mag could get for the simple reason that Mark P. spends practically every night of the week at one gig or another, checking out the rise of new bands and the progress of the old ones....that is, those that have been around for over six months.

How many of you work on the paper, Mark?

"Well, I'm editor, layout man and writer and Harry T. Murlowski is the photographer and writer...."

Is Harry the geezer you printed a photo of holding a camera with a balloon coming out of his mouth saying, "How does this bleedin' thing work?"

"Yeah!" Pee laughs and frisks down some lager. "Steve Mick used to write a lot but now he contributes.... Steve's getting married," he adds with a grimace, obviously not rating too highly the joys of wedlock.

What do you think of the Roxy?

"Well, I really liked it at first but I don't like it so much now, because down there the kids are content; everyone just sits around posing and that's no good. I'm not saying I want it to close....but I'm getting a bit fed up with the place, the same old people. When it was really difficult for bands to get gigs, when they had to play in front of a buncha students, they really had to fight.... it wasn't all as easy then...."

That's the kind of attitude that makes *SG* so important; the paper's rude, blunt, funny, honest, anarchic and always entertaining.

Other fanzines knocking around include *Ripped & Torn* run by a couple of Glasgow kids, which is good because it's like *SG*, an original, with poems rubbing shoulders with Pistols, while *London's Burning* is a brilliant cut-up collage of The Clash lyrics and pictures interspersed with newspaper cutting and edited highlights of World War Two.

London's Outrage is similar in style with more emphasis on the Pistols, while *Anarchy In The UK* is totally about the Pistols.

Bondage is by Shane of ICA chewed earlobe fame, *I Wanna Be Your Dog* is from Paris and

malheureusement is printed in *français*, and other fanzines include *Sideburns*, *Fishnet Stockings* and the very worthwhile 48 *Thrills*, run by Adrian.

If you wonder why a lot of the kids who run fanzines are known only by their first names it's because most of them are on the dole and if you get your name in the papers the little Tin Gods hassle you when you sign on....

Okay, Mark what's your view on the much-discussed Nazi undercurrent of the New Wave?

"I don't think it exists, really. I think that kids just wear it the same way that I used to buy a suit and wear it after I'd slashed it to pieces with a razor....I think that it's on that level."

And what about violence?

"Well, the only instance of violence that I've seen was at the Day Two Punk Festival down the 100 Club when the girl lost her eye when The Damned were playing, remember?"

Yeah.

"And they used to be really obnoxious in those days, so there was bound to be trouble. It just happened that when someone threw a glass it hit a post and some of it went in the girl's eye....that was terrible but that was the only instance that I've seen...."

You ever had the desire to get a band together?

He grins. "Yeah, but it's too much trouble rehearsing and practising and all that shit. I've got the paper...."

Right now *SG* is probably the second best rock 'n' roll paper in the world.

Mark P. is a real scumsurfer, claims he hates his readers but, underneath that safety pin jacket, beats a heart that cares!

All I know is that right now there are probably more young people writing or playing rock music than ever before and one of the reasons for it is Mark P. and *Sniffin' Glue*.

But, like Shane says in *Bondage*, "Anybody who uses a typewriter is a GIRL."

□ TONY PARSONS

Score *SG* and other fanzines and contact Mark P. through Rough Trade Records, 202 Kensington Park Road, London, W11. Or ring 01-737 4312.

LONE GROOVER



BENYON

Bad Company

EVERYTHING I NEED

C/W
TOO BAD



WIP6381



The inauguration of Barry Gibb as President of the United States. From Left: Barry, Robin and Maurice Gibb, Robert Morgenthau, Mayor Abraham D. Beame, Robert Stigwood.

BEE GEES AID FUZZ CLUB

THINKING of The Bee Gees always makes me giggle because the episode from their past I best remember was a big outdoor gig in Southern California years ago. A very strange lady wriggled on stage and minced, "And now, my favourite gwoup — The Beeeee Geees". It was Keith Moon in drag.

After that it was all downhill for them for a while. Fraternal squabbles, splits and slim pickings hit-wise saw them receding from pop's big league until the 1975 album "Main Course" provided a couple of monster singles and went platinum.

Since then the Bee Gees have concentrated on the States, where they are huge.

At least, that's the impression one was obliged to receive in New York, at the end of last year.

A shop on Manhattan's chic bit of 57th Street was done up as Bee Gees Headquarters, where tickets for the December gig at Madison Square Garden, records, balloons, T-shirts, postcards, badges and stickers went as quickly as the hot pretzels vendors sell from carts in the streets outside.

Hyperama for the New York concert had started a month earlier with a lavish luncheon at Gracie Mansion, residence of New York's

Mayor Beame. The mayor was the official host, but Robert Stigwood picked up the 10,000 dollar tab for the resulting news coverage.

Mayor Beame gave the group a key to the city; Andy Warhol showed. Bianca and Mick didn't. A very pregnant Carly Simon, James Taylor, Paulette Goddard and other ravers were entertained by a drum and bugle corps of schoolgirls and the mayor's wife declined Maurice Gibb's request for a dance because of her ingrown toenail.

The big announcement in the midst of all this was that The Bee Gees were going to hand over the proceeds from Madison Square Garden to PAL, the

N.Y. Police Athletic League, a fuzz organisation that sponsors sports programmes for kids.

Barry Gibb said they were doing it "because a lot of groups come here and take a lot of bread out of the city and never give any back". The beaming Beame gratefully accepted a gold record from the band and called them the JayPees, then the Gee Bees.

By the week of the concert Bee Gees Headquarters and their press team were in a tizz with the Importance Of It All.

Word had optimistically come from London's RSO office that I could do the gig with a photographer, have an interview and attend the post-gig

party with the photographer for its *Thrills* value since Everybody was going to be there.

Everybody but me. Fitting *NME* into such a crowded and prestigious schedule was not, apparently, easy.

After a flurry of phone calls it emerged that the Jay Pees were too busy to talk for ten minutes, even though I was in the same hotel. I complained loudly to my friend the bell captain and, overheard by a mid-western lady in the lift who'd seen too many episodes of "I Love Lucy", was advised by her to borrow a maid's uniform and crash the Gee Bees suite with my tape recorder under a bundle of linen.

Sure, lady.

Then I couldn't get photos because they didn't have room for any more photographers. Then I couldn't go to the party because "There is no party", even though there was. Shoot, and after I'd packed my party frock and all.

Then I couldn't get into the concert because "Everybody is going".

After three days of the press office "working miracles" the ducats did arrive with a chirpy note expressing the hope that seeing The Bee Gees would be "part of the festivities" of my stay in the "Big Apple".

Wowee.

I wasn't irate enough to lie about the gig. It was good.

To start with The Bee Gees either bravely or extremely confidently allowed Tavares, an ace black soul act of brothers from Boston, to support, and they generated an amazing response complete with ovation and a real encore.

Tavares are one of those groups you think you've never heard of until every number they do comes back to you because it was a Top Fiver — "It Only Takes A Minute Girl" and all of that. The five brothers look like the Jackson Five except they're all tall. Pumping their arms in unison, pirouetting and ooh-oohing like crazy, they're very slick, very infectious and warmly humorous.

The Brothers Gibb, now firmly into a niche somewhere between Isaac Hayes and Hall and Oates, were augmented by a big band including Joe Lala on percussion, and Blue Weaver on keyboards and synth-

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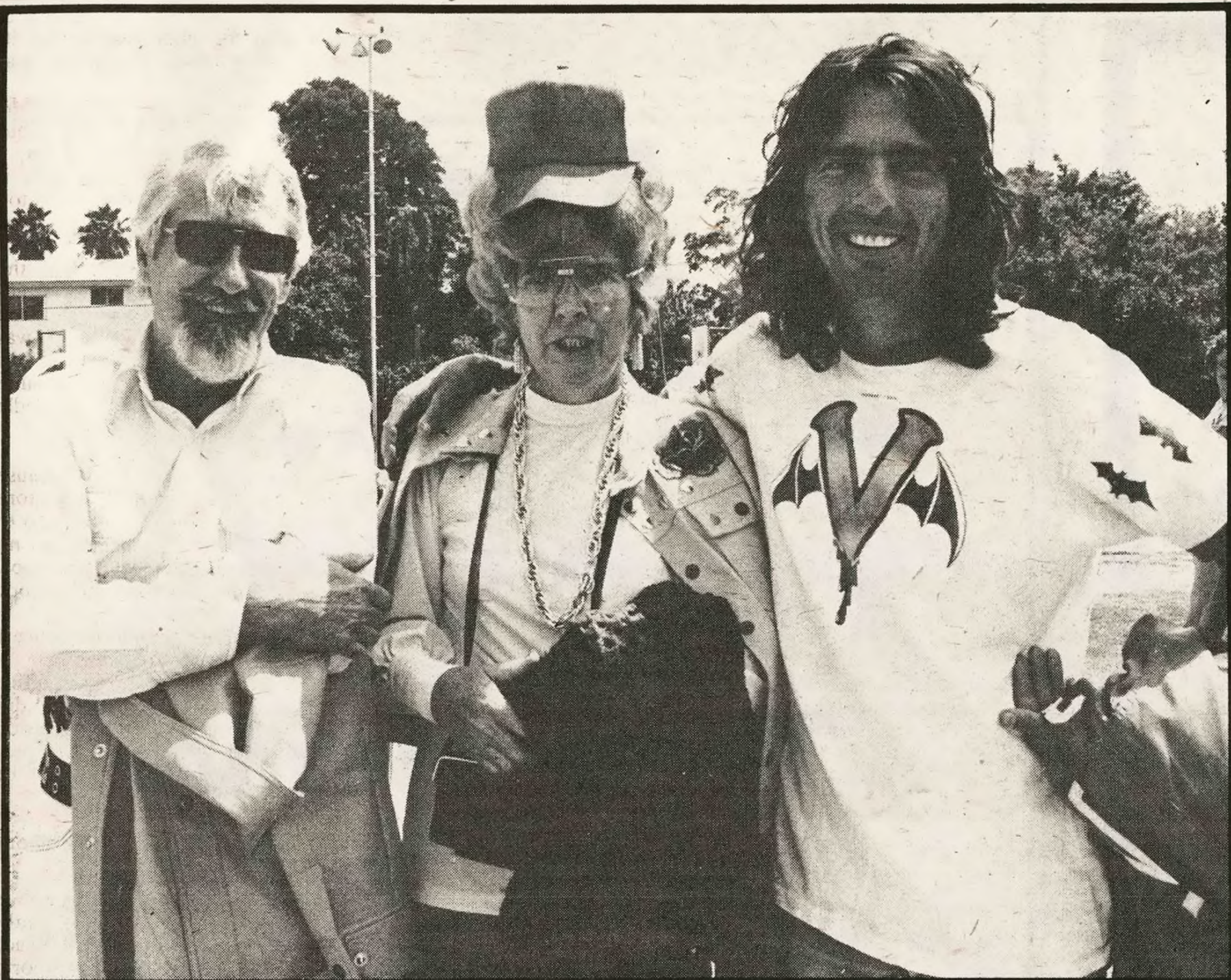
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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

"Something much more authentic than mere nostalgia... He performs with unreal brilliance."

MELODY MAKER





FAMILY ALBUM No 17

MR AND MRS Alice Cooper are the proud parents, seen posing here with their Billion Dollar Baby cum Las Vegas snake charmer on a manicured West Coast golf course recently. Pic: BRAD ELTERMAN

esizer, with The Miami Horns on the sidelines.

They came up with tight, classy harmonies over brassy, dancey funk, and the band was very much an ensemble — not a collection of blowers but a precise and carefully arranged bop-along inducement.

Biggest hit of the evening was the inevitable Hit Oldies medley, with the audience wildly greeting the opening

bars of everything and singing along to "Massachusetts", "To Love Somebody", "Holiday", "New York Mining Disaster" et al.

The slight and now bearded Robin, whose awkward English dancing to the funky stuff was pretty silly after Tavares, still came sweetly into his own on the vibrato specials such as "Run To Me" and "I Started A Joke". But occasionally, as on "Words", he

and Barry almost went over the top in being studiously smooth, milking too much out of the essentially slight.

Their current material is performed with a flourish, still basically pretty but commercially explosive. Numbers such as "Dancing" and "Jive Talking" are fairly hot, while ballads such as "You Can't Keep A Good Man Down", "Come On Over" and the sensationally arranged "Nights On Broadway" are incredibly effective.

After an hour and a half of pleasant variety, well-timed nostalgia and sometimes magnificent acrobatic harmonising, the capacity crowd stood holding matches, lighters and sparklers for encores.

Less satisfactory for the band's

BLOOD IS THICKER THAN EMBALMING FLUID

"YOU CAN'T be my father! I buried you four months ago!"

"You buried the wrong man, honey! I ain't no ghost!"

So resumed the beautiful friendship between pert blackperson Mamie Higgs and her father, Alex Monroe, when she passed him on the street in Miami, Florida. He was strolling down the sidewalk when Mamie drove by. She slammed on the brakes and leapt out of the auto. "You're dead!" she yelled.

"Heck, I just came back from North Carolina," Alex objected.

As chance would have it, the present occupant of Alex Monroe's grave was his spitting image, complete with salt and pepper hair, scars and the same name. They were both 62 years, 5.9 feet and 140lbs.

Said Detective Richard Bohan of the Miami Police Department: "I've never handled such an amazing case."

The curious capers commenced last February. When a man named Alex Monroe was shot to death in a downtown Miami brawl. The body was not claimed, so the undertaker put a bulletin on the funeral parlour door. A florist saw the corpse and said: "I

know this man — and I know his daughter!"

Mamie rushed to the funeral parlour and identified the man as her father. She promptly buried him, paying 500 dollars for the funeral. ("We all viewed the body in an open casket and mourned his passing".)

Sad stuff, eh kids?

On July 1, Alex Monroe rose from the open casket! But Mamie obstinately refused to believe it — "My father was dead. I had seen him to his grave. There was no way he could be walking around. Even when he hugged me I was suspicious."

But blood is thicker than embalming fluid, and Mamie soon defrosted. "When we began to talk about old times, I realised that a terrible mistake had been made. He was my father all right — and someone else was in his grave!"

Ironically, the two Alex Monroes lived only six blocks apart. The breathing one says: "People still ask me about being dead. Believe me, it has made life even sweeter than it was before."

And, like in all happy endings, the funeral parlour refunded Mamie's 500 dollars.

□ JULIE BURCHILL

prestige was a press conference called the next day for the news cameras to capture the Jay Pees handing over 30 G's to Mayor Beame.

After I raised the roof at Bee Gees Headquarters about their lack of cooperation, a conciliatory parcel of records, balloons and decals was delivered to my room with a note saying "Terribly sorry, but never underestimating the creativity of a journalist I'm sure your editor will welcome the news from abroad." Not to mention the balloons.

The P.S. clued me in that the boys were scheduled to do their benevolent gig on the six o'clock news. But the pretty scene turned out to be rather embarrassingly marred when the press present (funny, they told me no press were invited to the press conference) ignored the band and hit Beame with sticky questions into a bribery scandal that had blown up in his face that morning. Oops . . .

□ ANGIE ERRIGO

GENE VINCENT - GREATEST



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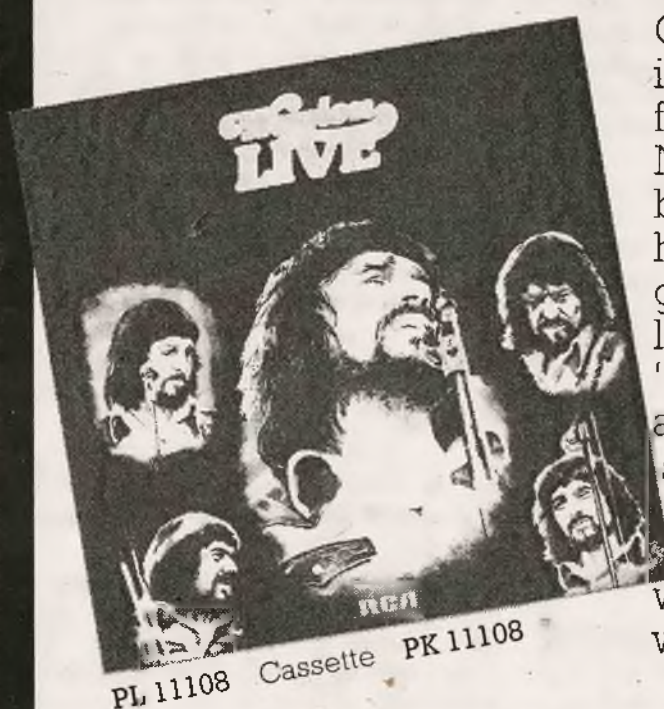
EMI



Capitol

Waylon Jennings

probably the meanest Outlaw ever to come out of Texas



Outlaw in a musical sense that is. Ever since he broke away from the main stream at Nashville to develop his own brand of contemporary music, his recordings have been getting more individual and lyrical in their content. 'Waylon Live' is his new album, and this is where he shines best, in front of an audience, enjoying the atmosphere and taking them with him into his own Outlaw world.



The reviving EP revival

CHARLY RECORDS don't do things by halves.

Having already bombarded the market with an admirable deluge of mid-price rock'n'roll / rhythm & blues L.P. compilations they've now decided to join the E.P. revival, releasing a dozen in one go just for starters.

Retailing at 99p they're all from the same sources as the previous albums, but not all of the tracks have been issued by Charly before.

FROM THEIR heyday in the late '50s/early '60s E.P.s gradually declined in popularity, largely because the industry manipulated the public's attention towards the more lucrative L.P. market and because, in turn, increasingly more record buyers could afford to speculate on whether or not their favourite artist had the talent to justify such faith.

Now that the price of L.P.s is getting beyond a joke, and after a decade of trial and error has proved that the majority of artists / writers / producers etc. have *not* got sufficient talent to keep pushing out worthwhile albums, E.P.s seem an attractive proposition again — providing they are compiled with due care and attention.

Which brings us back to Charly's laudable series, for although I'm rather bemused by the variety of concepts behind the E.P.s they are each, in their different ways, a snip at the price.

Three of them, from the legendary Sun label, are simply back-to-back reissues of both sides of 2 original singles, the best being those by **Rufus Thomas** ("Bear Cat" & "Tiger Man" and their flips) and **Junior Parker** ("Mystery Train" and "Feelin' Good" and their flips).

Recorded in 1953 these driving slabs of primitive R&B still sound as virile as anything in their wake, exemplifying the black influence on Elvis (who later recorded "Tiger Man" and "Mystery Train") and his less familiar successors like wild-man **Sonny Burgess** ("We Wanna Boogie" & "Restless" and their flips).

Like countless others of his ilk Burgess was never really known above the Mason-Dixon line, but these tracks tend to support the legend that he was as dynamic as any of the rockers who hit the big time.

All of Sun's other heavy white names are represented by illogical selections which appear to be random choices since they are certainly not all greatest hits or greatest performers or even straightforward reissues of 2 singles.

Johnny Cash is represented by four of his untypical pop-slanted titles, singing over a background chorus on the likes of "Ballad Of A Teenage Queen" and "Guess Things Happen That Way", which attracted a wider audience than his simpler, country recordings.

Conversely, **Roy Orbison**'s rockabilly rave-ups, "Ooby Dooby", "Rock House" and "Domino" were recorded before his sophisticated hits and

only his lachrymose version of Chuck Willis's "It's Too Late" hints at the style that later brought him fame and fortune.

The great **Carl Perkins** has the weirdest selection, matching his classic "Boppin' The Blues" and another boogie, "Dixie Fried", with his first recording of "Movie Magg" and a dreary country moan, "Sure To Fall".

At 99p it's a goodie but it could have been stronger, given the rich pickings to choose from.

Although just as surprising a choice, the four from **Jerry Lee Lewis** are all essential and if you haven't already got any one of "Lewis Boogie", "High School Confidential", "Little Queenie" and "Break-Up" you should be shakin' on down to the record store right about . . . now. Go!

STILL HERE?

Very well then, you ought to know about the last of the bunch from the Sun studios, featuring The Silver Fox **Charlie Rich** when he was still young and poor but recording ace sides like his first, "Whirlwind", his big one of the era, "Lonely Weekends", the soulful blues-ballad "Who Will The Next Fool Be" and a good countryish ballad, "Sittin' And Thinkin'", that's not unlike his recent material.

In different vein there's also a choice sampler of the masterful **Johnny Adams**, a southern soul man with a powerful, compelling voice who has never achieved great success in the States, let alone been recognised over here. "I Won't Cry" & "A Losing Battle" from the late '50s/early '60s and "Reconsider Me" & "In A Moment Of Weakness" from 1969 should help to boost his reputation and might just produce a freak hit.

Of the three remaining E.P.s. I can't say much except that they're undoubted value for money.

I'd perhaps be more loquacious about **The Dixie Cups** and **The Shangri-Las** if their respective tracks hadn't already been reissued in Britain about six times in the last couple of years.

If you *still* haven't got "Chapel Of Love", "Iko Iko", "Remember (Walking In The Sand)", "Leader Of The Pack" etc. by now I'd guess that you're never going to want them.

As for **The Yardbirds**, they mean nothing to me except a vaguely unpleasant reminder of mid-sixties British pop.

However, I'm well aware that in their own way they're as legendary as any of the American acts mentioned above and doubtless there's a lot of folk who'll be wanting "Still I'm Sad", "Evil Hearted You", "Shape Of Things To Come" and "For Your Love", all featuring Jeff Beck as far as I can make out.

When this collectors' dozen first hit the streets there were apparently pressing faults that spread alarm and despondency among the populace. Charly now assure me that the offending bugs have been ironed out so you may now buy without hesitation.

Cliff White



SINGLES

CHALKIE DAVIES is always kidding me about lambs, ever since we took the train somewhere and I screamed "Laaambs" every time we saw any.

So he says this oughta be a lamb concept column, but none of the mostly boring pile this week has the right flavour.

But we *do* have some gorillas, chickens and bumblebees... not forgetting the turkeys.

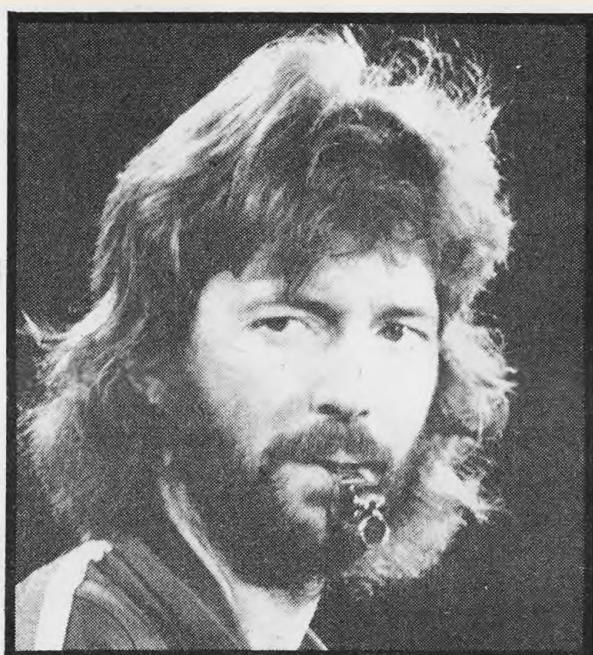
TOO MUCH MONKEY BUSINESS LOVE **UNLIMITED ORCHESTRA:** Theme From 'King Kong' (20th Century): I hadn't noticed there was a theme in K.K. Well, okay, there's always a theme, but who cares when you're only there for the ooky stuff. This isn't even jungle or anything — it sounds like the lead up to the 8 o'clock news rather than music for mayhem.

CHIMP 'N' ZEE: King Kong (EMI): Timorously soulful ladies sound justifiably embarrassed chanting "K-K-K-King Kong, I wanna get it on" to a KP Jungle Nuts beat. Now what kind of a kinko really wants to get it on with a 40-foot hairy male chauvinist pig gorilla with halitosis, hmmm? Anyway, gorillas were last month's thing. Now it's chickens...

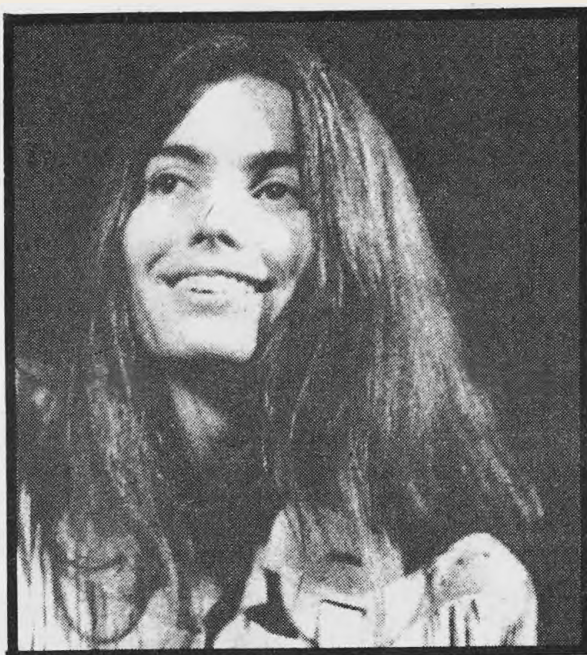
RAY STEVENS: In The Mood (Warner Bros.): You're going to think I'm making this up. Nutty Stevens lays an egg on Glenn Millermania by imitating a chicken squawking to the ordinary swing orchestration of this war-time standard. The initial "Byaw-byaw-byaw-byaw BYAWK BYAWK" is shocking enough to be funny for five seconds, but three minutes of clucking want stuffing.

SPEAKING OF POULTRY... **J. J. BARRIE:** Top Ten Fool (Power Exchange): He said it. How the mighty are fallen. Shel Talmy, responsible for the production of the early Who and the Kinks' definitive '60s guitar sound, is reduced to dealing with a non-voice churning out four mock country toons for a 99p line. Frigh-tening.

THE FEMALES OF THE SPECIES **EMMYLOU HARRIS:** You Never Can Tell (C'est La Vie) (Warner Bros.): Pierre and his lovely mademoiselles may be pushing 40, and the "rock, rhythm and jazz" has turned to rock, country and swing, but Emmylou soars like a fever through Chuck's teen paean with the spirit alive and kicking. The pedal steel, sawed-off fiddle and hammering backbeat are a joy, and the dynamics are keen.



Eric...



...and Emmylou

(Pics: ANDY KENT and ERICA ECHENBERG)

And were they sheep?

LINDA RONDSTADT: Crazy (Asylum): Linda comes across silkily torchy for this impeccably produced rendering of a fine Willie Nelson song. Somehow it hovers dangerously close to a parody of real feeling and the genuine '40s thing, but that may be overt cynicism talking, because she's undeniably magnetic.

Singles reviewed by ANGIE ERRIGO

BARBARA DICKSON: Another Suitcase In Another Hall (MCA): One of the few completely unembarrassing episodes from "Evita", Ms. Dickson's number in the role of Juan Peron's ousted mistress is richly sung to a sedate arrangement. She has a slightly self-conscious, hesitant presence that goes well with this song; it will be interesting to see where she does go from here, as the song says.

CATHERINE HOWE: The Truth Of The Matter (RCA): Velda and I cringed, my dears, when Catherine had to follow cute Twiggy on some telly pop

show or other recently. I mean there she was singing so much better but wearing something so *tres ordinaire* and made up so *normally* that no-one would notice her next to darling Twigs. Now she's really gone and goofed with a really *sweet* but wimpy lurve dirge of her own writing. Such a shame, because she is really *talented*, but a girl needs more *oomph*, chérie.

MARY MacGREGOR: Torn Between Two Lovers (Ariola America): This just exploded from nowhere to number one in the States. Don't ask me why. Ms MacGregor sings very prettily in that flutey, long-white-gowned way, but you wouldn't have thought a catchy but dreary little ode to the murmurings of a confused heart would capture the mood of a nation. Deliver us, oh gord.

FROM THE KLASSICAL STABLE **THE WALTER MURPHY BAND:** Flight '76 (Private Stock): The "Fifth of Beethoven" entrepreneur's follow-up is a strings and soul massacre of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Flight of the Bumble Bee". B Bumble and the Stingers did it much better, but the promo insists this "Has the industry buzzing". I note with interest it is the theme (guessed as much) for an upcoming television film called "Attack of the Killer Bees", which sounds right up my street, at least.

SALSOUL ORCHESTRA: Salsoul 3001 (Salsoul Records): A.k.a. "Thus Spake Zarathustra" by Richard Strauss, the power and majesty of which has been demeaned quite enough already by multitudinous "rock", "funk" and "contemporary" arrangements. This time it's a horny "hustle" of the type featured on airline in-flight "Sounds Of Today" tape progs.

MIKE OLDFIELD: William Tell Overture (Virgin) Rossini, too, has been done to death, but this is rather disarming for its sense of humour. Synthesizer and sleigh bells lead into a Morris dance mode, shot through with some excellent guitar fills and interesting effects, that sent me to the cupboard for my clogs.

LIONS 'N' TIGERS 'N' BEARS **ERIC CLAPTON:** Carnival (RSO) Eric is still magic, you know. This lift from the "No Reason To Cry" Lp may be devoid of guitar fireworks, but it's a great, jumping ensemble piece, with elated backing singing from Yvonne Elliman and Marcy Levy.

PURE PRAIRIE LEAGUE: Dance (RCA) Lyrical exhortations to dance usually operate with the efficiency of flogging a dead horse where I'm concerned. Like, if they have to tell you, forget it. This is in solid, though, courtesy of the persuasive piano pounding and the sax assault.

GUYS 'N' DOLLS: You're My World (Magnet) Cilla's '64 hit cover of an Italian heart-string plucker gets the duelling eyeballs treatment from telly's favourite androgynous sextet. Smoothie Dominic Grant bulges and oozes through the greasy lead vocal quite sexily, but the girlie being soulful and slightly off-key all over him is out of order.

GOLDEN EARRING: Bombay (Polydor) Poor Dutch Golden Earring spent so long bringing their material up to scratch for the Anglo-American market that by the time they got there their heavy glam style and presentation were out of date. This is a good, steady rocker with dynamic percussion, some knockout bass and the prerequisite screaming-guitar, but it's doubtful anyone will take much notice since the band has never had a firm grip here.

STANLEY CLARKE: Hot Fun (Nemperor) For a young jazz/rock bassist with a track record as good as Clarke's this is a mite obvious and unexceptional, if hot, in its overall impact as a disco flounce. The lead bass work is incredibly fast, supple and belligerent, but the zinging strings and the bump and grind of blatty horns and percussion are all too much. Pass the paracetamol.

STEVE MILLER BAND: Serenade (Mercury) A rather belated cut from the "Fly Like An Eagle" album, the song is slight, with a touch of the cosmos, but the sound is strong and insistent. The throbbing rhythm strumming and close, eerie vocal harmonies are hypnotic.

LYNYRD SKYNYRD: Free Bird (MCA) Taken from the live Lp, this is the biggie from Skynyrd's set, a tribute to Duane Allman replete with only slightly appropriate but effective guitar histrionics. Van Zant's voice is well pushy in the competition, but the whole is forcibly raunchy get-down-and-boogie.

THE MIRACLES: Spy For Brotherhood (CBS) Predictably slick and commercially funky, this is nevertheless the standout in the "File Under Disco" slot this week. Lead singer Billy Griffin whoo-ooos his way exceptionally well through a paranoid parable of the CIA on his ass. The others gasp, jive and strut in still top-class form to a driving instrumentation and punchy production.

GONZALES: Bless You (EMI) This home-grown funk mob turns out a reasonably honeyed bounce, more circumspect on plastic that might be expected from such a loose on-stage horde. It's bland, but produced quite nicely by Bolan's missus, Gloria Jones.

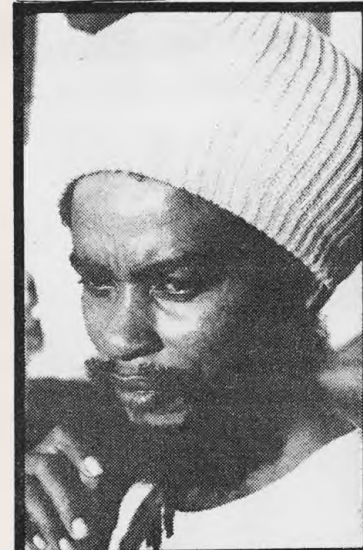
ELTON JOHN: Crazy Water (Rocket) Elton setting Bernie's phone bill to "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star" would probably go gold. This track from "Blue Moves" is no

big thrill, desperately funky, with everything but the kitchen sink going on behind too-affectedly tough vocals.

CURTIS LEE: Pretty Little Angel Eyes (Charly) A quintessential doo-wop once more comes our way thanks to those wunnerful people at Charly. It's a must for both nostalgics and speed freaks for the outrageous sax, bombing bass vocal and Lee's frenetic falsetto kiss-off.

HUMAN INTEREST BUZZCOCKS: Spiral Scratch (New Hormones) This young group's own Manchester label is so broke that the four tracks here were recorded in half an hour — the limit of their studio budget. Heavily New York influenced in style (or lack of), Howard Devoto's content — "Breakdown", "Time's Up", "Boredom" and "Friends of Mine" — is fairly fiery, with some neat sketches of Concerns of Our Time, such as being pissed off, stirring it up and weirding out. Like all the other promising Bright Young Things, they warrant encouragement. The Ep is available only from Virgin Records or by post from New Hormones, 182 Oxford Road, Manchester 13, for £1.10 including postage.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK And the last shall come first...



MAX ROMEO: Heads A Go Roll (Caribbean) What I understand about reggae and Rasta could be engraved on a record needle, but this is an exultant, overpoweringly apocalyptic 45. Jah's servant's fluid, calmly coruscating vocals slip from lacerating denunciation ("you rich people... you have made yourself fat for the day of slaughter") to red-hot ecstasy in the chorus assurance that "Heads a go roll down sandy gully one of these days". The rhythm is massive, overwhelming and makes you powerless to resist. A real blood-boiler, this will no way make the Beeb playlist, so its probably down to leg work to a reasonably cool record shop just to hear it. Go on, do it.



Mireille Bauer

The progression towards instrumental virtuosity began when Mireille Bauer joined on xylophone, glockenspiel and assorted percussion a while ago. Now, often playing in unison with vibist Benoit Moeren, she underpins the excursions of Holdsworth and Malherbe with punchy arabesques, like a sort of funky Debussy. Melody Maker: Karl Dallas.



J. G. Ballard

Low-Flying Aircraft
(Jonathan Cape)

SOME THINGS never change. Ballard's cheerless projections of Man's imminent future remain determinedly pessimistic and decidedly misanthropic.

Give Ballard a dockyard crane and he'll tell you it's not a crane at all, but a metallic mantis-thing swathing the air in search of some hapless victim to crush between its iridium flexi-jaws.

Give him a desert and he'll animate it, make it play elaborate games with space-time, scatter it with the hieroglyphic wreckage of derelict machinery encrusted uselessly with semi-precious silicates.

But give him a human and he'll tell you there's no such thing, only a depersonalised, readily malleable item, conditioned either to self-destruct or to spend the remainder of their days in some incubatory state of deliriously equatorial eroticism.

Ballard is not a humanist, you understand. He doesn't give any of us a hope in any hell, especially our own, self-made one. You might call him a realist on the evidence we've accumulated so far. But he's more than dispassionate, he's vehemently casual, absolutely uncaring.

His work exerts the fascination of a hypno-static salamander. His early doomwatch scenarios of the world gripped by extreme natural disasters *The Drowned World*, *The Crystal World*, *The Drought*, *The Wind From Nowhere* were cluttered with an improbable wealth of alarmingly provocative, often desperately beautiful imagery.

Man, Ballard postulated coolly, would regress. He would clamber back down his own evolutionary spine, become a hyper-vulnerable embroiled creature, preyed upon by innumerable psychoses. Back to the warm seas and swamps we came from, but with Papa Freud tucked firmly between our legs.

Subsequently Ballard set about establishing a wholly novel vocabulary of stress in *The Day Of Forever*, *The Disaster Area*, *The Terminal Beach*, *The Overloaded Man* and *The Four-Dimensional Nightmare*. The process was as grimly compulsive as it was inexorably expansive.

In his more recent work Ballard has capitalised on a particularly obsessive labyrinth of neuro-shock, a predominantly sexual/excremental axis he first developed effectively in *The Atrocity Exhibition*.

Ballard isn't interested in pain or degradation as a cathartic function, but as one of total neutralisation. There's no relief, no subjective justification for any of the crazed quests his non-peoploids launch into with such vicious intent.

His grid of despair has become ever more recessive, more microcosmic. All you need is a cranial cavity. *Crash* was a numbingly reiterative paean to the car as sentient sex/death machine, as callously geometric countour of orgasm. Both it and *Concrete Island* allowed Ballard to explore his apparent fascination with the network of flyovers and motorways leading west out of London — as featureless, fractured desolation, as perpetual-motion purposelessness, as snuff-out dragstrips.

High Rise considered alienation and its effects within the confines of a tower block. Ballard's psychology is even

SIDE SWIPE

NEW BOOKS



No, this isn't Ballard and Herbert fighting for a Nebula Award, it's one of the hundreds of illustrations from *ROBOT* by David Annan (Lorrimer £1.95), a history of robots, androids and mechanical monsters in movies.

The Doomology of Psychwatch

Or The Psychology of Doomwatch if you prefer.
ANGUS MCKINNON explains.

more contemptuously behavioural than that of Skinner, who insisted aberrantly that he could extrapolate the whole range of human response from endless experiments with rats.

Landscape or immediate environment is the all-powerful active agency in Ballard's prognosis. We simply, slavishly respond to its stimuli and reduplicate its outlines within our brains. These outlines form a reactive mechanism that prompts either violent aggression or womb-bound introspection.

Depressing stuff, isn't it? Well, there's more in *Low-Flying Aircraft* Ballard has busied himself listing yet more psychotic potentials.

The Dead Astronaut envisages eroticism in the act of retrieving the charred remains of astronauts as their capsules finally fall back to earth, long after the crews have been "terminated" (killed) by equipment malfunctions. The erotic impulse is equated directly with radioactivity; both are seen as necessarily fatal attractions / infections.

The Ultimate City, the one

novella in this batch of shorts, casts ultra-cynical — even for Ballard — aspersions on a stable, agrarian community (the supposedly logical aftermath of over-industrialisation), proposing an inevitable return to neon-glow neuroses, urban living and consumer ethics.

Low-Flying Aircraft itself has all of Europe depopulated as every baby born shows signs of mutation and is therefore immediately "destroyed".

And so on. But in general *Aircraft* is not Ballard at his intransigent best. Compared with *Vermilion Sands*, his last collection of startlingly surreal snapshots, it's worryingly insubstantial fare.

There are three too many lame efforts in *The Life And Death Of God*, *The Greatest Television Show On Earth* and *The Comsat Angels*. Both *God* and *Television Show* catch Ballard way off balance as he tries to inject a small amount of petulantly glib humour into proceedings. The lapse comes as an unpleasant surprise from a stylist of his stature. A comic Ballard is not.

Another point — Ballard's

imagery throughout *Aircraft* seems oddly tarnished, disappointingly predictable. Wonder if he hasn't suddenly reached a point beyond which he's unable to refine his terse meta-structuralism.

Ballard's game is a dangerous game. His projections rely on only slight exaggerations of current psycho-social phenomena. Nonetheless he's obliged to demand we suspend our belief.

His scenarios are invariably earthbound, so he can't indulge liberally in intergalactic unverifiabilities.

The pertinence of his output lies in its nagging portrayal of the almost likely, the near-possible / probable, of how it might turn out if we don't get a grip — whether Ballard himself reckons we'll make it or not is something else.

But much of *Aircraft* lacks that salient quality. It reads like Ballard is covering old ground with little enthusiasm. It seems a gratuitous, almost grotesque gesture on his part.

On this evidence, Ballard seems to be set on fusing the methodology of his work inseparably with the listless

death-in-life mentality of his creations.

Defeatism finally gets the better of defeatist author? Stranger things have happened.

Frank Herbert

Children Of Dune
(Victor Gollancz)

THE THIRD and final part of the *Dune* saga. It's no surprise that defenders of the SF faith should have seized upon the *Dune* books as incontrovertible evidence that SF has, albeit belated, come of age and is now a "mature" literary medium. Can't see that it matters much one way or the other myself though.

Nonetheless Herbert remains a persistently "soft" SF writer. He's interested in systems, in the way things work (or fail to work) — but from sociological, psychological, phenomenological and environmental (phew) angles. In fact he scored something of a famous first with "*Dune*" itself, by creating a world on which the delicate balance of ecosystems was threatened with disruption — and this long before ecological issues had become fashionable.

The hardware aspect of the *Dune* worlds is rigorously sublimated. Herbert doesn't care greatly whether a spaceship is powered by an argon-drive accumulator or a can of prunes. It's a spaceship — period. Instead he details convincing insights into characters and motivations.

Herbert's *Dune* people think a lot (often telekinetically) and are shown to do so — their repeated introspections are customarily printed in italics to avoid any misunderstandings. The reader's thus armed with an intimidating wealth of foreknowledge.

In addition Herbert's study of a society that's been forced by circumstance (*Dune* is a desert world) and by political considerations to evolve without the aid of anything save the most basically efficient machines repays close scrutiny.

The *Dune* cosmos is the legacy of the Butlerian Jihad (a crusade, in this case an interplanetary one) which has effectively outlawed computers along with any other type of technology with a capacity for volitional action. An interesting potential that.

Like its predecessors, *Children Of Dune* is a many-tiered novel of intrigue, treachery, vaulting ambition and imminent catastrophe, a tense fusion of several narrative strands. Herbert concentrates on dialogue far more than he does on descriptive; the conversation and confrontation pieces are invariably finely observed — realistic.

And it's easy to forgive Herbert his elaborately pseudo-mythic framework (each chapter's introduced with some spurious quotation from learned tomes or memoirs reviewing the events taking place from some later position of hindsight), also his near wholesale dependence on Near Eastern (Mohammedan and Sufi mostly) religions when contriving his fantasy/reality infrastructure.

Both are old tricks. Tolkien systematically filched a large proportion of the base legend material for *The Lord Of The Rings* from Norse and Icelandic mythologies. But it worked, and so does Herbert's fusion.

Yes, a very superior talent, Frank Herbert. *Children* has been some seven years in the writing, but worth the wait, despite inflation.

The *Dune* worlds still resonate softly with mystery and mysticism.



Gorra light 'ave yer, wack?

GENIUS LEFT OUT

John Lennon
One Day At

A Time

By Anthony Fawcett
(New English Library £3.95)

WELL THE pictures are nice. And we could have done with a decent illustrated documentation and investigation into our John's doings over the last . . . well it must be getting on 9 years since he met Yoko and started to go solo like.

Simply, Fawcett's book doesn't deliver the goods. It's basically a history by numbers study of Lennon's adventures since Yoko, though even on this basic score there's some curious confusions and omissions in the living legend of rocking Johnny L. The book's non-chronological arrangement means, for example, that you don't get to hear about "*Instant Karma*" (1970) until the closing pages.

Fawcett was personal assistant to John and Yoko for some two years 68-70, and he shuttles across the campaigns of those years — Apple, Peace, Art Events, Beatles — for most of the book before a breathless dash to the 1976 finishing tape.

Considering his former position, Fawcett shows remarkably little insight or perception into his subjects' characters or work. Clues to the nature of John (or Yoko's) creative urge/genius type thingy are almost completely absent, and are substituted by mawkish pronouncements on the various twists and turns of the Lennon saga delivered in flaccid prose.

Fawcett, who went on to work for Stephen Stills and David Cassidy among others, came to work for Lennon via his involvement in the chic art world of the late sixties London, which is where of course, our two art school kids of east and west first met. Fawcett helped organise the couple's early joint ventures into the rarefied atmosphere of the avant garde, and there's some interesting anecdotes and accounts from that period (with some pix), but that aside it's stock-in-trade Lennon history which leaves all the really intriguing questions — Klein, the aborted Peace festival, Primals — unanswered. Most of the quotes are either uncredited or from the memorable *Lennon Remembers* interviews (by Rolling Stone's Jan Wenner, available in Penguin) which is a lot more revealing book and costs a lot less.

Ay, but it does set you to thinking about Johnny Boy and the missus and all that. And how as time goes on everyone gets a little bit older and a little slower.

Neil Spencer

Beyond the Dream

PETER BAUMANN

Romance
'76



Because you've been there - You'll remember '76.
An album of music for keyboards, synthesiser, orchestra and romance.

Romance '76. Peter Baumann's first solo album.



On Virgin Records V2069

This guy is serious.

"I was driving along, in my car one day and this deep voice boomed out of the radio: 'Rundgren, your next album will be called Ra'. — So now we're on this neo-Egyptian trip, a false Sphinx with smoke coming out of it, the works..."

ROCK AND roll music — now where's that at?" Todd Rundgren juggles some unseen weight in his palms before tossing it disparagingly across the hotel room. He's as thin, emaciated almost, as ever — though Rundgren couldn't carry the pose of washed-up, wasted, generally debilitated rock person even if he felt so inclined.

There's much too much of the radiant about him, as if he's surfing on a constant wave-high of adrenalin — an energy reserve that's frisked him through more ch-changes than those marked by David The Equally Thin White And Currently Low One.

Later on we were discussing what those elevated to star status did with their money. Rundgren japed idly that he wasn't especially interested in collecting Renaissance art, that he'd rather acquire a new 16-track studio.

It struck me afterwards — the way these things do — as somehow appropriate that Todd should've mentioned the Renaissance period as a likely draw for the aspiring rock-celebrity-cum-collector.

Small wonder also that he should express no desire to own the artifacts themselves, since he's already adopted much the same sort of free-ranging New Renaissance approach to his music as did the painters and thinkers of the time to their own studies.

Todd Rundgren as emergent Real Man, developing as many skills as possible — as Total Man of the Leonardo Da Vinci-derived anatomical sketch on the cover of his "Initiation" platter.

From precocious Nazz punkster to It's - All - My - Own - Work wishful thinker and balladeer . . . to everywhichway production spellcaster and saviour . . . to Aquarian mystic . . . to painstaking recreator of Sixties classics . . . to Utopian to — all this and more in but the dusting of the Almighty's eyelid.

Always ahead, always somehow available. What price a Kirlian pic of his aura?

"ROCK MUSIC," Rundgren continues, "is basically a very weak thing. It certainly isn't going to change the world by

Has RUNDGREN flipped? Find out fast with word-spinner supreme ANGUS MACKINNON!

itself. It's not even that interested in trying.

"But," (Rundgren's features crinkle into a grin) "if the music can somehow inspire people to set about dismantling various institutions that have been allowed to solidify for far too long — then so much the better."

Any specific institutions in mind, Tod?

"Well now — you see one of the main ideas behind Utopia and the kind of music we play is that we're using *musically* powerful elements, but in a rather special way.

"It's like we're Kung Fu as opposed to some of the other ways of flexing muscles. Some people think that the only way you can show your strength is by being loud, nasty, mean and brutal — whereas you can be equally effective without any of that.

"Therefore" (Rundgren's hands fluttering like they're moths caressing muslin curtains) "if people can get a hold on that aspect of the music, then they'll be well on their way to disposing of the belief that rock music can only function effectively as a wall of noise . . ."

End of excerpt from the New Utopian Manifesto.

Utopia is no longer an umbrella cover for a floating cast of players with whom Rundgren records and/or performs.

Instead — fanfares, please — Utopia is a band. And a band is a band. Rundgren is insistent on that point. Any prospective interviewer must confront all four Utopians.

As it happens, neither drummer John Wilcox, who looks not unlike Ringo Starr, nor bassist Kasim Sulton, who both looks and sings not unlike erstwhile Raspberry Eric Carmen, say very much — or maybe I didn't ask the right questions.

On the other hand moog maestro Roger Powell says plenty and evidently shares many of Rundgren's



Pic: PENNIE SMITH

"The realisation that if there's a war it may only last five minutes and the whole world'll be gone — it's like some Biblical prophecy hanging over our heads. And it's not speculative — it's REAL..."

ideas (ideals?) about the purpose of Utopia.

BUT THESE GUYS are serious. Utopia is a model of democracy in action. Both the current live act and associated publicity stress the fact that the band is one wherein everyone receives equal billing. The video that precedes the stage show features a song or instrumental from each member of the band — and so on.

You gotta hand it to them. But

although the seams didn't show on "Ra", their first album as a band, they do elsewhere.

For example — Sulton's own songs are pleasant — but — lightweight popgum sketches. Taken altogether they don't seem to have that much to do with the more grandiose Scheme of Things Rundgren and Powell have scheduled for Utopia, beyond their harking back — perhaps inadvertently — to the sort of material that Rundgren himself provided on his "Something / Anything" album. Doubtless it'll all gel in due course.

All the same it's fairly understandable that Rundgren should want (even need) to move away from centre stage.

These days he has the air of someone who just wants to do whatever it is he does, without having to justify his every move to all and sundry.

"I'm happiest when I'm unrecognized," he states in an almost defiant tone. "I like to lead what appears to be a normal existence."

"I don't live in New York City anymore, I don't hang out anymore. I like to be alone because it's the only time someone isn't projecting some image they've cooked up on me. I like being in a band, especially this one."

Smiles all round.

"But there'll be more Todd Rundgren records in the future, as well as solo records from everyone in the band. For the time being I'm committed first and foremost to the band."

'Ra' was an attempt to see what possibilities we have among the four of us to collaborate. It was a very conscious idea to include songs and singing by each member of the band. It may not have seemed as cohesive as all that, but we're working on it.

"Why Ra and Egypt? Well, I was driving along in my car one day and this deep voice boomed out of the radio. 'Rundgren, your next album will be called 'Ra'. Though I should maybe emphasise that we're not personally attached to Anwar Sadat, nor is Utopia some front for the Egyptian Tourist Bureau."

"No, we've always had this triangular motif. The original Utopia logo was an eye in a triangle. It was inevitable that we'd get into a theatrical stage presentation and we needed a nice, stylised framework to operate within. So now we're on this this neo-Egyptian trip, with a pyramid under which we play, a false Sphinx with smoke coming out of it, laser beams, the works."

THAT'S ALL there is to it? What about the Pyramid Power side of things? Pretty fashionable these days . . .

"I guess it is," Powell counters, "but we're merely suggesting there are some energies available to us which are beyond what we've come to think of as traditional means."

"There are these psychic energies around that we have varying degrees of evidence to document and much of it does seem to centre around this particular period of civilisation. The Egyptians were building these pyramids which do seem to have some sort of regenerative power over things that were stored inside them. Our thing's just a symbolic concept about the regeneration of life."

Alright, but do you actually believe in any of this, Roger?

"Well, I don't see why we shouldn't. We just don't really know what effect it's having. At this point we don't have the tools and instruments to measure that quantity."

"Maybe we've had inklings of how to use the power but only when we've exhausted the mechanical technology — generators and so forth — will we begin to understand its true source."

"But we're not pushing it by saying do away with everything, just put a big pyramid around the world and it'll all be groovy."

(These guys we ain't so sure about...)

"It's merely something that people do seem to possess some innate, often inexpressible, knowledge of. That fact in itself should be recognised and acted upon, if possible."

"IT'S PART of a wider issue," Rundgren suggests.

"I don't think the sciences are in the habit of drawing lines any longer. You know, here's where science ends and magic begins."

"The most respected and renowned minds in the world of science tend to derive their scientific knowledge from visions that could only be described as mystical experiences or from things that other people are unable to visualise and which simply exist."

"Many breakthroughs are ridiculously simple, so simple they don't seem to have any credence about them. Take Buckminster Fuller's geodesic concept. It's just a bunch of triangles, but Fuller had the ability to see something that transcended the actual physical manifestation it would eventually become."

"Or Einstein's Theory of Relativity. They only proved it recently by sending signals from the Mariner spacecraft on Mars towards the Sun to find that space was really bent in the way Einstein had thought. The concept occurred first, then he worked backwards — and that's how it goes."

INTUITIVE OR INDUCTIVE faculties of reasoning, alternative technology and ethics — that's fine. But Rundgren and Powell are still playing in a rock band and there has to be some degree of reconciliation between medium and message.

"Granted," Powell nods. "I don't take myself that seriously but then I don't like to do something unless I feel there's a spiritual purpose involved. You can interpret that in a very lofty or a very lowly manner."

"I joined Utopia, the first band I've been in, because it adopted some philosophical stance."

Such as, Roger?

"Well, I'm not going to go out and play 'Luv Ma Baby' shit. That's not what I'm in it for. To an extent we can't put what we're doing into words but I feel we're trying to do something, not to be completely redundant in rock music."

"Most of the material put out these days says nothing to anybody."

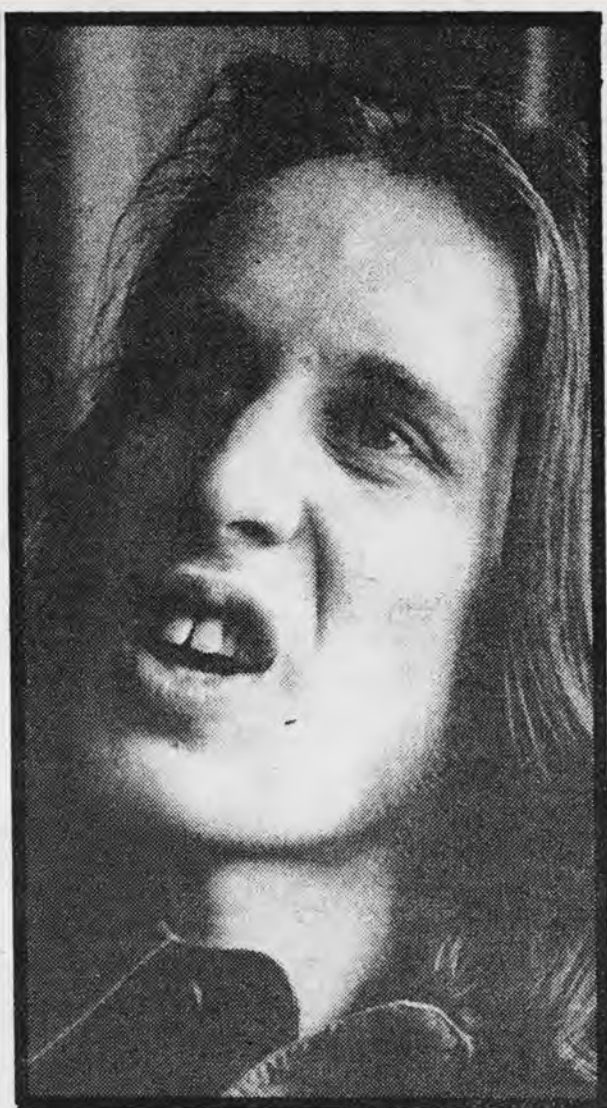
"But none of it's increasing the information wealth of the listener, which is really the only thing that can increase. All the other purely physical energies we have are taken from us and used in other ways that don't augment the amount of material we have available to us."

"But we don't shuffle around feeling we're burdened by some heavy concept — because it's entertainment really."

"There's an educational value as well, but not to the point where we're preaching. At least I hope not. If that's how it seems, then we've failed in some way."

"It's usually presumed," Rundgren elaborates, "that people find it much more intriguing to know about a person's or an entity's politics than about their philosophy. I'm not so sure."

"But then most rock definitions of



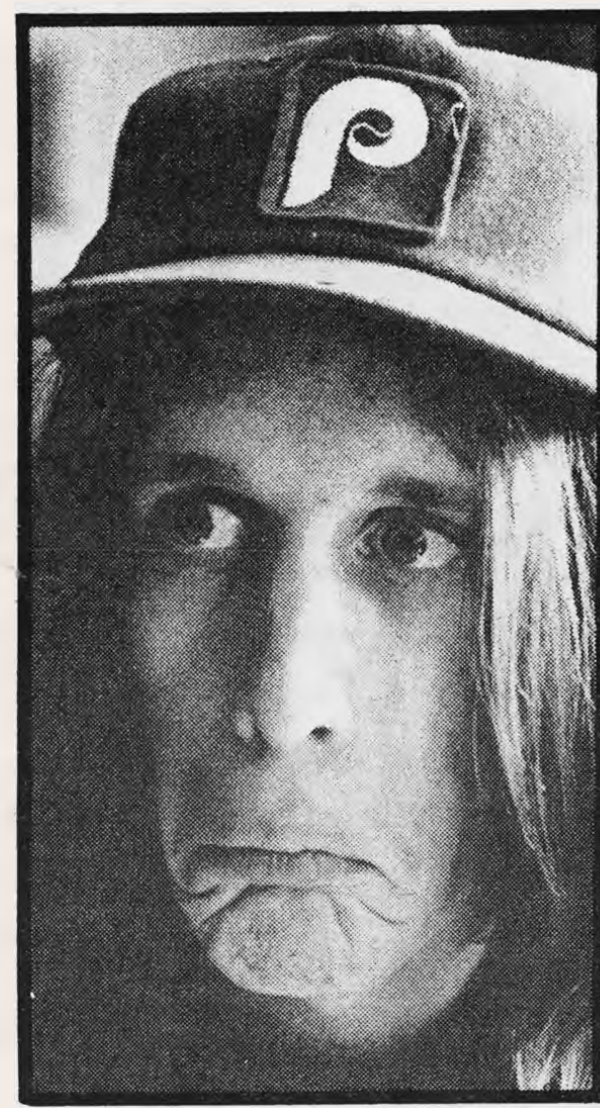
"These machines don't think for themselves..."



"... To fear them is totally irrational..."



"... They're not plotting against humans..."



"... BEEP... Message repeats... These machines don't think for themselves... To fear them is totally irrational..."

politics are pretty simplistic anyway, so why bother to lay them on your audience? Free Scooter Power — that's about the level most rock people bring it down to..."

"YET THERE'S a song on 'Ra' entitled 'Hiroshima' that seems to be making some sort of political statement, Todd..."

"We do have a political stance as well, I guess," Rundgren admits. "It's more or less our philosophy in action. But we haven't quite sorted that out yet, which is why we haven't become overt in any one direction."

"We probably won't be in the way that say, Jefferson Airplane have been. Instead we're searching for legitimate alterations and the best opportunities for making them, not for shooting our mouths off."

"Hiroshima" isn't really intended as entertainment so much as a recreation of an emotional experience for the

listener. A lot of people don't think much about the Bomb and yet it's affected the collective subconscious of every generation born since it was first used.

"The realisation that if there's a war it may only last five minutes and then the whole world'll be gone — it's like some Biblical prophecy hanging over our heads. And it's not speculative — it's real. Some fool accident... I mean, really — it's the most incredible foolishness to even possess such things."

"That second side of the record is intended as a polar reflection of human possibilities and potentials. On the one hand the blackest thing you could ever imagine — and then rising out of the ashes and desolation a fairy tale, the ultimate in harmony and balance."

"But our objective isn't too have people get to know Us The Musicians so much as get to know about themselves. It doesn't matter greatly whether they communicate personally with us or not, whether we become very

popular or not. It's how effective we are."

"We'd love a larger audience but there are some audiences which, regardless of their size, make it worthwhile doing as long as you can financially afford."

"IT'S THE QUALITY of the communication," Powell offers, "not the quantity of people out there. In fact we're now self-managed and are trying to control all aspects of our professional life. We don't just want to be pre-packaged and pre-imaged by some company or other."

"We have to take that attention bestowed upon us," Rundgren again, "and" (chuckles) "somehow use it in a way that won't make us feel guilty about earning so much money..."

"Although actually we're not earning very much anyway."

"We tend to live a little beyond our means as a band, since we re-invest most of it in better equipment. Also, our personal needs are minimal. None of us is supporting some tremendous drug habit, we don't collect precious gems or anything."

Fair enough. But Utopian projects always seem to bring out the musical technologist in Rundgren. Parts of "Utopia", "Another Live" and "Ra" track awkwardly close to the Yes edge — complex structures and time changes — even if they're handled with a lightness of touch and humour that Yes themselves have never achieved.

"I know what you're on about," Rundgren replies, "we're just over-educated, I guess. We just got to unlearn a few things."

"It's a matter of getting to the point where technology no longer appears to be formative," says Powell.

"The way I'd like our technology to be used — and I think it's the way we're going — would be to contribute to making things seem very simple. We want to humanise and not intimidate."

"These machines don't think for themselves. To fear them is totally irrational. They're not plotting against humans..."

"I think," Rundgren adds, "there's a point to be made here about people's ability to visualise the instrument you're using. If you create a sound for which they can't see an instrument it immediately takes it out of their frame of reference and they've nothing left to relate it to."

"For most of us the synthesiser is a very impersonal instrument. It's not

phallic like a guitar, it doesn't have the basic, physical thing that goes with the drums — it has none of the things in our racial memory bank that can be quantified instinctively."

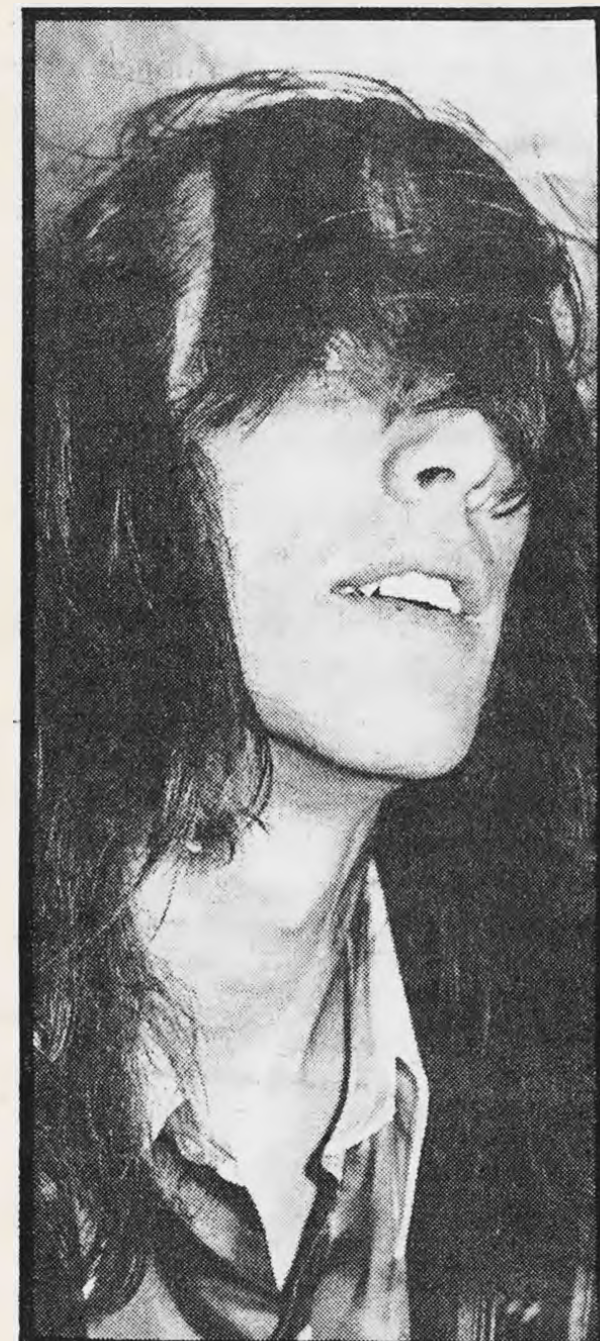
"Anyway, we gotta go now. I think you'll see what I mean when you see us live..."

END OF TRANSCRIPT. Thank you Todd, Roger, Kasim and John.

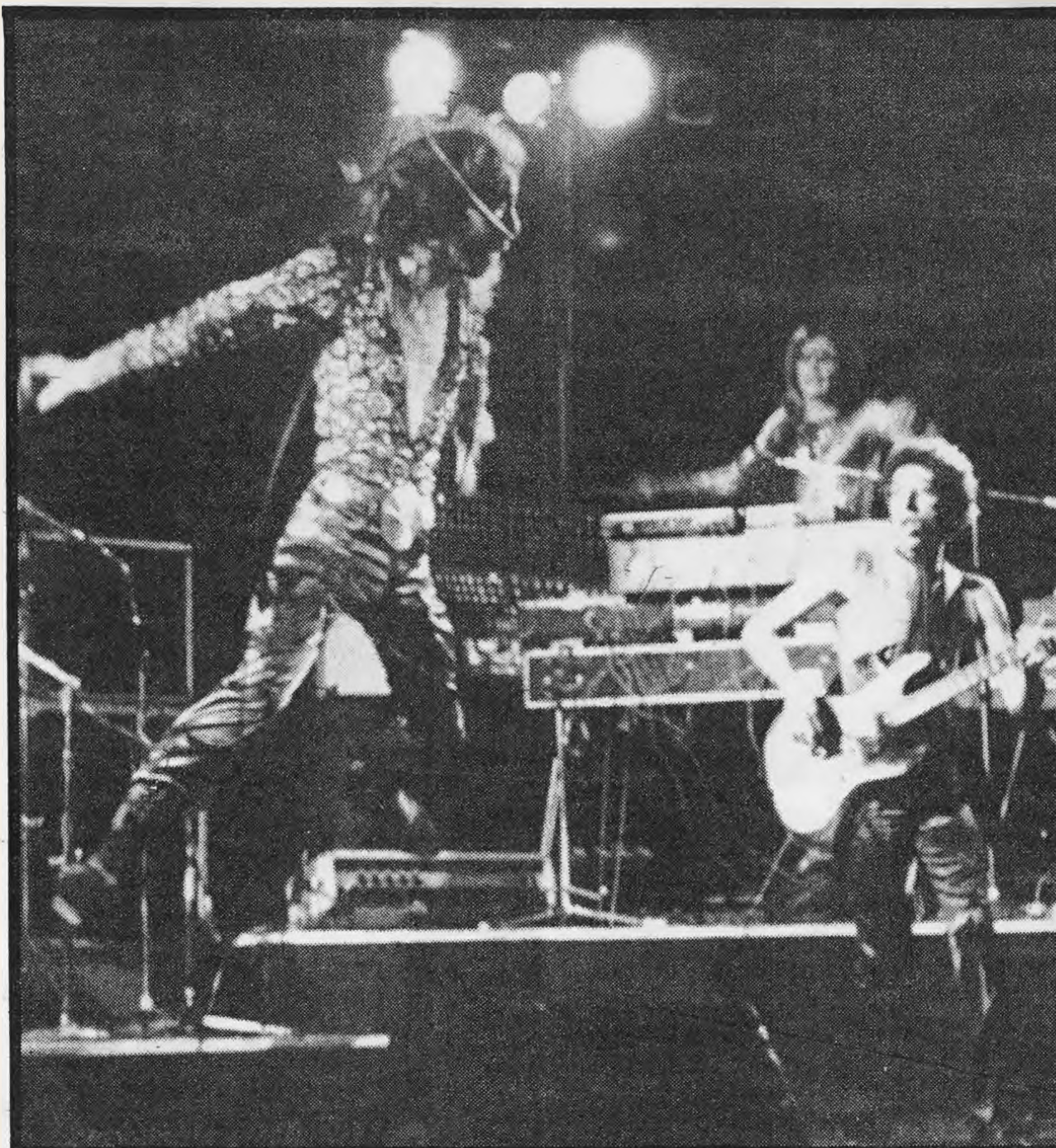
So far so admirable. Utopia play their London gig a week or so later. I haven't seen them since Hammersmith '75 when Rundgren and cohorts were astonishing.

This time something's horribly awry. Utopia sound as unpleasantly brash and harshly metallous as any of the bands they're so determined not to be.

Oh well, at least you can be damn sure they'll be working on that one too. Back to the albums for the duration.

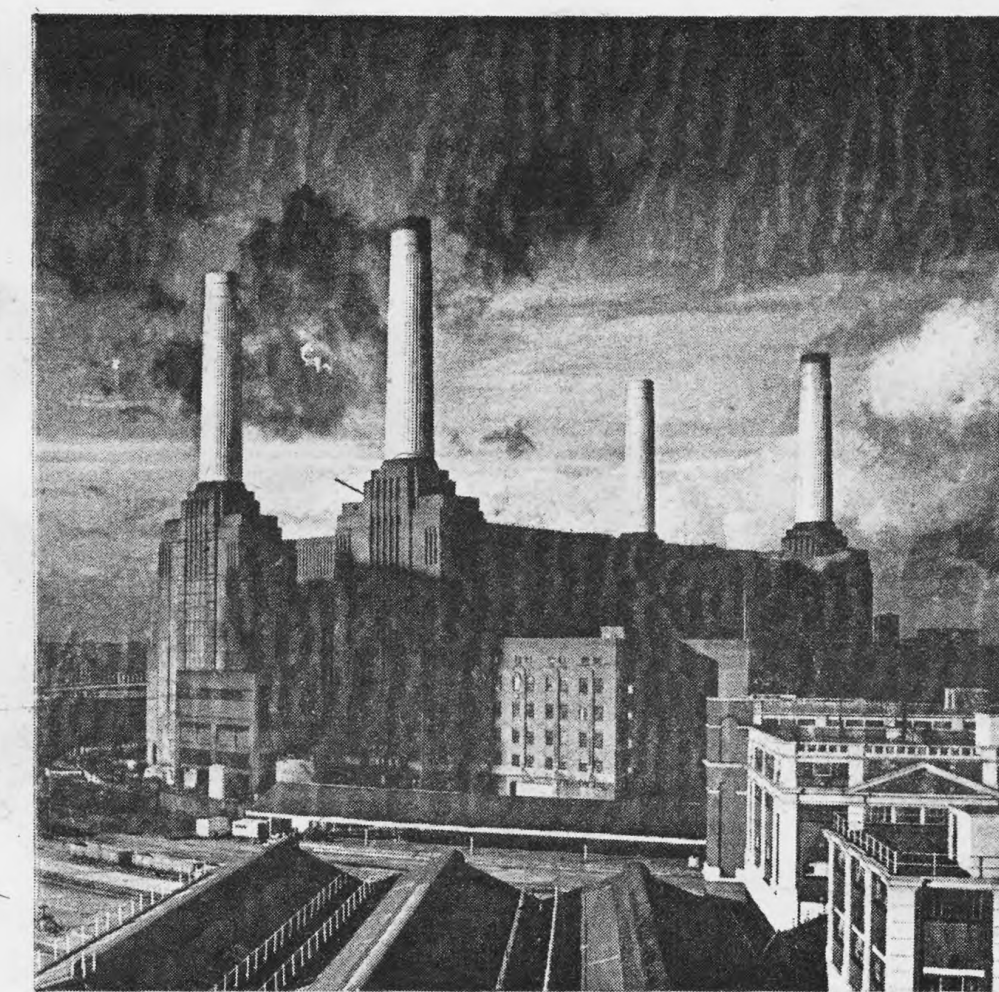


"Twenty years ago they'd have said I was weird." (THINK ABOUT IT...)



From punk to Renaissance Man — via nose-flagellation... TODD whips it out at Hammersmith last year. (1976 — remember?)

**“Oink, Oink,
Woof, Woof,
Baaaaa.”**



New sounds from Pink Floyd. "Animals" on Harvest Records and Tapes.

PLATTERS



PINK FLOYD
Animals (Harvest)

LET NOT THE MEREST SMEAR of doubt ensue — "Animals" is Pink Floyd's most complete and conclusive album in years (yes, count them), if not in their entire career.

Furthermore it's one of the most extreme, relentless, harrowing and downright iconoclastic hunks of music to have been made available for public perusal this side of the Sun.

So now you know. I'm still reeling from the aural evidence before me. I didn't think the Floyd had it in them anymore, certainly not after "Wish You Were Here", which myself I found to be a disarmingly depressing display of terminally complacent lethargics.

But if so venerable an institution as The Pink Floyd can shift its collective arse so impressively at this late (but not too late) stage of its allotted span of years then — well, who knows? The other ageing flatulents of the rock superstructure could do much worse than prop themselves up one last time and take note. I know it's only rock-and-roll music, but...

ANIMALS. We are what we eat, we eat what we are. In short we humans are comprehensively shafted.

So says Roger Waters, who may be held responsible for the song lyrics of "Animals" and who may or may not have found his inspiration for them in Brian Patten's horrendous poem "Meat".

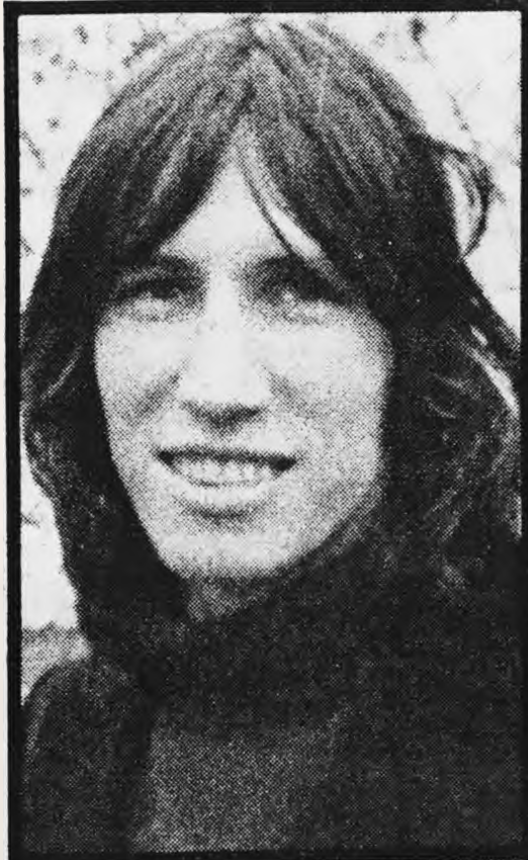
Waters has envisaged three states of animality, three stances we can assume. His triad may not be startlingly original, but that doesn't detract from the cogency of its expression.

The Dog urge is one for survival and security. It's a determination to cope with the mechanics of living whatever the means or cost in personal terms. Dog people are competitive, calculating and aggressive, backstabbers if need be. But they grow old like the rest of suffering humanity, they despair, contract cancer and die.

There's something perversely admirable about their pragmatism — even though Life As She Has To Be Lived misappropriates their more positive and constructive energies.

Pig people are "charades" who repress their own feelings or those of others. They do this either out of choice — like the capitalist who justifies his rapacity by converting it into an honourable work/profit ethic — or out of compulsion — like the self-appointed custodians of public morality who campaign against pornography because they're simply scared shitless by it.

Pig people are pathetic — as in deserving of pity.



But most of us are sheep, easily misled, pushed around and abused.

Sheep people accept their station (the bottom of the heap) with dutiful resignation. Periodically they may be galvanized into exacting some form of bloody retribution on those they hold responsible for their troubles. But despite this show of spirit, they soon slump back into fearful passivity.

Although it's not all quite as cut and dried as that, Waters' schema contains a lot of intricate cross-referencing. He reckons himself to have a little of the Dog and Sheep in him. He seems to rate the Pig mentality as the most influential (in a political sense) and also the most potentially dangerous. It's tacitly hinted that the 'Sheep' revolts are engineered by the Pigs against the Dogs who're only guilty by default.

But you can unravel it all in your own time.

HARDLY A PRETTY PICTURE, is it? And do we really need to be reminded of human failings?

Myself I find Waters' insistence on the drear and drudgery of it all paradoxically heartening.

I'm pissed off with rock-and-roll as the stuff of which dreams are woven. I'm profoundly grateful to Waters for no longer toeing the line taken by most rock names in positions similar to his own — all that mopey and Ooooh, it's so hard and lonely at the top. For Christ's sake, it's hard for us all at times, or didn't you know?

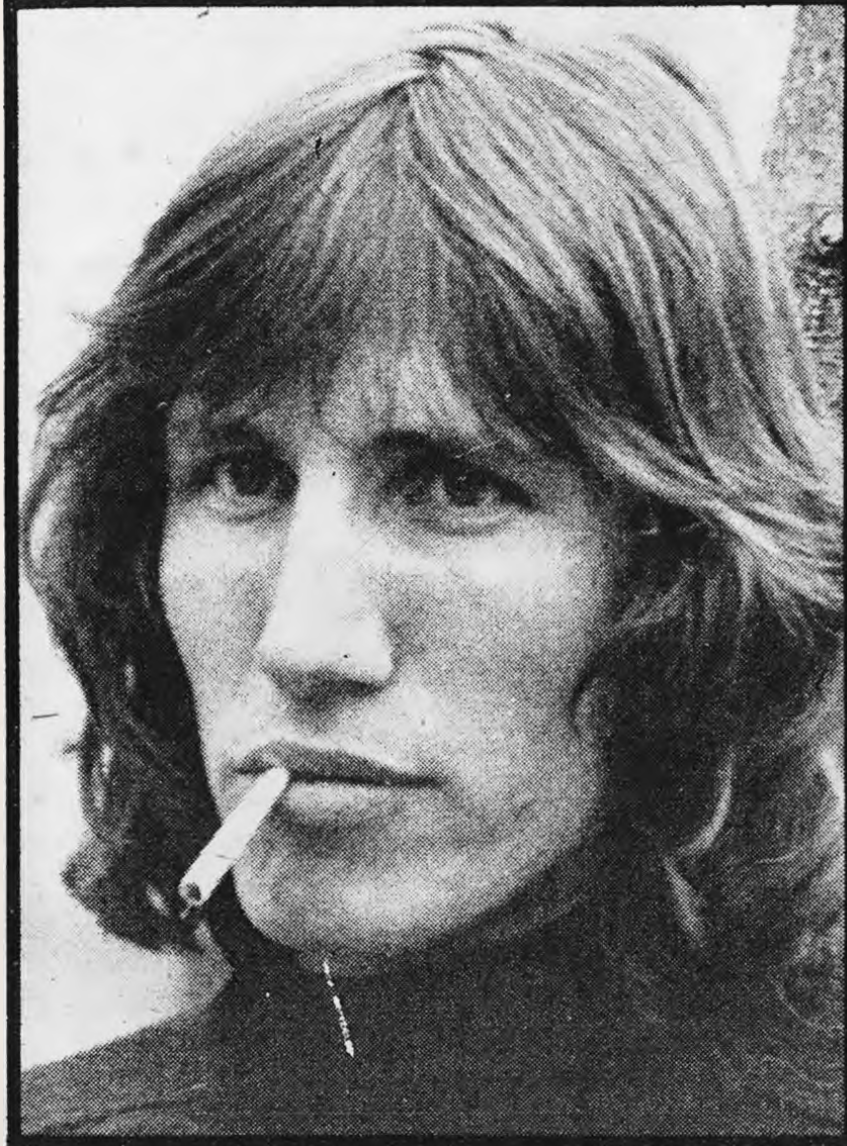
Waters' about turn is doubly encouraging since at one time he seemed helplessly enthralled with examining the tedious rock star as scapegoat/martyr mythos — c.f. most of "Wish You Were Here", culminating in the excruciatingly unconvincing petulance of "Have A Cigar".

At least Waters' glib and supremely agnostic fatalism voiced in "Animals" is honest. It's also basically sympathetic and perhaps surprisingly compassionate, even if sometimes vitriolic or embittered.

His viewpoint's a general one; it's not patronising and it's rather different from the redundant egotism endeared of most rock lyricists. There's not an iota of self-pity to be found in "Animals".

All the same Waters does make one completely personal statement.

"Pigs On The Wing" opens and closes the album. A very tender and heartfelt love song, it sees Waters accompanying himself on archaically phrased acoustic guitar. It's the emotional fulcrum of the whole album and all that Waters can offer to offset the bleakness. It's more than enough, a disarmingly humble gesture.



Can things really be this bad?

Two weeks after BOWIE'S "Low" provoked depression and dismay throughout the land, the FLOYD release their latest doomsday prognosis.

Bleak, bitter, vitriolic, and violent, "Animals" seems to offer scant antidote to our increasing collective gloom.

Is this all a temporary aberration — or can ROGER WATERS be right when he assures us that:

Life is just a plate of meat.

Another thing — the standard of Waters' lyric writing has improved almost unrecognisably since "Dark Side Of The Moon". His early efforts seem positively infantile in comparison with "Animals". He's no budding Author, but then he doesn't pretend to be either.

As for the musical content. Well, "Animals" is a bloody revelation to my ears. Floyd sound like they actually mean it, like they're interested in making music again. Stylistically the album doesn't break any new ground, but that doesn't matter a damn.

IN FACT "Animals" is a timely, most emphatic reminder of that majestically elemental power and scope latent (but not always fully expressed) in Pink Floyd music.

There are three songs within the "Pigs On The Wing" sandwich. They're all fairly long, but don't give the impression of being padded out to obtain a respectable running time.

The songs are simple enough in conception. Mostly they're built around elementary ascending scale chord progressions. But that's nothing new. The Floyd have invariably worked from uncomplicated basics which they then re-organise and embellish.

Rick Wright's omnipresent keyboards are as good an illustration of the Floyd Method as any. His acoustic and electric pianos provide the close-up detail whilst his layered organ and synthesiser washes create background perspective. Dave Gilmour's similarly multi-tracked on electric rhythm and lead guitar

parts. The Pink Floyd as unrivalled organisers of sound.

"Dogs" (once "You Gotta Be Crazy" but rewritten) fades in with Waters strumming acoustic over Wright's swelling organ. Nick Mason's unusually crisp drums suddenly erupt into focus, imploding into the mix exactly as they've done ever since "One Of These Days". The pace is urging and breathless.

Gilmour delivers a viciously angular solo before it all wheels solemnly into a defiantly mournful main theme. The song's bridge section follows as a motley collection of barks, yelps and whines are fed through the Vocoder, a device which synthesises sounds into eerie echo and resonance.

And so on.

Gilmour whets another vitriolic break and Waters' vocals (his oddly adenoidal tones are well suited to his themes) are also Vcoded — to be swallowed by the gaping and glacial abyss of Wright's skirling synthesisers. Repeat opening section, add climactic coda, end of side. It's all solidly symmetrical, remorselessly compact and beautifully recorded.

"PIGS" sets Wright's organ toccatas and some bass harmonics against Gilmour's satisfyingly monolithic chords. I'm tempted to think that the song's archetypal heaviness (right down to Mason's insistent cowbell tapping) is intentionally exaggerated, a deliberate fake of the numbingly mindless riff rock practised by Free and the like.

The song's already minimal melodic content is stripped still further in the instrumental centre-piece, submerged in a maelstrom of voice-box garglings and effects. And that's all it deserves...

Whatever the intentions behind it, "Pigs" is the strongest slice of straight-ahead rock the Floyd have recorded and the Vcoded pig gruntings are fittingly hideous. "Sheep" (once "Raving And Drooling") uses several old Floyd plays.

Its rippling bass pulse recalls those of "These Days" and the

From avant-garde approbrium, to angst-ridden anguish: ROGER WATERS — hellbound, still making albums about it...

second half of "Shine On You Crazy Diamond", then switches to the ominous on-off motif of "Careful With That Axe Eugene". But in this context, these tricks seem finally, indelibly right — no quibbles.

The song is driven by Gilmour's flailing sheet-metal chording. Its own bridge section saws abruptly across the main melody, slicing it in two and then rephrasing it with sinister malevolence.

Waters recites his gruesome adaptation of "The Lord Is My Shepherd":

"... *THROUGH* pastures green he leadeth me to the silent waters by.
With bright knives he releaseth my soul.
He maketh me to hang hooks in high places.
He converteth me to lamb cutlets.
For lo, he hath great power, and great hunger..."

Grim, Roger, grim. But inspired.

Waters' voice is again Vcoded and emerges sounding unpleasantly cybernetic. Gilmour rounds up the major chords and exultantly sweeps the song into its fade. And we're back where we came in.

More (final) symmetry and quiet after the storm. They call it catharsis.

SO THERE you go. "Animals" is not easy on the ear. However, its violence certainly isn't gratuitous.

The total experience (yes, I mean that) of listening to "Animals" reminds me of that much-quoted Marxist axiom about Art not being a mirror, but a hammer.

Well, it seems to me that "Animals" goes one step better and combines both possible artistic functions.

"Animals" is great, generous, healing rock music. Let's just leave it at that.

ANGUS MACKINNON



PLATTERS

Say nothing sweetly



"Oooh look — we're getting another good review over in quaint old England. Does that mean I can have my swimming-pool now?"

FLEETWOOD MAC

Rumours (Warners) FLEETWOOD MAC, nigh on ten years ago the doyen of British blues bands, finally cracked the American market in a Big Way last year, shifting over three million copies of their last album, simply titled "Fleetwood Mac", from which was culled three hit singles. Moreover, they did it with music that bore no immediate resemblance to that which assured them a place in the annals of rock back in the late Sixties.

Fleetwood Mac's music is now a unique synthesis of the best elements of late Sixties blues-rock (albeit an updated version of it) and Seventies California high pop.

And the two distinct forms act as a perfect tempering device for one another; in fact more so on this album, than on its highly successful predecessor which, good as it was,

hinted at blandness, the blight of much Californian rock. Producer Keith Olsen must take a fair share of responsibility for that album registering a reading on the blandometer, however slight, since he applied a similar approach to Cado Belle's first album.

Olsen is ignored for "Rumours" and, instead, the band themselves, with the help of three engineers, have produced the follow-up — altogether a much tougher-sounding record, without forsaking any of the group's lyricism in the process and certainly maximising their collective talent.

And what a lot of talent there is in this line-up, be it as players, song-writers or singers.

I doubt very much whether any one member of the band could produce a solo album of any particular worth, but together these five complement each other perfectly, bringing out the best and most creative parts in each.

Fleetwood Mac are eclectic, being perfectly able to work as an acoustic act (Lindsey Buckingham's exquisitely simple "Never Going Back Again" and Christine McVie's low-key ballad "Songbird", with just her liquid piano and slight acoustic strumming from Buckingham are perfect examples of this), or a full-blown thinking electric rock band, as epitomised on the masterly single, Buckingham's "Go Your Own Way" or Ms Nicks' awesome "The Chain".

Both the above-mentioned songs are typical of the insidious quality that pervades the best of Fleetwood Mac's songs. They don't hit you smack in the centre of your skull straight-away, but creep up on you and before you know it, the hook or another part of the song is firmly lodged in your consciousness.

Neither Buckingham, McVie or Nicks are exceptionally gifted song-writers, but what talent they do possess in that field is always enhanced by the group arrangements, so that on "The Chain" the whole thing comes to a gloriously heroic climax, courtesy of the massed guitars of Buckingham — the blues-rock connection.

Buckingham has a particular fondness for the kind of electric guitar motif Clapton and Harrison indulged in during the late Sixties. He's always an intelligent, inventive, and tasteful player, as is the redoubtable Mick Fleetwood whose imagination seems boundless — and yet he, like Ringo, is fundamentally into simplicity and rarely fails to provide a resilient backbone to a song.

Back at the songs, each of

the band's three writers knows how to write a good melody, even if there are clear limitations to what they can come up with.

McVie's songs invariably hang round a few block chord changes worked out on the piano and yet her performance of them transcends their limitations. And what a great singer she is, a voice so inherently saturated with feeling that she makes the dumbest of lyrics sound convincing. Nicks too is an endearing singer with a voice somewhere between country and folk, adding more colour to a group already saturated with it.

The arrangements are well-crafted without being contrived and although a lot of Los Angeles (the harmonies and the general ambience) is evident in what Fleetwood Mac do, it is not the smug, over-rich LA vibe contained in too many other LA-based artists' work.

Like I said earlier, Fleetwood Mac have created a perfect balance between the LA sunshine approach and a tougher, altogether more English one. It doesn't matter if they're not saying anything, because their music is so obviously the product of a pretty heady and loving internal chemistry.

Right, it makes you feel good.

Buy "Rumours" in vast quantities — you'll get more from it than the insular, contrived and even sanctimonious attitude of one of LA's other recent offerings, The Eagles' "Hotel California". Fleetwood Mac on "Rumours" are in very good shape indeed.

Steve Clarke

ELVIS PRESLEY

In Demand (RCA) ACCORDING TO a post-script on the sleeve, to help celebrate the 21st Anniversary of the British contingent of The Official Elvis Presley Fan Club, card-carrying members were invited to select 16 tracks from Big El's catalogue.

However, if these odd B-sides and soundtrack serenades constitutes the most sought-after cuts, then El Cheeseburger's devotees are as dumb as most people think.

The only people I can see buying this album are those who helped to compile it.

If The Official Elvis Presley Fan Club had any gumption, they should have flexed their collective muscles and demanded the release of some of the hitherto unreleased gems still collecting dust in the vaults.

The packaging is almost as uninspired.

William Tell



STEPHEN STILLS

Still Stills / The Best Of Stephen Stills (Atlantic). GREAT CASH-INS of our time, number six million. Yeah Still Stills after all these years. Atlantic loses artist to rival company and compensates by peddling a highly debatable "Best Of" package that wouldn't fool the most hardened bed sit devotee of that noted quartet Engels, Freud, Marx and Jung.

Is it really time for a respectful, sensitive retrospective on the man who made wooden

noses fashionable? Weren't Buffalo Springfield the supreme example of a super group whose appeal lay in waiting for the undeniable potential form to crystallise into some genuine content?

And weren't the three golden boys, later augmented by that crazy horse Neil (poor Neil), merely capable of writing the odd hummable song but mostly producing the kind of crowd pleasing guff which just happened to be as interesting as washing underwear?

From the auspicious and much vaunted beginning you can thrill again to "Love The One You're With", a nice single, or Clapton playing his insidious wah-wah on "Get Back Home"; but even these past nuggets are presently verging close to the middle of the well trodden West Coast road.

I doubt whether the staunchest Stills fan will thank Atlantic for such a shoddy excuse for an album.

Max Bell



SLY & THE FAMILY STONE

Heard Ya Missed Me Well I'm Back (Epic)

THE BAD lads are always more exciting (just ask Dr. Faustus), which is why my heart dropped when I saw the cover to Sly's latest and saw the erstwhile Prince of Superfly pimp arrogance dres-

sed up in one-man-band nigger minstrel drag, cocking his hat jauntily to one side, rolling his eyes, and announcing "Heard Ya Missed Me Well I'm Back".

Yeah Sly, but not like this. Sly's a reformed man these days, as most of the songs here painstakingly point out. No more of that "Don't step any nearer man, my cool might just turn you into an icicle" come-on; no more expensive habits ("I changed from coke to pep and I'm a connoisseur," as the man said on "Fresh"); no more bad-assing round the soul ghettos. And unfortunately, with a few exceptions, no more of Sly And The Family Stone at their best. Not since "Fresh", anyhow.

Sly, you were *The Champ*. You practically invented all these tacky little funkier disco outfits that buzz round recycling your licks. You took everyone higher, flew your freak flag at Woodstock...

Everybody is a star, Sly's instant karma gonna get ya.

And after that... downers came in with Nixon. In the guilty grey murk of the Seventies, when the Madness in Vietnam was at its worst and CBS were reportedly paying across a million dollars per Sly album, Sly retreated to inner reality, several miles from the surface, and produced "There's A Riot Going On", a haunting and prophetic portrait of the desolation.

Sly's been trying to get back up ever since, each successive album proclaiming his return to his former power and glory and failing to supply the musical booty to back up the claims. None of the post "Riot" albums (with the exception of the ambiguous "Fresh") have been able to equal either the rippling energy and innovation of The Family Stone's early hits, or the slinking guile and seduction of "Riot" itself. Who said "You can make it if you try"? "Heard Ya Missed Me"

changes nothing. It's a collection of standard Sly funk with all the right moves but none of the conviction and urgency that used to spill off the grooves of uppers like "Everyday People". There's some nice playing from the still marvellous group, and more than a few borrowings from Philly, and some development of Sly's penchant for zingy little string riffs whizzing up from the mix.

The exception is "What Was I Thinking", which builds a catchy elliptical melody line on a throbbing Philly rhythm section. It's also the only time Sly really comes to grips with the dialogue between inner and outer realities he started on "Riot".

Hell man, you mean we all sat out here unravelling the labyrinthine threads of your psyche and songs and you didn't know yourself?

The rest will no doubt be well enough received by diehard fans, though I doubt there's anything sufficiently memorable to break out as a disco single.

Oldtime Sly freaks are meanwhile pointed in the direction of Bootsy's Rubber Band.

Neil Spencer



ZZ TOP

Tejas (London)

FOGHAT

Night Shifts

(Bearsville)

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE

Aristotle to work out why

these two heavy rock combos

do such good business in America. Put either one of them in a large venue anywhere on the huge US gig circuit, and their brand of loud, lowest-common-denominator rock is bound to get the standard audience of booze-crazed kids as high as sky rockets.

After a time, with the support of good management and record company, only a fiend could prevent them from selling a considerable amount of records.

It's important to remember Z Z Top and Foghat (incidentally a British band who've turned their back on their native land and fixed their eyes on the dollar trail) made it in the first place through playing live and not because of any major studio work — and "Night Shifts" indicate that Foghat are still making no attempts to cut it on record, their album offering redundant heavy metal.

Z Z Top are into another trip. On this, their fourth album, they've attempted to come up with something more than just straight-ahead, no holds-barred boogie (incidentally, enough to make them the pride of the South; on their US summer tour they played from a stage shaped like a map of the state of Texas).

Right, Z Z Top have got thoughtful — though I doubt whether they're about to apply for MENSA membership just yet.

On a handful of tracks they pull it off, but the rest of the time all the studio gloss in the West can't conceal how lame their riffs are.

Steve Clarke

LITTLE RICHARD-JIMI HENDRIX

Friends From The Beginning (Ember)

A COUPLE of years after his famous return to the world of rock'n'roll (1964), Little Richard flitted from one record label to another, recutting his past glories with only a modicum of success. During this period, one of the many young musicians who casually drifted in and out of Richard's road band was guitarist James Marshall Hendrix. It was to prove an uneventful liaison.

It wasn't until after Hendrix's passing that these specific tapes became of any real interest to various American recording company jackals. The sordid story alleges that these Little Richard tracks were exhumed and re-mixed so as to bring the guitar to the fore and then repackaged as a co-billing attraction.

It really wasn't worth the effort, for aside from his chore of 'comping behind the singer, Hendrix was also featured picking the melody lines of three of Richard's biggest hits "Keep A-Knockin'", "Tutti Frutti" and "Lucille". There is absolutely nothing here to indicate that in less than two years or so, Jimi Hendrix would be acclaimed as the most innovative guitarist of his generation.

Come to think of it, neither is this album required listening for Little Richard's fans. Truthfully, you're best sticking with the Speciality sides.

Roy Carr

Pierre Moerlen

Pierre Moerlen's impressive drumming is at the heart of the music. A drummer of immense taste and flair, he controls the flow of the music with effortless skill and fluency, rolling around his kit with precision and grace.

Melody Maker: Allan Jones.



Kate and Anna McGarrigle respectively

Not so good, girls?



KATE AND ANNA MCGARRIGLE

Dancer With Bruised Knees (Warner Bros.)

THE DIFFICULTIES of following an album not simply outstanding but universally acclaimed as such are only too apparent. Even a demonstrably first-class work could not be guaranteed to fulfill understandably exaggerated expectations.

A reviewer must resolve the dilemma from a different direction. This time last week, I was plunged into such despair by the album, I could not bring myself to review it. A sense of proportion has not asserted itself. While parts of "Dancer With Bruised Knees" still seem merely pedestrian, much of it is sublime; should the album ultimately suffer through unfavourable comparison with "Kate And Anna McGarrigle," then that's just part of the cost of letting go a brilliant debut album.

There are central problems. For example, endearing amateurishness can only convince the first time, so that on this album you tend to expect a different kind of approach, but it is in large part the formula as before.

Also, a qualitative distinction in the sisters' writing is now apparent — Kate (who actually provides more compositions anyway), has little difficulty in providing songs to the necessary standard, while Anna's aim is less true.

Previously, the metaphors at the centre of some of Anna's songs ("Jigsaw Puzzle Of Life") barely escaped bathos, while her songs lack substance altogether. "Be My Baby" is presumably included for its strong melody (if not its marimba work from John Cale), but is quite lightweight, while the funereal "Kitty Come Home" represents the nadir of the entire album.

The songs of home and family that characterised the first album are not so readily noticeable here, but Kate's

songs nevertheless are still written on that level of direct emotional experience that carries total conviction; they have to, otherwise the surface simplicity would be embarrassing. She obviously has a hotline to the individual psyche, a quality to which her economy of imagery provides the perfect complement. "Southern Man," "First Born," and "Walking Song" all have strong melodies supported by lyrics which offer freshness and humour, and neatly avoids the pitfalls of banality.

Although each side contains one central fast number (Gault McDermott's "The Biscuit Song" and Anna's "Naufragee Du Tendre" respectively) to allow the musicians to open up, the album never quite finds the inherent balance of the last one. They have included two French traditional songs which are, I think unwisely, placed together at the end of side one. The songs help illustrate the broad musical background of the McGarrigles, but fail to be distinctive treatments.

But I have reserved mention of the album's finest moments. The title track, which opens the album and itself has a mock Hollywood spoken intro from Joe Boyd, the producer, is one of Anna's most effervescent compositions, while the closing track is Kate's "Come A Long Way."

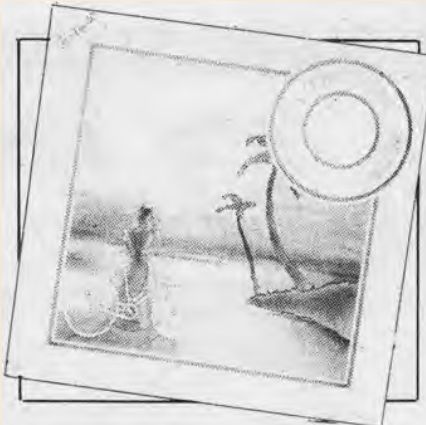
This perfectly exemplifies that a song with simplicity and directness can change the world. "Come A Long Way" is one of those essentially slight songs that already seems to have been written a millennium ago. It's very spirited, with lyrics that are effortlessly appealing — "All my life I wanted to roam

To go to the ends of the earth
But the earth really ends where
you start to roam
And you and I know what a
circle is worth."

Accompaniment is provided by the same team as before (i.e. the McGarrigles hometown crew, augmented with a few session regulars, Steve Gadd, Dave Matthews, etc.)

I'm still not sure how good I think it is. I don't think anything's as good as "Talk To Me Of Mendocino," and I'd also have liked a composition by Wade Hemsworth, whose material seemed quite promising. Overall though, two conclusions are inescapable — it's not as good as the first album, and in spite of that, you'd be a fool not to get hold of a copy at the earliest opportunity.

Bob Woffinden



TOMORROW: Tomorrow (Harvest)

"THE GOOD old days are good because they're gone," sang Loudon Wainwright III once upon a time, and he never seems so right as when some long-forgotten cobwebbed relic of the psychedelic '60s pops up like that Irish 10p piece that always hangs around in your change, and you find that its flowers have all died and that it's shivering and coming down hard in the cold morning light of the '70s.

This was an album that I always found myself nearly buying in 1968, but always at the last minute I found it more important to have something by Dylan or The Doors or Jimi Hendrix or Muddy Waters and Tomorrow would have to wait.

I'd seen them in late '67 and been monstrously impressed (the only band who'd done me in more were the Soft Machine) with Steve Howe's blizzing guitar and Keith West's nifty poses and Twink's thunderous drumming and Junior's javelin antics with the bass.

Now I finally get my hands on that long deleted album and it sounds like a heap of prissy irrelevant whimsical lysergic tat with Disney lyrics and all the force and power of an ant going berserk on a tufted carpet.

"Revolution" sounds totally unrevolutionary. "My White Bicycle" just about comes out ahead of Nazareth's cover version of last year. "Strawberry Fields Forever" does a fairly competent job of rendering the arrangement into three-instrument form and the rest just hurts.

If you got happy memories of Tomorrow and feel like getting the album to refresh them, forget it. Your memories are undoubtedly more fun than this album.

On the other hand, if you're too young to have heard of Tomorrow and you're curious, don't be 'cuz you didn't miss a thing.

Charles Shaar Murray



LEO KOTTKKE

Leo Kottke (Chrysalis)

LEO KOTTKKE — the guitarist who found Django Reinhardt's missing finger, and with it has made an album blessed with as much variety as Dayvilles have flavours. Rags, ballads, flamenco, jazz, C&W, blues and folk.

"You know Leo Kottke?"

"Not yet, but I'm practising."

A guitarist endowed with seemingly more than ten fingers, whose style, fluency and imagination make nearly every other guitarist sound like they're playing with boxing gloves.

If versatility counts for anything in a world where self-indulgence and speed are used to cover up a lack of originality, Leo Kottke should get a Nobel Prize.

Kottke's one of the world's great eclectic guitarists, wandering down alleys of diversity that don't get visited outside of BBC sound effects records.

There's everything here, from the sort of tune you might hear in an Oklahoma singles

bar on a Saturday night, to the type of chords Reinhardt was bouncing off the walls of smoky Montmartre cellars before the war, but embellished with Jack Nitzsche's arrangements, which wrap themselves flawlessly round Kottke's tunes — beads on the abacus of Kottke's impeccable playing.

"Waltz" is truly beautiful and takes you round the ballroom as you waltz to a tune with an insistence that'll make you never want to finish your dance.

"Up Tempo" is that and more, with a riff Status Quo could string half a dozen Top 5 singles out of.

"Whit Ape" is an Elizabethan pavane, with guitar and flute swirling together in dignity and grace. "Range" has Nitzsche's strings punctuating Kottke's plaintive playing as sadly and remorselessly as the "au reservoirs" on the last day of your holiday.

"Death By Reputation" is the soundtrack for a film somebody'll get round to making one day about a fairground that never closes, and the price of admission will simply be the ability to have a good time.

It's an almost perfect album, but perfection's a state you reach by comparison, and — with regards to guitarists — there aren't many you can compare Leo Kottke with. His tunes linger round your subconscious for as long as the mood you wear persists.

Patrick Humphries



THE CRUSADERS

The Best Of The Crusaders (Blue Thumb/ABC)

THE CRUSADERS are that rarity in the rock world, a band whose constant ability to delight, to innovate and produce righteous, brilliant music exempts them from the normal drab routine of evaluation.

Simply, they have nothing to prove, the only standard to be matched being that of their own unfailing excellence.

Too ripe? Listen Jack these guys don't have competition in the funk stakes, they define funk. Donny Hathaway has it, Marvin Gaye has it, goddamn even Little Stevie, he who it's fashionable to knock, has it, but none of 'em ever has it like the Texas tornadoes.

This double album is testimony to twenty years solid practising the art. It isn't the best, how could it be, still pretty damn near though.

Tracks come from all the ABC platters save "Unsung Heroes". They should have included "Crossfire" and "Night Theme" instead of both versions of "So Far Away". Another quibble — how come no mention for Arthur Adams, David T Walker or Max Bennett in the credits? The rest is just one mutha of a package. Classic follows classic and what a repertoire to choose from.

The beauty of compiling an album like this is that the material has an inbuilt flow courtesy of the line up not altering, adding a soupcon more soul here, a dash more soul here, a dash more rock there (in the shape of wizard guitarist Larry Carlton and the bass supreme Robert 'Pops' Popwell).

Listen to the extenuated sax of Wilton Felder on "Greasy Spoon" or the evolution from Houston tight jazz to West Coast Pacific in "That's How I Feel", where Wayne Henderson's trombone, Joe Sample's keyboards and Carlton plus Adams lay on a paradisaal Los Angelic vibe that sweeps you into blissful oblivion. Dionysius had nothing on The

Crusaders.

More in the Blue Note vein, the live "Hard Times", a concert favourite that was stunning last year in the summer's best gig. Getting heavier you can pick from "Stomp And Buck Dance" or — the original is always the best — "Put It Where You Want It".

That The Crusaders aren't just pacing themselves with a laid back mellow routine is evidenced by the gritty development of "Ballad For Joe (Louis)" or Stix Hooper's funk of no return "Way Back Home".

It has taken some time to establish that this sextet are not just the finest side men around, appearances on two hundred plus gold albums (count 'em), but also a band. Stix, Joe, Wilton, Wayne, Larry and Popwell, nuff said. If by some strange oversight you ain't ever come to grips with The Crusaders rectify the oversight and start here — it's a chain reaction.

Max Bell



FUNKADELIC

Hardcore Jollies (Warner Bros., Import)

PARLIAMENT:

The Clones Of Dr. Funkenstein (Casablanca, Import)

NO APOLOGIES for the fact that Brother Carr and I are plugging George Clinton and his clones as frequently as we can get away with it. Fortunately, Clinton's eccentric talent is currently the source of a positive deluge of albums so we're not at a loss for excuses.

In the last 12 months no less than eight albums have escaped from this mind-bending menagerie and yet only one (Parliament's "Mothership Connection" on Casablanca) has been properly introduced into Britain. Admittedly, WEA also 'officially' imported about a thousand copies of "Stretchin' Out In Bootsy's Rubber Band" but I daresay you wouldn't have realised it if you live outside of London. Not a very heartening state of affairs is it?

In The States the Parliament-kadelicbootsyment Thang is now so ripe that gold records are starting to drop upon them like maggots on a rich crop of fruit and the whole shebang has recently been touring — with Sly Stone as support act. It's even rumoured that Sly is considering joining forces with Clinton.

Anyway, they're BIG, right? Without wishing to stir up any obscene prejudices I'm bound to say that if these guys were white, British record companies would probably be falling over themselves to generate interest here. As it is, Parliament now have no British outlet (EMI having lost Casablanca), Funkadelic's Westbound recordings seem to be similarly placed (although Pye should be involved somewhere along the line, Westbound being distributed by 20th Century-Fox in America) and WEA are acting very obtusely with their let's-import-a-few-and-see-what-happens attitude to Bootsy and the latest Funkadelic album.

Although these two releases aren't necessarily the best of Clinton's productions they're infinitely more exciting than the majority of current calamities (black and white), bubbling with good-humoured lunacy, charged with cosmic, not to say alien, energy, and executed with remarkable instrumental and vocal panache.

Parliament is the group that's theoretically the most commercial of the two, incorporating horns and insistent funk riffs to capture dancers as well as foolish freaks. On first hearing "Dr. Frankenstein" seems like a musical clone of "Mothership Connection", with the fantasy framework transferred from Science Fiction to tales of mystery and imagination.

Certainly tracks like the title song, "Gamin' On Ya", and "Do That Stuff" could almost stem from the previous album, but since that was one of the best shots of '76 that still makes the new stuff compulsive listening.

Even better though are two calmer, weirder tracks, "I've Been Watching You (Move Your Sexy Body)" and "Getten' To Know You" — an absolute bitch, this one — which might be likened to Stevie Wonder at his most creative and least sentimental. (Unlike Stevie, Parliament never get emotionally sloppy). It takes some time to realise it but on balance I'd say that "Dr. Funkenstein" just about surpasses "Mothership Connection".

"Hardcore Jollies" is not so consistently satisfying yet on the other hand its explorative unpredictability — indeed, the erratic quality of all of Funkadelic's ten albums — suggest that this aspect of Clinton's ego could easily gell into his biggest triumph. In other words, if a white rock audience is going to learn to stop worrying and love the bum they're more likely to be attracted by Funkadelic than either Parliament or Bootsy's Rubber Band.

These guys have gone one step further than their influences. I can't think of another way to highlight the differences, but keep in mind that if Parliament are like a stoned James Brown injected with small but potent doses of Stevie Wonder and Sly Stone, Funkadelic are a more acidic brew of Stone and Zappa, with large shots of Hendrix and numerous heavy metal kids.

To catch them at their very best seek out an import copy of "Let's Take It To The Stage" (on Westbound). Failing that grab "Hardcore Jollies" and check the insidious sensuality of "Smokey", "You Scared The Lovin' Outta Me" and "Soul Mate", the exhilarating change up from harmony verses to blistering guitar solo in "Comin' Round The Mountain", and the high-level energy of the title track and their live version of "Cosmic Slop".

"Holy P-Funk, Ratman! Can we stop these flaming, foamy, flagrant, filthy, flastic forces of Funkadelia!!!"

Cliff White

GALLAGHER AND LYLE

Love On The Airwaves (A&M)

BENNY GALLAGHER and Graham Lyle are quietly turning into the Lerner and Loewe of pop rock — reliable tunesmiths, into love's young dream, danceability and colourful street vignettes.

Besides the wittily executed title track and the upbeat new chart entry "Every Little Teardrop", the other ten songs adhere to the familiar Gallagher and Lyle format — airy and delicate as in "The Runaway", simplistically but expressively sentimental as in "Never Give up on Love" and falling headlong and breathless through rhythmic space as in "Head Talk" and "Call for the Captain", along with snazzily soothe-some horns.

"Dude in the Dark" I like as a spacey swing with lounge lizard keyboards from Iain Rae. "Street Boys" is the gutsiest offering, the duo's tight harmonies filled out and heated up over a chunky, bopping rhythm with some sharp-edged guitar and sax solos.

The requisite tear-jerker ballad and a likely candidate for supersongsters' cover versions, "It Only Hurts When

Benoit Moerlen

Benoit Moerlen squeezed some fascinating sounds from behind the screen of gongs, cowbells, a glockenspiel, vibes and xylophone.

National Rock Star: Patrick MacLachlan.

I Laugh", is short and sweet, sung by Benny Gallagher to a simple piano accompaniment and nicely effective for the total absence of fuss.

It's all charmingly crafted, soft-core fare suitable for general consumption.

Angie Errigo



FAIRPORT CONVENTION

Live At The L.A. Troubadour (Island/Help)

EVERYBODY HAS their own favourite Fairport line-up. God knows, there's enough to choose from, a band with as many offshoots as Queen Victoria. But one which tends to get overlooked is the Fairport that struggled on in the wake of Sandy Denny's departure and recorded 'Full House' in 1970. It's that fine band of Thompson / Swarbrick / Nicol / Pegg and Mattacks which is commemorated on this excellent budget album.

For a start there's a selection of jigs and reels which are great crowd pleasers, and one of which — "Mason's Apron" — highlights the fantastically fast fiddle of Mr Swarbrick, the precise and punctual percussion of Mr Mattacks and the galvanised guitar of Mr Nicol.

"Poor Will and the Jolly Hangman" is classic Richard Thompson, imbued with a gloomy power and aided by the sort of guitar that makes me

wish I'd persevered with Bert Weedon's lessons.

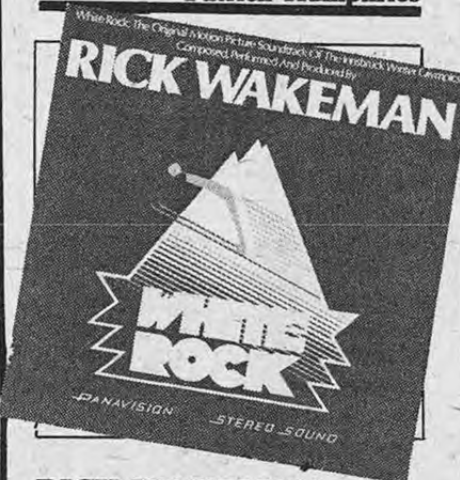
There's a beautiful version of "Banks of Sweet Primroses" and a very funny drunken interpretation of "Yellow Bird" which makes you wonder if Fairport's abilities as a Palm Court quintet haven't been overlooked.

But the album peaks with the near 20 minutes of "Matty Groves" and "Sloth", featuring the magnificent Richard Thompson (whom God preserve etc). To my mind this live version of "Matty Groves" beats the Denny version hands down, far harder and driving.

"Sloth" is truly epic, but could have benefitted from more spine-chilling solos from aforesaid Mr Thompson, instead of the nitpicking duet with Simon Nicol. It's still a fine performance of one of their best ever songs.

It's a thankless task to try and capture "The Essence of Fairport" on record, but this album makes a brave stab, and is in many ways preferable to the "official" live album of a few years back.

Patrick Humphries



RICK WAKEMAN

White Rock. (A&M)

SIGH. KING Arthur on ice skates. What'll he think of next? Hey, wait a minute, I'm forgetting we already had that one. I guess this is Journey to the Centre of the World of Sports.

Never mind, Wakeman watchers, the soundtrack for a cinema spectacular of the 1976 Winter Olympic Games in excelsis is a natural vehicle for the fellow, laden as it is with thrills and spills, speed, human drama and all of that stuff.

It's quite simply an exuberant muzakal celebration of ski-jumpers hurtling through space, nutters in the insane luge event plummeting down an ice track feet first on flimsy sled frames at risk of life and bum, the vicious gladiatorial combat of the hockey rink and the transcendence of physical impossibilities in the figure skating.

The material ranges in mood from the zingy excitability of the title track to the grandiose apotheosis of the athletic ideal in "Searching for Gold" and a sympathetic minuet to "The Loser".

"Montezuma's Revenge". Wakeman's arrangement of Hungarian gypsy music for Moog, Mellotron and other thingamajigs is quite a racy laugh, although without seeing the film one is hard put to imagine what physical activity it relates to except off the track "runs".

Certainly the conception of the whole business and its realisation via Wakeman's instrumental battery of synthesizer, piano, pipe organ, harpsichord and clavinet — with only percussionist Tony Fernandez and the odd piping choir boys in attendance — is an achievement few could emulate.

Wakeman's awesome balance of energetic sentimentality with chutzpah is nothing less than Olympian itself. Although I must add that, just as Charlie Murray keeps tabs on blues users, I don't see why Wakeman should get away without a quick smack on the pandies for not acknowledging his Pop Beethoven tit-bits in "After the Ball".

Angie Errigo

IMPORTS

AFTER MUCH re-jigging of the elastic bands governing the King's Reach computer, we managed to come up with the result of our "Imports Most Deserving Of A British Release" poll, a project which brought a healthy response from readers.

So, amid squeaks and un-oiled yelpings that would have graced any Eurovision Song Contest (sorry, Abba!) King-Comp delivered the following dozen titles into our hands.

- 1 MC5 "Back In The USA" (Atlantic)
- 2 Modern Lovers "The Modern Lovers" (Beserkley)
- 3 Glen Phillips "Lost At Sea" (Snow Star)
- 4 Spirit "Son Of Spirit" (Mercury)
- 5 Delbert McClinton "Victim Of Life's Circumstances" (ABC)
Delbert McClinton "Genuine Cowhide" (ABC)
Jonathan Richman "Jonathan Richman And The Modern Lovers" (Beserkley)
- 8 Stooges "Raw Power" (CBS)
Zappa-Beeheart "Bongo Fury" (Discreet)
- 10 Jorma Kaukonen "Quah" (Grunt)
- 11 Wendy Waldman "Main Refrain" (Warner Bros.)
- 12 Greg Kihn "Greg Kihn" (Beserkley)

The interesting thing about these results is that league-leader "Back In The U.S.A." is already scheduled for release here, by WEA, on February 25th, while "Lost At Sea",

which was being imported by Virgin, is due out anyway as a normal Virgin release — thanks to the sales accrued by the Snow Star version. However, there's no more news from the Beserkley front, the last communique being that Island seemed favourites to provide the Modern Lovers with a British release.

Certainly the entries to the competition proved varied and extremely enlightening, and choosing the winning entries was, therefore, a somewhat difficult task. However, working on a basis of judgement and enthusiasm, I came up with three names — Tim Forrester, 14A Lindfield Gardens, London NW3; John E. Dell, 6 Century Drive, Bideford, North Devon EX39 1BG; and Keef Fancey, 15 Quadrangle St., St Peters Road, Wolvercote, Oxford, OX2 8BN. All three will be receiving a free import album of some quality during the next few days — and as for the rest of you, many thanks for joining in!

With not much room left, I'll zoom quickly through the week's arrivals, commencing with three from Parke Records, these being such continental specials as Bob Marley's "Reflection" (Fontana), Blood, Sweat And Tears "In Concert" (CBS) and Jimi Hendrix's "Plays Berkeley" (Barclay).

The Marley would appear to be a reissue of his "Rasta Revolution" elpee, plus added tracks, while the B.S.&T. double was cut at Canadian and U.S. gigs a few years back. The Hendrix item is a sound-track affair recorded in 1970 and featuring the axe-man with Mitch Mitchell and Billy Kox (sic). Tracks on this one

include such titles as "Star Spangled Banner", "Voodoo Child", "Loverman", Johnny B. Goode", "Purple Haze" and "Little Wing" — but don't ask me if these versions are available elsewhere, 'cos my mind has long since become a total blank on the subject of Hendrix discography.

Donald Byrd's "Caricatures" (Blue Note) is now available as is James Talley's fine "Blackjack Choir" (Capitol) which has B.B. King helping out.

But if you want a double-helping of pure show-biz then I'll direct you to a copy of Diana Ross's "An Evening With" (Motown) a vistavision affair on which Berry Gordy's favourite movie star provides a medley of Motown oldies ("Money", "Fingertips" etc.); a batch of tunes by "The Working Girls" (these being Bessie Smith, Billie Holiday, Josephine Baker and Ethel Waters); A "Point" medley (ta, Harry Nilsson); and a selection of other offerings that range from the bump-oriented "Love Hangover" to the Lena Hornesmanship of "The Lady Is A Tramp".

Smokey Robinson's "Deep In My Soul" (Tamla) is currently picking up sales, while Martin Mull's "Everyone I've Ever Loved" (ABC) has created interest because it includes Mull's flat-capped friend Tom Waits on the guest list. But whether Jimmy Smith's "Sit On It" (Mercury) can revive the flagging fortunes of the once leading Hammond harrier, bears thinking about. Certainly this disc shouldn't hurt his chances — not with names like Eugene McDaniels, Herbie Hancock and that superb bassist Abraham Lorial around.

Fred Dellar

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Feb 18 NEWCASTLE Mayfair
Feb 19 SHEFFIELD University
Feb 20 BRISTOL Locarno
Feb 23 LONDON Marquee
Feb 24 LONDON Marquee
Feb 25 UXBRIDGE Brunel University
Feb 26 BRACKNELL Sports Centre
Feb 27 DUNSTABLE Civic Hall
Feb 28 SWANSEA Top Rank

EXTRA DATE
Feb 21 PLYMOUTH Fiesta



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JAZZ

IT'S ALWAYS startling to see a label slip its moorings. Meaning lateral thinkers everywhere will reel back from the revelation that George Coleman, straight-ahead Bebop Hovis of a tenorman, ex-Roach, Miles, Walton, chord-clever head, once trod the chitlin-circuit behind B. B. King.

Startling too to be received at the bedroom door by a man-mountain in salmon-pink pyjamas, coupla hundred pounds of weightlifting bull-hump decollete yet from a post-Ronnie's lie-in, and crowned with an expression that holds plenty promise of mayhem in the a.m.

"Yeah — everybody says I look evil," says Big George accommodatingly, easy-going and chatty.

Born in Memphis, Tennessee, George hung out around the jukeboxes — "You know, the ones where you put the nickel in — it was a nickel then! They had like jazz hits — some Dizzy stuff, little bit of Bird, 'Moody's Mood'. A lotta tenor players like Louis Jordan, Illinois Jacquet, Bostic who were playing semi-commercial, but jazz-orientated.

"There was a little theatrics involved in that era for saxophone players — walkin' the tables, walkin' the bar, you know, that was one of the things. Guys like Big Jay McNeely, Bull Moose Jackson — showbiz-type saxophonists. A lotta good bands at that time."

Big George went on the road for a coupla stints with B.B. in the early '50s, the pre-tycoon days of playing in tinroof barns and wringing your shirt out between sets. Onzie Horn had written some good arrangements for the band (subsequently Isaac Hayes's musical director) and George began to get his own ideas.

"Don't you ever dream of getting your kisser in the gravy like the jazz sax players who've crossed over into soul?" I asked him.

"No — I did enough of that back in the old days. When People begin to tell me about soul and that kinda stuff, you know, that's what I was weaned on. This fixation with rock and funky, that's nothin' new. I've been through all of that. I don't consider that any great musical achievement these days. I think the guys enjoy playing it, and the money has something to do with it. A lotta these so-called stars are limited. They'd have problems playing the other way, playing a tempo, swingin' or playing with imagination. They'd be at a loss. And the record companies dictate that."

George ain't about to throw away his hard-won craft for atavism. In mid-'56, he left B.B. and settled in Chicago, extending his harmonic knowledge in sessions with Johnnie Griffin and Gene Ammons, bassist Bill Lee, that toddlin' town jumping with talent. Along with old friends Frank Strozier, Harold Mabern, George buddied with the late, legendary Booker Little.

"Man, he was really sumpin'! Even then he was tremendous," George recalled. I'll tell ya the first time I began to really hear what he was doing. He's transcribed the Miles Davis solo on 'Star Eyes', played it note for note. I was playing the changes on piano, and from that I could see he really knew what was happening. From there he just blossomed right on out.

"But even in the early stages he didn't copy too much — and he had the kinda technique that meant nobody could really



This is GEORGE COLEMAN. He wears pink pyjamas, and he's a bebop tenor man of class and credentials. Once upon a time, however, George used to ride the old chitlins circuit with a certain BB King — so one might be excused for wondering whether he'll ever decide to get back on the soul gravy train? The answer is no.

GEORGE COLEMAN. Pic: LIDA MOSER

Big George, ex-Max, ex-Miles, ex-BB exhales . . .

ON VALUES AND DEFAULTERS

play his kinda stuff no way. Like Dizzy, he could play the high stuff up there —" — George's lats spread in a flying wedge as he raised his hands to an imaginary trumpet. Pink pyjama buttons dug ther heels in, four eyelets slitted with the breakstrain. "Man — he useta just stay in that register."

George joined Max Roach's band and, when Kenny Dorham split, Booker joined them. Booker — the cat-most-likely in that doomed profession, Dolphy's aptest partner, dead of uraemia in 1961, aged 23.

The education of George Coleman proceeded apace with Max. "One of the things I learned was to be independent harmonically. By that I mean there was no piano and the only harmonic centre you had to deal with was the bass. But

we pretty much knew where everything was because Max was so precise.

"He could outline everything — eight bar phrases, when you're going into the bridge — no problem, because he played so melodic there was no way you could get lost, you see. Never did have a piano, and because it was Max, it was really cool, man. He was one of those drummers who could come out of a solo and just bring you back so you know how to hit that first note. Max could play a song for you."

Boom Boom chi-chi-chi-Boom. This was the period when Max Roach was fascinated by 3/4 time, sitting upright at the trap set like an equestrian statue, making the waltz swing.

After that, George played in the Slide Hampton Octet, and

marvelled at the speed with which Slide arranged the parts. For some inexplicable reason, both George and Dexter Gordon break up over Slide's given names, Locksley Wellington.

How had the Miles offer come about?

"OK Miles had expressed some interest in having me join the band, like round 1959, but I never did. I was supposed to call him in Philly one time, but I was kinda standoffish. I wanted to try and let myself develop before I stepped into a scene like that. I was maybe a bit unsure. He called me in 1963 and told me to cancel my gigs — 'You'll be doin' them a favour if you cancel them'."

"Then he asked me about some other people and I recommended Frank Strozier and Harold Mabern. Miles

wanted a sextet and that's what happened. Jimmy Cobb was still on drums then. We played a tour of California but we never did record. Miles broke that up and I was the only member out of that. Then Tony Williams, Ron Carter and Herbie Hancock came in . . ."

On paper, George Coleman is the tenor after Rollins with Roach, between Coltrane and Shorter with Miles, none of which has anything to do with music. George is coming from George.

"I didn't have any of those kinda feelings. I felt I had enough experience to play with anybody, and I felt I could contribute a little bit. I felt pretty relaxed there. I was ready, I'll put it like that, ready for it."

How about Tony Williams'

skittering rhythms after Max?

"I felt like it might sometimes have got a bit outa hand. The rhythm got lost. I grew up in strict time with Max; everything was THERE. It was a little worrisome at times — it's quite evident on the records too. You listen close. It didn't make any difference because the intensity was there — if you missed a harmonic or a few bars, the pulse was there. Even if the metre was turned around, the feeling was so great. And this was more or less my first experience with modes. Up to that point I hadn't begun to stretch out too much — I was always careful — and there was some harmonic freedom here."

George may have been careful, but carefully he's covered a lotta ground. At Ronnie Scott's, he walloped out an 80 bars-a-minute "Now's The Time" that left the rhythm section panting and sounded like he was trying to force his entire bulk out through that formidable 10-star lay. George has been here before, with Elvin Jones, sharing the front line with Frank Foster, and last year with the Cedar Walton Quartet. Each visit, he's moved on.

I asked him about the circular breathing technique that he uses to such rousing effect.

"I learned that in 1961 from Slide Hampton. You're storing the air in your cheeks and inhaling constantly through your nose. I try to utilize it not as a circus act, but if I want to play an extended phrase."

Moderation, that's the man. He's taken this and that from the New Thing, not much, a soupcon of scream. "Miles useta say, 'Freedom has to be controlled'. You can't let it get outa hand. The thing about it is to relate to the tonality of the piece, and for musicians to think together and play TOGETHER."

"If you get wrapped up in your own thing, you miss the essence of everybody else's playing around you. That's the thing that distinguishes the true artist from the people who're just out there blowing. I guess the avant-garde made musicians more exploratory, but a lotta quacks came out on the scene behind that. It did tremendous harm to a lotta young musicians because they never really got into the finer points about playing — learning changes, getting technique, playing a ballad — I mean, how can you play a ballad running all over you horn making a lotta squeaks and squawks?"

George Coleman's definition of musicianship is that of his generation! He reserved his highest praise for Spanish pianist Tete Montoliu, blind, deaf in one ear and hearing more with the other than most stereophonic cats. George had been going to write out the abstruse chord changes from "Giant Steps" for Tete, when he suddenly became aware of Tete chording correctly a little ahead.

He loaded up his cassette recorder with tapes of his octet, one stomping unit that he hopes to bring over here soon — Harold Vick, Frank Strozier, Harold Mabern. The ensembles were staggeringly precise up-tempo steeplechases, not a hair out place and bebop all the way.

"I won't say what I'll do before I'm through with life or music," said Big George, "but right now I like doing what I'm doing with my octet. I'm not going to sell out. You'd just be one of the crowd."

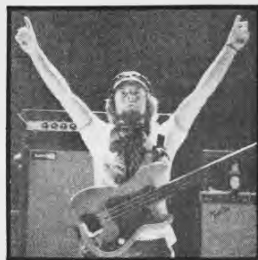
SELECTED RECORDINGS
Max Roach, "Deeds Not Words" (Riverside 673004); Miles Davis, "Live In Europe" (CBS BPG 62390), "Four & More" CBS BPG 62655, "My Funny Valentine" (CBS BPG 62510); Herbie Hancock, "Maiden Voyage" (Blue Note BST 84195).

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Grand LEEDS 14

Colston Hall BRISTOL 15

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Dome BRIGHTON 17

Odeon HAMMERSMITH 18

Odeon HAMMERSMITH 19

WITH TED NUGENT

FEBRUARY

23 MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall

24 SHEFFIELD City Hall

25 GLASGOW Apollo

26 NEWCASTLE City Hall

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3 CARDIFF Capitol Theatre

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5 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon

6 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon

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RUNDGREN: DEMOCRATIC OFFAL

Utopia

NEW VICTORIA

A DEPRESSING TASK, this one. I really like Todd Rundgren, see, always have done, and after last year's great Hammersmith Odeon gig, was expecting great things from this bash last week.

After all, the band — then billed as Todd Rundgren's Utopia — was virtually the same in terms of personnel — Roger Powell still on keyboards, John Wilcox remaining the percussionist and only one change in line-up: subtract John Seigler, add Kasim Sultan on bass guitar.

Unfortunately, the burgeoning "concept" behind Utopia has broadened to a point where what was once conceived as simply a great back-up group for Rundgren's multi-faceted musical charades has metamorphosed into a strict four-way democracy with Rundgren rather awkwardly divvying out to the other three and thus amputating what can only be defined as a mammoth legacy of his previous work.

The first real consummation of this democracy — the recently released "Ra" — is a most frustrating affair, swooping from gargantuan highs through gargantuan mediocrity to hit the proverbial pit at times with a disturbing abruptness. "Ra" it was, though, what Utopia were mostly panhandling out to their audience on Wednesday night, starting right off with the great "Communion With The Sun" complete with its highly arranged nods to the influence of "Close-to-the-Edge" Yes.

The Rundgren onstage persona was much the same as before — the same "loony-toons" irrepressibility replete with innumerable bounding leaps a la Townshend, to the point where he became almost an over-zealous caricature of the "high-energy" performer at times. No complaints there, mind — Pete Erskine was right

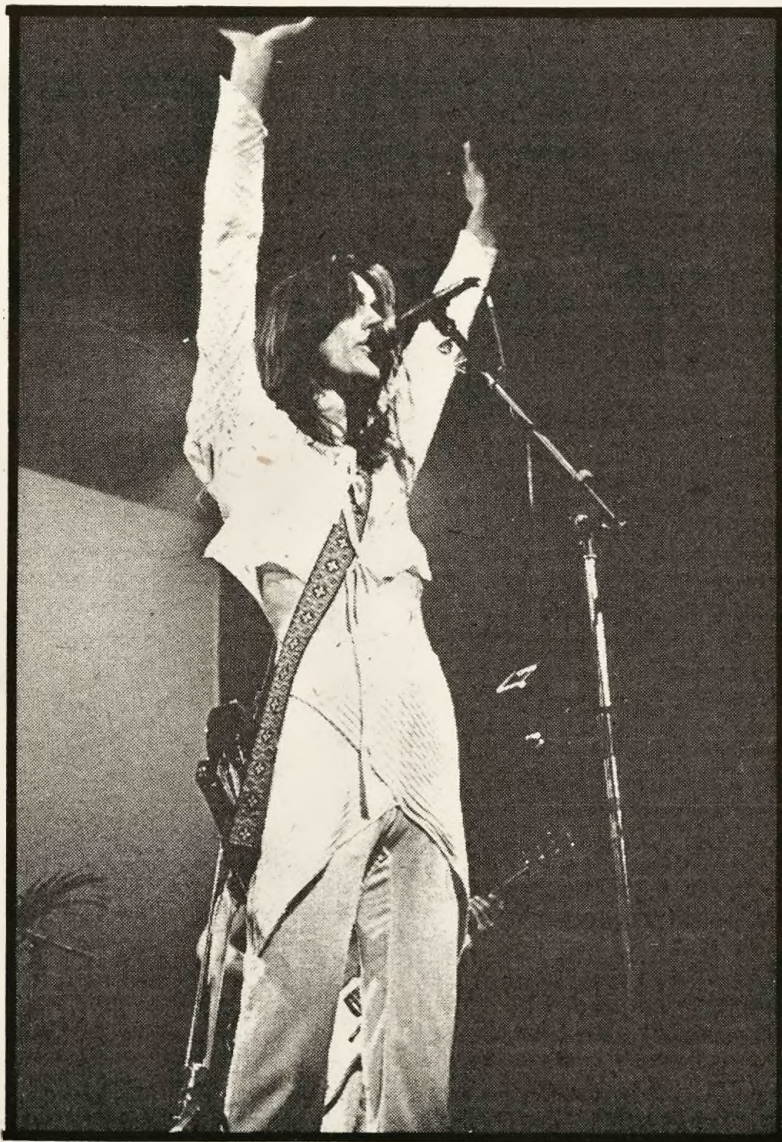
on the button with his review of Rundgren's gorgeous maniacal presence back at the Hammersmith concert — and nothing's changed.

What has changed, though, and I consider this little short of tragic, is that various dimensions of his past work are no longer being delved into — to the point where "Utopia sound" is a fairly one-dimensional endeavour — expansive and vivid at the start but slowly sinking into a morass of gross inconsequentiality as they continue for over two hours of playing time, reaching a nadir with that dire "Singing" song cycle/fairytale effort which rendered "Ra"'s second side virtually unplayable to these ears and almost forced me to walk out at the concert last week.

The set is conceived at a rigidly "loud" pitch — even non-Utopia compositions are chosen from the most ferocious and least consequential work, like "Sunset Boulevard", say, from "Wizard". When Rundgren stepped out to play a "mellow" piece like "Faithful's" "Love of the Common Man", the deficiency of sheer melodiousness (at which the composer has proved himself a master of so often in the past) became all too apparent. But this one-off heady blast was followed up with yet more gargantuan offal which reached a quite heinous pitch at the very end.

Two encores were paradoxically mixed. Another gorgeous blast from the past — "Couldn't Just Tell You" — prefaced the condescending "Hamburger Hell" wherein Rundgren's exhortations for the audience to "boogie" sounded to me like Zappa's grim style of gratuitous audience insulting — a breed of inverted cynicism which, particularly coming from Rundgren, there is simply no excuse for.

In print, see, Rundgren has been as scathingly locquacious as ever, putting down the "Punk Rock" doyens with an expansive slightly twisted



NICK KENT finds the brainiac kid wallowing in a four-way blitzkrieg bog.

Deafened and demoralised, the only conclusion is: he was better on his Todd...

relish, I felt. Apparently though, the feeling is mutual. On Tuesday, Phil McNeil reported leaving, disillusioned and exhausted, during the drum solo (oh yes, there was a drum solo) and noticing the Sex Pistols out in the lobby looking bored as hell.

On Wednesday, I left during the final encore to witness the

Damned — yup — in the lobby looking, uh, bored.

Vive la difference, perhaps, but even democratically speaking, Rundgren is simply selling himself short and grievously impairing his music by trimming his crick to suit the lesser lights in the Utopia conglomerate.

Nick Kent

Queue here for four-syllable epithets

Charlie

MANCHESTER

MEANWHILE, a thousand miles away from home, things reach the ultimate. Charlie at the Electric Circus, they drove me crazy. Here, at last, is the band we've been waiting for: experts at unconsciously droning, in neat three-part harmony, enigmatic love songs of indefinable nature. A band who sounds sculpt exquisite depictions of jealousy cum psychosis cum monochrome mathematical surrealism previously only hinted at by early Moody Blues and mid-period Barclay James Harvest.

As far as I could fathom, their Art is based on the dejection and desolation of the human spirit; in loving, in living. Visually they project this with an interesting and continual emission of artificial emotions. By cleverly parodying the unimaginative and aesthetically sterile quasi-classical rock form they produce, simultaneously, silk screen easy listening pseudosophistication for the casual listener and paradoxically absorbing brand of bland, repetitive muzak for those who wish to sleep, drink or concentrate on the lyrical aspect.

Their poetry rests lightly on the music, like a turnip on a cushion. By restating romantic clichés and spewing out utter poppycock with a deceptive sincerity, their non-existent vocals balancing perfectly

between self-confidence and pleading, they leave the way for only one word in their entire performance to have any meaning — thus separating this word from the rest of the nonsensical verbiage and emphasising stark desolation. "The" was the word, mouthed with fleeting verbal intensification that portrayed more about lying about getting laid and isolation than anything Gary Glitter or Tom Verlaine ever came up with.

Elsewhere, the line-up of the band (a gloriously obvious two guitar, bass, drums and humorous keyboard set-up) is sheer dumb insolence. Further elements of desolation, using the "cut-off" technique, surface in the fact that, despite the band having nothing to do with rock'n'roll, they immerse themselves within traditional rock trappings, touring, recording, etc, thus alienating themselves from their immediate surroundings. Brutal.

Love and isolation — psychotic existentialism. Charlie have reached the roots of the problem and are gnawing angrily. The missing link between Dadaism and Johnny Rotten's literature of pity? Perhaps... To finish with something John Cage once said: "Art isn't about entertainment... to put it as simply as possible, art changes our minds." Charlie will change your minds, straight up.

Paul Morley

Charlie: what does 'psychotic existentialism' mean then?



PIC: JOE STEVENS

JAZZ DIARY

JAZZ CENTRE Society is bringing bassist **Eberhard Weber** and altman **Charlie Mariano** over from Europe for a gig at The Old Theatre, LSE on 19th February, and at The Band on the Wall, Manchester on 20th. They're playing at the Davenport Theatre, Stockport; Gaiety Theatre, Dublin on 27th; Town Hall, Birmingham on 4th March; Southport Theatre on 8th; Fairfield Hall, Croydon on 10th; Royal Festival Hall on 12th; The Capitol Theatre, Cardiff on 13th. More details next week.

Chris Barber's Jazz & Blues Band open their UK tour at the Rivoli Ballroom, Brockley on 18th February; 100 Club on 19th; Gemini Club, Villers Street, Hartlepool on 22nd; Northumberland Tech College, Ashington on 23rd; Rolls-Royce Club, Mount Sorrel, Leicester on 24th; Theatre Clwd, Mold, near Chester on 27th; Baths Hall, Scunthorpe on 28th.

On 13th February, the latest winners of the GLAA Young Musicians, **Swift** and **Lighthouse**, are playing at Ronnie Scott's Club. Swift also have a gig the following night at the Fulham Arts Centre. On 15th **Evan Parker** and **Derek Bailey** are playing at Warwick University, followed on March 2nd by the **Elton Dean Sextet**.

From Verve a promised reissue of the old **Getz-Gillespie** and **Ben Webster & Associates** in the near future. This month's Pablo release includes "Straight Ahead" by **Eddie Lockjaw Davis** with the **Tommy Flanagan Trio** — a real driving set; "Edison's Lights" from **Harry Edison** with **Jaws** again and piano duties divided between **Dolo Coker** and **Basie**; "Carter, Gillespie, Inc." which is also a cooker; "The Intimate Ellington", various Ellingtonians plus a celeste and vocal version of "Mood Maiden" by the Duke.

Out soon from Milestone, "The Way I Feel" from **Sonny Rollins**. Meanwhile, back in Berkeley, Milestone have a golden hoard of Japanese Riverside reissues, including the **Ernie Henry**, **Randy Weston**'s "Get Happy", **Albany** and **Marsh**'s "The Right Combination", **Johnny Griffin**'s "Little Giant" and **Chet Baker** "In New York". List price £6.98.

Cleo Laine has been nominated for an American Grammy Award for the third year running, this time for her work with **Ray Charles** on their "Porgy & Bess" album. **Brian Case**

The Manhattans VS The Blue Notes

HAMMERSMITH

THEORETICALLY this bout should have provided at least a points-win decision in favour of Harold Melvin's The Blue Notes although, owing to recent personnel upsets in the favourite's camp, there was just a long-shot possibility that The Manhattans might force a draw.

So much for theory. The loss of lead singer Theodore Pendergrass has all but wrecked The Blue Notes at a time when The Manhattans are coming on even stronger than seemed likely from their excellent records. Result: the underdogs wiped the floor with the big boys to such an extent that, never having enjoyed blood sports, I was obliged to leave the scene of carnage before the inevitable KO.

So as not to over-excite your base instincts I will dismiss the bill-topping losers first.

After a rather pompous overture the renowned quintet sidled into the spotlight wearing white tie and tails, each with a red carnation adorning his lapel. Possibly the advance guard of a head-waiters' convention? Ah no. Synchronised choreography, consisting

mainly of extending one leg sideways and then repeating the manoeuvre with the opposite limb while waving the hands about in front of the body like sea-anemones in a sleepy lagoon, changed the impression to that of a bunch of constipated Fred Astaire imitators fumbling a conjuring trick.

The largest and ungainliest of this troupe, a sort of black Tommy Cooper, then broke ranks and proceeded to offend everyone in earshot with some of the most discordant bawling it's ever been my misfortune to experience. Even more extraordinary, he accompanied himself with a precarious swaying and skipping movement that seemed about to send him crashing into the pit below.

Within minutes the less sympathetic members of the audience were answering his cries and the whole affair became like the finals of an international costermongers' championship. Before long he was pleading "Don't Leave Me This Way", but I did.

If I was forced to say anything at all in defence of The Blue Notes it'd be that their new lead singer has the same tone (but absolutely none of the quality) as Pendergrass so that, superficially, the group sounded like their records. A reasonable percentage of the audience seemed content with

this and applauded accordingly, but one black G.I. was heard to note that "in the States they'd have been booed off by now." Harold Melvin was presumably well aware of the fact because he spent a lot of time with his back to the auditorium. I hope he was blushing.

The tragedy of The Blue Notes was emphasised by the preceding magnificence of The Manhattans. Although I've thoroughly enjoyed their records, both new (on CBS) and old (DJM), I still wasn't prepared for quite such a gripping display of honest-to-God soulmanship. These guys are tree-mendous and any reader who's been disillusioned by the less savoury aspects of recent black music should pack their bags and take themselves off to the nearest Manhattans gig immediately.

Admittedly the group indulge in corny dance routines that seldom seem relevant to the music, but if you've ever been attracted to soul you should have learnt to live with that kind of nonsense by now.

Far more important, they

harmonise beautifully, they write and / or choose good material, mainly ballads, and lead vocalist Gerald Alston can sing rings around virtually everyone else that springs to mind. Imagine a cross between Sam Cooke and Eugene Record and you'll be somewhere near the mark.

About halfway through the act Alston had the more demonstrative members of the audience (myself included) leaping up in delirious enthusiasm for his sensational solo version of "The Way We Were", and by finale time, "Let's Kiss And Say Good-bye", bright-eyed suppliants were dashing to the front to shake his hand or just to touch his feet.

I can't speak for the bulk of the audience 'cause I was too overwhelmed to take note, but certainly around me the G.I.s were up and cheering. Cries of "Lord Have Mercy", "Good God" and "Testify, brother, TESTIFY" rent the air. As my nearest neighbour exclaimed, "Oh my Lord, I'm about to take off my shoes and say Amen."

Cliff White

TOWN

Leo Kottke/
Leon Redbone
NEW VICTORIA

NOW I READ George Melly's piece on Leon Redbone last week, so I figure I'm pretty well boned up on what Redbone's about... until Leon sidles on stage, looking like Groucho Marx after he'd lost his last cigar in a crap game, and starts tuning up, mumbling away to himself, and then launches straight into "Shine On Harvest Moon" in a voice like W. C. Fields after one glass too many of Red Eye, and the carpet's pulled right from under my preconceptions.

Redbone's been described as an eccentric, which my jaundiced mind has interpreted in the past as a device to disguise

a basic lack of musical talent — but bless my soul this man's an original. And he can run his fingers up the necessary frets.

After four or five songs on his own, he got lonely and brought on a tuba for company. Now guitar and tuba is a pretty strange blend, but they worked together, especially on "Mississippi Delta Blues" and the elegant unnamed tango at the end of his set. Then it was a tip of his hat audiencewards, and off he sidled, a suitable hors d'oeuvres to Leo Kottke.

It's amazing what one man, ten fingers and 12 strings can do, and Kottke proceeded to demonstrate just how it should be done, dazzling, amazing and spellbinding his audience with a virtuoso performance. Virtually every piece he played sounded as though there were two or three tunes bursting to get out of the complex framework he spun. Kottke made it look as easy as tying your shoe, but you had to watch his fingers shoot up and

down the neck of his guitar and listen to the texture of the sound to appreciate the extent of his talent.

I swear to God there must have been a little guy crouched with another guitar behind the curtain, it just seemed impossible for one man to make that sort of music on his own, but Kottke did.

From the fierce, aptly titled "Up Tempo", which must have had every finger in the house drumming along with him, he ran to the tranquil "Maroon", which had the theatre as quiet as Pompeii in 80 AD. For a man who's done for the acoustic guitar what Thomas Crapper did for sanitation, he hasn't got a bad voice, which he used to great effect on an obscure Procol Harum song, "Power Failure", but it's as a guitarist that Leo Kottke will be appreciated, and appreciated he will be if Sunday's concert was anything to go by.

Patrick Humphries

ANDERSON: PRESS BORE DRAGS ON

Jethro Tull

GLASGOW

THE SCENE FOR the latest round of Jethro Tull v The Music Press is a sell-out concert at the Glasgow Apollo. Enter the press man, specially selected for his dislike of Ian Anderson; he's been thinking up insults all week. Roll the prerecorded tapes — sounds like something the Nice rejected — and on comes Ian Anderson.

Hells bells, he's had his hair cut! It looks almost neat. He's wearing a red bowler, a cream suit, the bottom half of which is the familiar breeches, and a red waistcoat. He starts off

into "Wondering Aloud" on acoustic guitar as the rest of the band file on one by one, bizarrely dressed as usual, and join in. The shadowy sixth member on pipe organ is later identified as David Palmer of the London College of Somethingorother.

At the end of the number, Ian Anderson has his first go at his critics, and after a diversion for "Skating Away" from "War Child", a song from the new LP: "Everyone will tell you it's really shit." It's "Jack In The Green". Unfortunately they were right — it is really shit.

"Our critics tell us this is something of a standby," Anderson announces before a long version of some of "Thick As A Brick", then into "Songs

From The Wood", a hopelessly contrived mock madrigal.

After "To Cry You A Song" Anderson goes off and the band take on the world for a long instrumental. Back comes Ian to lead on flute through snatches of classical music, "Bourree", "Driving Song" and "Living In The Past" (greeted with deserved acclaim) and others from happier days.

Another number from the justly-slashed new LP is preceded by all the old kilt jokes strung together. Ho Hum. It's "Velvet Green". Isn't it rare to be taking the air? Putting on airs, you mean. The village squire bit falls flat on its face — a pity, because there's the basis of a really good song in there.

Another new song, "Hunting Girl": "You'll hate it." It's accompanied by limp SM jokes and Anderson hitting John Glasscock with a riding crop. Next comes another dig at the music press. "I seem to have acquired a reputation for hating the music press, as it likes to call itself." A biting attack! That really showed 'em. But just to show he doesn't harbour grudges, this next one is dedicated to CW of MM — "Too Old To Rock'n'Roll, Too Young To Die."

The rest of the show consists of an excerpt from "Passion Play", "Minstrel In The Gallery" and "Aqualung". "Wind up" and "Locomotive Breath" (superb) are the encores. During the latter, two big white balloons bearing £ signs, which have been attached to the back curtain without explanation during the whole show, are thrown out to the audience for bursting while the band play "Land Of Hope And Glory". A brief snatch of "Back Door Angels" and he's off.

Another battle over, but the campaign goes on, and the Ian Anderson v The Music Press war shows no sign of being resolved. If you love Anderson, his shallow concepts and his infantile sexual innuendos, you'll wet yourself at this neat two-hour show. But if you wish he'd drop all this contrived nonsense and just write songs again, real songs with feeling and spontaneity, you'll just have to wait and hope. I'll join you.

This idea of band leader as a man with a vision is OK while the leader's eye is in, but consistent panning does suggest something is wrong. "Aqualung" isn't really Jethro Tull's finest hour — it's no less contrived a concept than any that followed it, it's just that the fine music obscured this rather than carried it off. I'd go back even further for the best Jethro Tull, before concepts. Perhaps it is all in the past, but it was first class stuff, and now I'm not prepared to settle for anything less.

A word of praise for the excellent lights, and now let's hear it for the band. They were great. What a fine guitarist Martin Barre is: his talents are being wasted. Barrie Barlow is a good, solid rock drummer, and John Evan has come on by leaps and bounds (but less of the Upper Class Twit Of The Year act please). But the top notch is reserved for John Glasscock on bass, who put heart and soul into his fine, fine work. I could have listened to him all night. I'd like to see a Jethro Tull Without Ian Anderson tour. That would really sort out the sheep from the goat.

Ian Cranna

Flying Aces

ST ANDREWS

ST ANDREWS is a small university so it can't afford big name bands, and a vicious circle sets in as the students (a conservative lot on the whole — and Conservative too in St Andrews) can't be bothered to turn out for the small names.

The situation is made worse by the fact that the gig takes place in the new Union's hall, which bears more than a passing resemblance to an aircraft hangar. It's cold and uncomfortable. The audience is small and has to dance to keep warm.

All credit to the Flying Aces for taking on the whole negative atmosphere. They're led by ex-Man bassist Martin Ace, with his wife George on rhythm guitar, Richard Treece on lead and Mike Gibbons on drums. Contrary to standard Welsh band practise, they are neither stoned nor have flu. They're ready to work.

They start off with a medley of "Moonlight Kiss" and "Starbright", hard and rhythmic. The sound isn't too good and George's guitar is almost lost, but Martin's bass comes through loud and clear. It's the feature of the whole set, leading the band from the rear with some excellent runs.

Man's "Country Girl" and a converted sea shanty, "Atlantic Roller", are followed by some hostile stamping of feet at the sides and "Holding Back The Tears", which has a stronger tune than most of the rest. "Boudoir Blues" is sung by George, with some interesting lines about undressing which unfortunately I couldn't quite catch. That must be the blues bit. Next is the premiere of an as yet untitled self-penned number, with two slow sections and a fast break. Applause is sporadic (not helped by uncertain endings) and the level of talk increases.

Tim Hardin's "Yellow Cab" is heavy and brisk and whoever is on the lights wakes up temporarily to give us a bit of a show. Last is "Carry On", a bit of a thrash above Mike's powerhouse drumming. The audience bestir themselves for an encore, which is "Kansas City" with a nice Status Quo feel to it.

And that was it. Everyone calls it a night and sadly no one has really enjoyed it. I'm reluctant to judge under such conditions, but there's a sound base for a good band here. The material is a bit weak and presentation could be a whole lot better, and... well, I felt sorry for the band.

Ian Cranna



BRYAN FERRY has assembled such a fine band of musicians to accompany him on his current British tour that at the London Albert Hall on Monday he paled in comparison.

It was at times painful to watch this Burton tailors' dummy lookalike, dressed in austere grey, with puce tie, move gracelessly around the stage. For without the usual paraphernalia (pretty girls, white tuxedo etc), his inadequacies show through vividly.

His band, which includes such luminaries as Mel Collins (saxophone), Chris Spedding and Phil Manzanara (guitars), John Wetton (bass) and Paul Thompson (drums), never failed him in any respect. Similarly, Ferry couldn't have wanted for better back up singers than Dyan Birch, Frankie Collins and Paddy McHugh, from Kokomo.

In all honesty, his voice, that strange quirky sound, never failed him either. Yet he lacks charisma as an individual performer, and was an embarrassment on that large stage acting out the lyrics, and generally working so hard at being cool.

The material, from his new, as yet unreleased album, sounded high on the funkometer, but it was the old numbers "Love Is The Drug", "The In-Crowd" and "A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall" that got the best reaction.

I am told the audience could have come to the front for the last twenty minutes of the set, but it is an indication of his cool (cold?) approach that they never rose from their seats until he'd completed the last number.

Chris Spedding, the rest of the band, and the back up singers, had definitely been the stars of the evening.

Julie Emberton

THOUGH IN the curious British tradition of the Bonzo Dogs, Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias, and the humour tradition of Monty Python and the Goons, the overwhelming influence on BURLSQUE is the Mothers of Invention at the time when Flo and Eddie were in the line-up.

Zappa is a major influence on many groups, but I've never seen

anyone actually do a Zappa number before (except Jean Luc Ponty). Burlesque do a fine rendition of "Road Ladies" from the Chunga's album. Herein lies a difference, the Mothers sang it as truth and it was funny, Burlesque sing it as a joke, and it's funny.

They hit out with a fast'n'furious rockola "Elsie Petunia", which also opens their album, and demonstrated all the qualities which have made them a 'talked about band': the ability of Billy Jenkins to play everything from bone grinding to telstar bleep-bleep guitar solos, the outrageously smooth RAF-style bass player who beams Chalfont St Peter smiles at members of the audience, and of course the delirious fury of the slack-mouthed Ian Trimmer, whose wildly staring eyes give only little indication of the frenzied passions deep inside his head as he vocalizes and also honks on the saxophone.

"What Kind Of Man Am I?" he asks, pathetically. A member of the audience replies, "A Wanker!" As you can tell, a fine time was had by all.

Miles

ANY BAND that comes on stage playing the wrong instruments and after about 90 seconds of music bids the audience a fond farewell and walks offstage, and then during the real encore gets a capacity crowd Nashville to sing the Banana Boat Song must have something, even if it's just a sense of the ridiculous.

Another thing THE FABULOUS POODLES have is style. Dressed as if they should be playing interlude music at The Cafe Royal, musically they are reminiscent of an early Stackridge and are all very competent musicians. Lead guitar / poseur Tony De Meur plays some great blues harp.

Sometimes they seem to drag on slightly, but they remain highly entertaining; who can fail to laugh at songs like "Let's Wrist Again" and "Wrist And Shout" (about the pleasures of masturbation) or "On The Street Where You Live" done punk style, complete with 3-foot razorblade through Tony's head?

File under comedy without errors.

Chalkie Davies

J. J. FOOTE play five nights a week at the Three Rabbits pub in Manor Park, East London. I don't usually like bands who do other people's songs, but this five-piece have such immaculate taste and technique that it doesn't matter at all. From Steely Dan's "Reeling In The Years" to Vanilla Fudge's version of "You Keep Me Hanging On", from the Marceles' doowop "Blue Moon" to Edgar Winter's "Free Ride", all are performed with a freshness that belies their resident status. The regulars obviously love them, too: they do lots of requests and make you feel good.

Phil McNeill

THURSDAY

ABERDEEN Music Hall: RORY GALLAGHER
 ABERYSTWYTH University: RALPH McTELL /
 MAGNA CARTA
 ALDERSHOT Princess Hall: YETTIES
 AYCLIFFE Incognito (doubling DARLINGTON Incog-
 nito): LINDA & THE FUNKY BOYS
 AYLESBURY Britannia: TOBY
 AYLESBURY King's Head: ROY HARRIS
 BARROW Maxim's Disco: S.A.L.T.
 BARRY St. Athan RAF Station: CASINO
 BEDFORD Angel Hotel: NOEL MURPHY
 BELFAST Queen's University: FUMBLE / MARC
 TURNER

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: HOOKER
 BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP-SHOOP
 BIRMINGHAM Monica's Club: APPLEJACKS
 BIRMINGHAM Moseley Fighting Cocks: THE FIRST
 BAND
 BIRMINGHAM Odeon: ABBA
 BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
 BOURNEMOUTH The Village: SLIK
 BRIGHTON Alhambra: RACER
 BRISTOL Bailey's: TRAX

BRISTOL Naval Volunteer JACOB MARLEY
 BURTON Town Hall: ACKER BILK BAND
 BURY Log Cabin: McCALMANS
 CAMBRIDGE Homerton College: SHAKIN'
 STEVENS & THE SUNSETS

CARLISLE Market Hall: LONE STAR
 COVENTRY Warwick University: PROCOL HARUM
 CROYDON Red Deer: THE VIBRATORS

DUNDEE Royal Centre Hotel: AL MATTHEWS
 DUNFERMLINE Kinema: TRAIN
 DUNFERMLINE Rosyth Caledonian: HELLRAISERS
 DURHAM Lord Seaham Inn: BERNARD WRIGLEY
 EDINBURGH Nicky Tam's: THE HEROES
 EDINBURGH University: CASPIAN
 GLASGOW Apollo Centre: LYNRYD SKYNYRD/
 CLOVER

HELYWOOD Seven Stars: TRACTOR
 HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: LITTLE BOB STORY
 HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: COUNT BISHOPS /
 GORILLAS / SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS

LEEDS Pentagon Suite: CISSY STONE BAND
 LEEDS Polytechnic: 'O' BAND
 LEICESTER University: VIN GARBUTT
 LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S
 HOT GOOLIES

LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: STREAMLINER
 LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SURPRISE SISTERS
 LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GENO
 WASHINGTON BAND

LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: LITTLE ACRE
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: FRANK ZAPPA
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BUSHWAC-
 KERS

LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor:
 ROOGALATOR
 LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BANDIT
 LONDON Marquee Club: PINK FAIRIES

LONDON N.11 Orange Tree: FLYING SAUCERS
 LONDON PENTONVILLE RD. The Bell: BRANDY
 LONDON PICCADILLY White Bear: JAMBALAYA
 LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: A BAND
 CALLED LIPS

LONDON RICHMOND Beehive: MATHEWS
 BROTHERS
 LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
 BONE IDOL

LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: JERRY THE
 FERRET
 LONDON TWICKENHAM The Albany: DANGER-
 OUS RHYTHM

LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: RED SHADOWS
 LONDON W.14 The Kensington: GAFFA
 MANCHESTER Polytechnic: PAUL BRADY
 MIDDLESBROUGH Polytechnic: U-BOAT
 MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: SUPERCHARGE /
 ULTRAVOX

MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
 NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
 OXFORD Polytechnic: ROY HARPER & CHIPS
 PLYMOUTH Glenholt Country Club: TOBY

PLYMOUTH Woods Leisure Centre: RACING CARS
 PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: BE-BOP DELUXE /
 STEVE GIBBONS BAND
 PORTSMOUTH Locarno: ROCK ISLAND LINE

POYNTON Folk Centre: PAUL DOWNER & PHIL
 BEER
 READING University: CLAYSON & THE
 ARGONAUTS

RIFLEY Langley Mill Club: JIGSAW
 SOUTHAMPTON Guildhall: VAL DOONICAN
 STAINES Pathfinder Club: STEFAN GROSSMAN
 TOLWORTH Toby Jug: GEORGE MELLY & THE
 FEETWARMERS

TORQUAY South Devon College: BURLESQUE
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS Court Ballroom:
 HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
 WELLINGBOROUGH British Rail Club:
 MATCHBOX

FRIDAY

ABERDEEN Robert Gordon Institute: THE STRANG-
 LERS
 ABERDEEN University: AL MATTHEWS
 ABERYSTWYTH University: GORDON GILTRAP
 BAND/FLYING ACES

BATH University: RACING CARS/WARREN
 HARRY
 BIRMINGHAM Lea Hall Tavern: THREE'S
 COMPANY

BIRMINGHAM Monica's Club: BOB KING
 BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
 BRADFORD University: JOHN MILES/KRAZY KAT
 BRIDGLINGTON Shore Inn: DAVE BERRY & THE
 CLEVELAND COUNTY BAND

BRIGHTON Dome: VAL DOONICAN
 BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: STORMTROOPER
 BRISTOL University: BRANDY
 CAMBRIDGE Homerton College: ALAN PRICE

CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: SENSATIONAL
 ALEX HARVEY BAND with ALEX/BANDIT
 CANTERBURY Odeon: JOHN MARTYN
 CARDIFF College of Music: CASINO

CHESTER College of Education: MEDICINE HEAD
 COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: LONE STAR /
 NICK & THE DOGS

DUNDEE University: AL MATTHEWS
 DUNFERMLINE Kinema: TRAIN
 DUNFERMLINE Rosyth Caledonian: HELLRAISERS
 DURHAM Lord Seaham Inn: BERNARD WRIGLEY

EDINBURGH Nicky Tam's: THE HEROES
 EDINBURGH University: CASPIAN
 GLASGOW Apollo Centre: LYNRYD SKYNYRD/
 CLOVER

HELYWOOD Seven Stars: TRACTOR
 HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: LITTLE BOB STORY
 HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: COUNT BISHOPS /
 GORILLAS / SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS

LEEDS Pentagon Suite: CISSY STONE BAND
 LEEDS Polytechnic: 'O' BAND
 LEICESTER University: VIN GARBUTT
 LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S
 HOT GOOLIES

LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: STREAMLINER
 LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SURPRISE SISTERS
 LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GENO
 WASHINGTON BAND

LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: LITTLE ACRE
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: FRANK ZAPPA
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BUSHWAC-
 KERS

LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor:
 ROOGALATOR
 LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BANDIT
 LONDON Marquee Club: PINK FAIRIES

LONDON N.11 Orange Tree: FLYING SAUCERS
 LONDON PENTONVILLE RD. The Bell: BRANDY
 LONDON PICCADILLY White Bear: JAMBALAYA
 LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: A BAND
 CALLED LIPS

LONDON RICHMOND Beehive: MATHEWS
 BROTHERS
 LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
 BONE IDOL

LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: JERRY THE
 FERRET
 LONDON TWICKENHAM The Albany: DANGER-
 OUS RHYTHM

LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: RED SHADOWS
 LONDON W.14 The Kensington: GAFFA
 MANCHESTER Polytechnic: PAUL BRADY
 MIDDLESBROUGH Polytechnic: U-BOAT
 MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: SUPERCHARGE /
 ULTRAVOX

DORCHESTER The Tavern: BREAKER
 DUNDEE University: COUNT BISHOPS /
 HELLRAISERS

EDINBURGH Lucas RAF Station: LOVE POTION
 EDINBURGH University: PROCOL HARUM
 GLASGOW Jordanhill College: REZILLOS
 GLASGOW University: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS

GREAT YARMOUTH Tiffany's: SLIK
 HANLEY Odeon: GEORGE HAMILTON IV/MELBA
 MONTGOMERY/PETE SAYERS
 HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Cellar Folk Club: PAUL
 BRADY

HEREFORD College of Education: MUSCLES
 IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: BE-BOP DELUXE /
 STEVE GIBBONS BAND

KENILWORTH Virgins & Castle: VIN GARBUTT
 KIDDERMINSTER Town Hall: ACKER BILK BAND
 KINGSTON College of Further Education: DARTS
 KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: ALASTAIR
 ANDERSON

LEEDS Pentagon Suite: CISSY STONE BAND
 LEIGHTON BUZZARD Hunt Hotel: SMILER
 LINCOLN Swiss Cottage: HOT VULTURES
 LINCOLN Technical College: FRANKIE MILLER'S
 FULL HOUSE

LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: LITTLE BOB STORY
 LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: CHARLIE
 LONDON BRITON Loughborough Hotel: CRAZY
 CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS

LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TROUPER
 LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BUSTER CRABBE /
 RAINMAKER

LONDON Central Polytechnic: GONZALEZ
 LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE
 MOVIES

LONDON DOWNHAM Saxon Tavern: GORILLAS
 LONDON EPPING Centre Point: FLIGHT 56
 LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: HOOKER
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: JETHRO
 TULL/RICHARD DIGANCE

LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: SHUCKS
 LONDON HENDON Middlesex Polytechnic:
 ROOGALATOR

LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: GENERA-
 TION X
 LONDON ISLINGTON King's Head: WHARF RATS
 LONDON KENSINGTON Queen Elizabeth College:
 FUNKEES

LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE
 VIBRATORS
 LONDON Marquee Club: PINK FAIRIES
 LONDON New Victoria Theatre: GREENSLADE

LONDON N.17 White Hart: FLYING SAUCERS
 LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: JOHNNY G's
 B'ZERKO

LONDON REGENT'S PK. Bedford College:
 STRETCH
 LONDON SOUTHBANK Polytechnic: PLUMMET
 AIRLINES

LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom:
 NASHVILLE TEENS
 LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
 TUSH

LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: IRON
 MAIDEN
 LONDON STRATFORD North-East Polytechnic: U-
 BOAT / JERRY THE FERRET

LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: LIMMIE FUNK
 LTD
 LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: MANIACS
 LONDON WILLESDEN White Horse: CADILLAC

LONDON W.14 The Kensington: ROGER WILLIAM-
 SON BAND
 LOUGHBOROUGH University: RALPH McTELL /
 MAGNA CARTA

MAIDSTONE College of Art:
 STRAY/MOTORHEAD/STRIPE
 MANCHESTER Electric Circus: DIRTY TRICKS
 MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: ABBA

MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: JENNY HAAN'S
 LION
 NEWCASTLE City Hall: STREETWALKERS /
 FOSTER BROTHERS

NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: ROY HARPER & CHIPS
 NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME London Road Tavern:
 TONY ROSE

NORTHAMPTON Black Lion: SCRATCH
 NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: MIKE HARDING
 ORTON-ON-THE-HILL Unicorn: PETE QUINN
 PAISLEY Technical College: TRAIN

PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre: FARON YOUNG /
 HANK LOCKLIN
 PICKERING Memorial Hall: J.A.L.N. BAND
 PLYMOUTH College of St. Mark: BURLESQUE

PLYMOUTH Woods Leisure Centre: SUNWHEEL
 PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: GALLAGHER &
 LYLE/CADO BELLE

RHYL Tito's: JOE BROWN
 SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: ALKATRAZ
 SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: AFTER THE FIRE
 SHEFFIELD University: SUZI QUATRO /
 F.B.I./SUPERCHARGE

SOUTHPORT Coronation Hotel: DAVE BURLAND
 SOUTH SHIELDS Turks Head: BILL CADDICK
 STAFFORD College of Further Education: GEORGE
 HATCHER BAND

ST. ALBAN'S City Hall: STRAY/THE DAMNED
 SUNDERLAND Annabelle's: LINDA & THE FUNKY
 BOYS

UXBRIDGE Brunel University: KEVIN COYNE
 WALSALL West Midlands College: JIGSAW/TOBY
 WEYBRIDGE Brooklands College: ALBERTO Y
 LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS

WHITBY Royal Hotel: BEANO
 WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: CALEDONIA
 WORCESTER Zetta's: STAGE FRIGHT

SATURDAY

AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: GREENSLADE
 BALSALL COMMON Squires Country Club: CISSY
 STONE BAND

BATH The Globe: CASINO
 BATLEY Variety Club (matinee): GARY GLITTER
 BILLINGAY Coach & Horses: OLDE ENGLISH PUB
 BAND

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: U-BOAT
 BIRMINGHAM King's Heath Hare & Hounds:
 PEABODY & McNULTY

BIRMINGHAM Monica's Club: KILROY
 BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: HOI-POLLOI
 BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: McCALMANS

BRISTOL Granary: BRANDY
 BRISTOL Polytechnic: BURLESQUE
 CARDIFF Capitol: BRYAN FERRY
 CARDIFF University: SUZI QUATRO

CHATHAM Ash Tree: GONZALEZ
 COLCHESTER Essex University: JOHN MARTYN
 COVENTRY Mr. George's: JIGSAW
 COVENTRY Zhivago's: APPLEJACKS

COWDEN POUND Queen's Arms: BOB DAVEN-
 PORT
 CROMER West Runton Pavilion: SLIK
 CROYDON Red Deer: PANAMA SCANDAL

DONCASTER Gaumont Theatre: GEORGE HAMIL-
 TON IV / MELBA MONTGOMERY / PETE
 SAYERS
 DUDLEY J. B.'s Club: MEAL TICKET

DUNDEE Nine Maidens: HELLRAISERS
 EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: WEATHERSTON
 FAMILY

FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: LONE STAR
 GALASHIELS Kingsway Centre: FINN MacCUILL
 GLASGOW Apollo Centre: ABBA
 GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: STRANGLERS

GLASGOW Strathclyde University: PROCOL
 HARUM
 GLASGOW University: THE STRANGLERS
 GLOUCESTER Sharpness Hotel: ROCK ISLAND
 LINE

GOSPORT David Bouge Hall: LESSER KNOWN
 TUNISIANS / RED SHIFT
 HERTFORD Balls Park College: RACING CARS
 HITCHIN College: SASSAFRAS

IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: RORY GALLAGHER
 JACKSDALE Grey Topper: DAVE BERRY & THE
 CLEVELAND COUNTY BAND

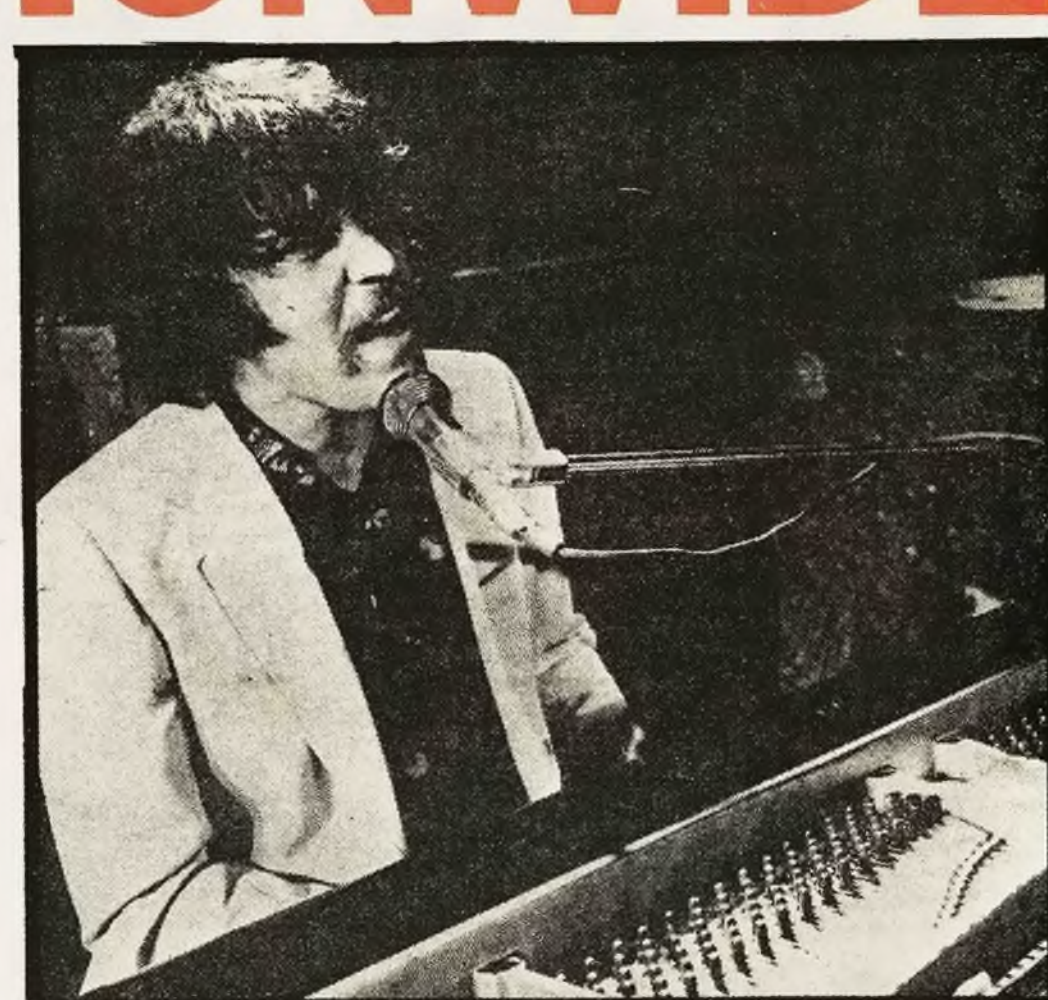
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: DIRTY TRICKS
 LEEDS University: LYNRYD SKYNYRD / CLOVER
 LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: BE-BOP DELUXE /
 STEVE GIBBONS BAND

LEICESTER University: BERT JANSCH / GORDON
 GILTRAP BAND

NATIONWIDE



ROGER CHAPMAN of Street-
walkers



GARY BROOKER of Procol Harum

AN EXCEPTIONALLY busy week, with no less than ten major tours setting out on the road, plus several important one-off events. We'll look at the tours first and, in order not to show any preference, we'll take them in order of starting date:

● ABBA are in Britain for their first-ever tour here, albeit an extremely short one. They're at Birmingham (Thursday), Manchester (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday) and London Royal Albert Hall (Monday). Needless to say, all venues sold out many weeks ago, and it's pointless to go along without a ticket, unless you're prepared to pay vastly inflated tout prices. But hopefully Abba will be back later this year.

● PROCOL HARUM don't believe in outwearing their welcome on the British circuit, and their new tour is the longest they have undertaken in this country for several years. They're playing over 20 dates, starting at Coventry (Thursday), Edinburgh (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday), Hull (Monday) and Oxford (Wednesday). And their new album "Something Magic" is released next week to coincide with their gigs.

● ROY HARPER is back in business after his self-imposed exile in the States. And his new

Highlights

band Chips has a strong line-up of well-known musicians including Henry McCullough, Andy Roberts, John Halsey, Dave Lawson and Dave Cochran. They open their 25-venue tour at Oxford (Thursday), Newcastle (Friday), York (Saturday) and Norwich (Wednesday). And Harper's new album "Bull in a Ming Vase" comes out this weekend.

● STREETWALKERS are also back on the road for the first time since their extensive personnel changes last summer, which brought in new members Dave Dowle, Mickey Feat and Brian Johnson. Promoting their current album "Vicious But Fair", they kick off at Newcastle (Friday), Manchester (Sunday), Sheffield (Monday) and Bradford (Wednesday). Support act is new Rocket Records band, the Foster Brothers.

● SUZI QUATRO has been absent from the Gig Guide for a couple of years or more, and her image is said to have changed appreciably in the meantime. Well, we now have the opportunity to judge for ourselves, as she sets out on tour at Sheffield (Friday), Cardiff (Saturday) and

LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: CADILLAC
 LONDON Rainbow Theatre: STEVE HARLEY &
 COCKNEY REBEL

LONDON ROEHAMPTON Froebel Institute:
 MUSCLES

LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle:
 CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE
 BAND

LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: CLICHE
 LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: LIMMIE FUNK
 LTD

LONDON W.1. Speakeasy: RAINMAKER
 LONG CRENDON Church House: PUDDLEDUCK
 LUTON Sands Club: ABBOTT

MAIDENHEAD Town Hall: HARVEY ANDREWS
 MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: JOHN MILES /
 KRAZY KAT

MANCHESTER Electric Circus: GEORGE
 HATCHER BAND

MANCHESTER Polytechnic: LITTLE BOB STORY
 MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: COUNT
 BISHOPS

NEWCASTLE University: SUPERCHARGE
 NEWPORT PAGNELL Lovatt Hotel: SCRATCH
 NORTHAMPTON County Ground: THE DAMNED

PORTSLADE Clarence Hotel: FLYING SAUCERS
 PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: VAL DOONICAN
 PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: ROOGALATOR

READING University: RALPH McTELL / MAGNA
 CARTA

REDDITCH Valley Club: HOOKER
 RHYL Tito's: JOE BROWN

SCUNTHORPE Baths Hall (doubling PETER-
 BOROUGHS Wirrana Stadium): LINDA & THE
 FUNKY BOYS

SCUNTHORPE Priory Hotel: ALKATRAZ
 SOUTHEAST Kursaal Ballroom: SENSATIONAL
 ALEX HARVEY BAND without ALEX / BANDIT

SOUTHEAST Queen's Hotel: CRAZY CAVAN 'N'
 THE RHYTHM ROCKERS

STAFFORD New Bingley Hall: FRANK ZAPPA
 ST. ALBAN'S City Hall: THE 'O' BAND
 ST. ANDREW'S University: AL MATTHEWS

STEVENAGE St. Michael's School: FLAKY PASTRY
 TAMWORTH Chequers Inn: STAGE FRIGHT
 TELHAM Black Horse: PAUL BRADY

WALSALL Fitters Arms: PETE QUINN
 WAITFORD Red Lion: STRIKE A LIGHT
 WESTON-SUPER-MARE Masquerade Club:
 SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS

WEYMOUTH Steering Wheel: BREAKER
 WHITBY White Horse Inn: J.A.L.N. BAND
 WIGAN Casino: CHARLIE

WORKINGTON Rendezvous: SETTLERS
 YORK Oval Ball: BEANO
 YORK University: ROY HARPER & CHIPS

SUNDAY

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: SONNY
 RICHARDS BAND

ALLOA Sauchie Hall Club: HELLRAISERS
 AYLESBURY John Hampden: ARDZELL
 BATLEY Variety Club: MIKE HARDING

BELFAST Queen's University: ALBERTO Y LOST
 TRIOS PARANOIAS



THE MCGARRIGLES: British tour opens next Wednesday.

GIG GUIDE



AL JARREAU



ROY HARPER



Below: ABBA

this week

Stafford (Monday). It all ties in rather neatly with the release of her new album "Aggro-phobia" and single "Tear Me Apart".

● **GEORGE HAMILTON IV** has a substantial following amongst country freaks, and he never fails to pack 'em in. He's about to begin another lengthy itinerary, supported by a strong C-&W package including Melba Montgomery and Pete Sayers. First dates are at Hanley (Friday), Doncaster (Saturday), Hull (Sunday) and Nottingham (Wednesday).

● **MARTY WILDE** and **BERT WEEDON** are the co-headliners of a Rock'n'Roll Revival Road Show, which does the rounds this month starting at Chatham (Sunday), Bournemouth (Monday), Bridgend (Tuesday) and Leeds (Wednesday). Similar packages have toured with great success in the previous two winters, and this one sees the topical introduction of guitar man Bert Weedon, following his recent album hit. Also on the bill are the New Tornados, Carl Simmons and the Wildcats.

● **GENE PITNEY** turns up like the proverbial bad penny every

year without fail, through his recent tours have tended to concentrate on the smaller halls. He's now rectifying that by playing major venues such as those in Coventry (Sunday), Oxford (Monday), Leeds (Tuesday) and Southport (Wednesday). And guesting in all his shows is the "Lost In France" girl, Bonnie Tyler.

● **KATE & ANNA MCGARRIGLE** make a welcome return to Britain after their brief debut here last year. Having just completed a series of Irish gigs, they're about to start a somewhat longer tour here, their first date being in Manchester on Wednesday. We'll have more about the sisters in subsequent Gig Guides.

● **DOCTORS OF MADNESS** are co-headlining a package with the **PAT TRAVERS BAND**, opening in Salisbury on Wednesday. It's going out under the banner of "Route 77", and it's been set up by Polydor Records, who will also be screening short films of some of the major acts in their catalogue — including the Who, Cream and Jimi Hendrix.

● **JETHRO TULL** have already been on tour since the beginning of the month, but it's worth drawing to your attention their three big London concerts at the Hammersmith Odeon on Friday,

Saturday and Sunday.

And finally, a brief word about the three principal one-off concerts of the week, all in London:

● **STEVE HARLEY** and **Cockney Rebel** headline a charity show at the Rainbow on Saturday, and it's expected to be their only British appearance until the summer. The gig is in aid of homeless people who've been bombed out in Ireland — a worthy cause, indeed. It's sold out, by the way.

● **AL JARREAU**, recently voted jazz vocalist of the year in a poll held by a leading US magazine, appears at the Victoria Palace on Sunday. He's bringing his own backing band. A brilliant performer, decidedly off the beaten track.

● **HALL & OATES** completed their British tour last month and have since been gigging in Europe. But in view of the success of their January dates, they're stopping off on their way back to the States, to play one final show at Hammersmith on Tuesday.

A reminder always to check with venues beforehand, particularly if you need to travel to a gig, just in case of last-minute cancellations or alterations. Which, of course, is a greater risk than usual in times of severe weather.

DEREK JOHNSON

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BRACKNELL South Hill Park: MIKE WESTBROOK BAND

BRADSHAW The Tavern: PETE QUIN
BRIGHTON Top Rank: CALEDONIA
BRISTOL Colston Hall: BRYAN FERRY
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: TRUTH
BURNLEY Burley Bank Hall: WILDFIRE
BURY ST. EDMUNDS Focus Cinema: SLIK
BURY ST. EDMUNDS Theatre Royal: FLAKY PASTRY

CHATHAM Central Hall: MARTY WILDE / BERT WEEDON / TORNADOS / CARL SIMMONS / WILDCATS
COVENTRY Theatre: GENE PITNEY / BONNIE TYLER

CROOK Beehive Club: TRAIN
CROYDON Greyhound: RACING CARS
DONCASTER Gaumont: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA

DUNDEE Royal Centre Hotel: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: FRANK ZAPPA
GUILDFORD Civic Hall: GREENSLADE
GUILDFORD Star Folk Club: MIRIAM BACKHOUSE

HARROW Tithe Farm House: ROCK ISLAND LINE
HARTLEPOOL Nursery Inn: STRAWHEAD
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: JOHN MILES / KRAZY KAT

HOLYHEAD Valley RAF Station: CASINO
HORNCHURCH Queen's Theatre: ALAN PRICE
HULL Cavalier Club: BEANO
HULL New Theatre: GEORGE HAMILTON IV / MELBA MONTGOMERY / PETE SAYERS

KEELE University: PETE & CHRIS COE
KETTERING Working Men's Club: LINDA & THE FUNKY BOYS
LANCASTER University: LYNRYD SKYNYRD / CLOVER

LEEDS Fford Green Hotel: DIRTY TRICKS
LEEDS Grand Theatre: BE-BOP DELUXE / STEVE GIBBONS BAND
LEEDS Staging Post: TRACTOR

LEEDS University: RALPH McTELL / MAGNA CARTA
LEICESTER Beaumont Club: STAGE FRIGHT
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: HENRY COW

LONDON BATTERSEA Nag's Head: KEITH HILLS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CHALK FARM Enterprise: ROY BAILEY
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: F.B.I. / DARTS / DIVERSIONS

LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: ALKATRAZ
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: JETHRO TULL / RICHARD DIGANCE

LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: RAYMOND FROGGATT BAND
LONDON HOUNSLOW Sneakies Club: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE GORILLAS

LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON Marquee Club: BEARDED LADY

LONDON PALMERS GREEN Intimate Theatre: STU STEVENS / JOHN ASTON & SOUTHBOUND / COUNTRY SHACK

LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DUST ON THE NEEDLE

LONDON Victoria Palace: AL JARREAU
LONDON WOLWICH Transhed: MCCALMANS
MAIDENHEAD Skindles: LONE STAR

MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: FARON YOUNG / HANK LOCKLIN
MANCHESTER Cavalcade Club: MARTIN SIMPSON

MANCHESTER Opera House: STREETWALKERS / FOSTER BROTHERS
NEWBRIDGE Club & Institute: BURLESQUE

NEWCASTLE St. Mary's College: HOT VULTURES
NEWCASTLE Tyneside Cinema: BOB PEGG
NUNEATON Arts Centre: VIN GARBUTT

OSMOTHERLEY Pied Bull: TONY ROSE
OXFORD New Theatre: GALLAGHER & LYLE / CADO BELLE

SHEFFIELD Top Rank: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
SLOUGH Thames Hall: VAL DOONICAN
SOUTHAMPTON Top Rank: SENSATIONAL ALEX

HARVEY BAND with ALEX / BANDIT
WREXHAM Cartrefe College: LITTLE BOB STORY

MONDAY

ABERTILLY Six Bells: BURLESQUE
BANGOR University: SUPERCHARGE
BIRMINGHAM Drake's Drum: STAGE FRIGHT

BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BOSTON Folk Club at the Copper Kettle: TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS

BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: MARTY WILDE / BERT WEEDON / TORNADOS / CARL SIMMONS / WILDCATS

BRISTOL Colston Hall: JETHRO TULL / RICHARD DIGANCE
CHIGWELL Row Camelot: REG HAYNES OUTFIT

CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: SASSAFRAS
COVENTRY Mr George's: ROCK ISLAND LINE
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: DUTCH SWING

COLLEGE BAND
DONCASTER Outlook Club: GEORGE HATCHER BAND

EDINBURGH College of Art: THE HEROES
EDINBURGH Playhouse Theatre: FRANK ZAPPA
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL

GRAYS Thameside Theatre: YETTIES
HULL City Hall: PROCOL HARUM
LANCASTER New Planet City: J.A.L.N. BAND

LEEDS Grand Theatre: BE-BOP DELUXE / STEVE GIBBONS BAND
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: LYNRYD SKYNYRD / CLOVER

LITTLEBOROUGH Fisherman's Arms: PETE QUIN
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: ALBERT DOCK
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SLOWBONE

LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: KICKS with ALAN POWELL
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: GALLAGHER & LYLE / CADO BELLE

LONDON KING'S CROSS The Bell: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON Marquee Club: U-BOAT

LONDON OLD KENT ROAD Thomas A'Beckett: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON PADDINGTON Fangs: LINDA & THE FUNKY BOYS
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON RICHMOND Palais de Folk: PAUL BRADY
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: ABBA
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: MIKE KAHN BAND
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: MONTY'S GOLDEN OLDIES
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: STAG
LONDON W.I. Speakeasy: LANDSCAPE
NEWCASTLE Ford Arms: BILL CADDICK
NORWICH Pinebank Social Club: BEANO
NORWICH Scamps: BUSTER JAMIES BAND
OXFORD New Theatre: GENE PITNEY / BONNIE TYLER
SHEFFIELD City Hall: STREETWALKERS / FOSTER BROTHERS
STRATFORD Room at the Top: SUZI QUATRO
TOLWORTH Toby Jug: THE VIBRATORS
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: FARON YOUNG / HANK LOCKLIN
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: JIGSAW.

TUESDAY

AMBLESIDE Park Hotel: DAVE BURLAND
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: BRYAN FERRY
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BRIDGEND Leisure Centre: MARTY WILDE / BERT WEEDON / TORNADOS / CARL SIMMONS / WILDCATS
BRIGHTON Top Rank: ROOGALATOR
BRISTOL Colston Hall: BE-BOP DELUXE / STEVE GIBBONS BAND
CARDIFF Top Rank: BURLESQUE / NUTZ
CHESTERFIELD Aquarius: JIMMY JAMES & THE VAGABONDS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: GALLAGHER & LYLE / CADO BELLE
DONCASTER Corporation Brewery Taps: HOT VULTURES
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: FUNNY FARM
LEEDS Grand Theatre: GENE PITNEY / BONNIE TYLER

LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SLIPKNOT
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: RAYMOND FROGGATT BAND

LONDON EARLS COURT Duke of Richmond: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: WINDOW

LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES
LONDON HENDON Middlesex Polytechnic: DAVE & HEATHER BRADY

LONDON ISLINGTON The Florence: RAY ANDREWS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: PLUMMET AIRLINES

LONDON Marquee Club: BERT JANSCH
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: LITTLE BOB STORY / CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS

LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: THE VIBRATORS
LONDON SOUTHBANK Polytechnic: S.A.L.T.

LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TUSH
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: MONTY'S GOLDEN OLDIES

LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SIMON TOWNSEND BAND
MIDDLESBROUGH Teeside Polytechnic: WARREN HARRY

NEWPORT Alexander Club: STRANGLERS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA

NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: J.A.L.N. BAND
PORTSMOUTH Locarno: SENSATIONAL ALEX
HARVEY BAND with ALEX / BANDIT

SLOUGH Fulcrum Centre: YETTIES
SOUTHEND Talk of the South: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS

WEDNESDAY

BIRMINGHAM Aston University: WARREN HARRY
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: BRYAN FERRY

BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIRGO
BIRMINGHAM University: SENSATIONAL ALEX
HARVEY BAND with ALEX / BANDIT

BLACKBURN King George's Hall: SASSAFRAS / STRIFE
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: BE-BOP DELUXE / STEVE GIBBONS BAND

BRADFORD St. George's Hall: STREETWALKERS / FOSTER BROTHERS
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION

CHELtenham Tramps Club: MUSCLES
CHESTER Folk Club: SILLY WIZARD
CHESAIRE Ulster University: FLYING ACES

COVENTRY Warwick University: NIC JONES
DONCASTER Woolpack Hotel: HARLOW
DUNDEE University: IVOR CUTLER

DUNFERMLINE Belleville Hotel: CASPIAN
EDINBURGH Napier College: MEDICINE HEAD
EGREMONT Rugby League Club: DAVE BURLAND

FARNWORTH Blighty's: JIMMY JAMES & THE VAGABONDS
HADLEIGH White Lion Hotel: JOHN GOODLUCK

KEELE University: COUNT BISHOPS
LEEDS Grand Theatre: MARTY WILDE / BERT WEEDON / TORNADOS / CARL SIMMONS / WILDCATS

LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SQUEEZE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: LINDA & THE FUNKY BOYS

LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: FRANK ZAPPA
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: S.A.L.T.

LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE VIBRATORS
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College: BILL CADDICK

LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON Marquee Club: KRAZY KAT

LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: TOO AM
MANCHESTER Opera House: KATE & ANNA MCGARRIGLE
MANCHESTER U.M.I.S.T. Union: SUN SESSION
MANCHESTER University: RALPH McTELL / MAGNA CARTA
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: BURLESQUE / NUTZ
NEWTON ABBOT Seale Hayne College: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
NORWICH East Anglia University: ROY HARPER & CHIPS
NOTTINGHAM Albert Hall: GEORGE HAMILTON
IV/MELBA MONTGOMERY / PETE SAYERS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GREAT EASTERN
NOTTINGHAM Three Horseshoes: VIN GARBUTT
OXFORD New Theatre: PROCOL HARUM
PETERSFIELD Mercury Club: BRANDY
PLYMOUTH Polytechnic: JOHN STEVENS' AWAY
SALISBURY City Hall: DOCTORS OF MADNESS / PAT TRAVERS BAND
SHEFFIELD City Polytechnic: CHARLIE TYLER
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: GENE PITNEY / BONNIE TYLER
STAINDROP Black Swan: PETE QUIN
STOKE Bailey's: SLIK

RESIDENCIES

BATLEY Variety Club: DALLAS BOYS
Wednesday (16) for four days
BEDFORD Nite Spot: FRANKIE VAUGHAN
Tuesday (15) for five days
BRIGHTON Jenkinson's: CHAMPAGNE
Week from Monday
BRIGHTON Sherry's: GIGGLES
Thursday for four days
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: CHICKEN SHACK
Week from Monday
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: JETHRO TULL / RICHARD DIGANCE
Friday for three days
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: LOUIS HAYES / WOODY SHAW QUINTET
Monday for two weeks
LUTON Cesar's: SECOND GENERATION
Week from Sunday
MANCHESTER Golden Garter: GARY GLITTER
Week from Monday
MIDDLESBROUGH Maddison Club: CHANTS
Week from Monday
NEWCASTLE La Dolce Vita (doubling SOUTH SHIELDS Tavern): FLYING SAUCERS
Week from Monday
SOLIHULL New Cresta Club: GERRY & THE FACEMAKERS
Thursday for three days

RADIO TV

HIGHLIGHT this week, if only because it's new and ambitious, is the start of **Tony Palmer's** mammoth 17-part documentary series on the history of popular music "All You Need Is Love". From all accounts, it promises to be highly controversial, and should be all the more interesting for that. It's screened in virtually all ITV regions on Friday night.

The first hour-long programme is introductory, and is a broad survey of the full music spectrum. Among artists seen on film are **Jerry Lee Lewis**, **Rolling Stones**, **Elton John**, **Beatles**, **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Duke Ellington**, **Joan Baez**, **Every Brothers**, **Muddy Waters**, **Aretha Franklin**, **Eric Clapton**, **Bee Gees** and **Wings**.

Earlier the same day and still with ITV (most areas), "Supersonic" has a strong line-up with **Suzi Quatro**, **Marc Bolan** and **Gloria Jones**, **Justin Hayward** and **Twiggy**. And a little later, of course, the inevitable Muppets crop up again.

BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" on Tuesday has what it describes as an all-Canadian bill — which isn't strictly true because, in the **Pat Travers Band**, only Travers himself hails from Canada. But we'll allow them that licence, particularly as the bill is topped by **Kate and Anna McGarrigle**, who should not be missed.

The same channel continues its enterprising "Sight And Sound In Concert" series on Saturday at 6.30 pm, with simultaneous transmission by Radio 1 again providing stereo reception. The pride of the Emerald Isle, the **Chieftains**, are the featured attraction this weekend.

Two names from the past re-emerge in BBC-1's "Multi-Coloured Swap Shop" on Saturday morning — **Suzi Quatro**, who sets out on her comeback tour this weekend, and **Shadows** stalwart **Hank Marvin**.

Also on the box: **Dave Lee Travis** with "Top Of The Pops" (BBC-1 Thursday), the **Spinners** (BBC-2 Friday) and the repeat of the **Goodies** episode in which they perform "live in concert" (BBC-1 Wednesday).

Paul Jones is among the guests in BBC-2's "Musical Time Machine" on Tuesday. Not to mention **Lena Zavaroni**, so we won't.

Radio 1 on Saturday at 1.30 pm has the second and last part of **Anne Nightingale's** interview with **George Harrison**, dealing with his post-Beatles solo activities. And there's more blues and soul from **Alexis Korner** at 5.30.

C-&W enthusiasts can keep abreast of events, if you see what we mean, by catching **Dolly Parton** in Radio 2's "Country Club" tonight (Thursday).



THE CHIEFTAINS: BBC-2 and Radio 1, Saturday 6.30pm.



marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1

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OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm. to 11.00 pm.
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Thurs 10th & Fri 11th February Welcome return of... PINK FAIRIES Street Band & Ian Fleming Tickets at the door — £1	Tues 15th February (Adm £1) BERT JANSCH Plus guests & Jerry Floyd
Sat. 12th February (Adm 70p) Free admission with this ad before 8 pm CONSORTIUM Duffy & Ian Fleming	Weds February 16th (Adm 65p) KRAZY KATS Plus support & Jerry Floyd
Sun 13th February (Adm 60p) Free admission with this ad before 8 pm BEARDED LADY Panama Scandal & Nick Lee	Thurs 17th & Fri 18th February Special Welcome to... GEORGIE & THE BLUE FLAMES Plus friends & Ian Fleming Tickets at the door — £1
Mon 14th February (Adm 75p) WOODY WOODMANSEY'S U BOAT Caribou & Jerry Floyd	

Hamburgers and other hot & cold snacks are available

HOPE & ANCHOR

UPPER STREET, ISLINGTON, N.1.
RE-OPENS FEBRUARY 10th

Thurs. Feb. 10th	ROOGALATOR + Bees Make Honey	£1.00
Fri. Feb. 11th	GENERATION X	75p
Sat. Feb. 12th	LEW LEWIS BAND	75p
Sun. Feb. 13th	LITTLE ACRE	60p
Wed. Feb. 16th	LITTLE BOB STORY	75p

Coming Next Week:
THE VIBRATORS, DOWNLINER SECT, LEW LEWIS & THE BEES
Barbecue & Restaurant upstairs

HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

Thurs. Feb. 10th
BUSHWHACKERSFri. Feb. 11th
SHUCKSSat. Feb. 12th
BEES MAKE HONEYSun. Feb. 13th
RAYMOND FROGGATTWed. Feb. 16th
S.A.L.T.

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES



Thurs. Feb. 10th	BANDIT	Free
Fri. Feb. 11th	THE VIBRATORS	75p
Sat. Feb. 12th	THE PIRATES	£1.00
Sun. Feb. 13th	THE GORILLAS	60p
Mon. Feb. 14th	JOHN OTWAY + Wild Willie Barrett	Free
Tues. Feb. 15th	PLUMMET AIRLINE	Free

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)At the Nashville Rooms
Thursday, Feb 10th. 

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Ring Brian B for details on 01-261 6153

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SUNDAY 20th FEBRUARY at 5-30

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR
KRAAN
PLUMMET AIRLINES
ANDY DUNKLEY
'F.M. ON THE ROAD'
ADM £1.90 (incl. VAT) IN ADVANCE R HOUSE BOX OFF 267-2564
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FRARS AT THE VALE HALL AYLESBURY

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 12th at 7.30 pm.

GREENSLADE

(Dave Greenslade, Tony Reeves, Mick Rogers, Jon Hiseman)

+ ALFALPHA

AC LIGHTS

GASP SOUNDS

Tickets 145p from Earth Records Aylesbury, Sun Music High Wycombe, Ellis Jon's Amersham, F. L. Moore Dunstable & Luton, Hi-Vu Buckingham, Free'n' Easy Hemel Hempstead or 145p at door on night. Life membership 25p.

The Surge and the Thunder of the Oddysey

WORDS (Barry Clarke)

CITY HALL ST ALBANS

Saturday Feb. 12th
at 7.45 pm.

Back by Public Demand

"O" BAND + STRIPJACK

with Lee Jackson, ex Nice/
Jackson Heights/Refuge
Mary Jane Disco
Bar — Food
Tickets £1.20 (incl. VAT) in
advance available from Box
Office, Chequer Street, St.
Albans. Telephone 64511.

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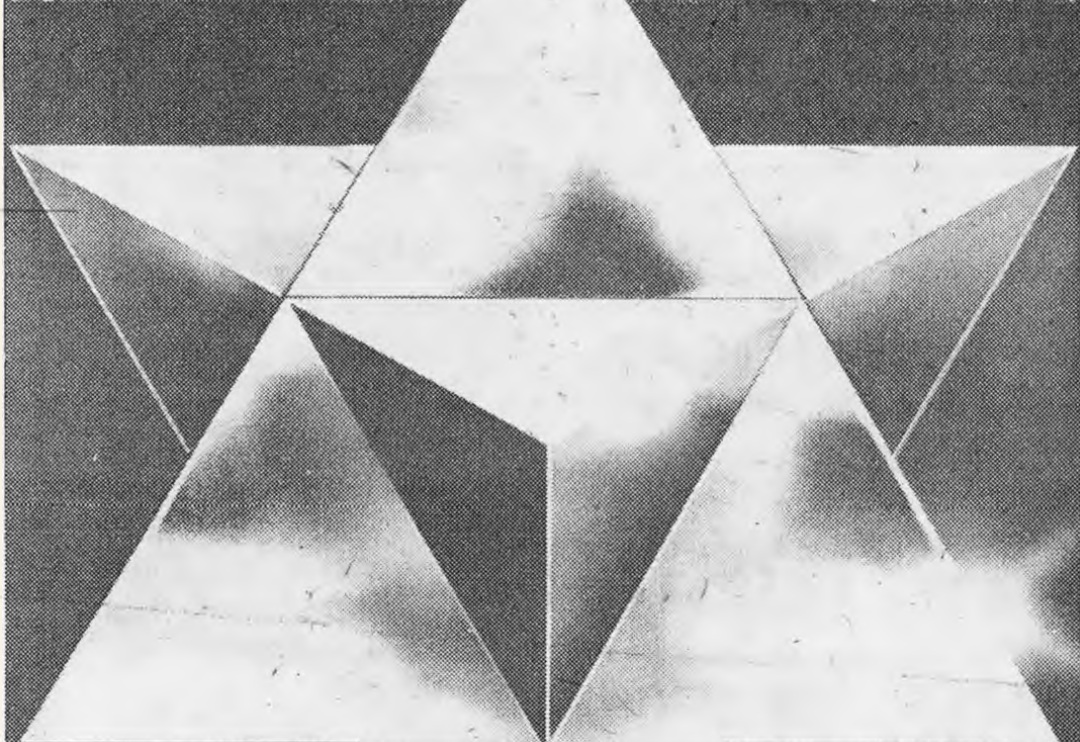
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Lynyrd Skynyrd BRISTOL

WHEREVER you look around the Colston Hall there are Confederate flags, mostly plastered over the obligatory denim uniforms, while various groups of weirdos sporadically whoop out the rebel yell equivalent of "Wally". Gimme a B for Bristol, gimme a T for Tennessee...

The band enter to the cinematic strains of "The Magnificent Seven" — such modesty — and the proceedings are pushed into motion by "Workin' For MCA". This is followed by two similar sounding songs of unknown identity, and I begin to think that there are two Lynyrd Skynyrd, one which is said to perform loud, uncompromising, high energy, full tilt, ride 'em cowboy rockabogie, and a different bunch of wasted bozos apathetically playing insipid, ragged rock'n'roll, who have turned up this evening.

Twenty minutes have passed and not a word has been spoken to the capacity crowd, either to acknowledge their presence or to introduce themselves. This is not in order to keep things moving at exhilarating velocity, because these numbers are separated by noticeably long periods of silence.

There are several other things that do not go unnoticed by my finely fashioned, stunningly sharpened senses. Lynyrd Skynyrd are very loud. Underneath this racket, they sound as if the gig is their first rehearsal after a year's lay off. The so-called "wild man" of Jacksonville, Ronnie Van Zant, barefoot, is singing with all the wild, gusty abandon of Sandie Shaw. He's got long hair too... hmmm, maybe it is Sandie — after all, we haven't seen her for a long time.

Just in case you didn't know, Lynyrd Skynyrd are famed for their three-guitar front line, Gary Rossington, Allen Collins and Steve Gaines — a trifle excessive, one might think. Indeed, if one were not so magnanimously prepared to give them the benefit of the doubt, one might suppose that it is only with three guitarists that the group can drown each other's mistakes. Moreover it seem unbelievable that they can so waste the potential of a twanging triplet; there's not the slightest hint of killer axe interplay or dazzling musical cut and thrust. Instead we get a series of tedious, painfully predictable solos, while Billy Powell morosely hammers



RONNIE VAN ZANT.

Pic: PETER RUTHERFORD

Gimme an 'S' for Southern Discomfort...

away like a human barroom pianola in a spaghetti western. Subjected to this loud, lumbering, monotonous threnody, I feel like I'm being stoned to death by rubber bricks — can this really be the legendary Lynyrd Skynyrd?

The amazing thing is that they look as bored as I feel. You see, I was under the foolish misconception that Boooooogie was all about energy, laughing, having a good time, gettin' it on, so to speak — and there are Skynyrd, not a single one of them smiling, all completely lacking any obvious zest for what they're doing. There's a hefty dose of Southern Discomfort going down on stage and they don't seem prepared to do anything about it.

Gary Rossington hangs back by the drum risers, chainsmoking as he plays, occasionally stepping forward for a solo, during which he holds his cigarette between the third and fourth fingers of his picking hand. Having performed this little trick he drops back again and tucks his chin into his chest with a pouty little Bolanesque grimace. Judging by the static stances and ponderous countenances of the others, you would think they were trying to play Schubert — it's really confusing.

The one exception to this rampant lethargy is Artimus Pyle, who put some real attack into his drumming duties, mostly, it appears, out of frustration because he is having continuous trouble with his monitors. The song ends. This I know because they all hold up their guitars, pounding away on the same chord as Pyle smashes away on his cymbals. All their numbers finish like this and get progressively, agonisingly longer as the evening drags on.

RVZ slurs something into the mike and suddenly three females appear at the back of the stage, Leslie Hawkins, Cassie Gaines and Jo Billingsley (Hi there, Leslie, Cassie and Jo). They are your archetypal American rock chicks — just like those who try to look cute wearing "Voulez-vous fucque?" T-

shirts in *National Lampoon*. They shriek away like Charlie's maenads, but at least look like they're having fun.

Doubtless you will have noticed how thus far I have tactfully avoided all mention of intoxicating spirits. However, when the band lurch into a blues number RVZ leaves the stage and from my position high above the left hand side of the stage I can see him imbibing several large ones from a distinctively shaped bottle. Now I don't know how much he'd been drinking all day or how well he can hold his, but his demeanour is decidedly a little unusual. He shuffles around the stage in the apparent state of inebriation that comes after you're feeling psyched up enough to smashing anybody's face in, but before you start to be followed by ten feet high pink bunny rabbits. He seems completely immersed in his own vacillating thoughts, with the pained expression of a man who's trying to focus through flashing, blurred images in order to see where he can hustle his

next drink.

They blunder on for another 45 minutes, the only light relief coming from the hilarious antics of the lighting crew, who incessantly contrive to turn the spotlight on to someone just as he's finishing his solo. They rounded up with "Sweet Home Alabama" and for an encore, "Free Bird" with Steve Gaines trying to inject a bit of belated enthusiasm.

The audience, of course, was with them all the way, but they worked themselves up into such feverish heights of expectation, they would probably have reacted in the same way if Skynyrd had played a set of Dory Previn songs. Anyway as soon as the house lights come on after "Free Bird", there's no more clapping or cries of "More", everyone merely peacefully files out. Maybe Skynyrd were too smashed to care... or maybe they just had an off night... or maybe they'll do a concert one day where nobody shows up and they won't ever realise it.

David Housham

The Rejects

THE ROXY

"WHAT'S THE use in dreaming when you're living in a shit filled sewer?" is the question that the lead singer of the Rejects poses in a voice that sounds like a braying donkey that has just been run over by a truck load of librium. Behind him his band twang artlessly on their cheapo imitation Les Pauls in desperate attempts to slice the atmosphere with power chords while only succeeding in demonstrating how hopelessly out of tune, out of talent and out of their depth they are up there in front of a packed house who stare blankly at this God-forsaken

crew of schmucks...

In between each number they don't tune up, don't even ask anyone to tune up for them, they just discuss amongst themselves what the next number is and how does it go again?

Their influences sound like warped Velvet Underground records and Johnny Rotten's performances on nationwide television.

The poor bastards, if it hadn't been so sad it would have been hilarious. I'd really like to see them on *Top Of The Pops* but what's the use of dreaming when you're living in a shit filled sewer?

Tony Parsons

Mino Cinelou

...featuring the phenomenal Martinique percussionist Mino Cinelou. There was a moment towards the end when the rest of the band went off and left things to these four, who almost reached the instrumental polyrhythms of a group of African master drummers.

Melody Maker: Karl Dallas.

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224. WINGS

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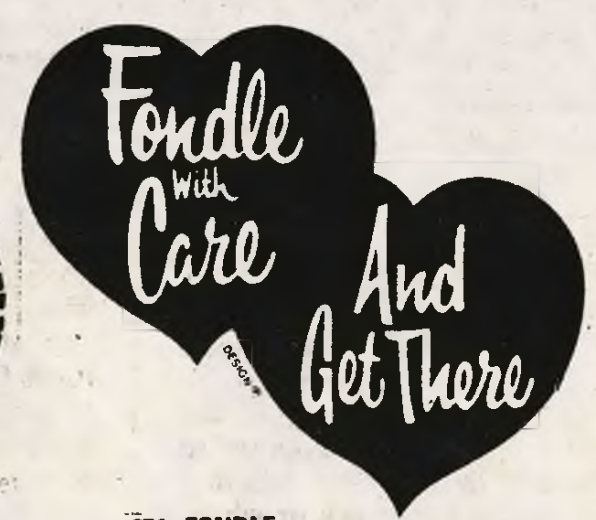
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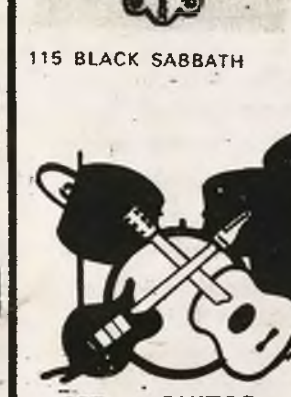


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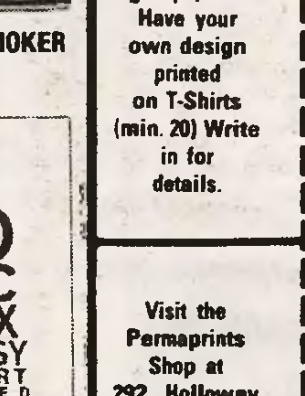
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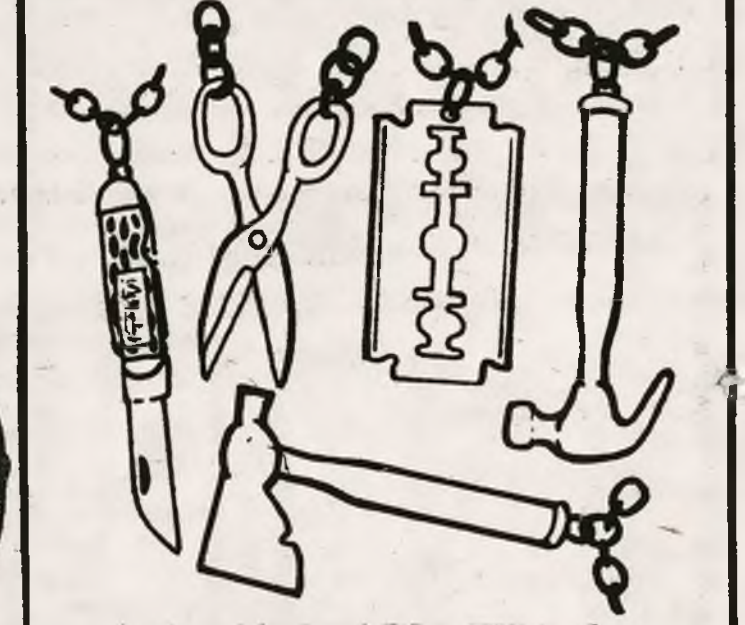
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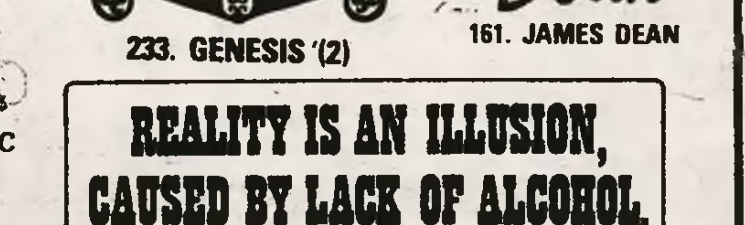
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DISCOS

By CLIFF WHITE

"I TELL ya man, the blacks have sold out. Listen to the music. No meanin', no feelin', it's all about one thing... dance, dance, dance. And for that you can read money, money, money. Everybody's gone disco crazy 'cause that's where the bread's at today. What happened to their souls? Tell me that."

Not those precise words... but that was the sentiment flung at me across a heated discussion as I and I locked egos over the ambiguous state of black music in the mid-70s. And on the spur of the moment it was kind of hard to put up a defence.

My heart wasn't entirely in the fight 'cause I had a sneaking suspicion there was truth in the charge.

A lot of disco music does stink to high heaven. But then again, (a) a lot of it is great, proving that convenient labels are invariably misleading, (b) discos are not solely the forum for black artists, on the contrary, they are a lucrative phenomenon of the industry which is being plundered by one and all, and (c) there's a healthy chunk of black artists, arguably the vast majority, who are not motivated by discos, even when their records are coincidentally enjoyed by the prancing patrons.

A couple of weeks later I lay some of my current favourite sounds on the doubting mortal, but without referring to the previous confrontation y'understand. Crafty like. "Oooh yeah, that's nice." "Wow, what a great record." "I tell ya man, the blacks are taking over." So there you go. Who's foolin' who?

Anyhow, where and what black music is at is a whole subject in itself (this is an official trailer but don't hold your breath while you wait); this week we take a brief look at disco music with a declared bias in the opinion that almost all the best records are by black artists and the greatest of those have as much soul, albeit expressed in a different way, as the earlier forms of black music which have impressed, influenced, and been ripped off by white successors.

Make no mistake, discos, whether from the owner/manager/promoter's point of view or from the creative side are big, big business.

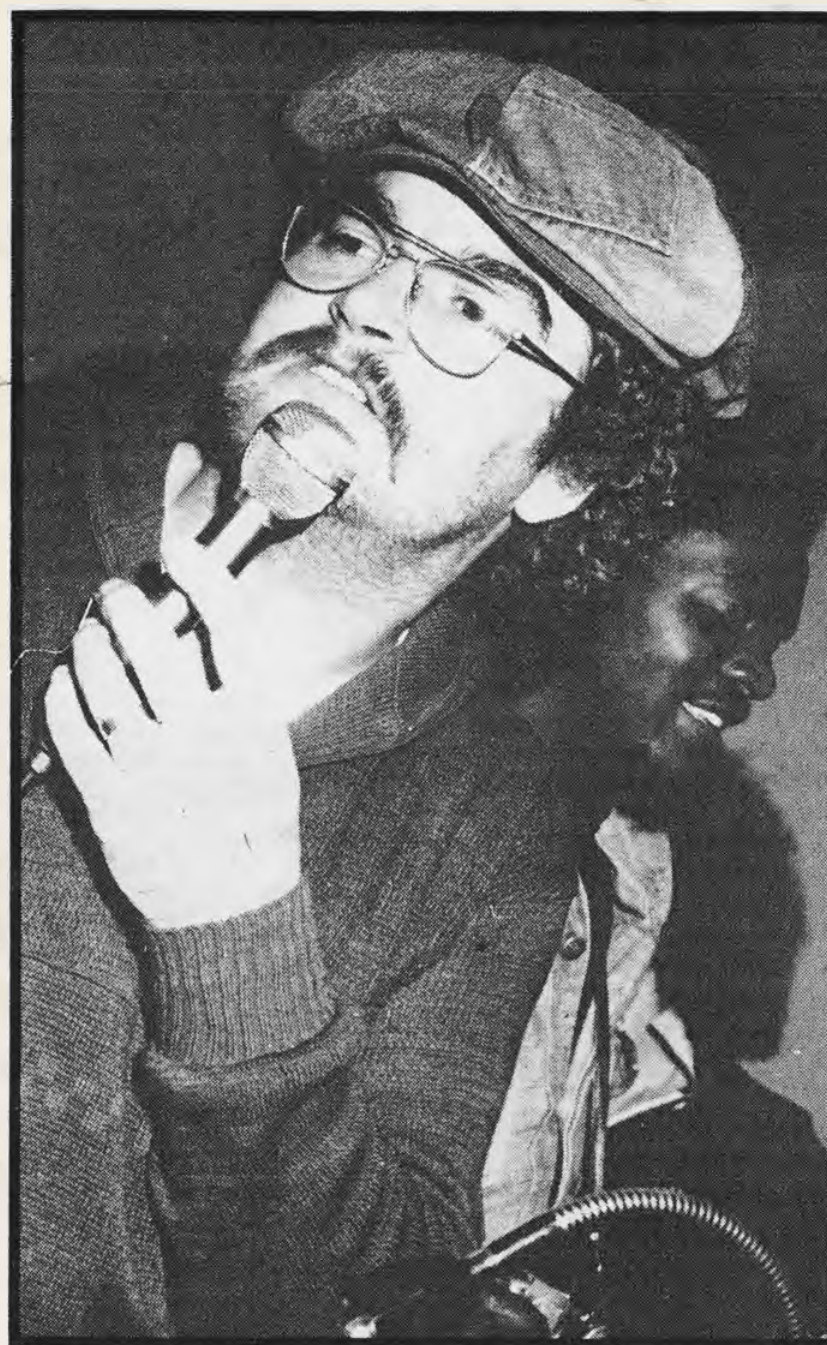
To play the records there are thousands of professional or part-time DJs, some of whom specialise in the music played, some in the presentation, and many more who roll with the punches and just play whatever they think is required at any given gig.

There is also at least one agency which trains dolly-birds in the mysterious arts of the craft and then dumps them all over Europe and the Mediterranean to entice holiday-makers of any age and musical taste to throw caution to the wind and shake a leg.

These "all-round entertainment" D.J.s and discos aren't really a part of the central issue but on the other hand their infiltration has been partly responsible for the corruption of the music that started in ghettos (black and white), just as MOR involvement in any musical form is virtually the tainted kiss of death.

Anyway, for better or worse, and accepting the fact that there's no longer any exclusive claim on disco music, it was the rhythms and emotions of black music that fired the burgeoning phenomenon so accordingly I homed in on D.J. Mo Claridge, who considers himself a purveyor of soul music.

As a specialist DJ he has definite ideas of what he will or won't air on his decks, based largely on his own personal taste which is reflected in the fact that, after several years experience in a variety of different kinds of venues, he now concentrates on gigs in U.S. Air Force bases and houseparties for homesick G.I.s. In other words he has geared his



MO CLARIDGE: "There's a lot of garbage — but it's up to DJs to discard it."

Has disco soul sold-out?

work to himself rather than vice versa. Good for him.

So what about this charge that blacks have sold out?

"That's a lot of crap put about by people who haven't got a funky bone in their body, who probably couldn't feel the spirit if they were paid to, and who don't listen to enough music to be able to differentiate between the good and the bad."

"There is a lot of garbage marketed as disco music but it's up to the D.J.s to suss it out and discard it. Actually the records that are deliberately advertised as disco tracks are generally the worst kind. I just play soul records that I like and which I know will appeal to my audiences."

Down to earth is Mo, not a bullshit merchant, which is why he's heavy on genuine soul music and violently opposed to flacid imitations, whether perpetrated by black or white, American or European opportunists. The same attitude he's got about playback equipment.

"My gear was specially built but is as ultra-basic as you can get. It was put together by Custom Sounds of 108, Acton Lane, Harlesden, N.W.10 and to me it's better than most of the flashier systems. The only thing I'd ever aim for beyond what I've got is an Orange Unit but then you're talking about real bread so I'll get by without it."

"The worst sounds I've ever heard have come from equipment with dashboards like Concorde. Lots of D.J.s. go in for special lighting, phasing and all that stuff to disguise their dull programming. Who needs it? If necessary I get a party going with maracas, tamborine and whistles."

"As far as I'm concerned the system only needs to be very loud and very clear. That's the

important thing — clarity. When you're playing good music it should be heard right. And that's what I got. My stuff is as clear as hell and runs rings around those sophisticated things."

Judging by some discordant discos I've attended a good many DJs ought to latch on to the same philosophy. But getting away from the technical side and on to the emotional function of a disco, who or what dictates the evening's programme?

"Well, when anybody hires me I know they're after a specialist sound — soul music. At the beginning of the gig it's fairly empty so I'm just playing for my own enjoyment. Then when the crowds start coming in you start playing the good tunes from the last few months to get everyone going. Like it might be 'Car Wash' (by Rose Royce on MCA) or 'Dazz' (by Brick on Bang import). Once they get going then that's it, you just run 'em on down."

And what about brand new releases? Do you have to wait to near the end before unleashing a few unexpected sounds?

"Not necessarily. It depends on good D.Jing. If you've got everybody going there's no reason why you can't play a brand new tune. It's just how you play 'em. If you're playing an average record that everyone knows and they're all dancing to it, then you play a brand new hard record that's really tough, they'll keep on

dancing. But if it's only moderately good and they don't know it there's a chance they'll start drifting off."

"For the sort of gigs I play, a new James Brown record is a good example of one that's easy to introduce. Even if they hadn't heard 'em before, tracks like 'Get Up Offa That Thing' and 'Body Heat' had such great intros that they were guaranteed to get everybody on the floor."

Of course Brown was one of the earliest artists to get hip to disco power and perhaps the first to start extending his tracks to the kind of length that's now commonplace. Sitting down at home to a lot of marathon recordings can seem tedious — but then they're primarily intended for dancing to. Are they a boon for D.J.s?

"It's never worried me either way. If they're too long people get bored so I fade them into something else. About four or five minutes is the optimum length, providing it's a strong riff. Tracks that are seven or eight minutes are generally a waste of time — unless I need to take a leak."

"In cosmopolitan-like clubs they can rely on very long tracks to fill in the evening, but for a black audience, after you've played half a dozen records you've got to play a couple of slow ones. Basically the guys want to meet chicks and it's hard to do that when you're shaking your rump to the funk. That's why I say I'm a soul DJ and not just a disco D.J. — I'll vary the pace, but always with good soul records."

So which are bad?

"Well there's what I call white soul, and that's primarily the basic New York sound and the European sound — with the emphasis on brisk rhythm, persistent high-hat and loads of strings. I don't play 'em much because I don't like that sound, and the people I play for don't either. It's pop really with a dance beat. You know, I'm talking about D.C. Larue ('Cathedrals') and that kind of thing."

"We go more for the funk side, kind of jerky with very strong bass. A punchy sound. Right now there's Parliament and Bootsy's Rubber Band, particularly the title track of his new album 'Ahh... The Name Is Bootsy, Baby!' Then I really go for a track called 'Funky Thing Together' by Bottom and Co, from their album 'Rock Bottom'."

"Also there's Double Exposure's 'My Love Is Free' (Salsoul), Loleatta Holloway's 'Hit And Run' (Gold Mine import), Jean Carn's 'If You Wanna Go Back' (Philly International) and Undisputed Truth's album 'Method To The Madness'. I prefer the title track of that to the hit singles 'You + Me = Love' and 'Let's Go Down To The Disco'."

Will you play poppier material if you're asked for it?

"If I've got my business straight I don't get asked. To me an ideal gig is to get the dance floor packed without anyone requesting a record. If a DJ gets a lot of requests it usually means a portion of the crowd isn't satisfied."

I'm not sure there's a moral to this tale, except perhaps that you can't judge a book by its cover. If disco is the tag that's been clipped to some of the most disposable records of the last couple of years there's also been a lot of fine music branded the same way. Maybe some of it is soul music. We'll thrash that theory around another time, you and I.

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ACROSS

- 1 James Hunt's favourite group? (6,4)
- 6 See below
- 8 & 6 D Bowie wrote it, Lulu covered it, the Sheik who has everything bought it! (3,3,3,4,3,5)
- 11 Teenage depressive
- 13 "Wanderer" veteran in radio network
- 14 Collaborator with Eno on "No Pussyfooting"
- 15 Original Jethro guitarist, later of Bloodwyn Pig (4,8)
- 16 See 20
- 17 See 25
- 18 Sheffield's prodigal son (3,6)
- 19 Featuring the mouth of C Khan
- 20 & 16 The one that keeps Dave Gilmour's hair in place, or the one that backed 18 across?
- 22 Band drummer — that's The Band, y'dig
- 23 Solitary reggae star disperses traffic! (Ponder, ponder)
- 24 See 3
- 26 Pretty Peter's first outfit
- 27 Cousin in a band of brothers (4,4)

DOWN

- 1 See 21
- 2 & 19 Down. For a spell around turn of '70s this Berkeley band was

America's most successful; it all started to fall apart around '72 (9,10,7)

- 3 & 24 Black-leathered rock'n'roller; died in '71
- 4 Remember their "Resurrection Shuffled"? Remember the promise (sic) of jazz-rock? Remember yesterday? (6,7,3,4)
- 5 From South Wales, 1976 Chrysalis album was "Riding High"
- 7 Via Australia, Paris, Canterbury, Softs and Gong, pioneer of European avant-garde (6,5)
- 9 J Sebastian's old outfit (5,8)
- 10 One of Motown's earliest hit groups, they subsequently strayed towards quasi-psychedelic funk'n'grind under influence of Norman Whitfield
- 12 The question one may ask oneself is, was it a good idea to let demons in the first place? (5,9)
- 15 Last time round he sat aside an inflatable penis and swung from a rope (4,6)
- 19 See 2
- 21 & 1 Down "Thoroughly worthless, disgustingly foul-mouthed sort of yobbish youth" — M. Whitehouse
- 25 & 17 As she was when she had him, babe!

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS BELOW

ACROSS: 1 "Daddy Cool"; 6 Ian Paice; 8 Nick Mason; 11 Ronstadt;

THE SUMMER of Love was not in vain, and will eventually prevail, but the job is made that much harder by the antics of the music press. The goodwill and desire for "love and peace" is still there among the readership. All it needs is encouragement.

You've done nothing but feed us empty slogans, with promotion of Punk Rock, Patti Smith and the Ramones. You want us to believe that the revolution has failed. You want to lead us up blind alleys by trying to con us that Punk Rock has something to say, that moaning haridans like Ms. Smith are "relevant" and "meaningful". You want to belittle any success made towards making the Summer of Love a reality. You want us to distrust our own values and our own strength. Above all else, you are defeatist.

Steve Clarke said "Won't get fooled again; looks like another generation already has been". Well, it's NME that's doing the fooling Steve, your colleagues.

Any old hippies out there agree with me?

ZELAH BROWNE

On the contrary, we want you to believe that the revolution must go on. Most of us don't think the New Wave is a blind alley in that aim, and most of us don't believe that the ideals and events of the sixties were futile — and almost none of us buy the wholesale explanations that both sides were/are trying to sell. And I do wish you'd stop trying to drive a generation gap between the 'old hippies' and the 'new wave'; wasn't the generation gap one of the things the hippies said wouldn't happen to them? — N.S.

WHAT DO we do now then?

First the Pistols get completely blacked out by the forces of neatness and purity, and now the Stranglers get blacked out at a gig by the GLC who go and say afterwards that they're going to take a stand against them.

The fact that a group of four people can be completely immobilised by society's simple dislike of them horrifies me. When the Chicago Seven were found guilty over the Chicago riots back in the sixties, kids all over the States started rioting and protesting and the Seven were let off. I know it's a long way back but there are so many little weezlers spending these days in nostalgia about 'what happened then' and pretending to be against the 'establishment, man' and not giving two shits for the way the Sex Pistols are being trodden on by that same establishment.

What's everyone so afraid of? Why didn't the audience at that Stranglers gig get up and protest until the lights were put on and the group allowed to carry on their act? There's been three or four reports in this paper over the last month on the gradual suffocation of the Sex Pistols and nothing, nothing's being done about it. Rotten's right; no new band will get a chance to play soon, can't anyone understand that?

We're not going to take it? Yes, we are going to take it, all the way into one nine eight four. That letter last week about the Damned being called shit by the audience at the Electric Circus in Manchester just goes to show the mindless acceptance of apathy generated by today's music fan. Okay people where's the sense in writing a letter like this?

MARS

Where's the sense? Here's the sense . . .

SINCE the NME article on cannabis law reform and the Release Legalisation Campaign, we have been amazed at the response we have had from NME readers.

We have had literally hundreds of letters of support, and money too. May we take this opportunity of thanking those who have already contacted us, and to encourage those who are interested to join in the campaign.

BOB NIGHTINGALE, Release, Elgin Avenue, London W9 3PR.

THE REVIEWER who is bigger than his album was nothing to fear. Occasionally, indeed all too infrequently, the tables turn and an album proves to be bigger than its reviewer. Faced with such a challenge, and locked away in a small cell somewhere deep in the Tower, what on earth can the poor devil do?

The NME would appear to work within a framework of two alternatives: —

1. Be disparaging . . . This is far more fashionable than praise. See review of "Desire", January 76.
2. Be flatterulent . . . Cover your tracks with windy obscurities if review. See "Low", January 77.

The letters editor gazed mournfully at the skies, awaiting the descent of this week's bag concept. Alack, he awaited in vain, for this, he realised with mounting horror, was the week of the terrifying void that is . . .

UN BAG



Old hippies and others should write to GASBAG, NME, 21st Floor, King's Reach, Stamford St., London SE1.

The third option, of course, seldom seen within these hallowed columns, would be to *come clean*. Do we really expect you to sit in with a new album, during its first faltering spins, and come up with the definitive review?

All major albums are worth a 'Reappraisal' after three or four months. The occasional "Deja Vu" after two or three years will not do. L. G. ROOTER MBChB (Hons), Western Infirmary, Glasgow.

WE'RE making the Clash's new clothes: are we famous yet?

ALEX and KRYSZYNA.

Here comes the new wave, same as the old wave eh Pete? — N.S.

TOM ROBINSON has definitely got it all wrong. His music is so appalling that he can only obtain publicity through knocking fellow musicians, an old trick and one that obviously works — especially when its aimed against the all too often knocked Barclay James Harvest. Fair enough, they might not appeal to everyone (does anyone?), but to say that they "con money off of kids" and feed them "knitted - cardigan - by - the - T.V. middleclass platitudes" is bordering on the ridiculous.

Since coming-of-age I've ceased to even consider myself a 'kid' — I'm apparently mistaken since I've twice been 'conned'. On both occasions I thoroughly enjoyed well-attended concerts which were excellent (in sight and sound) by any standards, and received equally exceptional response from a well-entertained audience.

BJH — 'middle-class platitudes'?? How can anyone who bothers to listen to them come to that conclusion? Has Tom Robinson ever heard such tracks as "Summer Soldier", "For No One", "May Day"? I doubt it otherwise he wouldn't come to such unsubstantiated opinions.

On another note: BJH have attacked racism as long as I've followed them — now Tom Robinson jumps on the bandwagon (a favourite pastime of his it seems) with 'Rock against Racism'. Is he now indulging in middle-class platitudes?

He should take his own advice and grow up. PETER CROW, Kimbolton, Huntingdon, Cambs.

Well argued chief (hey, and I can't stand BJH either). I wonder how

many BJH fans signed the petitions in the next letter. — N.S.

I WAS most amused to see Aylesbury described as a "Musical Backwater" in the Stones Trial story the other week, but it was a great disappointment to us local punks to see such a feeble reaction to the comment. Just a few curt words at the bottom of the Friars advert? Very poor I expected a petition to ban NME at the very least (petitions are big here).

You see, the fact is there are some people incarcerated in this miserable area who are sick and tired of hearing such things as 'Aylesbury, Musical Centre of the Universe' and other such inane comments, when we know full well that the majority of local concert goers are renowned only for their narrow mindedness and sheer bad taste.

I must point out that this is in no way an attack on any of the local promoters or amateur writers that abound in this wasteland, but on the local audience.

I have been a regular visitor to Friars for the past five years, so I think I am in a fair position to comment, so here are a couple of examples of Aylesbury Audience Reaction.

Firstly, the Punk Rock Petition. After the appearance of the Vibrators and then the Stranglers late last year, some Aylesbury 'Music Lovers' got together to produce a 1,000 strong petition asking for a ban on Punk Rock in the area. Naturally, this ban has so far been observed. This could of course be connected with the way Zig-Zag, the Aylesbury Roxette and both local promoters news sheets have taken every opportunity to condemn all New Wave music before it even reached the virgin ears of the local population.

This brings me conveniently to the Stranglers and Roogalator gig. Support band Roogalator neither wore make-up nor played half hour guitar solos, so rather than listen to

them, the meagre few who attended stayed in the bar.

The Stranglers were greeted with a strange mixture of fear and hostility. Certainly nothing like them had ever been seen before, so one of these nice peaceful hippies hit the drummer with a bottle.

Last week, U.F.O. played what seemed like six hours of mindless heavy metal noise and received a rapturous reception.

I'm not trying to say what people should or should not listen to, but these simple country folk should open their minds to different things. Nearly everybody here lives in a world of their own, denying the existence of anything new and unacceptable in case it contaminates their nice, safe, pre-conditioned existences.

Don't give me any of the 'Aylesbury discovering new bands' nonsense. Is the way the Cockney Rebel hype caught on there first anything to be proud of?

No doubt the very way the audience is made up of 80% upper middle class conservative schoolchildren of about 14 to 18 years old has something to do with this terrible state of affairs.

It's a shame, because it used to be such a great place. Now I only go there because of the particularly attractive young girls. After all, "it's the children of the rich who tend to be good looking, Buckinghamshire," as Jean Burrell would say.

And to think John Otway came from a place like this! JOHN WYCLIFFE, Leighton Buzzard, Bucks.

I can see the lorries rolling to the Tower e'en now bearing the answers and petitions of Aylesbury's beautiful people. But lo, a grumpy Son Of The North calls . . . — N.S.

A LOT of kids write and say they either like P**K Rock or they don't. I say they should come and live in Goole, the last group of any sort to visit us was that long ago I have forgotten.

DAVID PEARSON, Goole, Nth. Humberside

It does make it all look rather self-indulgent when you put it that way. — N.S.

WHAT A prattish pathetic apology of an article that cretinous little swanker Nick Kent produced on Joan Armat-

rating. Obviously Joan would have been far more at ease and far more willing to communicate had she been interviewed by someone with a little more sensitivity and sanity who was not intent on merely searching out her dirty linen to hang out on NME's line.

The aggressive and boorish questioning was designed to set her on the defensive. I admire her patience for enduring such a lot of prattling dribble from Kent. Perhaps two little words such as "up yours" would have given him more scope for an interview that he obviously hoped would be sexually rather than musically orientated.

HELEN, Cardiff

"Pah, from a female I suppose," quoth Kent as his languid fingers toyed with the paper. Pennie's pics were nice though, eh? — N.S.

THE AWARD for the worst album review of 1977 should go to Mick Farren. His review of the latest Runaway's album wasn't even a review. All it was was a couple of hundred words saying that Kim Fowley hasn't got a clue about what he's doing, which we all know already. Only one of the 14 paragraphs had any vague connection with the music on the album.

If I want to read about the crap production by Kim Fowley I'll find a copy of the *Financial Times* or something like that to read. Let the NME review the music recorded by what must be the world's best teenage band.

STEVE VICIOUS (but fair), Bristol

I WOULD like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Oliver Gray for getting me my first mention in the *New Musical Express* on the *Gasbag* of your January 22nd edition. Whilst I do not in fact "Shift albums in millions", my latest LP "Sister King Kong" did shift 150,000 copies in two weeks which is fairly amazing by German standards.

My first record in English (translated by Michael Chapman) should be out in late February, and I hereby recommend all NME readers to go and buy it, if enough of you do, me and my Panik-Orchestra are going to come over and show you how rock music is really played.

Look out Hammersmith Odeon. — UDO LINDENBERG, West Germany.

WHAT THE hell was the idea in putting the Stranglers on as support to Climax B. Band at the Rainbow last Sunday? There are plenty of up and coming excellent bands, e.g. Racing Cars that could have done with that booking. Instead we were subjected to a diabolical display of ignorance.

How people can be expected to take Punk Rock as serious expression of today's youth I'll never know. What does vomiting halfway through a number prove? Thank God Climax were excellent. They just managed to restore my faith in rock music in time. STEVE ANGEL, Waltham Abbey.

THE RECENT pathetic blacklisting of the Stranglers at the Rainbow is just another illustration of the naivety, hypocrisy and blind fear shown by the "establishment", including the record companies, the national press, promoters, councils et al. Don't the G.L.C. realise that any kid can go and see "Oh Calcutta" "Pyjama Tops", "The Thought of Chairman Alf" etc. where you hear bad language and see naked flesh (shock! horror!)?

When Alex Harvey swore profusely at Charlton last year ("Hitler was a fucking bastard" etc) nobody pulled his jack plugs out. I know it sounds like cliché time, but surely all this prejudiced action only serves as further impetus to the New Wave bands' anger, anti-establishment views, and anti-old farts outlook.

I hope to see the New-Wave lot still going strong in five-years time, especially the Hot Rods, and showing musical improvement that time and experience will bring. I think I will see it. But long live the Orrible 'Oo anyhow.

B.A., Orpington, Kent.

IN NORTHERN mythology the Valkyries were divine maidens sent to earth to select the bravest warriors for the rewards of Valhalla. In 20th Century art Dada was the medium for attacking traditional values. Val . . . Dada . . . kyrie — geddit? Well it was just a thought.

WILLARD, West Dulwich

VELDA YOU OLD FAKE. How embarrassing for you my dear. With initials like that I'd go into permanent hibernation.

NICK, Oslo, Norway

Initials like what, sweetiepie? — V.D.

Edited by
**NEIL
SPENCER**

HUNG-OVER? Depressed? Life getting you down? Then come fly with *T-zers* to that land beyond the horizons where all is nastiness and scurrility. Take comfort in the misfortunes — and otherwise — of others.

Or take comfort in further info on the **Nils Lofgren** newie. As reported by an Elder *T-zer* last week, the title is "I Came To Dance". Featured musicians are **Andy Newmark** on drums (Nils is obviously coming up in the world), **Wornell Jones** on bass, the **Reverend Patrick Henderson** (HUH?) on piano and brother **Tommy Lofgren** on guitar.

In a departure from the previous two solo records, Nils himself produces this elpee with assistance from Newmark. Titles include *The Title Track* and "Happy" (the Stones' track?). A US tour begins at the end of February with one Dave Platschon on drums and British gigs are being set for the summer. Release date of the album set is early March.

Or chuckle at Absurd **Ian Anderson's** Sherlock Holmes outfit that he's now wearing onstage. "I am now 29," says the newly mature flautist, "and clearly a more sophisticated, older person. By acting like Peter Pan, trying to pretend that I am younger than I am, I would lose credibility with my audience. I do not play for my own age group. Jethro Tull are not accepted or enjoyed by people over 30. A few months ago I paid a lump sum of £500,000 to the British Treasury... When I first came down to London I literally cleaned toilets for a living. In my home you can see a urinal from the place where I was a cleaner — I keep it as a souvenir..."

In exchange for his agreeing to play on **Roger Daltrey's** current album sessions, Daltrey presented **E. Clapton** and his five man entourage with a 72-pint barrel of Fullers Superstrong Beer. Eric and his chums consumed the lot and fell over without picking a single finger-lickin' note. He then had to go home. "I should have given him his present after he had done the take," said a wiser Daltrey.

Despite horrific US winter weather, **Genesis** sold out the 14,000 seater Cleveland, Ohio, stadium in two hours. And in Montreal it took only one hour more to clear all the tickets for the 19,000 seater hall.

Meanwhile **V. Chilly T. Lizzy** had to cancel out in Dayton, Ohio, because of the cold. So chilly has it been that the chaps have had to sleep in their clothes. Their day-to-day existence in these climes is apparently quite horrific. But is



David Bowie meets David Hockney, whilst Christopher Isherwood looks on. It all happened in LA a year ago. The film just took a long time to be developed, that's all.

TEAZERS

A WEEKLY COAGULATION

not this pioneering spirit the very essence of rock'n'roll?

SAHB bassist **Chris Glen** stopped for speeding on way to the band's gig at Strathclyde on Saturday. However, when the friendly fuzz discovered his identity they conveyed him to the gig personally, making him only 15 minutes late. Ah, these ethnic groups stick together, y'ken...

Early March release set for **Little Feat** newie, "Time Loves A Hero". De-confirming "Feat To Knock It Sur La Tete" rumours, **Bill Payne** says they intend to tour Albion in the summer when, incidentally, the **Lowell George** solo is expected to be issued.

Sudden proliferation of **Queen** and **Genesis** bootlegs plus **Runaways** at the LA Starwood, the cover of which shows a petite young thing fixing up. Oh, and there are now 101 (that's right, one hundred and one) **Stones** bootlegs.

All things come to those etc etc: after having played together for nine years, **Climax Blues Band** voted Most Promising New Band in Capital Radio Music Awards.

EEEEKKK FAB!!! **George Martin** almost finished work mixing live **Beatles** LP.

The Search Ends Here: Virgin Warehouse has just scored a large shipment of **Iggy's** "Raw Power".

"For months before I made the decision to quit (Genesis)" **Peter Gabriel** told *The Sun* last week, "I knew I was going to have to leave. I wasn't happy. And I felt the band had lost a lot

of the fire it had in the early days. We were tied to the rock star machine — that machine that dictates that once you have succeeded you remain successful by not changing anything you are doing".

Ry Cooder on *TOTP?* The *NME* collective figures Cooder's album version of **Jim Reeves** "He'll Have To Go" is fulla chart potential — if Warners would only release it as a single and give it a slight shove in the right direction. It is, after all, already a smash in the land of the tulips.

Phonogram not releasing new **Ramones** elpee until early March... Boo... Shame...

Have **Pistols Paul Cook** and **Steve Jones** really gone to the Canaries for a holiday???

Francis Rossi has gone abroad a worried man. He is in a state of grave concern over the aggression that his **Yellow Tang** is showing towards his **Buffer Fish**. You see in addition to keeping Number Six coupons, Rossi also keeps tropical fish.

Kenny Everett spreading absurd rumours that **John Lennon** has been in London working with **Fab Macca** in the studio. This is a dreadful fib.

In Sydney, Australia, an animal trainer has been fined for being drunk in charge of four elephants. He left them tied to parking meters.

Fiona Richmond — the wellknown *Men Only* columnist — and **Arthur Mullard** recording a single together entitled "Makin' Whoopee".

See attempting to double their size to what it once was by currently auditioning new chaps.

Not surprisingly, perhaps, the **Stones** are not intending to tour the US this summer. Instead they plan to finish mixing their live double album and to record a studio LP in March and April, probably in Holland.

Bay City Rollers publishing company grossed in excess of four million bucks in 1976.

"The Dain Curse", the only **Dashiell Hammett** novel not yet to have been filmed, is now set to be dramatized in a six hour TV serial by US CBS.

Whilst the rest of the band travel by chauffeured limo on **Bebop's** current tour, **Bill Nelson** proves himself to be ever the individualist by driving himself in the 4.2 Jaguar automatic he's gone and bought.

With the **Bionic Boy** coming hot on the heels of the **Bionic Woman**, the TV show's producer **Lee Siegel** comments: "I wouldn't rule out the possibility of a **Bionic Dog** having his own show one day".

Under an agreement signed in Moscow recently the Soviet Union is to pay with vodka for three new Pepsi Cola plants.

T-zers hopes the Kremlin remembers to stroke them and talk to them.

Having priced out the cost of

recording their newie in France **Les Feelgoods** are now considering cutting the tracks back 'ome.

Whilst waiting to be whisked away to the Royal College Of Art to see new Arista signing **Burlesque**, music writers ate and drank at London's self-consciously chic Zanzibar club and were entertained by a white jacketed house band. One or two of these fellows commented on the quality of the musicianship. However, none realised that as they were listening to the Arnold Benjamin Sextet honking and strumming their way through the standards, they were actually listening to **Burlesque** themselves.

And now **Dennis Weaver** (McCloud) joins the TV cops who've transferred their acting talents to vinyl (Sorry, *T-zers* has just been racing *CashBox*).

And here is a plea from the **Penguin Dictionary of Modern Quotations** which is about to be updated for the first time since its initial appearance in 1965 (and needs your help). Although all kinds are welcome, there is a dire need for rock'n'roll quotations. The editor's plea is that the quotes should "stand on their own". It is also useful if they fall into at least one of the following categories: (a) in common usage; (b) famous saying; (c) smart-ass remark. Send your saying to Mark Cohen, 94 Belgrave Road, London E11.

And how thankful *T-zers* is that the fearless *Sun* was saved by a High Court judge from a bid to stop them printing the shocking behind-the-scenes-truth about **Abba**. Author **Henry Edgington** sought an injunction to halt last week's *Sun* series because of an alleged breach of copyright.

Vice-Chancellor **Sir Robert Megarry**, however, dismissed the plea after hearing how two plucky *Sun* journalists had researched the articles in Sweden. Readers were, therefore, privileged to learn such details from the musical smorgesbord as the friction between the two Nordic beauties, **Frida** and **Anna**, over the former's lack of punctuality and over Anna being not quite as quick on "the uptake" as Frida. Is this not the kind of reading matter we need to revive a stagnating country? Let them eat Valium.

At **L Skynyrd's** Brum Odeon gig last week, **Close Chums Climax Blues Band** turned up to watch and, in the case of guitarist **Peter Haycock**, to play onstage with the Southern fellows for the last half of the set on such Rock Standards as "Sweet Home Alabama" and "Firebird". Peter even soloed muchly. Afterwards, in the

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midst of much Southern hospitality, Skynyrd guitarist **Allen Collins** turned to Haycock and spoke thusly: "If y'all can play that guitar like that y'all can have it." And he laid an early — and, apparently, very valuable — upside-down Gibson Firebird on the Man Of Stafford.

Tom Verlaine threatening London **Television** gig in March.

Nearly 200 pigs were roasted alive when a French lorry crashed and caught fire on an icy autobahn near Hanover. It is not believed that the **Pink Floyd** were involved.

Pssst
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RUMOURS



MOTOWN WINNERS

THE RESULTS of last year's *NME* Motown competition are as follows:

- 1 (left to right) **Florence Ballard**, **Diana Ross** and **Mary Wilson**.
- 2 Any three of: "Ain't No Mountain High Enough"; "Touch Me In The Morning"; "Love Hangover"; "Theme From Mahogany (Do You Know Where You're Going To)".
- 3 pic B — *The Miracles*
pic C — *The Four Tops*
pic D — *The Temptations*
- 4 (a) **Eddie Kendricks**
(b) **David Ruffin** (or **Eddie Kendricks**)
(c) **Eddie Kendricks**
- 5 pic E — **Tammi Terrell**
pic F — **Mary Wells**
pic G — **Kim Weston**

The 50 prizewinners, who each receive a boxed set of 12 classic Motown singles are: **Richard K. Dibb**, Harrogate. **Miss V. Willetts**, Newport. **David Roberts**, Mold. **M. A. Addleton**, Loughborough. **Malcolm Bryan**, Mansfield. **K. Adman**, Newcastle. **Staffs**, **Mr. S. Clements**, Nottingham. **Paul S. Davis**, Burton-on-Trent. **Miss E. Appleton**, Worcester. **Miss M. Cox**, Derby. **Miss L. Richardson**, Overton. **Chris Priddle**, Yeovil. **Mr. R. Sheppard**, Newport. **Steve Long**, Gloucester. **Denise Long**, Gloucester. **Mr. H. Ingram**, Belfast. **Mr. R. Liddell**, Glasgow. **Kenneth Wheeler**, Hamilton. **Mr. B. Wrigley**, Huddersfield. **Joanne Coy**, Rotherham. **K. D. Ransom**, Maidstone. **Miss Nicola Godwin**, Harpenden. **D. J. Wigginton**, Stamford Le Hope. **Miss A. Wilson**, Tadley. **John Oliver Moss**, Reading. **Mr. N. Joseph**, Catford. **Robert Napthine**, Bedford. **W. D. Gregory**, London, N7.

G. Filbert, Watford. **Keith Finucane**, London, EC1. **I. Hulson**, Stoke-on-Trent. **Mr. J. Hall**, Long Eaton. **Jerry Forshaw**, Ormskirk. **Marian Groom**, Liverpool. **John Marriott**, Manchester. **Jean Ainscough**, Wigan. **S. Kay**, Leigh. **Mark Kelly**, Leigh. **Miss G. Morley**, Liverpool. **M. Swinburn**, Liverpool. **Mr. D. Ashbridge**, Carlisle. **William Buckley**, St. Helens. **Dave Quine**, Liverpool. **C. Buckley**, Widnes. **Thomas J. Higgins**, Liverpool. **Robert Schofield**, Oldham. **E. A. Bates**, Oldham. **Mr. R. Williams**, Romney Marsh. **Mr. I. Wilson**, London, W12. **Mr. J. Shelley**, Greenford.

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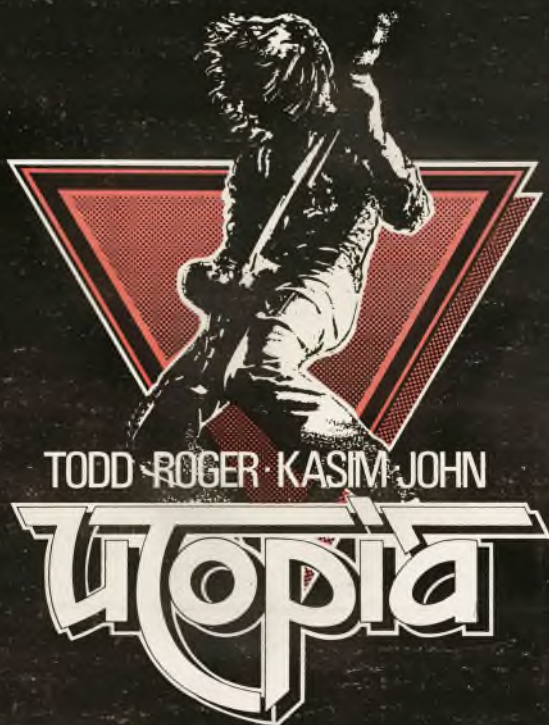
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